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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers
$2.25
January 1983



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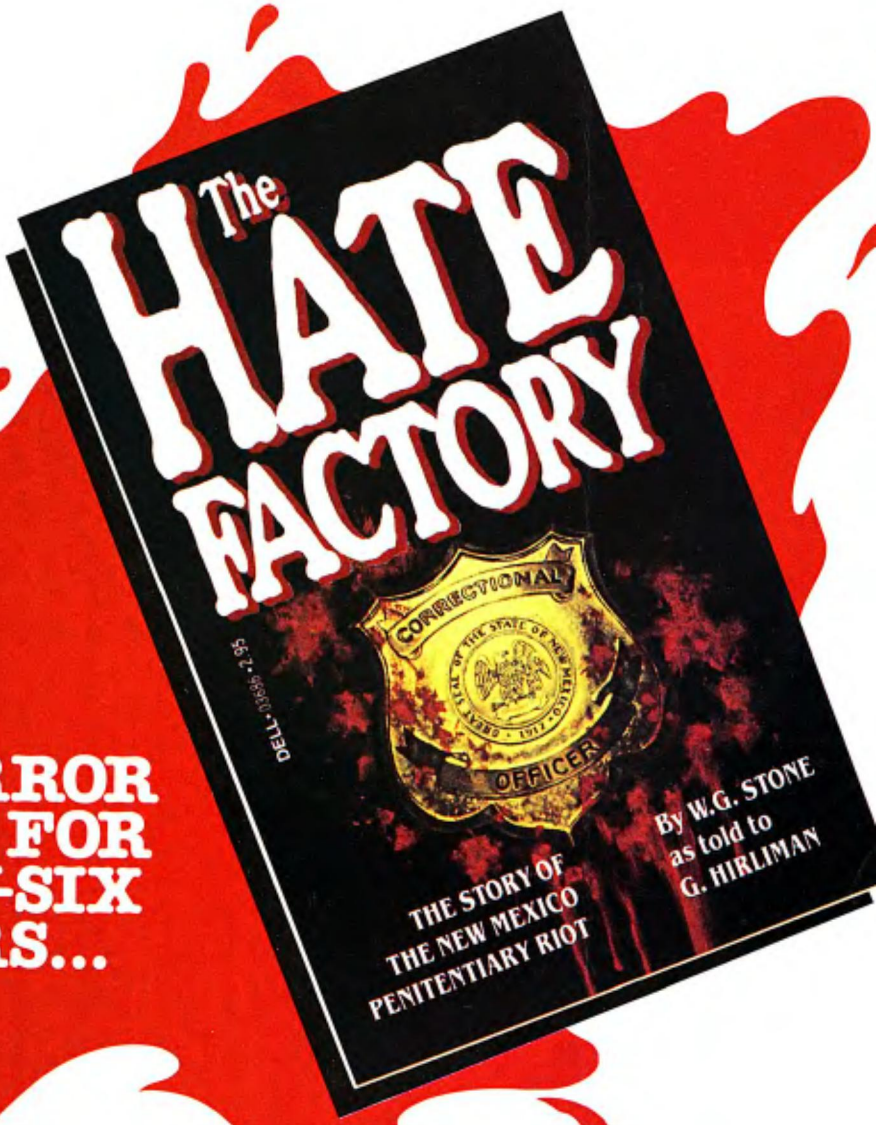
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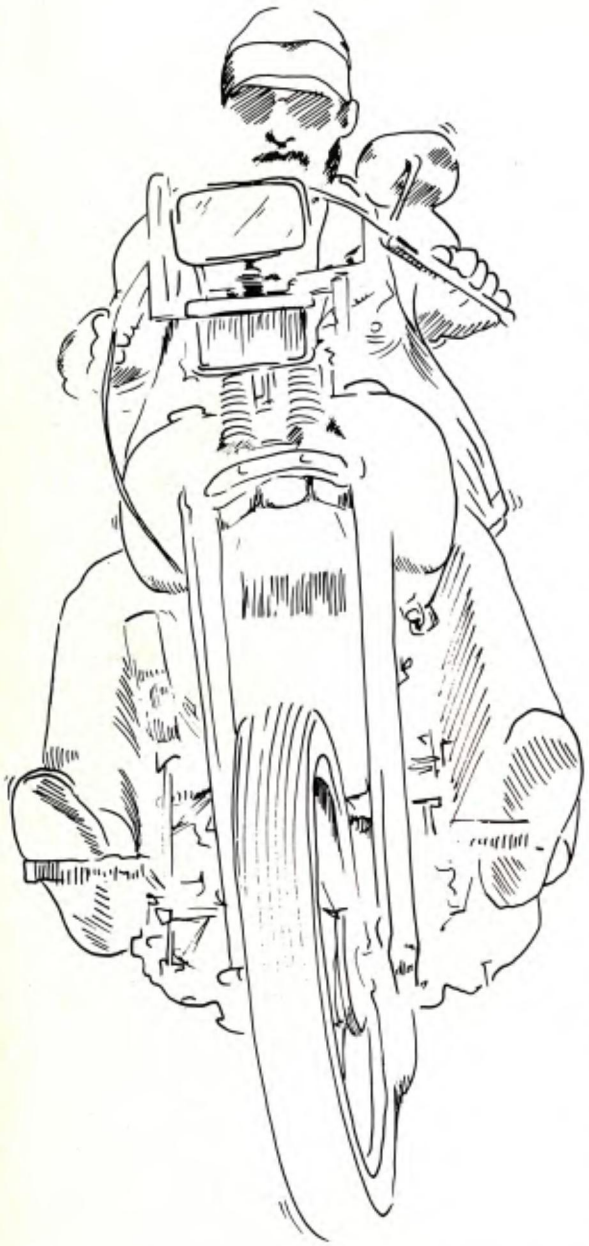
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W. G. Stone was there. This is his eyewitness account.

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A DELL PAISANO BOOK



Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Cover photo of Jewel Shephard by Ralph Hampton

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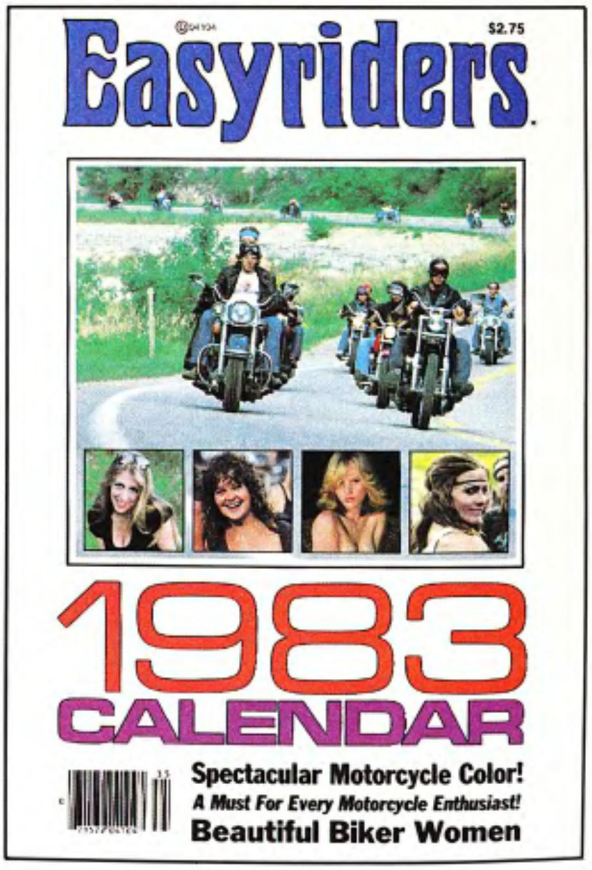
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Some dudes were callin' the chick such names as ''dumb cunt,'' etc., but she wasn't havin' any of it so she whips out a shotgun and fires it over their heads as a warning not to fuck with her; but the shots ricocheted off a wall and nailed two innocent bystanders. So what, ya might say? She was a chick guard in a tower and they were inmates. Just goes to show ya--don't give chicks guns (or don't call 'em names if they have the power).

Look out, Rufus: There seems to be no law against roastin' your dog and eatin' it. There's laws against raisin' a dog to fight, neglectin' a dog, or torturin' 'im, but there's no law against skinnin' and eatin' 'im. (So remember that if the mutt gets outta line.)

Don't ask me why, I only work here, but a dude in Wyoming dropped in the local police station to say ''hello.'' He forgot there was a warrant on him so the police, bein' good police, threw him in the slammer. (Ya wins some and ya loses some, I guess.)

Speakin' of police, a cop spotted some devil weed growin' in a yard, so he pulls some for evidence. At the station he discovers the grass he pulled up wasn't pot, but okra, a plant that looks like marijuana--so the old lady he terrorized (makin' her pee her pants) is suein' him.

Now enough is enough. I cracked up when I heard a guy's cat couldn't wake him up early in the morning so the cat resorted to pissing in his beard. And now a teacher in Iowa has cut down on so many kids takin' a piss by makin' them carry toilet paper to the pisser. It worked. The kids don't piss as much now that they have to take some paper with them.

Don't ask why--it's a strange world. But did you hear about the guy who was at his girlfriend's apartment and called the paramedics. It seems he got the head of his prick cut off by the vacuum cleaner (she musta been a bum lay).

Poor Timing Dept.: A dude was waiting for the jury to decide his fate for murder and suddenly decided to cop to guilty at the last minute. Surprise! Surprise! The jury had found him innocent before his last-minute change of mind. He was sentenced to sixty years. (Cry me a river.)

He was bein' a good guy by serving a sentence for her. But while he was serving time for her, she divorced him.

Another first: A chick was busted for bein' a traffic hazard. It seems she was goin' down the expressway in a motorcycle sidecar. So what? Well, she had a 36-D bust, but had no bra or pants on.

He copped to the IRS that he underpaid them by one cent. They promptly fined him $159.78. (No slack, man, no slack.)

A woman was blabbing about women's rights in a cafe. Overhearing her, a dude walks over and punches her out.

Speaking of women: she took a call from a guy. He apologized for raping her. He was arrested when her brother called the police while she was talkin' to him. (Again, you wins some and you loses some.)

A man under the influence of PCP imagined he was a gopher. So what? He croaked while burrowing a hole! (Man, that was some of that really good shit!)

They met in a bar. Afterwards he was shot while climbing in a window. (She had asked him to crawl in her window when the bar closed, but he tried the wrong one.)

The police arrested him for fishing, but--get this--he was fishing through a roof pulling up liquor from a store. (Guess he didn't have a license to fish.)

Talk about losing your wallet: It seems the dude was so excited when he stuck up the joint that he put too much bread in his briefcase and his wallet squeezed out. He didn't see it fall; and the heat was waitin' for him to go to his apartment, so they could return it to him.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





Fessler Has A Point

☐ Just read the Clyde Fessler interview and decided he does have a valid point on trademark protection. However, I also think that the company and all Harley riders would be better off if he concentrated on things like quality control or research and development, instead of collecting a two-bit royalty from jewelers and T-shirt printers. The only ones who stand to benefit from this legal shit are (guess who?) the bloodsucking lawyers.

Johann
Long Beach, Calif.

True Love

☐ My husband loves bikes. His greatest joy is puttin' in the wind.

But he bought a cage because he loves me and the child I'm carrying, and he understands how scared I am of riding a bike.

Ladies, that's true love — when your man buys a cage while he's really longing for a Milwaukee vibrator!

Gail Monique Alward
Oceanside, Calif.

☐ I never really understood the thrill of a Harley until now. My ol' man and I never thought a Harley would ever be within our reach. But as I look out the window, my adrenaline starts to pump and I get rushes. That old Harley doesn't look like much now, but my mind's eye sees it all restored and cherried. I have vowed to be a part of all that goes into it, like studying manuals, listening to the old veterans (like my dad), bashing my knuckles, cussing when things don't go just right, beaming when they do, and, of course, putting down the road. I want to be able to fix it as well as pack on it. This may or may not sound like a thing for a chick to want to do, but I want to keep this bike alive!

The Blues
Gales Ferry, Conn.

He's In Love

☐ You've just got to print this letter, so I can get in touch with that fox on page 60 of the September '82 issue.

Frank (Lobo) Ross
Smyrna, Del.

■ Stand in line.

More True Love

☐ Just want you to know I had to give up on a doobie just to borrow this mag!

C. Berumen
Lincoln, Neb.

Approved

☐ I don't normally write to abnormal people, but after mucho years of reading your mag, I figured you deserve my approval.

Pee Wee Marsh
Somers, Conn.

Mann Poster

☐ Your poster in the August '82 issue is the finest fuckin' piece of art I've ever seen! That's the way a fucker should come out of the joint!

John and Korinne
Fort Myers, Fla.

Test Info

☐ Here's some advice for Mad Dog. I once had a similar problem when I was on probation. You should drink two cups of vinegar one day before you take your piss test. The vinegar will wipe it out in twenty-four hours. I know it sounds very strange, but it works. It's always nice to help a downed bro.

Mouse
Pottstown, Pa.

Still More Advice

☐ Hey, Squid! All ya gotta do is take 1,000 mgs. of ascorbic acid (vitamin C, not blotter) every day. It wipes out all the THC in Uncle Sugar's tests.

G.I. Jane
Germany

Goofed Again

☐ In the June issue you had an article called "Pig Out" in which you said the Roy Rogers museum is in Hesperia. Well, either this Hawaiian pot has rotted my brain, or Hesperia sprouted legs and moved 'cause the last time I saw it, it was in Victorville.

Tony Johnson
Kailua, Hawaii

■ You're right. The writer was loaded.

Peg Leg

☐ How about you guys doing a spread in the near future concerning some of us out here who ride, but ride with something missing like an arm or leg. Every once in a while we see a shot or two about a fellow bro, showing him packing down the concrete ribbon or at some hearty party run. This is righteous, to say the least.

Now, I'm a peglegger, and I have an old 45 on which I fabbed out a neat bar-clutch on the old foot-clutch pedal, but in such a way that the ol' lady can still use her foot to ride. I haven't the foggiest idea how many bros or sisters like me are out there puttin'. Take a poll or something. Maybe some of our kind can write in and tell us all about their trials and troubles trying to ride, etc.

Peg Leg
Rainier, Ore.

Response to Mr. Lively

☐ The fact that our Sportsters do not have kickstarts is a subject that comes up at least once a year — especially when we have our dealer meeting. Let me assure you that you're not alone in feeling that all Harley-Davidson motorcycles should have kickstarts.

Unfortunately, all of us are constantly receiving pressure from inflation, and there is an ever-increasing effort to reduce costs in business. This, coupled with market research indicating that the majority of riders do not use kickstarts, forced us to eliminate this feature on the Sportster some time ago. Research also indicated that the kickstart was more of a styling feature than a functional feature of the motorcycle. As a result, we have limited the kickstart to our custom models, which include the Wide Glide, Low Rider, and Sturgis.

Clyde Fessler
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Response to J.J.

☐ Have you fuckers ever considered lockin' J.J. in a rubber room and lettin' him bounce around in there till he works things out? He's a sick man. Talented, yes, and funny as hell, but sick.

Lee
Iron Mountain, Mich.

■ We all are.

Needs Insurance

☐ I hope you guys will be able to help me out. I need to find an insurance company that will cover 80 cubic inches of shit-kickin' power. I can't find one. Why don't you print a list of some of the companies that cover bikes that big? I'm sure that a lot of bros would appreciate it. My ol' lady said she would give head twice daily if I bought a Hog. Help me out!

Animal
Bakersfield, Calif.

■ Maybe a reader has some contacts — and tell your ol' lady I have three.

Male Call

☐ Thanks to your kindness in publishing a free ad for me in your "Male Call" column, I have found a wonderful girl. We have met only through letters, a couple of pictures, and a few phone calls, but still we are planning on getting married soon.

James Hodges
Napoleon, Ohio

So There!

☐ My ol' man's been riding for twenty years, and whether he's on his Sporty or his Hog, he's more of a biker than "Wordmonger" or Spider put together will ever be.

A true brother and sister
Tinley Park, Ill.

■ What did those two scooter tramps do to deserve that?

Half-a-bike

☐ What the fuck's the deal? Just started reading "Word-

monger" in the September '82 issue when I got to "Enough Is Enough" and read your response saying Sportsters are half-a-bikes.

It pissed me off so much that I had to go take a couple of shots of bourbon.

My punched out, jetted, cammed Sporty can blow away some of the best so-called whole bikes. So how do you figure it's half-a-bike?

Milo
Fredericktown, Ohio

■ I was kiddin'. Just tried to get someone's juices flowin' (which I did).

☐ This letter has to do with "Enough Is Enough." Maybe Tom fell outta shape on that Doberman bit. But the fucker is right. And you put shit on him. I can't fuckin' believe it. I don't care if you ride a 125cc one-lunger — if it's a Harley, then it's a fuckin' Harley. I don't like hearin' anyone talk shit about any H-D. Now I'm readin' it in the fuckin' best rag goin'. I still ride a Sportster proudly. I'll die before I cop a fuckin' attitude like yours. Half-a-bike, huh? Your half-a-wet, "Wordmonger."

Pete
Lafayette, La.

■ I'm all wet, Pete.

☐ What the fuck do you have against Sporties? Are you just pissed because you don't own one? When you start downgrading my scoot, I get pissed.

PFC Damon
Ft. Hood, Tex.

'Lude Info

☐ Regarding the article in your 2nd anniversary edition written by Rick Sandack about Quaaludes, I thought I'd write to let you know that Rorer ain't makin' 714s any more and that the pharmaceutical 714s are now under the trademark of Lemmon — so anyone who thinks they're droppin' pharmaceutical Rorer 714s beware, 'cause ya just might be gettin' homemade look alikes. Check it out.

Dave
Sault Ste. Marie, Canada

■ That was a reprint. It was 714s at the time.

Spider's Days

☐ While in the bike shop the other day, I was checkin' out the old racing posters on the walls. I always knew the old man used to race for H-D, but never knew to what extent.

Well, seems he was National Champ in 1947, which means he musta been pretty good at it.

I'd like to know if you can dig up anything on him and maybe flash it in your mag sometime. Folks around here would get off on it for sure.

His name is Allie Quatrocci and his shop is in Pawtucket, R.I.

Robynne L. Testa
Providence, R.I.

■ We'll flash a spread — just send it in.

Whose Fuck-up?

☐ This is to Flash who did the article on Greg Mose's scoot, "Lady Luck," in the July '82 issue.

"Just to be sure that some things would stay unique, he even smashed the mold after he had that one-of-a-kind brass hand cast which holds the clutch cable where he wants it."

1. Was this Flash's test article for employment?
2. Was this a misprint?
3. Was Greg fucking with Flash, telling him it was a clutch cable?
4. Were you assholes testing us?

I figured every s.o.b. would write in about this. Hell, even my ol' lady said she didn't think it was right 'cause the lever was on the right handlebar!

Well, I'm reading the October '82 rag and not a word about it.

So, Flash, da clutz is in da pry-mary, not da front wheel. Also, jocky shift and hand clutz duz not compute!

Anyway, Greg has one fine motorcycle, and a flawless motorcycle deserves a flawless article. Besides, I really wanted to:

1. Write to "Wordmonger."
2. Give Greg a "well done."
3. Pitch a bitch.
4. All of the above.

Fast Freddy
Pensacola, Fla.

Iron-on T-shirts

☐ Did anyone ever consider spending a few bucks for indelible pencils or pens and adding their own thing to your iron-ons by coloring them in or just doing the outlines? It lasts forever, wash or not!

Dee's ol' lady, Lisa
Nowata, Okla.

Paul! Paul!

☐ This is it, Paul. I'm goin' to be lookin' for your ass and when I find it, it's all mine. I ain't takin' no more shit from you!

Bunny
Cleveland, Ohio

■ Who's Paul?

Likes It!

☐ Regarding the excellent article, "Fuck It," by Don Sharp in the 2nd anniversary issue: I would rather starve a free man than be a well-feed slave.

J.E. James, Jr.
Manteo, N.C.

Some Advice

☐ If I see a man pushin' his sled, I will stop to help. So will a lot of other people — even cagers. Most folks don't mind helpin' a man who's willin' to help himself.

My Sport has a habit of takin' a shit now and then, and I've never pushed more than an hour or so before someone stopped to help.

So listen, bros, next time ya pay your dues, try a little motorhikin'. Ya got nothin' to lose and it might renew your faith in humanity.

Kermit Arnold
Lubbock, Tex.

Dream Come True

☐ Thanks for printing the pix of the new '83 Sportster XLX. I've owned a lot of bikes in the last ten years but never a Harley. I know you gotta pay for the good stuff, but till now I've been just wishin' and readin' *Easyriders* and dreamin' about your "In The Wind." A Harley for under four grand is a dream come true!

Dutch
Norfolk, Va.

Whatta Bike

☐ Just read about the new XLX. Wow! What a bike! Just the Harley I've been waiting for.

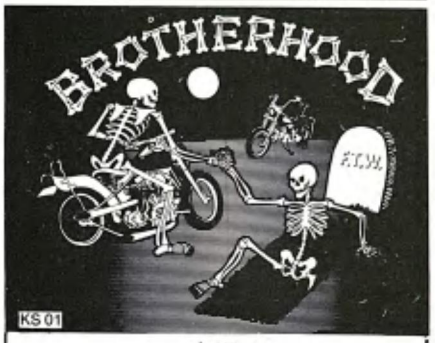
Lumpy
Elkhorn, Wis.

Wants More

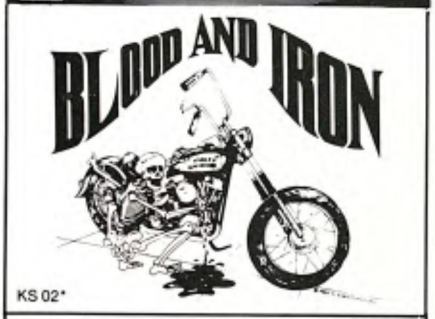
☐ One of my bros and I are kicking back watching the days go by at a place called Fouts Spring Boys Ranch. We read your rag and *In The Wind* every chance we get. Your August '82 issue had one fine babe on the cover, and we'd like to see a lot more of her in the very near future.

Baldy
Somewhere

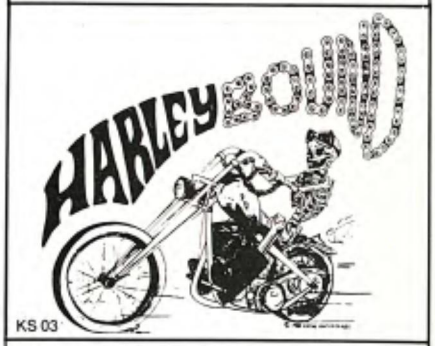
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Easyriders Exploits
☐ To John Farley (June '80 issue, page 8) who thinks that *Easyriders* exploits rugrats with its funnies or advertisements: Check out your local newspaper. I don't think articles in *Easyriders* are going to maim the minds of cookie snatchers; and if you think it will, don't let your snott drippers read it.

Jim Bright
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Juicy Lips
☐ I liked your cover chick's big, thick, juicy lips (June '82 issue).

Smoke
Cincinnati, Ohio

Good Trick
☐ That's pretty fuckin' good. On your September '82 issue (page 69, center flick), you finally found a fucker with two left hands. I always heard there was different kinds of people and animals from Kansas.

Dirt
Canyon City, Colo.

He Tried
☐ I tried getting a loan (forget it). I can barely afford to live, let alone come up with bread for a H-D, so I had to buy a Triumph.

Patriot
Fairfield, Conn.

A Reader
☐ I just wanted to drop you fuck-ups a line to tell you I think your rag is the best biker rag I ever read (then again, it's the only one I ever read).

The Moose
Cicero, Ill.

Words From Australia
☐ Tell that bullshittin', prick-faced Spider he can go crawl up a dead boar's arse.

Craggles
South Australia

■ Spider's not a bullshitter.

A Warning
☐ If you venture to St. Louis, Missouri, don't by any means look for entertainment in either one of two local bars known as Muddy Waters and Muddy Waters West. They're very unfriendly to biker types!

When you walk up to the door, you are greeted with their dress code. I don't remember it word for word, but it tells you that you cannot be permitted to enter if you wear leathers, colors, Bucks, chains on your wallets, or dirty jeans, etc.

On the other hand, a different bar just down the road from Muddy Waters West gives off a friendly warm glow of good ol' boy country in a laid-back, soft way. This place goes by the name of Lone Wolf. It provides good country and western music, and you still have room to sit and listen to the band, drink Coors, and watch the fine ladies.

I felt I should pass the word along about the crap St. Louis is trying to pass out.

Edd Robinson
Princeton, Ill.

Downed Bro
☐ Last year around wintertime I was in an accident. I was laid up for five months total. A cage driver broadsided my scoot. It suffered $4,600 damage, and I suffered two back fractures, one broken hand, and eigthteen broken bones on my ankle and foot. The night of the accident I was brought to the hospital unconscious.

Upon my arrival at the hospital, the staff had found a pistol on me and called the law. Now I'm doing time 'cause of the gun law. While doing time I do have your rag mailed to me every month. It sure helps me cope with it all.

J.T. Terra
Winthrop, Mass.

Pour A Jack
☐ I've been reading all my *Easyriders,* starting from the first one I bought back in '73 to the last one on the rack, and I gotta say you fuckers put out one hell of a rag. I've watched you fuck up once in a while, and no matter what anyone says, you always do the job right.

You ought to roll up a doobie and pour yourself a shot of Jack.

J.C.
Hampshire, Tenn.

■ We'll go for it.

More Advice
☐ If you want a good time, go to Las Vegas. If you want a lot of time, go to Texas.

Smoke
Huntsville, Tex.

■ Where?

One Problem
☐ I've been reading *Easyriders* for four years. I've enjoyed each issue, but the only problem I have is that I have to be the first to the newsstand or they're all gone.

Rodney Lind
Moose Lake, Minn.

■ So subscribe.

Greetings
☐ Greetings, group. We sent ya a card before, but being the generous, free-spirited people we are, we sent ya another one.

Spike
Lancaster, Ky.

A Relative?
☐ I would really appreciate it if you could tell me where I could contact Wymond. I am into America's finest, and it would be a real buzz if I found a cousin halfway across the world with a common interest.

Richard Walkem
Tasmania, Australia

Good For Your Health
☐ I've got a tech tip for the ladies. There ain't nothin' better for a sore throat than some of your ol' man's love juice! It coats, soothes, and protects for hours, and it even has the added plus of bein' a helluva fun way to take your medicine. So all ya ol' ladies out there, the next time yer throat starts to feel like someone used it for the exhaust pipes on one of those crotch-rockets, throw yer ol' man down and do it to it! And if he bitches 'cause he's wrenchin' on the putt or somethin' equally important (just kiddin', guys), tell him it's for medicinal purposes, it's savin' him the bucks somethin' from the store would cost, and it's a natural remedy — somethin' without all the shit they put in commercial medicines (a perk for all you health nuts out there).

Angel
Anchorage, Alaska

■ Sounds like my line.

Not Usual Stuff
☐ First off, this ain't the usual boring shit you're reading. This is true stuff.

Ain't it about time you did a feature on your British brothers? We've got plenty of decent bikes over here, and it ain't all Jap crap (some of which happens to be pretty neat crap). There are even a few nice Harleys in Bournemouth.

Second, tell your dipshit Spider to quit using my name

or he's gonna have to chew razor blades up his ass.

The Spider
Bournemouth, England

■ Spider said, "You and what army?"

Got Bike Back

☐ I'm so happy I could just shit. Last November my '69 shovelhead was stolen from the front of a bar here in Chattanooga. After six months, I got back from Wyoming — and one week later, I got my bike back. Would you believe the fuckin' cops helped too? Hard to believe. If I had a joint, I'd send you one.

J.C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.

■ Ya lucked out, man — stone lucked out.

More On Morrison

☐ Much has been said lately about the death, or pseudo-death, of Jim Morrison. I have just finished reading "No One Here Gets Out Alive." I found the book informative — to an extent. I do not agree that he is alive, nor do I dispute the fact that his death may have been a sham. Whether it is a hoax or not, I firmly believe in a person's right to privacy. Maybe he did pull one over on his fans and didn't die. Don't you think he had a reason? Let us not dwell on whether he is alive or dead, but enjoy what he gave us through his music and poetry. If he is alive, let him enjoy his anonymity, for that is what he chose. Let us be true fans and let him have his peace, whether it be in life or death.

D. Eden
Watertown, Wis.

Setting Record Straight

☐ Do you remember the 20/20 magazine (ABC-TV) report on the Bandidos in Texas? G. Rivera made it sound like the Bandidos blew away the federal judge (Wood) in San Antonio.

Well, they apprehended some guys (one was already in prison) for the crime and all were dope-dealing "gangsters" and not Bandidos.

But they don't put that on 20/20, do they?

Hoppy
Tillery, N.C.

Example of Equal Justice

☐ A bro of mine went down for fourteen years because of growing a pot plant in his closet. Another dude went down for life for killing a chick whose body hasn't even been found yet. But in a neighboring county, another dude killed two people and got just thirty years for both murders. Tell me that ain't fucked-up justice.

Collonhead
Pulaski, Va.

Tattoos On Hands

☐ During the past ten years or so, I have on occasion noticed people, most of them bikers, with dots tattooed on three fingers. Could you tell me what these dots are for (what they stand for)? I would appreciate it.

Steve Holden
New Richmond, Wis.

■ We haven't seen such a tattoo, but maybe one of our readers knows what it's about.

Another Goof

☐ While looking through some back issues, I happened upon a crossword puzzle by Bright Eyes with the help of Witty Willie (September '81 issue). Feelin' extra smart, I began taxin' my brain. I was cruisin' till I hit #7 down and #38 down. There ain't enough spaces for these answers. Keep your numbers straight.

Billy D.
Bethlehem, Pa.

Everyone Reads It

☐ I make a livin' with eighteen wheels and take my pleasure with two. Ran up on a DOT check a while back on the East Coast. Since I wasn't exactly legal, I was worrying about having enough bucks to pay the fine. Spying my *Easyriders* on the dashboard, the officer asked if I was through with it. I said sure and handed it over. Takin' it, he waved me on through the checkpoint. Without looking back, I hit the pavement and fired one up in honor of *Easyriders*.

Dopey
Sulphur Springs, Tex.

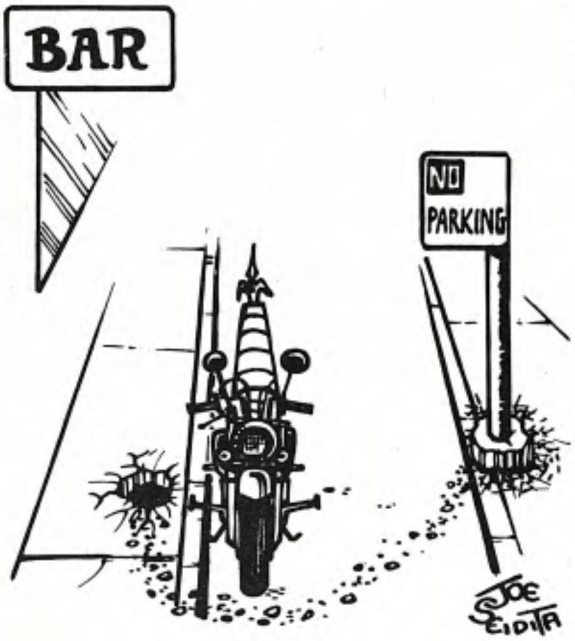
Willin' To Party

☐ I'm sitting down here in Phoenix, Arizona. I just came in from Ithaca, New York, and I haven't seen one fuckin' good-lookin' biker yet. If any of you bikers see a jeans jacket with a Swivel Bee on the back, stop. I'm willing to party with you. I need the company. It's a lonely world out here.

Swivel Bee
Glendale, Ariz.

■ What's a Swivel Bee?

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, *Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.* ■



Easyriders



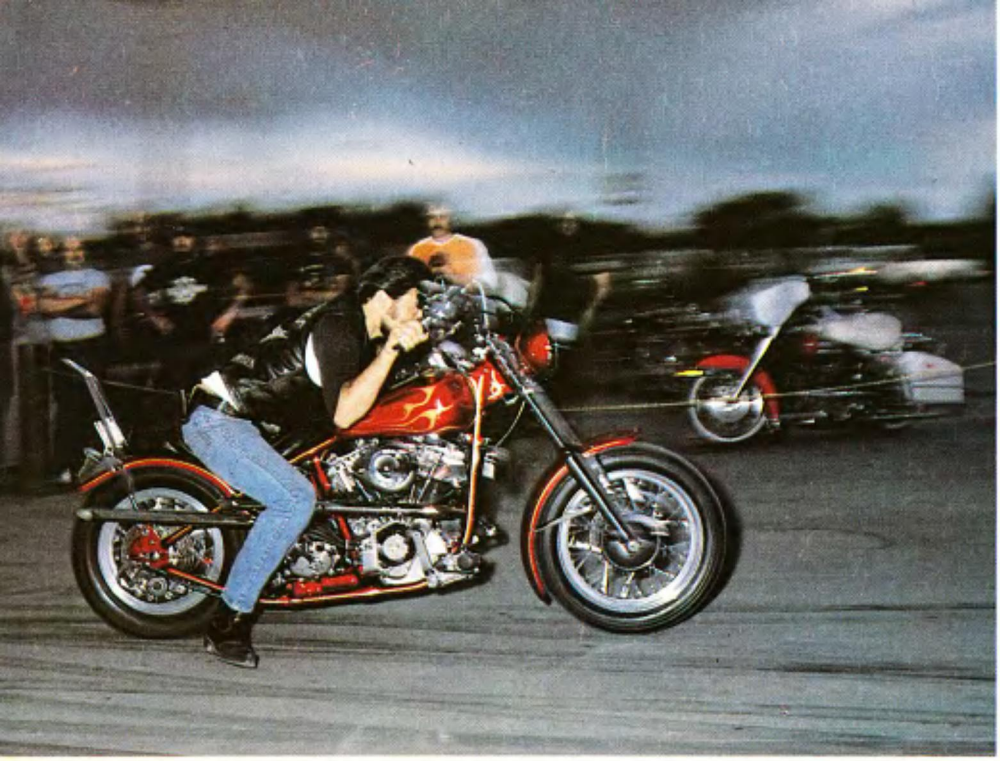
GIVE YOUR OL' MAN A CHRISTMAS GIFT YOU BOTH CAN ENJOY

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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.

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Artistry

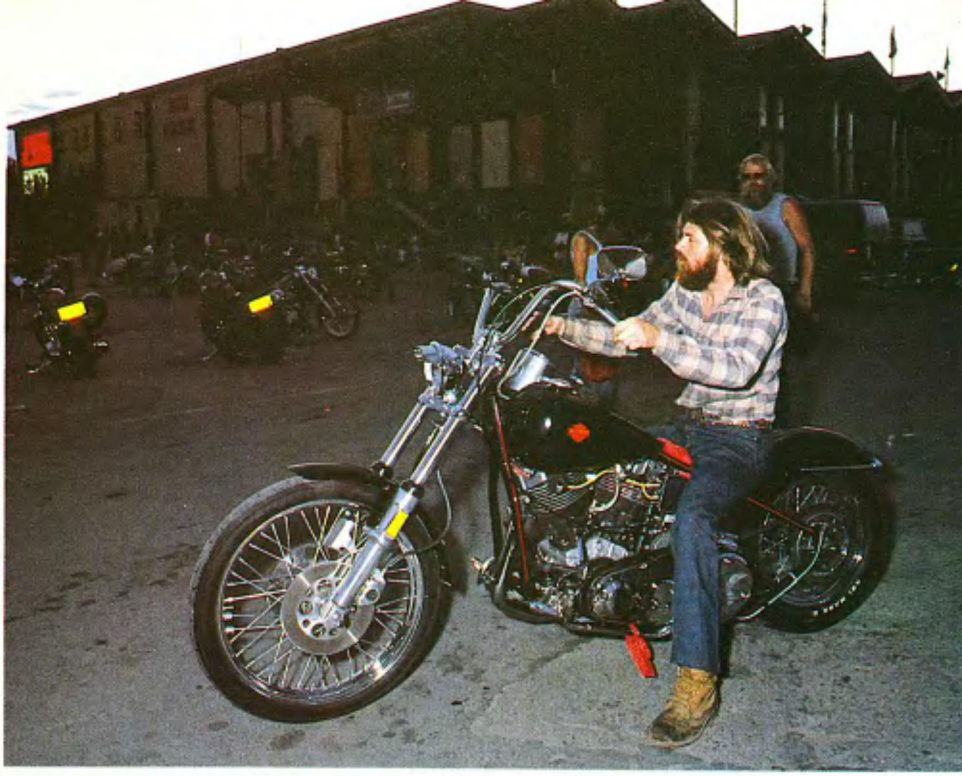
Canadian Style

Down here in the States it's sometimes easy to forget that up north of the border, in maple-leaf country, there's a bunch o' bro ridin' some really righteous scoots. But when we took a putt up to Calgary to sit in on the Artistry in Iron show, run, and party put on by Calgary Harley-Davidson, we discovere



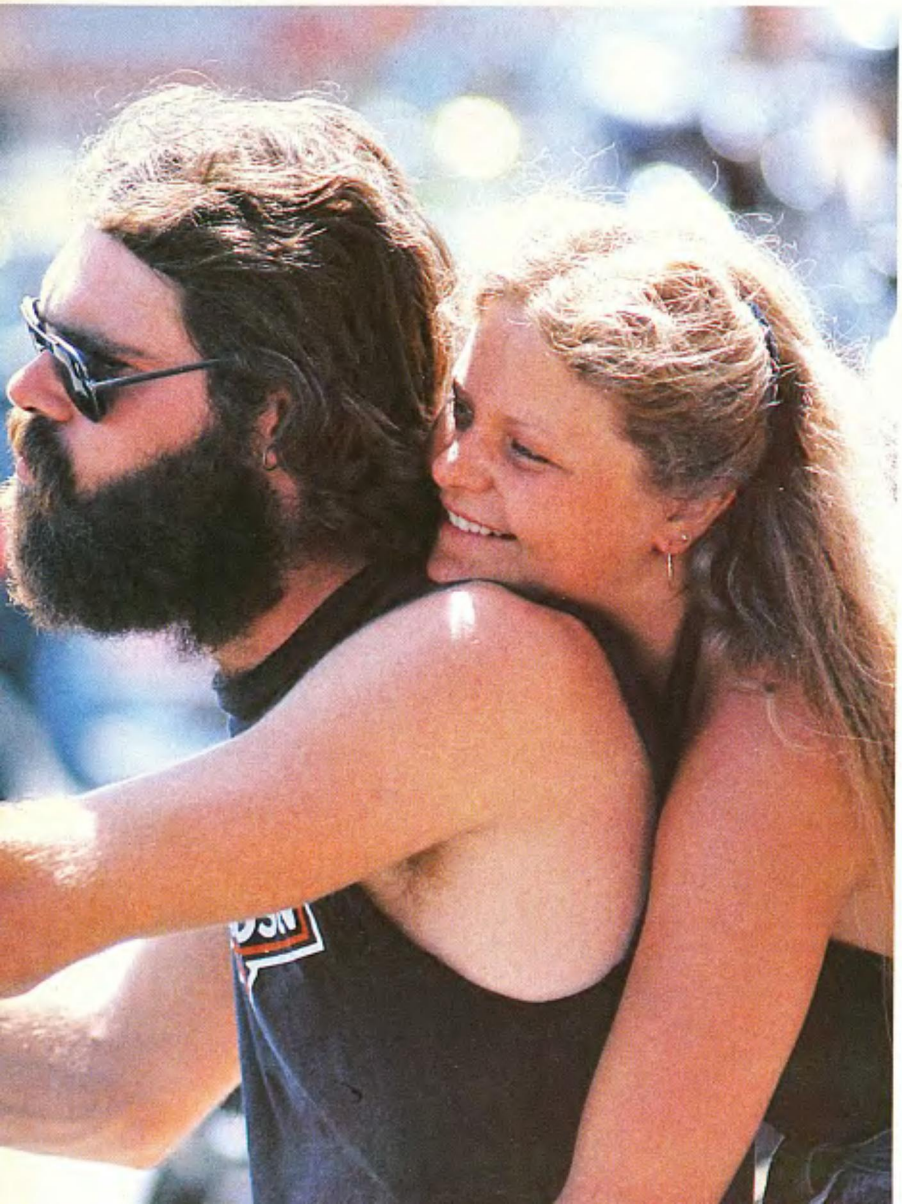


in Iron

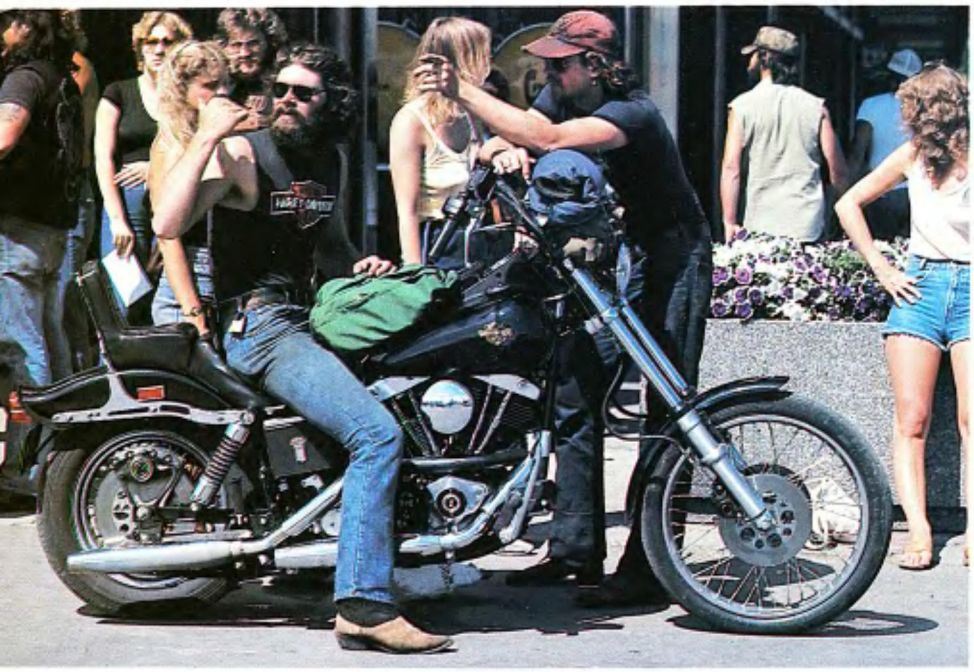


that bikin', and especially bikin' Harley-style, is as big in Canada as it is anywhere in the States.

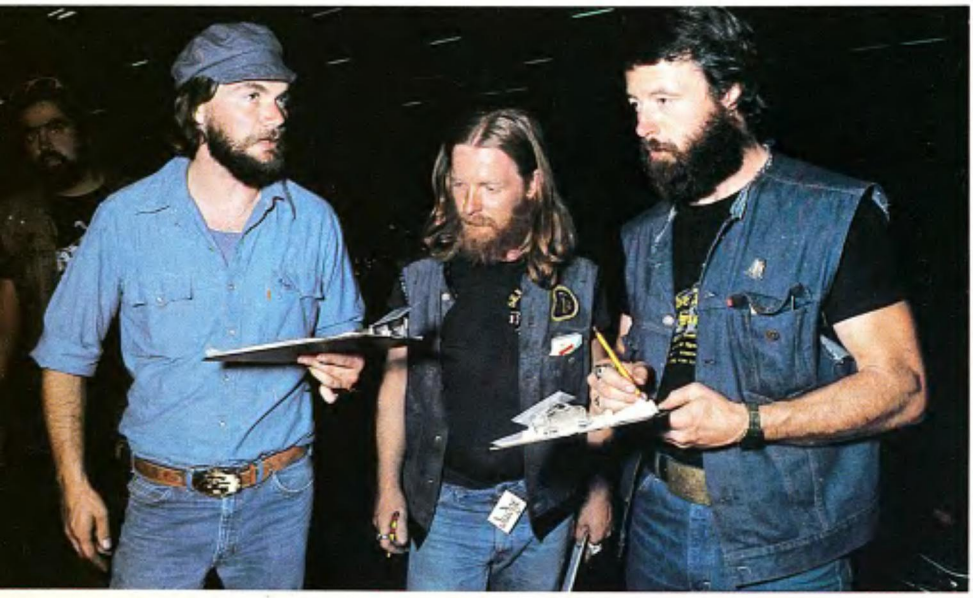
Most events like this held down here in the U.S. attract riders from five hundred to a thousand miles around, and even a few from clear across the country. This show, however, brought in bros from all over



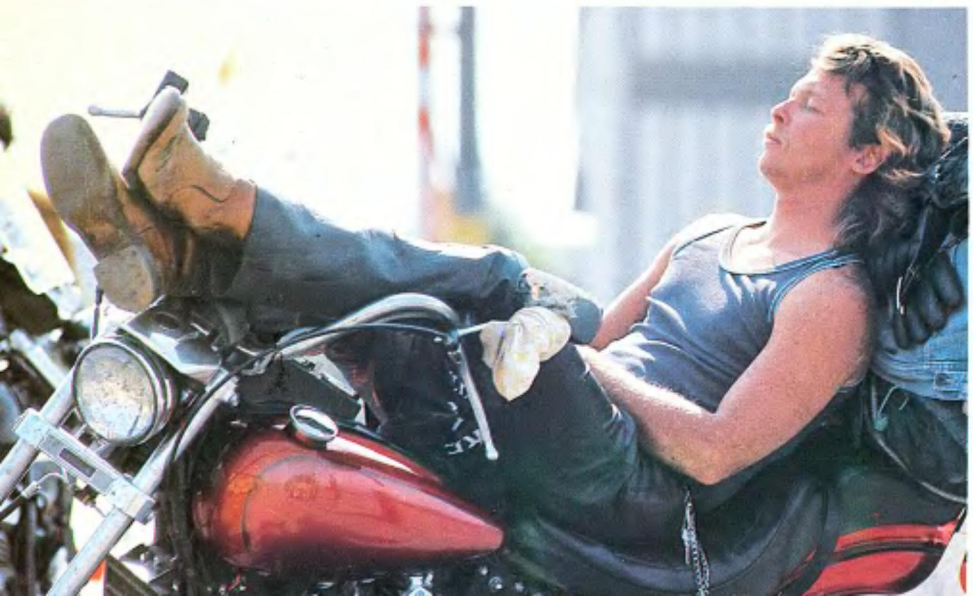




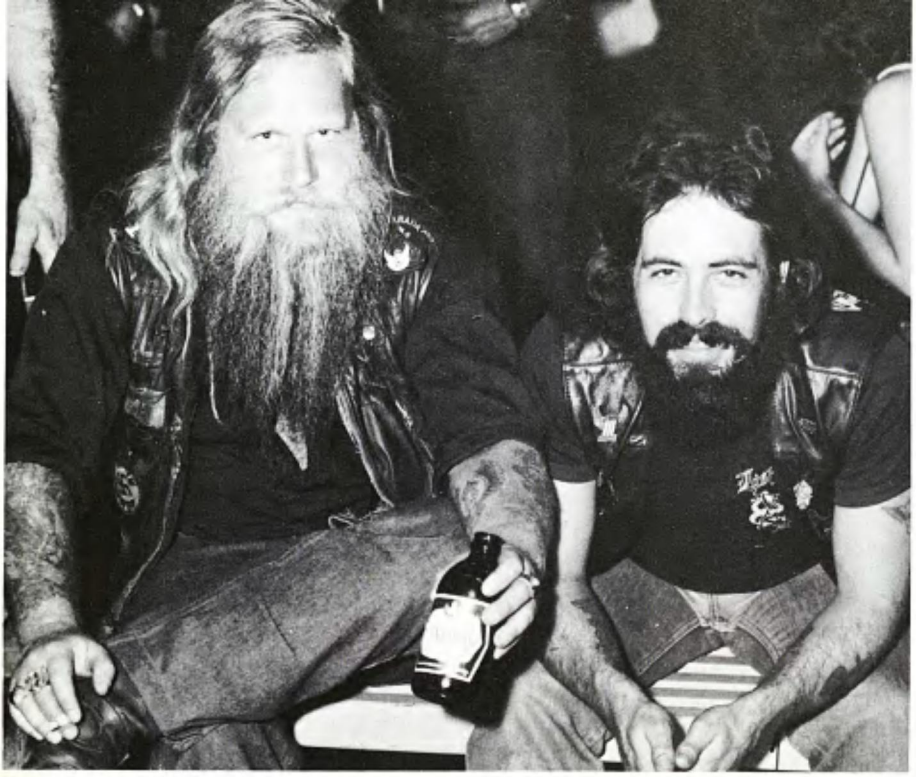












Canada, over ten thousand of 'em, bringin' with 'em a readiness to party, lottsa good-lookin' ladies, and a bunch o' bikes that made the event a Harley-watchers heaven.

Durin' the two days of the show there were all the usual events ya see at happenin's like this — live bands, a wet T-shirt contest, presentations by the BRO, the Canadian Bikers' Rights Organization — and after the show each night, there were smaller "events" scattered around that showed us that our Canadian bros definitely know how to throw a party.

Between partyin', puttin', and eyeballin' the chicks and sleds, we learned that bikin' in Canada is not just alive and well — it's a total happenin' with a lot of brotherhood and righteous biker livin'. They're

Continued after two pages of photos




ARTISTRY IN IRON
presented by: CALGARY HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CALGARY, CANADA











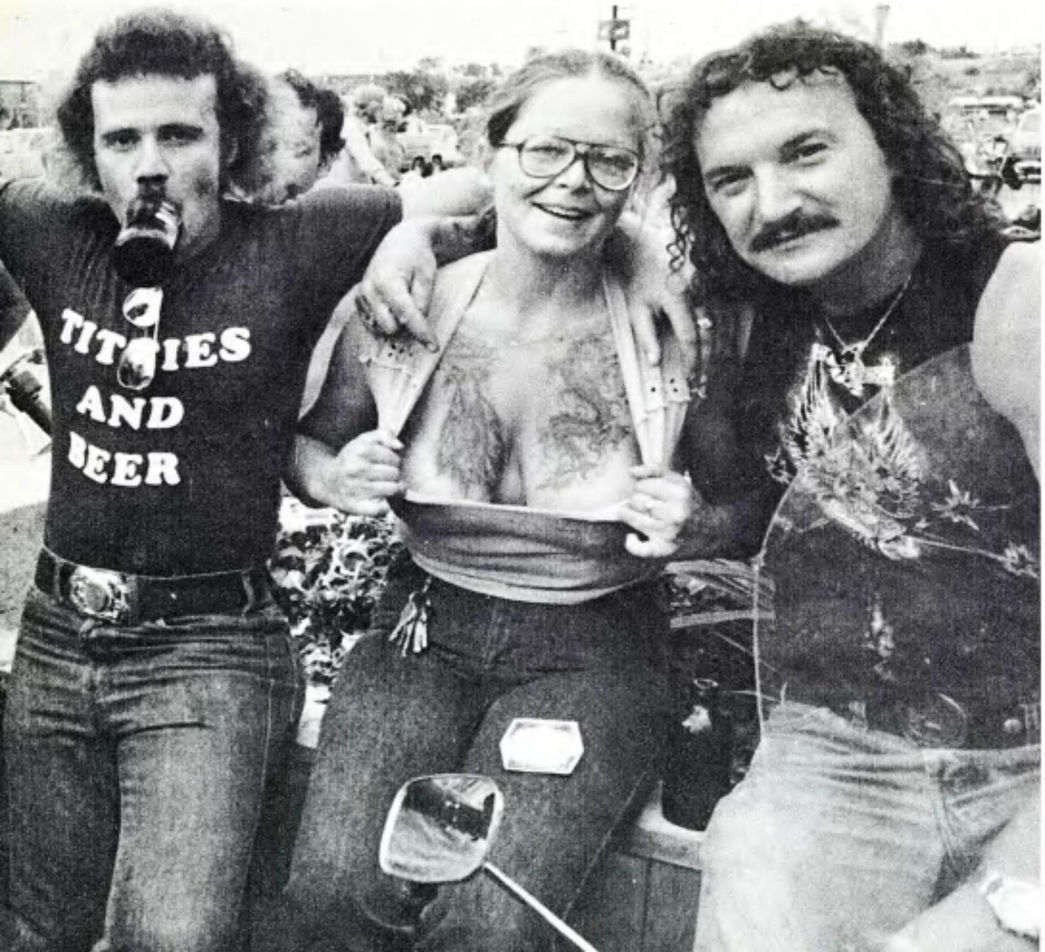











TITTIES
AND
BEER







schedulin' the event again for the same time, same place next year, with even more events and some special added features that they ain't ready to talk about just yet. And if this first get-together in Calgary is any indication of what next year's is gonna be like — ya can bet it's gonna become a regular feature on everybody's calendar.

— the crew



Photos by Pete Chiodo and Mike Lichter



Christmas '82

or

Big Nick Drops The Big One

Big Nick stumbled out of the fireplace flames,
ripping a hole in his bag full of video games.
"Damn, what a night!" he shouted at me
while I sat in the chair by the bright Christmas tree.
His cap was on fire, his beard in a knot,
and he looked kinda mean as I reached for the pot.
"Want a joint?" I inquired, "It'll help soothe your mind;
seems like you need something to help you unwind."
"Thanks," Nick replied. "It's been a mighty wild trip.
The strain of this job has me losin' my grip."
He stared out the window after catching the bag;
the snowflakes that fell made the phone lines sag.
"Got a beer?" he then asked. "My throat's full of smoke.
I was so drunk in Denver the toys all got broke."
"One cold one to go." I smiled at the fat man
and stepped over the parts of my '52 pan.
Returning from the ice-box with a chilled six-pack,
I saw Big Nick searching through his sack.
"Do you own the scooter spread across this floor?
I've never seen one torn apart like this before."
"It's mine all right." I sounded disgusted.
"I had to tear it down 'cause the damn thing's busted.
The transmission's shot and I'm all out of money.
I'll sure be lost when the weather turns sunny."
"That's a shame," muttered Nick as he chugged a beer.
Then he made some remark that I didn't quite hear.
"We're damn lucky," he said as he took off his boot;
"that fire of yours nearly melted my toot."
In the toe of his shoe was a can marked Peru.
"There should be just enough left for me and for you."
He sprinkled the powder out onto the table
and made two clean lines with a piece of clutch cable.
One of the rows was considerably fatter.
Was that his or mine? It didn't really matter.
"Say, Nick," I began, "you have a long way to ride,
so you take the big one, 'cause I'm stayin' inside."
"Go ahead," he assured me, "I don't really mind.
I'm three-quarters finished and five-eights snowblind."
I rolled up a bill and took the line with a snort,
then I thanked Big Nick for being such a good sport.
"Just my job," he explained; "now I must be goin'.
The deer get pissed off standin' still while it's snowin'."
Nick inhaled the cocaine and vanished up the flue,
then yelled from the roof, "I left that part for you."
I searched around the tree, but couldn't find a trace.
If he'd left the tranny, it was some other place.
A feeling swept over me, something uncanny.
"Hi, sailor," she squealed, "my friends call me Granny."
An elderly woman in a red negligee
grinned at me and said, "This is your lucky day."
She cradled a bottle of wine in her arms,
winked through her bifocals and spoke of her charms.
She had gray hair tied back in a bun.
"C'mon, honey," she whispered, "let's have some fun."
"Beat it, lady," I shouted in angry despair
as I ran out the door to see if Nick was still there.
Up on the roof there arose such a clamor:
"On, Barstow and Blitzkrieg; on, Whammer and Jammer."
"Hey, you red-eyed freak," I yelled up at the sky,
"that tranny you left belongs to some other guy."
"Oh 'tranny'!" Nick laughed, flying away on his sled.
"I've been so damned wasted, I ain't sure what's been said."
So Big Nick sailed out through the white Christmas snow,
but before he was gone he yelled to me below.
"Friend, nobody's perfect, so give me a break.
Have a very Merry Christmas — and fuck the mistake!"

By Jimmy Two-Guns

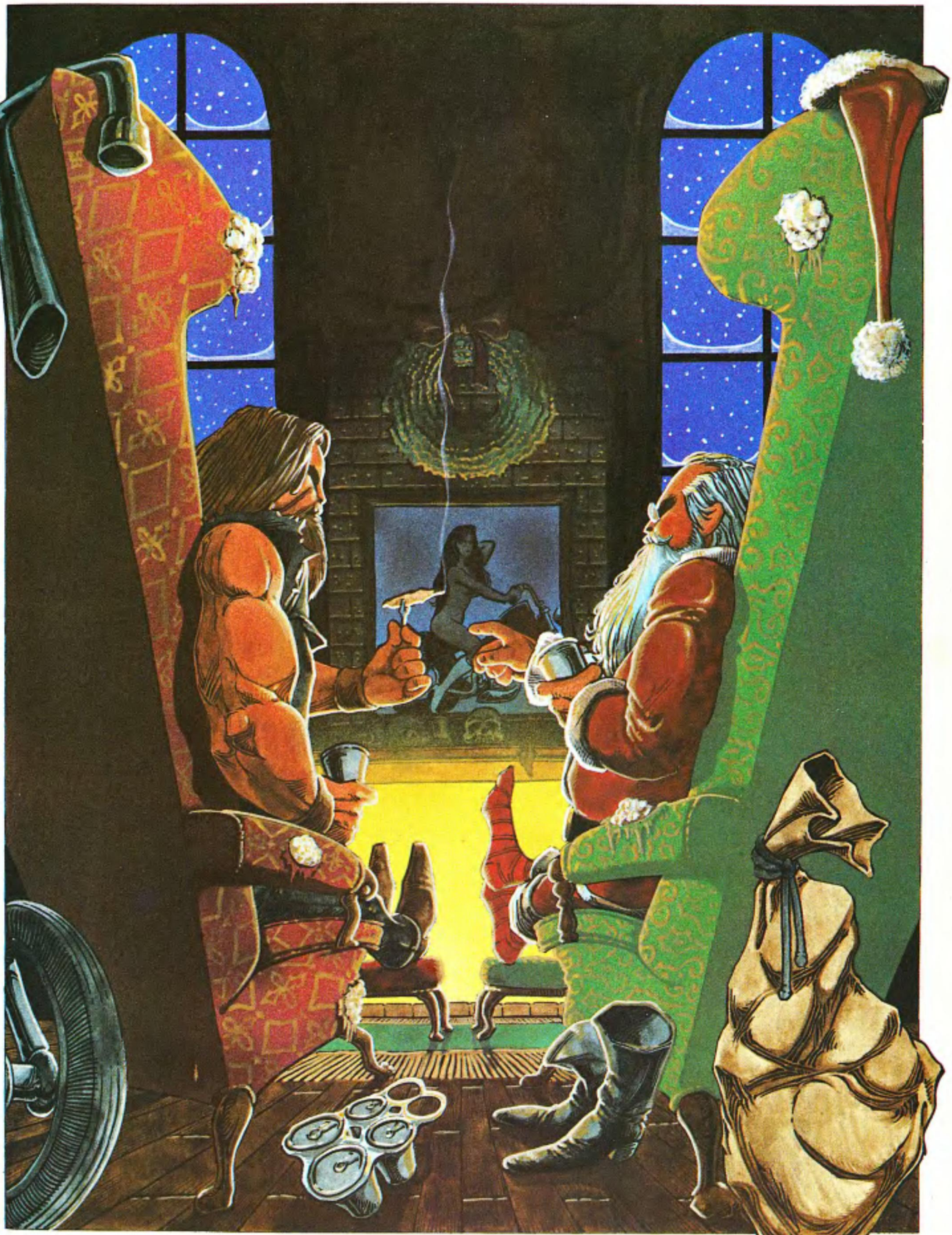


Illustration by Duffy Duggan



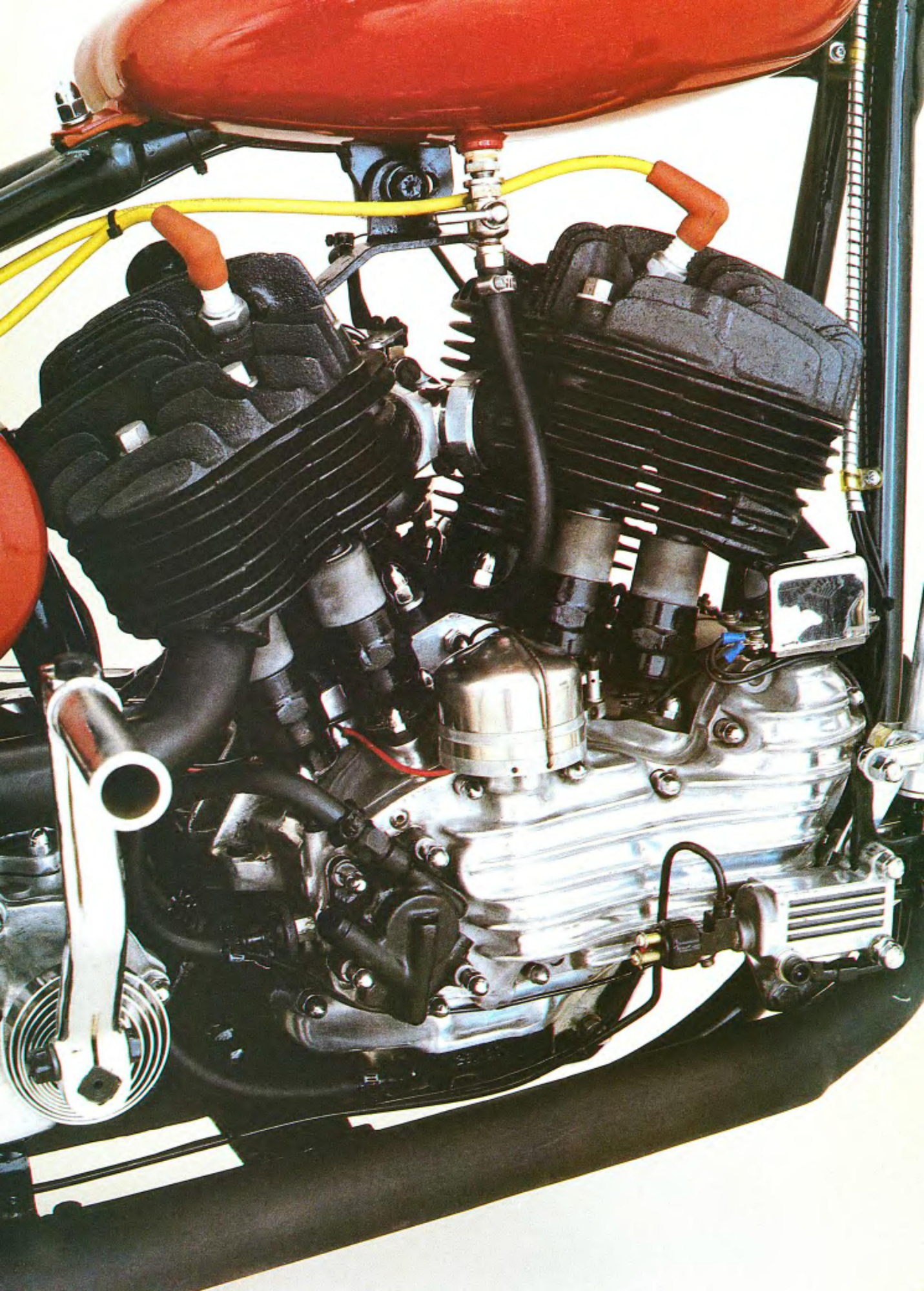
FLATHEAD FANATIC

You know how it is about scooters. Some bros think that everything flyin' on Harley wings is equally righteous, while others sneer at anything smaller than a 74 and condescend to ride only those Hogs made before the AMF takeover.

Michael Henault, owner of the black, red, and chrome eyestopper you see on these pages, is a specialist of a different sort — he's a bred-in-the-bone flathead fanatic. For all the years he's been riding — and that means for over a decade — Mike's life in the fast lane has mostly been one flattie after another, culminating in this beauty — a '40 ULH with oversized pistons, milled heads, hot cams, and a host of other goodies you can check out on the chart.

"I guess you could say I kinda like flatheads," Mike admits with a grin. "I built this one almost all myself — engine work, transmission work, even painting — from parts I collected one by one over the course of a couple





of years. One way in which I got lucky was by bein' able to trade extra flattie parts I already had for what I needed to build up this bike. I hardly had to buy anything at all for cash."

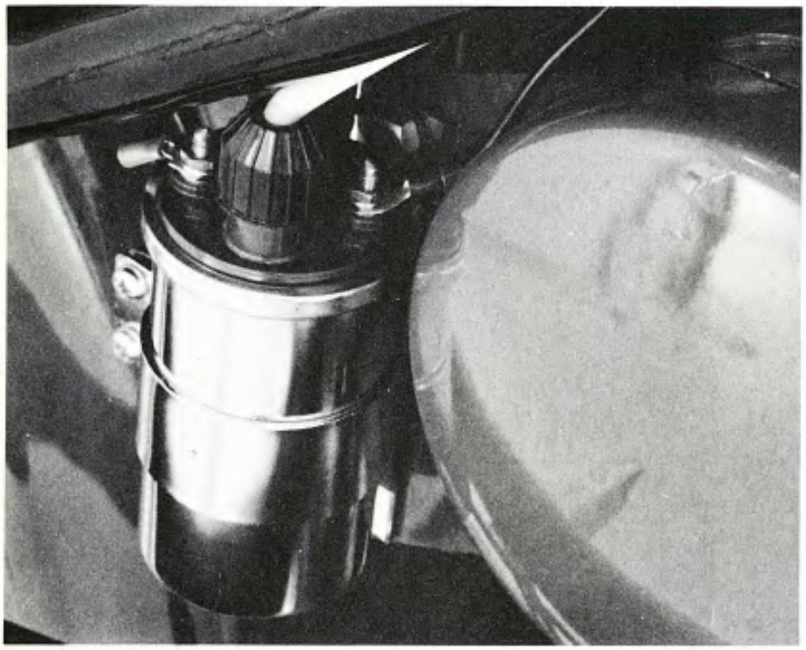
If you think Mike is makin' it all sound too easy, you're right. He leaves out all the machining work — like making his own valves — he had to do to create parts he couldn't find anywhere.

Scopin' the pictures of this chopped-out, drag-barred roadrunner might give you the idea that what Mike really digs about flatties is the motor itself. Nothing could be further from the truth. He also owns an original stock 1940 ULH and plans to build a flathead drag racer one of these days. In short, this is a guy who likes bikes of all kinds and configurations, as long as their guts are flat. Hell, that's not so strange. Most of us feel the exact same way 'bout chicks.

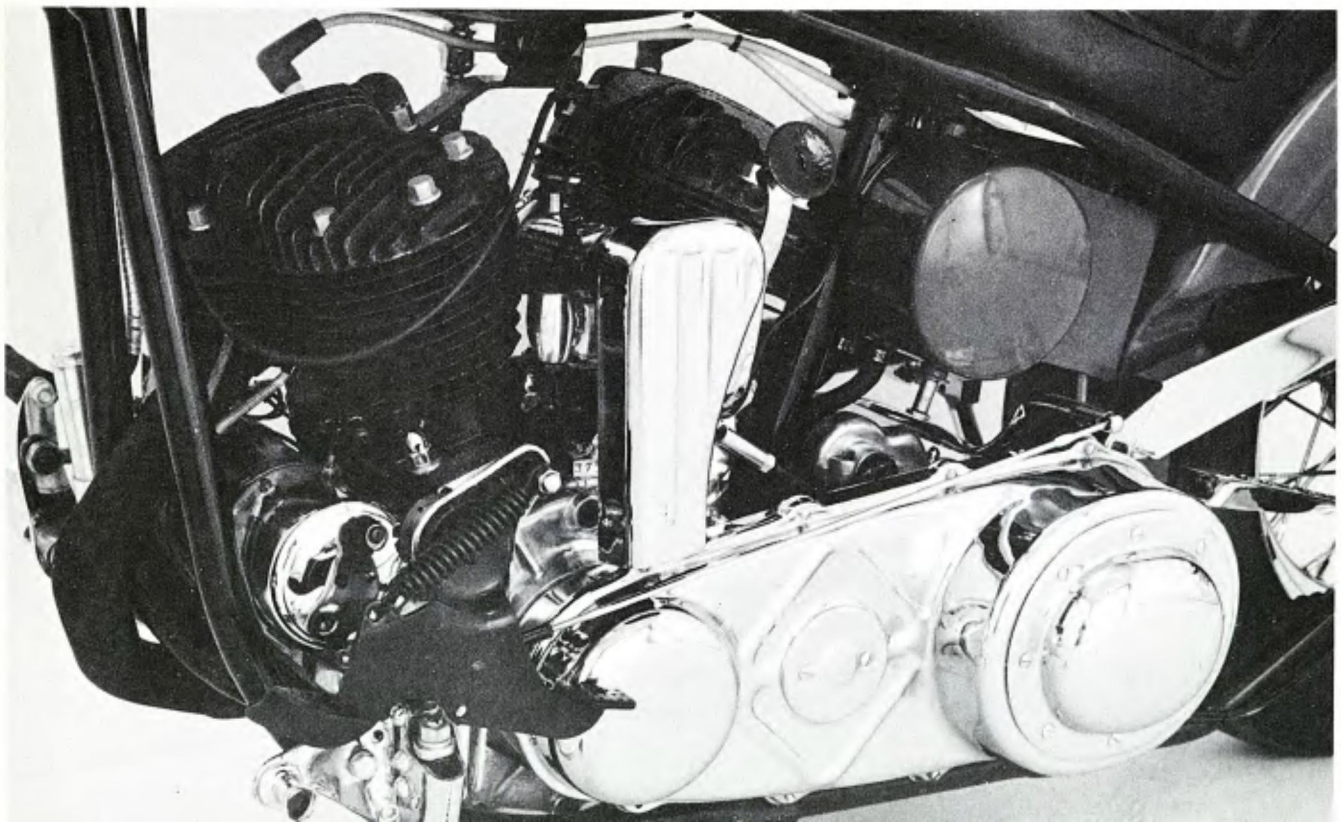
As far as riding goes, Mike favors getting away from the stoplights and cross streets and out into the country as much as possible.

"I'm not much of a barhopper," he says. "Basically, I like long runs over a hundred miles."

Feelin' that way, you'd expect Mike to have lots of tales, some taller than others, 'bout runs he's taken on his bike. Strangely enough, he's got none. You see, in between the time Mike's luscious ol' lady Kim got done



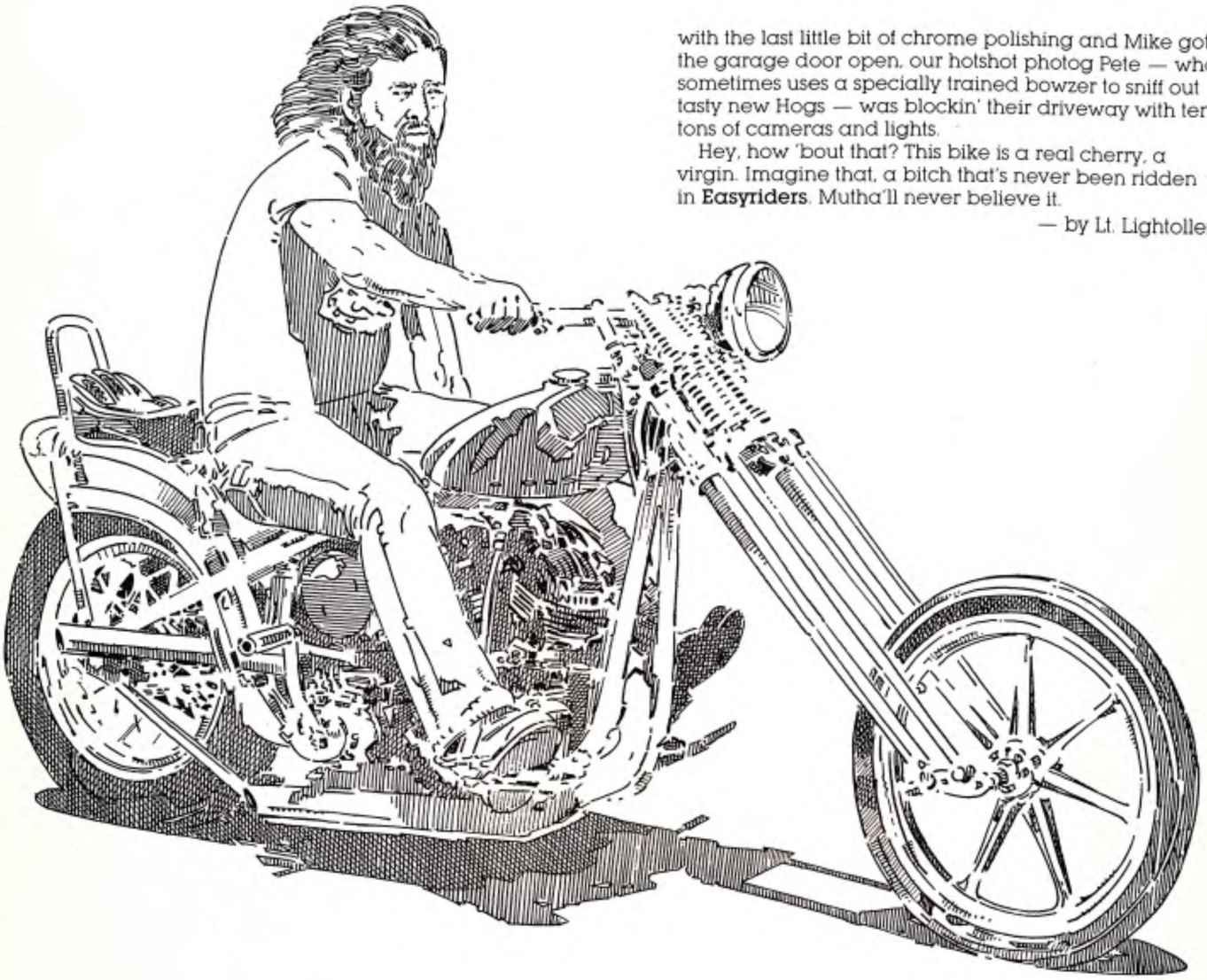


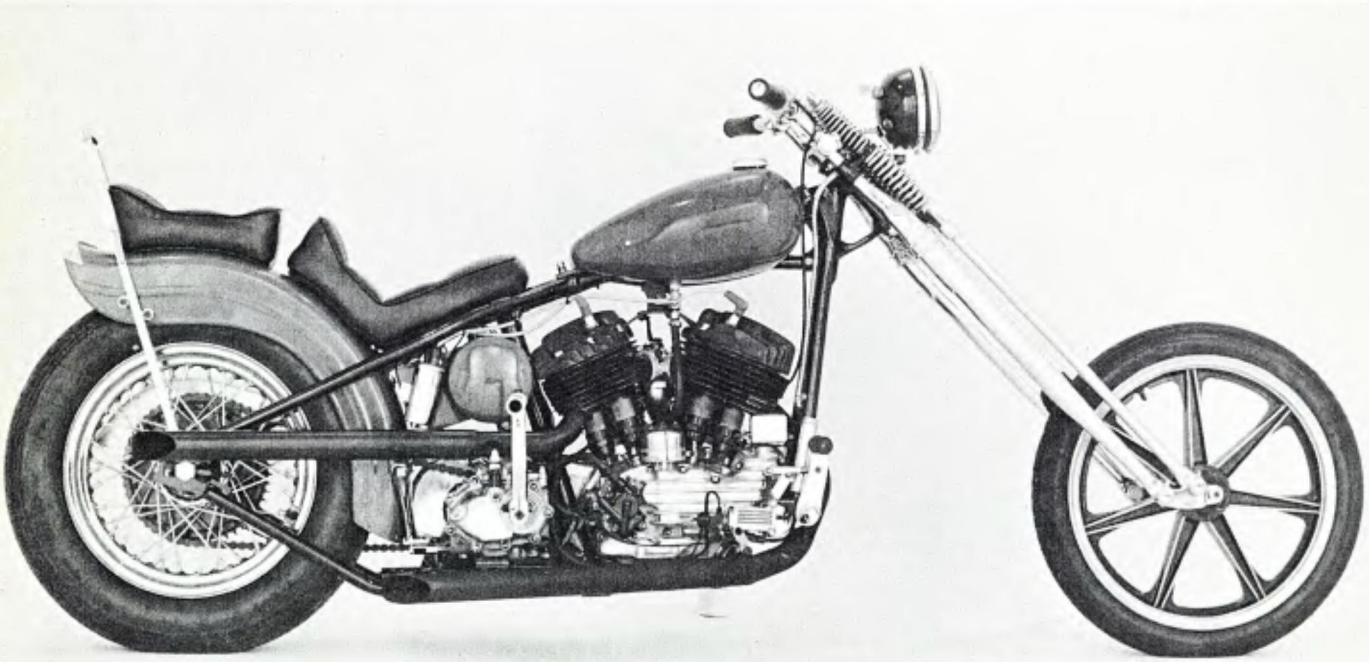


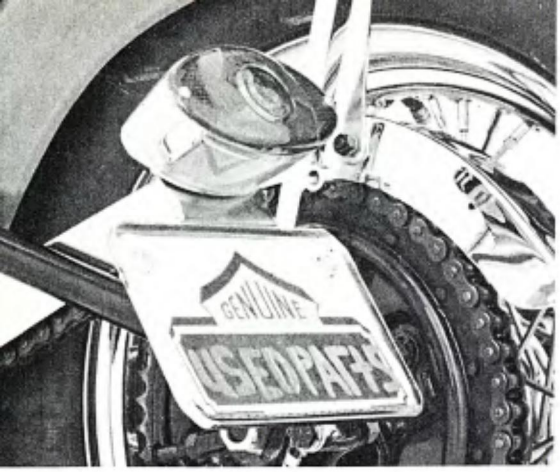
with the last little bit of chrome polishing and Mike got the garage door open, our hotshot photog Pete — who sometimes uses a specially trained bowzer to sniff out tasty new Hogs — was blockin' their driveway with ten tons of cameras and lights.

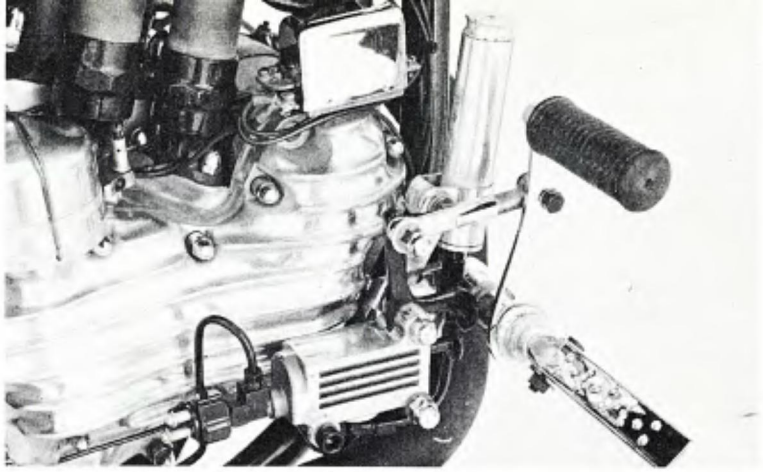
Hey, how 'bout that? This bike is a real cherry, a virgin. Imagine that, a bitch that's never been ridden in **Easyriders**. Mutha'll never believe it.

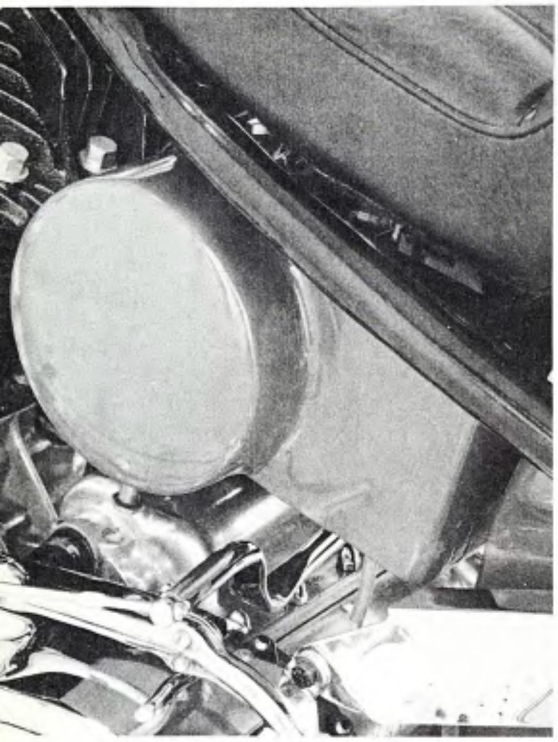
— by Lt. Lightoller











Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Michael Henault	**City:** Ventura, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: some year	
Year and make:'40-'70 H-D	Builder: owner	
Model: custom	Type: rigid	
Value: too much	Rake: yup	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: a little	
Time: one year	Other alterations: keylock cut out	
Chroming by: whoever	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: drag	
Year: 1940	Risers: Flanders	
Model: ULH	Fender(s): fat	
Rebuilder: owner	Headlight: who knows?	
Ignition: points and condenser	Taillight: custom	
Displacement: 80+ cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: Gary Bang	
Balancing: H-D	Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: .080 over	Electrics: owner	
Cases: hand polished	Gas tank: 3-gal. Mustang	
Heads: milled	Oil tank: owner handmade	
Cam(s): Webb Cams	Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: repro diamond	
Carb(s): Linkert M88	Seat: custom	
Air cleaner: yup	Sissybar: freebee	
Pipes: handmade by Gimp	Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): quiet	Material: square stock	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: late-model gears	Type: springer	
Year: unknown	Extension: 8 in. over	
Shifting: hand	Builder: H-D and who knows?	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: straight	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 18	Size: 16
Molding: owner	Hub: Commy	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: red and black	Tire: Avon	Tire: Gdyr.
Type: Imron	Brake: none	Brake: juice
Special paint: you bet		

Other special modifications: Homemade valves, pipes, oil tanks. Special thanks to Kim for all the polishing, Wild Bill for parts.


1ST

There She Is

by J.J. Solari

We decided to have this beauty contest. *This* beauty contest? *The* beauty contest. The beauty contest of the fuckin' decade is more like it. Not Miss America. Not Miss Universe. But the big one. Miss Biker.

Unfortunately, all the entries were uglier'n cow slobber.

We couldn't fuckin' believe it. The clubs musta thought we'd said Miss Booger.

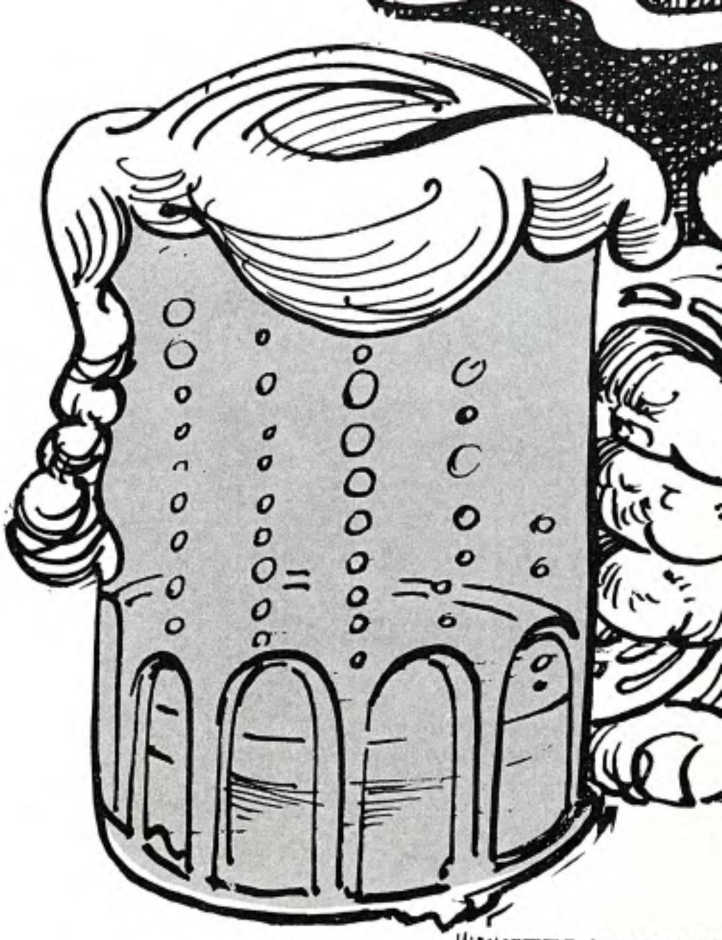
We checked the invitations again. The ones we sent to about sixty clubs. The ones tellin' 'em to choose their most beautiful chick an' bring 'er to us for the big pageant. And, yep; we could see now that they did say "most beautiful chick."

We looked around at what we got. What we got didn't look like the most beautiful anything. What we got looked like what turds would leave in the toilet if turds took shits. We'd seen prettier flies on fish heads than what we got. We couldn't believe it. It's a good thing we asked for their most beautiful ones. We'da asked for the ugly ones, they'da sent us stuff that woulda driven plague rats back into the sewers.

At first we figured it was some kind of a joke; that the dudes were tryin' to tell us what they thought of the whole idea, and in reply sent us a bunch of fleas that even a dog wouldn'a risked his foot on scratchin'; that they were gloatin': "Oh, so you want a beauty contest, hey? Well, pick a beauty outta *this* maggots' nest." But then we found out the hard way that these guys weren't puttin' us on. Eddie did, anyway. Durin' the applicant inventory and sign-in ol' Eddie's writin' down the specs on this ugly fuckin' mastadon that's sittin' across from 'im, an' he gets her name and her age and what club she's from and so forth, and then, as if this is really a *Continued on page 96*



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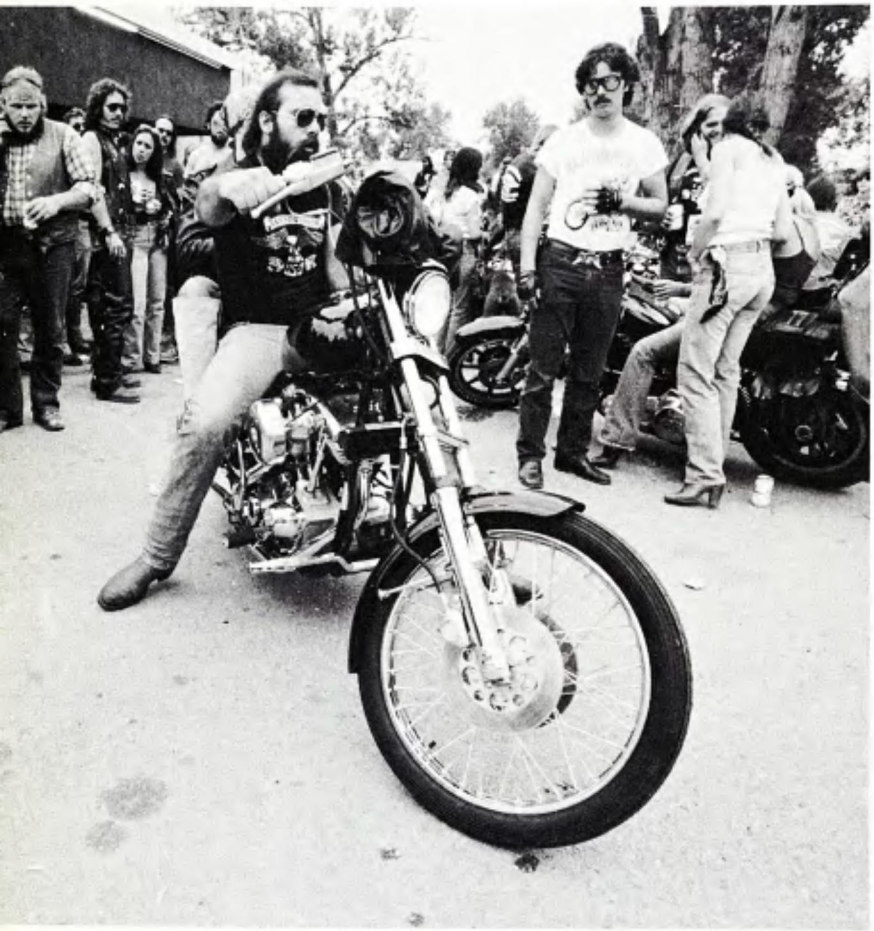
Rocky Mountain Revel

Labor Day or Groundhog Day, findin' a new gig or losin' an old one, bikers will seize just about any excuse to have a party.

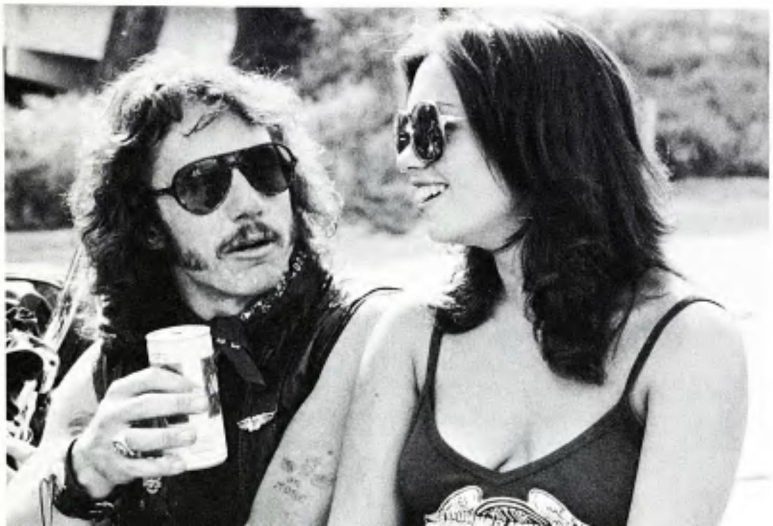
Still, the rebirth of Harley-Davidson as an independent company free of it's AMF chains was a helluva lot better reason for an all-out biker bash than most — which may explain why, almost a year and a half after the big day, some bros are still celebrating.

Take the folks at Rocky Mountain H-D in Littleton, Colorado. Vinnie and his bros could have ripped down their Harley-AMF sign right after the buyout, but they decided to wait until the first of the Harley "freedom" parties was over and then use the changing of their sign as the excuse to launch the second wave.

The results of their farsighted decision — an' a helluva good decision it was — are spread out

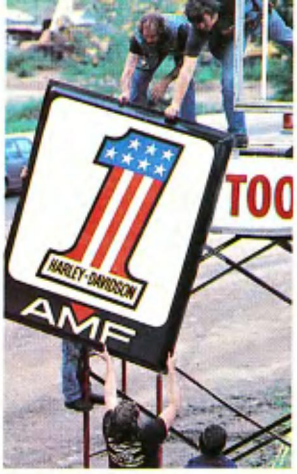


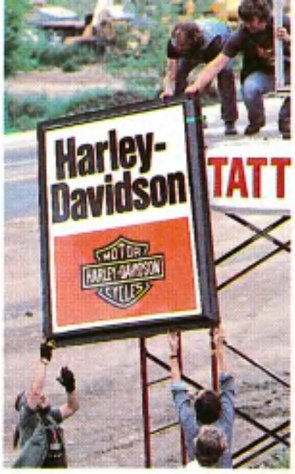




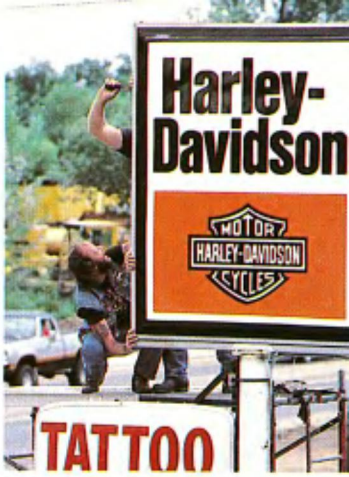


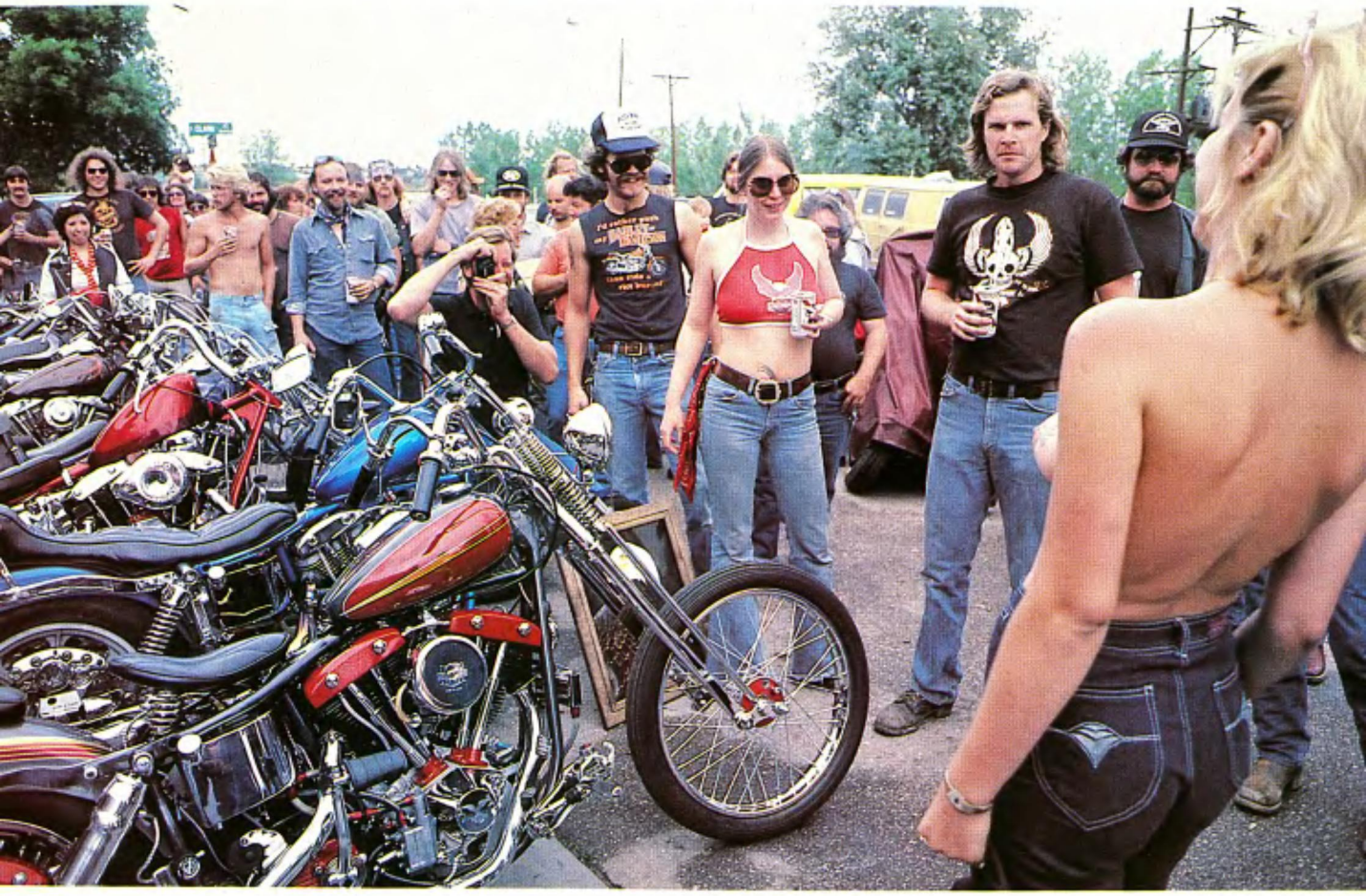

AM
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TOO
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
AMF

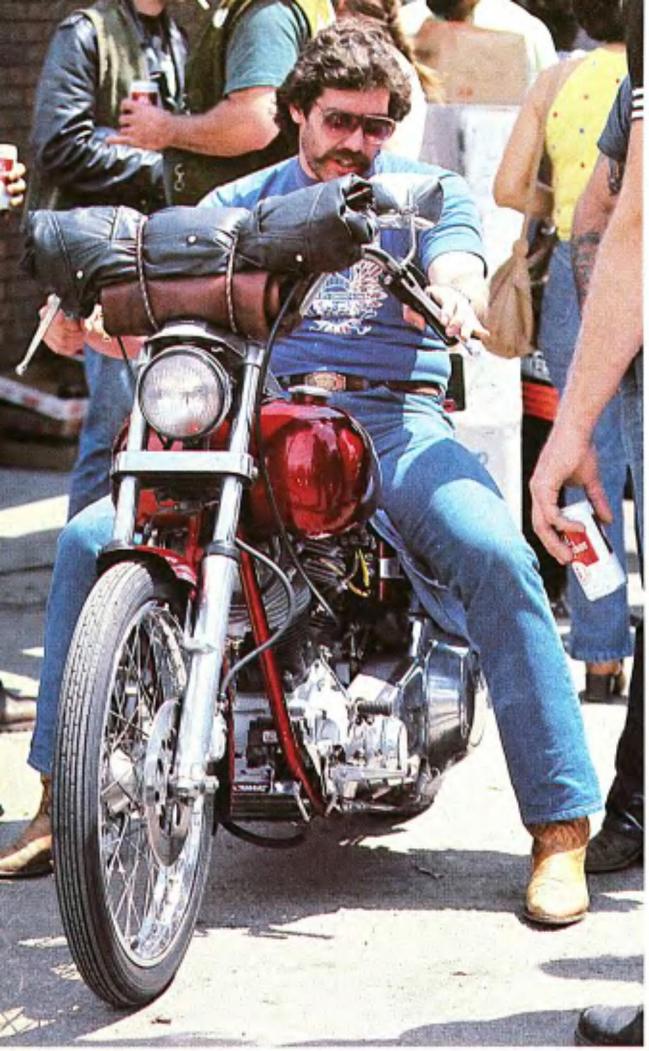

Harley-
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HARLEY-DAVIDSON
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Harley-
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Photos by Mike Lichter





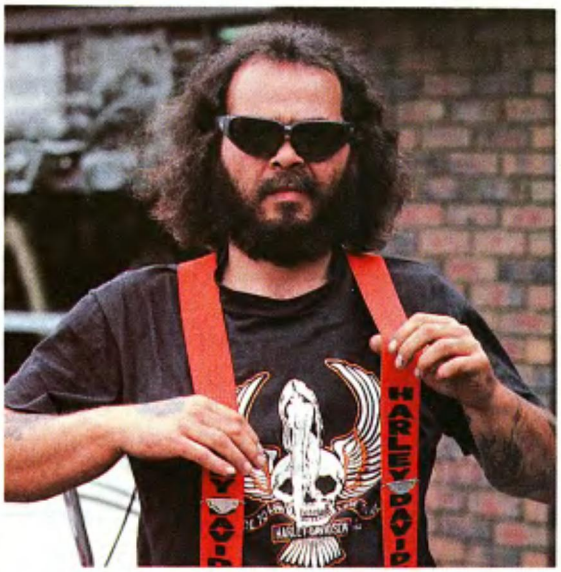


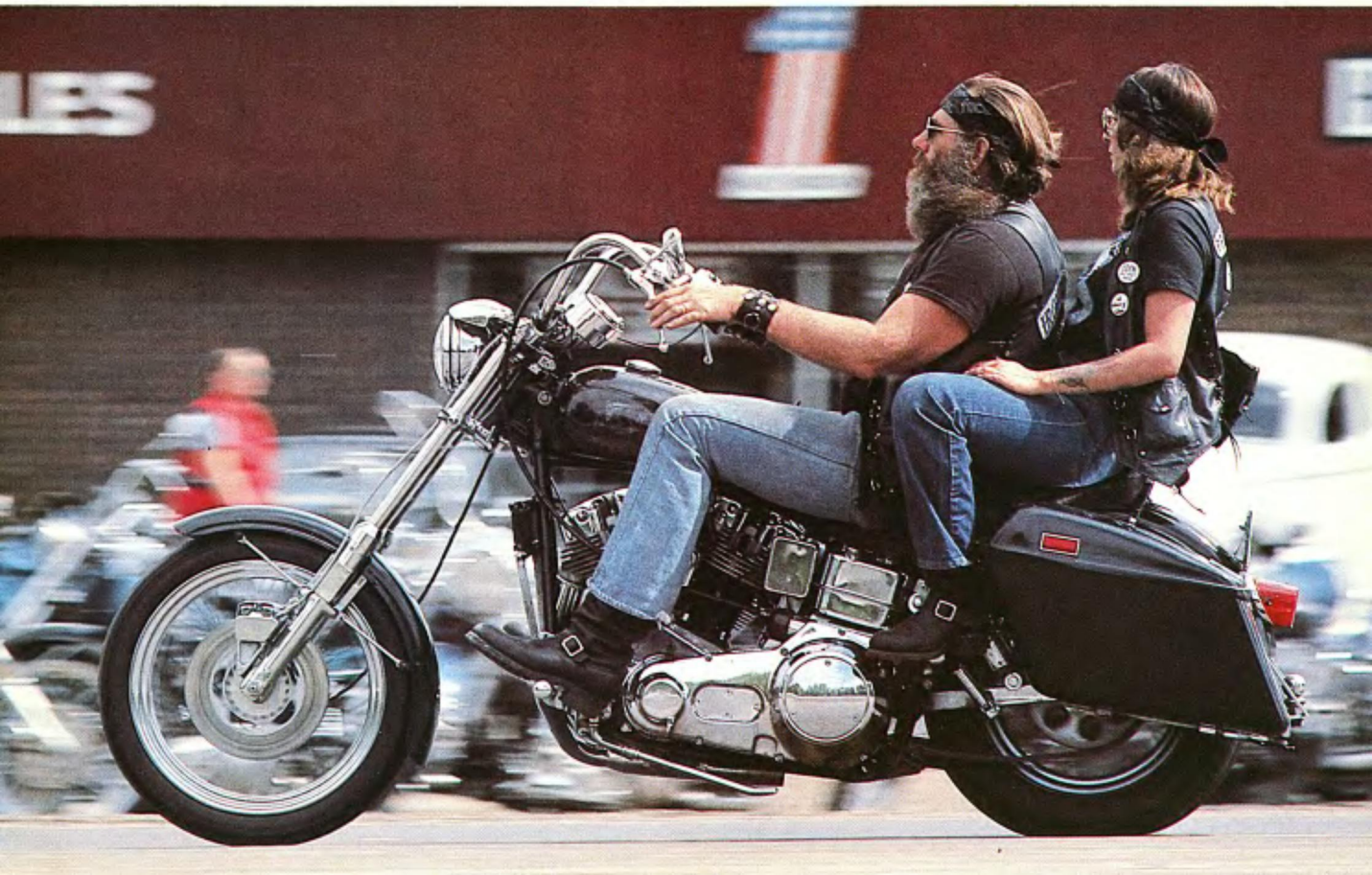
Rocky Mountain Revel

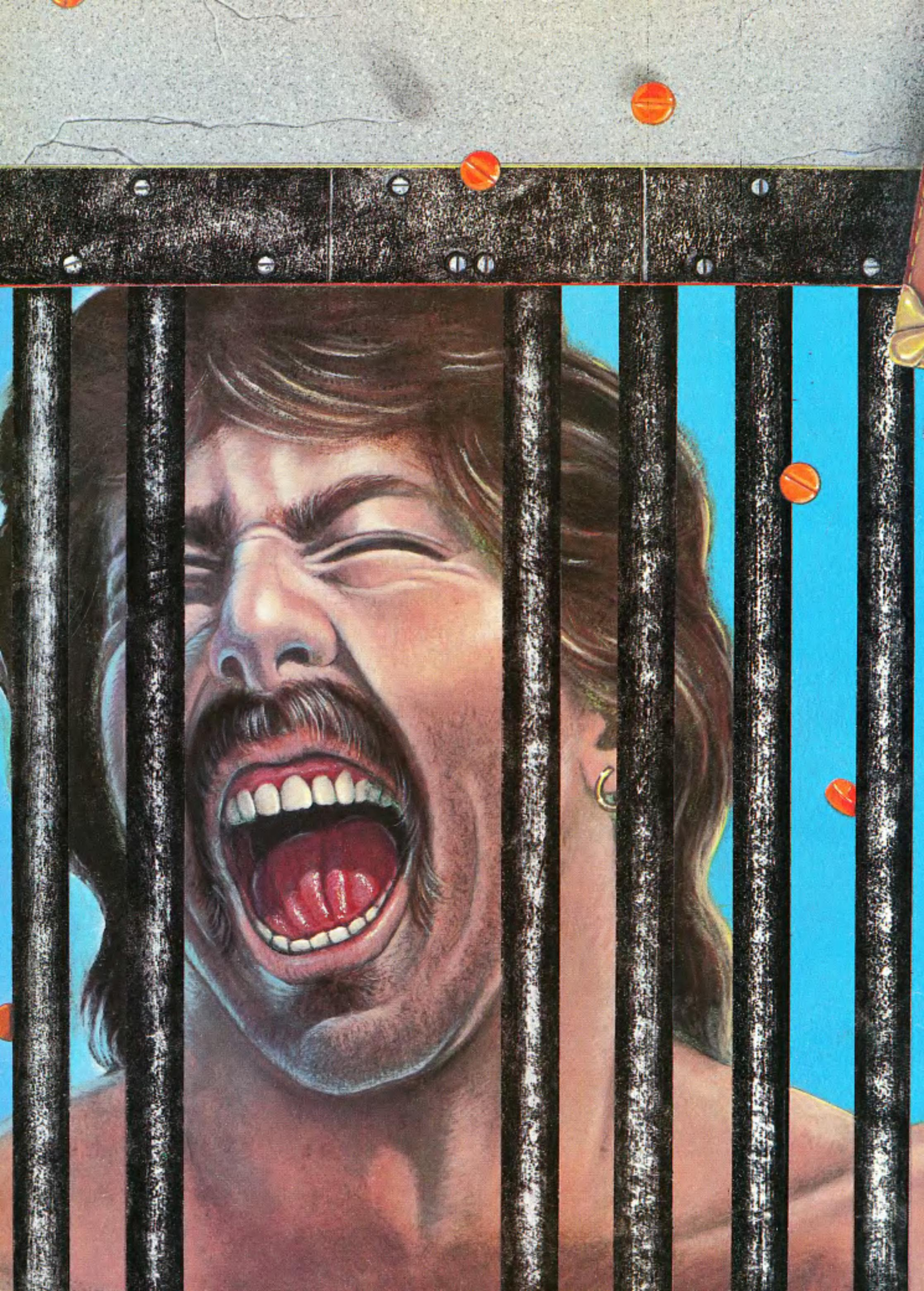
before you in these pictures. Basically, what Rocky Mountain put together was a super block party — with what seemed like every member of the Denver-area bikin' family turning out to drink beer, take a few sledge-hammer swings at an old junker, enjoy a back-of-the-shop tit contest and, most of all, cheer the removal of the old Harley sign and the erection of the new one.

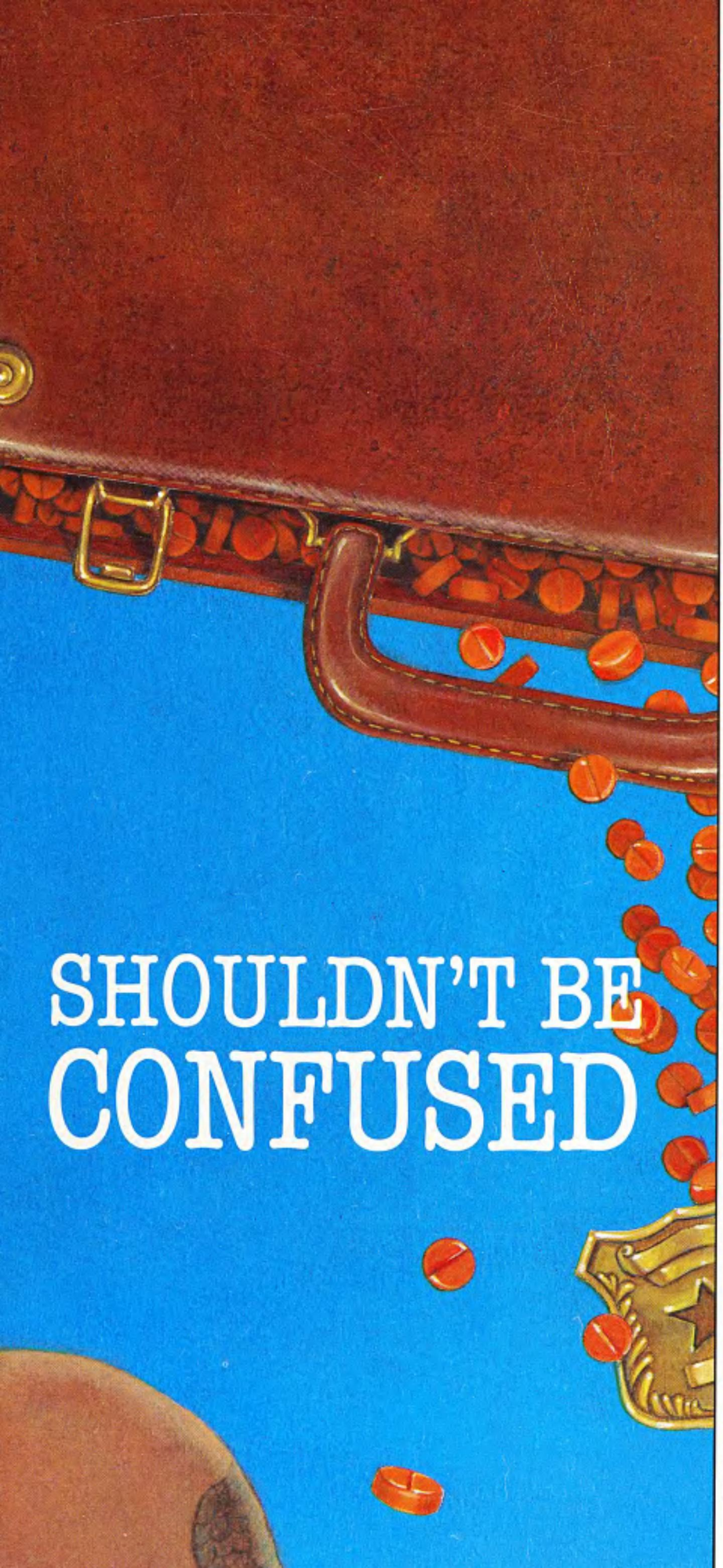
— Denver Red











SHOULDN'T BE CONFUSED

Illustration by Joel Takamura

"Welcome to Law 'N' Order, U.S.A. The wrong place for this tattooed-back, earring-wearin' nomad."

"Law 'N' Order, boy."

"Huh?" I was confused, or stoned, or both.

"Law 'N' Order. Law. Order. Ya want it spelled? They'll have your muffler there. Fifty miles west on the Interstate." The dude leaned over the fly-specked parts counter, his hands addin' another layer of grease to join the smears that already reduced the oil filters and spark plugs below the glass to a distant blur. Then I looked up and realized that everything in the room, whether behind glass or not, was also a distant blur — except the parts dude. He was outlined in an intense purple glow, his teeth gleaming, his skin green.

Too many fuckin' drugs! Too many for me, that is, not him. I doubt that he'd been into any drugs at all, but I could feel the LSD beginning to boil up my spine. Five of the little orange bastards had definitely been too damn many.

"Somethin' wrong, boy?" He leaned farther over the counter. I was staring, openmouthed. I'd lost all track of the conversation. "Ya got a problem?" I was wasted and this was no place for blatant confusion.

He narrowed his eyes and his face began to deform right in front of me, like a popsicle in a microwave. His eyes shrank, his nose got longer, his teeth pushed forward. . .

I should never have gotten involved in runnin' drugs across the country, but the bank repossessed my panhead and I needed some cash — fast. Besides, I had access to a pickup and connections at both ends of the deal. But this is one bro who can't resist samplin' the goods. A question of integrity, ya know. Shouldn't deal nuthin' ya wouldn't take yourself, right? And as long as a bro's testing something, he might as well take enough to make sure. I had. If there was one thing I was sure of, it was that I was packin' some potent shit. If the five tabs in my blood stream Continued on page 88

By Preacher



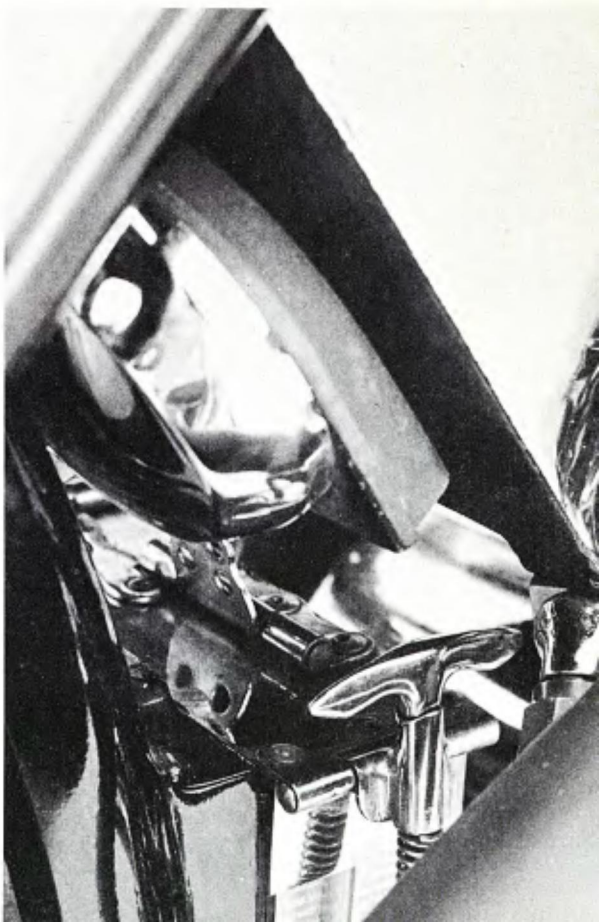


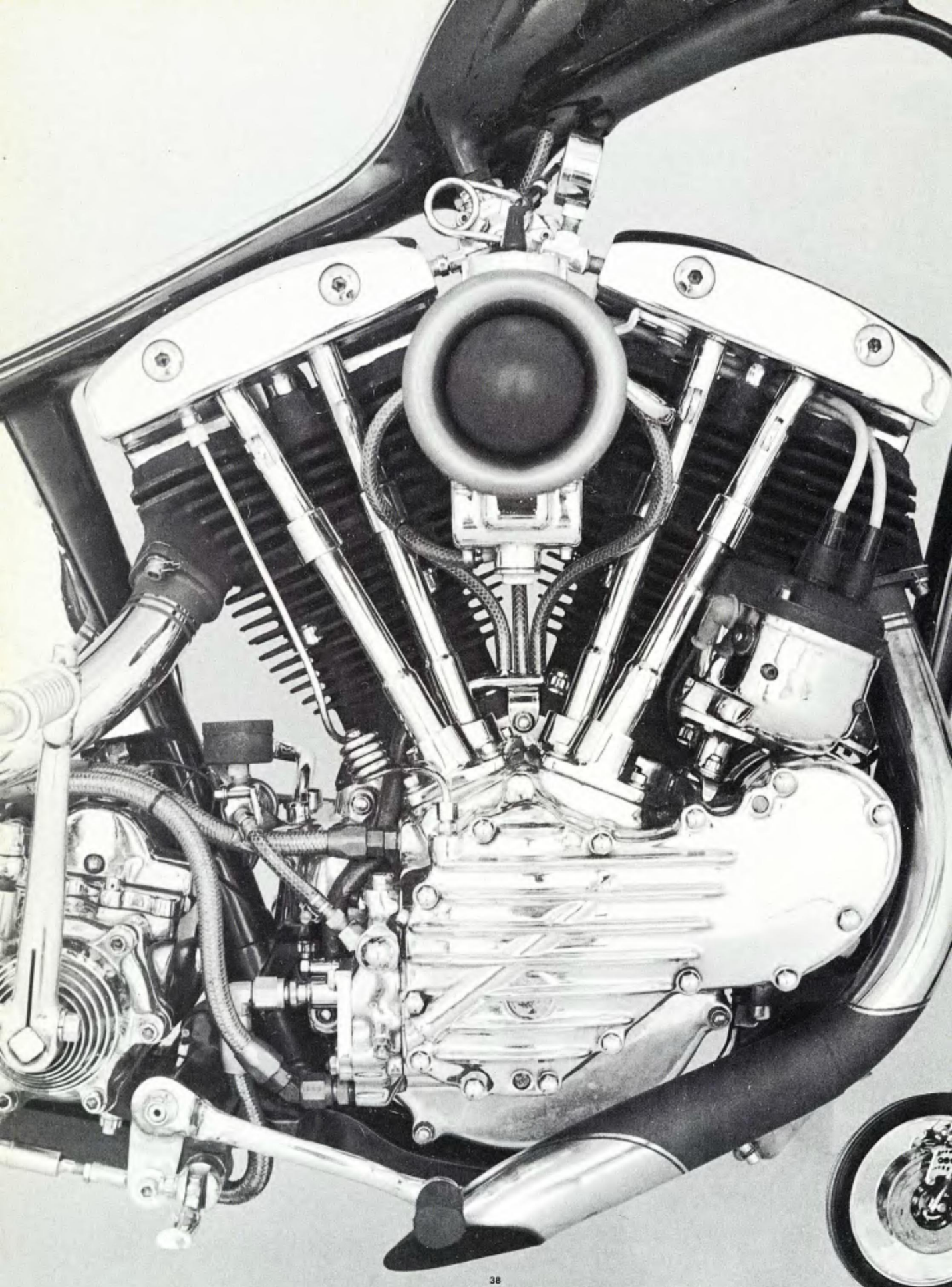


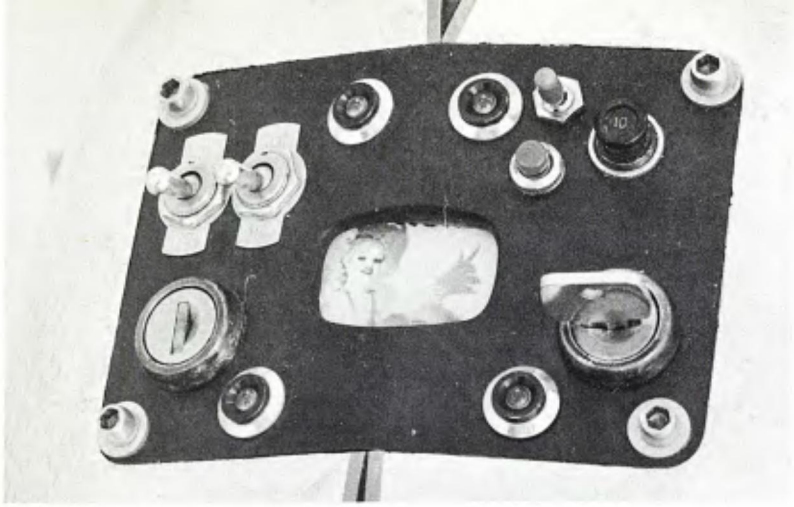
DETAIL FREAK

Before any of you readers out there pick up the phone or a pen to tell us that we already ran this bike, let me tell you that we know this. For any of you readers who don't know, we featured Alan's bike in issue number 35, back in March '76. Since then Alan has put thousands and thousands of miles under his shovel. But the law of averages caught up with him a year or so ago, and he went down in the desert. Not having had to touch his scooter for a while, except for the routine maintenance, he was now facing some major work. This was the time to turn some new ideas into working parts. On top of the list were new brakes and wheels, with a fifteen-inch aluminum wheel from Sifton, complete with mechanical disc brake, going on the back. That's right, a mechanical caliper from one of those high performance go-karts. Alan



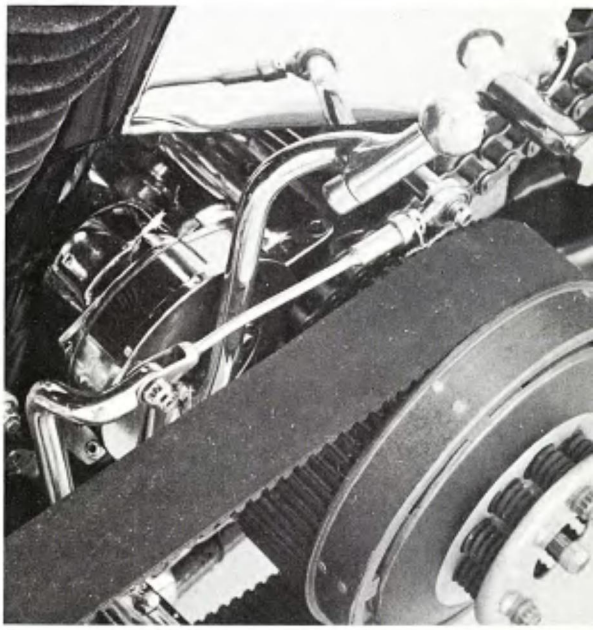




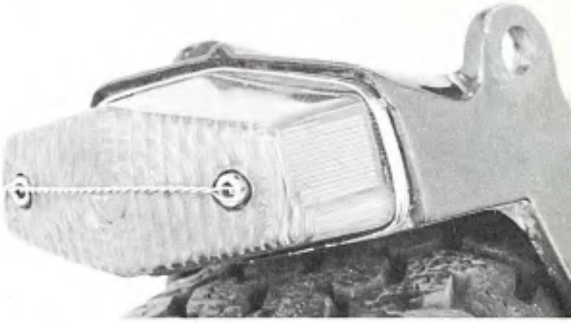


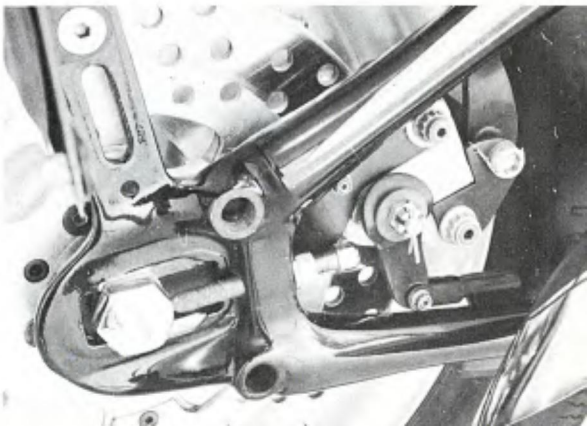
made all the mounting brackets and linkage to make it work like power brakes. On the front end went dual discs, also with handmade caliper mounts, and new triple trees. In fact, the only parts that remained untouched were the engine and transmission. As Alan said, why fix something if it works? The frame was checked out for cracks and a stress bar was added over the front rocker box, remolded and painted. As you can see in the photos, Alan used a ton of gold leaf and paneled the whole top of the tank extending back to the seat area.







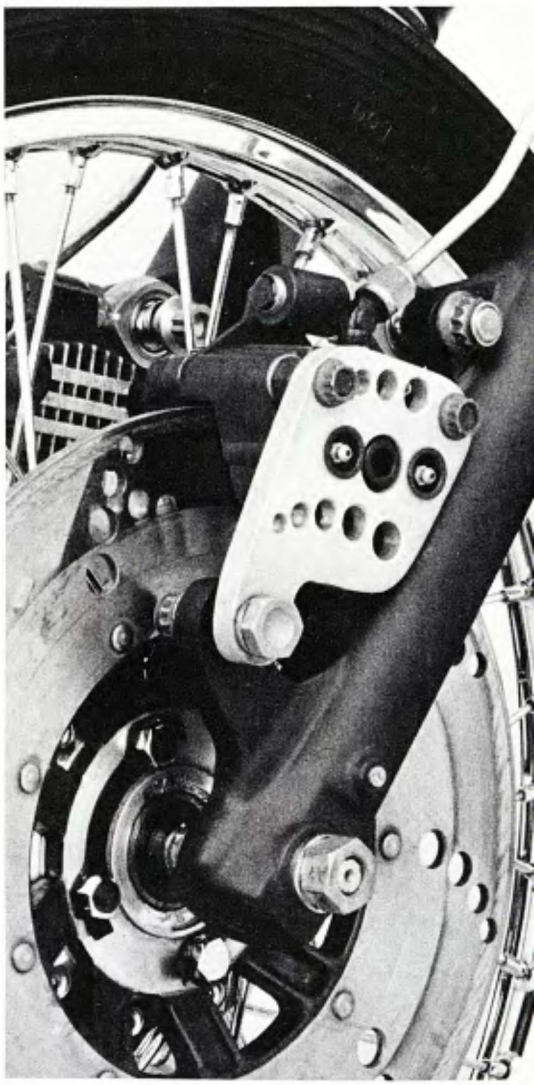


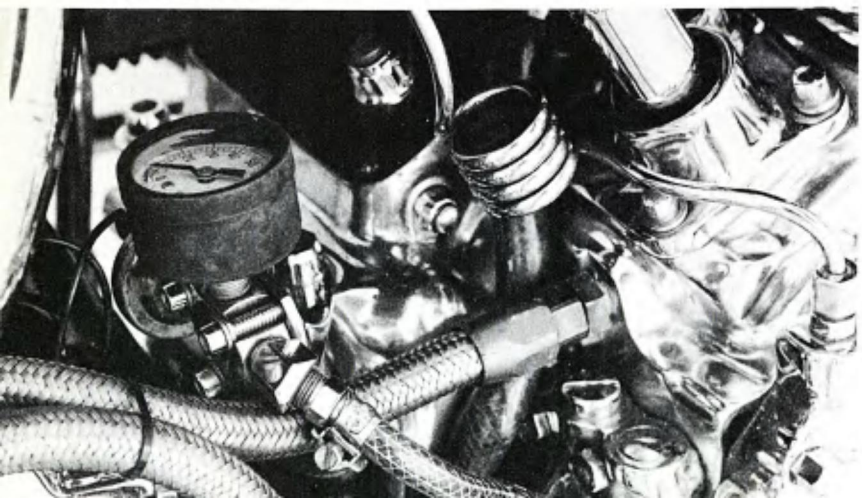


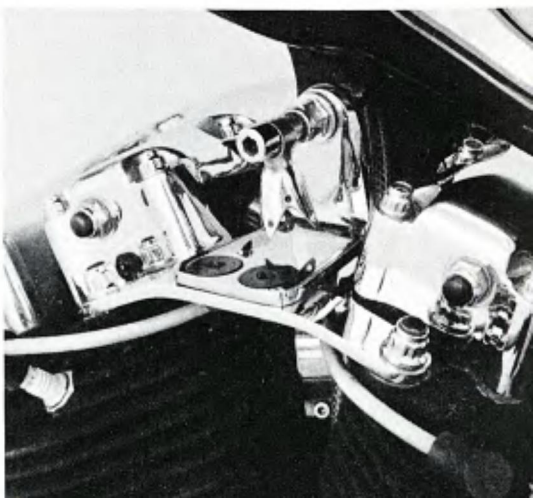
Owner: Alan Stubbings	**City:** Mojave, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1936	
Year and make: 1949 H-D	Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: shovel	Type: VL	
Value: $4,500	Rake: 28 degrees	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 4 in.	
Time: 6 years	Other alterations: many by owner	
Chroming by: A.V. Custom Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: drag	
Year: 1949	Risers: Jammer	
Model: pan/shovel	Fender(s): flat/ribbed by owner	
Rebuilder: Stevie/H-D of Long Beach	Headlight: owner	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 82 cu. in.	Speedo: none	
Lower end: offset bored 80 wheels	Front pegs: old Triumph	
Balancing: H-D of Long Beach	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Venolia	Electrics: generator/relay, 6v.	
Cases: oil scrapper plate by Bray	Gas tank: owner	
Heads: Branch ported/flow tested	Oil tank: owner	
Cam(s): 468	Oil system: owner-modified cooler	
Lifters: drilled Sifton solids	Primary cover: lost	
Carb(s): 44mm Mikuni	Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: stack	Sissybar: only on trips	
Pipes: owner	Height: never cared	
Muffler(s): custom	Material: 1/2-in. steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: close-ratio 1st, 2nd	Type: narrow glide	
Year: early	Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: jockey	Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: equal to 22	Special features: custom caliper mounts	
Trans sprocket: 28	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: homemade	Hub: Sifton Star
Painter: owner	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black	Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunhill
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: Hurst Aht.	Brake: mech. disc
Special paint: 24K gold leaf		
Other special modifications: thanks to Charley's Place, precision welding by Jim Jones.		

Photos by Pete Chiodo

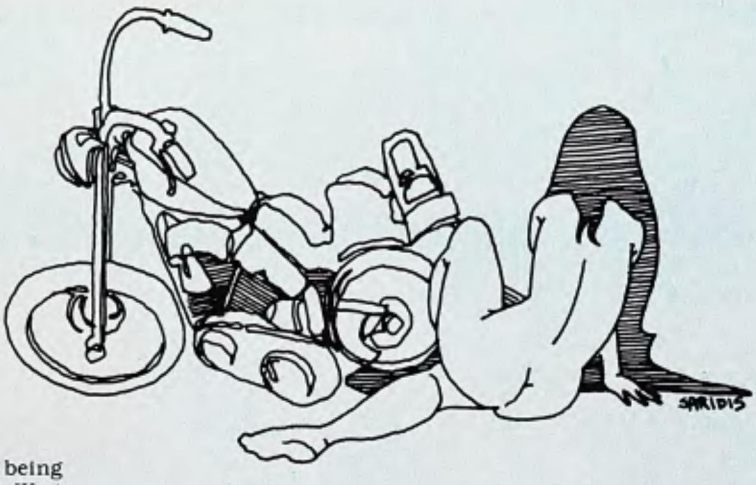
After all the dust had settled and the better part of the year had gone by, Alan was back on the road. As we were leaving Pete's studio, I asked him if he had any more tricks in mind for his bike. He replied that he had a couple of ideas left that he was going to use to detail out the bike; but for now, he's just going to enjoy it the way it is. — Frank








VON SPEED



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Norton Rotary

[A new Norton is being tested.] By the U.K.'s West Midlands Police Force, as a matter of fact. The Constables On Patrol plan to clock 20,000 miles on the single example NVT has turned over to them. The air-cooled Wankel-powered machine has a claimed top speed of 130mph. Under development for six years, NVT dropped 100 Gs getting the bike ready for production last year. Plans call for it to be available early in 1983.

—Motorcyclist

Law Hater

Things are looking up in St. Louis. A pair of related actions by the Board of Aldermen greatly increased the likelihood of passage for Board Bill 256, a measure to replace the outright ban on motorcycles in the city parks with an enforceable noise ordinance. Board president Thomas Zych heard testimony from members of the AMA, the California Department of Public Health, and the Illinois Environmental Protection Agency. All groups supported the passage of Board Bill 256. The support helped; when it came to a vote the measure was passed on to the full Board by a margin of three to two; this, in spite of prearranged opposition spearheaded by Alderman Dan McGuire of the 28th Ward. McGuire's plans for shooting down Board Bill 256 fared no better at the meeting of the full Board; his opposition there was voted down 19 to 10. There were some concessions made, though, and because the bill was amended on two technicalities a final vote by the Board has been deferred. But it's plain that the Board has shown its distaste for an outright bike ban.

—Cycle World

Vote In '82

The AMA will again be distributing its highly successful "Rider Vote" campaign materials during the months preceding the 1982 general elections in hopes of persuading motorcyclists to register to vote and to increase the political awareness of riders. . .As we approach the 1982 elections, the AMA again will be offering Rider Vote material to motorcycle clubs, publications, and manufacturers. More details are available by contacting the AMA's Government Relations Department at P.O. Box 141, Westerville, Ohio 43081.

American Motorcyclist

Motorcycling

Look out, world, here comes the freedom of the road! No place else offers the great getaway places that are found in the United States. Especially for a motorcyclist.

Whether you're from the east, south or north, there is a certain fascination that most of us share with the American West. These two getaway tours — West Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon — give you a brief idea of the magnitude of our country. Aboard a motorcycle, the true fun and excitement is getting there; being there is an added plus.

There is a freedom that you derive from motorcycling that cannot be experienced with any other ground transportation. You are part of the machine, part of the environment. You share the sights and sounds and smells through which you travel. In the Grand Canyon you can see the work of nature and feel the rise and fall of temperatures as you ride the canyon rim. In Yellowstone you can smell the sulphur of the hot springs, feel the breath of Old Faithful, and hear the sounds of nature's creatures.

—Motorcycle

Fed Figures

Uncle Sam has decided that motorcycle safety programs aren't worth the cost, and so the Department of Transportation has scrapped most of the significant federal aid for these programs: they just weren't effective in reducing accidents, injuries, and fatalities, compared with other programs. The DOT asserts that "the number of (motorcycle safety) programs which have been proven effective in reducing accidents is relatively small as a result of physical limits on countermeasures which are involved in motorcycle use." Which is to say, if you're not prepared to protect yourself and be responsible for your own safety, there's not much the safety-niks can do for you. Imagine that: the government deciding that it isn't worth trying to protect us from ourselves.

—Cycle

More From EPA

It looks like the EPA soon will have a say governing the noise level of your motorcycle even after it's bought and paid for. The National Association of Noise Control Officers (NANCO) recently completed an EPA-sponsored study to determine the most accurate and correlatable stationary noise-test procedure for motorcycles already in use. This stationary noise test would supplement the complex acceleration and ride-by test that manufacturers of new motorcycles must comply with. The proposed stationary noise test is intended for use by the aftermarket exhaust industry. And the enforcement community.

—Cycle Guide

A New Proposal

The motorist hits the cyclist, not because he cannot see him (which he can) but simply because he does not fear the cyclist. We cannot take credit for this idea. It was developed by safety experts years ago. This makes much more sense. And the motorist will continue to hit us and hit us again until he is given cause to fear us. For example, just make the penalty for hitting a motorcyclist an automatic six months at hard labor, or six years at hard labor if a fatality results. You'd better believe the motorist will avoid us like the plague.

—The American Sidecarist

National
Abate
Easyriews

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

War declared on Sturgis rally

Supported by South Dakota Highway Patrol Director Jerry Baum, a movement to cancel or severely restrict the annual Black Hills Motorcycle Classic is gathering steam in Sturgis and several surrounding communities.

Addressing a city council meeting called to debate the future of the event, which in 1982 drew 45,000 bikers to Sturgis, Baum called motorcyclists a "criminal element. . . that is taking a stronghold. . . that could not be here for one week, but 365 days a year."

The speech was just one of a series of anti-biker soapbox stands Baum has taken since the end of the '82 Classic. Before the Sturgis Rotary Club, for example, Beaum charged that most riders are "nice guys, but the penitentiary is full of nice guys" and called the thousands of cycles ridden into Sturgis "a bunch of junk."

One thing missing from Baum's laundry list of charges is any substantation of his repeated claim that bikers constitute "a criminal element." Though his troopers did make 850 arrests during the '82 Classic, the huge majority of them were on misdemeanor traffic and pot possession, charges, and offenders were fined a mere $30 to $500 — hardly the kind of crime or punishment that conjurs up images of La Cosa Nostra or Murder, Inc.

Baum also defended his policy of having all bikers pulled over for traffic violations drawn down on by shotgun-wielding troopers. "Maybe it's not nice," Baum said, "but it's the result of years of study. Officers can't pick and choose between the scuzzy or the professional. They all look alike."

In the wake of Beaum's charges, and the complaints of many private citizens attending the heated city council meeting, Mayor Bob Voorhees appointed a committee composed of both rally enemies and supporters.

Among the changes to be considered are shortening the event to less than a week, banning camping in City Park, and eliminating motorcycle parking and vendors on Main.

Despite receiving a number of petitions calling for an outright ban of the event, City Attorney Dale Hansen told the meeting that he doubted the city could legally take such drastic action since the rally is sponsored by private groups.

About all the city could do, Hansen said, would be to "deter the ability to hold the event" by passing various restrictive ordinances.

Hansen's interpretation of the law was later challenged by one of the leaders of the anti-Classic forces, Rev. Harold Fitch of the Sturgis United Methodist Church. "The city owns the race track," Fitch said. "It owns the park. It's hard to believe that Dale is being honest with the people. I believe people should have a right to say what happens."

Also present among the 150 people jampacked into the city council chambers were a substantial number of Sturgis residents who support the annual event.

One woman pointed out that the problems at the 1982 event were caused by local businessmen jacking their prices up to unreasonable levels and by police harassment of the bikers.

"Mark my word," a man told the gathering, "watch your real estate taxes" [go up if the rally is canceled.] " Wait until the revenue (figures) are in to see what it means to you. You know who caused the trouble? Local people."

Another resident testified that the bike classic visitors were antagonized and responded in the same way "the Shriners" would have.

One of the biggest points of contention between the pro and con factions concerned the burning of several portable toilets in City Park during the 1982 event. According to Baum and his supporters, the action constituted a "take-over" of the park and was a disconcerting omen of a time when the bike people might decide to "take over Main."

Bikers who were camping in the park, however, claim the city installed far too few johns to service the thousands of people in the park and then, to make matters worse, refused to clean them. The outhouses had to be burned, they say, to eliminate the stench and health hazards of their teeming, fly-attracting contents.

ABATE bid to save run



Photo by Kim Peterson

The Southern Black Hills Chapter of ABATE of South Dakota is currently organizing a campaign to save the Black Hills Motorcycle Classic.

"A group of anti-rally fanatics is circulating petitions. . .to put this issue to a county-wide vote," ABATE warns. "If they succeed, this small group of people can put a stop to an event which was attended by over 45,000 of us this year."

ABATE urges all concerned riders to circulate pro-rally petitions and send them to either the Sturgis Chamber of Commerce, South Junction, Sturgis, S.D. 57785, or Mayor Robert Voorhees, 713 E. Lazelle, Sturgis, S.D. 57785.

For updated information, you may contact ABATE of South Dakota, Southern Black Hills Chapter, Box 522, Hot Springs, S.D. 57747.

Wet bros bring bikes behind bars

Despite heavy rains that somewhat limited the number of bikes that made it to the gates, the Second Annual Menard Prison Bike Show has been roundly proclaimed a success by inmates and staff alike.

Unlike officials at some institutions, who prohibit inmates from having any personal encounters with visitors during bike shows or other special events, the staff at Menard allowed inmate bikers and visiting bikers to congregate freely around the scooters on display in the yard.

After the initial greetings and road stories had been exchanged, the bikes were arranged in six different categories and judged, with winners getting plaques and trophies designed and built by inmates. All the visiting bikers were given patches signifying their participation in the run, and the day was topped off with a fried-chicken dinner from the officers' kitchen.

Despite the rain and the breakdowns suffered by some of the bikers on the way to Menard, there weren't any who wouldn't have gladly turned around and done it again the next day. After all, said one of the visitors, "It's not much of a hassle to try to brighten up life for the bros here and let them know that we care."



Photo by Leon Washington

Triker finds job simply un-bear-able

"I wasn't about to argue with him," says triker Glenn Peters. "I just laid over there peaceful and played dead. I felt like I was half dead anyway."

A Saturday night run-in with a pack of rednecks? Hardly. You see, Peters works for Pennzoil, doing routine maintenance on oil wells near Paint Creek, West Virginia, and frequently uses his trike to travel his route. This time, he wished he could have traded the trike for a tank.

"It was just an average bear," he recalled. "I came around a blind curve and he was just standing there in the middle of the road. I couldn't get stopped.

"When I hit him, it just dumped me over the hill." The bear pursued and began to beat the scooter with its massive paws. "Like I was invading his territory or something," Peters says. "They say if you just play dead they won't bother you, but I don't know if he saw me or not. He just took it out on the bike. He growled a little bit after he got over his mad spell and went off up the hill."

Peters, who suffered cuts and bruises in the fray, was able to ride the scoot home despite the seat being yanked off, the handlebars being bent, and one of the rear fenders being cracked. Asked whether he thought the bear had sustained any damage, Peters said, "Not the way he went up that hill, he didn't."

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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

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

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Enraged cager runs down bikes, kills Chicago rider

One biker was killed and another injured recently as a result of trying to do a favor for a cage driver.

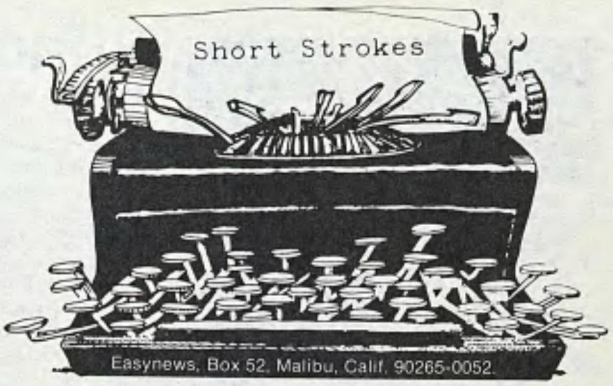
The tragedy started on Chicago's LaSalle Street when a trio of bikers noticed a car moving along with its lights off. Figuring that the driver would rather have them remind him to light up than to have the police do it, one of the bikers pulled alongside the car at a red light and told the dude about the lights. The bikers rode on and had turned onto Division Street when they noticed the car charging up behind them at high speed. The bikers hit the juice and were chased for about a mile and a half before two of them, George Tsiliuis, 35, and George Boliaux, 23, pulled into a parking lot. The car entered the parking lot while the riders dismounted, and ran over both bikes, killing Tsiliuis and injuring Boliaux.

Witnesses looking through the Chicago police mug books identified the suspect in the slaying as Bernard Ortiz, 22. According to Dept. Sgt. John Schmidt, a stolen Pontiac Firebird, believed to have been the car used to attack the bikers, was found abandoned and burned outside Ortiz's last known address. An arrest warrant charging Ortiz with murder has been issued. According to Schmidt, Ortiz has been charged with murder once before, in 1978, but was acquitted in that case.

U.S./ 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, [6] Lights on if bike is made after 1977, [7] Required for speeds above 35 mph, [8] Bikes of 1970 or newer, [9] If over 21, [10] If over 16, [11] Certain cities may require lights. *Lights must be on 24 hours on all bikes equipped with automatic-on wiring when originally sold.

This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



The Florida Highway Patrol used a roadblock to slow down nearly 200 bikers taking part in a recent helmet protest run, but managed to issue only about 20 citations for riding without a bucket. "We would have liked to stop them all," said a police spokesman, "but we didn't have the manpower."

Big Brother in Washington is testing a new vehicle identification system that combines a **radar speed sensor** with a radio transmitter that asks a vehicle to identify itself by sending a coded signal. . .ABATE of Oklahoma is sponsoring a **Toy Run on December 12.** For info call Ed at (918) 437-0131. . . Sometimes it's hard to believe that **we and the British** really speak the same language. The British Association of Motorcyclists Against Discriminatory Legislation is putting out bumper stickers advising cagers to be aware of bikes. Their slogan? "Mind That Motorcycle!"

Colorado has a new law requiring all **DUI offenders** to be guests of the county for five days. . .Speaking of being guests of the county, the World **Prison Poetry** Center, 245 Whalley Ave., New Haven, Conn. 06511, is interested in receiving poems from inmates. . .**Police** in Ford City, Pa., **advised bar owners to close early** and not offer service to about 50 bikers passing through on a run.

ABATE of Florida is urging Sunshine State bikers to **register** to vote as members of the **M.R. (motorcycle rider) Party.** Doing this, they say, will enable them to get a computer printout of General Election results showing the amount of biker "poll power" in the state. . .The Clark County, Washington, Chapter of ABATE has come out with a leaflet urging cagers to "Share the Road and Watch for Motorcycles." **Copies** of the flyer are **available** at $1 per 100. Write 'em at 48300 Wilson River Highway, Tillamook, Oregon 97141-9799.

Rhode Island's thrown some **new roadblocks** in the path of people used to taking the **"Six-Pack Express"** home. Under its new DUI law, no fines, license suspensions, or jail terms specified can be suspended by the trial judge. . .Dick "Big Richard" Fant told his bros that, if he was killed, he wanted to be **cremated** and have his **ashes** mixed into some paint and **used on his Harley.** Said custom-painter Marvin Paschall, who got to carry out Big Richard's final request a little while back: "This is the first and the last time I am doing something like this. This is just something between friends; I wouldn't do it for anybody else."

Biker's Ltd. West, an **Australian cycle club,** used a recent run to raise $1,000 for handicapped children. . . The Manchester, Tenn., chapter of ABATE held a **Benefit Motorcycle Show** and raised $550 for the Muscular Dystrophy Foundation. . .A Raynham, Mass., **biker escaped serious injury** when he rammed a cage and was thrown off his bike into the car's back seat. Fortunately, it was a convertible. . .**A club** dedicated to the advancement of triking is **being formed.** For further information write: Mighty River Trikers, 112 W. First Ave., Coal Valley, Ill. 61240.

Illinois biker saves boy's life

Like the Lone Ranger, an unidentified biker recently appeared from nowhere to save the life of a young boy in Rockford, Illinois.

The boy, Michael DeRosa, 13, was in his front yard attempting to make a swing by tying a rope to a branch of a tree. According to his mother, the lad was balancing on a plastic bucket on top of a picnic table in order to reach the branch. While he was tying a slip knot in the rope, his feet slipped off the bucket and his head became trapped in the rope's loop.

A passing biker saw the boy hanging from the tree, stopped, helped the frantic mother get him down, and administered CPR until a rescue team arrived.

Mrs. DeRosa, who wasn't sure how long Michael had been hanging before the biker's timely intercession, said her son had stopped breathing and turned blue before they finally got him down.

"It was a freak accident," she said. "Michael owes his life to that man."



Photo from UPI

VIVE LA FRANCE — *As you well know, your bike is useful for solving many problems. Escaping a burned-out lover, curing the blues, and hauling your thirsty ass from one bar to another are just some of the things your bike can do for you. Just about the only problem your bike can't solve for you is the sticky matter of dogshit on your boots. Right? Wrong! As the picture shows, some genius in France recently came up with a bike-pulled gizmo to scoop the poop off the road before it gets on your boots. Fleets of these turdcycles are currently hard at work in Paris making the famous boulevards safe for American tourists.*

Nebraska gets after drunks

Nebraska is the latest state to join the list of those toughening up their penalties for drunken driving.

Under the new law, first offenders are supposed to serve a mandatory seven days in jail, pay a $200 fine, and have their licenses suspended for six months. Judges can award probation.

Much the same situation exists for a second offense, except that the penalties jump to 30 days in jail, a $500 fine, and a six-month suspension. Again, judges can award probation or suspend the sentence, except for the license revocation. In cases where sentence has been suspended or probation has been granted, license revocation will be for six months.

More than two DWIs and you'll do at least a bit of jail time. Penalties for these offenses are a maximum of six months in jail and a $500 fine, and a minimum of three months in jail and a $500 fine.

You don't say?

"Rocky needed something to illustrate his private life. He takes time for soul-searching, for retracing his past. The motorcycle fit that part perfectly. . .The hardest thing about filming with the Harley was keeping everyone else off it."

— Sylvester Stallone

Crippled biker says cop rammed bike

The survivor of a collision between a bike and a Royal Canadian Mounted Police cruiser has charged that the driver of the patrol car deliberately rammed the bike — not once, but twice — in an attempt to push it into a guard rail.

Testifying from his wheelchair, bike passenger Guy Basque told a coroner's inquest into the death of driver Donald Silliphant that the patrol car began pursuing them as they were driving down the Mackay Highway near St. John.

According to Basque, Silliphant had started to slow down, preparatory to stopping, when the cruiser came alongside and rammed the bike with its front bumper. Silliphant continued to brake his bike, Basque said, but the cruiser came up "right along the side and went wham with the bumper."

By the time of the second shove, Basque said, Silliphant had driven the bike onto the shoulder of the road, between the pavement and a guard rail. "I was leaning over the guard rail trying to avoid being hit by the car when the second collision came," he testified. During the second collision the car smashed Basque's left leg, sending him flying over the railing.

The driver of the Mountie car, Cst. Joseph R. G. Moreau, denied the charges, claiming that Silliphant rammed *him* twice, causing his 4,000-pound cruiser to go out of control.

The impact from the approximately 600-pound bike left his car "at a 20- or 30-degree angle headed toward the guard rail," Moreau said. "I didn't have any control over it."

According to Moreau, his car bounced off the guard rail with the bike still behind him.

"I looked in the rearview mirror," he said. "The motorcycle was still following, but nobody was on it."

The coroner's jury concluded that Silliphant died of head injuries after "operating a motorcycle in an unsafe manner while being pursued by the RCMP." No sanctions against Moreau have been recommended.

Dealer says cops give H-Ds bad name

A Florida police department's decision to switch from Harleys to foreign-made cycles has been supported by — of all people — the local H-D dealer.

"I'm actually relieved that they're not going to buy Harleys again," says dealer Dick Oktela of the action by the Palm Bay P.D. "They would just be giving us a bad name."

The controversy began when Police Chief Paul Kreuzkamp asked the City Council for permission to sell two Hogs purchased for the department in 1980. According to Kreuzkamp, the machines cost $9,300 to buy and have so far cost almost that much ($8,200) to repair.

Oktela disputed the chief's claim that the heavy repair bills could be traced to the bikes' being "lemons."

"Ninety percent of the problem is in the guys who are riding them." Oktela also said. "These motorcycles have not had any kind of personal care whatsoever."

Oktela scoffed at Kreuzkamp's claim that the Hogs could be sold for $2,000 to $2,500 each. According to Oktela, the bikes have suffered such abuse they are barely worth scrap value.

"If they go ahead and buy a foreign motorcycle, they will be back to Harleys within a year."



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
Looks like you're ripe for another rip-off. This includes someone trying to poke around in your private pussy patch, in addition to your stash. You may have to step on a few tails and waggin' tongues, so be sure you've got on sneakers. (Unless it takes a boot to the butt!) It doesn't pay to be a nice guy now.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
This month is wet and wild and can leave you with some skid marks on the ceiling. Looks like you're in for another lost weekend that leaves you feelin' bent outta shape with a strange sassy-ass beside you. Don't let it tie your nuts in a knot or boggle your mind to the max. Just ask around — maybe someone will recognize you.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
You're accident prone, so it's not a nutcrackin' time to get too tight to travel. (Unless your bod came equipped with spare parts.) If you value your family jewels, save getting loose for home base or among trusted bros, who'll straighten you out safely. Better yet, purchase a parachute and wear it everywhere. Don't forget the rip cord when ya get ripped!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
It'll take a lotta legwork (or rubber) to straighten out a sticky situation left over from last month, so lace up and keep on the lookout for something that's so obvious you missed it the first time. Now is the time for a mature analysis (whatever that is) of your financial status. Catch some of those rubber checks before they bounce back on you.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
This month may find you setting up housekeeping with someone who isn't even housebroken. Watch out for illegal tender (check ID's) that's tight but trouble. Otherwise, there's a good connection up for grabs. Partners plant an eye-opener on ya that blows the cobwebs off forgotten deals and puts 'em in motion once again.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
There is something fishy going on besides your ol' lady. Then again, maybe it is your lady and she's gone undercover and she's not alone — especially if you find a size-12 boot under the bed, and you wear a size-10. There might be some midnight snacking during the day. Watch out for crumbs in your sack that don't belong there!

Astrological Profile For Capricorn

Capricorns are ambitious, status seeking, and always ready to jump in when someone else fucks up. They are clever enough to get their way by appearing laid-back and easy-going; but Capricorns would rather pass on ass than let an opportunity to get ahead go by. Never underestimate a Capricorn — the wheels are always turning and he excels in the art of passive resistance.

Capricorns are security minded and look out for anyone who tries to wheedle in on their territory. It takes a lot to trip a Capricorn's patience and piss 'im off. Afterwards you won't get a second chance — they never forget.

Although Capricorns appear shy and reserved, once they drop their drawers it's to hell with foreplay — they take aim and head for the hole (or the horn). Capricorns want to be appreciated in the sack. They especially enjoy sex behind the kneecaps and having their elbows sucked. Referring to their stump as an all-day sucker is the way to their heart, even better if you fondle their armpits.

A few famous Capricorns are: David Bowie, Rod Serling, Ava Gardner, Marlene Dietrich, Cary Grant, Humphrey Bogart, George Burns, Elvis Presley, and funnymen Steve Allen, Oliver Hardy, Danny Kaye, plus moneymen Howard Hughes and Aristotle Onassis — eccentric, and memorable.

Capricorns are vulnerable to knee injuries, arthritis, dental problems — plus frequent pains in the ass for others.

On the other hand, once a Cappy chooses you for a buddy or lover (or if you're just a kissing cousin) he will stick to you like glue and be more fun than a rubber ducky floating in a puddle of moo-mess — and twice as cute. He may piss and moan a lot when the chips are down — but who doesn't? Besides, who else always has the bucks to put up bail (besides Taurus)? If you hang in there long enough, Capricorn mellows out with age (kinda like good cheese).

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
The grass might be greener, but that don't make it better. (You can't smoke green grass no how.) Time to take inventory of your own stock — you're probably better off than you think. Quit feeling sorry for yourself — it'll make your nuts sag — and get your act together. If you still think you're gettin' fucked, carry a jar of Vaseline!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Holding back on some hothead won't be easy, but it's better to walk than to take a whack at 'em. Try not to let it ruffle the hair on your ass or make you go off half-cocked. Keeping quiet is a lot better than letting out a lotta heavy shit that could backfire on you. Instead, smile now and hang in his poop chute later.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
It's time to get off your rump and rub rears with the big shits (I mean shots) on the job. If you take your brains off your balls long enough, you can show 'em how valuable you are. You could even rate a raise — besides the one in your drawers. This month it pays to patch up on-the-job problems with your usual charm.

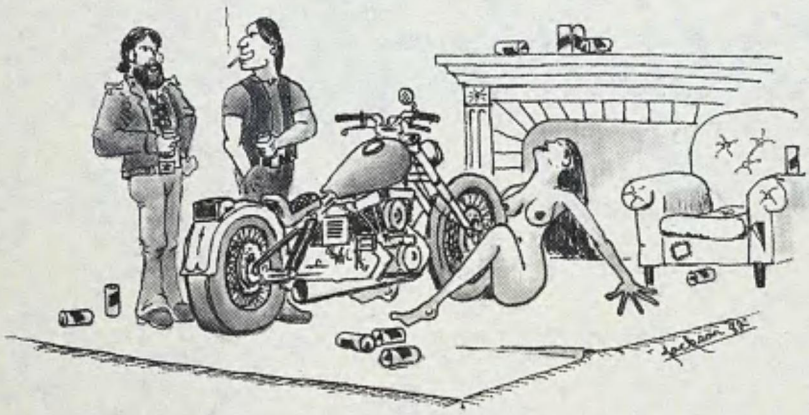
Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Happy birthday time finds you laid-back and lazy. It's a case of "all show and no go." You can't get the lead out long enough to reload in the sack and you keep dozing in your hair pie. Go ahead and rest up, 'cause next month will really tickle your testicles, and might even wear your knob down a notch or two! Get ready!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
Except for some lightweight head trips, this month leaves you yawning and scratching your nuts. The best you can hope will happen is that your ol' lady gets lockjaw while giving you head. Otherwise, hone up your bedside manner and catch up on your reading, especially if you've got some early issues of *Easyriders* around. Relax and enjoy!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
This month finds you with your head up your ass (check for a gas leak, while you're at it) and wondering which way to go. It could be that your sex life has dwindled down to stains in your shorts. Did you smell and tell or drink yourself 'till you went limp? Is it a case of too much pumping and not enough humping? Or just too many wisecracks? ■

WITTY WILLIE'S REVENGE

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



Easyriders

"Hey, bro, she loves it — besides, it keeps the stand from tearin' the carpet."

The biker was dyin' and the nurses on the floor decided to make his departure as pleasant as possible, so the youngest, prettiest one tiptoed to his bedside and asked, "Could I get you anything to help you pass more easily to your eternal rest?"

"I want only three things before I die," he told her, "a glass of JD, a cigar, and some good head."

"Oh, dear," she pouted. "I can only give two of those things — they won't let us bring whiskey into the hospital."

—Rocky
Niles, Ohio

Two federal agents on this side of the border had a Mexican in the back seat of their car. They knew that he had been smuggling dope into the country for the past five years, but they could never catch him holding. The agents were trying to question him, but the Mexican couldn't understand English.

One agent looked down the highway and saw two bikers coming toward them. He pulled them over and asked if either of them could speak Spanish.

One biker admitted that he could and was immediately ordered to explain to the captive that he'd better tell them where all his dope was or he was going to get his head blown off.

So the biker started talking in Spanish and told the Mexican what the fed had said. The prisoner freaked out and told the biker exactly where his stash was.

The agent kept asking the biker, "What did he say? What did he say?"

Finally, the biker looked up and said, "He said fuck you! Blow my head off!"

—Misfit
Huntsville, Tex.

"Gimme a double whiskey!" yelled the little boy to the barmaid as he entered the bar.

"Do you want to get me in trouble?" she asked.

The lad replied, "Maybe later. Right now I just want a drink!"

—Joey
Otey, Tex.

A biker bought a drink for this nice-lookin' girl at a bar. She smirked, "I suppose now you'll invite me up to look at your etchings."

"I don't own any etchings. Would you settle for a peek at a well placed tattoo?"

—D.K.
Simi Valley, Calif.

Easyriders



A little old man shuffled slowly into an ice cream parlor, crawled painfully onto a stool, and ordered a banana split. The waitress asked, "Crushed nuts?"

"No," he replied, "it's just arthritis."

—Reno
Sacramento, Calif.

From sunup to sunset, Dave's rugrat ran in and out of the house, blowin' his toy whistle like a traffic cop. Finally the ol' lady lost her cool and screamed, "Do that one more time, and I'll blow your fuckin' whistle for you."

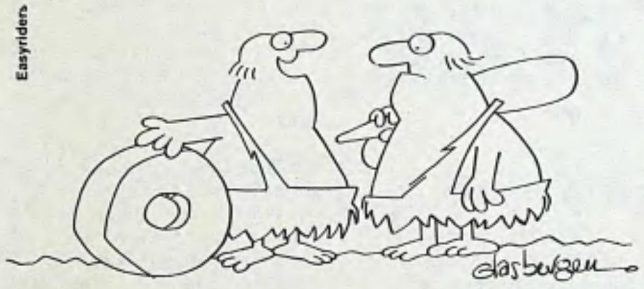
Her ol' man grumbled, "I've always said you treat that boy better than you do me."

—Panhead John
Flushing, N.Y.

The boss walked in the office one morning and placed a bottle of mint-flavored mouthwash on his secretary's desk. "I already use a mouthwash!" she gasped. "Does my breath smell bad?"

"No," he replied, "but my wife keeps complaining that my cock tastes like medicine."

—Lady J
Rockford, Ill.



"It's my latest invention. I call it 'artificial pussy'!"

The squeaking of the bedsprings increased in intensity. Then it abruptly stopped. They lay there in complete exhaustion. Finally the ol' lady broke the silence.

"I'm just not myself tonight," she said, whispering.

"Well, whoever the hell you are," responded her ol' man, "is surely a fucking improvement!"

—Cinny
Gardena, Calif.

The pissed-off biker shouted at the judge, "Go to hell!"

The incensed magistrate promptly declared, "You're in contempt of court! That's going to cost you ten dollars a word. I fine you $30!"

Knowing he had only twenty bucks in his wallet, the biker apologetically asked, "Your Honor, can I amend my remark to 'Fuck You'?"

—Andy LaFarda
Seaford, Del.

The novice truck-driver was being quizzed by his instructor:

Q: What do you do if you are carrying a load of beef and your freezer stops working?

A: Stop and go for gas.

Q: What do you do if you run up on a lady who has had a breakdown?

A: Stop and assist, depending on what type of merchandise you're carrying.

Q: What do you do if you're coming down a mountain and your brakes fail?

A: Wake up your partner so he can watch the pile-up.

—Buddy Austin
Greensboro, N.C.



"I don't know what the food is like here, but the service sure is sloppy."

Easyriders

Charlie the biker hated to cook, and after kickin' his ol' lady out he started eatin' at a local greasy spoon. The first night there his stomach was fucked up, so all he ordered was soup. And when the waitress brought it, he noticed that her finger was in the bowl. He was pissed, but didn't say anything about it.

The second night he was there the same waitress brought him a bowl of chili, and again her thumb was in the bowl.

"Hey, shit-for-brains, get yer fuckin' thumb outta my food," Charlie yelled when she put the bowl in front of him. "Ain't ya got no class?"

"Sorry," she said, "but I've got arthritis in my hand, and it feels better if I keep it warm."

Charlie didn't buy the excuse. "Why don't you take that thumb of yers and shove it up yer ass?" he said.

"Oh," she said, "that's what I do when I'm in the kitchen."

—Sprocket Nose
Los Angeles, Calif.

There was a young virgin named Alice
Who thought of her cunt as a chalice.
One night, sleeping nude, she awoke feeling lewd,
And found in her chalice a phallus.

—Quick Ruby
St. Louis, Mo.

It has been suggested that the U.S. Post Office issue a stamp honoring the winners of the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year Contest. The idea was turned down because too many men would be licking the wrong side of the stamp.

—Buck-O
Salinas, Calif.

The biker went into the bathroom, caught his rugrat jackin' off, and yelled, "When I was your age, my old man said I'd go crazy if I played with myself."

So the kid asked, "Why didn't you stop?"

—Big Ed
Canyon Country, Calif.



Easyriders

"But I can give you diamonds. . . riches. . .fame. . ."

Biker to a whore on a street corner: "I sure could use a little pussy!"

Whore back to biker: "Yeah, me too! Mine's as big as a damn bucket!"

—Revs
Marietta, Ga.

Did you hear about the new Pac-Man rubber machine? If you feed it a slug, out comes a blue meanie to gobble your weenie.

—Dangerous Dave
Houston, Tex.

There was a young girl, very sweet,
Who thought bikers' meat a real treat.
When she sat on their laps
And unzipped their flaps,
She always had plenty to eat.

—J.T.
Boydton, Va.



Easyriders

"I'll give you a blowjob, whip you, and crap on your head, but sticking my finger up your bung and singing the "Star Spangled Banner" is going a little too far!"

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Releases from a new rocker

The sheer quality of music being produced today makes it virtually impossible to stay current with the output. CBS alone releases about ten new records a week; that's better than 50 a year from just one label, and there's a shitload of labels.

I keep a radio going most of the time, but even radio airplay can showcase only a small fraction of the huge volume of new releases from the record industry. Sometimes a friend will turn me on to something good I've missed, and once in a while I'll read a review that prompts me to seek out a certain album. But there's just no systematic way to stay up with new stuff.

The records discussed below came to my attention recently during the enforced isolation of a cross-country trip in a cage pulling a bike trailer. A friend and I had to go and pick up a couple of motorcycles several states away. Before we left, I told him to bring plenty of tapes along, because we'd be rolling through some pretty desolate country, areas where the best you can find on the radio is a static-filled Paul Harvey news broadcast or the hog market report. A hundred miles into the trip I discovered he'd brought exactly six tapes, two of which were inoperative because he'd spilled beer on them.

To make a long story short, I got a king-size dose of these records by the time we got back home. There's nothing like repeated playings to expose an album's strengths and weaknesses, and believe me, I must have logged a dozen listenings to each one during the time on the road.

Revenge Will Come/ Greg Copeland: This record was the real surprise of the lot, a dynamite debut album from nowhere by a singer altogether unknown to me. **Revenge Will Come** is the best r&r album I've heard this year, a record packed with scorching rockers, with a couple of catchy slow tunes thrown in for balance. The whole package was excellently produced by Copeland's high school buddy, Jackson Browne, whose influence shows.

The album leads off with the blistering rocker, "Used," a tune one reviewer called a "righteously mean, eat-the-rich anthem." Just about anybody can relate to the message here: being fucked over by the power elite and indulging the frustrated resentment that finds satisfaction in the most insignificant acts of rebellion, like spitting on a fat-cat's car,

Limousine on the runway, shiny and long/ Somebody's been doing somebody wrong/That's all right/Ah, don't it shine/ Just to spit on the fender does good to this heart of mine.

Copeland wrote all the tunes himself and displays a remarkable narrative skill. That is, most of his tunes tell a story. "Richard Hill" spins the tale of a son who avenges his father's murder, and "At The Warfield" powerfully and incisively asks who (if anybody) is really in control of his own life: *Then he said when you're really all alone/ You've got to bargain with a cheat/This is where the romance and the real world meet.*

But the most effective narrative on the album is "Eagleston," the story of the "distance and boredom" of a remote Air Force base in Texas —distance and boredom that lead to heroin addiction: *Then there's time for the railroads/And time for the planes/Time for those feelings that'll never get names/Time when you hold back/And time when you try/Till the time when you finally just tie off and cry.*

Copeland can switch from an all-out rocker to lower, rhythmic tune like "Starting Place" and "That'll Never Be The Same" with ease. The latter you find yourself humming days later, and it's that breadth and versatility that make this such a strong album.

Also, Copeland's backup group deserves mention. Danny Kortchmar and Rick Vito on guitar make the record a joy to hear, and Jim Ehinger's piano work shines, especially on the slower cuts.

In short, **Revenge Will Come** is recommended without qualification, a truly satisfying album and a truly impressive debut. If this record is any indication, Greg Copeland won't be an unknown for long.

Sheffield Steel/Joe Cocker: I love the promo photo Island Records provided with Joe Cocker's latest release. It speaks volumes. There's Cocker, looking like twenty miles of bad road, his craggy face glaring into the camera with an unamused and uncompromising expression absolutely befitting one of the true survivors in rock 'n' roll.

Cocker's been through it all — success, failure, triumph, humiliation, you name it. The fame and fortune he achieved in the early seventies was interrupted by a four-year layoff from recording beginning in 1978. A victim of chronic depression and accompanying alcohol abuse, his self-distructive ways began to eclipse his formidable talents as a rock singer. On-stage barfs and incoherent song renditions left his fans puzzled and disappointed, and John Belushi's searingly accurate impersonation of Cocker was as cruel as it was funny. (Joe has had the last laugh there, I guess. Belushi's self-abuse ended his brilliant career, while Cocker is still twitching in front of the mike like a spastic on bennies.)

Sheffield Steel, Cocker's first album since 1978's **Luxury You Can Afford**, clearly demonstrates that, whatever the ups and downs in his personal life, Joe possesses one of the most remarkable and distinctive voices in rock. Nobody sounds like Cocker and, at his best, nobody can handle a song better. Swallowing the lyrics, growling the words, flopping around the stage like a fish out of water, Cocker makes each tune distinctively his own, indelibly stamped with his special individuality.

This praise doesn't mean **Sheffield Steel** is uniformly good. Actually, it's an uneven album, a mixture of hits and misses. However, the album's weaknesses are essentially the fault of production people. Some of the tunes, like Stevie Winwood's "Talking Back To The Night" and the album's opener, "Look What You've Done," just don't fit Cocker's style. A couple of other tunes, like "Many Rivers To Cross," are perfect vehicles for Joe, but they're ruined by obtrusive, fancy-assed overproduction. On the whole, though, this is a pretty solid album, and Cocker fans can take hope in the fact that Joe seems to be getting it all back together.

Highlights on the album include "Shocked," a fine gal-split-on-me tune, marred only by stupid video game beeps some asshole producer tossed in, an example of the overproduction I mentioned; "Sweet Li'l Woman," a raggae-influenced tribute to a good gal, an effective rocker with hit potential; "Seven Days," a rocking Bob Dylan tune featuring some excellent guitar work; and "Marie," an old Randy Newman song that's tailor-made for the Cocker treatment. Providing the heartbeat of the music throughout the album is the extrodinary Jamaican drum/ bass team of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare.

Had Cocker been allowed to display his talent unadorned (that is, free of all the tricky production shit), **Sheffield Steel** would be a blockbuster. Unfortunately, a few of the cuts are ruined by outside influences, the best (or worst) example being "Many Rivers to Cross." If they'd let him sing this tune *a capella*, it would send shivers up your spine. As it stands, tacky ocean noises — doubtless the brainstorm of some retard producer — destroy the song's impact.

All in all, though, **Sheffield Steel** is a noteworthy return album, and one that holds the promise of better things to come. ■

Miraculous Mutha Tells All

Red Hot

I really get off eating my ol' lady out when she's on the rag. In fact, that's the only time I can get into it anymore. The bitch got herself knocked up and now she won't be bleeding for a while.

What can I do?

Blood Thirsty
Norfolk, Va.

• Hire a buncha virgin whores and fuck 'em before going down on 'em.

Dairy Country

A friend and I would like to know just where the hell all the scooter women here in Wisconsin are hiding. Most of the women here just sit on their asses and watch television. We aren't askin' for too much; just some long-legged, beer-drinkin' scooter trash who'll let us pull their tits and plug their boxes.

Dreamer and Flame
Ripon, Wis.

• Unless you're willing to split Wisconsin, ya may have to settle for milkin' cows and servicin' sheep.

Chromed Tonsils

I need a favor. Please print the following message soon.

What's the story, Paul? Help me make up my mind. Is is worth it or not? I'll get you one way or the other. Make it easy on me. I may not be a good lay but, one of these days, I'm gonna suck the chrome off your scoot! Please let me know.

Bunny
Cleveland, Ohio

• I tried to suck the chrome off Spider's scoot once, but I gave up halfway through the sixth layer of bug splat.

Different Strokes

When I think of you my crotch just tingles. Now tell me, Mutha, when you think of me does your pussy just draw up and throb?

Buck
South Bend, Ind.

• It stretches and yawns.

Showin' The Way

What would you say is the best way for me to get into the biker party scene? I'm female, 18, and nice.

Galaxy
Modesto, Calif.

• Stop bein' so nice.

Made To Fit

I've got just what you've been looking for: a three-axe-handle-long, double-purple-headed, need-it-every-night dick. It shoots uhzum, thuzum juice that's good for colds, moles, and sore assholes. It's guaranteed not to rust, bust, or collect dust. Won't rip, rattle, or tear; summer or winter it's always there. The average bitch can't stand it and the biggest whore crawls back for more. Whattaya think?

Saucerman
Dallas, N.C.

• Can I soak it in water for a few days before I use it? I think it would fit better after it swells up some.

Just Relax

You were in the right lane when you advised a change in position for Willin' Willie in Salem. Take it from a lady who knows, Willie, you should just relax and let your ol' lady ride, so she can put it right where she needs it.

You've probably been trying too hard. Let her do all the work. All you gotta do is stay hard. She should practice (alone, or maybe with a doobie for company) lying face down on a waterbed. No hands allowed. Just moving that little ass around.

Tasty Tramp

• Last time Spider tried to relax and just let me ride they had to pull him out with a block an' tackle.

That Big

How big are those damn tits of yours, anyway?

Wes
Eagan, Minn.

• Big enough to keep the rain off Spider's 74 when I stand next to it.



Home

We desperately need your help. Me and my bro Halftrack have had a real disturbing argument about you. He says you live in a dipsy dumpster behind some bar. I say there ain't been a dumpster built big enough to fit you. Where do you live?

Peanut and Halftrack
Houston, Tex.

• Wherever there's a party with bros stoned on wine and weed.
Wherever there's a prison with bikers down and filled with need.
Wherever there's a grease-caked stud who craves the head I give.
Wherever there's an open road you'll find me; there I live.

Prescription

My ol' lady was feelin' kind of down, so she went to the doctor and got a bunch of tests a few weeks ago. The problem is, I can't remember if the sawbones said "TB" or "VD." What should I do?

Eggplant
Toledo, Ohio

• If she coughs blood, you should be able to fuck her.

Sure Cure

My ol' man likes to butt-fuck me and I used to go along with it all the time. Now, whenever I get a regular fuck (in the cunt), I fart. I think this happens because my asshole is so stretched out. What can I do?

Airhead
Pueblo, Colo.

• As soon as you find out the ol' man is gonna fuck ya in the cunt, run and put your head up your ass.

Simple Logic

I heard your pussy smells as bad as a dead horse. If this is true, why don't you wash the stinking thing?

Hoppy
Granite, Okla.

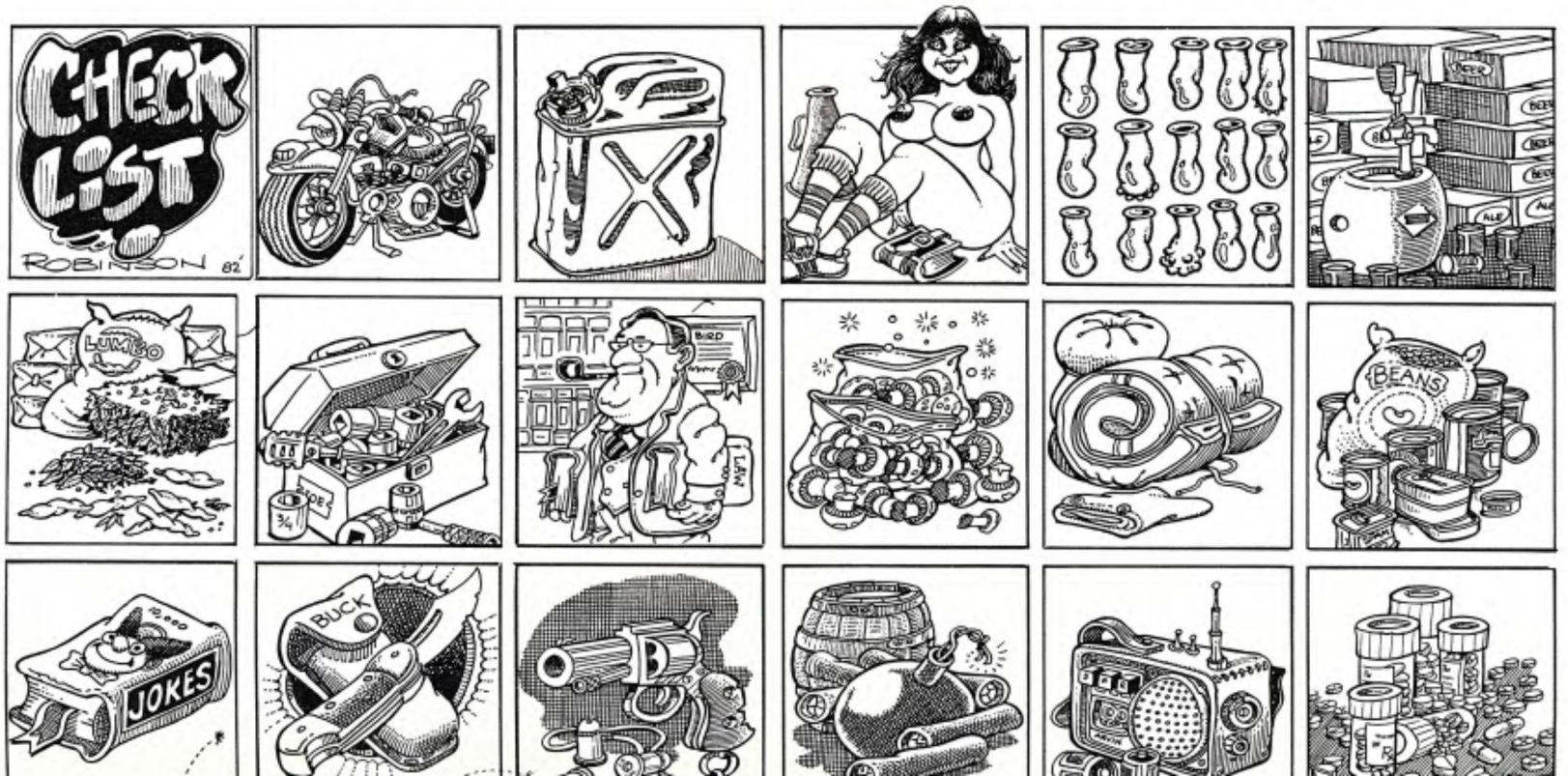
• What good would it do to wash a dead horse?

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. ■

Christmas Gift Ideas

It's that time o' year again. Time for Christmas shoppin'. Buyin' goodies for the ol' lady, for the rugrats, for all your bros, and gettin' together all the shit you'll be needin' for the annual party. We all know just what a bummer goin' through all this can be. Fightin' the crowds, tryin' to decide what to get for who, makin' the hard choice between somthin' for your grey-haired ol' mamma and a new belt drive for the scoot. The kinda decision that no man should be forced to make.

Well, ya can relax a little this year, 'cause your ol' friends at *Easyriders* have come through to help ya out. We've made a checklist of goodies to buy, for all those people on your list, for the party, and even yourself, just so ya won't feel left out. All ya gotta do is match the names on your list to the goodies on ours, and all your problems are solved. Of course, ya still have to come up with the bread to buy all the things ya check off — but ya can't expect us to solve all your problems, can ya?




GUNK
GAZ
LIME
LAVA

FULL TREATMENT

by Kol Kola

"It's them shitty dreams, Doc!" Pushrod Jones squirmed in the deep leather chair. "All them fuckin' nightmares, night after night! It's wearin' me out, y'know? I ain't no sniveler. Goin' to see a shrink sure as heck wuzn't my idea. My bros made me do it on accounta they was worried about me."

"Describe your dreams," requested Rutherford Stiles, M.D., psychiatric specialist, "especially the juicier ones, if you get my meaning."

Pushrod studied the balding, wan-faced little shrink who was studying him with pretended detachment. "Well, hell, lemme think. There's one in which I'm goin' down this real steep, twisty mountain road on my scoot. Got 18-wheelers tailgatin' me, see? Then I lean into this tight curve and suddenly I'm ridin' that two-laner right into a fuckin' bus tryin' to pass another truck as they climb the grade!"

"Interesting," murmured Stiles.

"Scary, man," said Pushrod, mopping at his bearded face with a handful of dirty T-shirt yanked upward from where it had been covering his large, and hairy beer belly. "And that's not the worst one."

"I'm all ears," Stiles assured him.

"Then there's the bummer where I wake up, hungover sumpin' rotten, on the same bed with this real young little snatch. We're both mutha-naked, y'know? She's sleepin' peacefully. I'm sittin' up, paralyzed and wonderin' how the fuck I got so shitfaced. I mean, that little ginch is like too damn young! Before I can git my ass off'n that bed, the doorway busts open and in walk a dozen uniformed cops!"

"Clinically conformative," mused Stiles, nodding.

"But the absofuckinglutely worst one is where I've booked into this spooky place — way out in the boonies — and I'm sittin' there on the panhead, feelin' like somebody wuz supposed to meet me, or be waitin' to meet me. Then I hear *click-click-click* like two or three pieces bein' cocked!" Pushrod belched loudly. "Shit, jist rememberin' that one gives me gas in broad daylight! When I have that dream, I usually wake myself up screamin' like a banshee with its broomstick jammed up its ass."

"You got hair all over yore body!" She giggled. "And a right dirty mouth, too, I reckon!"

"Anymore?" Stiles sounded very hopeful.

"Yeah, but we'd be here all day countin' them."

"Oh." Stiles aimed his disappointed face at the cluttered desktop. "You live a rather active and fully strenuous life, I suppose."

Pushrod sighed. "Hell, I'm a biker. I live jist like any other biker who fixes scoots fer a livin', goes jammin' whenever he can git away from the damn shop, parties up storms six nights outta seven, and has to take a lotta shit from cops, old blind people in cages, judges once in a while, and the prez of my club when I damn well fuck up — which ain't too often anymore. In fact, I'm gittin' fuckin' good at bein' a biker, see? Nobody's kicked my ass fer months!" Pushrod grinned proudly at the skinheaded runt. "Standin' six-six, weighin' two-eighty, and bein' meaner than a gallon of alligator shit helps, y'know?"

"Tension," Stiles said. "Pressure."

"I'm only twenny-nine, fer crissakes! Y'know?"

"The unrelenting strain of a bizarre and demanding lifestyle." Stiles smiled to himself. "Of course! A classically common case. And one calling mainly for complete rest and relaxation."

"Do ya think I'm goin' nuts, Doc?" Pushrod pleaded.

"Everyone is nuts," Stiles told him solemnly. "The whole idea is to adjust to the condition. I can suggest a proven treatment guaranteed to erase your nightmares, improve your self-esteem, jazz up your sex life, and bring you back to town bursting with confidence, physical well-being, and a zest for life."

"Back to town?" Pushrod frowned with interest. "From where?"

"Anywhere you've never been, preferably a remote and isolated area, some basic place where you can live peacefully and quietly for a period of not less than two weeks." Stiles tapped his capped teeth thoughtfully with a pencil tip. "Actually, the full treatment requires a complete month of retreat from the rigors and dangers of modern civilization."

"A whole damn month?"

"With no excitement or stimulants of any kind."

"Can I have a few beers?"

Stiles nodded. "In moderation. I want you to eat good, nourishing food. Fish. Swim. Hike. And get at least twelve hours sleep every night. Do that and you'll probably never experience another nightmare as long as you live. But pick a simple, uncrowded site if you really want the treatment to work."

Pushrod pondered the idea. "Hell, I own this shack in the Arkansas mountains that I inherited but ain't never actually

Continued on page 81

Illustration by Mark Copley

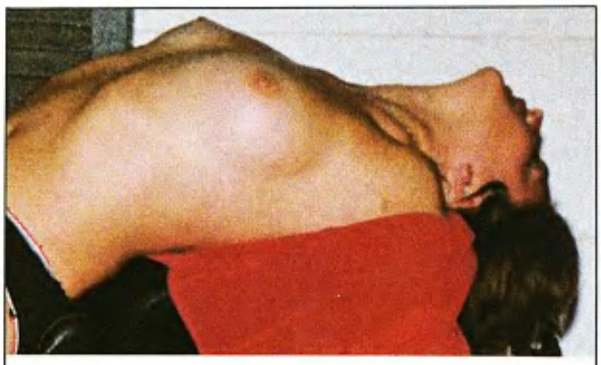

OAK '82

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.

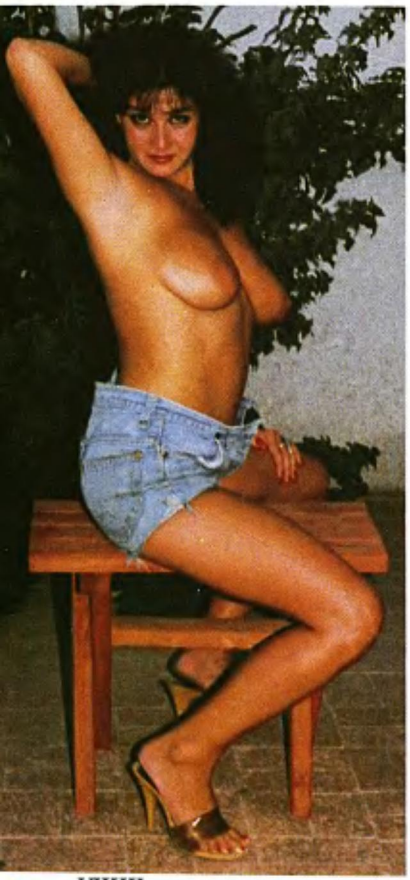
All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch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



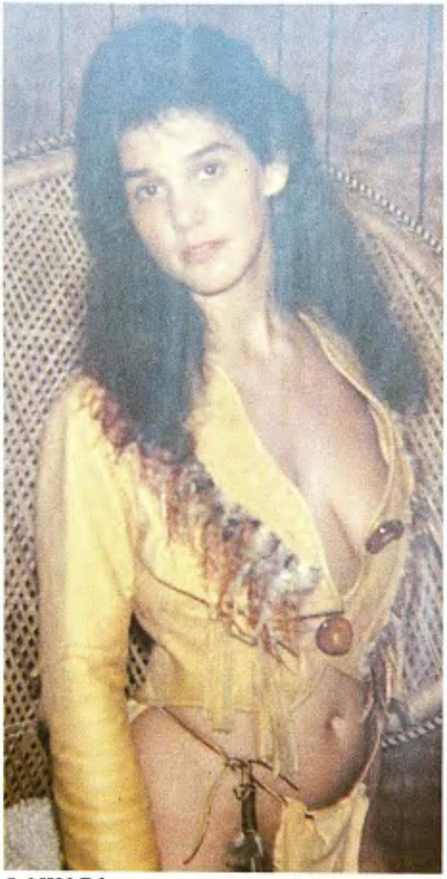
Here she is, folks — Celia, the fifth monthly winner in the 5th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Lauree, Yvonne, and Lynda.

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 December 26. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #115 Ol' Lady Contest. *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■



VIKKI



LAWASA



NANCY



CINDY



BARB



RONNIE



MYRA KAY

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

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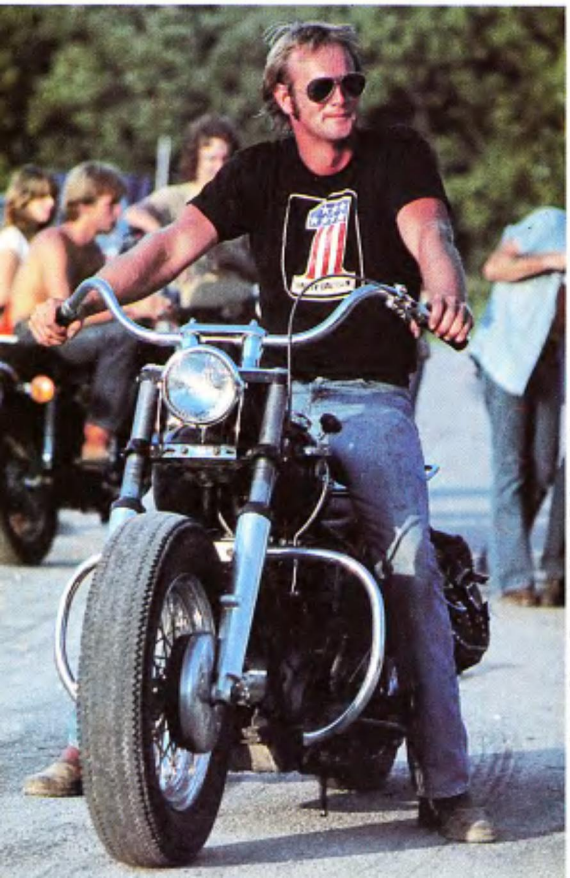
Model's Name _____ Phone _____
Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age, born _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Witness to Signature _____

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

IN THE WIND

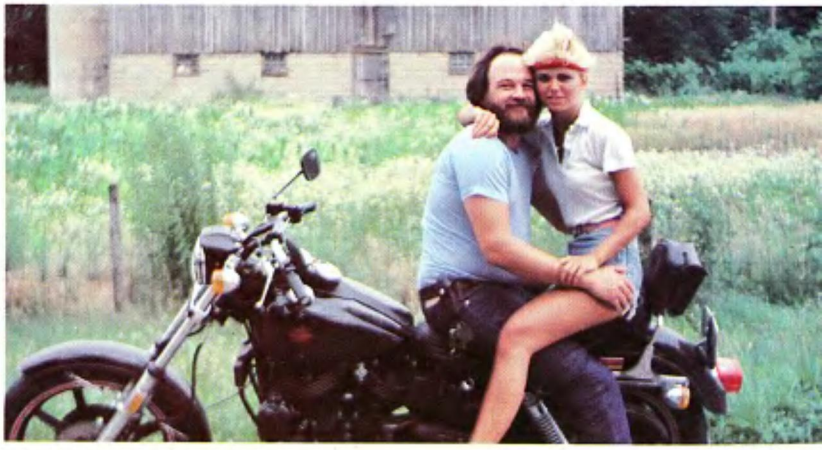
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration 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.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

— *from Pat Randle, Hutsonville, Ill.*

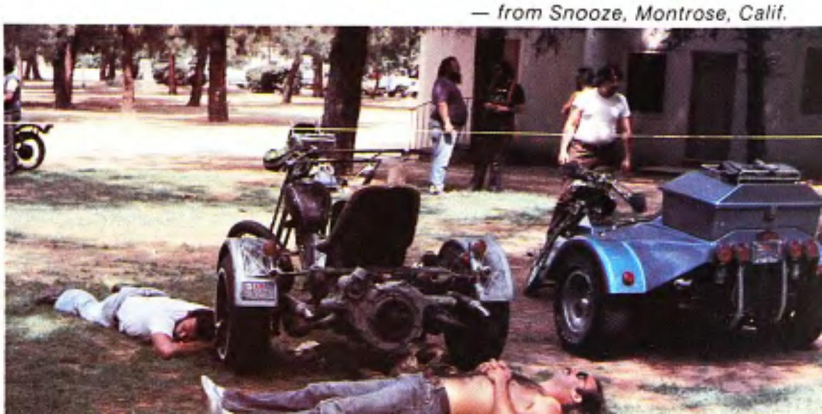


— *from Glen Sweet, New Orleans, La.*

— *from Pat Randle, Hutsonville, Ill.*



— *from Snooze, Montrose, Calif.*





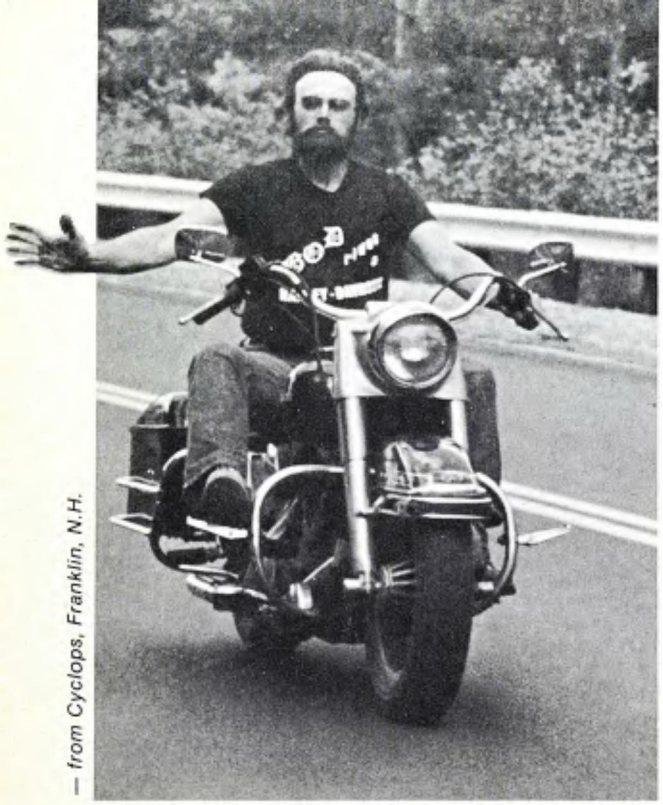
— from Carole Trautwein, Old Saratoga, N.Y.

— from Jas Mundy, College Place, Wash.



— from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.





— from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



— from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.





— from Carole Trautwein, Upstate Vt.



— from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.



— from Dirty Ernie, Lincoln, Neb.

— from Dale Pratt, Kinde, Mich.





— from Russ Olson, Ft. Leonard Wood, Mo.





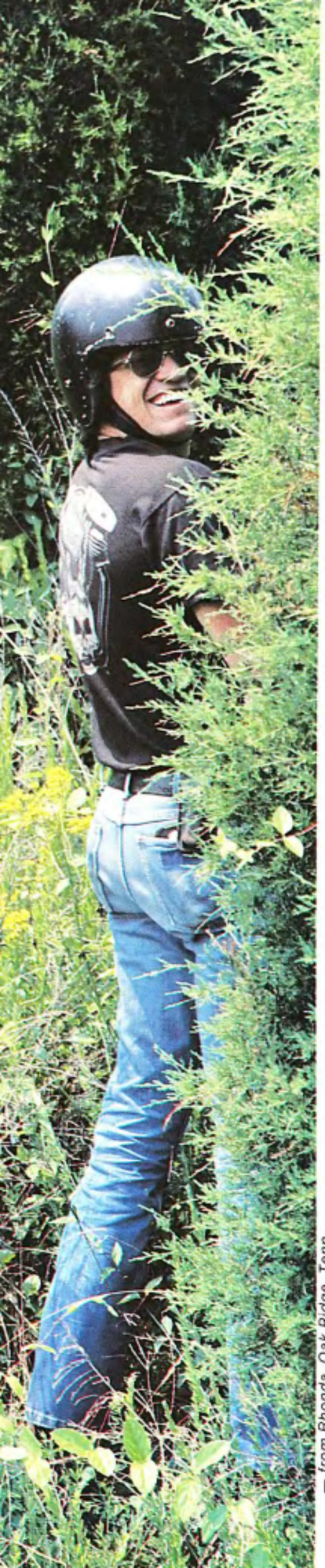
— from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.

— from Heinekens Hobbs, Ventura, Calif.





— from Carole Trautwein, Old Saratoga, N.Y.



— from Rhonda, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

— from Lou Barlow, Hesperia, Calif.





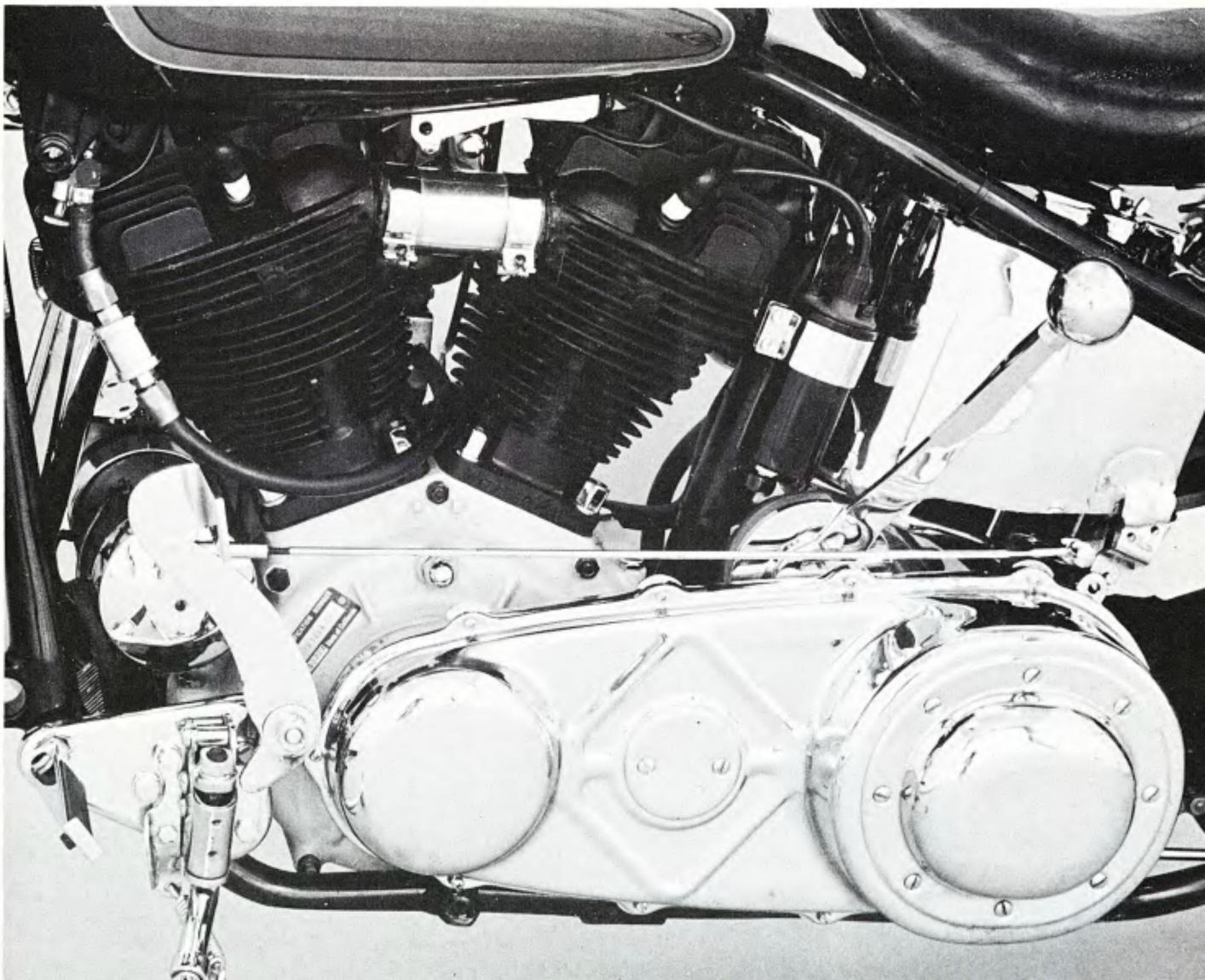
BEDTIME STORY

He copped ideas instead of zees

"When I bought the knuckle four years ago, it was all there, but nothing fancy. Some of it was stock, some not. So I decided to go for a rebuild, and" explained Ken Collins, "I built it in my bedroom."

Oh shit, we thought — here's a real kinky one! Dude probably spends so much time in his garage he's turned freaky and can't get off unless he's got his ol' lady's right foot clamped in a vise, or some other damn thing like that. Or maybe he spends so much time out there that his sweetie just dumped his sleepin' bag on the floor, and now he thinks that's where he really lives. Or maybe he moved all the shop equipment into the bedroom, and his darlin' sits up nights, readin' whodunits by the glow from a trouble light, while he wrenches the hours away.

The answer is: none of the above. Actually, the explanation is quite simple. Ken did set up his vintage knucklehead in the bedroom when it was time to go for the rebuild — but strictly for scopin' purposes. You see, Ken earns his long green by workin' nights as a welder for one of the movie studios, so he didn't need a whole shop setup at home — he needed space to scheme in. As he ran it down to us, he'd come



home from work, flop on the bed, and begin gazin' at the knuckle — checkin' out what was there and plannin' what he wanted to be there. Then, when he'd figured out what he wanted and decided what mounts went where, he'd do the work in the studio's shop on his lunch hour. Then it was back to the rack for more dreamin' and schemin'.

His ol' lady Robin, who's gotta be one fine understandin' ol' lady, went along with the program. In fact, she joined Ken in his early-morning scopin' sessions. She takes pride in this gleaming orange and black beauty, too, probably because Ken built it for riding, lots of riding. A check of the odometer shows 5,000 miles since the rebuild, and plenty more planned for the future. Ken says he'll never get rid of this bike — in fact, when he decided recently to buy a boat, he sold a late-model shovel in order to finance it.

Funny thing — he bought the ol' knuck four years ago because that was all he could afford at the time — and now it's a priceless machine to him. His friends kid him about getting rid of "that ol' thing," but they really heap a lot of compliments on Ken's creation. "She may be old," Ken concedes, "but she's a one-kicker — and she's gonna stay."

— Dr. Denton

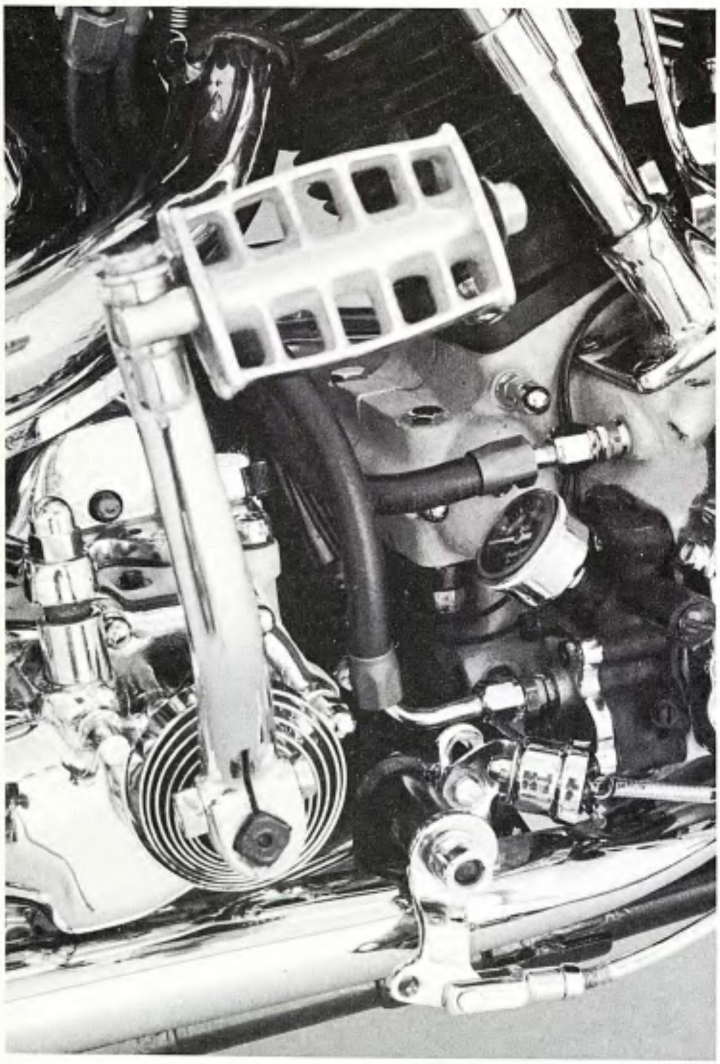
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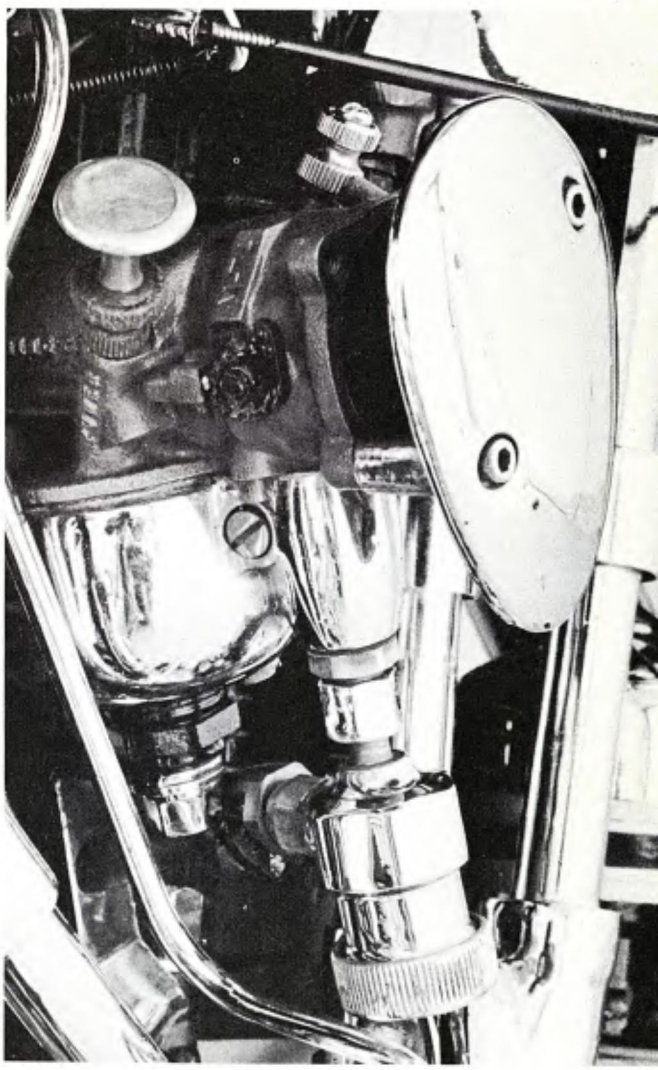






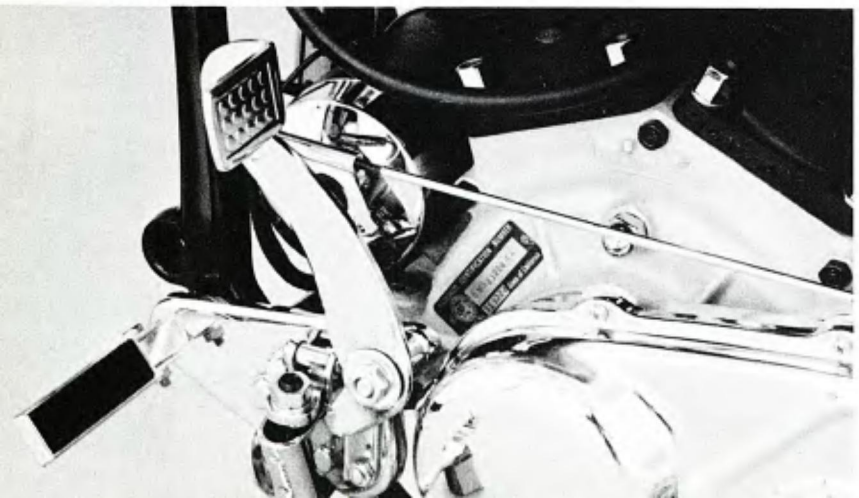




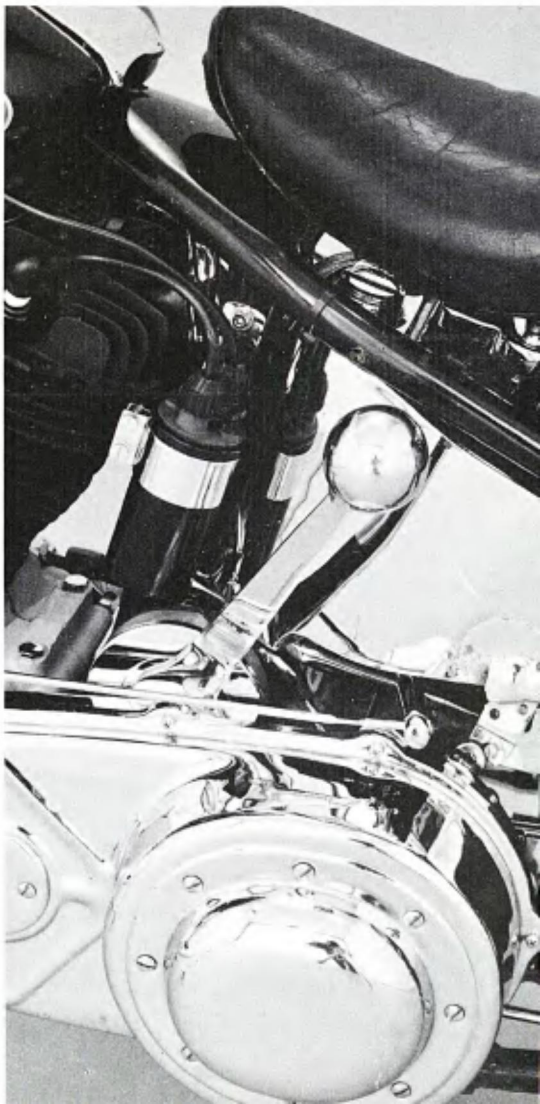


Owner: Ken Collins	**City:** N. Hollywood, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1937	
Year and make: 1937 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: knucklehead	Type: rigid	
Value: not for sale	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: factory	
Time: 10 months	Other alterations: molded	
Chroming by: Van Nuys Plating	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Paughco/buckhorn	
Year: 1937	Risers: 4-in. Paughco	
Model: knucklehead	Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: Willie Magee	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock points	Taillight: Drag Spec.	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: stock	
Lower end: shaved and balanced	Front pegs: Paughco	
Balancing: Willie Magee	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: 74	Electrics: stock	
Cases: stock	Gas tank: 3.5-gal.	
Heads: cleaned up	Oil tank: 4-qt.	
Cam(s): stock	Oil system: factory	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): Linkert	Seat: Bates solo	
Air cleaner: H-D	Sissybar: who knows?	
Pipes: Paughco/owner	Height: way out	
Muffler(s): Paughco/owner	Material: square	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: by Mike	Type: wide glide	
Year: 1937	Extension: 4 in. over	
Shifting: jockey	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt	Special features: polished lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 25	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 18	Size: 16
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Billy Westbrook	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black with orange panels	Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Cheng Shin
Type: lacquer	Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: gold pinstriping		
Other special thanks: Arman (Aba-Zabba) and Robin		

Photos by Pete Chiodo











Flamin' Jewel



Bein' 6'6" an' 310 pounds, people, especially straight people, tend to notice me when I drift by. Takin' my ol' lady to the market or someplace like that, though, gets me even more attention.

The thing is, ya see, my last three or four regular squeezes have all been blue-eyed blondes who averaged 5'3" an' 105 pounds, most of it on their chests. I don't know exactly why, but like a lot of big dudes, I've always been a sucker for foxy little dolls with robin's-egg blue eyes and sweetly curving bodies.

Hey, it's not like I got anything against them


S&S
SUPER

Photos by Ralph Hampton

long-legged wild women. I can dig the tousled hair and wild-animal look of those dark, mystery women as well as the next horny hogger — they've just never turned me on quite as much as the wide-eyed innocent blonde dolls I usually shack with, that's all. Like I said, I don't really know why. Maybe it's 'cause I realize how ridiculous someone with my build would look chargin' through an overgrown jungle after some hungry tiger in a girl's body.

Then one day, bro Ralph asked me to carry the heavy stuff to this picture shooting. (Note to the rest of ya big guys: Ever notice how we're always bein' asked to carry heavy stuff somewhere or other? Ever wonder why heavy stuff seems to be movin' all the time?) Anyway, I dragged these heavy metal cases of lights an' transformers an' shit into the studio, looked up, and found myself face-to-body with Jewel.

To say I fell in love would be a joke. Hell, man, I fuckin' dissolved in lust. Talk about animalistic-lookin'! This chick looks like she could devour a dude — with just about any part of her body she chose to put to the task.

Lookin' at her showin' off herself and that tasty flame-tanked shovel, I could easily imagine her lit by different kinds of flames — campfire flames in some hot, steamy wilderness, her eyes and lips glistening in the firelight, her skin gleamin' with sweat. Look, a small river of it is making its way between her tits and down that incredible hard belly towards her moist, sweet snatch. Think I'll follow it down there — wouldn't you?

So much for fantasy! But I'll tell ya this, bros, for Jewel I'd stomp through any jungle — and to hell with how stupid I'd look. Shit, for a piece like Jewel, I'd carry Ralph's heavy stuff from here to Daytona and back without a snivel.

— Big George





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

Ridin' the wall, zippin' down the
waxed hall
is the Thorazine junkie tryin'
desperately
to make the next sick call. . .

Back in the back, swingin' from the
bars
by the neck, another one signs out.
Or is hung up by the man,
for takin' a human rights stand. . .
—Excerpt from Sleeping Dragon
by Big John Streeter,
Florida State Prison

I don't care how law-and-order-minded you are, you'd still have to be pretty sick to give somebody a death sentence for illegally lighting up a cigarette — a tobacco cigarette — in a public place. Yet it happened in New Jersey.

I don't care how frustrated you are at trying to teach a rowdy teenager the difference between right and wrong, you still wouldn't want your kid to be taken to jail on his feet and returned home in a box. But that's what happened in Idaho.

The fact — unknown to the righteous zealots who want to lock up every free spirit who doesn't look like them, live like them, or drive a cage like them — is that the people, real live people, not statistics, but people, in our so-called correctional facilities are dying in record numbers. The real tragedy is that many of the dead are those who, in a more rational society, wouldn't be behind bars anyway.

For instance, between January, 1980, and July, 1982, at least 168 prisoners were killed by other inmates in the United States. We say at least because some states don't consider inmate deaths important enough to be reported, and others count only those who die in penitentiaries and ignore those who are killed in jails or other so-called temporary holding facilities. Of these 168 deaths, there are virtually none reported among the murderer's row contingent of old lady killers and infant sodomizers. Why? Because in their tightly segregated world there is little chance for them to become victims of random prison violence.

Adolphus Mitchell didn't snuff anybody, however. Had he, he might be alive today. All Mitchell, 24, did was fire up a butt while waiting for a commuter train in Jersey City. Some over-zealous keeper of public morals hauled him off to the county jail where Mitchell, along with six other inmates, died when fire raked their cellblock.

Christopher Peterman didn't kill anyone, either. He didn't even piss anyone off by polluting the air with a cancer stick. What Peterman, 17, did was forget to pay $60 in traffic tickets. When he was arrested on a bench warrant, his parents decided, they told the press, to let him spend the night in jail and "face the consequences of his action." The next morning they had to face the consequences of theirs. Their son was dead, allegedly beaten and tortured to death by five 17-year-old cellmates.

More tragic sidelights to the Peterman killing — such as the allegation that a guard checked the cell sometime during the course of the night, noticed that Peterman had been beaten, and did nothing except tell a trustee "that kid's eye really looks bad" — are coming to light during the trial of his accused assailants, which is going on as this is being written. But the bottom line is still this: The kid shouldn't have been in jail in the first place, particularly not with five other guys and worse than no supervision.

Of course, convicts die from more than burned or beaten bodies. Broken spirits claim their share of inmates, too. During the same period as reported above, a minimum of 115 inmates took their own lives.

One of these was a bro of ours. You may know him. Preacher, a Soledad inmate who used to write for *Easyriders* as a way of keeping in touch with the lifestyle he loved. His last article, a history of bourbon whiskey, appeared just two issues ago. Now Preacher, like so many others, is a statistic — "another one signs out."

There are no answers in this column. I don't know, anymore than you do, how to convince the straight world that there are *crimes* and there are crimes, that lockups should be used only to keep people from hurtin' somebody else — not to warehouse those non-conformist types you'd rather not see around.

Whatever the answers — if there are any — they are now irrelevant to Adolphus Mitchell, Chris Peterman, and Preacher. They're equally irrelevant to the six men who died with Mitchell in that New Jersey hell: Michael Born, 19, in for disorderly conduct; Felix Melvin, 45, disorderly person; Joseph Covetello, 27, disorderly person; Manuel Periera, 20, assault; Jerome Hines, 32, awaiting trial for lack of bail money; Hong Ro Ja, 21, suspected of illegal immigration.

For these dudes the prison struggle is over. They, and all the others whose prison terms turned into death sentences, have moved on to a new, a better, place where, as it so beautifully says in the gospel:

The bear will be gentle, the wolf
will be tame,
and the lion shall lie down with
the lamb.

And the beasts of the wild shall be
led by a child,
and I'll be changed from the crea-
ture that I am.

DECISIONS, KITES, AND NEWS

Flushing The First

Claiming that they found very little value in inmate newspapers, the California Department of Corrections has suspended the publication of such journals at six state prisons: San Quentin, Folsom, Vacaville, Tehachapi, Soledad, and Susanville.

Department officials claimed that the move was intended to save the state $58,000 and had nothing to

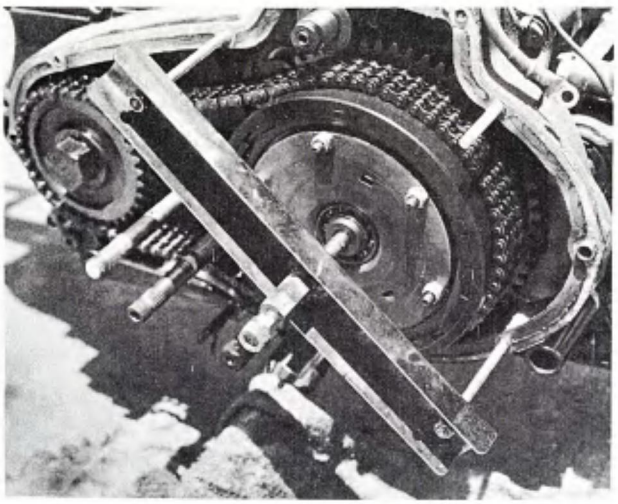
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Sportster Clutch Spring Compressor

If you are a Sportster owner with a 1971 or later Sporty, you might get behind this tech tip. What is it? Well, it's a clutch spring compressor for late-model Sportster clutches.

It was constructed by D.C. Jack out of junk lying around the garage, and beats hell out of going into contortions while trying to put the pressure plate back on the clutch, not to mention removing the same plate. With this deal you can twist that last nut off without catching the balls or kneecap and losing the clutch spring. As I said, this clutch-spring compressor was made out of junk. The metal channel was taken from an old dresser luggage rack, and the two end bolts were made from 4-inch-long ¼-20 all-thread. Both bolts are double-nutted on top to secure the tool to the engine cases. The bolt in the middle that pushes on the pressure plate itself is a piece of ⅜-16 all-thread about 4½ inches long. Jack used a piece of ⅝-inch hex stock and drilled and tapped it ⅜-16. He then welded the hex stock to the channel.



If you undertake this project, the easiest way would be to drill the ¼-inch end holes first to make sure things line up right. Drill a ¼-inch hole in one end of the channel, then stick a bolt through the hole and thread it partway into the engine case. Line up the channel with the other case bolt hole, making sure the channel is centered over the pressure plate bearing. When you get the channel lined up, mark and drill the other ¼-inch hole. Okay, now thread both ¼-inch bolts in the engine case part way and mark the channel for the ⅜-inch push-bolt hole. After drilling the ⅜ hole in the channel, carefully weld or braze the hex stock to the channel and you're ready to go jerk any late-model Sportster clutch that your heart desires. That is, provided the owner doesn't mind.

When you go to use your new clutch spring compressor, make sure that the two ¼-inch bolts thread into the engine case at least ½ to ¾ of an inch. You don't want the threads to pull out of the engine case when you tighten up on the ⅜ push-bolt to compress the clutch spring. One more thing: if you don't want to amputate part of a cherry luggage rack, you can always use a piece of flat steel bar about ⅜-inch thick. All the hole locations stay the same, and if you're into buffing up your toolbox, you can even have the mutha chrome-plated.

— Wrench

Photos by Frank

Tech Tip

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.

For **Crash** and **Pigpen**. It was so wrong, but we'll carry on anyhow. Jerry's kids love you. We'll all ride together again soon. Dumont's Daze.

In memory of **Byron Mitchell**, 7/25/82. He rode free and died young. So long, bro. We'll miss ya greatly. You'll always be in our hearts. Dave J.

In memory of a downed bro: Tim, did you really come in my cell last night and rap with me, or was I just seein' things? I miss you, brother, with all my heart. **Timothy "Ringo" Goit**, I love you, bro. Take care, man. Chase, War Pigs MC, Ch. 1.

In memory of **Edward "Crazy Eddie" Karakatsanis**, 8/5/82, whose heart was bigger than his head. Ride hard, bro, and keep the brew cold. We'll meet you up top. With love, Skip, Tim, Tom, Eileen, Terry, and the entire Gilder's Gang.

With loving thoughts and memories of one hell of a man who held on for as long as he could, **Marco "The Crow" Plannich**. We'll all meet in Harley Heaven one day. With all our love, Dena, Mom, and the rest of your family and friends in McKees Rocks, Pa.

Not just a memory, **Richard P. "Hoppy" Hopkins** and wife, **Brenda Hopkins**, lost the night of 8/1/82 to a deserted cage. You two can never be replaced. We'll ride again. We love you. Ronnie "Coc-ca," Tangi, Paul, and Georgia, Houston, Tex.

In memory of **"Crazy Larry,"** 1942-1982, who was wiped out by a woman in a cage. Ride forever, bro. Crazy Mike, the Indian.

Final message to **Garth** and **Alice II**: you got a little ahead of us. Your life is in our memories forever. At least you went with one of your loves. Fred, Dawn, and the boys from Roch.

In memory of **Mark Steven Fox** of Austin, Texas—another bro downed by a cage driver who "didn't see him coming." Ride free forever, bro. Your bros and sisters in Williamsport, Pa.

In memory of **Joe Walukiewicz**, a heavy-duty drinker and partier who was always ready to ride. Died May 22, 1982. Ride free. Missed and loved by all. V-Twin Specialties Gang, Vld.

In memory of **Ray Roseland**, born 12/30/46, left 6/9/82, no thanks to a traffic light pulling a fast change before he could get through it. Ray, wherever you are up there, save a place for us. We miss ya, bro. Moe, Gary, Beetle, Darla, and all the bros and sisters from Mom & Dad's Bar, Marshalltown, Iowa.

In memory of **Richard Messick**, 4/2/81, a bro who rode hard and died free. You will ride in our hearts forever until we meet again. Dave and all your bros in El Paso.

In memory of **Mitch "Ted" Foster**. You found a permanent place in the wind 12/25/81. You will always ride with us, but we sure do miss ya. You will always live in our hearts and memories. I will always love you. Your ol' lady, Heidi, and all your bros and sisters.

In memory of **Jayde Brown**, 8/24/54-7/31/82. He bought it on a new dresser on a rainy night. He touched everyone who knew him. He died free, and he'll ride forever in our best memories. Duke, Possum, Muttley, and the bros from Oakhill.

In eternal memory of **Howie Bryar**, 7/24/82, a fast-riding, hard-living, good-loving man. To know you was to love you. Time may slip away, but the memories you gave us never will. Love from your friends Jo'Anne, Mark, and Wayne L., Marathon, Ontario, Canada.

In memory of **Lynn "Preacher" Bentley**, who will live on as long as I breathe. We never got to take that ride together, but I'll be making it for both of us. Your name will live on in the hearts of many. Your bro, Dutch.

In loving memory of **Small Paul**, 11/20/81. I love you more today than yesterday, but not as much as tomorrow. Till death brings us together again. You went the way you wanted—on your shovelhead. Your ol' lady forever, Linda.

In memory of **Elden Dull**, who lived life to the fullest with 26 years on the strip, only to be killed on the road doing the one thing he loved most. We miss you badly. Love, Kansas, Billings, Mont.

In memory of **Robert M. Brady**, 4/26/82. A better bro I never had. It ain't gonna be the same without ya. There ain't nobody gonna hurt ya now. Save us a place next to ya. Your bro, Keith, and little girl, Susie.

In memory of **"Crazy Wayne" Holdaway**, 8/9/82. Just kick back and watch what happens. Connie and the kids will be all right. You once said we'll be brothers till death. Well, brotherhood goes beyond the grave. We all love ya and miss ya. Your brother, Randy.

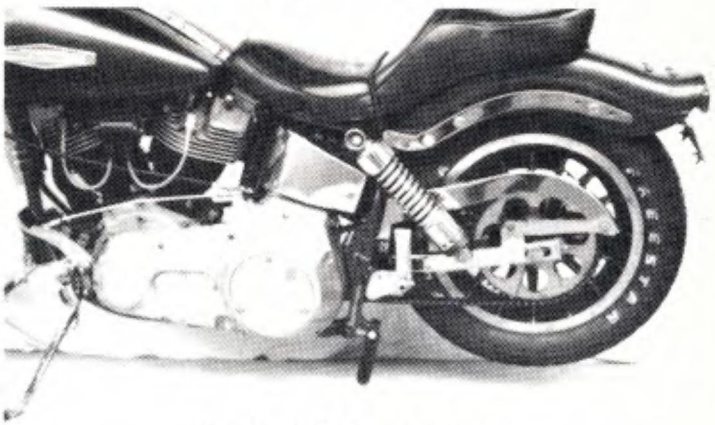
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Male Call

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.

Two righteous tramps, 21 and 25, want kites from women 8 to 80, blind or crazy. Will answer all and will send photos if you will. Tim Coffey 102005 and Dennis Frye 119370, C.C.C., Star Rt. B, Box 220, Hominy, Okla. 74035.

Two downed bros on Florida's "Reaper Row" sure would appreciate some scribes and flicks from any ladies, be they blind, crippled or crazy. Answer all. Robert Preston A-072593 and Gus Bassett 071745, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

W/m, 23, needs letters and visits from San Fran girls. Looks and age don't matter. Send letters and flicks to Henry Kay, P.O. Box C-49228, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

W/m, 25, 6', 185 lbs., brown and brown, would like letters and flicks from any of you sweet lovelies. Answer all. Sweathogs need not apply. James "Spider" Dickey C-38118, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600.

Two downed honks doing time. Need some mail to pass the time. We're into riding hard and white pride and fine women. Ron Terry 34836 and Ron Childress 26769, 201 Waterman Rd., Ione, Calif. 95640.

Downed bro doing time in the Mississippi Delta. Will be back on the streets in '83. Need to hear from ladies. I'm 24, 156 lbs, 5'8", with brown and blue. Can't wait long. Terry "Doc" Holliday 51095, Camp 23, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

Looking forward to hearing from girls 16 and up. Mark "Cowboy" Cramer K-6328, S.C.T.C., P.O. Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

W/m, 26, would like to correspond with righteous ladies. Send flicks but nude not allowed. Steve Griggs 205742-3, Box B, Anamosa, Iowa 50511.

Downed bro, 27, needs sponsor for out-of-state parole. All letters answered. Out in '83. Rowland Harp A-90332, Box 500, Hillsboro, Ill. 62049.

Two downed bros, 21, looking for letters from foxes 18-? Send pics; will answer all. Casey J. Hart 16141 and Howard Cranmer 16121, P.O. Box 208 S.D.C.C., Indian Springs, Nev. 89018.

Two downed bros in need of serious-minded ladies for letters and flicks, and visits, too. No age limit. Sonny Zickefoose 9679, Cell 24-6-A, and Joe Spence 19001, Cell 14-3-B, Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I am a bad little fucker and can play all the sports with the best of them and would like to receive some mail from bitches who like to be the best and be with the best. Satisfaction guaranteed if you qualify. Bobby Jones, Delaware Corr. Center, Smyrna, Del. 19977.

Two downed bros doing time in the joint would like to hear from foxy mamas. Send photo; will return. Stef "Brakes" Dunn and Don "Scooter" Mastrocola, Delaware County Prison, Box 23A, Thornton, Pa. 19373.

Bro, 23, down and in need of letters and flicks from sexy chicks to help me make it through. All answered. Let's talk about being in the wind together. David Dix 80D-215, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Lonely Gemini, 30, 6', 180 lbs., blond and blue, would love hearing from fine ladies 20 to 30 who are into biking and country partying. Answer all who send photo. Bill Reinhold 26331, H-Hall, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

W/m, 32, 5'10", 170, brown and brown, good-looking and in good shape. Looking for a new lady who must be 18 or over, like to party, ride, and travel the country. If possible, send flicks. Kenny "Lance" Schnitz 3498, P.O. Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Tramp, 26, would like to hear from ladies who want to write and help me lick the rest of this time. J.B. Bender 161-840, P.O. Box 69, London, Ohio 43140-0069.

W/m, 24, 5'10", 175 lbs., with green eyes, captured in Kentucky. Lookin' for foxy lady to party and putt. Send flicks for quick return. Jerry Williams 1664, Ky. St. Pen. 3-12-16L, Rt. 2, Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Ladies: two downed outlaws need someone to get crazy with who will care about us. All letters and propositions answered. Tim Smith 111097 and Chuck Rosendahll 104468, Box B, St. Cloud, Minn. 56301.

W/m, 30, downed doing time in the sticks. I need letters and pics from all you foxes out there to help me survive. Clifford C. Smith 32716, Ky. St. Pen., Box 128, Apt. 1-2-22, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

We're Lance "Devil Dog" Mundell 92120 and "Big Dave" Grith 117272. If any of you honeys 16 to ? are white and want to get eaten, laid, treated well, and ride in the wind in '83, send us a pic and scribe. Box 514, Granite, Okla. 73547.

W/m, 28, 5'7, 140, blond, green, Pisces, needs to hear from lovely ladies 18 to 40 (no fat sweathogs). Send pictures, will answer all with photo of my own. Frank W. Mawby 133977, 2400 S. Sheridan, Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

Bro, 23, doin' four for somebody else's mistake. Don't need any sympathy, just some righteous communication. Talk to me! John R. Keaton 96384, Lake Co. Reg. Corr. Fac., Rte. 1, Box 330, Tiptonville, Tenn. 38079.

White biker, 39, seeks letters and friendship from women 20-40. Answer all. I'm 6'2", 150, wavy brown hair, and sexy as hell. Jimmy Reachard 96990-131-B, P.O. Box 1000, Sandstone, Minn. 55072.

Biker, 25, blond and green, be free in '84. I need some free-spirit ladies to write to. I don't have anyone to call my own. Send a pic if ya can. Answer all. Kenneth Luther 106088, P.O. Box 220, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Righteous and lonely East Coast biker downed in Arkansas. Looking for someone special to correspond with to share feelings of life. W/m, 6', 175 lbs., dark blue eyes and dark hair. Darrell Brinkley 78249, P.O. Box 500, 1 Bks., Grady, Ark. 71644.

Downed white bro needs letters and flicks from all righteous women. Dave Fors 36094, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Lonely Italian, 25, locked behind these granite walls, is in desperate need of some letters from all you ladies. Anthony Balesteri, P.O. Box C-28791, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Considerate, independent H-D rider would like to hear from interested ladies. I'm down and lonesome. Kevin Waddell 332268, Ramsey Unit 2, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

W/m, 27, making the break to California when I'm free. Would like to share the ride with foxy lady. Send pictures. All answered. Mike Rosenstein 02-054-252, c/o Okalla Prison, Drawer O, Burnaby, B.C., Canada V5H-3N4.

I'm a white peckerwood, 23, down till '86, who loves to write; I just need someone to write to. Shawn P. Hamilton C-473451/H-280, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95696-2000. Hope to hear from you soon.

The Bandit is down and lonely as hell. Zip me a line, help me do this time. Send flick if possible. Answer all. Pete J. Erazo 313230, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Ramsey 1, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

White bro down for four would like to hear from some of you sexy chicks out there. Send pics, too. J.W. Bishop C29132, P.O. Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Seattle bro, 24, doin' the long downtime in W. Germany. Need to hear from the ladies out there who care. Send pics and letters to Dave Hoffard, Limburger Str. 122, 6252 Diez/Lahn, W. Germany.

Down doing 10 and would like women of all ages to write. Answer all. I'm 5'5", 150 lbs., 22, with blond and blue. Ray C. Woods, Millhaven Pen., Bath, Ontario, Canada K0H-1G0.

This blond, blue-eyed, 5'3", 130-lb. female is looking for born-to-ride fellas to correspond with. Down and out in Wisconsin, held captive by the law. Marguerite Lahuic 122767-A, Box 33, Taycheedah, Wis. 53090.

Sure is lonely down here in Raleigh Prison. I need a good-looking bike lover to write me. I'm tall and built—you can guess the rest, lover boys. Donna Kinlaw, Dorm F, 1034 Bragg St., Raleigh, N.C. 27610.

Native New Yorker down in the Sunshine State. My time is almost done; I'm thinking about some fun. Anybody who wants to help refresh my memory with a few lines and pictures, feel free. W/f, 21, 5'2", 125 lbs., blue-grey eyes, dark-brown hair, Libra. Will answer all. Patti Lombardo 229691, P.O. Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663, FCI Box 229.

W/f, 24, with long brown hair and brown eyes, 5'11", slim, enjoys life, good people and, of course, bikin'. Lookin' for a good, righteous man to correspond with and possible relationship. I know how to make my man happy. Sorry, but I can't receive letters from other prisons. Frankie "Dollie" Baggett 887354-H3, Broward Corr. Inst. Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

Help! My girl friend and I are down in prison and need pen-pals bad. We're very lonely and can handle anything. Someone write; hurry. Pat Peacock 277996, F.G.I. 298, and Kathi Kartman AFO-4498, F.G.I. 221, P.O. Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663. Other prisoners will have to write the prison's classification office to get correspondence permission.

Lonely white fox doing some time at Chillicothe. I'm 5'2", 155 lbs., and want to correspond with all you fine hunks out there. Will answer all. Would appreciate some pictures, too. Stay cool. Sherri Livingston 1843, S-2, E-4, Chill. Corr. Center, 1500 W. Third St., Chillicothe, Mo. 64601.

Looking at the bricks and doing time. One rugrat on the way. Leaving joint relations behind. I need a free man to ease my mind. Kathy "Sunshine" Buckhaults 16578, CIW Mer 1176, Frontera, Calif. 91720.

W/m, 27, needs to hear from all you sincere foxy chicks: short, skinny or tall. If you're 8 to 80, send a flick and I'll write you all. Mike Leed 104209, P.O. Box 79, Rt. 1, Capron, Va. 23829.

Looking for a good ol' lady. I'm white, 26, and in need of a caring woman. Will answer all. Picture appreciated. Tony W. Ashwood 8175, Ind. St. Farm, P.O. Box 76, Greencastle, Ind. 46135-0076.

Lone rider doing time in Washington state and am looking to hear from all those females who are lonely, so please send those letters. Larry "Lone Wolf" Wakeman, P.O. Box 819, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

W/m, 24, 6', 170 lbs., dark hair and eyes, really digs foxy ladies who are into art and tattoos and who would be willing to share thoughts with a very lonesome bro. Will answer all. Photos appreciated. Michael Colona 156885, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagarstown, Md. 21740.

Down and broke white male, 43, needs letters from foxy ladies over 21. No amazons, please. Tiny stuff for sure. Chicks with flicks answered asap. Bob Swan, Box 44767, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Young bro into body-building needs good woman and a good home to get back on my feet. Can parol anywhere in USA. Age ain't important. Your picture gets mine. Michael Simmons C-17460, P.O. Box 686, X-Wing 312, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Good-looking white bro down but not out needs letters and flicks. All answered. David Gonzales, St. Bernard Parish Prison, Courthouse, Chalmette, La. 70043.

W/m, down and out, 28, 6'3", sandy hair and hazel eyes, 285 lbs., would like to hear from all you foxy ladies who have the compassion to write and may be close enough to visit a lonely and horny man. Will answer all. T. Jay Dutton 334526, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Need someone? W/m, 25, blond hair, green eyes, free in 11 months. Ernie McCurdy, Box 14, Boise, Ida. 83707.

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WYOMING
Boogie Bros. 801 E. 4th St. Suite 17, Gillette

Full Treatment

Continued from page 54

seen. I jist been payin' the annual taxes on the place. Thirteen-fifty a year. Belonged to a hick uncle of mine. Would that do it?"

Stiles's eyes swept the bumper-to-bumper traffic through the large window of his office overlooking Wilshire Boulvard. "Better than Pismo Beach or even Palm Springs," he said approvingly. "And I want to see you when you return."

Pushrod lunged from the chair, relieved that the session was over. "I'm gonna do exactly like you said, Doc. Gonna follow yer advice to the fuckin' letter, man. Even gonna stay out there — roughin' it and eatin' my own crappy cookin' — fer a whole friggin' month!"

"It'll work wonders, I can assure you," Stiles said softly.

"See ya when I get back!" Abruptly Pushrod halted in midstride. "Oh, hey, I gotta git a piece of paper from ya, provin' I been here."

"You do?"

"Unless I wanna git my ass kicked by our prez, I do."

Armed with a brief statement from the shrink, Pushrod returned to his Eagle Rock pad, promptly threw the two noisy little whores he had been sheltering into the street, and began packing the faithful rat pan for the road.

* * *

A week later, Pushrod floated nakedly and idly in the large pool where the creek widened as it flowed past his inherited cabin. Lying on his back in the water, he scanned the surrounding wilderness with a blandly blissful expression. Despite a hint of autumnal chill in the air, the entire scene was as uncivilized and natural as anyone was ever going to find. Ridge after ridge of wildly colorful mountains — sixty-seven of them between his shack and the tiny distant town — displayed their Indian Summer hues. Birds sang. The creek gurgled pleasantly. The air tasted like invisible wine. And there was no sign of a neighboring cabin for miles in any direction.

His eyes wandered to the panhead parked beneath the giant oak tree some fifty feet from the shack. He hadn't even bothered to chain the machine to the tree, knowing such precautions would be silly this deep into a primal wilderness. Inside the cabin, the larder bulged with the full

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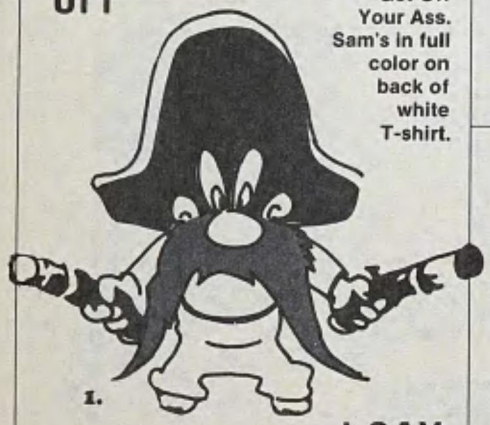
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1.

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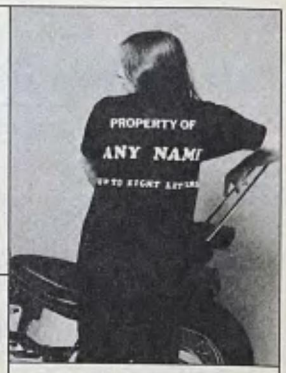
I SAY



2.



3.





4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9.

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10.



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A.



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C.



D.



E.



F.



G.



H.



I.



J.



k.



L.



M.



N.



O.



P.



Q.



R.

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised In a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are. . .I Once Was. . .Like I Am. . .You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs. . .ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It. . .Piss On It!

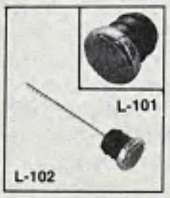
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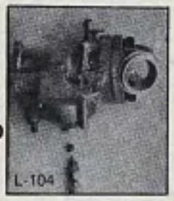
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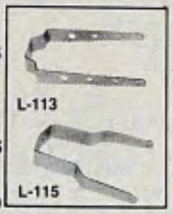
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onesome MFG

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

month's supply of groceries he'd bought in the tiny community lower in these hills, paying the close-faced store owners to haul all that grub up here, following him in their ancient pickup truck. Nobody had bugged him with questions. Nobody had hassled him as to his right to the use of the shack.

Only one withered old fart had commented: "Ya know, ya sure look like a Jones boy."

"Sure do, partner," Pushrod had admitted, grinning. "Old Bootleg Charlie Jones wuz my uncle!"

The old poop had just nodded thoughtfully.

Since arriving, Pushrod had hiked daily — feeling a weight loss of some ten pounds — had caught three huge catfish and eaten them fried with potatoes, and hadn't suffered a single nightmare in the past seven days. About the only reason he might have for returning to the wide place on the paved highway that was the town could be seen in the beer supply, which was dwindling because of his misjudgment.

Without warning, something plunged into the pool behind him with a spattering splash.

Pushrod dropped his feet to the sandy bottom and whirled about, but saw only the rolling water. Then shrill laughter from the other direction sent him whirling around again, tensed for trouble.

She treaded water in the shadows cast by a boulder formation on the far side of the pool, but he could see she was naked, too. A tanned body shimmered beneath the clear water, tawny nipples tipping round breasts, long honey-tinted hair streaming down around the impish, freckled face, eyes the color of purple grapes squinting at him intently.

"Who the fuck are you?" Pushrod demanded harshly, still jolted by her swift and unannounced arrival.



"A ten-foot penis extension, please."

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"You got hair all over yore body!" She giggled. "And a right dirty mouth, too, I reckon!"

"Wh-where'd ya come from?" Pushrod persisted.

"Yonder," she said, waving a slim hand toward the nearest ridges. "I'm Rosie Dawn Cooter. Us'uns are your neighbors. 'Course, there's just Pa and Uncle Lafe and Uncle Jeb left in these here hills now. All my brothers skeedaddled to them big cities fer money jobs!"

"Cooter!" Pushrod echoed bewilderedly.

"I'm Pa's only girl. Hain't nothin' Pa won't do fer *me*! Where you from, anyway?" she added into the silence.

"Ya probably never hearda the place," Pushrod said.

"C'mon, *where?*"

"Los Angeles, California."

"Ooh!" she cried. "L.A.! 'Zactly where four of my brothers are livin'! I always wanted to go there. See Disneyland and all!"

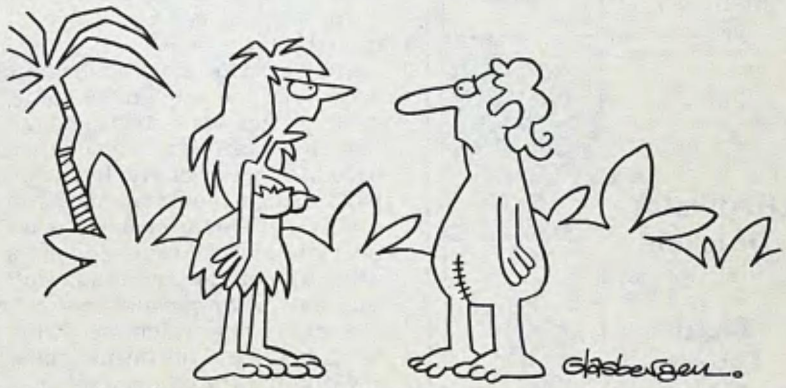
"Listen, baby." Pushrod moved cautiously forward to get a closer look at her curvy little body. "Jist how the hell old are ya, anyway?"

"Old enough to be big enough!" she laughed, diving underwater, swimming around the biggest boulder, vanishing for a long moment and appearing — clad in a cotton dress darkening with moisture from her wet flesh — atop the boulder. Shrewdly she smirked down at him. "I ain't lettin' no man git between my little ol' legs until the knot's been tied by a preacherman. I promised Pa. I got to go now, flatlander."

"Wait a minute!" begged Pushrod. "We can have a few beers, git to know each other better, maybe mess around a little and —"

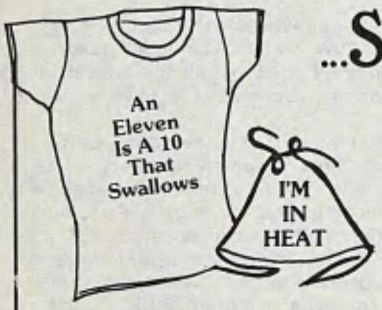
"Not just yet!" she cried provocatively, disappearing into the thick shrubbery, up the hill.

Clambering out of the water, Pushrod grunted through the shrubbery, hunting the coy hillgirl, stepping on sharp thorns and cursing wickedly, until he finally had to give it up. Retreating to his cabin, he sat on



Easyriders

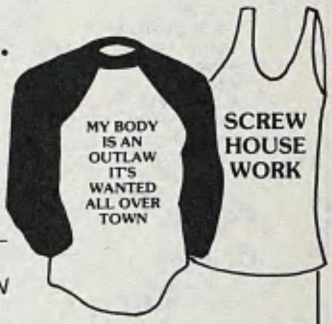
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the sagging porch, wearing only his jeans, drinking beer. By sundown, half his supply was gone.

* * *

By the same sundown, Rosie Dawn Cooter had excitedly informed her pa and uncles of the young flatlander's presence in the old Jones house.

"You didn't play no huggy, kissy games, now did ya?" demanded Pa.

"We sure didn't," she replied. "But he's the man I crave, Pa. Got him this dazzlin' beautiful machine to ride, and he lives in L.A. I'd git to visit Disneyland! And I could visit some of my brothers!"

"Thought you were partial to thet McPfeil boy t'other side of Stench Holler. The one who ain't right in the head, but reads and writes?" Pa said, studying his one and only daughter, whom he adored almost as much as most hillmen loved their rifles and hound dogs. "It don't seem natural for a nice girl to be marryin' up with a dang flatlander!"

"This feller's not all flatlander," drawled Uncle Lafe, spitting into the fireplace. "Met the dude in town. He's blood-kin to old Bootleg Charlie we buried seven winters back."

"That's different," Pa said.

"Oh, goody!" shrieked Rosie Dawn dancing around the sparsely furnished living room. "I get to marry-up with that feller!"

"You sure that's what you want?" Pa asked her.

"Yup! I want *him*!"

Pa turned to his brothers, patient and skilled men in their seventies. "Hate to ask a favor like this, knowin' just how hard the night chill is on yore rhumatiz, Brothers, but could you take turns makin' certain that flatlander don't get away until I catch a preacherman in town somewhere?"

"Anything for family," agreed Lafe.

"Reckon it's my duty," said Jeb.

"Try not to draw blood," Pa suggested thoughtfully. "Don't want no wounded bridegroom causin' gossip hereabouts. Jost be sure he never sets ass on that machine."

"Easier than shootin' the ears off revenuers," bragged Uncle Jeb, who was only half the marksman his older brother Lafe had proven to be. "You needn't worry, Brother. You just hunt down a preacherman. We'll find us a right cozy spot and keep that flatlander pinned to that shack like a butterfly under glass."

"I'm beholdin' to ya," Pa said gratefully. "I'll get after a preacherman first thing in the mornin'. It's a dang shame our's ran off with rich Widow Ball. It's downright tiresome, catchin' flatland preachermen and marchin' 'em up here at gunpoint fer all our churchy doin's. We gotta git us a preacherman of our own."

"My flatlander feller talks real pretty!" Rosie Dawn informed them.

The trio of elderly hillmen looked meaningfully at each other. If there was anything they understood, anything that appealed to them, was killing two bucks with the same shot.

"Right powerful notion," Pa said, chuckling with his brothers.

* * *

For the next twenty-seven days and nights, a brand-new situation engulfed Pushrod. Rosie Dawn showed up after dark at his cabin — willingly, almost insistently, giving herself to him. When she discovered he was completely out of beer, she vanished briefly, returning with three gallons of 'shine. Clear as water, it packed punches that quickly had the mammoth biker happily reeling. Between the hillgirl's wanton demands and the steady supply of booze she brought, Pushrod soon lost all track of time.

But eventually a morning came when, despite his soddened condition, Pushrod instinctively knew it was time for him to depart the hills. With manly tears of regret streaming down his hairy cheeks into his brushy brown beard, he kissed a frantic Rosie Dawn bye-bye and, with her clinging to him and hysterically protesting his departure, staggered toward the waiting Hog.

Dirt erupted at his feet and a distant rifle blast rang loud echoes through the hollow.

"Hey, what the fuck?" Pushrod grumbled foggily.

"It's my uncles!" shrieked Rosie Dawn. "They ain't gonna letcha leave! Not until Pa gits back with a preacherman to tie the knot!"

"Bullshit, baby!" roared Pushrod, lurching forward another wobbling step despite the 120 pounds of hillgirl dangling tenaciously from his right arm as he dragged her along with him in an unsteady plodding course directly toward the waiting panhead, outside.

Two more shots thundered. The first one splintered his left boot



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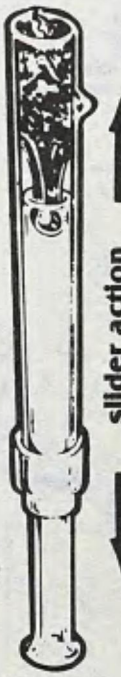
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heel. The second one neatly removed the gold earring from his left earlobe, without drawing blood.

Pushrod, froze, still forty-three feet short of his bike.

"Fuckin' bastards tryin' to waste me!" he bellowed in fury and frustration. There were no further shots. Fuming, Pushrod turned and stumbled back into the cabin where he busied himself emptying a jug. Then he spent a few more hours diverting himself by humping an eager Rosie Dawn, who was visibly dismayed when he finally gave out and sent her for more corn liquor. She left only after eliciting his thick-speeched promise that they would get back into bed as soon as she returned with the 'shine.

While she was gone, Pushrod tried to reach the panhead again, tip-toeing through the moonlight with exaggerated caution. Hardly had he covered more than six or seven yards when, once again, a warning shot exploded sand beyond his feet.

Stubbornly he plunged forward.

Another pair of shots clipped the buckle from his jeans, dropping them about his knees and causing him to flounder clumsily a few seconds before falling flat onto his face. There he lay, sobbing with savage anger and utter confusion.

"Ya old sonsabitches ain't Christians!" Pushrod yelled in the direction from which the gunflashes had flared. "It jist ain't fuckin' right to keep a man from his machine!"

Up on the moonlit hillside, Jeb turned a startled face to Lafe. "By golly," Jeb muttered. "That there feller is startin' to sound like a preacher already!"

"Nope," disagreed Lafe, the stern purist in the Cooter clan. "I clearly heard him swearin'. He's got a ways to go afore he's ready for a pulpit."

"What we gonna do if he makes another try?" Worry etched lines between the weathered age lines on Jeb's lean face. "There ain't nothin' else left on that booger for us to shoot off as better-nots. And we can't drop him in his tracks. Brother would be riled and humiliated to have a bloody son-in-law."

Lafe nodded silently, thinking.

"It's all that corn likker the gal's been feedin' him what's keepin' him so gutsy," Jeb decided dourly. "Any man that can hold that much corn juice and still yell is agonna make one helluva outstandin' preacher!"

Lafe shifted position so his next shot would be true as seasoned love.

He gently squeezed off the shot.

The gas tank on the chopper

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exploded. Soon the entire machine blazed brightly. And a few yards from it, a stunned, wide-eyed Pushrod sat paralyzed, watching his beloved scoot melt in the moonlight.

He didn't even take his bleary eyes from the heart-breaking sight when Rosie Dawn crawled up beside him, pressing a full gallon-jug into his trembling hands.

"Now that was downright ornery!" Jeb rebuked to his brother.

Lafe sighed. "Had to be did, Brother. Only way to keep the determined booger here, shorta buryin' the stubborn fool."

"Fiddlesticks!" mourned Jeb. "I was hopin' to learn someday to ride that shebang."

Three days later, Pa Cooter and a terrified Methodist minister appeared in the hills. The wedding that followed was well attended by polite distant kin, old friends, and a few tactful strangers. Nobody seemd to notice how the bridegroom hiccuped throughout the ceremony.

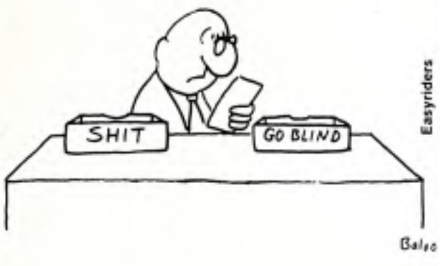
Epilogue

Five years have passed. Pushrod Jones built his own little church beside the inherited shack where Rosie Dawn and their passel of young'uns reside. On Sundays, Preacherman Jones does a nice job of sermonizing. His congregation was patient enough to wait for all the more obscene expressions to vanish gradually from his vocabulary — and that took time.

But anyone studying his face closely might notice a fanatical gleam in the man's eyes. A new highway is being built through those mountains. Twice now Pushrod has almost boosted stock motorcycles from a nearby rest area under cover of night. He only looks like a defeated, gentled member of the community; at heart, he's still a biker and always will be.

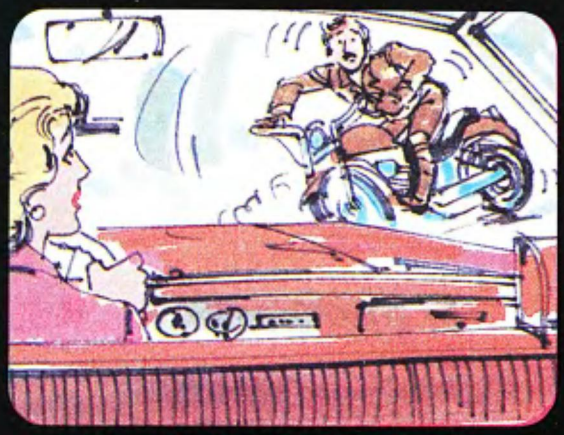
And he'll get away from those hills one of these nights.

And when he does, the only thing saving Dr. Stiles's ass are four L.A.-based hillbillies of whom he's never heard, because Pushrod will likely settle for a brand-new start in some other Cooter-less city. ■

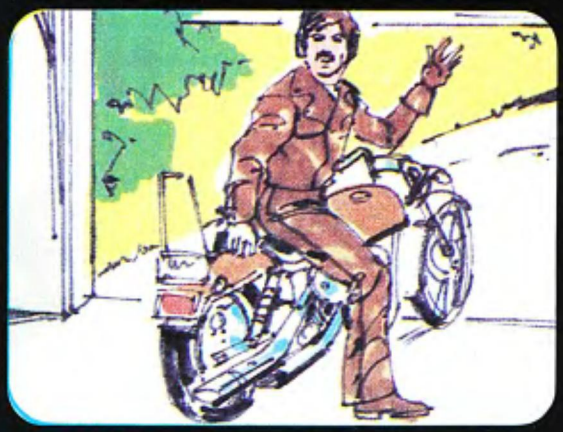


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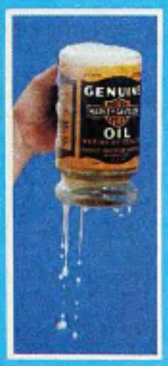


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Shouldn't Be

Continued from page 35

were a fair sample of the 15,000 pills neatly stashed in a briefcase inside the pickup, I possessed some potent acid.

I headed for the door. My pickup, a '57 Chevy with a cracked block, took its normal 30 seconds to start, and I could feel technicolor sweat runnin' down my back as I listened to it wheeze and cough. I let out the clutch and headed for the highway, peering through a haze of color that oozed across the windshield like a three-dimensional rainbow.

I drove west, the roar of the engine in my ears, coming out of the rusted stub of tailpipe where the muffler had once been connected. Now the connection was broken, and if the acid didn't get to L.A. on time, it wouldn't be the only connection that was broken. And connections wouldn't be all that got broken, either. I had an uncomfortable feelin' that my skull would be high on the list of things to break if this deal got fucked up. As fucked up as I was, for example. Shit. Cheerful thoughts to keep me company as I turned off the Interstate into Law 'N' Order.

There was an auto parts store down the first block. Closed for the night. In fact, everything in this Texas town was shut down tight. Except for the *Citizens Rights Bar*. I shoulda turned around and gotten right back on the Interstate, but the thought never entered my mind. The acid was demanding some action. On with it! So on I went, though I had no fuckin' idea what I was goin' *on* to.

I headed for the Citizens Rights. Who knows what I was thinking? Shit, I wasn't thinking at all. I strolled straight through the door, into a circle of wannabe cops, opened my mouth and started to babble. I couldn't keep quiet, 'cause they'd think I was strange if I just stood there. So I started talking, only I didn't have nuthin' to say. And it got much worse real quick when I gestured with my right hand and learned that I was clutchin' the briefcase filled with 15,000 pills. Man, I really got incoherent then.

And, you know, I damn near pulled it off. I mean, I may have been crazy, but I was damn sure friendly. The strangest, friendliest biker they'd ever seen. "Well, good evening, folks. How y'all tonight? Just passin' through, ya know, and my horse

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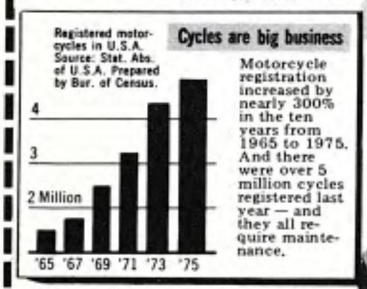


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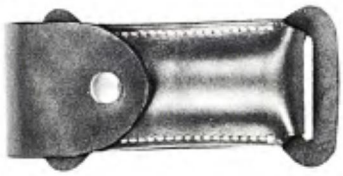
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broke a leg. Whoops! Who said that? Not at all, man, not at all. Blew a muffler on my truck, actually. On the Interstate. Double-clutched and blew that bastard halfway back to Arkansas. A Chevy. Right. With a 327 — fuel injected, ya know — out of a '69 Chevy me and my brother owned back in 'Bama. Yessir!"

All lies, of course, but I had to say something. And I think I was gettin' away with it. I mean, those citizens of Law 'N' Order had never seen anything like me and they didn't have any idea how to deal with it. Things were lookin' good. And then I slammed that briefcase down on the bar to emphasize some point and the thing broke wide open, spilling out a cascade of orange pills. Clearly illegal drugs, and that was something them folks did know how to deal with. It wasn't gonna be pretty.

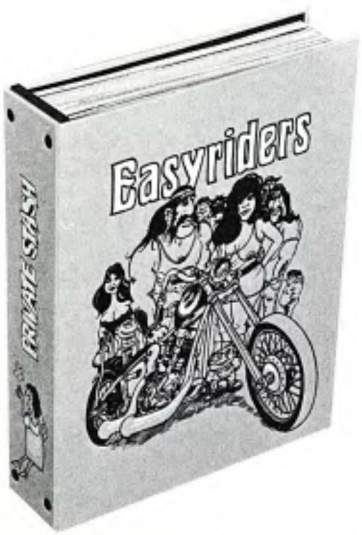
"Son of a bitch shit!" There wasn't time for any more of an explanation, 'cause I was in motion before the last pill stopped rolling. Someone once said, "perseverence furthers," and I fuckin' persevered out the door at a dead run, picturin' a mob of justice-crazed citizens pourin' out of the bar behind me. I was movin' fast, but it wasn't doin' any good, 'cause I couldn't remember where I'd parked the truck.

I turned a corner without thinking, headin' into the alley that ran behind Main Street, and almost ran headlong into the grille of my truck. I could hear shouts behind me as the engine started, and I realized that it was gonna be a mighty flashy dash. The only way out of that dead-end town was down the alley, right behind the Citizens Rights, and the missin' muffler was gonna make it very clear where I was.

I tried focusing on the alley, but



"I'd like you to meet my ol' lady!"



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the acid that was makin' the escape necessary was also threatenin' to make it impossible. The alley was an endless warped passage, thrashin' around like the belly of a snake. I took a deep breath, put my foot to the floor, and aimed for the middle of things, tryin' to decide which parts of the shiftin' pattern were safe to drive through and which parts played a solid role in everyday Law 'N' Order life.

One small mistake cost me a headlight and nearly my mind when I caromed off a garbage can and sideswiped a telephone pole. As I passed near the bar, some of the crowd rushed out to block my way, then turned and fled in panic when they saw what was headin' at 'em. Suddenly, I yanked the wheel to the right, throwin' the truck into a sideways skid. A surprise maneuver — it surprised the fuck outta me — but one that turned out to be a perfectly executed four-wheel drifting turn between two telephone poles and onto the Interstate on-ramp. This dude was good! I gave myself a cheer as I hit the highway.

I was in bad shape and things got worse real quick. I crested the low rise that sheltered Law 'N' Order from the flatlands wind and saw the highway stretchin' out in the moonlight for at least a hundred miles — a straight line across the desert. It was gonna be two hours before I was even out of sight. I hadn't begun to escape. It looked hopeless. But the acid was beginnin' to switch sides. I still blamed it for touchin' this drama off, but now it was gettin' behind the escape scene, conjurin' up infallible escape plans. There was no time to think. I went straight into action.

I unhooked the elastic cord that held the passenger door shut and used it to lash the steering wheel straight ahead, then I wedged down the gas pedal with a battered copy of *In The Wind*. And then, without a thought, I opened the door and calmly stepped out.

Shit!

Luckily, the truck wasn't going much over 30, but it was a bitch findin' myself the sudden center of an explosion of arms and legs, thrashin' down the highway, decelerating rapidly. A small flaw in the plan. Still, by the time I stopped bouncing, realized I wasn't dead and remembered what was goin' on, the truck was two miles down the road, hummin' right along. With any luck at all, the pigs would follow it forever. A culvert offered shelter just



I didn't want to trade sis to the barbarian, but. . .

Mom was sure upset, but what choice did I have? The dude had a copy of *Easyriders* #35 to swap and I needed it. See, I'd waited too long to order the back issues I needed and #35 had been sold out. Don't risk your sister, order the copies *you* need now — before it's too late.

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a few feet away. The plan was working. A few flaws, maybe, but working.

I crawled into the dark of the culvert and drifted slowly toward unconsciousness.

* * *

I awoke hours later in pain and confusion, then remembered the situation: stuck in a highway culvert, bloodied and crazed, and barely past the city limits of Law 'N' Order. Not promising. Not fuckin' promising at all.

Then I heard voices. Real voices, not hallucinations. They didn't sound like Law 'N' Order people. I crawled to the open end of the culvert. Day had dawned. The voices belonged to two dudes and a broad. One dude wore a shirt patched together from a dozen small American flags. The broad wore a T-shirt with a picture of Minnie Mouse givin' Goofy a blowjob. Behind these three, a broad wearin' nuthin' but bikini panties blew soap bubbles into the air. A dude in a rainbow-striped shirt and orange pants walked through the grass, balanced on his hands.

They didn't resemble Law 'N' Order people at all.

Above them all loomed a bright-red school bus — an old one. The strangers broke off their conversation to watch as I limped toward the bus. Inside, I found an armchair and collapsed into it. Gentle hands cared for my wounds. No questions were asked. A soft voice said, "I'm Carol. I give good blowjobs."
She wasn't lyin'. Believe me, she wasn't lyin'.

The acid, at last, began to wear off.

I opened my eyes to find the dude in the flag shirt sittin' next to me. He ran his fingers through his beard. "Well, my friend," he said, "what's your story? Your name?"

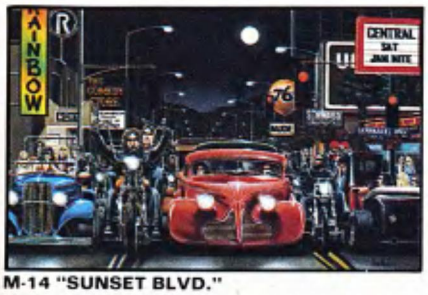
"Bones," I told 'im. Then, slowly, I ran through the action from the start to finish.

"Sounds like you got about enough trouble," he said. "Trouble where you're comin' from, trouble where you're goin', and trouble where you're at right now." He laughed. "People call me Train and we're willin' to help any way we can. Hate to see good drugs fall into wrong hands. 'Sides, we could use some acid 'round here," he said and walked away.

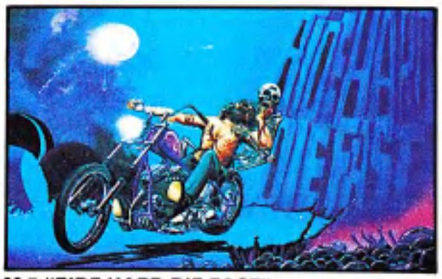
Train headed for the back bunk, where he sat quietly, rollin' a joint. Carol headed for my cock. I sat in the armchair, thinking, plotting, and enjoyin' the gentle suction of Carol's warm lips.

DAVE MANN

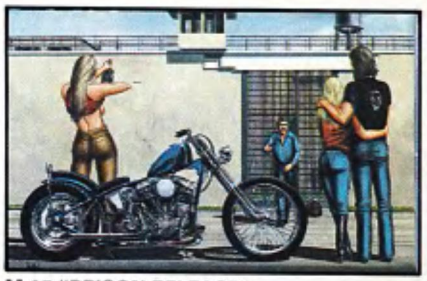
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M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



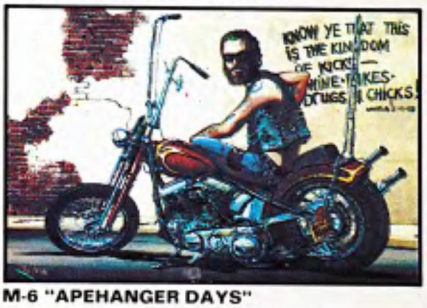
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M-7 "RUN HEAT"



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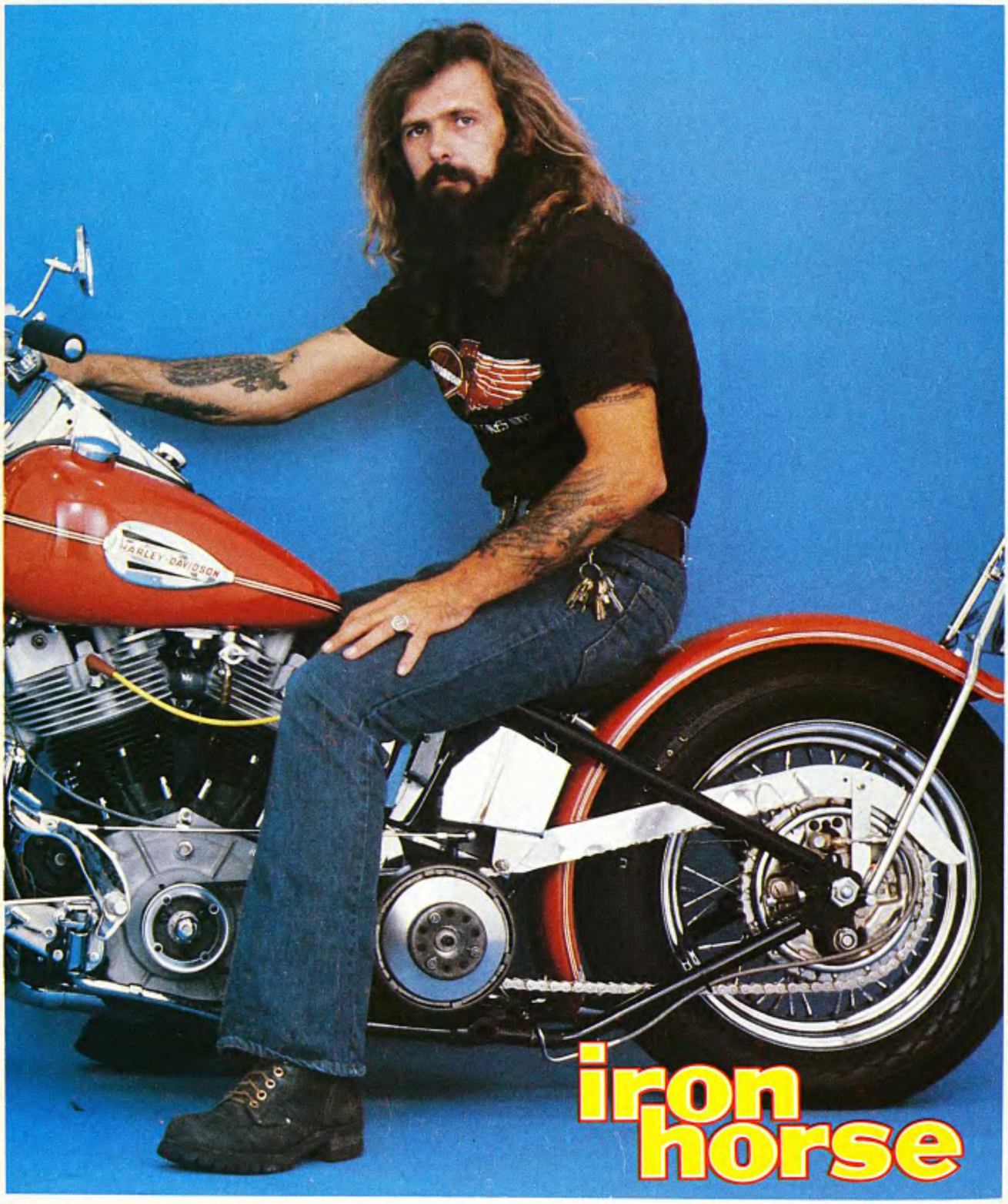
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It was nearly dark. Carol was sleepin' contentedly when I finally decided on a course of action. "Okay, people," I said, "Here's what we do."

• • •

Will Travis, Law 'N' Order deputy sheriff and the only actual lawman in town, sat dejectedly in his office, wonderin' how that damn biker had gotten away. Probably had a motorcycle hidden somewhere in the desert, he thought.

The best damn arrest he'd ever had a chance at, and the sonofabitch had gotten away. He stared at the box of orange pills on his desk. What good was evidence without someone to arrest?

Will was about to open his first beer of the day when there was a sharp knock at the door and a man walked in, dressed more formally than anyone else Will had ever seen in Law 'N' Order. Dark suit, white shirt, narrow tie, dark glasses. He looked official and Will tried to straighten up a little, glad he hadn't opened the beer.

The newcomer was the first to speak. "Morning, deputy. I'm James Earp, federal drug investigator, and I understand you're havin' some trouble runnin' down a certain drug smuggler." As he spoke, he pulled out a thin wallet and flipped it open, flashing a gold badge. If Will had been a bit sharper, he might have seen that the badge was inscribed *Safety Patrol, John F. Kennedy Junior High School, Los Angeles, California;* but Will saw only the badge. He was impressed. He was even more impressed that the agent already knew about the escape.

"That's right," Will admitted reluctantly. "I got the evidence here, but the sonofabitch got clean away."

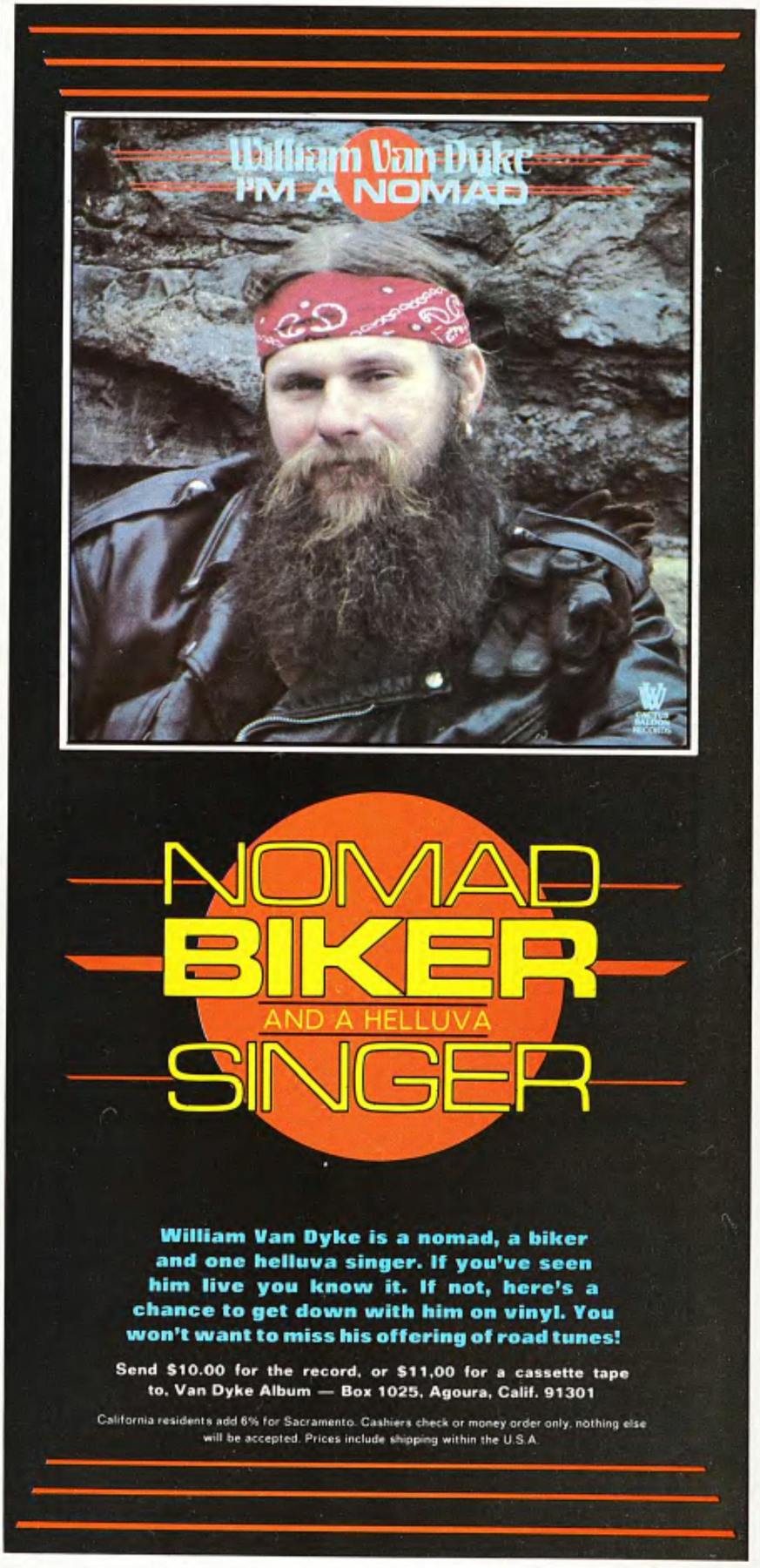
"Bikers never do anything clean," answered the federal agent, flashing a tight smile, "and this one didn't get away in any case." He stuck his head back out the door. "Bring 'im in, Mastersen."

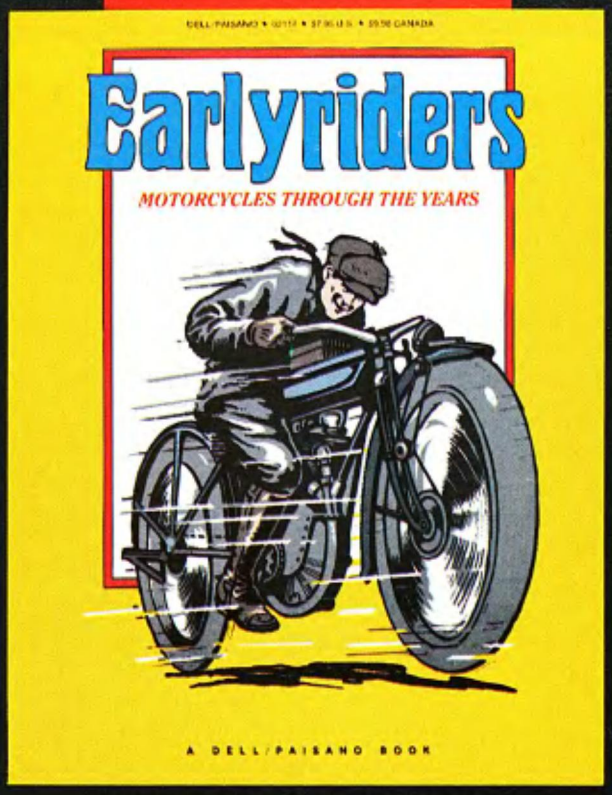
Another man in a dark suit entered the room, actin' as if he was escortin' me. Will leaped to his feet. "Hot fuckin' damn!" he shouted. "Ya got the bastard!"

"This is my partner, Dan Mastersen," said Earp. "Now why don't ya throw this scumbag in jail, deputy, so the three of us can sit down and figure out the best way how to keep 'im there?"

Will started to drag me toward some cells. "Hey!" I yelled, tryin' to

Continued on page 114





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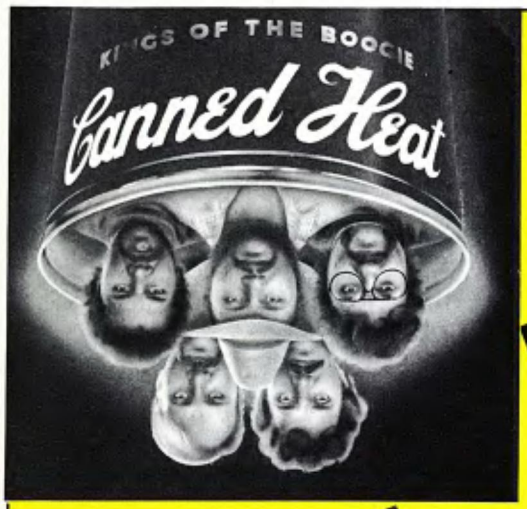
There She Is

Continued from page 27

question on the sheet that she's supposed to respond to without gettin' a heart attack, Eddie says, "And the fact that you're uglier than an open sore on a disemboweled sea bass, do you think this will hurt, or increase your chances here," an' her fuckin' boyfriend comes flyin' across the table and sailin' over Eddie, hookin' his face in his hand as he passes and pulls 'im outta the chair by the lips and onto the ground. After the rest of us jump in and settle this guy down and dump a load o' Kleenex on his sobbin' girlfriend, we find that this guy, and his whole club for that matter, really think this frog-face woman o' theirs is beautiful. Ya know — inner beauty? Ya know — like she had swans and flamingoes doin' takeoffs and landin's on the entrails of her soul? That kinda shit. Who wants to see that kinda shit? We wanted beauty. Surface beauty. Sleazy, shallow, fadin', non-lastin', superficial, cheap, tits-and-ass kind of beauty. Boner material. With a face on it. A face that didn't look like it had just tried to French kiss an explodin' porcupine. That's what we wanted. But that sure ain't what we were gettin'. We were gettin' human mudballs. Swampscum. You seen those pictures that *Life* magazine sometimes takes of aphids and then blows 'em up three thousand times an' has 'em lookin' back at ya across yer cornflakes? We got chicks that looked like those.

As if it wasn't bad enough that we weren't gonna get the cheap sexual thrills from this thing that we had hoped, it was even worse than that besides: the press had fallen in on this thing in a big way, and those turds were now havin' a field day, scribblin' like crazy to report this thing as one big heehaw. We figured that by the time they finished their work nobody would ever be able to say "biker chick" without someone else from somewhere pipin' up, "Oh! Harhar! Like you mean that broccoli bag that won that beauty parade you goofballs had? Do they all look like her? Yarharharheehee!" We didn't need that. That was the last thing we needed.

We called an emergency meetin' to try and crawl our way outta this mess. It was decided that there was only one honorable way to resolve the problem that would save our



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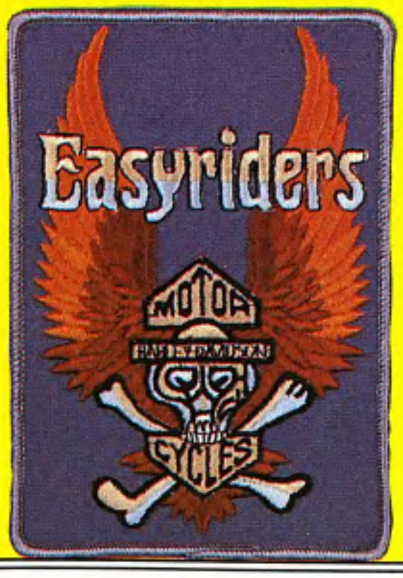
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A



C

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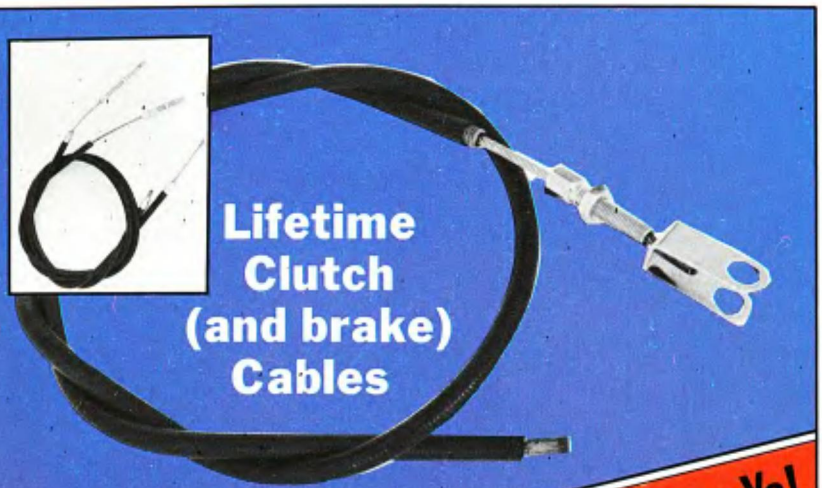
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dignity and preserve our self-respect and maintain some sort of pride, decency, and integrity to the whole affair, and the only solution was to rig the proceedin's.

Manny got his sister, who worked in an office somewhere and who in her part time was a show-business somethin'orother. Trainee or somethin'. I don't know. Whatever they got. Anyway, this broad can sing some, an' she don't look too bad at all. Uh course, in this writhin' heap o' twat-yeast, she woulda looked good caked in dog mucus. Only she wasn't. So in fact she looked pretty damn good. The only thing now was to insure that she won this pusfest.

That wouldn't really be so hard for her to do. She had all her teeth, they were evenly distributed, they were white, and they were in her mouth. One chick not only couldn't make the grade on the first three (and there were a lot of them that couldn't) she also had two teeth — you know, like part of an unborn twin in those freakbooks? — comin' out through her cheekbone. Her club nominated her to the contest because she had a heart o' gold. Shit, she prob'ly did. It was prob'ly danglin' out her ass.

Another reason why it prob'ly wouldn't be too hard for our chick to win was that we were the judges.

Lori — our entry — was given instructions not to act tough, loose, dippy, stoned, obnoxious, vile, spaced, or any other way she might have thought biker chicks were supposed to act, but just to be her nice, friendly self, and do her thing in a very normal manner, and we would be extremely happy. She'd become Miss Biker, we'd become relieved, and the bikin' community wouldn't become laughin'stocks. The press twerps were by now chompin' at the bit to try and make even more of a spectacle out of this than our own bros had stupidly managed to do, and we sure weren't gonna let that happen.

But it wasn't gonna be easy. The openin' ceremonies called for the entire whale, horse, and lobster varieties to come out on stage one by one as their name and club were called, walk around in a few quick turns and pose in the middle of the stage, smilin' tremendously, and then walk to a place just in front of a life-sized cardboard photo of themselves. Simple.

Some of them didn't come out. Some came out confused. . .they thought it was the talent portion and emerged carryin' washboards,

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saws, spoons, accordions, on roller skates, in hobo clothes, clown suits, wearin' animal bodies, zippin' up ballet skirts, bein' pushed out onto the stage in bathrobes, carryin' lipsticks in their hands; one chick came out tap dancin' like a flailin' dervish and then stopped and began cryin', and one came flyin' out with a shove in just her panties and a disoriented expression. Boy did *she* get a hand. What a fuckin' mess. Plus, you have to remember that every one of this now totally visible assembly of confusion was also very ugly and extremely misshapen.

By the time they all got announced, none of them was standin' in front of the right picture. Though in most cases it didn't matter. When you're a walrus and you're standin' in front of a picture of a bison, it's up in the air whether you've flattered yourself or done yourself harm.

The emcee disgustedly dismissed them, and then the talent portion of the contest began.

Each girl was given all the time she needed to dazzle the crowd into an apoplexy of joy and amazement, and, since they were all goony as clubbed seals, they spent most of that time standin' there tryin' to remember the last half of their numbers, puttin' their finger to their heads and re-mumblin' at high speed their whole act over again in semi-silence to bring them up again to the point where they'd forgotten everything to hopefully continue; walkin' over and pickin' up jugglepins, hats, canes, or somethin' else they'd lost control of: pickin' *themselves* up after some ass-over-teakettle header, or just lookin' off to the side of the stage in a hopeless search for aid.

Our chick, Lori, sang a nice little song, and played a nice little guitar,



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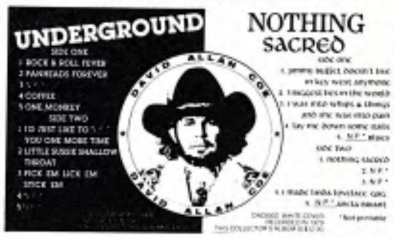
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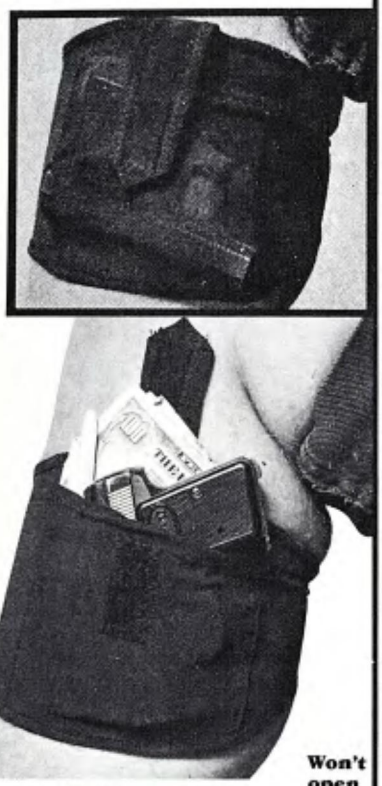


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and didn't bounce her pickup through her eye and run off screamin' with leakin' brain, or strangle herself in the mike cord, or do anything else that most of the others were doin', and we were very happy.

Then disaster struck. There were a few more assholettes to come out and make fools of themselves, and then the absolute ugliest of the whole parade comes out draggin' a piano. She's the size of a big-city post office, she looks like a vat full of squids, and she's generatin' enough body heat with her wiggles to melt asbestos. If we were forced to kick all these uglies out of there one by one, this is the one we would have unanimously 86'd first. And the last one we would've considered as a serious threat to our girl. Or would have wanted as one: the thought of her winnin' sickened us even more than she did herself.

This nightmare sits down and sings and plays Led Zeppelin's entire Carouselambra like she has the whole original recording ensemble in her body. And a looksee would have been justified: they could've fit easily.

She bangs. She wails. The final swoopin' ascensions of exult and travail slide upward out of earshot, the triphammer undercurrent of vibratin' rhythm followin' them off into the silent heavens, and she sways, bathed in oil and sweat, to a stop. The whole audience is sittin' forward in open-mouthed awe and rhesus-faced disbelief. We are too. Only it's rhesus-faced fear.

Then the roof comes down. The applause rocks the building. There's no end to it. It goes on and on. Five minutes. Ten minutes. It's horrible. We're finished. This gargoyle is gonna win it. She has to win it. We'll probably be killed if she doesn't.

Fortunately, our sense of what's possible and what isn't is so out of

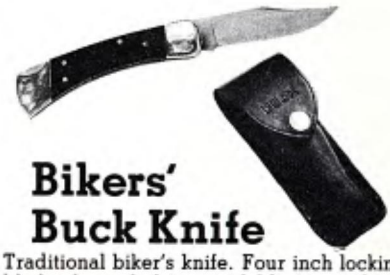


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phase with reality that we now become more determined than ever not to let this broad win. Let 'em kill us. Small fuckin' price to pay to keep this tweaked-out hippo from becomin' Miss Biker.

She gets up from the piano. Her hips and shoulders are the lower and upper curves of a big round ball that meets somewhere in the middle of her ever-pitchin'-and-yawin' waistline. In our starin' rage the particulars of her ugliness swarm over us. She's geeky. She's gooey. She's the size of a barn. She stands there smilin' and bowin' and informin' everyone by somethin' she's continually doin' that she has a severe catarrh problem. What she can't snort down she goes after with a finger, probin' vigorously, tiltin' her head and curlin' part of her upper lip up after it, as if tryin' to give her hand a push. Then she pulls her finger out and examines it to see if she's been able to salvage anything her uvula hasn't already battered into oblivion. Ohhh, fuck! Miss Biker? No. No. It could not be permitted to be, no matter what!

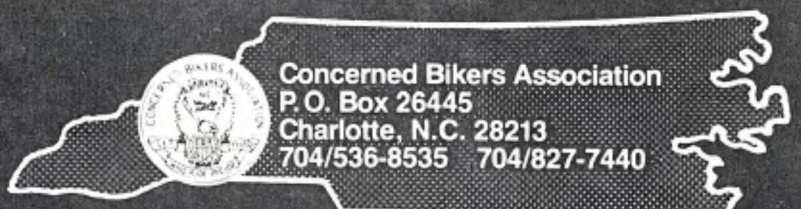
Eventually. . .finally. . .a long time later. . .the applause finally dies down, and Gwummphuhlumm — at least that's the way she pronounced her name — or Gwendolyn, as you say it when you're not chewin' sixteen Dagwood sandwiches in your mouth all at the same time — finally left the stage, pullin' her piano behind her with a rope, and we called an intermission to give people time to forget what they had just heard.

When they got back we finished with the rest of the. . .of the talent, and then the emcee announced that the ten semi-finalists would now be selected. Actually we only selected two: Gwendolyn — we were forced to include her — and Lori. On the others we just used the close-the-eyes-and-point-the-pencil method.

When we gave the list to the emcee, he announced the winners and they all came out and stood there. There was a cow, a rhino, a large potato bug, Gwendolyn, an elephant, a broomstick, Lori, the trunk of a tree, a spittoon, and a girl with a face that looked like the underside of a manta ray. Since they were all now standin' there in their club clothin' and/or ridin' duds, they were all gettin' big hands and loud cheers, and this made Gwendolyn recede back into the common background. Or brought the others out to the position she was formerly occupyin' alone, how-

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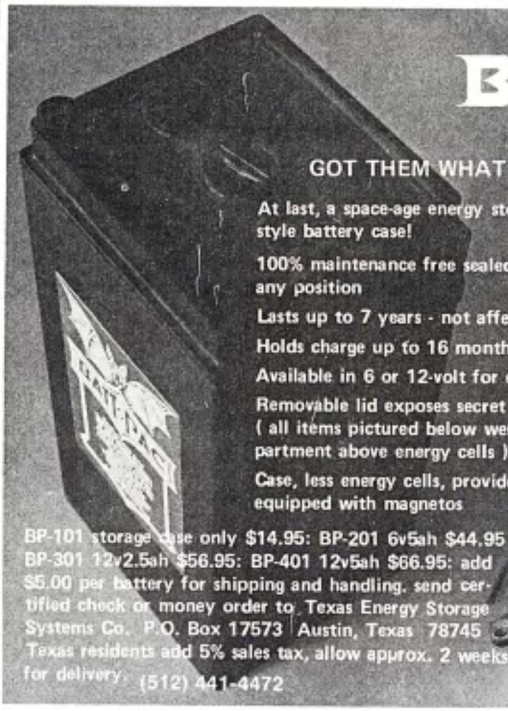


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ever you want to look at it. Either way, it was gonna make our havin' her come in second rather than first a little less conspicuous, and that's all we cared about.

They then left the stage, and after some few announcements, the emcee came back to announce the five finalists. Lori and Gwendolyn, and three other chicks that we didn't know who the fuck they were or what they fuck they did, they all came out and the emcee reaches into a bowl and pulls out a question and goes over to the first chick, Marsha, or somethin', and he says, "Now remember, these questions are in no way a reflection of your personal likes or dislikes or morals. They are designed primarily to determine how you handle yourself under stressful situations, and to aid the judges in deciding if you are, well, emotionally strong enough to carry the banner of Miss Biker for the whole year that you're gonna be. . .stuck with the damn thing."

Everybody laughed.

She smiled. "I'm ready."

"You should also know," the emcee continued, "that the questions are not a reflection of you. They are a reflection of the sponsoring club who dreamed them up after a six-hour bout with the whiskey bottle. At the city dump, judging from the contents."

Everybody laughed.

"I'm ready," she said.

"You should also know that you will not necessarily be disqualified for refusing to answer. In fact, it will probably go in your favor."

"I'm ready," she said after everybody stopped laughing.

The emcee opened the question and got a nauseated look on his face, and then shook himself to semi-attention and said, "You've been going with a guy for a while, and then finally marry 'im. A few days later you discover that he still shits his pants and wets the bed. What do you do?"

She stands there like she can't believe she's really supposed to answer this. The whole place is comin' apart, half-laughin', half waitin' excitedly for her response. She's still got this disgusted look on her face, when our chick, Lori, of all people, leans over and shouts, "Why would you get upset? You still bleed in your drawers once a month, don'tcha?"

The place goes nuts. We're lookin' at each other like excited little kids who've just found an ice cream mine.

He goes to the next chick.

"This guy you just met jizzes in your hand and you notice that not



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only is it bright green, but it's filled with hundreds of little worms that smell like a two-week-dead cat on a warm summer night. A half hour later this same guy tells you that he now wants to jizz in your mouth. What do you do?"

She's got this blanched, revolted expression on her face like she's gonna faint, when suddenly Lori leans over and yells, "Does he want you to swallow it or spit it out?"

The place was in an uproar again. Lori was pullin' this thing outta the fire. We wanted to kiss her. We almost ran up there.

He says to the next chick, "You buy two tickets to a Molly Hatchet concert. Your man takes 'em an' says he's gonna go with the chick down the street. What do you do?"

"They're my tickets, you say?"

"That's right."

"Well, gee. . .I don't know. Taking my tickets isn't a very nice thing to do. And then inviting another woman besides —"

"Tell 'im to sneak in a tape recorder!" Lori shouts.

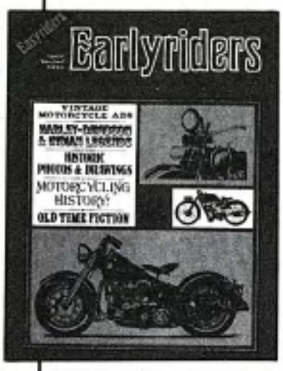
The place is upside down again. The chick's got this thing in the bag. The broad's born biker material, without any doubt.

He goes to Gwendolyn, the fuckin' troublemaker. The one with talent drippin' out her ears. He reads the question silently and then grins slightly. He's one of our crew, after all, and we can see that he's gonna try and make this bucktoothed horseface squirm as bad as he can.

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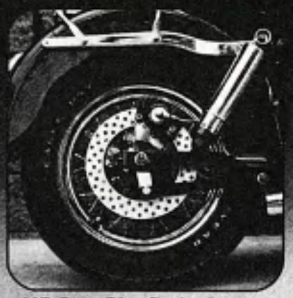
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then shoves a wrench down his throat and pukes up last night's beer-and-beandip party all over it, and then says casually, 'It needed some sauce.' What's your reaction?"

Gwendolyn shrugs and says, "Nuthin'. Pukin' on anything I'd cook wouldn't hurt it none."

We sink in our chairs. The whole rest of the place is rockin' back in its seats and slappin' its knees, filling the place with laughter.

Lori looks unconcerned. We're sittin' forward with our fists clenched, silently rootin' like crazy for 'er while tryin' to look like we're not doin' anything. "C'mon, Lori," we're mutterin', "don't let this rectum-faced stinkball get the best of ya!"

The emcee opens the question and his face sinks a little. We remember the questions we wrote and we recall now that Lori has wound up with the grimiest one of all. We all get a little sick.

"Your man comes home dead drunk and stumbles into the bathroom. Eventually he comes out and crawls into bed. A minute later he wakes you up and says, 'Go flush the toilet.' You get up and go into the bathroom and there's a steaming 16-inch log in the sink. What do you do?"

Lori looks at 'im blandly.

"I flush the toilet."

The roof flies off once again. Lori has survived. She not only has survived, she's running headlong toward the finish line with only three hundred pounds of overcooked macaroni in pursuit.

The girls are escorted off. Gwendolyn is hot. Lori is hot. Half the crowd wants Gwendolyn. Half the crowd wants Lori. But all that really matters is who we want. We want Lori. And that makes all the difference. For the rest of the year all this hilarity would be forgotten and only a body would be apparent to the



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world. And it sure as hell wasn't gonna be Gwendolyn's.

The emcee comes out and says, "We have what appears to be a temporary tie."

This was risky, of course. We could have just given it to Lori and not had too much trouble. But she was doin' so well now, and Gwendolyn was, all talent aside, still such a basically very stupid person, that we figured if she were given enough chances to prove it, eventually she'd come through on one of them.

The emcee says: "Both girls will be asked the same question. We ask you not to respond in any way to the answer, be it humorous or otherwise. This is very important, since the judges want to be influenced only by content, and not by audience reaction."

Sounded good, hey?

Lori's led off out of earshot, and we fold our hands at the judgin' table and stare at them as if we're about to begin concentratin' very hard on what we're hearin'.

The emcee says to Gwendolyn: "You come home and find your husband, who you love very much, in an intimate situation with another woman. He looks at you and says, 'Pack my bike. Me an' Suzie, here, are goin' ridin' for a couple o' days.' What's your reaction?"

Gwendolyn looks like he had just hit some long-dead nerve and revived it to full fury.

"That dirty sonofabitch! I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd get a shotgun and tell the bastard that if he didn't get his ass out of the house I'd blow it off! Then I'd sue the cocksucker for half of everything he had, and ninety percent of everything he'd ever get in the future! You fucking men are all alike! You think that just because some chick sucks your smelly dick you can make her go through anything!"



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The house was silent, all right, and not because they were told they should be. We're still facin' our folded hands, but our eyes are dartin' back and forth to each other next to us and we've got these sneerin' grins on our faces. This chick has blown it about as bad as she can blow it. She's put a blanket over the whole auditorium. We can elect Lori now even if she comes out and sings five choruses of "Khrushchev, Khrushchev, we love you so."

Lori comes out as Gwendolyn leaves, and the emcee says to 'er: "You come home and find your husband, who you love very much, in an intimate situation with another woman. He looks at you and says, 'Pack my bike. Me an' Suzie, here, are goin' ridin' for a couple o' days.' What's your reaction?"

Lori looks a little surprised, as if the ultimate question is too easy. She blinks.

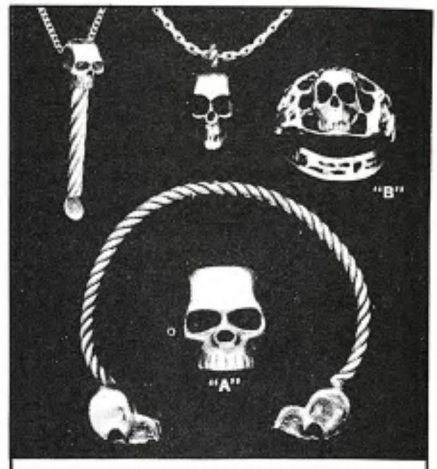
"I pack his bike."

In the quiet auditorium we drew long black lines through Gwendolyn's name. In the quiet auditorium we drew little happy stars around Lori's name. In the quiet auditorium we softly congratulated ourselves for havin' found such an outstandin' chick as Lori. In the quiet auditorium we heard Lori try to wrench one final bellylaugh out of what was, to her, a showbiz person's nightmare. . .a quiet auditorium.

"I pack his bike with newspapers and burn it to the ground!"

* * *

When Miss Biker comes to your town on tour, throw her some raw meat, hose some o' the dirt off 'er, put someone with a scraper on booger patrol, and spray 'er with Flit so she doesn't ruin the area's agriculture. But be nice to her too. She may be fat, she may be ugly, and she may be a bit on the jealous side; but at least as far as her attitude toward bikes is concerned, compared with Lori she is one beautiful person. Of course, compared with Lori, she is also six or seven damn ugly ones too. But, hey, who says you have to be slim to be beautiful? Certainly not the Astrodome. Or a grain silo in the sunrise. Or the Andes. Besides, next year there'll be another pageant and Gwendolyn will be forgotten. Well, I doubt if she'll ever be forgotten, but at least she'll be replaced, at any rate. And we can guarantee that next year's Miss Biker will be even better lookin' than this year's. And there ain't another beauty pageant in the world can make that statement. ■



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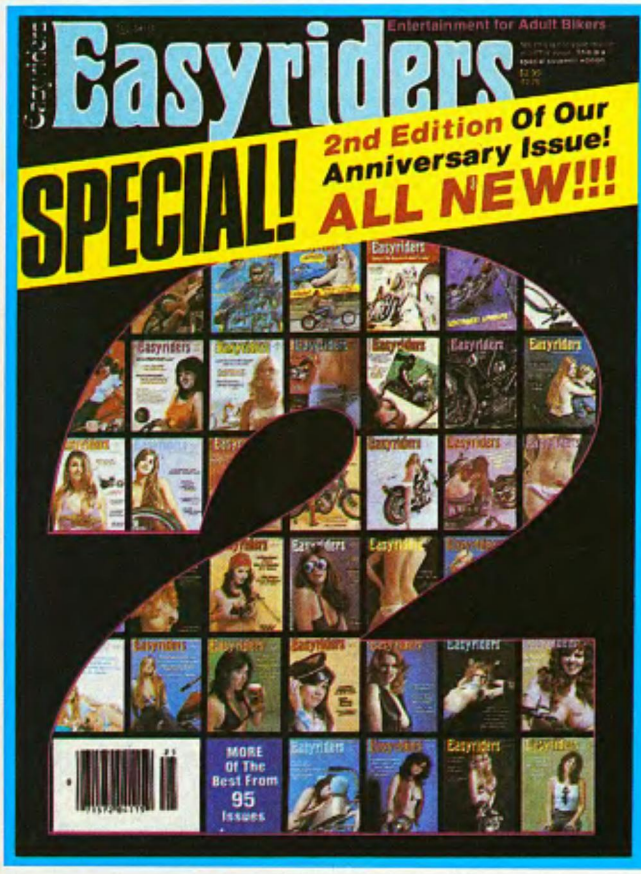
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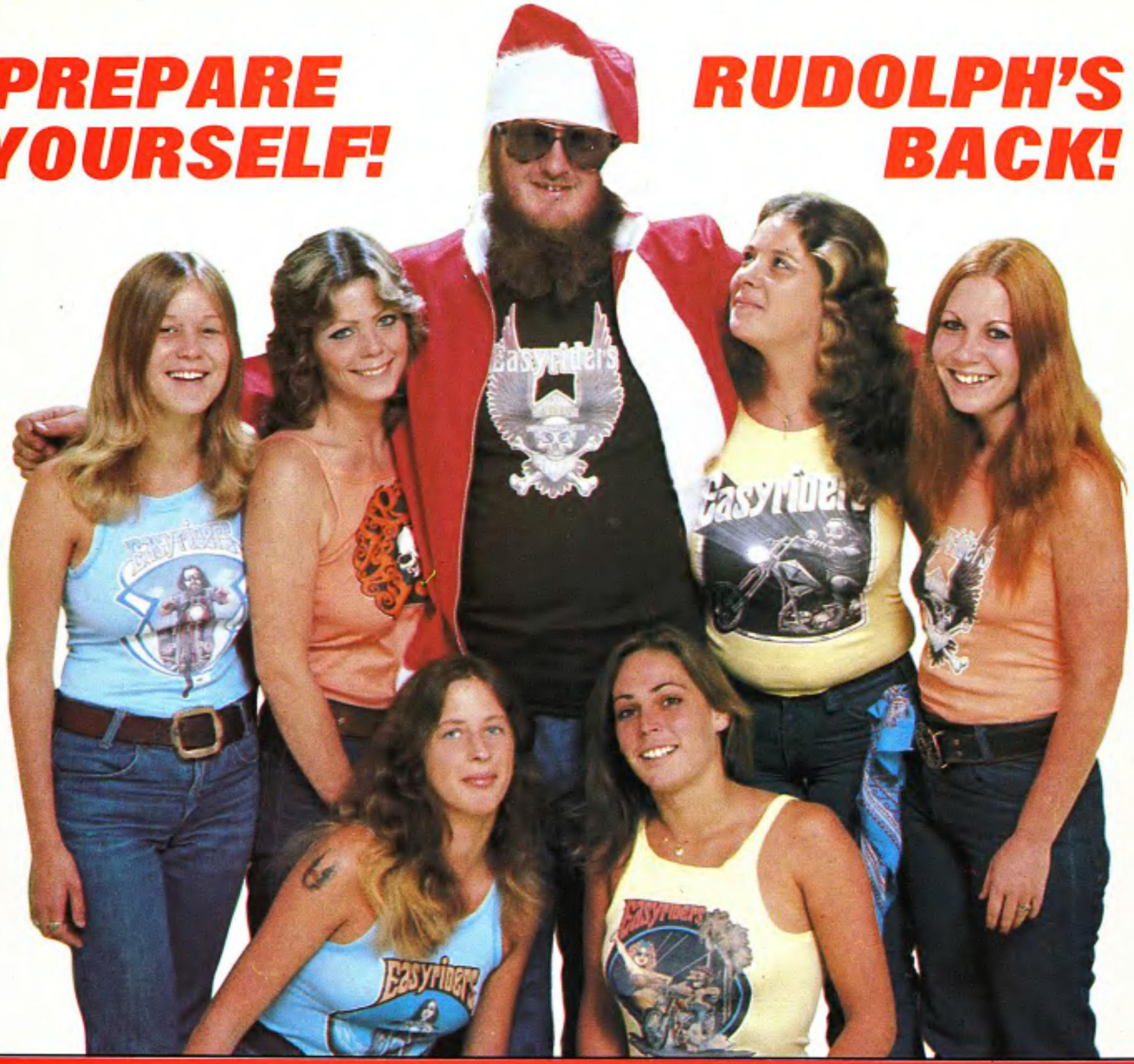
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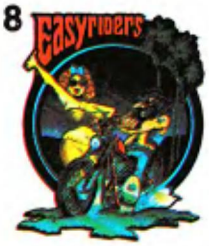
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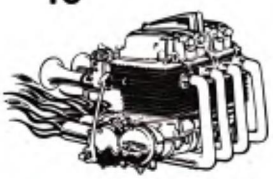
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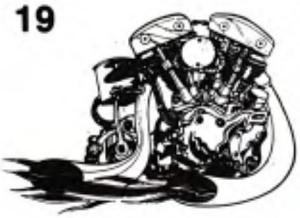
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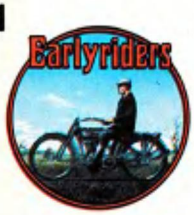
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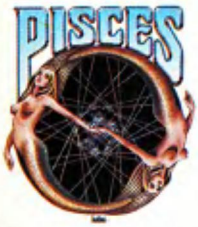
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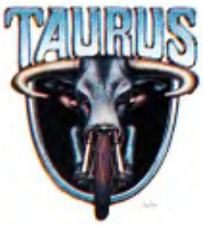
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36



37



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

Sizes S-M-L-XL

Shirt "B"



Blue
Peach
Yellow
Black

Sizes Petite — Average

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 _____

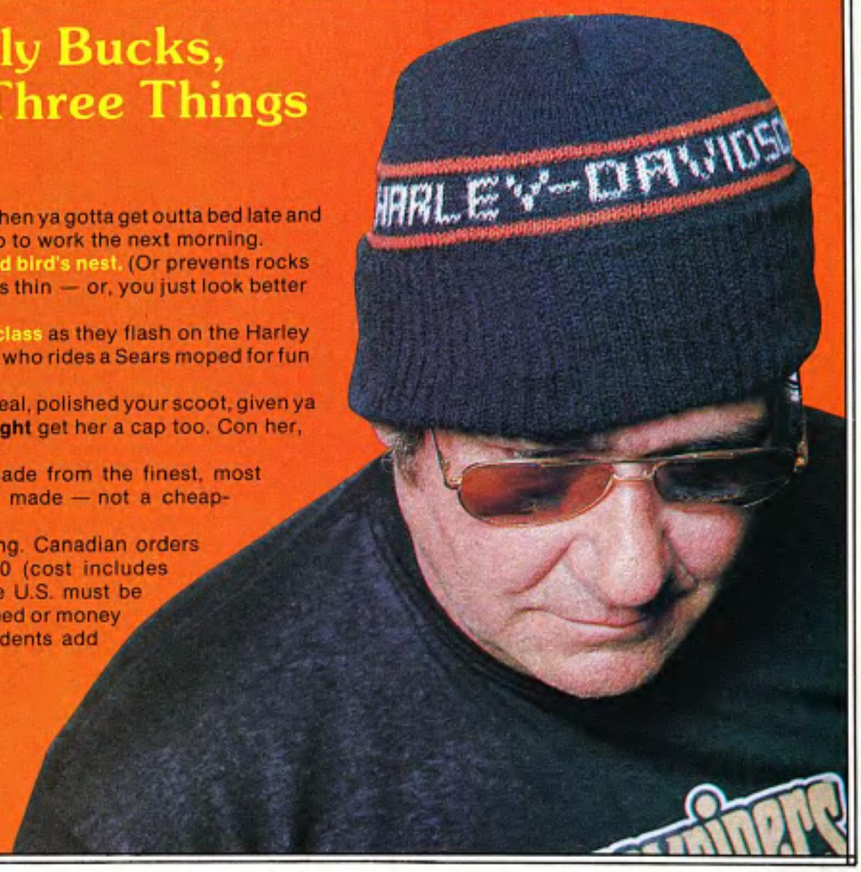
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

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 scoot, 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.

PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA
91301

Limited Edition Personally Signed and Numbered

(only 300 of each print — no more will be printed)

Dave Mann Prints

Here are three Dave Mann prints, painted exclusively for us. Only 300 of each painting were printed. Each one is personally signed and numbered.

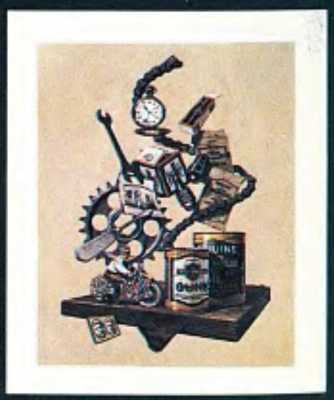
An ideal investment; for it will appreciate in value each day you own one. Be one of only three hundred people having one. To get a low number, order yours today. They are printed on high quality, heavy paper — all ready for you to put into a frame. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only one of three hundred and to be personally signed — Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

Once in a lifetime offer — $62.50 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). First come, first served — order yours today. Money orders shipped immediately. Allow 3 to 4 weeks for checks to clear. California residents add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs. (COD's accepted with $25.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.) We'll pay all costs of shipping and handling for money orders.



A. 29" x 24 3/4"

GREAT XMAS GIFT.



B. 30" x 23 3/4"



C. 29" x 24 3/4"

Mackenzie Company
Box 29,
Calabasas, California 91302

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; $2.50 per word for businesses, 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.
Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.
Note: closing date for adverisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

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

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

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

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8½ x 11 wall ministerial credential, send $10 to Rev. Dave, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (120)

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)

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)

Doing time; another 4½ years to go. Will draw your portrait from your clear, close-up photo (head and shoulders only). Send photo and $10 (money order only) payable to "Joseph Roberge #C-31954 and Calif. Dept. of Corrections." Send them to Joseph Roberge, Box 2000 N-216-L, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (120)

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

Tattooing outfit (complete), professional electric machine (no battery-operated toy), voltage reducer, ink, designs, $103.00. 360 popular designs, 21.95. Steele, Box 242-C, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (115)

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

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)

Larsen Leathers (new/used), Rt. 1, Box 425, Christiansburg, Va. 24073. (703) 382-4668. (116)

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)

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 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 Easyriders. (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)

Tired of sending hearts and flowers? Then send ours. Twelve original pen-and-ink all-occasion cards with the biker in mind. Insides 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)

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

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)

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)

Colorado: Pretty, 26, w/f looking for w/m biker for good times, etc. Jan, c/o 181 E. 56th, #402, Denver, Colo. 80216. (115)

Mattster: It's been a hard three years but I think we finally made it. Ride hard and stay free; we'll love you forever. Your ol' lady, Sherrie, and your kid, Khela D., 7-80. (115)

Andrew Gregory Plavny 8-22-82: Welcome to the fast lane, my future Harley-ridin' hell raiser. (115)

Bill T.: Read it cover to cover—do ya? Happy birthday 11-15-82. We'll love you forever. Patti and Daniel. (115)

Richard: I had a good time at the drive-in and the concert. Thanks for a hell of a good ride after the movie (on and off the Harley). Ride safe, California Girl. (115)

Corky: My #1 man. Happy 26th 9-9-56. Thanks for four great years, 11-16-78. Your lady, in the wind or not. Ann. (115)

Happy birthday, Slick: You may be turning 30, but you're classy, sweet and pretty, and you're the best ol' lady I could ever have. Love ya 4-ever, Bo. (115)

We are looking for members (men and ladies) for a new brotherhood. If you're righeous and solid and want to live free, then we want to hear from you. L.D., P.O. Box 499, Lebanon, Ore. 97355. (115)

Kirk: Happy birthday, sweetie, 10-12. How about a cup of tea? I miss you and love you very much. Karen. (115)

32-year-old gangster; have a couple left to do. White, tacked back, super healthy. Want all you foxes to send scribes and flicks; let's see what we can get going. Keith Capezio, C-39376, Room 6298, P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (115)

If you're taking the time to read this, why not take the time to answer it? We're interested in women serious about starting a relationship. Will answer all. Write to Buddy Barlow, Russell Buckley, or Michael Davern, P.O. Box 607, c/o N.S.P., Carson City, Nev. 89701. (115)

Hey Nook, Mouse and Anna, Breed and Toby: It's a girl! Haley Diane Stewart. Born August 6, 1982, at 3:35 a.m. James and Diane, El Campo, Texas. (115)

Tommy: Happy 2nd anniversary 9-9-82. All my love. Your Bubs. (115)

Margaret (Keith): You're right, everyday is one less. I'll be holding you soon. Love. Danny (115)

Big Bill and Caw Rider: Where the fuck are you? Get a dime and call us collect. F.M. and Connie. (115)

Mike: T.T.S.R.T.S. "The old woman and the boy." (115)

Kenny Martys, R.I.P.: I'm young, I'm wild, and I'm free! I'm hot on the track, and I'm agetting the fact. Nobody's gonna get me on another rap. So let it be known I'm just making my pay. Don't try to push your luck; must stay outta my way, 'cause I'm back. The "Yardville" Freebird, Bergen County, N.J. Huey Boyle. (115)

Shut down at Attica prison and doing time the hard way, two scooter jockeys seek relief and correspondence from sincere women. Write Fred Wood 81-1-2412, Rocky Arieno 81-C-325, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. (115)

Easygoing dude, 27, 6'5", 245 lbs., blond hair, green eyes, wants to hear from all you sweet ladies. Write and share a smile. Alan Stasinski #82A0173, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821-0051. (115)

Escape to freedom: Panhead-riding loner, Aquarian, 34, 6'1", 175 lbs., securely employed, still searching for that elusive, special lady. Someone to share a total commitment, as a partner, to a unique alternative lifestyle. Must be equally loving, possessive, and free from distractions to enjoy the good life and appreciate beating the system at its own game with its own rules. Recent photo appreciated and will be exchanged for same. Telstar, P.O. Box 358, McLean, Va. 22101. (115)

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

Kat: Happy 24th birthday 12-1-82. Forever friends. Freebird. (115)

Perverted Putt: The bike poster guaranteed to loosen your bullets. Mail $3 and $1 postage to 14516 Friar St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91411. (115)

For sale: One of Midwest's finest knuckle dressers, 1945 EL Deluxe, completely fresh, triple plate parts, $5,600. For info call (608) 838-8307, no collects, or write Dave Clements, 5406 Lani, McFarland, Wis. 53558. (115)

We need house mouse, small central Calif. town. No heavy drinkers or addicts. Must love kids. Reply to Crazy Dave, P.O. Box 113, Dixon, Calif. 95620. (115)

To the bros of Pegasus: Down time over and free at last; kick the scoots over; don't spare the gas. J.R. (115)

Swingers accept singles! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9600, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (115)

Biker wants a nasty lady to putt, fuck, and share house with. Also must be willing to help support the scooter. Must be affectionate and easy to look at. I like intelligent women, no losers. I get a small government check, enough to live on. E.J., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (115)

Mustang, Dirty Dog, and Flea: It's been a long time since Canon City, bros. Write Outlaw, P.O. Box 665, Walsh, Colo. 81090. (115)

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

Sweet Cheeks: I love ya. Six months will go by fast. I can't wait for the long, slow rides we enjoyed to start again, on my bike, of course. Kief. (115)

45 owners: Looking for more power? Parts at reasonable prices? Send 50¢ for new catalog to KNS Cycle, Box 289, North Baldwin, N.Y. 11510. (115)

Lonely biker chick in Toronto, looking for that special man. I'm 5'2", blond hair, blue eyes, 20, 140 lbs. Searching for serious relationship. No drug addicts. Send photo and letter, Kris, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (115)

Charley: Time is up, I'm out, they said; two-lane blacktop dead ahead. J.R. (115)

W/m, 22, is lonely and sure could use some mail from ladies who care. Randall Vanlandingham #18242, P.O. Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (115)

Bandit, surprise! A special message to let you know I'm always thinking about you. You mean the world to me. I love you, forever and always. Your woman, Jo Jo. (115)

Tim (T.E.S.): Happy anniversary 12-21-82. These have been the best three years of my life. I love you to pieces and back again. Your bunners, ol' lady, and wife, Ruth (R.A.S.) (115)

To the Q-T pie, beautiful young lady in the upper right-hand corner of pg. 68 of the Oct. '82 issue of Easyriders. If you're free, write to Daniel "The Baron" Gonzalez, C-17868, Represa, Calif. 95671. (115)

Ace Rainwater: Been four years since we jammed. Need a kite from you. Got good news. Andy (Hawk) Lynch, Rt. 1, Box 436, Clayton, N.C. 27520. (115)

Marina: May we always ride together and love together. Andy Lynch. (115)

Ladies: Two tramps down, but not for long. We need your companionship. Write Lionel Foret #87916 and Greg Spears #91257 at Camp J, Gar 2-L, Angola, La. 70712. (115)

Gerry: Just want to let you know we will always love you, babe. Ride free forever. Marilyne and Misty. (115)

White male, 30 years old, in jail and lonely. Will answer all letters. Looks and age unimportant. Spiros Prokopis #151391, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (115)

Custom seat service: Handcrafted seats built to your specifications. Old seats rebuilt with new foam in any pattern or colors from $59.95; catalog $1 refundable. Iron Horse, 3317 Warners Rd., Camillus, N.Y. 13031 (315) 448-9688. (115)

Suzan and Shannel: Write asap. Important! David, Box 5500, Chillicothe, Ohio 45601. (115)

W/m, 23, 5'10", 170 lbs., looking for special, together, no-bullshit lady. I'm good looking and love to party. I also have a degree in engineering. Send photo and letter to John Penn, 97½ E. 4th, Fond du Lac, Wis. 54935. (115)

Free Florida beach living. Do my housekeeping and answer my phone. Send recent photo and letter. No smokers, drinkers, or dopers. Tom, 404 1st St. No., Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. 33535. (118)

Sookie: Happy birthday. You are my life, have been, and always will be. I'll love ya till I die! Spanky. (115)

Wanted: Easyriders issues #1 thru #19, #25 thru #32, and #35. Must be complete and in mint condition. Will pay top dollar. Tom K. (516) 488-4275. New York area. (115)

Wild Bill's Tattooing. Roseville, Calif. By appointment only. (916) 783-9090. (115)

Gypsy Pete: Happy belated birthday, ya ol' pervert, Sept. 8. Party hearty and come back soon. Love ya. Suzie Q. (115)

Private party looking for Ku Klux Klan antiques, such as robes, books, and paraphernalia. Send list and price to Boxholder, Box 8933, Baltimore, Md. 21222. (115)

Dear Pappy: One day we'll be in the wind, carefree and happy once again. Keep the faith. I love ya. Your Sugar Dawn. (115)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for White Rights and against government tyranny. Write for free information and a copy of our newspaper, The White Patriot. We also have available Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items. 1214 Old Lee Highway, Tuscumbia, Ala. 35674. Phone (205) 383-5468. In Canada write P.O. Box 2415, New Westminster, B.C. V3L 5B6. (126)

1/4-24 tap, for H-D cam cover, tappet block $9.95. 7/16-16 tap for 45, UL, knuck head bolts $24.95. KNS, Box 289, North Baldwin, N.Y. 11510. (115)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, P.O. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, Ill. 60659. (115)

W/m looking for a righteous lady 24-30 yrs. of age for a possible relationship. Must be religious and ready to settle down to a good life. I'm 30 yrs. of age, 5'2", dark-blond shoulder-length hair, blue eyes, and weigh 110 lbs. I have my own house and a 1982 Wide Glide Harley. Write to James Haeberle, 1412 21st, Great Bend, Kansas 67530. (115)

Meet sexy girls, Your area. Instant dates. Juliet F, Fort Garland, Colo. 81133-0018. (115)

Ladies: W/m, 20, 6'4", 175 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Need letters to help me to '86. Into martial arts. Reply all. Jeff Lewis #32131, P.O. Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038. (115)

Aryan warrior chieftain, mercenary, sorcerer, age 31, 6'2", 240 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, "Odin" lord of battle, street commando, gangster daddy, "Doc" Holliday, lord of the outlaw kings, outlaw gangster blood brotherhood, leader of the worldwide church of man, Sport, power lifter. Hobby, guitar. Hardcore professional street-wise career criminal seeks nasty, kinky bi witch, bitch slaves into animal trainers, golden showers, BD, SM, voyeurs, masturbation, garter belts, hose and heels. All cultures 18-55. Send photo. Matt "Doc" Tidwell, Box 711, #C-61490 SCH #107, Menard, Ill. 62259. (115)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Raymond Barerras of Glendale, Calif., ask him to write LeeAnn, NAF ATSUGI, FPO Seattle, Wash. 98767. (115)

Ace: Happy birthday, baby. I know we'll always be happy, free, and in the wind. I love you, ol' man. Your moon baby. (115)

Canadian male, 30, 6'3", 195 lbs., athletic build, educated, loves Harleys and kids, looking for a woman to ride behind me and stand beside. Partying is fine but so is home, building a future; therefore no tire kickers or head cases, possibly relocate. All inquiries answered; photo appreciated. Contact V.P., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (115)

Easy: I love you and I'm waitin' for your release. Love always, Patti. (115)

Willian "Little Bill" Stoffers, born 5-3-82. May you ride free in the wind forever. Love, Bill and Lauri. (115)

Cindy Lou: Merry Christmas, honey. The baby will be here soon. I love you both. Take care. Your ol' man, Hopeless #12571. (115)

Rebel: You're the best. Anytime, anywhere. And sure, I've always got a scratch left in me! Lovin' you. Mo. (115)

Smitty: I love you, honey. Happy birthday, sire (11/25). Your ol' lady for life. Robin. (115)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (115)

Beautiful Mexican-Oriental ladies needing American husbands. Free details, photos. World, Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (115)

Lonely guy in prison wants women to write. 25 years old and white. Steven Meyers, P.O. Box 14, Concord, N.H. 03301. (115)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, $22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-C, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (115)

Preacher: My partner, my love, I miss you. All that is you forever tiptoes through my heart and mind, marking the "specialness" of all we shared from "the Hiltons" to "vat cellars." Cherished remembrances of caring. Must it be Thompson's first of the "Big Four" 18:15? I love you very much. Your San Antonio Rose. (115)

George: Happy holidays to you and your "Red Bitch"; rotsa ruck with 1983. Hope it keeps you smilin'! Miss ya bunches! Love, Flo. (115)

J.C. from D.C.: Happy 21st. Sorry, had to fly. Love, Snow. (115)

Wanted! Wanted! Husband back. Tom,can't live without you; miss you very, very much. I love you. Contact your wife, Ann W. You know the number. (115)

To Kathy "Kat" Crawford of Tampa: Get in touch with your ex-ol' man by mail. It's important for him to hear from you; and include a phone number where you can be reached. Kathy, drop him a line real soon; it's important for him to hear from you. Mouse. (115)

Single male with varied interests seeks intelligent, open-minded, friendly, understanding female for lasting relationship. Age or race unimportant. Write to Robert Chisolm #76A-1936, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (115)

Very warm, understanding, considerable, and beautiful-minded male is looking for someone to share the joys of life with. Must be friendly, understanding, considerate, romantic, and have a passion for living right. I am 36, and enjoy the company of mature women. Any race answer. Write to John Williams #73A-5994, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (115)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker, 37, active, intelligent, educated, very independent, good job, nice home in the 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)

Sage T. and 55 pan: Where are you and Puss? Need the trailer. Call collect (713) 735-8041. Gary Debbie, and BJ. (115)

Biker looking for ol' lady in Calif. to ride, party, and live with. Moon, 1203 No. 15th, Melrose Park, Ill. 60160. (117)

Meet sexy girls, your area, for dates. Juliet F., Ft. Garland, Colo. 81123-0018. (115)

Kickstand: Where the hell are you? Write me at 820 S. Lynn Riggs, Claremore, Okla. 74017 or call (918) 341-0910. Allen from Norman. (115)

Harold, aka Newton P. Finley: You are so good to us up here in the hills, and after all these years, you still excite me. Love always. Mary and Noah. (115)

Wanted: Tall, slim, hard-working ol' lady. Approx. 5'10", 130 lbs., between 18 and 30. I am starting a motorcycle parts and accessories business, and want an ol' lady who could also be my partner. Must be willing to sacrifice for the first few years. Will be working either Missouri or Oklahoma. Must be willing to relocate. If interested write Box 1873, Grand Forks, N.D. 58201. No money needed. No deadheads need apply. (115)

Swap Meets: Indoors Nov. 28, Jan. 9. K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo. (115)

J.R.: There is no place I'd rather be than in the wind with you. Happy birthday, babe! 12-12-82. Love, Charley. (115)

Freedom Star is down miles from home and needs to hear from you. Allen Johns, KSR, La Grange, Ky. 40032. (115)

Doing time makes a man lonely and bored. Ladies, if you're lonely too, just write. I'll be waiting to receive your letter and photograph (hopefully). Please write and let me be your friend by mail. Send to Ronald LaCroix, P.O. Box 686, C-00495, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (115)

T-shirts: Silk screened, white on black. "Follow a leader shit on a Honda," or "69 Breakfast of champions." Send $8 each. State size. Shirtworks, R.F.D. #3, Meredith, N.H. 03253. (115)

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Attention So. Cal. ladies: Wife and kids couldn't hang through the last year. Need a righteous lady who has loyalty and heart to guide me back to the free world. I'm 28, 6'1", blue-eyed, long-haired biker. Mike Reagan C-25569, W-28, P.O. Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Happy 3rd anniversary, Brad. You are the most loving man on earth and I love you more than life itself. Your hardheaded woman, Cindy. (115)

White bro, 22, 6'1", 220 lbs., wants good woman 18-25 who can cook, have good times, and likes to putt, and help get our shit together. Will relocate; one rugrat ok. Send pic to Bro Moe, 530 Hazel Ave., Ellwood City, Pa. 16117. (115)

Soon to be released: Good-looking w/male, 28, br. hair, bl. eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11" is looking to correspond with all ladies in hope of finding that special someone to come home to. Will answer all with picture first, and I'll send one too. Edward Doll, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (115)

To my cousin Chuck Pullman, whom I haven't seen since we were kids in Baudette. Congratulations on your marriage to Marcy. If you're ever in the southeastern states, look me up. Get the address from any relative. Cher. (115)

Was there ever a club named "Seance Inferred"? Information on history or whereabouts of members wanted by writer. Cash paid for photos. Charles Krafft, 622 S. Jackson St., Seatle, Wash. 98104. (115)

Kelly Thompson from Idaho: Write Rt. 2, Box 181, Eatonville, Wash. 98328 (206) 569-2613. (115)

I love you, Blue; I don't think I could ever say it enough. Thanks for giving me a lifetime to try. You're my whole world, babe, and I'm counting the days until you come home and we can really start livin'. Happy 23rd; I promise next year we'll make up for the last two we missed. Just wait, darlin'. Love, Your "Sunshine" forever. (115)

Lamar ((Hell Hole): Remember the great time in Daytona? If you ever change your mind, I'll still love you. Slick. (115)

Brother Allen: Time and effort will heal the wounds, with brothers and sisters pulling hard for you. A brave man, you will remain to be in the wind strong and free. Brother Bill, Mpls., Minn. (115)

Face: In life there are always peaks and valleys, but with you I have no valleys. I'll love you always. Half-pint. (115)

1968 Harley-Davidson, custom show winner, chopper, $3,500 or trade for automobile, truck, van or??? Will accept $1,850 down and twelve payments from honest Christian biker. Sportster with stroker kit, over-sized pistons, valves, four girder, double springer, molded frame, etc. (312) 243-2131. Mort, Box 11975, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Wanted: Christian biker ol' lady to travel to warm places with me this winter. (115)

Cute and cuddly; used to be, but now a little older and a little more worn. W/m, late 20s, big and bearded, with chopped Hog, needs lady to help make it through another depressing New England winter, and to feel those special feelings I haven't felt in a while. Maybe move in with me too; treat me good and I'll treat you the same. Prefer young stuff, but depends on the lady. Send letter and photo to Down But Not Out, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (115)

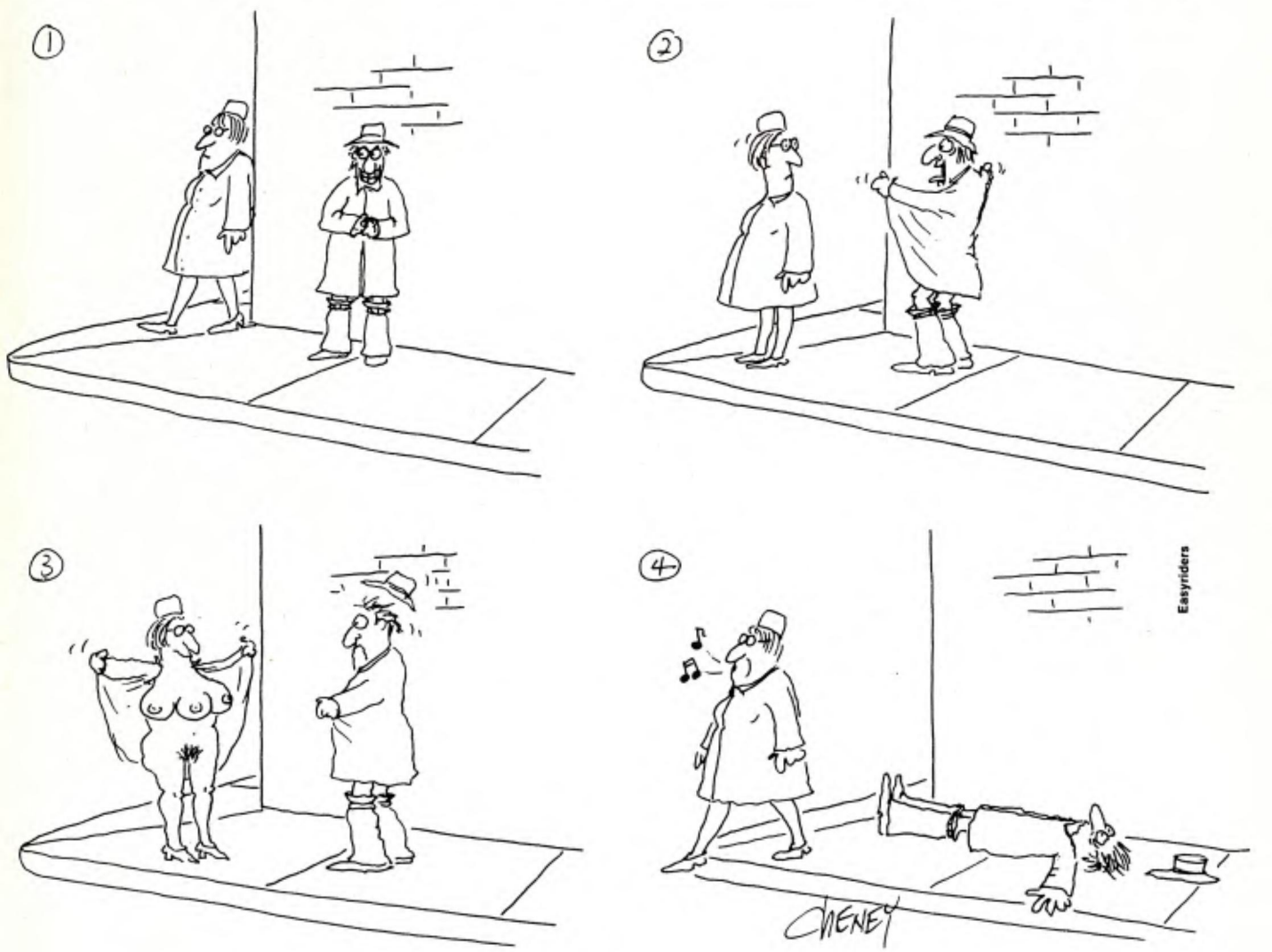
Wild Bill: Dennis is dead! You can call Roger at (803) 448-5044.

Van Micksal Savage (Mule): Write Terry Van Ryan #30287, P.O. Box 1059, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501. Write as soon as possible. (115)

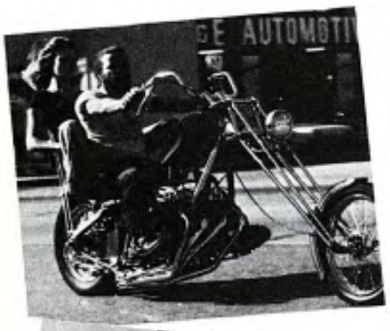
21-year-old bro needs letters from people who care. Will answer all. Write to Joshua Williams #17333, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

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Shouldn't Be

Continued from page 95

sound desperate. "Don't I get a phone call, man?"

"He's right," said Earp. "We've got to do this by the book. And then lock 'im up!" he laughed. His laugh was even more unpleasant than his eyes.

A short while later, the three law officers were sittin' together in Will's office. "Well, deputy," said Earp, "just exactly what drugs did he have with him?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, was he carryin' STP, LSD, DMT, PCP, MDA, or what?"

"Shit, I didn't know there were so many drugs," admitted Will. "You fellas sure know your stuff."

"We have to in our line of work," said Earp. "And we have to know what kind of drugs this biker was carryin' or the judge'll throw the case out of court."

"Well, I sure don't know," said Will, pushing the box of pills across the desk. "Here. You better take a look for yourselves."

Both agents grabbed for the box. Earp took one pill in his hand. For a moment, he seemed about to pop it into his mouth. Then he sniffed it instead.

"What is it?" Will asked.

"Hard to tell. Could be almost anything, you know." Earp and Mastersen both frowned.

"Have to be certain," said Earp. "If we're wrong, we'll be in for a nasty false arrest suit. These drug dealers have the best lawyers their dirty money can buy. One small mistake and — *wham!* — they turn the whole thing around and we're the ones in trouble."

"Listen, deputy," said Mastersen, "we'd better taste — I mean, test this stuff right away. Do you happen to have a back room where we can set up our lab stuff? " He held up a small briefcase.

Will showed them to a room near the cells and, with the 15,000 pills firmly in their control, the two agents swept into the room and slammed the door in Will's face. "Sorry, deputy," Mastersen called through the door, "this is strictly confidential." Will shrugged and walked away, smiling.

He was thinking of a possible citation and still smiling when the agents rejoined him an hour later; but he dropped the grin as he saw their frowns. "What's wrong, boys?" he asked plaintively.

"Shit!" Earp tossed the box of pills



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carelessly onto the desk. A few tablets rolled out. "That's aspirin, deputy. Fifteen thousand orange aspirin. If I were you, I'd take a handful. You'll need 'em for the headache this is gonna give you."

Earp sank dejectedly into a chair, his eyes hidden behind the dark sunglasses. Mastersen leaned against the wall. "Sorry, deputy," he said, "but that's about the size of it. That's aspirin and you're screwed."

Will was still trying to digest the bad news when the office door burst open and a woman in a tailored suit stormed in. She started shouting immediately. "All right, clowns! Where's my client?"

"Who're you?" asked Earp, with an uneasy expression.

"Carol Brokaw. Of Brokaw and Brokaw, attorneys at law. San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York. And Dallas." She glared. "Now, where's my client?"

"Who's your client?" asked Will, though he had a feeling he knew exactly who her client was.

"My client is Mr. Lewis B. Lewis. You have him locked up on some trumped-up drug charge. I strongly advise you to release him immediately and then prepare yourselves for a multimillion-dollar damage suit for false arrest. It's obvious that you are attempting to fabricate a charge against a decent, law-abiding citizen just because he looks like a biker. Now take me to see my client. Immediately!"

Will led her to the cell and then returned to the office. "Things don't look too good, boys," he whined. "Are your sure it's just aspirin?"

"Just aspirin, deputy," said Earp, "and you're right. Things don't look good. But we'll try to get you out of this one. The first thing you'd better do is let that biker out."

* * *

The five of us just about filled the office. Carol was still shoutin' about



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false arrest when Earp cut 'er off. "I'm Agent James Earp, ma'am," he said, "of the Federal Bureau of Dangerous Drugs. It's possible that these pills are harmelss" — he waved his hand toward the box on Will's desk — "but we've been followin' your client for some time on other matters. Actin' directly on information from FBI files. We know a lot of things that I'm sure your client probably wouldn't want dragged out in court —"

"Wait a minute! Are you trying to blackmail my client?"

"No, ma'am. Just sayin' that everyone'd be a lot happier if we let things drop. Right here. Right now." Earp gave me a hard look. "Tell your lawyer lady, boy. Are you ready to go into court?"

I coughed. "Say, Carol," I said, "maybe he's right. Maybe we should drop the whole thing. Let's just get the hell outta here."

"I hate to let these clowns off easy," she snapped, "but you're the boss. Come on. Let's go." I smiled and followed Carol out the door.

Will let out a sigh. "Christ! Glad we've seen the last of those two. Wasn't easy gettin' 'em outta here."

"No, it certainly wasn't," Mastersen agreed.

"Listen, boys," Will went on, "I reckon I owe ya a whole lot. You saved my ass for sure. Anything I can do to even things up?"

The two agents stared at each other and then looked back at Will. "Ya know what, deputy," said Earp. "There is something we could use. Those orange pills."

"Of course!" echoed Mastersen. "They'd be perfect."

"I don't understand," said Will.

"Well, deputy, we can't really tell ya too much. Just a little operation we've been settin' up. And believe me, we could use some bait. If ya know what I mean."

Will smiled and then winked. "Sure, boys. I understand. Hell, yes! Take all those damn pills. They've been nothin' but trouble to me.



"I think we lost it when you shoved the judge's head up your ass and threatened to fart."

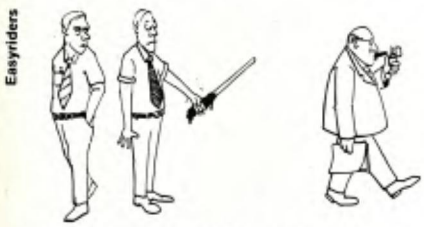
Take 'em with my thanks. And happy hunting!"

* * *

Law 'N' Order. City Museum. World's Largest Petrified Hangin' Tree. Turn back five miles. Carol was reading the highway signs.

Train was rubbing his newly shaved chin, trying to adapt to his new clean-cut look. He wasn't wearing the sunglasses anymore and his dilated pupils were proof of the rigorous testing program he and his friends had run on the orange pills back in Law 'N' Order. "Hey, Bones," he called out. "I want ya to know that our testing program gives your acid the highest grade. Five stars."

"Make that ten stars!" yelled the bogus Mastersen.



"It's obvious who got the shit end of the stick on that deal."

"Twenty!" put in Carol, who had started her own testing program as soon as she was back at the bus.

They all smiled and continued westward. And upward.

I leaned back in the armchair, still tellin' myself that I had really pulled it off. I was gonna make L.A. on time. No connections were gonna be broken. No skulls, either. I could deliver the acid, pick up my payoff, and then repossess my repossessed scooter. Ah, to be in the wind. Carol wants to ride with me. Told me so as we left the Law 'N' Order jail. Her tits will look good in a halter top, and shorts will fit her ass nicely. And no one gives better head. I mean, that chick can suck!

Yeah, right. We'll be ridin' free.

* * *

Back in Law 'N' Order, Will sat down at his desk. Bummed out. He'd blown the big arrest after all, and almost got his ass sued. Somewhere in the back of his mind there was a little naggin' doubt, though he couldn't put his finger on exactly what was botherin' him. "How'd that lady lawyer get here so fast?" he finally said aloud. "She fly in on a helicopter, or what? Where'd that biker get hold of her? Who did he call on my phone?"

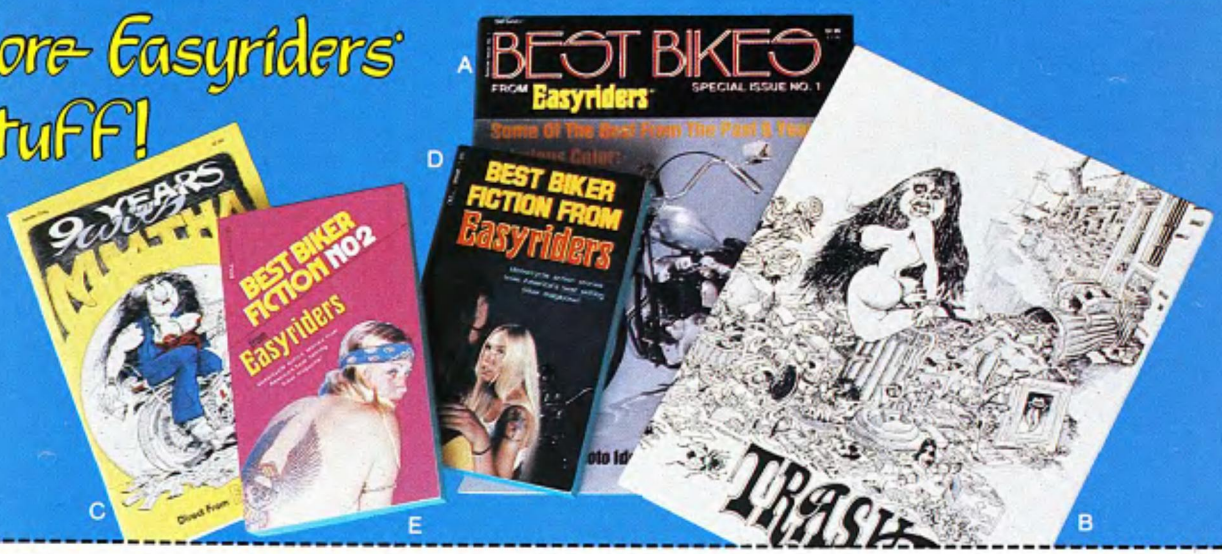
Just then, the office door opened and a short, thin-haired dude stepped inside. "Hi there, Will," said Ray Betchel, owner of the Law 'N' Order Pizza Palace. "Someone here called in an order for a large anchovy pizza to go. It comes to eleven sixty-four. Who's paying?"

Will stared at Ray. Nothin' made any sense. He couldn't figure out what was goin' on. All this thinking was givin' him a headache. He glanced down and saw the three orange pills that had spilled out earlier. *What the hell?* he thought. Might as well take some aspirin and get rid of this headache.

And he popped the three pills into his mouth. ■



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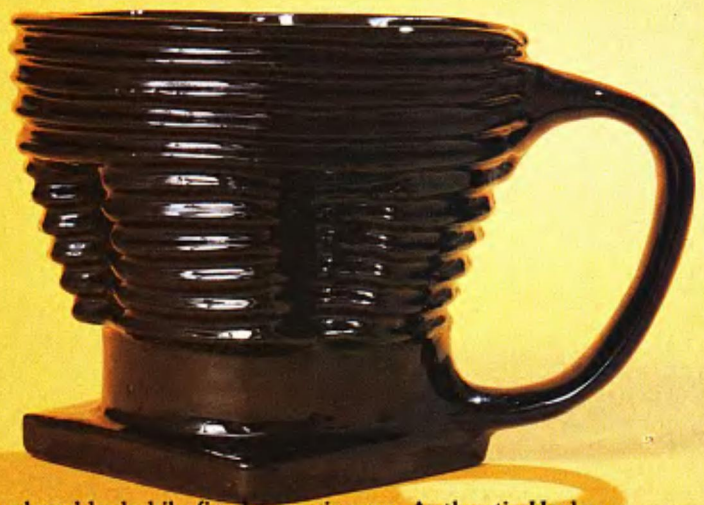
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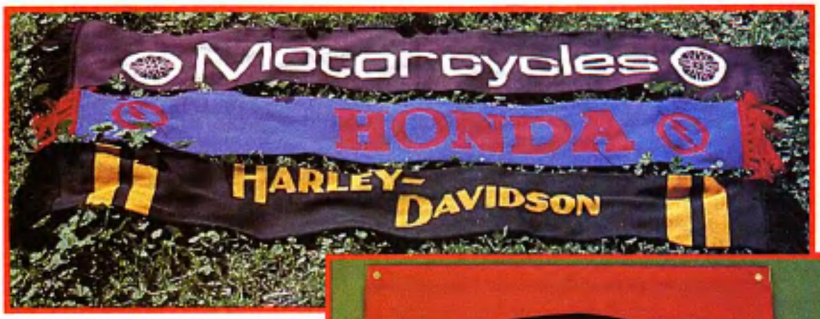
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Lockdown

Continued from page 76

do with a lawsuit, currently before the state supreme court, challenging the state's right to censor prisoner publications.

The officials also claimed that axing the papers doesn't interfere with prisoners' free speech rights because, in their opinion, the only purpose of a prison newspaper is to help the administration communicate with the inmates.

Despite their contention that eliminating the papers was necessary to save money, the officials said they were considering starting staff-written papers to deliver their pronouncements to the inmates. They declined to explain why a staff-written paper would be less expensive to publish than an inmate-written paper.

Stay And Pay

Madison County, Iowa, has become the first county to take advantage of a new state law allowing local municipalities to attempt to charge prisoners for their room and board in county jail.

According to the law, the fees charged the prisoners must be set by a judge and based on ability to pay. How the money will be collected from convicts who didn't leave bulging bank accounts behind them when they checked into jail has not yet been decided. A spokesman for the sheriff's department, which administers the jail, noted that most of his "guests" are represented by public defenders because they have no money. "I think it's impractical," he said of the new law. ■



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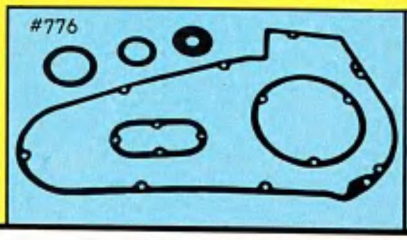
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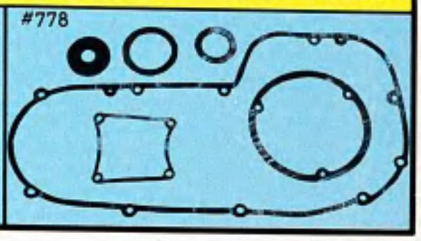
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Get 'Em All Here!



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Beat a path to your nearest dealer and ask him to cut loose of a Jammer's Handbook. This one's the latest . . . full of color, full of scoots, full of your kind of parts.
Remember, your man at the shop can get it all for you. Ask him to get on the phone and call us.
All you gotta worry about is pickin' your pleasures.
Listen, if you're days away from a dealer, check your local magazine rack.
If they're sold out, we'll mail you a Jammer's Handbook when you mail us $3.95 (a buck of this gets it to ya).

Jammer Cycle Products
801 So. Main St. Burbank, CA 91506

ESSENTIALS

How To Get E
(See Page 12



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

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 . . . 3¼" Black, 4¼" Handle 31.50
G. 13404 . . . 4" Blade, 4⅞" 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 . . . 3¼" Blade, 4¼" Handle 9.50
I. 134013 . . . 2⅝" Blade, 3½" 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, 4½" Handle 33.75

K. Polaris Sheath

13409 . . . For 13405 Knife 9.50

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, 5⅝" Blade, 6" Handle 33.75
M. 134017 . . . Camper, 4⅛" Blade, 4⅝" Handle 31.50
N. 134015 . . . Sport, 4" Blade, 4⅞" Handle 29.50
O. 134014 . . . Magnum, 2⅞" Blade, 3" Handle . . . . . 18.95 (Sheath not needed)

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

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)

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

Replacement Lenses

130020	Clear	11.50
130021	Smoke	13.75

F. Climax Goggles
Laminated curved lenses, expandable strap.

130016		51.50

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

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

WEARIN'& CARRYIN

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)



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
85091 . . . Black, Sm 34.95
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
Crescent wrench (5½" long), 2½" blade, flat & phillips screwdrivers, file, awl and bottle opener.
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

No Matter Who You Are Or Where You Are, You're Covered!

Part of living in the best lane means making sure there's always a taste of everything waitin' for you. To help assure you we suggest that you begin your jammin' with a trip to one of our stocking authorized dealers listed here. You'll find him t be your kind of people. Have him familiarize you with his rollin' stock of good-lookin', go-fast Jammer products.

ADVERTISEMENT

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HOUSE OF HARLEY, 4334 Spenard Rd., **Anchorage**/(907) 248-5300

ARIZONA
HOPPER'S HAWGS, 2332 E. Santa Fe Ave., **Flagstaff**/(602) 774-3305
THE WHEEL SHOP, 1621 E. McDowell Rd., **Phoenix**/(602) 253-1344
TUTTLES, 1881 N. Acoma Blvd., **Lake Havasu City**/(602) 855-8106

ARKANSAS
ROAD HOUSE, Rt. 2 Box 196 E., **Dardanelle**/(501) 229-3742

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BILL'S MONTEREY CUSTOM MOTORCYCLES, 1965 Del Monte Ave., **Seaside**/(408) 899-1416
CUSTOM CHOPPER PARTS, 7705 Fair Oaks Blvd., **Sacramento**/(916) 944-2160
CYCLE CRIB, 1431 E. Sierra Ave., #101, **Fresno**/(209) 435-3480
CYCLE SPECIALTIES, 301 Maze Blvd., **Modesto**/(209) 524-2955
HIGHWAY CLASSICS, 1714 Palm Ave., **Imperial Beach (San Diego)**/(714) 429-0844
JAMMER CYCLE PRODUCTS, 6417 San Fernando Rd., **Glendale**/(213) 843-0597
PAPA'S CHOPPER SHOP, 2609 Meyers, **Oroville**/(916) 533-3659
STUART'S CHOPPER CENTER, 4976 B Parallel Rd., **Anderson**/(916) 365-6383
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THORP'S H.D., INC., 820-824 18th St., **Bakersfield**/(805) 325-3644

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CONDER'S HD, 1905 E. 4th St., **Pueblo**/(303) 542-9332
D & C ENTERPRISES, 725 Pitkin Ave., **Grand Junction**/(303) 245-0812
H&S ENTERPRISES, 30040 West U.S. 40, **Steamboat Springs**/(303) 879-7342
HAWG WILD CUSTOM CHOPPERS, 4315 S. Lincoln, **Loveland**/(303) 669-5589
MILE HIGH V-TWIN, 851 U.S. Hwy 224, **Denver**/(303) 289-1768
2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP, 1433 W. 38th Ave., **Denver**/(303) 433-0564

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GEORGIA
BLUE RIBBON CYCLES, 1584 Atlanta Rd., **Marietta**/(404) 432-3614
SOUTHERN CYCLE, 30 North Ave., **Buford**/(404) 945-3312

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CHICAGO HD, 6958 N. Western Ave., **Chicago**/(312) 338-6868
CYCLE MANIA, INC., 7469 Jensen Blvd., **Hanover Park**/(312) 837-5857
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DANVILLE H.D., 735 Maple Ave., **Danville**/(606) 238-7697

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IRON HORSE CORRAL, 1211 South 2nd St., **Monroe**/(318) 323-4976
LOUISIANA JAMMER CYCLE PARTS, 3517 Paris Rd., **Chalmette**/(504) 279-0803
WAMMER JAMMER, 424 N. University, **Lafayette**/(318) 234-5032

MASSACHUSETTS
BURKE'S M/C PARTS & ACC., 505 Springfield St., **Feeding Hills**/(413) 786-0715

MICHIGAN
FINCH'S CUSTOM STYLED CYCLES, 4480 Joslyn Rd., **Pontiac**/(313) 391-0200
PRINDLE MARINE & SPORTS CTR., 219 No. Main St., **Lawton**/(616) 624-2941
ROCKY'S CYCLE SUPPLY, 4014 S. Saginaw St., **Burton/(Flint)**/(313) 742-5420
SPORT CYCLE, 1800 & 1698 Broadway, **Bay City**/(517) 894-2211

MINNESOTA
TWIN CITY JAMMER, 3752 Nicollet Ave., **South Minneapolis**/(612) 825-7133

MISSISSIPPI
MERIDIAN CYCLE SHOP, 2041 S. Frontage Rd., **Meridian**/(601) 693-4051
SOUTHERN SUPER CYCLE SUPERMARKET, 4533 Pass Rd., **Biloxi**/(601) 388-8700

MISSOURI
CUSTOM M/C EMPORIUM, 2520 Old Gravois, **High Ridge**/(314) 677-6262
DOUG'S CHOPPERS, 3009 Highway #10, **Avondale**/(816) 452-8999
FRED'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 112 W. Grand, **Jasper**/(417) 394-2817

MONTANA
BOZEMAN CYCLE SUPPLY, 1110 W. Main St., **Bozeman**/(406) 586-8928
HARLEY CHARLEY CHOP SHOP, 409 Montana Ave., **E. Missoula**/(406) 728-4979
MARK'S A-LOT, 1800 Cedar St., **Helena**/(406) 443-6333

NEBRASKA
HD SALES, 1053 27th Ave., **Columbus**/(402) 564-8733

NEVADA
THE MOTORCYCLE SHOP, 213 Sage St., **Carson City**/(702) 885-7474
CUSTOM CYCLE ACCESSORIES, 2960 Westwood Dr., #21, **Las Vegas**/(702) 732-0442

NEW JERSEY
HARRY'S CYCLE STOP, 8121 Bergenline Ave., **N. Bergen**/(201) 854-6675
MIDDLESEX CYCLE SALES, 54 Mulvaney Rd., **Old Bridge**/(201) 238-2250
THE BIKE SHOP, 81 Main St., **S. Bound Brook**/(201) 356-1383

NEW MEXICO
DAVE'S CYCLE, 901 W. Santa Fe, **Grants**/(505) 285-5303
FARMINGTON HD, 111 E. Pinon, **Farmington**/(505) 327-3733
QUALITY CHOPPERS, 410 S. Stanolind Rd., **Hobbs**/(505) 393-7056

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CUSTOM CYCLE, 1610 Pine Ave., **Niagara Falls**/(716) 284-2615
THE MOTORCYCLE SUPERMARKET INC., 6695 S. Transit Rd., **Lockport**/(716) 625-8271

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GENE LUMMUS MOTORCYCLE PARTS, 6051 Yadkin Rd., **Fayetteville**/(919) 868-6568

NORTH DAKOTA
BENNIE'S CYCLE SERVICE, 3701 S. Broadway Hwy. 83 S., **Minot**/(701) 852-0874

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BEAR'S BIKE & WELDING, 415 W. Main St., **Rovenna**/(216) 297-7279
HD OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC., 1707 Mahoning Ave., **Youngstown**/(216) 792-2002
JAMES SMITH PARTS CO., 4117 Main Ave., **Ashtabula**/(216) 992-2137

OKLAHOMA
GILL'S INC., 1115 8th St., **Woodward**/(405) 256-5822

OREGON
MAKE IT RUN, 2164 W. 7th, **Eugene**/(503) 687-9762
M & J CUSTOM BIKES, 3650 S.W. 3rd, **Corvallis**/(503) 752-7402

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CHOPPER SHAK, INC., 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., **Pittsburgh**/(412) 881-0433
CUSTOM CHOPPER SHOP, Route 22, **Delmont**/(412) 468-8135
EAST AMERICAN MOTORSPORT, R.D. #1, **Punxsutawney**/(814) 938-5710
KOSMIC KOLORS, Fitbar St., **Easton**/(215) 253-5333

TENNESSEE
CUSTOM CYCLE OF UNION CITY, 1106 S. First, **Union City**/(901) 885-8200
SUPER CYCLE, 620 S. Bellevue, **Memphis**/(901) 725-5991

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BIKER'S CUSTOM, 7278 Alameda Ave., **El Paso**/(915) 772-4827
CHARLIE'S CUSTOM CYCLES, 1802 Se. Armstrong, **Denison**/(214) 463-4681
CYCLE ACCESSORIES, 16 N. Main St., **San Angelo**/(915) 658-3049
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J.J.'S CUSTOM SPECIALIST, 1010 Yupon St., **La Marque**/(713) 935-5873
NORTHTOWN CUSTOM CYCLES, 1318 Basse Rd., **San Antonio**/(512) 736-1914
POOLE CYCLE PARTS, 4801 Peach Tree Rd., **Balch Springs (Dallas)**/(214) 286-5351
S&S CYCLE & SUPPLY, INC., 816 Amarillo Blvd., **Amarillo**/(806) 374-8760
VICTORIA HD, 1410 N. Main St., **Victoria**/(512) 575-7881

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STEPS CHOP SHOP, 1025 Pitt Ave., **Bremerton**/(206) 373-9944
TUMBLEWEED CUSTOMS, 6517 Central Park Dr., **Aberdeen**/(206) 532-4742

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HD OF APPLETON, INC., 2144 W. Wisconsin Ave., **Appleton**/(414) 733-2258

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H.D. M/C OF EDMONTON, 12510 82nd St., **Edmonton, Alberta**/(403) 474-5841
K.J.'S ENGINE SERVICE LTD., #5 4404 12 St. N.E., **Calgary, Alta.**/(403) 276-8008
VALLEY MOTORCYCLE CTR., 1540 Keehn Rd., **Kelowna, B.C.**/(604) 860-6138
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SOUTHERN CYCLES, Commerce Estate, 69 Kingston Rd., **Leatherhead, Surrey**/(Leatherhead 78000)

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SOUTH AFRICA
RUSTY'S CUSTOM CYCLES, Hendrik Verwoerd Dr., **Randburg**/48-4909

SWEDEN
CUSTOM CYCLE, Kungsgatan 78 753 21, **Uppsala**/018-141330-141370

WEST GERMANY
W&W CYCLES, Grombuhlstr. 148700, **Wurzburg**/0931-22313

STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS ■ STOCKING AUTHORIZED JAMMER DEALERS

Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

801 South Main Street
Burbank, California 91506

Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.

ORDER FORM

We will ship UPS ground unless otherwise specified. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet UPS requirements or is out of UPS area we will ship via next best way.

We cannot ship C.O.D. to foreign countries, nor to Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, Canal Zone, APO or FPO addresses. Customers in these areas must remit payment in full including shipping and handling charges.

Those eligible to order C.O.D. must remit a minimum of 25% deposit when placing the order. Order will be shipped C.O.D. for balance plus shipping and handling.

To avoid having to pay C.O.D. fees we suggest that you remit full payment with your order, including shipping and handling charges. (Orders too large to be shipped UPS or post will be shipped via truck *freight collect!*)

TO PREPAY SHIPPING AND HANDLING
U.S. AND POSSESSIONS

If your order is:	Include additional:
0 - 15 Dollars	$3.00
15.01 - 25 Dollars	20% of parts total
25.01 - 50 Dollars	15% of parts total
50.01 - 100 Dollars	10% of parts total
101.00 - 750 Dollars	5% of parts total
over 750 Dollars	we pay freight

Foreign

Sorry, we cannot offer freight-paid on foreign shipments. Please include correct postage.

Canada
Surface Post . . . . Double U.S. Rate
Air Post . . . Not Available

All Other Countries (minimum order $100)
Surface Post . . . 3 Times U.S. Rate
Air Post . . . 60% of Order

Substantial overcharges to foreign countries will be refunded. Thanks to current events, freight costs subject to change. Parts shipped via most economical way.

Send Money Order or Cashiers Check in U.S. Funds Only. Your personal check will be accepted but will delay shipment for 6 weeks while it clears your bank. Bankamericard, Visa, and Mastercharge cards are accepted for prepayment of orders over $5.00 and shipping and handling costs.

Card # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Please allow 6 weeks for complete delivery of your order. A service charge will be made on backorder cancellations which have not allowed 6 weeks for shipment. Prices subject to change without notice.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____ Telephone ( ) _____ (GIVE AREA CODE)

QTY	PART #	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	TOTAL

SHIP VIA
☐ UPS GROUND
☐ PARCEL POST
☐ BEST WAY

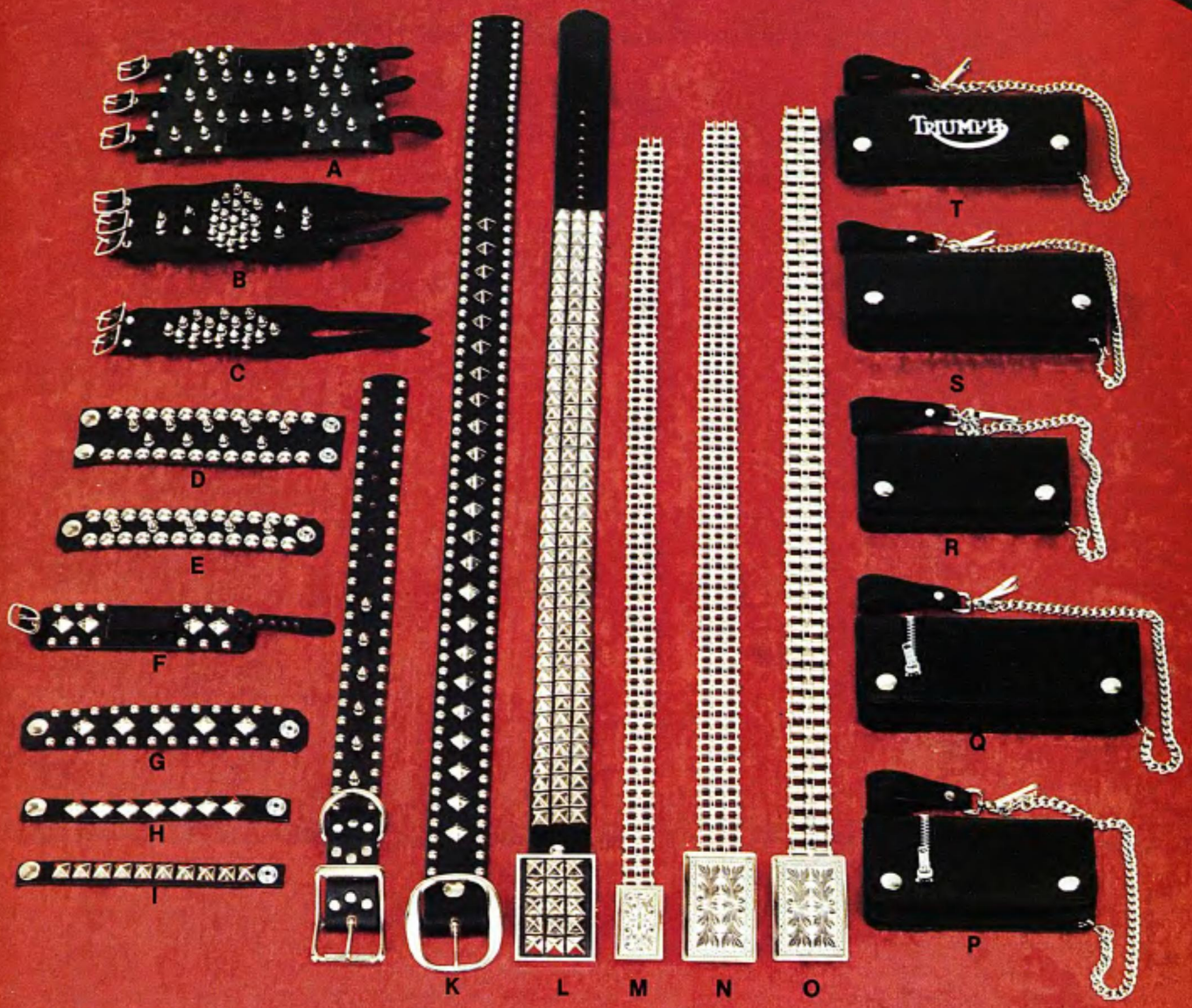
CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

O/S 11/30/82 ■ CV JAN ■ #115 ■ CJ

PARTS TOTAL	
(CALIF. RESIDENTS ONLY) 6% TAX	
PREPAID SHIPPING & HANDLING	
ORDER TOTAL	
(MINIMUM 25%) DEPOSIT	
(PLUS SHIPPING & HANDLING UNLESS PREPAID ABOVE) BALANCE DUE C.O.D.	

How To Get 'Em! (See Page 124)

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

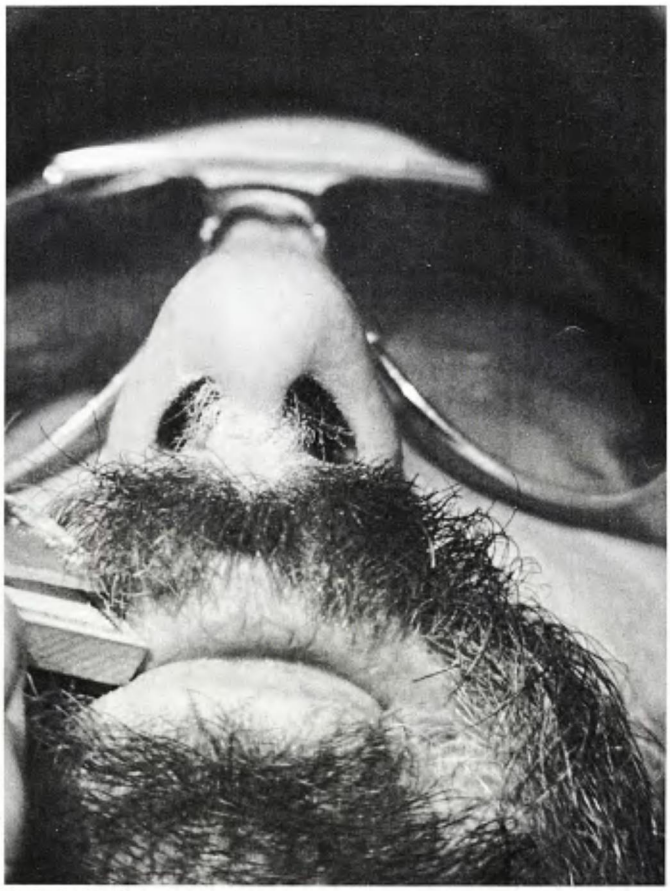
S. 6 Pocket Trucker Wallet
137050 . . . . . 20.95

T. 6 Pocket Trucker Wallet w/Patch
137057 . . . . . 23.25

A Better Mousetrap

Ever wondered what to do with that old mousetrap after you've caught all the critters in the house? Well, here's the answer: build a snuff shooter out of it. You bros who are into doin' snuff will appreciate this little gadget. The rest of you characters, grab a can of mentholated snuff and give it a try. I promise you a real head rush!

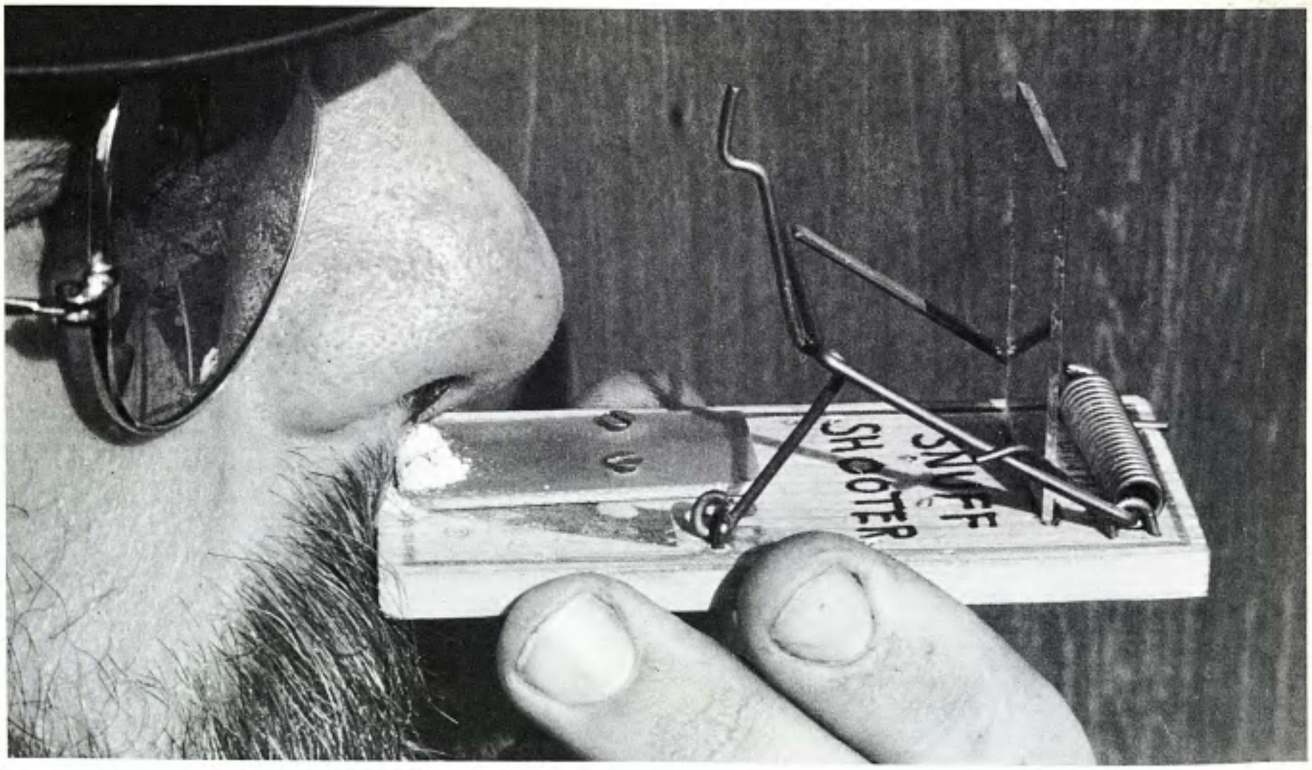
To build this little unit, you need a moustrap, available at the local dime store for about 26 cents. Relocate the hardware as shown in the photo. Put a little bend in the trigger arm, as illustrated, before you mount the arm. Now rip off your ol' lady's face powder and pry out the mirror. Cut the mirror to about 1⅛ inch by 2 inches. Your local hardware dealer will cut the mirror to size if you don't have a glass cutter. Take out your old trusty blade and cut a groove in the top of the mousetrap and mount the mirror in the groove. The springboard can be made out of any stiff, unbreakable plastic. Just cut it to about 1 inch by 1¾ inches. Drill two holes about ⅝ inches from one end, and whittle two wells in the other end with a spacing that matches the holes in your nose. When you mount the springboard, put some small washers between the springboard and the mousetrap at the mounting screws, so that the springboard makes a mini-catapult.



Photos by Kim Peterson

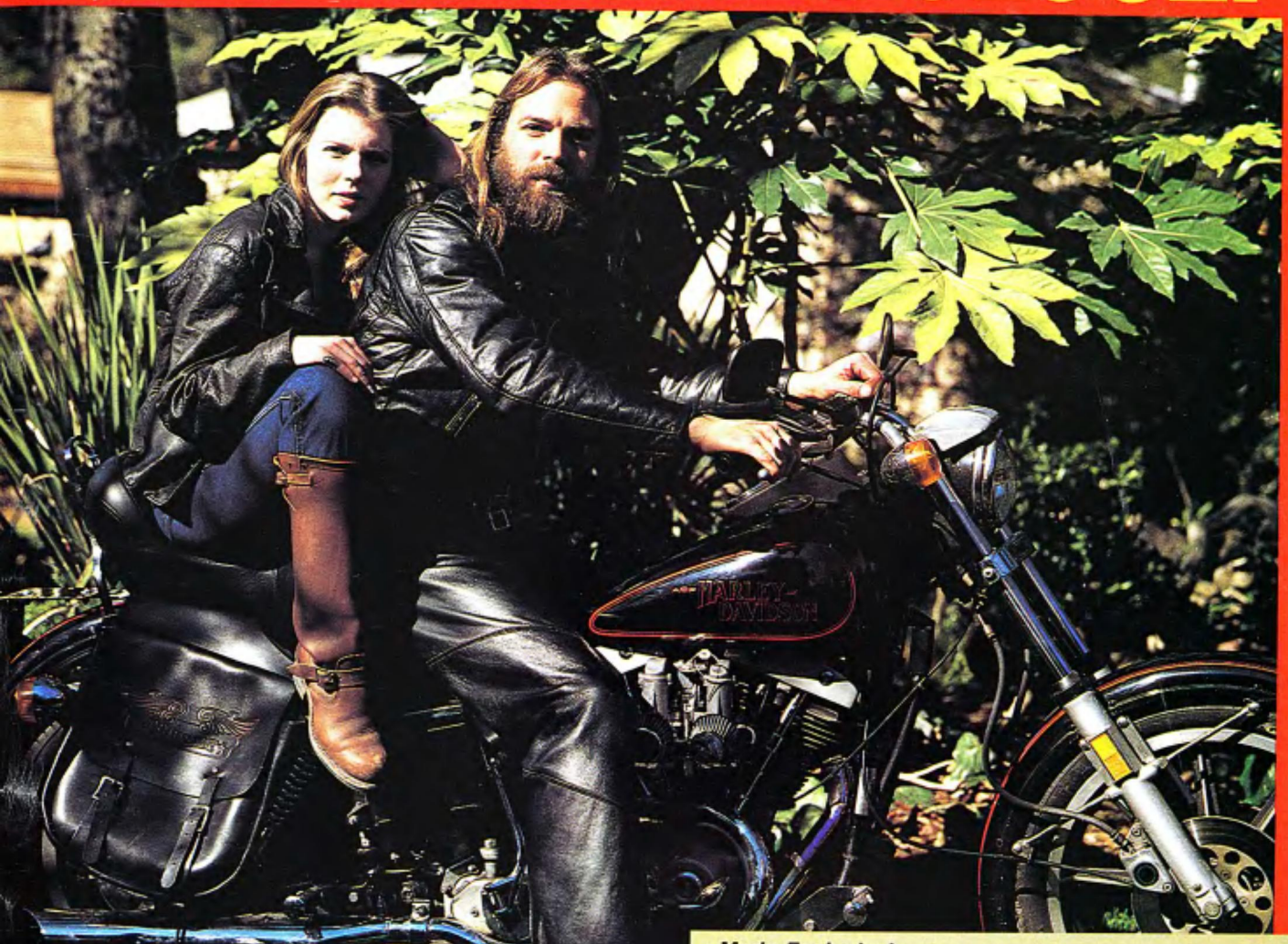
To use the snuff shooter, lift the spring arm up and put the trigger arm under it. This cocks the shooter. Now fill the wells with your favorite powder (doesn't necessarily have to be snuff). If you're standin', you might want to sit down, 'cause the shooter has been known to take a man down for the count, depending on what you put in the wells. Using the mirror, line up the end of the springboard under your nose and pull the trigger. *Boom* — off to the ozone.

— Bungard



NASTY FEET From EASYRIDERS

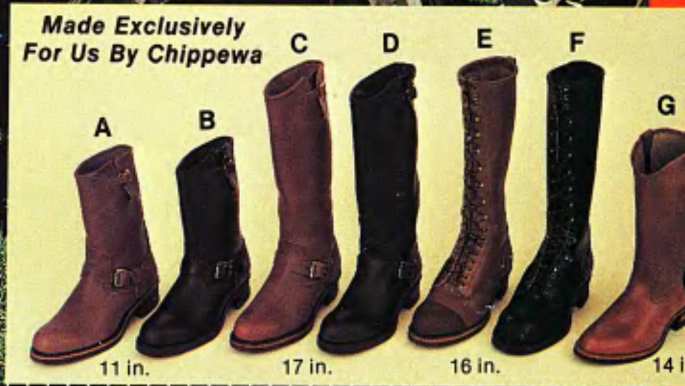
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C*	$94.00	$104.00
D*	$94.00	$104.00
E	$104.00	$114.00
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