

Easyriders

\$2.25

February 1983

**Pot
Plantations
In The West**

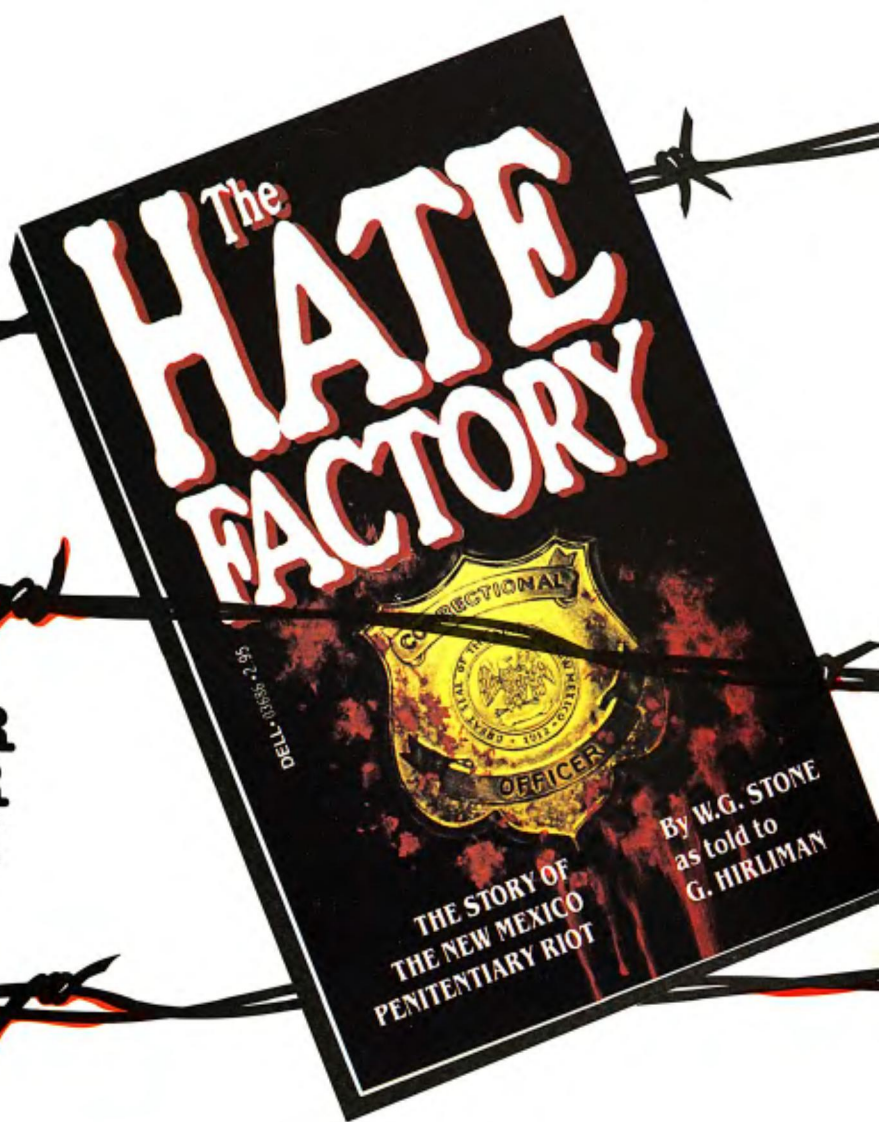
**Cross-
Country
On A Rat**

**A Run
For A Great
Lady**

**Sturgis —
Is It
Over?**



**THE TERROR
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HOURS...**



**...WHEN IT WAS OVER,
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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Cover photo of Alexandra by Cory Brandon

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 25th.

FOLLOW ME TO THE GREATEST MOTORCYCLE SHOW IN THE U.S.A.!



Doug Domokos
Doug Domokos
Honda Wheelie King

PS It's a wheelie good show.

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- ★ Watch California girls parade in the motorcycle fashion show.
- ★ Friday night is Date Night. Bring a friend of the opposite sex and only one of you has to pay.

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San Francisco
Cow Palace
New York City
Madison Square Garden
St. Louis
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Chicago
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Washington, D.C.
Washington Convention Center
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January 14-16
January 21-23
February 4-6
February 18-20
February 24-27
March 4-6
March 18-20

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A twenty-two-year-old dude recently separated from his wife. For one reason or another, the dude objected to his wife's going through with an abortion right after they were separated. He even went so far as to get the state's highest court to issue an injunction against her. Surprisingly enough, the court issued an injunction prohibiting her from having an abortion. (Why?)

The prisoners were allowed three phone calls from their cells because prison officials were assured that there was no way the prisoners could make expensive long distance calls. But they found a way. They called the operator and told her the call they were makin' didn't go through and would she mind dialing it for them, which she did. The number they gave her as theirs was the prison's phone number. (Where there's a will, there's a way.)

The widespread TV viewers were complaining about bad reception, and the problem was discovered by a TV store owner, who noticed all his TVs in the store going off at one time when his female clerk walked by them. Upon checking, he found that the company that made her bra had used electronic wiring on the cups of around 10,000 bras.

A 300-lb. dude set out to murder his wife, but he didn't plan on her living. First, he ran over her and then jumped out of the car and stabbed her with a butcher knife dozens of times. But, women being women, she survived and snitched on him.

Speaking of ass-pinchin', there's a twenty-one-year-old chick who landed in jail for four days because she pinched the ass of a police officer. It all started when she asked for a hug. He didn't do it and so she pinched his ass. She was arrested on a misdemeanor count of disorderly conduct and a felony count of battery on a police officer. Battery is defined as "offensive touching."

This won't come as any surprise to you, but 40 percent of all women drink beer--and 35 percent of beer drinkers are women! Research also reveals that in 80 percent of all households, the women buy the beer to take home. (And you thought only your ol' lady did.)

The judge knew that the cop was chewing gum in court and the following exchange occurred:

Judge: "Would you please put your gum in the basket."

Cop: "In the basket?"

Judge: "Yes, in the basket."

Cop: "There's garbage in there."

Judge: "Yes, I know."

So the cop unsnapped his holster and began to remove his revolver. (So much for the bright-guy department.)

How about the man who was held for speeding, even though he was medically dead. The dude (who had been on a two-week spree) was stopped by a patrolman. The amazing discovery was that his blood alcohol level was 0.52 percent--above the level that usually kills a person. In most states 0.10 means a person is legally dead and 0.52 is a freak-out. In court, the dude claimed he couldn't be arrested because he was legally dead, but the judge fined him \$500 and gave him 120 days.

He was out of a job and didn't like being treated unpleasantly by the unemployment office's clerk, or the two hours he spent in line. So what would a right-thinking person do under such circumstances? He went out with his check and bought a \$1.79 lemon meringue pie and stuffed it in the clerk's face.

There's a new hazard on farms nowadays, and I feel you should be aware of it. It's "dung lung." It's caused by the gasses that are released by manure. Highly concentrated amounts of dung mean that you will be unable to smell it because it paralyzes the sense of smell. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

that I will answer all the letters, but please be patient because I have a shitload of 'em.

Vicky Chamberlain
Taycheedah, Wis.

Belt Drive Advantage

□ Your September '82 issue unfortunately had a misquote in the "Up-front Interview" concerning the benefits of the Harley-Davidson belt drive. The article stated that belts "have a lot of disadvantages over both shaft and chain drives." It should have read *advantages*.

Belt drive is lighter weight than a shaft. Belt drive is less complicated than a shaft. Belt drive is less expensive than a shaft. Belt drive is more efficient and doesn't eat up the horsepower like a shaft. And belt drive doesn't cause the bike to jack up and down when you twist the throttle.

Compared to a chain, our aramid-fiber belt will last up to three times longer. It is quieter, cleaner, smoother shifting, requires no lube, and needs minimal adjustment. Belt drive is also an example of American technology; simple, functional and easy to maintain. We have extended the use of belt drive to the Harley-Davidson Electra Glide and Low Rider; and coming soon will be the FXDG Wide Glide.

I just wanted to set the record straight.

Clyde Fessler, Director
Harley-Davidson Motor Co.

■ But a chain's got soul.

Rebuttal To Wayne

□ Hey, Wayne (from Rotherham, England, July '82 issue), you fuckin' prick, this letter is in defense of the old Hogs, rat bikes, and Austin Animal that you so rudely put down and said *Easyriders* should leave out. I guess you just don't have enough class to realize that these are the things that pull this mag together, shithead — especially antique Harleys. If you don't like the mag the way it is, keep buying it and shove them all up your ass.

Bounce
B.C., Canada

□ Wayne has the unmitigated

ed gall to attack rat bikes, an institution of American bikers. Fuck him!

Turk
Denver, Colo.

One-Of-A-Kind

□ I talked to Roger Bascom from Harley-Davidson today. (No shit — the man owns an airplane, and he landed at my airport.) I asked him if Harley was ever going to put out a commemorative knucklehead. Roger said that Willie G. had thought about it but nixed the idea — said with all the emission controls and stuff they'd have to put on it, things just wouldn't be the same. So I guess those knucks really are one-of-kind.

Pat
Lovelock, Nev.

Bug Leg

□ Ya know, I just got a big bug leg outta my eye, the whole leg. Good thing it wasn't a big bird leg. Good thing it wasn't the whole bug!

Easy
Elmo, Kan.

Where's Mutha?

□ Now you've really put a wild hair up my ass. Where the fuck is Mutha in the August '82 issue? Did that sleazy bitch get too much prick or what? (I love to read her bullshit.)

Sunny Nine
Aurora, Colo.

■ On page 79. Maybe your mailman has the hots for her.

Time For Oil Change

□ Just got the *Easyriders* Special #2 from the zip-in. Every mouth-foaming, two-eyed tit-licker in the country must have flipped through your mag before me. Looks like my copy needs an oil change. Good work.

S.H.
Summersville, W. Va.

Mail

□ A word for all you inmates

out there who are thinking about running an ad for correspondence in *Easyriders*: Please be sure that you're able to receive mail on an unrestricted basis. My boyfriend wrote to three female inmates. Two could receive no mail at all, and the third was on a restricted list.

Bonnie
Milo, Maine

Fiction Turned Fact

□ On page 95 of the second anniversary issue there's a story called "Sweet Revenge" that mentions a broad who rides a pink Sportster.

Well, up here in Aspen, Colorado, there's this bitch puttin' around on a pink chopper and that ain't all — she only wears pink clothes (so they match the bike). She wears her hair in a crew cut except for a pony tail pokin' out of the left side of her head. Needless to say, both her pony tail and her bald head are dyed pink and this ain't no shit.

Kevin
Glenwood Springs, Colo.

Fuck-Up

□ In the October '82 issue you said that Skinny Minnie (the girl feature) was an exercise teacher, but that's wrong. I saw her at a saloon. She's a stripper/contortionist — that's someone who takes her clothes off while tying herself in knots. Get your shit together.

Eric The Red
Ontario, Canada

■ The writer had a tongue hardon.

Help!

□ Your October '82 issue had my name in "Male Call," and I've been out of town standing trial on a new charge. I just got back yesterday and found two large shopping bags full of letters answering my ad. Please print this for me in your next issue to let everyone know

Tech Tips

□ The Best of Tech Tips, my bleeding hemorrhoids! The way I see it, you're either a bunch of Madison Avenue pin-stripe jockeys who've never been on anything racier than your kid sister's moped, or you're psychopathic liars with your collective heads so far up each other's asses you think it's funny to jack everyone up for months on end. (Hell, maybe you're a bunch of leather queens in drag.)

Either way, no Best of Tech Tips — just endless promises like some frustrated but scared virgin.

Darby
Seattle, Wash.

■ We'll have our shit together soon.

Beirut Cops

□ The cops in Beirut have their shit together. A buddy and I were standing guard over this blown-out building we called home, and after we'd heard everything from forklifts to armored personnel carriers, there came that unmistakable sound of an H-D with a long-haired, khaki-clad cop riding by. Found out the Lebanese have a whole warehouse full of Harleys dating from the early '50s to a 1980 Sporty that belonged to the chief of police. I never saw a cop give a ticket the whole time we were in Beirut — but who's going to ticket a tank?

Boys From Company G
U.S. Navy

Anonymous

□ Every fuckin' time I write to you assholes you never print it. And I tell ya, these fuckin' twenty-cent stamps are adding up. I'm starting to think it's not worth it. Twenty cents a month just to try and get my name in your shit-assed rag. Well, I'm gonna really fuck you guys this time. That's right, bucko, the joke's on you this month, 'cause I'm not sending you my name with this letter. That's right, go ahead and look at the end and see if it's there. It's not there, is it? And you won't find it anywhere in this letter, so you can stop

looking. Maybe it will be in next month's letter. I don't know yet. But in the meantime, I'm gonna look for other ways to get famous.

No Name
Lakewood, Pa.

New Club

☐ We're starting a new club for divorced or staunchly single bikers called So-Lo Riders MC. Any help you or your readers can give us to clear this club name before we have colors made would be very helpful. We don't want to imitate any club's patch or name.

Yosemite
Plainville, Conn.

Prison Guard Speaks

☐ I am a prison guard in New York State, but I'm also a biker and die-hard reader of your rag. Before you throw my kite in the trash, just hear me out, okay?

I'm sicker than dogshit of hearing the public say that we officers in the jails are nothin' but a bunch of fuckin' goons who get off on inflictin' pain and abuse on inmates. I'll admit that there are some who do give a man a thumpin' for no reason; but through the years of workin' in jails, I've rarely seen it (at least not in New York jails).

I've known a lot of downed bikers and have shown them the respect due a biker. Most have been guys I wouldn't mind cruisin' and partyin' with, and some have been real shitheads. But what I'm sayin' is that the majority of officers are just doin' a job to keep food in their faces and clothes on their backs. What the fuck is so wrong with tryin' to survive?

Off the record, and speakin' for myself, the only difference between me and most of the decent downed bros is that I ain't been caught!

Officer In The Wind
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Jody Via Praise

☐ Hey, man, what the fuck happened to Jody Via? You guys got him locked up somewhere? The only reason I've been buyin' yer sleazy rag is because of those outasight stories and sweet poems that dude can lay down. Now hear this: I'll give ya two more issues to come up with Jody Via. If not, I'm gonna burn my subscription in the same fire my ol'

lady burned her bra in! How's that grab ya?

The Fuse
San Francisco, Calif.

Welsh Bros

☐ We're two Welsh bikers, comin' over in early '83 to see if your stories are true. What we want are some bros to show us around a bit — guys or chicks — all over the U.S.A. Write: Mark & Mart, 9, Tan-Y-Bryn, Penprysg, Pencoeed, Bridgend, Mid Glam, S. Wales, U.K.

Mark & Mart
S. Wales

Special Thanks

☐ Just want to give a special thanks to the biker who helped me and my son get off the freeway on August 1. My cage was broken down for four hours. In that time I was ignored by three state patrols that cruised by. A few Joe Citizens stopped, but only gave me a hard time. It was a biker named Mike who went out of his way to get my son and me off the freeway and to where we could get help.

Ya know, it's funny, but some of those big ol' ugly bikers really have hearts as big as their heads.

Thanks again to Mad Mike from Seattle.

Dusty Bin
Tacoma, Wash.

Wind #9 Praise

☐ Just wanted ya to know *In The Wind* #9 is flashback material. Keeps me and my bros over here goin' till we stomp the pavement in '83. It keeps the juices flowin'.

Nasty Bob
APO, Italy

Choppershopper

☐ I've tried several times to answer ads in "Choppershopper" with an address of, for instance, Sally Smut, Box 52, Malibu, California, 90265, but have never received an answer.

Either I'm doing something wrong or *Easysiders* is fuckin' up on the ads (rip-offs, fakes, whatever).

C. Edwards
Hennessey, Okla.

☐ We forward all Sally Smut's mail to her actual address, but if Sally Smut doesn't want to answer, that's her trip.

Watch Out For Bikers

☐ I was watchin' a movie on cable the other night, and a

commercial came on about bikes. About halfway through it I realized that it was "Watch Out For Bikers." What really flipped my ass out was that it was on WTBS, Channel 17, out of Atlanta, Georgia. This is Ted Turner's super station that is seen in damned near every big city in the county because of cable. Whoever got this station to carry the commercial did a hell of a job because of the exposure it's getting. It's almost as good as being on network TV.

Sportster Mike
Greensboro, N.C.

No License Plates

☐ I'm curious why you guys always cover up the license plates in your bike spreads.

Kelly Johnston
Beaconsfield, England

☐ Some dudes want the anonymity, so we do it for all of them.

What Happened?

☐ You ran a "Caption Contest" in the May issue (#107). Just got my November issue (#113) and I still ain't seen the winners printed. What gives?

Yankee
Raiford, Fla.

☐ It's coming, we forgot it.

More Drifters

☐ To C.N. (November '82 issue, page 10): There's a club called Drifters MC out of Cleveland, Ohio.

Good luck on a club name, C.N.

A Downed Bro
Lebanon, Ohio

Hunk

☐ Who is the hunk on the back cover of *In The Wind* #9?

He really looks fantastic to me, and I'd like to get to know him real well, if possible. If he already has an ol' lady, then forget about this letter. I don't rip off ol' men. So see what you can do and give him my address — or send me his. One way or another, just do it, please.

Debra Myers
Anderson, Calif.

Two-Wheel Tales Continued

☐ We're the two farts who ride the 1926 Harley side-hacks that Rip did a thing on in the August '82 issue (page 32).

Just before we left for Calgary and Sturgis this year, Rip said you people had re-

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ceived a letter from Lyle, telling about the incident. On our way back from Sturgis, we stopped at the bar in Warm Springs and got to talking to the bartender. He reached up on the wall behind the bar and handed us a note and a five-dollar bill that Lyle had left a few days before to thank us again.

We'd like Lyle to know we got the note and drank up the five dollars he left.

John Cameron
Warm Springs, Nev.

■ These farts were original members of the Boozie Fighters.

Hellraiser Speaks

□ This is another response to Road Dog in the "Word-monger" column (April '82 issue): You probably look like a fuckin' dog who's been run over by a semi truck. Why don't you get your head out of your asshole? If a lady wants to ride a scooter, there's no damned law against it. She probably feels the same way about fuckin' dudes like you. She'd rather ride by herself than be seen on the back of a scooter with a dick like you. I'm a JD drinker and a hell-raiser, and I don't like assholes trying to put their claim on me like I'm just another piece of meat. So, shithead, your best bet would be to take that scooter of yours to bed and fuck the exhaust pipes after a long run.

Woman Marine
Quantico, Va.

1%ers

□ Aardvark Rat asked what a 1% is (September '82 issue) and you clowns blasted him with a smartass remark. I've known a lot of good people who know the feel of the wind and none of us know the answer either. How about it — the only stupid question is one that isn't asked.

Our ol' ladies read your rag too, and they bet us a night of fuckin' and head till we were dead that you wouldn't print this.

Invisible Man & The Juggler
Sanford, N.C.

■ You win.

Male Call

□ In your November '82 issue, Star Child wrote to say thanks for finding her a husband. Well, she's not alone. Give yourselves some more raisin pie 'cause I found my

ol' man through "Male Call" too. As soon as my ol' man gets out, we're getting married and plan to spend the rest of our lives riding and fucking together. Thanks to you all — you've made this gypsy very happy!

Bandit's Ol' Lady
Lumberton, N.C.

Frustrated

□ I'm sittin' here, lookin' over the November issue and something disturbs me. You have a section on a party in upstate New York. You show us what a good time it is — plenty of bikes, bitches, and beer. But you neglect to tell us when (exactly), where, and how to send for tickets (you have to have tickets in advance).

This also happened months ago (I can't remember which issue) when you did a thing on bike week in Daytona. You didn't tell us what week. Don't tempt us like that and then not give us any info.

Roger Rediske
Racine, Wis.

■ Bike Week is the first full week in March.

Rosebud Stirred Things Up

□ This is to Rosebud in your October '82 issue. If you're so hot to trot and wired up for 220, why don't you plug in your curling iron and fuck it?

Haven't you heard that "Bikers ol' ladies do it better and look better doin' it"? It's true!

Treadwell's Ol' Lady
Gillette, Wyo.

□ Are you dick-lickers pulling my dong or what? I just finished reading a super-long "supposed to be authentic" letter from Rosebud in your October '82 rag.

Something about this letter smacks of the same phony shit that appears in the Penthouse "Letters To The Editor" column. A dildo could tell the difference between real writing and some fucking hack writer playing games. So save the space for the real McCoy.

Big Ten
South St. Paul, Minn.

■ Every letter in "Word-monger" is from a reader. If you don't like the way the readers write, shove it.

On Your Feet

□ May I suggest to Wheel-

chair Mike (November '82 issue) and anyone else to stop settling for second best and contact Spinal Cord Society, 2410 Lakeview Drive, Fergus Falls, Minnesota 56537. This is a union of paralyzed people (and friends and families) who are fighting to hasten research efforts toward Spinal Cord injury Cure — in other words, getting on our feet again.

Adele Tanner
Amherst, Mass.

Fucked Up

□ I don't know if I found another fuck-up or if I'm the one fucked up. Either way, no big deal, okay? In the October '82 issue on page 35, the engine shot of that nice '47 80-in. flathead shows a magneto. The article said he used a generator from a car. Maybe the generator went with the battery I never could find.

Lizzard Lips
Tampa, Fla.

■ You're the one who's fucked up.

What Does It Mean?

□ Aardvark Rat wanted to know what the fuck a 1%er is. He said he'd been riding for the past ten years and didn't know. I haven't been riding for anywhere near that long and I don't know either. I've asked some other bros but wound up in such a shit storm that I wished I'd never asked.

Grog
Clinton, Okla.

□ Hey, Monger, cut Aardvark Rat some slack. I bet I know other bros out there puttin' about, not knowin' what a 1%er or a 100%er really is. I was told a number of definitions of both.

So, Monger, why don't you straighten his shit out?

Taboo
Houston, Tex.

■ I'm not his mother.

Serena's The Best

□ You guys deserve your piece of raisin pie this month. When I saw the "Ol' Lady of The Year" winner (November '82 issue), I realized that you guys didn't pull out your dogs like the last few years. You found one righteous lady with that Serena.

I waited all year for a good issue to sit and shit with, and November did it. Being an

ass man put stretch marks on my tongue and strains on my zipper.

Li'l T.
Omaha, Neb.

Binder Complaint

How in the fuck do you expect me to keep my private stash out of Fluffy's box, the freezer, and Fido's corner when ya keep jacking up the price for your binders? Ya think I'm made of money or something? If my liver weren't quiverin' before, it sure is now — my liver and everything south of it, especially my wallet.

Burp
St. Paul, Minn.

It's not us, it's the supplier!

Thanks, Bros

We want to thank you bros for asking for support to get our shop here at the Washington State Reformatory at Monroe. We feel your column will really help us or get us shipped off to Walla Walla, Washington, State Penitentiary — one or the other.

Really, bros, thanks. We can use all the help we can get.

Tyrone Johnson and
Wild Ace Gibbs

Mad, Man, Mad!

The October '82 issue with Harley's new XLX Sporty had lousy photos — good bike, but lousy photos. The babe was flat-chested. Hell, I thought she was standin' backwards! Ya don't even show one decent picture of that fine new machine she was straddlin'.

Cut the Fifth Avenue advertising blitz and get back to what y'all intended to do — be a biker mag for bikers by bikers.

Sailor Sands
Norfolk, Va.

See the previous issue.

Knight Rider

"Knight Rider" (October 8, 1982) started out as a pretty good show, then they had to turn around and fuck it up. After they showed the re-run of the fall guy trying, but not succeeding, in playing a badass tramp, I stopped watching it. Now this Trans-Am yo-yo decides to take on the ten (I think). How much more of this shit do we have to put up with?

Bake
Cleveland, Ohio

Robinson Screwed Up

In your August '82 issue the story "Toughest Biker In Town" has an illustration by Robinson. I want to know where the body is that belongs to the head over the table. My bro and I have a bet going. He said the body is from the back room. I say it's from the chair in front of the table. So please help two bros stay bros. Where's the fuckin' body?

Zeero & Cowboy
Germany

In little pieces — all over the place.

Finally, 7-11!

I've always read in your rag that 7-11 stores don't sell *Easyriders*. Well, I fixed it so one of them does! (I've got a job at a local magazine dealership, Crowley News Co.). The 7-11 store in Grafton, West Virginia, has *Easyriders*, *In The Wind* #9, and *Iron Horse* magazines on sale now. They keep them behind the counter, but they're there.

Dynamite
Clarksburg, W. Va.

Right On!

Viet Nam Vets MC

A while back a bro in Colorado had one helluva righteous idea — to sell his scooter and use the money to start the "Viet Nam Vets MC."

The bros on the *Easyriders* staff printed a kite in "Vet Voice" (October '81) about the club of vets that was formin' up. The letters began to pour in from all over, in-

cluding letters from bros and sisters in other countries who were in 'Nam. Now all the letters have stopped dead.

It has come to the attention of the club headquarters that a lot of you out there have somehow come to the conclusion that the V.N.V. MC is a 1%er club, which is why the letters have stopped.

To all who have that misconception, let me clear it up. The V.N.V. MC is not a 1%er club, and we have no intention of ever goin' 1%er.

There is only one requirement for membership in our club, and that is military service during Vietnam, whether you were in 'Nam or stateside.

My name is Freebird, and I'm the New Jersey coordinator of the V.N.V. MC. I know there are plenty of 'Nam vets and 'Nam-era vets here in Jersey, so get up off your butts and give me a call at (201) 371-6239.

For any vets not in Jersey who want more info about the club, you can write to headquarters at: V.N.V. MC H.Q., P.O. Box 31633, Aurora, Colo. 80041.

Freebird
Newark, N.J.

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. ■



"Don't you dare race your motor at me, young man!"



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

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

A COLOGNE THAT BRINGS
MAN AND MACHINE TO-
GETHER. FOUR OUNCES OF
COLOGNE WITH GENUINE OIL
ADDED, IN A BEAUTIFUL RE-
PRODUCTION OF AN OLD
HARLEY OIL CAN.

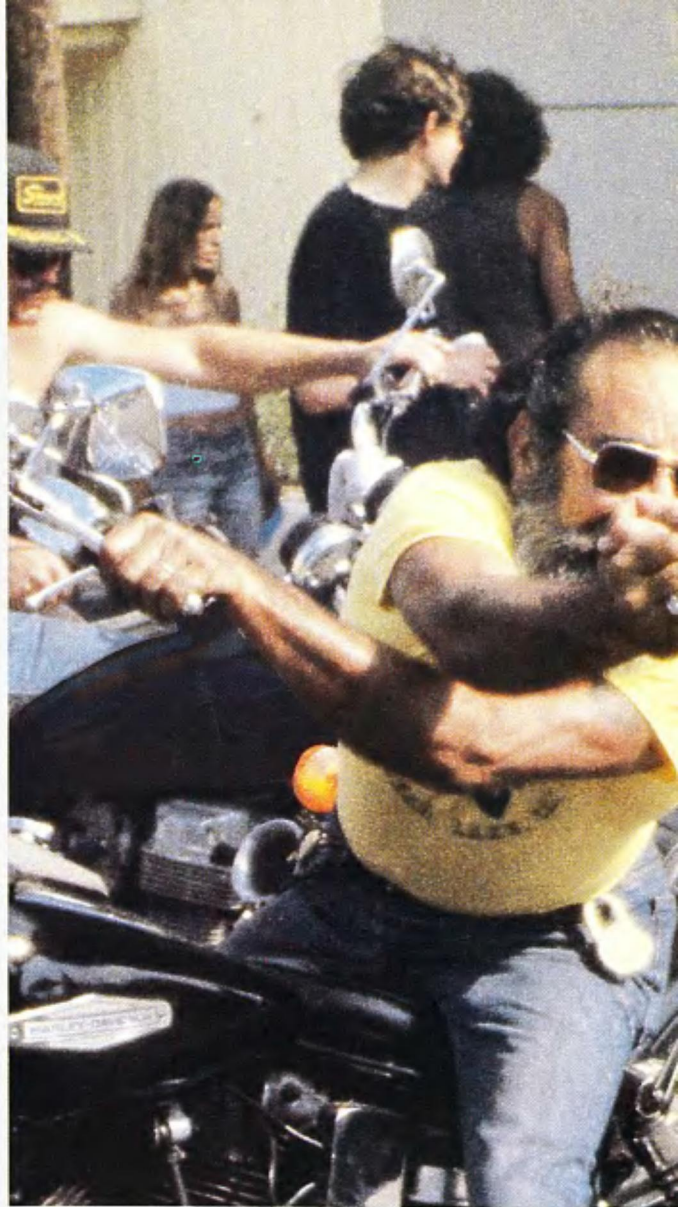
\$11.50 PLUS \$1.50 FOR POSTAGE
AND HANDLING. SEND CASH,
MONEY ORDER, OR PERSONAL
CHECK (ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR
CHECKS). CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD
6% TAX.

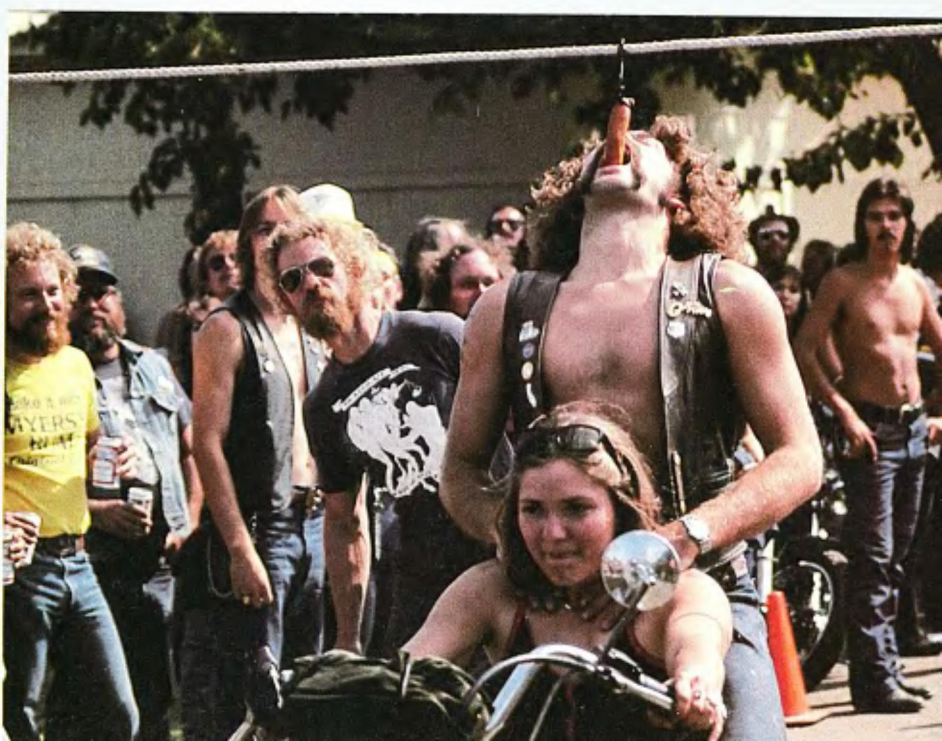
II KNUCKLEHEADS
P.O. BOX 32877
SAN JOSE, CA 95152

The Dollye Run

Recently we were privileged to be invited to a state-wide MMA run. It wasn't Labor Day, or any big holiday deal. It was a run in respect and gratitude. You see, it was a memorial run. Normally that would conjur up visions of a bummer. Bikers bein' what we are, it was a time to get together to forge our spirits as one and remember a great woman — Dollye Roloff.

Dollye was the wife of Ron Roloff, director of the MMA, the guy who's got us bikers in mind as he spearheads the biker lobby in Sacramento, California. Keep-in' us lidless — free to ride as we decide; creating a role model for others to follow. A tenacious, fair man; a man who was humbled by the passing of his wife this past year. Dollye worked at Ron's side for years, running the business office in Sacramento. She was the link any bro could depend on when he called to get information on pending bills in Congress, or where a run was going to be that weekend. She'd know.



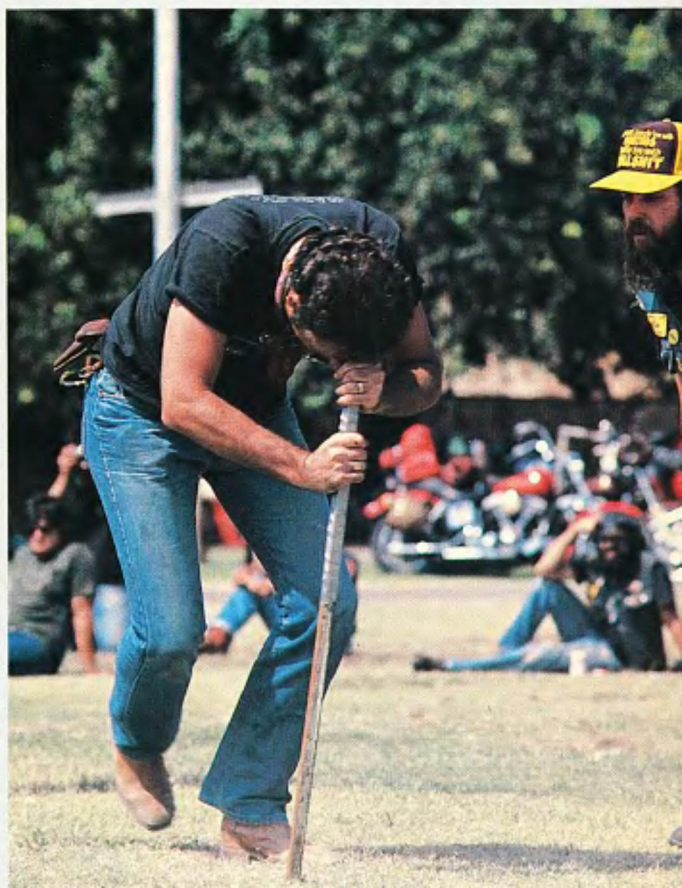




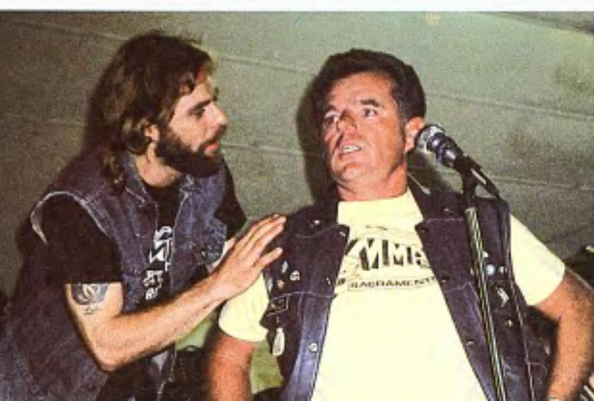
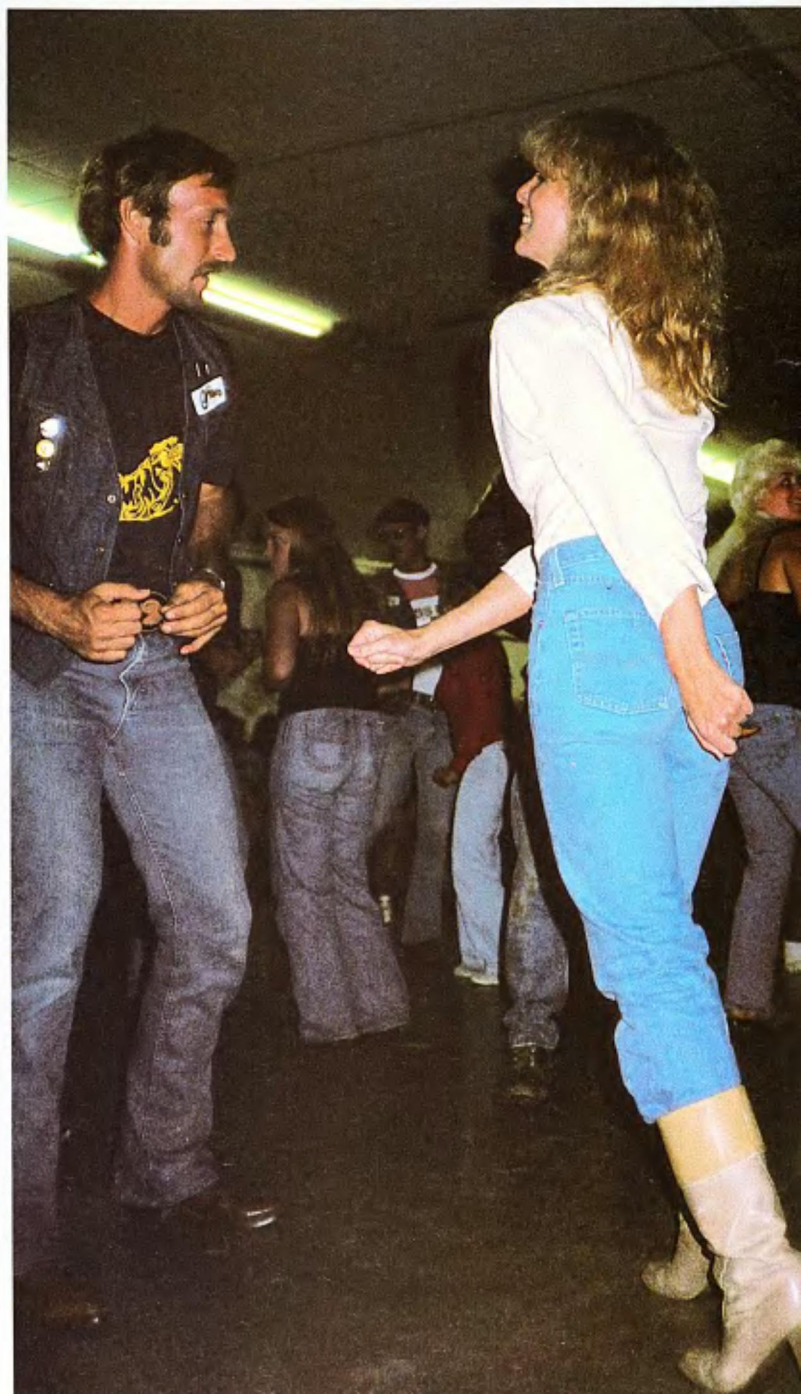
Her motto was TCB — Taking Care of Business. Nobody did it better. She was organized to the max, running an orderly show, passing on her enthusiasm for motorcycling to everyone she met. She was also fond of bees. Busy bees, you'd figure. So it wasn't without purpose that the run pin everyone picked up for making the outing in Hanford, California's, Fair Grounds last September, had a bee working busily on a honeycomb, with "TCB" next to the emblem.

The event was typically well planned, with plenty of room for camping and kicking back. There were sporting competitions pitting biker against biker in three-legged races, spin around the stick an' try to run back to your team tag races (very dizzying), or dropping coins in a bottle (not easy) and jamming back to the scoot for a quick start (won amazingly by an Indian, I might add). And tattoo contests where the girls involved excited the crowd with some well tucked away tats (lucky judges). Of course, there was a steam-in' rock band, Freewheelin', from Vallejo, who you may be hearing soon when they get their first record together. They kicked out the jams on Friday and Saturday nights. Saturday night was a bit of an emotional one, as Ron held a talk with the brothers and sisters in attendance about how moved he was that everyone showed for his fallen wife's tribute. Hell, if

Continued after two pages of photos











Dec. 27, '47
Sept. 27, '81



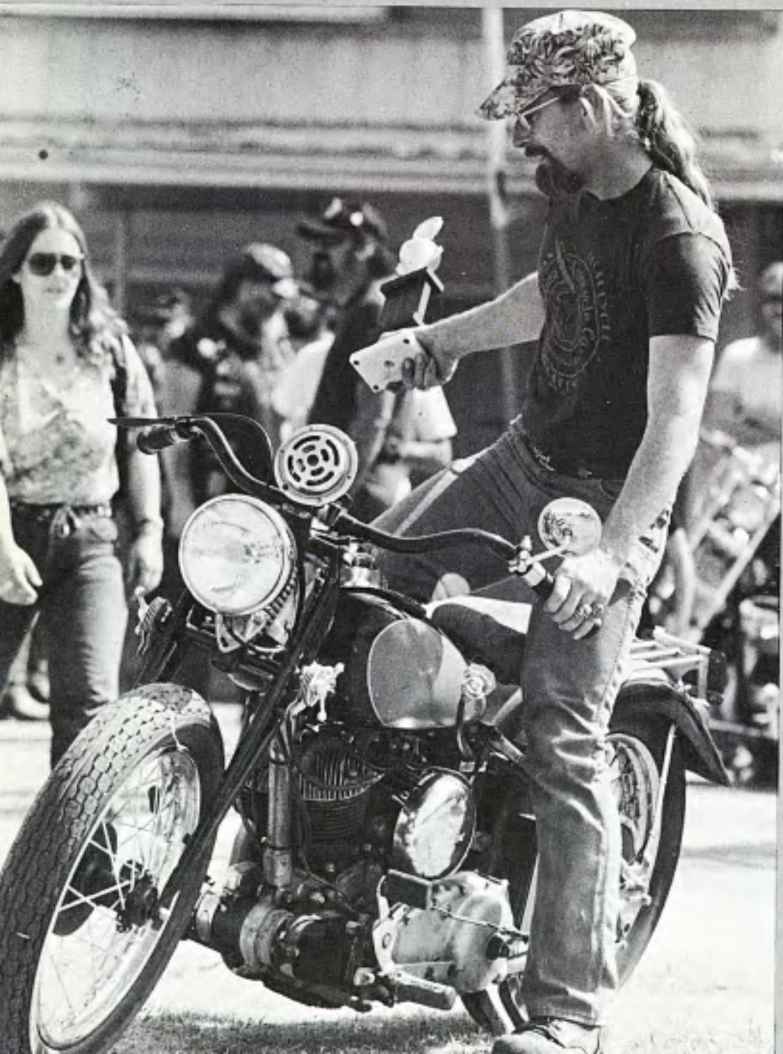
ya didn't get misty-eyed you weren't there, or the drugs had taken effect.

Despite rain from one end of the state to the other that weekend, the attendance was good. And wouldn't ya know — after battling the wet stuff for the ride up, or down, the one clear spot was right there at the run park. Dollye was smiling down on us. All of us. From the nearby Porterville division, to Coco, Antelope Valley, Orange County, Ventura, and to the north, Humboldt, Monterey, the Bay Area, and Sac. Everyone for everyone. No hassles, hardly any cages. What could be better?

The MMA is beginning to roll. Getting the message out. Beware of bikes! It needs everyone. It's a rush to see people a couple times a year, and feel you've known 'em all yer life.

— The Crew





Photos by Roo, Frank, and Kim Peterson

SCOOTER BAINES

Scooter Baines killed the engine and let the rat rattle and squeak the last hundred feet unassisted by the 74 cubes of grimy panhead lurking under the crummy fatbobs and seat, braked and angled in to the curb in front of the bar, and stopped. He sat there for nearly a minute eyeing the neon Coors sign in the front window and the one above the entrance, which read "The Office." Actually, it read "The Off---" and had ever since Cajun had erased the last three letters with a wildly inaccurate throw intended to connect with that bastard McClure. The empty Bud bottle missed the cop but showered him with bits of broken neon tubing, making him duck and jerk to the side where, eyes closed, he rammed his fat, ugly face into the parking meter. Scooter had gone to jail for that, too, although he hadn't done a fuckin' thing. McClure claimed Baines had hung one on him when he wasn't looking. Remembering, Scooter sighed in deep and abiding disgust.

Jeezus, it was hot already. Nine-thirty and already the July sun was beginning to bake everything in Grover Valley. Fuck Kentucky in the summertime, Scooter thought, adding the wintertime too, just for good measure. Ice and snow up to your ass, which was usually sore from fallin' on it if you tried to putt in the stuff. Scooter eyed the chain looped around the bitch rack behind him and decided against it. No one would bother his shitheap on his home turf while he had a couple of brews — except McClure. That asshole fucked with everybody! He kicked the stand out and let the machine ease onto it. Then he lifted his aching ass off the seat, which was now more duct tape than army blanket (Scooter didn't know what was under the blanket covering, which had been there when he bought the raggedy ride three years ago). Feeling the circulation begin to

tingle back into his butt again, he unloaded, easing off his leather headband and running his fingers through his brown mop, combing out wind snarls, bugs, and whatnot. He decided, after a few sniffs, that the whiffy odor was himself and that he'd have to make a trip to the rain locker damn soon. But it could wait until he'd washed the 200 miles of road crud out of his throat with an equal number of beers. Or maybe half that.

Despite near-blindness after the bright sunlight outside, Scooter made his way unerringly to his usual spot at the bar and eased onto the stool. Balls clicked on the pool table at the back, punctuating the sound of two voices, one female.

"Hey!" Scooter yelled, seeing no one behind the bar. "How about some fuckin' beer, huh?"

"Hold yer mud, loudmouth — I'm comin'." Scooter could see well enough now to determine that it was Josie. She propped her pool cue against the wall and went behind the bar to stop opposite Scooter, her big tits framed by her elbows placed on the bar top, hands clasped under her chin.

"Well, well, well, lookit what the cat drug in," she said in greeting. "You look like shit, Scooter."

"Good to see you too, Josie," Scooter returned. "Didja get yer tits fixed or is them some rubber ones? They both look the same size for once." He flicked one of the grape-size nipples straining against the fabric of her well-shaped tank top and watched it rebound.

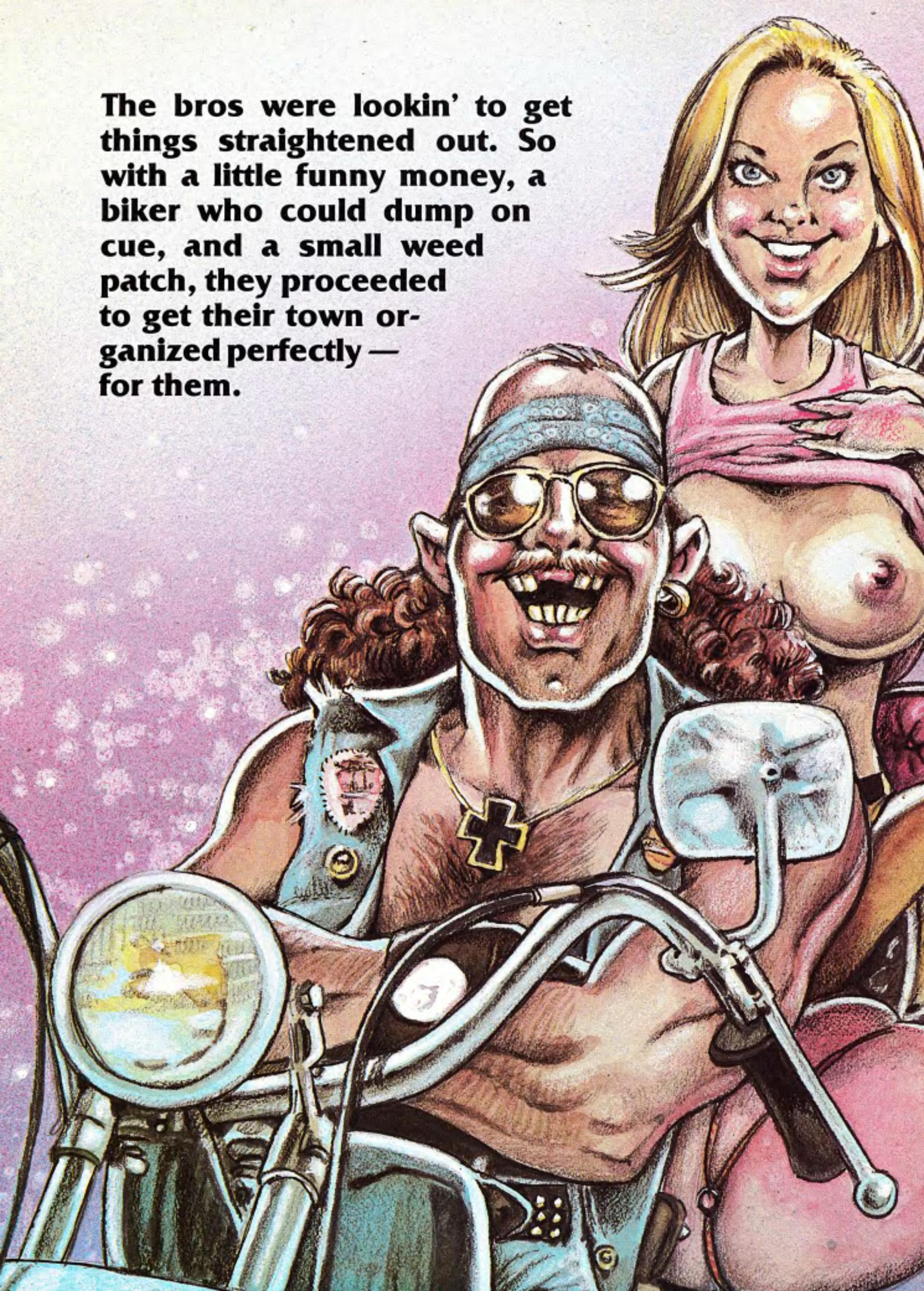
"See ya still ain't learned how to proposition a lady since ya been gone," Josie flung back, undaunted by Scooter's action.

"Sheeit. I ain't seen no ladies since I been gone, just more dumb cunts like you. You gonna jaw all day, or you gonna give me a taste of what I come in here for?" he demanded.

Continued on page 82

by Martin Downing

The bros were lookin' to get things straightened out. So with a little funny money, a biker who could dump on cue, and a small weed patch, they proceeded to get their town organized perfectly — for them.



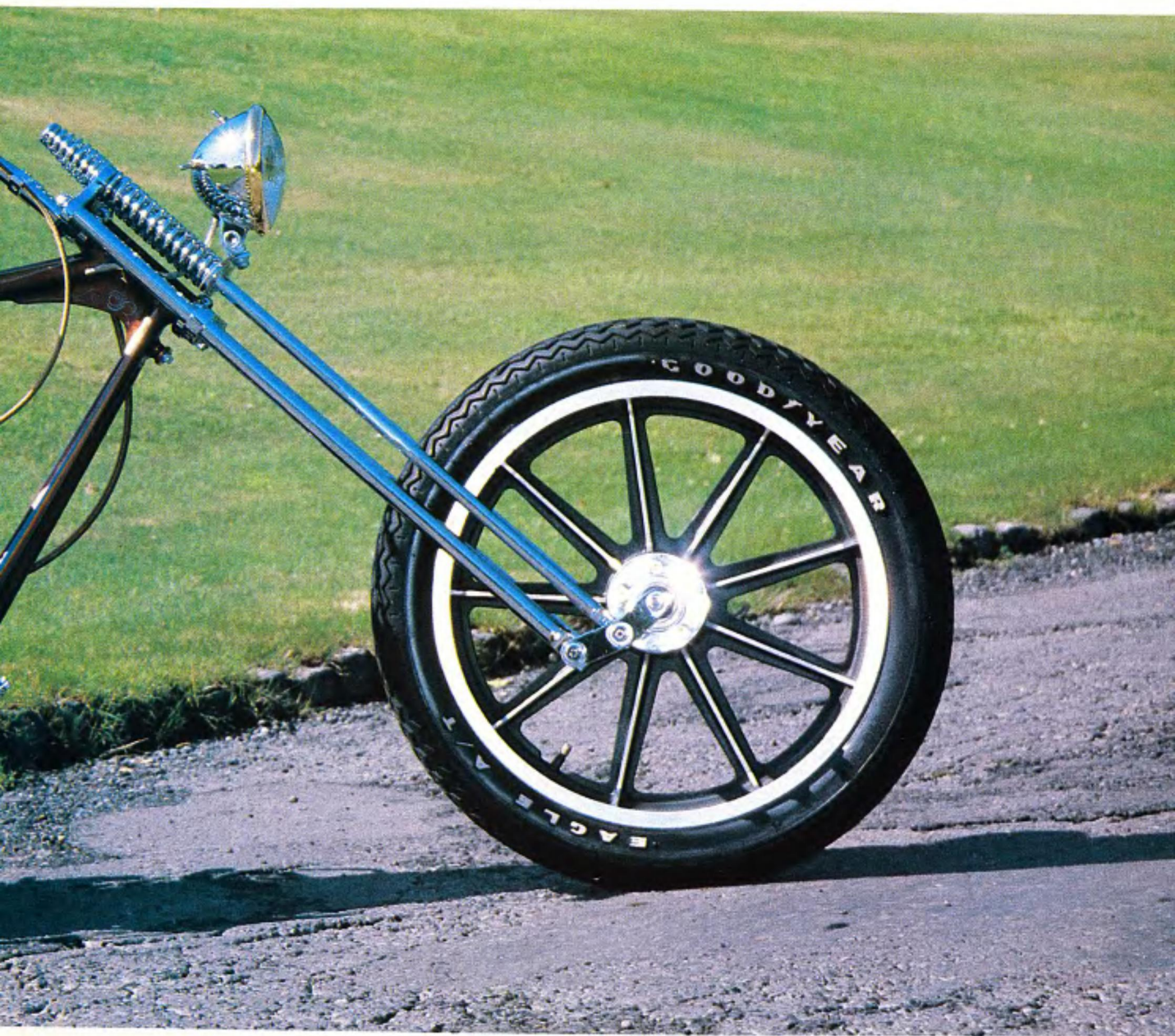


Get Down- Go Fast

If you're like the majority, you've already eyed through the pictures of Dan's Nor-Cal-styled shovelhead, and have probably concluded that this scooter was built for show, or at best is run on an occasional weekend putt to a local tavern, then

back home to the garage.

Let's face it, everyone has dumped a lot of time categorizing bikers and their rides. At a glance, a biker can be pegged as anything from a wannabe sidewalk commando to a hardcore outlaw type. And it's no different with the



bikes they ride.

A radical design, lots of chrome, and a fancy paint job can easily label the full-on show-no-go scooter. Unless you spend time at the custom car and bike shows, or have the big bucks it takes to own one, you'll probably

see few of these.

On the other side of the coin there's the road machines. No slouch in terms of high dollar investment, these bikes are built with long run durability and overall comfort in place of the extra chrome nuts and

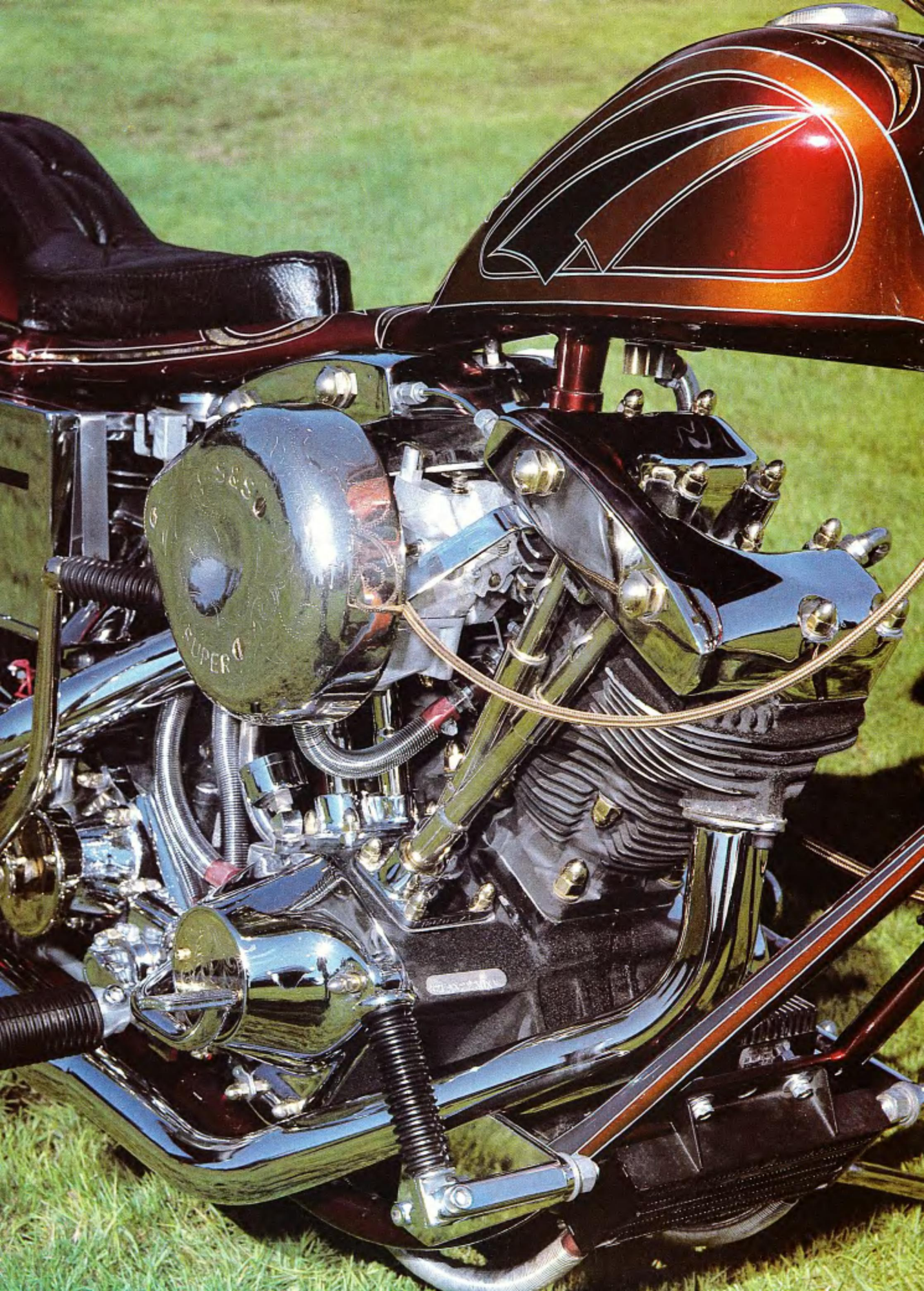
candy paint job of the show bike.

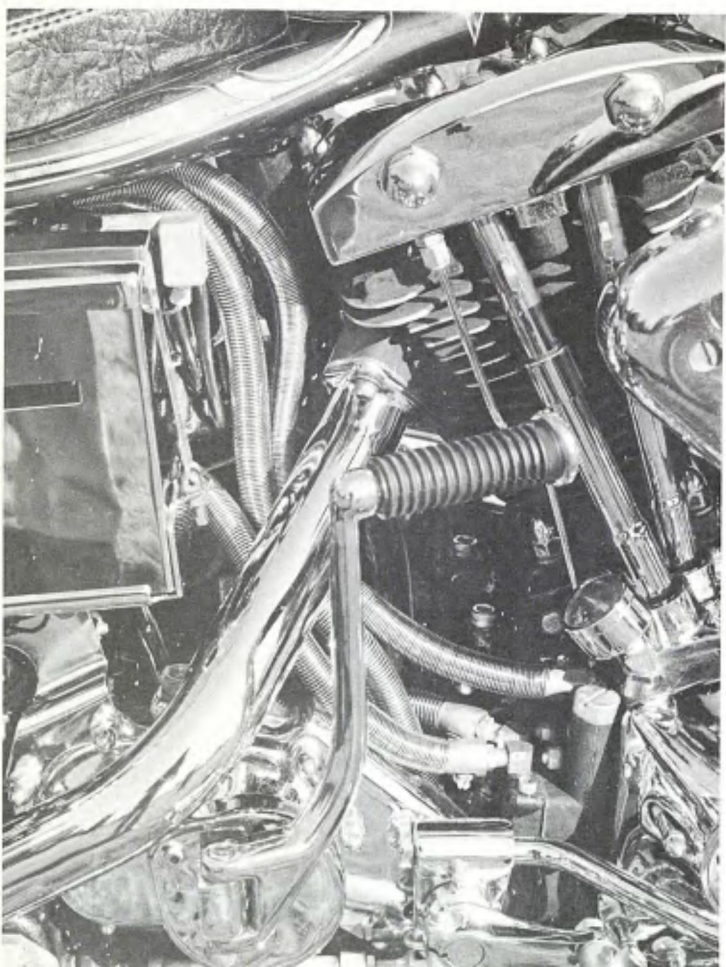
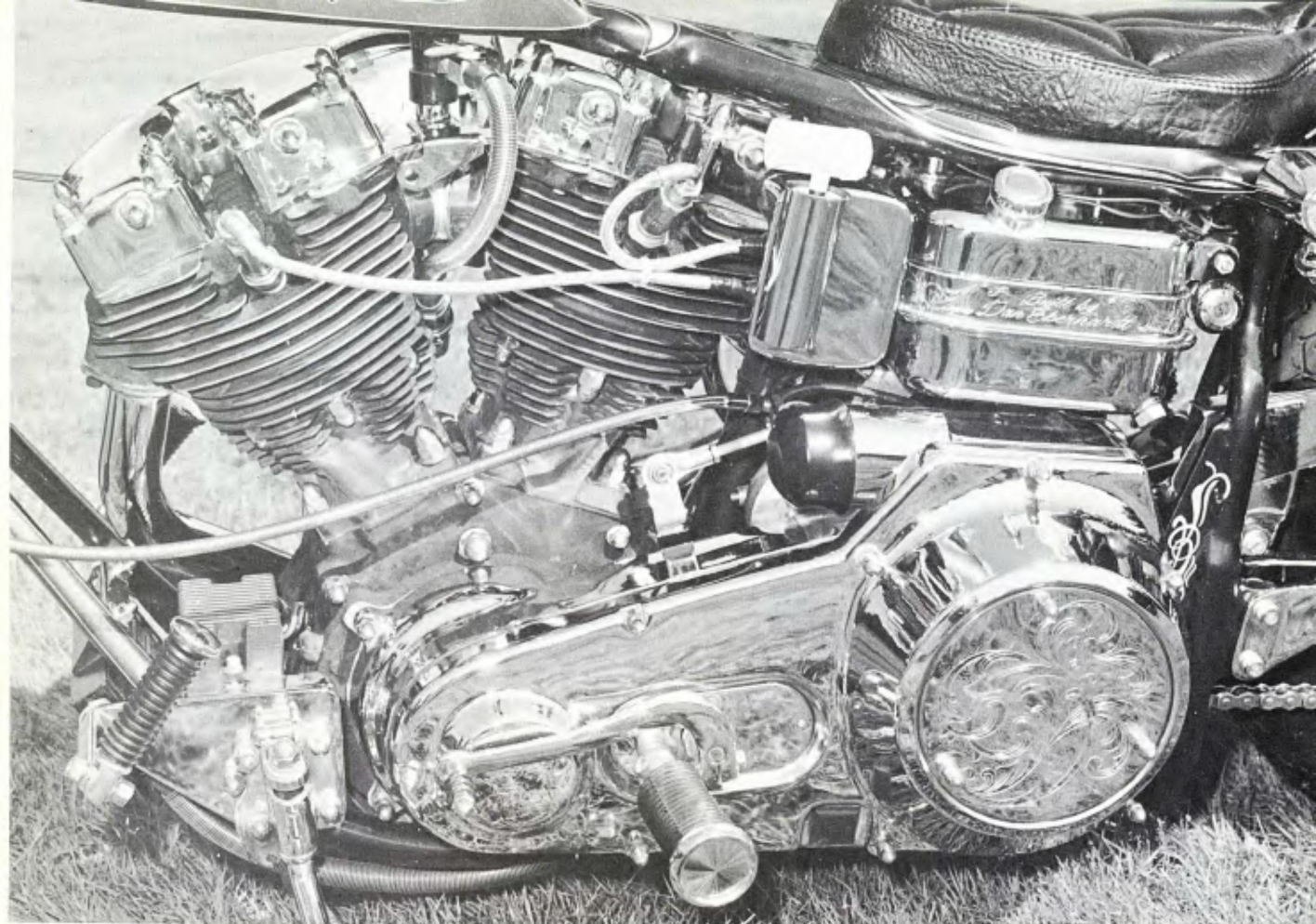
But one of the drawbacks to neatly categorizing things is that there's always going to be someone or something that breaks out of the norm, leaving most eating words. Dan Eberhardt and

his Nor-Cal-style scooter is a good example.

The first time we ran across Dan and his bike was at the Calgary Bike Show in Canada. Dan lives in Tacoma, Washington, and 500 plus miles each way sorta shitcans the weekend putt label

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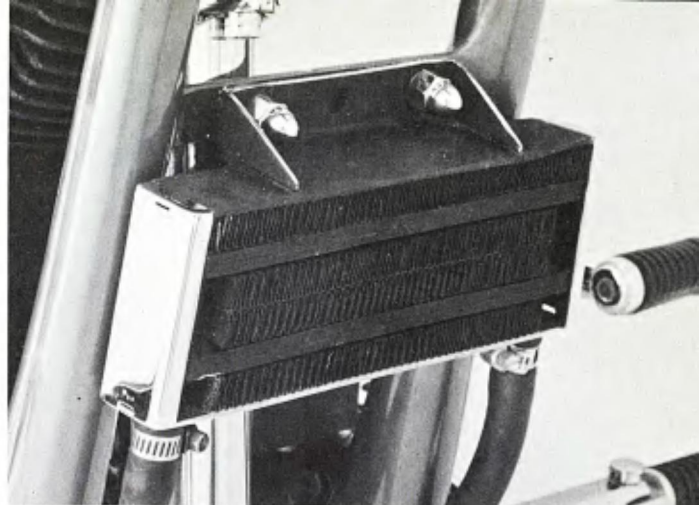
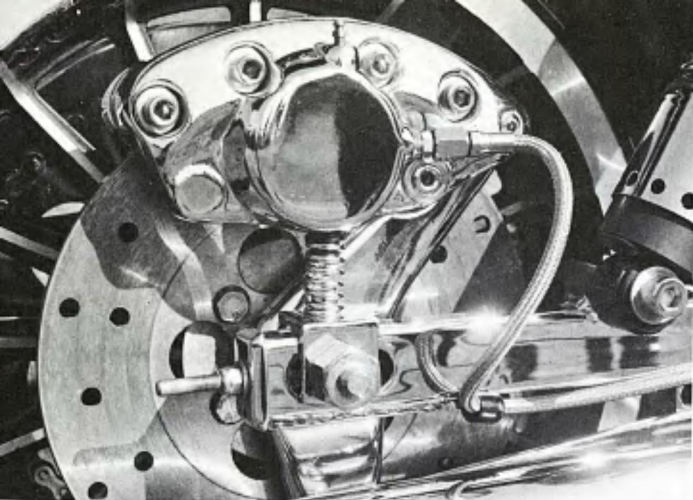




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Dan Eberhardt		City: Tacoma, Wash.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: '78	
Year and make: '78 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: Lowrider		Type: swingarm	
Value: 10,000		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: some	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: Arlen Ness hardhead	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: '78		Risers: built-in	
Model: FXS		Fender(s): Arlen Ness	
Rebuilder: not yet		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: late model		Taillight: Arlen Ness/Lucas	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: std.		Electrics: still works	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: cut down Sportster	
Heads: two		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: oil cooler	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Bay Area Custom Cycles	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender rails	
Pipes: Drag Spec.		Height: none	
Muffler(s): Drag Spec.		Material: U.S. Steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: '78		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: strong	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Ron Peterson/owner		Hub: H-D mag	Hub: H-D mag
Painter: Ron Peterson		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy brandy wine		Tire: Gdyl.	Tire: Gdyl.
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: disc
Special paint: gold leaf and striping by Jr. Nelson			
Other special modifications: Engraving by Ed Pranger; special thanks to Peggy for taking all the bullshit.			



you might first hang on this scoot.

The fact is, since Dave has had his '78 FXS shovel on the road, he and several partners, also with Nor-Cal-styled scoots, have a helluva lot of trouble-free miles totalled up.

Dan's only limitations to riding every day don't stem from a primo looking ride and the fear of nickin' some paint. The over-abundance of moisture (better said: shit piles of rain) found in the Pacific Northwest at times has kept Dan and his

scoot garaged. But, if you haven't noticed, the pictures show that the time spent waiting for ridin' conditions to change for the better hasn't been wasted. The front to back eye-pleasin' detail laid out on this shovel makes it one sano road machine. So

what has ended up as a show-stoppin' bike turns out to be a good road machine as well. And as for comfort — to each his own. I'll take apehangers and a sprung solo seat (and probably a few less hemorrhoids) any time.

—Flyer

SHOWDOWN IN STURGIS

After 42 years it's time to put the Black Hills Motorcycle Classic on the Endangered Species List.

The flag is up, the "welcome, bikers" mat is out, and all roads to Sturgis are clear for '83 — unless you're planning to camp in City Park.

By an almost two-to-one margin, 1454 to 826, the voters of this small, South Dakota, town have defeated a referendum that would have made it illegal for the city to offer any support for the annual week-long Black Hills Motorcycle Classic — to be held this year from August 8 through 14.

Had the referendum passed, it would have meant, among other things, the end of the bike races that were the original reason for bike week's existence — the track is city-owned and the referendum would have prevented the city from leasing it to the two private groups that sponsor the races.

The ballot initiative, however, was far from the only attempt by area residents opposed to the Classic to either ban it outright or legislate it to death.

Lobbying before the City Council was intense, with the anti-biker forces led by the Sturgis Ministerial Association and the director of the South Dakota Highway Patrol. Fighting for the rally were members of the two sponsoring organizations — the Black Hills Motor Classic Association and the Jackpine Gypsies, a substantial number of local businessmen, and ABATE of South Dakota.

After much debate, a committee composed of both pro- and anti-biker advocates was formed and its recommendations, as amended and passed by the City Council, are pretty much what we're going to have to live with this August.

The major change will be the closing of City Park — the famed "tent city" of Sturgis lore. Though several members of the committee felt that the park should be used for other motorcycle-related events, such as a bike show, during the Classic, the majority, whose recommendation was unanimously passed by the council, decided to simply declare the park off limits, at least for 1983.

Though the foes won the battle of the park, they lost the battle over downtown when the City Council,

by a vote of 4-3, decided to continue to reserve three blocks of Main Street, excluding areas in front of the post office and the medical clinic, for motorcycle parking only.

In making the decision to close Main Street to cages, the council backed the stand of committee member William Coacher, who noted that assembling thousands of bikes on Main Street, where they can be checked out by all the other bikers, is an integral part of the Classic. To eliminate it, Coacher said, "is to kill the whole event."

The council also voted to enforce an ordinance prohibiting sidewalk vendors. As it currently stands, the

ordinance would permit vendors to operate only on the Sturgis auditorium lawn, inside buildings, or on vacant lots. However, Sturgis City Attorney Dale Hansen told *Easyriders* that the restrictions on vendors might be eased a bit between now and when the event is held.

"Because of the support the public has shown for the event (by defeating the referendum)," Hansen said, "the council may act to open more areas to vendors. There has been some talk about closing off a few side streets to be used by vendors, but nothing is official yet."

The committee also made some non-specific recommendations that

City Park as it was — this year, the only campers will be memories.



were supported by the City Council. Among them were: having the city attorney explore the possibility of regulating tattoo parlors; urging the state to be more diligent in collecting sales tax money from vendors and transient merchants; urging the state to recognize the Classic as a major tourist event; and providing restroom facilities in the downtown area, if a way could be found to do it at other than public expense.

In the wake of this major attempt to limit and perhaps ultimately cancel bike week, the main question bothering many bikers is, "How did it all of a sudden get so fucked?"

Sturgis, after all, has always been

a place where bikers felt like welcome visitors, rather than "marks" waiting to be skinned. Sturgis was about the only place in the known world where bikers could be found munching pancakes in church meeting halls.

What happened?

Possibly nothing. In the view of a substantial number of local residents, the whole anti-biker movement is based more on opinion than fact. The Sturgis Ministerial Association, led by Rev. Harold Fitch, thinks some rally participants constitute "an immoral element that threatens the community" — so the association has been agitating to

have the entire event banned. Highway Patrol Director Jerry Baum thinks some cyclists constitute a "criminal element" riding "a bunch of junk" and has emphatically repeated his opinions to anyone who will listen. In the face of this, many observers contend, the anti-biker movement has picked up a lot more support than is justified by the small amount of trouble the rally has caused.

One person supporting this view is *Black Hills Press* publisher Vern Allison.

"We've had a lot more people attend the Classic during the last couple of years," Allison says. "In proportion to the number of people, there hasn't been any difference in the amount of trouble we've had."

Another person who takes the view that the whole issue has been blown out of proportion is the Classic's founder, J.C. "Pappy" Hoel.

"It's mostly retired people doin' the kicking," Hoel, who organized the first Sturgis races in 1938 and ramrodded the creation of Sturgis' racers' monument in 1981, told *Easyriders*. "I believe that cooperation between the city and the bikers can clear this matter up."

Hoel also brought up another point that has been hotly debated in Sturgis — money.

"I think it would be a very serious mistake to throw away one and a half million dollars in business for a week," he says, and many Sturgis businessmen — including such solid corporate citizens as the local dairy, whose sales were up about 19 percent during the '82 Classic, and the local Pepsi distributor, who said the loss of added sales brought in by the Classic would be a "severe blow" — agree.

Just about everyone involved with the event, pro and con, admits that money is a major factor. According to Sturgis City Auditor Bev Patterson, the 1982 rally brought the city \$191,212.83 in various fees (\$40,843 of which were fees for camping in now-closed City Park) and cost \$161,560.72, for a net profit of \$29,651.64 — not including the city's share of the extra sales tax revenue the event brings in.

Continued on page 78



Photo by Mike Lichter

DOWNTIME

By Bomber

JOHN



Since his voice reminds ya of Bruce Springsteen and he talks about American life, comparisons have been made. His answer was immediate; "Bruce still believes in the promised land. I don't. He lives on the edge of town, I moved out."

Did you ever want to do something totally different from what you are stuck in? Obviously, if you're reading this, you're a biker, free to do what you please. The chance remains that maybe you're not a dyed-in-the-wool tramp, able to split your commitments at the call of a party. Either way, you've gotta appreciate anyone who can hang up the bullshit to make a better life for himself. Even if there is failure, it's better to have tried. With this in mind we'd like to talk about a brother who told 'em all to stuff it; that he was gonna make it on his own, his own way, givin' it everything he had.

The man in question is a certain Harley rider by the name of John "Cougar" Mellencamp. You know him without the last name. He goes by John Cougar now. So be it. The little story that follows shows one man's work against the odds of survival in the music industry. I mean, people lose their asses in this industry faster than the makers of Extra Strength Tylenol.

Nearly ten years ago, with the rush of the sixties still in his head and an urge to see something more than what Seymour, Indiana, had to offer, John took off. Leaving his school days behind him, (he was a communications major, but couldn't communicate), he took off for New York, The Big Apple, to seek his fame and fortune — to the hearty amusement of his "friends" back home.

With damn few bucks in his pockets, mostly unemployment checks after being laid off from the phone company, he met up with a shyster lawyer in New York. Sounds like Ratso in "Midnight Cowboy," huh? Anyway, the lawyer bilked him out of the majority of his dwindling funds to get a

demo tape together. With the demo representing him, the green, semi-naive kid took to banging on record company doors. Everybody was out fishing or something till he got to the offices of David Bowie's then-management firm. He was sitting in an office with twenty David Bowie look-alikes. John was wearin' his normal Levi's and T-shirt, with a ring in his ear. In other words, he stuck out amongst the carrot tops like a sore thumb. Just sore enough to be noticed.

A dude named Tony DeFries thought he saw something with potential in the not quite 20-year-old fledgling rocker. What that potential was became the nucleus for **Chestnut Street Incident**, and for a name change. Without John's knowledge DeFries had transformed him into Johnny Cougar. He did the same thing for a kid named David Jones, who became David Bowie. Lightning strikes twice was the reason. Nevertheless, John wasn't too hot about it. But when ya ain't got nothin', . . . Cougar it was. Anyway, they weren't gonna release the album without the new monicker. Take it or leave it, kid.

The record ate it. He bailed out on DeFries, and got introduced to Billy Gaff, the president of Riva Records, former manager of Rod Stewart. Gaff allowed Cougar freedom to write and make his own type of music. Not formulated pap suited for whatever's hip at the time. John Cougar's music turned out to be straight from the heart, and the streets. His next album, **A Biography**, was released, but only overseas, to test the waters. They were warm in Australia, where one of the songs, "I Need A Lover," became a hit. Yep, that's

COUGAR

right, the same song Pat Benatar shreds on. Hell, I didn't know it till I got to studyin' this guy.

Riva Records decided to give him a shot here at home and released **John Cougar**. Not a smash at the sales counter, but a good record nonetheless, and still available. It's kind of like a lot of artists, in that their first album is unknown dynamite, and a few years later they are bigtimers with substantially less quality stuff. Not John Cougar, though. His material and band, The Zone, have grown over the space of four years.

Cougar's next opus was, **Nothin' Matters And What If It Did** in 1980. He's pictured on the cover in his now traditional Harley shirt, (a tank top), next to a trailer that looks like a hobo roundup convention center. Probably a reminder of his shack livin' days in Valonia, Indiana. This album was produced by Steve Cropper, guitarist sensazionale, former MG with Booker T., and a Blues Brother. The record rips. Particularly "Hot Night In A Cold Town," "Don't Misunderstand Me," "Wild Angel," and "Cheap Shot."

John Cougar Mellen-camp's honesty and inbred, frankness make the record a pleasure. *You know I am a liar, and my promises only get in my way*, from "Misunderstand," along with, *Everybody can do what they want, but they just can't do it here*, sums up a lot about America. He vents a lot of steam, worked up from the frustrations of his profession, in "Cheap Shot." *Well the record company's going out of business, they price the records too high*. Add some zingers at radio DJs and program directors, the music scene as it was in '80, and you know why he calls it "Cheap Shot."

This brings us somewhat up to date. To his latest, and so far greatest, effort, **American Fool**. After logging many hours of enjoyable listening to his discography, and after a rap on a cross-country telephone hookup I've gotten a good picture of the man and his music.

Mostly this deal was spurred by letters from readers informing us of a video that played on the all music cable channel. They were lettin' us poor uncabled slob know there was a guy out there with his own video, backed by the hit tune, "Hurts So Good." Apparently there were Harleys and leathered-up women involved, too. A good combo. Never saw that video, and probably never will. It got pulled off the airwaves by some Moral Majority freak; too much of a good thing for the kids.

To the point, this sparked an interest. Sure, we'd heard "Hurts So Good." How could you help it. It was playing every hour during the summer. But it was the tip of the iceberg. The album's a jewel. Not one bad song on either side. The Zone isn't in the twilight — they're front and center. White hot. Rockin' harder than previously, though still able to maintain an easy-listening rock beat that neither jars your ears off, nor makes it difficult to play repeatedly. The zone is Larry Crane and Mike Wanchic on guitars, Ken Aronoff, drums, and George Perry on bass. Crane and Wanchic have been with Cougar since the beginning. The others joined for **American Fool**. Extra musicians incorporated were Toby Myers and Mick Ronson, an ironic throwback in that Ronson was playing lead for Bowie back in Cougar's groveling New York days.

John says his early musical influences came during his greasy-hair days of the sixties via Mitch Ryder and Eric Burden and The Animals. Their songs took him out of Indiana, at least in his head. Another influence that hit him in the sixties was from his father and grandfather, who got him and his younger brother a 65cc Harley. Enter the world of road rash, and the feeling of freedom that only riding brings. And years later the wide-open throttle tune, "Thundering Hearts," which opens side two of **American Fool** with a hammer. Anyway, he crashed his Hummer within ten minutes. But luckily he didn't call it quits — graduating up to endure bikes, then his first big one, a Sportster. He likes riding because of the people. Hell, he's bought five or six bikes this year as presents for his record boss and others who he wants to turn on to the benefits of puttin'. All Harleys, of course. Even an XLX for his wife. Yes, he is happily married.

John enjoys his limited free time at home in Indiana. After tryin' so hard to get away he's realized the importance of leading a mellow existence without the headaches of big city livin'. Chicks who want you for the blow, the nose type, don't make it with him. He'd rather get in their heads, finding out what they're about, not what kinda fancy cage they're tryin' to impress ya with. He's totally honest and down-to-earth. As he says, "I'm not into haircuts. I'm happiest when I'm just myself. Everything, all your happiness, is just right here in your forehead."

American Fool relates all of this. All of the past phases come wrapped up. He admits he's fortunate,

but all he wants is for the music to be remembered, not the singer. Since his voice reminds ya of Bruce Springsteen and he talks about American life, comparisons have been made. His answer was immediate: "Bruce still believes in the promised land. I don't. He lives on the edge of town, I moved out."

A couple of interesting anecdotes were, when asked who Butch and Faye were, two names on the inner sleeve that the record is dedicated to, he said they're his kid and Mike Wanchic's kid, who was born during the making of the record. Another he related was the story of a concert in San Francisco a few years ago. While onstage singing, a black leather Harley jacket was thrown up to him from the audience. He grabbed it and wore it during the song. After the tune, and knowing the value of the jacket not just in terms of money, but the heart that every biker's jacket has, he sent a roadie out to where it came from to return it. Well, the owner wouldn't hear of it. The roadie lead him backstage to meet John. The bro was a big burly dude, obviously flustered, and a tad on the down side. All he could say to an unsuspecting Cougar was, "You're the first guy I can believe in since the plane crash." The Lynyrd Skynyrd patch on the coat said it all. Now John wears that jacket every time he goes onstage. It's his good luck piece. The luck is spreading — catch it.

When you do, you'll come into contact with a simple man for simple people, though he does have some nasty, dirty, get-down music. *Can you really take it, all the way, take it all the way downnn.*

Bart put down the polishing rag and stepped back to survey his handiwork. Damn, that was one righteous shovel! She gleamed in the shop light, every bit of chrome a diamond-like flash against the satiny glow of her black lacquer. She was low and sleek, from the curves of her fatbobs all the way back to where the swingarm had been shortened so that the rear fender sat low over the tire. Putting the black wrinkle on the cases had been the finishing touch. Now she was really his dream machine — she had lived a long time in his mind before he'd built her, and she would remain in his memory for a long, long time. Enough of that, he silently chided himself. A man has to do what he has to do. He flicked a speck of dust off the black leather seat, turned off the overhead light, and walked out the garage door, carefully snapping the heavy padlock shut and setting the burglar alarm. It certainly wouldn't do to have the bike stolen on the eve of his selling it.

Well, he mused, no one could say he hadn't enjoyed her to the max. That summer, as soon as he knew what he'd have to do, he'd made up his mind to ride every chance he got — back and forth to work, of course, but out in the country every evening, too, and out every weekend after he'd spent his day with Jimmy. He'd thought about getting a sidehack for Jimmy; but that was out of the question now. And there wasn't any more time to ride. Tomorrow he delivered his black beauty and settled his debt.

* * *

It was harder than hell telling the bros last night. He wasn't sure how they'd react, and apparently they hadn't really known how to take the news. Everyone sat stunned and silent for a long time until Cowboy finally broke the ice. "Well, shee-it, no wonder you been ridin' the wheels off that thing!"

"Anything we can do to help?" someone had asked. "Is there anything you need?"

"A little courage would help," Bart replied

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HOMECOMING



KLEEP

Butte Creek Canyon lies just to the east of Chico, in north central California, winding back into the foothills of the Sierra range. A hundred years ago it was part of the mother lode country — the area that spawned the California gold rush. Small towns made up of miners, gamblers, hookers, and equipment suppliers dotted the area — places with names like Rough-and-Ready, Hangtown, Pair-O-Dice, Whiskeytown, Squatter Flats, and Helltown.

Twenty miles up Butte Creek Canyon road, called the Honeyrun, the pavement ends and the dirt trail climbs up out of the canyon, onto the ridge that holds the fast-growing towns of Paradise (formerly Pair-O-Dice) and Magalia. But where that dirt road cuts up the side of the canyon, another dirt road runs straight, deeper into the canyon. This road is blocked off by a heavy chain stretched tight across the one bridge in the area that crosses Butte Creek. It's the only way back deeper into the canyon — but it's closed to the public.

Having moved up to the area a couple of years before, I had often wondered why the canyon was closed off, but I had never received a satisfactory answer when I asked that question of people who had lived around there for some time. Some of the answers I did get were intriguing, though. Answers like: "If ya go in there, you're gonna get your ass blown off." And, "Man, even the cops don't go in there anymore. That country's off limits unless you're invited."

Several times I had asked who it was back in that canyon country who might blow my ass off if I went back there, or what kind of power



CUT!

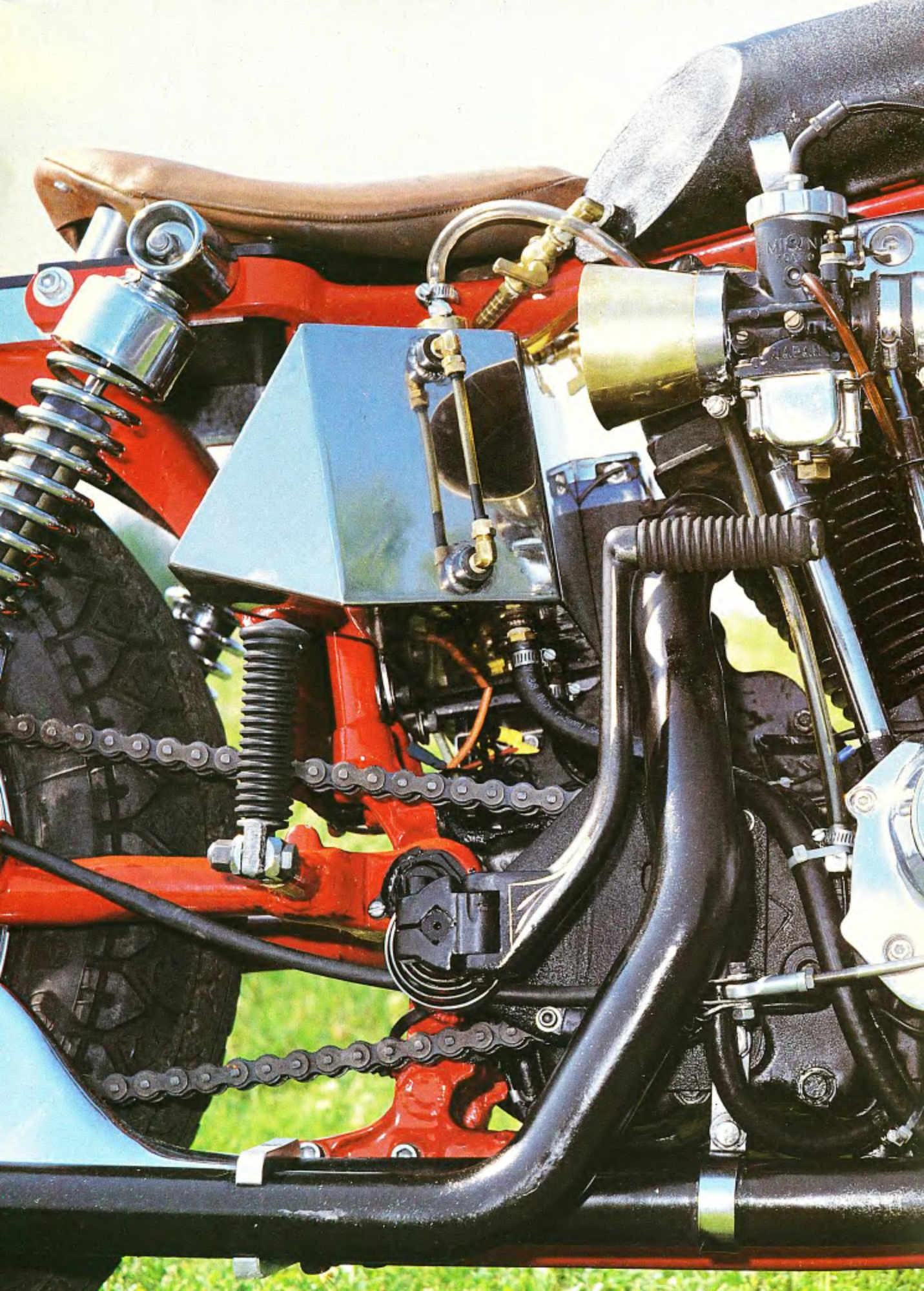
A man wearing a black balaclava and glasses is sitting on a motorcycle. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand and a can of soda in his left. The background is a desert landscape with dry grass and shrubs.

kept even the sheriff and the Forest Service out. Again, I got no answers. It sounded almost like something out of a spy book, or one of those "the government is hiding a crashed flying saucer in there" stories. Wild as something like that would be, the truth turned out to be even wilder. I found that back there in Butte Creek Canyon, and in many other areas of northern California, there is over a million acres of land that is, in effect, completely independent of either the State of California or even the United States government.

One hot Saturday afternoon in the middle of summer Butte Creek was, I thought, low enough for me to get my bike across without catching fish in the carburetor, so I edged it down the bank, through the foot-deep water, and up the far side. I was now in the forbidden part of Butte Creek Canyon.

As I rode along the one-lane dirt road, the country didn't look any different from that on the other side of the chain. But then I began to notice that there was something different about it — very different. There was no sign that anyone lived anywhere in the area — no houses or cabins like those that dotted the canyon back toward Chico, not even any power lines or telephone poles. If it hadn't been for the fact that I was riding a bike, rather than a horse, I could have been in the California of the 1850s, instead of 1982. I expected a band of wild Indians to burst from a stand of trees or out of a ravine at any second. But what did come out of a stand of trees off to my right wasn't a band of wild Indians, but a burst of fire from an automatic weapon that chewed up the dirt road less than ten feet in front of me.

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It still has some rat habits, even if it is beginning to look pretty good!

Reformed Rat

Wuzzat ya say? Ya saw a sled real similar to this here machine up near Laconia last season? Except that it was a rat bike?

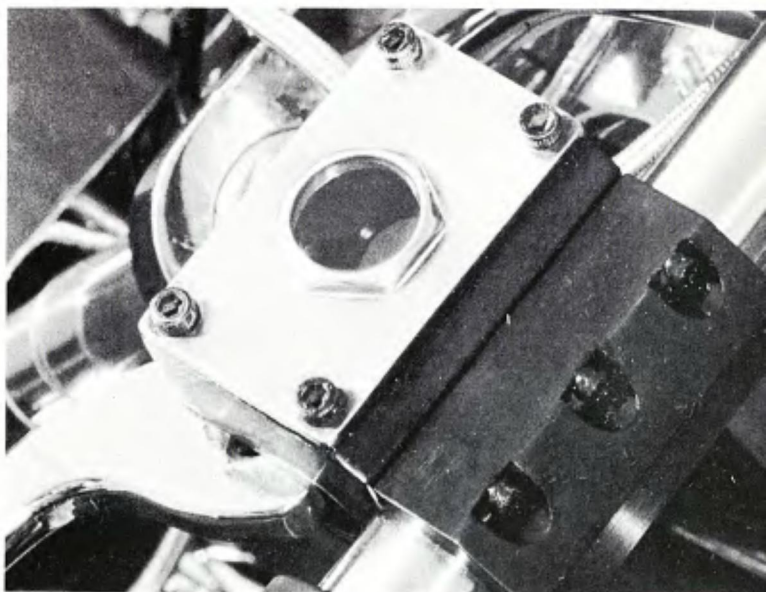
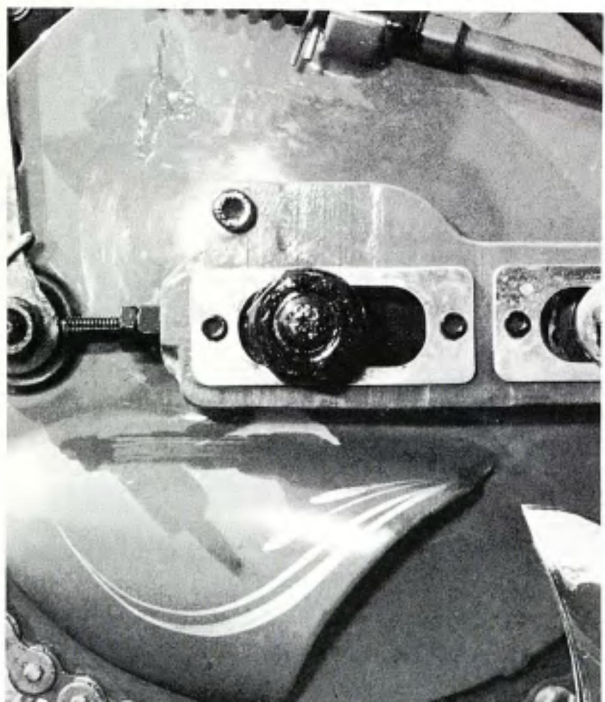
Well, your memory ain't playin' tricks on ya. This is the same machine. It's just been refined, reformed, and repainted a taste. Ya see, Bob, the owner, designer, and builder of this amazin' rollin' stock, has been wailin' on it for a number of years. And when you're doing stuff like buildin' your own gas tank with big-diameter tubes and alloy frame clamps; whittlin' stuff like fork bearing cups, triple trees, drag bars, and risers outta solid stainless steel; engineerin' things from scratch like a hydraulic clutch or forward foot controls or aircraft aluminum motormounts — well, let's just say that sometimes cosmetics get lost in the shuffle, the cutting oil, and the metal chips for a while.

I mean, this bro **really**



believed in doin' it himself. Not only did he make a single-loop frame out of 3/16-inch wall seamless tubing; he also made a pipe bender to do it! Not only did he do his own head work, but he also made his own special valve grinding tool to finish the job! And the details don't stop there. Bust your eyeballs, and you'll note that the custom-made master cylinders, stainless oil tank, and gas tanks all have either a sight glass or tube to check fluid levels. Stand on your nose, and you're likely to notice the vented rear





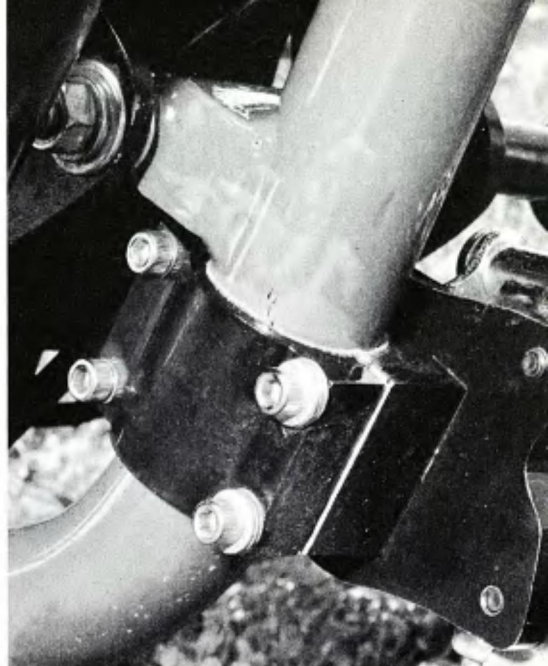
brake plate, or the specially made frame clamp that mounts a big-twin kickstand.

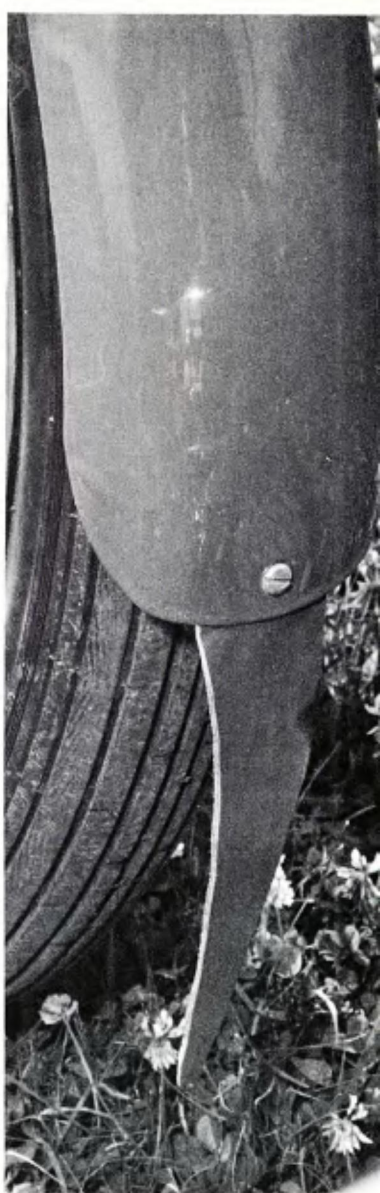
This season Bob finally added a trifle of the pretty shit to all this machine shop handiwork — with the results ya see here. Although

this sled still has a few habits from its rat past, like leaking a taste of oil and throwin' off the custom-made chain guard at over 100-per, I don't think they're bad habits. This sled is just rememberin' its roots.

— Sniveler

Owner: Bob Hunsaker		City: Nashua, N.H.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: new construction	
Year and make: '77 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: Sportster		Type: single loop	
Value: my life		Rake: 33 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 in.	
Time: 3 years and many nights		Other alterations: welder-Jerry Charron	
Chroming by: C&W (buffing/owner)		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stainless by owner	
Year: '77		Risers: stainless by owner	
Model: XL		Fender(s): Arlen Ness/owner	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: aircraft plugs and wires		Taillight: Arlen Ness	
Displacement: 1000 cc		Speedo: VDO tach	
Lower end: rebuilt		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: stock specs.		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: TRW		Electrics: owner/Bosch reg.	
Cases: cut down cam cover		Gas tank: 2-gal., with sight gauge	
Heads: Manley valves and springs		Oil tank: stainless with sight gauge	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: H-D/owner	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: hydraulic clutch	
Carb(s): Mikuni, copper manifold		Seat: cowhide by owner	
Air cleaner: brass stack/owner		Sissybar: handmade fender rails	
Pipes: black chrome/owner		Height: 1 1/2 in.	
Muffler(s): fishtails		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: glide with Timken bearings	
Year: '77		Extension: none	
Shifting: forward controls		Builder: Betor (Spain) /owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: stainless trees and cups	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Bros. Custom		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: red/black wrinkle		Tire: Yokohama	Tire: Continental
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: Hurst Airh.	Brake: H-D/scoop
Special paint: gold pinstriping			
Other special modifications: master cylinders with windows by Bill, kick start cover with zerks and seals by owner, thanks to Larry and Bill			





Photos by Jake

The two men sat in an old pickup truck across from Long John's Custom Harley, watching. The fat one, Harold, had small pig eyes, balloon lips, and no chin. "Dammit, Bobby Joe, that guy does more business than any two motorcycle dealers in town. We're gonna be rich!" Bobby Joe, a sick-looking man with watery eyes, whined. "I don't know if we should do it, Harold. I heard stories about that guy. If he ever finds out who done it, he'll be makin' dead people outta live ones. Besides, fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money."

"Bullshit, man, did you ever see the house he and his ol' lady bought a couple of years ago, or the Mercedes he drives when the snow's too deep to ride? And what about that custom Low Rider he rides on like some kinda king? Fuck him! If he has to sweat a little to get up fifty grand, that's just too bad! Now, shut up, and see what time the kid shows."

Long John sat behind a cluttered desk writing replacement orders. He leaned back in his chair and smiled as he thought about the years behind him. The tour of Vietnam that he remembered more for the mud and bugs than for the time he almost got his ass shot off... the drug years, wandering years, some bad, some not so bad... a few good friends.

Twelve years ago he'd met Cindy. He hadn't realized it at the time, but that was the beginning of the good years. That old saying, third time's a charm, must be true, he thought. Sure had been for him. They spent the first two years on the road, in the wind, laughing, loving, raising hell, going on the runs: Sturgis, Daytona, Labor Day — working as they went, enjoying the life.

Slowly the drugs stopped. The mornings of waking up and not knowing where he was and not remembering the last shots of JD stopped. Hell, even the nickname, Animal, that he'd earned by the cold-blooded ferocity with which he dealt with his enemies was seldom used, and then only by the few bros from the old days who stopped in the dealership to visit.

The Harley shop still wasn't quite real, even after eight years. The V.A. loan he'd floated had bought a small run-down shop with too few parts, a leaking roof, and a toilet that ran like an airhead's mouth.

Their son had just turned two and he'd thought it was time to settle down. Cindy had smiled and said

everything would work out fine, and, as usual, she was right. Cindy wasn't the kind of ol' lady who stood behind you. If there was trouble, she was right alongside. God help the fool who didn't believe she'd use the sawed-off Remington pump that was never far away.

He walked into the showroom and waved at two patchholders bullshitting with a guy in a three-piece suit. He liked that: people from different walks of life getting together to talk

A BAD SNATCH

By Warren Hutton

about their scooters. Long John glanced at his watch and realized his son would be there soon. He came down every day after school to help his dad out.

On meeting the boy the first time, most people were impressed by the politeness and quiet intelligence behind his dark-brown eyes. The mechanics liked him because whenever he was around they never had to run for water or reach for tools. He seemed to know, naturally, what came next. He must have inherited that from his mother. Everyone realized what he got from his old man. He showed it the day a prospect got tough with him, playing grabass, and the boy slapped him on the kneecap with a twelve-inch crescent. When the prospect picked the boy up to ring his bell, he found the kid's ninth birthday present, a lockblade Buck, stuck half an inch into his Adam's apple. One look in the kid's eyes and he set him down real easy.

Harold and Bobby Joe sat a couple of blocks from the Harley shop. The street they were on had only two houses and many trees and bushes.

"Jeez, Harold, the kid shoulda been here by now. I don't like waiting like this. What if someone sees us?"

"Shut up, Bobby Joe. I've got this job all planned out. Ain't nothin' gonna stop me from gittin' that fifty grand. Now, git your ass behind those bushes like I told ya and don't forget the sack."

A few minutes later, the boy came walking down the street, enjoying the spring sunshine, the smells of new grass and blossoms. The week before, one of the older kids had called him a sissy for liking flowers. To help enlighten him on the beauty of nature, he'd made the brat eat a few. With the coming spring, he was getting excited about the runs he knew his mom and dad would take him on, and he was sure the folks would let him try the three-wheeler this year.

"Hey, kid."

The boy came out of his daydreams to see the fat man sitting in the beat-up truck. "Yer ol' man sent us to fetch ya."

"Who's us."

"Dammit, kid, don't be a wiseass. Now, I'm in a hurry, so let's go."

As far as the boy knew, his dad didn't know this man and he wasn't about to get in that truck. He backed up a step; but before he could run for the shop, he had a gunny sack over his head and was being hauled into the truck, kicking for all he was worth, trying to get his arms free. He was more than Bobby Joe's arms could handle.

"Help me, Harold," the whiny voice called. "He's gettin' away."

Harold leaned over and punched the top of the bag a few times. When the boy quit struggling, he ground the gears in the old truck and sped off. Almost sped off — he'd put it in third.

"That kid's nuts, Harold. I bet I got bruises all over my shins." He gave the bag a worried look. "He ain't movin'."

"What!"

"I said he ain't movin'. God, what if we killed him?"

"It ain't gonna change nothin'. If we did, we did. Now, shut up that kinda talk and reach in and see if he's still alive."

Bobby Joe gave the bag a fearful look, reached in, and began to feel around. A bone-chilling scream filled the cab as Bobby Joe fought to pull his hand out of the sack.

"Oh, Jesus, Harold, he almost bit my thumb off."

Harold started to tell him to quit sniveling, but

Continued on page 77



Unwrapped

It's common knowledge that most chicks aren't really wrapped tight. Usually you can't trust 'em any farther than you can spit. But, holy shit, Mutha. What are they waiting for? Waiting to get fucked. Waiting to get high. Waiting to go for a ride. And in that order. It looks like android tryouts in the clubhouse bar some nights.

If it's between a lobotomy and buying my own scooter, I'll start weight training so I can lift a Hog up off the ground.

D. Lee
Mahtomedi, Minn.

• Why would ya have to choose between buyin' a scooter and gettin' your tits made smaller?

Time To Stroke

Did you know that scientists have determined that the average time of intercourse is four minutes?

The average number of in-and-out strokes per minute is fifty, making the average intercourse 200 strokes. Since the average cock is six inches, the average bitch receives 1200 inches, or 100 feet per fuck. Since the average bitch does it about three times a week, 52 weeks a year, she gets 15,600 feet annually. In other words, over two miles.

So, bitch, if you are not getting your two miles every year, why not let me help you catch up?

Rowe
Bushnell, Fla.

• Fuckin' Spider is like running the Boston Marathon, I get the full 26 miles each and every time.

A Real Kidder

My ol' lady wants to have a kid real bad, but I can't give her one. This guy that she was with for three years just blew back into town and she slipped off a couple of times to fuck him and try to get pregnant.

The thing he doesn't know is that she is only balling him in order to have a kid. She's afraid he wouldn't do it if he knew the truth. I hate it and we argue about it a lot. What should I do?

Confused
Rapid City, S.D.

• What you don't know is that she's fucking him *after* taking her birth control pill.

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

Who's At Home?

Are you really nasty as what you want us to believe, or is there a very sweet, loving and caring person deep down inside of you?

I really want to know the real you and look forward to your answer.

Rev. Fred
Dallas, Pa.

• Right at this exact moment I'm not entirely sure who's deep down inside of me.

How High?

Is it true that Spider keeps a rope handy in case he falls in your snatch and needs help climbing out?

Neicy D.
Oildale, Calif.

• That's a vile lie. He hauls himself up usin' my perfectly spaced warts and sores.

Never Enough

I've never had any trouble getting chicks to ball me. In fact, I've always gotten as

many as I could grab. The trouble is that with only one arm that works, the number I can grab is a lot smaller than I'd like. What can I do?

One-armed Bandit
Somewhere in Calif.

• Spider seems to trap his share by wrappin' his legs around 'em.

Bone Breaker

My ol' lady likes me to put my dick in her pussy while it's soft and then listen to her bones crack when it gets hard. She thinks you'd appreciate my eight inches too, but I doubt you like it that thick and wide.

Crazy Bob
Clute, Tex.

• You're right! I don't like it when I can't feel it.

Bovine Beauty

My ol' lady is at her sister's for a week and I'm so fuckin' horny I'm starting to have fantasies about the cows in

the field next door sitting on my face. I'd go into detail, but I don't think you could picture a cow in fishnets.

Is this normal? My balls are so blue they glow in the dark. What should I do?

Mad Mike
Chehalis, Wash.

• Rent 'em to someone who likes playing night tennis.

What A Poem

I'm sitting here in San Quentin

Wishing to be bitten
By that rabid bitch called Mutha,

And surely not another.
Her face would stop a scooter

At ninety miles flat.
Her hair shines like the grease

That covers my dead rat.
I love you true,

And only you
Can make my teeth turn green.

Because you're the ugliest,
nastiest cunt

These lonely eyes have ever seen.

Terrible Tobias
San Quentin, Calif.

• What killed the rat? Listening to your poetry?

Big Ones

You crater cunt, where can I find some rubbers that fit? Goodyear stopped shipment on my order for a gross of blimps before I found out they wouldn't hold up to the stress anyway.

You know, I'd like to wedge this towering tool between your thighs and rub those bug bites you call tits. And I'd love to see your face when I shoot a load of Doctor Dick's root oil gushing into your monstrous gash and on out your ears. Admit it, you'd love it too. So load your lard ass up and come take it like a good gutter slut.

Big Jim
Cashiers, N.C.

• Spider got some that were too small the other week. I'd send 'em to you, but I returned them to the tent maker.

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. ■



National

 Abate
Easynews

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

Bike deaths down, registrations up

The number of bike riders killed in 1981 dropped 4.96 percent, from 5,097 in 1980 to 4,844 in 1981, according to statistics compiled by the American Motorcyclist Association.

The reduction in fatal accidents came despite the fact that the total number of motorcycle accidents and the number of bike registrations were about the same as in 1980, the AMA noted.

There were 175,022 reported motorcycle accidents in 1981, the report said, while stressing that many states do not report non-injury accidents unless there is a fairly high dollar amount of damage to the vehicles involved.

Again in 1981, the AMA continued its efforts to arrive at an accurate figure for the number of bike drivers and passengers killed in accidents. The problem with obtaining this figure is that many states count everyone killed in an accident involving a bike — even a cage driver or a pedestrian — as a motorcycle fatality.

"It's a problem with education," AMA lobbyist Gary Winn explains. "The state data collection agencies don't know how to report a fatally injured bicyclist involved in a motorcycle accident, so he gets tossed into the motorcycle pool."

In working toward getting more uniform and accurate reports from the states, the AMA, aided by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, has developed and distributed special reporting forms to all 50 states.

Canadian mounties use tow truck to bust biker party run

More than ten bikes were towed off and impounded for no reason recently when 30 Canadian bikers who were headed for a party at Fort Saskatchewan were stopped and searched by a special police task force in Edmonton.

In addition to towing away bikes, officers arrested several of the bikers on drug charges and issued 23 traffic citations.

The bikers' complaints of continual harassment which, they say, has intensified dramatically since the notorious

Royal Canadian Mounted Police raid on the 1981 Labor Day run to Coronation, were supported by Edmonton city lawyer Burke Barker.

"Just because these bikers wear leather jackets... doesn't mean they are not human beings with basic rights," Barker said. "You wonder who's next," he added. "At the moment the opportunity is there to bully and harass minority groups. This attitude is being tolerated and covertly encouraged."

Hallelujah, paper plays straight with bikers!

Dig on this clipping. The language and the tone sound almost like it was dealing with citizens rather than scooter tramps. Don't see too much of that around Cleveland, man. It looks as if these Dirt and

Grime MC bros have got their shit together, and as though the Elyria Chronicle-Telegram is leaning in the right direction. Ride Free Forever.

Uncle Polack

Motorcycle club plans fundraiser for "Critic"

By KAREN BALMER
C-T Staff Writer

Hoping to raise money to appeal one member's court conviction, area motorcycle clubs are throwing their support behind a "Free the Critter" benefit party sponsored by the Lorain-based Dirt & Grime Motorcycle Club of Northern Ohio.

In addition to gathering donations for "Critic's" attorney's fees, proceeds will also go to the Lorain County Chapter of the American

Cancer Society, according to Dirt & Grime president Rich Drippon.

Chris "Critic" Danby, 33, was recently sentenced to 5-25 years in jail after an Erie County common pleas jury found him guilty of aggravated trafficking in LSD. He is represented by attorney James Burge, who said an appeal will be filed.

About 15 northeastern Ohio motorcycle clubs, along with out-of-state members from Georgia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Michigan, in-

vited to the benefit party Aug. 28 at the Catholic Youth Organization Center, 2501 Leavitt Road, from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m.

The public is also invited to attend the party, featuring the Burnt River Band. The ticket price of \$5 includes one free plate of food. Fifty cents of each ticket goes to the cancer society.

Drippon and attorney Keith Suek met with Lorain Police Chief John Malinovsky Tuesday to finalize plans to have two off-duty, uni-

formed police officers present at the party, Malinovsky said he gave his approval. "They want them there to provide security," he said.

Beer will go for 25 cents a glass. Prizes will be awarded.

Advance tickets can be purchased at the Dirt & Grime clubhouse, 2438 Lexington Ave., the Crystal Rock Inn, 2215 E. 28th St.; and Campana's Cafe, 1854 Washington Ave.; or from any Dirt & Grime member.

Elyria (Ohio)
Chronicle-Telegram

H-D pins Japanese for stealing designs

Japanese manufacturers are virtually copying our motorcycles, protested Harley-Davidson chairman Vaughn Beals in asking the International Trade Commission to investigate alleged predatory marketing practices by makers of import bikes.

According to H-D, sales of Japanese bikes of over 700cc

have gone up one-third since 1977 while Harley's share of that market has dropped.

In its petition to the Trade Commission, Harley lays the blame for much of the import imbalance on Japanese manufacturers copying H-D designs and H-D's marketing approach.

"If the import situation con-

tinues to deteriorate... the willingness of Harley-Davidson's lenders to continue to support the company will be brought into question," the petition said, adding that unless there are some restrictions put on the imports, "there is a serious question how long Harley-Davidson can continue to survive."

If the Trade Commission, which is currently investigating Harley's charges, finds that import makers are unfairly competing, it could recommend that the government either impose additional import taxes on foreign motorcycles or establish a quota for the number of bikes allowed to be imported each year.

Biker killed trying to save woman from attack

"I don't see what else he could have done," said Ron Martens after his son Rick was blasted off his bike and killed while chasing a gunman who had attacked a

woman in a parking lot.

Martens, 22, was driving near the Vancouver, Washington, lot when he heard a woman's scream. Almost immediately after the scream he heard

a shot and saw a man come out of the lot and start running down the street. When he chased the fugitive on his bike, the gunman turned and fired, hitting him in the chest.

The incident began when the as-yet-unidentified killer approached a woman exiting her car in the parking lot. He pulled out a pistol and ordered her back into her car and,

when she screamed and threw her purse at him, he fired a shot into the ground, snatched the purse, and ran.

According to Sgt. Tony Braunstein, one of the officers attempting to track down Martens's killer, the biker's death proved that Vancouver still has "people who care and will lay down their lives for a person in need."

Colorado man may inherit Sam Pierce's "Mr. Indian" title

Go to a big meet — Sturgis or Daytona — and out of thousands and thousands of bikes you might find four or five actual, live, running Indians. Yet there are at least 20 "Crimson Steeds of Steel" of various ages carrying happy bikers around the Boulder, Colorado, area.

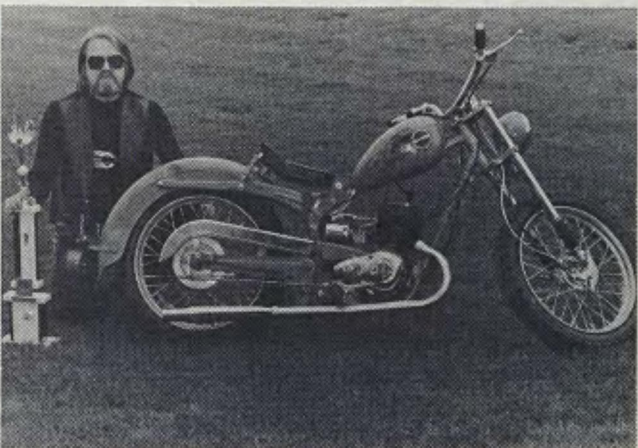
The reason for this concentration is a young tool and die maker who is now engaged in a fair bid to inherit the mantle of "Mr. Indian" from the late Sam Pierce. Jeff Grigsby, who was born in 1953, the same year Indian went bankrupt, has been digging Indians out of auto junkyards and shaky garages throughout Colorado and restoring them to their

former honor and glory.

"It's a study of the history of American engineering," says Grigsby, explaining his original fascination with Indians. He notes, for example, that Indian, which first began producing bikes in 1901, won the first motorcycle race ever run (a 10-miler in 1902) and was the first American company ever to win at the Isle of Man (they swept the first three places in 1911).

One of Grigsby's customers, Eldon Arnold, 58, proud rider of a 1950 Chief, explained more simply the love many bikers have for Indians. "You can't wear them out," Arnold says. "With a little extra care they'll run forever."

Bikes dubbed "fine art"



WINNER-Norm Lanquist and his prize-winning Harley Bobcat

Seems like part of the straight world is finally catching on to what we knew all along; that a tasty, lovingly built chopper is as much a work of art as any painting or statue.

Evidence for this was recently provided by the faculty of Eastern Arizona College, who scheduled a custom bike show as part of their annual Fine Arts Fiesta.

About 25 bikes, with a total value of over \$100,000, were entered in the various categories — custom, racing, restored, road, and modified stock — by students, former students, faculty members, and Arizona-area bikers. All entrants were presented with trophy plaques by Andrea Alder, Miss Graham County.

"I feel the bike show brought

a lot of people onto this campus who otherwise would never have an occasion to stop by or take the trouble to come on out and see all the exciting things we have here," says faculty member and show organizer Norman Lanquist.

The editorial comment of the local newspaper, the *Eastern Arizona Courier*, was even more positive. "It was evident that the bikes' place at a fine arts fiesta was well validated by the sculptural aspects of the geometry of custom frames, in the sensitivity to colors (violent and subtle) in custom paint, and in the assertion of individuality and creativity by the owners," the paper commented, "like hand-crafted jewelry and clothing, a custom bike becomes part of and an extension of its owner."

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 chapter.
☐ 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.

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	Yes ²	Yes ³	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 ¹²	Yes ³	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	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-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 11-Certain cities may require lights, 12-Passengers must wear helmets, *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



The Pentagon has awarded **Harley-Davidson** an \$18.2 million contract to make **bomb bodies**. Wonder if they'll use surplus engine cases. . . That bill that would have made it illegal to deduct the **interest** you pay on **financing your scooter** from your income tax has been amended: You can still deduct the interest. . .

Learning a lesson the hard way. A **Sarnia, Ontario, man** was taking a motorcycle riding class. While sitting on his bike waiting for instructions, he was **hit by lightning**, which struck his head, traveled through his body, and exited through his groin. He was hospitalized in serious condition. . . Also in Canada, **police raided** a bikers' bash in Brantford and **confiscated** 2,603 bottles of beer and 24 bottles of **whiskey**. The spirit of Elliot Ness is alive and well in the North Country.

An Oregon **biker** has been awarded **\$2 million** from a skid lid maker because its defective bucket didn't save him from losing his memory and speech due to brain damage suffered in an accident. . . Florida's Third Annual Motorcyclists' **Rights Run** will be held **April 22-25** in Tallahassee. For more info, contact Florida ABATE at Box 06745, Ft. Myers, Florida 33906. . . Loose lips sink ships dept.: Researchers at St. Paul-Ramsey Medical Center in Boston have determined that **wind blowing** into bikers' mouths at high speed can **damage tissues** and seep out of the lungs into the chest cavity, causing excruciating, though usually temporary, pain. . .

An Independence, Missouri, **woman** was critically **injured** when her boyfriend's bike was run over by his wife's car. It happened this way: The woman was a passenger on the dude's bike when they happened to pass his wife driving her cage in the opposite direction. The missus did a quick 180, and the dude pulled over to explain. Apparently the explanation wasn't good enough, because the wife rammed the bike with her cage, the bike ran over the girlfriend, who was standing in front of it, and the girlfriend fell and smashed her head on the curb.

The **Louisiana State Senate** has passed a bill reclassifying driving between 55 and 65mph on interstate highways as an excessive energy use violation instead of a traffic violation. Under the bill, fines would be \$5, and violations would not be included on drivers' records or reported to insurance companies. . . Famed **British actor** Sir Ralph Richardson, an **avid biker** for most of his life, recently finished filming *Invitation to a Wedding*, in which the character he plays is forced to make some daredevil escapes on a bike — a la Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape*. In the film, Richardson, 80, does all his own stunt riding.

And finally, **bikers and freedom** are synonymous, even under martial law in **Poland**, where the military police stopped 20 bikers on their way from Warsaw to a bikers' rights rally in Jedlinsk. The cops' demand that the bikers produce their papers was greeted with a shower of rocks that smashed every window in a police station and several adjacent buildings.

ABATE leader takes his final ride

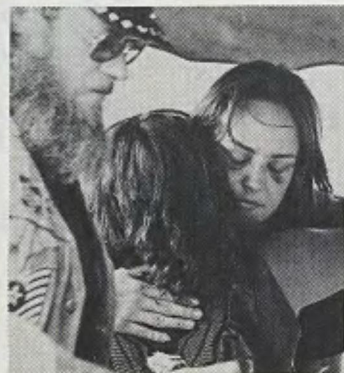
"The day I die," Troll used to tell friends, "the first person who cries, I'm going to come out of the casket and bop him on his head."

In keeping with his feelings, they buried Paul "Troll" Thornley, 36, founder and president of Pasco County, Florida, ABATE, with class and with music — the Eagles' "Take It Easy" — his '50 Duo Glide beside him.

"We wanted this to be a happy occasion," said Troll's brother Rusty. "We wanted to celebrate his life, not his death."

"His whole life revolved around bikes," said Rusty of his brother, who was snuffed out by an 18-year-old cager without a driver's license. "He lived on them and I guess he had to die on one."

The main theme running through the memories of almost everyone at the funeral was how



Troll had given so much of his life to the fight for bikers' rights and freedom.

"I been ridin' bikes for more than 40 years," said one 60-year-old mourner. "Troll was the best. If I could trade places with him right now, I would."



Photos by Teeler

Harley riders organize against harassment

Pinellas County, Florida. Harley riders are organizing to protest alleged harassment by the county sheriff.

According to speakers at a meeting held recently at a local H-D dealer, sheriff's deputies are regularly stopping Hogs and forcing the riders to undergo license and registration checks, even though they have committed no violations. Even worse, the deputies have, in a number of cases, impounded Harleys for serial number checks and then refused to return them after they have checked out clean.

In one case, a '76 Sporty was held for several months, even though the Florida Department of Motor Vehicles notified the

sheriff's department that the title to the home-built custom was in order. In another case, a bike was impounded for several days and then returned minus the engine cases, even though the case numbers were also clean.

Action against H-D riders by Sheriff Gerry Coleman's selective enforcement unit has, surprisingly, drawn fire from straight citizens as well as bikers. In an editorial condemning the impounding of bikes, the *Evening Independent*, a Pinellas County daily paper, said in part, "Can law enforcement officers deprive people of their property indefinitely? It is uncomfortable to think so."

"Sheriff Gerry Coleman ought to bring this episode to an end. We'd hate to see Pinellas County put a Harley-Davidson on trial and send it to jail for life."

The head of the selective enforcement unit, Capt. Thomas Carmody, denies the charges, but admits that his unit was set up primarily to deal with bike activity.

Though no specific strategy to fight the harassment was laid down by the 90 bikers at the meeting, St. Petersburg lawyer Bill Pentrose told the bikers that the sheriff's actions could possibly be a violation of their civil rights, and several of the meeting's participants indicated that a lawsuit might be filed.

Famed novelist John Gardner dies in bike crash

Novelist John C. Gardner Jr., described by the Rochester (N.Y.) *Democrat and Chronicle* as one of the dozen or so best-known writers in the English-speaking world, was killed recently when his '79 H-D went off the road near Susquehanna, Pa.

Gardner, 49, was everything critics of motorcycles claim bikers never are: well educated (a doctorate from Iowa State); successful (a National Book Critics award for the novel *October Light*); and productive (he published 32 books, hundreds of articles, and taught writing at several universities).

He was also, by any man's definition, an in-the-wind biker who began riding as a teenager and never stopped: students at Binghamton College, where he was director of the

creative writing program at the time of his death, remember him most for the way he would profile across campus on his H-D, a long-haired, white-haired professor in leathers and jeans. Though almost 50, he made regular 400-mile weekend runs home to Batavia, New York, to be with his father, who was re-

covering from a stroke.

Whenever a bro falls, it comes as a real shock to those he left behind. In Gardner's case it was an especially hard kick in the guts — he was due to be married the following Sunday. The many straight people who knew and loved him seemed, in some ways, as unique as Gardner himself;

nobody sounded off about how he'd still be alive if he weren't "on that damned machine," etc. Most of his friends and family, in fact, seemed to know and understand the special place his "truly authentic Hog," as he once described it, had in his life. As his mother, Priscilla Gardner, put it, "He was so at home on it..."

\$300 theft bigger crime than killing biker

Ever wonder how much you're really worth in dollars and cents?

Here's a hint. Knute Johnson, 22, was killed when he tangled with a cage in Berwyn, Illinois. As he was flying over the cage and into a telephone pole, his wallet fell out of his pocket and landed about five feet from his

body. A chick picked it up, noticed it contained \$300, and tried to give it to the cops. Before she could get to where the first patrol car on the scene was parking, a dude grabbed the wallet from her hand and took off, only to reappear among the gawkers a while later. The chick pointed him out to the cops, who searched

him and found the wallet — minus the three bills.

Arrested on suspicion of lifting the money was Thomas Arundel. Meanwhile, Michael Coda, driver of the cage that killed the biker, was cited for failure to yield and sent on his way.

As I said, it kinda indicates what you're worth.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

Some leftover problems pop up like juicy pimples and are just as messy. Don't worry, a little dab of common sense will dry the situation and put a drain on the strain. Too much sugar coating seems to be your present problem. Get to the point, be blunt, and politely say, "Listen, asshole, why don't ya go fuck yourself!"

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Except for some foul balls and flies around your thighs, it's a goodie! Good time to get in the wind and get in touch with nature and reality. Leave hassles, head trips, and herpes behind and relax awhile. Just be sure your scoot isn't on the downs before heading out. If you can't get away, hole up with your honey and hibernate.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

The cash flow is down to a slow drip. You can barely afford to wipe your ass, let alone feed your face. Look on the bright side — Chinese proverb say, "No eaty, no shitty." Seriously, someone comes to your rescue when you're going down for the third time and pays back a forgotten debt.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

On-the-job VIPs have your act under the eyeball, and your gonads are up for grabs. Don't let the pressure turn you into Silly Putty. A small amount of shape-up will help you slide through a winner this time. Someone offers ball-bustin' advice; but remember — the dunce don't sign your paycheck. Think twice.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

Seems like your sugar-drawers has ants in her pants and is itchin' and bitchin' more than usual. If so, ask yourself, "Has she had her oil checked lately?" If not, get out the old dipstick and hit bottom. If that don't lighten your load and have her smiling, you got problems! Maybe too much party time has your peter meter down past the limp line.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Be prepared to read between the lines, or bend over and bear it with a grin! A lotta hints are being thrown your way, but no one will tell you where it's at or why. Best go straight to the main man and don't mess with



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Aquarius

Aquarius is the sign of friendship and unconventionality. Aquarians take easily to strangers and seldom consider anyone weird, no matter how bizarre he acts; in fact, they'd probably take it as a sign of originality. They enjoy subcultures and off-beat lifestyles because of the mental stimulation provided. Aquarians are always ahead of their generation. They know what's in before it is.

Aquarians are good at judging character, so never try to run a game on 'em — they'll just reverse it on ya. And when the shit hits the fan, they can be tricky and clever, with ingenious methods for getting even. The main one is making you look like a fool.

Aquarians are broad-minded and always open to suggestions or new ideas. They are progressive and inventive, especially at upgrading old ideas. They are good at giving advice and make excellent counselors.

Yet Aquarians' bottom line is to be independent to the max! They resent any interference in their personal lives and are loyal, understanding, and defensive of friends' fuckups. So don't badmouth Aquarius buddies — they believe in live and let live.

Some famous Aquarians are: W.C. Fields, Tallulah Bankhead, Randolph Hearst, Jules Verne, Farrah Fawcett, Yoko Ono, Charles Lindbergh, John Travolta, Paul Newman, Clark Gable, Thomas Edison, Jimmy Durante, and James Dean.

Aquarians are susceptible to varicose veins on the crank (or clit) and hardening of the bellybutton. They get circulatory problems and piss in their pants a lot. Except for heavy cases of toe jam, they are healthy, horny, and hard to tie down.

Male Aquarians are good in bed, especially when they're asleep. The females love to give head, but should learn not to talk with their mouths full.

Mr. In-Between. There's too much at stake to take chances. Don't let some poop butt creep hang it in ya!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Do something daring and different this month. Break the monotony, go out and earn

yourself a herd of crabs. Take them home and deposit 'em on your ol' lady's patch. Then get yourself one of those electric bug sniffers and have her squat over the thing. Enjoy yourself — kick back and listen to the snap, crackle, and pop!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Deciding who you can trust this month has you in hot water — without your rubber ducky. Before you work up a lather, make sure partners come clean. Don't forget to check for leaks. Otherwise, be sure everything is either above board or between the sheets. Even moanin' on the wrong mattress could be a mistake now. Take care.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

This one will cure your cover, curl your hair, and clear the cheese from your crank. Better yet, it's good to the last drop. As long as you steer clear of unusual food, like eating at Who Flung Dung's Mongolian Mess and finding weird lumps in your plops later, this should be smooth riding, with bumps in the right spots.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Time to pull the plug on that on-the-rag attitude, and don't mess up while you're at it. Handle this ragged situation with kid gloves; then wash your hands of the whole affair. After that it's greet 'em and meat 'em. Go ahead and throw a few dogs your bone, too. Get it out of your system and fuck off your frustrations.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Happy birthday! This is your month to take a dump, diddle till you whittle your worm off, and get loud and loose. Then show your appreciation — drop your drawers, bend over, and crack a smile. Remember, everyone loves a happy face! You may even get some surprise stash to share. Enjoy it.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Don't push your panic button this month, unless you've got someone to back you up. The odds are against your going it alone. Keep your activity to the pace of a turtle's twat in heat. Busy yourself by picking your nose with your roach clip and minding your own business, or you could be blamed for someone else's fuckup! ■

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.

Definition of a perfect 10:
She lies on her back and
still has cleavage.

—Jane Winter
Indianapolis, Ind.

One night the biker was down
between his ol' lady's legs
eating away when he said,
"You're an eight."

So she pissed in his mouth.
He promptly slapped her out on
the floor. She asked, "What the
hell did you do that for? You
said urinate!"

"You were," the bro said.
"Now you're a two."

—Audrey Williams
Bonham, Tex.

Bikers' dictionary defines
a skyjacking as a handjob
at 30,000 feet.

—Donald John
Stevensville, Mont.

The biker's dictionary
defines a tuna salad as a
pussy with lettuce, mayo, and
tomatoes stuffed in it.

—Nails
Simi, Calif.

Do you know why deaf-mutes
make the best gynecologists?
They know how to read
lips!

—Spike of Tahoe
Truckee, Calif.

Did you hear about the
biker who was invited to a
cockfight? He stayed up all
night greasing his zipper!

—Kevin McCall
Utica, N.Y.

This scooter trash wants
some ass; he don't care if
you got no class. Just drop
your pants and spread your
legs; he thinks it looks like ham
and eggs.

—Sue
Apopika, Fla.

The customer in a warehouse
was dismayed to see the
unshaven armpits of the
hooker as she undressed.

"So much wool, so much
wool!" he muttered.

As she slipped off her pant-
ies, he noticed another large
growth.

"So much wool, so much
wool!" he exclaimed again.

The girl retorted, "Look, mis-
ter, did you come here to fuck
or to knit?"

—Edward Ferguson
Great Falls, Mont.

Why do men wear under-
wear in the winter? To
keep their heads warm!

Why do women wear under-
wear in the winter? To keep
their lips from getting chapped!

—Carol Smith
Reynoldsville, Pa.

There's a new French car
on the market making out-
landish claims. The manufac-
turer brags, "You can get eight
in the front seat, sixty-nine in
the back, and all four tires will
go down on you."

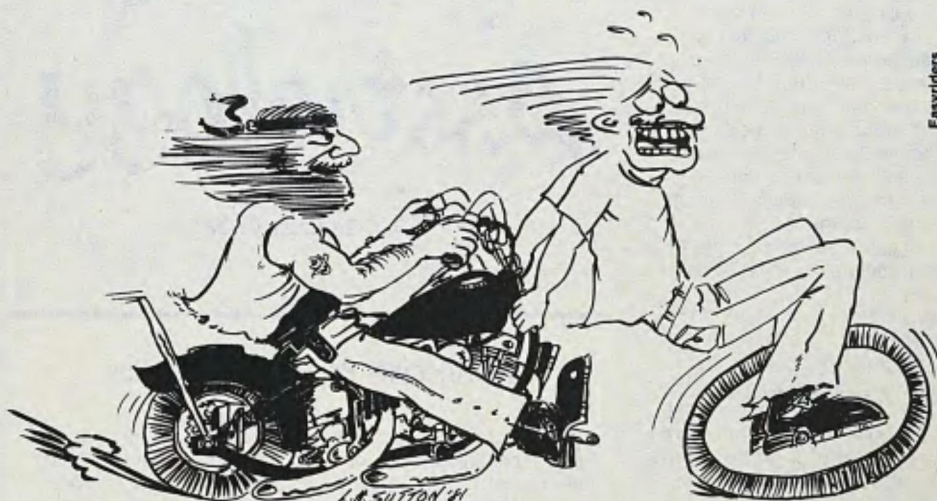
—Pierre Coupe
Riverhead, N.Y.

There was this bro who
worked for a large paving
company. One afternoon when
he got home from work he said
to his ol' lady, "Lie down! I'm
gonna black-top ya!"

"No, no," she replied, "it's
my time of the month!"

He thought for a moment and
then said, "Okay, roll over and
I'll assfault ya!"

—J.T. Daugherty
Albuquerque, N.M.



"I'm sorry I wrecked your new front end. . .
I'm sorry I wrecked your new front end. . . I'm sorry. . ."



Easyriders

Easyriders



"Psst... wanna ice cream cone, little girl?"



A bro's ex-ol' lady walked into the bar and called for drinks on the house. When the bartender finished serving everyone, he told her she owed him \$65. "Well, I haven't got any money," said the girl.

"What!" the bartender yelled. "Then how are you going to pay?"

She dropped her drawers and said, "With this!"

The bartender stared for a second and then said, "Haven't you got anything smaller?"

—Scott Gideon
Tennessee Colony, Tex.



The old dude with no arms or legs went up to the whorehouse and rang the doorbell. The madam opened the door and said, "What could you possibly want here?"

"I want a woman."

"What the hell could you do with a woman?"

He smiled. "I rang the doorbell, didn't I?"

—The Fat Man
Albia, Iowa

A biker was talking to a broad he met at a swap meet. "What's the difference between a ham sandwich and fucking?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied.

"In that case," said the scooter tramp, "how about having lunch with me?"

—Lewis Turnbull
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

Bikers' dictionary defines an Alaskan hooker as a prostitute.

—Mountain Man
Markleeville, Calif.

How are chicks like postage stamps? You lick 'em, stick 'em, and send 'em on their way.

—Terry Day
Santa Fe, N.M.

Biker's dictionary defines anal sex as the man in the moon.

—Jim Hunter
Rochester, N.Y.



The club mama was quite calm when the doctor confronted her with his questions. He finally asked, "Don't you have any idea whose child you're carrying?"

"Doctor," she said slowly, "if you backed into a buzz saw, could you tell which tooth was the sharpest?"

—Pasquaulli
Nowhere

Little Linda asked her mother, "Mommy, do women come apart?"

"What a strange question!" answered Linda's mother. "What makes you ask that?"

"Well," replied Linda, "I heard Daddy say he'd like to screw the ass off the lady next door."

—Flathead
Lexington, Mo.

Bikers' dictionary defines an Alaskan hooker as a prostitute.

—Mountain Man
Markleeville, Calif.

What do you do in case of fallout? Reinsert and take shorter strokes!

—Connie
LaFollette, Tenn.

Bikers' dictionary defines an anteater as a hungry uncle.

—Big T
Kalamazoo, Mich.

What do a virgin and toilet paper have in common? Once you tear off the first piece, the rest comes easy.

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

Do you know what gross is? Gross is when you're eating your ol' lady and a little hand reaches out and grabs your tongue.

—Harvey Typer
Canon City, Colo.

A young girl came to America from Europe and got a job as a maid. On her second day, while making the bed in the master bedroom, she found a used rubber and was quite shocked.

Upon sizing up the situation, the lady of the house asked, "What's the matter, dear? Don't people use these where you come from?"

"Y-y-y-yes, ma'am," the hysterical girl replied, "but we don't skin them!"

—Dragonslayer
New York City, N.Y.



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

Sometimes you can win for losing. We get quite a few kites from inmates who wonder why anyone, particularly short timers, should bother getting involved in prisoner-rights suits. "What's in it for me?" they invariably ask. "Why should I put my time on the line? Why should I risk being harassed? Most of those suits are losers and even the ones that win are appealed for years. I'd be long gone, or dead, before any good came out of it."

It's the old "can't win for losing" syndrome and, let's face it, there's a lot of truth there. Progress in this struggle has, and will continue to, come slowly. On the other hand, progress can also come from strange and unexpected directions, and the suit — even the unsuccessful suit — you help press in Maine may pay off for a bunch of convicts in Oregon or Arizona.

Nowhere is this possibility more clearly illustrated than in the area of medical care. Just about every totality-of-conditions suit filed in the past 20 years has had among its major complaints overcrowding and inadequate medical care. And, if there is one thing prison administrators have learned from all these suits, it is that federal judges are usually a lot more concerned about prisoners having to wait, say, two weeks for sick call than they are about most complaints. Oh, yeah, there's another thing the corrections bosses have learned: When federal judges get pissed, the penitentiary business can get mighty damn expensive.

In response to this, and in an attempt to find a way to budget rationally for medical care expenses on a yearly basis, many penal institutions — and even some entire systems — are doing away with the traditional prison infirmary supplied with adhesive tape and rubbing alcohol, and staffed by aged trustees and a part-time, often unlicensed, doctor.

To take their place, prison officials are employing private corporations to supply all medical care to

the inmates. Under this system, the state signs a contract, agreeing to pay the company so many dollars for so many years. Alabama, for example, is currently paying a firm called Correctional Medical Services \$25.5 million for three years service, and the company agrees to provide the state with all the physical equipment and trained personnel necessary to administer medical care that will stand up to the most rigorous judicial scrutiny.

The primary advantage is that doctors and other medical personnel working for outside contractors are trained to consider medical problems first, and security problems second. Unlike doctors working directly for the prison, they are more apt to think of the individuals they are treating as *patients* than as *convicts*. There are also more practical benefits. In many cases, the contracts that outside health providers sign with the state require that the companies be responsible for all malpractice claims. Since these companies, unlike the state itself, do not have the limitless resources of Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer to back them up, they tend to be a lot more careful to avoid such litigation. At the Pontiac Correctional Center in Illinois, for example, the state-hired doctor used to be in his office at the institution 40 hours a week. Now, with the health system being run by a private contractor, there is a doctor on the premises 24 hours a day.

Also, there is some evidence that the outside contractors can attract more competent doctors than were previously willing to work in prisons. One reason for this is the fact that several of the largest outside health providers do more than serve prisons; they also provide medical services to nursing homes, supply the nurses at large factories, rent paramedics to ambulance companies, and provide the emergency room staffs at many private hospitals. Doctors working for these companies can move throughout the system and, because of the size of the companies, eventually become

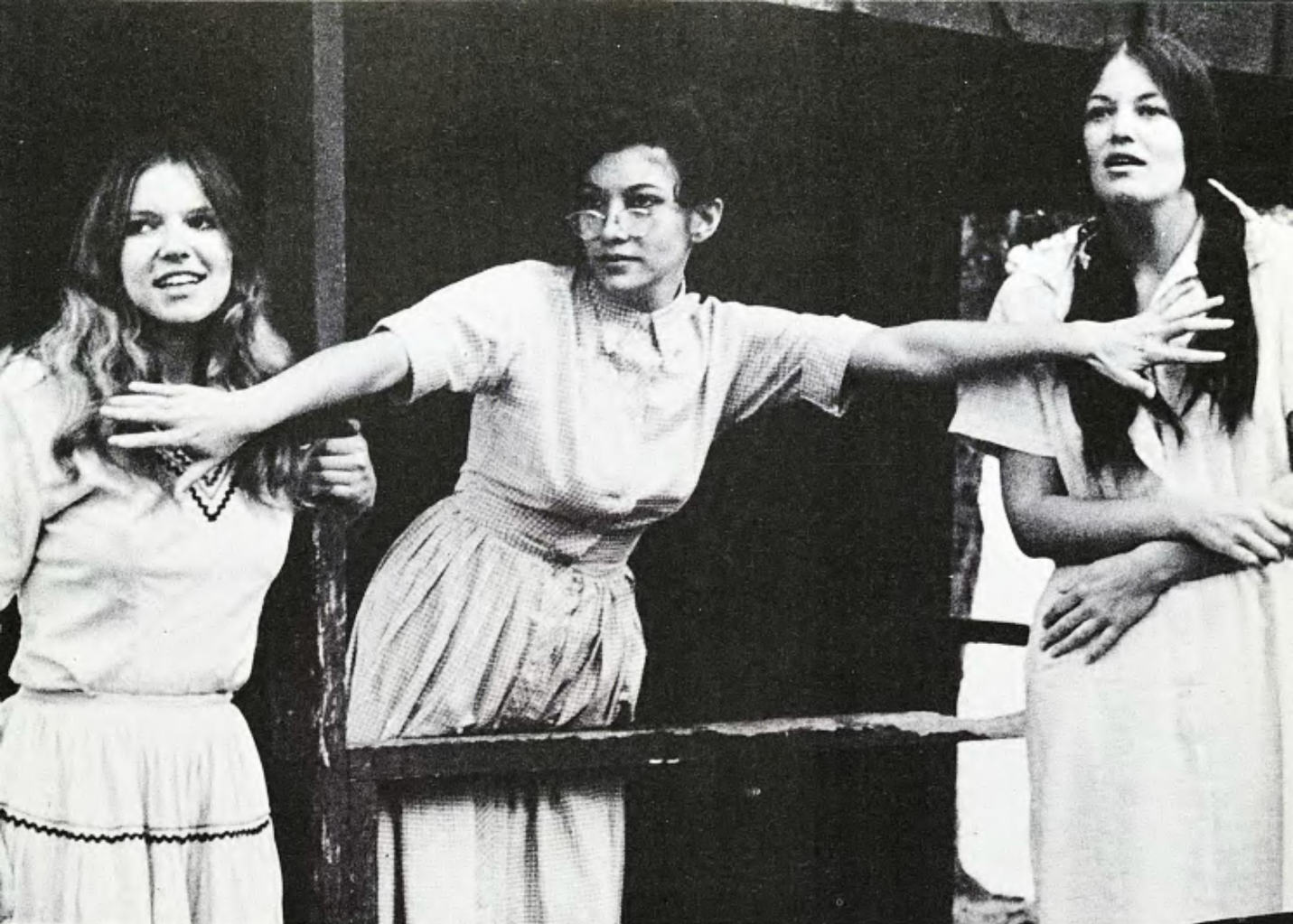
supervising physicians — a promotion in income and status unavailable to doctors working directly for the department of corrections.

There are other potential benefits of the contract medical systems that may or may not ever be realized. For instance, we all know that all those white-clad people shoving thermometers down our throats and draining blood out of our elbows are neither doctors nor nurses. In the outside world they're called assistants; in behind-bars bureaucratise they're "correctional medical technicians." In most institutions that provide their own medical care these CMTs are just guards with a slightly unusual job assignment. If they seem a little short in the tender loving care department, well, what do you expect? It's probably pretty difficult making the transition from wielding a baton to handling a hypo. And, even if they never make the transition successfully, they're still members of the guards' union and almost impossible to fire. In theory, that wouldn't be a problem under an outside contractor; if someone isn't doing the job, out he goes on his butt.

Of course, that's theory, and it's a theory the correctional workers' unions are fighting hard to keep from becoming a fact. And they've been successful. Outside contractors in several cases have been forced to retain the unionized CMTs left behind by the old prison medical administration, despite their lack of qualifications.

Despite this, it seems obvious that getting medical care from professionals socially and personally removed from the prison atmosphere and mindset is of great potential benefit to inmates, providing them, at the very least, with a more objective pair of ears to tell their stories to and, at the very best, a chance to survive a heart attack or knifing that might have been fatal under the 9-to-5 hours of an old-style prison infirmary.

And it's happening because a lot of people, on the outside as well as inside, cared enough to carry on. ■



“Now, Now, Girls. It’s Only a Dude On a Harley!”

Ya know what kinda trouble it can be gettin’ down to the store in time to get the latest *Easyriders*? Seems like all kinds of things come up to keep ya from gettin’ there.

Now, we ain’t sayin’ ya should stop lookin’ for those things that can come up, or lookin’ for something to bring *that* thing up — but ya gotta be a loser if ya miss your copy of *Easyriders*, so why not solve the problem? Subscribe now and get *Easyriders* delivered right to your home, and when ya do you’ll even get a free, full-color decal like the one below. Do it now and you’ll not only get this rag every month, but you’ll have even more time for attractin’ the right kind of attention.



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116

Check one:

- Smiley, you old pot-smoking, pill-droppin’ lecher,
☐ Here’s \$18.99 for 12 issues.
☐ Here’s \$36.99 for 24 issues.

And quit flopping around on the damned floor, it’s only a lousy penny.

- ☐ Here’s \$19.00 for 12 issues. Add \$3 per 12 issues to Canada and \$6 per 12 issues foreign. U.S. funds only.
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 ☐ Please extend my present subscription.

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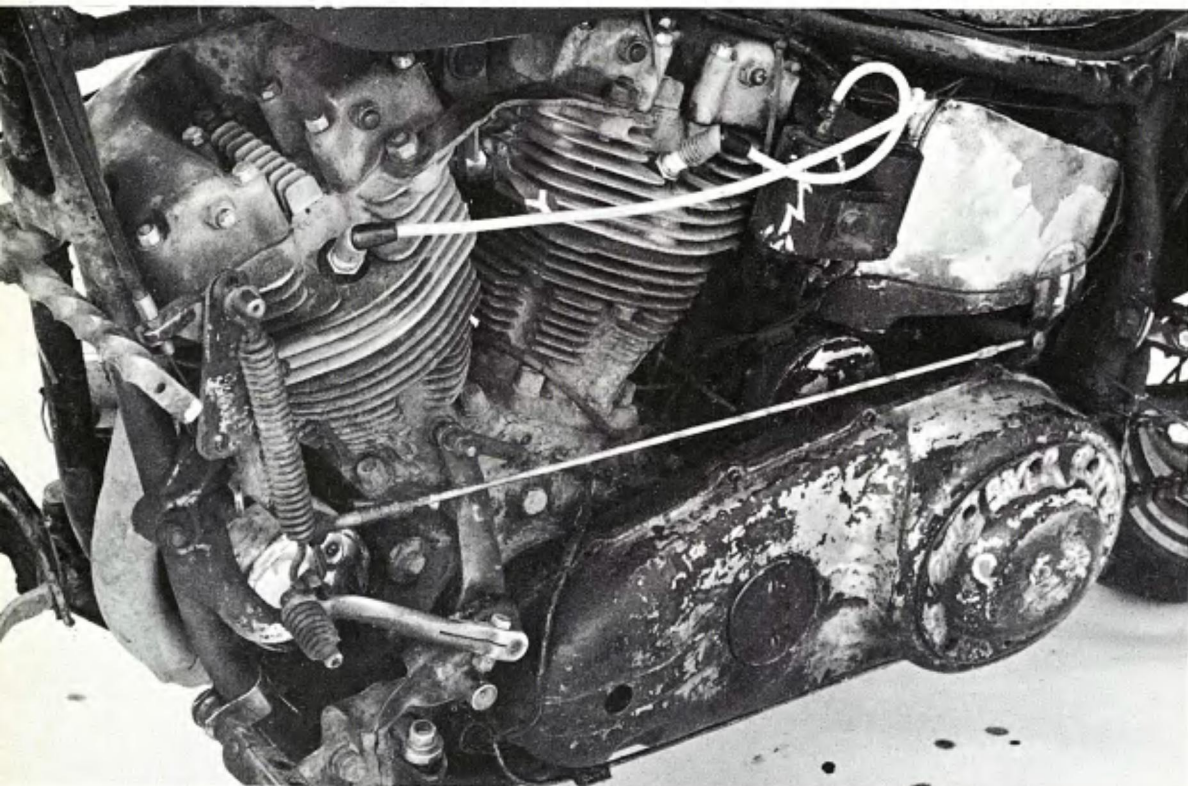
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like best about *Easyriders* magazine? _____



Progress Report

The last we'd heard from Courtney Gordon, the Piney River Rat, was four long years ago. His less-than immaculate scooter was featured in February, 1979. It was described at that time as a rollin', "Salvation Army on wheels." Not long ago, in the dead of night, we got another visit from our man in Piney River, Virginia.

He and his bro Merch were workin' the cobwebs out at the local burger joint, at the other end of their cross-country trek. We got them hosed down and cooled off from their bout with the desert and proceeded to start

laughin'. The laughter continued for a week, goin' over ol' times an' the time in between, whether it was at Pete's, shootin' the mess, which had a few changes, or on the killer freeways out here. Good spirits.

They split to finish their journey and we got to scribblin' up some words for a feature. Then one day a few days later, we got a letter from The Rat that made us shitcan our writings for the more realistic truth of the road tale that follows.

—Garbage





Hey, Bros:

Man, you would not believe the trip back! We made it up to Santa Cruz okay, spent a day there, then hit the highway for the East Coast. All went well until we were almost home (550 miles away). We were in Indiana and a super trooper pulled us over — our first stop on the whole trip! He informed us that "You in a whole heapa trouble, boy. You got to burn yo beam in Indiana." We got by without a ticket — just a written warning.

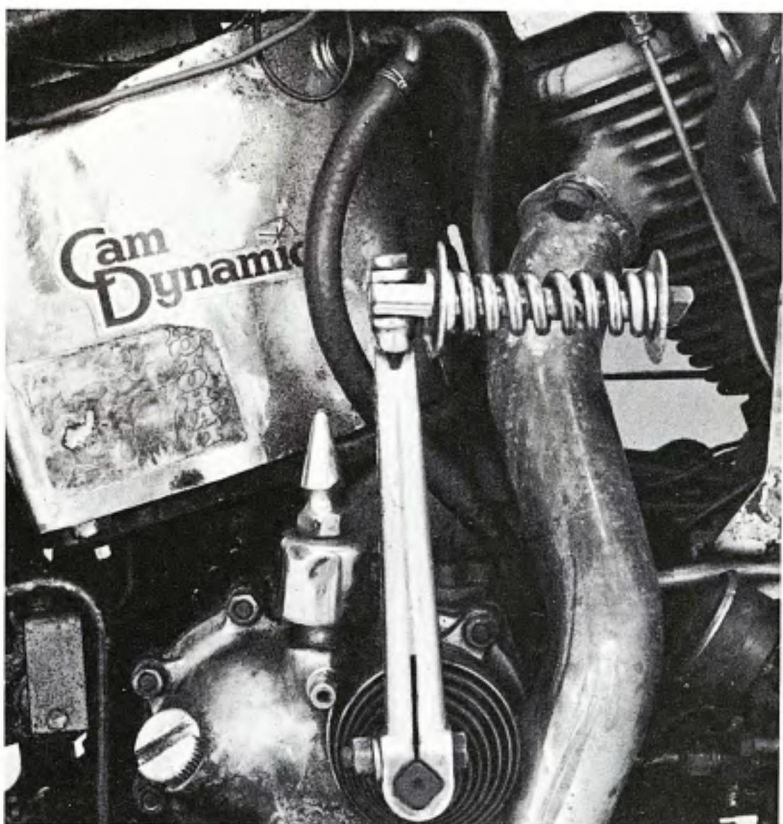
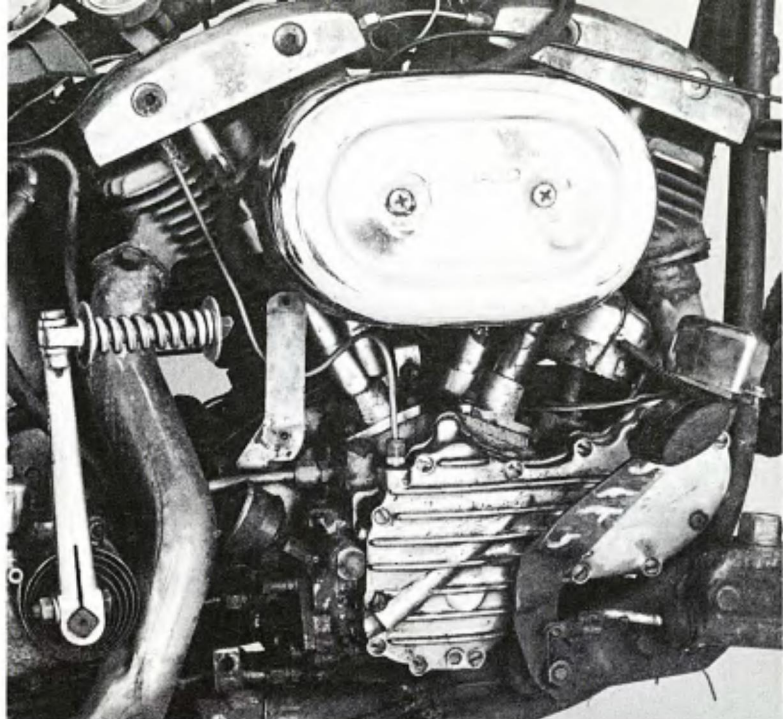
A few more miles and I was scopin' out Dan on the knuckle. I thought that his light looked shit-awful dim. We pulled over to the side of the road to check it out. A wire had come loose from the armature post of the generator, and guess what? No Shit!

Burned up the generator! Man, there we were, 550 miles from home, and this had to happen. And we only had about \$22.00 between us. Hey, anybody got a cheap 12-volt generator? On Saturday? On the side of the Interstate? In Indiana? Fuck me!

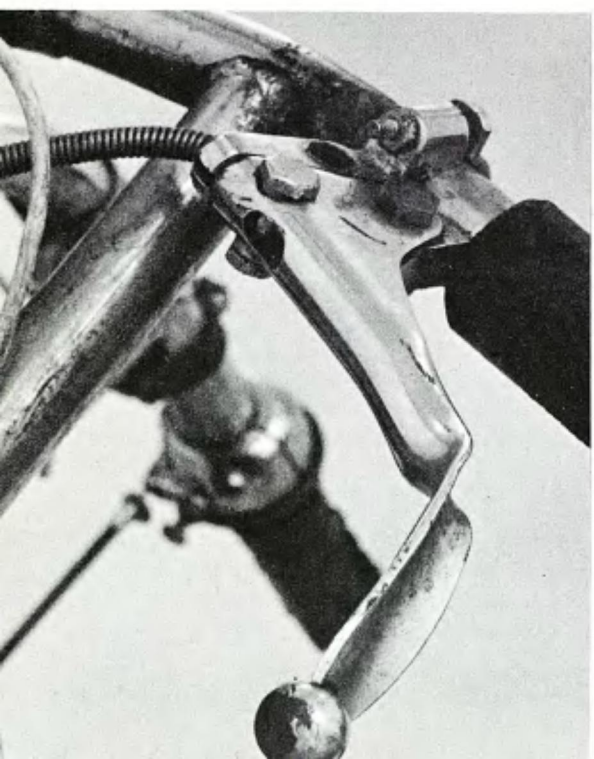
Well, we figured that we could run no light (just after the super trooper filled us in on the law in Indiana) to save the battery and make it to a station for a charge. So we did it.

After an hour and a half of charge we were ready to do it again. Then, 25 miles later, Bap, Bap, Bap, Blam, Pow! Dan is out of gas (he thinks). We pulled into a closed service station and found out it ain't a gas shortage. It's no juice — a dead battery. Well, fuck it!

I saw this piece of rubber hose that dings the bell, and



Photos by Pete Chiodo





swak! off it comes, about 20 feet of it. One end to the rat and one end to the knuckle and by shit I'll tow it home (yeah!).

We started jammin', and it looked good as long as no law came by. We should be so lucky. The rat blows up — Raka, Raka, Clunk, Shit, Stop! I'm stoked. Gimme a fuckin' match and I'll burn 'em both. Then Dan told me it was only 150 miles to his granny's house in Cincinnati. Well, does she drive a truck? No. Does she ride a Harley? No. Well, does anybody live there that you know who drives a truck? No. Gimme a match!

One hour later, after a buncha parts swappin', the knuckle is now six volts and towin' the rat with a 20-foot-long piece of rubber hose at 70mph down the Interstate, headed for Granny's house. And it's gettin' dark, with no light on the now

defunct rat. Believe it or not, we weren't through yet. Rain! Lots of it, but we were comin' down the home stretch and I wasn't stoppin'. One hundred and fifty miles and no cops. Six miles of Cincinnati traffic in the rain, and no cops. In the dark. No lights, but no cops. And finally we made it to Granny's.

Well, I'm home now, and the rat is still in Cincinnati, to be rescued in the near future. A valve stuck open. We pulled the head and found both the intake and exhaust bent, but it didn't hurt the bottom end. Well, life goes on, even after the thrill of livin' is gone. Oh, yeah!

Your bro,
Courtney



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Your bro,
Courtney

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



Here she is, folks — Lynette, the sixth monthly winner in the 5th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady

Contest. The runners-up: Yvonne, Vicki Lynn, and Cocaine.

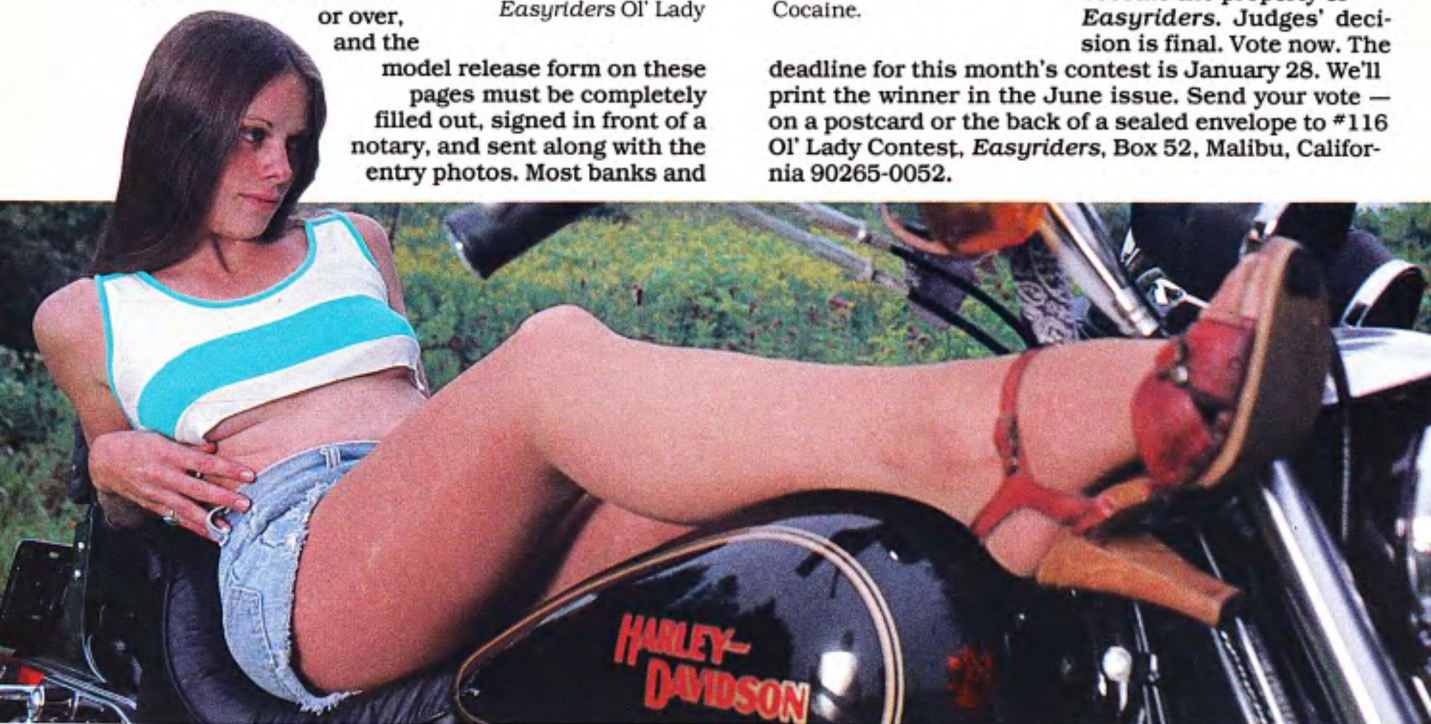
real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25 words, 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 January 28. We'll print the winner in the June issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #116 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

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



RITA

MELODY

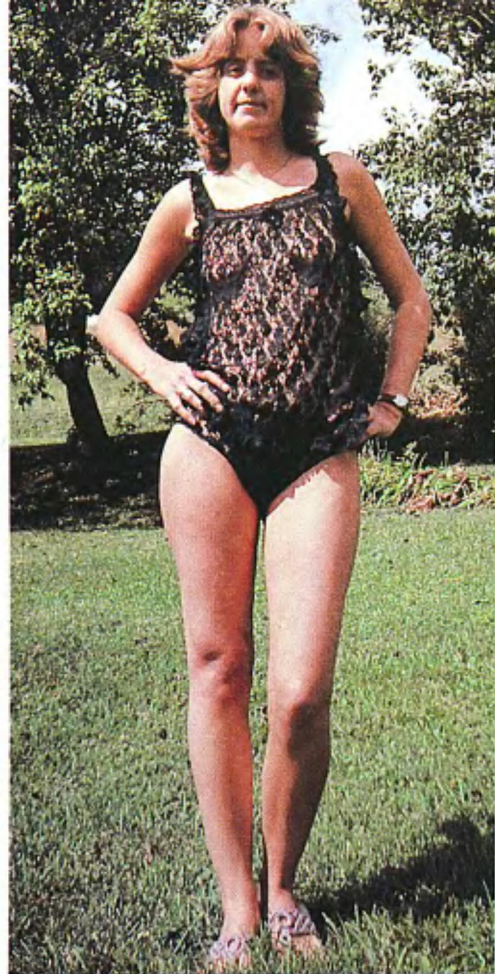


Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest
Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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

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

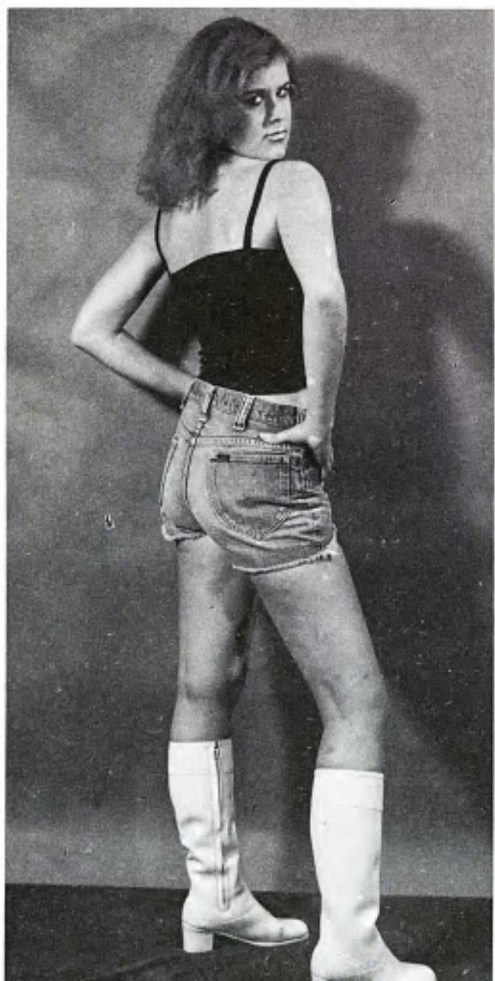
In 25 words or fewer, describe type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.



DEBBIE



DIANA



MARY

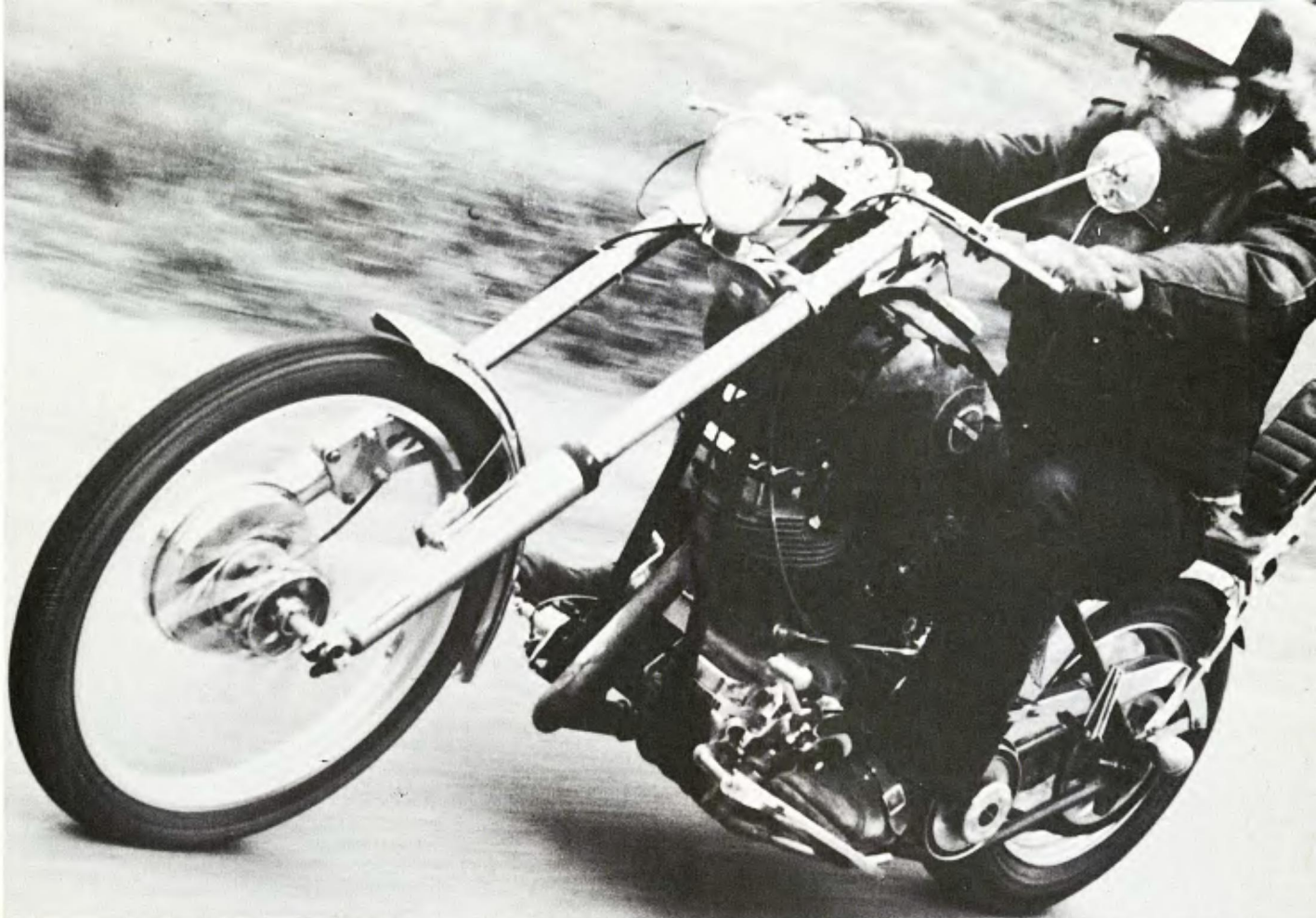
SHELLEY



IN THE WIND

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black and white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyrider*s, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.





—from Melanie Howard, Greensboro, N.C.

—from Gregory Vettel, Minot, N.D.



—from Big Ed, N.H.



—from The Ort, Austin, Tex.



—from Bob Touchette, Cambridge, Mass.

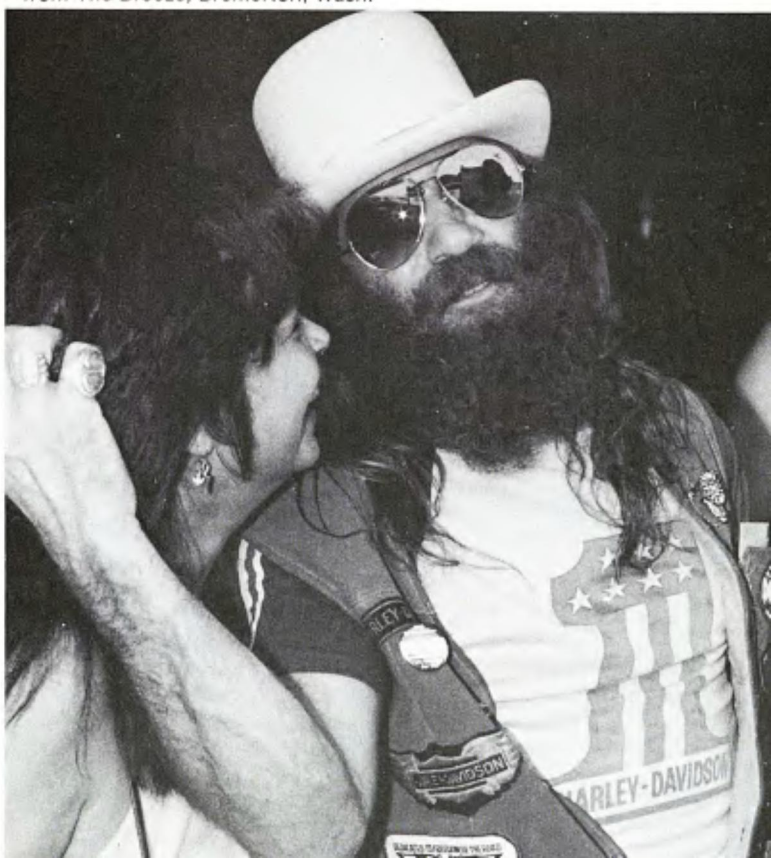
—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

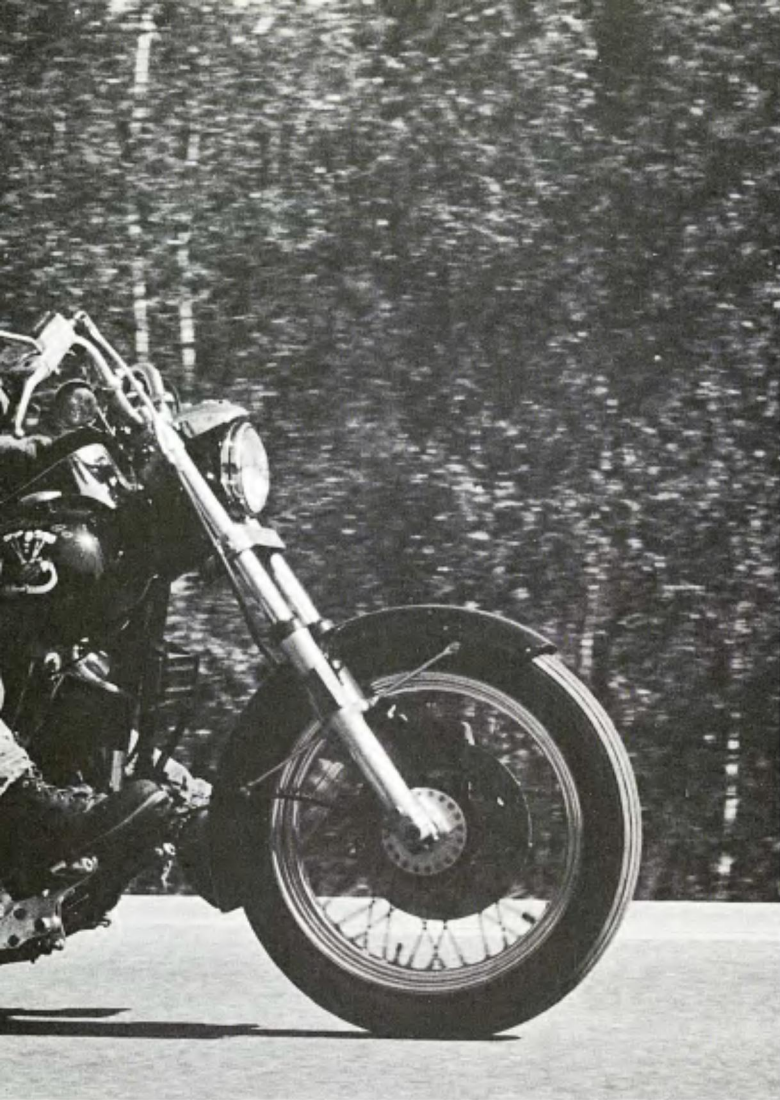


—from The Breeze, Bremerton, Wash.

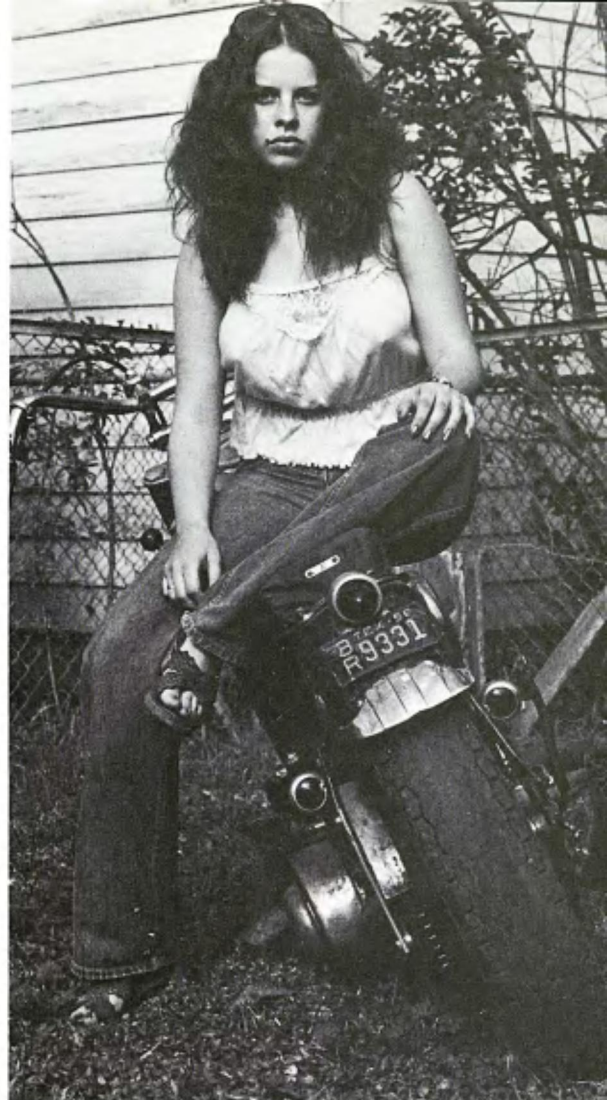


—from John Wilson, Locust Grove, Va.





—from Rick Gagne, Topsham, Maine



—from Chance, Houston, Tex.



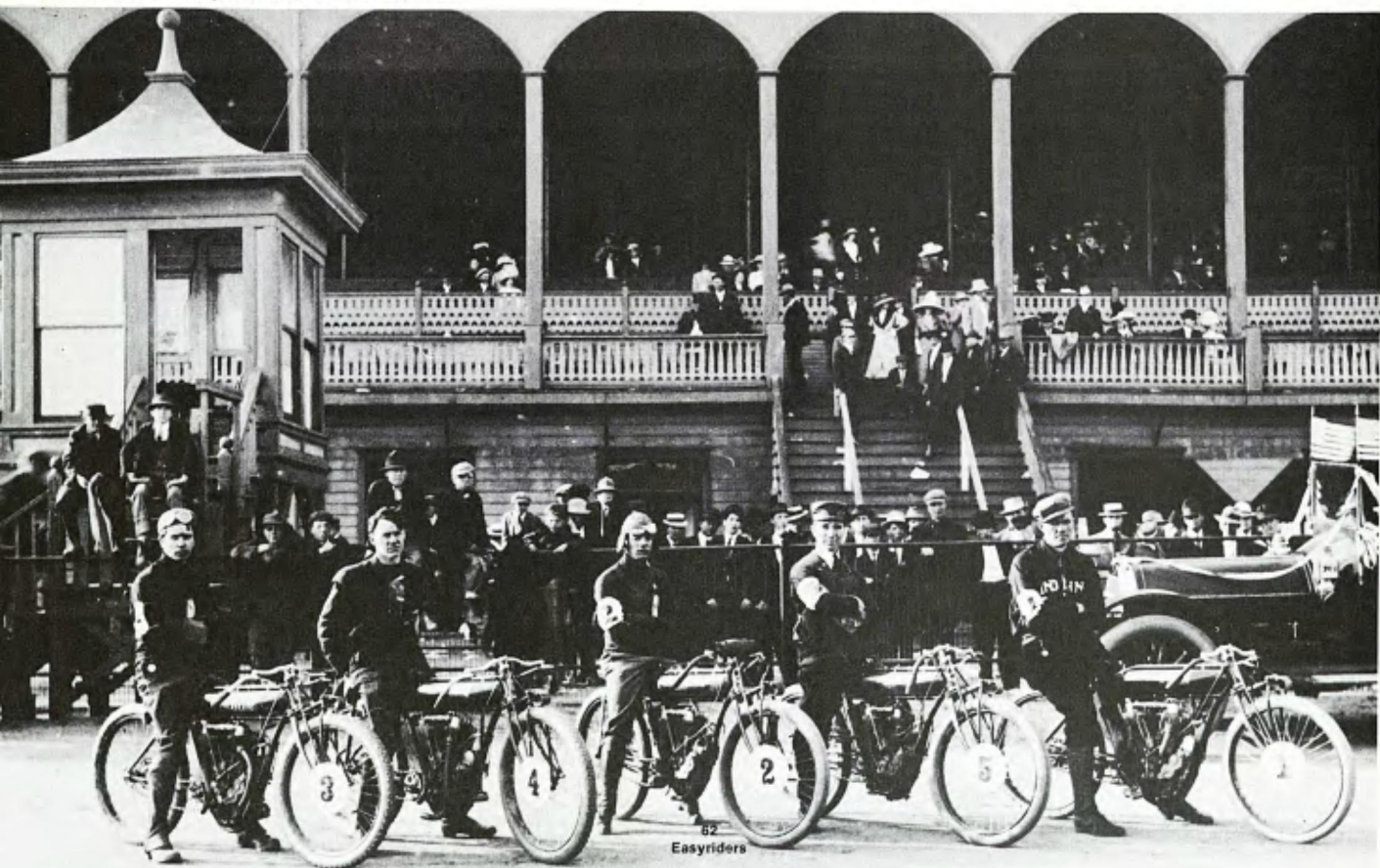
—from Linda Williams, Tucson, Ariz.

—from W.B., Price, Utah



—from Dorothy Larson, Anaconda, Mont.

—from Clayton Dean, Dayton, Ky.





—from David Hills, Josigo, Quebec



—from The Ort, Austin, Tex.



—from Bill Hawkins, Williamstown, W. Va.



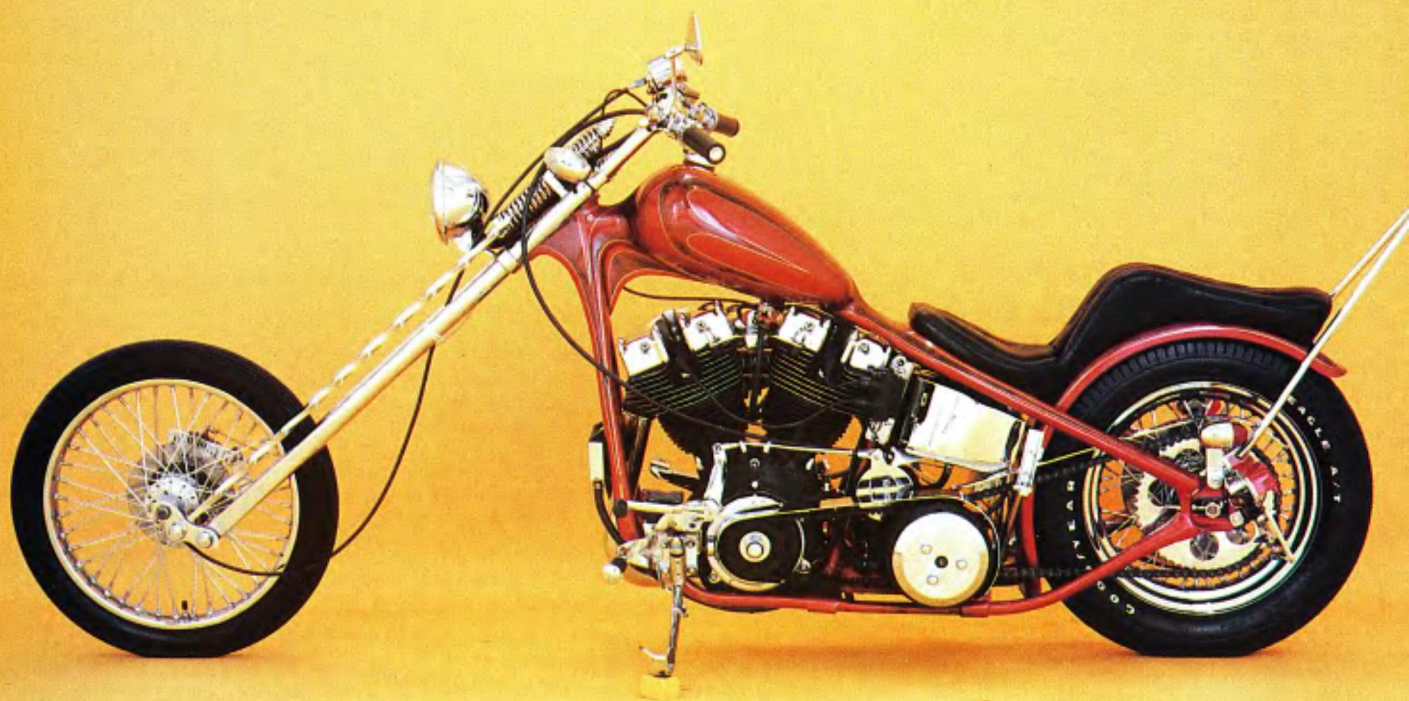
—from Swede, Sweden

DAYTONA
87 MI.
SR 647

BILLY-BOSTON'S
FISH CAMP

BAIT SH



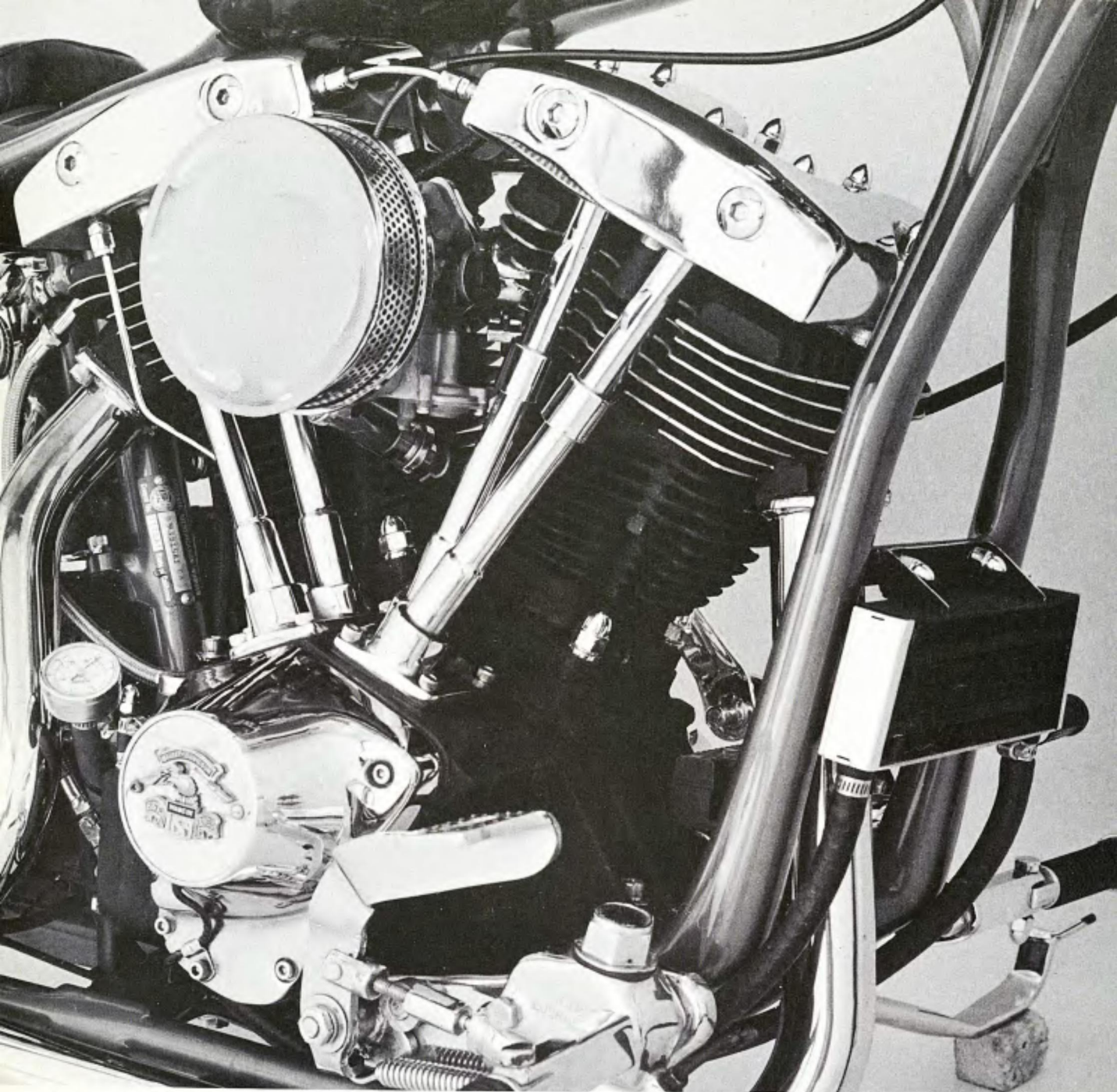




Cross-Country Construction

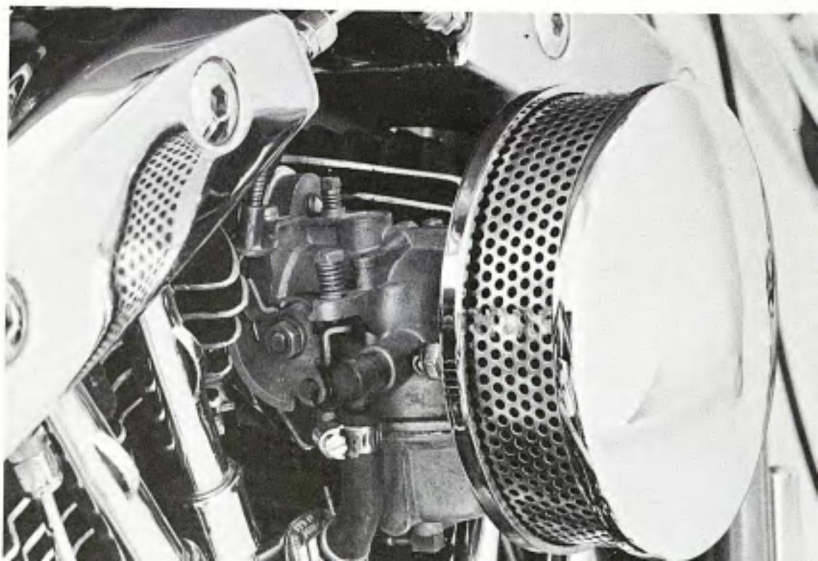
And I thought that I had trouble putting up a scooter, what with running over to one bro's place to use his drill press, then to a local shop to use the belt

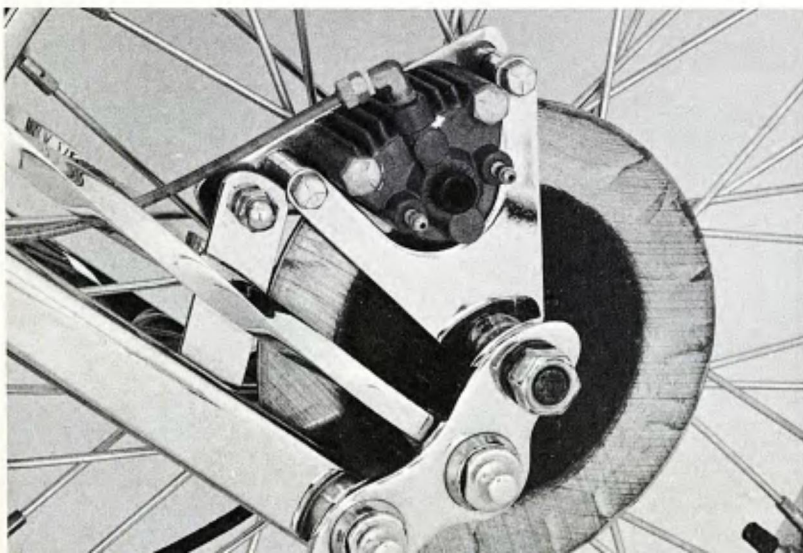
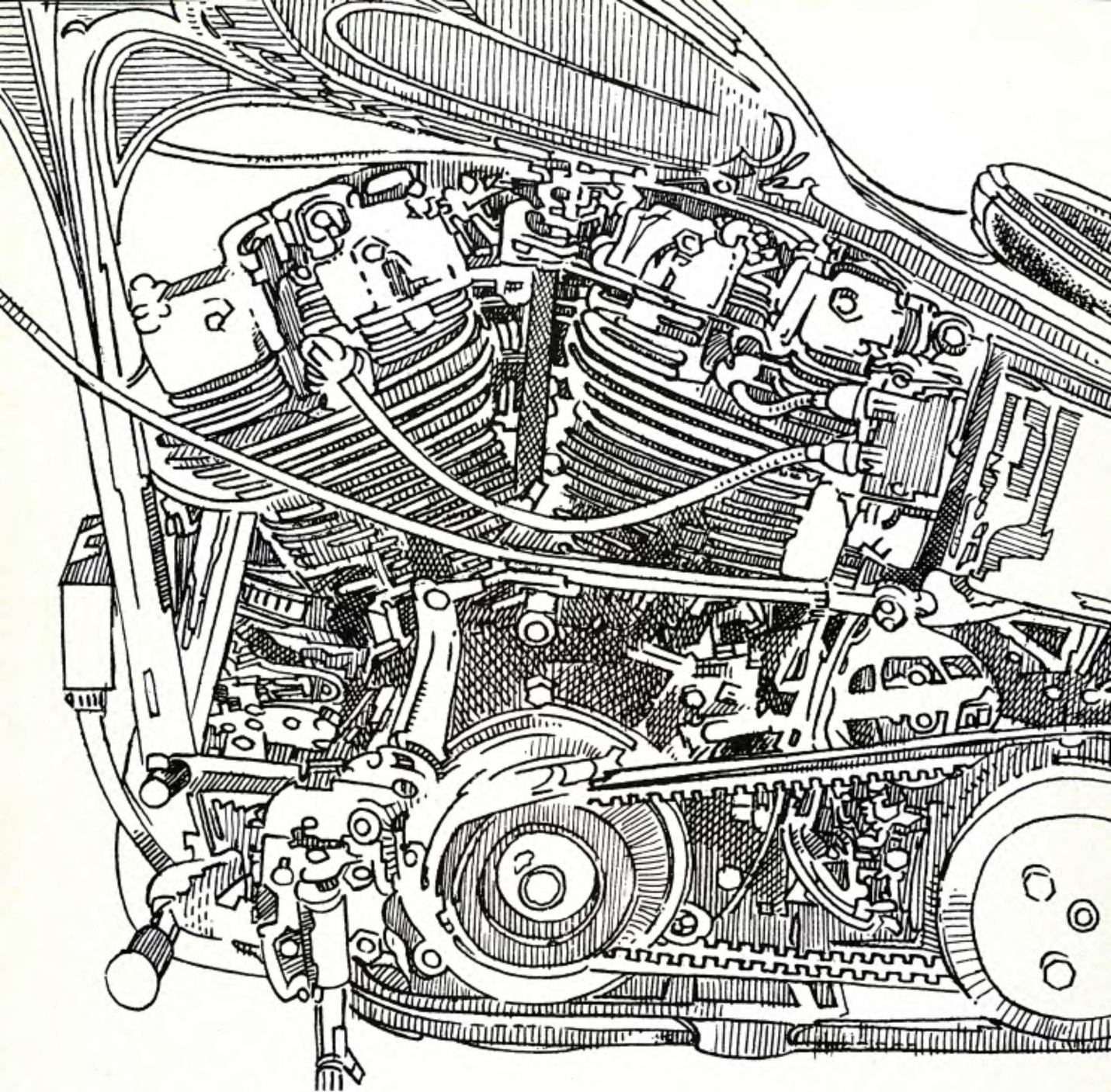
sander, then back to the garage to make sure of the fit. Well, Serge, the owner of this shovel, had it rough; he put up his scoot in two different countries, Canada and



the U.S., and two different states in the U.S.

Serge started his scooter in Canada with a dream and a whole saddlebag full of parts. Next he packed everything to sunny Florida, buying some more parts and fitting things up. But his

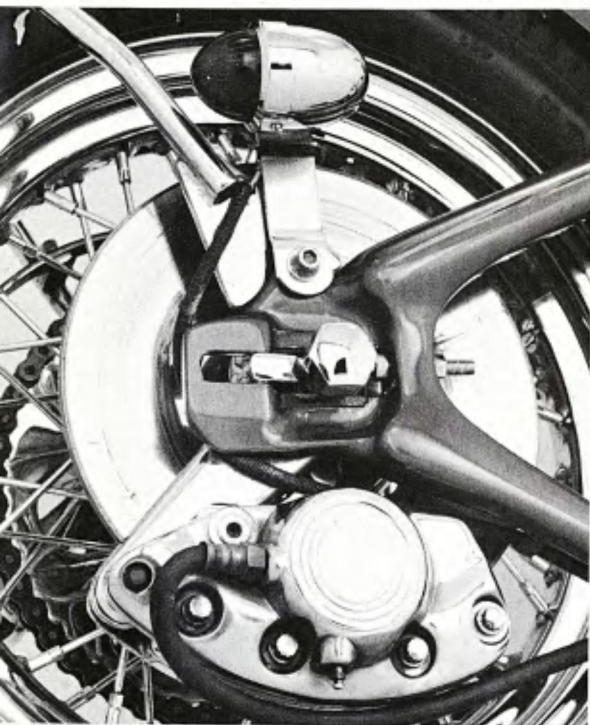




scooter never saw the highway in the sunshine state, 'cause then Serge moved to Southern California, where he hooked up with Billy Westbrook, who helped put the finishing touches on the scooter. But before Serge could mark up the pave-

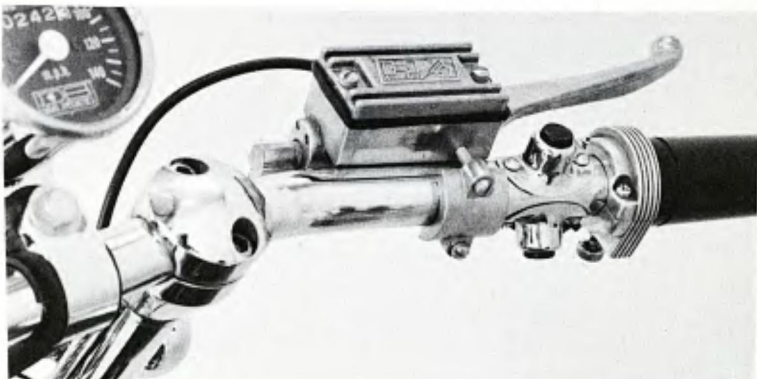


Photos by Pete Chiodo

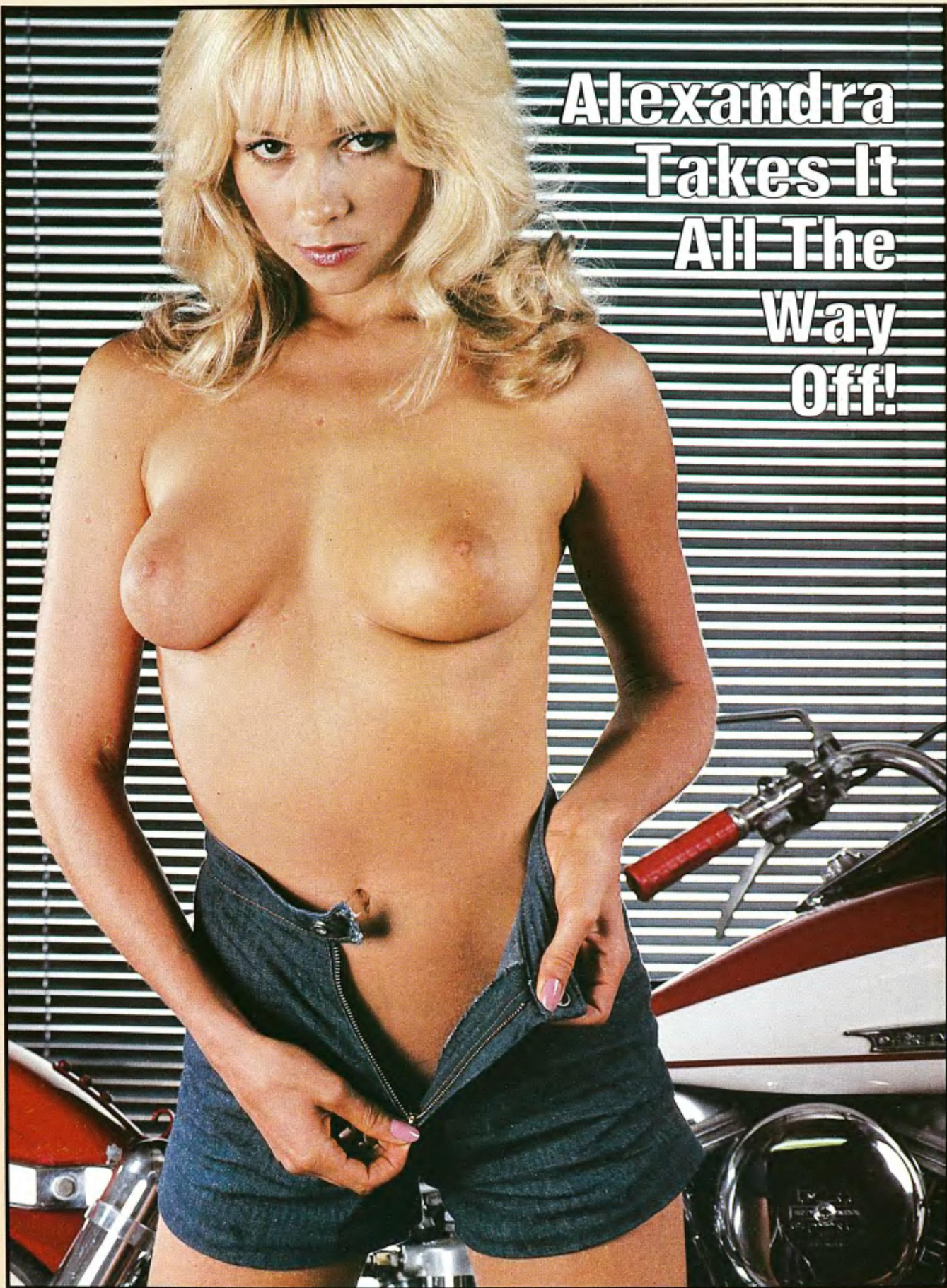


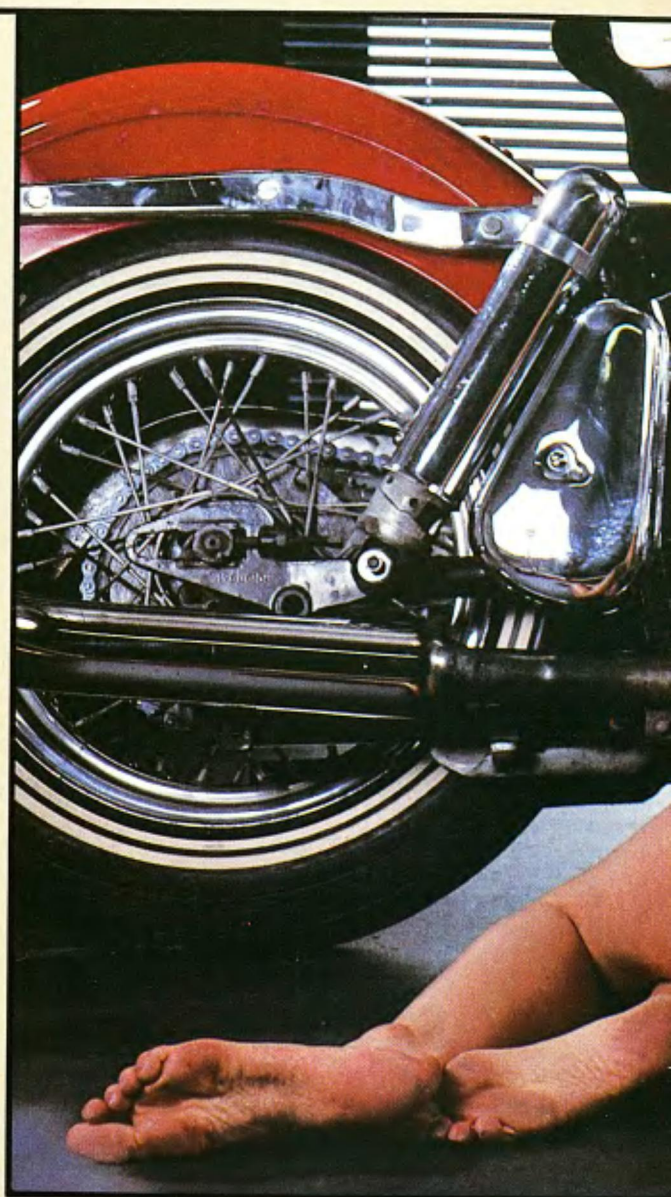
Owner: Serge Lapointe		City: Sylmar, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: '57	
Year and make: '77 H-D		Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Model: FXS		Type: rigid wishbone	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 10 degrees over	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 5 years		Other alterations: lots of molding	
Chroming by: everywhere		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Lowrider	
Year: '77		Risers: H-D	
Model: FXS		Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: factory		Taillight: Drag Spec.	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Lowrider	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: under oil tank	
Cases: painted		Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal. Paughco	
Heads: polished fins		Oil tank: Armand Longuett	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Phase 3	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: custom	
Air cleaner: Drag Spec.		Sissybar: Westbrook	
Pipes: Montreal Chopper		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: '77		Extension: 10 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Paughco	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: disc set-up	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Westbrook		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: Westbrook		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy apple red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Gdys.
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: Hallcraft	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: lots of it			
Other special modifications: check out the flicks			

ment in California, we had him bring the bike down to Pete's for the photo shooting. We like to photograph bikes before they are ridden, or, in this case, moved to another state. — Toad



**Alexandra
Takes It
All The
Way
Off!**





Back when I was in stir, my favorite reading material was those little one-inch ads at the back of the girly magazines. You know, the ones that said things like, "Buy My Hot, Sweaty Panties," or "I Want To Talk Dirty To You."

Anyway, my favorite of all those little humdingers was this one with a picture of a chick squeezing her boobs together and saying, "They Say I'm Twisted, 'Cause I Love To Show It."

Well, I never stopped to computer analyze that idea, or to delve into the classic books to see what Plato or Aristotle might have had to say on the subject; but, if anyone had ever asked me, I would have had to argue the point. I mean, what the hell, if you're sitting at a poker table holding four aces, you're not going to be shy about showing it. For one thing, it'll make all the other players think twice before they call your next bluff.

To me, chicks should feel the same way about their bodies. If they've got a good one, why hide it? If they're dogs, nobody's



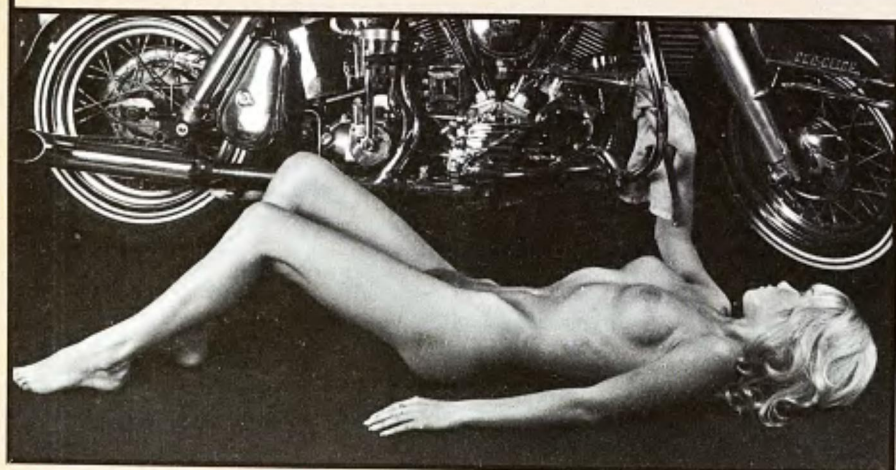
Photos by Cory Brandon

gonna look at what they've got to show anyway.

Which is one of the things I like best about Alexandra. She not only has a classic fox's body, she has a classy chick's attitude. As you can see in the pictures, Alexandra thinks nothing about wearing little (or is that, thinks little about wearing nothing?). Except, of course, for that incredible mop of soft blonde hair framing her sweet face.

And the not-so-amazing thing is that watching the natural, unselfconscious way she handled herself at this photo session — despite the heavy breathing of our usual troop of sweaty assistant light holders and beer runners — made me think of picking her up, tossing her over my shoulder and taking her home where nobody could look at that body except me, regardless of what she might have wanted; but, unfortunately, playing caveman right then wouldn't have produced the results you see on the next page. — Gandy Dancer





Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

H-D XL

In the early 1960s the Superbike XLCH Sportsters jelled. They were the meanest, hardest-running motorcycles this side of a BSA-Triumph sales pitch. The XLCH made its owner prove his manhood before every ride. To start a CH (no battery, sucker), you needed a healthy right leg, practiced hands at the throttle and manual-ignition retard controls, a perfect instinct for choke/no choke, and a good magnet. The other guys bought Sportster H models, with battery ignition.

—Cycle

Old Story

The legend won't die; you know, the one that says someone found a warehouse full of ancient bikes still in their original crates. Well, this is no legend. Seems just before D-Day, spring of '44, an American engineering battalion bulldozed a couple of trenches 100 feet long and 15 feet deep and filled them full of WLA 45 Harley-Davidson motorcycles and parts. First reports said there may be as many as 200 bikes entombed, but the actual number will probably be considerably less (it invariably is with this kind of story). The bikes are still buried; the finder hasn't raised enough cash to unearth them.

—Motorcyclist

H-D Quiz

Okay, Harley buffs. Answer the following trivia questions correctly and you'll prove to your friends that your veins really do pulse with 60-weight:

- What does the "CH" in "XLCH" stand for?
- What year was the Super Glide introduced?
- When was the very first H-D built?
- What was so unusual about the "XA" model Harley?
- Name the two "74" models that preceded the Electra Glide.

Those and other topics will be covered in our classroom text for this month. "The

Harley-Davidson Story," a company-generated 64-page overview of America's only surviving motorcycle manufacturer.

You don't have to be an aficionado of Milwaukee Twins to appreciate this book, since it traces the overall evolution of motorcycling in this century from the days of motorized bicycles right up through the complexities of today's machines. If you happen to be a Harley freak to boot, you'll especially enjoy reading about the rather simple step-by-step evolution of older ideas into what you're riding today.

—American Motorcyclist

Like My FLT

Another reason why my FLT helps me survive the recession is simply because motorcycles are so darn fun to ride. It keeps my spirits up and my blood flowing. The surroundings are constantly changing, and motorcycling keeps me aware of them. Road surfaces switch from asphalt to gravel. Curves come into view and then melt behind my peripheral vision. I feel the air temperature rise and fall as the sun pops in and out of the clouds. I have complete control of my vehicle. I lean left and it leans left. I lean right and it leans right. I lean back and my short arms stop me. Oh well, two out of three.

—Scott Brown
Enthusiast

Top In Sales

As we have been pointing out for some time, 1980 was the year of the *smaller motorcycle*. Only Honda and Suzuki actually sold more big bikes (1000cc or over) in 1980 than in 1979.

Harley-Davidson sold 53,877 machines in 1979, and 41,023 in 1980, but they still lead the big bike market in terms of total units sold by one maker.

—Rider

Who's To Blame?

There seems to be a strange new breed of humanoid growing in this country.

No matter what happens to him, it's not his fault. He expects the government to solve his financial problems. He blames guns for violence and cars for smog. And when he crashes his motorcycle, he's certain that it was the bike and not he who caused the crash.

I've participated in an uncomfortable quantity of crashes, and I've heard the details of many more. I have never heard of, seen, nor experienced a crash in which the rider was entirely faultless. Sure, another driver may have run a stop sign or an engine may have seized or there may have been an oil slick in a corner, but the rider still could have avoided the accident.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

Safety Film

The Modified Motorcycle Association of California has put together a program called "Check Twice, Save a Life." It shows the automobile driver how to share the road with bikers. Along with the presentation, the program features a film on motorcycle awareness. It will be offered in schools, fraternal groups, and the like. For more information on the program you can contact the MMA at 2202 16th Street, Sacramento, Calif. 95818.

—Biker

Decline In Fatalities

For the first time since 1976, statistics gathered by the AMA reflect a decline in motorcyclist fatalities. Early results of the annual motorcycle registration and accident statistics gathered by the AMA and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation show that 1981 rider deaths dropped by 4.96 percent, from 5,097 in 1980 to 4,844 in 1981.

—American
Motorcyclist

Motorcycle Stats

Statistics are where this story begins, and for motorcyclists statistics can be unpleasant. But if riders are to work to reduce motorcycle accidents, then we must face the numbers, even when they are grim. Consider these three stats from a recent U.S. Department of Transportation publication:

- Motorcyclists are involved in about 182,000 accidents per year.

- 83 percent of the riders involved in those accidents are injured.

- Of that 83 percent, 16 percent are seriously injured, a number far greater than the serious injury rate for automobile occupants.

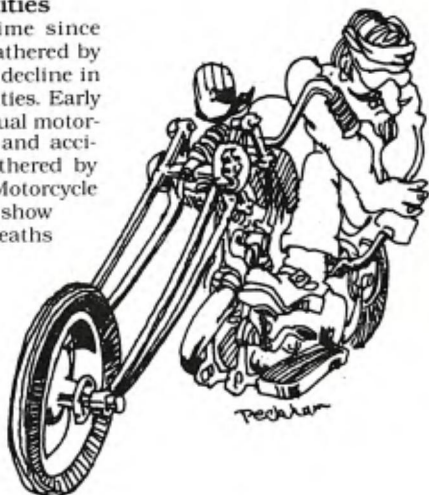
Another trio of statistics, these from the highly regarded Hurt Report, focus in on the problem even closer:

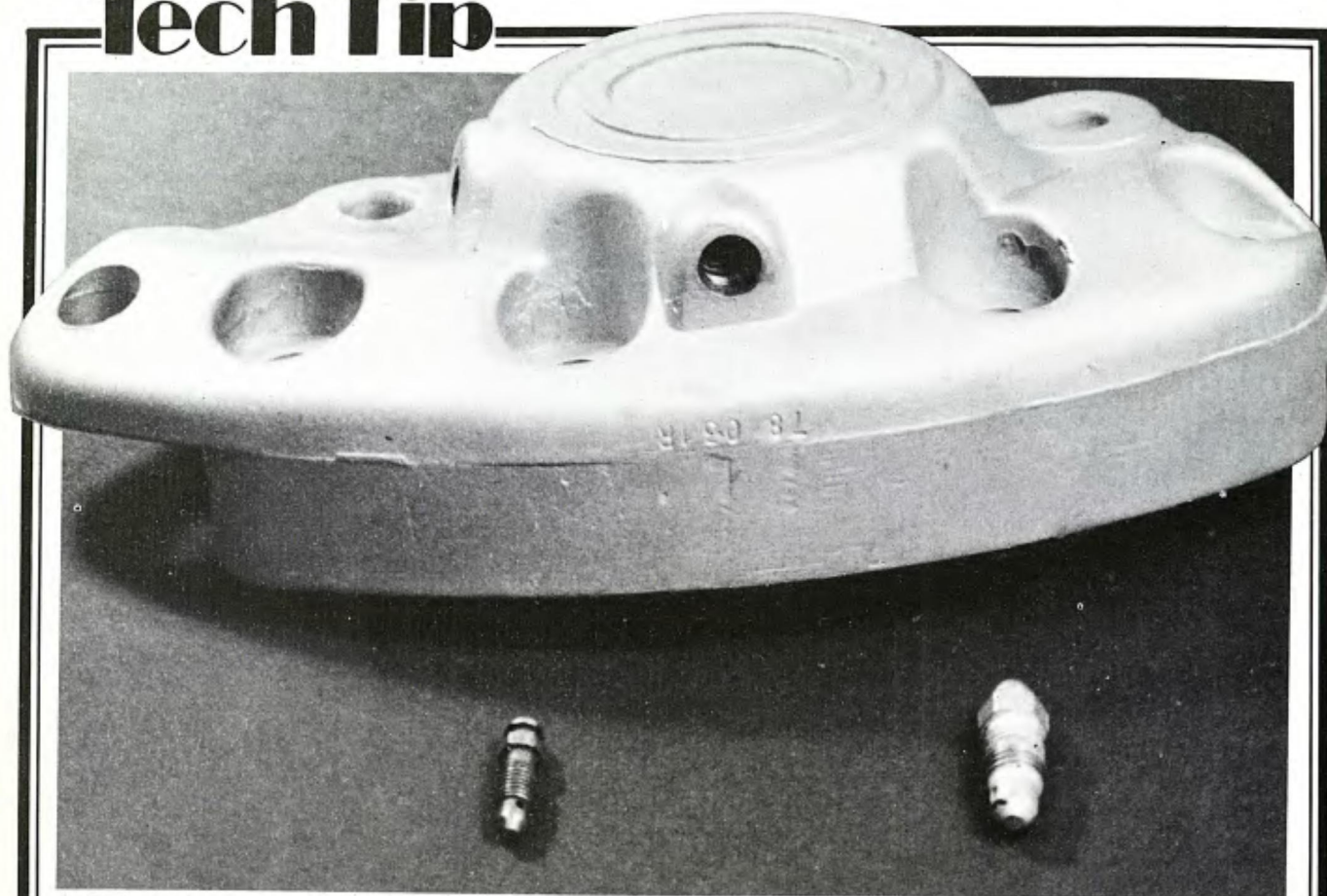
- Riders with less than six months experience were involved in 57.4 percent of the accidents studied.

- Motorcyclists who had been riding for less than a year accounted for 73.3 percent of the accidents.

- Of 900 motorcyclists involved in accidents studied for the Hurt Report, only 23.8 percent executed proper evasive actions and 31.9 percent did nothing to try to avoid the accident.

—American Motorcyclist





BLOODY NIPPLES

Has this ever happened to you? You're bleeding the brake system on your bike, let's say it's a 1/4-in. nipple, and you want to make sure all the air is out of the lines, so you give the bleeder an extra little turn. Then, all of a sudden, you hear and feel this sickening snap. I'm speaking from experience when I tell you that I have been there. After breaking a nipple off, I've tried to back out the broken piece of nipple with an easy-out, only to break the easy-out in the caliper. What to do?

Easy-outs are made of high carbon steel, so you

end up burning drill bits trying to get them out. If you live near a big city, chances are that someone around there can burn out that broken easy-out and nipple with an electric arc. It's expensive, but cheaper than buying another caliper. After getting that done a couple of times, I figured that getting a larger bleed nipple would be the answer.

My local auto parts store supplied a 3/8-in. nipple, which had fine threads. I removed the caliper from the bike, locked it in a vise, and very carefully drilled it out with a 21/64-in. bit, using a drill press. I

tapped out the hole with a 3/8-in. by 24 bottom tap. Most drill presses have a stop arrangement that will allow the drill bit to go in only so far. What I did was drill just far enough to get four complete turns on the bleeder nipple. The most important part of this operation is that the seat wasn't ruined. Be extra careful when drilling into aluminum, making sure the drill bit doesn't grab. Turn the drill press to super slow, take your time, and check the depth of the hole often to make sure you're not going in too far, which can ruin the seat. If this happens, sometimes the

seat can be cleaned up with some valve lapping compound and a threadless bleeder nipple.

Of course, there are always other ways to do it if you don't have a drill press, such as the hand-held drill and vise grip pliers bit. Hardware stores sell collars which can be fastened on drill bits to regulate depth — but I hate to fuck up good Harley parts, so I ain't co-signing that part.

And remember, whenever you clamp aluminum in a vise, it's a good idea to use wood between the steel jaws to protect the softer aluminum.

— Rip

A Bad Snatch

Continued from page 40

when he glanced over at his partner's hand, his blood turned to water. He could see bone sticking out where the top of Bobby Joe's thumb had been.

John stood in the showroom watching the road, the worry lines in his forehead more pronounced than usual. The boy was never late. He loved the time spent at the shop. When he'd come down with the flu the past winter, he had pestered his mother so much she'd finally bundled him up and brought him down to the shop.

He had started to walk back to the office and call the school when the sound of squealing tires brought him around. Cindy was out of the car, carrying the sawed-off and there was fear in her eyes.

"He's been kidnapped," she cried. "A man called and said if he didn't get fifty thousand dollars in two days, we'd get our son back a piece at a time."

"Where do we drop it off?"

His wife gave him an anguished look. "He said he'd let us know. He said he wanted us to sweat first."

John felt all emotion drain from him. It was the same feeling he used to get in Vietnam during a fire fight. It was the same feeling he'd gotten the night two rednecks had held him while the third stuck an ice pick into him. They laughed when he fell, but when he got back up with the chain belt in his hand, he'd made them stop laughing, one of them forever. People died when the Animal got loose.

"Cindy," he said, almost in a whisper, "let's make some calls."

"The police?" She looked skeptical.

"No," he answered. "Our bros."

Within two hours, every patch-holder and outrider in the city was on the streets. Some had their differences, but they all respected the Animal and his of lady.

Two years before, when Mad Dog had drunk too much tequila and run his pan through a guard rail, the hospital had said they didn't have enough blood to keep him going. Cindy had organized a blood drive that made the Red Cross look like amateurs. And more than a few times, even when times had been hard, John had given credit to help a bro get his scooter up. Besides, this was one exceedingly special kid.

Harold came in from making the

second call, trembling as he fumbled with the doorknob. "Jesus!" he said when the door was shut and bolted. "You never saw so many hard-eyed bastards. I swear, hundreds of bikers are out there, looking in alleys and asking questions. They're everywhere! It gives me the creeps! Hey, what happened to your other hand?" Bobby Joe's other hand was heavily wrapped.

"Y-ya wouldn't believe this little bastard," Bobby Joe whined. "I made us some beans, and when I was doing the dishes, he turned the

"You never saw so many hard-eyed bastards. I swear, hundreds of bikers are out there, looking in alleys and asking questions. They're everywhere!"

fire on under the empty pot. When it got red hot, he handed it to me, metal end first."

Harold looked in the corner at the boy and saw a cold-eyed smile.

At the Harley shop, Mike rushed into the office where the Animal and Cindy were adding up their assets, just in case. "Hey, Animal," he said excitedly. "I just talked to an old lady on the next block, sharpest old woman I ever met. Knew more about old Indians and Harleys than I do. Said she went for her first ride in 1922."

"What the fuck do I care about your social life?" growled the Animal.

"She sits by her window a lot, watches scooters come to your shop — says it brings back memories of the good times. Anyway, she told me two weirdos hung around the area for two weeks, sneaky-like."

"Anything else?" Cindy asked hopefully.

"The best part, they were driving a blue 1956 Ford truck, dented fenders, California plates. Said one was fat and one real thin."

The Animal tore up the paper he had been adding on.

"Get the word on the street and make sure that old lady has the phone number here. If she ever wants to relive some of those rides instead of just remembering, tell her all she has to do is call."

At the house, Harold prepared to

leave and make the last call. "Now," gloated the fat man, "I'm gonna let that asshole know where to leave the money. He don't dare try nothin' while we got the kid."

"P-p-please hurry back, Harold," moaned Bobby Joe, looking nervously at the boy.

As Harold drove to the pay phone, he thought greedily of the money. "Fifty thou, shit, I can travel, buy broads, a new pickup. Gotta git rid of that flake Bobby Joe. He's just too gutless for the big time. Git rid of the kid, too. No loose ends."

He was so preoccupied with his thoughts as he pulled up to the phone booth in the deserted parking lot that he didn't see the two Harleys cruise slowly by. He didn't see one stop and the other wheel around and shoot like a rocket toward the shop.

Fifteen minutes later, Harold slammed the receiver of the phone into its cradle. "Fuckin' nerve of that bastard," he screamed. "I'll send that kid's head to 'em. He don't know who he's fuckin' with. I'll, I'll . . ." The fat man turned a pale shade of green. He had just noticed the hundred or so bikes making their way into the parking lot. He wanted to run but his feet wouldn't listen to his brain. As he stood there, a circle formed around him, the silence broken only by the sound of idling engines. After a moment, the circle parted and a custom Low Rider came through. One look into the Animal's eyes and Harold felt the warm wetness spread down his legs and begin to fill his shoe. It was the best feeling he would ever have again for the rest of a very short, very, very painful life.

The door of the rundown house exploded inward as the Animal came hurtling through. He rolled once and came up with the eight-inch Buck. Cindy, an instant behind, covered the room with the sawed-off. In the corner lay a thin, trembling mass of jelly covered with numerous bruises, whimpering quietly.

The boy, sitting at the table, had a ten-inch skillet next to his hand. Calmly he looked up from the hot chocolate he'd been sipping.

"Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. I knew you'd be here soon, but I was hoping you'd wait until Harold got back."

Cindy was busily hugging and kissing and checking to see if he was okay. "Did they hurt you?" she asked.

He smiled at his dad.

"No, but they did call me an Animal." ■

An even bigger financial factor is the well over a million dollars the 35,000 or so Bike Week visitors spent while in Sturgis, much of which translated into immediate benefits to residents in terms of overtime pay, higher local business sales, etc.

All of which gets bikers no slack from the Classic's opponents.

"You are inviting a criminal element into the community that is taking a strong hold," cries Officer Baum. "If you want to sell out your morals you can make money, but I am not willing to do that," thunders Rev. Fitch.

Still, when it comes right down to it, the real problems — and there were problems — at Sturgis '82 were mostly money related.

In an attempt to save money by providing fewer portable toilets — which rent for about \$35 a day — and fewer maintenance services in the park, the Sturgis City Council decided to limit the number of people allowed to camp in the park to 2,500 (in 1981 about 4,000 campers were in the park) and, in order to offset the subsequent loss of revenue, they doubled the per person camping fee from \$2 to \$4 a night — a move that enraged many bikers and inspired local radio station KBHB to editorially nominate the city for a "Golden Fleece" award.

In addition to raising their fees, the city also prohibited visitors in the camping areas and attempted to separate the camping bikers into two groups by splitting the park into two pieces divided by a fence.

As tends to happen when large groups of individuals who wish to commingle are confronted by an obstacle, some of the people turned away in frustration and others were galvanized into action — in other words, some of the bros began to tear down the fuckin' fence. As could be expected, city public works employees were ordered in to repair the fence — or, in one case, to replace the fence with a bulldozed ditch. The bikers resisted, a few allegedly by throwing rocks at the workers, and the battle was joined.

If the fence dividing City Park was a skirmish line, the Job-Site Johnnies provided the campers were Waterloo.

Campers complained that the few such units provided weren't enough for the size of the crowd. The city

claimed they were plenty. Campers contended that they were never cleaned. The city pointed to the \$5,000 it had spent to have a local sanitation company provide the service and said they were cleaned regularly. Whatever the facts of the situation, by Wednesday evening the portable outhouses looked like a Southern California hillside after a mud slide and smelled like a very prosperous feeder lot. Reacting —

"This kind of county is kind of strange. If there's a rodeo that costs money to put on, nobody cares a bit. A two-wheel event is different." — John Hughes, president, Black Hills Motorcycle Classic Assoc.

the city says over-reacting — to the situation, some of the campers torched a few of the toilets, at which point the city decided to pull all its employees, including cops, out of the park — a move that later inspired Jerry Baum to charge that the rally is "a timebomb waiting to explode."

Hyperbole notwithstanding, many influential Sturgis residents expect bike week to continue in some form or other.

Committee member Dave Hersrud told the City Council that banning camping in the park should eliminate most of the opposition to the rally and Black Hills Motorcycle Classic Association President John Hughes, a local attorney, agrees.

"I think we'll have a lot less trouble without the concentration of people in the park," Hughes told *Easyriders*, adding that the straw that broke the camel's back in 1982 — the City Park toilet confrontation — was, as are so many evils, rooted in finances.

"Portable toilets get very expensive," Hughes said. "They can cost up to \$10,000 a week (to rent and maintain). This kind of county is kind of strange. If there's a rodeo that costs money to put on, nobody cares a bit. A two-wheel event is different."

Hughes noted that some kind of motorcycle event is supported by most Main Street businessmen and, surprisingly, a fair number of senior citizens whose social and religious

groups raise funds by providing meals to the visitors.

"I think there will be some effort to upgrade the program," Hughes said, "some movement to attract more touring rider groups and families and fewer loners. One thing we need is a wider spectrum of activities. Things like bike shows and after-market and custom equipment exhibitions."

Hughes isn't the only one who's been thinking up new "activities" for bike week. According to Rev. Phil Potter, the members of the Ministerial Association have not allowed their anti-Classic stand to inhibit them from starting their own new bike week activity: the evangelization of the bikers.

Of course, there are always those people who think the old ways are good enough. Jerry Baum, for one, is planning no new activities. "We will," he says, "continue to do our job on the highways, the same as we always have." Presumably that includes, as in 1982, pulling a shotgun on every biker stopped for a traffic violation.

In covering the 1981 Black Hills Classic for *Iron Horse* magazine I concluded, in part, with the following:

Take a good look, amigos. Remember it like it is. . . Like those pony warriors who rode this land before us, we are surrounded by many who envy and fear us. Those of us at Sturgis had only to drive a few miles to Deadwood, with its new anti-motorcycle and anti-motorcycle rider laws, to be reminded of that. . .

Hold tight the memory, bros. The grandeur of thousands of bikes gathered at one time and place, the glory of tens of thousands of bike people comin' together.

Lookin' back, barely a year after I wrote those words, I can't think of any better way to conclude this story than with those same words — 'cause the prophecy is true and unless we, the citizens of the bike world, and they, the citizens of Sturgis, use compromise and restraint to get our shit together, the memory, that breathless memory of Sturgis as the one-and-only biker's Woodstock, is the only damn thing we're gonna have left.

— Trampo

ALABAMA

Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3353 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle

CALIFORNIA

Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

H-D West 2499 Lincoln Blvd., Marina Del Rey
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane #5, Ocean
H-D of San Rafael 729 Francisco Blvd., San Rafael
Janner Cycle Products 801 S. Main St., Burbank
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Union
Auburn Harley-Davidson 990 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Clyde's Custom Cycles 5040 Olivehurst Ave., Olivehurst
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Klein's Texaco & Motorcycle Accessories 1601 Truman St.,
San Fernando
A Able Enterprises 220 A Division St., Pleasanton
Libretti Bros. 14015 Inglewood, Hawthorne
Custom Cycle Works 18887 Hwy. 94, Dulzura
Sunwest Stokers 7062 Conroy Court Sula B, San Diego
Precision Cycle 16493 W. Sierra Highway, Canyon Country
Gordon's MC Madness 1588 Morse, Ventura

COLORADO

Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1505 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Plithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 2570 W. Bowles, Littleton
Flatiron H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9550 W. 4th Ave., Wheatridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 5th St., Greeley
Denver Used MC Parts 1618 Lafayette St., Denver
Brown & Silvey Custom Motorcycle 223 8th St.,
Colorado Springs
Harley Davey's 502 Main St., Alamosa
Hawg Wild 4315 S. Lincoln Ave., Loveland
Freedom Wheels MC Shop 321 Main St., Longmont

CONNECTICUT

New London County MC Sales 1416 Gold Star Hwy. Rt.
184, Groton
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Honest Injun's Custom MC Acc. Elgida Plaza 120 Boston
Post Rd., Milford

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9560 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4987 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 801 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale

Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 7884 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd.,
Chamblee

Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamaile St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 740 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 718 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
Homestead Cycle Works 713 Homestead St., Veedersburg

IOWA

Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City

KANSAS

Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 624 W. 8th St., Topeka
Hank's Cycle Shop Rt. 1, Box 107, St. George
Newlon Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newlon

KENTUCKY

Appleton Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc. 383 New Circle,
Lexington

LOUISIANA

Wallace Cycle Products Co. 2662 Banksdale Blvd., Bossier City
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stamford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe
Lightning Cycle 2839 Scenic Highway, Baton Rouge

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Erskine's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Erskine's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Desperado Cycle Supply 126 B. Mayo Rd., Edgewater
Blue Earth Boutique 220 Washington St., Mini Mail, Havre
de Grace

MASSACHUSETTS

Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
GMP Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
P&P Cycle Products, Inc. 2824 N. Woodward, Royal Oak
Cooke's H-D Sales 275 S. Ford Blvd., Ypsilanti

MINNESOTA

D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Smith Bros. & Fellow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
Lakeside Cycle West Lind St., Mankato

MISSOURI

St. Joe H-D 402 S. 9th, St. Joseph
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Harley-Davidson of Kansas City 10528 E. 40 Hwy.,
Independence
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville
Flat River Cycle 109 W. Main St., Flat River

NEBRASKA

Silver Wings MC Parts 2311 11th St., Columbus
Performance Unlimited 340 N. 27th, Lincoln

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Motorway 85 Hancock St., Manchester
Cavanaugh Bros. H-D Inc. 101 Upton, Manchester

NEW JERSEY

H-D of Trenton Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Compulsion Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Country Cycle Center 1994 Rt. #9 Pleasant Plains Mall,
Toms River

Precision Cycle Shed 105 W. 44th St., Bayonne
HD of Ocean County 642 Ocean Road, Point Pleasant

NEW MEXICO

All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK

H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
A's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 48-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportsman Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Custom Cycle Inc. 1695 Newbridge Rd., N. Bellmore
Rolling Thunder Accessories 199 Main St., Nanuet
Rolling Thunder Cycle, Inc. 189 Main St., Queens Village
KFK Cycle, Inc. 211-19 Jamaica Ave., Queens Village
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
The Motorcycle Supermarket, Inc. 6695 S. Transil, Lockport

NORTH CAROLINA

Deel Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yedkin Road, Fayetteville

NORTH DAKOTA

Bonnie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot
Nodak Harley-Davidson, Inc. RR 1, Box 151, Hwy. 83 North,
Minot
The Scooter Shack 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

Custom MC Sales 4614 East 131 St., Garfield Heights
Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Ashland Cycle Supply 1241 U.S. 42 Rd. 1, Ashland

OHIO (Cont'd)

Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Bear's Bikes & Welding 415 W. Main, Ravenna
Binkley Harley-Davidson Hwy. 81 North 921 N. Chocataw,
El Reno

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2508 Ft. Hill Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton
Maltese Customs 4602 W. Owen K. Garriott Street, Enid

OREGON

Yelrah's 4522 Cleveland St., Klamath Falls
Chopper Shack II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cyclistic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Briggsville
East Coast Cycle Shop Inc. 1400 St. RP, Cornwall Heights
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville

SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D Rt. 1 Box 326, Sumter
Low Country H-D 1857 Belgrade Ave., Charleston
TENNESSEE
D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colchuck H-D Sales Rt. 9 Box 517, Morristown
Reed's H-D 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville

TEXAS

The Basket Case 2836 Elm St., Dallas
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killam
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
H&H Cycle Accessories 1710 Belle Plain, Brownwood
Doc & Wendy's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 31 West, 842 A West
7th Ave., Corsicana
Whisker's Cycle Repair 17123 Spiller Rd., Spring
Texas Custom Motorcycles 2621 N. 18th St., Waco
Fly's Cycles P.O. Box 670 Hwy 59 & 150, Shepherd
Trip Cycle 2001 Avenue 0, Galveston

UTAH

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

A Tribute To Brothers Lost

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



In memory of **Sasquatch** 8/15/81. Well, Sas, ya finally made the news, your name in print. We all had such a good time partying together. We'll all go on that final run in the end and we'll see ya when we reach our destination. We all love and miss you. Soup, Paula, and the Sorcerers (past) MC.

In memory of **Melby**. You were a bro to everyone and you'll never be forgotten. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Canonballs, Greenbay Prison.

In loving memory of **Glen "Ernie" Ernst** 8/28/82. You were taken too soon, but you filled our hearts with memories that we will cherish. May you rest in peace and forever in Harley Heaven, Bones.

In memory of **John M. Leslie**, 3/20/54-9/7/82. You will ride forever now and never be forgotten. Warren, Ohio.

In memory of **Danny West**, a true bro to the very end. You will be missed and never forgotten. Love, Mike, Deb, Cindy, Dink, and the rest who cared.

In memory of **Pat Malloy**, 8/30/82, who rode hard and died fast. Loved and missed by all. Ride free forever in Harley Heaven. Missed by your loving wife, Susan, and all your brothers and sisters in Alabama.

In honor and memory of **Billy "The Pervert" Purvis**. Gone to put in a better place, not to be forgotten. Mike, Mikki, Bones, Rick, and bros 1% loners.

In memory of **Doyal Decker**, a brother who lived hard and died too soon, 8/82. We will all be together in Harley Heaven. We lost you physically, but you will always be in our hearts and minds. Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood, Stillwater, Minn.

In memory of **Larry Scott**. You took a piece of all of us with you. You are sadly missed. Ride free in Harley Heaven. You will never be forgotten. Till we meet again. All your bros and sisters in and around Maryville, Mo.

In loving memory of **Chuck Nugent**, 8/8/82. Missed and loved by all. Denise and all your people in Fresno, Calif.

In memory of **Bambi**. To a righteous woman who treated people like people. Enjoy your new wings. Dennis, Dave, and the gang.

In memory of **Steve Ward** 10/6/82. Too soon, too young. He had barely begun to "Live to Ride." We'll miss you, but you'll be with us always "In the Wind." Stoney, Karen, Chuck, Gaby, Bird, and all of us in Oxnard.

Known to all his biker bros and sisters as "Wolf" or "Lord," his life ended June 9, 1981, at Pensacola, Fla., while he was doing what he loved to do most—riding. We know he is watching over us all as we ride on. We miss you, Mike, Mom and Dad, Rick, Matt, Emily, Kelly, Uncle Sonny, and Aunt Lucy.

In memory of **Charles "Chaz" Lowman**, 2/11/50-9/6/82. The best bro a guy ever knew. Chaz, we'll all miss you, bro, especially me. Rusty.

In memory of **Dave Lias** of Clinton, Pa., a true friend, run down by a drunk driver, 2/19/82, while assisting a lady motorist in need. We'll miss hearing that pan putt in at 4:00 a.m. John and Vic.

May the horses run wild and the wind blow free. There will never be a lady quite like **Leslie**. From all her friends in Mt. Airy, Chat-ham, Gretna, Altavista, Va.

In memory of **Gary Curtis Johnson**. You were one of a kind. You'll be in our hearts and thoughts forever. Ride free and fast in Harley Heaven. We'll meet again someday. All your bros. We love ya.

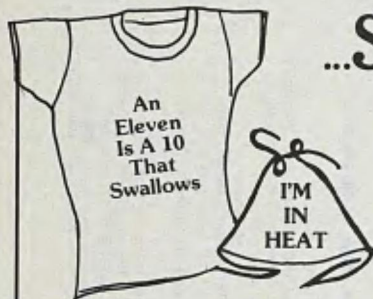
Randy Gibson, a brother who was always free. You loved life and we love you. Stay high. Miki and kids, Mom and Dad, and friends in Victorville, Calif.

In memory of **Danny McFerren** and **Debbie Simon**. Both of you will always be in my heart. Debbie, your last words to me were, "I'm going wherever he goes." You did, and now you are together for eternity. Not a day goes by that you are not on my mind or in my heart. Always remembered. Love and miss you, Barbie.

In memory of **Tom "Wizard" Harrison** 5/22/82, who went down on his Harley, snuffed by a cage. Bro, your spirit is with us always. See you in the wind later. Burnt Beak and Ba Bonk, So, Ariz.

In memory of a good friend and bro, **Chip Jones**. You'll always be in the thoughts and minds of the Rollin' Rebels MC and the Stryder Lee band.

In memory of **Chucky T.**, who died 10/19/80 on his last legal ride. Still thought about every day. Only the good die young. All your bros and sisters, Scotty's Elmont, New York.



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

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

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.

Help! I'm a 19-year-old w/f with long blond hair, pretty blue eyes, 5'7", and 120 lbs. I'm down in max security and would love hearing from some bros inside or out, letters and photos. All answered, Jackie Casarotti A3-AMA119, P.O. Box 87, Pleasanton, Calif. 94566.

Wanted: Male biker to correspond with. I'm 5'7", 150 lbs., with blond hair and hazel eyes. Camille Cardwell 150773, F.C.I. #64, P.O. Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Down lady doing time in South. Mellow and soft, waiting to hear from old friends and new. Dureen Richardson AF03412, P.O. Box 147-384, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Two white fine and foxy ladies are sort of lonely and down for a short stay in Pembroke Pines. Would love to hear from all scooter tramps from all over. Will answer all. Janda Lancaster 482303, and Cherle Almeida A20461, P.O. Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

I'm a good-looking lady and I have a good head. If anyone needs a pen pal, so do I. Luv ya. Susie Gamble 94134, Rt. 3, Stewarts Ln. T.P.W., Nashville, Tenn. 37218.

Caged-up w/f, 25, 5'1", 112 lbs., with blondish-brown hair and baby-blue eyes, would like to hear from good-looking men. Send picture. Terri Simpson 15438, 1479 Collins Ave., Marysville, Ohio 43040.

W/f, 5'5", 125 lbs., dark-brown hair, green eyes, 21 years old and foxy, would like to hear from a gorgeous man with a terrific body. Send picture. Must have a wild imagination. Julie Edward 15450, 1479 Collins Ave., Marysville, Ohio 43040.

W/m, Scorpio, 28, doin' lonely time. Love to party hearty. Send pics. Will answer all. Interested in long-term relationship. Darrell C. "The Gypsy Viking" Hilbourn 5088, P.O. Box 700, Jessup, Md. 20794.

Maryland bro doing time with the feds. Any hon, anywhere, write today and show that I am not forgotten and that you care. I will answer all. Ray E. Trivett 36153-118, Federal Corr. Inst., P.O. Box 1000, Otisville, N.Y. 10963.

Ladies! Are you just wastin' away? I know the feelin'. White scooter tramp, 35, down on three, would like to hear from you. Dan "Drifter" Dixon 94237 LCRP, Rt. 1, Box 330, Tiptonville, Tenn. 38079.

W/m, 31, 6'6", will write all serious-minded ladies with good conversation. Please send photo. Conrad Leigh Lenox C-39735, B-Quad, #4341, P.O. Box A, CMC-East, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

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

W/m, 22, with 3 1/2 in and 11 months to go. This blond-haired, blue-eyed Californian needs a good-minded, sincere, foxy-lookin' lady to live life with on the outs. Send letters and photos, too. Ray Blasutto 16220, N.N.C.C., Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Hey, I'm a w/m, 24, looking for you. I'm breathing fresh air 1/83. Girls, please write. Will answer all. Joey Richardson 38509, Box 7, ABD 5, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lonely bro would get off on any attention from righteous chicks. Pictures welcome, so write soon. J. "Duster" Ludwig 123559, P.O. Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

The TC is down and out. I need some fine lines from some of you fine ladies. I'm on the up and up and I hope you are too. I rise and shine this year. Pictures are needed. David J. DeSoto B85944, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Lonely white dude from Canada would like to meet and hear from a nice chick. Just finished off a fin and need a hot woman to shack up with soon. Gary Baldwin, Box 891, Winnipeg, Man., Canada R3C 2S7.

I'm down and need an overhaul. I'm 25, 6', 165 lbs., with black hair and blue eyes. Steve Seeley 6780, P.O. Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Ol' lady wanted: Must be slim, sweet, honest, patient, and looking for a long-term relationship. Kids okay, but no head games. I'm a loner who's responsible, caring, and tired of doing time. I'm 28, white, 5'8", 155 lbs., and have brown hair and hazel eyes. Willing to relocate. Bill LaLanne 317790, Rte. 6, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

W/m, 28, down for the count. Sagittarius bro lost. So lick a double dime and help me make this time. R. "Wildman" Myers 67517, Drawer N, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

Assiniboine Indian, 21, 6', 175 lbs., rides hard, loves to love and be loved. I'm a man who lives by his word. All women 16-30, write. Send flicks. You write, I'll answer. You've got my word, Chris Ward 325050, Rt. 1, Box 1077, Brazoria, Tex. 77422.

Downed white bro away from hometown and looking for locals. Send photo. Will respond to all. Casey McGovern 01329-058, P.O. Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Lonely girls, write to this 23-year-old peckerwood. All answered. Vince Bozzo B-87309, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Lonely 6'3" dude doing 5 to 7 would like letters and pics from females 16 to 30. Will answer all. Maybe start relationship by mail. John T. Hansen, S.D. State Pen., P.O. Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101.

Downed Mex looking for nice lady 18 to 30. I'm into weight lifting, handball, poetry, and art. George "Dino" Bracero, P.O. Box B-93761, CTF-C, X-Wing-325, Soledad, Calif. 93960-0688.

W/m, 26, would like to hear from some good-hearted lady somewhere; would prefer ladies in prison. No games or bullshit. Do me with love or don't do me at all. James A. Powell 317181, Ramsey Unit, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Need to hear from sincere ladies and that's no joke. I'm solid and white and everything right. So don't delay, write today. Send a stamp to a semi-tramp. Gary "Buzzard" Johnston, P.O. Box 100, Jean, Nev. 89019.

Down bro, 6', 21, lookin' for that special lady. Send pics. Don Howard, P.O. Box C-27556, Tamal, Calif. 94974-0001.

W/m, 26, blond hair and blue eyes, and very lonely down here. I'm looking for young ladies to correspond with. Will answer all. R. Dave Welch 30511, P.O. Drawer 1328, Los Lunas, N.M. 87031.

W/m, 23, 6'2", 180 lbs., with brown hair and eyes, has a big chunk of time to do and is in desperate need of some female correspondence. Will answer all. Dean Asbury 327307, Wynne Unit, Rt. 1, Box 1, E2-4-8, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Downed outlaw, 22, needs mail and visits from ladies in the N. Calif. area. Shoot me a kite and a flick and let's see how things work out. Dave Riemer, Box C-14624, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

Hillbilly biker doing time in a Buckeye prison. Need a Kentucky lady to help me find the boat to get back across the mud and ride on the back of my Hog. Loose Sear 120-967, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

W/m, 20, blond and blue. Down till 12/83. Need to correspond with anyone who needs a friend as badly as I. (Send pics if poss.) Jerry "JD" Slavens 16122, P.O. Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89702.

There are 65 lonely bros here. About 40 of us are to parole this year and next. We are between 18 and 28, all white. We are starting a new bike club, "CUA". Convict United Army. We want to hear from all you rich, poor, beautiful, pretty, short, tall ladies between 16 and 40. Write and send pictures. All answered. You bro across the nation, write, too, and we'll try to set you up with ol' ladies close to you. Evan Thorpe 276555, H.L. Cummins 262634, and Jesse Stuck 282493, P.O. Box 900, Spruce Hall, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

W/m, 34, wishes to correspond with any sincere and real lady out there (no blacks). David Dino Barnes 14404, U6-V263, P.O. Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

W/m, 28, 195 lbs., 6'3", with green eyes, needs letters and pics from foxy ol' ladies. Will answer all. Leaving Texas, destination unknown. Help me decide. J.W. Hogan 303205, Eastham Unit, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

My dick is hard, my balls are smoking; I need some mail and I ain't joking. Wild Bill Pasquarelli 72553, C.C.I.S., P.O. Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

W/m, 26, Scorpio, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'8", and called the Mad Hatter. Could dig letters from chicks of all ages because the "Rock" is hell. So drop me a letter to help ease the pain of being locked down. Steve Hessel 349-82-7440, 1818 Hazen St.-1L (Rikers Isl. C-95), East Elmhurst, N.Y. 11370.

W/m, 26, would like to hear from ladies, any age, who are looking for that special someone to start a lasting relationship. D/w kids okay! I'm 6'1", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes. John Sajovic 120009, Box 55, Stillwater, Minn. 55082.

White, 5'11", 195 lbs., with blue eyes and long brown hair. Have a heart. Drop me a line. Tommy Crowson 64366, Trenton State Prison, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

On death row, just 13 steps from eternity. Lonely bro, 23, white, 5'9", 155 lbs., with brown hair and green eyes, would like flicks and scribes from anyone, age unimportant. Sincerity is what counts. Roger K. "Gunner" Coleman 128287, Death Row-MCC, P.O. Box 500, Boydton, Va. 23917.

Downed outlaw who's been down for seven would like to hear from some foxy, fine-lookin' ladies. I'm white, 26, 6'5" and 165 lbs., with dark-brown hair and blue eyes, and I'm single. Send kites and flicks to Johnny "Outlaw" Wager, 50 Collier St., Binghamton, N.Y. 13901.

California tramp lost in Oklahoma prison. I'm in need of a new righteous ol' lady, mail, and flicks. Will answer all and will stop and see ya when I'm puttin' free. John "The Bear" Ross, Jr., 108416, P.O. Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

With one year left, I still have no one to call my own. I'm half Apache and half French and a lover of life. I'm 5'9", 165 lbs., 28, with brown hair and greenish eyes. I'll answer all, but let's be honest. Dave Goslin 151-589, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699-0001.

Downed white biker, 29, would really dig getting some good letters and flicks from together foxy ladies. Will answer all. Michael Travaglia P-5319, P.O. Box 99901, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15233.

Big Daddy, 6'6", 210 lbs., is locked down and needs mail from chicks out there in the free world. I'm 38 and will answer all mail, but ya gotta be beautiful, rich, and nasty. Larry G. Neuman, Box 7, A017161, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

Ladies: Two down echoes are crazy righteous bros whom the pigs hold hostage in a bird cage. So mail your foul, sweet words to these jailbirds. Tim "Toker" Korp P-5176, and John Nye K-4255, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 15233.

Mississippi bro lookin' for visits and letters from sexy ladies. Lookin' for long relationship. I'm 28, 5'11", 175 lbs., slim, hairy, good-lookin' and no let-down. Larry L. Wilkins 44232, Camp 3, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

Two outlaws need sweet, caring ladies to write to and get together with when out. Please send photos. Frank E. Garrison 294981, and Bobby D. Crow 317727, Eastham Unit, P.O. Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

W/m, 18, lone rider, down for nine, got one in. Looking for a lasting and meaningful relationship with a lady of any age. No games, please. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Johnny "Reb" Mayne, Box AB, Dorchester, N.B., Canada.

Scooter Baines

Continued from page 18

"Scooter, you know we can't do that durin' workin' hours." Josie smiled at the biker.

"Oh, fuck it, Josie. I mean a pitcher. B-e-e-r, got it?"

"Just my luck," Josie sighed in mock disgust. She turned to grab a pitcher and angled the amber stream from the Coors tap into it.

Yeah, they were all still floatin' around, Josie told him — Dunk, Trash, Cajun, Wet Willie, and Barstow Ben. Nothing much had changed during the last two months. But the big news was about McClure, big fatass, bigmouth-cop McClure — the only cop in town and the reason for Scooter Baines's having taken off for Louisville, getting lost there for a while. Someone had busted the windshield in McClure's cop cage, and although Scooter hadn't done it, the word was out that McClure was going to nail him for it just the same. Seems like someone had whopped hell out of that front glass with a primary-chain belt, leaving clearly distinguishable marks; but since Scooter wasn't the only one with a primary belt, he wasn't worried — until McClure spotted him and tried to run him off the road. That was when Scooter decided a vacation was in order.

Right now Scooter was into his second pitcher, listening to Josie lay the latest happenings on him concerning McClure.

The way it came down was this: Two feds, acting on a tip from the West Coast, had nailed a local dimwit with the unlikely name of Elmer Potts, who was holding some illegal green stuff. In this case it was that long green stuff, the spendable kind, six thousand bucks worth. Elmer, unknowing and well-meaning, had provided a distant cousin and the cousin's fast-talking friend with a place to stay for a couple of days. To show their appreciation for Elmer's hospitality they gave him six grand for his 1962 six-cylinder Chevy pickup. This generosity, coupled with Elmer's consenting to give his cousin's cage a decent burial in the waters of the gravel pit outside of town (actually it turned out to be a hot 1981 Lincoln), seemed a bit odd to the boys from Uncle; so they temporarily juggled Elmer there in Grover Valley and placed the proceeds of his kindness in McClure's care. All six thousand of it. And the reason for this was that the money was part of the payoff in a low-grade kidnapping in California and was marked goods. So Pixtall C. McClure,

police department in entirety of Grover Valley, Kentucky, came into temporary custody of one Elmer Potts and a grocery sack of marked money while the U.S. Fearless Fossdicks burnt rubber getting out of town and back on the trail of the baddies. Just like John Wayne used to do in the movies.

"Hmmm," Scooter mused. "You s'pose all this mebbe took his mind offa me for the time bein'?"

"I don't know, Scooter. I doubt it. In fact, I know it didn't. Look!" Josie pointed to the front window.

Turning slightly on the stool, Scooter saw the nose of the black and white motionless in front of the bar, and McClure's porky features, blurred and distorted by the expanse of dirty glass, as he eyeballed the putt parked outside.

Scooter groaned. "Shit! Wouldn't you just know it? Ain't been back in town half an hour and that bastard shows up. Many times as he's fucked me over he knows that bike for damn sure!"

Scooter and Josie watched apprehensively as McClure took his time examining the leprous FL, pursing his lips in thought. The black and white Plymouth jerked as McClure fisted it into gear, then rolled slowly, and cautiously ahead.

"Whew!" Scooter remarked, exhaling. "The bastard's leavin'. For a minute, I thought he was gonna —"

"Oh-oh," Josie interrupted Scooter. "Lookit!"

Scooter's eyes followed Josie's pointing finger and saw the cop cage's brake lights flash on, followed by the white of the backup lights.

"Oh, shit," Scooter groaned again. "The sonofabitch is comin' back." He watched intently as the car eased rearward in the first phase of a parking maneuver. Suddenly it dawned on Baines what the maneuver really was. Clapping his road-grimed right hand across his eyes, then opening two fingers to peer through the vee, he saw the dented rear bumper kiss the outside of the rear wheel of his scooter, nudge it slightly, and slide the tire sideways several inches until it lodged firmly in a light depression in the hot asphalt. The bumper followed inexorably, pushing slowly. The bike rose off the stand, slowly erecting, hesitating, and then fell over on its right side — *crash!* McClure looked back over his shoulder with the classic expression of someone who suddenly realized he didn't want to park there anyhow, and then drove slowly away as though nothing had happened at all.

Scooter Baines was standing on the rungs of his barstool staring in disbelief at the scene outside. He

slammed his tight fist against the bar top in fury.

"*Didja see that?*" he roared at Josie. "*Didja? That fuckin' dick-head pile o' shit run over my wheels! On purpose! I'm gonna kill 'im! I'm gonna kill the bastard sure as hell, Josie. I'm gonna. . . arrrrgh!*" Scooter bounced down off the stool and headed for the door. Josie shot out an arm, catching the open shoulder of his vest, and Scooter's momentum pulled her halfway across the top of the bar.

"Don't go out there, you dumb shit. Can'cha see that's exactly what he wants you to do? He's probably waitin' out there for you, or maybe went around the block and is waitin' down at the corner for you to show, so he can run you down."

Baines jerked angrily away from her, strode to the doorway and peered out, muttering and growling things from behind clenched and bared teeth that might have made even McClure give thought to a short vacation had he heard them. The rat lay on its side on the hot asphalt, apparently unhurt. Another inch and the sidewalk would have done a number on the tank. Scooter glared wrathfully at the result of McClure's handiwork, wanting more than anything else in the world to go out there, set his ride back up on the stand, and dare McClure to do anything about it.

Josie dragged him protestingly back to the bar and, with Scooter reparked on the stool, drew another pitcher and pushed it at him.

"What a crummy thing to do," Scooter kept protesting. "Ain't got the balls to face me, so he runs over my ride. I'm gonna kill 'im, so help me, I'm gonna get that fat bastard."

While Scooter fumed between gulps of beer out of the free cool-off pitcher, Josie and Sonny Parker set the pan back up on its stand. A bit later, with Sonny minding the bar and with Josie minding a huge mouthful of Scooter's dork there in the storage room Scooter was still intermittently raging.

"I'm gonna. . . oh shit! that feels good. . . I'm gonna get that bas. . . oh, yeah! baby, just like that. . . McClure, you shit, I'm gonna, Josie, I'm gonna come *nowwww!* Oh shit. Look out!"

Scooter lay awake for a long time that night, his thoughts as much centered on McClure as on the skinny, big-titted blonde he'd porked in every hole and position for the last couple of hours since picking her up at Tucker's Tavern, twelve miles across the river on the Indiana side. He winced as he viewed her bony frame lying partially across him asleep. Gotta ease

off that grass a little, he told himself, realizing the stringy little cunt might not even be past jailbait age, and he'd taken her across a state line to boot. He wiggled a bit nearer the edge of the bed, trying to ease his butt out of the big wet spot. McClure's fat face kept intruding on his thoughts. Finally Scooter got out of bed, lit the roach of his next-to-last joint, and roamed naked and aimlessly through the two-room shack behind the feed store. It was a dump, but it was all his.

Not wanting to risk bumping into McClure for fear he might tear the asshole's head off and shove it up his butt, Scooter had met Trash and Wet Willie at Vern's Econogas station just outside Grover Valley and then putted across the bridge over to the Hoosier side. At Tucker's, the only true biker bar for a hundred miles around and run by Orville T. himself who, at 300 pounds, looked like a bear on a pogo stick when he putted, no one gave a shit what went on. Even the county sheriff's deputies steered clear of the place. Dunk and Cajun showed up after a while with some genuine "bought in Looieville" Colombian. The color was just exactly right, but it wouldn't have given a bee a buzz. A dis-

appointment, but some nice fat joints and numerous pitchers melo-
lowed the reunion.

They finally drifted into a serious rap session on the subject of McClure, who had fucked over each of them more than once, usually unrighteously.

"Somethin's gotta be done about that bastard," Scooter announced, accepting the roach from Wet Willie and eyeing it critically. Just because he drooled all the time, you didn't label Willie a mental case — the slobber had to do with abnormal salivary glands, which Willie couldn't help — but he could sure fuck up a joint worse than dropping it in a piss.

"Thass ri..." Wet Willie agreed, exhaling around the remains of his last toke on the joint. "We gotta shitcan that mutha."

"Aw, sheeit," Dunk interrupted. "We been gonna do somethin' about McClure as long as I can remember, but we still ain't done nothin'. That is, 'cept for me bustin' his —" Dunk stopped abruptly in mid-sentence as Scooter suddenly glared at him.

"You fucker!" Scooter declared. "So you're the one that got McClure on my ass this last trip. Dammit, Dunk, I'd kick your ass right here

and now if it wasn't for the fact it was McClure you did it to. Jeesus! That caused me all kinds of shit from McClure."

"I was just tryin' to help, asshole. After all, I owe that fat sonofabitch some lumps too."

"Same goes for me," Cajun added, looking solemnly at Scooter, while out of force of habit pouring yet more beer into his already full glass, cascading it down the sides and onto the table. Scooter took the pitcher from him and set it on the floor.

And so it had gone, through the rest of the evening, with no one having a workable idea for dealing with McClure. Cajun had suggested a dynamite bomb for McClure's car, but Scooter didn't think that was very cool at all. Bernice, the skinny blonde sacked out in Scooter's bed, who had joined the discussion — permitted a "sort of" relationship with the bunch because of eagerly putting out head or tail in return for a ride — suggested their setting McClure up with her and then her yelling "Rape!" They all turned thumbs down on that idea, too, because in the first place Bernice would probably fuck it up, and besides, McClure, it was rumored,

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couldn't get it up! Still, something had to be done about the bastard.

Scooter, still prowling the darkened two-room shack barefoot and naked, continued to think on it. He had to piss, so he stepped to the sink and shot the yellow stream over the edge onto the dirty dishes and empty beer cans, watching the roaches streak for cover. This last shot of McClure's, fucking over poor Elmer Potts when Elmer was already in enough trouble, was really too much for Scooter. Seemed like money always brought a shit-storm, got you in trouble, just like it'd done to Potts. One minute the dumb shit had more money than he'd probably ever seen at one time before, and the next thing he knew, he was in Grover Valley Jail and the money was locked away in the sleazy, padlocked "safe" in the back room of the jail, where Scooter's valuables had often been kept while he was McClure's unwilling and usually victimized guest. While he stood there pissing, a nebulous idea began to form in Scooter's mind, revolving around Elmer Potts and his troubles. Some time later the idea, a plan that appeared to be both workable and extremely appealing, had jelled. Yeah. It just might work. Scooter's thoughts were interrupted.

"Whatcha doin', Scooter?"

Bernice was awake. Scooter felt foolish, standing there with his limp peter aimed at the sink's rim.

"I'm fixin' to fuck me a big fat cockroach," he informed her. Bernice, who was not too swift mentally, and who didn't particularly like the queer smile on Scooter's face, grabbed her clothes and got the hell out of there.

Trash was the last to arrive at Barstow Ben's ratty old house trailer, squatting on hard-to-get-to county property down by the river. Once everyone had a cold brew opened, Scooter laid it out for them. They listened quietly and with admiration as he spelled out how it was going to work out once the dust had settled.

"Well?" he asked, inviting comments from the group.



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"If you ask me —"

"It's great!" interrupted Barstow Ben, who seldom said anything at all. "It's fuckin' great!"

"That's what I was gonna say," complained Cajun, who'd been cut off by Barstow Ben's unexpected burst of oratory.

Everyone agreed. In fact, they all thought the plan was brilliant.

"Okay, then. That's what we're gonna do." Scooter scratched his balls, emptied the Coors can, and flung it into the Ohio's muddy and slow-flowing waters. "There's more or less three parts of this that gotta go together, and it's gotta go together fast. First of all —" Scooter pinpointed Trash with his eyes — you still got all them smarts in your fingers, the kind that got you that two years in the joint?"

Trash, a bro to ride with any day, wiped the beer foam off his scraggly moustache and tugged at his equally unkempt beard. "Yeah, I guess so." He flexed and wiggled his fingers, looking at them. "I can do it."

"Okay. Next is you, Ben. And this is really the important part. You still got your money connection out there in sunny Cal? We can work it without that, but it's gonna make it look even better if we can work it out that way." Scooter waited.

Barstow Ben rumbled up a big yellow mess and hawked it into the dust between his boots. Finally he offered, "Mebbe."

"I gotta know, Ben."

"I could say fer sure tomorrow."

"Need to know today," Scooter insisted firmly.

"I'll try," Ben promised.

"You do that," Scooter said approvingly. He turned to Wet Willie. "And you?" he asked.

Willie, sitting on an upturned rusty bucket with no bottom, replied by retching once and then barfing Budweiser and pizza onto the ground. "Perfect," Scooter beamed, "just perfect!"

The next three days were real bastards for Scooter, fighting the shortage of time in which to arrange everything and trying to keep all the balls in the air at once. One of the hardest tasks was to get Elmer Potts out of jail, because Elmer, free, was part of the scheme. Unknown to McClure was the fact that Scooter Baines and Nason Thackery were shirttail relations, and that Justice Of The Peace Thackery had been a real heller back when he used to ride, and therefore understood and admired Scooter — off the record, of course. So Thackery, following an after-dark chat with Scooter,



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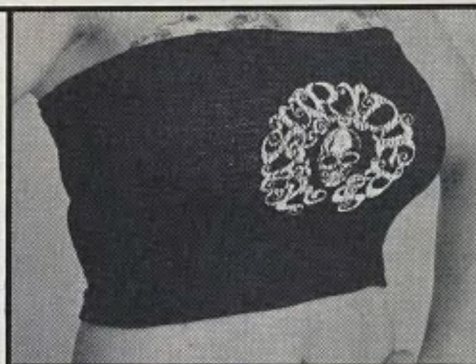
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ordered Officer Pixtell C. McClure to release Elmer Potts on his own recognition, pending figuring out what to do about him. Of course, McClure almost shit his pants, argued fiercely against it, but reluctantly gave in.

Supporting Wet Willie realistically between himself and Dunk, Scooter took a deep breath, exhaled part of it, twisted the doorknob on the jail's street door, and entered. McClure, who always sat in his old and creaky swivel chair reading girlie mags at his desk until lockup time at nine each night, glanced up at the trio. He arched his eyebrows sharply upward at seeing Scooter, but said nothing. Scooter and Dunk shuffled Wet Willie over to the counter separating them from McClure.

"McClure," Scooter announced, nodding his head toward Willie, who was sagging limply between him and Dunk, "you gotta do somethin' about that slop they serve down there at the Elite." The Elite was the greasy spoon cafe owned by McClure and his equally obese and ugly sister, Ella. "All of us et there tonight and we're all sick — most of all Willie here. And it ain't the first time it happened, either," he added. Willie obligingly and right on cue heaved once and vomited all over the counter.

"Goddammit, what's goin' on here?" McClure demanded, coming halfway out of his chair faster than Scooter would have thought possible, eyeing the vomit load Willie had dumped.

"The Elite's serving shit that's spoiled, no fuckin' good, that's what. And it's gotta stop. Willie here's awful sick, McClure. I think ya oughtta take him over to the clinic at Henderson and have him looked at. We'd do it ourselves, but there ain't no way we could hold him on a bike." Willie retched again, this time spattering McClure with bits of barf.

McClure came unglued, ranting and spraying flecks of saliva in his protestation and denial of bad food from the cafe, trying not to look at the mess on the wooden counter top. He cooled down several degrees though, when Wet Willie ceased the intermittent retching long enough to mumble something about a lawsuit and getting the county health department to look the Elite over. Refusing to cart Willie over to Henderson, McClure did finally call and arrange for old Doc Harper to take a look at him at his house there in Grover Valley. Trying to hold his

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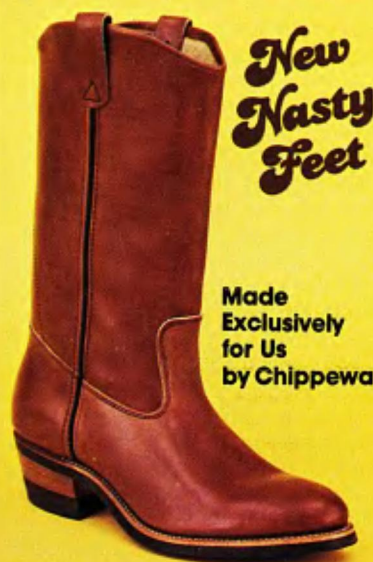
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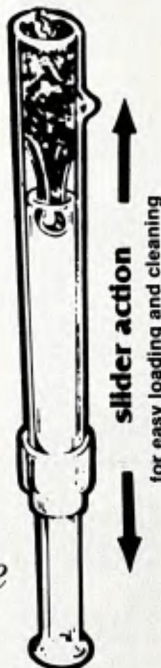
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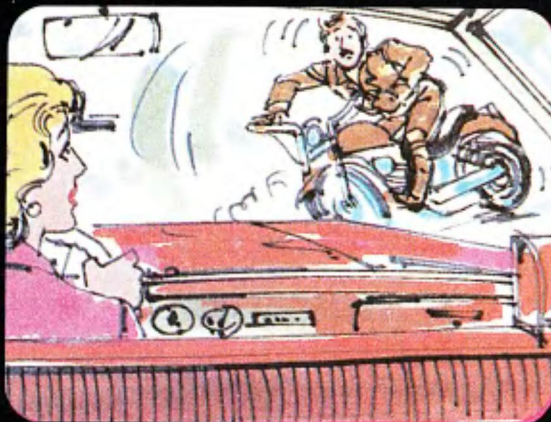
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own food down, Scooter reluctantly cleaned up Willie's mess with paper towels. They then left with Wet Willie still sagging limply between them. In the confusion, no one had noticed the slim figure who had entered through the jail's back door and departed, unobserved, a few moments later.

About seven-thirty the following evening McClure had made his usual last cruise through Grover Valley and environs and retired to his swivel chair and jackoff magazines. He caught the phone on the second ring, slamming his magazine down in disgust at the interruption. "Yeah?" he growled into it. A pause, and then. . .

"We ain't got nuthin' to talk about, Potts. I —" Another short pause while McClure listened, the irritation showing on his face fading to indecision. Finally he interrupted: "Potts, if you're bullshittin' me, I'm gonna. . .well, ya just better not be. But just in case ya ain't, I'm gonna listen."

He listened, interrupting with numerous questions. On the other end of the line, Potts, with Scooter hovering over him, was magnificent! With as much as Scooter had convinced him was hanging in the balance, Potts's survival instinct took over, putting just the right amount of whining and assurance in his voice. "And that's the story. I swear I'm tellin' you the truth."

On the other end, McClure removed the handset from against his ear and stared at it for long seconds of thought. He sucked at a tooth, then slowly replaced the receiver to his ear.

"Potts," he said, "I'm gonna check this thing out, and if it does check out — well, it could make a big difference. Mind you, I ain't promisin' you nothin', and there's one damn sure condition to the whole thing: you ain't to say one damn word about this to anyone. I mean anyone. Got that?"

The luminous hands on McClure's watch said 9:30 when he keyed open the trunk of the black-and-white Plymouth in the darkness behind the sagging barn at the long-deserted Jeffries farm not far outside Grover Valley. He grunted the five-gallon plastic jerry can of water over the lip of the trunk in order to get at the long-handled roundpoint shovel angled farther inside the enclosure. Remembering Potts's precise instructions and also his suggestion that it might not be a very good idea to go showing any light out there, McClure struck out into the

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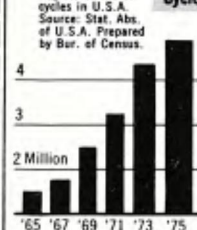
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darkness in the direction of the trees, a darker dark about two hundred feet distant. He had no trouble at all finding the rusted old cultivator Potts had mentioned, stumbling into it and peeling a nice patch of skin off his shin.

Carefully calculating the exact spot, McClure dug, burying the shovel to the lip, probing. On the ninth try the tip of the shovel met firm resistance. Ah, gotcha, Mr. Baines! The thought raced through McClure's mind in triumph. Thirty seconds more of excited digging unearthed a battered green tackle box, which McClure hoisted victoriously, brushing the dirt from it. He hunkered down on his fat haunches and thumbed the latches free, opening the container. A bulging, heavy brown paper grocery sack completely filled the interior. McClure jerked the sack out and opened it, overcoming his caution and shining his flashlight into the opening. Money. Great gobs of it. The jackpot. It was just like Potts had promised.

"Hold it! Freeze! Don't make a move!" The sharp and unexpected command came from the greater darkness of the barn. Startled, McClure froze momentarily, his mind racing. The voice was not Elmer Potts's. That left Scooter Baines and his bunch. McClure turned slowly to face the dark hole in the barn side where a large door had once existed.

"Up to your usual tricks, huh, Scooter?" he said into the murk. "Well, it ain't gonna do ya any good because this time —"

"I said freeze! Federal officers. Put your hands on top of your head and don't move!" And it damn sure wasn't Scooter or any of the rest of those damn tramps, McClure realized. He stood, compliant, unmoving as two dark shapes detached themselves from the darkness of the decrepit structure and moved cautiously toward him, now shining a bright light into his eyes. He was



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quickly frisked, his .44 removed from its holster, his hands jerked down and secured with his own cuffs. McClure, angry and puzzled, turned roughly to face them.

"What the hell kind of shit you tryin' to pull on me?" he demanded to know. One of the two men held a leather folder up to McClure's face, shining a light on the contained badge and sealed identification card. "FBI?" McClure husked, his throat suddenly dry. He was told to shut the fuck up. Another car pulled into the clearing, illuminating the scene. McClure watched as one of the men picked up the sack of money and shined a bulky pistol-gripped lamp into it. The man nodded to his partner, who smiled back in knowing confirmation.

"It's the money, all right," he said. Turning to McClure, he remarked, "Nice try, McClure. Really slick. I don't think I might even have thought of it myself."

McClure was getting mad now. "By God, I'll have you know that you're interferin' with my bounden duty as a law officer and fuckin' up an important arrest I'm fixin' to make. Take these damn handcuffs offa me. What the hell is this, anyhow? What's goin' on? I got that money first and so it's my bust. You ain't gonna rob me of nailin' that goddamn Scooter Baines."

"Baines?" the other fed, Morgan, asked. "Who's Baines?"

"Aw c'mon, now, let's quit bullshittin' each other. You know that's Baines's money, and probably how he got it. I just got to it first. Ain't no need for you to get so pissed over it and treat me thisaway," McClure entreated.

Morgan held the open sack in front of McClure's face. "You say this money came from some guy named Baines? We watched you dig it up, McClure. (McClure recognized the Snooperscope the other FBI type had now retrieved from the barn.) You mean to say you've never seen this money before?"

"Now you are sorta gettin' the right idea," McClure said.

"Well, let me show you something that makes you a damn liar, McClure." Morgan turned the odd-looking lamp into the sack's interior. Although no visible light came from it, the money glowed an eerie green from the invisible black light of the bulky unit. "Marked money, McClure. Invisible dye. I'm sure the numbers will probably check out as well."

"So?" McClure demanded.

"So it's the money Potts had when



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we nailed him. Part of the ransom loot. Money that is supposed to be in your safe in your jail. And you say you never even saw it before?" Morgan shined the black light onto the palms of McClure's hands after uncuffing him, so he could see for himself. Like the money, McClure's hands glowed an eerie green.

"It can't be. It just can't be," McClure kept repeating in astonishment. Morgan read him his rights. He had just finished this legal requirement when Fenner, his partner, returned from the darkness, holding something behind him.

"McClure," he inquired. "What's the five-gallon can of water for?"

"The water? Why... the water's for a... friend. Actually, it's for Elmer Potts. Said his pump broke down and he ain't got no water. I just felt sorry for 'im and was gonna run that five-gallons out to him since he ain't got no truck no more."

"Is that a fact?" Fenner rejoined. "You real sure you didn't bring it out here to water these?" From behind his back, Fenner produced a nice healthy marijuana plant about a foot and a half tall. Fenner sighed. It was sure going to be a long night.

Scooter, from his perilous perch in the shaky cupola atop the barn, watched them drive away. Coming

down out of the barn, Scooter nearly fell twice; he was laughing so hard his sides hurt!

It had gone like clockwork. Scooter told Josie. Wet Willie's puking had distracted McClure long enough for Trash to slip in through the back door of the jail, pick the padlock on the safe, get the money the feds had taken from Potts, and replace it with an equal amount of counterfeit that Barstow Ben had arranged to be air shipped from California. Checking the safe, the feds had, of course, found the phony green and figured McClure intended to foist it off on them.

The rest had been accomplished with Potts's help. Scooter having persuaded him to "snitch" on Scooter to McClure to the effect that Scooter had a large amount of hot money buried that he was going to use to make a large narcotics buy, unless McClure had the sense to get to it first. McClure would figure that if the money was there, Scooter couldn't complain about it if it came up missing — all to McClure's great personal financial benefit.

Next, Scooter had Potts snitch McClure off to the feds, warning them that McClure had switched the genuine money in the safe for some "funny money," advising them

also that McClure had a nice patch of maryjane growing out there at the old Jeffries place. The feds were interested, allowing as how they might give Elmer some slack in the matter of the charges against him if his information checked out.

Making McClure's hands glow like the marked money, proof that he'd actually handled it, hadn't been too hard, either. Trash had simply opened the locked cop cage and sprayed the steering wheel, gearshift, and hand brake the preceding night, right after a "midnight requisition" trip to nearby McCray Manufacturing Company, who used a similar dye in checking aluminum castings for hidden defects and cracks.

Josie nearly pissed her pants laughing when Scooter told her about the five-gallon can of water. Since it turned out that Elmer Potts's electric pump worked just fine and he didn't need five gallons of water from McClure or anyone else, well, McClure just had to be watering those plants — Fenner was sure of that!

The funny part of the whole thing was that McClure hadn't been able to explain any of it, and as he had done to Potts, the feds locked him in the Grover Valley Jail until they figured out what to do with him! ■

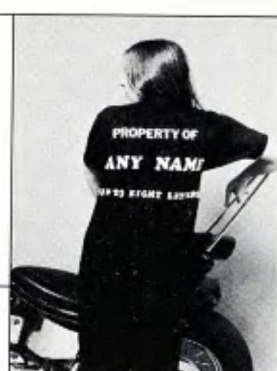
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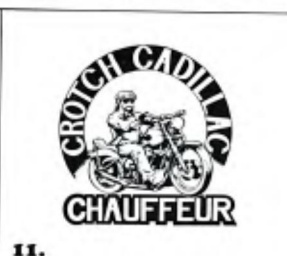
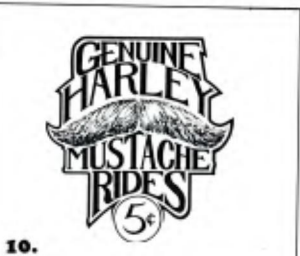


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Brakes, gears, and a sudden case of panic got the bike stopped almost instantly; but before I could get it turned around, another burst tore chunks out of the road behind me. If this had been a movie and I had been the good guy, I'd have dived off the bike into cover, hauled out my own gun, and started blasting back at whoever had decided that I made an interesting target. But it wasn't a movie, I'm no James Bond, and I did the only smart thing under the present circumstances. I shut the bike off, sat perfectly still, and lifted my arms to show that I wasn't going to start shooting back.

After I sat there for a few minutes, getting soaked from sweat pouring out of me like a tank with a busted fuel line, someone stepped out of the trees, walked the few feet to the road, and then stopped again to take another look. He was fairly young, had long hair, and wore boots, Levi's, and a black T-shirt. In other words, he looked like a biker — except for two things. He wasn't on a bike, and he was holding what looked like an HK-91 assault rifle, pointed right at my gut.

"Whadda ya doin' here?" he asked.

"Just lookin' around."

"For what?"

"Shit, I don't know. I just wanted to see where the road lead to. Would ya mind pointin' that thing the other way?"

"Yeah, I would. You the law?"

"What?"

"I said, are you the law. Do you have a badge?"

"Shit, no." The gun barrel dropped a little, and I began to breathe again. I'd had some experience with an HK-91, and I knew what a burst of 7.62 slugs could do to my middle if his finger got tight.

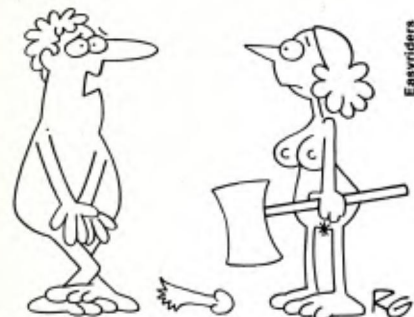
"You a patch holder?" he asked.

"Nope."

"Nice lookin' bike you've got."

"Thanks."

"How'd ya get it in here, anyway? The chain down?"



"Dotty, when I asked you to 'whack me off' I meant. . ."

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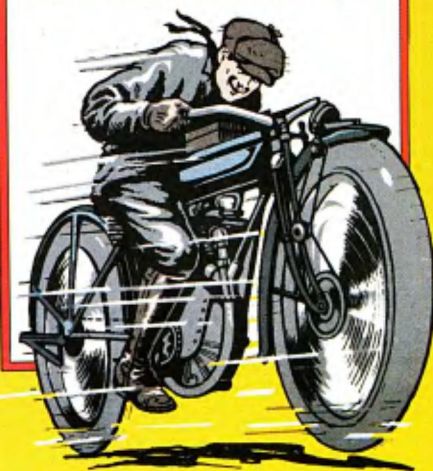
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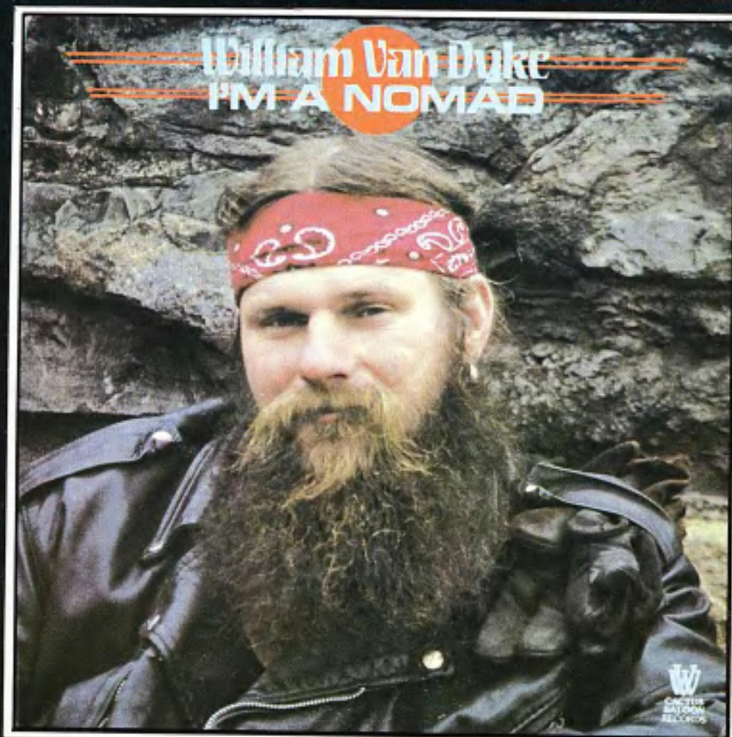


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"No. The creek's low, and I just rode the bike across."

"We'll have to do somethin' about that," he said, and the gun barrel dropped to almost straight down.

"Okay, turn it around and get your ass out of here. And I wouldn't come back if I was you. Whoever's got the duty next time might not take the time to talk to ya. The only reason I did was 'cause you're on a scoot. Otherwise, I'da just blown ya away."

"Why?" I asked him, dropping my hands but making no move to start the bike or turn it around. Nobody ever accused me of having any smarts so far.

"'Cause you're in our country now, bro, and we don't like no outsiders comin' in uninvited."

"So how do I get an invitation?"

"Ya don't."

"Look, I'm here now, so how about fillin' me in a little on what's goin' on back here? Nobody seems to be able to tell me why I'm not supposed to be back here. How about you tellin' me why?"

"Why should I? Ain't it enough for ya to know that ya ain't supposed to be here?"

"No, it ain't."

"Well, would it be enough if I was ta tell ya that you ain't supposed to be here, and if ya come back in without an invitation, we'll probably bury ya here?"

"Yeah I guess that would be enough. But I'd still like to know why I shouldn't be here."

"Why ya gotta know? Man, you're livin' dangerously."

I decided to play it straight with him. A good move, considering he was holding all the firepower, and I didn't have any doubt that he was ready to use it. "Look, I keep gas in my tank, suds in the fridge, and dope on the table by writing for a magazine. And I got a feelin' that there's a story here that'll make me a few bucks for sure."

"No shit? Ya write for a magazine? Okay, I'll tell ya what. Pull the scoot over there in the trees, and we'll talk a bit. But when I tell ya to get your ass outta here, ya best get gone. Understand that?"

"Ya got a deal," I told him.

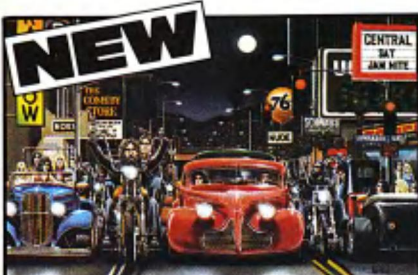
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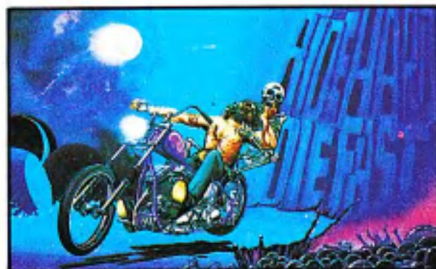
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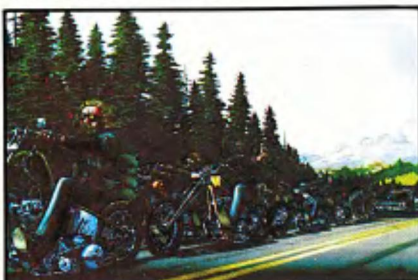
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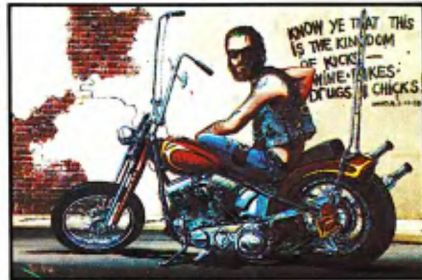
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M-7 "RUN HEAT"



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M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



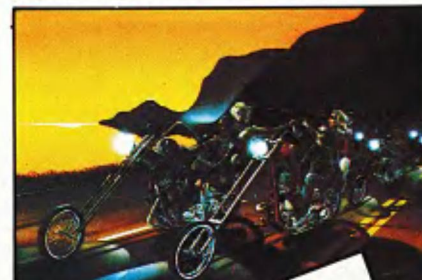
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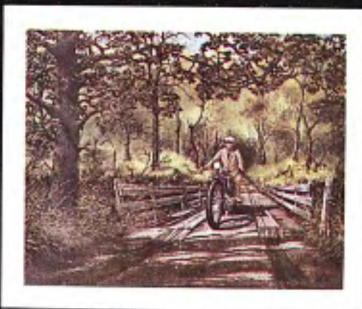
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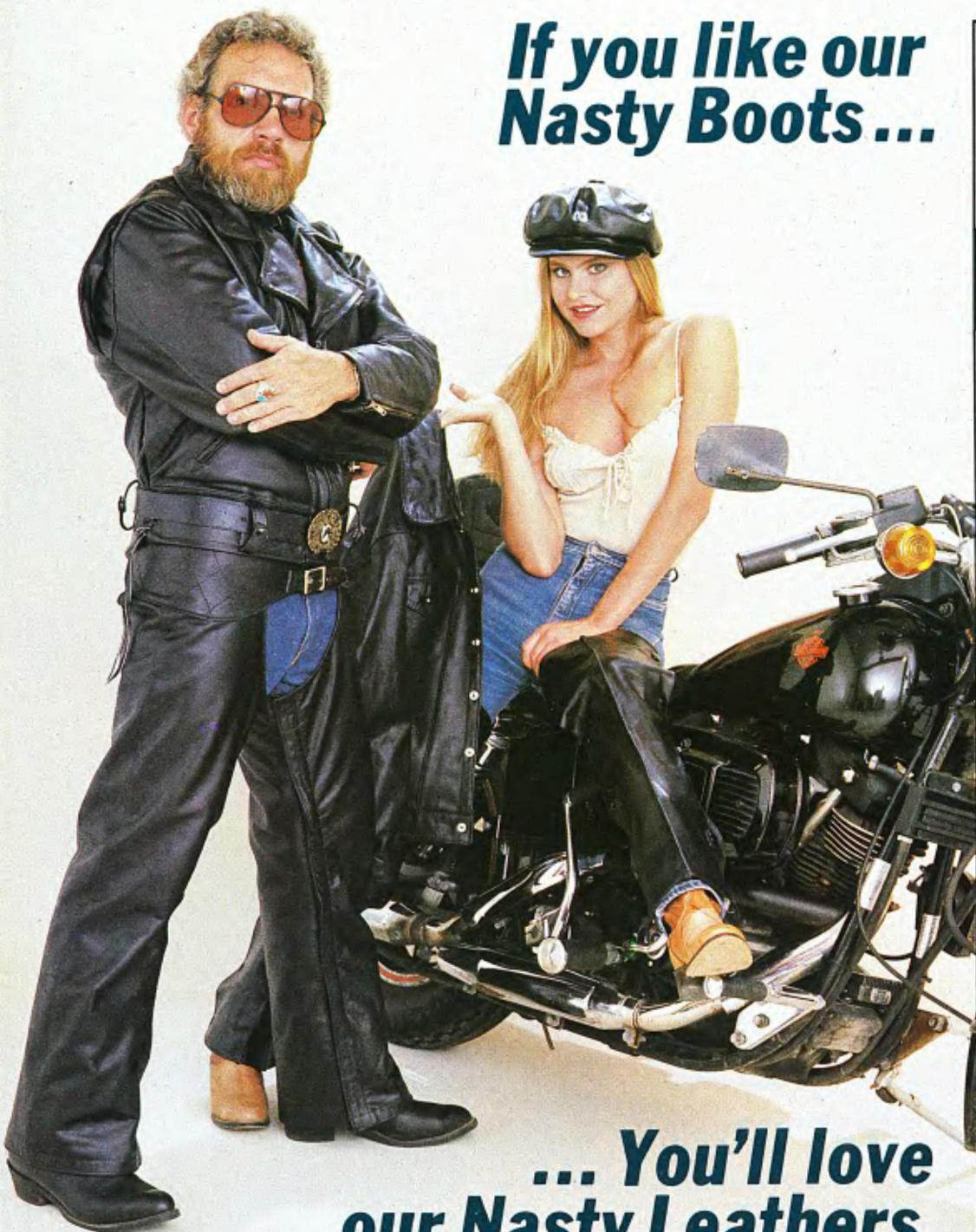


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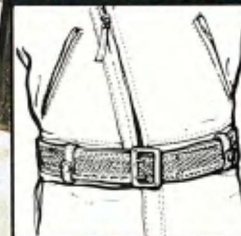


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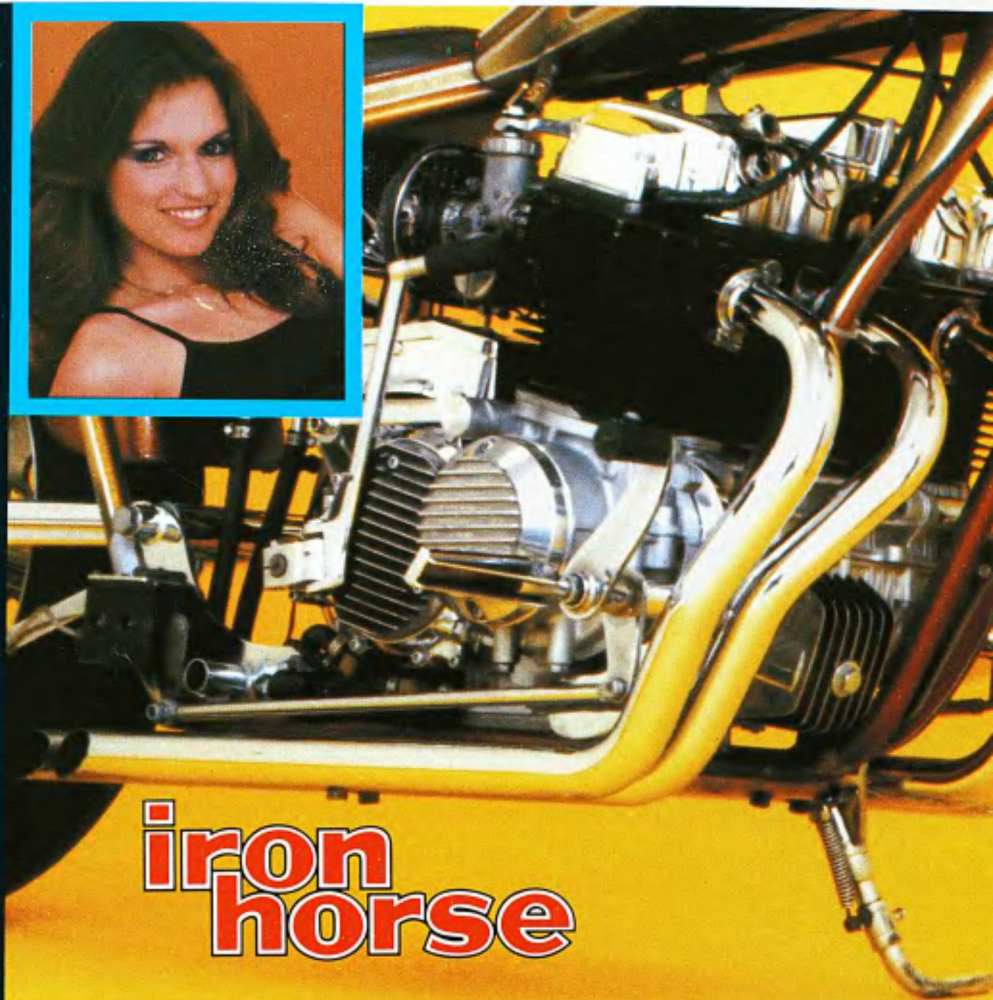
FOR ADDITIONAL LEATHER SEE PAGE 110

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So *Iron Horse* devotes itself to all motorcycles. Because you ride a Triumph or any make other than "the tractor" doesn't mean to us that you're not a bro. You're a biker and that's all that counts. Check out an issue and we bet you'll be a regular reader.

—The Editors



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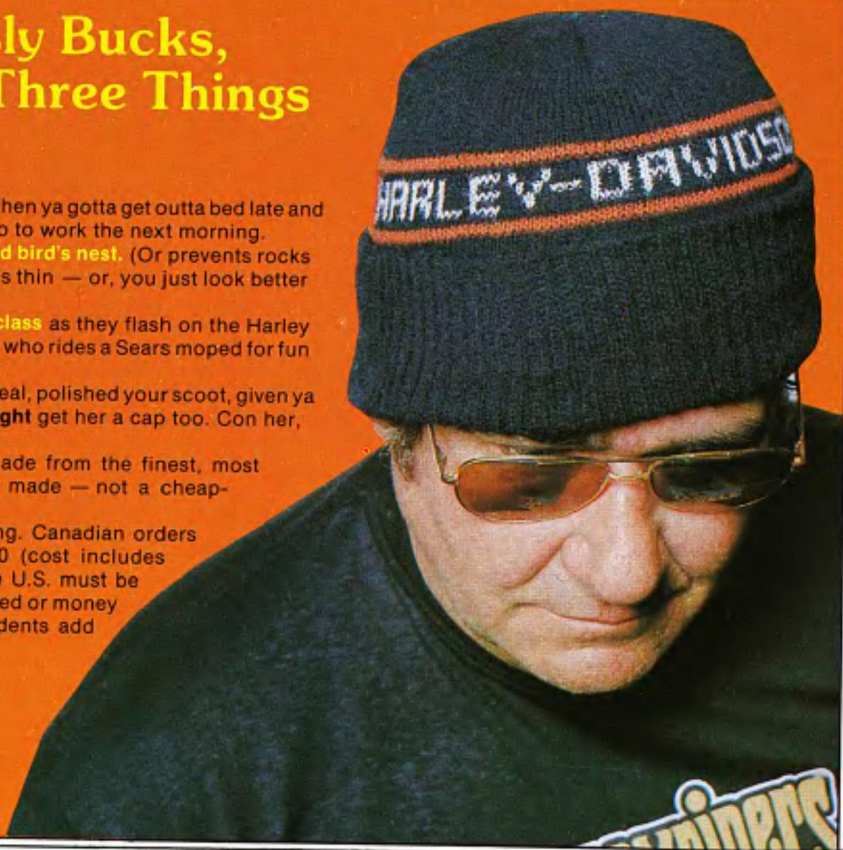
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Keep Out

Continued from page 94

When the gold rush started there wasn't a lot of law in California. And most of what law there was came out of the end of a gun, or at the hands of a local vigilante committee. Once outside the cities, such as they were, land title was gained by sitting on the piece of land you wanted with a rifle, shooting anyone who tried to take it away from you.

Later, of course, things became a lot more organized. Not only did lawmen show up, but the politicians also began to do their thing, and pretty soon settling arguments with a gun and claiming land simply by squatting on it became no-nos.

Stories and films about the Forty-Niners are interesting, in large part because of the lawlessness of the era; but few people thought they'd ever see such a situation again. But much of northern and central California, especially in the foothill and mountain areas, has reverted to the same kind of "I'm sittin' on it, so this land is mine" attitude that was present during the gold rush days. Squatters have taken over immense tracts of land, many of them in national forests, and they're guarding that land with guns and explosives — allowing no one in without permission. And certainly allowing no one onto their property who is wearing a badge.

Many of the people who have been looking into this "problem" are calling the squatters "outlaws" and, of course, that means a lot of them are being thought of as bikers by many California citizens, since the word outlaw was once virtually synonymous with biker in the Golden State. And, indeed, we have found out that a very large percentage of the squatters are bikers.

According to recent reports, literally thousands of acres, perhaps even a million, of mountain land have been taken over by people who have either dropped out of society or taken that land for their own purposes, be that mining for the large quantity of gold that still exists in the California hills or growing the famous California Sinsemilla pot.

Recently a California newspaper, the *Sacramento Bee*, ran a series of reports on the situation in northern California, and their conclusion was: "Vast areas, particularly in northern California, are no longer safe for loggers, forest rangers, recreation-seeking city dwellers, and residents of rural hamlets. With rare

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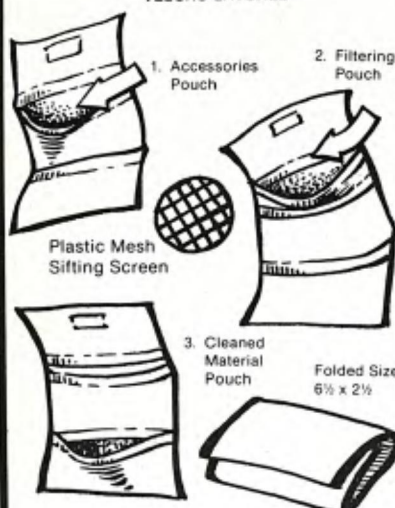
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exception, local law enforcement and the state Department of Justice have simply given up on trying to police them."

One of the biggest reasons for taking over those vast stretches of primitive mountain country is the cultivation of the California home-grown that has become the product-of-the-decade on the national market. Reports from both drug enforcement agencies and the California Department of Agriculture say that in over 75 percent of California's 58 counties marijuana has become a major crop, and that in a state which ranks number one in agriculture nationally, marijuana is probably the number-one cash crop. Some of the larger growers are taking in between 50,000 and 100,000 tax-free dollars per year; and many of the smaller "spreads" are run by individuals, but financed by big money investors from Southern California, who pool the five- to ten-thousand-dollar-a-year product of fifty or more farms into major shipments.

While many of the smaller farms are one- or two-person operations, some even run by bikers as a part-time money and dope making proposition, the larger outfits are beginning to take on many of the trappings of big agribusiness, to the extent that some of them are even importing illegal alien farm workers from Mexico to do the harvesting. And this has led to some additional problems for lawmen, since the illegals aren't registered with anyone, and probably only a few relatives in Mexico even know they are in the United States. Given this situation, some growers have found that it is more cost-effective to simply shoot the harvesters and bury them after the harvest, instead of paying them.

While the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency and the California Bureau of Narcotics have pumped almost a half million dollars a year into the fight against growers in California, their efforts have generally been a failure, since the crop today is estimated at over a billion dollars a year. There has been a lot of argument among the cops as to why their programs have been such a failure, but a large part of it seems to be a certain spottiness in enforcement. During 1981 it was reported that 151,449 plants worth nearly \$400 million were ripped up by the Man, and 854 suspects were arrested. But, at the same time, a search by aircraft near the California coast last year spotted 80 "gardens" in a single four-mile stretch; however, only three were busted because the local sheriff said

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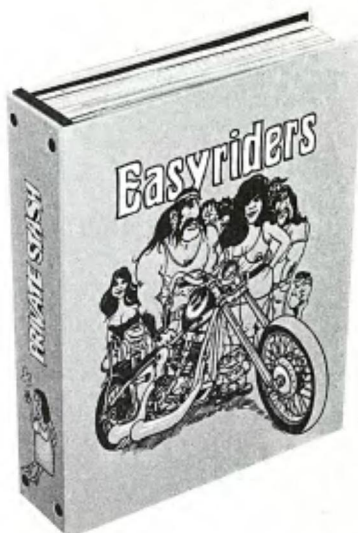
he couldn't afford what it would
cost to clear out the other 77.

Of course, there is another problem
facing the law enforcement people.
The squatters, gold miners, pot
growers, and whoever else might
be out there in the woods doing
their thing, don't appreciate any
interference from the outside, and
they're prepared to show this dis-
pleasure with a variety of weapons.
While the Forty-Niners backed up
their claims with six-shooters and
Winchesters, these modern outlaws
prefer the heavier firepower of
automatic weapons, assault rifles,
grenades, mines, and even a few
heavy machine guns and at least
one antitank gun. The wild country
most of the new outlaws inhabit is
ready-made for deadfalls and booby-
traps, including stake-lined pits,
trip-mines, shotgun-shell anti-
personnel mines, and a particularly
nasty trick — fishhooks hung from
trees at eye level to catch either
someone who is busy looking for
illegal plants or someone waiting
to shoot at him. There was even a
small booklet circulating last year
through northern California and
Oregon telling how to make an ex-
plosive device which could be used
to knock down the helicopters used
to spray the fields with the herbi-
cides which have effectively de-
stroyed the Mexican marijuana crop.

The armed nature of the new out-
laws, combined with their desire to
exclude outside people and control
from their areas, has led to what
amounts to a return of the frontier
justice system of the gold rush days.
In some cases this justice has been
extremely informal and one-on-one,
such as when a man was killed in
an argument with another man; but
because the killing occurred during
the height of the harvesting season,
the authorities didn't hear a thing
about it for two months. To date, no
one has been arrested in the case;
but there have been reports that the
shooter was "disciplined" within the
group — presumably for screwing
up the harvest procedures.

Another case perfectly illustrates
how the law is often administered
internally, without outside officials

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becoming involved at all. As stated earlier, these new outlaws are made up of many different types — ex-hippies looking for a continuation of the commune lifestyle of the sixties, gold miners, pot growers, bikers, survivalists, and even a few old-fashioned hermits. And while they are generally united in their resistance to outside authority, there are sometimes problems between individuals or even entire groups.

One such problem arose last year when a group, described as bikers in reports later published in the newspapers, set up a laboratory to produce speed in the northern California foothills. Their plan called for 24-hour-a-day operation for 20 days, which would have produced an estimated \$1 million worth of methamphetamine.

The problem came from their next door neighbor, a survivalist who was worried that the byproducts from the lab would poison the well upon which he depended for his drinking water. His solution to the problem was to spray the lab with a burst from an automatic rifle. The rifle fire threatened to cause an explosion in the lab equipment used for cooking the speed, and the lab operators cleared the building in a hurry.

For a while it looked as though open warfare was about to erupt between the survivalist and his friends and the bikers; but someone set up a meeting between them to discuss the problem. A representative of the Laguna Beach group financing the operation was brought in, and this rough-and-ready justice system found a two-part solution to the problem.

First, the survivalist was given \$5,000 for any possible damage to his water supply. Second, the lab was moved a short distance away from the water source; and other ranchers, miners, growers, and so forth in the area were paid \$25,000 to both allow the lab to complete its 20-day run and provide security against outside interference.

While almost all of the information available to the public, including free-lance writers like me, on the situation in the California foothills was about pot growing, the war on pot growing, sales of pot, the war on pot sales, pot distribution networks, why we should never legalize pot, and so forth, it wasn't until I took my trip up Butte Creek Canyon that I got a look at the new outlaw lifestyle that went along with the drugs, gold mining, communing with nature, and other activities

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that were going on far from the prying eyes of Big Brother.

I pulled the bike over into the stand of trees, and found that there was another bike there — a nice looking late-model shovelhead. Saddlebags were wrapped around the rear fender, and from one of them the guard — I later found out that he was on regular assigned duty to make sure no one came into the canyon who didn't belong in there — pulled out a couple of beers, and handed one to me as soon as I had the sidestand down on my bike.

"Siddown and relax," he told me, leaning the rifle up against a tree and squatting down where he could talk to me and still keep an eye on the road. "Okay, whatcha want to know?" he asked after taking a deep pull from his beer.

"I guess the first question would have to be, what are ya doin' here?"

"Me, myself, ya mean?"

"We can start there."

"Well, I got me a little patch of Sens that makes me a few bucks, and I help out with the big harvest every year."

The big harvest? I asked, sounding stupid but wanting to make sure I understood him. Chico is a

major almond center, and maybe, I thought, that's what he was talking about harvesting.

"Yeah. A couple of the plantations back here hire us independents every year to help get the plants in. That, along with my own little patch, gives me enough money to spend the winter down in L.A. without havin' to worry about workin'."

"There must be a bunch of people back here then."

"I guess there's a couple of hundred here in the canyon. Of course, there's a lot more over around Butte Meadows and up in Denny. They're a little more out in the open than we are, though, and they're takin' a bit more heat."

"Are all the people in here bikers?"

"Naw, only a couple of us. Probably 'bout a half dozen, if ya include the dudes that ride dirt bikes."

"What about the rest?"

"Well, let's see." He took another slug from the beer, then reached over and got two more out of the saddlebag, handing me one. "There's a bunch of survivalists, waitin' for the big war to start. They pretty much keep to themselves, though, 'cept for when they're ready to sell their crop. It never amounts to much, but I guess it gives 'em a few extra bucks. I was talkin' to one

of 'em a while back. He said the main reason they've got a patch goin' is 'cause they figure that after the war, money ain't gonna be worth nothin', but they'll be able to trade their smoke for whatever they need to buy from others.

"Then there's a bunch of hippies back about ten miles or so up the canyon. They had a commune over on the coast somewhere that had been goin' since back in the sixties, but they got busted for havin' a bunch of underage chicks in there, or somethin' like that, so they moved up here. And, 'course, we got a lotta dudes in here that are minin' for gold. Some of 'em stay here all the time, but there's a lot that live in Chico and just come in for a week or so every month."

"I can dig why you wouldn't want the cops back in here if you're growin' herbs," I said, "but what about the miners? Don't they object?"

"No. They don't care what we do, as long as we don't fuck with 'em or try to take any gold outta their claims. And we help each other out, too."

"How?"

"Protection. Just like me bein' here today. I'm guardin' the road in, to make sure the cops don't get in here without everybody bein' warned. Tomorrow it'll be someone

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else here — one of the miners, or maybe a survivalist. We all take turns on guard duty."

"How would you warn 'em if a really big bunch of cops came up the road? If the cops was lookin' for ya, chances are ya couldn't get your bike fired and up the road before they grabbed ya."

As an answer he reached into the other saddlebag and pulled out a handy-talkie. "We got sort of a community center," he said, "that's always got some people in it. All I gotta do is call 'em on the radio, and they'll get the word out in a hurry."

"Let's get back to the miners. Why would they mind havin' the cops come in here? There's nothin' illegal about gold minin'."

"Legally, they shouldn't have anythin' to worry about. The old minin' law says that they have a right to file a claim anywhere they want, and live on that claim. But the Forest Service has been givin' them a lot of shit, anyway; and on top o' that, the IRS has been gettin' involved in the gold minin', claimin' that people ain't payin' taxes on the gold they're takin' out."

"With that many people back here, what do you do about food? Do ya grow your own, or what?"

"Shit, no. Well, the hippies probably grow a lot of their own food — they're into all that vegetarian shit. Most of us get our stuff from the stores in town, though. Like this beer we're drinkin'."

"In other words, there's a lot of traffic in and out of the canyon."

"Yeah."

"Over the bridge?"

"No. We've got our own ways in and out. Ways the cops don't know about. Change the subject."

"What about power — electricity, gas, or whatever?"

"Some people got little gas generators for electricity, and a lot of us have propane tanks for cookin' and heatin'. And somewhere back up the canyon I heard that the survivalists have a tap up to the power lines on the ridge. I think they've got a phone line runnin' up there, too, but I ain't sure about that."

"How do ya handle unwelcome



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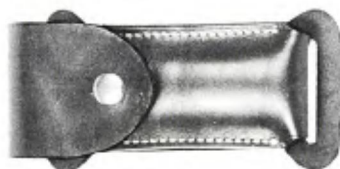
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visitors? Do ya treat 'em all the way ya did me — shootin' at 'em?"

"It all depends," he said. "Someone that looks like he's probably okay, just in the wrong place — like you — we just scare 'em out. If we get any tourists, assholes in four-wheelers out bashin' around for a weekend, people like that, we usually just stop 'em and tell 'em to turn their asses around. Once in a while we get some other people in here who want to grab off a little land for themselves. Usually we've gotta get sorta nasty with 'em."

"What about the cops?"

"Usually they ain't too much of a problem anymore. The Forest Service ain't got the guns or trainin' to spend much time tryin' to chase us out. The local cops and the drug people tried chasin' us out a coupla years ago, but they found out it wouldn't work."

"How'd ya stop 'em?"

"Well, when they came in they couldn't find us, for one thing. They found the cabins and the patches, and even a couple of the big plantations, of course — but no people."

"What was to keep 'em from burnin' the cabins down and rippin' out the plants?" I asked.

"They tried that," he answered with a grin. "And it cost 'em. Every time they'd get outta their cars and trucks, we'd find some way to blow 'em up. They'd burn one cabin, and we'd burn a half dozen cars. They'd rip up a hundred plants, and they'd have ten people in the hospital from the booby traps we'd have planted, waitin' for 'em. Before long they figured out that it was costin' 'em more to try and get us out than they could afford. So they've pretty much given up now."

"I'm surprised that they haven't concentrated on tryin' to keep ya from gettin' what ya grow outta this place to the dealers."

"They have. But it hasn't worked."

"Why not?"

"I don't think I wanta talk about that. Ya through with that beer?"

"Yeah," I said, tossing the empty back into the weeds, expecting him to fish another out of the saddlebag.

"Good. Ya best be gettin' on your scooter and gettin' outta here then." As he said that, he threw his own empty can into the weeds, then reached for the rifle.

I wanted to find out a little more about what was going on back there in the canyon, and maybe even get some information out of him on what was going on in other areas of the state, but the look on his face, and the rifle, told me that the interview was over. ■

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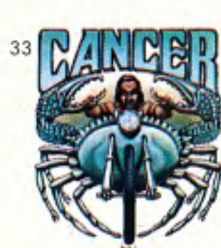
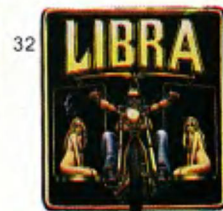
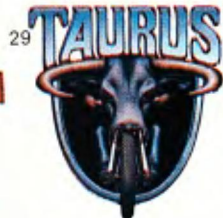
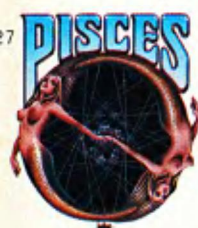
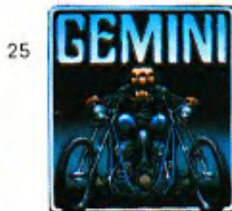
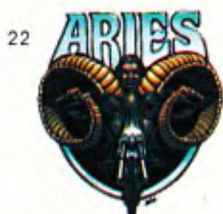
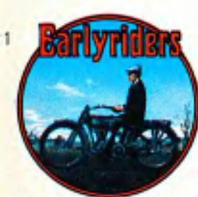
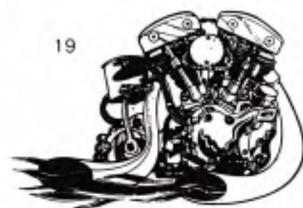
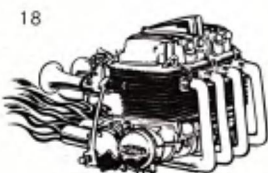


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Active, hardworking, independent, and lonely w/f, 25 yrs. old, wants to hear from single w/m who likes to travel, loves animals, dancing, and Wide Glides; non-smoker and no drugs. BJ, P.O. Box 4053, St. Paul, Minn. 55104. (116)

Wanted: Photo collector with fetish for females who smoke. Will pay cash for photos or film showing white, Spanish, or females smoking a regular cigarette. Nudity is not required, and any age from 8 to 80 wanted. If interested contact Box Holder, P.O. Box 6128, Glendale, Calif. 91205. (116)

Looking for one special lady (Latin or white), who is warm, loving, and in need of a good-hearted man, I'm Latin, 23, 157 lbs., and physically fit. Get out in '83. Send letters and photo to Frank Negron #A-70119, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764. (116)

Scott: Hop on that purple scooter (yeah, I know, "It's blue"!) and let's head for points unknown. There's a border to somewhere waiting, and there's a tank full of time. Don't be a stranger, babe. I've got a hell of a lot to give. Daina. (116)

Down with a crown, not a clown; hair's light brown, early 30s. Need some letters, a friend, a lady, whatever. Ray Stille #A51058, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764. (116)

Ladies, age 17-26: W/m, 30, 5'11", 150 lbs., looking for good woman to relocate to Virginia. I need an emotionally strong, supportive, loving woman to take care of crib, scooter, and me while I work. One rugrat acceptable. No heavy-weights. All with picture or good description answered. Scooter women only. Write Wayne, 2166 White Marsh Rd., Suffolk, Va. 23434. (116)

Working biker needs righteous, marriage-minded ol' lady to share the wind with. Serious only. No phonies. Bob, Box 50, Pearl City, Hawaii 96782. (116)

40-year-old incarcerated w/m, desires to correspond with a sincere woman who is interested in a lasting relationship. Write Dewey Craddock, #313053, P.O. Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (116)

Thron: First, happy 25th birthday. Second, thank you for being my bestest friend and lover. You drive me crazy at times, but who would I have to keep me and Tim on our toes? May the lion ride on your chest forever in the wind. Love always, Jackson and Timmy (the rugcat). (116)

Free-riding young Harley man, 32, slender, 5'11", thick brown mane, clean-shaven, moustache, good-looking (professional engineer from 8 to 5, but in the wind the rest of the time), needs a steady ol' lady for runs, live-in lovin', and a good life together. No hard-cores or one-percenters. If you're looking for a good, honest Harley man who won't flake off when you need him; if you're at home on the rear of a Wide Glide, write Tom Phillips, P.O. Box 3973-214, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413. (116)

Downed bro in need of letters and flicks from righteous chicks 17 to 21. Michael Foronda, 10520 Judicial Dr., Fairfax, Va. 22030. (116)

Horny death row prisoner would like to exchange sexy letters and tapes from ladies. Jim Jeffers, Box B, #38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (116)

Harley man, 29, w/m, 6', 165 lbs., with job and own home. Into sports and outdoors. Seeks lady 5'7" or under for friend, lover, and partner; 24-28, romantic, sincere, athletic, with inner strength and energy. I'm tired of using up all my positive, with no hope of recharge, on downed-out-type women. No boozers or heavy users. Send letters with photos to Sid, P.O. Box 627, Posey, Calif. 93260. (116)

Kenny Ainsworth: I'm the luckiest girl in the world 'cause I've got the greatest man in the world to love and to love me. Happy Birthday, babe, 12/10. I love you forever. Your Rosie Ol' Lady, Robyn. (116)

Need visits and mail from a woman with scooter trash class. We'll reach out together and maybe forever find the get-down beauty of where it's all at. Franklin Vito Frank, #80-A-2253, Location (B1-134), Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (116)

Single, white convict, 29, 6'1", 180 lbs., seeks loyal woman for marriage. Scott Miller, B-59352, Represa, Calif. 95671. (116)

Custom embroidery by The Emblem Shop. MC colors, banners and misc. patches. The Emblem Shop, 1139 Broadway, Anderson, Ind. 46012, 1-(317)-643-5566. (116)

Missy: Happy 11/10, brown baby, love ya always. For reward see the Buzzard. (116)

Lauren: Just wanted to say happy birthday, 2/82, best friend. Love ya always, J.D. F.T.W. (116)

For sale: Issues 20-79 and 82, good shape, \$85.00, you pay postage. Greg Shipman, 706 E. 12th St., Sterling, Ill. 61081. (116)

\$100 per week part time at home. Webster, America's foremost dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages, experience unnecessary. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 7148. (116)

29-year-old tramp out of Minneapolis, down in North Carolina. White, 6'8", 225 lbs., brown hair & eyes. Would like to hear from women, especially in and around Minneapolis and N.C. Ed Peterson, Drawer 220, Burnsville, N.C. 28714. (116)

"Free"—world's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, Nev. 89513. (116)

Doug Kolk: Through the years we've learned and grown together. I adore you. You are the love of my life. Here's to our happy new year. Your wife and partner, Joyce. (116)

My Sam: Happy birthday, baby. I can't be with you, but my love is there always. Elhyl and I miss you and Fred enormously. Toni. (116)

Lonely, 19, and handsome—but doing time. Black & Italian needs correspondence. All interested write to Albert A. Farrar Jr., C-33621, P.O. Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (116)

One-Shot: Merry Christmas. Grey Eyes. (116)

I heard it said once "It takes three to be free." I think you were mistaken. Wishing you a Merry Christmas, Mike, and many new years. Happiness and health to you and your Hog. From your old #3 H.B. (116)

35mm color slide traders: nudes, semi-nudes write: J.L. c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (116)

Young w/m seeks friendship and possibly more. Will answer all letters from Florida. Doing time for cocaine. Roy Dorman, #90067, Camp J, Gator IR/14, Angola, La. 70712. (116)

Member of Pagans MC sitting in jail, needs mail from good biker chicks. Please send pictures, tired of looking at these inmates. Joe Mozer, M3620, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612. (116)

Wanted: One-man Aryan scooter lady for possible permanent relationship. Must have head together and be serious. 26-year-old Aryan tramp out in '84. Looking for a partner to share ride, partyin', and good times. Head trippers, don't even bother. D. "Tramp" Knippel #42785, Box 351, Waupun, Wis. 53983-0351. (116)

Older w/m, straight Harley loner biker dude seeks short, slim, faithful chick 25-30, no rugrats or nars. Pictures appreciated. I offer TLC and good life. Contact L.O.M., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (116)

Dave: Happy 22nd! I'm glad I'll be around for many, many more. I love you more each day. You're the best of 'em a lady could ever want. I'll be yours forever, babe. Lots of love, Punkins. (116)

Happy Birthday, Jim (12-31-82), from your No. 1 wildcat (R.F.F.T.). Love you, LC. (116)

Down Calif. "Jesse James" type, age 20, doing time in Kentucky, needs sweet, sexy letters and pictures from women 18-35. All replies answered. Dan Olenak #1672, W.K.F.C., RR 2, Fredonia, Ky. 42411. (116)

Attention: Lonely guy, been down 4 1/2 years, I'm 6', 165 lbs., eyes blue, hair brown. Want to meet an attractive, affectionate, sincere, outgoing woman who's interested in corresponding & visits. Want to start fresh. Still have lakeside cottage (boat, private beach) in Ohio. Pics would be appreciated. Write Dave Bensinger #R106-475, P.O. Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036. (116)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium, 4390 S. Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60632. (312) 376-8119. (119)

1%er, 26-yr-old crazed maniac in Texas prison wants letters and pictures from ladies. Will be free 8-83. Mike Hobbs, #321865, Rt. 2, Jester 3, Richmond, Tex. 77469. (116)

Downed brother would like to hear from his nephew Skip, or anyone from Oklahoma that has information on Skip. Floyd Carpenter, C-44156 (5213), P.O. Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130. (116)

Blues: I'm so proud to be your ol' lady that I want the world to know (and all your old sweeties). I love you, "Darling Dan". Doreen. (116)

Blue-eyed outlaw, 28, 6'3", down till '85. Need some mail from a righteous woman. Help ease the loneliness. Age don't really matter, heart & frame of mind do. Give this tramp a break & shoot a sweet-smellin' kite. Bob Tschantre 81A1841, Box G, Wallkill, N.Y. 12589. (116)

Ladies: W/bro doin' 9 years, gettin' out in '85. Looking for women with true outlaw heart to write, send flicks, and visit if possible. J. Coffman #C-25557, A-Quad, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (116)

"Motorcyclists Handbook"—loaded with useful information about motorcycling and the industry. Includes maintenance tips, tools you need and how to get them, terms and definitions, after-market information, buying, selling, and much more. Send \$4.95 plus \$1.00 postage to Katran, Department E, P.O. Box 10, North Branch, Minn. 55066. (118)

20-year-old female sick of games and one-night stands. Wants a good old man who knows how to treat a lady. Must own Harley, nice-looking, 20-29, not overweight, steady job, not heavy into drinking or drugs, no rugrats, likes rock and mellow music. A gentleman, no kinky weirdos or chauvinists. I am 5'5", 125 lbs., long brown hair and brown eyes, sometimes wear contacts and sometimes glasses. If there's any hang-ups about glasses, forget it! I presently own a riceburner until I pay off the loan, and hope to get a Sporty next. I am an affectionate, honest, intelligent girl who likes the same. Please send pictures with address and possible phone number. I will send a picture back if things click. I live in Ft. Lauderdale area, R.D., P.O. Box 130255, Sunrise, Fla. 33313. (116)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, expert instruction, valuable tips. 71 pages \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-D, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (116)

Bunny (Vern) from Washington: You said two months. Is everything okay? Your little girl, Shar. (116)

Jim: Dog of Leavenworth, love is forever between two hearts that share it. The life we live, the life we love. Ride on, Minneapolis Cher. (116)

Would like to hear from all you foxy ladies! Send photos. Write to Rick Meier, Box 13, Gordon, Wis. 54838. (116)

Suzanne Schweitzer, Dave Fox, and Thomas Miller, wherever you are—thanks! Tommy Janson, Sweden. (116)

I'm starved! For masculine companionship. I like longish hair and beards, chunky okay, but not huge. No meat-market-minded men, please. I'm 25, friendly, white. Write Jackie at P.O. Box 1252, Barstow, Calif. 92311. (116)

General Joe: Happy 30th, 1/26/82, darlin'. You've shown me how beautiful love can be. May we ride forever with the feeling of contentment we ride with now. Love you, Mrs. General. (116)

Easy-going dude, 25 years old, been down 6 on fifteen. Being turned loose in '83. 6'3", 220 lbs., dark hair, nationality English/Indian, Straightforward, sincere, non-game-playing. Looking for number one who has the same qualities—hmm, doesn't leave many! So if you're the one, please write. Will send photo in return for one. James C. Trantham #71066, P.O. Box 500, Max Cell 9, Grady, Ark. 71644. (116)

For sale: 1947 knucklehead, fresh motor, rigid jammer, 12" over girder, excellent, \$3,800 or best offer. (913) 742-3892. (116)

BJ: Happy birthday 1/11/51. We love you! Kat & Willie. (116)

Kinky: I believe in you and I am on your side, always. If you ever need me, the folks at the ranch will know where to find me. Remember all the stars in the desert sky at Lone Pine, Calif.? I love you past the stars, as in forever. \$30 Dave. (116)

Surprise the shit outta your favorite squeeze. Give him or her an original pen & ink drawing of his sled (or whatever) drawn on high quality paper (suitable for framing) by a downed biker/artist. Send SASE, no money, for a few copies of previous work, then you decide for yourself. Prices very according to size requested. Also, same artist is looking for attractive, free (no rag momma rags) spirited ladies to be part of (portraits, poetry, words of love & willing to sacrifice) art project depicting our lives. I'm on the righteous about this, so don't fuck with it unless you're sincere. Edmund (Mack) McIntyre, #081212, P.O. Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (116)

Ladies: Two w/m, 29, doing life, would like to hear from lonely women who care. Sincere only, no games. Ken Goddard #167398, and Robert Loomis #138293, P.O. Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855. (116)

For sale: Lots in small towns, all have electricity, \$75 to \$600 each; some with houses, \$350 to \$450; also some small acreages. For complete pictures, maps, details on all property, send \$2.00 to "Owner", Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. (121)

Free Ass—with my low-cost, money-making, tattooing outfit (many gals trade pussy for tattoos). Wonderful opportunity! Artist, Box 242-D, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (116)

Japanese ladies, photo dating. Estano, Box 1536, Hilo, Hawaii 96720. (116)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (116)

Unattached astrologically inclined gentlemen want to correspond with ladies of similar interest between the ages of 20 to 50. I have sold my successful Delk pest control business in the Phoenix-Tucson area, along with my racing pigeons and country club membership. I have grown children and have been divorced since 1976. Well, what can one expect from a former Arthur Murray dance instructor who gave up his central California junior horsemanship title for racing pigeons, pest control, and studies of the occult? I am a sensitive, deep person who currently feels a need to reach out for new friends. I, Charles Clark Delk, Jr., born 9/17/36 at 12:06 a.m., Modesto, Calif., can be reached at P.O. Box 42590, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (116)

Ladies: Two tramps doin' time seek comfort and affection. All ladies, write Lionel Foret #87916, and Greg Spears #91257, Camp J, Gar 2-Left, Angola, La. 70712. (116)

Pottie Dottie: Happy Birthday 1/14. In the wind was great and buttshit walks. Luv ya, Brat. (116)

Merry Christmas to my knight who rides an iron horse. Love ya, Sweetie. (116)

Mexican and American ladies for dating, friendship. Photos details, write Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (116)

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Patti Miller, last seen in Corvallis, Ore., but possibly moved to Calif., maybe near Arcata, please contact Dale Lyle Eickhoff #9907, 3405 Deer Park Dr., Salem, Ore. 97310. (116)

Preacher: Made Laconia! Because you taught me, I could recognize a beautifully restored knucklehead. Never forget the message on your faded-yellow T-shirt. Misty Blue Licorice Lady. (116)

Woman in mid-thirties from Florida; Must be on Long Island, Nassau County, five trips yearly. Need to locate male, no strings, party partner, Harley owner, under 42. Letters with photos answered first, please include height & weight. Vikki Berry, P.O. Box 034, Oklawaha, Fla. 32679. (116)

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White male, 26, 5'9", 160 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes, Scorpio. Need female correspondence and friendship. Robert Ashley A-046816, Box 221, Ralford, Fla. 32083. (116)

W/m: One year left to kick in an Indiana cornfield: need words and flicks from that special lady to help me this last mile. No game players or kids, 25 years young, 6', brown eyes and hair, John Fiddler, Box 30-8770, 22-3-A, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (116)

K-9 attack dog training manual: Teach your dog to protect your bike, home, and body. Send \$12.96 to Killer Dog Publishing, Box 1015, Beltsville, Md. 20705. (118)

Attention, girl: Are you passed around, treated like shit, travelling and tired of it? Are you slim and halfway cute? Want a home on North Carolina coast with a not so bad guy? I'm a 30-year-old w/m, 6' 180 lbs., call me at (919) 726-9176. (116)

Meet sexy women nationwide. Call Tracy (312) 262-9800, P.O. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, Ill. 60659. (117)

Swingers want single men! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda (312) 274-9600, SSCD, Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (117)

5th annual Colorado motorcycle show & swap meet. Biggest in Colorado, Jan. 29-30, 1983. Adams County Fairgrounds. For information contact Colorado Custom Cycle, 1430 Lansing, Aurora, Colo. 80010, (303) 364-4607. (116)

Swapmeet: K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo., Jan. 9, 1983. Indoors from 11 to 5: beer sales. (116)

Dynamic timing is better than static timing; we have the lens that works. Send \$5.00 to R.D. Hoffman Technology, P.O. Box 1778, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277. (116)

For sale: Iron Horse Saloon, 9 South Grandview, Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. Written inquiries only. (116)

Jake: To the best little Harley rider, happy birthday, Jan. 15th. The big #8. We love you, Mom & Steve. (116)

Motorcycle Books: 1983 catalog, 450 titles. Send \$1.00 to Hosking Cycle Publications, RFD #1, Box 136, Accord, N.Y. 12404. (116)

Swap meet: Oklahoma State Fairgrounds, Okla. City, Feb. 20, 1983, 11:00 to 5:00. Beer sales. (116)

A.J.: What I needed was right in front of me, puttin' along through the Berkshires on Blue Lady. Your dad has his money & my address. Write—I love you, Mary Beth. (116)

Two w/m's doing time and soon to be released. Seek correspondence from sincere ladies, 25-45, for long-lasting friendships. Anything is possible. Write soon, Luv, Tommy Gentry #C-23407, and Timmy Burke #B-59812, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600. (116)

Classy lady wanted who will care for a man when he's down. If you're one of the few who will, please write and send photo to Gene Russell, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (116)

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

Kat: Please come home—I didn't want you to leave. Call collect (304) 937-2471. Love always, Little John. (118)

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Meet sexy girls, your area, for dates. Juliet F., Ft. Garland, Colo. 81123-0018. (116)

Anyone want to live a little with Triple L and two times a moron? Mousie went down at two, too. I'm picturesque! Not altogether there, but a (0342) lot, anyway. Write Patrick, c/o Easyriders, Box 52 Malibu, Calif. 90265. (116)

Jay and Dub: Happy birthdays! 25th and 1st (1-83). They say 3rd time is a charm! We love you, Donna, Cindy, and Melanie. (116)

Animal: Down there in Texas—happy birthday, brother, 5/26. Hi, brother Dave, from brother Mac and all your brothers in Shingletown, Calif. (116)

Jersey Joe: Happy 10th Anniversary 1/27/83. Love, Sally, Chris, and Jenny. (116)

Homicide: I love you with all my heart, soul, an' body. Take me, I'm yours. Stay mine, Your Baby Doll. (116)

Steve: Happy 25th, 1/20. Babe, you're the best. Love you, Lois. (116)

Russ and Tony: Merry Christmas. Atari and Becky. (116)

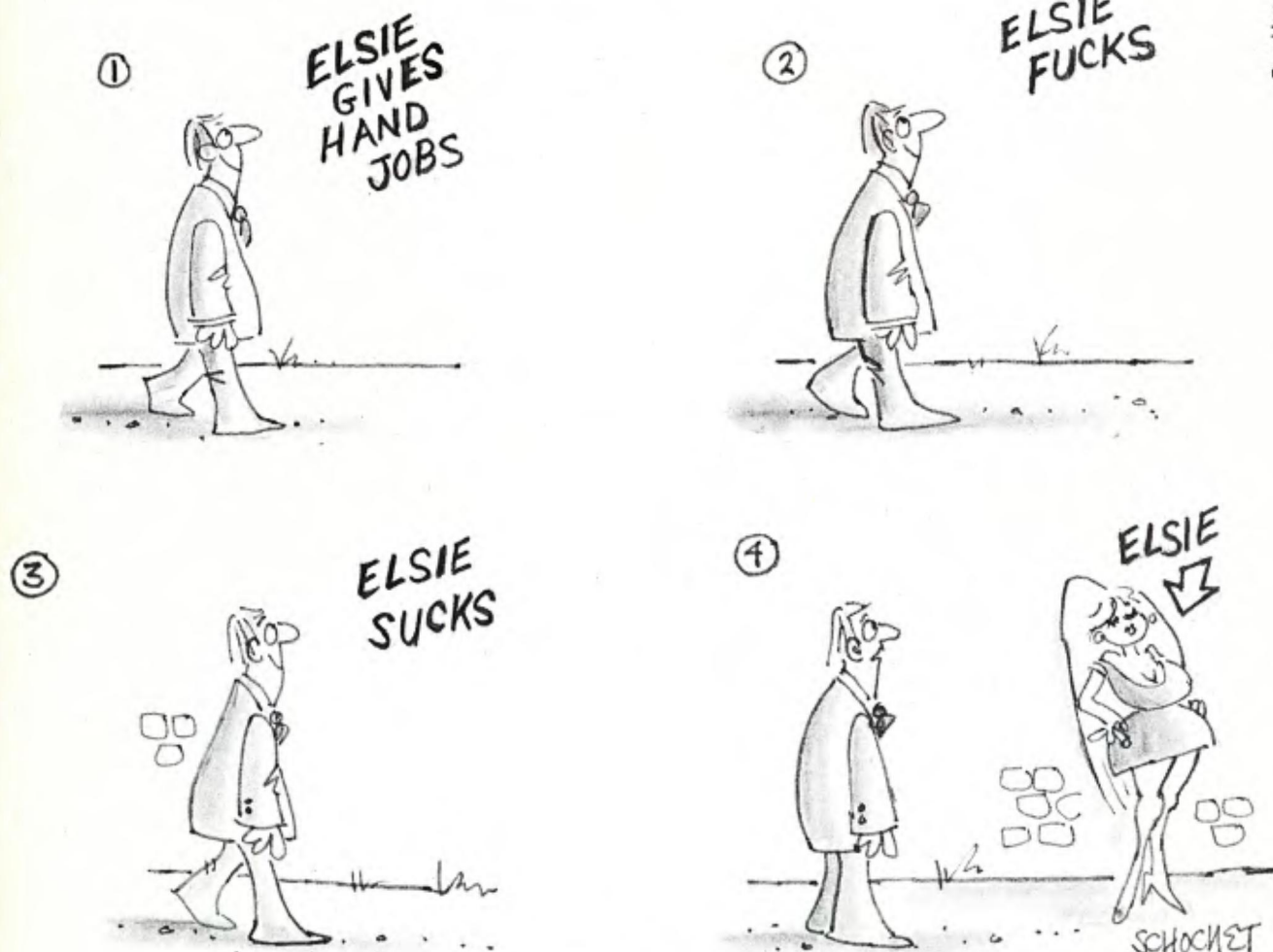
In loving memory of Walter Campbell, who left us on August 3, 1981. A true biker, husband, and friend. A beautiful person in spirit and soul whose presence touched all those around him. Nobody notices a good thing till it's gone. Wait, you ride long, hard and free—ride like the wind, to be free again. Till we ride together again. Missing you, Lisamond and Diamond Jim, Brentwood, N.Y. (116)

W/m 31, 145 lbs., 6', have job, house, and 1.5 Harleys. I like puttin', warm weather, and mountains. Need: Female 18-35, slim, cute, no flakes, and some intelligence. Please send pictures, letters, needs to P. Costello, 1016, East Mitchell, Phoenix, Ariz. 85014. (116)

"L'l C." Curtis: Happy 21st birthday 12/6/82! May this be your best birthday yet! Our love is very special to me, let's keep it special forever! I love you, Elaine. (116)

Attention: Michael Russel of Brookwood, England, happy birthday. Get the Harley soon & to Woking Mo Jos. Take care & keep in touch. Love you all, Lulu. (116)

My sincerest thanks to all the brothers who sent me heart-touching letters, poems, and pics. You are truly beautiful people. The world has a way of rewarding those who aren't afraid to live. My best to each and every one of you, may you find what you're looking for. Kay from Colo. (116)



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Homecoming

Continued from page 30

softly. "I don't really know what I'm gettin' into here . . ."

Neither did anyone else, although they all mumbled some sort of encouragement. The evening seemed to go downhill from there and pretty soon the table of beer drinkers was breaking up. Everyone patted Bart reassuringly on the shoulder as they walked out into the starlit night and mounted up to ride home. Bart walked over to where his beauty was parked, straddled her and just thought, absently stroking her tank. "Hey, baby," he suddenly whispered softly, "you gonna do it for me one more time?" And as always, she fired on the first kick. "Thanks, sugar," he whispered, and pointed her homeward.

Bart couldn't remember when he'd first put two and two together and realized what was happening. After all, Jimmy was only about eighteen months old when the divorce came down. At that age, kids are forever falling and getting bruised, especially a little tiger like Jimmy, who ran everywhere he went. But time passed quickly and soon Jimmy was three and tearing all over on a shiny red tricycle — and not falling down. But the bruises continued and the little motormouthed monkey was getting quieter and quieter. Dot was getting louder and louder: "Jimmy, get down from there!" and "Where is that brat now?" and "How many times do I have to tell you not to do that?" Then it hit him — Dot was smacking Jimmy around and Bart was sure that only his presence kept her from beating on the kid right then and there. Something in him signaled caution and he questioned Dot's short temper in the vaguest of terms. Anger flashed in her eyes and then she got evasive — well, Jimmy had just gotten wilder and wilder and her job left her wiped out and the damn babysitter never disciplined him and . . .

Bart dropped the subject. The last thing he wanted was for her to panic and run away with the kid. At the same time, he was damned if his son was gonna get beat on every day of his young life, and that's the way it looked every Saturday when he rode to Centerville to see Jimmy.

That next Monday Bart went to see a lawyer. The man was sympathetic, but not very encouraging. Even though Bart had a good work record and was obviously

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concerned about his son's welfare, the court was disinclined to separate such a young child from his mother. All they could do was make their best possible appeal and hope for an understanding judge.

Throughout the proceedings, Bart tried valiantly to nurse a small spark of hope; but Dot didn't look mean and abusive, she just looked thin and tired. Then she was on the stand, answering Bart's lawyer in a meek little voice that gradually became a whine. Suddenly, without warning, she was shouting about how hard she worked and what a brat Jimmy was and how no one cared about her and her last of man had left because he couldn't stand kids and she was just sick of the whole damn thing. It took all the self-control in the world to keep Bart from jumping up and giving a victory shout when the judge announced his decision. He'd won!

Bart had known from the outset that the only way he could meet the lawyer's fee was to sell his bike. He had been prepared for it, had been ready to run an ad in the paper when a Centerville rider had spotted him at the local beer bar and casually inquired about the possibility of buying the shovel. Bart had explained the court situation and it was agreed that the transfer would take place on the day he picked Jimmy up. It had been a painful discussion for Bart and only the thought of gaining custody of his son had given him the strength to negotiate the sale. He'd had to believe he'd win.

The early morning quiet was suddenly disrupted by the roar of unmuffled pipes. Bart had just put down the ramp to the bed of his pickup and was going into the garage to wheel out his bike when



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

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Cowboy glided into the driveway on his pan. He surveyed the scene, quickly killed the engine, set the bike on its stand, and was bracing the end of the ramp with his foot and reaching out to grab the bars as Bart wheeled the shovel out into the driveway. Silently they wheeled her into the truck's bed and began tying her down. When the last strap had been cinched tight, Cowboy grunted and looked up at Bart. "Well," he drawled, "that oughta keep her from messin' up her pretty hide." Bart nodded absently.

"Hey, thanks, buddy," Bart said after a moment's silence. "You want a beer before I take off?"

"Naw, I gotta hightail it out to Nancy's folks' place — said I'd help them put up a chicken coop. Mebbe I'll catch ya when ya get back. Any idea what time that'll be?"

"Oh, 'bout six I guess. Yeah, c'mon over then. It'll be good to have some company; besides, you haven't seen the kid since he was a baby. Wait'll you see him on that tricycle of his — he's a born biker."

"Yeah, sure thing," Cowboy smiled gently as he saddled up and cruised on out the driveway. Bart stood there and watched until the rangy biker was only a speck way down the road. He remembered all the rides they'd taken, the fishing trips to a nearby lake, the memorable trip they'd made to Daytona, when Cowboy'd fallen in love with a different girl at every bar and they'd finally snuck out of town a day early, to avoid having to pack any of them! "I'll tell you, man," Cowboy had drawled, once they were safely through Georgia and hadn't encountered any tearful sweeties coming after him. "it's pure hell bein' a sex symbol." Those had been great times.

Bart's pay wasn't bad, but it



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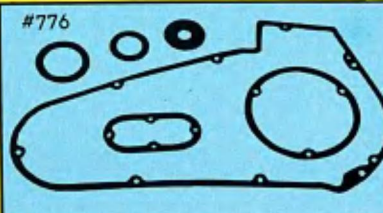
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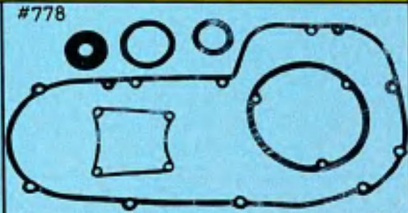
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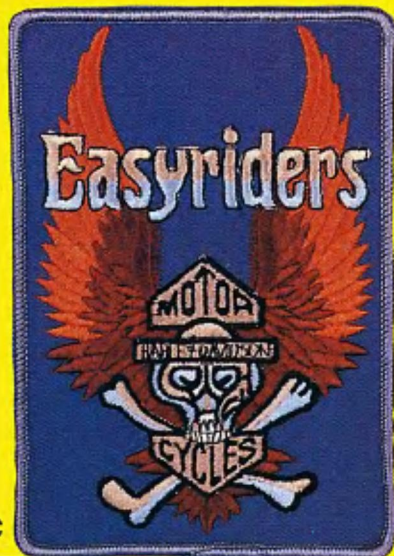
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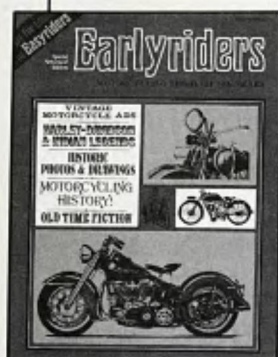
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E, F

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Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
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C	D Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 7.50	\$10.00		\$	\$
D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00		\$	\$
E	Skull Patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
F	Skull decals (3)	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00		\$	\$
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COLLECTOR'S ITEM! A few years ago we put out our first edition of *Earlyriders*. This version was originally intended for only newsstand sales and had about 70 fewer pages than our current bookstore edition of *Earlyriders*. It is still a top-notch history of biking and a bona fide collector's item. Get yours now before they're sold out.

Order yours today from Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301. Send \$2.25 in check or money order, payable in U.S. funds, plus \$1 for postage if mailed within the continental United States. Add \$2 if mailed to Canada, and \$7 for (air mail) foreign postage. (Blame the post office for that!) Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of

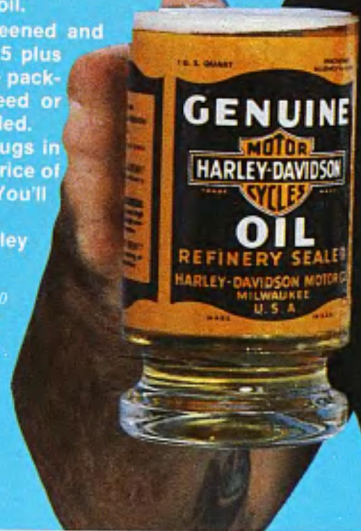
\$24.95 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single mug price.)

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

Canadian orders add \$3.50 per mug. Foreign orders add \$13.00 per mug, for postage and handling. All payments outside the U.S. must be payable in U.S. funds. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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wasn't enough to support a live-in kid and a new scooter. Well, maybe by spring he'd be able to scrounge up the beginnings of a new ride. Or maybe he'd hit the swap meets before the snow set in, and then he and the kid would have something to tinker with over the winter. Three ought to be old enough to chase nuts and bolts that rolled around on the shop floor. Yeah, that wasn't a bad idea at all.

He had the bike delivered and the paperwork done by ten that morning. Phil, the new owner, offered him a beer, which he gladly accepted. He needed something to calm his nerves. They rapped for a while, but Bart found it harder and harder to make small talk, so they shook hands and he was on his way, trying vainly not to gaze at the shovel's reflection in his rearview mirror. One last glance, a whispered good-bye, and he was headed to the other side of town and his waiting son.

Jimmy was asleep on the front seat of the pickup, curled up with his head resting against Bart's thigh. The little guy hadn't said much, but he'd seemed eager to load his belongings into the truck and had actually smiled when he and Bart strapped the tricycle down where the shovel had been earlier. He hadn't really talked until they'd stopped at McDonald's for lunch; then he'd spied a puppy on a leash and asked could he have a dog.

Great idea, Bart reflected. He hadn't even thought of a dog. "Yeah, sure, we'll go next Saturday and pick one out. How'll that be, kiddo?"

Jimmy beamed up at him. "I go to sitter, Daddy?"

Continued on page 126



Wind 9

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In The Wind #9 from the pages of Easyriders and Iron Horse. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. Wind #9 has something for everybody. If the local newsstand is out, don't worry — you can buy this masterpiece directly from us. And don't be left out of previous issues of In The Wind, issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait, make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon. Do it now before they're gone.

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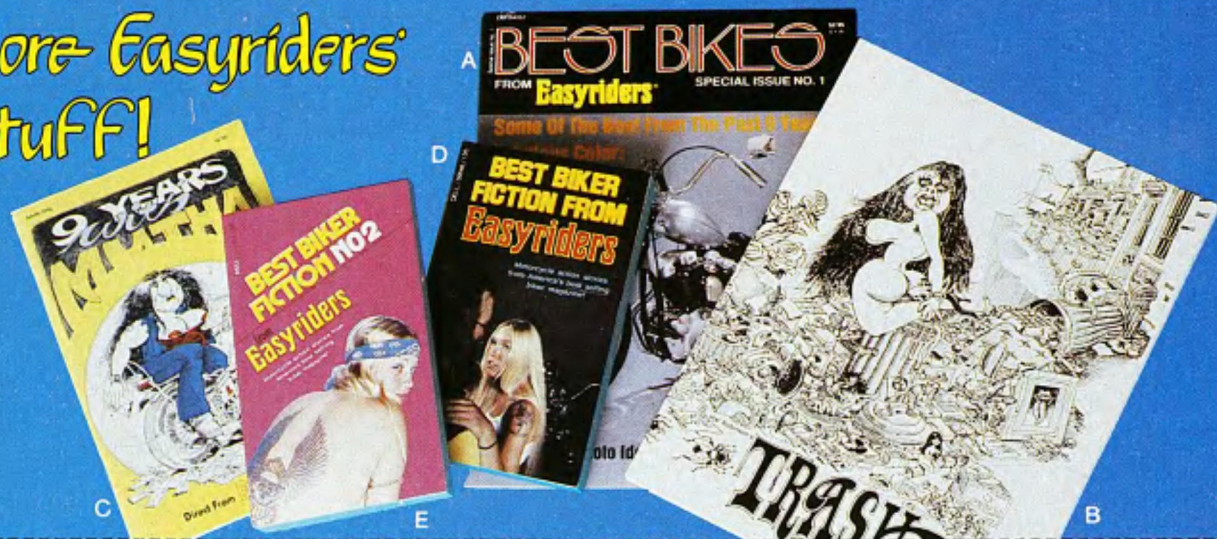
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B	Trash	\$6.95	\$9.00	\$15.00			
C	9-Yrs-Mutha	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$9.00			
D	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
E	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			

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Rake is 38 degrees.

**74 Rigid
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Front rails have 2 1/4" stretch.
Rake is 38 degrees.

**Rigid Frame For
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Converts our 2804 frame to mechanical brakes. For use with stock mechanical brakes '37-'57 on 61, 74 & 80. Includes cross-shaft tube and rear backing plate anchor and instructions. Welding required.

2805 23.25

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Same as 2804 above except 2805 kit installed.

2801 385.00

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**74 Rigid Frame
For Stock or
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Tanks**

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2808 430.00

PLEASE NOTE: All of the following engines, 1937 and later, will bolt into the 74 Jammer frame (kick or electric start);
74 OHV Knucklehead, Panhead, Shovelhead & Shovelhead 80
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You can bolt any year Sportster engine, 1957-1981, kick or electric start into our frame. The holes are reamed and tapped.

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Accelerator pump only.

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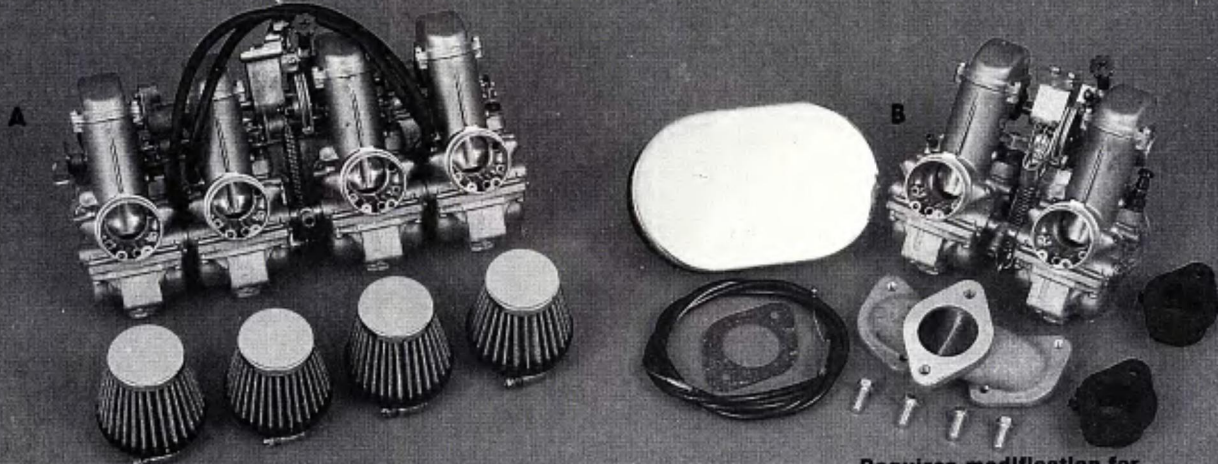
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Without accelerator pump.

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- A. 29mm Kit For Honda, Kawasaki**
 Fits Honda CB750 & 900 (requires our adapters) and Kawasaki KZ1000, 900, 650.
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Required for installation of carbs on CB750 & 900 models

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Requires modification for 5 gal. Harley tanks

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Bring out added muscle for your Triumph with these proven performers. These complete kits provide everything necessary for the conversion... 32mm special set carbs, manifolds, air cleaners, hose clamps, main jets and pilot jets.

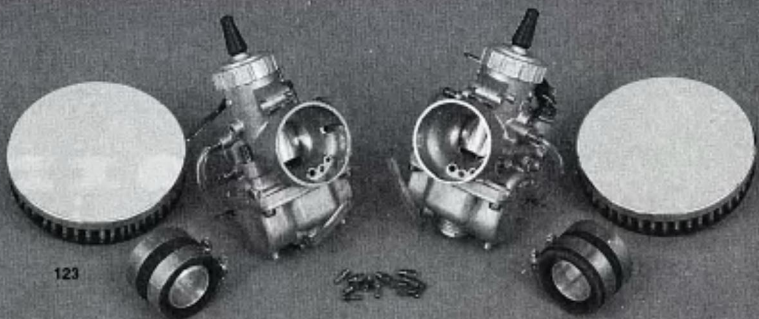
"Dual" Kits

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- 135059** ... TR-6, TR-7, '47-'81 146.75

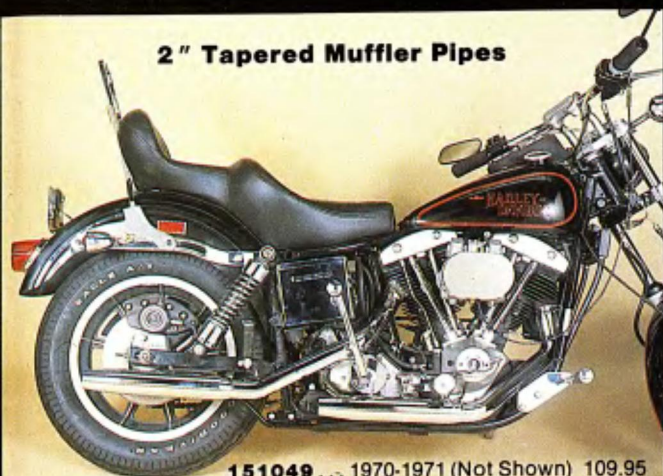
32mm Dual & Single Kits For Triumphs



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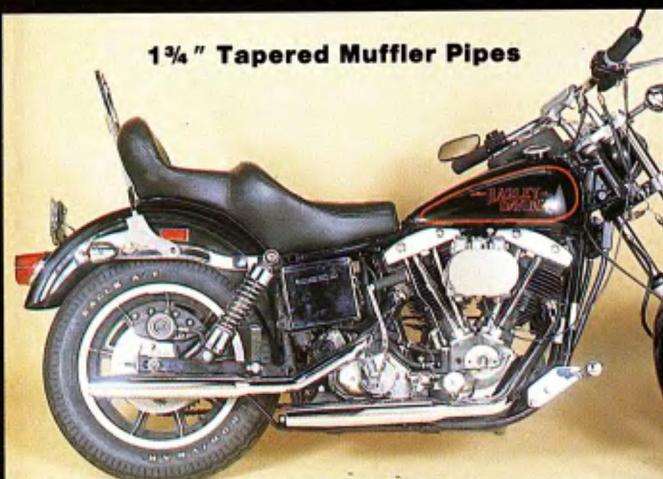
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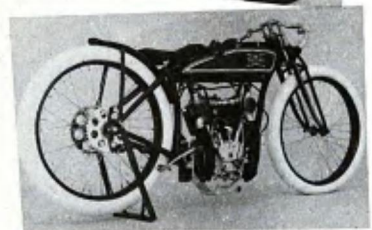


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Do you own a bike?

Homecoming

Continued from page 118

"No, you're gonna go to — um, kinda like school — um, nursery school. That's where you play all day while Daddy works and then we ride home in the truck and have dinner."
"Nursie school is a big boy school, Daddy?"

"Almost, kiddo, almost." Damn, where did they come up with this stuff? And how did you know the answers? Bart suspected that he had a lot to learn. Jimmy fell asleep shortly after they got back in the pickup and Bart felt a little relieved. It gave him time to think things out.

His eyes nearly bugged out of his head when they turned the corner onto his street and he caught a glimpse of his front yard. The place was packed with all his bros and their ol' ladies and a few rugrats. There was a big cardboard sign propped against the mailbox: *Welcome home, Jimmy. Cowboy and Nancy were standing near the sign.*

He pulled into the driveway and could see a barbecue grill out back and a table full of covered dishes. Runt's truck was pulled up close to the garage with a pony keg in the bed, tapped and ready. Everyone was milling around the truck, laughing and cheering. Bart woke Jimmy gently and held him on his lap, pointing outside and laughing. "Hey, look, kiddo — these are our friends and we're havin' a party just for you." Jimmy was startled and he clung tenaciously to Bart as they got out of the truck.

All the ol' ladies cooed and fussed over him and, little by little, Jimmy relaxed, and then he was out on the lawn with a couple of other little kids, Runt's two. Bart thought, and it was really a party. Cowboy and Runt and Leroy grabbed Bart and propelled him over to a tarp-covered mound under the maple tree. *Ta-da!* they shouted and Runt pulled the tarp aside to reveal bushel baskets and cardboard boxes full of parts and a slightly rusty but not bad looking sidecar.

Cowboy cleared his throat. "Unh, we thought — well, we thought mebbe you and the young'un could start puttin' together your ride this winter. Three ain't that old an' all, but he oughta be able to chase what you drop on the floor."

"Yeah," Bart paused to find his voice and grinned at Cowboy, his tightest bro of all. "Yeah," he continued softly, "that's kinda the way I figured it myself."

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- L-101 Oil tank super plug—\$5.75
L-102 Oil tank dipstick—\$7.50



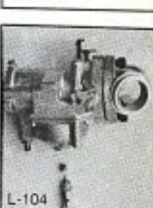
Pressure Plate

- L-103 Clutch spring retainer—\$8.95



S&S Adjustable Main Jet

- L-104 Designed for use with the S&S Super carburetor. Recommended jet size to use with this adjustable jet is 100-120. Starting adjustment is 1 1/2 turns out.



Regulator Brackets

- L-105 Regulator bracket (Bosch)—\$10.95

Motor Mounts

- L-106 Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket—\$16.50

- L-106K Sportster top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—\$17.75

- L-107 74 top motor mount & coil bracket—\$16.50 (Will not work on fatbobs)

- L-107K 74 top motor mount & coil bracket with keyhole—\$17.75 (Will not work on fatbobs)

- L-108 Knucklehead top motor mount & coil bracket—\$20.85



Fender Braces

- L-110 Fender brace, unchromed—\$21.95

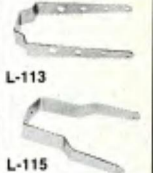
- L-111 Fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- L-112 Custom fender brace, unchromed—\$21.95

- L-113 Custom fender brace, chromed—\$27.50

- L-114 Fatbob fender brace, unchromed—\$25.50

- L-115 Fatbob fender brace, chromed—\$29.75



All prices include postage & handling. Calif. residents add 6%. No C.O.D.'s. Allow six weeks on personal checks.

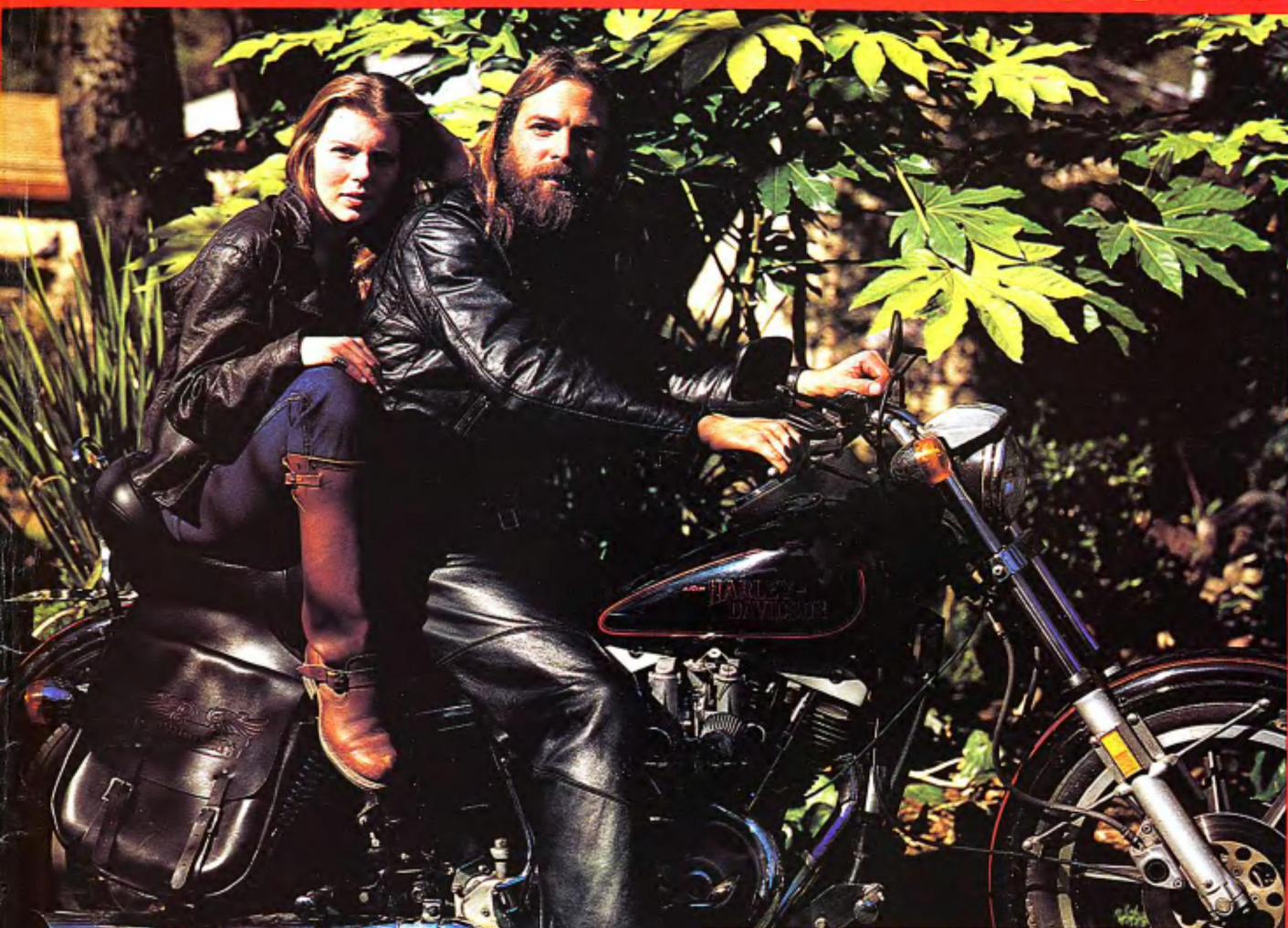
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