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March 1983

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On The
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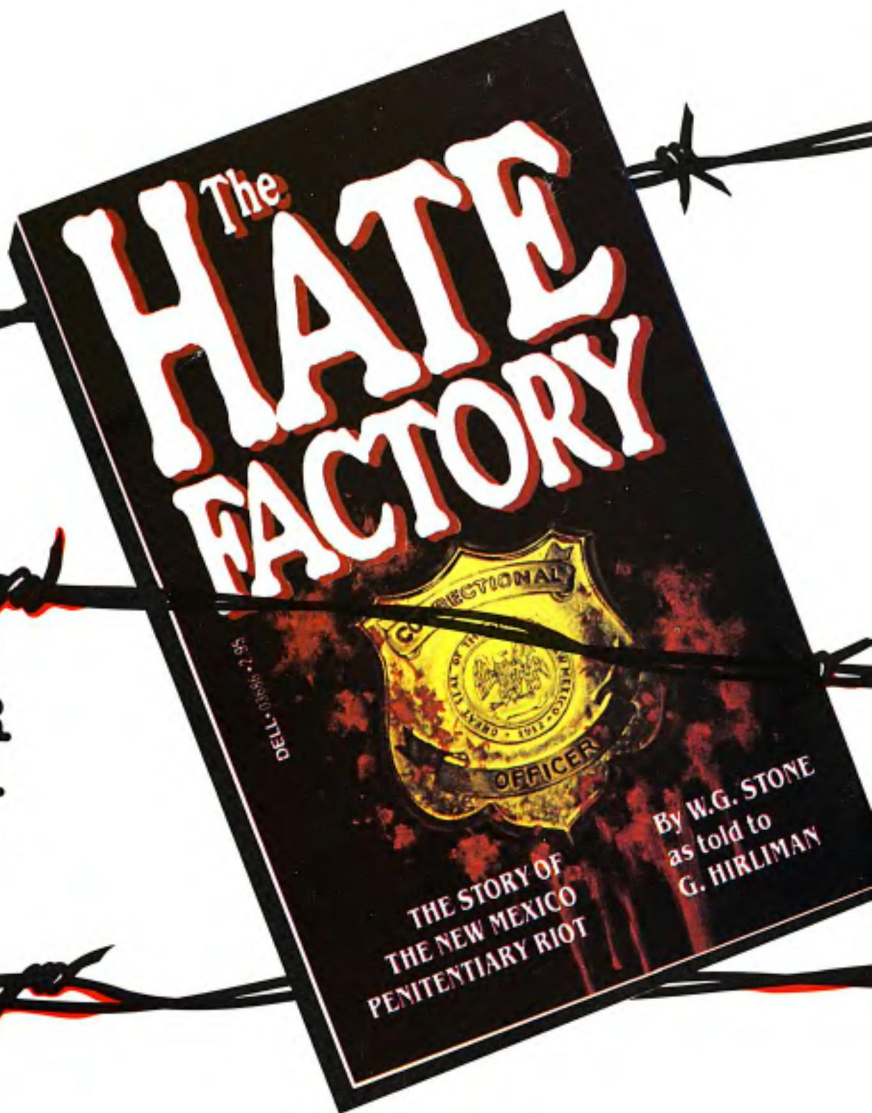
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Builds
Her Scoot**

**Talkin'
Smart
To A Cop**

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For Ya**



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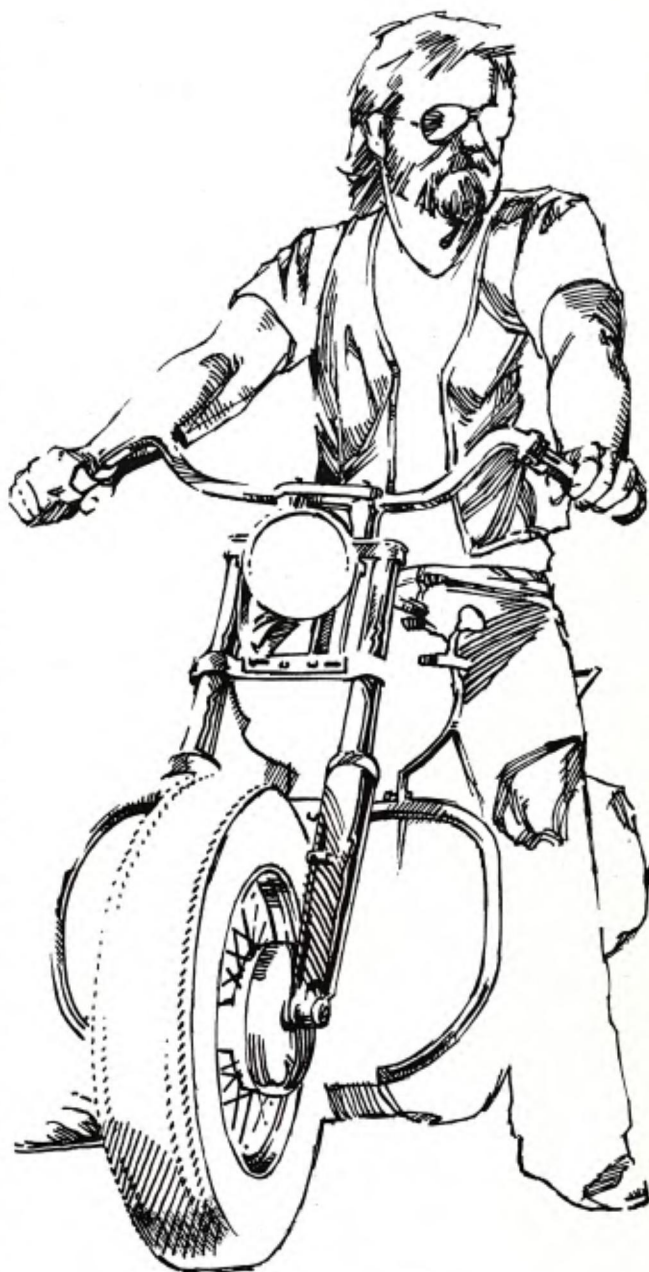
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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 117, March, 1983, Vol. 13. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. (213) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1983 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to Easyriders will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to Easyriders' unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. 1 year \$23, two years \$46 in the U.S. and its possessions. Canada add \$3 per year. Foreign add \$6 per year. Single copy \$2.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



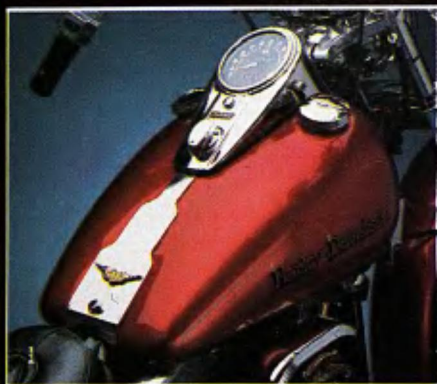
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Cover photo of Lou Ann by Pete Chiodo

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CUSTOM CHROME

16160 Caputo Drive Morgan Hill, California 95037

This dude had a bad case of the stonies when he got home. His ol' lady had apparently OD'd on some downers. But he just had to get rid of the stonies before calling the ambulance. He was arrested and charged with manslaughter and medical negligence. (Some people don't understand stonies.)

You can be fined \$1,000 for indecent exposure in Iowa—and you can be fined \$1,000 for snuffin' a guy in bed with your ol' lady in Virginia. The grand was probably for firing a gun in the city.

This is a switch. A dude was arrested for breaking into a prison. He wanted to see his brother who was awaiting trial. What for? Hell, I don't know—maybe to get their stories straight.

With a dislocated jaw and several broken ribs, he learns he ain't Superman. Seems he saw Superman I and II and resaw them twenty-seven times on his home video. He musta dreamed (he claims) he was Superman and took a nose dive from his second-story apartment right into the ground.

You think you heard 'em all? Take the guy who was arrested for kidnapping, sexual abuse, and burglary. His defense? Bein' hooked on doughnuts—that because of excessive consumption of doughnuts, he did it all. (No comment.)

This woman got in a scuffle at the voting booth, unwrapped a bullwhip she had around her waist, and lashed a dude in the face a couple of times. She was arrested and at the station before it was discovered that she was a he!

There was a dude who saw two clouds forming an arrow in the sky. They were pointing directly at his three-week-old son. Convinced that if he croaked his son the world would be saved from the devil, he was promptly arrested for murder—with him screamin' as they dragged him away that they couldn't arrest him for murder because he hadn't killed a human being.

Live-and-learn dept.: He laid out some rails of test toot for two buyers of a load of coke he had. They tooted, liked it, and shoved a gun in his face. They told him to leave all the coke and split. But he turned the crime in to the police! They decided to forget it 'cause they only had his word.

He got pissed at the host at a party and started a fight. While the two were grappling on the ground, the eleven-month-old dog of the host got into the act, and the dude promptly bit the shit outta the dog.

This so-called 'hood' went into the bank to stick it up. He looked tough, gun ready. When it was his turn in the line, he instructs the teller to stick 'em up. And don't ask me how—he had the bullets loaded backwards!

There's justice somewhere. A two-policeman murder suspect broke away from the police. They called in some helicopters for help. They searched everywhere and caught him in a corn field. But in doing so, the helicopters ruined \$932 worth of corn. And the state paid!

The shame of it all: He was putting along (actually, he was speeding on his scoot) when he was pulled over by the heat. The judge fined him \$100 and gave him a year's probation. But get this—the judge remanded him to his wife's custody—she was made his probation officer—and the judge even gave her the keys to his scoot to allow him to use it as she saw fit. Oh, the agony of it all.

The fire fighters rushed through the building, telling everyone to get out. There was one apartment dweller who wasn't having any part of it and told them to go away. Firemen being firemen, they tore down the door. The dude that didn't want any unexpected visitors had 179 pounds of hash. Some days seem to go like that.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider





Sturgis

□ I'm writing this letter in response to an article that appeared in a recent issue in regard to the Sturgis rally. I am an attorney in Ohio and also an assistant attorney general for the state of Ohio. I attended the Sturgis rally in August of 1982, and had one of the best times of my life.

The article in your magazine was very disturbing, since I planned on making this rally a yearly thing. The five days I was in Sturgis, I never saw a fight or anything even close to a fight. Everyone seemed to be very friendly and going out of their way to help each other. Even the police that you would pass walking on the streets seemed to be very friendly and seemed content to let everyone do their own thing.

The Sturgis rally attracts everyone from "bikers" to 80-year-olds who have been riding motorcycles for sixty years. I checked in at the Best Western in Sturgis and was unable to have my room for a few hours, since apparently a group of softball players who had been staying at the motel had pretty much destroyed the room and other rooms they stayed in. The maids advised me that they dread the softball players much more than the bikers.

In any event, it certainly would be a sad thing if this rally is cancelled. I am sending a copy of this letter to the Chamber of Commerce and the Mayor of Sturgis as just one man's opinion.

David A. Chicarelli
Franklin, Ohio

■ The voters of Sturgis voted to keep it.

Needs People

□ Please help us! We've been working our tails off for years, trying to get our helmet law amended. We're having a helmet run at our capital on April 23, 24, and 25, 1983,

and need as much support as we can get. We pulled off an excellent helmet run in October — over 1,000 people showed up for that one. We want more people this time.

Bob Allen
Davie, Fla.

What's Raisin Pie?

□ Just one question: What the fuck is raisin pie supposed to be? Is it pussy pie or fruity pie? If it's the latter, I hate fuckin' fruity pies.

Steve The Piglet
Camp Hill, Pa.

■ A raisin pie is a raisin pie.

Reply To Mac

□ Hey, Mac (pg. 7, December issue), it only took me ten seconds flat to see the kickstand on the pan. All you have to do is look right behind the front fender, where you'll see part of it. Then strain a little bit more and there's the rest of it — right through the spokes in the front wheel. Next time don't look so hard, Mac.

Kym
Bruno, W. Va.

Helping People

□ A pat on the back for "Shouldn't Be Confused" in the January '83 issue. That's how we all should keep our shit together — helping people out of unrighteous situations.

The January mag is a dynamite rag.

E. Hardy
Carson City, Nev.

Point Of View

□ There's a letter ("A Suggestion") in the July '81 issue (I know I'm a bit late with this reply). Elizabeth Lever says that someone writing a legislator should end the letter "Most respectfully yours. . . ." That's horseshit!

A legislator is your elected representative. He's our fuckin' servant. Got that? Servant! He should always

remember that and more important, you and your readers must remember that!

A letter to an elected legislator should end, "Trusting you shall remain my loyal and obedient servant," because that's what he's supposed to be — a loyal and obedient servant. If he's not, vote him out. Maybe you can even use some of the bread you've got stored up to get rid of that cunt who used to give you southern gentlemen (everyone is south to us) all that legislative hassle with helmets and leather underclothing.

Jeff, the lawyer
Toronto, Canada

Thanks

□ Thought I'd write and tell you how much we appreciate you guys putting a tribute to our daughter in your "In Memory Of" column. We can't thank you enough — it meant so much.

May all your days be filled with wind in your hair and booze on your breath. May all your ups and downs be between the sheets.

K.K.
Somewhere in Idaho

More Of Jewel

□ On the cover of the January '83 issue you ask "What More Could Ya Want?" Well, I want more snaps of the fox, Jewel. And while you're at it, throw in a few snaps of the sled she's on. Three pictures of Jewel and the cover don't cut it with me. Knock off the pokin' and start the printin'.

John
Costa Mesa, Calif

Tattooed Dots

□ To Steve Holden (January '83 issue) who asked about dots as tattoos: Dots tattooed on the fingers and hands represent the number of years spent pulling time in the slammer. One dot on a finger equals one year. When the dot(s) is between the thumb

and forefinger, each dot equals five years. You can rest assured that those who have these dots tattooed on their paws (like me) have earned 'em.

Phil "Yank" Graves
Shelby, N.C.

Bikers Recognized

□ While looking through a new Minnesota driver's manual recently, I was surprised to see two special boxes warning cage drivers to be aware of cyclists (never before in a Minnesota manual) and an entire section on "Sharing The Road With Motorcycles." The book says, "Motorcyclists have the same rights and responsibilities. . . as other highway users. . ."

Maybe the ad campaign you dudes sponsored had something to do with the eye-opening of Minnesota law makers.

Sheldon Hallett
Bemidji, Minn.

Thanks

□ I'm writing to thank you for the reduced subscription rates to your rag for locked-down bros. Without it, a lot of bros wouldn't be able to afford it — myself included.

Loner
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Worth Mentioning

□ The story "Gotcha" was damned good (December issue), especially the pics. However, being an Indian lover and long-term owner of the iron steeds of steel, I fail to see why you couldn't mention (or show a pic) that Indian was the first American machine to be used by our law enforcement agency.

If you're up on your past history of American iron, you would know why Indian eventually retained the left-hand throttle, which became their trademark.

Indian Jim
Woodhaven, Queens, N.Y.

■ See *Earlyriders*.

Righteous Ol' Lady

□ This is regarding the joke sent in by Tim Goodwin in the November '82 issue (pg. 49).

I'm a 39-year-old lady who was riding Harleys when Tim was still pissin' on his toes. I put myself through twelve years of college by waiting tables and tending bar. I have a degree in chemistry and work year-round for a

major oil company. At the present time I also manage one of the most popular clubs in Oklahoma.

I share my home and life with a biker. I get up in the mornings, cook him a hot meal, see that all his needs are met, then drive twenty-five miles and pull my eight hours. I come home from work, cook another hot meal, and keep my man happy until he goes to sleep. I keep his clothes in shape, his stomach full, and his peace of mind intact. I ride behind him with pride, watch his machine with care, and love him with devotion. My home and hospitality are always open to all his friends, and all of them return the feelings of friendship and respect.

I know there are lots of ol' ladies like me; and if you got off on that joke, I know you'll get off knowing we do all of this with only half the brains of a man.

Traci
Hartshorne, Okla.

Jewels, My Ass

□ Listen up, shitheads. That hunk of motorcycle mama you featured in your January '83 issue has more than some fucking jewels — jewels, my ass! Them's diamonds! She's got more than any hippie-humper I've ever seen in your rag and I've got a wall-to-wall collection.

Rock
Boydton, Va.

Squeamish Wimps

□ We had to know but we found out — we're squeamish wimps. Tried your "Furry Curry" in the November '82 rag. We know where we fucked up. Went for a putt Friday and saw Fido in the fast lane on I-90. Brought him home Monday on the return trip (shoulda snatched him Friday). Didn't have to buy rice — Fido came with his own. It was tough getting the rice to stay on the plate while waiting for the sauce to turn green.

By the way, can you print another tech tip for the frozen Fido burger?

Stormin' Norman & Carlton,
the Doorman
Lorain, Ohio

■ Get Robinson's cookbook.

Pride

□ There is this weird thing called pride, as in being

proud. It's weird because it can make you feel great or even hurt, as in a lump in the throat. I've known the feeling of being proud — the first ride on a newly purchased bike, the birth of your first rugrat, the first time you rebuilt the lower end and didn't have any leftover parts laying on the floor, and the first time you get a story published. To experience the last is like being served up the best bowl of chili in the world. To be published in the country's leading rag of its type is like having a huge venison steak set down before you. I've just been given heaping portions of both, and I thank *Easyriders* for that feeling of pride. ("Strange Encounter," December '82 issue.) I'd also like to add that Mark Oakley did one helluva fine job on the illustration.

Randall B. Dixon
Wilmington, Vt.

More Than Flesh

□ I know that if you reply to this, your answer will undoubtedly be full of belittling comments showing me to be a selfish, insecure, lame-brained, mouthy little bitch, but I'll still ask.

Do you all really think as little of females as your stories and articles always imply? You make a woman out to be nothing but a stupid piece of flesh with a hole to stick your dick in, arms and legs for fetching your beers, and whatever else you think is below your dog to do. Do any of you love a woman or have a happy marriage or a little kid? Or do all bikers fuck anything that will let them and not care seriously about anything except their motorcycles?

Anne
Knoxville, Tenn.

■ We care about a few other things.

Half-a-Bike Response

□ In response to "Half-a-bike" (January '83), I'm kicked back, smoking a number, drinkin' a Bud, and thinkin' the same shit. My ol' '68 punched, cammed, carbed (kick-start) Sporty has blown away several of the so-called whole bikes. However, some of the so-called whole bikes have left 70-wt. in my eye a time or two. So the way I figure it, enough of whole bike vs. half-a-bike bullshit — it's the ride at the time, frame of

mind, dollars, whatever — and I've owned and ridden most of them. Never had a three-wheeler, though. Gotta look into that some day.

C.J.
Cumming, Ga.

■ A half-a-bike crack is only said to close friends.

Insurance

□ In reply (partially) to Animal's request in the January '83 issue, I insure with Nationwide. They rate all bikes over 800cc the same, but I pay a little over \$400 annually for liability at 100,000/300,000, collision, and comp. fire and theft. Basically, it's the same price for my '80 Chevy van and my '80 XLS Sportster. Of course, as with any firm, accidents, point tickets, and/or DWI will send rates skyward. Also, some areas may not write their policies.

Wild Willie
Syracuse, N.Y.

Daytona

□ This year was the tenth anniversary of "Run To The Sun" (always the weekend before Speed Week at Daytona Beach, Fla.)

As of September 15, 1982, this KOA has gone into new ownership. The new owner has made it very clear to me that he does not want to have any more "Run To The Sun" meetings here, so I have to try to contact as many people and clubs I know to inform them that there will not be any more "Run To The Sun" parties at this KOA. I have already called Bob Clark, editor of the magazine that co-sponsors the "Run To The Sun," to get him to mention it in his magazine. I would also like to ask you to run something on it in your magazine, which should get the word out to quite a few bikers.

The reason for writing at this time is to give ample time for the bikers to find another location for next year.

For further information, you can contact Greg and Jeani Evans, 1961 Oakdale Court, Smyrna, Ga. 30080.

Fred Cook
Lake Park, Ga.

Some Info

□ In the November '82 issue ("Easynews," pg. 44), it said that Bombardier Corp. in Canada builds the 250cc on- and off-road bike.

For the record, B.S.A.

designed it, Rotax of Austria supplied the engine, and Can-Am of Canada built the frame.

R.C.
Netherlands

Need Advice

□ Help! I had an affair with a biker at work. Some of the guys found out about it and started teasing him. Now he's mad enough to want to kill me.

Do bikers ever forgive and forget? Every time I see this guy in his leathers it makes me cream my jeans, but I don't want to see his colors in some dark alley. How are motorcycle mamas supposed to act anyway?

Scared
Seattle, Wash.

■ To whatever-and-tell is a no-no.

Reply To A Wannabe

□ In your "Wordmonger" column (December '82), Kristy stated that she was fifteen and was told by her friends if she wanted to be a biker, she had to rip off her first copy of *Easyriders*.

Kristy, you'd better wise up if your so-called friends are telling you shit like that. A biker does not listen to other people telling him or her what to do. A biker should have enough brains to know that he or she alone is responsible for his or her own lifestyle. This means you don't have to rip off magazines or anything just because someone told you that's what a biker does.

If it's your thing to steal, so be it. But make it your own decision, not that of some other asshole who's out to give bikers more bad publicity.

In short, a biker rides a motorcycle, a thief steals.

Fred
Penn Run, Pa.

■ Amen.

Close To Janis

□ Your "Downtime" article (December '82) didn't mention one great chick rocker, Dale Krantz of Rossington-Collins. Her voice is the closest thing to good ol' Janis's that I've ever heard. Just flip on an album of theirs and tell me what ya think!

Dee
Dillon, Colo.

They're Okay

□ In regard to the story

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"Strange Encounter" in the December '82 issue, last night at about 3:00 a.m., I was riding the Long Island Expressway when the gas line falls off my pan, and the little gas I had left in the tank pisses out all over my leg. I pull to the side — no lights, no tools, no gas. About fifty cars pass and three fuckin' bikes go by with not so much as a slow-down.

Then along comes a tan dresser. The guy stops and helps me fix the fuel line and drains some gas from his tank and even follows me to a gas station. I say thanks and offer to buy him some beer, but he says some other time. As he leaves, I see a sticker on the back of his bike and ask what it is. He tells me he rides with the Blue Knights, a motorcycle police club. Holy shit, some cops are all right. I still owe him the beer.

Bill Marino
Smithtown, N.Y.

No Results

☐ Hey! What issue did I miss? I haven't seen anything on the results of the contest way back in February '82 — the one where you had to fill in the conversation between a biker and this fox standin' outside the Easyriders saloon. Hell, I sent in thirty entries. Who won?

Snow
Cincinnati, Ohio

☐ If it's not in this issue it'll sure as hell be in the next!

No Bullshit

☐ I was going to write some bullshit story to get you to print my letter, but fuck it — I'd rather get some head.

Lude
Newark, Del.

☐ Us too.

D.J. Wants News

☐ I'm a 32-year-old college student and a jock (as in disc jockey, not the asshole type) on a college station (88.9 FM). Bein' that I'm on the air, I'm in a position to get public service announcements across, such as pointing out the positive side of bikin' as in the TV commercial doobie (I'm also a biker). So if there's somethin' ya can suggest, offer, ask for, point out, I talk to an audience of probably between 5,000 and 10,000 every Sunday night. They say our potential is a fuckin' million!

Feel free to contact me if something's up — I'll see what I can do. By the way, I'm on between 6:00 and 10:00 p.m., and would guess that most bros and sisters would dig the show.

Ritchie Smith
Staten Island, N.Y.

Problems! Problems!

☐ I was sittin' here with nothin' to do but blow roaches off the wall with my sawed-off. Then a bro of mine came by with your November issue. Seein' how down and out I was, he loaned it to me. I was on the front porch, readin' "Silent Hotel," and this fuckin' seagull flew over and dumped his load on the fuckin' page I was readin'.

I was so pissed that I shot the fucker six times. Now, not only do I have to explain how the shit got on the mag, but I have no evidence.

But he's an understandin' type of bro, I hope. I was wonderin' if you guys replaced issues that are damaged by the forces of nature. If not, I'm in trouble plenty.

Shithead
Nederland, Tex.

☐ We'll do it.

Easy Rider Reply

☐ In regard to Kimberly R's letter in the December '82 issue, which said that while looking up the definition of ebullition in the dictionary, she accidentally found a definition of easy rider: she left out the most important — ebullition (noun): The bubbling or effervescence of a liquid; a sudden outpouring.

So there it is in black and white. Now we can all sleep at night.

A.K. Scream
Baton Rouge, La.

Emergency Equipment

☐ Do you ever wonder what you're gonna do if you (or your riding partner) are lying on the side of the asphalt, bleeding like a cracked oil case? It happened to me, and if it hadn't been for the fast action of a brother biker, these vibes would be coming down from Harley Heaven.

It was your typical cager-don't-give-a-shit-type wreck. I was coming around a curve on the side of a mountain. A cage came around the curve like a bat out of hell and I did the only thing I could. It took a few minutes for me to prop myself up. I was lying flat on

my ass in the big ditch that runs along the side of the road. I felt for broken bones and everything seemed all right. I even stood up and got my bike out of the ditch before I realized that something wasn't right. My right knee and lower part of my leg were drenched with blood. One, two, three, maybe four cages passed me before Wolfe pulled up. By this time I was starting to feel the loss of blood. Anyone out there ever wonder what good a bandanna is? It stopped the blood flow like a plug in a hole. Now I look back and wonder what other items I carry for an emergency like this. I can't come up with a single thing besides the bottle of Jack I never leave without. It came in handy, too. Think about it, bro. If the unmentionable should happen to you right now, are you prepared? I think you guys at Easyriders should come up with a list of the necessities for immediate first aid.

Most important: Wolfe, wherever you're at out there — thanks, bro.

Tre
Charleston, S.C.

Checked It Out

☐ What prompted me to write this letter is the fact that I dislike being ripped off, especially by a city or town that writes ordinances that treat motorcycles with disrespect as to where we can park, because that city is trying to limit or prohibit motorcycle traffic.

One Sunday morning in September I went for a putt with a friend. Everything was great — weather, my head, etc. We came to the city of Newport Beach and decided to stop for a beer by the pier. When we got there we found a "motorcycles parking only" space which could hold only six or eight bikes. It was full, so we parked our bikes in one of the other parking meter spaces.

The beers were refreshing, but the two tickets on the scooters were for shit. So I read the violation — not parking in motorcycle-only zone. Well, shit, they got the coin for the meter and now want another \$12 for each ticket. All the way home I kept thinking there's gotta be a way to shove these tickets back up the city's ass.

I went to the law library in Santa Ana, and looked up

ordinance 12.12.080, Parking Restrictions for Motorcycles; but the ordinance didn't specify this restriction for parking meter zones. So I looked up parking meter zones, ordinance 12.44.020, which stated that the area where we parked was a parking meter zone. Next I found ordinance 12.12.010, which basically states that the city manager shall have the power and the authority to order signs to be erected or posted, indicating that the parking of vehicles is thus prohibited, limited, or restricted (except parking meter zones).

I went before the judge with this info, and the case was dismissed. I know this info is only good for the people who get tickets in the city of Newport Beach, California, or maybe it might help someone somewhere else in California or the U.S.; but I hope it gives others the incentive to get to know the law and question the next ticket.

Joseph Sulak
Westminster, Calif.

■ That's a tall-dollar city — that type don't dig bikers.

Helmets

□ I'm a 32-year-old chick who rides and maintains her own scooter. Recently a cage ran a light and hit me. I was thrown into the back of the car, knocking me out and cutting my head seven stitches worth.

When I woke up four hours later, the police and doctors laid this one me — I was alive because I wasn't wearing a helmet (50 percent of all biker deaths are attributed to helmets). The impact with the helmet bruises the brain, causing it to swell inside the skull, or the neck is broken.

Rebel
Beaumont, Tex.

Knight Rider

□ On October 8, 1982, I had the privilege of witnessing the rape of every motorcycle rider in this country. I thought this kind of shit went out with Marlon Brando, but I was wrong. The series, "Knight Rider," which comes from your own backyard, is advertised to be the best thing to hit television since "The Dukes of Hazard." The program has projected to the public that all bikers are assholes and stupid.

With this kind of prejudice, there is no way any intelli-

gent and honest motorcycle riders can ride the streets without fear.

I feel that *Easyriders* and other magazines that deal with bikers should print a blacklist of sponsors. These are the people who represent and condone this type of biker publicity to the public.

Big John Nola
New Orleans, La.

Love It!

□ Just got my first Harley a few months back. The battery went, the regulator went, my armature took a shit, and I burned out a headlight. I wanted to give it a good kick, but I love the fuckin' thing too much.

Brad Shad
Ontario, Canada

Raisin Pie

□ If it's of any interest, according to the official Betty Crocker Cookbook (and she knows her shit), raisin pie is also called "Funeral Pie" by the Pennsylvania Dutch because it was served to mourners.

Sunny
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Subscriptions

□ I've been shinin' this on for a long time, but now it's time to get your fuckin' shit straight. I have a sub to your mag — best fuckin' mag there is. But you people should find a different place to put the subscription form. If I cut the subscription part out, it fucks up a damned good story or an ol' lady con-

test or the other side of the page. That's dead action, 'cause I don't want my mag all cut up. And I'm sure there are other bros and sisters out there with this same beef.

Phil
Shelton, Wash.

■ You can write us a letter, telling us for how long you want the subscription and enclosing a check. Don't hassle with the page if you don't want to.

Glad It Ain't So!

□ Here's a quote from Joseph G. Richardson, M.D., Professor of Hygiene, co-author of *Health and Longevity*, published in 1909: "It is certain that the man who avoids women and the woman who seeks men are abnormal. This lies in her sexual organization and is not founded merely on dictates of good breeding. If a woman is normally developed mentally and well bred, her sexual desire is small. If this were not so, the whole world would become a brothel and marriage and a family impossible."

S.L. Carter
Oklahoma City, Okla.

■ So much for 1909.

Thanks

□ Bo and I would appreciate it if you would give Mike of M&L Cycle (Lebanon, New Hampshire) a pat on the back. Also, our thanks to Dave and Rose for putting us

Continued on page 115

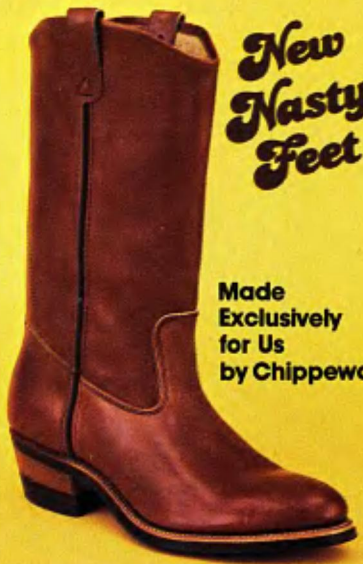


"I'm sorry, I guess I expected too much when I saw those twelve-inch extenders on your bike."

The INTERSTATE

New Nasty Feet

Made Exclusively for Us by Chippewa



No shit, our secret sauce went into this one! Here's a classic "all leather" Western we've redesigned to handle the kinda stuff you'll be gettin' into, workin' or playin'.

Check out the recipe... 14 inches of primo stuff—Cayenne Callistoga leather. A sweat-proof leather insole—no crackin', no stinkin'. The front's leather lined—no cheapo canvas. Then there's a steel shank for support, Goodyear welt and a great stacked heel. Throw on a non-marking nitrile sole tough enough to get ya past any shit and now you're looking at some real Nasty Feet.

If you size up at 8½–12 in a "D" width, we'll put you in a pair for \$90.00. The coupon below says it all.

Send your order to:
Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Size (Circle) 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enclose \$90.00 per pair & remember these are "D" width. Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling—inside U.S. only. Add \$9.00 per pair—APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders accepted—Add \$30.00 per pair.

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.

Dealers Inquire on your letterhead.



**ONCE AGAIN WE'VE CAUGHT
THE COMPETITION
WITH THEIR PANTS DOWN.**

**INTRODUCING
A NEW BELT.**

It happened before. In 1977, Harley-Davidson introduced a motorcycle that was to catch the entire industry by surprise. Low Rider™.

Its name said it all. Its rakish front forks and low, 27 inch get-down riding position captured the essence of the customized motorcycle. The new category of Factory Customs was off and running.

Now, it has happened again. This year the Low Rider has a revolutionary drive system that has left the competition scratching their heads. No, we're not talking about some crossbred version of the already over-complicated shaft drives. On the contrary, we have something that is refreshingly simple.

Belt Drive. It is a revolutionary idea. But it's not a new idea. The very first motorcycles built were belt driven. But not until the recent discovery of tough-as-steel aramid fibers could a belt withstand the massive torque of a 80 cubic inch Harley-Davidson V-Twin engine.

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We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the AMA and recommend you ride with lights.
Specifications subject to change without notice. Support the Bikers Fight Against Muscular Dystrophy.



Today, belt drive cannot be over-looked. It has been proven in the real world, by real motorcyclists. The Low Rider twin belt drive is lighter and simpler than a shaft. It doesn't eat up the horsepower like a shaft. Compared to a chain, it's smoother shifting, quieter, requires no lube and needs minimal adjustment. It will last up to 3 times longer than a chain. And in case of an emergency, there's an accessory belt that can be installed in 15 minutes. It will get you to any dealer within 200 miles.

The belt concept works. Period. One look at the new Low Rider and you have to agree, it works beautifully.

We may be accused of delivering another low blow to the competition. But actually it's difficult not to when everything they've come up with is below the belt. Below the twin belt drive Low Rider.

**MOTORCYCLES.
BY THE PEOPLE.
FOR THE PEOPLE.**



Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201

Strictly

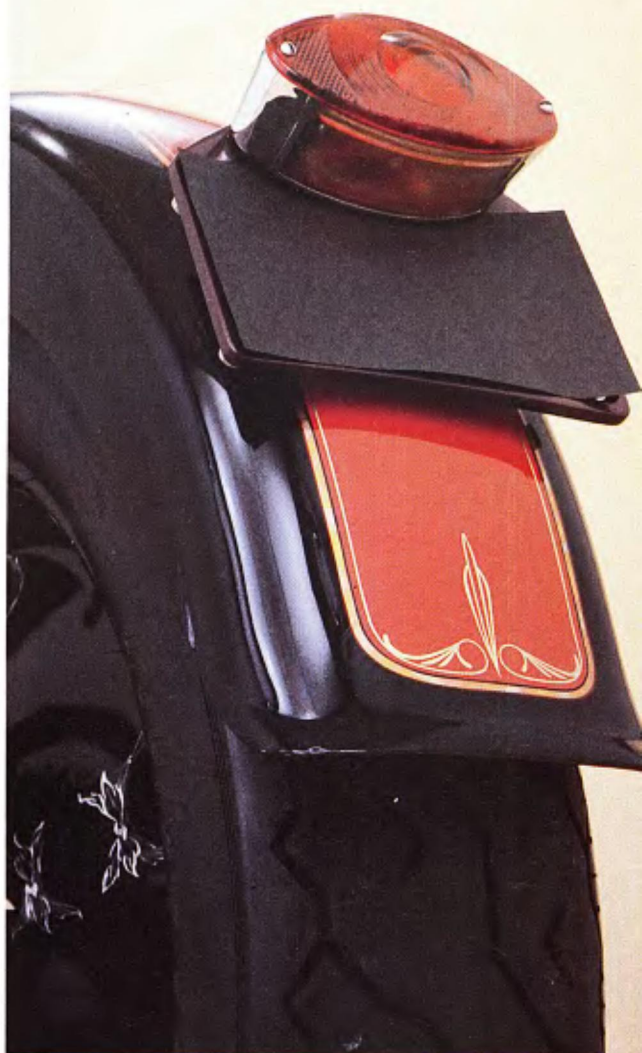


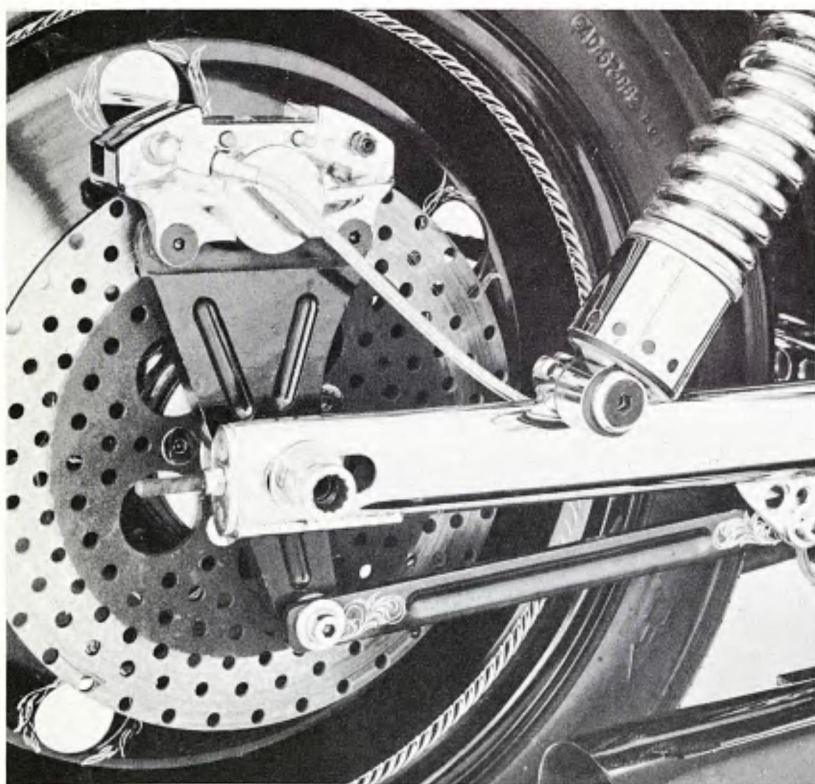
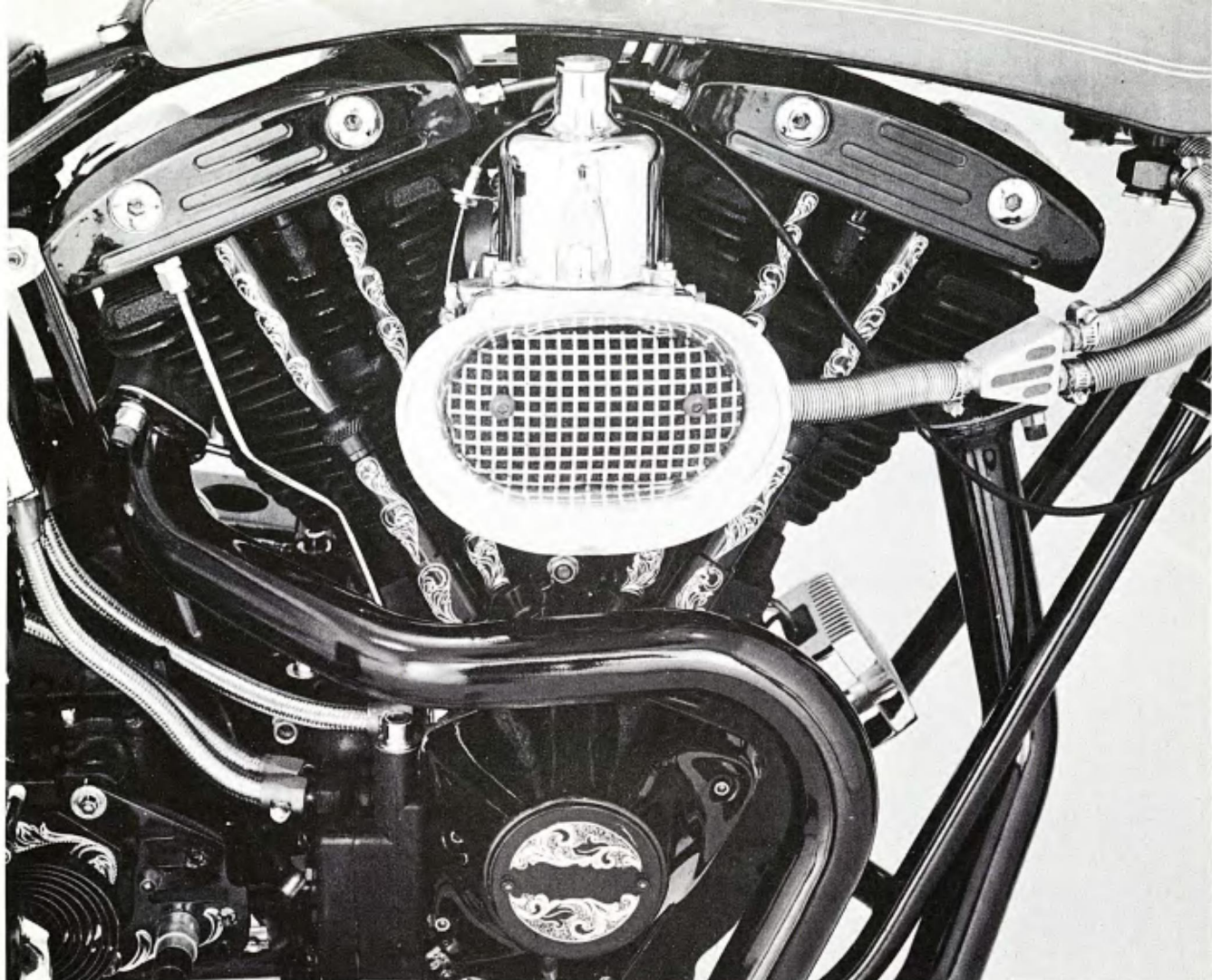
Everybody likes his bike to be fast. Some riders like to go a little faster than their partners, so they won't have to buy the beer. Then there are the diehards — the purists who like to go the fastest.

These diehards will go to any length to get the last horsepower lurking beneath them. Most of these riders like big-inch motors and good solid transmissions. Even fewer people have gotten around

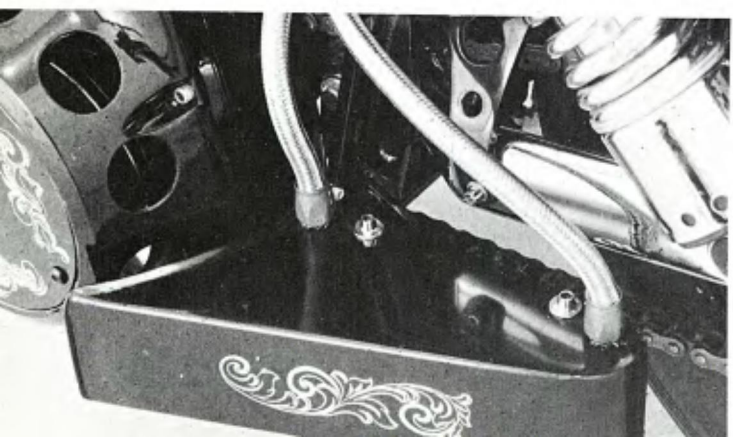
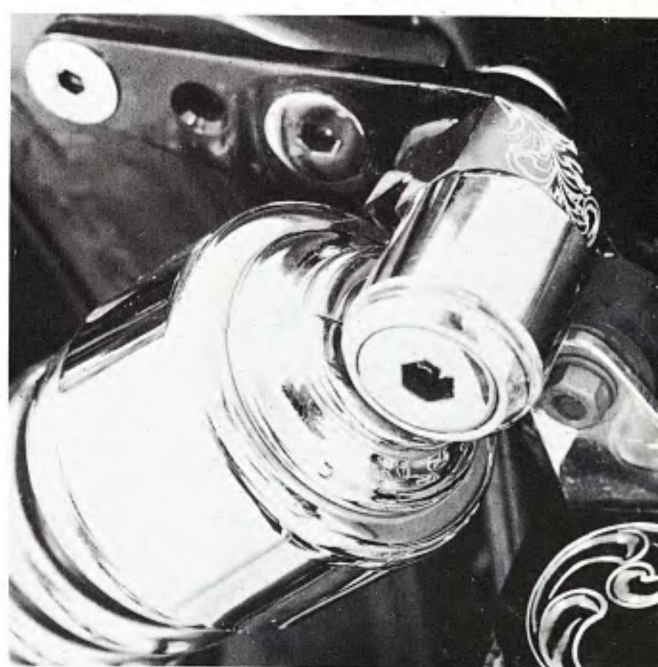
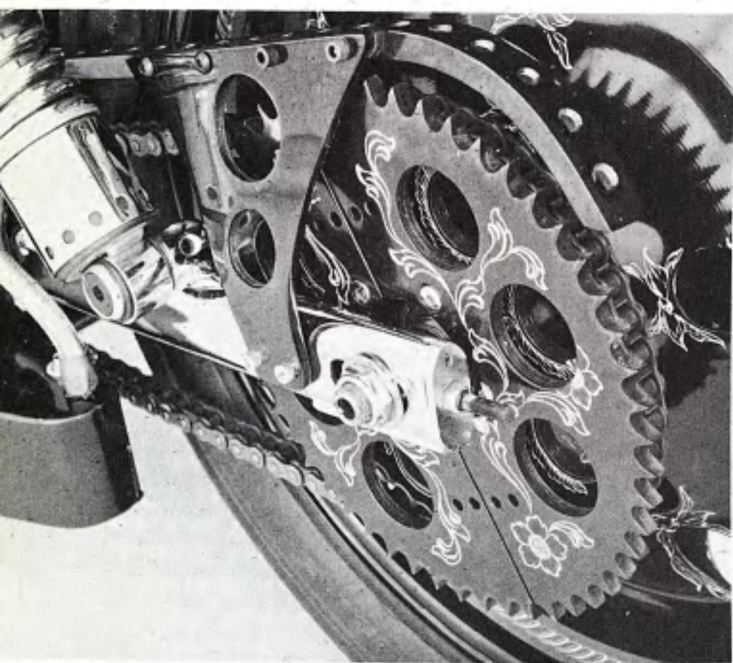
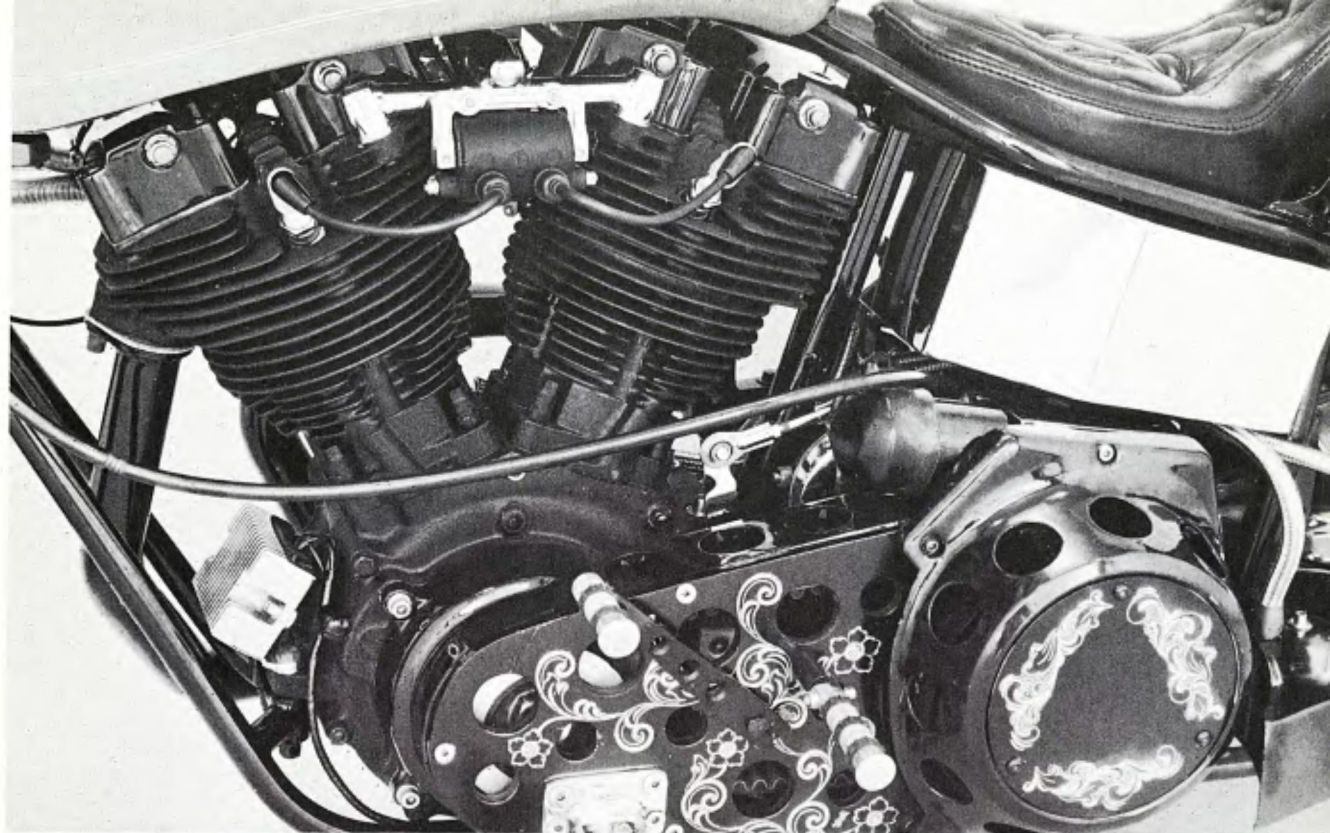
Business







going the whole nine yards — big-inch engine, beefy tranny, lightweight frame cut down, and racing front end, and the rest either fiberglass or aluminum. A bike like this can come in many styles, from street legal drag bikes, with lay down bars and rear foot pegs, to sleepers. The bike you see here is a sleeper built by Arlen Ness. It has a hundred-cubic-inch engine and is his idea of a fast street bike. Just about every part on his bike was hand-built or modified by Arlen, Bob, and his friends. Check out the chart: you'll notice there is a lot of work done to everything. It could be something as small as drilling a few holes in some bracket to hand-crafting a set of aluminum gas tanks. The whole bike was built with the same painstaking craftsmanship. Arlen is never one to let any detail go undone, even in the electrics. You may notice the un-



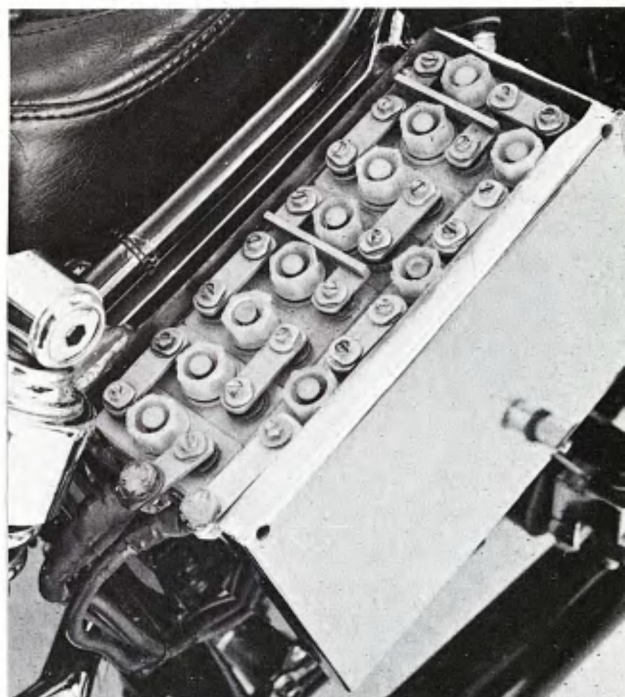
Owner: Arlen Ness		City: San Leandro, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1981	
Year and make: 1973 H-D		Builder: Ness	
Model: racer		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$20,000		Rake: 2 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: handmade	
Chroming by: High Lustre/Hayward		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: 1973		Risers: built-in	
Model: big twin		Fender(s): Ness	
Rebuilder: Dee/Hayward H-D		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: solid state		Taillight: Jammer	
Displacement: 100 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Truett & Osborn		Front pegs: fold-up/owner	
Balancing: Donny Rich		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: TRW		Electrics: 11 ni-cad batteries	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: aluminum/Bob Monroe	
Heads: Hannans		Oil tank: 7-qt./Bob Monroe	
Cam(s): Sifton 575		Oil system: Lockhart oil cooler	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: handmade	
Carb(s): Rivera SU		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: velocity stack/Bob Monroe		Sissybar: handmade fender rails	
Pipes: Ness collector		Height: stock	
Muffler(s): Ness		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: easy-pull clutch		Type: Redwing	
Year: 1973		Extension: shortened 4 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: handmade trees	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 50/47		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: none		Hub: Mitchell	Hub: Mitchell
Painter: Jeff McCan/owner		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM6
Color: Ferrari red/black		Tire: Michelin	Tire: Dunlop Elite
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: Brembo
Special paint: Ditzler			
Other special modifications: Handmade frame, tanks, trans side cover, fender rails, battery box, caliper mounts, primary cover, chain guard, velocity stack, handlebars, triple trees, quick change sprockets, oil cooler scoop, kick arm, foot pegs, oil tank, kick stand mount, shock mounts. <i>Special Thanks:</i> Bob Monroe, Bob Vance, Jim Davis, Dave Perewitz, Rudy Pena, Tim Doherty, John Machesky, Dee from Hayward, Powder Coating by Precision Powder.			

usual batteries Arlen uses; there are ten separate batteries. Each is 1.2 volts, so a bunch of ten equals 12 volts. The batteries come from a commercial airliner and put out plenty of amps to turn over the big-inch engine. The fenders are fiberglass, and while they're lightweight, they still do the job of keeping stones and water from flying up on the rider.

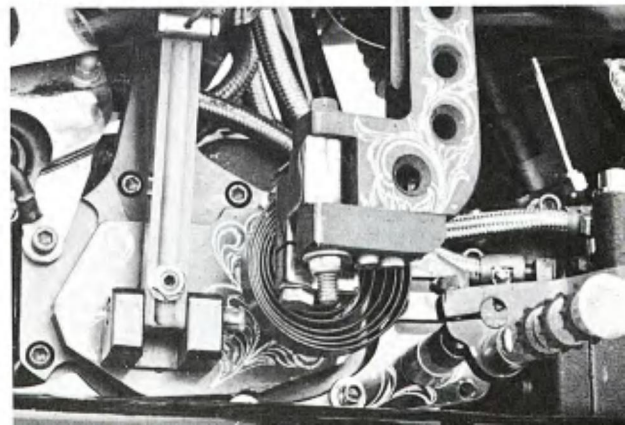
That's the point I am trying to get across. Every part, big or small, does a job. There are no extra frills in the mechanical end of this bike. Sure, some bros might see the engraving as being a little extravagant, but what the hell — it lightens up the metal to reduce weight.

Okay, I'll cut ya some slack on the words and let the photos tell about the details, 'cause there are a lot of details to see.

— Wrench



Photos by Pete Chiodo



FIRE DOWN BELOW

I'm not sure I can really defend what Casey the prospect did to Knuckles. It wasn't exactly fair, of course, but Knuckles and his bunch had never been concerned about being fair, so that made us no guiltier than they were — except that maybe the consequences of what Casey did were more serious than anything they did to us.

I don't know. It's for sure Knuckles will never be quite the same, and maybe he got the shitty end of the stick, but Knuckles was a grade-A, bona fide jerk, so whatdafuck. He was asking for it, right? Look, I'm gettin' ahead of my story, so lemme backtrack some.

James Robert Daniel got his nickname when he and I attended Sunset High School many years back. Jim Bob (as he used to be known) was your classic Big Mean Kid. He stood six-five and weighed 230 at the age of seventeen, a leviathan defensive end who was the terror of triple-A schoolboy football in Palestine, Texas.

He was also the terror of the parking lots, a Sportster-riding street brawler with a nasty streak made a yard wide by five or six beers. Knuckles got his nickname one Friday night when he and arch-enemy Adamson High's number one hard-dick tangled outside the local beer 'n' burger joint.

Jim Bob was in rare form that night. Earlier, he'd torn Adamson High's offensive line to shreds and laid waste its backfield. In the second half, he'd sent their quarterback out of the game (and out of schoolboy football altogether, as it turned out) with a gut-squashing, rib-wrecking tackle that damn near turned your stomach just to watch.

After the game, a bunch of us went to the Stallion Lounge where we guzzled beer — even though we were all under age — and Jim Bob basked in our admiration during the many retellings of his devastating tackle. Drunk as shit, with a girl on each arm and a tit in each hand, Jim Bob was in his glory, showing off his Sporty and dreaming of porking the two dollies all night long.

Unfortunately, right then an equally drunk Bix showed up and began to fuck with Jim Bob, calling him a pussy and the girls on his arm whores. Jim Bob's happy, booze-numbed face clouded like a summer day in a thunderstorm. He swung a roundhouse right that Bix easily blocked, counterpunching with a short, powerful jab that exploded Jim Bob's nose in a burst of thick, bright blood.

I guess that made Jim Bob mad, 'cause he proceeded to

kick Bix's ass all over the parking lot, shattering his cheekbones and pounding him with vicious body shots that left Bix puking in the gutter, heaving in pain from his broken ribs and begging Jim Bob not to hit him anymore.

At school on Monday, Jim Bob showed up with a cast on each hand. It seemed he'd busted four or five knuckles while wrecking Bix. The name stuck — from then on, Jim Bob was known as Knuckles.

Knuckles and I had each discovered motorcycles in our junior year. I bought a ratty, oil-spitting '52 BSA and he

got an ear-splitting, unmuffled '59 Sportster. Even though there were only a handful of bike-riders at school, Knuckles and I didn't pal around much. Knuckles was hell-bent for trouble and I was just looking for a good time. I was giving the sweeties free rides and free dick while he was poundin' butt and building a reputation as the most renowned schoolboy badass.

After graduation, Knuckles and I lost track of each other. In 1969 I bought myself a '74 and rode all over the country, finally joining the Wasted Ones MC after I decided to live in one town permanently. I knocked around from job to job, becoming a veteran member of the club while man-

aging to avoid getting married and ending up saddled with a lot of bullshit responsibilities.

I'd all but forgotten about Knuckles until one day a few years back. I was sitting in a booth at Lupe's, a combination biker bar and Mexican food joint, when suddenly Knuck and a few of his brothers in the Rod Busters MC strolled in from the blinding heat outside to the cool hostility indoors. The Wasted Ones had never gotten along very well with the Busters, mainly because the Busters recruited misfits, retards, and washouts from other clubs. As Knuckles and his bunch entered the place I spotted a couple of guys our club had rejected. Both of them carried a grudge against us for turning them down and immediately I could smell trouble.

Now don't get me wrong — I'm not saying we were straight and they were heavies. Shit, if you're a biker you're in a minority group by definition. And if you're a patch holder you're a minority within a minority. Let's face it, scooter tramps aren't exactly the three-piece-suit type, and the more you're into the bike scene, the less you fit in with the rank and file.

Continued on page 100

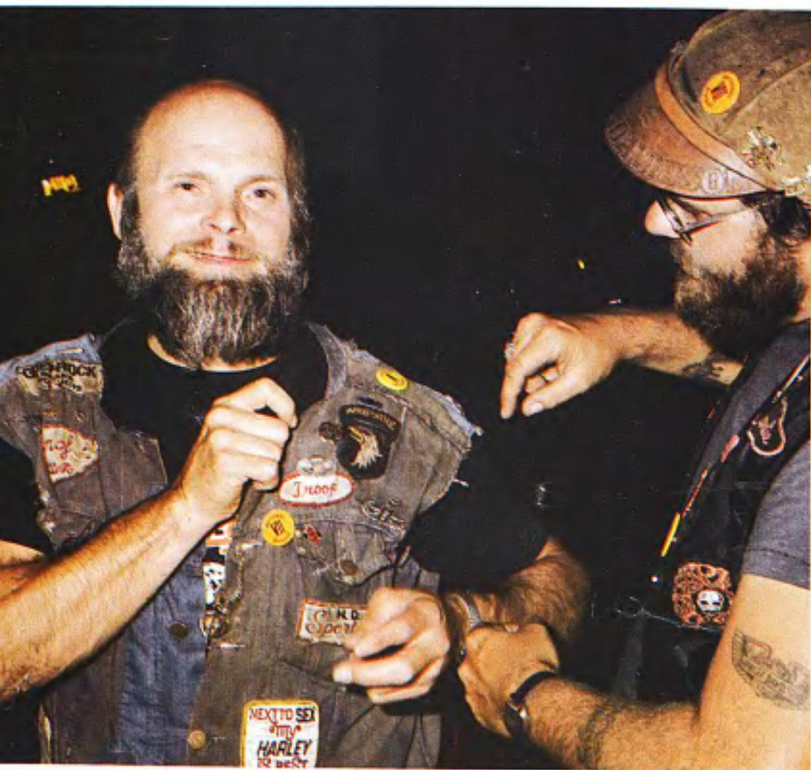
"Knuckles roared with laughter. 'Boys,' he said to his companions, slapping his registration slip down on the table, 'we just won ourselves a motorcycle.' He turned to me. 'Let's get started.'"

by Tex Campbell





They've done it again! Yep, the Sunnyside MC of Pennsylvania has just added Annual Blowout Number Seven (or is it Eight?) to the history of this righteous good-time party. Once again, these fine country bros



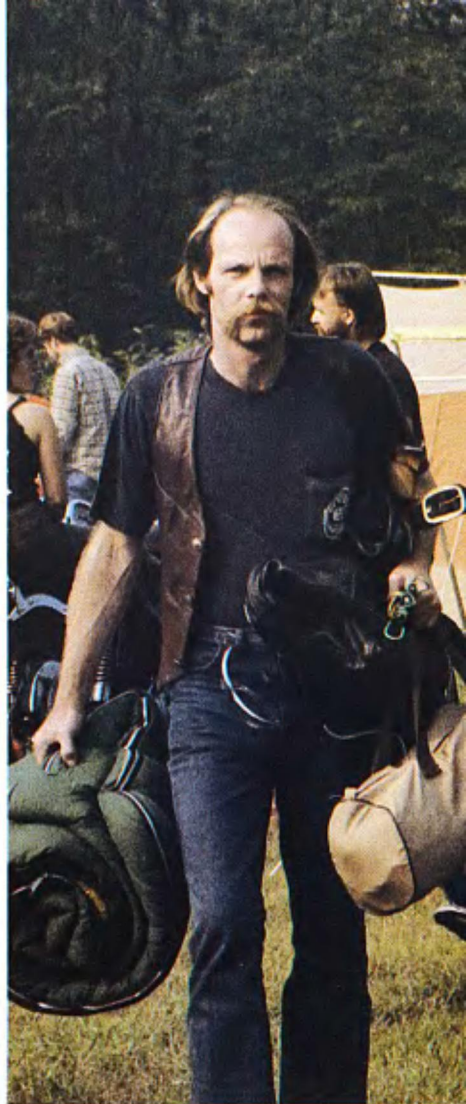


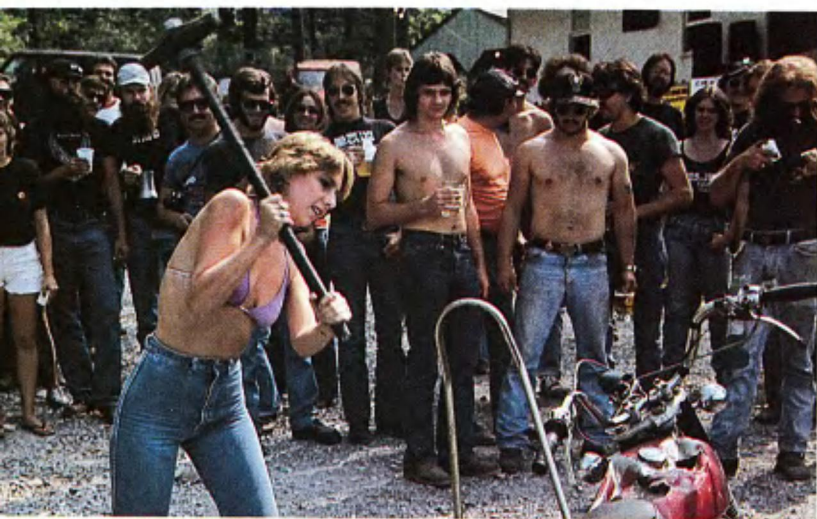
Sunnyside Blowout

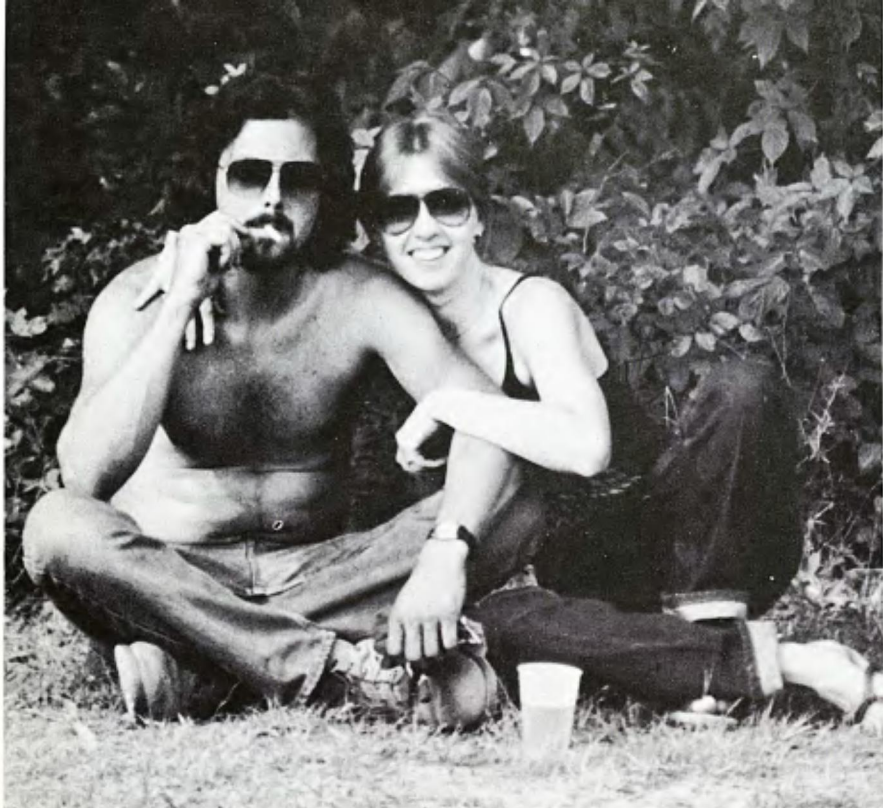
and sisters have extended a warm welcome to scooter folk from all over, no matter where they hail from or who they ride with. This club is a tight group — the kind that makes the annual Daytona run together —

and they go out of their way to extend their warmth and closeness to all who make the party scene in the lush countryside near Lebanon.

This is a time for fun and games, whether traditional bike-



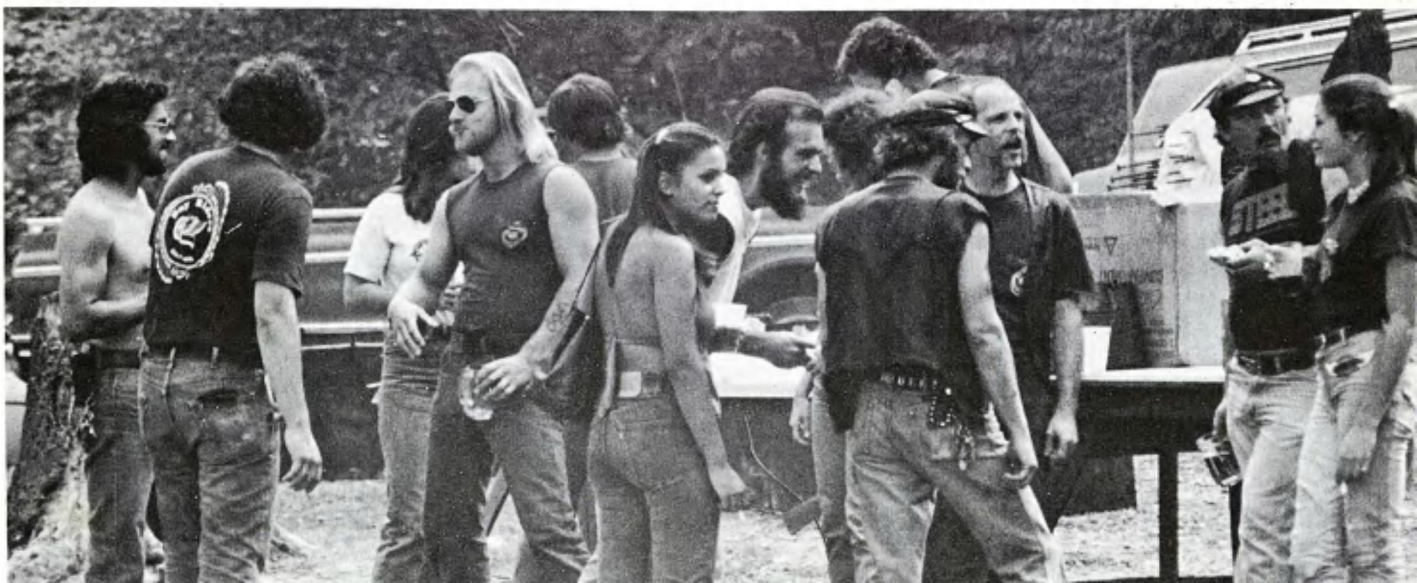




oriented stuff or hurling a rock-and sand-filled inner tube for distance. (Ever try that one? It'll put a sweat on ya in no time!) And it's a time for dancin', flashin' tits, drinkin', swappin' war stories, and just plain gettin' mellow around a blazing bonfire. Most of all, it's a time for scooter folk to meet and mingle, sharin' yarns of the road with other scooter folk who've made the trip from another direction. Strangers don't stay strangers very long when Sunnyside throws this bash — the club makes sure that everyone feels welcome.

When you get right down to it, the Sunnyside Blowout is just what a weekend scooter party should be — a mellow, end-of-summer gathering with lots of good grub and booze, plenty of fine honeys and righteous sleds, and lots of room on the big-ass ol' private rod and gun club they rented for this event, making it that much easier to party hearty away from the hassles of John Q. Coatandtie's straight world. 'Cause when you get right down to it, part of what makes a biker bash so great is bein' away from the stares and glares of the citizens, who can't for the life of them understand what's so great about partyin' biker-style.

There's no sweat when it comes to this yearly event — the Sunnyside bros have seen to it that their blowout is just what the name implies — a no-shit, first-class bash, a weekend dedi-

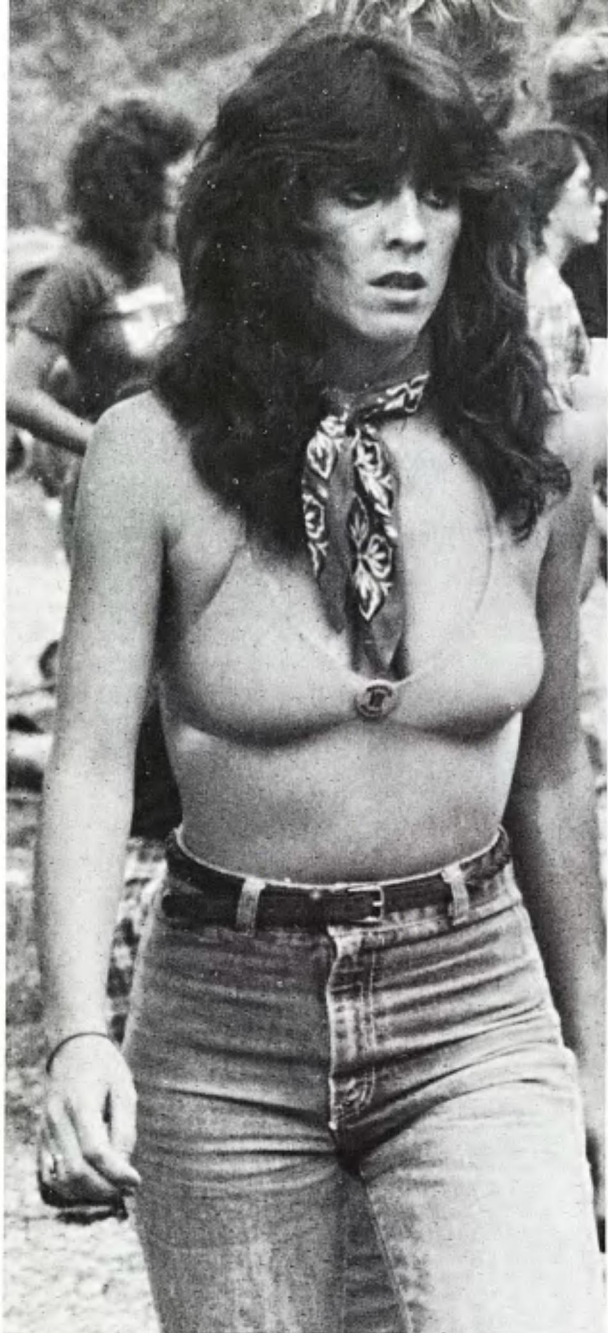




cated to good-timin' bros and their ol' ladies. Each year's party is better than the last, as new events and games and bike shows are added to the weekend's many attractions. The bros of Sunnyside are already busy plannin' the next blowout, which may turn out to be the best ever because this year the club may be able to finally purchase their own property. Keep your fingers crossed for 'em! But no matter where they're camped, you can be sure that the Sunnyside MC will continue to put on the friendliest party, the one that's become a solid eastern tradition.

— One of the partiers





Photos by Wizard and Frank



LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

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

"It was 4:00 p.m., Friday, count time, and the Big Yard was closed to everyone but the bikers. Once a week, prison officials permitted up to five bikes and ten bikers to make test runs in the empty yard.

"After tinkering with a gear

adjustment, Bobby mounted his 1951 panhead Harley-Davidson and stomped on the starter. The engine caught fire immediately, and the leather-jacketed president of the Washington State Penitentiary Motorcycle Association, Inc. gunned the glossy black bike out into the

yard. Circling and recircling the perimeter track, he sat low in the saddle, leaning back as if he had the throttle wide open on a long, lonely stretch of highway. 'When you're riding on them bikes,' Bobby said afterward, 'you almost forget you're in the penitentiary — almost.' "

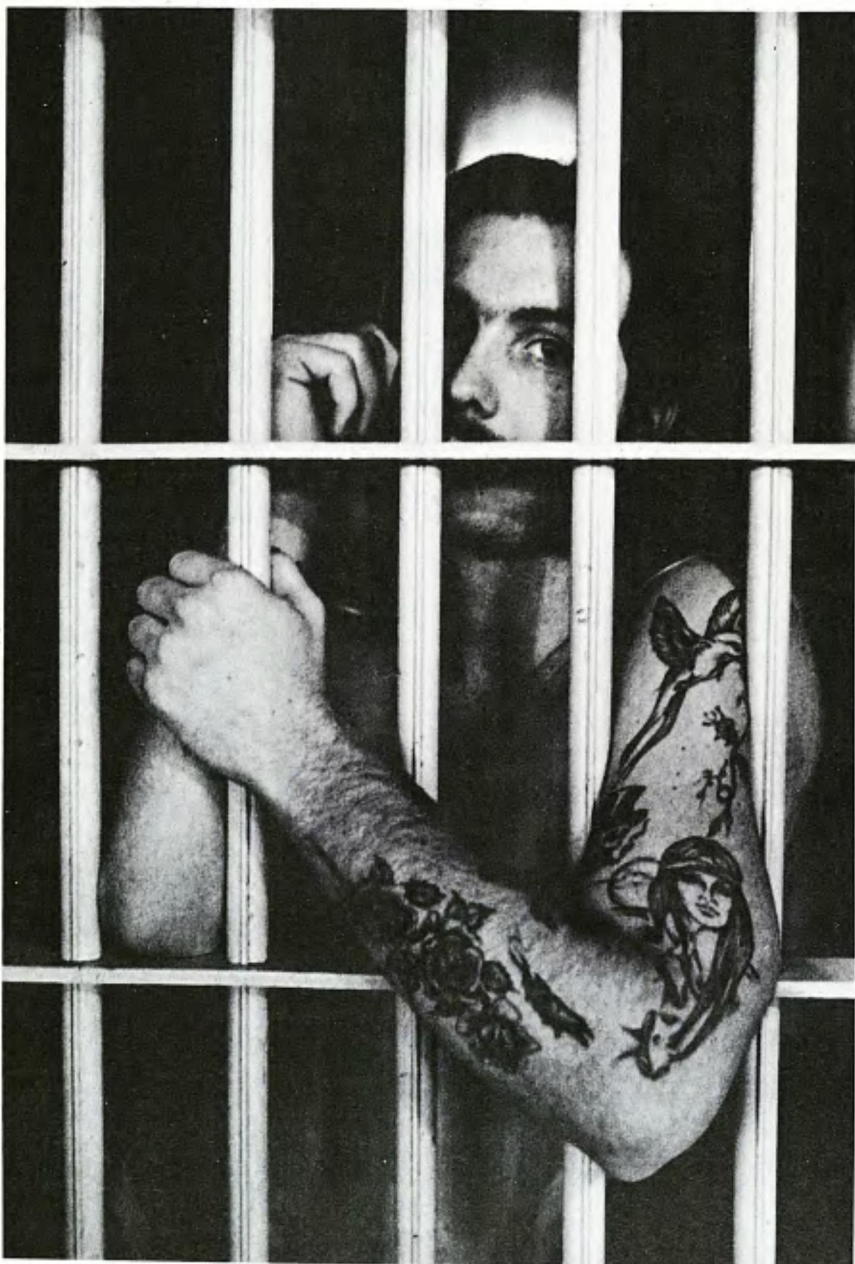
Probably the last thing you ever expected to find in this space was a book review; but, starting with the above words from *Concrete Mama*, by Ethan Hoffman and John McCoy, that's what this column is.

Subtitled "Prison Profiles from Walla Walla," this book, which is published by the University of Missouri Press, comes as close, in words and pictures, to conveying some sense about what life inside a big, overcrowded, antiquated, state institution is like as any book ever has or likely will.

The authors first learned about the prison as staff members at the local daily newspaper, the *Walla Walla Union-Bulletin*. Disgusted by the newspaper management's attitude that "the best way to live with the penitentiary was to ignore it," the two quit the paper and spent four months roaming the prison with their ears open and their cameras at the ready.

Hoffman and McCoy couldn't have picked a better institution for their project. Walla Walla is old — the first inmates arrived in 1887 — and has a long history of overcrowding (way back in 1931, Walla Walla, designed to house 750 inmates, was home to 1,339). Also in Walla Walla's past are a number of bloody confrontations between inmates and institution and a lengthy experiment with a "liberal" approach to prison management: including such items as an inmate council with a real say in setting policy, the abolition of dress codes and, most important for bikers, the right of inmates to run their own businesses.

For about five years in the late '70s, Walla Walla bikers were able to perform bike repairs, custom painting, and body work for outside



Photos from *Concrete Mama*. © Ethan Hoffman. University of Missouri Press, used by permission.

Continued on page 126

MOTORCYCLE #9 MILESTONES

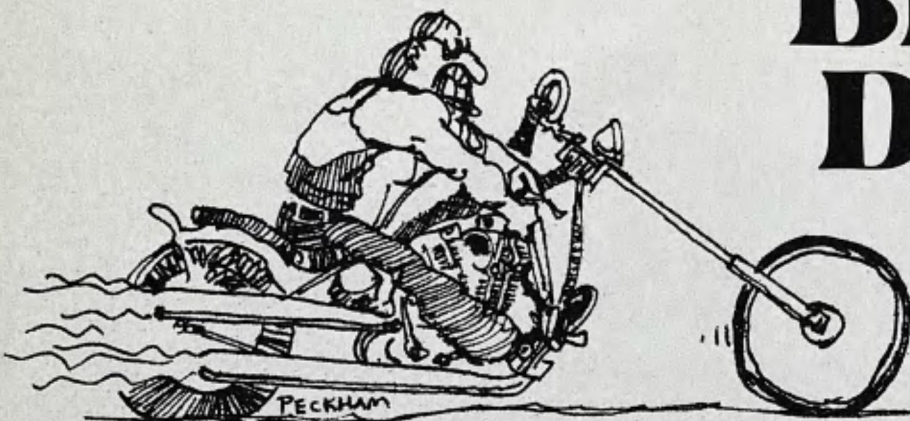
Semi-pro muff diver (retired) Frisbe Wort and his beautiful wife Dort are pictured here enjoying an outing somewhere near Duck,

Oregon. Wort claims to have spent eight years and eight bucks building this spiffy motorcycle-powered R/V. He also claims to have logged

eighteen miles of trouble-free driving with only thirty-seven engine rebuilds in the last twenty-two years.



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags

Statistics

There are 7.3 million motorcycles in use in this country; 52.2 percent of them road-only bikes, 22.6 percent off-road only, and 25.2 percent dual purpose. The five states with the most motorcycles are California, Texas, Michigan, Ohio, and Illinois in that order. Surprisingly, the states with the most motorcycles per 100 residents are all snow-belt states. Alaska tops the list with 7.4 motorcycles per 100 population, followed by Idaho at 7.2, Montana at 7.1, Iowa at 6.6, and North Dakota at 6.5. The lowest penetration of motorcycles is in Washington, D.C., with 0.4 per 100. New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts all have figures under 2 per 100.

—Cycle World

Confused

The status of those modulating headlights remains somewhat confused as the result of some other NHTSA mushmouthing. The agency denied a petition asking for rulemaking which would allow the use of strobe lights on motorcycles. As we understand it, and we're not certain we do, that means the device is neither legal nor illegal at the federal level; local laws still apply. NHTSA claimed such lights interfere with a motorcycle's headlight and turn signals, but then turned right around and encouraged the petitioner to rework his petition and try it again.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

One Of The Richest

If you had a nickel for every

time a suggestion was offered to the designers of Harley-Davidson motorcycles, without a doubt you would be one of the richest souls alive. You would never have to work another day in your life if you didn't want to.

There's an ingrained characteristic in Harley-Davidson riders that makes them cherish their motorcycles more than others. Maybe there is more to love. Maybe there is an intense interest in the machinery.

—Enthusiast

Bad Roads

I was warned a couple of years ago, before making a return trip from Boston to my Ohio home. A friend, who commuted regularly in a city I was to pass through, told me the streets were in no condition for motorcycle travel. On my trip, I was literally jolted by the truth of his statement. I left that city with the handlebars and forks of my Triumph aiming in different directions.

Cruising on an Indiana Interstate last summer, I was overtaken by an 18-wheeler just as we encountered a stretch of crumbled highway. The massive truck tires bounded through a pothole, tossed a baseball-sized chunk of concrete in the air and sent it whizzing past my head. I was going 55 miles per hour and the truck about 65. I can only speculate about the speed of the rock.

—Jeffrey John
American Motorcyclist

Turn In Bikes

The Motorcycle Industry Council reports that it is notifying all state motorcycle

dealer associations of a bill that has been introduced in the U.S. Congress by Rep. Allan Swift (D-Wash.).

The bill would permit a purchaser of a used motor vehicle, including a motorcycle, to return the vehicle to the dealer from whom the vehicle was purchased within three days of the date of sale. Under the measure, the purchaser would be entitled to a refund of the purchase price, less \$100, provided the vehicle is in the same condition it was when purchased.

The bill has been referred to the Energy and Commerce Subcommittee on Commerce, Transportation and Tourism.

—Cycle Industry News

Diet Habits

The woodchucks and groundhogs of Sequoia National Park are changing their dietary habits. Grass and flowers are delicacies of the past. Radiator hoses have proven to be highly edible, and are all the rage among the park's marmots. This has caused dismay among hikers at the park, who return from the rugged trails to reclaim their cars, only to find a puddle of water under the engine, and a nibbled radiator hose. After a dozen cars had been hobbled by the varmints, rangers began trapping them in the parking lots and transporting them to remote areas of the park. The bait for the traps: old auto radiator hoses.

—Road & Track

A New HOG

Harley-Davidson motorcycles are fondly referred to as "hogs" and a new HOG

has been born at the motor company. Contrary to what might be expected, however, it is unlike any other motorcycle in the company's lineup. That's because it's not a motorcycle. It's a club.

HOG stands for the Harley Owners Group, an international club being organized by Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc.

—Street Chopper

Fatalities Down

Motorcycle-related fatalities in Illinois dropped from 224 in 1980 to 214 in 1981, according to statistics from the Illinois Department of Transportation.

This decline occurred in spite of an increase in motorcycle registrations from 289,000 to 306,000. Reports of motorcycle-related accidents were also down.

Neil Tolhurst, director of the Motorcycle Safety Project at Northern Illinois University, said, "The Illinois picture is better than the nation as a whole. Nationally, registrations are down, the accident rate is unchanged, and the fatality rate is down slightly, only 2.1 percent. The Illinois figures of 17.2 percent lower fatality rate and 5.2 percent lower accident rate are very encouraging for our motorcycle safety program."

Tolhurst believes the facts point to the probability that riding skills classes are having a positive influence on the fatality and accident rates. He said additional motorcycle training classes have been scheduled to keep up with growing demand.

—Dealer News



The Slide Area/Ry Cooder: I approached Ry Cooder's latest offering with great anticipation. Cooder is, after all, one of the best guitar players in the world, a musician of unquestionable integrity and inventiveness, as evidenced by a succession of unique, eccentric albums beginning with his very first, **Ry Cooder**, in 1971. Since then, Cooder has demonstrated a skill, a versatility, and a flair for the exotic virtually unparalleled in American music. Oddly enough, the recognition he deserves has not always been forthcoming, especially in his own country, although his reputation in Europe is extremely high, with record sales equal to his fame.

This isn't to say Ry Cooder has been ignored in his native land. Most of his albums have been greeted with critical acclaim — from the folk-blues vitality of **Paradise And Lunch** (1974), through the exuberance and novelty of **Chicken Skin Music** (1976), as well as the brilliant, evocative score for the movie "The Long Riders" (1980), to the rocking delight of (my personal favorite) **Bop Till You Drop** (1979). All of these albums have received high critical acclaim and steady — if unspectacular — sales. Moreover, Cooder has received the respect and admiration of other top-flight guitar players, especially for his definitive bottleneck work, a guitar technique involving open tuning and fretting with a glass or metal slide (hence, the alternative term, "slide guitar") to achieve a distinct sound somewhat like a steel guitar.

With all this in mind, I had

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

high hopes for **The Slide Area**. Given the album's title, I expected the record to showcase Cooder's slide guitar virtuosity, while simultaneously reflecting his skill in selecting offbeat material to surprise and delight his audience. Unfortunately, this simply isn't the case. **The Slide Area** is a disappointing album, with little of Cooder's remarkable bottleneck work on display, and the material contained on the record being for the most part uninspired. And many of the cuts are simply too long.

The album leads off with "UFO Has Landed In The Ghetto," a tune that serves as a prime example of the material's weaknesses. The song suffers from terminally silly lyrics. A sample: *Lone-some outerspace invader blasting through the night/ Tuning in the soul music on the satellite/ All that low-down funky rhythm makes him jump and shout/ Just got to find that ghetto planet that everyone's talkin' about.* Now, that's really banal stuff, and to make matters worse, the music shows none of the rhythmic exuberance and high-spirited zest so characteristic of most of Cooder's work. The tune was co-written by Cooder himself which, frankly, is the only reason I can think of why it was included on the album at all.

The older material on the record doesn't fare much better. Carl Perkins' immortal tune from 1956, "Blue Suede Shoes," is given rather perfunctory treatment. Although Cooder's guitar work is typically proficient, the vocals seem forced and lack the impact of the Elvis Presley hit. Covering famous tunes — ones that other singers have made into hits — is tricky. If you're going to do a cover, you've either got to top the original (a rarity) or do a version in an entirely different way, one that opens up new facets of the song for the listener. Cooder has achieved this in the past — for example, check out his brilliant and novel version of Presley's "Little Sister" on

Bop Till You Drop. But **The Slide Area** contains no such jewels.

A final criticism is that the material, which is undistinguished at best, is made weaker by being spread too thin. The album contains only four cuts per side, which means Cooder must stretch out several tunes far beyond their ability to sustain interest. In short, this album will disappoint all but the most dedicated fans, and even they are likely to admit that this release falls short of Cooder's best work.

Nonetheless, Ry Cooder remains one of today's most talented, original, and versatile musicians. And in that context, it's a lot easier to forgive an uninspired album like this one, secure in the knowledge that better things will come.



Over There: The Blasters:

The story of the Blasters and their phenomenal rise to success and fame was chronicled in this column not long ago, so this review will be brief. Basically, **Over There**, while an interesting appetizer, is little more than a cock-tease, designed to keep the public panting in anticipation of the group's next full-length blockbuster. Be that as it may, this album is not altogether satisfying.

First of all, let's make it clear that this is no ordinary LP. Not at all. It's a 12-inch EP (specially-priced, by the way) bearing a total of only six songs. These represent a decent cross-section of the Blaster's material, but it's hardly the follow-up to their dynamite debut album that the fans expected. This is a live disc recorded in London this summer, and the material was originally intended only for broadcast over the

BBC. While any Blasters fan can be grateful that Warner Brothers decided to release this record, it really doesn't come across as a good live recording: the crowd's reaction is distant and thin, and the general electricity that a live album must generate just doesn't happen.

There's nothing wrong with **Over There**, mind you — at least, it's not what you could call a bad album. It's a decent — if disappointingly brief — showcase for one of the best rocking bands in the country. Side A contains the old Jerry Lee Lewis chestnut, "High School Confidential," a traditional-sounding '50s rocker, "Rock Boppin' Baby," and "Keep A-Knockin'," a frenetic, cooking version of the Little Richard oldie featuring the shit-scattering, dynamite sax work of Lee Allen and Steve Berlin.

Side B is essentially undistinguished, featuring "I Don't Want To," "Go, Go, Go," and "Roll 'Em Pete," the latter being a vintage Big Joe Turner tune reworked by the group into a high-speed rocker. Like the album as a whole, this song isn't all that interesting, but I should mention the great piano work of Gene Taylor. Still, nothing quite comes together to salvage this basically lackluster album.

The Blasters continue to be one of the hottest properties on the rock circuit, but they have a reputation to live up to, and **Over There** doesn't quite make it.



Bad To The Bone/George Thorogood and the Destroyers: Well, what could you expect from George and the boys but more of the same? *Continued on page 110*

Rotten Saturday

By Mountin' Laurel

It was a rotten Saturday morning. My ol' man, Flash, was out on a run with his bros. I hadn't been invited. Just before he kicked over his scooter, he'd yelled out that since I didn't have anything to do that weekend, I should clean up the crap in the shack we lived in and he'd see me, maybe, on Sunday. Bastard.

I thought about calling in some guys to party, but that's all I did, just thought about it. Flash isn't one to share his ol' lady. Partying with strange dudes is dangerous to my health where Flash is concerned. Instead, I called up Rhonda and we spent the night doing beer and reds.

Like I said, it wasn't much of a Saturday morning after sleeping lonely and waking up hungover. I was hardly into my first cup of coffee when the Bitch started up. She's Flash's dog, part doberman, part St. Bernard. (Flash was always sorry he wasn't there to see the conception.) Bitch was in her time and horny as hell, and she wasn't being backward about letting the world know about it. I sympathized with her, but I didn't do any barking along of my own.

With the Bitch making all that noise, it wasn't long before one of our ratsucker neighbors called the cops. I about shit when I saw the squad car pull up. Then I remembered that Flash had taken most of our stash with him on the run and Rhonda and I had finished off what he'd left.

The cop who came to the door was young, blond, and so clean-cut it almost hurt to look at him. He knocked on the screen door and I dragged over to it and opened it up to talk.

I don't know what that cop expected, but it sure wasn't a sweet young thing like me in extra-short cutoffs and a tight Harley-Davidson halter with two pretty nipples sitting up and saying "Good morning."

His eyes bugged and his baby face started to do a slow burn. Even on a bad Saturday morning, I must have been pretty good to look at. The cop's partner, a hardass by the look of him, got out of the car and sauntered up to get an unobstructed eyeful.

Officer Cleancut cleared his throat a time or two before he could talk. Finally, he began, "Uh, miss, we got a barkin' dog complaint from one of your neighbors. Now I can see what the problem is here. You see, miss, your dog is suffering from being in heat."

Tell me something I don't know, asshole, I thought. I went along with him, though, craning out to look at Bitch in the side yard, treating him and his partner to a cheap show. I gave the cop my best dumb broad look, all goggle-eyed and innocent. "Why, no, she's not in heat, officer," I cooed. "She's sitting right there in the cool shade of that tree."

"Uh, no, miss, you don't understand." He blushed again and cleared his throat. "What I mean is, your dog should have bred."

I let my eyes get bigger and even dumber. "Why, officer, I'm surprised at you. We'd never feed our dog bread. We feed her Alpo and I gave her a can of it just this morning."

It almost killed him. Not his partner, though. The old hardass was standing right next to us by then and he chimed in with, "Lady, what my partner is trying to say is that your dog needs to get fucked."

I thought about that for a second and then gave him my best airhead smile. "Oh, I understand now." I said. "Well, officer, you go right ahead. I always wanted a police dog."

I turned away and let the screen door bang behind me.

Maybe it wasn't such a bad Saturday morning after all ■



PHIL MANN



By David Boyce

An inquisitive Englishman took a careful step inside the open garage, away from the steady drizzle outside, and eyed a low, black, nasty-looking Harley-Davidson being tended by two guys who were working like madmen. They had just finished a frame modification to accommodate new motor mounts. In the far corner, a similar Harley rested on a side-stand apparently not in need of attention

and looking out of place in an environment in which everything else appeared to be broken. The inside of the garage looked like a junkyard recently rearranged by a heavy-duty bomb. The floor was covered with motor parts; random piles of unidentifiable metal things glinted in the semi-darkness. In one of the few clear spaces, away from the work area, was a streamlined orange-and-black racing fairing.



HARLEYS AT THE ISLE

The Englishman spoke after seeing one of the men look up momentarily, "Say, I haven't ever heard of a Harley running at the Isle. You chaps from America?"

"Yup," said the dark-haired, bearded American, rapidly sorting through a box of bolts. "We're here from California for the Classic."

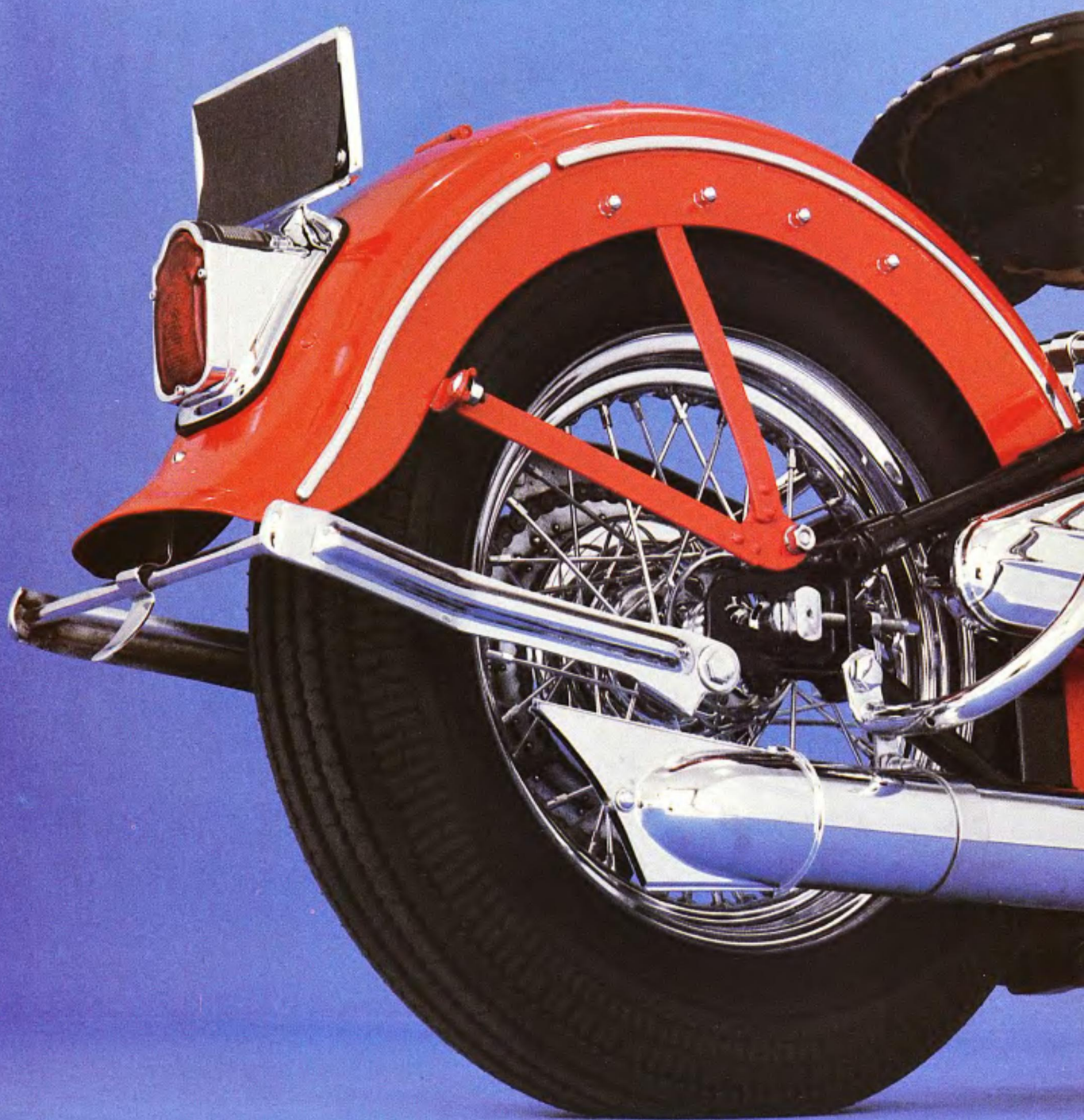
"Good show!" said the Englishman. "Must be at least a 1000cc machine you're building?"

"Yup," said the American, as he placed several bolts on a shop rag and stood up, "but this is just my cowtrailer. I broke my big motor. That one was 78 cubic inches, about 1298cc. We've had a lot of problems."

"I should say!" exclaimed the Englishman, looking around again.

"We've had to make do ever since we got here," said the American,

Continued on page 89



MASTER BUILDER

Springtime in the desert offers some of the best ridin' conditions this ol' tramp has ever encountered. The sun is a coupla months shy of bakin' every-

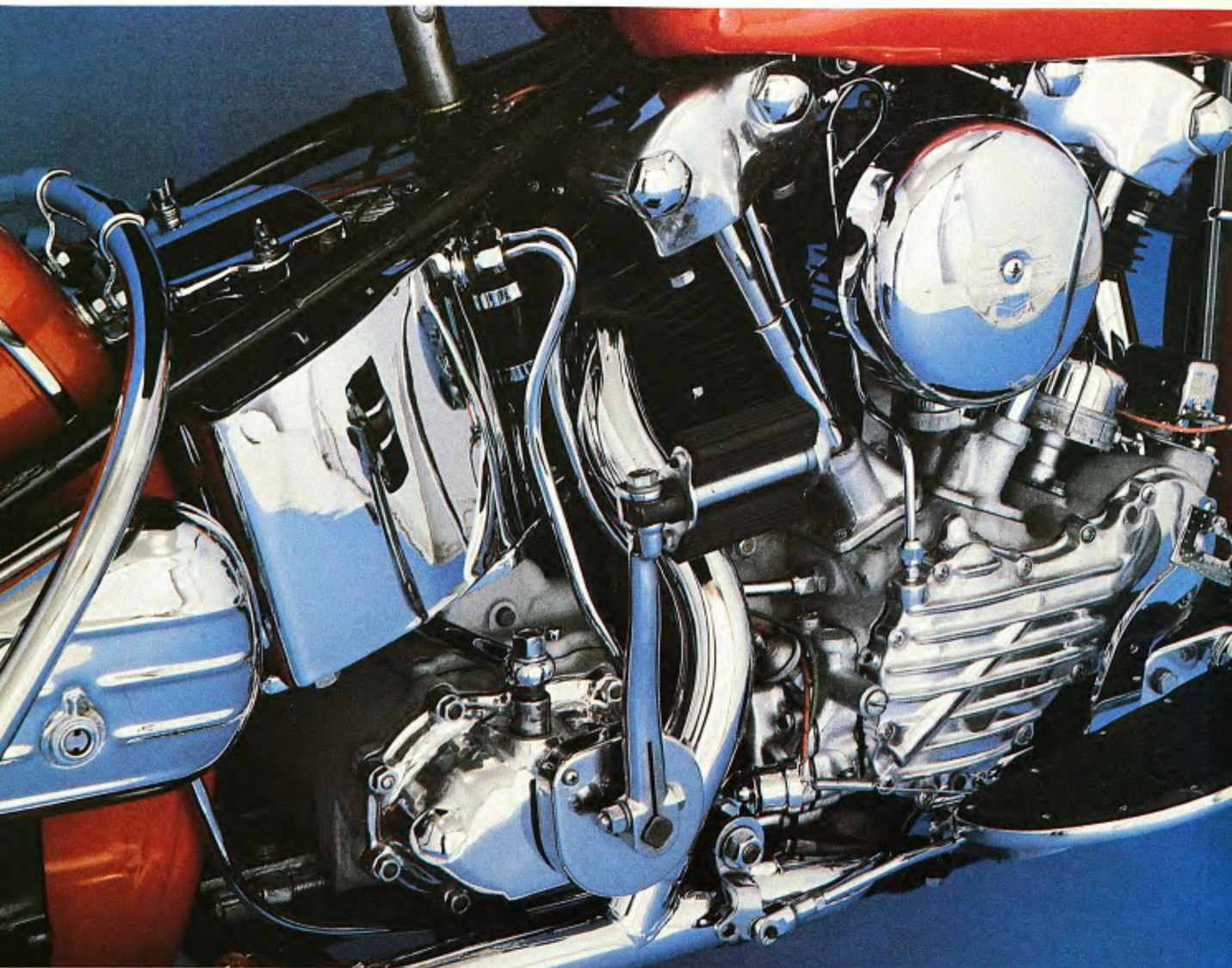


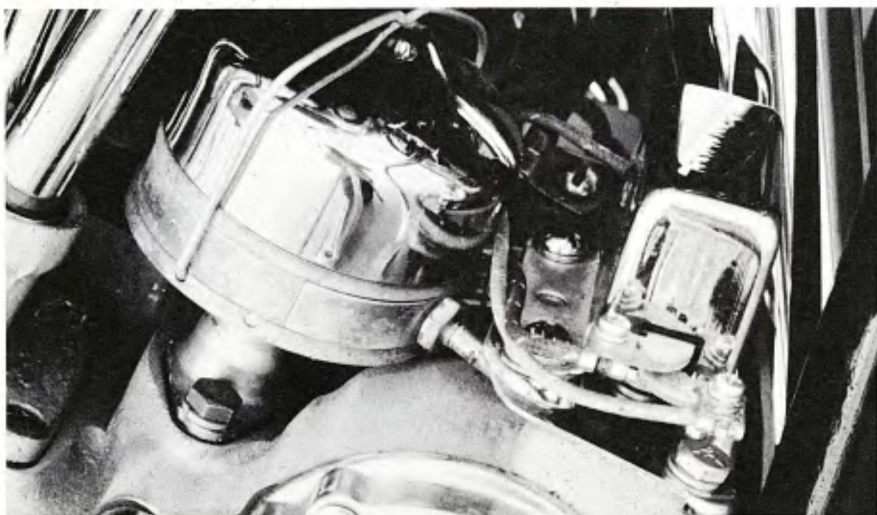
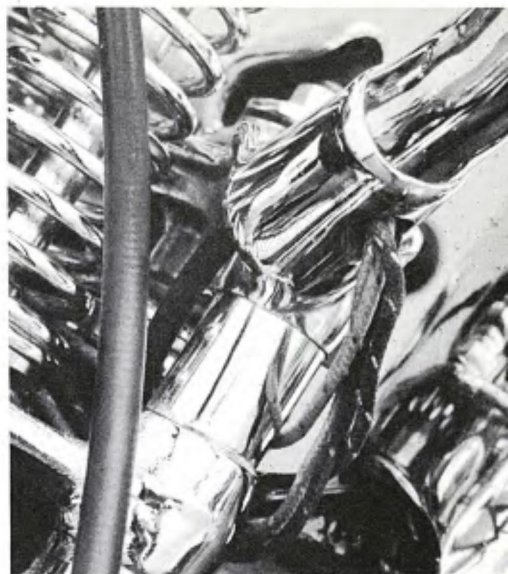
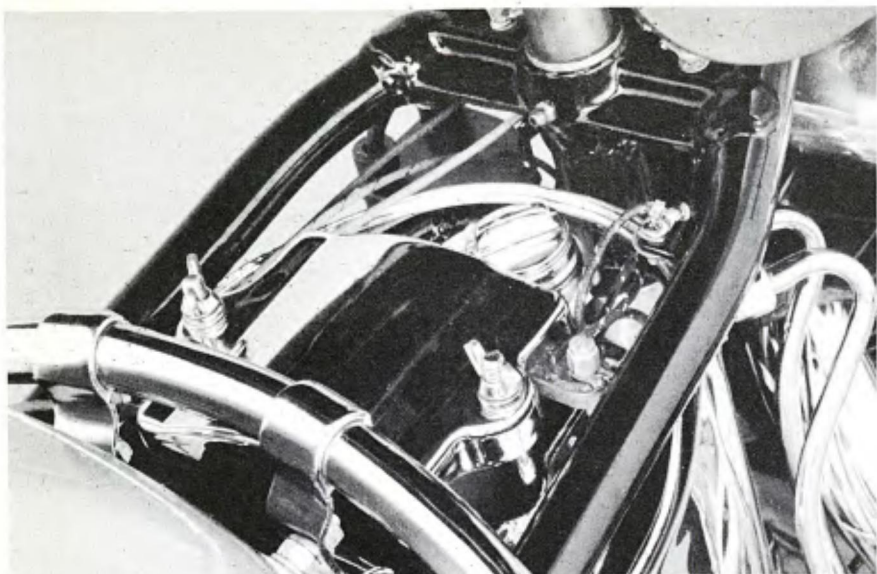
thing in sight dry and dead, the wild flowers are out, and the air is dry and exhilarating.

It was under these boss conditions that my bro Kim and I

found ourselves, one sunny day, hauling ass up the California desert's notorious Cajon Pass — notorious because many a trucker has lost both

his air brakes and his life while coming down its steep grade. We were on our way to Victorville, a small community out toward Las Vegas, to visit an





old friend, Jim Long of J&J Repair.

I first met Jim about twelve years ago when he was working out of his garage in South L.A. — actually in a laid-back part of South L.A. that we affectionately called Billy Goat Acres. Over the years Jim's road and mine had crossed often enough, and far enough from home, for me to know that this dude is no fair weather biker. Recently I'd heard that Jim and his partner had moved their shop from Phelen — another small desert town, best known to weekend dirt riders — to Victorville. Kim and I figured what the hell! It's a day made

for riding; let's check out Jim's new shop.

When we arrived in Victorville, Jim and his ol' lady Johnnie offered us a cool one and we began checking out his shop. One thing you should understand from up front is that Jim is no ordinary wrench. This man and his partner are engine *builders* — in the best sense of the word. Last summer, for example, Jim and some of his homeboys rode their precisely assembled and tuned Hogs out to Sturgis, then to Canada, then over to Washington state. Before taking the coast route back home, they toured Oregon — all with nobody sufferin'

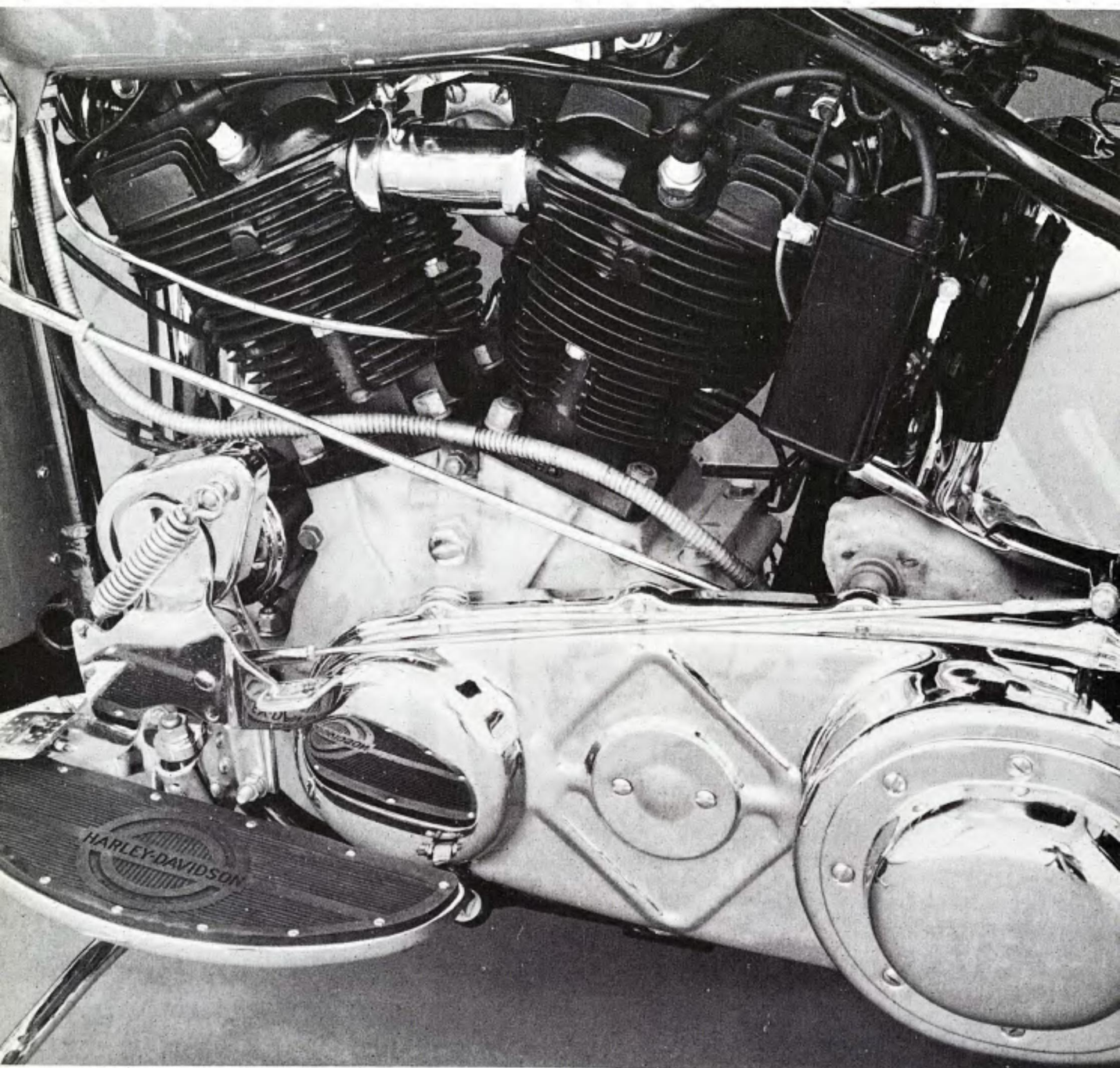
as much as a backfire.

One of the things that fascinated me about Jim's shop was that he has it jammed full of neat shit. I mean *neat* shit; the man is almost as much a pack rat as I am.

Though it isn't part of the topic of the day, I've gotta give you one example. One of the pack rat finds in Jim's garage is an old lathe that he discovered lying in a field behind a salvage place. The guy at the salvage yard said it had been there for ten years and that nobody knew how old it was. Jim paid \$250 for it and carted it home. Though he hasn't yet been able to figure its age, he did

find some brass tags on it that said it had been used in South Gate High School and that the gear box was rebuilt sometime in 1962. The lathe, believe it or not, uses the three-speed transmission from a Willys car. It's about ten feet long and has a nine-inch throw. It's so damn neat, I wish I had it. It was also a fuckin' bargain. Jim cleaned it up and replaced the motor and it's been working perfectly for twelve years.

Now that you know about his being a pack rat, it won't surprise you to learn that it took Jim five years to gather all the parts for the lean, clean restoration you see on these



Owner: Jim Long		City: Victorville, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: J&J Repair		Year: 1947	
Year and make: 1947 H-D		Builder: Harley-Davidson	
Model: knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6,500		Rake: none	
Assembly by: J&J Repair		Stretch: stock	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Hoak Brothers		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: springer	
Year: 1947		Risers: part of bars	
Model: FL		Fender(s): 1947 H-D	
Rebuilder: J&J Repair		Headlight: the right one	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: perfect		Front pegs: floor boards	
Balancing: factory specs		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: .010 over		Electrics: original wiring	
Cases: serial number 004		Gas tank: 3½-gallon	
Heads: knuckle		Oil tank: stock horseshoe	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): Linkert M35		Seat: H-D	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender straps	
Pipes: stock		Height: stock	
Muffler(s): H-D		Material: H-D steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: springer	
Year: 1947		Extension: none	
Shifting: tank shift		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: all there	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Danny/J&J Repair		Rim width: WM5	Rim width: WM5
Color: H-D Flight Red		Tire: Gdylr.	Tire: Gdylr.
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: color matched to stock '47 touch-up paint			
Other special modifications: check it out.			

pages. Jim bought the scooter from Laidlaw H-D in Rosemead, Calif. Checking into its pedigree, he discovered that it was only the fourth bike to roll off the Milwaukee assembly line in 1947, and undoubtedly was put on display at many a dealer show in places like Daytona and Las Vegas.

Jim likes the older

scooters because of their unique, classic quality. He could have restored this bike to bone stock specs, but he didn't like the black-painted rims, black oil bag, and black primary cover. He also didn't like the hassle of the primary chain. So he personalized it with a belt drive and lots of chrome to set off the fine, deep paint job. He

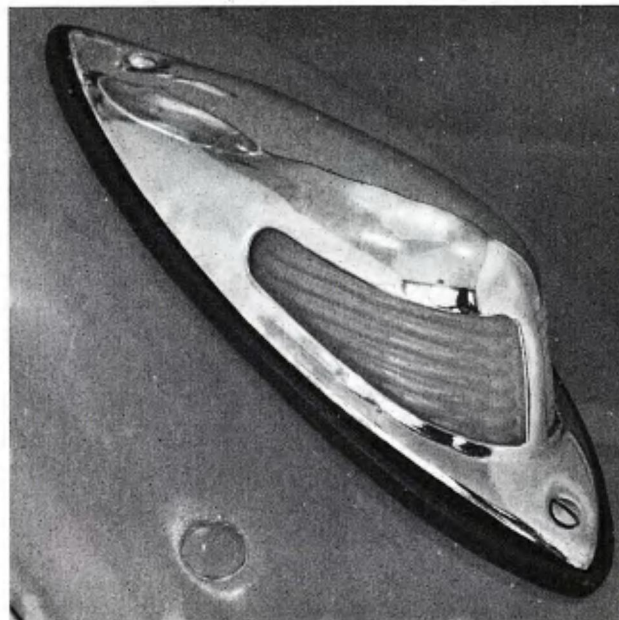
also tried one of those state-of-the-art diode regulators hooked up to the electrical system; but it only lasted 5,000 miles, so he went back to the stock Delco relay.

Though this bike is currently his favorite, Jim has to look down the road to maybe sell it. After all, business is business. Besides, Jim never has

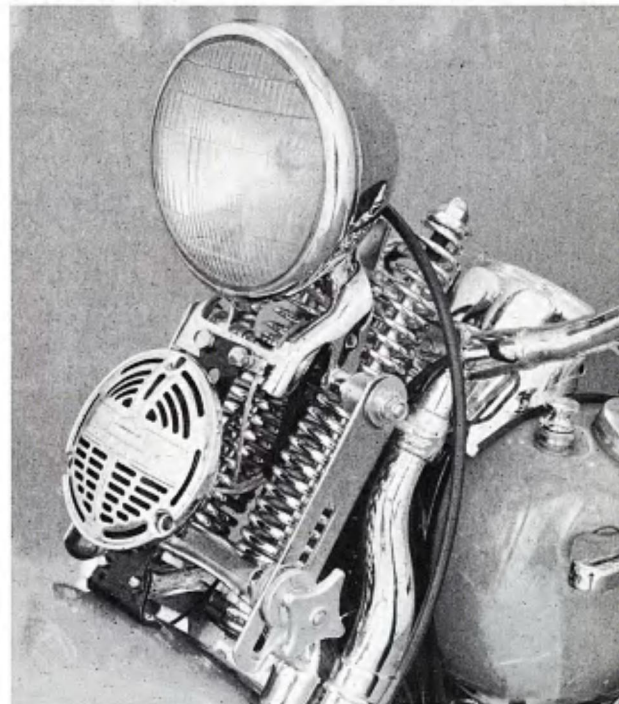
to worry about being without a scooter. He always has a few project bikes he's working on — like a rigid frame 100-plus inch stroker he's building now.

What the hell, when you've been building bikes for 22 years it's real hard to stop. Besides, Jim just plain doesn't want to do anything else.

—Rip



Photos by Pete Chiodo





A Job Well Done

Had ya woken up, looked around, and decided ya were in Harley Heaven, nobody would've thought ya crazy. Over 3,500 bikes and 5,000 brothers and sisters gathered in one place that wasn't either Daytona or Sturgis.

And what drew all those partyin' tramps to Long Island, New York, at one time was the chance to get down and celebrate a job well done — the chance for a dude to pat his bros on the back and say, "Well, we did it again."

The reason for all the good vibes was the Annual Fall Picnic and Motorcycle Rally, held to celebrate another successful year of raisin' money for the down and needy of their own home turf. This is the third year that East Coast bikers have staged a series of runs — known

locally as the "Billy Joel Charity Begins At Home" runs after the Harley-ridin' rock star who had the idea — to benefit needy families and kids in the Long Island area. So far the three runs each year have raised over \$30,000 for local charities and that, organizers point out with righteous pride, is 98 percent of all the money taken in on the runs; meaning just about everybody contributes, from the T-shirt sellers to the food vendors.

Anyway, the last run of '82 was designated an appreciation party for all those who had worked on the earlier runs. And, as ya all know, there ain't nobody that appreciates a party as much as a biker. Make it 5,000 bikers and the level of appreciation (and partyin') increases by 20,000

percent. (Or didn'tcha know that one biker parties as hard as four ordinary mortals?)

Hey, the pictures tell the tale, so I'm not gonna waste any more space, except to give our thanks to a few dudes without whom the whole shot would have been impossible: John Carrecia, Billy Eves, and Jim and Bob Loscalzo.

Oh, yeah, an' one other thing I oughtta tell ya; they couldn't award the annual \$500 Miss Salvage Queen prize to any one chick this year; they had to split the bread up a buncha ways 'cause the crowd couldn't decide on a winner. And, if ya can't figure out why that was from scopin' the cuties in the pictures, you might as well go back to sleep for twenty-five years or so.

— Road Rash





Photos by Wizard





Biker's Son

by Little Rats

My daddy's got a ponytail,
and he rides me on his bike.
Folks 'round here don't go for us,
but who cares what they like?
Dad's ponytail, it floats out free,
it floats back in the breeze.
It hits my face and tickles me,
and sometimes makes me sneeze.
Dad's tattoo is black and blue,
and printed 'cross his chest.
It's an eagle with some letters,
that spell what he likes best.

His Christian name is William,
but they call him Crazy Charlie.
And it's him and me against the world,
when we're riding on his Harley.
Who cares about the citizens?
Who cares what they like?
My dad has got a ponytail,
and he rides me on his bike.
It's me and him against the world,
no matter what they say.
And I'll have my own ponytail,
a bike and a son someday.

Easy Rider sequel planned

Captain America back in the wind

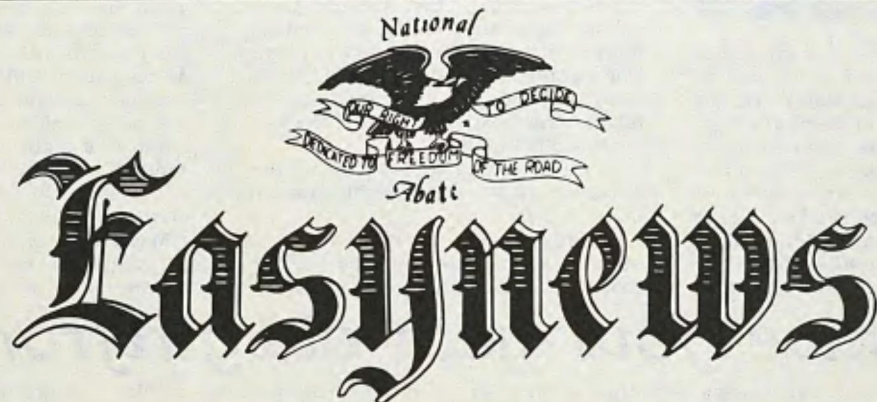
Don't hold your breath waiting to see it on the screen, but *Rolling Stone* magazine reports that Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper are preparing to reprise their roles as Captain America and Billy in a sequel to the movie "Easy Rider" titled "Biker Heaven."

According to director and co-writer Michael O'Donoghue, of *National Lampoon* and "Saturday Night Live" fame, the folks behind the sequel are hip to some of the problems involved in the project. "Needless to say," O'Donoghue told *Rolling Stone*, "when you have

According to Fonda, co-star Hopper is "real up for it. I can't wait to see if he rides with his feet on the ground or if he puts 'em up on the pegs."

Fonda professes equal

enthusiasm for the project. "We're gonna come down from biker heaven and capture the flag," he says. "I have a feeling that it could be a good thing, and I could have fun doing it, which is the number-one thing — number two being money."



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

British bros under attack

Britain's Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, the group most responsible for inflicting mandatory helmet laws on British bikers, has begun a campaign to pass both a mandatory "lights on" law and a law that would require riders of smaller bikes to "make themselves conspicuous by wearing fluorescent jackets."

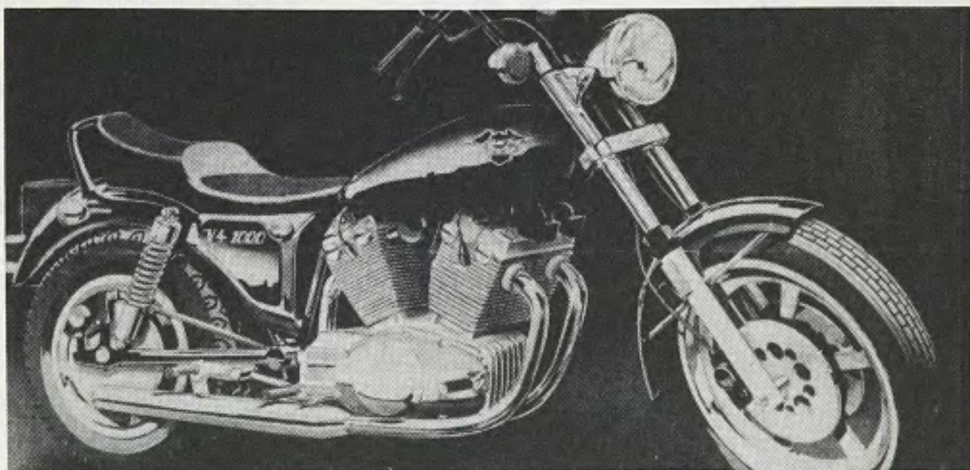
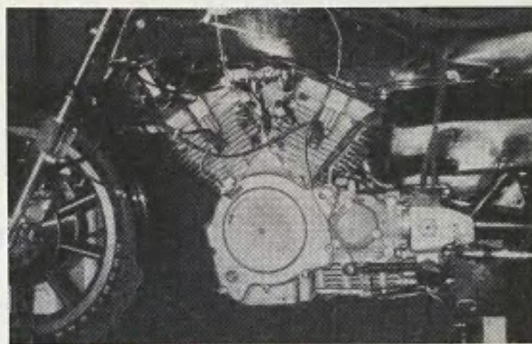
Responding, Motorcycle Action Group leader George Smith said: "As we have persistently warned there will be no end to the avalanche of legislation aimed at bikers. Repeatedly we have been ridiculed for spreading so-called alarmist propaganda about the possibility of such measures being introduced. The speed with which events are moving on the legislative front is astonishing even to the people in MAG who forecast it."

"What appears as a zany notion one day turns into a concrete proposal the next and a law very soon after. After the shock of the helmet law back in 1973, we have been living on borrowed time.

"I do draw some satisfaction from the knowledge that some of our critics must be eating their words."

German mag blows whistle on H-D's Porsche-engined scoot

ACHTUNG — Harley-Davidson has been, to say the least, playing its Porsche cards close to the vest. Rumors of a Harley powered by a V-4 engine built by the German carmaker have been repeatedly denied by H-D, even though one has been seen testing at Talladega. Apparently, however, Harley's German operatives are not as discreet as their American counterparts. This artist's rendition of the Harley-Porsche recently appeared in the German magazine *Motorrad* along with photographs of the engine installed in several different Harley frames.





SANTA'S SCOOTER — For over five years, thrice-decorated WWII veteran Glenn Hammond has delighted the children of members of the 512th Engineer Battalion of the Ohio National Guard by saddling up his '57 Hog and giving Santa Claus — and a sidehack full of toys — a lift to the Battalion's annual Christmas dinner. Hammond's son, Capt. Glen C. Hammond III, commands the Cincinnati-based battalion.

Cager turns motorcycle into new hood ornament

"All I know is, I saw two lights coming and then the next thing I feel is a bump and I'm looking straight up in the air," biker Richard Maye, 21, told the Columbus, Ohio, police after picking himself up off the Interstate, trying to find his bike, and finally giving up and heading for a phone.

The cops were glad to hear from Maye for two reasons. One, because they'd already found his bike sticking out of a Ford Pinto's radiator grill in a driveway. The second reason they were glad to hear from Maye was that they could then call off the ground and air search they had launched to find him.

As the story was later pieced together, Maye was hit by the Pinto while traveling down I-270.

According to a witness who turned up shortly after Maye reported in, "The motorcycle was in the left lane in front of

the car. I saw the front end of the motorcycle fly up in the air on impact and the car just continued west."

The car continued, in fact, until driver Harry Wotring reached home. Wotring pulled into his driveway and parked. Police, stopping to examine the Pinto's unique hood ornament, found him still sitting behind the steering wheel, unwilling or unable to talk.

After following a trail of oil for about a mile down the road, troopers interrogated Wotring again. This time he admitted he "might" have hit a bike.

A police helicopter unit and a large number of state patrol units began to comb the highway for what officers assumed would be the rapidly chilling mortal remains of the rider.

Maye, however, who was very alive and only slightly bruised, had already given up his search for the bike and walked away.

Biker saves four-year-old girl from cage

Several months ago we ran an item about a poker run in Perth, Canada, that had come to a tragic end when some redneck in a cage ran over a line of 18 bikes outside a local bar.

Well, one of the bikers who lost his scooter outside that bar recently had another experience with a crazed cager — an experience potentially even more tragic than the one outside that Perth bar.

Ken Carson, 30, was watching a local parade when a car following behind the procession went careening into a crowd of about a hundred

people standing at an intersection. Among the first hit by the car was 4-year-old Amy Nighbor, whose stroller was trapped under the left-front wheel of the car. As the car kept rolling down the sidewalk, Carson jumped on it waving his arms and blocking the driver's vision until he was forced to stop. Carson, aided by an off-duty ambulance driver also in the crowd, then grabbed the child, whose left femoral artery had been ruptured, and rushed her to a hospital.

According to the doctor who admitted her, Amy would have

bled to death without the biker's quick thinking.

Seven other people, including Amy's mother and father, were injured by the cage, and a police officer on the scene said, "I'm amazed there weren't more injuries." The cage driver was charged with criminal negligence, impaired driving, and failure to yield.

"A lot of people would likely

figure that there's no way (a biker) would do anything like that," Carson said of his action. "Maybe this will change their minds."

Maybe it will. The *Toronto Star*, at least, was honest enough to run a banner headline that said, "Quick-thinking biker saved 4-year-old tot." Now if they only remember for a while. . .

Cycle passenger sues City Hall and wins big

You can sue City Hall. Sometimes you can even win your case.

The Kansas Supreme Court has ruled that the city of Shawnee and the Kansas City Power and Light Company were negligent for not having erected left-turn signals at an intersection in which a woman biker was killed and her passenger severely injured.

Awarding the passenger,

Terese L. Schmeck, 29, \$1.75 million in damages, the court directed the city of Shawnee to pay \$831,250 of the verdict, the power company to pay \$393,750 of the verdict, and the driver of the car to pay the balance of the judgment.

Schmeck suffered severe head injuries — including partial loss of memory, eye and brain damage, and partial paralysis — in the accident.

So-called "safety helmet" strangles cyclist to death

Many so-called motorcycle safety experts aren't going to like this story, but facts are facts.

Eugene J. Hannahoe, 22, of Stony Creek Mills, Pa., was found dead on his bike in a driveway about 3 a.m. recently, his left handlebar wedged underneath the back of his "safety" helmet.

According to Berks County Coroner Michael Feeney, Hannahoe must have been coasting into the driveway when he ducked to avoid a low-hanging tree branch. Feeney speculates that the rider lost his balance and, as he started to fall, caught his helmet on the handlebar, causing the lid's chin strap to strangle him to death.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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



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

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

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

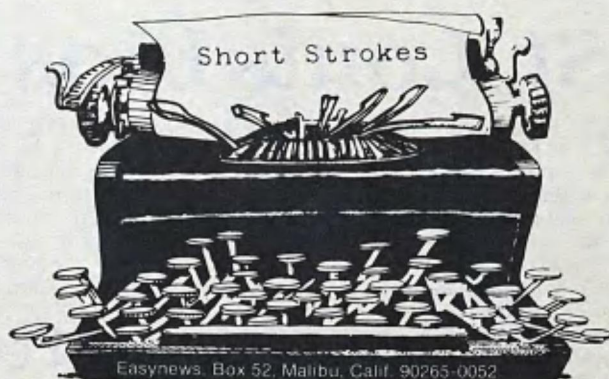
- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
- ☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
- ☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

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
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	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes		Yes ³	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes		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	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No



A study published in the *American Journal of Public Health* shows "no statistically significant difference" between the motorcycle accident rate in states with 24-hour headlight laws and those without. . . Kentucky Governor John Y. Brown sold his two Japanese bikes and themed his re-election campaign around the song, "If You Are Hungry, Eat An Import."

Michigan State Police nailed about 70 bareheaded bikers heading to a helmet protest. . . The Vietnam Vets MC are looking for new members. If you served in Vietnam, are interested in vets' issues, and ride a bike, you can contact 'em by writing V.N.V. MC, Box 31633, Aurora, Colo. 80041. . . 309 rookie cops in New York City recently flunked their hazardous driving tests. . . A Motorcycle Trade Show and Extravaganza will be held in Wichita, Kansas, March 25, 26, and 27. For the scoop contact the Drifters MC, 1257 Greenwood, Wichita, Kansas 67211. . .

France has come up with a unique approach to the "But, Officer, I didn't see the biker" problem. Under a new law, the driver of any cage that collides with a cycle, a pedestrian, or a bicycle will be legally considered at fault. The one exception is for circumstances beyond the driver's control, such as a vehicle losing its brakes and rolling backwards down a hill.

The Motorcycle Action Group, a British organization similar to ABATE, would like to set up an international exchange of news and info with groups working to oppose restrictive bike laws anywhere in the world. If interested, contact Dave Holloway, 68 Ashby Road, Bicester, Oxon, OX68LB, England.

At the request of Harley-Davidson, the Department of Transportation has finally begun to consider amending federal law to allow the use of "modulating" bike headlights in all 50 states. . . Reversing a long-time trend, Harley-Davidson, in one recent month, sold more over-750 bikes than anyone else. It happened in West Australia, however, where Harley had 18 new sales and registrations while runner-up Suzuki had 12.

The Michigan Supreme Court has overturned a lower court ruling declaring radar detectors illegal. . . And finally, UCLA researchers have developed a breathalyzer for pot. Add that to the booze-testing equipment, sound meters, radar guns, and other shit they have cops toting around these days, and the average highway patrolman begins to resemble a hardware peddler more than he does a lawman.

Spread the news

Maybe you've never noticed our motto, "If it's of interest to bikers we'll print it." If you haven't, stop and think about it for a minute. There's probably lots of stuff "of interest to bikers" goin' on near you. Why not share that news with your bros? Send clips of newspaper and magazine stories about our lifestyle to Easynews Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

St. Louis bros enjoy Bevo Day

St. Louis's winning the 1982 World Series was only the third most exciting thing to happen in the Gateway City last year. The first, of course, was the decision to allow bikes back into the city's parks. The second was Bevo Day.

Bevo Day? Yes, Bevo Day. If you're not from around Missouri, you've probably never heard of it; but it exists just the same. Held annually to benefit a non-profit foundation, Bevo Day is like a miniature Sturgis or Daytona, except that more non-bikers join in the fun.

And in case you think a one-day event can't have much in common with those two biggies, ponder this: the organizers claimed 100,000 people showed up to chug beer, pork up on German sausages, and listen to Dutch music.

According to St. Louis Police Captain Ed Harper, however, the total crowd was only 35,000, with bikers the most visible part of the crowd.

"The bikers were with their ladies,"

Harper told a local newspaper. "I use that term loosely, because they had tattoos on their breasts and stomachs."

Despite the fact that no bikers were among the party-timers Harper's officers arrested at the event, the officer still seemed annoyed by their presence. "The motorcyclists brought their own girls,

beer, cocaine, and marijuana," he said.

Of course, bikers shouldn't become too perturbed by Harper's cavalier attitude, the man obviously has some strange ideas about parties in general; in recommending that beer sales at the next Bevo Day be shut off at 7 p.m., he noted that, "The good people don't drink past seven."

You don't say?

"What you get from riding a Harley is involvement. . . the thing kind of reaches up with all that shake, thunder, fire, and smoke belching from American iron forged deep in the heartland; it reaches up and so help me just grabs you. No other motorcycle can do this."

— Don Fuller, *Auto Week*

Sometimes it's hard to be a woman

Remember the old Tammy Wynette hit "Stand By Your Man"? Well, if you're one of those bros who don't believe that "sometimes it's hard to be a woman" you should meet Jenny Bates of Auckland, New Zealand.

Jenny, labeled by the Auckland daily papers an irresistible target for the cops, has been pulled over so many times the front fender of her Wide Glide has the

reflection of red lights almost permanently burned into the chrome.

A member of the Highway 61 MC, Jenny has gotten stopped by the cops more times than she can count, for several reasons. For one thing, she owns one of only two or three 80-inch Hogs in all of New Zealand (they sell for more than 15 grand over there). More important, she has a little note from her doctor exempting her

from New Zealand's helmet law — seems helmets give her migraine headaches. Though New Zealand law specifically allows riders with medical exemptions to ride without lids, New Zealand cops are often unimpressed and write her up.

Just goes to show you that certain phrases, like "tell it to the judge," are the same in just about any culture, from New Zealand to New York.

Motorcyclists lasso crippled airplane

Like cowboys roping a steer, two bikers recently "lassoed" an airplane and helped it to land safely.

The nose gear of the single-engine, six-seat experimental plane refused to come down over the Johnson, Kansas, air strip, leaving the pilot, Mike Smith, literally twisting in the

changing crosswinds.

According to Smith, he had spent about 90 minutes trying to figure out a way to safely land the craft when a biker passed by, noticed the field was being readied for an emergency, and offered his assistance. The biker, and an airfield employee who also

rode a bike, soon worked out a plan. Using the ground-to-air radio to coordinate their movements, the bikers got two sturdy mechanics to pack behind them and prepared to "catch" the carbon-graphite airplane as Smith came in for his landing.

As the plane sailed over the

landing strip inches above the ground, the bikers pulled even with it and each passenger grabbed one side of the tail.

"I would keep the nose up, and the guys on the motorcycles would hold the tail down," Smith said. "I kept the plane straight and we coasted to a nice, easy stop."

California bikes may need catalytic converters

The California Air Resources Board is being asked to change a new law that would require many large street bikes to run with catalytic converters starting in the 1984 model year.

Under the new law, beginning with the 1984 models, anything over 280cc would have to meet a 1-gram-per-kilometer hydrocarbon exhaust emission standard, instead of the current 2.5-gram-per-kilometer standard.

Manufacturers and dealers fighting the law point out that:

- Meeting the standard will raise prices anywhere from \$176 to \$385 a bike.
- Manufacturers would be forced to build "California only" models different from those sold in the other 49 states.
- Aftermarket exhaust sales would be severely curtailed because of the use of

catalytic converters on new motorcycles.

- Some bike models could not be converted and would not be available in California.
- California consumers could buy their new bikes out of state — with disastrous

results for local dealers, because they would be cheaper, run better, and be available sooner.

- Catalytic converters and the unleaded fuel they require often cause misfiring and overheating.

Study proves most bros are offed by negligent automobile drivers

An Iowa study has confirmed with statistics what most bikers have long known: the preponderance of bros killed in traffic accidents die because of cage drivers' stupidity and negligence.

According to the study, fully 65 percent of all motorcycle fatalities resulting from car-bike collisions were the cage driver's fault, usually caused by his mak-

ing a left turn directly in front of the scooter or by running a stop sign.

Commenting on the study, Iowa's highway safety chief, Dennis Ehler, says, "With 86,000 motorcycles registered in Iowa, it is every motorist's responsibility not only to share the road with them, but to be especially aware of the presence of cycles on the streets and highways."

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

Too bad your early bird's a woodpecker, 'cause this month is a real can of worms. You shouldn't believe every line that's thrown out; and lighten up on some of your own, or you may reel in a boot to the butt. There's even something fishy at the pad. Could be you're using the wrong bait and the big one gets away.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Just because your balls missed the "nutcracker suite" last month, doesn't mean you won't be sweating out some high notes in the weeks ahead. Bros may be playing a tune you don't recognize and doing a dance on your dome. Time now to backtrack for hidden motives. You're in for a large dose of whodunits.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

Time to lighten up on the wacky tabacky and open up those bloodshot peepers long enough to count heads. Seems like someone has muscled into your territory before you could take notice. Slow down, let off steam before you blow the lid off and are left stewing in your own juices — with only one meatball in the pot!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

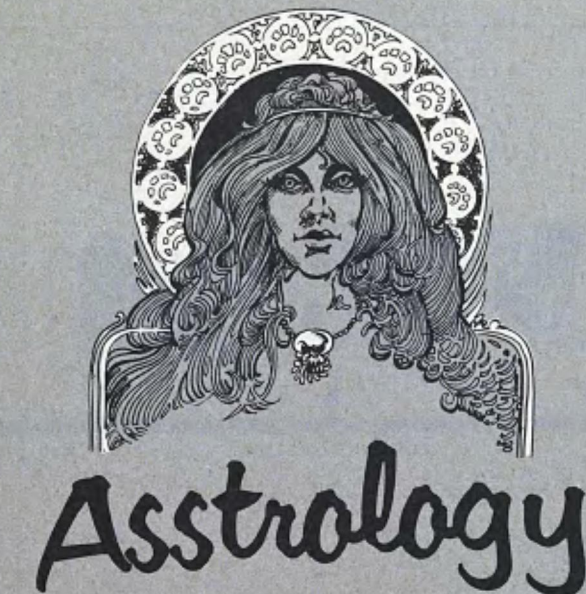
It's time to take action on your mental motion while it's in high gear. Remember, he who hesitates (loses his hard-on), hinders his chances. Let your meat loaf long enough to get outta hot soup and into some green. Some of you will even get your just deserts before the main meal. Dig in with both hands and enjoy.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

Looks like your hemorrhoids are flapping in the wind and you're painting the town black and blue. Your balls are in an uproar over financial fuck-ups. If a tight snatch seems too good to be true — it is! Later on, when you drop your drawers and drip, don't say I didn't warn you. It's not always good to the last drop!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Be careful you don't spread yourself too thin or jump the gun. Toward the end of the month you'll need to call in the reserves (or at least a couple of tight partners) to help you over the hump. After that, it's



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Pisces

Pisces are so sensitive. They are extremely responsive to the thoughts and feelings of others. They unconsciously absorb the ideas and mental outlook, especially their problems, of tight partners. They seldom have strong willpower and are easily influenced, which is where most of their problems start. They find it hard to say no.

Pisces are artistic and highly imaginative and can easily channel their mental energy through creative ventures. In fact, if Pisces were a tad more practical, they would have the world by the balls, instead of the reverse.

The reality of the shitty side of life is too much for Pisces, which is why they are prone to drug addiction and alcoholism. They should be very careful in this area.

Pisces are easily sidetracked, so don't expect 'em to be punctual, or always show up. Never send a Pisces after that

second sixpack — unless you're a camel! Oh, he'll get it all right, but he may go to three parties in between. Don't blame Pisces, he has good intentions.

Don't tease Pisces or he'll become depressed and hide in the closet and eat the soles off your shoes. Pisces take everything personally. So even if a booger is hanging out his nose, or his dandruff looks like a snow storm — don't tell him!

Pisces are susceptible to liver problems, bad blood, and bunions. As they get older they often develop curly red hairs on the soles of their feet and enjoy sleeping with snails stuck to their ass cheeks. Otherwise, they are usually quite healthy.

Some famous Pisces are: Buffalo Bill, Peter Fonda, George Harrison, Johnny Cash, Jackie Gleason, Albert Einstein, Jean Harlow, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Duncan, Patty Hearst, and your local drug connection.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

You could be biting off more than you can chew, and your patience is about as thin as a

hooker's douche bag. Right now you might have to swallow your pride and put your horny hons in your pocket. It could either be humble pie or ass-kicking time — it all depends on the odds. Add a little cream — it helps!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

If you can't get that fishy smell off your moustache (fingers?), it could be you're doin' too much mattress calisthenics and it's rubbin' you the wrong way. Maybe you need to stop and refill or just plain give your worm a well-needed rest. Otherwise, you'll end up with retreads on your horn and a set of rubber balls.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Poor you, your ego is about as flat as a set of summer nuts and just as low. Cheer up, this month will have you up and standing at attention (or getting it). Park your pork on your putt and point it at some party time. Someone influential drops a goodie on you. It's a matter of being in the right place at the right time.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

There's a little magic in your life now. It's the old disappearing money act — with a new twist. Hard come, easy go, but you have a lotta help shakin' you down. This month pussy power aces you out of some green by some underhanded methods. Remember, what you see is not always what you get.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Too bad, but the only support you get now is a crusty jock strap left over from your last run. It's time to lighten up on throwing your meat around and use that muscle between your ears. Nobody else is gonna bail your buns out this one. Take care of biz before you head out and flap your balls flat in the wind.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Happy birthday and all that bullshit! Time to get crazy, try something new, put your wee-wee in a can of worms or poke Vicks up your ass (depending on whether you want to get off slow or fast). Give yourself an enema with Jack Daniel's or have your longest turd bronzed. (Don't forget to eat corn for that certain intimate touch.) Enjoy!

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.



"What's all this talk I've been hearing lately about edible panties? Hell, I've been eating 'em for years."

On Halloween night, the parents of a beautiful blond-haired, blue-eyed girl dressed her up in an angel costume. The sweet girl went to a few houses and then arrived at Tiny and his ol' lady's place. They could not get over how darling she looked. Tiny told the little girl that she looked like a real angel sent down from Heaven. Then he took an apple and dropped it into her bag. She looked up at Tiny and said, "You broke my fuckin' cookies."

—Angel Ogden, Utah

When asked for his definition of a lap dog, a bro recently replied, "It's an ugly ol' lady who gives head."

—R. Rather Kern City, Tex.

Ascooter tramp's ol' lady bet some bros she could pee higher on the wall than they could. Hoisting her skirt, she made her mark.

Just as the confident bros were about to go higher, she said, "Uh-uh, no hands."

—Lon Peters Long Branch, N.J.

The town was in an uproar. An inmate of the local mental hospital had escaped and raped two women. Everybody was horrified.

Late that afternoon, the local newspaper's headline ran: "Nut Bolts And Screws."

—Kickstand Lexington, Mo.

Two merchants were talking. One asked, "How do you sell so many lawnmowers?"

"Well," replied the other one, "when someone asks for a bag of grass seed, I mention that when the grass grows he'll need a lawnmower."

The first man vowed to give it a try. A short time later a woman entered the store and asked for a box of tampons. Returning with the box, the proprietor asked her if she might also be interested in a lawnmower.

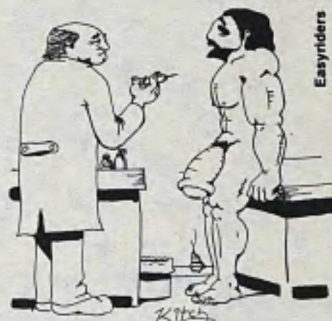
"Why would I need a lawnmower?" the woman inquired.

"Well," the store owner told her, "since you can't fuck, you might as well cut the grass!"

—Al Baker Carthage, Mo.

The Biker's Dictionary defines fuck off as when two girls are tied for first place in a beauty contest.

—Quick Ruby St. Louis, Mo.



"Ya don't unnerstan', Doc. I wanna keep the poison oak for a coupla months."

The young wannabe and his girl got busted in the back seat by a nosy cop. But after seeing what she looked like, instead of arresting them, he tells the wannabe, "I'm next!"

The wannabe starts stammering and then says, "Well, hell, I ain't never done it to a cop before."

—Jeff Madison Mercer, Pa.



"Your performance on the open road always exceeds your performance in the bedroom."



"Let me put it this way: if the scabs fall off before your pecker does, you're gonna be okay."

Easyriders

Two bros were in the bar washroom taking a piss. The first man's piss was going straight down and the second one's was going up in the air and then down. The first guy looked over at the second and said, "You're drinking that light beer again!"

—Collegiate
Black Hills, S.D.

Dirty Junior, the biker's son, caught his old man pouring it to his mom.

"Wadda ya doin'?" asked the boy.

"Uh, I'm filling your mother's tank," his old man replied.

"Oh, yeah?" Junior replied. "Well, then you'd better check her for leaks 'cause the mailman already filled her this morning."

—Dave McKeon
Jessup, Md.

A biker walked into a restaurant and ordered a bowl of chicken noodle soup. After receiving his order, he started yelling crazily. The waitress asked what his problem was, and the pissed-off biker yelled, "There's a hair in my soup, and I'm not going to pay for this crap!"

So the dude walked out and headed across the street to a whorehouse. The waitress followed the man and asked the madam if she could watch and see what he was doing. As she peeked through the door, she saw the biker eating out the whore. The waitress charged in and screamed, "You son of a bitch! You wouldn't eat your soup because it had a hair in it, and now look at you!"

The biker pulled his head up and replied, "And I'll tell you another thing. If I find a noodle in here, I ain't paying for this either."

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

Batman met Superman on the street one day and noticed that his clothes were torn and that he was all bruised. When asked what happened, Superman replied, "I was flying over the city and spotted Batwoman lying naked, sunbathing on her rooftop. I didn't want to miss this opportunity, so I whipped it out, flew down, and landed between her legs."

"Was she surprised?" Batman asked.

"Not half as surprised as the Invisible Man!"

—Pat Greggs
Nevada, Iowa

What do you get when you mix a rooster and a telephone pole? A 37-foot cock that wants to reach out and touch someone!

—Miss P
Malibu, Calif.



"I'm a vegetarian. . . I don't eat meat!"

Easyriders

I know a bro who's got an ol' lady just like a 7-11. She's open all night, everything's hot to go, and for 35¢ you get a slurpee.

—Ed McBain
Batavia, Ohio

Did you hear about the bro who got married and showed up at his favorite fishing spot on his wedding night?

His buddy said, "What the hell are you doing here tonight? You just got married. You should be home screwing your ol' lady!"

"Well, I just can't. She has gonorrhea."

"No big deal," his buddy said. "Just roll her over."

"I can't. She has diarrhea."

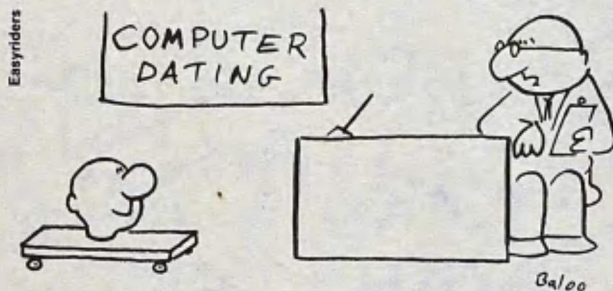
"Wow!" his buddy exclaimed. "Well, then, have her give you some head."

"I can't even do that! She has pyorrhea!"

"Damn, man," his buddy cried, "what did you marry that broad for anyway?"

"Well, she has worms, too, and I love to fish!"

—Mike Freeman
La Porte, Tex.



"You say oral sex is a must?"

Easyriders

The biker rode his scooter into the parlor of the whorehouse and demanded the toughest whore the madam had. The madam said, "She's right upstairs, for only fifty bucks."

The biker laid down the cash, grabbed a sixpack off his bike, and sprinted up the stairs. He opened the door and saw a beautiful but rather husky chick standing completely naked. She took one look at him and bent over, offering her ass to him. The biker said, "Hey, look, woman, I'm a horny bastard, but I don't go in for this butt fucking."

"Who said anything about butt fucking?" the whore replied. "I thought you'd want to open a couple of those beers."

—B. Boehm
Beaver Dams, N.Y.

The speed limit for a woman having sex is 68. If she's doing 69, she's blowing a rod.

—Jim Brandt
Visalia, Calif.

What do you get when you cross a turtle and a cat? A snapping pussy!

—Nikki Jo
Delphi, Ind.

How did the rubber get across the road? It got pissed off!

—Brad Ford
Wood River, Neb.



"You know I hate to complain, but really, Martha, you just don't seem to show much interest."

Easyriders

It Has Its Benefits

Be honest with me now. I hear that your stinking cunt smells so fucking bad that the rotten odor of it kills people, dogs, cats, cops, and rent collectors. I heard it even melted the paint off Spider's scooter once. How do you stand it?

Curious Bob
McConnelsville, Ohio

- It keeps the fleas away from Rufus.

Conversation

Where the hell do you get off thinking that you've got the best pussy and give the best head in the world?

You're always braggin' that you could make any man happy. Bullshit. I've been from the East Coast to the West Coast, from Canada to Mexico, and I've had me plenty of women. The best I've ever had I still got, and I doubt if there's any better. She gives the best head, and she don't go around braggin' how good she is.

Why, she even gets mad if I brag about her. Hell, there ain't no way you could be better than her. If you was, you'd be my ol' lady, but you ain't. I guess you're second rate, huh? Not only that, but you must be gettin' pretty old.

Spanky
Bunn, N.C.

- Maybe yer ol' lady doesn't go around bragging much. But then, who ever heard a cow talk?

A Cool Pool

Would you be my main course?

After I got done eating the hair from your pits, sucking the warts off your ass, and chewing the corns off your feet, I would love to dive into that mean, green, maneatin' machine you call a pussy. What do you say to that, you fine-lookin' bitch, you?

Bruno
Elkhart, Ind.

- Like they say in that great old song, "Rye Whiskey," if ya dive to the bottom, you'll never come up.

Time Files

I grabbed a girl I thought was you off the street and took her to a sleazy motel. I greased her up with butter, put her under a heat lamp, and sucked on her asshole till her hair fell out.

I turned her around and worked her from behind. I made her bark like a dog, moo like a cow, and bah like a sheep. I fist fucked her with my brass knuckles on, and snorted her clit up my nose while I swabbed her pussy with my face. I plucked her hairy legs with my teeth, and degreased her armpits with my tongue.

Two days later I woke up with rugburn and a hernia. Beside the bed was a note that said "Thanks, Martha." Talk about bein' fucked.

Cockroach
Soledad, Calif.

- If it'd been me, you would not have woken up for at least two weeks.

Don't Blame Me

Who the fuck do you think you are fuckin' with?

My ol' man is fallin' in love

with you. You may think livin' with a dude for 18 years is all peaches and cream, but you'd be damn wrong. I've never had any trouble with him fuckin' around before you, you scuzzy bitch.

Shit, I've been letting myself go, and I am beginning to stink and look like you. I've been cleaning his Harley every day. Now, just when I thought things were getting better, he put a Mutha patch on his vest.

Listen, you sleazy old broad, if you don't stay away from my ol' man, I will rip a piece of your ugly ass off and feed it to my shiteater. I really mean it.

Jean
Lancaster, Ohio

- Don't blame me just because your shiteater finally came down with a case of the smarts.

Who Cares?

I got an extra-large crank, and, because of that, I frequently get involved in some unusual situations.

For example, I was lying around with my ol' lady a while back and she stuck my crank up my asshole while it was at half bower. To both our surprise, it immediately got hard and refused to slip back out.

I did eventually get it out, but I'll bet you can't figure out how. C'mon, bitch, admit you're stumped.

No Name
Northern Calif.

- Why should I care how you got yer cock out of yer ass? I only hope you didn't bruise your head when yer ol' lady rammed it up there.

Welcome Back

I have read your rag since the first issue and about died when they took you out of it. Just want to say I love you and am glad to have you back. I know it's been a while, but I've wanted to tell you how I feel for a long time now.

Blitz
Huntsville, Tex.

- Think it hurt you? You should see what I did to them.

Matter Of Taste

I was sucking on my ol' lady's tits and all of a sudden remembered this question I was going to ask you. Do you prefer your penis butter on whole wheat or rye?

Mack
Hurt, Va.

- Banana bread is best.

Easy Solution

We are two virgins who are interested in becoming sexy biker women. Please give us some tips on how to get some bitchin' scooter studs to drop their jeans for us.

Joyce & Michelle
Doyle, Pa.

- The way to a biker's heart is through his stomach. Try offering him a piece of your cherry pie.

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

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All





"You'll Get Buried In Raisin Pie Mix Every Time You Spill Booze On My *Easyriders*!"

Since he's the dude who dishes out the raisin pie every month, one thing ya don't wanta be doin' is screwin' up Spider's copy of *Easyriders*.

Another thing ya don't wanta be doin' is missin' an issue of *Easyriders*, 'cause if ya do, ya don't get any raisin pie. So don't take any chances. All ya gotta do to make sure the world don't come to an end is fill out the box and shoot it off to us. We'll see to it ya get your copy of this rag in the mail every month, and we'll even send ya a free, full-color decal like the one below.



Our subscriber list is not sold or rented to any organization.

Subscription
Easyriders magazine
Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301

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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.
☐ Here's \$37.00 for 24 issues. Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

- ☐ This is a new subscription ☐ This is a renewal
☐ Please extend my present subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

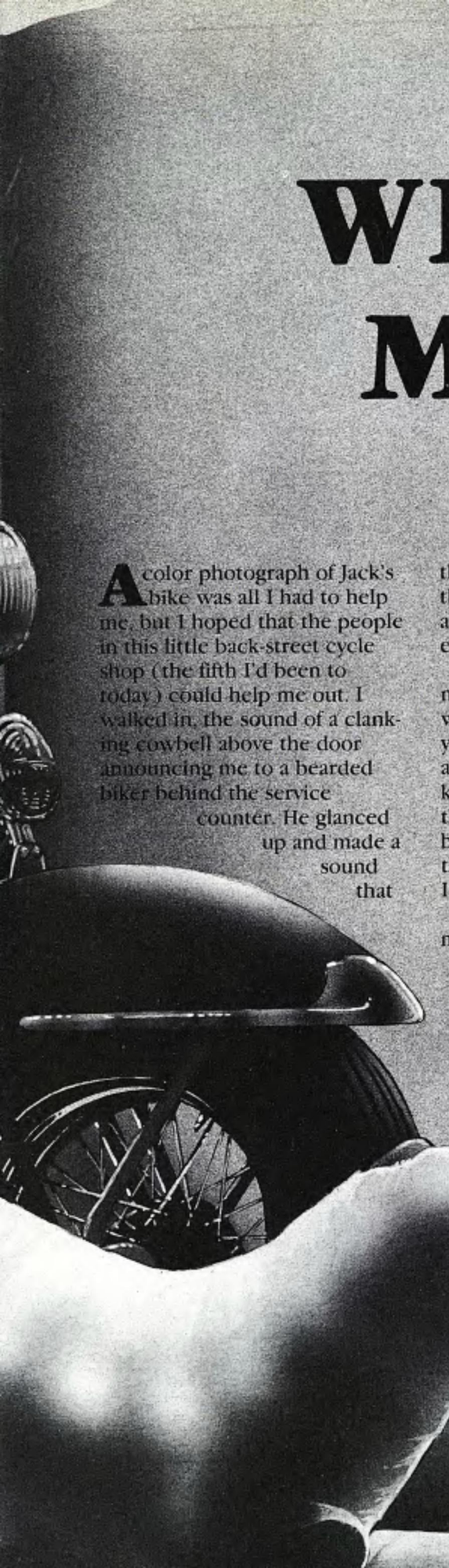
Do you own a bike? _____ Make? _____

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



WINTER MUSIC

by Schultz



A color photograph of Jack's bike was all I had to help me, but I hoped that the people in this little back-street cycle shop (the fifth I'd been to today) could help me out. I walked in, the sound of a clanking cowbell above the door announcing me to a bearded biker behind the service

counter. He glanced up and made a sound that

the mechanics near the back of the one-room shop heard. They all stared at me and smiled, elbowing each other amusedly.

This was a strange town for me, a new town, far from where Jack and I had lived for years; and the faces that stared at me were strange, too. But I knew that they were bikers and they would help out a rideless brother if they could. That thought gave me confidence as I walked to the counter.

"Yeah, can I help ya?" the big man paging through a parts book asked, obviously assuming that I was lost or something.

"Maybe," I told him noncommittally. I took out the picture of Jack and me standing next to the bike that he had treasured so much, and laid it on the counter in front of him. "Can you build a duplicate of this bike?" I asked, pointing to the shining motorcycle in the photo.

Bob (that's what the name on his cutoff said) nabbed the pic by the margin and lifted it into better light. He had not recognized the much younger

girl in the photograph as me many years ago because he grinned like a wiseass and asked, "Now what's a fancy lady like you want with a big ol' scooter like this?" flicking the photograph with a scarred and oily finger.

He wasn't taking me seriously, same as the other shops. Well, like I said, this was the fifth place I'd been to today, and the biker's ol' lady in me had finally had enough shit for one day. It all backed up and rose to explode in his face. "Listen, asshole, either you can or you can't. 'Fancy lady' — shit! Tell me one way or the other, so I don't waste my time pissin' around here. I can always spend my money elsewhere!" I snatched the picture from Bob's hand and started to put it away.

His mouth hung open and a sluggish fly buzzed through. His pals in the back were rolling on the floor with laughter. Smiling and chuckling, one of them strolled to the counter where I stood and held out his hand.

"My name's Masher — I own this dump. Can I help ya?"

I shook his hand and gave him the photo. "Can you or can you not build a motorcycle like the one in this picture?" If he didn't

Continued on page 84

Lady With A Forty~ Five

Hope this doesn't piss off too many dudes, 'cause they're liable to be hearin' all sorts of squabblin' from their ol' ladies on this one. I can hear it now, "She's got one, why can't I? Whaaa!" Could be a regular rant.

Well, hell. I don't know many bros who would like their female partner up on two wheels, slippin' down the road together. Unless and if (always a qualifier), they do it themselves. Then it could be different.

Sure, he'll back ya, ladies. But maybe you'll learn true appreciation and pride for yourself if ya take the Hog by the jowls and get into it on your own. Like Cheri Van — Four-Five Cheri, that is. She wanted to, and she did it. Made her own dream come true.

Here's her story. —Rags

Hi there. Well, my ol' man, Four-Five Bob, builds Harleys. It became apparent to him I was bored. I was tired of sittin' around, watchin' him do all the work that I was capable of doin' myself, for myself. So, he gave me a



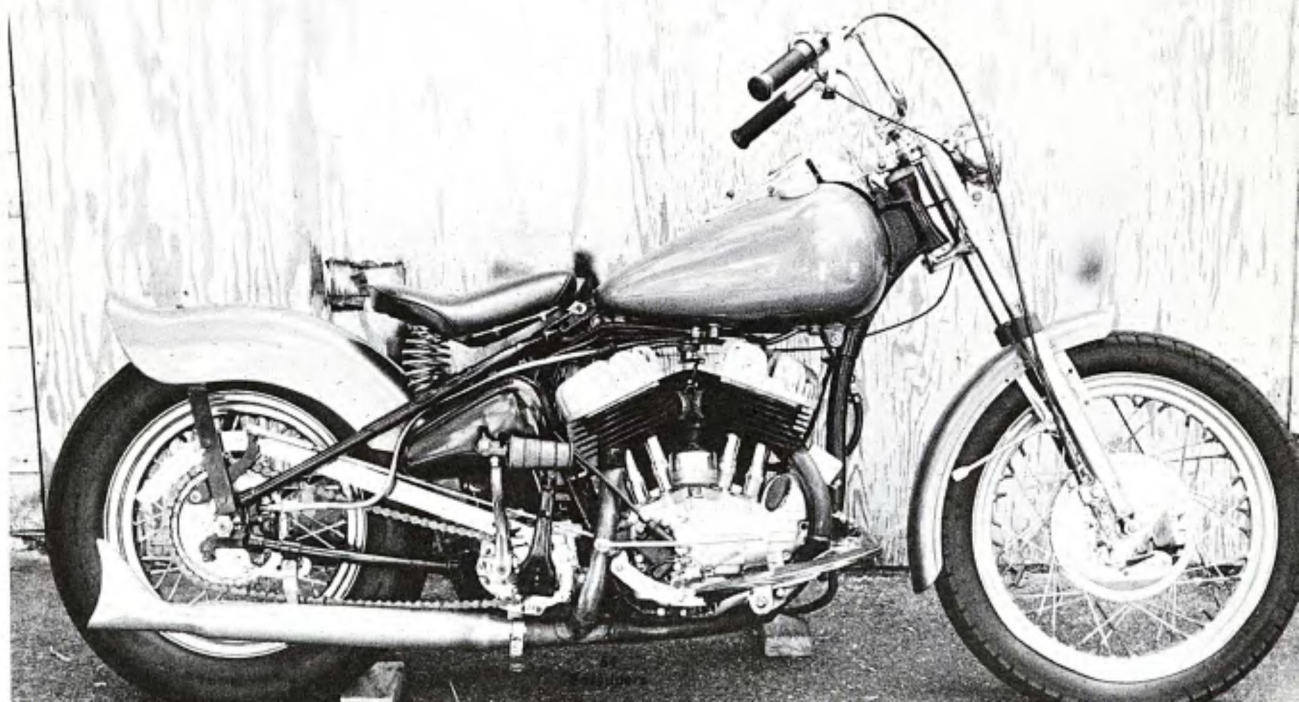
45 he had just blown up and said, "Build yourself a motorcycle." So I did. No, it wasn't that easy.

After many months of searching and getting it together, going to swap meets, digging through boxes of parts, using my abilities as a leather worker to trade and barter for parts, like the toolbox and derby cover, and saving pennies for tires, we, the bike and I, were ready

for the road. But first the break-in.

You could find me in parking lots, learning to lean and steer and generally get comfortable with the bike. Motorcycling was not new for me, but a suicide shift was. Time for the road.

She is built for comfort — with floorboards, Sportster front end, fatbobs, and a few other originals, like the 1936 dash, 1941 stock frame,





and 1941 WLA motor. It's all powered, electrically speaking, with six volts.

Now, I know there are some of you dudes who are about ready to run to the john and puke. I had to answer to some of that shit directly. There were many mixed reactions to a chick's bein' on a Harley, not to mention one with a suicide. One dude told me my ol' man didn't love me 'cause he thought I'd kill myself.

I lived through it. And got lots of support from friends. I thank them all; it's in print.

I guess everybody has those times when they run into trees and such. So did I. I'm too embarrassed to mention them here. "My Scooter" is a part of me. My pride and most expensive toy! Yes, I work on it myself. That's one of the best parts. I've become used to handling tools. It gives me such a good rush when some dude says, "That's *your* motorcycle?"

—Four-Five Cheri

Photos by Kim Peterson

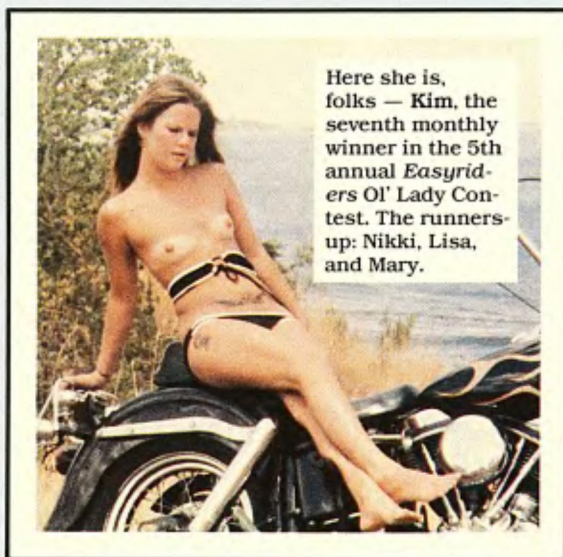


OL' LADY CONTEST

Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, showin' their stuff, tryin' to win the \$1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100 and runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize



Here she is, folks — Kim, the seventh monthly winner in the 5th annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Nikki, Lisa, and Mary.

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

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

Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is February 24. We'll print the winner

in the July issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #117 Ol' Lady Contest. *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California, 90265-0052. ■

PAT



CYNNE



DARLA



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 _____

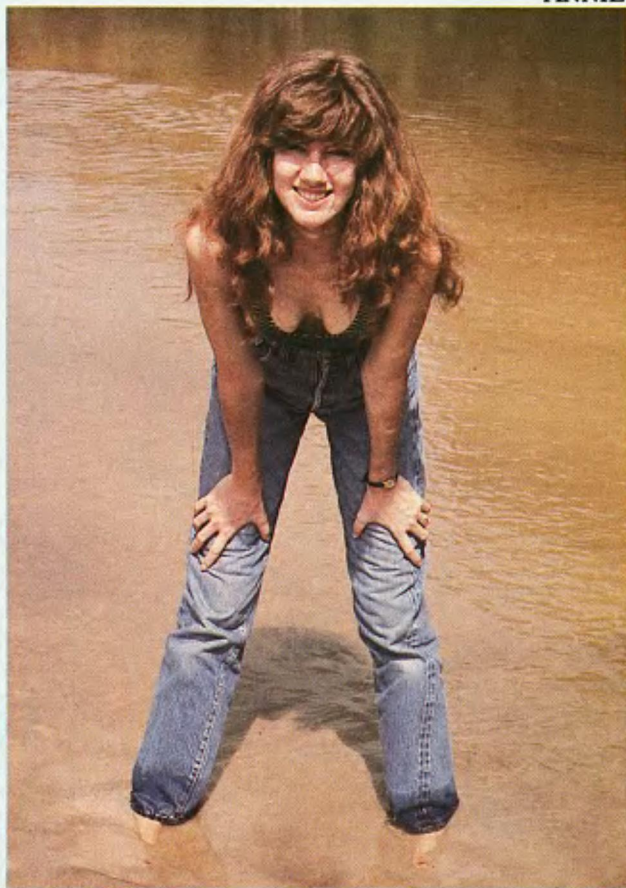
Witness to Signature _____

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.

DOVE



ANNIE



LINDA



RHONDA

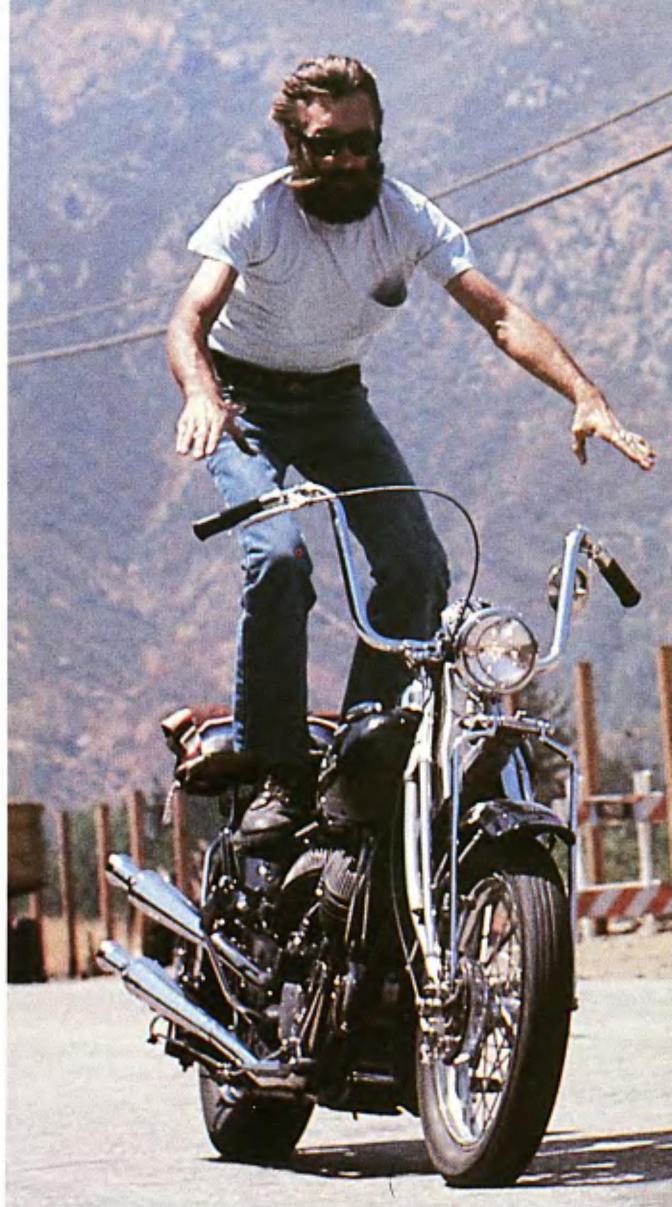


IN THE WIND

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 *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



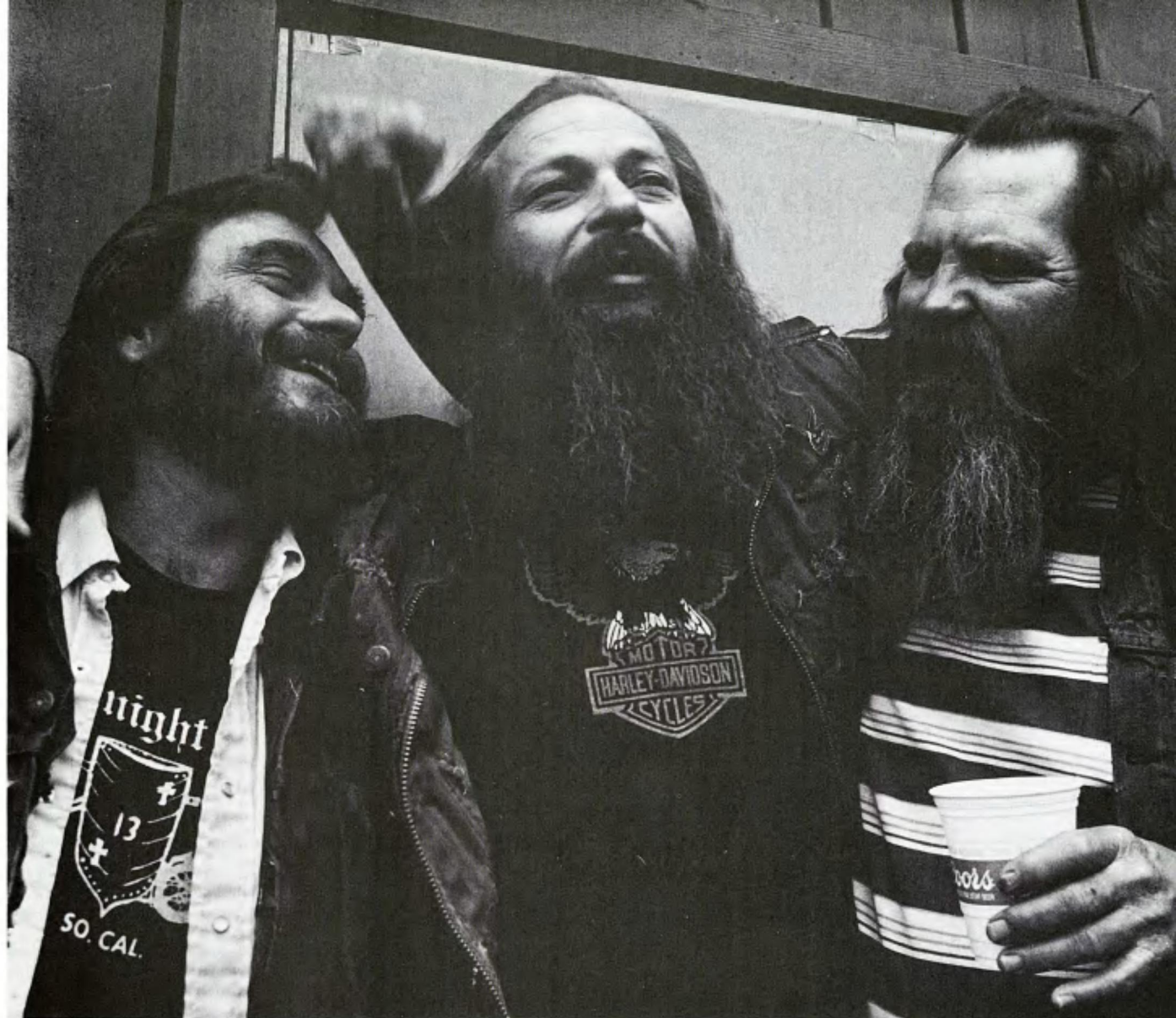
—from R.P. Tucker, Thornton, Colo.



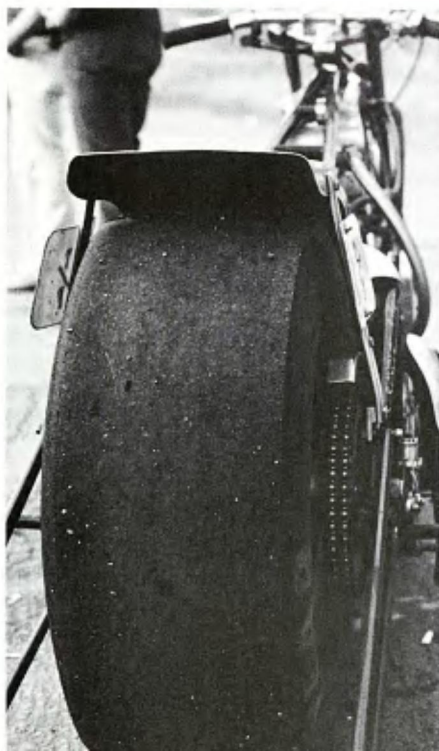
—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.

—from F.R. Sidell, Bel Air, Md.





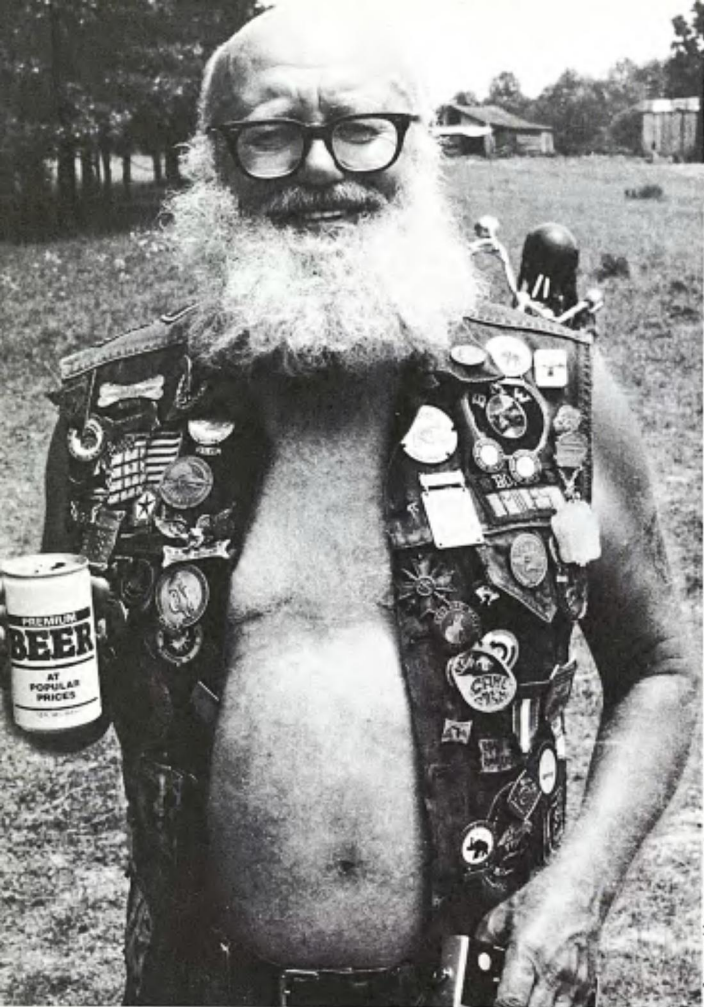
—from Chris Morland, Van Nuys, Calif.



—from Jeff Anderson, Charlotte, N.C.



—from Ruth Blewett, Goleta, Calif.



—from Kommandant, Springfield, Mo.



—from Cheryl Senter, Concord, Mass.



—from Barry Cooney, West Linn, Ore.





—from Audrey Addario, Albany, N.Y.

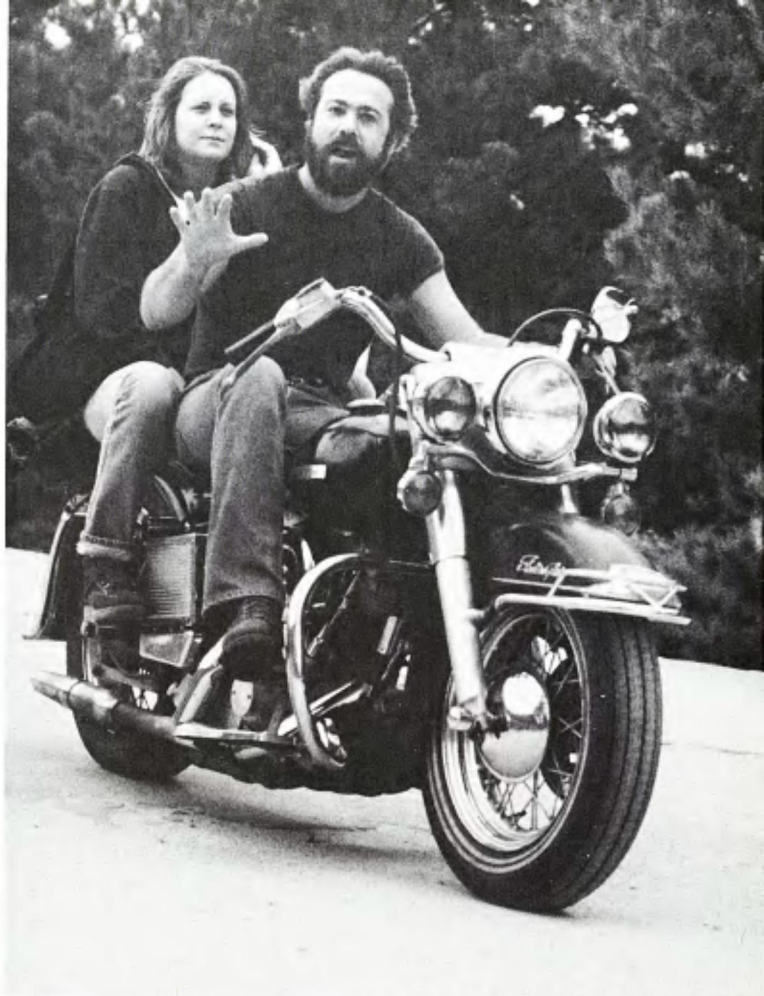


—from Cheryl Senter, Concord, Mass.



—from Phil Lozano, Calabasas, Calif.

—from Mark Romano, Londonderry, N.H.



—from Phil Lozano, Griffith Park, Calif.

—from Janice Turley, Cypress, Calif.





—from Mikel Peterson, Aurora, Colo.



—from Gilles Cote, Montreal, Quebec

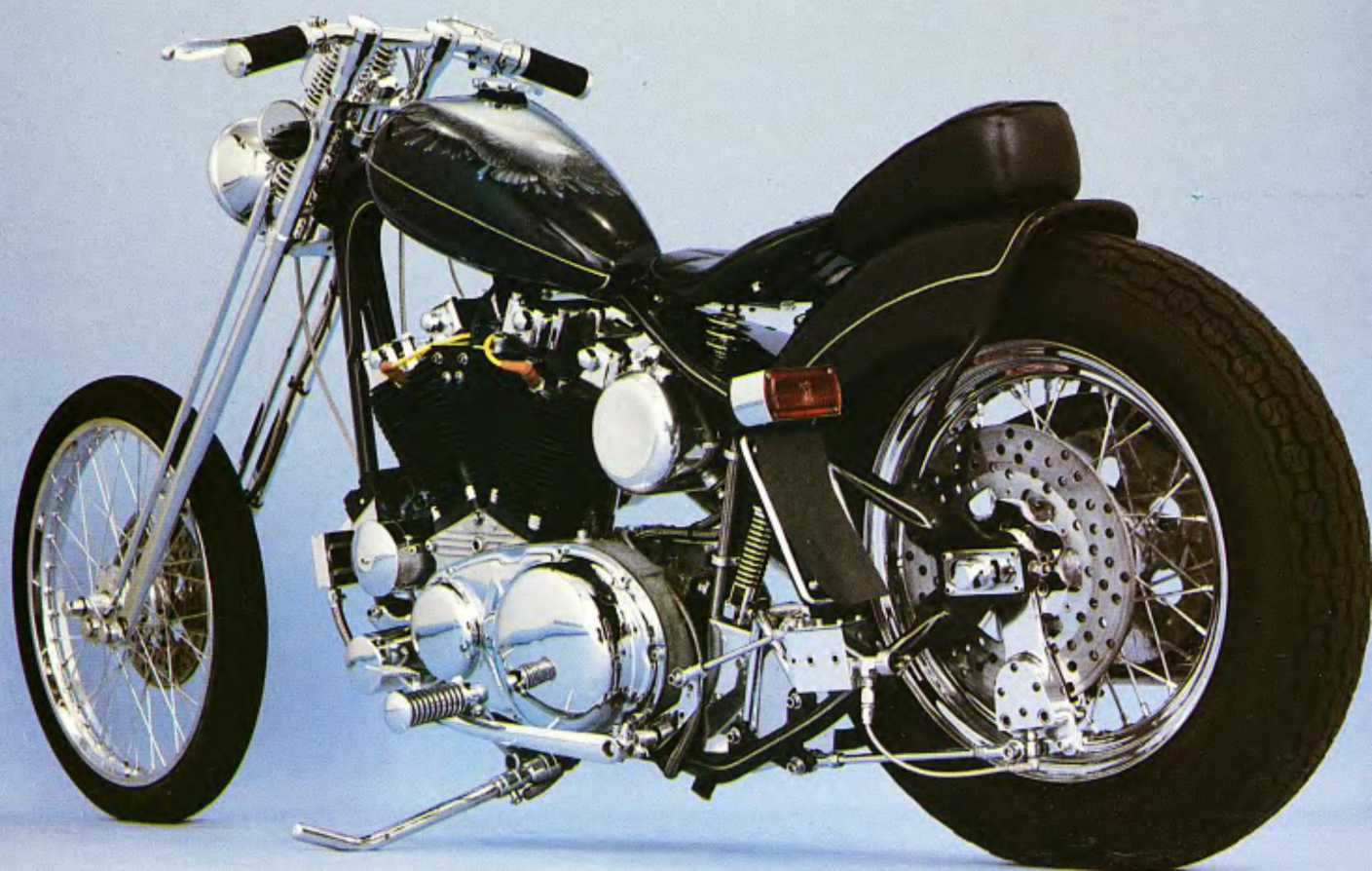


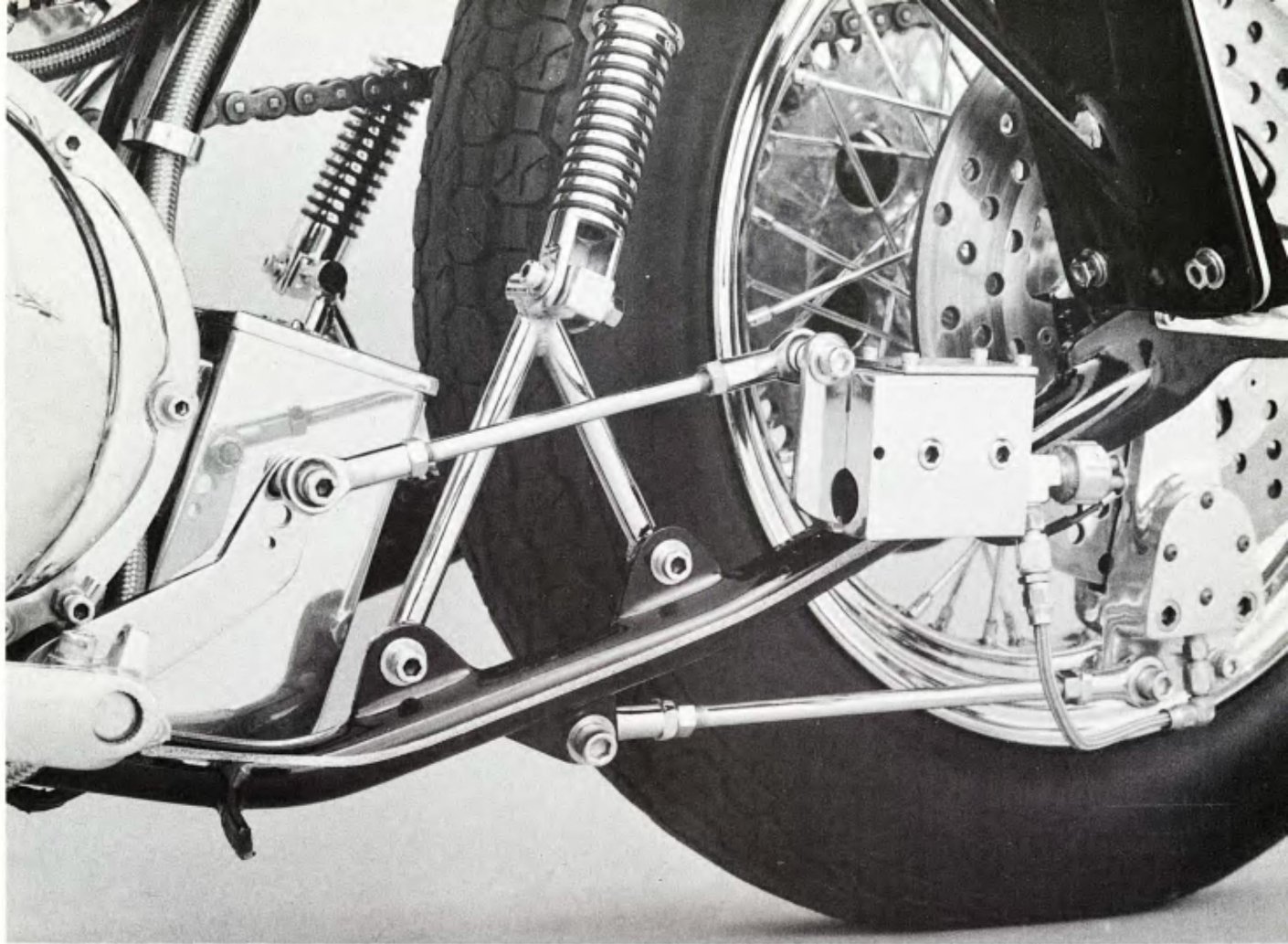
—from C. Masuch, Wayne, Mich.

—from Kent Breen, Winnipeg, Manitoba





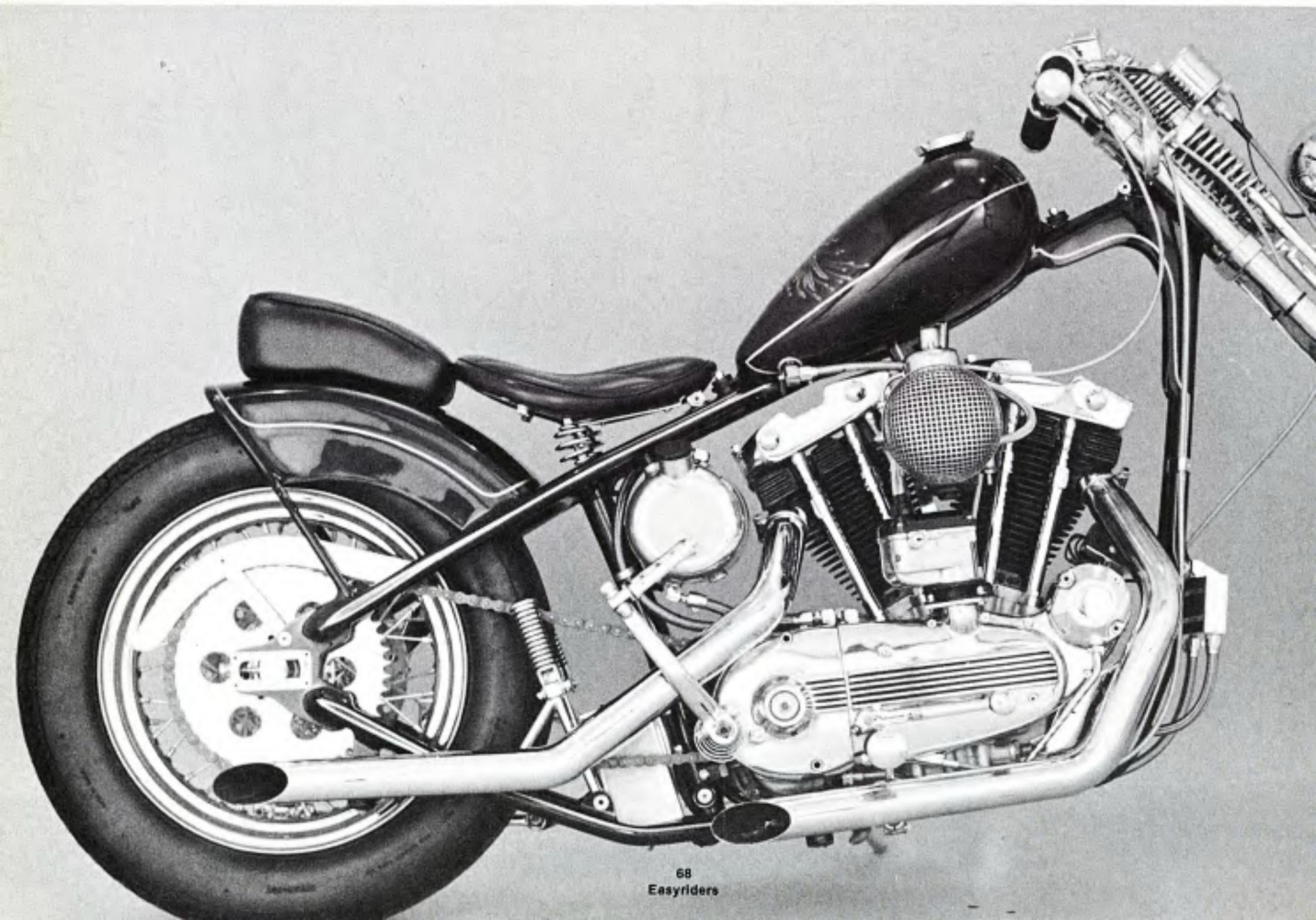
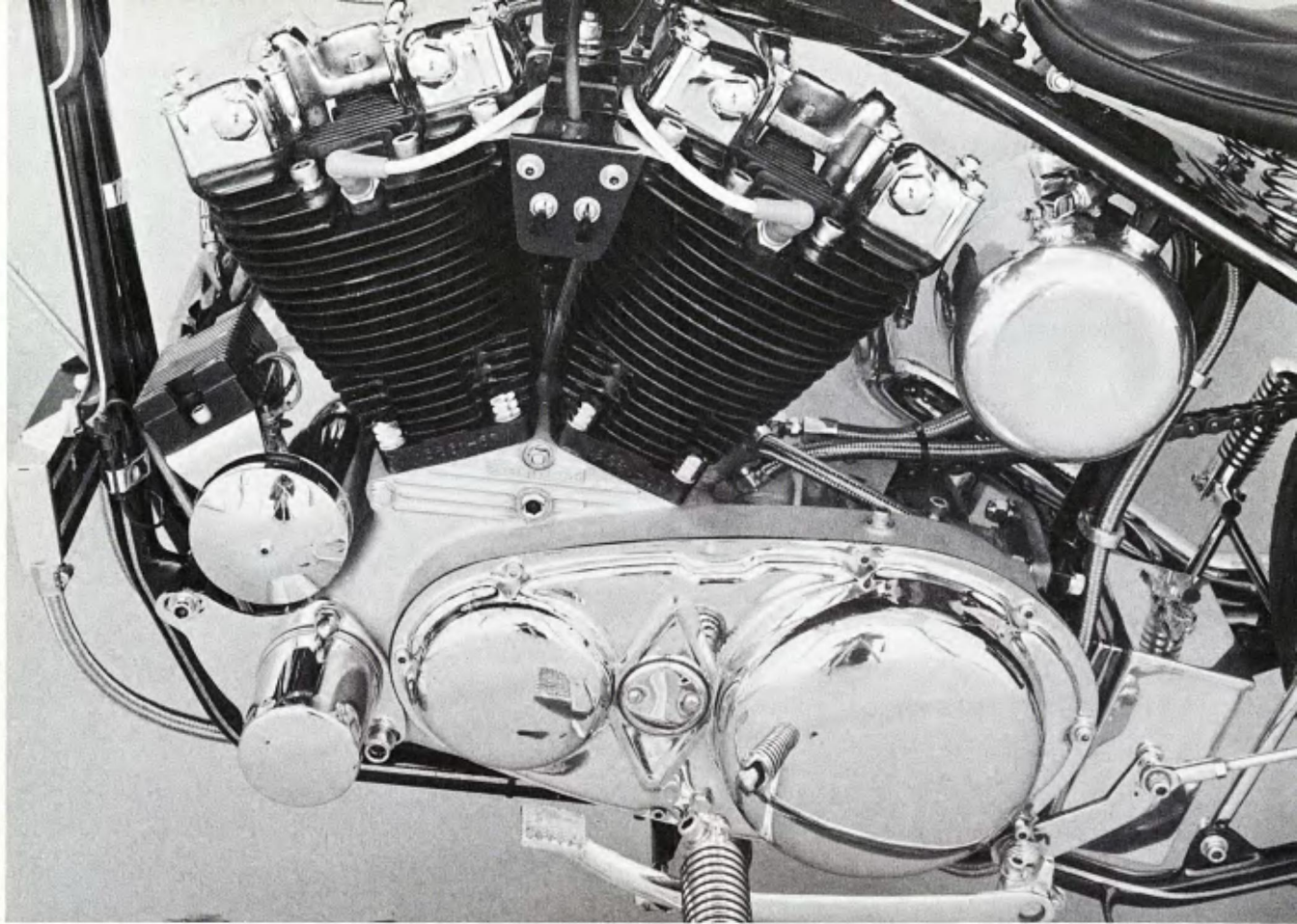


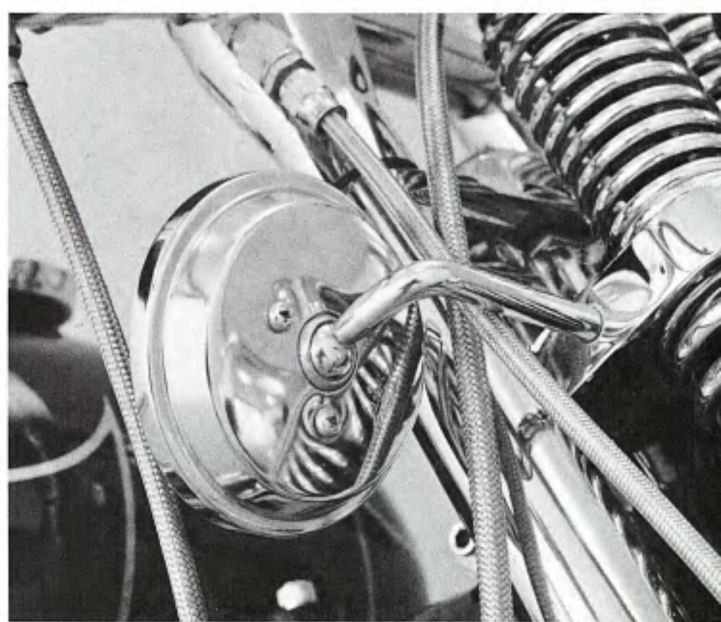
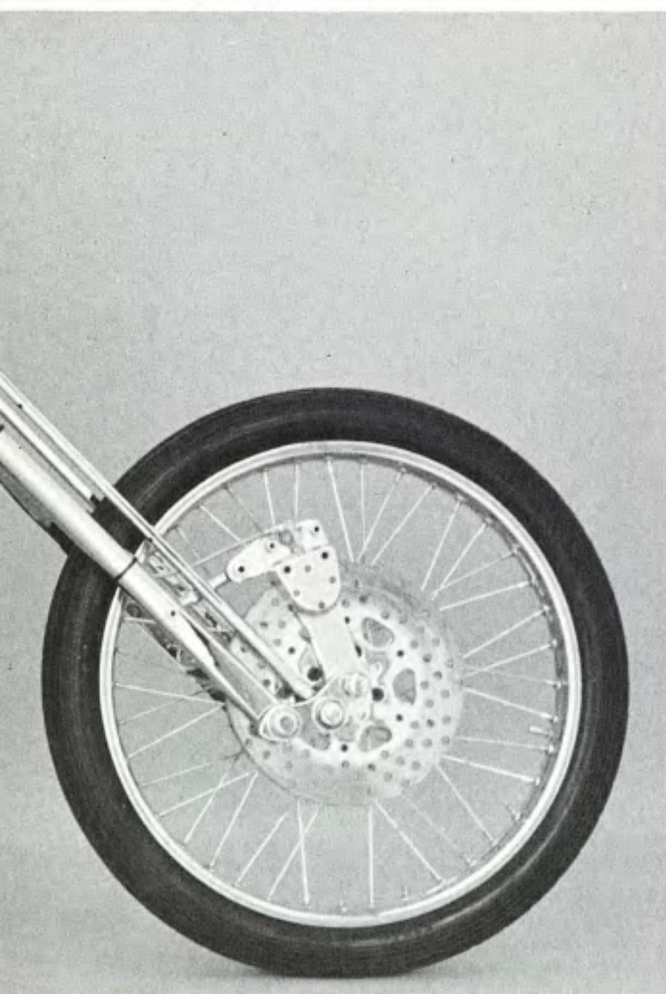


Dodgin' Dem Dogs

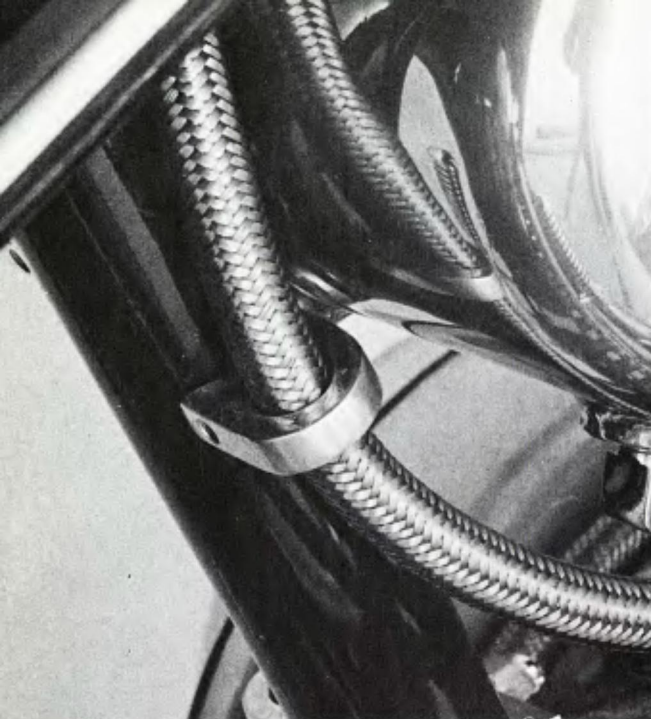
From the title of this mess ya might think we're layin' a real bow-wow on ya. No way! It ain't even April yet — how could we? No, the title comes from an unpleasant, yet motivating experience involving Mike, the owner; man's best friend, a dog; and the opposite of the latter, a pothole.

Four years ago, shortly after Mike and this '59 Sporty had found each other, they were coming home from a party late at night. No guess as to how much of a headful they had; it couldn't have been too much, 'cause out in the middle of the road was a lovable pooch jus' waitin' to get a twenty-one through its mug. Mike alertly, yet almost foolishly, avoided the mutt, only to centerpunch a pothole. Down went the scoot — for nearly three years.

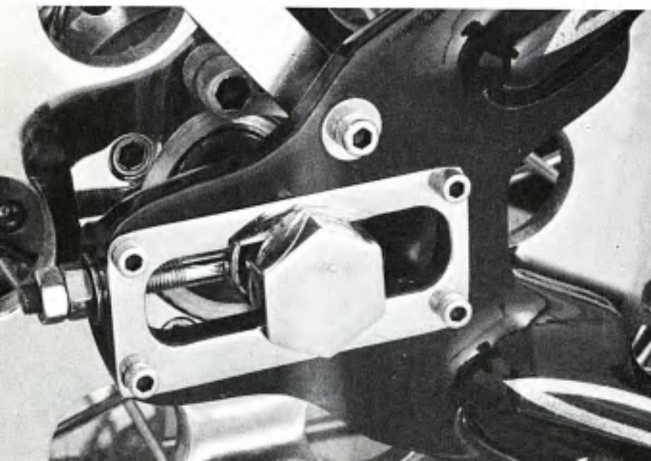




His longtime dream of owning Harley iron nearly shattered, Mike gutted it up. He had previously been a foreign bike owner, if ya know what I mean, and he wasn't goin' back to the Rising Sun. He merely called on parts from around the country, and in his own backyard in Las Vegas, to redo and outdo the original XLCH design. In the outback of Maryland he came across Cycle Salvage, which turned him on to



Photos by Pete Chiodo

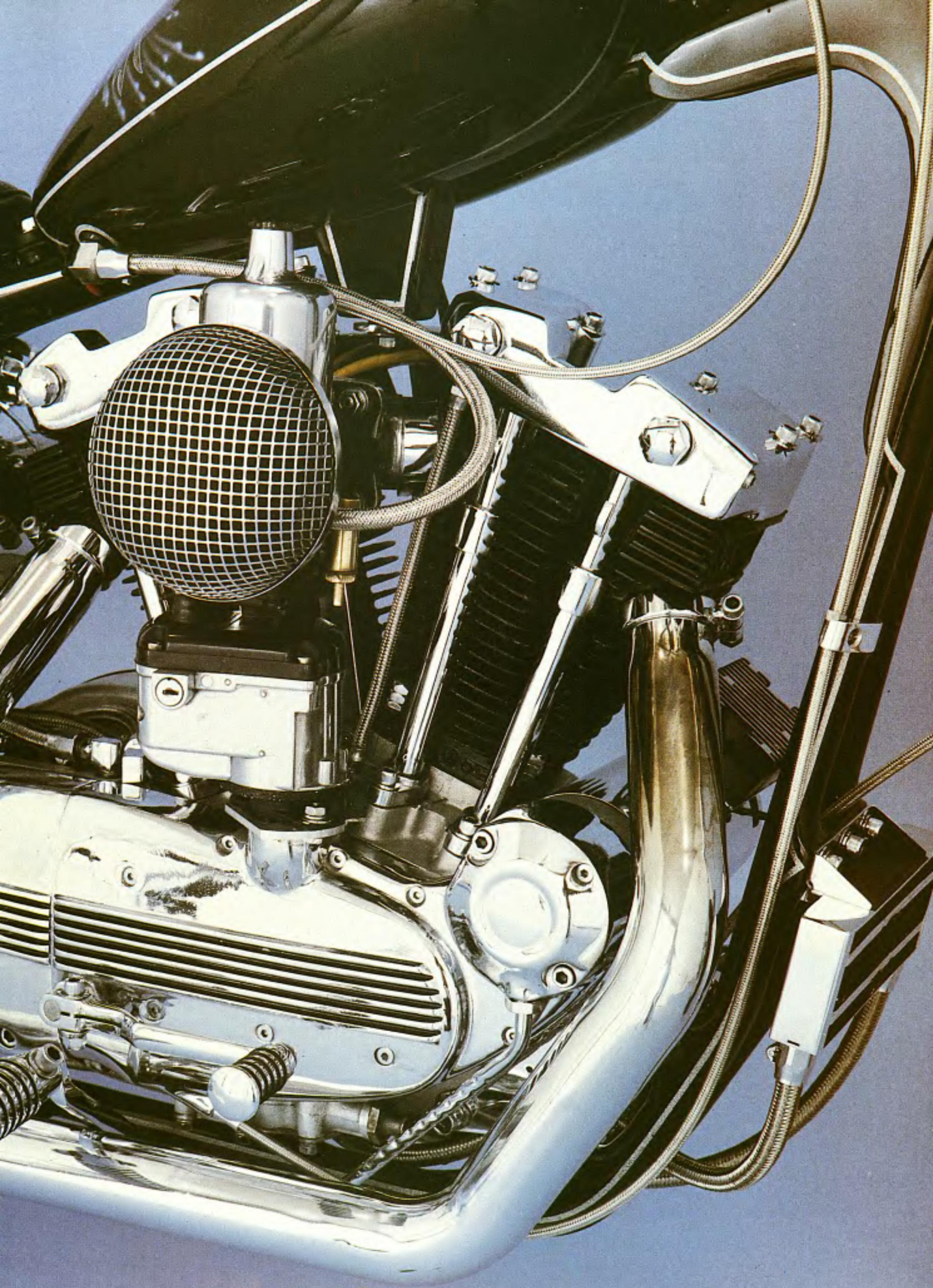


Owner: Mike Belfry		City: Las Vegas, Nev.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1978	
Year and make: 1959 H-D		Builder: Jammer/Performance Hdqtrs.	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid	
Value: mucho dinero		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: integrated fender	
Chroming by: Plate 'n' Place		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1959		Risers: 2 in.	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): cut down fatbob	
Rebuilder: Norm Slimp		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: Drag Spec.	
Displacement: 55 cu. in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: yes		Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: 12-volt/Volt Pak	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: Mustang/modified	
Heads: Jerry Branch		Oil tank: spun aluminum	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: flows	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S.U.		Seat: solo/bitch pad	
Air cleaner: Alphabet's		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Fubar		Height: welded to frame	
Muffler(s): baffles		Material: 1/2-in. round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: springer	
Year: 1959		Extension: 12 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: half-round rear legs	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Steve		Hub: Sifton	Hub: Sifton
Painter: Steve		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer		Brake: Sifton	Brake: Sifton
Special paint: air brush mural on tank			
Other special modifications: Handmade tool box, passenger peg brackets, tag mount, axle plates			

some hard-to-find motor parts. A check of the neighborhood got him a set of barrels from Norman Slimp's backyard stash. The rest came piece by ever-lovin' piece.

Now he's back up where we all should be, out jammin' the desert on weekends and whenever he can get away from the job. Shootin' over to Arizona, enjoyin' the lidlessness of that state.

Now that he's brought the Sporty back to life — and kind of shot his wad on it — he, like so many Sportster owners, is lookin' to move up to the Big Twin. But one thing you can be sure of, next time he ain't swervin'. — Rags



SHE'S A Texas

You've heard it. Whatever it is, if it came from Texas it's bigger, smoother, faster, harder, softer, longer, lower, or just plain better. Well, knowin' some pretty good-sized Texas bros, I really don't want to get into sayin' much

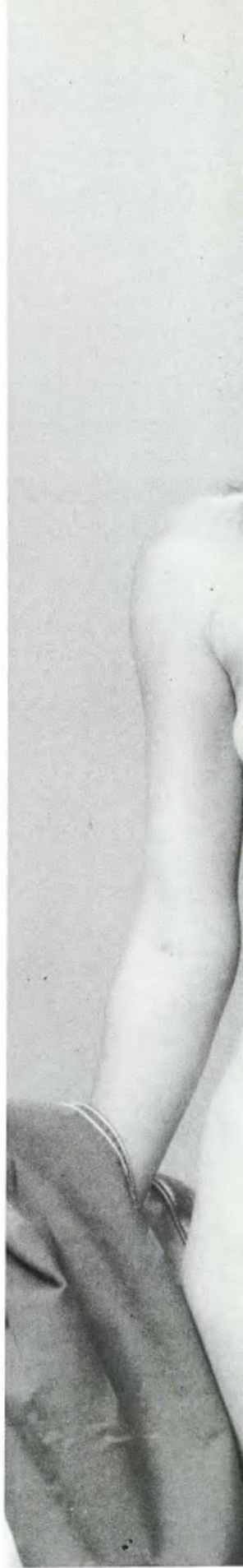


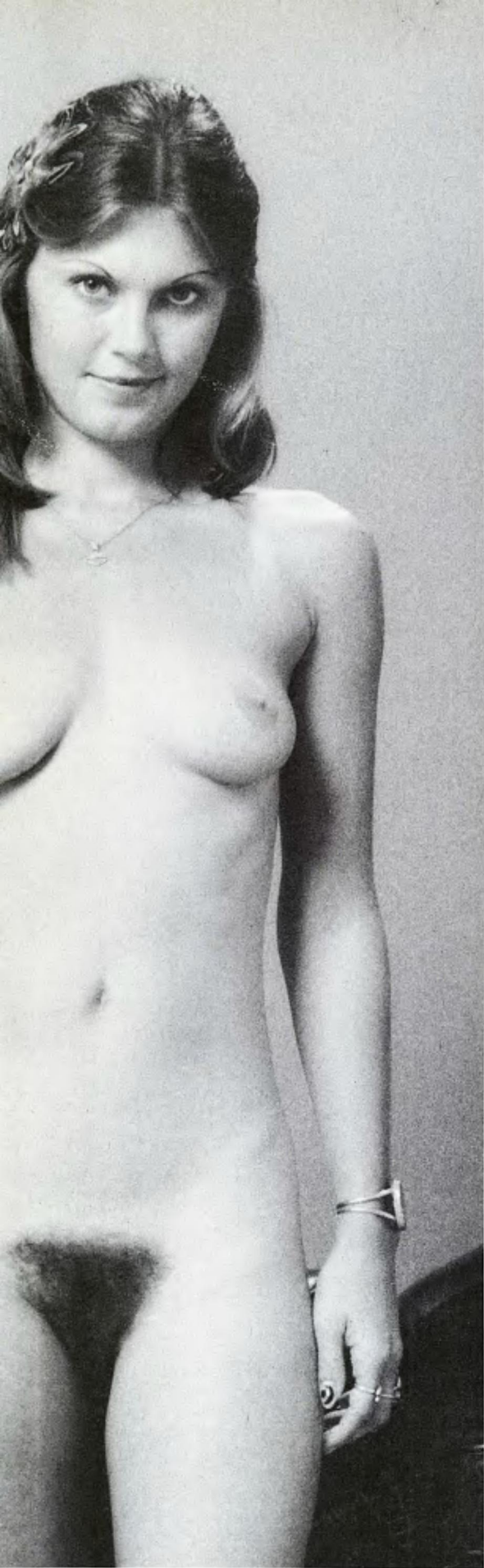
Gal!

about all those Texas-size claims they make. Except one. The one they always make about Texas women. Ya know what? They're right! How do I know? 'Cause of LouAnn.

Continued after two pages of photos









Photos by Pete Chioldo



Every month we show ya a crop of sweeties who've sent us photos of themselves in the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady contest. And every month, after countin' your votes, we've got a winner. Which means at the end of the year we've got twelve winners. Twelve righteous ol' ladies who have come out on top because you voted for them — not just 'cause we liked 'em. Well, LouAnn was one of those winners, and we just had to get her out here so we could get some more pictures of her. And, of course, the only reason we wanted those pictures was so we could show 'em to ya. And if ya believe that, I've gotta hell of a deal for ya on some only slightly used bridges.

As a matter of fact, gettin' those pictures of LouAnn proved to be a lot more hassle than we usually have with shootin' a sweetie for the girl feature. One of them Texas-size birds (the one with the jet-propelled feathers) got her from Texas to L.A. with no problems, and even with freeway traffic, gettin' her to the office was only a minor hassle. But then gettin' her outta Gimp's office, then away from Wrench's scoot, pryin' her away from all the parties that suddenly seemed to get organized, and just tryin' to keep her outta Spider's sight long enough to shoot a few rolls of film was enough to make a man kick his scoot. Talk about hassles!

Well, the flicks finally got shot, and, as ya can see, LouAnn made sure we all knew just where she was comin' from. And it was a relief when the last roll of film finally cranked through the camera — 'cause then it was time for the party to start!

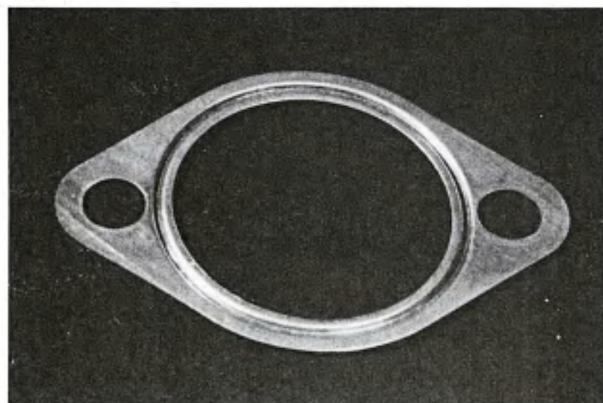
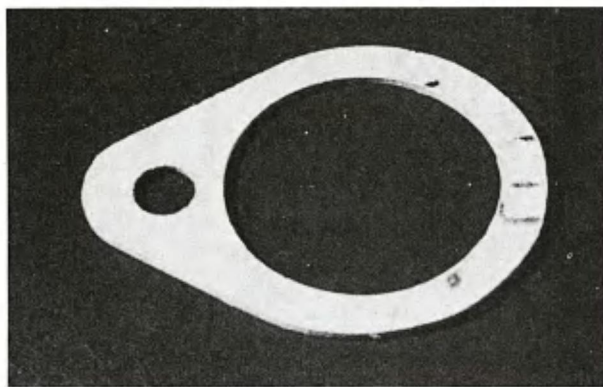
— Whiskey

SANDWICH TIME

Anyone who's ever taken an exhaust pipe off a shovelhead knows that the exhaust gasket is very fragile; after running a few hours a brand-new gasket has a tendency to get brittle.

I've solved this problem for myself, and the solution came about, as things do so often, in a strange way. I was coming back from visiting some friends when the oil pump gasket blew, spewing oil all over the rear tire and disc brake assembly. The oil was running out very rapidly, and it would be just a matter of minutes before the motor fried. It was wet and cold as hell and I didn't need any further hassles. What to do?

Going south on State Hwy. 99 near Fresno, you'll find a sign indicating an airport at the next off ramp. Sure enough, about a mile from the freeway, I found Chandler Field. It isn't very large, so it didn't take much looking before I found the pilot-supply store, and as luck would have it, they carried 50W Aeroshell. The dude behind the counter said it was very popular with the scooter pilots in the area. While paying the man, I noticed some copper gaskets in a glass case. They looked a lot like shovelhead gaskets,



so I asked the dude what the inside diameter was. He didn't know, but he measured it for me. I know from past experience that all Big-Twin exhausts from the factory are 1-3/4, and that's the figure he came up with. He couldn't tell me what kind of plane the gasket came from; the only thing he knew for sure was that the supplier was from L.A. I didn't press him any more. I grabbed my stuff and split outside. As I was putting the oil into the bag, I was making mental notes about this episode.

Let's see, four quarts of oil, \$5.80; four exhaust gaskets, \$3.00 plus tax. I got away for less than \$10.00. After getting home I started experimenting with the copper gaskets, and found out all I had to do was cut one ear off after tracing it from a Harley asbestos gasket and then sandwiching the asbestos gasket between two copper ones. This allows the removal of the exhaust pipe a reasonable number of times, and it seals a lot better. It sure would have been bonnaroo if the Harley exhaust system had two studs coming out 180° from each other, but I guess you can't have everything. — Gramps

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A Tribute To Brothers Lost

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



In memory of **Scratch**. You died an unnecessary death. May you ride on, baby, in Harley Heaven for a never-ending run. Rest easy, your spirit is in the wind and you're not forgotten. Just us brothers and loved ones.

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

In loving memory of **Jimmy Mullins** 8/30/82, missed by all who knew him. You made the Sturgis run only to go down when you got back to us. Ride on in Harley Heaven. You are a true biker and loved to be in the wind. You went out the way you said, with your boots on. All your bros and sisters from Biblas, Sparkhill, N.Y.

In honor and memory of **Darryl John Smith**, husband, father, and friend. Once again, only the good die young. We love and miss you. Phyllis, Jeff, John, Darryl Jr., Capt. Jack, Judy, and all your many friends.

In memory of **Jessie Smith**, shot through the heart by a punk on 6/23/82; he was unarmed. We will all miss you until we ride together again in Harley Heaven. We love you. Betty, Harry, Tink, Jobie, Rock Hill, S.C.

In memory of **"Mr. Bill" Sturgis**: To one righteous bro who was killed by some asshole in a cage. You were here for only a short time (5/15/61 to 9/12/82), but you taught us all the real meaning of what love and freedom meant. You're free now. May you ride in the wind in Harley Heaven forever. We all love and miss you. Love, Chrissy, Mike, and the whole gang.

In loving memory of **Bill Rovison**. I miss you so much and I'll love you always, baby. You're not gone, just away. Until we ride together again, you'll always be on my mind. Love, Shari (FTW).

In memory of **Wayne "Whiskers" Hicks**, died 3/29/82. You almost made it, brother. We all love and miss you. Ride free forever. We'll see you in Harley Heaven. Your brother forever, Junior, Donna, and all the Reapers who made the trip for you from Tenn.

In memory of **Al "Toke" Tokarz** 6/19/82, and **Matt Mastera** 6/29/82, two good brothers lost in the same freak accident. You will ride by our sides and in our hearts until we meet again in Harley Heaven. Your brothers, Black Diamond MC, Taunton, Mass.

Goodbye, **Chris**, we love and miss you! Connie, Marie, and Kathy, Paramount, Calif.

In loving memory of **Robert Eugene "Genie" Bright**, who was killed by a fool on 11/21/81. We love and miss you. Remember, it's not the gun, but the asshole behind the trigger. Your brothers and sisters in Delaware.

In memory of **Larry "Nut" Calahan** 7/5/82, a man who truly lived with his face in the wind. He is missed by all of us. Ride far and free in Harley Heaven. Jeff and Marie.

For **M.K.**, my darlin', snuffed 7/18/82 from behind at a stop light by a cage. There will never be another. Ride free. Always on my mind. Poppa John.

In memory of **Paul "Troll" Thornley**, President of Pasco County, Florida, Chapter, ABATE, 7/24/82. We will see you in Harley Heaven, Southwest Florida Chapter, ABATE, Angel, and Toddy.

In memory of **John Kelly**, a brother who definitely took care of business. Now that you're gone, the business will still be taken care of. Buzzard, Colorado Springs, Sons of Silence, 1%er, I.T.C.O.B.

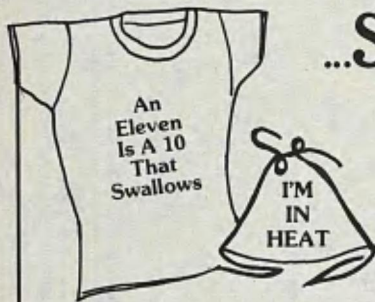
In memory of **Don "Gausie" Gaus**, killed last October. Our love and respect go with you wherever you may be riding now. We'll take care of your lady and your beautiful baby girl, Amy. We only wish you could have been here when she was born. Anne Marie, Lis-towel, Ontario, Canada.

In memory of **Paul E. Kmetz** 4/25/82. That corner remains a mystery to us all. Your death shattered dreams, but the memories of you shall be cherished forever. Sadly missed by family and friends.

In memory of **Franco** 1948-1982, who lost his life on shovel trouble. They'll never understand Scalapagus. Love, Miss Piggy.

In memory of **Daryl "H-D" Trim-mell** 6/20/82. Harley born and Harley bred; shot by a bitch, he's Harley dead. See ya in Hog Heaven, bro. Pat and Susan in Little Rock, Ark.

In memory of **Cheep Harry**, who left us too fast on 9/6/82. He rode like the best. We will miss you, Harry, but you will always ride with us. Your bros from Mtl., Quebec.



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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).

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

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

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.

I need some ol' ladies to send me kites. I'm white, 6'4", 200 lbs., 28, and ready to hit the asphalt soon. Fly me a kite if you want a balls-out good-time maker. Phillip Lance, Box 337, St. Joseph County Jail, Centerville, Mich. 49032.

W/m 19, would like lots of letters from all you young chicks 17-26. It's lonely here, so write soon. Stephen Chambers 01-786-771, Okalla Prison, 5700 Royal Oak St., Burnaby, B.C., Canada V5H-3N4.

W/m, 39, 6', 160 lbs., good-looking, dark-brown hair and brown eyes, needs sweet lady. Dale McCormick 35861, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

I've been out of a scoot and an ol' lady for so long that I've forgotten what it's like to ride in the wind and have pussy for lunch. I really need to hear from some ladies. Tim Maples, Rt. 2, Box 122A, Camden, Tenn. 38320.

Lonely w/m, licentious, 30, 6'6", 210 lbs., not hard to look at, is in need of a sensual young lady to share my inner thoughts and feelings with. Rescue me from this house of pain and suffering through correspondence and visits. All letters answered. Photo if possible. Edward Colville 78-A-3080, Box G, Wallkill, N.Y. 12589.

White, proud, lonely, and in need of a fox to write to. I'm 25 with a couple of years left to go. Let me share myself with you. Daniel Cabell, Box 840905, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Downed bro, American born and bred of Cherokee/Spanish blood, 30, 5'7", 135 lbs., wants some warm-hearted hot-blooded women to help me finish my bit. Dreams, fantasies, and free future. Must love the wind and be free in spirit. David A. Rodriguez 828353, Hendry Corr. Inst., Rt. 2, Box 13-A, Immokalee, Fla. 33934.

Downed bro doin' seven could sure dig some letters from chicks. Will answer all. James A. Adams 12838, Box 400, Rawlins, Wyo. 82301.

W/m, 34, looking for a honey. Must like children. Age not important. All letters answered. Jerry Fox, Norristown State Hosp., Bldg. 51, Norristown, Pa. 19401.

To all ladies, young and old: W/m, 20, 5'8", 150 lbs., with blond hair and blue eyes, needs to hear from those who care. I'm doing three and will be free in '83. Send pics. All answered. Jerry Slavens 16122, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89702-0607.

W/m, 30, down for the past seven, is in need of some letter-lovin' from chicks 18-30. I'm lookin' for letters and flicks of pleasing status. Sammy "Apache" Morris 259558, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

W/m, 6'1", 170 lbs., brown and brown, is on the down stroke of an eight-year gig and needs some sunshine. J.S. St. Denis, Box 309, Juneau, Alaska 99801.

Downed white male from Washington, 34, 5'9", would like to hear from sincere ladies. Pics if possible. William Zang 273976, Box 1000, Stellacoom, Wash. 98388.

Two downed bros on Florida's Reaper Row sure would appreciate some scribes and flicks from any honeys, be they blind, crippled, or crazy. Bob Preston A072593, and Gus Bassett 071745, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Bad luck and hard times have been doggin' me, and this man needs some kind words from any or all ladies who have heart enough to care. W/m, 22, with long blond hair and green eyes, answers to the name of Scott Dillon 631566, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Downed chemist, 21, from San Francisco is looking for correspondence with all ladies who might be interested. Give a bro a play. Anthony "Bam Bam" Albertini 16923, Box 607 NSP, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Women out there: I'm 28, 5'8", brown and brown with a full beard, and ride a Sportster. I'm lonely as can be and need your letters. Send pics if you can. Will reply to all. Laurence "Larry" Hargrave 157385, MCII, Box 549, Jessup, Md. 20794.

W/m, 26, with brown and brown is looking for a good-looking biker lady to spend time with. Must have her head together. Send photo. David Hunt A-58161, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

W/m, 26, needs letters from all ya foxes out there in the world. Ray Sostarich 05903-026, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

Downed in Dixie, doin' it all. Need some fuckin' mail, people, 'cause these hillbillies got me by the nuts. Dale Falkner 110430, Rt. 2, Box 37, Holman Sta., Ala. 36503.

Two solid white boys downed in their prime. Letters from fine ladies would go good with our time. Letters with pics answered first. Howard Cranmer 16121, and Casey Hart 16141, Box 208, SDCC, Indian Springs, Nev. 89070.

W/m from Conn. doing time in Ohio. I have brown hair, blue eyes, am 28, 6'1", 175 lbs., and am looking for ladies to write. Send pic., will answer all. Douglas Tracy 119-753, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Scooter tramp, 24, with 30 to do wants to hook up with a fine, hot baby. John Lowry, Box C51611, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Free! Warm-hearted, loving scooter tramp for constant companionship and round-the-clock protection. Adoration guaranteed. Available now, so only those interested in giving a good relationship to this tramp, please send flicks and write. Ken "T" Rhodes, P.O. Box 2800-Sta. B, 31525, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

Mystical Aryan Warriors seek Nordic Maidens for Sybil and Valkyrie to visit house of changes. Ronald Glover B-27170, and Laslo "Gypsy" Feher B-87386, San Quentin, Calif. 94961.

If any ladies would like to, please write to F.P.S. Nelson E. Huffman 09119-074, Box PMB, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

Two downed scooter tramps could use scribes from any and all righteous scooter people. Jim "Fang" McClary 82C222, and Gordon "Skinny" Montgomery 82C292, Pouch 1, Woodbourne, N.Y. 12788.

Peckerwood doin' down time sends this request for companionship. Tramps, save your stamps! Send scribes and flicks to Collin Smith 44130, Box 3300, Goodyear, Ariz. 85338.

Sex, sex, sex! Now that I have your attention... downed white tramp, 30, 6', 205 lbs., doin' time at Folsom. Looking for one special lady. Reply with photo. Sincere only! If you can't hang, don't rattle my cage. Craig A. Turner, Box C-21393, Represa, Calif. 95671.

W/m, 30, looking to correspond with somebody. Photo would be nice; one of me to follow. Talk to me. Bo Bolender 072923, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

Another bro down. 1%er looking for fox of the same. Send picture. Indian-Irish-Italian, brown and hazel, 5'8", 160 lbs. Jeff "Bandano" McKee, Rt. 1, Box 500, Georgetown, Del. 19947.

Lonely and downed 100%-true 1%er doin' a dime. So, ladies 18-35, write and send pics to this Italian Stallion and help ease my time. Will answer all. John Eatona N20215, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Dirty white boy, 26, 5'11", 160 lbs., blond and brown, is down for awhile, but can see daylight. Needs to hear from anything female that walks, wiggles, or crawls. Charlie Kramer 88021, Camp J-S-3, Angola, La. 70712.

White, 31, from Southern California needs some mail from the home front. Please enclose photo. Richard Flinga, T.D.C. 341597, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

W/m, 34, needs a link to the world out there because I will not allow this to become my world, now or ever. I do not want to be swallowed up in my loneliness to the point that every emotion I possess evaporates as fast as my dreams have. Please write. William L. Branson, Box 7000-16451, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Doing time for a fucked-up crime. Come on, foxy ladies, help! Send flicks and letters. All appreciated and answered. I'm 25, 5'8", 155 lbs., with green eyes and brown hair. Steve "Outlaw" Norris #325298, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Young 26-year-old bearded man needs warm-hearted lady to write me and send pics. I'm 5'11", strong, and willing to see that a wanting or willing woman gets respect and peace of mind. Steve O'Connor 128400, Unit 26-Trustee Dorm, Haymarket, Va. 22069.

W/m, 25, 5'11", 160 lbs., with blue eyes, would like to hear from righteous mamas. Keith Romine 22403, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Downed tramp needs an ol' lady to correspond with. While all you honeys are running free, think of what a few kind words and flicks could mean to a downed tramp like me. Joe "Hawkeye" Hawkins 081994, RJCI, Box 37, (G-37), Chattahoochee, Fla. 32324.

Ladies: I'm looking for a sincere, together woman to help me through my time. Age, looks unimportant. Will answer all. I'm 24, 6', with brown and hazel. Robert Faircloth, Rt. 1, Box 36, Jackson, N.C. 27845.

We're two downed, white scooter tramps, 20 and 21, who are in need of some correspondence from ladies 18 to 30 with their heads together. If you're sincere and true, we want to hear from you. Jad Driscoll 112-693, and Leroy Hatfield 112-638, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Tazmanian devil, 29, white, 6', 204 lbs., with blond and blue, would like to hear from you foxy ladies. Send photo. Will answer all. Russell Griffin, Rt. 1, Box 500, Georgetown, Del. 19947.

Three tramps doing time need ladies to write. Those with flicks answered first. Ron Goff, Box C-44596, Teddy Munson, Box C-46662, and Dennis Underwood, Box C-46661, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Tramp, 35, down and all alone sure needs some sunshine from a few foxy ladies; so all you sweeties out there, grab a pen and scribble a few rays my way. Rugrats okay as long as you are a foxy young lady. Gary "Snake" Wendler 15580, Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89701-7000.

Outlaw, 31, 6'2", brown, brown, beard, 220 lbs., from No. Calif., needs letters and flicks from ladies 18-45. Will answer all. Greg Winchell, Box 600-C15473, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Downed white bro, 22, is in need of letters and flicks from all you fine ladies. I've been down a few, but the gates will crack soon. Greg S. Anderson 15817, Box 607 NSP (MAX), Carson City, Nev. 89702.

Two white bros need to hear from some fine chicks with tight hips and nice tits. Will answer all. Pics would be appreciated. Keith Mosier 48897 (6', 160 lbs.), and Jeremy Gilmore 48930 (5'10", 165 lbs.), Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Two solid white biker tramps looking for foxy ladies 18-26, who love to party and travel on a Harley, for correspondence. Photo must accompany first letter. Ronnie Lee Cantrell D-29057, and Terry Ogle EF-114929, Rt. 1, Box 264, Odum, Ga. 31555.

W/m, 23, blond and blue—a down Daytona bro lost all family members. I need all you sweet ol' ladies to write me. I've done three and have one to go. Will answer all. Richard J. Sauls 585581, Box 699-B-93, Sneads, Fla. 32460.

Two downed bros lookin' for some nasty ladies to scribe. John "Big Nasty" Manning 93152, and Justice "Cutter" Ratliff 92357, H-2A/W.C.C., Box 351, Haynesville, La. 71038.

Ladies, young or old: I need your letters to make this time go by. I'm blond, blue-eyed, 20, and down. Our words can help each other out. S. D. Whitmore, Box 309, Juneau, Alaska 99802.

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Two-Wheel Tales

by Nancy Slavin

HASSOLES

If a man who rides a chop is called a tramp, then a lady who rides a bike must be called a vamp.

Normally my boyfriend and I ride our scoots together, but since he and his buddies were working on their choppers that day, I rode alone. So I let them know where I was going, offered them a beer, and then rode off.

I like to ride on familiar country roads and just ride for hours until I get tired. And so I did just that. After a while I saw a watering hole. A cool drink sounded good, so I stopped. Just as I shut off my bike, four red-necks who were walking to their car saw me and decided to come my way. I wondered what kinda of crap I was going to get now, so I grabbed a drink and braced myself. The tallest redneck, a real ape with a butch haircut asked me, "Hey, you ride this bike all by yourself?"

What a way to start a conversation, I thought. I stared at him for a second and replied laughingly, "Yep, I can do it all by myself."

Then one of the other guys started to paw at my scoot (this I don't like). "What is this, a Honda?" he asked. Well, that did it, he was looking at my almost stock '69 Triumph Tiger and it took all the power I had to keep from choking him. Since I was outnumbered by four big, so-called men who didn't know shit about bikes and obviously had no brains, I decided it would be wise for me to keep my cool.

Before I had a chance to answer, one of them started mouthing off. "Hey, sweetie, how about giving me your phone number?"

"Don't have a phone," I lied.

"Well, come and party with us," he said with a grin.

"Thanks anyway, I have to be on my way." I thought I'd better get out while I still could. I didn't know exactly what these creeps had on their minds.

Just as I went to kick my Trump, the ape grabbed my arm. "You ain't going nowhere," he said.

Well, I have to admit that I was starting to get scared. I was already pissed off. "You got a problem?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said, "I want to ride that bike of yours." I saw trouble coming, so I slipped my keys in my pocket.

He ignored me and sat on my bike. "You just sit your ass behind me where you belong, little lady."

I got mad as hell and started to yell at him. This guy was turning red with anger and I knew that my

\$100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

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

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

situation was getting desperate. Then I heard the roar of a couple of Harleys — just like the cavalry to the rescue, my boyfriend and his bros rode up and parked their chops.

Now my boyfriend ain't real tall, but he's built like a pit bull. He's an easygoing guy unless he's riled, and then he gets downright hateful.

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When he rode up and saw those rednecks around me, I could just see him growing horns and reaching for that chain belt. One time he told me he'd like to use that belt to carve his initials in a redneck's face. He was the type of guy who thought that four rednecks against one biker made even odds.

Well, when the rednecks saw him, you could see the hair rise on the back of their necks — like four alley cats watching a mean-ass dog approach. The big guy got off my scooter real fast and things got real quiet.

My boyfriend looked at me and then at the rednecks. "Everything okay?" he asked.

I wanted to tell him that these guys were hassling me. I wanted to tell him they wanted my phone number. I wanted to tell him they wanted me to party. I wanted to tell him how pissed off I was. But I didn't tell him anything — the look of fear on those rednecks' faces really satisfied me. They were standing there with their hands folded, looking like sheep at a slaughterhouse. I could see they were scared.

For a few moments no one said a word; everyone was watching me to see what I would say. The rednecks were terrified, the bikers anxious to pound ass. I had the power to destroy or save those rednecks. I was on an emotional high and I wanted it to last.

Finally, I looked each of those bastards in the eye and said, "Nah, nothing's wrong. These guys were just asking for directions and I told them to go fuck themselves."

After that, we mounted and rode off. I'll never forget it! ■



"Please excuse Melvin yesterday, he had the syph'. . . Melvin, are you sure your mother wrote this?"



MUTHA PATCH

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

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
Mutha



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Continued from page 53

I could hear the wheels turning in his head, watch the eyes going blank to search for the answer that was needed. Standing there, watching Masher, I knew I had finally come to the right place for help. The only people who could understand fully were bikers: the others I'd gone

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to today had been dealers (my stupid mistake), in it for the bucks and not for the love of biking and bikes. They hadn't cared a shit about a bro who'd lost his sled, his best friend.

Masher stirred and came out of his trance. "I'll tell ya what he needs. How much money ya got to spend?"

I told him and he started calculating.

"It ain't the biggest pile of money in the world, but it'll get ya what yer man needs."

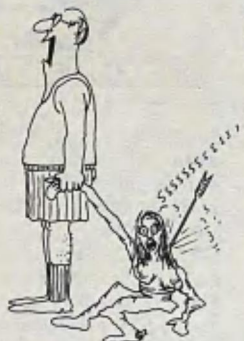
I'd wanted to have Jack's "new" bike by Christmas so we could park it in the living room and have it all decorated with tinsel and ornaments like we did every year, but Christmas passed with Masher unable to swing the deal in time. He had the right bike spotted, but the owner was being an obstinate prick.

Jack was more depressed than ever, and stared a lot at where the Christmas Harley should have been sitting. It got worse as his torn body got better. I called the shop every day to see what kind of progress Masher was making. I was being a pain in the ass to Masher, but I couldn't help it. Maybe by Jack's birthday in January?

Three days before Jack's birthday, Masher called. "I got it fer ya," he told me, sounding mighty happy, or maybe relieved that I would soon be off his case. "When do ya want it delivered?"

"I'll be there in a little bit and we can work it out, Masher," I told him, and flew out the door into the cold of a snowy January morning.

"Well, there she is." He gestured with a gloved hand at the iron still aboard the old pickup.



"Thanks a lot, asshole!"

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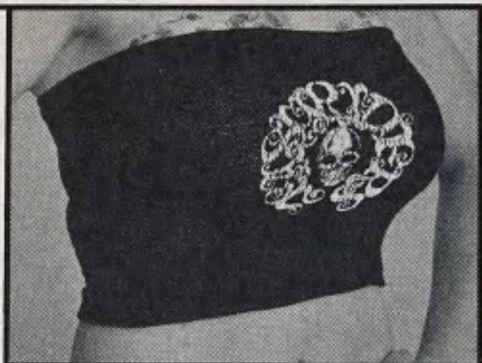
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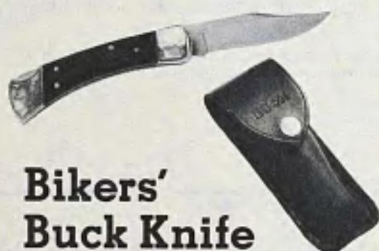


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"Jee-zus! This?" I looked with horror upon the decrepit old V-twin. "But it... how... it looks like it's on it's last legs!" I protested.

Masher laughed a deep laugh that was not unkind. "Yeah, I know she don't look like much, but ya can't underestimate the soul of a good Harley. She may look rat, but she's pretty solid." He patted the rusted, greasy bike that looked like it had been stored in a barnful of overfed pigeons. It looked like shit of the lowest order.

I shot him a doubtful look. "Masher, is... I mean, are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure. Lemme explain somethin' to ya: I think ya realize that Jack can never get back what he lost when he wrecked his old scooter, right? Right! So, he'll have to build a whole new set of experiences and a relationship with another bike. Now, there ain't no better way that I know of fer a guy to do that than to start from the ground up and build what suits him best."

"That's why ya couldn't just hand him a sled like his old one. There ain't no way he can ever go back."

What he said made sense; it had to be something that started from a first shy meeting and grew into intimacy with time and shared experiences.

Exactly as we had grown together! I felt all that much closer to Jack now that I understood. Masher smiled happily when he saw that I did understand. You'd hardly think it possible, but when I hugged him and gave him a big kiss, he blushed! "Thanks, Masher. I don't know what I'd have done without your help."

"Awww... well, shit! It's the least I



"No, no — I mean, what looks good to eat on the menu?"

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can do for a lady who cares that much for her man. That Jack is one lucky guy."

Now it was my turn to blush — and I was so happy that I cried.

"Uh, 'scuse me a minute, huh? I gotta go to the can," and Masher headed to the john to "relieve" himself — I suspected much in the same way that I was, but I'd never mention it to anyone.

While he was gone I stared at the old bike sitting in the bed of the truck. In its own grungy way, it was kind of beautiful. I was now certain that it was perfect.

When Masher came back out I had the money in my hand and gave it to him. He counted the stack and gave half back along with the signed title. I opened my mouth to say something in protest, but was cut off. "I got a good deal on it. All I ask is that he comes and buys parts from me. I'll make enough from ya that way." He grinned, half jokingly.

"It's a deal," I agreed. "Now, what I want you to do..."

Jack and I went out for his birthday, a movie followed by a T-bone dinner at a nice restaurant. He enjoyed the food and the flick; but that haunted look on his face made it almost unbearable for me to keep

my mouth shut about his present. He leaned back into the seat of the car while I drove us home.

It started snowing, those big, wet flakes that turned into the stuff you knew would develop into six inches of white on the frozen ground. Jack closed his eyes and didn't say much, but I could hear him humming a song, just barely audible above the sound of tires going through snow, a song he'd been humming a lot lately. I started humming too, the lyrics passing through my mind: *Get your motor runnin'/head out on the highway/lookin' for*

adventure/and whatever comes our way...

I smiled a secret smile and Jack looked at me curiously, wondering at the cockeyed smirk on my face. He didn't say anything though, and quit humming.

I pulled into the drive and saw the line of light snaking from under the garage door. "Damn, I left the light on again!" I swore. "Jack, I think I'll put the car in tonight, with all this snow coming down. Would you open the door for me, please?"

"Sure." He sounded deep in the pits. The car normally stayed out-

Easyriders



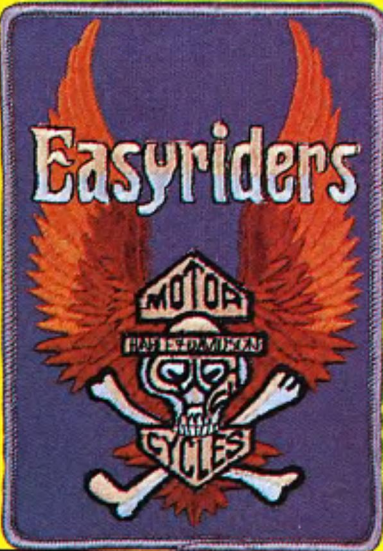
Schneider

"I agree, the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer; but who's getting all the ass?"

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B

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C

E,F

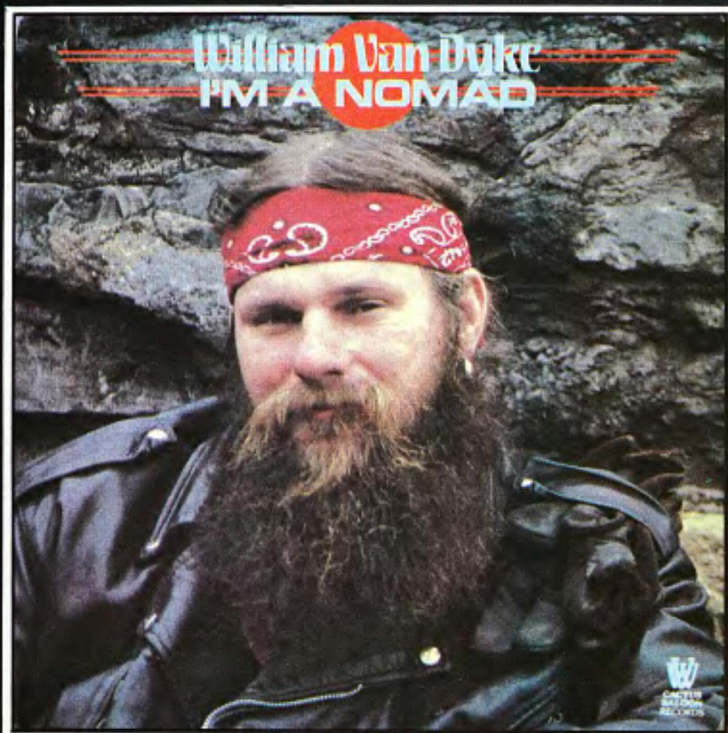
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B	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.50	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
C	D Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 7.50	\$10.00		\$	\$
D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$12.95	\$17.00		\$	\$
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side during the winter months because of his bike and bike parts taking up most of the space. He got out and fished in his pockets for keys, but he'd left his on the bedroom dresser because I had driven tonight. I shut off the engine and got out of the car, handing him my set of keys. He fumbled in the glare of the headlights for the right key, finally finding it and unlocking the door. I stood beside him as he lifted.

The look that washed over him when he saw the old Harley was something that could not be adequately described with words. He drifted like smoke to the grimy bike, drawn to it like iron filings to a magnet, his face beaming more wondrously and radiantly than any kid's on Christmas morning. Here and there a glint of chrome showed through the crud. He touched the aged metal lovingly.

"Happy birthday, babe," I wished him, but I didn't know if he had even heard as he went to a shelf and grabbed a handful of clean rags and cans full of chemicals.

I opened the door leading into the house; Masher and the rest of the brothers from the bike shop tramped into the cold garage with a half-barrel of brew, singing "Happy Birthday" badly off-key. They handed Jack a beer and started helping him Gunk down the engine. Introductions to his new bros would take care of themselves during the night of partying.

I went into the house and turned on the stereo, cranking the garage speakers up. Strains of vintage Steppenwolf blasted out. Poor but loud voices joined in on the chorus.

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Harleys at the Isle

Continued from page 33

"but we'll be ready."

"I hope you finish in time. You'll need a sturdy cycle to complete a TT race," the Englishman replied.

"That's for sure," said the American. "I don't think a Harley has ever finished a TT race before."

"I believe you're right," the Englishman said. "I'd be glad to assist you. If you need anything, I live four houses down the way."

"Thanks."

"Well, perhaps I'll see you again then. If not, good luck," said the Englishman. "By the way," he added, introducing himself, "may I know your names?"

"Sure. I'm Vance Breese," said the American, shaking hands. "The other rider is Mike Ross, and the guy in the welding helmet is Tony Williams, our mechanic."

"My pleasure," said the Englishman. "Take good care of yourselves, mates, and best of luck tomorrow."

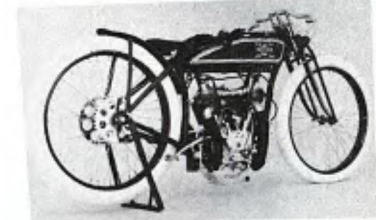
"Thanks," said Vance. "We need all we can get."

Vance, Mike, and Tony were working non-stop to get their Harleys race-worthy for the 75th Isle of Man Tourist Trophy (TT) Classic, a six-lap road race around a 37 3/4-mile circuit of twisting mountain roads on a rain-soaked island in the Irish Sea. The fastest bikes and some of the best riders in the world come to the Isle each June, along with 250,000 super-enthusiastic motorcyclists, for what has always been one of the ultimate tests of a road racer's skill. This 226-mile race on public roads is unlike any other, with its San Francisco-type hills taken flat out at 160-plus mph, first gear hairpins that go off-camber if the rider goes wide, stone fences minus the hay bales, and a mix of turns and surface variations that tends to turn 100-percent riders into 80-percent riders in about five minutes or less.

Going to the Isle of Man was Mike's idea. Vance leaped at the opportunity to match his modified but basically genuine Harley-Davidson against a whole boatload of Japanese multis and a host of German, English, and Italian bikes.

An experienced but not-too-wealthy road racer, Vance is 32 and has been building, racing, and repairing motorcycles in his spare time for the past fifteen years. His

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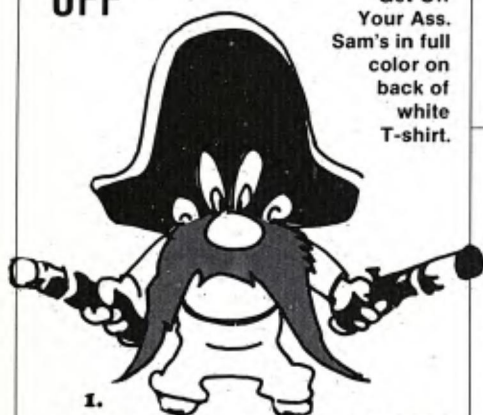
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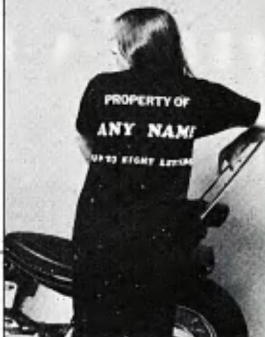
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working hours are taken up with a carpet cleaning business and a telephone answering service. He had ridden and raced Triumphs, Nortons, a BSA, and a couple of Moto-Guzzis before he settled on Harleys, which he has road-raced for the last four years. The Isle of Man had been sort of a distant dream.

Team mechanic Tony Williams has been involved in motorcycle racing for the past ten years, as a flat-track racer, fabricator, and occasional motorman. One of his motors held a three-year novice record for the 250cc class at Ascot. At present, he designs competition and show-bike pipes at Williams Pipes, Inc., in San Carlos, California.

The third man on the team, Mike Ross, is a ten-year veteran Yamaha road racer (250-350cc) who has moved up to a Harley. When he is not racing or getting ready for a race, he works as a labor negotiator in California.

The British Auto Cycle Union (ACU) provided start money that would cover about half the expenses; the other half was a problem until Dennis Manning of BUB Enterprises learned of their predicament and said they had to go. He backed his words with a generous sponsorship. Two more sponsors, S&S Cycle and Custom Chrome, Inc., later came on board and the cash crunch was eased.

With the money problems more or less solved, they began to get the bikes ready. Jim Belland built the motors, pronouncing them good for 500 racing miles each. Mike's bike, his first Harley, was totally untried and not quite finished, but Belland was going along as mechanic, so no problem — until he had to cancel out because of business commitments. Still no problem, though: Tony Williams volunteered. Tony can make anything out of almost anything, he has a tremendous capacity for work, and he had worked with Vance on several projects already. With Tony signed on, they had met all three requirements: a good team, friendly and helpful sponsors, and two very nasty Harley-Davidsons.

After two months of preparation, interrupted only by sleeping (a little), eating, and earning a living, it was time to go, ready or not. The night before departure they packed the bikes and spare parts into the shipping crates. The sun came up as they finished and shone on two 1200-pound heavy-duty crates sitting in the parking lot. One last problem: With only three hours before departure time, the crates



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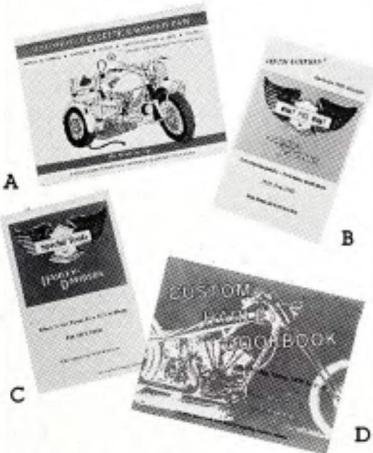
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were on the ground with no way to get them into the trucks and out to the airport. Down the street, a large machine shop had a fork lift. Vance said, "Gee, Mister, can I borrow your \$5000 fork lift? No, I've never driven one before, but we want to go 9000 miles to race a bunch of Jap bikes with our Harleys." The foreman replied, "Sure, no problem." There was a familiar feeling coming on: the magic of a special adventure.

The day after arriving in London, Vance and Mike flew to the island while Tony waited in London to collect the motorcycles. They arrived on a Sunday, with the race less than three weeks away. Sixteen days to learn the course, get the bugs out of the bikes, and meet some of the enthusiastic women who were there to watch the races. It being Sunday, nearly everything was closed, so they rented a couple of bicycles to ride around the circuit, hoping to learn the course and get in condition at the same time.

Tuesday was rainy and gray. Things got really gloomy when they found out that the bikes were still in San Francisco because some bureaucrat had reweighed the crates. That evening Manx Grand Prix winner Graham Cannall spent a couple of hours showing them around the track and giving them his thoughts about where to take it easy and where to pour it on. He kept saying "Flat-out through here" in places where going 160mph would not have been Vance's choice.

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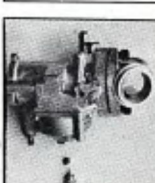
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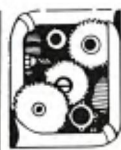
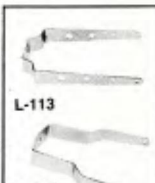
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but that kind of information was just what he needed.

On Wednesday, there were assurances from the airline that the bikes were on their way, so it was back to the practice runs — this time on a small Honda bike and a mini-car. Mist on the mountain had reduced visibility to about twenty feet, making a rear-end collision with a local truck a possibility, but the Honda broke a piston before this happened. The shop said they'd fix it as soon as possible, so Vance rented a mini-car for practice while the Honda was down.

Thursday: Two weeks left and the bikes were still in San Francisco. In the meantime, round and round the course in the mini, trying to attach places to names: Ballacrairie, Cronk-Y-Voddy, Sulby Straight, Ramsey Hairpin, Guthrie Memorial, Kate's Cottage, Creg-Ny-Baa; some sixty specific place names and more than 200 corners in all, each requiring a different line, different gear, and different speed.

The first tight corner on the race circuit is a right turn at Quarter Bridge, an intersection with a traffic circle. Normally, traffic enters the intersection in the left lane, and after turning left into the circle, moves sedately to the right, going around the circle and away. During the race, riders approach this corner at 135mph and white-knuckle it down to 35mph in a concentrated use of brakes and downshifting. They take the corner in the right lane, hugging the right-hand curb, bypassing the circle, and slingshot themselves down the straightaway toward the next corner. It is essential for the racers to know this corner because the road humps along the dotted line, and the left lane slopes off-camber down toward a stone fence.

Vance was trying to learn this and other rather demanding corners late Saturday night after a charming Manxwoman had kicked him out of her house at 12:30. He was in the mini and using the racing lines, which meant using both lanes. His lights were off, but moonlight provided enough light for him to see the road; he could see oncoming headlights in time to get back into the left lane. Using these techniques, with a top speed of 75, he managed to average 60mph for an entire lap. The next time around, he came sliding through Quarter Bridge in a four-wheel drift, cleared the corner on the racing line, and was gone down the straightaway at

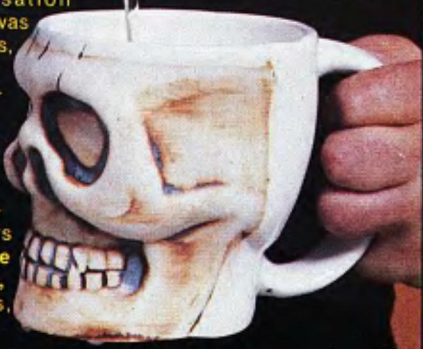
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about 75mph. Suddenly, there were headlights behind him. Two bobbies in a mini-van had been sitting near the corner when Vance had motored through. When Vance finally stopped, a large bobby got out, walked up to the car and said, "Excuse me, but the reason we stopped you is because you went the wrong way through the roundabout." In his best California drawl, Vance replied, "Gee, I'm sorry. We don't have those in California." He went on to explain that he was just trying to learn the course so he could race safely. The bobby asked him for his number and race and when Vance told him he was racing the H-D in the Classic, the bobby grinned and said, "Okay, mate. Keep to the limit (35mph), now." Imagine, the same situation in America!

Official race practice began on Monday and there were still no motorcycles. To qualify for the Classic, riders must complete six practice laps, with one lap run at an average speed of 90mph or better. No way on that little Honda. Fortunately, Graham Cannall had introduced Mike to a Manxman, Richard Bairstow, who volunteered to help with the mechanical chores. Richard works and lives in an institution for the elderly, where he makes 50 pounds (\$85) a week. His only valuable possession is a Honda CB 900F that isn't paid for, and Richard let Vance use it for the practice laps — incredible, but true. Bill Smith, a legendary TT racer, lent Mike one of his racing bikes, a Honda CB 1100R, with advice to take it easy breaking it in. You bet, Bill. No problem.

Easyriders



"There's a twenty-dollar bill pinned to my panties!"

Vance's first lap was an experiment in terror. At Braddan Bridge, he almost lost it. The problem wasn't a lack of skill. According to Vance, it happened because four-cylinder bikes are a bitch to handle. He went into the corner a little too fast and the front end started to wash out. He rolled off the throttle and the bike snapped back to vertical, almost threw him off, and headed straight for the wall. Spectators dove for cover and the turn workers came running, but somehow the bike made it through the turn with Vance still on the seat.

The next incident happened at a jump a few miles down the road. Vance took the jump at the recommended speed of 120mph and, as he touched down, the wind caught the front end while it was still off the ground and held the bike in an involuntary wheelie for several hundred feet. It was enough to set his heart to pounding. The road is straight there, which was lucky; the next time it happened, at Ballaugh Bridge, Vance needed more than luck on his side.

Ballaugh Bridge has a reputation that instills caution. The rider brakes hard coming up to it, makes

a hard left over the bridge, and then a hard right through a little town. The bridge is exceptional because it has a steep hump in the middle, which causes all traffic moving over 30mph to leave the ground.

Vance was ready, he'd been over the hump at 35mph in the mini. All four wheels had left the ground but he'd cornered safely. Using the standard calculation, 70mph seemed a safe speed on a bike. As he left the ground, however, he began to suspect that maybe 70 was a little too fast for the Honda. The bike sailed over the hump and stayed airborne long enough for a very good look around. The road was far

below and not getting any closer; the wall ahead was a solid mass of fieldstone and was getting closer; and the road beyond turned into the sharp right-hander. *Shit! Get down, bike! Get down!* When it finally did come down, it went right up into another wheelie. Vance's fault this time: he'd forgotten to roll off the throttle. Somehow, he made it through the corner. Lap one was a memorable experience.

The second lap was more of the same, but with a lot less drama. On the third lap, he ran out of gas and stopped at a station on the course. The station owner, another typical Manxman, filled Vance's tank even

Easyriders



"When he told me his wife was a regular bitch, naturally I had something entirely different in mind."

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though he'd forgotten his wallet.

At Sarah's Cottage, a little farther along, the front fender came loose and locked up the front wheel. He hit the curb but kept the bike upright and brought it to a stop, ripped off the fender and kept going. On his next lap, he averaged 83mph. He was beginning to think that this race might be a lot of fun if the motorcycles ever arrived.

On Tuesday, Vance was too sick to get out of bed. Later that day, he heard that the motorcycles had arrived in London and that Tony would bring them over the next day — in time for afternoon practice, they hoped. There were only two days left to qualify and a little over a week before the race.

The bikes arrived in time for afternoon practice. Wasting no time, Vance unpacked his bike, gave it a once-over, and wheeled it over to Scrutineering (safety inspector). The bike was not quite by their book, but the inspectors liked it so much that they bent a few of the rules and gave him a sticker. The motor rumbled into life on the first push: 78 cubic inches of thundering V-twin power. The bike pulled some really tall gearing and ran a little over 160mph past the Highlander Inn. This Harley was going to perform! At Ballaugh Bridge, Vance swept in, went over the jump, and roared away.

Coming out of Ramsey, still on the first lap, Vance heard faint sounds of detonation. About three miles down the road he had to stop. The right side of the rear barrel was cracked from top to bottom and there was a hole in the left side.

Meanwhile, Mike had missed practice, which was understandable since his front tire hit the lower fork clamp and his rear tire hit the seat. While Vance tore down his race motor, Mike and Tony fixed the clearance problems and drove out to an abandoned airstrip to test the bike. A fine idea, but the bike wouldn't start. They spent Thursday getting the bugs out and that evening took it out for another test. It started this time and seemed to run okay, except for a little problem with sticking throttle slides.

Vance's motor, however, was not okay. It had turned itself into non-repairable junk. All was not lost, though, because Tony had talked Vance into bringing along another motor (also built by Jim Belland), meant for Vance's new cowtrailer. This was a fairly standard Sportster motor with Thunder Heads and some cast-off racing parts. While it was no Grand Prix monster, it was a quality motor and, with a lot of work

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to fit it in the frame, it would go fast enough to make a good showing and qualify Vance for start money, assuming that the officials would let him race at all.

Friday, last day of official practice, Mike headed out to make his qualification run: six laps, with one over 90mph. On his first lap, he broke a throttle cable at Quarter Bridge and had to stop.

With practice over, Vance's qualifying effort on the Honda was two laps short and a little slow; Mike had done no better. After two months of planning and late nights in garages, a 9000-mile trip, and all the ups and downs of the whole adventure, it looked as if bad luck was about to finish them off. Fortunately, the ACU officials were aware of all that effort. To show appreciation of their never-say-die attitude, the ACU qualified both Vance and Mike. With the race only a week away, they had just enough time for a sigh of relief.

Vance and Tony spent the next three days scrounging parts, cannibalizing the crapped-out motor, and redoing the frame in a borderline-frantic effort to create a motorcycle that would stand up to the punish-

ment of a road race in which up to two-thirds of the competing field does not finish.

By Tuesday, the motor was in the bike. By Wednesday evening, after some frantic fabricating on the intake and exhaust systems, they were ready for a test ride. Out at the airstrip, the motor coughed once and started. The bike ran great and turned about 140 without the fairing! It looked homemade in places, but in a practical sense it was fine.

Thursday afternoon they went back to the airstrip to get the gearing and jetting dialed in. On previous visits, the airstrip had been deserted. This time, there were hundreds of people watching the factory teams do their final tuning. When Vance and Tony unloaded the Harley, the whole crowd circled around them, taking pictures and asking questions. They pushed it off, and as soon as it started they knew they were in trouble. It missed, stumbled, backfired, and blew flames out both pipes and the carburetor — fulfilling the expectations of many Harley critics in the area. Vance and Tony frantically changed everything in the ignition system, but it did no good. Totally

frustrated, they took the beast back to the garage.

They worked into the night, changing parts, starting the bike and making lots of noise, but nothing seemed to work. The race was less than twelve hours away.

Around 8:00 a.m., they had it to the point where it would pull about 5500 rpm before starting to miss. If they were going to race, it was time to get it on. Scrutineering was supposed to close at 11:00 a.m. Vance hurried over, checked in at 11:10, and was cleared to race. It had rained hard all night and was just



"Well, at least he cured my hiccups."

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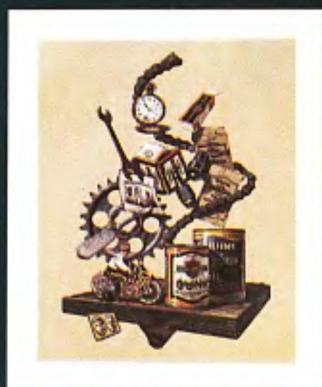
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starting to clear. While the weather now looked promising, he wasn't so sure about the bike.

Compared with the problems of the preparations, the race seemed almost easy. In the Classic, racers depart in pairs, each pair leaving 10 seconds apart. Vance pulled up next to his starting partner, and at the starter's signal, they roared off in the direction of Quarter Bridge. His bike was making just over 133mph before it would start to miss, not quite fast enough to compete with the 180mph factory bikes on the long straights, but certainly better than nothing.

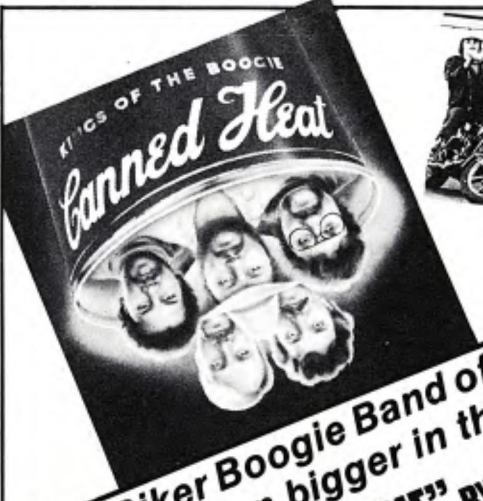
Mike started right after Vance and made it as far as the Ramsey Hairpin (about two-thirds of a lap) before his motor stopped. Meanwhile, Vance motored around as quickly as possible. By the fifth lap (185 miles), his legs began to give out from standing on the pegs as he went over the bumps. He was taking quite a beating, but wasn't about to give up after all that work.

At the beginning of the sixth lap the bike began to miss at anything over 90mph, and Vance was sure he'd never finish the race. By this time, word had spread about his difficulties and people were cheering for him in the corners.

Somehow, the bike managed to run the distance and the scene at the finish was like something out of *Rocky*. The privateer Americans with their Harley-Davidson had placed 38th in a field of 104 of the best bikes and some of the most skilled road racers in the world. Vance was the seventh American to finish the race and possibly the first to do it on a Harley. He had also finished dead last, just two minutes before the track was re-opened to public traffic, but Vance seemed to be the only person who was bothered. After all, they had beaten all the factory teams, since none of them had finished. Back at the hotel, everyone cheered when the American team showed up for dinner. It seemed they had done the classic British thing: press on, regardless.

At the awards ceremony that evening, the MC made a very nice speech about how Vance and his team had overcome adversity and captured the spirit of the TT. The applause was long and loud.

Are they going back? Not without being better prepared and better financed. Was it fun? Hard to tell. Maybe it will seem so in about six months. Was it worth it? You bet. ■




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Fire Down Below

Continued from page 18

But some dudes just can't get their shit together on any level, and that was the story of the Rod Busters. These guys gave all bikers a bad name by bringing down all kinds of unnecessary heat on themselves and anybody nearby. They couldn't even handle their club's internal affairs without making the papers. Everywhere they went, trouble followed, because most of 'em were amateurs and fuckups. They were big and mean, but they couldn't hold their mud.

Knuckles was heavier and drunker than when I last saw him, but I recognized him immediately. As soon as he spotted me, his hoarse bark roared out across the room, drowning out the jukebox and momentarily stopping all activity with his raucous greeting.

"Holy fuckin' shit!" he bellowed. "It's Billy the Blade!"

Every head in the place turned first toward him, then toward me. His booze-beared eyes pinned me in nostalgic, though not altogether friendly, recognition.

Nobody had called me Billy the Blade for years. A long time back, I'd been at the lake on a Labor Day run when a couple of bozos had made a play for Sunny, my girlfriend. They were too loaded to heed my warnings and one of them sapped me from behind while I was dealing with his buddy. When I shook off the fuzziness in my brain, they were pawing her and laughing, and when the behind-the-back asshole came at me again, I snapped open my Buck and stuck the fucker. His pal jumped into the beef swinging a primary chain, and before it was over I'd cut him four different ways — long, short, deep, and wide. I had to spend six months in the

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county slammer awaiting trial for ADW before the D.A. dropped the charges after all the witnesses agreed it was self-defense. That was about the last time I'd seen Knuckles, about the same time he'd dubbed me Billy the Blade.

Back in the bar, I greeted my old acquaintance. "Hi, Knuck," I said casually, while I assessed the situation. Nine of them and only five of us — and that was counting two head-in-the-ass prospects I'd brought along for laughs. Not such great odds. To make matters worse, Knuckles seemed in a bad mood.

He thrust his ugly mug up close to my face. "So how ya doin', Fart-head?" he bellowed, breathing warm whiskey fumes into my face.

"Not bad, Shitbreath," I replied uneasily, adjusting myself in the booth to make it easier to reach the S&W .38 tucked in the small of my back beneath my shirt.

Knuckles erupted in a bellow of phony guffaws at my response, pretending to be convulsed with laughter while pounding me on the back in heavy-handed bogus merriment. He was goading me, and I knew it.

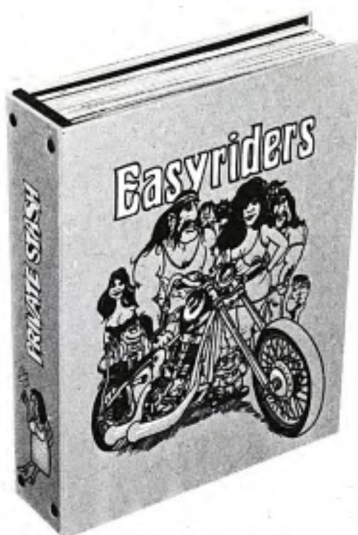
Under different circumstances, I'd have called his play then and there. As it was, for a moment I considered grabbing my piece and cocking it in a single motion while jamming it into the soft flesh beneath Knuck's left ear. I fought down the urge to do so, however, forcing myself to remember that my two club brothers then present were on federal probation and that a beef like this meant an almost certain return to prison for them. Given the situation, I had to try to avoid an open confrontation.

"Sit down, Knuck," I said, trying to stall while I figured out what to do about the growing tension and hostility that filled the room.

Knuckles jammed his drunken bulk into the booth, purposely



"Yes, dear, the gardener is working on a bush right now."



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squeezing me uncomfortably against the two prospects sitting alongside. In short order, he downed two shots of Jack Black and two Buds, during which time he and I traded good-natured insults. At least, I hoped they were good-natured, in spite of my growing concern that Knuckles was out to prove something. It was tough holding on to my temper, but I remembered my two brothers in jeopardy of becoming guests of the federal government, so I maintained.

When I didn't rise to his bait, Knuck became more directly abusive and I knew that a barroom brawl was only moments away unless I managed to de-fuse the situation and divert his aggression. Much as I itched to grab that S&W nestling behind me, I kept my cool. Spotting the bowls of salsa picante and hot peppers Rosita had deposited on our table, I had an idea.

"Hey, Poopbutt," I said jovially, trying to disguise my anger. "Can you still gobble peppers like you could in high school?"

Knuckles glanced at the bowl of jalapenos and then at me. "Bet yer ass!" he roared, again pounding me on the back and winking at his companions. "Why?"

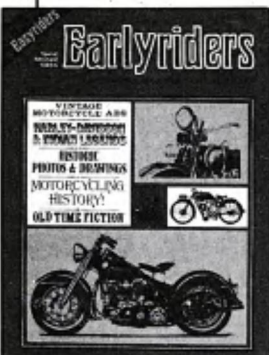
Improvising all the way, I decided to do a gut check on Toby, one of the club's two prospects sitting there with us. "Well," I replied, jerking a thumb in Toby's direction. "our prospect here can scarf down more peppers in an hour than any other man living. And I'll put my pink slip up against yours that he's better than you."

I immediately regretted that last part, but it was too late to take it back. Why hadn't I bet him twenty bucks, I asked myself, too late. Maybe it was my anger talking. I don't know, but I'd managed to put Toby and myself in a hell of a spot.

Knuckles roared with laughter. "Boys," he said to his companions, slapping his registration slip down on the table, "we just won ourselves a motorcycle." He turned to me. "Let's get started."



"Dear, why don't you mount me?"



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I called Rosita to our table and explained what was going on.

Toby really wanted to be in the club and he sensed he had it made if he passed this test. But he'd never eaten a whole jalapeno in his life and his face was pale as Rosita placed a heaping bowl of peppers in front of him and another in front of Knuckles. His eyes wide with apprehension, Toby gritted his teeth and resigned himself to the task ahead.

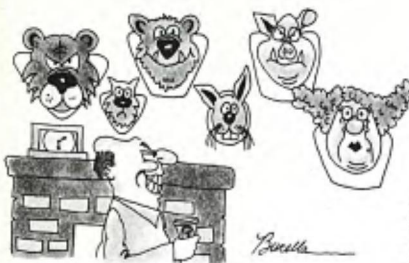
I breathed a little easier. Maybe Toby wasn't altogether ready to enter a pepper-eating contest, but I could tell by the set of his jaws that he was determined to try. He might go down in flames, but he'd by God go down fighting.

* * *

The first half hour was a horror show and when we stopped for a short break I knew the Wasteds and I were in big trouble. Knuckles had downed thirty jalapenos, one a minute, smiling and laughing while he bolted down one after another. Now and then he paused briefly to smear butter on his inflamed lips to ease the burning, but he seemed to be in no real discomfort. Grinning wickedly, he watched Toby struggle to choke down his portion of the throat-searing peppers. When the halfway break in the contest arrived, Toby fell backward in the booth, nauseated and in pain. He'd managed to down nineteen jalapenos — a manful showing by anybody's standards — but he was obviously outclassed, and everyone knew we were in deep shit.

I racked my brains for a way out. The way things were going, Toby would be beaten badly and I'd be walking home. My mind filled with infuriating images of Knuck's lard-ass butt straddling my scooter.

Abruptly, Casey, the other prospect I mentioned, rose, strode across the room, and walked outside. Still trying to figure a way out, I watched him through the bar's windows as he bent over in a head-to-head conference with Junkie Jake, a needle-freak hangaround who was loitering



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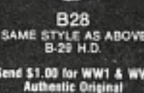
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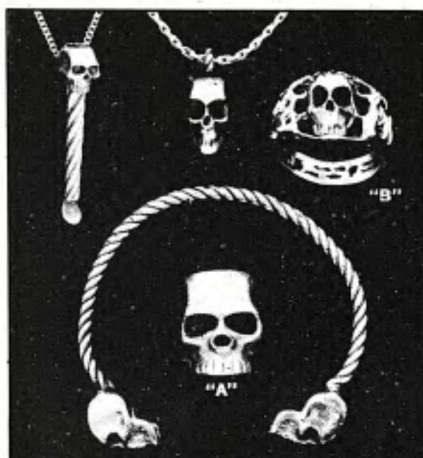
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outside waiting for his connection to arrive.

Jake had been around for as long as I could remember. But needles were out as far as the club was concerned, and if Jake hadn't been such a pitiful case, he'd have been pounded flat years ago. As it was, we tolerated him when he showed up once in a while, as long as he kept to himself. What Casey was saying to him now I couldn't imagine, but I made a mental note to blackball that prospect sonofabitch at the next club meeting — and maybe stomp his ass for good measure.

I watched sweat pour off Toby's jalapeno-saturated face and tried to figure out some way to save my scooter. Right then, my chances of hanging on to my property seemed nonexistent. Looking at Toby's pale complexion and listening to his gurgling protests, I was close to giving up.

Suddenly my attention was caught again by Casey, who had now left Junkie Jake and walked over to his bike. He stooped over the FLH, apparently working on the engine. I figured the gutless asshole was making sure he could haul ass when the shit came down.

Pretty soon I saw him stroll back inside the cafe and wander into the kitchen, only to emerge soon and return to work on his bike again. After three or four trips between his scooter and the kitchen, he returned to the booth and flopped down next to me. He sported a shit-eatin' grin that told me he knew something I didn't. My patience had run out and I was in no mood to play games.

"All right, prospect," I snarled under my breath while keeping one eye fixed on Knuckles at the adjacent table, "what's up?"

Casey opened his mouth to reply, but his response was cut short by Knuck's raucous shout. "So let's get on with this bullshit contest," he howled, chugalugging a beer and



"I swear some of these damned jokers are never satisfied!"



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

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sneering across the space between us. "I got me a new bike I wanna ride and you turds are stallin'."

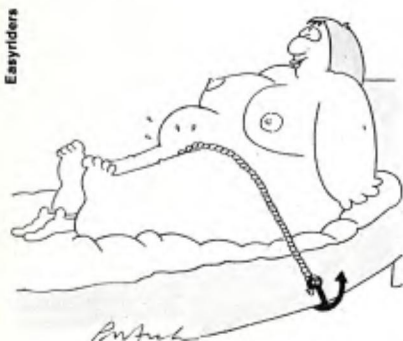
One glance at Toby told me our ass was cooked. He stared at the bowl in front of him as if at a meth-crazed blade-freak out for blood. I knew that if he gobbled down just one more he'd erupt in a pepper-puke unparalleled in jalapeno history. For a moment I considered that possibility, imagining Toby's spicy barf spewing all over the table while I took advantage of the diversion to grab my pink slip and run. But that was a chickenshit notion, so I tried to get my head around the idea of losing my bike because of a stupid bet I should never have made in the first place.

Seeing my agitation, Casey the prospect leaned over and put his lips next to my ear. "Relax," he said. "Let the contest continue. Knuckles is in for the surprise of his life."

I didn't have time to argue or ask questions. George the bartender called time, Rosita brought Knuckles a new bowl of jalapenos, and the contest resumed. Toby nibbled at the smallest pepper in his bowl, while Knuck popped two into his mouth and swallowed them whole. In my mind, I was already saying goodbye to my scooter and hoping I could get the hell out of the place without having to ventilate Knuckles's obnoxious ass or having to fight his gloating brothers.

Oddly enough, Casey the prospect seemed relaxed and calm. For a moment I debated which one of these jerks deserved to win his patch: Toby for his gutsy try at a lost cause or Casey for his laid-back cool under pressure.

Knuck was about five peppers into the contest's second half. He'd been wolfing them down whole and acting confident, but suddenly I knew something was wrong. He paused and belched loudly, a puzzled expression on his face. He



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"BIKER"

glanced around the table uncertainly before defiantly downing two more peppers whole. He sneered at Toby, who was still nibbling uncertainly at the smallest pepper in the bowl.

Showboating. Knuck popped two more jalapenos in his mouth. But something was obviously amiss, and I don't mean ordinary pepper O.D. Emitting a series of growls and chokes. Knuckles leapt to his feet, overturning the table and scattering the onlookers. Clawing at his throat, he ran howling for the men's room. In a minute I heard him barfing and sucking up the piss water in the toilet in a futile attempt to cool his raging gut.

The Wasted Ones claimed immediate victory by default, of course. While Toby hadn't been able to match Knuck pepper for pepper, one of the rules was that both contestants remain at the table throughout the contest. Toby was still seated in the booth while Knuckles was puking up his guts in the crapper. Maybe our club was behind in the count, but our man — who was a prospect, at that — was still hanging in there, pretending, at least, to continue the contest. Their man, on the other hand, had left the arena like a scalded-ass cat.

Even while I leaned across to Casey, I could hear Knuckles roaring and puking copiously in the john down the hall. "Okay," I said, "tell me how you did it."

"No big deal," he replied smugly. "I borrowed Junkie Jake's syringe and used it to suck out some battery acid from my bike. Each time I went in the kitchen, I injected the stuff into the jalapenos in Knuck's bowl."

Knuckles wound up in the Intensive Care Unit and the Wasted Ones wound up with the pink slip to his motorcycle.

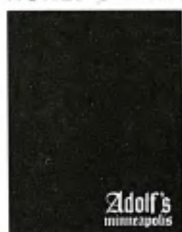
Oh, yeah. And both Toby and Casey wound up with club patches to sew on their cutoffs.



"There! Like it better shaved?"

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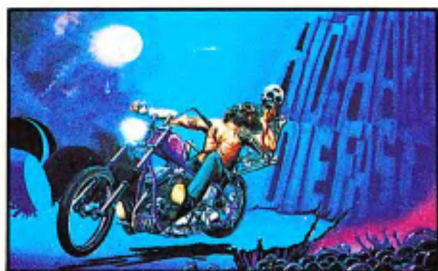
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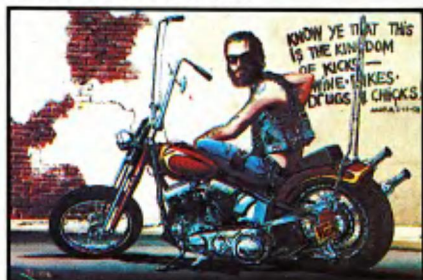
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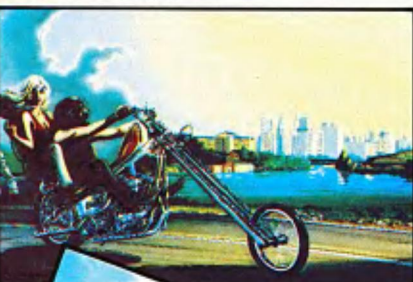
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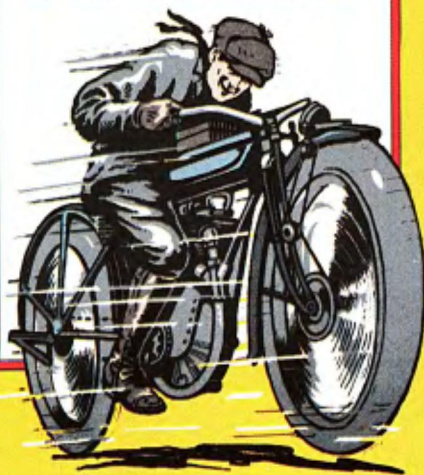
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Downtime

Continued from page 29

That's all right, of course, because Thorogood has established himself as a premier rhythm and blues rocker on the North American continent. Any new release is worthy of attention for that reason alone.

Bad To The Bone represents no great advance beyond Thorogood's previous albums. But the record's predictability is hardly a surprise. George has carved himself a niche that no other currently performing artist can challenge — white badass boogiemaster. And each new album is nothing more than a supplement of what his fans already expect. **Bad To The Bone** is much like Thorogood's previous releases on Rounder Records (which is not meant as criticism) — no new ground broken, but that's hardly a surprise.

The real knockout on **Bad to The Bone** is Hank Carter's saxophone work. This guy's licks are so right, so nearly perfect, that on many cuts — "Back To Wentsville," "Blue Highway," and "Miss LuAnn" to name a few — the horn work simply steals the show from George and his frenetic guitar. And that, my friend, if you've ever seen Thorogood in person, is no simple feat. I mean, Thorogood didn't open for last year's Rolling Stones tour just because he's a good utility infielder from Delaware. Moreover, if you've seen George and the Destroyers in person, you also know that any attempt to capture him adequately on vinyl is probably doomed to failure. Thorogood is simply one of those performers whose dynamic impact is so great that it has to be experienced live. Anything else, no matter how faithfully reproduced.

Continued on page 114



Choppershopper

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

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)

T-shirts \$4.75. Jerseys \$8.50. American made, silkscreened Harley designs. Fully guaranteed. Details 25¢. Biker, P.O. Box 12838, Las Vegas, Nev. 89112.

Byassee: Happy birthday to the best ol' man an ol' lady could have. I love you, Mickie, Paducah, Ky. (117)

Member of Pagans MC sitting in jail, needs mail from good biker chicks. Please send pictures, tired of looking at these inmates. Joe Moser, M3620, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Tim: Blue eyes, blond hair, who jumped onto the back of my convertible after Greenport rally, 10/10/82. Way I see it, I was right and won that bet after all—not that I wanted to win it. I really had a good time with you. Too bad it had to end that night. Sure would like to see you again. P.S. Anyone knowing this guy, please show him this, Kathy (L.I.) (117)

Frankenstein: Hey, Q-T pie, it's all about you and me! Remember: (long, hard and forever) you owe me, baby, and I'm here to collect. I'll love ya till the end of time and then some. Cherrybottom. (117)

Wall Plaques: Club colors, logos, Harley eagles, emblems, and custom orders. For further information, write Dee Guenther, 947 Desoto St., St. Paul, Minn. 55101. (117)

Skinny Mike: Sorry this is late. Happy Birthday 1/13, your D.F.C., Wheezer. (117)

Uptate N.Y. ladies: W/m biker, 32, lookin' for puttin' partyin', and cuddlin' partner; must enjoy the simple things in life. Ya interested? Write Bikin' Fool, c/o Easysiders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (117)

Arizona bro down, will have shit together next year. Warm and understanding, looking for same to share ridin', partyin', and home-makin'. Older tramp but lots of lovin' miles left on these ol' bones. Write soon, Daniel "Munchkin" English, Box 3200, Goodyear, Ariz. 85338. (117)

Grow plants twice as strong, twice as fast with hydroponics. Simple method. Send \$1.50 for complete information. C. Powell, 10228 Earl Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63136. (117)

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Wanted: Ol' lady for w/m, 38, 5'7", 165 lbs. Have steady job, good books, non-ride. Will take care of right lady. Lady should be 20-30, good body, no heavies, big tits nice, but not a must. No kids now. Must like to party, be loyal and ready to settle down. Send pics and letter. Bob, Box 35081, Phoenix, Ariz. 85069. (118)

Wanted: One righteous, intelligent, hard rocker, hard-working biker to love and be serious. Preferably 27-35, in mid-Atlantic states area. I'm a white female, 29, 5'2", 98 pounds, brown and blue, Irish and German. Pisces, artist. Send photo, Gayle Carla, c/o Alexander, 3320 Buchanan St., Apt. 102, Mount Rainier, Md. 20712. (117)

Two brothers doing big time would like to hear from foxy ladies anywhere and everywhere. John Lacey, Box 214, Rembert, S.C. 29128. Steve Apostolides, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (117)

Looking for Doris Jean Harris. Now or was Doris Car. Get in touch with your brother. Anyone who knows where to find her, please write. Richard Zimmerman, RR 2, Benton, Ill. 62812. Sex, Drugs, Rock and Roll! (117)

Anyone in the South Haven, Mich., area knowing the whereabouts of Dawn Gignano, contact Bristles, RR 3, Box 80, Polo, Ill. 61064.

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Pop Walt, Mom Lee, Dan, Pat, Mike, Brenda, Ted, Mouse, Troy, Kim, Eli, Tammy, Terry, Laurie, Mimi, John, Cindy, Boo, Syn, Catfish, MJ, Larry, Judy, Steve, Buzz, Shoe, Lynn, JC, Norm, Annie, and all you people at Norm's Lounge, Groton: My brothers and sisters, my friends, for all the love, I thank you. I miss you. Always in my heart, "Dragon Lady". (117)

For sale: Excelsior V-twin engine. Salvageable condition. Best offer. Box 1113, Tioga, N.D. 58552. (117)

Gorgeous Sagittarius—Happy late birthday to you, me, and 1-yr.-old Jimmy. Remember the night he was born (12-9-81)? I loved you then and still do. Write if possible to Box 6604, Ft. Myers, Fla. 33901. Yours forever, Faye-Faye. (117)

Ol' lady wanted: W/m, 6'4", 200 lbs., looking for one-man woman who wants to live in the country. Serious inquiries only. Kids okay. Send photo, RR 3, Box 446, Shelbyville, Ind. 46176. (117)

Wanted: Traveling biker in Western Pennsylvania and parts of New York, Ohio, and West Virginia, looking to meet all ladies to party and/or love. Buzz, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (117)

Nancy B: Please write or call. I miss a special lady. Jerry, same place and phone. (117)

RT: Happy birthday, June 16, Love you more, Mrs. RT. (117)

To L&C Custom Cycle: Les or Smuggs, get in touch with me—urgent! Sgt. James M. Kristan, 049-54-0261, 535th Engr. Co. (cse), APO, New York, N.Y. 09114. (118)

Ladies 25-40: I'm 5'10", 160 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. If you're into caring and loving, deserts and mountains, camping and Coors, then send your pics and statistics to FNO, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (117)

Two bros locked down, trying to keep up with the world outside. A few pictures and letters sure would keep us going. James Marsh #92600, and Randy Webb #86028, Camp H, Angola, La. 70712. (117)

Solid man with caliber doing a taste of time. Looking for that special lady and correspondence. Send picture for fast reply. Will do the same. Donald "Bam-Bam" Boutte #C38216, D.V.I., Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376. (117)

Two good, never-do-right guys been coolin' on the shelf far too long. Down but not out. We need two sweet, sincere ladies. Have future and hopes of relationship in mind. Write to Brian O'Connor B-977, Rm. 1202, and Steve Johnson C-34496, Rm. 1232, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (117)

R.P.: I'm still here for ya, babe. Can't we start over and bring the good times back again? Never stopped loving you. Your "Smurf Lady" always. (117)

Jeremiah from Petaluma: Best of luck to you in your travels. I only wish we could have had more time together to get to know each other. 'Cause "damned," I know I'd be with you now. If you ever need a friend and/or want company, contact me A.S.A.P. Good health and good fortune to you, wherever you may be. Love with respect, Debra from S.R. (117)

Tattoo Works of Montclair, N.J., (201) 746-6317, 30% off all tattoos for Easyriders readers. (117)

From home of Harleys: T-shirts—grey Milwaukee Iron or black with eagle design, or black with "Harley riders have longer rods." State S-M-L-XL. U.S. \$9.00, Canada \$10.00, overseas \$11.00. We pay postage. Our name on back. Milwaukee Harley-Davidson, Inc., 6312 W. Fond du Lac Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53218. (117)

Jac': I am hurting day and night for you. Didn't know what I had till I lost it. Please come back to us. Let me show you I can be good for you always. Nana and Grampy have address. (117)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2.00 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (117)

Mexican-American ladies for dating, friendship. Photos, details, write to Box 685-ESY, Hemet, Calif. 92343. (117)

For sale: #10 of 900 Harley Roadster XLS, mint condition, 25th anniversary 1982, \$9,500. 1001 Miles Ave., Billings, Mont. 59102. (406) 256-1719. (117)

Caryn: Love you so very much. Come home to me, baby. Can't live without you. J.J. (117)

Paul: I love you more than words can say. I thank you for your honesty, caring, and most of all for loving me. Happy birthday 3/1. Your cream puff, Kathy. (117)

"Oral sex is a dark and lonely job but damn it, somebody has to do it." "The more I know about women the better I like my Harley." "Black T-shirt or ladies' tank. Specify size and send \$8.00 to Born Wild, Box 4478, N. Hollywood, Calif. 91607. (117)

W/m, 30, 5'11", 160 lbs., wants good ol' lady/wife, sincere, loving. Moore, Box 4, San Bernardino, Calif. 92402. (117)

Chrome-plated brass herb pipe. First-time offer. \$3.00 to "Smokey," Box 923, Niles, Mich. 49123. (117)

Mark L. (Meathead): Wait until a warm breeze blows; everybody in the valley will know, though we'll try to keep it hidden. They'll hear you screech, on the old bike seat, all the while you're being ridden. I want you, I need you, I want to ride with you and on you forever. I'll never stop loving you—let me be your "motorcycle mama" forever. Happy 25th Birthday, babe, 3/5, Edith (JC). (117)

"Free"—world's largest singles magazine. Photos, descriptions. Ladies, men needing mates. League, Box 5637-ESR, Reno, Nev. 89513. (117)

BK: I love having you in my life. You send me, babe—all the way. For all that you are to me, my ol' man, my lover, my friend—thank you, Lynnea. (117)

Are you missing monthly white, patriotic, and Protestant news on the conspiracy? Hurry! \$5.00/6 months special offer. Rev. Moltis, Box 3646, Manchester, N.H. 03105. (120)

I'm the best ol' lady you'll ever come across. Interested? Send me a letter and flicks of yourself to see if I am. Will answer all. Stars, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (117)

Ladies: Serious-minded bro, tall, good-looking, gets out this summer. If you're special, send photos and letters to Lael Carpenter #C-60733, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764. (117)

Big John Reed: I missed your B/D, Xmas, and the New Year, but I made it for the big one! Happy first anniversary, baby, 3/30/83. Hope we have many more. Love you, Momma Donna and Josh the Rugrat. (117)

Wanted: Women doing time, 35-year-old w/m wants pen pals. Write w/photo to Rick Tucker, Box 10042, Torrance, Calif. 90505. (117)

Hey, lady! Are you tired of hassles? Me too! Financially secure guy seeking classy girl to 30, slim to medium build, for summer travel, possible permanent relationship. Will finance your trip here. Write, send photo. Handsome, intelligent, easygoing, lot to offer if you fulfill my wishes: L.G., Box 2196, Farmington, N.M. 87499. (117)

Rat: Poncho from Oahu, I know you're back, H.M.C.P.H., contact Lucky, Box 13298, Ft. Carson, Colo. 80913. (117)

Flathead too slow? Send 75¢ for speed & parts catalog (45 or 80, say which). KNS Cycle, Box 289, North Baldwin, N.Y. 11510. (117)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, expert instruction. 71 pages—\$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-E, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (117)

Mellow Canadian, good-looking, 35, 6'1", has Harley chopper and home in the country. Needs good ol' lady to start a new life with. Must be willing to relocate, rugged welcome. Bud, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. (117)

Doing time is a bitch. Let's hear from you wild women and make this time worthwhile. Send letters, pictures to Jerry Mitchell #8181983, and Mike Sullivan #8081413, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902. (117)

Attention, ladies: Downed and lonely white bro, 32 years young, good-looking, from Louisiana, wishes to correspond with sincere, understanding ladies. Will exchange photo and answer all. Ronald Goodrow #92793, D-C-I, Dorm G, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (117)

Two w/m scooter tramps looking for ladies from the L.A. County and San Bernardino County area to write and visit us. Dirty Dan Testerman, #222, and J.C. Hill, #16, 3102 E. Highland Ave., Patton, Calif. 92368. (117)

Downed bro, 3 to go. W/m, 37, desires letters and pics from chicks with their heads on tight. I write to live, and live to write. Chuck Guenther, C-05783, Box AE1338, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (117)

Beautiful Philippine ladies desire friendship, marriage! Photos and information free. Transcor (U), Box 2321, Manila, Philippines. (117)

Good California white boy locked down in snow country. I'm looking for a good lady who's interested in an honest, meaningful relationship to exchange letters, pictures, and possibly visit. I'm 34, 6'3", 175 lbs., red hair, hazel eyes, and athletic. Robert Wayne Wilson, #16832-148, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952. (117)

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Ladies! I'm a very lonely man. Been down five years, getting up soon. Would love to meet someone special like you to start a new life with. I'm 6'1½", 185 lbs., dark eyes and hair. If you are serious-minded, send your letter and photo to Allen Tigner #283712, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (117)

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

Dor: Paris seems a long way off and such a long time ago. Call me, girl, 471-3023. I need a friend. (117)

Tattooing outfit (complete), 11-oz. electric machine (no battery-operated toy), voltage reducer, inks, designs—all for only \$102.50. Steele, Box 242-E, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (117)

Dave: I miss and love you. So, babe, smile and think of what we've got coming when we can ride together again. Sylvia. (117)

Doug: Happy 27th, 3/6/83. You've got a lot more years ahead and I'll be there with you, in the wind. Love, Your Little Bitch and Chrissy. (117)

Virginia—confidential remailing. Details free. Ed, 161 Granby St., Norfolk, Va. 23510. (117)

Exciting Italian male, into sharing and caring, seeks high-caliber female for lasting relationship. July '83 release. John N. Comito, 74A1492, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, N.Y. 10562. (117)

A Harley for the right woman. White male, age 33, owns two 74s, home, and new car. Looking for honest, serious-minded lady, age 18-30. No rats or fats. Will answer all with picture and phone number. Write Big Head, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (117)

Jobs overseas—big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000-plus per year. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 267. (117)

\$100 per week part-time at home. Webster, America's popular dictionary company, needs home workers to update local mailing lists. All ages. Experience unnecessary. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 7140. (117)

George: Hope ya notice, "This one's for you" and Diane, who sure loves the hell out of you. Hi, guys, and happy late birthday, Mustang. Love you much, Your ol' lady, Shyrise. (117)

Ed: Happy Birthday 12/27. You make me proud to be your woman. Love you forever, Pooh Bear. (117)

Adventurous Caribbean pirate down for smuggling. Out in 3 months. Healthy, athletic, 6'10", 175 lbs., pumping iron, jogging, swimming, etc. Need warm, sensitive women 18-40 to share my ship and lonely highways. Arthur Ellis #084159, Box 699, Sneads, Fla. 32460. (117)

Two lonely men wish to hear from all serious-minded, good-hearted ladies with strong conversation. Please send photos, will answer all letters. Conrad Leif Lenox, C-39735 #2369, Lee Meikjimen, C-48711 #2355, Box A, CoMoCo East, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (117)

Lonely outlaw getting short a Soledad CTF. White, 26, 5'7", brown, blue, in need of ol' lady, brothers with flicks, letters about streets, to plan for catching lost time. Danny "S.F.V. Kid" Waring, Box 4182, Sylmar, Calif. 91342. (117)

Ladies: Help ease the pain of loneliness. Share your sweet words of love with this down dude. White, 23, blond hair, blue eyes, 6', 170 lbs. Will answer all letters and exchange photos. Jeffrey Porter #161870, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. (117)

James (Truck) McElroy: Saskatchewanan, Canada. Have a big happy birthday on 15/4/83. From your sister Pat, Fort McMurray, Alberta, Canada. (117)

Dan Still, ex-Navy, Clinton, Iowa, and Ray Ford, Tucson, Arizona. Lost both your addresses. Drop a line soon. Roy Becker, Box 33, Midlothian, Tex. 76065. (117)

Midwest female, 23, good-looking, tired of the road. Love biking, music, and country living. Wanting to get serious. Hometown lady. Write Cindy P., 222 E. Carroll, #20, Macomb, Ill. 61455. (117)

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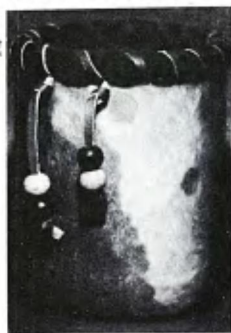


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Downtime

Continued from page 110

must inevitably seem to lack the vitality of the original.

All this isn't to say that *Bad To The Bone* isn't a good album — quite the opposite, actually. If you like razor-sharp rhythm and blues, this disc will be right up your alley. And if the record doesn't expand on what we've come to expect from Thorogood... well, what did you expect?

In point of fact, *Bad To The Bone* is primo Destroyers. There's block-buster rockers penned by George himself, tunes like the previously-mentioned "Back To Wentsville" and the album's title cut. All these tunes display Thorogood's exciting, if limited, talents as a songwriter. But George remains primarily an interpreter of other artists' material, and he continues to display a real flair for selecting killer stuff, in this case ranging from Bob Dylan's "Wanted Man" to John Lee Hooker's "New Boogie Chillen" to Chuck Berry's "No Particular Place To Go" to (the highlight of the album, in my opinion) a roof-raising version of the Isley Brothers' classic, "Nobody But Me." (We can only hope that one of these days George will record his own version of "Shout.")

This album suffers a bit in comparison to Thorogood's earlier releases, especially *Move It On Over*. But it's good shit from first cut to last, and well worth buying. This fall George played a marathon concert in Los Angeles, laying down tracks for a forthcoming live album that's sure to be a barn-burner. In the meantime, drop *Bad To The Bone* on the turntable, kick back the rug, grab your ol' lady, and get ready to boogie. ■

NEWS



"Good evening. For those of you wondering if I'm getting into my colleague's pants, the answer regrettably is no. Now to the news."

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Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

up and to all the people who partied with us. I'll also ride another four hundred miles north to party with these people.

Fang and Bo
Bolton, Conn.

Lockdown

I'd like to say that "Lockdown" in your January rag was the real story — all bull-shit aside. And Boomer should get a whole raisin pie from Spider.

Ted
Wellington, Kan.

Spider's loose with raisin pie only with women.

Grace Slick

I've never had a reason to write before, but I just wanted to say how upset I was to see that ya didn't even mention Grace Slick in your "Downtime" article on female rockers.

Now come on, Ben, have you forgotten "White Rabbit" already? Haven't you heard Grace's **Wrecking Ball**

album? In my personal opinion, Grace is the greatest female rocker that there ever was or ever will be!

Johnna
Vacaville, Calif.

Thanks Again

A few other bros and I here at Parchman, Miss., would like to say thanks for helping to pass our time. We'd also like to see those assholes, who keep cuttin' ya down for fuckin' up once in a while, try to do better!

Keep up the good work and we'll keep reading.

Memphis
Parchman, Miss.

Disillusioned

Your magazine has just shattered one of my few remaining romantic illusions: Biking chicks are long-legged, sleek, and sexy and their ol' men are tanned, muscular, and handsome. Man, forget it! In my opinion, your October '82 issue is filled with beautiful bikes; but unfortunately, the bikers (both male and female) are generally gross-outs with guzzle-guts, heavy haunches, and tremendous tits. Hard to believe they'd be a turn-on to anyone

but another biker of the same build and taste. Yeah, there were a couple of all-together types here and there but not many.

S. McLane
West Germany

A Vision

Where's your head at? (I'm speaking of the October '82 issue, "There's Gotta Be A Reason".) Where in the fuck do you get off calling that gorgeous lady a "skinny minnie"?

To us bros behind the wall who have to give up toilet paper to buy your mags, she is a vision — to be praised, not ridiculed!

L-Wood
Sheridan, Ill.

Reply to no Colors

I'm writing in reply to a letter from A Concerned Biker from Hartford, Conn., in your December issue. I don't know where the hell he gets his ideas from, unless he's into California scooting.

Before I hit the Crowbar Hotel, I was at a swap meet in New London, Ohio, in July, and there were a lot of colors, clubs, and patches. I even cruised in on my '65 Triumph

650 Bonneville special and had no problems for the entire three-day event. The Hells Angels were there, the Erie Riders of Ohio, the Hog-fuckers out of Grand Forks, N.D., and a lot of others.

Now, maybe he gave them a reason to hate his guts. I'm new to riding in the wind and have been doing it for only two and a half years — and I have no problems. To me, all bikers are all right and live a peaceful life.

Bandit
Bismarck, N.D.

Charmaine

Hey, man, what a way to end the year. December's cover girl, Charmaine, is the most seductive girl on any cover of your rag for a helluva long time. I would do some serious travel for an in-person look at that goddess.

Also, thanks from a lot of readers for changing the T-shirt ad girls or whatever.

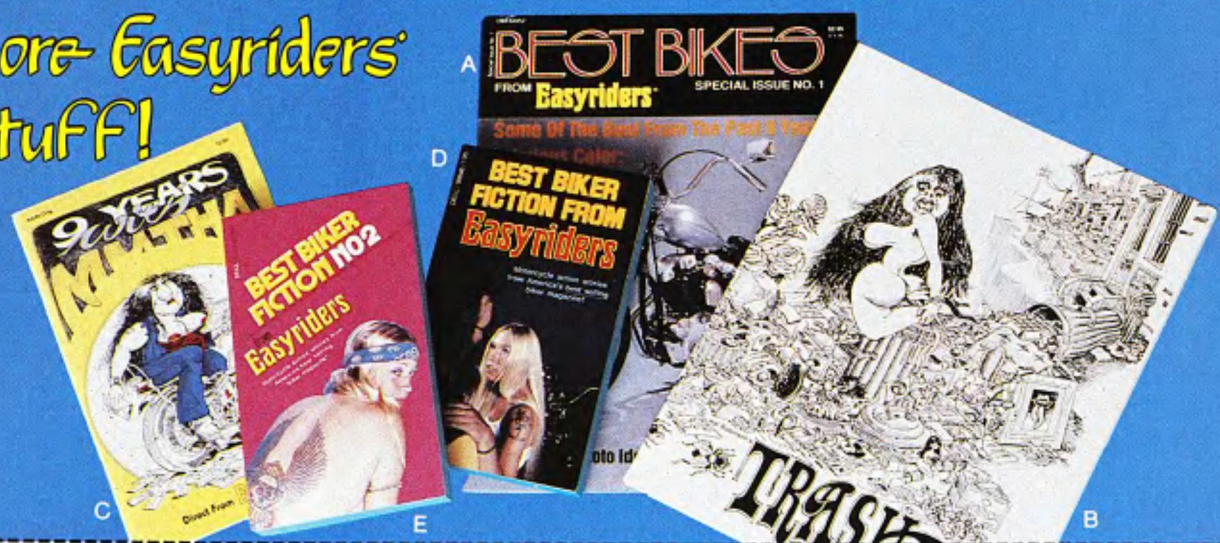
Richie
North Hollywood, Calif.

All Wheels Together

Why the hell does it matter how we hit the wind? We're all Americans, born free to

Continued on page 116

More Easyriders' Stuff!



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D	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
E	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

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Paramount Speedometer

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Phone: (213) 630-9753
Calif. res. add 6% tax.



Wordmonger

Continued from page 115

raise hell. Why is there so much damned bitchin' about what wheels we use? Don't we all party? Can't we all party together? We who believe in the van for our wheels don't put down you two-wheeling bros. We aren't that different. You carry your load on the back of your flatheads, panheads, or whatever. We carry our whole life in the back of our vans. What the hell's the difference? We all party and like to soak our ends in that well-loved muff.

Chaser
Columbia, Pa.

Memories

Just put down the November '82 issue of *Super Cycle* and you'll never guess whose name I found on a byline for an article. Ken Stambaugh! If my hazy memory serves me correctly, your issue #86 shares your loss of Ken. What gives?

I'm sorry to bring back old pains but I'm totally confused.

Gregg
Cleveland, Ohio

■ He worked for them before he came with us, which was his dream fulfilled, as we heard his mother say. They probably pulled out something he had done long before he died. Hope they give the bread to his mother.

A Bet

I've got a bet with my ol' man. He says you people never print the letters ya get unless you know the people who wrote them. I say that you print 'em as you get 'em. Please set me straight, 'cause I'm looking for some face-sitting.

Muskrat
Hadley, Mass.

■ If we knew that many people, we would run Spider for president. All our letters are from you readers.

Calendar Praise

I really missed a shift trying to get your 1983 calendar. First of all, I'm doing time in London, so I had to order the calendar. I went to the mail office, but forgot my ID badge. Went back to the dorm, got the ID badge, and went back to the mail office.

Forgot a stamped envelope. Went back to the dorm to get the envelope. Then the screw in the mail office says they may not let it in if it's lewd!

Well, I sit here with the calendar. You cats outdid yourselves! Thanks for helping a con keep track of his days with class!

M. Pasek
London, Ohio

Laughed For Days

Just read your second edition of the anniversary issue and came across an article titled "Calmin' Your Chick's Biggest Worry." As a biker's ol' lady, it was the finest, funniest piece of literature I ever read. I couldn't stop laughing for days after reading it.

Well done, *Easyriders*, for keeping us all well stocked with great reading material.

Buggalugs
Lancashire, England

Read More, Criticize Less

To Fast Freddy from Pensacola, Fla.: Man, you're right about the mistake on the "Lady Luck" (July '82) article. But you're totally wrong about there not being a word on it in the October issue. If you'll look at the last letter in "Wordmonger," you'll find approximately one hundred words about it! My words! So now that you have probably run to almost everyone you know, flashing your letter in the January rag, you can run again and flash the October rag and say, "Damned, and I thought I was the first and only one to spot their fuck-up."

Think about it. They more than likely read my letter — and if they haven't informed

you about it yet, then I'll you guess what's been said behind your back. You either one weird dude, or you met a healthy ship coming from South America. I mean, shit, you were observant enough to notice the brand hand error but not enough to catch my letter. And it took you months before you even wrote yours. I'm not real down on you, though, because I'm an understanding downed bro and you've got to be having a better time.

Keith Cahall
Jefferson City, Mo.

Bikers Are Better

How come every time I ask for some Easywider, I ask for *Easyriders*?

I think it's because bikers have the longer and wider Moe

Winter Garden, Fla.

Always A Biker

Nice job, Wheelchair Mike, in the November issue. He's living proof you do have to ride a Hog to be a biker and sittin' over a V-twin won't automatically make you a biker. It's something that's born in you and stays a lifetime. Wheelchair Mike is the wind for life — just like the rest of us.

Rocky Hill
Seneca, Mo.

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, poems, mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may be sent to the Wordmonger, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■



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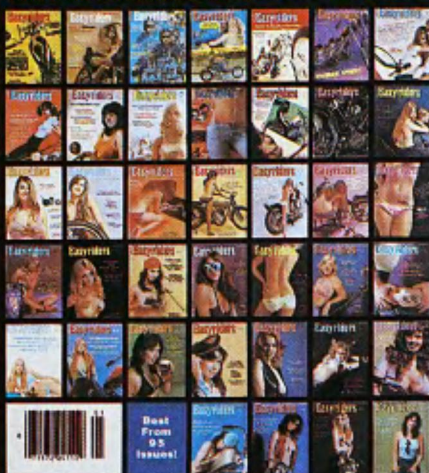
"Lady, do you realize I could charge you with bribing a police officer?"

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



More
Of The
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95
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TWO

For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

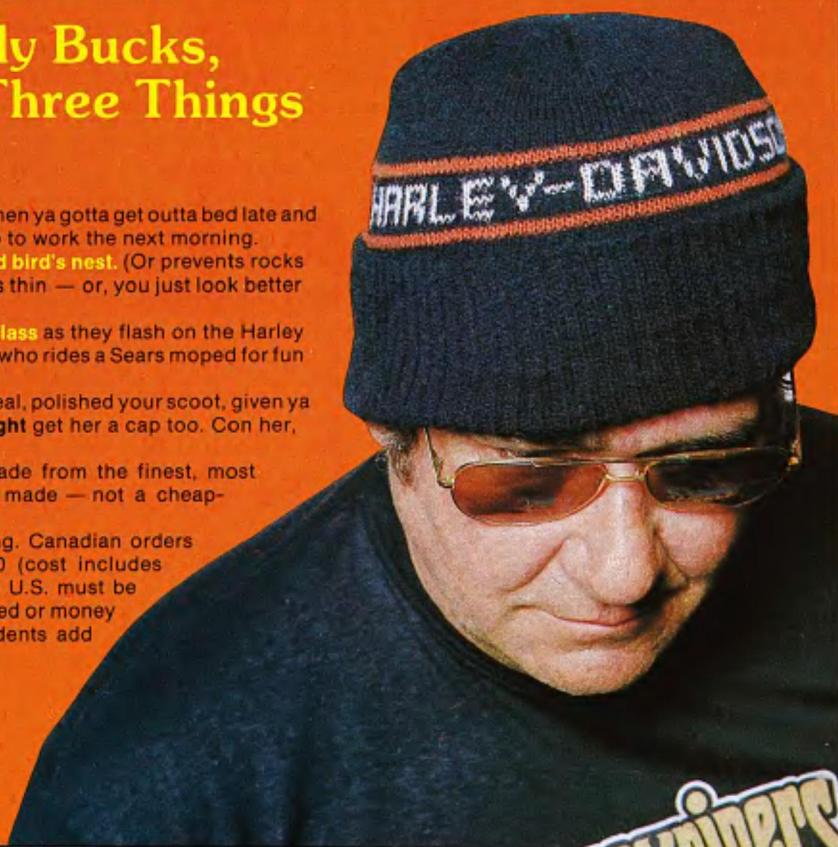
1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest.** (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scoot, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

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A super-styled lightweight but warm leather jacket perfect for those let's-hit-every-bar-in-town-bro summer nights. American made of top-quality leather, this Nasty racing jacket includes a durable leather-trimmed inside stash pocket.



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Inseam _____

☐ **BITCHIN' BRITCHES \$180**

Waist _____ Inseam _____

☐ **OLD-STYLE CAP \$30**

Size _____

I enclose: ☐ Check ☐ Money order

Please charge to my: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge

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#777



Low-compression pistons made for low octane gasoline. Save that old pan or early shovelhead. These 74 pistons are manufactured exclusively for High Pockets by one of America's leading piston makers. They can be ordered 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, or 60 over bore. Complete with high-quality piston rings, wrist pins, and lock rings. Shipped only in pairs. \$128.00 total includes shipping in the continental U.S.

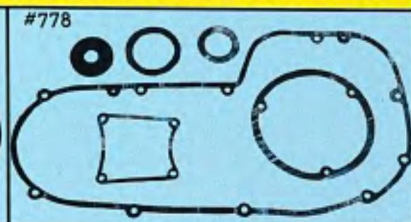
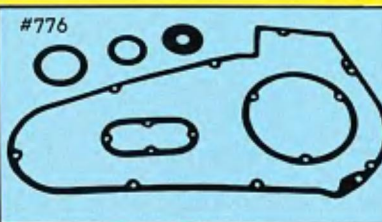


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Our Phase 3 belt drive units and accessories for stock and stroker motors offer the finest combination of motorcycle and rubber technology available. Begin with pulleys fully machined from 356-T6 prime aluminum alloy with a special additive that increases hardness to aircraft specs. Add engine shaft inserts precision machined from strong & lightweight 4130 chromeoly, along with high performance belts 60% stronger than previous timing belts and you're into the proven winner . . . an 8mm or an all new 11mm unit 60% lighter than your stock chain drive and designed to live longer!

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Remember these units are Bonneville and dragstrip proven!

Belt Drives With Uniroyal Belts

For Harley 74, 80 & Big Stokers 8mm & 11mm (Use Roller Bearings)

1 1/2" Belt Drive Electric Start — 11mm

The overall winner for electric start 74 or 80 cu. in. motors as well as big stokers up to 106 cu. in. Designed for open or closed primary use, this unit will bring out the best of your bike.

143066 Electric Start, 1965-1982 224.95

1 1/2" Belt Drive Open & Closed Primary — 11mm

Safe and strong, this baby will handle all 74, 80 and up to 106 cu. in. motors. It is designed for both open or closed primary use and will fit within all 74 or 80 cu. in. primary covers, aluminum or steel. Kickstart only.

143062 Open & Closed Primary, 1937-1954 204.75

143063 Open & Closed Primary, 1955-1964 204.75

143064 Open & Closed Primary, 1965-1982 204.75

2" Belt Drive Open Primary — 8mm

Here's the popular competition unit made for the heavy handed. Run this on your 74 or 80, and all the way up to 106 cu. in. motors. It's designed for kickstart and open primary use only.

143058 Open Primary, 1937-1954 249.95

143059 Open Primary, 1955-1982 249.95

3" Belt Drive Open Primary — 8mm

The big one! Put this on your 74, 80 or big stoker up to 106 cu. in. Built-in safety to handle the power, plus proven performance make this unit a great booster. Intended for kickstart and open primary use only.

143024 Open Primary, 1937-1954 329.95

143025 Open Primary, 1955-1982 329.95

For Harley Sportster — 11mm

Fitting easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel, these 11mm units are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. The kickstart models differ only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Available too, are electric start units.

143067 Kickstart, 1957-1968 199.95

143068 Kickstart, 1969-1970, Footnote 1 199.95

143069 Kickstart 1970-1976, Footnote 2 199.95

143070 Kickstart, 1977-1978 199.95

143090 Kickstart, 1979-1981 199.95

143071 Electric Start, 1969-1970, Footnote 1 215.25

143072 Electric Start, 1970-1976, Footnote 2 215.25

143073 Electric Start, 1977-1978 215.25

143091 Electric Start, 1979-1981 215.25

Footnote 1 Fits '69-'70 models with double needle bearings in rear hub.

Footnote 2 Fits '70-'76 models with large ball bearing in rear hub.

For Harley 45 & Triumph — 8mm

45 Open or Closed Primary

143095 All Years 204.75

Triumph, All Unit Construction

143096 204.75

Replacement Belts

11mm Belts

Important: Please check the stampings on your 74/80 pulleys before ordering your replacement belt. Units with Goodyear belts have a "G" stampings whereas units with Uniroyal belts have a "U" stamping.

143047 74/80, 1 1/2" Open & Closed Primary & Electric Start (U-type pulley) 50.95

143030 Sportster 46.95

8mm Belts

143081 74/80, 1 1/2" Closed Primary & Elec. Start 35.75

143082 74/80, 1 1/2" Open Primary (For Former) 35.75

#s 143060, 143061) 35.75

143085 74/80, 2" Open Primary 35.75

143092 74/80, 3" Open Primary 35.75

143083 Sportster, 1 1/2" 35.75

143089 Sportster, 1 1/4" 35.75

143093 Harley 45 35.75

143094 Triumph 35.75

Accessories

For Open Primaries We Recommend Using Belt Shrouds & Side Guards

A. Belt Shrouds

Highly recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74s, 80s and big inchers. Constructed from heavy steel and show chromed, these are available for our 1 1/2", 2" and 3" belt drives.

143074 1 1/2" & 2", 1937-1969 39.95

143075 1 1/2" & 2", 1970-1982 39.95

143026 3", 1937-1969 42.95

143027 3", 1970-1982 42.95

B. Chrome Steel Sideguard

Add a bonus to your open units with this grilled beauty that mates up to our shrouds... added protection with custom-crafted looks for each 1 1/2", 2" and 3" belt drive unit.

143028 43.25

C. Aluminum Side Guard

Designed to fit all Phase 3 shrouds, this touch of class gives an open primary both added safety and a polished aluminum finish in keeping with popular trends. Use this guard with our 1 1/2", 2" and 3" belt drives.

143077 23.95

D. Polished Aluminum Primary Covers

Here are the primary covers you've been waiting for. They're designed to allow you to replace your aluminum outer primary while still using your stock inner. These beauties come with starter bearing and will work for both kick and electric start models. Three covers are available: Early, 1965-1969; Late, 1970-1982; Late, for FX with Center shift only.

105018 1965-1969 99.95

105019 1970-1982 99.95

105020 FX, Center Shift 99.95

E. Bearing Support

Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent. Here's your remedy.

10404 Bearing Support 26.95

10405 Bearing 12.50

F. Clutch Dome

Add the finishing touch to your clutch on open primary belt drives. Protects your clutch studs and leg from moving parts. Heavy aluminum, highly polished.

143084 36.95

G. Alternator Cover

Recommended for Harley 74 & 80 cone motors with an open primary. Add the finishing touches to your belt drive and protect your alternator. Polished aluminum finish.

143076 1970-1982 36.95

H. Pressure Plate

A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance.

143021 32.50

I. Engine Nuts

Put this big chromed beauty where it belongs. These acorn engine nuts will keep the front pulley snug and catch eyes on your Harley 74, 80 and Sportster units.

143078 74 & 80, 1937-1954 9.50

143079 74 & 80, 1955-1982 9.50

143080 Sportster, All Years 9.50

J. Primary Spacer For Sportsters

Recommended for all Sportsters, 1957-1969, using a steel primary cover.

143086 27.95

K. Phase 3 Competitor Clutch

The final answer to a complete high performance clutch for all Harley 74, 80 and big inch motors up to 106 cu. in. This competition package eliminates clutch slippage and reduces lever pull. A great mate with our belt drives.

143088 218.50



JOE HUNT MAGNETOS

For Harleys, Triumph, BSA & Norton



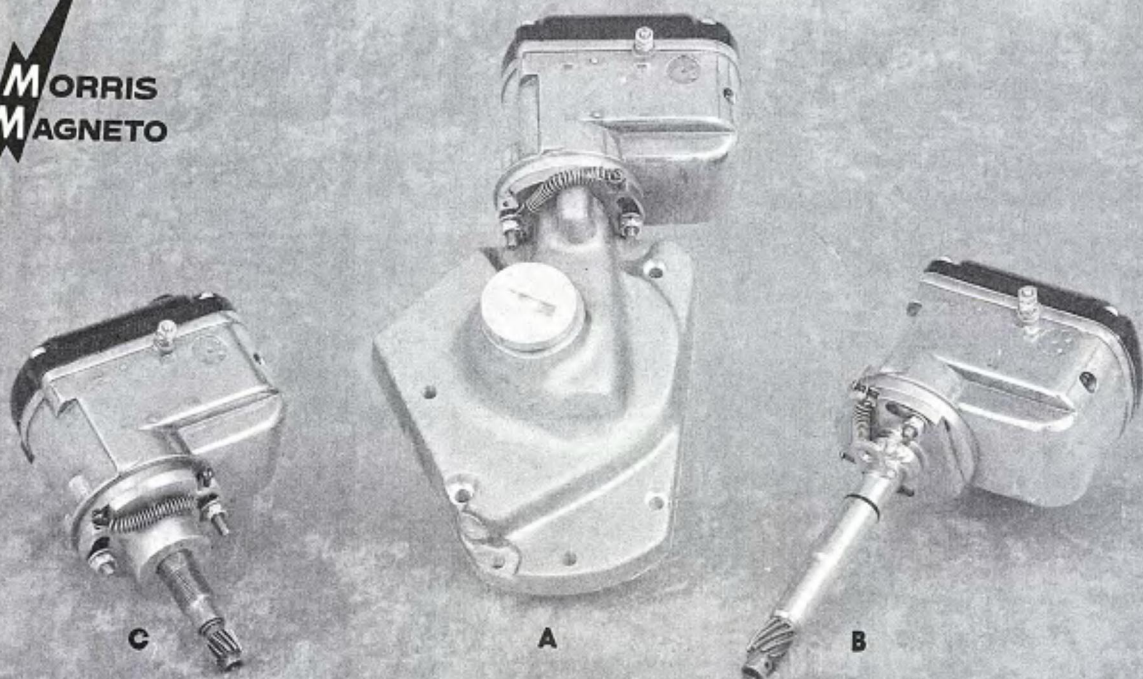
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For 500 & 650 Triumphs. This unit mounts in the cam cover and replaces the point ignition.
136020 208.95
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136019 210.95
- C. For Big Twin Harleys, 1937-1969**
Works on Harley 74 and 61 OHV models, 1937-1969.
13602 229.50

- D. For Big Twin Harleys, 1970-1982**
Includes new cam cover. Works on all 1970 and later models.
136017 319.50
- E. For Sportsters & 45s**
Works on Sportsters, 1958-1969 and 45 twins, 1938-1952.
13603 241.50
- F. Magneto Hold-Down Clamp**
A must for your Big Twin magneto #13602, 1937-1969.
136021 3.95
- G. High Capacity Magneto Condenser**
136024 11.95

- H. Replacement Magneto Points**
For Harley 74 and 61 OHV, 1937-1969. Also for Sportster 1958-1969 and Harley 45, 1938-1952.
136025 10.95
- I. Magneto Caps**
Fits Joe Hunt and Morris magnetos as well as stock Sportsters.
136015 ... Black Cap 8.50
136016 ... Clear Cap 8.50
- J. Magneto Adapter Plate**
Necessary to install megneto on 1958-1969 Sportsters and on Harley 45 and Harley side valve models, 1937-1948. This plate replaces Harley part #29600-62
136018 19.95

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At last! Here is magneto power, performance, convenience and styling now engineered for easy starting.

At last! The Morris Magneto is *manually retardable* (patent pending). This makes starting easier. Once the engine is running, timing advances automatically.

At last! Quick starts, more horsepower, performance for your bike, right now.

Select your kit knowing that it can do what you've always wanted a magneto to do.

A. For Big Twins, 1970-1982

13605..... 1970-1982349.95

B. For Big Twins, 1969 & Earlier

13606... 1969 & Earlier 249.95

Kill Switch Lever

136011... Not Shown 2.50

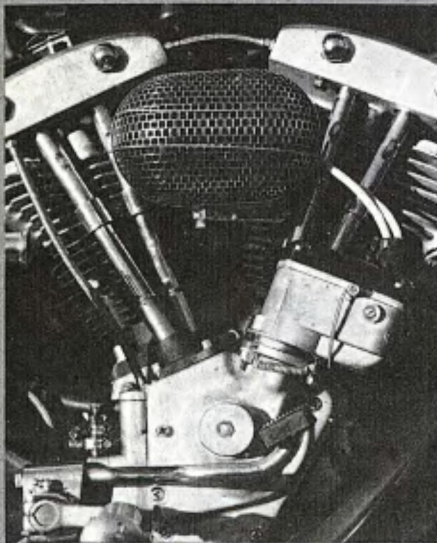
C. For Sportsters

13607..... 1971-1980269.95

13608..... 1957-1970249.95

13609... Early Conversion Kit ..139.50

136010..... Tach Drive Kit 29.95



Part Number	Fits Harley	Advance-Retard Mount	Automatic Advance Feature	Tach Drive Optional	Fits Kick or Elec. Start†	Additional Features
13605	Big Twins 1970-1982	✓	✓	✓	✓	New cam cover is furnished. Magneto mounts upright. Plug is same thread as Sportster clutch adjuster plug.
13606	Big Twins 1969 & Earlier	✓	✓	..	✓	Bolts into distributor hole. Unique design eliminates pushrod cover or cyl. and head fin clearance problems!
13607	Sportster 1971-1980	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bolts into tach drive hole. Cam cover need not be removed. Similar to early XLCH mags.
13608	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Comes complete, eliminates leaky stock mount. Can be used with handlebar advance cable.
13609	Sportster 1957-1970	✓	✓	*	✓	Use to convert old stock magnetos to 13608. Comes with new magnetic rotor and mount.

*Carburetor may interfere with tach cable on some models

**Tach cable may not clear fins on some models without notching fin

Tach drive kit includes magneto cap — Kill switch lever mounts on magneto

Underlining denotes a feature presently not available from other manufacturers.

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154022 ... With Blocks ... 39.95 pr.

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15407 ... Stud Mount ... 11.50
15409 ... U-Clamp Mount ... 13.75

C. Inlaid Rubber Footpegs

Custom chromed footpegs featuring inlaid rubber for better footing and that added custom look. Available for stud mount or clamp mount.

154016 ... Stud Mount ... 13.25 pr.
154017 ... U-Clamp Mount ... 16.50 pr.

D. Rider Pegs For Harleys

For Harley FX and Sportsters. Smaller circumference than the replacement pegs. Stud mount with 5/8" pivot. Complete with rubber "O" rings.

154012 ... 17.50 pr.

E. Rider Pegs

Custom chromed 1" rider pegs. Clamp mount. Comes complete with rubber "O" rings.

154015 ... 21.75 pr.

F. Replacement Type Pegs For Harleys

Complete with rubber "O" rings, these show chromed pegs replace the large stock ones on 74s and Sportsters. Includes 5/8" stud pivot for universal mounting.

154011 ... 26.25 pr.

G. Replacement Pegs For Harleys

Custom show chromed pegs that replace the large style Harley pegs on 74s, Super Glides and Sportsters. Comes complete with rubber "O" rings.

154010 ... 26.25 pr.

H. Hole Pegs

Beautifully chromed hole pegs for any custom application. Made of die cast aluminum with heavy wall construction. Available in stud or U-clamp mountings. Stud mount holes are tapped for 3/8 x 24. Clamp mount is designed for 1" bars. Sold in pairs only.

15405 ... Stud Mount ... 11.50 pr.

15406 ... U-Clamp Mount ... 13.75 pr.

I. Custom Ribbed Pegs

These beautiful footpegs are adaptable to any motorcycle. Available in stud or U-clamp mountings. Stud mount holes are tapped for 3/8 x 24. Clamp mount is designed for 1" bars. Sold in pairs only.

15401 ... Stud Mount ... 11.50 pr.

15402 ... U-Clamp Mount ... 13.75 pr.

J. Custom Shift Peg

A custom round grooved shift peg that replaces the original Harley peg with no modifications. A perfect match for our footpegs.

156018 ... 11.25



Do It On TV!

Remember the Claybrook Crusade? We asked you to contribute money for a TV commercial that would point out the positive side of bikin'. We matched your donations, dollar for dollar, and came up with not one, but two commercials designed to be offered to local stations as public service spots. As we promised, we are making these professionally produced, 25-second spots available to you at cost: \$16 apiece. The spots are on two-inch videotape, as used by every TV station in the country, and come in a special shipping container. Order yours today.



Watch Out For Bikers:
how cycle/cage accidents happen. . . and why.



Let Those Who Ride Decide:
a biker describes the fallacies of helmet laws.

It's about time you layabouts got those commercials done. I'm ready to spread the word. Send me: (Write number of copies wanted in appropriate box.)

- ☐ Anti-helmet law spot
30-second commercial
- ☐ Look out for bikers spot
30-second awareness commercial

Name _____

Address _____

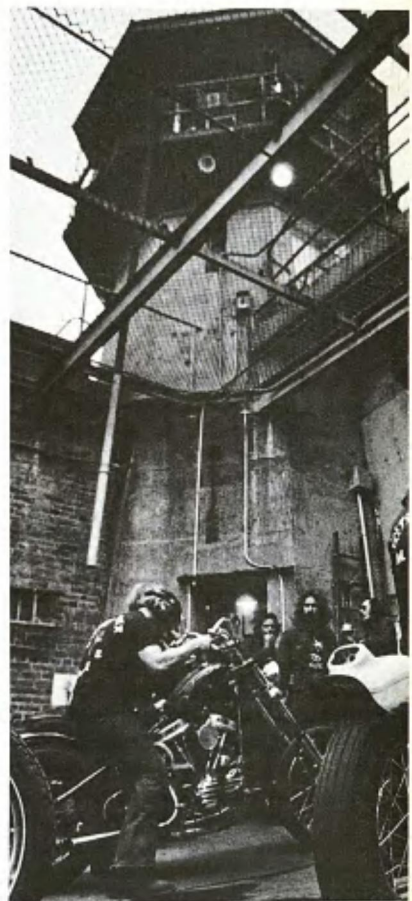
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make check or money order for \$16 for each 30-second commercial payable to *Easyriders* Bike Commercial and mail to: Biker Ad, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage.

Lockdown

Continued from page 26

companies. A complete cycle shop was set up and classes were offered in engine repair, welding, painting, and other elements of bike building. Bikers were allowed to work on their own bikes, and a Friday afternoon time period was set aside for "test riding" in the prison yard. In the last couple of years, the pendulum has swung back to the right, and the bikers, along with every other group of inmates in Walla Walla, have lost most of the privileges granted by the reformers.



Despite this, it is the fact that such programs were once allowed that makes Walla Walla such an appropriate subject for a book.

Though *Concrete Mama* contains both an excellent history and description of Walla Walla and well-written studies of many inmates, it's really the photographs that give the book its impact.

The bikers in their "clubhouse," the old-timers in their cells, the visitin' ol' ladies tryin' to make it with their ol' men while hiding what's goin' on under a long dress — it's all here, ready to provide at least a few shocks to all those rednecks who are so fond of mouthing off about "country club prisons." ■

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NOTHING COMES CLOSE!

You've picked your pleasures . . . the scoot, the ol' lady. Now it's time to follow the famous. Get yourselves into a pair of Nasty Feet, the undisputed King of the road!

Everyone's wearin' 'em. Well, why not! Here's the finest specially-treated leather, lots of it, combined with some heavy duty hardware for soles, heels & shanks, then all meticulously handcrafted to our high standards by the bros at Chippewa. Add the largest selection of color and size available, from steel-toed engineer & lace-ups to our flashy western, the Interstate, and you and yours come out miles ahead.

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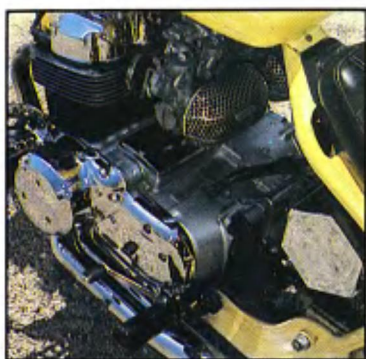
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Nasty Feet, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

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Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only. Add \$9.00 per pair — APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders shipped Air Mail Insured—add \$30.00 per pair.			
Name _____			
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Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.			

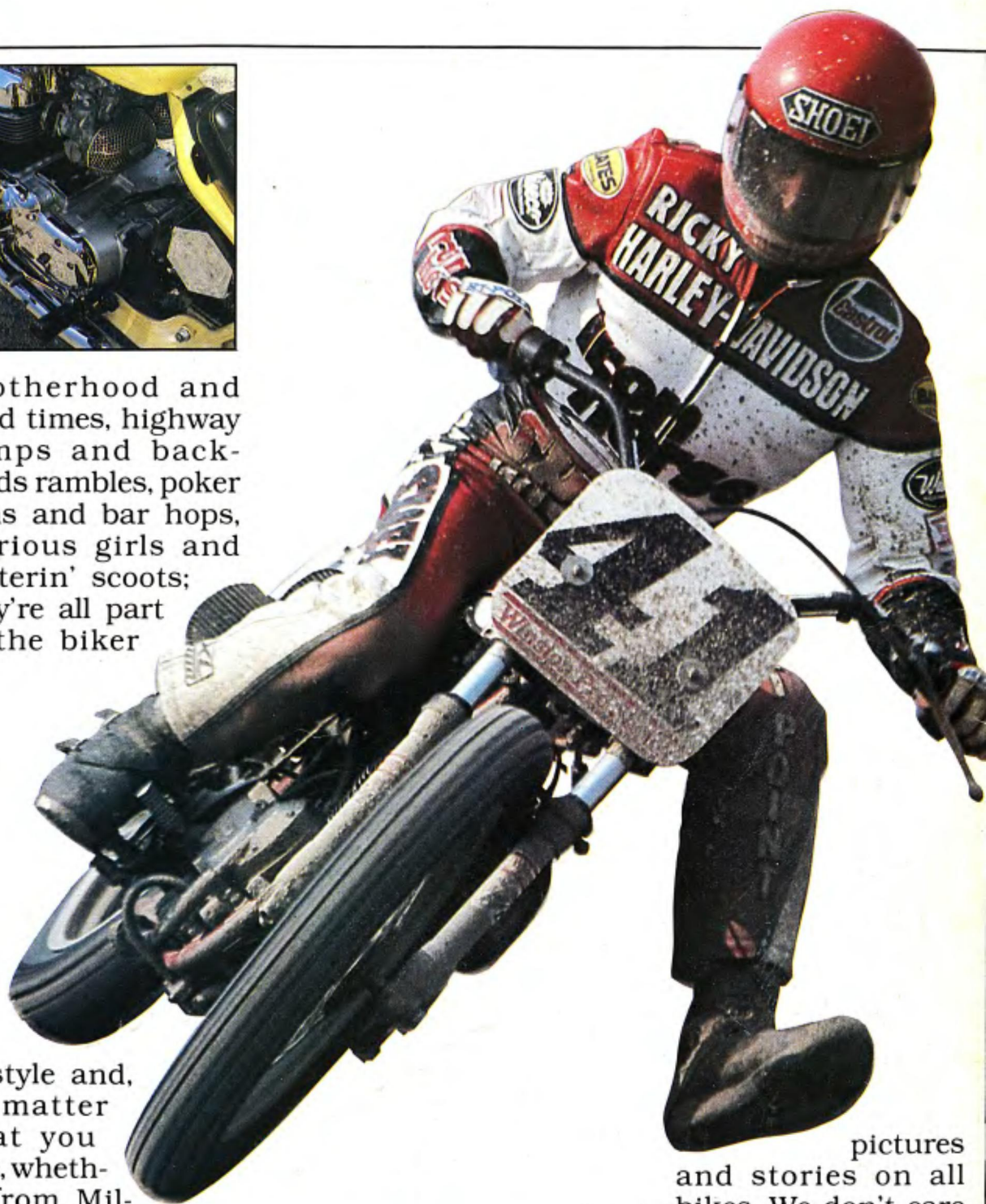
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Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.



Brotherhood and good times, highway romps and back-roads rambles, poker runs and bar hops, glorious girls and glitterin' scoots; they're all part of the biker

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