

Easyriders

\$2.50

May 1983

**Six Eye-
Poppin'
Harleys**

**Will
Ronald
Reagan
Agree?**

**A
Hermit
Passes
On**

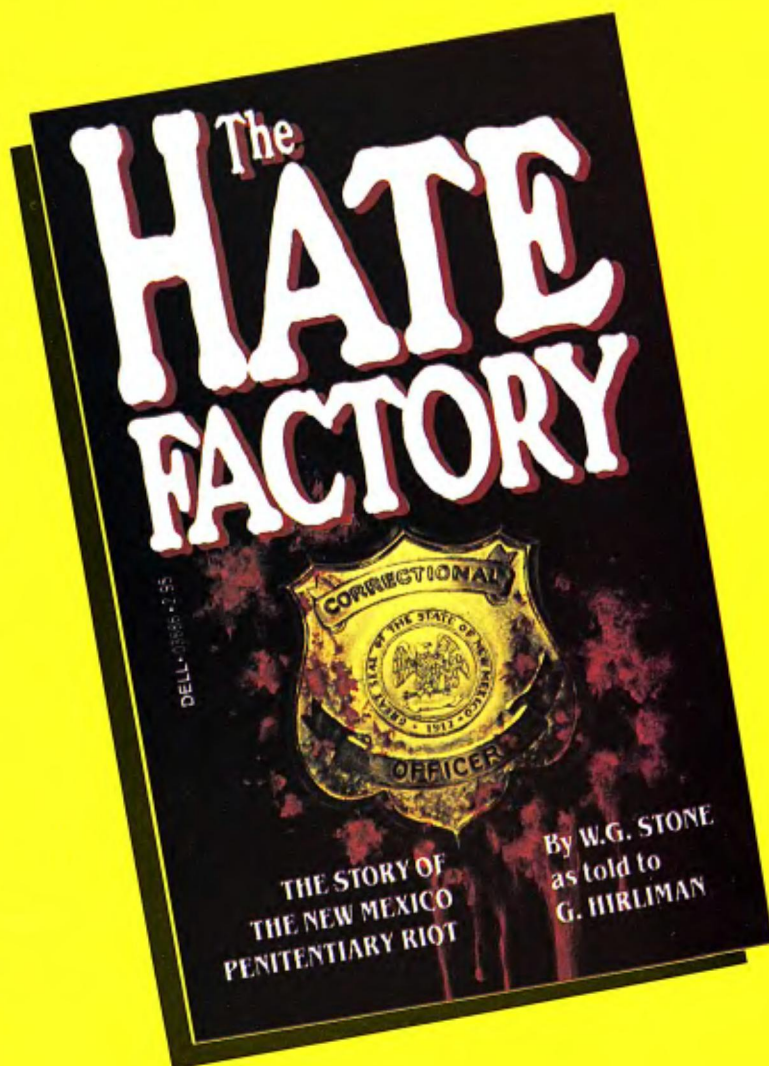


"Some were killed the easy way, cremated to death by gasoline or paint thinner thrown into their cells along with a lit match. . . Others paid the hard way. One man was held down, convulsing as his executioners hammered a metal rod through his head."

On February 2, 1980, the worst prison riot in U.S. history erupted at the New Mexico State Penitentiary. For thirty-six hours, hate, violence, and payback were the order of the day. When it was over, thirty-three people — all inmates killed by fellow inmates — were dead.

February 2, 1980 — it happened in New Mexico, but it could, some insist it will, happen again — any time, any place where men are jammed together in overcrowded cages and left to rot.

If you have a friend or loved one currently doing time, or if you have ever wondered why our prison system's rehabilitation record is so dismal, you owe it to yourself to read this eyewitness account of the New Mexico uprising.



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

ON SALE NOW OR BUY DIRECT

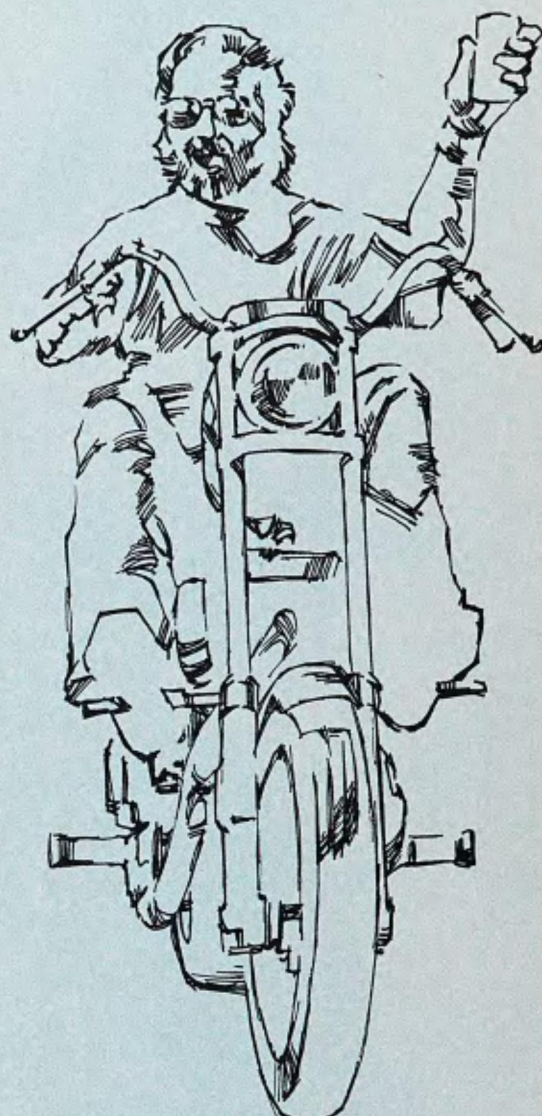
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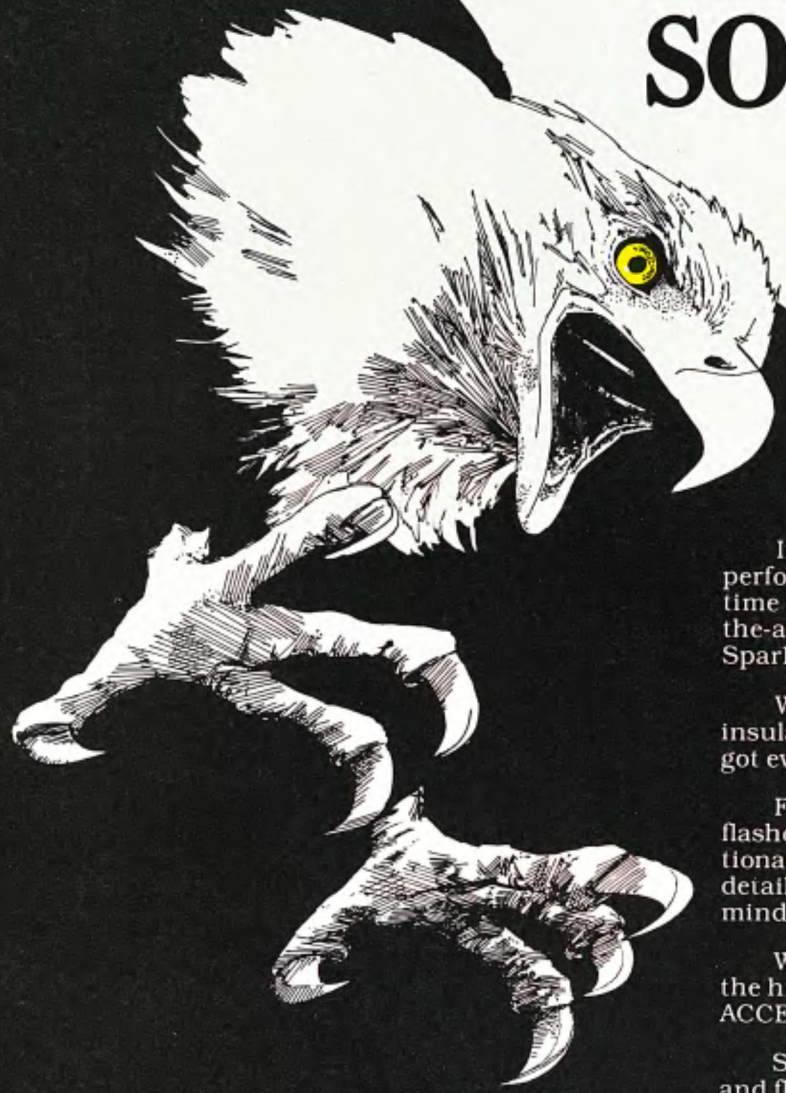


The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale April 28th.

Cover photo of Kathy by Chuck Yolanda



SINK YOUR CLAWS INTO SOMETHING HOT!



If you've been scratching around for a high-performance spark plug for your superbike, it's time to sink your claws into the hottest, state-of-the-art plug made today: the ACCEL Musclebike Spark Plug.

When you see the eye-catching ACCEL yellow insulator, you know you're getting a plug that's got everything you need to make your bike fly.

From the five-rib insulator that prevents flashover even at high RPM's, to our revolutionary U-Groove ground electrode, every last detail of these plugs is built with one thing in mind: performance!

Whether you ride a V-Twin, a triple, one of the high-revving fours or a giant six, there's an ACCEL Musclebike plug to fit it.

So if you like to put your face to the wind and fly, there's only one plug for you: ACCEL.



ACCEL
SPARK PLUGS

A burglar broke into a home improvements store. When the alarm went off, he panicked in the dark and broke down a door--only it was a display model! Figuring he had to get out, he went to the next door, dashed out, and tumbled down a flight of stairs. He was still unconscious when the police arrived.

If you've ever been around a rooster, you'll understand the following: A dude was arrested all because two police officers came upon him while he had a humongous rooster, with its wings tied, sitting in a box filled with water. He was slappin' its head with his hand and spittin' in the rooster's face. They arrested him for rooster abuse.

I admit this is hard to believe, but Rufus swears to it. Sixty thousand packages of rawhide chews were removed from grocers' shelves. The new brand of chews, for some reason, sent dogs bouncing off walls and generally carrying on like bikers. It was discovered that the chews had a hallucinogenic reaction on dogs, so they were removed from the stores to the dissatisfaction of all the dogs in town.

Speaking of dogs, a 59-year-old recluse had a bad case of the munchies, caught the neighbor's dog, and fried him for dinner. The judge, upon hearing the case, gave the dude only ninety days, saying, "My compassion wasn't for the dog, it was for the man." Anyway, Fido is in dog heaven and don't bother to ask him if he liked sitting on his nuts in a hot frying pan.

Two policemen were called to a rowdy party to remove a guest. As they led him out the door, they picked up a brownie to munch while on the way to the jail. Surprise! Surprise! They were zonked when they got there. (They supposedly had to go to the hospital for some reason.)

Now this is hard for even me to believe, but it seems that during the Civil War a young Virginia farm girl was standing on her front porch watching a nearby battle. A bullet passed through the scrotum of a cavalry man and then lodged in the reproductive system of the girl, who became pregnant by a man she had not been within fifteen feet of. Nine months later she gave birth to a healthy baby. She shined the birth, saying she must have sat on a strange toilet seat.

The cops noticed a suspicious-looking dude on the side of the road and pulled over to check him out. So, cops being cops, they frisked the suspect for drugs, only to find a baby alligator in the dude's pocket--and it promptly bit one of the cops. I don't know whether having a baby alligator in your pocket is breaking the law or not, but the cops were pissed.

We've heard about some crazy motorcycle accidents, but none as strange as this: A large black monkey, whose mate was hit by a motorcycle, got pissed, bit off the biker's ear, and injured fifteen other people. He didn't like being involved in a left-turn accident any more than bikers do.

Just when you thought you could safely say how a person contracts herpes, a report is released saying that you can get it from toilet seats and you can even catch it by worrying. At least we've got an out with the ol' lady, for who's to say we didn't sit on some strange toilet seat recently?

A dude was shot in the throat several years ago and had to use an artificial "voice box" in order to speak. Recently he escaped from prison, but once on the outside, he discovered he had left his "voice box" back in prison and could not communicate with anyone, except by making guttural noises. He had escaped by painting his prison uniform brown, the same color as the guards' uniforms. Don't ask me how he got away with it.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Can't Endorse

☐ Please remove this facility from your complimentary list of subscribers to *Easyriders* magazine, and discontinue sending us future issues.

This magazine has been found to contain material which the taxpayers and good name of the State of New York should not be endorsing even by complimentary acceptance. Thank you.

Martin Moot
Librarian
Watertown Corr. Fac.

Thanks

☐ I think it's great that you sell your rag to inmates cheaper than to the bros on the outside. We can't hustle as easy as you can out there. If ya don't print this, then I sure hope Mutha moves into your pad.

S. Abbott
Lincoln, Neb.

No Balls

☐ I haven't finished reading your February '83 issue, and I'm mad as hell. The pussy who wrote the story on Butte Creek Canyon ("Keep Out") didn't even have the balls to put his name on it. No wonder! I know and mined that canyon all over above Magalia. Sure, miners and loners guard their property like I watch my scooter, but to say bikers with automatic weapons do their own justice and bury people in the woods is a heavy bag to be handing my bros up there.

Maybe fiction is a lot of fun to read, but don't be sending that writer out to take cheap shots at folks who like to be left alone. Why don't you print his name so we know exactly who not to invite to Nevada City?

Electric Louie
Nevada City, Calif.

☐ I got a few things to say about your article "Keep Out"

on page 32 of the February issue of your rag.

I'm one of those living in this county. I'm gonna grow some Sins this summer and I'm now guaranteed that this area is gonna be overrun with tinhorn, lowlife, rip-off artists around harvest time. Thanks for nothing.

I don't own one of those kraut HK-91s — cheapo stamped tin never impressed me, and only a lousy marksman needs full-auto. But I got four years in the Corps, shot Expert twice, and I got me an M-1 Garand in pristine condition, 400 rounds of hand-loaded .30-06 ammo in clips of eight, cammies, and no tolerance for trespassing thieves. I don't miss very often.

Thanks, also, for the increased heat. This article will ensure more DEA and asshole local narcs flooding my area.

Keep future "exposes" vague as to locality. You people have hurt some of your readership who also live in the country, and if one of us has to waste some prowling punk too lazy to get his own act together and grow dope, you might share some of the blame for directing him to the funeral director's.

I think you have a responsibility to your readership. Anyone specifically planning to rip off crops this fall in Butte County needs to know that the tone of the article is correct. "Trespassers will be shot, survivors will be shot again."

Tryin' to Make It
In Butte County

☐ The "author" has been shown the door. We can't watch everyone all the time.

We're sorry about the shit, but the dude responsible let it slip by. So we let him slip by — with a push.

Wants Dudes On Cover

☐ How about putting some

foxy dudes on the cover of this rag? I know there must be some hunks walking around the office there who would be happy to show their stuff if you could get them away from Mutha long enough. But it would be nice to see one of you fellows lying on my coffee table when I come in from work.

Gail
Greenville, Tenn.

Fucked Again

☐ You guys really fucked up this time. In your February '83 issue, on page 25, is a picture of the oil cooler that's on the bike on page 68. So what the fuck is this shit you're printing — parts of one bike in a feature on another? You fuckheads, when are you going get your shit together?

Binski
Miles City, Mont.

☐ Who's been in the raisin pie this time? We know it's harvest time out there, but we thought you dudes could handle it. I'm talkin' about the oil cooler fuck-up. You fuckin' coneheads better stop partyin' with Hunter S. and Dr. Gonzo.

Buck and Jimbo
Tupper Lake, N.Y.

He's a lightweight!

Petition Time Again

☐ This is to let everyone in Texas know that this year's congress is going to try to bring back the mandatory helmet law we got rid of a few years ago. So, bros, we'd better start getting those petitions out, or we'll all be sportin' around in skid lids again.

Rick-O
Benbrook, Tex.

Likes Cougar

☐ Just thought I'd drop a line regarding your article on John Cougar. I saw the videotape you mentioned, on NBC's "Entertainment Tonight" a few months ago. Not

only was the tape a treat, but so was the interview that followed. Cougar came across as a regular bro dedicated to his family, his biker lifestyle, and, of course, his music. Besides showing some class by donning an H-D tank-top shirt, the chick who interviewed Cougar seemed genuinely pleased whenever Cougar referred to misconceptions citizens have of him and other bikers. He made it a point to let the viewing audience know that bikers aren't the mindless buffoons portrayed on TV shows.

J. Bluestone
No. Miami, Fla.

☐ In your February '83 issue, Bomber wrote about John Cougar in "Downtime." At the end he wrote about an incident in San Francisco, when Cougar received a leather jacket from one of the fans who told him that Cougar was "the first guy he could believe in since the plane crash," meaning since Lynyrd Skynyrd. He also said that Cougar now wears the jacket onstage every time he performs. Well, what he didn't mention was the fact that Cougar once said that Skynyrd was the greatest band from the Midwest! C'mon, gimme a break! If he loves them so much, you'd think that he'd know where they're from. They don't sing about the Southland just because it's good song material!

Michelle
Athol, Mass.

Question

☐ You guys always run photo articles on chopped, modified and radical Harleys. How come you never feature a full-dressed Hog? I've got an '82 dresser that will knock your dick stiff.

Evil
El Paso, Tex.

Broads Belong Behind

☐ This is to Donna from

Kensington, Maryland, in the December '82 issue. Listen, bitch, any bro worth his fuckin' weight in cunt hairs, if he's got any kind of self-respect, would never pack behind some dumb "split-tail." I know the only way I'd get behind some bitch would be laid over the saddle, dead, drunk, O.D.'d, stoned, beat to fuck, or all of the above. Smarten up, bitch, your place is behind your ol' man, pack-in' and keepin' his ears warm with your big tits.

Dumb cunts — when will they ever learn? We fucked up when we gave 'em the right to vote.

Below the Belt
Uncasville, Conn.

Sturgis

□ So the people of South Dakota and their spearhead Jerry Baum ("Easynews," January '83 issue) no longer want Sturgis to go on. Well, unfortunate as it may be for thousands of bikers, everyone should boycott Sturgis in '83. Let's see how popular Baum is when that ungrateful bunch of assholes (for lack of a better word) realizes that the economy has dropped to zip because of their way of thinking.

I would love to see Sturgis continue for all time, but not to be harassed by the local and state police with their leveling of shotguns at guys who have more respect for life and freedom than these people can understand.

Tony Molinaro
Brooklyn, N.Y.

□ The key to making Sturgis '83 work is for us riders to tread lightly, and be properly and completely pre-warned and prepared for all the rules to be enforced. Follow these rules and renew the citizens' faith and trust in us.

Get with it, Rally Committee — let every one of us know what's what.

Lee
Forest City, Iowa

■ Sturgis is on for '83.

□ I'm on the town board of our little Adirondack town, and on or off the board, politician or not (I never really claimed to be one), I wouldn't bite the hand that feeds this little place.

For the last couple of years or longer, we've had all types of bikers from the BMW elders to chopper riders, and we

need more. The mountains are beautiful, so is the majority of the people (don't let a few fuck it up). Here's my invitation and some land for a campin' crash pad.

Halfbreed
Wilmington, N.Y.

Another Great Letter

□ You know all those great letters you all get? Well, here's mine.

9 Ball
Eight-Four, Pa.

Meaning of 1%er

□ Concerning the poor dude who wanted to know the meaning of 1%er, you sure were nasty to him!

The Dragonrider's Mistress
Eunice, La.

□ Aardvark Rat asked you what a 1%er is (September '82 issue) and you gave him a smartass answer. Then Invisible Man and The Juggler asked you again (February '83 issue) and you still didn't answer the fuckin' question.

Next, Taboo (February '83 issue) asked you to straighten this shit out and you gave him another smartass answer. It sounds to me like you hairbags don't know the fuck-in' answer, either. I personally don't know or give a shit what the hell a 1%er is, but apparently some people would like to know.

Desperado
Vanderbilt, Mich.

□ To all you dumbfucks wantin' to know about 1%ers: The reason you don't know what they are is the same reason you ain't one. Figure it out.

Uncle Bob
Bisbee, Ariz.

□ Stop asking *Easyrider*s for a definition and just be what you are. You'll be happier and so will we.

Animal
Jackson, Mich.

□ Here's an answer to all those bros who want to know what a 1%er is. One percent of all bikers are outlaws. A 1%er is part of the one percent.

Youngblood
Dannemora, N.Y.

□ After reading every word in "Wordmonger" for I don't know how long, I've come to the conclusion that 80% of your readers don't know what a 1%er is (or a 10%er, for

that matter). Possibly 4% of the 10%ers don't even know, and maybe 5% of the 1%ers. Without giving it away to the 80% who don't know, I'd like to explain to the 60% of them who will read this that about 98% of the 1%ers are 10%ers, but less than 3% of the 10%ers are 1%ers. Of the 2% of the 1%ers that aren't 10%ers, 50% of them became 1%ers somewhere else, and there's a 95% chance the other 50% won't tell you that they're a 1%er, partially because 75% of them won't know what you're talking about! If you're out puttin' and you meet up with a 1%er who's also a 10%er, it's a 99% sure bet that he's been a 1%er for at least 30% of his life and a 10%er for almost as long (say 29%). To the 79% who still haven't figure it out, why don't you form a 79%er club?

Neil Bruce
Winnipeg, Manitoba

P.S. In Canada, 10%ers are really 8%ers, but we call them 10%ers anyway because of our devalued currency.

Price To Play

□ Scribes have accumulated in "Wordmonger" in regard to how one goes about getting himself fixed with the real motorcycle. Money should be the least of your worries. Anyone with balls can manage to scrape up enough money to buy himself motorcycle freedom. Real satisfaction comes from true sacrifice. It's never easy — unmeasured time spent looking for that long-lost part, finding true brotherhood through the silent understanding of the true value of striving toward the same destiny — satisfaction in realizing a reality that used to be a dream, instead of settling for less.

So quit yer damned snivelin', get off yer dead ass, and circulate.

Ghost
Abilene, Tex.

No Signature

□ How come there's no Dave Mann signature on the centerspread in the March '83 issue? Did he leave in search of more raisin pie? If so, I hope that he didn't take Mutha with him.

Charlie Harley McGinnis
Rochester, N.Y.

■ It got cut off.

Dave Mann Bet

□ I've got a bet for five gallons of spud and twenty bucks with a downed bro here about Dave Mann's centerspreads. The dispute has been ragin' between us now for about six months and it's about what Dave uses to do his shit.

I say they're done with an airbrush, and he says it's acrylic paints. Tell me I'm right, so I can get drunk on his juice and buy some hash with his cash.

Satan and Savage
Ionia, Mich.

■ They're airbrush — with some very small touches in acrylic.

Insurance Solution

□ Here's a solution to Animal from Bakersfield, California (January '83 issue), regarding insurance.

Call Mason Raine of Farmers Insurance Group in Ft. Worth, Texas (817-625-1557). This bro insures any Harley 1200 or 1340. And he rides his own!

Rasa
Dallas, Tex.

Black Mood

□ You shitheads deserve a pat on the back for adding "Rotten Saturday" (March '83) to your collection. I was reading it in one of my usual black moods, and when I finished it, I damn near fell off my bed from bustin' up. My cell partner still thinks I'm goin' nuts.

Serious Tom
Lovelady, Tex.

7-11

□ I recently returned to the States after four years of downtime. Now, everytime I want your rag, I hit the 7-11 stores. I've been to six or seven different ones and have bought one out of each of them. There must still be some righteous people out there who know what's good and what isn't. So, bros, check it out — you never know till ya do.

Revy
Bartlesville, Okla.

□ Dynamite, who works for Crowley News Co. in Clarksburg, West Virginia, said he finally got the 7-11 store in Grafton to sell your rags. I moved here (Grafton) in '78 and got *Easyrider*s at the 7-11 back then — maybe a different dude was on the job.

My ol' lady is from Arlington, Virginia, and has been getting the rag there for seven years. But the numnuts at Crowley News Co. better get their heads out of their asses, because I can pick up your rags in Arlington three weeks before I can in Grafton.

Cornbread Red
Grafton, W.Va.

■ We're not allowed in some 7-11's now. It's not Crowley's fault.

Found A Kid

□ Thought someone there might like to hear this one: I ran an ad in "Chopper-shopper" (December '83 issue), looking for my three kids who disappeared eighteen years ago with their mother (my ex-wife), never to be found again.

Well, on Christmas Eve, I remembered I hadn't checked the mail. Yeah, there was a letter from the youngest of the three. I finally made contact and will see them soon.

Just want to thank you for your rag and your efforts.

Huggy Bear
Boise, Ida.

Needs Some Slack

□ Some time ago I placed an ad in "Choppershopper," and I have one question. Who the fuck spread all the bullshit?

I placed the ad to get in touch with an old friend, hoping he would read it. All I've gotten are fucked-up people who want to jack off over the phone and other bullshit I haven't the time or patience for.

Let me set the record straight:

1. I am not running a "get-off-over-the-phone" service.
2. I am not running a suburban whorehouse.
3. I am not interested in anyone else's kinks.
4. I am at the end of my rope.

I don't know who started all this shit — but just knock it off, okay? Quit rattlin' my cage.

Flower Child
Sacramento, Calif.

Likes Anniversary Issues

□ Your special anniversary issues were super-great. I loved every page. But why make us wait ten years for such goodies? How about an annual "Best Of" edition?

Griff
Copperas Cove, Tex.

Time Warp

□ My ol' lady says it's New Year's Eve. I told her she's crazy, it ain't even December 28 yet. She asked me how in hell can that be? I said because the February issue of *Easyriders* comes out on December 28, and we've hit every Village Pantry and 7-11 on the east side and haven't found it yet — so how in the fuck can New Year's Eve come before December 28? She says she's gonna party anyway. I think she's in a time warp.

Piston Pete
Indianapolis, Ind.

What's Raisin Pie?

□ My ol' man says, "Quit harping about what Spider's raisin pie is." Shit, if it's good enough for Spider, it's good enough for him, so spell it out. What is raisin pie? My ol' man says it would never compare to my warm oyster snaps anyway.

So come down off your high horses and print the recipe for raisin pie — be it food, be it carnal nourishment.

Bonnie
Chicago, Ill.

■ It's the first recipe in Robinson's *Cookin', Carvin', & Scarfin'* cookbook, advertised on page 104.

Straight From Heaven

□ Regarding the fine fox, Lou Ann, in your March '83 issue. Texas, my ass! That's an angel straight from heaven if I ever saw one! Whatcha fuck-ups been doing? Short-in' White Rat's, Big Red's and Williard's litter boxes again?

Bear
Boydton, Va.

■ Oh, no — not Big Red's!

Make Copies

□ To Phil of Shelton, Washington (March '83): Don't cut the subscription form from your mag. Take it to the public library and make copies of it.

Fuzzy
Methuen, Mass.

■ Or put the same info on a piece of paper.

Forgot

□ Your column is a real physic. I was just sittin' in the kitchen, readin' my new copy, and I felt this real big shit comin' on, so I ran up to the can, but I forgot to take the magazine. When I got there, I

realized it was the first time in years that I didn't have an *Easyriders* to read on the can and I couldn't shit. You ruined my whole night.

Critter
White Sulphur Springs, N.Y.

■ All night to take a shit?

What?

□ What's a Wordmonger? Someone who eats words?
Ginny Wop
Auburn, N.Y.

■ Me.

Black Background

□ "Winter Music" (March '83) was a good story, but you can't read black ink on a black background.

Gary Spoelstra
Oskaloosa, Iowa

■ Black background? Take off those shades.

□ I would like to pay my compliments to you for the story "Winter Music" by Shultz (March '83) — a job well done. It had style and class and showed a righteous ol' lady with heart, and the true brotherhood of bikers. Beers to you.

Indio
Salem, Ore.

Needs Info

□ My ol' man and a few other bros have decided to form a new MC, so I thought I'd write and get a clearance on the name. If anyone has heard of a club by the name of The Road Dogs, we sure would

appreciate it if you'd let us know. We have no intention of using anyone else's name or patch.

Ram's Ol' Lady
Gatesville, Tex.

■ A wise move.

New Club

□ I'm a downed bro in a New York state prison and am the prez of a club called The Sinners. The club was born inside the walls. If any of the bros out there ever heard of a club called The Sinners, please let me know through "Wordmonger," so I can find another club name.

Bo
Elmira, N.Y.

Another Club

□ I'm working on a story for your magazine. There is one sticking point I hope you can help me with. The name of the bike club I want to use in the story is Aces & Eights. I'd greatly appreciate it if you'd run a "color check" for me, to make sure it's not the name of any existing club, since I obviously don't want to make the mistake of using an actual name in fiction.

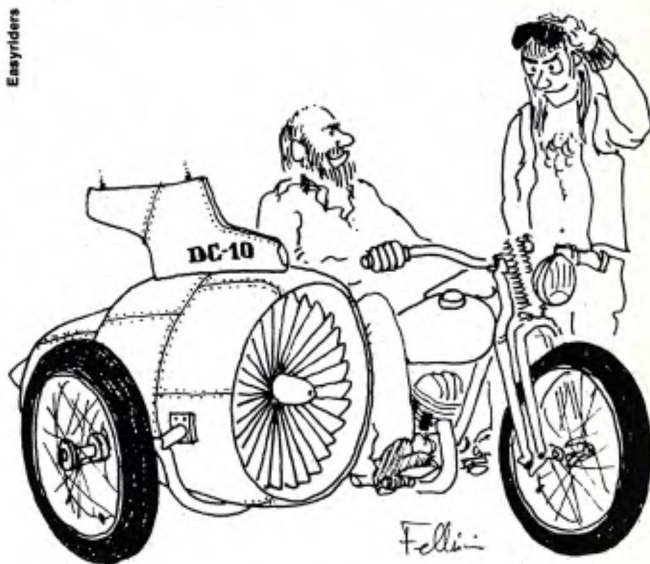
Ed Lucas
Seattle, Wash.

More Canadian Iron

□ We're gettin' tired of readin' and lookin' at pictures of scoots from the States, and we're gettin' pissed off at the way you disregard us bros in Canada. We have scoots and women, we party hearty, and

Continued on page 121

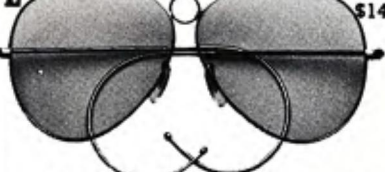
Easyriders



"Guess I just got tired of all those whiz kids with turbos."

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C Only \$10.95  Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames. A \$25.00 value only \$10.95. 2 pairs for \$20.00.	G Only \$14.95  Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses Gold frame, flexible cable temples. Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. A \$30.00 value, only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.	K Only \$9.95  Standard Aviator Glasses Traditional stems, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.
D Only \$9.95  Girl Watcher Gray mirrored lenses, black frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00.	H Only \$14.95  The Sportsman Sports graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.	L Only \$14.95  Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00.

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L		Gold	

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**THIS PICTURE SAYS
MORE ABOUT CUSTOM STYLING
THAN ALL OUR COMPETITORS' WORDS**

The Special Edition Twin Belt Wide Glide.



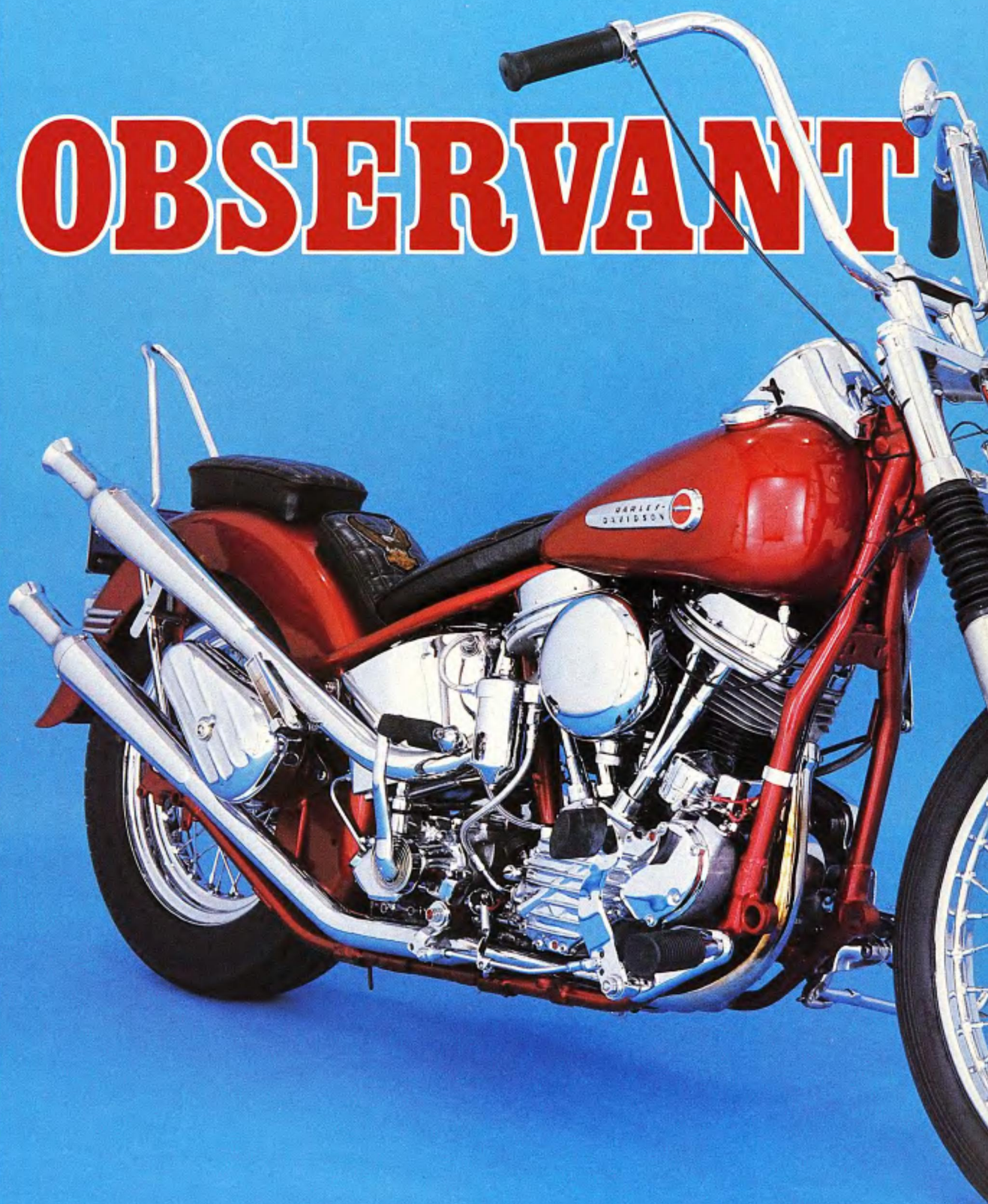


**MOTORCYCLES.[™]
BY THE PEOPLE.
FOR THE PEOPLE.**



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OBSERVANT



This pan has
got more lives
than a tomcat



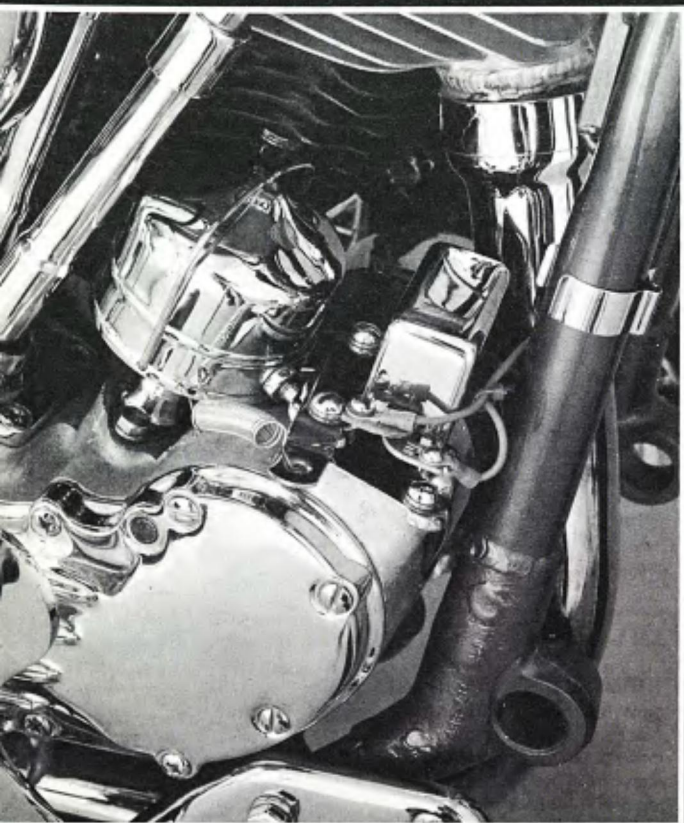
Pickin' up a vintage scooter like the one pictured here is no simple feat. Even a fat wallet won't help if there's nothin' available. More than money, it takes luck — and perhaps, keen observation. Filing memories in the back of the brain, waiting for the stars to align in place. Dusty could tell ya; so could Wayne Hunt.

Wayne is the owner of the jewel before you. He's had it since 1971, when evidently everything dropped into place. He had a partner, Louie, who lived across town and was a puttin' fool. Next door to Louie was an old-time veteran rider by the name of Fat Albert. Now Albert, who has since gone to biker heaven, had himself a cherry 1950 panhead that got limited riding, around the block mostly, but much love and attention. Well, on what must be a biker's saddest day, Fat Albert decided his two-wheeled days were over. Kaput. Shazbah.

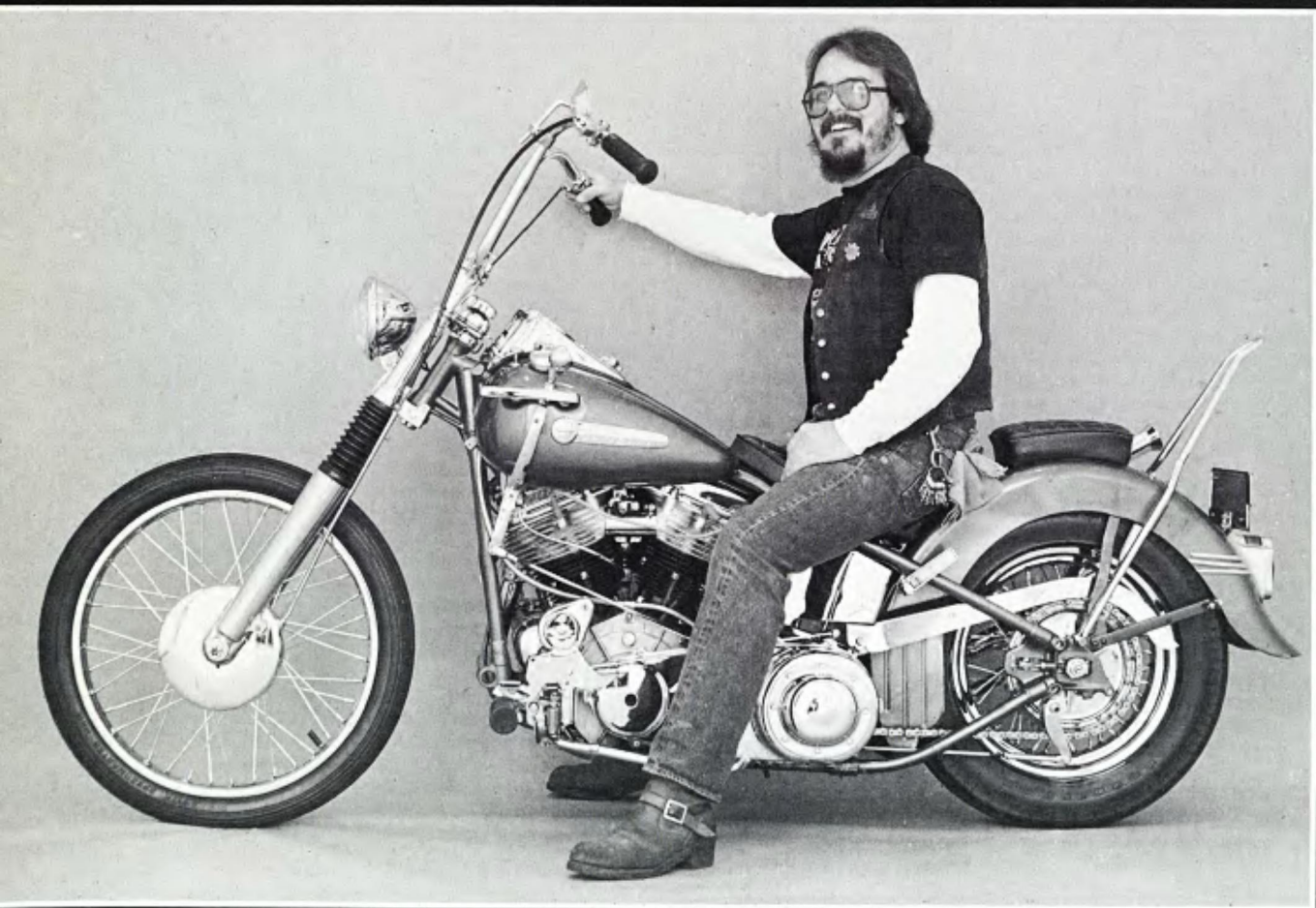
Word got out to Louie from Albert that a deal could be swung for his pride and joy.







Here's the luck part: ol' Wayne (not really old, just 19, but it sounds good), just happened to be droppin' in on ol' Louie (not really old, ah, forget it). Anyway, with a riverboat gambler's savvy and tact, Wayne made a pitch for the scooter by offering his VW Bug — worth about \$300 — for the pan. He must have fought back the laughter, and ol' Fat Albert must have wished he was twenty years younger and could still throw his Sunday punch to counter the measly offer.





Or maybe the ol' greybeard saw something in the kid that made him remember his own younger days, inspiring a belief that this young fella could keep Fat Albert's bike and his very spirit puttin' into the future. The pan would get a second dude's life to thrill. This was after one of Wayne's "older" bros, Knuckle Ernie, gave the bike a thorough check-out. The bike had 34,000

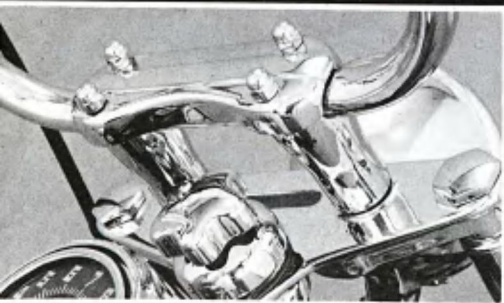
miles on it and needed a fix-up. It got it from another bro, Tony.

This took place after Wayne got back from England, where he did his time for his good ol' Uncle Sammy. The bike is now in the prime of its life again — thanks to a dedicated rider, Wayne, and his partners, Fat Albert included.

—Thug



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Wayne Hunt		City: Los Angeles, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/H-D		Year: 1950	
Year and make: 1950 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Valve: \$5,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 9 years		Other alterations: no way	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: ape hangers	
Year: 1950		Risers: H-D	
Model: FL		Fender(s): original rear hinged	
Rebuilder: Willy Magee/V.N.		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: rubber	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Goodwill	
Pistons: .010 over		Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3-1/2-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: blasted		Oil tank: H-D horseshoe	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: Scooterflex	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: Trash Can	
Pipes: upsweep		Height: 16 in.	
Muffler(s): Triumph		Material: 1/2-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: overhauled		Type: glide	
Year: 1950		Extension: none	
Shifting: stock tank		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: clean	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Danny "Slugs" Ponce		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy red over silver		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: special paint on oil pump and distributor			



SECOND SHOT

The cramping pain in Strickland's lower back started after his second straight day of riding, but now he worried more about sunburn and lack of sleep. He was also very hungry and he decided to take care of that as soon as he was far enough west of the city to lose the traffic.

The old seventy-four was rigid on the road as it tracked west from Houston and out Highway 10 into the afternoon sun. Strickland reached up to adjust his sunglasses against the glare and pulled the bike over into the slow lane. The blacktop shot out in front of him like a white-dotted ribbon and he felt the constant thump of the tires meeting the grooves that separated each section of the highway. Since entering Texas from Louisiana he had encountered three construction crews and two detours. This has to be the worst stretch of road in the country, he thought, but it's still the quickest way home.

Earlier he had rolled the sleeves down on his faded Levi's jacket and fastened them at the wrists. He was trying to save his arms from the hot sun and wind that would meet him when he crossed Texas into New Mexico and beyond to Arizona. Strickland still couldn't believe what he had done; that he had actually gone all the way to Florida to look for work. Times had been bad before, but never this bad. He had lived in California for eight years now and had been able to keep pretty busy doing ceramic tile and stone work around San Luis Obispo and over in the San Joaquin. But no one was building now and he and Eli were just about out of money. It had been a long shot, this Florida business, a long shot that hadn't paid off. Strickland had worked steady for only three weeks. After that it was San Luis Obispo all over again: nobody was building and when someone did, he couldn't afford Strickland's work anyway. They'd rather do it with plastic so it would be cheap. Within a few years it would have to be replaced, he thought, but by then someone else would own the place and it would be his problem. Strickland had always figured it should be done right the first time, so work was limited, but he had still been able to send some money home to Eli and the rent was paid. He'd be glad to see her and the kids and he'd decided he'd never do anything like this again, no matter how hard things got. It wasn't worth it to be so far away from those he loved.

Maybe he was too tired to be riding or maybe he was still thinking about the dull stabs of pain in his lower back because he didn't hear the pickup come up behind him. It was too close to him, so he pulled a little to the right to let it pass. But the damn driver shot past him on the shoulder of the road — on his right — and Strickland almost lost it getting out the way.

"They're going to kill someone, he thought. They're going to kill me if they can."

What the hell's wrong with that guy, he thought, as he watched the dusty red pickup pull over in front of him. He shot them the finger. There were three of them: two in the cab and one in the back with a dog. The guy in the back flipped him off and Strickland could see him pounding on the rear window to talk to the others. Then the pickup leaped forward, picked

up speed and darted away. And as it did, the guy in the back dropped three bricks onto the highway in front of Strickland's bike. He swerved left and managed to miss them, cursed, kept himself up, but was nearly wiped out by a VW van in the other lane. When he recovered, all he could do was give them the finger again and yell "Cocksuckers!" into the wind.

Now his body shook from an overdose of adrenalin and he slowed his machine. What the hell's wrong with people? Why the hell would they do a thing like that? But Strickland knew the answer to that one. People had been doing that kind of thing to him for years now. Everyone wanted to start something with a guy on a Hog, especially if he was alone. If I'd been with Nick and the Geek they'd have never done it, he thought, but when you're alone — watch out. Every potbellied sonuvabitch in the state tried you and wasn't afraid to play dirty, like now with those fuckin' bricks in the middle of the highway. Hell, it was hard enough getting a job, getting people to rent you a house or give you credit when they found out you were a biker. Add onto that the bullshit of having to be able to take on all comers and it's a hell of a life you've carved for yourself, he thought. Do other people get treated like this? I doubt it!

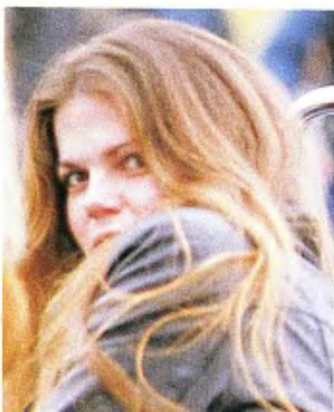
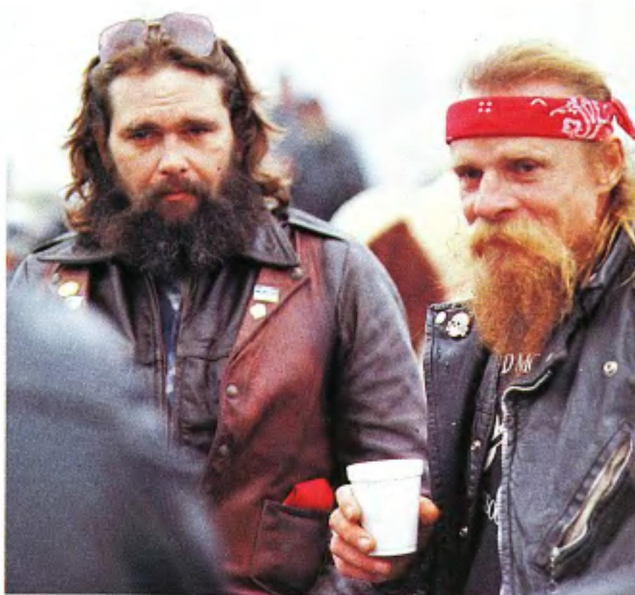
He thought he recognized the red pickup approaching now in the oncoming lane. Damn, they were back! Like a fighter plane coming at him from out of the sun, the dusty red pickup swung hard into the oncoming fast lane. Just for an instant, he caught the toothy smiles of the two in the cab, could see the guy in the back leaning way out with something in his hand. Strickland was still cruising west in the slow lane. The pickup approached and then suddenly darted across the center line and right at him. Instinctively he pulled hard to the right just as another brick flew in front of the bike. It missed by several yards, exploding into a shower of dust and chips far off to his left. He leaned forward and looked back to see where the hell they'd gone. The pickup was almost out of sight now, back on its own side of the highway. Two cars in back of Strickland had been forced to swerve in order to miss them as they made their pass. They're going to kill someone, he thought. They're going to kill me, if they can. He rode on, grim with determination.

He was clear of Houston now and the

Continued on page 86

By Thomas Pinhey







Sacramento TOY RUN

"We bikers know what Christmas is all about — kids, toys and makin' somebody happy — and we don't much care that the TV anchorman snickers when he leads into the story. . ."



The skies above were cloudy and gray, but that didn't stop the brothers and sisters lining the Capitol Avenue median in Sacramento from turnin' the street into a rainbow of color as they profiled back and forth, waitin' for the start of the annual MMA Toy Run to the California capitol building.

I mean, let's be upfront about this — bikers ain't exactly shrinking violets. Mostly, we expect to be noticed no matter where we are and a lot of us trick out our scoots accordingly. Metallic paint trimmed with flames, triple-dipped chrome, tank art displaying golden-haired, near-naked girls — all these things tend to add brightness and color to any biker gathering, regardless of whether the sun is up, down or in between.

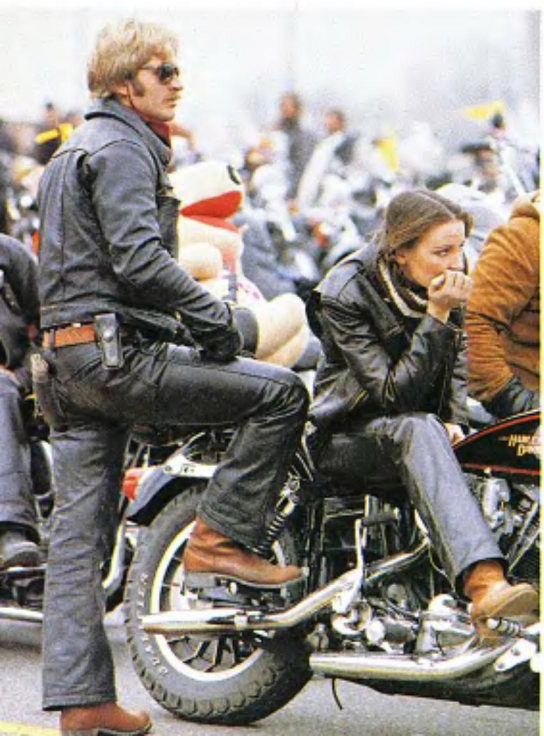
Add to that a bunch of bright blue Smurfs, some fantastically dressed dolls and a few tons of other colorful kid stuff and you've really got a rainbow parade motorin' down the asphalt.

A happy parade, to be sure, but one with a purpose. Beyond all the beers, good smoke and jokes of the pre-run partyin', stood a reason for the congregation of as many as five thousand bikers in Sacramento that Sunday morning. They, who had so much — their bikes, their bros, and their freedom — were ringin' in the Christmas season for a bunch of kids who had nothing.

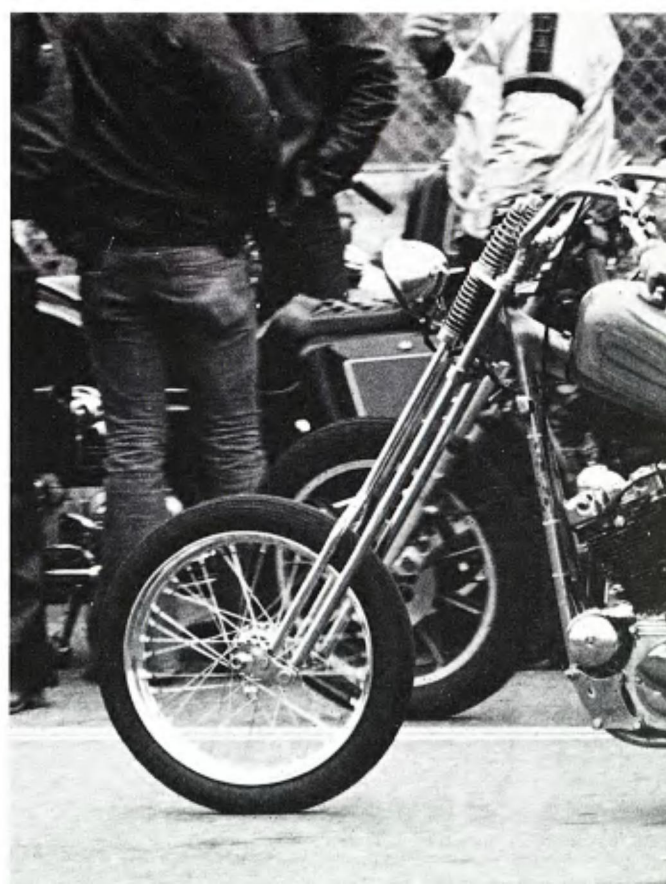
Bikes of all types made the trek from all over Northern California. Photographers from newspapers rubbed elbows with cameramen from TV stations as they picked their way through the lines of bikes, trying to capture the mood.

One of the great things about any toy run, includin' this one, is that it's one of the few organized activities you don't have to prod bike people into. We bikers know what Christmas is all about — kids, toys and makin' somebody

Continued after two pages of photos









happy — and we don't much care that the TV anchorman snickers when he leads into the story, stumblin' on the word biker, callin' us "blakers."

Well, it's the old story — when we do right, no one remembers, etc, etc, etc. We know we gave it our best shot and we know we made Christmas a helluva lot merrier for a lot of kids. And knowing those things is enough.

The Sacramento run was symbolic of similar runs throughout the country — throughout the world, in fact, from Boston to Guam. Wherever there are needy kids, there seem to be brothers and sisters anxious to help, which, come to think of it, is one more reason to be proud of what we are and always have been — scooter trash till the end.

—Hunchback



Photos by Kim Peterson and Frank





WILL REAGAN SAVE

"We're talking survival; pulling Harley onto Uncle Sam's lifeboat -

Like most of its customers, the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Company is a survivor.

For 80 years — through four wars, the Great Depression, a decades-long battle with native competitors, a British invasion and a corporate takeover — H-D has kept on doing what it does best, making uniquely American motorcycles, uniquely attuned to the unlimited horizons of the American skies and the untamed wanderlust of American riders.

Now, in the words of company head Vaughn Beals, "The sole surviving American manufacturer of

motorcycles... is threatened by loss of sales to... Japanese motorcycle manufacturers (who) seem intent upon driving us out of business" by "flooding the (motorcycle) market" and "virtually copying" H-D designs.

Because, to quote Beals, "the Japanese motorcycle manufacturers seem intent upon driving us out of business" by unfair, market-destroying methods, Harley-Davidson filed a petition with the U.S. International Trade Commission (ITC) last fall, alleging that "deliberately created, massive inventories of Japanese motorcycles sold at cutthroat prices threaten to des-

troy the stability of the American motorcycle market."

In its petition, H-D asked the ITC to recommend that the President take action to protect the firm from foreign competitors long enough for it to push through a \$30 million product development and expansion program that will, company officials vow, lead to a new line of Hogs "that will be the technological equal of anything made in Japan or anywhere else, but offering, in addition, all of the traditional Harley values."

Finally, after months of listening to oral testimony and studying reports, the ITC has rendered its

CAST YOUR VOTE

For the past several months, President Reagan has been considering whether or not to impose additional import duties on Japanese motorcycles. He may have made his decision by the time you read this. But if he hasn't, you may want to let him know how *you* feel. There are two good ways to do that. Number 1: You can pick up your phone and call the nearest Western Union office. Tell them you want to send a "personal opinion message" to the President. The POM is a special kind of telegram which allows you to express your views on public issues at a special rate of \$4.45 for 20 words or less (about half the rate of other telegrams). You probably won't even need the full 20 words; just tell him you support the imposition of the ITC-recommended sanctions against Japanese motorcycle manufacturers. If you've got a few extra bucks, you might consider sending a duplicate POM to your representatives in Congress.

If \$4.45 isn't immediately available, clip the coupon below and send it to We Support Harley, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We'll wait till we get a few truckloads of 'em (mail makes more of an impression in jumbo lots) and forward them, unopened, to the White House.

Mr. President:

For 80 years, through four wars, Harley-Davidson has served this nation's public, armed forces, and police departments. Now, Harley-Davidson is threatened by predatory competition from foreign manufacturers. The International Trade Commission has recommended that sanctions be imposed against these companies. I urge you to impose the recommended sanctions and help save this uniquely American company and the jobs of its workers.

HARLEY?

and the life preserver is in Reagan's hands"

decision on H-D's petition and, as is so often the case, the answer contains both good news and bad news.

The good news is simply that the ITC, by a 2-to-1 margin, supported the bulk of Harley's assertion. "The weight of evidence points to an inescapable conclusion," commission chairman Alfred Eckes said. "Imported motorcycles are a substantial threat of serious injury to the domestic motorcycle market."

Eckes also had little sympathy for the Japanese manufacturers' claims that Harley's woes are simply the result of the current recession. "There is no basis for concluding

that the current recession is largely responsible for declining motorcycle sales," he noted. "An industry under import assault or threatened with such an assault should not be denied relief because the assault happens to coincide with an economic problem."

Which brings us to the bad news — the "relief" chairman Eckes mentioned. The ITC, unlike some federal agencies, has no power to make laws or regulations. It is simply a fact-finding and advisory board which reports to the President. In the Harley case, the ITC has recommended that the President

Continued on page 107

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

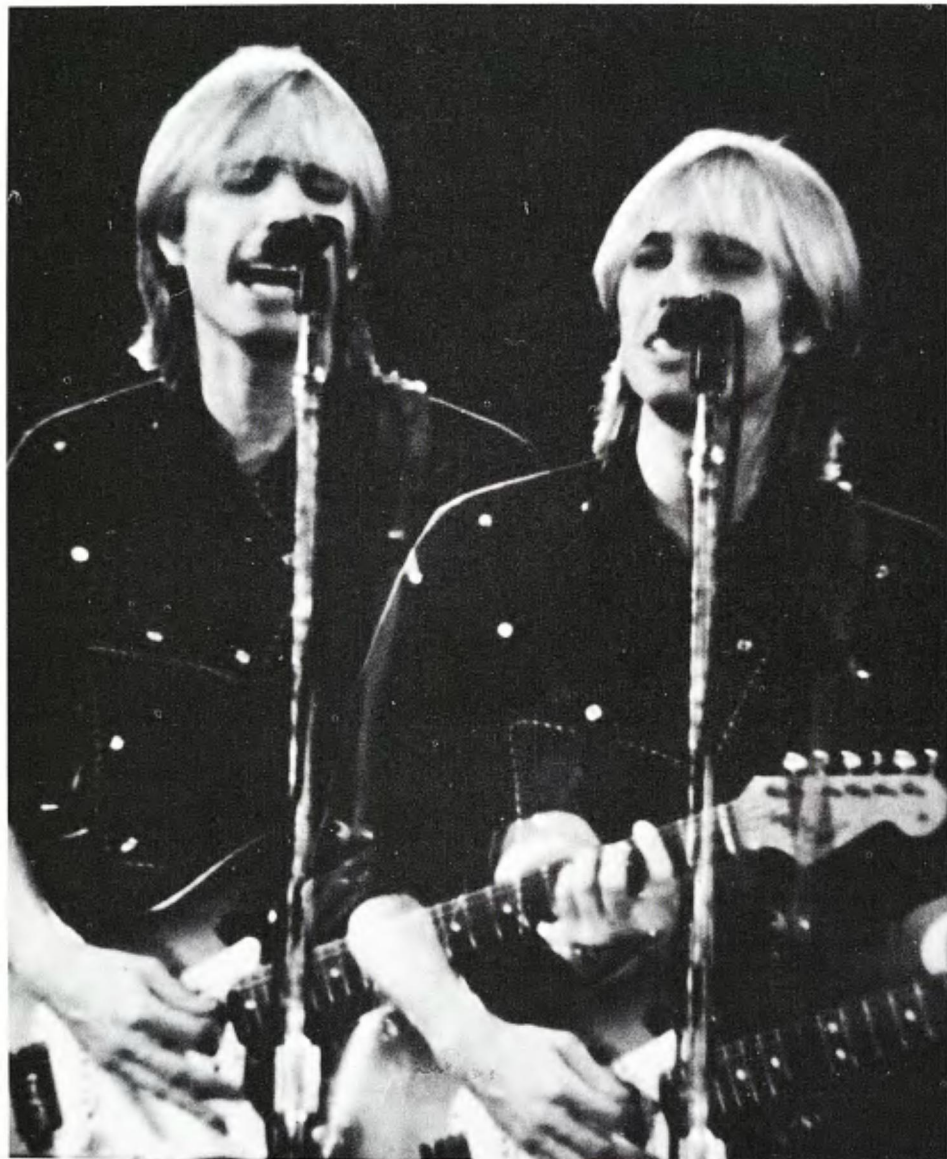


Photo by Dean Messina

Long After Dark/Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers: Despite the fact that Tom Petty is one of the best rockers/songwriters around today, he's never quite become the major figure it first appeared he was destined to be. It's not altogether his fault, since the music industry is a whimsical, capricious master and there's no certainty to be found: a wretched piece of pretentious crap like Charlene's "I've Never Been To Me" hit the charts in 1982, while dozens of excellent rock singles released in the same year

never came close to breaking into the top 100. The moral? There ain't no justice.

Moreover, the expectations may have run too high following Petty's 1976 debut release, **Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers**. This was a truly remarkable debut album, highlighted by "American Girl" — a cut every bit as fresh and arresting today as it was five years ago — not to mention such memorable tunes as "Rockin' Around (With You)," "Breakdown," and "Stranger in the Night." Almost without exception, that album featured hard-

edged rock and roll, tunes whose themes presented a cross-section of the American consciousness. That's why Petty's first album remains my personal favorite, though **Long After Dark** strikes me as the best work he's done since that auspicious debut.

Long After Dark opens with "A One-Story Town," Petty's ironic look at the stifling confines of a small town. It's a theme plenty of us can relate to — many a biker has abandoned a little burg to seek the freedom of the road or a city along the way. The double significance of the title is

obvious: a town whose highest building rises only one story, and a town without variety and change, a town with only one "story" to tell: *Oh, I'm lost in a one-story town/Where everything's close to the ground/Yeah, the same shit goes down, nothing turns around/It's a one-story town.*

Side One continues with "You Got Lucky," a tune that was a minor hit toward the end of 1982, and one of the few cuts on this album that features Petty in a more aggressive posture, telling the girl she'd better think twice before she leaves. Unfortunately, a number of the songs on **Long After Dark** fall into a pattern of romantic whining about the pains of lost love. Included in this category are "Finding Out," "Between Two Worlds," and "A Wasted Life." These tunes demonstrate what has perhaps become Petty's biggest shortcoming as a songwriter and performer — sometimes he seems to have turned into nothing more than a complainer, an entertainer whose message is simply that he's not happy.

Maybe I'm being too hard on Petty, but at times it's difficult not to feel that he's found a comfortable sound and a "stance" to go with it, and is content to leave it at that. That's why it's tough to evaluate a tune like "We Stand A Chance," which kicks off Side Two. It's a reasonably strong cut, detailing the feelings of a guy blown away by experiencing love for the first time. But it also sounds like a lot of Petty you've heard before.

Still, on the whole, **Long After Dark** is a solid album, containing some of the best material Petty's done in years. Standout tunes include "Straight Into Darkness," about the loss of love and the shock of the realization: *There was a little girl, I used to know her/I still think about her, time to time/There was a moment when I really loved her/Then one day the feeling just died. Also, don't miss "The Same Old You,"* a cut full of vivid imagery, and one I'd give my new drive chain to hear performed by the Stones.

In spite of its shortcomings and its tendency to make you think you've heard it all before, **Long After Dark** is a worthwhile album and should find favor with Tom Petty fans everywhere. It's not his best work, but it's damned good — and that'll do.

It's The Blues! (Vol. 1)/Cub Koda and the Houserockers: This particular review is less about one specific album or group than it is about a very special label: Baron Records, operating out of the unlikely locality of Melrose, Mass.

If you're unfamiliar with the Baron label, don't be surprised. Baron is a small outfit with none of the distribution power of the big companies, but if you're into the blues, and if you dig the likes of Hound Dog Taylor, Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, and so forth, discovering Baron Records is as good as finding a desert filling station four miles after you've had to switch your gas petcock to the "reserve" position.

Baron Records is the offspring of Ron Bartolucci, a maverick record collector and producer whose love of that most characteristic form of American music — the blues — has resulted in a truly unique record company.

What's unique about Baron Records? Well, for one thing, there's the lineup of artists they showcase: Robert Ross, J.B. Hutto and the New Hawks, Sleepy La Beef, Silverstone Steve, Sugar Ray and the Bluetones, Eddie Clearwater, Little Jimmy and the Homewreckers, to name but a few. These performers aren't exactly household names, but they do happen to be some of the best blues players around today. The willingness to record and promote relatively unknown blues artists is perhaps the most engaging characteristic of Bartolucci and Baron Records. And like I say, if you go for the blues but

most original formative music in rock's history. Sleepy is so named, apparently, for his half-asleep, heavy-lidded look that characterizes even his earliest photos. (Sleepy's still around today and still cookin', but he was a true rockabilly original during the '50s.)

Highlighted by his deep bass voice and his genuine



feel for rockabilly, the album features great versions of old classics like "Found Out," "Turn Me Loose," and "Ride On, Josephine" (a tune excellently revived a couple of years back by George Thorogood). In a day when new rockabilly bands are desperately seeking to recreate the unadorned "garage sound" that characterized the best of the early genre (including, for that matter, Buddy Holly and the Crickets), it's a pure pleasure to hear the real thing.

The Cub Koda album cited in the opening of this segment is a fine blues release featuring Koda (founder of Brownsville Station) and some venerable blues greats like Lefty Dizz and Brewer Phillips. The album was never intended to be a commercial smash, but rather to showcase a small portion of the talent available on this exceptional label. Unpolished and authentic (some cuts appear to have started as soundchecks that turned out too good not to use), the tunes on this album are good examples of some great musicians carrying on a great American tradition: the no-shit blues.

If you have difficulty obtaining Baron releases or want to know more about the albums they issue, write: Baron Records, 11 Dell Ave., Melrose, Mass. 02176.

Sundown/Rank and File: This is an excellent debut album by an unheralded band whose members have been knocking around individually for several years. Chip and Tony Kinman, who play guitar and bass respectively, made a

bit of a splash during the late '70s in Los Angeles with a group called the Dils, a punk band with a political orientation. After moving to New York in 1980, Chip teamed up with guitarist Alejandro Escovedo, who was formerly with a San Francisco punk band called the Nuns. While there, they joined forces with drummer Slim Evans and formed a new group called Rank and File.

This may sound like yet another of the innumerable chapters in the story of rock musicians looking for an identity, but there's a twist here. While the group's background might lead you to expect **Sundown** to be just one more exercise in punk rock drivel, it's actually a country-flavored album with roots deeply imbedded in the best traditions of rock and roll. And that's the real surprise — a breath-of-fresh-air release that evokes memories of Sun Records and Memphis in the mid-1950s.

Side One opens with a fine



rocker in the venerable tradition of girls' names tunes, "Amanda Ruth." This cut is a good introduction to the solid, unpretentious sound of Rank and File, and includes some of the better lyrics on the album: *She burns her biscuits and her gravy is strange/ Can't fry a chicken in a microwave range/ Her salt's tasty, her sugar's sweet/ No, she can't cook but she's got something to eat.* Featuring a fine guitar break by Chip Kinman, this cut serves as a dynamite curtain-raiser for the rest of the album.

Part of the enjoyment I found in **Sundown** stemmed from tracing the sources and influences to be found in their music and lyrics. Here and there, you'll hear old Crickets licks ("Not In Love"), harmonies like the Grateful Dead ("I Don't Go Out Much Anymore"), and most predominantly, the catchy guitar style of Luther Perkins, who played for Johnny Cash during the heyday of Sun Records.

When Cash and the Tennessee Three were making rockabilly history thirty years

ago, a good portion of their distinctive sound came from Perkins's guitar work. Rank and File pays tribute to that sound in several of their tunes, most notably on "I Went Walking," "Coyote," and "The Conductor Wore Black." The latter tune features an interesting reversal of the train that's "bound for glory." Instead, this train is filled with the doomed: *This train carries liars, this train carries cheats/ This train carries blackguards from all walks of life/ That you'd never, you'd never want to meet.* Underpinning the strong imagery of this tune's lyrics are the driving, locomotive-like rhythms that once made Johnny Cash the chronicler of the American railroad.

It's also worth noting that this music is very American indeed, the most successful blend of rock and country since the days of the Flying Burrito Brothers. As Tony Kinman observes, "Most people think of country and rock as totally separate, but there's a common energy and sincerity in both forms of music. They may have different beats, and people may dance to them differently, but it's really the same emotion."

Cow Jazz/Jerry Jeff Walker: The biggest concert this year (in terms of crowd size) was the US Festival held during the late summer near San Bernardino, California. The acts for this three-day outdoor bash read like a Who's Who of currently hot rock and rollers: the Police, The



Clash, Oingo-Bongo, the Go-Go's, the Cars, etc. Amazingly, right there in the middle of this unrelentingly hip lineup, was none other than Jerry Jeff Walker, the redneck, graying, middle-aged Bad Boy of progressive country. I don't know whose

Continued on page 124



think you've covered the waterfront with your collection of B.B. King and Muddy Waters, you're in for a real eye-opener. Get hold of any of J.B. Hutto's releases, for example, and you'll know what I mean.

By the way, if you have a taste for rockabilly, Baron has some great material displaying the real roots of that music's current revival. Forget the Stray Cats and warmed-over schlock like "Rock This Town." Grab a copy of Sleepy La Beef's **Early, Rare and Rockin' Sides** (Baron LP-102) and hear some of the best and

PICTURE PERFECT

"If he had just snapped a belt or two across that fine ass, it would have saved a lot of heartache all the way 'round and things might have been different for all of us."

T

he Roach, as usual was sitting and drawing flies, literally. That is to say, it was a little after nine in the morning and he was already down for the day, safe in the care of his own healthy odor, a few reds and a swallow or two of Jack Daniel's. So far, Master Plan Sturgis was a total flop with a capital F... a disaster, a bona fide downer.

There are some acceptable substitutes in my riding partner's diet, but basically he favors a little vitamin C (that's C as in cocaine), reds and some dirty Jack, or maybe a splash of Jose Cuervo takillya for a change of pace and taste. Sometimes I even sneak a real vitamin his way, from the upwind side, for health purposes — both his and mine! Roach has earned the right to his nickname, even if it was sort of inevitable since he came into this world already preordained to be called Frank Jay Roche.

It hadn't always been like this; at one time, my buddy the Roach had been an altogether different sort of man. Before the dreams died inside, he could have stood up and been counted with any number of solid citizens. Shoulder to shoulder with the heaviest in the art world, and I'm talking Michelangelo, DaVinci, or whoever. He had class and a lot of heart and pride, and it showed in everything he did, not just his work. The only thing was that he did his work with a tattoo gun and skin illustrations. That's besides the point, though — art is art, right? Ah, but those were different times, before 'Nam had left its marks, before I got locked down over a little misunderstanding about "hemp" cultivation, but especially before Cindy left and stole "Baby." Which, I guess, is what this story is really all about. If I'm going to make any sense to you, I'll have to back up a lot further than Sturgis and explain why we were there, of all places, in the first place.

'Nam was where I first hooked up with Frank, alias the Roach; but since this isn't a war story, we won't go into all that grief. Let it be said that it left us sufficiently close and motivated toward the same things in life, namely, maintaining a steady high, bikes and broads. Least ways, I was into the ladies. Roach still had his old flame from pre-high school days, Cindy. Sure, we'd hardly been monks

Continued on page 91

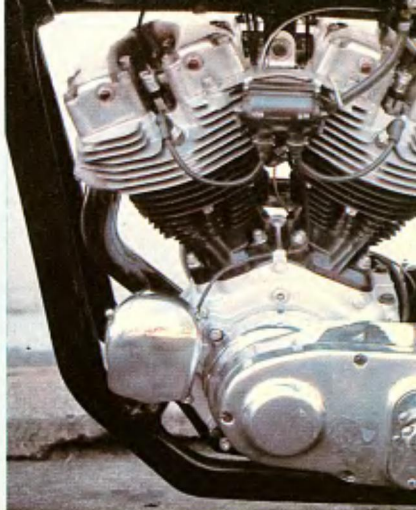
By James Scott Murray

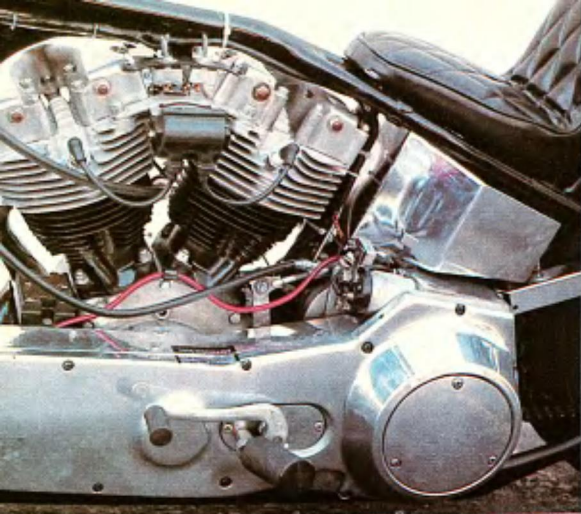


READER'S

RIDES

Here are four more outstanding Harleys supplied by our readers. Though the material they sent to us was short on photos, all the sleds are long on style. We feel they've earned recognition. We're constantly on the lookout for choice scoots from all areas of the country. Maybe yours can make it. Send us some slides and/or black-and-white prints. The staff votes 'em in or out. When we can get enough together, we'll feature them.





Photos by Nicky Weaver

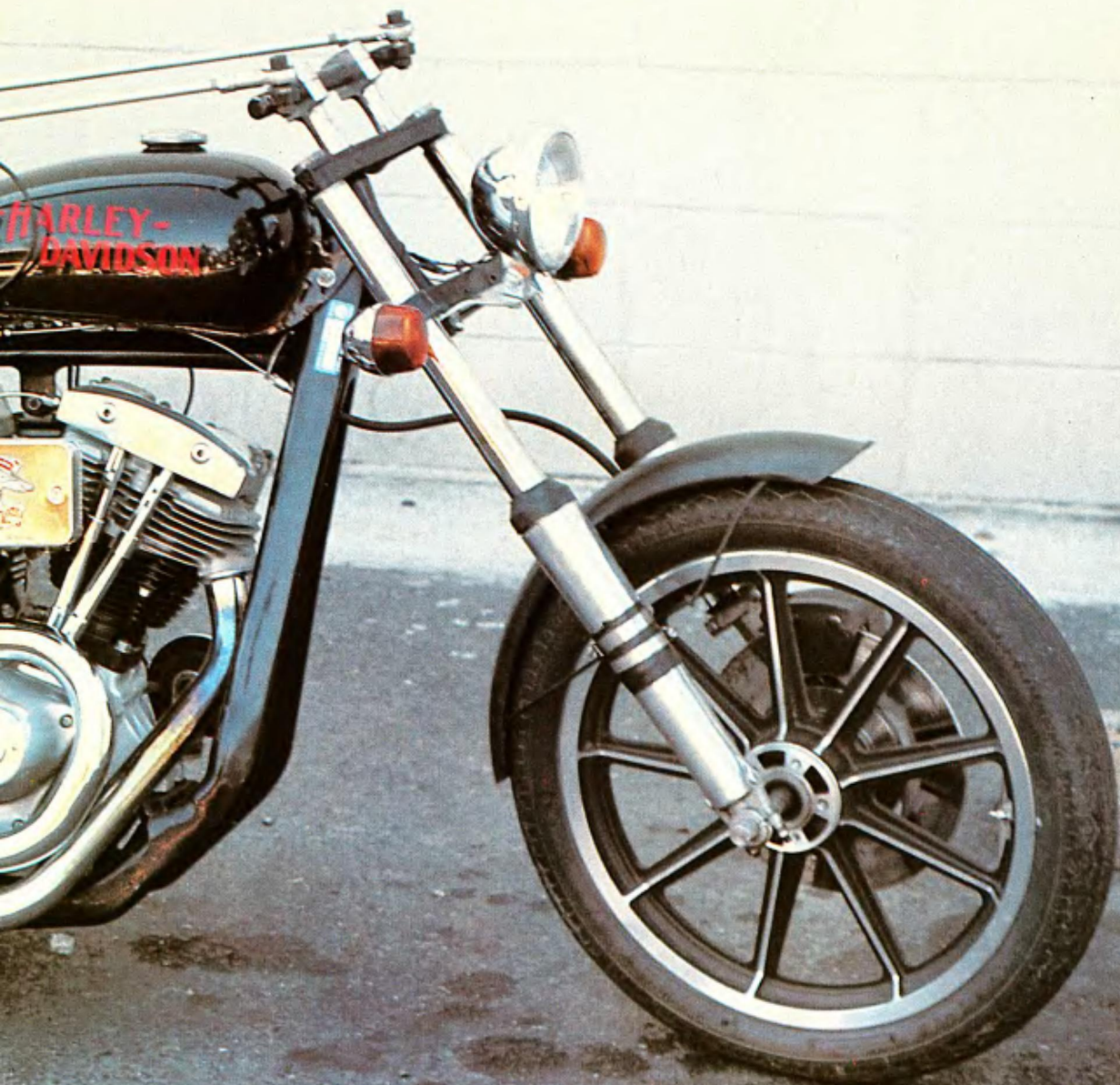
Chuck Blythe, Grants Pass, Oregon ***Two 1978 H-D engines***

If two heads are better than one, think of the rush of four noggins knockin' — 163.2 cumulative inches of thrust.

You might think Chuck only unwraps this monster once in a blue moon, at the drags. Wrong! It's his personal, street-legal bar blaster. At the local drag strip in Medford, ridden by a wiry guy from Chuck's shop, New Dawn Custom Cycle in Grants Pass, the hulking 900-pounder passed the timing light doin' 114mph at 12.41 seconds — and with a slipping clutch. Chuck says, "It's not really a hole shooter." Its stock FLH cams are slightly tricked out.

Welding and fabrication help came from Nugget Cowboy. Micron Machine in Grants Pass did the machine work; Cliff Lamb, of Lamb Machine Specialties in Portland, did the mill; Jim Harris polished the primary case; Nugget Barney molded and Chuck painted.

—Loudmouth



READER'S

RIDES





Ken Angstadt, Oley, Pennsylvania 1971 Harley-Davidson FX

Whaddaya see? A Hog in classic black 'n' chrome — a traditional ride for a traditional dude, built the traditional way — by the dude who rides it.

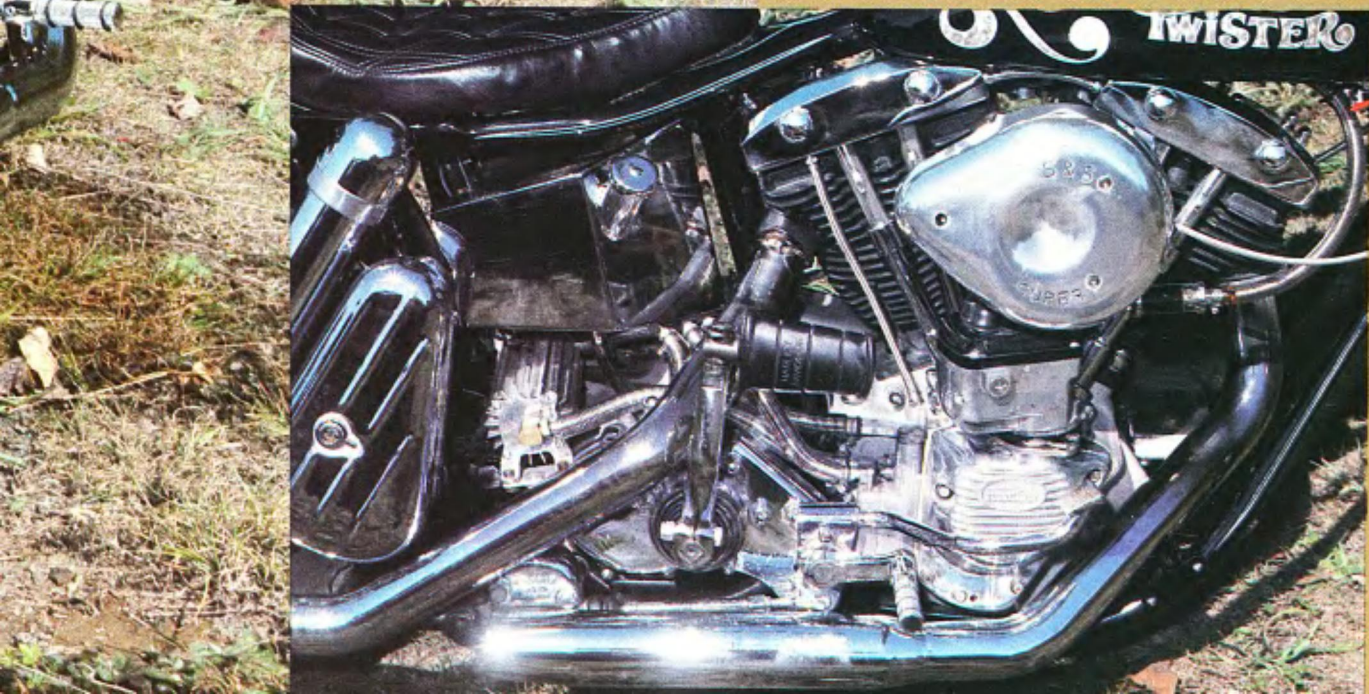
Things bein' what they are today, it's pretty rare when a bro with a vision is able to put together the bucks, time and skills necessary to build his bike *his* way, without farming out any of the work.

That's what Ken did, though: engine, frame, wiring, molding and painting — all with his own hands. He calls it the Mind Twister — in honor of all the bros who went home tappin' their skulls after he refused to let 'em as much as turn a wrench or fit a bracket on his strictly traditional Harley.

—Stooge



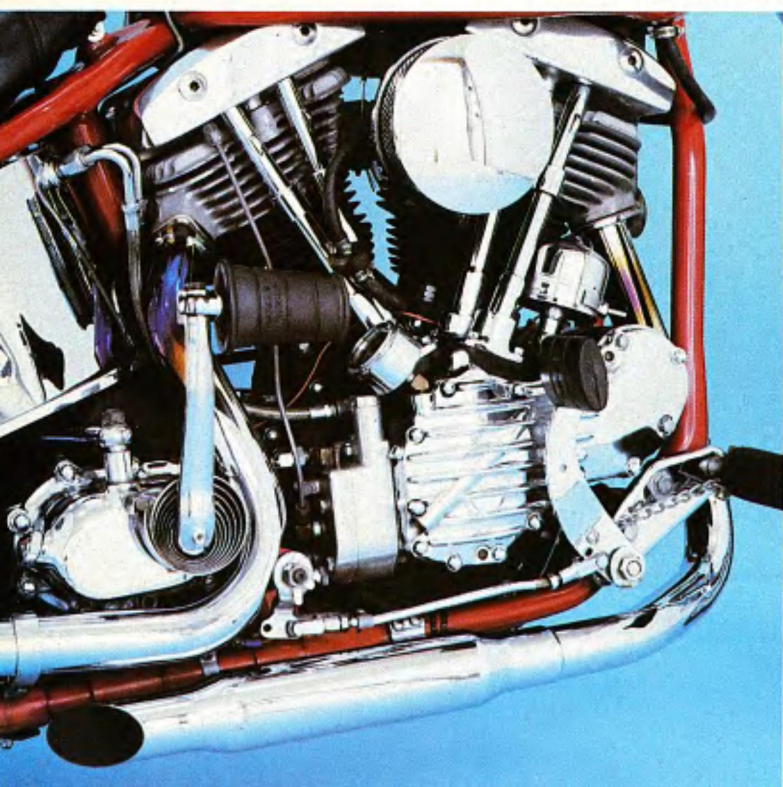
Photos by Pete Chiodo



READER'S
RIDES



Photos by Pete Chiodo





***Scott Standerfer, Redondo Beach, California
1952 Harley-Davidson FL***

The late Walt Disney once said that Disneyland would never be completed as long as the people running it still had imagination. We never asked the owner of this bike whether he's a disciple of Disney's, but maybe we should have, 'cause when we asked him how long it'd taken him to build this sled, he growled: "Ain't done yet."

Well, I don't know about you, but when I see a scooter like this — with ported and polished heads, .020 over pistons, Andrews gears, shaved legs, etc., etc., etc. — flyin' down the asphalt, it looks like a finished motorcycle to me. Shit, look at the chrome, check the wiring. If it's a rat, where's the rust? Where's the dents? Where's the stuffing pokin' out of the seat? Where's the bumper sticker from Gaye Johnson's much-loved, albeit notorious, beanery in Nebraska?

I guess my standards just ain't as high as Scott's. After all, so far he's got only the first 15 coats of clear lacquer on the paint. You read it right, the first 15 coats — and Scott says the bike still ain't done. How's that for imagination?

— Stroker

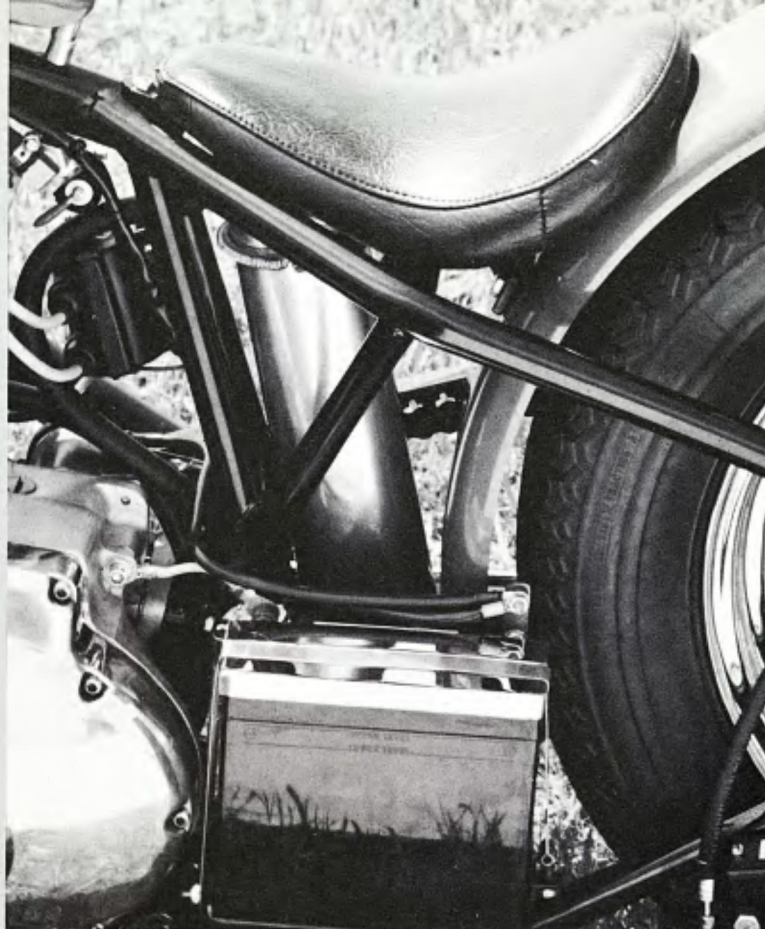
Mike Nicholson, Lincoln, Nebraska **1974 Harley-Davidson Sportster**

With a bike called "Agitator", ya might think its owner was a political freak stirrin' up dirt for some clown's revolution. Not the case here. Mike Nicholson just has the kind of luck that makes him and his Harley the minority among his ridin' buddies. His rice-ridin' bros stuck his bike with the name 'cause they say it sounds like a washin' machine. Great friends, eh?

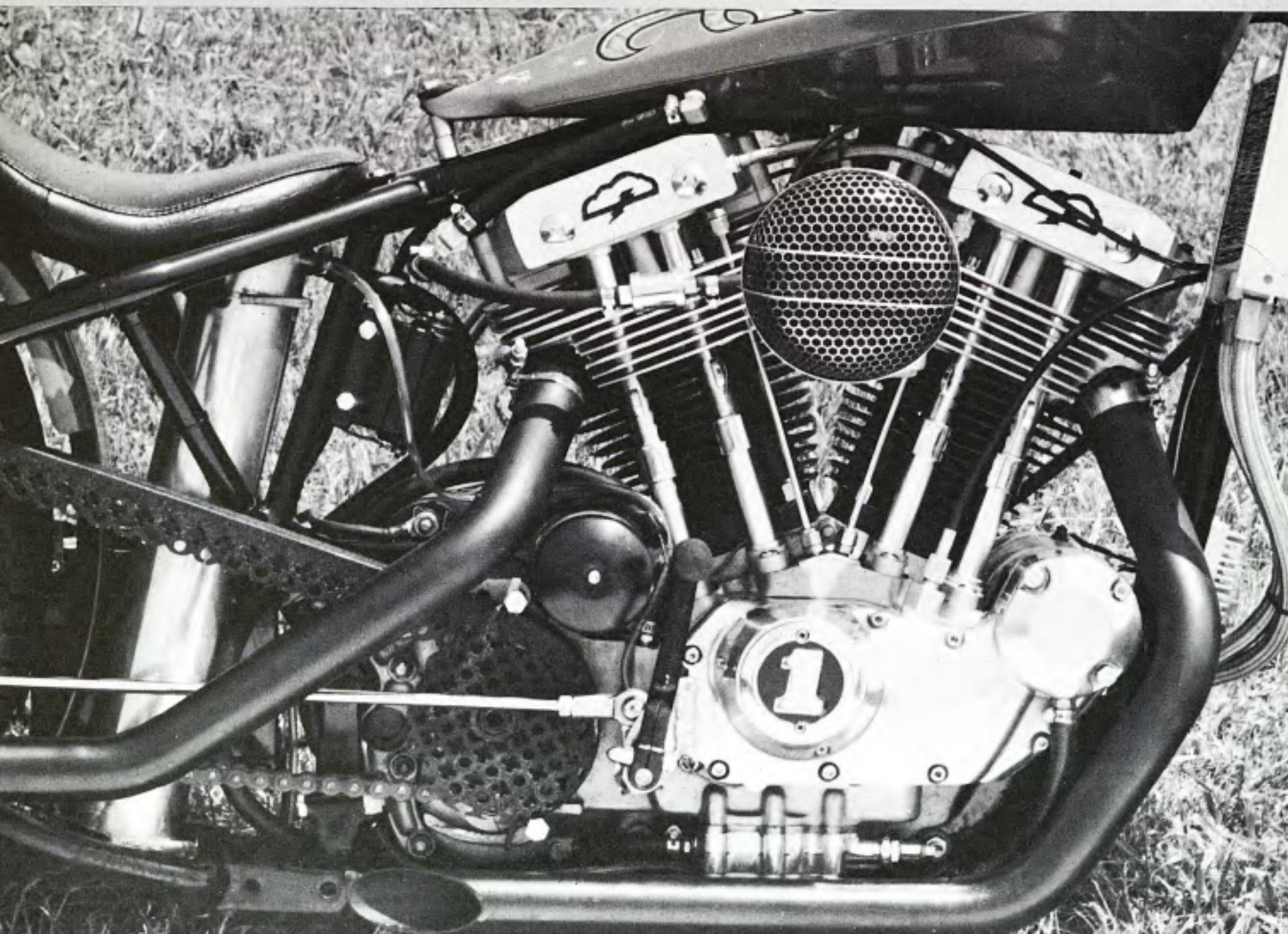
Mike bought the Sporty in 1974, and immediately set to customizing it, delving into a basement of old stock Harley parts in order to keep his rebuild expenses lower. The frame went to Jim Schuman at Blue Engineering in Lincoln, Nebraska, for a stretch and alterations, as well as a new rear brake section, oil tank, and a better shifting mechanism. While Jim did his thing, Mike was busy doing his own engine — a complete rebuild, using stock rods and flywheels. He's running Thunder Heads and Thunder Cams (they also did the balancing and blueprinting). The tank is painted with red lacquer. Mike wants to extend a special thanks to Jim for the help.

The Agitator snapped the first three chains Mike installed, undoubtedly while tryin' to settle the perennial H-D vs. rice argument. Evidently Mike came out on top. Agitator took first in the 1981 Auto Rama show in Lincoln, and Mike's goin' back for more in '83. Plus, he rides longer into the winter than most of his partners do. As Mike says, "If you don't like the weather, stick around — it'll change." That's Lincoln for ya.

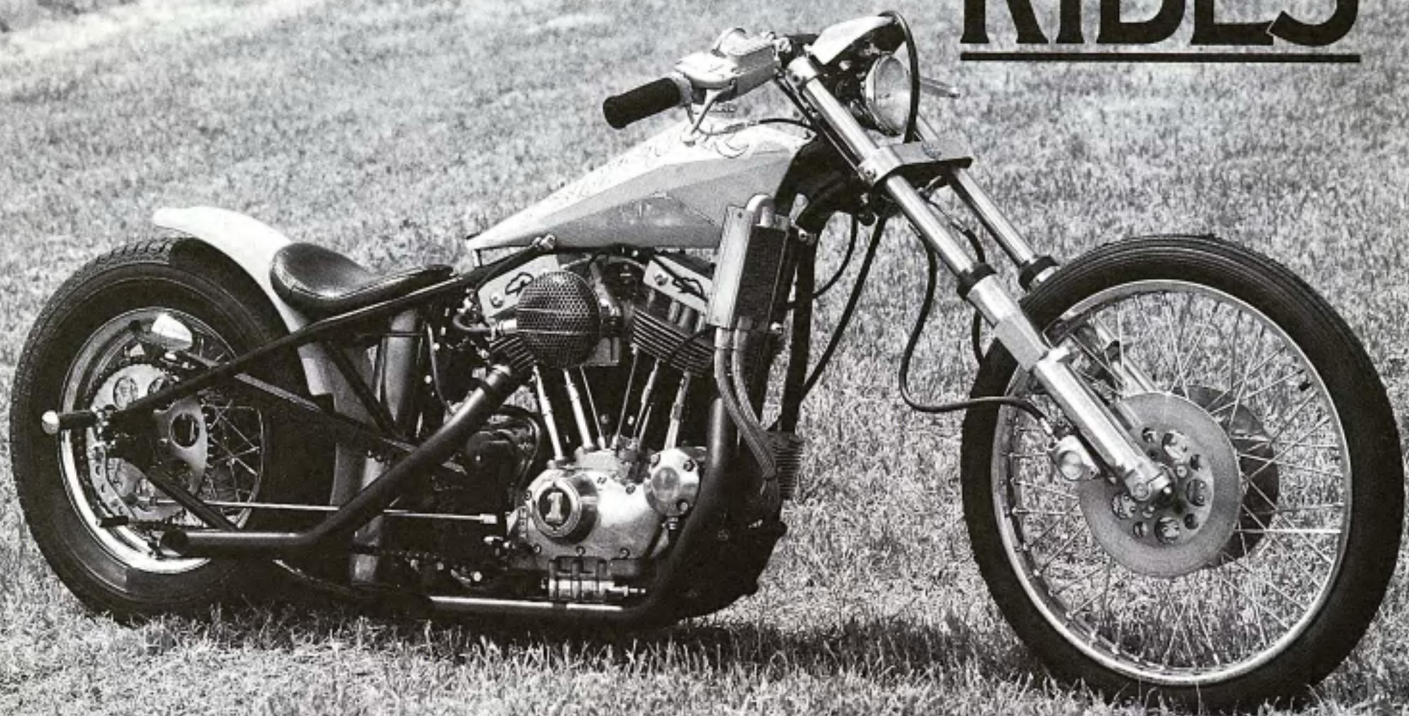
— Rex the Hex



Photos by Mike Licht



READER'S
RIDES



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



Question: Whatever happened to the so-called Prisoners' Bill of Rights?

Answer: It went to the dentist and came back without its teeth.

The "Prisoners' Bill of Rights" (officially, the Civil Rights of Institutionalized Persons Act) is a Carter Administration measure that was supposed to ensure that everyone housed by the state — mental patients and the elderly, as well as prisoners — received, if not a fair shake of the dice, at least a partially fair shake.

The major provision of the act gave the Justice Department, for the first time, the right to initiate civil rights suits against specific institutions and states that violated residents' civil rights. Strange as it seems, the feds could not, prior to the passage of this act, legally file suit in such cases — despite their responsibility to enforce the provisions of the Constitution.

Before the Institutionalized Persons Act, all favorable decisions in the prison rights struggle had resulted from suits filed by, or on behalf of, individual inmates. Now, it seemed, the full weight of Uncle Sam could be brought to bear against institutions where prisoners were sleeping on floors or spending 23 hours a day in overcrowded dormitory cells.

The obvious problem was that whether or not the Justice Department filed any of these suits was left entirely up to them. The act merely gave Justice the *right* to file the suit; it didn't *require* action from them. That particular provision was a political football from the get-go — potentially of immense benefit when a human-rights-oriented administration is in office; of little value when a law-and-order group is running things.

There was another part of the act, however, that was supposed to become part of statutory law — in other words, it would have applied regardless of who was president or head of the Justice Department. That provision pertained to inmate

grievances. Under it, states were urged to set up specific procedures for handling inmate complaints. These grievance procedures were then supposed to be submitted to the Justice Department for approval before being put into effect.

The one part of the whole act that offered the most promise to inmates was the Carter Administration's requirements for those grievance procedures. For one thing, inmates and staff were to be allowed to participate directly in the "disposition of grievances challenging general policies and practices." Also, inmates could demand that unfavorable rulings by a grievance board be reviewed by an outsider not connected with the state or prison.

Even more striking was the Carter Administration's list of remedies to be afforded prisoners whose grievances were upheld. Among these were money damages, restitution of property, and reclassification. These regulations were written and approved at every level of the Justice Department and published in the Federal Register. Thirty days later, they should have become law. And they would have remained law until Congress changed or rescinded them. But a funny thing happened on the regulations' way to becoming law; four days after they were published in the Federal Register, 26 days before they were due to take effect, Ronald W. Reagan was sworn in as President — and he put a freeze on all such pending ordinances.

Well, the freeze is over; the regulations have been reviewed and the patient has lost its bite. As now constituted, the regulations governing inmate grievances contain no specific remedies, such as monetary awards or reclassification. Instead, they call rather plaintively for "meaningful" remedies. Inmate participation on grievance committees has been severely limited and the requirement that an outside review of decisions be available has been scuttled.

What happened to the "Prisoners'

Bill of Rights?" Nothing and everything. Meanwhile, such a bill is still long, long overdue.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Unusual Punishment

A unusual sentence requiring that prison officials place an inmate in solitary confinement from sunrise to sunset — and feed him only bread and water — on the anniversary of his offense each year, has been overturned by the Illinois Court of Appeals.

According to the trial judge who mandated the bizarre punishment in a voluntary manslaughter case, the annual day in the hole would aid the prisoner's "spiritual rehabilitation." The higher court, however, found that such so-called rehabilitation was not authorized by law.

Ol' Ladies Okay

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit has ruled illegal a Montana State Prison policy prohibiting prisoners from possessing nude photos of their wives and/or girlfriends.

In reaching its decision, the court agreed that prison officials have the right to ban "obscene" materials but found that the Montana policy against all "sexually explicit" matter was too vague and general and was being illegally used to prohibit prisoners from receiving non-obscene sexual material, such as personal pictures and men's magazines.

Commenting on the nude photo issue, the court indicated that prison administrations would be justified in excluding such material only if they could show that allowing it into the prison posed a threat to security or rehabilitation programs.

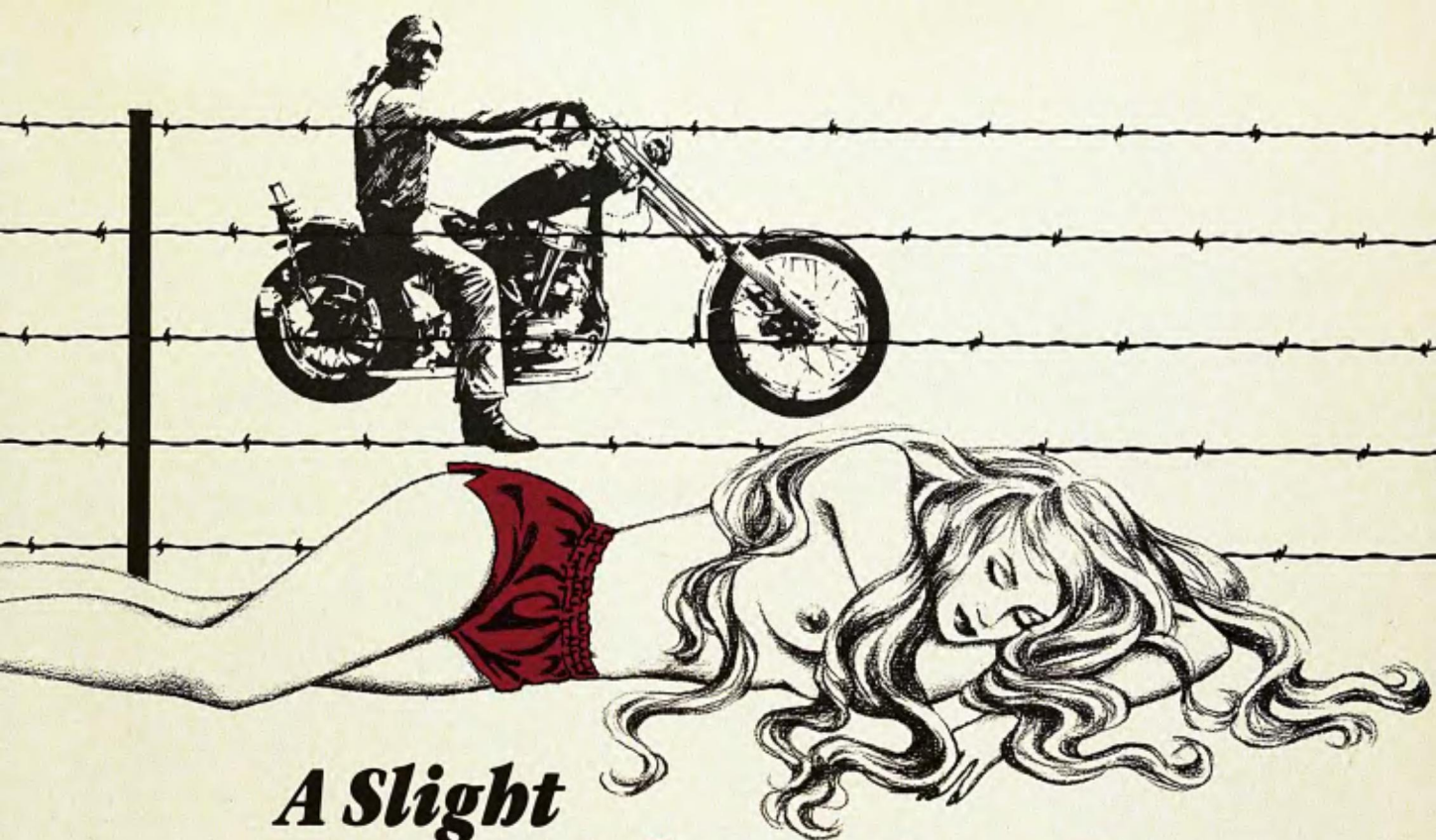
Peppering v. Crist, 678 F. 2d 787 (9th Cir. 1982)

Visitation Right Affirmed

New York state can no longer strip prisoners of their visitation rights without a hearing.

Under N.Y. law the superintendent of corrections was allowed to revoke visitation

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A Slight **Case Of Payback**

Stepping out of the bar into midday brightness, I paused on the sidewalk to fish my sunglasses out of my pocket before getting on my bike. All of a sudden a little old lady came tottering across the street and dropped dead right at my feet. I looked at her uncomprehendingly for some moments until my brain cells caught up. It isn't just every day that somebody's granny goes toes-up directly in front of me, and that sort of thing'll throw anybody's timing off.

"Hey, man! What's happening?" called out a pair of freeze-dried short-hairs from a passing van.

"An old lady jaywalked herself to death!" I yelled back.

"Far-r-r-out!" cried the punkers. They stopped in the middle of the street and backed up to see for themselves. And they weren't the only ones. Passersby were turning into bystanders as fast as they could halt in their tracks. People came out of stores up and down the street to crowd around and gawk. I noticed that a lot of them were looking straight at me.

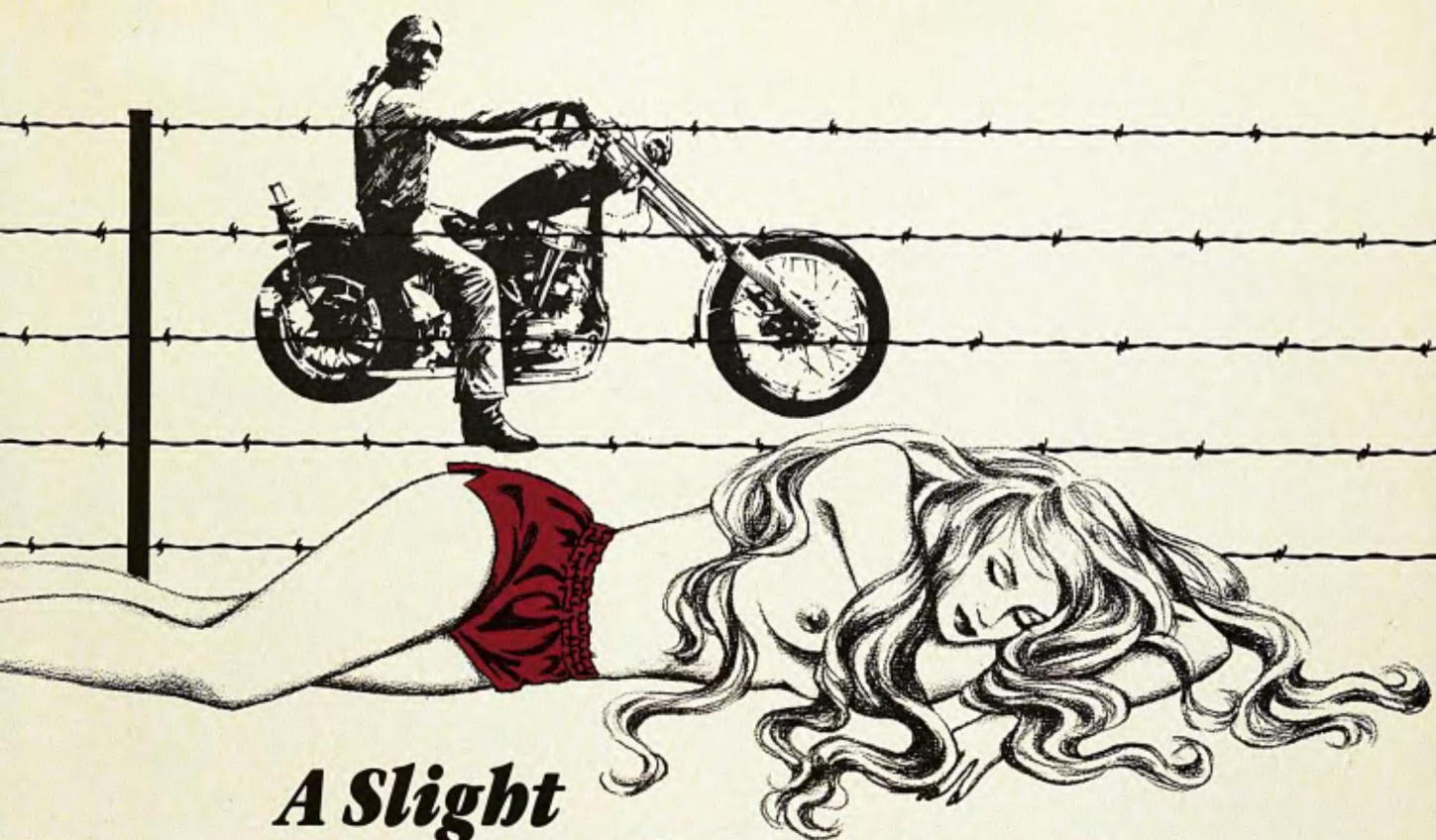
Just as I threw a getaway leg across my motorcycle seat, a black-and-white with a flashing light pulled up and two cops got out. One of them was a female rookie, the other wasn't. I got the one who was, natch.

"Hold it right there! I'd like to ask you a few questions!" she said, moving in on me while her partner skillfully initiated crowd-control and traffic-flow procedures with his whistle.

"I'll go you one better and make a voluntary statement," I said civic-mindedly. "I came out of this bar right here, and that old woman fell down dead right there. I never saw her before. Under the circumstances, I don't suppose I'll be seeing her again, either. That's about

Continued on page 82

by Jody Via



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Continued on page 82

by Jody Via

Franks Harding is dead. So who the fuck was Frank Harding, you ask? Well, it's no big surprise that so few readers of this magazine are familiar with his name. Only those dedicated fans who habitually read every damn word, right down to the masthead, would recognize the name. But Frank, who died recently at the age of 67, was a crucial member of the *Easyriders* staff since its inception, and in his own way he contributed as much to its success as any writer, photographer, illustrator, designer, or editor who ever worked for the magazine.

Flip through past issues (and you can go way back), and you'll see him identified as Frank (The Hermit) Harding and by the job title "Wordhead." Frank was a true loner (hence, his nickname) and, in a nutshell, he was the magazine's watchdog — the guy who was the final reader of all copy, the guy who straightened out the garbled story or who caught the misspelling everybody else missed or who noticed that the period at the end of a sentence was exactly one L.R.C.H. (Little Red Cunt Hair) too high.

Spider used to say that Harding "picks the fly shit out of the pepper" — which is about as eloquent a tribute as I can imagine, and one I'm sure Frank would be proud of. As a member of the *Easyriders* staff, I worked with Frank for over five years, and I'd be the



Frank Harding (1915-1982)

first to tell you he was an exasperating, crusty bastard, and that hardly a month went by that I didn't want to strangle him. He'd call me up in the middle of a hassle-ridden deadline, wanting to debate some obscure point of grammar or argue about the use of some silly abbreviation or to just generally raise hell about a minor oversight in a manuscript. Sometimes I wished to hell he'd leave the damned fly shit in the damned pepper, since nobody but he would ever notice it.

But Frank had far too much integrity to compromise his work, so he kept right on picking out that fly shit, and the rest of us could lump it. I loved the ol' dude, and anyone who has enjoyed reading *Easyriders* over the years owes him an enormous debt of gratitude. Main-

taining the quality of the copy — making it literate, readable, and fun — was Frank's mission, and he took his job very seriously. *Easyriders* has never tried to hide its fuck-ups, but when something rarely went haywire with the copy, you could almost bet that Frank hadn't seen it and that it was somebody else's fault.

Frank possessed more guts and heart and grit than any dozen prospects you could round up. I shall sorely miss the ol' fart, as will anyone who worked with him over the years.

If you've found some pleasure in reading *Easyriders* over the past decade or so, then the next time you're guzzling 'em down in some bar, hoist one in memory of Frank Harding. He was a true original.

— Tex Campbell and all the editors

National
TO RECLAIM
THE HIGHWAY
DEDICATED TO FREEDOM OF THE ROAD
Abate

Easynews

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

— *Harley gets three-year reprieve* —

Catalytic converters required in '84

The good news is that Harley-Davidson and some European manufacturers will not have to start equipping their bikes sold in California with catalytic converters next year. The bad news is that just about all the other motorcycle manufacturers in the world will.

As we've told you before, the California Air Resources Board (CARB) had previously issued a tentative ruling that all new bikes over 280cc displacement must, beginning January 1, 1984, meet air pollution standards about five times tougher than those of the federal government. California's current standards, incidentally, are already twice as tough — 2.5 grams per kilometer hydrocarbon emissions as compared to a 5 gram per kilometer federal standard.

After several hearings during which bikers, manufacturers' representatives and spokesmen for such groups as the AMA and the motorcycle press expressed massive opposition to the plan to lower the standard to 1 gram per kilometer in '84, the Board agreed to modify its regulations slightly to give a three-year reprieve to manufacturers selling fewer than 5,000 bikes a year in California. Since Harley falls in that category, they won't have to add the converters until the 1987 model year.

According to the AMA, the air resources board has ignored several extremely important health, safety and economic issues in mandating the converters.

For one thing, the cost of the extra equipment is expected to add as much as \$650 to the price of the each bike. Even more ominous is the threat to life from the extreme heat generated by the converters — which operate at up to 1,800 degrees. According to the AMA, this heat could cause spontaneous combustion if even a minute amount of gasoline (which ignites at 580 degrees) spills on the converter during refueling. Also, the extremely hot pipes could cause severe burns to riders and passengers.

A staff study by the air resources board contends that heat-related problems can be cured by the use of heat shields, insula-

tion and double-wall tubing, but the AMA notes that those items would make worse another safety hazard caused by the converters: reduced cornering clearance due to the oversized exhaust pipes required.

Still, the CARB, which admits it has conducted no tests to back up its contentions, has an answer for everything. Take the extra cost of building the converter-equipped bikes, for example. The CARB suggests that manufacturers split the cost up among all the bikes they sell

nationwide; in effect, forcing riders in the other 49 states to subsidize a form of mental illness found only in California.

In an attempt to thwart the bureaucrats in their latest bid to choke the life out of motorcycling, the AMA urges everyone who opposes this legislation to write their California state legislators and Gov. George Deukmejian. Letters can be addressed to individual state officeholders at the State Capitol Building, Sacramento, California 95814.

Religious TV spot shows biker as honest-to-God human being

The history of biker exploitation movies and TV shows being what it is, it's rare to flip on the tube and see a biker being presented as a real honest-to-God person instead of a cardboard menace to the community.

But, thanks to a public service spot produced by the Seventh Day Adventist Church, viewers in many cities are being treated to a 60-second insight into biker life as it really is.

The spot opens by showing a biker and his chick broken down by the side of the road. He's attempting to fix something on the forks but is stymied by the lack of a proper-size wrench. A nearby farmer gets off his tractor, approaches the bearded, cutoff-wearing biker and offers him a crescent wrench. The biker fixes his scooter and books off into the sunset while a voice-over narrator delivers the theme message, "Share some love."

Angry cops frustrated at bikers skating by mandatory lid law

"There was nothing we could do at the time, but we are making inquiries," one frustrated policeman told the press.

"I just couldn't believe it — they all had one," another groused.

And what was it that had John Law so upset? Yup, you're right. It was a bunch of bikers cutting up. And what were they doing that was so awful? Why, they were making a run with their hair in the breeze. So what, you ask? Well, for one thing, the run was from Auckland to Bay View, New Zealand. For another, New Zealand has a helmet law, yet the cops were unable to bust a single biker for violating it — every one had a medical exemption.

Under the New Zealand law, all riders and passengers must wear lids unless they've been granted either a medical or a religious exemption. To qualify for the medical exemption, the law requires only "a certificate from a registered medical practitioner certifying that he (the rider) is unable to wear a safety helmet for medical reasons."

What frustrates the cops is the fact that the law does not list any specific "medical conditions" that qualify for such an exemption. In other words, a friendly sawbones could write up an exemption simply because of his biker-patient's claim that he likes to be able to scratch his dandruff while he putts along.

Court gets tough with killer cagers

Ruling opens door for filing murder raps

A ruling by the California Supreme Court has made it easier for district attorneys and judges in that state to get tough with cage drivers responsible for killing bikers.

In its decision, the court ruled that car drivers who

drive in a reckless fashion, with complete disregard for the lives of others, can be charged with second degree murder if they cause an accident resulting in a death.

Previously, such defendants could be charged with only manslaughter, which carries a maximum penalty of five years in prison, as opposed to a 30-to-life maximum penalty for second degree murder.

In one of the first cases filed

under the new interpretation of the law, the Los Angeles district attorney's office has charged James Stokes, 31, with second degree murder in the deaths of cycle driver Mavrick Fields, 24, and passenger Deborah Avery, 24.

According to a spokesman for the DA, the Stokes case is ideal for testing the new charge. "The facts are that the defendant had a blood alcohol level of .21 percent (over twice

the legal limit), had smoked three marijuana cigarettes, was driving at 50 to 60 miles per hour, and hit a motorcycle that was stopped at a signal with its taillight on.

"The defendant left a skid mark 167 feet long and struck the motorcycle on a stretch of road that is five lanes wide — giving him ample room to maneuver around them had he been exercising any care at all," the spokesman said.

Gas tax bill contains good news for bikers

The Congressional bill establishing President Reagan's 5-cent-a-gallon gas tax contains good news for bikers.

Included in the measure is a provision requiring all states with freeway car pool lanes to open those lanes to motorcycles.

Under the bill, states which refuse to open car pool lanes to bikers would face

the loss of federal highway construction and repair funds. Sound familiar? It should, that's the same way the feds originally blackmailed states into passing helmet laws and the 55mph speed limit. Well, as they say, what goes around comes around, paybacks are a bitch, and what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

Motorcycling got another, though less specific, boost in a committee report accompanying the gas tax bill. "Motorcycles," the report said, "are extremely fuel-efficient, represent a viable commuting alternative for many individuals, and deserve consideration in state and local transportation plans."

Jolly Old St. Nicholas busted on bucket beef

The Massachusetts State Police "55-Team," a roving squad which prowls the highways seeking out traffic violators, really hit pay-dirt shortly before last Christmas — they got to ticket Santa.

The occasion was the annual Massachusetts MMA toy run, during which about 1,000 bikers donated two truckloads of toys to the U.S. Marine Corps "Toys for Tots" program.

According to MMA spokesman Robert Doiran, the riders

were organized into three large groups that converged at a shopping mall in Auburn.

"It was the first time the event had been staged in central Massachusetts," Doiran said. "Last year we went to the Budweiser plant in Merrimack, N.H. (to drop the toys off), but we changed it this year because we needed a more central location and because we wanted to get away from the beer-and-cyclist image."

Unfortunately, the 55-Team apparently had no intention of

changing their image and stopped one of the motorcycle convoys on Interstate 495 when they noticed that a biker filling in as Santa Claus did not have a state-mandated helmet strapped down over his white hair and jolly red hat.

According to Doiran, he,

three other MMA officers, and the biker in the Santa suit were ticketed.

"I said, 'Don't you feel bad stopping Santa?' but he was a hard-core cop," Doiran said of the officer who wrote up the citations. "He didn't even crack a smile."

Long arm of law yanks bikin' mutt off tank pad

After 35,000 miles, including trips from her New Jersey home to New Orleans, Daytona, and Cape Cod, the law has finally caught up with Sheeba — a four-year old biker's dog whose one passion in life is getting in the wind on the tank of her owner's bike.

That's perfectly cool most places, but not in New Jersey. The so-called Garden State, it seems, has a law which says an animal cannot be transported in "an open vehicle." And this law, according to state SPCA chief Richard Altrath, who dragged owner Swen Bos into court on a charge of "transporting an animal in a cruel manner," means that Sheeba can no longer pack in front of Bos no matter how much she likes it and how cruel it will be to leave her at home.

Bos, who saved the collie-Malamute mix from being killed at the pound (don't hear about the SPCA hauling anyone into court over that, do ya?) when she was a pup, says

that Sheeba has always insisted on being in the breeze. As a little tyke, she used to go on horseback rides with him and she later begged to be allowed to stay in his parka pocket as he rode his bike to work. Eventually, of course, Sheeba, now 42 pounds, outgrew pocket riding.

"Now she rides the gas tank in front of me, and I keep it padded," Bos said. "She holds the front of the tank with her paws. And she wears goggles as a safety precaution."

All of which cuts no slack with Altrath.

"It's a real sympathy case," the SPCA official says, "but the guy is dead wrong. We're law enforcement and we have to go by what the law says; and the law says you can't carry an animal in an open vehicle."

"She enjoys it (riding) a lot," Bos lamented prior to a hearing on the "cruel transportation" charge. "I was hoping the SPCA would give it up. But they haven't."

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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



It is National Abate's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization. National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action Group of your choice.

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
Kansas	Yes	No ^{3,11}	Yes	No ¹¹
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁸	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph. 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



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ABATE of Florida has scheduled its annual helmet run and bikers' rights rally for April 22-25 at the Indian Springs Campground in Tallahassee. For more info, call (813) 971-3940 or write them at 15816 Martha Circle, Lutz, Florida 33549. . Colorado bikers are also gearing up for a helmet law fight in the legislature.

Thirty bikes and bikers roared down on the **Nebraska State Penitentiary** to stage the first-ever **bike show** at that maximum security lockup. Ten inmate-made trophies were awarded to winners in various categories. . The Guardian MC of Beaumont, Texas, conducted their **fifth toy run** for the residents of the Buckner Children's Village. Guardian-designated **Santa Ed Dyer**, who at 340 lbs. doesn't need any pillows to pad out his St. Nick suit, rode 2,500 miles through Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana to drum up support for the event.

ABATE of **Georgia** has announced plans to "definitely" sponsor a **helmet repeal** bill this year. If you can help, write Box 313, Monroe, Georgia 30655. . ABATE of Wyoming is **looking** for a state legislator willing to sponsor a helmet repeal bill. . Indiana bikers are now **required** to provide proof of financial responsibility (insurance or a \$40,000 cash bond, in most cases) before they can register their rides.

Washington State legislators seem to like to do things in doubles. They've passed a bill requiring all bikes to have **two mirrors** and they've **doubled** the state excise tax on motorcycles. . ABATE of **Indiana** staged a successful **toy run** to benefit the Lighthouse Mission.

Eight injuries and three **fatalities** have reportedly been caused by Suzuki side stands that do not automatically retract if the bike is driven forward. According to the NHTSA, about 600,000 Suzukis may be equipped with the **non-retracting stands**. The problem occurs when you forget to put the stand up and lean into a turn with it still down; but then, you probably already figured that out. . The Iron Horse MC of Chilliwack, **British Columbia**, staged a boffo toy run for the Salvation Army.

Nebraska ABATE will have its Sixth Annual **Spring Run For Fun** May 28-30. For info, write S.R.F.F., Box 1123, Kearney, Nebraska 68847. . And finally, Bob Cappiello's first **wife ran off** with the garbage collector, his second just plain refused to settle down, and his most recent lady took off in a rage. Fortunately, Cappiello has learned from bitter experience. "I realized I was looking too hard to find happiness with someone else. Give me a motorcycle," he says. Cappiello is currently working hard to **overhaul his next bride-to-be** — a '47 Hog called Moonlady — for a spring wedding. He plans to wear a tux, while Moonlady will have a traditional white veil covering her face from headlight to gold lug nuts.

Helmet maker loses \$3,000,000 suit

A 23-year-old woman has won a \$3,000,000 lawsuit against a helmet maker whose product, her lawyer claimed, "made her head injuries more severe."

The woman, Denise Cornier, of New York, was packing behind her boyfriend, James Spagna, when the bike collided with a cage driven by Mac Davis, 62.

Cornier, who was in a coma for seven weeks after the 1977 accident, suffered permanent brain damage in the accident, and is still being treated for double vision, memory loss, speech difficulties, and lack of coordination.

According to evidence introduced at the trial, the Bell helmet she was wearing had failed Department of Transportation im-

pact tests conducted in 1976.

"Rather than protecting her head," attorney Leonard L. Finz told the four-woman, two-man jury, "the helmet made the head injuries more severe."

In making its decision, the jury found the Bell Helmet Co., Spagna, and Davis all liable for a share of the \$3,000,000 in damages.

Cops find Harley's still best

After a study that lasted for over five years, the Roanoke (Virginia) Police Department has concluded that Harley-Davidsons are more suitable for use as police bikes than 750cc Hondas.

According to the Roanoke study, the Hondas are not as comfortable as the

Harleys and vibrate too much. The Roanoke officers specifically praised the Harley solo seats for their shock-absorbing springer design. They also noted that the saddle-shaped Harley seat provides substantial support to the spine; the Honda does not.

Putts are bargains; ain't ya surprised?

Think you're smart?

Well, you are — compared to your cage-drivin' cousin.

According to statistics compiled by the Motorcycle Industry Council, it costs over four times as much to own an average-sized cage as it does to own an average motorcycle nowadays.

Annual ownership cost of the average cage in 1981, MIC found out, was \$3,116; including \$1,859 for depreciation, \$449 for insurance, and \$54 for registration and titling. The same items for the bike totaled \$748; \$483 for depreciation, \$175 for insurance, and only \$8 for registration and titling.

Bike owners also spent a hell of a lot less for gas, oil, and repairs than cage drivers, the survey found: an average of \$265 in 1981, compared to \$1,257 for the cagers.

Say what???

"Noisy motorcycles bothering you? Use your witchcraft powers to cause a little mechanical malfunction...the cycles will always fail until they have new mufflers installed!" — The Magic Power Of Witchcraft, Parker Pub.

Prison bike show draws 100 cyclists

Approximately 100 bikers recently took part in the Fifth Annual Prison Bike Show at the Missouri Training Center for Men in Moberly, Missouri.

The show was the culmination of over two months' work by the sponsoring organization, the Unique Jaycees Chapter at MTCM, and was attended by about 1,000 inmates.

Bikes were judged in eight categories, with trophies given to the winners. Entertainment was provided by the Gene Edlen Band of St. Louis which, according to those attending, more than lived up to its motto of "Balls To The Wall Rock 'n' Roll."

About the only mishap that occurred all day long happened early when a few of the visiting bros, anxious to get inside the facility, booked into a rope barrier outside the gates. At least one rider went down, but no one was hurt and no bikes were damaged.



SCOOTER ARMY — Nebraska ABATE members, augmented by bikers from as far away as Leavenworth, Kan. head out on their annual toy run and custom bike show. In addition to providing the local Salvation Army with a load of toys to distribute to needy kids, organizers awarded plaques to bike show winners in four classes. "We really appreciate it," Salvation Army Maj. G. Scofield told the press. "They're a great bunch of people."

On a hot day a chick may blow her top

Like the man says, when some people are hot, they're hot.

Take Wanda Degroat, for example. She was putting through central Arkansas not long ago when the ambient temperature — over 100 degrees — started to cause her a bit of discomfort in the part of her anatomy nearest and dearest to her boyfriend's broad, muscular back.

Being a practical person, she soon discovered that changing her attire to something more seasonal cured the problem almost immediately. Unfortunately, the cure caused an undesirable side effect in the person of Trooper Max Young.

It wasn't so much that she was packin' topless, however, that caused Young to arrest her for indecent exposure and creating a traffic hazard. It was more the fact that at the time of their arrest, Degroat and her boyfriend were proudly flying her 36-D bra from the bike's sissybar.

Photo by Ray Hafner

Astrological Profile For Taurus

Horny Taureans are born with money signs between their toes. They know how to squeeze the last penny outta every dollar. They aren't stingy, just practical. So if you're lookin' for a bargain — take along a Taurus.

Taureans really pig out when it comes to wining and dining and diddling. They love nothing better than taking a snooze be-

tween hummers. Taurus likes to take his time and hates being hurried when having a head (or hand) job. Taureans are very lovable, especially while on the john taking a dump. Being a gentleman, Taurus will always offer a lady his stool, or at least his seat, while it's still warm.

Taurus is generally easy-going, hates hassles and hardly ever has hysterics.

He has a laidback sense of humor. People should never push their luck with Taurus, 'cause when he stops laughin' and starts lookin', he's ready to turn your asshole into a turtle-neck sweater! Worse yet, Taurus won't turn tail and run, no matter how big a badass you seem to be.

Taureans are susceptible to sore throats and gonads, and carbuncles on their cranks. As they grow older they often shit when they sneeze, and should always hold a hanky on their ass,

instead of their nose. If they have trouble sleeping, they should try counting the come stains on their sheets.

A few famous Taureans are: Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud, Adolf Hitler, Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda, Candice Bergen, Ann Margret, Barbra Streisand, Rick Nelson, Lee Majors, and Cher.

If you have a Taurus buddy, don't burn any bread ya can't pay back (soon). If you want to keep your Taurus lover, feed 'im in bed, rub his back and give 'im a blowjob.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

This month you've got a mild case of mattress madness! You could get your crank caught in a crack or discover it's sprung a leak. Worse yet, your worm is working overtime and you don't know where you've gone wrong or when. Take time to check for critters and change the sheets more frequently. Otherwise, when you hit the skidmarks, you'll slide.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Happy birthday to you! After you eat your birthday piece, there could be some unwanted crumbs left over. Give party-crashers and hangers-on the boot, before they become permanent residents. It's your party, so don't let anyone horn in on your action. Maybe you should get out and stir up some cow pies and road apples for a while.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

Goodies are on the agenda, with ample opportunities for benefit. Someone offers ya a year's supply of rectal thermometers at a bargain. With all the assholes in the world, you could make a killing. Good things come in small packages with strange labels. Right now, other people's trash turns out to be your treasure.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Seems someone's pussyfootin' around your private patch. Pretending you don't notice won't get 'er. Time now to pound more than your pud. On the other hand, check below the belt for chapped lips and grass stains on your house mouse's ass-cheeks. Think it over; maybe you ain't been takin' care of biz.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

Best slow down, before you tear the seat of your pants on the pavement. Haste makes waste, especially when it scares the shit outta you! Don't forget: better late, than to lose out completely. The safest place now is in the sack, where it's full speed ahead, slow down for the curves and use caution near the exit.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

The fog has just lifted from between your ears and you're swimming on dry land. So what? Save the guilt trips for someone else's hang-ups. Have yourself a generous helping of hair pie and get on the glad rags. Nobody's perfect (not even you). Just don't lose any sleep, unless you're shifting your gears into something slippery between the sheets.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

This is not the time to shock the shit outta your tightwad boss by asking for a raise. The line's too long to blow it now — even if your grandmother needs an abortion and your mutt has hemorrhoids. Best pass the hat instead. You could be feeling the pinch in the pussy department too (lucky you), just where ya want it.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

You might have to tighten your shorts and pull in your stinger. Problems take first place in your priorities. Don't ask others to do your dirty work. Straighten hassles out head-on — before they get outta hand. Don't waste sentiment on a pal of a pal. After all, a fuck-up is still a fuck-up — no matter what position you're in.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Have yourself a wild one without worry and whet your appetite for the crazys. Put on your party threads (oh, you're wearing them?) and shake some suds down the old throat. Dance on your neighbor's head if he's earned it, but do it with a smile. The festive mood lasts all month, so lap it up. Invite a group of den mothers over for dinner.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

A lightweight obstacle course challenges ya now. Don't let anything ruffle the hairs on your ass or hurt your chances for extra credits. You may have to change methods to make it meld. Usually silent partners can offer ya some valuable lip service, so listen up (for a change). As a last resort, seek professional or legal advice.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Someone could give you an unusual offer ya can't refuse. You may not be able to afford it, either. Where there's a will, there's a way (keep it legal). If need be, pool your resources with a tight partner and share your good luck. After all, pay-backs aren't always a bitch — just most of the time. Go for the gusto! And enjoy.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Ideas are popping like pimples in puberty and are just as hard to control. Too many irons in the fire and not enough heat. This month you try to do too much and accomplish nothing. Don't spread yourself thin, unless you're on a diet. Going too fast will only get you flies between your thighs and a pair of sweaty nuts. ■



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay \$25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



A little kid saw his teenybopper sister nude, and being curious he asked, "What's that?"

She passed it off easily by just saying, "That's a little bit of everything."

So then the kid went down stairs and said, "Mama, what are we having for supper?"

His mom replied, "Chicken, gravy, and a little bit of everything."

"Could I have mine now," he asked, "so I can pick the feathers out of it?"

—Cynthia Ashland, Ore.



"That's the most — move your damn head, Edna — disgusting thing I've ever seen!"

Two little boys were standin' on the corner by a whorehouse, watchin' the men come and go. The first boy said, "I'm goin' in to see what happens in there." He went in and walked up to a whore. Plannin' on teachin' him a lesson, she asked, "How much money you got?" He took out a dollar and gave it to her. She spread her legs and shoved his whole head up her pussy.

The second little boy watched this through the window. When the first boy came out, he asked, "How much did you give her?"

"A dollar."

"Hell," the second kid said, "I'm goin' home to get my swimsuit — I got ten dollars!"

—Sunshine San Diego, Calif.



"The bad news is I was raped by an entire teenage gang. The good news is they all said they'd still respect me in the morning."

The difference between a biker and a cop is usually about one hundred and ten miles per hour.

—Singleton Boise, Ida.

Your basic plain Jane came home from an after-school beach party and calmly announced to her mother that she had lost her virginity.

"Oh, my! How did that happen?" asked her mother.

"Well," she replied, "it wasn't easy. I had to have three of my girlfriends hold him down!"

—The Lech New York, N.Y.

The pretty patient nervously asked the doctor to perform an unusual operation — the removal of a large chunk of green wax from her navel. Looking up from the ticklish task, the physician asked, "How did this happen?"

"Well, you see, Doctor," the girl said, "my boyfriend likes to eat by candlelight."

—Suki Lancaster, Calif.

Ralph: Did you ever get caught jackin' off in the closet?

Pervert: Hell, no!

Ralph: Must be a good hiding spot, huh?

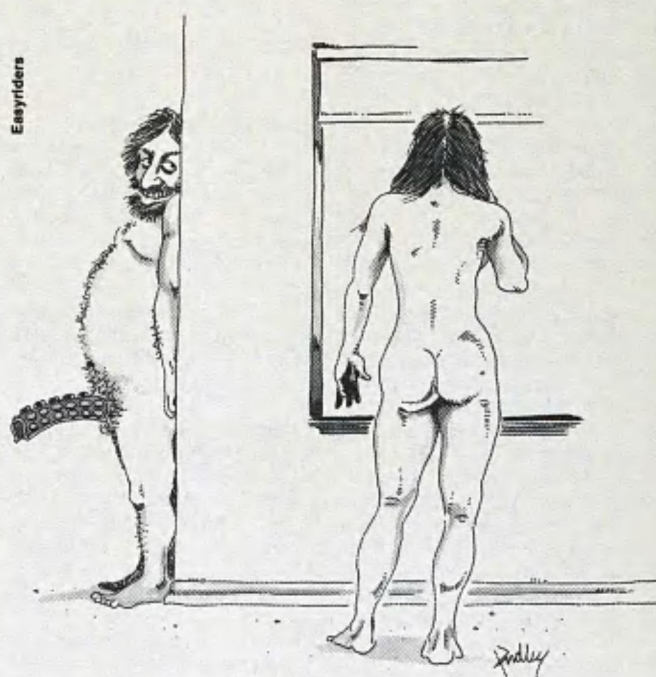
—Deliah Black Hole, Wyo.

When I was young and in my prime I got all I wanted for a dime. But now that I am old and gray The stuff costs me a whole day's pay!

—Ike Austin, Tex.



"Geographically speaking, it's the worst case of herpes I've ever seen."



"Hey, Murz, did ya see that someone cut the hell outta the knobby tires on our neighbor's dirt bike?"

What does a biker look for in a woman that makes her a 10? One that can suck-start a Harley!

—John MacDonald
Susanville, Calif.

On a remote road in Mexico, an American biker was stopped by a masked desperado, who brandished a revolver and demanded in a thick Latin accent that he get off the bike.

The biker obeyed, pleading, "Take my money, but don't kill me!"

"I not keel you," replied the brigand, "if you do what I say." Whereupon, he told the biker to unzip and masturbate then and there. Though shocked, the bro did what he was told.

"Hokay, gringo," said the masked stranger. "Now you jerk off again, eh?" The biker protested, but the gun was waved menacingly, so with extreme difficulty, he repeated the act.

"Again," commanded the desperado, "or I keel you sure." Summoning superhuman resources, the exhausted biker managed to get himself off a third time.

The bandit called out something in Spanish and a beautiful young girl stepped from behind some rocks. "Now," said the highwayman, "you can give a my seester a ride to town."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

Friend: I saw a young fellow trying to seduce your daughter last night.

Father: Did he succeed?

Friend: No.

Father: Then it wasn't my daughter!

—Bart
Hagerstown, Md.

What is the difference between a straight chick and a biker chick? A straight chick wakes up and says, "Good morning, Lord." A biker chick wakes up and says, "Good Lord, morning!"

—Jerome M. Hill
Hazel Park, Mich.

In Germany, a virgin is called "Goo'n'tight!"

—Simple Simon
Lakeside, N.Y.

What's the difference between erotic and kinky? Erotic is when you use a feather; kinky is when you use the whole chicken.

—Evan
Des Moines, Iowa



"Er...uh...sir...then when do you think you'll be 'damned good and ready' to unhand my wife?"

I like to refer to my ol' lady as a classic textbook case of a house with all the lights on, but nobody's home.

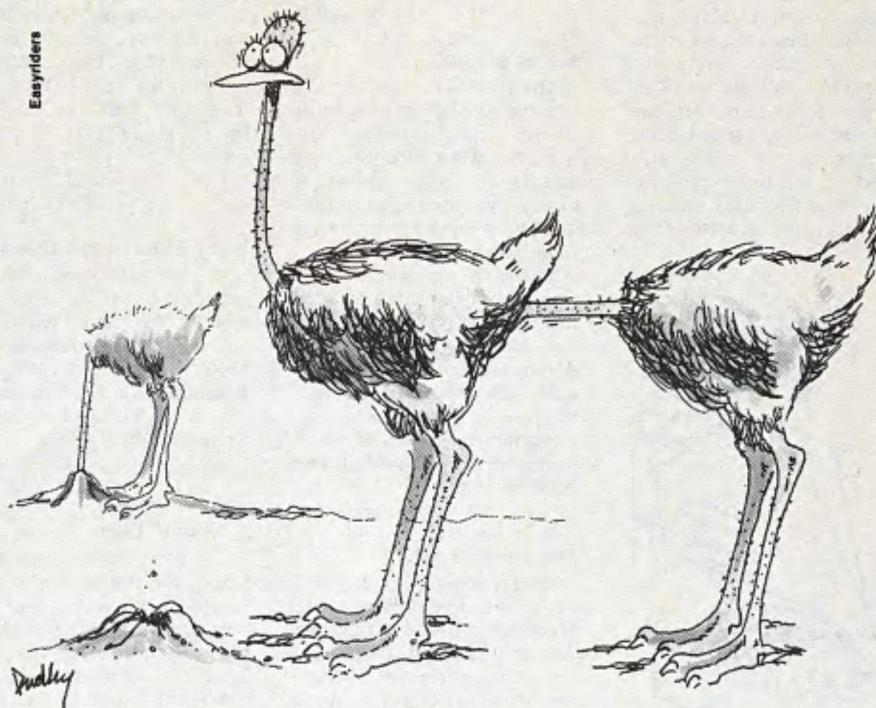
—Bob Garcia
Crescent City, Md.

Do you know how to recycle toilet paper? Send it to Mister Whipple and let him squeeze the shit out of it!

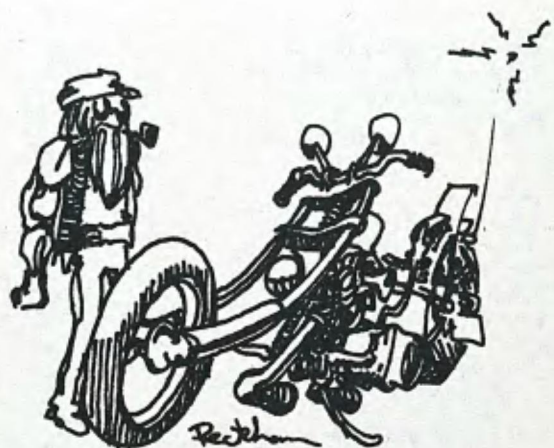
—Dirty Jim
Reno, Nev.

There's a new breakfast cereal called "Porn Flakes." It goes "Snatch! Nipple! Crotch!"

—Rumble
Azusa, Calif.



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Racin' The Radar

Good news comes from the Michigan Supreme Court, which recently decided that radar detectors could not be banned under a 1929 police radio law.

Michigan motorists had been charged under the ancient law and fined up to \$500 for possessing radar detectors. This is the first time a state supreme court has issued such a clear decision supporting the right to possess radar detectors. "Electronic surveillance by the police is serious business and an intrusion into the privacy of anyone who is subjected," the court's decision claimed.

—Cycle World

Claybrook Record

Remember Joan Claybrook, Jimmy Carter's appointee to head the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration? Remember her preoccupation with air bags, the 55mph speed limit, restricting the power and speed of motorcycles (and other vehicles), and making vehicles more crashworthy

instead of more capable of avoiding a crash? You probably do.

And what was her record like? Did her policies work? During her reign about 10 percent (approximately 5500) more people died each year.

Next question: Have you ever heard of Raymond Peck? Probably not. He's Ronald Reagan's appointee for head of the NHTSA. Under Peck, enforcement of the 55mph limit has been relaxed. The result? Traffic deaths dropped by about 1500 during his first year aboard and may dip to a 20-year low of about 44,000 in 1982. The reason seems to be that instead of concentrating on the 55mph limit, police are now going after drunks, catching the crazies. . . .

—Motorcyclist

Racer's Luck

... the 1982 Winston Pro Series turned its mid-season corner and thundered toward the 29th coronation of American bike racing's grand national champion, and Ricky Graham appeared to be above caprice.

Through a sparkling series of six straight top-three finishes in the early season, the 23-year-old Californian demonstrated his remarkable skill and courage as a motorcycle racer, exercising a stable of wondrously fast and suddenly reliable bikes built by Tex Peel.

—Motorcyclist

Harley School

Harley-Davidson has designated the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute of Phoenix, Arizona, as an official training center for Harley-Davidson mechanics. As a

result, update training seminars taught by factory-trained instructors are provided to mechanics currently employed by Harley-Davidson dealers. In addition, there is now a six-week, 150-hour Harley-Davidson elective offered to students and graduates in addition to their 650-hour career program.

—Cycle News

Riding Lessons

I could do with some lessons in motorcycle riding. I have been at it now for 30 years, but some people never learn. The problem in this case is a less personal one: There is no one who teaches.

But how can motorcycling be taught? Certainly not from the pillion, nor entirely from books. Must we go back to the old master-and-pupil techniques, where the teacher says "Do this," and demonstrates, while the pupil tries and falls flat on his face? It is not a good system. . . .

—L.J.K. Setright
Cycle Guide

Keep Engineers Busy

... we need to keep the engineers busy. It wouldn't hurt if we could establish some sort of direction for the Motorcycle of Tomorrow, and it would help us all if we got bikes we could ride after we've bought them.

—Alan Girdler
Cycle World

A New V-Twin

It's popular to categorize Honda as "the company that builds in-line fours," but the description ignores Honda's habit of pioneering new engine configurations. Consider the Gold Wing, cur-

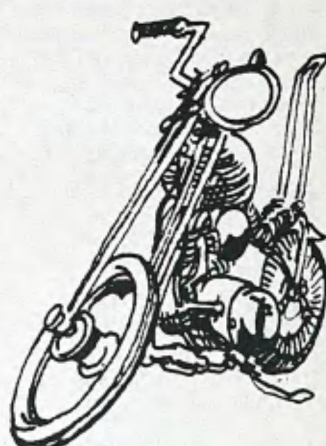
rently motorcycling's only opposed four, or the CX500, the first modern V-twin from Japan. More recently, the Big H became the first motorcycle manufacturer since World War II to produce a V-4 with the creation of the 750cc V45. For 1983, Honda's list of V-configured engines will continue to grow. If our information is correct, bigger V-4s, in 1000cc and 1100cc displacements, will be added to the top of the line.

—Motorcyclist

Do Headlights Help?

Probably not, according to Pennsylvania State University researcher, Dr. Andreas Muller. He studied records of 10,290 daytime motorcycle fatalities that occurred between 1975 and 1980 and found that the rate of accidents involving other vehicles was a mere 1.3 percent lower in states with daytime headlight laws than in states without those laws. However, nighttime multi-vehicle motorcycle accidents were also slightly lower in those states.

—Motorcyclist





He did it!

He's the one who didn't take advantage of *Easyriders'* discount subscription offer. The crud didn't bother to subscribe at the greatly reduced price of \$15 for one year and \$29 for two years. Don't you be a nerd — take advantage of this low price with the postage-paid envelope you see on this page. You'll also receive one of our internationally famous, full-color *Easyriders* decals to have and to hold. (If nothing else, Spider says they're good for snortin'!)



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119

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Name

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Do you own a bike? Make?

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



VIBRATION BAR & OIL GAUGE MOUNT

No, it's not all in one; there are four separate parts that make up this kit for shovelheads and Sportsters. Let's start at the beginning — the vibration bar ties the rocker boxes together at the intake rocker-arm shafts and is adjustable to fit stock motors or strokers with taller cylinders. The vibration bar is held on by two flathead allen bolts that are double O-ringed to keep the oil on the inside.

The allen bolts supplied with the kit are 1/2-NF 20 threads, so it will fit only 1971 and later

rocker-arm shafts. If you have an earlier model shovel, the late model shafts will bolt right in. Another thing, H-D makes only the later model shafts; so if you have rebuilt lately you should be okay. An easy way to tell if the shafts are early or late model is by the rocker-arm shaft screw on the right side of the motor. Early shaft screws have a straight screw slot while late model rocker-arm shaft screws are the allen head type.

Returning to what I was talking about earlier, you adjust the vibration

bar till it fits flush on the rocker-arm shafts and then tighten the rocker-arm bolts and the lock nut on the connecting rod to make the whole unit rigid. Now don't get me wrong, it won't make flywheels balance themselves, but you will be able to tell the difference.

The other hot feature of this kit is the oil pressure gauge mount. The gauge mount bolts onto the rear exhaust or front exhaust rocker-arm shaft, depending on how you have your scooter set up. The gauge mount is set up for the standard 1/8 pipe fitting with a 1½-

inch face. H.E.S. Performance Products, the bros who developed the idea, recommend using an oil-filled pressure gauge and not one set up for automotive use. To round out the kit, a sleeve and a fourth allen bolt are provided to use on the fourth rocker-arm shaft. Every part in the kit is machined from alloy steel, chrome-plated and ready to install. Kits for both shovelheads and Sportsters are \$49.95 each. If this kit looks like you, drop H.E.S. a line at Box 66294, Los Angeles, California 90066. — Wrench

No Problem

I got a big problem. A dear friend of mine got kicked out by her ol' man. He's a fucking liar and a thief and I want to kill the bastard, but I'm just a girl. What should I do?

J.S.

Port Arthur, Tex.

- Sneak into his bed and fuck him to death.

Throaty Question

I was wondering if, when giving head, you should swallow the come or spit it out. I spit it out. Am I wrong?

Lovin' Sin
Needham, Mass.

- It depends who yer spittin' it on.

Sign Me, Airhead

How d'ya give head? Do I cut my head off and present it to my ol' man? Or do I disconnect the toilet and hand it to him? Also, he says he wants to pop my cherry. Trouble is, I don't keep cherries in the house, I don't even like them. What should I do?

Klepto

Bullhead City, Ariz.

- If he asks ya to suck his cock make sure ya take the fightin' spurs off it first.

Tunnel Vision

You are the most disgusting sleazebag of a scab I've ever seen. If you ever came around here, I'd show you what a bitch like you really deserves. I'd get five friends and we'd make your ass look like a train tunnel. I'd know better than to fuck a pussy infested by 2,000 crabs, so I'd ram my hard cock into your mouth so hard your teeth would fall out, then I'd come in your mouth.

Quiet Jim

Somewhere in Germany

- How 'bout if I make it easy and put my teeth back in their jar of Poligrip first?

Vive La Difference

The only difference between you and a bowling ball is that you could eat a bowling ball if you had to.

Peaches

White Rock, Wyo.

- Ya should see what I do with the pins.

Happy Hunting

I'm a good-looking, hard-riding bro with overactive

hormones. My problem isn't getting chicks, it's finding me a real old-fashioned Harley woman like you. Where do I have to look?

Hobo Joe
Fort Worth, Tex.

- Under a good old-fashioned, Harley-ridin' dude.

Sticky Solution

I have a 13-inch wang with two one-inch warts on the head. I'm used to the stares I get when my jeans bulge out from my enormous hardon, but I've never been able to get used to the smirks and giggles I get when ladies see my warts. Can you suggest a way for me to get rid of them?

Uncle Frog
U.S. Navy

- Try the transference method. Dab some quick-setting epoxy on 'em and

press 'em firmly against the ol' lady's tonsils until the glue dries.

Stale Snack

I can't eat my girlfriend's pussy no matter how much she begs me to do it. The problem is that I simply can't stand the smell. How do I overcome this hang-up?

Goofus
Atlanta, Ga.

- Try it with a fresher fish.

Matter Of Identity

A friend and I were at this smutty bar in Council Bluffs, Iowa, a few months ago when this scumbag of a broad with long, stringy black hair, huge fuckin' tits and an extra-large butt tried to rip our heads off at the table without even sayin' hello.

Was it you? She looked like you, but of course, after two

bottles of Black Jack and two cases of brew, you beasts all look alike.

Eddie and Freddy
Omaha, Neb.

- It wasn't me. I'da said hello first.

Lots Of Help

I love going down on my ol' lady and I love her going down on me, but she don't like either very much. I almost have to beg her to let me go down on her, much less have her do it to me. What the fuck should I do, Mutha?

Doc Bob
Wilmington, Del.

- She needs expert medical assistance. Have 87 of your bros give her some sex therapy.

Open Door

Well, here I am in the asshole of Texas (Texas prison) with nothing to do but write to the asshole of California (you). Just sitting here in this nasty, dirty, stinking, rotten, shit-infested hole made me think of you. Well, as I always say, "One nasty, dirty, stinking, rotten, shit-infested hole deserves another." Right?

Paul
Huntsville, Tex.

- The difference is that the door to my nasty, dirty, etc., etc. hole is never barred.

Wanted: Green Bay Peckers

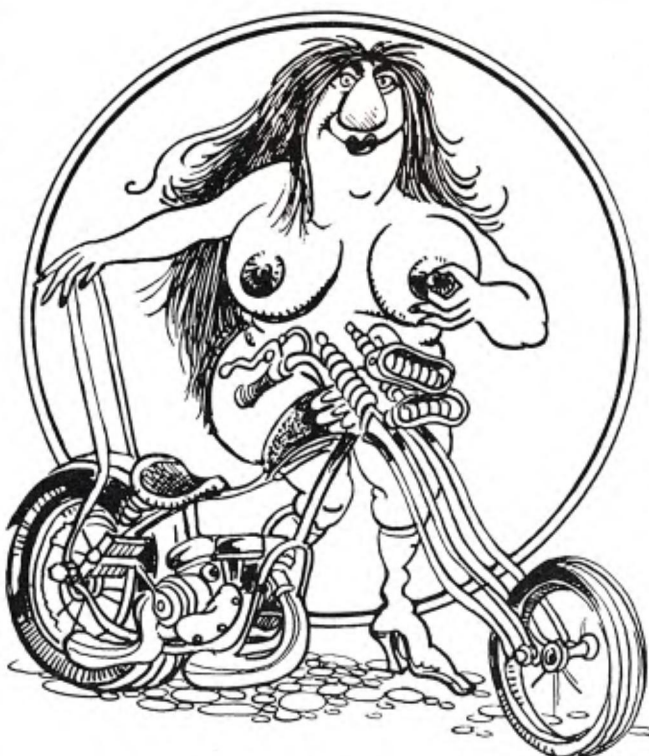
You tell them snivelin' bikers in Ripon, Wisconsin, to pull their heads out of their asses and take a look around. Milking cows and servicing sheep ain't all the fun that's goin' on in the great Dairy State. There's a lot of red-hot biker pussy right here in Green Bay. Some people just have to go out and look for it, or at least take one really good whiff.

Harley Bitches
Green Bay, Wis.

- Spider says my gash looks like a green bay when it's really wet. I never knew there were other chicks with the same condition.

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



CRYSTAL CHANDELIER

"...luxury like Huck had never imagined outside of some adolescent fantasy of a New Orleans whorehouse."

by El Sapo

Balding, potbellied Huck Mulligan stood tall, squinted, and reached for his dime store Ben Franklins as he emerged from Crip's Gypsy Lounge. No one was visible, nothing moved, in the two p.m. heat. Even the wind was dead-assed easy, as if exhausted. His chopped 74 shone like a chromed-trophy beast, giving off a quiet aura of violence that echoed his thoughts.

He stood as still as the world, half-drunk and a bit unsteady both on his feet and in his mind, surveying the south Texas desolation. The problem was not unusual and, in fact, not unamusing. Huck shook his thoughts clear and chuckled softly behind a shit-eating grin. The problem was, of course, a bitch.

Yeah, but what a fine little mama. Huck kept on smiling, humming a quiet blues number out of key: "She was a sweet little mama"...grinning wide now...and she put me on the shelf." He glared and goofed at the unrelenting sun. "Boys, ain't it sad"...speaking aloud, reaching out to touch the heat of the frame on his sled, he turned and retreated to the air-cooled cave of Crip's Lounge.

"Right, I'm back so soon," he shouted, anticipating the bartender's unspoken question. "You goddam lame hippie-ass grunt, pour me another Turkey and pitch me another friggin' beer. I need to re-engage my mind."

"Piss on ya, then," replied Crip, not bothering to deny any of the insults, seeing as they were all true, "move down to the end of the bar so you don't disturb the rest of my clientele." They were completely alone in the bar.

"Shit, you'd have some for-real customers if you didn't allow all this biker trash to hang around day an' night an' run off decent folks. Prob'ly get you a good wealthy money crowd down here in this raggedy-ass dump." He dropped onto a stool and reached for the medicine. "Thanks, nurse."

"So you still got a hardon for the upper echelon, Huck? And sweet Katy besides, I'm willing to bet a fair amount of money."

"Why, good riddance to that gap-tooth slit," said Huck easily, absently. He peered into a dark corner, thinking on Katy, uneasy in his thoughts as a whore in church. The bitches come and the bitches go and that's just the way it's always gotta be for a lowlife bike tramp and he damn sure wouldn't want it no different, but it sure had been fine. Everything about Katy and him had fit, he couldn't help but think, like the lovelock she'd put on him in the afterhours. Making it with her was more than just balling.

And that's just where I made my mistake, he thought, letting some gash put the lock on me where it fit until she up and eased off the first time some pansy-ass sports car ridin', rich cocksucker waved a wad of the green under her nose.

He heard Crip's voice as if from a distance. "Hey, man, why don't you surface long enough to pay me for that round?" Without expression, Huck reached into his jeans and produced a crumpled ball of bills and pushed it across the counter.

"And once more, my man," he said. The shot and can of Bud appeared before him. He tasted and

burrowed deeper in his confused anger, his thoughts now turning to the asshole in question: Samuel P. (for pimp, no doubt) Duscharm, heir to the Duscharm toilet paper fortune. Rich, hip, with a line of shit bottled in bond — rich, handsome in a feminine way — most of all, rich. Fuckin' rich dickhead, he thought. Well, shit, it's Friday afternoon and I oughta putt over and visit the family. See how the other half lives. Blow that broad's mind. I believe I will. "Nother round, Crip."

"My friend," the bartender stared at Huck, with his head half-tilt, "I do believe your eyes betray no good. You seem to have evil on the brain."

The liquor was in front of him and the bundle of cash nearby, looking somewhat dissipated, like Huck himself. Huck reached out and snatched the money, drained the shot glass and absorbed the beer almost absentmindedly, saying, "Shit, I got to go get myself together. See ya later, Crip."

"See you in five minutes," the bartender launched at Huck's back, but this time Huck strode crookedly to his machine, kicked it off and shot on down the rutted road like a man with a purpose. The sun had diminished somewhat, but it was still hot as hell.

Mike the Mole heard the Hog's rumble as he was rising from bed in one of the two rooms of his downstairs apartment, black curtains pulled fast to shield against any light. The Mole was up early. As his name implied, Mole felt the same aversion

Continued on page 99



Ol' Lady Contest

DONNA



Here she is, folks — Rita, the ninth monthly winner in the 5th annual *Easy-riders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Diana, Shelley, and Mary.

KRISTIN



TAMI



DOTTIE-JEA



Here's another crop of cuties in our Fifth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1000 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 winners get \$100 and runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

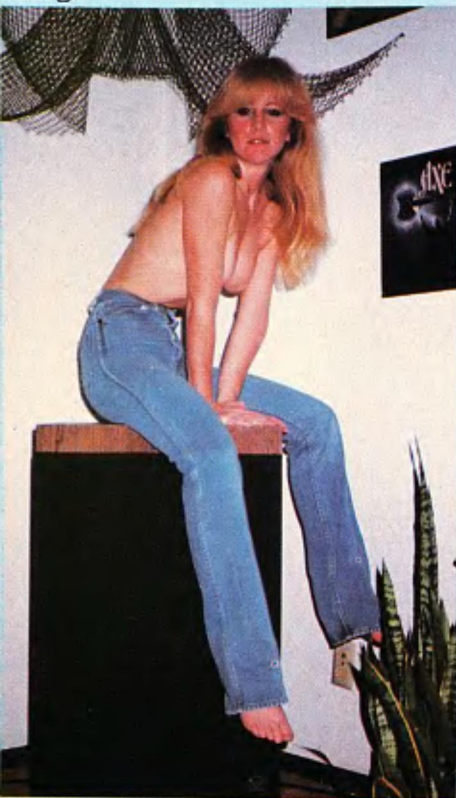
All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents.

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

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 April 28th. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #119 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California, 90265-0052. ■

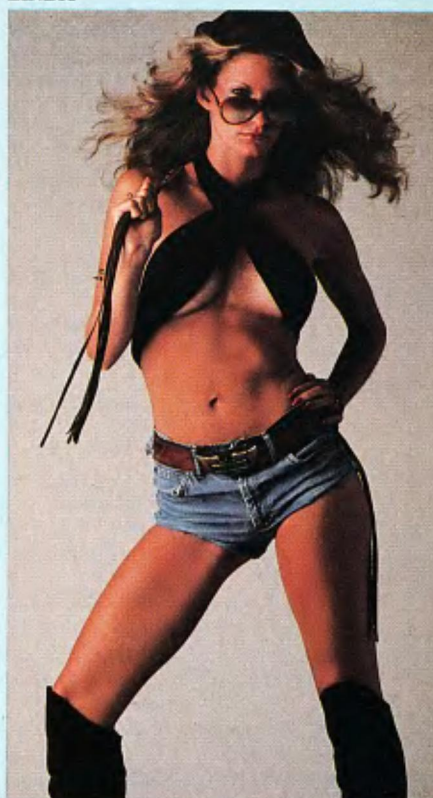
SUZI G.



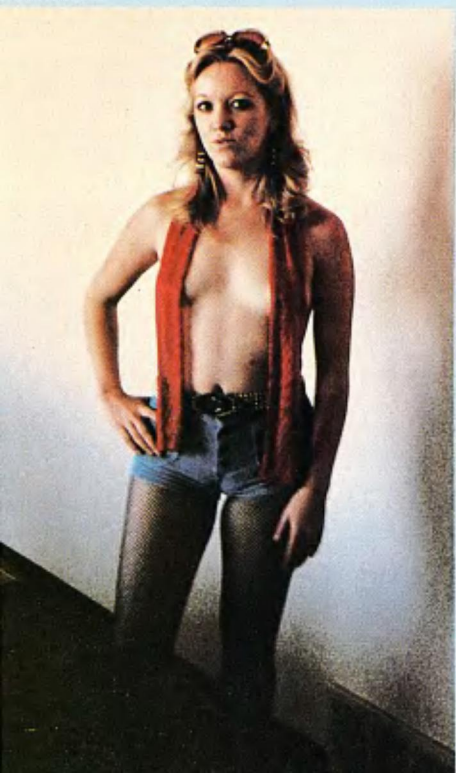
CASSI



LINDA



CHERYL



FANCY NANCY



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 _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

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.



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 Linda Barbour, Redwood City, Calif.



—from James Klena, Gloversville, N.Y.

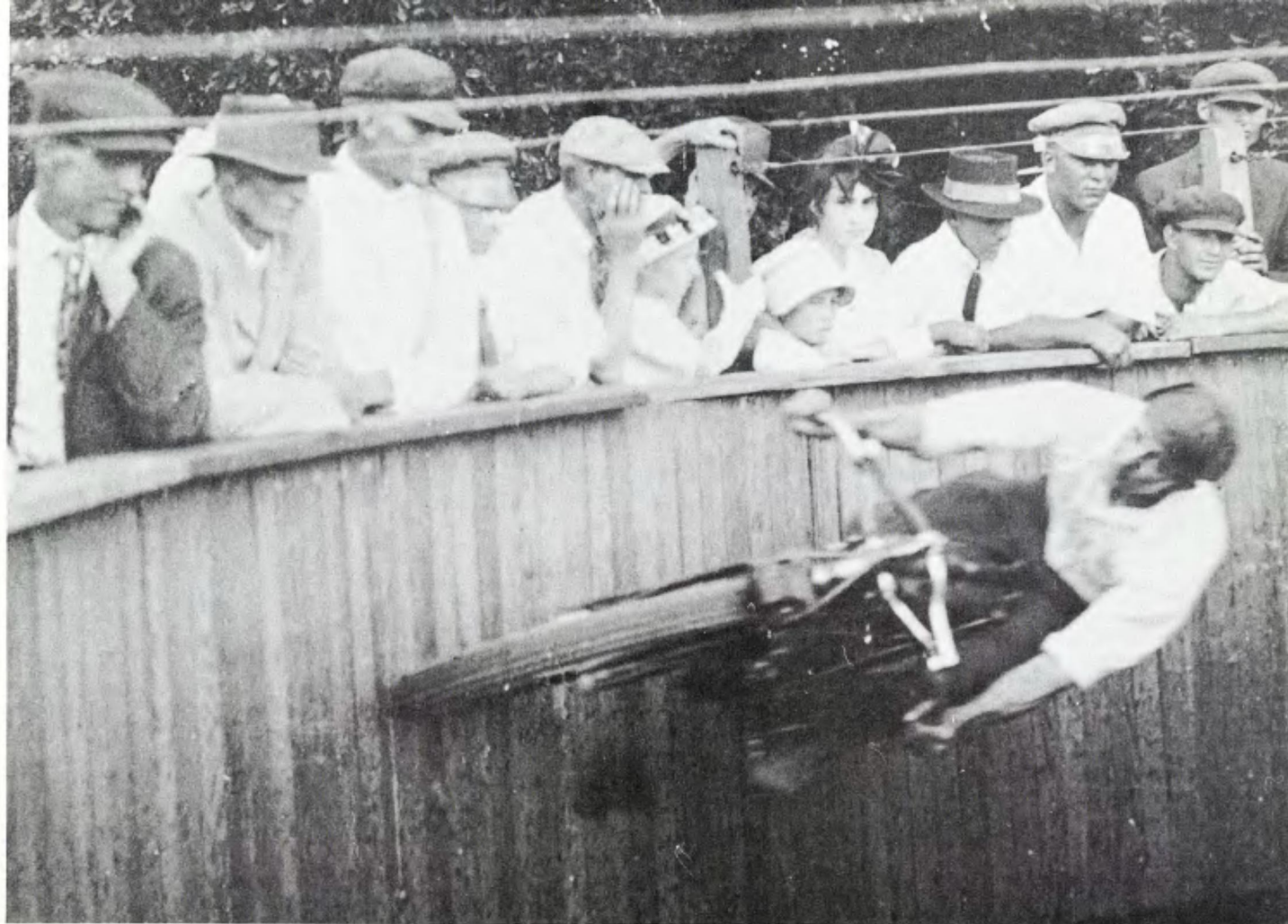


—from Mr. Tramp, Fayetteville, N.C.



—from Peter Bressington, Brisbane, Australia





—from Rune Nilsson, Lund, Sweden

—from Vicky Eads, Coolidge, Kan.



—from Angel Parker, Vermillion, Ohio

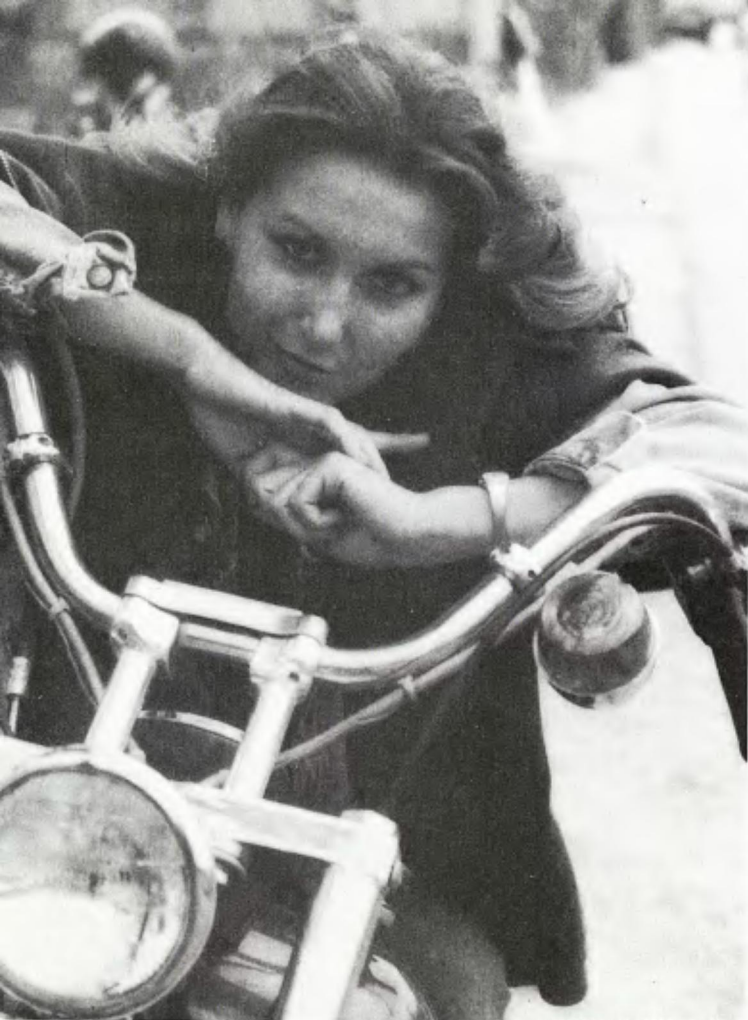




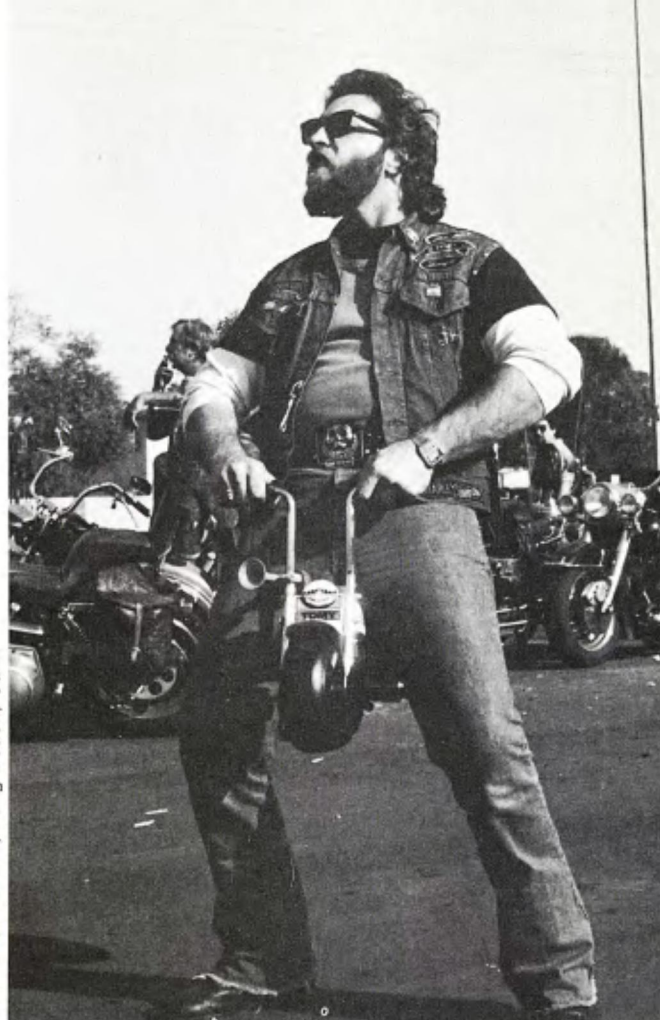
—from Mopar, Mt. Pleasant, S.C.



—from Scott Beckett, Quartz Hill, Calif.



—from Patti, Carlstadt, N.J.



—from Mike Howe, Long Beach, Calif.

—from Big John, On the road





—from Cathy, East Warren, Me.



—from Gerry Lyons, APO, N.Y.

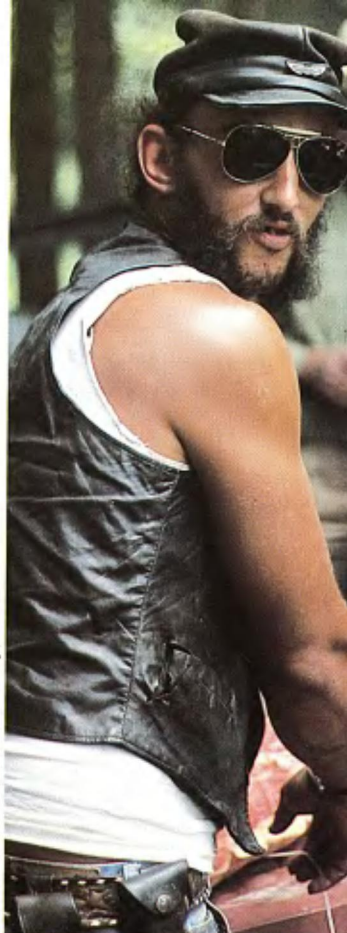


—from Robert Veitengruber, W. Germany





—from Mike Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Joan Lawson, Dudley, Mass.



—from Steve Peterson, Westerville, Ohio



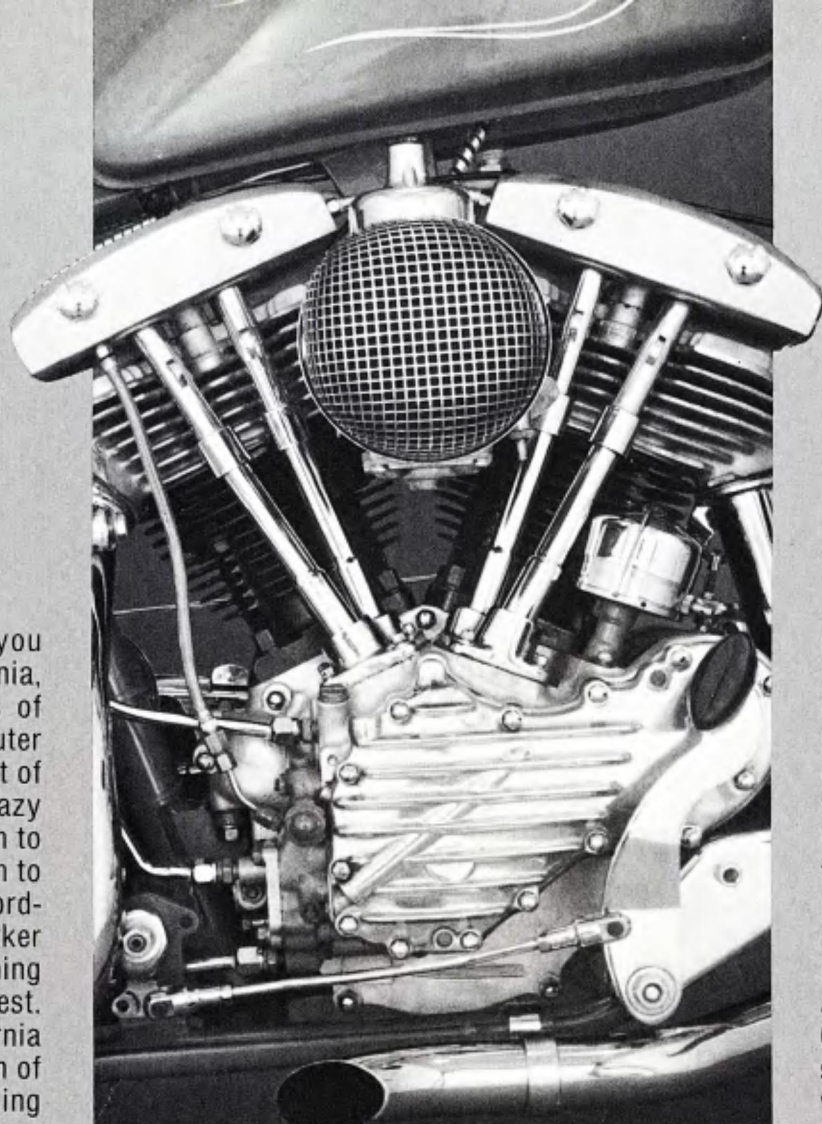
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Probably when you think of California, you get flashes of lunatics in commuter cages careening out of control down crazy freeways that seem to be laid out north to south, but are, according to their marker signs, actually running east to west.

Or maybe California brings up a vision of majestic bridges leading to a city that's 80 percent ridiculous grades and blind hills and 20 percent trolley car (oops, make that cable car) tracks set in grooves perfectly sized to grab and hold a 19-inch tire.

On the other hand, perhaps you're a more laidback bro. Perhaps California, to you, is an endless smoky blue sky, unclouded by seeds, stems or paraquat. Well, believe it or not, there's another part of California that's bigger than all those other areas combined — a part of California that only the natives know about. Now, this part of

the Golden State I'm tellin' you about isn't hard to find. Hell, if you've ever rolled that Hog from the land of the crazy, caged

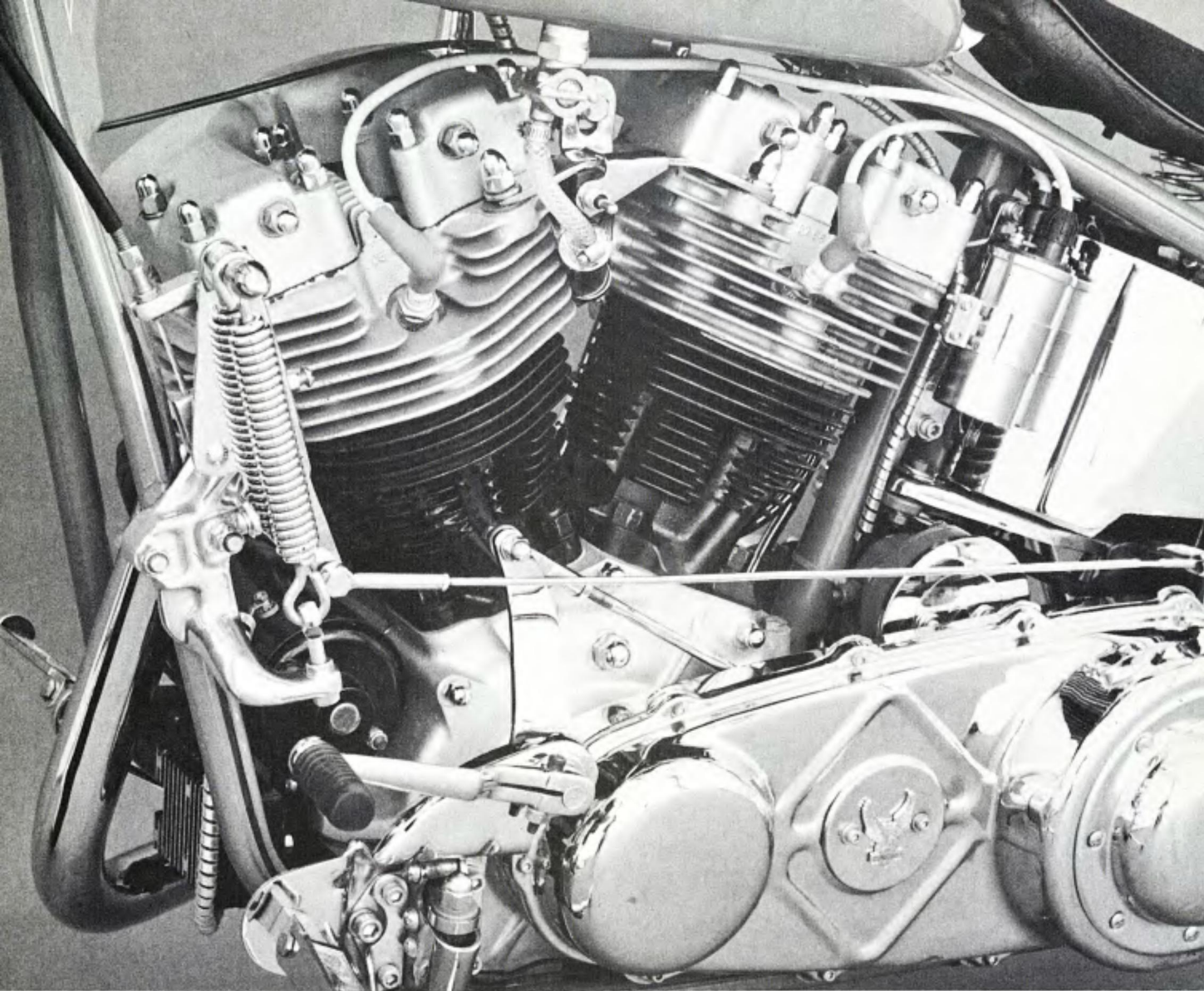
commuters to the home of the killer cable cars you've already been through it — been through it, but perhaps

never noticed any of it.

I'm talking about mid-California — the massive inland valley that connects the crazies of the south with the loonies of the north. Yessir, the guts of California, places like Stockton and Merced and Modesto and Panoche and Little Panoche and Coalinga (where the stink from the feedlots will fog your aviators) and Fresno and Delano and the home of this sizzlin' scarlet scooter — Madera. These are the heartland towns of California — and unless you follow the exploits of grape and lettuce laborers in the *Farm Journal*, you've probably never heard of most of 'em.

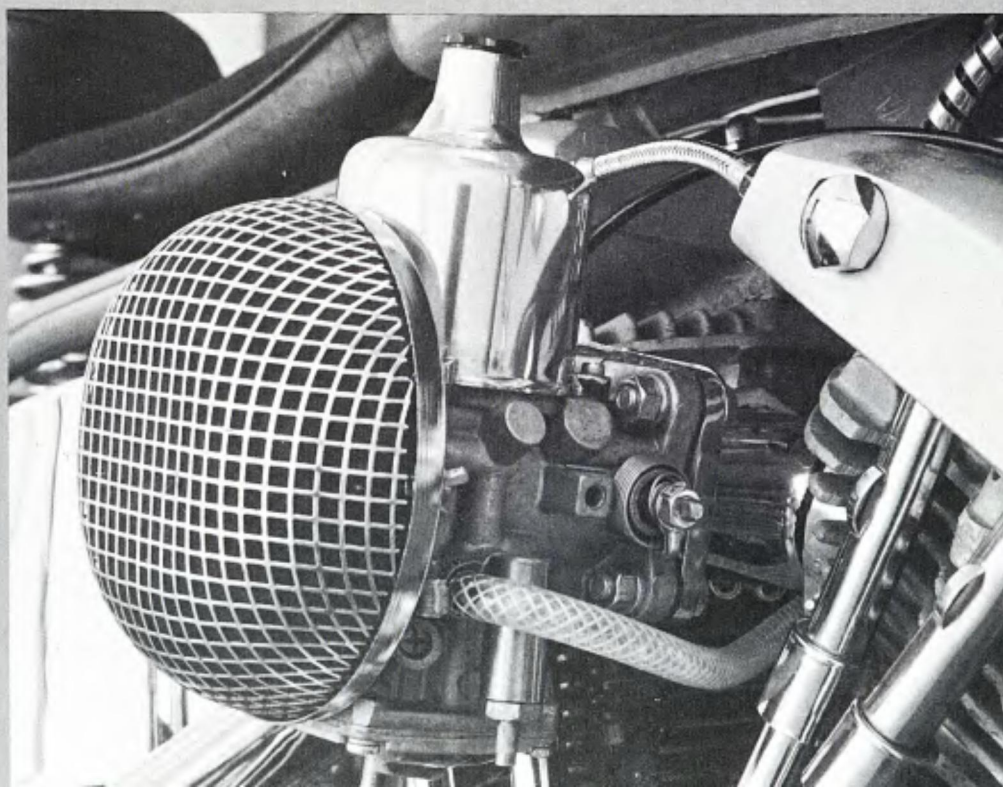
And yet, growing up in one of these places is unlike growing up anywhere else in the state. For one thing, the air is different — warm, thick, stagnant. Not even the hint of an ocean breeze cools this inland empire. From April to October, the dusty air hangs heavy

HOT NIGHT RIDER



over the fields, producing heat lightning. No warm riding gear is needed in these parts during the spring and summer. No, sir, grow up around here and Bob Seger's "Night Moves" will have a different meaning for you than it will for anyone, anywhere else.

Believe it — there are dudes in Madera who reach legal drinking age (and that's still 21 in California, bro) without ever having made love in a bed. It's hop on the bike, head for the



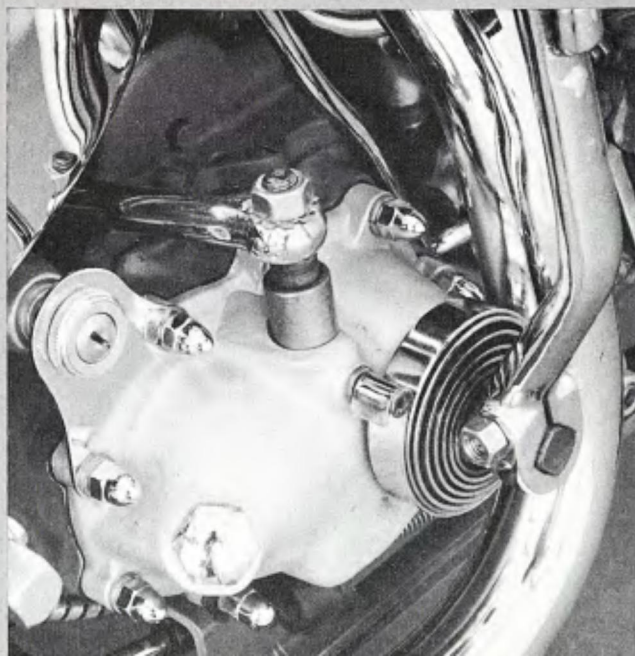
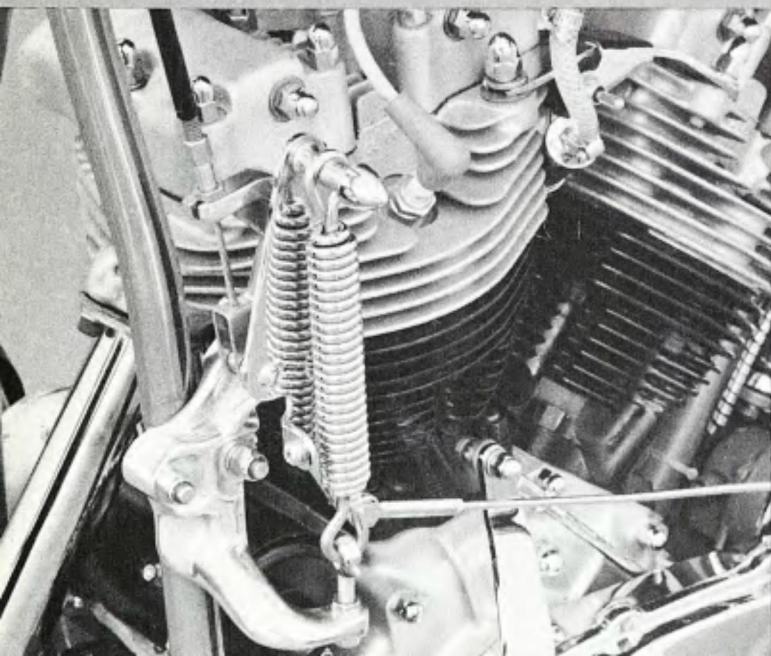
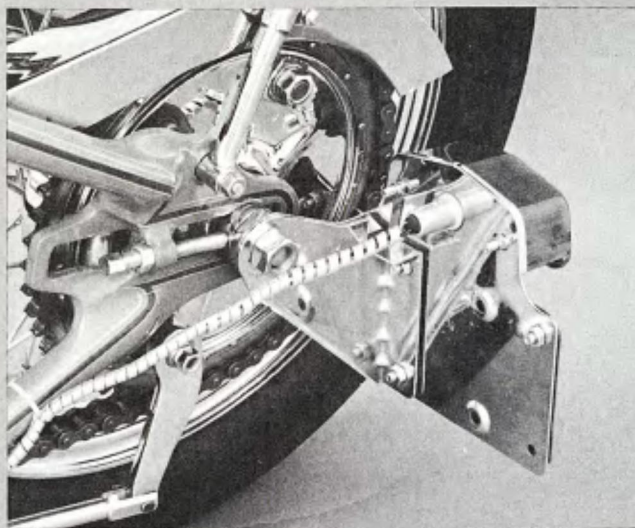
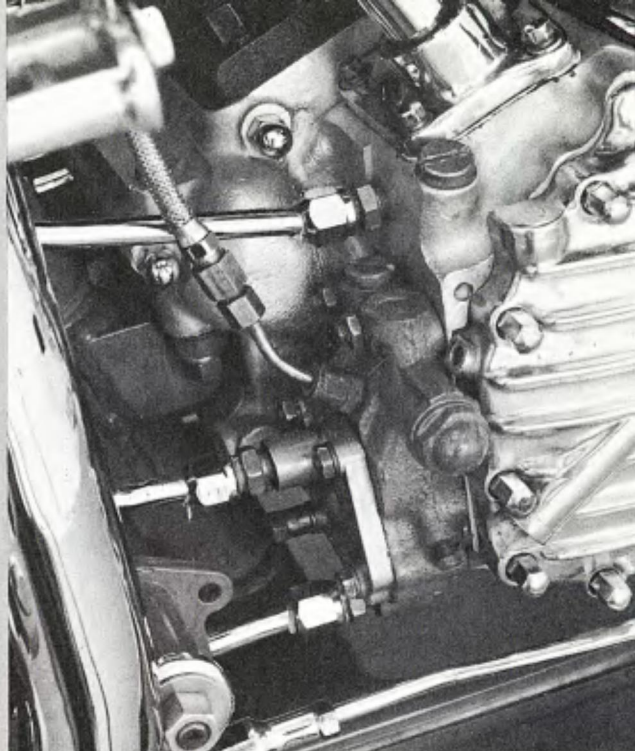


woods or fields, spread the blanket (except on those really horny nights when the blanket doesn't get spread until after round one), and swap spit, sweat and sweet secretions while the moon rises over those well-plowed fields and shines its light on the multitude of bikes parked in the weeds, waiting patiently in the musty evening while their riders are busy working nearby — working and practicing their night moves.

—Trampo

Continued on next page

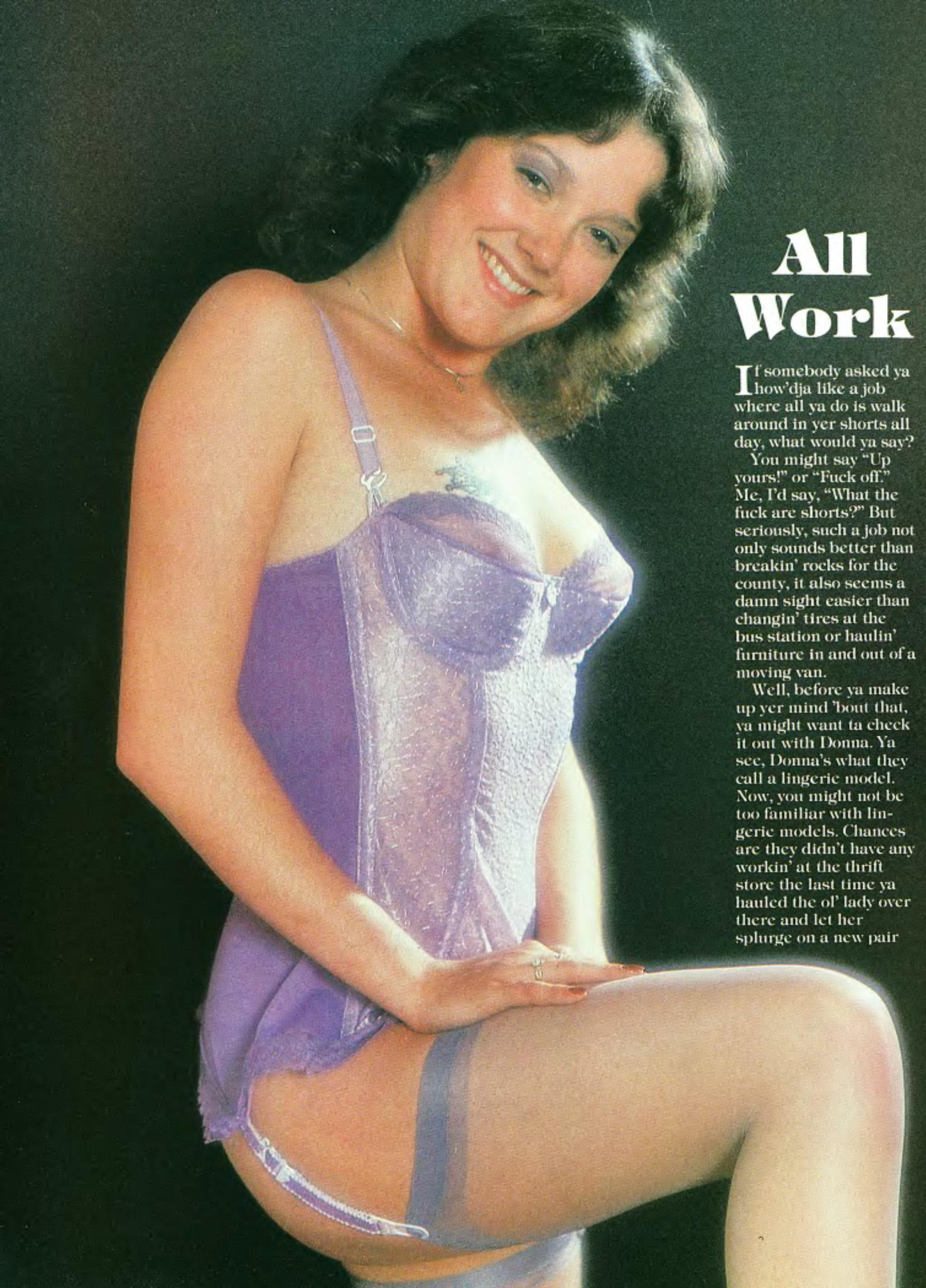
Owner: Sal Rodriguez		City: Madera, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1961 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: pan/shovel		Type: wishbone/rigid	
Value: outrageous		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Merced Cust. Chrome			
Engine		Bars: Gary Bang	
Year: 1961		Risers: built-in bars	
Model: FL		Fender(s): Rabbits	
Rebuilder: Tony Fontes		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: CHP	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: two	
Balancing: H-D factory		Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: cast		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: Super Glide	
Heads: Tony Fontes		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): H grind		Oil system: steel lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D diamond	
Carb(s): S.U.		Seat: Roger	
Air cleaner: S.U.		Sissybar: handmade	
Pipes: extra loud		Height: 18 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Tony Fontes		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1961		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Cycle Parts Unlimited	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Ron "Biscuit" Martinez		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Ron "Biscuit" Martinez		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy red over pearl white		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: striping by Craig and Judd; flames by Ron Martinez			
Other special modifications: special paint on oil pump and distributor			





Photos by Pete Chiodo



A woman with dark, curly hair is smiling and posing in a purple lace corset. She is sitting down, with her hands resting on her lap. The background is dark.

All Work

If somebody asked ya how'dja like a job where all ya do is walk around in yer shorts all day, what would ya say?

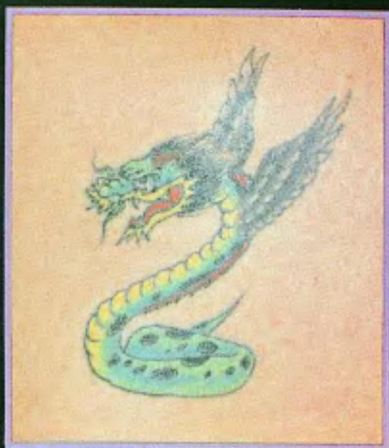
You might say "Up yours!" or "Fuck off." Me, I'd say, "What the fuck are shorts?" But seriously, such a job not only sounds better than breakin' rocks for the county, it also seems a damn sight easier than changin' tires at the bus station or haulin' furniture in and out of a moving van.

Well, before ya make up yer mind 'bout that, ya might want ta check it out with Donna. Ya see, Donna's what they call a lingerie model. Now, you might not be too familiar with lingerie models. Chances are they didn't have any workin' at the thrift store the last time ya hauled the ol' lady over there and let her splurge on a new pair

More Play

of faded jays and a pre-shrunk T-shirt three sizes too small.

Lingerie models, ya see, only work in exclusive salons. What's that? Ya say yer ol' lady's worked in bars since she was 16 and ya still haven't ever seen a lingerie model? Well, pill-head, that ain't too surprisin'. Ya see, salon ain't the same thing as saloon. Salon is a fancy way of sayin' "store," just like lingerie is a fancy word for "underwear." See, there's a lot of fat, old rich broads who think stuffin' their blubber into a \$45 pair of imported French jockey shorts (don't laugh, some of them panties come complete with a faggot designer's initials on 'em and sell for even more) will help 'em hang onto Daddy Warbucks a little longer. The only thing is, they're not





about to lower themselves by standin' around naked in some little cubicle humpin' their beavers in and out of a bunch of underwear already sweat-stained by the herd of cows who tried them on previously.

Enter the lingerie model. Great-lookin' young chicks like Donna, who strut through the salon demonstrating the current fashions in close-to-you ware. All the biddies have to do is point at a given item and an ever-present clerk will snap to attention, trot to the storeroom, grab the item out of the box marked "jumbo" and write up Missus Rich-bitches' credit voucher.

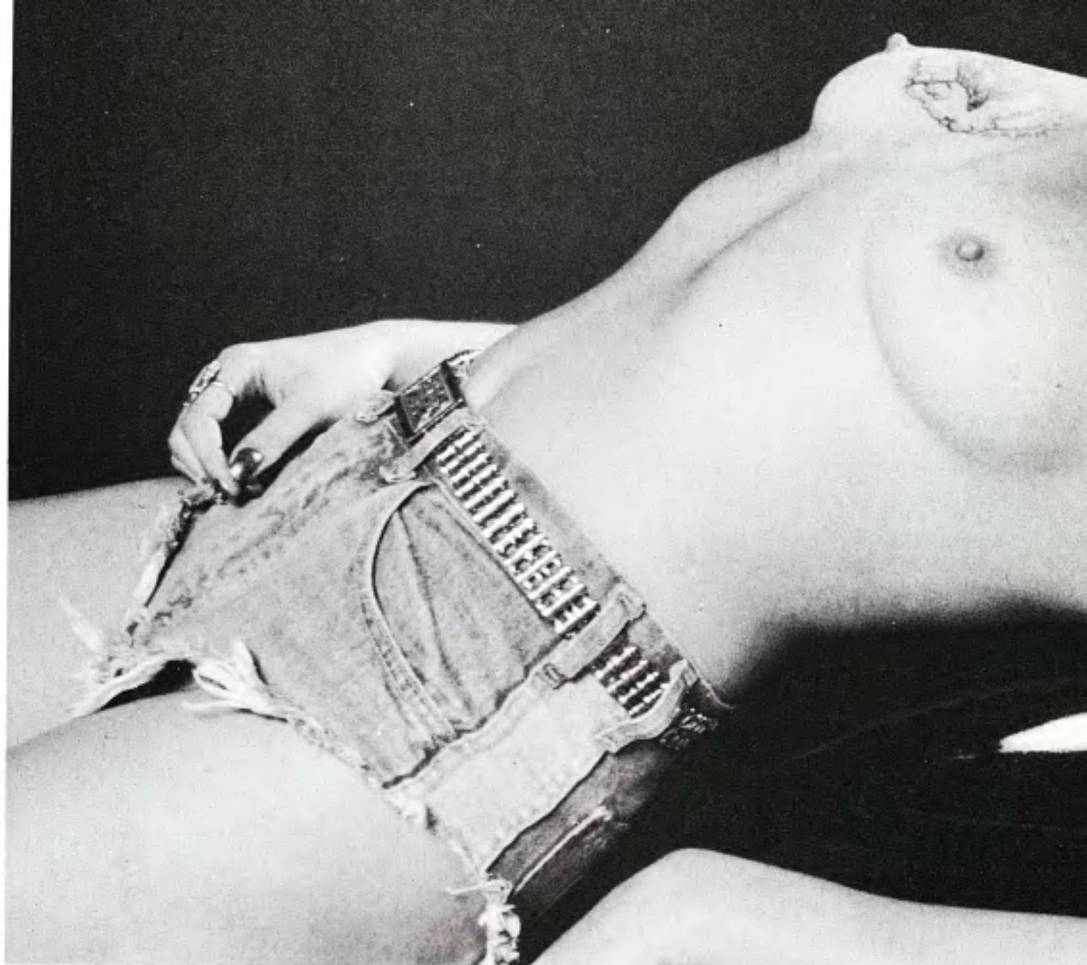
The problem for Donna, of course, is all the snide shit she hears from the over-the-hill gang as they stare with puffy-eyed jealousy at



what she's got (and I don't mean the underwear). Still, Donna doesn't mind a hell of a lot — she knows what life's really about and as soon as the closed sign is stuck on the salon door, she's out of the French lace and into her cutoffs, listenin' fer the sound of her ol' man's scoot as he comes to pick her up.

See, she and her ol' man share livin' and lovin' in a way that Daddy Warbucks and Missus Richbitch could never understand; they turn each other on in ways that the old flabbies and the stuffed wallets only know about from books. And that, to Donna and her ol' man, is a helluva lot more important than havin' a drawer full of fancy pants and a pocket full of century greenbucks.

—Gandy Dancer



Photos by Billy Tinney



When it comes to bikes and barroom fights,
Well, I guess I've seen me a few.
I've straddled the Hogs and run after the broads
And swilled down an ocean of brew.

It took me some years to dry behind the ears
And learn to keep my mouth shut,
To not lose my cool and not act like a fool
Over some drunken, barfly slut.

Now, I got a few bumps and I took my lumps
When some bozo was knockin' me down.
But more often than not I came out on top,
And I thought I was the baddest in town.

I packed a piece in my boot when I rode on my scooter,
And my belt held yet another.
And if I got any lip, somebody'd get hit —
I was one no-shit, badass mother.

It was Friday night at the old Blue Light,
My favorite scooter tramp bar.
Yeah, I was struttin' my stuff and actin' real tough,
Playin' biker superstar.

With a gal on my lap I was into my rap,
Full of coke, tequila and beer:
"I can ride any putt or kick any butt
Better than any damn biker here!"

I sat there and glared while the jukebox blared
Some silly-ass cowboy song,
And I howled out the tune and kept time with a spoon,
While the gal massaged my ol' dong.

I laughed and I joked and was taking a toke
When an old dude bumped into my stool.
With a glance at the crowd, I barked out real loud,
"Hey, you crazy old fool!"

"Are you touched in the head or just stupid instead,
Are you spastic, you damn clumsy ox?
Get outta here fast or I'll beat your old ass,
And they'll send you home in a box!"

There wasn't a sound as the old dude turned round
And heaved one long and tired sigh.
A crusty galoot, he looked tough as a boot,
And he fixed me with his one good eye.

"Now, look, son," he said, with a shake of his head,
"I'm a biker not lookin' for strife.
Don't be fooled by gray hair or this eyepatch I wear —
I've been on two wheels all my life.

"I'm weathered and gnarly, but I still ride a Harley,
And I ain't never backed down yet.
But I'll buy ya a beer and we'll skip this beef here,
If you'll show an old man some respect."

"You think I care about your fucking gray hair?"
I shouted and slugged down my beer.
"You can bet your gray stubble there's gonna be trouble,
You halfassed old dipshit queer!"

Biker Etiquette

A Poem By Bad Bo





I could hear my own breath and the room smelled like death
And the old cat just stared at the floor.
Then he lifted his head and the words that he said
I'll remember when I'm a hundred and four:

"Well, I gave you an out, you damned kid lout,
But I guess you're as dumb as you look.
You just ain't been told 'bout respect for the old."
And with that, he threw a left hook.

At the end of his wrist was a cast-iron fist
That damn near knocked out my brain.
And when the fog cleared, my vision was bleared,
And I couldn't remember my name.

The old coot's voice hissed, "Now don't get me pissed.
Mind your manners and just be polite.
Let's make our amends and all go home friends
And forget this stupid-ass fight."

I got to my knees and let out a sneeze
That spewed blood all over the floor.
I shoulda stayed down, but like a jerk-off clown,
I stood up in the puddle of gore.

I said, "You're really a sucker, you gray-bearded fucker,
You half-dead old bag of guts.
Kiss your scoot goodbye, 'cause you're fixin' to die — "
Then he kicked me square in the nuts.

The crowd made for the door as I thrashed on the floor
In a pain like I never had felt.
But through all the hurt, in the blood and the dirt,
I went for the gun in my belt.

But I just made things worse; the old guy was first,
And his boot came down on my hand.
With a sickening crunch the bones popped in a bunch,
And I tried — but failed — to stand.

Well, I guess he got mad 'cause the rest was real bad
As my rudeness he attempted to cure.
There were steel-toed kicks and roundhouse licks —
You get the idea, I'm sure.

With my ribs all mushed and my fingers squashed,
I was just this side of dead.
My bones were broke and I thought I'd croak,
But I heard the words that he said:

"I may be gray, but I got this way
By out-toughin' shitheads like you.
Real bikers ain't old till they're dead and cold,
And I've got some more livin' to do."

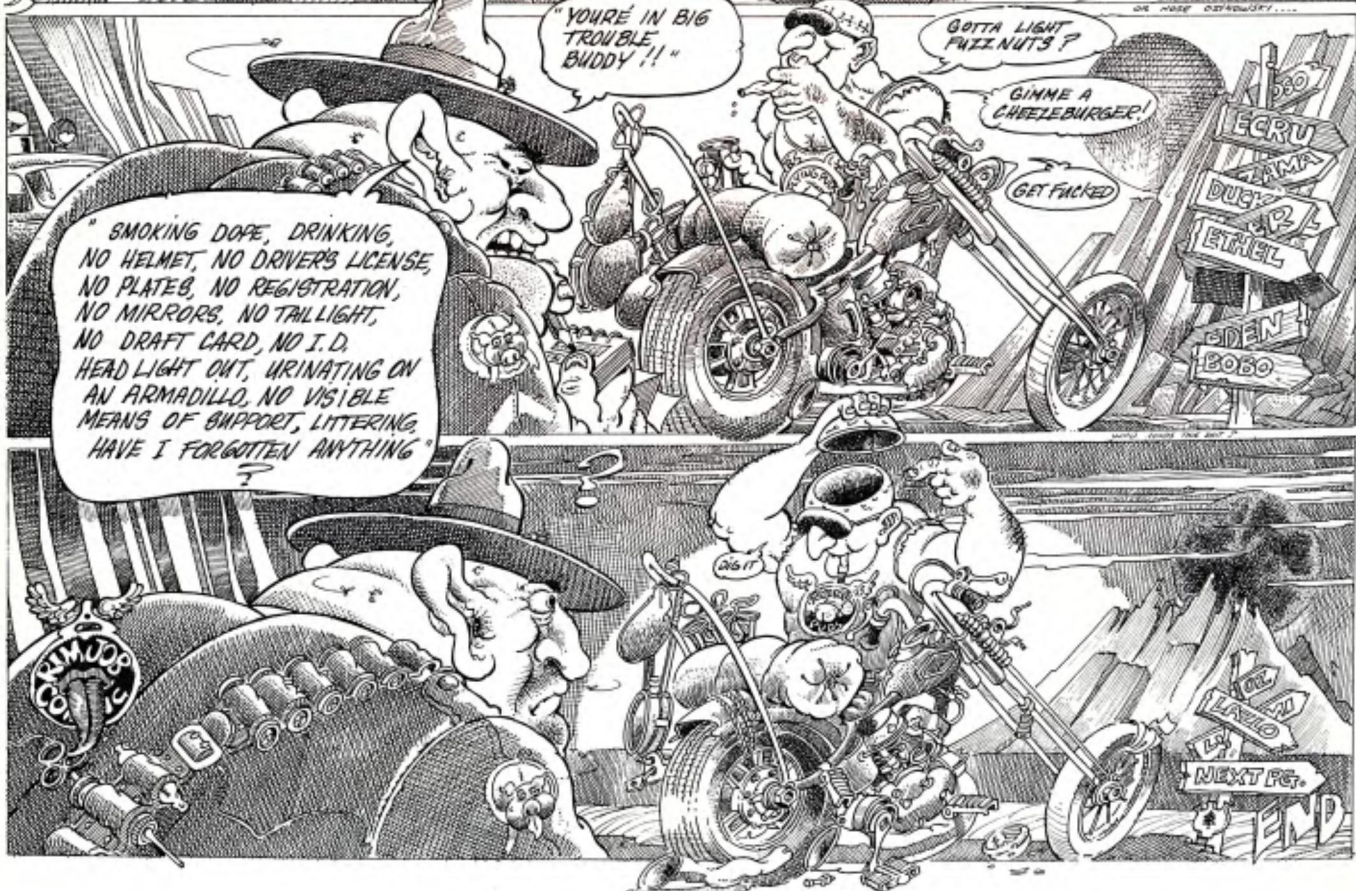
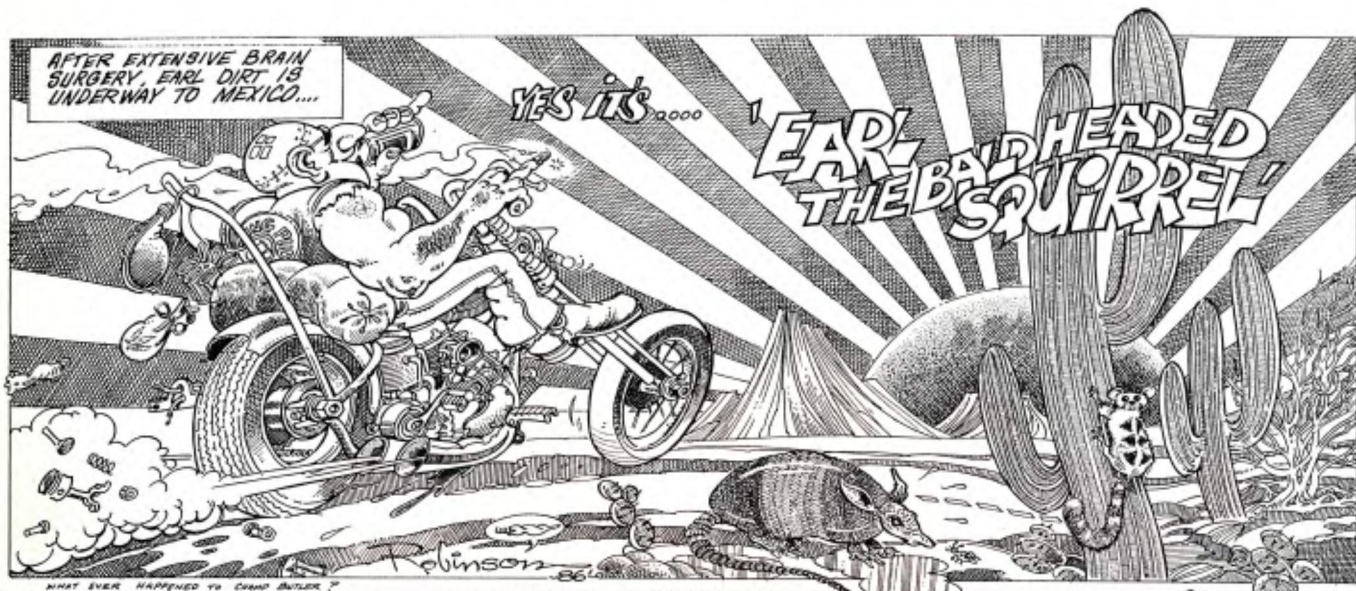
Then he walked out of the bar and I heard from afar
As his bike's big engine caught.
And 'as the blood dried, I lay there and tried
To figure out just what I'd been taught.

And the moral seemed clear through the blood and the beer,
Though it hurt too much to stir.
With an old biker dude, don't ever be rude —
Just smile and always say, "Sir." ■

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Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$12 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$12 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

W/m looking for a good woman. Be out in '83. Will answer all and send photos. Larry Peppers 39024, Box 146 O.C.C., Fordland, Mo. 65652.

Dirty white boy, 5'11", 160 lbs., long blond hair, brown eyes, wants to hear from anything female that walks, wiggles or crawls. Charlie Kramer 88021, Camp J-S-3, Angola, La. 70712.

Two 30-yr.-old bros doing a ten-year term. Need some mail from some fine ladies. Send sexy pics! Will answer all. Woody Pierce, Box C-51727, and H. J. Hines, Box C-47265, Tama, Calif. 94974.

Tramp, 29, down for a while, out in '86. Looking for someone to fill the p-pad. Only requirement is honesty. Will answer all. Frank Norcott 04797, Box 1000, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

W/m, 26, musician, looking for a serious-minded lady, 18-30. Time to get a good hook-up established and off the ground. All answered. Picture preferable. Rick Kelly 241526, 8W 17-A, Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 98362.

The California "Bear" is caged in Oklahoma. Need new righteous ol' lady, mail and flicks. Answer all and will stop and see ya when I'm puttin' free. John "The Bear" Ross, Jr. 108416, Box 128, Stringtown, Okla. 74569.

Down tramp, w/m, 30, needs love, too. Ladies, please write if you're real. All letters answered. David A. Rodriguez 828353 "Rigo", Polk Corr. Inst., Box 488, Polk City, Fla. 33868.

White biker, 32, 5'10", 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes, good-looking and in good physical shape has 18 months to go and is looking for a lady to help start a new life. Must be 18 or over, like to travel, party and ride. Send pics, if possible. Kenny "Lance" Schnitz 3498, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Death Row man, 28 yrs. old, w/m, looking for a chick who wants a serious relationship and is tired of head games. I'm 6'1", have blond hair and brown eyes. Please send pics. Write to Clarence Lackey, 591, Ellis Unit G15, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Two lonely bros need mail. Been down over two, but getting out soon. Wish to hear from anyone. Ricky Henderson 160-131, and Cory Sullivan 165-754, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Good-looking white male would like to hear from chicks of all ages. Doing time, but will be getting paroled soon. I need a good woman to hook up with. Don't wait! Act now! Ernest Barnett, Box 511-170-259, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

So, Calif. bro down for over two is lookin' ahead to the future and the streets. Needs righteous ol' lady/partner to help get his shit together, a for-real woman with a heart to put it all in motion. Write and send flicks to Vic Henning, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Hey, now! Can a tramp get a play? I'm white, right, 5'7", 170 lbs., and have black hair and green eyes. I want an attractive woman, strong and tender-lovin'. Send photo. Billy Rose 00720-018, Box 1000, Milan, Mich. 48160.

Lonely bro in southern Arkansas needs to hear from good-looking, fun-lovin' gals, especially those in my vicinity. Write to Dusty if you're a one-man woman, 18-55, and lookin' for a one-woman man. Dustin Goodchild 76875, Max EB, Box 500, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Badass bass guitar-playing bro, 32, white, 5'10", 150 lbs., has been down five and has another to go. Seeking sincere chick, heavy in thoughts and compassion. Send pics. Herman A. Hobbs 883686, Box 1500, (533), Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Good-lookin' 28-year-old bro is searching for that special lady to make this time go by. I'm 5'11", 185 lbs., with brown hair and gorgeous brown eyes, but I guess seeing is believing. All answered. Let's exchange photos. John E. Fitzgerald 81-A-478, Box B, Danemora, N.Y. 12929.

Two downed tramps need to correspond with all you hot freaky bitches. Out in '87, so give us something to look forward to. Jim Airman, Box B43882, and John Roberts, Box B43841, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

W/m, 25, black hair and beard, hazel eyes, 5'9", 160 lbs., solo scooter tramp needs righteous honey to parole to; release date 11-29-83. David Buck Burton 71267, Box 500-BKs. 6, Grady, Ark. 71644.

Hey, ladies, I'm 43 years old, doing 30 years in the baddest farm in the Texas prison system, where you can get your ass killed for changing the TV program. Frank G. Melton 334376, Ellis Unit J-22, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Down 1%er looking for serious-minded chick for possible long-term relationship and more. Age and looks unimportant. Send pic/letter, will do the same; all letters answered. Michael Fitzgerald 148-802, 954 Forrest Street, A-352, Baltimore, Md. 21202.

Lonely white man in need of letters from all you free-spirited ladies, 8-80, 6'2", eyes of blue, and hoping to hear from you. Jeb S. James 16779, Box 607, N.S.F., Carson City, Nev. 89701-0607.

30-yr-old white Georgia biker in a Texas prison would like to get letters and pics from southern ladies. Will answer all. I am due to be released soon, so write soon. R. J. Alexander 314878, Box 38, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Lonely peckerwood needs mail. Getting desperate. 23, 5'10", 160 lbs. Will answer all. Shawn P. Hamilton, C-47345/M-280-L, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95696-2000.

Flash: Young, white, and proud. Help me to find my green-eyed dream girl! Scribe to Ron Cherry, C-45024, D.V.I., Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

Looking for the opposite sex to drop me a line or two. Are there any fine ladies who want to take me into their care? Don Sease 36463, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Super-lonely w/m, 29, brown hair and eyes, 6', 185 lbs., looking for marriage-minded women any age—or just friendship. Kids okay. All letters with pics answered first. Rick Vice 44001, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310.

W/m, blond hair, green eyes, 6'2", 163 lbs., 19 yrs. I'm doing time with lack of love, I need myself a morning dove! I would like to hear from any ladies, 17-25. A pic is cool, but not necessary. Johnny Harlow 80665-011-Tx. 1, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

W/m, 33, Gemini, 6'4", 203 lbs., long brown hair, psychedelic eyes, mild-mannered pervert. Been down since spring of '68 (heavy sigh), need scribes and flicks from wild, fun-loving, sexy chicks. D. Mark DeWitt 20054, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Nasty-mean, tasty-lean—juicy and tender is what I mean! Show a tit, be my dream, take some time to stand by me. Mike Leed 104209, Box 79, Rt. 1, Capron, Va. 23829.

Lonesome rugged biker, imprisoned, railroaded, abandoned and forgotten, seeks relationship. Wild, big, beautiful ladies who are fantastically spacious, large, round or just plain plump, between the ages of 28 and 40, no photo necessary. Stan DeBose 035935, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Bluegrass biker in need of mail from all ladies, 8-80, blind, crippled or crazy (good-looking welcome, also). I'm 29, bearded, gray/brown-haired, 5'8", 150 lbs. and not hard to look at. I play mandolin, fiddle and guitar and ride a rat 45. Anyone remembering Doc Mitchell from 1/8 or 2/8 (USMC), write to Art Mitchell, VBCC, Box 6098, Virginia Beach, Va. 23456.

Ex-scooter tramp, 33, wanting to hear from any and all females. Will answer all letters. Earl "Sporty" Green 29448, K.S.P., Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

This scooter trash has been down 1½, got another 3½ to do. The rosy palm is rough and the pud's turnin' to straw. So how about a soft palm to ease the rash with some scribes from soft-rubb'n' chicks? I'm a Libra, 10-12-54, 5'9", 165 lbs., strawberry-blond hair. Douglas M. McArthur 164962, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Ladies of K.C.: Peewee is in Lansing doing time. Write me! Les L. Ellifrits 7665, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Wanted: Young or old man, single and free, experienced in love preferred. Send pics. Brenda Vaughn 114313, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

Two downed bros serving time, need some horny mamas to drop us a line. Send photo in first letter, we'll do the same. Ron Fitzgerald 159626, and Harold Kelly 159957, Rte. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

W/m, 28, brown and brown, 180 lbs. Wild and crazy locked-down scooter tramp. Back in the wind in a year. I am looking for ladies to kite. All letters answered. J. R. 108-067, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

Lonely, white, 28-year-old Capricorn is looking for the woman of my life. I'm 5'11", 180 lbs., blue-green eyes, long light-brown hair, moustache and beard. Will write for friendship or otherwise. If you're a fox between 18-38, then write. This address good until '85. Jerald Craft, C50874, C.P.T. North, SA-226, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Ladies, we are all paroling in the next 12 mos. We want rich, poor, tall, short, fine, beautiful, brunettes, blondes, redheads, fighters, lovers and whoever else, from 16 to 45. Write and send pics, too. K. L. Cummins 262634, E. Thorp 276555, L. Belt 633512, D. Leach 279214, J. Stuck 282493, and M. Parker 660674, Box 900, Spruce Hall, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Downed So. Cal. tramp doin' plenty, needs words and flicks from understanding and down-to-earth lady, 18 to ? for friendship and hopefully, marriage. Will answer all. Larry White, B-73344, Represa, Calif. 95671.

W/f with foxy, long brown hair and brown eyes, 5'5", 125 lbs. I'm down until '84. I would like to hear from men, 25-35, tall and well-built. I'll answer all letters with photo. Joanne Griswold 17217, CIW, Frontera, Calif. 91720.

Need some coxin' for the strokin', all flicks and hairs welcome. John Perotti 167-712, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Two righteous bros doing time, need to hear from you sincere ladies. Send kites and pics. Will answer all. Donal Williams 23939, Dorm E-1, and Norman Derrickson 24506, Dorm E-1, W.C.C., Box 473, Westville, Ind. 46391.

W/m biker, 32, 5'10", 170 lbs., brown and brown, good-looking and in good physical shape. Have 18 mos. left to go, and looking for a lady to help start a new life. Must be 18 or older, like to travel, party, and ride. Please send pics, if possible. Kenny (Lance) Schnitz 3498, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Hopin' to hear from some friends to help me get through my stay in this living hell they call home. I'm a white female, 22 yrs. old. I have red hair, blue eyes, 5'5" tall, 135 lbs. and could really use a friend. Kim Woodum 574486, FCI 453, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

White female, 20 yrs. old, brown hair, brown eyes, 5'7", 125 lbs. All you men out there in the free world, I'm down and troubled, hoping to hear from some friends to help me get through my stay. I'll write back to everyone. Marsha Martin 151056, F.C.I. 276, Box 147, Lowell Fla. 32663.

W/m, 5'8", 21 yrs. old, would like to scribe some righteous ladies. All answered. Louie Hitesman 96100, Box 351, H-2A, W.C.C., Haynesville, La. 71038.

26-year-old Colorado white boy, on vacation in Folsom, would like to hear from all ladies. Kevin Amerson, Box C-13358, Folsom State Prison, Represa, Calif. 95671.

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.

I can't believe it, **Dink** died last night. Blasting in the wind and feeling good, I hope. I had a friendship and love for that man, just like a lot of other people. He was a great man, for sure, and it doesn't seem fair to me and I don't know the reason why. **Dink**, I just want you to know that **Tick** and I love you, bro. We'll never forget you. How can we? You were the best man ever, **Nut-Nut**, **Tick** and friends in Maryland.

In memory of **Jeff Childers** of Las Vegas, Nevada, a true 1'er and the finest man I ever knew. Time will slip by, but I will never let go of you till the day I die. You'll never be forgotten by me and many others. Ride on and be truly free, till we meet again, my love, **Robin** in S.L.C.

In memory of **Robert Alan "Gangster Bob" Bauer** from Tujunga, California, 11/2/82. Gone, but never forgotten. Ride hard and free, brother. Your many friends will miss you.

In loving memory of **James Dean Millholland**, 4/10/82 to 9/27/82, who died with dignity in his mom's arms. In his short life, he was a man. You will ride in our hearts, "Little Outlaw," forever free. Yer ma loves ya, son, **Nelce**.

In loving memory of my ol' man, **Guy "Teddy" Bousman** 7/19/82, who went down the way he wanted—on his Sporty. Ride in the wind and ride free in Harley Heaven. I miss you. Until the next time, I have the memories. Love, your **Becky Lou**.

In loving memory of **Bill Suttles**, my brother, who passed away on 9/17/80. Being a true Harley lover to the end, he fought hard, but the cancer fought harder. We love and miss you, **Bill**, **Punkin**, **Clyde**, N.C.

In memory of **Gonzo** 12/15/82. You rode hard and died free. Remember us up there in motorcycle heaven 'cause we won't forget you down here. Seacoast MC and bros in Southern Fla.

In memory of my husband, **Duane Beck**, 3/26/56 to 9/10/82. You were the best friend a woman could ever have. You taught me how to live and how to ride, but most of all, how to love. You'll be in my heart forever. With love, your wife, **Debbie**.

In loving memory of **George Luciano**. You went down on your Harley and nobody quite understands. But just remember, we're not here for a long time; we're here for a good time. We love you. Your bros and sisters, **S. Weymouth, Mass.**

In memory of **Laurence "Pope" Wicker**, III, 9/26/82. You will be missed by all of us and never forgotten. Give them hell until we get there. The gang at the Backwoods and out back.

In memory of **"Tiny" S.Z.** 9/25/82. Hitting the car was nothing, but the person who shot you should rot and burn in hell. We'll remember you through your son, "Lil' Steve." Your name will be on our lips and in our hearts. We love you, **John (FTW)**.

In loving memory of **David Wolford**, who was killed 10/30/82. I always felt we'd go on our bikes, but since you didn't, your bike is where it always was—right next to mine—and that's where it will stay. You were not only a brother by birth, but a brother of the road. You are loved and missed so much by so many. Your brother, **Charlie**, South Charleston, W. Va.

South Florida misses you, **Roach**. All your bros in Miami will remember you forever. I will see you somewhere and we will laugh again. **Tattoo Mike**.

In memory of **Bill "Big Half" Blucher**, a real bro to all who deserved it—a holy terror to those who didn't. Ride free forever, bro, you will never be forgotten. **Big Linda**, **Little Half**, **Cutie**, and all your bros.

In loving memory of **John "Perry" Cross**, 3/1/50 to 11/5/82. Your spirit is in my heart and thoughts as long as we are apart. I live for the golden day when we shall meet in the permanent wind and be together once again. Love and miss you. Your ol' lady, **Teresa**.

In memory of **Raymond E. Williams**, who earned his wings 12/26/82. You are gone, but not forgotten. Ride free in Harley Heaven. From all your friends in Greenville, N.C.

In memory of **Big Floyd**, about 7/82, an ex-member of **Breed MC**. Too bad a "dumb bitch" had to end it. I just hope ya got a big stroker to ride in Harley Heaven. From your bro in a N.D. prison, **Buster**.

In memory of **Phil Bauer**, 10/82, taken out by a school bus. We all miss you and will see you again someday in Harley Heaven. From all your bikin' bros in Corwin Ridge, Wis.

In memory of the legendary **Misfit Valley Gene**. You will live in our hearts forever. We love you. You're ol' lady, **Fran**, and all your brothers and sisters.

Richard M. Broom, R.B. lived fast, died young, and left an ugly corpse. Your life and love touched so many and made them all think. Don't worry, your bros and sisters will take care of **Windy** and **R.J. R.W.**



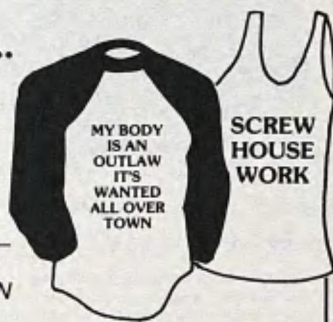
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go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

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A Slight Case

Continued from page 41

all I can tell you. Is it okay if I leave now?"

Of course, it wasn't okay. I knew it wouldn't be. The she-cop wanted to see my driver's license. When her partner ran out of breath, he put his whistle away and came over to keep an eye on me so she could run a radio check on my ID.

"You'll have to come with us," she informed me when she finished talking on the squawker. "Unpaid parking citations," she informed her partner. Then she read me my rights. The old crone responsible for the whole mess just lay there on the pavement where she'd been ever since she started it. Naturally, she didn't have anything to say. As the cops were placing me in the squad car, I spotted a furtive figure tiptoeing toward the corner with the deceased's purse hidden under his shirt. At least somebody made out on the deal.

At the cop shop I was booked, and then I spent a couple of hours being dribbled on by winos in the holding tank while I waited to be processed back out on bond. The questions, answers, and paperwork ate up another hour, and it took me almost two more hours to get my bike back from the impound lot after I was released. The whole day was shot to hell. And I, needless to say, was flat broke. Getting out of jail ain't free. I went home piss-tempered and stayed that way, through most of a fifth of Rebel Yell, before I finally growled myself to sleep.

When I woke up sunshine was streaming through the window by the bed. Little birdies were chirping in a tree outside, calling cats from all over the neighborhood to lunch. The sky was blue and clear, with only a few fluffy clouds floating on high. When I got up to piss, I turned on the radio. I came out of the john and heard the telephone ringing — it was the radio station I was tuned to, calling to say they wanted to give me some money for listening to them.

"How much?" I asked, going straight to the heart of the matter.

"You are listening to our station right now, then?" inquired the disc jockey's voice simultaneously from the radio and the phone in my hand.

"Fuck, yeah!" I said into the phone. "Bleep, yeah!" is how it came out on the radio. "You can hear me listening, can't you? How much?"

"Sixty-nine dollars!" the deejay



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announced. Trumpets blared from both phone and radio. As soon as I got the details I needed, I hung up on that noise. All I had to do was come down to the radio station and pick up the bucks at my convenience, the man had said. I was there in five minutes, and five minutes later I was back out on the street — with a wad of free money in my jeans and a grin on my mug for the first time in some time. It had finally dawned on me that I was in pretty good shape. My rent wasn't due. There was grub in the cupboard. My gas tank was full. My scooter started on the first kick and I did a wheelie for the benefit of admiring onlookers as I pulled away.

Then I went scouting for a party. I didn't have to go far to find one. Approaching the city park, I noticed a beer truck up ahead turning into the park entrance. The truck was followed by several cages, one of which was a red convertible filled with foxes who were passing a bota bag back and forth. When they mimed me a squirt, I switched lanes and fell into line behind a station wagon loaded with softball equipment, which the foxes, with bouncy enthusiasm, began helping some clean-cut dudes unload as soon as the procession reached its destination — a tree-bordered parking area adjacent to the softball diamonds.

There were three diamonds, all of them occupied today by the local beer league in round-robin playoffs with city-employee teams, I heard someone say. That explained a truckload of brew being unloaded with such impunity on municipal property in broad daylight, I

deduced, watching the pony kegs pile up under a clump of shade trees across the way. Cops are city employees.

The foxes came over to admire my bike as soon as they finished unloading the station wagon. "What a neat bike! Can I have a ride after the game?" asked a leggy redhead.

"Me, too!" beseeched a big-boobed brunette.

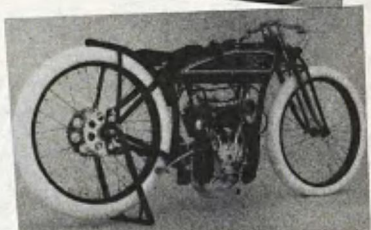
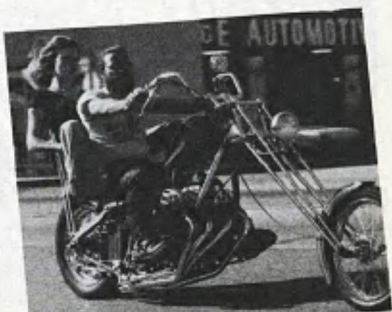
"I want one, too!" exclaimed another winsome wench.

The she-cop who had busted me the day before didn't say anything. She only winked as she extended the bota bag to me for a drink. I hadn't recognized her at first, and she certainly showed no signs of recognizing me at all as she and the other foxes gathered around, laughing and chattering.

"I'll take you all for rides!" I promised, throwing my arms wide and beckoning them in for a friendly cluster-hug. "Right now, let's go check out those kegs over there."

"Okay!" they chorused, and we all joined arms and promenaded over to the refreshments. The foxes weren't playing ball. Dressed alike in brief blue jerseys and red satin shorts, they were the cheering section for the city-employee team on the first diamond. Besides Sheila, the she-cop, there were Tammy, the typist, and Fanny, the elevator operator — who both worked at City Hall — as well as Gladys and Mabel, from the Women's Detention Center, in our merry group. Mabel had the biggest tits and Fanny was blessed with a fine namesake, but neither they nor the others measured up to Sheila in my estimation. I hadn't noticed it the day before, but Sheila

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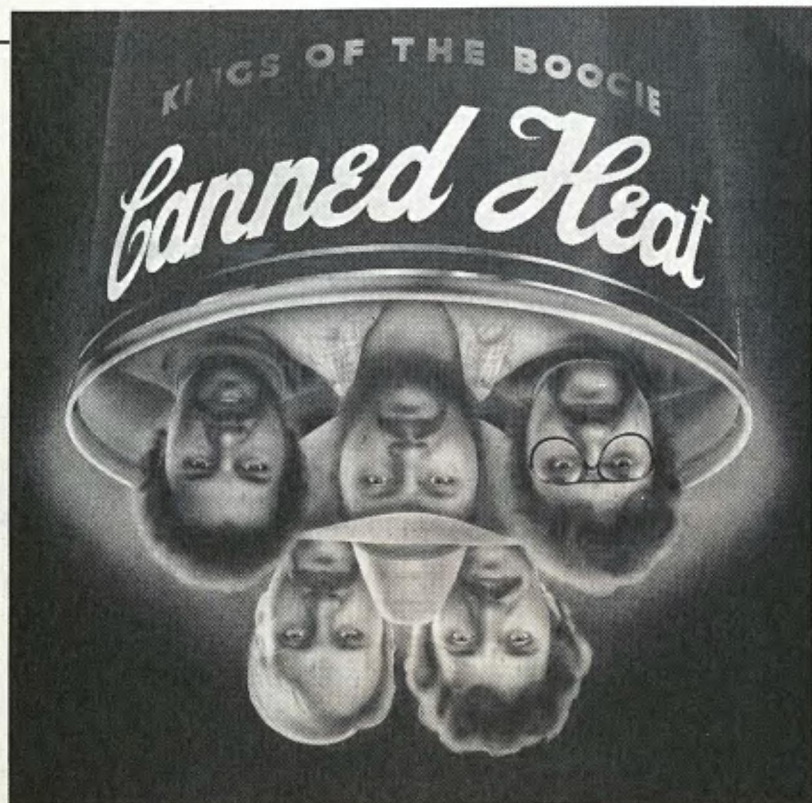
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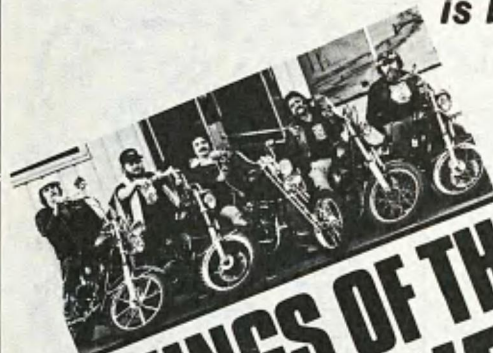
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was built like a brick shithouse. With frosting. And she didn't recognize me at all, I marveled, crediting that fact to my having changed clothes since getting out of the clink. Yesterday I'd had on a black T-shirt and greasy jeans. Today I was wearing clean Levi's and a leather vest. Sometimes a wardrobe makes all the difference in the world.

I caught Sheila ogling my chest while we strolled from the beer stash to the foul line. I ogled right back and threw in a wink for good measure.

"I have a thing for hairy chests," she confessed, drawing closer.

I expanded mine a tad so she could get a better look. "If you ask nice, I'll give you the first ride on my motorcycle," I offered. "You'll get to put your arms around my waist and everything."

"Is pretty please enough?" she asked, brushing me with her hip.

"It'll do," I allowed.

"Hey, don't forget me!" Mabel pouted on my other side.

"Us, too!" chorused the rest of the foxes up and down the line.

I bent my head to nuzzle Mabel's neck. "Be unforgettable later, and I never will!" I whispered in her ear. Mabel smiled promisingly and bumped me with a tit-and-a-half.

While we sipped suds from cups and watched the pitcher warm up on the mound, I got all of the foxes' phone numbers — just in case a traffic tie-up or an act of God kept any of them from getting their rides on schedule. I'm easy — I give rain-checks. I was admiring Tammy's legs as she bent over to adjust her shoe when Sheila purred up behind me and squeezed my ass.

"I have a thing for cute buns, too!" she giggled.



"That's right, a peeing Tom!"

"Me, too!" I said, dropping my hand to her rump when she moved up beside me.

"Let's go for a ride now," she suggested.

"You'll miss the game!" Gladys exclaimed disapprovingly.

"But not the action!" smirked Sheila, tugging me away by the arm.

We rode out in the country about eight miles and parked in a secluded spot off a dirt road, up a hollow past a ramshackle farm. On one side of the road were thick bushes, behind which I hid my bike. On the other side of the road, across a fenced pasture, flowed a cool babbling brook. I held the wire up so Sheila could crawl through the fence unbarbed, and we strolled across the grassy meadow to the sparkling stream, where we came upon a bed of wildflowers. There we kissed passionately.

"Let's do it!" Sheila gasped, tearing off her clothes.

"Okay," I said. I reached for my belt but not fast enough — she beat me to it. "Easy on the zipper!" I cautioned as she went for my crotch.

"Let's do it dirty!" she panted, slaving at the mouth. She sank to her knees and caressed me. As she stroked up my legs, one of her fingers insinuated itself toward my pooper. I quickly sidestepped that action, inadvertently whapping her upside the head with my crank when I moved.

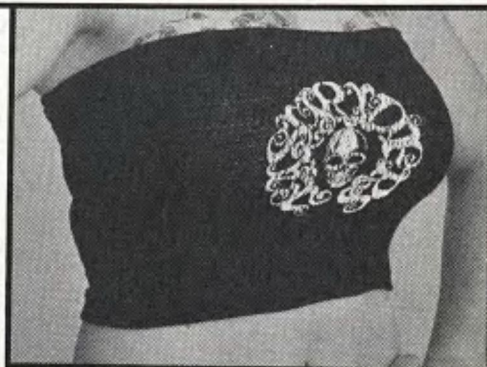
"Don't come in my ear!" she moaned, rubbing her hair on me like a little kitten.

Being the pure-to-the-bone biker gent that I am, I did it the way she'd said she wanted it done: I did her dirty. Later, while she dozed languorously in the crushed flowers, I tossed her shoes in the water and threw her jersey up a tree. Then I cautiously tippytoed away. A gent to the very end, I left her with her bright red shorts.

A bull that had been grazing at the far end of the meadow when we arrived was on his way back as I exited the scene. I sprinted for the fence, vaulting over to safety with plenty of time to spare before the big fucker smoked to a halt behind me, pawing up huge tufts of earth and snorting in frustrated rage on the other side of the fence. Of course, he hadn't known I was there until I was almost gone, either.

When I rolled my bike out of hiding, the bull tossed his head and bellowed at me for getting away. I gave him the finger, natch. Then I went back to town to drink some more free beer and take the next fox for a ride. ■

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Second Shot

Continued from page 18

highway stretched all the way to the West Texas plains. There was almost nothing between Houston and San Antonio. Strickland knew they'd be back but he wasn't sure how to handle it. If he pulled over to wait for them, he'd be a sitting duck — and besides, he was outnumbered. They even had a dog they could get after him with. But if he kept riding, they'd make another run at him with the bricks. He wondered how many bricks they had in the back of the truck. Shit — he'd probably find out soon enough. Be patient, he told himself, you'll get a second shot at 'em.

Before he had decided what to do, they were back, right on his tail, honking. He hit the throttle and snapped the seventy-four to top speed, wondering where the hell the cops were whenever you needed them. The pain in his lower back had become truly excruciating. Ah, double-shit, he thought.

The pickup easily kept pace with him, still honking, and he decided to pull over and take them on one at a time, to get it over with once and for all. But as he slowed, they pulled out to the left and whooshed around him again, this time dumping a load of beer bottles in his path. Their aim was off and Strickland heard only the smashing of the glass and the honking of horns. He thought he heard the guy in the back yelling but he wasn't sure. There were hardly any cars around

them now, they were too far out of town. "Fuck you bastards!" he yelled hoarsely into the wind.

He rode on for almost an hour without seeing them again. The coffee he had drunk that morning had jangled clear down through him and he had to piss bad. His empty stomach growled and his eyes were heavy from lack of sleep. And he was homesick as hell. He spotted a cafe out in front of him, on his side of the highway. Easy access, he thought: easy on, easy off, check the bike out, piss, eat, and I'm on my way.

Strickland pulled the seventy-four into the gravel lot in front of the cafe. He stopped the bike directly in front of the main entrance, so he could keep an eye on it while he ate. When he crawled off it, he realized he'd been lucky in not stopping for the assholes in the pickup: he was so exhausted he could barely walk.

The bike checked out, and he hobbled into the restaurant. He found a table in the back, and after ordering, he went into the men's room and pissed for what seemed like thirty minutes.

From his table he had an excellent view of the bike, even though he was sitting at the back of the room. At first he wondered if he was too far from his belongings on the back of the bike; but when he saw the pickup pull up out in front, he realized his choice of tables had been a lucky stroke of genius.

The truck's occupants piled out and walked over to the bike. They stood there talking while Strickland finished his coffee. He watched



Easyriders



Carroll

them over the rim of the cup, knowing they couldn't see him through the window because of the glare from the sun. I've got my second shot at them now, he thought, as he tried to figure what they'd do. I've got the advantage, he decided. I can see them but they can't see me. Strickland knew they'd have to do one of two things: either they'd all come in at once to take him or they'd send in the biggest to flush him out. But then again, they might decide to mess with the bike to draw me outside, he thought. Whatever he decided to do depended on their first move. Maybe I don't have an advantage at all, he thought. Hell, I'm still totally beat from the ride. He took a careful look around the cafe, noting the location of people and things that might come in handy if they all came in at once.

Eventually, only one of them, the biggest, started walking toward the door. Strickland quietly stood up from the table and walked back to the men's room. He had made a mental note of what each of them looked like. The big one was the driver and had a potbelly his dirty T-shirt didn't quite cover. All of them were bigger than Strickland and one of them was wearing a blue hardhat. Strickland deduced that must have been the one up in the cab with the driver, because he recognized the clothes of the one who'd thrown the bricks.

He stood waiting in the men's room, taking deep breaths and trying to work some energy into his worn-out body. When the door swung open he was face-to-face with the big-bellied driver.

"Howdy, fuckface," Strickland said calmly.

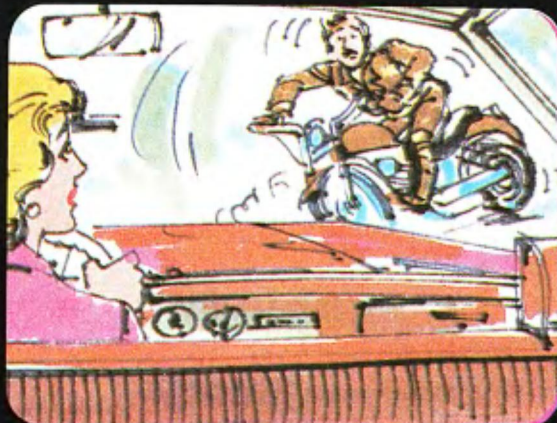
"That your bike out front?"

Strickland didn't answer, he just went to work as fast as he could. He knew he had to take the asshole quick and his first shot caught him in the belly, then he came up with a left to the side of his head. He felt his hand crack against bone and a sharp pain fired up his arm to the elbow. The driver was caught off guard. He had obviously thought Strickland would be afraid and unprepared for them. But Strickland was more than ready — he shot him another blow, this time to the nose and the big guy went down on one knee. Strickland kicked out with his left foot and his boot caught the guy in the neck. He made a gurgling sound as he went all the way down.

It had all been so quiet, so fast. One down and two to go, he thought.

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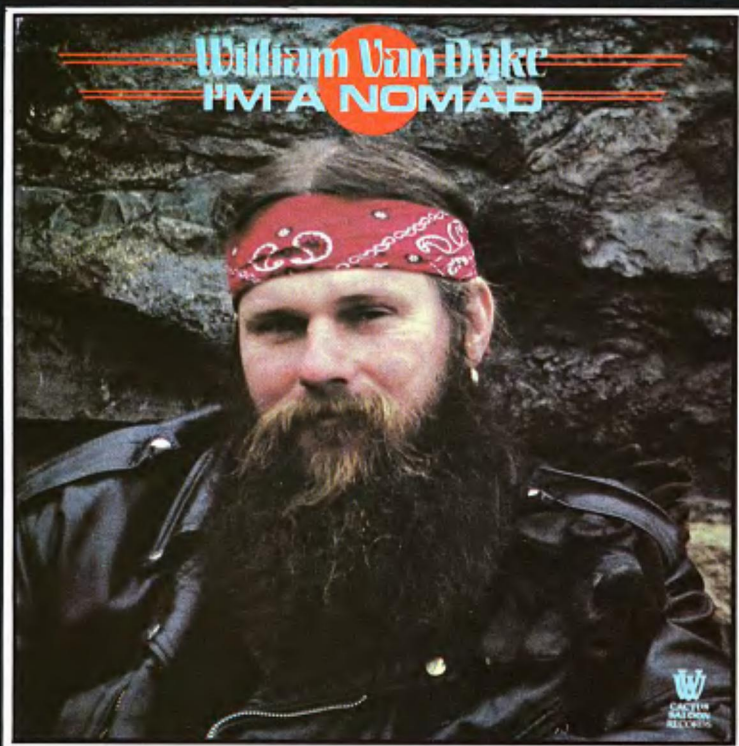
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as he dragged the driver to the back of the rest room by the crapper. The guy opened his mouth to yell, but Strickland shoved his boot in it. There was blood pouring from the driver's nose and a cut over one eye. Strickland unbuttoned his Levi's and pissed on him. Whenever he moved, Strickland kicked him. He finally stopped moving.

Strickland walked out the door at the back of the cafe and circled around to the front of the building. He was behind them now as they stood next to the bike, hands in their pockets, waiting for their partner to come out of the cafe. One of them was laughing about how the biker had had to swerve to miss the bricks they'd thrown in his path. Strickland crouched down and sent a kick into the kidneys of the closer of the two. Before he knew what hit him, Strickland had popped him twice more and he was down. The third one just stood there looking at Strickland. He was the one who had thrown the bricks.

"Hey, man," he said. "I don't want any trouble." Strickland couldn't believe the fucker had actually said that. He went after him with everything he had left. He caught him with a right on the side of the head and began to pop him with both fists until he, too, finally went down.

"I don't want no trouble," he kept yelling. Strickland was thoroughly crazed by the thought of the bastard's not wanting trouble after damn near killing him. He pulled off his primary-chain belt and proceeded to give the guy all the trouble he'd ever need in this life.

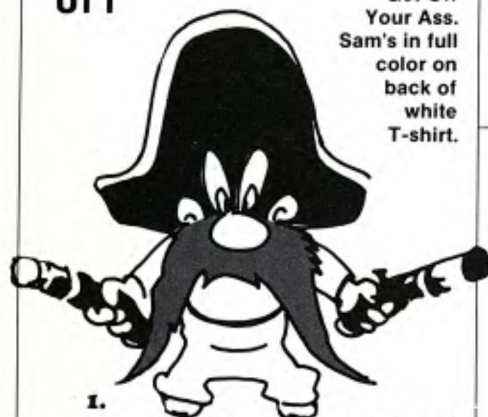
The dog was still in the back of the pickup, whining now, dancing around the pile of used bricks. When Strickland finally walked over to the truck, the dog began to cower and whimper. He reached in and rubbed its muzzle. It was an old dog with gray hair around its nose and Strickland felt sorry for it. I hope they have brains enough to feed it now and then, he thought. Then he opened the hood of the pickup and began ripping out everything he could get his hands on: air cleaner, wiring, dipstick, the works. Next he took out his Barlow and hacked away at the fan belt.

Before Strickland could finish, the cops arrived and the cafe emptied out into the parking lot. Waitresses and cooks stood waving their hands as some of the cops ran into the cafe and then headed over to Strickland. He knew what was being said, what everyone was thinking, what would

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happen. Damn bikers are always causing trouble, they'd say, and the cops would believe them and he'd get busted. It had always been that way. Citizens never believe bikers, they just throw bricks at them.

There was a sergeant standing in front of Strickland now. He was the biggest cop in sight, much bigger than Strickland. Damn, guess I'm still in Texas, he thought.

"That your bike?" asked the cop.

"Yeah, it's mine."

"Can I see some papers?"

Strickland dug in his wallet to find the registration and his license. He handed it over to the cop, who started writing on a big pad of paper. Strickland figured he wouldn't be seeing Eli and the kids for quite a while and he began to count up the bad time he'd have to do — just for protecting himself from some assholes who had tried to kill him for no reason at all. The owner of the cafe was ranting to the cops about having trouble with bikers and pointing to Strickland and the crowd that had gathered.

"Now hold on, Henry," the big cop said. "Why don't you come on over here a second?" He motioned the owner over to his car along with Strickland. The other cops had the three guys from the pickup standing at the back of an ambulance where two white-shirted medics were checking them over. One of them looked like he was pretty bad off and would need more help than they could give him on the spot.

"Now, what the hell happened?" asked the cop. Strickland told his story, about how he was on his way back to California, about working in Florida, about the bricks and bottles and the driver who had come looking for him in the men's room. The cop and the owner of the cafe listened and nodded their heads. Strickland knew they'd never believe him, and the more he talked, the more he thought he'd never see Eli and the kids again.

"Henry, is there any damage to your place?" asked the cop.

"Nothing but a little blood and piss on the floor in the men's room, but that'll mop up," he allowed.

"Then this fellow doesn't owe you anything, right?"

"No, I guess not," was the grudging response.

"Well, thank you, Henry. Why don't you just go on back inside now and get your business going again. We could all use a cup of coffee. I'll take care of this guy." The owner rubbed his hands across his white apron, then turned and walked back to the

cafe. Now it was just between Strickland and the big cop.

"The driver of that pickup has a warrant out on him," said the cop, handing Strickland his license and registration papers. "You know what he's wanted for?" he went on.

"Got no idea," said Strickland.

"Didn't think you did, but he's wanted for armed robbery. That's one dangerous S.O.B. you tangled with," he said. "The other two are almost as bad. I suppose I oughta thank you for nailing 'em down for me, if you know what I mean."

"Happy to help," said Strickland, stunned by what he'd just heard.

"You know, it would probably be best if you just rode on home to California and forgot this whole mess," said the cop.

"It never happened," Strickland answered quietly.

"Technically, I can't do this, but I'll tell you what," said the cop. "I'll radio on ahead and I don't think you'll have any more problems in the state of Texas."

"One thing," Strickland said. "Will you take care of the dog, too?"

"Yeah, we'll take care of the dog," the cop said, beginning to smile.

Strickland kicked the starter once and the seventy-four fired up. He circled slowly out of the lot and shot back onto the highway, still having trouble believing what had gone down, that he was really free. What an incredible first! After he had ridden for an hour, he suddenly realized the pain in his lower back had completely disappeared. He smiled to himself. Guess what I needed was a little exercise, he thought. That, and a second shot. ■

Easyriders



"Sure they're big, but they're ugly."



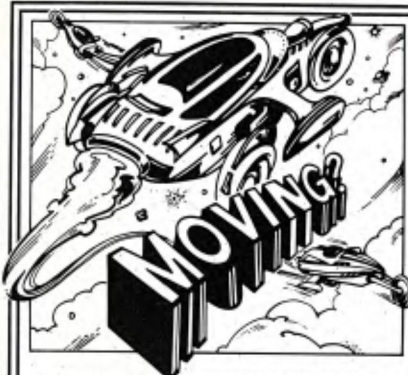
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Picture Perfect

Continued from page 30

while on leave in Saigon. We'd even pumped some of the same cracks, taking turns at easing those Asia blues — but as far as I knew, Cindy was it once we got back to stateside action. Although vice versa wasn't necessarily the case. If Bo Derek is your idea of a 10, then Cindy rates a 20 on yours or anyone else's scale. She was a full-blown nympho to boot! The Roach wasn't blind to the situation; any chick that fine is bound to get offers. He just had a lot of understanding; being his best friend, I was always good for a little happy birthday head, courtesy of the lady. Not to mention Christmas and other assorted holidays. As long as she didn't get too carried away, he looked the other direction. Maybe that was the problem. If he had just snapped a belt or two across that fine ass, it would have saved a lot of heartache all the way 'round and things might have been different for all of us. Unfortunately, that just wasn't his style. Love-light was all that shone from his eyes back then.

Yeah, the Roach and I have seen some changes together in the last dozen years or so. You can't putt all the miles we have, drink from the same bottles, and share the same fights without getting at least a little tight — and that's skipping over the whole service scene and what that action had been about. Maybe you have never had a real bro, and have no idea where I'm coming from. If so, that's your loss. We are wasting each other's time and there isn't anything in this story for you.

Anyhow, there we were on a little personal R&R up in the Dakota territory at Sturgis for their annual bikers' rally. Me, because I'd just discharged a Texas Department of Corruptions dime, and my buddy 'cause his whole life had turned to shit right after my fall. You see, that was the time Cindy had picked to do her number on him. Not only did she dump on him big-time and split with this so-called movie producer sissy from New York; but she also had the balls to help heist "Baby" while it was parked in front of our favorite bar! Partial financing for her would-be debut as porn's new movie queen — at least, that's what I was able to piece together once I got out. Talk about your gut-wrenching, mind-blowing bullshit! Roach hadn't been too stable after his all-expense-paid vacation tour of them rice paddies to begin with, but

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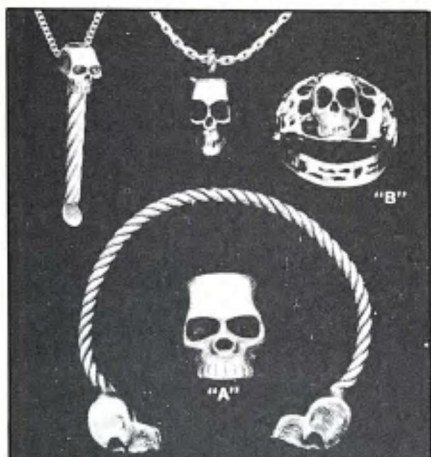
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he'd been maintaining well enough till all that shit came down. Seeing his best friend, ol' lady, and prized wheels all fade to black just proved a little bit too much.

"Baby" was no ordinary scooter. She was the careful mating of a shovel-head top end to a Sporty's bottom half. Throw in a few coats of Imron sprayed to a custom hardtail with a hand-painted Frazetta graphic on the tank and you might have some idea of the sled that slut had ripped him for. Not only were the looks super-righteous, but the thing would run. I'm here to tell you there were damn few bikes of any kind that wanted any part of her when we were out on patrol. Fast was the password on that drill.

The Roach never even reported the loss! Simply folded in on himself and retreated to the unwashed, downed-out and drunken mess I now had on my hands. Except for doing the occasional tat to cover expenses for dope, I don't think Roach had let himself be conscious the whole time I was in stir.

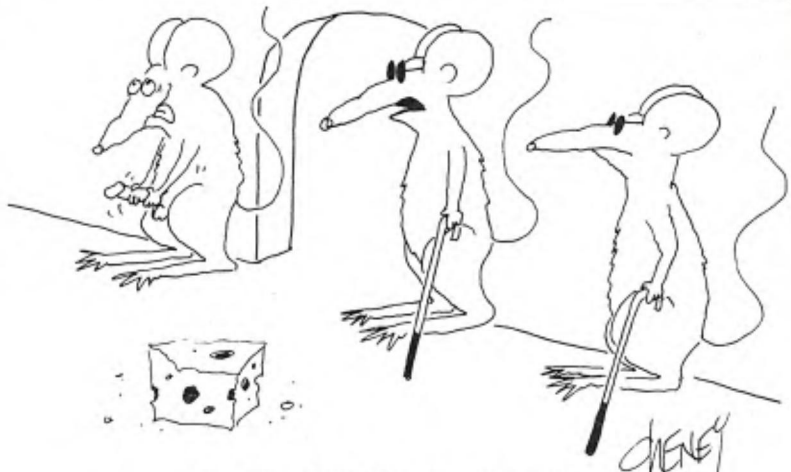
I had hoped that day-tripping out of state for a while and catching the party in the Black Hills of South Dakota would bring both of our attitudes around. At least it was doing me a world of good to be out in the wind again. I just wished that I could say the same for my bro. Even if he was riding a stock AMF, the scenery alone should have been a cure for anyone's blues. I'm not just talking countryside either, though the nature bit was a real kick. I'm talking party time! I'd just done a little profiling on the old panhead

down the main drag — and there were enough fine bikes, righteous ol' ladies, and flowing brew to cure any tramp's ills. As soon as we were parked at the City Park campground and had the tent and gear squared away, it was strictly time-out for the Roach — out as in downed, out for the duration. Hell, I couldn't even interest him in a little tat work to pick up some much-needed loose change. It seemed that, instead of being a cure, all those rides and fine-assed babes were stirring heartaches he wanted to forget. You know, the "shovester" and better times.

That's why I was so surprised to see him up and waiting on me when I got back that afternoon from my little jaunt downtown. "I seen her, Irish," Roach said. "I seen that cum-drunk bitch, and you're gonna help me settle things with her!" Now, anything that could get that kind of fire back into his eyes had to be something awful damned important. The only thing was, who in the world could he be talking about? With all of the shit that he had been pumping through the old system these past few years, visions of anything or anyone were possible. Cindy never even crossed my mind at that point. But sure as tacos and beans cause farts, that was exactly who he'd meant!

Despite her aspirations to be in the movies, she was here now and checked into the local fleabag inn for the August party. After all this time, it looked as if she had come back full circle to her old ways and our kind of people. Then again,

Easyriders



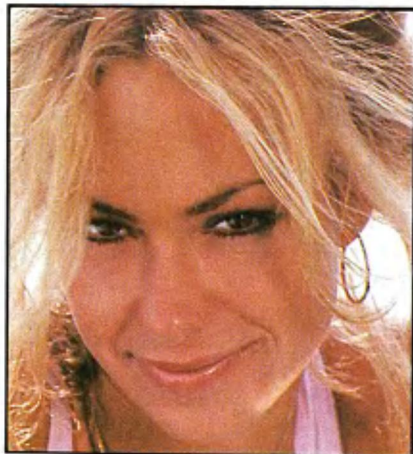
"I'm warning you, Chester — you'd better find a new hobby or you'll end up like us."

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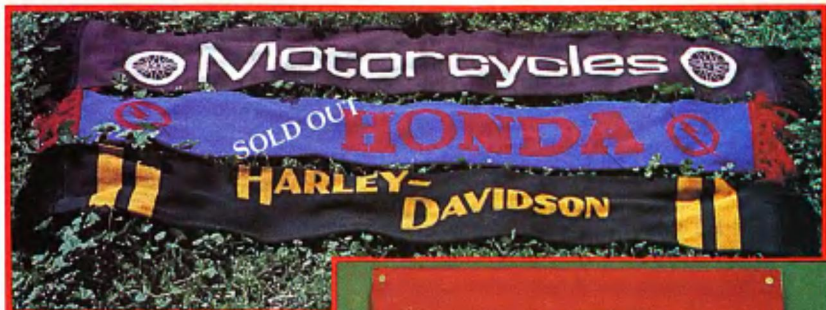
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for all that I fucking knew she had never really left it. The main thing was that my partner had spotted her dog ass on a chance run to pick up a fresh pint or two for himself. Best of all, she hadn't even glanced his way. Not that it probably would have mattered — Roach had racked up so much excess mileage that his own mother would've needed an introduction to her only son.

Naturally, I assumed that he wanted to waste her immediately and had held off only so I could act as backup for him. I was all for offing the whore and whatever asshole she was shacking with, packing with, or just giving a joyride to. Paybacks are a bitch, as anyone on the receiving end of one can testify, and his "ex" had damn well earned hers! So screw the consequences — Roach's self-respect was a whole helluva lot more important than the possibility of a little down time in Dakota.

I'd seriously underestimated my friend's capacity for devious thinking. Knocking her off was too quick and easy for his tastes. Revenge had been a long time coming, and he intended to savor its taste to the max. All those dope dreams had left him with a far more just punishment for her. The plan was simplicity itself. Strongarm tactics would be only a last resort — a little subtle planning was called for here. All I had to do was renew an old acquaintance, then let her own horny vanity, plus the safety of elapsed time, prove her undoing.

Sure enough, a chance meeting in front of Gunner's Lounge was as good as an engraved invitation for a little afternoon delight back at her room. I'd scouted her going into the bar just before lunch; convincing the dude she was with that we had so many old times to talk over was a piece of cake once he caught a clear look at the 3.80 automatic I was packing. She never even favored the flake with another glance. It was just like old times: tits, ass, and mouth working overtime at trying to ease our mutual doubts. Little did she guess — it was one grudge-fuck that was not to be believed. She still had a classic body — *Penthouse* and *Playboy* have graced their pages with worse.

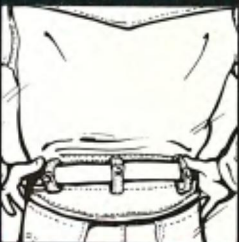
All innocence, too: "Whatever happened to dear Frankie?" Did I still ride with him, or had we lost touch while I'd been in prison? And so forth. I played it off with some bull about Roach's having gone for his last ride, courtesy of a careless

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cage pilot — much to Cindy's obvious relief. What a treacherous bitch! To my way of thinking, anyone who could steal a man's sled was barely a step above a district attorney or a child molester. Especially anyone who had been such an important part of his life as she had. Friends and lovers, right? Fuck, she was the only thing that I ever heard Roach talk about over in 'Nam, besides the ride he was going to build — just as soon as our tour eased off and sent us home. Neither of us was into playing John Wayne — but if you were to ask Frank back then what we were really doing there, Cindy and a future ride called "Baby" would have been the biggest part of his answer. Words fail me.

Well, in between gymnastics on the bed and floor, I had no problem dosing her liquid refreshments, per the plan. The Seconal and booze weren't long in taking effect, either. I guess she had partied pretty hearty back at Gunner's. Easy enough to do with her looks. It would shock the shit out of me to hear that she'd ever had to cough up the coin for her own drinks at a bar.

Tying her down to the bed and gagging her couldn't have been easier. The hardest part of the whole gig was sneaking the Roach into her room safely after I'd gone to get him. I must be getting soft, because I couldn't bring myself to stay and see what the man had planned for her. I left her there, in his more than capable hands, with just a twinge of regret. Something about fucking her, then fucking her over, I guess.

After I left, I kept telling myself



"No — I guess ya can't teach a fuckin' rat to suck cock."

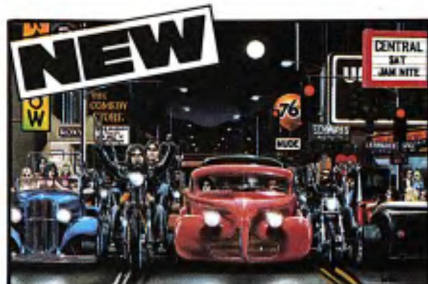


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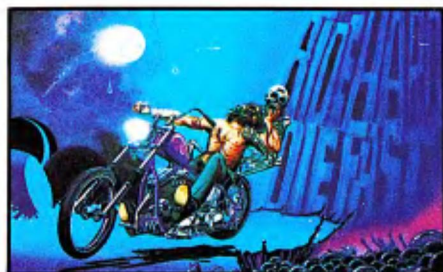
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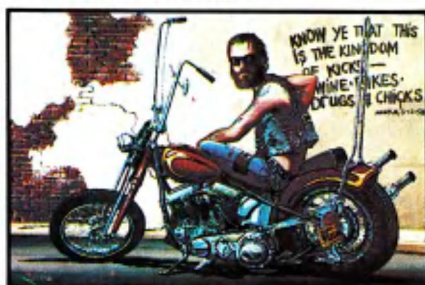
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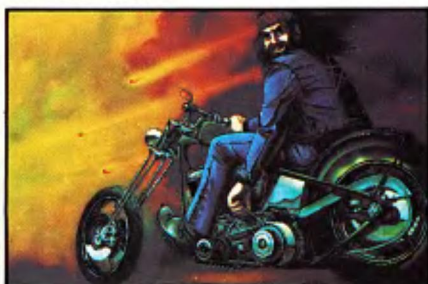
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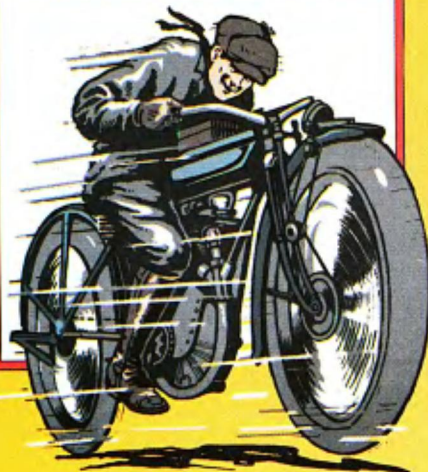
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that whatever was going on between them back at the hotel was long-deserved and necessary. Still, it made for troubled thoughts as I tried to soothe myself in the flow of that night's street action. Then I reminded myself that practically all she and I had talked about that afternoon was her career and where it was taking her. High hopes for the lead in some low-budget skin special was her exclusive topic between laps. For all that Roach or "Baby" had figured in the conversation, they could have been chapters in another life's story. When I'd left, she'd still been snoozing — probably to dreams of celluloid glory or the perfect dick, if I knew her.

I came back the next morning to find my partner passed smooth out, one toke over the line. The cat was dead to the world, and small wonder — no doubt he'd worked Cindy over for hours. I almost cried, though, when I bent over to wake him; the dude was long gone from this world or any other that I knew of. I'd seen enough of the reaper while across the water to read the signs now. Whether he'd accidentally over-celebrated his revenge with one too many pills, or done it intentionally didn't matter now. He'd left his mark on life, both hers and mine.

It was sheer poetic justice, too! Like the old song, "Every Picture Tells a Story." Well, brother, he had damn sure told his. Dig on this: from collarbone to tit-tip to pelvis she was a near solid mass of tattoos! I'm talking words and pictures both, and real artwork at that — no skin graffiti, for the Roach. Cindy may have beaten him for "Baby" and most of his self-respect, but she would carry the highly visible record of it for the rest of her life. A few strokes of ink from his gun, and he'd stolen the only thing she had ever really valued, her looks. Anyone to ever bed the bitch in the future would have more than a little T&A to divert his gaze!

She was awake and crying, and if looks were any sign of the plans she had for me, those weren't tears of joy. As much as I would like to have stayed and consoled her, or sent the Roach off right, that open-road's call was just too strong. I figured that they would both understand my reluctance to linger.

I only hope that Cindy and I never happen into another reunion. We'd have plenty to reminisce about, that's for sure — but I'm not so certain she'd appreciate being viewed as a perfectly beautiful payback! ■

Crystal Chandeliers

Continued from page 54

to light that Count Dracula did.

Comics and skin mags that he read by the dim light of a hurricane lamp littered the bedroom floor. He put on an incredibly stiff dirty robe and walked into the kitchen. There were cigarette butts, soft drink bottles, and the remains of dozens of burger-barf meals covering every available surface. On the floor was a Tonka dump truck, in the bed of which sat a wind-up monkey holding a cymbal in each paw. Mike reached down and wound it tight and as the cymbals banged together, he pushed it across the floor with his big toe, toward the door where Huck was knocking.

"Come in, come in," Mike stood at the door, blinking at the unaccustomed brilliance of the sixty-watt hallway bulb. "And shut the damn door." Huck entered, holding the door open long enough to be able to make out a chair and table, then shutting it and groping his way forward. He fell into the chair, and it creaked its disapproval.

"Mole," he peered around, trying to make him out in the gloom. "I need some mollies, I need some desoxyn, I need some meth, I need any kinda crank and I need it now." The Mole slipped silently into the bedroom and made a big production of opening and shutting drawers and cabinets. After several minutes of this, he reached over to the top of a bedside table and from behind a 64-ounce bottle of R.C. Cola, produced a cigar box. He brought it up front and opened it on the table in front of Huck. Inside were tabs and caps of all sizes, shapes and colors.

"I'll take one of these, two of those, one here, two there, and all told, six." He ate two small white tablets and a black cap and dropped the rest into his jeans pocket. Mole closed the box. Huck dipped back down into his Levi's and produced the roll, peeled off a selection, and turned to go.

"Shut the door behind you," said Mole as he surreptitiously shook the remaining dope into an empty hamburger box. "Don't see how you can face that shit outside. It's a hunner' an' ten if it's a degree, fuckin' sun all in your eyes," he mumbled sleepily at the closed door.

* * *

It was early evening and the unwelcome sun was falling beneath

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the brush country at the outskirts of town as Huck approached the Duscharm mansion. He had changed into his funkier patched Levi's and was wearing his colors open across a chest bearing a green-and-red tattoo of a fat naked woman looking like she had the deepest down-in-the-dump blues. Underneath, in script, was written: "Born Too Loose."

Huck was chewing the insides of his lips as he moved down the road, the speed buzzing in his bloodstream like a hive of bees wild to escape. He spotted the Greek plaster columns of the house situated down a long, landscaped driveway. A line of cars was disgorging passengers at the front entrance. A long black Continental passed him at that moment and he caught a glimpse of a fat chauffeur, stogie in place, staring at him in unconcealed astonishment. The Lincoln swerved slightly, barely missing a ceramic grinning lawn jockey holding out a brass ring. Huck killed the engine and commenced to scratching his head.

"Well, I declare, a party. This ol' shitkicker always done love a pah-ty. Let's everybody pah-ty down." There was no sound to his words, only a low deep chuckle. Obviously the crank had taken hold well; his eyes gave sure evidence of a crazed mind ready for any off-the-wall caper imaginable. He rolled and parked the sled next to a huge mesquite tree in the center of an immaculately kept lawn. Then, as other cages slipped slowly by him, he strode toward the crowd, legs lifting high and strong like a thoroughbred race horse.

As he approached a knot of well-dressed young people, he caught the odor of quality weed. Some slim punk in a polo shirt with an embroidered armadillo, his hair styled, sporting wisps of a wimpy moustache, was toking on a number as thick as Huck's little finger. As he walked on by, he reached out and suddenly plucked the joint from the punk's grasp.

"I'll be thanking you for that, doglip," he mumbled in passing. Not another word was spoken. He saw ahead, at the doorway, a uniformed man smoothly greeting all comers, extending a crooked elbow to guide class bitches up a one-step cement patio that they quite obviously could not have managed in their tight dresses. Huck contemplated providing them a few custom slits along each thigh for comfort and navigation, but then decided

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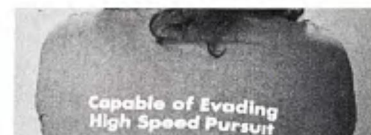


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the time was not ripe. The butler swung his uplifted nose in Huck's direction.

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"Beg on, face, I'm here to visit with Douchebag and his new mama." He was still drawing on the huge joint.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Duscharm is not at home at the present time. And I must request a copy of your invitation, sir."

"Well, now, his mama is my shack mama, so let's not talk about that bitch," said Huck, reaching for the remaining pills and cramming them into his mouth. "And as for invitations, I'll have to take a rain check, dig? 'Scuse me." He walked on toward the door as the butler glanced nervously around, rubbing his hands together and pivoting, his mouth puffing like a fish out of water.

Inside was luxury like Huck had never imagined outside of some adolescent fantasy of a New Orleans whorehouse. Crystal chandeliers, paintings on the wall, marble statues standing stately in the hall — the whole bit. And the party was already in swing. A hidden stereo system played Cat Stevens (fer chrissakes) and people stood around holding tiny cut-glass cups of some creamy pinkish fluid. One by one they noticed him, and conversation momentarily ceased only to resume at a different level, a level that seemed to place him flat and far outside of their comfortable smugness.

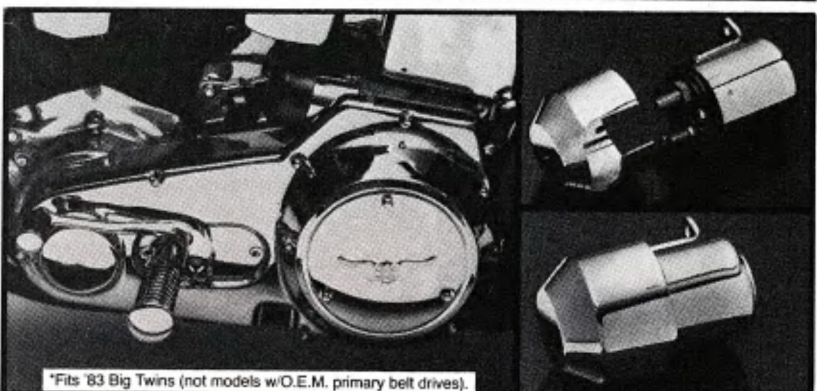
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punchbowl, where people were idly congregated, engaged in casual conversation. As he approached, they melted away. He ignored the teacups but located a quart-size glass pitcher which he dipped into the bowl and filled. He took a long slow swallow that killed half the jug and then spit on the carpet. "Damn!" he said loudly. "Swill. No, on second thought, I wouldn't feed this to my pig. Where's the friggin' bar?" At that moment he spotted it in a corner and, striding over, reached behind it to snatch a fifth each of gin and tequila, which he carried back to the bowl.

"This shit needs spiking." He ripped loose the cap from the gin bottle with his teeth and poured it in, sending the tequila after it. He looked for a moment at the grease spots on his huge hands and then stuck the nastiest one in the bowl and stirred. Then he lifted the bowl to his face and poured out a taste, spilling half of it down his chest. *Belch!* "Better," he said to no one in particular.

He sloppily replaced the bowl and peered around, silently mocking his audience. A woman in slick, tight brown slacks and a brown velour top had moved within reach of the punchbowl. She had blond curled hair that billowed at her shoulders like a Gulf breaker, and breasts of an almost-freakish size. Huck produced a teacup of punch and in a gentlemanly manner, half-bowing, he offered it to her. She shrank back at his gesture, so he stepped in closer and placed it into her hand, at the same time cupping and caressing one of her ponderous titties.

"Have a suck, baby," he smiled. "Lordy, you got tits just like a cow. I declare. I could put one in my mouth and t'other in my ear and play telephone." He heard muffled laughter behind him and then, in the other direction, a distinct voice all too familiar to him. Looking around, he caught sight of Katy and her new ol' man. Sammy Duscharm. They were staring at



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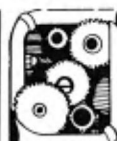
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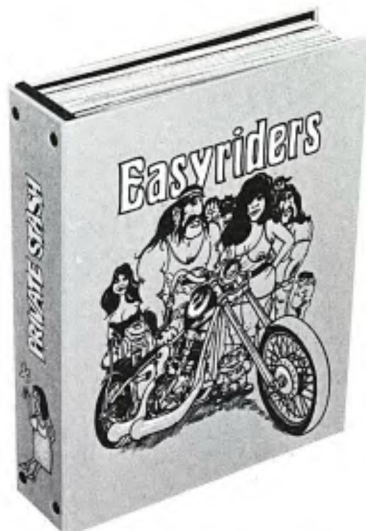
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him disbelievingly, and then back at one another, carrying on a running conversation barely intelligible to Huck, but obvious in its tone of disapproval and disgust. Something broke inside him with a wet plop like a fart and his mind went limp. It seemed that they in turn could sense a change in him, a momentary confusion, a crack in his wall. Duscharm walked up to him boldly, Katy close behind.

"Hey, you must be Huck Mulligan. Pleased to meet you. Hope you find our little party to your liking." He turned to a nearby group of people. "Look here, a genuine motorcycle outlaw, guys." He reached out his hand, and when Huck refused to shake, he grabbed his forearm.

"Hey, man, you want a toot? C'mon over in here." Huck, still half-dazed, allowed himself to be propelled into a small alcove off the main room where pearl-white lines of coke were laid out on an assortment of mirrors advertising foreign and domestic beers. Sammy withdrew a hundred-dollar bill from a roll fat enough to choke a rhinoceros, rolled it tight between his palms and, handing it to Huck, stepped out of his vision and made a tiny unseen hand signal. As Huck bent over to get him a good noseful, his mind running forty-eleven different ways, two men carrying baseball bats slipped quietly into the room. They began working him about the head with the fat ends of their Louisville Sluggers and he had only time and sense enough to whirl drunkenly and snatch a handful of upper-class balls before going under the dark waters of unconsciousness, taking grim satisfaction in one eunuch's cry of pain as he made a desperate attempt to separate the jewels from their owner.

It was a world gone insane when Huck finally surfaced. Lights, red, blue and white flashed around him and a near-deafening noise drummed against the pain in his head like the worst possible hangover magnified a hundred times. Where the fuck am I, he thought. Voices and laughter buzzed in and out of his consciousness like insects. And real insects of many varieties sampled his body from head to foot, guests at an unexpected banquet. He tried to move, but found that he was constrained at every limb. Only his neck and head would move and as he raised up, his eyes, which he had thought were open, snapped into awareness. He saw overhead a huge brilliantly



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lit green sign. It said: *Carbon Plant Road 1 mile*. What the hell?

Something was itching between his legs. He peered across his belly and discovered he was buck-naked, his nuts and dong draped over the seat of his Hog. He was spread-eagle on top of his own bike, tied at all four extremities, naked to the world at God-knows-what midnight hour in the median strip of I-37! And people were laughing. And that light — the red and blue variety — why, it was coming at him from a parked cruiser alongside. Huck groaned, "Oh, shit." Now he heard the voices more clearly, smug, dumb, self-satisfied police voices.

"Well, shit, George, he's comin' to. Reckon we should cut it off?"

"Naw, hell, no. I bet he'll never get it up again after this. Do we really have to take him in? This's too much fun. Let's leave him like this till morning."

"Shit, it's tempting — but they'd have our asses. Naw, cut him loose and throw this blanket over him and get him into the back seat. Looks like a solid case of indecent exposure. Damn, indecent as all hell." A sloppy-fat hunk of a cow began to work at his bonds, still chuckling and sputtering a mouthful of the usual ignorant cop twaddle. Anger, deep and lasting, began to burn within Huck. He wished with all his being he could merely spring up, reach down and scratch his itching nuts and be on his merry way.

"Don't worry, punk," the other cop grinned, "we'll haul your heap in real slow and careful and you can pick up what's left of it after you talk to the judge."

The Gypsy Lounge was wall-to-wall, asshole-to-elbow jammed up and loud. In a corner at floor level, a three-piece band pushed out raw boogie, unpolished but pure, and the beat was there. Huck stood at the bar surrounded by brothers and their ol' ladies swaying and bumping and giggling, each choking down his or her personal poison.

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Huck reached for his own and stared glumly at the evening paper in front of him, which Crip had kindly opened to the society section. The picture was framed in black: Miss Katherine Davis is proud to announce her upcoming marriage to Samuel P. Duscharm — blah, blah — the couple will be leaving in two weeks to honeymoon in the Caribbean. . . Huck couldn't decide whether to puke or go blind, so he did neither and stared on, dead to the noise and laughter and music and partying, sipping his boilermakers.

After an interval of anywhere from thirty seconds to a half hour in his thinking, the world around him began once again to intrude. He wadded up the rag and threw it in Crip's direction. Hell, he couldn't be mad with Crip or anyone else, really. He was the one who had contacted the bros to get up his bail — and how could he complain? Here he was among friends, getting high, good sounds and all, with the other shit a million miles away. Still, the anger was like a live coal in his guts.

The band ended their break song with an odd, bent major ninth chord and broke for the bar, and once again conversation was audible. Huck turned slightly to his left and was amazed to find an Amazon pushed up against his shoulder.

The amazing part was she seemed alone, unattached, and by God, he thought, she was extra-fine, super-fine granulated sugar. Straight blond hair, middle-parted, hung all the way to an incredibly ripe round ass molded into faded jeans.

Medium-large breasts, the stand-up kind, threatened to spill out of her skimpy tank top. She stood a good five-ten, and every inch spelled sex. Her lips were a bright-red gash and formed in a way that gave rise to all sorts of obscene fantasies. "Mama," Huck breathed, "what can I do for you? Or vice versa?" She frowned.

"Can the line, Jack. It's hopeless."

"Well, shit, I can dream, can't I?"

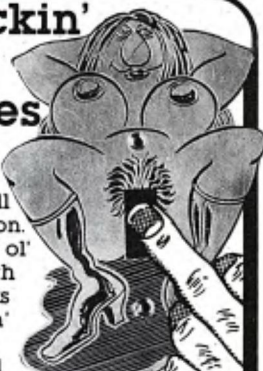
His grin was hard-won, he almost had to force it by sheer muscle power, but once there it shone like sunrise in the dim, smoky half-light. She couldn't help but grin in return.

"It would turn into a nightmare," she smiled back. "I got the sickness, man, and I got it three ways from Sunday. I'm out of circulation for a good long while and I'm doing you the favor of warning you out front."

Huck winced at the waste he was eyeballing and his smile faded.

"That's a damn shame, a real shame," he mumbled. "Lemme buy you a drink, though. Crip's rotgut just might be the cure." He signaled

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for a round. "Crip, give this here crip what she wants."

She looked Huck dead in the eye as she ordered, "Double Black Jack, no ice. Penicillin on the side." All three broke up, and slowly the light returned to Huck's eyes.

"Let's take it out on the patio, darlin'," he said when Crip returned with the drinks. "I got another proposition might be worth your while." The barkeep watched as Mulligan wrapped an arm around her waist and led her outdoors. He shook his head. There was something weird in the air, and it wasn't the funny-smelling smoke drifting blue among the bar lights. No.

A week later, Huck Mulligan sat hunched over a barstool in the same old spot, nursing a beer and every five minutes turning to look in expectation at the door. The jukebox was playing and a couple of bros were shooting eight ball along the side wall, but otherwise, it was another empty, early Saturday-afternoon scene. Crip was polishing glasses and glancing up nervously

every time Huck turned to the door. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Hey, man, what's up? What's coming down? No trouble, huh?"

"Just payback, my friend. . . and as you know, payback is a bitch." Huck smiled easily. The world was mellow. He'd drawn a suspended sentence and small fine on the arrest, which had been busted down to disorderly conduct. His jeans bulged with money and his mind was at ease, aided not a little by the Mole's latest shipment from points south. He turned once more and almost leaped to his feet as Theresa, the blond from the week before, shook it through the door.

"How'd it go, baby?" he asked eagerly as he fondled her butt and nibbled at her earlobe. She laughed and waited to reply until Crip had placed the drinks in front of them and ambled back to his station.

"Like a charm. He fell hook, line and sinker. I went down to his shit-wipe factory begging for a job, started coming on to him, then let him taste the blow and we were on the couch with the doors locked in

ten minutes — at most. If I didn't give him a good dose then, well — I arranged for an encore later that evening at my crib when Katy was out shopping for her trousseau." Her laughter was like bells. "Why, you know, he ain't worth a fuck in the sack. Quick on the trigger and short-horned to boot. What now?"

"Well, baby, now we just let nature take her course. Yeah, for now. And meanwhile, you get your fine ass over by the croaker soon and get fuckin' good and well. We got us some catching up to do." ■



"Federal cutbacks — we can't afford to eat dogfood anymore. How do you feel about eating dogshit?"

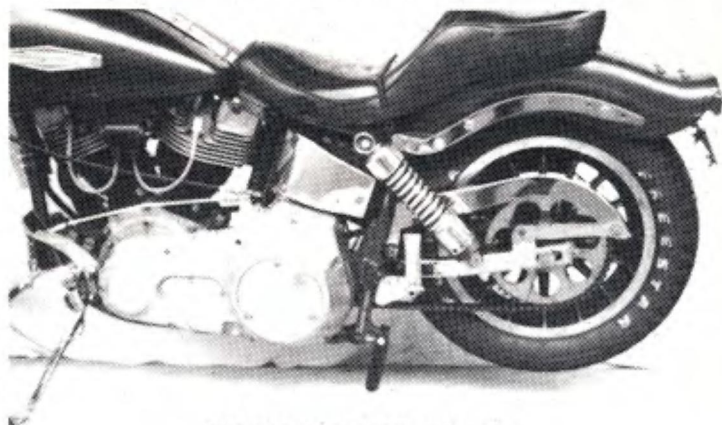
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Save Harley

Continued from page 27

increase import tariffs (taxes) on Japanese motorcycles for the next five years — 45 percent the first year, 35 percent the second year, 20 percent the third year, 15 percent the fourth, and 10 percent the fifth.

This recommendation was forwarded to President Reagan on February 1. Under the law, he must decide whether to accept it as it stands, reject it completely, or modify it by April 1. The time is growing short; as you read this the President has at best weeks, maybe only days, in which to make his decision.

The time is also growing short for Harley. Company directors, many of whom invested their life savings to buy the company back from AMF two years ago, don't shrink from laying the hard facts on the line. Without some outside restraint being placed on the Japanese manufacturers, Harley would, they say, "find it difficult to withstand a prolonged battle with Japanese competitors intent on unloading excess machines at little or no profit."

What we're talking about here, bros, is survival. We're talkin' about whether Harley is going to be pulled onto Uncle Sam's lifeboat or forced to keep swimming a few lengths ahead of the oriental sharks — and the life preserver is in Ronald Reagan's hands.

At this writing, late in January,

we have no hint as to what the President will decide. To the best of our knowledge, he's never publicly spoken on this issue. We do know, however, that officeholders faced with a tough decision like to know how their constituents feel about the subject at hand. So, if you'd like to let President Reagan know your feelings, check out the article called "Cast Your Vote To Save Harley" on page 27.

As you can imagine, it was not easy for a company as fiercely independent as Harley-Davidson to seek outside support in its fight for survival.

"We have gone to the government as a last resort," Harley public relations director Bob Klein has said. "Unlike some other industries that have asked for help without first helping themselves, we've turned the company around so we can compete. . .

" . . . Nor can our action be construed as a 'bailout.' Harley-Davidson would receive absolutely no government (read taxpayer) funds under this action. We don't want a financial bailout, nor do we need one. We are simply asking for an orderly market. We foresaw increased Japanese competition and began doing the things that were necessary to improve our product quality, performance, and reliability, as well as streamline our operations."

Among the items Klein proudly points to as being key to Harley's



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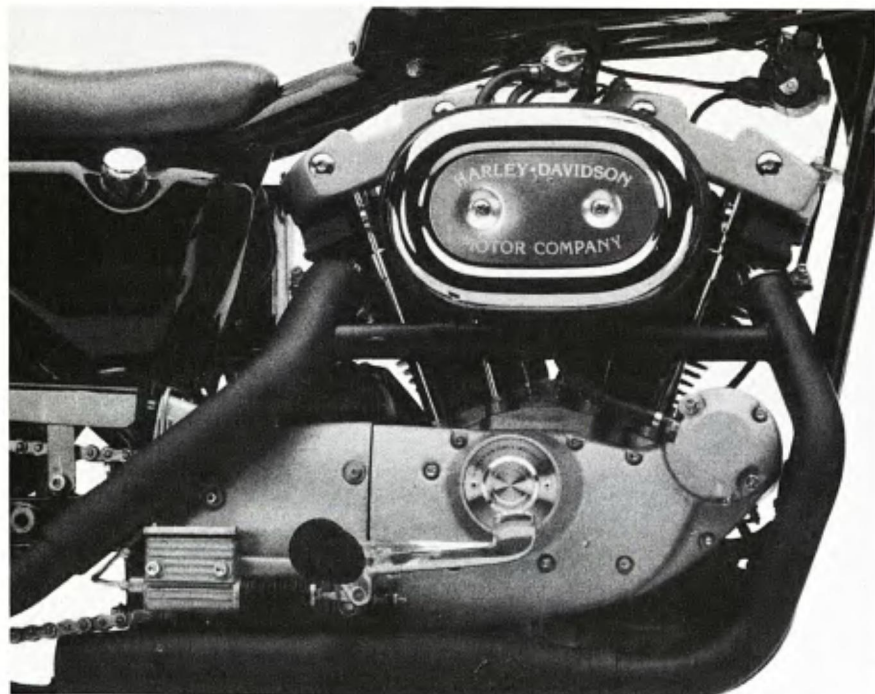
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internal turnaround, are a "quality-circles program" in which assembly-line workers are actively involved in planning product improvements, a highly advanced "materials as needed" program which greatly reduces the amount of parts that need to be warehoused by the factory, a product research and development investment rate (as a percentage of sales) approximately double the U.S. average, and the spending of \$125 million in improving the quality of its product.

Because of these improvements in product quality and operating efficiency — and because of layoffs involving 1600 workers — Harley, Klein says, has reduced its break-even point from 53,000 bike sales per year to 35,000.

All these gains, however, have been negated by a massive Japanese effort to flood the U.S. with 750cc and larger bikes that look like Harleys and appeal to the same type of riders as do Harleys.

In his testimony before the ITC, Vaughn Beals related how recent Japanese styling efforts have attempted to capitalize on Harley's hard-won reputation.

"Harley-Davidson," Beals testified, "has been closely identified with the 'V' engine configuration since 1909. Harley's stock-in-trade has been masculine styling and image. This image was conveyed through the appearance and sound of the engine, though styling features, such as the teardrop-shaped gas tank, pull-back handlebars, low seat, fat rear tire... as well as the company's advertising."

Beals went on to cite some other Harley styling innovations — the black-motif Cafe Racer of 1977, the factory-custom Low Rider, and the

full-factory dresser — and then detailed how the four big Japanese manufacturers have attempted to copy each one.

"Prior to 1977," he testified, "motorcycles produced by the Japanese companies had none of these elements of typical Harley styling. Instead, they all turned out motorcycles of a very different design (from Harley's) that was so con-

"Japanese imitation of our products has encompassed every aspect of our styling and advertising . . ."

— Vaughn Beals

sistent from one Japanese company to another that the trade press began calling them 'UJM's' or Universal Japanese Motorcycles. They generally had engine configurations with cylinders in either in-line or horizontally opposed positions, straight seats, wire wheels, a boxy fuel tank and very little style.

"By 1978, however, we began seeing Japanese motorcycles that incorporated some of the typical Harley styling features... carrying names such as 'Low Slingers,' 'Customs,' or 'LTDs.' These models incorporated Harley's stepped seat, pull-back handlebars and teardrop-shaped gas tank."

Beals noted that the trend toward imitation became even more pronounced by 1980, citing the Yamaha Midnight Special, which he called "a direct copy of our Cafe Racer."

"The imitation of the Harley motorcycles reached a new level in 1981," Beals told the ITC, "when the Japanese began to introduce models that incorporated the traditional 'V' configuration engine as well as the Harley styling. The first was... the Yamaha Virago... it is obvious from looking at this model why the Virago is sometimes called (and advertised as) a 'Yamaharley'."

"In 1982, Honda continued this pattern with the introduction of two 750cc 'V' engine models. One of those models, the V-45 Magna, is a virtual carbon copy of Harley's XL Sportster... this model is now available in an identical 1100cc version."

Beals noted that Honda, with the introduction of the Interstate in 1980, took direct aim at the classic Harley dresser right down to "the very specialized styling touches and two-tone color scheme on Harley's classic touring motorcycles."

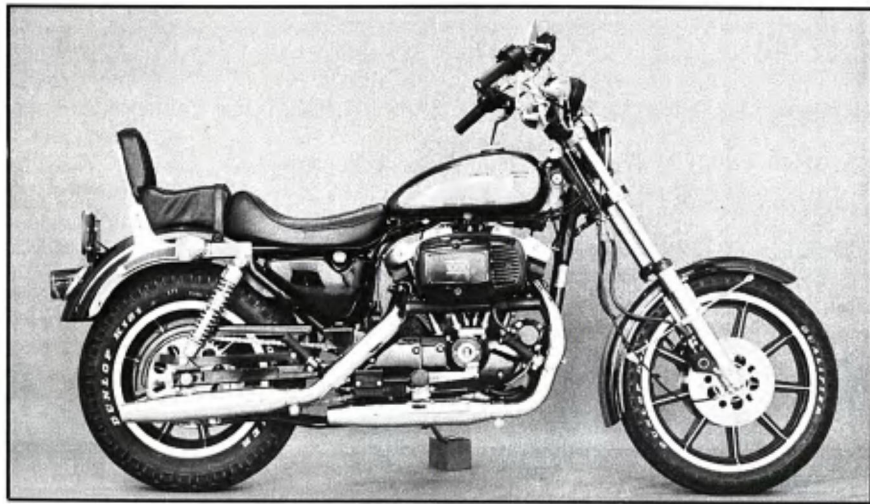
Beals also showed members of the committee how recent advertisements for Japanese bikes have aimed "directly at Harley's areas of strength."

"In the past," he pointed out, "Japanese heavyweights were usually advertised in what we would call a sterile setting. By contrast, the setting for a classic Harley ad — typically a bar, cafe, truck stop or pool hall — accentuated the masculine image of the Harley motorcycle." Now, Beals pointed out with the use of color slides, many of the Japanese ads are almost indistinguishable from Harley's.

"In sum," Beals said, "the Japanese imitation of our products has encompassed every aspect of our styling and advertising. Moreover, it is clear from the new product announcements that the Japanese are intensifying their copying efforts. For 1983, Honda and Yamaha alone have introduced six new 'V' engines... in addition, three new dresser models have been introduced. *Cycle* magazine was so astonished by the degree of similarity between Honda's 1983 750 V-twin model and the Harley XLH Sportster that it described this new Honda as a Harley-Davidson 'signature model.'"

Beals, and the rest of his team at Harley, would be the last to say that other manufacturers, from whatever country, shouldn't be free to build whatever kind of bike they want — it's the way these pseudo-Harleys are being marketed that they say is greedy, immoral and wrong.

"We estimate that the Japanese



have an unsold inventory equal to a two-year supply already warehoused and in dealer showrooms in the U.S. The situation is so severe that Japanese motorcycle dealers in this country are telling the manufacturers they represent that they simply cannot accept any more machines. While we have already seen some priced-oriented promotions from the Japanese, we know that the pressure to unload their excess inventory that is building up across the country means the real onslaught is yet to come.

"We think we have cause to be concerned after watching how the Japanese are conducting 'fire sales' to unload similar inventories of such things as cameras and videotape recorders and the destruction they've caused in those markets."

Supporting his contention, Beals cited figures compiled by the Japanese manufacturers themselves which state that inventories of their products in the U.S. increased from 11,000 units in 1977 to 73,000 units in 1982.

"They report," Beals said, "that they permitted inventories to increase by 70 percent in the last year alone. . . despite the fact that their 1982 sales were off nearly 50 percent from the 1980 level."

According to Beals, the huge inventory maintained by the Japanese has led to price wars that have resulted in Harley dealers' profits being slashed in half, Harley's share of the heavyweight market decreasing by a third, and Harley's being able to operate at only 51 percent of capacity.

Beals also pointed out that the Japanese have a history of maintaining artificially low prices in order to be able to buy into a market and take it over — after they dominate it, the prices start to go up. "For example," he said, "the price of Japanese automobiles in this country increased almost 80 percent since 1977. . . Japanese motorcycle prices rose only 40 percent. . . Either the Japanese motorcycle industry has found some magical way to hold their production costs to half of what the Japanese auto industry encounters, or they are controlling the price of their motorcycles to dominate foreign markets."

This problem, interestingly, is not confined to the United States. According to articles in the international trade press, 17 European bike importers plan to ask Japanese manufacturers to voluntarily cut exports to Europe. Even in Japan, in

fact, the issue of unfair competition in the motorcycle market is a hot one and the magazine *Japan Cycle Press* has editorialized against manufacturers holding "dumping sales" in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Though price wars might at least seem to benefit the consumer, such benefits are short-lived. "Drastic price cutting, based on inventory

***"The Japanese (manufacturers) are exporting unemployment — and that is not free trade."
— Sen. Robt. Kasten***

desperation, produces profit margins that are thin, nonexistent or negative," Bob Kelen says. "This leads to weakened dealerships that are unable to provide proper service after the sale, business failures (U.S. businesses!), a rapid decline in loan collateral and resale value of motorcycles. . . the consumer may get a temporary bargain, but comes out a loser if the dealer can't turn a reasonable profit."

Though the ultimate decision in this particular case will be made by the President, Harley's straightforward presentation of the facts has already earned them some friendship and respect in high places.

"There is probably no other company in this country that has made such a substantial effort over such a wide area of operations as Harley-Davidson. . . the employees and management at Harley-Davidson

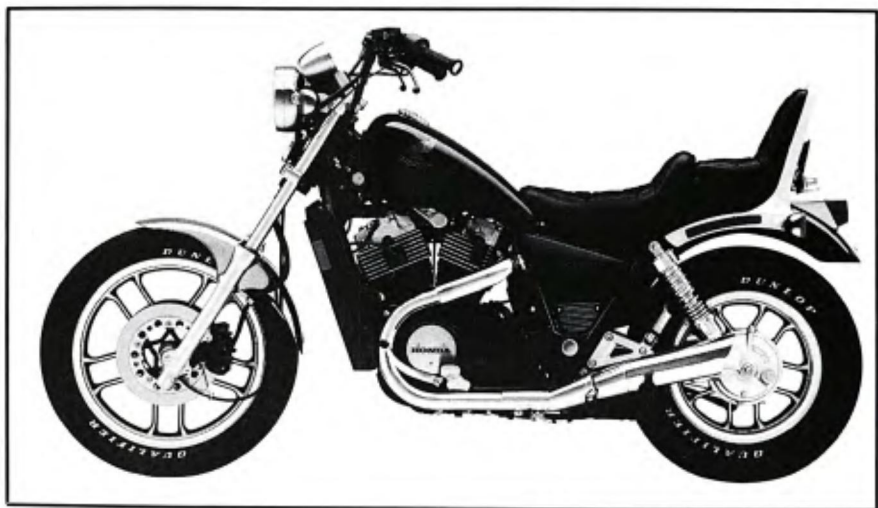
have virtually rebuilt the company from the ground up," U.S. Rep. Clement Zablocki testified before the ITC.

"Four of Japan's major manufacturers have taken direct aim at Harley's heavyweight motorcycle market," Sen. William Proxmire commented. "I believe we have to face the fact that the success of a free and open market system depends on the participating parties playing by the same rules. Our concept of an open market — a concept embodied in our law and beliefs — is that competition must be carried out by individual companies, acting alone. . . Harley-Davidson's individual actions to help itself provide a clear example of how an American company competes in the United States."

Sen. Robert Kasten was even more blunt. "If our government does not move to establish a trade environment based on fair competition in a realistic marketplace, the demise of Harley-Davidson and other progressive American industries is soon to follow."

"The Japanese motorcycle manufacturers, rather than laying off their own workers, are maintaining high levels of production while exporting the bulk of that production to the United States," Kasten charged. "In other words, the Japanese are exporting unemployment — and that is not free trade."

The issue is far from settled, but as Beals and his bros might point out, their official symbol, the indomitable American eagle, has also been counted out — considered dead, extinct — a time or two itself, and yet it has always come back from the brink to soar again — majestic and alone. —Trampo



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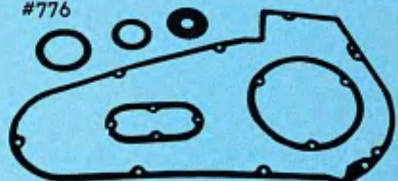
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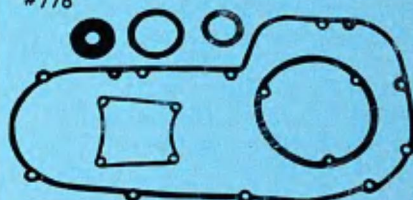
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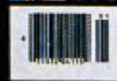
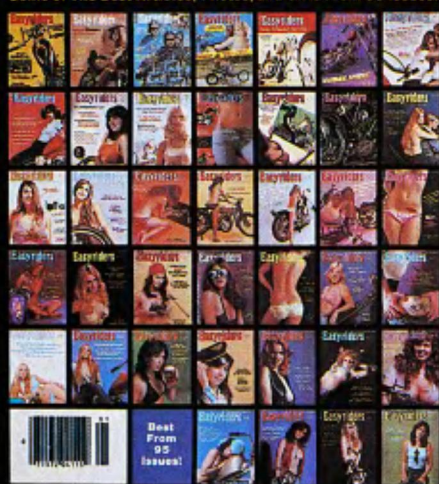
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Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip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

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

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

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

Tattooing supplies: World's finest Tattoo Equipment®. This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog—U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (130)

Pins and Patches Unlimited: Club logos, free estimates. Wholesale pins also available (dealers only). P.O. Box U, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2 1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1 3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle). For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents add 6%. Palsano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (120)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2 x 11 wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (120)

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send \$8, plus \$1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered to Coco Company, P.O. Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (120)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, P.O. Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181.

For sale: Lots in small towns, all have electricity, \$75 to \$600 each; some with houses, \$350 to \$4500; also some small acreages. For complete pictures, maps, details on all property, send \$2.00 to "Owner", Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. (121)

Doing time; another 4 1/2 years to go. Will draw your portrait from your clear, close-up photo (head and shoulders only). Send photo and \$10 (money order only) payable to "Joseph Roberge #C-31954 and Calif. Dept. of Corrections." Send them to Joseph Roberge, Box 2000 N-216-L, Vacaville, Calif. 95696. (120)

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

White men, fight! The future can be yours if you have the guts to fight it. Join us now. S.S. Action Group, P.O. Box 505, Westland, Mich. 48185. (120)

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

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)

You: Bro who rides and smells the wind along the way, 6', 180 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. Full of fire in this business of life. Are you dedicated and sincere? Want it returned? Whatcha waiting on? David Sidener #17175, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (119)

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

Hey, foxes and ladies: genuine roadrunner trapped down in a Louisiana hole. No daylight, send me a little sunshine by mail. All will be answered. Flicks in first letter appreciated. Don Fontenot #85666, Magnolia 3, Angola, La. 70712. (119)

"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. (119)

Wild, reckless, sexy ladies—free to travel. Call Tracy, 1-(312) 262-9800. Box 59238, Chicago, Ill. 60659. (120)

Swingers want single guys! Wild swinging action for singles nationwide. Melinda, (312) 274-9600. Box 300-S, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (120)

Doing time; 30, 5'5", handsome, single w/m. Need Humboldt County, California, chicks to make it right, so write Phil Jones, Box 30-#2659, Pendleton, Ind. 46064. (119)

Man wants mature female. I'm white, 30, in prison; we'll get into everything else later. Photos are good, both ways. Bo Bolender #072923-183107, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (120)

Kenney: We've had our ups and downs the past five years, but I wouldn't have it any other way. I'll wait for you forever if I have to. Hope they release you soon. As long as I'm alive, you'll always be loved. Forever, Yvonne. (119)

Help! Lonely sailor, 26, 6'1", 180 lbs. Has six more months of sailing in the Mediterranean before going home to Austin, Texas, in June of '83. Like to hear from girls in and around Texas. Maybe start relationship later. Kids okay. David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (119)

High price of beer getting you down? Try my "Prohibition-era" homebrew formula. Costs less than \$1 a gallon to make and is guaranteed to float like a butterfly and kick like a mule. Made from ingredients found in your own pantry. Send \$3 to Pete Robertson, Box 770, Shelby, Miss. 38774. (119)

Attention: Mademoiselles, jeune filles, femmes, señoritas, frauleins, ladies, lasses, women, birds, chicks. Try something different today: meet a prisoner! American male, considered attractive, 28, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Desires close friendship with intelligent, open, fun, sincere females who love life. Photo appreciated. Reply assured. David Bass #89388, Hunt C.C., Fox-5-D, Box 174, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (119)

Angel: I love you always. Ride free and easy. Forever your old lady in spirit. Wendy. (119)

Pat Mac: Three years happy and still lovin'. Someday we'll be together in the wind, alone. Love to Daddy, Chubby Bear, and Scooter Bug. I love you, babe. Your ol' lady. (119)

Char: Happy would-be anniversary, 6/12/83. I miss you very much. Need you in the wind with me. Ernie D. (119)

Buck Rogers: You worthless rat. You are the worst kind of scum the Army has: a back-stabber. You never gave me a chance from the moment I set foot in RI. To hell with you and that rat-faced stooge of yours. The bro is down but not out. The guy you never gave a chance. (119)

Pops: It couldn't be '82. It won't be '83. How about '84? Love, Kitten. (119)

Join the Tattoo Club of the Confederacy. Read Tattoo Life Magazine, full-color tattoo pictures. Send \$30, U.S.; \$35, Canada; \$40, Europe; and \$42.50 all others to: Tattoo Life Magazine, 110 Indian Alley EZ, Winchester, Va. 22601. (125G)

Fantasy Tattoo Studio: Fine, detailed work. Single-needle "your specialty," or multiple-needle work. Also specializing in covering or remodeling crude or poor tattooing. Call for appointment. (805) 487-0366, 2602 Ventura Rd., Oxnard, Calif. 93030. (125G)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium, 4390 S. Archer Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60632. (312) 376-8119. (119)

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

"The Tattooists," oversized hardcover book featuring interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their art. "A must for every fan." Tattoo News. "A bargain." Fetish Times. "In-depth exploration of tattoo art." Los Angeles Times. Send \$35, plus \$1 postage, to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. Calif. residents add 6% tax. Photographs featured in Easyriders.

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (130)

Pops: Happy 21st birthday, 5/4. I love you very much—and hope I get the chance to show you "a lifetime." Yours forever, Kitten. (119)

Become someone else. New identity will hide your past. Forget problems. Free details. Nu-Way Publishing, Box 919, Dept. 18 (E), Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197. (119)

Jimmie: Happy birthday, 4/26. I hope we will always be Harley buddies in the wind forever. Love, Karen. (119)

Meet sexy girls, your area, for dates. Juliet F., Ft. Garland, Colo. 81123-0018. (118)

Man down with 4. Will write all ladies who give a shit. Chuck McAleer, C52127, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600. (119)

Lonely '55. Needs correspondence from older mature lady. Kids okay. Getting out in November. Write Nathaniel Sims #79098, Kentucky State Reformatory, Lagrange, Ky. 40032. (119)

Debbie: Haven't heard from you since I dropped you off in San Diego, from Yuma, in January '82. FTG, Chazz Yarbrough, USS New Jersey (BB-62), FA Division, FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96688. (119)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Sally Warren, Salt Lake, 1980. Drove red T-bird with white top and had Jap bike. Worked at Auto Parts Mfg. Co. Have her contact Lew Chandler #08632-076 FPS, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134. A fine lady I need to find. Thunder only happens when it's raining. (119)

House mouse wanted, Kids okay. Send photo and phone to Ray Lippert, Box 2252, Provo, Utah 84603. (119)

Wanted: Pretty, mature Jewish girl, 20-30, to correspond with. Good-looking, Harley-riding man, 27, Jaffe, 3rd A.E., S/S P.R., c/o Keystone, 313 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106. (119)

C.W.: Get in touch right away, vitally urgent! Your #1 brother forever, D.I. (119)

Are there any sincere ladies out there? If so, drop me a line, I'm 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., doin' time. Kenny Del Guidice, Box G, Wallkill, N.Y. 12589. (119)

Lonely Michigan dude down in Colorado. Needs to hear from sincere ladies. Pictures would be slick. Neil Price, Box 600-43563, Canon City, Colo. 81212. (119)

Absolutely free, or donation. All-purpose dating service. Call (405) 282-1981. (119)

Jena Girl: It's time again, please hurry. Call collect, day or night. Krazy. (119)

Wanted: Early-model shovelhead in running or near running condition. Will pay cash and pick up. Reply to Jeff, Box 269, Huntington, Mass. 01050. (119)

Three downed bros need letters and flicks from righteous chicks. Write to: Jim "Goon" McKinney, Dan "Smack" Alix, and Irv Schultz. All letters answered, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933. (119)

Super tit-freak, got it bad. Lookin' for ol' lady of any description—but must have one wallopin' big setta milkers. Photo and phone to Rob't., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (119)

'83—the year of "Ones" Rainbow Mrs. C.A.C. III. (119)

All Brother Two Wheelers MC: I heard from Gypsy Grampa Star- rider, and have found out that the longer he's down, the less he hears from his bros and family. He's done a helluva lot for a shitload of you fuckers when you needed it. So get off your asses and write. Clifford Sinclair #286515, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (119G)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000-plus per year. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 4630. (119)

Susan Lee Stebler, Rhonda Jean Henry, or anyone who knows where they can be found—contact Jack Brooks, Box 3747, Landers, Calif. 92284. (119)

Susie: It's been a long ten years. I hope not too long for me to know our son, Eric, Jack. (119)

Escape to freedom: Panhead-riding loner, Aquarian, 34, 6'1", 170 lbs., securely employed. Still searching for that elusive, special lady. Someone to share a total commitment to a unique alternate life-style. Must be equally loving, possessive, and free from distractions, to enjoy the good life as a partner and appreciate beating the system at its own game, with its own rules. Recent photo appreciated. Telstar, Box 858, McLean, Va. 22101. (120)

Ladies, 18-40: Good-looking w/m, 35, brown hair, blue eyes, 6 foot, 180 lbs. Looking for a serious relationship. Been down fourteen years—don't need pity, just caring and sharing with sharp, liberal lady. May be free soon? Professional artist, biker, lover, Libran. Kids okay; no heavies or game players. Send pics if possible. Ralph C. Rivello #224206, West Tent #9, Route 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (119)

Notice to all open-minded, adventurous ladies. Short-timer bro seeks correspondence and photos for unlimited relationship. Write to Bobby Hallaj, P.M.B. #81196, Angola, La. 70712. (119)

East Coast collection of motorcycle swap meet posters and fliers, approximately 30 pieces, \$10; also Harley-Davidson titles only to scrapped motorcycles, \$200 each. Henry Johnson, Box 934, Beltsville, Md. 20705. (124)

W/m, 20, 6'1", 175 lbs., Marine, in California till February '84. Love Harleys, partyin', and good times. Want to meet women to ride with. Send letters and pictures. Will answer all. John Cook, Mar Det, USS Enterprise, PFO San Francisco, Calif. 96636. (119)

Biker, sailor, w/m, 26, 150 lbs., easy-going. Libra. Lookin' for mellow lady, 20+, to putt, party and enjoy life together. Rugrats okay. No heavy drugs or attitudes. Patience and intelligence appreciated. Will send flicks for flicks. R.R.H., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (119)

To my son, Harley: Happy birthday, 3/28: and you, too, sweetheart, 3/20. I love you and miss you both very much! Rusty. (119)

Robyn: Thank you for making this past year the happiest year of my life. I know we'll have many more. So, here's to H-D, JD, and you and me. Happy anniversary on February 22nd, I love you, Kenny. (119)

Gwennie and Lennie: Summer of '83 is gonna come alive; gonna Harley-hammer down and fuckin' ride! Your brother and sister, Jon and Dana Ruetz, Montpelier, Ohio. (119)

Ice man: There's still no one like you. I'll be beside you all the way, 'cause I love ya. Happy birthday to my one and only. Your Boo Boo. (119)

W/m, 34, 5'6", 135 lbs., brown hair, beard. Employed, school part-time, listen to rock and roll and mellow music. Has good attitude adjustment and positive attitude toward life—one day at a time. Rides! Seeks woman under 32. No overweights, games, quitters, switch-hitters, druggies or pot smokers. Social drinkers okay. Objective: whatever we decide. Send letter/picture and phone number to Charles G. Godfrey, 54 Greenwich Street, Apt. 3L, Hempstead, N.Y. 11550. No b-s'ers apply. It all comes out in the wash. (119)

Timber wolf-cross puppies make righteous pets—large, loyal, fearless. Excellent guards. Information \$3. Trey's Wolve Kennel, 9046 Hawbottom, Middletown, Md. 21769. (301) 371-5536. (119)

Mr. Party and the Melbourne, Fla., gang: Thanks for the great time! You people are 100-percenters and the partyingest people I've ever met! Next time, after the edge shifts, the foot is on me! Willy, Houston, Tex. (119)

Paul B. (My Grizzly Bear): Happy 2nd, Jan. 2, I'm late as usual, but not with my love. You're the best ol' man I've ever had. I'll love you forever. Your house mouse, B.J. (119)

White man 28, in shape, and in the wind most of the time. Looking for white, rich, pretty, one-man woman to take care of me. Send photo, address, and a rundown on yourself to Woody, 1012 Figueroa St., Folsom, Calif. 95630. (119)

Two w/m doing time in Florida. Would like to correspond with some ladies out there. Write Edward Charles #008531, and John Messer #028896, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628. (119)

J.P.: Happy birthday, 2/22. You are the best ol' man an ol' lady could dream of. You've made my life what it should've been long ago. I wish for you many long, contented years in the wind on your lightning-fast Thunder—and pray I can be with you along each road. With all my love, Cheryl. (119)

Hey, Kevin, somewhere in Calif.: I hope you're readin' this, 'cause I want to pitch a bitch for your not sayin' goodbye! If you're any friend of mine, you'll write and say hi! Robin, Buffalo, N.Y. (119)

I am trying to locate Joanna Johnson, last known address Epping, N.H. Joanna, please write. Kenneth Shipp #274773, Rt. 2 Box 250, Palestine, Tex. 75801. (119G)

Need to find Jay "Alpha" McMullen. Last I heard he was in Pasadena, Texas. His 3½-year-old daughter (Angie) wants to know who her daddy is. It hurts when you love someone and can't explain how he don't care enough about her. If you care about her, call (601) 765-0848 to find out how to get in touch. Kathleen Aultman, Prentiss, Miss. (119)

Two w/m doin' time need correspondence from lonely females. Write John Zvodar #573018, and David Oden, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628. (119)

Huggy Bear: Me and the kids miss you very much. Even though you're down, it's me and you until the spokes get rusty and the wheels fall off. I'm taking care of things, don't worry; you're still our #1 hell-raiser. I love you, honey, and we'll ride in the sun when your time is done. All our love, Magic Mushroom Mama, AKA Baby Cats, and Brats. Happy anniversary, 12/82. (119G)

Wanted: House mouse, 34 years old tops, experienced, pretty, small. Send photo. Bulldog, Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (121)

Greg or John: Remember Earl from Venice? Me and Crazy Mike left in a hurry. Now on Reaper Row, bro, and need to hear from ya. Drop a kite and let me know your whereabouts. I'll explain when I hear from ya. Gus Bassett #071745, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091. (119G)

Crazy Richard: Happy 33rd! Take care of those steel rods in your back. Lovin' you! Your Dear Sweet Prudence. (119)

Custom Bike Show and Dealers Expo: April 16-17, 1983. New motorcycles, custom bikes, all classes. Custom parts dealers. National Guard Armory, Rockford, Ill. (119)

William "Cal" Callahan: Your brother Don Housack needs your help. Please contact his attorney, Howard M. Zeidwig, (305) 764-2500. This is an emergency! (121G)

Debbie McMahan: You stayed by my side through it all. That makes you very special to me. Remember, "I'll love you more tomorrow than I loved you yesterday." From your man who loves you, Johnny Beal. (119)

I love you, "My Angel." Emerald Eyes. (119)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1982. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 easyrider customers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (121)

1963 panhead for sale. All original, excellent condition, \$4,000. (606) 325-2492. (119)

Skeeter: I love you more than life itself. You're the best friend, lover and ol' man in the world. We'll putt and love together forever. Happy birthday, April 30. Turtle. (119)

Couple, (he) 27, (she) 24, seek female companion and partner to be third member of family unit, to deal with and enjoy life and times in the '80s. Unique opportunity. Please include pic if possible. No Name, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (119)

Lobo: Hey, "Little Big Man"—the "Pinebox" wants to know where you are and how to reach you. (119)

Swap meet: April 10, Oklahoma State Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. Sellers' set-up, 6-11 a.m.; meet, 11-5 p.m. (119)

Swap meet: April 24, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo. Sellers' set-up 6-11 a.m.; open to the public, 11-5 p.m. (119)

Lookin' for love: Fed up with one-night stands. I want to get married and make some babies. I'm all male, 37, and well-built. I own a business, ride a bike and live in Hollywood. I'm offering a nice life to the right young lady, maybe you. Write me a letter, include picture and phone number. Will answer all. D. Duncan, 6520 Selma #594, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. (119)

Having British wiring problems? Simplify and change to American-made dependability. Easy-to-read wiring diagram, wire-by-wire instructions, needed parts list for coil-ignition twins. Send \$8.95 to Tom Greenbank, Box 85, Highland, Md. 20777. (119)

My body may not always be true, but my heart has always been, and always will be. Thank you for loving me enough to understand me. Happy 27th, 6/1, Dragonrider's Mistress. (119)

Medium-built biker, 26 years old, looking for sincere ol' lady, preferably with long brown hair and nice body. Write R. Reystead, Rt. 1, Scott City, Kan. 67871. (119)

Divorced a few years and have been looking in wrong places. Would like to share house and Harley with lady from anywhere who likes to travel, can get into lots of interests, and is looking for something permanent. Box 605, Akron, Ohio 44309. (119)

Serious H-D bikers: 1977 H-D Cafe Racer, 400 actual miles, stored since break-in, only 900 made, \$7500. Contact T.A. Hicks, Box 1024, Danville, Ill. 61832. (119)

White male, 25, easy-going, independent. Seeks slender, Harley-loving lady to relocate to northern Colorado. Tim, Box 132, Timnath, Colo. 80647. (119)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos. Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (119)

Would like to hear from bros and sisters living in Germany, especially from my father's hometown, Stuttgart. Fred Rudolph, Star Route, Henderson, N.C. 27536.

Dick Swann: Contact Harley-Davidson's little sister. On my own again, living at Mom's, Rt. 2, Box 14, Clarinda. (119)

Easy legal money: Start your own hassle-free business. Earn money for that special run. No envelope stuffing, door-to-door, or any of that worn-out routine. Send for more info today. St. Cloud Enterprises, Suite 262, Dept. 2E, 7439 La Palma, Buena Park, Calif. 90620. (119)

Papa Joe: Happy birthday, baby! You get better every year. Love. Your roadie, Irish. (119)

\$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. 7142.

Bad luck. Need help. Send me two bucks and I'll send you a leather patch with your name stamped on it. Send cash, or M.O. to J.D., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (119)

Vietnam vet needs help. Please write to Ronald C. Conn, c/o Phil, 4500 El Camino Real, Atascadero, Calif. 93422. (119G)

Larry: You will always be #1. Sissy. (119)

Cotton: Where are you, Liz? Haven't seen you since you moved in with Bandy in '75 or '76. Get in touch, Angel, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Easyriders #1-116. \$400; 10-100, \$250; extra singles: #4, #29, #55, #57, #69, and eight binders. Guaranteed 100% complete. (716) 567-8146, noon-six, E.S.T.

Australian bike rider wants any old license plates from any state of the U.S. or provinces of Canada to add to my collection of license plates that I have already. I will pay postage from States. Send plates to Peter C. Timmerman, 38 Fisher St., East Malvern 3145, Victoria, Australia. (119)

Hard-to-get processed pictures printed. Photographs of nude models available. For information, send \$1 to Image West Pro-Labs, Box 1975E, Grants Pass, Ore. 97526.

Alaskan photographer seeks sexy ol' lady—slender and at least a C-cup—as model (no porno) and assistant to share in fun, country lifestyle in good climate. Child okay. Photo helpful. Write Box 3055, Homer, Alaska 99603. (120)

Girls: W/m, back on the streets. If you are sweet, a fox, and looking for a good time, let's get on my Harley and putt. Dan Webb, 6401 W. Earll Dr., Phoenix, Ariz. 85003. (119)

One cute chick who wants to putt in the northern Ohio area is lookin' for a scooter freak. I'm 16, blond, gray eyes, 5'4", 115 lbs. No junkies and "wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am" guys should bother to answer. Your pic gets mine. Sue Byko, c/o Laurie Abrahamson, Box 522, Parkman, Ohio 44080. (119G)

Andy Anderson: Write John at the VA (66622). Will reimburse you \$500 for your clothes. V.A. Medical Center, 2200 Gage, Ward 5-1C, Topeka, Kan. 66622. (119)

Carl Britt: I'm in New Zealand. Drop me a line. Rm 3: Jeff Wilson, Box 84, NSFA, DET Christchurch, P.O. San Francisco, Calif. 96690, Homeboy. (1119)

Woman wanted: Love has somehow passed me by. I want to meet and settle down with a woman who will love me and help me start a family. I'm a 32-year-old white male with a secure job. You must like bikes, especially Harleys. Pot smoker preferred. Your sexual turn-ons must include handcuffs, blindfolds, and spankings! You must live in, or can relocate to, sunny Phoenix. Kids okay. If you're a woman who fits this description, write to me and let me know that you're interested. Dan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (119)

Down bro needs to hear from lonely ladies. Write to Jim Ables, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Cal: I love you, baby. Happy late 22nd birthday, Sue. (119G)

Big Don: Love you loving me. L.S. (119)

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

Make people believe you've left the state—letters re-mailed from Arkansas. Send stamped, sealed letter and 50¢ to Larry Ward, #26 Mooney Dr., Hot Springs, Ark. 71901. (119)

Wanted: Old-style H-D mileage pins for private collection. Please contact D.O. Maulbetsch, 1924 Sandringham Dr., Toledo, Ohio 43615. (119)

Tattooing supplies: Huck says, see our ad this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®. We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. (130)

Brother needs woman of great size. Wife! Curtis Scott #294586-A, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (119)

Angel: Happy birthday. I love only you and miss you bad. I pray someday we'll be together, forever. R.L. (119)

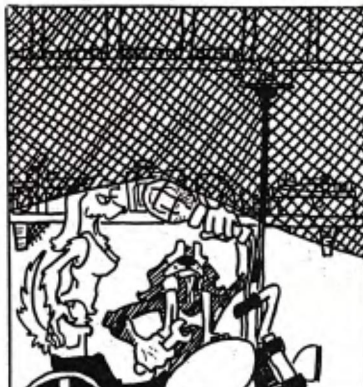
Happy birthday, Fast Ed, 4/24/83. From your Butterfly Lady and the four rugrats. We all love you so much. (119)

Charlie the Tuna: My love, happy first anniversary. It's been wonderful, but interesting. Wishing for more. Joanne. (119)

Jim White: I love you and want you to come back. Call me at 357-0857. Love you always. Liz. (119)

North Coast biker looking for good woman to party with for summer—maybe longer. Send pic and note to Greasy Mike, Box 565, Little River, Calif. 95456. (119)

Horny w/m looking for open-minded, swinging chicks to join me in adult fun and games. Ray Miller, 6815 N. Wayne, #311, Chicago, Ill. 60626. (312) 338-7352. (119)



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

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

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tells you how to pull time and how to make parole. **EX-CONVICT**, written by songwriter/singer and successful ex-convict David Allan Coe, gives you the straight word on how to prepare for parole and how to make your parole plan. If you are in prison or are going to prison, you've got to read this book! Get your limited edition copy now. Just send your name, address, and \$10 (check or money order payable in U.S. funds) to **EX-CONVICT BOOK** Box 1025 Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Two-Wheel Tales

Cry YOUR HEART OUT

Luck is like a coin, there's always two sides to it. One of the luckiest things that ever happened to me came out of the unluckiest thing that ever happened to some other people — their untimely death.

It started, as things often do, with a phone call. Seemed my partner wouldn't be coming in to work because some distant cousin of his had gotten blown away and he was the only relative within a thousand miles who could go down to the morgue and make an identification. As it turned out, it wasn't just his cousin who had been offed. It was damn near her whole family, shot by her ex-husband, who had turned up after going out for a pack of butts ten years earlier.

The only survivor, from among the mother (my partner's cousin) and her four kids, was the oldest boy, who was 14. He'd taken a slug in the side and was doing fairly well at a local hospital. My partner went over to see him, and talked to him as gently as possible about auctioning off some of the family possessions to pay for funeral expenses. Not surprisingly, the boy didn't want to keep any of that tragedy-touched shit. Screw it all, was his reaction.

Which is what led to the second phone call. "Come on over," my partner said. "There's a motorcycle lying on its side behind the garage." Based on past experiences with him, I suspected it was probably some kind of old Honda or Cushman, but I agreed to close up the shop for an hour and take a look.

Arriving at the place, I found cars and old ladies and all kinds of yard-sale scavengers wandering around, clucking about the killings, and pawing through the family's shit. Jake caught my eye and motioned me to come around back. He shoved a beer in my hand, pointed to a pile of wood and crud, and said, "There — there's an old junk bike under that crap."

I could see some kind of metal stickin' out from under the wood, so I started pawing around. First thing I found under the wood was an old swing set, but finally a frame and wheels appeared, then the front end,

and at last, the motor. I downed the kickstand and stood the bike up in the sunlight, backing off to admire it.

All of a sudden — while I'm standin' there gazing at this other part of his family that daddy had left behind when he went out for his smokes, a stock '47 knuckle — some fat guy appears and tries to kick it over. Naturally, after all those years of non-use, nothing happened. "Damn junk," he mutters under his breath, pushing it back over onto the ground. I tell you, seeing that knuck lying there on its side in the dirt almost made me cream my jeans.

I pulled out my money and discovered I had only \$25. Shit, I thought, there goes one hell of a deal.

Well, the bidding started out there in the back and quickly moved around to the pile of lumber, the swing set, the bike, and a pile of bricks. The auctioneer said, "This is all junk, so we'll call it Lot 15, and include it all in this one bid." The bidding started at three bucks, and quickly went up to five. The guy next to me bid seven-fifty and from there, it went to ten, then twelve, then fourteen. When it jumped to fifteen, the fat guy (remember him?) bid twenty. I was about to raise my hand when the fat guy says to me, "Do you want this shit?" I nodded, and he said, "Well, all I want is the lumber. You give me the lumber and you can have the rest of it for my bid."

\$100 For Your Two-Wheel Tales

This 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 are 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.

I couldn't believe my luck. Wasting no time, I pushed the bike through the crowd to the cashier's table, where I forked over a twenty-dollar bill plus \$1 for sales tax. I loaded the knuck into my pickup, hauled it to my favorite wrench's house and, after he did the motor, it ran super fine and has ever since.

These days, that knuck and I are a pretty common sight haulin' butt through these mountains. I call the scooter **Twenty-One Bucks**; and here in Colorado, miracles never cease — at least not for me. — Rocky

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In The Wind #10 from the pages of Easyriders and Iron Horse. Great new photos of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and more women. Wind #10 has something for everybody. If the local newsstand is out, don't worry — you can buy this masterpiece directly from us. And don't be left out of previous issues of In The Wind, issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait, make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon. Do it now before they're gone.

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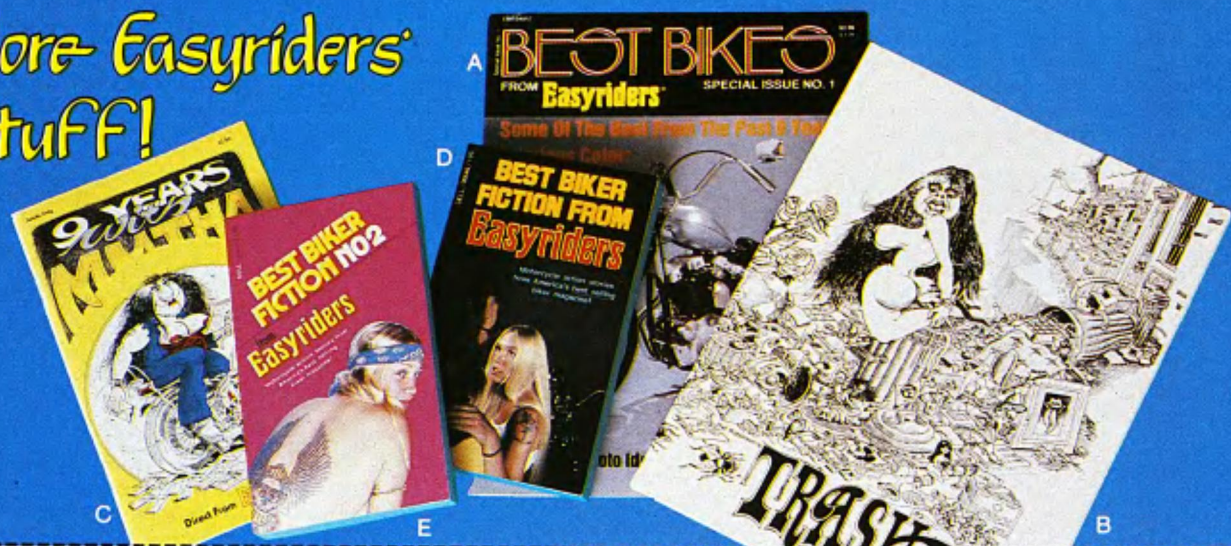
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More Easyriders' Stuff!



Letter	Des.	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Best Bikes	\$3.95	\$5.00	\$11.00			
B	Trash	\$6.95	\$9.00	\$15.00			
C	9-Yrs-Mutha	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$9.00			
D	Best Biker Fiction #1	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
E	Best Biker Fiction #2	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$6.00			
Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.						Sub Total	\$
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BITCHIN' BRITCHES \$180
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Top-grade American leather wraps all the way around your legs. Fully lined for no-stick comfort. Double-leather upper and large, extra-tough elastic insert. Huge nylon zippers positioned within easy reach. Triple stitching in all high stress areas prevents bagging, even after years of long, hard riding. Full-length flaps cover the zippers, protecting you from the wind and your bike from zipper scratches. Double buckle for added security and waistline comfort while riding.



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The low cost and durability of jeans, plus the protection and style of genuine leather. High-quality covers snap on your jeans; keep your legs dry and warm. Snaps and tool included with each set; get extra snaps at the hardware store.



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We've taken the classic jean jacket and recreated it in our best homegrown cowhide. Light, flexible and warm, this Nasty creation offers a perfect compromise between the casual look of traditional denim and the protection of leather.

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Waist _____ Inseam _____ Boot Ankle Measurement _____

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Size _____

☐ **DENIM DIGGER \$160**

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☐ **SNAP CHAPS \$60**

Inseam _____

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Waist _____ Inseam _____

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Size _____

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No foreign orders. Run in men's sizes; women order accordingly. Allow 4 weeks for personal checks. Sizes range from 34-52. Add \$1.00 per jacket for APO/FPO. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**.



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For your head or hers, a classic all-leather cocoon cover that looks equally good on the road or at the bar. Don't be fooled by fakes, only the Nasty cap is American-made by bikers and designed to withstand a biker's hard travelin' and partyin'.



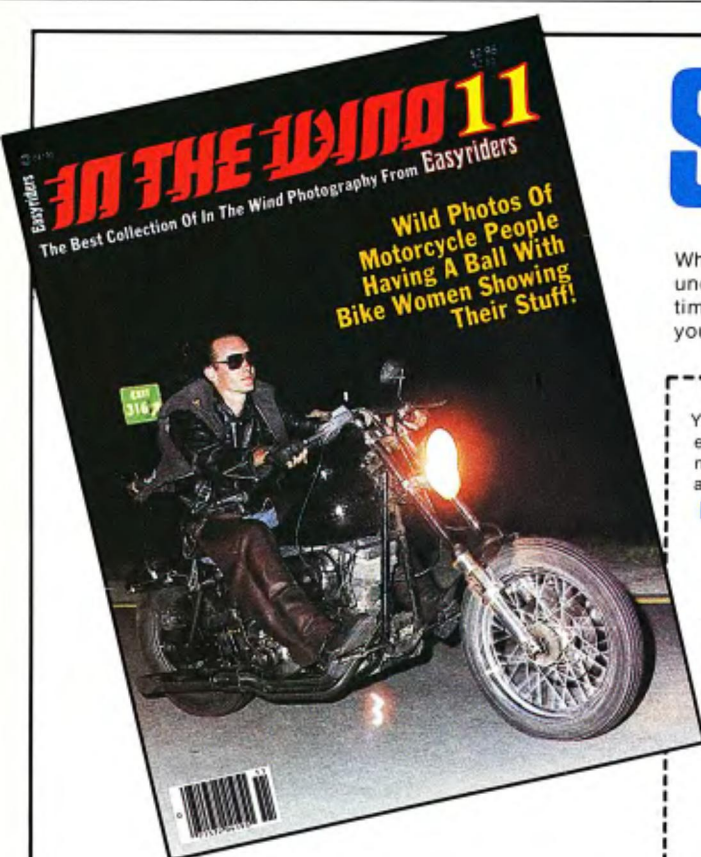
OW! MUSTA BEEN SOME GREAT PARTY. FEELS LIKE SOMEONE'S BEEN BREAKING ROCKS WITH MY HEAD. I MUSTA HAD A LOT TO DRINK. WHAT HAPPENED?

WHILE YOU WERE SLEEPING, YOU FELT MY ARM AND SAID "WHAT A GREAT MOLDING JOB." THEN YOU FELT MY BOOBS AND SAID "WHAT GREAT HEADLIGHTS." THEN YOU REACHED DOWN, FELT MY ASS AND SAID "WHAT A SMOOTH FINISH."

BUT WHEN YOU REACHED DOWN FURTHER AND SAID, "WHO LEFT THE GARAGE DOOR OPEN?" THAT'S WHEN I LET YOU HAVE IT!



Easyriders



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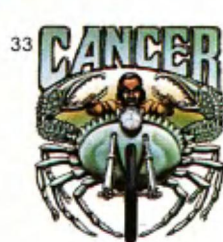
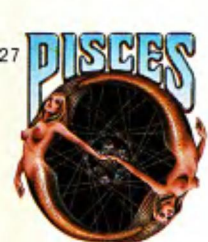
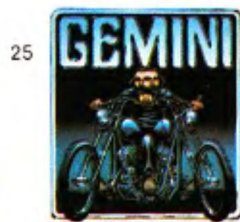
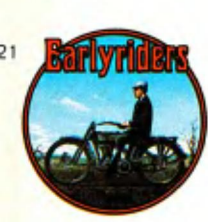
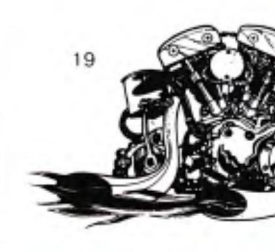
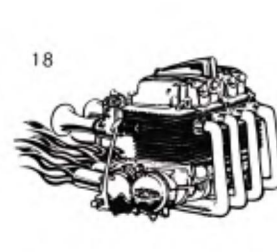


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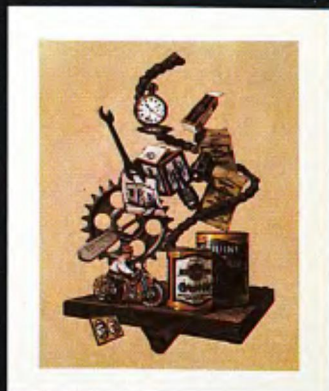
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C. 29" x 24 3/4"



B. 30" x 23 3/4"

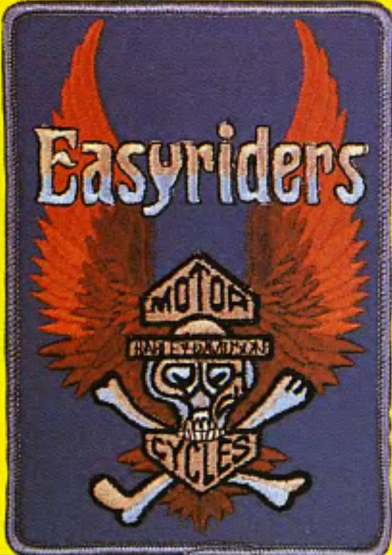
Mackenzie Company

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A


B

Easyriders' Stuff!



C



D



E, F

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Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
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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		\$	\$
E	Skull Patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 4.00	\$ 8.00		\$	\$
F	Skull decals (3)	\$ 1.50	\$ 2.00	\$ 3.00		\$	\$
		Sub					
		Total					

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Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____
Calif. Tax 6% \$ _____
Total \$ _____

Wordmonger

Continued from page 8

We want people to know that there are good bros in Canada. Since we read and enjoy your rag in Canada and it's about the bros in the States, we feel maybe you would like to catch part of our action up north. So why don't you send some of your dipshit staff up here to catch some of the Canadian fun?

L. Tetreault
Gainford, Alberta

□ You probably won't print this, but who gives a shit — and if ya don't, yer all fuckers.

Congrats are in order for your spread on us Canadian bros gettin' it on (January '83). It's great shit, but not enough. Just goes to show we're all as rowdy as you are.

Bong Master
St. Bruno, Quebec

□ Since you dudes were up in Calgary for the "Artistry In Iron" show, you no doubt used rolls upon rolls of film. I missed the event, myself, but I know there are a lot of class scoots up here. Why not run a feature on one? You featured Dan Eberhard's '78 FXS outta Washington and you saw it in Calgary. Why not show some of our Canadian iron?

Darwin B. Foster
Regina, Saskatchewan

■ We're comin' to your next one.

□ In regard to your "Artistry In Iron, Canadian Style" (January '83), although you people did allow a number of pages, just what the fuck kind of a show was it? The bikes you pictured most were outside. The bike show was inside. Believe it or not, there's a difference.

The part that pisses me off the most is that there was no mention of the more unusual machines. Obviously, you people don't realize that in some places, like where I live, there are no fuckin' chrome shops, gee-gaw sellers, and only two Harley dealers in the whole fuckin' province! Four hundred miles from Calgary — big deal! Since there is no availability of some parts, we build our own.

My friends and I appreciate quality in workmanship, not how many gold-plated parts it's got, or how many thou were spent. If you don't ride

it, what fuckin' use is it?
The Mouth
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Mr. Indian

□ I feel I must take issue with the article in your February '83 issue about Jeff Grigsby from Colorado and his inheriting the title "Mr. Indian" since the death of Mr. Sam Pierce. I personally knew Sam and will always remember and miss him, as will all of us Indian owners.

I am not trying to take anything away from Jeff, nor am I implying that Jeff is not a devoted Indian fan, but out here in Fullerton, California, we have a shop, called Starklite Cycle and owned by Bob Stark, that specializes in Indian motorcycles.

Bob's father was an Indian dealer in Akron, Ohio, from 1918 to 1953, and Bob has been wrenching on Indians since he was eleven years old — he is now forty-nine.

When I was talking with Bob today, he came up with the following estimates — over 300 complete Indian rebuilds, over 2500 complete engine overhauls, and over 4000 Indians serviced.

Starklite Cycle has complete Indians, as well as engines and trannies, shipped to them from all over the world for rebuilds and overhauls. They also have many original Indian parts on hand, as well as many parts re-manufactured to exact original specifications, and they ship them worldwide.

Bob and his wife Shorty are the originators of the Indian Motorcycle Club of America, which has approximately 700 members worldwide, and they put out the monthly newsletter, as well as a twice-a-year booklet about the club.

Bob was a close friend of Sam Pierce's, and Bob's Rainbow Chief was such a favorite of Sam's that Sam requested in his will that Bob lead his funeral procession with it — and Bob willingly did.

My wife Jeanne and I have rebuilt six Indian Chiefs so far and are now working on number seven. We have always found Bob Stark and his shop foreman, Wilson Plank, more than willing to bail out anyone working on, or having problems with, an Indian.

So now that Sam Pierce is

gone, my nomination would have to go to Bob Stark for the title of "Mr. Indian."

Arnie Holt
El Toro, Calif.

It's A Mind Blower

□ I just picked up a copy of your blood-curdling February '83 issue, and I've got to say it's a mind blower. Every time I read a copy, it gets better and better. You people have a way of making even your oldest friends feel like someone new.

Spot 101
Redondo Beach, Calif.

□ In a world of unemployment, inflation, loss of life, divorce, incompatibility, total isolation, sleepless nights, sickness, hemorrhoids, ulcers, diarrhea, constipation, genital herpes, misery, depression, aggravation, frustration, degradation, psychosis, craziness, and just plain bullshit, every month a light shines its way through the magazine rack. That light is *Easyriders*! Thank you!

Paul
Elmhurst, Ill.

Harley Dealer Praise

□ I'd like to give Belmont Harley-Davidson of St. Paul, Minnesota, a pat on the back. I bought an '82 FXRS from them in July of '82, and the scooter (now traded for an '83 FLH) was a piece of shit.

But here's the surprise — the dealership stuck by me and, as they should, gave excellent, friendly service. I had the thing in the shop no fewer than five times for major repairs, and they never kept the bike for more than two days. When I got it back, it was right.

Grant Marlow
White Bear Lake, Minn.

Determination

□ In reference to "Always A Biker" in the March issue, I don't know the extent of Wheelchair Mike's injury, but if I could find out, I might be able to help if he wants to get back in the wind.

I was injured in December '78, and am in a wheelchair as a result. I was in the wind then and was determined to get back in the wind as soon as possible. A friend sent me *Easyriders* #69. The tech tip was about a man in a wheelchair who built his own trike to accommodate him and his wheelchair. I carried that article in my wallet for almost

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three years before I finally found my dream machine. Had to do a little modifying, but where there's a will, there's a way.

As Wheelchair Mike and anyone else knows, independence is very important for anyone who's disabled.

Rick Van Dyke
Linwood, Kan.

Loved The Book

□ You guys finally did something right. Ya got hooked up with a bro who knows what it's like to be in an animal cage, one that society calls prison. What I'm talking about is the book *The Hate Factory* that you've been advertising in your magazine. I just got it for a Christmas gift from my people on the outside.

I'd like to say that if more people on the outside would read books like *The Hate Factory*, then they'd know the real truth about the way the prison system is run and what the people on the inside are going through.

Bow
Somers, Conn.

Amazing!

□ Sittin' here with my bro, sippin' a little suds, watchin' the tube when on comes the bitchin'est commercial ever. A bro and his ol' lady are broken down on a dirt road, in great need of a wrench — and up pops this old farmer on a tractor, lookin' like he's going to bitch the bro out for trespassing. He reaches in his back pocket and comes out with a crescent wrench to save the day. The amazing thing about this commercial is that the bro and his ol' lady were on a Harley. That brought us off our seats. Also, it was paid for by a group called Seventh Day Adventists! Can you imagine that?

D. Stroker
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Reply To Disillusioned

□ To S. McLane from West Germany (March '83): Where the fuck do you come off callin' our women and their men gross-outs and guzzle-guts? Ever hear that beauty is in the eye of the beholder? You gotta have the eye of the pig (sorry, pigs). I would suggest that you seek a good surgeon to perform an optic-rectomy on you. That's where they sever the nerve between your eyeball and your asshole, so everything doesn't look so shitty to ya from lookin' out yer ass! You're probably one of those punks who won't stop to help a downed bro

'cause he's 5 lbs. overweight. Well, it's a free world over here. Come on over and feel free to hang yourself!

H.M.C.
Jessup, Md.

Missing Person

□ I know you can help me find a missing person. Beverlee "Breezy" Hanley: Where did you go? Are you still in Florida? We met at Casey's. I liked your bike, but fell in love with you. Please get in touch.

This is one righteous lady — beautiful body, soul and mind — and scoot. Anyone who meets her in her travels is in for one helluva good time. Do you have her out there? Send her back to Fort Meyers, please.

J.C.
Fort Meyers, Fla.

Really Happened

□ Eight inmates at the Nashville Metro Jail recently planned and executed a near-perfect breakout — that is, until they happened to wander by the women's cell-block. Realizing they were close to a great number of women, they overpowered a guard and entered the cell area. Once inside, the old call of the wild overwhelmed their desire for freedom and they started in on a long night of sex. They were taken back upstairs the next morning.

Lefty
Jean, Nev.

Converted Cager

□ I've been stuck over here in "The Root" (Beirut) for some time now. A true bro

knew where I was and slapped a December '82 issue the mail. And I gotta tell ya man, that's about the best fuckin' issue I've ever read. After I'd finished the rag for the fourth time, this dude who's a cage freak wanted something to read. I figured might do some good — it did. This dude, who never thought much of bikers because of the stereotype the surrounds us, was really fuckin' impressed.

You've made this ol' asphalt animal pretty damn happy to be able to change this dude's point of view about us.

Animal
FPO, N.

Good Ladies

□ We, the bros of Long Island Correctional Facility would like to thank all the young ladies of Long Island who stop by the back of the prison and give us a warm smile and a hello. It gives the fellers hope when things look so dark through all this steel and concrete. You chicks are all right!

Crazy Botz
Brentwood, N.

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, porn mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

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Downtime

Continued from page 29

brainstorm it was to include him on the bill, but it was an inspired choice. After all, Jerry Jeff's the granddaddy of misbehavior.

Walker — dubbed Jack Jack Doubletrouble by his writer-friend Larry King — has become a show business legend of sorts, less by means of his music (which is quite good, by the way) than his on- and off-stage antics. Hell, Jerry Jeff was an out-of-control madman years and years ago, long before credit-card-carrying British revolutionaries made such behavior fashionable. Sure, everybody acts up now, but ol' Jack Jack was grossing 'em out twenty years ago.

J.J. has become one of the most consistent, enjoyable performers on the music scene today. Side one of his latest album, *Cow Jazz*, is quite impressive, at first making me think this might be Walker's best release since 1973's classic *Viva Terlingua!* Opening with "Dealing With The Devil," a tune done memorably by Merle Haggard on his live-in-Anaheim-Stadium release, *Rainbow Stew*, a couple of years back, *Cow Jazz*'s first side offers up several gems, including Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," Hoyt Axton's "Greenback Dollar," and Pat Garvey's "Lovin' of the Game."

Unfortunately, the second side is a letdown. Apparently going for a "fast side/slow side" motif, Jack Jack fills the second part of *Cow Jazz* with dreary, unmemorable tunes. Most of these songs appear to be autobiographical — tunes about the grind of performing nightly, growing old (but still being full of piss 'n' vinegar), finding a good woman, and so forth. It's not the theme or content of these songs that are the problem, however; the problem is simply that the beat ought to go a little faster. I don't want to oversimplify or offer facile criticism, but I nonetheless have to say that side two seems dead-ass primarily because of the stark contrast to the first side's spirited, rocking enthusiasm. *Cow Jazz* certainly isn't ol' Jack Jack's best work ever, but it's still a fairly good album. And all Walker fans — of which I am most assuredly one — can take heart that he's still performing and recording after years of the kind of wild living that would make any biker proud.

Here's to ya, Jerry Jeff. ■

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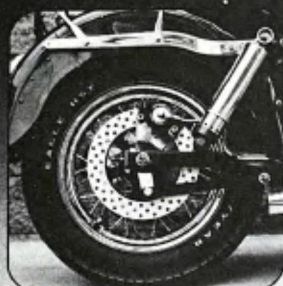
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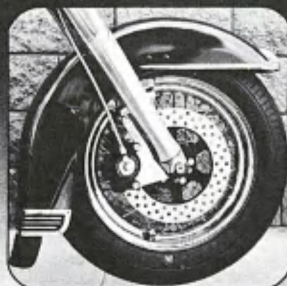


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Lockdown

Continued from page 40

rights of any prisoner, at any time, for any reason that he, the superintendent, considered "reasonable." Such revocations were mandated without giving the prisoner prior notification or providing him with a chance to defend himself against whatever charges led to the decision to exert this punishment.

According to the federal judge who ruled that prisoners must be given a hearing before such rights are revoked, the state has created visitation rights and cannot take them away without allowing inmates the procedural protections afforded by the Constitution.

Kozlowski v. Coughlin, 539 F. Supp. 852 (S.D. NY 1982)

Turnabout

California's law regarding determinate sentencing has, much to the surprise of its sponsors, turned out to be a real blow for the freedom of ex-convicts.

Because of this law, designed to keep prisoners from obtaining early release by establishing a minimum sentence for some offenses as part of state law, a state court of appeal has ruled that warrantless searches of parolees by cops are illegal.

According to the court, a parole condition requiring a parolee to submit to warrantless searches might be constitutional under the old system, whereby judges decided if, or how much, time a prisoner was supposed to serve.

Under determinate sentencing, however, prisoners are entitled to release immediately upon the completion of their sentence, thus becoming free men whose constitutional rights cannot be easily ignored. *Gomez v. Superior Court of Santa Barbara County*, 31 CrL 2358

High-Powered Approach

Guards at the West Virginia Penitentiary have begun using a Taser gun — which jolts anything it hits with 50,000 volts of electricity — to subdue what they consider to be unruly prisoners.

According to Warden Donald Bordenkircher, the Taser, which is often used by police departments to down violent suspects in crowded areas where gunfire might hit innocent bystanders, is a "humane" weapon.

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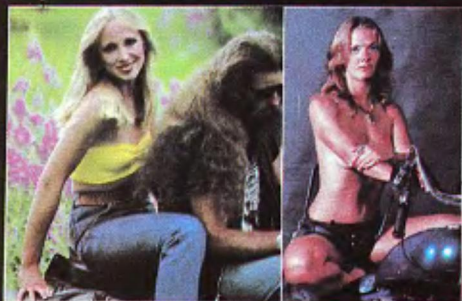
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1. Jean Style Jacket
2. Chaps
3. Jean Style Vest available with or without a collar
4. Boot Cut Jeans
5. Hurricane Jacket
6. Highway Jacket
7. Bomber Jacket
8. Gloves



CUSTOM CHROME

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