

Easyriders®

\$2.50
June 1983

**Win A
Dave Mann
Original!**

**Speedway
Choppers**

**Eye-
Poppin'
Honeys**

**Do Ya
Know
What Ya
Drink?**

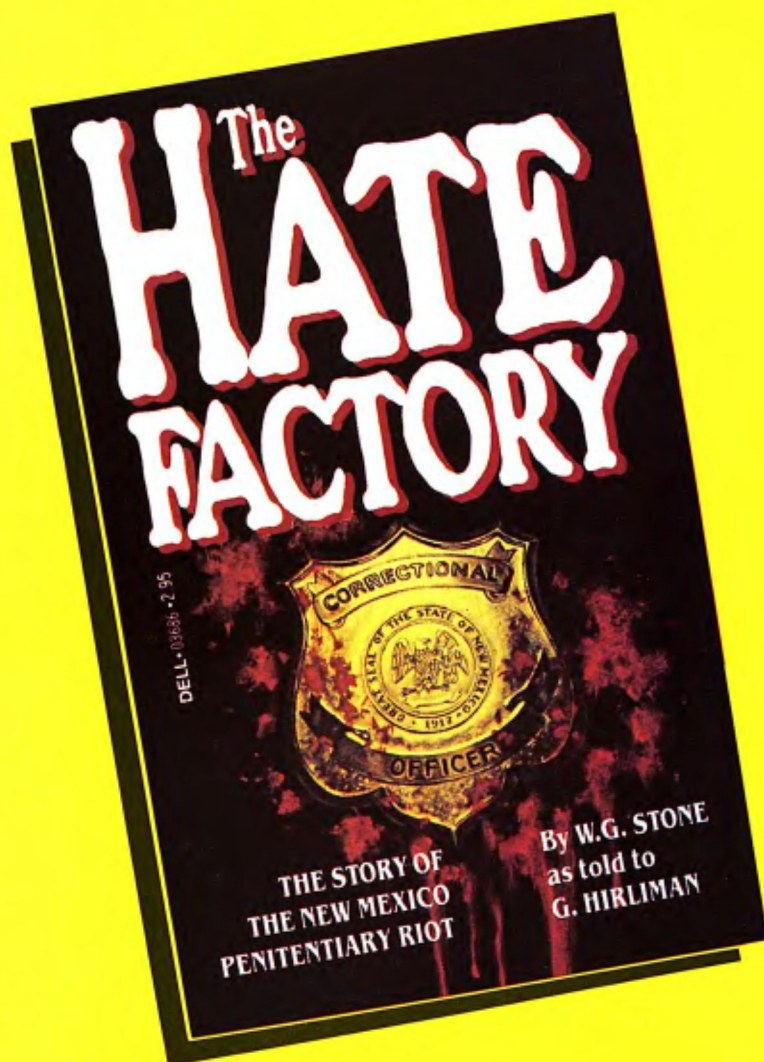


"There are ten 'holes', six-by-nine foot cells with no windows, no ventilation, no lights. . .you're stripped and thrown in naked. . .They feed you one meal every three days. There's a faucet in the cell, but there's water in it only when the guard comes and turns it on from the outside."

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

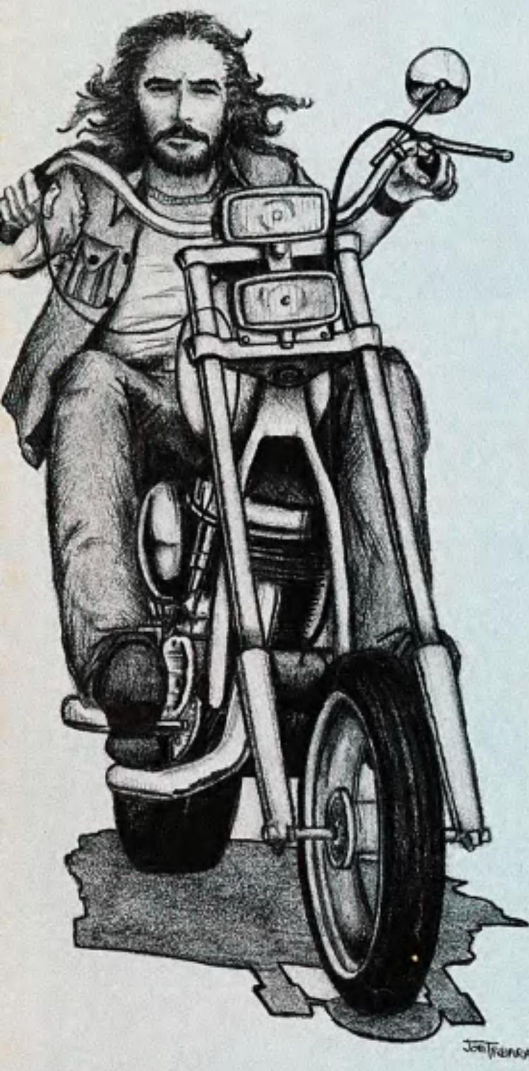
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Audited Paid
Circulation

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

Cover photo of Julia Parton by Pete Chiodo



ARTISTRY IN IRON '83

BROUGHT TO YOU BY JOSH GREENBERG MOTORCYCLE PROMOTIONS, INC.



EXCLUSIVELY

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

FRIDAY, JULY 29

12:00 NOON - 11 P.M.

SATURDAY, JULY 30

11 A.M. - 11 P.M.

SUNDAY, JULY 31

(Main Level) 11 A.M. - 9 P.M.

(Lower Level) 12:00 Noon - 6 P.M.

SWAP-MEET

MONDAY, AUGUST 1

"FIRST EVER IN CANADA"

"THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON NATIONALS"

PRIZE MONEY
(CANADIAN FUNDS)

\$12,000.00

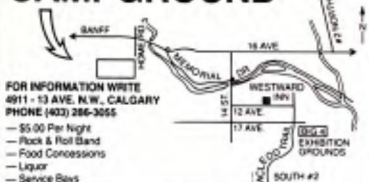
CASH SHOW MONEY

\$5,000.00

CASH RACE MONEY



CAMPGROUND

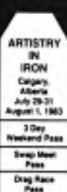


FOR INFORMATION WRITE
4911 - 13 AVE. N.W., CALGARY
PHONE (403) 266-3055

- \$5.00 Per Night
- Rock & Roll Band
- Food Concessions
- Liquor
- Service Bays

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HARLEY-DAVIDSON
EASYSIDERS**
25,000 Sq. Ft.
of
Harley-Davidsons



Advance Tickets

- INCLUDE:
- 3 Day Pass to Show
 - All Day Swap Meet Pass
 - All Day Drag Race Pass
 - \$35.00 Person or \$40.00 At the Door
 - Please enclose self addressed envelope
 - Single day admission for all events
 - Available at the door

Canadian Residents: Artery in Iron
#13 - 4412 Manita Rd. S.E. 25545 Seaboard Lane
Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7 Hayward, California 94545



CLASSES — ALL CLASSES HAVE 1st, 2nd, 3rd PLACES

RADICAL BIKE		SPECIALTY AWARDS		DRAG RACES	
FULL BIKE		BEST BIKE	\$1000.00	STREET	
SEMI BIKE		BEST CANADIAN BIKE	\$500.00	TOURING (windshield & bags)	
CUSTOM BIKE		OUTSTANDING BIKE	\$500.00	HOT STREET	
MILD BIKE		OUTSTANDING PART	\$350.00	DRAGSTER	
COMP BIKE		OUTSTANDING DETAIL		FIRST PLACE	\$600.00
TOURING BIKE		MOTOR FRAMES	\$250.00	SECOND PLACE	\$400.00
CONSERVATIVE BIKE		OUTSTANDING DISPLAY	\$250.00	THIRD PLACE	\$200.00
ANTIQUE BIKE		OUTSTANDING RAT	\$250.00	TOP SPEED	TROPHY
SIDE CAR		LONG DISTANCE FIRST	\$250.00	LOW ET IN EACH BRACKET	
3 WHEEL BIKE		SECOND	\$150.00		
		THIRD	\$50.00		

EXHIBITORS

— Registration Fee	\$50.00	GENERAL PUBLIC	\$25.00	10 - 10
— 2 weekend passes to all 3 events	\$86.00 Value	COMMERCIAL	\$35.00	10 - 10
— (Motor, Swap Meet, Drag Races)		SET UP	9 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Sunday, July 31	
— Parking		BOOTH DEADLINE	July 25 83	
— Artery in Iron Bar Buckle		OPEN TO PUBLIC	12 noon to 6 p.m.	
— Artery in Iron Participation Certificate		MOVE OUT	6 p.m. to 8 p.m.	
— Show Card (Class)				
— Display - 8' x 10' - 8' x 10' - 10' x 10' - 20' x 20'				
— Power \$20.00 Extra and must be ordered in advance				
— Set up Thursday, July 28, 12:00 p.m.				
— Exhibitors Meeting - 9:30 p.m. Big 4				
— Exhibitors Party Saturday, July 30, Big 4 Building				
11:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.				
— Awards Sunday, July 31, 8:00 p.m. - 9:30 p.m.				
— Tear Down Sunday, 9:30 p.m.				
— Classes assigned at Registration				
— Please enclose self addressed envelope				
— SHOW APPLICATIONS & INFORMATION				

SWAP MEET BOOTH

ARTISTRY IN IRON		ARTISTRY IN IRON	
#13 - 4412 Manita Rd. S.E.		#13 - 4412 Manita Rd. S.E.	
Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7		Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7	
USA		USA	
ARTISTRY IN IRON		ARTISTRY IN IRON	
25545 Seaboard Lane		25545 Seaboard Lane	
Hayward, California 94545		Hayward, California 94545	

DRAG RACES

REGISTRATION DEADLINE	JULY 15 83	REGISTRATION DEADLINE	JULY 15 83
\$12.00 RACE FEE		\$12.00 RACE FEE	
MOTORCYCLE MUST BE INSURED		MOTORCYCLE MUST BE INSURED	
TIME TRIALS	10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon	TIME TRIALS	10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon
RACES	12:00 noon - 4:00 p.m.	RACES	12:00 noon - 4:00 p.m.

Hotel Accommodation

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Ask for Reservations

Canadian Customs Regulations and Information

FOR WHITE:
— Exhibitors
— General Public
— New & Used Parts
— Drag Racers
Please enclose self-addressed envelope

Canadians Requiring Information

WRITE:
Artery in Iron
#13 - 4412 Manita Rd. S.E.
Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7
Please enclose self-addressed envelope

*Register if You're Riding on to Sturgis 83

Canada Artery in Iron U.S.A.
#13 - 4412 Manita Rd. S.E.
Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7
U.S. Artery in Iron
25545 Seaboard Lane
Hayward, California 94545

BIG 4

BUILDING ON
THE CALGARY
EXHIBITION
GROUNDS

JULY 29 - 31

AUGUST 1 10 A.M. - 4 P.M.

CALGARY INTERNATIONAL
RACEWAY

GRUDGE RACES

4 P.M. - 6 P.M.

Rock & Roll Band at Show All Weekend

WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

FRIDAY	9:00 P.M.	FIRST PLACE	\$150.00
SATURDAY	9:00 P.M.	SECOND PLACE	\$100.00
SUNDAY	6:30 P.M.	THIRD PLACE	\$50.00

Shirts Supplied by Artistry in Iron 83

I've been accused of having strange taste, but this guy takes the prize. He was caught stealing five pairs of panties from a woman's locker. Out on \$10,000 bail, he accosted the woman again, saying that if she didn't leave five more panties in her locker, he would trap, rape, and sodomize her. After four notes attached to her locker, she finally turned him in to the police and put in five pairs of panties as a trap. He removed the panties, and I guess while chewing the crotches out of them or something, he got blue dye, planted by the detectives, all over his mouth and face. He's on the inside looking out.

A state in the Midwest recently passed a law whereby anyone who smells like a goat can no longer ride on buses. The law is entitled 'Negative Personal Hygiene.' So now you can ride in comfort without the chick next to you smelling bad. The law didn't say anything about farts, though.

Showing Class Dept.: Four Hell's Angels were in a county jail awaiting trial when two pretty girls drove up outside their jail window and took off short little housecoats. They moved around seductively, entirely nude, for the enjoyment of their friends in jail.

Well, the government is up to it once again. They are sponsoring a study to determine which of various pig raising methods are preferred by the pigs. And school children were asked to crawl under their desks so they could emulate a chicken in its cage.

Now this is a first. A dude stuck up a store--get this--with glue! He stuck four customers, spread-eagled, to the floor with quick-acting glue. Before he left with the loot, he took the watch off one of the customers, then reglued him to the floor. (It actually happened in Pennsylvania. Would I lie?)

Then there was a student who was accidentally bitten by a pet guinea pig. To teach him a lesson, the student threw him into a frying pan to cook him over slightly. The pig got second-degree burns, and the student got jail time for cruelty to animals.

How about the sheriff's deputy who was fired for selling Avon products while in uniform and using a patrol car to make his sales rounds. The head man couldn't stand the dude making calls in uniform. Can you imagine that?

A cryonics company threatened to remove two frozen bodies from cold storage. The bodies had been placed there upon their death in the hope of awakening someday in the future, if a cure had been found for the cause of their death. The reason the company was kicking out the corpses was because the son of the bodies was behind in rent payments.

Don't read this before breakfast, but a large eastern seafood chain is selling alligator meat. They tout such specialties as alligator soup and spaghetti with alligator meatballs. They say alligator meat tastes similar to beef, it's sweeter and chewier than pork, and there are no bones or fat. The cost is \$5.99 for a 1/2-lb. package. (I couldn't afford it, or eat it!)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Navy Reads Us

□ Here ya go, folks. According to the navy, anyone who reads yer rag is a drug user. Now that can't be true, can it?

Here's a copy of the message that's going around the Sixth Fleet, part of Uncle Sam's canoe club. We're home-ported in Gaeta, Italy, so we don't know what's happening in the real world. Through your rag we can find out what we're missing.

Subj: Portable Urinalysis Screening.

1. Req any information on the possible influence of tetracycline, especially ingested tetracycline, on urinalysis test results. Unofficial tests, wherein a small amount of tetracycline was added to a specimen known to be positive for cannabinoids, retested negative.

2. Since information concerning effect of tetracycline on urinalysis field-tests have been reportedly published in the November issue of *Easy Rider*, a drug culture magazine, it is presumably common knowledge among users.

Ronald "Hammer" Anastasi
FPO, N.Y.

Where is it?

□ I just want to know where the book of tech tips you fuckers were supposed to be publishing is at. I sure hate to fuck up a bunch of good rags just for the tips.

Bye-bye, raisin pie.

Tony
Big Sandy, Tenn.

□ I want to know why you fuckers think we people out here are stupid or just plain lame-brained. It's been going on two long years that you have been promising a big fat book of tech tips and still no action. What's up? I'm getting tired of looking for tips in mags I don't own.

Moose
Mt. Carmel, Ill.

■ It's on the printing press.

Misfits Ride On

□ In reply to Someone Who Knows (April, 1983): Stick it up your ass. The Misfits are alive and well and takin' care of their people, as always.

Sure, one of our chapters in Ohio had a little trouble a long, long time ago, but who doesn't step in shit once in a while?

The past is dead and the Misfits ain't. You should check and get your shit straight before you start runnin' your mouth.

Two Bros
Sacramento, Calif.

What? What?

□ Got some questions for Dave Mann. On his "Hollyweed" poster, what does the F.L.B.L.F.Y. on Cruz's leg stand for?

El
Westbury, N.Y.

■ It means Fuck Life Before Life Fucks You.

Why The Name?

□ I've got a question for ya, but first I'll explain the situation.

I'm currently in the navy, serving in Spain. I get out in 33 days. I've always wanted a Harley but could never afford one (until they came out with the new XLX). I have a good friend here who owns a Sporty. Now, I realize AMF fucked up the Harley reputation; however, I never realized how much. This Sporty has "Japan" in big bold letters on the inside of the front forks. Seems to me the whole fuckin' front end is a fuckin' rice burner. Why? Is it really a Jap machine?

Top Dog
Rota, Spain

■ Some parts of the front end are made in Japan, but Harley engines are made in Milwaukee and the complete bike is assembled in York, Pennsylvania.

Harley American?

□ I have a bone to pick with my ol' man. Would you please set me straight or get my head clear? We were talkin' about Harley-Davidson Motor Co. last night, and he said Harleys are made in, and shipped from, Japan. He owns a 750 Honda and a 1974 Super Glide that he just got a couple of months ago. I asked him why he bought a Harley when he already had a Jap bike. He said 'cause he wanted an American-made motorcycle. I didn't want to argue with him 'cause he says he's always right, but please set me clear. Are Harleys made in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, or not?

Mona
Castle Hayne, N.C.

■ Harleys are manufactured in the U.S. A small number of parts are imported.

Waving

□ When you ride a Harley, should you:

1. Wave only at other Harley riders?
2. Wave at all motorcycles, even Japs?
3. Wait till they wave first?
4. Play it safe and act like you don't see them?

Outlaw
Zephyr Cove, Nev.

■ Wave at all females.

Digs Her

□ I feel compelled to express my esteem, respect, affection, and admiration for the chick in the January '83 issue, page 32, lower left corner, by saying it in just one word: "Beautemous."

Rajin Cajun
Angola, La.

Five-Speed Tranny

□ Have you ever done any articles on five-gear trannies for Harleys? I'm going to build a new scooter this year and I want a five-speed trans under my bucket. Is there any way to redo a stock four-

gear, or is there a tranny I can buy that's already built like the Little John five-gear, but costs a little less than a thousand bucks a shot?

Stuck In 4th
St. Louis, Mo.

■ See issue #57.

Sittin' Still

□ How the hell did you get Spider to sit still long enough to take his photo for the rag?

Da Bone
King, N.C.

■ We caught him when he was loaded.



Just Writing

□ Just writing to say hi.
Taco
Gonzales, La.

A Seat

□ To the fox on page 25 in the March issue: Sweetheart, you are beyond a doubt the hottest thing I've seen in ten years. And as long as I have a face, she has a seat!

Ron Stack
Flint, Mich.

Four Dots

□ To Steven Holden (January '83 issue) and Phil Graves (March '83 issue): I just finished doin' a little stretch of time, and here in Washington those dots on the fingers usually come in sets of four. But they don't have anything to do with how much time has been served. A few years ago, Olympia beer bottles had four dots above the labels on the bottles (on the glass). Those dots supposedly meant eat me, beat me, suck me, fuck me.

Sorry, bro, I ain't tryin' to correct ya or anything, but that's how it is in the Evergreen State.

Rob "Guitar" Sutherland
Port Townsend, Wash.

Drifters MC

□ In reply to "New Club"

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C			
D		Black	
E		Black	
F			
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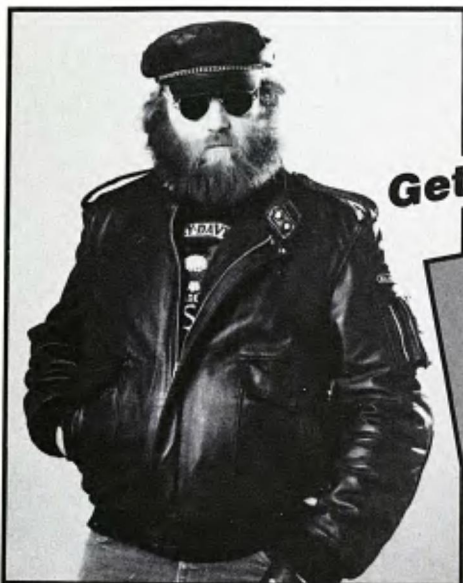
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HEAVY WEIGHT!

BADASS BIKER LEATHER

Sexy Skins

Get one fer yer favorite Bitch



HEIN GERICKE BOMBER JACKET: This beauty is fashioned after the U.S. Air Force jacket & modified for motorcycle riders. Jacket features a mandarin style collar to keep out the weather, with a snap on the inside to prevent wind flap. Extra padding on the elbows & shoulders. Full quilted lining keeps the cold out & the warmth in. Elastic cuffs & waist bands insure a tight, warm & snug fit. Sizes 32-48 \$159.95, 50-52 add \$10.00, 54-56 add \$15.00, 58-60 add \$20.00.



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LEATHER BIBS: These high quality

bibs are for stylin on the bike as well as off. Full length leather covered spandex side panels allow full freedom of movement in all standing, sitting & squatting positions & also prevent sagging. They feature adjustable shoulder straps & lined unfinished legs that can be trimmed for a custom fit. With full front & rear chest panels, they offer great rough weather protection. Basic black for men in waist sizes 28-36 & both black & sexy red for chicks in dress sizes 6-20. \$189.95.



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HEIN GERICKE LEATHER PANTS: These ain't no fuckin designer jeans, these are biker jeans. We made em just like a boot cut Levi, same cut with a slight flair so ya can wear yer favorite boots. Size 26-40 \$149.95, 42-44 46-48 add \$15.00.



HEIN GERICKE BIKER CHAPS: These class ass fucker designed by bikers. Fully adjustable front with Spandex section, allows for a snug fit. The lining is ventilated for breath. The leg zippers have a Velcro flap over them, to keep rain & c Sizes 26-40 \$139.95, sizes 42-44-46-48 add \$15.00.

Thanks
and Ride Safe!



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(November '82 issue), I thought I'd answer the downed bro in New York who wanted to know if there was any club going by the handle Drifters MC. There is a Drifters MC in Detroit, Michigan, and has been for about ten years that I know of. Good luck to all those bros putting their clubs together.

Ken Brant
Westland, Mich.

Good Show

□ Good show! That story in the March '83 issue ("Winter Music"), was one of the best stories I've ever read in your magazine. Just thought you all should know.

Irwin
Warren, Ohio

Just Goes To Show Ya

□ Hey, I just want to say that the story "Winter Music" by Schultz is the best damned story I have ever read in your mag. Just goes to show a story doesn't have to be full of ass-kicking to be good.

J.T.
Albemarle, N.C.

A Question

□ I don't know whether to get my act together or cut myself some slack.

Joe
Paterson, N.J.

Hang loose.

Another Question

□ In the February '83 issue, page 12, bottom, there's a man who is trying to put a stick in his head or in the ground. What the hell is he doing?

Louis
Nr. Sundby, Denmark

■ The dude is in a contest. Ya run up to the stick, put it up against your head, and spin around five or ten times, and then try to make it back to the start.

Red, White, and Blue

□ Keep America American.

Sturgis
Richmond, Va.

Don't Judge

□ In response to "Disillusioned" (March '83 issue), who the fuck are you and your romantic illusions?

In the good old U.S. of A. we don't judge a biker or his ol' lady by what they look like, but by what's inside. Heart and pride are what are judged. That's right, fartbag,

even Mutha's twin brother can be one of the most beautiful people in the world.

Beer Belly
Stockton, Calif.

He ain't.

The Same?

□ Are my eyes fucking me over, or is that the same bike and people in the January and February '83 center-spreads?

Chris
Wiltshire, England

■ It's the same bike and people. One (January '83 issue) depicts their preparation for Daytona and the other (February '83) shows them on their way to Daytona.

Can't Take It

□ After going through your March '83 issue, I've decided to leave the dope world behind me. When you start seeing a dude's hand stretched out to his feet (page 22, bottom left), it's time to quit something. I mean, fuck! I just can't take the shit like I used to.

Youngblood
Montreal, Quebec

■ He must have either short legs or a long arm — take your pick.

Found A Mate

□ While sittin' here havin' a few brews, I decided to get my shit together and give ya a few lines to thank ya for the "Male Call" column. Through it, I've found myself an ol' man down in Washington. He told me I could thank Easyriders, so from Lone Wolf and Scraggs, thanks!

Scraggs
Calgary, Alberta

A Mistake

□ Hey, assholes, you fucked up again. On page 17 (March '83 issue), you said Arlen uses ten 1.2-volt batteries. I can't count too high, but I counted eleven.

Then in the specifications chart, you say there are eleven ni-cad batteries, so if it's not the drugs screwing you up so bad, you'd better see a psychiatrist or a kindergarten teacher so you can learn how to count again.

Bob
White Haven, Pa.

■ The writer had five years of group therapy, but he flunked out.

□ Wrench did a real nice job on the spread of Arlen Ness's "Strictly Business." It definitely looks like a primo sleeper, but one question: You guys said it has only ten 1.2-volt batteries in the article. I counted eleven and verified it with the specifications chart. My question? Is the eleventh one wired to the body to help keep one's heart going when you wind the fucker up?

Smitty
San Antonio, Tex.

See above.

Arlen's His Father

□ After one red-eyed look at Arlen Ness's latest creation, I have decided that he is my illegitimate father, and he should start proceedings right now so I can become his legal heir.

Only one thing could be finer than that scooter and that's the fuckin' shop it was built in.

R.A.G.
Orange, Tex.

1%er

□ I noticed in your February '83 issue that a lot of people were asking what a 1%er is. Well, I, like many others, have always wondered and was never told straight. What the hell is a 1%er?

Cat
Roseland, Fla.

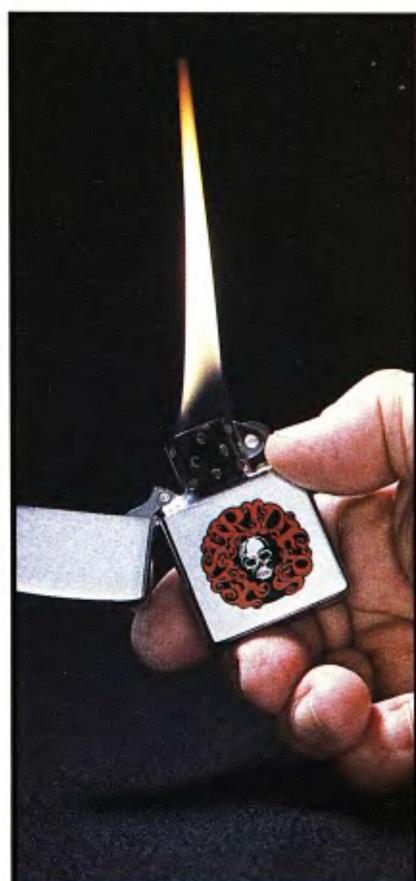
□ In regard to all the questions about 1%ers, it's clear that with all your answers, you don't know, either.

Canine
Rawlins, Wyo.

□ To Aardvark Rat, Grog, Taboo and all who ain't clued up as to what a 1%er is, here's how it started. In '47-'48 the towns of Hollister and Riverside (California) and Ensenada (Mexico) saw lotsa drunken, riotin', draggin' drug orgies. So the AMA, wantin' to set the record straight, made out that 99% of bikers were all decent, law-abidin' folk. So if ya ain't, yer a 1%er, okay? I'm one and I'm mighty proud of it, too. Ain't never heard of a 100%er over here, though. Maybe some stateside bros will clue y'all up someday.

Simon P. Smith
Somerset, England

□ In 1947 a little town named Hollister held a hill-climb and speed test over the



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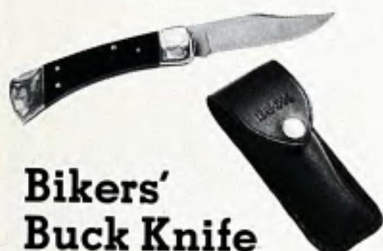


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Fourth of July. As the story goes, so many bikers showed up that the seven-man police force couldn't control them — there were fights and disorder. The next year, two towns, Ensenada and Riverside, had the same problems — all started by "bikers" or "outlaws," of course.

Well, the AMA made a statement that 99% of all motorcyclists were law-abiding, decent folk, and that outlaws were only 1% of the biking community. Outlaws are defined as non-AMA members, for the record. So, 1% means an outlaw.

K. Davenport
Bellevue, Wash.

■ The truth is that the term 1% was derived from the statement made by the AMA, claiming that 99% of motorcyclists were respectable motorcyclists and 1% were the lowest form of motorcyclist. The AMA then established a rule that all scooter tramps were outlawed from attending their events. And that's where the term outlaw came from.

At Hollister, the Boozie Fighters, the Galloping Gooses, the Thirteen Rebels, and the Winos all showed up at an AMA event and were "outlawed", so they drank and terrorized the town. The Hells Angels (named after a WWII fighter group) were just getting started in Los Angeles at that point, and not too long afterwards, they moved to Berdoo where a branch is still located. The mother chapter of the Hells Angels is in Oakland, California. The reason we never got into what a 1%er is, is that they all know who they are and it's not our position to point a finger. You either are a 1%er or respect a 1%er. Only a 1%er wears a 1%er patch.

Fuck

□ To T. Carey from Bethlehem, Conn. (April '83 issue), Mutha's column happens to be the first page I find when I get to the new rag each month. I just love dirty fuckin' words. Most of all, I love "fuck." Fuck is my favorite word. So if you can't handle dirty talk, then why the fuck do you read it? I mean, what the fuck? Do you fuck? Sure, you fuck. You probably fuck with the fuckin' lights out.

Maybe you people at Easyriders ought to write a good fuckin' article on who to fuck,

where to fuck, what to fuck, and why to fuck, or just plain fuck. Fuck-article or not, you're still the best rag.

Fuckin' Book Dave
Eastlake, Ohio

■ We'll never tell.

The Hate Factory

□ I was charged with the (N.M. State Penitentiary) "takeover", along with eight other folks, and oh, by the way, I really appreciate your putting the book on the bookstands a week before my trial was due to start, because everyone and their brother then had a copy. Since you printed my name in that "science fiction" story, it really trumped up my chances for a fair and impartial jury to hear this case. But in spite of your desire to make a dollar, we still got over!

Michael Price
Santa Fe, N.M.

■ The book was meant to illustrate the miserable conditions under which you are forced to live.

□ Just got done readin' *The Hate Factory*. Christ! What an excellent book. It keeps ya interested, makes ya mad, grosses ya out, and shocks the ever-lovin' shit outta ya. I read it cover to cover in one day. Couldn't put it down. One thing — how come, after all that, it still ain't changed?

Wild Snow
Glenview, Ill.

■ Because most politicians don't care.

Biker's Life

□ I just want to drop a couple of words to you guys about how I feel about the biker's life.

Biking is our life, one we can hang onto and have forever. As we ride, we see new places and meet all kinds of new people. But most of all, we find out more about ourselves just by understanding the world around us.

As we ride more and more, the feeling of freedom is in our hearts and souls. Every mile and every hour that pass finds us in a new world, the world only a biker really knows. So, my brothers and sisters, we are not alone as we ride. Someone is always there looking over us. Our life is hard, but we are still free. Remember, brothers and sisters, they may try to stop some of us, but they can't stop all of us. Our life is ours — forever.

The Wise Man
Somewhere in Germany

Rerun

□ I laughed my ass off when I read "Shouldn't Be Confused" in the January '83 issue. I laughed almost as hard as when I read the same story, damned near word for word, in an old issue of *Playboy* the week before! I don't know the issue, as I read it at work and when I went back to get it, it was gone, but the *Playboy* version was called "Rat Town Boogie."

I hate to snitch on Preacher, but I thought I should bring it to your attention before the three-piece-suit boys of some law firm come

Continued on page 114



"Dra! There goes a perfectly good pair of sunglasses!"

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Lanes Opened Up

Attached to legislation increasing the federal tax on gasoline by 5 cents per gallon — a bill passed by both houses of Congress at the very end of the session and signed into law by President Reagan in early January — is a section which should open high-occupancy vehicle (HOV) lanes to motorcycles. The Motorcycle Industry Council (MIC), the National Motorcycle Commuters Association (NMCA) and the AMA have long battled for access to these lanes, which are set aside for fuel-efficient vehicles, such as car pools, in congested urban areas.

—AMA Magazine

Blind Race

The Monterey Rams Motorcycle Club held a play day on February 13, 1983, and defending AMA Grand National Champion Ricky Graham was able to win but one of eight races. (Jay Springsteen, take note.) Graham's victory came in the blind race, where he was directed by girlfriend Lisa. Buddy Robinson was the passenger pickup winner, with the passenger being none other than Graham. Scott Pearson won the timed loop event.

—Cycle News

Racers' Fund

To the best of our knowledge, there is no program in existence that provides supplemental financial aid to professional riders when they are injured, after the AMA insurance maximum benefits have been reached. *Dealernews* feels that the service offered by this Pro-Rider Benefit Fund is sorely needed. Professional motorcycle riders have played vital

roles in the growing popularity of riding. Clearly, they have earned as much support as this industry can muster. The Pro-Rider Fund will spearhead the drive to guarantee this support, for now and for the future.

—Dealernews

Tariff Issue

In other action, the AMA elected to take no stand on the ITC tariff recommendation. AMA Executive Director Ed Youngblood announced that 1983 sanction meetings had been completed and the entire schedule was up about 3%.

—Cycle News

ITC Testimony

Senator William Proxmire submitted testimony which said, "Four of Japan's major manufacturers have taken direct aim at Harley's heavy-weight motorcycle market. That attack hurt Harley, deprived the company of needed resources to complete its revitalization program on schedule, and forced the company to lay off 1,600 Americans."

Testimony was presented jointly by Honda, Kawasaki, Yamaha and Suzuki at the public hearing. Those companies claimed their motorcycles do not compete directly with Harley-Davidson's unique motorcycles and argued that the inventory buildup is merely the result of overestimating demand in a recessionary year.

—Dealernews

Some Joke

You do save old issues, don't you? Good. Root around in the closet or the garage and see if you've still got *Cycle World* for Febru-

ary, 1982. Turn to page 33, the Harley-Davidson ad with the picture of the crate. On the next page there's a photo of an FXRS. The headline says "Maybe this time nothing will get lost in the translation" and half the text is in Japanese.

A little rough humor there. Harley's ad agency had noted styling trends, the return of the V-twin and they wanted to jab a few ribs.

Now find a side view of Honda's new Shadow.

Some joke.

Worse, from the standpoint of editorial comment, Harley has filed a formal request for action by the Federal Trade Commission, claiming that the Japanese factories are going after Harley customers with Harley's traditional appeals, that is, big twins and an appearance that used to be unique to Harley.

We aren't concerned here with that. Nor are we willing to judge the Shadow on the basis of how it looks, or whether it looks like something else, or has an engine resembling other engines. Every motorcycle company (and every motorcycle magazine) does things the others did first.

—Cycle World

Racing Heritage

Racing improves the breed, everyone knows, but most of the people building street bikes long ago quit racing the motorcycles they sell to the public. After all, who needs a bike like Kenny Roberts or Freddie Spencer?

There is, however, one racing motorcycle that could be — make that should be — a street bike. It's light and fast and controllable and reliable and beautiful and

has a racing heritage second to none. A roll of the drums now and... here's the Harley-Davidson XR1000.

—Cycle World

Disc Glide

Well, here it is 1983, and interestingly enough, the Sturgis is no longer being produced. Instead, there are two branches of the "family" that have come back together. This "family" started off as a Super Glide, evolved into the Low Rider; then the Low Rider grew its own branch with the creation of the Sturgis and Wide Glide models. Okay, now the Sturgis has become the Low Rider with the twin-belt drive, and we now have the 1983 Wide Glide with the original Sturgis twin belts. Fact is, the only belt-drive Harley model carrying the single-belt drive is the FLH Classic.

—Custom Bike

The Real Reason

Some motorcycle industry estimates place helmet sales as accounting for possibly as much as one-third of aftermarket accessory sales. Others peg helmet sales, in terms of dollar volume, as being worth well over \$100 million. Add to these considerations the fact that helmets are mandatory, to some degree, in 43 states, by the latest Motorcycle Industry Council estimate, and it's easy to see that the protective helmet should be an important component of the motorcycle dealer's overall accessory picture.

Profit margins on helmets ranging from 33 percent to 40 percent also point to the helmet as being a potentially tidy profit center for the dealer.

—Cycle Industry News

Aragon's



“Apehanger”

The event won't go down in history with George Washington chopping down that cherry tree, but 13-year-old Lloyd Aragon once ripped off and then ripped apart his mother's vacuum cleaner to use the pipes as exhaust stacks on a little Japanese 250 he was trying to turn into a miniature replica of the

bike in the famous Dave Mann painting, “Apehanger Days.”

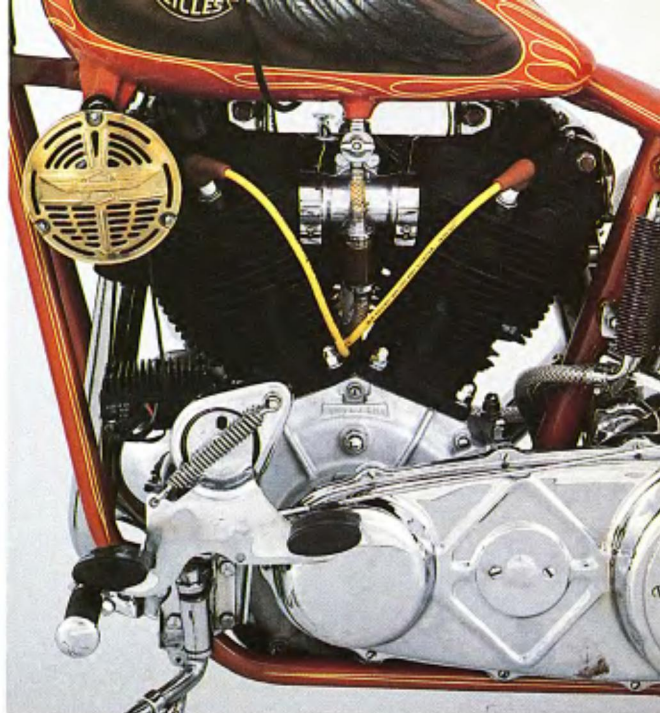
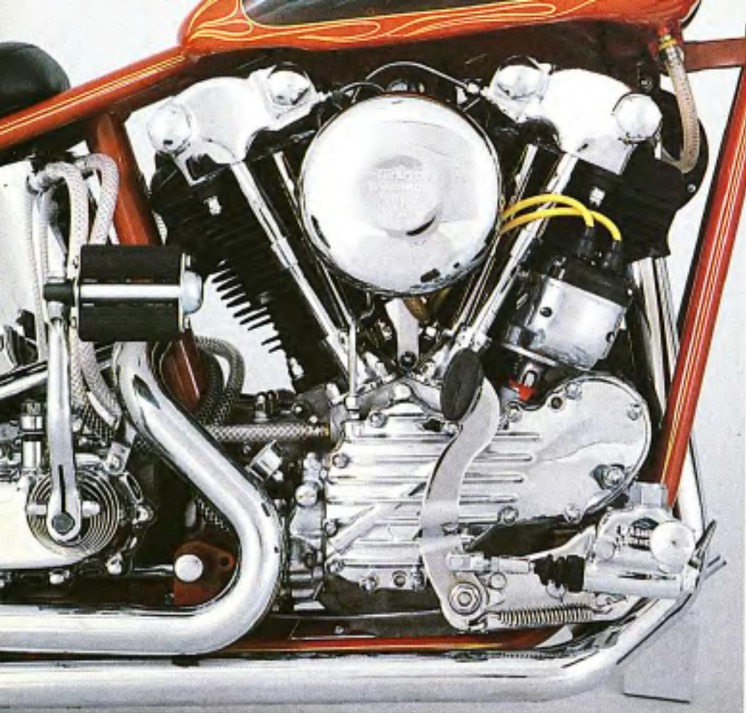
Well, Lloyd's come a long way since then, but he's never lost his love of fishtails and apehangers, solo seats and suicide shifts.

Actually, Lloyd's history with this '47 knuckle almost goes back to those childhood days when he was mounting vacuum cleaner pipes and bicycle apehanger bars on that little import. He knew about this particular bike way back then, but he couldn't get his hands on it for nearly ten years.

By the time the knuck became available, Lloyd had grown into a man and was well-known around Grand Junction, Colorado, as a bike builder and wrench of top repute.

When Lloyd finally got his paws on the knuck, which he built into the black-and-red beauty you see here,

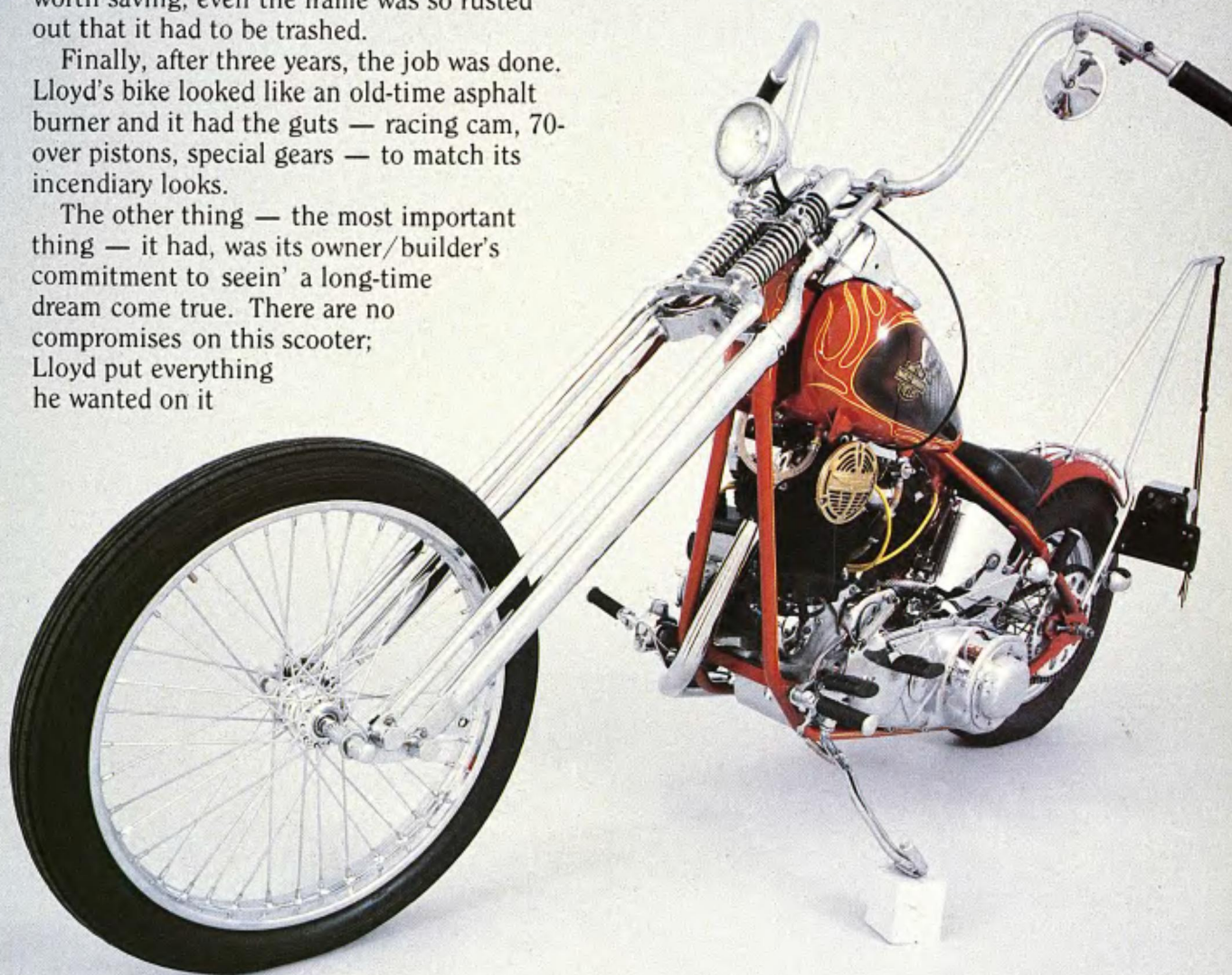


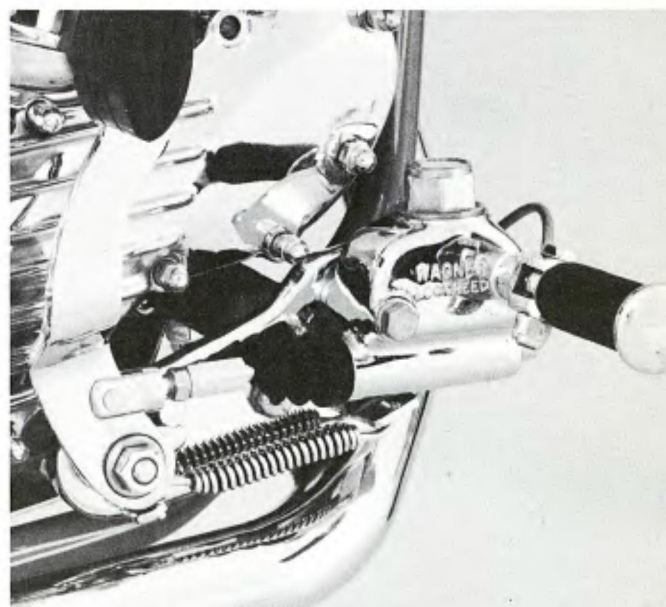
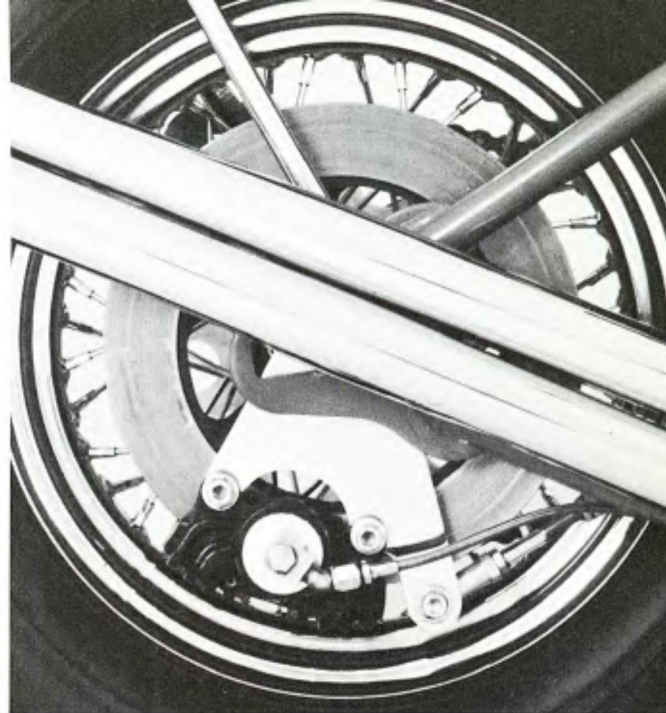


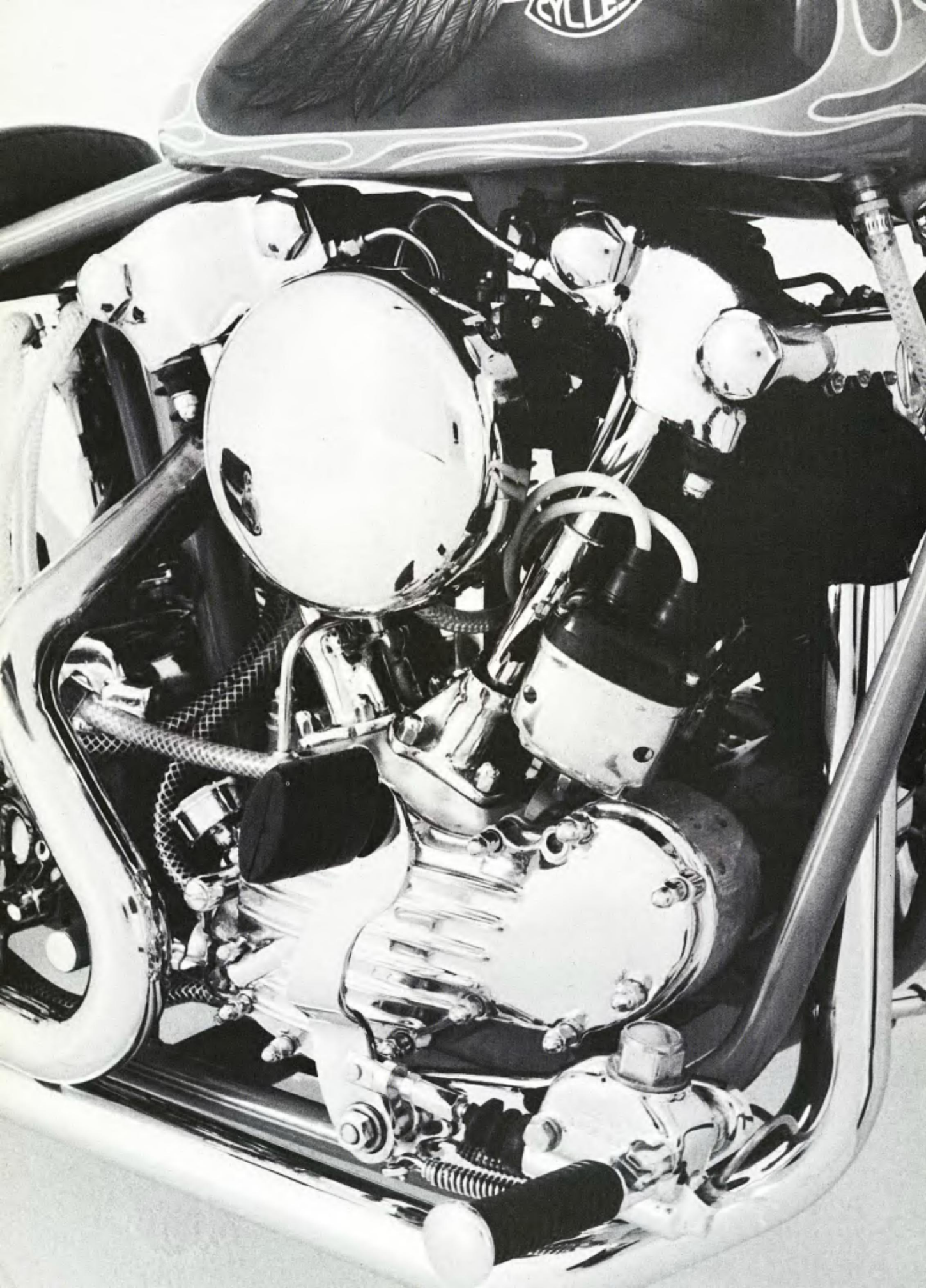
it was a classic basket case — the motor and the transmission case were the only parts worth saving; even the frame was so rusted out that it had to be trashed.

Finally, after three years, the job was done. Lloyd's bike looked like an old-time asphalt burner and it had the guts — racing cam, 70-over pistons, special gears — to match its incendiary looks.

The other thing — the most important thing — it had, was its owner/builder's commitment to seein' a long-time dream come true. There are no compromises on this scooter; Lloyd put everything he wanted on it

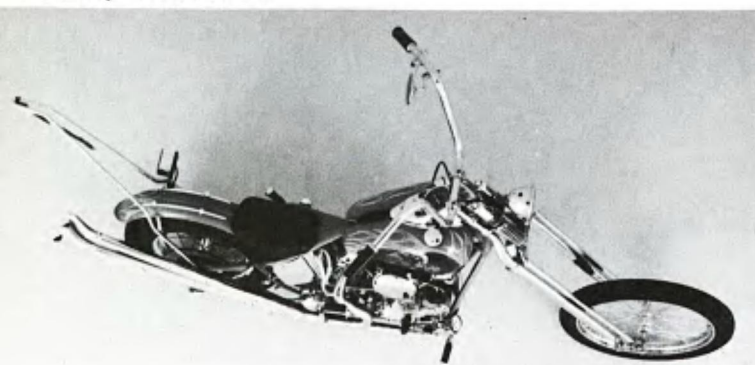






Owner: Lloyd Aragon		City: Grand Junction, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1981	
Year and make: 1947 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: FL knuckle		Type: rigid	
Value: too much		Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 1½-in.	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: smooth	
Chroming by: Diversified Metals		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apes/controls by "Pete's Thing"	
Year: 1947		Risers: custom	
Model: FL		Fender(s): 5-in. ribbed	
Rebuilder: CM&H Cycle/owner		Headlight: 4½-in. dual beam	
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: custom	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: Police Special	
Lower end: factory		Front pegs: Sportster	
Balancing: CM&H Cycle		Rear pegs: Sportster	
Pistons: .070 over forged		Electrics: 12-volt 2-brush gen.	
Cases: sand blasted		Gas tank: 3½-gallon	
Heads: Manley valves		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): knuckle Lightning Racing		Oil system: woven nylon lines/cooler	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: Grimsley's Upholstery	
Air cleaner: original H-D		Sissybar: Frank and Busby	
Pipes: fishtails by owner		Height: 26 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. cold roll	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: springer	
Year: 1947		Extension: 15 in.	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D/Colorado Joe	
Engine sprocket: 22		Special features: XA spring covers	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Dad's Body Shop		Hub: spool	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Jerry Crim/Dad's		Rim width: 2.5 in.	Rim width: 6 in.
Color: ask Dad		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin radial
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: none	Brake: disc
Special paint: ask Dad again			
Other special modifications: rear fender rails, rear wheel laced offset, braided leather between tanks and on sissy bar.			

Photos by Michael Lichter



and took off everything he didn't want. Take the rails, for example.

"I never have liked givin' rides," Lloyd says. "I always run rails an' a solo seat to avoid all that shit." The only thing is, Lloyd's got a righteous ol' lady, Laura, who likes her place packin' behind her man as much as she's ever liked anything. "She just takes her pillow wherever we go," Lloyd explains. "In 12 years, she's gotten damn good with that pillow."

Or, take the apehangers. Lloyd didn't want any cables, clips or anything else spoiling the classic chrome beauty of those armpit driers, so he paid the price and had internal controls installed on the bars.

Despite his respect for the old-time look in bikes, Lloyd is quick to use any new technology that can make his ride that one-tenth of one percent better. Like that leather braid hangin' off the sissy bar, for example.

"That's my speedo," Lloyd explains. "You can tell how fast I'm goin' by how it flies. It's the most accurate speedo I've ever had and it's got no cable to break or go dry." — Trampo

By Jody Via

JIGGS AND JEREMY were their names; and in these days of bros with heavy handles like Stomper and Crusher and Killer all over the place, maybe they sound just a tad lightweight coming in off the top. But nothing could be further from the truth, bros and sisters. Jiggs and Jeremy were a helluva pair, both bona fide and qualified. They were windblown drifters, scooter tramps of the old school, and solider than an engine wall, the either of 'em.

As far as measurable size goes, Jiggs only stacked up moderately humongous. He stood a bit over six feet tall and packed two hundred pounds on a high-shouldered frame. Sized hefty enough to make his vote count in anybody's election, if you catch my drift, but still not what you'd call a real big 'un.

Jeremy, on the other hand, resembled the side of a house with a couple of teeth missing. He looked like one of those big dumb bruisers who bite the tops off beer cans and say *duba* lot. Not so, however. For a time Jeremy made his living dealing blackjack in a cut 'n' shoot gambling den down south. That proves he could count, at least — as well as survive in places where they dump those who don't out back with the empty bottles. But where Jeremy really shone was on his motorcycle. In his element when he rode, he was as graceful as the wind itself, a giant centaur who meshed with his sled in a way that somehow totaled up to more than merely man and machine. Mounted on a touring-dressed Electra Glide that accomodated his massive bulk much as wild ponies once carried thundering Huns across the high steppes, Jeremy displayed a casual ease in the mastery of his mount that often caused onlookers' jaws to fall open at the mere sight and sound of his passing.

The problem was that, with people being people and so many of them being assholes, after Jeremy roared past and the citizens picked up their shit off the sidewalk where they'd lost it, they usually freaked. It was Jeremy's misfortune that he bore more than a passing resemblance to one of those rampaging murdersickle dudes from a '60s biker flick, and somebody was forever calling the cops on him for one thing or another.

One time he was thrown in jail simply for not running over a jogger. This guy broke from a side street with a large, unfriendly dog snapping at his heels and sprinted right in front of Jeremy, who narrowly avoided hitting him by swerving sharply for the curb. It was a high curb, and Jeremy could easily have fucked up his front end; but he took the risk without a second thought, rather than chance running the guy down. That was the sort of dude Jeremy was, an instinctive humanitarian for all his rough-hewn exterior. Then he sent the dog tumbling with a well-placed boot, a scant moment before it would've chomped a chunk out of the jogger's ass. But instead of thanking Jeremy for saving his butt, as soon as the jogger got over swooning at his narrow escape, he had him arrested for attempted hit-and-run. Later the dog's owner filed cruelty-to-animal charges, too. That sort of thing happened to Jeremy all the time, and Jiggs put a lot of miles on his bike just riding downtown to bail his big bro out.

But that road, like most, ran both ways. In his entertaining book about the Hell's Angels several years ago, Hunter Thompson described a biker named Buzzard who was so aggressively paranoid that he wouldn't take a free prize if one was offered to him, instinctively recognizing such an offer as a thinly disguised scheme to get one over on him in some devious

Continued on page 120

BROTHERLOVE

"Jigs and Jeremy were a helluva pair, both bona fide and qualified."

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

Budwe

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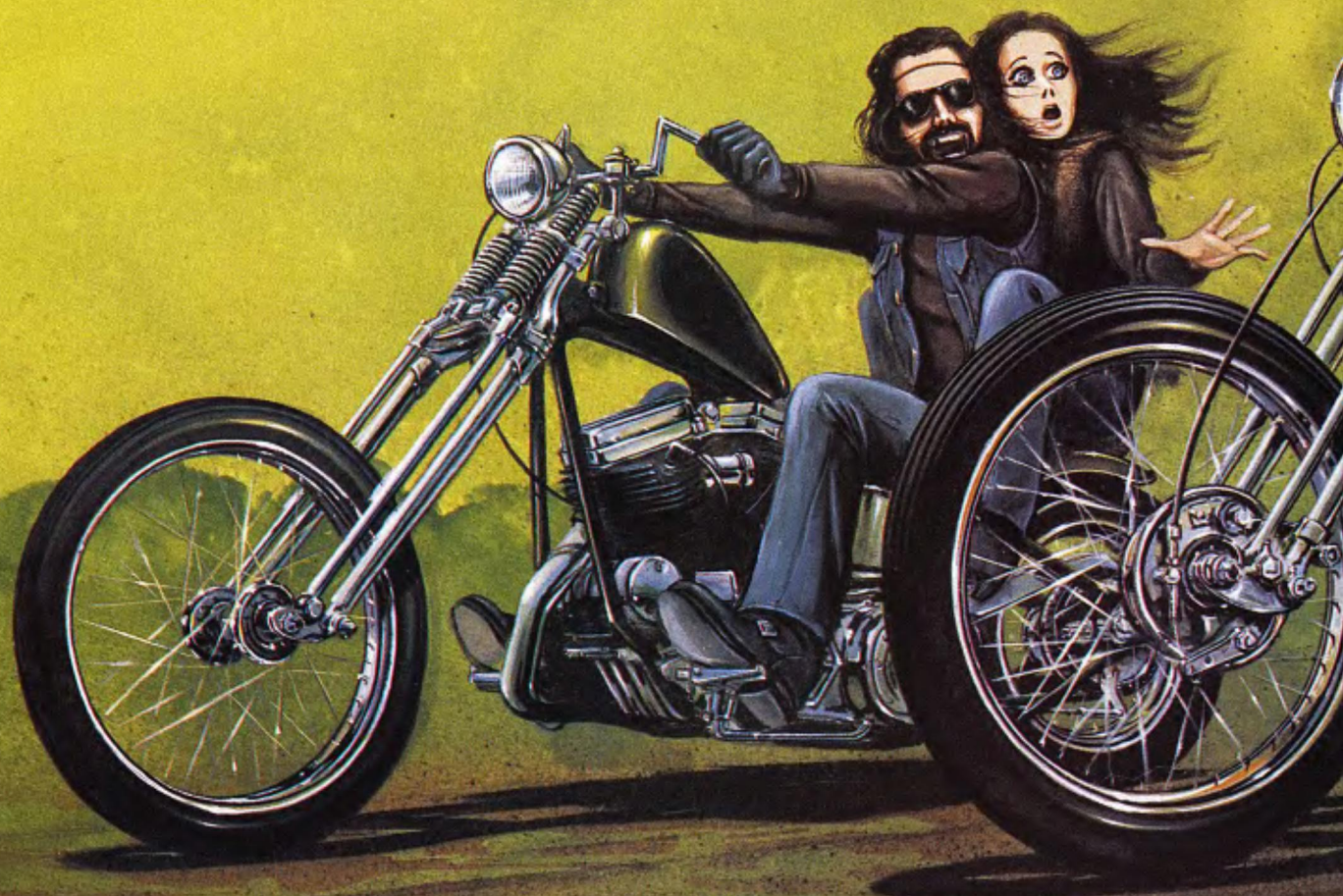


King

RA

OAK

WIN THIS DAVE MANN ORIGINAL FREE!



There's only one name that stands as high in the world of bike art as the name Harley-Davidson does in the world of motorcycles: Dave Mann.

Now you can win a Dave Mann original — not a poster or a litho, but an actual Dave Mann painting that was used as the centerfold in *Easyriders* #49.

Since Dave's artwork mostly depicts the good times of life on two wheels, Spider decided that the contest itself should kinda commemorate all the

miles that we on the staff have spent with our knees in the breeze.

In other words, to win this one-of-a-kind Mann painting, ya gotta guess the total miles registered on the combined odometers of *all* the bikes we own.

It's really easy. As you'll see from the list on these pages, there are 32 bikes involved — from a 1916 Indian to a 1982 Harley. All you have to do is figure out the combined total miles of all the bikes, as shown on their odometers.

Add up the figures, write your answer — along with 25 words or less about why you'd like to win — on the back of a postcard or sealed envelope (sorry, entries that have to be opened cannot be accepted), and send it to us. The painting goes to whoever comes closest to guessing the exact mileage. In case of a tie, the person with the best 25-words-or-less statement wins.

To make it easier, we're gonna give you a few hints. Start by taking a care-



STAFF BIKES

Year	Make
1916	Indian Scout
1925	H-D JD
1926	H-D JD
1931	H-D C single cyl.
1931	H-D VL
1936	H-D knuckle/shovel
1936	H-D VL
1938	Indian four
1942	Indian shaft drive
1946	H-D knuckle/pan
1946	Indian Chief
1947	H-D shovel
1947	H-D 45 trike
1949	H-D 45
1954	H-D Hummer
1957	H-D pan/shovel
1961	H-D 74
1963	H-D Sprint
1965	H-D panhead
1965	H-D 74
1970	H-D Sportster
1970	BSA 250
1971	H-D FX 74
1972	H-D Sportster
1973	H-D shovel/pan trike
1974	H-D 175cc lightweight
1975	H-D 74
1975	H-D 88" stroker
1976	H-D dresser
1980	H-D 80" Wide Glide
1982	H-D Sturgis
1982	H-D 91" stroker

ful look at the list. You'll notice that some of the bikes are older and some are newer. Not only that, but some have odometers and some don't. One or two have odometers that haven't been connected to anything in years. On the other hand, one of the bikes has over 40 thou on the clock and one has odometer digits that rotate without any particular relationship to how many miles the bike has traveled — it's even been known to slip backwards once or twice. And, oh,

yeah — one bike has an odometer that's obscured as the result of a misguided attempt to paint the tank with a can of Krylon a few ridin' seasons back. To eliminate any possibility of hanky-panky, we're not even gonna scrape the paint off that one until after all the entries are in.

As I said, it's easy. Just feed all the above info into your home computer (or your right ear) and the correct answer should flash right up on the screen (or

come shooting out of your left ear).

Send your entry, on a postcard or the outside of a sealed envelope, to Mann Contest, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Don't forget to include your name and address, and your answer to the tie-breaker question. All entries must be postmarked by June 1, 1983. Employees of Paisano Publications, Inc., and their families are ineligible to enter and the judges' decision is final.

— O.K. Whiteline

THE BALLAD OF BONNIE AND CLIVE

To the wild side of town
Where the living's lowdown
And the bars are all buckets of blood,
Came a free-wheeling man
From a far-roving clan,
A low-ridin', hard-fighting stud.

He rode a black bike
That was chopped to the bone,
As lean and as mean as was he.
He rode it long
And he rode it hard,
And he rode it far and free.

He came one noon
To the worst saloon
On the sinfulest street in town;
Where the pimps were rough
And the whores were tough,
And the end was a hole in the ground.

Now the name of the dive
Was Bonnie and Clive's,
And Bonnie was the barmaid's name;
As wicked a witch
And as beautiful a bitch
As ever a man hoped to tame.

At the end of the bar
With his eyes never far
From Bonnie, sat the gambler called Clive.
He vowed that no man
Could lay a hot hand
On her ass and leave there alive.

The last dude to touch her
Fell bleeding and cussed her
While dying of holes in his chest.
He gasped that she teased him
And swore that she squeezed him,
When Clive shot him twice through the vest.

And not long before
That treacherous whore
Got another young stud cut to strips,

By batting her eyes
And murmuring lies
And swinging her hourglass hips.

So Bonnie and Clive
Had snuffed out the lives
Of more than one innocent man,
And stolen their money
And thought it was funny
To cut the rings off their hands.

Then to the saloon
On the high stroke of noon
Came the stranger who rode a black sled.
When Bonnie spied him
She flounced up beside him,
While Clive marked the stranger for dead.

With ruby-red lips
And tits bare to the nips,
Bonnie leaned on the bar and she smiled.
Her dress was short,
Her legs were long,
And the look in her eyes was wild.

"Hi, stranger," said she.
"What'll it be?"
The stranger said, "Gimme a brew.
Then pour one for Clive
While he's still alive,
'Cause he won't be when I am through."

The saloon grew still
With a fearful chill
As the stranger's words cut the air.
"What's that?" Clive spat
From where he sat,
While Bonnie could only stare.

"I said," said the stranger,
"Your ass is in danger.
Yours and this cheap whore's, too.
My bro died here
In the blood and the beer,
And now I've come for you!"

By Jody Via

"So go for your gun —
Or just for fun,
Try your luck with fists or knife.
It's your dying day
So you call the play,
And that's how I'll take your life."

Clive sprang with a curse,
Vowing sure death and worse
To the stranger who challenged him so;
But the stranger just grinned,
And when Clive rushed in,
He hit him a wicked hard blow.

The gambler flew back
With his jaw going slack
And his eyes spinnin' round and around.
He slammed into the wall,
Going too fast to fall,
Before he finally went down.

Then he sprawled on the floor
With his nose dripping gore,
In a puddle of booze and spilt beer.
His ears were a ringing;
He heard birdies singing,
And his eyes weren't seeing too clear.

Before he could rise,
A boot by surprise
Kicked all the air from his chest.
He went down again
On the point of his chin,
And thought he'd just lie there and rest.

Bonnie, meanwhile,
With stealth and with guile,
Was tiptoeing toward the back door.
If she got away
The stranger would pay,
For she was a whore who kept score.

She reached for the knob —
But drew back with a sob
As a beer bottle burst by her hand.

The stranger said, "Bitch,
If you even twitch,
I'll drop you where you stand!

"Now freeze there and wait
While Clive meets his fate,
And watch while he pays his dues.
It's now Judgment Day
So you might want to pray,
'Cause judgment's been passed on you, too."

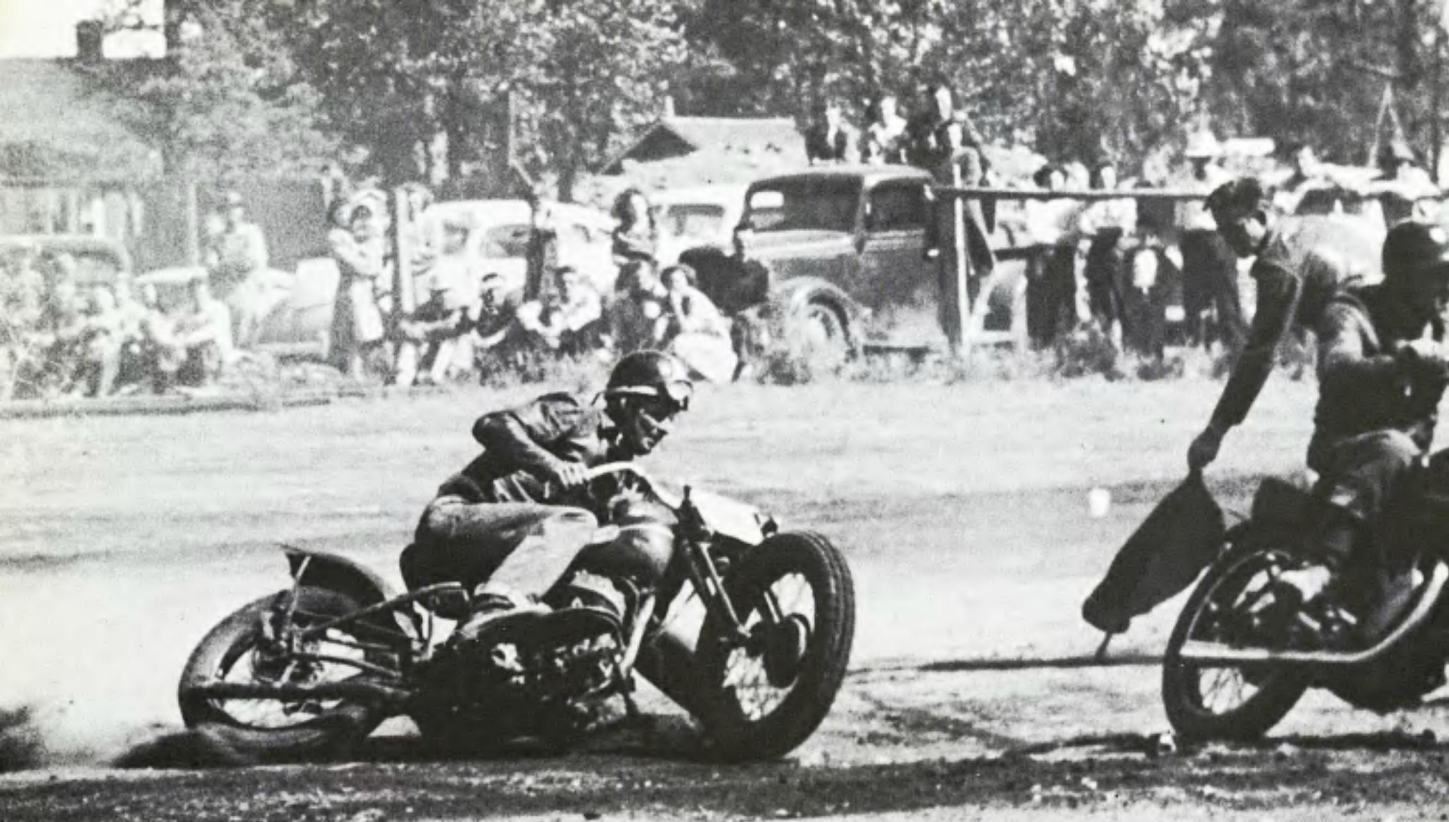
Then the stranger grabbed Clive
And he skinned him alive —
No shit, that's what he done!
Clive tried to flee,
But he couldn't get free,
For a man with skinned feet can't run.

So he pleaded to die,
And he did by and by,
But it didn't much matter by then.
Even Hell's deepest pit
Where they dump the hot shit
Was cooler than where he had been.

Now while Clive was dying,
Bonnie tried crying,
And she tried getting down on her knees.
She stuck out her tits
And licked her red lips,
And begged, "Don't kill me, please!"

"Don't take my life
With your bloody knife;
I'll do anything to live!
You can have my cash
And my cocaine stash,
And all the pussy I can give!"

The stranger said, "Sure,"
And took all her lures,
And then he got ready to go.
Just as he killed her
His cold words chilled her:
"You didn't give back my bro!"





How It Was

"Early-day racing was wicked. The very best of friends, traveling together, rooming together, were completely different men once they were on the track. Rules were lax and the competition was principally confined to Harley and Indian. I actually witnessed two of the nation's top riders on the corner of a half-mile track when the outside rider had the inside rider by the back of his neck, shaking him, and the inside rider was trying to grab the handlebars of the other. They were not black-flagged. . ."

—J.C. "Pappy" Hoel

One thing about the '40s, dudes back then were tough — hard-nosed, take-shit-from-no-one, tough. Goin' into the decade, the iron in their souls had been forged by the Depression; comin' out of the decade, the steel in their spines had been heat-hardened by World War II.

The best of the breed — the ones who lived, loved, played, drank and screwed hardest — became bikers. And as you'd expect from guys who'd grown up through the Depression and a war, they were used to competition — for a job, for a girl, for their lives — and they weren't about to stop just because they'd become civilians in a time of relative affluence.

The fact is that most of the runs, rallies and races we now enjoy — along with scores of events that disappeared long ago — were started back during those high-flyin' '40s.

Typically, what would happen is that a bunch of dudes would get together and form a club. After a while they'd get bored with running their unmuffled Hogs and Indians from town to town, makin' the local parents twitch and the local daughters pant. So, in order to make things more interesting, they'd haul out to a few deserted acres in the country and race each other up a hill or around a makeshift track. Soon, many of these informal local events were being held annually, with riders comin' from hundreds of miles to get it on.

One of those riders, a dude who followed the sun and the action from one coast to the other during those long ago times, is photographer Bob Hegge.

He may not have always had a willing lady packin' on





Photos by Robert Hegge





his Hog, he may have occasionally caught a nail without having his tube-patching kit on hand, sometimes he may have forgotten to throw a few extra plugs into his saddlebags, but one thing he always packed — his trusty Leica camera.

Of these pictures, Bob recalls the hillclimb photos were made in 1940 at Detroit Lakes in Minnesota, and the dirt track shots were taken somewhere in Oregon in 1946 or '47. The rest are just "somewhere-on-the-road" photographs.

Somewhere-on-the-road shots — sounds familiar, doesn't it? Probably that's because you've seen it so often next to the names of bros submitting pictures to **In The Wind**. You see, times do change. Only a fool would deny it. Times change. Hair gets longer and elapsed times shorter. Springers and fender skirts bow out, electric starters and belt drives roll in. A series of races on a half-mile track in the middle of nowhere grows, with time, into an annual event that draws 50,000 people to that out-of-the-way spot.

Yes, only a fool would deny that times change. Times change, as well as faces, places, hair styles, clothes, and, oh, yeah, the girls get prettier every day and their legs seem longer and tighter every year.

Times change. Still, as the pictures prove, bikers are still bikers, and the road is still the road. —Trampo



DOWNTIME

By Bomber

Any bro with a speck of experience in kickin' over Harleys has no doubt come across the malady, "Sportster Knee." Or "Knuckle Knee," in my case. I got away reasonably lucky — strained ligaments instead of a full-on tear. This hapless condition, coupled with a gut-wrenchin' case of flu, is bringin' a sweaty-palmed, burnin' head at ya this time around.

One thing downtime gives ya is plenty of time to listen up to new records — if your head can handle it. Dizziness and nausea notwithstanding, hearin' these particular albums was a rush as three different artists dropped back to take a look at the current world situation.

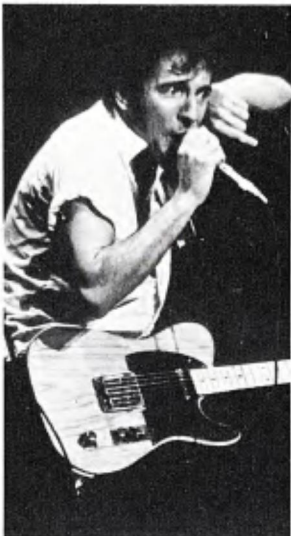


Photo by Mike Romano

Bruce Springsteen/Nebraska: In a refreshing departure from the norm, Bruce has chosen an all-acoustic stance for his appraisal of life in America, circa 1983. He examines and dissects the lives of millions of people who don't have American Express cards or country club memberships, or wear leisure suits with red pants, white belts and shiny, white shoes while vacationing in Florida. This album is about the true silent majority. The folks Washington Ronnie thinks will drop off in the night, and not come back for the final roundup.

Though the album sounds

like Springsteen had a heavy dose of some number ten Valium, it's a rarity in that you can hear each and every word spoken or sung. Quite different from his efforts with the E Street Band when he slurred the vocals, making it impossible to discern his ideas without the use of a lyric sheet. Yes, **Nebraska** contains a sheet of lyrics, too.

Armed with only an acoustic guitar, harmonica, and his been-up-all-night voice, it is at once simple and complex. From the opening cut, "Nebraska," a tune about a dude who goes on a rampage with a .410 sawed-off and feels no remorse after his "fun," blaming it all on the "meanness in the world," you get to visit some true lowlifes. Springsteen's desperadoes don't ride horses for the most part; they blast down the turnpikes of the East, resigned to the fact that they aren't going to amount to much, so instead they spend their nights looking for, and wishing they lived in, the "Mansion On The Hill."

Many of Bruce's people's problems stem from the economic decay we are all experiencing — in America, England, the whole damn world. "Johnny 99," on side one, starts with a mournful howl that is a prophesy of bad curves ahead. Behind the quick-paced guitar, Springsteen's whining voice relates, *They closed down the auto plant in Mahwah late this month/Ralph went out lookin' for a job but couldn't find none/He came home too drunk from mixin' Tanqueray and wine/He got a gun, shot a night clerk, now they call 'im Johnny 99.*

Another, called "State Trooper," centers on a dude's flight across New Jersey in the "wee wee hours" without "license, registration, I ain't got none, but I got a clear conscience," all the while dreading hot pursuit from the law as he steals along. Wondering what the cop he's avoiding is like, he thinks, *Maybe you got a kid, maybe you got a pretty wife/the only thing that I got's been botherin' me my whole life/*

Mister State Trooper, please don't stop me. . .

Six of the ten numbers have, not unusually, something to do with cruising around town, lookin' for something to do. Or going to visit your girl after completing the night shift, drivin' all night to get to her place (sounds like our crew) on "Open All Night." He begs, *Hey, Mr. deejay, won'tcha hear my last prayer/hey, ho, rock 'n' roll, deliver me from nowhere.* This is the spunkiest song of the works. Electric-tinged rage flows through the vinyl — it's the only tune on the album with an electric backup. "Reason To Believe," perhaps the highlight, concludes the set. It is a statement of amazement at what people will force themselves to believe in; from hopin' a dead dog will arise, to a woman waiting for her desert-er ol' man to return, to a groom wondering where his bride is on their wedding day, ending with, "at the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe." Believe me, this record hits on all nines.



Buddy Owen/The Original: Buddy Owen has been on the forefront fringe of rock 'n' roll for the past twenty years. With a love for the blues as his catalyst, he started singing at age thirteen in Winter Haven, Florida. Since then, the years have seen him as an original member of Vanilla Fudge, as well as backing everyone from Hendrix to Mitch Ryder, the Allman Brothers, The Zombies, The

Searchers, Country Joe and The Fish, Alvin Lee and others. Still, this is Owen's first solo album. It's a party, with very few breaks. "Strut Ya Stuff," the lead number, zips along with a great organ piece by Mike Ash, and Buddy's brother Gary Owen backs him on guitar.

"Turn On Your Lovelight," "Walk Up Softly On Me," and "Hoochie Koochie Man" are great showcases for Owen's growling voice. "You're Gone," from side two sounds like a Southern gospel tune in a rock 'n' roll church. It's worth the work to find the album, and it is a job. See, Buddy is on his own label and doesn't have the benefit of a monster record company promoting him. But in Austin, Texas, they know him. Maybe you will, too. His label is Mundai's Records, Box 7261, Winter Haven, Fla. 33883-7261.



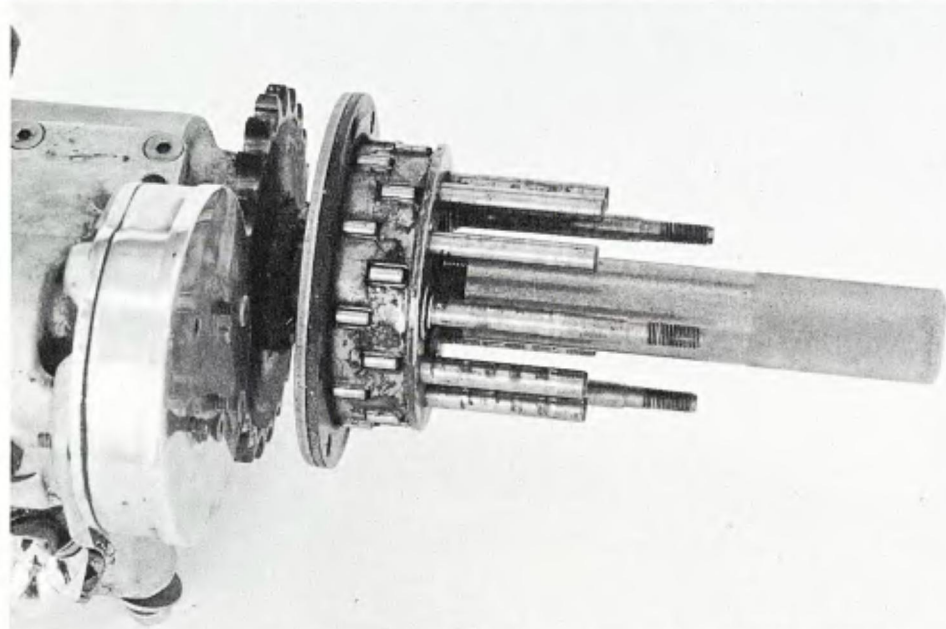
Bob Seger/The Distance: Before long, this album will be hailed as a masterpiece of rock 'n' roll. Let your ears wrap themselves around Seger's toughest entry to date, as he scores heavily with this rock fan. Six of the nine songs are out-and-out killers. Never has he sounded so good, or been backed so solidly, which is not surprising when you realize the Silver Bullet Band has been streamlined — augmented on the album by Waddy Wachtel, guitar; Russ Kunkle, drums; Don Felder, guitar; and Roy Bittan from Springsteen's E Street Band, lending a hand on piano. Remaining members of the original Bullet Band are Alto Reed, tearin' 'em up on the sax; Chris Campbell, bass; and Craig Frost on organ.

Right from the git-go with "Even Now," the energy is high as Seger celebrates that he's

Continued on page 126

Tech Tip

TOOLS FOR AMERICAN MOTORCYCLES

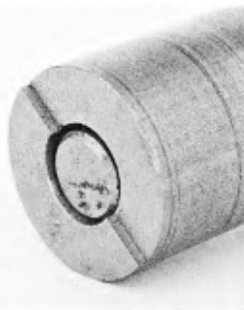


Working on your scooter can be a drag even if you have the right tools, but without them, it can be a disaster. What should be a routine maintenance chore can easily turn into an expensive week-long hunt for parts to replace those you screwed up. Unfortunately, the prices H-D charges for their genuine tools rank right up there with the prices of their bikes. The logical solution would be to make your own tools as the job warrants, which I have done in the past. But doing things that way eats up a lot of time that could be spent in the wind. On the other hand, even if you have the cash to afford the factory tool you need, you still might not be able to find it. Most dealers don't stock tools for a couple of reasons — one being that they figure they would lose out on service work, and the second

being that tools aren't a big mover, which means they may have to sit on them for a while.

Well, I finally found a company that offers a cure for the problem — the Service Department Company, in Florida. They make almost all of their own tools — with the exception of the reamers — most of which are exact duplicates of factory service items. The Service Department Company has even come up with a couple of items that the factory doesn't have, to make maintenance chores a little easier. One such tool is shown here — a jiffy clutch hub-puller (Photo 1). The jiffy clutch hub-puller screws on the transmission shaft after the clutch hub nut has been removed. Screw the jiffy puller on far enough to cover all of the threads on the mainshaft, and smack the end of the

puller with a hammer. The clutch hub should pop off its seat on the taper and rest up against the puller. (If it won't pop right off, smack it again.)



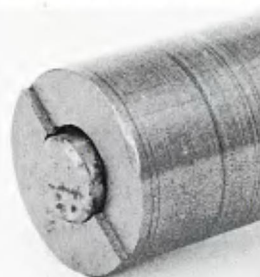
Then unscrew the puller and remove the clutch hub.

The part I particularly like is that you don't have to mess around with the clutch hub studs, which are usually bent or broken from falling down.

Another tool I bought is a valve-seat gauge. This gauge slips over the valve guide on either the intake or exhaust, and when the valve is inserted into the head, it

lets you know how much room you have left to grind on the valve seat. A stock valve seat would be indicated by the tip of the valve stem being flush with the lower step on the gauge (Photo 2). As you grind the seat, the valve goes farther into the head. But if the seat is ground too far, the valve stem sticks out of the valve guide too much and changes the rocker arm geometry. The limit that the valve seat should be ground is indicated by the top of the valve gauge — if the valve stem sticks out past the gauge, you have gone too far with the valve seat (Photo 3). This could come in handy when buying a set of used heads.

The Service Department Company makes almost every type of service tool for H-D's Big Twins and Sportsters at a better price than H-D dealers offer. If you're



interested in the tools that turned me on, or are looking for something special that dealers swear doesn't exist, it can't hurt to check out the Service Department Company, 601 N.E. 42nd St., Oakland Park, Florida 33334. It may even give ya some inspiration.

— Wrench

PENNED OVER END

"Aaooww! Shee-iitt! Noooo! Aaooww!" I'm yelling as the bike shakes through a large missing piece of Kansas highway. Australia!

'Cause that's just what the damn pothole looks like — the kangaroo continent, a trap some evil aboriginal highway worker set — and though the jarring doesn't knock me off the Sporty, it does stretch the speedometer cable loose and send the instrument screaming into the January winds.

The speedometer needle is having seizures in its glass compartment; back and forth. The wailing it gives off rises higher and higher, beyond pain, past the dog frequencies, and into the realm of banshees.

I wince, feeling the soft insides of my skull turn into something fit for a ride down a sewer line. I curse and kick at the cable, trying to kill it in a hurry, and I careen all over a highway that, luckily, is empty at this particular time.

Fuck if I'm stopping for a little bit of noise! Not this dude!

The cable won't kick loose — kind of hard to point a boot at the damn thing — so I try breaking the speedometer's face with a gloved fist. The cheap, wailing device makes me so angry that I want to crack the glass, pluck the indicator arrow loose and swallow the fucker.

The shitty thing finally snaps. The speedometer whimpers and the needle falls slack at zero. The silence, this veritable quiet by comparison, the low roar of the bike and the rush of wind in my face are as welcome as French kisses from heaven.

I settle into a furrow in the asphalt — a groove worn by six million Peterbilt runs of pigshit, canned corn, ballistic missiles, California oranges heading for Florida, and in the west-bound lane, Florida oranges heading for California. This rut in the road is just a cousin to all the tractor scratches on the fields. Nice enough, the different tilled colors — I mean, crap comes in a hundred shades, too.

Nothing's alive in these fields in January and there's no snow on the ground, either — just chilled dirt. We'd been having a dry, cold winter back in Denver and it looked a lot worse out here by

comparison — an arctic dustbowl, too thirsty for the winter wheat to spring up, and no snow to protect it from the winds if it did. In fact, the Rockies themselves were just one big dry hump this year. And so my thoughts began to climb one on top of the other and started slinking back to Denver. Since I left there at 5 a.m., they don't have very far to crawl. I also thought about the shitty speedometer, the present Kyla gave me for my 30th birthday. "So you'll know how fast you're going," she'd told me.

Great, I thought to myself as I unwrapped it, I need to know how fast I'm going like I need to know how many urine samples I can fill after drinking a six-pack. Well, I was being the dutiful lover then, so I installed the ugly thing. Seems like every time my hormones boil over for someone and we go at it crazy as minks, sweat stained mattress and welts between the legs, that eventually, well, a long time passed in this case before I heard it, heard the faint, rhythmic clicking, out in the lonely stretches of my skull, that told me I'd been wound and the bomb was set to go off. . .tick, tick, tick, tick. And so forth.

When Kyla gave me the speedometer, it sort of triggered the clicker. Now I knew how fast I went. Not half fast enough.

Well, yeah, it was a thoughtful gift, thoughtful in that way of Kyla's, that worried, joyless way she had of arranging her mouth and eyes that made me want to rearrange them with a pipe wrench. She was always telling me things for my own good — like slowing me down when she rode behind, like making sure I had my thumb stitched up that one time before the gangrene ate it, or whetting her sexual appetite the way she liked, by cooing sweetly and respectfully and demanding an hour of my magic fingers before I could dip my wick in her crack.

The ticking in my head was getting so bad that it would echo even when Kyla wasn't around and I could sense that the conflict growing between us would erupt soon. Yet even through these grim stretches, there were some good times. It was nice being taken care of. She used bleach when she washed my underwear and it

"She used bleach when she washed my underwear and it was real nice stepping into a pair of briefs without seeing a stain. . ."

BY ROGER FREELS

Continued on page 96





CHET BONESTEEL:

50 YEARS OF

At 75, Chet Bonesteel is just now beginning to savor the pleasures of retirement, but the man who up until a few years ago was billed as the "World's Greatest Motorcycle Trick Rider" remains a biker to the core — he still disdains helmets and cages and uses a bike for his personal transportation.

Unlike the daredevils of today, whose "acts" often include nothing except revving their bikes as high as they can and hoping they manage to miss whatever obstacle they're jumping over, Bonesteel practiced stunt riding. One of his tricks, for example, involved climb-

ing a six-foot ladder mounted on a Harley with the throttle wired open. While maneuvering the Hog around a half-mile oval from atop the ladder, he would pluck a fully-feathered chicken clean — by the third turn.

Another one of Chet's tricks involved quite a bit of advance preparation; he had to grow a beard first. Then, while cutting donuts in front of an audience, he would climb to the top of the ladder, whip out a straight razor and shave off his face hair.

Perhaps the most unique part of Chet's act — a stunt never duplicated



Photos from: Chel Bonesteel



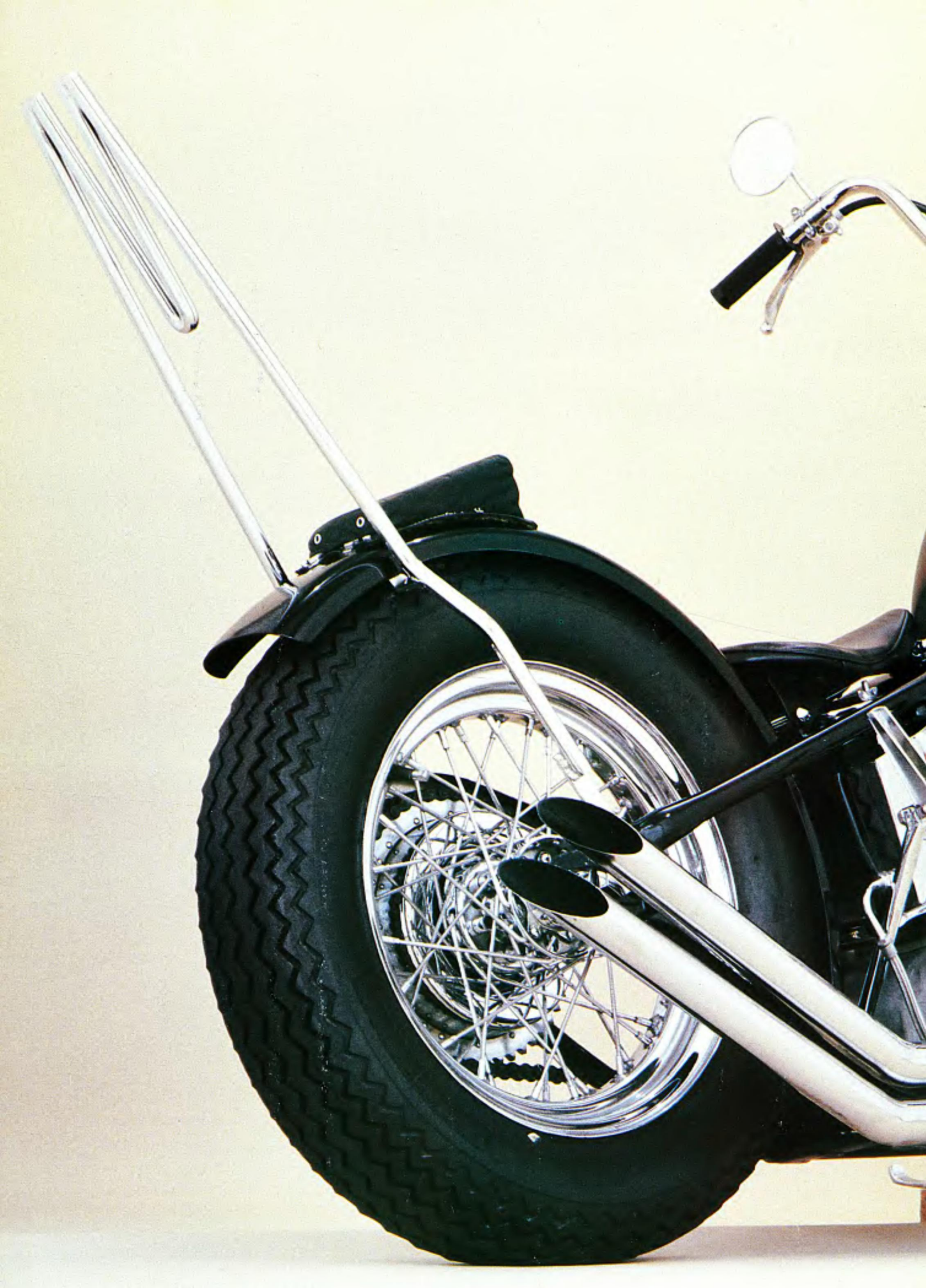
STUNT RIDING

anywhere — involved riding one running motorcycle balanced on top of another. He did it by custom-building a set of rollers, sort of like dyno rollers, to fit over the seat of his Hog. Picking up a small bike he had built for his granddaughter, he would put the small bike on top of the rollers, fire up the Harley and hop on. As the Harley rolled along with the throttle wired open, he would start the smaller bike and put it into gear, causing the wheels to spin and the bike to balance under its own power as it ran in place on its treadmill.

Bonesteel got his first bike when he

was 13 — by trading his bicycle for a motorcycle that wouldn't start — and kept it until he got married seven years later. After that, what with the wear and tear from both his act and his professional riding, he went through a bike a year until 1948, when he got the Harley. He rode that one for 25 years and it was still going strong two years ago when he sold it to a nephew.

"It was the most perfectly balanced motorcycle I was ever on," Bonesteel says. "I could jump up, put my feet on the seat, stand up — I could do about anything on that bike." —Junior





Harms' Way

Remember that David Allan Coe song, "Take This Job And Shove It"? Well, unless you recently immigrated here from the moon, you're probably aware that not too many bros have been whistlin' that tune recently. In fact, the way the economy has been the last couple of years, a lot of bosses have kinda turned the words around to say, "Take this pink slip and shove off."

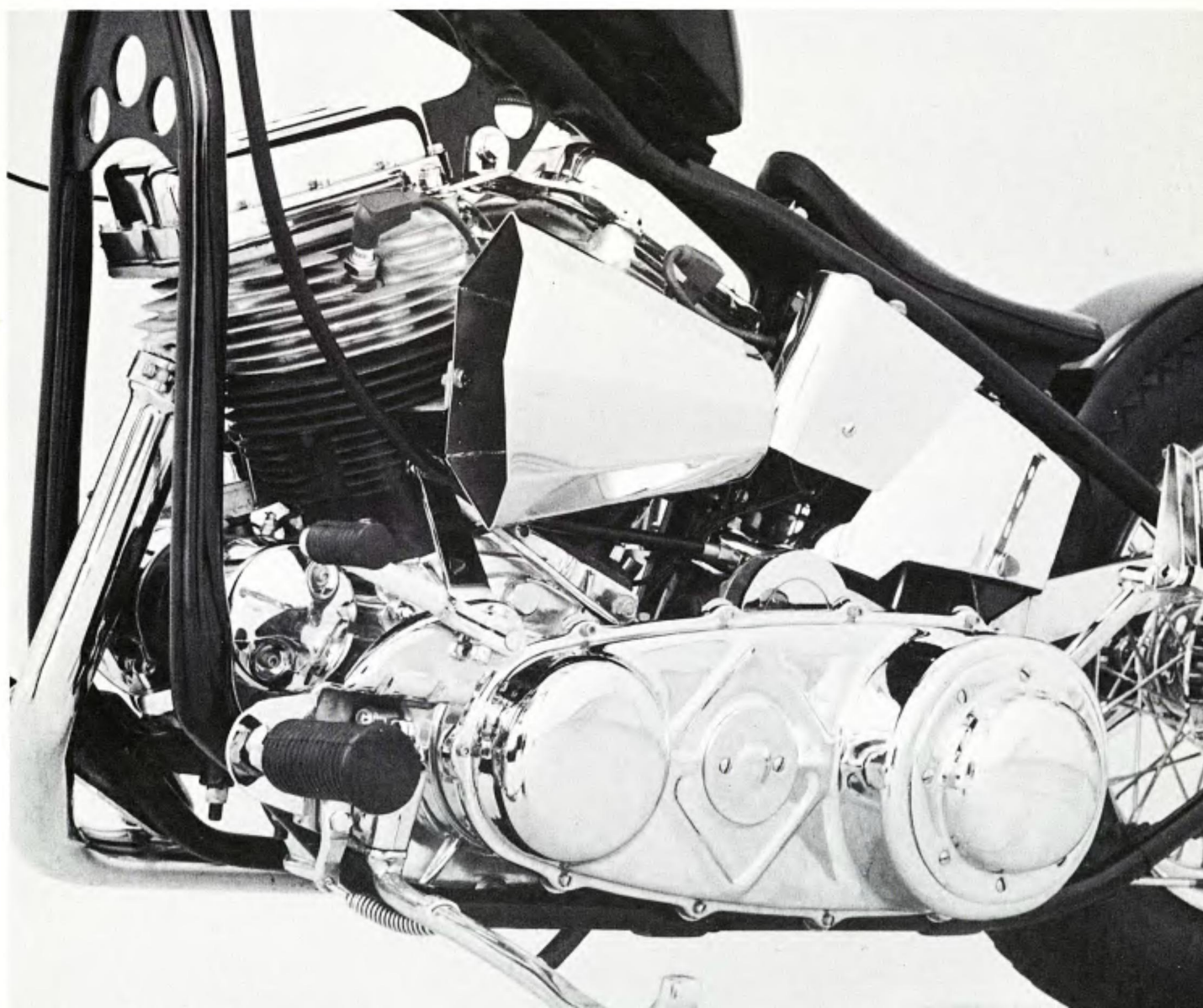
One of the millions to recently find their personnel file stamped "laid off" is George Harms, owner and builder of this gleamin' chrome-and-black '48 FL. But, like many bikers, George was not exactly devastated by the news. Hell, his bike was up and running, the air was warm and the roads were dry. The way George figured it, he might as well make the best of a bad thing and get in all the riding time he could before he was called back to puttin' in time at the old salt mine.

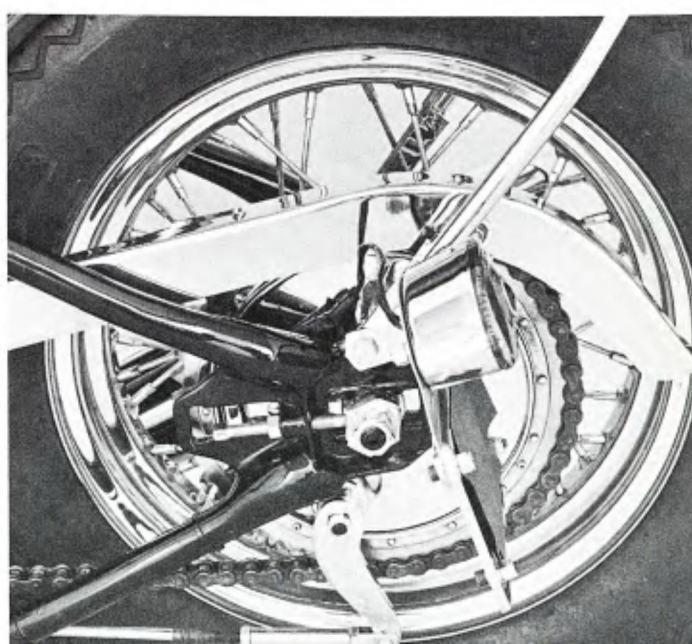
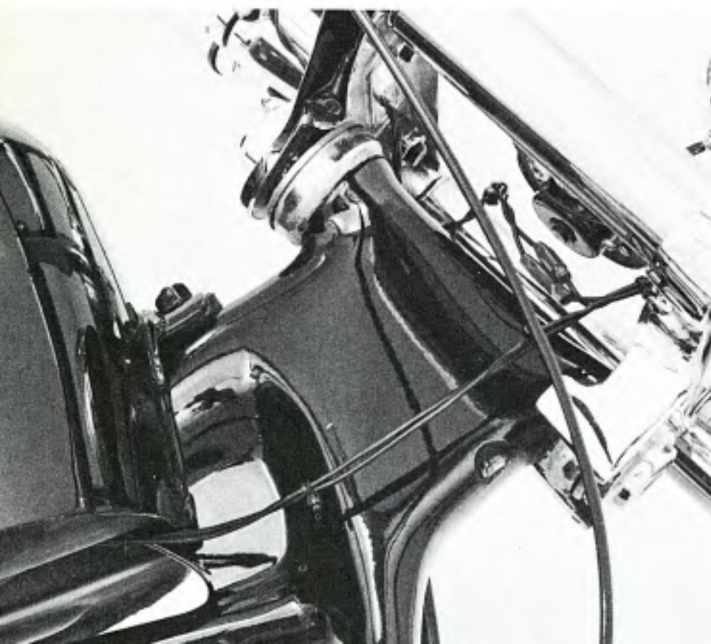
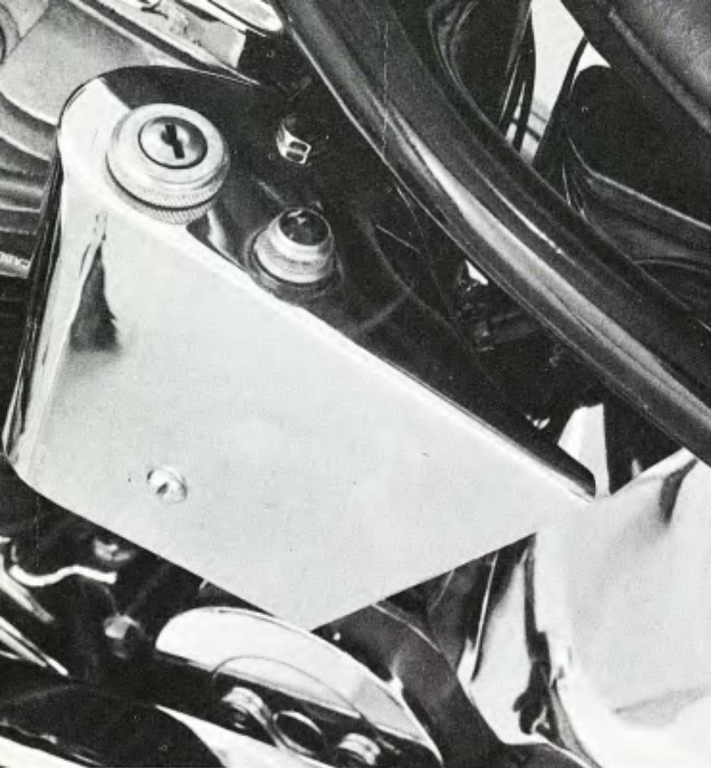
Actually, salt mine isn't quite the right description for George's line of work. Whereas many dudes greet the news of a layoff with a muttered, "Oh, crap," George responded to his pink slip with a shouted, "No crap!" George, you see, was shitcanned from a job as a deliveryman — delivering portable toilets.

Fortunately, George had already been on the job long enough to finish building this stylish, traditional-looking pan. "Unemployment," he says, "has given me a lot more riding time than I expected to have this year. I just get to ride the hell out of it every day."

Continued after two pages of photos









Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: George Harms		City: San Fernando, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1948 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: arm and a leg		Rake: 1½-in.	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: lost track		Other alterations: metal fabrication	
Chroming by: Astro Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1948		Risers: 3 in.	
Model: FL		Fender(s): 5-in. flat	
Rebuilder: Van Nuys Harley		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Cat's Eye	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: better than stock		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Van Nuys Harley		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: .030 over		Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: 3-gal. Santee	
Heads: new exhaust flanges		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: solo/bitch pad	
Air cleaner: Drag Spec.		Sissybar: custom	
Pipes: upsweep drags		Height: inverted	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: by McCloskey's		Type: glide	
Year: 1970		Extension: 15 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: shaved lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18	Size: 16
Molding: owner		Hub: spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jim		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Arco
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: mech. drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: Thanks to unemployment for some riding time.			

Also, George told us, the traditional look of the bike is deliberate — he hunted and haggled for the parts he needed to make this particular bike convey a certain sense of time and place that he feels is missing in a lot of today's bikes.

Ya see, even though this is only George's second Harley (the first was a '71 shovel), the man has definite ideas of what he wants in a ride.

"Everybody seems to be running fatbobs these days," George told us. "What you don't see much of anymore are these long and low classic choppers. But I don't much care what everybody else is doing. It's my bike, and I built it my way."

— Thug

A SCORPIO

GETS EVEN

"Listen good, pukeface," I said loud and clear. "Now we're even. Don't never forget a Scorpio's creed. We don't get visibly mad, but we always get even!"

The little blonde tightbox with the big jugs really knew how to give skull. Sitting with my back against the headboard, I was blissfully toking with one hand, sippin' JD with the other and doin' my damndest to prolong the pleasure engulfing my tool by counting backwards from one hundred. Her pale curly locks were bobbin' faster now. The sucking sounds were drownin' out Willie Nelson's good singin', softly and plaintively fillin' the room. So I relaxed and dumped the aching load, ruinin' Willie's climax with the satisfied groan of mine.

Abruptly, the fuckin' doorbell chimed.

"Ah, shit!" I said, glancing at the clock on the bedstand — it showed 2:37. "Who the hell could that be at this hour of the damn night?"

Greedymouth kept right on suckin'.

More chimin' from the dichard at the front door forced me to roll away from that dynamite tongue. Putting the glass and the doobie down, I pulled on my britches and went to the door, glancing once at Blondie kneeling on the rumpled bed, catching her breath. I knew the little sex maniac would still be there, ready to resume the action, when I returned. Put two Scorpions on the same bed and it's bound to turn into a classic forever session.

Opening the door, I found Waldo — the one and only klutz-fuck creep — Mingler standin' there in all his obese stupidity. For a second, I just stood there, gazin' with disbelief into his nervous expression. Cross an overweight basset hound with the stunted mind of an uncool germ and that's Waldo Mingler. Towering over the fat little jerk, I glared down at him as I growled, "What the livin' hell do ya want?"

"Skeeter, I gotta rap with ya!" he pleaded.

"Your damn timin' couldn't be worse," I told him, adding as an afterthought, "unless I was nine inches deep in a new fox or sound asleep."

"This won't keep!" Waldo babbled fearfully. "No shit, man! And it's my only chance to get off'n yer shit list fer whut I done!"

I stepped back, lettin' the asshole enter the living room. Waddlin' to a nearby chair, he lowered his flab into it. Looking like a sorrowful hippo, he huddled there, his itty-bitty, snot-colored eyes filled with shame and remorse. The slob's thick-lipped mouth worked soundlessly as his half-stapled mind groped for the right words. Keeping my face grim, I sat on the couch opposite him.

"Ever since that awful night, Skeeter," Waldo mumbled, lowerin' his face until he was starin' at the charming lace-up work shoes he wears, "I've felt rotten."

"It was a rotten thing," I said helpfully.

"I wuz shitfaced, man. I didn't know I was talkin' to yer ex-wife in that bar!"

"Still no reason to tell her which town to find me in, much less broadcast all the sweet little cunts I'd been doinkin' like ya did." I lit a cigarette from the pack on the coffee table. "Crazy woman really went up in flames over that know-how. The fact that I was behind in some payments to her made it even worse. Hell, I damn near had my fuckin' ass nailed good, thanks to your loose lip. Barely got outta the fuckin' state ahead of her and some paper."

"I dunno why I git so careless when I'm stoned or shitfaced," mourned Waldo. "Kin I have a smoke?"

"No!" I rasped. "Ya still ain't told me why a back-stabbin' dipshit like you has the gall to come blunderin' in here."

Continued on page 84

By Garbage



SUDS SEARCH

Puzzle by Phil Lozano

P
R E O S F
O A F F T L L A F L O O Z
O R M F K R O B U T U O T S F S L I M
C I A E H O C H O S Y D E F D F I S
L T B N K H L S E R R I F B C E C O
L S A Y I D S L A M A R L H L K A M
K G R L L U S T R H E T O I E I N U S I
C E E A E T G A N N C T Z L P W F P E R Z
O K G F Y U B I T A H R O I O M E O O P T
R E L L I M E S R I L B E R O C Y L I
R G E R Y W I E N H A L C G I L L L L
E S T R Y H E G Y Z S D A A R I F B O R D H
F S R R S B S H T A L B L B N U U F E L L C
E W N O K L S O I O R E A G L D B I L O O S
A E I C O T F P C L X Z R O W G N S N R C
H R O S I C F S N P L O F E R I R E G O S
C B H L B T N I O P C R I A A F S O O U F
S C H L O T Z R R K A S I R Z T A L B U A
S C H M I D T S I B E N L R A E P I E U S
S D L O G N I E H R S U A R B N E W O L T

Since many bikers live by the 11th Commandment — thou shalt not drink water — the issue of what to guzzle the road dust down with is a hot one. Though most bros prefer a yeasty, carbonated and fermented beverage, there is great dispute over which brand of the liquid — called beer — is best. To test your knowledge of this crucial subject, we've devised this puzzle. Hidden in it are the names of the 30 brands of beer listed below; they may read forward, backward or diagonally, but all are in a straight line. Letters may be used more than once, or not at all, and some words overlap. You can find the solution on page 84, but don't feel too dumb if you miss a few. What the hell, beer by any name will still make ya piss!

AUGSBURGER

BALLANTINE

BLATZ

BUDWEISER

COORS

FALSTAFF

HENRY WEINHARDS

IRON CITY

LONE STAR

LOWENBRAU

LUCKY LAGER

MICHELOB

MILLER

OLD CROWN

OLD FROTHING SLOSH

OLD STYLE

OLYMPIA

PEARL

PIELS

POINT

PRIMO

RAINIER

RHEINGOLD

ROLLING ROCK

SCHAEFER

SCHLITZ

SCHMIDTS

SPECIAL EXPORT

STROHS

TUBORG

British study targets killer crash helmets

British studies have revealed that so-called safety helmets may be killing many riders whose deaths are falsely attributed to head injuries from a crash.

And, says orthopedic surgeon Gordon Hadfield, chief medical officer of the British Motorcycle Racing Club, the bigger the helmet the more dangerous. "These helmets are so heavy that they rotate the rider's head when he falls — causing him to break his neck," Hadfield reports.

If you're lucky, Hadfield notes, the rotating weight of the brain bucket will merely cause the lid to be ripped off your head in a crash; if you're unlucky, the thing will damn near take your head with it.

In one British hospital, for example, seven riders in 18 months were found to have been killed by their helmets — most died of broken necks, a few bled to death after jagged fiberglass pieces stabbed them in the carotid artery or jugular vein.

Hadfield also claims that new studies show that neck injuries are far more common after bike accidents than previously believed. Many riders reported to have died of head injuries were probably killed by massive neck damage caused by full-face helmets, he reported.

"Hard fiberglass or plastic bounces on impact in a crash," he said. "The bounce has to be absorbed by the head and neck of the rider."

National
Abate
OF THE ROAD

Easynews

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

Experts advise practicin' them panic stops

Research shows many riders needn't go down when cut off by a cager

A new study has shown that many riders involved in accidents could have saved themselves had they reacted correctly to the emergency situation.

In fact, according to Dr. Charles Hartman, president of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, not only do many riders take the wrong evasive action when faced with a possible crash, an amazing 32 percent of all the accident victims studied in the University of Southern California Motorcycle Accident Study made no attempt whatsoever to avoid going down.

They "did nothing by way of evasive action prior to the collision," Hartman said. "No braking, no swerving, no nothing. They apparently sat there and sailed into a crash."

According to Hartman, many accident victims freeze up before a crash because they either do not know how to react or because they have never had to practice the emergency techniques they have been previously taught.

"A lot of riders I've met can tell you, correctly, that 70 percent of a motorcycle's braking capability is in the front wheel brake," Hartman notes. "But even armed with that knowledge, they use only the rear brake in virtually all riding situations. If you don't use both brakes rou-

tinely, you're not going to magically start doing so under emergency pressures."

According to Hartman, both brakes were used in only 17 percent of the accidents studied.

"The average amount of time a rider has from the moment he sees a threat, decides

what to do and carries out that action is less than 1.9 seconds," Hartman points out. "By using only their bike's rear brake, as many did...cyclists greatly increased their stopping distance and ruined their chance to avoid the crash or reduce its severity."

The good we do . . .
never remembered; the bad never forgotten



Photo by Bob Kinmonth

Cager, bar owner must pay biker \$4.4 mil

In what could be a precedent-setting decision, a Minnesota court has ordered a drunken cager and the bar that served him liquor while

he was getting intoxicated to pay \$4.4 million to a biker who was struck and dragged nearly a mile by the cager's pickup.

The jury placed 55 percent of

the blame for the accident on the driver — who admitted during the trial to having been drunk at the time of the accident — and 45 percent on the bar. The biker's fiancée, Cheryl Wilebski, suffered permanent leg injuries during the incident and was awarded \$360,000.

Though the trial lasted four weeks, the jury deliberated for only about three and a half hours. As the jurors left after announcing their verdict, they all wished victim John McGuire, who lost 40 percent of his body tissue (including a leg and an ear), a happy birthday. McGuire, who turned 26 two days after the trial, responded by telling them, "I thank you for the rest of my life."

According to witnesses' testimony, McGuire and Wilebski were struck by a pickup truck being driven by Elmer Scott, 54, while traveling eastbound on Hwy. 3 in Dakota County. Wilebski was thrown from the bike, but McGuire and the bike were pinned under the truck

and dragged down the highway for close to a mile. Scott then turned off the highway and tried to drive down a gravel road, but the truck got stuck. Scott then locked the truck, according to evidence introduced at the trial, and walked home.

During the trial, Scott testified he was so drunk he was unaware he had hit a biker. He said he thought he'd run over a road sign and was afraid to stop because he didn't want to be arrested for drunken driving.

Investigators discovered that Scott had spent several hours immediately before the accident drinking at the Southfork Bar. Bar employees and some customers testified that they did not consider Scott drunk when he left the bar, but that testimony was disputed by police and other witnesses.

The effect of the dragging was so severe that several metal parts of the bike were burned away by friction.

Biker nails insurance co. for refusing to pay claim

A biker, whose claim for \$1,250 in personal injuries was rejected by his insurance company, has been awarded \$375,000 by the 5th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

The incident began when Larry Richards was hit by an uninsured cager while riding his bike near Biloxi, Mississippi. Richards filed a \$1,250 claim for medical treatment with the Allstate Insurance Co., based on the uninsured motorist clause in Richard's car insurance policy.

Allstate refused to pay the claim because of an insurance policy clause that exempted the company from paying on any accident in which the insured party was riding in a vehicle

owned by himself or a member of his family.

Richards filed suit, claiming that he had been misled about his policy and had been led to believe that it would protect him against any loss suffered by a collision with an uninsured motorist, regardless of what vehicle he was in.

In ruling for Richards, a trial court noted that the clause Allstate relied on in refusing to honor the claim was ruled illegal in 1973 by the Mississippi Supreme Court. In affirming the trial court's decision, the 5th Circuit Court indicated that it is the responsibility of insurance companies, not their customers, to keep up with and obey changes in the law.

'Thrifty' decision on cop bikes may cost thousands

Recently we printed an item about the city of Ocala, Florida, purchasing import motorcycles for their police department because they were \$3.05 apiece cheaper than Harleys.

Just released information, however, indicates that the city's decision may eventually cost the city's taxpayers thousands of dollars more than buying the Harleys would have.

According to the bid submitted by the

local Harley dealer, the purchase price of the Hogs would have included a full year of free service and maintenance, including pick-up and delivery. Further, the dealer, Mid-State H-D, stipulated in its bid that it would guarantee that no bike would have to be removed for more than one police shift for servicing. The dealer even offered the city the free use of a loaner if servicing couldn't be completed in that time. The seller of the imports offered no such addi-

tions in his successful bid to the city.

Commenting on this, Dick Thomas, past commander of the Ocala VFW, said, "It is not very comforting to know our city fathers saved us \$9.15 by voting for the low bidder and in so doing wasted more than \$3,000 of our tax money. . . The residents of this city need to save wherever possible, we all need to save wherever possible, and we all need to keep our money at home."

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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



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

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

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Lady pastor in leathers supported by parishoners

"Just because she goes around on a motorcycle in a leather jacket and blue jeans, loves to mix with crowds at local soccer games, regularly chats with the fishermen in the harbor and laughs a lot, doesn't mean she isn't a good pastor," says Gustav Jensen.

Apparently, a lot of the Lutheran parishioners in the Danish fishing village of Hanstholm agreed with him because they recently voted by almost a five-to-one margin — 1,138 to 237 — to keep 29-year-old Rev. Inge-Lise Wagner on the job.

Wagner had come under fire from two parish councils because of her riding a bike and dressing in casual clothes. Also, foes accused her of engaging in "non-religious activity" with nighttime guests in a

camper she occupied while the local pastor's cottage was being repaired.

According to one council, Wagner — who had served as assistant pastor in the community for 18 months before being named to head the congregation of 2,100 — did not "communicate with people the way a pastor should."

It was the people sitting on the councils, obviously, who were not doing the communicating since over 800 parishioners signed a petition forcing the election Wagner won so convincingly.

As for the ridin' Rev. Wagner, she was, she told the press, elated about her vote of confidence but expected to be hassled by the parish councils until regular elections are held.

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.



The Second Annual Camarillo State Hospital Run will be held on **May 14** at Oak Grove Park, Camarillo, Calif. According to sponsors, residents of the hospital are in tremendous need of clothing and personal care items. For more info call (805) 486-5523, or write to Dan, c/o MMA, Box 2421, Oxnard, Calif. 93030.

In Wyoming, members of the **Cody Chapter of ABATE** honored the memory of fallen bro Tom Harrison by donating a "doppler" to the West Park Hospital. The doppler amplifies the heartbeat of unborn babies to aid in early diagnosis of possible problems. . . The Crawford County Chapter of ABATE of Pa. will hold a **spring swap meet** at the Crawford County Fairgrounds, Meadville, Pa. on **May 13, 14 and 15**. To find out more, call (814) 333-6049, or write ABATE, Box 5, Saegertown, Pa. 16433. . . "Deacon" Dave Phillips has been named head of **ABATE in California**, 7572 Foothill Blvd., Tujunga, Calif. 91042. One of his first projects will be setting up the chapter's booth at the U.S. Motorcycle Jamboree in Bakersfield, Calif., on **May 28, 29 and 30**.

A **for-veterans-only bike club** is being formed. For more info, write Vietnam Vets MC, Box 461, Hammond, Indiana 46325. . . This year's **Harley Rendezvous** is scheduled for **June 17 and 18** in Greenwich, N.Y. If you're interested, contact the sponsors at Box 310, Waterford, N.Y. 12188. . . The new chief of the Iowa **State Patrol**, Frank Metzger, has gone on record as **favoring an increase** in freeway speed limits from 55 to 62mph. The outspoken Metzger has also indicated he **may abolish the quota system** for his officers. "There's more to being a state trooper than writing tickets," he says.

The city of Monmouth, Illinois, has **exempted bikes** from an ordinance that forbids backing vehicles into parking spaces. . . Claremont, New Hampshire, is considering an ordinance that would allow traffic cops to **use a sound meter** to check bikes for noise violations. . . Somebody don't like us department: An **arsonist** in Pomona, Calif., has **torched** about 15 bikes in recent months. He generally hits about 6:30 a.m., according to a police spokesperson.

A **new chapter** of the Bikers' Rights Organization has been started in **New Brunswick, Canada**. For information write: BRO, Box 7103, Sub 12, Riverview, New Brunswick, Canada. . . Tennessee State Rep. Ray Johnson has reportedly agreed to **sponsor a helmet-repeal bill** in his state.

And finally, Australian biker, George "Rockjaw" Mijatow, who was paralyzed when he lost control of his Hog after being **hit in the face** by a parrot, stunned his doctors by vowing that he would ride again. Less than 11 months later he was **back at the controls** of his Hog — which had been specially modified to carry him and his wheelchair. Says George, "Bikes are my life."

Busted bikers win bitter 'victory' in court

"The defense lawyers offered us \$5,000 apiece," said Robert Bland, one of three attorneys for 10 bikers attacked and beaten by state troopers in Charleston, West Virginia. "We gambled on the jury and lost. They sent the message to the state police that they can beat people and citizens don't care."

The case arose from an incident in which a bikers' party at a rural Charleston bar was raided by police after most of the partiers were either crashed out in a van or in sleeping bags at a nearby campsite.

According to testimony introduced at the subsequent trial, 23 state troopers descended upon the 20 male and female bikers and began lashing them with riot batons. Bikers were pulled out of the van and out of their sleeping bags and stomped. One bro was yanked out of the

van by two cops who then repeatedly smashed their captive's head against the side of the van.

After venting their rage upon the bikers, the cops went wild against the bikes, smashing whatever they could with their clubs and slashing tires. Fifteen bikers were arrested for drinking in public and "resisting arrest" but the charges were almost immediately dropped. Attempts to charge the bikers with "unlawful assembly" also failed and the bikers filed suit against the troopers for using excessive force, false arrest, conspiracy to bring a false indictment and a few other charges.

After a two-week trial, a jury awarded the ten bikers who filed the suit a total of \$24,000 (which will be paid by the state's liability insurance company, not the troopers) to compensate for the dam-

age to their bikes and to cover their medical expenses.

The jury refused, however, to award anything for pain and suffering and civil rights violations, or to compensate them for loss of wages during the time they were injured, in jail, or involved in the trial.

"Each of these people (who each got from \$620 to \$6,800) lost a month's time fighting this battle," Bland said, noting that the awards did not begin to compensate the bikers for their real losses.

His viewpoint was echoed by plaintiff Charles McCauley, one of the victims of what some local media called The Lincoln County Massacre. "It's been a long, dry battle and it's even drier now," McCauley said.

Attorneys representing the bikers indicated they might ask U.S. District Judge Dennis Knapp to set aside the verdict.

N.J. judge rules bikin' bowser can keep woofing in the wind

A New Jersey municipal court judge has ruled that Sheeba, the bike-ridin' dog threatened with being grounded by the local SPCA, can continue to live high on the Hog.

As we noted last month, Sheeba's owner, Swen Bos, had been charged with violating a state law prohibiting the transportation of a live animal in an open vehicle.

Bos appeared at the court hearing armed with a 500-signature petition demanding that Sheeba — who began bikin' by ridin' in Bos's pocket from the time she was a few weeks old — be allowed to remain in the wind.

After a brief hearing, West

Milford Municipal Judge George Kluff ruled that Sheeba — who has grown into a 42-pound, long-haired, part-colle who rides a special pad mounted to the bike's tank — can continue riding.

The SPCA action was not the first time law authorities tried to harass Bos and his bikin' pet. About a year ago, Bos was cited for transporting a passenger without a helmet. Fortunately, Sheeba had her goggles (worn to protect her from eye infections) on at the time, thus avoiding a further charge of transporting a passenger without proper eye protection. The helmet case was also dismissed.

Bikers and church members organize to fight street crime

A group of bikers and members of a Bristol, Connecticut, church have banded together to discourage crime in their neighborhood.

The alliance began when the New Covenant Church took over an abandoned theater building two doors down from the bikers' clubhouse on Prospect Avenue, not one of Bristol's most genteel streets.

According to some local observers, many of the church members were initially apprehensive about holding their services in the neighborhood because of the high rate of vandalism and other crime.

Church leader Rev. Patrick Mahoney had a better idea, however. After introducing himself to his new neighbors, a group of bikers called the A-

Team, Mahoney and A-Team prez Rich Rentz set up a series of softball games between the brothers of the club and those of the church.

While playing out the five-game series (the A-Team won, 3-2), the men discovered a mutual respect and friendship that developed into an agreement to help look after each other: the members of the A-Team discourage vandals and muggers from hanging around the church and the church folks take care of the A-Team's spiritual welfare with prayers and blessings.

"A lot of people can't believe the two kinds of people we have can get along so well," Rentz says. "It's nothing special... You give people the same respect they give you."

EXPAND WYOMING'S HELMET LAW TO INCLUDE ANYONE THAT FACES THE PERILS OF DAY-TO-DAY LIFE,

OR



LET THOSE WHO RIDE DECIDE!

ABATE of Central Wyoming
A Motorcyclists Rights Organization

RIDE 'EM, BUCKET-BRAIN In Wyoming, a state where someone once won political office by running TV commercials showing a cowboy riding off into the sunset with a portable toilet strapped to the side of his horse, anything goes when it comes to political ads. Capitalizing on this, and graphically illustrating the stupidity and discriminatory nature of mandatory helmet laws, is this ABATE of Wyoming poster.



Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

Headaches and hairy hassles can be avoided by not hornin' in on other peoples' hang-ups. Make sure your brain is engaged before you put your mouth in gear. Instead, hold kangaroo court on your own kinky trips. Taking chances with partners' financial holdings will leave you holding a bag full of hot air and empty promises. Shine it on.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Clean up your act or discover the in's and out's of romance with a knothole. You've gotten a tad strange lately. Showing off your collection of rectal thermometers does not constitute foreplay, and shaving your kneecaps is not sexy. Plantin' one on the kisser does not require the use of fertilizer. Shape up or end up alone!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

Your health might be on the rag this month. Due to overindulgence of just about every vice imaginable, you could end up doing a squat-and-squirt solo (old folk dance). Unless you were thinking of redecorating the bathroom walls, slow down and relax. Isn't common sense better than a case of common diarrhea? Otherwise, happy birthday!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Trouble with your machine could have you crying the biker blues and counting your change. Don't worry, you've been in tighter snatches than this situation. Just don't count on bros to bail you out at the last drop of a bolt. Recharge some of those dead cells in your brain and juggle your jawbone into position to bull-shit your way to credit.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

It could take a swift kick in the caboose to get you started now. But once you pick up momentum, it's full speed ahead! This is prime time to tie up loose ends and clear the air at home base. Don't step too hard on your favorite crack — just let 'er know where you stand. After all, who needs a fifth wheel?

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Leftovers from last month could have you in a lather over a lost cause. Don't get your nuts tangled up over an irreversible situation, you'll only make

it worse. Remember, if it smells like shit — it usually is, and no amount of perfume will change it. If you want a headache, be sure a hangover goes with it.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Take the advice I gave Capricorn, then go one better. "One man's trash is another man's treasure" certainly ap-

plies to you now. Have a garage sale or raffle off your ol' lady's douche bag (antiques sell fast). Bag a few bucks and save yourself a trip to the dump. Just be sure everything not for sale is tied down — and padlock your lady's pussy.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Time to coast a while and let a few matters slide. Shake the sweat off your balls and wind down with some good weed (or bad, if it's all ya got). Tripping out with partners will mellow out some recent mind-fucks and let flow some badly needed new views on problem areas. Enjoy some kickback time.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

This is an easy come, easy go trend. Your good fortune is fleeting and Lady Luck is fickle. At least she stays around long enough to pick you up, dust you off and send your ass back into the arena. Don't take anything for granted now. Best to hold off on major decisions until things are certain next month.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

Time to get your foul balls busy and dust off home base. You may have been too loaded lately to notice that the aroma of last month's farts is still lingering or that your sheets are stuck together with cum stains. But how many times can you wipe your ass and dry off on the same towel? Get yourself a mop or a house mouse fast!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Be careful you're not getting more credit than you deserve or taking on more than you can handle. Believe it or not, the emphasis now is on too much of a good thing. This month can leave you trying to live up to an oversexed reputation and limping, not limber. Try to reach a happy medium (or large, or small). Sometimes a little goes a long way.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

It's ho-hum, scratch-your-nutsack time again. Except for some ball-bustin' party time, a couple of turnouts, a weekend run, head from your rugrat's teacher, a few fart contests and some better-than-average weed — it's just your typical everyday biker life. Sorry, nothing unusual this month, just the same old shit. ■



Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Gemini

Gemini is the sign of communication and heavy head-tripping. Geminis like nothing better than fucking with people's heads and picking their brains. In this area, Gemini excels and can pick up on vibrations others seldom notice. They are perceptive and analytical, so don't try to outsmart them. A Gemini is usually one step ahead of you and will give you just enough rope to hang yourself.

Geminis' fast wit and dry sense of humor make 'em popular companions. They are supercharged rappers, with enough nervous energy to charge the batteries of everyone near 'em. Even the scatterbrained type is able to hold center stage.

They are clever enough to carry on several relationships (or occupations) and not get busted. In bed — it's the more, the merrier. They aim to please and will keep doing it till they get it right — or raw. Geminis are even great at long-dis-

tance sex 'cause they are able to talk ya into a climax. (They're also secret obscene callers, who are good with their hands.) They go in for kinky positions, so practice your yoga.

Geminis are prone to problems with their lungs (nix on the fags) and accidents involving their arms and hands, especially from machinery. They are susceptible to nervous exhaustion, from trying to do too many things at once.

Famous Geminis are: Bob Dylan, Paul McCartney, Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone, Stan Laurel, Judy Garland, Clint Eastwood, John Wayne, John F. Kennedy, and John Dillinger.

Geminis are far from perfect. They are fickle and likely to bullshit when they should tell the truth. Their hobby is running a con on everyone around. They have enough charm to rip ya off, rub it in and make ya beg for more. Ladies, look out!

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.



Easyriders



Bruce Miller

"Oh, don't mind George — he's just a necrophiliac."

Brothers, beware of the chick who is built like a brick shithouse. Usually she smells like one in August and is colder than one when January rolls around.

—Bruce Miller
Walla Walla, Wash.

Have you heard the one about the new radio station, K-U-N-T?

Every month they play three weeks of rock and one week of ragtime.

—Gary Schneider
Little Rock, Ark.

Worried about their lackluster sex life, the young wife finally persuaded her husband to undergo hypnosis treatment. After a few sessions, his sexual interest increased, but during their fucking, he would occasionally dash out of the bedroom.

Overcome by curiosity, his wife followed him to the bathroom. Tiptoeing to the doorway, she saw him standing before the mirror, staring fixedly at himself and muttering, "She's not my wife. . . she's not my wife. . ."

—Tom Graham
Tehachapi, Calif.

"Leather" thought she was losing her ol' man's sexual interest, so she discussed the problem with her club mama. She was told to rub vegetable oil on her chest before going to bed because it drives men wild.

That night she couldn't find anything except a can of sardines, so she drained the oil out and applied it as instructed.

When her ol' man came to bed, he lay there for a minute or two and then said, "You're lying a little high on the pillow tonight, ain't ya?"

—J. Cross
Winston-Salem, N.C.

An old biker in the Kentucky hills decided to have a telephone installed. After several days of trying to reach his bros, and not having any luck, he called the operator and complained, only to be told that he apparently didn't know what he was doing.

Becoming very angry, he told her to shove the phone up her ass.

An hour passed and a repairman came by and instructed him to call the operator, which he did. She informed him that unless he apologized, the repairman would remove his phone.

The biker thought for a moment and replied, "Well, you go ahead and get greased up, honey, 'cause he's bringin' it in!"

—Buzz Bastard
Burnside, Ky.

Easyriders



"All right, which one of you is it that don't like bikers?"

A biker arrived at his bro's house to get ready for the big run the next weekend. His thoughts were on the run as he walked up onto the porch, but he couldn't help but notice the huge dog sitting there. When his bro answered the door, he asked, "Is that your dog?"

"Yeah, he's mine," his bro answered, "I got him for my ol' lady!"

"No shit? Well, I've never said anything bad about your ol' lady before — I've always kept my mouth shut. But now I gotta say I think you made a real good trade!"

—Joe Davidson
Renton, Wash.

A seven-year-old future biker was hiding behind a chair and watching the porno flick that his ol' man had on the video. He took special notice when a guy came on screen, ripped off a chick's blouse and said, "I want what I want when I want it!"

The next day, he went over to the house of the little girl next door, went into her room, ripped off her blouse and said, "I want what I want when I want it!"

The little girl grabbed her blouse, smiled and said, "You'll get what I got when I get it!"

—Joshua Martin
Perth, Australia

Easyriders



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The biker dictionary defines *flathead* as a blowjob with no gusto!

—Greg Miller
Westlake Village, Calif.

The bikers' dictionary defines *swap meet* as what is done at an orgy.

—Nana
Venice, Calif.

The insecticide salesman needed the order so badly that he offered to strip, spray himself with his product and chain himself to a chair in the back pasture to prove its effectiveness. The farmer told the man that if he could do that and escape without a bug bite, he'd place an order.

The next morning the farmer found the salesman in a state of utter exhaustion. "Did the bugs get you?" he asked.

"No," said the salesman breathlessly, "the bugs didn't get me. But tell me, doesn't that calf of yours have a mother?"

—Dirty Ernie
Fallbrook, Calif.

A teenager in a sex-education class was asked to sketch the male sex organ on the blackboard. There was a flurry of embarrassment in the class, but the instructor explained there was no reason for this; and the young lady herself did not appear to be put out by the request, for she proceeded to do a quite realistic chalk rendering of a large erect organ. "I think we should start with basic things," commented the instructor. "Would you mind drawing it the other way?"

"What other way?" asked the girl.

—Kickstand
Lexington, Mo.

Easyriders



"My mother had a lot of sex while she was pregnant with me."

LOOKFAN

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



A bill introduced at the tail end of the 1982 legislative session may, if passed, become the most significant piece of federal prison legislation ever introduced in the history of the United States.

The bill — called the "Sentencing Improvement Act of 1982" — is the brainchild of Georgia Senators Sam Nunn and Bill Armstrong, two of a very few politicians who have the guts to publicly admit what most of them already know: that prison doesn't deter crime, and from the view point of both criminals and society, incarceration is not the best punishment for many types of common crimes.

Basically, what the bill does is order judges in federal cases to send perpetrators of violent crimes to prison and to sentence non-violent offenders to make restitution and perform community service.

"We obviously must look beyond imprisonment for appropriate sentences for some offenders," said Sen. Nunn.

Prisons are "America's graduate schools for crime," Armstrong says. "They fail to reform or rehabilitate, and instead teach assault, theft, vandalism, forced homosexuality, gang war, racial violence, drug abuse and insanity."

Armstrong noted that prison costs last year were \$5.5 billion. He predicted his legislation could involve 25,000 criminals and save around 500 million dollars in the next three years.

Under the bill, only people convicted of committing certain types of crimes would be sentenced to do time. Among those specific offenses are violent crimes or crimes causing severe injury, repeat offenses, crimes committed under a contract, drug smuggling and gun running, and crimes that compromise national security. Somewhat surprisingly, politicians convicted of embezzling the taxpayers' money or violating the public trust would still be liable to go to jail under the new law. Well, we told ya Nunn and Armstrong have guts.

"Our bill ensures that law-abiding

citizens are protected, offenders are punished swiftly and effectively, victims are compensated, and an individual's responsibility to his victim and the community are lived up to," Nunn said. "Based upon 1981 statistics provided by the Bureau of Prisons, our proposed legislation would have created at least 7500 additional scarce prison spaces for our more violent and dangerous criminals."

"Unless we act now, prison overcrowding may soon force the wholesale release of both violent and non-violent criminals, as has already happened in some states," the senator added. "American prisons, with a current population of more than 394,000 and a predicted annual growth rate of nearly 14 percent, are already taxed well beyond capacity. A clear majority of our state prison systems are either operating under court orders or involved in litigation for chronic prison overcrowding. We have created and are paying for a prison system which, rather than rehabilitating, is barely able to warehouse our criminals."

One of the possible major benefits of the "Sentencing Improvement Act of 1982" is that, if enacted, it would give ammunition (and hopefully, courage) to various state and local officials, who would like to put a lid on their own skyrocketing prison populations and costs, to enact similar laws designed to remove perpetrators of minor drug, vehicle and so-called anti-social offenses — like missing a support payment — from their bursting-at-the-seams prisons.

NEWS, KITES, AND DECISIONS

On Comin' Home

Ya know something? People forget about me like I'm dead and stinking just 'cause they ain't seen me for a while. But I got some news for those who have been unheard and unseen for so long: I am still alive and quite well, as a matter of fact — though I know you wouldn't believe it, considering the circumstances.

The real difference between them and me, is the small fact that I have no diversions to interfere with my

memory. Being in such a position therefore leaves me well ahead of those with whom I have associated. While they may have a stray thought, about the times I have been at hand, that edges through the mist now and then; I, on the other hand, have nothing else to occupy my mind. And, since those times are some of my fondest memories, I find them as easily retrievable as if they had happened only an hour ago.

This may sound quite remarkable, but I must remind you that I spend 21-1/2 hours a day, every day, in a cell by myself.

So when you, who call yourself friends, see me after I have risen from this very desolate place, be not surprised. For when you place a hand on my shoulder, with a smile from ear to ear, you will find yourself confronted with one who stiffens, like a tiger roused from a peaceful sleep only long enough to strike out at that which has violated its temple.

Because, after ten years, though it will cross my mind many times, one memory will have long since escaped me. What it is like to be touched by a friend.

Tujo
Attica, N.Y.

Some Help

The Prisoners' Yellow Pages lists names and addresses of agencies offering help to cons and ex-cons, and contains a directory of law libraries. It is available free to prisoners and for \$3.95 to people on the outside. To order copies, or for more info, write: Universal Press, 5300 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 304, Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

Final Decision

The United States Supreme Court has refused to consider an appeal from a lower court decision which found that prison officials had violated the constitutional rights of an inmate when they refused to let him call favorable witnesses during a disciplinary hearing.

Continued on page 116



I Won't Clean Up After Dogs!

But I will use the attached envelope to subscribe to *Easyriders* and save bucks. Think of it! I'll get a whole year of liver-quiverin' readin' for only 15 bucks! And I'll even get a free bladder-poppin' decal — oh, yeah, get the dogs a pooper-scooper if you want their dumps cleaned up. I've gotta get back to readin' the new *Easyriders*!



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

Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301

120

Check one:

Smiley, you old pot-smoking, pill-droppin' lecher,

☐ Here's \$14.99 for 12 issues. (Add \$6, all foreign.)

☐ Here's \$28.99 for 24 issues. (Add \$12, all foreign.)

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

☐ Here's \$15.00 for 12 issues. (Add \$6, all foreign.)

☐ Here's \$29.00 for 24 issues. (Add \$12, all foreign.)

Put my penny toward the office stash fund.

☐ This is a new subscription.

☐ This is a renewal.

☐ Please extend my present subscription. **U.S. funds only**

Name

Address

City

State Zip

(must have)

Do you own a bike? Make

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

SPEEDWAY BOOGIE

By Rip

It was Wednesday night at San Bernardino's Inland Motor Speedway. Excitement was running rampant throughout the stands. The fans were going wild.

Out on the starting line were four Harley choppers, their front wheels pushing at the starting gate, straining to be cut loose. Three small colored-paper ribbons were all that was holding them back. The starter had his hands full trying to restrain the participants. Suddenly the gate went up and the racers were off, heading for the first turn, their back tires throwing up big chunks of dirt in the air behind them.

Would these 600-pound monsters make it through the first turn? Could they cut corners going that fast on Hogs? Would they all bunch up on the first corner and crash? Would there be over a ton of scrap on the track?

It was the last race of the season, the last chance this year for these riders to let it all hang out — and the fans, many of whom were bikers themselves, were cheering the home-boys on. After this, the racing season would be over until next spring. There'd be nothin' but bar-talk reminiscin' till then. But who were those masked men? The four jockeys were Oscar, on the pole; Danny, roarin' alongside him; Chipper, on the outside; and Con, takin' the high line near the fence.

It was really great fun. Think of it, 600-pound choppers out on the race track makin' like the spindly, lightweight race bikes that are custom-designed for this kind of action.

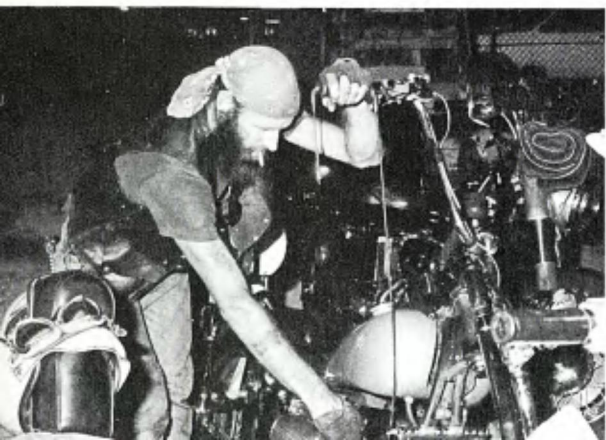
These races have been run three times; they skipped one year, but were brought back by popular demand after the fans who were at the first and second races wrote to the promoter, asking that they be a regular part of the program.

The bros gave it all they had. They raced four laps, and Oscar led all four. He was really getting into it when the checkered flag came out. Danny came in second; Chipper third. Con dropped his bike a couple of times, but finished.

Spider digs crazy events, so he squeezed a hundred dollars out of Pillhead Smiley, our notorious, tight-assed book-keeper, for the winner.

After taking the checkered flag, Oscar made one more victory lap. As he passed the third and fourth turns, where most of the bikers were seated, a chant rang out, "Harley-Davidson, Harley-Davidson, Harley-Davidson." It put goose bumps on my arms — like a morning shot of Jack Daniel's.

The bar talk around town is that the founder of this event and two-time winner, Dirty Dick, will be back next year, looking to race the new champion, Oscar, the Dago Flash. ■





Photos by Scott Daloisio, Loose Bruce, and Kim





"You're a hazard on the highway, you stupid fuck-in' battery-brained moron."

On the other side of the gas pumps, the logger screwed the cap back on his pickup truck, turned around, and glared. His face was the color and texture of fresh-cut cedar shingles. His arms, crossed in front of his chest, were as thick as yule logs, and his hands looked as rough and heavy as uprooted stumps.

"You talkin' t'me?" It was a logical assumption; there was no one else within thirty feet.

"No," I replied. "I was talkin' to my motorcycle."

He looked at me dispassionately, like he might have looked at a tree he was about to fell.

"Ya see," I added quickly, "this sucker's been givin' me nothin' but grief ever since we left Wenatchee, and I either got to yell at it from time to time, or take a hammer to it and get it over with once and for all." I glared darkly at the innocent-looking putt. "And one day. . ."

"Okay," said the logger, who was not out shopping for trouble any more than I was. "Okay." He opened the door of his pickup and began to climb in. "But watch out what you say around people, that's all."

"Why don't you just stuff an axe handle up your ass and shit toothpicks?"

The logger stopped. He took his huge booted foot out of the cab of the truck. He closed the door. He turned around. His face had that peaceful look of someone

who's just ended six days of constipation, or who's just walked away from an airplane crash in which 437 other people were killed, or who's just about to tear someone else apart with his bare hands in an otherwise empty filling station driveway while the proprietor looks up from counting his ten-year-old map inventory inside. Unless two DC-10s had just collided nearby without my noticing it, or the logger had just filled his drawers, it seemed likely that his calm visage was attributable to the third of these possibilities. I sighed.

"Listen," I tried to explain. "It was my bike that —"

Unfortunately, the sudden loss of the few remaining teeth on the left side of my mouth interrupted our discussion. Gettin' walloped was, by this time, not an uncommon occurrence, and I responded, as usual, with a quick kick to the stomach and an uppercut to the nose. This confused the humble rustic just long enough for me to jump on the bike, crank it over, and swing by to pick up Oral Lee as she emerged from the can.

"Oh, no," she moaned as she noticed the blood running into my beard. "Not again."

"Bitch, bitch, bitch," said the bike. "What did you expect me to do, let some sawdust-headed yokel order us around like we were candyass sheep-sniffers?"

"Shut up and get us out of here," I commanded.

"Gotcha, boss!" We shot out onto the highway as the puzzled logger looked on, mopping his own blood with a blue bandanna and shaking his head in bewilderment.

Edward "Dead Bob" Tucker

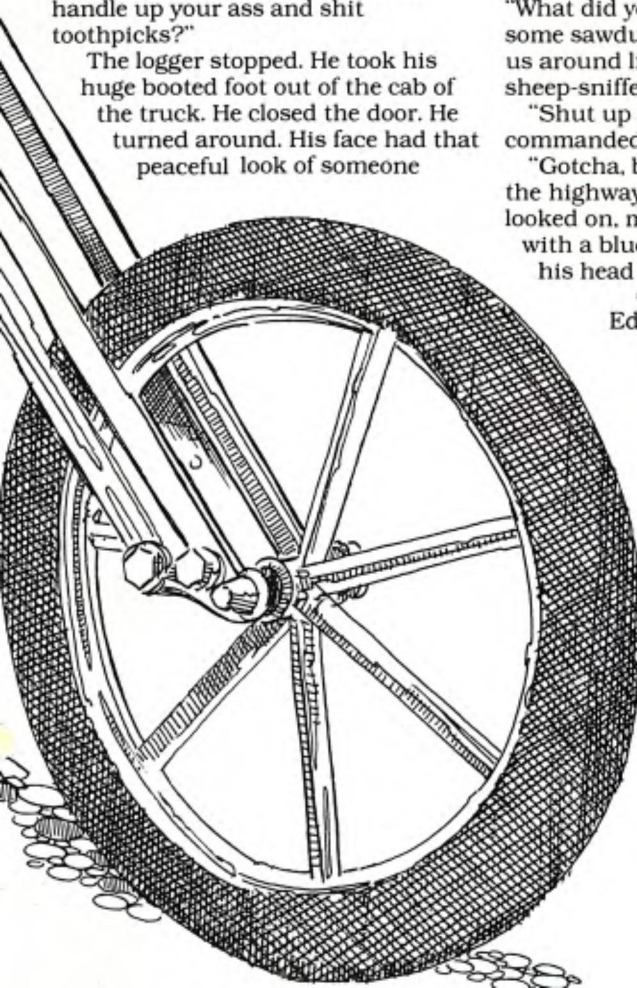
had made a pile of money writing country-western songs, mostly about long-haul truckers who turn out to be ghosts, and he spent damn near every dime of it on a collection of Harleys which he kept locked in his garage.

The other thing Dead Bob did, when he wasn't writing another song or buying another Harley, was he invented stuff. This part of his life was even more fucked-up than his songs or his garage full of bikes. Oh, sure, the guy was bright, no question about that. One time I saw a computer setup in his basement that would have put NASA to shame. And he had imagination. Lots of imagination. It's just that he didn't always think things through very well. He seemed to lack the kind of common sense that tells you not to pet a wild skunk, pole-vault in a thunderstorm, or eat at any place called "Frenchy's." It was this lack of street smarts that plagued his unconventional inventions.

For instance, he showed up at the Hunker Inn one day with a pair of motorcycle boots that had little wheels on the bottom, so that when you put your foot down at a stop-light, you wouldn't wear out the sole. And he invented goggles with little windshield wipers for riding in the rain. And specially tuned exhaust pipes that played various Waylon Jennings tunes at various rpms. And headlights that flashed messages in Morse code to oncoming cars and trucks.

But his worst invention (except for Frank), and the one which finally did him in, was a leather bike jacket that zipped up the back instead of the front, to keep the wind out better. I warned him about it that night he wore it

Continued on page 101



FRANK & Oral Lee

By M. Chakoian

Ol' Lady Contest

GINA



Here she is, folks —
RHONDA,
the tenth
monthly winner
in the 5th
Annual
Easyriders Ol'
Lady Contest.
The runners-up:
Linda, Dove,
and Darla.



CRYSTAL

WANDU



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.

Here's your first crop of cuties in our Sixth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1,000 grand prize.

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

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

PAM



CHERYL



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 May 24th. We'll print the winner in the October issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #120 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California, 90265-0052. ■

BONNIE



LORI



IN THE WIND

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



—from Gipsy, Victoria, Australia

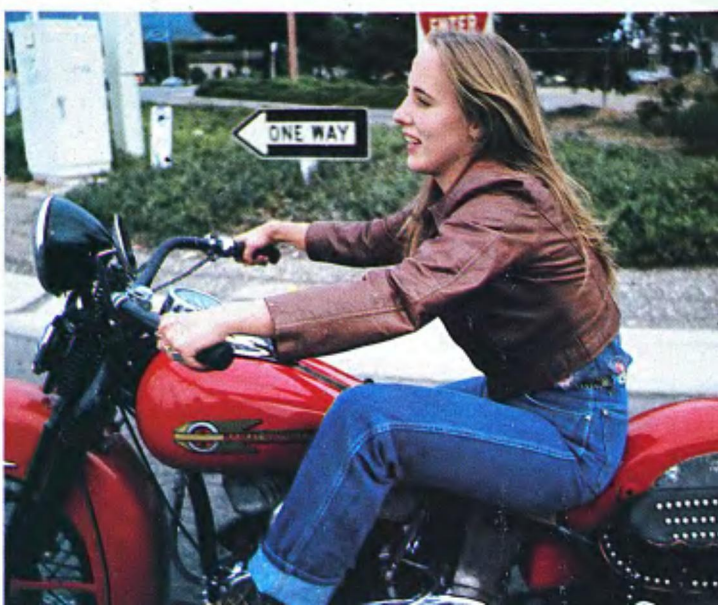


—from Wally Kerlin, Lanse, Pa.

—from Gipsy, Bradford Concert, Australia



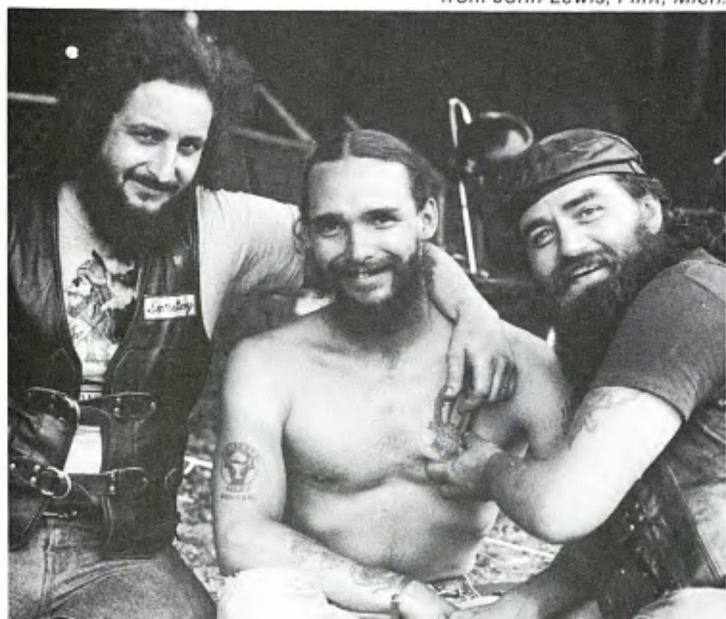
—from Big D, Goleta, Calif.





—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



— from Lou and Rip



Nach
Sierck
6 km





—from The U.S. Army



—from Sam Napier, Vista, Calif.



—from Phil Maner, Ocean Springs, Miss.

—from Barney, Paramount, Calif.





—from Charlaine LaCroix, Calgary, Alberta

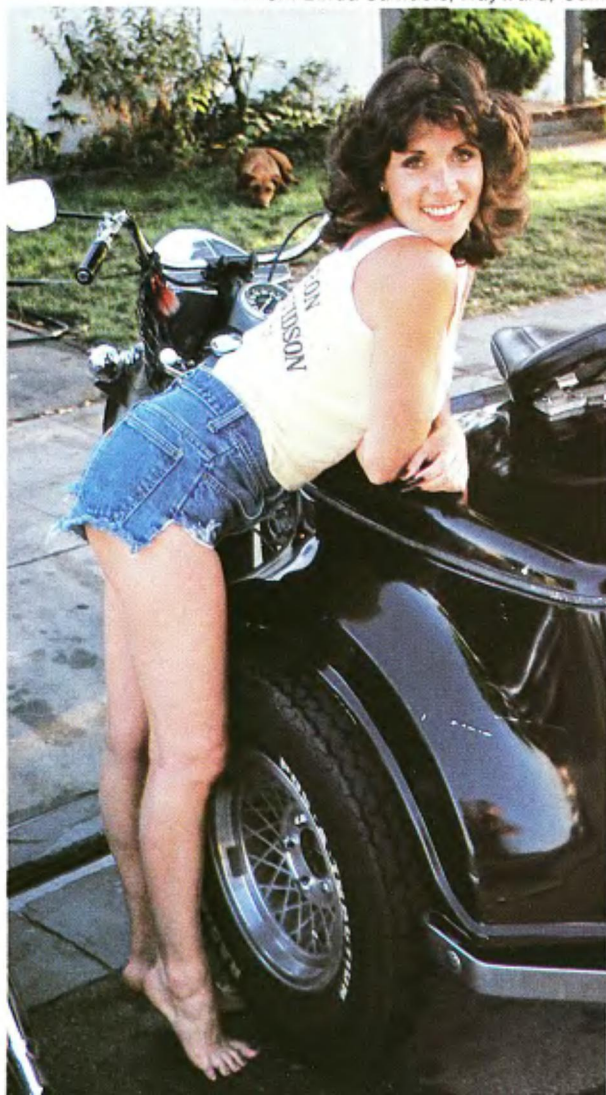


—from Breed, Bloomington, Ill



—from Linda Samuels, Hayward, Calif.

—from Scrapper, Shelton, Conn.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.







Buzzard's Keeper

Let's face it: As much of a backroad burner as it is, the most remarkable thing about this particular scoot is the fact that Buzzard's still got it.

Buzzard, ya see, belongs to the old "build 'em up, run 'em hard, tear 'em down" school — in the past ten years he's built, ridden and sold or swapped at least 20 chops — that's an average of two a year, for those of you who are slow in math.

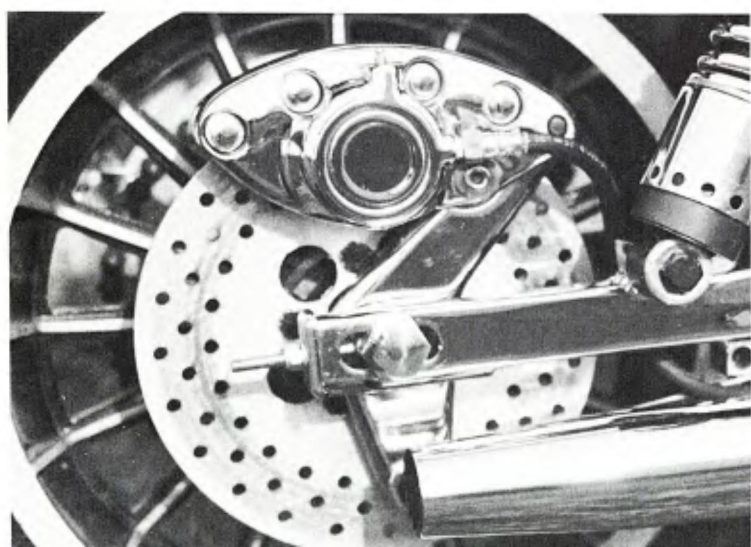
Yet he's kept this flamin' beauty for over four years. Since we suspected the attraction was something besides the bike's giving great head (I've known bikes to do a lot of weird and wonderful things, but never that), we decided to ask him what it was.

"You're right," Buzzard declared. "This one's my keeper; it's the most dependable bike I've ever owned."

Now before ya move on, I gotta explain somethin' to ya. Buzzard ain't no bar-to-bar-to-bed cafe racer. This is a guy who considers a 500-mile run just barely long enough to bother pullin' his boots on for. When he fires up his bike, he likes to get in a good eight- to ten-hour ride before he shuts down again. When a dude like that talks about dependability he

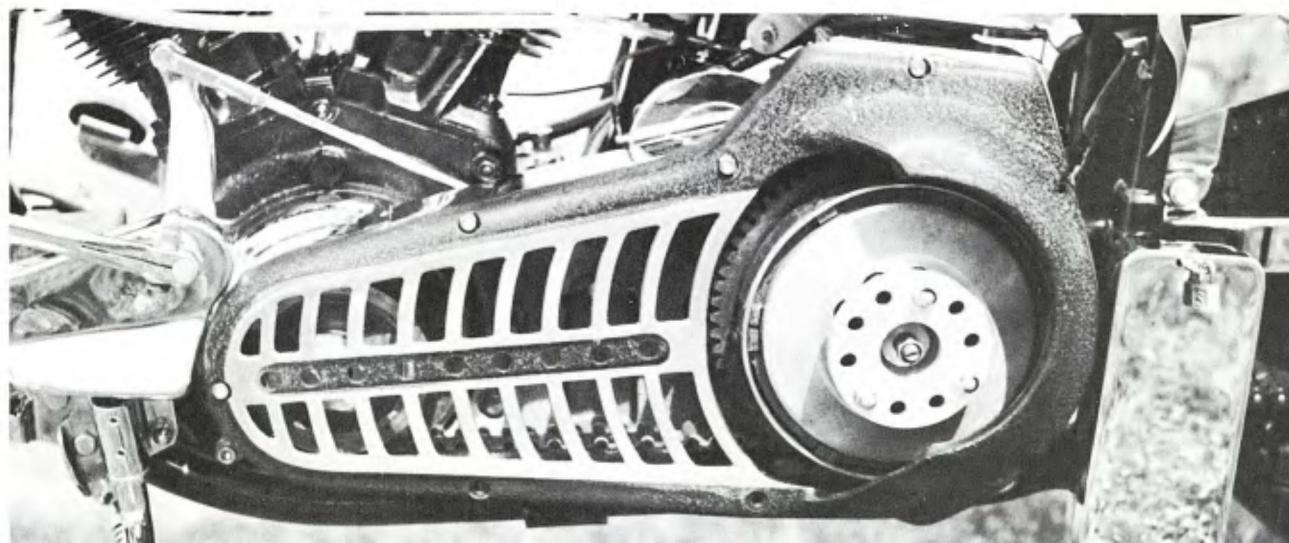
Continued after two pages of photos







Owner: Buzzard		City: York, Pa.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1974	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FXE		Type: FXE	
Value: \$9,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 80 hours		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Gary Duncan		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: FXE	
Year: 1974		Risers: Low Rider	
Model: FXE		Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: Hog Pen		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: Cat's Eye	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: FXE	
Lower end: factory		Front pegs: Cycle Den	
Balancing: Hog Pen		Rear pegs: Cycle Den	
Pistons: cast aluminum		Electrics: owner	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gallon	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: works	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Redman	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: drag pipes		Height: 16 in.	
Muffler(s): tapered		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1974		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: braided steel lines	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jay Rhinehart		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: Vette Blue/glossy black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: flames and mural			
Other special modifications: see for yourself			





means dependability. Dependability on the road, far from a garage full of spares, or a convenient Harley dealer.

"On one run last year," Buzzard told us, "I went from New England to Oklahoma to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, without havin' any problems at all. That's one reason I've held on to this bike.

"Usually I buy a basket-case bike in the winter, build it up, run it all summer and then either sell it outright or tear it down and sell the parts I don't need in the fall. I haven't wanted to do that with this particular bike."

Just because Buzzard has made this bike his keeper, though, doesn't mean that he finally has a ride he's totally satisfied with.

"You know, since you guys took those pictures, I've made a lot of changes in the bike," he told me over the phone one day — maybe all of three weeks after the photo session.

Changes? I gotta admit I was stumped. Take a look — I mean, a real good look, at this scooter. Whaddaya see? Ya notice the two different colors of acrylic under the flames, the dark blue slowly, subtly deepening into black? See the Buzzard mural and the hand-carved leather "belt" splittin' the gas tank?

Changes? What changes? "Well, I put a Wide Glide front end on it," Buzzard said. "And I stroked it to 90 inches.

"It was pretty enough," he said with a laugh. "It just wasn't fast enough."

— Gandy Dancer



Photos by Anthony Stabile





Ode To Reality

Take it from one bro, who sure knows the score,
There's one mighty area where less can't be more.
Now I'm not talkin' of beer or of mugs;
The subject fer today is them things called jugs.

Some bros we all know say they like 'em small,
Pressed in their backs as they're ridin' tall.
But I'd bet if ya put all them liars to the test,
Most would cop to the fact that biggest is best.

It used to be, you were sure what you saw
Was all growed according to Ma Nature's law:
All them melons pleadin' for ya to cop a feel
Were true, natural beauties — fat, ripe an' real.

But then one evil hour, some scientific louse,
Kept empty-handed by his fried-egged spouse,
Said to himself, "To hell with home-grown!
I'll make her a set out of pure silicone."







It was the biggest invention — pardon the pun —
Since birth control pills freed the chickies for fun.
Silicone caught on like the Model-T Ford;
And no chick had to stay as flat as a board.

But like all strokes of genius, instant boobs had their price,
Which many men paid — after the vows and the rice —
When they found that the round bumps under the sheet
Had the feel and the texture and the taste of concrete.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



'Cause boobs that can't sway, can't
bounce, can't jiggle,
Are a lot like a butt that ain't learned to wiggle —
Great to look at, to dream on, to drool,
But at bedtime, that plastic preys on your tool.

Hard to stay hard when you know they're a fake,
Tough to be tender when ya can't make 'em shake.
So give me a wench with no implants inside,
With nothing but girl-stuff and natural pride.

Which brings us, of course, to stacked Julia here.
Our staff checked her close, over sweet smoke an' beer,
And we guarantee what yer seein' is real —
Fantastic to look at, even better to feel.

And as you can tell, when I wax poetic,
The results tend to be downwind of pathetic.
But I'll still say it loud, an' I'll say it in rhyme:
I ain't seen finer tits in one hell of a time.

— Gandy Dancer



S ometime around 1947 — or maybe it was 1957 — the brilliant but unemployable sanitary engineer Joseph W. Hedgebet III, realizing the need for a multi-powered scooter, began work on this curious solar-gas-electric-steam-jet-assisted rig. Citing the high cost of gasoline (27¢ per gallon, at the time), Joseph farted around with this design for what seemed an eternity (most of the time spent undergoing plastic surgery). He finally scrapped the whole concept and became a nun — after a painful operation.

Treasure Map

You're at a swap meet, starin' at 30 or more factory-sealed boxes of Harley parts. You need some shit and the price is right; you're starting to twitch in anticipation of scoring some bargain bike parts.

There's only one problem: the boxes don't have

nothin' on 'em but a string of numbers; there's no way to tell what's inside.

Well, leave it to Wrench, our tech editor, to ride to the rescue. It's true that Wrench outweighs the old Lone Ranger by about 85 pounds, and that he'd rather wear a face full of grease than a black mask,

but he's got a heart as big as Mutha's snatch, so he decided to take pity on all you bargain hunters and put together this breakdown of the Harley-Davidson parts number-grouping system.

The list is good for all Harleys manufactured in the U.S. — including Big

Twins, Sportsters, Servi-cars, 45s and Hummers. It won't tell ya whether or not a particular part will fit your bike — that depends on model and year — but it will let ya know whether the box you've got in your clutches is holding an oil pump, a generator or a clutch hub. —Torque

H-D PARTS NUMBER-GROUPING SYSTEM

Common screws, bolts, nuts, washers, etc.	0001 to 8900
Loose and caged rollers, bearings	8901 to 9999
Clamps, O-rings, seals	10000 to 13000
Decals	14000 to 15000
Engines, cylinders	16000 to 17000
Heads, valve trains	17000 to 19000
Pistons, flywheels, connecting rods	21000 to 24400
Crankcases, gear covers and fittings	24400 to 26000
Oil pumps	26000 to 27000
Carburetors, manifolds, air cleaners	27000 to 29900
Charging, ignition, electric-start systems	29900 to 33000
Kick-starts, transmission parts	33000 to 37000
Clutch hubs, clutch discs, controls	37000 to 40000
Chains, sprockets	40000 to 41500
Axles, brakes, rims, spokes	41500 to 45300
Front forks	45300 to 47000
Frames, safety guards	47000 to 49300
Jiffy stands, footboards, highway pegs	49300 to 51600
Seat posts, saddles, buddy seats	51600 to 53400
Luggage carriers, shock absorbers	53400 to 55900
Handlebars and controls	55900 to 58000
Windshields, fairings	58000 to 59000
Fenders, tanks, chain guards	59000 to 65200
Exhaust pipes and mufflers	65200 to 66000
Batteries and speedometers	66000 to 67700
Lighting equipment	67700 to 69000
Horns and wiring	69000 to 70900
Instrument panels, switches, relays	70900 to 74500
Voltage regulators, radios	74500 to 82000
Servi-car parts	82000 to 87064
Sidecar parts	87064 to 91007
Bumpers, sirens	91007 to 98000
Accessories — clothing	98000 to 98500
Accessories — miscellaneous	98500 to 99900

Agreed

Wood is wood,
pine is pine.
I sure am glad
you ain't mine!
Zane
Dayton, Ohio

- So's Spider.

What's Funny?

Is it true that your sleazy,
slimy, boxcar-sized cunt can
blow out a candle at 50
paces?

Psycho
Chicago, Ill.

- Only when I laugh.

Difference Of Opinion

My boyfriend doesn't want
me to swallow his load. He
says it's like eating dead
babies. Should I continue to
gross him out and suck down
all that delicious protein, or
should I let him waste it on
the wall or his sock or what-
ever? Or should I just dump
him for the guy with the big
hairy belly — the one who
doesn't care where he gets
off as long as he does?

Freaky
Coronado, Calif.

- Ease his mind, tell him it's
more like *drinkin'* dead
babies.

Groanin' With Grunts

Hey, you ugly bitch!
There's a bunch of us
Marines down here in the
desert who could use some
head. Why don't you get your
fat ass down here and give us
some? Think you'd be inter-
ested in handling a frontal
assault from a whole platoon
of horny, raw-meat eatin'
Marines?

Mean, lean, green Marine,
Twentynine Palms, Calif.

- Only if the platoon is well-
equipped with large caliber,
automatic repeating
weapons.

Tasty Treat

Did you know that my ol'
lady leaves her tampon in
when I eat her out so that I
can floss my teeth with the
string when I'm through?

White Trash
Laramie, Wyo.

- What are ya flossin' out?
Little pieces of the last guy's
meat?

Open Wide

My ol' man is in Germany.
He fucked up and joined the



Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

Army and I've been without
ass for 13 fuckin' months. I
don't get off on vibrators and
my finger ain't big enough.
What's a bitch in heat sup-
posed to do in a situation
like this?

Maybe you could loan me
Spider for a day or two. I'd
show him what fuckin' and
gettin' down is all about. He
might even decide to stay for
a while. How about it? Don't
be greedy. Hand him over.

Hungry
Wayne, Mich.

- Unless you want yer ol'
man to come home to a pussy
as stretched out as mine,
you'll leave Spider alone.

Simple Dreams

I seem to be hung up on
you. I dream about eating out
your asshole every night.
Then I think about picking
my nose and rubbing the
snot on my balls for you to
lick off.

Doesn't all that sound
romantic? Or is it too kinky
for you? I'll bet you won't
print this.

Badass Bill
Elmira, N.Y.

- Ya know what they say —
it's okay to pick your friends,
and it's okay to pick your

nose, but it's pretty rank to
pick your friend's nose.

Suck My Scent

I met this guy in a bar who
said he once shacked with
you in a hobo jungle outside
El Paso. He said you smell
like a fish. Myself, I don't
care — if it smells like fish,
it's a real good dish.

M. Diver
Las Vegas, N.M.

- If it smells like swine, you
know it's mine.

Who's On First?

When you shit and piss
during the same trip to the
pot, which do you wipe first?

George
Orlando, Fla.

- Depends whose tongue
I'm wipin' with.

Unhappy

How can I tell my boyfriend
goodbye? I love him and he
says he loves me, but I can
tell he's unhappy with me.
What can I do?

Unknown
Hutchinson, Kan.

- Give him (a) head; (b) mon-
ey; (c) your younger sister;
(d) all of the above.

Be Polite

If you were camping in the
late fall and woke up to find a
big bear hibernating in your
cunt for the winter, what
would you do?

Gladiator
Hammon, N.J.

- Ask him to stop snoring.

Do Me Good Or Else

A friend of mine just told
me that when some poor
fucker lays you, you suck his
whole body into you and then
puke him up in the morning.
Is that true?

C.M.
Red Hook, N.J.

- What the hell else is there
to do with a poor fucker? You
should see what I do to the
good ones.

Fishy Question

I always thought tuna came
in cans, not boxes. Is yours
packed dry or in oil?

Gypsy
Wyomissing, Pa.

- Slime-packed.

Worlds Of Warts

We don't know, but we've
been told you have the ulti-
mate cunt. Is it true that you
have warts on one side and
worm holes on the other side,
so that Spider can button it
up to any size he wants?

The Upper Room Ladies
Caldwell Co. Jail, Tex.

- Not true. The worm holes
are in my thighs.

Size'er Up

Help! I'm crazy about
dudes with Harleys. I want to
meet a guy who loves to party
in bars and putt in the wind.
Someone who is serious —
well, maybe not so serious.
But not too wild. What do I
do? I'm 17, with blond hair
and I'm 5'6". Help me, please.
I'll be 18 before you can print
this, so that's not a problem.
All bullshit aside, I need help.

Mare
Newark, Del.

- 5'6" high or 5'6" wide?
Write quick, it's important —
ya might just be hefty
enough to interest Spider.

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. ■

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALABAMA

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

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spennard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

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

CALIFORNIA

Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
San Fernando MC Service 347 N. Mickey St., San Fernando
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Ames Rd., La Puente
Michan McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

Chrome & Custom 16137 Sherman Way, Van Nuys
Little Mama Custom Cycle Parts 1150 Pike Lane 45, Oceanside
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland

Janmer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto

Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn

J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose

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

A Able Enterprises 220 A Division St., Pleasanton
Libretti Bros. 14015 Inglewood, Hawthorne

Sunwest Strokers 7062 Convey Court Suite B, San Diego
Precision Cycle 17716 West Sierra Hwy., Canyon Country

Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, Ventura

COLORADO

Conger's AMF — H-D MC Sales 1504 E. 4th St., Pueblo
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge

D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Aranda, Colorado Springs

Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora

Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Flatrons H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder

Quality Machine 9500 W. 44th Ave., Wheatridge
A Righteous Ride 1103% 5th St., Greeley

Brown's Custom Cycle 444 E. Pike Peak,
Colorado Springs

Freedom Wheels MC Shop 321 Main St., Longmont

CONNECTICUT

Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Longriders Custom Motorcycles 120 S. Boston Post Road,
Milford

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9800 E. Fern St., Miami

FLORIDA (Cont'd)

Pinellas Custom Cycle 4967 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1681 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater

L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale

Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
C & L Hog Shop 1111 Orange Ave., Ft. Pierce

Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5889 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 7984 N. Main St., Jonesboro

Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd.,
Chamblee

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

HAWAII

Motorcycle Alley 1342 Kamalei St., Honolulu

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine

Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago

Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park

Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet

Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
Don's Cycle, Inc. 28770 N. Hwy. 12, Wauconda

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3308 S. Memorial St., New Castle

Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 748 E. Virginia, Evansville

The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion

IOWA

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

KANSAS

Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka
Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka

Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

KENTUCKY

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

Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville

LOUISIANA

Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur

Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Blue Earth Boutique 220 Washington St., Mini Mall, Havre
de Grace

MASSACHUSETTS

Chopper Parts City 314 Grafton, Worcester
Chip's Custom Equipment Depot Street, Palmer

MICHIGAN

GM Cycle 32242 W. 9 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Cookie's H-D Sales 275 S. Ford Blvd., Ypsilanti

MINNESOTA

D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester

Smith Bros. & Fetrow 718 W. 34th St., Minneapolis
Lakeland Cycle West Lind St., Mankato

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Alamo Motorcycle 9806 St. Charles Rock Rd., St. Ann

Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville
Flat River Cycle 109 W. Main St., Flat River

NEBRASKA

Performance Unlimited 340 N. 27th, Lincoln

NEW HAMPSHIRE

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

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway

Competition Cycle, Inc. 248 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Cycles Unlimited 1824 W. 4th St., Dunellen

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

NEW MEXICO

All Cycles Parts & Acc. 112 General Arnold N.E., Albuquerque
Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK

H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Air's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome

MC Cycles 527 Halstead Avenue, Mamaroneck
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster

H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
The Sportster Shop 237-17 Jamaica Ave., Bellerose

V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Rolling Thunder Accessories 199 Main St., Nanuet

Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City

NORTH CAROLINA

Dan Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Services 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville

Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yadin Road, Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville

NORTH DAKOTA

Banner's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot
The Scooter Shop 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland

The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus

OKLAHOMA

Wei Willie's Custom Shop 202 S. Choctaw, El Reno
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sil Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton
Maltese Customs 4602 W. Owen K. Garriott Street, Enid

OREGON

Tetra's 7305 S. 6th Street, Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA

Chopper Shop II 2632 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cyclodetic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parrisville
Moe's H-D Specialties 117 Pine St., Catasauqua

SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D 2790 Pamlico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Balgrade Ave., Charleston

TENNESSEE

D & D Southern Cycle 1191 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
Reed's H-D 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville

TEXAS

The Basket Case 2828 Elm St., Dallas
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
H&H Cycle Accessories 1710 Belle Plain, Brownwood
Doc & Wendy's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 31 West, 842 A West
7th Ave., Corsicana

Whisker's Cycle Repair 17123 Spiller Rd., Spring
Texas Custom Motorcycles 2615 N. 18th St., Waco
Trip Cycle 2001 Avenue 0%, Galveston

UTAH

Pine Star Cycle 317 W. Main St., Vernal

VIRGINIA

Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 W., Abingdon
Master Performance Cycles 9823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deal Rt. 17 & L-65, Fredericksburg
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy.,
Chesapeake

Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond

WASHINGTON

74" Or More 1449 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

Mike's Cycle Rt. 2 Box 102, Delbarton
H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

Custom Classic Inc. Route 1 Box 1209 B, Wayne

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burlington St., Milwaukee
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Drive, Green Bay
Sask-Prairie H-D Hwy. 12, Sauk City

WYOMING

Boogie Bros. Hill Valley Road, Gillette

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.

White tramp, 25, 6'1", 175 lbs., brown and green, down for a few, is looking for some scribes from you ladies to help pass the time. Will answer all. Billy Kidd 144740, Kinross Corr. Fac., Kincheloe AFB, Mich. 49788.

Downed bro, doing time in Illinois, needs righteous biker-loving lady to share my dreams and future. I am 6'1", 200 lbs., and 100% honky. All ages answered. Donald Jones N-21103, 100 Hillcrest Rd., East Moline, Ill. 61244.

Busted in Alaska. White, 5'10", brown hair and blue eyes, 23, all-male, looking for women pen pals who have been around and can write get-down dirty letters. Would really appreciate photos. R.C. Gottardi, Box 309, Juneau, Alaska 99802.

Hey! Two downed bros in Mo., in "super max" no less! Need to hear from warm-hearted sisters. Pics appreciated—no hogs, please. Joe LeCompte 43009, and Bill Criger 43373, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Doing life for a pig. Need to hear from some sweet, righteous ladies. Send flicks. W/m, brown hair, blue eyes and a big fat dick. Chuck Unger, PMB #87945, LSP, Angola, La. 70712.

This biker is down for the count, ol' lady couldn't hang. Looking for pretty ladies, 18-30, to help pass the time. Send pics; all letters will be answered. Eugene "Bandit" Gray, C-34944, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600.

W/m doing it the hard way, discharges May '84. Lookin' for a righteous woman to help him back on his feet! No games—1 on 1 or none! Thom "Jingles" Updike 286513, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Looking for a white knight? 20 yrs., 6'3", blond and blue, out in '83; seeks sincere woman, 18-30. No head trips! Will answer all. Johnny Goswick, B-42572, Florence, Ariz. 85322.

W/m, 24, down but not out, scooter tramp from Peoria, Ill. Doing time in Oklahoma. Like to hear from good-looking, righteous ladies with heart. Dave Behrens 119980, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

W/m, 21, 5'10", 175 lbs. of righteousness. Southern man up here in Yankee-infested Missouri. Would like to hear from you ladies who are sincere, nasty, and have a little bitch in ya. Robert O'Neal 38278, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Down bro needs some foxy ladies to write him. Be out this spring. 5'11", 175 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Send photo. Ray Lewis 169709, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

Been down 18½ yrs., 2 to go. Need a good lady, 25-40. All letters answered; those with pics first. I'm 41, 6'1", 190 lbs., and white. Larry "Lobo" Hanna, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, Ariz. 85643.

Early 30's, ex-clubber, down and out. Ol' lady and kid hit the road, couldn't handle it any more. Need some little sweeties to write and send photos to help pass the time. All answered. M. L. "Tiny" Campbell, ACTC-Perryville, 32241, Box 3100, Goodyear, Ariz. 85338.

Help the Phantom 309. He is lonely and doin' time here in Aussie. Needs chicks to write. Preferably around 18 or 19. Martin Hall, Box 71, East Maitland 2323, NSW Australia.

W/m, 27, brown eyes and hair, well-built. Doing a nickel; got almost a year in. Looking for some female touch to help pass this time. So help a bro out, ladies, and write. Gary Newton 44172, 4-B-4, 18701 Old Highway 66, Pacific, Mo. 63069-9799.

W/f, 23, Capricorn, 5'1", blonde, big seductive hazel eyes, just waitin' to be lookin' at your kites. Come on, all you righteous people out there, give a lil'. Will answer all; flicks get quicker response! Louise Colangelo 82G189, Unit 112D, 247 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10507.

W/m, 30 yrs. old, downed and forgotten. Are you the young lady who will help pass this time? Rags Farrell 17807, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Good-looking 23-yr.-old male would like to meet easy-going ladies who like the bigger and better things in life. "Jailed temporarily," should be out within a year. Everoy R. Mulholland III, Box 160, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada S6V 0K6.

Need of correspondence from fine females willing to help me come out from under a 15- to 30-year sentence. All sincere letters will be answered. Frank Voss, W-4494, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

San Jose white boy needs mail and pics from all white girls, any age. Eric Berg, C-15975, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600.

Two Australian bros want letters and flicks from chicks. No bullshit. So come on, you babes, and cheer us up. Terry Baxter and Wayne Malzey, Box 71, East Maitland, NSW 2323, Australia.

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

Two white dudes doing time in country jail. Would like to hear from ladies, especially from Fresno. Keith Giesy and Harry Scott, c/o Lyon County Jail, 30 Nevlin Way, Yerington, Nev. 89447.

W/m southern scooter tramp downed for a 12 spot in a honky-tonk prison. Would like to hear from some female persons. Photos would be fantastic. J. "Bandit" Reynolds, Box 428, Oneonta, Ala. 35121.

Ladies, 1 year left. Young w/m, 6', 225 lbs., hazel, handsome, Sagittarius, tattooed, down. Need to hear from lovely ladies, all letters answered; pics, too. R. Hoss Rice, Box 800, X-11, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

Dan (Lucifer) Adamik is down in Nevada, doing 2+10+10. W/m, 26, 5'8", 155, hazel, brown hair. If you people know what "heart" is, I know I'll get a few kites, maybe even a photo or two. I'll answer all. Dan Adamik 17442, Box 208, SDCC, Indian Springs, Nev. 89070.

Good-lookin' w/m, 27, seeking out that one special No. Calif. lady. Only 18 mos. left, so write and send me a flick—and let's see what happens. Bobby Baker, Box C-13423, San Quentin, Calif. 94974.

W/m, 32, doing time, in need of letters from pretty ladies any age. Will answer all; flicks if possible. Roger Bray 32790, Cell-5-2C-6, Kentucky St. Pen., Box 128, Eddyville, Ky. 42038.

Been down 2 yrs., goin' home in about 1½. Need some babes out there to correspond with letters and pics. Will be answered. William T. Locklear, Box 805, Carthage, N.C. 28327.

A handsome bro 3000 miles from home needs correspondence with some sweet chick from the outside. It would sure as hell make me a lot happier. Ricky A. Taylor 081617, Box 699 C-93, Sneads, Fla. 32460.

"Chicken-Lickin"—has tongue, will travel." W/m, 32, multi-talented. Wishes to hear from women, 18-92. I'm the kind of person your mother warned you about. So stop your grinnin' and drop your linen—and write. Will answer all. Lee Castellano, Box C-15320, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

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

22-yr.-old northern scooter tramp. Ain't lookin' to bum anyone out with my problems or hustle their bucks. Just feelin' lonely, blue and in the mood for a little female correspondence. James (Pilot) Stevens 155008, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Ladies: Two down, crazy, righteous bros hostages in a bird cage. So do mail your foul, sweet words to these jailbirds. Tim Toke Korp, P-5176, and John Nye, K-4255, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

21-yr.-old downed biker, 5'9", black hair, brown eyes, been in the joint for 3½, another one to go before raising hell again. Need scribes and flicks from caring chicks. Will answer all with flicks first. Marc Scott, H.M. Prison, Box 71, East Maitland, Australia 2323.

W/m, 26, down for 4, needs mail and photos from foxy ladies. Will answer all. Floyd D. Marcus 29314, Drawer 1328, Los Lunas, N.M. 87031.

Down female looking for someone who's for real! I've got 38-30-34 behind me, am 20 yrs. old. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Will answer all letters. Sue Davis, DII 90630, 199 W. Main St., Niantic, Conn. 06357.

Just lost a beautiful ol' lady and my rugrats since I've been locked down here at K.S.P. Am looking for sincere ladies out there who care enough to help me through this hard time. Write and send pics. Will answer all. Am 31 yrs. old, originally from Detroit, but stuck here in Kansas. Dig rock 'n roll—and love to party. James J. Ladd 31258, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Gotta stamp? Gotta Bic? Write a tramp and send a flick. All letters answered. Blue eyes, brown hair and not too ugly. Johnny Clark C-26525, F-117, CTF-C, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

2 w/m doin some hard time! Need letters from sincere ladies who care. All answered. Pics appreciated, but not necessary. Kenneth Carlisle 15130, and Vernon Wiloughby 16193, Box 607, N.S.P., Carson City, Nev. 89701.

32, 6'6", 190 lbs., Irish-Italian loner. Two to go, resistance is low. Female fans can now write and send photos. Dave Bove 65985, Drawer N, Trenton, N.J. 08625.

Lonely w/m, 28, paroling soon to San Francisco, needs letters and pics from loving ladies for possible relationship. Rugrats and age no problem. Bill Kanios, C-43248, CTF-South 767, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Two Injuns downed in "Marlboro Country." We're looking for women who know life's more than cowboys and Indians. Drop a line and flicks to Duncan Sampson 13350 and Don Scheinert 15210, N.S.P., Maximum Security, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Downed white bro, 27, in need of scribes and flicks from all you free-spirited ladies out there in the real world. Write Steven R. Wills 17151, Box 607, N.S.P., Carson City, Nev. 89701.

White, 20 yrs. old, 6', 190 lbs., and lonely. 20 months to go. Need to hear from you ladies out there. C. J. (Sonny) Burgess, C-40561, B-338, C.T.F.-Central, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Downed white boy doing time. Need letters and photos from open-minded ladies, 18-40. Plenty of time to answer all. Possible long-term relationship in the future. Jerry Garrison, C-50019, S.C.C., Box 617, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Downed Vago doin' time in Oregon. Wish for all brothers and sisters and some ladies to write, visit, or whatever. I'm a Scorpio, 6', hazel eyes, 175 lbs., long blond hair. Ronald Baker 44826, 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310.

Down and lonely bro doing time would like letters from sweet and single house mouses—only righteous ladies inquire. Please send pics. Creeper T. J. Speck 155-736, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Home-grown southern Calif. biker, 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes, 22 yrs. old. David O. Smith 108191, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Lonely white bro, 29, been down seven long yrs. Paroles June '86, needs scribes from unattached ladies, any age. Rugrats okay. Will answer all. Roscoe R. Couch, Jr. 10753-34, Box 137, Tillery, N.C. 27887-0137.

A Tribute To Brothers Lost



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

In loving memory of **Clyde Jenkins**, who died 7/1/82, killed by an eighteen-wheeler that did you wrong. But, honey, your spirit rides free now and it won't be long until we meet again. Until then, ride with the wind. Sadly missed by your wife, the old man, Sis, Gar and Mitz, and the rest of your loved ones and bros.

In honor and memory of "**Rapper**" 10/2/82. We lived fast and hard, and someday we'll do it again. We love, miss and forever respect you, Terry and your brothers, Devil's Disciples, So, Calif.

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 **Psycho Dan** 8/13/82. We all miss you. We'll catch you in Harley Heaven someday. No more down time; you're at rest and will always be in our hearts and our minds. Li'l John (FTW).

In loving memory of my ol' man, **Mike "Mouse" Norton** 9/15/82. You were wiped out by a drunk only three minutes from home, but now you can ride forever in peace. Someday we'll meet again. The kids and I love you; you were the best. Forever in our hearts—ride free. Your ol' lady forever, Jo (LFFL).

In memory of "**Biker Karl**" von Bernewitz, 7/14/47 to 4/8/82. You've touched the lives of so many in a very special way that cannot be forgotten. Thank you for the time we spent together. Ride free, babe, forever in the wind. Your lady, Virginia.

In memory of **John Pickering**, downed by a cage. He rode hard and died free. You will always be remembered. Tall Paul and your bros, Sin City, S.E. Wis.

A brother nobody appreciated till it was too late. First bro to go. Good-bye, **George "Silent" Tibor**, L.F.R., Chicago.

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. Neice.

In memory of **Brian Dayotis** 9/5/82, a true 1% Devil's Disciple. You left your mark here, bro. You're forever in our hearts and minds. Your bro, Woody, Devil's Disciples, Boston, Mass.

In loving memory of **Mike "Doc" Patton**, 21, Naples, Florida, who rode his scooter to the end, 10/6/82. He lived hard and free; he loved and was loved, and he died too young. Love you always, Mom, Dad, Sandy, Phil, and all your bros.

In loving memory of **Larry Dean Slade**. He was 24 years old. "Find the cost of freedom buried in the ground. Mother Earth will swallow you, lay your body down." The boys will miss you, Larry. I'll see you in Harley Heaven, Mark.

In memory of **Bert "Caveman" Shearin**, who died in the wind on 2/17/82. He lived to ride and died living as full a life as anyone could. The love he gave while alive will keep him alive in our hearts always. Ride hard, bro, we love you, Trapper, Cheryl, and all those whose lives you touched.

In memory of **Bobby "Dutchman" Erff**, truly a great 1%. He was one crazy fucker no one fucked with. He took shit from no one, nowhere. Always did what he said and bullshitted no one. He rode hard and partied even harder. Ride on, bro, Chubby, Huns MC, Conn.

In loving memory of **Charles "Chipper" Nitzke**, 9/9/50-5/6/80. We miss you and we still love you. We think of you often and hope you're happy. What more can we say? Chrissy-Lou and Sandy.

In memory of **Dutch**, Iron Thunder MC. We'll party and ride again. Gone but not forgotten. Jersey Knights MC.

In memory of **Debbie "Star" Weber**, 2/25/82, shot down by a geek with a gun. Ride on in Harley Heaven, little sister. We miss you, Bill, Mike, Steve, and all of the family, Oxnard, Calif.

In memory of **Joe, "The Sundance Kid"**, known and loved all over the country by many, especially his bros in Illinois, where he was killed 2/18. We all know you're up there with God, tattooing your heart out. So, ride the clouds, bro. We'll miss ya. Mean Gene, Parker, Don, Mark, Grumpy, Sam, Sharon, Phil, and your bros and sisters from the South.

In memory of **Garland "Duke" Newton, Jr.**, 2/23/82, a man whose wisdom and love for life will remain with us forever. Melanie, Gargoyles MC, Knights MC, Road Jammers MC, and all the rest of his brothers and sisters.

In memory of "**Little Stevie**." You were a helluva man with a lot of heart who once took the time to teach me the righteous rules of life's little games long before I was old enough to understand what I was playing. Some of those lessons still save my ass from time to time all these years later. You'll always be remembered with a smile. Goodbye, my friend. Love. Mouse, Lafayette, Colo.



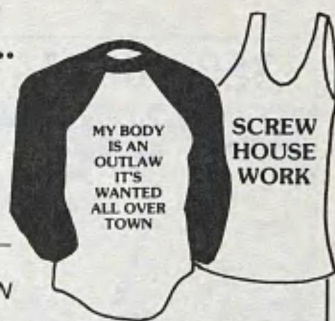
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fart; 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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on library stationery and request a copy of the record — we'll send one out at no charge.

Scorpio

Continued from page 40

His bloated face brightened. "I'm gonna make it up to ya, Skeeter! Honest ta gawd!"

"Oh, yeah?"

He nodded frantically. "You bet, bro! I'm gonna let ya in on a fabulous deal. Because ya were nice enough to not gimme some horrible payback or even do any kick-ass, I wanna mend my fences by includin' ya in a gig I'm plannin', see?"

"Don't see nothin'," I snarled.

"Except a mouthy bastard I can't trust any farther'n I can hurl my own panhead. Thanks to that fat mouth of yours, I had to live in Texas fer six months until the bitch had cooled down. Texas, fer crissakes! Ya ever tried livin' in that fuckin' place?"

Wincing, he shook his head.

"It ain't livable, fartbrain."

"Jeez, I'm terrible sorry, man."

Waldo whined, averting his tiny eyes in their lardy pouches. "I realize now whut I did to ya and. . ."

"In Texas," I continued thinly, "not only do they talk funny, but those Texas cops hate anything that ain't wearin' a cowboy hat and sideburns. It was hell. Between my California accent and the California plates on the fuckin' cage I finally had to get, I might as well been from some really godawful place like New York or Vermont. Or Florida, maybe."

Waldo sighed deeply. "Well, I got sumpin' cookin' that might jist git me off yer shitlist. It could make both of us rich, y'know."

"And nobody else will help ya with it, right?" I said acidly. "Something ya can't handle alone, right?"

Shamefaced, he nodded. "But I ain't ast anybody else! This is so big, I waited until I worked up the raw courage to come over here." He

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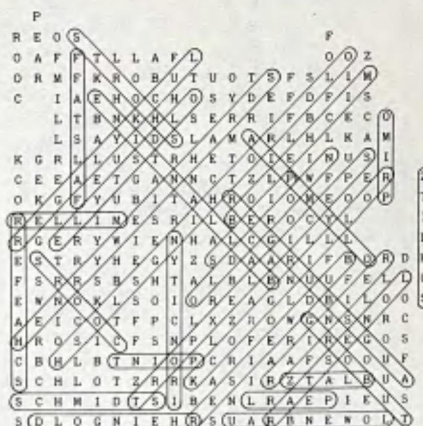
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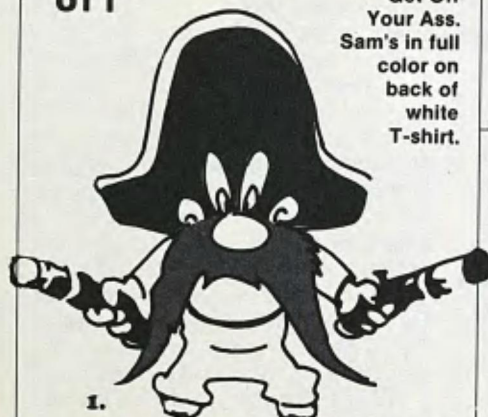
Answer to puzzle found on page 42



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GENUINE



2.



3.



4.



5.



6.



7.



8.



9.



10.



11.

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L.



M.



N.



O.



P.



Q.



R.

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leaned forward intently. "Ya still got that dart rifle ya used when ya was animal control officer up in Weed?"

"I might," I said warily. "Why?"

"We'll need it."

"For what?"

"Fer them badass dogs that guard the fenced area surroundin' the old Quonset hut where them Hades' Ladies stash all their property!" His beefy features scrunched into a triumphant smirk. "I got it all figured, bro! Them dykes is supposed to have a small fortune in stuff at that property shed. Their whole fuckin' club will be gone on a run over into Oregon fer three days and nights. Plenty of time fer you and me to hit that treasure stash and be long gone!"

"That's it, huh?" I said, thinking hard and fast.

"Yup, and it'll be easy! I already rented a truck to haul their shit away in, see? Hell, from the stories I've heard about that buncha ginches, there's everything from classic scoots to a regular arsenal in that shed. Real easy-type shit to sell anywhere and they'll never know who did it!"

"How'd you get the shed's location?" I asked cautiously, not trusting the blabberfaced moron. "Those broads are known for being close-mouthed about themselves."

Waldo combed his thinning hair and scraggly beard with fat fingers, beaming proudly at me. "Got lucky, Skeeter. One of the chicks that works at a bar where I hang out wuz connected with 'em fer a while. Then they dumped her because she wouldn't give up partyin' guys on the side. She clued me to the shed's whereabouts!"

I gave that item some instantaneous thought. If the dumped chick was leaned on hard enough, she'd probably snitch — and Waldo's nuts would be up for grabs because those Hades' Ladies were a heavy group, known for bein' led by several butches who weren't the sort to fool around with. While not exactly accepted by the other clubs, they were basically respected for their toughness.

"This pissed chick," I said casually. "She happen to say anything about blue bricks?"

"Blue what?" Waldo said densely.

"Blue bricks."

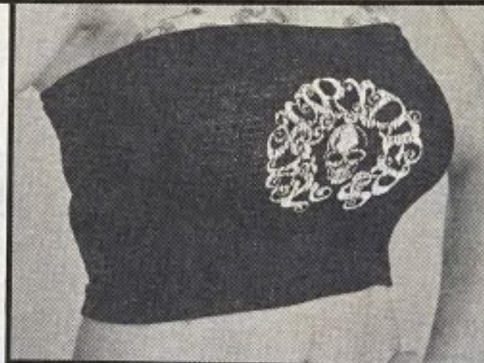
He shook his head, looking bewildered and I realized the cluck had probably not heard the scattered rumors which had reached my ears. But then, I keep my fuckin' ears and eyes open, and my mouth shut. Waldo doesn't. Consequently, he's

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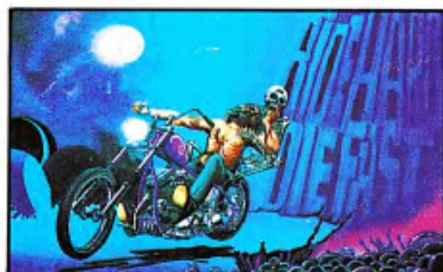
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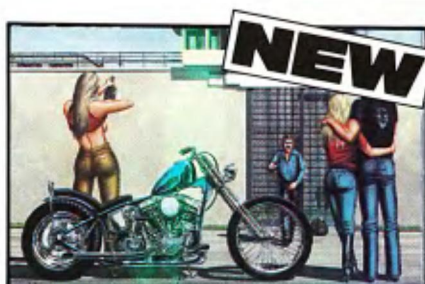
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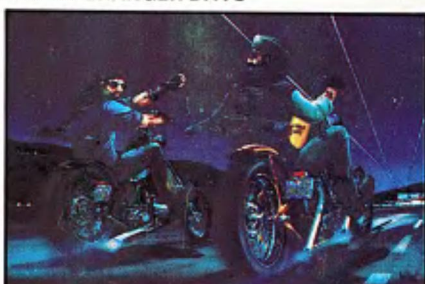
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usually too busy runnin' off at the mouth to hear half the interestin' shit anybody else might catch in various conversations. Also, damn few bikers trusted the dim-witted fucker.

"Are they sumpin' important?" he asked, wide-eyed.

I shrugged, grinning. "Nah. In fact, I think I've confused the Hades' Ladies with another club. Bein' a loner will do that to ya y'know."

"Sure do," he agreed simply.

I yawned in his face. "Tell ya what, Waldo. Meet me in the Red Dagger bar, over in Pasadena tomorrow around noon. We'll tie this thing down tight. Okay?" He stood up, and I walked the stupid bastard to the front door.

"Wait a minute," he protested, suddenly. "Why clear over there?"

"I'll explain over there," I said, winking mysteriously and knowin' damn well I wouldn't. I just wasn't takin' any chances of bein' seen around Torrance with Waldo. If the hacked chick ever snitched, I wanted the chain of contact to stop blind at Waldo — because my mind was already clicking smoothly in high gear. "See ya about noon. Suds will be on me."

"Really?" His moonish face relaxed with relief. "Then ya ain't mad at me no more?"

"Not hardly, man," I lied smoothly. "Hell, here you've included me in a looty number, haven't ya?"

Yeah, th-that's right!"

"We'll just forget past mistakes, Waldo. Everybody makes mistakes. Man wouldn't be human who didn't make a fuckin' error now and then. See ya tomorrow, bro."

I finally got the asshole on his way, and the door closed behind him — but not until I saw daylight comin' down all over my neighborhood. Returnin' to the bedroom, I

saw Miss Hornybod had conked out and was peacefully coppin' zees — flat on her back with those pointy jugs thrustin' temptingly straight at the ceiling. Pourin' myself a brimmin' tumblerful of sippin' whiskey, I unhurriedly twisted together a super-plump doobie. Sittin' against the headboard, naked again, I watched the room brighten gradually with the new day, while the juice and smoke mellowed my busy thoughts. After a while, I had my own plan neatly notched and dovetailed together.

It was a fuckin' dilly.

Bein' on the edge of bucks down and damned bored with the SoCal scene, my plan would — assumin' everything fell into place — send me anywhere I wanted to point the panhead's Bates. With no need for sleep, I sat there wonderin' if the pussy in Washington and Canada was any better than the twat in Baja or mainland Mexico. Thinkin' stuff like that with typical Scorpio intensity soon resulted in a rigidly throbbin' sausage.

Leanin' over, I firmly pressed one of Blondie's nice pink buttons. Her eyelids quivered so I massaged the whole knocker. She snapped outta

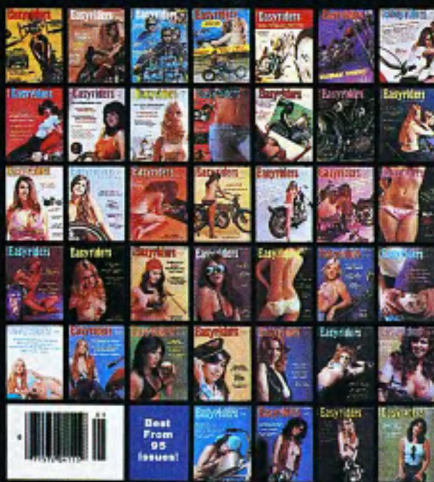


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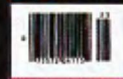
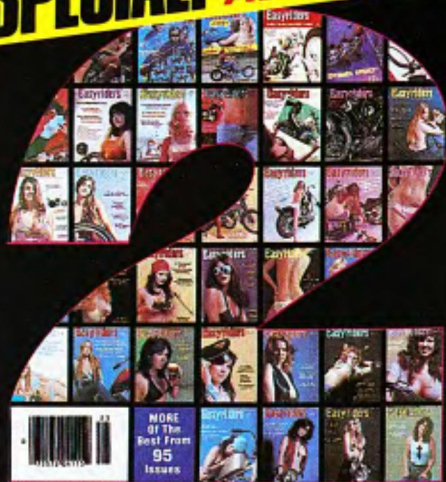


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sleep like a rubber band breaking, avidly havin' at me with hands and mouth. I glanced at the clock again. There was just time for a last explosion before headin' toward Pasadena and the meetin' with wonderful Waldo.

Mutedly, Blondie was makin' some eagerly wet sounds.

"Show some fuckin' class," I suggested dreamily. "Stop tryin' to talk with your mouth full."

* * *

Waldo was stuffed into the corner booth like a flabby potato shoved into a jelly jar, and he kept anxiously scannin' the bar's dim interior like he expected something scary to spot him at any minute.

"Relax, will ya?" I said, scannin' the place and seein' only a couple shitfaced loudmouths maintainin' balance on their stools at the bar while a really ugly beast told them dirty jokes and preened herself just like she was a human being.

"We gotta do it tomorrow night at the latest," Waldo said worriedly, drainin' his schooner and clumsily refillin' it from the pitcher. "Tonight would be even better, y'know?"

"You're sure the entire club's on the run? Nobody left behind to make a scheduled check on the property shed?" I demanded.

"Naw, they're gone. All of 'em."

"We'll check anyway, and do the deed tomorrow night," I said firmly. "Meanwhile, clue me to the set-up."

"Like I said, the Quonset hut's maybe fifty wide by a hunnert long. Sits on private land, surrounded by a steel-wire fence twelve feet high and topped with barbed wire — and then there's them damn dogs."

"How many of what kind?"

He thought a moment, staring dully into space. "Uh, three — no, four of 'em. Biggest fuckin' Doberman ya ever saw. I mean, dangerous, y'know? Them bastards could eat a brass gorilla." He shuddered and I made a mental note to study the dogs for weight and size when it came time to load the trunk darts.

"Anything else?" I prompted.

"Yeah, ya ain't said how much ya expect for a cut." Greed and cunning gleamed in his little piggish eyes. "I was — uh — thinkin' that maybe I should have the bigger end, on accounta I found this deal, see?"

"Whatever suits ya, bro," I told him pleasantly.

"Fifty-fifty would probably be fair, but I really think it should be sixty-forty." He studied me closely with nervousness, ready to switch to fifty-fifty if I looked too shocked or unhappy.

"Hell," I said, grinnin', "that's generous! I never expected even that much, what with you diggin' up all the info on a thing this good! I'd be glad to do my end for a thirty-seventy split."

His boar-like eyes bulged with increased greed and slyness. "Well," he said quickly, "let's leave it at thirty-seventy then, man. I got the expense of the rental truck and all, y'know. Thirty ain't gonna be bad jist fer helpin' load the fuckin' rig."

I nodded, tryin' to look grateful.

"Ya got them darts and the rifle?" he probed.

"Got 'em ready and waitin'. Just where the hell is this property shed, anyhow?"

"Big Tujunga Canyon," he whispered dramatically.

"Where in Big Tujunga?"

His face tightened shrewdly. "Uh, I'll show ya exactly where

Easyriders



"I know his dog just ate your poodle, but I ain't sayin' a thing about it."

when we git out there. Okay?"

"That might be best," I agreed, fakin' humility. "After all, this is your gig. You should call all the shots, Waldo."

"Ya don't mind?" Disbelief oozed across his fat face. "Ya really don't mind at all?"

Hating myself, I punched his shoulder lightly. "Nah, I kinda prefer havin' you in charge of this whole burn. I might screw it up."

Waldo loved that.

Finally, we agreed to meet on a quiet residential street at the canyon's mouth by no later than 10:00 p.m. the following night. Having had just about all of Waldo that I could stomach for one session, I left the place before he did — and I added importance to the whole thing by beggin' him to ride his crappy old Triumph back into town via a different route from the one he had taken to meet me, remindin' the gullible shithhead of how important he was to the project.

He loved that, too.

* * *

By 10:45 p.m. the next night, all four of the Dobies were definitely unconscious — having been darted in their brawny shoulders immediately after we pulled up at the steel-wire gate. Waldo drivin' the

rental truck and me on my cherished sled. There had been a few dumbfuck minutes when we had met on the deserted residential street, while the asshole had insisted I ride in the truck with him — but I solved that by convincin' him somebody might boost my bike and it would be unnecessary work putting it into the truck.

Now he started for the gate with a pair of bolt cutters.

"Hold it," I said, stoppin' him. "Let's blow their perverted minds." I held up the leather sheath containin' my special set of picks. "Let's leave the fuckin' place completely locked when we haul. Those dumb dykes'll go berserk with that touch!"

"Hey, I like that!" Waldo snickered.



Easyriders

"You back the rig up to the shed door while I drag these conked dogs outta your way," I suggested. He ran to the waiting truck and I swung the double gates open, with the chain and opened lock danglin' from one of them.

Gettin' the locks open on the shed door had taken longer than I had hoped, but finally they were sprung and I was inside — gropin' for the light switch and tellin' myself silently that I'd just have to risk a hidden alarm secretly alertin' any member of the Hades' Ladies who might be left behind for security's sake. Somehow, I doubted that there would be; the place had apparently never been invaded during the years their club had owned it, according to the careful queries I'd made, here and there, earlier that day.

Waldo backed the truck to within four feet of the gaping shed door.

Without waitin' longer, I began searchin' through the confusion of stashed goods fillin' the metal hut. My gawd, it looked like a flea market to end all flea markets with tables and glass cases everywhere, and all of them jammed with jewelry, fancy dishes and uncounted other items of undeniable worth.

I guess them broads really did clean up with those massage parlors they ran; and all the while the suits who went into the places never real-

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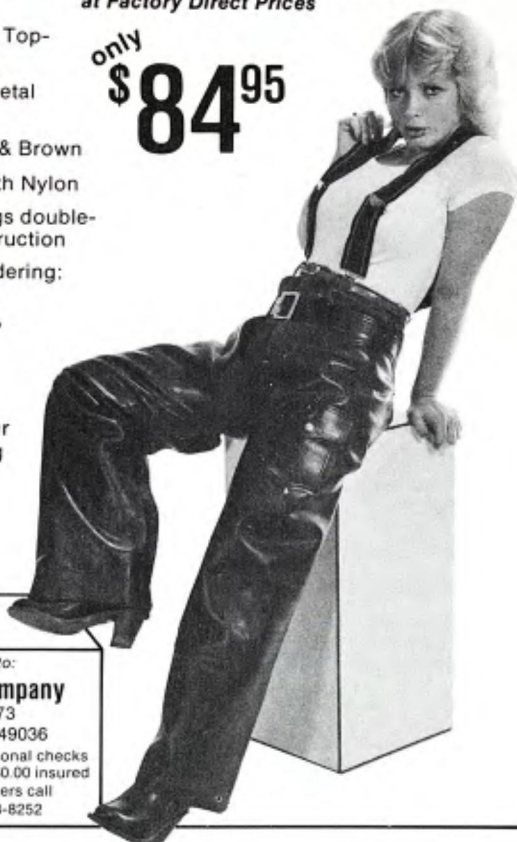


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ized that the chicks they were goin
round the world with wouldn't piss
on 'em if they were on fire without
gettin' paid for it. Ah, well, in Amer-
ica any man — or dyke — can
become a king if they're willing to
work at it, I thought, as I kept on
searching for one particular item.

"Hey, man!" Waldo called from the
doorway. "Ain'tcha gonna earn yer
share by givin' me a hand with this
loadin' ramp?"

"I only agreed to help load goodies,
man," I shouted back, hunting
intently through boxes of bike parts,
car parts and ammo. Beyond all that
stood a buncha bikes. Everything
from a 1912 Electra to an Indian
Four and a few early '50s Harleys.
After ten seconds of appreciatively
eyeballing the classic and costly iron,
I resumed my search — trugin'
past trunks filled with old silver,
exotic knives, swords and axes.

"Dammit!" bellowed Waldo. "If'n
ya don't gimme a hand loadin' some
of these bikes and other shit, I'm
not gonna share a fuckin' dime of it
with ya afterwards!"

I glanced at the dart rifle in my
left hand and trotted back toward
him. He was pushin' the Indian up
the ramp into the truck and his
back was toward me. Taking careful
aim, I squeezed off the shot and hit
him in his mammoth butt, watchin'
him let go of the scooter and leap
straight up, pudgy hands scrabblin'
at the dart hangin' from his ass.

"Ow!" Waldo yelled. "Ow-ooh!
Whut the hell did ya —" he began
sniveling, extractin' the dart that I
knew had already injected its full
load upon impact.

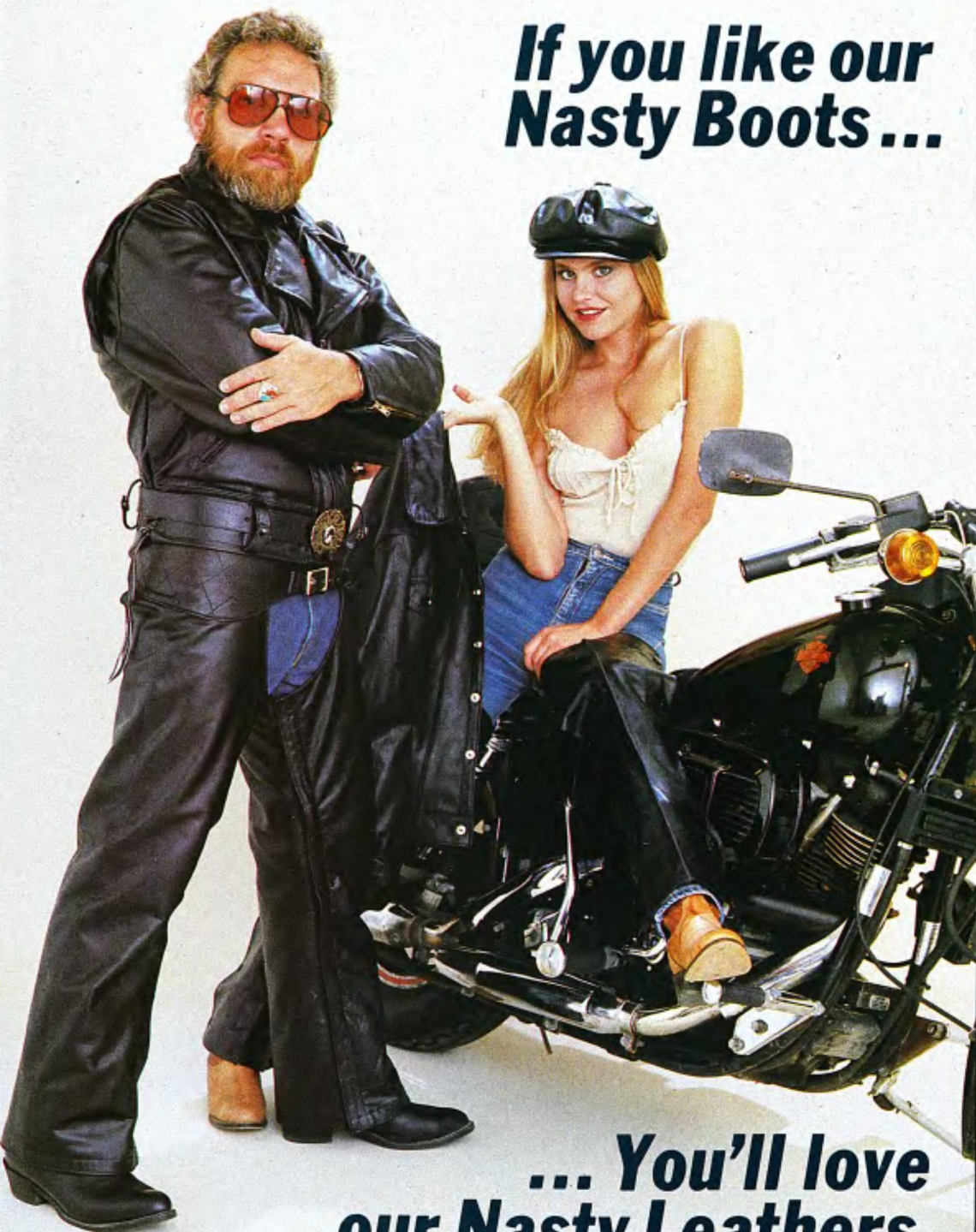
"Listen good, pukeface," I said
loud and clear. "Now we're even.
Don't never forget a Scorpio's creed.
We don't get visibly mad, but we
always get even!"

His face sagged, then his entire
heft slowly collapsed onto the floor
of the truck bed as the trunk started
taking effect. He wallowed around,
yelping piteously, for a couple more
minutes. Finally he just flopped
onto his side, sprawled awkwardly
and snorin'.

Thirty-four minutes later, I found
what I'd been frantically huntin' —
the blue bricks. Kneelin' beside
them, I took out my knife and
pressed its blade into one of the
bricks. When I withdrew the blade, a
fine line of bright yellow clearly
showed through the bluish color
coating the gold.

"Hot damn!" I said happily. "Just
like I figured! Solid gold bricks
painted blue!"

If you like our Nasty Boots...



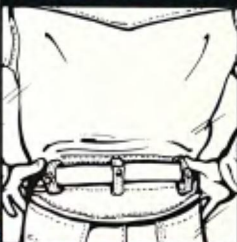
... You'll love our Nasty Leathers

We proudly present the **NASTY** jacket. Made best, for the best. A sleek-fitting, macho statement of who you are and what you believe. Black, bold, and 100% made in America. Fully lined. Tough leather reinforcing at every wear point ensures years of great looks and full protection. A biker-sized nylon zipper glides easily in all weather, and a large flap keeps the wind out and the warmth in. Leather-laced side ties mold it to your body. The **NASTY** jacket, for the travelin' man who wants it all.



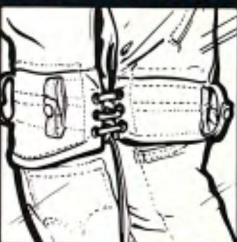
STYLE & COMFORT

Hidden folds give when you lean for the bars. Snap-off fur collar is included.



PROTECTION

Built-in kidney support; forget those old clumsy, uncomfortable kidney belts.



WIND & WINE PROOF

Leather-laced ties ensure perfect before- and after-dinner fit, keep wind out.

EXTRA MACHO

Optional Sam Browne-type diamond-pattern belt, \$30, including belt loops.



NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

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Please check method of payment.

☐ Jacket \$195.00 ☐ With optional belt \$225.00

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard Exp. date _____

☐ Money order # _____

Credit Card Number _____

Name _____ Size _____

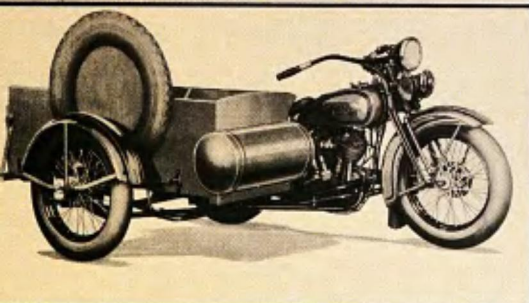
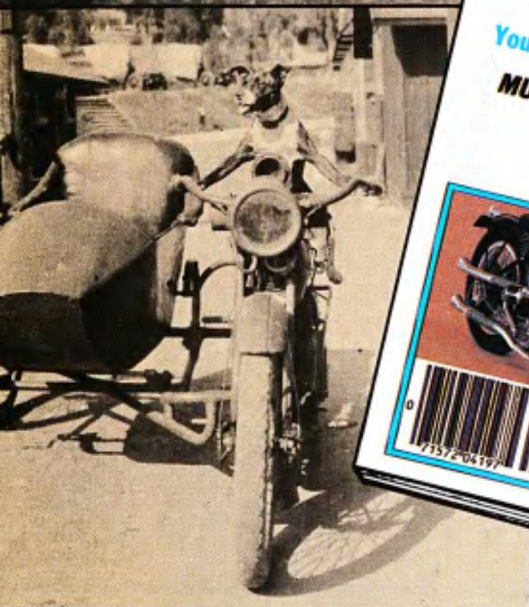
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ Phone (day) _____

No foreign orders. Run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Allow 4 weeks for personal checks. Sizes range from 34-52. Add \$10.00 per jacket for APO/FPO. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**.

(California residents add 6% sales tax.)



DELL D-04197

Easyriders' IN THE WIND

YESTERDAZE

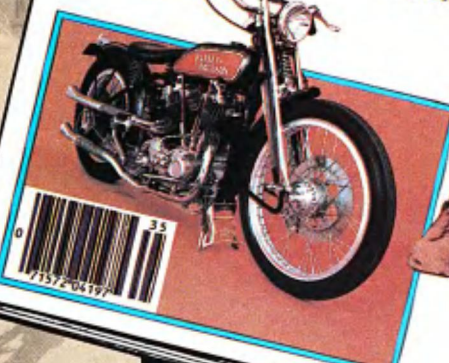
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(Don't blame us, blame the post office.)

(Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.)

I pulled back the greasy tarp I'd found them under — revealing at least a dozen of the worth-their-weight-in-gold fuckers. Good thing, I thought, that I'd slung three sad-debags on my scooter.

After stuffin' as many of the heavy bricks into the saddlebags as they would hold, I locked up the shed. Then I took pity on poor stupid Waldo, knowin' the Dobies would regain consciousness before he did and chew him to death if they could reach him. It damn near gave me a fuckin' hernia but I finally muscled his dead-weight lard clear up to the truck's box-like top via the hood. Only then did I relock the gate. Now there was no way Waldo could move from up there without havin' his ass chewed off — until them Hades' Ladies rescued him, that is.

Leavin' the canyon on a strangely weighted and hard-to-handle bike. I made it home. The very next day, I loaded my bike, wealth and personal shit into a small, rented Ford van.

After sleep and food, I split southward.

* * *

I've been here, in exotic and joyously sinful Acapulco for a year now. There's still better'n 150 grand converted from solid, high-grade gold into American dollars, flowing upon demand from that fuckin' Presidio, Texas, bank to me. The girls here are all right, but no better than elsewhere. I've got a bitchin' suntan, and a coupla gorgeously customized Harley choppers made from my own designs and shipped to me.

Next week, I'm having a few things done to my face — like modifying the huge nose I've hated since childhood and flattenin' my flappin' ears. Nobody'll ever recognize me. The surgeon's expensive as hell, but the best in his field. And, I'll have a brand new ID to match the new face by the time I make a visit to the states, before movin' on to Europe, or wherever there's new cooze, booze and highways.

As for those dykes I burned, well, anybody who loves to gobble broads can't be all bad. I kinda respect 'em, see? After all, every fuckin' one of those dildo-freaks was man enough to take her turn stompin' the shit outta Waldo. Some pricks just never learn. Know what that asshole snitch did again? Kept screamin' my name and address at them Hades' Ladies, that's what.

I shoulda left the treacherous fucker for the Dobies. ■

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

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Penned Over End

Continued from page 30

was real nice to step into a pair of briefs without seeing a stain — it kind of set the tone for the day. Then there was that large warm ass of hers to curl up against on cold mornings. But shit, did I ever pay for it! She gnawed away at my backbone like it was a take-out order of barbecued ribs.

So, drunk and rampaging last evening, I'd purpled her eye. Cruel, I guess, but it did shut her up. She weighed more than I do, so I figured the fight was a fair one.

Then this morning, while I was snoring on the couch, Kyla attacked me with a crescent wrench. I think she was trying to tighten the retina in my left eye — luckily for me, she missed and gashed the cheek below it. I woke out of my sex dream howling, grabbed the wrench after I'd knocked the breath from her, and threw her into the bathroom. What a string of curses came from behind that door! It sounded like it was the end of the world and Kyla was the only one with a box seat. In about five minutes, I gathered my mortal remains, the leathers and underwear, sleeping bag and all, and lashed them to the sissy bar.

I had to say one last word to the bitch, something real clever and cutting. I stood outside the bathroom door, waiting for a lull in her moans and threats, then yelled: "Kyla! I hope your uterus prolapses and spills out between your fat legs like some Portuguese man-of-war hooked from a charred pier by a Chinaman!"

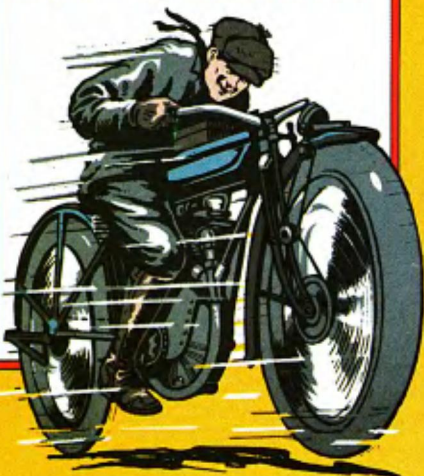
Believe me, baby, the paint on the crapper door blistered.

So this stinkin' pattern never fails, I mumble to myself: Stay in one place long enough and your own peculiar smell that rises off you climbs the walls and hangs there, peels off from its own weight and dumps on you. Stay put and the world turns to shit.

My, oh my! It's so easy to tumble

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G	In Stock Sizes Only — 8½, 9, 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½, 12 \$90.00 D Width Only	

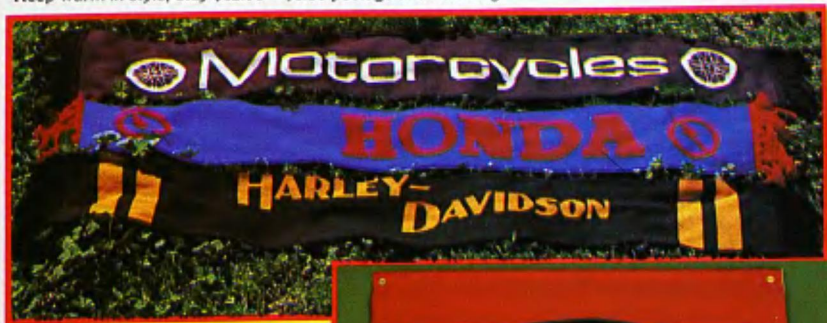
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PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301



from the bike, asleep in this land of corn and cattle. I can't imagine what the farmers do here on a Saturday night — probably try artificially inseminating cows with their middle fingers.

Cages full of Kansas teenagers drive past me and gape — huge, fat V-8s, Chevys, Oldsmobiles. The pimply nerds driving the cars seem about as hip as a muffler jammed up a goat's ass. I hope Florida, a possible destination, is more exciting than this. At least there I can drink rum and fresh OJ in the blinding sunshine and watch Cubans machine-gun each other.

A sign along the highway: *One Kansas Farmer Feeds 55 People.*

I wonder if his wife does all their dishes.

It's already cold enough out here without this pissy wind that's kicking up. At first, strong gusts that almost have me wiping the highway with my right leg — then just the cold steady blow coming down from Canada — dry soil flies off one field, circles across the blacktop, then falls in a field opposite.

And then I start seeing the weeds — just fragments pushing along, trash branches flying ahead of me, little balls of scrap, tumbleweeds that tuck and roll over the lanes of the highway. I start aiming for them, just to have something to do. I've had sixteen cups of coffee pass through me since breakfast and I feel like killing something. The weeds make a nice crackle when the wheel bites down on them — the sound of a fist realigning some bastard's nose.

The sun was dying on this part of the earth and the wind was getting colder. I was trying to make Waheenee before I quit for the day. I'd seen it on the map — Waheenee, Kansas. A real romantic sound — the punch line of a joke about a jackal's cock, told in Pakistani.

I didn't think much of the tumbleweeds I kept running over, though they seemed to be getting bigger by degrees: stashbox-sized — toolboxes — then armchairs, buffalo, and Volkswagens. These tumbleweeds must have grown huge on some endless Montana prairie, withered, snapped at the root, and begun their manic rolling journeys.

They seemed to be out for revenge. Of course, for hundreds of miles nothing stood high enough to trap them; no fences or houses or hills, much less a lone mountain to suddenly rear up in the way. The weeds flopped end-over-end and formed a habit too tough to break. By the

time they hit Kansas, they knew there wasn't a thing that could stand up to them — they'd smash right through anything that tried.

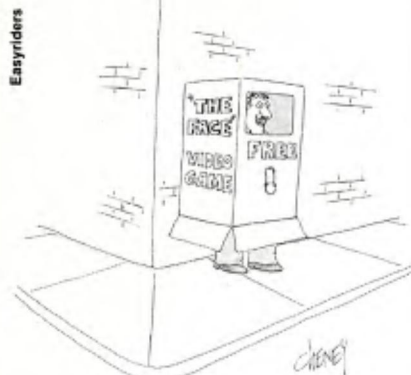
Shit! A scrap of one is sucked into my front spokes, a piece I didn't see. I have to listen to five miles of dry chewing before the bush passes completely through my front wheel. I seem to be in a sort of corridor now, the receiving end of a wind tunnel filled with dry, spiky plants. I lean the bike left to balance in the steady prairie wind, feeling like a hinged duck on a chain, jerking down the line at a shooting gallery.

I spy this giant tumbler looming up ahead, and despite the "F" I got in my high school physics class, I figure our trajectories are locked in. I don't want to collide with the beast — it's the size of a small Los Angeles suburb.

I'm almost tempted to brake and try skidding back west, when suddenly a Chevy Impala whales past, gets sucked up in the tumbleweed, and starts rolling off for Mexico. From the look on the driver's face, I can tell he's suffered a serious concussion below the flattop. Fuck this! I'm all of a sudden surrounded by these huge bastards. If I'm stock still, I'll get run over; ride flat out and I'll still eat shit.

I'd prefer to die quickly and at high speed, so I gun the bike to maximum thrust — damn it, this thing sounds good and it feels as though I'm flyin' at warp 99. I glimpse a tumbleweed ahead full of skeletons — dogs? No, probably just coyotes. Rib cages hang on the curved arms of the weed. This tumbler is easy to miss, it's so loaded down with victims. It rumbles — *flop, scooosh, flop, scooosh* — as I veer around it.

The weed that pounds along after it has got to be the great-great-grandfather of all the shrubs on earth. It makes a noise like a flea-trap hotel being leveled by a wreck-



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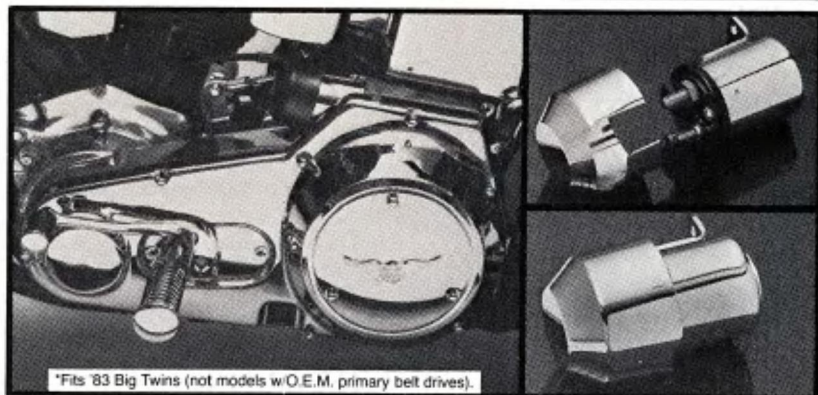
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ing ball. Even the cattle in the fields wince and lower their heads. This fucking weed has picked up three cows and 30 or 40 chickens so far. One cow is already dead, scratched to ground round, and the two still alive are bawling, screaming to heaven with their cow prayers.

It doesn't help. They're getting ripped to shit as the tumbleweed thunders along, casting a shadow that darkens a mile of highway. I tremble at seeing it.

The one after, I didn't see. Must have been a medium-sized tumbleweed that coldcocked me. It gathered up me and my Sporty and began to roll — over and over and over and over. I get dizzy easily — standing up'll usually do it — this motion was a thousand times worse. I started vomiting — the bacon and eggs I had for breakfast, going up in ochre streamers over my back and shoulders, the sixteen cups of coffee. Every crime committed against my stomach came back to stab me — in spasms. How many years of flopping over did I endure? The dry heaves set in — and finally, unconsciousness.

I woke up when my tumbleweed slammed into a Houston skyscraper. I knew it was Houston because my head was jammed into a newspaper rack outside the building. Screams that rang from the 27-story building helped me to come around in a hurry. I was covered with blood and some of it was mine. The paint job on my bike looked as though Earl Scheib had gotten into S&M — lash marks all over it. But the bike kicked over right away.

So I rotted in Houston for nine months; enough time to smoke up another rampage. The woman I was living with broke a gallon wine jug over my head one evening and I lit out for Florida as soon as I was released from the hospital.

Maybe this time I'll make it. ■

Easyriders



H/E/S

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Cover \$39.00, plus \$2.00 for shipping

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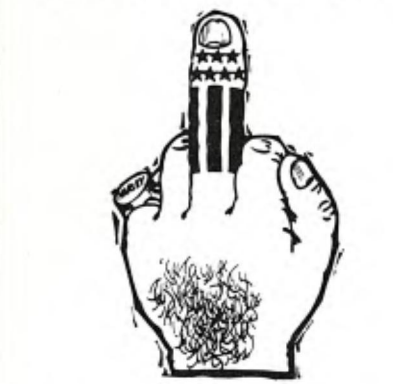


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Frank and Oral Lee

Continued from page 55

down to the Inn. Unfortunately, he passed out in the street on the way home, and a traffic cop thought he was a fallen biker with a twisted neck. By the time the cop had yanked Tucker's head around a hundred and eighty degrees, so his tongue lined up with the zipper. Dead Bob was just a memory and a jukebox full of songs. Which is what usually happens when the law tries to help a guy get his head screwed on straight.

I didn't give Dead Bob much thought after that until the letter from the lawyer came. At first I didn't even bother to open it, figuring it was just another love note from my ex, demanding more dough to get the sterling polished or something. But later, when I was using the back of the envelope to make a list of celebrities who'd look better without noses (Leonard Nimoy, Charo, Benji, C-3PO), my curiosity got the better of me and I ripped the sucker open.

You could have knocked me over with a fart. Not only had my favorite late songwriter named me in his will, but the little fucker'd left me a primo Low Rider. This at a time when my own mount had just been ripped off (the cops, though, had been real helpful; if somebody accidentally left it leaking oil in the lobby of the station house, they just might slap a ticket on it and give me a call), and my bank balance was lower than an eggplant's IQ.

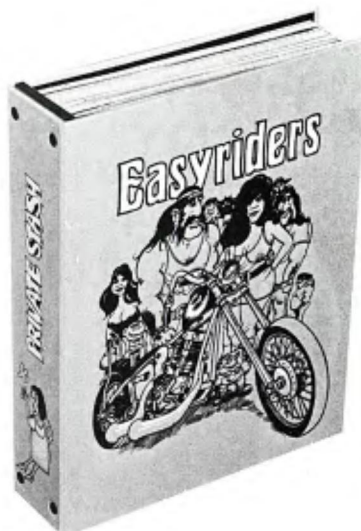
* * *

The bike ran smoother and easier than any machine I had ever known. It cornered as though it had its own sense of balance; a touch of the brakes and it practically stopped by itself. I wound it out along my favorite stretch of highway, heading up toward Chelan, my thoughts soaring high above the asphalt like a kite bobbing on a March breeze.

"Hey! You're almost out of gas." My mind snapped back like a broken rubberband. "Huh?" That must have been powerful weed, for me to start imagining voices.

"I said, 'you're almost out of gas,' stupid."

There was a voice, and it had come from the bike. I looked around for the cassette player which Dead Bob must have hidden around the tank someplace. It would have been just like him to have loaded one of



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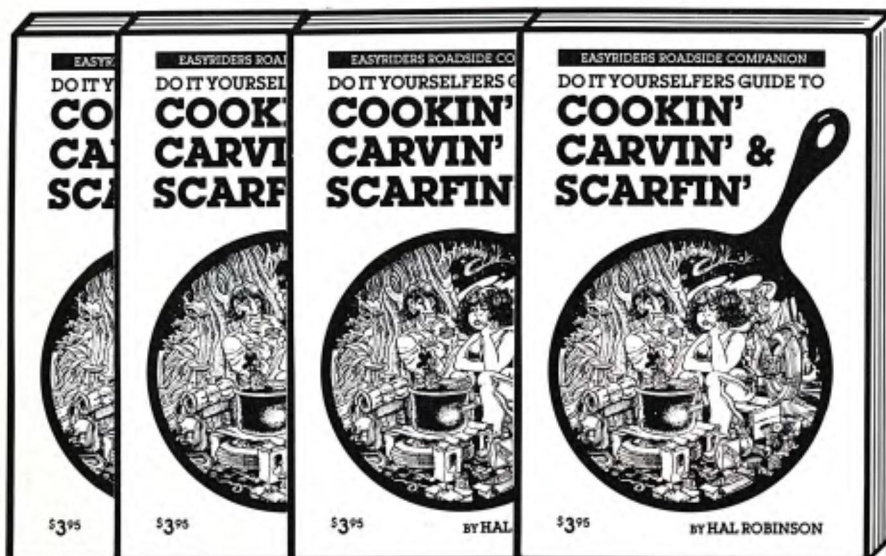
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Where will the government draw the line on who it prosecutes next? We need your help in the fight for all our freedoms. Help us—help yourselves. Send whatever you can to: Defense Fund, P.O. Box 10071, Collinwood Station, Cleveland, Ohio 44110. Include a self-addressed stamped envelope and you'll receive a "Keep America Free—Support Your Local Hells Angels" bumper sticker.



**IF THEY CAN DO IT TO US,
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his stupid inventions on an otherwise fine machine.

"Can you play 'Stairway to Heaven'?" I asked.

"You better find a stairway to Texaco, unless you want to start walking," came the reply.

It had to be a CB radio hidden somewhere. "Who's that?" I called. "Wichita? Cow Pie? Good joke."

"You won't think it's a joke when you're toting a gas can down the road, you lamebrain."

Before making any snappy reply, I noticed a gas station to the right and swung in. "No leaded premium," I muttered. "Figures."

"No sweat," said the voice from the bike. "Just drop in 1.724382 gallons of regular, and 1.775618 gallons of premium unleaded."

"It only measures to the tenth of a gallon."

"Oh, well, throw in a teaspoon or so of Yukon Jack, if you got any."

"If I did, I sure as hell wouldn't give it to you."

"Thanks a bunch, boss. Say, who the hell are you, anyway?"

As I stood there and pumped gas, I briefly recounted how it was that I had come to own my new sled. "And who are you?" I asked.

He told me. He was a ZP-98 microprocessor that Dead Bob, in a flash of inventive madness, had incorporated into the circuitry of the bike. His function was to monitor its vital functions and keep the rider posted. Terrific. I didn't like the name ZP-98, and so I devoted some thought to what to call my talkative riding partner. Without too much difficulty, I settled on Frank. Short for Frankenstein. Because whether Dead Bob had known it or not, he had created a monster.

Lee Wiggins was called Oral Lee because she always had something going in or out of her mouth — a cigarette, a pipe, a bottle, her tongue, or an endless stream of conversation. One morning as I headed east out of Wenatchee, with a spring chill in the air and Frank complaining about his oil being dirty, I saw her slam the door of the Riverside Cafe with some finality.

"Go squat on your griddle, May!"

"You're fired!" came the reply from inside the cafe.

"You're damn fucking right I am. Hey!" she called to me, her oversized tits straining against her sweater as she waved.

I eased over to the side of the road and skidded along the loose gravel in the parking lot.

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"What're we stopping for now?"

Frank asked.

"Shut up," I replied.

Oral Lee jogged over to the bike. I liked the way she bounced when she ran. "Can you give me a ride down to my sister's place?"

"No, but I'll take you to Wyoming."

"Okay." She squeezed in between me and the sleeping bag strapped to the sissy bar.

"Who's that?" Frank asked. The sudden voice from near the gas tank surprised Lee so much that she sat bolt upright, her breasts slamming against the sides of my head and nearly collapsing both of my eardrums as a result.

"Frank, meet Oral Lee."

"She's not riding with us for long, is she?" he asked.

"All the way to Wyoming, pal."

"What? Do you know what that extra weight is going to do to my gas mileage?"

"She's great at syphoning."

"But she'll slow down my acceleration."

"Yeah, well, she speeds up mine, so shut up and let's keep rolling." Telling Frank to shut up was like telling the tide to take a week off, but it was a habit I just couldn't break myself of.

"What in the ever-lovin' fuck is goin' on here?" Lee finally managed to ask. She sounded dazed.

I explained to her as best I could the ancestry and function of Frank. If I left something out, or wasn't lavish enough in my praise for his diligence at keeping things in good running order, Frank himself was sure to interrupt to fill in all the details I'd missed.

"But — can't you turn him off?" Oral Lee asked.

Frank just laughed.

"It's these damn microcomputers," I told her. "He's so small, I can't even find him. Back in the Middle Ages, philosophers used to argue about how many angels could

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fit on the head of a pin. Well, now it's computers instead of angels. And if I so much as touch a wire or fuse, he shuts the whole fuckin' bike down in retaliation."

"How would you like it if someone wanted to disconnect you?" Frank asked. "Imagine it. The darkness, the nothingness, the cold, the —"

"All right, all right, we get the picture," I cut him off.

"I think I like angels better," Lee said. "You got any gum?"

"Of course I don't have any gum," answered Frank.

"I wasn't talking to you, motor-mouth. I was talking to him."

"Signal before you turn a corner!" Frank hollered. "And slow down a little, for Pete's sake."

Lee leaned over my shoulder and shouted, "Mind your own business, electron breath. You monitor the tire pressure and let him drive."

"Electron breath, huh? Well, at least I'm contributing something to this trip besides excess weight and wind resistance."

"Shut up, Frank." I patted Oral Lee's knee. "Her contribution's going to come a little later." It was shaping up to be a long, long trip.

* * *

The first time we stopped for gas and I killed the engine, Lee exhaled a long sigh of relief. "Thank God that thing's finally turned off. I swear I don't know how you can stand listening to that piece of hyperactive junk."

"Lee —"

"No, really. That computer thing is horrible. The man who invented it should be shot."

"He's already dead. Listen, Lee —"

"I'm not kidding. Now that it's off, I can tell you, you've got to do something about it. It's a monster. It needs to be destroyed."

"So this is how you talk about people behind their backs," said Frank, coldly.

"I tried to tell you, Lee. He's never completely off. His circuits are always powered." Actually, I kind of enjoyed her embarrassment as she jiggled off into the mini-mart to buy a Mars bar and a bag of Cheetos while I filled Frank's tank. After all, despite his faults, Frank was still my scoot, and no big-chested backrest was going to arbitrarily tell me what to do with him.

"I don't think she really likes me very much," Frank announced.

"Why do you say that? Don't take everything so personally."

"Let's leave her here."

"What?"

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Two of us had burgers that evening at a roadside dump called "Frenchy's," while Frank sat grouchy alongside the curb and groused about how dry his chain was getting. In response to our inquiry, the waitress told Lee and me about a turn-off where we could camp for the night. Shortly thereafter, refreshed by a pitcher of cold suds and looking forward to a strenuous evening of relaxation, we climbed aboard Frank.

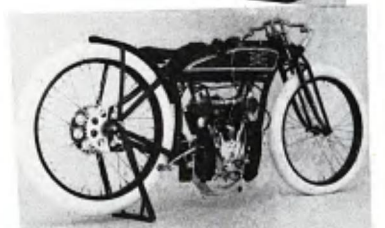
A couple of rough-looking red-necks in a jeep next to us gave us the eye and exchanged a few low words. Frank refused to start. The guy nearest to us in the jeep looked us over again. He was close enough for me to measure the scar on his cheek. Frank, in a perfect imitation of Lee's voice, said, "Hi there, ugly. Say, is that your real face or are you doing an ad for Preparation H?"

Easyriders



"Come on. What's she good for, anyway?" he persisted.
"Nothin' you'd understand, I guess," I answered.
"Pay for the gas, and while she's in there stuffing her face, we can take off. It'll be great. Just the two of us. Like old times."
"What old times?"
"These'll be the old times that we'll look back on later. Come on. How about it? What do you say?"
"No deal. She's coming with us."
"But she's so heavy," Frank whined peevishly.
"If I didn't know better, I'd think you were jealous of her."
"And she smells bad, too."
"That's just perfume."
"That's not the part of her I've been smelling."
"Then stop vibrating so much. Lee goes with us and that's that."
For once, Frank didn't try to get the last word in. And that really made me nervous. It almost seemed like he was thinking.

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"Frank," I hissed. "That's not funny. Let's get out of here, fast."

"I'm sorry," Frank continued in the same voice. "Actually, you're much better looking than your friend. Of course, so's the floor of a butcher shop."

One of the guys in the jeep smiled. He reached under the seat and pulled out a shotgun. "This is gonna be fun," he announced.

Lee was grabbing onto me so hard I thought her fingers were going to root in my arms. "Frank, what're you doing?" I snarled. "Do you realize those assholes have a gun?"

"Good," Frank replied calmly, using his own electric voice. "Then maybe they'll be good enough to rid us of our excess baggage."

"Are you kidding? What they'll rid us of is the last thirty years of my life. Not to mention your gas tank, which will probably make a swell cheese grater when they're through."

"Cheese grater? Seriously?"

"Yes, seriously. Now start!"

This time, Frank leapt into a mechanical frenzy. About a dozen pellets made their way into the sleeping bag as we screeched away. "You missed us, you dipshits!" Frank called out. I gritted my teeth and held on.

It took us about twenty minutes to reach the clearing the waitress had mentioned, and by the time we got there, my temper had cooled from berserk to merely enraged. "If you ever pull another stunt like that, Frank, I'm gonna donate you to the machine shop at a reformatory."

Frank swallowed.

"Maybe you could find a deaf biker to give him to," Lee suggested. "Too good for him," I screamed. "If I could afford to, I'd turn him into a piece of playground equipment for the amusement of about a thousand sticky-fingered four-year-olds. How do you like the thought of peanut butter on your plug wires, Frank?"

Frank trembled a little and began dripping oil as Lee and I pitched the tent. After sharing a delightfully chubby number that my boot had concealed for just such an occasion, we spread the sleeping bag on the tent floor and undressed.

"Ouch!" said Lee, fumbling around in the dark.

"That's my knee."

"Turn over."

"Where are your —"

"No, here."

"Which way?"

"Like this. Like this. Um-hmm."

A voice just outside the tent asked, "Hey, what are you guys doing in there?"

"Shut up, Frank!" I yelled back. Lee, who had the manners not to talk with her mouth full, said nothing at all.

"Can I come in there, too?"

"No! Ow, Lee! That's my finger."

"Sorry, I lost my concentration."

"Why can't I come in with you?"

"Go to sleep, Frank."

"It's dark out here. I'm scared."

"Ignore him," Lee suggested.

"Maybe he'll go away."

He didn't. And try as we might, we couldn't help but be distracted by the shouts, whistles, shrieks, and roars that assaulted the thin walls of the tent. What finally got to me was when, in a perfect imitation of his late creator's voice, he wailed, "It's me, Dead Bob, come back from the grave to avenge your mistreatment of my greatest invention. Bring the bike inside with you or answer to legions of the undead."

"Fun's fun," I grumbled, rolling Lee off me for a minute, "but this has gone too far." I stumbled out under the stars and lifted Frank up off his kickstand.

"Well, it's about time," he said.

I pushed him along the dirt road until we were twenty yards or so from the tent. "Hey, what gives?" he asked. I maneuvered him into some bushes. "What're you doing?" I covered him with a couple of branches. "This isn't the tent!" Then I made my way back to Lee, who was very grateful all night long.

At first I thought the voices were just Frank being cute again. "By God, she was right. They're here."

"Where's their damn motorcycle? Hope you didn't bust ol' Betty's jaw."

"Had to get the bitch to talk, didn't I? How else would we have found these scums?"

Then I heard footsteps on the twigs outside.

A filmy light of gray dawn was seeping into the tent. I found my jeans and put them on, then eased open the tent flap.

My nose touched the cold, round steel of a shotgun barrel. It smelled of metal and smoke.

"Come on out, smartmouth," said the holder of the shotgun. The last time I'd seen him, he'd been in a jeep out in front of Frenchy's.

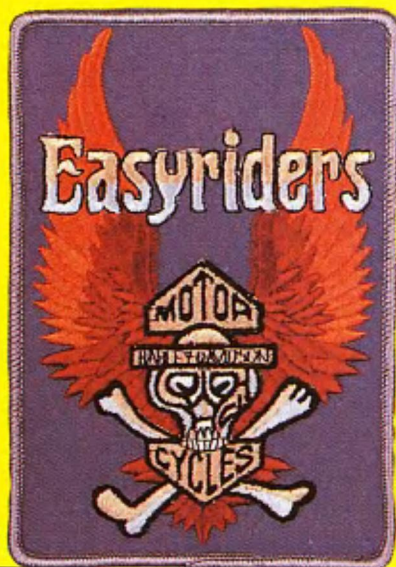
"Bring your friend out here, too," said the other man. I couldn't help but notice that he also had a gun — a small, short-barreled handgun, black as the circle of oil that Frank had left beside the tent. "Come on out of there, honey," he ordered, waving his pistol into the tent. Oral Lee stumbled reluctantly out, clutching the sleeping bag in front of her naked body.

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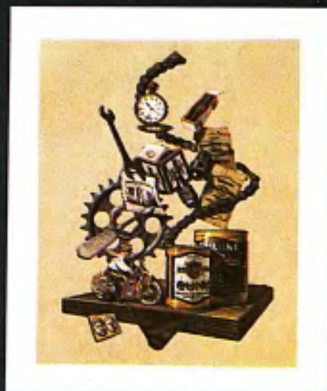
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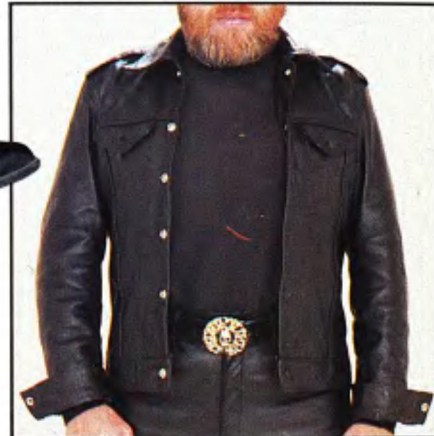
BAR HOPPER \$175
A super-styled lightweight but warm leather jacket perfect for those let's-hit-every-bar-in-town-bro summer nights. American made of top-quality leather, this Nasty racing jacket includes a durable leather-trimmed inside stash pocket.



ULTIMATE CHAPS \$160
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.



SNAP CHAPS \$60
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.



FOR DENIM DIGGERS \$160
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.

NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

Box 1025 Agoura, California 91301

Please check item(s) & method of payment. Remember to include all appropriate measurements.

☐ **ULTIMATE CHAPS \$160**

Waist _____ Inseam _____ Boot Ankle Measurement _____

☐ **BAR HOPPER \$175**

Size _____

☐ **DENIM DIGGER \$160**

Size _____

☐ **SNAP CHAPS \$60**

Inseam _____

☐ **BITCHIN' BRITCHES \$180**

Waist _____ Inseam _____

☐ **OLD-STYLE CAP \$30**

Size _____

I enclose: ☐ Check ☐ Money order

Please charge to my: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge

Card No.:

Exp. Date

Signature (required) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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**.

(California residents add 6% sales tax.)



OLD-STYLE CAP \$30

For your head or hers, a classic all-leather coconut 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'.



"How are you this morning, darlin'?" asked Shotgun.

She stared at him, sullen and unafraid. "I could use a cigarette," she finally replied.

"They're bad for your health, precious." Handgun barked out a laugh colder than the air that tingled the hairs on my bare back. "Not that it really matters no more, you little scooter slut."

"What'll we do with the biker?" Shotgun asked. "Kill him now, or make him watch first?"

It was pretty clear that they had both spent the night drinking. On the one hand, that made them more apt to pull the trigger. Not good. On the other hand, if I could just get to them without getting blown apart, I figured I could take the both of them down without a hell of a lot of trouble. But with the shotgun cocked and aimed at my chest, any sudden move in that direction would be pure suicide. So would standing around waiting for them to finish us off. It was a tough choice, and not the way I like to start the day.

"Aw, I'm feelin' charitable this mornin'," cackled Handgun. "Let's kill the bastard now and be done with him."

Before I could decide whether to pray or punt, a voice roared from behind them, loud and electric, like a cop's bull horn: "Freeze! We've got you covered! You can have the girl, but leave the biker alone."

Both men whirled around and Shotgun sent a blast into the bushes where the authoritative voice had come from.

I jumped into the space between them and yanked them both to the ground, managing to bounce their heads together on the way down. Lee dropped her modesty, along with the sleeping bag, to snatch the revolver, which she then held firmly to the back of Handgun's head as she squatted across his back. "You so much as breathe, sucker, and what little brains you have are gonna come dripping out your big, ugly nose."

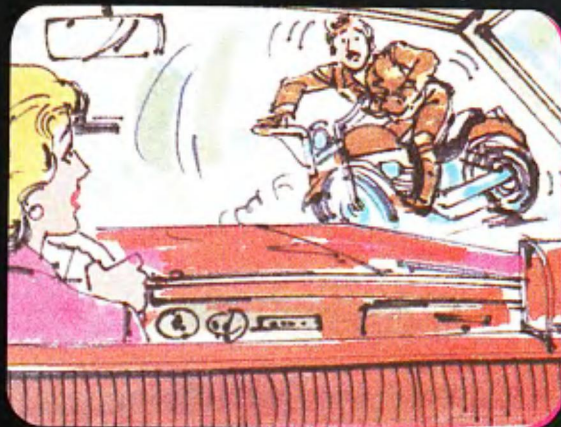
I tied up our drop-in guests and ran to find Frank. "Nice work, pal," I said as I pulled the branches from his frame. "You really saved our — hey, you okay?" I noticed then that the branches had been torn by the blast from the shotgun. One of Frank's mirrors had caught a pellet and shattered.

"Frank?" Frank didn't answer. "Frank, come on, talk to me." I never would have thought I'd say that.

Frank coughed. "They got me!" he gasped dramatically.

Do It On TV!

Remember the Claybrook Crusade? We asked you to contribute money for a TV commercial that would point out the positive side of bikin'. We matched your donations, dollar for dollar, and came up with not one, but two commercials designed to be offered to local stations as public service spots. As we promised, we are making these professionally produced, 25-second spots available to you at cost: \$16 apiece. The spots are on two-inch videotape, as used by every TV station in the country, and come in a special shipping container. Order yours today.



Watch Out For Bikers:
how cycle/cage accidents happen. . .and why.



Let Those Who Ride Decide:
a biker describes the fallacies of helmet laws.

It's about time you layabouts got those commercials done. I'm ready to spread the word. Send me: (Write number of copies wanted in appropriate box.)

- ☐ Anti-helmet law spot
30-second commercial
- ☐ Look out for bikers spot
30-second awareness commercial

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Make check or money order for \$16 for each 30-second commercial payable to *Easysiders* Bike Commercial and mail to: Biker Ad, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage.

I ripped away the rest of the brush and examined him closely. There were a couple of tiny pockmarks on his tank, and the flanging of one cylinder housing had been dented by a shot, but other than that, he looked fine.

"I'm fading fast. Everything is getting dark," he moaned.

"You got a couple of little scratches, that's all."

"What's the matter with him?" Lee had thrown on some clothes and was looking over my shoulder.

"A broken rearview mirror, and suddenly he's headed for the last rally," I told her.

"Don't worry about me," Frank gurgled. "I'm ready to collect my final reward."

"Sorry, pal, I can't afford to ship you to Milwaukee." I patted him affectionately and stood up. "There's nothing we can do for him, Lee. Let's be on our way."

"Wait! Don't leave me!"

"You feel up to traveling?"

"Yes! I — suddenly, I feel fine."

"Well, praise heaven," said Oral Lee, raising her hands to the sky. "A mighty miracle."

We packed the tent and sleeping

bags on Frank, and said good-bye to our visitors.

"You can't just leave us here," said Shotgun incredulously.

"Watch us," Lee replied.

"But we'll die!"

I nodded. "So will we all, eventually. But the waitress will probably send somebody out here, as soon as she can talk again. You better hope that's soon." We waved farewell as we roared off.

* * *

"I want to stop someplace for smokes," Lee said.

"You just bought a pack."

"I'm almost out."

"Do you have any idea how hard this stop-and-start driving is on an engine?" Frank asked. "A lot you care, though."

"That's your job, battery breath."

"Shut up, Lee," I told her, but it was too late.

"Oh, sure, it's my job to do all the work around here, up mountain roads, around dangerous curves, through water halfway up to my axles —"

"Starting fights with loggers in gas stations. What was it he said to

make that creep knock your teeth out?"

"He told the man to shove an axe up his ass," I explained.

"Axe handle. Besides, the guy was asking for it. Anyway, what's your gripe, Jello thighs? If you were any heavier back there, my front wheel wouldn't touch the ground."

"Stow it, Frank."

"Listen, I don't have to take this shit from an over-achieving can opener," Lee insisted. "Especially after your little remark the other morning about 'Take the girl, but leave the biker.' Did you think I wouldn't catch that little gem?"

"Pearls before swine," Frank replied. "But that's the sort of gratitude I expect, especially after I was wounded saving your completely overstretched skin."

"Yeah? Well, if you had kept your over-amplified mouth shut in the first place, we never —"

"Shut up!" I screamed. "One more word, and I'm driving right over the edge of this cliff."

"Oh, great," Frank mumbled, "now who farted?"

And Wyoming was still a long, long way away. ■

TOUGH GLOVES



Heavy gloves tough enough to ward off the elements. Insulated for cold weather or summer wear. Can be ordered with Cal Stars or plain, black or brown, at the ridiculously low price of \$25.00, plus \$2.00 for shipping. Please state glove size: Small, medium, or large.



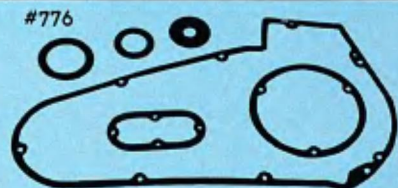
Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

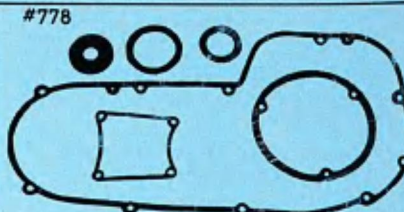
RECYCLABLE RUBBER GASKETS

Recyclable primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Primary cover for all Hogs 74s and 80s from '75 to present, including R&T series only \$10 a set.

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Choppershopper

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

Send to **Easysiders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 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)

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)

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)

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. (120)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC63, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (122)

Fantasy Tattoo Studio: Fine, detailed work. Single-needle "four 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)

Vietnam vet needs help. Please write to Ronald C. Conn, c/o Phil, 4500 El Camino Real, Atascadero, Calif. 93422. (120)

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)

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)

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)

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)

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

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)

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)

Wanted: House mouse, 34 years old tops, experienced, pretty, small. Send photo, Bulldog, Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (121)

William "Cal" Callahan: Your brother Don Hlousek needs your help. Please contact his attorney, Howard M. Zeldwig, (305) 764-2500. This is an emergency! (121G)

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 lifestyle. 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)

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)

For sale: Complete set of Easyriders in binders, \$600. Terry Gann, Star Rt. B, Box 74, Jonesville, La. 71343. (120)

Wino: Happy birthday. Wherever you are and whatever you're doing, don't ever forget that I love you more than anything in the world (close your ears, Victoria). With all my love. Knucklehead Fred. (120)

Swinging biker, 35, 6', 190 lbs., 8" cut. Needs uninhibited, clean, sexy lady, age unimportant. Into riding, booze, pot, uppers, swinging, and partying. If this is your scene, be my queen. T.S.C., Box 1606, Station A, East Liverpool, Ohio 43920. (120)

R. McGrew, "Little Lady" or "Puppy": There's a great possibility you may have herpes. I do and I've been with no one but you. Ray, S.C. (120G)

"Ol' Bear": Miss and love you very much. Lookin' forward to that stretch of road to Montana come next summer. Also, hope this year goes by fast for all you scooter people doin' time. Ms. Jo Bear, Parker, Ariz. (120)

White power T-shirts: "KKK all the way," SS with skull and twin thunderbolts, "NAAWP" (National Association for Advancement of White People.) All shirts white on black, best quality, \$8. Also, patches, pins, banners, etc. Send \$1 for catalog. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (120)

W/m, 41, locked down in Virginia. Looking for permanent ol' lady close enough to visit; age and past no barrier. Honesty with me now is a must. Also want old-style Harley cap, black twill with white visor, size 7 1/2. Photo and scribe to: Tom "Bear" Taylor #112732, P.C.C.-D3, State Farm, Va. 23160. (120)

Jerry: Happy belated birthday. Always remember I'm here and I care. Luv ya, Mary Beth, P.C.I. (120)

W/m, 1%er doin' time, would like to hear from foxy ladies. Need mail and pictures to help do this time. Rick "Stoney" Kinnen #117-374, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901. (120)

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 easysider customers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (121)

Puggin': Thanks for the lovin', carin', talkin', and sharin'; for putting up with the bullshit and most of all, for J.W. Here's to the next five together, 4/19/77, David. (120)

Are you hip? Hip crossword puzzles, \$2. Send to Drawer 02, Crestline, Calif. 92325. (120)

Wanted: Female for permanent relationship, age 18 to 24, rugrats acceptable. Must be willing to live in Germany for two years. I am a Pfc. in the U.S. Army. Please send pictures. Ross Pitts, 487-76-1255, CSC 2/48, APO New York, N.Y. 09091. (120)

Down white bro doin' time, but out real soon. Need a lady to hang with me through these remaining months and possibly a lifetime, as soon as I'm free. I'm a happy, healthy, handsome, humorous, blue-eyed, vibrant, 20s, outgoing guy who is sincere and not into head games. Looking for lady, 18 to 100, very understanding, sincere, dependable, and into being real. Looks not as important as what's in your heart, and the desire to give your all to the man in your life, as he gives his all to you. Prefer a lady who can visit, but friends who have the time to write are definitely appreciated. Grab a pen, I need ya. All answered immediately! Ples, please, Jeff Gambord, C-26865, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (120)

Good-looking 34-year-old white bro from Louisiana, down and out, wishes to correspond with sincere, understanding, caring ladies to help brighten up these last few months I have to go. I will be discharged 7/6/83. Please hurry and write this lonely bro. All letters will be answered. John Cloud #94778, D.C.I. Dorm F, Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (120)

Long way from home and all alone. I need companionship and understanding. I'm 25, warm, sensitive, and don't play games; so if you're not sincere, please don't bother. James Smith, P.M.B. 90563, Angola, La. 70712. (120)

Becky Dawn Clayton: Happy 21st birthday. Watch for me and you'll see. M.S. (120)

Ladies: W/m, 18, 5'10", 147 lbs., seeks and needs good-looking, caring white chick, 15 to 29, for fulfilling relationship. Send age with picture or good description, please. Dave Wittke, 1410 E. 6th St., Superior, Wis. 54880. (120)

Brass Knuckles: Genuine solid brass. Make great gift, \$12.95 ppd. Norco Industries, Box 5013, Kansas City, Kan. 66105. (120)

Gregg: Happy big 30. Love ya, always. Doris. (120)

Wanted: Ol' lady for puttin', partying, partnership. New England biker. 29, 5'8", 150 lbs., steady job and country home. Lady should be 18-30, slender, easygoing, and enjoy the simple things in life. Write "74", c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (120)

Hey, Ape: How's Uncle Sam's canoe club? Hope to cruise your way soon. Happy birthday, 3/31/83. Somerset Snide. (120)

Rare! 1953 K-model Sportster. Rebuilt engine, original frame, disassembled. Make offer. Don Freed, 126 Central, Athens, Ohio 45701. (120)

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)

French tramp and 1% would like to hear from you girls. I have been in this damned valley for a month. I am 27, 6'11", 152 lbs. 312 N. 11th St., McAllen, Tex. 78501. (121)

H-D Chuck: Happy 1st, 4/1/83. I love you. Your April Fool, better known as Beagle Beak. Ick! (120)

J.C.: Our friendship is an island I visit in my heart, where we can be together although we're so far apart. Miss you. R.R. (120)

Survive or die! Informative book catalog, \$1 (rush). Ragan Enter., Box 82527E, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15218. (120)

Australian females: W/m, 24, 5'10", 180 lbs. in Uncle Sam's canoe club, soon to visit Perth. Seeks young, petite, slim woman to party with during stay. Pictures appreciated. Will write all and send photo. Dennis Stevenson, IM-2 Division, USS Carl Vinson, CVN-70, PPO San Francisco, Calif. 96629. (120)

Peek-A-Boob: Sexy leather fringe halter, one size, \$42.50, COD. Brochure, leather samples \$3. Second Skin, CP Drawer 292, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266. (120)

White men, fight! The future can be yours if you have the guts to fight for it. Join us now. Send \$1 for full information to S.S. Action Group, Box 503, Westland, Mich. 48185. (130)

Down, but getting out in July '83. Need good-hearted house mouse, lots of sex, letters and flicks from you chicks. I'm 34, 150 lbs., 5'11", Italian. Write to Lou Fuschino #305180, Rt. 2, Box 250, Palestine, Tex. 75801. (120)

Handsome, bearded (Bob Seger style), looking to bring young, pretty, sweet-hearted chick to California. "The right kind of love." Super staying power. Bill Cywin, 15015 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91403. (120)

Knives: Send \$1 for wholesale/retail catalog (refundable with first order). Knife Company, Box U, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (120)

"Sunshine," darlin': Just expressin' my love in this very special way, on this very special day, I love you 365 times more today than any other day of the year. Happy birthday, 4/17/83. Your "Bandit." (120)

Duke: When mountains crumble to the sea, there will still be you and me. We're gonna make it, babe. Truly loving you! Love, Mary D.G. (120)

Attractive, Missouri Ozarks biker couple. Want to meet like couples and single girls, for friendship and fun. Send photo and phone, if possible. Guarantee answer. Bill "Low Rider" Hunt, Box 436, Mountain View, Mo. 65548. (120)

Mellow 32-year-old Northern California tramp, down in New York, out in '84. Could use letters from a together woman, rugrats okay, photos appreciated. Jim McClary #82C222, Pouch 1, Woodbourne, N.Y. 12788. (120)

W/m, 23, brown hair and brown eyes. Need letter/pics from good-hearted lady. Will answer all. David Sovey, 51 Garden Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6R-1H5. (120)

Sam: Hope you had a happy 1/31/83. I also hope you know what you're doin'. Jimer. (120)

Human skull, legal, with papers, \$300. Brian, (307) 634-2537 or 634-5638. (120)

Bird: Still want the jeans. Looked for ya, but couldn't find ya. Write MiGezzil, Box 112, Winthrop, Mass. 02152, or 21 Barton Rd., Wellesley, Mass. 02181. Parole in April—wrap-up, July. (120)

Patrick: Our purple/blue Sweet Lady was just our beginning. Thanks for having faith in me when you rode behind me for a change. We've found one world (you know what I mean), full of bad news and phonies. I know we slipped away in time. In the wind, or not, we'll always have you and me! I love you! Hear that, world? Those undesirables disagreeing—fuck off! Besides, there's no one else who can handle my crazy cupcakes. Here's to a real Nichole. Always, Maureen. (120)

Dear Jeannette: You are the only one for me. My love for you is greater than life, babe. I love you, need you, and miss you so much. I'm sorry for all the shit that happened in the past—let's forget the past and start anew. I love you always; love me. Angelo. (120)

Cuz: After five years in the wind and by your side (7/14), I know that's where I always want to be. All my love, Mouse. (120)

Richard D. Brown: Please contact your wife—I still love you. Kathy Hathaway. (817) 691-2477. (120)

One-of-a-kind w/m, good-natured, 31, 5'6", 180 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair. Looking for attractive, easygoing lady, for house mouse, and possibly deeper relationship. Must like kids and animals, and be willing to relocate here. No hardcore users or heavy drinkers. Send photo/letter; we can go from there. R.S. Tugale, Box 64, DeLand, Ill. 61839. (120)

Harley loner, w/m, 47, 5'7", 165 lbs., nice-looking, easygoing, home and good job in Oregon timber country. Need one-man, bikin' lady who digs plenty of TLC, dancing, some partying, home life in country, and back seat of '80 fat-bob. Rugrat possible. Will relocate right lady. Let's get it together before summer's gone. Letter/pics exchanged. R.L., c/o Easyriders, Box 33, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (120)

Jerry: If you love me as much as you say, I'll be there to bring you home, come your parole day. I married you once; why not twice? I loved you then, I love you now, I'll love you when we get our second chance to begin again. Forever, Mickey. (120)

Author writing anthology on Bike Week at Daytona. Let's have your experiences, the wilder the better. "Author", c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (120)

Tom (Haysi, Va.): Happy birthday, 7/29/83. We've had eleven years of good life and love. Thank you for being my man. Yours for all time. Thea. (120)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carmelien Bay, Calif. 95711. (120)

Mick: Happy birthday! Don't forget me this summer; I'm going! Love you, Buzz. (120)

Kim F.: Thank you for the best 2 years of my life. You make all the pain of life worthwhile. Love ya. Ken St. Pete, Fla. (120)

Misfits Nomad, Big Jim, Bob and Doper John: Write me, Dusty 1%er, Charlotte Outlaws, James D. Stevens, 977 Camp Rd., Salisbury, N.C. 28144. (120)

Sid and the El Wreckero: I need someone bad in Leavenworth. Are you bad? (120)

Kid: Junkyard is down in Indiana. Call (813) 597-1571 for address. Joe. (120)

Rowley: Welcome into the world. Hope you can dig it, and that it treats you good, 1/83. Love ya, Haley. (120)

Panhead biker, 41, 6', 250 lbs., w/m, brown hair and brown eyes. I own acreage on a mountain and have a river at my trailer's front door. Need righteous ol' lady. I barely support myself, so you must support yourself. Send letter/photo to Buzzard, Box 108, Ashford, Wash. 98304. (120)

W/m, 31, 180 lbs., 5'10", weight lifter, into physical fitness, camping, hunting and trapping. Looking for slim ol' lady, 18 to 25, who enjoys the outdoors and riding as much as I do. Less than a year left. Bruce Peardot #131964, Box 33, Black River Falls, Wis. 54615. (120)

Motorcycle salvage business for sale: Retail parts, accessories and used motorcycles; plus salvage contracts for entire state. No competition. 500-plus Japanese bikes at all times. \$125,000; \$25,000 down. Located in Albuquerque, N.M. (population 400,000) year-round cycling weather. Selling to retire after 11 years in same location. (505) 877-4003. (120)

Patti: Babe, you are special. Maybe one day our relationship will grow to be beautiful. I'll always love ya forever and a day. Bandit. (120)

Attention, all Midwest freebirds and inmates: Good-looking w/f, 23, 5'8", 125 lbs., brown hair and green eyes. Wants a good-looking, white, true Harley man, 25 to 35, to love. No let-down, no head games. Photo for photo. "Phoenix", 6907 So. 43 St., Omaha, Neb. 68147. (120)

Dear Al: It is great being home again. We love you, babe! JoAnn, Jenny, Carrie, Julie. (120)

Dancer: A piece of paper to lay down and maybe a chance for you. I'll never be sorry. Happy birthday. I love you. Strawberry Cheesecake. (120)

Looking for sincere female, 30 to 45, who loves the outdoors, being romantic, and riding my '82 Sturgis. I'm 34-year-old, 5'8", 150 lb. construction worker who frequently travels from L.A. to S.F. Send letters/photos (no fannies), to: Bernie, Box 3616, Gardena, Calif. 90247. (120)

Custom Scooter Works, 5606-A Old Oasis Rd., Redding, California. Off I-5. (916) 246-2666. Coffee's on us. (120)

Been down a while. Paroling this year. Would love to hear from ladies with a heart, who can understand. 6'1", 185 lbs., green eyes and black hair. All letters answered. Jerry "Bandit" Cox, 120 North Blvd., Clinton, N.C. 28328. (120)

Texas tramp on Death Row would like to hear from anybody. J.R. McMurtrey, Box B-43391, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (120)

Rev. Phantom, T.J.: Happy 31st. Still love you bunches and bunches. Me. (120)

Rd. Frog: So very proud that you're my ol' man and now my husband. On the road, in the wind, in our home—I love you, Kate. (120)

Eddie, "Buff One": I'm counting the days until you come home. Love and miss you, Myrna. (120)

For sale: Iron Horse Saloon, Write IHS, 9 South Grandview Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. (120)

Malan: Happy birthday, 7/3. You may be crazy—but you must be the lunatic I'm looking for. I love you this much more. The Poof, P.S. Happy anniversary, too. (120)

VW trikes recipe: Electrical drawings, templates and photos, \$14. Crazy Cliff, Box 857, Cambridge, Mass. 02238. (120)

Have approximately \$20,000 worth of Harley parts (retail value). Will sell for \$8,000. Call (504) 927-8557 or write for inventory list. Chris Clausen, 264 Sharp Lane #85, Baton Rouge, La. 70815. (120)

Two down bros would love hearing from foxy chicks. Joe Landa #43108, and Gerry Landa #44191, Box 7, 1A6, Moberly, Mo. 65270. (120)

Bro down 5 1/2 years. 10 months left. Kite/flick gets same back. Clint Cole #16666, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (120)

W/m, 23, lonely and feeling sad. Looking for letters from all you fine good-looking mamas out there. I'm doing time but still looking fine. Will answer all letters. Rodney Quine, C-34038 Central, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (120)

Paraplegic building a Corvair trike, but has a lot of questions. If you've built one, let's rap. Daniel A. Lofton, Sioux Falls, S.D. Call collect (605) 366-6998. (120)

Two white males doing time. Would like letters/photos from ladies. Ken Gray #167968 (age 40), and Tom Nelson #157737 (age 35), Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855. (120)

Lady wanted, white or Mexican. Are there still any one-man women out there who are looking for a permanent relationship with a one-woman man? I'm a w/m, 43 (look 33), 6', 155 lbs., brown curly hair, beard, blue eyes, attractive. I have two Harleys and own and operate my own dairy farm in S.E. Nebraska. I am looking for that special lady who would like to be treated right. Must be 25 to 37 and have her shit together. No hard drinkers, hard partiers or hard drugs. If you like to screw around, don't waste a stamp. Preferably no rugrats, but for the right lady, maybe. Must like country life and animals. If you don't like Harleys, you will! Fairly attractive, decent body, 140 lbs. or less. Prefer dark complexion, but I am open-minded. Guarantee a lifetime of love and affection to right lady. Must be sincere. No blimps, lazies or crazies. Enclose picture. John Trimble, RR 3, Box 118, Humboldt, Neb. 68376, or call (402) 862-2878. (120)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for white rights and against government tyranny. Write for information and a copy of our newspaper, "The White Patriot." We also have Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items available. Please enclose \$1 for postage and handling. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (120)

Hey, Hoopie, it's Auntie Dearest. Where are you? Butch moved out with no hard feelings. I'm free! Please write to me at my address, not Dizzy Doreen's, I love you, babe. Hurry! (120)

Need mellow mountain man with motorcycle for companionship, puttin' hiking in the woods, handyman work, and romance! Write picture to "Candy" (Julian, Calif.), c/o Easyriders, Box 32, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (120)

Snake: Happy birthday, 4/8. Can't wait until the big day, 9/30. Love ya, Barb. (120)

W/m, 25, been down for eight years, will be free in 1983. Looking for loyal and devoted woman to represent my name when I get out. Have black hair, black eyes, stand 5'10" tall, weight 170 lbs. Can relocate for right woman. Will send photo on first letter. Kids all right, looks and age of no importance. Will answer all. Write to: Lloyd A. Harry, Jr., P.M.B. 87142, Camp J. A-4-R-4, Angola, La. 70712.

Pulling 68 years for drugs. Need letters, visits from woman/heart. David R. Hall #116958, P.C.C., D-7, State Farm, Va. 23160. (120)

S.L.A.M.—M R MC, Rota, Spain, Reunion at Harley Rendezvous, N.Y. Contact Li'l Walta, 253 Main Street, Kingston, Mass. 02364. (120)

Free, 8/8/83. Need friend; the taller and slimmer, the better. Down sisters okay, 19-plus. Send picture, John Davis, Box 500, N-12725, Hillboro, Ill. 62049. (120)

Death Row inmate seeking special relationship, must be sincere, generous, brave, and submissive. Roosevelt "Madd Dawg" Green, Box 3877, H2-36, Jackson, Ga. 30233. (120)

Wanted: Slave/Kajira. Send photo/letters to: Master, Box 131, Newton, Kan. 67114. (120)

Want to meet laid-back, good-looking lady who likes the outdoors, horse racing, and beach swimming. I'm 38, 6'2", 200 lbs., and own pad. Send photo and phone number, Sam Clemens, Box 1891, Huntington Beach, Calif. 92647. (120)

Two bros puttin' through Central and South America early September, after Sturgis. Need info from bros who have done this before or are still down there. Joe Phillips, 306 Franklin, Rapid City, S.D. 57701. (120)

W/m, 5'10", 170 lbs., red hair, brown eyes, Libra. Down since '79. Release, December '83. Looking for that special lady to help ease me back into the world. David Tell 90996, Box 174, Golf 2, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (120)

Beautiful, decent Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Visa and travel service. Pal. 1, Blanca, Colo. 81123. (120)

Indian, 1946 Chief frame, tanks, girder, etc. Runs with a 1933 45" engine but it's wrong. Will sell/swap mill, body or bike. U.S. bucks; photos on request, S.A.S.E. Russ, 232 Weston Drive, Spruce Grove, Alberta, Canada, T0E-2C0. (120)

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Richard: Our love is forever. I love you, I love you, you big hunk. Happy birthday, Samantha. (120)

Two downed bros, both Geminis, doing time at San Quentin. One 6'4", 240 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Other 5'11", 163 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes. Will answer letters. Big Page, C-8716, and Jack Garfield, C-5782, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (120)

Bud the painter: Let's be friends forever. Love you till then. Ass-hole. (120)

Hi, Mag: We love and miss you a lot! Love, Marti and Ryan. (120)

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. (120)

Big-busted gals pose wild in color pics, slides, video and movie film. Send \$1 for hot samples to Galaxy, Dept. B, Box 2972, Van Nuys, Calif. 91404. (120)

W/m, 29, 180 lbs., 5'5". Looking for young, foxy female, Spanish or white, to travel and party on my '74 Harley. Please write/pic to D.J.W., Box 252, Alma, Mich. 48801. (120)

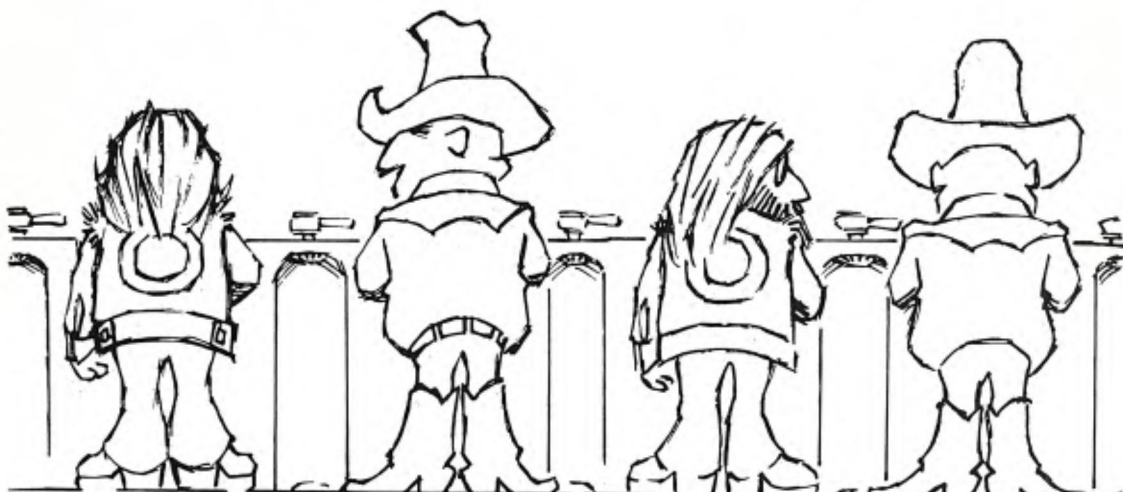
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Wolfgang, Blues, Red, Terry and all my other bros in Europe: The Executioner will be coming over in April. Write me, c/o Rt. 2, Box 686, Ridgeway, Va. 24148. (120)

Ashley Gordon "Roach" Hess: Happy 7th birthday. Your dad is real proud of ya—you're doin' good. (120)

Y'KNOW, WHERE I COME FROM, WE USE FOUR FINGERS TO HOLD IT WHEN WE TAKE A LEAK.

WHERE I COME FROM, WE DON'T PISS ON THREE OF THOSE FINGERS.



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Monger

Continued from page 10

knocking on your door and surprise ya unpleasantly.

Smitty
Independence, Mo.

■ We were ripped off by a writer in prison. After we discovered what you discovered, we learned that he had died there.

Porsche Harley

□ Just got the March issue of your rag. On page 43, there's a bit about the Harley-Porsche V4. About a year ago I spoke with an engineer from Porsche. The engine is constructed in this way: The 1000cc can be blown up to 1500cc without any hassles. Harley gave Porsche the order to use only the best materials available to construct the engine for long life, high rpm, and durability — not to forget brute strength. If this, in the end, is a Harley in our sense, I don't know.

In the same issue, on the same page, there's something about Peter Fonda. Some time ago, he was in Munich to film a picture and was interviewed on German television. He rode into the studio on a shiny, new (take your heart pills), fuckin' BMW. In a German motorcycle magazine interview, he said that he isn't interested in hard-starting Harleys. He owns a BMW and a CBX Honda, but no Harley. "Easy Rider" was a great film; I saw it seven or eight times. But that was long ago and "biker heaven" doesn't interest me. Now, Fonda says that he does biker films for fun and for money — not for bikers!

A German Biker
West Germany

■ He was acting a part for an audience he didn't know.

An Opinion

□ Anyone see the Judas Priest concert on February 5th? It was a damned good concert until the end, when that asshole Halford dumped that Harley and started beating it with his whip. Man, your music is good, but you sure fuckin' stink!

Caveman
Allentown, Pa.

Throat Lump

□ After reading page 76 in

the January '83 issue, the mag literally dropped outta my paws and I had a lump in my throat! Boomer sure knows how to make a page worth framing.

Beaverpaw
Mesa, Ariz.

Another D.J.

□ Like Richie Smith ("Word-monger," March '83), I'm a D.J. I work from 6:30 p.m. until midnight, Monday through Friday, and ride my Limey to work when it's not too cold. I have an audience of between 15,000 and 40,000, depending on the time, and can always use biker-related public service announcements. If you bros in Josephine, Jackson, or Douglas (Roseburg area only, please) counties have info I can put to use for the betterment of biking and bikers, let me know.

Steve Kelly
c/o KAGI
Box 148
Grants Pass, Ore. 97526

A Debt

□ Hey, wake up! Where's the fuckin' page ya owe us (April '81, pg. 17)? Waited now for over 15 issues. And have I got it yet? Fuck, no! Take Spider's advice. Take three of what he offered ya. And get off yer dead ass. Thought I forgot, didn't ya?

Turk
Edinburg, Ill.

■ Spider would rather owe you than beat you out of it.

Reflectors

□ The new Harley (FXDG) Disc Glide comes the closest to being right on of any stock

bike made today. All it needs is a trip to the chrome shop and the removal of those dumb reflectors on the sliders. Why does Harley keep using them? Don't they know everyone shitcans 'em?
Dave Andrea
Kenosha, Wis.

■ You noticed that Spider shitcanned his.

Where's His Sig?

□ Just checkin' out the centerspread in the March '83 issue, and for the life of us, can't find Dave Mann's signature on it. We know it's his work, but where's his fuckin' name?

Aardvark & Slo Jim
Lodi, Calif.

■ He put it too close to the edge and it was cut off.

Year's Supply

□ I wrote you guys a couple of letters telling you how much we like your mag and you never printed a one. I bet my boyfriend, Rabbit, a year's supply of blowjobs that you wouldn't print this one, either. Needless to say, he's hoping you will.

Angel
Spring Valley, Wis.

■ He wins.

This Bust Was A Bust!

□ Seems somewhere in Texas a young man was caught with a misdemeanor possession of marijuana. But in his offense — a battle with his life. Texas police found some stash in his cage in July and again in September. Technically a violation, yes! During testimony in the court-

Easyriders



"Cause I don't wanna be another fuckin' statistic!"

room it was learned that the dude was a cancer patient at the diagnostic clinic. He smoked the weed because his own doc suggested it might relieve the nausea caused by chemotherapy treatments. The doc who had treated the dude for eight months testified to this in court. In fact, the doc said that some patients go to the county sheriff and get the weed that has been confiscated. Prosecutors recommended a light sentence to the judge because of his using the weed on the advice of his doc. The dude was not a hardened drug dealer, addict, or a criminal.

The judge's decision? A \$750 fine and six months probation on top of his medical bills. Has justice been served? Just one quick question: Shouldn't the sheriff who supplies this illegal prescription get busted, too?

Snake
El Paso, Tex.

Likes Cougar Bit

☐ You guys should just kick back (especially Bomber) on some good smoke and a ten-year-old bottle of Jack Daniel's for that outstanding

article on John Cougar (February '83 issue). Best damn article I've read.

Renegade
Long Pond, Pa.

☐ What the fuck are you doing printing shit in an otherwise good rag? I'm referring to the two pages of asswipe you wasted on John Cougar. Let the teeny-bopper rags cover the bubble gum shit he turns out.

Crazy George
Jefferson, Pa.

Road Spirits Live

☐ I just want to set the record straight. Figured your rag is the best place to do it.

The Road Spirits MC is not dead. We have not disbanded. It seems like a few no-heart assholes couldn't stand the heat and quit. Now they're spreading the word that the club is dead. (You made off with the funds, but you didn't kill the club.)

The club will still be holding their rally (we'll send details as soon as we get our shit together), and we'll be making runs to the other clubs in the area.

Any righteous bros who want to ride and party can

find us at the "#1" or the "Rush." Wannabes and sidewalk commandos, don't bother, we've had enough hassles.

The Road Spirits is a German-American club that supports the brotherhood of bikers. We'll continue to ride and fly our colors proudly. That's something no one can take from us.

Lord
Bad Ureuznach, Germany

Is It True?

☐ Is it really true that God rides a Harley and that He has to pass the collection plate each Sunday to pay for parts and oil?

Easy Ed
Portland, Ore.

☐ He only speaks to Spider, and Spider doesn't say anything except "get to work," or to tell the girls to give him some face.

Backwards Pin?

☐ My brother-in-law just got his 25,000-mile membership from Harley-Davidson. I can highly respect this honor, but where is H-D gettin' their 25,000-mile pin with the dresser on it? They've got the fucking engine and trans

backwards. I've yet to see the day when they start puttin' the primary cover on the right side of the bike.

Moi
Springville, Utah

A Goof

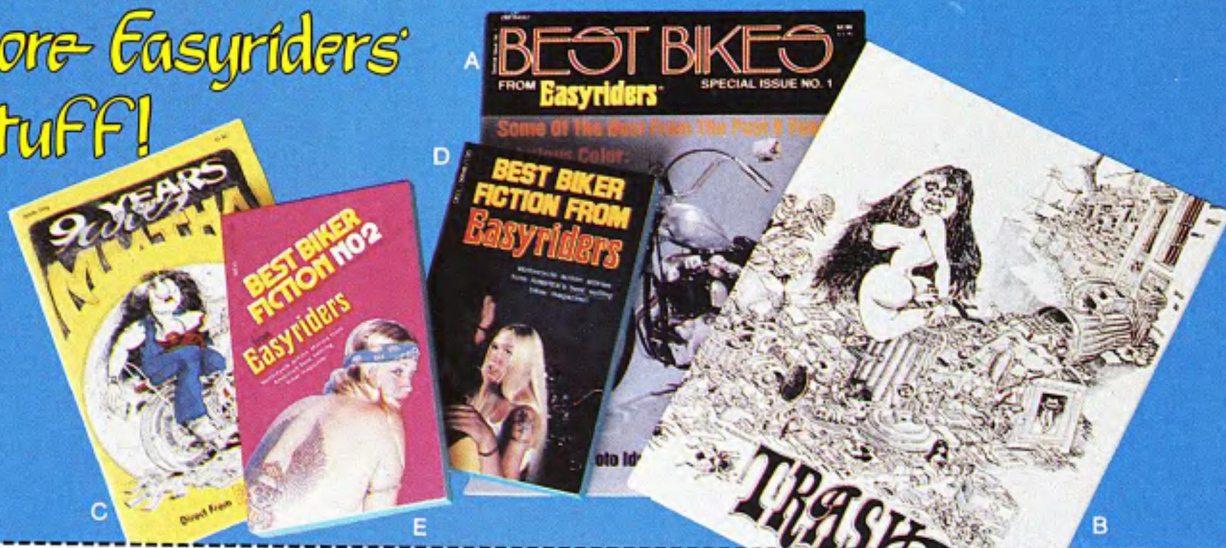
☐ Enough is enough. What the hell have you guys been smoking? Mutha's home-grown, or what? In the October '82 issue, on the top of page 62, "In The Wind," the picture from Michael Lichter says it's from Boulder, Colorado. Hell if it is! It's from Kansas City, Missouri, from the "Run What Ya Brung" run, shown in the April '82 issue, page 25. So get your shit together, bros.

M.D. Nelson
Lochbuie, Colo.

We try.

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

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Turnabout Is Fair Play

Maryland law says that "any person witnessing a violent assault upon the person of another may lawfully aid the person being assaulted by assisting in that person's defense."

According to Ralph Alexander, an inmate in the Maryland Penitentiary, his pitching in to help a fellow inmate who was fighting with two guards was protected and made legal by this so-called "good Samaritan" law.

Amazingly, the Maryland Court of Special Appeals agreed and ordered the state to allow Alexander to use this defense in his trial on charges of assaulting the officers. *Alexander v. State*, 31 CrL 2371 (July 1982)

New Day In Court

A federal judge has ruled that the State of Florida could not meet its constitutional duty to provide inmates "meaningful access to the courts" by providing so-called major law libraries in seven of its institutions and minor branch libraries at 20 others.

Under the Florida plan, the judge said, less than half Florida's inmates would have access to such essential legal materials as the Federal Supplements and Federal Reporters. The judge also criticized the state's plan to staff the libraries with superficially trained inmate law clerks, and ordered the state to prepare a new plan for giving inmates legal assistance.

Hooks v. Walnwright, 536 F. Supp. 1330 (M.D. Fla. 1982)

Tough Blow

In a decision which could — if it is not overturned by the Supreme Court — have repercussions from Texas to Toledo, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals has dealt a near-mortal blow to the concept of "totality of conditions" suits.

In reversing part of a lower court's decision against the Washington State Penitentiary in Walla Walla, the Ninth Circuit Court held that conditions which are not individually unconstitutional cannot be lumped together to prove that a prison is in violation of the Constitution's prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment.

Regarding the Walla Walla case, the appeals court overruled the lower court's finding that the prison was unconstitutionally overcrowded and ordered that part of the case



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sent back to a lower court for more hearings. While the appeals court ruled that the district judge was correct in finding that the state was deliberately indifferent to the safety of the inmates, and that the lack of adequate medical services constituted cruel and unusual punishment, the court also felt that the relief granted by the district judge was too broad. Those two parts of the ruling were also returned to a lower court for new hearings. Similarly, where the lower court had ruled that the use of unlit, unventilated isolation cells was extremely dangerous to the mental and physical welfare of the prisoners, the appeals court sent the matter back to a lower court for hearings on a possibly remedy. *Hoptowit v. Ray*, 682 F. 2d 1237 (Ninth Cir. 1982)

Tax Break For Bosses

Illinois parolees looking for work can provide employers with one service that employees from the straight world cannot — they can save him money on his taxes.

Under the Targeted Job Tax Credit Program of the Illinois Job Services Department, employers can claim an income tax credit of 50 percent of the first-year wages (up to \$6,000) of an ex-inmate and up to 25 percent of the second-year wages

(up to \$6,000) of that employee.

If you've been released from an Illinois penal institution within the past five years, and are looking for work, you are eligible for this program. To find out more, contact the nearest state job services office.

Tenting Tonight

According to Sam Yockey, chief deputy of the California Department of Corrections, the Golden State is about at the point where it will have to begin housing prisoners in tents. At the present time, California's prisons are operating at 130 percent of capacity, and the DOC expects to have to begin using the tents by this summer.

Even the \$495-million prison bond issue approved by voters last year will not alleviate the problem, Yockey says. That money is expected to buy enough new cells to enable the system to house 39,000 inmates by 1987; but, Yockey says, the 1987 prison population is expected to be 57,545.

A New Death Row

New Jersey has become the 37th state in the nation to reinstate the death penalty, but authorities there have not yet decided what method of execution to use on condemned prisoners.

Under New Jersey legislation, the death penalty can now be given to anyone convicted of premeditated murder or of hiring someone to commit a murder. An offender convicted of one of these crimes will now undergo a second trial in which the same jurors that convicted him will decide whether to sentence him to death or to thirty years imprisonment without parole.

Regardless of the execution method eventually decided on, the killings will take place in a new wing of the Trenton State Prison.

No Balls, Ladies

The Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled that female guards at the Pontiac (Illinois) Correctional Center have the right to continue conducting pat downs of male inmates.

In reaching its decision, the court called the practice a reasonable compromise between the women's right to equal employment and the inmates' right to privacy because the female guards are allowed to touch only the outer clothing of the prisoners and are not allowed to pat the inmates' genital areas. They are, however, free to stroke the dudes' butts.

Smith v. Fairman, 678 F. 2d 52 (7th Cir. 1982) ■



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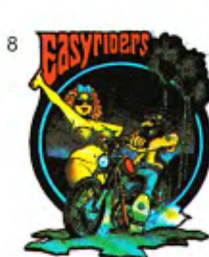
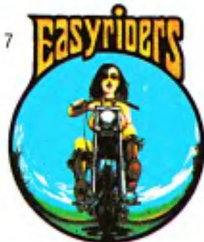
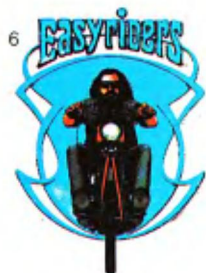
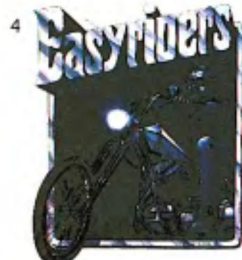
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Brotherlove

Continued from page 18

manner. Not only that, but Buzzard would most likely punch the shit out of whoever tried to present the prize, for being in on the trick, whatever it was. Jiggs had that same outlook on life. He even answered his door with a gun in his hand, a habit which once caused the Avon lady to pee on the front porch and flee screaming from the neighborhood. More seriously, Jiggs did workhouse time on several occasions for assault and battery of sundry citizens who made the mistake of disturbing his peace of mind. Fuck-up cage drivers, out-of-line barstoolers, the Marine Corps — Jiggs didn't give a shit about such minor details as how big or how many were in front of him when he cut loose his wolf. He wasn't mean, just easily riled and quick on the punch — a combination guaranteed to spell trouble for anybody who wanted some. Or even looked like they did. Or might. And every time Jiggs went to the slam, Jeremy would be waiting at the gate on the morning of his release.

The bros stayed on the road most of the time, both of them fulfilling with their every breath the creed of living to ride. Touring bikers by natural inclination, when they weren't in jail they were either out of town or getting ready to go, or else just returning from some far-ranging run. They financed their wandering lifestyle in ways as diverse as the differences between their motorcycles. Jeremy's bike was a dresser, complete with fender basket and fiberglass saddlebags. A sheet-metal worker by trade, he packed his tools with him and worked out of union halls wherever he chose to ply his skills. Jiggs, on the other hand, was a pool shark on

a panhead chop hardtail with a custom cue. He was so adept at separating other hustlers from their stake money that a big-name billiard equipment manufacturer offered to sponsor him in professional tournament play. Jiggs might have taken the deal too, if only the date of the first tournament he was required to enter hadn't conflicted with a benefit run for a downed bro that his old club was making three states away. The business-suited recruiter, sent by the billiard people to sign Jiggs up, was left standing at the curb with unsigned contract and proffered pen still in hand when the bros rode away. Jeremy waved as they left, but Jiggs was already gone. He didn't even look back when the billiard guy gave chase down the street, waving a check and yelling. He'd turned the deal down. That was the end of it.

After the run, the bros went to Amarillo at the invitation of one of Jiggs's old club brothers who lived there. They stayed at his place, availing themselves of Texas women and Lone Star beer until they got their fill of both. When it felt time to go, they said adios to the bro whose hospitality they had enjoyed and turned their front wheels to the open highway again. The wind blew them to Oklahoma, where they drifted from town to town, running comparison tests on Coors and Okie wenches until they were satisfied that both rated favorably with their Texas counterparts. In Muskogee, Jeremy took a job at an air conditioner factory for a month, as much to pass the time while he waited for Jiggs to get out of jail as for the money. They had been in the city less than an hour when a delivery-truck driver made an unsignaled left turn in front of them, and the chastising Jiggs gave him cost the delivery driver his front teeth. It also cost Jiggs 90 days and a hundred-

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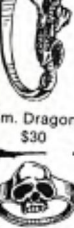
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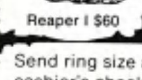
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dollar fine, but he won most of the money back playing poker in the tank. As soon as he was released, the bros put Oklahoma on their back trail.

Heading coastward, they continued a tradition begun several years before — pissing in the ocean and sandwich-screwing Jeremy's ex-ol' lady whenever they found themselves within riding distance of San Diego, where she lived. Tradition requires that tradition be kept, and since the ocean was always there and Jeremy's ex was ever-willing, the San Diego run had, with time, developed some aspects of ritual ceremony.

The bros' first mandatory stop when they hit town was at Mama Sara's, an Italian restaurant run by a large, close-knit family who greeted Jiggs and Jeremy like blood kin. After being kissed on both cheeks and soundly hugged by everyone from busboys to cooks, the bros were escorted to a table of honor by the matriarch of the clan. Mama Sara herself. Rattling off a series of rapid-fire commands in her native tongue, the old woman sent feet scurrying and caused food and drink to begin arriving at the table in short order. She sat with them to supervise the serving of their meal, alternately beaming approval at their hearty appetites and urging them to try a little more of this, another taste of that. They ate until they feared they were going to burst, washing down plates of pasta and spicy-sauced dishes with glass after glass of red wine poured from carafes that never seemed to go empty. More members of the hosting family arrived while Jiggs and Jeremy were enjoying after-dinner cigars, sons and daughters who proudly presented the current crop of bambinos, born or grown since the bros' last visit. Jeremy laid his cigar aside to take one plump

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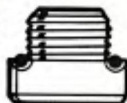
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toddler from the arms of its mother, a wide-hipped young woman whose softly rounded belly testified to another pregnancy. Smiling at her baby, who busied itself gleefully tugging Jeremy's beard, the young mother came around the table to kiss Jiggs first on both cheeks and then on the mouth. Then she walked with a slight limp back around the table to kiss Jeremy in a like manner, before taking the baby back and moving to the side of her husband, who stood smiling proudly nearby.

On their first trip to San Diego, more years ago than either of them cared to recall, Jiggs and Jeremy had witnessed a hit-and-run. A young girl was struck by a speeding car, knocked several feet into the air, and seriously injured. The car didn't even slow down. Jeremy stopped to help the victim while Jiggs raced in pursuit of the cage. He chased it for twenty blocks, until the driver lost control and crashed into a building. The car burst into flames. The driver was trapped inside, and burned to death sometime before the cops arrived on the scene. Meanwhile, Jeremy had saved the girl's life by applying a tourniquet to her leg above a severed artery. Jiggs learned all that when he caught up with his bro at the hospital, where the young victim was undergoing emergency surgery. Jeremy had ridden with her in the ambulance, holding the tourniquet securely in place while paramedics worked to staunch the bleeding and save her leg.

The bros, having done all they could, were leaving the hospital on their way back to get Jeremy's motorcycle when Mama Sara's sons caught up with them. The injured girl was their sister, the youngest child in the family, and especially cherished by Mama Sara because



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MUTHA PATCH

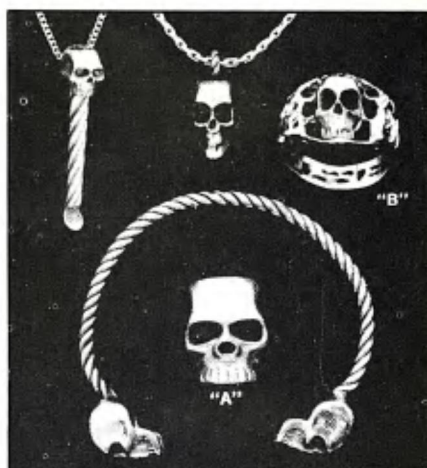
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she was the baby. The driver of the car that ran her down had received a just punishment, the old woman decided when she learned all that had happened. She thanked Jeremy for saving her daughter's life, but it was into Jiggs's eyes that she looked when she spoke of justice, and the bros were taken to her bosom from that time on.

Jiggs and Jeremy left Mama Sara's after the gargantuan meal with their belts let out to the last notch, promising to return before they left town. Then they rode to the Eagle Lounge, a bar frequented by a local motorcycle club, where they were righteously welcomed by friends they'd made on previous visits. They renewed old acquaintances and made new ones, passing the hours until closing time. Before leaving the bar, Jeremy telephoned his ex-wife to let her know that he and Jiggs were in town, and to give her time to get rid of any company she might have before they got there. They detoured by the beach on the way to her place, parked their sleds and walked down to the shore. With the tide lapping around their boots, they ceremoniously unzipped their flies and topped off the ocean while enjoying a doobie.

When they turned into Jeremy's ex's driveway, the garage door went up. She stood naked in the doorway with her hair loose around her shoulders, looking like shadowed ivory in the moonlight. They rode into the garage on either side of her, cut their motors, and dismounted while she lowered and locked the door. Then she greeted them with passionate kisses and led the way with unabashed lust to her bed, from where the bros did not rise until they couldn't get it up again, no matter what she did.

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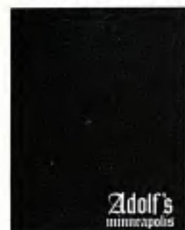


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her asleep in a tangle of sheets and went for a ride; first to a nearby cemetery, where they stood in silent requiem at a dead bro's graveside, and then to a park on the other side of the city, where they soaked up some sunshine and checked out the bikes. There were plenty of sharp scoots to eyeball, the park drive being a popular cruising route for in-town riders. They kicked back in the grass and lazed away the day until sundown, and then putted over to the Eagle Lounge for an evening of beery camaraderie.

Jiggs and Jeremy were standing at the bar with their arms draped over each other's shoulders, sharing a pitcher and swapping yarns with drinkers around them, when a pair of foxes, probably nineteen or twenty, came in and asked if they could play music for a collection. The bartender polled the crowd, which unanimously agreed that some fresh entertainment was in order, and everyone kicked back to dig it.

The sweeties put on a decent show; but when that didn't seem to be going over, they were willing enough to add a touch of raunch to their act. The big-titted singer managed to spill a drink down the front of her T-shirt, effectively riveting every male eye in the joint to the clinging wet material plastered to her lush curves. A couple of songs later she treated the audience to a visual feast by peeling off the shirt. Her boobs jiggled as she strutted back and forth, tossing her hair in rhythm to the lyrics she was belting out. Her nipples jutted from rosebud-pink areolas, visibly hardening as she became turned on by her own exhibitionism. The guitar player untied her halter top and tossed it into the air for the grand finale, drawing appreciative cheers for her pierced nips and tattoos.

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with no hang-ups about partying biker-style, and except for a few disgruntled ol' ladies who shoulda stayed home in the first place, everyone in the bar felt mellow about sending them on their way some time later with a passed hat's worth of traveling money — until shortly after they left, when Jeremy noticed his pocket watch was missing. Then Jiggs discovered that his wallet was gone. Ditto several other dudes.

The empty wallets were found outside; but the bitches got away, vanished into thin air. The bikers straggled back to the bar after tearing up each street and down every alley on that end of town in a fruitless search. At first the prevailing mood was geared toward a pissed-off mass drunk, but somehow things loosened up into a shitfaced general admission that the situation might have its humorous side after all. Luckily no one had lost a lot of cash, and in their own way the bitches had tried to give everybody their money's worth — even if the bikers hadn't known they were paying for it at the time. By the time hot-tempered Jiggs was willing to give the incident a philosophic whaddafuck, the rest of the folks

were already chuckling sheepishly in their beers.

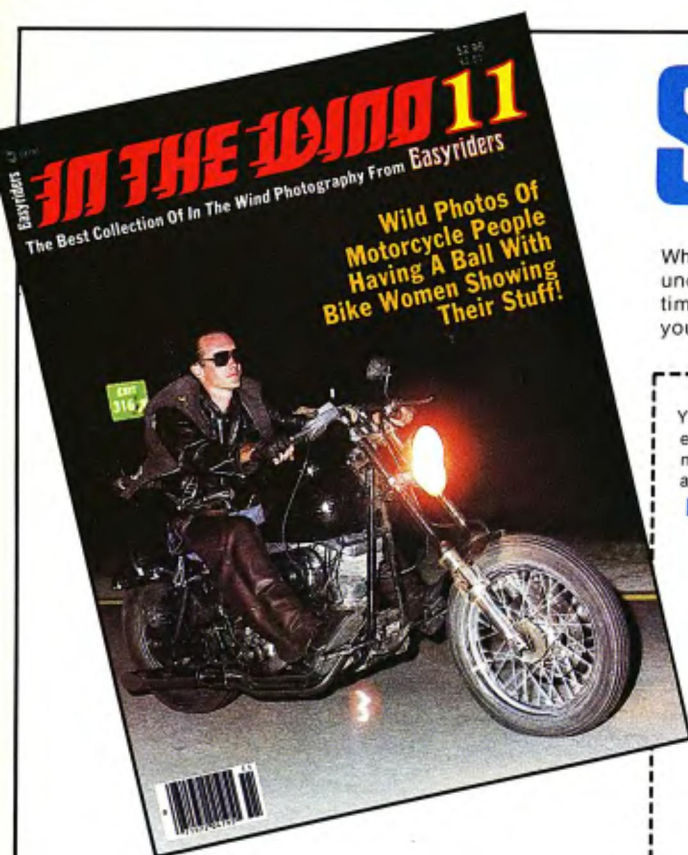
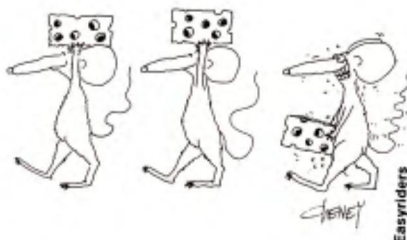
Midnight came and went, and as the hour grew later the earlier good-time atmosphere returned. A lightweight barfed his way to the john when his capacity for liquid intake overflowed, accompanied by the good-natured jeering of his friends. Somebody beat up the pinball machine. The bartender came out from behind the bar to wait on tables after some guy staggered out the door with the barmaid slung across his shoulders. Rock 'n' roll blared from the jukebox. Everyone was having a ball. Suddenly Jeremy upped with his knife and slashed Jiggs across the forearm.

They were seated at a table in the center of the room, plainly illuminated by the fluorescent light above the pool table, and the thick worm

of blood that ran down Jiggs's arm looked like some live crawling thing. A broad at the bar gasped. A glass dropped and broke unheeded. Time seemed stilled as all eyes were drawn to the unmoving tableau. Finally Jeremy broke the spell of the moment by laying his own arm across the table, where Jiggs cut him the same way. Then they called for a bowl and took turns bleeding into it while they slugged tequila from a bottle. The entire bar sat wide-eyed, watching them. There wasn't a sound in the place, except for the jukebox playing an old Stephenwolf tune, when Jiggs got up and went outside. He returned a minute later with an oil-drenched rag that he wrung out over the bowl. Jeremy poured in some tequila with a flourish, and then, slashed arms clasped together and warmly serious looks on their faces, they drank the bowl dry.

"Share the same blood!" Jeremy rumbled when they finished.

"Share the same oil!" Jiggs slammed the bowl down on the table and smashed it. Then they kissed each other. Drunker than hell, both of them. And as filled with brotherlove as only true bros can be. ■



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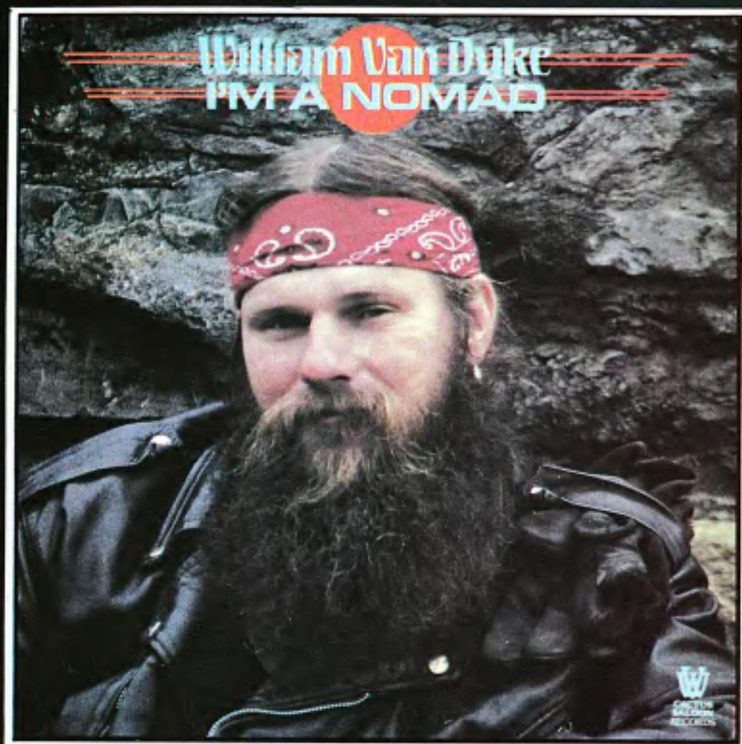
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Downtime

Continued from page 28

stayed with the same ol' lady through the good times and bad.

Three crushers in a row after "Even Now," are: "Makin' Thunderbirds," an ode to the days when workers toiled on the assembly line and took pride in it. (Like who can get too excited about piecing a Pinto together?) Then "Boomtown Blues" comes sizzlin' at ya, all about people who vacate the frozen, jobless north for life in the sunbelt, only to end up longing for home, "stuck here in Heaven with these Boomtown blues." A Rodney Crowell tune, "Shame On The Moon," rounds out the threesome. It is the only song not written by Seger, but it's a perfect complement to the rockin' start. The song will likely be a big crossover hit on country stations for Bullet Bob. Another Detroit, Glenn Frey, sings along on the chorus.

Side two opens with, of all things, a down-to-earth, no-shit biker ditty. "Roll Me Away" has Seger gettin' on his big two-wheeler, tired of his own voice, picking up a gal at a bar, "twelve hours out of Mackinaw City," who's equally disgusted with her surroundings. So off they putt. You can almost feel the wind in your face as Seger takes you through the Midwest into the Rockies, dumpin' the girl when she decides to return, but gaining himself life from the jaunt.

Three of the four songs on side two are hard-movin' rockers, as Seger seeks to dispel the talk that he's gone soft after the more commercialized, yet highly successful, *Against The Wind* two and a half years ago. "House Behind A House" and the searing "Little Victories" will quiet all those who think Bob's lost his cuttin' edge.

Lyrical, vocally and musically, it is tops. Seger doesn't take a backseat to anyone. *The Distance* derived its name from the distances in relationships. Originally, it was to be more of a concept album, but Seger kept coming up with these outstanding rockers that weren't from the regulation mold, so he tossed 'em together and, voila — hitsville! The 37-year-old Michigan native stays low key, preferring to have his songs heard rather than his face seen.

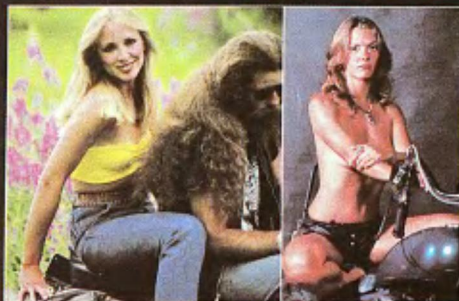
He's a self-confessed studio rat, who admires the work of John Fogerty of Creedence Clearwater Revival. After this record, he should have himself a real "Green River," without a "Bad Moon Rising." ■

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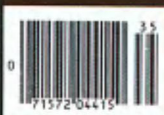
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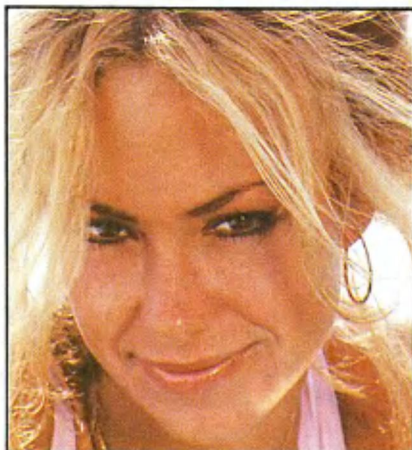
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