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August 1983

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Broads an'
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Scoots**



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Easyriders

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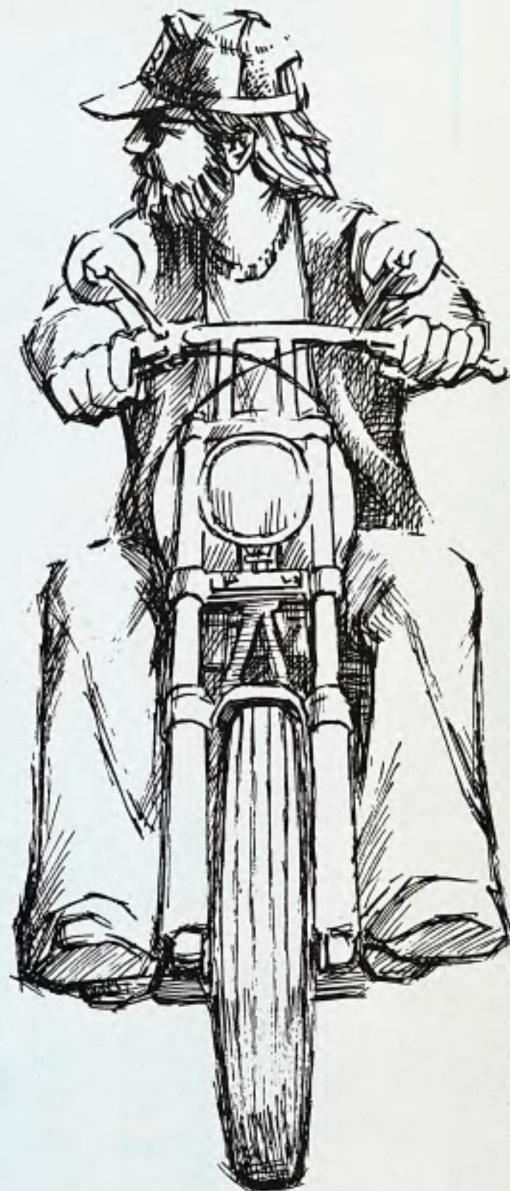
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Easyriders
Readers Only!

Easyriders

Spider digs up the news	5
Readers react to our past	6
Ragin' about the latest indignity	11
Busted-up bro gets back on track	12
A bro's solitary tower existence	18
Now they're aware of us in Nebraska	20
Notable clips from other bike mags	27
Hard-ridin' bros on a Mexican mission	28
Tedious art project done for her man	31
Time to vote for the tastiest of all	32
750cc single snortster from the east	34
A television show we'll never see	40
Mutha turns on her lovelight again	42
Bad vibes from Sturgis, and other news	43
Dusty continues her hot forecast streak	47
Possible jail relief from Prison Project	50
Photo history of Flxi racing records	51
Nailin' down hot tracks from Neil & ZZ	54
Bizarre celebration for a newborn	56
See our brothers and sisters In The Wind	58
A silver streak that ain't too meek	66
Short-shorn, big-titted sweetie to view	72
Check out the propositions offered here	121



Staff: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. Executive Janitor and Connection: Spider. Subscription Complaints: Cathy Gibson. Troubleshooter: Tom Kimzey. Arbitrator and Bill Collector: Two-Ton Tony. Office Mouse: Sharon Bleichner. Southern Mouse: Shirley Yarber. Mother Superior: Izzy Petty. Resident Nympho: Miraculous Mutha. Chick with the Figure(s): Paulette. Outside Rover Back: Rip. Print Man: Bob Wilcox. Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers: Billy Tinney, Kim, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David, Mike Lichter, Jim Shaffer. Cartoon Editor: Asp. Production Director: Gregg Daniel. Production Assistant: Phil Lozano. Composers: Alex Lopez, Theresa Lapinski. Products Manager: David Kelly. Advertising Associate: Lizette Hotinger. Advertising Production: Billy Thornbury. Graphic Design: Matt Foster. Tech Editor: Wrench. Overworked Editor: Louis Bosque. Fred's Sweetie: Brenda Trolinger. Projects Art Director: Denise Pierson. Art Director: Michele Ficks Hellman. Associate Art Director: Sparkle Ruby Binford. Artists: David Mann, Duffy Duggan, Mark Oakley Assoc. Editors: Lin Schonberger, Kim Peterson, E.K.B. Editorial Secretary: Carrie Lyle. Man About Town: Matt Kern. Proofreader: Shelly. Porno Dept.: Siuol Yezmik. Wordhead: Frank Harding, (1915-1982). Photo Editor: Pete Chiodo. Circulation Director: Sanford Meyers. Editor: Frank Kaiser. Events Director: Joe Teresi. Editorial Director: Lou Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 122, August, 1983. Vol. 13. Easyriders is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. (213) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright © 1983 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to Easyriders will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to Easyriders' unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, Easyriders magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, Easyriders Circulation Department, Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301. (213) 889-8740. 1 year \$23, two years \$46 in the U.S. and its possessions. Canada add \$3 per year. Foreign add \$6 per year. Single copy \$2.00. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura, California 91301. Advertising: Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



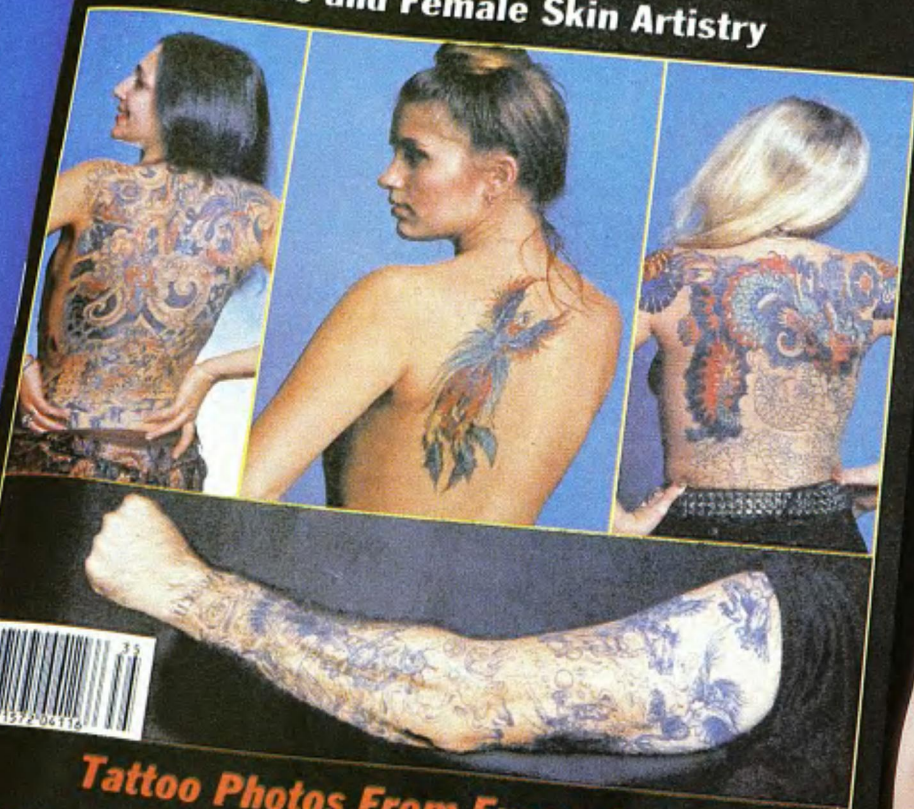
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 28th.

Cover photo of Judy by Pete Chiodo

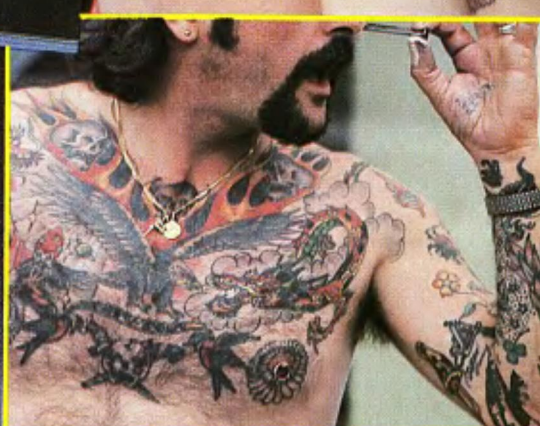


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I've heard of complimenting the chef for a fine meal, but this is ridiculous. This dude came in the restaurant, had a fine meal, paid his check, and started to leave. He looked out the door both ways to see if anyone was coming, dropped his pants, squatted on the floor, shit and pissed, pulled up his pants and left. (I guess he didn't like the food. And another thing, I guess there's no law against shitting on the floor of a restaurant because they're lookin' for the dude only because of indecent exposure.)

Speaking of eating, five women ate a partial box of raisins before discovering a half-eaten lizard in the box. They were pissed.

Don't ask me why because, as you know, I only report the facts—but this 25-year-old person was robbed by a man who snatched \$40 from inside the victim's bra. It happened at 5:00 a.m., and the victim, wearing a dress, bra, stockings, and high heels, turned out to be a he.

Dipshit-of-the-month file: This dude went in the bank with a toy gun and during the heist, fainted under the pressure. When the police came, they went out to his car and found that he had locked his keys inside the car. (You win some and you lose some.)

Now we're all bothered by rats a time or two in our lives, but here's a dude who came up with a strange plan for elimination. It seems he fed the rats some sort of poison that made them extremely thirsty—in fact, so much so that they drank water until they actually exploded. But the one thing he didn't plan on was that the 19th-century building he lived in had such a leaky roof that the rats drank huge quantities of water in the attic and exploded all over the place. (I guess he'll have to toilet train the suckers.)

Police being police file: This dude went into a pizza parlor and saw that it was being held up. The robber fired at him. He just happened to have a pistol on him and fired back. The robber fled the scene. When the Heat arrived, they took down the facts and arrested the poor dude for firing a pistol within the city limits.

It appears the police have a problem in Toronto. Some medical students went to a

home where 250 mentally retarded patients are kept and made unauthorized rectal examinations on teenage boys. (I guess it's hard to get straight people to go along with such examinations.)

Only in New York City: Man-bites-man cases are on the rise. Here are the facts (along with some lesser bite facts): Man-bites-man: 1,557 cases; Dog-bites-man: 12,001 cases; Cat: 871 cases; Rat: 241 cases; Squirrel: 76 cases; Hamster: 40 cases; Rabbit: 19 cases; Gerbil: 16 cases; Horse and Snake: 12 cases each; Mouse: 10 cases; Parrot: 7 cases; Turtle: 6 cases; Raccoon and Monkey: 5 cases each.

Traffic violation file: An Alabama state trooper arrested a motorcyclist who was wearing a plastic bucket in lieu of a helmet. While we're on the subject of traffic violations, a woman was stopped for driving erratically and zigzagging near parked cars. After they pulled her over, she told the cops, quite shamefully, that she had been removing her girdle. And then there was a chick who was pulled over by a motorcycle officer. She said there were four motorcycles in front of her and she was trying to squeeze between them. Since there was only one motorcyclist, she was arrested for drunk driving.

Here-we-go-again file: There was a theft of a quantity of marijuana from the police department's property room, but the switch in their story is that they claim the marijuana was stolen by a raccoon during the night. No comment.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

A First

☐ Whether you know it or not, your April Fool's issue was probably the first left-handed motorcycle magazine ever published.

Easy Ed
Eagle Creek, Ore.

☐ No shit.

A Goof?

☐ In reference to the "Arizona Moon" story in the April '83 issue: Sycamore Canyon isn't seven miles north of Tucson. If anyone there can read, look at the *Rand McNally Road Atlas*. Sycamore Canyon is a little northwest of Sedona, Ariz.

Do Dah
Twin Falls, Ida.

Holy Shit!

☐ I just finished looking through your April issue and I fell in love. I'm talking about the biggest, widest, plumpest mama I've ever laid eyes on — Leann! She's the dream of all my most kinky, perverted, morbid, sexual fantasies involving the most bizarre physical contortions a big mama and a stud with skinny legs can perform. I wanna sixty-nine her from morning till night, lick her rim till I make her shake the earth, and butt-fuck her.

The bigger they are, the harder they ball!

Steve O.
Bagley, Minn.

☐ Well, here I sit on my bunk drinking a cup of coffee and smokin' a Bugler. Was checkin' out the April '83 issue of *Easyriders*, pages 54, 53, 52, and 51. The sister, Miss Leann, reminds me so much of my ol' lady. Two-Ton Tony, many thanks for bringin' back memories.

Evaristo Veloz
Rosharon, Tex.

No More Bitchin'

☐ I bitch and moan about Reagan's not doing enough or complain about Reagan's raising taxes, but it's all bull-shit. I realized this morning that Reagan is doing his best

to help Americans and America. I want to thank President Reagan for helping Harley-Davidson and America and remind Americans that it ain't worth shit if it don't say "Made in U.S.A."

Roachie
Ronkonkoma, N.Y.

In Our Shorts

☐ I've never been one to write letters much, especially to a magazine, but your article on page 27, in the May '83 issue, "Will Reagan Save Harley?" prompted me to write this.

It was one hell of an article — it really hit home. I sent my letter to Reagan right away. The only problem is that once I started thinking about it, I realized it was a waste of time. I can't, in my wildest dreams, see Reagan helping the working stiff. His track record proves that — he has been sticking it in our shorts since day one.

Jerry R.
Lackawanna, N.Y.

Likes Mag

☐ Thanks for the excellent job done on *Motorcycle Women*. An excellent surprise to see it front and center on the local corner-store newsrack.

Wow! That really helps a person get through a long, cold winter. Keep up the superb job!

A.W. Fast
Spruce Grove, Alberta

☐ You guys really did it this time. You put out one of the most fucking fantastic mags I've seen in a while. *Motorcycle Women* was fucking fantastic. It reminds me of the girls I met on the road and my ol' lady back home.

Wild Horse
South Hampton, N.Y.

Librarian Letter

☐ This letter is in response to Martin Moot's letter that appeared in the May '83 issue. Let me tell you a few things, Mr. Moot. First of all, I am a senior at Kent State University, majoring in Edu-

cation, and I have an avid interest in corrections, criminal justice, and prisoners' rights. You, Mr. Moot, obviously have never had the "wind in your face," nor is it visible that you have an education past the second grade.

Mr. Moot states that, "This magazine has been found to contain material which the players and good name of the State of New York should not be endorsing even by complimentary acceptance." Who made this judgement, Mr. Moot? You? Did you poll at least two-thirds of the population of the State of New York for this opinion? No, I don't think so. That must be your personal opinion only.

Cathy at Kent State
Kent, Ohio

☐ Who in the hell is Martin Moot? That's a constitutional right you're fuckin' with. Doesn't say much for the good name of the State of New York. It's free, too, you twat.

Beautiful Loser
S. Lake Tahoe, Calif.

☐ Fuck the good name of New York. It's the brothers who are receiving the rag, not the good name of New York. You should be proud that a magazine with the "good name" of *Easyriders* would send you complimentary issues.

Animal D.
Flint, Mich.

P.S. No offense intended to New York.

Amazing

☐ Just thought you might like to know that according to the 1982 *World Almanac*, you guys are the top-listed bike magazine. Smoke a joint and drink some Jack. You guys deserve it.

Bonz
Medford, Ore.

Wyoming Thanks

☐ Well, we finally did it. As of May 27, 1983, adult bikers in Wyoming are no longer forced to wear helmets while

riding motorcycles.

I would like to thank all the officers of ABATE of Wyoming (across the state). We started with nothing and built a formidable organization that forced the establishment to listen. The cooperation and support we provided each other enabled us to overcome what seemed to be insurmountable odds.

I would like to thank our members who supported this effort in many ways, including the massive letter-writing campaign, the likes of which the Wyoming Legislature had never seen before.

Lastly, I would like to thank the legislators who supported the bill and Governor Ed.

Roger D. Lingenfelter
Pres., ABATE
of the Bighorns
Sheridan, Wyo.

Likes Art

☐ More of Joe Gomez's work, please. I refer to the illustration on page 31 of the May '83 issue. Now that is art!

Dan Mastowski
New Kensington, Pa.

Discovery?

☐ After carefully scoping this issue (April '83), I have discovered that Dave Mann is the concerned ol' man in the centerspread painting. After carefully comparing the posters and the resemblance in each picture (no artist paints the same character twice unless he is one of the characters himself), the same bro appears in several pictures. I have come to the conclusion that Dave Mann is the ol' man beside his very foxy ol' lady. I don't blame him for putting himself in a picture with a bitch like that.

R. Shaw
Midway, Tex.

☐ Aren't the January and February '83 Mann paintings supposed to be Mann himself and his ol' lady?

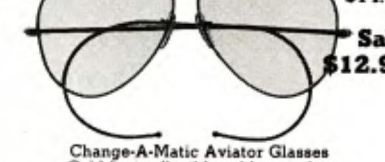
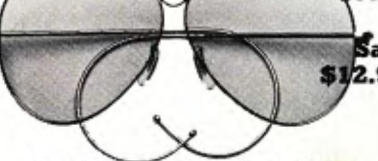
Loner Bro
Oaklawn, Ill.

☐ No, but the dog in January '83 could be his.

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C Sale \$9.95 Only \$10.95  Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames. A \$25.00 value only \$9.95 2 pairs for \$18.00 \$9.95 \$18.00	G Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95  Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses Gold frame, flexible cable temples. Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00	K Sale \$8.50 Only \$9.95  Standard Aviator Glasses Traditional stems, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95 2 pairs for \$18.00 \$8.50 \$16.00
D Sale \$8.50 Only \$9.95  Girl Watcher Gray mirrored lenses, black frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95 2 pairs for \$18.00 \$8.50 \$16.00	H Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95  The Sportsman Sports-graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00	L Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95  Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00

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Sinners

□ The downed bro in the New York State prison (May '83) asked if there was a club named the Sinners. There is and they putt around the Milwaukee, Wisconsin, area.

Junior
Milwaukee, Wis.

Aces And Eights

□ In reply to Ed Lucas (May '83), there is a club in the south Jersey area called Aces and Eights.

The Father
Conshohocken, Pa.

Has Old Issues

□ This is a plea for help. For the last several years I have been trying to find the now-out-of-print issue #5 (February '72). I just went through my entire collection of *Easyriders* and found I am also missing issue #61 (July '78).

If anyone has these two issues, I will pay \$25 for each as long as they are in good shape.

I also have an extra copy of each of the following out-of-print issues: #19, #21, #22, #30, and #35.

Mike Arck
1640 Fernwood Lane
Wichita, Kan.

Flying Colors

□ I read the story about the dude who gave Cougar his colors and how Cougar wears them onstage. All I can say is, "Bullshit!" Even if it really happened, Cougar should know better than to fly a patch that he didn't earn himself. That patch is disgraced every time Cougar wears it and it just ain't right!

Pissed Off
Las Vegas, Nev.

Roy Rogers?

□ Roy Rogers was interviewed on TV recently, and he put in a helluva good word for the NRA. As the talk turned to his "after life" now, the interviewer asked him what he does for excitement nowadays. Roy said, "Well, I just bought me a new motorcycle the other day." The interviewer said, "Yeah?" And Roy said, "Yep, as a matter of fact, I've been riding motorcycles since 1931."

Fuck, bros, he's been a biker for 52 years, and all we thought he did was play good-guy cowboy and stump-break mares (ha, ha). So, bros, let's hear one for another one of the good guys. But don't tell yer

granny that he was a biker. All the old fogies might get together and have his movies banned from TV. So, big bro Roy R., keep the wind in yer face and yer six-guns by yer side.

Neal Bradley
Thomasville, N.C.

Late Book Arise!

□ In your July '81 issue you had a little something about tech tips from the past ten years being compiled into a book. Well, I'd like some info on how to get the book.

Please don't answer this through the mag because I sometimes never get to see it.
Stinker
Arabian Gulf

■ I won't.

Spider's A Libber?

□ In The February issue ("Takin' It Easy"), Spider had an article about the dude who had the courts keep his ex-ol' lady from aborting his kid. Then Spider asked why.

Well, shit, I never realized Spider was a women's libber, and here you are, promoting aborting the unborn. So anyway, I decided to give you shithheads a little schoolin'. That little so-called glob of tissue has a beating heart and functioning brain (check any recent medical books on fetal development). Obviously, that's more than he's got. So why don't he quit flappin' his gums about somethin' he knows nothin' about?

Krispy
Citrus Heights, Calif.

■ Spider's cold.

Below The Belt

□ This is in reply to the brainless twit who signed his letter "Below The Belt" (May '83 issue).

I'm one of those lady bikers (Sportster) he refers to, but with one exception. My man doesn't ride behind me — he rides right alongside on his own Sporty. I started out behind him for about a month and found it totally boring. That's when I decided to get my own bike.

You see, like so many women today, I hold a responsible management position. Monday through Friday, 9 to 5, I'm the conservative young woman in the business field. But come 5:00 p.m., the business suit and heels are

put away and the leathers come on. That's when we ride together — equally. The truth of the matter is that I've got myself a real man (a carpenter by trade) who's proud to see his lady either in feminine business attire while in an office or in sexy leathers straddling her own Harley.

Sporty Lady
Springfield, Mass.

□ He obviously lets what little he has below his belt do the thinking for him.

A Belt Between Your Legs
Mystic, Conn.

□ You have the intelligence of a baseball bat! You are obviously a very insecure, self-conscious person trying to live up to an image by using your scoot as an extension of your cock.

Lynda
Phoenix, Ariz.

□ Who told you that you were worth your fucking weight in cunt hairs, anyway?

Donna Joyce
Dover, Del.

□ I sincerely hope that some "dumb cunt" beats some sense into your fat fuckin' head!

"No Patience For Assholes"
Carson City, Nev.

□ The way you feel about women, you're probably a queer.

Sonny's Ol' Lady
Chaffee, Mo.

□ Where would you be the next time you were dead-drunk, OD'd, stoned, beat to fuck, or all of the above — not to mention needed a fuck? If in need, we're okay, right?

K.M.
Topeka, Kan.

Likes Poem

□ Hey, that was some bitchin' poem ("Biker Etiquette") by Bad Bob in the May '83 rag. When I got to the part where he wrote, "Real bikers ain't old till they're dead and cold," I pissed my pants!

Deacon
Concord, N.H.

Frank Harding, R.I.P.

□ You folks deserve praise for the May '83 tribute to Frank Harding. The job he did so well is one of those unsung hero positions held by many. My first job was five

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3 Day
Weekend Pass

Swap Meet
Pass

Drag Race
Pass

Advance Tickets

INCLUDE:

- 3 Day Pass to Show
- All Day Drag Race 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:
Artistry In Iron
#13 - 4412 Manila Rd. S.E.
Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7

U.S. Residents:
Artistry In Iron
25545 Seaboard Lane
Hayward, California 94545

VISA
MasterCard

Hotel Accommodation

Westward Inn
119 - 12 Ave. S.W. (12 Ave. & 1st St. S.W.)
Calgary, Alberta
5 Min. from Exhibition Grounds
Full Facilities
Rates \$35.00 - \$55.00 Night
Phone Collect (403) 266-4611
Ask for Reservations

Canadian Customs Regulations and Information

WRITE:
Artistry In Iron
25545 Seaboard Lane
Hayward, California 94545
Please enclose self-addressed envelope

Canadians Requiring Information

WRITE:
Artistry In Iron
#13 - 4412 Manila Rd. S.E.
Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7
Please enclose self-addressed envelope

*Register if You're Riding on to Sturgis 83

Canada Artistry In Iron U.S.A.
#13 - 4412 Manila Rd. S.E.
Calgary, Alberta T2G 4B7

U.S. Artistry In Iron
25545 Seaboard Lane
Hayward, California 94545

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

RADICAL BIKE	FULL BIKE	SEMI BIKE	CUSTOM BIKE	MILD BIKE	COMP BIKE	TOURING BIKE	CONSERVATIVE BIKE	ANTIQUE BIKE	SIDE CAR	3 WHEEL BIKE
FIRST PLACE \$350.00										
SECOND PLACE \$250.00										
THIRD PLACE \$150.00										

EXHIBITORS

REGISTRATION DEADLINE JULY 15 83
— Registration Fee \$50.00
— Includes: 2 weekend passes to all 3 events (Show, Swap Meet, Drag Races)
— Parking
— Artistry In Iron Bag Buckle
— Artistry In Iron Participation Certificate
— Show Card (Class)
— Display — 8' x 10' - 8' x 10' - 10' x 10' - 20' x 20' - 20' x 20' (Extra and must be ordered in advance)
— Set up Thursday, July 28, 12:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.
— Exhibitors Meeting: 9:30 p.m. - 11:00 p.m. Big 4 Building
— 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

GENERAL PUBLIC \$25.00 10' x 10'
COMMERCIAL \$35.00 10' x 10'
SET UP 9 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. Sunday, July 31
BOOTH DEADLINE July 25-83
OPEN TO PUBLIC 12 noon to 6 p.m.
MOVE OUT 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

DRAG RACES

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

DRAG RACES

STREET
TOURING (windshield & bags)
HOT STREET
DRAGSTER
FIRST PLACE \$600.00
SECOND PLACE \$400.00
THIRD PLACE \$200.00
TOP SPEED TROPHY
LOW ET IN EACH BRACKET

DRAG RACES

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MOTORCYCLE MUST BE INSURED
TIME TRIALS 10:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon
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DRAGSTER
FIRST PLACE \$600.00
SECOND PLACE \$400.00
THIRD PLACE \$200.00
TOP SPEED TROPHY
LOW ET IN EACH BRACKET

Learn Motorcycle Repair TRAIN AT HOME TO BE A MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC



If you like to ride
a cycle for fun...
Learn how to fix it
for profit!

Can you
imagine a
better way to
earn your living whether you
choose to work in a cycle shop
for someone else or decide to
start your own cycle repair
business?

Now, thanks to North
American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at
home in your spare time. No need to quit school or your
job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from
minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

CYCLES ARE BIG BUSINESS...AND SO IS FIXING THEM!

There are more than 5 million cycles registered in the U.S.
today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. And they
all need maintenance. To find out how our graduates
have done, send for results of survey showing employ-
ment success of our graduates.

**Special Cycle Tools and Test Instruments included to
start you fast!** Wrenches, sockets, impact screwdriver,
timing light, electrical test instruments, compression
gauge, vacuum gauge, degree wheel, ignition wrench
set, and much, much more! Yours to use during your
training...and yours to keep in your action-packed career
as a motorcycle mechanic.



You'll Be the Center of Attraction in Your Circle of Friends...

Be the envy of friends and neighbors as
they flock around to watch you tear
down and tune up all kinds of motor-
cycles. And just think of the satisfaction
in knowing you've got the best perform-
ing bike in town. Plus, you can make ex-
tra dollars fixing motorcycles for your
friends and neighbors.

SEND FOR FREE FACTS!
• No cost or obligation
• No salesman will call
• MAIL COUPON TODAY



North American School of Motorcycle Repair
4400 Campus Dr., Dept. 5088, Newport Beach, CA 92660

Rush FREE color brochure and full information on how
I can learn Motorcycle Repair for only a few dollars a
month.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

years as editor of a small-
town daily — reading proof,
handling rewrites, and other
screw-ups that carry no
glory. My cheers to you for a
truly sensitive tribute.

Bob House
Panhandle, Tex.

☐ I'm truly sorry that
another member of the *Easy-
riders* staff has passed on
and wish to express my con-
dolences to everyone whose
life he touched.

Luke Slocum
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Eatin' A Box Lunch

☐ Love the magazine and all
that happy horseshit, but
what I'm writing for is to share
a passage I ran across, in a
book by Tom Robbins, which
I think should be the creed
for muff divers everywhere.
Anyone who enjoys the plea-
sure and palatability of eat-
ing pussy will find Robbins's
description on-target: "The
smells of the feminine body
are the very smells of birth,
the strong odors of the
essence of existence. The
nose that is offended by the
hot perfume of the cunt is a
nose unsuited for this world.
The vagina reeks of life and
love and the infinite et cetera.
O, vagina! Your salty incense,
your mushroom moon musk,
your deep waves of clam
honey breaking against the
cold steel of civilization; vag-
ina, draw our noses to the
grindstone of ecstasy, and let
us die smelling as we did
when we were born."

It's enough to make your
tongue hard.

Kojak
Norfolk, Va.

What's "Zut"?

☐ Does the word "zut" that
Robinson sometimes puts in
his cartoons have any
meaning?

J.J. Solari
Panorama, Calif.

☐ Robinson said there is no
meaning.

Sharing

☐ Saw this in my local
newspaper (*Augusta Chron-
icle-Herald*) and thought I'd
share it with you.

"A friend of mine got up
this morning...put on a Tai-
wan shirt, his Hong Kong tai-
lored suit, and Italian shoes,
turned on a Japanese radio,
and breakfasted on English
muffins, Danish ham, and
South American coffee. He
got into his French automo-
bile, fueled by Arab oil, drove
to his job with a German com-
pany, and complained fre-

quently during the day about
the unhealthy condition of
the U.S. economy."

Jim R. Childs III
Augusta, Ga.

A Proud Fag

☐ I ride a bike, and I'm gay
and proud of it.

Weird Paul
E. Patchague, N.Y.

☐ Is the bike a good fuck?

More On Herpes

☐ In your April issue, the
author of the herpes article
cites several ineffective "sure
cures." One that he lists is the
combination of vitamin C,
dietary zinc, lysine/arginine.
Well, I agree that vitamin C
and dietary zinc will have no
effect whatsoever on herpes.
Arginine will make it worse, if
anything. Lysine, however,
can keep herpes in check
(dormant, that is) even if it
does not "cure" it.

Both lysine and arginine
are amino acids, the stuff that
protein is made of. Scientists
reported in a 1978 issue of
Dermatologica that arginine
encourages the growth and
reproduction of herpes, while
lysine inhibits the virus. So, if
the food you're eating has a
high arginine-to-lysine ratio,
you're likely to have recur-
rent herpes. Those foods
having more arginine than
lysine include chocolate,
peanuts, most cereal grains,
nuts and seeds. On the other
hand, foods having a high
lysine content include meat,
potatoes, and milk. Also,
lysine tablets are now availa-
ble in most drugstores. You
can get them over the
counter — no prescription
is needed.

So if you want to have more
fun and less herpes, cut back
on the Snickers bars, eat
more meat and potatoes, and
take at least one 500 mg
lysine tablet daily. Even
though this regime won't
cure herpes, it will prevent
the virus from becoming
active and can help ease an
existing outbreak.

Celeste Rogers
Santa Cruz, Calif.

☐ You should not condemn
some of the new prescrip-
tions. Some do work. Dietary
zinc, lysine, or for scooter
people, Zinotate (zinc
orotate, 25mg) and Lysamin-
C (lysine hydrochloride,
500 mg; ascorbic acid, 100
mg; bioflavonoids, 100 mg)
taken according to directions
will reduce the symptoms.
The sores will disappear
quickly; the scratching and
itching will be relieved right

away. And by dieting, rest,
and a toned body, this will
also aid in the defense
against the simplex.

I am a victim and have
checked it out. It works for
me.

The Bullet
Shingletown, Calif.

☐ When you talk about pass-
ing the shit on to your ol' lady
and not telling her, or worse
yet, trying to blame it on her,
you set me out on the war
path. If one of your ol' ladies
tried to pull that crap, she'd
probably wind up as dead
meat in the driveway. I always
knew you scumbags were
down on women, but this just
shows how cold-hearted and
sick you bastards really are. I
can't even find the words to
tell you how disgusted I am.
And if I am ever unfortunate
enough to catch herpes, it
will be my ultimate pleasure
to come to California and
give each and every one of
you pricks a good dose of it.

Mad As Hell
Pasadena, Tex.

Again?

☐ Through my mother, I've
found a treatment that does
help cut down the time, pain,
and aggravation of the blis-
ters. It's called "Bag Balm"
and can be purchased
through your local vet. Be-
fore you laugh it off, though,
it does help. I get herpes II
two to three times a year. Bag
Balm is used on cow udders
to treat chapped teats,
scratches, abrasions, wind-
burn, and sunburn.

Evening Star
Guantanamo Bay, Cuba

Ol' Lady Tips

☐ Over many great years of
riding behind my ol' man, I
have picked up some survival
tips for the "old" ol' lady.
Hope they help some other
lady get taken on more runs!
1. Shut your mouth when
your ol' man's scoot breaks
down unless you're asked a
direct question.

2. Learn to hold your
booze/smoke/pills/whatever
better than anyone obviously
younger than you. After
they're all passed out, then
you can continue to party.
3. You hitchhike/walk for
parts/gas/beer if necessary.
It's great for the figure. You
meet good people, and
besides, your ol' man won't
ever leave his bike unpro-
tected (with you) anyway.
4. Don't obviously drool over
the beautiful bobs and bikes
you see. Sightseeing only.

Continued on page 100



Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Give 'Em The Finger, But Keep The Prints

The latest example of the Establishment's giving the boot to the people — the fast-growing national fad of fingerprinting rugrats — would bring tears of joy to the eyes of Big Brother.

No, Big Brother is not the guy who mans the gate to Harley Heaven — that's St. Peter. Big Brother is the dictator of the land known as Oceania in the famous book *1984*. His slogan is "Big Brother is Watching You" and through the magic of two-way TV screens and hidden microphones, his minions, the Thought Police, are able to see and hear whomever they want, whenever they want.

The thing about it is, nobody in the book much minds; they're conditioned to think that constant surveillance of their every word and action is good for them. Which is why Big Brother would be so pleased by all the current programs to get kids fingerprinted. For, hard as it is to believe, the police are not having to drag kids down to the station house to get their prints, and the FBI isn't working overtime tracking down teenagers who have gone into hiding or fled to Canada to avoid being put on file. Quite the contrary, the parents are taking them to fingerprinting centers, willingly and happily.

In the best tradition of Big Brother — and utilizing his own propaganda device, *doublethink* — the people pushing these programs are working hard to convince the public that fingerprinting their kids is for the rugrats' own good, that there are so many kids being kidnapped that it is necessary to fingerprint them all in order to protect them. What that is, as Big Brother would say, is *doublethink*.

Doublethink, as Orwell defines it, is actually very simple. It means that something is *true* merely because a person in a position of authority says it's true, regardless of reason or logic. Say you have 50,000 casualties in a battle and the enemy has 10,000. Your commander calls it a victory. That's doublethink.

"If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face — forever."

—George Orwell, 1984

Fingerprinting as a deterrent to kidnapping? That's doublethink and I'll stand in front of the FBI building at high noon and kiss the ass of anyone who can prove it isn't. Really now, let's be serious. How can you use the fingerprints of the victim to rescue that victim? Really?

What the fingerprinting scam is, is one of a long series of attempts to get every American into some kind of police file, from the day they are born until the day the undertaker stamps that file "case closed." It's inevitable that when you give bureaucrats a new toy — in this case, computers — they can't resist playing with it. For going on 20 years now, the bureaucratic bosses have been wringing their hands and bemoaning the fact that they couldn't really begin watching us — in the Big Brother sense — until we took out Social Security cards, or a driver's license, or went in the Army, or got busted. It drove 'em

crazy; they wanted us fed into their data machinery earlier and they proposed many schemes to try to force us into them, starting at infancy.

Remember the plan to automatically assign everyone a Social Security number at birth? That was supposed to make it harder for illegal aliens to sneak across the Rio Grande and find jobs. Or how about the Passport Office's plan of a few years back? They were going to tattoo an ID number on every newborn. This, they told us, would make it harder for the little buggers to grow up and take out phony passports.

Fortunately, for what's left of our free society, American parents were not terribly concerned about wetbacks or passports. They were, however, damned upset at the thought of their babies having communist-type ID cards issued to them or Hitler-like tattoos stamped on them. So those ideas died a quick death.

On the other hand, American parents are, quite rightly, very concerned about kidnappings. And this fear and concern is being skillfully exploited by those interested in compiling files on every living creature in the land. In Los Angeles, for example, the leading newspaper, *The Times*, editorialized on "Good Reasons For Fingerprinting" and parents were told that the police have nothing to do with the fingerprinting program, that the parents will get to keep the prints (to be turned over to the police in an emergency), etc., etc.

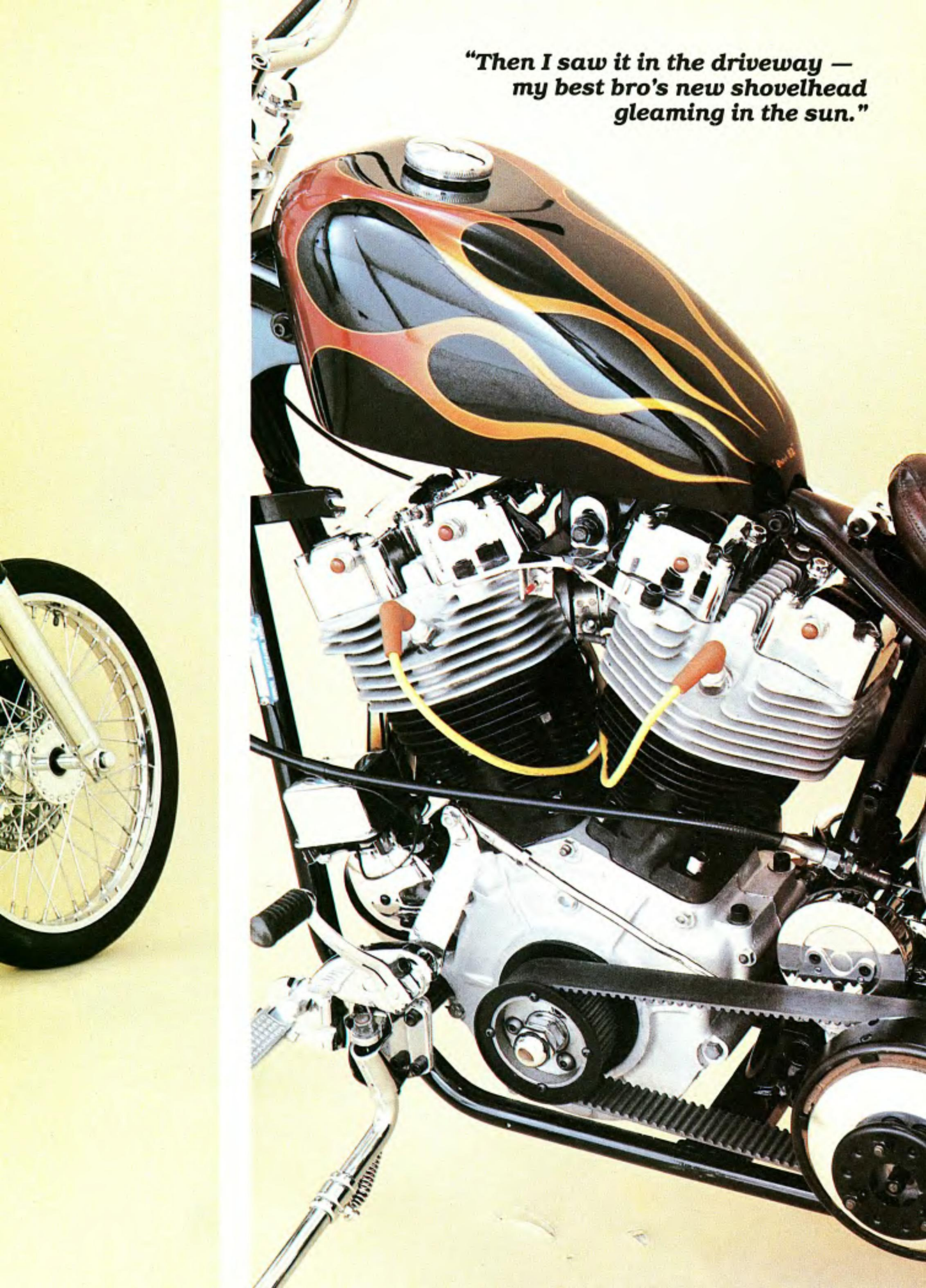
Maybe so. But in this same city, it was recently revealed that the police department has a secret intelligence squad that kept files on the private lives, habits, and comings and goings of virtu-

Continued on page 103

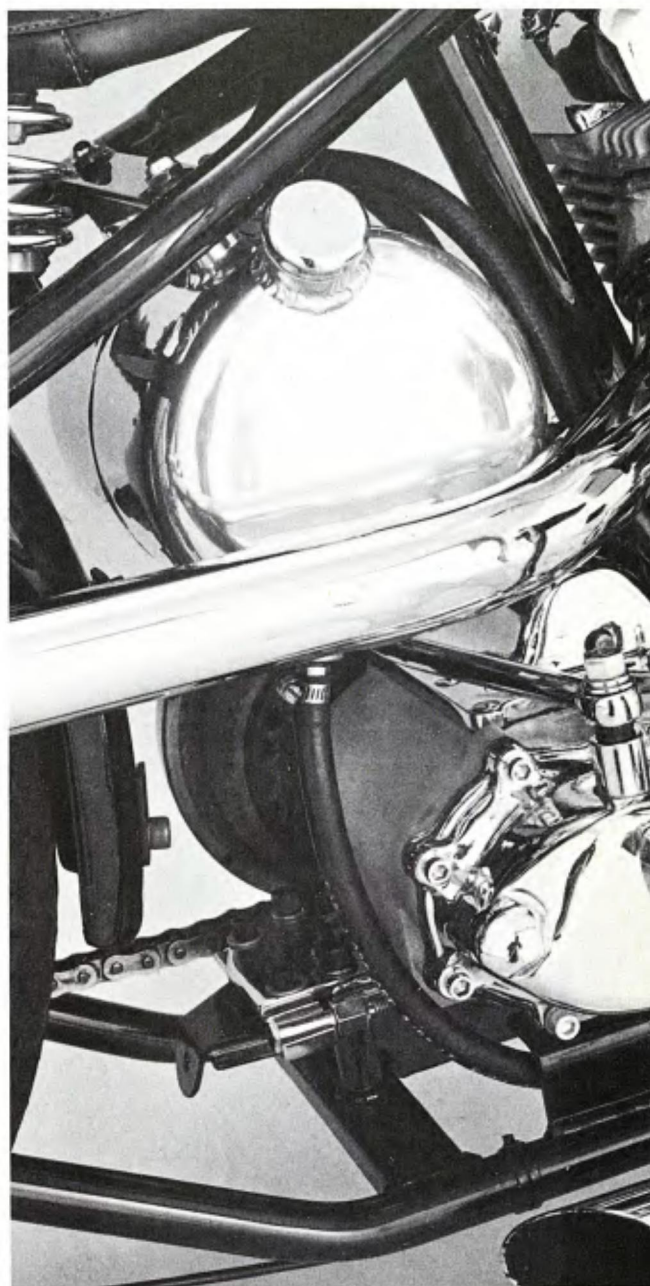
COMIN'
HOMIE



**"Then I saw it in the driveway —
my best bro's new shovelhead
gleaming in the sun."**







Comin' home from the hospital in the van, I really began to feel like the dude in Bruce Springsteen's song "Used Cars."

You know how it goes, "Now the neighbors come from near and far, as we pull up in our brand-new used car. I wish he'd just hit the gas and let out a cry, and tell 'em all they can kiss our asses goodbye."

It wasn't like I really blamed the stiffs for standin' around and gawkin', ya understand. I mean, what the hell, I was the

one who had gotten totally wasted and booked out of the garage with the front wheel practically off the ground — totally forgetting to zigzag around the pool of oil deposited in the driveway by the van when the ol' lady took off for work. And leavin' the best for last, I did manage to do this Holiday-On-Ice skid into the road — right in front of the Cadillac that lives across the street, which its matronly owner was just wheelin' home from the Piggly-Wiggly.

Kinda strange way for neighbors to meet after two years of pretending not to notice each other, but the two rugrats in her backseat seemed to find it amusing. Especially the part where I hopped to my feet and picked up my bent panhead before my brain got the message that my leg was broken. That particular telegram arrived about the same instant I got the pan upright — the leg collapsed and I landed, howling, on my butt with the bike on top of me. Like I said, I



wasn't the only one howling; the rugrats were rolling around almost as much as I was. Only I wasn't laughing.

Lookin' back, I can see how a primo performance like that would cause the neighbors to gather *en masse* to view my homecoming. Who knows? Maybe they were hoping for an encore. I was hoping somebody would drop a neutron bomb right in the middle of the whole pack of 'em. Then I saw it in the

driveway — my best bro's new shovelhead, gleaming in the sun, its three-toned painted flames making it look like it was still in motion.

"Ya finally finished it," I managed to choke out.

"Yeah, got it done while you was in traction," he said.

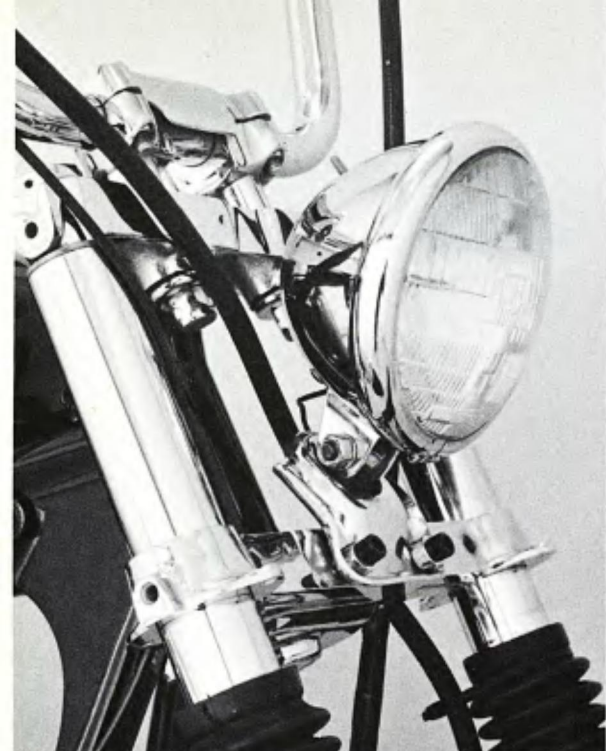
"Without you pourin' beer in me every fifteen minutes, I managed to actually do some serious wrenchin'."

All thoughts of my plaster-

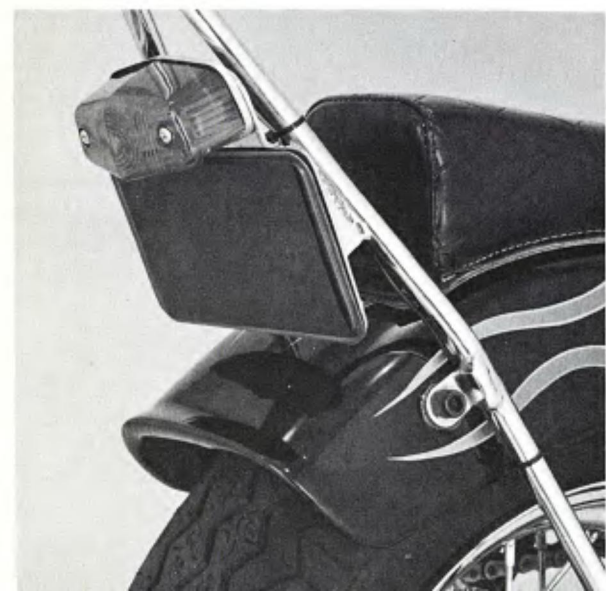
encased leg, my gawking neighbors — even the welcome home blowjob I was expecting shortly — faded from my mind as I stared at the realization of a bro's dream.

I reached out and jabbed him in the shoulder. "Get this fuckin' cage parked and unload me!" I shouted. "I gotta get back in the garage 'n' get busy — there's a bike in there just waitin' to be rebuilt."

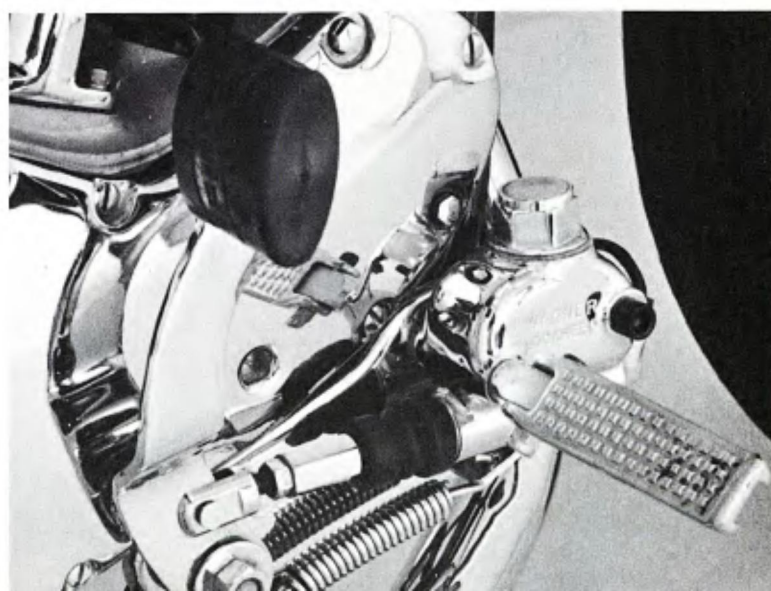
— Rapid Waters



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: George Bettencourt		City: Union City, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1980	
Year and make: 1969 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: shovelhead		Type: rigid	
Value: too much		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Century Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1969		Risers: H-D	
Model: FL		Fender(s): custom fiberglass	
Rebuilder: Dee/Hayward H-D		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: off the shelf	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: lightened flywheels		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: Dee		Rear pegs: Bates	
Pistons: .030 over		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: 5-qt. spun alum.	
Cam(s): 418 Sifton		Oil system: braided steel lines	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: homemade	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: 1/2-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: beefed		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1962		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Karata belt drive		Special features: turned lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 26		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Butch		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Louis		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer/Imron (frame)		Brake: H-D disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Flames are brandywine over a gold base.			
Special thanks: Frank for helping and to Cindy for putting.			



ESCAPE

"He had spent hours hanging by the tips of his fingers from cracks in the wall of his cell, to make his fingertips as strong as his hands, strong for the night, this night, when he would make his bid for freedom."

Halfway between mid-day and darkness, the breeze came up, blowing gently across the wide plateau, bending the long grass as far as the eye could see. The vast green expanse seemed to move in gentle swells, its surface unblemished, except for a few prairie dog burrows.

The voices of the sentinels on the prairie dog mounds were lost to the wind. Their calls were bird-like trills, warning, challenging, inviting, chiding. When night fell or danger threatened, the prairie dogs scurried below the earth to the confinement of their darkened cells; yet even in those darkened places they had the companionship of their own kind.

In the center of the plain, floating on the glimmering sea of water-that-is-not-there, stood the ghostly, ancient gray-walled prison. It had been built during the late nineteenth century, not long after the Indian Wars, to house common thieves, stagecoach robbers, claim jumpers, fornicators, and other such criminals. Its architect, a titled Englishman who had migrated to America in search of a new beginning, had patterned it after Dartmoor Prison, on the Salisbury Plain in the south of England, near the place of his birth.

The prison was constructed of quarried sandstone blocks and slabs. It resembled a huge castle in some parts, a military fortress in others, and, mostly,

a ship sailing a green, green sea. At either end of the prison, reaching to the sky, was a tall circular tower. One tower was used to store equipment, and the other, at its topmost floor, housed a single, solitary cell that, according to official records, had gone unused for nearly a century.

* * *

Number 2604, his presence known to few guards and fewer inmates, stood with his arms crossed before him, leaning on the windowsill of that tower cell, looking out into the growing darkness of early evening. He had a bullet head covered with close-cropped hair, inscrutable eyes, a broad nose that tilted slightly to one side — positioned there by a blow from a prison guard's bat-like club — and strong white teeth. His shirt was ragged and his chest was covered with hair, through which could be seen the faded blue outline of a motorcycle emblem bearing wings. His muscular arms were covered from wrists to shoulders with blurred, fading designs of roses, wheels with wings, smiling women with pert breasts, daggers and skulls.

Darkness came, along with an evening chill and a moon that scythed its way through the sky. Time passed without measure.

2604 was not asleep at the window. He was waiting. Tonight was the night he had chosen to make his

bid for freedom. He was waiting and he was watching the solitary guard who sat inside a glass-walled room atop the surrounding wall, reading a book and sipping now and then from a bottle of wine. Tonight was the night.

2604 had come to the prison when he was 20 years of age — with nothing more than peach fuzz on his cheeks and the wisdom of adventure in his heart. His heart now contained little else. Once, it had held two loves — his motorcycle and his woman — but both had been taken away along with his freedom. He had lived for his motorcycle and lusted for his love. She was all woman, and she was his woman, but her father chose to make their love a criminal offense, and he succeeded.

Her father was the only cop in that jerkwater town on the plain. He was also mayor and sheriff and postmaster, and to all who crossed his path, God, judge, and executioner. His wife had run away with a man on a motorcycle, leaving him to raise the girl-child, and over the years he developed, cultivated, nurtured, a hatred for all men who rode those damnable machines.

He had intercepted a letter to the girl. He locked her in her room and went to the appointed place. The rest was easy. The trumped-up charges would keep the boy in prison for a long time. Long enough for the girl to

forget even his name.

Inside the prison, men fought over the right to be near the fuzzy-cheeked fish, and he fought those men who won.

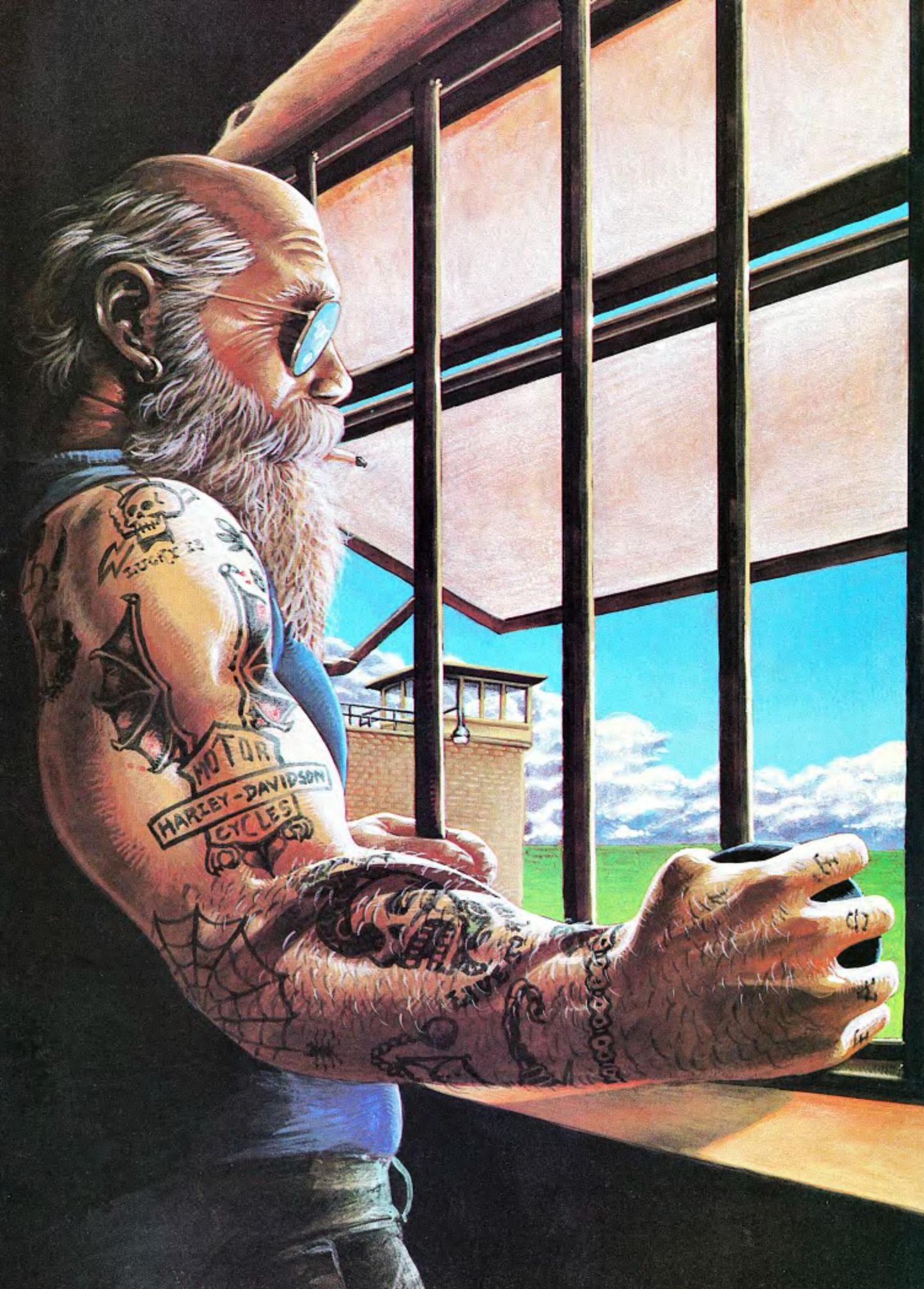
"Fuck, fight, or climb a tree," his tormentors cried. He fought with all his strength — a strength that grew with time — kicking, clawing, biting, using any weapon at his disposal. After all, not many trees grow inside prison walls, and men with pride do not let other men violate their bodies without a battle. Since submission was out of the question, he fought and fought and fought, and fought again.

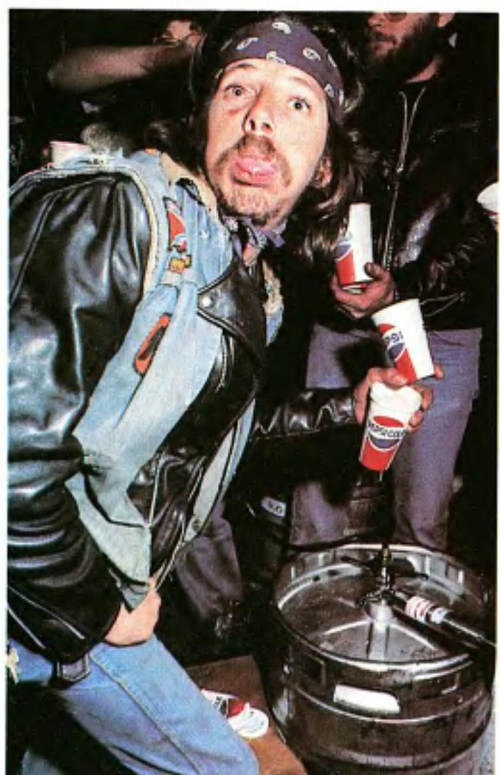
After the girl finally moved away from the town on the plain, the sheriff had himself appointed warden of the prison. He brought with him his nephew, a monstrous, sadistic half-wit who found pleasure in doling out pain and misery. His Christian name was Pomeroy; his habits and pleasures quickly earned him other names, names to be muttered in dark oaths, names summoned up in fear.

Pomeroy watched the boy fight. He wanted him badly, as he wanted so many young men. 2604 was awakened by Pomeroy during the early morning hours and taken from his cell on the pretense of a cell change. He was told he'd been transferred to the kitchen staff, but he was led, instead, into a small windowless room.

Once *Continued on page 82*

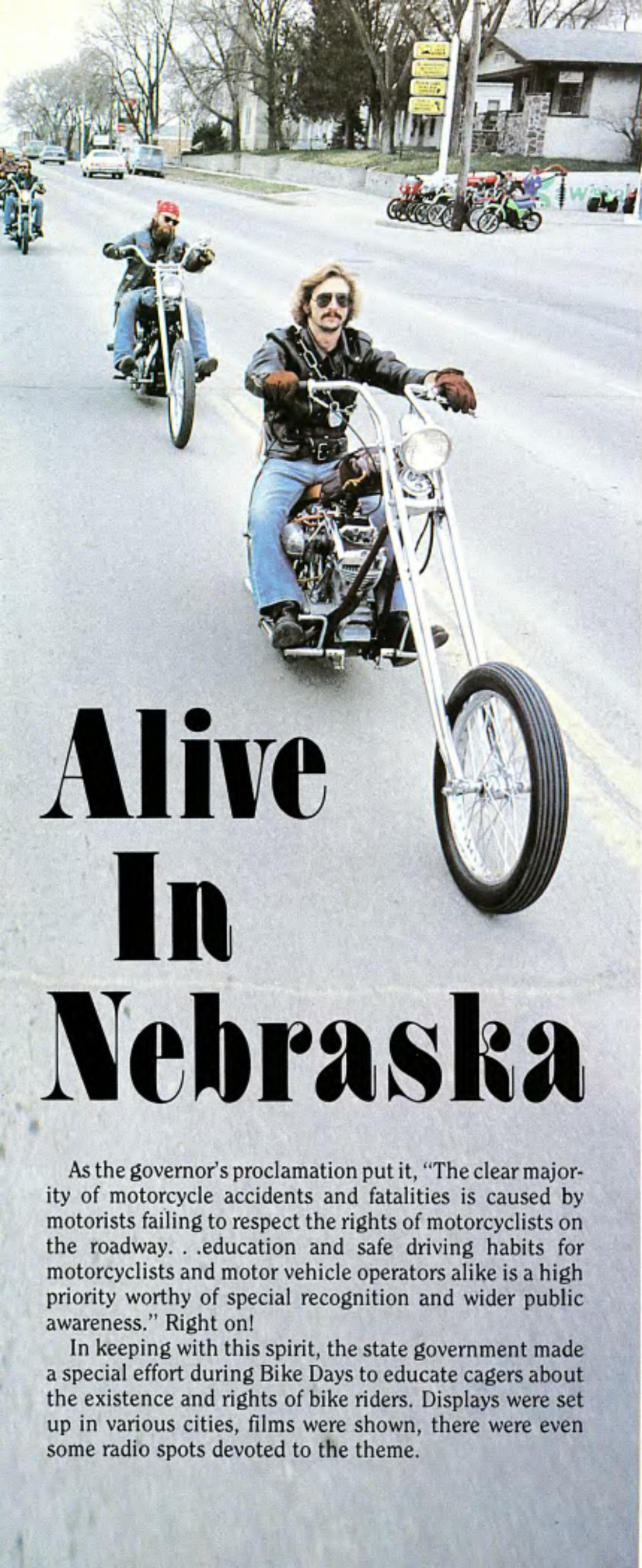
By Coyote Gray





Last time I looked, Nebraska, give or take a few miles, was about 455 miles across at its widest point. And for fourteen days this spring, that entire 455 miles was pulsating with the vibrations of V-twins humping from one run to the next as the Cornhusker State celebrated its first official Motorcycle Awareness Days.

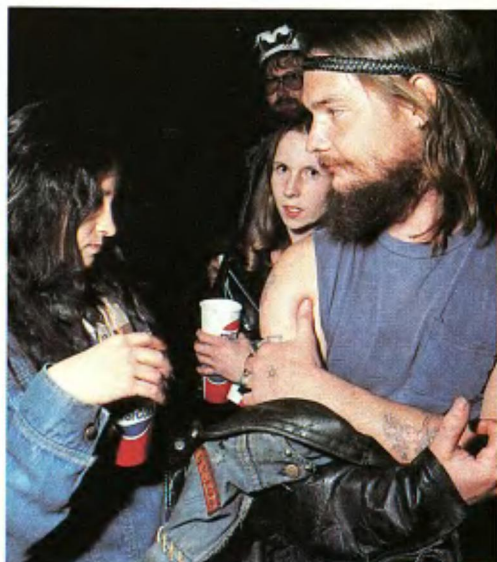
Yep, after much lobbying by Nebraska ABATE and a number of other bike groups and individual bikers, Governor Robert Kerrey issued a proclamation that made it official: Nebraska is going all out to create an environment where bikes can roam at will with minimal hazard from ignorant cagers.

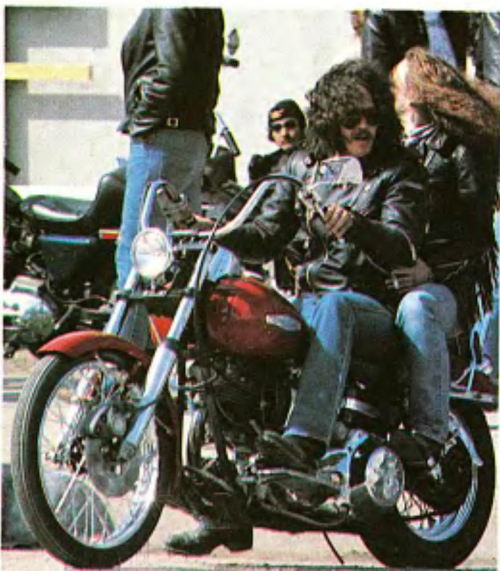


Alive In Nebraska

As the governor's proclamation put it, "The clear majority of motorcycle accidents and fatalities is caused by motorists failing to respect the rights of motorcyclists on the roadway. . . education and safe driving habits for motorcyclists and motor vehicle operators alike is a high priority worthy of special recognition and wider public awareness." Right on!

In keeping with this spirit, the state government made a special effort during Bike Days to educate cagers about the existence and rights of bike riders. Displays were set up in various cities, films were shown, there were even some radio spots devoted to the theme.

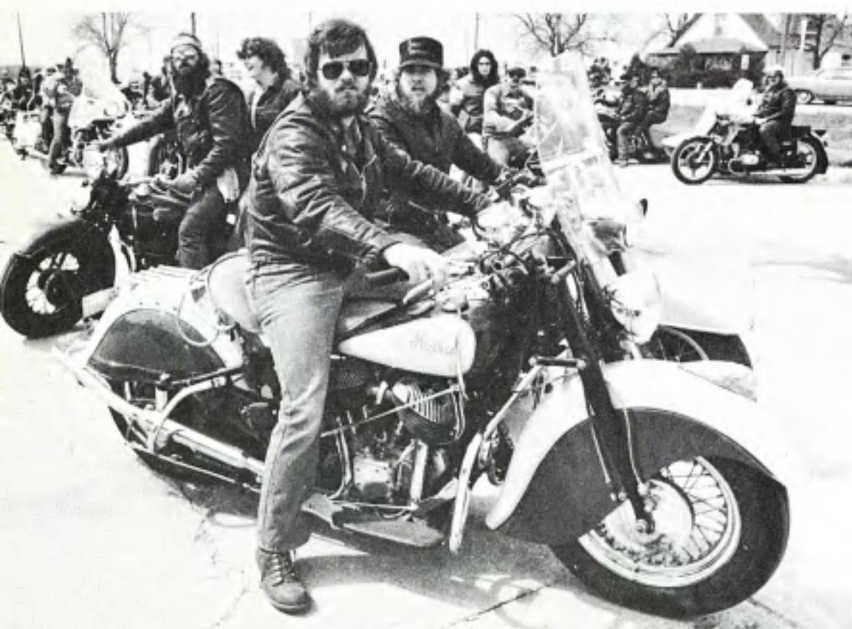
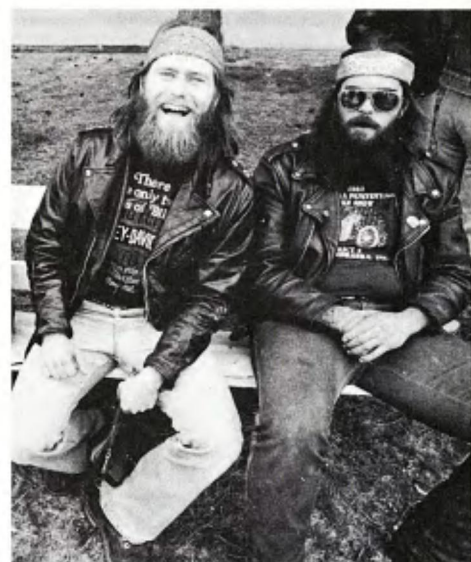


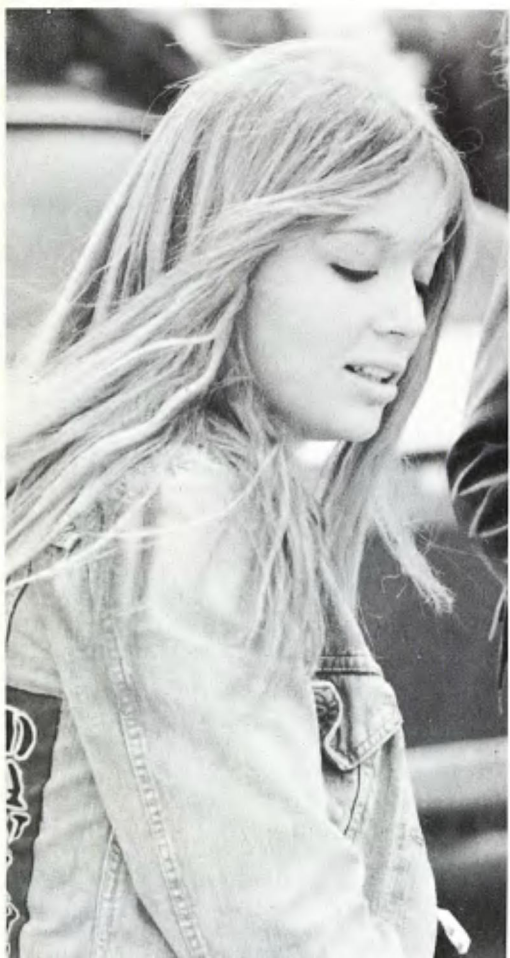


But, bikers bein' bikers, there was a lot more to Bike Days than the heavy business of promoting and preserving our way of life. Bikers bein' bikers, there were also runs and parties, *lots* of runs and parties. Runs and parties from one end of the state to the other.

Bein' truthful, even our far-flung network of party-timers couldn't make 'em all. Even Spider's handpicked booze, broads and bike hounds can only drink so much, and only fuck so much, and only ride so far before thirst and horniness get to 'em. So, what we decided to do was show you some pixs of two runs that were typical of the many similar events that took place throughout the state.

The first was in Alliance, where some fantastic organizing by the local ABATE troops resulted in a turnout of over 100 bikes in a town where the total population — men, women, kids and dogs — is only about 4,000. Of course, the fact that Alliance, about 150 miles from Sturgis, is well-known to Midwest scooter tramps as a town that is extremely hospitable to bikers helped swell the ranks —





hell, some of the bros putted in all the way from Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah.

After a bikers' parade through town and an informational party in a downtown park (biker awareness materials were laid upon cagers attracted by the parade), the brothers and sisters retired to a big rented warehouse where the beer and brotherhood flowed till dawn. Then, for the real hardcore fanatics, it was time to mount up and ride for Scottsbluff — the second run pictured here — where the troops gathered at the local Harley shop.

It was like that for the entire two weeks. If ya had the stamina, ya could keep ridin' and partyin' from one end of Bike Days to the other without leavin' the state or hittin' the same town twice.

And for those who didn't have the stamina, there's always the consolation of knowin' that they've got a full year to train for Bike Days '84.

— Chromedome



Photos by Mike Lichter



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about *Easyriders* magazine? _____

122

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Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Sought After

There's a certain appeal about the Sport Glide because of its traditional styling. Spoked wheels, white-walled tyres, and general '60s look make the stripped dressers very much sought after in the second-hand bike market.

— Australian Motorcycle News

Better Next Time

Come to think of it, maybe one of the best parts of motorcycle camping is the never-ending delight in discovering that this camping experience is better than the last — in being able to look forward eagerly in the anticipation that the next camp, the next biking experience may be the best ever.

— Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

Safety Champions

I'm a realist. Motorcycling's rediscovery of high performance must be baiting America's safety champions. Some day soon they'll jump straight out of the ground and come tearing out of the plaster, ready to go witch-hunting for high-performance bikes and smite them down in self-righteous anger. You see, the motorcycle industry has rediscovered The Truth at the hot core of motorcycling, and The Truth is this: Power sells.

— Phil Schilling
Cycle

Fringe Benefits

One of the fringe benefits of working for the AMA is the opportunity it affords to see the nation's best motorcycle racers in action at venues ranging from the 180mph high banks of Daytona International Speedway to the rough-and-tumble grand prix motocross battles at Unadilla and Carlsbad, and from breathtaking 130mph

mile dirt tracks to the high-flying action of the Peoria TT.

— Bill Amick
American Motorcyclist

No-Frills

Cheaper motorcycles are no answer now, any more than they were in the 1950s, when the pressed-steel econo-bikes lost out to the mini-car. Buyers now expect variety, quality and sophistication, and they won't be interested in no-frills models.

— Kevin Cameron
Cycle

Any Harley-Davidson

...We all undertook to opine on just what our individual touring mounts would be. The selections included a BSA Lightning, a Honda CB1100R, a Ducati 250 and "any Harley-Davidson."

— T.J. Rafferty
Cycle Guide

24th and Growing

That's according to the A.C. Nielsen people, whose survey shows that about 15 percent more people are participating in the sport than in 1979. However, biking's 12-million-person following still makes it only the 24th most popular U.S. participation sport, well behind the big three: swimming (over 100 million swimmers), bicycling, and fishing.

— Motorcyclist

TV Villains

...television reviews appear weekly in TV Guide. Commenting on the NBC series, "Knight Rider," [Robert] Mackenzie wrote: "Motorcycle hoodlums are like Nazis — increasingly rare in real life but too useful as villains for television to drop."

— Roger Hull
Road Rider

Getting Some Credit

So, you've picked out your bike and managed to tuck

enough away for a down payment. Now go get the rest. Contrary to what you have heard or may have been told, financing a motorcycle purchase is not impossible these days. And the financing picture is getting better. The prime rate has been going down and has lowered the wholesale cost of money to banks and finance companies to the point where they are now much more interested in financing retail motorcycle sales.

— Motor Cycle

Test Bikes

We try to put at least 500 miles on every street bike, and our norm is probably from 800 to 1000 miles. We put more miles on touring bikes, fewer on bikes that are primarily commuters.

— Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

MSF Funding

The MSF has formed the National Motorcycle Safety Fund... and membership is available in several categories on both an individual and a company basis. The Fund will enable MSF to expand activities in the areas of rider education, operator licensing, skill improvement, auto driver education about motorcyclists, and motorcycle safety research.

— Roger Hull
Road Rider

Thundering

Mention the words "vee-twin" and most motorcyclists instantly have visions of Harley-Davidsons dancing — or maybe a better word is *thundering* — in their heads. It's almost an automatic reaction, as though the vee-twin engine configuration were something owned exclusively by Harley, lock, stock and tandem barrels.

That's not how it is, of course, because scores of other motorcycles have em-

ployed vee-twin engines throughout the evolution of the sport, ranging from classic marques like Brough and Indian to contemporary ones like Honda and Yamaha. Vee-twins, in fact, date back to the very dawn of motorcycling. Two cylinders were deemed better than one even then, and putting one behind the other was the most logical arrangement. It allowed an engine that was no wider than a single and had its crankshaft turning in the same plane as the rear wheel to simplify the chain or belt final drive.

— Don Fuller
Cycle Guide

55 Sucks

The time has come to junk the 55mph speed limit in this country, and signs do indicate that it's fast approaching the salvage yard. We are at last done with the federally mandated 85mph speedometers. They were a product of blind Washington do-good thinking, which held that doing no evil must somehow be connected with seeing less of it. I have never understood why the slow-down bureaucrats didn't act on the courage of their intolerance and cut speedometer faces at 56mph.

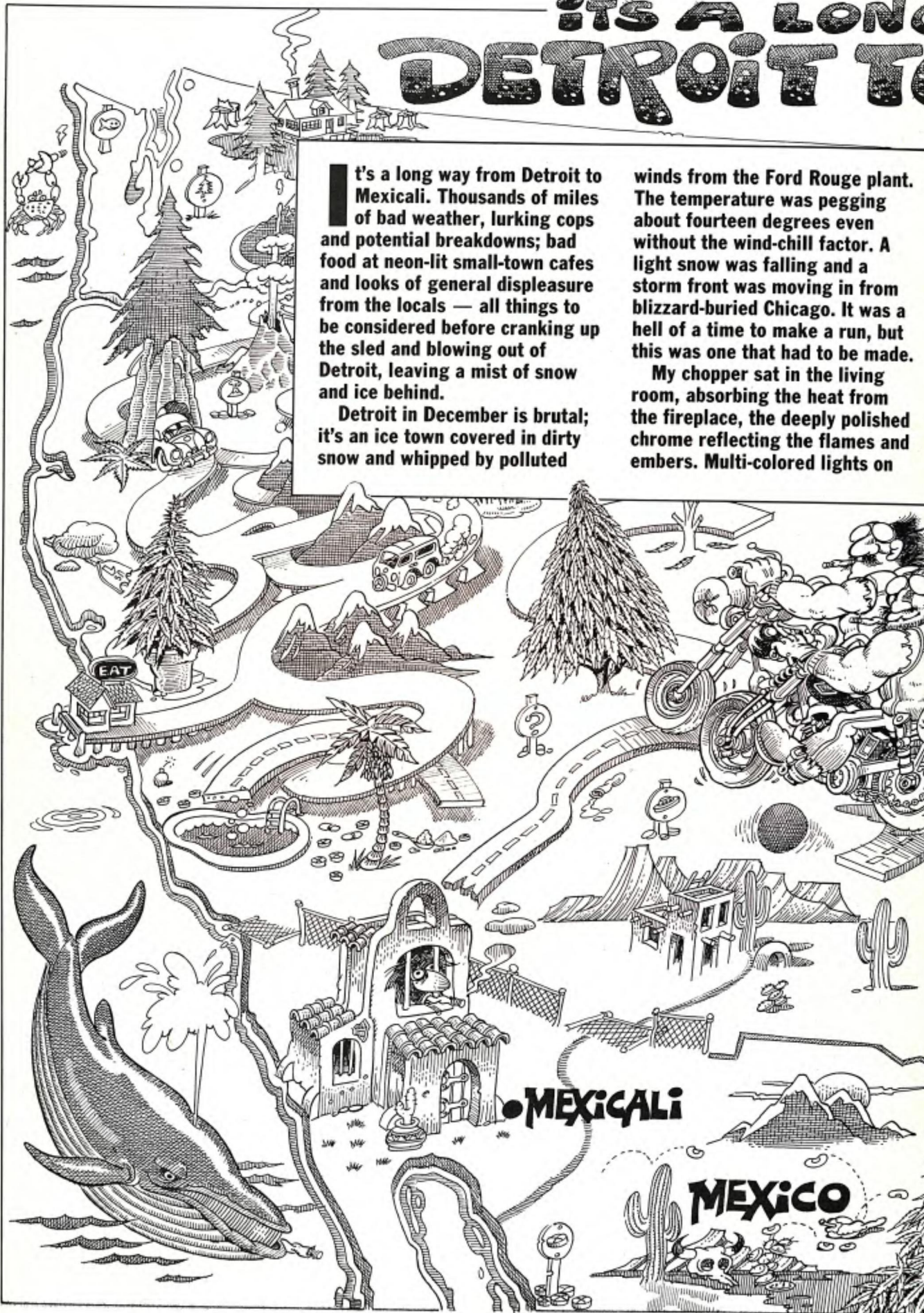
— Phil Schilling
Cycle

Vee-Twin Turf

...you Main Street riders can just toss in your rears and travel trunks right now. Because all the way from Central on down past the bowling alley, you're on vee-twin turf. No other kind of motorcycle delivers the rolling, rumbling exhaust note, the power or the look that commands attention in urban cruising. No other machine generates the same raw, tough sensations of motorcycling in America.

— Larry Works
Cycle Guide

IT'S A LONG DETROIT TO



It's a long way from Detroit to Mexicali. Thousands of miles of bad weather, lurking cops and potential breakdowns; bad food at neon-lit small-town cafes and looks of general displeasure from the locals — all things to be considered before cranking up the sled and blowing out of Detroit, leaving a mist of snow and ice behind.

Detroit in December is brutal; it's an ice town covered in dirty snow and whipped by polluted

winds from the Ford Rouge plant. The temperature was pegging about fourteen degrees even without the wind-chill factor. A light snow was falling and a storm front was moving in from blizzard-buried Chicago. It was a hell of a time to make a run, but this was one that had to be made.

My chopper sat in the living room, absorbing the heat from the fireplace, the deeply polished chrome reflecting the flames and embers. Multi-colored lights on

•MEXICALI

MEXICO

WAY FROM MEXICALI...



DETROIT

the Christmas tree, blinking silently, cast a glow that was mirrored on the teardrop gas tank. "The Wall" was playing on the stereo; Pink Floyd on a cold December night, good beer, the ol' lady dressed in something sexy, smellin' good. . .

Hell of a time to make a run, I thought, reaching for the telephone and dialing Mule's number.

"Yeah?" Mule answered somewhat sleepily.

"Mule, it's me. You got your

scooter packed and ready to go?"

"Nah, not yet. I got all the stuff laid out, though — won't take me long to strap it on. Shit, it's colder than a sonuvabitch out there, man!"

"Well," I said, "if we cut down 75 to I-10, we'll be into some decent weather in a couple of days. Then we can screw it on all the way to the Mexican border."

"Any ideas yet on how we're gonna get him out? I mean, shit, man — a fuckin' Continued on page 109



Cylinder Honing Plates

I'm lazy — when it comes to any job involving physical labor, I look for the easy way out. Don't get me wrong, I do the job right but I almost always find an easier way to achieve the same results. Most times these labor-saving devices are discovered by bros who do that type of work all the time. Andy Hanson at H.E.S. has come up with a whole saddlebag full of time-

and trouble-saving devices over the years and the one pictured on this page Andy developed through years of building high-performance H-D engines. What it is, is a cylinder honing plate. In the past, I, like many other people, clamped one of the ears on the base flange of the cylinder in a vise and went at it with the hone. I won't go into how many honing stones I broke or

how many times the cylinder wanted to twist out of the vise. Anyway, Andy made this cylinder honing plate out of 3/8-inch-thick aluminum, using gaskets as templates. To make the plate as versatile as possible, he drilled three sets of mounting holes so it would hold Sportster 900cc and 1000cc cylinders and 74 and 80 Big Twin cylinders.

To hone out cylinders,

the cylinder is bolted to the plate with two bolts in the appropriate holes; then the plate is clamped in a vise. You now have a solidly mounted part to work on without the worry of twisting the cylinder onto the floor and having to embarrass yourself by explaining broken fins. You also save the cost of having to buy a new cylinder because of a broken base flange.

—Wrench

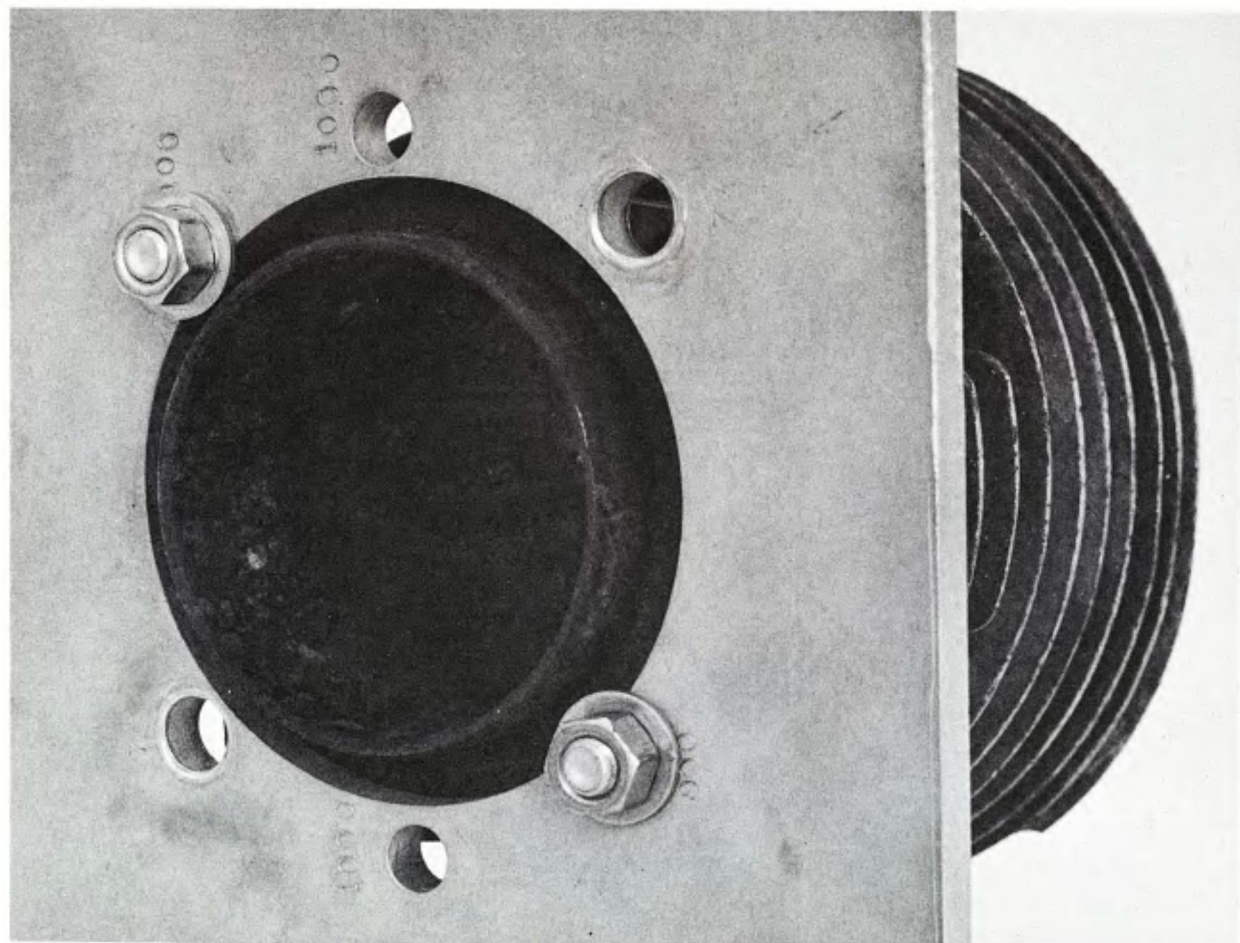


Photo by Pete Chiodo



sometimes

At the end of a long day of twistin' the wick and rollin' up plenty of solo miles ya decide to give the body a well-deserved rest. Road-weary, yet not able to konk out, you'll hope for sleep by counting those shimmering little lights jillions of miles out in the void. But ya won't be able to get a fix on just how many of the damn things there are —and that's when you'll really relate to this arty conglomeration of endless grains of rice.

Two years ago, Bonnie Chaffin got an inspiration to do something special for her ol' man Ronnie's birthday. So Bonnie started fartin' around an' the whole thing sort of swelled from there.

Bonnie used uncooked Minute Rice, dyed with food coloring. Armed with a T-pin and Elmer's Glue

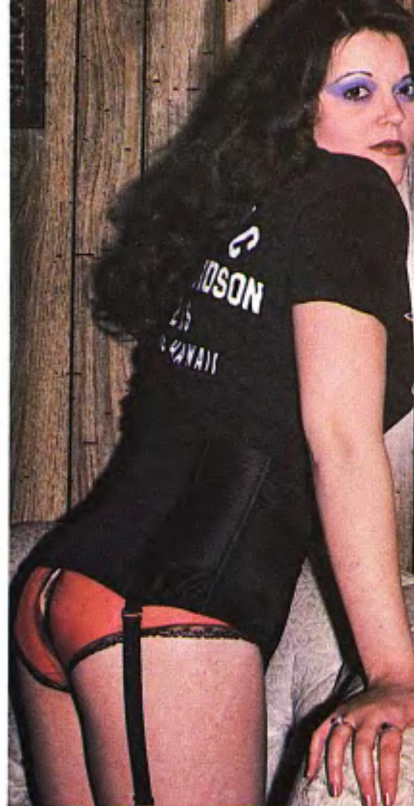
to keep the starchy grains from falling off the pin, she began the slow, tedious process of sticking — piece by ever-lovin' piece — each grain onto the Harley eagle that was drawn on a sheet of cardboard. At the nerve-frazzlin' conclusion, she administered a coat of Mod Podge to preserve the finish.

It was tiring, repetitious work. It even got thrown out once in a fit of raw, jangled-nerve-induced anger. But finally, Bonnie completed the project.

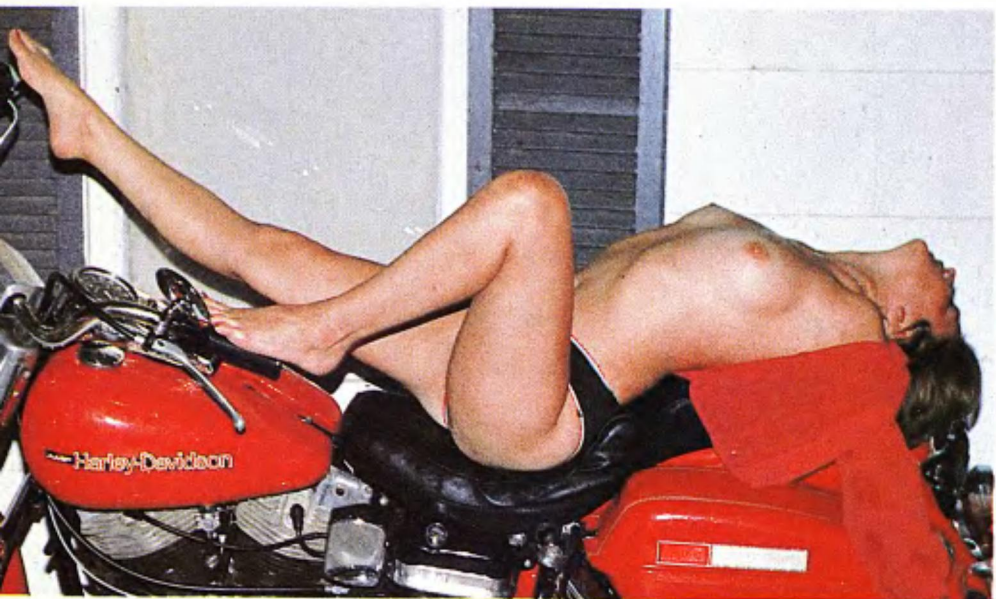
The eagle portion was a breeze 'cause of the different colors and patterns — but that endless blue background, whew! Like, how many times can ya paint the same sonuvabitchin' wall? Through it all, the eagle soars. By the way, Ronnie says the plaque is the only rice allowed in the house. —Scar



RITA



MARILU



CELIA



SUZI Q.

RHONDA



GINA





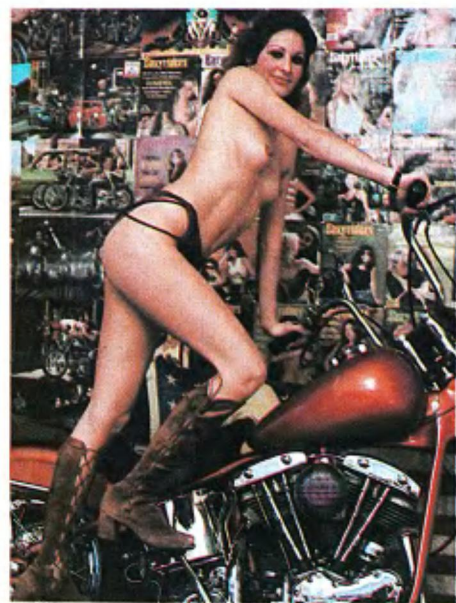
P.J.



RISE



KIM



LYNETTE



CINDY



LINDA

YOU BE THE JUDGE

Get out yer magnifying glasses and micrometers, bros; it's time for you to make your most important decision of the year — who to support as the **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year.

As usual, our twelve monthly winners are pantin' with lust for the \$1,000 prize and the chance to party with the staff that goes with it. And also as usual, the Ol' Lady of the Year will be selected entirely on the basis

of the votes cast by **you**, the readers.

So study the pictures frontways, sideways and backwards — hell, ya can sniff 'em if ya think it'll help — and send your vote, written on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope, to Ol' Lady of the Year, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Deadline for voting is Aug. 1, and we'll announce the winner as soon as the office mouses stop bitchin' and count the votes.

GOIN' HIS OWN WAY

Prior to 1970, Bob Labrie's dad was *the* Harley dealer out in Concord, New Hampshire. His shop was where the locals got their bikes and parts and where the long-distance riders headed for nearby Laconia got their quick fixes and friendly service.

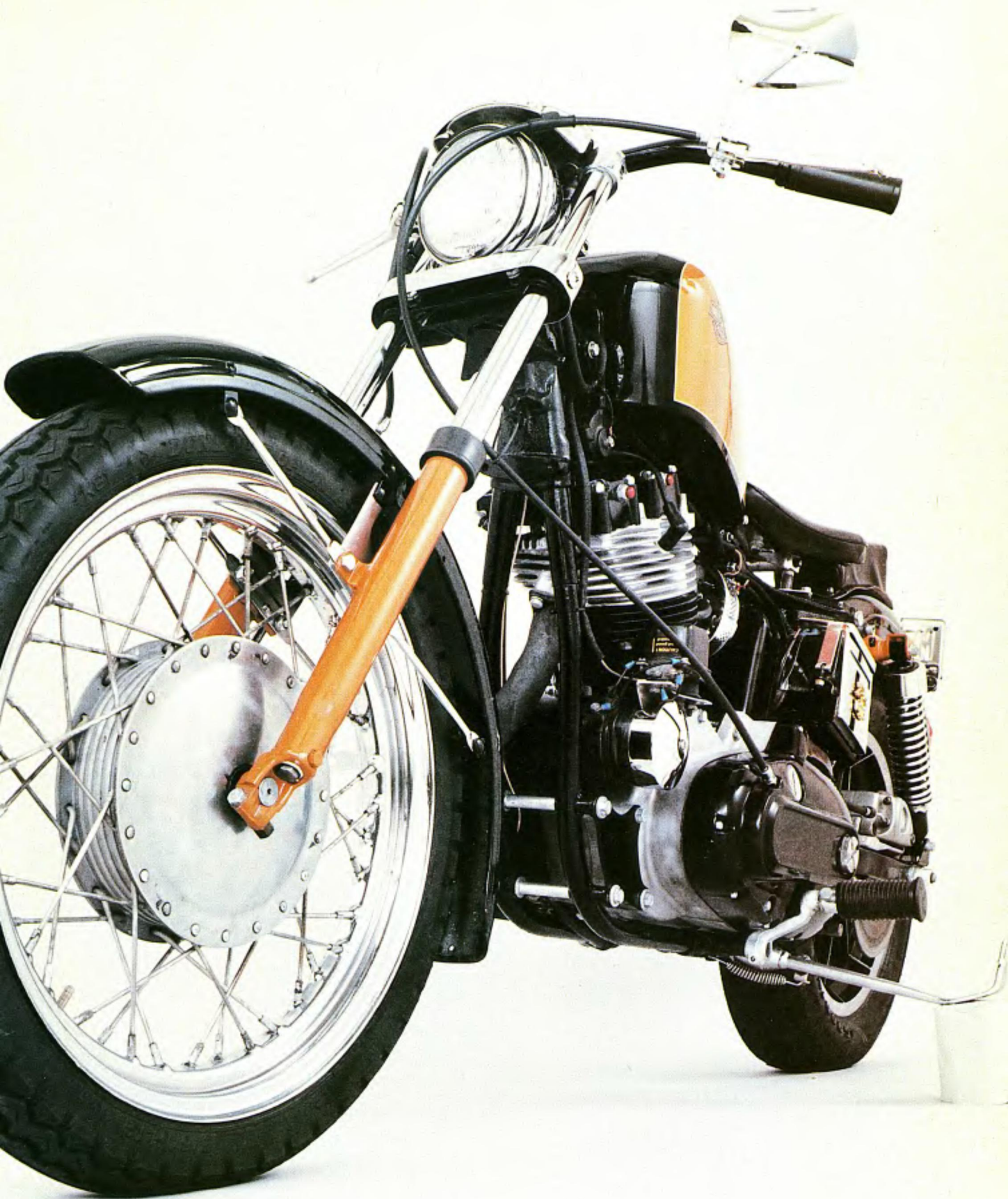
Then in 1969, Harley-Davidson was taken over by American Machine and Foundry and the senior Labrie decided that if Harley wasn't gonna be Harley anymore, he might just as well mail in his franchise contract and start selling imports.

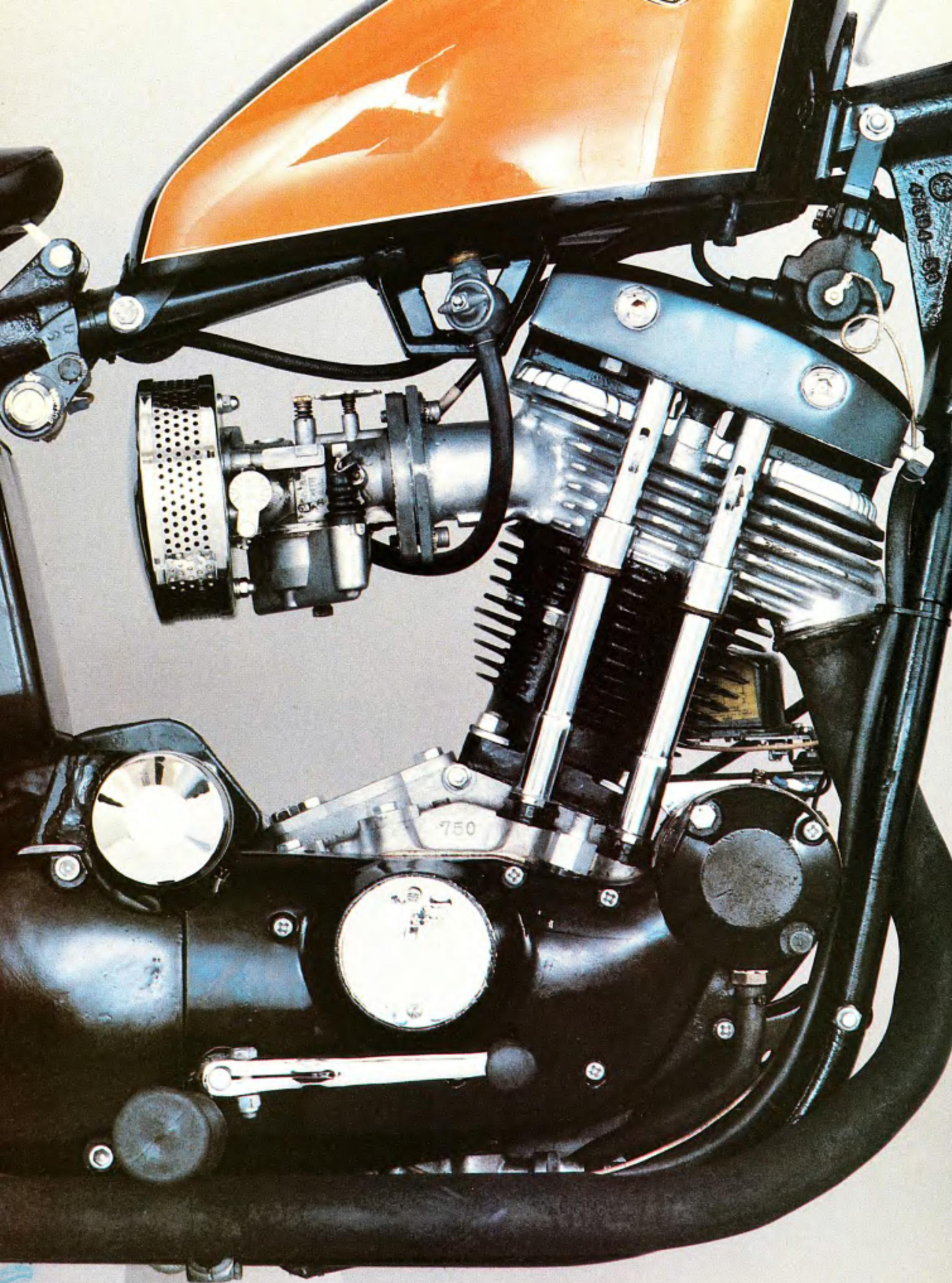
Son Bob, however, didn't agree. Before long he'd gone his own way and opened his own independent shop specializing in Harleys. In the almost fourteen years since then, Bob has gotten a rep as a straight-shooting shop owner and a super-class wrench whose turf is one of the best places on the East Coast in which to have a breakdown (if you've gotta have one).

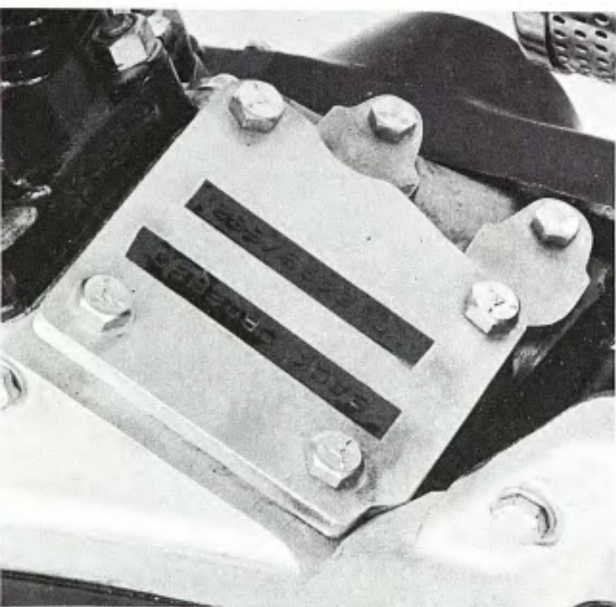
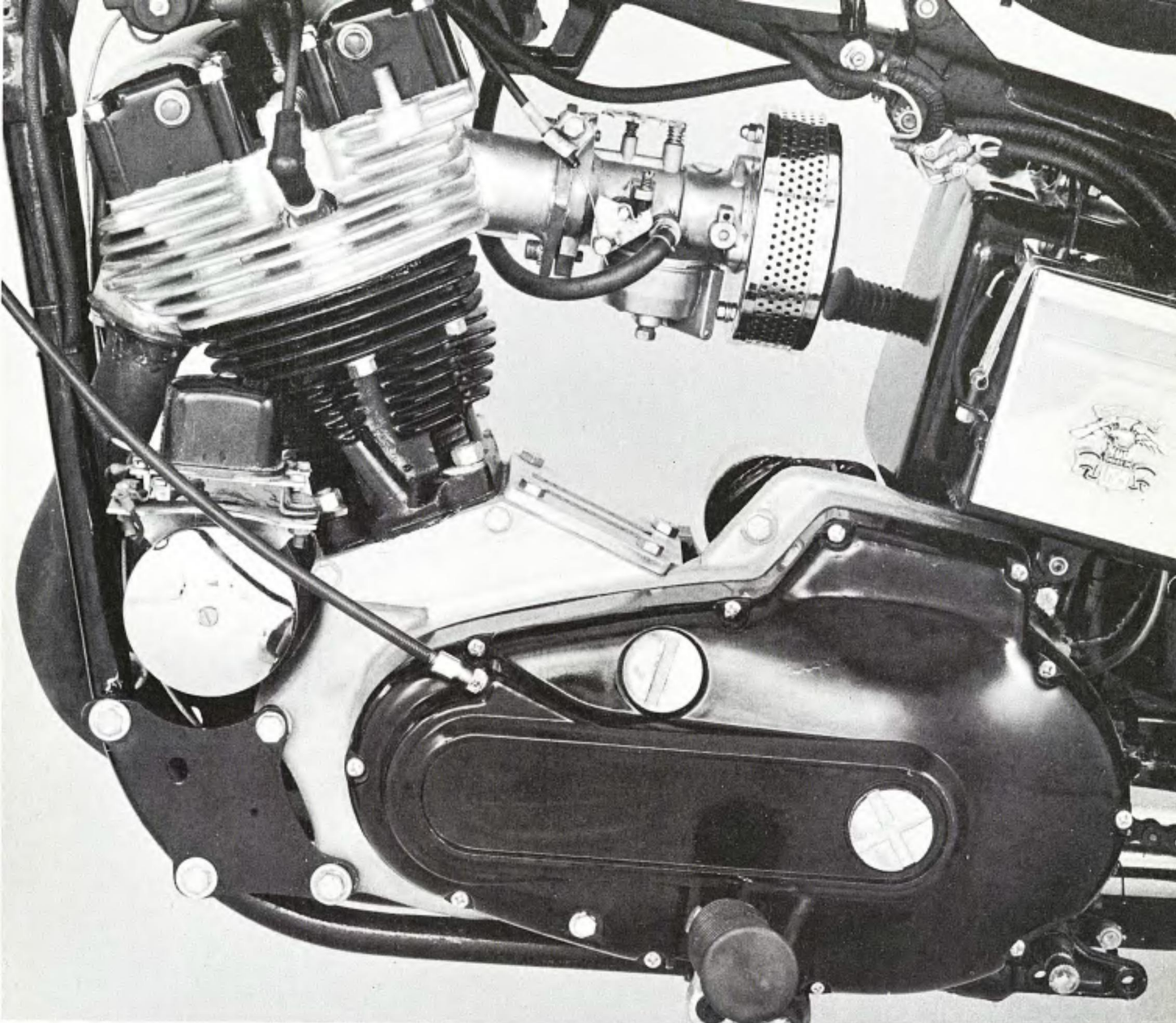
Despite the mellowing effect of the years, Bob is still the same independent cuss he was when he stood up to his old man. We're talking about a guy who sometimes seems to build off-the-wall bikes just to prove to skeptics that they *can* be built.

For instance, you might think that putting a shovel-







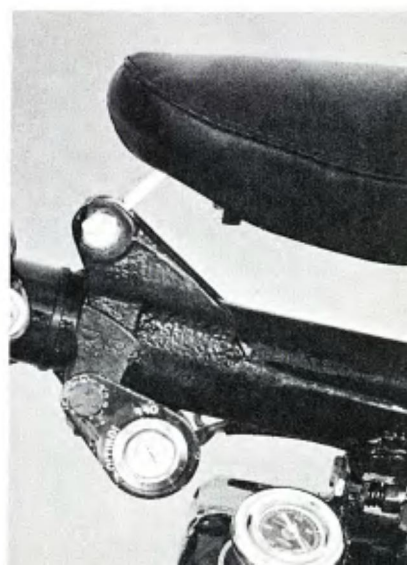
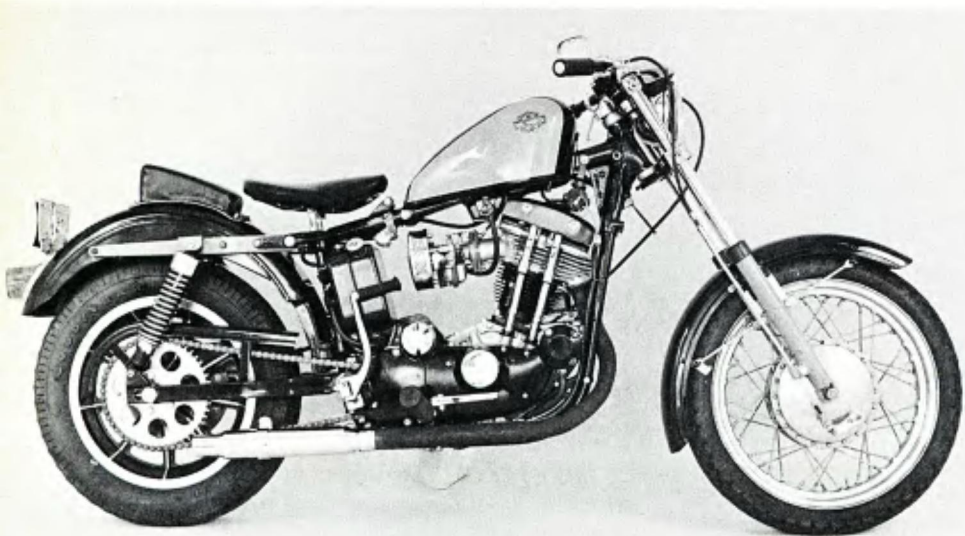
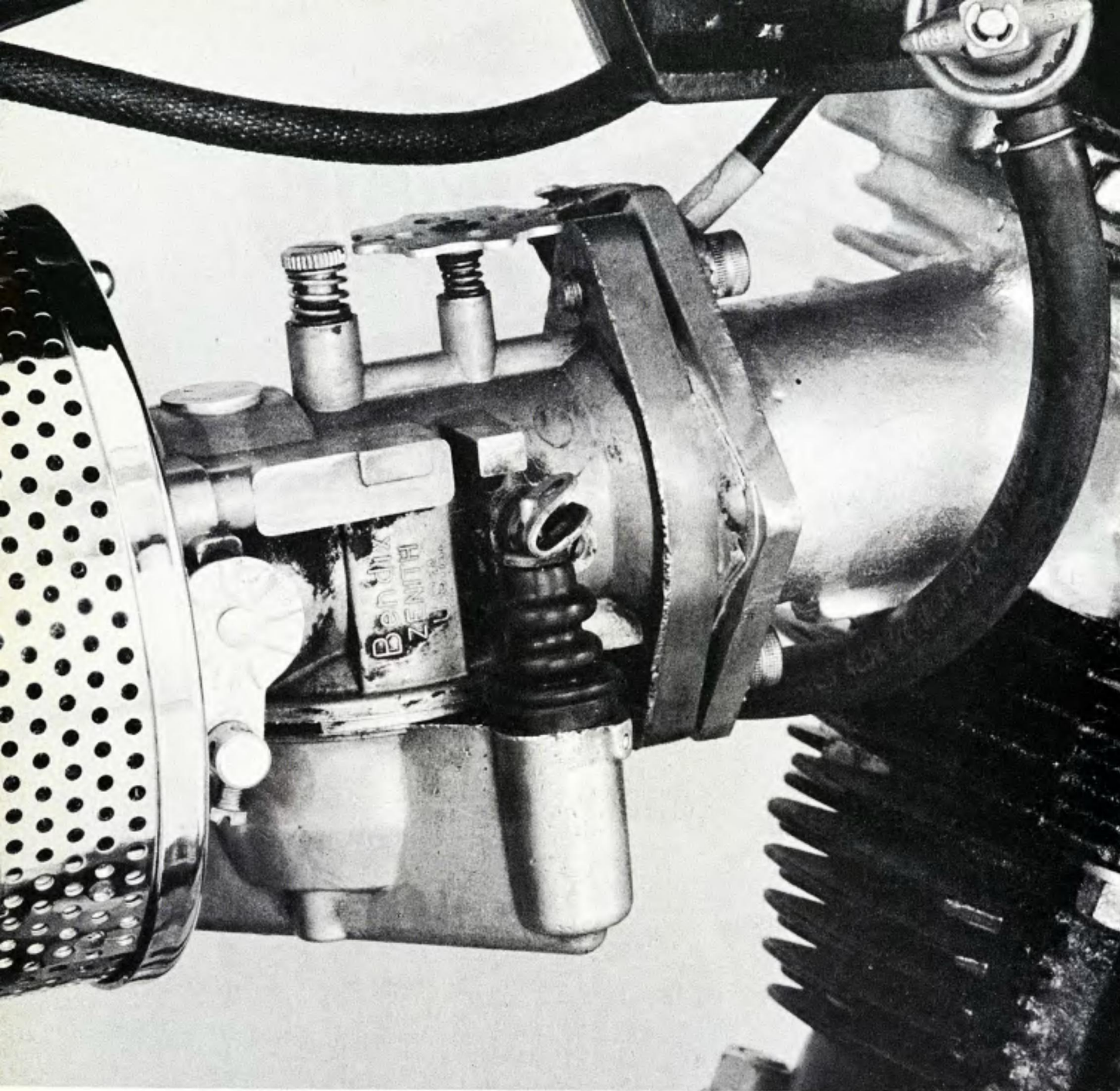


head top end on a Sportster bottom end is something new, but Bob started building Shovesters — and makin' 'em work like Swiss watches — over ten years ago.

Not only did Bob's early Shovesters work with precision, incidently, but they also flew down the pavement like bats out of hell. A prototype he put together in '69 won drag racing titles throughout New England.

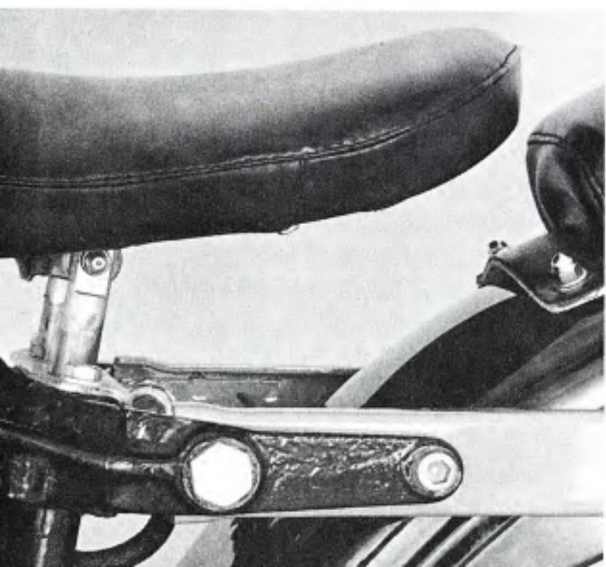
Time has a way of passing, though, and other people have a way of catching on to good ideas. So as more and more builders started experimenting with Shovesters, Bob began moving even farther out into the distant reaches of custom Harley design. Take the single-cylinder 750cc Hog pictured in this feature, for example. Bob calls it a single-Shovester because it's got one shovelhead top end and one Sporty bottom end.

Why, you might well ask, would anyone want to make a single-cylinder Harley? Well, the answer is simple — if you're Bob Labrie. You make a single-cylinder Harley in order to do something useful with the leftover parts from your three-cylinder Harley!





Photos by Mike Lichter



Owner: Bob Labrie		City: Concord, N.H.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1956	
Year and make: 1983 composite		Builder: owner	
Model: 750/single shovester		Type: KHK	
Value: half the price of Twin		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: the winter of '82		Other alterations: from Santa Barbara H-D	
Chroming by: who knows?		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: KR road racing	
Year: 1972 blown and refabricated		Risers: none	
Model: single shovester		Fender(s): H-D	
Rebuilder: N.A.		Headlight: Sportster	
Ignition: H-D		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 45 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: XLH		Front pegs: H-D/owner	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Axtel		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: modified by Bob Brennan		Gas tank: XLCH	
Heads: 1970 shovel		Oil tank: XLCH	
Cam(s): XL-PBs		Oil system: a secret	
Lifters: Dudley's in N.Y.		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Andrews		Seat: 1956 KHK	
Air cleaner: Heritage H-D		Sissybar: stock fender struts	
Pipes: Midas Muffler, Concord		Height: top of tire	
Muffler(s): Midas Muffler, Concord		Material: H-D steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Mod.: close-ratio Andrews gears		Type: H-D XLH	
Year: 1972		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: 1 up/3 down, reverse pattern		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: orange lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 17		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 49		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D mag
Painter: Ron Prescott		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: H-D black-and-orange		Tire: has tread	Tire: Goodyear
Type: Imron		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: boots/disc
Special paint: same			
Other special modifications: custom oil filter, oiling system, reversed shift pattern, KHK fly-wheels, S&S connecting rod, Axtel piston, Manley valves.			

You read it right! A while back Bob built himself a three-cylinder Hog, using a Big Twin engine with an extra shovel head and cylinder mounted straight forward in front. He finished that project — which, by the way, became the first street legal three-cylinder Hog we've ever heard of — and decided to use the leftover parts to make a single.

Why not? The resulting bike is not only a unique Harley, it's also a pretty unique motorcycle. I mean, how many 750cc *singles* have you ever seen?

And to top it all off, it runs like a sonuvabitch — particularly once you get used to the feeling of having an earthquake rumbling directly under your butt.

—Pacheco Clyde

The Biker's Right

I recognized the look in Spike's eyes as they swung back and forth from one of the little trail bikes to the other. I'd seen the look many times before, like when I was about five and my mother had decided I wasn't feeling quite right. In those days that look meant a rectal thermometer and a big slug of castor oil were on the way — of course, I expected something different from Spike.

"I don't get it," he said, running his fingertips across the dome of his shaved head. "I just don't get it. You've got a great knuckle sitting here and the parts for maybe three other boss Hogs sitting in crates in this shack you call a garage. What the hell do you need with two ying-yang sewing machines?"

"Those ain't trail bikes," I said with a grin. "They just look like trail bikes. They're the ol' lady's new furniture. Hand me a beer and I'll run it down for ya."

* * *

The whole thing started right after my latest ol' lady, Carole, moved in. She started naggin' me 'bout gettin' some new furniture, so I did what any right-thinkin' biker would do — I pointed her in the direction of the Goodwill store and slapped her on the rump. Then, one day about a week later, she said she had a way of gettin' a bunch of new shit for nothin' and asked me if it was okay. Well, free's free, so I told her to go for it.

I didn't hear nothing more about it for about a month and a half. The one day, when I was working on the knuck, she came in yelling, "I got them!"

I got kind of scared — thought she meant herpes. But she said her idea for gettin' free furniture was for us to go on one of those TV game shows and she'd just gotten us six tickets to one of 'em.

At first I said I wasn't going on any stupid TV show,

but she called up Barbra — the friend she was gonna give one of the extra tickets to — and they took turns giving me head for the rest of the day.

The next morning I went over to Twib's house and found his brothers Dones and Big John were there, too. Well, I mentioned I had these three tickets left and, when they found out that they could be on the boob tube, they almost fell over themselves trying to get them outta my hand. I told them we had to be at the studio at 9 a.m., three days later, and we arranged to meet at my pad at 7:30 and ride over in Barbra's van. Twib wanted to know if he could take his dog Trapper with him, but I said no, 'cause he didn't have a ticket for him. I left him trying to talk Big John into giving up his ticket.

That night when the ol' lady came home from work, I told her about Twib, Dones, and Big John coming with us. She pointed out that the guys ain't too good about being someplace on time and suggested we have a party the night before and have everyone sleep over, to insure we made it on time.

"You've certainly got a point there," I said. "Why not invite your friend Barbra over, too?"

By the time the party started, Big John had already told everyone that we were going to be TV stars and this was our celebration party. You would've thought that we'd just opened on Broadway or something. There must have been 50 people there and all kinds of goodies. Barbra had never partied with scooter people before and she really dug it — somehow she got locked in one of the bedrooms with Dones and that was the last time anyone saw them that night.

Barbra was going to wear this dress to the show, but somehow it had gotten shredded during the party, so she borrowed a Harley T-shirt and changed back into her jeans. I woke up

Continued on page 105

by Jersey Joe

I lay carpet and
anything else I can get
my hands on.



Glasbecken.

Ode To A Bigger Digger
 Hey, Mutha, if I was you, I'd
 try to think
 Of where to find a 20-inch-
 dink.
 I'd be huntin' for balls, and
 scratchin' my tit,
 And lookin' for someone to
 suck my clit.
 I'd be goin' crazy and turnin'
 some tricks,
 Just lookin' for tongues to
 itch my cervix.
 But as it stands now, I guess
 I'm not you,
 But I'm still gonna search for
 a 20-inch screw.
 Durf's Ol' Lady
 Saginaw, Mich.

- When ya find it, send me a map.

Eat Right To Live

I'm on a diet and I'm watch-
 ing my calories, but I really
 like swallowing my ol' man's
 juice and I'd like to know if
 there are any calories in it.
 Sure hope you can help me
 out — I don't want to cheat
 on my diet.

Big B
 Up in Maine

- It's got a few calories, but
 it'll never make ya as fat as
 takin' it up your pussy on the
 wrong day will.

Portland Plug

Thought you should know
 there's a vicious rumor float-
 ing around here in Portland.
 The story goes that your hole
 is so big you use a sheep for a
 tampon.

Komp
 Portland, Ore.

- Actually, it's a llama.

Electrical Impulse

I was sittin' here recharg-
 ing my crank and thinking
 about you, because you may
 be the only woman in the
 world that I could ever get
 any satisfaction from.

It's like this: I got my cock
 shot off in a little dispute in
 some beer bar. A doctor
 friend helped me out by doin'
 a transplant, but the only
 thing he could find to fit me
 was an electric cattle prod,
 which makes it kinda hard to
 find a steady honey.

What should I do?

Prod Rod
 Punta Gorda, Fla.

- Find yourself a chick who
 isn't easily shocked.

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Sublimation

From what I read, you're
 the one who should know.
 Why is it the ol' man always
 wants to stick it to us in the
 ass? I'm sick of hearing that
 there's nothing to it; that all
 you need to do is relax. Bull-
 shit! The day he lets me stick
 a slimy corn cob up his tight,
 tiny asshole and tells me there
 was nothin' to it, is the day I'll
 share my shit with him.

Until then, how do I get him
 off my ass?

No BF Here
 Los Angeles, Calif.

- Give him somethin' more
 interesting to play with — like
 a pair of 17-year-old twin
 nymphos.

Thanks And Double Thanks

My ol' lady thinks we
 should serve the raisin pie on
 Thanksgiving. I say Christ-
 mas. What's right? Should we
 be thankful for the tasty treat,
 or wait and have our piece
 with St. Nick?

Mudslide Slim
 Moses Lake, Wash.

- Be thankful for every piece
 you can get.

Redneck Salmon

I finally found out where
 my ol' lady gets that fishy
 smell from. Last year she was
 beatin' off with a salmon and
 climaxed by squeezing all its
 jizz and eggs up her snatch.
 Her big mistake was rins-

ing off in the lake. Now every-
 time she goes swimming, a
 school of damn fish tries
 wiggling into her cunt so it
 can spawn upstream.

Dreamer
 Augusta, Ga.

- Can't understand why yer
 snivelin'. Bein' from Georgia,
 you're already a cracker —
 now you've got the caviar as
 well.

Big Query

Need your advice immedi-
 ately. My ol' lady is great in
 bed, but I have a hard time
 getting her to go down on
 me. She says she doesn't
 mind sucking me off, but it's
 just too hard for her to open
 her mouth that wide. What
 should I do?

Royal Crank
 Babenhausen, Germany

- Have the silicone implant
 removed from yer crank.

Hairy Problem

I give my ol' man head, let
 him get it from behind, and
 do anything and everything
 else he wants — and he can
 get pretty damn kinky.

No matter what I do, or let
 him do, nothing is right. Tell
 me, what's a girl to do? I can't
 make him happy, so tell me
 what you think is wrong.

Worried Wendy
 Lincoln, N.C.

- Maybe he don't like the
 feel of your moustache on his
 crank.

Fine Tuning

We hear you suck a mean
 crank. We've got the biggest,
 hardest, longest, nastiest
 rods you'll ever chew in your
 suzzzy life, so why not crate
 yourself up and get yourself
 shipped over here to us?

We also think it would be
 an improvement if you had
 warts on your tits, so that it
 would feel more like sucking
 on a VD-infested clit.

Rocco and the Gang
 Pohang, Korea

- An improvement on
 what — the hairs?

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. ■

Biker women crowd Daytona's "Pink Room"

As a public service to all you ol' ladies who didn't flash your tits or become drunk 'n' disorderly at Daytona last spring, we decided to let you know what you missed out on.

See, the Daytona police know that biker chicks are something special — real feminine types, so to speak. So, to supplement the rather impersonal, trailer-mounted holding cells offered to male bikers who get busted for minor offenses on the beach, the cops created what they call

the "Pink Room," especially for our own P-pad princesses.

Located just a block from the beach, the "Pink Room" is a converted water storage drum (like those on top of water towers), used to keep chicks prior to their posting bail. Inside the gleaming silver oval are rows of benches, a wire-covered porthole and a telephone. The interior walls are painted baby-girl pink and decorated with the cheerful, kittenish comments of visitors. Unfortunately, there isn't a maga-

zine in the country — not even this rag — that can reprint any of those cute comments. It's a mystery how demure young lovelies ever learned such language. Must have been from the lowlife they went with fore they started runnin' with bikers.

In any case, the new facilities appear to be a tremendous success. "It's painted pink because that's supposed to be soothing," says Police Lt. Joe Muffoletto. "I guess it works, because we've only had the phone ripped off the wall three times."

EASYnews



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

Black Hills Classic Aug. 8 - 14

Sturgis officials suffer bad attack of attitude

Shortly after the people of Sturgis voted to continue the Black Hills Classic, we were happy to tell you (ER #116, page 26) that the "flag is up, the 'welcome, bikers' mat is out and all roads are clear to Sturgis" for 1983.

Well, we regret to report that, although the roads are still open and the flag up for the Aug. 8-14 Classic, the "welcome, bikers" mat has been — if not withdrawn completely — rather soiled by a bad case of attitude on the part of some rally organizers.

"What we don't want or need," Black Hills Motor Classic directors John T. Hughes (Hughes is also Sturgis city attorney) and Richard Creed wrote in a letter to the media, "is for the party to 'be all end all' (sic) for the whole week. We don't need various 'club runs' being made to Sturgis. . ."

It is hard to fathom any reason, except pure asshole belligerence, for this gratuitous swipe at bikers who choose to ride with a club instead of as loners. In all the 42 years that the rally has been held, there has never been any trouble between clubs and locals. The only thing that separates patch holders from anyone else at Sturgis is that the patch holders camp and party down with their own bros instead of with strangers. What the hell's so criminal about that?

Speaking of criminal, Hughes and Creed go out of their way to defend local and state police who last year treated every encounter with a biker as if it were the SLA shootout.

"The destruction of property and impromptu drag racing in the park last year led to what law enforcement officers

referred to as the 'felony stop situation.' Because of the behavior of those in the park, it was felt by law enforcement people that extreme precautions had to be taken lest matters get out of hand," they claimed in their letter.

The fact is, however, that the so-called felony stop situation was in effect from the day the rally started. Cops were pulling over bikers — individual bikers, mind you, not groups of bikers — and shoving shotguns at their heads days before the portable crappers in City Park

trian traffic. Vendors may, of course, rent space inside buildings where available and may still set up on areas off the sidewalk."

While it is a bit hard to figure out the meaning of "areas off the sidewalk" (The middle of the street? The City Hall steps? The mayor's lawn?), the part about renting space inside buildings is perfectly clear — the owners of those buildings are going to be able to charge a hell of a lot more rent on their spaces than they ever did before.

"It's hard to fathom any reason, 'cept pure asshole belligerence, for this swipe at bikers who chose to ride with a club instead of as loners."

were burned because the city refused to have them cleaned.

Who are Hughes and Creed kidding? They know all this. It was clearly brought out in city council hearings before last November's election. Police conduct during Bike Week was severely criticized during those hearings, and not just by bikers — many local residents were also shocked and appalled by the cops' behavior.

In addition to sniping at bikers, Hughes and Creed also set down the official changes in Sturgis's rules and regulations. Those are, basically, the elimination of camping in City Park and the rousting of vendors from downtown sidewalks.

According to Hughes and Creed, sidewalk vendors were banned because they "became a problem with regard to pedes-

Despite the few bits of factual information contained in the letter, the entire document is permeated with anti-biker karma.

It is filled with phrases like, "It (the rally) is designed for touring motorcyclists who enjoy motorcycling, not for people who depend on a motorcycle for their very personality," and, "We appreciate the additional business, but not to the extent that we are willing to compromise all principles and allow this event to become a 'one-percenter free-for-all.'"

We'd like to run down what this all means and explain why these guys are trying to create hostility where there needn't be any, but unfortunately, we don't have a psychiatrist on the staff. Guess you'll just have to go to Sturgis and find out for yourself.

80-year-old biker still puttin' round the globe

"I just like to ride 'em around," says 80-year-old Ben Chesney. "I'll keep riding as long as I feel right. I like to ride by myself because I can start when I want, stop when I want and go where I want to go."

And, to Ben, going "where I want" can mean anywhere in the world that can be reached on two wheels. His most recent long jaunt was a trip from Alaska to Costa Rica on a '31 Indian.

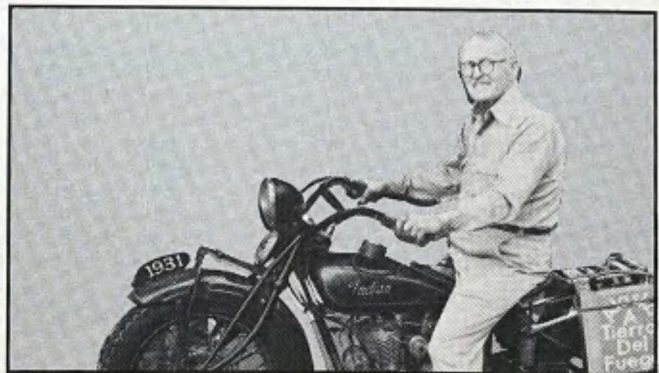
Actually, Ben, who first straddled a bike way back in 1919, had intended to ride all the way to the tip of South America, but he got pissed by the weather and the cops and turned his "Crimson Steed of Steel" (actually, it's black with

crimson stripes) back toward his St. Louis home after reaching Costa Rica.

"Near the borders, I was stopped and searched about every five miles," he recalls. "When you've got to open your damn luggage in the pouring rain, it holds you up."

Shortly after returning from that 12,000-mile run, Ben took off on a trip to Mexico, a country he has visited many times because, "the travel is so cheap, it's almost free," and because, "the people are so nice, they'll do anything for you. The stories you hear about trouble are nothin' but bull."

Deciding to give his Indian a well-deserved rest, Ben made his Mexican trip on a late-model bike — a mistake he



won't make again. "I'll sell it to anyone who wants it." And that's the kindest thing Ben will say about the newer bike.

To say that Ben has an affection for the older classics would be an understatement.

Three years ago, for example, he rode a 1933 BSA across the length and breadth of South Africa. As he says, "I'm known as the old guy who does the riding — not the one who does the polishing."

Photo by Lee Cowie

New Hampshire bros battlin' proposed lid law

New Hampshire bikers are mobilizing to fight a bid to reinstitute a mandatory helmet law in that state.

In a recent hearing before the house transportation committee, riders opposed to the proposed helmet bill — which has the powerful support of the state's United Health Systems Agency and the New Hampshire Medical Society — jammed the capitol's Representatives' Hall to protest the bill.

New Hampshire, which for nine years required all riders and passengers to wear hel-

met, currently mandates helmets only for those riders under 18.

In opposing the new helmet law bid, New Hampshire bikers noted that lid laws are discriminatory because they don't apply to people engaging in other dangerous activities, such as skiing, mountain climbing, baseball, etc.

Biker spokesmen also produced statistics showing that states without helmet laws have fewer bike-accident fatalities per capita than those with helmet laws and introduced evidence that helmets

can contribute to the severity of certain kinds of accidents.

All this logic, as usual, got no slack from helmet law supporters such as Dr. Merwyn Bagan of the state medical association. In attempting to sway the committee with his views, Bagan noted that one of the most active workers for the repeal of New Hampshire's original helmet law was the first lidless rider killed after that repeal was passed. What Bagan didn't tell the committee was that the severity of that crash was such that a gross of helmets wouldn't have made any difference in the outcome.

Perhaps the most eloquent defense of "freedom of choice" came not from any of the bik-

ers, but from one of the sponsors of that original repeal bill, Rep. Eugene Danielle.

Danielle said that helmet laws are just "...another example of government intrusion into what should be a personal matter," and added that helmet use should be a matter of choice — like using a seat belt in a cage.

"I can't be a hypocrite," he said. "I don't like seat belts and, for better or worse, I don't wear them."

Commenting on his opponents' claims that helmets save lives, Danielle concluded, "You could save an enormous number of lives by banning the use of automobiles, except for emergency use."

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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



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

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

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

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

☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00

☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00

☐ Information on becoming an approved charter

☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Spokane cops back off on kickin' bikers out of bars

ABATE of Spokane, Washington, is fighting back hard against bars and restaurants that refuse to serve bikers. And they seem to be having some success.

In fact, a recent police training manual — issued shortly after ABATE threatened to challenge the city's trespassing law in court — instructs officers to stop using the trespassing law to help discriminatory bar and restaurant owners eject law-abiding bikers who are seeking service in their establishments.

In the past, Spokane officers had routinely issued mis-

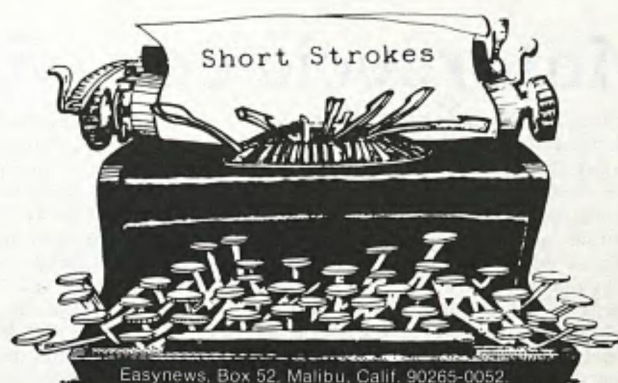
demeanor trespassing citations to bikers every time they were called by one of the owners. Under the new policy, officers are not supposed to arrest bikers or eject them from the premises where they have been denied service, unless the rider is disorderly or has broken some other law.

According to Assistant Police Chief Richard Jorgenson, the new policy was implemented to "prevent our officers from becoming unwitting participants in an action that may result in a civil suit being filed against them after a trespassing arrest."

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
California	Yes	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³
Florida	No	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	No
Iowa	Yes	No	No
Kansas	Yes	No ^{3,11}	Yes ¹¹
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes
Maine	Yes	No	No
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No
Nebraska	Yes	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes
Rhode Island	Yes	No	Yes
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁸	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes
Washington	Yes	No	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes	No
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No
Manitoba	Yes	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No

1-Under 19, 2-Under 18, 3-Required even if bike has windscreen, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 6-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 7-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 8-If over 21, 9-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 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.



A bill, H.B. 2696, reinstating the mandatory helmet law has been introduced in the Oregon legislature. . . ABATE of Wisconsin recently sponsored a run protesting a law that forces bikes to park parallel to the curb. . . Wyoming Gov. Ed Herschler had vetoed a bill that would have made the penalty for driving over 55mph a \$5 fine.

The Pennsylvania and Oregon legislatures are considering bills that would regulate and tax the marijuana industries. The sponsor of the Keystone State bill says a user tax on the wondrous weed could wipe out the state's \$234 million budget deficit. . . The federal government spent about \$3 million on motorcycle safety projects in 1981, up from about \$2 million in 1980. Statistics for '82 aren't available yet.

Did ya know that Cedar Rapids, Iowa, bike boys were the first motorcycle cops in the U.S. to use police radios on their bikes? They were two-piece units, with a receiver mounted over the rear wheel and a speaker mounted on top of the gas tank. The year was 1932 and the officers could only listen — no transmitter was provided.

In Illinois, between 1980 and 1981, bike accidents per-10,000-registrations dropped by five percent and fatalities dropped by 17 percent — tell that to the pro-bucket-law freaks. . . Here's a somethin' important if you wear contact lenses and do your own welding. It's been discovered that electric arcs generate microwaves that instantly dry up the fluid between the eye and contact, causing the cornea to be bonded to the lens. Result: total permanent blindness. In other words, if you're welding (or workin' around high-voltage electricity) keep your goggles on every second. A single big spark while you're unprotected could mean a life of darkness.

A bunch of bros at the Marion Correctional Institution are trying to get a prison bike show together. If you can help, send a kite to Rick Paquin # 165-695, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302. . . Gov. Robert Orr of Indiana proclaimed June 19- 29 Motorcycle Safety and Awareness Week in that state. . . The Tennessee legislature is considering a helmet law repeal bill.

Pennsylvania Congressman Robert S. Walker has introduced a bill calling for the establishment of a presidential "strike force" to investigate and harass bikers. A similar bill by Walker was rejected by the House of Representatives in 1980. . . New Mexico has won a Motorcycle Safety Foundation award for "significant advances in motorcycle safety."

And finally, a Chicago lady, Louise Hawkins, decided she wanted to learn how to ride a bike, so she enrolled in the highly regarded motorcycle safety course at DeKalb University. Graduating from the course with flying colors, she applied to the state for a motorcycle endorsement but was turned down because of her age. Undaunted, she immediately filed suit against the secretary of state, claiming "age discrimination." Ms. Hawkins, by the way, is 100 years old.

Motorcycle cop wins \$775,000 lawsuit

A motorcycle cop, who was almost killed when his Kawasaki patrol bike went out of control because of the extra weight of its factory-installed police equipment, has been awarded \$775,000 as compensation for his injuries.

According to the Santa Ana, California, officer's attorney, "Kawasaki used police officers as guinea pigs with this bike. . . Kawasaki tried to break into the police market with a stock street bike. They added 150 pounds of equipment to it

without testing, and put it on the market without knowing what effects all this equipment would have on the bike's stability. The front end wobbled because of poor design and because it was overloaded with equipment."

Testimony at the trial indicated that the bike went into an uncontrollable wobble at 60-to-70mph. After going down, the officer slid approximately 300 feet, sustaining numerous broken bones and internal injuries.

In ruling against Kawasaki, the jury apparently accepted the plaintiff's assertion that the Japanese firm knew about the problems with the bike's handling, but "still didn't tell anybody."

In its defense, Kawasaki claimed that the accident had been caused by the officer's applying his front brake too hard while leaning to the left. "Since he was pursuing a car on an open freeway," the cop's lawyer countered, "they couldn't explain why he would ever do that."

Bill McMenemy, dies as he lived — in the saddle

In life, it was a sign over his desk; in death, it could well serve as his epitaph:

"I don't try to explain to people why I ride a Harley. For those who understand, no explanation is needed. For those who don't understand, no explanation is possible."

Of course, Bill McMenemy, who rode his fully restored '55 panhead to Harley Heaven a few months ago, was not just a Harley man. Indians, Thors, Hendersons — he loved 'em all and treated all of them that crossed his path with the respect that such classics always deserve but so rarely get these days.

Working out of a Santa Clara, California, shop — which his partners say will continue to operate — that was known to collectors and restorers throughout the world as the motorcycle graveyard (ER #94, page 40), Bill stocked an estimated one million vintage bike parts that he had begged, bought, found and scrounged.

"He rode free and in the wind, this laughing brother of mine," Stony, one of Bill's best bros, eulogized at the funeral. "Now he broke free from the pack and rides ahead of us all."



Also addressing 500 mourning bikers was Bill's 14-year-old son Scott, who, dressed in chaps and T-shirt, told of his father's deep feelings for his bros. "And as for the women," Scott concluded, "I can't say he loved you all, but he loved as many of you as he could."

Later, after his sidehack-borne casket had been lowered into the ground, many of Bill's friends and family gathered at a local tavern to celebrate his memory.

"When I saw him (a few nights ago), he asked me if we were gonna go ridin'," a sister named Anita recalled. "I said, 'When it gets warm, I'll put on my slinky top and we'll go.' It's hard to believe he's gone."

Your help needed

We have been receiving an increasing number of letters from bros who want to start clubs. These bros send us the proposed club names so that they can be cleared through our readers in case the name is already in use. Listed below are the names that have been received to date. If anyone knows of a club already in existence with any of these names, please write to: Club Names, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. (Give number listed next to club name when writing.)

(1) Time Riders, (2) Halfbreeds, (3) Wheels Of Freedom, (4) Parkbears, (5) Ridge Runners, (6) Stolen Souls, (7) Satan's Outcasts (8) Outlanders, (9) Sweet Revenge, (10) The Road Warriors, (11) Lost Souls.



Photo by Eugene Louie, San Jose Mercury-News

Constituents change mind of Texas helmet law backer

Are you one of those bikers who figures political action is a waste of time? That politicians aren't ever gonna pay any attention to what a bunch of scooter tramps have to say? Well, check this out. The sponsor of a bill to reinstate a mandatory helmet law in Texas has decided to abandon his proposed law because of opposition from the people.

In a letter to his fellow Texas representatives, Rep. Bill Ceverha wrote, "Since the introduction of the (mandatory helmet) bill, I have

received considerable mail. Virtually all of it is opposed to the bill. Only one letter has been received in support of the measure.

"Although I still personally question the wisdom of our repealing the helmet law several sessions ago, it is obvious that the folks who ride motorcycles don't want the requirement. . .

"I do not plan to pursue this matter further and, at least from my point of view, see this as a dead issue for this session."

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♊ Most of your potential hassles center around your private pussy patch and should have petered out by now. Pesty situations turn to putty and you're the pick of the litter. Your ol' lady is even wearing a welcome sign like a glad rag. You can kick back and give your buns a well deserved break. If you took last month's advice, you'll reap the rewards in this goody.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♊ If tight partners have their nuts in a knot over recent recognition, share some of your raisin pie. Don't be such a tight-ass, or step on friendly tails wagging your way. Being a bro when it counts reaps later rewards. It's like money in the bank. Otherwise, when ya need a hand with the wrenchin', you could be left in a pile of parts and a cloud of dust.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Time to shitcan some trash you've been taking, along with a string of worn-out excuses. Cut 'em loose or lay it on the line and set 'em straight. Tune in on your intuition and let the wannabes butt out — that way, you'll minimize your mistakes and make some much-needed headway. It's prime time for changes and starting over with success.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Financial fuck-ups turn into a can of worms. Bill collectors aren't biting at your bait of big deals. Some unexpected overtime can bail you out of a crisis, but you'll have to sidestep to avoid a knee-deep situation. If you work it right, you can coast a while, or at least until you see your way clear. Get out your juggling act.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ There's the faint odor of underhanded activities around the old homestead. If you follow your nose, you'll find a leak in your favorite crack. Before the shit hits the fan, take inventory — it could be an honest mistake. Catch it before it spreads, then clear the air. From now on, do less talking and more tossing your bone to her. You'll both be a lot happier.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Faraway places have you throwing darts at ye old road map. You've got the itch to pitch it, in some other locale. Dwindling funds make you settle for weekend shorties. Take along a horny honey to share expenses and keep your warm. Be prepared for many minor adjustments that hassle, but won't hinder, some righteous runs. This one's a goody.

Astrological Profile For Leo

Leos are like pussycats, (or Harley-Davidsons), who need their strokes to keep their engines purring. Ya gotta baby 'em to keep 'em in high performance.

Leo doesn't pussyfoot around between the sheets, he goes straight for the meat. Then he not only crams it in the cream, but gets in a few good licks.

When it comes to temper, Leo has a short fuse. Just bruise his ego and he'll blow it! He may not tear you a new asshole, but he'll roar so loud and long that it'll burst your eardrums and bore ya to death. Later, it's forgive and forget.

It's easy to spot a Leo — he's the one with the applause meter hooked to his ass. A few famous Leos are Mae West, Mick Jagger (flamboyant and original), Robert Redford, Lynda Carter (sexy), Dom DeLuise, Carroll O'Connor, Lucille Ball (funny), Alfred Hitchcock, John Huston (good

at giving directions), Dustin Hoffman, Martin Sheen (talented), Napoleon, Fidel Castro (infamous), and Arnold Schwarzenegger (pumped up).

Leos' main attributes are their generosity and loyalty. Flatter 'em and they'll follow you anywhere. Leos have a lot of class when it comes to handing out a fair deal. They may be show-offs and conceited, but they'll be there when it really counts.

Leos are prone to heart and circulation problems, also accidents to the lower back. They should be extremely careful when lifting. Older Leos often grow barnacles behind their ears and wear reflectors on the heads of their dicks. Even the overripe Leos are regal and always ready to take center stage. All it takes to keep 'em happy is to compliment everything they do, and don't just be a friend — be an audience.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Happy birthday! Too bad that it leaves you greedy for more. This month you overdo and end up with too much of a good thing. Death-defying hangovers have your ass in the shitter. Too much roaring, scoring and sucking up the suds take their toll, and you end up with the Hershey squirts (what, again?). Is it really worth it? The answer is, "Hell, yes!"

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Looks like it's zoo parade again. You can't find a piece of tail that isn't either long, lean and leaky, or short, sagging and stinky. If the choice doesn't cut you short — your timing will. Sometimes you just can't do anything right. Don't come unglued. Instead, assume the proper attitude: Kick back, scratch your nuts and yawn.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ If downer moods have you green around the gills, take the advice I gave to Cancer. Good luck could drop its load while you're on the road and it may be in pairs. Putt yourself outta your rut and come back a winner. Better yet, combine business with pleasure for ball-busting results. Time now to tickle all the right places with that tranquilizing tact of yours. Lay it on.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Watch out for outsiders who try to make your place a "port of entry." Worse yet, they could be transporting illegally and using you for a dupe. Better double-check your source beforehand. There are some loose lips flapping in your social circle. Don't set yourself up for sabotage. Stop, look and listen. You've been warned, so if you fumble now, it's your own fault.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ You've got the green light financially, if you use caution in the fast lane. Give your coins time to tinkle a bit before cashing 'em in. Think before pissing away bucks at high speeds. If you dust off some old ideas on methods for making extra money, they could bring in big returns. But be sure to beg off on a possible borrow, or consider it a gift.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Something you've overlooked or misplaced makes the scene again. Grab onto this piece of good fortune while the odds are in your favor. You have the means to mastermind yourself into a whole new set-up. Take time outta buryin' your bone long enough to brain-storm your recent project and break into something big. This could be a well needed breakthrough. ■

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



"Migawd! Can that kid fart!"

Two bikers pulled off onto a side street to wait for the rain to let up. Waiting, they saw two dogs fucking in front of the house across the street. One biker said, "Damn, I sure would like to get my ol' lady like that."

The other biker said, "Shit, just give her three reds and she'll do it."

The next day when his friend asked how things had gone the previous evening, the first dude answered, "Fine, I guess, but, hell — it took me six reds just to get her in the front yard!"

—Gambler
Phoenix, Ariz.

Easyriders



Everyone was mad at Harold because of his annoying habit of saying, "It could have been worse," no matter what had happened. So his friends decided to dream up a situation he couldn't possibly say that about. They told him the prettiest girl in town had been shot dead by her husband, who also shot her lover.

"It could have been worse," Harold said.

"How?" his friends wanted to know.

"Well, if her husband had come home earlier last night," Harold said, "he would have shot me!"

—Keith Burr
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Easyriders



"And you call yourself a biker. . ."

A pussy is a strange thing: It lives in a house of hair, has jaws like a lion, and smells like the ass of a bear!

—Dander
Oklahoma City, Okla.

What did the Chinese girl yell when she slid down the banister naked? "Holee smokee!"

—Burdened
Cincinnati, Ohio

"I ain't gonna marry my girl till she's good and ready," the biker told his pal. "Well, at least not till she's ready."

—Free Spirit
Camarillo, Calif.

Did you hear about the Volkswagen that caught a disease? Now his nickname is "Herpes, the love bug."

—Sport
Boston, Mass.

Easyriders



Q: Do you know what you get if you kiss a canary?

A: Chirpes — it's a canarial disease.

—Sudden B
Agoura, Calif.

You know that your existence has been boring when you're about to drown and your whole life passes before your eyes — and you're not in it!

—Sara
Miami, Fla.

1st biker: How many letters are there in the alphabet?
2nd biker: You dumbshit, everybody knows there are 26.

1st biker: Not anymore, there are only 22 — E.T. went home with V.D.

—Gerrod
Kansas City, Kan.

Charlie had a ticket for a ringside seat at the boxing arena. On the night of the fights, he walked into the arena just as the first competition was about to get under way. The seat he had been given was next to that of a Catholic priest. Charlie had never before had the opportunity to engage in conversation with a man of the cloth, and he desperately tried to think of something appropriate to say. The opportunity suddenly presented itself when one of the combatants climbed into the ring, and with dazzling footwork shadow-boxed to his corner, then went down on one knee, bowed his head in supplication and made the sign of the cross.

Excitedly, Charlie nudged the priest and said, "Did you see that, Father? Did you see that? The guy over there in the far corner just knelt an' crossed himself!"

"Yeah," replied the priest, with a knowing half-smile, "I saw 'im. But that don't mean shit if he can't fight!"

—Herbert Brown
Oxnard, Calif.



"Take it easy! You could get your hands slapped for that!"

Two bros were arguing about what torque was. Unable to agree about it, they went to a local bike shop and asked to rap with the chief wrench.

1st bro: "Say, brother, can you tell us what torque is?"

Mechanic: "Sure. Have you ever woken up with a piss hardon?"

2nd bro: "Yeah, but what's that got to do with torque?"

Mechanic: "When you push one of those piss hardons at the shitter and your feet slide back a few inches, well, then you've got torque!"

—Samson
Baltimore, Md.

The biker dictionary defines a pussy as the only type of trouble that man would rather get into than out of!

—Whistlin'
Charlotte, S.C.

Name a sucker, a plucker, and a fucker. Linda Lovelace, Colonel Sanders, and helmet laws.

—Spaced
Dallas, Tex.

How are peanut butter and a prostitute the same? They both spread for the bread!

—Valerie
Chickasha, Okla.

Q: How do you say bra in German?

A: Keepz em from floppin.
—Jeff Ujcic
Seminole, Fla.



"Dork and beans again, huh?"

Suzy and her boyfriend were soon to be married, but she was worried because she'd told him she was a virgin, while actually she'd been fucking everybody except him. So she asked her mother what she should do.

Mom said, "Honey, you'll have to do like I did on my wedding night. Go to the butcher shop and buy a pig's ear to stick up your twat, so that when he's making it with you, he'll think he's getting a cherry."

Suzy took her mother's advice, but while she and her husband were fucking away in their motel room, she passed out from the excitement. The groom pulled his dick out of her and saw the pig's ear hanging on the end of it. He jerked the pig's ear off, threw it on the dresser, and ran out of the room, meeting the desk clerk on the way. The clerk asked him where he was going in such a hurry.

The groom answered, "Never mind! But when Suzy wakes up and wants to take a piss, tell her that her pussy is lying on the dresser!"

—Hamilton
Albuquerque, N.M.

"Right after he started undressing me," explained the young chick to her roommate, "I told him he mustn't see me anymore."

"What happened then?" asked her friend.

"What do you think? He turned out the lights."

—Katie Fanning
Van Nuys, Calif.

FEDERAL
URBAN
CLINIC
K-9770



A woman went to a clinic for artificial insemination. When she got there, she was shocked to see the staff physician walking around without his pants on. "Doctor, what's the meaning of this outrage?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, madam," he answered curtly, "but we're out of the bottled stuff today. You'll have to settle for draft."

—Kickstand
Lexington, Mo.



"Your brother-in-law, the biker, doesn't fuck around when he goes duck huntin', does he?"

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

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



Despite the fact that over 30 state correctional systems are currently under court order to improve some or all of their inmate-holding facilities, there are still tens of thousands of people behind bars who have had virtually no success in getting their charges of overcrowding, lack of medical treatment, etc., before the courts.

You know who these people are; you may even be one of them. They are the inmates of our nation's local jails. In many jurisdictions, they can, and do, spend months and years locked in a 30- or 40-person holding cell all day, every day, except for meal periods and court appearances.

To the residents in most of our jails, many of the things considered part of a prisoner's rights in most prisons — regular outdoor exercise, access to a law library, the right to have a certain amount of personal property, such as a radio or TV — are as unattainable as a conjugal visit from Raquel Welch.

The bitch of it all is that in the beginning, jail inmates were supposed to be treated *better* than prison inmates. Jails, you see, were intended only to hold prisoners prior to trial or while awaiting transportation to a prison.

In other words, the majority of people in jail were, pardon the joke, presumed to be innocent until proven guilty, and according to many court decisions, they were entitled to all the rights and privileges of free men — except those that would compromise security. Also, all jail inmates were supposed to be processed out of the jail within days, or at worst, weeks — which is why jails have long been allowed to operate without any educational, recreational, exercise and rehabilitation programs whatsoever.

Well, we all know what happened. Prison populations soared. In some states, laws were passed imposing jail, rather than prison, sentences for certain so-called lesser crimes. In other jurisdictions, prison officials simply refused to accept transfers from jails after inmates were



convicted — and the inmates just stayed on in the jails. Still other prisoners languished in jail, waiting for trials and hearings that kept receding in the distance like a mirage.

Finally, a large, well-organized group with a record of successfully defending inmates' rights has decided to take up the cause of all those inmates suffering in sub-standard jails. The National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has been on the cutting edge of the prison rights movement for over ten years, has established a National Jail Project to provide assistance to local lawyers, legal-aid groups and other organizations trying to improve jail conditions in their areas.

Announcing the formation of the new project, attorney Alvin Bronstein, head of both the Prison Project and now the Jail Project, said, "The uncivilized conditions that we

have helped begin to eliminate in our prisons still exist in most of our jails, often in a grossly exaggerated manner."

The project's first objective, Bronstein noted, is to survey what is currently going on in the field of jail litigation and attempt to eliminate costly and time-wasting duplications of efforts among various groups working in this area.

Secondly, the project hopes to develop strategies that local groups, such as prisoners' rights organizations, can use to institute successful litigation or to convince jail administrators to agree to mediation of inmate complaints. Assistance will also be given to community groups interested in establishing programs that provide an alternative to jailing offenders.

"Much of what we have learned in the ten years of the National Prison Project," Bronstein said, "can be successfully replicated in the jail area through the Jail Project: how to avoid litigation on certain kinds of problems and resolve them through mediation and negotiation, how to discourage unrealistic litigation, and most importantly, how to maximize the possibility of real and everlasting changes in our jails."

For more information on the National Jail Project, sail a kite to the project, in care of the ACLU National Prison Project, 1346 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 1031, Washington, D.C. 20036.

NEWS, KITES, & DECISIONS

Watch Your Tongue

A reminder of the cold truth behind the old adage, "Loose lips sink ships," comes to us from the State Court of Appeals in Indiana, which has ruled that anything you say to your parole or probation officer can and will be held against you, regardless of whether or not the p.o. has given you a Miranda warning.

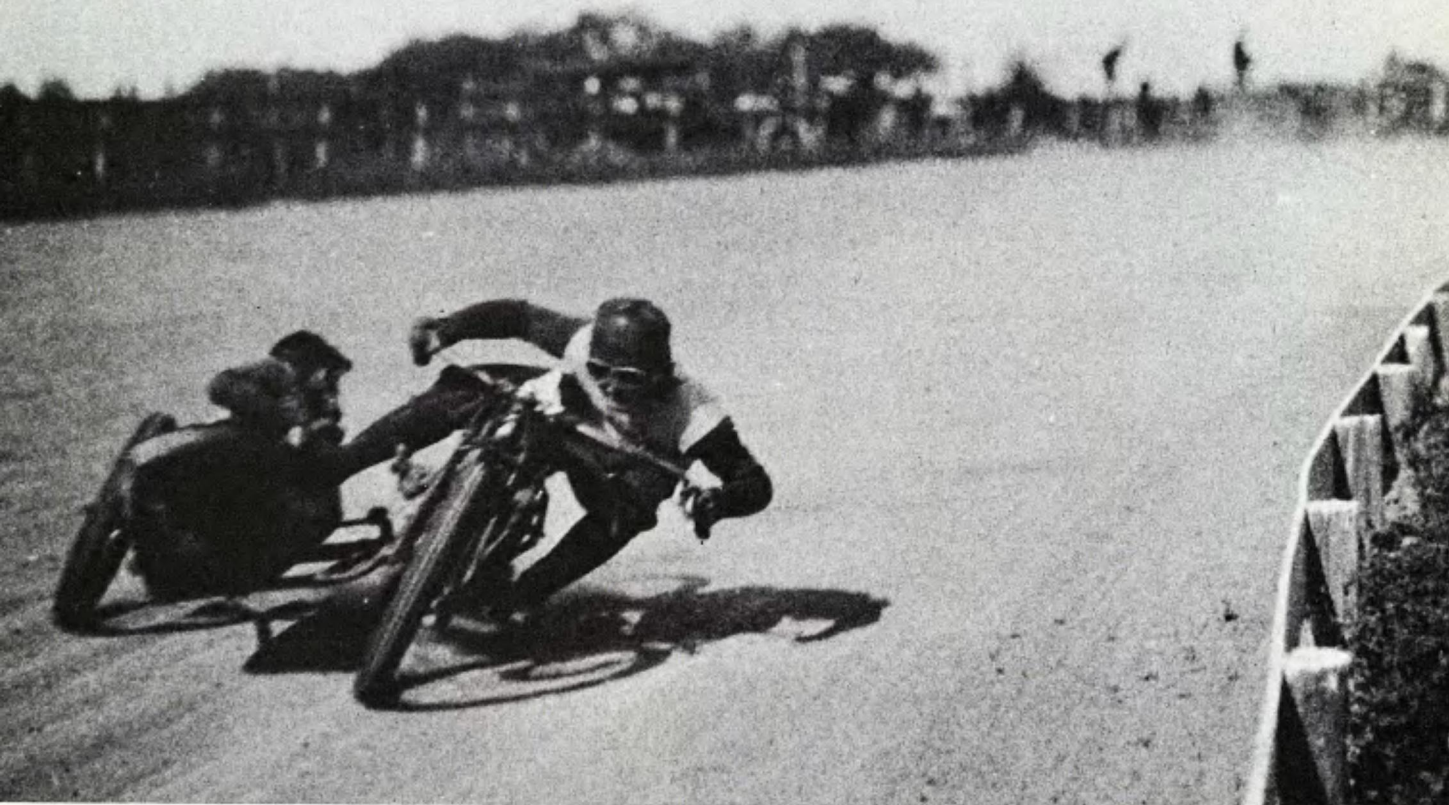
The Indiana court ruled that as long as the p.o.'s interrogation is in keeping with his responsibility to

Continued on page 120

A Sidehack History

*You wanna talk about
records? Flxi's got 'em all.*

by Jim Williams



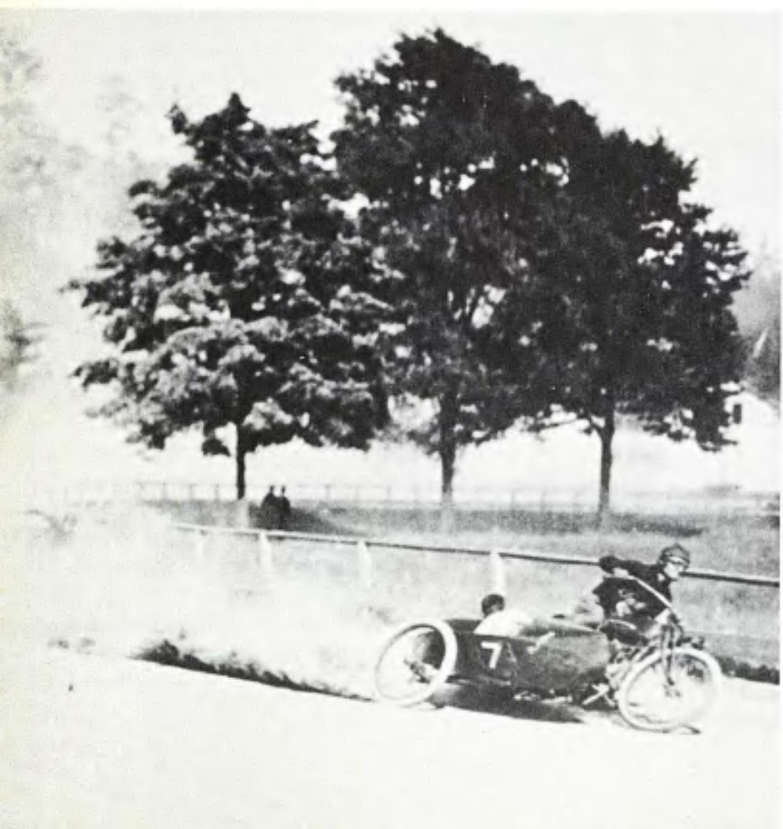
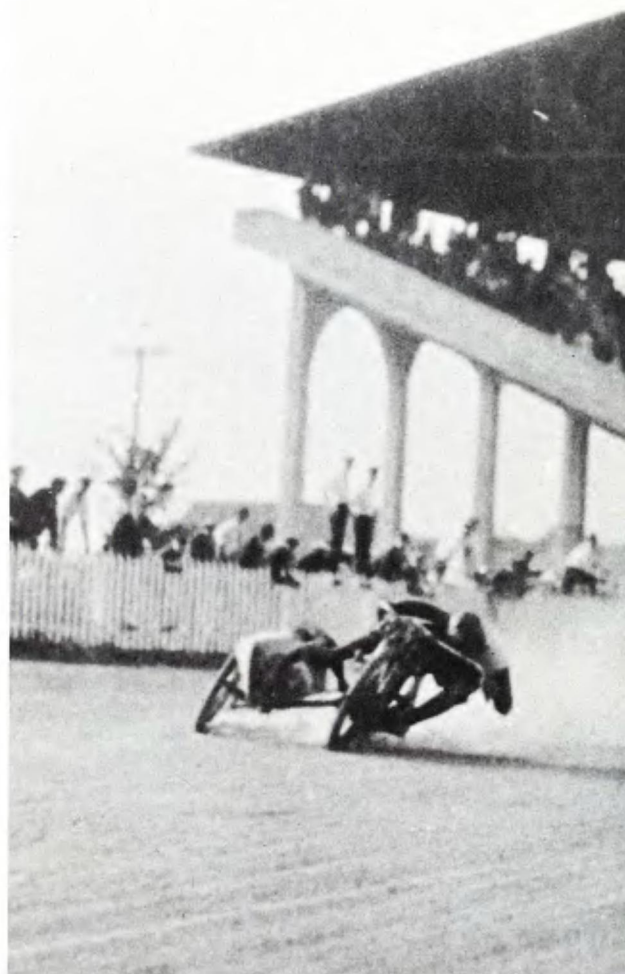
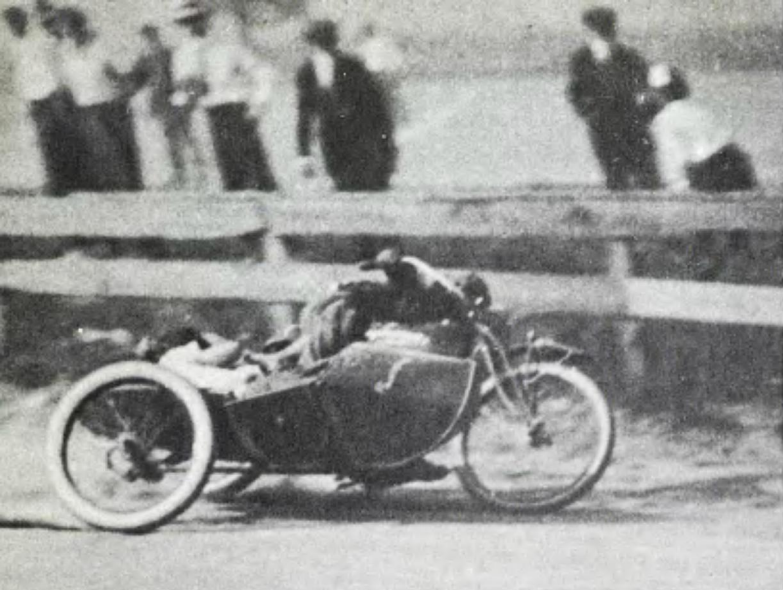
The year was 1912, and the American motorcycle scene was hopping. New makes such as Henderson, Cyclone and Flying Merkel were coming out weekly and other brands were disappearing just as rapidly. Cannonball Baker was king of cross-country racing and a red bike from Springfield, Mass., was the industry leader.

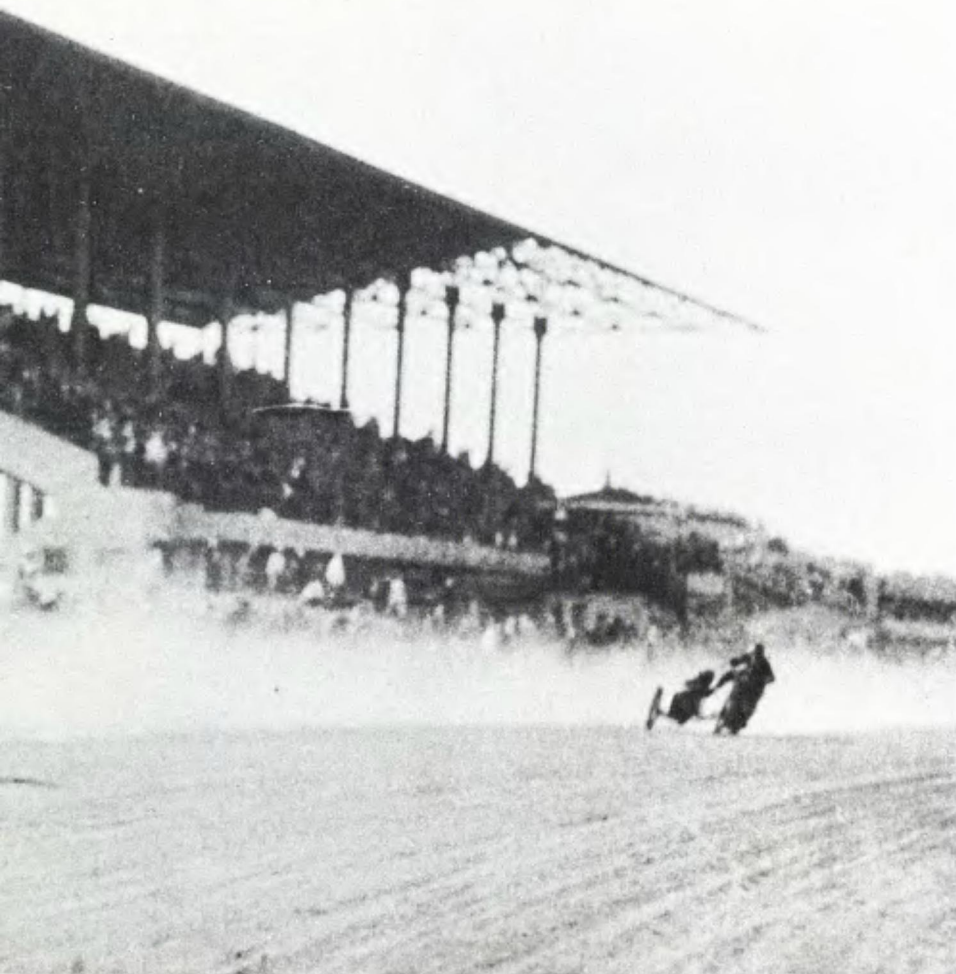
Summer days in Mansfield, Ohio, were long and hot — and daring young men raced around town on Thor motorcycles from Chicago, Yale motorcycles from Toledo, and Excelsior motorcycles from Chicago. Operating a small motorcycle shop in this small midwestern town was one Hugo H. Young. Young was always looking for ways to improve motorcycle travel and hit upon the idea of attaching a sidecar to a cycle. It was not a new idea, as the Rogers Co. of Chicago was producing dozens of three-wheelers for Indian, Excelsior and Harley-Davidson. Young's sidecar, however, did something else that no other sidecar could, it leaned into curves by means of a pivoted axle, making sidecar travel much easier. A close friend convinced Young to patent his idea, and in 1913 the Flxible Sidecar Co. began production. The next year saw the new company incorporated in Ohio

HUGO'S FLYING FLXIES

with \$25,000 in assets. The cars were great sellers and the company met with great success and, in 1916, built a large plant in Loudonville, Ohio. The following year, with the outbreak of WWI, the Flxible Co. went to war by manufacturing Flxies with machine gun mounts. After the war, daring young men began experimenting with Flxies on county fairground horse-tracks — and so the legend of Flxible sidecar racing began.

During a recent interview with racing legend Jim Davis, the subject of sidecar racing brought a bright gleam to Jim's eye and an unmistakable smile to his face. "Let me tell you about those guys," he said. "Those guys were crazy, I remember a race in Milwaukee. . . about half way into the program Hepburn and I were cleaning up, so they brought out the sidecars and Floyd Dryer was riding one of those Flxies. Well, they came around the track at a flying start, making all kinds of dust, and all us guys in the pits were on the rail because we weren't going to miss this. So they get the green flag and Dryer and Hepburn take off like a house afire. After one lap they're coming down the straight again but Dryer is headed right for us in the pit! You should have





Photos from Jim Williams



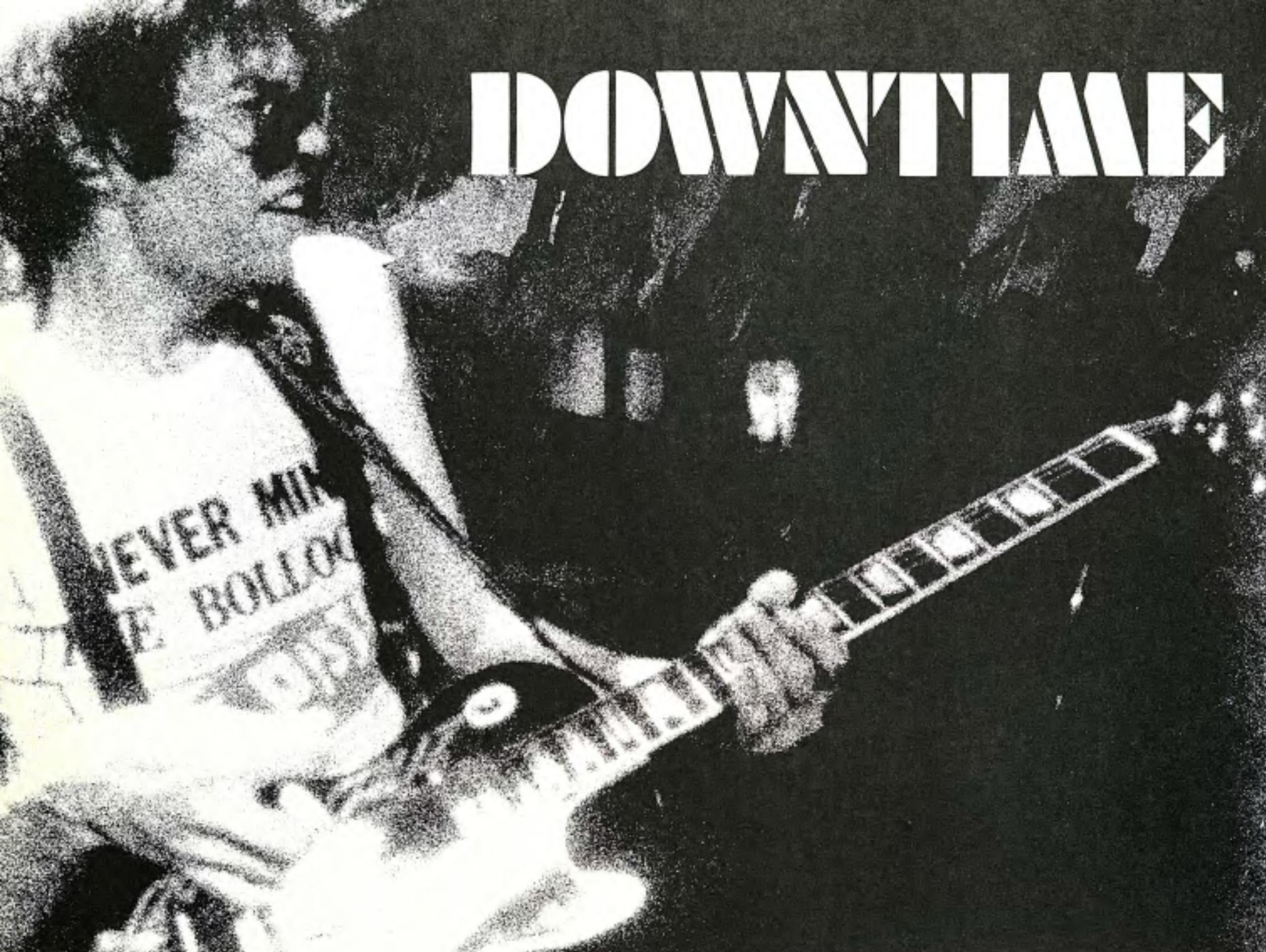
seen everyone scramble to get out of his way. I went over and asked Floyd what the matter was and he replied that sometimes that rig would get down in a curve with his right leg locking it in that position and his foot would slip off, letting the crazy thing run wild and go wherever it wanted to. Boy, those guys in the sidecars must have been crazy!"

Floyd Dreyer was one of the top sidehackers, along with Otto Walker, Leslie Parkhurst, Billy Minick, and Dynamite Scott. Their racing was the highlight of the day and was characterized by tall rooster tails of dust and bad accidents when rigs went out of control, tearing through wooden fences and sometimes even spectators. Almost every sidecar record of the then-governing M&ATA was broken by Flxible rigs, and when the AMA succeeded that group, Flxies set records that stand to this day.

By 1919, the Flxible Sidecar Co. was the largest manufacturer of sidecars in the world. Later that year the name was shortened to The Flxible Co. and thoughts of diversification were entertained. Low-priced Model Ts were rolling off Henry Ford's assembly lines, cutting into bike sales during the '20s and causing a big decline in sidecar sales. Even Maldwyn Jones's "Observer" design for Flxi did not improve sales. By 1925, The Flxible Co. was building sidecars for Henderson and Ace, while Harley and Indian built their own. Toward the end of the '20s, The Flxible Co. gave up producing sidecars and switched to ambulances. Today the company is a subsidiary of the Grumman Flxible Co. and one of the world's largest producers of buses.

Their famous sidecars are gone now, except for a few in the hands of collectors. But don't feel sorry for those strange contraptions with the wheel leaning in at the top and the word Flxible painted on the nose. A look at the record book reveals a caption that is the final glory-filled epitaph for ol' Hugo's sidecars — "All sidecar records made with Flxi sidecars." ■

DOWNTIME



Neil Young/Trans: I shoulda known better than to believe the critics. Had I gone with my gut feeling that Neil Young always delivers quality work with a reason, I wouldn't have wasted months

By Ben Doverdahl

fretting over whether Young's latest album, **Trans**, was indeed a waste. After one hasty listening I was ready to believe what I'd heard from someone who's supposed to know. Strange sounds whined off the wax, and in the din of the always-present party atmosphere it was hard to relate to what was happening here.

But when time and a little thought are applied to Neil's latest work, his eighteenth solo album, you wonder where the critics get their views. The record is a classic. **Trans** is the transformation that the world is going through — from a world of nature to a world made and destroyed by man. Computer

chips, and nuclear bombs. **Trans** covers both ends. The cover art indicates the separation by presenting a divided look at two hitchhikers. One is carrying bongos and is thumbing on the side of the road next to a wilderness area as a fifties-style Plymouth goes by; the other, an opaque being, is flaggin' down a sleek, DeLorean-like auto, next to some futuristic buildings with a jet speeding by overhead — opposite a flock of high-flying geese.

On the liner sleeve is a photo that escaped mention in the scathing reviews: Neil is wearing a Harley shirt that's reflected in a guitar on the ground, with what must be a Sportster on a kickstand behind him. That doesn't necessarily mean he putts, 'cause ten years ago I saw him in army fatigues at a gas station, and I don't think he was fightin' a war. But the idea is to bring it all down to earth, and what's more down-to-earth and real

than a Harley-Davidson?

As for the music, it goes like this: Side one opens with "Little Thing Called Love." It's back to the basics. The twangin' guitars and country bounce that Neil has built a reputation on, starting with his early Buffalo Springfield days back in the sixties. The tune could be from any number of past works. But it fits here because it becomes a paradox for what's to follow. And that is "Computer Age." Here's where we ring out the old and step boldly where Neil has never gone before.

Neil has always adopted the persona of the loner, the pessimist, the man who's up against everything and everyone — now it's the computer age that's got him down, the uselessness of man in a machinery age. We're all just numbers in the memory bank. His line, "And you need me like ugly needs a mirror," sums that up. All the vocals on this and other tunes are sung through a Vocorder, an

instrument first used in the early sixties, then put to rest for a spell. Joe Walsh used something like it on "Rocky Mountain Way." The effect it gives is impersonal, which is what a computer is, anyway. It sounds like someone on helium, or a slide guitar, depending on the frequency level it's recorded on.

"We R In Control" follows "Age" and has to do with an unknown all-governing power, which will "prevail and perform our function," with the aid of a "chemical computer thinking battery." Sounds like what I could use on my panhead.

"Transformer Man," the guy who runs the show by "remote control" is next. A pretty song, the Vocorder sounds like the previously mentioned slide guitar, with a high pitch that makes lyrics go by unnoticed — until you read them on the sheet provided. "Computer Cowboy" wraps up side one with a little

Continued on page 124



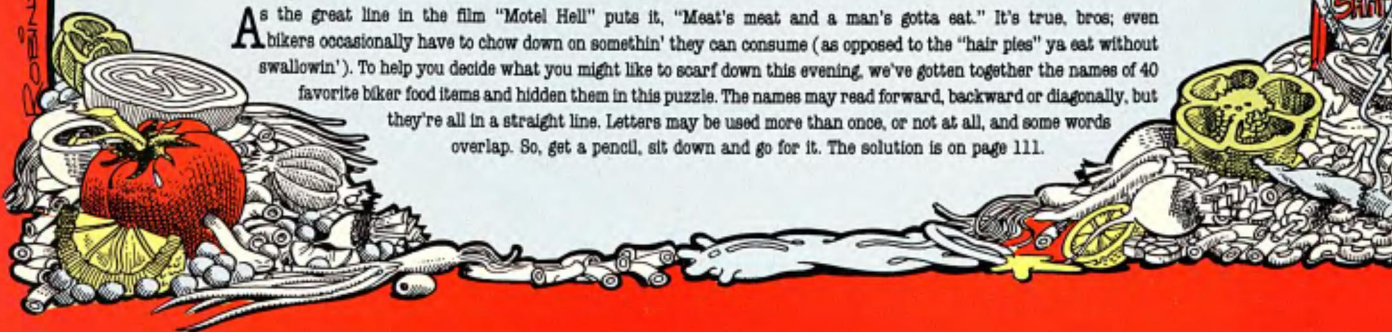
Grub Search

By Phil Lozano

Your Favorite Foods from **Easyriders' Cookin' Carvin' & Scarfin' Cookbook.**

ABALONE	W	O	C	M	U	F	F	M	U	N	O	M	L	A	S	D	MENUDO
BEANS	T	E	C	X	U	R	E	P	U	L	I	T	T	N	T	I	MUSHROOMS
BROWNIES	I	N	R	P	O	S	I	S	E	S	E	S	O	O	G	U	MUSKRAT
CHICKEN	C	O	A	G	M	R	H	E	E	O	S	W	O	K	L	Q	OPOSSUM
CHILI	L	L	B	S	W	I	S	R	M	E	B	O	C	O	R	S	OXTAIL
CLAMS	I	A	T	B	A	R	R	R	O	I	H	O	P	A	L	N	PHEASANT
COON	A	B	S	A	N	E	E	H	R	O	C	C	I	O	P	E	PIG
COOT	U	A	M	S	R	E	H	D	S	E	M	S	D	U	N	K	QUAIL
COW	Q	X	A	E	D	K	L	P	S	E	I	S	B	A	K	C	RABBIT
CRAB	W	I	L	I	H	C	S	R	N	N	G	M	B	K	E	I	RAISIN JACK
DEER	E	S	C	P	G	O	O	U	J	C	A	E	H	C	O	H	RAISIN PIE
DUCK	R	H	I	N	O	H	D	A	M	L	A	P	U	U	G	C	RED SNAPPER
EEL	B	E	E	I	R	O	C	O	O	N	D	R	P	D	I	S	SALMON
FROG	E	I	R	S	P	K	X	O	S	H	A	R	K	E	P	G	SHARK
GOOSE	M	S	E	I	N	W	O	R	B	T	I	B	B	A	R	R	SHRIMP
GRASS	O	H	S	A	A	L	E	R	R	I	U	Q	S	R	O	A	SNOWBIRD
HEAD CHEESE	H	S	O	R	S	P	E	L	T	R	U	T	Z	U	T	S	SQUID
HOME BREW	F	K	Y	E	K	R	U	T	I	L	I	A	T	X	O	S	SQUIRREL
HORSE COCK																	TURKEY
LAMB																	TURTLE

As the great line in the film "Motel Hell" puts it, "Meat's meat and a man's gotta eat." It's true, bros; even bikers occasionally have to chow down on somethin' they can consume (as opposed to the "hair pies" ya eat without swallowin'). To help you decide what you might like to scarf down this evening, we've gotten together the names of 40 favorite biker food items and hidden them in this puzzle. The names may read forward, backward or diagonally, but they're all in a straight line. Letters may be used more than once, or not at all, and some words overlap. So, get a pencil, sit down and go for it. The solution is on page 111.



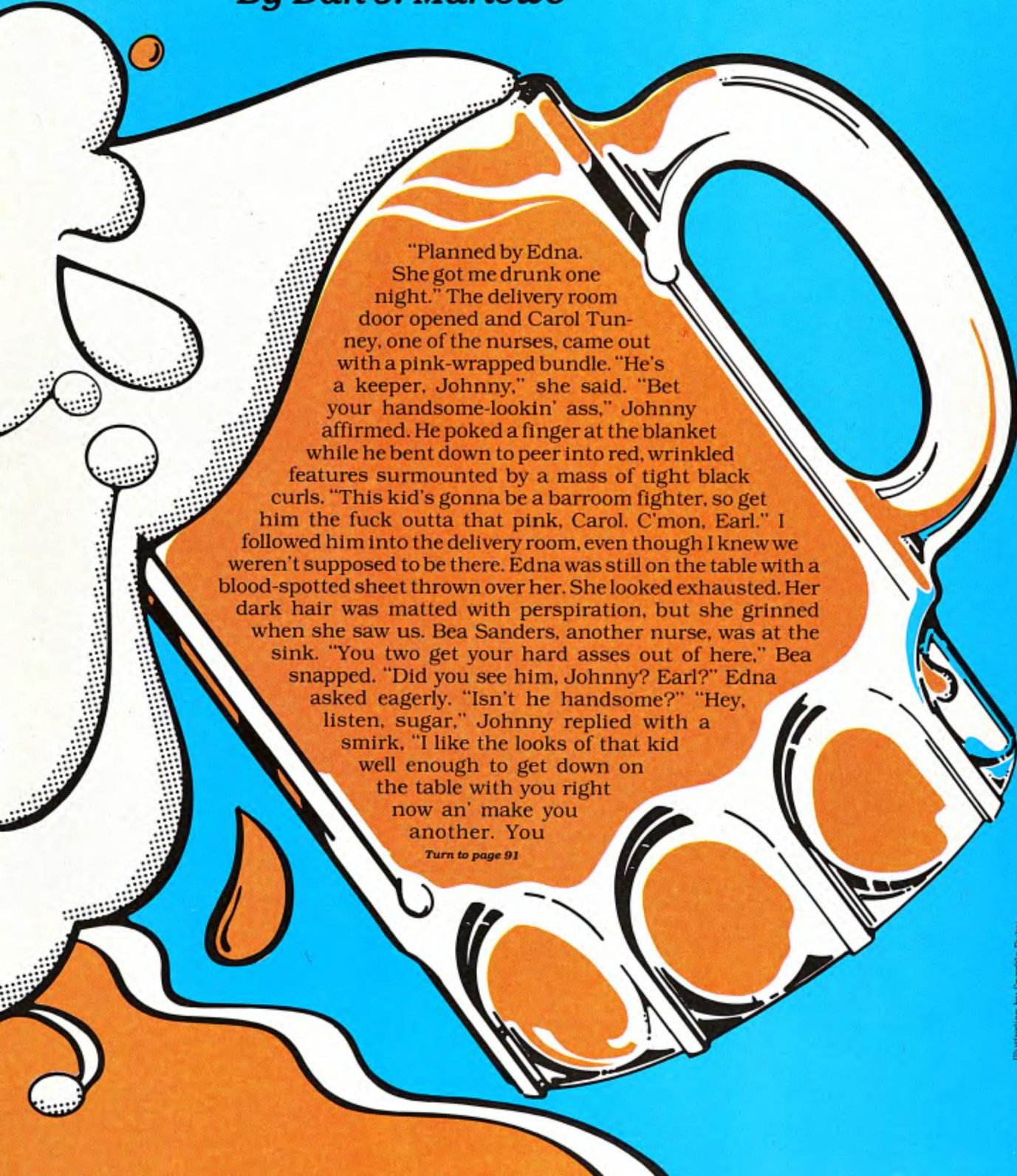
CELEBR



My partner Johnny called me at our gas station at 9:00 A.M. "Hey, Earl!" he greeted me with his usual raspy exuberance. "Edna just dropped her foal! C'mon over an' take a look, bro!" "Great!" I answered him. "Is it a boy or a girl?" "What the fuckin' hell d'ya mean! Boy, naturally!" "Naturally," I agreed. I put on my sheepskin and rode over to the hospital on my rebuilt Harley 80 that I had just rechained. It was December and there was snow on the ground, although not on the streets. Edna is my ex-wife, now Johnny's wife. I went in the back way. Johnny was pacing outside the delivery room. Despite the cold, he was wearing his usual all-weather T-shirt. He's five-nine and weighs two-forty. He's a barrel of a man and in his 30s, but he can still outrun half the kids on the town softball team. I looked at the closed delivery room door. "You mean Edna's not even back in her room yet?" "Like, this is a newborn colt, man!" he declared expansively. "Arrived ten minutes before I called you. I made the nurse show him to me. He looks just like me, Earl." Some baby, I thought. Johnny's hair is a mass of tight, black curls that never lie flat even when wet, and the rest of him is liberally endowed with the same furry blanket. "I never asked you before, John. Was this planned parenthood?" He snorted.

ATION!

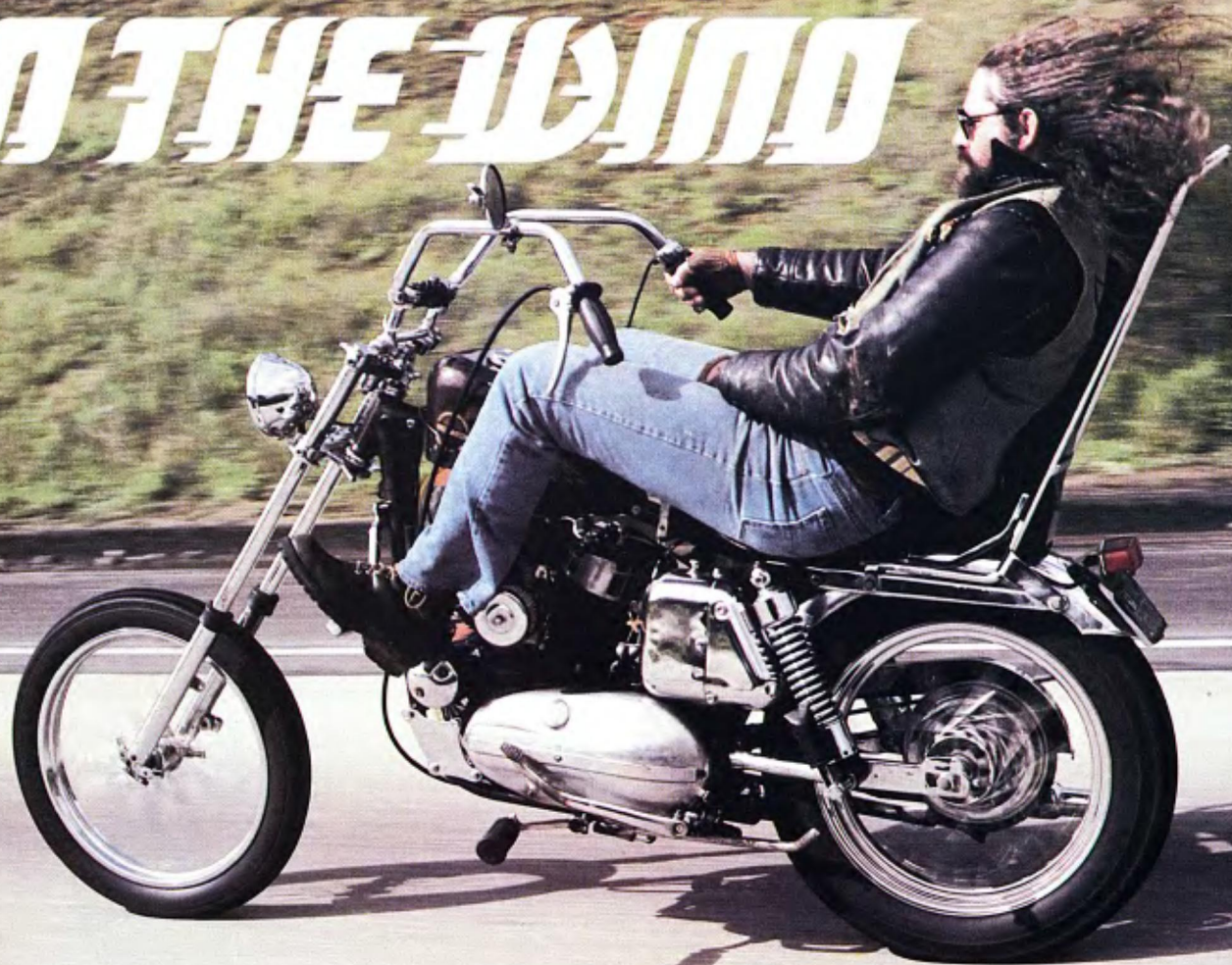
By Dan J. Marlowe



"Planned by Edna. She got me drunk one night." The delivery room door opened and Carol Tunney, one of the nurses, came out with a pink-wrapped bundle. "He's a keeper, Johnny," she said. "Bet your handsome-lookin' ass," Johnny affirmed. He poked a finger at the blanket while he bent down to peer into red, wrinkled features surmounted by a mass of tight black curls. "This kid's gonna be a barroom fighter, so get him the fuck outta that pink, Carol. C'mon, Earl." I followed him into the delivery room, even though I knew we weren't supposed to be there. Edna was still on the table with a blood-spotted sheet thrown over her. She looked exhausted. Her dark hair was matted with perspiration, but she grinned when she saw us. Bea Sanders, another nurse, was at the sink. "You two get your hard asses out of here," Bea snapped. "Did you see him, Johnny? Earl?" Edna asked eagerly. "Isn't he handsome?" "Hey, listen, sugar," Johnny replied with a smirk. "I like the looks of that kid well enough to get down on the table with you right now an' make you another. You

Turn to page 91

IN THE WIND



— from Mike Cole, Traverse City, Mich.

— from Joseph Mitaly, San Diego, Calif.



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 high-

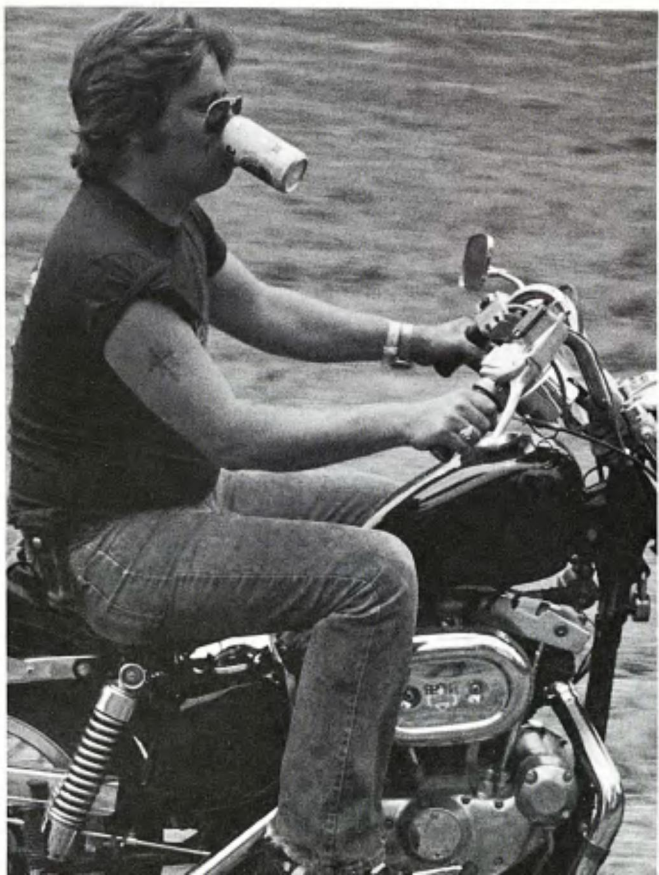
way or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



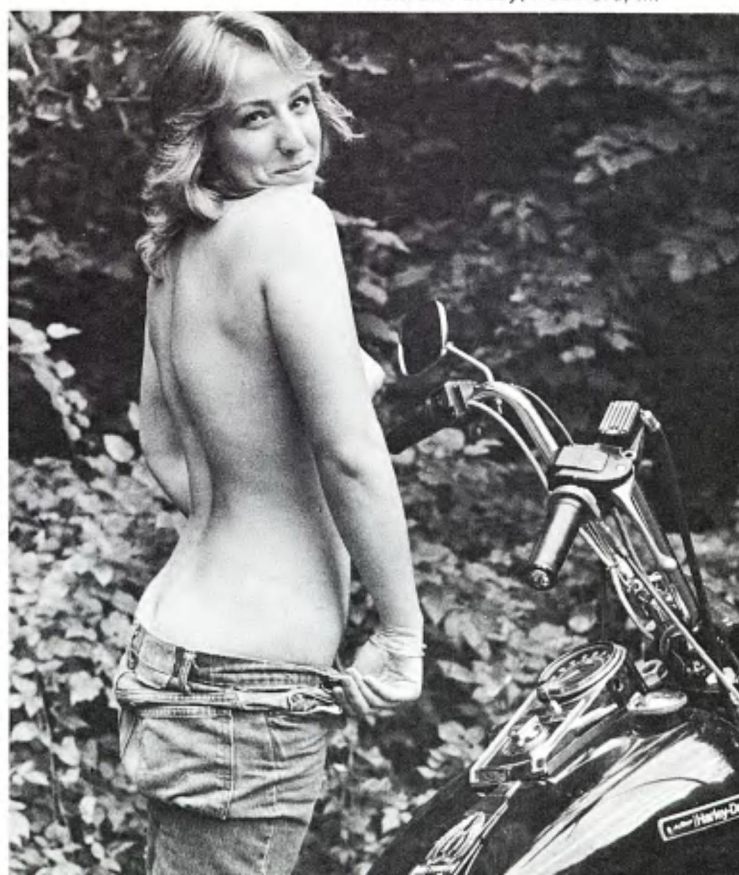
— from S. Wagner, Ventura, Calif.



— from J.P. Brady, Rockford, Ill.



— from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.





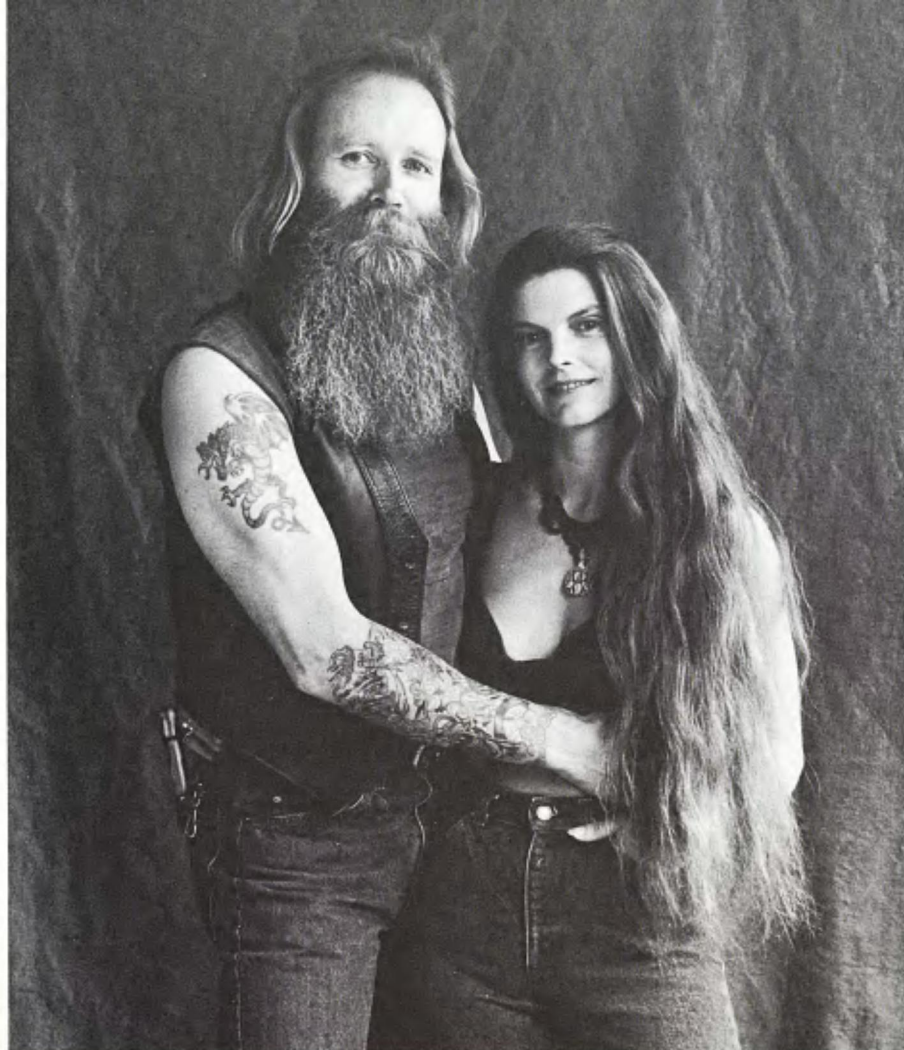
— from M. Dailey, Alliance, Ohio

— from Wade McIntyre, Albuquerque, N.M.



— from A.J. Pelcher, Paul, Idaho





— from George H. Hoffman, New Smyrna Bch., Fla.

—from Dave Andrea, Kenosha, Wis.



— from Bob Parker, Eaton, Colo.



— from Chris Morland, No. Hollywood, Calif.



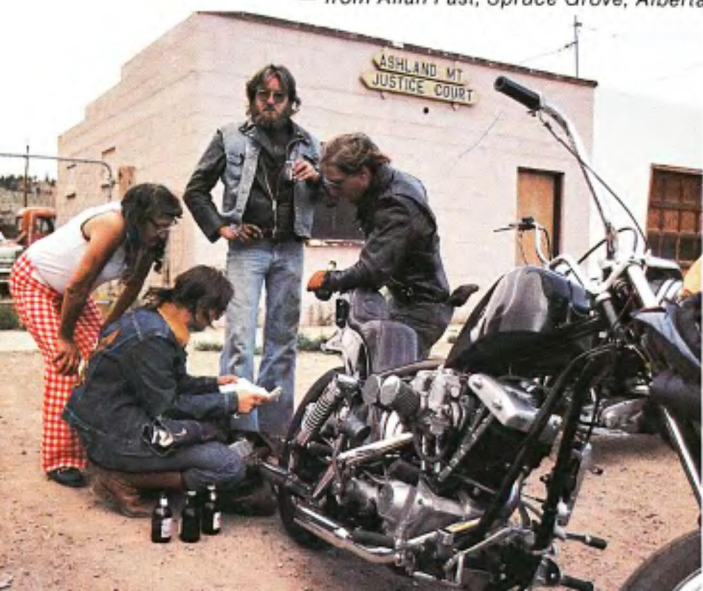


— from Barbara Godwin, Goleta, Calif.

— from Hairdog, Edmonton, Alberta



— from Allan Fast, Spruce Grove, Alberta



— from Max Thomas, Sydney, Australia





SILVER STREAK

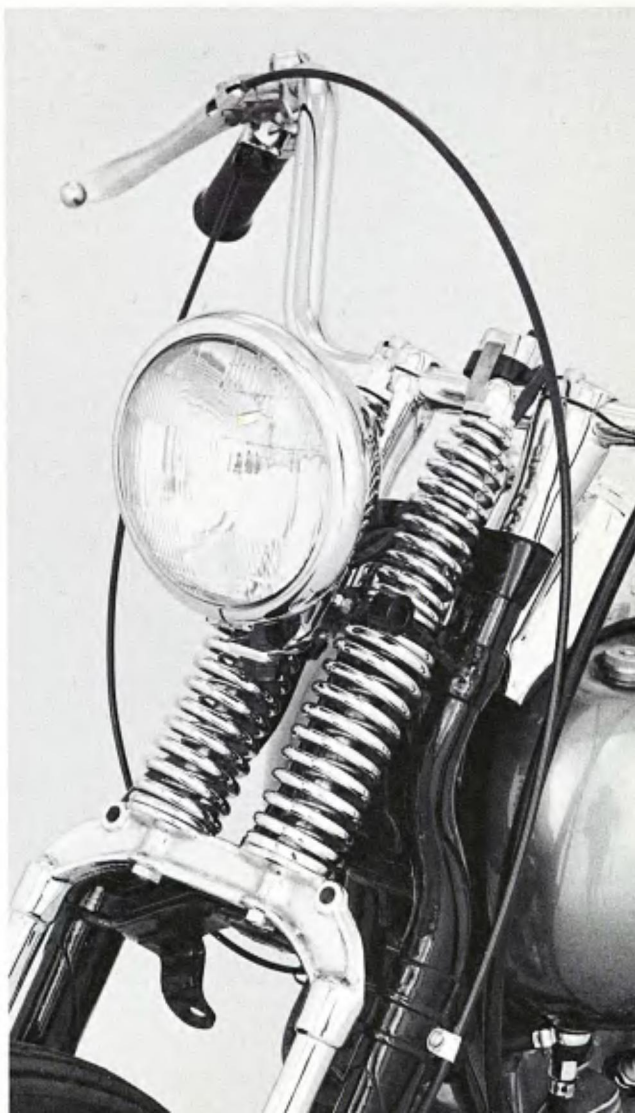
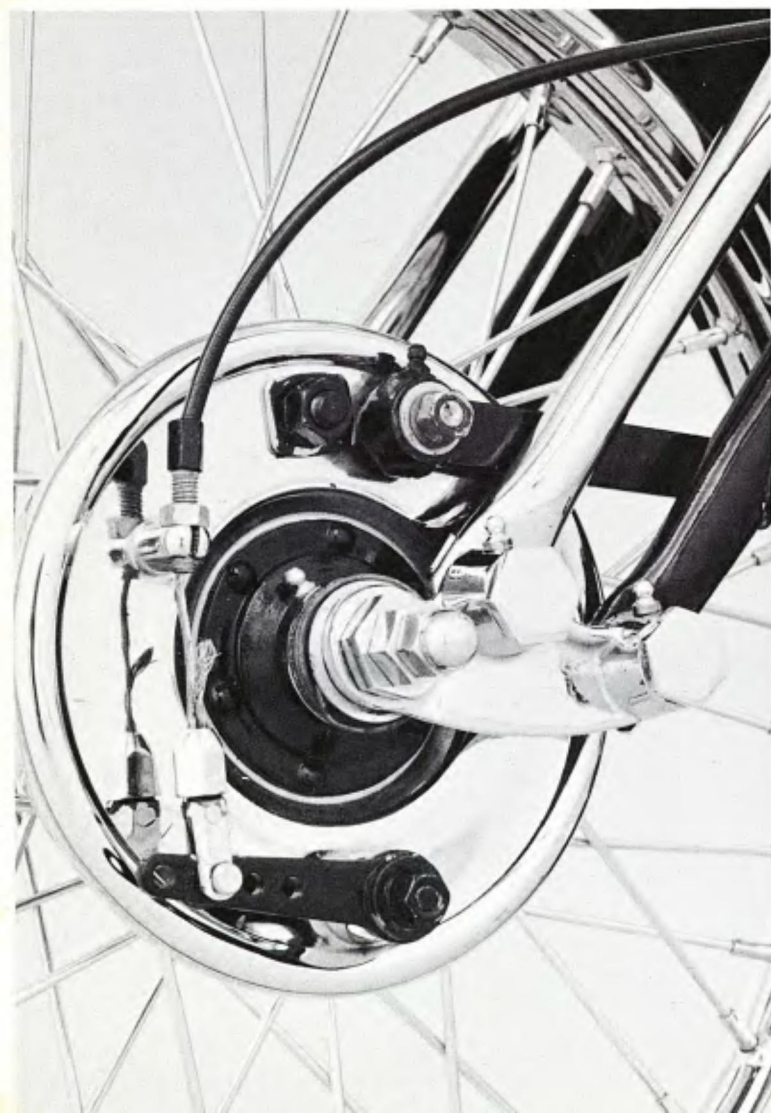
“All this bike swappin’ has led Stoney to his current ride, a pan lower/shovel top master-blaster for the asphalt.”

I’m not into clubs, I just like to ride. I don’t like to do somebody else’s thing, just my own.” For Stoney, that’s building and riding motorcycles — mostly Harleys these days, though there was a time, many moons ago, when the veteran rider sat on something other than Milwaukee iron.

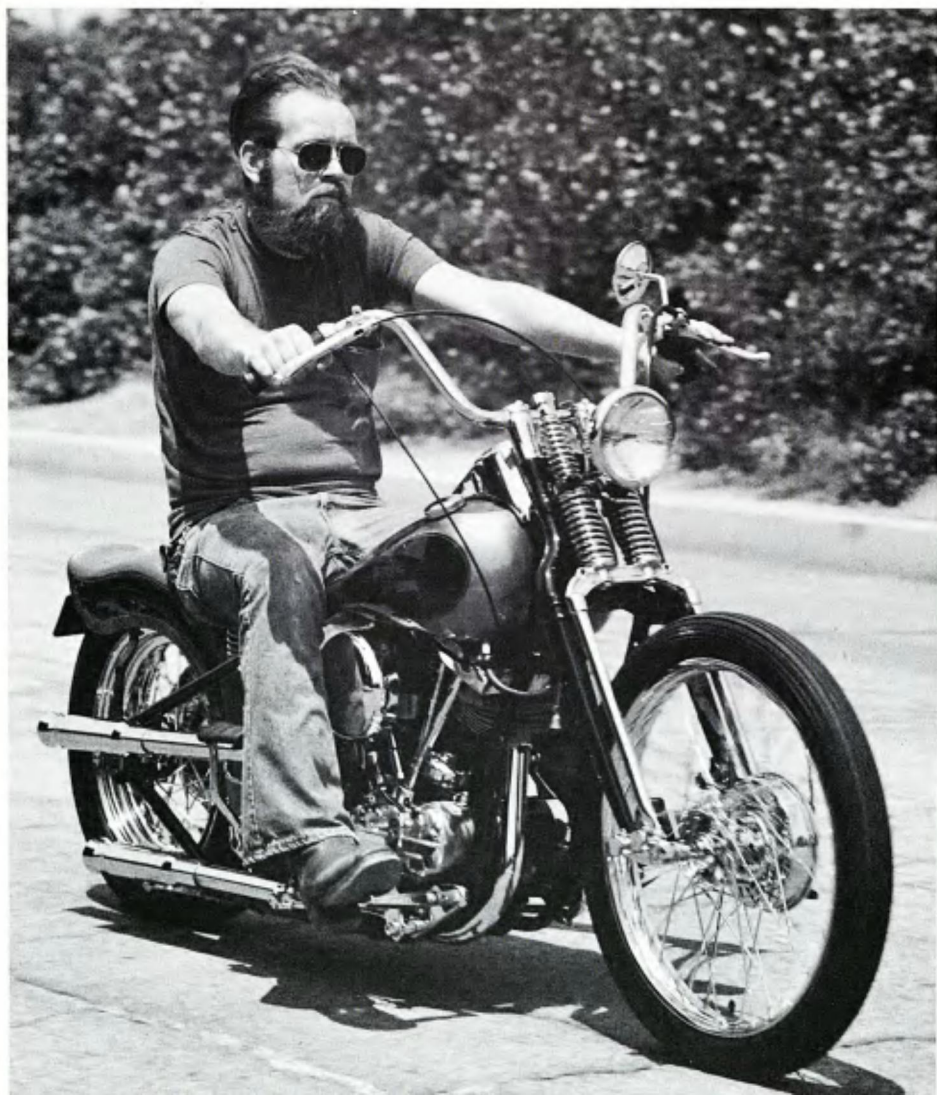
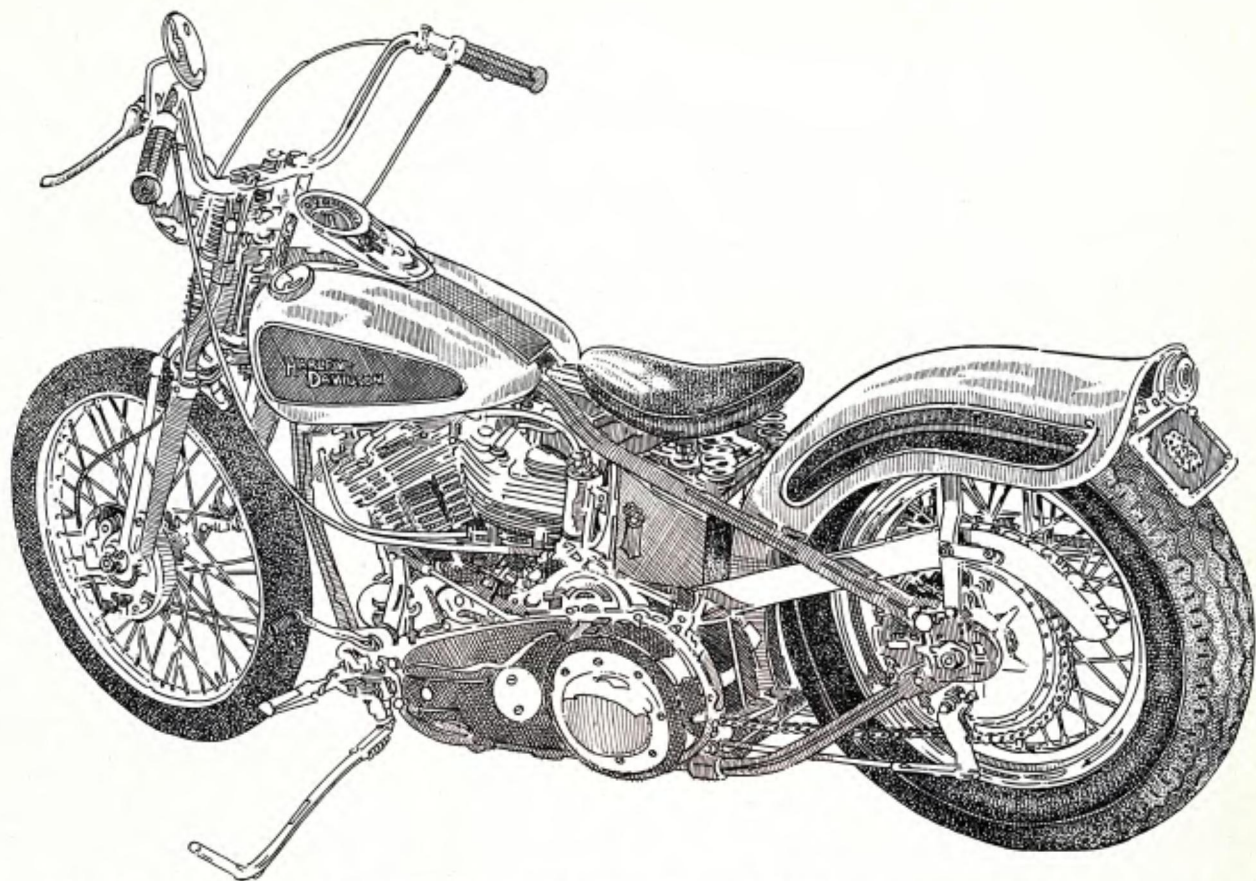
He got his feet up at the age of sixteen when, for \$100, he

became the proud owner of a 45. That was in Montana, where the Big Sky meets the buffalo on the plains, and a bike apparently goes for cheap. You’re gonna need a scorecard to keep up with this wheeler-dealer, so hold on. The 45 soon became trade bait for a Beezer 650, which he held onto for a year or so, then an Ariel Square Four came into his possession.

Stoney jammed that baby for three years, happy with its performance on the open road, but not impressed with its in-town ways — and that led him to a Vincent Black Shadow, reknowned for its speed and handling. He dug it till his instructor in a motorcycle maintenance course swapped him a ’46 knucklehead for the Vincent. Hold tight, the beat goes on. The







knuckle soon bored him and he got a K Model, then an Indian, and then yet another 45 (for \$260 this time). Stoney even wheeled around on a Honda 750 back in 1969.

All this bike swappin' has led Stoney to his current ride, a pan lower/shovel top master-blaster for the asphalt. Of course, he didn't stumble on it while out standing in a field. It came about in the old-fashioned way — he earned it.

A couple years ago he had just finished rebuilding an Indian basket case that he sold, natch, and replaced with a 1962 swingarm panhead, complete with the Duo-Glide front end. A few months went by and Stoney was back on the tradin' circuit again. This time he meant it. He found a garage full of the stuff of dreams — unwanted, yet great parts. And it was in this same Ventura garage that he got himself set up with the '57 fatbobs, '36 springer front

Owner: Stoney	City: Oxnard, Calif.	
General	Frame	
Fabrication by: owner and Chucky	Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1962 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: Big Twin	Type: rigid	
Value: ????	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner and Chucky	Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: all welds checked	
Chroming by: Tri-County Plating	Accessories	
Engine	Bars: Flanders #2	
Year: 1962	Risers: H-D	
Model: pan/shovel	Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: Bird	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points/coil	Taillight: Jammer	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: factory	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D	Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: clean	Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: 1976 shovel	Oil tank: Jammer	
Cam(s): 412	Oil system: late-model pump	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Bendix	Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: Paughco	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Paughco	Height: high enough	
Muffler(s): Jammer	Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission	Forks	
Modifications: shaved shifting dogs	Type: springer	
Year: 1962	Extension: none	
Shifting: left foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24	Special features: chrome front legs	
Trans sprocket: 24	Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51	Front	Rear
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Fast Fred and Chuck	Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: silver, black and orange	Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: acrylic lacquer	Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: pinstriping		
Other special modifications: Blue dot in taillight by Chuck.		



Photos by Pete Chiodo



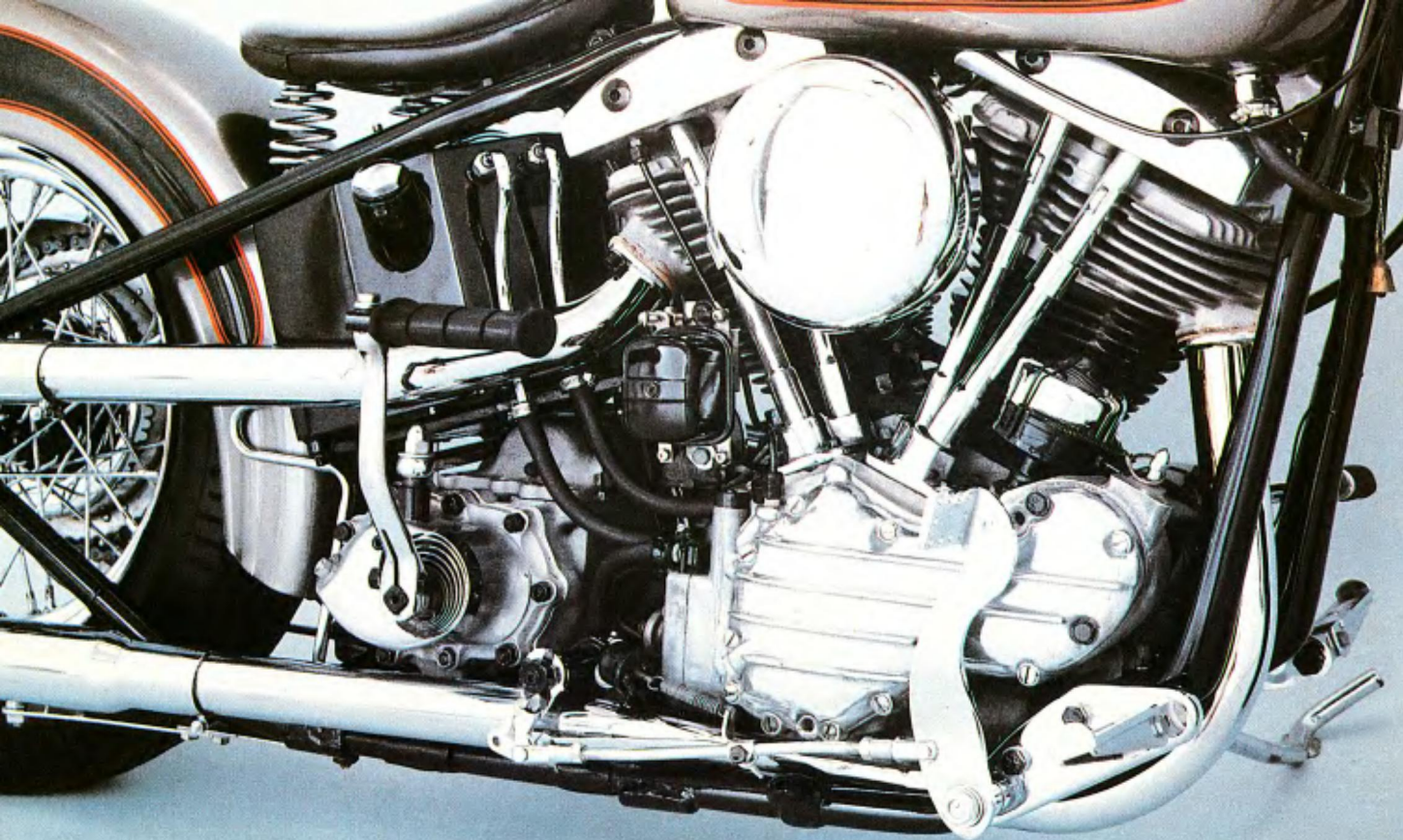
end, and 1948 panhead frame that you're oglin'. He paid next to nothin' for the heap of goods. The dude he bought it from put the coin into a boat. Which just goes to show that one man's boat is another man's bike, or something. The boat never got in the water, but Stoney definitely got on the street.

Keeping the engine and trans from the pan, he added the new-found collectibles,

and before you could say "shit howdy," he had yet another new sled for himself. With help from his partner Chuck, he ditched the original gears in the tranny and stuck in a set of '80 gears. He also beefed up the oil pump so that it now idles at 45 pounds. All this allows him to jam all around California, with Chuck and Chuck's own 1936 stock knuckle chasing after Stoney and his silver streak.

The bike has been on the road over a year now, and it's set up the way a guy with experience would want it. But before you go off thinkin' he's satisfied with his ride, remember, a man with this much barter in his bones is never satisfied — that's why, even as you read this, Stoney is at work on his next one, a one-hundred-and-two-incher. Go, man, go!

—Loudmouth







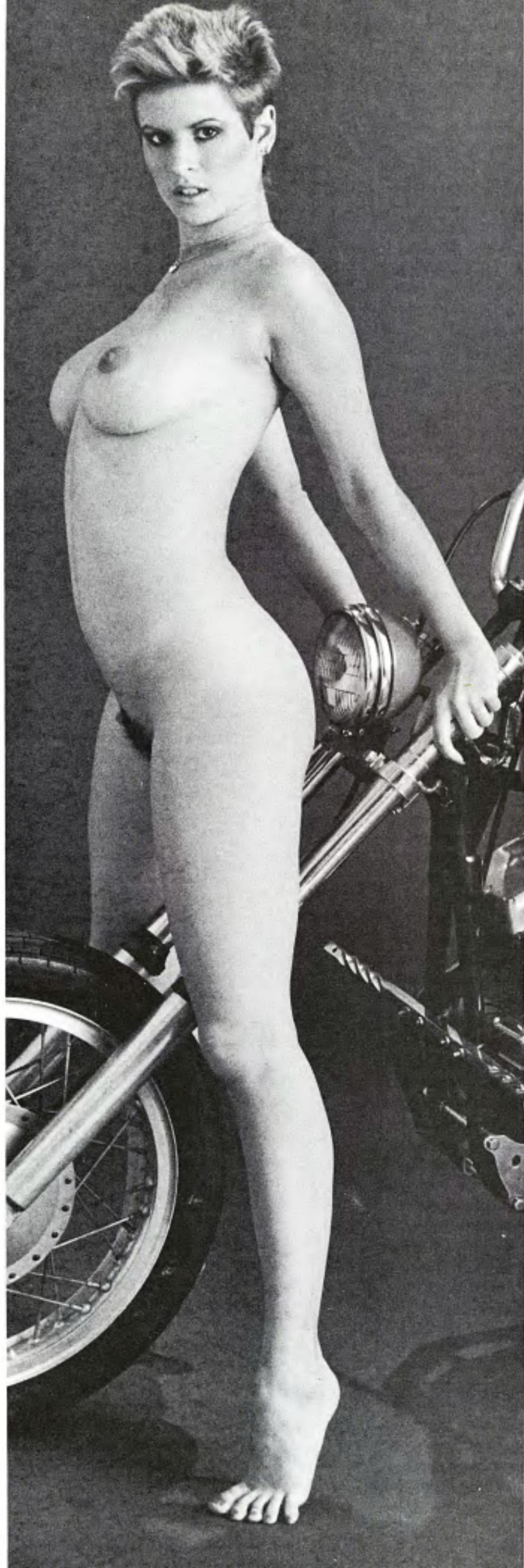
MADMAN'S BIG FIND

As soon as I hit the kill switch I heard giggling coming out from under the studio door. I snuck in as quiet as I could, and there was this incredibly big-titted chick, laughing her head off and circling to her right as Madman kept following her around, trying to grab a fistful of melon with his fast-movin' left hand.

Actually, I suppose he would have been grabbin' with both hands, but he lost his right arm to an angry husband with a shotgun a few years back and it kinda weakened his grip on that side, if ya know what I mean. Which, I guess, is why the chick was circlin' to the right — keepin' away from what Howard Cosell always calls a flickering left







grab (or is that left jab?). In any case, the chick was showing some real intelligence with her evasive maneuvers. It really earned my respect. Like I always say, the three most important things for a poor chick to have (rich chicks don't need *anything* else) are good boobs, buns and brains — and this chick was an obvious standout in all those vital areas.

Still there was work to be done, so I decided to break up the party. "Hey, Pegleg!" I shouted at Madman. (We call him Pegleg 'cause he's got one arm, get it? Like, who said bikers were supposed to be comedians?) "Hey, Pegleg, no greasy paw-prints on the merchandise till after we take plenty of pictures."

"That's what I tried to tell him," the chick giggled through a little heavy breathing, "but he said he was in a hurry to party before any more of his parts fell off."

"Listen, honey," I said in my best school teacher voice, "they don't 'fall' off. It's just that sometimes he loses a few when he makes bad decisions about where to warehouse his crank."

The chick was startin' to look at me like I







Photos by Pete Chiolo

was a little weird, so Madman rode to the rescue in his usual chivalrous style. "Judy," he said, "this here's the Butcher, best roast-pig carver in the joint. And, Butcher," he went on, "this here's Judy. Maybe now you an' Spider'll stop bitchin' that all the chicks I find to pose for the rag are as flat as ironing boards."

Well, what could I say to that? The little hell-raiser couldn't have been more right if he'd had two heads, let alone two arms. Judy was built like a tit shithouse, and even Mutha would have to admit it. Madman had finally shown some class in what he'd thrown on his trike and brought over to us.

So, congratulations, Madman. Here's an extra piece — of raisin pie — just for you. Only thing is, there's no fork. Guess you'll have to scarf it on down with your fingers — all five of them.

— Butcher

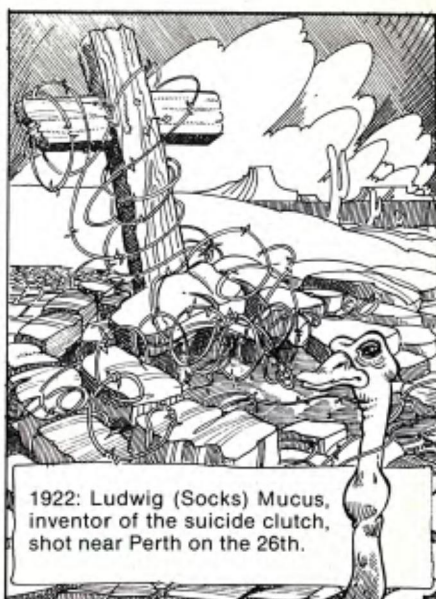




1954: Phil (Specks) Yeh, shown here wearing strange spring-loaded eyeglasses for no apparent reason, has been hailed as one of the pioneers in the development of the bamboo springer fork and also as a leader in the struggle to perfect the soy-sauce-powered moped. He fled to Tibet earlier in the year.



1935: Gertrude (Jugs) Lushcrotch, foxy biker mama who paid the cartoonist a large sum of money to get her picture in this righteous magazine.



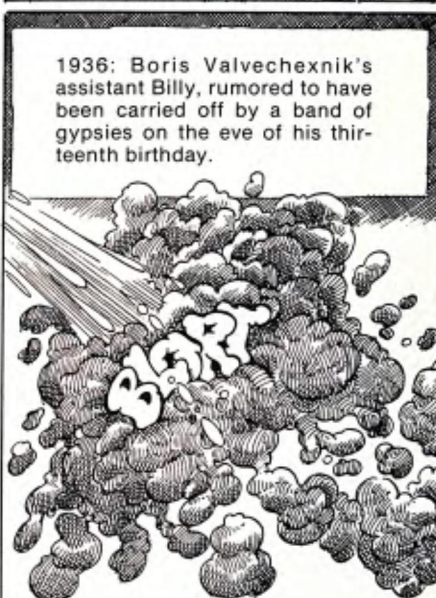
1922: Ludwig (Socks) Mucus, inventor of the suicide clutch, shot near Perth on the 26th.



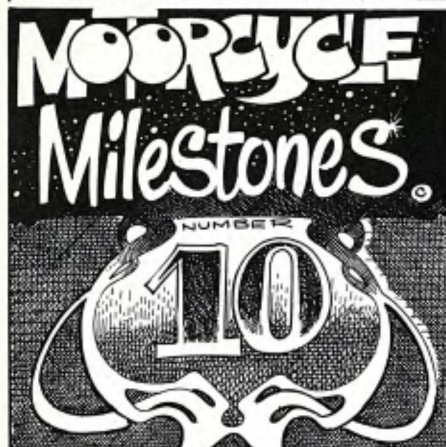
1886: Eccentric part-time narcotics salesman, Professor Bascomb (Weed) Blech, inventor of the eccentric, including the exhaust face-warmer. Lynched in Lynchburg, Tennessee, in 1888.



1936: Boris Valvechexnik, inventor of the check valve, murdered in a brothel near a border checkpoint someplace in Czechoslovakia, thus becoming an officially cancelled Czech.



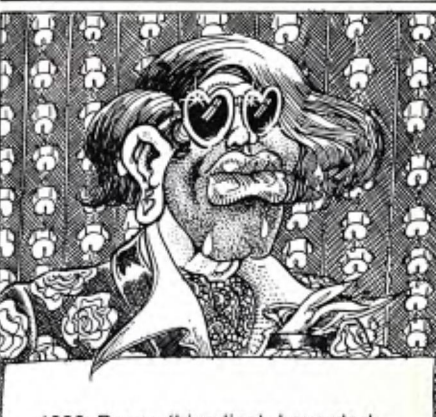
1936: Boris Valvechexnik's assistant Billy, rumored to have been carried off by a band of gypsies on the eve of his thirteenth birthday.



A gallery of motorcycling greats, near-greats, near-misses, has-beens and other various and sundry assholes.



1938: Benny (Pud) Mung, frustrated inventor of the motorcycle refrigerator and the stained-glass frame, is thought to have died in the Mojave Desert in a hail of gunfire, or frostbite — maybe both.



1936: Percy (Liverlips) Loverdork, creator of the buddy seat and trap-door underwear, strangled in a sleazy hotel room near Pershing Square shortly after WWII.

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.

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House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3393 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Flexible Flyers, Inc. 15621 N. Cave Creek Rd., 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
Oakland Hog 3421 MacArthur Blvd., Oakland
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

Jawbone Junction 3811 Schaefer Ave., Unit C., Chino
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto
Jim & Jan'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 2887 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 7002 Convey Court Suite B, San Diego
Precision Cycle 17716 West Sierra Hwy., Canyon Country
Gordon's MC Madness 1588 Merse, Ventura

COLORADO

Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
Colfax Custom Cycle 7011 W. Colfax, Lakewood
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Colorado Custom Cycle 1430 Lansing, Aurora
Horell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Plattina H-D 2805 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 1/2 5th St., Greeley
Brown's Custom Cycle 444 E. Pike Peak,
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CONNECTICUT

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

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Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market,
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FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami

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Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1981 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale

H-D of Stuart 34 E. 8th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk. north
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Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd.,
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Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
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ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Pete Robertson Racing 189n & Wolf Rd., Mokena
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
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Chicago H-D, Inc. 8868 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
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Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
Jobber's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
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Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3308 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 748 E. Virginia, Evansville
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IOWA

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

KANSAS

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Free Wheeling 624 W. 6th St., Topeka
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

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

LOUISIANA

Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville
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MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

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Exakler's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
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Salar's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Blue Earth Boutique 220 Washington St., Mini Mall, Havre
de Grace

MASSACHUSETTS

Chip's Custom Equipment Depot Street, Palmer

MICHIGAN

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

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H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
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NORTH DAKOTA

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NODAK Harley-Davidson Hwy. 63 North, Minot
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Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
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Wet Willie's Custom Shop 202 S. Choctaw, El Reno
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Male Call

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

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

Wanted: One foxy lady who is sexy and sassy, for this Aryan Warrior who has more time than sense. I'm 27, 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Charlie "Lupo" Richie 109942, Box 37, Holman Prison, Holman Station, Ala. 36503-0038.

Downed bro needs to hear from righteous ol' ladies. Send photo and letters, James "Scooter" Swan, EF-145571, C-2, G.S.P., Reidsville, Ga. 30499.

My scout is cherry red; my balls are navy blue from lack of corresponding with you foxy partyin' ladies. W/m, 23, B. "Buzzard" Bullard 328252, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

Lifer needs mail from sincere ladies; send flick, if possible. I'm 5'9", slim build, blond hair and blue eyes. Kenneth Carlisle 15130, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Two w/ms down for the count need fine foxy ladies to write and send pics. John Bandagni 120947 (6', 165 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes), and Nick Spear 120994 (5'9", 140 lbs., brown hair and eyes). Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

C'mon—drop a line and cheer up a lonesome dude. Jerry Trölinger 039552, Box 1500-298, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

W/f doing some hard time! Want to put my thoughts in the wind. I need someone to share their smiles with me. Don't write b.s. and neither will I. I can't receive prison scribbles. Ruth Paschal 150910, H-4, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

Lonely bro down for five, got ten to start real soon. Need foxy young women to drop me some good lines and a photo. W/m, 5'10 1/2", 150 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Gary Harrell 44171-R, Box 538, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Bro, 34, blond and curly hair, beard, grey eyes, 5'9", 170 lbs., down time in prison till 12/85. Need lots of sunshine from some righteous ol' ladies. Thomas O. Eilert, Box 5827-875, 3000 Hannover 1, Federal Republic of Germany.

Lady just got three and would like mail and photos from new and old friends. I'm 5'4", brown hair and eyes, 120 lbs. Will answer all mail. Would love to hear from some tramps out of Canada. Gloria Bailey, 9930-101st, Ft. Saskatchewan, Alberta, Canada T8L-1V7.

White California bro, 26, pulling 3-15, no ol' lady. So, all you fine ladies, write and send pictures. Michael E. Woods 165-002, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699-0001.

Lonely white boy, 28, needs TLC, kites and pics from loving ladies. Paroling soon to San Francisco. Bill Kanios, Box C43248, CTF-South 767, Soledad, Calif. 93660.

Four outlaws—white trash deluxe—would like some assistance from beautiful young ladies. We need to escape the daily prison routine; please write and send flicks (preferably nude!). John S. Patton 332329, Michael J. Pike 335185, and Michael L. Brunson 336771, Eastham Unit, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. Robert C. Russell 337620, Darrington Unit, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Done 4 flat on this 10. Damn, I'm tired of this redneck pen. Soon to move on to the streets. Some stand-up bros I'd like to meet. Inmate mail refused by institution. Darla Graham 98317, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

This half-breed female, 20, long brown hair, brown eyes, 5'7", 125 lbs., would like to receive letters and flicks from all righteous #1 scooter people. Will answer all. Debbie "Sundance" Crain 820714, 9930 101st, Ft. Saskatchewan, Alberta, Canada, T8L-1V7.

W/f, 25, lonesome, and needs a friend. Will answer if ya don't feed me bullshit. I need to share my thoughts and feelings with a righteous bro. I can't receive letters from other inmates. Barbara Baker, F02103, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

Two downed ladies looking for a few lines to help us do our time. Will answer all; please send pictures. Bonnie Van Clarke 150889, F.C.I. #399, and Lynda Carroll 789340, F.C.I. #82, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

W/f, 24, blond hair, blue eyes. I love riding and sailing and would like to hear from good, down-to-earth bros. I'm from the north, doing my time in Florida. Out in '83. Julie Portala 150817, F.C.I. #301, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Wanted: A foxy ol' lady. Requirements: Must be able to handle a 100% man and a little on the kinky side. I'm an outlaw, born to raise hell and ride an H-D. Please send photo/letter to O. Neal 39780, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

W/m from So. Cal. downed and lonesome, mellow outlaw—24, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 175 lbs. Sincerely needs letters and flicks from ladies with heart. Getting short and want to settle down and have a home. Michael R. Zimmerman, C-34326, C.M.C., (C)6205, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

W/m, 31, 6'2", 210 lbs., green eyes, brown hair. Looking for ol' lady for lasting relationship. Just honest, open people need apply. Glenn Cahill 38271, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

Two white boys sitting in San Quentin, lookin' for sincere ladies. Looks and age don't matter. Nick Hoover, B-92057, and Robbie Hill, C-39147, Tamaul, Calif. 94964.

Lonely white boy, 5'8", blond hair, blue eyes, 27, needs letters and photos from ladies, 18-30. Roger Martin, B-96983, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Two good-looking white boys from Calif. need what a good woman has to offer. No games. Please send picture in first letter; we'll do likewise. Joel Burkett 16111, and Jim Russo 13666, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Lonely w/m, 23, 5'6", 140 lbs., brown hair and eyes, would like to hear from righteous women. All letters answered. Mack D. Steinsouer 34048, Box 1568, K.S.I.R., A3-209, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

W/m, 25, brown hair, blue eyes, doing time, but fixin' to stroll. Would like to hear from cuties who might be waiting at the end of that walk. Freddie Odom, Box 231, Statesville, N.C. 28677.

Handsome southern white boy back from escape, 28, 6', 170 lbs. Need foxy ladies with money, heart and style to write and send flicks to Donald Ray "Roady" White, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

W/m, 23, 5'9", 155 lbs., black hair, would like to correspond with a foxy lady in the Midwest. I'm doing about 3 1/2 more years. Will answer all. Todd Redinger, Box 713, St. Albans, Vt. 05478.

I need to hear from a sweet lady around 30. I'm w/m, 34, 6', 170 lbs., auburn hair. Send photo, please. Richard Rhodes 14103-A, N.S.P., Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Outlaw, 31, 6'1", 185 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, Virgo. Looking for a "together" lady, one responsible enough to accept things for the way they really are! Johnny Mono 78-D-238, Attica, N.Y. 14011.

Aryan outlaw, 27, brown hair, blue eyes, a true Scorpio, 5'11", 160 lbs. Needs to hear from righteous ladies. Roy C. Wallace 326187, Box 32, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

W/m, 32, 6'1", 184 lbs., never married, but close a few times. Getting out 12/83 and looking for a man-eating woman, 5'5" or taller, slim, 18-35, independent, career-minded. David Hunter, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd, Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

Solid white boy, down but not out. Will hit the streets in '84. Looking for a few lines and flicks from ladies on the free side; all answered. William "Star" Joeckel, Box 44266, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Biker, 5'9", 180 lbs., 29, would like to hear from solid chicks who care about a man's feelings. All answered, with pic. Joe "Jumper" LeCompte, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

W/m, doing 5 years. I'm 23, 180 lbs., 6'2", brown hair and eyes, mellow. Looking for ladies to write to. Pictures are great: kids okay, too. Harry Koenig 34673, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502-0800.

Downed scooter tramp would like to hear from nice, good-hearted women. I am white, 23, brown hair and eyes, 5'7", 150 lbs., into traveling and partying on 2 wheels. Mike Cameron, Box 220, Burnsville, N.C. 28714-0220.

Help! I'm a hostage in Louisiana, doing life. You foxy ladies out there can make it bearable with your sexy flicks and letters. This 28-year-old w/m will answer all. Joel A. "Snow" Vernon 92382-CR, L.S.P., Angola, La. 70712.

W/m, from L.A., downed in redneck country. I'm 20, blond and blue, 165 lbs., 5'10", in need of some kites and flicks from sincere ladies, 19-30. Two years left. Will answer all. Dave Love, H-34821, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502-0800.

W/m, 29, 5'7", 142 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. Been incarcerated seven years. Would like to correspond with heavy and sincere women. Ralph Polk Hill, Jr., 900 Coble Ave., Albemarle, N.C. 28001.

Ladies, the stallion is down. Rode into one too many banks to make a withdrawal. Now I'm 7 and 7 in the Greystone Hotel. So write and get to know a sensual, sexual, animalistic, nymphomaniac and always a gentleman. Darrell Vidito, Box 3000, #5832, Drumheller, Alberta, Canada, T0J-0Y0.

Downed Aryan warrior, 26, 5'11", 200 lbs., blue and blond, got the big one. Been down 4 and getting lonesome. If you're white, write Greg McMaster 104454, Box 10, Stillwater, Minn. 55082.

I'm down and lonely. Have a desire for sexy ladies, any age. I'm a scooter tramp from Richlands, Va. Most people call me Hillbilly. Send pic. Ricky White 110310, C.U. #31, Rt. #3 - Box 472, Tazewell, Va. 24651.

White outlaw, doing 5, will be out in '84, 5'10", 185 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. Looking for no-game-playing, righteous ol' lady to help with letters and photos. Joey Keller 8144018, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821-0051.

Achtung, attention, and listen here! Now we ain't gonna beg or snivel, we just need some bitches in hot britches to help us scratch our itches. Seriously though, write to us downed bros. Scott Dillon 631566, and Jim Cook 279482, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Pagan, locked down, looking for chick for an ol' lady. Must be able to relocate. Letters with pics answered first. Theodore Sparrow 102243, Box 3500, Staunton, Va. 24401.

Lonely white bro down for 5 and getting ready to muf div. 25, 6', 170 lbs. To be released in summer of '83. Need an ol' lady, 18 to 30, to get my head back. James "Mule" Honeycutt 33560-A3-233, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Help! Downed bandit lost all outside world contacts! Am looking for ready, willing and foxy lady to be mine. Send pictures. Chip "The Bandit" Warren 123207, Box 56, Elmore, Ala. 36025.

Attention! Lonely scooter tramp down for 4 more yrs. 5'9", blond hair, blue eyes, 190 lbs. and not fat. I am 29 and good-looking. Would like to hear from women (18-?) who care and want to help. Frank Conran, C-41091, Box 2000-M-261, Vacaville, Calif. 95696.

Bro from Salt Lake City doing time in a redneck state and could use mail and pics from any nasty bitches. Robert "Rebel" Smith 31091, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Texas loner down in the swamp, looking for ladies, 18-30, to write to. Visits and permanent relationship possible. Send stamp and photo with first letter—nudes are nice, but not necessary. I'm 6'1", 175 lbs., 27, Harley rider lookin' for parole in '83 or '84 with no family to help. No hard boozers or dopers need reply—and no letters accepted from Alaska. No bullshit games, please—I've had enough to last forever! Pete Owens 90101, Camp D, Eagle 2, Angola, La. 70712.

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 **Matt Mastera** 7/29/82 (BDMC) and **Roddy Briscoe** 10/17/82 (PPMMC). You were both taken away so damn fast. Loved and missed deeply. Carol, Don and all your bros and sisters.

In memory of **Kevin "Cajun" Ray Tyler** 9/1/82. You lived fast and died young. I will always have the memory of you in my heart, until we meet in Harley Heaven. Yours always, Raspberry.

In loving memory of my little sister, **Barb**, 8/24/59-2/5/83, senselessly murdered in the prime of her life. She saw only the good in people and it cost her her life. I've lost my only sister and my biggest fan—damn, it hurts. The Ort, Austin, Tex.

In loving memory of **Kane M. "Pat" Kimmey**, 8/13/56 to 7/16/82, who died by the hands of a "friend." A true-blue biker, you'll be sorely missed by all your friends in Houston and by me. Ride free, my love. I'll see you when I get there. Your one and only, Suzanne.

In memory of **Bill "Gibby" Gaddie**. Died 10/26/81. You were a great father and biker. We all miss you very much. See you in Harley Heaven. Love ya forever, your daughter Sami.

In memory of **"Slob"**, 11/4/82. Until we meet again in Harley Heaven. The memories will never die. You'll live forever in our hearts and souls. Ride free and easy. Love you always, The Ol' Lady, George, Diane, Tim, Janet, and Wally.

In memory of **Paul "Eddy" MacAllister**, lost 11/8/82. There are no words to express our loss. Ride free, bro, we're thinking of you. The Big "H" and Brad.

In memory of **Homer Korn** 5/31/81. And now his brother... **Victor Korn** 1/17/83. Will be missed by all who loved them. The Wednesday Nighters, San Jose, Calif.

A tribute to **Ed Solari**, who rode for today and will ride in all of our tomorrows, till we're together again, Leigh, Fremont, Calif.

Oscar **"Patches" Greer** died 10/2/82. We'll love you always. Richard and Laura.

In memory of **Dan French**. When we party and otherwise, we remember, and when we remember, we silently rejoice because we then understand that all of this is worth it. Your bros 'n' ol' ladies.

Harley riders never die, they just ride free. So ride on, **Rocky J**, 12/19/80, we miss ya. Bear, Bonita and Cub.

In memory of **David Allen Windt**, killed by a no-good punk 10/27/82. You may be gone, Dave, but you'll never be forgotten. Bro, rest in peace. Roy Rich FLMP.

In memory of **Link "Dopey" Strong** 2/26/82. Gone, but not forgotten. Only the good die young. E.O.B.F. Outriders MC and Brothers MC (OFF6/BFFB).

In loving memory of a free spirit, **Don Smith**. Your life was cruelly taken by chance, but you went the way you wanted, with your knees in the breeze. You'll always be loved and remembered. Your ol' lady Pollee, and all your bros and sisters.

Albert Dean Holloway, 9/3/56 to 8/27/82. He rode his scooter fast as hell, and I'll ride it until I again see my love. Life is good, life is nifty-neat; but without A.D., not nearly so sweet. I love you, Daddy-Dean—forever more. Becky Holloway.

In memory of **Charlie "HoBo" Columbus** and **Ernie "Old Man" Sporman**. May you ride on together in Harley Heaven. You will always be remembered and loved very much. Pat, Donna, Brian and Mary.

In loving memory of **Dennis F. Cooper**, who died on our Harley, 11/12/81, in Pasadena, Tex. I still carry the two broken pieces of our Hog everywhere I go. How I miss ya, babe! Ride on with the wind, I'll catch ya someday. The care-less drinker is doin' his time; still, it doesn't bring you back. Love you always, Debbie "Freebird" Cooper and sons.

In memory of **Rick "Spider" Sturley**. Live to Ride, Ride to Live, forever! Deeply loved and missed by all his bros and by his lady, Christmas Carol, Syracuse, N.Y.

In memory of **Michael "Nomad" Williams**, 10/1/82, who went down too hard and fast. You fought till the end. You're gone from us now, but you'll be in our hearts forever. Until we meet again in that great Harley Heaven, ride free. We'll be together again soon. Your lady Phyllis, your sons Brian and Brent, your sis Pam and all who knew and loved you.

Mexican Al 11/5/82. Ride on forever, brother; we miss and love you. You are now in Harley Heaven with the rest of your bros, but we remember you as you were, a brother forever! Mother Pat, Huey and Rosey, Randy and Dee, John and Nicky, wife Paula, Jim and all of your bros.

In loving memory of **Charles "Chez" Price**, who took his last ride 8/4/82. I know now you're riding in Harley Heaven. Ride on free, cuz. I miss and love you, Bonnie.

In memory of **James "Yankee" Dearing** 11/11/82. Gone, but never forgotten. May you ride in peace in Harley Heaven until we meet again. Love, Rita, Phyllis, Kay and all your brothers and friends.



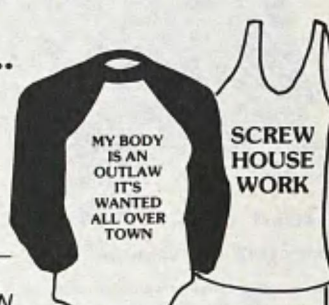
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go 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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it.**

Escape

Continued from page 18

inside, 2604 turned about, confused, but when he saw the look on Pomeroy's face, the saliva glistening at the corners of his mouth, he knew what was coming and he braced himself.

2604 had been toughened by months of battle and he gave as good as he got, but in the end, fists were no match for a billy club.

The next day, Pomeroy stopped beside 2604's seat in the mess hall. He glared down at the bruised and broken face of the inmate and sneered. "You passed out before I could have my fun last night," he snarled through lips still puffy from the onslaught of 2604's fists, "but tonight you're mine." In that moment, with the snickers and jeers of his messmates ringing in his ears, the months of brutality and terror came flooding to the surface and erupted with volcanic fury.

He stood up and one hand drove a fork into Pomeroy's throat. He continued to jab as they fell to the floor together and Pomeroy's screams were lost in the bloody froth that sprayed from his lips.

Guards rushed forward, clubs flashing. 2604 rose and stomped Pomeroy's face with his heel, then bent down to dig his fingers into the eyes that had leered at, coveted, and craved his young body. Eyes that watched him in sleep, eyes that watched him as he bathed. Eyes that were clutched in 2604's hands when the others beat him away from Pomeroy's still form and finally pounded to an end the wild animal sounds that came from the prisoner's fight-swollen lips.

2604 was taken to the long-unused cell in the tower, and as the years passed, his presence was for-



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gotten. Men, along with time, came and went but they had no effect on 2604. His isolation was complete. His only view was that of the endless green plain and the walls below, and his only moments of escape from that deadly boredom came in flashbacks of riding in the wind, his love warm against his back, her palms pressed flat against his naked chest. When the wind blew in through the window, he would stand with his eyes closed, holding tight to the bars, and race, dream-like, along an endless asphalt highway to nowhere.

In his years of solitary confinement, he saw very few people. There was the guard who looked through the small window in his door, twice each day, and the trustee who brought his meals — and with whom no conversation was allowed.

Once, after five years in his cell, the warden had come to look in at him, frowning and shaking his head. Twenty-five years later, the warden, now stooped and gray, looked in again, and once more he shook his head — this time in wonder that the prisoner was still alive and healthy, while he himself had suffered the ravages of time. He would die without knowing the penalty for hatred.

Now it had been less than a year since a new warden had arrived. He had stood outside 2604's cell and peered through the small window in the door. He asked no questions. He observed, as one observes animals in the zoo. They had exchanged expressionless stares, and then the warden had closed the window.

Wars came and passed without the prisoner's knowledge. From the sky, staccato noises from flying machines changed to roars, and then to distant whispers. Sleek, streamlined shapes flashed along a distant road that crossed the plain. The world advanced without his participation.

The prison doctor had visited him several times, testing reflexes, listening to the strong beat of his heart. On one of those occasions, when the doctor had looked out the door to converse with the guard, 2604 managed to steal a sturdy pair of scissors from the doctor's black bag, and these he later put into his escape kit, which hung on a slender braided line inside the air vent in his cell wall.

The escape kit consisted of a short, thick, but untrustworthy rope made from braided pieces of cloth torn from blankets and old clothing.

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Most likely unusable for anything, after its thirty-five years of hanging there, it nevertheless gave him comfort by its presence. And there were the scissors.

The scissors were half worn away where he had used them, night after night, to dig away at the masonry near the base of the bars in his cell window. He dug only when the wind blew at night, so that no dust would remain on the sill, or on the ground far below, to give him away. And each time his digging was finished, he would mix the powdered stone with soap and press it into the deep grooves he had made.

For exercise, 2604 was allowed out of his cell for one hour each week. The corridor in front of his cell was less than a dozen feet long, but it opened onto a high-walled area on the roof, from which he could see nothing but the sky. He had been allowed to have a hard rubber ball, about the size of his fist, and a lifting weight constructed of a sturdy metal bar with cement molded to each end. At first, he had been unable to lift the weight, but now he could raise it above his head with one hand. He only did so when the guard wasn't looking. He wanted no one to know of his strength.

Sometimes, when the guard was observing him, he bounced the solid rubber ball against the walls of his exercise yard, and it was his constant companion. Over the years he had practiced alternately squeezing it with each hand until his grip was strong enough to flatten the ball.

Also, over the years, he had spent hours hanging by the tips of his fingers from cracks in the wall of his cell, to make his fingertips as strong as his hands, strong for the night, this night, when he would make his bid for freedom. He knew nothing of what lay beyond or below the window, but his sense of invincibility overcame all fears.

Gripping the window bar, 2604 began to wrench it free. The bar had moved for him before, in testing his work, and now it moved easily. After a moment, it spun freely, moving up and down an inch or more; and when he felt the moment right, he placed his feet on the wall and pulled at its center. The ancient bar began to bend, slightly at first, and then with ease. One end came out of the stone, making a rasping, metallic sound. He bent the bar farther, then lifted it from its socket. There was now a wide gap through which he could squeeze without difficulty. He poked his head out into the darkness and looked down.

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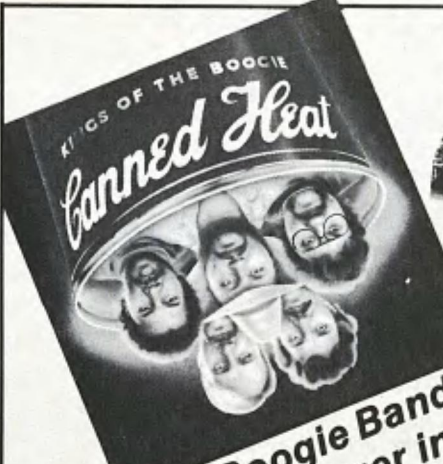
Directly below his window was another. The lower window was covered with an iron-mesh screen that stood out from the wall a short distance, supported by slender, eroded, iron rods. The wall of the tower was made of large, hand-hewn sandstone bricks with deep indentations, where time and weather had eroded the mortar holding them together. At eight-foot intervals, a ledge of slabbed stone that would give a good foothold protruded. The first was within reach of his cell window.

2604 removed his shirt and shoes, and taking the worn scissors between his teeth, he tied the short length of rope about his waist and slipped out into the dark night. The chance that he might slip and fall apparently held no importance for 2604. He would gain his freedom one way or another, for directly below him, the low spear-staked fence that surrounded the building guaranteed that a fall could not possibly result in his being returned to his bitterly lonely cell.

He hung by his fingertips from the ledge of his cell window and groped with his bare feet for the ledge below. When his toes had made a sort of purchase on it, he relaxed his grip slightly to test the ledge's ability to hold his weight. With his chest and the left side of his face pressed against the rough, cold stones, he began to move sideways, so that when the time came he would be beside the window below, in a position to work at the screen. With his fingers digging into the cracks between the stones, he silently cursed at his stupidity in not removing his belt when the buckle caught, momentarily, on a sharp edge and nearly caused him to lose his balance. He resisted the compulsion to look down, lest he lose his courage. It was much too late to turn back.



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Mechanically, he pushed his feet along the narrow ledge, and when he thought he had gone far enough, he lowered one hand, then the other, and got a grip on the groove between the row of stones below.

Next, he had to release his toe-hold on the narrow ledge, bend one knee, and find a grip somewhere below. In order to do that, he was forced to turn his leg before his knee would bend, or he would wind up pushing himself away from the wall to fall into the darkness below. He couldn't reach the mortarless groove, so relying on the strength of his hands and arms, he took his other foot off the ledge and hung by his fingertips.

Carefully, he stretched downward, groping until the very tips of his toes suddenly moved into a slot in the wall. At the same time, he looked down, and in that fractional moment he became paralyzed with horror as he saw himself falling through dark space and being impaled on the iron spears of the fence far below. He closed his eyes and began to tremble so violently that he feared he would lose his finger grip. His hands and body were now dripping with perspiration.

Momentarily he lost his courage. Frozen in place, he thought of calling for help and then, remembering the agony of the years that had led to this moment, rejected the thought. Visions passed before his tightly closed eyes. He saw himself falling at a terrible speed. He saw his mother waiting below, arms outstretched to catch him, as she had when he was a child jumping into her arms from the front porch of their house.

Sheer necessity calmed his tortured body. He opened his eyes and gazed at the cold stone in front of his face, then reached down and jammed his fingers into the crevice below, one hand after the other, and began lowering himself once more.

Easyriders



He didn't look down again. By exerting raw willpower, he continued to grasp and claw at the stones until, from the corner of his eye, he saw the top of the window screen appear.

By projecting as it did, the window screen had deflected the wind, protecting the mortar between the bricks from erosion. The depth between them was not as great on the lee side of the window, and it wasn't until this moment that he became aware that he still had the worn scissors clutched between his teeth. He had bitten into them without realizing it, and he now realized that the grit in his mouth had been chipped from his teeth.

Reaching down as far as he could, he found the gap between the stones and used the scissors to dig at the mortar. It was old and rotted and came away like dust; soon he had a deep hand-hold to rely upon. Again he lowered himself, and finally he could touch the screen. He worked his fingers under one edge and gave it an experimental tug.

The screen fell away without effort, as if someone had pushed it from the inside. There was a brief and distant clatter as it hit the ground far below.

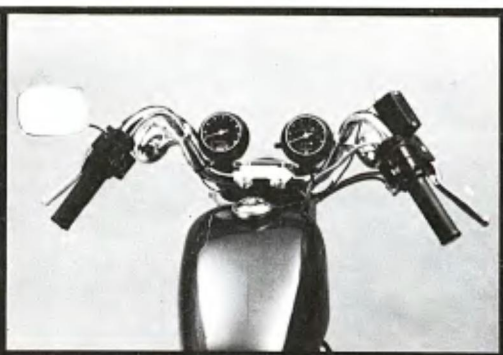
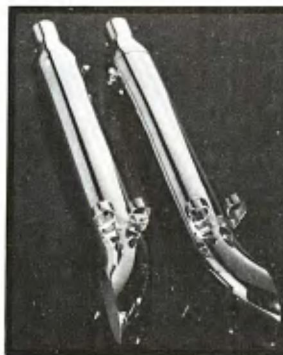
Startled, he lost his footing on the narrow ledge beneath the window, and dangled for a moment in space, holding on only by the fingertips of one hand. Pain shot along his arm as he felt the muscles in it stretch to the tearing point. Then he swung his free arm over the windowsill, gripping the inside edge.

Carefully, he raised himself up onto the sill, pulling the upper half of his body inside, listening. His eyes strained, trying to pierce the dark interior of the room.

The room had a dank, musty smell, mingled with cigar smoke and something else — foreign, yet remembered. As his eyes got used to the darkness, he could make out what appeared to be a large, wooden desk. A faint light shone under a door at the far side of the room, and the same light outlined the door like a halo, exposing the latch. Only one bolt showed. The door could be opened from the inside. He threw a leg over the sill and stepped into the room, his feet landing soundlessly on a carpeted floor. He was panting heavily, and there was a tightness in his chest. His left arm throbbed savagely with pain.

"Stand right there," a voice said from out of the darkness. 2604 froze into a crouched position and turned toward the sound, automatically raising both hands. There was a muted click, and the dim room light

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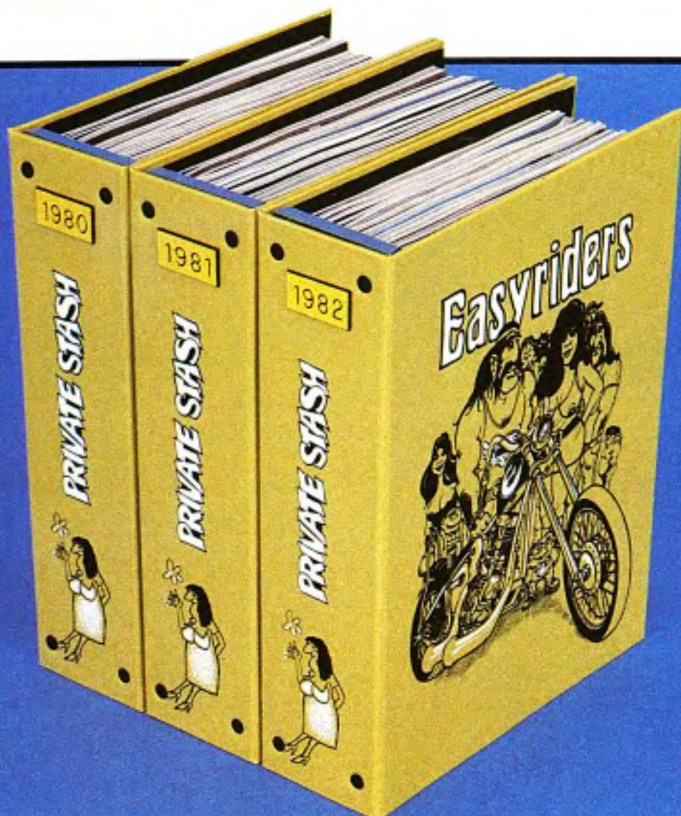
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went on, illuminating his defeat.

There was a large desk in the room, all right, and the new warden was sitting behind it. On top of the desk, directly in front of him, sat an ashtray with two cigar butts in it, next to a bottle of Jack Daniel's whiskey and a huge black revolver. There were also two glass tumblers on the desk, one half-filled, the other empty. 2604 remembered the elusive odor he had wondered at.

"Pour a drink and sit down," the warden said, motioning toward the bottle and glasses. He rested his hand lightly on the grip of the revolver. It was almost fluttering.

2604 rose to his full height and exhaled the breath he had been holding. He walked slowly across the room to the desk and poured himself a full glass, and as an afterthought, he filled the other glass and gave it a nudge toward the warden. As he did so, he noticed his bloody and torn hands. His knuckles were scoured raw to the bone and two fingernails had been torn almost entirely away. He brushed at his forehead and his hand came away covered with congealed blood from the abrasions where he had slid his face along the rough stones. He sat down in a leather armchair in front of the desk, with his left arm, hurting worse now, cradled in his lap. He drank half the glass of whiskey in a single gulp and winced as it burned its way down into his gut. Leaning his head back, he looked straight ahead.

"My predecessor told me you'd be doing this some day," the warden said, lighting another cigar. He pushed a box toward 2604, then shrugged when the prisoner made no attempt to take one. "He said that he used to come up here to this old office at night just to sit and think, while he listened to you scratching at the mortar up there. He said he knew you'd do it, and he wanted to be here when you tried, so he could have a legal reason for killing you."

The warden sighed and leaned back in his chair, removed the cigar from his mouth and looked at it with distaste. "He's dead, now, the old bastard. He wasn't worth a lot. We both know that, don't we?" he asked, rhetorically, and continued. "I started coming up here about a year ago," he went on. "Whenever the wind started to blow a little, I listened, too. Funny how these old stone walls carry the sound so well. I listened and I got to wondering just what in the hell you were here for,

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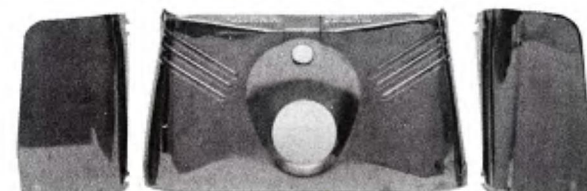
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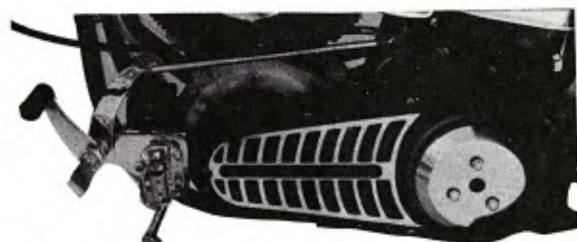
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so I looked through the files. Do you know there's no record at all of your presence here? Your file, if there ever was one, is missing." He took a drink from his glass.

"After I looked through the files, I talked to some of the older prisoners, and then I wrote to the Bureau of Prisons. They wrote back that you'd died, fifteen years ago. I found out all about the warden, and his daughter — and you.

"Pomeroy, the guard you killed, was the old man's nephew. A favorite son, so to speak. I guess it was a personal thing with him, to make you pay for everything that happened. He falsified a lot of records that need to be straightened out. And there are others here, like you, who will be leaving."

The warden poured himself another drink. "No one from the bureau comes to inspect this place anymore. It's a white elephant. A curse. They're all afraid of getting involved in some kind of scandal, so they keep passing the buck until it's finally forgotten again."

The warden drained his glass, then pushed himself slowly back from the desk. He picked up the pistol, hefting it in his hand. It was an

ancient Webley-Scott.

"Drink up," the warden said, smiling almost apologetically. "I'll walk you back upstairs, and in the morning we'll move you downstairs. Maybe even put you in the hospital for a few days before getting you out of here. You hear me?" He went around the desk and stared at the old man who still sat in the chair, a half glass of whiskey in his hand, his face serene, his eyes gazing straight ahead.

The warden looked at the man, seeing his short, gray hair, the lines in his face, and the incongruously sturdy body of a much younger man, with its barrel chest and huge,

muscular arms. The muscles now seemed somehow soft and flaccid. He waved his hand before the unblinking, dull and lusterless eyes.

"Forty years," the warden said, aloud. "Forty years alone. Christ!"

The sun came up on the plain, and the prairie dogs sat once more on the mounds of earth beside their burrows. They stretched and yawned, luxuriating in the morning's warmth, enjoying the companionship of their own kind. Enjoying freedom. In the distance a long line of motorcycles sped along the highway, heading for the Badlands, the sound of their engines lost on the low, moaning wind. ■



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Celebration

Continued from page 57

know, I haven't had enough to do me since Doc stopped me from backdoorin' you."

Bea advanced upon us determinedly. "Out, you two," she ordered. "Do you want me to lose my job? Don't go near Edna. The places you two go, you could give her the black plague."

"Dammit, Bea, I give healthy germs," Johnny argued. She placed both hands against his chest and pushed. She made about as much

impression as if she'd been pushing an 18-wheeler.

Edna was smiling at me. "If it had been a girl, I'd have had to stuff the kid back up in there," she said.

"I know," I said.

"Not that you were any different," she went on with more of her usual Edna-tartness.

Johnny had hold of Bea by one arm while his enormous palm cupped a uniformed haunch. "I'm levelin', Bea," he rumbled. "I really got to get it on. Like to be the party of the second part?"

"I might get a better offer this afternoon," she retorted, wriggling away from him.

"Not in this man's town you won't," Johnny said emphatically.

"You can come back and visit Edna after we've cleaned her up," Bea tried to pacify him.

"Okay." Johnny looked down at Edna again. "Have Doc sew you in a new hymen, baby. Bustin' your original issue is about the only thing we never did together, since this guy —" he punched me in the ribs — "got there first."

Edna waved to us as we went out. Johnny climbed on behind me and I fired up the Harley. The gang

poured out onto the apron of the station as we wheeled in. They were all yelling and cheering. They'd gotten the word.

We have seven pumps and three racks — one of the bays is strictly for bikes. Nobody gave us the place. I'm the mechanic and Large John's the salesman. He could sell baby lotion to porcupines. When he can't sell to people head-on, he goes around corners. He sells people who don't realize they've been sold till three weeks later.

He opened two boxes of cigars and I cracked the beer. I carried a can over to Carl at the cycle bay where he was working on a clutch cable that had seen mucho action. "Got to ree-place it, right?" he asked.

I nodded. "You put *that* thing back on and the dude riding it might make it to the city limits."

We drank beer for a while with Carl and Dave and Lennie, our day crew, and with the drinking customers who came in — a majority, but I could see Johnny was getting restless. "Let's go over to your place," I suggested.

"Good idea," he said, chugging down his beer. He climbed up behind me again, him



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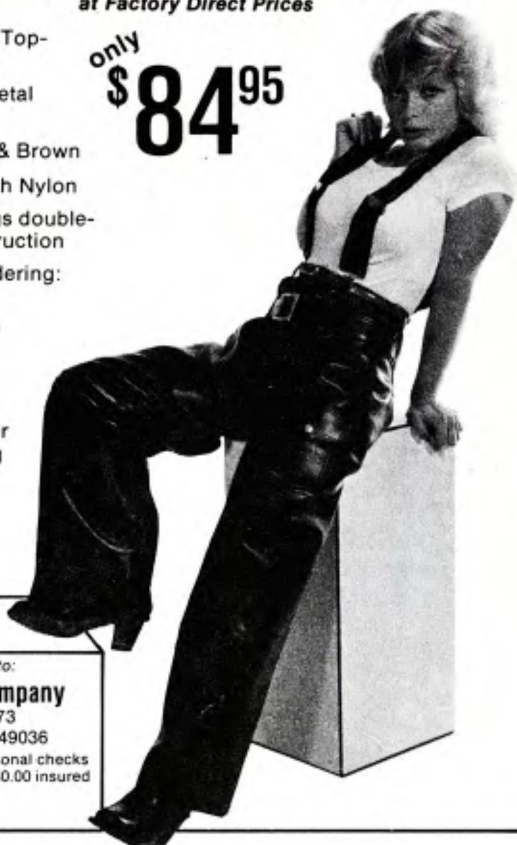
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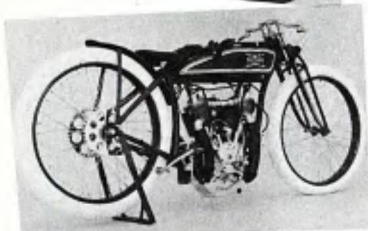
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still in his T-shirt, and we roared off. I married Edna when she was seventeen. Her parents broke us up. I was too hardnosed for their only daughter. A drinker, a brawler, etc. Two years later Johnny married her. I often wondered what her parents thought about that switch. By that time, though, Edna was out of the do-what-your-folks-tell-you-is-good-for-you-dear age bracket. Neither Johnny nor I go for the pretty ones. We like the lively ones.

Johnny had been married before Edna. Lorraine, his first wife, was a bit older, but she wasn't old enough to realize she couldn't change him. "Biggest mistake I ever made in my stupid life, divorcing him," she told me a year later. "The big slob might have been home only two nights a week, but he sure kept my pussy well-marinated when he was there."

I drove up Johnny's front walk and set the scooter up on its kickstand. "Home is where your garbage is," Johnny said in the kitchen, looking at high-piled dishes. "I got to get this place cleaned up before Edna comes home."

He went to the fridge and started in on beer again. He's the type of drinker who can go in and out of several near-blackouts in a 48-hour period and still keep walking. Since it looked like it would be a long day, I switched to JD — less bulk.

I fixed us some food, and then we started making the rounds. Johnny passed out cigars and set up the bar at each tavern we stopped in. "How you an' the divorcee doin' these days?" he asked me from the back of the Harley during one of our tavern-to-tavern excursions.

"No complaints," I said. Yvonne, the divorcee, was a well-constructed French-Canadian with a pixieish six-year-old daughter.

"Yeah? Hey — does she moan in French or English?"

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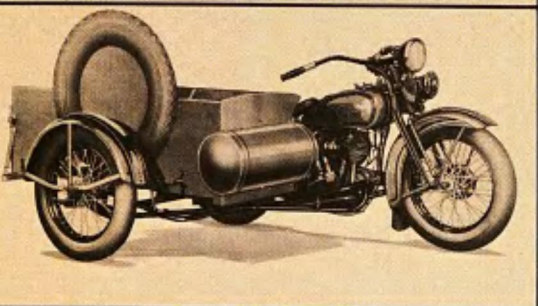
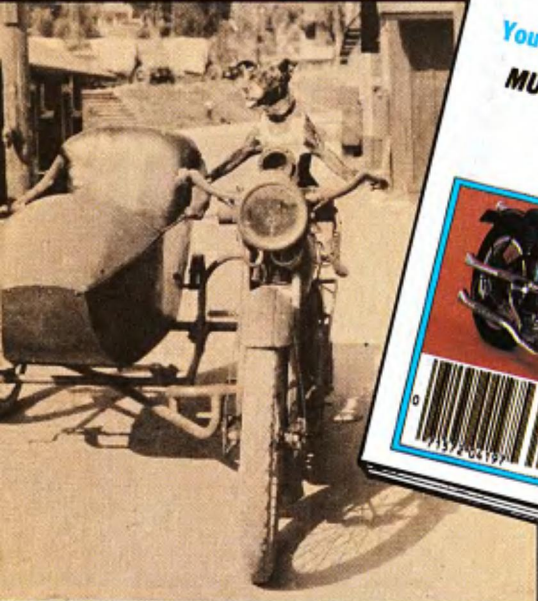
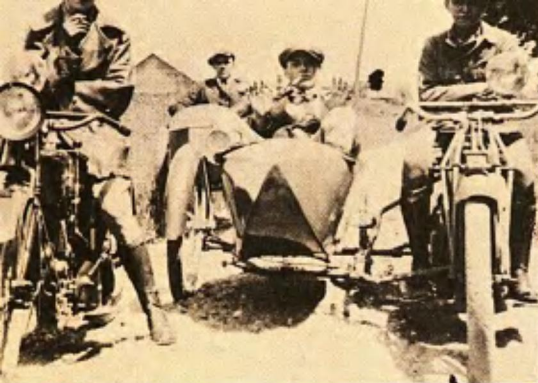


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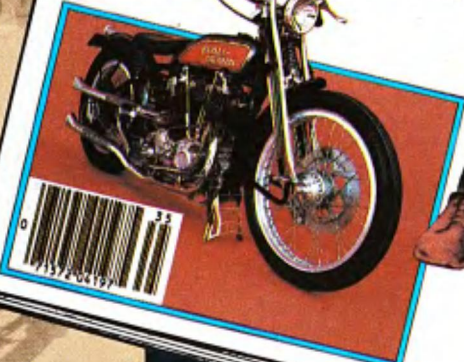
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"Shit, I dunno! Who listens?"

We both knew where we were headed. When we ran out of taverns, we rode out to the club. It used to be located in town, but the police chief had suggested a change of scenery might be appropriate. We stood him off long enough to get his balls sweaty, and then one weekend we borrowed a flatbed, jacked up the clubhouse, rolled it aboard, and drove to the edge of town where we set it down in the middle of a grove of pine trees.

When Johnny opened the reinforced door, the first thing to hit us, as usual, was the noise. Guys in leathers were practically standing on each others' shoulders. Johnny pushed his way inside through the blended haze of cigarette, cigar, and marijuana smoke. The smells of booze, beer, leather, gasoline, oil, and urine contrasted with the cheap perfume of the broads hanging on the guys.

There was a concerted roar when the guys saw John. They all knew about his kid. Half a dozen bottles were thrust toward him. I steered him to a booth in the back and we settled down to some serious drinking. The next time I looked up it was getting dark outside. Johnny was listening to fat Millie Peters bet Ace Hudkins ten bucks that she could, too, piss in a men's urinal. A dozen guys crowded inside behind them to check it out. Ace paid off.

"Shouldn't you drop in and say 'hi' to Edna?" I asked John.

"Yeah, sure, Earl," he mumbled.

"We'll all ride in an' say hello to Edna!" roared someone who had overheard me. Club members poured out into the parking lot under the trees. I knew better than to try to stop them. I grabbed Porky and Little Eddie and put them at the head of the parade.

"Keep it down!" I warned them.

So instead of tearin' ass back into town at 85mph, Porky and Little Eddie held it down to a stately 15. Motors roaring, headlights glaring, everyone rode two-by-two, except Johnny and me bringing up the rear. Not that we didn't attract attention, anyway. All along the way, citizens ran out of their houses to gawk at our procession.

We thundered through town, seriously inconveniencing the early-evening home-to-supper traffic. Porky set out point men, guys sitting on their scoots to stop cross traffic at the main intersection, while Little Eddie led us all in a huge figure eight under the traffic

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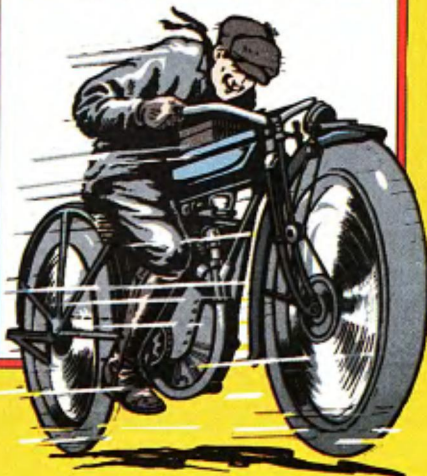
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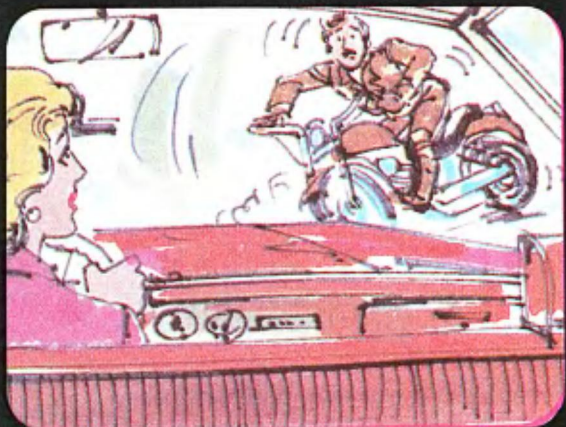


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light. Then we peeled off and headed for the hospital.

Johnny pounded on my back. "Get us the fuck up to the head of this snake dance!" he shouted.

We were only two blocks from the hospital when I made it. I could feel Johnny turning behind me. "Motors off!" he bellowed. "Motors off! Pass it on!"

I tell you, it was eerie — twenty Hogs coasted into the hospital parking lot without a single one even belching. Johnny started for the hospital entrance and he held up his hand when half a dozen guys climbed off their choppers to go with him. "Private party, guys," he said. He winked at them. "Edna might want to get it on."

Somebody snickered. Then the whole gang was laughing. Johnny went inside. The guys amused themselves by waving at ground-floor windows, hoping Edna might be behind one of them, but the cold got to them as Johnny had known it would. One-by-one they leg-walked their Hogs out of the lot and down the street before they fired up and rode off. Within fifteen minutes my Harley was the only cycle on the lot.

Johnny came out and climbed back on. "Asleep," he grunted in answer to my unspoken question. "Both of 'em."

I rode directly to The Oasis where we ordered drinks and steaks. Johnny bought another couple boxes of cigars before we left. I doubled back over the route we'd covered that afternoon. Johnny handed out cigars and drank beer and issued his perennial I-can-lick-any-man-in-the-house routine, which nobody local had taken him up on since he was fourteen. I mean, when someone spit in John's face, he didn't ask if it was raining — or offer to pay the hospital bill.

Around midnight he roused himself from one of his quiet spells. "Le's go over an' see Yvonne," he said bluntly.

I really didn't think it was a good idea, but I didn't need spectacles to see that once again Large John had the bit in his teeth. We rode to Yvonne's. "Whaddya mean holdin' out on my partner?" he snarled at her when she opened the door. She was in her nightgown, and he reached for her.

"No holdout, Johnny, no holdout!" I said hurriedly as she backed away from him.

"Mus' be thinkin' 'bout someone else," he muttered as he moved past her. He went into the kitchen, sat

down at the table with his head on his crossed arms, and began snoring loudly.

Yvonne smiled at me. "I've had a couple of phone calls about your triumphant journey. Shall I make sandwiches?"

"No need," I said. "To look at him you'd think he'd be there for three days — but he'll bounce up out of there in a few minutes, like a nudist who's kicked over a beehive."

The telephone rang, and Yvonne crossed the living room to answer it. "Yes?" she said. She looked at me over her shoulder. "The jungle drums are really beating tonight. It's Lorraine. She wants to congratulate Johnny about the baby."

I went into the kitchen and took

down the phone extension before I tapped him on the shoulder. "Lorraine," I said, giving him the phone.

I returned to the living room where Yvonne still had the receiver off the hook. She held it at an angle so we could both hear. "Hey, baby! Johnny was roaring. 'How're you! How's your li'l periwinkle?'"

"Congratulations to you and Edna, Johnny," Lorraine said. "I'm really happy for you both. Is Earl with you?"

"Sure as hell is! Why?"

"Bring him and Yvonne over here with you. I'll fix a little something."

"Hey, that won't get it, Lorraine."

Johnny sounded almost solemn. "Y'know what I need? You're jus' sittin' around on what I need these

days. How 'bout turnin' it up again — for luck?"

"Bring them with you," Lorraine said, and hung up on him.

"Let's do it," Yvonne said impulsively.

"John's rules aren't Marquis of Queensbury," I argued.

"Lorraine is a very good friend of mine," Yvonne said. It was an answer that didn't seem to be very much in the line of sight of what I'd just said, but Yvonne went into her bedroom to dress. She came out and handed me her pajama-clad, blanket-wrapped six-year-old Bitsy, who was still asleep.

Johnny was stirring in the kitchen when I carried Bitsy in there. "We're all going to Lorraine's," I told him.

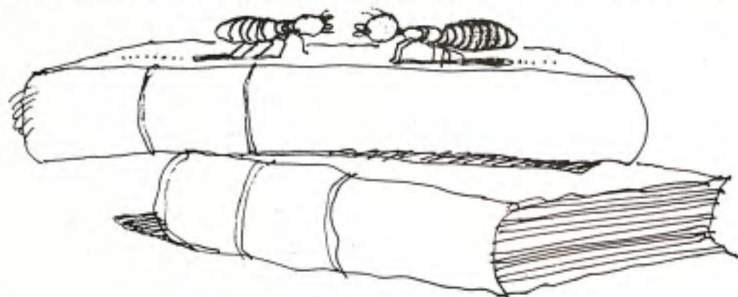
"Sounds good idea," he mumbled.

Outside, Yvonne scrambled up onto the pad between Johnny and me. I handed Bitsy to her over my shoulder. Twelve minutes later we rode up in front of Lorraine's little house. "We go in quietly, Johnny," Yvonne ordered. "It's not exactly noontime. No yelling and shouting."

"Yell 'n shout if I want," Johnny muttered, but we went up the walk silently with him in the lead.

Lorraine opened the door, and I

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thought someone had stabbed Big John in the ass with 120 volts. He swooped his ex up in a bearhug that carried them to the far side of the room, kissing everything he could reach. Lorraine deftly disengaged herself, then fended off his additional moves upon her. Since she's a big-titted, bubble-assed broad, whose curves have curves, she's gotten some practice at grope-dodging.

She held out her arms for Bitsy. "I'll put her down while you fix drinks, Yvonne. What would you like to eat? I can —"

Johnny now came to life verbally. "Woman," he interrupted, "eatin' don't cut it. Eatin' don't make it at all. I'm standin' here with a second-degree case of lockjaw of the balls, an' you're talkin' about eatin'? I s'pose you'd spread shit on me, too, if you had any handy."

Lorraine just smiled and went off to put Bitsy in bed. Johnny slumped down on the couch. Yvonne went into the kitchen. I could see her mixing screwdrivers with a bartender's dexterity. She mixed three drinks light on the vodka, then tripled it for the fourth one. She picked up the loaded drink and a light one and came out into the living room. She handed the light one to me and the loaded one to Lorraine who had just reappeared.

"Where's mine?" Johnny demanded, squinting owlishly.

"In the kitchen, if you can walk that far," Yvonne retorted.

"Show you," I could hear Johnny muttering as he weaved his way into the kitchen. He looked around with a crafty expression on his broad face. He picked up the vodka bottle and liberally salted one of the two remaining drinks. He came out

with both drinks and silently handed the salted one to Yvonne.

Four additional drinks later — two rounds made by Yvonne, two by Johnny — Lorraine and Yvonne were ignoring us while they busily engaged in animated woman-talk. Neither seemed to realize that the other was badly slurring her words.

Johnny abruptly set down his glass and surged to his feet. Lorraine had no warning. He scooped her up, slung her over his shoulder and headed for a bedroom door. "Bitsy's in there!" Lorraine said breathlessly. Johnny changed course and went into the other bedroom. The door closed behind them. Even so, for a moment we could hear Lorraine's squeaky protests and Johnny's commanding growls. Then there was silence.

"Maybe we'd better head for your place," I said.

"Sh — sheee needed it," Yvonne declared in a defiant whisper. She looked down at goosebumps visible on her bare forearms. "N' so do I," she added in a surprised tone.

I went into the other bedroom and brought out the sleeping Bitsy. I settled her on the couch, wedging her in with cushions so she couldn't roll off. Then I picked up Yvonne and carried her into the second bedroom. The next three hours took more out of me than a double-triathlon.

The women ran Johnny and me out of there just before daylight. "Hey," he said to me in the doorway, "next time we'll add Edna to the battin' order."

"There'll be no next time!" Lorraine and Yvonne chorused as they slammed the door behind us.

Johnny peered into my face before he climbed up behind me on the Harley. "The lines on yer face look like they could hold three days' rain," he informed me.

"You'll get old some day, too," I told him. The big walrus is two years older than I am.

He was bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. "I'll take the first shift at the station," he announced.

"You got it," I said thankfully.

I was almost asleep at my place when a stray thought jerked me upright in bed. What in the hell would have happened if Edna had had twins?

Another thought followed almost immediately. Lorraine and Yvonne and Edna together?

No way. No possible fuckin' way.

But I'm perfectly willing to leave all such arrangements to Big John. ■



"You should have taken him for his walk."



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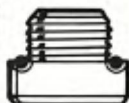
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 10

5. Don't ever "wiggle" on the back in the rain.

Never forget that you are with a very special group of people who take you for what you are, not what you look like or how old you are — and have a blast forever!

Annie
Minneapolis, Minn.

A Word Of Thanks

☐ I wanted to thank the person who started "Male Call." Thanks to you, I met the most fantastic guy in the world, and thanks to you, I am the happiest I've been in years. I love you all at *Easyriders*. I love you all.

D. Musumeci
Somerset, N.J.

About The Dept. of Defense

☐ Harley-Davidson is trying to place trade restrictions on the Jap manufacturers. Why take such drastic measures? The answer lies within the United States government itself. Here in the wonderful tropical paradise of Okinawa, Japan, the U.S. DOD (Department of Defense) owns and operates an extremely large fleet of vehicles, all of which are Japanese-made. When I use the word vehicles, that includes cars, trucks, buses, and motorcycles. In fact, the Marine Corps here on this island are using Kawasaki motorcycles.

If the U.S. would consider correcting the problem within itself and start buying American-made products, it probably would help our own economy drastically.

Kokamo, the Kid
Okinawa, Japan

Saved In Nowhere

☐ There I was, out in the middle of Nowhere, Kansas, with my third flat of the trip. The young girl with me had built a fire, and I was hanging a sign on my sissy bar and backpack that read "Please Help" — not that it was goin' to do any good at 12:30 just outside of Bumfuck, Nowhere. But all of a sudden a brand-new '83 FLH pulls up, and Lonny, the guy on the Harley asks if he can help. All I needed was a crescent wrench to yank off the rear wheel and drag it back to Wichita to the H-D shop. Lonny said he didn't have a wrench on him, but if I was

willin' to ride into Newton to his "used car" lot to pick up his truck, we'd come back, pick up the Sporty, drag it back to Newton, and fix it. I said, "Sure!"

Well, it turns out the guy owns Newton Cycle Shop in Newton, Kansas, about the last place on the map you'd expect to find a H-D shop, and this guy's got everything — from a 1918 Harley to the most trick flathead I've ever seen.

Well, to make a long story short, we fix the flat and he invites us over to rest up for a few days. Nice guy, and he makes some damn good chili.

So, from Rich, thanks to a fine dude and a real bro. If any of you are in Newton, Kansas, stop in and say "hi" to Lonny.

Rich
Wheat Ridge, Colo.

A Special Thanks

☐ This year, when my ol' man and I pulled into the Nova Campground for bike week, he reached down to put his kickstand down and the belt drive claimed three of his fingers. There were a few bros around drinking beers. I walked over and asked if they'd watch his bike while I drove him to the hospital. One dude, Junkyard, said he'd take real good care of it and chain it with theirs. They helped us look for his fingers, but we didn't find anything. One of the dudes rode up on his scooter to bring us one of the fingers a chick had found.

Well, thank you, bro. The finger wasn't usable, but the skin was used for a graft. Since all the bone was exposed on one finger, my ol' man needed surgery.

Later I found the campground okay. When I got there, I also found our scooter chained and secured to a picnic bench with the other dudes' scooters — and a roaring little campfire.

They were real good people. I want to give Junkyard and his friends a pat on the back and let them know my ol' man was back that Friday and riding his pan all weekend.

Thanks, bros. I wish the world had more like you.

Lou
Mandeville, La.

June Cover

☐ The babe who posed for "Ode To Reality" in the June issue is bedazzling! Miss

Julia makes most *Playboy* centerfold playmates look like latent adolescent teenagers. She is an eyeful!

Jonathan Nichadowicz
Leesburg, N.J.

Beautiful Julia

☐ I got the June '83 issue of *Easyriders* in the mail on April 8 while priming a friend's scooter. I saw the cover photo of Julia Parton and went right to the other photos. I couldn't believe my eyes. I just want to say that Julia is "simply beautiful."

Hoggie
Marlborough, Mass.

"More Than Flesh"

☐ In response to "More Than Flesh" (March '83), obviously your knowledge of the biker lifestyle is what you read and see on TV.

Bikers are the most honest living, and sincere people walking around these days. Their love of life and the freedom to live it as they choose is something you'll never find in any other group of citizens.

Your letter sounds as though your shit don't stink, but let me tell you, your farts give you away!

Rose
Van Nuys, Calif.

☐ Maybe all you're good for is fetching beers and getting fucked. I'm sure you've met all the bikers that'll fuck anything.

Change your fucking attitude and maybe you'll get married, have a few kids, and be happy.

W. Snow
Glenview, Ill.

Got Subscription

☐ Your donation of a subscription to the Santa Rita Library was so greatly appreciated that the magazine disappeared — in spite of security precautions — in two days.

Thanks for thinking of us.
Nola Johnson, Librarian
Ariz. C.T.C.
Tucson, Ariz.

Four Dots Again

☐ In reference to Robert Sutherland's letter (June '83 issue), he says the four dots were above the label on the glass. Well, in Oregon the dots were stamped on the backs of the labels.

I was always lead to believe that the four dots on an Oly label meant, "Find 'em, fee-

'em, fuck 'em, forget 'em."

If a guy gave a four-dot label to a chick and she signed it and returned it, then he was entitled to a piece of ass (only one piece per label). It was sacrilege to sign a label and then renege on the terms.

Not saying Rob's wrong — just tellin' it like it is in Oregon.

Kris Seay
Tenmile, Ore.

Other Dots

Whatdafuck! Now I've read the reasons why dots are tattooed on the hands, and it seems that different people have different reasons. This is an East Coast reason with class: Each dot represents one year and each year of downtime gets another dot until there's a total of four dots between the thumb and forefinger. On the fifth year of downtime, a star covers all four dots. A five-pointed star means five years in the joint. However, if someone is doin' more than five years, the procedure is followed again until a total of four stars is reached which equals twenty years. When a case of five stars is in order, there is a celebration, and the final star is added but soon followed by a cover-up of all five stars by a one-percenter patch.

I'm a prison tattoo artist, and this reasoning holds true as standard procedure.

Tramp
Hartford, Conn.

To Phil Graves of Shelby, N.C.: Hey, pinhead, you gave Steve Holden a load of shit in reply to his question about dots as tattoos. Five dots between the thumb and forefinger mean, "Find 'em, finger 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em." (Broads, that is.) They don't have S.D.S. (sweet ditty shit) to do with the amount of singles or fins ya done in the joint.

From someone presently in the joint.

Dave
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

As I have been doing tattoos on fellow cons for a number of years, the time dot is one of the most wanted tats of them all. Sometimes you find guys who have a cross with three dots between their thumb and index finger, standing for three violent crimes. Some have a tear under their eye for a life sen-

tence, but mostly the dot is found between the fingers — and, believe me, each year was done day by day and the memory never fades.

Bones
Capron, Va.

Snivel, Snivel

What is it with these damned men nowadays! That's right — I've got a typical ol' lady's bitch to pitch. At least I'll be able to attain some peace of mind by sounding off to you.

I've been told I'm very attractive. My ol' man and I have been together a year now. I'm the best woman he's ever had. I cook, clean, polish his scooter, seldom bitch, and rarely nag. I demand very little of him and give a whole lot of myself to him. He comes and goes as he pleases. I pay most of the bills so he can have spending money. Many of his friends tell him how lucky he is to have a good woman like me. What do I get in return for loving him? Very little — little putting and hardly anything in between. I'm called stupid and dumb. I'm "obsessed" and bothersome if I ask for a kiss or hug and I'm told to find a hobby. Forget about spending time with him on the weekends — I deprive him of privacy by doing that. I'm told to go home or to another bar if I show up wherever he's at. I'm constantly left at home by myself (like a dog left alone while its master vacations). Because I don't want to involve other women in our sex life, he's going out soon to get some strange stuff (to forsake leading a boring life). I'm either "lazy," don't "do anything," don't do it right, or don't do it in time.

What I'd like to know is why men treat good women like fuckin' shit when they find them. Christ, all I want is to be loved. I hope all you men aren't like the one I've got and I hope no women out there are as foolish as I am for loving such an unappreciative asshole. To keep from getting told I'm stupid (for writing this), please sign me. . .

Anonymous
No town, No state

Fall back ten yards and punt.

Deserves Respect

I'm concerned with the reply to "Is It True" in the June '83 issue. God is written

with a capital "G," not to indicate a proper noun, but to show respect. I think that God, our creator, deserves a lot more respect than he got with that reply. I'm sure you didn't realize what you were really sayin', but I think you owe Him an apology. Think about it! God forgives people all the time, if they ask.

Big Hunk
Beeville, Tex.

You read the reply wrong.

Right On!

I just wanted to say, "Right on!" to whoever is responsible for getting the "Watch Out For Bikers" commercial in our area.

I couldn't believe it. I was kickin' back, watchin' ol' Andy Griffith this morning on Channel 26 in the Visalia/Fresno area, and on it came. I split my coffee and everything.

Wings
Hanford, Calif.

A Fuck-Up

This is the 415th fuckin' letter I've written you in the four years that I've been locked up. For anyone who can't figure that out, that's just a little over 100 letters a year — and that comes to a grand total of a little under one hundred dollars. Now that ain't exactly a hill of Harleys, but to a dude who's locked up and ain't got a pot to piss in, it's a pretty good hunk to be puttin' out just tryin' to get a bad rag to print your shit.

I found a fuck-up in your March '83 issue, on the road lid laws in the States and Canada. Believe it or not, you forgot to put what all the little numbers stand for at the bottom of the column as you usually do. I don't know about y'all, but I don't like havin' to get up and walk clear across the room to dig out an old issue and check it out after I'm fucked up and kicked back (it sometimes can be as far as nine feet).

There's a pack of smokes ridin' on this, 'cause I say you'll print this and my dick-head neighbor next door says you won't.

Bricks
Deerlodge, Mont.

Ol' Lady Sounds Off

My husband has owned a Harley-Davidson motorcycle for one year. The other day I picked up one of his issues

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of **Easyriders** and looked through it. My comments and questions are to the girls. Why do you degrade yourselves by hanging around with bums? And don't you have pride in your body? Showing your body to every Tom, Dick, and Harry is disgusting. Those things are done by whores.

My husband is a clean-cut, honest working man and I respect him. He, in turn, respects me for my clean, and not disgusting, appearance.

Do you ever wear a bra? Do you ever wear something without holes in it?

Get out of America, you filthy bitches.

Wise
Houston, Tex.

Smelly Balls

☐ I'm tired of hearing all you bros bitch about how you want to eat a little pussy, but your ol' lady's snatch smells like dogshit left out in the sun.

I like to suck and fuck my ol' man more than anything in the world, but his crank stinks. Hey bros, maybe next time you take a dump, you could think of your ol' lady and at least get your balls clean. So fuck your muffled complaints, you smelly assholes.

Dolly
Milwaukee, Wis.

55mph Law

☐ If you're interested in seeing the 55mph law get the axe, find out more by writing to: Citizen's Coalition For Rational Traffic Laws, 6678 Pertzborn Rd., Dane, Wis. 53529.

We, the taxpayers, are putting out high dollars every year to pay for expensive interstate highways that were constructed for safe traveling at a higher rate of speed. It's time we got our money's worth and put 55 down the road instead of on the road.

Marty Tomrdle
West Point, Neb.

Learning To Putt

☐ I'm a beginning biker. I'm getting a job so that I can buy a 1981 Wide Glide. This bike is all I ever think about, day or night. I'm writing to ask some advice. People have told me that Harleys are almost impossible to ride without years of experience. I don't believe it, but so many people tell me this that I'm starting to wonder. They tell me that Harleys are completely different from

other bikes — but if I learn on a Harley, this wouldn't matter, would it? What I'm asking is this: How should I learn to ride? Will personal teaching by an experienced friend do the same as driving-school instruction? How much experience do you need before you can ride in traffic without endangering yourself and others? Are Harleys that impossible? I don't have any prior experience, so what do I do? I'm not small physically (6'2", 175 pounds) and the bike doesn't seem big or "uncontrollable" when I sit on it in the shop. (Of course, I realize it's completely different when it's running.) I'm also seventeen years old. Take pity on me and help out a future bro.

Scotty
Chattanooga, Tenn.

☐ You should be able to handle it. Just remember that you're invisible to cage drivers, and you gotta putt as if they're all out to get you. Also, most accidents happen between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five and within five miles of home. Respect a Harley's power.

Learning Reality

☐ I need some help in showing up a shithead cop who keeps messin' with my club here in Illinois. A patrolman was cruising his squad car down Highway 41 last fall, and he almost ran me off the road. I was running my Sportster at 95-100 mph, and he came within a foot of me with his cherries and sirens going. So I went sideways into the gravel, but luckily I made it to a safe halt. The cop and this great, huge patrol lady got out and told me I was

a scum biker punk and shouldn't be speeding on a major highway. I told him I was just passing a wolfpack of four or five Cadillacs so I could get around them and head on my way back home. Then that fat woman cop told me I had too many June bugs in my teeth and I was a sinner, and that she'd never seen anyone like me in all her years as a policewoman. I told her, "Bullshit, you're just as messed up as anyone. You have such a space between your legs that I could drive a motorcycle with a sidecar on it up in there and wouldn't scrape meat," and that did it. Down came the clubs and I lay there, welts and all. Last I remember was their calling me a communist.

So, I hope you bros can help me find a "Harley-Davidson in Russia" T-shirt. I would like to know where I can buy a couple of them. It would sure help me out.

Michael "Rat" Petz
Waukegan, Ill.

☐ Mike, you must be new at ridin'. Mousing off to the heat after you broke the law is not healthy. No matter how pissed off you may have been, you gotta hold your mud — that's reality — unless you get off on lumps.

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. ■



"Leading doctors agree that Mr. Freen would never have survived the accident without the fantastic new crashproof Super Ball helmet!"

Continued from page 11

ally anyone who had ever so much as voiced a word of criticism against the department — including city councilmen and the mayor. And, in a delightful capper, it turned out that this highly sensitive and often illegally obtained information was not, as you might suspect, kept in a Fort Knox-type vault under strict security. Hell, no. The files were scattered all over the place, including some kept in cardboard boxes in a police officer's garage.

So, pardon me for being a bit skeptical about the police vows of disinterest in the Los Angeles fingerprinting effort.

Besides, even if the L.A. program is, in itself, reasonably free of the danger of abuse, it is still a foot in the door for the forces of Big Brotherism — a conditioning exercise to get people used to being "processed."

And then there's Ventura County, about 40 miles north of Los Angeles. In Ventura County, a pair of aggressive free-enterprisers, working with the cooperation of school administrators, is offering parents of school-age kids a chance to have, for a price, their rugrats' fingerprints, physical descriptions, hobbies, etc., put into a private computer. If the kid runs away or is snatched, they send this information out to a national network of similar operators and local police agencies. Oh, yeah, one other thing. The two guys operating this business are ex-G-men. Wonder what they'd say if their old bosses wanted to buy a copy of their computer files.

Perhaps the worst thing about the mass fingerprinting of innocent children is that it is a prime example of one of the most devastatingly destructive forms of doublethink ever to be foisted off on the American people — the idea that the victim is somehow responsible for what happened to him while the perpetrator is little more than a mere witness.

• Item: A dude hacks the hands off a 15-year-old chick and leaves her for dead in the desert. The victim survives

but will wear hooks for the rest of her life. The guy who wielded the axe — at the time he'd recently been released from the nuthouse after doing a stretch for tryin' to cut his ol' lady's tits off — will do seven years in prison. But that's okay, say the doublethinkers; his victim had run away from home and was hitchhiking. Clearly, what happened was her own fault.

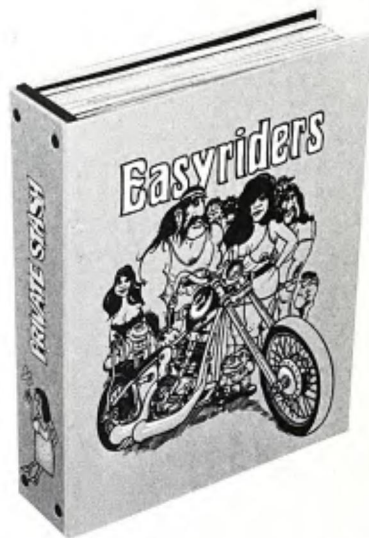
• Item: A biker is run down and killed. Hours later, the cops find parts of the bike imbedded in the radiator grill of a car parked in a driveway. The driver is behind the wheel in a drunken stupor. The victim is dead a long time — forever, in fact. The killer is separated from his driver's license for 90 days. But that's okay, say the doublethinkers; the victim was on a motorcycle and wasn't wearing a helmet. Clearly, it was his own fault.

Which brings us back to the fingerprinting/kidnapping scam. Because there has been an increase in the number of kids being kidnapped, we are being told that we should round up all the potential victims and outfit them with an official police file to follow them through life. Those pushing these programs are using classic doublethink, pretending that the kids are the potential *perpetrators* instead of the potential *victims*.

We say that's bullshit! We say that living free, as bikers and Americans in the fine, old Fourth-of-July meaning of the word, we are immune to doublethink.

Most of all, we say this, to the dogooders and the doublethinkers, the cops and the newspaper editorial writers, to all those who are pushing this fingerprinting travesty: You want to stop kidnappers? Chop off their arms, rip off their legs — put 'em on skateboards downtown and let every other would-be baby-snatcher take a good look at the consequences and decide whether he wants to risk it.

You want to stop kidnapping? Go after the "nappers" with every weapon you can think of, but leave the kids, all our kids, alone — unfired, uncomputerized, untattooed and unfingerprinted. ■



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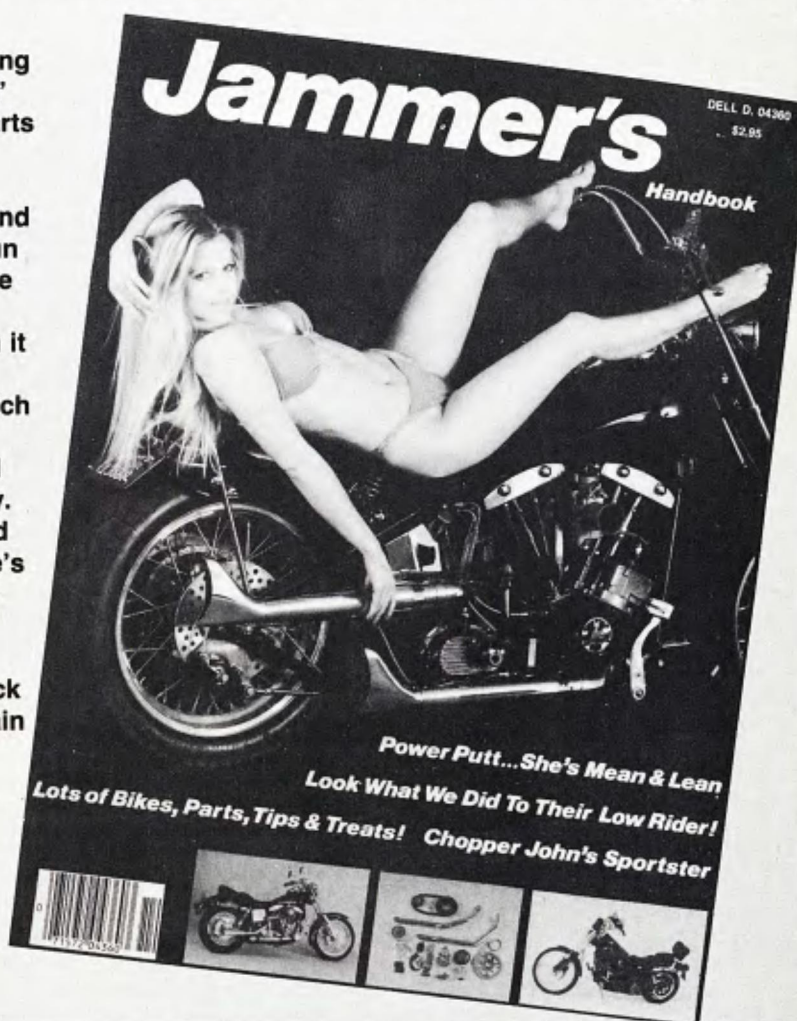
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The Biker's Right

Continued from page 40

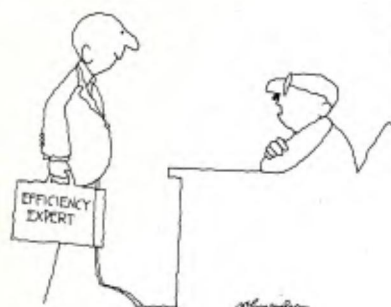
Danny, a buddy who'd crashed with us for the night, and told him to keep his eye on our bikes and the house, and then we all climbed into the van and took off.

We weren't even ten blocks from the house when Big John had Barbra pull over for a case of beer. Then Twib pulled out a baggie and started to fire up joints and Barbra whipped out six hits of blotter. I decided to stay straight and settled for a pint of Jack. By the time we got to the studio, we were just about right, 'cept they didn't want to let us in because me and Twib had on "Fuck You" T-shirts and everyone else had similar sayings on theirs. But Big John reached out, picked up the head nospicker with one hand, and told him that if he didn't let us in, he was going to have Twib, who is five-seven and weighs 280 pounds, sit on him. So they had us pin name tags over the sayings and then they let us in.

By the time the show started, we were just getting off on everything. Suddenly they called out Big John's name as one of the first four contestants. We were all shocked as shit. John must have been gettin' off really good, 'cause when the emcee asked him where he was from, he answered, "In the middle," instead of Middlesex. The dude asked him in the middle of what and John yelled, "In the middle, man, in the middle."

Then the emcee asked him what he did for a living, and instead of saying he worked in his brother-in-law's drug store, John said, "I sell drugs." It was funnier than shit!

Well, the idea of the game was that they show you a prize and you have to guess how much it costs, without exceeding the actual price.



Easyriders

Whoever guesses the closest wins whatever it is and gets to play a different game for an even bigger prize. Then after every three such games, the winners spin this wheel to see who can come closest to racking up 100 points and that person gets to play for the grand prize.

The first item they showed was a grandfather clock, and wouldn't you know it, the other jerks all overbid and Big John won by saying he wouldn't give 'em ten cents for it.

The next round, there were six products on display and he had to pick out the three highest priced ones. I don't know how he did it, but he did, and won the two dirt bikes. Unfortunately, when it came time to spin the wheel, John lost by ten points to some fat broad. The whole time all this was going on, the rest of us were laughing like crazy, hollering things out to John, and just plain cutting up — while the security geeks kept gettin' more nervous.

Well, when they called out my name to come on down to the stage. I nearly shit. And when I stood up to go down there, my name tag slipped, revealing the word "Fuck" on my shirt. That seemed pretty funny, so when the guy asked me where I was from, I figured I would score a few more yucks. "In the middle," I said.

He just sorta smiled and next he asked me what I did for a living. "I lay carpet and anything else I can get my hands on," I answered. He did a double-take on that and asked if I knew Big John. "Yeah," I said, "he's my bro."

"Oh, you two are related?" he asked, sounding kinda surprised.

Before I could say anything, Big John yelled out, "Yeah, he's my kid sister!" The audience cracked up and the emcee finally quit the dumb-questions routine.

I didn't win the first prize, but the second was a bunch of golfing shit. I just let a bullshit, gibberish number, like a buck three-eighty, fall out of my mouth and they thought I said a dollar, thirty-eight. The other jerks must have over-bid purposely, though, because I won. The first thing I thought was, now what do I need a bunch of golfing shit for? Maybe I could use the clubs for equalizers, but that's just about it.

Next, I had to guess if the stated price of two items was higher or lower than the actual price. The first one was a trip to the Bahamas for four, with a stated price of fifteen hundred bucks. I said, "Lower." The second item was a kitchen set with a stated price of eleven hundred bucks. Off the top of my head, I said,

"It would save money, but I don't think the employees would stand for having catheters installed."

!X# EXPRESS YOURSELF !X#

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NAKED AND FUCK

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BANNED!

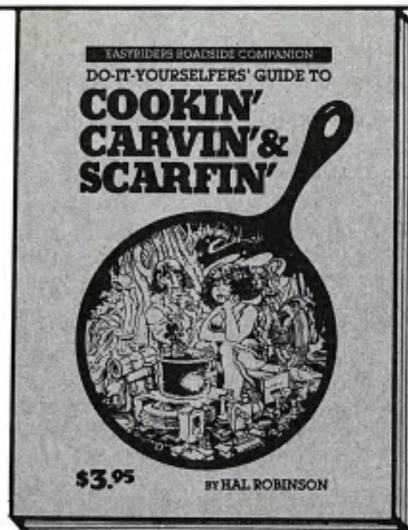
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Over 220 biker-tested-and-tasted recipes from the editors (and big eaters) of **Easyriders**. Beef to beans, barbecued ribs to pit-broiled porker — how to clean it, cook it, and consume it. Special sections on cookin' with dope and booze. Recipes for on-the-road. Easy enough for the simplest of lady to understand. Easy enough for even you to understand. Lavishly illustrated by Hal Robinson.

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Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301.



TODAY I'M AFTER THE HELLS ANGELS. TOMORROW IT COULD BE YOU.

"This is the land of the free . . . unless you're a Hells Angel!"

Since 1978, the Federal Government has begun a calculated systematic attempt to disband the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club through the selective prosecution of its members.

These actions represent an open violation of Fundamental Freedoms guaranteed to all citizens of this country by the First Amendment's protection of Freedom of Association, and life style.

As an example of the governments tactics—several of our Brothers were held in jail in California with bonds ranging from \$750,000 to \$1,000,000, during two separate trials, one lasting nine months and the other six months. In each the jurors had voted nine to three for NOT guilty.

The legal costs of defending these Brothers were staggering. Today, the systematic persecution of Hells Angels continues all across the country, and the government has begun now to try the same thing with other clubs.

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,
THEY CAN DO IT TO YOU.**

"Higher." Well, I must have stepped in some strange shit that day, because it turned out that I was right.

When it came time to spin the wheel, I was last in line, but I made up for that by spinning it so hard that it broke. Fortunately, it broke on 95, which meant that I'd won the right to go after the grand prize. This skinny chick who'd pulled a 90 started to complain that I'd cheated, but I just laughed at her. They had to get her husband to come and take her off the stage. So there I was, all fucked up and nervous as hell, in the running for the grand prize against some fat broad with really big tits.

The idea was that they showed us two different rooms full of shit and we had to guess the price of the first one or shine it on and guess on the second one. Whoever guessed within a hundred bucks of the actual cost without going over would win both. Being as how I was the highest winner so far, I got to go first.

The first room had tickets for a trip to Europe for four, a waterbed, and some shit for the kitchen. I passed it on to the fat broad and she bid something like fifty-eight hundred. The second room had a 20-foot travel trailer, a bunch of camping shit, and a station wagon to pull it along. I was about to bid when there was a noise like a dirt bike starting up and some chick came screaming out from behind the curtains with Twib chasin' her on one of Big John's new bikes.

When she got to the station wagon, she made a quick left — but Twib didn't. He smacked into the front of the passenger side and did a flip over the hood. Rolling off the other side of the cage, he somehow got a hand on the halter top of this blond fox with big tits, who'd been standin' there to show off the cage and the trailer.

Her top ripped off and Twib just stood there with it in his hand and his eyes bulgin' out, sayin', "Look at



Easyriders

DAVE MANN

P.O.S.T.E.R.S



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



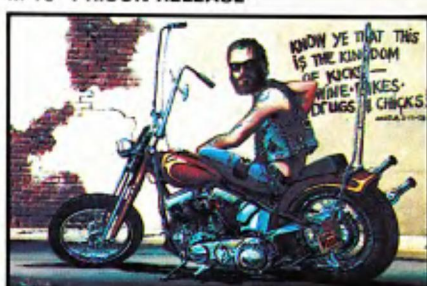
M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



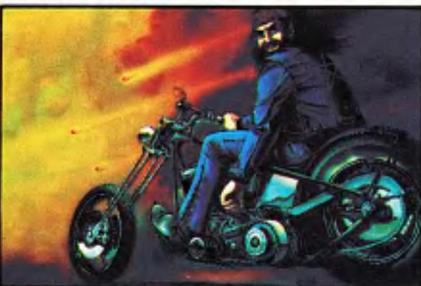
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



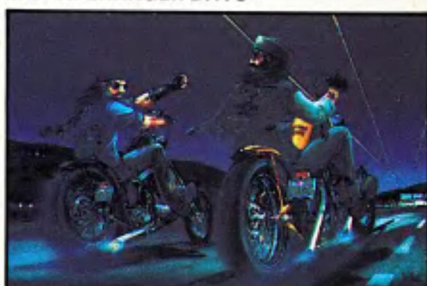
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M-1 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



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those tits!" Suddenly, he came back to life and started to chase the fox, yellin', "I want your tits, woman!"

By now, Big John had come back onstage and was standin' over his fucked-up bike, screamin', "Twib, you fucking asshole, look what you done to my bike!"

All this time the stage director is whimperin', "Go to a commercial! Please! Oh, God, go to a commercial!" But his crew was laughing as hard as the audience. They couldn't even move.

Finally, a bunch of stagehands came out to get John, Twib, and the blonde offstage, and one of them made the mistake of putting his hand on Big John's shoulder. John dotted his eye and was startin' to whip off his chain belt when two more guys jumped at him. Me and the game host were laughing so hard that we had to grab onto the trailer just to stand up.

Then Dones, Barbra, and my ol' lady came onstage, to calm John down and sort of even the odds. Well, after the stagehands were on their butts and Dones and John were still standing, I went over to straighten things out and get them offstage. That's when Barbra whispered in my ear that she had seen the price of the second room backstage and it was \$10,456. So when the show finally started again, I bid \$10,400 — just off enough so they wouldn't think I'd cheated.

The fat broad missed by two grand, which meant that I won everything — I was loaded. Not only that, but they dropped the charges against John, Dones, and Twib just as soon as they found out that the show we'd been on had the highest ratings in the program's history.

Spike dragged his foot thoughtfully through the pile of empties he'd accumulated next to the crate his ass was parked on.

"You said Big John won the bikes, so how come you've got 'em?"

"I traded him the trip to Europe for 'em — he took his ol' lady, Twib and the blond fox from the show."

"Who'd you take to the Bahamas?"

"The ol' lady, Dones and Barbra."

"Sounds like you did okay, but it would've been better if ya'd won a piggyback truck full of kegs 'cause your icebox is empty. Let's fire up the scoots and go find some place where we can down a few more."

I reached up and pulled my twelve-year-old ridin' jacket from a nail on the wall. Leave it to Spike. I thought, to always have his priorities in order.

NEW

We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini bottoms. Available in biker black or virgin white with a red logo; please indicate whether medium or large size. To order, send **\$4.95** to **Easyriders Products**, Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301. (Sorry, not returnable.)

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BUN HUGGERS

Detroit To Mexicali

Continued from page 29

Mexican jail — that ain't easy."

"Any ideas yet on how we're gonna get him out? I mean, shit, man — a fuckin' Mexican jail — that ain't gonna be easy."

I reached for my beer, took a big swallow and belched before answering. "We'll figure out something between here and there. Damn, this is one time I wish my fucking cage was running. Well, fuck it. Pack your colors. I'm bringing mine and we'll charge into that border town like the U.S. Cavalry."

"All two of us?" Mule's laugh was a derisive whinny.

"Shit, yeah, all two of us," I chuckled, draining the beer.

Now, to say that Mule is a big man would not be fair to Mule. Words do not adequately describe him. He is a visual experience — an anatomical happening. Rumor has it that he has been variously described by police officers making their reports as: gigantic, immense, colossal, titanic, tremendous and monstrous. All of these fail to do Mule justice. It's not just his size which is impressive, it's also his face. Mule is downright ugly. Ugly and fierce. All of the brothers love and understand him, but he creates panic and bedlam in them that don't ride, wherever he goes. A simple shopping trip to K-Mart with his ol' lady tends to develop into a massive spectacle — children scream and run amok, little old ladies faint in their tracks, and department managers break out in cold, fearful sweats.

The Mule attracts attention. When asked about his measurements, he likes to tell the curious that he is eight feet tall and weighs six hundred pounds. Only those few



"I don't know, Desmond. . . it's hard to put my finger on, but somehow, you're not macho enough!"

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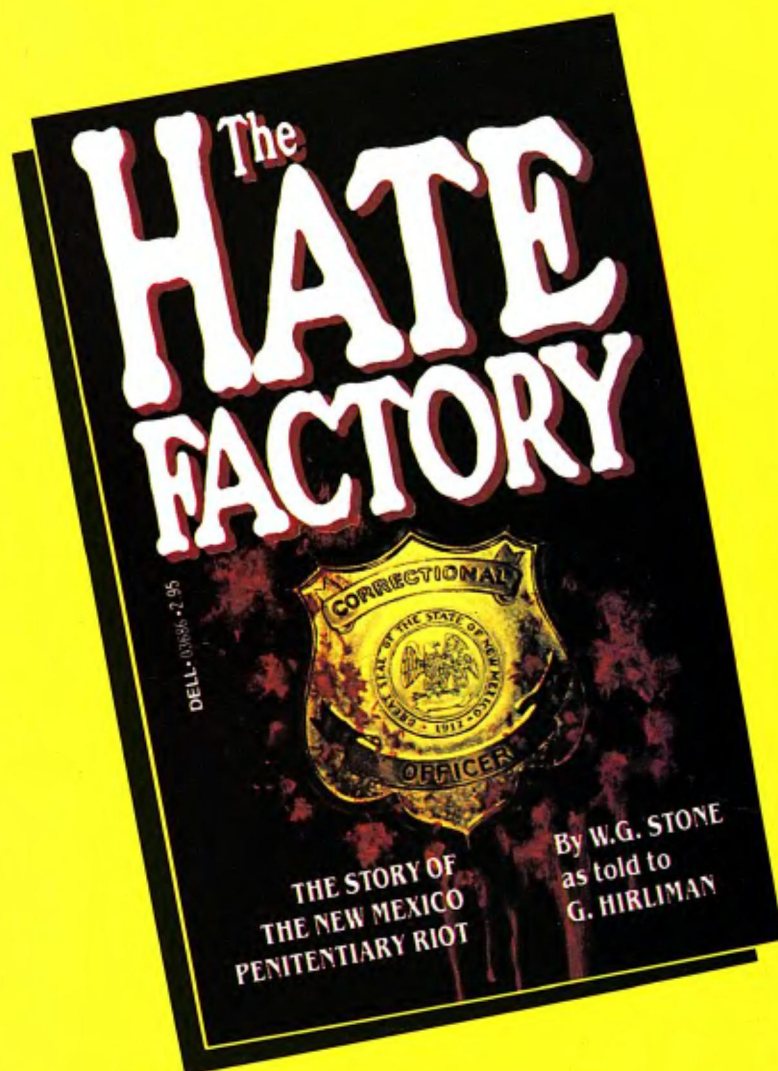
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On February 2, 1980, the worst prison riot in U.S. history erupted at the New Mexico State Penitentiary. For thirty-six hours, hate, violence, and payback were the order of the day. When it was over, thirty-three people — all inmates killed by fellow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



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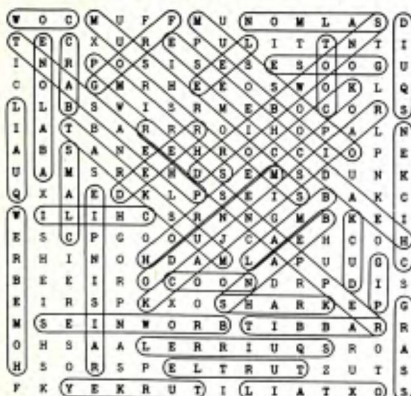
A D E L L P A I S A N O B O O K

who are sharp ever detect the gleam in his eye. Actually, he is only six-eleven and weighs around three hundred and sixty pounds of firm muscle. Most of his face is covered by hair and his head is frequently matted with unidentifiable things that give him an overall sinister appearance. His many tattoos proclaim his basic life philosophies, well-chosen words accompany all the intricate, colorful designs: "Death before dishonor," "Don't tread on me," "Death from above," and on the knuckles of his hand, that old standby, "Love and Hate."

Mule likes tattoos. He once had a swarthy Cuban put one on him with nothing more than dissolved cigar ashes and a safety pin — a horrendous-looking snake devil that pulsates whenever Mule flexes his arm. It's one of his favorites. He got it while pulling a little time near Miami for stepping on a sheriff's head. Mule didn't plan to step on the dude's head, but it was the only way he could hold him down and still deal with the four unruly deputies who were intent on doing great bodily harm to him. After the scuffle was over, Mule took all their guns and put them in the trunk of one of their cruisers, then he put all his captives in the back seat behind the screen and drove himself and his screaming passengers to the police station to turn himself in. He wasn't looking for trouble. He left them outside while he went into the station to call his lawyer and to register a complaint with the desk sergeant. Mule told the sergeant that he had just made a citizen's arrest on five dangerous types who could be found outside, locked in a car.

The foreman at the plant wasn't too happy to hear I had to leave

Solution to puzzle found on page 55



town for a while. Shit, it wasn't my fault my grandmother died. Mule's grandmother died, too, but the foreman had a hard time believing that Mule had a grandmother. "Mother of God," he said to me, confidentially, "if he did have one, what did she look like?"

The snow had increased and was building small drifts across the road as we glided across the Michigan-Ohio line. People in passing cars seemed quite annoyed at the sight of two outlaw bikers on their way to Grandma's house for the holidays. In the car in front of us, a little girl in the back seat leaned on the rear window deck, which was piled high with Christmas gifts wrapped in Walt Disney designs. She was warm and safe. She stuck out her tongue at the two animals on the motorcycles and made an ugly face at them. Her daddy had told her about crazy bikers. The Mule flipped her a finger, then felt bad about it, thinking about his own little girl back home in her snug bed, surrounded by teddy bears and Fisher-Price toys.

Cincinnati, on the Ohio-Kentucky border, was damn near snowbound. I looked over at Mule, encased in ice and snow, and watched him scrape the ice off his goggles with club-like, wet-gloved hands. His beard was

one large icicle. I motioned to him and we exited the freeway on McMicken, which leads to one of the slums of the city. Somehow slums don't look so bad when they're covered with snow and tempered by scrawny, decorated Christmas trees peeping out of cracked windowpanes. Eight hours on the road and nearly frozen solid, we parked the bikes up on the sidewalk and blasted through the door of a small neon-lit saloon that promised "Budweiser on tap."

The locals were startled by our snow-blown entrance and maybe a little hostile, but one look at the Mule convinced them that, "What the hell — it's Christmas. Peace to all men." The bartender came over and wiped the bar in front of us as we sat down heavily on taped stools.

"What you fellas need?" he asked, smiling as if he thought his life might depend on it.

"Four Buds and four double-shots of Jack Daniel's," Mule ordered, for both of us.

"Hell of a night to be out riding," the bartender commented, getting the drinks. "Where you fellas headed in such piss-poor weather?"

"Mexico," I replied, reaching for the first shot of JD and running it down my thirsty throat.

"Mexico?"

"Yeah, goin' down there to bust Weasel outta jail. Got himself locked up in a fuckin' Mexican jail last Tuesday. Me and Mule here's gonna get him out of that joint."

"Mule?" He studied at the bearded behemoth with real interest. "Weasel?" He was amused by the names, but not fool enough to say so.

"Somebody's got to get him out," the Mule said, wrapping his giant hand around his second beer bottle. "How'd you like to spend your next ten Christmases in a slimy rat hole down there?" he demanded, gruffly.



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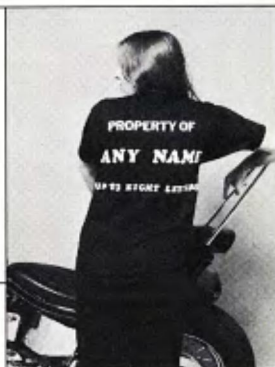
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"I can think of better places," the barkeep timidly admitted.

"You're damned right!" Mule emphasized this by slapping the bar so hard that the jukebox quit playing. My partner was cold and tired and not to be trifled with. The atmosphere grew heavy with embarrassed silence — fifteen people minding their own business, looking into their drinks, nervously smoking cigarettes.

"Say, why don't you boys have a drink on the house?" the bartender asked, going for the drinks. "What the hell, it's Christmas time, isn't it? I'll just get..."

"Drinks for everybody!" roared Mule, raising his glass.

"Everybody?" asked the bartender, nervously wiping sweaty hands on his towel.

"Every fuckin' body!" Mule yelled as he sprang up from his stool, knocking it over. His eyes were glazed as he reached into the cutaway pocket on his leather jacket. "Now!"

At that point, a pin dropping in the bar would have sounded like an atom bomb; the bartender tried to keep himself from fainting.

"Well," Mule said, withdrawing his hand from his pocket, "what are you waitin' for?" He slammed a roll of twenty-dollar bills down on the counter. "What the fuck — it's Christmas, ain't it?"

* * *

Two days later we were in the hot southwest, the miserable cold of the north far behind us. We had stopped at a truck stop and had blown all the road grime off our machines, and then spent a few hours drinking beer and waxing the chrome. Couldn't go into Mexico unless the sleds looked good.

The young customs officer at the border station, gave us the evil eye but let us go through unmolested. He had seen a lot of bikers go into Mexico lately, but not many had come back out — at least, not across

his driveway. Dressed in our colors and with headbands on, we screwed down on the throttles and blasted into Mexicali, looking at the locals from behind mirrored sunglasses. No smiles here. The streets were choked with peasants selling cigarettes, clothes, knickknacks and rank-smelling food. Mule loves rank food. He thrives on it. Spotting a street vendor peddling burritos, Mule roared up to him at the curb and let the bike idle as he kicked down the lean stand and got off, towering a good two feet over the little Mexican vendor.

"Gimme some of them fuckin' things," Mule said, looking over the vendor's head to a pile of corn and flour tortillas and meat.

"Señor?" the little dude said, trying to comprehend what this King Kong wanted of him.

"Them burritos — gimme a half-dozen of them burritos — lots of hot sauce and some red chiles to go with 'em."

The little Mexican looked at Mule and then over to me and then over to Mule's loping road monster. In a flash he understood — feed the hungry gringo! He looked as if he would gladly have given his whole cart to the hairy man towering over him. After Mule got his burritos, he leaned against his cycle, turned it off, and began devouring the food like a wild man. The vendor watched in absolute amazement, along with a crowd of others that had gathered to gawk at the gringo beast. Mule reached into the mass of gear lashed to his bar and drew out a six-pack. Ripping the tops off a couple of cans with great style, he swilled them down, letting a small torrent of beer course down his beard and onto his hairy belly. Being careful not to get any on his vest, he quickly drank four more and belched loud enough to push the crowd back two feet. Then he gave the little vendor a twenty and told him to keep the change. The vendor flashed a big grin and thanked him. Hairy gringos weren't so bad, after all.

* * *

The cantina was on the corner across the street from the run-down police station. Like most cantinas, it was loud, dark, and full of people. Foreign music blared from the jukebox as young, shapely girls dressed in flowing skirts danced with unsmiling men who wore layers of gold chains around their necks. Mule was sitting with two American truck drivers in the back of the tavern, near the twin doors leading to the restrooms. The drivers were waiting for their loads to be cleared by customs. It had been fourteen hours and still there was

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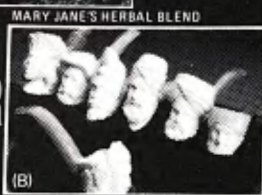
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no word. A lot of beer had been drunk in the interim.

I went over to the jail and found out that we didn't have enough money to spring Weasel, and just barely enough to get his bike released from the pound. I paid the money only to find out the bike had been semi-stripped. It ran, but all the chrome toys were gone. The cop behind the desk threw his hands up in mock despair when I confronted him with the fucked-over machine and said, "Señor, they will steal anything in this town. Feel lucky that the bike was there at all."

"Yeah, well how 'bout lettin' me see Weasel," I said, struggling to control my temper.

"That ees impossible, Señor," he intoned, with an evil grin. "Only relatives are permitted to visit prisoners in Mexican jails."

"Bullshit!" I raged, knowing I was making a mistake. "I know my fuckin' legal rights!"

"Señor, here in my country you have no rights at all, as your friend, Señor Weasel, will be quick to tell you. Perhaps you would like to inspect our fine facilities from the inside — say, for thirty days?"

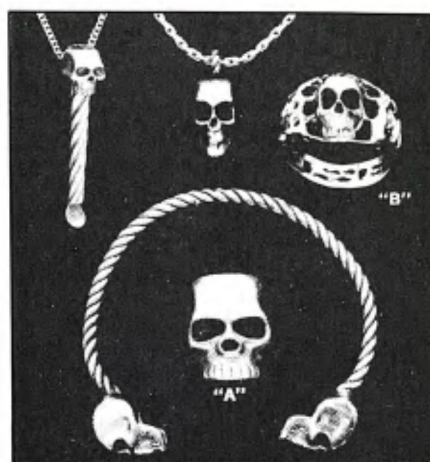
It was too late to turn back now. I lost it. "Fuck you, you taco-eating swine!" I shouted. "You can kiss my ass and go straight to hell! Your mother sucks horse cock and she ain't really Catholic! Your fuckin' father is a . . ." I knew I was going to get in to see Weasel when five jail-house flunkies roughly escorted me through the double steel doors. Four of them picked me up while the fifth opened the final door to the bullpen. They counted in unison as they swung me by my arms and legs, "Uno, dos, tres." On "tres," they let me fly, dumping me in the middle of the bullpen corridor. About a dozen prisoners scattered to make room for me as the impact of my body stirred up the dust on the floor. Weasel came running.

"Gator!" he gasped, "what in the . . . how did . . . what in the world are you doin' here?"

"I came to bust you outta this fuckin' place," I replied calmly, looking up at him from the floor.

"Well, I'm all for that," he said excitedly. "What's the plan?"

Rats scurried along the floor, checking out the sleeping bodies, inquisitively sniffing and then disgustedly wrinkling their noses. Some of these people had been in there a very long time and were quite ripe, even by rat standards. The monotonous hum of snoring combined with muted conversa-



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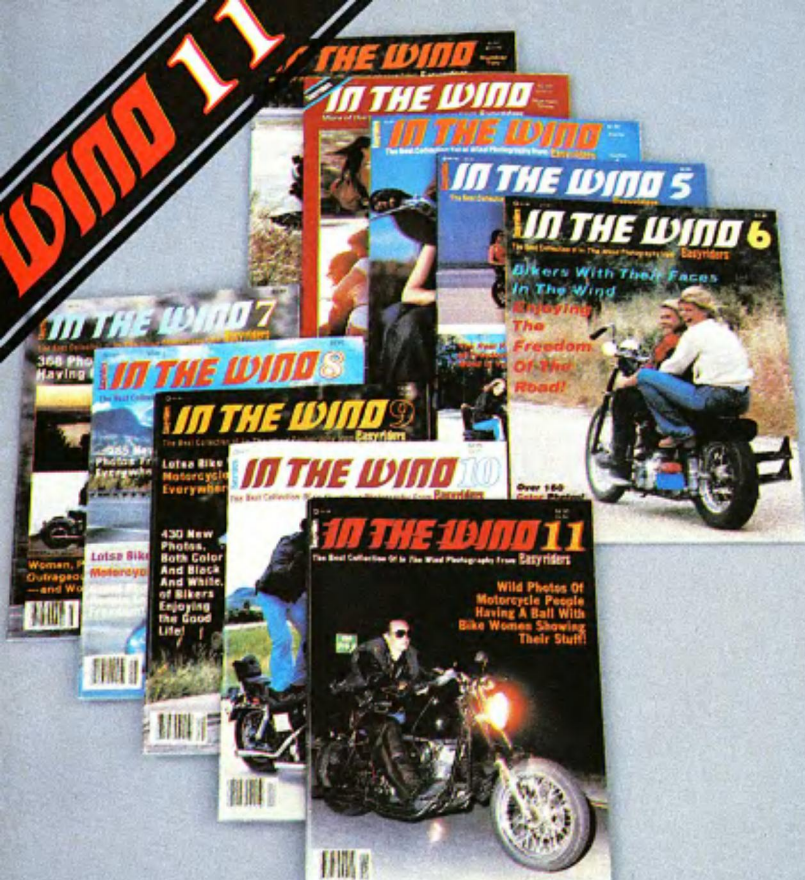
You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains — whatever.

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tions had lulled the desk officer into a peaceful nap, his feet propped up on a battered green file cabinet. Christmas was close. I was tired, and rats kept crawling over my legs.

"Well, what's the plan, Gator?" Weasel whispered to me in the darkness. What could I tell him? That I came to get him out and got myself jammed up because of my temper?

"Listen, Weasel, uh, your bike's okay — a little stripped, but it runs. I got it outta the pound for you. It's over across the street at the cantina with my scooter and Mule's."

"Mule is here, too?" Weasel's voice boomed. He excites easily.

"Shhh!" I cautioned, putting my finger to my lips. "You want to bring in the goon squad?"

"Oh, okay," he whispered again. "But, no shit? You and the Mule? Come all the way down here just to bust me out?"

I could see tears forming in his eyes at the wonderment of it all. Shit. Telling him that there was no plan wouldn't be easy. "Uh. . . Weasel. . . I. . ."

It was then that the entire west wall of the jailhouse collapsed with a

thunderous crash that must have been heard all the way to San Diego. It fell outward and down, crumbling in a cloud of debris and dust.

"The plan!" Weasel shouted, springing to his feet and sprinting to the hole at the end of the cell-block. All of the other prisoners were falling over each other, clambering to get through the dust and into the street, laughing and shouting. They didn't know what happened, but one of them, an aging farm worker doing twenty years for something he'd long forgotten, remembered that just before falling asleep, he prayed the fucking wall would fall down. He had tried every prayer he could think of over the years and none of them had worked. He wasn't waiting to see if this was a dream. He was out through the hole and on his way to the border before the dust settled.

Outside, I saw Mule unhooking an anchor chain off the back of a Kenworth twin screw. I could hear the roar of the diesel and knew it was a 440 Cat. Lots of power. More than enough to pull down an old jail wall. The guy driving the huge tractor

was waving frantically and yelling at the top of his lungs for us to get our asses in gear. We all piled into the Aerodyne cab as it sped down a narrow alley, clipping off both its side mirrors. Beer cans spewed foam everywhere as we lurched and bucked down side streets and up narrow alleys full of local peasants, all trying frantically to get out of the way of the screaming diesel. Mule laughed and quaffed another beer, slapping his knee in mirth. Weasel just kept yelling about what a "fuckin' great plan" it was. I jumped up into the sleeper and yelled back, "You're damn right it was a good, fuckin' plan!"

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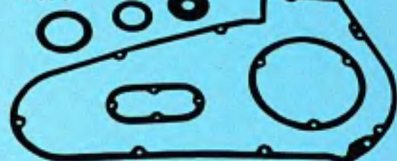
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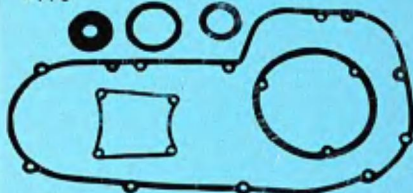
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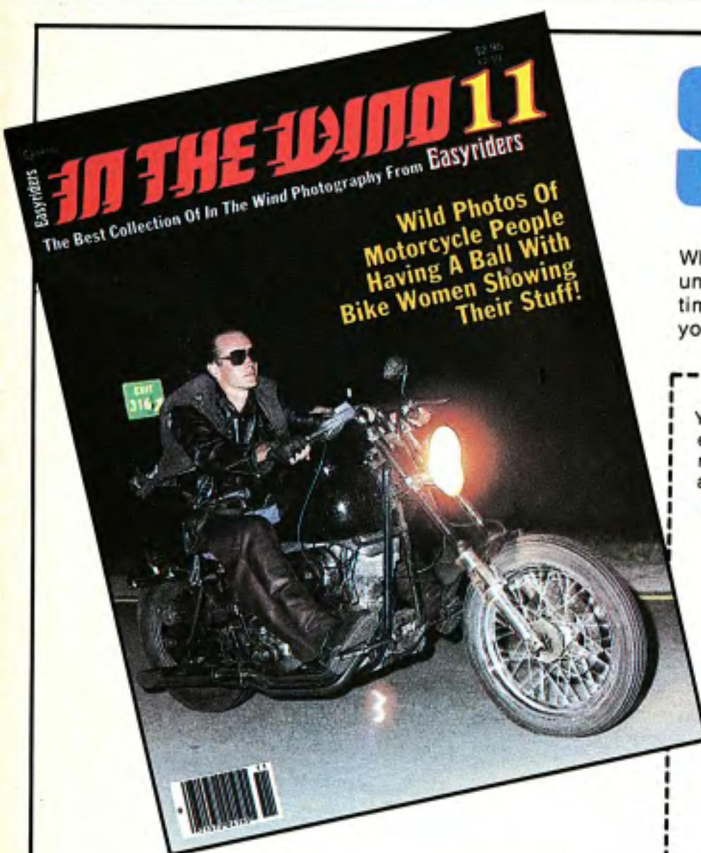
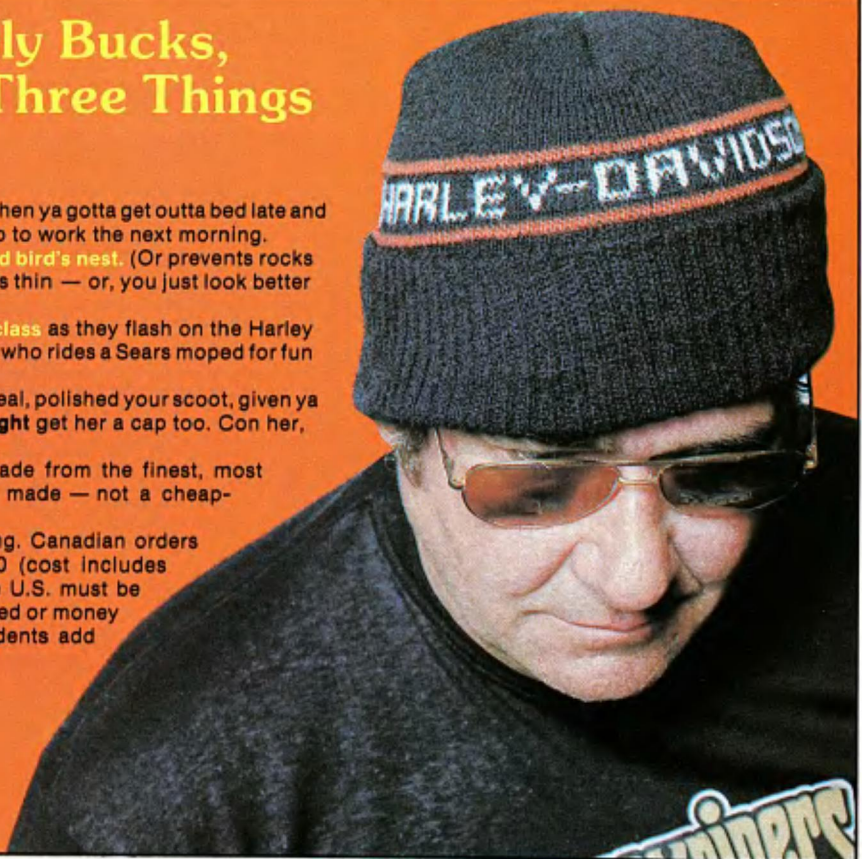
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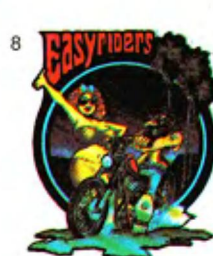
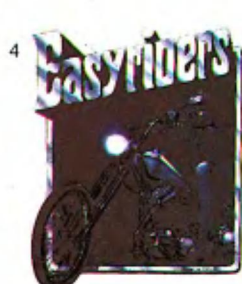
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If yer interested, they're American-made, the finest quality we could find, and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.





If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dipshit — not black lettering on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for \$7.95. Postage: U.S. only, add 50¢ for each shirt. Canada add \$1 per shirt. All other countries add \$4.50 per shirt. Foreign orders: We can accept only International Money Orders payable in U.S. funds. Thank you.

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Shirt "B"



Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	\$7.95 each
Sub Total					
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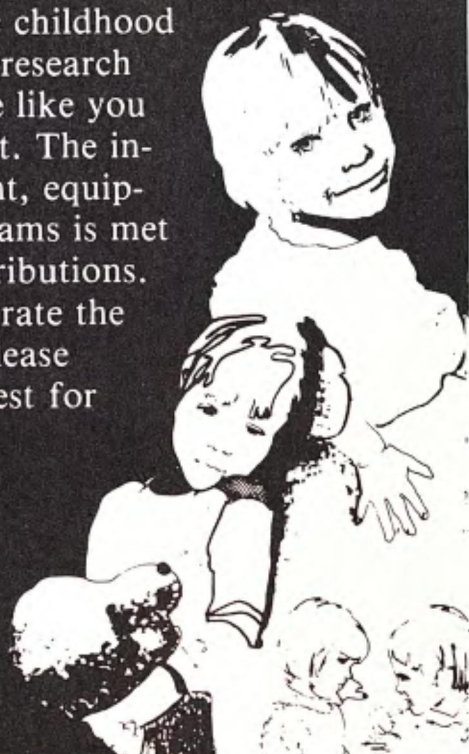
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St. Jude Children's Research Hospital celebrates the child with every new finding in the mysteries of catastrophic childhood diseases. The life-saving research continues because people like you care enough to support it. The increasing cost of treatment, equipment and research programs is met primarily by public contributions.

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Lockdown

Continued from page 50

supervise the subject, he need not bother to inform the subject of his right to remain silent and avoid incriminating himself.

One exception, the court indicated, might occur if the subject is taken into custody before the interrogation. *Alspach v. State*, 32 Cr.L. 2076 (Ind. Ct. App. 1982)

On The Other Hand

The Minnesota Supreme Court, on the other hand, disagrees with the findings in Indiana. In a decision reached about the same time, the Minnesota court ruled that Miranda warnings should have been given to a probationer being interrogated by his p.o.

The Minnesota court felt that a person under supervision is forced — by the terms of his probation or parole — to submit to questioning by his p.o. in the same way that a person under arrest is forced to listen to questioning from the police; therefore, the court ruled, the same warnings and protections should apply.

The bottom line in this area is don't let your mouth be your own worst enemy. What they don't know can't hurt you. *State v. Murphy*, 32 Cr.L. 2077 (Minn. Sup. Ct. 1982)

Swelling Ranks

Illinois has been forced to construct a second "death row" to hold all the prisoners awaiting execution in that state. The new facility at the state prison in Pontiac will be used to house the overflow from the death row at Menard Prison in Chester. As we go to press, 49 Illinois inmates are scheduled to face the executioner.

In New York, Gov. Mario Cuomo has urged the addition of 7000 maximum security cells to that state's prison system. The new facilities would be scattered throughout the state; some would be created by converting old buildings and others would be new portable units. ■



Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

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). 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%. Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (130)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in 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, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (130)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send \$21.00 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (123)

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, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

The time is now! Join the National Association for the Advancement of White People. Write David Duke, National President, NAAWP, Box 10625, New Orleans, La. 70181. (130)

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)

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. (130)

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, Box 6044, No. Hollywood, Calif. 91603. (130)

For sale: 1947 Indian Chief, red/black. Restored original; sacrifice, \$4000. (919) 362-9525. (122)

Deb: I miss you, babe. I do love you & I very much. Can't wait to see you two again. Take care. Hambone. (122)

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)

White male, 28, 6'1", 185 lbs., good-looking, honest, and sincere. Tired of game players. I'm looking for a thin, attractive female, who wants to make things work. Must be 24 to 30-plus, nice body, sensitive, and willing to help out—loyalty a must. Serious replies only. No drug users or boozers need reply. Send pics/letter to Randy in Minnesota, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (122)

Fantasy Tattoo Studio: Fine, detailed work. Single-needle "our 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. (125)

Vietnam vet needs help. Please write to Ronald C. Conn, c/o Phil, 4500 El Camino Real, Atascadero, Calif. 93422. (122)

Billy M. (Shortster) and friends in Venice: Doing time and need to hear from all of you. It's been too long. Terry G., Box A, C-25987, 5263, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (122)

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)

Balding or thinning? Get the healthy hair and scalp booklet. Send \$4.95, check/money order, payable to: Kevin Micheals, Box 4162, Flint, Mich. 48504. (122)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., 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. (125)

Chicks in Arizona: I want letters, visits. Been on death row for last eight years. Write: Mitchell "T" Blazak, Box B-28599, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (122)

Wanted: W/f, 28 to 35, 5'6" to 5'10", fairly slender, biker, for serious-minded w/m, 44, 6'4", 250 lbs., financially secure, into bikes, boating, sex, and traveling. Must have pleasant personality. Please send letter/photo to Bill, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (122)

Mick: To all the things that please you—Harleys, Budweiser, Sam, and good head. I love you, babe. Laura. (122)

Blond-haired, blue-eyed Leo male, short, but lovable. Love scooters—but don't have one yet. Looking for a petite lady, 18 to 25; smokers and occasional drinkers okay. Must love music and partying. Must be sexy, well-built and willing to love as much as being loved. May lead to permanent relationship. Will reply to all letters. Send name, address, photo and phone number (optional) to Clifton "Flip" Edwards, 7019 Dawn Valley, San Antonio, Tex. 78242. (122)

Outlaw: Happy 20th birthday, 8/24. You're the only real love I'll ever know. I want to make every birthday and all days happy for you. We can spend our whole lives beautifully, loving together, if only we both want it enough to make it work, even when everything looks hopeless. Let's stay together forever, please. Only yours, Twigg. (122G)

Catskiner: My heart to you—the body you'll have to come after. All my love, Hussy. (122)

Debbie, Rick, Brenda—formerly of Red River: Please contact "Frog." Send phone number to 201 W. Cactus, Amarillo, Tex. 79108. (122)

For sale: Easyriders issues 4, 17-47, with three binders. All excellent condition. Will sell for highest offer. Call Bob at (616) 893-3665. (122)

Good-looking, optimistic, healthy, understanding, warm-hearted, compassionate and sincere man, 34, tall, built, B.A. graduate. Wants to correspond with emotionally mature lady, any age or race. Photo a must. Similar humanistic qualities desired. I am falsely imprisoned and need to hear from sincere lady. Write to Rodney Taylor #80D243, Drawer B, Stormville, N.Y. 12582. (122)

Where is Macaroni Ray? Are you okay? Call New York, or write: 8 Ball, 97 Alahele Pl., Kihel, Maui, Hawaii 96753. (122)

Tattoos by Lou's, in Fayetteville, North Carolina. The South's finest tattoos—the way you like 'em. Hours: noon to midnight, Monday through Saturday. 475 Hay Street, downtown Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. (122)

"Let me come along." I have the prettiest pussy you've ever seen—printed in full size on a soft white handkerchief. \$5. Send cash/money order to: Crystal, Box 66255, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

Are you missing monthly white, patriotic, and Protestant news on the conspiracy? Hurry! \$5/6 months special offer. Rev. Molts, Box 3646, Manchester, N.H. 03105. (123)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1982. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyrider readers. Buy where the pros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (126)

Meet sexy girls, your area, for dates. Juliet F., Ft. Garland, Colo. 81123-0018. (122)

Ladies: Are you the one who can make this 32-year-old, self-employed, northern Indiana w/m happy? Blond hair, 5'8", 170 lbs., blue eyes, and short beard. I am very easy-going, honest, and caring. Looking for w/f, 18 to 35, slim to medium-build, who's honest, neat, and not lazy, to share '82 H-D and life. Not concerned with your past, just our future. Photo and phone appreciated. Will answer all. Ken W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (122)

Look out, bros of Stone Tramps MC. Our national vice president, "La Satan," is still down and out, and word has it the family's been doin' a bro wrong. He needs us the same as we've needed him. Let's be there—and show him he's got family all around. Also, he's still down and out facing those C.M. charges. Let it be said he's not alone! Let him know we're behind him. Rex E. "La Satan" Morrison #323706-A, Rt. 2, Box 250, Beto 2 Unit, Palestine, Tex. 75861. He needs funds, scribes, and info from family. Bros and family of Yorkshire, England. (122)

Eve: Look what's happened. I forgive you, Let's start over. Write me. Adam, 2425 Capitol Ave., #M, Sacramento, Calif. 95816. (122)

Dexter: Honey, I'll love you forever. Happy birthday, too. Love from your slave, Molly. (122)

Youngblood (R.F.): Let's remember the good times forever. You are a part of me I'll never forget. I will miss you, always. Stay sweet, be cool, keep in touch. Hugs and kisses! Skeeter (T.D.) (122)

Beware of a Pamela Peters from Michigan, known as The Bitch: She has vines tattooed on her stomach, "bitch" tattooed on her right thigh, and H-D wings on her right ankle, says Heavy. Also, tattoos on both sides of her ass! Scooter bum was taken for a ride. No place she won't go—So. Calif., San Diego, Fla., Colo. Beware of her, she's no good! O.M. (122)

Tired of being passed around? Well, a white Iowa outlaw desires some tender, loving care from a fine-looking lady—only no head games. Letters with flicks answered first. Mike "Puzzle" Meissner, Box B, Anamosa, Iowa 52205. (122)

North Jersey women: W/m, blond, blue, 6'1", attractive, intelligent, good job, outdoorsman, rice-rock-et, mid-thirties, was nailed by herpes bug. Looking for attractive, intelligent, non-smoker, age to 33, non-fat chick to be friend, companion and lover—who may have been bitten by same bug. Feeling like leper. Box 514, Little Ferry, N.J. 07643. (122)

Low riders: Learn how to become an X-rated star! Natural fun, good money. Call Darlene Dawn, (312) 262-6900, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, Ill. 60639. (123)

W/m, looking for sincere, humorous chick, I'm 5'10", 175 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, 26. Write to Robert DiMaio, 77B747, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. (122)

VEG from M.B.M.C., Vt.: Contact Moses. Important. (603) 632-5387. (122)

Jerry "Gator": No, I didn't see the sunrise, because you were my sunshine. I know you were paroled February 6. Please get in touch. Shirley. (122)

Coach: Thanks for everything—especially for letting me kidnap you. Best of luck, always. Happy birthday! XO, Mary Ann. (122)

Dirty ol' man, short, fat and ugly, wants righteous "lady." I have honest love to give—if you give back. Prefer non-smoker, no drugs, no sex hang-ups. If you're young at heart or have no age hang-ups, like to putt on scooters and camp under the stars, write, I have a '79 Harley, sometimes a sidecar. Tready, Box 84, Albion, Ida. 83311. (122)

Ku Klux Klan literature. Stamps. Box 8833, Baltimore, Md. 21222. (122)

Tony: Need to talk. Your bro, Reddog. (602) 343-2808. (122)

21-year-old w/f, 5'6", 118 lbs., looking for a sincere biker, 25 to 38, to start a lasting relationship with. Must love to be in the wind with your lady behind you. I'm into good times, love, and riding (not necessarily in that order). Send letters and pics to "Kat", c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90285. (122)

Bear: You're all I'll ever need. Happy birthday, 8/3/56! Forever yours, short & sweet Bear. P.S.: Parker's not the same without ya here puttin' around! (122)

Greg: Got your card. Hurry back to M.V. Love, Roadrunner. (122)

Bambi Frank, in Bar Harbor, Maine: Write to Dick Mallory P5834, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823. (122)

Join now: International Muff Diver Association. Send \$4 for complete details (refundable with membership) to D & F Enterprises, 124 Pearl St, Suite 601, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197. (123)

Have Harley, need someone to love. The lady I desire is between 22 and 32, 5'6" or less, 125 lbs. or less, beautiful—both physically and mentally, enjoys and experiences life, and has the capacity for love. Rugsrats(?)—depends on lady. If you can handle a seasoned and mellow 40-year-old, call Sam at (303) 421-9822 (Denver, Colo.). No tire kickers, please. (122)

Peek-A-Boob: Sexy, leather fringe halter, one size, \$42.50. Check/money order, COD. Brochure, leather samples, \$2. Second Skin, EM, CP Drawer 292, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266. (122)

Jade: Happy birthday, babe. Love always, your Strawberry. (122)

Biker lady, attractive, north Jersey area—would like to meet w/ male(s), 27 to 37. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Write "Gypsy," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (122)

Lonely w/m, 38, locked down in New York. Would like to correspond and have visits, if possible, with warm, loving ladies. Wayne Utter #79-C-328, Box 618, Auburn, N.Y. 13021. (122)

"Notes 1%er" is my name, and one righteous honey with scooter trash class is all this downed bro wants for his dame. So, to everyone else except my bros, "argounya"—I don't need your citizen ways. I'm a 35-year-old w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., many tattoos, full beard, and a member of the Pagan's MC. PFFP. Oscar "Notes" Rezek 152544, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202. (122)

Happy birthday, Daddy. I really love you. Your brat, Nicodemous. (122)

My panties, worn just the way you like. From me to you, \$10 cash/money order. To: Caprice, Box 66047, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

Zeke: Yuma was fun. Let's try Tahoe this summer. Lynette. (916) 546-5022. (122)

Attention: Lonely w/m, 24, from Arizona (presently in a W. German prison), looking for the girl of my dreams. I don't know how old she is or what color skin she has, so maybe you're her! She's very skinny, extremely small-breasted (golfball size or less), has spaced buckteeth, and a harelip. She feels free in the nude, has an open mind, wants to have children, loves animals and nature, is very horny, has locked knobby knees, and doesn't mind shaving her private hair for me. Please, if you're my long-time dream girl or lady—write to me. Mr. Wayne A. Jordan, Postfach 576, 8440 Straubing, West Germany. Europe. P.S.: I only have 1 to 3 more to go. (122)

Missy: You're #1. David. (122)

Wanted: Tank emblems for 1957 or 1958 Harley. Must be in excellent condition. Write John A. Krumm, RR #2, Grinnell, Iowa 50112. (122)

B.S.A., Norton, Royal Enfield, Matchless, and A.J.S. parts bought and sold. Iota Products Co., 121 Selden, Detroit, Mich. 48201. (313) 832-1127. (122)

Bros down: One short and sweet, one tall and easy, J.C. Cousins, N-21786, or G. "Easy" Yount, A-97850, 100 Hillcrest Rd., E. Moline, Ill. 61244. (122)

Young, gifted, and talented 22-year-old Latin/American, seeking fine female partner who's into sharing and caring. Alex Quinones 82-A-2279, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508. (122)

Tina O'Leary (Ortiz): Or anyone knowing her whereabouts, please contact her sister, Tamara O'Leary, Box 17586, S. Lake Tahoe, Calif. 95706. (122)

Karen Rae Williams (Webb): Please, get hold of me in Salem. Call 928-1343 to get my whereabouts—urgent; O.S.P. or other. I love you; always will. Dennis Ralph Williams. (122)

Make your own wines, liqueurs, and brandies. Send \$3 to V.A. Benningfield, 4040 E. Boxer Ave., Ewa Beach, Hawaii 96706. (122)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, valuable tips, trade secrets, expert instruction, tattooed women's photos. 71 pages, \$21.45. Tattooer, Box 242-K, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (122)

Italian male, 36, 5'5", 160 lbs., neat, clean, mellow, enchanting, hazel eyes, moustache, seeks attractive female, 25 to 35, slim & trim, for lasting relationship. Will consider children. Photo, phone, and detailed letter. Guaranteed reply. Joe Bruno 81-A-260, Box 307, 16-2, Beacon, N.Y. 10508. (122)

Looking for good ol' man: W/f, 26, 5'5", 130 lbs., long blond hair, blue eyes. Must like kids, animals, country and Harleys. Serious inquiries only. Send photo, 4969 24th Ave., Port Huron, Mich. 48060. (122)

Michelle: Haven't seen ya in 2 years. Would really like to come to the bike race in Davis. If any of you bros out there know of her whereabouts (Michelle Suder), please, give her the message. J.D. (122)

Attention, ladies, 18 to 28: Lonely mountain man, 5'5", long brown hair, 24 years old, with many tattoos. Looking for a special lady for serious relationship: prefer petite woman, must be warm, sincere, and no head games. I've been alone for 4½ years and am ready to start settling down. I have 3-bedroom house in mountains—sound good? Send letters and photo, if possible, to Doc, Box 1643, Murphys, Calif. 95247. (122)

Big Mike: Loving messages for you in "Choppershopper." Read faithfully. Lovingly yours. EmBee. (122)

Wanted: Bikers for grand opening of Confederate Acers campground, July 4, '83. In memory of Confederate soldiers who died in the Civil War. Picnic, carnival, and camping space available for 1200 bikers. For info, write Ghost, Box 646-H, Front Royal, Va. 22630. (122G)

Stinky Foot: Happy birthday, sweetheart, July 9. You are the sunshine of my life. I love you. Celeste. (122)

Downed outlaw in Washington (native New Yorker), doing a dime. W/m, 36, Scorpio, 5'11", 180 lbs., dark brown hair and brown eyes, Scottish and Italian. Still looking for that thoroughbred. Ladies, 19 to 40, if you're for real, have heart and are tired of half-steppers, write Edward C. "Fast Eddie" Campbell, Box 520-27555, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362. (122)

Intelligent, lonely, Mexican/American, 26, seeking correspondence with serious-minded young ladies. Will answer all letters. Sammy Hernandez, Box A-E, Suite 4177, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (122)

Claude: Take me to another museum soon. Tomorrow, now, whenever it's convenient for you. Deep love. Patti. (122)

Gator: You did it! You got your Harley! Congrats. Don. (122)

Help: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Chandra Hefly, last seen in Tiwa, Oklahoma, have her contact al Merryman, USS Nimitz CVN AIMD-1M2, FPO New York, N.Y. 09542. (122)

House mouse wanted. Nice w/m, 39, seeks heavy-set young girl with super-sized tits. Ricky, Box 6604, Burbank, Calif. 91510. (122)

I inherited a Harley—I'm looking for a w/m, 28 to 36, over 6 ft. tall, who will appreciate both the bike and me. I'm a w/f, 5'7", 125 lbs. No hardcore bikers, please—I'm just not hardcore myself. Write Beth, Box 2264, Reseda, Calif. 91335. (122)

Need credit? Get MasterCard, others, w/no credit check. Guaranteed! Simple, legal. Plus other credit secrets. Free details! Inflation Reports, ERA, Box 60148, Los Angeles, Calif. 90060. (123)

Randy: Happy anniversary, darlin', 8/8/82. I love you very much—sorry it's a little late—and I will marry you. I'll love ya forever! Shari. (122)

Kurt R. Schultz: Happy 28th birthday, 8/6. Heard you are in the Shreveport area—I'm still here! Hope you're doin' well—happy, healthy & staying out of trouble. Would like to hear from you. Write Box 2426, or call 238-0212. Still think of you often. Take care and be good. Miss and love you, Kathleen (Mum and Graycie). (122)

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've 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)

Caged scooter gypsy, seeking lady/heart. Age and looks unimportant. Enjoy long putts, tattooing and moments shared. Kris Liggett 95566, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73501. (122)

Just a few lines to thank all the brothers and sisters who helped out with parties, rides, and good times—or just a place to rest a burned out body during my stay in the U.S. Special thanks to Doc Holliday, Preacher and his ol' lady Barb at American Way Motorcycles in Deland; Ted Gates in New York; and "Indiana Rich" and his ol' lady Cindy. Hope to see some of you in "the land down under" sometime. Tramp, Melbourne, Australia. (122G)

Swap meets: June 26, July 24, Aug. 28. I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo. 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.—rain or shine. (122)

Swap meet: July 31, Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City, indoors. Set-up, 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. Meet, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. (122)

For sale: Early pan chop, wishbone, no stretch or rake. Engine is balanced and trued. Forged-true. Andrews, Sifton, Rivera, etc. All new, less than four thousand miles, axle to axle, \$5000. May deliver/swap. H. Moore, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90285. (122)

Irish: Happy birthday. Also, happy 2nd, Aug. '83. I'll love you forever. Papa Joe. (122)

Easyriders, 75 issues—some old; 34 Supercycles; 20 Biker Lifestyles; 48 old Choppers; some F.T.W.s and Enthusiasts. All perfect, \$300. (404) 734-3912. (122)

Lonely biker stationed in Germany. Needs pics/letters from fine American females to help time pass. Will answer all. C. Becker, A 2/50, APO N.Y. 09335. (122)

Incarcerated male (soon to be released), 6'2", 190 lbs., neat, clean, mellow, enchanting. Seeks attractive female who can relate to a man of caliber and direction. Race not important. George Mongo 81A5608, Box 307, Beacon, N.Y. 12508. (122)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send \$21.00 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (123)

Personalized jewelry by jeweler. Monogram rings, belt buckles, drop initials, earrings, from silver or gold, SASE for prices. All under \$25. Daniel Sargent 94810, Box 174-Golf II, St. Gabriel, La. 70776. (124)

Want to buy: Isetta or BMW 600, any condition. (815) 726-6455. (122)

Attention, ladies. Are you serious-minded? Don't believe in playing head games? If you're for real, write G. Jackson 91714, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (122)

For sale: Iron Horse Saloon, 9 S. Grandview Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. Send inquiries to above. (123)

Twice I've tried Male Call; no one sincere answered to give me hope. Need letters from ladies—really need a friend to count on. Write Mike Leed 104209, Box 79, Rt.1, Capron, Va. 23829. (122)

Knives: Send \$1 for wholesale/retail catalog (refundable with first order). Knife Company, Box 8579, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

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, Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

Sex! Sex! Sex! Sex! Sex! Handsome California w/m, early 20s, in prison and needs some! Seeking marriage-minded lady for trailer visits and/or love if it's meant to be. Looks unimportant, being sincere is. Drop me a line and we'll take it from there. This ad is for real; hope you are, too. Jeff Gambord, C-26865/8336, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (122)

25-year-old w/m, downed and doin' time. Need letters from sincere ladies. All answered. Pics appreciated, but not needed. Galen Butler, Clay Co. Sheriff's Dept., Clay Center, Neb. 68933. (122)

B.J. Happy birthday, babe, 6/25. I love you so very much, forever and ever. Always your #1 ol' lady, B.J. (122)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, Calif. 95711. (122)

Kat: I've grown a lot and love you even more. If you ever make it here, look me up and we'll have a PBR together. Weasel. (122)

Jim: Happy 19th birthday, 6/2. Love you forever. Spooky. (122)

Randy, with the black Sporty you put together from scratch, living around Federway, Washington, working at Boeing: Write Rita Grayson, c/o Gasthous Rosie, 9410 Heiden, Switzerland. (122)

Michael T. and Roy: Too bad the "road trip" had to end. With love, Deb. (122)

I'm a young chick who has always loved bikes—but never really got into them—until a year ago, when I met my ol' man. I used to get pissed when he'd get on his Harley and ride off, leaving me behind, but now I realize that's his pride and joy. The few times I've gone riding have been the greatest turn-on I've ever known—besides him. Recently, while his bike was down, I did most of the touch-up work, polishing and cleaning. Being resentful at first, I soon enjoyed helping him. I figure I'll keep it clean and lookin' good for as long as he lets me share the pleasures, too! Thanks, Willie, for everything. Donna, San Jose, Calif. (122G)

Billy: My number one lover and best friend, your hard times are behind you; all that's ahead is freedom in the wind for us, Happy birthday, babe, Jean. (122)

Pretty white lady, light smoker/drinker. Likes motorcycles, guns, archery, weight lifting. Box 3085, Ft. Worth, Tex. 76113. (122)

Tattooing outfits, supplies, instruction manuals, lowest prices! Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Supply, Box 242-K, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (122)

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Make offer: 1948 Harley 45. Runs good, factory condition. Roy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52 Malibu, Calif. 90265. (122)

Big Mike: Happy 31st, 7/24/52. I love you. Thanks for loving me. Yours always, EmBee. (122)

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Happy birthday, little brother. I love you, Wiggles. (122)

Wanted: Address of Craig Klopensky. Last heard from somewhere in Florida. Craig, please write and explain what happened! Only no bullshit this time. Adele Maynard, 2407 23rd Ave., Central City, Neb. 68826. (122)

Good-looking w/m, 29, looking for good-looking young ol' lady, 20 years old, tops. Possible long-term relationship. Send photo. No head games. T.J. Hatton, 1046 S. Kenilworth, Oak Park, Ill. 60304. (122)

Cowboy: Big hug and kiss from Splinter. (122)

All you scooter tramps wanting a female to talk to, write Trouble, Rt. 3, Box 377A, Highfalls Rd., Jackson, Ga. 30233, No B.S. (122)

For sale: Complete collection of Easyriders magazines, #1 to present, \$300. Contact Andrew Looney, Rt. 2, Lascassas, Tenn. 37085. (122)

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Easyriders #45-79, 60% excellent condition. \$70 all. Benjamin, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (122)

For sale: Harley-Davidson motorcycle—as pictured in the May '83 issue of Easyriders, on page 32. Featuring two 1978 H-D engines. \$16,000. Call Chuck at (503) 479-2372. (122G)

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John Dickson: Love you always and forever. You'll always be near, no matter how far away. Come home safe, Denise. (122)

Sleazy: Glad I'm around to see you celebrate another birthday, 5/29, and another year with this horny ol' lady. Love the ridin', pokin' and livin' with ya. Love you, babe—your Haggie. P.S.: I like it on top, on the bottom or wherever you want me. Kisses? (122)

Swingers want biker bros for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bobbi anytime. (312) 262-9800, Box 345, Kenilworth, Ill. 60043. (122)



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Downtime

Continued from page 54

comedy relief. It's a rockin', sci-fi "Computer Cowboy" we're dealin' with here, pardner. I can just hear the bros around the campfire singin', "Come a ky ky, yippee yi, yippee yi ay," as New Wave farming techniques are exposed, whereby the cattle have numbers, eat in a line, and the wild coyotes yowl, "of course, the rhythm is perfect." *Ride along, Computer Cowboy/to the city just in time/To bring another system down/ And leave your alias behind.* Question — was Neil wearing a plant pot on his head during the recording session? You'd swear Devo was involved. They were. The Spud Boys and the German techno group Kraftwerk have been big influences on Young during the last couple of years, preparing him for his own statement of man's de-evolution.

Side two begins much like the first, with "Hold Onto

Remember the old daze?

It's the new days now, but that doesn't mean that the old ones are forgotten. When was the last time you heard "Mr. Soul"? Well, it's been resurrected, reconstructed, and remodified, complete with a new lower end. "Is it strange I should change? I don't know; why don't you ask her?" It is a chance to re-identify with the beauty of Young's poetry, circa 1967. It's something worth hearing and reading.

On "Sample And Hold," old-time Neil virtues and philosophies are given a new galactic background using software, technical terms. He needs a "unit to sample and hold." But not the "angry one," or the "lonely one," one with "perfection in every detail," "a new design," "please specify." There's a great harmony on this track, because of, or despite, the Vocorder. On this Star Trek

and a worker. But he better take it easy, 'cause just a couple months back on his **Trans** tour, in Louisville, Kentucky, he collapsed backstage from exhaustion. Dyin' ain't the kind of transformation we want to see Neil take.

ZZ Top/Eliminator: A tornado is blowing out of Texas again. Whipping across turntables all over the land, it gets its fury and power from three consistently hard rockers, that little ol' band from Texas, ZZ Top.

From "Gimme All Your Lovin'," all the way through the entire eleven tracks of badness, as in goodness, the jackhammer approach to rock and roll is awesome. As usual with Billy Gibbons, Dusty Hill and Frank Beard, you can expect high-powered, well-crafted songs to blow out the neighbors, and keep any party going full bore.

"Got Me Under Pressure" keeps the stranglehold on tight, as the dude is tryin' to keep up with the wants of a finicky female. *She won't let*



Your Love," a traditional-type Young affair. Nice melodies, easy listening, **Comes A Time** and **Harvest** revisited. Possibly that's what people want — don't stretch yourself, stay as you were. No way. "Sample And Hold" comes blasting at ya with a thud. A thud that is provided by Neil's long-time backup band, Crazy Horse, augmented and bolstered by Nils Lofgren, who's been playing with Neil on and off since the **After The Gold Rush** album in 1970, doing his own solo albums and tours intermittently. Also, Bruce Palmer joins the group on bass. Palmer first played with Young in 1966 when the Canadians were part of a Toronto-based group called the Myna Birds, before they became Buffalo Springfield.

track, you half expect Spock or Mr. Zulu. Beware of new design, all right.

The record comes to a close with the best song of the lot, "Like An Inca." Another one of Young's gems about wanting to be somewhere, some time, other than where he is now. Lofgren's accompanying guitar and Santana-like drum rhythms from Ralph Molina and Joe Lala make this mostly instrumental tune a knockout. And a fitting end. It lets you wind down as the condor, talking to the praying mantis, says, *We're gonna lose this place/ just like we lost Atlantis/ Brother, we got to go/sooner than you know.* Ain't it the hard truth!

One thing about Neil Young is that the dude is a survivor

me use my passion/unless it's in a limousine/She's about all I can handle/it's too much for my brain. Sounds like one to get rid of.

At a time when many groups are tryin' to catch on with the latest craze, be it punk or whatever bullshit name gets dropped, the Top men stay with what they do best. And talking about what they know best, give a listen to "Legs," "Thug," "TV Dinners," "Dirty Dog," and "Bad Girls" — real stuff you can grab onto.

On **Eliminator**, which refers to the hot roadster on the cover (cars are a hobby of the group), they even use a synthesizer on a few tunes. But without a doubt, it's the guitar arsenal that will shoot good vibes into your head. ■

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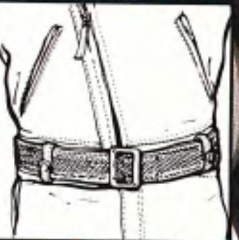


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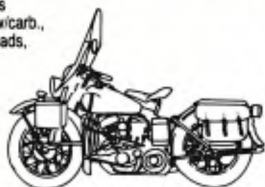
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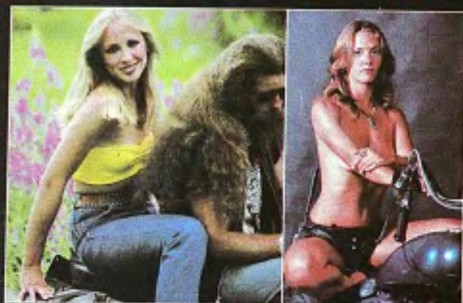
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