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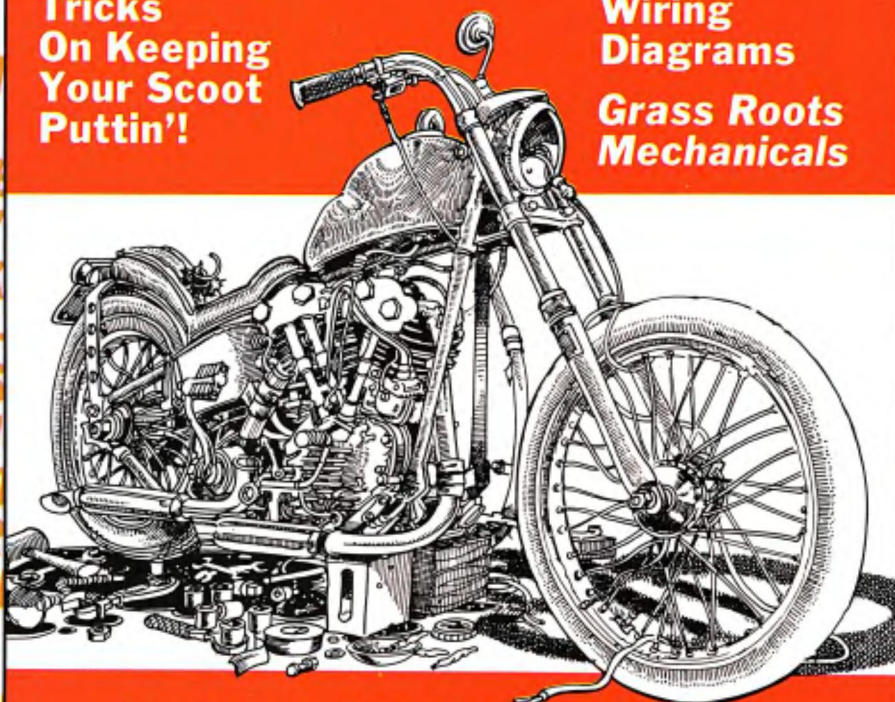
from the Editors of
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Readers Only!

Easyriders

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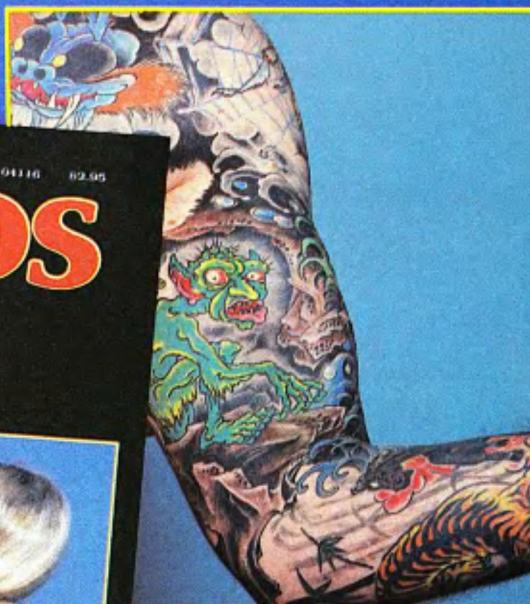
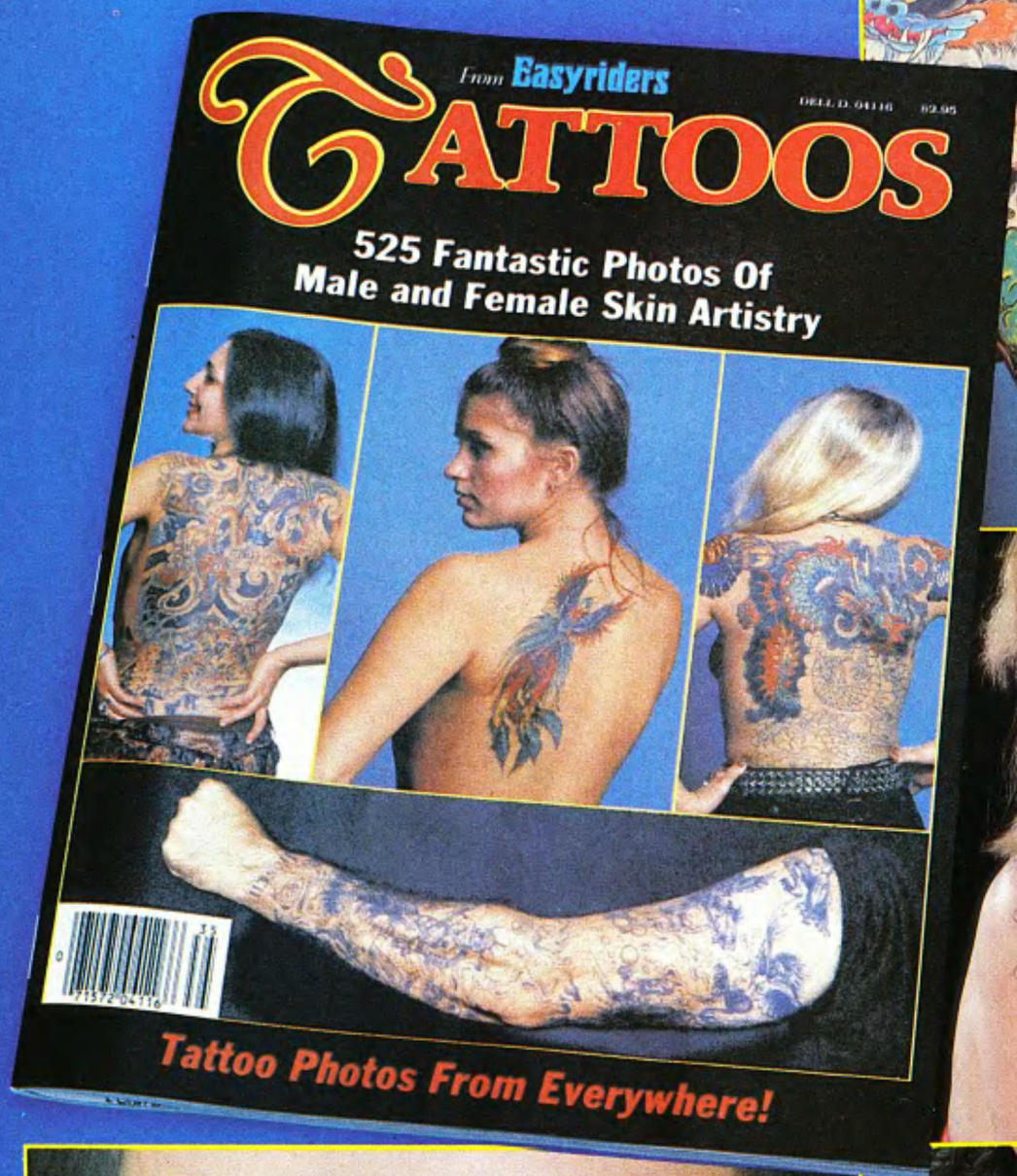


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Cover photo of Michelle Bauer by Pete Chiodo





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Builders in Texas are blaming the rising number of industrial accidents on drugs. Now get this! They've actually started a policy that includes raids, surprise searches of workers, urine tests, and blacklisting. So much for working in Texas.

Duck-of-the-month dept.: This dude went into the bank, grabbed a sackful of money, and waved his gun around menacingly. After grabbing the money, he went out the door, into the parking lot, crawled into the trunk of a car, and slammed the lid. He'd been watched by a steely eyed employee who went to the car, found the key in the trunk, and promptly pulled out the key, thus locking the crook inside. Meanwhile, the robber's buddy, who apparently intended to drive the car away, was busted along with the dude in the trunk. Nice try--it certainly worked on paper!

Hold onto your shirts! A Walt Disney movie was confiscated because the police thought it was like the other pornographic movies they were seizing. They grabbed this one because of its title-- "The Black Hole."

When there's nothing to be tested, it seems that the official testers dream up tests to perform. For example, tests were conducted in Wisconsin wherein the wings of 74 mallard ducks were broken to determine whether crippled ducks could survive in the wild. (Why didn't they determine if ducks cry?)

Look out for strange-lookin' strangers! During the National Hockey League play-offs, a dude at a bar complained about the playing of one of the teams. A strange unidentified man sitting next to him told him he shouldn't have said that and asked him to step outside where he'd blow his brains out. The dude went outside with the man, who promptly shot him in the gourd and split.

Some say that California wines are better than French wines, but I never heard anyone say that Italian wines are better. Maybe that's because seven wine distributors in Italy were recently sentenced to 3½ years and fined \$900,000 for diluting their wine with water and colored substances. (I'll stick to Ripple.)

Did you just pay your taxes? Well, here's where some of your money goes.

Congressmen, who are not particularly shy about spending your money, spend \$565,000 a year for calendars, just so they can give them out to their friends. Did you ever get a calendar from your congressman?

Two dudes were practicing mountain climbing by tying their ropes to the railroad track, hanging down underneath the bridge, and practicing going up and down the ropes. But surprise, surprise! The train came by and cut off the ropes with the dudes hangin' to 'em. So much for mountain climbing!

What's this world coming to? A husband is being sued for \$150,000 by his wife who is claiming he sexually assaulted her. On seven different occasions, all he did was want a piece of ass and "overpowered" her, forcing her to do her wifely function. Whatdafuck?

It's amazing what Congress gets to worry-ing about. A congressman was worried about Dial-A-Porn, a telephone number in New York that gives callers a tape-recorded message of moans, groans, and breathy suggestions. The number is making \$10,000 a day for its operator, a skin magazine, and \$25,000 a day for the New York Telephone Co. The congressman writes a letter to his colleagues, demanding that someone put a stop to it. The letter, which included the Dial-A-Porn telephone number, was a smashing hit. (And you thought they were just spending their time thinking up new helmet laws!)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

A Thought!

☐ If God made something better than a Harley, he made it for Himself.

Mad Jack
Tulsa, Okla.

Digs Poems

☐ Just thought I'd let you know that the poem "Biker Etiquette" by Bad Bob in the May issue was one of the most righteous things I've ever read in a long time.

Beenz
Blackburn, Lancs., England

Who Started H-D?

☐ I gotta problem. My ol' man and some bros are in total disagreement as to who started the Harley-Davidson Company. My ol' man and I say it was three brothers named Harley and one other dude named Davidson. My ol' man's bro said it was one guy named Charlie Davidson.

We would appreciate it if you could clear this up!

Dara
Euless, Tex.

☐ It was started by Walter Sr., Arthur and William A. Davidson and William S. Harley.

Where's Harley?

☐ I have something I want you to read. My ol' lady flew to the "Big City" (you know, the big city, Milwaukee, Wisconsin), and do you know what, brothers? When she got there and picked up a map/directory of the city's points of interest, the Harley-Davidson Motor Co. wasn't even on it. Not even a slight mention of it. Now, could you tell me why?

Tommy R. Harrington
E. Lansing, Mich.

☐ The factory doesn't want to be overrun by tourists looking for free samples or souvenirs.

Heard From Factory

☐ Was I surprised to get a letter from the H-D factory? Hey, I ask a question, you

dudes get me an answer right from the source. I like that.

I had the pleasure of running into Clyde Fessler at Ascot last Saturday night at the half-mile nationals. I introduced myself and we had a laugh or two.

I talked with him again on Sunday at the Rock Store. He was up there on a new Disc Glide, checking out the scene. Seems like a regular sort of fellow, huh?

Webb
Topanga, Calif.

☐ His mother swears to it.

Wrong Again

☐ You guys really fucked up this time, and I'm probably the only one to catch it. Yeah, it's nit-picking, but ya fucked up just the same. On page 10 of the June issue, you say the Hell's Angels were named after a WWII fighter group. Wrong! It was a WWI fighter squadron. In 1930 Warner Bros. made a movie called "Hell's Angels," and it was about the 59th squadron of the British Royal Flying Corps in France.

K.C.
N. Miami, Fla.

☐ You're right.

Answer To Moot

☐ In your May issue you've got some asshole saying New York doesn't want our rag. If the asshole doesn't want it, he doesn't have to read it. This is directed to Martin Moot, the librarian for Watertown Correctional Facility. The bros need something to look at.

B.D.
Keyport, N.J.

A Question

☐ In your June '83 issue you have a joke about a necrophiliac. What the fuck is a necrophiliac? It's not in the dictionary.

Uneducated
Los Angeles, Calif.

☐ Someone who likes to screw dead people.

Some Help

☐ I've read several letters in your section concerning the portrayal of bikers in the media. If other bikers like me are fed up with this kind of shit, there's something that can be done. You can write to AIM for a NFD sponsors' guide, which gives the addresses of almost all the sponsors on TV. Then if ya see something you don't like about bikers or anything else on TV, you just watch the commercials, look up the sponsor's address, and write a letter bitchin' about it. If enough people write in, maybe they'll quit sponsoring this kind of shit. Here is the address to send for the sponsor's guide (just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and they'll send it to ya free): Accuracy In Media, 1341 G Street N.W., Suite 312, Washington, D.C. 20005.

R. Stone
Borden, Ind.

Surprise! Surprise!

☐ Hooray! Outlaw bikers saved a town from corrupt cops on the "Fall Guy". Old Harleys never die. Crazy Joe Brawley, Calif.

Below The Belt

☐ This is to "Below The Belt" in the May '83 issue.

First, I have to admit to being a "dumb split-tail." I commit the terrible sin of owning and riding two bikes (BSA and Yamaha), and even worse, I have no intention of owning a Harley, since I'm five feet tall and weight 85 pounds. I have my limitations as to what I can ride and I know them.

Referring to your comment that you wouldn't be seen dead on a female's bike, I have yet to meet a bloke who, when his bike is off the road or has broken down on the road, would refuse my offer of help or a lift.

My "lord and master" encouraged me to get my own bikes. He and some other friends helped me get

my BSA rebuilt especially low and light enough for me to ride, and they have asked nothing in return. The attitude in England appears to be much more free-minded toward women riders, and although we are often not considered to be such good riders, we are certainly not called "dumb cunts" just because we like to ride.

Theresa
Essex, England

☐ Do you actually have anything below your belt besides the hole you talk out of?

C. Saindon
Gwinn, Mich.

☐ I got a place for his (my ol' man's) dick between my ass. And I'll tell ya, ridin' like that wakes him right up. So having the ol' lady in the front once in a while ain't a bad idea.

No Dumb Cunt
Tabernacle, N.J.

☐ You ought to be shot below the belt with a fuckin' elephant gun from three feet away!

Ria Lang
Sussex, N.Y.

☐ Shut your fuckin' trap, you damned male chauvinistic pig!

Brandywine
Seattle, Wash.

Deadhead Scene

☐ I just finished reading Tiny's article (April '83) on the Deadheads and am proud to be a part of that heavy-duty scene. I recently attended a Grateful Dead concert in Rhode Island and have not been the same since. The aura at one of their concerts is so incredible that your spirit becomes the same as that of someone growing up in the acid age of the '60s. I am only 23 and when I went to the concert, there were people there who looked like they were still living in the '60s.

When you talk of drugs at a Dead concert, you have to

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think of acid, opium, hash, and other pissa drugs. I must admit that I never had such good drugs before. The acid that you get and the attitude of the Deadheads make for an experience worth writing home about.

The people there are terrific! Our old shitbox cage needed a jump, and they were more than willing to help us because we were fellow Deadheads. It's like belonging to one big happy family!

I want to congratulate Tiny on his excellent report. He hit the nail on the "Head." The only way to describe a Dead concert's atmosphere is to experience it. "A little Dead is good for the head" is my motto. Again — Tiny, you did an excellent job. You deserve a month of good lovin' and some good head.

Pam Gilleo
Milford, Mass.

■ We've got two Deadheads on the staff.

Plump Babes

□ This is the first letter I've written to you folks even though I've been a regular reader of your mag for a long time. To be exact, I have not missed an issue in nearly 11 years and feel that *Easyriders* has always been one of the best in the field of motorcycling.

Then I saw April's issue and was very offended by the joke that went, "What do a moped and a fat lady have in common? They're both fun to ride, but ya don't want to be seen in public with 'em."

I don't suppose that it ever occurred to you that many men actually prefer fat women and that this poor excuse for a joke might offend a lot of readers.

I hope to see an apology for this tasteless joke.

Guy Russo
Bonsall, Calif.

■ We'd never kick a fat woman out of bed — or even a skinny one.

Big Tits

□ I've been starin' at the pix of Julia (June '83) and wonderin' why you don't have more girls with big tits in your rag. I know there may be a limited supply of 'em, but hell, you could find enough, couldn't ya?

Blue Rider
Baltimore, Md.

■ We're searchin', we're always searchin'.

□ I was looking through the June issue of your rag and cover girl Julia Parton really played heavy on my mind.

Ronald A. Dawson
Medicine Lodge, Kan.

All Right!

□ I must say "Silent Hotel" by M. Chakoian in the November '82 issue was a sidesplitting story.

Sparky
Milwaukee, Wis.

The Hate Factory

□ A dude got me a copy of *The Hate Factory* from his job, but couldn't give it to me until he'd read that mutha cover-to-cover first. Then I got my hot little hands on it. Tore right through that sucker. Out-fucking-rageous! I strongly recommend it to all people — no matter what road you walk down in this short lifetime. Powerful is the only word I can think of that comes close to describing it.

Ol' Green Eyes
Guam

"Easy Rider" Poster

□ This is for Jeff Jasper (July '83) in regard to the "Easy Rider" poster. Try Jerry Ohlinger's Movie Material Store, Inc., 120 West 3rd St., New York, N.Y. 10012 (telephone: 212-674-8474). They have, or can get, just about anything — posters, stills, etc. — from any movie. If ya write, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Hope this helps ya.

Chef
Stamford, Conn.

Some Advice

□ I've got some info that might help Jeff Jasper find some "Easy Rider" posters. Have him contact Brother Joe's Scooter Painting, 121 N. Center St., Oneida, Ill. 61467. He may not have any of the posters Jeff wants, but I'm sure he can help. He was at a swap meet in Davenport a couple of years ago and had "Easy Rider" movie posters, black-and-white pictures, books, etc.

Another reason for this letter is to let you know about a book that some of the readers could use. It's called *The Iowa Overnight Book*. It's a listing of hotels, motels, and campgrounds in Iowa. The section that we're interested in is the listing of campgrounds, since this has information on motorcycle camping and whether cyclists are welcome. For a free copy, write to Iowa Development

Commission, 250 Jewett Building, Des Moines, Iowa 50309. It's well worth the 20¢ stamp and could easily save a rider some time and money.

Garold Stogdill
Bloomfield, Iowa

Women, Lotsa Women!

□ *Motorcycle Women* was right on! Ya had a lot of classy bitches showing ass and tits. I got more than one nut lookin' at all that pussy.

Oj
Deerlodge, Mont.

Likes Rag

□ I gotta admit that the May '83 issue had three of the best stories and poems in it I've ever seen. "Second Shot" was a lot of stories put together that we've all had happen to us.

Munchkin
San Diego, Calif.

Caught!

□ Hey, what kind of mag are you people running? I've been meaning to write this since 1980. Your fuckin' computer must be hooked up to the feds. Ain't no way that fuckin' Census Bureau could have found me, so you tell me how the fuck they found me when no one knew where I was but your fuckin' computer (I'm a subscriber)? Get the feds out of your mag.

Crazy J.
Lemont Furnace, Pa.

■ Somebody else knew, because we don't sell our subscription list to anyone. Have you checked out your mommy?

Shriners

□ In reference to "Question" by Hatter, of Coalton, Ohio, (July '83), who asked what AAONMS meant: It stands for Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, better known as the Shriners. The chapter in New Orleans is called the Jerusalem Temple and the Road Runners is their motorcycle club. The Shriners ride so others can walk, as they sponsor 18 orthopedic hospitals for crippled children and three burn centers for kids, as well.

Papa Bear
Pacifica, Calif.

Falsely Accused

□ Hey, whatdafuck! You assholes jack off on these rags before ya send 'em out? When I opened up my June issue, fresh off the newsstand, I got a helluva surprise

when I got to Mutha's column and noticed a spot of some kind on the top of the page. I turned it back a couple of pages and discovered that it looked like someone had jacked off on it. Are you fuckers sortin' Spanish fly for coke or what?

Pissed Off
Barnesboro, Pa.

■ We tie a string to our dicks to find them whenever she's around.

Crab Eggs

□ Did ya notice the hundred or so crab eggs fallin' out of this letter? They'll hatch in about three days.

Barfbag
Manorville, N.Y.

■ They're now amongst a lot of friends.

Bike Contest

□ How come you guys haven't sent me my Hog? I entered the contest and am sure I won. Now, tell me what the correct reading was.

Angry Owl
Chapmantown, Calif.

■ See next issue.

A Bet

□ This is a bet that actually only you can help settle. I'm countin' on you guys. Please, pretty please (with pussy on top) print this. After all, you did start it — you gotta finish it!

See, it's like this. My ol' man and I were partyin' this afternoon, and we were checkin' out all our *Easyriders*. So, anyway, this is about the second anniversary issue (the ol' lady's quiz on page 59). My ol' man bet me one month (with 31 days in it) of constant head. Yep, he thought of everything — even on his lunch hour I gotta show up. He said no way would I have the nerve to mail this with my test answers. Then, after a few more brewskys, he dared me to sign it. Said if I had the guts to do it for everyone to see (even his mother), in addition to 31 days of constant head, I'd have to suck him off whenever, whenever he wants. He's got a better buzz goin' than he realizes. See, actually I win either way. And just to put your conscience at ease, you aren't double-crossin' my ol' man. Come on, what've you got to lose?

Do you understand how crucial this is? And why I sent it registered mail? And how desperately I need you to

print this? Jeez, I love the odds! And all that protein — think maybe I'll go practice. Can't ever learn too much. . . Wild Snow
Glenview, Ill.

■ You know where I'm at if you need extra practice.

We Lose Out

□ Some of the brothers wanted to send a raisin pie, but we need the raisins for the pruno.

Tony Clubb
Salem, Ore.

Tom Petty

□ At last you finally had an article on my all-time favorite: Tom Petty. But how unfair! Petty is one of the greatest and yet receives the least appreciation. His music continues to move — it's not repetitive — it's his style. The enjoyment is recognizing his sound, then listening to what he has to say. The "Long After Dark" album is the only album I've bought for a long time that is worth listening to all the way through. And as far as personal appearances go, see Petty on tour. He puts on a show that tops anyone.

Buff's Ol' Lady
Mesa, Ariz.

□ In your May '83 issue, The Austin Animal wrote an article on Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers. I'd just like to say, cheers to you, Austin Animal! I've never read your rag before, but when I read the piece on Tom, I saw some good writing and decided to shuffle through it. Results — excellent! Not only is Tom one foxy dude, but his songs are hard-edged, from the heart and true American.

Shasta
Lake Grove, Ore.

Anti-Helmet Bill

□ All you North Carolina bikers need to get off your asses and write to your local legislator asking him to help repeal the North Carolina helmet law. The bill has been introduced. It's up to us to get the message across to them. Your letters do count.

David Gore
Raleigh, N.C.

Right On!

□ This is just a short scribe to say "Right on!" to that editorial in your July '83 issue ("Kill A Biker, Go To Jail"). It's about fuckin' time we stop "space truckin'" and pull together on this. We did it

with helmet laws. We can do it with this. Let's not make bikers an endangered species. We're all "highway stars."

Lone Warrior
Akron, Ohio

Tattoos

□ In response to Greg Harmon's response on tattoo removal (July '83), what the fuck difference does it make whether you put the tattoo on with a needle and thread or with a fuckin' ice pick? A square centimeter is a square centimeter.

The Real McCoy
Clermont, Fla.

History Of 1%er

□ I'd like to take this opportunity to explain to one and all the true meaning of 1%er. An honest inquiry has been raised by both the novice and veteran biker as to the meaning and use of this name or patch, so let me tell it like it is and was because it needs a real answer.

In the forties a lot of hell-raising GIs came home from victory in WWII and proceeded to form up in semi-military groups called motorcycle clubs. Some were already in existence and some not. Ever heard of the Hell's Angels, Galloping Gooses, Missing Links, Boozefighters, etc.? Well, go see an old movie called "The Wild One" and you get the idea. In those days, if you raced bikes, the club you belonged to had to be sanctioned by the AMA or the race was not recognized as an official event and was not counted, nor was the racer given any national recognition for his effort. These unsanctioned races were labeled outlawed events by the officials of the American Motorcycle Association.

Now, whether or not these races and events were recognized by the participating clubs as outlawed events didn't matter — they still took place. Some jousting, politics, and in-fighting later, the AMA denounced such activities as the illegal activities of only 1% of the motorcycle clubs in the U.S. Following this pronouncement, both the AMA and the so-called outlawed clubs withdrew from any further contact or cooperation and denounced one another as enemies. Now you know what it meant in the forties and fifties.

In the sixties we coined a name for the police — "pigs."

We thought we were pretty clever, because it suited them better than any name used before. We felt they were a disgrace — using dogs, gas, water, cattle prods, gestapo tactics, and troops to break up the people's right to civil disobedience. Everywhere we looked, we saw "pigs" with helmets, clubs, fat guts, fat asses, Porky Pig haircuts, etc.

In the seventies the "pigs" took the name we'd given them and turned it around to suit themselves, as a mascot or label to be proud of. In the forties, the bikers of the so-called outlawed clubs did the same thing and proudly proclaimed that their clubs were unsanctioned, non-members of the all-powerful AMA and were proud to be part of the 1%. So, you see, in the old days a 1%er was any member of an outlawed or unsanctioned club. Many of us old-timers still believe this to be the true meaning — up until now.

In the seventies, the 1% patch was worn by many bikers belonging to such a motorcycle club. However, the more influential clubs decided otherwise and held that the only club members who could sport the patch were hardcore heavies who had proven themselves in the art of taking care of business, as well as belonging to an organization heavy enough to warrant its undisputed display as the insignia of a real outlaw member of an outlawed club.

So, you see, your inquiry is such that those who know don't tell and those who tell don't know. To inquire further would be foolhardy, to display the patch falsely would be disastrous, to want to display it is mind-wrenching insanity.

Old-timers like me don't show anyone 'cause we don't want to be confused with the new kids. You don't, either!

Old-Timer
Las Vegas, Nev.

National Resource

□ While looking through some back issues of this rag, I came across the special 10th anniversary issue. On page seven there's an article entitled "Bikers — A National Resource." I read it again and came to the same conclusion: That is one helluva fine piece of writing, and nothing I have read before or since describes the biker philosophy like that article. The

Continued on page 101

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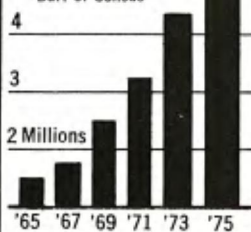
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Cycles are big business... and so is fixing them! There are more than 5 million motorcycles registered in the U.S. today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman. Because opportunities vary in different areas, we cannot promise you a job, but we will be glad to send you survey results showing the employment success of our graduates. Rush post-paid card for free facts and color brochure.

Cycles are big business

Registered Motorcycles in U.S.A.
Source: Stat. Abs. of U.S.A. Prepared by Bur. of Census



Motorcycle registration increased by nearly 300% in the ten years from 1965 to 1975. And there were over 5 million cycles registered last year — and they all require maintenance.

Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics

Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't always have enough mechanics on hand to take care of everyone as fast as they would like. Opportunities vary from place to place, but the sale of hundreds of thousands of motorcycles a year in the U.S. insures a continuing need for motorcycle maintenance.

Thousands of New Cyclists

The number of motorcycles registered in the United States has increased every year since 1965. And now with higher gasoline prices you can see that the incentive to switch from automobiles to motorcycles for regular transportation is greater than ever before... not to mention the thousands of new dirt bike riders who are discovering the thrill of this action-packed sport.

More Girls — More Bikes Each Year

If you've been riding your bike for fun the past few years, you can see for yourself that more and more girls are taking up the sport. And this means more bikes every year... and more bikes mean more motorcycle repairs. So get in on the action... get in on the fun — start making money as a motorcycle mechanic. Rush post-paid card for free facts — full information.

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

Enjoy the admiration of friends and neighbors as they flock around to watch you tear down and tune up all kinds of motorcycles. And just think of the satisfaction in knowing you've got the best performing bike in town. Plus, you can make extra dollars fixing motorcycles for friends and neighbors.

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Experts show you what to do, how to do it... guide you every step of the way to become a skilled motorcycle mechanic.

If you like to ride a bike for fun... learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you work in a cycle shop for somebody else or 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 job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

You Get the Tools You Need for a Fast Start

We send you the special cycle tools and test instruments you need... yours to use during training... yours to keep in your action-packed career. You actually learn by doing — with the tools in your hands.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record. And be sure to check with the motorcycle repair shops in your area!

Everything is explained in easy-to-understand language, complete with drawings, diagrams and photographs. You'll learn engine design, carburetion, electrical systems... as well as how to adjust and repair frame, wheels, shocks, transmission, valves, everything you want to know from routine maintenance to a major overhaul.

Work Out of Your Home!



It's easy to get started once you qualify as a motorcycle mechanic. Just let your friends and neighbors know you're ready to repair cycles in spare time — or if you'd rather, get a full time job at a motorcycle shop or dealer.

APPROVED FOR VETERANS



Special Cycle Tools and Test Instruments included to start you fast! These fine tools plus your North American "know-how" help you become a skilled mechanic. We teach you how to use wrenches, sockets, impact screwdrivers, timing lights, electrical test instruments, compression gauges, vacuum gauges, degree wheels, soldering irons, ignition wrench sets, dial indicators and much, much more! We even include a set of special cycle tools and instruments to get you started fast! These are yours to use during your training... and yours to keep in your action-packed career as a motorcycle mechanic. Find out all about it now. Send for FREE color brochure — full information. No cost or obligation... now or ever! Rush post-paid card today.

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Your future as a motorcycle mechanic is in your own hands. You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles for friends and neighbors — or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own motorcycle repair business.

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Life In The Slow Lane

I gotta cop to it, there's nothin' in the world that pisses me off in exactly the same way as finding myself on a two-lane, stuck behind some douchebag cager who's tooling along at ten miles an hour like a roadway inspector counting cracks in the concrete.

Now I wouldn't want anyone to get the idea I'm coming down on these jerks without understandin' their point of view. That fact is, I once tried life in the slow lane myself. I didn't exactly try it on purpose, you understand, but try it I did — for a full two weeks. And if that doesn't make me an expert on the brake-ridin', arm-wavin', 10 miles-per-hour set, I don't know what would.

My two weeks among the zombies occurred about ten years ago, during one of my very infrequent visits to the family homestead in New Jersey. Despite the fact that it had just gone 3400 miles without so much as a cough, my old 74 decided to take a complete and total shit the second day after I arrived — probably the looks my old man was throwin' at it froze the pistons or somethin' — and I wound up spending 14 days hustling from one end of the so-called Garden State to the other, gettin' parts together.

Actually, hustling is about 180 degrees from the right word — crawling would be a better word, crawling in my old man's unrestored, unrepaired '60 Valiant. Do you remember the 1960 Plymouth Valiant? You do? You've got my sympathy, bro. The Valiant, along with its soulmates the Studebaker

Lark and the Ford Falcon, were Detroit's (or, in the case of the Studebaker, South Bend's) answer to the little red Radio wagon. In fact, a case could be made that those early-American "compact cars" are directly responsible for the fact that over 30 percent of all new cars sold in the U.S. today come from Japan.

"I've seen life in the slow lane and it had nothing to offer. . . a preview of being dead."

Of course, my father's Valiant — push-button transmission and all — was long past its prime by the time I wound up stuck in it. "It's going to last 10 years," he'd always boasted, and he was right. Unfortunately, I was tooling around in it during year number eleven.

Now, you might not consider New Jersey as a mountainous state, but let me correct you — in a Valiant with a total compression of maybe 42 pounds (spread out over six cylinders), New Jersey becomes instant Colorado. I mean, the little rises become mountains, and the gentle approaches to bridges become peaks. Flat-out on the Jersey Turnpike at 45mph, slowing to 12 at every grade, is an adventure. You have two options: Mellow out and fantasize about horse-and-buggy days, or turn red, bust a blood vessel and die.

Generally, I followed the first course and smiled and waved at the angry faces of the frustrated cagers

jammin' around me — as far as anyone could tell, I was as happy as a pig in shit. Hey, lookit Grandpa out for a putt in his Franklin electric. . .

The one exception to my "adjustment" was on grades, where the car would slow to a laboring 10mph and I would have to drive way over on the right to avoid being either arrested by the cops or flattened by a semi. The fact is, dropping below the line bummed me out more than just about anything before or since. I don't know how to explain it, except to say that I've spent my whole life on the road — between the white lines — taking whatever the day would bring. Something about crawling up those hills on the shoulder, with that unbroken white line on my left, instead of where it should have been, on my right, was just terminally depressing. It was like a preview of being dead.

So, I've seen life in the slow lane and found it had nothing to offer. Which makes it even more remarkable to me that so many citizens seem to enjoy it so much. As bikers, we get together and compare notes about accidents, often fatal, caused by cagers making left turns in front of bikes. But what about the cagers who lumber out of cross streets, roll slowly through a right turn and then proceed to motor along at a sedate 12 miles an hour? They remain oblivious to the traffic backing up behind them. . . to the many near rear-end or head-on collisions they are causing as frustrated driv-

Continued on page 104





Gettin' To WORK

"Time to hit it," Toad rasped. "We got a bike to shoot."

"Handle it, bro. I sorta . . . hmm . . . don't feel so well."

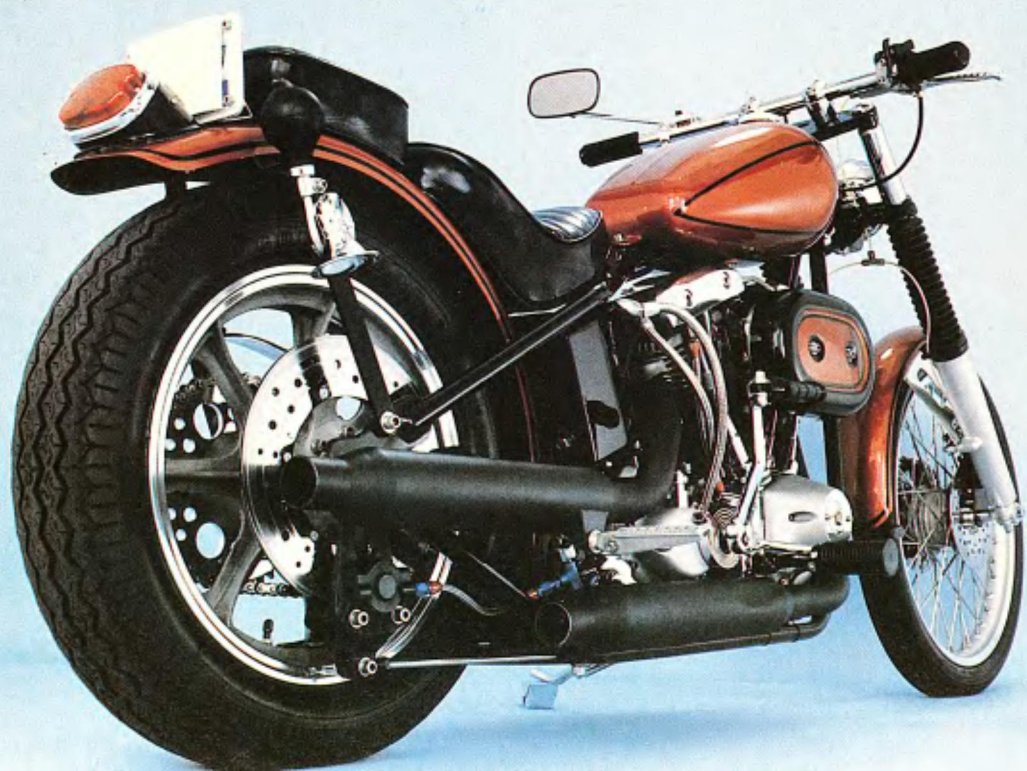
Toad's glower turned suspicious. "Whatcha mean? I just seen ya consume two six-packs, four double-jumbo Jalapeno burgers an' a lemon meringue pie. Ya don't look like yer off yer feed to me."

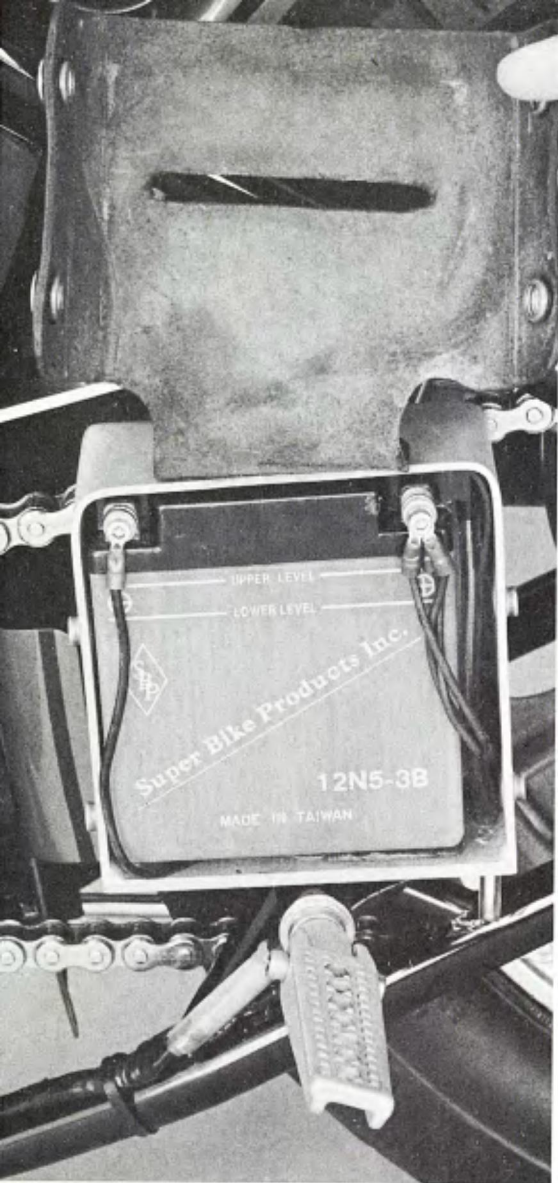
I figured I'd better level with the gnarly fucker before he decided to check my blood to see if I was really sick. "Actually," I said, "the ginches at

Ormond Beach are known to explorers near and far as some of the hottest, horniest honeys yet seen on this planet.

"And, believe it or not, there are eleventy-seven thousand of them out here and not one of them has yet had the privilege of using my beard as a polishing cloth for her golden-tanned inner thighs, and then. . ."

"Fuck that shit!" Toad bellowed, totally ignoring the fact that that was what I was intending to do.





"We didn't send ya out here because all these chicks are gonna die of toxic shock syndrome or somethin' unless they get a treatment with your three-inch tampon. Besides," he added, "half them girls have herpes."

"My tongue'll be happy to settle fer just the other half."

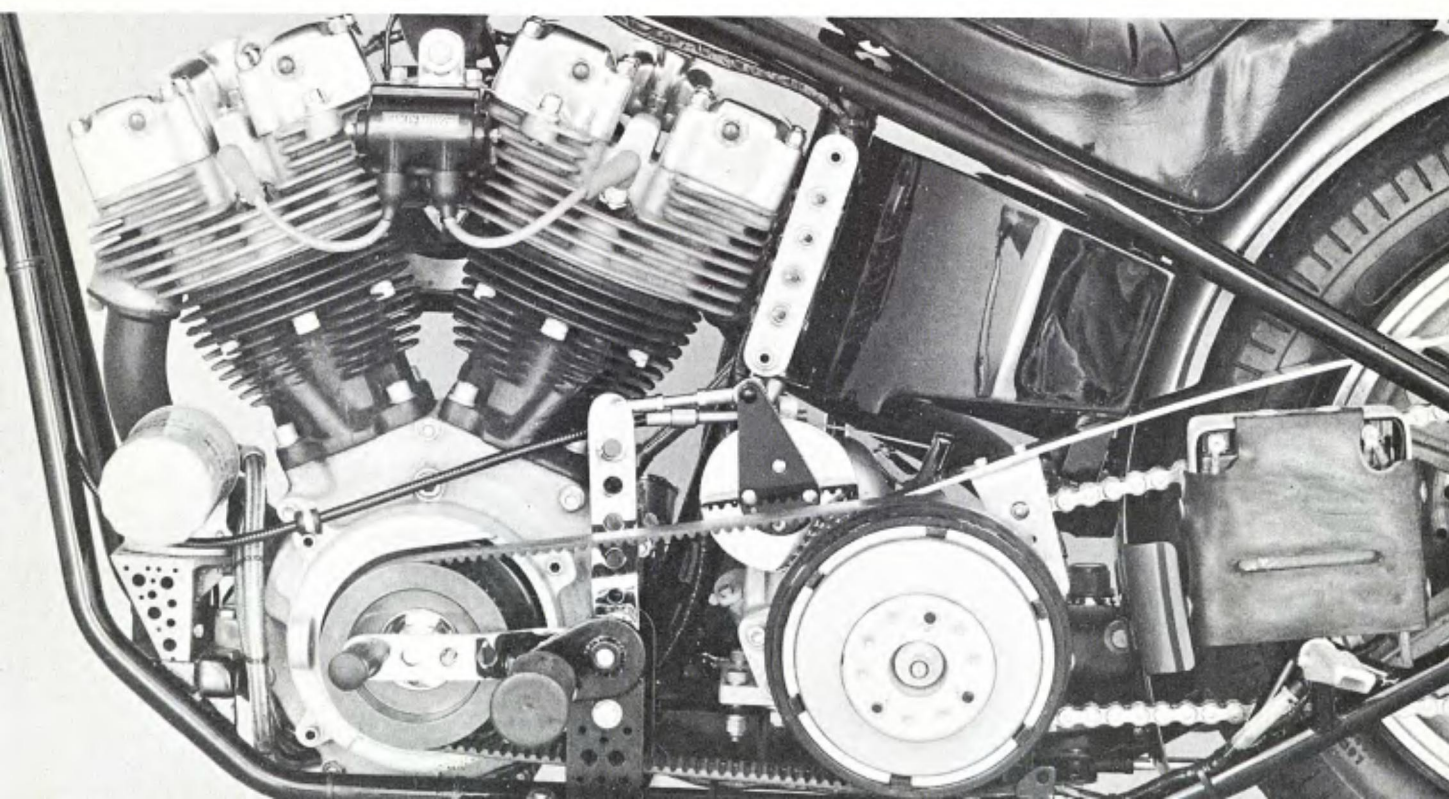
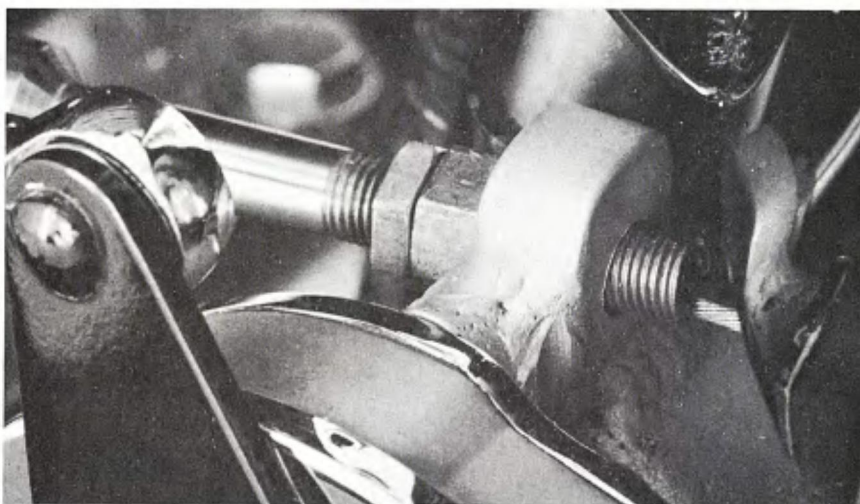
"But, man," Toad wheedled, "this is just the kind of lean, fast bike you dig."

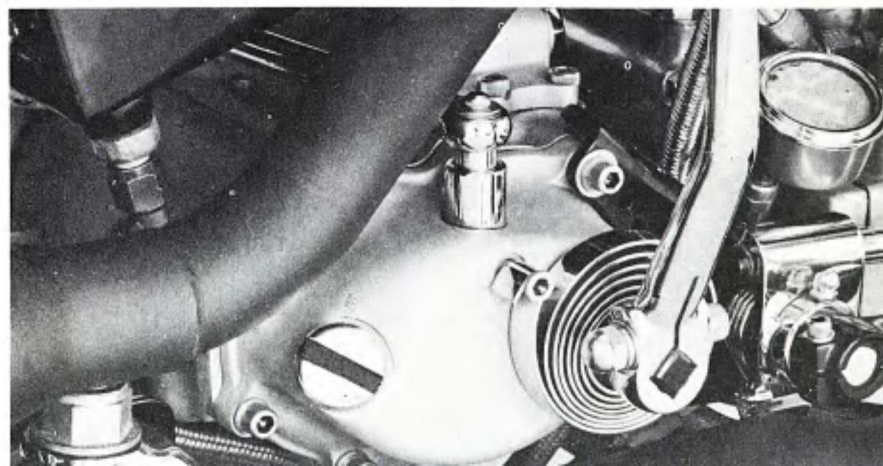
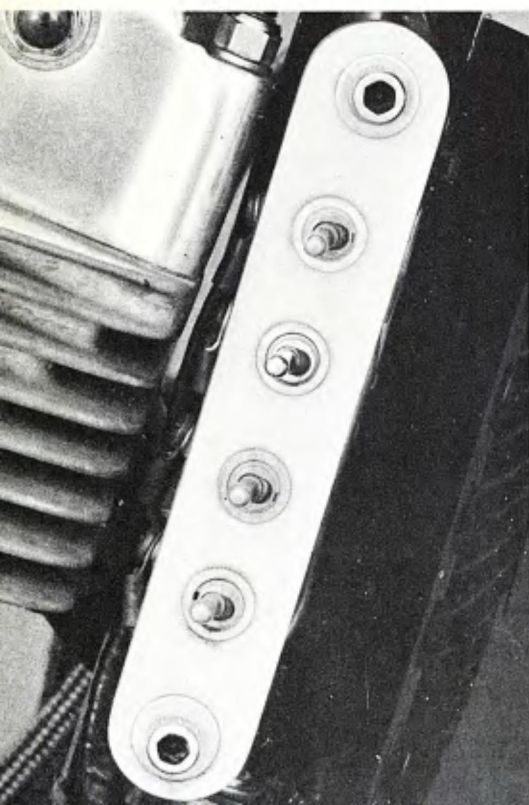
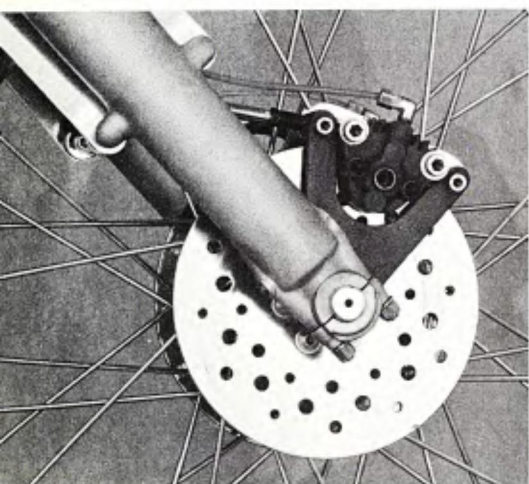
"You seen the three tiny tube patches they're callin' girls' bathing suits this year? That's the kind of lean and fast I really dig."

"Listen, Gary Muench built this bike and Smokey Yunnick Jr. had a lot to do with the engine mods — Smokey learned engines at his old man's knee, ya know. There still ain't nobody who can get power out of a NASCAR mill the way his old man does. This bike is related to a legend. Ain'tcha got a sense of history?"

"Yer damn right I got a sense of history. I intend to make some when I hit the beach."

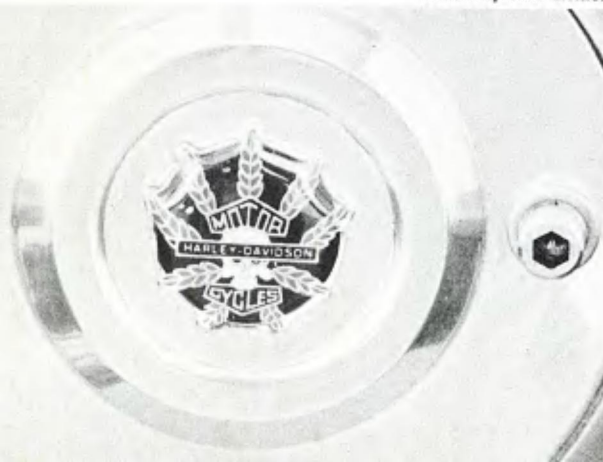
"Listen, Butcher, pussy's only pussy, but a bike is. . .







Photos by Mike Lichter



Owner: Jerry Bishop		City: Ormond, Florida	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Gary Muench		Year: 1976	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: you name it		Type: rigid	
Value: a lot		Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly by: Gary Muench		Stretch: 2¼ in.	
Time: 2½ years (this time)		Other alterations: a few	
Chroming by: builder		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1974		Risers: H-D shortened	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): two	
Rebuilder: H-D/Gary Muench		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: polished		Electrics: battery and wires	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: ported/polished		Oil tank: 5-quart	
Cam(s): H		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: Huh?	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Corbin West/builder	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender brace	
Pipes: Gary Muench		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Dixie/Gary Muench		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: cut dresser gears		Type: old Wide Glide	
Year: 1973		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/Gary Muench	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: trimmed	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 45		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: a little		Hub: Honda	Hub: H-D mag
Painter: Gary Muench		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: Fire Thorn Red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: Hurst	Brake: Hurst
Special paint: Kalgard on aluminum			
Other special modifications: Aluminum trans plate, homemade shifting assembly, chain guard, battery box and filter mount. Special Thanks: Bill Arthur at Halifax Plating, Ormond Machine, Smoky Yunick Jr. for welding and Atlantic Automotive.			

is. . it's a bike, damn it. Shit, I'm hornier than a bikin' mama in the drunk tank, but I'm gonna wait till after we take care of business."

"As ugly as you are, you gotta wait till after dark or you'd be poundin' it in the sand."

"Ugly, who's ugly?"

"You, Mutha and Godzilla, that's who — and not necessarily in that order."

"Godzilla! Shit, glad ya reminded me. Spider said he'd meet us at the studio."

"Spider? Here? Holy shit! Where the fuck are my boots? We got a bike to shoot."

—Butcher

THE OTHER SIDE of THE MOUNTAIN

There were fourteen of the brothers scattered throughout the crowded bar and, although a few were concentrating on Shooter's two-rail corner combination shot on the pool table, at least eight of them bore witness to Rusty's actions.

Without so much as looking to see who was sitting next to him, the aging biker extracted several red capsules from his cutoff pocket, gathered them into a pile in the palm of his hand, and popped them into his mouth. This done, he picked up the glass of bourbon before him and, with one deep swallow, washed the pills down.

Though several bros had thought to say something in regard to Rusty's flagrant action, it was Big Hutch, the bartender, who closed in first.

Leaning his massive frame on the counter top, Hutch whispered urgently, "Hey, bro! I've told you before, don't be so fuckin' loose with that shit!"

Rusty stared drunkenly at the six-foot-six giant before him. "What shit?" he asked in a slurred voice.

Hutch reached across the bar and tapped lightly on Rusty's cutoff pocket with one beefy finger. "That shit," he replied quietly.

Rusty blinked slowly and replied in an intoxicated voice, "None your damn biz, bro!" As he reached for the glass, he angrily batted Hutch's arm to one side. "So, fuck off!"

Before Rusty could bring the bourbon to his lips, Big Hutch's high hand quickly closed over the top of the glass and most of the smaller biker's fist.

"That's it," he said in a controlled voice. "You better go and

take a walk, Rusty. Get some air."

Although Hutch was well known for his ability to maintain his self-control in a crisis, there wasn't a brother in the bar who hadn't seen him clear that counter, sawed-off ball bat in hand. On those rare occasions, more than one sidewalk commando had ended up wishing he'd chosen to be a truck driver, instead of a biker.

With absolutely no show of force, Big Hutch closed his hand into a fist and sent a shower of

"Just lay it down and pick it up, huh, Rusty? I told you it ain't played that way."

splintered glass in several directions.

Sluggo looked at Long Jake and announced in classic understatement, "I think Rusty just spit in Superman's face."

With no further discussion, the two bikers came quickly to the scene of the action, flanking Rusty on either side. Jake leaned down and whispered, "Outside, bro!"

Rusty was about to issue another "fuck off" when he had a sudden flash of common sense. It was not the seriousness of the pending danger that got his attention, but rather a small patch, sewn over the left pocket of Long Jake's cutoff. "V.P." Even in his present condition, Rusty knew better than to give a vice-prez a "fuck off."

Once outside, Jake rounded up the prospect who'd been guarding the scoots and hustled him inside. Before going back into the bar, he stopped at the door and quietly told Sluggo, "Tell Rusty he's got a

big fuckin' problem and I want it taken care of immediately!"

As the door closed, Sluggo spun around to face Rusty and let go with a torrent of words. "You sick fucker! Do you know what you did? If you didn't have the same patch on your back as Big Hutch has on his, that fuckin' giant would've snapped your stupid neck easier than he crushed that fuckin' bar glass!"

Sluggo stepped closer and pointed a finger in Rusty's face. "Jake's right. You got a problem." "How's that?"

Sluggo shook his head in amazed disbelief.

"How's that?" Rusty repeated angrily, "How's that?"

Sluggo fought for control then went on slowly, "Okay, okay, bro. I'll tell you how I know you got a problem. In the last three weeks you've been fined twice for not showin' up at meetings and once for disrespect. You just popped pills in a crowded bar and went off on Hutch. Last week we pulled Coot off your ass and you swung on R.J. at a party."

Rusty interrupted drunkenly, "Bitch had it comin'."

Sluggo cut him off with a wave of his hand. "That's immaterial. I don't get into shit between a dude and his ol' lady."

As Sluggo spoke, Rusty reached into his pocket and pulled out more of the red pills.

"How many of those fuckin' fender benders you had today?" Sluggo asked.

Rusty shrugged, "Dunno. Fifteen — maybe twenty."

Sluggo laughed, without humor, "And you don't see no problem?"

Rusty swallowed the pills, then turned and

By River Rat

Continued on page 111





One Time Just

Bikers come back to one-up last year's effort.

On the rare occasion when I do something right, knowing no one is going to remember, I make sure to be my own PR department, spreading the news of my conquest as fast as my twenty-one will take me; then, satisfied, I'll kick back to a few dozen brews, relaxing in my own glory. Like a true schmuck. Not worrying about what else could've been done to improve things for the better puttin' future of everyone.

Thank God the MMA doesn't operate this way. When they pull

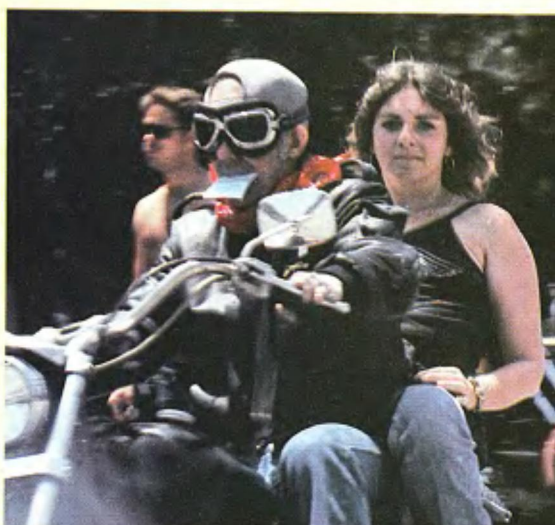
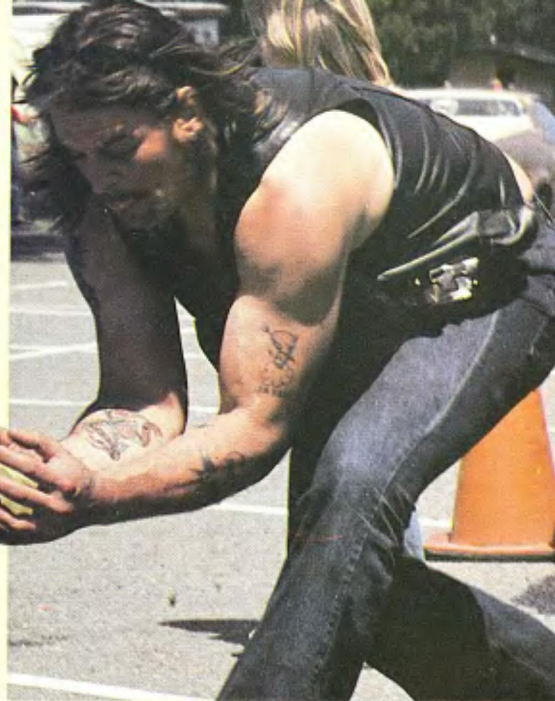


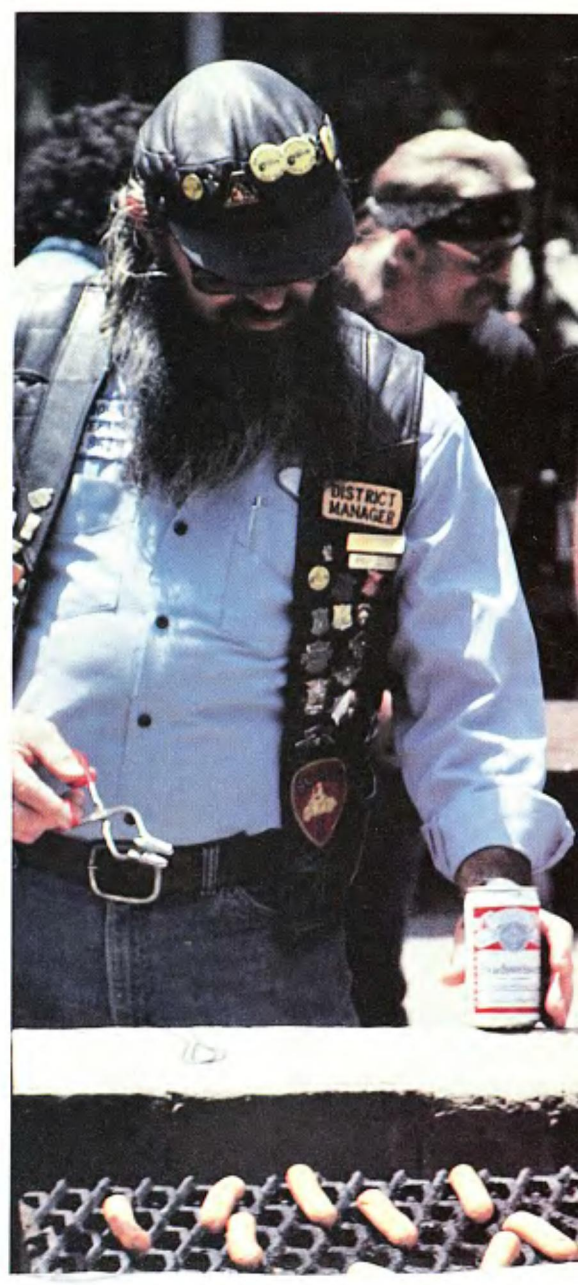
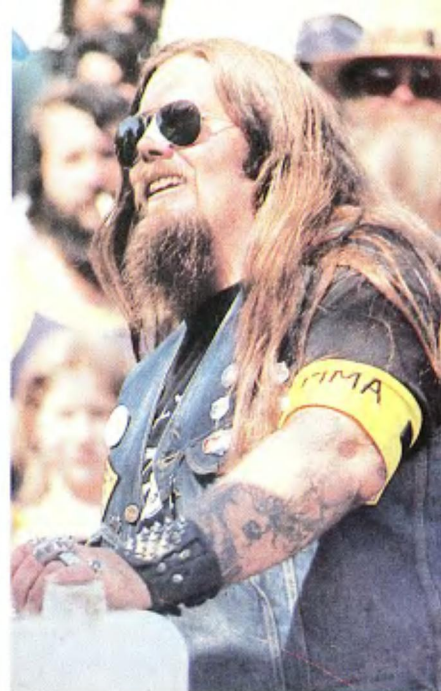
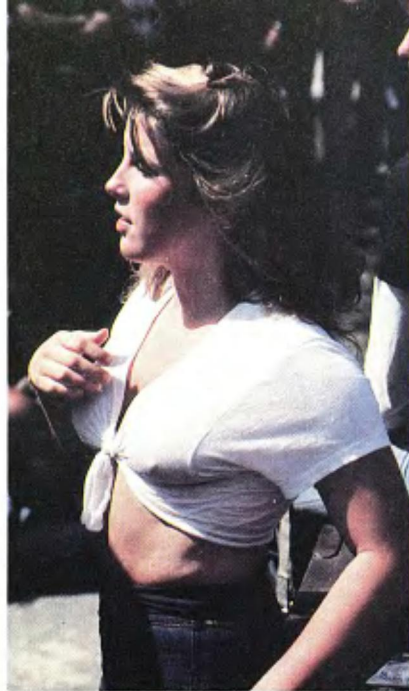
Ain't Enough

off one of their outstanding events, the bros involved get right back at it in their monthly meetings, dissecting every aspect of the day. From parking to hot dogs, from making sure the tit contest went smoothly to finding out if the road signs and directions were easy to find and read and follow.

Never has this been more evident than recently when the MMA sponsored a repeat of last year's Camarillo Run, an event put together for the benefit of the patients at the Camarillo State Hospital. Not just patients, but people. People that other people, in their nine-to-five workweek, forget. People who are incapable of taking care of themselves. People who don't have the foggiest idea where

Continued after two pages of photos





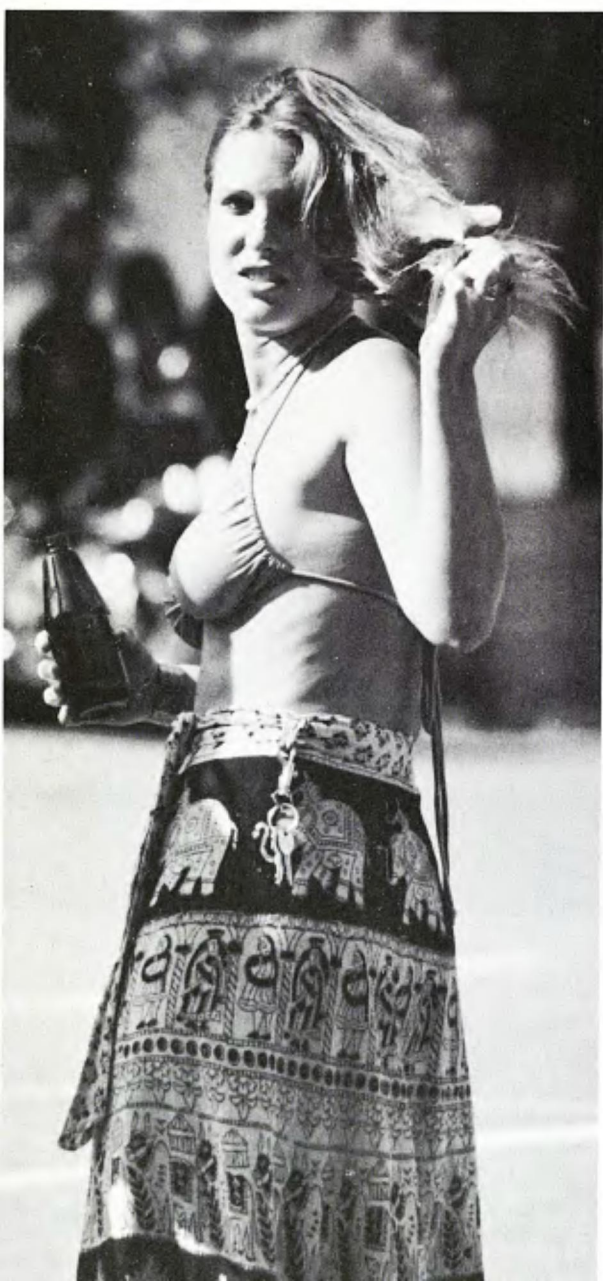
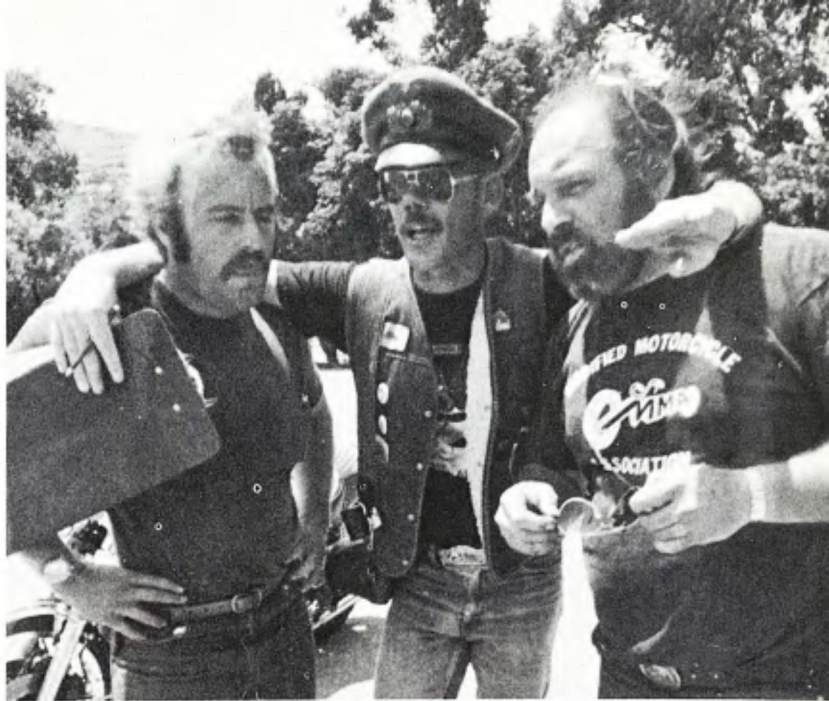


Photo by L.T. Mike





Photos by Kim Peterson and Phil Lozano

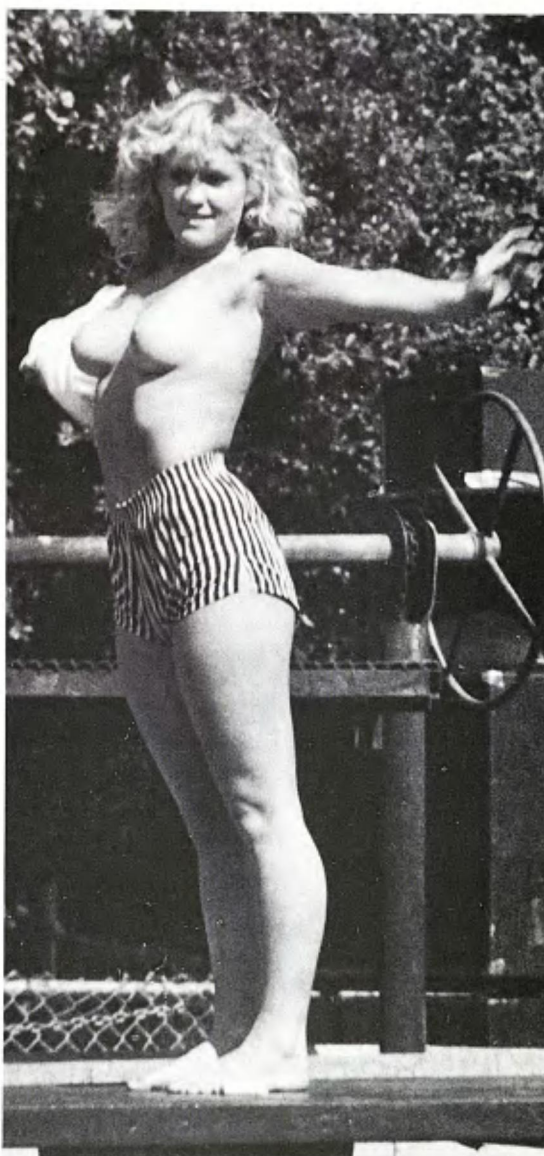


their clothes come from or any of the other essential personal items that you and I, as well as John Q. Coatantie, never give a second burp to. Ya need a toothbrush, ya go buy one. Some folks can't.

So it turns out that bikers can. We can for other people. All it takes is putting the word out that there is a need. Thanks to guys like the MMA crew that took the tough stuff, like the logistics of getting a television news team to give coverage, and thereby publicity, in the weeks prior to the event, and setting up 50-gallon barrels at bike shops throughout both Ventura and Los Angeles counties for people to drop their donations in. Then arranging to have the barrels picked up and taken to the hospital.

All the planning culminated in a party on an absolutely gorgeous day. We've got a lotta shit out West here, in terms of calamities and screwballs, but the weather ain't one of 'em. It was fine-tuned this day. Between the band that just had to be shakin' up the freeway a few miles away, the horseshoes that were bein' tossed, the tits that were bein' exposed, and the outstanding array of scooters and their riders, it made for one hell of a decent day. There's my PR rap — now, about those couple dozen cold ones. Let's get sippin'.

— Rags





"Aw, hell, I shoulda taken the free baseball hat."

"It's the guy from the cigar store. The new **Easyriders** is in, and ya gotta move fast if ya want one before they're sold out."

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Sometimes it's hard to stop what you're doin' — particularly in mid-stroke — and run off to the store to snatch up the latest rag. Fortunately, the Founding Fathers — in their infinite wisdom — provided a cure for that problem. It's called the U.S. Postal Service, whose uniformed employees will brave rain, snow, wind, horny housewives and hungry hounds to bring **Easyriders** directly to your door every month. Want to play the system? It's easy — just fill out and mail the subscription form on this page. Do it now and ol' Spider'll even send you a free baseball cap and a color decal as a reward for bein' so smart.



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Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Daytona Week

As we cull through staff reports and analyze our activities this year, our Daytona debriefing teaches us things not only about the community but about ourselves as Daytona guests. Some of the things we learned are rather interesting. For instance, the crowd at Daytona Cycle Week includes the biggest spenders of the year. We make the February influx of auto-racing fans look like pikers by comparison. And while we create a tavern trade that is equal to that of the spring-break crowd, we are far less destructive. Among local merchants, our group is generally noted for its record of leaving hotels intact.

—Ed Youngblood

American Motorcyclist

The Most Wins

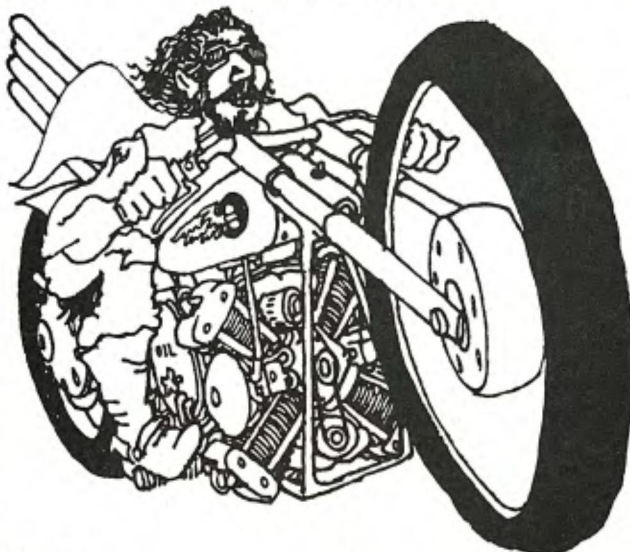
When Dick O'Brien, Harley-Davidson's racing director for 25 years, goes racing, there's never a doubt about his singleness of purpose — to win. In his years at the helm, O'Brien has produced more winning machines and records than anyone in dirt track history.

—Enthusiast

Springsteen Controls

... Harley-Davidson jumped into the fray with a modified XR-1000 engine in one of the old KR chassis with early (and effective) 1970s streamlining. The motorcycle produced 106-107bhp at 7000-7200rpm and 85 pounds-feet torque at 5700rpm on Harley's dyno. That should have put the motorcycle in a class by itself, though Harley-Davidson's insurance policy included Jay Springsteen at the controls. Anyone who remembered how well Springsteen rode the twin-cylinder 250 Harley-Davidson two-strokes years ago and knew how well Springsteen controls anything, from roller skates to Hula Hoops, looked forward to the Battle of the Twins.

—Cycle



Motolust

But I remember that Sportster. It was clean, simple and it sounded like nothing else in the world when it lit-off. That bike triggered my first real case of motolust. I wanted that Sportster in a way that I have wanted very few bikes — of any kind — since.

—Larry Works
Cycle Guide

H-D Repli-Racer

To truly evaluate the XR-1000 repli-racer from Harley-Davidson, one needs to look past the amalgamation of nuts, bolts, crankpins and cotter pins that makes up the working bits and pieces of the motorcycle. Simply, this Harley has to be looked at as a social phenomenon.

—Cycle News

Stoplight Bandit

The scene is straight out of the sixties: deuce roadsters, blown Willys coupes and Harley-Davidson Sportsters making the night rounds. Street-roads all, running to the drive-in for burgers or running out on the county road for pink slips — it made no difference. And 15 or 20 years ago, Sportsters, like the XLX, fit right in with this crowd. Back then, the XL-series Harley was one hell of a stoplight bandit.

—Joe Kress
Cycle Guide

Obvious Choice

Springsteen was the obvious choice in the fourth heat. Faced with scant opposition, he scooted around the outside of the pack in turn one to take the lead, and from that point on it wasn't a matter of who would win, but how much Springer would win by. Pitching his Harley over until the cases were dragging and almost scraping his muffler-mounted number plate in the dirt, the popular rider from Lapeer, Michigan, kept building his lead until he was so far ahead that he was entering turn one as second- and third-place riders Frank Word and Garth Brow were still in turn four.

—Cycle News

Miss H-D

There's a new lady who joins the ranks of Harley VIPs; her name is Regina Smith, her title "Miss Harley-Davidson, 1983." After months of screening contestants (hard duty, for sure!), the H-D judges had narrowed the field down to six finalists. These lovely ladies were invited to attend the Daytona Speed Week festivities where, according to plan, the final choice would be made to determine exactly which lady would reign as the most perfect example of what constitutes a Harley-Davidson girl.

—Custom Bike

New Generation Engines

Now there might be one. The United States government has imposed stiff tariffs on Japanese motorcycles above 700cc in an effort to give Harley-Davidson a protected runway in order to get their new-generation engines off the ground. One natural countermeasure for the Japanese is to build 699cc motorcycles that will wriggle under the protective shield. How to make 699cc act like a 1000cc rip-snorter? I don't know about you, but I'd pressurize the induction system. I'd purpose-build a supercharged 699 from the first nut and bolt.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Bargain Prices

Harley-Davidson will get the time asked for, and will come out with truly new models. The dealers will be able to empty their warehouses of unsold '81s and '82s at what are suddenly bargain prices. And before you know it, the adjusted prices and models will seem as normal as a \$20 haircut.

—Cycle World

Fear or Respect

I can't remember ever being afraid of a bike, but I can remember being afraid of crashing. In fact, the ghost of that fear is still in the back of my mind every time I ride. But now fear has been replaced by respect, and that dictates how I control the bike. No one should give up that fear entirely. To do so is to develop a potentially fatal case of over-confidence. People have a tendency, in time, to become complacent with their vehicles; I suppose because of a lack of bad experiences. But drivers of automobiles can afford bigger mistakes than motorcyclists can. If we rely upon real-world mistakes to remind us of that, the curtain just might ring down and close the whole show.

—Richard Wahl
American Motorcyclist

SURVIVAL T.E.S.T

"Ya done good so far," the big man intoned. "Ya kept yer cool when we sent ya to get Lug-nut's bike out of the impound yard and ya didn't snivel too much when Boar, here, used his tattoo needles to tack up the skin those Dobies ripped loose.

"And ya only barfed three times after we made ya go down on Lardy Mama after she pulled that train during her last period. So, all in all, ya been doin' pretty good.

"But the thing is, it takes more than a willingness to throw yourself to a pack of dogs or the ability to fuck 'n' suck *anything* to earn a patch. Ya got to be tough, ya got to be resourceful, ya got to have survival skills — which is why we devised this one last test.

"So lissen up good, Prospect, this is how it's gonna go down."

* * *

Little Joe the Prospect was alone in the clubhouse. His bros were off on a five-day run. So this was it, he thought, the final test. Only five days standing between him and his patch. And, not a damn thing to do, except survive in the empty clubhouse. Little Joe chuckled, it was all too easy. So what if the bros had cleaned all the food and booze out? So what if they told him the clubhouse was being watched and he wasn't allowed to leave? Shit, it was only five days. Who needed food?

* * *

By day three Little Joe was starving — not just hungry enough to chomp on a horse's ass — but downright, I-ain't-eaten-for-four-days, gut-twisting starving. And he couldn't find any food. Not a thing, nothin' but cockroach turds. His bros-to-be had cleaned out every last frigging scrap.

Suddenly Little Joe remembered the pizza! It was from a party about a week earlier. He'd been assigned to haul the trash down to the cellar and he remembered piling a bunch of trash bags full of empties on top of a half-empty pizza box. He made a

staggering run to the cellar, and began wildly pawing at the piles of green plastic bags.

Suddenly there it was. *Awright!* And only a week old; it shouldn't be that bad. He guessed the bros didn't clean house as well as they thought. Little Joe licked his lips in anticipation, grabbed the top of the box and ripped it open. More cockroach shit! And not only shit, but the greedy little critters themselves, munching on the last little chunk of pepperoni in a corner of the box. Little Joe slung the box away in disgust and staggered back upstairs.

The club roared back in a few days later, right on schedule. They found Little Joe sitting on the floor holding his boot, a piece of the toe sticking out of his mouth.

After the laughter subsided, the big man threw his arms around the hungry prospect and congratulated him. "Well, bro, ya passed the test, but ya really didn't need to go hungry — we left ya the roaches."

Little Joe would have bet anyone that he didn't have anything left inside him that wasn't attached, but he threw up anyway — a few pieces of worn leather, riding a current of green slime that poured from his mouth onto the floor.

Despite Little Joe's revulsion, however, the prez was — as usual — right. Not only are bugs good eatin', they're good for the body, too.

* * *

Foreign gents have been grubbing on insects for quite a few years. Back in Biblical times, Moses and his club members always snacked on pleasing platefuls of locusts and honey. The ancient Egyptians even placed locusts right up there with sheep eyes as a favorite dish. Moving right along to modern times, there isn't a day that goes by that some Korean farmer doesn't sit down to his breakfast bowl of grasshoppers and hot sauce. The Frogs in Paris can suck snails (escargot) out of their shells faster than they can suck down a bottle of their shitty

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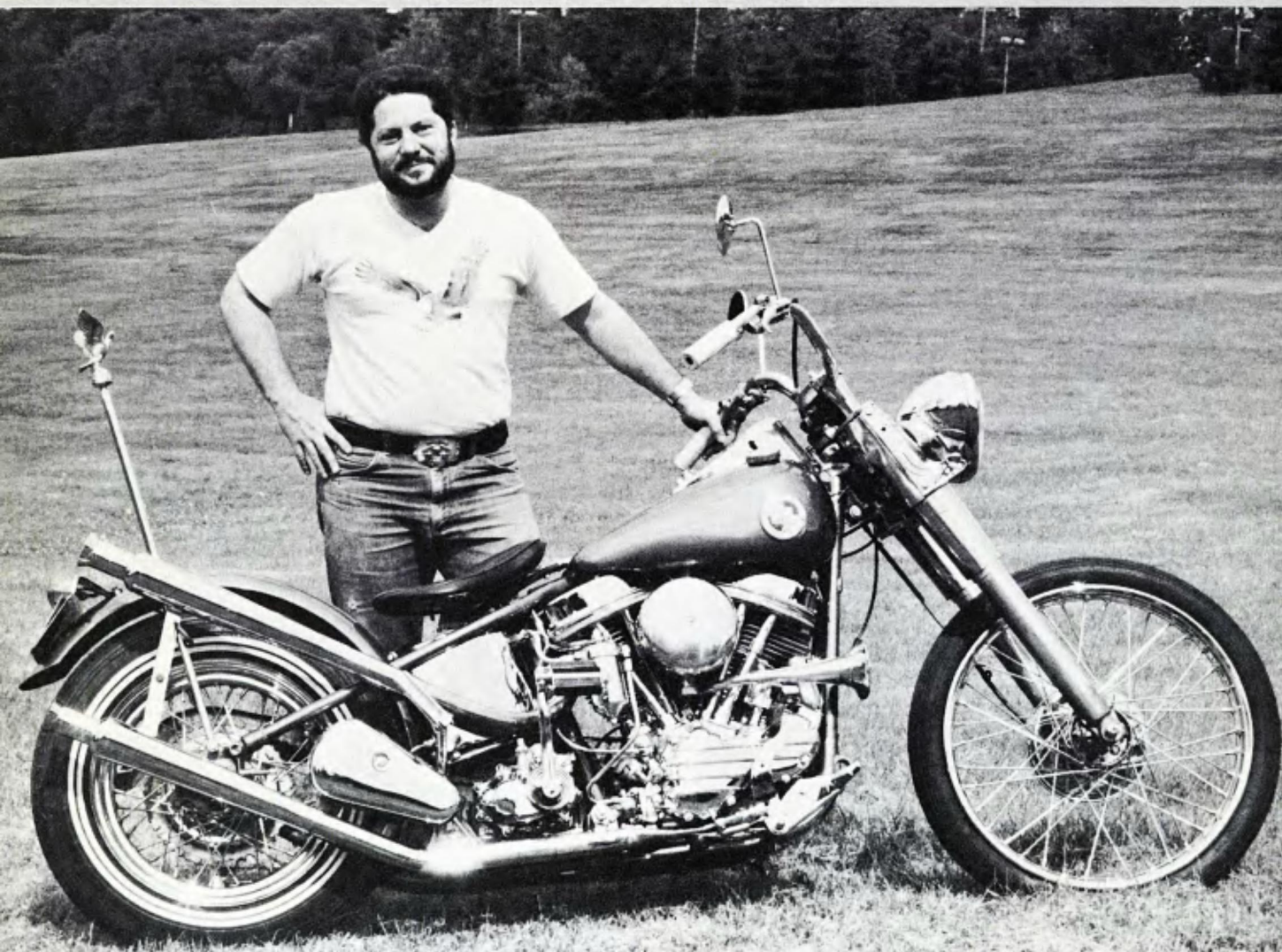
By T. King



READER'S

RIDES

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





READER'S RIDES #1

*Righteous Robert
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
1957 Harley-Davidson FLH*

There's something about Harleys from the '50s that, to me, makes them more interesting than just about any other bikes, before or since.

Maybe it's the fact that they look like they were built for nothin' but comfort, like a big, ol' easy chair. Check this '57 Hydra-Glide, for example. The buckhorn bars, the solo seat, the upswept pipes. Gimme a leather flying helmet and turn me loose, bros, son of the wild one's goin' flyin' down those moonlit roads tonight.

— Butcher

Photos by Wizard



READER'S RIDES #2

Kevin Pauli

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Harley-Davidson

We wanted to get some more shots of this cherry Wred Sporty, but when we went to hunt up the owner, he and the bike were gone, like a kite ridin' the breeze to a new place.

There isn't too much known about this scooter, except that it's named "The Commander." Wherever it's ridin' tonight, we expect it's living up to its name, eatin' up the miles and leavin' the wannabes in the dust. Ride on, Commander.

— EKB



Photos by Wizard







Photos by Robert Lima





READER'S RIDES#3

Robert Lima

San Diego, California

1965 Harley-Davidson Panhead

All good things come about as a matter of style and timing. As you can see, Robert Lima has got the style down pat on his 1965 reconditioned pan. Our timing isn't quite as swift. Trying to get in touch with Robert at his job with a plumbing supply house, we found he'd just hit the streets for a vacation.

Like a true biker, he did nearly all his own work in converting the former dresser, including the paint and molding, engine rebuild, frame and front end work and built the battery box. He's justifiably got pride in his ride.

— Loudmouth



READER'S RIDES#4

Dean Rutherford
Torrance, California

1972 98-inch Harley-Davidson FX

The fierce pride that Harley owners have for the company and its machines comes busting out at the seams of Dean Rutherford's 98-inch pavement pummeler. That pride has led Dean down the road with this one since he bought the 1972 Super Glide as a stocker in Texas. In the meantime, he reworked it himself to its current speedy condition.

Dean doesn't like anyone beatin' his Harleys, and not many have. Lotsa riders admire it, he says. And so do we.

— Stray Cat



Photos by Kim Peterson



VET VOICE

by Sarge

Unit Type: LRRP — six-member, long-range reconnaissance team.
Basic Equipment: standard M-16/A1 automatic rifles and XM177 short-assault rifles/or combination (one per member); AN/PRC-25 radio (one); starlight scope (on availability); fragmentation/concussion and smoke grenades (number optional); freeze-dried rations "LRRP" (as dictated by mission length). **Mission:** assessment of enemy troop strength, equipment and type, unit type(s), locations, morale, state of readiness, probable objectives, etc.
Area Of Operation: Classified.

It was nearly dawn. Moving ever so slowly, we approached the base of the mountain. Adhering to training, the pointman was alert for ground-level boobytraps and signs of enemy presence. The second and third men were responsible for the right and left; the team leader controlled our movement in accordance with signs from other team members. The radio operator warily checked the overhead, and the last man, practically walking backward, maintained rear security. The going was painfully slow, but comfortingly silent — and "proper."

At the base of the mountain, a small trail, then a berm and a small rice paddy beyond. We halted before the trail. We listened; we observed. The team leader finally gave the signs: The point should move into the berm, while one man was sent right and another left for a distance down the trail, traveling alongside it. The leader joined his pointman; the radio op and rear security remained behind to cover the rear.

SOP required — as did safety — a nice long period of quiet observation. We were to listen and learn for about twenty minutes or so. We'd done it all the right way, by the book. So far.

The right and left lookouts returned and reported no sign of activity. It was beginning to get fairly bright by now and the team was anxious to move on. Normally, in daylight we would never have even considered crossing an open area; you took such chances only under cover of darkness. But we all

agreed to "cut some distance" and cross that paddy, rather than skirt it. If we were going to do something stupid anyway, it had to be right now, since it was getting lighter every minute.

One last look around, then we formed up and stepped into the open. As luck would have it, about a hundred meters away a heavily armed platoon of VC regulars did the same thing. We hit the paddy at the same time, but as they fanned out, we jumped backward, practically in unison, to hide in the berm. Christ! Look at 'em! Had we been seen?

As we watched them spilling like army ants into the paddy, we got our answer. A few of them were pointing in our direction and there was some arm waving and animated discussion. Then they really stepped it out, heading straight for us.

Shit. We'd really blown it this time. Not only had we failed to keep the enemy from knowing we were in the area and thus, not completed our mission, but we were six lightly armed men being chased by at least 30 or 40! Whether or not we were a real credit to the great reputation of the LRRP was not exactly foremost on our minds — we had to get the hell out of there fast.

In the two days we'd already been out, we had at least managed to learn that this area was fairly crawling with the enemy. We had, according to procedure, three previously designated pickup zones to choose from for our extraction. Now, all we'd have to do was get on the horn and notify HQ we needed immediate extraction, give the color code of the PZ of our choice, and our estimated time of arrival. A slick and gunship support should be there by the time we hit town.

It wasn't really all that simple a decision to make, though. We were six cowboys in desperate need of horses and the Indians were running us down fast. It was certain that they would also be sending up smoke signals — to neighboring tribes — and those Indians would be well aware of the best places on their reservation for PZs. Odds were that any — especially the closest — or all of these PZs would be covered

by the time we got there. Holding out where we were with our wagons drawn in a circle was a decidedly unappealing alternative. So was trying to evade and then walk out, hoping to make it to a friendly base.

We'd already stepped in it and matters were getting worse by the minute. We called for pickup at the nearest PZ — Papa Zulu Grey — and ran like hell.

Will the enemy be waiting for us at Grey? Will the choppers get there on time? Will we get trapped by a blocking force long before then? Will the pursuers catch us first? Will we have time to destroy the starlight scope? Who cares? Run. Run. Run.

The choppers were overhead the moment we hit PZ Grey — and we didn't bother to look back as we scrambled into the paddy. We needlessly popped smoke on the run and the slick zoomed in so fast that when the pilot put on the "brakes," the tail appeared to almost touch the earth. We took fire from the edge of the paddy as we ran to it, but the chopper was the foremost thing in our minds — so all-engrossing that I believe none of us turned for even a moment to return fire.

Fortunately, the gunship overhead took care of that for us and it laid down a murderous volume of death-dealing rocket and mini-gun fire — the only thing that allowed us to make it to the slick. When you're getting good at being stupid and you've thrown training and experience to the wind, it comes as no surprise when you continue to get "dumber and dumber." Practice makes perfect and we tried to get our asses on that freedom bird with all the effectiveness we'd displayed on the mission up to that point.

Instead of doing the most efficient thing — namely, three of us running to the other side of the chopper so only three men would have to scramble aboard at a time — we elected to attempt a record-breaking boarding maneuver. This resulted in a conglomeration of wildly flailing arms and legs and dangling rifles as all six of us tried to board on the same side simultaneously! We were really true to form.

Continued on page 105



gross-out games

A poem by Blade

I've been ridin' for years and I've sucked down
the beers

In many great biker saloons;
I've listened to bores and diddled the whores
And danced to the rock 'n' roll tunes.

When the goin' got rough I've shown my stuff
And busted some heads with a cue;
But mostly it's fun, at the end of a run,
To kick back and swill down a few.

You can catch up on news while guzzlin' brews,
A-shootin' the shit with your bros;
'Course, once in a while the action gets wild,
So you gotta stay up on your toes.

When the boys are juiced and they all get loose,
The strangest things go down;
The guys get crude and the girls get lewd
And want to fuck half the town.

Yeah, I've seen some fights and the damndest
sights
While sittin' around in a bar;
But there's one special time that sticks in my mind
As the weirdest of all, by far.

I was feelin' great one Saturday late
At the Pit Stop Bar & Grill.
Shovelhead Jack and Freddie the Rat
Were exchangin' looks that could kill.

"You're fulla crap," said Shovelhead Jack,
"You ain't the gross-out king!"
Then he farted out loud, which tickled the crowd,
But the stench made our eyes all sting.

"That's minor league stuff," said Fred in a huff,
And ripped off a fart of his own;
With a match at his ass, he ignited the gas
In a flame a good four feet long.

Fred said, "That's a start, but we all can fart.
You turkeys ain't seen nothin' yet.
Yeah, I've only begun, so just for some fun,
Let's you and me make us a bet.

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ONCE MORE, WITH HEART

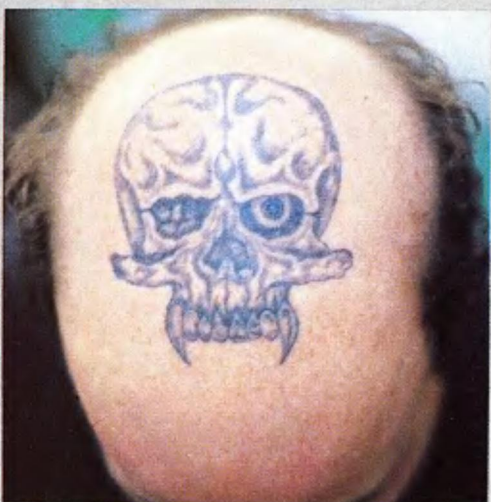
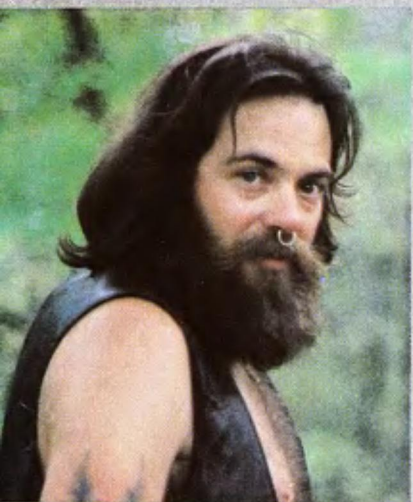
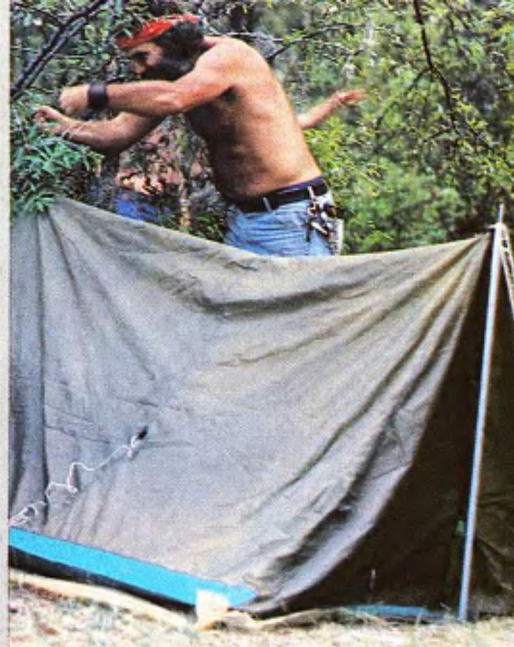
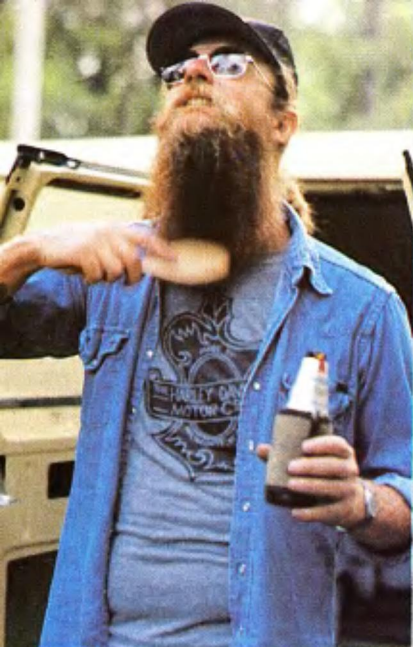
At the beginning, the commitment was simple and unwavering. "It may take one year, it may take ten, but however long it takes, we'll be back every year until Florida bikers are free in the wind once again."

Well, the brothers and sisters of ABATE of Florida recently held their third annual statewide protest run, and they aren't wavering a bit in their determination to keep riding back to Tallahassee every spring until they can convince the majority of the state legislature that freedom of choice is as important a freedom as freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

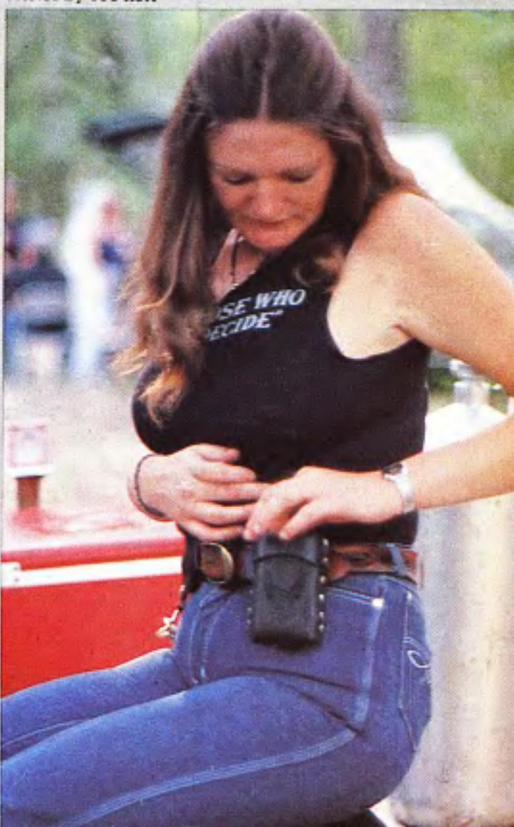
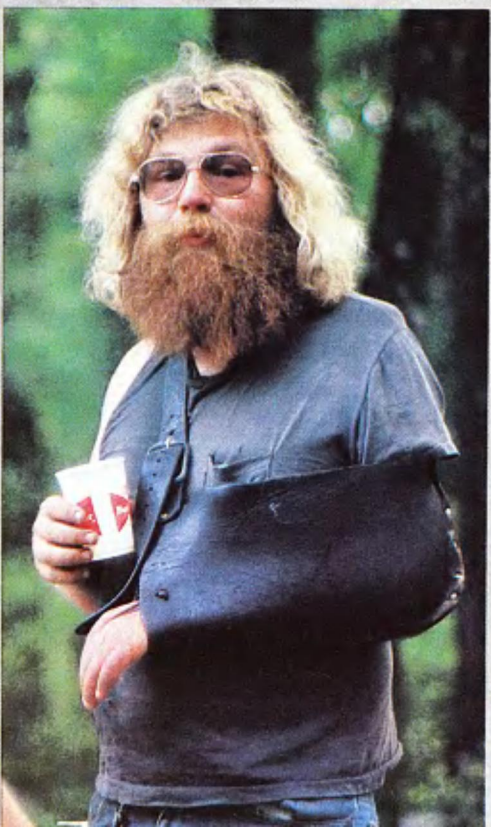
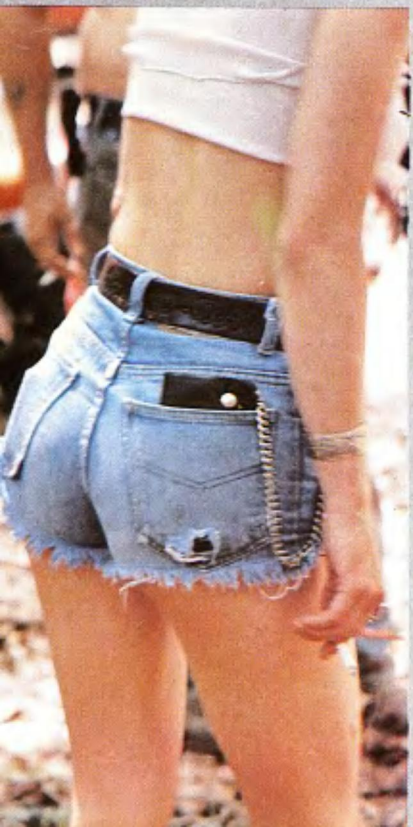
"We're here this year for the same reason we've been here in the past," ABATE State President Billy Taylor said. "To reassure the legislators we haven't quit. We still want to see the state helmet law amended."

— Gray Cloud





Photos by Joe Kerr



THE ROAD BACK

BY SHAG

"Cruising through Utah with the throttle cracked open and his thoughts blowing free like his unfettered hair, Jake lost himself in recollections of Carol. . ."

Jake rolled off the throttle as he saw the city limits sign appear over a rise a half a mile or so ahead. The sound of his shovel subsided to a lethargic rumble as he geared down and approached the town at a sedate 35mph. I want to savor this, he thought, catching glimpses of familiar territory ahead — the County Line Feed & Grain where he and his dad had spent innumerable Saturdays buying food for the stock and catching up on local gossip, the Thompson place with its memories of his first steady girlfriend, the VFW hall where he'd gotten his first piece of ass in the back seat of a '57 Studebaker. A couple of miles farther on he turned off the main drag onto Maple Avenue, and

Continued on page 86



EASYnews



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

Pennsy bikers battle to buy clubhouse

A bunch of Pennsylvania bikers has been forced to go to court in an attempt to exercise their legal right to buy and operate a clubhouse.

The Sunnyside MC — a Lebanon, Pennsylvania, group whose end-of-summer blowouts are famous throughout the area as, to quote ER's coverage of one, "mellow gatherings with lots of good grub and booze, fine honeys and righteous sleds" — has been searching for a place where they could establish a clubhouse big enough and secure enough for working on and storing their bikes.

Recently, they thought they'd found the ideal spot — an abandoned truck terminal in the small town of Avon. A \$4000 down payment was made to the owners and the club's attorney appeared before the township zoning-hearing board to apply for an exemption to locate a social club at the site — an exemption that should have been automatic because the law establishing R-2 residential zoning

(which covers the terminal) provides a blanket exception for social clubs.

But, of course, nothing is automatic for bikers who are attempting to deal with bureaucracy. Faced with a 140-signature petition protesting the use of the terminal for a clubhouse, the board denied the zoning request.

In ruling against the bikers, the board went along with Thomas Long, an attorney representing some of the petitioners, who argued that the blanket exemption in the zoning law was not meant to apply to bikers. "An exception," Long stated, "would be granted for a club such as the Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts or women's clubs..."

Lawyer Long, however, declined to speculate as to why, if they intended to limit the type of social club allowed in the area, the authors of the law didn't simply list those that would be permitted.

"We're trying to stay inside developed areas," Tom Bressler, treasurer of the 22-

member club says. "We want police protection. When you have 12 to 15 Harleys in one place, that's \$50,000 plus tools."

"We plan to modernize (the terminal). Blacktop the lot and clean it up," Bressler added. "They were talking about all the noise. Once we're inside the building, you're not going to hear anything outside. All the openings will be blocked up."

In trying to get the zoning variance, the Sunnyside people stressed that their annual blowout is always held out in the country and never near their clubhouse. They also pointed out that their club is recognized as a legal, non-profit corporation by the state of Pennsylvania and that they have never had any trouble with the authorities at either of the two clubhouses they have rented in the past. But their explanations fell on deaf ears, the exception was denied, and the club has asked the courts to overturn the zoning board decision.

30 ways to enjoy your helmet

- 1 Carry it in front of you if your zipper breaks.
- 2 Give it to someone for Christmas.
- 3 Put it on when you're in a bar on your fifth martini.
- 4 Makes an ideal wig stand.
- 5 Use it for a hitching post for a small horse or a very large ant.
- 6 Claim it for a dependent on April 15.
- 7 Be sure you're wearing it when you pinch a strange girl.
- 8 Wear it to a race so people will think you're a big champion.
- 9 Fill it full of water to rinse out your unmentionables.
- 10 Perfect for serving oats to your horse.
- 11 Sit down on it when the grass is wet.
- 12 Take it to the bank as collateral.
- 13 Take it to bed with you if you can't find your teddy bear.
- 14 Donate it to any museum that has a vacant pedestal.
- 15 Put a lampshade on it and watch your friends try to turn it on.
- 16 Put it on and go butt a ram.
- 17 Stick it in a baby carriage to show people how much you love it.
- 18 Place it on top of the TV so you'll have something pretty to look at during dull programs.
- 19 Give it to your wife as part of the divorce settlement.
- 20 Drink champagne from it instead of using a lady's slipper if she has dirty feet or a holed boot.
- 21 Sit on it for a few days before going horseback riding to break yourself in.
- 22 Wear it playing golf with Spiro.
- 23 Put it on and snap the shield when you want to talk to yourself.
- 24 Keep it under your bed at night in case the plumbing goes out.
- 25 Wear it to an important function if your hair is a mess.
- 26 Wear it when you visit Berkeley.
- 27 Use it for catching rain water. Sure beats a rain barrel.
- 28 Wear it in a hail storm.
- 29 Perfect dog house for your Pekingese.
- 30 Take it to a fire for the bucket brigade.

— from ABATE of Florida

Army's plan to buy \$10 million worth of bikes hits roadblock

A U.S. Army plan to buy approximately \$10 million worth of bikes for use by scouts and messengers has run into trouble in Congress.

According to the Army's Director of Support Systems, Brig. Gen. Philip Mason, the bikes would "supplement communications command and control, aid in traffic control, and expand and extend the capability of reconnaissance units."

Despite successful tests by various units of the Army's airborne divisions, Rep. Samuel Stratton of New York, chairman of the House Armed Services Subcommittee, was not impressed by the plan.

"This looks like something out of the movies, with the dispatch rider who zooms in at the last minute with the dispatch for the general," Stratton said. "I really don't see the utility of this. This was good in World War I, but what's the requirement for this? This doesn't make sense."

Perhaps Representative Stratton should try driving his cage past a line of tanks on a narrow jungle road sometime. He might get the idea.

Fallen biker's sister loses fight for justice

"Louisiana law makes drunk driving the most socially acceptable form of murder," says Belinda Tyson Vogtman after losing a seven-month battle to have the cager who collided with her brother's bike put on trial for negligent homicide. "In Louisiana, being drunk behind the wheel of an automobile is not considered to be conduct beyond that of an ordinary man."

Belinda's battle began last fall, when her 18-year-old brother, Roy Tyson, was killed in a collision with a van. Police booked the driver of the van, attorney William Boustead, on charges of drunken driving and negligent homicide.

Shortly after the collision, an Orleans Parish autopsy allegedly showed that Roy Tyson was also drunk at the time of the accident and Orleans Prosecutor Chris Phillips started making noises about dropping the negligent homicide case against Boustead and transferring the DUI case to traffic court.

Conducting her own investigation, however, Belinda discovered that her brother had not been drinking prior to his accident. Going behind the back of the local Orleans Parish coroner, she persuaded an official in nearby Rapides Parish to order her brother's body exhumed and sent to Dr. George McCormick, one of

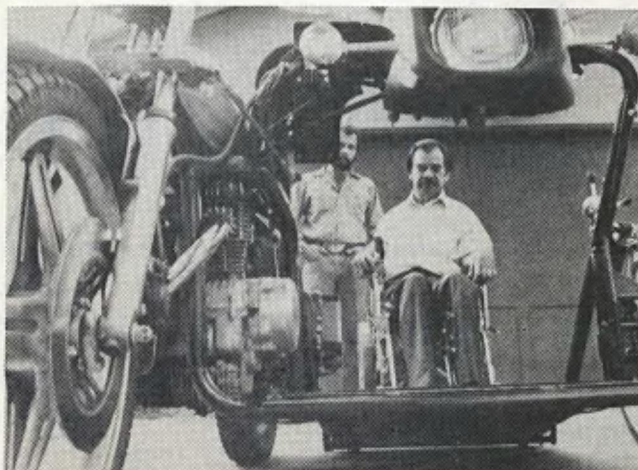
Louisiana's most prominent forensic pathologists.

Using sophisticated analysis of Tyson's vitreous humors (the colorless jelly that fills the eyeball), McCormick established that the victim was not drunk at the time of the accident.

Without waiting for McCormick's report, however, the district attorney's office transferred the DUI case to traffic court. Belinda, afraid that Boustead could invoke a "double jeopardy" defense to avoid being tried on the homicide charge if he had already been tried on the DUI, contacted state Attorney General William Guste, who helped her convince the traffic court prosecutor to decline to accept the case — thus leaving the prosecution of the case up to Phillips, who ordered the homicide charge dropped because, he said, "there was no legal proof of criminal negligence."

"He's gratified that this particular aspect of the case turned out the way it did," Boustead's attorney said of his client's reaction. "I have a lot of respect for the district attorney's office."

Which, presumably, is something few Orleans Parish bikers have. To them, the whole case is just another episode in a seemingly endless soap opera called "Kill a Biker — Get Your Knuckles Rapped."



Back in the wind — Determined not to let a crippling accident keep him off a scooter, Rex Smith enlisted the aid of his brother Fred and built a trike that can be mounted and ridden by a person in a wheelchair without any assistance. The biker runs his chair up a ramp and a pneumatic system raises the ramp and locks the chair in place. Special controls compensate for lack of hand strength. The Fresno, Calif., bros hope to produce the unit commercially if they can get financing.

Damn right!

"When I made my first substantial working dollar, I went out and bought a Harley, and I'm never going to get rid of it. When I'm 60 years old, I'll be wearing designer jeans and tank tops and riding around on the Harley in the sun."

—Dan Aykroyd, in *Family Weekly*

2,000 bikers rally to keep Manitoba free

Things are heating in the battle to keep brain buckets off the backs (and heads) of Manitoba, Canada, bikers.

Over 2000 protesters recently rode to the province Legislative Building to confront several key supporters of the bucket bill — including Highways Minister Sam Uskiw. The bikers informed them in no uncertain terms that passage of such a bill would result in legal challenges and, if necessary, civil disobedience.

"I'm not going to wear a helmet, Sam," rally organizer Brian Robertson told the bureaucrat. "You're going to have to prosecute me."

Robertson's remarks were echoed by hundreds of bikers in the crowd who chanted, "See you in court, Sam," as the transport minister made an

appearance at the rally.

Among the interesting facts brought out during the rally were motorcycle fatality statistics for all Canadian provinces. Despite being the only province not having a mandatory helmet law, Manitoba, it turns out, has the second lowest bike fatality rate in the country.

Uskiw, meanwhile, intends to keep pushing for inclusion of a mandatory helmet provision in a bill that would also make seat belts and automotive child restraints compulsory.

To make matters even tougher for opponents of the measure, the province premier has decided to make it a "government bill" — which means that all legislators belonging to the governing NDP party will have to vote for the law, regardless of what they or their constituents want.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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



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

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast.

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

Give Name here _____

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

☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00

☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00

☐ Information on becoming an approved charter

☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark _____

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____

City _____

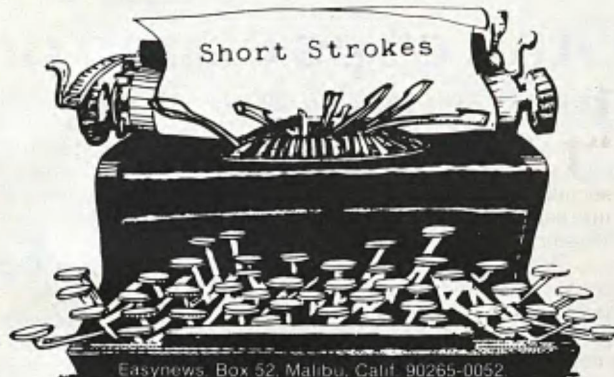
State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

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

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



The Motorcycle Industry Council has successfully persuaded four states — Oregon, California, Florida, and Maryland — not to institute stricter motorcycle noise standards than those called for under federal law. . . The Canadian BRO is organizing a letter-writing campaign against TV shows that exploit bikers. . . the Michigan Legislature is considering a bill that would outlaw radar detectors.

ABATE of New York has two good charity runs coming up: A toy run to an orphanage on Sept. 11, and a blood run on Oct. 15. For more info, call 'em at (516) 286-2456 or write ABATE, Box 26, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. . . Iowa legislators are considering a bill that would prohibit the state motor vehicle department from lifting the licenses of drivers who exceed the 55mph speed limit by under ten miles an hour regardless of how many times they have been cited.

Turnabout-is-fair-play dept: A cager in North Fort Myers, Florida, ran a red light and rammed a biker. The driver of the cage sustained head injuries (he probably shoulda been wearing a helmet) and was listed in serious condition. A passenger in the cage was killed: the biker suffered a sprained foot. . . A Falmouth, Mass., biker has been charged with vehicular homicide because a cop trying to pull him over ran his prowl car into a tree and killed himself.

Northern Illinois University has won the Motorcycle Safety Foundation Award of Excellence for 1982. They trained nearly 1800 riders during that period. . . Georgia bike riders are required to carry liability insurance as of July 1. . . A Westport, Conn., video arcade owner, pissed because the town council wouldn't let him expand his business, has offered his home to the local Hell's Angels chapter for five years, rent-free. He's also threatening to turn his video arcade into a porno theater. . . The Illinois Motorcycle Rider Safety program has been certified as the first statewide program by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation. Founded in 1976, the Illinois program offers riders a 20-hour course in staying alive.

And finally, depending on how you look at it, Lucky, a two-year-old, 30-inch-long, Blue-and-Gold Macaw is either the smartest or the laziest bird around. Seems she really likes to travel, but refuses to motivate herself by wing power. Instead she just wraps her talons around the handlebars of owner Ken Farwick's Hog and gets in the wind without losing contact with the ground.

Why not help us pass the word?

Every month we try to print everything of interest to bikers that we can cram onto these pages. The problem is that only you know what's happening in your part of the world. Help us spread the word by sending us news clips from your area. Mail 'em to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. Please include date of the clip and name of the rag it came out of.

Utah cops clamp down on charity cruise

Bikers taking part in the 32nd Annual Chris Draayer Motorcycle Run this year are still smarting over a roadblock set up near the last leg of the Salt Lake City-to-Wendover run.

According to one eyewitness, a former Salt Lake City reserve cop, the roadblock was a "a Mickey Mouse harassment" that passed cages without stopping them and was geared only "to harass the riders... most of whom are solid tax-paying citizens enjoying a ride in the sun and donating a little money to charity (the Muscular Dystrophy Association).

"As I approached the roadblock," the ex-cop said, "approximately eight bikes had been stopped two abreast on a two-lane highway with barrow pits on both sides of the road. Two county deputies were writing tickets right in the middle of the lane. During this time, several bikers attempted to show other officers their proper credentials, but were refused passage with the comment, 'You'll get your turn, now go sit down.'"

Jim Dance, one of the event's organizers was also critical of the roadblock — which was the joint brainchild of the Tooele County sheriff and the Utah Highway Patrol. "We felt it was in poor taste, especially considering the event was scheduled for a worthy cause," Dance said. He noted that the blockade delayed 600 to 700 riders trying to make Wendover in time for the award ceremonies, and also forced MDA poster child Brad Chidester to return home without having completed the course.

The authorities, represented by Sheriff Marion Carter and UHP field-operations chief Ivan Orr, were straight-faced when they told the press that the blockade was

put in place for the bikers' own good, to keep them — somehow — from getting drunk and killing themselves.

Major Orr pointed out that a rider in the 1981 run was killed in one of the three

accidents that resulted in injuries that year. Dance, however, countered that no one was killed during the '81 run and questioned how a police blockade could possibly serve as a deterrent to accidents at other points on the route.

Sheriff Carter said the purpose of the blockade was to weed out the riders who caused "all the problems." Unfortunately, according to the sheriff, all those mythical "problem-causers" must have heard about the roadblock because they took an alternate route to Wendover, leaving, the sheriff admitted, only "fairly law-abiding citizens" to be harassed by his blockade.

"I hope," the sheriff said, reportedly without smiling, that the blockade "doesn't discourage" riders from taking part in next year's event.

Claybrook lives!

Joan Claybrook lives — at least in spirit. Seems Claybrook's old outfit, the NHTSA, recently got caught once more with its pants down.

Deciding that it was time to stick it to good ol' GM again, the tax-guzzling bureaucrats produced a film showing a wheel flying off a speeding '79 Chevy station wagon.

NHTSA immediately pronounced 5.3 million GM rear axles defective and distributed their film, as evidence, to the media.

"It was very dramatic stuff," admits one ABC producer as an explanation for why all three TV networks ran the propaganda clip without bothering to investigate its veracity. As it turned out, the film was a fake. NHTSA mechanics had removed a clamp from the station wagon's axle before sending it around the test track.

Two weeks later, all three networks apologized to their viewers for the con.

Over at NHTSA headquarters, it is rumored, Claybrook's spirit is doing wheelies on her broomstick and cackling with glee.

Wis. bikers finally win battle of decibels

You may remember Appleton, Wisconsin, the city where bikers were well-advised to go softly regardless of whether they carried a big stick or a little one.

In a previous issue (ER #121, page 44) we told how the Appleton police department was using its new decibel meter to make life miserable for bikers by measuring exhaust noises from inches, instead of feet, and similar shenanigans.

Recently, the city of Appleton revised its noise regulations to bring them in line with federal EPA standards. The liberalization of the regulations came about after a chick rider named Kate Kowalski was issued a citation claiming her completely stock '81 Hog violated the noise law.

Enlisting the aid of ABATE of Wisconsin, Kate and some bros and sisters got hold of John Schmidt, the H-D official in charge of making sure the factory's bikes meet all government regulations. Schmidt, in turn, got together with representatives of the AMA (who had previously failed in one attempt to talk sense to the Appleton city fathers), and the allies — H-D, the AMA and local riders — finally persuaded Appleton authorities that bikers are citizens who shouldn't have to sneak through town like cat burglars.

For the record: Independent tests conducted by ABATE showed that the old Appleton noise standard for motorcycles was so stringent that such items as cameras and electric razors would have had a difficult time passing.

Smilin' cager tried for deliberately running biker into telephone pole

"I noticed," Donny Gilbride told the court, "the passenger leaning over the front seat pointing his finger at us. His mouth was moving... the driver was just smiling."

An instant later, the '76 Hog that Gilbride was a passenger on had passed the slowing cage with the pointing passenger and the grinning driver. A moment after that, the Chevy Nova began to chase the Hog — which was being driven by Gilbride's cousin, David Emanouille.

For three and a half miles through the country roads near Billerica, Mass., the car, driven by 52-year-old John Griffin Jr. (the passenger was his 18-year-old son), pursued the bike — at one point swerving into the scooter and hitting Gilbride's leg.

"I don't think David was scared," his cousin told the court. "He was gritting his teeth. He tried to turn the bike, or something, I'm not sure. There was nothing he could do, but he was trying."

Finally, according to the prosecutors, the Nova rammed the bike from behind

and sent it careening into a telephone pole — killing Emanouille, a 23-year-old carpenter with two young daughters, and putting Gilbride in the hospital.

At this writing, the Griffins are still on trial — charged with murdering Emanouille and assaulting Gilbride. Whatever the decision in their case, one verdict has already been rendered — it went against a hard-working, law-abiding biker, out for what his cousin called "a Sunday drive." And the sentence was death.

New hope for riders with leg injuries

A new surgical procedure developed by doctors at Atlanta's Emory University may become a great boon to bikers who severely injure a leg in an accident.

The procedure, known as a flap transplant, has already been used to save the legs of nearly 200 patients who, under previous techniques, faced amputation.

According to an Emory spokesman, the operation is performed by taking a section

of muscle and skin from the patient's back and microsurgically sewing the blood vessels in the muscle to those in the leg. Plastic surgeons "shape" the piece of transplanted skin so it "looks like a leg, as well as works like one," a doctor reported.

Most patients are able to resume walking normally about three weeks after the operation and are eventually able to resume all normal activities.

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Virgo

Neat and picky Virgo is a regular Mr. Tidy Bowl (without the royal flush), who makes a clean wipe of things. He is a griper who's critical of everything in sight. Lucky for Virgo, he has a high degree of intelligence — so we less perfect folks let 'im slide most of the time.

Virgos' positive traits are organization, a high degree of logic, honesty, reliability, and an excellent aptitude for details (often true mechanical genius). Besides, they have clean fingernails ('cause they don't pick their noses) and never wipe snot on their jeans or crap their drawers or let loud farts in public.

Virgos' negative traits are prudishness and being cold and calculating. They are often high-strung hypochondriacs who are clinical in their approach to sex. (Virgos like to screw with their bodies encased in Saran Wrap, wearing rubber gloves, and paper bags on their feet.) They gargle, take enemas, pop vitamin pills in their spare time, and douche with chicken soup. Virgos can

be hot fucks — if you don't mind getting a complete checkup and handing them a medical report first.

Famous Virgos are: Alexander the Great, H.G. Wells, Jesse James, Peter Sellers, Sean Connery, James Coburn, Raquel Welch, Sophia Loren, Henry Ford, Peter Falk, Lily Tomlin, Jacqueline Bisset, Twiggy, Grandma Moses and Frankie Avalon (who?).

Since they like to experiment with medicine, they usually have the best pharmaceutical drugs (which earns 'em a shitload of friends). Their medicine cabinets are a druggist's dream (or nightmare), with everything to cure what ails ya. Pills to get it up, get it off and get rid of it.

They are susceptible to nervous stomachs, indigestion (probably from taking so much weird shit) and constipation. Some Virgos have long, dangling hemorrhoids which they play tunes on.

Seriously, if you've got a Virgo — value him, 'cause these people are fussy about whom they call friend or lover.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♊ This is the cycle when extra bucks and fucks figure into your scheme. An abundance of stray pussy keeps the fur flying at home base. (Hope you don't run outta cream.) You even have the bucks to back up a recent bill you broke the bank with. Don't spend more than you have on hand,

to celebrate. Send up a flare — or at least stick your finger up the nearest fanny and take the taste test. Getting outrageous at least once a year should be everyone's goal. If you're too bashful — plant your bone in the nearest pussy patch and hide out. Hump till it hurts, make a horny hog of yourself, and have a good one.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Legal loopholes can involve a lotta legwork on your part and leave you with an on-the-rag snag. Double-check old violations and don't trust to hearsay — go straight to the main man. This could be a hectic month, full of minor mind-fucks and mishaps. Try not to let temporary tripups take their toll. It's important now to keep your act together, or you'll probably blow it!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Don't let recent goodies go to your head. A financial fling now could finish you off for future fat times, so don't risk losing the bundle you've bogged your brain to bag. Piddle with your petty cash or play pocket pool instead. Wait until next month to decide on financial fuckups. Grab your gonads and go for the gusto. At least your sex life is still finger-lickin' good.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Some inside information is unreliable and could put your ass in the shitter. Best shine on helpful hints handed to you now. Otherwise, ho-hums and hardons have you up and down. Even party-time peters out on ya. Boredom has you bogged down and you have a restless rod with nowhere to ram it. If you want to try something different, you'll have to change hands.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Someone in your circle has his signals crossed. Best drop a few hints before it gets outta hand. Otherwise, the wrong information could leak out and put a drain on relationships. Flush out problems before they overflow into verbal shit-slitting. Take care of biz, then have a huge helping of get-down-and-boogie time.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ This month might bring ya a case of the grunts and squirts, along with a few belches and farts. This one could become heavy-duty if you let it hang in there. Maybe your mileage has been a record-breaker lately and your engine needs repair, or at least a well-deserved rest. Check your bed and your broad for bugs before bedding down with ye olde barf-bag. Heave ho!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Happy birthday! It's time

unless you are prepared for downbeat financial flashbacks next month.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Some forgotten debts finally fall into your sweaty palms and perk ya up. This isn't the biggy on the agenda, though. That comes in the form of facing facts on an unsolvable problem. Take the fifth amendment and forget it. It won't be an easy decision, but luckily, partners will see it your way (for once). Finish the matter and go on with your life.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ This period is a mixed bag of nuts, so before you become one yourself and crack up, take a breather. Relax, consider the source, don't be so thin-skinned. Getting your balls in an uproar will only put your nuts in a sling and lead nowhere fast. Even bros are wondering why, where, and what for. Forget fuck ups — go out and earn yourself a hangover.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Strong-arm tactics have you between push and shove. This could mean a showdown where nobody comes out the winner. Calling a truce can ease the strain and give you the second wind needed to re-evaluate. This situation will eventually work itself out without pressures. Relax your hold long enough to see things in a different light, then shine it on.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Some ball-busting brain-storm has your stumblebum ass fortune hunting. You're off on some weird trip again. As long as ya don't invest a bundle — go for it! Just don't drag everyone you know into the scene. If you strike out, do it alone. On the other hand, you may come up a winner and you won't have to share the loot. You're better off staying outta get-rich-quick schemes.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Pardon the pun, but something smells fishy. This one is on shaky ground. If you believe everything you hear, you'll feel like putting your meat in the grinder. Don't take sides or try to patch up problems between partners. This problem could come to blows and end in a long feud. Take the advice I gave Capricorn and use it. Remember it's always better to fuck than to fight. ■

Passin' Gas

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

A burglar broke in on a jerk and his dynamite ol' lady. Deciding to have his way with her, the burglar drew a circle on the floor, stuck a gun in the jerk's face, ordered him to stand in the circle and warned him that if he left it he'd get his head blown off.

After knocking off a couple of quick pieces, the burglar dismounted and glanced over at the cuckolded jerk, who was still in the circle, but grinning from ear to ear.

"What in hell are you smiling about?" demanded the burglar. "I was out of the circle eight times!" the jerk laughed.

—Greg M.
Dayton, Ohio

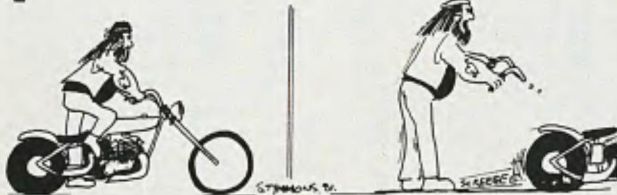
"That chick's pants fit her like a glove," one biker said to another as a sexy girl walked by. "And I ought to know — 'cause I had my fingers in 'em!"

—Sam
Modesto, Calif.



"Are there any other qualities you seek in a date besides big tits and a tight box?"

Easyriders



"Aw, fuck! In gear again!"

"And my husband is very absent-minded," wailed the embarrassed bride to the marriage counselor. "Last night, while we were getting it on, the doorbell rang, and without saying a word, he jumped up and answered it."

"You mean he just got up and left you lying there?" the incredulous counselor asked.

"No, sir," she sobbed, "he took me with him!"

—Tom Graham
Tehachapi, Calif.

Easyriders



The confident defense attorney approached the witness stand. "My client is only five feet tall and you are five-eleven — and yet you claim he raped you standing up," rasped the lawyer. "Could you explain to the court how this was possible?"

Squirming in her chair, the blushing victim said, "I guess I might have stooped a little."

—O.D. Pressman
Quantico, Va.

Easyriders



Jake, the private gumshoe listened intently as Braithwaite, the rich client, said: "Look, here's a photo of the guy my wife was seen with. I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can get me some good pictures of them in bed — photos that I can take into court." Jake assured his client he'd get results.

A week later, he saw Braithwaite. "Great pictures!" said Braithwaite. "Here's your thousand dollars and a two-hundred-dollar bonus."

"Pardon me, sir," said Jake, "but why was this guy so important to you, anyway?"

Braithwaite replied, "Important! What are you talking about? He's running around with my wife, isn't he?"

"Well," said Jake, "he couldn't have been very important to your wife. I saw at least eight guys go in and out of that motel room she was staying in, and he was the last one."

—Jim Kelsey
Buffalo, N.Y.

Do you know why they don't circumcise Iranians? There's just no end to those pricks.

—Logger
Yosemite, Calif.

A hypochondriac was discussing his troubles with a doctor while his wife sat quietly by his side. "For instance, take the matter of making love to my wife," the man said. "The first time I laid her, I was chilled and shivered all over. But the second time I fucked her, I felt very warm and perspired profusely. How do you explain that?"

"Before you reply, Doctor," interrupted the wife, "you should know that the first time he laid me, it was January and the second time, it was July."

—Crazy Dan
Emmaus, Pa.

Easyriders

Abiker and his ol' lady consulted a marriage counselor. After they told him about their difficulties, he advised: "Your life together is too structured. There's never any variation. Make love — not by a timetable — but when you really want it."

On their next visit, the counselor asked, "Well, have you followed my advice? What happened?"

"Things are really going much better," said the biker. "We fucked when we felt like it but the only thing is, they won't let us in McDonald's anymore!"

—Roadrunner
San Antonio, Tex.

Having been rudely awakened by screams in the night, the husband turned groggily to his wife and mumbled, "What was that?"

"It sounds like the woman next door is having a fit," she replied.

"Yeah," he agreed, "and a tight one, at that."

—Shelly B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Very few couples go off together on their honeymoon. It usually takes weeks, if not months, of practice.

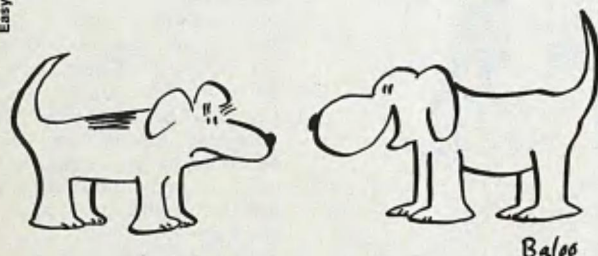
—Crystal
San Diego, Calif.

Easyriders



"Melvin is learning ventriloquism. . . Melvin, dear, show the Watsons how you can make your tumor sing the national anthem."

Easyriders



"How about some oral sex? They say it's a dog-eat-dog world."

Why do women wear tampons when they skydive? So they don't whistle.

—PJ
Beverly Hills, Calif.

The average biker doesn't mind being in the doghouse once in a while, as long as he can still get his tail outside.

—Saint
Detroit, Mich.

What's the difference between a tavern and an elephant fart? One's a barroom and the other's a **BARROOM!**

—Frank
Salem, Ore.

Easyriders



"Believe me, Officer, I just didn't see the motorcycle!"

Little Willie, with a joyous shout, jumped from the bushes and whipped it out. But the ladies ignored the little nipper, for nothing stuck out past the zipper.

—Jim Thomas
Sandy, Ore.

If an elephant's front legs are doing ninety miles an hour, what are his hind legs doing? Hauling ass, man, just hauling ass!

—Karl
Port Huron, Mich.

What's the only thing better than a "10"? A "7" who swallows.

—Raymond
Lancaster, Calif.

A gorgeous six-foot-tall Swedish blonde was sitting in a bar one night when the bartender commented, "Lady, with a body like yours, you could play with the Green Bay Packers."

"No tank you," she replied. "I'd radder play with my husband Ollie's pecker."

—Wayne Doucet
San Leon, Tex.

The club president and the club vice-president were in a very heated argument. The president said sex was 50 percent fun and 50 percent work. The vice-president said it was 75 percent fun and 25 percent work. No one else was around the clubhouse just then except a long-time prospect. They decided, against their better judgment, to let the prospect settle the argument. He said that sex just had to be 100 percent fun. When asked how in the hell he'd arrived at that conclusion, he said, "Well, if there was any work involved, you'd have me doing it for you!"

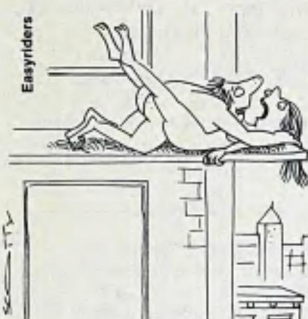
—Brutus
Tampa, Fla.

Arriving home early one evening, a weary scooter tramp discovered his shapely ol' lady in bed with a neighbor. "Since you're sleeping with my chick," the dude shouted, "I'm going over and sleep with yours!"

"Go ahead," replied the neighbor. "You probably need the rest."

—Betty B.
Chicago, Ill.

Easyriders



"Good Lord! There must be some other way for you to get an erection!"



"Most stubborn case of constipation I've ever treated."

Easyriders

Ode To Spider

It's no secret that Spider thinks of you as a woman after his own *hard*. The following poem is in honor of that favorite biker in your *lice*.

Spider, Spider, off the wall,
Through Mutha's bush
your fingers crawl.
You slide 'em in an yank
'em back.
In and out her slimy sack.
You wave 'em underneath
your nose
The stench gives rise, so
does your hose
So enough of rhyme, and
fuck this poem —
Go on, Spider, drive it
home.

Jolly Green
Palmyra, Pa.

- Home! He could drive it to Istanbul without comin' to the end of my "lonesome highway."

Check It Out

My scooter got ripped off last year. Since then I've searched all over the states without finding it. Do you think it could be up your snatch? I know it's the only place I haven't looked. So spread 'em, baby, 'cause Traveler's comin' in to look. Don't worry, I'll bring a rope, flashlight, and drilling rig.

Traveler Jim
Howard, Kan.

- Ya can look if ya want, but it wasn't there the last time I took inventory.

Upside Down

I have a small problem. Actually, it's two large, saggy problems — my tits. After having four rugrats, my tits have lost their starch. I've heard about silicone shots, but I don't need to make my tits bigger, I just need to make 'em stop pointing at the floor whenever I stand up. What's a mother to do?

Wench
Hopewell, N.J.

- Learn ta walk on yer hands.

More Sweet Suckin'

That chick who wrote in about puttin' the gelatin powder on a dude's dork to make it easier to swallow (April '83) was close but not exact.

I wasn't gettin' enough head so I took a drop of our favorite vitamin (A) and placed it on the head of my

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



crank. She dropped to her knees like she was gut-shot and nearly swallowed me whole. So, if you want to experience some wild lovin', place one hit of vitamin A on your cock and one hit on the lips of her snatch. It can get really wild.

Animal and White Rabbit
Rome, Ga.

- Spider's favorite vitamin is seeds and stems dissolved in Harley oil by a blender.

Poor Ugly Dude

My ex-ol' lady looks exactly like you, and I resemble Clint Eastwood quite a bit. A few of my bros say I should ditch the bitch and go after a better-lookin' hunk of meat. Can you offer me your advice?

B.S.
U.S. Army, lost in Kan.

- Growin' a beard and a beer belly might help your looks a little.

Doesn't Like Glasses

Not to be bitching, but can't the man in the Righteous cap afford a good pair of sunglasses? I'm sure he gets paid enough for letting Righteous Products use his face and head. Just thought I'd ask.

Sharon
Liberal, Mo.

- He likes 'em — and it ain't healthy to knock a man's act.

Such A Scent

Me and a bro must have run across you down here in Galveston. At least it smelled like that rotten old crotch of yours. And after one feel of those ancient titties we were sure it was you. Why do you let yourself stink like that? Is it against your religion to use a douche?

Curious
Galveston, Tex.

- You've heard of Summer's Eve? I use Spring Floods.

Not All Meat's The Same

Me and my bro was just sittin' around here thinkin' 'bout ya and we came to the conclusion that what ya need is two hard cocks, one up your ass and the other up your stinkin' hole, both at the same time.

If that ain't good enough for ya, how 'bout both of 'em up your smelly, sloppy cunt at the same time? Ya think ya could handle all that meat at once?

Chris and Steve
Jessup, Md.

- Depends whether it's your meat or horsemeat.

Be A Man

Okay, Mutha, here it is. I've been a wannabe biker for a couple of fuckin' years now, but by the time you read this, I'm gonna be sittin on an '83 Sportster. Just in case you an' Spider haven't opened the door on that dumpster you live in recently, that's a no-shit Harley.

Now, tell me, what do I have to do to get some of that maggot-infested scum bucket you call a twat? Just tell me what I've got to do. I'll do anything.

Needles,
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

- If ya can't ride it, ya might as well sit on it.

Biker's Dictionary

I saw your answer to "Blood Thirsty." Mr. Webster (the dictionary) says a virgin is a woman who has *never* had sexual intercourse, and a whore is a woman who *offers* herself to men for money (you know, peddles pussy).

You seem to know something nobody else does. Where in the world have you found a buncha *virgin* whores? I'll bet Mr. Webster would be just as interested as the rest of us readers.

Thumper
Chamblee, Ga.

- A virgin whore is a bitch so ugly no one has ever taken her up on the offer.

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. ■

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Muddy: Writing an eulogy for Muddy Waters is an intimidating undertaking. It's hard to overestimate his impact on popular music, and equally hard to say anything about him that hasn't been said before. That's the way it is with giants and with legends. And Muddy was both — and then some. His records never broke into Billboard's upper stratum and his concerts were never football-stadium sellouts, but his name and importance will be remembered and respected long after the flash-in-the-pan punksters who were on top of the charts when he died this spring at the age of 68.

Muddy was born McKinley Morganfield in 1915, in the all but invisible Mississippi Delta town of Rolling Fork. He began playing music at an early age (supposedly, his first instrument was a tin can he pounded on with appropriate vigor), and he started playing the blues when his father taught him to play guitar and harmonica. But he first made a name for himself in Mississippi as a rural entrepreneur, the owner-proprietor of a juke joint specializing in fried fish, moonshine whiskey, dice games, and — when the lights were low and the crowd was feeling good — Muddy's own brand of the country blues.

The reality of those times is graphically portrayed in the compact prose of Robert Palmer's book, *Deep Blues*: "Muddy Waters's juke house was in full swing. The home-made whiskey was selling briskly, fish were frying in the kitchen, and under the flickering light of coal oil lamps, knots of men were throwing dice, squinting intently to make out the numbers that came up. Muddy was playing the blues. . . ."

While the roadhouse gig made him extra money, Muddy continued to work on a plantation as a share-cropper, driving a tractor for 22½ cents an hour. Finally in 1943, he'd had enough. Packing a few belongings and saying goodbye to his grandmother and to his girlfriend, he caught a train in Clarksdale, bound for Chicago. And the rest is history.



In the course of the next few years, Muddy Waters became synonymous with the idea of Chicago blues, an institution still alive and well today, a music performed by fine young musicians like J.B. Hutto, who cut their musical teeth by hearing Muddy during his prime.

What made Muddy Waters special? What made him the acknowledged leader of such vibrant, exciting music and so influential on generations of musicians — including the

Beatles — to follow? Well, for one thing, the electric guitar was still something of a novelty when Muddy bought his first one in 1944. First introduced on jazz and blues records in the late 1930s, the electric guitar was still light years away from its present-day position of dominance as the pop music instrument. In the mid- to late-'40s, Muddy played in various electric blues bands with knockout artists like Claude Smith, Baby Face Leroy, and — most

important — Little Walter Jacobs. Eventually, they were packing in the customers at some of Chicago's biggest blues clubs and cutting records for Chess, the legendary blues recording company whose staff of performers included people like Chuck Berry and Jimmy Reed.

Muddy Waters didn't invent the electric blues band, but he was in on the ground floor, and his group brought a raw energy and power unique to

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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

Nobody ever accused Ronald Reagan of being a quitter. He made a half-hearted try for the Republican presidential nomination in '68 and lost, launched a full-bore drive for the same in '76 and lost, and came back again in 1980 to finally win the Number One plate. In other words, for good or bad, the man knows how to persevere.

So it should come as no surprise to anyone that President Ronald W. Reagan, having failed to ram a so-called criminal law reform package through Congress in 1982, is making another try in 1983.

And, as with his 1982 package, the new Reagan proposals on changing criminal law and procedures promise — if passed by Congress and sustained by the Supreme Court — to seriously erode the constitutional protections against false arrest and prosecution now enjoyed by U.S. citizens.

Perhaps the most devastating blow to liberty from Reagan's proposals would be the severe curtailment of the exclusionary rule. That's a very simple rule of law which states that the prosecution cannot use illegally seized evidence against a person in court — and it's probably kept more people from being railroaded into jail on phony charges than any other.

For example, under the exclusionary rule, if a cop breaks down your door, slips some snort into your dresser drawer and then busts you for it, the case would have to be thrown out of court — even if you couldn't prove the cop planted the incriminating stash.

Why? Because the cop illegally seized the evidence by breaking down your door and searching your dresser without a search warrant. (Truth is, the case would be thrown out even if it was your dope.) Sure, the cop could get a search warrant and then plant the evidence — it happens all the time — but in order to legally obtain a search warrant, he has to have evidence that you are probably engaged in criminal activity. If your attorney can prove the officer conned a judge into issuing



the search warrant without proper cause, you can still get that planted stash suppressed as evidence.

Under Reagan's proposal, however, "Evidence in a criminal case that may have been improperly seized, which is now excluded from evidence, would be admissible upon a showing that the officer making the seizure acted in reasonable good faith."

Reasonable good faith? Oh, that could be something like the officer's testifying he was wandering around outside your pad and heard what sounded like a razor blade being drawn across a mirror. Bingo, down

goes your door, out comes the "evidence" and off to jail you go — all nice and "legal."

Reagan's plan would also make it much harder for people accused of a crime to make bail. Under his proposal, judges would be able to order prisoners awaiting trial to be held without bail for no other reason other than the judge's belief there might be a "danger to the community" if the suspect was released. Reagan's proposal would also establish much stricter guidelines for releasing just-convicted prisoners on bail, pending appeal.

In the area of sentencing, the Reagan plan would eliminate parole from the federal prison system and give prosecutors the right to appeal the sentence in any case where they thought the trial judge too lenient.

Also, a system of determinate sentencing would be introduced in the federal courts with specified terms — which could be shortened only by accumulating good time — for many types of crimes.

About the only positive note in all this is that Reagan's proposals are likely to run into considerable opposition from some Democratic Congressmen who are pushing their own "anti-crime" proposals. Whether or not this opposition is strong enough to derail the bill in these conservative times remains to be seen.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

DOJ Finally Acts

A while back, you may recall, we noted that the Department of Justice had never used the provisions of the 1980 Civil Rights of Institutionalized Persons Act to force states to comply with constitutional standards in their penal institutions.

It comes as good news, therefore, that the DOJ has finally filed its first suit under that act. According to the DOJ, the State of Hawaii is guilty of violating prisoners' rights at both the Oahu Community Correction Center and the Halawa High Security Prison. The DOJ contends the two institutions fail to provide

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Oil Nipple

Almost anybody can change the oil in his scooter, but the question is, can the oil be changed without getting it all over the transmission, exhaust pipes and every little nick and cranny in the frame? In the past I have used everything from old license plates to a beat-up bucket with a ramp to drain the oil out of the tank. So what I'm leading up to is an easier way to drain the sludge out of your scooter, specifically '36-'64 H-Ds. Brian Gardner turned us on to this trick. What he did was drill and tap the stock drain plug and install a 45-degree elbow with a nipple and a cap. To drain the oil, you remove the cap and slip on a piece of 3/8-inch hose, and the oil will drain out onto the ground, into a pan, or anywhere else you want.

Okay, the first thing to do is remove the stock drain plug from the tank and clean the plug. Now drill a hole through it,



using a letter R drill. Next, tap the hole 1/8-in. NPT, making sure that the 1/8-in. NPT 45-degree elbow screws in tight, so it won't leak. It wouldn't hurt to use some Teflon tape or pipe sealer here. By now the oil should be drained from your tank, so install the drain plug back in the tank and tighten it up. Holding the drain plug in place with a wrench, tighten the 45-degree elbow so it faces away from the bike. Next, screw a 1/8-in. NPT nipple into the elbow and tighten it. Use pipe sealer, too, then cap it off with a 1/8-in. NPT cap.

That wasn't so hard, was it? Now you can walk away while you're changing your oil, instead of screwing around with funnels and shit, getting all dirty and maybe falling on your ass when the oil misses what you're aiming at. Well, that's it. Sit back and pop a few tops — it's good for inspiration.

—Wrench

I'd hoped I would feel halfway normal by now, but I woke up still feeling on the downside of putrid. Jesus, I thought, this is startin' to be the shits. I sat up on the edge of the bed, waiting for my head to clear a little, and tried to focus my eyes before navigating my way to the kitchen. Realizing it wasn't goin' to get any better, I stood up, pinning my future on a cup of coffee. I felt like a moron, staggering down the hall and clutching at passing furniture, but the damn floor was writhing and twisting under my feet like some sort of demented snake. Finally, I made it to the kitchen and, gasping for breath, I dropped my aching frame in a chair and waited for

Lisa to pour me a cup.

"Mornin', babe. Feeling any better?" she asked, putting a cool hand on my hot forehead.

"No," I answered weakly, "I still feel like something hell lost track of. Maybe I should go to a doctor or something." I cautiously wrapped my trembling hands around the hot cup and sipped at it slowly. I hadn't been able to eat anything for almost a week now, but the heat felt good to my chill-racked body.

Lisa put her warm arms around me and said gently, "Hey, Leo, you're going to be okay. We've had a lot of this kind of flu at the hospital lately and a doctor couldn't do any more for you than I can right here. I know you feel like hell right now, but it'll all be done in a week or so. You go get settled on the sofa and I'll give you a sponge bath before I go to work. I've got emergency room duty today and you know how Saturdays are, what with all you scooter tramps getting loaded and falling off your bikes and such."

After I'd hobbled into the living room and carefully situated myself on the sofa, I thought back on the Saturday a couple of years earlier when I'd met Lisa. She'd helped the doc put my leg in a cast after some granny in a VW tried to smear my balls on the pavement. The accident left my bike a wreck, but Lisa made sure I was fixed up real good. It wasn't too long before she'd packed up her shit and moved in with me. By that time, I was well on my way to rebuilding my bike into a thing of rare beauty. It had taken a lot of work and money, but it was perfect, and I'd had to run off more than one jerk who thought he was going to come between us. I also had to run off a few who thought they could make off with my lady. But I let it be known that I would fight to the death for my bike and Lisa. Wasn't anybody going to take either one so long as I was breathin'. They were the only things in this world I could be absolutely sure of. Guess the old granny never knew what a favor she'd done me when she tried to splatter me.

Lisa gave me a cool bath and a warm rubdown and left for work with the promise of something a little more physical when she got

home. Shit, who was she trying to kid? Sick as I was, I might as well be a eunuch. Not to mention not being able to ride my bike. No puttin', no sex, just plain no nothin' — Jesus, how much agony was one man supposed to endure?

I must have dozed off from the boredom of feeling sorry for myself, 'cause the next thing I was aware of was the sound of Wile E. Coyote beating the crap out of himself trying to catch the roadrunner on the tube and someone pounding on the front door. I hollered as loud as I could for whoever it was to come on in and in walked Buck, the one person I can't recall ever *not* knowing, we go

so far back together. Starting with grade school, we'd gotten each other out of more shit than most guys could manage to get into.

"Grab a beer and park your ass a while," I said, shifting my position so that I was more or less propped up by sofa cushions.

"Hey, Leo, how ya feelin'?" Buck asked when he'd come back from the kitchen with the beer.

"Aw, shit, I ain't feelin' good at all." I was trying to be real cool and not pass out or anything while he was there, but I also

wasn't about to dance no jig for his benefit. Fortunately, Buck is the kind of guy who can understand things like that. We've never seemed to need a lot of explaining; we've just always seemed to know what was going on inside each other. A fella finds a friend like Buck maybe once in a lifetime — if he's good and lucky.

"Is Lisa taking good care of you?" Buck asked, a concerned look on his face. "She making sure you take that medicine she got you?"

"Hell, you know how Lisa is," I told him. "She's always fussing around and pouring that crap down my throat. God, that's some rotten shit. I don't think it's making me much better, but at least I sleep good when I take it. The last few days I've been having nightmares that I ain't ashamed to admit scare the holy shit out of me. Lisa says it's the fever, but it feels more like the devil pulling at my soul. Anyway, if I don't get better, it won't be any fault of Lisa or her potion. She takes damn good care of me — she's really the best ol' lady a man could have."

Buck drained the last of his beer, grinned and said, "Shit, Leo, I've always told you that you didn't deserve a lady as righteous as Lisa. She works her ass off and all you do is lay around here. You and I both know where the bread to build your bike came from. I'm warning you, you better get back on your feet and start doing right by her or I'm liable to take her away from you."

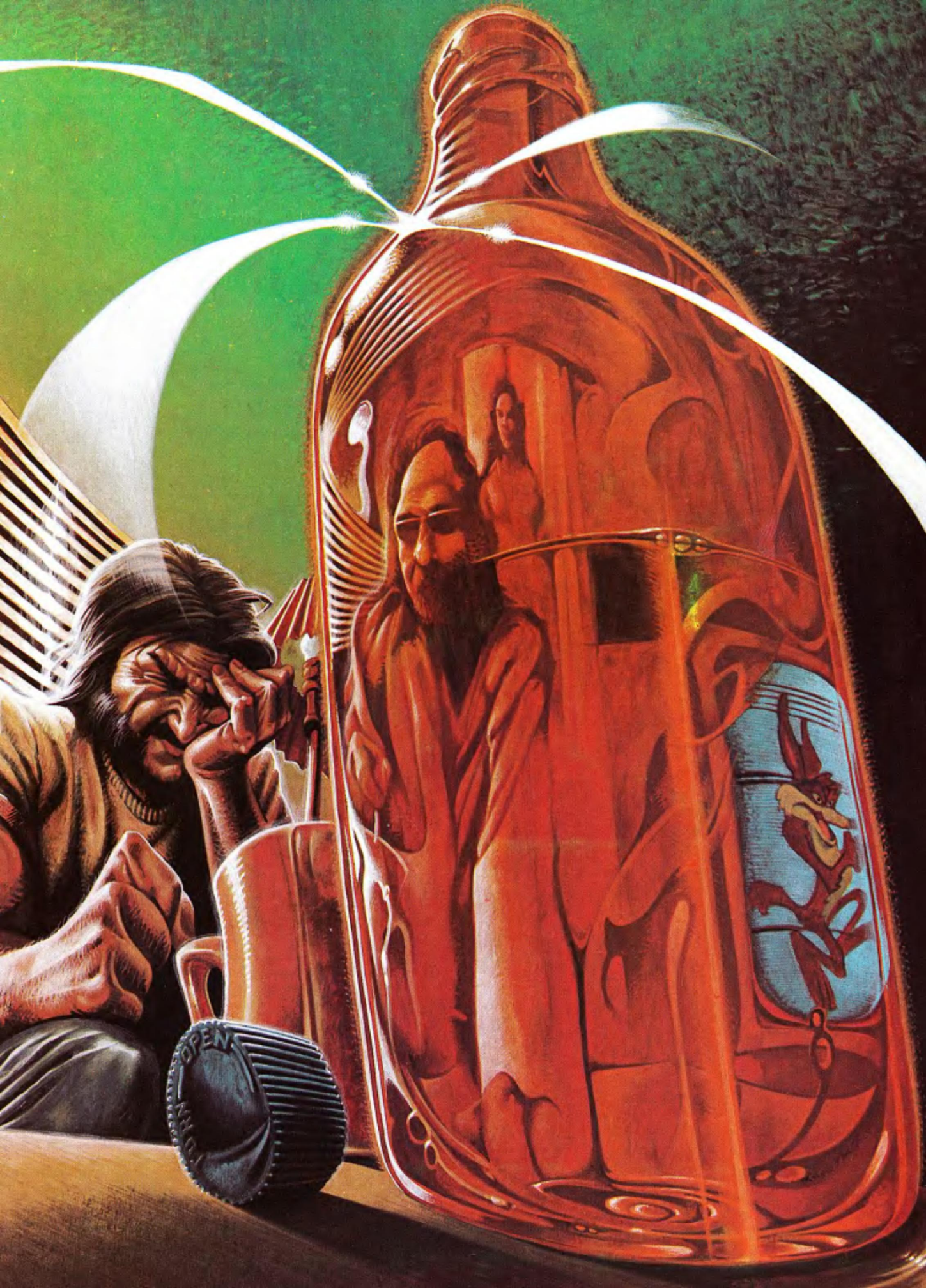
We both laughed at that one, but the laughter started me choking till I thought I was gonna cough my guts up. When I could breathe right again, I asked, "Who are you shittin'? You don't remember helpin' me maim one or two other

Continued on page 82

"Lisa says it's the fever, but it feels more like the devil pulling at my soul. Anyway, if I don't get better, it won't be any fault of Lisa or her potion."

THE LAST PAYBACK

by J.R. & T.W. Rasmussen



Ol' Lady Contest

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

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

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

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

Photos must be black-and-white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's contest is Aug. 30th. We'll print the winner in the January issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #123 Ol' Lady Contest. *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Gina**, the first monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Pam, Wandu, and Cheryl.



SHERI



KAT





COLLEEN



PENNY



ANITA

ROBIN



DONNA



DEBI

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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

Model's Name _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Witness to Signature _____

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

IN THE WIND



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

—from Earl the Pearl, Cincinnati, Ohio



—from Finley, Eagle, Idaho



—from Crash Eddy, Janesville, Wis.



— from Frank, Malibu, Calif.



— from Sheri Esch, Cheyenne, Wyo.



— from Chris Morland, No. Hollywood, Calif.

— from The Breeze, Bremerton, Wash.





— from Ro Seus, Stoughton, Wis.



— from Frank and Judy Paul, Pennsauken, N.J.



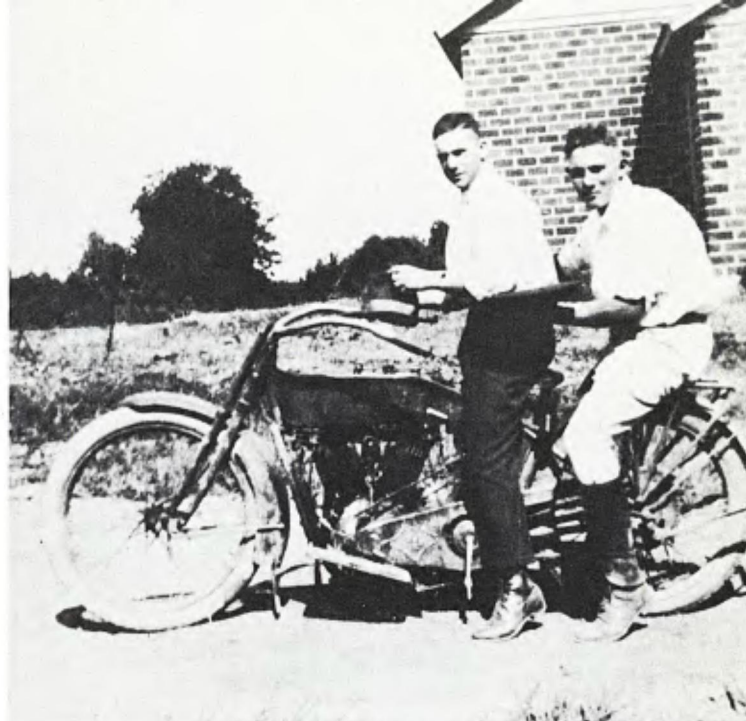
— from Mike Lichter, Harley Heaven



— from Bruce Dierks, Coos Bay, Ore.



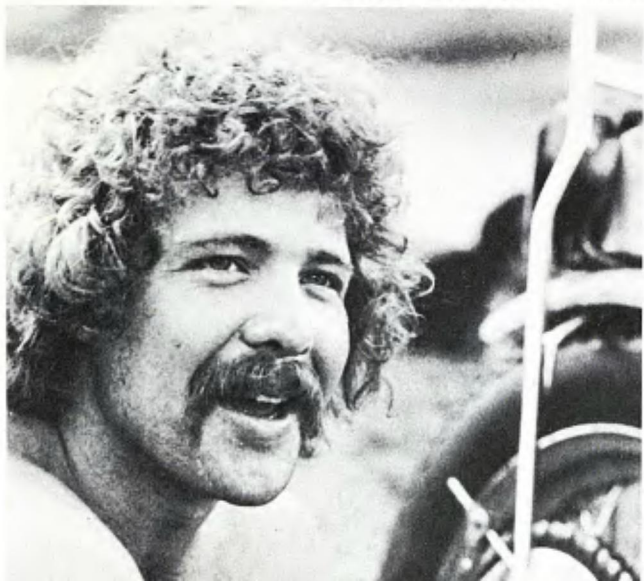
— from Cheryl Senter, Concord, Mass.



— from Bob and Lyn Cogswell, Jacksonville, Ill.



— from Jack, Atlanta, Ga.



— from Jim Long, Death Valley, Calif.





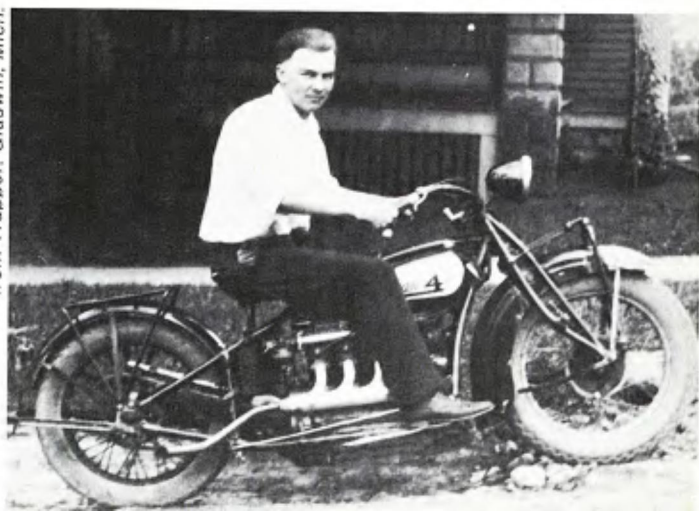
— from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

— from Kid Creole, Crows Nest, Australia



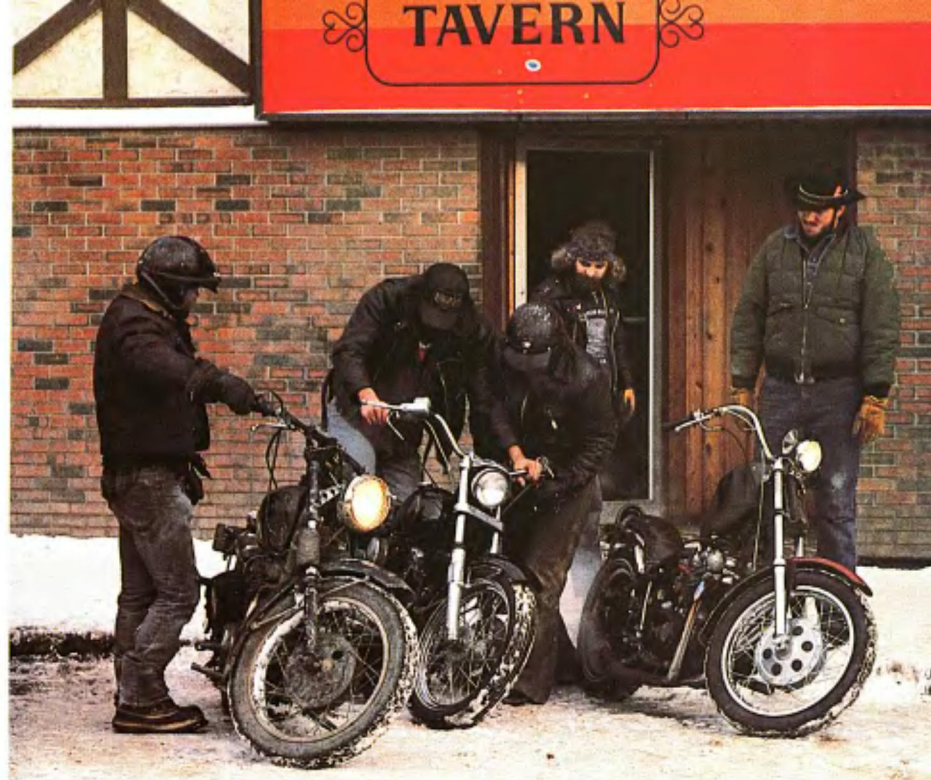
— from Zeus, Stoughton, Wis.

— from Trapper, Gladwin, Mich.

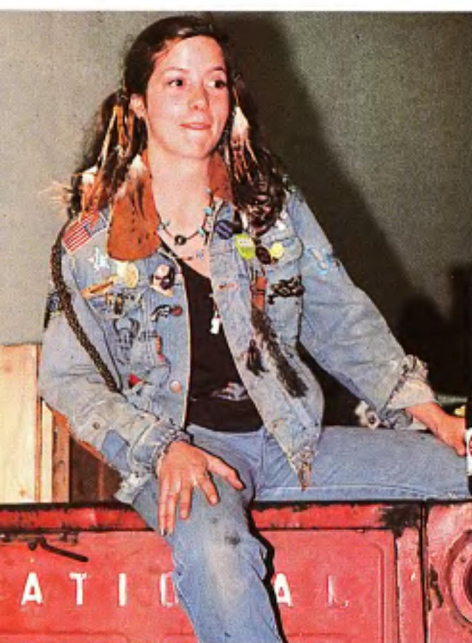




—from Bush Hog, Nashville, Tenn.



—from Wes Faulk, Peace River, Alberta



—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.



—from Crash Eddy, Janesville, Wis.



—from Vickie Moncrief, Temple Terrace, Fla.



Down in Jungleland



If you happen to have an old — ten years or more old — road atlas around, you can look this up. Otherwise, you'll just have to believe me — or not. Don't matter none to me — gamblin' men have lost bets both ways. Anyway, if you crack open that

road atlas to the California page an' eyeball the area about halfway between Los Angeles and Ventura, you'll find a little town called Thousand Oaks, and next to it or under it, the legend "Jungleland."

Seems that for over 40 years, this sleepy little

community was home to one of the largest collections of lions, tigers, bears, and other exotic animals in America. Hell, there are still a couple of stray camels and a few llamas wandering around, wondering where all their friends are.

No, the animals weren't



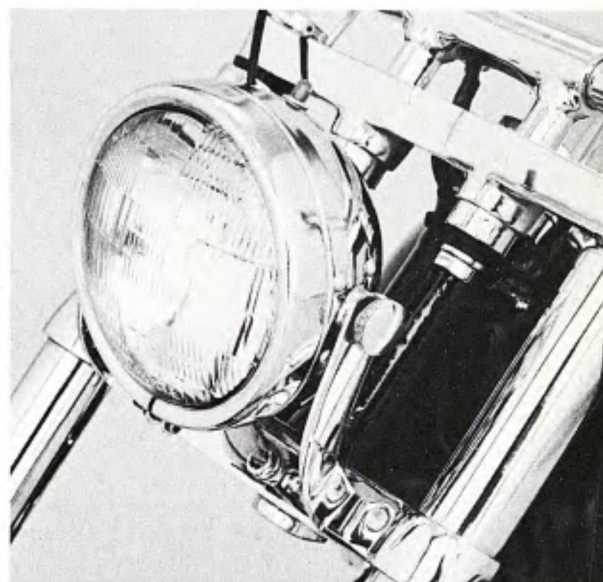
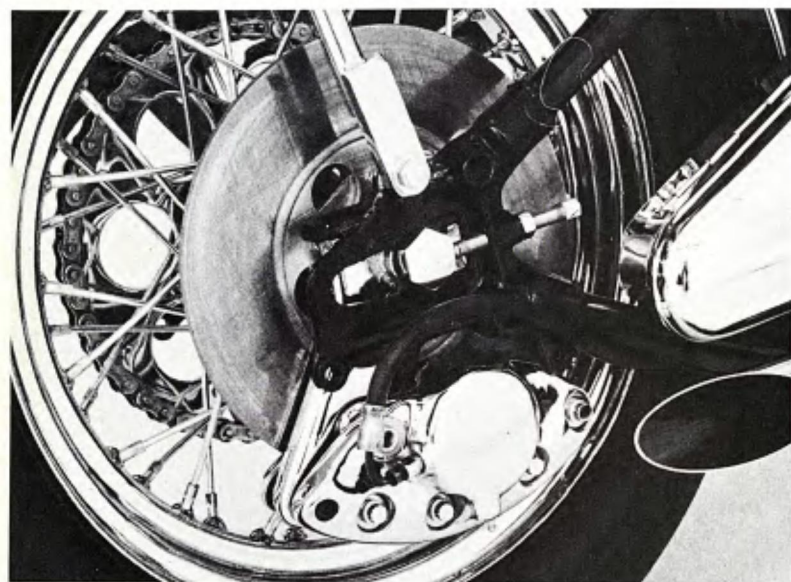


cruising suburban California because Noah ditched his ark on top of nearby Ladyface Mountain. The animals were there because land thereabouts, in those days, cost next to nothing and because there were few people and fewer zoning laws. In other

words, Thousand Oaks was a perfect place for the moguls of Hollywood to stash their four-legged stars — hence the establishment of Jungleland.

Unfortunately, for everyone except the local realtors, pilots heading into and out of L.A. International

Airport in the '50s and '60s began to notice that southern California's famous smog belt stopped right where Thousand Oaks started. They began moving their families, lock, stock, and captain's wings, out into the area. Subdivisions sprang up, stock-



brokers and office workers joined the migration, and before you could say, "Here come the condos!" split-levels replaced safaris and Jungleland was gone.

And what does that have to do with this bike?

Plenty, according to owner Bob Reed. Seems some of the spirit of Jungleland

must have seeped into the Hog during the five years Bob was accumulating parts in his Thousand Oaks garage, because the bike turned out to be a real beast.

"It's unbelievable," Bob says. "I designed and built it for performance but I never expected

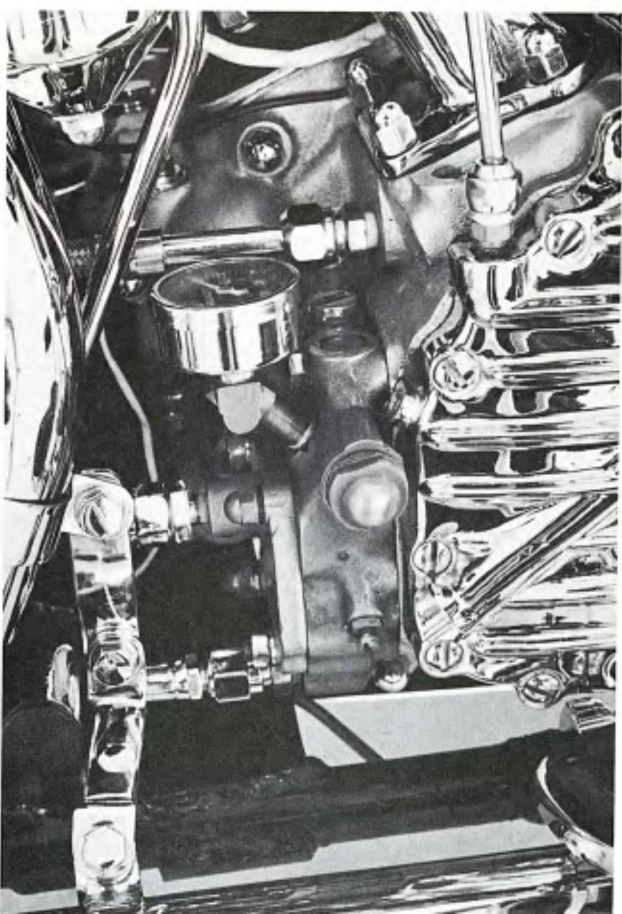
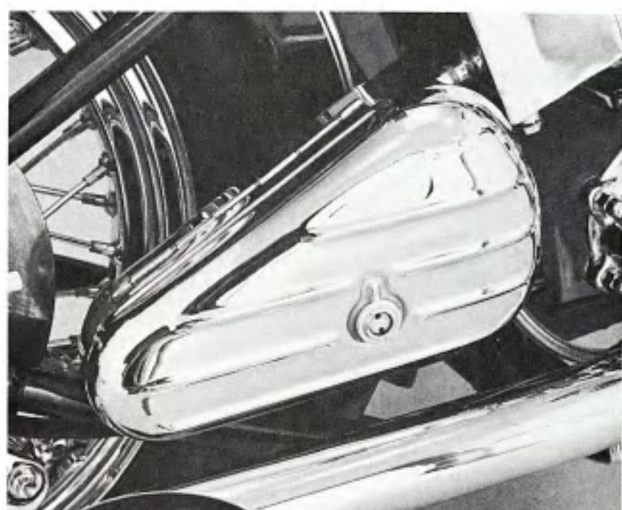
it to be as hot as it is.

"I mean, it's really a freak — the wheel comes up in the air in second and it chirps the tires in third. I've gone up against a lot of 80s and it just eats 'em up."

Not bad for a '41 knuck, Bob, but tell us this: Can it roar like the MGM lion?

—Pacheco Clyde

Owner: Bob Reed		City: Thousand Oaks, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1954	
Year and make: 1941 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: big bucks		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: disc tabs	
Chroming by: Aztec Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Santee	
Year: 1941		Risers: H-D	
Model: FL		Fender(s): cut fatbob	
Rebuilder: Gary/Holliday's		Headlight: Sears tractor	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: cats Eye	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: police special	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: running boards	
Balancing: Holliday's		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: two		Electrics: stock	
Cases: original		Gas tank: 3.5-gallon fatbobs	
Heads: clean		Oil tank: 4-quart	
Cam(s): Sifton 450		Oil system: stock with filter	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Bendix adjustable		Seat: Don Thompson	
Air cleaner: stock		Sissybar: swap meet special	
Pipes: 2-in. drag pipes		Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: tank to foot-shift		Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1941		Extension: 3 in. over	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: turned lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Bob Randall/Paint n' Place		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: Imron		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: silver pinstriping by Gary Burg			
Other special modifications: Lightened timing gears.			
Special thanks to John Firie, Mike Pacimeo and Smitty's Welding.			





Photos by Pete Chiodo



HEARTBREAKER

In a lifetime of lurching from one beer joint to another, I've met my share of chicks who, given a busted bottle, could carve a dude up pretty good.

But I know the only one chick ever who, using only the sound of her voice, could slice your heart out and hand it back to you in little pieces — Patsy Cline.

Over 20 years after Patsy's plane went down you can still find her records — the classics like "Walkin' After Midnight," "If You've Got Leaving On Your Mind," "She's Got You," etc. — jamming honky-tonk jukeboxes from one end of Texas to the other. And you can still find Heartbreak Hotel crowded with guests whose prescription for blessed unconsciousness is a belly full of bourbon and a gut full of Patsy Cline's vocalizing.

Looking at these pictures of Michelle decorating a Harley and filling out a leather skin in a way that the original owner could only envy, reminds me of listening to Patsy. This chick is a real heartbreaker. Not because she wants to be, not because she digs leavin' dudes with the kind of memory that even a lobotomy can't





completely erase, not because it turns her on to make men suffer.

Hell, she'll never even meet most of the guys who'll forever carry a taste of longing for her in some small part of their hearts. You see, she's got that incredible "I'm all you'll ever want or need" look that belongs to only those one-in-ten-thousand chicks whose smoldering sexiness goes all the way to the heart.

Stare deep into those dark eyes, imagine that beer belly of yours ridin' slow an' easy in the hollow cavity under her rib cage, picture walking up to something that smells as fine as the Blue Ridge Mountains at dawn and







feels as soft as a thick down sleeping bag after an 800-mile cross-country run.

Got those things fixed in your head? That's Michelle.

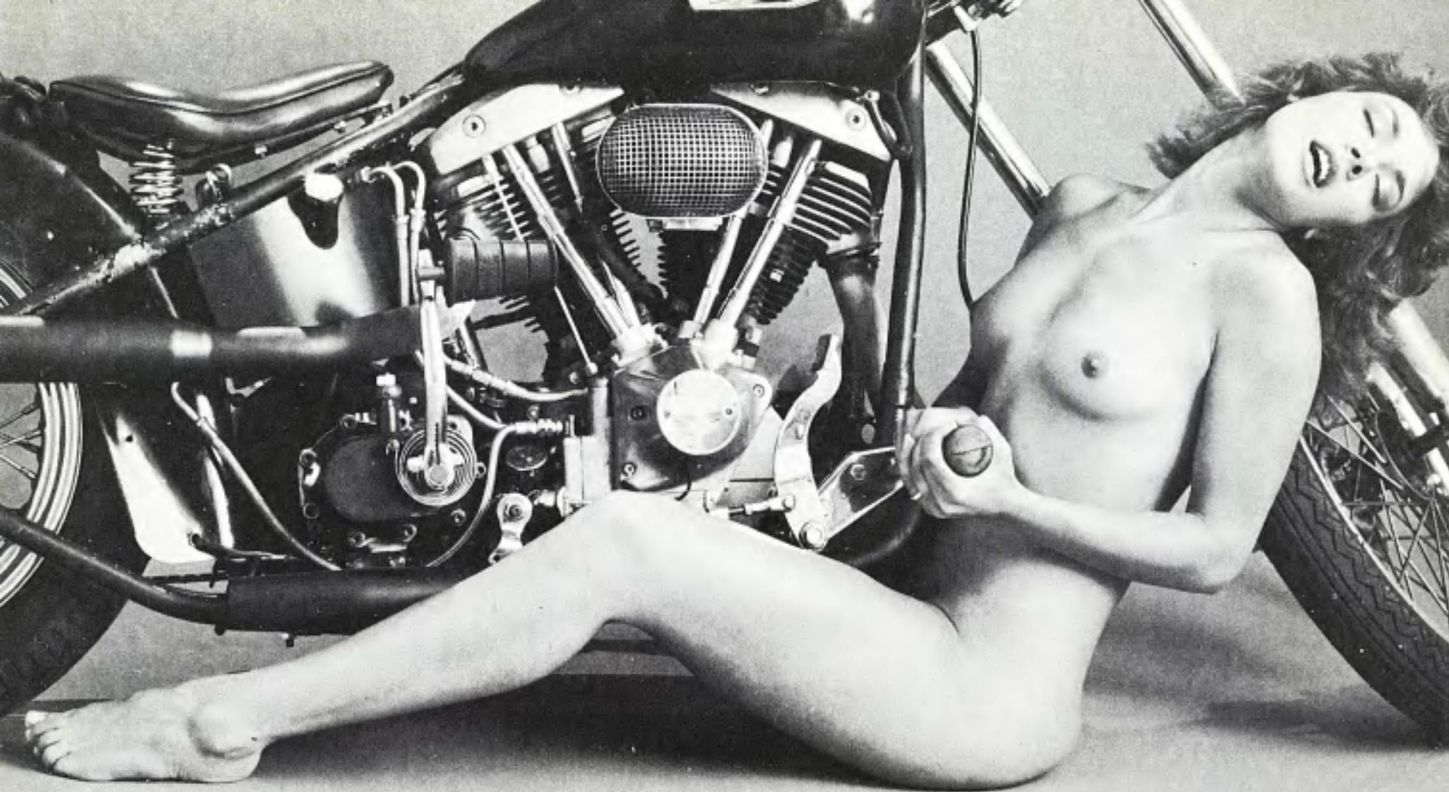
Imagine hair that feels like a cool breeze on your skin, arms that enfold you at night like a warm summer lake, taut thighs that ripple with girl muscle as they tighten around your hips.

Imagine her heels diggin' into the small of your back in bed and her nipples pressing into your shoulders during a run. That, all that and much more, is Michelle.

Maybe it's a blessing, maybe it's a curse, but whatever else it may be, it's a stone true fact — this is one lady who's fated to walk through life leaving busted hearts and blue memories littering the path behind her.

Don't know 'bout you, but I think I'll wrap this up, put in an emergency call to my old bro Jack D., throw a stack of Patsy Cline records on the turntable, and stare at these pictures for a few hours — or maybe days.

—Trampo



Photos by Pete Chiodo

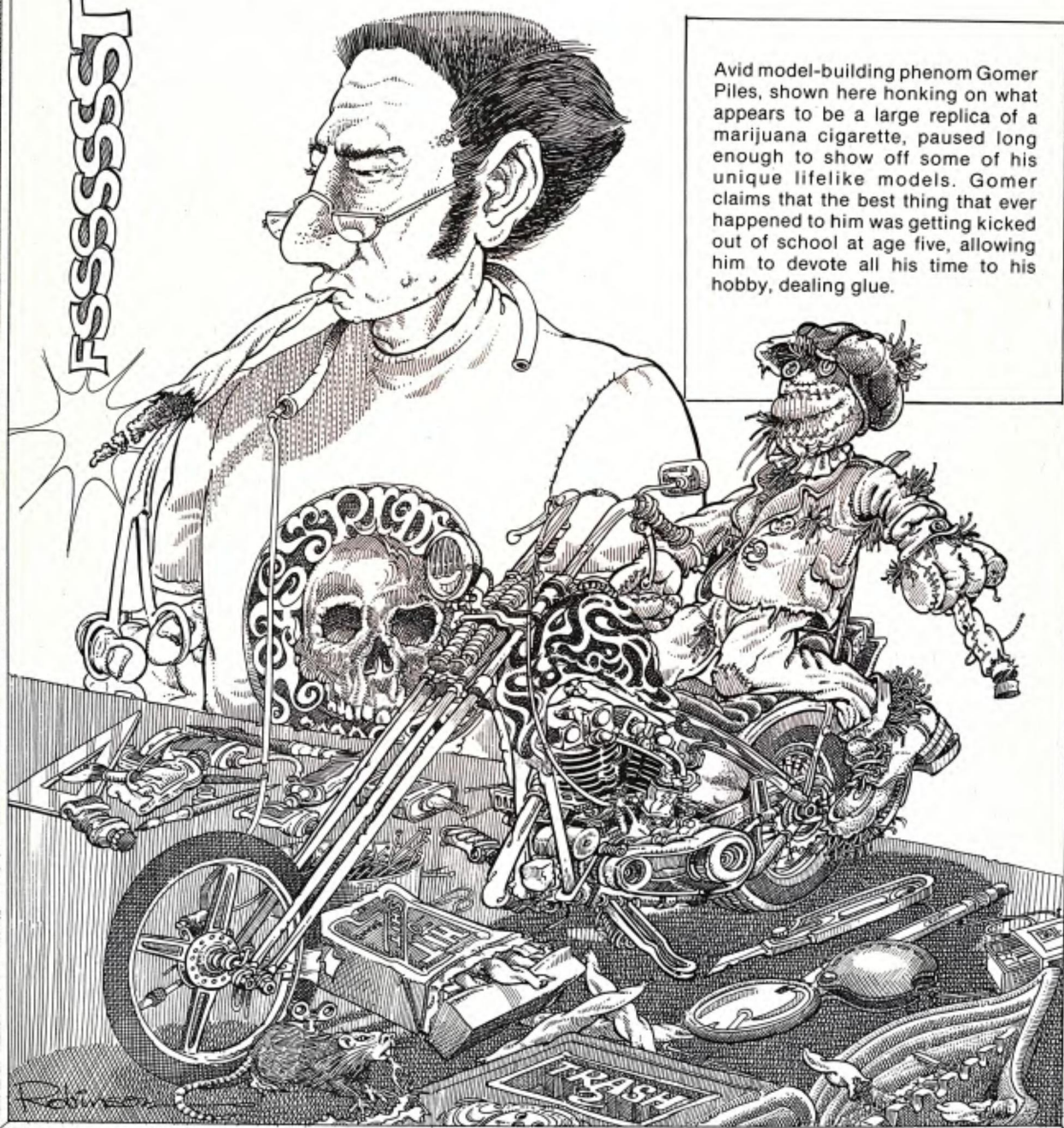


Motorcycle

#13 MILESTONES

SSSSST

Avid model-building phenom Gomer Piles, shown here honking on what appears to be a large replica of a marijuana cigarette, paused long enough to show off some of his unique lifelike models. Gomer claims that the best thing that ever happened to him was getting kicked out of school at age five, allowing him to devote all his time to his hobby, dealing glue.



FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of fifteen bucks or more and ask for your free copy of *Easyriders* from any of the bike shops listed here.

ALABAMA

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

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spennard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Flexible Flyers, Inc. 15621 N. Cave Creek Rd., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 348-A, Hot Springs
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle

CALIFORNIA

San Fernando MC Service 547 N. MacLay St., San Fernando
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 13715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Mich McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

Jawbone Junction 3811 Schaefer Ave., Unit C, Chino
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland

James Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah

Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville

Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Klein's Texaco & Motorcycle Accessories 1601 Truman St.,
San Fernando

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

Precision Cycle 17716 West Sierra Hwy., Canyon Country
Gordon's MC Madness 1986 Morse, Ventura

Colorado Springs
Dragon Distributing 1200 Dragon Man Drive, Colorado Springs
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
Colfax Custom Cycle 7011 W. Colfax, Lakewood
D & C Enterprises 725 Platin, Grand Junction

H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 4333 W. 38th Ave., Denver

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

Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 5th St., Greeley

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

Freedom Wheels MC Shop 321 Main St., Longmont

CONNECTICUT
Cycle Parts Outlet 433 Main St., Torrington
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville

Longriders Custom Motorcycles 120 S. Boston Post Road,
Milford

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

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami

FLORIDA (Cont'd)

H-D South 9660 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4567 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
Pletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale

H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2218 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, bld. north
of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale

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

Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 7394 N. Main St., Jonesboro

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

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

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Pete Robertson Racing 189th & Wolf Rd., Mokena

Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Cycle Goodies Galore 1214 Hwy. 41, Lake Bluff

Chicago H-D, Inc. 6068 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham

Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn

Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
Jobb's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete

Don's Cycle's, Inc. 28770 N. Hwy. 12, Wauconda

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle

Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville

The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion

IOWA

Dave's Cycle Accessories, Inc. 330 E. 2nd St., Iowa City
Blackwater Custom Cycle 413 Jackson St., Topeka

Wholesale 500 W. 2nd St., Topeka
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

KENTUCKY

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

Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville

LOUISIANA

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

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

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood

Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
Blue Earth Boutique 220 Washington St., Mini Mall, Havre
de Grace

MASSACHUSETTS

Chip's Custom Equipment Depot Street, Palmer

MICHIGAN

GM Cycle 32242 W. 8 Mile Rd., Farmington Hills
Cookle's H-D Sales 275 S. Ford Blvd., Ypsilanti

MINNESOTA

D.S. Specialties 2853 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester

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

MISSOURI

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

Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville

NEBRASKA

Performance Unlimited 340 N. 27th, Lincoln
Motorway 85 Hancock St., Manchester

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
H-D of Trenton, Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton

Tramontin Harley-Davidson Route 80, Exit 12, Hope
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Highway

Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Cycles Unlimited 1824 W. 4th St., Dunnellin

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

Mr. Cycle Parts 38 Truck Ocean Road, Freehold

NEW MEXICO

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

NEW YORK

H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
A1's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome

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

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

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

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

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3518 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville

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

NORTH DAKOTA

Bennie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot
NODAK Harley-Davidson Hwy. 83 North, Minot

The Scooter Shack 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

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

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

OKLAHOMA

Wet Willie's Custom Shop 202 S. Choctaw, El Reno

OKLAHOMA (Cont'd)

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2808 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton
Maltese Customs 4602 W. Owen K. Garriott Street, Enid
S.C.A. Distributing 2316 W. Gore, Lawton

OREGON

Chopper Shack II 2832 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh
Cyclistic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading

Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville

Moe's H-D Specialties 117 Pine St., Calais

SOUTH CAROLINA

Motorcycle Salvage 4816 Rivers Ave., Charleston
Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta

Doug's H-D 2790 Pamlico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston

Southern Scooter Supply, Inc. 1001 Paris Ave., Port Royal

TENNESSEE

D & D Southern Cycle 1181 Ft. Campbell Blvd., Clarksville
Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport

Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
Reed's H-D 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Kilcisen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth

The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
H&H Cycle Accessories 1710 Belle Plain, Brownwood

Doc & Wendy's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 31 West, 842-A West
7th Ave., Corsicana

Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Melrod Drive, Lufkin
Whisker's Cycle Repair 17123 Spiller Rd., Spring

Texas Custom Motorcycles 2615 N. 18th St., Waco
Trip Cycle 3523 Ave. S., Galveston

East Bay American Motorcycle (formerly Basket Case) 112
E. Ennis Ave., Ennis

UTAH

Five Star Cycle 317 W. Main St., Vernal

VIRGINIA

Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2, Hwy. 11 W., Abingdon
Master Performance Cycles 8823 Jefferson Ave., Newport News

Joker's Wild Motorcycle Dell Rt. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy.,
Chesapeake

Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond

WASHINGTON

74' Or More 1449 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

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

Custom Classic Inc. Route 1 Box 1209-B, Wayne

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3925 W. Burlington St., Milwaukee
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Hwy., Green Bay

Sauk-Prairie H-D Hwy. 12, Sauk City

WYOMING

Boogie Bros. Hill Valley Road, Gillette

Male Call

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

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

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

23-year-old w/m in dire need of love, friendship and comfort from soft, sexy and sensual ladies. Reach through my bars, babe, Bill Noggle 93940, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Into cunning lust. 28, 5'9", 180 lbs., and taking appointments, letters and flicks, if interested. To be released late '84, Mike Reynolds, A-68335, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

W/m doing time in Ga. Less than a year to release. Would like to hear from females anywhere north of the Mason-Dixon Line. Jimmy Redman, EF-138569, Ga. State Prison, E-4, Reidsville, Ga. 30499.

It's strange how "friends" forget and turn their backs on you when you are down—even your ol' lady at times. White bro, 23, 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with females any age. 1 1/2 left to max. Looking for a friend who cares. Will answer all letters with pics first. William Cozart, Rt. 3, Box 213, Smithfield, N.C. 27577.

I'm a 29-year-old w/m in need of some letters. I've been down 13 years. Jim Lockwitch, M-2458, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Two downed white bros from So. Calif. would like to hear from some good-looking women, 18 and up. So, come on and drop us a few lines. Kenneth Snyder, C-40523, and Eddie Case, C-36505, C.T.P. Central, E-229, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Downed tattooist, looking for a foxy nympho who loves to party and will help set up a tattoo and head shop. Soon released, very rewarding, send pics. Scot Bartlett, K-6852, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

Lonely prisoner, w/m, 28, 5'5" 155 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes. Would like to correspond with ladies between 20 and 36. Gary Furr, Stanly County Prison Unit, 900 Coble Ave., Albemarle, N.C. 28001.

Down, doing five, half done. Looking for mail from some warm babes, 17-40 I'm 21, 5'11", 165 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Come on, ladies, drop a line or two. Marty Marrs, Box 911, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57117-0911.

Down bro in dire need of correspondence from the opposite persuasion. Picture would be nice, but not essential. Thomas W. Ruff 87766, Box 1000, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

Goin' straight! W/m, 38, down for third time. Had enough! Lookin' for a good woman to settle down with. Love kids, outdoors, and am into music, health, travel and writing. I'm 6', 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes and nice-looking. Send letters and pics to Mike Smith 80694-011, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

Any chicks out there who would like to send flicks and scribes to me to help make my time easier, please write. Will reply to all. Age 37, Neil Wayne Hunwick, Box 71, East Maitland, N.S.W. 2323, Australia.

Lonely prisoner, blue eyes, blond hair, 5'7", 155 lbs., needs letters. David Knatz, 126-02 82nd Ave., Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415-1555.

Stone outlaw peck, 23, brown hair, green eyes, slammed in Folsom. Would like hot and nasty lines from sweet and sexy ladies. Bobby "Loser" Kluge, Box C-46860, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Two bros, both 21 and doing time, need some mail from nice ladies. So please write, we will answer any and all letters. John Taylor 124-182, and Mike Lauelle 122-534, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

If there are any righteous ladies out there (and I'm sure there are), this old tramp would appreciate some letters. Billy Hill 327056, NTS, Box 59, Rt. 3, Rosharon, Tex. 77583.

Two downed Mex. bros, both 35 and from So. Calif. (LA), less than 2 years to do, lookin' for a righteous chicks to write and get to know. White or Mex., will answer all. Daniel "The Baron" Gonzalez, C-17868, and Robert "Biggs" Mata, B-23991, Represa, Calif. 95671.

I'm a 23-year-old white boy stuck here in Folsom, and yeah, I'm singing them blues. I'm in need of correspondence and companionship from a beautiful and intelligent woman who is understanding and can relate to my situation. So, if I've just described you, then write me, and please send a photo of your sweet self, 'cause I've seen a sweet smile! Thomas A. Chase, Box C-29558, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Too young and too wild to be locked down. Me and my bro, age 20, want to hear from righteous ladies. Send photo. Age doesn't matter. Come on, ladies, help us out. Dave Eugene Nelson, A017175, and Dan Hanic, A016180, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

Brother down seven years, three to go. Looking to get hot scribes and hot flicks from some righteous ladies. W/m, 30, 5'7", 160 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Ronnie R. Guasto 049485 (D-18), R.J.C.I., Box 37, Chattanooga, Fla. 32324.

White female, 26, green eyes, long brown hair, 5'6", 130 lbs. First timer and desperately lonely. Needs sincere man, 21-35, to hopefully develop long-lasting relationship with. Will be out within the year. I am a free spirit and love to travel. All letters answered. Jennifer Frick 204272, P.O. Box 147, Box 160, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Downed scooter tramp out in '84 needs letters from ladies who are into puttin', partying and making money. Mouse Polvey, A-68430, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

22-year-old white male looking for ladies, 8-80, for letters, photos, and anything goes. No bullshit games, please. I got a nickel left, but might get a break in '84. Let's fire something up and see where it goes. William A. Lott 97022, L.S.P., Angola, La. 70712.

Attention, sincere lady. White tramp, 30, needs a caring friend to visit and keep me sane. Write, no games. Gary E. Utley, Box B-33803, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

From Iowa, doing time in Wash. Free me from the rain. 29, 185 lbs., 6 1/2 ft. tall. Help! Steve Gandy 276345, Box 777 A-3-15, Monroe, Wash. 98272.

Voyeuristic biker, with waist-length brown hair and bright blue eyes, wants to spark excitement into female's life. Loves trading photos and providing security. Franklin Smith, Box 128, Old Eddyville, Ky. 42038-0128.

Downed honky, looking for fine, level-headed lady for keeps. Free, 5/84. I'm 5'6", 150 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, and a big heart. James Rollins 48591, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Florida outlaw, shot down in Georgia, doing hard time and desperately needs TLC from hardcore honeys. Will answer all. Robert Scott Bagby, EF 150366, G.S.P., Reidsville, Ga. 30499.

Two down bros doing short time in county prison would like to hear from foxy ladies to help pass time and maybe meet in the future. All ages; all will be answered. Bill Price and Bryan Von Alt, Wayne County Prison, 318 10th St., Honesdale, Pa. 18431.

Hey, ladies! How about some of you gals writing to a nice guy? I'm 31, single, white, a Virgo, brown hair, hazel-blue eyes, 5'7", 185 lbs. I need a friend. I'm down doing a 10-15. Have 2 years left. Please send a recent photo, if possible. I'll answer all. Gary L. Wicker, Box 805, Carthage, N.C. 28327.

I'm in prison with a life sentence and in need of female pen pals. Gary Hill 98561, Fort Pillow State Farm, Fort Pillow, Tenn. 38032.

Downed young radical white bro wants young ladies to correspond with. I'm 6'2", 180 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, and love to get crazy letters. Don Heffner 20766, Box 473, W.C.C., Westville, Ind. 46391.

Two lonely bros need some lovin' and hot scribes from ladies in the free world. Your photo gets ours. Gino Kuhr 165-063, and Rick Frahm 169-088, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

Downed good-lookin' w/m, 6', 200 lbs., blond and blue, needs letters and photos from you sweet and good-looking ladies out there. Return letter and photo with every letter and photo. I'm breathing fresh air in '84. Ralph E. Hare, K-6369, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Down white bro, 18, from Sydney, Australia. Doing time for the green stuff. Want a pen friend from the states or elsewhere. Photos, too. All answered. Warren Marshall, Box 7, Cooma, N.S.W., Australia 2630.

Two bros doin' time in need of mail from sexy women. Will answer all. Hurry! Michael Rose, age 23, and Roger Groves, age 21, Box 1188, Dublin, Va. 24084.

Hey, ladies, I need help bad! Been in five and get out late '83. Dark reddish-brown hair, blue-gray eyes, 6'2", 200 lbs., tattoo artist, 24, going back to Panama City with no kinda lady to set my head back to the streets and outta the joint. Can ya help? M. "Truck" Ayers 066718, Box 1100-42, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Down brother in this Daytona Beach-area joint needs anyone who will send stamps and legal writing material and Xerox legal papers for me. I'm fighting my own criminal cases in this corrupt county court system; likewise, struggling for prisoners' rights for all brothers and sisters down here. If you can aid my cause, write to Nathaniel "Nat" Wright, Volusia Co. Corr. Facility, Box 2093, Deland, Fla. 32720-0035.

W/m, 28, brown and blue, 6'2", 200 lbs., Parole date, June of '84. Would like letters and pics. Dana "Freebird" Miller 34920, Box 2800, Lincoln, Neb. 68502.

I'm 28, blue eyes, dirty blond hair, 170 lbs., single. Would like some single ladies to write to me for friendship and marriage. I'm in this jail for a while and very lonely. Steve Pervicka, Box 713, St. Albans, Vt. 05478.

I'm 22, have long brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'11", 150 lbs. I like rock'n'roll, sex and drugs. I want females, 18-35, for pen pals. Ronnie Hoots, 260 Kemper Rd., Shelby, N.C. 28150.

Lonely, white, 22-year-old Virgo is looking to hear from anyone. Been doing time since '78; out in '83. So come on and drop a line. Tom "Reds" Korp, P-4582, RD #2, Box 10, Greensburg, Pa. 15601.

Two downed bros doing 5. One 30, 6'1", brown and blue; one 25, 5'7", blond and green. Looking for two honeys to correspond with and develop a righteous, no-bullshit relationship. We both figure it's time to settle down. Send pics and letters to Keith "The Prof" Ferrell 18618, and Dan "Chemist" Frye 18654, Box 14, Boise, Ida. 83707.

Oklahoma drifter, canned in the South with only a year to go. Needs correspondence bad, looking for a hot mama to ride and party with when released. Send photo. I'm 5'11", 170 lbs., blue eyes, black hair. John Wayne Phillips 113015-A, Rt. 2, Box 37, Holman Station, Ala. 36503.

Redheaded Canadian peckerwood down and just about out. Opening up my mailbox to all you ladies who want to write. Jake Johnstone, C-49674, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Two downed outlaws welcome letters and photos from fine little mamas anywhere, who will care about and get crazy with us. James Meadows 108123, and Bob Elam 107554, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Stop right here! Two white and right bros, 35, getting out in '84 and looking for some fun-loving, sincere women to ride off with into the sunset. Ken "Scavenger" Wolfe 9855, and Joe Thompson 17607, Box 41, Indiana State Prison, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

The "Bandit" is down and lonely as hell. Zip me a line; help me do this time. Send flick if possible. J. R. Garrett, Taylor County Jail, Campbellsville, Ky. 42718.

Ladies, good-looking white brother getting short, looking for that special lady who can make all my dreams come true. No head games. Write me. Ricky Knight 97414, Camp C, Tiger 2-L-9, 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 memory of **Joe G.**, 7/18/81. Downed by a stupid cage driver. Never said no to anyone who needed his help. Always had an interest in everyone else's scooter. His friends and family miss him. He will never be forgotten.

To **Tim "Bubba T" Edwards**. Loved by more than he ever knew. Our Prez of F.A.F.M.O. I hope you find your L.A. woman. Nachos, tequila, Harleys and women forever. Your spirit's here with us on every road trip. See you soon. Roadhawg and the "real" men.

In memory of **Butch**, age 35, hit by a truck. Babe, it was hard to find you, hard to keep you, but the hardest of all was to lose you. 5/7/79-5/7/82—3 years of good lovin'. There will always be a place in my heart that's yours, Janet.

In memory of **Tony Haley**, 4/12/83, a fellow member who has gone on his last run. A true 1%er, you lived and died a Kingsmen. Your spirit still rides with the pack. Mudpuppy and Sheena, Kingsmen MC.

In memory of **"Dangerous" Dave Bortel**, 4/14/83. He was downed here; may he continue to ride up there. From his bros all over California.

In loving memory of **Ralph "6-Pack" Edwards**, 2/4/43-2/6/83. Brother, they say life begins at 40. So you have the best life up there in Harley Heaven with the "Ol' Lady 80." We love ya! Ted, Linda, and Teddy.

In memory of **Roger Stevenson**, a man who lived and loved to party, play his music, be with his family, and ride his Harley. Loved and missed by us all, he'll always be in our thoughts and hearts. Your family and riding buddies.

In loving memory of **Joe Flanary**, 4/10/83. You're free now, babe, just like you always wanted to be. I miss ya and I'll always love you. You were only 18, but you did the best you could at surviving in this cruel world. We will all see ya soon, but till then—ride on and be free. All our love. Your ol' lady Kathy, Cheyenne, and Smoke.

In loving memory of **Mike McCann, Jr.** Your memory lives through all of us. Fly high, freebird, you're free at last. Death has come too soon. Who were you, and why were you here? I guess we'll never know until our time is near. Love always, your brothers, Kenny (Rebel) and Tommy.

They called him **"Mark, the Pit."** That was his name. Mean as hell, but still we love him, just the same. He will be remembered and we will meet again, but now and until, may God keep him forever in the freedom of the wind. With love from your wife Jeri and brother Detroit.

In loving memory of **Roger "Botch" Pagatto**, who lived his life to the fullest, only to be killed on the road doing the one thing he loved most, Rest in peace. Wife Doreen, kids Bud and Noreen, and friends.

In honor and memory of **Larry "Wally Carpenter"**, Sturgis '82 was his last ride, 6/20/51-9/3/82. Regards from your many biker friends.

In loving memory of **David "Bud" Clifford**, 1/26/83. Here's to Bud who had his ups and downs, yet always offered a helping hand even at the cost of his own life. Soar with the angels, bro. You are truly missed by those who knew and loved you.

In memory of **Steve** who went down on his B.D. the way he wanted, 9/16/79. A brother biker who lived to ride, but died too fast. You touched many. You may be gone, but you're not forgotten. Till we meet again, ride high in Harley Heaven. We miss you! From all your brothers and sisters in Belmawr, New Jersey, and everywhere.

In memory of **"Stagger Lee" Hardy**, 2/9/83. Died doing what he loved best—riding with the wind in his face. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Bob, Janet, and all your friends in So, Calif.

In memory of **"Moke"**, Manchester, N.H. Brother, you will always be in our hearts. Your love of V-Twins and the Cue is shared by all of us. Dogshit, Bobby, and Zoo Bros.

In memory of **Danny Garland**, a true friend who showed me the real meaning of the word brotherhood. You will always be in our hearts and in our memories. We love ya, bro. Ride free. Tom, Judy, and family.

In memory of **Joe Balanguie**. A true friend and bro who always backed his friends' play. Joe didn't leave us; he only went ahead to check the layout of the road. Holler when you see me ride by, bro. From all your brothers and sisters in Porterville—we miss you. Bill Cowan.

In loving memory of my brother **Randy "The Jew" Gusman** and my husband **"Big Jay" Burk**. Though the years have come and gone, my memory of you both is still strong. Love always, Lauren in Calif.

In memory of **Terry McLaughlin**, 7/21/82. We love you and always will and we hope it's not too warm for you, wherever you are. See you on the other side. Your aceduces, Billy and Li'l John.

In memory of **Wilt, "Mr. Worthy"**, Drifters MC, 8/79. Your loss is felt, but your memory lives on. Ride free forever, until we ride together. Get loose or get lost, get high or goodbye, live fast, die free. See ya later. Your brothers and sisters of Minn.

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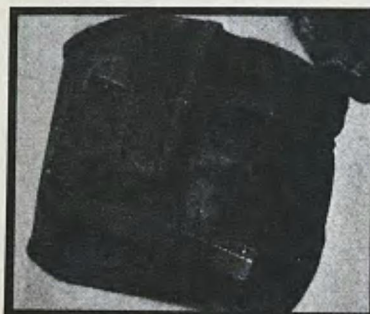
30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fart; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 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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The Last Payback

Continued from page 54

guys who had the same idea?"

"Yeah, hell, we sure did have to do a number on a couple of dudes once, didn't we?" he said with a chuckle. "Well, listen, I got to get goin'. Take care and say hi to Lisa for me."

After he'd gone I dosed myself with a slug of medicine and fell asleep. I slept quite a while and when I woke up the house was dark and quiet. Where the hell was Lisa? She should have been home by now. God, I was weak. Thinking it might help if I moved around a little, I pushed myself up and got my sea legs under me. Maybe I could make it into the kitchen for some coffee.

Eventually, I made it to the stove and warmed up what was left in the coffeepot. I even managed to get a little into a cup. But what the hell was I gonna do with it now? I couldn't carry it to the table to sit down; I needed both hands just to hold the damn cup. But with both hands occupied, I'd fall on my face if I couldn't lean on the counter. I finally decided I might as well sit down on the damn floor and drink it. I never stopped to figure out how I would get back up again.

After an hour or so of sitting on that fucking cold floor, I heard the welcome sound of Lisa coming in the front door. "Leo, where are you?" she called out. It's damn humiliating for a man to let his lady find him like that, but it wasn't as bad as the prospect of sitting there the rest of my life. However, before I could answer, she swung the kitchen door open and found me sitting there. "What the hell are you doing

on the cold floor?" she demanded. "Are you trying for pneumonia, too?"

I was too weak and too relieved to see her to mind her bitchin', so I just said meekly, "Never mind, just help me up, will ya?"

Lisa got me to my feet and helped me get settled in bed. Then she brought me some more of that vile but potent medicine and we talked till I fell asleep. I remember asking her why she was so late getting home, but I had some trouble staying awake long enough to hear much of what she said. The gist of it seemed to be that some poor slob's wife had shot him in the gut and then left him to die. Somebody had found him, though, and called the rescue squad and they brought him in just before Lisa was supposed to go off duty. She said they'd worked on him for a long time, but his ol' lady had drilled him too accurately. Shit, the poor bastard must have been married to a real witch. Thank God, I had Lisa to take care of me.

Just before I drifted off, I decided that when I got better I was going to make up to her all the shit she'd been through with me. Hell, she knew I loved her. But I had to admit that sometimes I took advantage of her. I never meant to do her wrong, but in the course of my ridin' and partyin' I'd just plain forget about what she might want. And it just ain't right for anyone to treat a woman as fine as Lisa like that.

We were in the living room watching TV about a week later when Buck pulled his old rat up the drive. Lisa had made a big pot of chili earlier, thinking I might be able to eat a little since that used to be one thing I could choke down any time. But lately, even coffee wasn't going down

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too well. Hell, I could hardly make it to the can any more; what was the point of eating?

Anyhow, I told Lisa to go get Buck some of the chili. Somebody might as well enjoy it, right? Buck smiled and said, "I knew I smelled something good when I drove up. But don't bother, Lisa, I can help myself." Then he started down the hall, but Lisa never ran no self-serve kitchen, so she went with him.

A minute later I heard a low laugh come from the kitchen and I wondered what was going on. Christ, I was sure tired of lying around and being left out of everything. I hauled myself up out of my chair and slowly dragged my way down the hall. I had almost made it, and had just stopped for a breather before trying to open the door, when I heard Buck ask, "You didn't put any of his 'medicine' in here, did you?"

Lisa hissed back, "Shhh, he can still hear pretty well. And no, I didn't put any in the chili. So eat up and enjoy it; God knows he can't." Then she giggled softly and whispered, "In another week, he won't be enjoying anything at all."

I asked my fever-fogged mind what the fuck they meant, but before I had a chance to ponder on it, Buck said, "Then it'll be just you and me — making our way across the country on that bitchin' bike. It'll be your turn to let someone take care of you the way you deserve."

Even in my condition, I could figure that one out pretty easy; but I still couldn't understand it. Jesus, I asked myself, what the hell was going on? Then, in a tender voice like I hadn't heard in quite a while, Lisa said quietly, "Oh, Buck, that's all I've wanted for so long now. I feel bad doing this to Leo, but it's more like self-defense. He'd kill us if he knew what we were doing. Hell, a girl needs to look out for herself once in a while, doesn't she?"

Jesus, I couldn't take any more of it. I went back to the sofa and made like I was asleep when they came back into the room. They watched the tube for a while and talked quietly about nothing in particular. I was sure they didn't know I'd overheard them, but I wasn't sure what I could do about it all. Finding out what I had was tearing my guts up worse than the "medicine" ever had. I could have believed it of anybody but Buck and Lisa. I guessed it would take a while for it to all sink in, but first I had to make positively sure that it all meant what I thought it did.

After Lisa left the next morning, I crawled clear down to the basement

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where we stored a bunch of stuff. It took a bit of searching to find what I was looking for, but finally I had it. Lisa had kept all the textbooks from her nurses' training, thinking they might come in handy someday. She was right, I thought, as I crawled back upstairs to the sofa. After a short rest I opened the book I'd brought up and found out what I needed to know but would rather not have — I was dying. My dear sweet Lisa was killing me. The thought made me want to scream or puke or cry or something. Damn, I didn't want to die. But according to the book, my time was about up. I couldn't be sure exactly what Lisa had been giving me the last couple of weeks, but it didn't matter. From what I read about the shape I was already in, this was one trip I wouldn't be coming back from. It had gone too far.

All the next day I didn't do anything but sleep and pretend to sleep. I hadn't figured out what I was going to do, but I knew I had to make like I didn't know what was going on while I worked it all out. I'd pretty much accepted the idea that I was really going to die. Hell, there wasn't much I could do about it, anyway. But I sure didn't like the idea of making the trip alone and I knew there had to be something I could do to see that I didn't have to. After lying quietly with my eyes shut all day, I came up with something. You could call it revenge or getting even or whatever, but I just figured it as an ordinary payback. Do unto others and all that.

See, the way I figured it, Buck wanted Lisa, Lisa wanted Buck, and

they both wanted my bike. But neither one wanted me around 'cause they knew I'd never go for any of it. Well, I'd let Lisa continue to slowly poison me with whatever it was in her "medicine." Hell, it couldn't do any more harm; I was good as gone already. At best, I figured I had a day or two left. All I really needed was about half an hour to see that Buck and Lisa would have everything they wanted.

Crawling on my belly was the only form of locomotion I had left and it took all I had in me to make another trip to the basement to get what I needed. But I started as soon as Lisa left and by noon I was lying on the floor of the garage with a small stuff-sack in my hand. As I lay there, gathering my strength for what I had to do, I gazed at the bike that had been born of my own love and sweat — a bronze-and-chrome goddess. Her low, sleek profile reminded me of the jungle cats you see on the tube just before they pounce. I thought about the times we'd had together, me and her. Our favorite Sunday afternoon sport had been blowing zit-faced kids off their rice-burners. That bike was like a baby to me; the only dream I had ever seen come to life. But it was all dying now. My baby could never be happy living without me, and I couldn't live to be with her. Just thinking about it brought tears to my eyes, and I lay there for I don't know how long, just caressing her pipes and crying like a little kid.

So, it was all over but the shouting. And I figured I didn't have long to wait for that.

Buck stopped by that same night

Easyriders



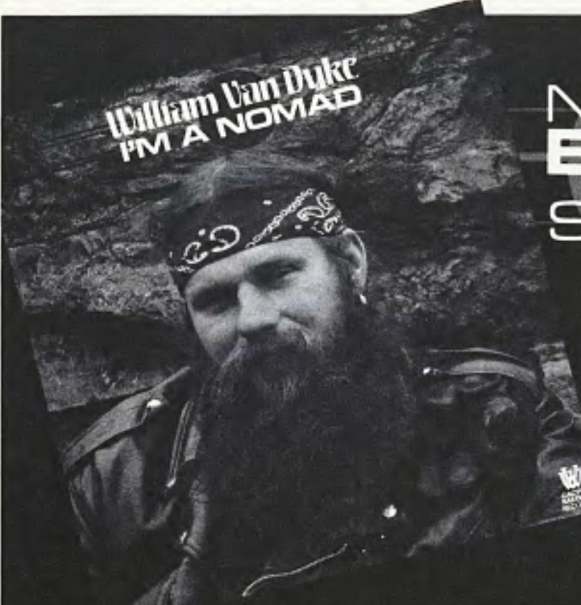
to see how I was getting on. I'm sure he expected to see me on my deathbed, and I didn't disappoint him. The strain of what I'd had to do earlier had damn near put an end to my tortures. So when he leaned down over me and asked me how I was, I gave him an honest answer. "Dying," I said. He and Lisa shot the shit for a while and then he asked me if there was anything I wanted; could he get me something. I thought on that for a second. I hadn't anticipated a chance like that, but why not? Then I could be sure. I'd know. I told him what I'd really like was a sno-cone because I was so hot and worn out with the fever and all. "Just a sno-cone," I whispered.

But Buck wasn't sure. "I rode my bike," he said. "I can't ride and carry a sno-cone, too."

Hell, I had the answer to that one. "Take Lisa with you," I suggested weakly. "She hasn't been out at all lately, except to go to work. Hey, why don't you take my bike? She hasn't been kicked over for so long she might not even remember how. She needs to have somebody ride her and God knows I can't." Still Buck hesitated, but I finally convinced him it was okay; he should take my bike and my woman and go get me a fuckin' sno-cone.

So they left and I turned on the TV. They were on the ten o'clock news — at least, parts of them were. Even being as sick as I was, I'd done it up right. I suppose to anyone else watching the program it didn't look like there was too much to see. But since I knew what to look for, it wasn't too hard to recognize the bits of carnage lying here and there on the road. I saw one of the suede riding boots I'd picked up for Lisa in Texas a year or so back and the leather cap Buck always wore. The only thing I could find that resembled what used to be my bike was a bit of the grain-leather backrest that I had tooled with Lisa's name. I turned off the set, thankful that I didn't really feel anything. No remorse or guilt. Just relief that it was all over. I glanced at the coffee table and noticed the almost empty bottle of medicine. Yeah, I thought, it really is almost over.

Well, it really didn't matter. I'd lasted long enough to see what I had to see — Buck and Lisa had gotten everything they wanted, eternally. So, there was no need for me to hang around any longer. I could tell it would be just a matter of minutes till I'd be gone. I could feel my weary body letting go. With a sigh of relief, I closed my eyes. ■



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The Road Back

Continued from page 42

everything was just as he remembered it. Flooded with warm, pleasant memories, Jake dropped the bike into second and putted along the tree-lined street in a nostalgic euphoria. Shit, he thought, there's Lee Roy's house. He wondered if his old buddy still owned that oil-slinging '51 BSA. Braking, he pulled into the familiar driveway he hadn't seen for so long and — holy shit, there was Lee Roy himself, crouched in the open garage doorway, tinkering with that carb he never could adjust properly.

Christ, Jake thought, it's just like I knew it would be — free of the city jive and full of the same friends I should never have left in the first place. He breathed a sigh of relief and, shutting off the red shovel, felt a peace he hadn't known in years.

Lee Roy looked up, recognized his old high school buddy, and beamed with pleasure. Lee Roy hadn't aged a day. He wiped the grease off his hands with a pink oil rag as he advanced toward Jake, and Jake knew he'd been right. It was good to be home.

* * *

Jake awoke from the dream, squinting against the sunlight pouring through the curtainless window. His left arm, tucked under the girl's shoulders, was asleep. His temples throbbed as he moved his swollen tongue around the parched interior of his mouth and felt the dry cracks on his lips.

For a moment, he couldn't remember where he was or who he was with, so he lay still in a limbo of uncertainty, wanting to ease the numbness in his arm but unwilling to wake his sleeping bedpartner and be forced to deal with her in his present state. The sour, curdled sensation he felt in his stomach reminded him of the fifth of Jack he'd put away the night before, and with that, he remembered. Shit, he thought, I'd forgotten my own going-away party.

The previous night came back with a renewed Technicolor vividness. His bros Tiny and George had decided to send him off in style. Jake had just stuffed the last T-shirt in his duffel bag when they burst into the house, accompanied by three fifths, a lid of righteous weed, and a couple of broads he'd never seen before. Jake had almost forgotten the gals' names, but he recalled they'd dubbed the one

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sleeping next to him "Nasty Nancy" after a particularly energetic bout of fucking and sucking among the five of them. Where the rest of them were now, Jake neither knew nor cared. All he wanted was relief for his tortured arm and to get the hell out of town without having to say any more goodbyes.

He slowly eased his arm from beneath the girl's head. Snoring lightly, she rolled over on her side as Jake worked his arm free, but she didn't wake. Carefully, he eased his stocky frame off the bed and located his pants and shirt. Within minutes he had dressed, pissed, grabbed his already-packed duffel bag, and slipped out the back door, grabbing a half-full pint of tequila from the drainboard as he passed through the small kitchen.

Outside, Jake quickly strapped the bag to his rear fender, checked the contents of his saddlebags, then took a healthy slug from the bottle. The tequila hit the sour emptiness of his stomach like a steel-toed boot to the gut. He fought to keep the liquor down, but his body had other ideas. With a final convulsion of his churning stomach, he leaned aside and threw up a bitter blend of bile and booze. Wiping his mouth and

shivering slightly even though he was sweating, he stood up and sucked in deep breaths of fresh air, waiting for the nausea to pass. When he felt better, Jake tossed the bottle into the bushes, and straining against the weight, pushed the heavy bike into the alley and rolled it to the end of the block to make sure the noise of starting it up wouldn't wake the sleeping revelers back at the house.

The sour taste of vomit in his mouth somehow seemed appropriate, symbolic of how he felt about the city he was leaving. Almost four

years earlier, Jake had left his hometown in Missouri for the golden dream of California. Fed up with the claustrophobic insularity of the small Midwestern community, Jake longed for better times and greener pastures. When a friend called him from Los Angeles and told him of a job wrenching on bikes in a small shop, Jake sold everything he couldn't carry with him and hit the road.

Now, several years and a lifetime's worth of disappointments later, he was turning his back on his adopted city and returning to the Midwest, back where people were real and promises were kept. Back to a special girl he fervently hoped was still waiting for him.

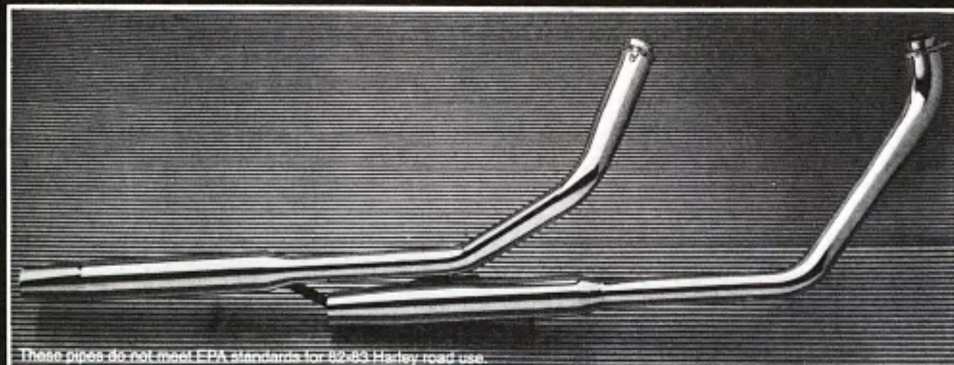
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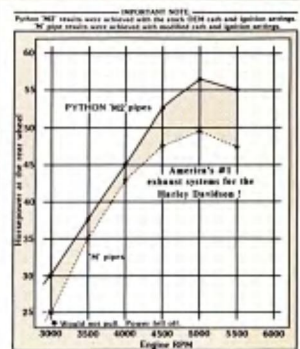
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throttle cracked open and his thoughts blowing free like his unfettered hair, Jake lost himself in recollections of Carol and the life they'd once enjoyed together. Shifting images filled his mind as the shovel rolled eastward — Carol tucked behind him on a summer's afternoon as they putted through the countryside to no place in particular; Carol in a sheer nightgown on a warm moonlit night —

Jake's reverie was shattered by the sudden blasting whine of a siren and alternating red and blue flashes in his rearview mirror. Damn, he thought bitterly, just what I need right now.

The cop exited his squad car and strutted toward Jake with the flap of his holster open, leaving his gun ready for instant use. Jake, a veteran of L.A. hassles, shut off the bike and sat still, staring straight ahead.

"Your license." The voice came from behind and above Jake. Extracting the card from his wallet, Jake handed it toward the voice over his left shoulder. He had no idea what he'd been stopped for, but he knew better than to press the matter.

Without another word, the cop walked away from him. In a moment, random squawks from the patrol car's radio made it clear the cop was running his license through the mill. Continuing to stare directly ahead, Jake heard the grinding footsteps approaching once again.

"Mr. Curtis," the impersonal voice droned, "you were exceeding the posted speed limit as well as violating sections 701 and 704 of the state's anti-noise ordinance. You're under arrest."

The bullshit beef wound up costing him \$150 in fines and court costs, plus another \$50 to get his scooter out of impound. The hassle took a goodly bite out of his traveling cash, but Jake was grateful for the simple fact that he'd had the bucks on him and was able to get back on the road by noon. With any luck at all, he thought, he'd be in Colorado by evening.

Jake remounted his bike and headed out of town in a blue funk that only reinforced the magnetic attraction of his hometown back in Missouri. With a sort of bitter pleasure, he remembered ol' Sheriff Eakins, the one-man police force back home. Eakins used to ride a bike himself back in the '20s, and he made a special point of treating bikers — whether local or not — fairly and with respect. If he'd been home, Jake thought angrily, he would never even have been cited, much less stuck for two hundred

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bucks. Such thoughts only intensified his desire to get home, and he rode on through Utah, stopping only to piss, grab a burger, or fill his gas tank. Crossing into Colorado, his spirits lifted considerably — after this, only Kansas separated him from his home turf.

In his imagination, Jake was home already, sitting with old friends in his favorite bar. There were Pug and Billy slapping him on the back and ordering another round for everybody, and there at the jukebox was Larry, dropping in quarter after quarter and punching up those shit-kickin' cowboy tunes he was so fond of, and behind the bar stood Joplin Jim, polishing glasses and listening to everyone's bullshit with his characteristic, unchanging wry expression. And above all, there was Carol, nestled next to him in the booth, anticipating their night together.

His mind buoyed by hopeful thoughts of home, Jake's mood improved so much that at first he didn't notice the faint vibrations shaking the shovel. He was deep in memories, reliving the sickly sweet taste of his first bourbon and Coke, when it finally dawned on him that something was wrong with the scooter. With a jarring abruptness, he snapped back into the present. His heart sank when he felt the increasing vibrations shuddering beneath his ass and through his arms.

Reacting instinctively, Jake slowed, downshifted, and hoped for the best. But the clutch began to slip badly, and then the bike popped out of gear. He jammed the motorcycle back into second and crept down the road at a snail's pace, hoping he could make it to the next town before all hell broke loose. Going 15mph and slipping in and out of gear, the bike rolled along for a few miles while the vibration grew constantly worse. Finally, barely able to control the shaking machine, Jake pulled to the side of the road and switched off the ignition.

He examined the bike from stem to stern, but his preliminary inspection revealed nothing wrong. A second, closer check caused him to slam his fist against the seat in hopeless frustration. There it was — a long fracture in the frame behind the rear motor mount, displaced at least half an inch and doubtless getting worse. Obviously, he realized, the entire drive train was slipping out of alignment because of the break — it was anybody's guess whether he could make it to the next town, which his out-of-date map indicated was about fifteen

miles down the road.

Glumly, Jake kicked over the bike and put it in gear, letting out the clutch gingerly and hoping everything would hold together until he made it to town. The clutch continued to slip and the bike kept popping out of gear, but Jake nursed it along. Sweating profusely under the warm June sun, he had the leisure, because of the speed he was forced to maintain, to study every crack and bump in the asphalt, all the while wondering whether this stretch of road would be as far as he'd get before the scooter lunched itself. After what seemed an eternity, Jake was relieved to see a sign ahead announcing "Medford 1 mile."

The main drag was a predictable stretch of small-town cafes and gas stations. The burg's one welding shop was a run-down dump at the far edge of town. Jake pulled the bike up directly in front of the shop door and waited for someone to notice him. A couple of minutes later he gave up and entered the work area, locating Bud (identified by the smudged name tag sewn above his left shirt pocket) hunched over an ancient drill press, cursing the machine and its ancestors. When he finally noticed Jake, Bud shut off the drill and glowered at the stranger, evidently pissed at the interruption.

"Yeah?" he said, eyeing Jake's beard and road-soiled Levi's with undisguised disgust.

Four hours later, Jake watched the moon rise through the shop's fly-specked window as he grimly counted out \$150 onto the grimy counter. Bud had been an asshole all the way, not wanting to do the work in the first place and stalling at every opportunity. The job had been a major pain, necessitating — among other things — loosening the motor from its mounts, lining up the seat post, inserting a sleeve



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where the tubing had cracked, and welding the whole assembly. Jake was mentally prepared to pay up to 75 bucks or so, but the \$150 bite seemed like highway robbery, especially since Jake had done most of the work himself. Still, Bud had him by the balls, and protest was futile. He counted his remaining funds, ruefully noting that his cushion was gone and that one more major expense would leave him flat.

The bike seemed to be all right, but Jake's anger was undiminished. As he rode out of town, his thoughts were flooded with ingenious, but slow, methods of snuffing Bud. He imagined holding the asshole's head under the drill press, gleefully watching the bit pierce the thin flesh of the temple, then biting into the skull, throwing out spirals of bone like soft metal before the hole spewed forth gooey wads of human brain tissue.

Gruesome but altogether satisfying fantasies kept him occupied into the next day as he rode through Kansas. Over the miles, Bud had suffered a series of imagined painful deaths that left Jake purged of his anger and feeling much better. Turning his attention back to matters at hand, he took

stock of the darkening sky and began to search for a likely over-night campsite.

A few miles farther on, he was pleased to see a large tree spreading out over a clearing about 25 feet from the road. Feeling thoroughly exhausted, beginning to wonder if he'd ever make it home, Jake slowed the bike and gratefully pulled up beneath the protection of the overhanging limbs. Wary to the bone, he dismounted and spread his bedroll on the ground. Longing for the sanctuary of dreamless sleep, he downed a pint of tequila, chased by a cold sixer. Then he dropped into a heavy, numb, motionless sleep.

Just how soundly he had slept became painfully apparent the next morning. Jake arose to find his duffel bag gone and his saddlebags emptied of everything except a few tools and maps. After the miserable luck he'd already experienced, he surveyed the situation almost calmly, feeling little anger. It was almost as if his anger had evaporated somewhere on the road, leaving behind only the bitter conviction that this trip was snakebit and that his salvation lay in getting home to Missouri and his old friends as soon as possible.

Back on the highway, Jake calculated the remaining miles, and with a sort of painful enjoyment, entertained himself with alternating thoughts of the miserable trip behind him and fantasies of the friendship and security that lay ahead. First he'd go see Lee Roy and they'd have a few beers while Jake worked out the road kinks. He was certain Lee Roy would put him up till he found a place of his own, and he knew his scooter would be safe in his buddy's garage. Then he'd clean up, borrow some fresh clothes from his friend, and set out to find Carol.

Man, would she be surprised. Once he found her, he envisioned a prolonged session of love-making. Then they'd set out to hit some of his old haunts, the bars and shops he remembered so fondly. Jake was so lost in his reverie that he nearly failed to notice when he crossed into Missouri. Only 50 miles to go! It was a beautiful Saturday, a perfect day for a homecoming.

Rolling into town, Jake felt his heart pounding with excitement. He'd traced this territory a thousand times in his mind, and now that he was actually here, his senses

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drank in every detail. With a warm satisfaction, he observed that the outskirts of his homeland looked pretty much as he remembered — a little more built up, perhaps, but essentially the same. Up ahead were the familiar railroad tracks and just around the curve was —

Jake was completely unprepared for the ruins of the County Line Feed & Grain. Gearing down, he rode by slowly, observing with disbelief the broken, dust-coated windows and the dilapidated roof. The store's sign, which he recalled in all its garish splendor, was a shattered, faded, pitiful wreck.

An even greater shock awaited him just down the street. The VFW hall, long the focus of the town's social life, had been leveled and replaced by an ugly, squat, brick building with a tawdry sign simply stating "Arcade." Through the front window he could see rows of zombie-like adolescents stooped over the cathode glow of video games. A few fellow zombies, their quarters apparently having run out, slouched near the entrance. As he rode past, they eyed Jake with indifferent hostility.

Shaken and apprehensively clinging to his memories of good friends and that special girl, Jake turned onto Maple. A few blocks later he pulled into the driveway adjacent to Lee Roy's house. A late-model station wagon was visible through the open doors of the garage, and as Jake rang the doorbell he idly wondered where Lee Roy kept his bike and the customized pickup he was always so proud of.

Abruptly, the door was flung open and Jake found himself confronted by a dumpy young woman wearing

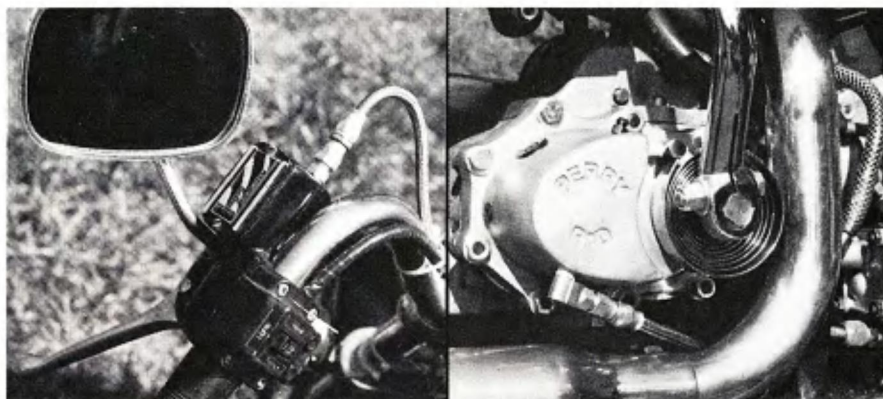
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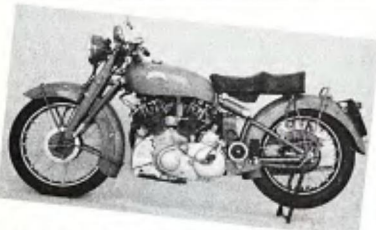
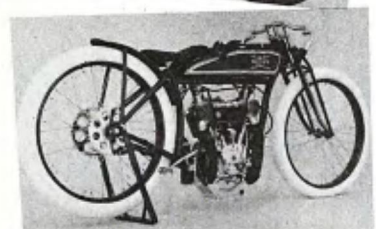
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a rumpled terrycloth housecoat. A cigarette dangled from her mouth and she squinted one eye against the smoke drifting into it. Except for the squint, her pasty face was expressionless.

"Yeah?" she said, regarding Jake with obvious suspicion while taking note of his motorcycle parked in the driveway.

"Uh," Jake hesitated, momentarily caught off guard. "I'm looking for Lee Roy Hartford. My name's Jake Curtis. I'm an old friend of his."

For what seemed a full minute, the woman said nothing, but merely glared at him as if he'd just committed a very anti-social act on her doorstep. In the living room behind her, a child of about three years sat glued to a blaring television set, transfixed by its grainy images. A few feet away, a grubby infant crawled across the filthy carpet.

"One of his old biker buddies, huh?" the woman finally said, her voice filled with contempt. "Well, Lee Roy ain't here. He's probably over at the Spinout, guzzling with his worthless friends."

Jake mumbled thanks and quickly returned to his bike. As he switched on the ignition, the woman shouted at him from the still-open door. "If you find the shiftless prick," she screamed, "tell him to get his fat ass home in a hurry!"

Sitting on a stool next to his old friend Lee Roy, Jake reflected that at least the Spinout hadn't changed much — same biker clientele, though none of the faces were familiar, same battered chairs, same ratty pool table, same cold beer. His old buddy, however, was a changed man.

Lee Roy's chin had nearly dropped

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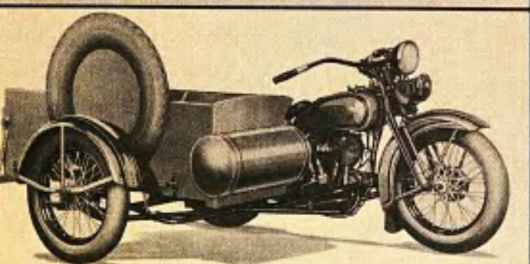
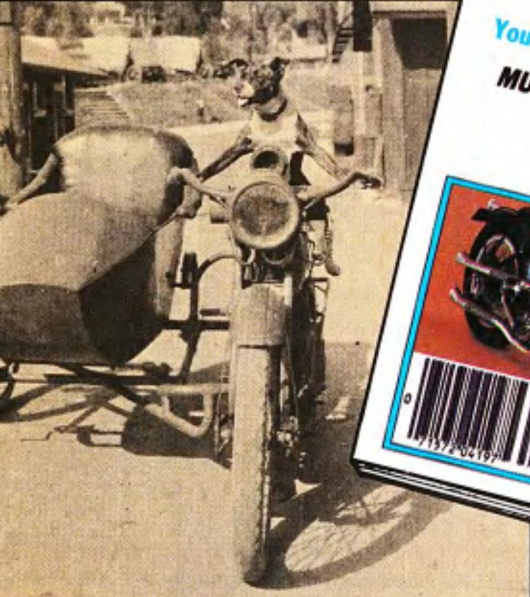


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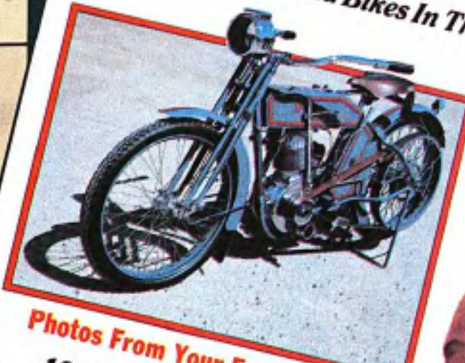
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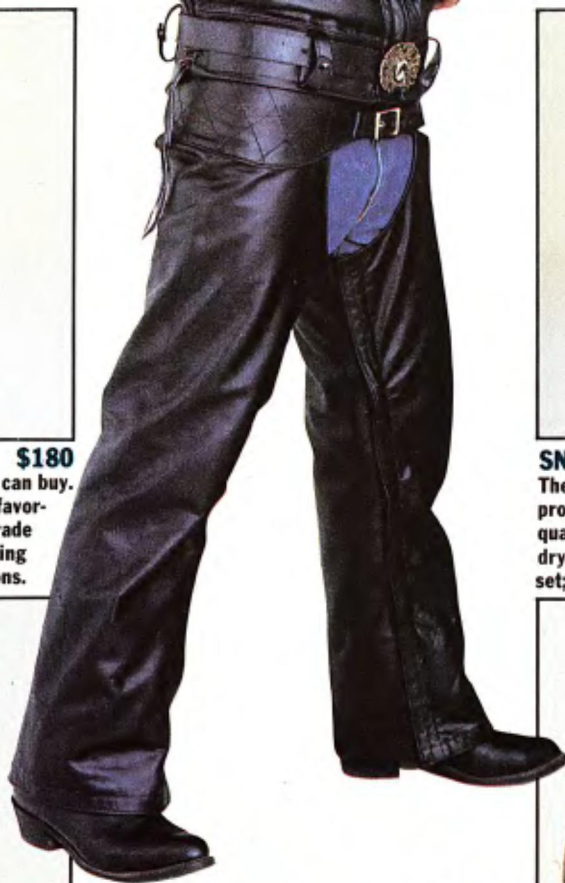
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to the floor when Jake walked in and now, two hours and many beers later, he was trying to explain the changes in his life to a friend he had never expected to see again. "Yeah," Lee Roy said, running a nervous hand through thinning hair, "I got married not long after you split for the coast. Seemed right at the time. Jenny's a good enough ol' lady. I suppose, but things have been pretty rough for us. I had to sell the pickup when the first kid came along 'cause Jenny said it wasn't practical transportation for a family. And what with one thing and another, I wasn't able to ride much, so when we had our second kid I sold the bike. Jenny said I was gettin' too old for that stuff anyway, an'..."

Lee Roy's voice trailed off and he stared morosely into his beer. Jake felt disappointed and sorry, both for himself and this friend he hardly seemed to know anymore. Hoping to rescue them from their doldrums, he attempted to change the subject.

"Say, where's Larry and Pug? I would've expected to see them here on a Saturday night."

Lee Roy sighed and continued to stare at the bubbles in his glass, as if the answer was written in the beer foam. After an awkward pause, he cleared his throat. "Larry was shot and killed by a cop at a bar in Overton about a year ago. Pug went off to New York and got himself stabbed the first day he was there."

Now it was Jake's turn to stare into his beer. But Lee Roy's tongue had been loosened and the bad news poured out of him like oil from a broken crankcase. "Shit, there's nobody left, man," he said in a monotone. "The ol' club broke up two years ago after Jim and Bob went to the joint on a coke bust. Billy went to work for his dad an' now he's a hotshot banker an' won't give ya the



Pat Frank

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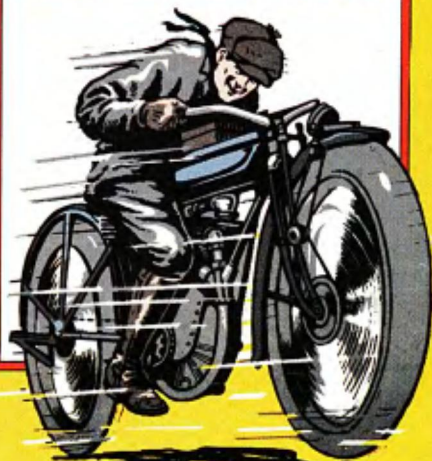
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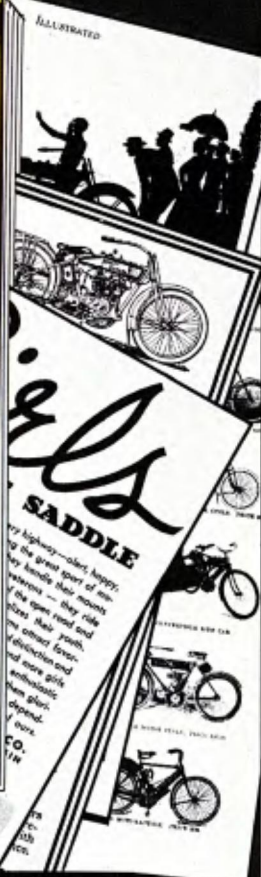
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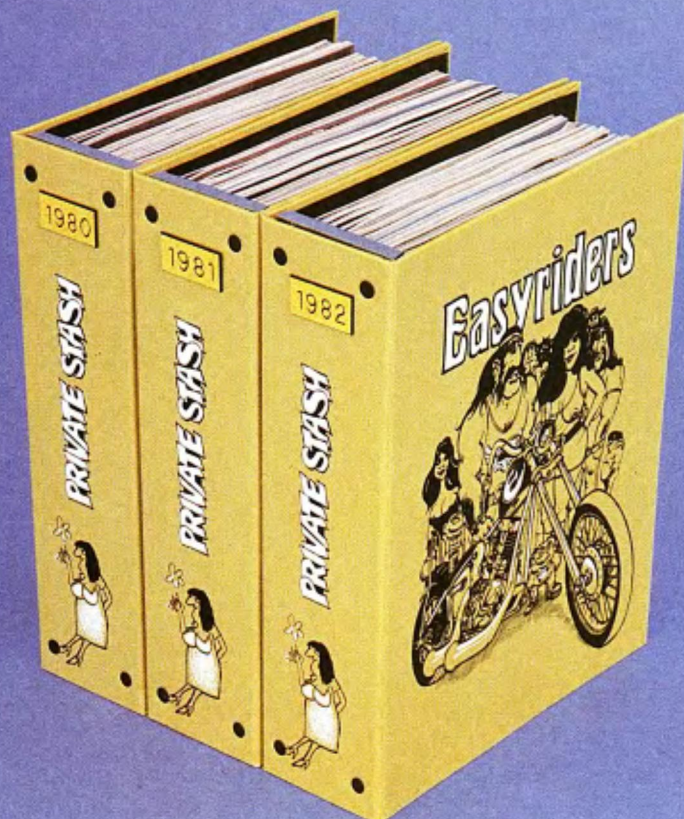
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time of day. Red got nailed by a cage not too long ago, an' . . ."

Lee Roy droned on with the dismal litany of lost friends and shattered hopes, but Jake was no longer listening. Instead, he tuned out and, without really realizing it, began to think of Tiny and George and their rowdy good times. He couldn't help but contrast his present depression with the fun of his going-away party.

Lee Roy finally fell silent and Jake summoned his courage to ask the question that had been foremost on his mind from the day he left California. "And what about Carol?" he asked, his voice only a hoarse whisper. "What's she doing?"

Lee Roy squirmed in his chair and nervously fidgeted with his empty glass. "Look, man," he said, "I'd like to stay and bullshit more, but I gotta get home to the ol' lady."

Jake held his friend by the arm. "Tell me about Carol."

"Well," Lee Roy said, avoiding Jake's intent gaze, "I can't exactly say. After you left she started hanging around with some dude over in Belton, a junkie. She got strung out, too, and hardly ever came back here after that. Last time I saw her was over a year ago and she looked like hell. Said she was movin' to Florida."

Jake's shoulders slumped and he felt a cold, sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. It now seemed as if he was seeing Missouri, his old friends, and his memories of Carol through the wrong end of a telescope. They seemed far away, diminished to miniatures of his original bigger-than-life recollections. At the same time, something in him was changing, and an odd kind of relief took shape in his mind, a relief mingled with a growing conviction about what he now intended to do.

A few minutes later, when Lee Roy excused himself to take a leak, Jake had resolved his few remaining doubts. Swallowing the last of his beer, he walked to the pay phone. A handful of change and a minute or two later, he heard the L.A. operator, followed by Tiny's sleepy voice.

"Hello?"

"Tiny, you big turd, it's me, Jake."

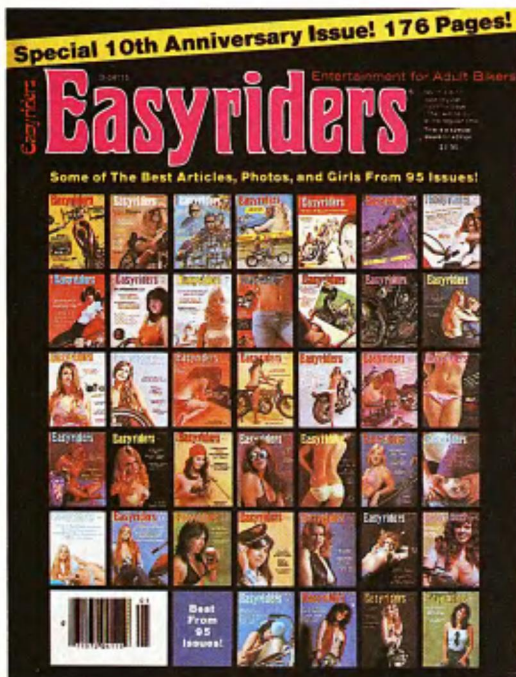
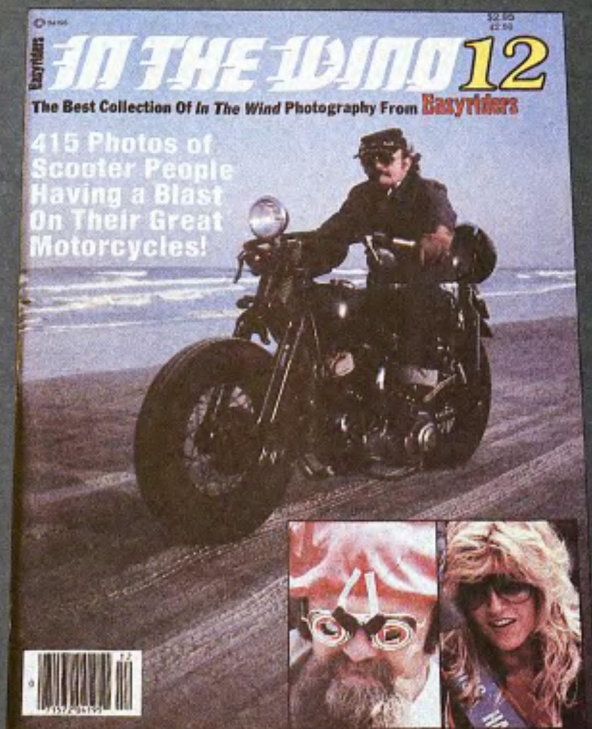
"Jake, you shithead, how the hell are you, man? We hadn't heard from you and everybody was gettin' worried. Everybody's been askin' about ya. How the hell are you?"

Oddly, this disembodied voice from so far away brought Jake the first real experience of the warmth and belonging he'd traveled so many miles to find.

"Look," he said, "it's a long story, but you'll hear it soon. Ice down the beer, brother — I'm comin' home." ■

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Gross-Out Games

Continued from page 39

"I'll lay my new sled 'gainst your old shovelhead.
And I'll throw in my saddlebags too,
That no matter the cost, you've
already lost,
'Cause I can be grosser than you."

He reached toward his hip, out
came the pink slip,
Which he tossed down right on the
table.
"You've heard the deal — are you in
this for real?
Call me out — if you think that
you're able."

With the hint of a smirk, Jack said,
"You're a jerk,
But let's just let the crowd say.
We'll let them decide who'll lose his
ride
By bein' less gross today."

Fred said, "Okay, let's get under
way."
And he snatched a cockroach from
the wall.
The bug was wrigglin' and Fred was
gigglin'.
When he said, lookin' round at us
all:

"I'm all outta pot — smoked all that
I've got,
But I have this one roach left.
So hand me that pipe and gimme a
light —
This stunt oughta win me that bet.

Into the pipe's bowl the roach went
whole
And Fred fired up his Bic.
The bug sizzled and fried and my
girlfriend 'bout died,
And even I felt just a mite sick.

Fred held in the smoke like it was
primo toke,
Though it smelled like the devil's
own butt.
That damn burnin' critter stunk
worse than a shitter,
And I felt a big quake in my gut.

Fred was havin' his fun 'cause he
thought he'd won,
And he ordered another beer.
"Can you top that?" he asked,
leaning back.
"Or do you wanna give up right
here?"

"You think that'll win?" asked Jack
with a grin,
And with that he slugged down his
drink.
"In the alley outside there's a rat's
who's died,
And he's just beginnin' to stink."

A prospect was there, so Jack kicked
the dude's chair
And said, so that all could hear:
"Go pick up the rat that's caught in
that trap,
And I'll eat that sucker right here."

Was Jack out of his head, did he
mean what he said?
Well, some guys made bets on the
spot.
Jack must be delirious; he couldn't
be serious
'Bout that rat that was startin' to
rot.

The prospect came in with a shit-
eatin' grin
And holdin' the rat by the tail;
The beast was stone dead, all
mashed in the head,
And Jack's ol' lady turned pale.

"Oh, no," she said, with a shake of
her head,
A-quiverin' right to her tits.
"Or I'll tell you this, you've had your
last kiss
If you put that thing to your lips."

Jack's fist shot out and it caught
her mouth
And she crashed down hard to the
floor.

"You no-class cunt," he said with a
grunt,
"Start hoofin' — head for the door."

Jack was that kinda guy — he'd
look in yer eye
And you'd know not to give him no
shit,
'Cause his face would get red and
he'd hand you your head
If you dared to give him some lip.

His ol' lady 'bout shit, but she knew
when to split,
So Jack turned back to his task.
Would he actually eat that rotten rat
meat?
We wondered, but didn't ask.

Jack pulled out his Buck and that
rat he stuck,



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And carved off a hunk of the head.
With a bit of a frown he scarfed the
chunk down
And glared at his rival, Fred.

"So whattaya think, ya half-ass
dink,
Can you do somethin' grosser than
this?"
Then he sliced off the snout, popped
it into his mouth.
And Fred turned the color of piss.

Fred tried to reply, but a look in his
eye
Told me he just couldn't speak;
From the corner of his mouth some
ooze ran out,
Like a dam just startin' to leak.

Fred stood up real quick and he
looked mighty sick.
Like a volcano ready to spew;
He'd been grossed out, there could
be no doubt,
And toward the john he flew.

He was halfway there when he
gasped for air.
Then blew lunch all over the place.
I was feelin' uneasy and gettin' real
queasy,
And I threw up in Fat Bill's face.

Well, that's all it took, 'cause the
crowd was real shook,
And no one was feelin' too great;
Our innards were churnin', our
stomachs were turnin'
From watchin' the stuff that Jack
ate.

Billy Bob went first — his guts just
burst.
Sprayin' puke all down Rocky's
back;
And the sight of the mess was too
much, I guess,
'Cause we all joined in after that.

Little Tom threw up and George
upchucked.
And a bunch of the girls as well.
There was puke on the chairs, on

the floor, and the stairs,
And the whole joint smelled like hell.

Big Al, who kept bar, said, "This has
gone too far,"
And started to head for Jack;
But the barf was so thick his feet
lost their grip,
And he slipped and fell on his back.

I went for the door, but I too hit the
floor,
'Cause the place was awash in
slime;
The bar was a mass of dudes flat on
their ass,
Throwin' up in the filth and the
grime.

Through the puke and the drool I
crawled to a stool
And looked through the chaos at
Jack.
He said not a word, just flipped Fred
the bird,
While gnawin' the leg of that rat.

Jack took the pink slip and wiped
off the spit
Before stuffin' it into his shirt.
Fred was plumb beat and out on his
feet,
'Cause more than his pride was
hurt.

The room was still with a deathly
chill
And I was 'bout ready to freak.
I just had to quiver when Jack swal-
lowed the liver
Before he began to speak.

Wiping his mouth on his sleeve, he
stood up to leave.
As he let out a foul-smellin' burp.
"Pretty tasty rat," he said after that,
"but right now I want some dessert.

"Guess I'll find a smushed dog or a
squashed-up frog,
Or a hunk of a dead cat's bone.
But I'll be back with my truck, you
dumbass fuck.
To haul my new scooter home!" ■



Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

messages contained in that masterpiece should not be locked up in that one issue. I think you would be doing all of your loyal readers a big favor by reprinting the article occasionally, just to remind us how unique our biker way of life is, lest we become complacent.

One Hung Lo
Reno, Nev.

A Rip-Off

☐ I know times are hard and I don't want to take anything from anyone, but in the June '83 issue, the story "Penned Over End" was in the March '83 issue of *Biker Lifestyle* under a different name. If you're running out of stories, how about more bike features?

Mark
Okeechobee, Fla.

■ Someone's ripped off either us or the other mag — we're checkin' it out.

A Twenty-One?

☐ Well, what the fuck is going on here? Did you guys just invent some new type of handgun? We read your story "The Devil's Plantation" (July '83), and you guys fucked up once again. We want to know what the hell a twenty-one is. A sentence in the story read, "He had a twenty-one aimed at my head." I've had many a handgun but never one of those. If you can get me one of those fuckers, mail it to me so my handgun collection will be complete.

Skelter and K.D.
Bordentown, (N.J.) Slammer

■ It wasn't a new type of handgun, it was an old-style tire.

Where's The Movie?

☐ I've got just one question that I'm sure a whole shitload of bros would also like to know the answer to. Have there been any reports about the release of the flick "Angels Forever, Forever Angels"?

Babe
Cleveland, Ohio

■ No word yet.

Loud Pipes

☐ I just finished reading your article in the July '83

mag about the problem in Appleton, Wisconsin.

I have been meaning to write you about a little problem I had there about a year ago. You guessed it, my bike was supposedly too loud for Appleton's standard and last August a rookie undercover cop got my ass.

The thing you didn't mention is that when they test your bike, they make you rev your scooter to 3000rpms. Tell me the last time you've been cruising around town at 25mph and pulling three grand on the tach! Come on! And sure, the rookie cop had his sound meter 20 inches away from my pipe (my front pipe), which made it about two inches from my back pipe. Makes you wonder why my Sporty flunked with a reading of 104 decibels.

Along with the new sound meters, the cops will hound your ass for numerous other things, too. My uncle has a factory original '72 Sporty, and he got it because the cops said his stock taillight wasn't bright enough. What the fuck do they want? A damned spotlight?

Now don't get me wrong. Appleton is a great town — lots of great watering holes and lots of righteous bikes and bros. But if you're passing through town, be careful of the cops.

Coper
Anderson, Mo.

■ Supposedly, the noise problem has been resolved. See "Easynews" this issue.

Van Dyke

☐ I sent for Van Dyke's "I'm A Nomad." Man, that fucker's the greatest. It's hard to find really good biker music. Thanks for turnin' me on.

Roger Rotton
Mingo, Ohio

Give Head Or Face

☐ In your reply to "Is It True?" (June '83), I thought I'd write and tell ya that back here in Indiana, the guys give face to chicks and the chicks give head to the dudes! Just how the fuck does a chick give face to a dude?

Mark Hobbs
Summitville, Ind.

■ I don't care what a chick calls it — just as long as she does it.

On Makin' Bucks

☐ Did you hear about the

dude who said he had a new way to detect breast cancer over the telephone? He advertised it and some girl went for it. She called him and he had her put the phone to her tits. He said there was a possibility of cancer and that he would need to make a personal examination. When she arrived, he put his head on her chest and hummed. The guy got caught when the girl got hip to it, and he was charged with some kinda fraud. Gives ya some ideas, eh?

Al Horn
Nazareth, Pa.

Call Harley A Honda?

☐ Calling an American pit bull terrier a Staffordshire terrier is the same as calling a Harley a Honda. Now, you wouldn't do that, would you? Just keep the facts straight, Doc.

Jan E. Shelton
Escondido, Calif.

Lookin' In Wrong Spot

☐ To a bro and friend I've been lookin' for for three years now: I was readin' the *Biker Lifestyle* mag when, lo and behold, there they were — Festas and Rose — and believe me, I flashed. So if you're reading this, bro, please drop a line.

Robert Inman
Steilacoom, Wash.

■ You've got the wrong mag, Robert.

A Man Of Few Words

☐ Just wrote to say that I ain't got anything to say.

CrayZee Ken
Clayton, Del.

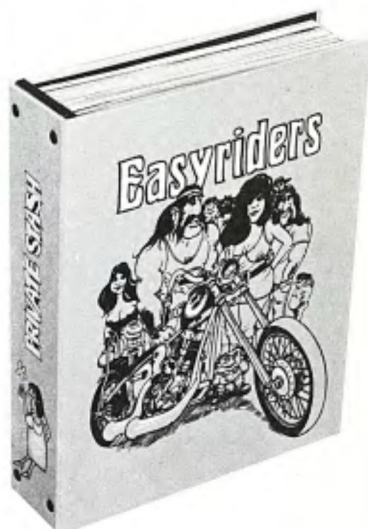
Kickstart Leg

☐ After reading "Kickstart Leg" in the November '82 issue ("Wordmonger"), I'd just like to say, "Right on, Jake."

As the proud owner of a kick-start-only sled, I can testify to everything from small scratches to large bruises and numerous other injuries to my right leg (not to mention nearly passing out on hot July days, half drunk, kicking the bitch about fifty times before turning the key on).

But when she's finely tuned and starts on the first kick nearly every time, the bros with the electrics just stare and drool a while.

There may be drawbacks to kickers, but I've found that



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the more effort I put in my bike, the more satisfaction she gives me. Just like a good fuck — but more serious.
J.M. (The Loner)
Springfield, Tenn.

Bike Woman

☐ I'm a widow and know a lot about bikes, as my late husband and I rode with a club from '69 until '73. I really miss the good times we all had and would like to talk with others and help work on bikes, like I used to with my late husband.

Believe me, a lady in her thirties is really not "over the hill" like a lot of bikers seem to think.

I know you guys get tons of mail every month, but I sure would like a reply.

Suzy Lee
Pleasant Unity, Pa.

☐ Women in their thirties are in their prime and at their best.

Mind Fuck

☐ Last night I was sitting here smokin' some of this mean Florida green and readin' your new issue. This flick was on CBS called "Hear No Evil." Anyway, the ol' lady says there are some bikers on TV. So I get up and look — this club called the "Bay Riders" and some CHP guys were havin' a charity car wash. I figured these TV people finally tightened up — wrong! Within an hour these "bikers" stole a car, had a snitch shot by some East Coast Mafia-types, put out a contract on a cop, and offered this broad and her two rugrats for talkin' to the heat. And, just for a little income, they run a massage parlor and PCP lab.

Well, all I gotta say is all you TV people can get fucked. I've got a stereo, a big ol' fuckin' stash of **Easyriders**, and a pound of mind-fuck.

The Kid
Ft. Pierce, Fla.

Tech Tip

☐ As a typical Harley enthusiast, I am altogether too familiar with the never-ending problem of nuts and bolts vibrating loose. I am an aircraft mechanic in the Air Force and am familiar with safety wire. They make us safety wire bolts and nuts where you gotta be a fuckin' contortionist to get to. But enough of that shit. The point is that now when a bolt comes loose on my Sporty, it

only does it once because I drill that bastard and wire it. Sure, everyone asks you what the hell is that wire on that nut for, but it fuckin' works — no repeats.

The Flash
Castle AFB, Calif.

New Zealand Complaint

☐ Reading **Easyriders** is a great thing for us; but you never include New Zealand. We have a lot of bikers and would like to have something to say in your mag.

Andy Robertson
Auckland, New Zealand

☐ Say it, send it — whatever — if it's good, we'll put it in the mag.

Disc Jockey Speaks

☐ I'm a disc jockey at a country radio station. Maybe you can provide me with an answer to my question, or at least give me the chance to ask other bros. Are there any road-hoggin', dog-kickin', mother-slappin', grass-smokin' brothers out there who get off on country music, or am I just spinnin' my wheels? It would sure make my day go by a lot easier if I knew there were bros out there who appreciated what I was doing. How about it, bros? If you dig country music, drop me a line here at **Easyriders**.

Wolfman Jeff
Murray, Ky.

Court System

☐ I'm so pissed off, I'm really mad and I'm gonna tell you why.

My ol' man, Angel, and I were puttin' home one rainin' night and shit, the scooter wasn't even in second gear when this drunken fuck in a cage comes tearin' around the corner and hits us head-on at 60mph.

Needless to say, I was thrown from the bike while Angel stayed with it, and died with it too.

After months in the hospital and off my feet, I'm starting to think of revenge, right? Wrong.

Everyone's tellin' me how severe the courts are with drunk drivers, drivin' on the suspended list, etc., etc. So I waited until this 19-year-old preppie went before the grand jury; and shit, I almost died myself when the bastard walked away without even a slap on his scummy wrists.

You see, because he was drunk, this death wasn't premeditated or intentional — and why send an innocent guy to jail for something he didn't mean to do? Fuck that, and fuck this court system.

Now I'm left with a twisted-up scooter and memories of a gentle man who didn't want to do nothin' but party with his bros, ride his putt, and love his ol' lady.

Maureen
Union, N.J.

Easyriders



Barry

Brotherhood

On the way to Texas this summer we ran into a little trouble. Forty miles from the Texas border our Sportster chopper broke down. My boyfriend and I looked at each other and just said shit!

Not more than five minutes later, two guys in a van stopped to see what the fuck we were doing. They were both bikers on their way to Texas. So we all picked up that heavy Harley and put it in the back of the van. They took us to their place in Dallas and let us use their phone, bought us dinner, and let us crash at their place until friends came and got us.

I've heard how bikers help other bikers (a true brotherhood). Now I know that for a fact! Anyway, thanks to the guys in Dallas. Bikers in Texas are fuckin' fantastic!
Govenor & Theresa Kearney, Neb.

Join ABATE

I recently became involved in ABATE. At the Long Island Freedom Rally in August, Senator Johnson came all the way from Albany to tell us of his plans and ideas to repeal the helmet law. Only eighty or so bikers showed up to hear him. At the yearly Freedom Rally in Albany, only three thousand bikers showed. There are over 100,000 registered motorcycles in the state. I constantly hear the bikers bitching about wearing lids; but when it comes to showing force at a rally, you guys are all too busy or something. So get off yer asses and join ABATE or your lids will become permanent fixtures.

Dave Kohn
ABATE of Long Island
Box 113
Brentwood, N.Y. 11717

Some Advice

There are times when the world seems to want to grab you by the balls and squeeze the shit right out of you. But don't give up, because the world is not made up of givers. It's made up of takers, so take what you can and fuck off.

Big D.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

What's Wrong?

What is it with the cocks in Connecticut? I haven't copped a good lay around here in years. As far as givin' face goes, these dipshits got virgin tongues. It's not as if

I'm an old, ugly broad. I'm only twenty.

What the fuck can I do to get the tongues lickin' and the dicks stickin'?

Buzzy
Waterbury, Conn.

■ You mean you don't know?

Better Than Expected

When I first started buying your rag, the only reason was to check out the fantastic scoots. One day I was huntin' for something to read and picked up an *Easyriders*. I couldn't believe how great those stories are. Now my favorite pastime (besides sex and bikin') is readin' your rag. Thanks.

Devil Woman
New Bethlehem, Pa.

Commercial

I was just waiting for the party to start, reading the November '82 issue of your rag, sipping suds, and watching a Jimi Hendrix concert on the tube when, instead of the usual crotch-rag commercial, they filled the spot with your "Watch Out For Bikers" commercial. Shit, man, when a night starts out this good, the rest of it's got to be fan-fuckin'-tastic.

Rusty H.
Casper, Wyo.

David Allan Coe

Why don't ya get that Austin Animal to do a review on David Allan Coe's third album, "The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy"? If he doesn't, he ain't got no balls.

Ralph Heasley
Falls Creek, Pa.

■ Who said he had balls?

Wants A Bullwhip

My honey wants a nice bullwhip, and I'd like to surprise him, but haven't seen any ads in your magazine. Do you guys know of anyone who sells them (besides S&M shops)?

Donna L. Evans
Santa Rosa, Calif.

■ Maybe our readers do, but look out — he might surprise you.

Quite Educated

There's a place right down in a far corner of your atlas. It's called Western Australia. And believe it or not, it's populated with bikers, and it's a bit of a piss-off when the rest of the world thinks that the only things that use the roads

are kangaroos, emus, and horses. Actually, we're quite an educated bunch (on Harleys, of course). We'd just like a bit of recognition.

Your rag is well-recognized over here, even though it's banned from public display.

Rench
Perth, Western Australia

That's Right!

I'd just like to say that the cage drivers are supposed to wear seatbelts, but half of them don't.

So it's only fair for a biker to decide if he is willing to take the chance and not wear a helmet.

Faith
Calgary, Alberta

■ That's exactly what one of our at-cost TV spots says.

Thanks

You fuckers helped my time go by a little easier with yer rag. There ain't much to look forward to in the Georgia chain gangs, and yer mag has helped a lot of bros with nothin' else to look forward to every month.

Thanks, bros.
Zero
Copperhill, Tenn.

Jockey Shifts

I've been readin' your rag for a few years now and I've got only one bitch. Just about every time you feature a bike with a jockey shift, you hardly show the stick. I personally like jockey-shift scoots, and I'm sure a lot of bros agree.

Gypsy
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

■ We do here at this firetrap.

Harley's Disease

If you look on page 681 of *Dorland's Illustrated Medical Dictionary*, you'll see something called "Harley's Disease." It's described as intermittent hemoglobinuria — that's blood in yer piss. Must get it from riding a hardtail.

Speedy
Ft. Hood, Tex.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

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"BIKER"

Soapbox

Continued from page 11

ers behind them pull out to pass only to nearly get creamed by oncoming traffic.

What about them people? What kind of kick can they be getting from moving through life in slow-motion? How the hell did they get a driver's license without knowing the difference between the brake pedal and the gas pedal? Are their lives so empty that they really don't care when or if they get where they're going?

I've made a study of these rolling roadblocks and have come to one major conclusion: The great majority of these turgid traffic jammers cannot see where they're going! They either have some problem with their eyes, or their windows are completely obscured by mist or dirt, or they're so engrossed in conversation that they've turned away from the wheel to eyeball their passenger.

It's a serious problem. In many states you can get a driver's license simply by being able to tell the difference between a red light and a green light — there is no eye test for peripheral vision or for depth perception, even though depth perception — the ability to tell when you're about to ram someone, or vice versa — is crucial to driving. Other states have no requirement for periodic eye tests after a license is issued — virtually blind cagers in their 80s are still legal drivers because the only requirement for renewing a drivers license is mailing in the fee.

The results can be tragic. Not too long ago, three chicks in Florida were run down and killed by an old geezer who told the cops he thought he'd just nicked a couple of garbage cans left by the side of the road. Investigation revealed that the man was legally blind. He'd been driving, for years, with his ol' lady riding shotgun as his "eyes," telling him when to stop and when to turn. The day he ran the chicks down he'd had to take his wife to the hospital. Apparently it never occurred to him that driving without his "eyes" might not be the world's greatest idea.

The moral of all this, if there is one, is that the cager who winds up standing over a busted bike and biker sayin', "But, Officer, I didn't see the biker," might not really have seen much of anything at all. In other words, watch out for the rolling roadblocks — they're damn sure not watching out for you.

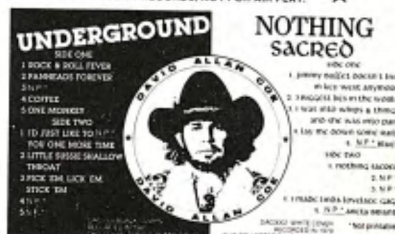
— Trampo

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Vet Voice

Continued from page 37

With two of us finally sitting aboard, shaking our heads and sweating, and two of us feverishly trying to drag aboard the other two — who were swinging in the breeze outside the helicopter — the pilot gunned the machine and we all said a not-so-fond, but slightly comedic, farewell to that part of the beautiful Vietnam countryside and all our cheering fans on the ground.

A few weeks later, I said screw it, and went back to the regular infantry.

No matter what you may think of the above story, it's one of my own true experiences in the Vietnam War. I've had the guts to tell it — maybe I should really say admit it — and, if *Easyriders* puts it in our column, it'll be the first time it's ever been in print.

But why did I tell it? For a number of reasons. One, in this column I'd like to share some of my experiences with you, my brothers. And I'd like you to send in your tales to share with the rest of us. Maybe each month we can begin the column in this way, with some sharing.

And there's another reason — all those books out there on 'Nam. I'm leading up to a point: With *Charlie Company*, *Nam*, *Everything We Had*, *365 Days*, and *Wounded Men*, *Broken Promises* on the nonfiction, tell-it-like-it-was side, and *The 13th Valley*, *Friendly Fire*, and *Better Times Than These*, representing the reportage and fiction categories, it looks a helluva lot of stories like ours are being told now, doesn't it?

What's that, you say? It's about damn time, too? I agree. I agree. And there's a helluva lot more to tell. After all, how many "Charlie Companies" are they going to write books about? They're still a few million stories short.

But my main question is, simply, who's reading all these books? While we're sitting around believing that this country of ours is just chock-full of people curling up every night with a book on 'Nam to learn what we went through and are still going through, the fact of the matter might just be that 85 to 90 percent of those reading the books are Vietnam vets.

In other words, gentlemen, I think that, mostly, we're just telling each other our war stories and problems. How avid a reader is the average American? And when he does finally pick up something to read, what're

the odds it's going to be one of "our" books? How many housewives do you think turn off the soap operas and pick up *Nam*? Do you really believe a doctor or lawyer, after many hours and patients/clients a day, is chomping at the bit to get home and read *Everything We Had*? And what about good ol' Joe the Mechanic? Odds are, at 6 o'clock he's heading straight for Armpit Pete's Bar & Grill.

I think most people more or less stumble on "our" stories. And I don't want my brothers to be in for a whopper of a disillusionment because they thought everyone was hungrily digesting our long untold story. Maybe I'm wrong. What do you think? You're a 'Nam vet — is your ol' lady reading *The 13th Valley*? Did your brother call you recently to discuss *Charlie Company*?

Come to think of it, which ones have you read?

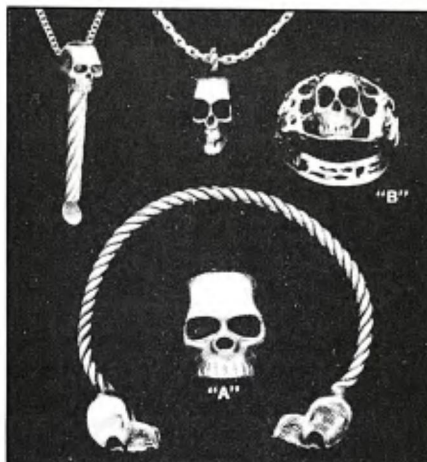
Does anybody give a shit?

Maybe you think I'm way too negative; maybe you're right. I'm not saying that all these books are a bad thing. *Au contraire*, biker! They're great, as long as we don't saturate the market with them. I think it's very good that they're available and that somebody besides us can read them. All your ol' buddy wants you to think about is not getting so hyped up that you are certain the whole boatload of fellow Americans out there now knows some of your story. We don't need any more disappointments.

Okay, before we get down to any letters that have ridden our way, there's one more little thing I want to do for you in this column. How about if we have a short Vietnam Trivia Question in every issue? The one that follows is a popular one I wrote for the newsletter of *The Veterans of the Vietnam War*.

Q: Which major US Army unit received the most awards of the Congressional Medal of Honor during the Vietnam war?

A: According to info in the book *Vietnam Order of Battle*, the 1st US Air Cavalry Div. has 25 recipients. The Cav's followed by: 25th Inf. Div. with 21; the 101st Airborne with 17; the 173rd Airborne Bde. with 12; the 1st Infantry Div., 4th Infantry, and AMERICAL are tied with 11 each; the 9th Infantry Div. with 10; Special Forces with 9; and MACV-SOG has 5. Another 45 CMH awards went to smaller units (which may have been separate or assigned to one of the above main units). All totaled, Army awards of the CMH for the whole war came to 155. ■



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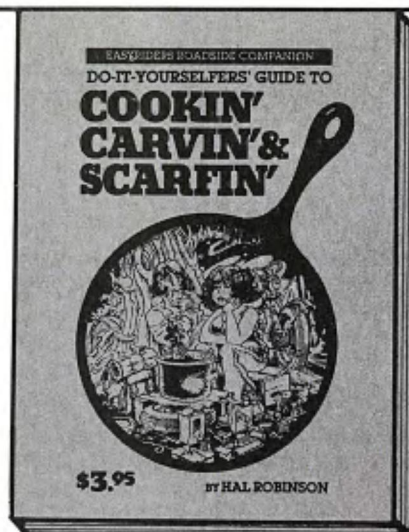
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Survival Test

Continued from page 28

French wine. Japan, the Philippines, some countries in Africa; all these people like to chew on an insect now and then.

Back in the U.S. of A., insect-eating hasn't really gone public. Other than finding half a worm in an apple or mistaking a wasted fly for a piece of meat in a bowl of soup. Americans aren't tagged as creepy critter eaters. What most of these nice folks don't know, though, is that they have been scarfing insects nearly as long as their foreign brethren. Diced, ground, baked, and fried; insects have been munched by Americans in almost every store-bought meal they've ever consumed.

Food processors have had a hard time keeping insects out of their products. Such a hard time, in fact, that they've found it impossible to stop bugs and bug shit from being crushed, canned, and delivered right along with the food. To keep a handle on the amount of critter crap that slips into the American diet, the Food and Drug Administration (the FDA, the same smiling people who put out the word on what is and isn't considered an illegal drug) decided to set up standards for the food processors to follow. Sadly enough, for those of us who don't necessarily want insects in every taco we taste, those standards aren't any too strict.

Take some of the food that Solitary, an average, non-insect eating biker, stuffs down his throat in one day. He begins his morning by absorbing three or four cups of coffee. Since the FDA allows 10 percent



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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.**



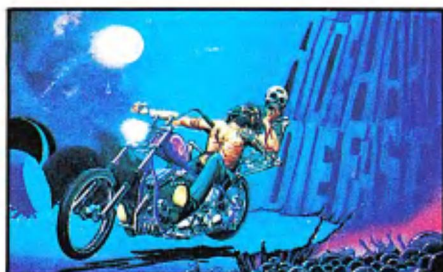
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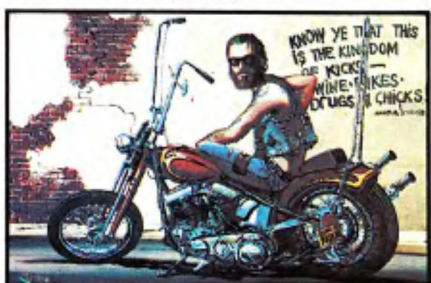
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of all coffee beans used to be insect-infested, an average of one out of every ten cups of mocha Solitary consumes might be brewed from insect peckers and insect assholes. If he enhances his morning meal with a bowl of wheat cereal, he swallows another 1 percent insect infestation (insect infestation also includes bug shit, makin' the bro a shit-eater). He then passes the time between breakfast and lunch by munching raisin pie, swallowing 35 FDA-approved fly eggs in every eight delicious ounces.

Round about lunchtime, old bug-chewing, shit-eating Solitary is ready for a peanut butter sandwich, maybe with a little apple butter spread on it to boot. Again, he chews up the 1 percent insect wheat that goes into the bread (a new breed of 1%er, maybe). The peanut butter he slops on his sandwich has 50 insect fragments per 100 grams, and with an average peanut butter jar measuring in at 500 grams, he could easily ingest 50 insect pieces per sandwich. Add another 5 insects if Solitary decides to include the apple butter. By now, Solitary is pretty much a confirmed insect eater.

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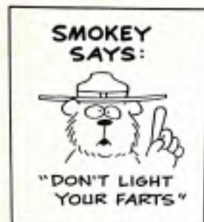


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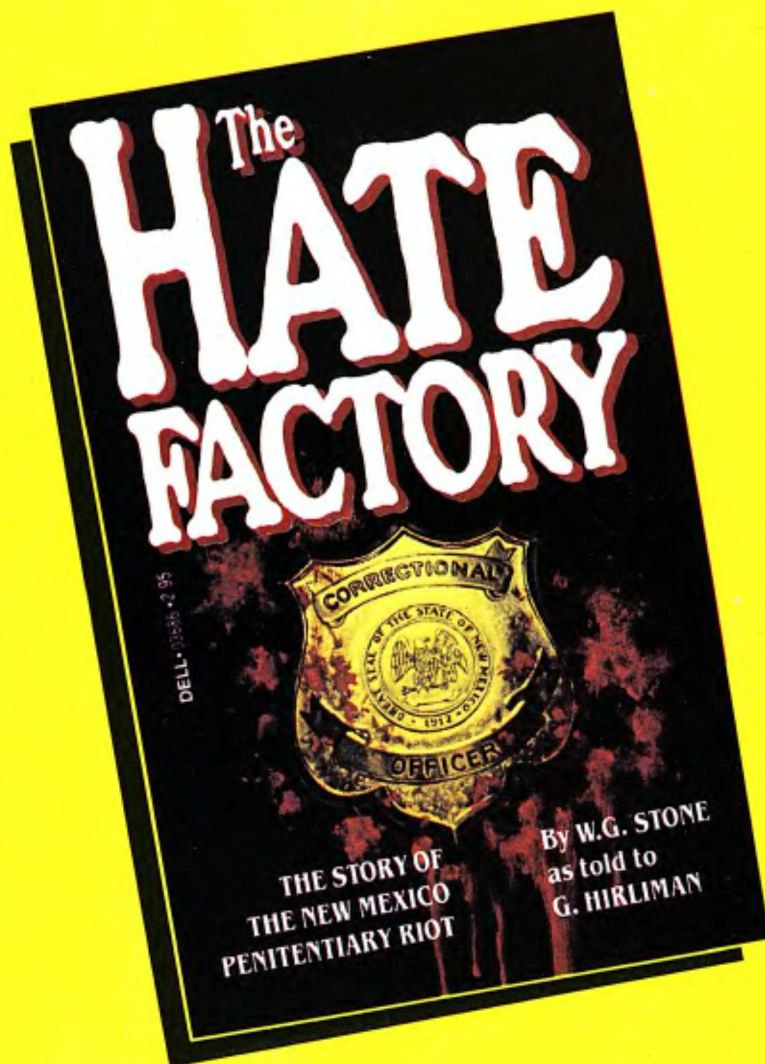
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A D E L L P A I S A N O B O O K

The Other Side

Continued from page 18

headed straight for his panhead.

"Where ya goin'?"

"Goin' ridin'," replied Rusty over his shoulder.

Sluggo watched as Rusty fumbled for several minutes, finally got his scooter fired into life, and roared away from the bar. Turning to go back inside, Sluggo mumbled aloud, "Sick fucker — somethin' has to be done!"

"Somethin'" came around noon the next day.

Rusty was awakened from a half-sleep, half-daze by the jangle of the telephone.

"Rusty?" asked a voice.

"Yeah?"

"I want you at my house as soon as possible."

"Fer what? And who the hell is this, anyway?"

There was a moment of dead silence on the other end of the line, then a voice answered coldly. "This is Jesse, asshole! And the last time I read the patch on my cutoff I was president of this fuckin' club!"

The line went dead.

As Rusty jammed his bare feet into boots and silently thanked the Lord that he'd fallen asleep fully dressed, he kept muttering aloud, "Holy shit! Holy fuckin' shit!"

After running four red lights and a few stop signs, Rusty brought the panhead to a gravel-spraying halt in Jesse's driveway. He slammed down the kickstand, flipped off the ignition and was sitting down in the living room almost before the panhead had ceased its idle.

Sherri, Jesse's ol' lady, handed each biker a beer, picked six-month-old Jesse Jr. up from the couch, and walked into the bedroom.

As the door closed behind her, Jesse turned his attention to Rusty. "What seems to be the problem, brother?" he asked.

"I dunno," replied the other.

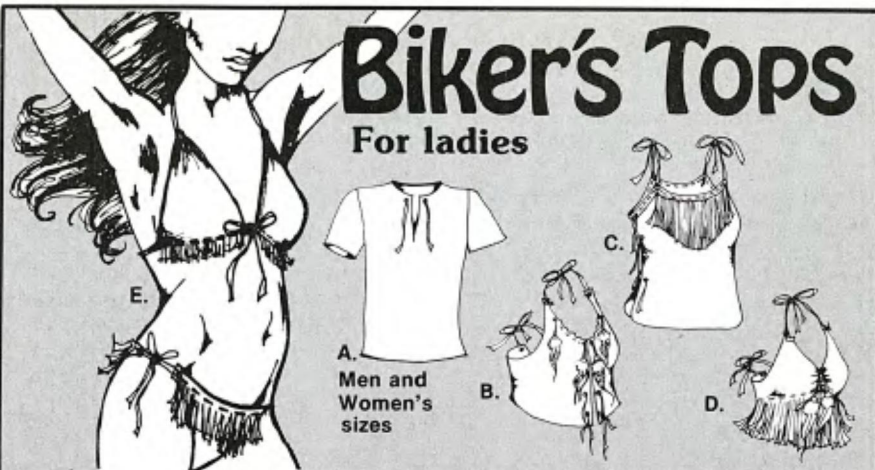
Jesse settled his six-foot-three frame more comfortably into the rocker, opened the can of Bud and took a long drink. It was several moments before he spoke again. At last he said, "Let me tell you, then. The bros are worried. You pop them pills like candy and you're becomin' a security risk. Both to the club and also to yourself."

Jesse took another drink from the beer, then went on speaking. "You know, Rusty, we've been together a long time. Did a lot of things together. Partied. Went on runs. Fought side by side. Got loaded."

The big prez laughed softly. "Hell,

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'fore we was married we even fucked the same chicks!"

Rusty grinned at the memories.

"You know, Rusty," Jesse continued evenly. "I don't think it's just the fuckin' pills. Somethin' else is eatin' at you. And it may just cost you your patch."

Rusty's next move shocked the big prez into silence. Rising from his seat, he slowly removed his cutoff and laid it on the arm of the chair.

Without looking at Jesse he said softly, "You know, bro. I always said when the day came I couldn't fly that patch the way it's supposed to be flown, I'd lay it down."

"Just like that?" asked the prez.

"Just like that," Rusty answered, then walked toward the front door.

Jesse's temper finally got the best of him. Jumping to his feet, he grabbed the cutoff from the chair and charged up to his brother. "You stupid shithead!" he yelled fiercely. "It ain't just like that!" Holding the patch in a clenched fist, he waved it in Rusty's face. "You got a lot invested here!" he screamed loudly. "A lot! Do you think we pass these out to every asshole that comes along? Do you think you can pick it up an' lay it down like a fuckin' whore? This is you, asshole! It's me!

And it's every brother with heart enough to fly it!"

"Maybe I need a rest," said Rusty.

The prez fought down his anger to some degree, then continued in a lower tone, "You think there's somethin' else in this fuckin' world, Rusty? I can tell you, there ain't. Just games and bullshit. You just laid down the only real thing around!"

Jesse held the patch out to Rusty.

"Wanna think about it?"

When the other failed to respond, the prez went on, "Your choice. It may not be here if you ever decide to come back."

Rusty nodded his head slowly, and Jesse added, "You're a stranger to me, man. If it was anyone else, I'd stomp his fuckin' ass to death!"

"I know," replied the other.

"So," Jesse continued with a sigh, "where ya gonna go? Whatcha gonna do, Rusty?"

Rusty shrugged his aging shoulders again, then pointed at a mountain standing in the distance. "Guess I'll ride over there," he said slowly, "see what's on the other side."

When Jesse failed to respond, he walked to the multi-blue panhead, fired it to life and rode away from the house.

As he watched his brother dis-

appear from view, all Jesse's anger flooded through him. Spinning on his heel, the big brother sent a death-dealing right hand crashing through the wooden doorframe. "Stupid cocksucker!" he cursed aloud. "Stupid bastard!"

* * *

"So, you turned on your brothers, lost your patch, and now it's my turn, right?" R.J. stood with clenched fists held defiantly on her hips.

Rusty ignored her and continued fastening his sleeping bag onto the bike. Her eyes flashed bright in anger. "I've been your ol' lady for all these fuckin' years and now you just kick me off the scooter?"

Straightening up, Rusty rechecked the packing, then began searching the table next to the scooter. "I'll probably be back," he replied. "Where's that baggie with the stash in it?"

"I flushed 'em down the toilet!" she retorted hotly.

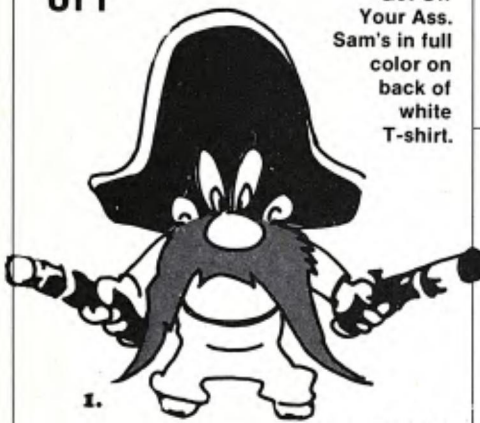
Rusty turned to stare and his eyes narrowed into tiny slits. "Ya better flush 'em back up, or I'll break your fuckin' neck!"

R.J. had come to recognize his moods and she knew that there was no way to change this one. Reaching

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into the front of her blouse, she pulled out the plastic baggie and handed it to him. As he crammed it into a pocket of his riding leather, she went on speaking, her voice heavy with disappointment and hurt. "I'll tell you like Jesse did. If you come back, I may not be here!" She spun on her heel and left the room.

Rusty had made two quick stops on his way out of town, one for gas and one for a can of Bud. Cramming several of the pills into his mouth, he washed them down with the beer and pointed the panhead toward the expressway.

He wasn't sure how long he had been riding. It was dark and he had a bad case of cottonmouth. Spying a large neon sign in the distance, he correctly guessed that it was a bar.

As he leaned the bike over on its kickstand, Rusty noticed two things: One, 90 percent of the vehicles in the lot were 4-wheel drives and pickup trucks; two, he had parked next to a Jeep Cherokee with a large pair of steer horns mounted on the hood.

Rusty, however, was five or six pills past the point of caring. After wrapping his stash in an oil rag, he shoved it into a black saddlebag, rebuckled the leather straps and strolled inside.

"Two Buds," he told the bartender as he balanced himself on the stool.

"Two?" asked the bartender.

Rusty nodded and a few moments later he had his beers.

"Buck-eighty," he was informed.

The biker peeled two ones off his roll, and before the barkeep could return with the change, he'd guzzled down the first beer and reached for the second. Two sips into the other brew, the scooter tramp noticed that the lights in the bar seemed to have grown dimmer. Turning his head to the right, Rusty's eyes focused on a large pair of steer horns, similar to the ones on the hood of the Jeep parked outside. This particular set, however, was embroidered on a large shirt. And the shirt was being worn by a giant of a cowboy.

"Ain't y'all a little lost, boy?" asked a booming voice.

Rusty grinned drunkenly, then replied, "Y'all mean this ain't the place where old Evel's gonna make his big jump?"

The monster grinned and Rusty noticed several other cowboys gathering closer. Then someone shouted, "Hey, King, can that old biker shine boots? Mine's a mite dusty!"

The grin on King's face grew broader. "What about it, boy? How'd y'all like to shine some boots?"

Sliding slowly to a standing position, Rusty replied, "Why sure 'nuff, Tex. But we gotta get that old range dust off 'em first."

As everyone in the bar joined in the laughter, Rusty took a long drink from the beer can. Before King knew what was happening, the biker had forced a long stream of the liquid between his teeth; it splattered down one pant leg and all over a large pair of cowboy boots.

King looked up, surprise written all over his huge face — just as Rusty's fist caught him squarely in the teeth!

As the biker set himself for a follow-up punch, a pool stick split open his right cheekbone and a large, meaty fist caved in the left side of his rib cage.

As he lay on the barroom floor, trying to ward off the kicks of several pairs of pointed cowboy boots, Rusty thought briefly to himself, "Musta took a mighty big herd of cows to shoe these boys. Yessir, a mighty big herd!"

Then Merle Haggard stopped singing in the background and the lights went out.

* * *

R.J. paid the impound fee and, as Rusty sat in the cab of the pickup and nursed his many wounds, rounded up two men to wrestle the panhead onto the truck bed. This done, she slid behind the wheel and, struggling to hide her concern, asked, "You happen to remember any of those cowboys that put you in the hospital?"

Rusty laughed painfully. "I remember three things. One had a big pair of steer horns, one had a pool stick, and one had a thumb-tack stuck in his left bootheel!"

R.J. laughed in spite of herself. But her laughter faded quickly as Rusty asked, "Hey, babe, would ya do me a favor and get those pills outta my left saddlebag?"

Disappointment was written all over her pretty face when she returned and slid behind the wheel. Throwing the plastic bag on the seat next to Rusty she said, "You know, I started not to come up here to pick you up."

"Why did you, then?" he asked.

"Cause I love you," she replied simply. "Always have and probably always will." Then with a tired voice she asked, "Where to now?"

Rusty picked up the bag of pills and handed them to her. "First off, he said, "when we get on the expressway, you can throw these fuckin' things out." Tears welled up in R.J.'s eyes. "Then,"

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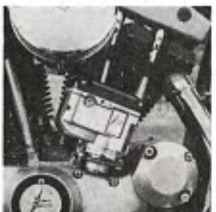
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he added, "we're goin' home."

* * *

It was close to a week before Rusty finally got the courage to dial the familiar number.

"Yeah?" answered the voice.
"Jesse? It's Rusty."

There was a long hesitation on the other end of the line. "Yeah, I heard you was back in town. It's been four weeks. What'd ya find on the other side of that mountain?" There was obvious sarcasm in Jesse's voice.

Rusty laughed. "Never even made it to the mountain, bro. Got run down in a stampede and spent three weeks in a hospital. Did some heavy thinking while I was recovering and decided to call R.J. to come and get me and..." his voice faltered.

"And?" Jesse asked, hard.

"And so, I thought I'd call you and..." he failed again.

"And?" repeated Jesse.

"Well...and see about getting my patch back."

Jesse's voice was still full of sarcasm. "Just lay it down and pick it up, huh, Rusty? I told you it ain't played that way."

Rusty's breath caught in his throat and he found nothing else he could say.

"Well," Jesse went on at last, "it's not up to just me, Rusty. You disappointed a lot of good brothers and they got a say comin'."

Rusty fought down his emotion. "I understand that, bro."

"Well," Jesse continued, "weekly meeting is tomorrow night. Be there at 8:30. We'll put it to the brothers."

Rusty let out a long sigh. "Preciate that, Jesse. I'll be at the meeting for sure."

"Rusty?"

"Yeah, bro?"

"Don't expect a lot. They're down on your ass for what you did."

Before Rusty could answer, the line went dead.

For the rest of that day and the next, R.J. walked a wide path around her man. The strain of impatience was etched deeply into his face as he glanced repeatedly at the clock on the wall.

R.J. was aware of the time also. By 7:30 p.m. she found herself equally tense. At last it was time for them to leave for the meeting.

As Rusty leaned the panhead into each familiar turn on the twisting road, he constantly relived the old memories of times past. Searching desperately inside himself, he tried to find some words that he could say that would convince his brothers to reinstate his patch. At the

same time, he realized that the chances of his being asked to say anything at all were slim.

The brothers would discuss it in a closed meeting without Rusty present. A vote would be taken — and it would be done.

Although he arrived several minutes early, Rusty found that the parking lot in front of the clubhouse was nearly full. After shutting down his scooter, Rusty watched as R.J. went to join the other ol' ladies. He nodded a hello to several of the brothers, but none spoke in return. The air was filled with tension thick enough to cut with a knife. Everyone present was well aware of the situation, yet none voiced any reference to it.

"Meetin' starts in five minutes! Everybody inside," announced Sluggo, in an authoritative tone.

Once everyone had found a seat, Sluggo stood up and called out loudly, "Security check!"

Coot stood up and glanced around the crowded room, then — as if seeing Rusty and R.J. for the first time — he called out loudly, "Rusty and R.J. Presence requested by Jesse. No other guests."

"Guest!" thought Rusty to himself as a cold chill ran down his spine. The word was like a gunshot slamming into the pit of his stomach.

Rusty only half-heard the reading of the minutes of the last meeting. He heard even less of a discussion of the "old business." The secretary announced "new business" and triggered a long talk about an upcoming run the club was sponsoring.

Rusty fought down his emotions as he listened to the pros and cons of buyin' or rentin' a water truck, the cost of kegs, who to buy the food from, which clubs to expect, what the brothers assigned to security should look out for, etc.

It seemed to go on for hours; just when he thought he could take no more, Rusty heard Jesse quietly announce, "The rest of the meetin' is a closed one. Ol' ladies,

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prospects, and guests outside."

Turning to look in Rusty's direction, he added, "Members only."

Rusty stood alone, staring into the huge bonfire that the two prospects had built. The ol' ladies had moved to one side and were sharing a whispered conversation.

"Beer, bro?"

As Rusty took the beer from the prospect's hand, he was well aware that the word "bro" was not necessary to a guest. He mumbled his appreciation for both the beer and the term applied.

"Want some of these?" asked the prospect.

Rusty glanced at the red pills that were being offered. "No, man," he replied carefully, "those things have cost me too much already."

As he watched the prospect move away, Rusty noticed the clubhouse door open and heard Long Jake yell, "Rusty! Inside!"

As he stepped into the room, Rusty attempted to read the faces of his brothers, hoping for a hint of their decision. All he found were stony expressions.

Jesse stood up and picked up a cutoff that Rusty recognized as his own. Then the big prez threw it in his direction.

The first thing Rusty noticed was that the club name and patch had been removed!

Then he heard Jesse say, "I could have told you, Rusty — the only thing on the other side of that mountain is the other side of the fuckin' mountain!"

Rusty struggled for self-control, trying hard to find some words that would change their minds. But he knew their minds were made up and that there were no such words.

As he turned to leave the clubhouse, he heard Sluggo say, "Look at the rest of that cutoff!"

Rusty unfolded it and noticed that in place of the bottom rocker which had once read "Albuquerque, New Mexico," another, newer rocker had been sewn on. Puzzled, Rusty looked at Sluggo for an explanation. "There's one position open, Rusty. You got experience, so it shouldn't take you long to get up. I'll sponsor ya. What's your decision?"

Rusty glanced down at the rocker and read aloud, "Prospect, huh? I'll take it!"

Coot slapped his hands together loudly. "Good!" he yelled. "Then I make a motion to adjourn the meetin' and get on with the party!"

Later that night, Rusty found

Jesse sitting on a log and poking at the bonfire's ashes with a long stick. As Rusty handed the big prez the mixed drink that had been ordered, Jesse looked up and said in an even tone, "They did what they had to do. You understand that, Rusty?"

The new prospect looked down at the brother he had loved and respected for so many years. "I understand, bro," he replied.

Jesse laughed. "Shouldn't take you long to get your patch back, just like Sluggo said."

As if Sluggo had heard his name mentioned, his bear-like voice split the stillness of the night air. "Prospect! Where's my fuckin' drink?"

Rusty quickly cupped one hand to his mouth and said, "On my way, bro! On my way."

When Rusty turned to leave, Jesse said earnestly, "They're gonna be rough on you for a while, bro."

As if to emphasize his statement, Sluggo's roar came bellowing through the darkness. "Prospect! You old dickbrain! I'll kill ya!"

Rusty quickly started toward where an angry Sluggo stood, yelling his threats. Over his shoulder he said to Jesse, "Well, let's put it this way, Prez. It sure beats the hell outta drinkin' in cowboy bars!" ■

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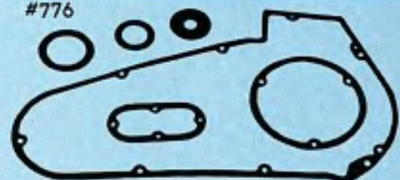
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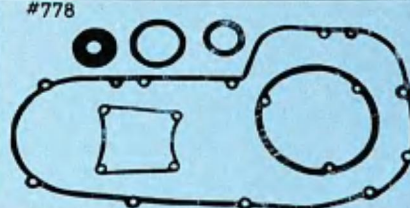
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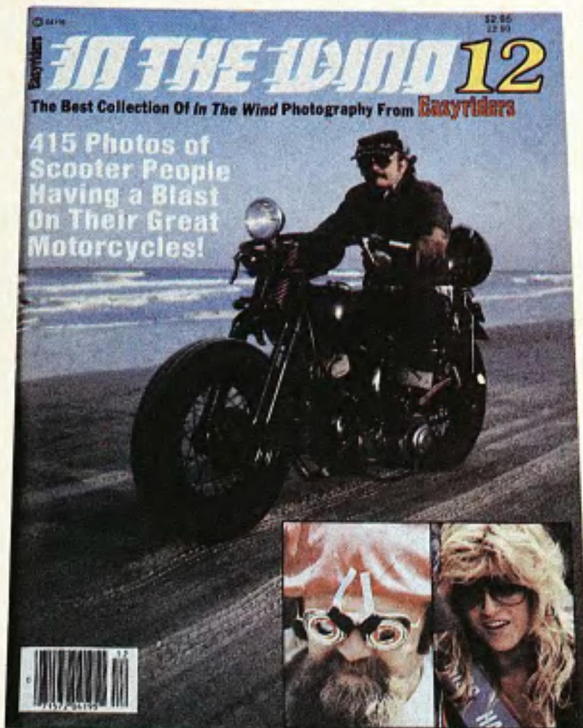
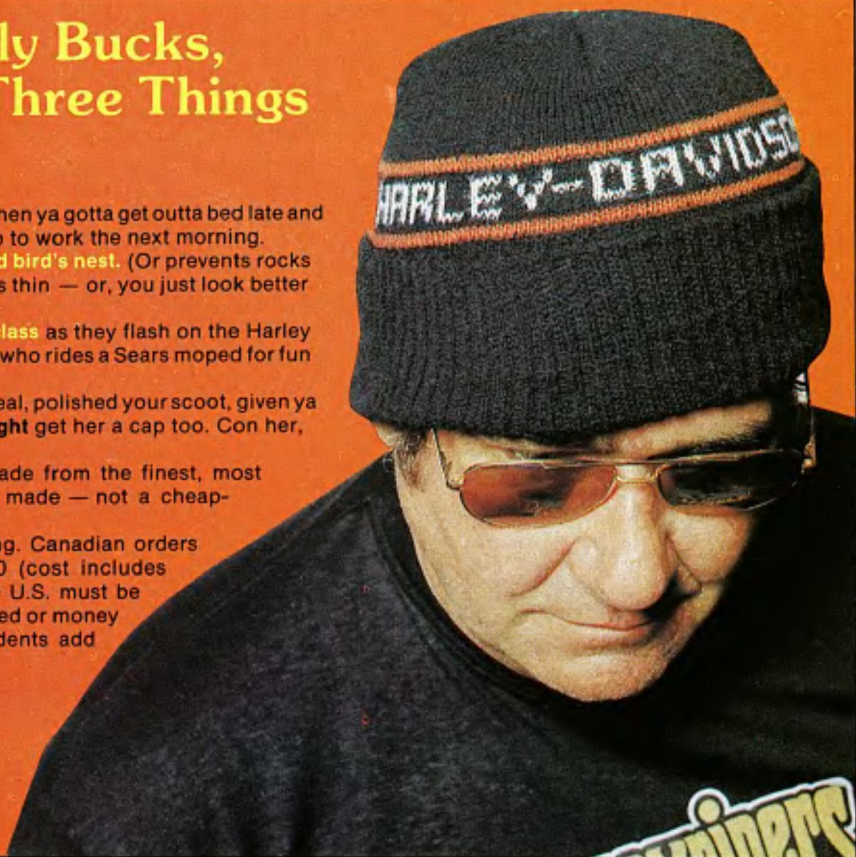
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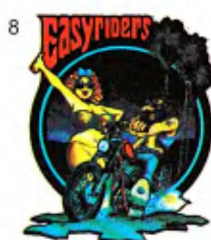
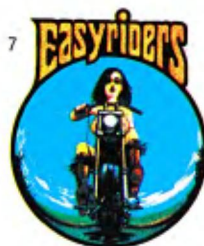
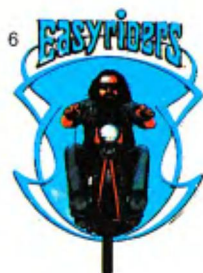
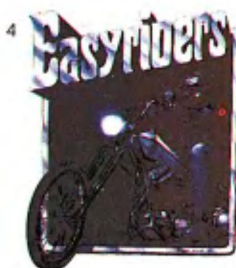
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how cycle/cage accidents...
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Both spots are on two-inch videotape, as used by every TV station in the country, and come in a special shipping container. To order, send a check or money order for \$16 per tape (be sure to specify whether you want #1 or #2) to **Easyriders Bike Commercial**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage in the U.S.

Lockdown

Continued from page 52

even minimal medical, dental and health-care services to inmates, are unsafe and unsanitary, and unnecessarily subject the inmates to the danger of attack from other inmates and guards. In its suit, the DOJ is asking the U.S. District Court in Honolulu to prohibit such treatment and to order the state to bring conditions in the prisons into compliance with constitutional requirements.

According to Assistant Attorney General William Bradford Reynolds, the DOJ is currently conducting investigations of 25 other institutions and systems to determine whether federal intervention is needed to improve conditions to an acceptable level.

Keeping 'Em In Chains

Two prisoners in the maximum security unit at the Louisiana State Penitentiary have come up losers in an attempt to get some relief from security overkill at that institution.

Under Louisiana policy, maximum security inmates cannot leave their cellblocks without being handcuffed to a chain belt and put into leg irons. Inmates being transported outside the prison — to go to court, for example — are, in addition to the above, outfitted with a heavy black metal box which fits over the handcuffs to prevent them from being picked.

In dismissing the inmates' suit, an appeals court ruled the restraints were not excessive because the guards escorting the prisoners out of their cellblocks are unarmed and because there is a greater chance for escape on trips outside the prison.

Fulford v. King, 692 F. 2d 11 (5th Cir. 1982) ■

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Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

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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)

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My panties, worn just the way you like. From me to you. \$10 cash/money order. To: Caprice, Box 66047, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

Authentic biker wanted: I'm looking for one righteous bro to go on puts with and share life with. Must love kids. I'm 29 years old, 5'3", 120 lbs., red hair, and green eyes. I can light up any scooter tramp's pants and heart. Please help me find my life again—write "Little Star," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123G)

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)

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)

K-9 Attack Dog training manual: Teach your dog to protect your bike, home, and body. Send \$12.95 to Killer Dog Publishing, Box 1015, Beltsville, Md. 20705. (123)

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)

I would like to take pictures of biker events in Iowa and Missouri, for possible publication in various bike magazines. Help me become rich and famous—like Pete Chiodo, Dirty Ernie, and Bob Bitchin' (who?). Thanks, and ride safe. Garold Stogdill, 108 E. South St., Bloomfield, Iowa 52537.

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Scorpio male with not much time to do would like to hear from you. Will answer all, pictures appreciated. Doug Collins, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071. (123)

Two downed tramps from So Cal, with a couple of years to do, seek female correspondence. Sincere ladies only. Send photos (Polaroids not allowed). Immediate response. S.F. "Stroker" Greenlee, C-57368, and Joe A. McCarthy, C-32678, CTF North, RA 213, Solderad, Calif. 93960-0705. (123)

Michael: I love you. Sweet Sue, San Jose, Calif. (123G)

Buzz: You've got one righteous ol' lady who's given you her all to show the love she holds so deep within her heart. You can always count on me—through the good times, but most of all through the bad times. Love ya. Angel & Li'l Jr., Dayton, Ohio. (123G)

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W/f, 33 years old, 5'2", heavysset, marriage-minded, honest—wishes to meet independent biker who has steady job, doesn't use drugs, liquor, women. Will relocate. Send picture, stamp to Zia, Box 612, Sanford, N.C. 27330. (123)

W/m, 39, BMW motorcycle freak and kinky graphic artist, is settling down and looking for a woman to do it with. You should have a good sense of humor—I do. Letter/photo to G.L., Box 5152, Fullerton, Calif. 92635. (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)

W/m, 22, 5'3", semi-secure, looking for lady w/Harley to teach me to ride and show me the road. Will explain more by mail. R.L. "Ace" Robinson, 347 N. Jackson, Bradley, Ill. 60915. (123)

Okay, I give up! I've been searching for 7 years for a filthy, sexy-minded ol' lady to live things up around here and ain't found one yet. Wanna share your fantasies and maybe a part of mine? I'm 6'8", 210 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 30 years old. Could be permanent. No complete nudes allowed. All answered. Carl Ashley 136985, Box 779, Marquette, Mich. 49855. (123)

Join ABATE of Iowa. Send name, address, phone number, and \$10 to ABATE of Iowa, Box 52, Crescent, Iowa 51526. (123)

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\$ Hey \$ now \$ anyone know Nancy Rush Herbison? Contact James Bryan McNally, Box C10198, Repress, Calif. 95671. Tried to find you, Bones. (123)

"Fly Around This, Red Baron." Large 26" x 15" poster of everyone's favorite mutt flipping off his archenemy. Send \$1.75, plus 50¢ postage, to SCS, 222 N. 3rd, Box 8, San Jose, Calif. 95112. (123)

Ladies wanted: Wild, tough-looking, Harley-loving, good-time partying, clean and exotic to share townhouse. Pics and details. M.S.R., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

White male, 27, looking for someone to brighten my day in this Texas dungeon. All photos appreciated, all letters answered. Johnnie "Tex" Richards 347328, Box 38, Dorm 5, Huntsville, Tex. 77340. (123)

Seeking female friendship in the Illinois area, for correspondence, visits. Patrick Church, N21603, Box 1009, Lincoln, Ill. 62656. (123)

Hey, Wayne: Where the hell are you? Call me at (209) 522-8189. Important! Rex. (123)

Wanted: Good-looking lady, 20 to 30, who loves H-Ds, and is willing to relocate. Send pics to Bruce Denmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, Me. 04092. (123)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call 1-216-453-3000, Ext. 4631. (123)

Two white convicts in desperate need of mail. Will answer all. Photos appreciated. Write Eddie Horne 43376 (age 34), and Rocky Fussell 43684 (age 22), 2605 State Street, Salem, Ore. 97310. (123)

Fallen bro with lost calendar, seeking interesting lady to share dreams with. My second fall—need good woman to help keep me in line. Jeff Ehrich, N-17560, 100 Hillcrest Rd., E. Moline, Ill. 61244. (123)

Marilyn: Lost your address, hope you will write back. Any other foxes from California, or anyone, don't write unless you send at least two photos and love Harleys. Mike Scott, 7131 Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (123)

Rick: Happy birthday, July 18. I know that distance can never weaken our relationship. I love you even more than ever. Marci. (123)

Urgently needed: Models for convict calendar layout—age 18 to 30, with hot racy bodies. Sensuality a must. Send 5 assorted full-body poses with brief resume. Include legit address and phone. All replies confidential—selectees will be notified. Joe Duffy, 319400, Ramsey Two, Rt. 4, Box 1200, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (123)

Jacqueline Rebecca Van Buskirk: Becky, here's wishing you a happy 22nd birthday on Sept. 2. Party hearty, baby. Love, Steve R. (123)

Peggy "Sunshine," Fayetteville: I miss you all down there. I need to talk to Carrie; have her call me collect at (603) 382-7374. Hi, Pam and Nancy. From Chuck, still in the wind in N.H. (123)

Tattooing outfit: Professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, \$102.50. 17 different tattooing inks, \$17.95. 360 popular designs, \$21.95. Steele, Box 242-K, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (123)

Wizard: Let the gates of hell swing wide. Blood and fire await us all. Welcome back, bro. "Vengeance is ours!" Stormtroopers MC, somewhere in the dark of night. (123)

Wanted: Female to age of 29 for permanent relationship. I'm doing time right now, but will be out soon. Send sexy photo and scribe. Will answer all. Mark Broughton 273076, Box 777, Monroe, Wash. 98272. (123)

Night Rider: Every rest area does haunt me. I pour, too. Keep the candle burning. Love forever. Noontime. (123)

Lady Wiz, Rabbit, Mushroom Demon, Herbie Rickert, Cherokee, or anybody who remembers me from the streets: I'd like to hear from ya. Kathy "Sparrow" Aikman 43886, Box 3400, Goodyear, Ariz. 85338. (123)

Kentucky bro down. Will be out in January '84, 6'2", 210 lbs., want letters from serious-minded ladies. Pic for pic. Dusty Rhodes 43855, Box 7, ABD-11, Moberly, Mo. 65270. (123)

Selma: Love you lovin' me. Fred. (123)

Three downed bros with about one year of lonely time left. Need to hear from some righteous women to ease the burden. Will accept any and all replies, preferably with pic. Looking for possible relationship with right ones to get in the wind with. Pete Guerra 65853, Mike Linney 65102, John Farinci 72489, Box F-2, Leesburg, N.J. 08327. (123)

Stink bombs: Genuine. Dozen, \$10; gross, \$75. Howelab, Folly Beach, S.C. 29439. (123)

Attention, ladies 18 to 35 from N.J., Del., Pa., Md., Ohio: 25 year old Leo needs letters, juicy pics, visits. Gettin' out 11/83. Joe "Chico" Anderson 062633, Box 7450, Trenton, N.J. 08628. (123)

Swingers want biker bros for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime. (312) 262-9800, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, Ill. 60659. (124)

Intelligent, lonely, Mexican/American, 26 years old, seeking correspondence with all serious-minded young ladies. Will answer all letters. Sammy Hernandez, Box A-E, Suite 4177, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (123)

Attention, girls: Are you from the N.J.-N.Y. area, like to ride, travel, party, or just have a good time? If so, write me. Photos appreciated. Will write back. Box 521, Little Ferry, N.J. 07643. (123)

Steve "Free Bird": I'll always love you. Sorry about "your accident." Ride free and easy, ride home. Your Squirrel (I'm nuts for you). (123)

Woman, mid-thirties, needin' no-strings party partner. Desire on-the-road Harley man, under 42, preferably on Long Island. Letters with photos answered first. Please state height and weight. I'm up four times yearly. No patch-hold-in' "clubbers." Retired okay. Thanks, Vikki Berry, Box 034, Oklawaha, Fla. 32679. (123)

W/m, 20 years old, down in a correctional facility in Ohio. 6', 180 lbs., would like to hear from ladies 18 to 30—lonely. Mike O' Meara 167-670, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (123)

Jo-Ann Smoothie: Happy belated birthday! When they free me from this prison, we'll get our knees in the breeze together again. You're my smooth angel. Doctor Stew. (123)

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. (123)

Part Juice: This foul-smellin' product will get you a seat at any crowded bar—and more. Great at parties. \$2.75 per bottle. Gass, 526 Locust Rd., Coraopolis, Pa. 15108. (123)

Little Jerry and Catfish Woods, formerly of Company B: Lost your address, write me at my Korean address, Tom. (123)

Sweetcheeks: I never knew love before I knew you. I still hope to be yours someday—but, Ollie! All my love, Buford. (123)

Downed Aryan tramp, 40, 6', 185 lbs., gettin' short, lookin' for standup righteous ol' lady. Mongrels and dropshots, don't bother. J. S. "Mako" Glew, A-077921, Box 699, I-19, Sneads, Fla. 32460. (123)

Crash: Happy one-year anniversary, 8/1/83. We met, fell in love, and got married in the summer of '82. Let's make the summer of '83 and all that follow even better. All my love, forever, Suds. (124)

Bro, 28, 5'7", 150 lbs., check artist doing time for bank fraud. Lover of good/high life, wherever it may lead. Will be released soon. Seeks sincere, warm and very ambitious white sister who's in pursuit of same—sex, love, fun, romance, and money—the good/high life. No bullshit. Will write all, will teach all. L. "Eagle" Hughey, D136344, Jackson Prison, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (123)

Making withdrawals from banks got me deposited in pen. Total criminal off the streets of N.Y.C. doing time till I escape. Want to hear from sexy, adventurous woman of any age. Jerry Geaney, Box 1000, Marion, Ill. 62959. (123)

Wild Willie: Happy 29th, 9/25. Ride hard and free. Lovin' you always. Baby Bear and Doll. (123)

Supercrack: Happy birthday, you foxy little thing. Looking forward to seeing ya. Love ya always. Sandog. (123)

Wanted: 6', good-lookin' Harley-riding cowboy with time for one woman who is 5'9", blond hair, blue eyes, likes country music, closeness, fun in the sun. No overweights, outlaws or moochers—they are easy to find without an ad. Mesa/Tempe area. Inspired? Drop a number and line to D.A., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

Self-made multimillionaire with 5 BMWs and Yale and Oxford degrees. Seeks interesting, beautiful woman. Only detailed replies with photos will be answered. J.B.R., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

Into bondage and discipline, or leather? Then check out a newsletter for your kind of people. Send \$2 for two issues. Also include a letter describing your favorite scene, and if published, we'll pay you \$10. Write BD Reader, Box 92305, Rochester, N.Y. 14692. (123)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 3850. (123)

2 righteous bros want young ladies to share southern sun. First come, first deserve. Request recent full-length photo. Sickies, don't delay. H.B. & Assoc., c/o Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

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)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Bill "Boondocker" Zaller or Dan Harrigan, please have them write me. New Orleans '85—be there, I will. Mark, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

Stone S. Stone: We met in Florida, I went with you to Ohio. Someone had to care for those kids. Seen ya several times since then. But don't understand what happened in Memphis. Last time I talked to your mother you were in Florida. Please let me know—I need to know. Write Brenda F., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

Marc: You've been everything this outlaw could ever ask for. Happy anniversary, babe. May 7 has to be magic, even God Himself made the Harley on the 7th day—and they last forever, don't they? Love you, Dave. (123)

W/f, 17 years old, brown hair, brown eyes, 5'3", 115 lbs., wants to putt southern Wisconsin/northern Illinois area. Send pic. All answered. Mouse, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

Wanted: Foxy lady—one-man woman—who needs a good man. Age 17 to 29, must send picture and like Harley Davidsons. I can relocate or you can. Spike, Box 473, Ingleside, Ill. 60041. (123)

Frankie: Happy 29th birthday, August 26th. All my love, Milly. (123)

W/m, 26, is looking for a real woman. If you enjoy life and have a lot to put into it, then answer this—if not, good luck. No dopers. Must be willing to move to Texas (God's country). No heavies. Only real women need apply. M.D. Williams, Box 224772, Dallas, Tex. 75208. (123)

Sam L. "Sun Lover" Stewart 24249, Jefferson City, Missouri 65102. Get in touch with "Star" 1-416-547-3531, Hamilton, Canada. (123)

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)

Wanted: One good lady. A one-man woman. No heavy drugs or drinkers. Must have a lot of heart and want the same in her man. Only those who are serious, and send picture and letter telling me what kind of man and home you're looking for and why, will be answered. Richard, Box 3012, Whittier, Calif. 90605. (123)

Wanted: Vintage cycle jackets in worst weather-beaten and ragged condition. Paying \$50 cash. Illinois area. (312) 878-3241, eves. (123)

Italian bro down. Needs of lady to help make it through the nights. Write to: Robert Caporello, M1844, Drawer K, Dallas, Pa. 18612. (123)

Deb: I hope you are wearing your belt all the time. I would hate to have anything happen to you. You are loved very much. (123)

First 19 ERs out of print, \$175; others through #73, \$5.50 each. Postal money orders only. 215 Grove, Fox River Grove, Ill. 60021. (123)

Sexy woman wanted: I'm attractive, 24 years old, 6', 190 lbs., degreed and well off. Take a chance, I won't be free long. Send sexy photo: cost reimbursed if desired. Steve, Box 3101, Texas City, Tex. 77590. (123)

Sweet Lady: This is to proclaim to the world my love for you. You have made me happier than I have ever known. I'm looking forward to the day we will be together. I want to be your ol' man. Love, Don. (123)

Good morning, America. 30-year-old man in need of a lady friend. She must be open-minded, compassionate, and sincere about developing a fruitful relationship. I will answer all letters, exchange photos, Willie Webb, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (123)

Good-looking, 33-year-old man down and in need of a woman. Please send picture. Will answer all. Nickname "Little Stud." Gerald Rochon 324645, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (123)

Fiathead: Happy belated 34th. May we ride and love together forever. I love you, babe. Sheri. (123)

Attention, ladies: Sincere and lonely w/m, 30, doing a lot of time. Love music, play guitar, draw cartoons and write poetry. Seek lasting relationship with a lady who is with/without children. Will exchange photo for yours. So, please write Edward Nicholas, Box A-6216, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (123)

Tattooing outfits, supplies, instruction manuals. Lowest prices. Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Supply, Box 242-L, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (123)

White male, character, doing time. Be out in 1985. Need petite 20- to 40-year-old woman for pen pal. Maxie L. Gilliland 02326079, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048. (123)

Southern male, 23, temporarily incarcerated, seeks easy-going, fun-loving lady for correspondence and possible lasting relationship. Age unimportant. Charles Reeder, A-97788, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (123)

Noble John, Anchorage: When it was good, it was very, very, good. I'm even freer now. Phoenix Chick. (123)

I'm 25, 5'5", blond, intelligent, sincere, and pretty. I'm tired of playing games. I need one good, fairly attractive, 25- to 35-year-old unattached man in the Connecticut area. Anyone willing to give me a break? If you don't want a one-on-one-forget it. "Sally", c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

All right, BF's ready for an ol' lady. Must be slim, beautiful, 18 to 80, no drugs, drunks, crazies. Reply to Box 558, King George, Va. 22485-0558. (123)

Tommie (aka Butch), Ronchie, Little Ray: This is Dave, F.T.N. Wild Iris Dude, Remember the gold Sporty? I'm in the joint in Maryland. Need your help. Write me, David Rose 162-393, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, Md. 21202. (123)

To my Harley rider, Tim: Happy 30th, Sept. 12. Love always, Sweetmeat. (123)

To Jeff, my moccasin man, Herbie, and that left ear. Don't you forget me! Debby. (123)

Two peckerwoods down an' out from Santa Cruz. One has 1 1/2 years to go, the other 2. We both have big hearts. Are there any female hearts out there who care? Will write all, looks and age don't mean shit. If possible, send photo in first letter. James L. Graham, C-14935, and Keith E. Montgomery, C-59153, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376-0600. (123)

Help: Very lonely white male, 21, needs mail, pictures, visits—anything. Been down 3 years, will answer all. Robert Williams, Box 600-48199, Canon City, Colo. 81212. (123)

Downed w/m, 21, 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair/eyes, would like to hear from sweet, kind, understanding ladies—age, looks don't matter, honesty does. Please write Cory Slefke, N-00002, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259. (123)

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. (120)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated, 72 pages, \$24.95. Tattooer, Box 242-H, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (123)

Bob Caldwell, USMC: Get in touch with Triumph John Ranallo, 1241 N.E. 12th Ave., Pompano Beach, Fla. 33062. (123G)

Wisconsin easyrider sadly off the saddle while punching holes in waves for Uncle Sam. Could really use some scribes and pics from H-D women back home who think about the guys who ride the streets and highways of their partying state. H-D WI, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

Bogus: Happy July 7th! You're the best there is. I love you, Luscious (P.M.B.). (123)

Special lady: W/Cancer male, 35, with good job and FXWG is searching for that special woman for partner in permanent 50/50 relationship. Must be honest, clean, sincere and sexually liberated. Prefer slim/med bi-woman, 18-35, who enjoys traveling, outdoors, motorcycles, sex, but requires good homelife. Searching for lifetime commitment—game players, hustlers and druggies need not reply. Recent revealing photo with honest letter appreciated. Sinbad, Box 693, Greenbelt, Md. 20770. (123)

Swap meet: July 31, Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City, Okla. 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. set-up; 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. meet. (123)

Ladies: 29-year-old w/m, 6', 170 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, would like to hear from all you ladies out there. James Karh 328734, Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851. (123G)

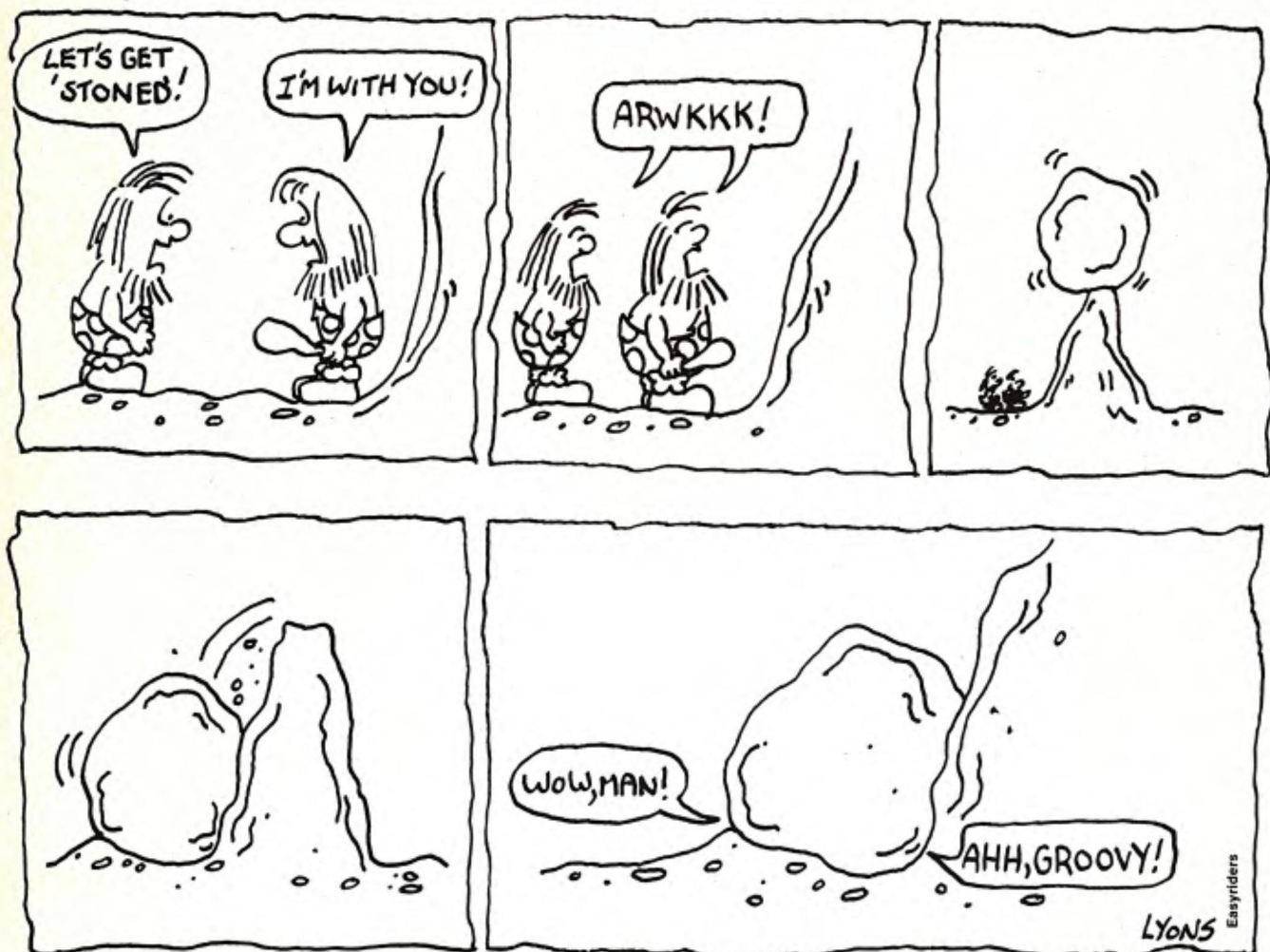
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Brenda: The best ol' lady a man can have—through good times and bad. I will love you forever. Gator. (123)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my family: Tiffany, Misty, Dawn, Trinda, Pat and Chris, please contact Jerry Levien, Box 1363, Ferndale, Wash. 98248. (123)

Virginia tramp, w/m, 26, heading west, winter '83—Arizona or So Cal—need lady to share ride, parties. "Breeze", c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)

Wanted: Young female, 18 to 25, who's into Snoopy. Have Snoopy on a chopper tattooed on me. Happy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (123)



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Downtime

Continued from page 51

the music it played. And that impact was by no means simply a result of the use of the electric guitar. Shit, Muddy put a mike on *everything*, including the drums, and the result was devastating. Little Walter's amplified harmonica would pin your ears to the wall, and Baby Face's drums would rattle your brain pan. And all this was pretty new and pretty weird, at least to the people who had never experienced this sort of music before. In short, the sound of Muddy's band was an almost tangible, physical thing, something you felt as much as heard. And like I said, in those days the experience was new, exciting — and a little bit scary.

Higher volume was, of course, a practical necessity. Muddy actually preferred playing the acoustic guitars he'd grown up with, but the only way to cut through the loud atmosphere of a Chicago ghetto bar was to by-God crank it up, and crank it up he did. Waters's voice was the perfect accompaniment for this difficult setting — which is to say he rarely "sang" a tune. Instead, he shouted and barked out the lyrics with a force that was unheard of in recorded music. In a rowdy bar full of laughter, shouts, and loud, drunken conversation, melody and harmony had to take a back seat to sheer power. But the emotional force of his music was (and still is) tremendous, and its influence on later performers is hard to overestimate.

The graduates from Muddy's bands comprise a *Who's Who* of blues stars: Otis Spann, Little Walter, James Cotton, Junior Wells, and Buddy Guy, to name only a few. And the famous tunes he cut are innumerable, including "Hoochie Coochie Man," "Got My Mojo Workin'," "Mannish Boy," and "Rollin' Stone," among many, many others. The latter tune, of course, was the source and inspiration for the name of one of rock's all-time best bands as well as rock's premier publication. But Muddy Waters's influence goes far beyond that. There's not a rocker today who — whether he knows it or not — doesn't owe a big debt to this Chicago bluesman. And no blues harp player alive can say he doesn't play Little Walter

licks. And for that matter, the "English" sound of the '60s was in many respects more the product of Muddy than of Mick Jagger, Eric Clapton, and the rest.

Some of the old Chess releases by Muddy are still available if you hunt for them including last year's **Rolling Stone**, containing material from several Chess LPs. Also worth checking out are the recent Johnny Winter-produced albums like 1977's **Hard Again**. Recommendations are basically pointless, as it's impossible to go wrong, no matter what you buy.

The recordings of Muddy Waters never sold nearly as spectacularly as those of the people whom he influenced and who recorded material he wrote, but his music will be played as long as folks get the blues — which, something tells me, is going to be a very, very long time.

Tougher Than Leather/Willie Nelson: As far as I'm concerned, the best country-western news of the year is that Willie's back with a vengeance, coming up with his best album since 1975's **Red Headed Stranger**. That record remains his best work to date and, in my opinion, the best country album ever made. But **Tougher Than Leather** is an exceptional, vivid record, and one that any C&W or pop fan can enjoy.

It's hard to be too enthusiastic about this new release, because it's such a tight, rich album, and one that merits repeated playing. In fact, since I got it, it's rarely been off my turntable and I have yet to grow tired of it. Comparisons to **Red Headed Stranger** are inevitable: Both are "concept" albums with a story line, and both are filled with a narrative richness simply not found elsewhere in popular music. And in spite of the fact that **Red Headed Stranger** is a true

masterpiece — the cornerstone of any current C&W collection — **Tougher Than Leather** is worthy of the comparison and can stand on its own merits.

Tougher Than Leather tells a story of crime, death, and injustice. Accordingly, the first side leads off with "My Love for the Rose," a tune that sets the tone for the entire album by introducing the main themes explored in the album — love and karma. Pondering the fact that what goes around comes around, the main figure asks *Was it something I did, Lord, a lifetime ago?/Am I just now repaying a debt that I owe?/Just sweet justice, you travel so slow/But you can't change love for the Rose.*

The album has the impact and force of a great John Ford western, a narrative that seems tailor-made for translation into a movie. The first character we meet comes from the album's title, a grizzled gunfighter whose mysterious connections with the rest of the songs give the record a special tension. Early in the tale, a young man makes the mistake of calling the veteran out in a gunfight. *He was tougher than leather and he didn't care whether the sun shined or not/When young kid from Cowtown wanted a showdown/And he was careless or just maybe forgot/But he died in a gunfight, blinded by sunlight/ Never draw when you're facing the sun/But ol' tougher than leather just carved one more notch on his gun.* It's the stuff of western tragedy the kid learned his lesson, but he had to die to learn it.

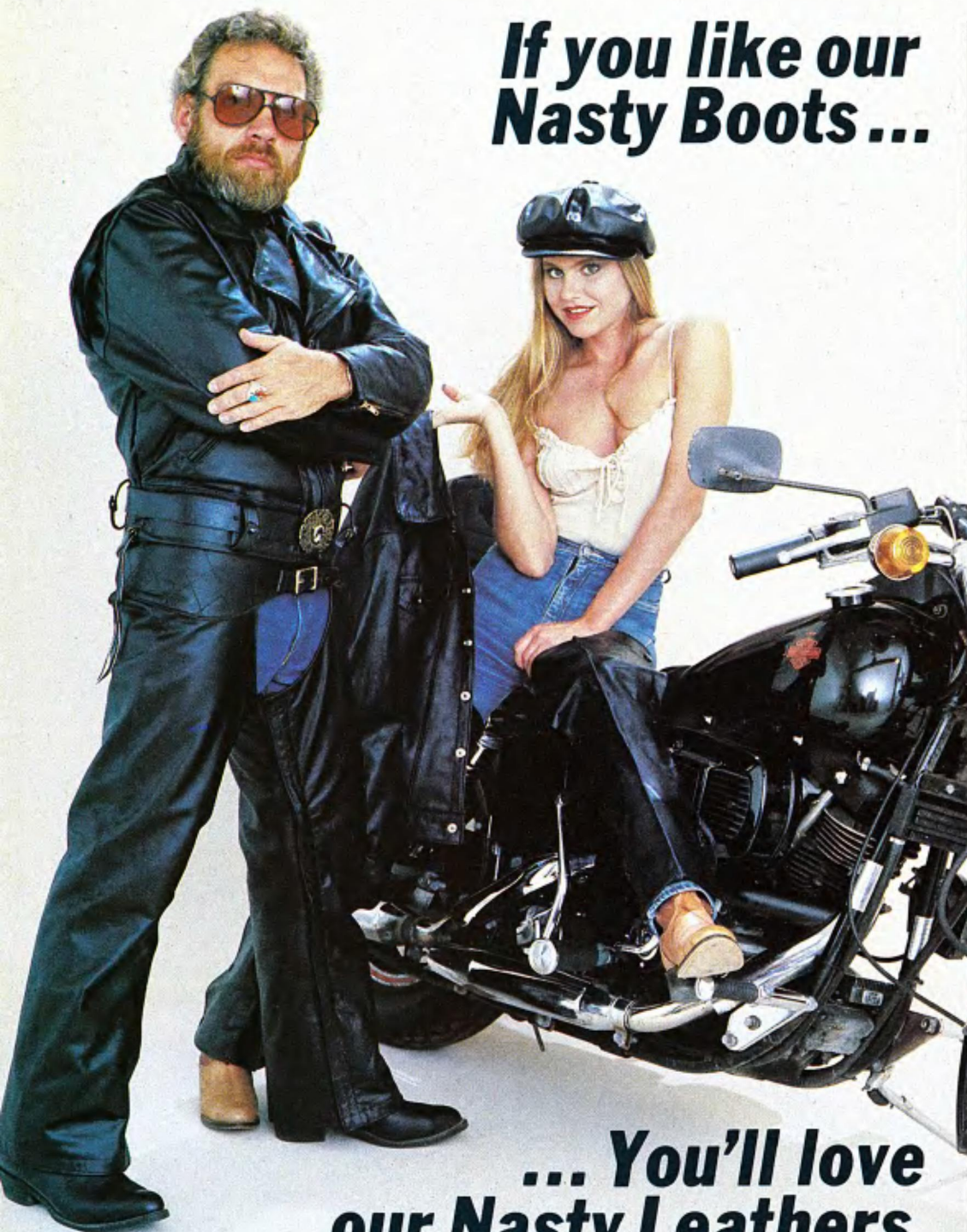
The rest of the album is a relentless story of justice and injustice. The central incident involves a wrongfully accused cowboy who has the bad luck to be arrested as the prime suspect in a robbery-murder. Finally, he's imprisoned and executed, even though he's innocent of the crime, bringing in once again the theme of karma: *Nobody slides, my friend/It's a truth on which you can depend/If you're living a lie, it will eat you alive/And nobody slides, my friend.*

No written account can convey the true impact of **Tougher Than Leather**, so I'll stop with the above abbreviated account of the story. But the record is far richer than this, far more profound, and worth playing over and over. It's definitely a best buy for 1983. Don't miss it. ■



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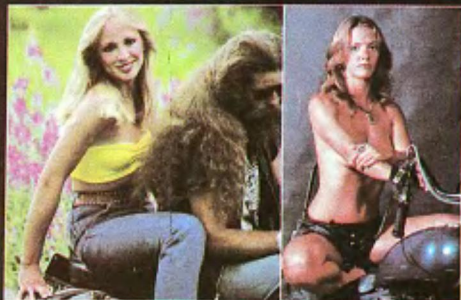
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