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Movie**

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Winner!**

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Party**

**Harley
Hillclimber**

**Nebraska
Blowout**

**Scooters, Parties,
Women, Fiction**



From the Editors of
Easyriders

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Readers Only

Easyriders

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 27th.



Cover photo of Tina by Pete Chiodo



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Read this after you've had breakfast. He warned the little sonuvabitch he'd better win the beer hall race between mice or else he'd eat his ass out. But the dude's mouse lost the race, so he put some catsup on it, added a little salt, and promptly ate it—tail and all. The dude turned out to be an off-duty cop, so the police chief canned his ass, saying it wasn't exactly a family thing to do.

They passed a local law prohibiting a dude with stonies from soliciting a woman-of-the-night for a piece of ass. Anyway, he makes a connection, and while he's humping and bumping, she rips off his wallet. He calls the police, but they arrest him for soliciting sex! Here's the kicker—and let's all toast him—he was 83 years old!

Speakin' of older guys, 'Handy' has no aches or pains, and walks a mile every day—rain or shine. He just celebrated his 100th birthday recently and attributed his long life to the Lord and Jack Daniel's whiskey—he calls JD the elixir of life. Go for it, 'Handy'!

Dork file: Now get this—because you won't believe it. This dude noticed a \$1000 bag of coke was missing from his hotel room. He demanded the coke back from the hotel or that they pay him \$1000. The hotel called the heat and they found the bag of coke. They went to his room to return it and to get a receipt from the dude. He signed the receipt, given him by a cop in full uniform—badge, gun, brace, everything. While signing it, he congratulated the cops for their prompt work. Then, after signing, on went the handcuffs. (He deserved it.)

A new helmet beef: The police department shared their helmets with each other to save bucks. But one motorcycle officer said he wouldn't wear any of the helmets because they were sweaty and smelled so bad they would back a cockroach into a corner.

New way to sell dope file: A store recently had a billboard-sitting contest. Three dudes took on the job. They set a record of 261 days! When they finally came down, only two had earned the prize. One of the three was taken off earlier by the police—for selling dope from the top of the billboard!

Well, I guess we can sleep tonight because the ever-faithful heat is protecting us against pot-smoking crazies. The U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, acting on an informant's tip, swooped down on a house, broke into a photo darkroom (exposing all the open boxes of film), ran around the house with machine guns, threatened to shoot the yapping family dog (they even had an airplane in the sky), but all they found was a 10-year-old boy and his 13-year-old sister and what turned out to be one tomato plant (after close scrutiny, of course).

An arcade store owner got pissed off at the city fathers because they limited the number of video games at his store. So, to get even, he offered his \$100,000 home (in an affluent section of town) to a well-known national bike club to use as a clubhouse, rent-free for five years.

Besides all the hassles they cause in life, did you know it even costs more to raise a female than a male? Hell yes, you do, but did you know how much more? Neither did I until a writer came out and claimed it costs \$247,000 to raise a female and \$226,000 to raise a male. Get out the coat hanger, men!

When President Reagan recently pardoned Watergate burglar Eugene Martinez, he was influenced by the Justice Department's report that said, 'He truly was an ordinary burglar.' Makes me, and probably others serving time for such an offense, wonder what other kind there is.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Comment on "Short Strokes"

☐ The bit in "Short Strokes" (August '83 issue) about welding, contact lenses, and blindness is pure bullshit.

I make my living welding and work in the shipyard here in San Pedro. It wasn't too long ago that the same so-called safety news item made the rounds.

It was traced back to the company where it started, and it seems that two employees had nothing better to do than try to throw a scare into thousands of workers across the country. It's much in line with the scare that went down a couple of years ago about two railroad workers blowing their legs off while welding, when a spark or splatter set off a disposable lighter in their pockets. Pure and simple bullshit.

There's enough real shit to worry about (like blind cage drivers) without this kind of stuff.

Goat
San Pedro, Calif.

Ya Fucked Up Again

☐ Pass on to Skeeter, the chump who wrote "How to Get Chumped" in the July issue, that there ain't no picture of the White House on the back of a five-dollar bill as he says in the story. The Lincoln Memorial is pictured on the back of a five.

Evil
El Paso, Tex.

☐ Tell shit-for-brains who wrote the article on bar bets that the White House is on a twenty — not a fiver!

R.A.M.
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

☐ That's what happens when the only pay you get is raisin pie.

To Kill A Biker

☐ Your July editorial on "Kill A Biker — Go To Jail" really hit home base with me as I'm sure it did with a lot of other people, too.

My brother was hit by a

cage driver who didn't see him. I went to see him in the hospital and he died two weeks later. All the driver of the cage got was a \$60 fine.

You have my backing all the way. Let me know if I can help in any way.

Raynell Ann Dinsmoor
Cheyenne, Wyo.

☐ First, there was the article "Will Reagan Save Harley?", then the editorial "Kill A Biker — Go To Jail." Do you shitheads run to the feds every time somethin' doesn't go your way?

If cage/bike collision penalties are made tougher, will the courts honor them (they're prejudiced against bikers anyway)? Will a rich senator get the same penalty as a poor, long-haired biker?

Shithead
Tulsa, Okla.

☐ I'm a victim of this so-called justice we have in our land.

Back in May of '82 I was hit head-on by a 17-year-old kid with no license and no insurance. The kid was given three tickets and let go. I was given a totalled '47 knuckle, \$20,000 in hospital bills, and I still sport a cast on my right arm (both arms were broken). The doc says I'll have 25 percent disability in my arms forever.

Dave
Ingram, Tex.

☐ I'm pissed as hell. I can't count all the times I've chased down a cager to bitch at him/her for pulling out in front of me.

Coop
Windsor, Wis.

☐ You're right! It did make me mad, so I've come up with a little acronym that you may be able to use in future editorials.

Remember the movement some lady started against drunk drivers — M.A.D.D., Mothers Against Drunk Drivers? Well, maybe you can do something with this —

B.A.D.D., Bikers Against Drunk Drivers.

Chuck Francis
Jacksonville, Fla.

☐ You've earned your raisin pie this time. Something should be done.

Road Dog
Hobart, Ind.

☐ Your editorial on swift and terrible punishment for cagers who snuff bikers was very inspiring. As a biker who has survived one collision and several close calls with microcephalic motorists, it is time that I threw what little weight I have into the cause to save my own ass and as many others as possible. Where do I throw it?

Most of the bikers I know, myself included, know that ABATE and the AMA exist, but we have no idea where they stand, both in general political posture and on specific issues.

So how about doing a few articles to give us a rundown on what the average asshole like myself can do, what groups there are, what they're doing, how they compare, etc. Some of us would like to know.

The name is not important
The place isn't, either

☐ Okay, we will. Meanwhile, join your state's chapter of ABATE — some are very active.

More On Julia

☐ Julia Parton is definitely, without any shadow of a doubt, the most beautiful woman that I have ever had the pleasure of seeing — personally or otherwise.

David Greer
Lincoln, Calif.

☐ I know y'all put in a couple of extra pages of Julia (ah, yes, beautiful Julia), but ya still didn't put in enough!

Roy
Ft. Belvoir, Va.

Hate Factory

☐ I just finished the book

The Hate Factory. It was truly intense. All I can say is that anyone not familiar with prison life and what goes on behind those walls should read this book. I'm just sorry that I didn't know what conditions our brothers (and sisters, too) have to live through on the inside.

Cindy
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

In Defense of H-D

☐ An open letter to Jay from Ft. Worth, in your July issue: Why pay \$4000 for a Jap bike when you can pay \$6000 for something that's gonna last damned near forever?

Jay, it's sad but true. You sound like a little child who is throwing a tantrum. Your letter gave me the indication that you are a wannabe who has realized that he is too immature to save money for something worthwhile.

Dirtball
Memphis, Tenn.

☐ H-D riders aren't into 45-degree lean angles and 11-second quarters as much as they're into pride and class. But you wouldn't know about that, would you?

Darryl Goss
Framingham, Mass.

☐ First of all, Harleys are made for riding, not racing.

M.A.G.
N. Arlington, N.J.

☐ Harley-Davidson is the Rolls Royce of all motorcycles.

Mike "Tramp" Ruggles
Oxford, Wis.

☐ He who would bother to compare a 305 Super Hawk to an Electra Glide is a dangerous threat to society.

D.M.
Antioch, Ill.

☐ Let me guess. You want to be a comedian when you grow up, right? It's very encouraging to see young minds with so much determination and ambition to become a success in an

HEAVY WEIGHT!

BADASS BIKER LEATHER

Sexy Skins

Get one fer yer favorite Bitch



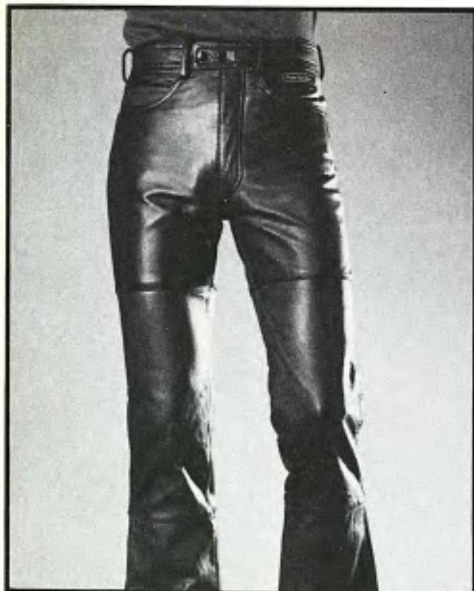
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otherwise insignificant existence.

Panhead
Little Rock, Ark.

□ It's not how fast you get there, it's the style, the class, and the soul.

Bozek
Middletown, Conn.

□ Everyone has his/her own opinion, but obviously, you don't now, and probably never will, know anything about any kind of logic.

Mark Allison
Chester, Calif.

□ My '66 Harley Electra Glide hasn't been challenged by a Honda 305 for well over a decade. That's because the most part of all Honda 305s are now sitting on grocery store shelves, turned into beer cans.

B.A.
Salt Lake City, Utah

□ You're in the wrong magazine, so ring-ding your ass over to *Cycle World* — it's for "motorbike enthusiasts." This one is for "Harley-Davidson bikers."

Bandanna
Draper, Utah

□ Your idea of riding is zero to 70mph in five seconds, wearing nothing but shorts, sneakers, and one of those space captain helmets.

Reese
The Colony, Tex.

□ Who the fuck can enjoy the beautiful spring and summer countryside when you're going so fast that the electrical poles look like a picket fence?

Snake
Angola, La.

□ Let's face it, Jay, your comparisons are unfair and unreasonable. Your suppositions are unfounded and unproven, and your simple logic fails when presented with the true facts. In other words, you're full of shit.

Thomas
Riverside, Calif.

Wise Responses

□ I'd like to tell Wise from Houston, Texas (August '83 issue), that she does not sound wise at all — just stupid and narrow-minded. The reason any girl shows her body off is because she has pride and isn't ashamed of herself. As for being one of

those disgusting braless girls (which I am myself), Wise should watch her husband's eyes this summer and see how often he looks at braless tits.

Canuck
Minneapolis, Minn.

□ Call me what you want. I have my CPA degree. I've used it for over 8 years now. I wear a bra only when I feel I ought to (work, church, etc.). Otherwise, I'm free — I'm not really blessed, but I'm good enough.

I'm a female motorcycle rider and damned proud of it.
Big G
Wichita, Kan.

□ I work 40 hours a week as a legal secretary and have a "respectable" wardrobe for my job, but when I get home and when the weekends come, I'm out of those clothes, into my leathers, and in the wind behind my ol' man.

Squirt
Anchorage, Alaska

□ I'm not filthy, my jeans may be a bit on the holey side, I never wear a bra, I'm not disgusting, but I'm a true American.

Donna Jean
Glendale, Ariz.

□ You and your ol' man sound like real squares. Who are you to judge people you obviously know nothing about?

Monte
Worthington, Minn.

Female Male Call

□ Where in the hell do you get off puttin' a bunch of split-tail bitches in the "Male Call" space, anyway? Since when has a bitch been equal to a scooter tramp? Lettin' women's libbers run your mag, huh? What a bunch of pussies. Yeah, you better do what they say or they'll cut you off!

Bro Wright
Carson City, Nev.

■ There are a few women in prison and they'd like some mail, too.

Be Nice To Older People

□ Just wanted to tell you about this great lady we met at a friend's cookout.

She's the old lady (80 years old) from across the street, always sitting in her window watching, so we decided to

invite her over. Well, she said yes, and while we were waiting for her to get ready, she showed us a flick of her ol' man on the scooter-sidecar combo they eloped on in 1918. A genuine granny and the greatest gal I've met in a long time.

So be nice to the old folks just sitting in windows — you just never know who might be reliving being in the wind by seeing you putting around.

Kathy, Jeanette, Mike
and Michael A.
Denver, Colo.

Keep Tryin'

□ You rotten sonuvabitches haven't printed anything we've sent you.

Swamp Dog
and Digger
Lancaster, Pa.

■ No shit?

Laughs and Good Readin'

□ You give me laughs and a lot of good readin' even if you don't know what you're talkin' about half the time.

Crazy Ed
Germany

Female Writers

□ One of us put our name in "Male Call," and like all good bros, we shared the addresses among the three of us.

It seems to us the chicks out there enjoy playing head games. They come off selling dreams only to stop writing without any reason after a few months.

John "Red" Lirfieri
Attica, N.Y.

Promises, Promises

□ Here is a wrapper from a raisin pie I recently ate. I've been reading your magazine since the first one, and if you keep up the good work, maybe in a few years I'll send you a whole uneaten pie.

Filthy Frank
Somewhere

■ Well, we got a smell anyway.

On Waving

□ In the June '83 issue, Outlaw from Nevada asked about whom he should wave to.

I wave to all bros and sisters on whatever they ride. At least we're out there. It's in the heart, and no matter what you end up riding, ya gotta be out there in the wind and lovin' every mile of it.

I'd stop for any biker who's down and out. And I hope the bike I ride won't stop another from taking or lending help when needed.

We're all out there 'cause we all feel it — and isn't that what really counts after all?

K.R.
Hermiston, Ore.

Piles and Piles

□ Well, man, I've been a biker now for 12 years and always said I'd do it till I die. But, unfortunately, I came across a case of hemorrhoids, so you guys might as well go ahead and shoot me.

Stone
Johnson City, Ill.

■ There are times like that. But hang in there (no pun intended).

Questions, Questions

□ Okay. A talking bike — that I'm willing to believe. But a chick with four hands? No way! And what happens when you squeeze Frank's right-hand lever?

Odd Ball
Cambridge, Mass.

Robinson Dope

□ Hey, either you guys fucked up or Robinson has been smokin' better shit than we have here. On page 54 of your last rag (June '83), there is a story about Frank and Oral Lee. The chick in the picture has four hands on the dude. Otherwise, your rag ain't too bad.

Tounge
Ithaca, N.Y.

■ He gets better dope than any of us.

Worth It

□ As Wildman walked out the door at 7:15 this morning to go to work, I knew, as always, he'd be out there a few minutes kickin' his '74 Super Glide to life. I went out and asked him if it was worth it.

He looked at me as if I was wastin' my breath just for askin'. We all know it's worth the time and effort even for twenty minutes of wind in the face.

Randy's Ol' Lady
Castle Hayne, N.C.

Problems In New Zealand

□ As a bike rider for several years and an owner of what was a very fine collection of *Easyriders* and *In The Wind*, I was fucked off when a cage

pulled out and hit us, but even more hurt when I got out of the hospital and found that a cunt had ripped off my mags.

Punga
Auckland City, New Zealand

Who Won?

Well, what's the deal? You gonna tell us who won that Disc Glide or what? And what was the mileage on it?

Red
Belton, Tex.

Look on pages 40, 41.

Searchin'

Who's the fine hunk in the month of May on the '83 calendar? He's fine. Wish he were mine. Are you available or reasonable?

Sherry
Doyle, Calif.

Thanks

I take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation for your placing us on your list of free subscribers to *Easyriders*.

You undoubtedly do appreciate the pleasure obtained from reading *Easyriders*, especially by some of our inmates who, unfortunately, have little such entertainment available.

Your magazine has created sufficient enthusiasm that our readers look forward impatiently from month to month for the next issue.

Sylvia Horne, Librarian
Drumheller Institution
Inmate Library
Drumheller, Alberta

Origin Of Name

This is in regard to your reply on the origin of the name "Hells Angels" in the June '83 issue.

It was first used during WWI as the name for the Scottish troops who wore their kilts into battle. These guys were tough. Then in 1930, Howard Hughes won an Academy Award with a movie about WWI flying aces, called "Hell's Angels."

The next use was by the 3rd Pursuit Squadron of the American Volunteer Group, better known as the famous "Flying Tigers." These guys were mercenaries who fought against the Japanese in China from mid-summer, 1941 until July 4, 1942. The group was disbanded, and many of them joined the Army Air Corps and formed the 23rd Fighter Group, keep-

ing the name "Flying Tigers." The 3rd Pursuit Squadron of this group was made up of the original fighters and so retained the name and insignia of the "Hells Angels." The insignia was a voluptuous nude red devil woman with wings. These guys were the first and some of the best aces of WWII.

The Professor
LaConner, Wash.

Just saw a Hells Angels' film, soon to be released, titled "Hells Angels Forever," and they attributed the name to a WWII bomber. It was the style then to put names on bombers. The bomber group probably decided to take the name from one of the groups you mentioned.

Liked Poem

The poem "Biker Etiquette" by Bad Bob on page 76 of your May '83 rag was fucking great.

Ron The Con
Reading, England

Wrong Girl

I was looking at the good-lookin' broad on the front cover and when I looked inside to see more of her, it was the wrong broad. What the fuck is the deal?

Birdog
Bamberg, Germany

Sometimes a girl won't want to pose for photos inside. Must be they spot Spider's tongue-hardon.

Reason For Subscribing

I finally subscribed to your lousy magazine only to get that lousy poster. I don't care if Dave Mann signs it or not, but I would appreciate Spider's putting his paw mark on it.

B.S.
Washington, Ohio

"Easy Rider" Poster

In reply to Jeff Jasper of Iowa on obtaining a copy of the "Easy Rider" poster (July '83 issue), tell him to check with Peaches Records Store. They have them because I just got my copy at Peaches in Bedford Hts., Ohio.

Bull Shipper
Washington C.H., Ohio

Thought I could be useful for once in my life and help out that guy looking for an "Easy Rider" poster. He can try: CM Products, 33 Park Avenue, Rutherford, N.J.

07070. I think they have a free catalog.

Psycho
Honsdale, Mass.

Check with: Movie, Box 869, Spencer, W. Va. 25276.
Mad Hammer
Summersville, W. Va.

If you locate any posters, send one to Mutha. She's hot for Peter Fonda. Then again, she's hot for any peter. Write to: Platt Mfg. Co., Inc., 424 So. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90013.

Sundance
Mariposa, Calif.

A company called Po-Flake Productions can get posters. The cost is somewhere around \$25. Their address is 203 17th Ave., Ottawa, Ill. 61350. Telephone: (309) 454-2571.

Slim
Iowa City, Iowa

Earrings

This letter is in response to T.J.'s letter in your July issue. It was about what ear you put an earring in.

Put it in your left ear. If it's in your right ear, it means you're a fag.

Snake
Brooklyn, N.Y.

In the June '83 issue you advised a dude who was going to pierce his ear to do it on the left side. I've always been told that the ear pierced on the left meant the person was gay. What gives?

Pierced on the right
and not gay
Los Angeles, Calif.

Maybe it means different things in different areas — my area, right means gay.

Shriners

Just read your July mag. Hatter wanted to know what A.A.O.N.M.S. stands for. It stands for Ancient Arabic Order of The Nobles of The Mystic Shrine. These people are those Shriners you see riding Harleys. The Shriners help support the hospitals for crippled children.

Capt. Jack
Milwaukee, Wis.

Down here in New Orleans, they have parades and parties just about every other week. Half the time they don't even need a reason. (Hell, come to think about it,

Continued on page 126

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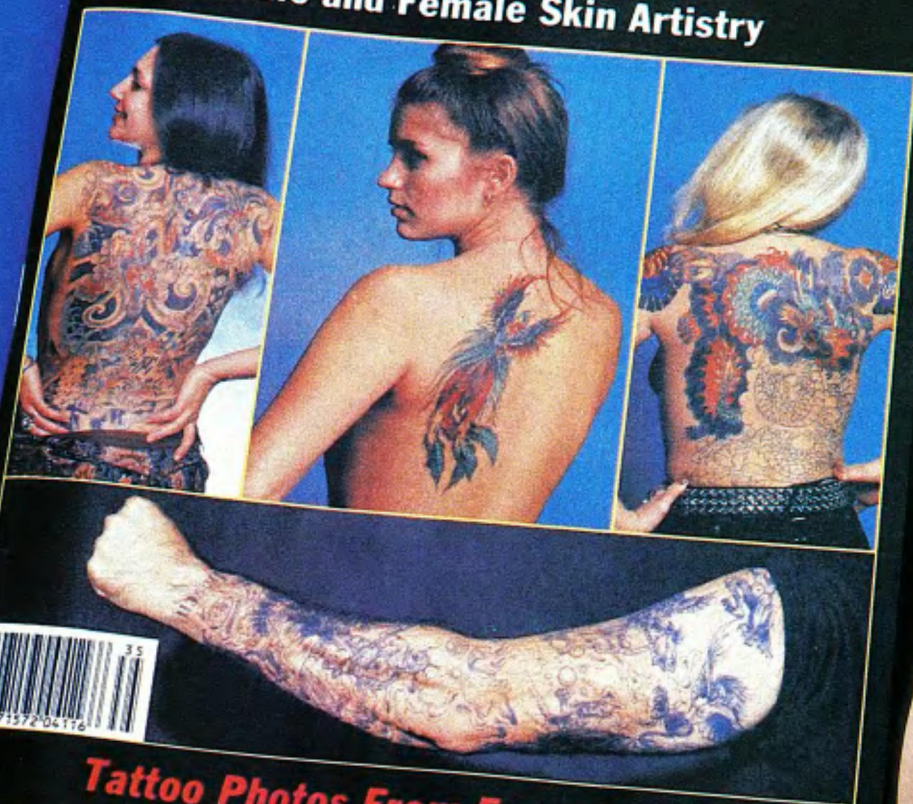
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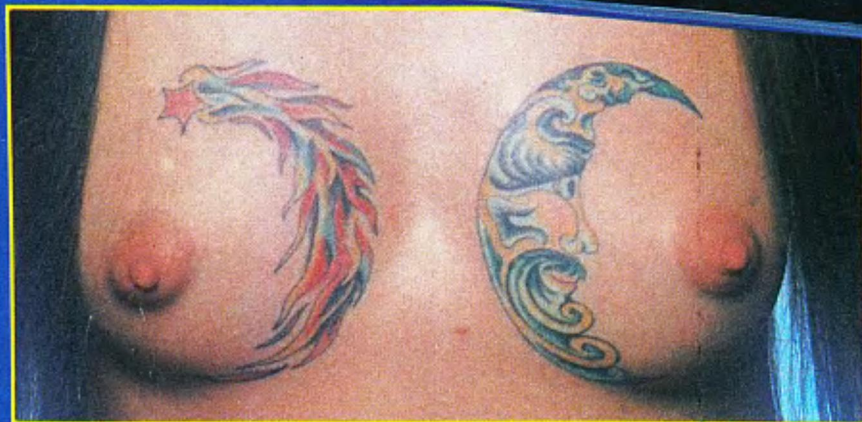
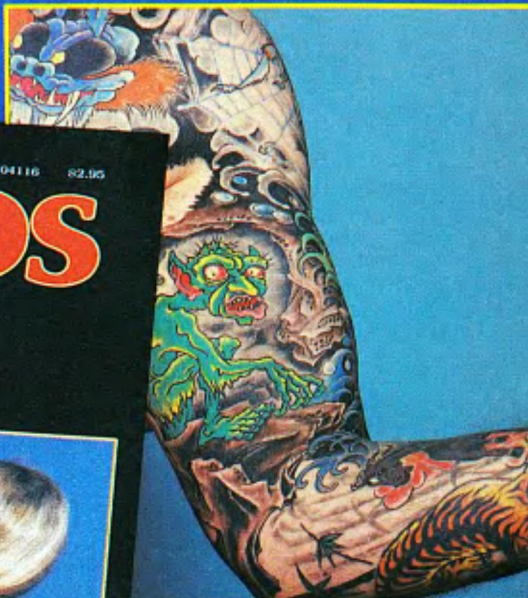
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The Greatest Debacle In Announcing

Imagine a race, any race — bike or cage — bein' run at around 380 miles an hour. Not 380 per in a straight line like at Bonneville, but 380 per around a two-mile course with four nasty turns.

Well, believe it or not, they did it at the Indy 500 this year. Yep, finished the classic in 79 minutes, 30 seconds for an average speed of around 380mph — or at least ABC-TV did. The actual race that people at "the Brickyard" saw, and that millions of others listened to on the radio, lasted three hours and four minutes and the winner, Tom Sneva, averaged a bit over 162mph. But none of that mattered to those not-so-good ol' boys at ABC, who used their three-hour tape delay spot to show exactly 79½ minutes of the 500-miler. And that, as they say, is show biz.

Unlike many people, I don't find anything weird about bein' both a biker an' a shitkicker — both types like beer and broads an' fast machines and, as any one who grew up east of Sacramento knows, Indianapolis Speedway, Indiana, every Memorial Day weekend becomes the shitkicker capital of the world.

The Indy 500 is more than a cage race, it's an institution, an event dedicated to the kind of "win-or-die-trying" approach to competition that is uniquely American — which is why, this year, last year, year-after-year, watching the ABC coverage makes me understand why television used to occasionally provoke the late Elvis Presley to shoot the

screens out of various idiot boxes with a .45 he allegedly kept handy for that purpose.

ABC has absolutely no feel for Indy, no sense of its traditions, and no concept of the information an Indy fan needs in order to be able to sit down and really get into the event. To ABC Sports Czar Roone Arledge, the Indy 500 is no different than a sprint between three guys with refrigerators strapped to their backs.

To realize how trivial ABC considers this most-important-of-all auto events, one only needs to scan what they put on the screen *instead* of race coverage — in other words, the 100 minutes, 30 seconds of the three-hour race program that isn't devoted to the race. Obviously, a huge chunk of it is used for commercials and shilling for upcoming ABC sports events, but a surprisingly large amount of time is spent on fillers, teasers and tedium, garbage put together in advance, to be used "in case" — in case of a rain delay, in case a major accident temporarily stops the race, etc. ABC — operating like the meat packing industry, which makes use of everything including the pig's squeal — forced all the "in case" stuff down our throats even though the race was rolling merrily along and we were missing it.

Instead of getting to see the race cars dicing in the pack we got to see, among other things: an embarrassingly silly tape of the ABC crew pretending to service a racer at a pit

stop, a puff piece on Paul Newman (he owned part of one car) that must have earned his PR firm a big bonus, kid-in-the street interviews with juveniles at the track (they didn't even have class to hire Art Linkletter to prompt 'em), and a montage of pictures of people lounging about the track doing dull things. The one biker shown was wearing a Harley bandanna but drove off on a Honda — which could have somethin' to do with the fact Honda was a sponsor, I suppose. The total creative emptiness of all this shit can best be illustrated by this little example: A shot of a kid asleep in someone's arms was judged so overwhelmingly full of human interest that it was used in both the "kids" segment and the "people" segment.

There were some other interruptions that weren't as bad: an interview with Al Unser, Jr. and his dad, a biography of surprise pole-sitter Teo Fabi, a discussion of tires. That these pieces were quite good in no way made their use in place of race coverage less despicable. They would have been fine as pre- or post-race material. "Run To Daylight," a documentary about the late Vince Lombardi, is arguably the best sports profile ABC has ever done. Despite this, I doubt they would leave out chunks of the Super Bowl in order to show it.

And, as always, *ad nauseum*, there is Jackie Stewart — the Ralph Nader of auto racing. Nobody who

Continued on page 83

GRAY GHOST



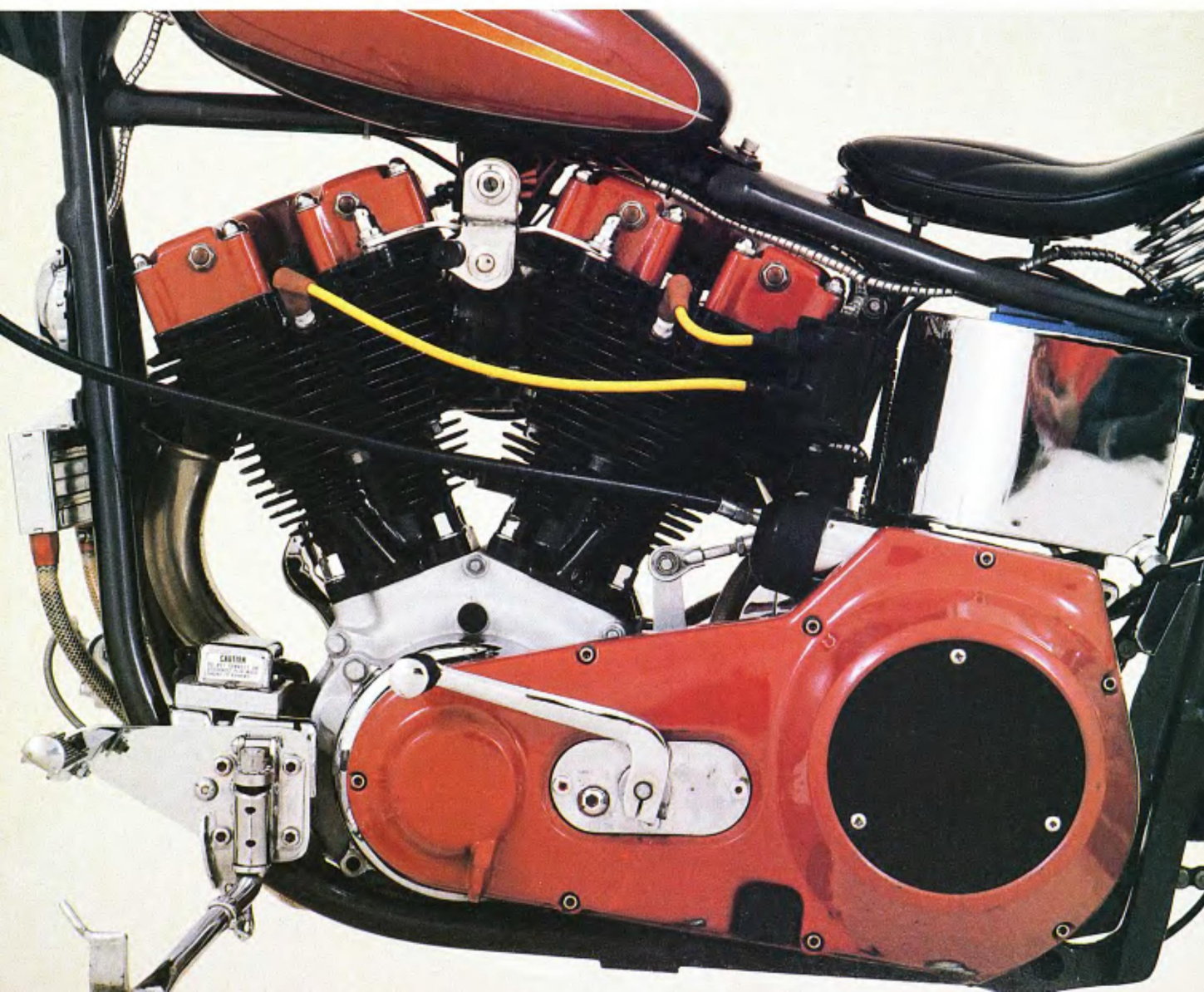


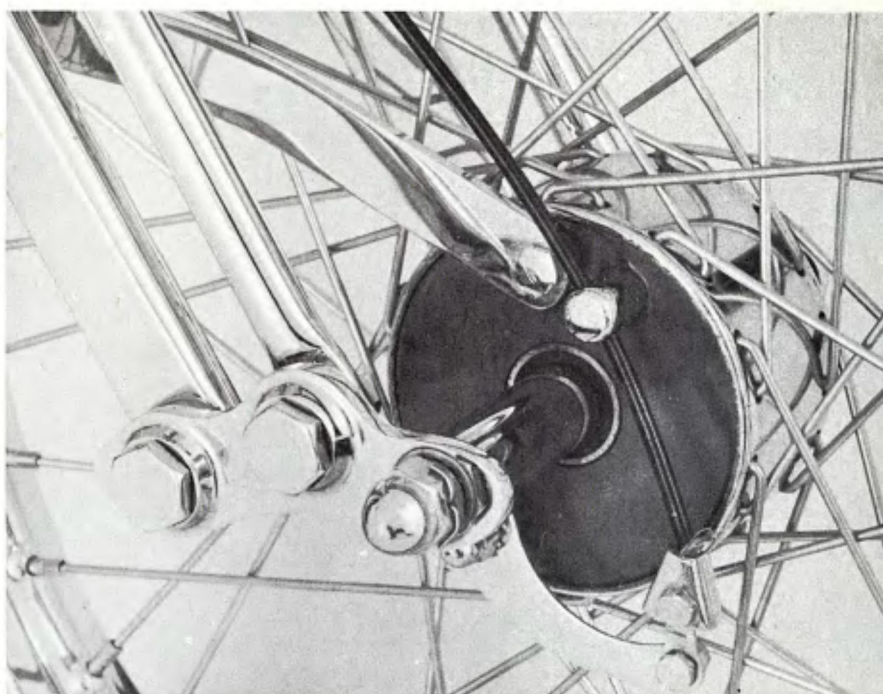
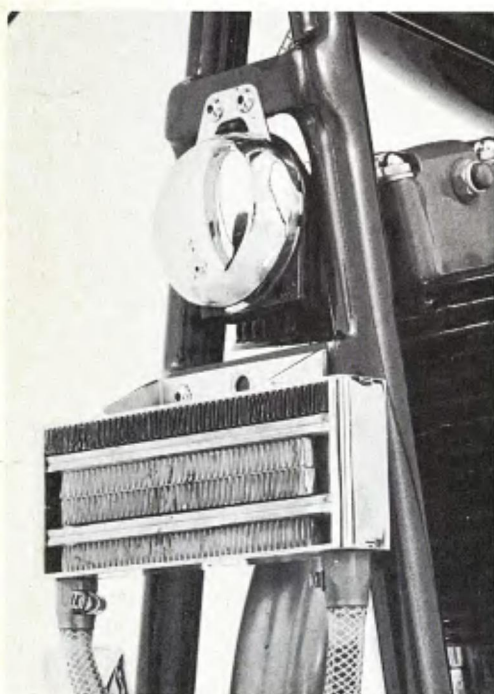
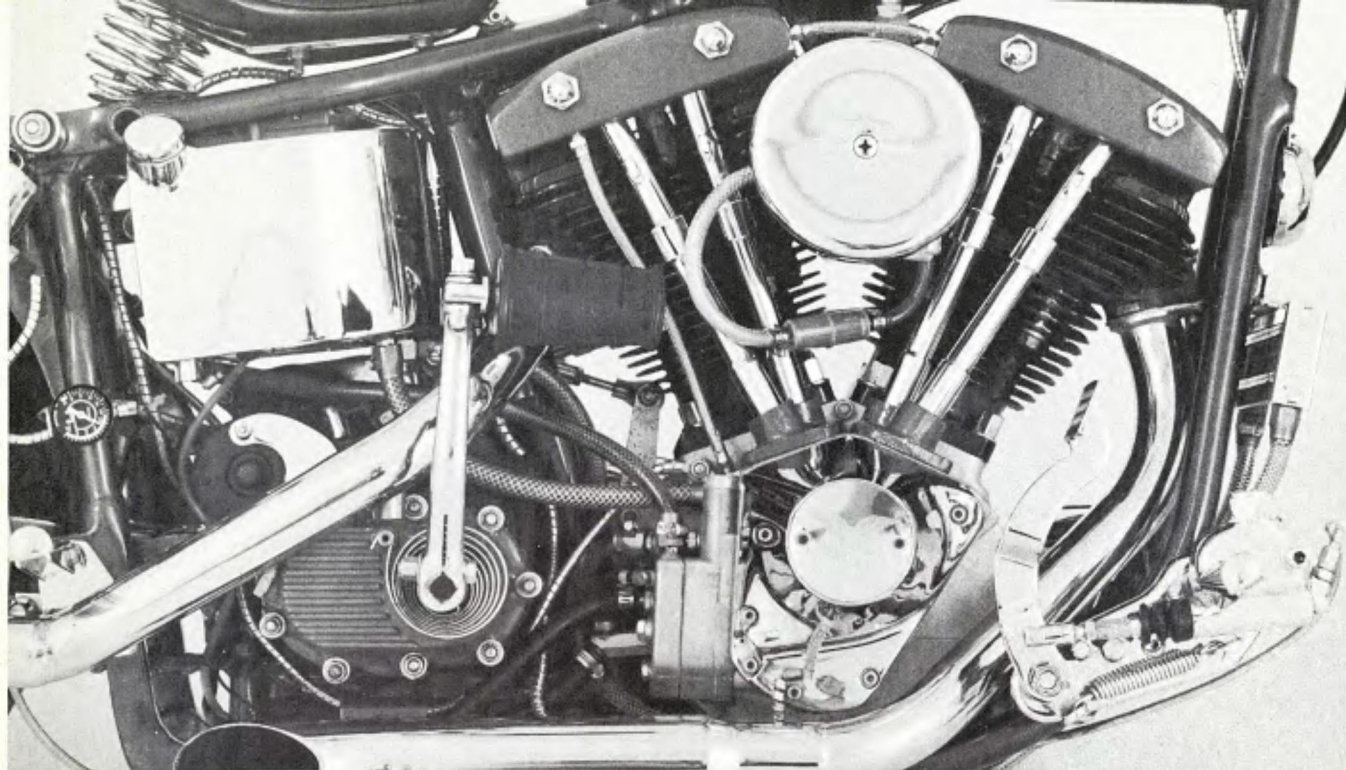
"Terry doesn't believe in patch-work jobs or jury-rigged fixes. When he builds something, it's done right."

Lookin' at it now, what ya see is one bright mutha of a motorcycle. Red with flashes of black and gold on a battleship-gray frame. Bits 'n' pieces of chrome glittering in the light. Everything, every bit of it, calculated to turn eyes, heads, bodies, as it flashes by.

But, distinctive as it is now, ya shoulda seen Terry's '75 FXE while it was still earnin' its name. Earnin' its name? What's that supposed to mean? The bike's named Gray Ghost, right? Look at the picture of Terry, check out that beard, that's where the name came from, right? Well, isn't it?

Not exactly. See, Terry doesn't believe in patch-work jobs or jury-rigged fixes. When he builds something he refuses to pronounce it finished until it's done right — not just about right, not pretty close, not nearly perfect, but R-I-G-H-T, *right*. So, before this scooter got the final, fancy outer coating it wears now, Terry used it as a rolling test bed, driving it from Denver bar to Denver



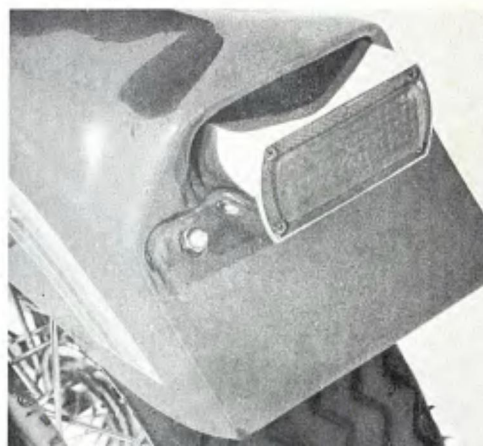


bar, from mountaintop to mountaintop, dressed only in a layer of gray primer.

To be truthful, I can't say it didn't shake up a few bros and sisters to have this gray bike with its tall, thin, graybeard rider suddenly appear on their tail like the spirit of some

ancient biker riding forever alone, half in this world and half in the next.

Even though everyone around Denver soon knew the "spirit" was just Terry test-ridin' the new bike before headin' back to the garage to tweak and twiddle it some more, the



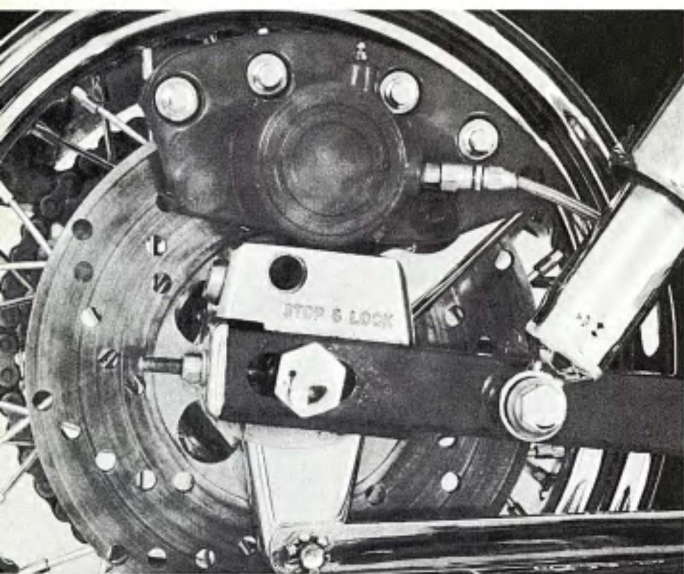
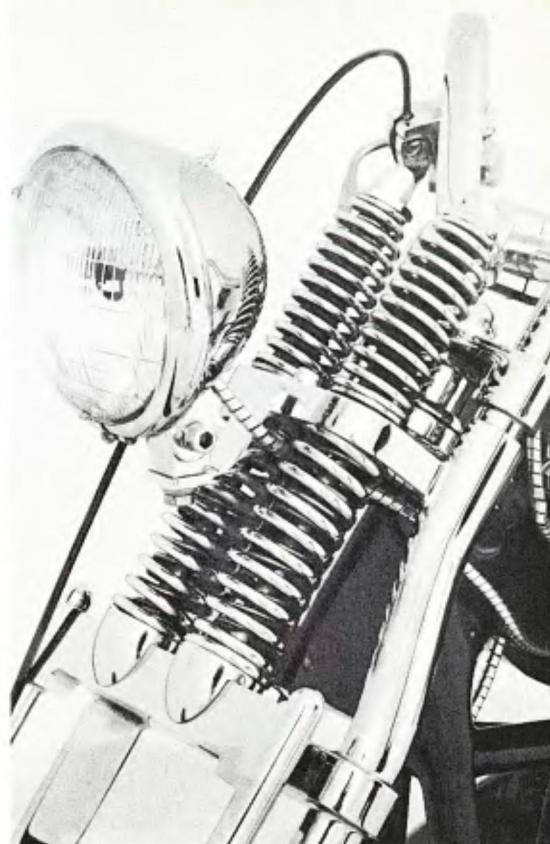
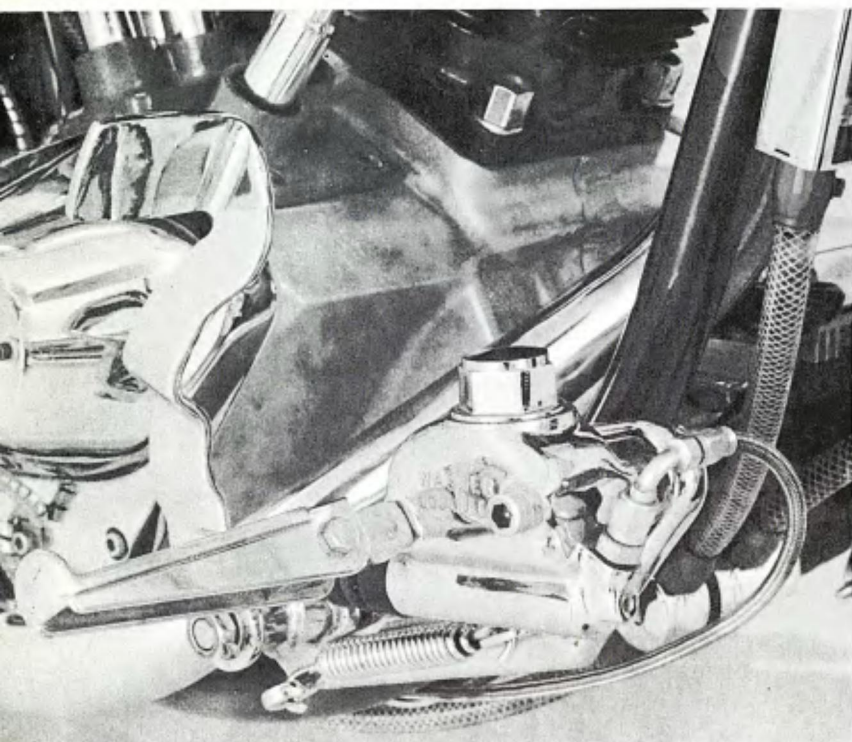


image of a gray spirit atop an unworldly motorcycle persisted, resulting in Terry's bros calling the new ride the Gray Ghost. Terry liked the name so much (because, he said, "It matches the part of my beard all bleached out from pussy juice,") he kept it even after the bike was complete and painted.

Owner: Terry Paine		City: Denver, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1975	
Year and make: 1975 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FXE		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$8000		Rake: factory	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: shock, seat mounts	
Chroming by: ALP of Denver		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: buckhorn	
Year: 1975		Risers: 3 in.	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): Drag Spec.	
Rebuilder: Jim Dockter		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Drag Spec.	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Jim Dockter		Front pegs: yep	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: yep	
Pistons: factory		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3.8-gal. Mustang	
Heads: Manley valves		Oil tank: Drag Spec.	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: oil cooler/thermostat	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: aluminum	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: solo, Drag Spec.	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissybar: fender rails	
Pipes: owner		Height: to the fender	
Muffler(s): one on each pipe		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide springer	
Year: 1975		Extension: 3 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: chromed	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jimmy Dee's Grease Pit		Rim width: 3.25 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: Steel City Gray and red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Cheng Shin
Type: lacquer with clear urethane		Brake: small	Brake: H-D disc
Special paint: Red Imron on rocker boxes, lifter stools, primary cover, brakes.			
Special thanks: to Tom and Henry.			

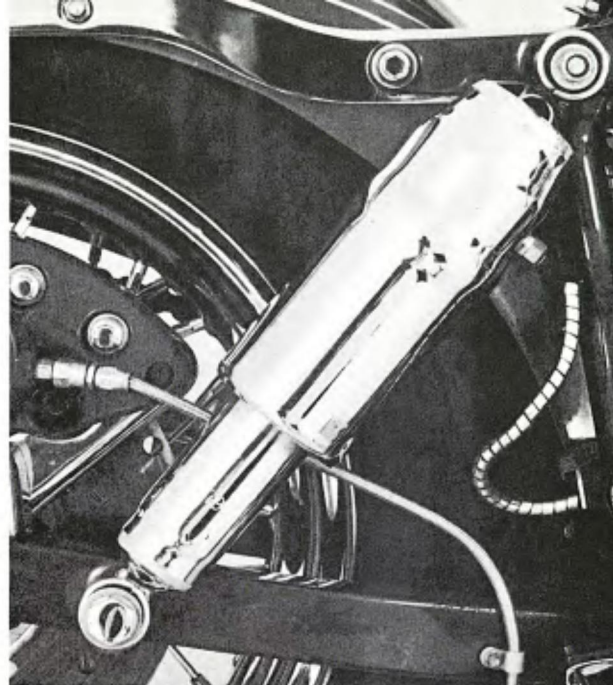
"Running the bike with just primer for a while really worked out for me," he recalled. "For instance, I had a bunch of parts chromed, mounted them up, and started ridin' around. The chrome began to chip off and I figured paint would be better, so I painted them red. Had I already had the rest of the

bike detailed out by the time the chrome started to go south, I might not have been able to balance the colors the way I wanted."

In addition to chrome complications, one thing Terry never counted on was this bike's having the same effect on girls that rigids do. "A lot of times I come out of a bar with a

chick and I just don't wanna take the time to fill the air shocks," he says. "Ya got a hard dick, ya put 'em on the back and go for it. Besides," he added with a grin, "they seem to like it more that way, leastwise my beard seems to get a lot better bleachin' on those nights than most others."

— Pacheco Clyde



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Mud tests are designed to push the prospective member of a club to the limit of his capabilities, whether the tests be for endurance or psychological adequacy. Few men will pass all the tests with a score of 100 percent. Many don't even come close, yet the tests are so designed as to reach far beyond any real-life situation that may arise. Just getting halfway there, in most in-

in the middle of an unknown swamp or forest; the test being their ability to find their way home without observation or arrest while their comrades enjoy their discomfort at having to skulk about the countryside in nothing more than their birthday suits. Tests of a more violent nature exist. They are not the sort of tests this story is dealing with.

* * *

an' then meets us back at the clubhouse."

"Right!" the others chorused. "Damn!" Mike said, leaning back and stroking his beard. "I'll never forget the time you fuckers did this to me. I was scared to death." He enunciated each word slowly, for effect. "When Rusty raised up under that bloodstained — I mean, catsup-stained sheet, I damn near ruptured myself gettin' outta the van. I'd still be runnin'

THE FINAL TEST

by Coyote Gray

stances, is distance enough to achieve the desired results. Most of the tests involve participation in events where life and limb can be threatened if the wrong turn is taken, the timing is off, or the wrong decision is made. All are designed with quick thinking and exceptional courage in mind.

Other tests — for the sake of pure enjoyment on the part of the examinant — are complete setups designed to present a hazardous situation while being controlled in such a way that only the mind of the prospective member is skillfully and thoroughly manipulated.

Men have been required to drink themselves into total oblivion only to awaken later at the bottom of an open grave in some dark, remote cemetery. Others have awakened to find themselves naked, tied to a tree

The four men sat around the rickety table like conspirators, which is exactly what they were. Huge, flickering shadows danced on the walls, black against the yellow light of the single candle. Jake had thought of the candle, melting a bit of wax and letting it drip onto the warped wooden surface of the table, then holding the butt of the candle in it until it cooled and stood upright by itself. Now, the men hunched forward, their heads together, speaking in low tones as though someone might be listening.

"Okay, okay," Rusty said. "We've got that much settled. I furnish the pistol, the powder loads, and my van. Mike an' Jake take care of the party arrangements, Banjo stays with Wally an' me until I'm wrapped up an' loaded in the van, to make sure nothin' goes wrong,

if you all hadn't stopped me. But what a party that night, eh?" He nudged Banjo in the ribs and the small man's large eyes, for which he was named, rolled from side to side as he remembered Mike's fright.

"Remember Willie?" Banjo asked, throwing his head back and laughing. "He shit his pants! I mean, man, he flat shit his pants when Rusty raised up on him. He knew. He *knew* Rusty was dead. He *knew* nobody could miss with a forty-five from no six feet away."

"Well, we'll see how brave Wally is," Jake said, grinning. "He did all right on the other tests. Oh, he was a little shaky after that cop took a potshot at him runnin' down the freeway, but he did all right. But this one will show what he's really made of. Now," he added, getting up, "let's

Continued on page 84



OAK 83

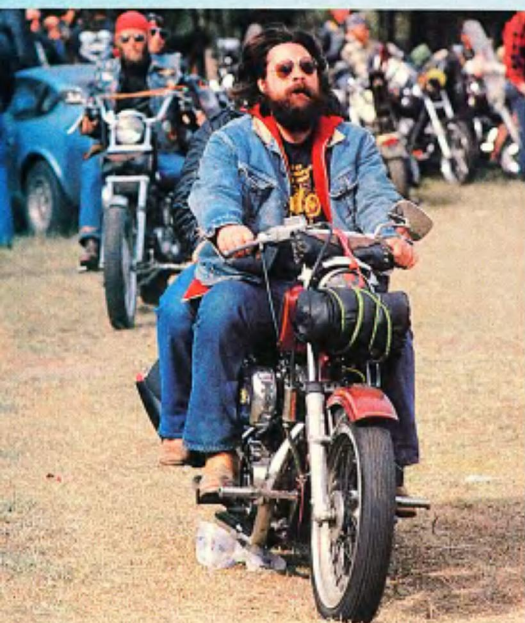
RUN TO THE WATER

ABATE of Nebraska held its Sixth Annual S.R.F.F. last Memorial Day, but they almost had to change the name from "Spring Run For Fun" to "Spring Run From Flood." Discovering that spring rains had turned their usual campground alongside the Platte River into a parking lot more suited to hali-

but than Harleys, the ABATE bros regrouped and quickly moved the site of the action to the Brady Rodeo Arena.

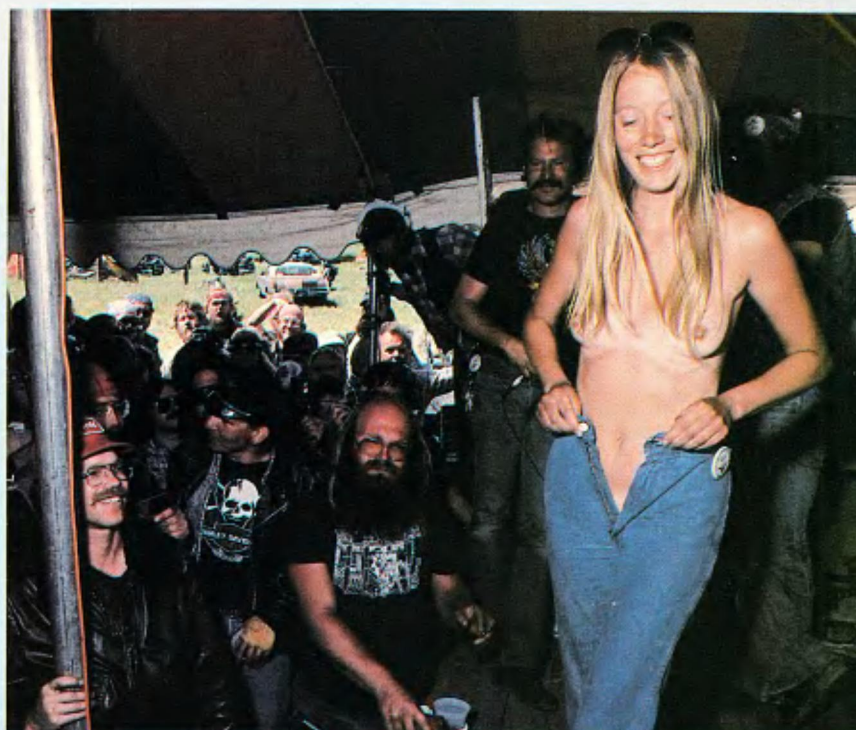
Why not? Didn't someone once say bikers were the last real cowboys? Besides, rodeos are mostly about ridin', and let me tell ya, there was a hell of a lot of ridin' goin' on during the

By late Friday afternoon, the grounds had begun to turn into a tent city with sheets of canvas sprouting in every corner. I don't know about you, bros, but it's often seemed to me that a couple of things most bikers can't handle are straight world crap like pushin' pencils across a bunch of bullshit forms, and



S.R.F.F. — bike ridin', broad ridin', moustache ridin'. Hell, the bros were ridin' anything that moved — and a few mama-type things a bit past the movin' stage. Some were riding tires pulled behind bikes, tit-contest contenders were ridin' waves of live rock 'n' roll — and most of all, bikers from all over were ridin' the asphalt, pourin' into the rodeo grounds from Missouri, South Dakota, Colorado, Kansas and other neighboring states — drawn by promises of good times, brotherhood and 125 kegs of beer.

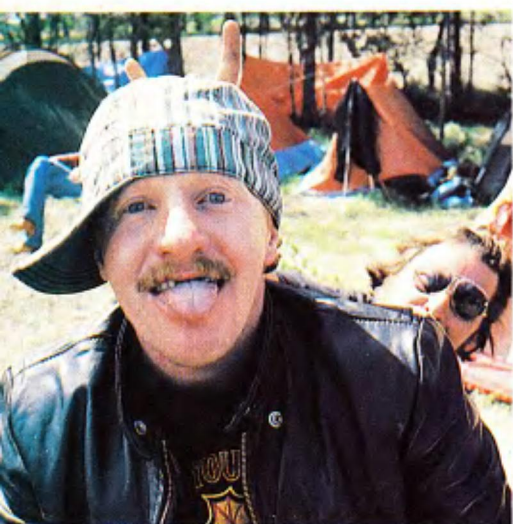
redneck stuff like pitchin' a tent. I mean, watching some of those bros try to figure out which cord was supposed to be tied to which peg when they were already deep into their third six-pack was the funniest thing I've seen since the time I took a wrong turn on a run to Lake Mead and wound up at the boat launching ramp. Watching the cagers there try to get their over-sized bathtub toys on and off their trailers was funnier than a mass attack of the drizzlin' shits at a policemen's ball. Watchin' bikers try



to put up tents is funny, but not quite in the same league. Still, it's all part of the feelin'.

I saw one big ol' bro erect one of them tents that's held up by aluminium struts and then stand back — arms folded across a beer belly the size of the eggplant that ate Chicago — to admire his handiwork. A playful little breeze passed by and the tent fell down. A couple of his bros ran to help, but he growled and waved them off. Three tries later, the tent — supported by aluminium rods

Continued after two pages of photos





Photos by Mike Lichter





been bent that way when they came out of the factory — was standing upright and its sweating proprietor was cooling himself in a shower of beer.

Then there was the young bro and his ol' lady who had so much fun trying to get their tent up that they wound up rolling around on top of the rumpled canvas — just grinnin' and grabbin' and obviously not givin' a shit about anything but livin', lovin' and laughin' as only scooter trash know how to do it.

Which, if ya stop to think about it, is what runs like this one are all about — a chance for us to be with our own people, free from straight-world hassles, to get down and get it on.

And get it on we will. As they say at the post office (sort of, anyway), "Neither rain, nor sleet, nor hail, nor the flooded Platte River will stay a bunch of action-hungry bikers from their duly appointed party."

— Perfesser Prune

BOOK REVIEW

Grateful Dead: The Official Book of the Dead Heads

by Paul Grushkin, Cynthia Bassett,
and Jonas Grushkin (Quill, 1983).



Photo by Pete Chiodo

By Tex Campbell

"THE DEAD GIVE ME HOPE THAT ALL IS NOT LOST"

—Dead Head quote by Clint Roswell
in the *New York Daily News*

The Grateful Dead began making music around 1965 and, amazingly enough, are still going strong today, eighteen years later. Amazing for several reasons. For one thing, the mortality rate for rock bands ranks up there with the lifespan of the butterfly — here today and gone tomorrow. Furthermore, the Dead's longevity is all the more remarkable when you consider that they've never had even one hit single, something generally considered essential if a band is going to survive in the big leagues. And finally, there's the Dead themselves, an unlikely conglomeration of post-hippie-era veterans who seem to have no interest in the "business" of rock 'n' roll, the big-bucks hype and the whirlwind, soak-the-suckers promo tours.

In spite of all this, the Dead are rockin' through the '80s unperturbed. Their secret is their own enduring spirit and their fans. *The Official Book of the Dead Heads* is as much about these fans — a unique breed in their own right — as about the band itself. The Dead Heads, like the Dead itself, is something of a social institution, a distinct group of true believers devoted to attending Dead concerts, exchanging tapes, letters, and memorabilia among themselves, and most important,

enjoying the music with a characteristic exuberance all their own. Dead fans have a special relationship with the band and its music, and this book is both a document of and a tribute to that rare and wonderful relationship.

The Official Book of the Dead Heads opens with a short preface by Jerry Garcia, who discusses his abiding affection for the devoted fans and for the reciprocal entertainment they and the band provide for each other. This preface is followed by an introduction written by Paul Grushkin, Cynthia Bassett, and Jonas Grushkin. The intro is the longest single piece of copy in the book, a reply to a letter from a fan in Germany wanting to know how to become a Dead Head. Unfortunately, their reply is pretty incoherent, tossing around vague pop mysticism in phrases like "synchronicity of group mind" and "disbelief melts into understanding." Such prose points up the difficulty — if not, indeed, the futility — of trying to "explain" a phenomenon like the devotion of Dead fans. In fact, the reply should have ended with the second sentence: "Simply jump in and take part."

But don't worry. There's relatively little of such spacy mumbo-jumbo elsewhere in the book. Basically, *The Official*

Book of the Dead Heads is a combination photo album/scrapbook, a random, meandering collection of concert pictures and miscellaneous artifacts of the band and their loyal partisans. There's plenty of fun here for any Dead Head: a Dead trivia quiz (sample question: Who is McGannahan Skjellyfetti?), gobs of oddball photos (Garcia's passport picture, Bill Graham in a skeleton outfit, etc.), poems and artwork by fans, an exhaustive list of concerts played by the band between 1961 and 1983, and so on.

The verse, excerpts, and anecdotes that surround the photos in the book are intermittently entertaining, though some of this stuff is silly and self-indulgent, the worst example being two interminably long, gushy "poems" by Paul Grushkin. But the photographs carry the book, making it an invaluable document for anyone who digs the Dead and their music. There are lots of concert shots, of course, both in color and black and white, of the boys jammin': Garcia and Weir playing their brains out, Phil Lesh laying out his impeccable bass lines, Bill Kreutzmann and Mickey Hart beatin' the piss out of the band's incredible array of drums, and Brent Mydland pounding the keyboards.

A minor criti- *Continued on page 112*



These Guys Would Be Better Off Curling Up With A Good Book

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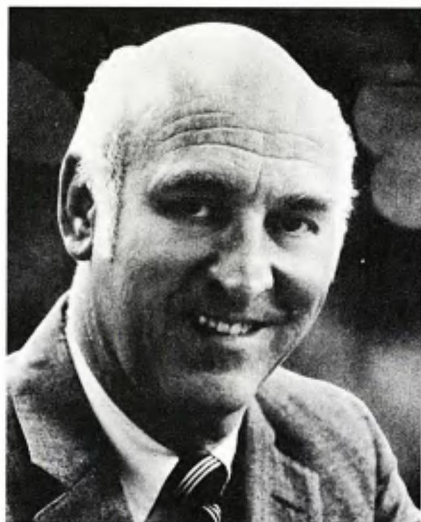
"The V-Twin is synonymous with Harley-Davidson, and it seems to have come in vogue with some of our competitors in the last few years. We have absolutely no intent of abandoning the V-Twin."

VAUGHN BEALS

A coupla months ago, we asked you to join us in attempting to get President Reagan to take action to protect America's Motorcycle — Harley-Davidson — from being forced to the wall by unfair competition from Japanese manufacturers. As ya always do, ya responded magnificently. Your thousands upon thousands of "save Harley" coupons — added to the tens of thousands of wires, petitions, letters, etc. received at the White House — were instrumental in convincing the President to impose stiff import duties against the imports. Well, ya know the old saying, "God helps those who help themselves." America — its President, its trade commissioners and its people — have combined to give Harley the window of time, the breathing space, it said it needed to become competitive and stand on its own two wheels as a proud, profitable American motorcycle company.

To find out what Harley intends to do with this "breathing space," we visited company Chairman Vaughn Beals and we spent the better part of a day discussing the matter.

Beals, whose background — like many of his Japa-



nese counterparts, strangely enough — is in engineering, rather than sales, is a blunt speaker who spent most of his career in aeronautics before becoming research and engineering boss at Cummins Diesel. In 1975, AMF induced Beals to join Harley-Davidson and begin the mammoth task of modernizing the company's manufacturing and engineering facilities.

As you all probably know, Beals was instrumental in putting together the 1981 deal in which he, Willie G. Davidson, and 11 others bought out AMF and restored Harley as an independent

company. Beals now serves as chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the company — in case ya haven't had much experience working for big corporations, that means he's the top man.

In his mid-50s, with balding steel-gray hair, Beals does most of his touring 'on a '78 Anniversary FHL — often packin' the ol' lady behind him. His voice is a low rumble that sounds like a 74 come to life and his words resound with confidence in his and his associates' ability to remake the Harley line into one that will win over great numbers of new believers without hassling the

Continued on page 99

Getting a Hand at The Game

by Vincent the Vulture

Picture this: You're passing through a beach town, or a college town, on a fine spring day. There's so much nipple and jiggle floating around that you've squeezed the foam clean off the handlebar grips. You know from experience that nine out of ten of these foxy young things won't give you the time of day — even though you and your ride are looking as fine as ever. Well, this article is going to change all that.

I'm not saying that after you read this, all the chicks you see are gonna jump on, lean back against the bar and cruise with you to the nearest clearing in the woods — but you will get nine out of ten of them to talk to you, and most of them will place their dainty hands in your paws for you to read their palms. They can't resist, so you actually could stop right there and just give 'em some lame line like, "I see you're about to meet a tall dark stranger and have the sexual experience of your life." Or you can read this article carefully and acquire the ability to know as much about some honey as if you'd known her for weeks — and tell her things that you read off her palm, things you could not have otherwise known, since the two of you just met.

Palm reading (my way) is not a con — repeat, *not* a con. The lines on the palm are there because there's a lot of action under the skin. There are hundreds of small muscles connected to the bones of the hand. These muscles move the hand after being told how and when to move by electrical impulses from the brain. These electrical impulses have to travel a path from the brain to the hand and back. The lines on the palm are nothing more than the path taken by these electrical impulses — nothing supernatural. You can't tell the future too well,

FIGURE

1



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

however, because the lines can — and mostly do — change. If a line shows that a person has been sickly and is going to continue to be sick a lot in the future, you can be sure only about the ill health in the past but not the future, 'cause if the person changes, or takes the right pill or something, the line will change to show the new direction. The lines don't change quickly, though. It usually takes more than a year because the electrical impulses are pretty weak and it takes a while for them to wear a new groove in the skin.

One thing, though, chicks are going to want more than just your word that you can read palms. The way I describe it has gotten me past some heavy-duty scientific types, so it's more than likely true.

Other than the fact that you can usually get a chick talking to you about palm reading, what else good is it? Well, you can tell about her health — big deal — and you can tell about her mind — ditto — and you can tell about her sexuality. Ah, so that's the one you're interested in. Okay, I'll explain how to read a chick's sex trip, but first, I'll give you a little general information on a couple of other lines. You'll need it. Most chicks don't like it when you start right in with the heart line — which is also the one to read for sex.

First, look at both hands. The left hand is connected to the unconscious side of the brain and the right to the conscious side. That means the right hand is the one to

put more interest in — but don't ignore the left hand. It is the map of a person's hidden and secret nature and this nature is most likely to show when the person is wasted. Example: A businesswoman who is hard and cold might be very different when she's drunk. The right hand will show the straight nature and the left, the wasted nature.

One more piece of general info before I begin explaining individual lines: Check out Fig. 3, then Fig. 2; see how much more confusing the lines on Fig. 2 are. This means that the chick shown in Fig. 3 would be the same type of person day after day. The chick shown in Fig. 2 is a different story. She could change her mind numerous times every day; you would call her scatterbrained, or flaky. Remember, the more complicated the lines, the more spaced-out and changeable the chick is.

The life line is clearly marked on Fig. 1. It starts between the thumb and forefinger and goes down from there. This line shows the chick's health, or lack of it. If the line is clean and smooth, like the one on Fig. 3, it shows good health. If it's broken and defective, like the one in Fig. 2, it shows sickness or ill health. To ascertain the beginning of that ill health, mark the line with a zero at the beginning and around 90 at the end; then mark it at the halfway point with 45, half of that length with a 20, and so on. It will take a little while to get the hang of this; try it first with people whose health history you know.

Worry lines are any lines that cut

Continued on page 90

FIGURE

2

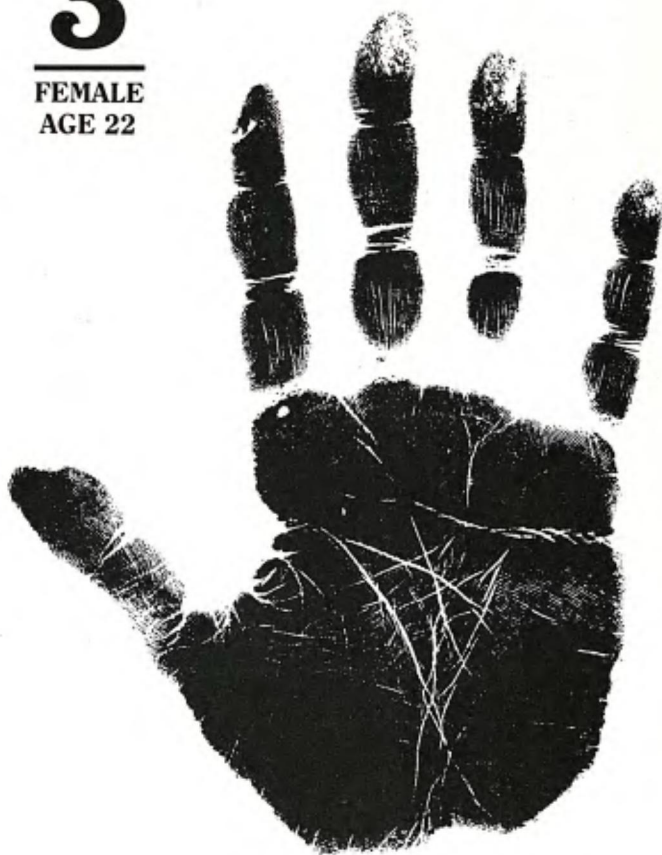
FEMALE
AGE 25



FIGURE

3

FEMALE
AGE 22





Booze - fighters

One Of The Original Motorcycle Clubs

"We had one rule that said you had to be 'Boozefighters up' at all times. If you passed out, you'd better land on your face, 'cause if you landed on your back and covered up that Boozefighters insignia on your back you were out of the club. We used to tell each other, 'Keep an eye on me. If I crash on my ass, roll me over quick before an officer sees me.'"

—a Boozefighter remembers

Just boys during the Depression, they grew up fast fighting for their country in World War II. By the time they were mustered out of the service and sent home to the southeast of Los Angeles they were men — lean, tough men, hungering for some fun and eager to try out some of that freedom they'd just gotten done fighting for. So, like a lot of other GI Joes from all over the country, they took their final army paychecks, bought and "bobbed," as chopping a bike was called in those days, a big Harley or Indian V-twin and began racing, running and hanging out together. Before too long, groups of riders began to form clubs — to promote races, to give some identity to their particular group and to set up standards that new riders would have to meet before they could join the group.

One of the first of these clubs was the Boozefighters. If you've been reading this rag for any length of time at all, you've heard the name and read some of Louis Bosque's yarns about some of their exploits. You may even be

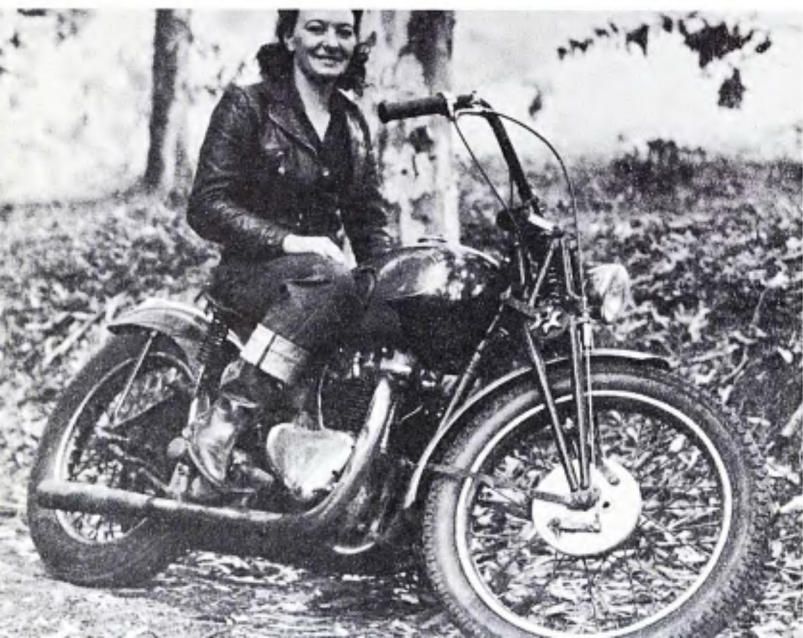


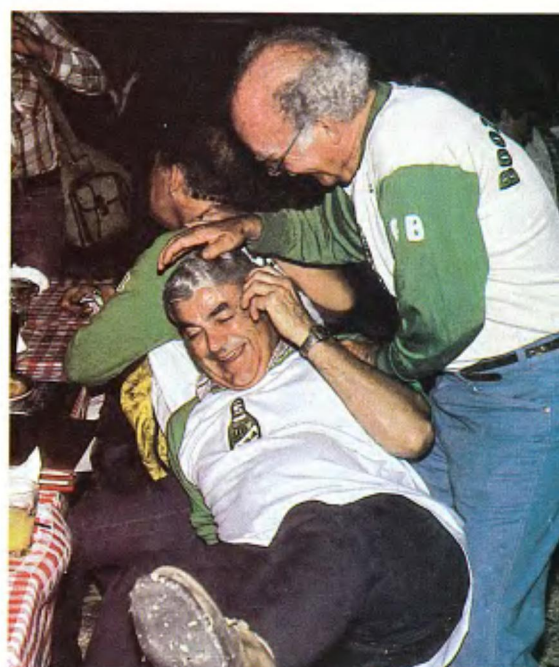
familiar with the fact that some of the original members — the hardest of the hardcore — are still riding proud and free today. Like John Cameron and Lance Tidwell, for example. Two self-proclaimed old farts, they ride their '28 twin-cam JDs anywhere and everywhere — from L.A. to Sturgis and back with less care and worry than a lot of young dudes put into gettin' ready for a 300-mile run.

Despite the fact that many of the original Boozefighters spent their entire lives involved with scooters — as builders, racers, wrenches, etc. — some of the charter members began to drift away during the early '60s as wives, rugrats, and jobs in faraway places started taking their toll.

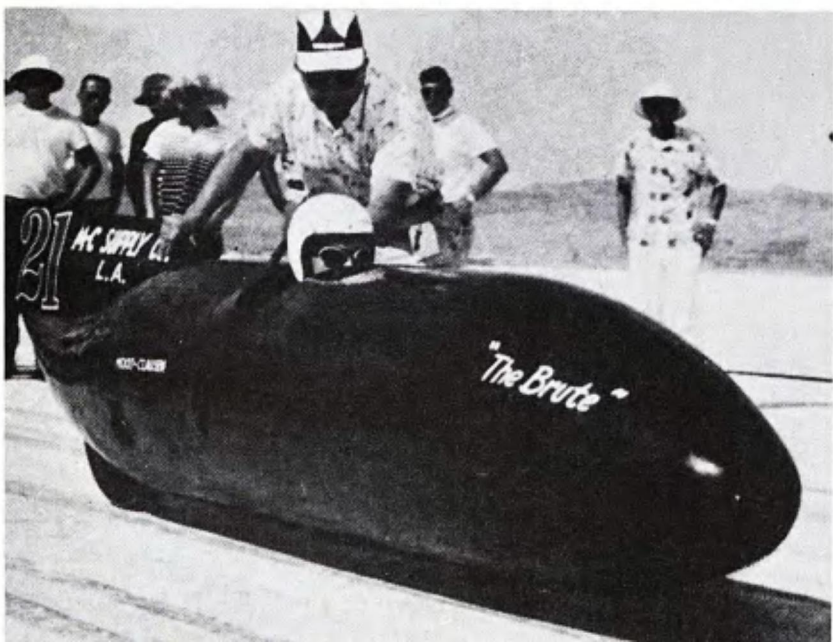
Then one day a few months ago, Spider called a couple of us into his office and announced that he was

Continued on page 114





Photos by Kim Peterson and Gregg Daniel and from the Boozefighters scrapbook







RED DUSTER

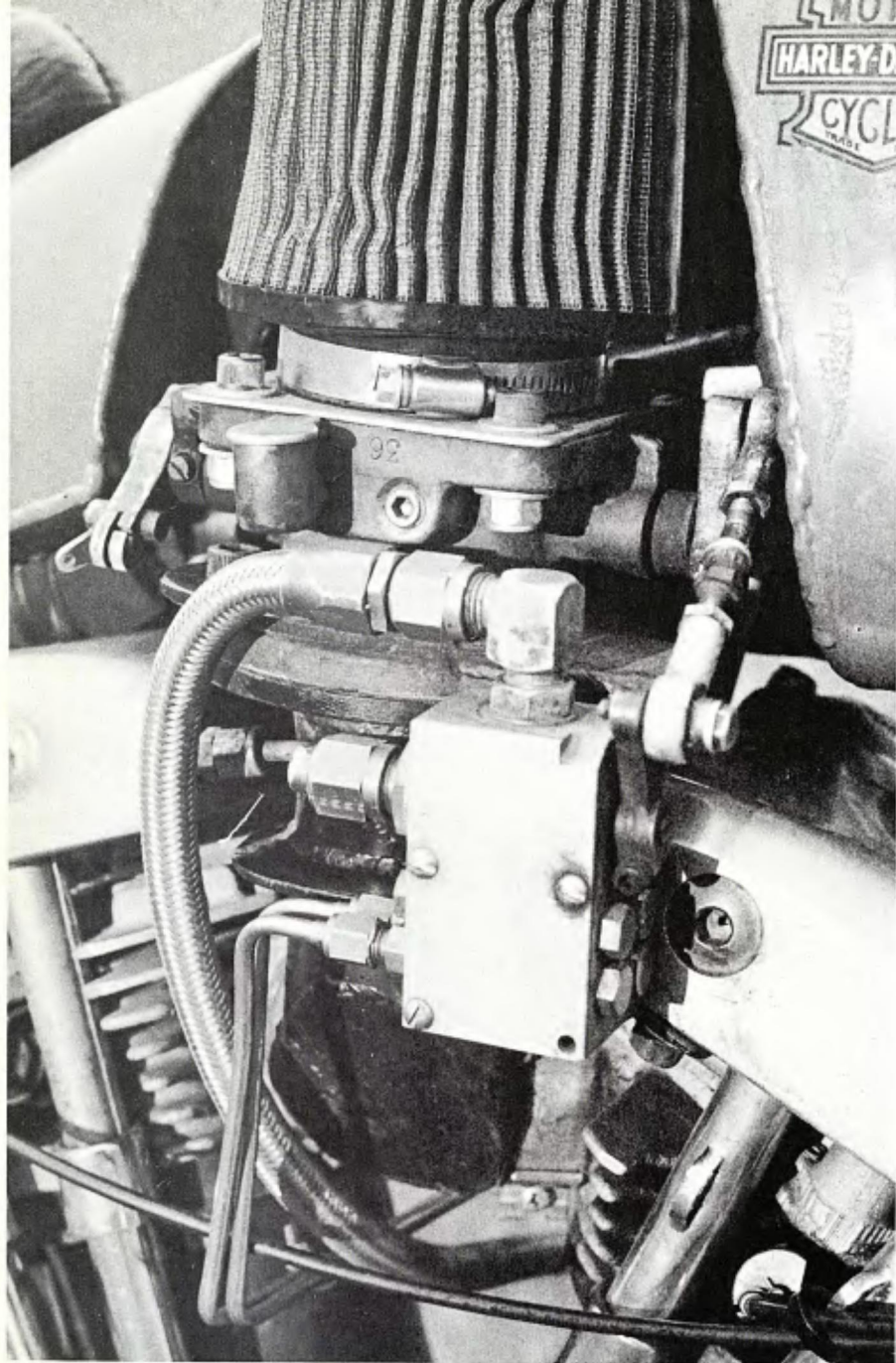
"It's hard to describe hill-climbing — it's strong, wicked, brutal. Nothing else quite equals it."

By Rip

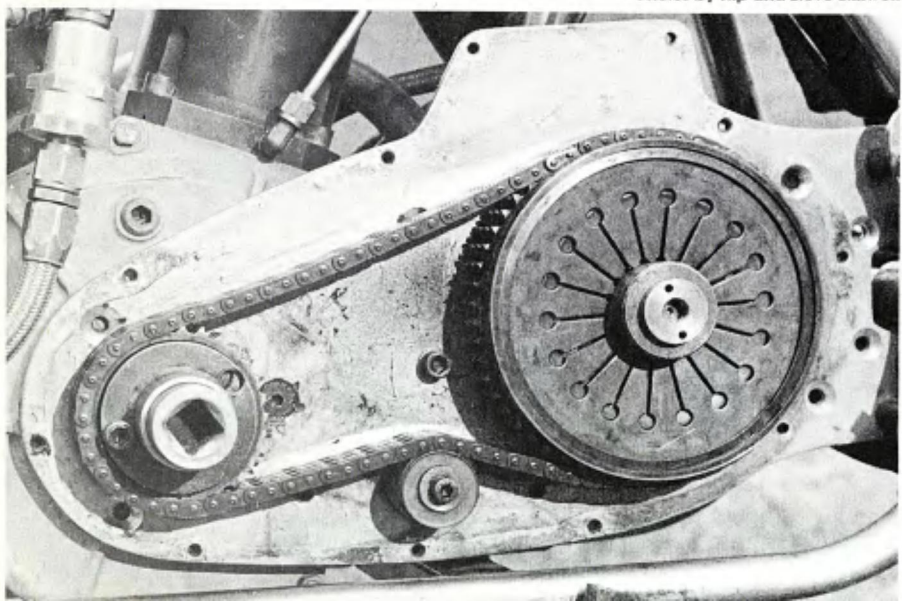
They said that dynamite comes in small packages; well, whoever coined that phrase must have been thinking of Kerry Peterson, champion hill-climber of the West. No, let me back up a bit and change that to champion mountain climber. You see, although Kerry weighs in the neighborhood of 150 lbs., he and his motorcycle are considered to be super heavyweights in this competitive hill-climbing game.

What's he done? I gotta tell ya, he's the '82 Great Canadian Hill-climbing Champ; the '80 and '82 Montana State Champ; the '81 open class World Champion and at the most prestigious and most popular (or at least the best known) Widow-maker Hillclimb, he went over the top in '80, '82 and '83. Spider and I rode out to the Widow-maker in 1982 and we saw Kerry top the side of that mountain for the second time. He shot up the hill around a huge boulder and when



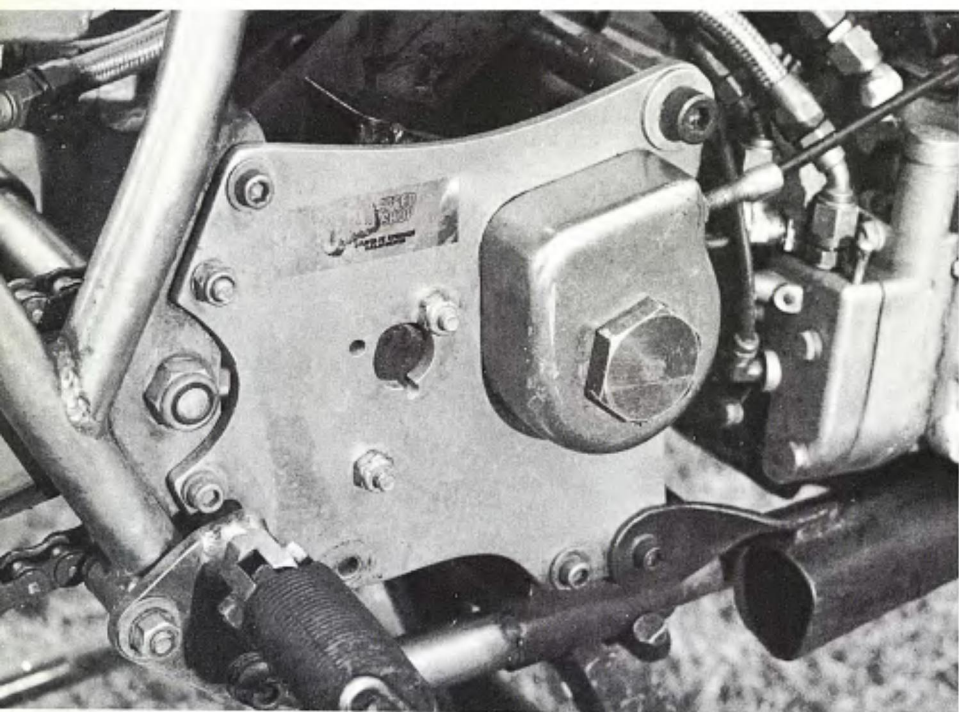
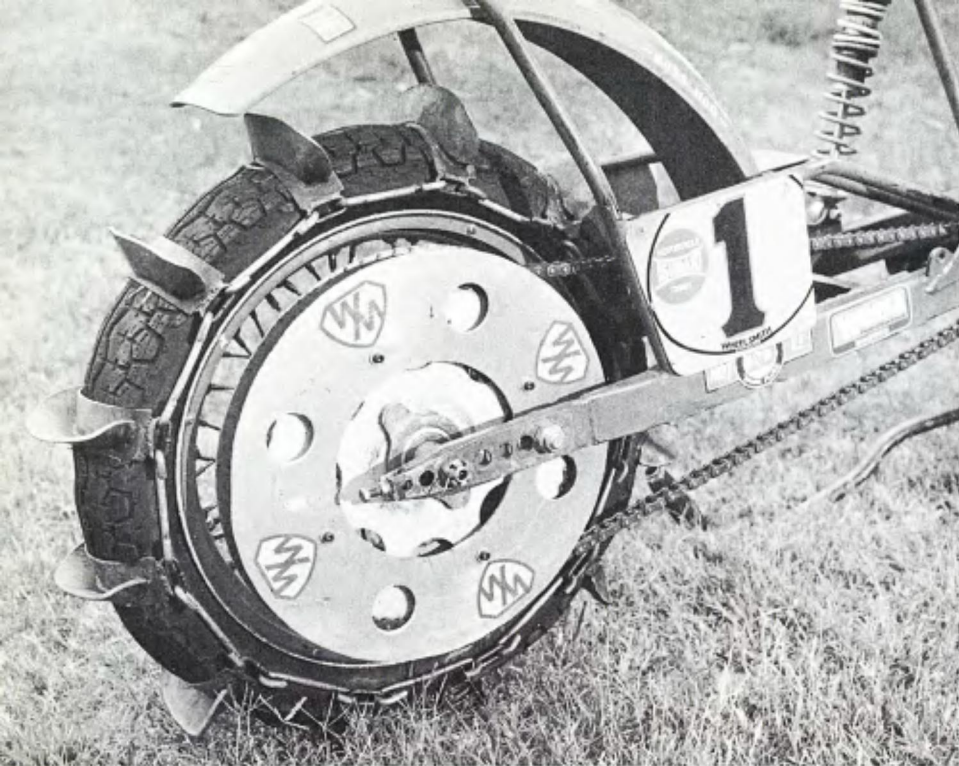


Photos by Rip and Steve Stillwell



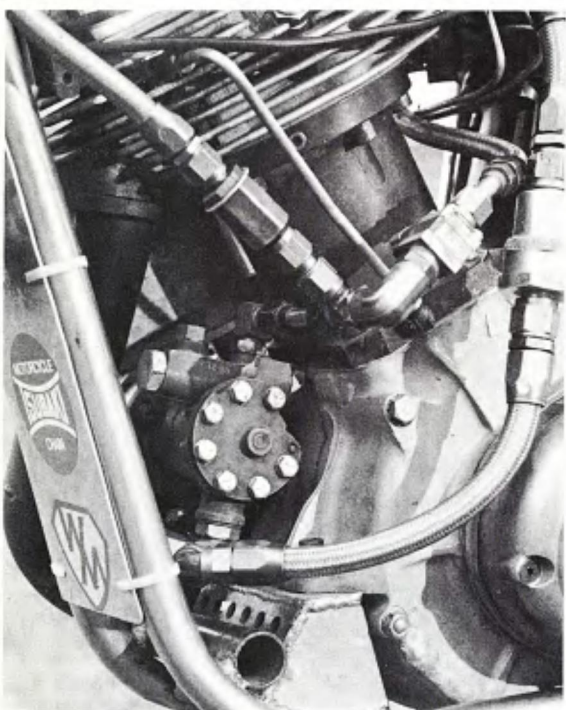
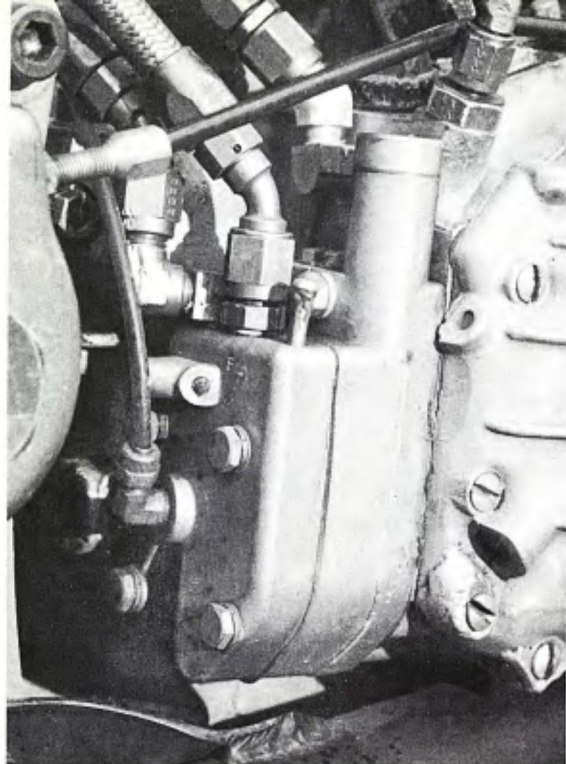
he looked as if he had gone as far as he was going, he reached down and gave it more fuel. The bike looked as if it leaped 10 to 12 feet at a time, like a giant red grasshopper. Up, up and over the Widowmaker's 1500-plus feet. It had to be pure torture for man and machine. It's hard to describe hillclimbing — it's strong, wicked, brutal. Nothing else quite equals it. You'll have to check out an event in your area to see what I mean.

John Bjorkman, who's been constructing hillclimbers for the past fifteen years, started building this sled back in 1977. He says he has built "about 30 frames and six all-out hillclimbers." He made the barrels for Kerry's scoot on a lathe and then sleeved them so the rings would last longer. He chopped the flywheels and rebalanced the mill himself. Rick Branch ported and polished the heads. The injector has a 2



11/16-inch butterfly in the converted propane carb. John says that it came from a forklift. The Hilborne injector pumps at half the crank speed, as does the magneto.

The magneto has a rotor inside that allows it to fire each cylinder individually. The frame with swingarm weighs in at 35 pounds; the



complete weight of the bike dry is 370 pounds. The rear chain is 116 inches long; that's four inches less from a bulk ten-foot roll. The oil bag was mounted with bungees because the welded tabs kept breaking off from the pounding they took on the runs. If you're wondering what's sticking out between the push-

rod tubes, those are compression releases. They're a very good idea, even on a stock bike, because they're easier on all the starting components. The release lever is under the clutch lever.

Here in the West, riders have not been using a timing clock to assault the hills — they simply pick the biggest

and baddest hill and go for it. Kerry and his club, the Saddleback Tramps, are throwing the motorcycle glove down to challenge one and all when it comes to hillclimbing. This challenge goes out particularly to the AMA champs around the country. Bring your money, but don't expect to take any back home with ya.

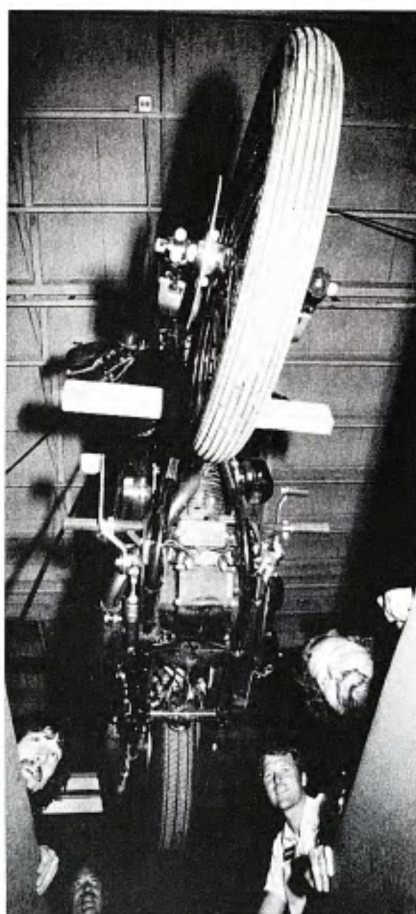
Owner: Kerry Peterson		City: Yorba Linda, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: John Bjorkman		Year: a few years ago	
Year and make: 1948-1983		Builder: John Bjorkman	
Model: hillclimber		Type: hillclimber	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 27 degrees	
Assembly by: John Bjorkman		Stretch: swingarm 24 in. over stock	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: nickel plating	
Chroming by: Orange Co. Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N	
Year: '48 lower, '83 top		Risers: Maico	
Model: Hillclimber Special		Fender(s): Maico front, Preston Petty rear	
Rebuilder: John Bjorkman		Headlight: fell off	
Ignition: Cirrello magneto		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 1470cc		Speedo: no; tach, yes	
Lower end: 14 lbs., lighter flywheels		Front pegs: Bates	
Balancing: John Bjorkman, S&S rods		Rear pegs: open for any takers	
Pistons: Special Jans 10.5-1		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: 250 Harley	
Heads: Branch		Oil tank: Bjorkman	
Cam(s): Andrews C grind		Oil system: full return	
Lifters: Andrews, solids		Primary cover: Sportster	
Carb(s): Hilborne Injection		Seat: 12-in. Honda CT 70	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: loop on frame	
Pipes: John Bjorkman		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 4130 chromoly	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: in and out shaft		Type: Maico 42mm	
Year?/Norton steel clutch		Extension: 10½ in. travel	
Shifting: one time		Builder: John Bjorkman	
Engine sprocket: Sportster/Triumph		Special features: air-assisted	
Trans sprocket: Norton triplex chain		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 62/74		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: You've gotta be kiddin'.		Hub: Yamaha	Hub: Barnes
Painter: rattle can		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: Maico red		Tire: Hi-Point	Tire: steel paddles
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: 400 Yamaha	Brake: none
Special paint: chip-resistant			
Other special modifications: 86-in. wheelbase, runs on 50 percent nitro and methanol — 150 to 200 H.P. depending on nitro load. Special thanks: Wheelsmith Motorcycles, Palmdale H-D, John Bjorkman Engineering, Maico West, Hi-Point Racing Products, Nippondenso Spark Plugs, Works Performance Shocks,Tsubaki Chain, Cancilla Caliper Chain Tensioners, K.R.W. Helmets, Carl's Speed Shop.			

And The Winner Is...

It's taken over a quarter of a century, but the borough of Brooklyn has finally gotten even with Southern California for stealin' its beloved Dodgers. The payback? They've snared our one-of-a-kind Harley Twin Belt Wide Glide.

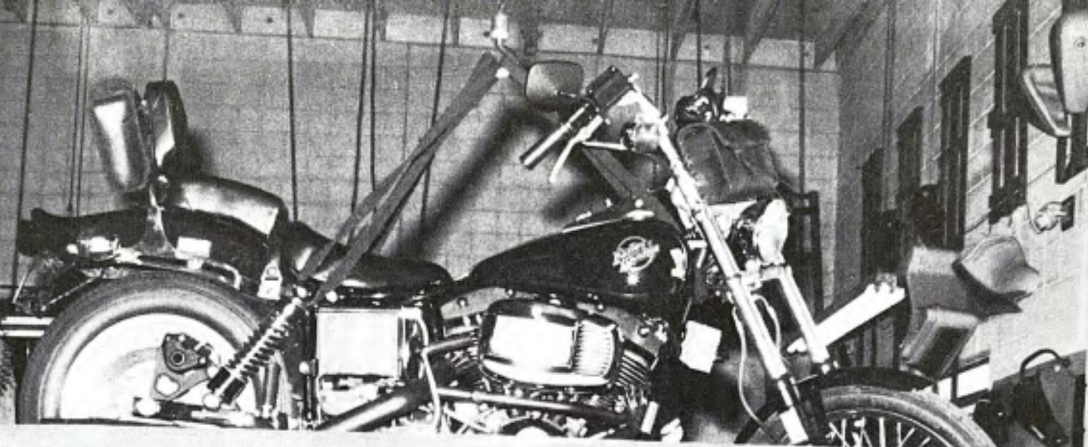
"Holy shit!" Flatbush Harley-fanatic Howard Carswell shouted into the phone when we laid the good news on him. Then, "Are you fuckin' kiddin' me?"

No, Howard, we ain't kiddin' ya. Your guesstimate that there were 169 miles on the Hog's odometer was right on the money, and your 25-words-or-less tie-breakin' explanation of why



you should win turned Spider on more than those written by the other 11 readers who got the mileage right: Ric Hanson, Columbus, Montana; Vic Griffin, Santa Clara, Calif.; Ferguson, N.Y., N.Y.; Cindy Bren, Watertown, South Dakota; Dave Williams, Syracuse, N.Y.; Tim Smading, Independence, Kansas; Jim Glenn, Bakersfield, Calif.; Judy Prentiss, Brownsville Jct., Maine; Herb Ice, San Jose, Calif.; Gil Scott, Wheaton, Maryland; and Robert Parker, Madison, Tenn.

Yeah, it's true, Howard, Spider took all twelve correct entries, scooped up a paw full of his best smoke, and retired to his private office



DESTINATION

- ☐ FXC SUPER GLIDE
- ☐ FXSB LOW RIDER
- ☐ FXWG WIDE GLIDE
- ☐ XR-1000
- ☐ XL SPORTSTER
- ☐ FXR SUPER GLIDE II
- ☐ FLH ELECTRA GLIDE
- ☐ FXDG DISC GLIDE
- ☐ SPECIAL

- WHEELS ☐ CAST ☐ SPOKE
- SEAT ☐ C/F ☐ F/M

YORK, PA 17402

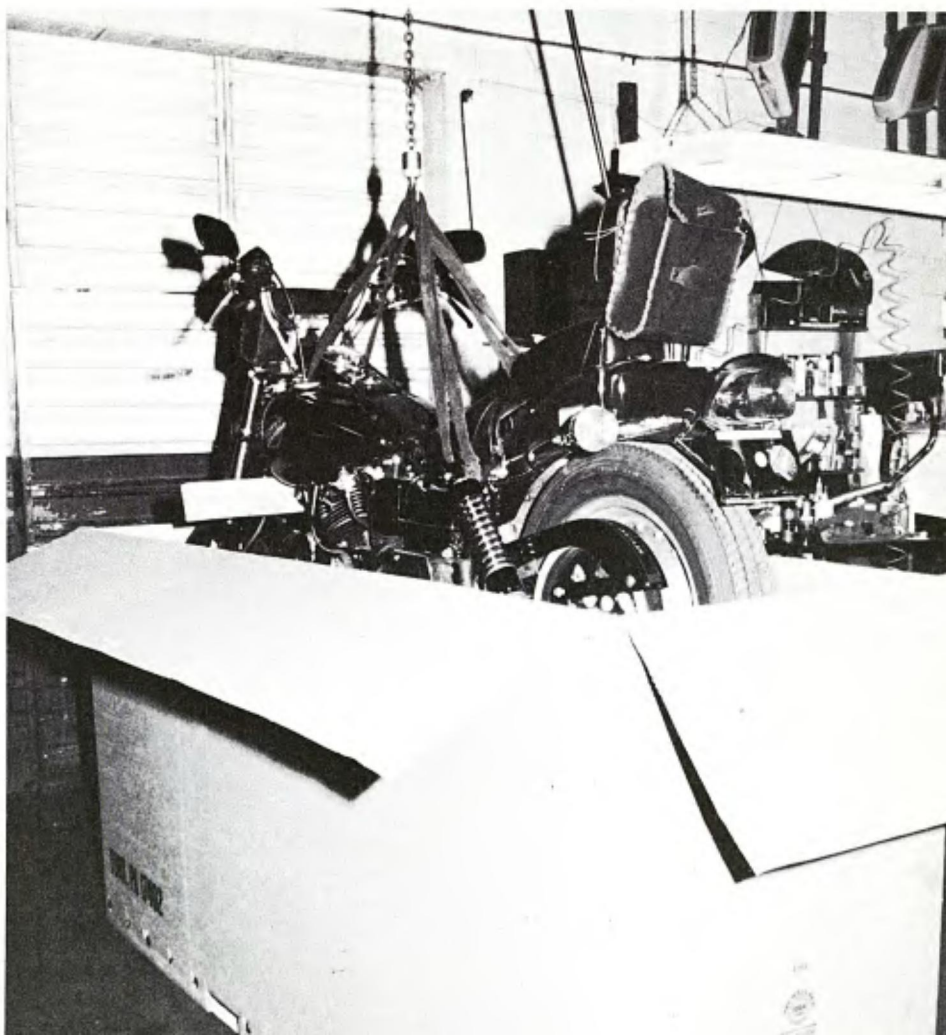
DO NOT DROP

Photos by Kim Peterson and Steve Lynch

(a converted two-holer) to make the tough decision. Two days later he emerged and uttered one line: "Crate it up and ship it to Brooklyn."

And in case ya *still* can't believe it, here's a picture of the bros at Laidlaw's H-D in San Gabriel, California, doin' the crate number. Yeah, Howard, it's a stone fact; somewhere in America your new Harley is on its way home. You should be flyin' through Flatbush on it in a matter of days — unless, of course, there's another truckers' strike or somethin'. . .but, shit, nothin' like that could happen to a lucky Brooklyn bro like you, could it?

— The Editors



"Hells Angels Forever"

MOVIE REVIEW

Well, bros, after all these years, here's a bike movie that doesn't lay out the bullshit stereotypes found in Billy Jack crap like "Born Losers" or the cartoon silliness of schlock like "Run, Angel, Run." Nor is this a recreational riding/racing movie like Bruce Brown's classic "On Any Sunday."

Conceived and largely financed and produced by the Hells Angels, "Hells Angels Forever" marks the first time any club has attempted to use the silver screen to tell its side of the story. Though not without its slow spots, it is a gritty and generally entertaining documentary chronicling some of the recent history of this club. Beginning with a look back at the club's origin among returning World War II veterans and some footage of early motorcycle/media landmarks like Hollister in 1947, the film proceeds to offer the viewer an inside look at the club's organization and its members.

Probably because of the time it's taken to get this movie finished and distributed nationally, the flick has a fairly choppy quality, jumping back and forth in both location and time. For example, the footage featuring the California chapters is largely confined to sequences detailing the legal battles of Sonny Barger and the government's unsuccessful attempt to prosecute (and destroy) the entire club under the provisions of the RICO (anti-racketeering) Act. Intercut with



this material are long segments focusing primarily on members of the New York City Angels chapter. These sequences contain most of the "non-media" footage: the Angels and their families at home, club parties and runs, incidental hassles with cops, a funeral for a slain brother, and so forth.

Along the way, there is plenty of memorable dialogue. For instance, an Angel on the subject of women: "They're all sleazes, but we gotta get the best-lookin' sleazes." Or the father of an Angel on the subject of his son's club brothers: "One

thing I like about 'em — none of 'em are on dope." (Though this line got a big laugh at the screening I attended, I might point out that the guy is serious, in spite of sequences showing members toking and generally getting fucked-up. Dad's talking about hard drugs — smack, specifically — whose use is expressly forbidden among club members.) If the movie's editing is a bit uneven, that drawback is more than offset by the inherent interest of the subject matter and the fundamental honesty that characterizes the film throughout. Moreover, "Hells Angels Forever" has one of the best music soundtracks you'll run across anywhere, anytime. It features live performances by such stars as Willie Nelson ("Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground," "I Can Get Off on You") and Jerry Garcia ("That's Alright, Momma," "It Takes a Train to Cry"), as well as background music by entertainers like Johnny Paycheck ("Angel of the Highway," "Too Bent to Boogie," "Ride On, Sonny"). In short, the music is a real asset here, whether it's played behind the

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Father/son biker-killers sentenced to life

The father-and-son killers of a Chelmsford, Massachusetts, biker have been convicted of second-degree murder and sentenced to life in prison.

As we reported last month, John Griffin, Sr., 53, and his 19-year-old son Michael had chased the biker for three miles before using their cage to ram the bike into a utility pole — killing the rider, David Emanouil, 23, and severely injuring the bike passenger, John Gilbride, Emanouil's cousin.

"They're animals," said Gilbride, 20, who suffered numerous injuries, including partial blindness, in the assault. "They have two arms and two legs but they couldn't have been human..."

Testimony at the trial indicates that Gilbride is, if anything, understating the case. According to several eyewitnesses, a smiling Griffin, Sr. rammed his Chevy Nova into the back of Emanouil's Hog at least twice, forcing the bike into the pole with such force that Emanouil's helmet was shattered and the bike's rear tire was worn almost smooth by the friction of its rubbing against the Nova's front bumper.

In addition, witnesses testified that the Griffins continued their attack after the motorcycle crashed. The elder Griffin, testimony indicated, ran up to the dying Emanouil and began to violently twist his head, as if trying to rip it off. Michael Griffin, witnesses testified, grabbed a tire iron

and went after the unconscious Gilbride.

"We're happy with what they got," Emanouil's mother Dorothy said of her son's killers. "They deserve it."

"Look at Dave," Gilbride said of his murdered cousin. "He owned his own business. He had two beautiful little girls and his wife Debbie. I never met a happier family. It takes some person — I hesitate to call them that — to take it and destroy what they had and could have had."

"I keep remembering the smile on his (John Griffin's) face," Gilbride continued. "He just sat (in the car) with that smile on his face. You hear about this stuff happening in the newspapers, but it never seems that it really happens."

EASYnews



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

Ford's bucks bailing out overstocked Yamaha

The unexpected headlines stunned bike riders and dealers alike: Ford To Offer Cheap Financing On Yamahas.

Taking an idea from the book the auto industry used to spur lagging sales, reducing interest rates, Yamaha has decided that one way to try to bail out from under their crushing U.S. inventory of unsold '82 models is to offer 12.9 percent financing on 'em.

According to Yamaha of America spokesman Ron Crawford, the company was forced to come up with some creative way to deplete inventory (estimated as 500 days' worth under normal selling conditions), after suffering a very bad year in 1982.

"We've been negotiating this plan for some time," Crawford said. "There's a lot of pent-up demand let loose by the positive economic indicators and we plan on getting in on some of it. We're just trying to generate some interest."

The Yamaha/Ford deal, which marks the first time in history a bike maker has unilaterally offered reduced interest-rate financing on a national basis, was not received with cheers by Yamaha's competitors.

"It seems pretty strange to

me," a major Harley-Davidson dealer said, "that Ford, based in an area hard-hit by unemployment stemming from Japanese trade policies, is suddenly jumping into bed with the Japanese. It sure doesn't help us any since we're always having financing problems."

Among the Ford executives who made the decision to help bail out the overstocked Nip-

pon firm no one is talking, but the message is still clear: Profit above patriotism: short-term gain more important than trying to rebuild the American economy.

As company founder Henry Ford, who was around while the communists were establishing their empire in Russia, could tell them, such Red luminaries as Karl Marx and V.I.

Lenin are probably smiling in their graves at this latest move by a major American company. After all, the great communist theorists never said they had to beat America in a war in order to take over. "When we are ready to hang the capitalists," they proclaimed, "the capitalists will sell us the rope."

Looks like part of that "rope" will be made in Detroit.

Judge: Killing a biker not 'criminal' act

A New Jersey woman, who ran into a biker waiting at a stop light with such force the biker was thrown 200 feet through the air, was driving in an acceptable legal manner.

Or so Superior Court Judge John E. Bachman ruled in the case of Carol L. MacNeely, 21. Bachman, who decided to hear the case without a jury and thus deprive the public of its right to determine the fate of one who is responsible for another's death, admitted that MacNeely had been driving in a negligent fashion but said she was not acting in a "willful" enough fashion to convict her of a criminal charge.

The accident occurred on Route 1, near North Brunswick. While waiting out a red

light, Christopher Torrisi, 24, was struck by MacNeely's cage. He died about an hour after being taken to the hospital. MacNeely was cited for causing death by motor vehicle.

While it is usually wrong to infer too much from one incident, it's hard, given the circumstances in this particular case, to avoid the conclusion that it's open season on bikers.

Pa. repeal draws support

Calling the use of helmets a "philosophical freedom issue," Pennsylvania Rep. Nicholas Moehlmann has agreed to put an ABATE-sponsored helmet repeal bill.

Moehlmann, a long-time rider himself, has also pledged to sponsor a bill strengthening training

courses for novice riders.

The good news came as a response to the latest protest run to the state capitol building in Harrisburg. Hundreds of bareheaded bikers lined the capitol's sidewalks and steps to hear a variety of speakers explain why helmets do not increase motorcycle safety.

Bros try to rebuild dream at Walla Walla

"The dream we shared was about motorcycles. We wanted to build motorcycles from the ground up. We wanted to leave the prison riding our own machines, put together with our own hands and with the feeling we had accomplished something. The dream became a reality when we formed the Washington State Penitentiary (Walla Walla) Motorcycle Association."

So says "Speedin' Bull" Capoean, current president of the association. For those few of you who don't know, the dream became a reality in 1971, and by the end of that decade, members were learning skills, building bikes, and doing some work making parts and painting tanks, etc. for "outside" bike shops.

Classes — welding, painting, engine rebuilding for two and four strokes, parts identification, electrics and others — were conducted on a daily basis. Each course ran for 12 weeks and, Speedin' Bull recalls, "they were so tough you had to know more than your instructor to get an 'A.'" The big day, of course, was Friday, when the shop doors were thrown open and inmates were allowed to ride their chops around part of the yard.

So successful was the program that prison officials allowed it to continue even after the 1979 "Saturday Night Live" riot

that resulted in the disbanding of most of Walla Walla's other clubs.

The WSPMA, however, was not as lucky in 1981. Violence broke out behind the Walls and before it was over the kitchen and dining hall were destroyed. New Director of Corrections Amos Reed seemed almost happy to place the blame at the bikers' cell doors and use the incident as an excuse to shut down the club.

"From what little information the members were able to gather," Speedin'

According to the Walla Walla bros, inmates can learn a useful trade and obtain good work experience through the club — thus helping them find legit work on the outside. Also, letting the club perform jobs for outside shops brings much badly needed money into the prison department's coffers.

"We have an empty building at present and more people out of work than ever before in the history of the penitentiary," Speedin' Bull writes. "There is a much-

"The big day was Friday, when the shop doors were thrown open and inmates were allowed to ride their choppers around part of the yard."

Bull says, "Amos Reed seemed to have full plans to disband the association from his first moment in office, even though it's pretty well agreed by all that this was one of the best programs that this place has ever had going and it was all funded by the members and not coming out of the pockets of the taxpayers."

Speedin' Bull and some of his bros have recently begun a campaign to reopen the club. Their main argument is that the bike program is of tremendous benefit not only to the prisoners but to all society.

needed and desired opportunity for persons confined here to better themselves in any and all ways. So how about it — we would appreciate any and all help sent our way. Legal suggestions sent to us, or letters supporting us should be sent to the Department of Corrections."

Send letters of support to Amos Reed, Department of Corrections, 700 Capitol Center Bldg., 410 W. 5th Ave., Olympia, Wash. 98504. For more info, write T.J. Farr #280223, Public Relations Rep., Box 520, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362.

Bayou bikers wear 'Bella Derbys' another year

Helmet repeal in Louisiana is dead — at least for the rest of this year.

Memorial Day started out hopefully enough, as Rep. Woody Jenkins prepared to present his repeal bill to the members of the House Transportation Committee. The bill's supporters — independent bikers, ABATE, and the Louisiana

Motorcycle Riders Assoc. — were ready with experts and facts to refute the arguments of the pro-helmet lobby. Bikers attending the hearing were sure that the bill would at least come close to passing the committee this time 'round.

Rep. Jenkins spoke first. According to the editor of the LMRA newsletter, Bill Gul-

ledge, "Jenkins went right to the heart of the matter..." quoting studies that show helmets increase spinal and neck injuries, impede vision and hearing, cut reaction time, and slow ability to think clearly because of the extreme heat they build up.

One study cited showed that in 1981, when Louisiana had no lid law, the death rate per 100 motorcycles in Louisiana was less than the death rates in neighboring states with helmet laws. In fact, the death rate in lidless (at that time) Louisiana was half that of buckled-up Mississippi. Texas, meanwhile, with no helmet law, matched Louisiana's statistics almost exactly.

Having won the argument in

the area of logic and facts, the pro-biker forces were totally unprepared for the beating they took on the vote. By a margin of 12 to 2 — only members Dastugue and DeWitt voted for repeal — the committee decided in favor of keeping the lid on bayou bikers for another year.

"After such great testimony on our side against essentially nothing on the other side," Gullidge wrote, "the motorcyclists present looked like they had been hit over the head with a sledgehammer. In total shock they left the room, climbed aboard their bikes, donned their 'Bella Derbys' (named in honor of long-time helmet backer Rep. Bella), and returned home."

Cager jailed for stiffing hospital where biker died

An Arizona driver convicted of reckless homicide in the death of a motorcyclist has been sentenced to 3.9 years in prison — but only because the trial judge felt he would be unable to pay restitution to the hospital where the dying biker was taken.

Had the cager — who admitted to drinking heavily before piloting his car the wrong way down Interstate 40

and running down Gary Eaton, 23 near Seligman — been able to pay the \$16,000 in restitution, the judge said he would have been placed on probation.

As it was, Judge James Hancock, gave the cager, Brent Rogers, the minimum prison sentence possible for reckless homicide. Under Arizona law, Rogers could have been sentenced to as much as ten years.

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 ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	No	No	No
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

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



The anti-biker forces in Congress just won't give up. The House of Representatives is currently considering a resolution calling for creation of a **presidential strike force** to investigate and prosecute so-called illegal biker gangs. Of course, the bill, the brainchild of Pennsylvania's Robert Walker, doesn't even attempt to define illegal biker gangs, making all riders targets for the new army of anti-two-wheeler G-men.

ABATE of Nebraska will hold its 4th Annual **Toy Run and Bike Show** on Sept. 17, beginning at 11 a.m. in Omaha's Memorial Park. For details, call (712) 347-5307 . . . Cedar Rapids, Iowa, police have been **sued by a biker** whose '50 Hog was ripped off while he was in custody . . . A 16-year-old cager in Lapeer, Michigan, was in such a hurry he **ran down a biker** while trying to pass another cage. The biker and his ol' lady were snuffed. **No charges** were filed against the kid.

The Ohio Court of Appeals has informed the city of Niles that it **cannot keep enforcing** a local ordinance calling for up to a \$1,000 fine and six months in jail for pot possession. The Niles city fathers are apparently going to have to be content with the \$100 fine for simple possession called for by state law . . . Of **34 helmet bills** currently before various state legislatures, 18 would reinstate or make stronger mandatory helmet laws. Sixteen would repeal or weaken lid laws.

AMA grants of \$500 each have gone to the Nevada Assoc. of Concerned Motorcyclists and the Florida Motorcycle Coalition. The money is to be used in an attempt to pass legislation favorable to bikers . . . Lawyers for those **camping bikers who sued** the West Virginia state police for crashing their campsite (*Easyriders* #120, page 46) have been awarded \$44,500 in fees by a U.S. district judge. The state, not the bikers, will have to pay.

And finally, **even Smokey the Bear** has climbed into the bad-mouthing-the-bikers bag. A series of magazine ads bearing Smokey's likeness shows a picture of a blank space. The caption says: "This used to be a forest. Until some biker forgot a spark arrester." Ain't that a bitch? Spark arrester, indeed. How many bros do you know who trail ride their Hogs? Don't blame ol' Smokey though, he's been **dead for years**. Blame the dildos at the Foote, Cone & Belding/Honig propaganda agency. They created the ads for the Forest Service.

Yer damn right

"It seems pointless to argue the merits of motorcycles . . . the majority is against it, and so much the better for those of us who recognize its advantages. Who wants to be part of a herd?" Ted Simon, *Int. Traveler's Handbook*

Bulls' session plots anti-scooter strategy

Hundreds of cops from around the country recently wasted tens of thousands of their employers' (the taxpayers) dollars to junket off to King of Prussia, Pa., for a tacky bull session officially called "The 2nd Annual Eastern Motorcycle Gang Investigators Conference and Training Seminar."

In English, that means that the bulls gathered together to stroke each other with tales of big-titted biker women they had patted down and to devise new ways to harass long-haired dudes on Harleys.

According to one report, these so-called public servants spent a good part of their "conference" listening to the very creative but completely untrue "revelations" of some over-the-hill hooker pretending to be an ex-ol' lady.

"What this conference is trying to accomplish is to familiarize the law enforcement community with the serious crime problem that is presented by the one percenters," said Lee Atkinson, a Florida assistant DA who specializes in prosecuting bikers. "The significant thing about one percenters that makes them different from traditional organized crime is that they have totally rejected the values of current American society."

Attempting to compare bikers to members of the Mafia, Atkinson claimed that Mafia members look "for ways to be

accepted into society. They want to appear respectable, drive Cadillacs and have dinner with politicians." Bikers, Atkinson told his law 'n' order audience, "blatantly reject any and all social mores. So, consequently, the public doesn't know how to react to them."

In other words, if ya don't want to be hassled by Atkinson and the rest of his cop friends, you better start driving a

Caddy and chowing down with the mayor.

Easyriders' spies also reported that attendees at the conference spent a good deal of time discussing how to protect themselves from bikers' "weapons." Well, as a free service to the boys in blue, we offer the following suggestion: If you never want to be hit by a hard shot from a biker's weapon, don't stand in front of him while he's taking a piss.

Photos by Kim Peterson



AL MAKES A DIFFERENCE - Al "Stack's" Kirt is like thousands of other bikers — he rides, works, and likes to party. Al works as print shop supervisor at a Bellflower, Calif., elementary school, where his rapport with both kids and teachers was recently honored at an "Al the Biker Day." "We, the staff of Ramona School, wish to hug you!", the proclamation read, in part. "We have decided to celebrate Al the Biker Day... you don't have to wear a tux, however. We love ya any way we can get ya."

Patch holder defies flames to save van driver

"If I was as bad as some people think all (bikers) are, I would have watched him burn and laughed," Mike Berenato told the press. "But I didn't, I couldn't let that happen, you know?"

According to Williamstown, New Jersey, police, Mike deserves full credit for saving the life of a van driver trapped inside his burning vehicle after it hit a tree.

The incident occurred about 2 a.m. as Mike was on his way home from helping a friend install a stereo system. "I saw the flames a long way off," the heroic biker recalls. "That van was really cooking."

Jumping off his Harley at the scene,

Mike waded into the flames, grabbed the driver under the arms and dragged him to safety. Though it was obvious that the van might blow up at any moment, Mike returned to the inferno to look for other victims, but the driver, Ed Ducey, had been traveling alone.

Mike then used his leathers to keep the accident victim warm until the cops arrived and took Ducey to the hospital, where he was listed in fair condition with lacerations, broken ribs and a broken leg.

"It was a hell of a crash," one officer remarked. "If the biker hadn't of pulled him out he would have cooked."

"I don't think I saved his life," Mike says modestly. "I do know he would have burned really bad if I didn't pull him out... there just was no way I was going to let him burn."

Despite being a hero, Mike Berenato is still a hardcore biker with a club patch on his back. And, like all patch holders, he well knows that the good we do is usually forgotten rather quickly. Asked by a local newspaper why he took an obscure hard-to-follow route home after leaving the accident site, Mike pointed to his cutoff and shrugged. "I didn't want to get hassled because of my gear," he replied.

California fight against catalytic converters continues

California bike dealers and riders have been granted a one-year reprieve from a regulation forcing all new large-displacement bikes sold in that state to include catalytic converters.

Under the new bill, major producers of bikes will have until the 1984 model year to comply with the converter requirement, while producers who sell fewer than 5,000 bikes per year in California (which includes H-D) will have four years to comply instead of three.

According to the Ameri-

can Motorcyclist Association, which — along with just about everyone except the pinheads on the California Air Resources Board — opposes the converters, there are five main reasons why such gear should not be used on scooters.

1. Operator safety will suffer because of the converters. Gasoline ignites at 580 degrees and the converters operate at 1500-1800 degrees. Heat shields could be ripped off in an accident or removed.
2. The super-hot exhaust

parts are sure to cause injury to riders' and passengers' feet and legs.

3. CARB passed the converter requirement without testing systems for fire or safety hazards. CARB, in fact, has gathered no safety data at all.

4. Meeting the requirement would cost manufacturers of large displacement models (H-D, for one) up to \$650 a bike. The average Japanese 750 will go up \$375.

5. Research and development costs on this purely local product would un-

doubtedly be spread across all motorcycles in a manufacturer's line, thus passing the costs along to all riders in all states.

Despite the fact that a supposedly firm date has been established for the new rule to go into effect, AMA legislative expert Gary Winn isn't ready to give up.

"We've bought some time with this rollback," he says. "If we want to beat this thing, we have to spend the next several months sending letters to the governor and legislators."

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Libra

Libra likes everything to be just right. The nutty part is he can't decide which is right and which is wrong. Libra is prone to see

both sides so clearly that by the time he decides to do it — some other mutha has up and done it. Lucky thing is, when he does take a

stand (was Custer a Libra?), it's usually the best choice. He always strives for fairness.

Libras are definitely lovers elite. They're affectionate, aim to tickle all the hot spots and have a hard time deciding which end to start at. They are just as polite in between the sheets, as they are at the dinner table. It's always, "Please pass the pussy," or "Would you care for sloppy seconds?" Libra hates to sleep alone, because he can't decide which hand to use.

Libras are easygoing for the most part. They will walk instead of hassle. Most of their problems come from defending the rights of others. They are prone to stick their necks out for the underdog. Libras are popular people because they are understanding and able to put their feet in other people's shoes (no matter how smelly!). They

are too fond of having the best of everything and can be dangerous with a bunch of credit cards.

Some famous Libras are: Evel Knievel, Mickey Mantle, Angie Dickinson, Brigitte Bardot, John Lennon, Johnny Carson and lots of other polite fuckers.

Libras are prone to kidney trouble, diabetes (the only sweet thing they should eat is pussy), and problems deciding which nostril to pick first. (They usually end up shoving two fingers in at a time.) They also have a tendency to become hardasses later on in life. Libras should always drink plenty of water to keep the poisons flushed.

Libras like being pampered as much as they hate hassles. So if you have a Libra, don't snivel — they are well worth any amount of ass-kissing to keep a smile on their faces and a stiff prick in their pants.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Events now are strongly linked to your past problems. Hairy confrontations offer a choice of a fast fix or another fuck-up. If you're wise, you'll shitcan outside advice in favor of the tried-and-true approach. Sticking to home base will alleviate a few potential time bombs, and they will eventually fizzle out. Try telling the truth now; it might help.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Eliminate ugly rumors before they take root and grow. Weed out pricks and piss-offs who try to pipeline into your main man. Someone is way off base and outta their element. You may have to let your fingers do the walking to solve this one fast — like jacking up his jaw with 'em. Don't let anyone take advantage of your pleasing personality.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ You've got more horny honeys than you can handle this month. You may have to resort to the old stink-finger routine — before you wear out your worm. Don't let mattress madness get in the way of mental pursuits. Stay outta the passion pits long enough to take care of biz. You're hard to resist in the sack or on the scene. Enjoy!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ You might have to deal with a few minor mind-fucks the first part of the month. Don't let it throw you off track. Treat it like the chicks do cock breath — wash it down with a brew or two. It'll make a sticky situation easier to swallow. Keep cool and flow with the fuck-ups. Pick up a six-pack (keg?) and give yourself a surprise party!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ If it wasn't for an occasional wet dream and snug-glin' up to your own skid marks, you'd really be a lonesome Leo. Feeling neglected lately? All go and no blow? Was the only thing close to a sexual encounter a big wad of ass-wipe? Maybe your pleasing personality has petered out on you. Better be nice long enough to get some young honey's nooky.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Too much on-the-job pressure can blow minor problems out of proportion. Take a break. Time to let your hemorrhoids flap in the wind a while. If you can't get away, put up a quarantine sign and lose yourself in back issues of *Easyriders* via a couple of joints. It's the next best thing to puttin' away your troubles. A good lay wouldn't hurt, either.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Happy birthday, sexy! Not only is everything in your favor, but your favorite flavor, too. Grab some pussy ala mode, and save room for seconds. This one's more than a toehold; you've got your whole foot in (not the pussy — opportunity!). You have a strong influence on all the right people. Now's the time to move more than your bowels!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Full speed ahead, all roads open, come out fighting and don't throw in the towel if you have to take a couple of lumps along the way. This month shows you have a shitload less to snivel over. You're apt to grab life by the gonads, so go for the gusto and get it. Don't settle for second best. It's a peak period — don't waste it.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Time to tie up loose ends, collect on old debts and finish short-term projects. Nail your nuts down long enough to figure out a few shortcuts and you'll be home free. This is not a prime time for new beginnings or long-term projects. So save your steam for the months to come — when you can pick up enough momentum for the long haul.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Keep your eyes peeled and your ears tuned in for cutthroat tactics. Someone new in your circle gets his (or her) rocks off by fucking with people's heads. Don't become a pawn this month. Especially with someone who pretends to be in the know on a legal matter (this includes a few jail-house lawyers). The facts will soon come to light.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Been a tad bored lately? Now's the time to do something unusual and inventive. Start a new fad — wear your underwear over your pants (wrong side out, so people will know what you had for lunch). Maybe you should consider raising crabs in your arm-pits — in case they ever become extinct and worth some bucks — or writing a love letter to Miraculous Mutha.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Procrastination can put an abrupt end to a valued tight partner and your usual bullshit won't bring 'im back. Less jaw flappin' and more gettin' the lead out is needed — before you fuck up for good! Otherwise, one promise too many will send you packing. Don't turn your back on a bro who was always there when you needed 'im. Wise up!

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.

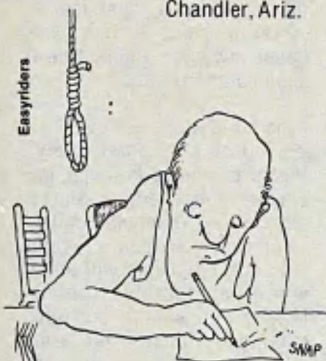
A totally spaced-out biker found himself sitting in a dyke bar. When he ordered a beer, the female bartender snapped, "I would say you've already had quite enough!"

"No lip, bitch, just pass the bottle!" the biker said.

Figuring to outfox him in order to keep her bar from being totally torn to shit in the riot that was simmering, she said, "I'll make a deal with you. If you can tell me which side of your chest your heart is on, I'll give you one drink!"

"Why, you dumb cunt," yelled the biker, yanking down his fly and displaying his dork to everyone in the bar, "I don't even have a hardon!"

—Ray Chandler, Ariz.



Easyriders

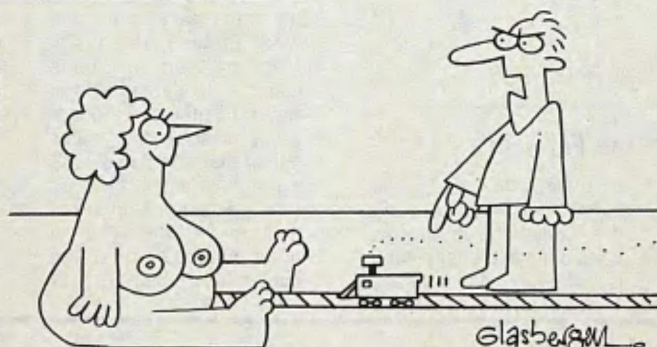
This little rugrat was hanging out at the local H-D shop watching the mechanic do his work. Every time he'd pick up a tool, the kid would say, "My ol' man has two of those at home."

So the mechanic got pissed off, pulled out his dick, and said to the kid, "I guess your ol' man's got two of these, too!"

The kid looked down and said, "No, but he's got one that'll make two of that one!"

—Doing Time Somewhere, Calif.

Easyriders



"Dammit, Clara! I spent \$200 on that train set!"

A guy went into a pharmacy, approached the counter and asked the cashier for some rubbers. "What size?" she asked.

"What size? I didn't know they came in sizes," the dude replied.

So the cashier said, "I'll tell you what you do. Go out back and you'll see a fence with three knotholes in it. Stick your dick in each knothole and then come back and tell me which one fit."

As he strolled out back, the cashier raced around the opposite way, to get to the back of the fence. Sliding up to the first knothole, she was just in time to get herself something through the fence.

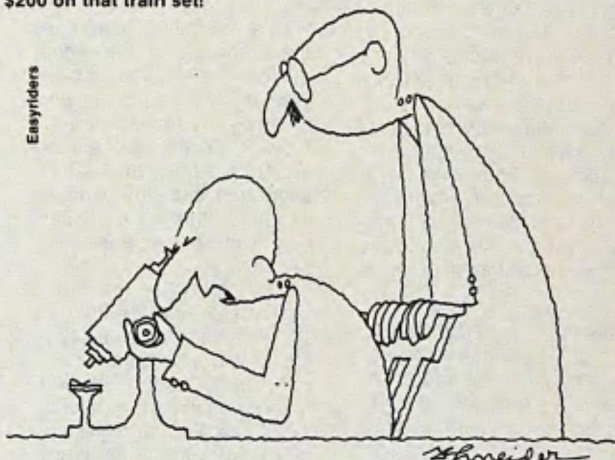
"Damn, that feels good!" exclaimed a voice on the other side.

A few minutes after repeating the procedure at the other knotholes, the dude strolled back into the pharmacy and was greeted by the cashier, who said, "Well, I imagine you know now just what size rubbers you want."

"Rubbers!" he replied. "Hell, I don't want any rubbers! What I really want is about five feet of that fence out there!"

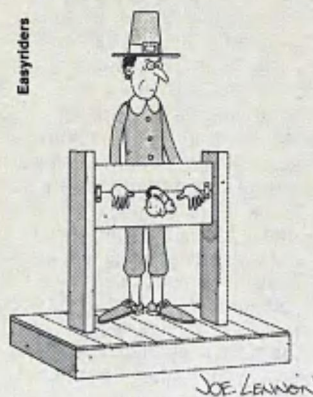
—Bitzy Harrisburg, Pa.

Easyriders



"You're right — the little bastard is giving us the finger!"

Easyriders



JOE LENNON

The chief of police of a large Midwestern city marched into the mayor's office after a raid on the local porno bookstores. "What should we do with all the filthy pictures and books my men confiscated?" he asked.

"Same as always," said the mayor. "You keep those with the big tits, and I'll take the ones with the crotch shots!"

—The Wild One Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Charlene couldn't believe that she had a date for after the game with the star half-back on the local college football team. As the night wore on, he made several field goals, five or six extra points with her, and finally the ultimate — home to her pad and into bed — a touchdown! Of course, as they locked into the age-old embrace of ecstasy, little did she know that there were less than two minutes to go in the game.

—Jackson Jackson Hole, Wyo.

This dippy broad was sitting at the counter in a truck stop when a trucker strolled in. He sat down next to her and immediately began bragging about the load of communications equipment he was hauling.

"I can talk to anyone, anywhere in the world, from the back of my truck," he said.

"Oh, I'd give anything to talk to my mother in Poland," exclaimed the dingbat.

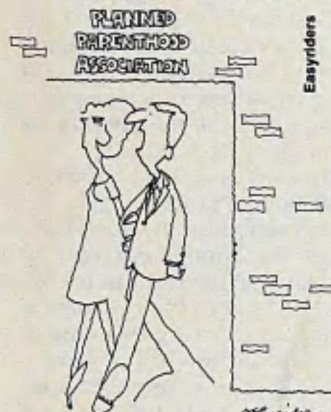
"I can contact her, but you'll have to give me something for it," said the trucker.

"Anything you want," was her eager response.

The inside of the trailer was jammed with all sorts of sophisticated devices. Flipping a couple of switches, the trucker turned to the girl, unzipped, pulled out his tool, and announced, "It's time!"

Her eyes lit up with happiness as she dropped to her knees, grabbed his cock, held it up to her lips and said, "Hello, Ma!"

—J.G. Martin
Wheeling, W. Va.



"I pull my teakettle out of your fuzzy-wuzzy before it boils over — right?"

After the grand jury had viewed the film on which it was to vote for or against an indictment, one member stood up and said, "I think I can speak for the entire jury when I request another showing of that revolting scene with the midget, the donkey and the three go-go girls."

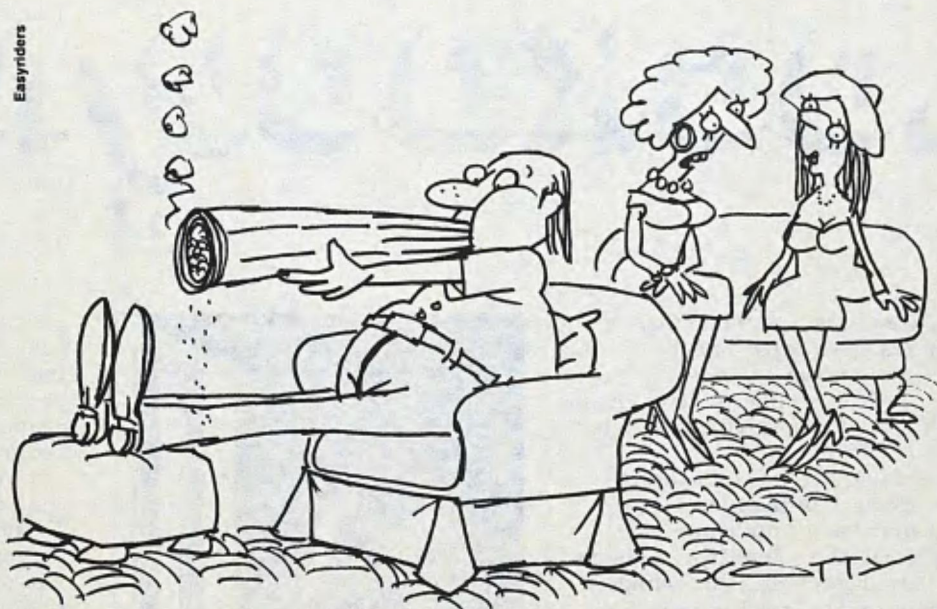
—Tom Graham
Tehachapi, Calif.

"Oh, John," said Mary. "I don't mind your finger in my cunt, but your ring is hurting me."

"Why, I'm not wearing a ring," John said. "That's my wristwatch."

—Kickstand
Lexington, Mo.

Easyriders



"John doesn't abuse pot — he limits himself to one joint a day."

A group of bros were sitting around a bar, complaining about their ol' ladies. "My ol' lady's so frigid," the first guy said, "that I can put an ice cube on her stomach at night, and it'll still be frozen in the morning."

"Oh, yeah?" the second one sneered. "I can put a glass of water on my ol' lady's stomach at night, and it'll be frozen by morning."

"That's nothing," said a third. "Every time my ol' lady opens her legs at night, the furnace kicks on!"

—Madman
Carson City, Nev.

Did you hear about the bro who named his dog Herpes? After that he'd never heal.

—Roadie
Canyon Country, Calif.

Suggested slogan for sanitary napkins: "Next to the best thing in the world."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.



Easyriders

At a local club meeting, the low attendance of members was being discussed. It seemed everyone was always more interested in soaking up suds, getting shitfaced, and trying to get laid for the night. A new prospect made the suggestion that they get a broad to pull tricks upstairs when the next meeting took place.

The next week the house was packed. Then the prez realized no one had been put in charge of finding a broad. There was no way he wanted to break the news to a bunch of rowdy drunks, so he put everything off on the prospect.

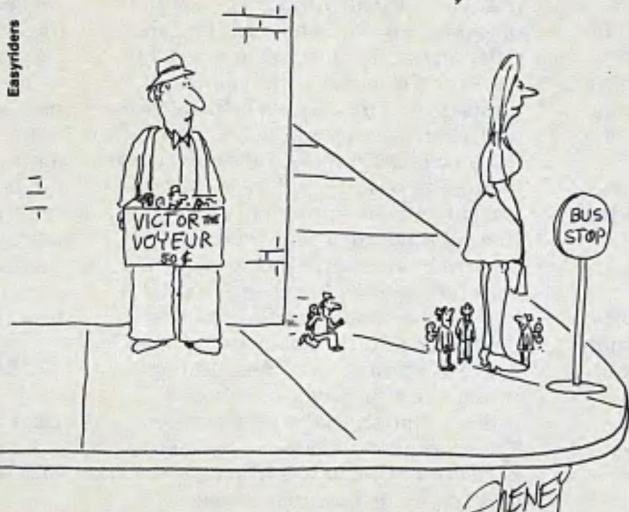
The nervous prospect went to the fridge for a beer, but besides the beer, he found two pieces of liver, which gave him an idea: He would shut the lights off, put the liver between his legs, and hope that everyone would be too drunk to notice anything strange.

The plan went into action. The prospect went upstairs and the prez sent up the first bro. After being up there for about ten minutes, the bro returned, smiling. The prez then sent up the second bro. The second bro came back ten minutes later, and he, too, sported a big smile. As the prez sent up the third bro, he thought, this fucker's going to pull it off, 'cause nobody knows the fuckin' difference!

Just then, the prospect called down, "Hold up number three. Number two just ate all the liver!"

—Warren Schaller
Rockview, Pa.

Easyriders



LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

"We've got a terrible crush of inmates. . . we can't cope. We're on the verge. . . of riots."

Sheriff Peter Flynn
Plymouth County, Mass.

Though perhaps over-dramatizing a bit in order to impress his audience — a state legislative committee — Flynn was basically echoing the feelings of wardens and guards from coast to coast as they scramble to warehouse the ever-increasing number of inmates being shipped to them by politically ambitious judges and district attorneys.

As we had predicted, the number of people behind bars in the United States reached record levels in 1982. By the end of the year, 405,371 people were doing time in the U.S. — up over 11,000 from 1981.

Many public officials — and a lot of newspaper editorialists and TV commentators — would have you believe that the soaring incarceration rate has something to do with a soaring crime rate, that more people have to be locked up because more people are committing crimes.

Well, that's a load of bull. According to FBI statistics (the only national crime figures available), the crime rate in many significant categories — including homicide — has been dropping recently.

Logically then, the number of people in prison should also be dropping, but it isn't. But wait. The law-and-order types would claim that the cops are probably catching more perpetrators than they used to. Sorry 'bout that, but the FBI statistics also show that the ratio between crimes solved and crimes unsolved has pretty much remained the same for years.

No, hard as it is to believe, the main reason that prisons everywhere are bursting at the seams is because judges are sentencing more and more people, who would previously have gotten probation or short stretches, to long terms of hard time — and in many of these cases, the stiffer sentences have nothing to do with the severity of



the crimes, the need for punishment or the safety of the public. It appears that many judges have ostensibly "gotten tough" simply to preserve their place at the public-employee trough.

A good example of this is the recent campaign for several municipal judgeships in Ventura, California. The battleground was a couple of local radio stations and the competition was so fierce that commercials for the various judicial candidates drove virtually everything else off the airwaves for about a month.

The challengers — the dudes who wanted to become judges — all used the same basic approach. The incumbents, they said, were "soft" on crime. "Just give me the gavel," the challengers chorused, "and I'll lock up every bastard that comes before me and throw away the keys."

The incumbents — fat and happy under their taxpayer-purchased robes — fought back tenaciously. The commercials showed awesome perfection. One series in particular was highly memorable. It featured

the candidate sternly informing some unheard defendant that he had been found guilty of some crime or other — shoplifting was one example. This would be followed by the sound of a gavel slamming, the candidate solemnly intoning, "I sentence you to fourteen years," and the heavy crash of a steel jail door.

One of the incumbents hired a reassuringly deep-voiced announcer to tout his record. Listening to his commercials, you'd get the definite impression that he had never heard a case that hadn't resulted in someone's being sent up.

The one constant in the entire campaign was that every candidate seemed to conclude every commercial with some reference to getting "tough" on crime. It was all great theater and hardball politics, but it was crummy democracy — a performance worthy of the military rulers of Poland or the tribunal members who pass sentence on political dissidents in Russia.

Ironically enough, although the very thing the candidates were fighting for was the right to prefix the title "justice" to their names, never, not once, during this entire campaign, could you hear a word said about justice — or about due process, or about fair and impartial trials, or about the rights of the accused and imprisoned.

Unmentioned was the fact that these office-hungry politicians are picking the pockets of the taxpayers they are supposed to be serving by as much as \$30,000 for each unnecessary year they tack onto someone's sentence as campaign ammunition — and that doesn't include the \$50 million-plus required to construct each of the many new prisons that will be required if the judiciary doesn't recover from its attack of incarceration insanity in short order.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

DEA Rejected

A federal district court has ordered the U.S. Parole Commission

Continued on page 92

Patrick Simmons/Arcade:
Pat Simmons finally got off his bike long enough to do a solo album. So who the hell's Patrick Simmons you ask? If you've been listening to rock music the past ten years, you've heard his stuff. For he was a founding member and the longest lasting of the Doobie Brothers. Back in 1970, in a basement in San Jose, California, he joined Tom Johnston and John Hartman. Soon they were playing in bars along the Northern California coastline, or wherever the party was at the time. Honing their licks, playing for bikers. The money wasn't the big thing, havin' a good time was. Innocent times. Who would've guessed that they were to become one of the biggest acts in rock within a few years? Touring the world, coming up with hit singles you could hear on AM or FM. Songs like "Black Water," "Pursued On 53'd Street," "Chinatown," "Toulouse Street," "Eyes Of Silver," "Down In The Track," and "Road Angel."

Time and drugs took their toll by eliminating band members, yet there were always replacements. And, in the words of The Dead, "the band kept playing on." And the hits kept rollin' along. When Tom Johnston left in 1975, Jeff Baxter and Michael McDonald came aboard, giving the band a different sound. Then Baxter left, along with drummer John Hartman; they were followed by Tiran Porter. You needed a scorecard to keep up with the action. Lots of folks lost interest, in both the revolving-door membership and what was perceived by some to be a bunch of egomaniacs confused as to what their sound was. Their performances ran the gamut from a powerful rockin' unit to a syrupy Vegas lounge act. Yet there was enough interest generated to sell a million and a half copies of what would turn out to be their last studio album in 1981, **One Step Closer**. Then their final farewell world tour played to packed houses and gave rise to yet another record. You guessed it — the Doobie Brothers Final Farewell Concert LP is due out before summer's end. Seems like they're milking the "final farewell" business till it's dry — but the tit does dry up eventually.

As the milk went sour for

DOWNTIME

By Bomber



Photo by Kim Peterson

the last time, and the breakup finally became a reality, it gave Simmons the opportunity to do his own thing at long last. Unfortunately for Patrick, his solo project was not without hassles.

It began in 1981 or even earlier, say 1968, when the dream of a solo album for himself was first planted. Now the seed has sprouted, and while it's not quite *Indica sativa*, it is damn decent home-grown. **Arcade** starts with a hop and a rev on "Out In The Streets." Wouldn't you know it, three of the dudes backing him are former Doobies, Johnston, McDonald, and John McFee. Also showing are Lee Sklar, Willie Weeks and Bill Payne from Little Feat. Chris Thompson, formerly of Night and Manfred Mann, co-wrote most of the songs with Simmons and appears on vocals throughout the record. As stated, "Streets" is a hopped-up affair, reminiscent of past Doobie works that rocked.

The record is indicative of the Doobies' later efforts in that it seems as though there is confusion on whether or not to make it a wild, jamming thing or to satisfy the audience's easy-listening tastes. It covers Pat's own influences and musical preferences. Hence, you go up and down the roller coaster, like on *The Big Dipper* at the Santa Cruz boardwalk. (At least you won't barf on this one.)

"So Wrong" follows "Streets" and is quickly becoming a hot item on the radio charts. Then it's big band time with the Tower Of Power horn section, followed by "Why You Givin' Up" and more backup from ex-Doobies Cornelius Bumpus on sax, Bobby La Kind on percussion, Jeff "Skunk" Baxter (also formerly with Steely Dan) on guitar, and McDonald singing backup and playing the Fender Rhodes and synthesizers. It's a pleasant enough bit, due significantly to Bumpus's sax work.

Chicks who are in love will dig another song, "Too Long," which rounds out side one on a quiet, inoffensive note. Side two comes crashing in with "Knocking At Your Door." Written by Andy Fraser, it features Nicky Hopkins on piano and Patrick's ripping guitar. Then the album trails off again, going for a slower, pop effect. But it's not too hateful nonetheless. "If You Want A Little Love" gets the funk rollin', "Have You Seen Her" slows down to slow-mo, and "Sue Sad" gets lost in dreaminess, which is not to say that it's a nightmare.

Simmons must have thought it was a nightmare he was involved with in the production, though. He was counting on using Ted Templeman as a producer since Templeman had done all the Doobies' early work, but he was committed to other projects — he currently does Van Halen among others — and was forced to put Patrick on hold, so Simmons opted for John Ryan to produce the remainder. Another delay came with the heavy rains last year when Simmons's house got thrashed. Gotta take care of the homefront, ya know.

Peter Gabriel/Plays Live: If off-the-wall mood music is your thing, if you're into Alfred Hitchcock scenarios, then do we have a candidate for you. Gabriel was the founder of Genesis, a group which has since made it big without him, but not without duplicating his voice through Phil Collins.

Gabriel took a leave of absence in 1975, and has, in the intervening years, produced four solo albums of his own, most notably his first, **Peter Gabriel**, featuring the single, "Solsbury Hill," which related to his decision to leave the group he had started (and which later seemed to constrict him in his own musical endeavors). Since they've done well, it's his hope he can now do the same. If **Plays Live** is any indication, he's on his way.

He produces what he calls "soundscapes" through the use of an instrument called the Fairlight computerized synthesizer. With it, he pulls out natural noises electronically. That is, he goes into factories and scrapyards, or out in the street to tape people walking on stones, or

Continued on page 113

MOTORCYCLE MILESTONES

NO. 14

FORE

The first attempt at a motorcycle transplant was performed by the eminent part-time doctor Gustave Gutman and his large nurse Dort. Although the operation proved to be a dismal failure, it was hailed by Gus and Dort as a major medical breakthrough. The unfortunate patient — shown here frolicking with Gus and Dort near Gus's makeshift clinic — managed to hang in there for a few fun-filled moments before crapping out from an unexpected blow to the head.



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Energetic H-D

Harley-Davidson is on that spiral staircase. Since its new independent owners bought Harley-Davidson from AMF, the Milwaukee company has been more energetic and conscientious than at any time in the recent past. There's movement at last: everyone watches for the direction a greatly downsized Harley-Davidson is taking. Harley-Davidson believes, and the federal government concurs, that Milwaukee's altimeter is holding steady, or climbing, or has the prospect of climbing. Had the USITC and the Reagan administration believed Harley was already tumbling down the final basement steps, the feds would have plugged their ears.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Riding Left

At the time it seemed a great idea but that was before I accidentally (word carefully chosen) became *Road Rider's* Foreign Correspondent of the Month and before my nomenclature abruptly got altered to "Ward 8, Room D, Name Hull."

Meanwhile the word rushed back to the United States and all the speculation began — speculation which came back to me mostly via telex and telephone calls. To put an end (I hope) to all that, let me point out that, first, no other machine, two- or four-wheeled, was involved; this was strictly a solo performance. Second, the bike was on the proper (read: left) side

of the road, and finally, that's about all I can tell you.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

The Orange and Black

As always, Harley-Davidson took over the south end of the beach. This was a big year for the orange and black. Not only did people come out in droves to visit the lavish H-D show in the Daytona Hilton and take advantage of the demo rides on all the new '83 Harleys, but Jay Springsteen lapped all but four other machines in a convincing win of the Battle of the Twins epic — Harley's first reason to celebrate at Daytona for many a year.

—Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

No Fool

As the sun turned orange in the west I rode home. I parked the XR on the front walk. Then I got worried and rolled it through the gate and into the front yard, so I could look out and make sure it was there. But getting up and peering through the curtains seemed like too much trouble, so I opened the sliding glass doors and parked the Harley in the living room. (Where was my wife? Back East visiting friends; I'm not a fool.)

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Motorcycle Definition

Image may be the most common reason bikers buy Sportsters. It has been the tough guy in Harley's line-up for 26 years. Most motorcyclists mention it when they

are asked what a bike should sound or look like. It may be the 26 years of exposure to this bike that has made it the definition of "motorcycle" in America. Maybe it is that the sound of a V-twin has some primeval appeal. No matter, the Sportster is motorcycle, a thing-in-itself. You can take it or you can leave it; few can ignore it or its effect on motorcycling today.

—Custom Bike

HCR-82

The congressman [Robert S. Walker, R-Pa.] has once again succeeded in causing concern among the law-abiding members of the motorcycling public because his resolution — then and now — fails to define what an outlaw motorcyclist is. In his remarks when introducing HCR-82, Walker said, "These gangs, by any definition, are a form of organized crime and need to be handled as such."

—American Motorcyclist

Musical Helmets

State legislators in New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Maine are studying bills that would outlaw the use of helmet-mounted speakers by motorcyclists.

The restrictions are written into bills that would prohibit the wearing of headphones by operators of motor vehicles. Proponents of the bills cited an increase in the number of traffic accidents involving joggers, pedestrians, bicyclists and roller-skaters wearing stereo-headphone sets.

—Cycle World

Daytona Plague

For Daytona residents it must be more like the succession of plagues that descended on Egypt. February brings the curse of car fans, March an affliction of bikers, and April the swarm of students. But that's Daytona's business. Its economy is driven by big-but-brief influxes of cash from tourists, and those who suffer through it all (most profitably, I might add) need only remind themselves of that.

—Ed Youngblood
American Motorcyclist

Turbo Harleys

... Harley-Davidson officials were serious when they hinted about changing H-D's image a little. Performance is back in vogue in Milwaukee, and the XR-1000 could be just the beginning. Our man in the Midwest says Harley purchasing agents recently contracted for a sizeable shipment of turbo kits from a prominent aftermarket supplier. And you thought a Harley's carburetor and air filter got in the way of your leg. Just wait.

—Joe Kress
Cycle Guide

Old Standby

Well, time marches on and change takes place. The old standby, the Super Glide, has all of the basic packaging characteristics of this "family" — the same frame, powerplant and running gear — but it isn't a "designer" model, and you know how much value we Americans place on designer goods.

—Custom Bike

From Rendezvous to Adios

You know how it is when close bros meet up again after riding apart for a spell. They're happy to see each other, there's a lot to catch up on, reunions are exuberant. Leastways, that's how it is with me and Rebel. We're not blood, but we're bonded by breed and creed, and being close members of a tight-knit clan as we are, when we meet we greet each other expansively. I hadn't seen Rebel in several months when I stepped out of a cafe in Hicksville, Ohio, one midday and eyeballed him riding down the street toward me. A moment later he spotted my bike at the curb and pulled over to park next to it. I crossed the sidewalk to him with long strides, arms open wide in greeting. Jumping off of his bike, he clasped me 'round the shoulders and we embraced with brotherly affection. The next moment all hell broke loose.

"Omigod-look-what-those-men-are-doing!" squawked an old biddy from the sidewalk across the street.

"Don't look, Brucie!" commanded a younger version of the old crone, slapping her hand over the eyes of a tyke beside her to enforce the order, and incidentally to save his innocent soul from being exposed to such depravity as might otherwise sear his retinas. Now up to that point, little Brucie couldn't have given a shit. He'd just been strolling along with ma and granny, checking out whatever caught

"Jumping off of his bike, he clasped me 'round the shoulders and we embraced with brotherly affection. The next moment all hell broke loose."

his attention the way any typical youngster will do and not caring anything at all about a bunch of wrong and right jive. But after granny practically had a hysterectomy down both legs, not to mention ma's getting physical on him the way she did, well, he was a typical little kid. There was no way in the world he was going to miss a peek at whatever all the fuss was about. He was gonna look if it killed him, man. And what did he see when he got one eye screwed up to a crack between his ma's fingers where he could peer out? A pair of scooter tramps. Scruffy and greasy, kinda untamed-looking. Kissing each other hello. The spectacle probably scarred the kid for life, considering the build-up it got.

And then you want to know what happened? Those sonsa-

bitches arrested us, that's what! I don't mean the dipshit broads took their lives in their own hands and tried to take us in themselves, but the two cops who came running up right then certainly did their duty as the pickle-pussed cunts saw fit.

"I saw that one's tongue!" the old crone squawked while they were handcuffing Rebel. I would've flashed her my crank and let her really freak out, only my hands were already manacled behind me.

So we went to jail, won a hundred bucks in a poker game in the tank that night, and went to court the next day where we each paid fifty-dollar fines for public indecency before being released with a suggestion that we leave town.

"Well, which way do you want to go?" I asked, glancing up and down the street when we left the courthouse.

"Away. But first I want a beer," Rebel said stubbornly. "I was thirsty when I rolled into this burg, and damned if I'm leaving before I drink the one I came for. Let's go." So we did.

A couple of blocks away, which put us halfway across town, we came to a bar named Lucky's. Rebel got the parking space with time still on the meter. Without begrudging it to him, I cocked a sardonic eye at the neon sign flashing the name of the joint over the door. I've got the sort of luck, if I ran out of gas on a strange road and had to push my sled to

Continued on page 107

by Downtimer



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.

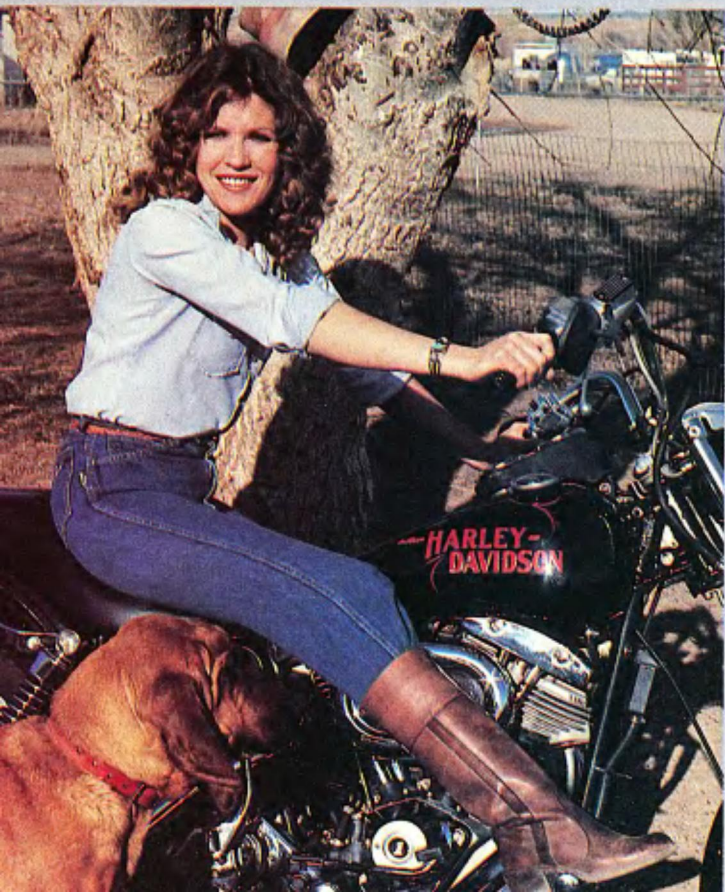
All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch 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 #124 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



DEBI



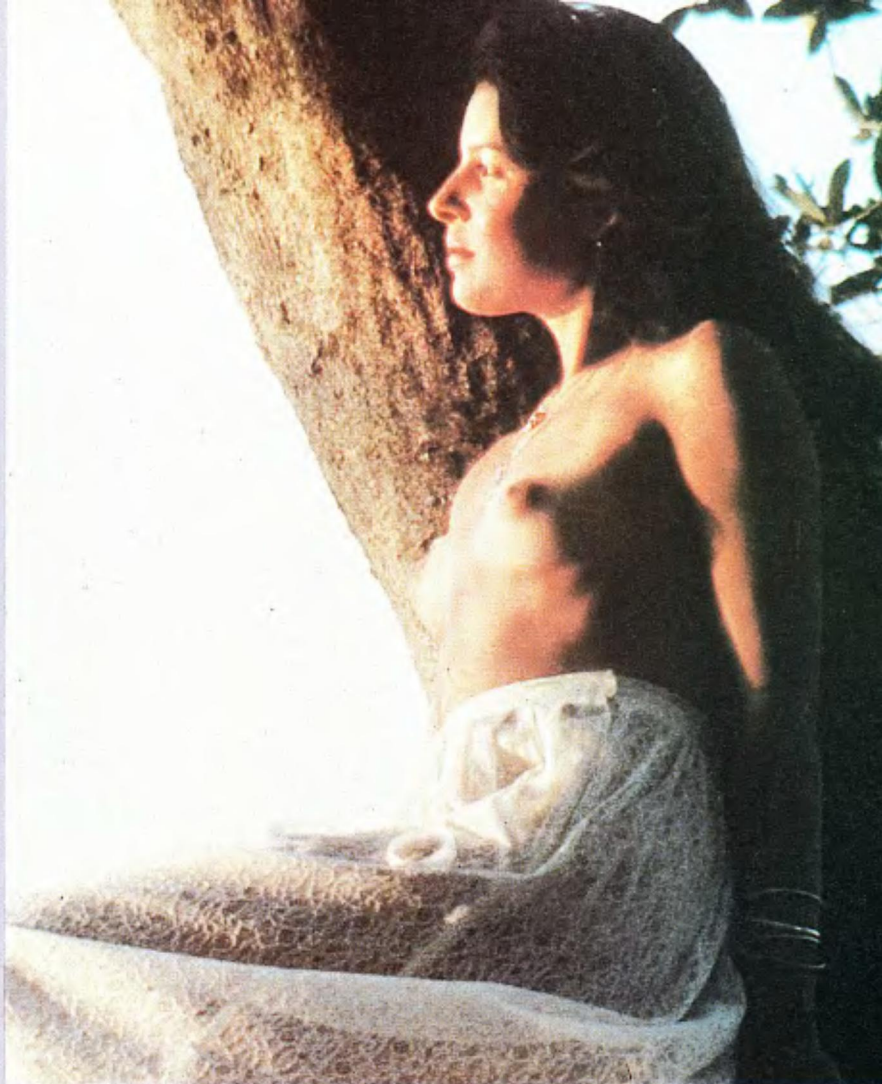
ROSEBUD

COLETE





DEBBIE



JEANNINE

Here she is, folks — **Karen** the second monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Ellen Y., Nancy, and Kathy.



DARLENE



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

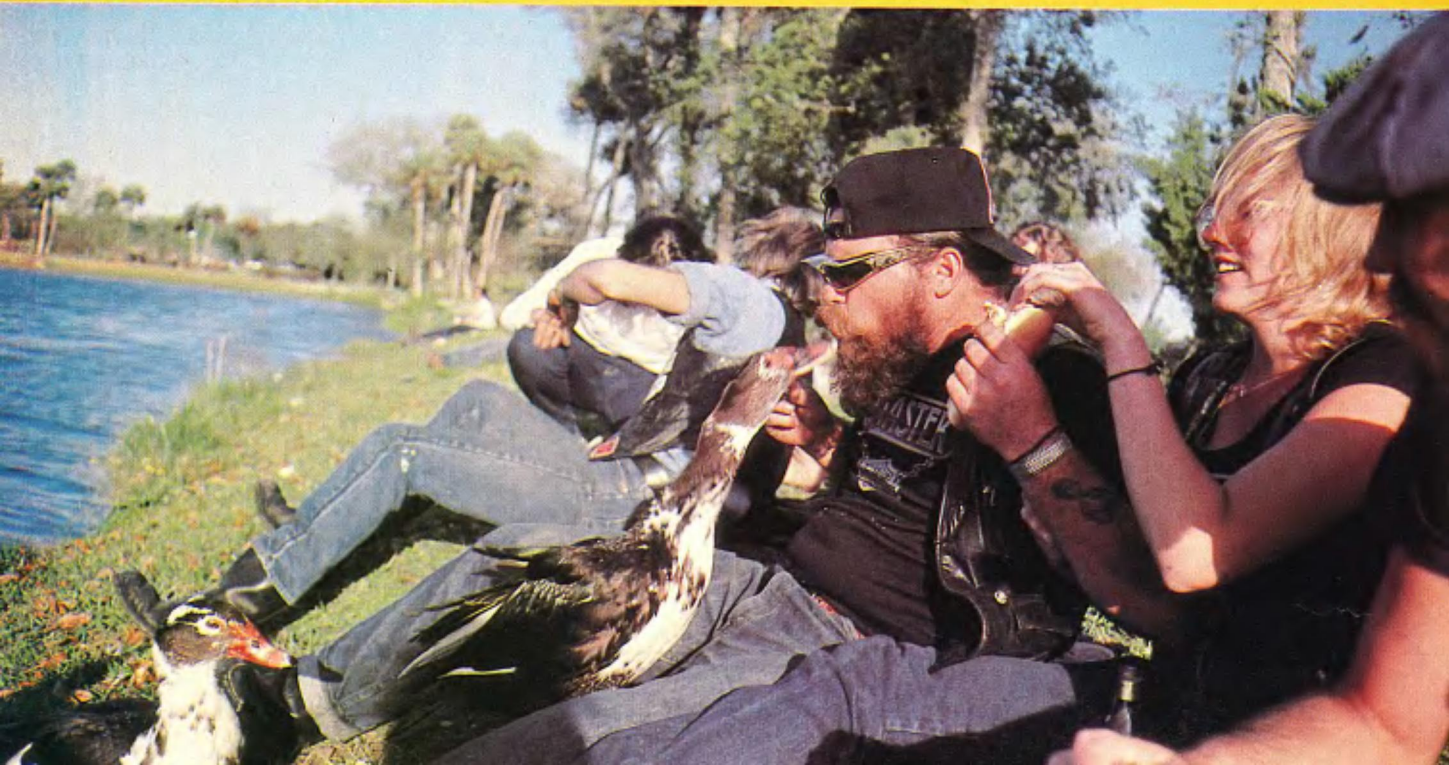


— from Chicky, On the road, Calif.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2 1/4 x 2 1/4) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the high-

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

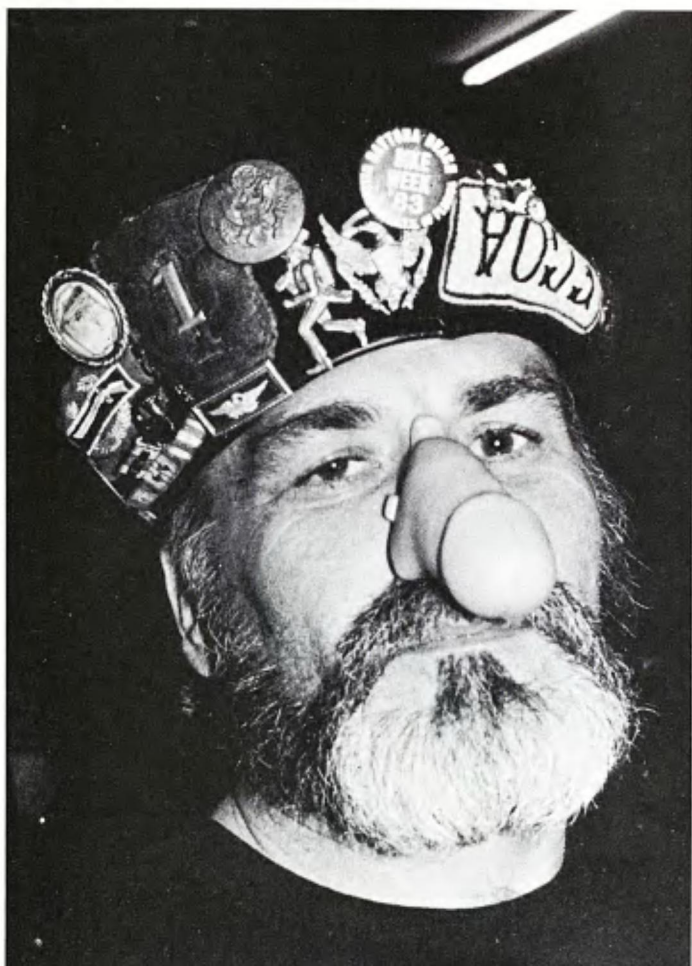
from George Hoffman, New Smyrna Beach, Fla.





—from Bob Touchette, Albany, N.Y.

—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.





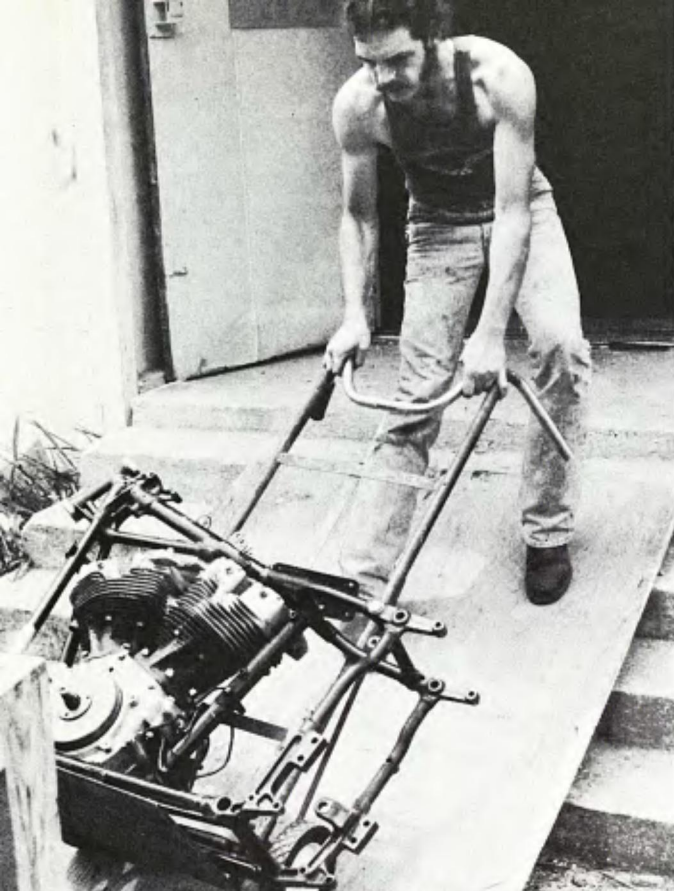
—from Phil Lozano, Camarillo, Calif.



—from Chard, Leicester, N.C.

—from Kid Creole, Crows Nest, Australia





—from D.L. Wright, Grand Prairie, Tex.

—from Bill Radford, Lawton, Okla.



—from John Coffeen, Tampa, Fla.





—from Sporty, Jackson, Mich.

—from A. Dizinno, Rockville Centre, N.Y.



—from P. Fletcher, Cleveland, England





—from Magic Tongue, Houston, Tex.



—from Shit'less, Watervliet, N.Y.



—from Keith Coleman, Leicester, Mass.

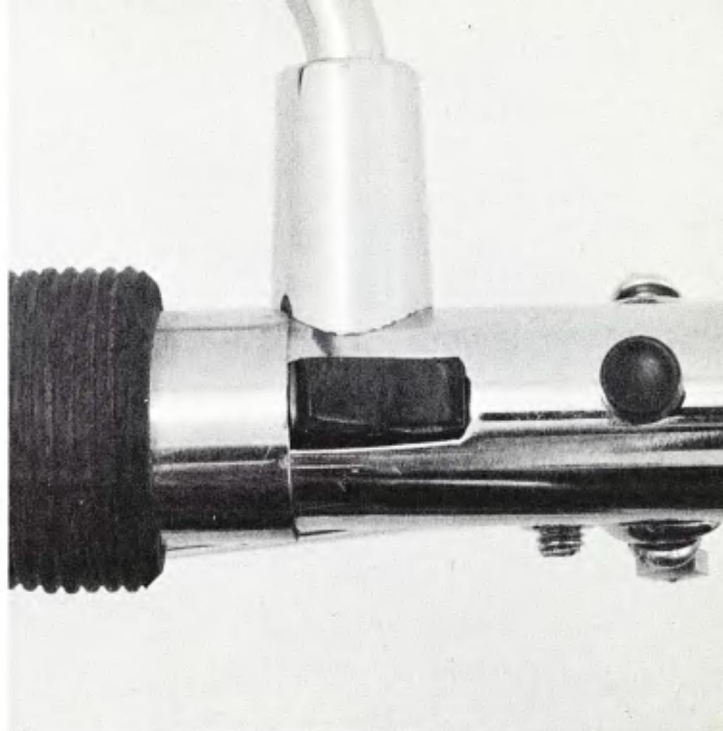
—from Wizard, Pittsburgh, Pa.





PASSION PUTT



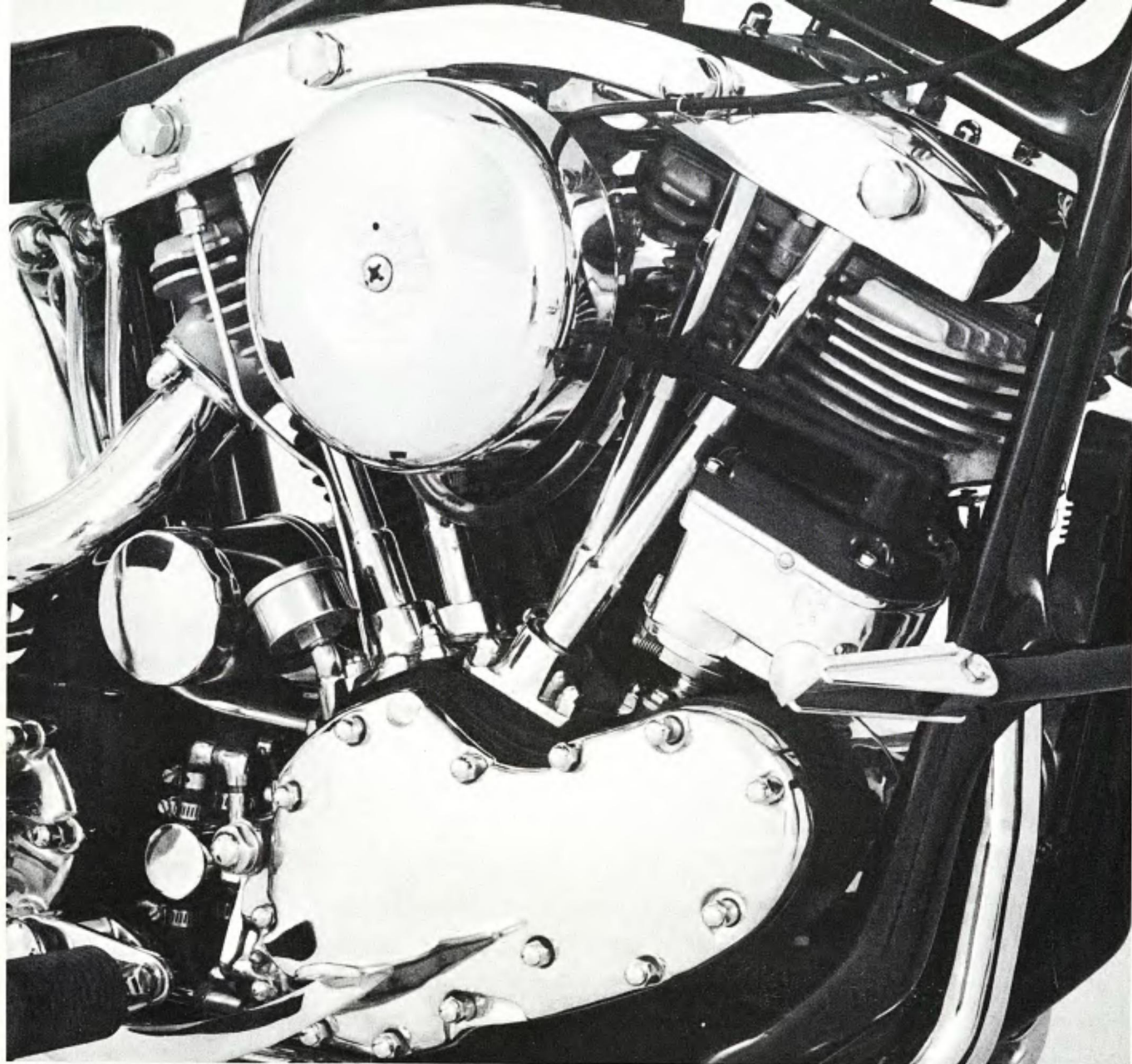


Nice Done Twice

We all know the feeling of satisfaction that comes rush-in' through the veins, mile after mile, anytime the wheels are roll-

in'. That feeling is heightened when it's the maiden voyage for a new custom machine. The excitement of seeing your work propel you down





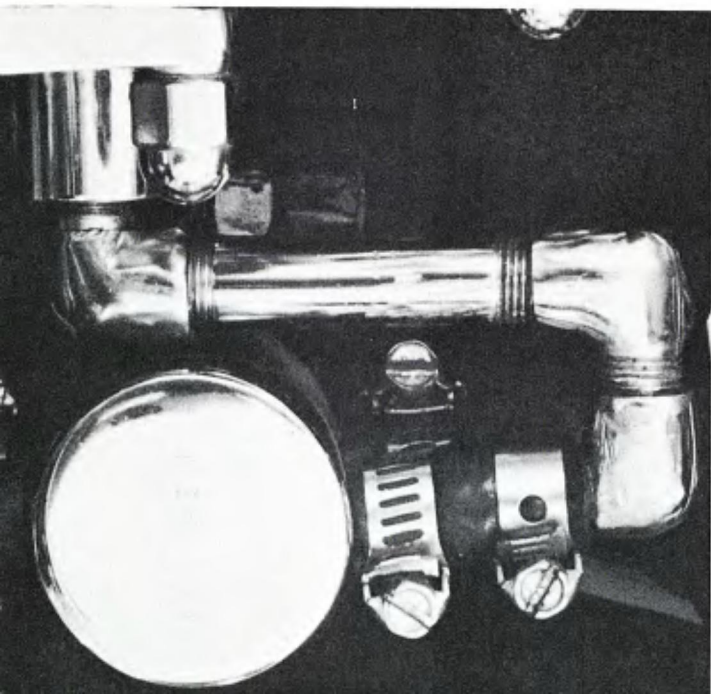
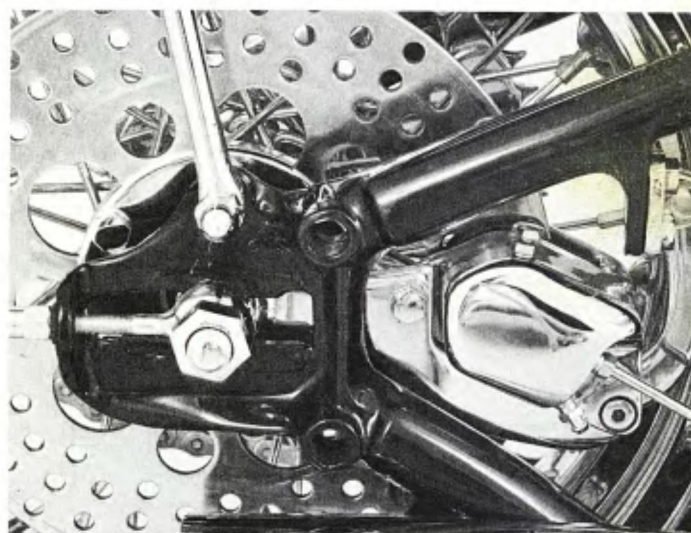
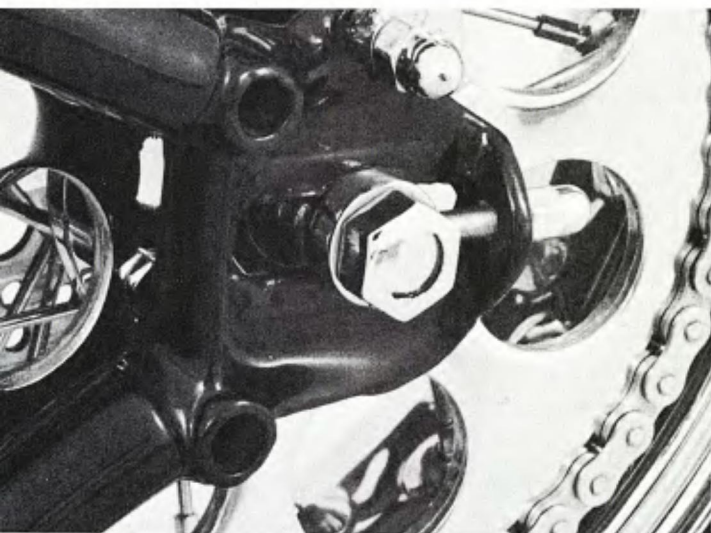
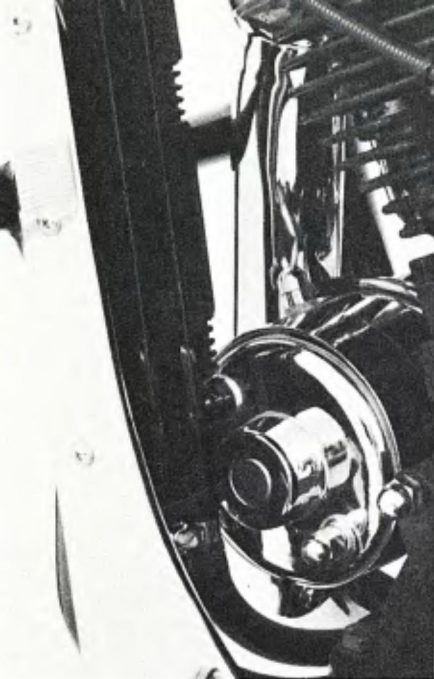
the road. Some butterflies. A tingle of nerves. The knot in your stomach disappears as the miles go by with no problems. You were sure there wouldn't be any; still, you never actually know till you're makin' tracks for the first time.

Flowery first-ride shit aside, how would you like the opposite of the dream ride — an introductory putt that ends in a rip-off? Ain't nothin' like the dismal, bile-billowin', sickening feeling of bein' ripped. Especially when it's over a thousand miles from home, and your partner gets burned too. It's the lowlifes out to get us. The worst part, all too disgustingly a seeming fact of life for bikers — there's always someone who wants what you've got. Particularly if it's nicer than what the slime bucket can do for himself. Which is just about anything. A rip-off artist is

like a mountaineer — he does it 'cause it's there.

Howard McCall is a bro who unfortunately got a firsthand taste of that sinking feeling. An otherwise great trip to California ended with a burn. A double burn. The bikes he and his partner lost to thieves will never be found — at least not by the cops, who seemed to think it was just the funniest thing they had heard all week, and implied that the bros deserved their bad draw. Well, we all know who we can't rely on to find lost bikes, right?

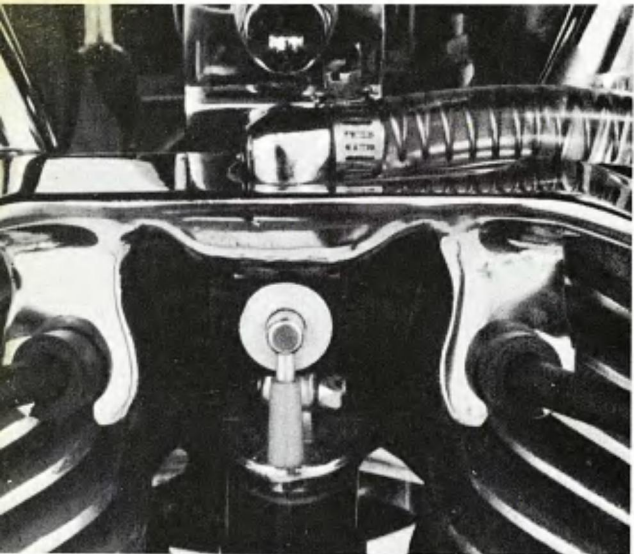
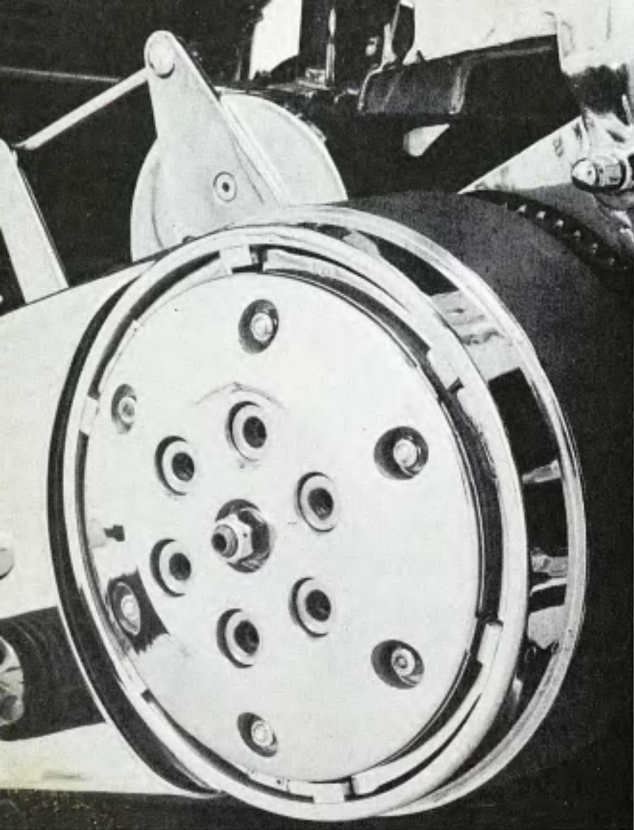
The rip didn't seriously dampen Howard's spirits. He's a veteran of the road, and knows all about snitches, punks and the rest of their ilk, as well as brotherhood, good times, and the fine art of building custom motorcycles. His only choice as he made the long disgustin' drive back



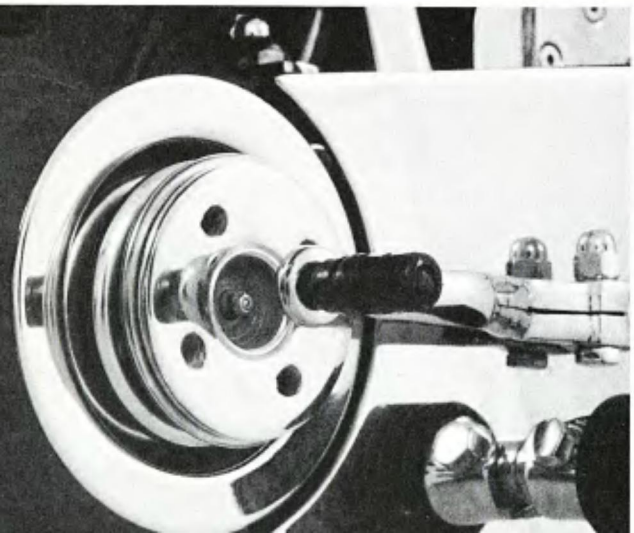
to his home in Colorado was what to build next. Somewhere out in the flats of Nevada, or the mountains of Utah, it hit him. Hell, he hadn't put that many miles on the last one, and he liked the hell out of it. Why not just do it again? Once more, with passion.

So he did. He channeled his rage, wrath and fury into his new 'sickle. But first Howard had to make yet another sacrifice. To get bucks together for his duplicate machine, he was forced to unload his 1933 Packard limousine (reportedly, one of only 50 in the country).

The main difference between this version and his previous ride is that this is an early-model shovel and the last one was a late-model shovel. Also, this one has disc brakes, whereas the other had mechanical ones. Guess Howard wanted to



Photos by Mike Lichler

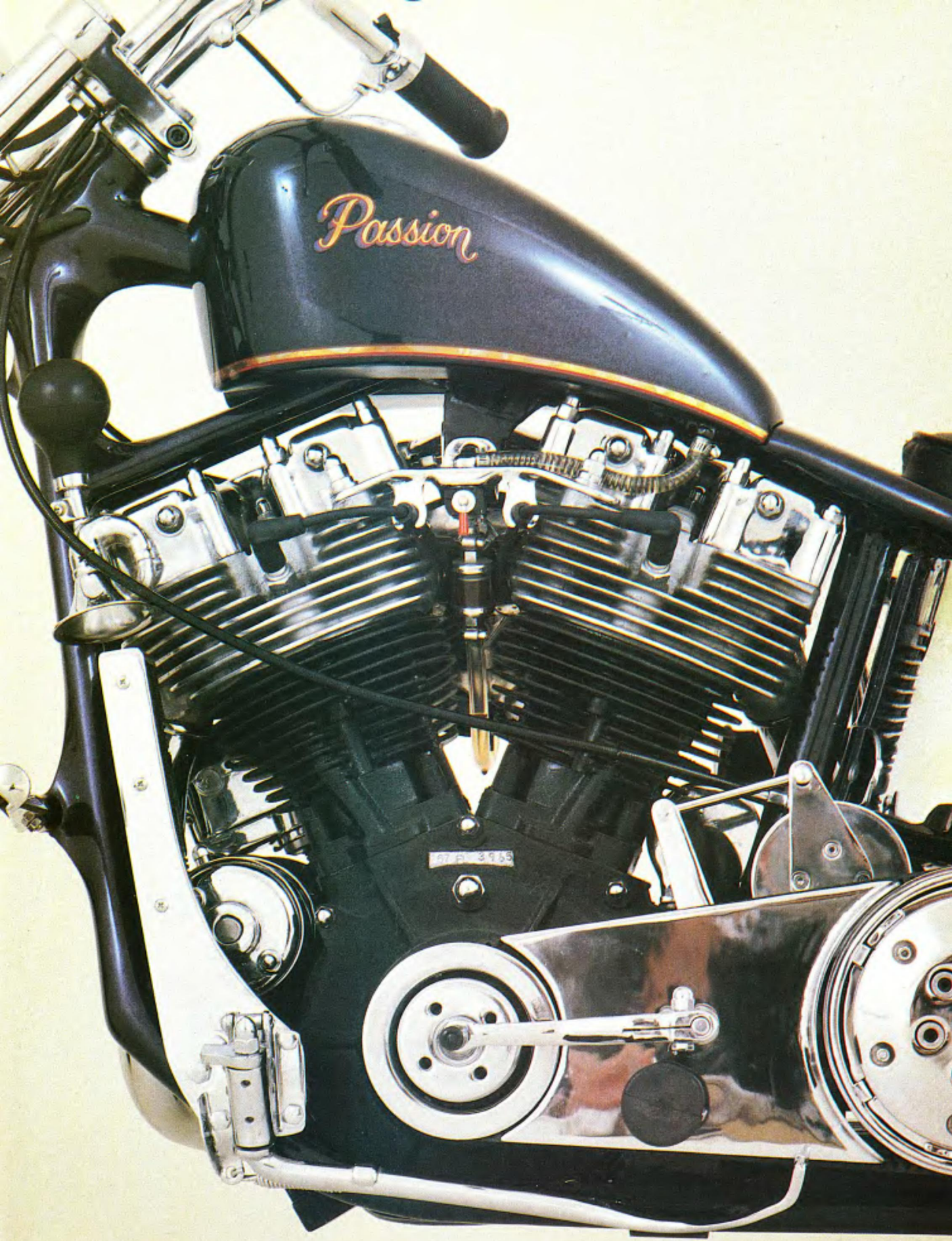


Owner: Howard McCall		City: Aspen, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: knuckle/late swingarm	
Year and make: 1967 H-D		Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: chopper		Type: straight leg hardtail	
Value: \$20,000		Rake: 43 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: four months		Other alterations: trimmed, beefed, molded	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Cycle Shack	
Year: 1967		Risers: none	
Model: FL		Fender(s): modified H-D	
Rebuilder: Hawg Wild Customs		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: on the back	
Displacement: 98 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: Hawg Wild Customs		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: hidden/capacitor	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: modified Sportster	
Heads: Branch flowed		Oil tank: knucklehead	
Cam(s): 440 Sifton		Oil system: oil filter and cooler	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: handmade	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Drag Specialties	
Air cleaner: H-D repro.		Sissybar: handmade	
Pipes: owner		Height: 18 in.	
Muffler(s): one per pipe		Material: 1/2-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: Sportster	
Year: 1974		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: fork brace by owner	
Trans sprocket: 26		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: spool	Hub: Hallcraft
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: purple pearl over black		Tire: 300 x 21	Tire: 165 Pirelli
Type: polyurethane		Brake: none	Brake: custom disc
Special paint: gold leaf and maroon by owner		Other special modifications: wiring and switches inside handlebars, two top engine mounts, modified competition clutch that doesn't rattle, slip or chatter.	

be able to stop on a dime, in case he saw a scuz ball in action.

As a builder of over fifty bikes for himself and brothers, he considers this one special. He plans on riding it right into the dirt, figuring its slender shape will grow more and more rat-like with the passage of time, yet become more and more an object of passion as it goes. And he plans to avoid stayin' in motels where they won't allow bikes in the rooms. Everyone's gotta have a sleeping mate, eh, mate?

— Skid



Dutch Treat

"I tell ya, it would look dumb," Madman proclaimed. "Ya can't have a chick packin' on a Harley wearin' a coupla four-by-fours on her feet."

"Listen, asshole, they're not four-by-fours. They're genuine wooden shoes and they're *designed* to be worn on the feet, just like any other shoes."

Madman has never been known to change what there is of his mind easily. "You can call 'em wooden shoes, or you can call 'em balsa booties, or you can shove 'em up your wooden ass," he replied





cheerfully (for him, that's cheerful).
 "But I call 'em hollowed-out pieces
 of four-by-four with little pointy
 toes carved at one end and dippy
 flowers painted all over 'em."

Figurin' that killing the runty bas-
 tard would hurt me more than it

would hurt him — I'd have to go
 back to the office and face Spider
 alone — I decided to try my plenti-
 ful persuasive powers once more.
 "Madman," I said, tossing my arm
 around his shoulders in a genial
 move designed to get it nearer his



A full-page photograph of a blonde woman with voluminous hair, sitting on a black motorcycle. She is nude, facing away from the camera but looking back over her shoulder. The background is a solid, vibrant red. The motorcycle's handlebars, mirrors, and engine are visible in the lower right.

neck. "Madman, ol' buddy, this chick is a classic Nordic blonde. Look at that hair, look at those eyes, look at that peaches-and-cream complexion. Obviously, she's Dutch."

"Dutch, is she, and I suppose you'd like to slip yer crank between her tulips a time or two, right?"

"Fer someone who weighs 98 pounds soakin' wet, you're pretty perceptive, but that's beside the point. The shoes are a trick prop. I got 'em up in Solvang, California, that time the Wandermere Rat dragged me up there to visit his ol' man. You ought to putt up there sometime after ya grow up. It's a neat place. They call it the Danish Capital of America and. . ."



"What was that? What was *that*?" The looney was hoppin' from one foot to the other like a dancin' chicken in a sideshow. "First ya tell me Dutch, now ya tell me Danish. Dutch is the Netherlands, Danish is Denmark. Ya know as much about geography as ya know about piloting the space



Photos by Pete Chiodo





shuttle. An' I got news fer ya anyway — this fox ain't either. Her name's Tina and Tina ain't no Nordic name. It's Eyetal if it's anythin', and if ya make one more crack 'bout my size I'll put ya right on that lardass an' . . ."

Girl laughter floated across the room from somewhere in front of the lights and cameras, stoppin' Madman in mid-bluster.

"I'm not really Dutch, you know," she said as she walked toward us. Damn, I thought, the chick heard everything we were sayin'. Her ears must be big as her tits. "But I could be, 'cause Tina's short for Christina and I do come from Holland — Holland, Michigan, that is."

Bending over to take a look at the little Dutch girl shoes on the floor she treated me to a snoutful of delicately scented (essence of tulip, maybe?) hair. "Of course," she said, straightening back up, "I wouldn't wear these ugly clodhoppers to check into the women's house of detention."

— Butcher

What Problem?

I have a problem. When me and my ol' man get into bed we fight about who gets on top. Should I give in or keep fighting?

Kissie
Kansas City, Mo.

- Have him invite a bro over and you can get in the middle.

Change Directions

I'm 21 and I love to ride a Hog. I'm also in love and need your advice. I can't have the chick I want anymore. She told me the reason she quit going out with me is that I pushed her into a relationship. All I pushed was her head down on my cock, and that ain't no relationship.

When we were going out, she told me I treated her like a toy, which I did. So I changed from treating her like a toy to treating her like my ol' lady. She's really nothing but a whore, but I treated her like a straight chick and fell in love.

Now what should I do?

Urgent
Vichy, Mo.

- Maybe she'd rather be fucked than treated.

Only Once

Hey, liver lips! I'm doing time and I'm as horny as a menstruating mink and I'd like to know if you've ever sucked a wang so big and fat it broke your sleazy jaws to open your mouth that wide.

If not, you'd better find a good dentist and get hinges installed, 'cause I'm comin' your way soon.

King Cock
Ft. Grant, Ark.

- A few years back I had a bit of trouble suckin' the old paint off a set of fatbobs Spider bought at a swap meet, but I've learned to relax an' enjoy it since then.

I Lose

In the past, I was so sure that nothing could begin to compare with you that I would have bet my '47 Hog on it. That was until I vacationed as a guest of the great state of Washington. We have a 300-pound sweat hog here who's so grody that I think it derived from a wart on a hemorrhoid that was infested with syphilis.

I mean, Mutha, you can

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



putt aside, 'cause this bitch will make the maggots shrivel up and die.

Turtle
Walla Walla, Wash.

- I'm beat. My maggots just keep gettin' fatter and healthier.

Pursuing Piles

May the bleeding piles pursue you and corns adorn your feet, while crabs as big as buzzards land on your cunt to eat. When you're old and decrepit, a syphilitic wreck, may your spine fall through your asshole and break your fucking neck.

J.G.
Chicago, Ill.

- If you were that unhappy with it, why didn't ya just ask me for the two dollars back?

Watch Out For Wanda

I read your page every month and I think it's unreal. I

can't believe some of the stupid shit people write to you. I'm locked down here in Michigan and I jerk off every night just thinkin' of you and staring at your picture.

We have a woman guard who reminds me of you. We named her Wicked Wanda because she's got a set of teeth that would make a shark proud. Do I have a problem or not?

Tennessee
Muskegon, Mich.

- Only if Wanda's hungry for biker meat.

Bitches In Heat

Listen, carp bait, we heard you don't eat anybody's leftovers, but we're two girls who do.

Since we've had everything around here with three legs (and occasionally, some with four) and we're still hornier than whores in a bank vault, whaddya say you send us

your playmates after you're through usin' and abusin' them? We'll even accept 'em COD (crank on delivery).

Viki and Zoomer
Wheeling, W. Va.

- By the time I'm done with 'em, they ain't fit to travel.

That's A Mouthful

Yesterday the sewer in our town backed up, sending shit into everyone's kitchen sink. It smelled so bad it made me think of you. Speaking of odor, my ol' lady wants me to eat her day and night. Her pussy smells so bad that her stench could probably match yours. She won't go down on me even though I'm always eatin' away at that foul-smelling hole. What should I do?

Sasquatch
Edison, N.J.

- Shut up an' eat.

How Long?

Just wrote to find out how long it would take for my letter to get from Australia to the States.

Legs NSW Australia

- 'Bout as long as it takes Spider to get from "ready" to "fire."

Cure For A Biter

When my ol' lady gives me head, her jaw gets dislocated and her teeth tear my cock up. What should I do?

Breed
Wall, S.D.

- Get a smaller cock or a pair of pliers.

Surrender

How do you keep catty bitches away from your ol' man? Please advise quickly, I've got the purchase of a .38 on hold.

Jennibear
Somewhere, East Coast

- I gave up tryin'. Spider always manages to follow his nose home sooner or later.

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. ■

VET VOICE

by Sarge

• Between 1945 and 1963, the U.S. government tested approximately 235 nuclear weapons and often used GI men and women as guinea pigs. In some cases, soldiers were put in trenches only 2000 yards from ground zero. In other cases, troops were marched (or flown by helicopter) to ground zero itself, soon after detonation, and required to perform "maneuvers" all over the zone. Today at least one group of these so-called atomic veterans is exhibiting an incidence of leukemia that's three times the norm for its age group. And these vets are showing an incidence of a certain, very rare bone marrow disease (polycythemia vera) that's ten times what it should be. Over 300 of these vets have filed for disability compensation.

• From 1962 to 1970, Uncle Sam (or Uncle Sham) dumped 11 million gallons of Agent Orange, plus related herbicides, all over millions of acres of Vietnam — some of it was even sprayed from packs worn directly on American backs. Today over 16,000 Viet vets have filed for compensation and sought treatment for a variety of ailments and diseases, many of which are of inexplicably high incidence for men in their age group. Conditions claimed include tumors known as soft-tissue sarcomas, which are usually highly malignant, liver and kidney ailments, cancers, skin disease, and the list goes on — including a disproportionate number of birth defects in the offspring of those who were exposed to Agent Orange.

So, what's the VA doing about these problems? Well, they've magnanimously allowed 29 claims based on atomic testing, and another 55 claims based on radiation exposure "from sources not associated with testing," in the case of the atomic vets. Fewer than 300 of the guys who either tramped through or sprayed herbicides in 'Nam have been accorded any compensation — and that's only a minor amount for the skin condition known as chloracne. (And in nearly all cases, your military records had better reflect that you had to be treated way back when.)

If you'd like to know more about the atomic veteran issue, check out the April 14, 1983, issue of *Stars and Stripes*. (Mail 75¢ to *Stars and Stripes*, The National Tribune, Box 1803, Washington, D.C. 20012.) On page 4 there is the entire "Statement before the United States Senate Committee on Veterans Affairs" made by the VFW — and it includes some enlightening facts.

As for the Agent Orange issue — well, it's a hell of a mess. We've been arguing and fighting this thing for years. Lawsuits, mostly class-action against the chemical companies that manufactured the herbicides, have been filed all over the place. (You see, a federal judge decided that we, as veterans, can't sue the government itself.) The major older vet organizations are now in the fracas, right with us, and of course, the larger Vietnam vets organizations and Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims, Inc. (AOVI) have long been on the front in every way possible.

Primarily, the problem has been that no one has produced a completely acceptable and comprehensive epidemiological study which proves beyond a doubt that the herbicides — or especially their most dangerous component Dioxin — really cause anything more than — under certain conditions — a rashlike condition. A couple of years ago, the VA was given the go-ahead to undertake its own study of 'Nam vets' complaints and other pertinent data. Well, believe me, they really fumbled that ball.

Last year, the General Accounting Office was urged to do an intensive investigation of how the VA was handling its study. The result was a very incriminating 78-page report to Congress; essentially, the VA had really fucked up the whole thing. Two whole damned years wasted, man! Not one single VA med center had done the job completely right. Except for the Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, facility, which came out "cleanest" in the nation with respect to trying to do the study right, nearly every damn VA hospital in the country had really screwed things up. Some of the largest got a nice, fat zero score from the GAO.

If you want to hassle through the whole Report to Congress yourself,

you can obtain a free copy by writing:

U.S. General Accounting Office
Document Handling & Information
Services Facility
Box 6015
Gaithersburg, Md. 20760
Request Report No. GAO/HRD-83-6
(Oct. 25, 1982).

You can save your brain and the eyestrain, though, if you want. There's a good seven-page synopsis of the report available in the January/February issue (Vol. 2/No. 1) of the newsletter put out by the Veterans Of The Vietnam War. Just send two bucks (which they might even return to you) and request the issue number given above, to:

Veterans Of The Vietnam War,
Inc.
National Headquarters
Box 214, RD2
Bald Mountain Road
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. 18702

Their synopsis is accurate and will save your having to wade through a hell of a lot of government-type gobbledygook reading.

Anyway, it's exactly because of the GAO's giving the VA such bad marks that the handling of the Agent Orange study and its effect on humans has now been contracted out to the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. Commonly called the CDC, this scientific investigative outfit is world-renowned for its competence. The VA has been ordered to cooperate fully with the CDC, and the CDC is to report its progress to the VA on a quarterly basis. They are to do the job as fast as they can; the government has set a 1987 deadline on the project. The contract is to be renewed annually and three million dollars was allocated the CDC for fiscal year '83.

One other twist in the Agent Orange situation has recently come about. Rep. Tom Daschle (S.D.) and a whole slew of other congressmen recently drew up a bill for introduction into the House. The bill is HR-1961 and is designed to start getting treatment and compensation for Vietnam vets with certain complaints and diseases currently associated with Agent Orange exposure. In other words, these reps feel as we and all the vets' groups, especially the Viet vets' organizations and the

Continued on page 95

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.

Down white bro looking for foxy chicks to write to me. Will be out to back up all the shit I talk about in my letters. Rick Hodges 12694, Dorm, #1, Box 1, Huttonsville, W. Va. 26273.

I'm 38, very lonesome, 6'2", 200 lbs., very loving, horny, and affectionate, looking for a lady. Am serious-minded and very mature. George Wood 341738, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Downed bro, 27, 6'2", blond hair, blue eyes. Third time down; love to write. Daniel David 45799, Box 539, 3-Hall, Jefferson City Mo. 65102.

Two down, good-looking broes need mail and pics from all you beautiful chicks. Joseph St. Clair 82-A-217, and Curt Suba 81-A-5950, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

W/m, 25, good-looking, dark-auburn hair, brown eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs. Looking for sexy women, 18-30, for letters and pics (maybe someone to call my own). Doug "Bird-Dog" Bergfeld 13989 Box 30, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Two bros, both artists, would like to rap at some of you ladies out there. Give us a shot and it won't be in the dark. Daniel Siebert and Danny Marquis, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701-0607.

Ladies of the scooter and free world! Two white broes lookin' for ladies, 16-60, to give us a short reprieve from this dragged-out time. Both looking to be out on the road by the summer of '84. Bobby "Runner" Costa 316139 (24, 5'9", 140 lbs., brown hair, green eyes), and Grady "Shady" Gwyn 340704 (25, brown hair and eyes, 150 lbs., 5'10"), Jester 3, Rt. 2, Richmond, Tex. 77469.

Downed Portuguese w/m, 25, with not much time to do. I want to hear from sincere, good-hearted women. Please send photos to get one. Fernando Reis 59847, Box G, Enfield, Conn. 06082.

Old white fox down for a deuce, needs some penmanship and flicks from all you lovelies, 35-45, Steve Skuba, C-56118, Angeles Ed 114, Box 368, Chino, Calif. 91710.

White scooter tramp, 25, stuck in Southern Baptist prison. Need cards, letters, and flicks from young ladies with heart. So let the clutch out, ladies, I'm still waiting. David Behrens 119880, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

W/m, 6'1", 24, blond hair, blue eyes, 195 lbs. Well-built, into pumping iron, sex, anything physical. Need to hear from sincere, righteous chicks, 18-30, to help this biker kick this bit in the ass. Please send flick, I'll do the same. J.P. Hutton 120854, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

An all-around nice guy—6'2", 190 lbs., brown curly hair, hazel eyes, lots of tattoos. Try to send pics. Michael Devlin 5-8403, Box 6268, Philadelphia, Pa. 19136.

Very lonely; I need mail, will answer any and all. I'll send a pic if you will. W/m, 23, long brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs. Tony Callan 105411, Box 514, Granite, Okla. 73547.

Downed desperado, w/m, 24, 5'7", 176 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, waiting on mail from all you free foxes out there. Ya wanna get serious, then come on. You must be sincere, caring and loving, and real nasty-minded. Send pics, Michael "Little Bear" Kincaid 264212, Evergreen F-13, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

W/m, lt. brown hair, green eyes, 5'4", stocky, 3/15/55. Down six years and have 23 months left. Serious-minded and no head games, ladies. All answered—pics, please. S.E. Pollard Jr., 27009-97, Jester 3, Rt. 2, Richmond, Tex. 77469.

New York tramp needs someone. W/m lost in Florida prison, taking short vacation, needs righteous ol' lady to call my own. 6'3", blond good build, 198 lbs., 24 yrs. old. Send photos. John "Thumper" Blasi 754170, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Caged white boy, 27, blond hair, blue eyes, taking applications from all sweet-tasting ladies to fill this lonely space in my heart. Will be in the wind December of this year. No head trips—will answer all. A.D. Oney, B-78824, 142L, Box 500, Chino, Calif. 91710.

Righteous, proud, white animal, 21, 5'10", 170 lbs., would like to hear from sexy females. Robert O'Neal 38278, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

W/m, 27, 5'10", sandy hair, hazel eyes, on the inside of max, looking out. Would like to hear from one special lady who is sincere. Age unimportant—write: Marcus S. McKinney, Box 607-16966, ICE#16, Carson City, Nev. 89702.

W/t, 19, 5'7", 135 lbs. I have blue eyes and brown hair. My nationality is Cuban and Irish. I like to party and listen to real music, like Teddy Pendergrass, Marvin Gaye, Isaac Hayes. I love the nightlife. I would love to hear from everyone, so please write soon. Deborah "Babycakes" Miller, F.C.I. 443-400095, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

I am a down and out bro; got in a little mess, got a year. Need letters from some ladies out there on the streets. When this bro gets out, will be heading for Concord, Calif. Charles E. Garner, Mono #38862, Karl Holton School, Box 5600, Stockton, Calif. 95205.

Any good ol' ladies left? I know you're out there, so write! David Springer, Box 309, SERCI, Juneau, Alaska 99802.

W/m, 24, could use a few lines from sincere and caring chicks. Will swap photos, and will answer all. Chuck Bauman 632274, Box 1000, Stellacom, Wash. 98388.

Beautiful Amazon woman, 6', looking for tall, good-looking men to write and possibly come to visit. Not a lot of time to do. Send pics and write to: Cathy Nunn 96314, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73136.

Misplaced Michigan lady down in the South for a 3 count; sure could use a friend. W/t, blond, blue-eyed, 4'11", and lonely all night long (daytime, too). Kimberly Hickey Brewer, A850029; also write to my cellmate: Norma "Stormy" Tower 151106 (w/f, 5'7", 130 lbs., brown hair and eyes, big tits!), Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

W/t, 22, blue eyes, lt. brown hair, 5'4", 109 lbs. Love the outdoors, sports music, biking. Roberta Butterbaugh 16125, 1479 Collins Ave., Marysville, Ohio 43040.

Caged up and looking for an attractive male to write. I am 30 yrs. old, long black hair, hazel eyes, and dimples. I am 5'4", 125 lbs. Please send a picture. Judy Kallil 16123, 1479 Collins Ave., Marysville, Ohio 43040.

Lady, 25, 5'1", 128 lbs., needs to hear from someone in the free world who can help keep me company through letters and who doesn't mind helping out a downed sister in times of need, for money and stamps. Maria Flores 761137, F.C.I., #221, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Young, attractive, lonely, sincere lady, seeking correspondence. Love to write and love meeting people. 28, 5'3", beautiful brown eyes, 36-24-38. Looking for my shining knight to come and take me off into the sunset. Mary Bussey 150649, Box 147, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Scooter tramp down, but not out till '84. Need some scribes to make this last year go by. I'm 34, blue and brown, 6'4", 215 lbs. Ride an FXE, love to travel and party. Frank "Wildman" Kuntz, AO-16396, Box 1100-128, Avon Park, Fla. 33825-1100.

Lonely white boy, looking for righteous ladies to write to. Anything can happen. 6', brown hair, blue eyes, 25. Send your love and pictures; will return with same. Warren Sonik 156805, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, Mich. 49442.

29 yrs. old, brown hair, blue eyes, 6'4", 180 lbs., about to get out soon. Would appreciate letters and photos from caring and considerate ladies. Will answer all. Scott A. Maynard, Box B-38134, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

W/m, 25, 6' tall, 170 lbs., long brown hair, blue-gray eyes. Looking for love. I'm intelligent, handsome, and extremely sensual. Herb "Joker" McElroy, Box B-93288, Represa, Calif. 95671.

Downed tramp, w/m, to be released sometime in '84, needs letters from righteous ol' ladies interested in possible future of puttin' and partyin' when I get out. Mouse Polvey A68430, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Ladies, sitting here in this cell without your letters, feeling lonely as hell, so please send me some mail. Ron "Flash" Powell 82A4128, I/D-26, Box 445, Red Schoolhouse Rd., Fishkill, N.Y. 12524.

Outlaw, 31, tattoo artist (the best) doing 102 big ones. 6', blue eyes, brown hair, 170 lbs. Need outside letters from ladies for friendship. Sterling Troutt 85458, Camp-H, Cell Block A-tier, Cell #8, Angola, La. 70712.

Two years left. Biker, 30, looking for one good woman to hook up with. Send letters & flicks to Rick Also, Box G, Enfield, Conn. 06082.

W/t, lt. brown hair, and blue eyes, 5'3". I'm sittin' here in hell and need to hear from you hellified tramps. Life's a bitch, especially when I find myself all alone. Write! No prison kites allowed. Maria Ambler 160008, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

Down 4 yrs., getting out in Dec. No family or ol' lady. Looking for a real ol' lady. W/m, 35. Please, ladies, write and send pictures. David Dino Pedrosa, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Very lonely person in search of new ol' lady and mail. Will answer all. Marc. A. Parker 91291, Rt. 1, Box 260, Lexington, Okla. 73051.

Dirty white boy been down so long, so far down, I have to look up to see bottom. Help me see a little of the outside world through your letters. Ladies preferred, but will write bros, too. Gotta have mail. Don Wilson 6546, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

W/m, freshly 21, 6', 230 lbs., needs to hear from women. Looking for ladies, 16-30, to ease this lonely pain. Will answer all letters. Send pics. Write soon! Merle "Grasshopper" Holdren 287651, Box 900, S-D13, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

I'm 24 and would like to hear from sincere, marriage-minded women. Please write and send photos. Monte Boyd, C-37744, Box 686, CFT/C G2590, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

W/m, 26, blond, blue-eyed, 179 lbs. Don't nickel in Nevada. Lonely, need mail/photos from all ladies. Out in '86. Sean "3 Step Snake" Coots 17902, Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Two white, righteous, scooter tramps doing time in need of mail and pics from sweet and sincere ladies out there. Steve Mauldin 18049, and Dana Mylan 18054, Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89702.

W/m, 19, blond hair, green eyes, 187 lbs., 6'3". I'm looking for a sweet, loving lady; age doesn't matter. No games, please! I want somebody who is sincerely true and looking for possible chance at marriage. Love kids, so that don't matter. Johnny "Lucky" Harlow 80665-011-TX1, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

English biker, down and out, needs words and flicks from all you righteous sisters out there. White, 5'10", brown hair and eyes. Mark Turner, C40559, H.M.P., Winson Green Road, Birmingham, England.

Yankee chick down and without in rebel territory. Sure would like to hear from some bros out there who have time to write. I'm 21, 5'6", blond, 130 lbs., and like to just get downright crazy at times! Angela Stephens 151074, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

Down Md, chick stuck in south Florida's little Alcatraz. Would like to hear from some righteous dudes. I'm 29, 5'8", slim, light brown hair, hazel eyes. Linda Wear Edington 160283, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, Fla. 33024.

W/m, 6'1", blond, blue eyes, I have 1 1/2 yrs. to go and I really need to hear from a beautiful, warm, caring woman. Let's correspond. Send letters and photos to Patrick Conway, N-02308, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

Lonely bro, who got a 7 bit and lost everything, needs letters and pix from any and all ladies. 6'1", 150 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, 24 yrs. young—still in my prime and doing time. Dan Anglemeyer, Doc 18943, Dorm 5, Indiana State Farm, Box 76, Greencastle, Ind. 46135-0076.

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 Mark "Beard" Snyder, killed 1/9/82. I still love you and miss you all the time. Still haven't found anyone to take your place or cane. You were #1 and that will never change. Ride on free in Harley Heaven, Sandy and I.H.A. MC.

In eternal memory of Ruben "Red Eye" Romero, 5/5/78, a brother we will always keep in our hearts and thoughts. It's a shame that life had to end so soon, but life was never a guarantee. You'll always be alive in our hearts. Your brothers and sisters.

In loving memory of Squirrel, We drank many shots and beers; we laughed together and shared the tears. Fly high, freebird, you're free at last. Death has come too soon. Goodbye, older brother, till we meet again. Your little brother, Rebel.

In memory of Mike "Heavy Duty" Walsh, 11/29/82, who was a mountain of a man with a heart to match. He went through the fast lane of life in high gear. To know him was to love him. Keep your face in the wind, bro; eternity is yours. Roadside and bros, Last Chance MC, Toronto, Canada.

In memory of Ted "Terrible" Stevenson, who died 11/17/81. You died in a miserable, gross way that you didn't deserve. Sorry I was half way across the country in a redneck joint and couldn't be there. We will meet again in Harley Heaven. You are deeply missed. Your uncle, Pack Rat.

In memory of Carolyn Clark, 9/27/81. You died senselessly at the hands of a fool. You'll be in my heart always and missed by all. Your husband, Donald "Pete" Clark.

In memory of Brent "B.J." Johnson, 3/3/83, one of the best friends I ever had. Sorry we lost touch, B.J. See you in the wind someday. Ride free. Sadly missed by Johnny and Pops.

In memory of Ronald "Toke" Grizzetti 10/27/82. You're missed by all who knew you. Sorry I can't get your back Easyriders; I'll try to keep the rest up. Ride free, Toke, Lone Big Cat.

In memory of Ray "Herman" Bridges and Robert "Clutch-Cable" Fomby. Two brothers gone, but not forgotten. Remaining Few MC.

In memory of Gene "Geno" Cunningham. You died an unnecessary death, but did it while in the wind. We lost a lot that night. Until we meet again. Your bros, Phoenix, Arizona.

In memory of Ron "Angel" Brookling, 9/27/82, taken by a hit-and-run cage. I see and feel you in the wind, for the greatest thing I've ever known was loving you. Always, your loving wife Cherry and son Rob.

In memory of Jimmy "Pickles" Michel, trusted friend and righteous brother. It was by chance you became a brother—it was by heart you became a friend. We'll miss you to the end, Jimmy—when we'll all be together to party again. Harvey, Debbie, Rita, Gerit, and half of northeastern Ohio.

In memory of Tim "Fritz Head" Winsor, who went down on his scooter 6/78. You rode short and went fast, without pain. You are loved and missed so much by so many. Your bro Rick and family.

In memory of Ricky Knowles, a true bro. We parted, lived, fucked and rode together. Your life was taken too soon. See you in Harley Heaven. "Skeiter."

In loving memory of Tommy Shaffter who was killed 3/31/83. You will always be in our hearts through songs and memories. Party on! Raise hell in Harley Heaven. Now you're free as the wind—don't ever lose it. Your sisters, Sneaker and Shadow, and the Chapter 83.

In memory of Buck Nelson, who died because the city of Southaven, Mississippi, put diesel fuel on public streets to soften up some speedbreakers, but failed to put up any warning signs. Trying to save a few bucks cost a life. We all miss you and the love you put in all of our lives. Y.L.B.

In loving memory of Ralph E. "Rhaol Grizz" Fraley, 2/6/83. You always wanted to take everything to the limit—and finally, honey, you made it. Ride on forever in the wind. My love always. Debbie, Ashland, Ky.

In memory of Michael L. Nurstner, 6/23/53-6/27/82. You died like you wanted, on your Sturgis. We all miss you. Love forever. Tamara.

In memory of Joe "Slow Joe" McManus, 3/16/83. Be at peace, my love; no one can confuse you anymore. Ride the wind like you rode it before. May you feel the freedom there once was long ago. Your worries are no more, you are free to rest. My lost soul, you are not lost anymore. God has you now. Freedom, babe, you now have it. Ride hard. My love for you, Joe, will forever be yours. Your ol' lady, Holly.

In memory of T. J., my son, and Pat "The Twin" Wendling, my brother. I love you both, and you'll never be forgotten. You'll both be with me in the wind. T.F.W.

In memory of David Hellenhof of Jax., Florida. A bro who lived life to the fullest, who rode hard and died hard. Time may slip away, but the memories you gave us never will. You will live on in the hearts of many. Your bro, J.K.

In loving memory of "My Devil" Gary Lee, 2/11/55-3/17/83. You left us when your Sportster and Misha Star were both only one year young. Our love goes beyond the grave and we'll still be yours till hell freezes over. Your lovin' ol' lady, Jeanne, and little Misha Star.

In honor of "Pigpen", 1949-1983. Ride forever, bro. From Little Willie, J.C., Crazy Mike, Armpit, Hobbit, and all the bros from Canada.

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Continued from page 11

rides a bike watches the Indy 500 to see someone crash — we live too close to that millisecond where metal and man grind together to get our jollies out of seeing it happen to someone else. Despite this, Stewart's constant whining about safety and his self-inflating way of doing it: "I (the Imperial 'I', no doubt) have always bent over backwards to give the Speedway good grades for safety, but..." is infuriating. Though, as an ex-racing champion, I'm sure he doesn't mean to, he often comes off sounding like he's the one just waiting for the

be alive. That's not the point. The point is that there are dozens like them, untapped experts.

How 'bout the guy who wrote these words: "The crowd rose to its feet and howled. They could hear that Novi screaming in true anger, and here they came. And suddenly, all at once, it was like Jones had stopped. Herk came flashing by him in a long, thin blur and crossed the starting line out front. The Novi had led the first lap. . . Occasionally, in a nostalgic mood, I will go out into the garage and just sit in it and dream. Sometimes, when the plant crew has gone home for the day and the place is dim and quiet, I go out and sit in that fabled old Novi and relive its days of glory — hearing that

"Doesn't the man realize that slowing the race by 25 percent would reduce the amount we see to even less?"

next big crash so he can grandly proclaim, "I told you so." Another annoyance is Stewart's constant insistence that race speeds should be brought down to 150mph or so. Doesn't the man realize that slowing the race by 25 percent would reduce the amount of it we ABC viewers get to see to even less than the pathetic 43 percent we get now?

Actually, Stewart is but one of the problems with the ABC announcing team. Only Chris Economaki, a knowledgeable race writer and a holdover from the excellent crew that used to do the closed-circuit Indy coverage in theaters, and driver Sam Posey are any good. The rest of the group just don't relate to what the Brickyard is all about and don't have the history to cope with it. This lack of history is painfully evident in the way ABC ignores detailed comments on chassis or engine factors ("He's driving a March" is about as technical as the broadcast gets) and also in the way the network completely misses the romance of the place.

And yet there are easily dozens of guys available with Indy in their blood, guys who could make the commentary part of the broadcast sparkle with anecdotes, lore and fable. Guys like A.J. Watson, who designed suspension systems by chalking blueprints on Gasoline Alley garage floors; guys like Roger Ward, first of the Indy old guard to switch to rear-engine cars; guys like Rufus Parnelli Jones, who walked away and never looked back. Perhaps some of these guys might not be available — for all I know, Ward and Watson may not even still

high-pitched wail all over again, feeling again that burst of power that was like no other. *

Don't ya think that man, Andy Granatelli, could breathe a little life into ABC's turgid announcing?

But, of course, the announcing, like the small amount of coverage actually devoted to the race, isn't the only problem. Even ABC Sports' vaunted technical excellence always seems to be out to lunch the day of the 500. Virtually all the shots are mid-range — too far away to watch wheel-to-wheel action, too close to pick up the action back in the pack. Never, but never, does ABC put on a long lens and zero in on a wheel coming agonizingly close to a wall, or a driver's hands and head bobbing along in the cockpit. When this year's winner took the checkered flag, the announcer said he shot his hand in the air in the traditional Indy salute. Maybe he did, but I'd sure like to know what that announcer, probably Jim McKay, was watching. I was looking at a 25-inch studio-quality monitor and I didn't — couldn't — see it.

The late Sid Collins, long-time radio "Voice of The Indianapolis 500," achieved a substantial amount of fame for, among other things, coining the phrase "The Greatest Spectacle in Racing" to describe the event. With just a small change — to "The Greatest Debacle in Racing" — ABC-TV could easily use the same phrase to ballyhoo its treatment of the annual classic.

— Trampo

**They Call Me Mister 500* by Anthony Granatelli (Regnery, 1969).

Hells Angels

Continued from page 42

footage of a run or whether it's a live performance at the Pirate's Ball legal-fund raiser.

The (Hollywood) stereotype of a patch holder is that of a scruffy, long-haired, mad-dog psychopath with no regard for law and order or the welfare of innocent bystanders. In its own way, "Hells Angels Forever" works toward counteracting that Tinsel Town trash by showing the men behind the long hair and patches. Men with families, men who mind their own business, men being themselves with their bros. Men whose straight-as-string neighbors — a number of whom are interviewed — are clearly grateful for the security the club provides for the residents of the neighborhood.

None of all this means to imply that the Angels aren't no-shit one percenters because they are. All this is simply to underscore the fact that this movie provides the public with a realistic look at the brotherhood of a major bike club. And the movie manages to do that in an entertaining fashion. It's true that the flick could have been edited better, and some sequences, as in almost any movie, might have been omitted altogether, but nonetheless "Hells Angels Forever" is a powerful film — one you should see when it plays your area. You won't come away disappointed.

As one member said, "The greatest pleasure in life is doing what people say you cannot do, and doing it with the people you love."

Right-fuckin'-on.

—Gravel



"Great menu, Pierrel!"

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Final Test

Continued from page 18

split. Banjo, you go see Wally tomorrow afternoon. Lay it on 'im, then have 'im at the clubhouse for the party at nine o'clock sharp. You got it? Make sure he knows that he's gotta be there right at nine o'clock. Don't fuck up!"

Wally woke up a little past noon. His mouth tasted like the entire Chinese army had just marched through it in their old sneakers. He spent several minutes bent over, hands clasped to his chest, coughing golf-ball-sized chunks of green phlegm, which, with considerable accuracy, he spat out the window. Afterwards, a shot of Jack Daniel's cleaned out his pipes and cauterized whatever damage he had done to them the night before. When he could stand up straight, he piloted his way to the toilet and watched cockroaches flee before the smell of his bootless feet while he pissed for at least a full five minutes.

At three o'clock, as he was trying to choke down the last of a three-day-old pizza, a knock sounded at the door and then, without waiting for an answer, Banjo shoved it open and walked in. He went to the front window, moving like a ragged and dirty imitation of a suspicious Inspector Clouseau, and peered out through a crack between the closed window shade and the wall.

"Whatdafuck's up?" Wally mumbled, between chews. "Thought I wasn't gonna see you till tonight."

"So did I," Banjo answered, "but somethin's come up. Somethin' real bad. I mean, like, terrible bad. We got us a nasty, dirty job to do, an' you're the low man on the totem pole, so you gotta do it."

"Spill it."

Easyriders



"It's all right — this one's dead."

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"We got us a rat," Banjo said, raising his eyebrows. He waited expectantly for some reaction from Wally.

"So?" Wally asked. "What else is new? I got rats here." He grinned broadly at his own joke.

"No, man, I mean, we got us a rat in the club. A stoolie, a fink, a spy. We got us a cop undercover agent — Rusty!"

Now Wally reacted, exhausting a blast of air, emptying his mouth of half-chewed pizza which hit the Dave Mann poster on the far wall like shrapnel. "You what?" Wally asked, unbelieving, standing up. "That's bullshit!"

"We just just found out Rusty is a undercover agent for the fuzz, man, an' since you're the newest an' most unknown member — well, ya will be after tonight — you've gotta dust 'im for us."

"Christ!" Wally said. He tried pacing back and forth, but the apartment was too small. "I don't know. I really like Rusty."

"Just what I thought," Banjo said, moving toward the door as if he was ready to leave. "No guts!" he added derisively.

"Hey, no, don't get me wrong," Wally said. "I can handle it. There ain't nothin' I wouldn't do for the club. I hate fink cops as much as anyone, but Rusty — shit. I always liked Rusty an'..."

A light snapped on in Wally's head and he grabbed for the opportunity to avoid performing a task that was just a bit more than he'd bargained for when he first decided to prospect. "One thing, though," he said. "I'm on probation and don't dare pack no iron and I've never been fast enough to score real good with a blade. Maybe ya better find..."

"Don't worry," Banjo replied quickly. "We got a special piece we use when a bro's gone bad. I'll sneak it to ya when I bring Rusty over here tonight. He thinks him an' me are just gonna pick you up for the party in his van, but he's gonna get a big surprise." He peered out from behind the edge of the closed shade again to add suspense to what he had been telling Wally. "You just stick right here all day. Don't leave for nothin'. I'll bring Rusty by about eight o'clock."

"Gotcha."

Wally heard the van pull up in front of his pad just before eight. He listened to the doors slam, one after the other, and hoped whoever had gotten out, they were bound somewhere — anywhere — else. The

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low voices and footsteps growing louder as they neared his door told him his hope was in vain. He waited for the knock, wiped his sweaty hands on his jeans, and crossed the room to open the door.

"Hey!" he said, trying to sound cordial. "C'mon in, guys. Want a beer?" Without waiting for an answer, he opened the fridge, took out three cans, and passed them around. He glanced once at Rusty and after that he averted his eyes. He hoped that his trembling hands would go unnoticed.

"So!" he said, flopping down on the bed while Rusty and Banjo took seats at the kitchen table. It was a conveniently arranged apartment; bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom were all compacted into one room. It was possible for Wally to fry his breakfast eggs at the same time as he took his morning shit and ransacked his bed, looking for a missing sock. "Tonight's the night."

"Yup," Rusty said, taking a swig from his beer so that Wally wouldn't notice the smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Tonight you'll become a brother. Should be a night you won't ever forget. I mean that, too." He grinned, unable to keep a straight face.

"You can say that again," Banjo added. He snickered ominously, but kept his expression rigidly non-committal as he lit up a doobie. After he took a couple of hits, he passed it to Wally, who took a long drag and tried to hand it to Rusty. But Rusty waved the joint away, so Banjo took it back again. He exchanged glances with Wally, raising his eyebrows as if to say, "See? What'd I tell ya? He ain't one of us."

After a moment, Rusty patted his pockets, then said, "Ah, crap! I gotta go out to the van an' get my smokes."

"Here," Wally offered. "Take one of mine, Rusty."

"Naw, that's all right," Rusty said. "I'll get mine — yours always make me cough." He went outside with a "be right back," and an instant later they heard his footsteps going down the sidewalk.

"Quick," Banjo said, taking a huge, bulbous handgun from under his jacket and handing it to Wally.

"Wh-wh-what the fuck is this? Some kind of blunderbuss from the Middle Ages?" asked Wally as the heavy, octagonal-barreled piece dragged his arm down.

"That," Banjo said proudly, "is the official expulsion weapon of this club. Our first prez' great-grandfather carried that cap-and-ball pistol proudly through the War of 1812 and we've used it with

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respect ever since it was proclaimed Weapon Number One in the club's arsenal.

"The rules are that it can only be fired on ceremonial occasions or at a lost bro. Strangers ain't good enough to be snuffed by this," he added, a trifle belligerently.

"In keeping with solemn tradition," Banjo went on rapidly, "the lead balls it's loaded with tonight have been hand-cast by the club armorer and each of the six rounds in the chambers has been packed and tamped down by one of the club's current or past officers. Now," he said, his voice getting more businesslike, "when he comes back,

blow the fucker away. Do it from the back, when he closes the door. I don't wanna see his face."

"In the back?" asked Wally, feeling his stomach depart its usual quarters. "That really ain't my style."

"He's stabbin' us in the back, ain't he?" Banjo demanded. "It's what he deserves, isn't it?"

"Yeah, sure, I guess, but..." The sound of footsteps approaching the door interrupted Wally's objection. He quickly cocked the side-mounted hammer and put the huge piece behind his back.

"Got 'em," Rusty said, entering the room. "They were stuck down between the seats." He held up the

cigarette pack as proof and turned to close the door. Wally raised the gun — trying unsuccessfully to still his shaking hand — and gritting his teeth, pulled the trigger.

A sharp metal-on-metal click resounded through the tiny room. Wally yanked the gun up close to his eyes and stared at it blankly. Then he looked down and saw the little brass igniter cap — about the size of a small grease cup — lying on the floor. His hand had been shaking so bad, the damn cap had vibrated right off the pin on the cylinder.

Rusty had turned around and was staring at Wally unbelievably. When he started to move toward the almost-paralyzed-with-confusion prospect, Wally vented a loud oath, pointed the gun at Rusty again, pulled back the hammer, and squeezed the trigger. This time there was an explosion that rattled the windows and at least a two-inch flame jumped out of the barrel. Rusty crumpled as Wally cocked the gun and fired three more times — working the ancient mechanism maniacally — as if afraid that something else was sure to go wrong at any second. The air filled with smoke and the smell of cordite.

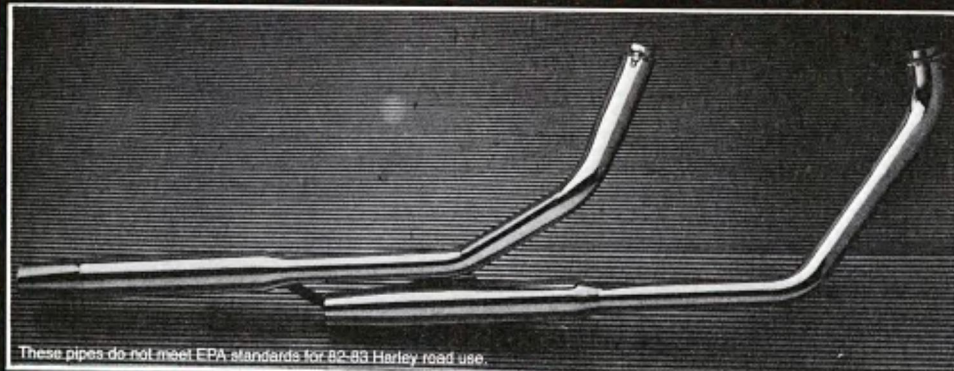
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"Coffee break!"

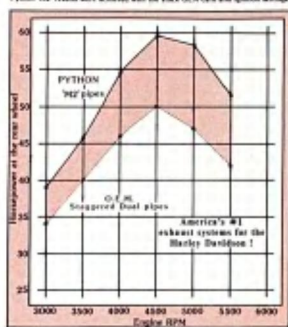
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Banjo finally grabbed the prospect's arm. "Enough," he said. "Let's get this wrapped and out of here." Without asking if it was okay, he jerked the single, discolored sheet off the bed, spread it over Rusty's inert form, and commenced rolling him over and over until he resembled a cocoon. Scarlet stains oozed through the material.

Straining and grunting, the two conspirators wrestled the sheet-wrapped body out of the apartment and down the walk. Opening the back doors of the van, they slid Rusty inside, alongside two shovels and a dirt-encrusted pick. Banjo leaned in and gave the corpse a couple of hearty pats.

"Just checkin'," he said to Wally as he straightened back up and slammed the doors.

They looked up and down the darkened street. Although it was just past eight o'clock, no one was in view. People seldom went outdoors after dark in this neighborhood, and the sound of gunfire seemed to have inspired more respect for privacy than curiosity.

"I'll walk down to my place an' get my scooter," Banjo said. "You jump in the van an' drive on over to the clubhouse. Mike an' Jake will come out an' help ya. We'll take this rat out an' bury him someplace before we party down. You're in the club tonight, for sure," he said, rubbing his hands together gleefully and grinning with his entire face. He set off then, walking rapidly down the sidewalk in the direction of his own pad, only two blocks away.

When Banjo had disappeared into the darkness, Wally climbed up into the van. He started the engine, allowed it to warm up briefly, then slowly pulled away from the curb.

Almost immediately, a bright light shone on him through the window on the driver's side. He looked down into the face of a county deputy, who was peering up at him from the open window of a patrol car.

"Hey, buddy," the cop said, his face stern. Wally's heart started trying to hammer its way past his Adam's apple. "How about turning on your headlights?" Wally found the right knob and the van's twin beams suddenly illuminated the darkened street before him. Before he remembered to start breathing again, the police car had sped off into the night, its taillights dancing merrily across the van's rearview mirror as it swung around a corner.

Wally drove slowly, lest he incur any more "official" interest. He kept to well-lighted roads, cutting directly through the center of town

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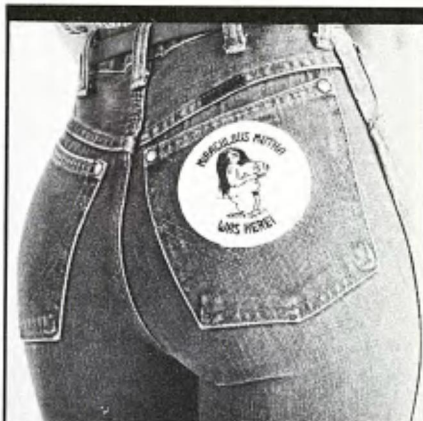


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instead of skirting it, in order to attract less attention.

Banjo, once he'd turned the corner after leaving Wally, had run as fast as his legs would carry him. Mike and Jake were waiting in front of his apartment, keeping an eye on his bike, which was parked between theirs, warmed up and ready to go. They wasted no time in heading across town to the clubhouse. Wally, they knew, couldn't possibly get there in less than half an hour — which was just enough time to finish making arrangements.

From the outside, the clubhouse was totally dark. Inside, it was a masterpiece of gala decoration seen only once every two years when prospects were accepted into the club as bona fide members. Crepe paper hung from the walls and ceiling, and ice-filled washtubs containing mountains of beer cans were scattered about the large room. Tonight's party was actually a double-duty celebration.

The president of the club, Big Tom, was stepping down tonight, and Rusty was to be named his successor. Two ceremonies were scheduled. Wally would be inducted into the club with flying colors, because he had, indeed, proven himself worthy, and Rusty would be made president, to everyone's great satisfaction, because he was so well-liked among the members.

As the estimated time of Wally's arrival neared, Mike and Jake hushed everyone and went outside to wait for him. Some minutes passed and Banjo came out to join them. Their banter about the big surprise in store for Wally gradually turned to muttered oaths of apprehension. Suddenly, from around the far corner, came the van, moving very slowly. It stopped in front of the clubhouse at ten minutes after nine

o'clock — better late, than never.

Wally leaned out the window. Perspiration beaded his face. "Shit!" he said. "Did I just get a scare?"

"What happened?" Banjo asked, barely able to keep his voice steady and his face straight.

"Yeah, man, tell us where the fuck you've been," Mike said gruffly, while Jake turned away and doubled up in a coughing fit to disguise his laughter.

"I got stopped by the cops."

"Oh, shit!"

"Twice," Wally said.

"Twice?" Banjo asked incredulously. The very thought was frightening.

"Yeah," Wally answered. "Well, kind of, anyhow. The first time, they pulled alongside an' told me my lights were out. The second time they almost stopped me while I was parked in an alley talkin' to one of my old partners. Fuck! I nearly shit my drawers."

"What alley? What partner?" several voices demanded.

"Well," Wally explained, "I had such a close call with the damned cops the first time that I got kinda scared, but when I saw this guy I used to buddy around with, the perfect solution came to me."

Banjo had worked his way quietly around behind the van. Now he opened the rear doors and looked inside. The van was empty. "Holy Christ!" he cried, throwing the doors open wide. "Where's Rusty?"

"Calm down, calm down," Wally said reassuringly. "Everything's been taken care of. Like I told ya, I saw this old partner of mine, so I stopped in the alley where he was loadin' up. Ya see, he drives a trash truck, so we just grabbed hold of Rusty's body an' heaved it into the dumpster. By this time, he oughta be about halfway to the city dump." ■



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Hand At The Game

Continued from page 29

across the life line (marked "W" on Fig. 1.) The more worry lines, the more time the chick spends worrying. Each worry line represents a separate concern. Check out Fig. 3. This chick has a below-average number of worry lines, only a couple. The chick in Fig. 2 is different. She worries about everything. The worry-line trip is a good one to start the reading with because it's amazingly accurate.

The head line (see Fig. 1) reveals the chick's mind — how smart she is and whether she is emotional or logical. The length of the head line indicates her smarts. The solid head line in Fig. 1, and also the head line in Fig. 3, are average — they show a normal amount of smarts. If the line stops under the middle finger, however, she's a little slow. If it extends out to under the pinky, it shows above-average smarts.

The shape of the head line is important. It shows if the chick is logical, or emotional, or average. The solid line on Fig. 1 is average. The dotted line on top would be very logical, and the dotted line on the bottom would be very emotional. If a chick with a logical line seems to be flipping out, or emotional, she is acting. If a chick with an emotional line is flipping out, it's for real. She's gone — no use talking to her. She has lost her grip and really can't help it. This is good info. There are those times when it helps to know if a chick is likely to flip out or not.

Okay, now for the sex line — or rather, the heart line. The heart line is shown on Fig. 1 and starts from under the pinky. How far across the palm it goes shows the amount of sexual passion the chick has. The solid line in Fig. 1 is about average in length. This chick gets into it about once a day. If the line was to stop under the middle finger, marked "X" on Fig. 1, the chick would

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be very unpassionate. She could go for weeks without sex and usually does. If the heart line goes a lot farther than the one shown on Fig. 1, the chick wants it a couple of times a day or more. The farther the heart line goes across the palm, the more she is into sex.

The shape of the heart line is very important. It shows if a chick is going to be aggressive and seduce you, or just lay there and let you do all the work — or a combination of the two. If the heart line has no branches going down — dotted lines on Fig. 1 — the chick is very passive. Her response to your seduction will be directly proportionate to the length of the line, but she will not make the first move. She may do what you lead her into, but she generally won't like it unless you are a stereotyped aggressive male.

The bottom branch on a heart line — Fig. 1, the dotted line marked "A" — shows how much of the opposite, or aggressive, nature she has. If the bottom branch is deep and long, as long as the top part of the line, she has a very aggressive nature in addition to a passive female nature. This chick would come up and grab your ass if she was attracted to you. In any kind of

relationship, she would want an equal say in things and could get downright upset if she didn't get it. The passive chick, on the other hand, really doesn't want equality. She wants you to make the decisions.

If the heart line does not curve up or branch down, but stays in the middle, like the dotted line marked "B" in Fig. 1, the chick is neutral. She can be aggressive or passive, depending on what she decides at the time, but she has to think about it first. So remember, the length of the heart line shows how much passion she has and the shape shows if she is aggressive or passive in nature.

For you ol' ladies — all lines on the palm are read the same, for both dudes and chicks, except the heart line. On dudes, the top part of the line shows the aggressive nature and the bottom branch, if any, shows the passive nature.

Here's a sample reading on the heart lines of the chicks shown in Fig. 2 and 3. Figure 2 is a tiger. Her line is very long and has branches going in all directions. She just about wore me out. In the morning she would come on very aggressively, getting me going while I was still half asleep. During the

day she would be shy and act like a passive sex kitten, and then at night she'd jump all over me again. The one bad thing with her — and this is shown by the confusion and the many branches on the line — is that I couldn't give her enough. She was always looking for more from other dudes and she would get it whenever she could.

Figure 3 was different. Her heart line is of normal length, so she didn't wear me out. She was always passive. The bottom branch on her line doesn't curve down but stays straight in the neutral position. If I wanted her to, she would do me, but mostly I had to seduce her. Also, her heart line is fairly uncomplicated, so she had no trouble hanging out with just me.

Try this trip out and let the rag know how you make out. It might be a good idea to pack the mag with you when you are learning to read palms. Even if you forget some things and have to whip out the article and have the chick look herself up, you've got her talking to you. And you can check out her sex thing so you know how best to proceed. If you still don't make out, it ain't my fault — I can't do everything for ya. ■

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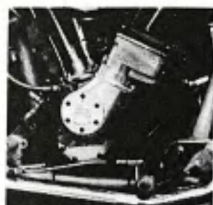
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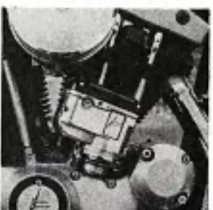
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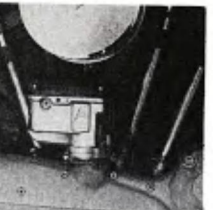
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Lockdown

Continued from page 50

to reconsider an inmate's parole application without giving any consideration to a Drug Enforcement Agency request that the prisoner be kept in jail. The DEA had written to the parole commission, stating that the inmate was a suspect in several crimes other than the one he had been convicted of, and the parole commission had ordered that the prisoner be held in the penitentiary until he had served his entire original sentence.

Dixon v. Hadden, 550 F. Supp. 157 (D. Colo. 1982)

Tenting Tonight

About 2000 California inmates who were expected to be housed in tents for a few months may have their stay under the "big top" extended through the end of 1984.

The tent cities, which were to be established at San Quentin and Chino state prisons, were ballyhooed as short-term, temporary cures for over-crowding, but that "short term" just seems to keep getting stretched longer and longer.

Meanwhile, a serious, reasonable method of relieving over-crowding — a law requiring the release of non-violent offenders up to 60 days early when the prison population exceeds a specified level — has been stalled in the state legislature because of opposition from Gov. George Deukmejian. **Think You Got Screwed?**

The Supreme Court is currently considering one of those classic cases of heads, the prosecutor wins; tails, the defendant loses.

Seven years ago, a defendant charged with shoplifting was urged to accept a plea bargain that involved his pleading guilty by reason of insanity. He was told he'd do an easy stretch at a hospital instead of hard time in the pen. What they didn't tell him was that in order to ever get out of the nut house, he would have to *prove* he was no longer insane.

So there he sits seven years later, because the state hasn't been impressed by his, "Hey, man, I ain't crazy" rap. The kicker? Had he simply pled guilty to the original charges with no deal, no mitigation, no nothin' beyond lookin' at the judge an' mumblin' "guilty," the maximum sentence he could have received was one year in the lockup.

In agreeing to hear the case, the Supreme Court indicated it would decide whether the burden of proof in cases of so-called insanity falls on

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the prisoner to prove he is sane or the state to prove he is still crazy.

A Small Step

The Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals recently issued a ruling that may be the first step in preventing prison officials from taking administrative action against convicts, based upon unsubstantiated rumors and information from unidentified snitches.

The case involved four inmates at the Marion federal pen who were accused of ripping off commissary funds. One of the four lost 224 days of good time and was transferred to the segregation unit solely on the "evidence" of an investigator's report which cited unnamed convict informants.

The inmate filed suit, charging that he was denied due process because he couldn't confront or cross-examine his accusers. The state, naturally, contended that snitches could not be identified because it would greatly lower their usefulness — not to mention their life expectancy.

In deciding the case, the court of appeals acknowledged the state's interest in keeping its flunkies alive, but made the "radical" observation that "not all inmates who inform on other inmates are telling the truth."

While refusing in the end to rule such hearsay evidence illegal, the court did order the case sent back to the chief district court judge for a study of procedures that could be implemented to ensure that inmates are not railroaded into solitary confinement by perjured testimony from secret informants.

McCollum v. Miller, 695 F. 2d 1044 (7th Cir. 1982) ■



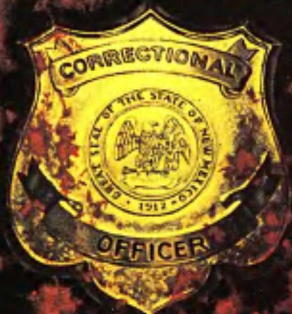
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A DELL PAISANO BOOK

Vet Voice

Continued from page 79

VFW, do: Namely, that the burden of proof ought to be on the government, not on us — 'cause we're fucking dyin' — and the government ain't! When Robert Nimmo was VA chief, right after he took over, in fact, he was quoted as having referred to chloracne as something like "simple teenage acne." That showed where his heart was. Now we've got Harry Walters, who looked good at first, but who is, now that the chips are on the table with this bill, taking the same old stance: Why the hell should the VA pay these guys when nothing conclusive has been proven regarding the harmful effects of Dioxin and the herbicides, at least as they were utilized over there?

Yeah, right. . . Well, I guess there's nothing wrong with Love Canal and Times Beach, either. The VA and some others, when they have to cover their butts in public or in Congress, keep screaming that 'Nam vets weren't exposed to the same level of Dioxin as was found in those places. Well, shit. Number one, if nobody knows anything about the true effects of these chemicals on humans, and the CDC has to take years to find it all out, how the fuck can the VA or anybody begin comparing levels? The VA says that a level of 1ppb (one part-per-billion) of Dioxin in herbicides should be considered "safe." The CDC has been quoted to the effect that 1ppb is "hazardous." The average level in the herbicides used in 'Nam was, by the VA's own figures, 2ppm (parts-per-million). If math isn't your bag,



"I'm ready, Marge!"

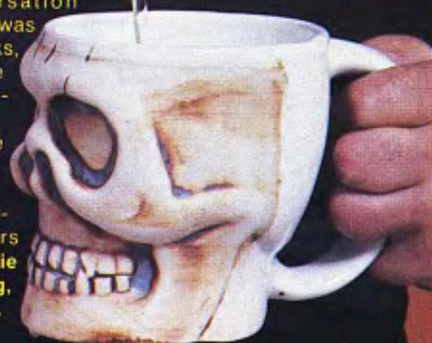
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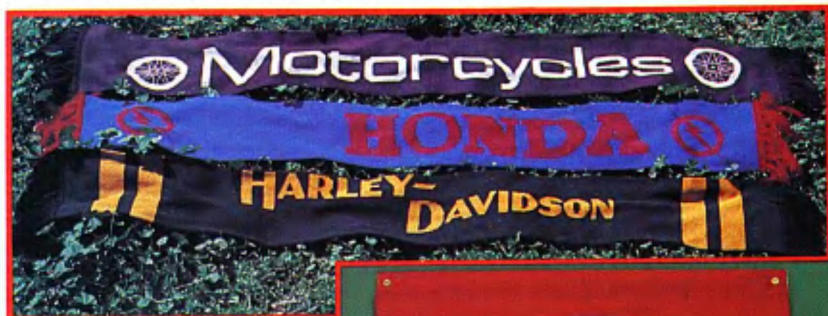
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a part-per-million is a concentration 1000 times stronger than a part-per-billion, Jack! It gets a great deal more complicated than that, however, so let's get back to bill HR-1961.

The bill calls for practically automatic benefits to go to those Vietnam vets who suffer from any of the following conditions: Soft-tissue sarcoma, chloracne, or *Porphyrria cutanea tarda*. The last one is a liver condition and very few hospitals, including most VA facilities, are equipped to even test for it. (If your urine is often red, see a doc. It might only be *hemoglobinuria*, or it could be — worse — *hematuria*. But ask about *porphyria*, especially if your skin also reacts negatively under strong light.)

Although the bill is surely a step in the right direction, there's been some disappointment among Vietnam vets. Many of us suffer from the aforementioned and/or other conditions on the Agent Orange exposure list, so some of the larger Vietnam vets groups testified before the Congressional Affairs Committee in an attempt to broaden the bill's coverage of illnesses. A contingent of three officers from the Veterans Of The Vietnam War, for example, overwhelmed the committee with their testimony — the Pa. State Director of that organization is one helluva good visual example of the mess that this shit might have left behind. (He sprayed Agent Orange from a backpack in 'Nam.)

Well, it remains to be seen whether the bill will be left as is or modified, then passed or voted down. I have my ear to the tracks and I'll keep you advised as soon as I hear what's going down.

Meantime, Sarge is gettin' lonely. Speak to me!

Vietnam Trivia Question

Q: During the Tet Offensive of 1968, the NVA/VC attacked with more than 80,000 troops, intending to capture 36 out of 44 provincial capitals. How many did they succeed in taking? And do you have any idea of the number of KIAs suffered on all sides (U.S./Free World Forces, ARVN, NVA/VC) in the offensive?

A: The enemy only managed to temporarily take and hold ten provincial capitals.

KIA's: U.S./Free World Forces 1536
ARVN 2788
NVA/VC (estimated) 45,000

Sadly, about 14,000 civilians also bought it. (Source: *The Vietnam War*, edited by Ray Bonds, 1979, Crown Pub., Inc., N.Y.) ■

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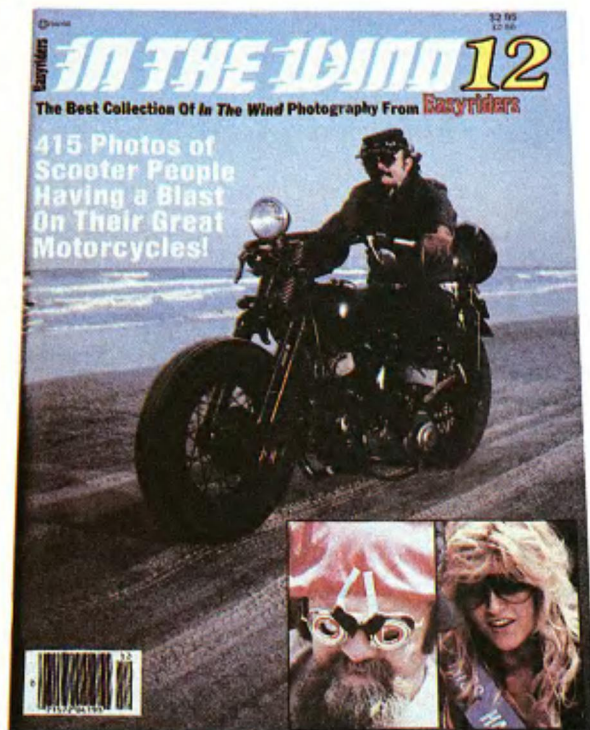
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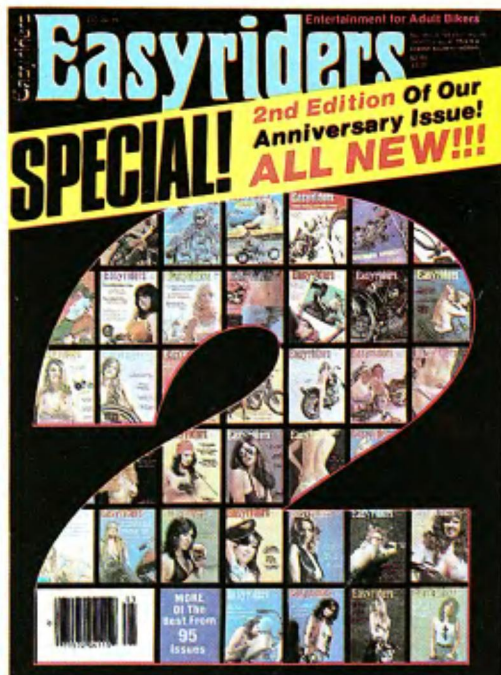
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Beals Interview

Continued from page 27

faithful legions of old ones.

Q: We hear all kinds of rumors regarding changes in Harley-Davidsons, which make *Easyriders* readers uneasy. They want to know: What's gonna happen to my motorcycle? What are you gonna do with my V-Twin?

A: The V-Twin is synonymous with Harley-Davidson, and it seems to have come in vogue with some of our competitors in the last few years. We have absolutely no intent of abandoning the V-Twin, but have definite plans to make it a lot better V-Twin. Watch for our evolutionary bikes in the 1984 model year.

We're going to keep them simple. This means two valves instead of four valves per cylinder, one carburetor instead of four carburetors. We think there's a lot of advantage to that simplicity. You give up a little performance, but we don't intend to be in that game. We've shown in our XR that we can do anything we want to do in performance.

Q: How 'bout the new V-4 engines we keep hearin' about?

A: Regarding the V-4, our plans have always been that the new engine would be totally complementary to our V-Twins. We will run the business in a way that will make sure that one (type of bike) never interferes with another. We're as interested as our customers are in preserving that V-Twin.

The new V-4, displacing between 700 and 1000cc, will be like everything that Harley has done. It will power motorcycles of a variety of designs — both sport and touring.

Q: The V-4 will be liquid-cooled?

A: Correct.

Q: And belt-driven?

A: Correct.

Q: When will it be available?

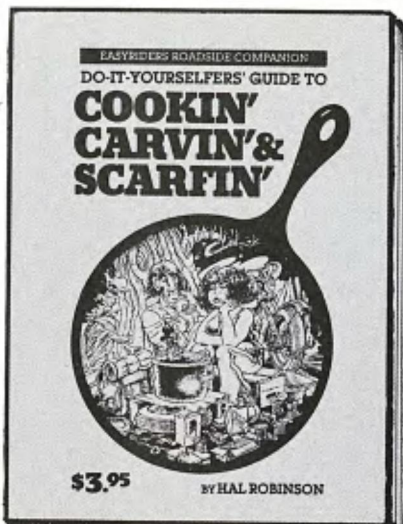
A: We have made no projections about when it will be available, and



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don't intend to at this point. We have about \$15,000,000 into the project at this point.

Q: Regarding the ITC decision to, at Harley-Davidson's request, place a tariff on imported motorcycles from Japan — the idea, as I understand it, is to make Japanese prices rise to the point where someone might consider buying an H-D whereas before he could have bought only a Jap bike.

A: Correct. Where that 45 percent tariff figure came from — after you file the petition, they ask you for your opinions and they asked the Japanese as well what amount they would prefer if there was going to be a tariff. It's a very formal process of submitted briefs, where you get a chance to comment on the other fellow's briefs as well. And there are public hearings and all that. Basically, the 45 percent was a number that we derived as what it would take to drive the real price of Japanese motorcycles to what they were in about — I think 1978 was the reference period. There had been approximately a 30 percent decline in the real price (of Japanese motorcycles) over a period of four or five years. Applying a 45 percent increase brought it right back. We said, "Hey, we could compete when the real price was here." It's getting tougher down here.

Q: Do you think the tariff is going to work? How will it help Harley?

A: Yes, I do — it's already working. Honda's Redline Sale was initiated recently and was notable in that it applied only to 650cc bikes and below. We feel that that relates directly to the problems of 700cc and above.

I think in the short term it's helping the Japanese very much because they're using the ads. "Get 'em before the price goes up," which I would do if I were selling them, too. But I think that's relatively short-lived. The real benefit we don't expect until the '84 model year.

Q: You've talked of a new V-4 in the future. We've just seen Honda's new V-4s, the Sabre and Magna last year, and now the Interceptor, which is a hell of a mover. Would you want to go head-to-head?

A: In terms of our basic commercial product, we have no interest in competing in the ultra-performance market. We view that as a very fickle market. The company that makes the last ounce of performance gets the business this year, and two months later somebody else comes out with another 1-second quicker quarter-mile time.



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Also, all that extra performance comes at the price of complexity. Our need is to differentiate a Harley from the vast array of motorcycles the Japanese offer. One way we can do that is by stressing simplicity, stressing functionality, stressing ease of owner maintenance. The basic product-concept that we are aiming at is to keep it simple, keep it durable, keep it rebuildable. It will have replaceable cylinder liners. I think our recent ad where we showed a Bic lighter as compared with a Zippo is really representative of the difference in terms of durability and rebuildability of a Harley in comparison with our competitors.

Q: Will the new Hogs look and sound like current Harleys?

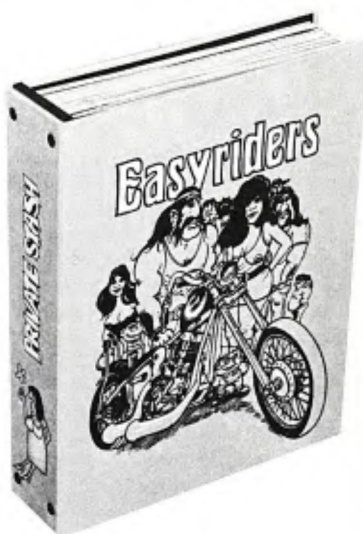
A: In terms of engines, you will recognize some very, very strong family resemblances. That's a heritage that is very important to the people who continue to buy our V-Twins. We think that's a heritage that many people would like to be a part of. They might like to have a couple of other cylinders and water cooling to go along with it.

Q: Why do Harleys cost so much?

A: For two reasons. One is, they're better — in many ways. If you lay out on a bench, as we do, one of our engines and a Japanese engine you'll find the bearings are bigger on the Harley, the shafts are bigger, the gauge of castings is thicker. In a lot of places we use



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metal where the Japanese use injection-molded plastic — fenders, for instance. We just think that that's the way our customers want motorcycles, so those will always be premium features that cost us more to put in, and the buyer more to buy. But we think he gets his money back when he sells his motorcycle.

And the other area is that of manufacturing efficiency. There is no question today that the Japanese are more efficiently manufacturing their motorcycles than we are. We are moving very, very rapidly — we are in a very elite group of a very few U.S. manufacturers. I think the auto industry has taken some very big steps in this direction the general public does not seem too aware of. We are doing it, I think, for the same reason they are.

Our competition is really coming from the Orient. They are excellent manufacturing people. If we don't get our efficiency to that level, we can't expect to compete. That will significantly reduce the cost of manufacturing our motorcycles. That is one of the key reasons for the International Trade Commission's temporary relief — to allow us to move further in this direction. It's

a very long process because how you manufacture is also a cultural change.

Q: How about such Japanese ideas as quality circles, KANBAN and calisthenics. Are you incorporating any of these ideas?

A: Well, we're not doing the calisthenics. I don't think our folks would go for that. But our engine plant was the second manufacturing plant in the United States to adopt quality circles. That was five years ago this month. They really work. Took us a long time to work the bugs out of it and get it adapted to an American plant. This is a voluntary group effort where six or eight employees sit down and say, "What can we do to solve a problem that we're wrestling with today?" They have now been extended to our chassis plant, our office people are doing it, engineering, and other departments. I've attended many, many of these meetings, and in every case, the product quality has improved. In the case of our office, the service has improved. The cost is reduced, and the employees' work is made easier. It's an everybody-wins type of situation.

We are now putting in what we

call our MAN system, which is an acronym for materials-as-needed. The Japanese have a system they call the "just in time," or KANBAN, which is a means of moving from a batch-processing system to a flow-processing system. You make one piece at a time instead of making a two-week supply, then making something else. Our final assembly line is completely on that system, and we are doing it throughout both plants.

We are working on what's known as a "short-setup" time, which means reducing the time it takes to set a machine up to do a certain job. We had one machine, for instance,

Easyriders



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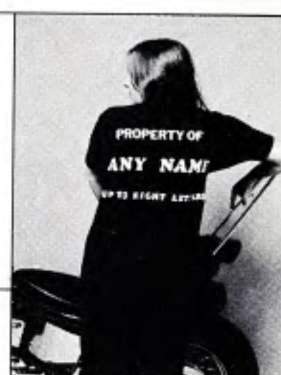
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our major transfer machine, that took three days to convert from making one part to another. We have reduced that to four hours. That means we have far less material in the system, and it shortens our lead times.

Q: Do you think you can hold, or drop, your prices in the future?

A: Looking three or four years down the line, I think it's more apt to be an ability to first increase prices at a rate below inflation, then to hold prices, more than it is to actually cut prices. We'll just have to see how the whole thing comes out.

The pressures to increase prices will diminish, and the opportunity to cut prices will arise. The other thing is the effect on quality. As you go from a batch process — let's go back to my short-setup time example — we have been averaging a 75 percent reduction in setup time, which means you have 75 percent less material in the system. If you do make a mistake, you have a much smaller quantity of mistakes. If you take that to its logical conclusion of zero setup time, that means you make one part, and give it to the next guy for the next operation. If it's not right, you know it right then. This turns out to be the real engine for making quality better. You get the added benefit of keeping costs down by a substantial amount.

Q: What about government bullshit? How will that affect motorcycles in the next few years?

A: We meet the current federal law on emissions, of course, and there is no further tightening up of that. The state of California is already tighter than the federal, and they're tightening again. Their objective, as they have stated it to me directly, is really to force catalytic converters on motorcycles. I had a long discussion out there with the chairman of the California Air Resources Board. I was starting to get the drift of the conversation and finally asked her if their objective was really to force catalytic converters, or to reduce the hydrocarbon emissions to one gram per kilometer. She said, "Oh, very clearly to force catalytic converters on motorcycles, because if industry is clever enough to figure out how not to put catalytic converters on motorcycles at one gram, then we'll never get it down, but if we force them to put catalytic converters on, then we can take it down to a tenth of a gram."

I think they have a responsibility to reduce emissions in their state — they obviously have a very serious

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problem in California. But we felt that what they were asking the motorcycle industry to do was, first of all, not economical. The improvements would be hardly detectable, and the cost would be \$400-500 per motorcycle.

We also tried to get the message across that if they forced mechanical changes like catalytic converters without a strong enforcement program, the owners would just throw the converters in the trash can. Then, instead of having two grams per kilometer, which might be tolerable, they would have 15 grams per kilometer — or whatever it would be with no protection — which totally defeats it. They did not accept that logic at all.

Time will tell. As you know, Harley, and all small manufacturers that sell less than 5000 motorcycles per year in California, were given a three-year grace period to develop catalytic converters. So the Japanese motorcycles will have to meet those laws, and some of them will have catalytic converters. We will know by the time it gets to us whether or not that's a practical solution to the problem. I frankly don't think it will be.

All but Honda said they just didn't know how to do it. We said we didn't know how to do it. We know how to make catalytic converters. We know how to put 'em on motorcycles. We know how to get one gram per kilometer, but we don't know how to make the catalytic converter stay in one piece for the requisite period, and I think that's what everybody else had problems with.

On the noise question, we meet the federal law now, which is 83 dbA. That tightens up, I think in 1986, to 80 dbA. We have some work to do to meet that. The decibel scale is not a linear scale, it's a logarithmic scale. The 80 dbA is roughly half the sound energy of 83 dbA. That's achievable at some cost and some complexity. We really don't think that's necessary. We feel the 83-decibel motorcycle, which we and our competitors are selling today, is quite socially acceptable. Any complaint of noise tends to be about highly modified or very old motorcycles.

Q: The *Los Angeles Times* said H-D's situation is as if Ford Motor Company still made a 1939 Ford — there would be a certain number of enthusiasts who would be interested in driving an antique, but the majority would rather drive a 1983 Ford. How do you feel about that?

A: I think that perspective is a bum rap for Harley, to be blunt

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about it. The reality is quite different from that. Part of that misconception lies in the fact that we have tried very hard to retain the external appearance of our motorcycles because our customers like them to look a certain way. If you look at a knucklehead, which was manufactured in the '30s, and you look at our current shovelhead — which has been in production since 1966 — there are a lot of visual similarities. But there have been immense changes internally.

If you look at our chassis, the FXR and FLT series, the Sportsters — they've all had, from the ground up, new chassis, new brakes. I have estimated that 80 percent of the components on the motorcycles we sell have been redesigned from the ground up in the last three to four years.

Our strategy is to — take the FLT, for instance — design from scratch a totally new motorcycle. The only thing on the FLT that was on the old Electra Glide is the engine. It has a totally new transmission, a totally new frame. But we have tried to preserve the look of the Harley. And we still have the FLH Electra Glide in our product line that doesn't have a new frame. It does have some improvements like the belt drive. We really are supplying that motorcycle today because our customers still love and want it. We hope that over time they will convert to the FLHT.

So, I think in reality it's a bum rap because our products have changed immensely in that period of time — in function, but not so much in looks. I also think — and I'll be a bit critical of the press in this regard — there seems to be a predisposition among a lot of the reporters I've talked to in this ITC thing, to assume that if you're an American manufacturer you must be incompetent, and if you're a bus-



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inessman you must be a little crooked. So any problem an American manufacturer has competing with foreign manufacturers must be our own damn fault. Then, when you look around for justification for that, you say, "Well, gee, they're makin' 1930-style motorcycles." I think that's a convenient way to make a point that's not a very good point to be made, and is totally unjustified in Harley's case.

I have found that in about 50 percent of the coverage of the ITC action, the salient fact that the Japanese increased their inventory by a factor of two in a year, and got to the point where they had a year-and-a-half supply of motorcycles in this country, is totally ignored. Frankly, I think that freedom of the press is fairly well abused when they omit facts, either through lack of diligence, or I know of some cases where the facts were omitted when they were fully known. So I think that comment about us making motorcycles that are like '39 Fords was totally inappropriate and unsupported by the facts.

Q: What percent of the parts on a Harley-Davidson are foreign?

A: Six percent of our product comes from overseas. Only those components that we just plain can't source in the United States, or where there is just an overwhelming cost difference, are bought from overseas. For the last four years, either Charley Thompson (H-D president) or I have had to personally approve any change from a U.S. source to a foreign source. And I want to tell you, Charley's tougher on that than anybody in the company.

We source a few things from Italy — for instance, some of our fuel tanks. We source some brakes from Great Britain, but the majority of our brakes come from Wisconsin. From Japan, the major components are the carburetor, forks and shocks. And the reason for that is that there is no motorcycle supply industry in the United States — because there is just one motorcycle company. So we have to rely in most cases on automotive companies. But the level of our production is so small in comparison with automotive production that we're producing tens of thousands and they're producing about six million units. The auto industry could run off our production of shocks or carburetors or what-have-you in about three minutes. They just have no interest in the kind of low volume we have.

We now have an in-house program to go back and re-examine

every foreign source for components, and see once again if there's any way we can bring it back to the U.S. We can't go raise hell about imported motorcycles with a clear conscience if we're importing components. But in many cases, we just do not have a reliable alternative.

Q: Do you see a day when the import-happy motorcycle magazines will road test Harley-Davidsons against Japanese bikes fairly?

A: We do not want to win drag races with our products. If we want to win drag races, we'll go to the dragstrip. We do want motorcycles that have nominally competitive performance. I use the word "nominally" in the sense that, obviously, if you use four valves per cylinder instead of two, you can get more out of the product. But we don't think we give up but a very small percent of performance. And frankly, whether we're selling 12.8- or 13.0-second motorcycles is not of great interest to us, and we don't think it's of great interest to our customers. Our findings show we attract a pretty mature motorcyclist. He's been through the go-fast days and is really into motorcycling of the sort where he can get between Los Angeles and San Francisco and smell the daisies.

Q: If you were to envision a comparison test of the 1984 Harley-Davidsons against existing Japanese models, which would they compete against?

A: The FLT can compete with all of the Japanese touring motorcycles. Maybe it can't go as fast as some of them, but if you put your wife on the back and load it up with camping gear, it can do the job better than any of them.

Q: And the Sportster?

A: The Sportster is where performance is of more interest. That's why we did the FXR — to show that the Sportster had a lot of untapped life in it. I think it's demonstrated that admirably, both on the track and on the street. ■



"I can't believe your employees think you're a big prick."

From Rendezvous

Continued from page 54

the next town, I'd invariably pick the wrong direction and have to motorhike a minimum of twice the distance to civilization as I would've had I gone the other way. Rebel, on the other hand, would not only choose the shortest route, he'd find a lost wallet with gas money in it on the way. And his road would run downhill, too.

Once him and me took out twin sisters and naturally, I ended up with the frigid one. Another time we picked up identical blind dates (we were both too drunk to see straight, it turned out to be the same fat broad), and I was the only one who caught a dose. I used to play poker dice with him for beers, but it didn't take long for me to quit that. So it just stood to reason that when some asshole in the bar decided to start a fight, he'd pick me to start it with.

We had no sooner gone inside and ordered a round when this nut walked up out of nowhere and hard-shouldered me for no reason at all. He wasn't staggering, there was nothing on the floor for him to trip over, there hadn't even been an earthquake to blame for knocking him off-balance. Nothing like that. He simply strolled up and bumped into me. And after he did, the fucker put a real tough dog on his mug and said, "What's your problem?"

Said it to me, right in my face. He wanted to know what *my* problem was. This guy is stone crazy, I said to myself, and started looking around for the straitjacket boys, who I figured were beating the bushes for him that very minute, with a zillion zonks of Thorazine in their recapture kit.

"Hey, I'm talking to you!" the jack-off persisted, following my failure to respond to his earlier overture. At the same time, he jabbed me in the chest with a finger. I immediately whapped him across the chops and knocked him down. I don't allow strange fuckers to put their hands on me. I have a strict rule about that shit.

Rebel looked around at the nut as he was getting up from the floor. "You'd be better off jumping in a grizzly bear's bed with honey on your dick than fucking with him," he warned the guy.

"You're next!" the lunatic snapped at him without a moment's pause.

"Your funeral," Rebel said with a shrug, and turned back to his beer.

El Loco's next move completely bypassed reality. With a shrill yell



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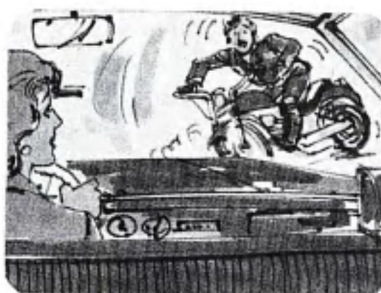
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and flailing limbs, he leaped up in midair and tried to turn into Bruce Lee on me. I let him get up to about shoulder height and then I threw a straight punch right between his legs. Nailed him flush in the dick-head, and there wasn't much more to the fight after that. Not that there had been a hell of a lot to it prior.

"Woo! Woo! Woo!" the looney tune whooped, clutching his crotch when he hit the floor again. He went to dancing around so much I completely missed the next swipe I took at him, but the boot I put in his ass when he pirouetted around with his back to me launched him headfirst across a table laden with glassware which tipped over on top of him. He didn't get up again.

I looked over at Rebel. He was finishing his beer. "You ready?"

"Yeah. Let's go."

"Not so fast!" said a voice behind us. It had a lot of bass in it. I looked around and immediately wished I hadn't. It was the law, natch. So we went back to jail. This time the game in the tank was Tonk, that was the only difference. Tonk is a specialty of Rebel's. While I took a shit and scratched my ex-ma-in-law's phone number on the wall, he won eighty-four dollars and cleaned out the game. The judge did the exact same thing to us in court the next morning. Cleaned us out. After our fines were levied, the glass breakage paid for, and our pockets turned inside out, he shook his gavel at us.

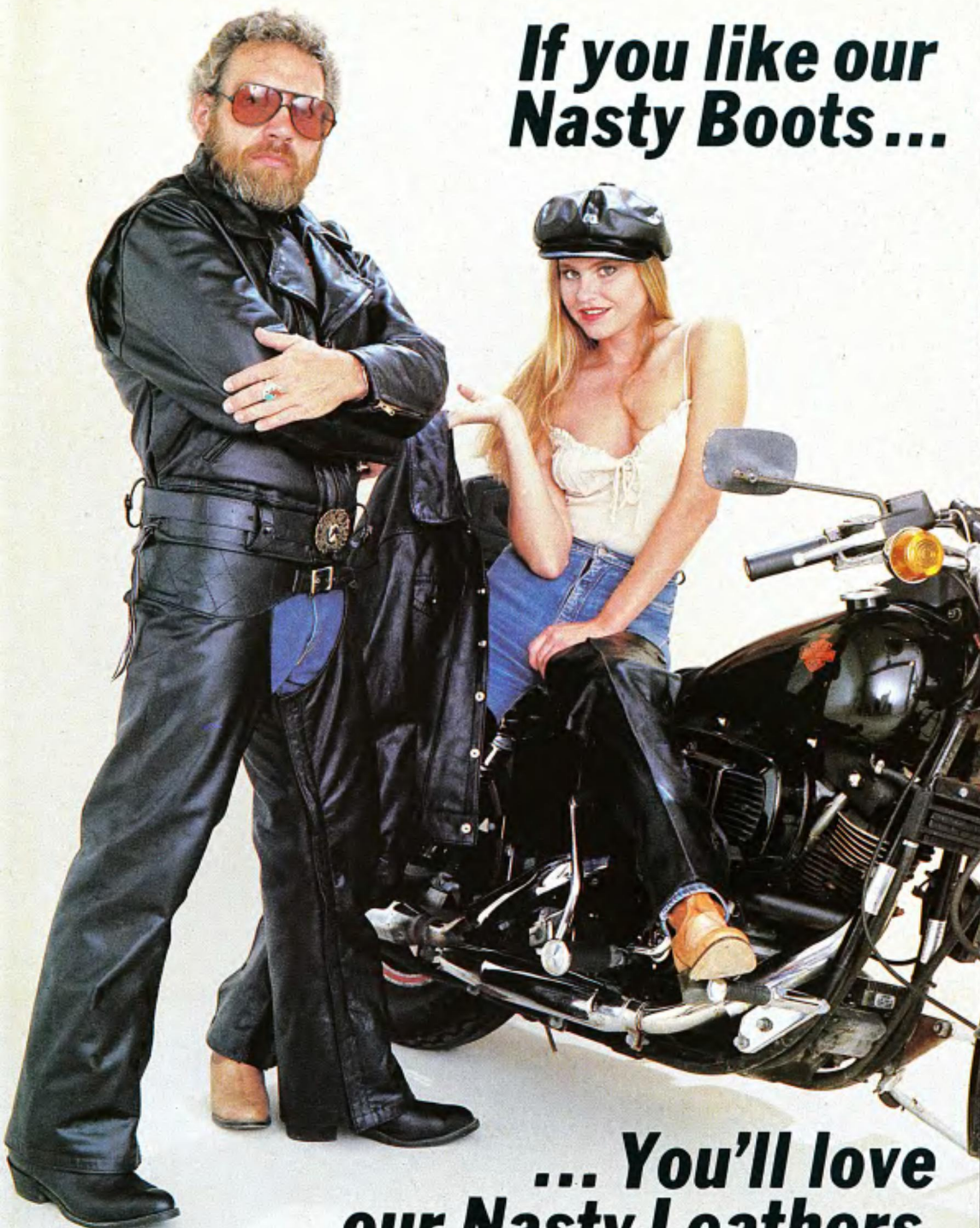
"I told you to get out of town!" he said sternly.

"Wrong!" Rebel corrected him. "You advised us to vamoose, you



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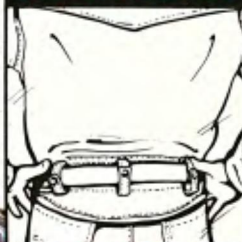
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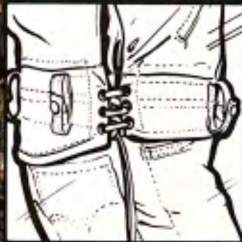
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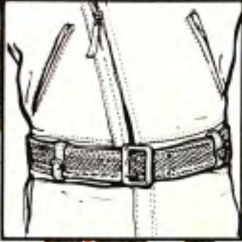


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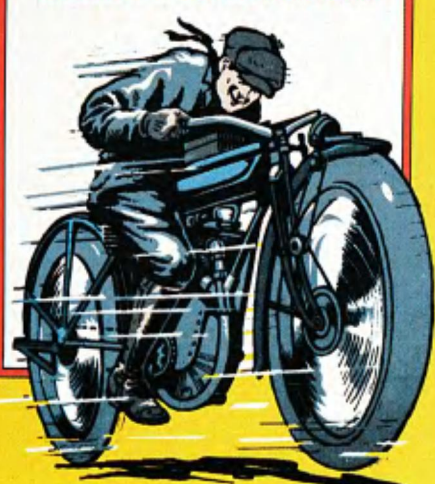
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didn't tell us to. There's a difference. And anyway, we were just leaving when we got busted again. Tell you what, Judge, if you really want us out of your town, just come right out and say so. Tell the cops to let us go and we'll be gone with the wind. Won't we, bro?" he turned to me for confirmation.

"Shit, yeah. No problem," I said.

The judge's face turned red. "Deputies," he addressed two uniformed officers in the courtroom. "escort this pair out of town. Better yet, see them on to the county line. And make sure they keep going when they get there!"

"Yessir, Your Honor!" one of the deputies replied. They hitched up their belts, squared their hats on their heads, and escorted us away.

"This is the way I came into town," Rebel said when we pulled up to a traffic light after getting our sleds from the city garage. A marked cruiser drew up behind us, revving its engine.

To my way of thinking, Rebel's remark hardly rated comment, but he looked at me like he was waiting for some feedback. "So?" I said.

"So up that street is the fastest way out of this dump." He pointed. "Three or four blocks up, it forks into a freeway access road. Whadaya say we race to the fork? Those cops," he jerked a thumb over his shoulder at their car, "aren't going to stop us for speeding. The judge wants us gone, so the faster we go, the quicker they oughta like it. Sound right to you?"

"Sounds like a winner!" I laughed.



"Try cutting down on the pot."

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"Which way do you want me to lead when I reach the fork?"

"Left is north. I'm making a run up to Toledo. You want to come? She's got a friend."

"Can't this time, bro. I'm on my way to Columbus, and she's right friendly herself."

"Well then, I'll see you...when?" Rebel asked, reaching me a handshake. Our leavetakings, as a general rule, are neither as emotion-charged nor as ceremonial as are our reunions. Usually because we're leaving someplace in a hurry.

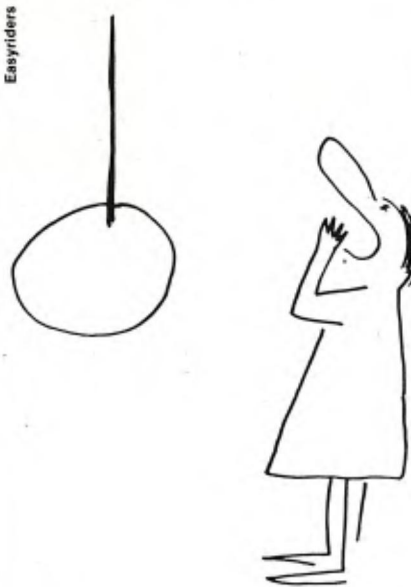
"How about Roanoke, the Labor Day Run?" I suggested offhand.

Rebel nodded casual agreement. "So long till then!" he said, and did a wheelie across the intersection when the light changed. I was on his rear wheel in two blocks, and moved up almost abreast of him in the third. Somewhere in our rear — neither of us gave enough of a shit to look back and see exactly where they were — our escorts hit their siren. It wailed briefly and indecisively, then abruptly died. Rebel and I were running neck-and-neck approaching the fork. Satisfied with that, I grinned him on and eased back on my throttle so he could cross lanes in front of me and make his turn.

"Adios, bro!" I yelled as he flashed past, then I leaned into the south-bound run. There was a loud screech of rubber behind me as one of us lost our tail.

Guess who the cops chose to follow? Sure, you're right. But the good news is I left them in my dust. ■

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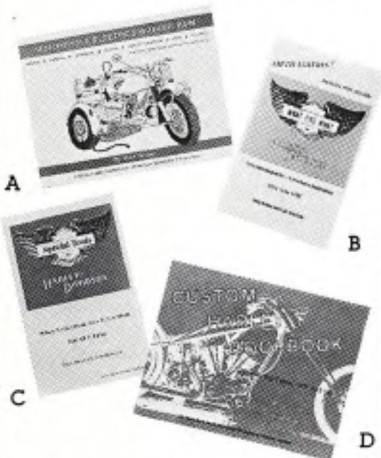
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Grateful Dead

Continued from page 25

cism: I would have preferred to see more vintage pictures of the band back in its formative years. We get a couple of shots from around 1967, one showing a plump-cheeked, clean-shaven Jerry Garcia grinning sheepishly, and another in which he sports elaborate sideburns, but that's about it for the older stuff. Most of the shots are from the '70s and almost none show Garcia as he is today, electric streaked hair and a face that looks like Father Time on acid. But if there are only a few pictures from the really early days, there's a feast of shots from their best decade, including many from the group's most memorable performances.

Appropriately for a book of this nature, the fans share the spotlight with the band — there are as many photos of Dead Heads as there are of the Dead themselves. The dominant motif of these shots, the primary feeling they project, is pure, unadulterated enjoyment — dancing bodies lost in the spell of the music, loaded Heads sharing dope, fans partying as they wait in line hour after hour for tickets, fans displaying the precious tickets as if they were the crown jewels, fans and their dogs, fans and their costumes, fans, fans, fans. Dead Heads come in all shapes and sizes — young mothers looking vaguely quaint still wearing granny dresses from the '60s, foxy gals who'd look right at home on the back of a scooter tramp's Harley, bearded dudes too ripped to tell you their names, aging hippies, nubile teenyboppers, you name it. The sum is a delightful look at a cross-section of the people who keep the Grateful Dead alive and well, and you'll feel better just for having seen them.

Bikers have always had a special rapport with the Dead and vice versa. That's not surprising, really — a few of the band members have been known to straddle scoots and many of the group's roadies ride Hogs. But it goes beyond that. Like bikers, the Dead is an unpretentious bunch who refuse to compromise and sell out in order to secure the "comforts" of the Establishment. Both the Dead and the bikers travel their own road, cherishing their freedom and caring more about fun and brotherhood than about status and money. Bikers stand out from the rank and file the way the Dead stands out from the schlock, anything-for-a-buck

bands that glut the airwaves and record racks today. No group in the history of pop music has given more free concerts, done more benefits, or shown more concern for the people who love them. Now, if that's not the biker spirit, I don't know what is.

And, like I said above, it's not as if the band itself is on the outside looking in. Among the band members themselves, Bill Kreutzmann, Mickey Hart, and Brent Mydland each own a scooter and ride regularly. And Jerry Garcia, according to the Dead's press agent, "owns several, but basically he just buys them for friends." Moreover, the roadies, almost to a man, ride bikes. There's Steve Parish, Kidd, Harry Popick, Billy Bullshit, Ramrod, Joe Thomas, Paul Roehlk, Dan Healy, and Robbie Taylor — riders all, their

But, as has been said before, it's the spirit that counts, that don't-give-a-fuck, let's-see-what-happens spirit typical of scooter tramps everywhere. And you'll find that spirit on every page of *The Official Book of the Dead Heads*, from the Jerry Garcia intro through the photo and copy credits at the end of the book. The price of this volume is a little steep, but Dead Heads will consider it money well spent.

(If you're interested in more info about the band and their fans, write Dead Heads, Box 1065, San Rafael, Calif. 94915. For current concert info, call (415) 457-6338 on the West Coast and (201) 777-8653 on the East Coast.) ■

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Downtime

Continued from page 51

exhaust pipes being scraped and these unusual rhythms from unexpected places give his music a decidedly different flair. He likes to get the word into his songs.

Through his music he has the ability to scare the shit out of ya if the conditions are right. Like, try a listen to "Supper's Ready" from Genesis's *Fox Trot* LP. If the wind is right and it's late at night, you'll swear there's "something out there." He continues this phenomenon on *Plays Live*, which was recorded from four concerts in the Midwest, honestly allowing on the inside sleeve that "additional recording took place not a thousand miles away from the home of the artiste. The generic term of this process is 'cheating.'" Honesty pays. He even tried to include the "human imperfection."

Gabriel's shows are a rush. He appears in different costumes to set the mood for nearly every number. But the mood is the music. Bolstered by a thundering bass drum, as well as bass, it consumes you, marching on through your head, jamming it with images of an Orwellian world. I'll never forget seeing him for the first time back in '74, as he wrapped up a tune, looking strange as could be. He had a wide swath cut through his hair on the side of his head from his forehead to the back of his neck. Suddenly, in a blazing flash of white light, he was visually transformed into a stooped old man. Kept the audience alert, you can bet.

And so will his new LP. Some of the songs are from his last studio album, *Security*, including, "Shock The Monkey," "San Jacinto," "The Rhythm Of The Heat," and "The Family And The Fishing Net." Hook up with it. ■



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Boozefighters

Continued from page 32

going to put on a reunion for all the original Boozefighters. "Some of those guys haven't seen each other for around 20 years," he said. "It's time they get back together and empty a few kegs. You guys go out and find 'em and set it up. The party's on me."

"But, Spider," Toad sniveled, "how are we gonna find 'em? How do we even know they're still out there?"

Spider wasted few words. "The wind's still out there, and the Boozefighters are still out there. How you find 'em is your business — just so long as you find 'em."

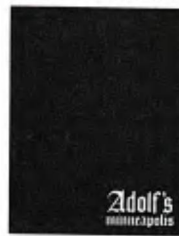
"We did things like fall out of windows and set buildings on fire, but we did 'em in innocence. When a member would fall asleep at a campground or something, we'd pour a circle of gas around him and his bike and light it. That woke 'em up fast. But we never tried to hurt anybody, because we'd all been hurt in the war. Believe me, baby, all of us had suffered in that war..."

The stories started approximately ten seconds after the reunion itself. Stories about the old days, the old places — like the All-American Bar in southwest L.A. — and the old chicks. Stories about how it all got started.

Walt Porter came up with the name Boozefighters and it fit in real well with the names of some of the other clubs forming up about that same time: 13 Rebels, Yellow Jackets, Galloping Geese, Hells Angels. The Boozefighters' uniform of the day was a football jersey-type sweater, white with green sleeves. "Boozefighters" was embroidered on the back — "Boozefighters up," remember? — and the initials "G. B." were on the sleeves. Why "G.B."? It stood for gag bucket — which was almost as essential to these hard-drinking bikers as an extra set of plugs.

Despite the marathon parties they got into, the Boozefighters was primarily a riding club. They sponsored runs, races, field meets, and occasional really off-the-wall events — such as a T.T. in the mud with the contestants loaded down with fresh eggs. Two of the early members, Ernie and John Roccio, were the first Americans to go to Europe and race Class A — which

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Later on, British bikes began to appear at the Big Bear race and John Cameron's brother Jim won it on a Beezer one time.

"John didn't have no money, but I had a few bucks, so I said, 'I'll pay for the overhaul if you let me ride your JD on the Big Bear.' Wouldn't you know it, I won. We've fought over that trophy all these years — I've got it now, but I've got to hide it whenever he comes over to the house. . ."

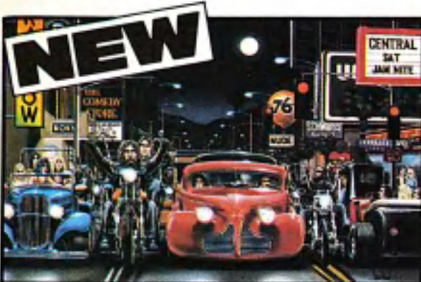
In the early days, veterans drew \$20 a week for the first year they were out of the service or until they could land a job. That so-called 52/20 benefit wasn't much, but if you had a bike you didn't need much. Very few bikers even bothered looking for a job until their "52" was up. Mostly, the guys would ride to an event, remove all the glass from their bikes, and go racing. If the bike was still rideable after the races were over they would bolt their lights back on and ride home.

Of course, one member's home was always every other member's home-away-from-home when he needed one. They were so tight that no Boozefighter ever had to lock his door against another Boozefighter.

"We had one member, Dink, who had both his legs blown off right below the knees. But he wanted to be a motorcycle rider and he became one — he drilled holes in the bottom of his wooden legs so he could slip 'em over the pegs and shift an' all. He used to wear Levi's tucked into his boots, with the wooden legs fastened in there. One night he got drunk at my house, so he takes off his clothes and throws them behind the couch — and there stands the whole deal, a pair

DAVE MANN

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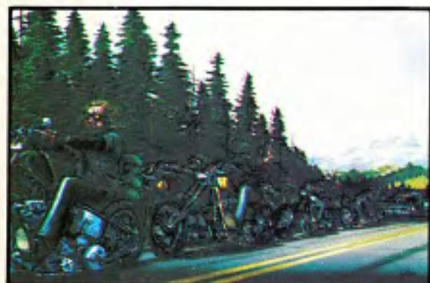
M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



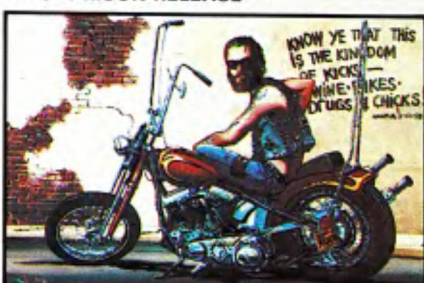
M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



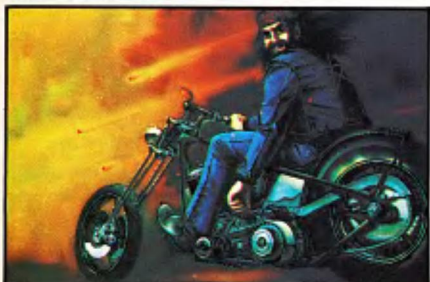
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



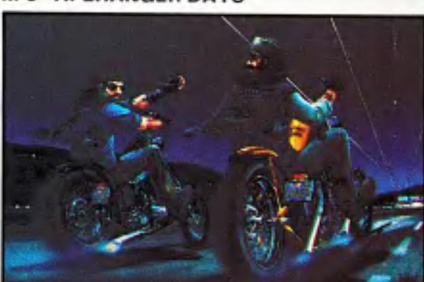
M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



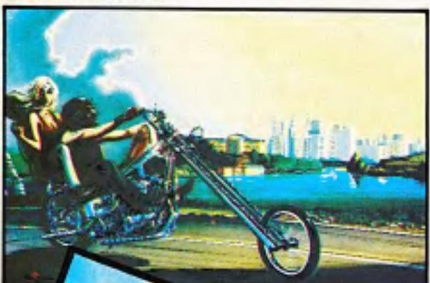
M-10 "STARBURST"



M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"

\$5 each

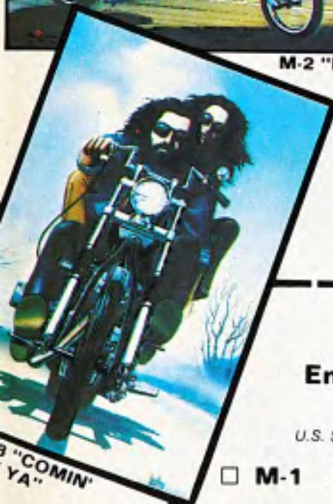
DAVE MANN PAINTINGS

IN BEAUTIFUL COLOR ON HEAVY ART STOCK!
SOME ARE 2' x 3' AND OTHERS ARE 1 1/2' x 2 1/2'
(On orders less than \$8.00, please add \$1.00 for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders**, for posters are custom printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.



M-1 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



M-11 "EASYRIDERS FOREVER"

EASYRIDERS POSTERS

P.O. BOX 1025, AGOURA, CA. 91301

Enclosed is \$ _____ for the posters indicated below.

\$5.00 each. Four for \$16.00

U.S. \$1.00 on orders less than \$8.00; otherwise, postage paid. Canada add \$1.50 for orders less than \$8.00 and add 75¢ for each additional poster. Foreign add \$3.50 for each poster ordered.

- ☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-5 ☐ M-6 ☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10
☐ M-11 ☐ M-12 ☐ M-13 ☐ M-14 ☐ M-15

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(California residents add 6% sales tax.) Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. funds. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

All posters shipped in a sturdy, padded mailing tube.

TO FILL THESE OUT

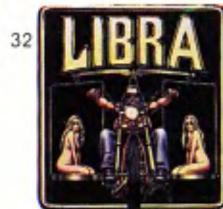


No shit, we've got T-shirts and tank tops to flash, dazzle, get ya picked up, put down, held up, ripped off, or make ya look downright ritzy. And we've got patterns to show what ya ride, smoke, where yer from, yer birthday, the women ya

like, or the proud magazine ya read — **Easyriders**.

If yer interested, they're American-made, the finest quality we could find, and sizes to fit every bro and his ol' lady or all the sweeties he hangs out with.





JUST
FILL THIS IN

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

Quantity	Design	Size	Type "A" or "B"	Color	\$7.95 each
Sub Total					
Calif. residents add 6 % sales tax. Plus tax					
Total					

For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest.** (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scooter, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

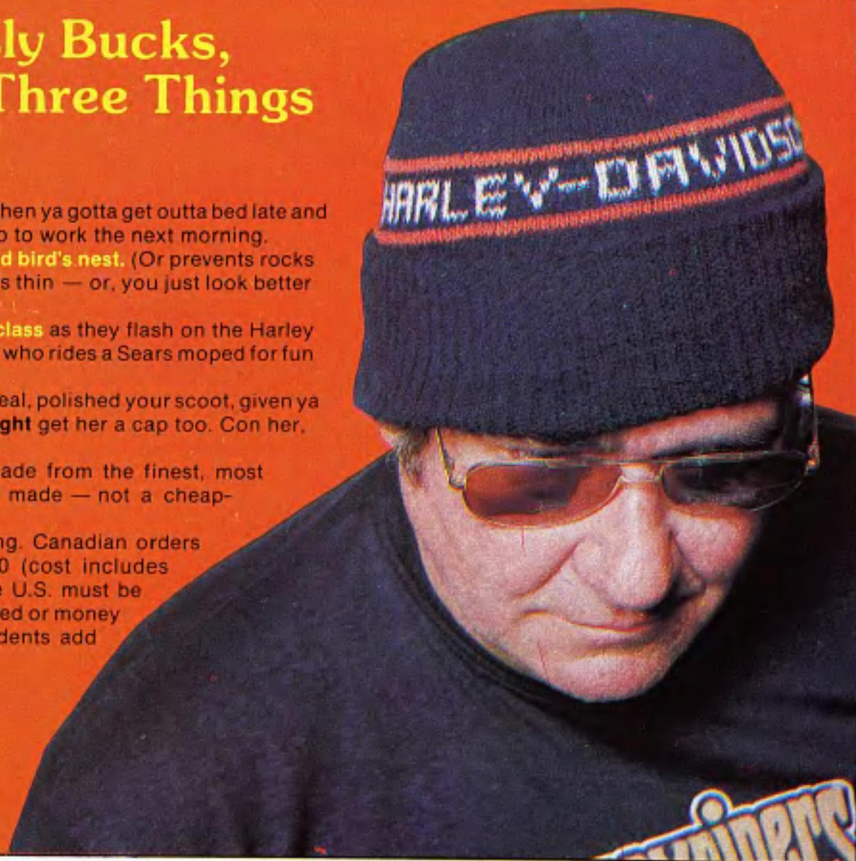
As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only \$6.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Canadian orders send \$7.50. Foreign orders send \$12.50 (cost includes postage outside U.S.) Orders outside the U.S. must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



PAISANO PRODUCTS

BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA
91301



TOUGH GLOVES



Heavy gloves, tough enough to ward off the elements. Insulated for cold weather or summer wear. Can be ordered with Kal Stars or plain; black or brown; at the ridiculously low price of \$26.00, plus \$2 for shipping. Please state glove size: small, medium, or large.



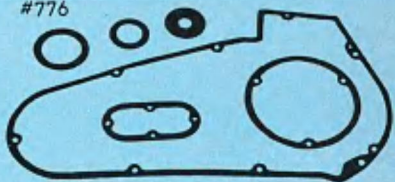
Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

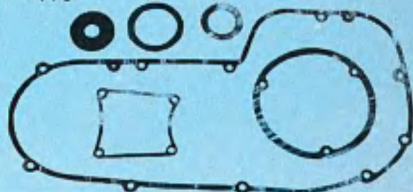
RECYCLABLE RUBBER GASKETS

Recyclable primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Primary cover for all Hog 74s and 80s from '75 to present, including R, S & T series. only \$10 a set.

#776



#778



of boots and Levi's with the wooden legs inside. Another drunk comes stumbling in about 4 a.m. He takes one look, runs into my bedroom and screams, 'Wake up! There's a guy out there and my God, Wino, he's cut in half.'"

In the early '50s several Boozefighters collaborated on a project that eventually produced the first Harley-Davidson to crunch the 200mph speed barrier. Named "The Brute" in honor of Boozefighters' Prez C.B. Clausen's oversized joy stick, it was a single-engine knuck in a handmade, streamlined body. After Clausen and his crew figured out how to make pistons that would withstand double-century speeds — and after the aerodynamics were redesigned following a 170mph crash that rider Bobby Kelton attributed to the rear wheel's leaving the ground — the bike, ridden by Kelton and Jim Hunter, started making runs of close to 227mph at Bonneville.

When it came to racing, the club was getting more and more organized. Each member had at least one bike and the club had a house trailer — holding 28 bunks, plus

racing gear — that they pulled to different events around the state. That didn't mean they'd forgotten how to have fun. Quite the contrary, the trailer was almost always supplied with a U.S. Prime whore to help the winner savor his victory. The losers, as always in life, had somewhat less fun — they got to load the gear and the bikes.

"Come the intermission of the race, the gate on the back straight-away exploded in. There came Willie on that damn Chief. He tore down the back stretch and around the turn, taking a bead on the flagman. At the last minute, the guy dropped the flags and ran for it. The people in the stands went crazy, they thought it was a planned clown act or something. The track operators knew better and Willie spent the night in jail."

The partying was also becoming more intense. In an incident made famous by *Life* magazine, a bunch of bike clubs — the Boozefighters being the most prominent — were accused of "taking over and terrorizing" the small town of Hollister.

Here's what *Life* said: "On the Fourth of July weekend [1947], 4,000 members of a motorcycle club roared into Hollister, California, for a three-day convention. They quickly tired of ordinary motorcycle thrills and turned to more exciting stunts. Racing their vehicles down the main streets and through traffic lights, they rammed into restaurants and bars, breaking furniture and mirrors. . . police arrested many. . . but could not restore order."

A photograph accompanying the article shows a biker in a baseball cap sitting on his Harley, drinking out of one beer bottle while holding another. Underneath the bike is a pile of discarded bottles and cans. The picture was so — to put it mildly — unflattering, that the editor of *Motorcyclist* found it necessary to rise to his readers' defense.

"You have," irate editor Paul Brokaw wrote to *Life*, "in presentation of this obnoxious picture, seared a pitiful brand on the character of tens of thousands of innocent, law-abiding young men and women who are the true representatives of an admirable sport."

Untold by *Life*, or the other national media, was the fact that the street where bikers were "racing

Continued on page 124

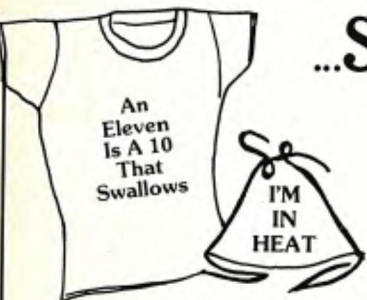
...Shirts for Every... Body...

T-Shirts — French-Cut Tops
Halters — Tank Tops — Baseball

THESE ARE NOT CHEAPO, LIGHT-
WEIGHT CRAP. THESE ARE
QUALITY USA SHIRTS.

— SPECIAL —

ORDER 3 SHIRTS & WE'LL PUT OUR SHOP LOGO ON
BACK OF SHIRTS FREE.



1. Screw Housework; 2. My Body Is An Outlaw It's Wanted All Over Town; 3. I'm In Heat; 4. I'm An Easy Rider; 5. I Love To Boogie; 6. If It Smells Good Eat It; 7. I'm Eatable; 9. Lookin' For 10 Pounds Of Swinging Meat; 12. Do It To It; 13. I Love To Putt, Suck & Fuck; 14. Liquor Up Front Poker In The Rear; 15. Harley Riders Wanted Inquire Within; 16. I'm His Because He Gives Good Face; 17. Motorcycle Mama; 18. Show Me Your Dick; 19. Hot & Juicy; 20. No Putt No Butt; 21. Harley Riders Ol' Ladies Do Everything Better & Look Better Doin' It; 22. I'm Equipped With Genuine Harley Tits & Ass-Made Of Proper Materials Made To Shake Perfectly-Guaranteed Satisfaction; 23. You Touch My Tits I'll Bust Your Balls; 24. A Man's Place Is On My Face; 25. Don't Ask Me I'm Just A Dumb Cunt; 26. Love Me Till I Scream; 27. Boy — I'd Sure Like To Touch Those (with artwork); 28. Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw; 29. I Don't Have A Drinking Problem I Drink, I Get Drunk, I Fall Down, No Problem;

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).

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

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

Choppershopper

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

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

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

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

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze-plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2-1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1-3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle.) For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size, and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents, add 6%. Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (130)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (130)

My panties, worn just the way you like. From me to you. \$10 cash/money order. To: Caprice, Box 66047, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

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)

In loving memory of Peter "Tat-2" Poulos, who died 5/16/83. Gone but not forgotten — his legacy lives on in the hearts of his brothers and sisters and in every line of ink laid down in the past and future. We'll miss you, but we know "only the good die young". . . "and the waves make a suffering sound on the grey creakin' pier where we stand, and we're watching the sun as it drowns, talking of faraway lands, but my true song won't ever be sung and the words that you hear are a lie, 'cause tattoos that you get when you're young stay in your mind till you die." Your family in the P.T.A., S.T.J.C. & Co., and the rest of your brothers and sisters in the wind.

For sale: 1939 Ariel 600cc Square Four, fully restored; 1938 Ariel 500cc single S.V., fully restored; 2 MK1 Ariel 1000cc, unrestored. Many frames, engines and parts for 500cc and 350cc singles. For more information, write to Barrie Brake, 64 Forrest Rd., Hamilton Hill, Western Australia 6163. Phone: 09-337-9618. (124)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty, \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application, Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carmel Bay, Calif. 95711. (124)

Blues: I love you. How's the weather in Florida? Sue Harrelson. (124)

W/m, 32, buffed, tacked back, ex-Vietnam veteran, doing time. Need letters, photos and visits from foxy ladies. "Dirty" Dan Testerman, N22, 3102 E. Highland Ave., Patton, Calif. 92369. (124)

Abraham Lincoln — I am he. I was the 16th president of the United States (Union). I would like to hear from you and will answer as many as possible. Please mention Easyriders. My name is Russell Dale Sommerville, 139 6th St. #108, Davis, Calif. 95616. And keep riding free. (124)

Homicide: I love you more than ever. You are and always will be my #1. Someday, baby, someday. Love, always and forever. Your Baby Doll. (124)

J.R., Neb: I chose 18, you chose 2. Happy 3rd anniversary, 8/23. Ride easy, ride free. Love, Punkin. (124)

Downed bro, 5'10", blond hair, hazel eyes, needs letters from caring ladies. Write James Ryan 93088, Dorm-H, Box 788, D.C.I., Jackson, La. 70748. (124)

Sandy and Knuckle Head: Please contact Billie and Bobbie, now living in Texas. Box 2511, Universal City, Tex. 78148-1511. (124)

Dale: Happy birthday, 9/27. I will love you forever and ever and always. Love and kisses, Lisa. (124)

Mudd: Happy birthday, 8/3, to the lion who makes his swan happy, fulfilled and content. You're the best and I love you. Wild Witch. (124)

Easyriders, complete, 7 binders, \$550/offer. Keller, 423 Center St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15221. (124)

That's right, it's me, "Monster Lee," here to tell you I ain't free! So have a heart and write to me. Brian Chaney 077842, Box 221, 63-205, Raiford, Fla. 32083. (124)

Three downed bros with hearts of gold need letters from sincere ladies, young, middle-aged or old. W.C. Sanford (age 28) 307091, Michael LaBrecque (age 26) 337433, Gary Stanely (age 25) 350196, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, Tex. 77583. (124)

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)

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)

Attention, northern Illinois women Harley riders: 1st Annual Ladies Only Run, approximately 100 miles round trip, August 21. For info, call/write Villa Park Harley-Davidson, Villa Park, Ill. 60187. (312) 834-6571. (124)

Breeze: You're the bestest of 'em in the world. I love ya and I always will. Love, your "Shining Star," Jana Goetsch. (124)

Bro doing time. I need some women to write and help with this time. Possible parole plans with the right one. Send flicks if possible. All answered. In the wind in '85. Joe Tabor, C-57821, CTF South 6-48, Soledad, Calif. 93960. (124)

Son looking for father. Don E. Lotz, (206) 783-2415. (124)

Bungee cords. Four 24-in., \$3 ppd. Merryman, 920-A Bajada, Fremont, Calif. 94539. (124)

Motorcycle Lift: Build your own with complete step-by-step instructions and illustrations. Send \$5 to R&J, Box 65, Collingswood, N.J. 08108. (124)

Jobs overseas, big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000-plus per year. Call (216) 494-2900, Ext. 4631. (124)

Government jobs. Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 3850. (124)

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Sam L. Stewart: last known address was #24249, 5B314, Jefferson City, Missouri 65102, Call Star at (416) 547-3531, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. (124)

Rose: Happy 21st birthday, 10/19/83. Your friend, always. CDL. (124)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC83, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, Calif. 92660. (124)

Robby: Love ya, darling. My being is totally committed and my love totally devoted. Donna. (124)

W/m, 6'1", 168 lbs., 27, born 11/5/55, brown hair and eyes, would like to hear from ladies. Will answer all who send flicks/letters. Martie Eugene Curry 346081, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861. (124)

Tattoo fans, check out Tattooote Magazine, the world's first public journal of tattoo culture. Articles and photos of leading artists in the field. Read about the history, latest trends with over 120 photos and drawings. Send \$8.50 for issue #1 to: Tattooote Magazine, 1850 Union Street, #136, San Francisco, Calif. 94123. (135)

Tattoos by Diamond Jim, rework, colors, certified T.S.A. 1047 West Main, Barstow, Calif. (619) 256-6153. (130)

Black Dragon Tattoo Studio, 1207 West-heimer, Houston, Texas. 529-9059. (130)

"Let me come along." I have the prettiest pussy you've ever seen — printed in full size on a soft white handkerchief, \$5. Send cash/money order to: Crystal, Box 66255, Mobile, Ala. 36606. (125)

"The Tattooist": This oversized hard-cover book features interviews, color, and black-and-white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders. Send \$39.95 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Ave., Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. (California residents, add 6% sales tax.) (126)

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

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

East Coast collection of motorcycle swap meet posters and fliers, approximately 30 pieces, \$10. Henry Johnson, Box 934, Beltsville, Md. 20705. (124)

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 Easyriders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (126)

Handsome, white and 28. Love to hear from all you open-minded foxes. Any type of photos welcome. Try me, you'll like me! Tom Amilla 108738, Box 220, Stringtown, Okla. 74569. (124)

The kid, GKT: Happy 22nd, 11/24/83. Hope it's a good one. You're gettin' up there, "old" man! Lots of love — all ways! Creampuff. (124)

Gail: From now on, you are Sunshine; for the way you light up my life. Soon to be. Ace. (124)

Tattoo and motorcycle T-shirts: Everything is directly screen-printed on shirts. 100% made and printed in the U.S.A. Send SASE and \$1 for catalog, or send \$8.50 for our famous tattooing T-shirts & catalog to: Fantasy T-shirts, Box 8819, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (132)

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)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for white rights and against government tyranny. Write for information and a copy of our newspaper, "The White Patriot." We also have Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items available. Please enclose \$1 for postage and handling. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

Deb: Here I am serving my country to protect just you and J. I love and miss you very much. Hambone. (124)

To two old farts, John Cameron and Lance Tidwell: I'll be in Warm Springs, Nev., August 1st, around 2 p.m. Will buy 1 or 2 more. Lompico Lyle. (124)

W/f, 25, 5'7", 165 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes, looking for no-strings relationship(s). Interests: body building, riding, travel, movies, cooking. Conn. tri-state area. Male or female, 18 to 50, clean, no heavy druggies or boozers. Pictures necessary. Peacock, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (124)

Good fucker about to get out, needs a lady, 25-40, who knows what it's about. P. Kellotat 18013, Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701. (124G)

Shot outta the saddle in Colorado. If you can stick 20 months, I can stick a lifetime! Need a lady, 25-35. Send photo. Wayne "Silver" Cole 49737, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212. (124G)

Land, \$200; houses, \$500. Acreage. Write Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, S.D. 57101. (125)

Charlie Brooks: I love, miss, and need you (and want you). Please call. Judy T. (124)

Oriental ladies want to write to you. Cherry Blossoms, Honokaa, Hawaii 96727. (127)

Need correspondence. 40-year-old downed bro, very lonely, would appreciate letter/photo. J.T. Vincent 16364, Box 7000, Carson City, Nev. 89702. (128)

Human skull. Authentic, legal mind-blower! \$250. Brian (307) 634-2537 or 634-5638. (128)

45 got no balls? We can help! Speed equipment, parts, instructions, \$1. KNS, Box 289, No. Baldwin, N.Y. 11510. (124)

Attention, all western ladies and lady inmates: Easygoing, hard-working w/m, 26, 6'5", 172 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes, who loves the outdoors, is looking for attractive, loyal lady, 18 to 30 (?), to share life's adventures. Will relocate for right woman. If you don't write, how will I know you? Will answer all. Photo for photo. Scott, 1759 Hester Ave. #5, San Jose, Calif. 95128. (124)

Bro Choke: Ya never left your address. Get in touch with bro Rick in Myersdale. 215 Lincoln Ave., Meyersdale, Pa. 15552. (124G)

Ray, June, Micha, and Forrest: Best of luck on your newest adventure. Bikers Emporium, Trenton, Ga. (124)

Calvin Wino in S.Q.: Happy birthday, 8/16/83, you big hunk. Hope by the time you read this you'll be out and having a ball! Love, Gloria, Toronto, Ontario. (124)

Seasoned biker seeking totally submissive chick, any age. Will be your master. You must love to ride, be my slave, dig bondage, humiliation, discipline and kinky sex. Marriage offered to right obedient woman. Send flick and personal descriptive letter. How well will you serve me? E. Malte, Box 521, Kokomo, Ind. 46901. (124)

W/m, 24, 6'1", 230 lbs., brown hair and eyes, looking for permanent relationship. Loves music, camping, horseback riding, and biking. I'm financially secure and have my own home. Looking for w/f, 20 to 25. Kids okay if you're the right lady. No heavy drugs. Nice-looking but sincere and no head games. Must be willing to live in Nebraska. Will help relocate. Kevin, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (124)

Tracer: Well, ding dong, hot damn and happy birthday, 9/13. Hope I make you one-tenth as happy as you make me. Love you forever. Stray. (124)

Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Lowest prices. Illustrated literature, \$1 (foreign, \$2). Bargain Tattoo Supply, Box 242-M, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (124)

Lonely w/m, 45, 6'2", doing time. Need lady to write and visit. Send flick; will do the same. Will answer all. John Card, B-63879, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409-0001. (124)

I got into motorcycling when waving to a fellow rider meant something. Now I'm into computers, too. Write me and tell me your needs or what-have-you. Whatdafuck, I'll take a chance. ACM, Box 2393, Shelton, Conn. 06484. (124)

W/m, 31, 5'8", 165 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. Looking for one special lady who is warm, loving, and understanding. All letters answered. John Herren 33099, Box 2500, 1A-11, Lincoln, Neb. 68502. (124)

Attention, all bikers: On this day, Friday the 13th, May, 1983, my son Cory John "Spider" Quintana was brought into this world to ride, love, and have fun. With pride, Rider. (124)

Lookin' for a woman with a smile in her eyes and the wind in her hair. Open your heart and share a smile with me. Rick Colbourn, Box C-53768, Represa, Calif. 95671. (124)

Ladies: I'm not wealthy, but am well off and imprisoned. Willing to provide financial support, love and kindness to an 18- to 36-year-old, bisexual (preferred) lady who is sexually outgoing, attractive and stimulating. Children okay. So if you are lonely, divorced, or a single mother trying to make it alone, please give me a try. No dopers, games, or bull. Must be willing to consider moving to Southern California with my financial help and be there in 1983 upon my release. I am a college graduate, first offender in for assault on cop (joke), 28, Caucasian male, good-looking and well-built, 6'1", 180 lbs., and have owned a bike all of my life. Into riding, skiing, scuba, technical rock climbing, camping, backpacking, dancing and moonlight strolls. Write and send picture(s) for personal response and my photograph. Till then, enjoy! Alan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (124)

Head: Bullshit life sucks without you. Arizona's door is always open to you — no helmet law! Richards or little sister has address. Love, Karen. (124)

Patches, pins, rings — outrageous stuff! Catalog, \$1.50. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (124)

W/m, 33, down in Florida. Would like to hear from interested ladies, any age, for correspondence, visits, and maybe more. Frank Cook 069123, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083. (124)

Swap meets: July 31 and Oct. 23. Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. (124)

Professional tattooing handbook: Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, expert instruction — 71 pages, \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-M, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (124)

Wanted: Righteous lady living in Phoenix, Arizona, area to share expenses and whatever with 29-year-old white Texas biker. Going to motorcycle mechanics school in Phoenix when released this October. Will have new Harley and financial backing. Chuck Davis 151-065, Box 511 CCF, Columbus, Ohio 43216. (124)

"Magicfingers" Treul: I broke my own heart by turning you away. I'll never fill my empty soul or stop loving you. "Who's cryin' now?" Forever yours. Annie M. (and Bf). (124)

H-D collectors: Wondering where to find obsolete parts? Handy booklet lists names and addresses. Send \$2.25 to Collectors, Box 5664, Spokane, Wash. 99205. (124)

Tricky Ricky: This year makes 29 years that you've put your mom through hell. Sure hope we get the next 29. Happy birthday. Love, "Sugar Britches," "Sweet Britches," and "Boo Boo." (124)

Brillo: Wish it would have worked and we were still together. Thanks for the good times. I'll always love you. Take care and please keep in touch. Your Janetta. (124)

Two down bros on the downside of the ten, looking for serious-minded chicks. All kites with photos will be answered. Don Olson and Pete Balkema, Box 661, Waupun, Wis. 53963. (124)

Wanted: wild, sexy girls who are free to travel. For info, send a SASE to Mr. APCO, General Delivery, Schaeffers-town, Pa. 17088. (126)

W/m, lost and lonely, down and out, in nowhere Indiana. Help out, ladies; send letters and flicks. Will answer all. Paul Snodgrass 14474, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360. (124)

Tall w/f, good body and face, wishes to meet Canadian Harley male for lasting relationship. No head trippers or heavy drinkers. Send pic if possible. Angel, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (124)

Crazy: Happy 29th birthday, 6/30/83. Always remember I love you more today than I did yesterday, and I care about your happiness. Love ya. Butterfly. (124)

Stevie: We rode a lot of miles together. Shared a lot of dreams, never can I forget us. You were my ol' man then — and you'll be my ol' man forever. If you ever need anything, my friend, just call. Ride hard, my darling; ride free, my friend. May God always watch over you! "Don't forget the eagle soars alone." Love, Lynn. (124)

Good-lookin' w/m, 30, 6'4", 185 lbs., black hair, blue eyes, with good job, home, Harley, wants honest, slim, attractive lady, 25 to 35, with head on straight, for lovin', livin', hard work, and scootin'. No kids, drunks, or junkies. Send pics. Will answer all. "Magoo", Box 91, Buhlen, Kan. 67522. (124)

Bear: You are the best. Happy anniversary and happy birthday. Love, Sargababe. (124)

Bachelor, 40, millionaire, would like to hear from gals, 18 to 35. Also, send your phone number and photo, plus \$2 and a SASE for photo and reply. Larry Lehman, General Delivery, Schaeffers-town, Pa. 17088. (124)

For sale: World-famous Iron Horse Saloon, 9 S. Grandview Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018. Send inquiries to above. (124)

Downed bro, located near New York City, looking for sincere lady to share dreams, visits, smiles. Mike Sansouci 82A3409, Box 338, Napanoch, N.Y. 12458. (124)

W/m, late 20s, tall, slender, financially secure. Humboldt County, California. Interests include H-Ds, pickups, antiques, travel, music, outdoors. Seeking lady, 20 to 32, with same interests. Include recent flick with reply. Rider, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (124)

Gypsy Rider: Happy birthday, baby. Hope you're well. We all miss you, especially me. Your baby's due in October. Things aren't right without you; can't stand being alone. You're the best. Please call (918) 592-2609. Love you forever. Your ol' lady, Connie. (124)

Lickety-split, that's what I like best. I also like kissing and caressing. If you're a chick, from skinny to a little chubby (not grossly obese), and would enjoy these tender attentions from an attractive w/m, age 41, write me. Big-Mouth, Box 11776, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95406 or call (707) 526-9974. (124)

Two good-lookin' bros are doing some time up here in the Attica box and looking for a couple of sincere, foxy ladies to correspond with and make these days worthwhile. So whaddya say, ladies? Reach into your hearts and send us some TLC. Michael McKenzie 80-B-1575, and John Liffrieri 80-A-2770, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. (124)

Swap meets: Aug. 28 and Sept. 25. I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo. 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. (124)

Baby Kowabe: Happy birdy. Still love yer big tits. Yer dad. (124)

Tattoos by Lou's in Fayetteville, North Carolina. Expert cover work. Bring your own designs. Hours: noon to midnight. Monday through Saturday. 475 Hay Street, downtown Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. (124)

Adult female: Temporarily disabled male biker/trucker would like to correspond with sincere, serious-minded female (AA-cup to size-38 jeans), paraplegic or amputee who hasn't stopped chasing her dream(s). No addicts, albies, or game players need reply. F.S. 69421, Box 866, Range Rd., Wrights-town, N.J. 08562. (124)

Boogie: You and your love have made my life complete. Next is freedom. I love you now and forever. Wenck. (124)

Alvin: Happy birthday, you sweet, delicious hunk of manhood. Faithfully, Kera. (124)

Panama Red: Happy, happy birthday and happy anniversary, 7/4/83, darling. You are my life; I love you more than life itself. Always remember, P'rress'r: I'll fly higher than an eagle, for you are the wind beneath my wings. We'll fly together forever. I love you. Karen. (124)



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



**IF THEY CAN DO IT TO US,
THEY CAN DO IT TO YOU.**

Boozefighters

Continued from page 121

their vehicles through traffic lights" had been closed off to other traffic. Another thing not mentioned was that the bikers paid for whatever damage was done by their letting off steam. Most of all, *Life* never admitted that their "obnoxious picture" was an out-and-out fake, featuring a paid model who wasn't even a biker.

"They staged that picture in *Hollister* and later when they started thinking about making the movie *'The Wild One'* (which is based on the *Hollister* run, and in true Hollywood fashion features *'hero'* Marlon Brando on a *Matchless*), the movie studio sent word that they would like a little input from us.

"I went to the club and asked what everyone else thought about goin' up there and givin' 'em a little info. It was voted right down. The thought was, 'no way do we need anymore of this kind of shit.'"

If it didn't prove anything else, the reunion proved that the original Boozefighters haven't forgotten how to party hearty. The rounds of drinks came one after another like cattle goin' down a chute, the bullshit was so deep we needed wading boots, and pretty girls kept falling by our table to listen to the stories. There were even a couple of red-necks who just couldn't be satisfied until Wino Willie'd gently (he didn't want to spoil the party by havin' any cops as guests) put them in their place — on the floor in the sawdust.

What the fuck, they shoulda known better than to ask a dude wearing a shirt that says "Boozefighters" and a cap full of run pins if he belonged to a bowling team. If they were lucky, they learned some respect while they were down there with the butts and the spit. If not, sometime in the future, somewhere down the road, there's bound to be another biker — rolled from the same makin's as the Boozefighters — ready, willing, and more than able to continue their education.

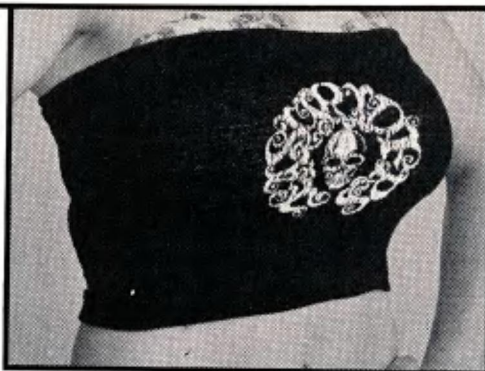
—Rip & Trampo

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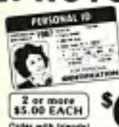


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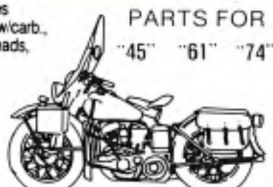
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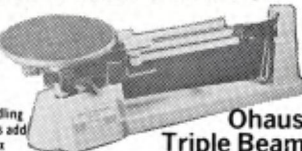
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

neither do we.) Anyway, throughout the country there is an organization called Shriners. Their main objective is to help injured, burned, and crippled children, and they sponsor hospitals all over the U.S. All the funds they raise are used for this purpose. Pretty righteous, if you ask me.

Gypsy Joe
New Orleans, La.

□ They stand for Ancient Accepted Order of The Nights of The Mystic Shrine. In other words, Shriners. You know, the guys who wear the red hats with the black tassels and have the wild conventions. The phrase "We ride to help crippled children walk" refers to the Shriners' crippled children's hospitals in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Ted Simpkins
Ft. Eustis, Va.

I Hate Pets

□ In reference to your "Personally, I Hate Pets" article in the July '83 issue, damn it, don't go badmouthin' my dogs.

The AKC recently "allowed" the pit in, but then changed the name to Staffordshire to help with this image change. They want "pretty" show dogs, not functional animals. So the final line is that the Staffordshire is really a watered-down pit bull.

Lorraine Dunn
Jackson, Wyo.

□ In regard to "Personally, I Hate Pets" (July '83 issue) by Dr. Twatburger, in the tenth paragraph it states "The pit bull (really a Staffordshire terrier)..." is the biggest crock of bullshit this rag has put out yet. People who own Staffordshire bull terriers wish they owned American pit bull terriers.

Tina
Jacksonville, N.C.

□ One pet you forgot to mention is the rat. I have a pet rat, Tillison. She's 8 inches long and her tail is another 6 inches. She bites fingers — except mine because she likes to be fed every day. My 9-year-old cat won't even mess with her.

Bumper Jack's Woman
Alexandria, Va.

□ I'd like to have the deed to the entire state of Texas so I could fence it off and let as many animals as possible run free.

Dan Golden
Macungie, Pa.

□ From my own experience, I can add a pet to his list that I know he won't care for.

I was visiting Peru in 1976, and was wandering around an Indian village not far from Lima, when I ran into some kids walking their pets. Nothing unusual about that, you say? Yes, there was — the pets were three large, black, hairy, Peruvian tarantulas, each with a leg-spread as large as a man's hand. These kids had a string tied around each spider's waist and were leading them along like you would a dog. My

Peruvian friends told me the spiders were perfect, harmless, popular as pets in Peru, and useful in the home for getting rid of roaches.

D.W. Reiley
Elizabeth City, N.C.

Male Call

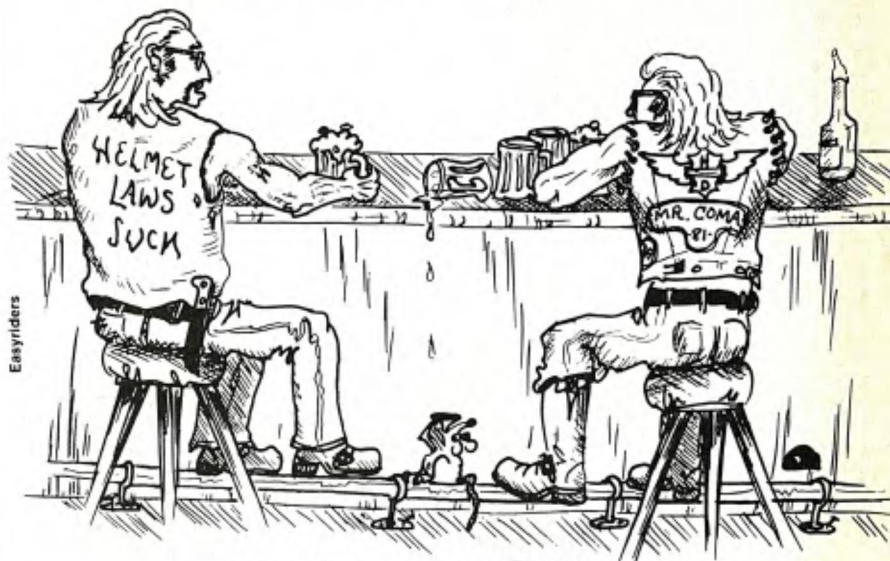
□ I just want to say that for printin' my ad in "Male Call" (January '83). I met a beautiful lady who's put up with me while I'm doing time. She's given me the love a person needs while he's in prison. It won't be long until we'll be puttin' "fr" together. I love you Sunshine.

Country
Lexington, O.

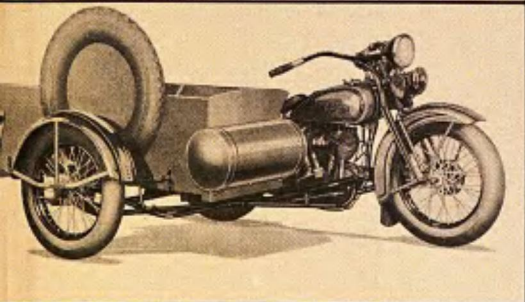
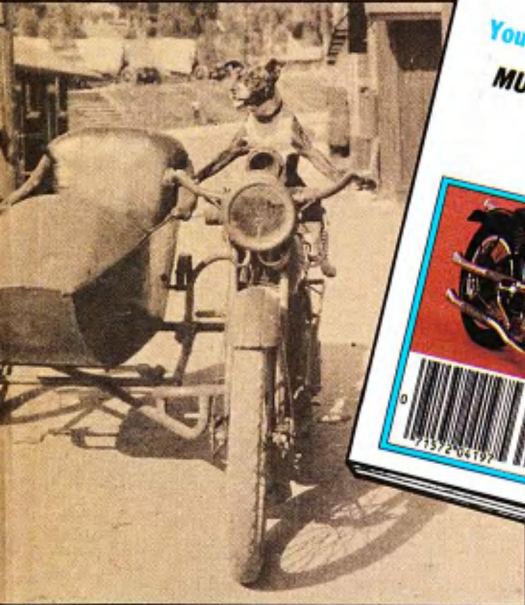
□ I want to thank you for "Male Call." Through the column I've found an old friend whom I really love. I can wait until he gets out. I have been corresponding through letters and phone calls for quite a while, and plan to get married a few months after he gets out of prison. So, once again, thank you from both of us.

Li'l Red
Santa Rosa, Ca.

Have anything to say? Write to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a word monger a deserved pat on the back? Poison pen letters, postcard mail, threats of violence, letters, propositions, and demands for payment may be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



"What's up?" "I'm studyin' alcoholism!"



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