

Easyriders®

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Feds' Trap Exposed!

History Of Torture

Mann Painting Winner

**First Details Of
Harley's New Engine**

*Latest Bike
Alarm Systems*

**A Hawaiian
Honey**



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The same Custom Chrome that has become world famous for its complete line of motorcycle accessories has now teamed up with Hein Gericke to give the motorcyclist a whole new look at leather apparel. Custom Chrome has adapted the quality and craftsmanship of Hein Gericke to the all-American styling of blue jeans to produce what we call **LEATHER DENIM**. Stitch for stitch, rivet for rivet, these garments will give you the same comfort as your favorite blue jeans or jacket plus the added protection, durability and class of leather.

Although our Hein Gericke line contains many styles, there is only one list of materials and requirements that go into the manufacture of these garments. At Hein Gericke, the leather used is carefully selected and matched top-grade American cowhide, vat and tumble dyed ensuring a supple finish and resistance to scuffing and scratching. The seams are sewn with nylon thread to ensure long life. Double row stitching and bar tacking are used in all stress areas. Sleeves are set 15° to 18° forward so the jacket stays with you when you grab the grips. Protective padding is incorporated in the shoulder, elbow and other areas where needed. The jeans and chaps are fully lined with extra long leg which can be tailored to the individual rider.

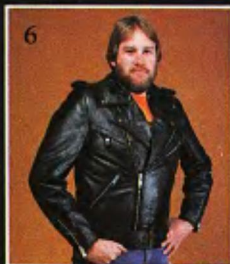
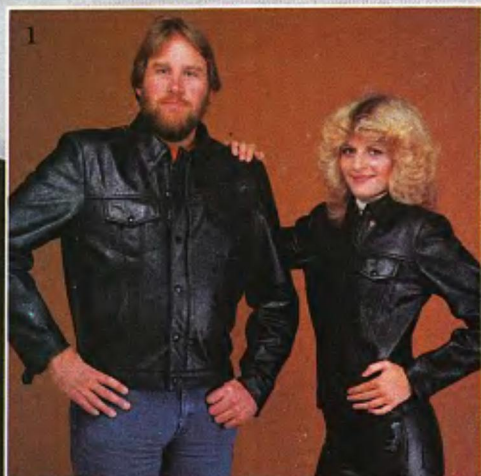
Because the Hein Gericke leathers were designed by motorcyclists for motorcyclists, the fit and comfort is outstanding.

LEATHER DENIM, as well as other Hein Gericke accessories, is available exclusively through your Custom Chrome dealer.



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5. Hurricane Jacket
6. Highway Jacket
7. Bomber Jacket
8. Gloves

CUSTOM CHROME
16160 Caputo Drive Morgan Hill, California 95037



Easyriders

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 29th.

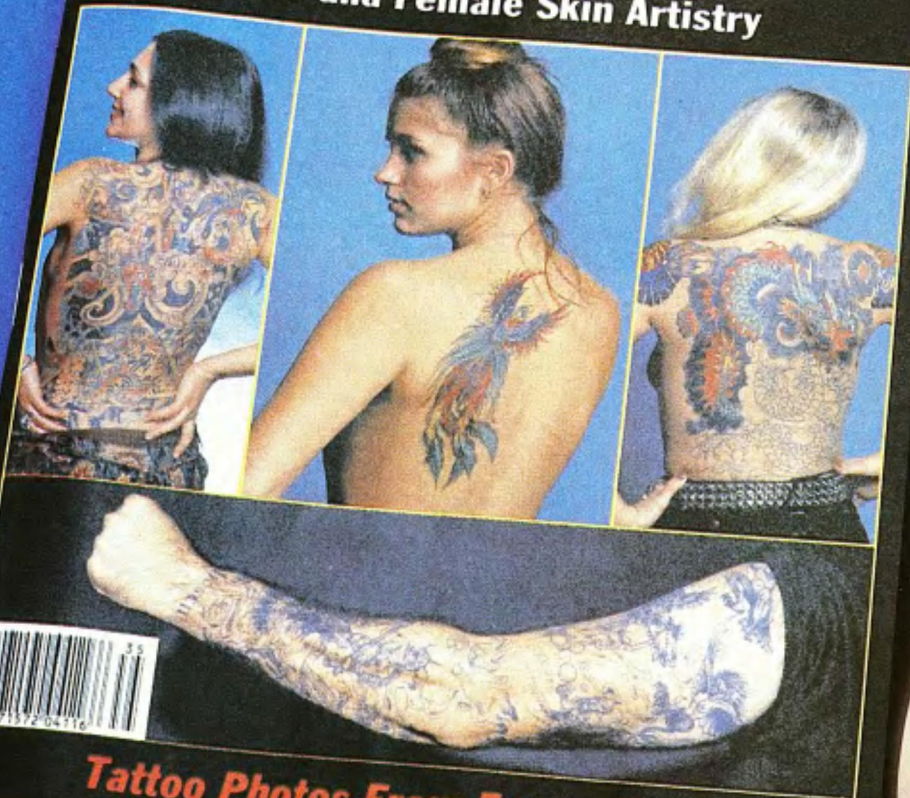
Cover photo of Maile by Pete Chiodo



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Get this: A Harley-Davidson dealer in Kentucky proclaimed September as "Buy American Month." But he goofed. His picture in the newspaper showed him on a foreign-made motorcycle that he had purchased for his private use.

The chick was putting down the road in a pickup truck and, for some reason, was pulled over by the police. Upon questioning, it was discovered that she didn't have the necessary ownership papers. She said they were back in her motel room. So the police followed her back to her room to see if she actually had the proper papers. Upon entering her room, on the dresser, in full sight, was 1 1/2 lbs. of cocaine and 20 oz. of amphetamines—but she did have the ownership papers.

Ready for a little gore-of-the-month? A 16-year-old boy smoked a joint containing a liberal amount of PCP. When he got loaded, he picked up two bread-and-butter knives and stuck them in both eyes with such force that they bent at the end of his skull. Don't ask me why. I just report the facts.

Seeing a bitch in heat, the dog leaped from the back of a pickup truck, and just at that moment—you guessed it—a motorcycle was passing and the dog jumped right onto the biker, ruining his day.

A dog in England saw his buddy hit by a car and presumed dead. The owner of the dead dog dug a grave and buried the dog in it. But after the owner left the scene, the dead dog's buddy—which wasn't having any of that shit—promptly dug up the dead dog. Surprise, surprise --the "dead" dog was a little wobbly, but he was alive!

Now I've heard biting an ear, or practically anything else, in a fight is fair game, but this father maimed his son by biting him in the nuts so hard that he bit off a testicle. But get this! Now the son has gone to court to plead his father's case and have him released from custody. You figure it out.

Maybe it was the Ripple he was drinking, but he just had to fulfill a lifelong dream of leaping off the nearby bridge. Anyway, he walked up to the toll booth, took off his watch, handed the toll keeper his wallet, and jumped off the

bridge into the water 70 feet below. His body was carried along by the strong current a couple of miles, then he was fished out of the water by the police. He was charged with public intoxication. He told the police about his lifelong dream, but they weren't having any of it.

It's one thing to get the shit stomped out of ya by a fuckin' kangaroo and for your three killer dogs to get the crap beat out of them at the same time. What's worse is when the kangaroo beats off the three dogs while standing on top of ya. How humiliating.

Trying to be a nice guy, a biker leaned over to spit out some tobacco juice so that he'd miss the girl behind him and his scooter. But he leaned over too far, missed a curve, jumped the curb, and took out a road sign. So much for that being-a-nice-guy shit.

We've all heard the old story about a mouse getting into the police evidence room and scarfing the missing pot. But it seems that in Illinois the police tried many ways to get rid of the mouse. They even set four traps for him, but the mouse must have been a hip street mouse because he walked right past the traps and munched the pot. Finally the cops got a rush of brains and instead of putting smelly cheese in the trap to get his attention, they put a joint of good California sinsemilla in the trap and--bang! The mouse was caught with the joint in his mouth when the trap snapped shut. Anyway, the mouse must have thought that was a trip and a half. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Hells Angels Forever

□ All I can say is that it's about time — that the Hells Angels put together a flick to tell their side of the story. There has been a lot of Hollywood bullshit put out over the years that has tried to tell the Hells Angels' story. I knew all along that the only people who could tell the truth about the Hells Angels were the righteous brothers who wear the patch of the Hells Angels.

I do have a question about Sonny Barger. I read that he was in prison again for trying to put the lights out on some Oakland pig by blowing up his cage. My question is this: Is Sonny Barger in prison or does he have his hair in the wind?

Doc Vic
P.O., San Francisco

■ Last time we saw him (a few weeks ago), his hair was in the wind.

□ It's a great down-to-earth look at what they're all about.
David Portlock
Abilene, Tex.

Likes Fiction

□ You've outdone yourselves this time. Just finished reading "The Last Payback" (September '83 issue), and I must admit it was one righteous story.

Neal
Gordon, Ga.

Tattoo Mag

□ First of all, we want to thank you for printing our card in *Tattoos*. We don't know who sent it to you, but it was a great surprise and pleasure for us. We've already received mail from many places because of it.

Felix and Loretta
Lausanne, Switzerland

□ Congratulations on your *Tattoos* magazine. It's what a lot of us have been waiting for. I hope by the next issue you get your hands on some shots of "Star" and of "Adrienne Von Trager." These two honeys show a

fine display of tasty tattoos, piercing, and just all-around good stuff.

If anyone out there knows either one of these two rascals, do us all a favor and have 'em get on the stick. Okay?

Bone Shaker
South Jersey, N.J.

□ Thank you for *Tattoos*. It's the best thing I've seen in my limited experience, and I hope you put together a sequel.

George W. Baker
Westwood, Mass.

Nipple Rings

□ I was wondering if anyone knows where I can get nipple rings. No, not like pierced nipple rings but the ones that go around your nipples. My ol' man is after my ass to get some. I saw 'em in your mag a few issues back but can't find 'em now.

Fry
Beeville, Tex.

Likes Country Music

□ In regard to Wolfman Jeff (September '83), country music is as much a tradition in the United States as Harley-Davidson motorcycles are. A well-tuned Hog and a Waylon Jennings song are some of the best sounds I'll ever hear.

Cruiser
New Haven, Conn.

□ I ain't a mother-slapper, a dog-fucker, or a dope-smoker. I'm just a road-hoggin', hard-ridin', Jack Daniel's man who plays, breathes, eats, and sleeps country music. Our band's Southern Comfort and don't you forget it, 'cause we're up 'n' comin' in the business.

Big Al
Trenton, Ontario

Comment To Vaughn Beals

□ Concerning the Vaughn Beals article on the quality of Harley-Davidson motorcycles, he should jump the dealers' asses over their service. My heads have been in

the shop for a month — the second time around — because they weren't done right the first time. I don't mind having to pay more to get them done. What I do mind is being told that they will be done in one week — and four weeks later I'm still without them. It's an older model motorcycle, but the parts are available, so tell them they need to concentrate more on their service.

Gar
Orrick, Mo.

Kill A Biker

□ Just got through reading your "Kill A Biker Go To Jail" editorial for the third time and all I've got to say is right on, bro.

It's about time something was done about the courts and the judges' attitudes toward bikers.

Bigun
Columbia, S.C.

An Offer

□ If you need anyone to lick or sniff clean that solo seat that Michelle sat on in your September issue, I'm available.

Shotgun
Sticksdeep, Iowa

Upside Down Ad

□ Man, I gotta admit you people are a shitload of fun. I was readin' the August issue (#122), came to page 89, and had to read it twice before I realized the muthafucker was upside down!

If y'all ever make it to Jamison, Pennsylvania, stop in the Warwick and the brew will be on me.

Al (The Indian)
Jamison, Pa.

It's 10:00

□ I believe I've gotta raise some hell and let you bros know that page 89 of the August issue is upside down. At first I thought it was the acid I dropped, but even after I came down the ad was still fucked up. I think you should cut the printers off of that

righteous dope or share some of it with your readers.

Bud The Animal
Columbus, Ohio

■ Who do you think supplies us?

□ For you to do a whole page upside down when it's not even your April issue, means you gotta be looking through your assholes.

Gord
Langley, B.C.

□ Hey, you dumb mutha-fuckers, what kinda drugs are you on? The ad for 2 Wheeler's is upside down. Why don't you get your heads outta your ass and get your shit together?

Rob Padgett
Germany

■ We didn't do it — 2 Wheeler's did. We don't fuck up.

□ Is page 89 in the August '83 issue left over from the April issue, or did you just get too fucked up?

Jeff Arnold
Quincy, Wash.

Deserves It

□ You guys deserve a pound of good smoke for all your good work.

Weird Marty
APO, N.Y.

■ More? The rest of the staff agrees on a pound apiece.

Amazing

□ The other day when I was watching the tube, a Dairy Queen commercial came up. Like most businesses, they were having a contest to get the public to buy their product. Big deal, I thought, until they came to the second or third prize — a brand-new Harley-Davidson motorcycle. That just about knocked me off the couch. Finally an American business is supporting an American heritage.

Bert
Windsor, Ontario

Greetings

So, how do the rest of you salute each other when on the road? I'm so glad to see bikes once in a while when I'm in a herd of cages, I don't care if you greet me or not — I'm just glad you're there.

Julie
Crosby, Tex.

Dave Mann

In regard to the July center-spread with the man's reflection of his face in backward, get Mann off the raisin pie.

Heff
Germany

Nope. Turn the page over and you'll see that the painting is correct.

Women

I just want to thank my ol' lady, and all those like her, again for being the way they are, and to remind all the bros out there not to take the womenfolk for granted, cause it sure would be a sorry world without them.

The Dizz
Amherst, Mass.

Amen.

Ya Got It Right

Just writin' ya to say, "Right on, man; ya got it right." Now I can give ya a pat on the old back when ya get it right. I'm referring to my subscription. After all this time, ya got it right. Rightfuckingon, man!

Big Ed
Soledad, Calif.

We try.

Digs Carie

It sure is nice for you people to give away free gifts to people who subscribe or extend their subscriptions to your magazine. I've decided to wait to extend my subscription until you offer me a date with your editorial secretary, Carie. There's just something about that name.

Schnapps
Waukegan, Ill.

There's something about her, too.

Another Bike Show

The 1983 6th Annual Moberly Prison Bike Show was a great success this year. The show was dedicated to those who lost but not forgotten brothers, Lawrence "Buck"

Buckley from Jefferson City, Missouri, and Bobby Lyle Friess from Kansas City, Missouri.

All the brothers here at the prison would like to thank the Mid-West Percenter and Galloping Gooses for their clubs' participation. Also, all the brothers from the Jefferson City area, Kansas City area, and all the other bros who showed up to make the show a success.

Dennis A. Gieck
Moberly, Mo.

Anti-Helmet Effort

Any concerned fellow biker who wants the helmet law here in the Great Lakes State of Michigan repealed had better get off his butt and write.

I'm not asking you to join ABATE of Michigan, though that would help a lot. I'm not asking you for your life savings, the services of your ol' lady, or your first-born male child — just 20 cents for the stamp on your letter, written to your representative and telling him how you feel about a helmet law that sucks. We need lots of warm bodies to make this thing work. We will make it work!

Breeze
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Is Spider Real?

After reading your magazine for months, I've been wondering about Spider.

Is he an ex-biker? I picture him in a three-piece suit from 9 to 5. Then at night I picture him as a luscious biker in leathers riding down the highway on a Harley-Davidson. Am I right? He's been my fantasy for months.

Dee
Ansonia, Conn.

What's that "ex" shit and what's a three-piece suit? He rides ass and says parts of him are luscious.

Harley Lover

I'm 20 and have never ridden on the back of a Harley. Yet every time I see or hear one, I start to think of how it would feel sitting my ass on the back of one of them (behind some good-looking biker). I start to shake and my heart starts to race. Just thinking of it sets my blood to boiling. I dream of going across the states on one of them, never looking back at where I've been — always ahead to where I'm going. I

want to feel the bike between my legs and the ol' man in front. I tend to shy away from people, so how can I make my dream come true? Am I just crazy for thinking about it?

Sweet Pea
Seward, Alaska

Go to a biker bar and make your choice, but check and see if he's got an ol' lady.

A Retraction

I would like to bring to your attention *Easyriders* #117 (March '83).

I am the spokesman for Highway 61 Adelaide, Australia, and I'm writing regarding the article on page 46, "Sometimes It's Hard To Be A Woman." I would like to advise you that the article about Jenny Bates is incorrect. Jenny Bates is not and never has been a patch member or a member of Highway 61 either in New Zealand, Australia, or America.

The article in question was originally published in a paper in New Zealand, but the following day's paper had a retraction and an apology, as the facts were completely incorrect about Jenny Bates's being a member. Her association with Highway 61 is that of ol' lady of a patched member, Jed Bates, the Northshore President of Highway 61, Auckland, New Zealand.

Fox
Adelaide, Australia

You got it.

Correction

Stop dialing. Somebody fucked up. In the book review, "Grateful Dead: The Official Book of the Dead Heads," (ER 124), the wrong phone number was given for current concert information on the West Coast for the Grateful Dead.

The correct phone number is (415) 457-6388.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

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Question From The Unknown Soldier

Decked out in full battle dress, carrying a small bouquet of flowers, the guy looked a little silly as he entered the tiny chapel in the French village of Chalons-sur-Marne. Pausing briefly to allow his eyes to adjust to the dim light, he studied the four coffins before him. His decision made, he advanced a few steps, laid the flowers atop one of the four plain pine boxes and snapped off a salute. Executing a perfect about-face, U.S. Army Sergeant Edward F. Younger, his mission completed, left the chapel.

Months later, following a battleship ocean crossing, that coffin and the American Expeditionary Force soldier within it — covered with the highest medals of almost a dozen nations — lay within a marble tomb in the Arlington National Cemetery. Chiseled in the marble is the following inscription: "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God."

If you happened to glance at the calendar recently, you might have noticed that this is November, the month that comes after Halloween and before Christmas. November, which used to have a big holiday all its own called Thanksgiving — before people somehow, some way, started confusing stuffing their faces with giving thanks and the holiday lost all meaning and began being known as "Turkey Day."

Well, just whaddya think that Unknown Soldier — not to mention the other hundreds of thousands of American fighting men, known and

unknown, who died for their country — would say about *that*?

I'll tell you what I think. I think he would say that he was shocked to find that so many of the flags that flutter in the breeze on the Fourth of July are folded up in closets — or worse, stuffed in boxes in garages or attics — at Thanksgiving. He would probably remind us that we Americans of today have just as much — an infinite amount more, really — to give thanks for as the Pilgrims did when they gave thanks to God

"Wherever you are this Thanksgiving Day, why not take just a minute, or two, or three, and think on that 'spirit of America' and give thanks. . ."

for a bountiful harvest and for helping them survive to put down roots in a hostile environment.

And if that Unknown Soldier could speak to us, he'd probably tell us of his sorrow for the tens of millions of his heirs who look out on the limitless horizons of America and feel fear instead of freedom, apathy more than excitement, the desire to stand pat rather than to move on.

Yes, bros, the Unknown Soldier would have a few things to say about the straight world — and they wouldn't be complimentary. He'd grieve for what the straights miss and rage at what they waste —

for he and his kind did not die so that those sorry legions could live, not as free men, but as zombies tied to the apron strings of dead-end jobs, mindless TV shows, nagging wives and their neighbors' opinions. Oh, hell, yes, the Unknown Soldier would very likely be pissed at all that, all right.

And, somewhere deep down, he might even understand why all those straights have taken to celebrating Turkey Day instead of Thanksgiving Day — after all, two rugrats under the age of two and a third on the way, and being coupled to a job that doesn't pay and an overdue mortgage aren't much to be thankful for.

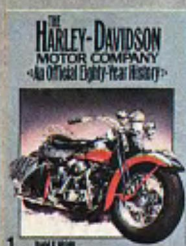
On the other hand, there are those of us — you and me, the loners and the patchholders, the street commandos — who take full advantage of the freedoms those heroes fought and died for. Wonder what the Unknown Soldier would have to say about us.

For one thing, I think he'd tell us he was ashamed. Ashamed that we couldn't be bothered, just once out of the year, to stop and say thanks to those — from Bunker Hill to Khe Sanh — who made it possible for us to live the way we want, to go anywhere two wheels can take us, to give 90 percent of our fellow citizens the finger every day of our lives and get away with it 90 percent of the time.

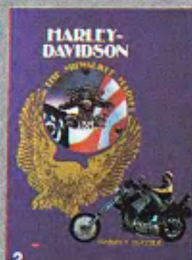
Sure, bikers are hassled more than most. Sure, we don't have all

Continued on page 110

2-Wheeler's HOT STUFF!



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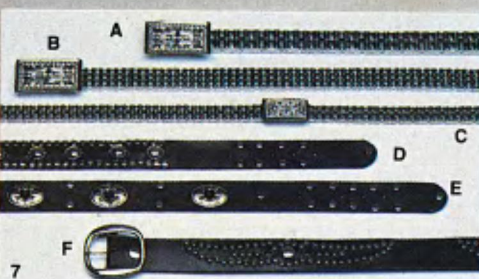


4



We've been puttin' our noses everywhere to sniff out the newest, hottest stuff around. So git rollin' and order today. If ya wait 'till a week before Christmas—the reindeer will be in the Bahamas an' you'll be up shit creek!

- The Harley-Davidson Motor Company—An Official 80 Year History**—This is the hottest book ever—YA GOTTA HAVE IT! Tells all the facts—covers Sturgis, Knucks, Pans, Shovels. Over 250 pics; its got it all. \$24.95.
- Milwaukee Marvel**—A complete history of Harley from the turn of the century. Over 200 pictures. \$22.95.
- Biker Glasses**—Leather sides and tiny vent holes keep yer eyes from waterin', an' keeps the birds out (we ain't seen none better). \$24.95.
- Bad Ass Buckles**—Hook up with the newest designs around. A&C \$19.95. B,D&E \$15.95.
- Ladies Lace Top**, S,M,L,XL \$7.95 (With Sporty, \$7,007.95).
- A. Hooded Sweatshirt**, S,M,L,XL, \$22.95.
B. Ladies White Thermal, S,M,L,XL, \$11.95.
- Biker Belts**—You've seen 'em and now's yer chance to git 'em.
A. Easy Rider Chain Belt, \$34.95. **B. Sporty Chain Belt**, \$39.95. **C. Ol' Lady Chain Belt**, \$29.95. **D. 'Lil Concho Leather Belt**, \$15.95. **E. Big Concho Leather Belt**, \$16.95. **F. Studded Wing Leather Belt**, \$19.95. Specify size.
- Summer Shorties**—These fuckers are great fer warm weather ridin', or gettin' kinky with yer ol' lady. S,M,L,XL, \$17.95.
- Harley Wall Mirrors**—Solid oak frames. Great gifts and collectables. Many uses. 11"x14". Specify A-F, \$26.95.
- Trash Can**—Show some class 'round yer pad or workshop with this tin bitch. 10"x19", \$19.95.



7



6



11



10



9



8

12. **Bad Ass T-Shirts**—OK fuckers, we got the deal fer you—git yer friends together, **BUY A DOZEN AND GIT ONE FREE!** These are the hottest designs around, and they have the NEW 2-Wheeler's logo on the back. Specify letter and S,M,L,XL, \$8.95 ea.



13



14



15

MOVE OVER FREDERICKS! Ya just might git lucky if ya snatch one or all fer yer ol' lady. **13. Lil' Bow Peep**—Satin and lace, \$14.95. **14. Night Rider**, \$19.95. **15. Lacy Lady**—They love lavender, but we also got 'em in sexy red or basic black, \$14.95. **WARNING: BUY AT YOUR OWN RISK—SOME SEAMS**

ARE INTENTIONALLY MISSING! **16. Panties**—OK meatheads—here's yer chance. All ladies need 'em so git her one of each (we'll install 'em fer FREE!). "Stretchies"—one size fits all (Thunder Thighs or Porkers—DON'T BOTHER!). Specify A-G, \$3.95 ea.



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17A



17B



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23

from The Hein Gericke Collection Of Fine Leathers

7. **Leather Bibs**—Gilt yer ol' lady in these and she'll turn some heads! Full length leather with covered spandex side panels to allow full motion. Adjustable shoulder straps. These are dynamite fer ridin'. Basic black fer men in waist sizes 28-36, and both black and sexy red fer chicks in sizes 6-20, \$189.95.

8. **Hein Gericke Leather Protectors**—So ya got some good leathers? Well, fuckin' take care of 'em! HG1—Cleaner and Conditioner, HG2—Water Repellent, \$6.95 ea.

9. **Santa Fe Jacket**—This one ain't Hein Gericke, but it's damn HOT! Fringed back and sleeves, snapdown collar, nylon lining, and an inside pocket. Women's sizes 8-18. Men's sizes 38-50. \$164.95.

10. **Biker Chaps**—These classy fuckers were designed by bikers. Fully adjustable front with spandex back section. The leg zippers have a velcro flap over 'em to keep wind and rain out. Sizes 26-40, \$139.95. 42-48 \$154.95.

21. **A. Biker Harness Boots**—14" ol' style boots with plenty of class. Sizes 6 1/2-13D. \$64.95. **B. Steel Toe Biker Boots**—16" Safety Toe Engineer Boots with steel shank, heavy midsole and oil-resistant nylon cord sole. Sizes 6-13D, \$69.95.

22. **Levi Style Leather Pants**—We had 'em made just like a boot-cut jean—pockets an' all! Slight flair so ya can wear yer favorite boots with comfort. Sizes 26-40 \$149.95. 42-48 \$164.95. (They fit real fuckin' nice!)

23. **Highway Jacket**—A real tradition with the Harley crowd, and for good reason—action back, well padded, fully lined pockets, and extra strong zippers. Looks speak for themselves (sorry, we HAD to use Al for this one or he said he'd hurt the photographer real bad)! Sizes 32-48, \$179.95. 50-52, \$189.95. 54-56, \$194.95. 58-60, \$199.95.

24. **Levi Style Leather Jacket**—Designed after the traditional jean jacket. Great fer ridin' or just stylin'. Women's sizes 30-42. Men's sizes 34-52, \$159.95.

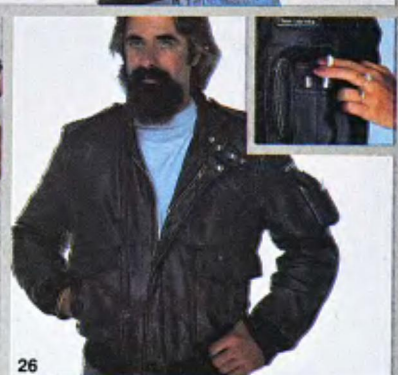
25. **Biker Vests**—We sewed our own patch on this 2-pocket leather vest, but we'll throw in the patch (ya gotta git yer ol' lady to do the needle work) when ya buy this vest fer only \$69.95. Without patch, \$64.95. Specify S,M,L,XL. **Headband**—\$3.95. **26. Bomber Jacket**—A REAL CLASSIC! Old U.S. Air Force style. Mandarin type collar, extra padding on the elbows and shoulders, quilted lining. Sizes 32-48, \$159.95. 50-52, \$169.95. 54-56, \$174.95. 58-60, \$179.95.



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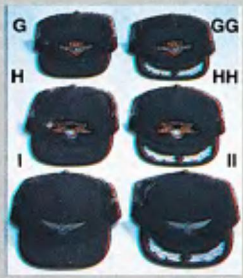
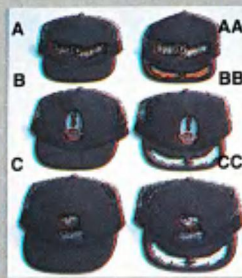
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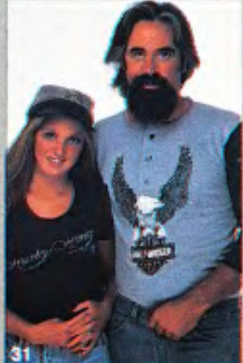
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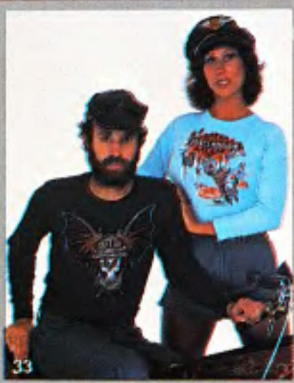
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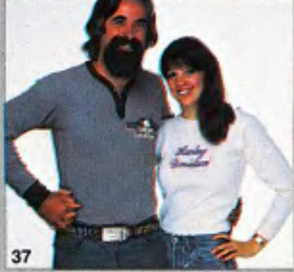
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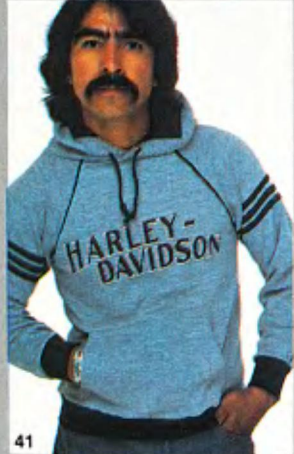
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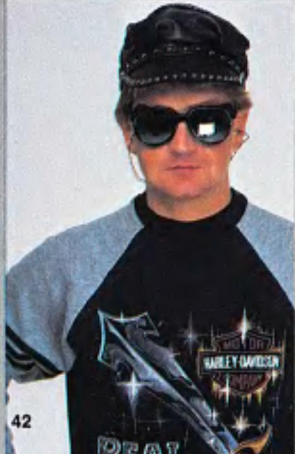
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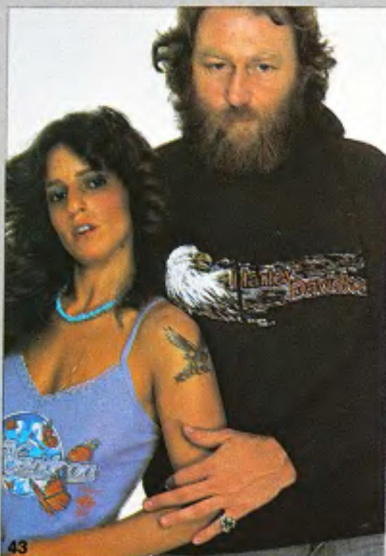


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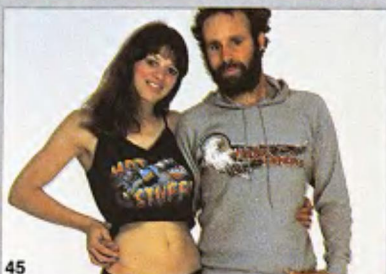
27. **OK Coneheads**—these beauties fit any shape "head" 'cause they're adjustable. Plain, \$8.95 ea. With Eggs, \$7.95 ea. Specify letter.
28. **WWI Winter Flyer's Caps**—Designed for cold fuckin' weather, they keep yer ears from fallin' off. **A** and **B**, S,M,L,XL, \$49.95 ea. **C. Leather Chain Hat**—We sewed our own patch on, but fer \$25.95, we'll give ya the fuckin' patch and ya can sew it on yerself. S,M,L,XL. **D. NEW Leather Studded Biker Cap**—This one's the hottest on the street! S,M,L,XL, \$24.95.
29. **Bun Warmers**—Keep her buns warm all damn winter with one of these floor length robes. S,M,L,XL, \$24.95 ea.
30. **Softball Jersey**—Soft balls **NOT** included. S,M,L,XL, \$9.95.
31. **A. Ladies French-Cut T**—Looks better on American home-grown! S,M,L,XL, \$9.95. **B. Snap-up Jersey**, S,M,L,XL, \$10.95.
32. **Summer Shorties With Studs**—Let yer fingers keep that good grip, on or off yer bike. S,M,L,XL, \$22.95.
33. **A. Black Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$12.95. **B. Light Blue Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$10.95.
34. **A. Black Long John Shirt**, S,M,L,XL, \$17.95. **B and C. Flirt T's**—These babies show so much skin. Ladies luv 'em, and they're damn 'n comfy. S,M,L,XL, \$7.95 ea.
35. **Cold Weather Gear**—Finally, a good pair of leather gloves for only \$24.95. **Wool Rigger Scarf**, \$10.95. **Wool Stockin' Cap**, \$7.95. We also got the **Headband** for \$3.95 but the photographer fucked up and didn't shoot it.
36. **A. Hooded Sweatshirt**, S,M,L,XL, \$22.95. **B. Sweatshirt**, S,M,L,XL, \$18.95.
37. **A. Gray Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$12.95. **B. Light Pink Ladies Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$10.95.
38. This one's so hot, it's combustible—better yer hands on it while the weather's cool. **Ladies Lace Top**, S,M,L,XL, \$7.95.
39. Whether yer hangin' out or hangin' on, got just what ya need. **S'penders**, size 40, \$10.95, size 48, \$11.95. **Leather Halters**, \$39.95 ea.
40. **A and C. Ladies Lace Tops**, S,M,L,XL, \$12.95. **B. Black Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$12.95.
41. **Hooded Sweatshirt**, S,M,L,XL, \$22.95.
42. Sammy Smooth Cheeks says, "Hey Bro, y don't have ta own a hawg ta wear all this neat shit!" **Sweatshirt**, S,M,L,XL, \$18.95.



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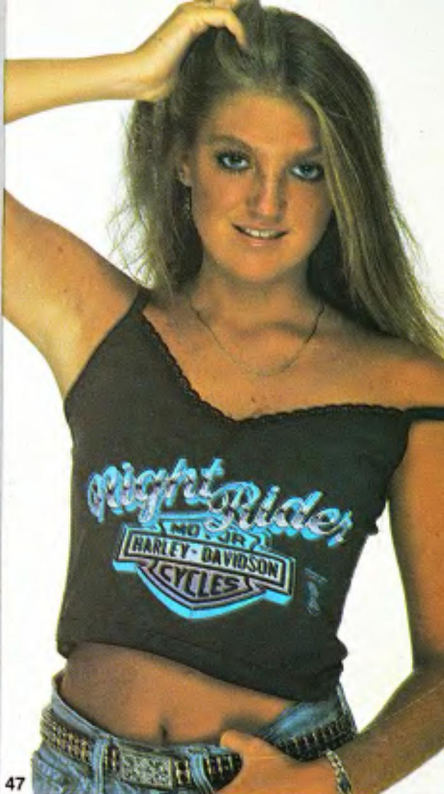
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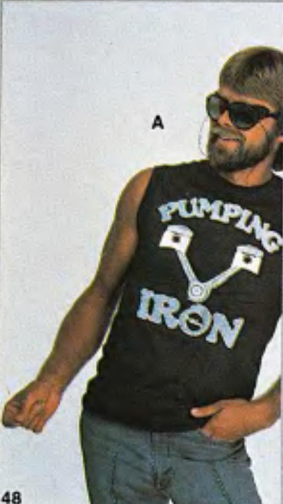
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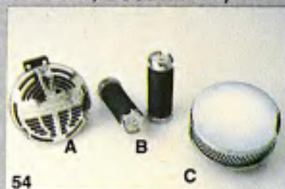
43. **Black Hooded Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$14.95.
 44. **Leather Flyer's Cape**—We know ya can dig the fuck out of these when yer jammin' in the rain or cold weather. Again we sewed our own patches on, but we'll throw in any patch shown if ya can talk yer ol' lady into stitchin' it fer ya. S,M,L,XL. **A. Fleece-lined**, \$39.95. **B&C. Nylon-lined**, \$29.95. **Dick Nose Glasses**—If ya want to have some fun at yer next party or bike run, these are it. **Worth a million laughs!**, \$4.95.
 45. **A. Flirt T**, S,M,L,XL, \$7.95.
B. Gray Hooded Thermal, S,M,L,XL, \$14.95.
 46. **Harley Leggin's**—Show some class. Slip these right over yer Levis on those chilly evenin's or just git down in 'em. \$15.95.
 47. **Flirt T's**—These tops are so new and sexy, they could melt ice cream (we know—we tried—they did). If yer wonderin' why we named 'em **Flirt T's**—git yer fuckin' eyes checked! S,M,L,XL, \$7.95 ea.
 48. **Sleeveless T's**—Cool in the summer, look great all year. A hot one on the chicks (at least that's what Arlin says). Specify A-C and S,M,L,XL, \$7.95.
 49. **Leather Baseball Caps**—Ladies luv 'em and when ya ride with 'em on backwards, they stay on yer fuckin' head 'till about 100 (the hat ya pervers!). S,M,L,XL, \$24.95.

50. **Polo Shirt**—Ever felt like cleanin' up yer fuckin' act when ya go out? Well, just watch those sweet little things cling ta ya when yer wearin' this (no logo on the back). S,M,L,XL, \$15.95. **Lace Top**, S,M,L,XL, \$7.95. **¾ Length T-Shirt**, S,M,L,XL, \$8.95.
 51. This beauty is for any body that belongs ta a biker. **Ladies Lace Top**, S,M,L,XL, \$7.95.
 52. **Light up yer life**—put yer bitch in one of these fuckers. **A. Black Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$12.95. **B. White Hooded Thermal**, S,M,L,XL, \$15.95.
 53. **Saddle Bags**—Top of the line bags (nicest fuckers we've seen anyway!) **A. Ol' Style Harley Bags**—Real cowhide; comes with chrome buckles, studs and conchos, P.V.C. insert and neoprene backs. Available for rigid or swing arm, 19"x12"x5½", \$349.95.
B. Hustler Bags—Same heavy construction, this bag is glued, stitched and riveted. Fer all swing arm models, 21"x14"x6", \$349.95.
 54. **A. Old Style Horn**—6 or 12 volt, \$34.95.
B. Custom Grab On Grips, \$19.95.
C. Custom Air Cleaner—Replaces that stock fucker so's yer hawg can breathe. \$19.95.
 55. **Class Glass**—Put the finishin' touches on yer Tombstone with this all glass nostalgic Bluedot lens. \$19.95. Complete taillight also available. Ask for details.

GIVE YER HAWG A GIFT (NOT YER OL' LADY, DOGBREATH)



53A



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53B



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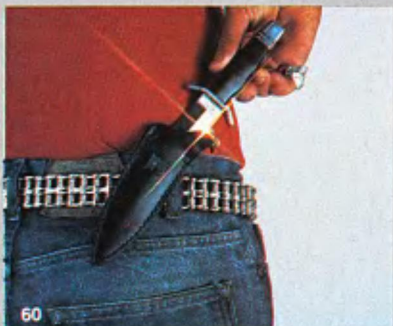
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56. **Let The South Ride Again!**—A. Gray Rebel Cap, \$21.95. B. T-Shirt, \$8.95. C. Headband, \$3.95. D. Lace Top, \$7.95. E. Wallet, \$19.95. F. Black Rebel Cap, \$24.95.
57. **Biker Earrings**—Stick somethin' in yer ol' lady's ear besides a line of bullshit. Specify letter A-EE, \$4.95 pr.
58. **Biker Pins**—Grab some fer yer favorite rags. Great stockin' stuffers. Specify letter A-VV, \$3.95. ea.
59. **Motorcycle Models**—Keep yer rug rats happy and teach 'em the ropes of buildin' their own. A and C, \$14.95. B, \$6.95. D, E & F, \$11.95.
60. **Boot and Belt Knife**—Great fer tuff burgers an' raw steaks. Trick-ass sheath clips on yer belt or boot. 4" double edge blade. \$24.95.
61. **Aviator Goggles**—Keep the shit out yer eyes with these stylish units. A. fits over prescription glasses, \$49.95. B, C & F, \$44.95. D. Plastic lens, \$24.95. E, \$49.95.
62. **A. Jug Mug**—These things are huge—not her's meathead—ours! They hold 36 oz. of yer favorite brew. Great fer yer own collection, or a dang good gift item. \$14.95. **B. Hawg Mug**—This little hawg face is a hell of a lot prettier than most of our customers—and it don't give us no shit! Holds 12 oz. \$14.95.
63. **Conchos**—Add 'em ta yer bags, chaps, etc., \$4.95 pr. **Knife Sheathes**—Carry yer favorite fuckin' blade in one of these fer only \$11.95. Specify A or B. **Biker Multi-Tool**—Fits any standard knife case; a real handy road tool, \$19.95.
64. **Compact Mirror**—Comes with case, \$5.95. **Snow Shovel**—'Cause we know it snows everywhere, \$3.95.
65. **Biker Wallets**—Made out of dead cows and zippers. A, B, C & F, \$19.95. D, \$14.95. E. Kid Size, \$9.95.



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66. **A. Skull Belt Clip and Key Ring**—Heavy stuff, \$19.95. **B. Skull only**—Use as a fuckin' paper weight, or drill and tap fer yer jockey shifter, \$14.95. **C. Ballin' Key Ring**—A great conversation "piece", \$4.95.
67. **Kid's Ts—Hey jerks**—don't hog 'em all fer yerself! Yer kids luv 'em even more than yo. Great fer Christmas and birthdays. Spec. A-H and size, \$5.95 ea.
- Compulsory Reading Books Fer Bikers**—All one 'er all to yer ol' man's collection—**IF HE CAN READ, GIT RID OF THE WORTHLESS JERKS**.
68. **A. American Racing Motorcycles**—All about the American manufacturers and the contribution to the racing scene. Many n pics. \$22.95. **B. The Iron Redskin**—Any Indian lover CANNOT do without this on. It's all about the company, the machine and their history. \$22.95. **C. American Race**—Covers the first 40 years of competition machines. History, stories, and pictures. \$22.95. **D. Restoration of Vintage and Throbbred Motorcycles**—All about savin' that ol' shit box ya got. \$15.95. **E. A Brotherhood of Outlaws**—All about the outlaw underground. Good times, bad times on the road, etc. \$9.95. **F. H-D Big Twin Owners Manual, 1974-77**, \$10.95. **G. C of the Harley-Davidson**—America's favorite machines in color, featuring Arlen Ness' collection. A book not to be without! \$10.95. **H. H-D Sportster Owners Manual 1970-76**, \$10.95. **I. Custom Harley Cookbook**—Hard core nuts and bolts abt buildin' Harleys. \$9.95. **J. What Fits Wh 5th Edition**—Harley parts interchange an high performance guide fer all V-Twins 1936-1982. \$6.95. **K. Easy Rider's Tech Tips**—All about time savin' secrets, etc. St ya got ta know about. \$8.95.



69. **Harley Rugs**—OK dumbfucks—wouldn't ya like ta have one of these layin' around yer house? Well, if ya can tell us how many pins the goddamn photographer had ta use ta hold these babies up on the wall—we'll give ya yer choice fer **FREE**. 27"x36". Specify A or B. \$19.95 ea.

70. **Sew On Patches**—OK ya jerks, **SNATCH A PATCH** fer you an' yer ol' lady's favorite rags. Specify letter. A. \$21.95. B&C. \$2.95. D. \$4.95. E. \$2.95. F. \$21.95. G,H,I,J,K,L,M&N. \$1.95. O. \$4.95. P,Q,R&S. \$1.95. T. \$2.95. U. \$12.95. V&W. \$4.95. X. \$3.95. Y. \$2.95. Z. \$1.95. AA. \$2.95. BB. \$3.95. CC. \$4.95. DD. \$21.95.

71. **Brew Holders**—Keep yer favorite drink plenty cool with one of these fuckers. Grab a few extras fer that big party yer plannin'. Specify A-C. \$4.95 ea.

72. **Biker Chain Bracelet**—Real Classy gift fer yer ol' lady. \$6.95.

73. **A. Table Lighter (butane)**—A real showpiece, \$21.95. **B-F. BIC Lighter Covers**—Flash 'em when ya flick 'em, \$5.95 ea. **G. Switch Blade Roach Clip**—Really works, \$3.95.

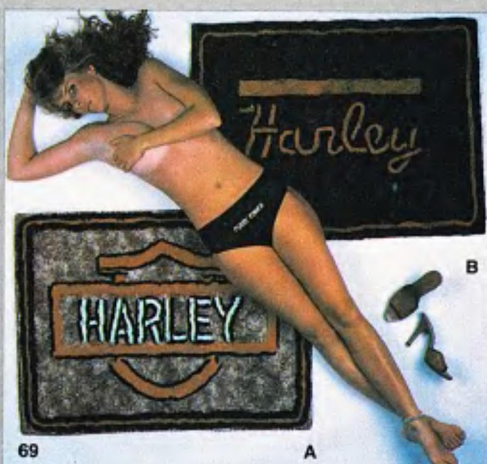
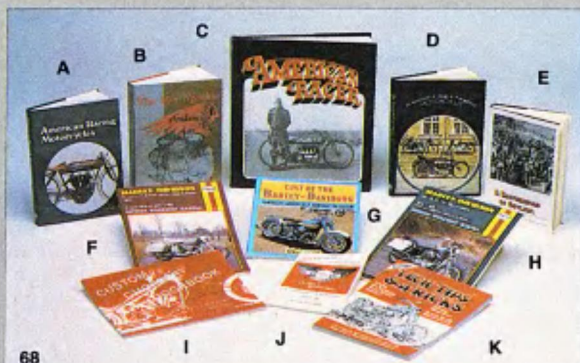
74. **Pet Hawg Bank**—Teach yer kids ta save. Cast iron lasts forever, \$9.95. T-Shirt, sizes 2-4, 6-8, 10-12, 14-16, \$5.95.

75. **Curtain Climbers T's**—Git 'em started early. Specify A-D and size 6,8,10,12,18, or 24 months. \$4.95 ea.

76. **Cast Iron Toys**—Collectables fer all ages. **A. Side Car**, \$16.95. **B. Crash Car**, \$16.95. **C. Patrol Bike**, \$19.95.

77. **Spiked Wrist Bands**—These fuckers ain't fer wipin' yer nose or goin' ta church, but they re damn neat! **A. Viking**, \$24.95. **B. Gladiator**, \$19.95. **C. Ol' Lady**, \$14.95.

78. **Popular Biker Bandanas**—Git some fer you and yer friends. Specify A thru N, \$3.95 ea.



If ya order over \$100, take yer choice of one of these fer **FREE**! Over \$200 and ya can choose two. Over \$300 and we'll just give ya all three. (T-shirts, #12A thru #12UU).



HAPPY HOLIDAYS to all our valued friends and customers from the folks who are glad to serve your needs all year long (I to r: Arlin, Novia, Felix, Al and Jim). **Because of all yer bitchin', we finally got a toll-free number** (that means it's our dime, dummy) **1-800-421-6224**. Sorry, but if ya live in Alaska,

Hawaii, Colorado, or any other foreign country, you'll have ta write or call **1-303-433-7025** or **1-303-433-0564**. And don't fergit ta order our bad-ass catalog with all our good Harley stuff and chopper accessories. It's only \$4.95 and it's refundable. All orders sent **UPS/COD**. Foreign and overseas orders prepaid only. All shippin' charges extra. **Sorry still no fuckin' checks or credit cards!**



1433 West 38th Ave. Denver, CO 80211

UNIVERSAL SOLVENT

How the DEA, America's very own Gestapo, spit on the Constitution and committed mail fraud to bust a few bikers (and other citizens).

"The government that governs best, governs least."
—Thomas Jefferson



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

Well, they didn't have a Drug Enforcement Agency in Jefferson's time. Back then, Americans were still free to snort whatever kind of snuff they wanted and brew whatever kind of herbal tea that turned them on. Times, like they say, have certainly changed. Or, as rock 'n' roller Chuck Berry might put it, "Roll over, Jefferson, and tell Tchaikovsky the news" that the arrogant un-Americans (What other classification should be given to public officials who use the Constitution for toilet paper and treat citizens like feudal serfs?) who run the Department of Injustice and the DEA have decided that the government that governs best is the one that claps as many of its citizens as it can behind bars.

The latest example of the DEA's contempt for the democratic process — the latest in a long list beginning with the establishment of a toll-free "800" drug hotline number designed to encourage people to rat on their neighbors (or to report phony shit about anyone they've got a grudge against) — is the creation of a bogus company called Universal Solvents, which offers to sell — through the mail — equipment and supplies for manufacturing drugs. Place an order and you'll get your supplies, all right — closely followed by five or eight cars full of local cops and DEA agents.

Fronted by a guy called Mel Schabits (actually a DEA agent), who professed to be its "president," Universal Solvents placed

its ads in a wide spectrum of consumer magazines. Since bikers have long been targeted by the feds, it's no surprise that some of those ads were put in various biker rags, including *Easyriders*. (Even Spider occasionally gets burned, though he did send 'em back the balance of their money along with a note telling 'em where to put their ad, as soon as we figured out the scam.) Since drug dealers were allegedly the target of the whole "sting," it's no surprise that magazines such as *High Times* also got the Universal Solvents ads.

What is surprising is that in their overwhelming zeal to bust people, the DEA even started putting their ads into such "respectable" rags as *Popular Science* — they apparently advertised any

place they thought they would be able to entice law-abiding citizens into experimenting with controlled substances.

Fortunately, the usefulness of Universal Solvents is now over. Even the straight media — as illustrated by this story from the *New York Times* — have gotten wind of it.

Agency Sells Drug Kits, Then Arrests Buyers

By LESLIE MAITLAND WERNER

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Aug. 10 — Federal drug agents seeking to draw out potential producers of hallucinogens and other illicit drugs have been operating bogus chemical companies that sell materials and instructions for the manufacture of such dangerous drugs. Then they arrest their customers.

The front companies have attracted business by placing advertisements in magazines, including *Popular Science*, *Life*, and *High Times*. But most of the advertisements give no hint that the companies are willing to sell controlled substances. Rather, they offer free catalogues, in which the controlled substance kits are listed along with routine laboratory equipment and chemicals.

The tactic, which officials of the Drug Enforcement Administration acknowledge using in recent years to unmask secret producers of such drugs as LSD, "angel dust" and methedrine, has already led to convictions, although officials declined to say how many cases had been tried or over what period. While details about it have been made public in court, the officials requested that nothing be written about it for fear of damaging its efficacy.

The method has been called entrapment by some defendants and their lawyers or sympathizers. They say that without the Government's cloaked offers of materials and information for manufacturing illegal drugs, those caught in the trap could never have done it themselves.

Dean Latimer, editor of *High Times*, a counterculture magazine, says he is upset at being unwittingly used to help trap gullible readers.

Mr. Latimer said he was so angry, "I'm afraid for my health — apoplexy threatens." He noted that he could not afford to reprint issues that have al-

ready gone to press carrying the advertisements. "It's frightening, because these chemicals are not normally available. But they provide a kit and instructions and then they come raid you. I think it's entrapment."

Entrapment can be used as a legal argument for the dismissal of charges on the ground that the Government induced a crime that the defendant would not otherwise have committed. However, the Government can prevail if it proves the defendant was predisposed to commit the crime.

If such predisposition is established, a possible alternative defense is that the Government's behavior was so "outrageous" that its actions violated due process rights under the Constitution. The due process defense is often raised in connection with such operations as the Federal Bureau of Investigation's Abscam inquiry aimed at political corruption. Because the drug agency would not discuss the cases arising from its operations, it was not possible to determine if such defenses have been raised in response.

Officials of the agency confirmed that, unlike the Federal Bureau of Investigation, it has no process to examine plans for setting up any long-term bogus operations. At the F.B.I., an undercover review committee assesses such plans to determine whether they might violate constitutional rights of potential defendants.

But the drug enforcement officials said that while they planned to set up such a screening panel, undercover work was "the bread and butter" of the agency and was nothing extraordinary that would require special attention from top officials.

"We feel it's a viable enforcement technique," said David Canaday, deputy chief of the Dangerous Drug Section. Mr. Canaday said it saved countless hours for investigators to be able to catch drug manufacturers before their products got to dealers.

Defendant Says He Was Misled

One recent case in Michigan provides an unusual picture of how the technique has been used. In this case, the defendant, Carl Peterson 2d, contends he was unfairly misled by answers he received when he inquired into the Government's interest in the chemical he was considering buying.

Mr. Peterson responded to advertisements placed in *Popular Science* and received a catalogue from Universal Solvents in Illinois.

Mr. Peterson, who admitted in an interview that he planned to make methedrine and used an assumed

26 SCIENCE & CHEMISTRY

CHEMICALS & Laboratory Equipment.
Vara Scientific, P.O. Box 1677, Newark,
NJ 07102.

EDUCATIONAL Material - easy to read and understand synthesis reports (P-2-P, DMT (specify), etc.) Apex Publishing Co., P.O. Box 845, Times Square Station, New York, NY 10036.

Two of the ads placed in Popular Science by Federal drug agents.

name when he wrote for more information, asked about a component in the manufacture of methedrine, methyl benzyl ketone.

The reply Mr. Peterson received from Universal Solvents last August concluded: "The sale and manufacture of this chemical is prohibited unless one is registered with the Government. The bottom line is this: We cannot 'legitimately' make or sell this chemical, but we can supply all chemicals and equipment necessary to produce it without restriction."

The letter went on to describe a "very popular kit" that, for \$700, would provide all he needed. Mr. Peterson was also informed that manufacturing methedrine would "utilize a different method than what you have indicated" but was assured "we will include details of the procedure upon receipt of order."

Mr. Peterson, who is 33 years old and had no previous criminal record, recalled what happened when he went to the Universal Solvents office. "They gave me the formula and said if I needed any help, call, and I could talk to a chemist, and he'd help," he said. "I asked, 'Isn't this unlawful?' because I knew it was against the law to make. But he said, 'No, it's public information, and there's no problem on this.'"

Agents Seized Drug Kit

When he left he was followed, and the next day agents armed with a search warrant seized the kit and arrested Mr. Peterson and two friends on drug conspiracy charges. A few weeks ago he entered the Terre Haute Prison Camp in Indiana to begin serving a two-year sentence while his case is on appeal.

His lawyer, Joseph Jenkins, a former agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, criticized the D.E.A. operation. "They're walking a fine line on this, saying it's not illegal to buy the chemi-

Continued on page 94

PREMONITION

"Jesus H. Christ!" Tom exploded, "Can't you be serious? You and your fucking philosophizing. We're going to die. In just a little while that door is going to open and we're going to die. We'll be dead!" He trembled violently for a moment, then made a gargling sound deep in his throat to dramatize the seriousness of what he was trying to get across.

BY COYOTE



The sound of the first bike came early in the afternoon. Then a while later, another, and another right behind it until the arrivals seemed to be in procession. They had stopped after midnight, except for a couple that came chugging in, sounding ragged and tired.

The Clan was gathering. They could hear them from the window. Laughter, loud conversation, the sound of compressed gas rushing out each time another keg was tapped. Parties. Always parties. They partied for life and they partied for death. Death meant nothing to them.

They sat huddled together against the wall opposite the single high window, their feet tucked under them as if they were trying to keep them warm. Now and then one or the other would glance up at the window, but the glances directed upward were without expectation, without hope.

During the early morning hours, the moon appeared. It was only a wafer that hung there, framed in the high window, and then could no longer be seen.

"It's a bad night out," Tom said. Paul turned his head toward the sound of his friend's voice. In the darkness, he could barely make out his shape.

"Bullshit!" he answered. "There isn't a cloud in the sky." His voice was just louder than a whisper. "The moon was bright all night, almost like the sun on a cloudy day. We could have found our way across the yard without any trouble at all. You're a pessimist. It's a good night."

"Good for you, maybe. I'd like to go on living. For me it's a bad night."

"Bad nights are nights you spend alone. You're not alone. You're with me."

"Jesus H. Christ!" Tom exploded, "Can't you be serious? You and your fucking philosophizing. We're going to die. In just a little while that door is going to open and we're going to die. We'll be dead!" He trembled violently for a moment, then made a gargling sound deep in his throat to dramatize the seriousness of what he was trying to get across. "Death is a very serious matter. What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"How do you know it's a serious matter?" Paul asked, quiet as before. "Have you ever been dead before? I sure haven't. As for death being a serious matter — I've heard that, but

Continued on page 89





A close-up, low-angle shot of the front of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. The image shows the chrome headlight, the front fork, and the front wheel with a multi-spoke rim and a black tire. The background is a solid light blue.

84 SOFTAIL

Unless you're a quarter-century veteran of livin' on two wheels, you might not remember the days when you could walk into your local Harley shop and roll back out again with your butt proudly vibrating on top of a rigid-framed Hog that needed just a bit of bobbing, none of it involving the frame, to turn it into a dream chopper of the day. But whether you remember it or not, it's a fact: Until 1957, the rigid ruled at Harley. Since then it's been every man-who-can't-stand-vertical-car-type-shocks for himself — and his favorite after-market supplier.



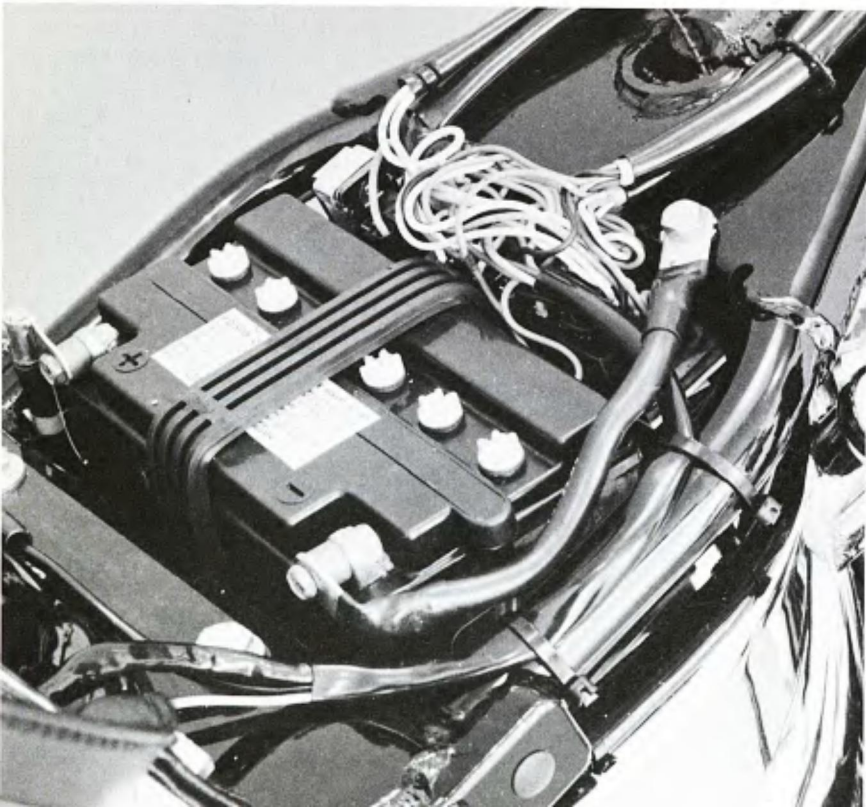
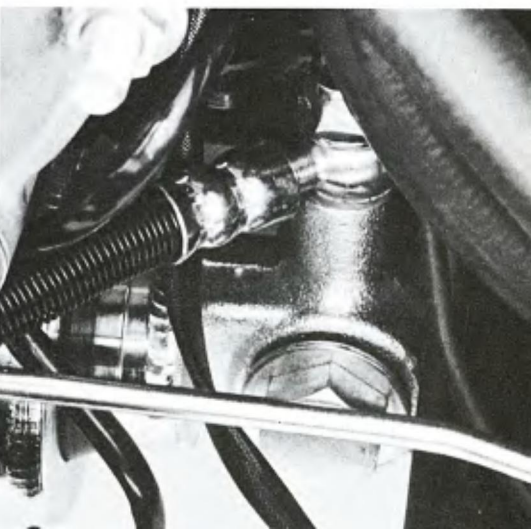
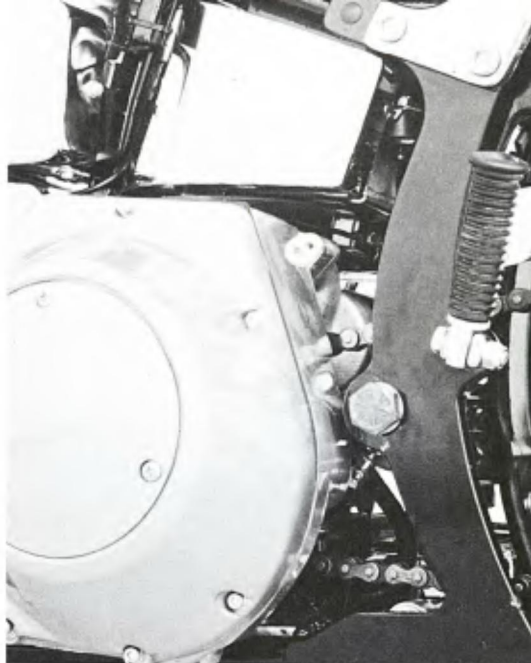
A couple of years back, Bill Davis, a St. Louis motorcycle design engineer, got the notion of building a rigid-looking frame that could soak up parking lot speed bumps and freeway repaving lumps with the same aplomb as a bike equipped with traditional shocks. The result? A patented design that replaced vertical shocks with a swingarm and a pair of gas-charged, horizontally mounted rear shocks placed between the lower frame tubes.

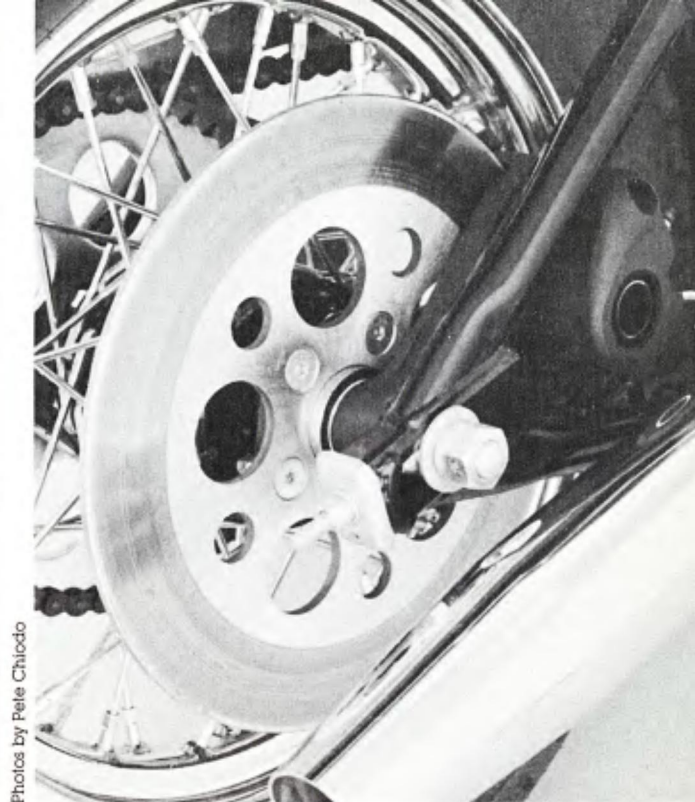
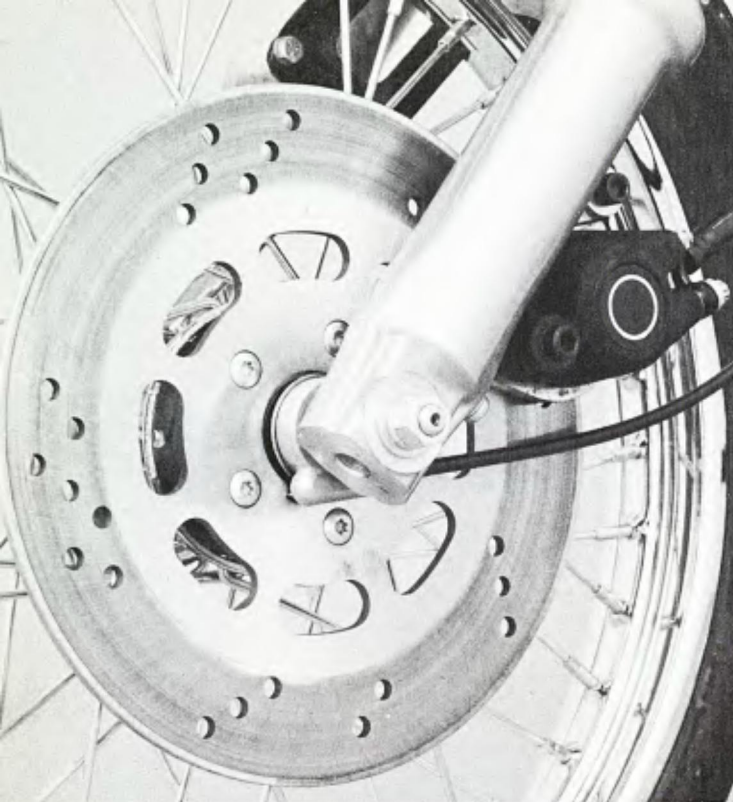
After perfecting his design, Davis set up a company, Road Work Industries, and began to manufacture and sell his frames — in small numbers. Imagine his surprise, then, when the phone rang one day and

the chick who answered it for him said, "Bill, you've got a long-distance phone call from Milwaukee."

The message from the factory was simple ("How come we never thought of that?"), and the offer they made ("License your patent rights to us, help us refine the design and become co-creator of a line of brand-new bikes using our latest Evolution engine,") was impossible to refuse.

The deal couldn't have been struck at a better time. Harley was looking for a way to introduce their state-of-the-art V-Twin (read all about that oil-tight beauty on page 27 of this issue) in a model that emphasized the classic tradi-





Photos by Pete Chiodo

tional aspects of the powerplant while pointing up the hi-tech, as-modern-as-tomorrow features of its design and performance. What better way than to bolt it into a slick-as-snot update of the classic rigid frame? And just to make sure the bike still spelled Harley with a capital H-O-G, the designers threw in a classic horseshoe oil tank, laced-spoke wheels, pullback buckhorn bars and forward-mounted foot controls.

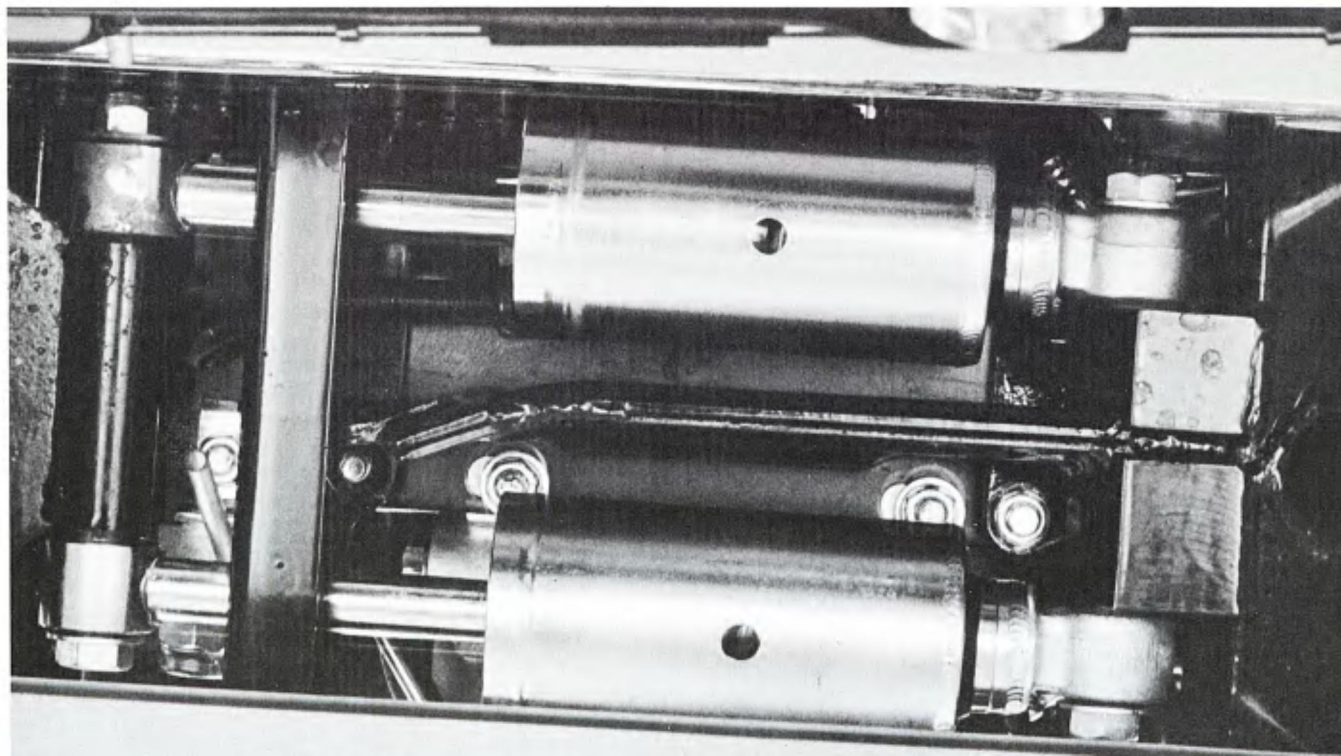
Also, emphasizing the "classic" nature of the whole project, Harley has let it be known that the extra height of the Evolution engine means that the Softail will be the only four-speed, kick-starter-equipped bike that gets the new powerplant. All the other Evolution engines will go into the company's five-speed, electric-start-only tourers.

So, there you have it — an engineer's view of the future melded

with a biker's vision of the past. Like four kings face up on a poker table, the pictures speak for themselves.

The Harley Softail, which should be at Harley dealers now, welcomes tomorrow while celebratin' yesterday. It whispers "'56" to your eyes and heart while it delivers "'84" to your butt and throttle hand. What the hell more could ya possibly want?

— Butcher



TOGETHER AT THE TOP



Photo by Bert Shepard

Life in the fast lane — we've been rattlin' on about that for over ten years now, but nobody lives it better than Ricky Graham, defending champion in the Camel GT Racing Series.

Consequently, when Spider decided it was time for *Easyriders* to go racing, it was only natural he'd put his money where the Number 1 plate is — on the nose of Ricky's Tex Peel-tuned Harley.

"We're the number one bike rag, right? If we're gonna

sponsor anybody, it should be the number one team," was the way he put it.

So, next time you're out at the track, watch for our colors flyin' by at the head of the pack and give Ricky a cheer for the courage and skill that have gotten him to the top.

And while you're at it, give yourself a pat on the back. The fight against helmet laws, the founding of ABATE, the Claybrook crusade and now the flying of a biker magazine

banner on AMA-sanctioned tracks from coast to coast . . . for over a decade, your support has made it **all** happen.

As he fights for his second straight title, Ricky Graham is not just representing the magazine by flyin' *Easyriders* colors. He's also representing you and your bros and everyone else who considers a motorcycle more than a piece of hardware that gets you from point A to point B.

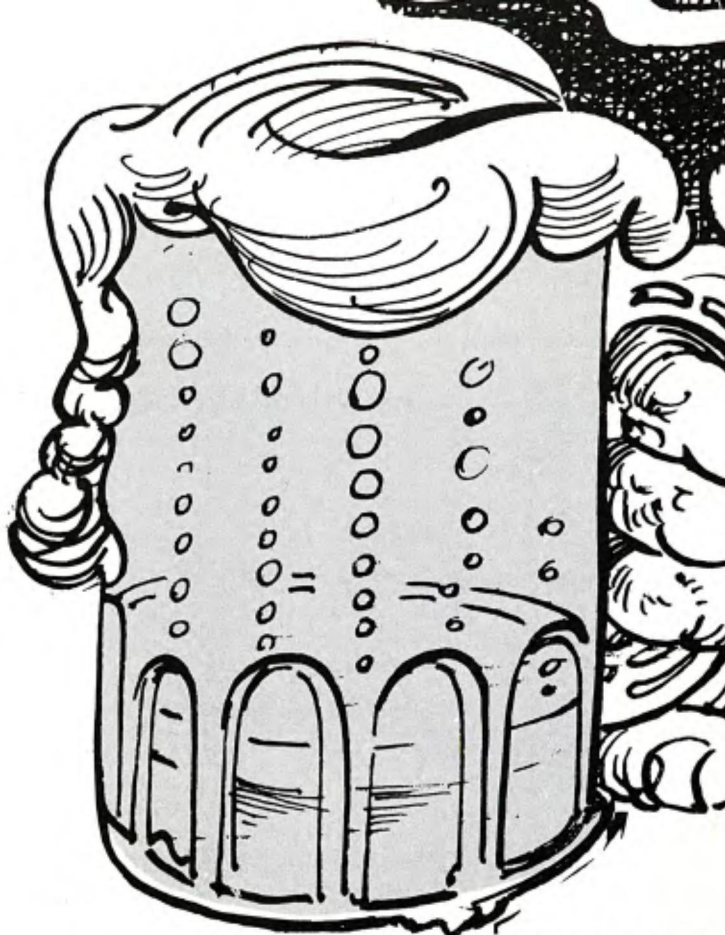
— The Editors

Low-Buck 12th-Xmas Subscription Offer. Only \$15.00 Per Year!

That's right. 15 bucks gets you a year's subscription to **Easyriders** — a \$9.00 saving over what you'd pay on the streets.

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DON'T WANT IT?!!
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TALK ABOUT EVOLUTION

Considering all it takes to redesign and tool up a top end, it shouldn't surprise anyone that the H-D factory has been working on this project for four or five years.

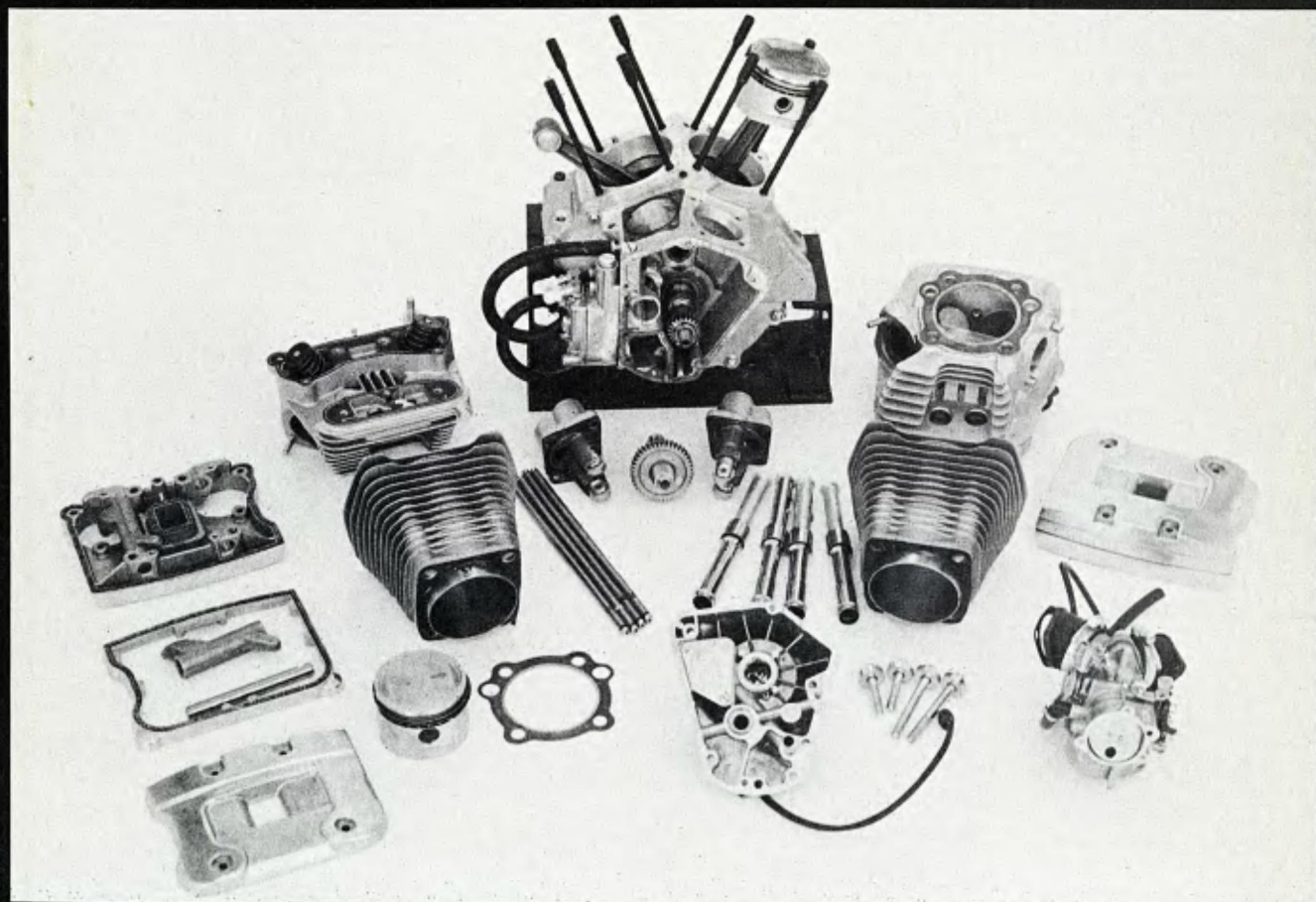
Ever since 1980, in fact, Harley has been slowly adapting various models to accept the new V-Twin by changing the frame height, modifying the engine mounting systems, etc. Finally, after 5600 hours on the dyno, 750,000 miles of testing on the road, and a limited production run of test-bike engines, the Evolution powerplant is available at your Harley dealer on selected 1984 models.

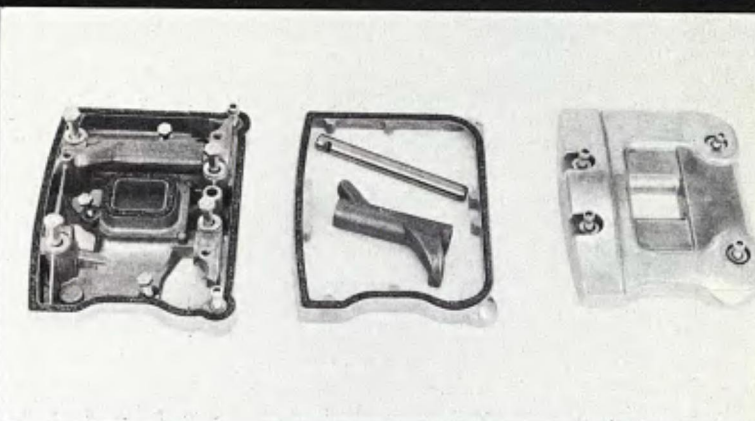
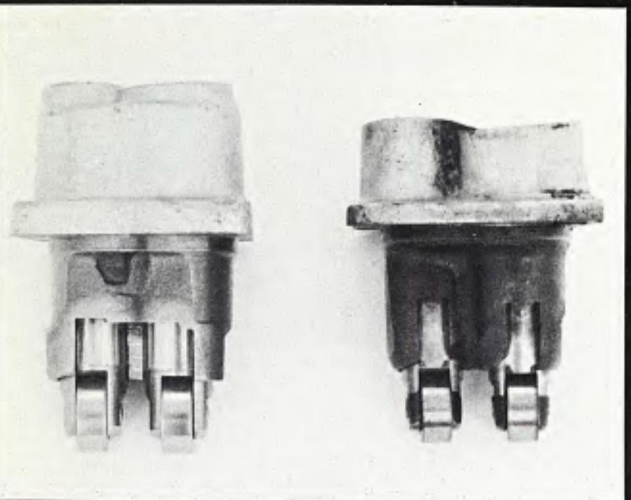
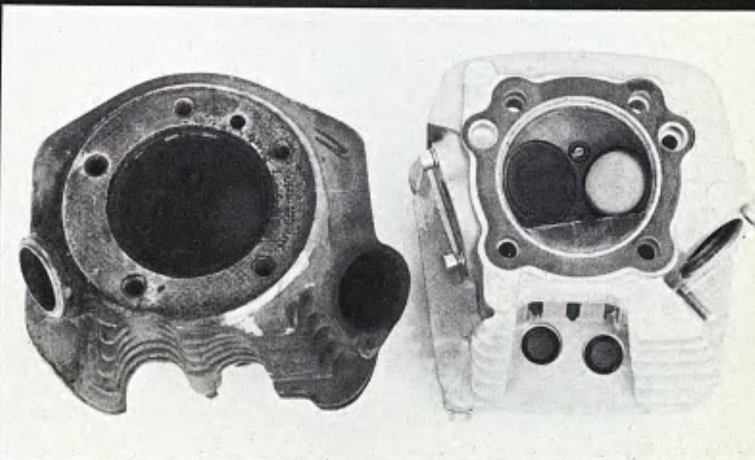
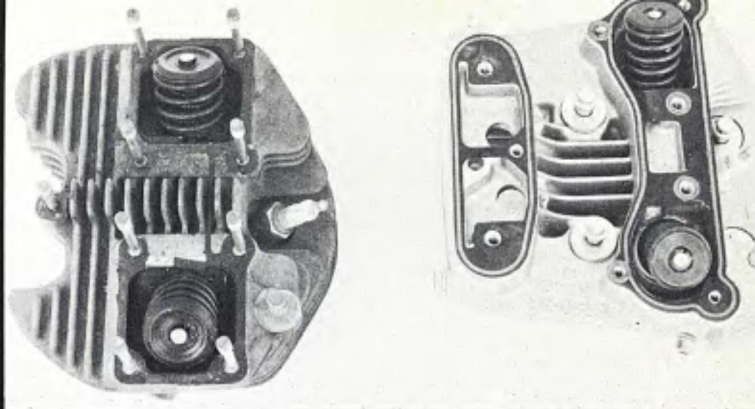
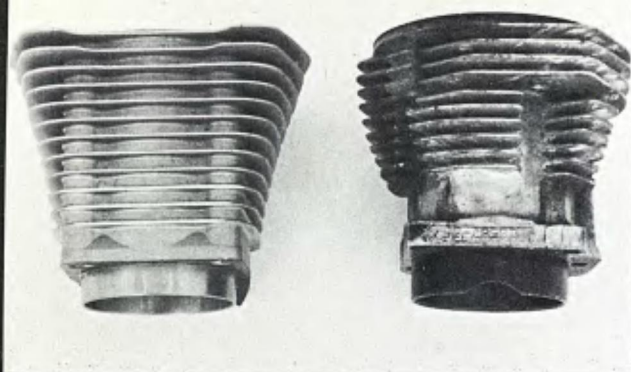
And, though it does share common blood with the long line of Harley V-Twins that preceded it, the new mill has enough tweaks, tricks and just plain top-cabin engineering to have made it well worth waiting for.

The most obvious changes, to me, anyhow, are the heads and rocker boxes. The factory officially calls the new design an "E" head, but it's already picked up the nickname "blockhead" around our own garage.

Anyway, the rocker boxes are three-piece units designed to make it easy to service the heads without removing the engine from the frame. The pieces are sealed with cork gaskets held in place by a lip cast into each side of the gasket surfaces, and the rocker-arm shafts are held in place by one of the rocker-box mounting bolts.

The new heads feature steeper valve angles and side-squish combustion chambers along with relocated spark plugs that, the company says, combine to "produce a faster flame speed and provide more efficient and com-





plete burning of the fuel mixture." They are held together by four head bolts that go in from the top (instead of five from the bottom) and hold the head and the new aluminum cylinder together as a unit.

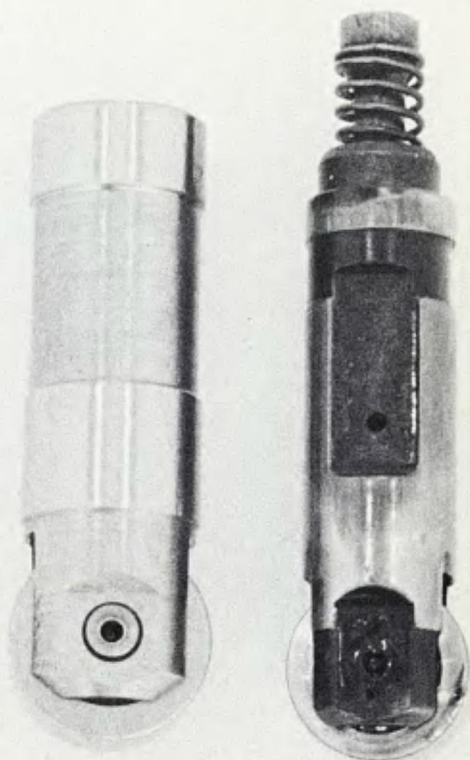
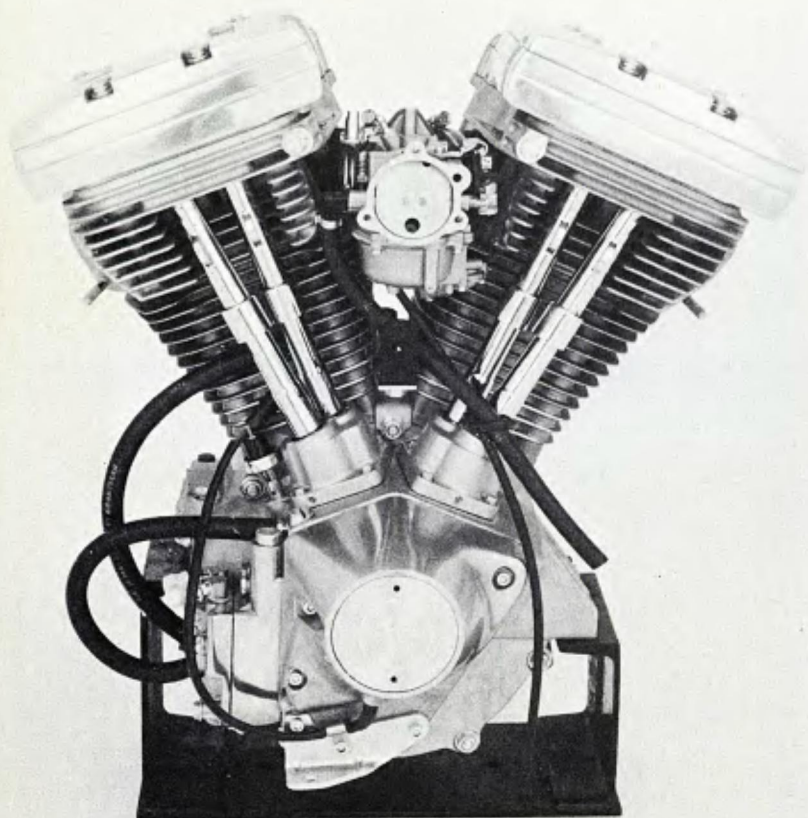
Contrary to what you might think at first glance, though, the head bolts (which are of two different lengths) aren't a foot long. Instead, the factory has used long studs that screw into the cases. The studs come almost to the heads, but leave enough room for the cylinder to be slipped off while the engine remains bolted in the frame.

Inside the aluminum cylinders, the factory has bonded a Spiny-Lok cast-iron liner to give the cylinders the light weight and great heat dissipation characteristics of aluminum while maintaining the superior wear properties of

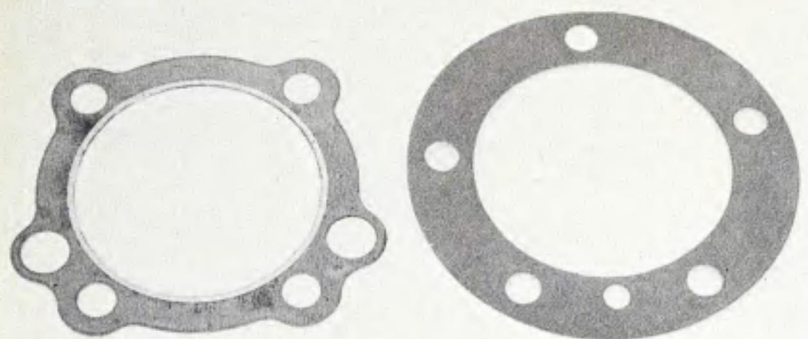
cast iron. The cylinders can be interchanged front to rear and vice versa, but can only be bored .030 over.

Another extremely trick part of the mill is the pistons, which are made of high-strength 12-percent silicon aluminum and are produced by a sophisticated machining process called "diamond turning," which enables the company to machine the flat-top pistons while turning them on two axes simultaneously. What this means in plain English is that the pistons can be machined in what Harley calls a "conical-oval" shape, thus allowing a closer piston-to-cylinder wall fit. In other words, less friction and less oil consumption.

Other visible changes are the new tappet blocks with their automotive-style hydraulic lifters and larger rollers to help them ride the



Photos by Pete Chiodo



cam better. All the oil for the rocker arms is pumped through the lifters and the pushrods to the rocker arms themselves. Incidentally, the new pushrods are not adjustable, but the factory plans to offer them in different lengths to suit specialized needs.

Moving lower into the crankcase, we discover mostly minor changes designed to accommodate the new cylinders. The connecting rods have been beefed up at the big end and have been angled toward the "V" of the engine to lighten the load on the pistons and connecting rods by giving the pistons an easier route to the bottom of the stroke.

According to the factory, these changes — accompanied by others such as a new computer-designed camshaft and an advanced electronic breakerless ignition

system — combine to produce an 80-inch engine with 10 percent more horsepower, 15 percent more usable torque and an infinitely better oil consumption rate than previous Big Twins.

Bein' bikers and not engineering types, of course, we can't verify those claims on dynos or computer terminals for you. All we can say is that one member of the staff rolled the Softail pictured on page 20 out of the photo studio and rode it up to Sacramento and San Francisco and back for a quick weekend run. Total mileage was about 1200; total oil used was less than a spoonful.

Now, I know this was a little jaunt around the block to most riders, but it's a damn good indication of what you can expect from good ol' American engineering.

— Wrench

Steve sat under the tree and as he waited, he remembered. Little Steve listened as his mother said, in memory, "No, Steve, you can't."

"Shut up, Alice, the boy is going with me."

That had been the start of his new life. His father had tried to explain to his mother that she couldn't shelter the boy from life. Little Steve had heard this argument many times before, and it usually ended with his father's storming out the door in disgust. But this time was different. "Get your clothes, boy. We're getting out of here." Steve hadn't looked back when they got on the old man's bike and split.

His old man had tried to explain; his mama hadn't always been that way. "She used to love riding and partying with me, boy. Then I took a bad fall, and right after that you came along and she changed." Steve had tried to understand, but he just couldn't see how anyone could give up riding that big Harley. Nonetheless, he didn't think about it too much in the years that followed. His pop taught him what it meant to be a man and to live like one. He still saw his mom and he knew that his old man still spent time with her. But he spent most of his time with his boy and his brothers. He took his boy on runs with him and as he got older, he took him other places.

He'd had his first woman at the tender age of fifteen. His old man and some of his brothers had laughed like hell at the look on his face when one of the club mamas had brought him back downstairs. Pop still claimed that he hadn't quit smiling for a week. He had gotten his first tattoo in memory of that little episode. His father was the one who had grinned for a week about that. A year later he had started working in the old man's garage. And the year after that he'd built his first bike — a rat, for sure, but a Harley. That had been three years ago. Now his pop had retired from the club and was living with his mom again. Steve could only figure that after all these years they had finally agreed to disagree. He smiled at the thought; they had never gotten a divorce. Steve snapped out of his daydream to Spinner's voice. "Come on, Prospect. You're wanted inside." He was nervous; he thought the brothers would vote him in, but — Then he was inside, there was beer

being poured over his head, and laughin' and shoutin'. He looked up through the beer in his eyes to see his old man holding out his new colors.

BIG MOVE

By Rick "Cheater" Berger

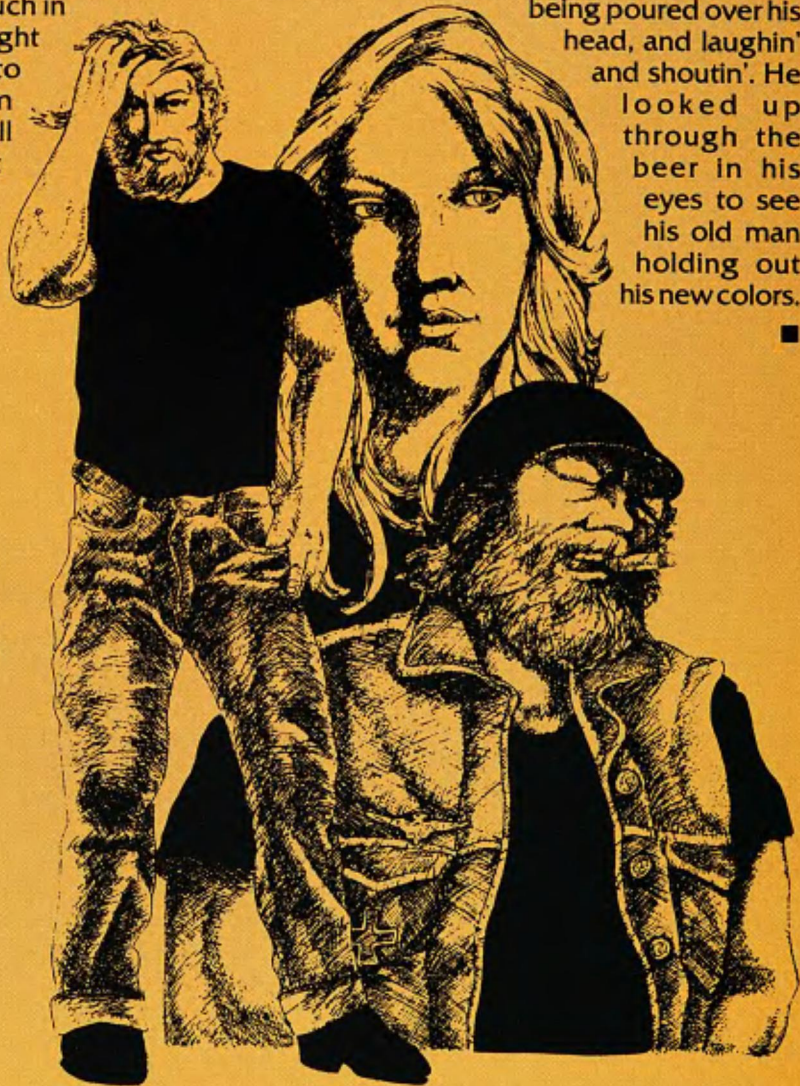
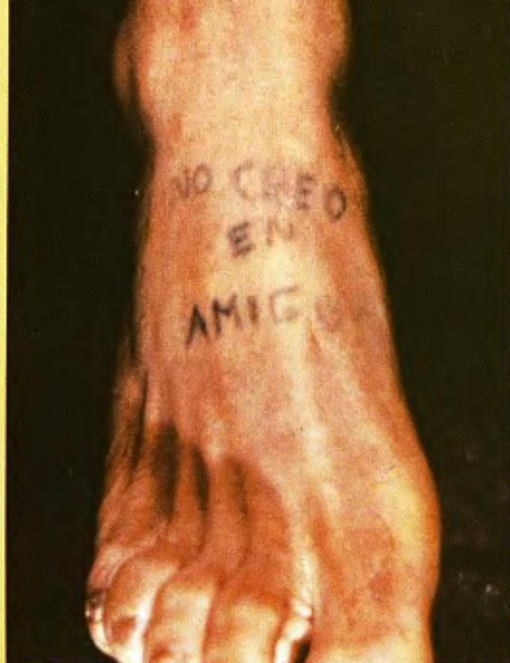
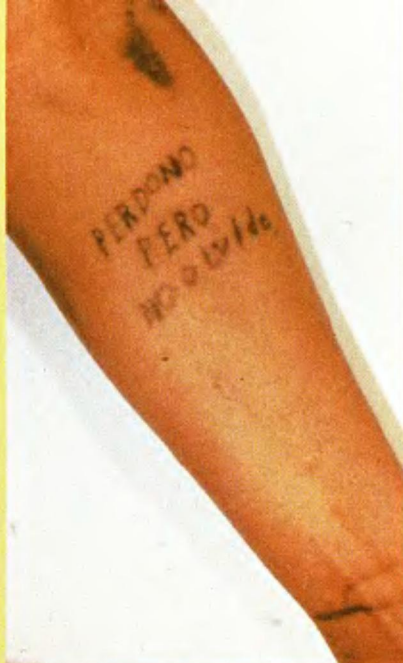


Illustration by Larry Ogden



- 1** Note "I don't believe in friends" on arch of foot. Wonder if he drew a crowd at his funeral. . .



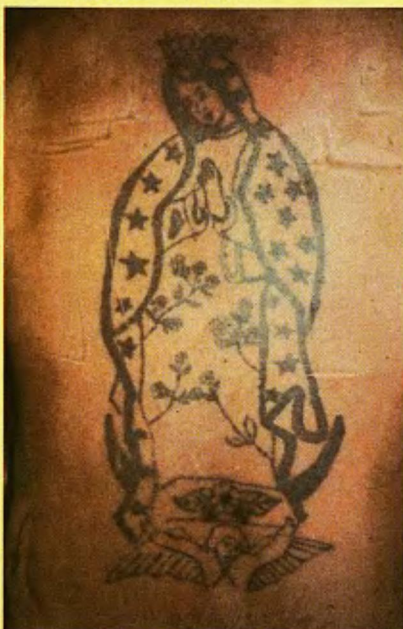
- 2** Note heavy needle tracks in crook of arm and slashes on wrists. Were drugs his form of suicide?



- 3** Very symbolic, devilish imp holding needle. Note how needle point is aligned with freshest hole in arm.



- 7** Jailhouse tattoo of a black widow may have been intended to warn off faggots in the stir.



- 8** Tat of a madonna was probably intended to serve the same function as the black widow.



- 9** Girly pictures like this are quite common among prison cartoonists because there are usually a lot of pinups around to work from.

YA CAN TAKE IT WITH YA

They say that some of the greatest artists in history never got the recognition they deserved till after they were dead. Well, we don't know if the skin artists who created these particular "works" are dead or not, but the guys who are wearin' 'em are — without a doubt — ready to be crated.

According to sociology professor Frederick Geib, who shot (photographically, of course) these stiffies at the New York City morgue as part of a research(!) project, 'twas drugs that did in the departed. For those interested in history, we've included a few of the professor's notes on each of the twelve pictures.

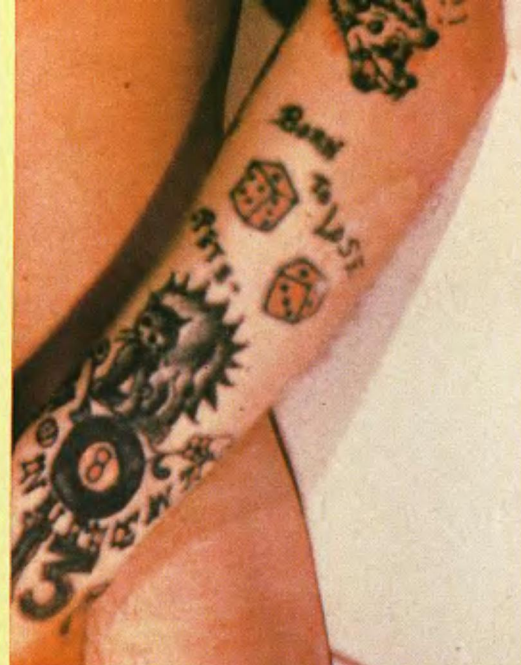
—Pacheco Clyde



4 Death's-head below fresh needle mark sometimes indicates a police informer killed by the dealer he ratted on.



5 Judging from the tattoos on the legs, this was certainly not an optimistic



6 His whole despondency over life is written on his arms. How loud does a person have to cry for help?



10&11 Note that even when the top skin is burnt off, a good tattoo will still be clearly seen in the underlayers.

Photos by Professor Frederick A. Gelb

12 Though his host is all burnt up, the smirking devil still manages to look rapacious — talk about licking flames!

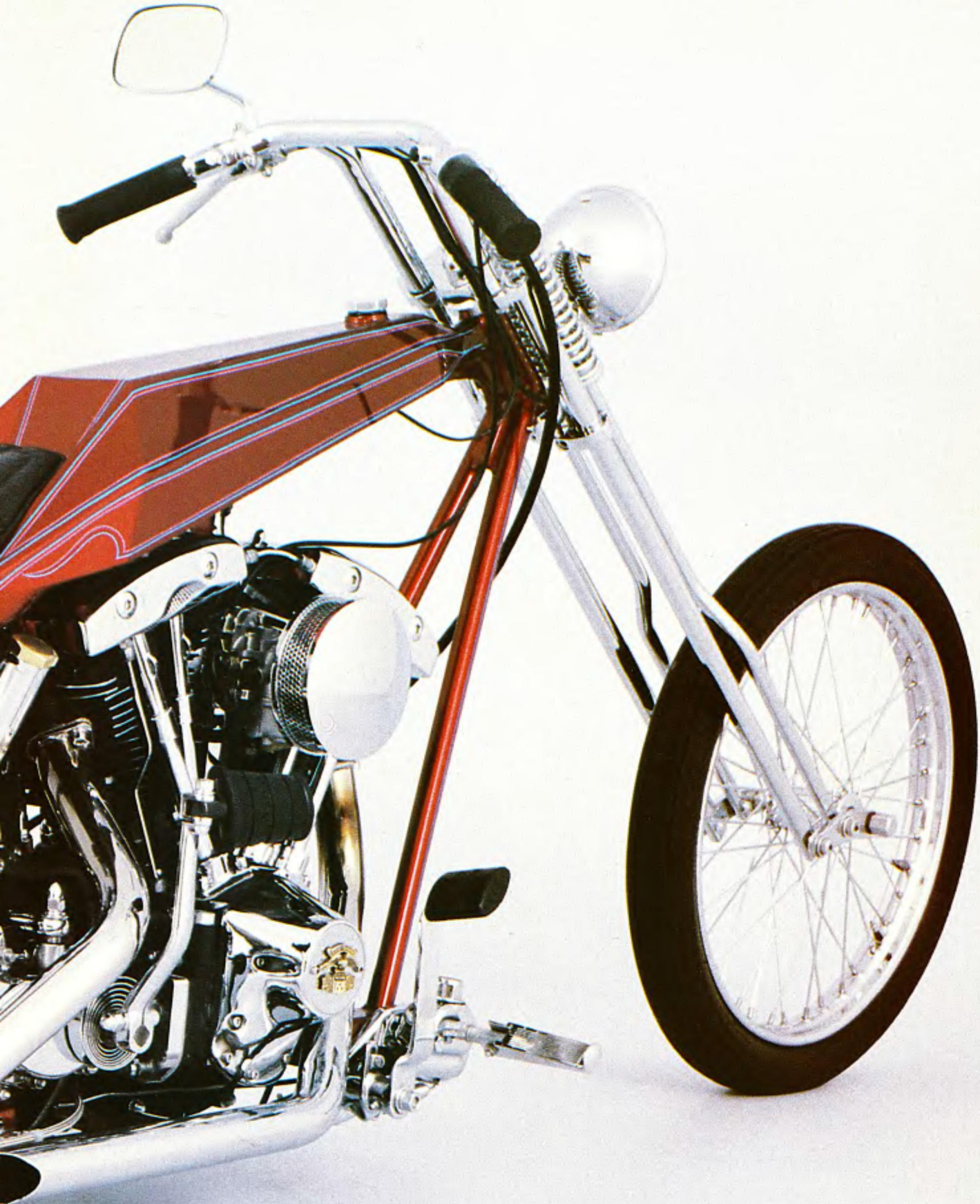


As for me, I look at it
this way:
They say when ya croak, ya
leave it all behind,
Bike, dope and sweet-suckin'
bitch so hard to find.
But that eagle on yer chest,
that deep-inked tattoo,
Is one bit of bikin' you can
damn sure take with you.

ON THE BOUNCE

"The owner of this bike, Moss Whittemore, might never have served under George S. Patton, but he damn well knows what it means to bounce back off the bottom."



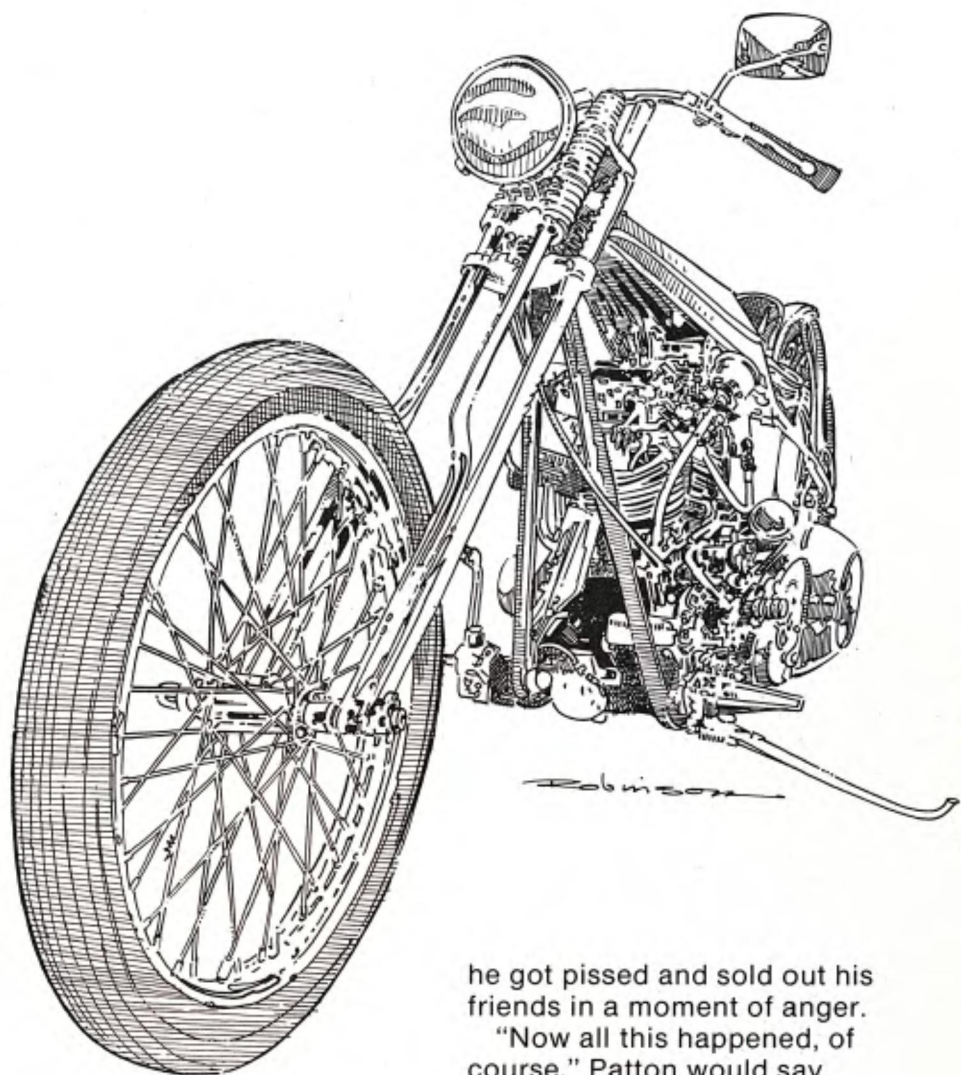




Talk about hardcore. If there was ever a swagger-stick-wielding five-star general who had the classic biker attitude, it was George S. Patton. Shit, if anyone assigned to his motor pool had ever figured out how to balance a Sherman tank on two wheels Patton would've been a biker.

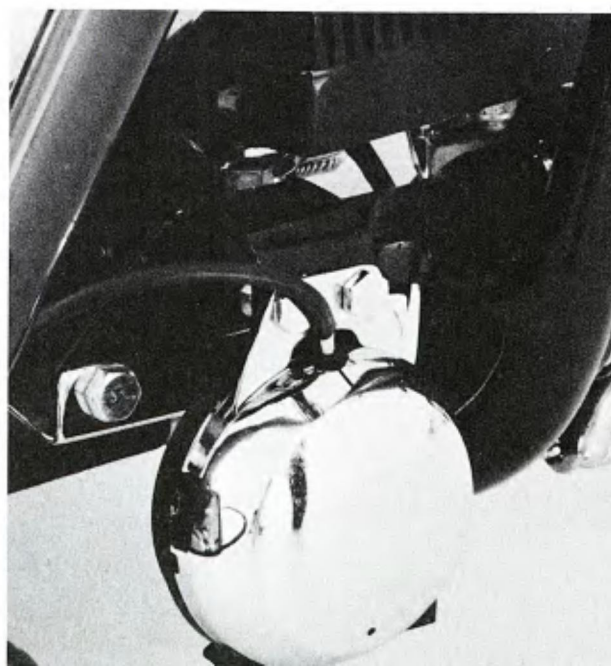
Tough? He could bend nails with his breath and motivate men to charge a machine gun nest with the flick of an eyebrow. In his quieter moments, ol' blood 'n' guts Patton used to try to explain to his junior officers how attitude alone can make the difference between victory and defeat.

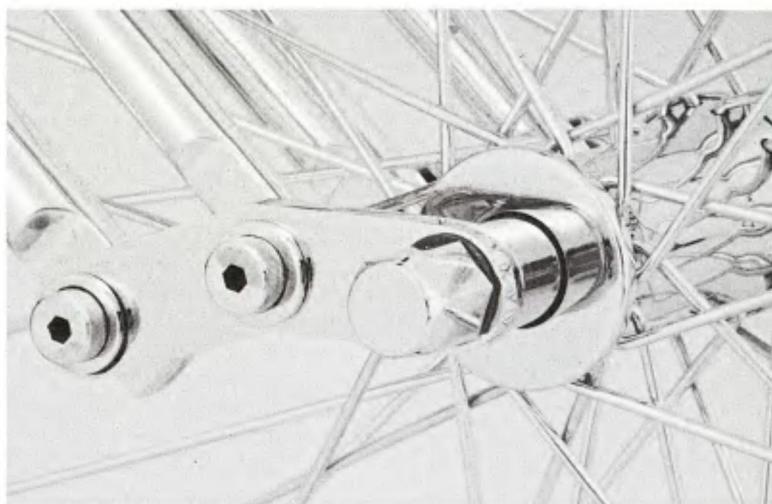
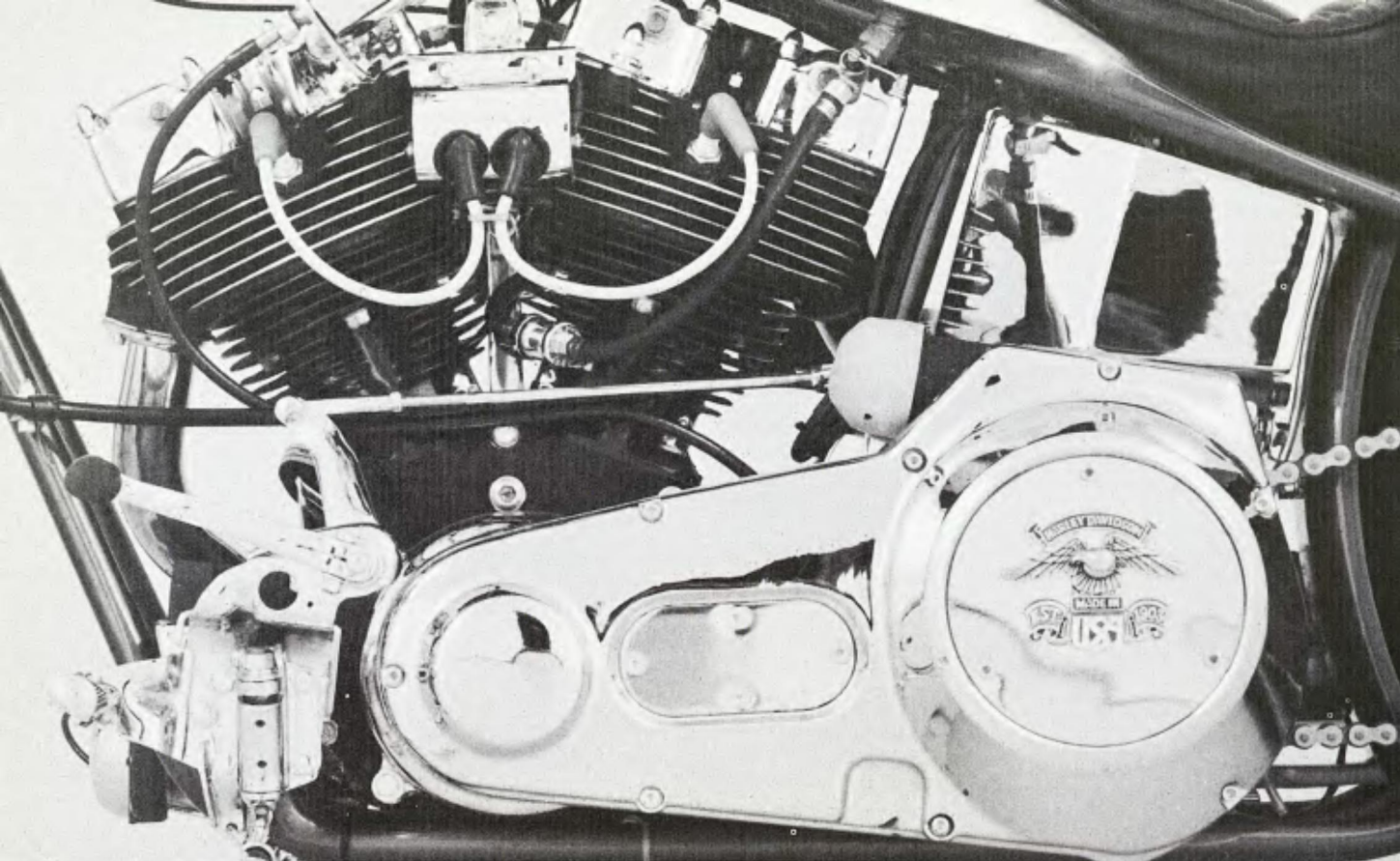
Take Benedict Arnold, one of Patton's stories began. Arnold made his mark as one of the greatest traitors in American history because, as a general in George Washington's army, he gave valuable military information to the British. The little-known key fact, however, Patton would say, was that Arnold didn't turn traitor out of any love for the British; he did what he did because he was opposed to some of the policies laid down by the leaders of the Revolution — in other words,



he got pissed and sold out his friends in a moment of anger.

"Now all this happened, of course," Patton would say, "years before the writing of the American Constitution. The Constitution, as it turned out, addressed itself to many of the matters Arnold



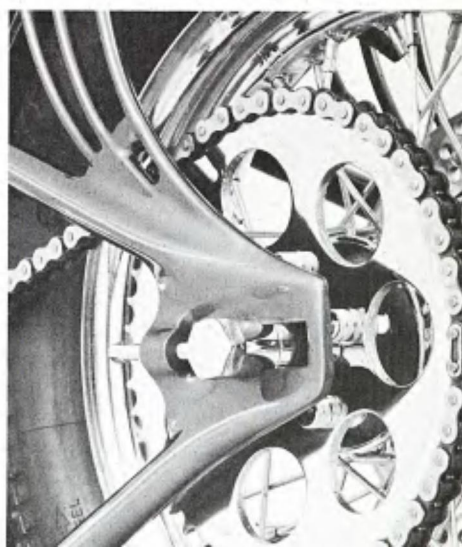


objected to and set them right. If he had just kept his mouth shut and gone on fighting, he would eventually not only have gotten exactly what he wanted, he would also have gone down in history as one of our greatest generals instead of our biggest traitor.

"It goes to prove," said Patton, hammering home his point, "that the measure of a man's class is not how he acts

when he's on top, but how he bounces when he's on the bottom. Benedict Arnold didn't know how to bounce up from the bottom and that's why school children, to this day, still curse his name."

Well, the owner of this bike, Moss Whittemore, might never have served under George S. Patton, but he damn well knows what it means to bounce back off the bottom. Moss began his



Owner: Moss		City: Lincoln, Neb.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner and friends		Year: ?	
Year and make: 1978 H-D		Builder: Denver's	
Model: Big Twin		Type: rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: enough	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: four-in. down tubes	
Time: three months		Other alterations:	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Arlen Ness	
Year: early 1978		Risers: Arlen Ness	
Model: FXS		Fender(s): welded to frame	
Rebuilder: Bob Hulme, Omaha		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points/coil		Taillight: built into fender	
Displacement: 1200cc		Speedo: Drag Specialties	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: yes	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: no	
Pistons: FL		Electrics: owner	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: Arlen Ness Rocket	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: modified Jammer	
Cam(s): Andrews "A" grind		Oil system: works sometimes	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): early Keihin		Seat: Lincoln Upholstery/owner	
Air cleaner: Drag Specialties		Sissybar: none, fender struts	
Pipes: two-in. drag		Height: three times frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 3/8-in. cold roll	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews third gear		Type: gooseneck springer	
Year: 1977		Extension: eight in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: 5/8-in. axle	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: Bud Schroeder		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy brandywine over gold		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: striping by Roger Nunn			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to "Brother Schmidt," "The Big Sniveler" and Bud Schroeder for all the welding.			



Photos by Mike Lic



bounce back on February 2, 1977 (a date he says he'll never forget), when he was booted out of the local drunk tank after one of his then-frequent visits.

"It wasn't the first time I'd been in, but I swore it was going to the last," Moss says. "I'd first ridden a Hog — a 45-incher, it was — when I was 14 and I'd always wanted something that was built for me alone, so I decided to take

some of the extra cash I'd have from not being drunk all the time and do it."

Four months of head-scratching and paper doodling went into the planning before all the parts were ordered, but it only took three months to get the bike built. "I guess I got into wrenchin' with the same intensity I used to have for drinking," Moss says with a grin. Of course, "building" and "finishing" are

two different words, and as far as Moss is concerned, this trim 1200 won't ever be completely finished.

"I've changed it some every year since '77," he says. "It's been repainted four times already. One thing I was going to add this year was a removable sissy bar but the riding weather came up before I got around to it. What the hell, there's always next year."

— Trampo

50 MILES OUT

by Shorty

It was, as my old Arkansas granddaddy was fond of saying, "raining like a cow pissing on a flat rock." Me and Ju-Ju had left Denver at day-break. Heading west on Hwy. 70 we caught a rain squall coming at us in western Colorado.

Shit, can't make any time this way, I thought to myself. Fuck, it stings, but not bad enough to stop. Finally — coming out of a long curve — blue skies. We both said it about the same time and twisted the wicks up to around 75mph.

Now Ju-Ju's got a near new '80 Low Rider and my pan/shovel can keep up with the best of 'em. But something was starting to feel funny in the rear section and I didn't feel comfortable at 85, so I cut him loose. For a while, I could see him riding up in front of me on some of the curves around the low hills before Green River, Utah.

Damn! What was that? Sounded like a snap. Must have run over something in the road. Fuck, what a hell of a head wind there must be. Why else would the engine be straining so fucking much? I think I can see the town. Slow down a bit. Fuck, now it feels like the anchor is out. What's that smell? Looking in the mirror, I saw smoke. Better pull over and check it out — and fast.

It's that damn disc brake again, I concluded, watching the smoke coming out from behind the saddlebags. Sure is hot. Maybe if I let it cool a while it might get me into town on just the front brake. I pushed the yel-

"Our policy with prospects was that they were only considered at a certain age and we didn't treat them like punks, particularly around other clubs."

low cur far enough off the edge of the road so it wouldn't get hit by a passing car or semi. Found a dry, shady spot and lit up a hooter.

While waiting for the yellow bitch to cool down enough to ride, my mind drifted off to the start of this trip. Ju-Ju had been prospecting almost a year now and most all the brothers liked him. It looked like he wouldn't have any trouble getting the rest of his patch. He was a solid stand-up bro. We'd left Dago about five and a half weeks ago on the long ride he needed to finish another mandatory part of his prospectin'. The constitution called for two long rides of over a thousand miles each way and two short rides of 500 miles each way. Two patch holders were supposed to ride with him to verify the mileage. Sometimes we bent the rules a little, and in

Ju-Ju's case it was just him and me 'cause it was too close to our national run for any other bros to make it. We had to get back by Friday for the last meeting before the national. Ju-Ju had prospected at the last national meeting and no one should have to go through all the shit the brothers dream up a second time.

My bike was the major hang-up. First the Tillotson carb had the bottom fall out and now the swinging arm decided it wanted to take a shit. I had to laugh at the Mickey Mouse way we fixed the carb, but it worked well enough to make the 75 miles or so to the Harley dealer in Littleton, Colorado. Fuck, why hadn't I had them check out the rear section while we were there? It was my own fucking fault for not doing some preventative maintenance. I had skipped all that just to get out on the road and now it was back-firing on me. Okay, it's about as cooled down as it's going to be. Let's see what it'll do.

One more time. Check the traffic, don't touch the rear brake for nothin'. "Oh, yeah. One more time," I told the yellow dog. I know Ju-Ju's out there somewhere and if I don't show soon, he'll circle back looking for me. What the fuck, here I go.

Trees, houses, gas stations, people, civilization. Okay, there's Ju-Ju's scooter. I slowed down and stopped. Ju-Ju was standing there with a beer in his hand. He had heard me pull into town. "What kept ya, Shorty?" he asked.

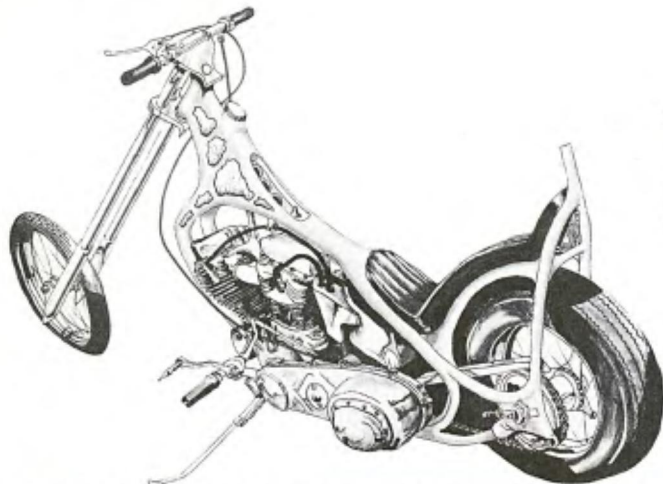
I was thinking that he was a smartass

Continued on page 112

Escondido 5m
San Diego 50m



PAUL MANN



Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Sex, Violence, Speed

Motorcycle advertising is fairly new to the video airwaves, but already there is the rising lament over some of its approaches. It's not that the bike spots are bad, at least not in the sense of old groaners like squeezable toilet paper or waxy yellow buildup. The focus of complaints leveled at today's moto-ads centers less on style than on content. Or, more specifically, on just how that content might be perceived by the non-motorcycling viewer, legislators included. The issues are sex, violence and speed, a triad that some folks simply don't correlate with truth, justice and the American way.

—T.J. Rafferty
Cycle Guide

Radical Head

And from what we hear, the latest evolution of H-D's 80-cubic-inch Big Twin is about ready to hit the streets. We've been told to look for the standard 45-degree twin to have, as one insider describes it, a radically different cylinder-head design.

—Cycle Guide

Shake Your Head

This all leads up to "Why do people seek employment in motorcycling?" And we all know the answer is *money*. That's right — the old greenbacks, and for most of them, it's just a job — sell, sell, sell. I suggest for employees of such companies to look around, shake your head, and remember what motorcycling is all about.

—Len Creed
The Canadian Biker

Participate

All a member is expected to do in the H.D.O.A. is participate! That is what the H.D.O.A. is about: participating with other Harley owners, and in this case from all over the world.

—Carl Wicks
The Gear Box

Non-Harley Mounts

Team Harley-Davidson riders on non-Harley equipment? "All I can say is we are working on some things for next year," said Harley's Clyde Denzer in answer to question about rumors of 500cc Rotax-powered short track and TT machinery for Team Harley. Would they be ready in time for use in the year-end Pontiac TT National? "Right now, the time span appears too short for a development program with all the other things we have to do," answered Denzer. Denzer would neither confirm nor deny that Harley's racing department was, or would be, working with Ron Wood and use his Wood-Rotax engine and frame combination to cut development time.

—Papa Wealey
Cycle News

Vain Attempt

...the Japanese, through their Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI), offered to purchase excess Harley-Davidson inventory, which the company says it does not have, and advance technical assistance, which the company says it does not need. Existence of the negotiation came to light some three weeks prior to President Reagan's action of the

ITC petition, a negotiation that may have been initiated by MITI in an attempt to moderate the impact of the tariff recommendations. This was a vain attempt, as it turned out.

—Motorcycle Product News

10-Cent Engineering

Reports out of Italy had just confirmed that Ducati stopped production of complete motorcycles. As for Moto Ducati motorcycles, it's *finito*. Good engineering, brilliant engineering in its time, will, together with a dime, buy you a cup of coffee at a cut-rate diner.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Pardon Me

The test procedure is elementary. If a vehicle appears to deliberately cut me off, pull out or turn in front of me or otherwise violate my right of way, I follow that vehicle, if it's convenient, and pull up alongside the driver at a stop sign or signal light. Then I inquire politely and calmly, "Pardon me, but would you mind telling me why you tried to kill me?"

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Natural Beauty

The Sportster has a natural beauty and from the word we get from our secret sources, the factory (in 1984) is finally going to do away with the cast-iron heads and if what we hear is true, the '84 Sportsters will have shovelheads and hydraulic lifters to quiet down that awful top end clatter that Sportsters are known for.

—Supercycle

Top 40

Well, outlaw-cyclist movies are few and far between these days, and it's been a while since "Born to Be Wild" was in the Top 40. But, as much as we'd like it to, the tired, bigoted stereotype just won't disappear. There're still folks out there who are willing to add their uninformed, unenlightened reinforcement.

—Cycle World

Free

"Free" is a magic word that consumers will always respond to — if — the giveaway is something they want or need. "Free" installation with the sale of shocks, "free" mounting with the sale of tires are examples of potential business builders.

—Motorcycle Dealernews

ITC Ruling

Since the announcement of the decision last April, I've found that the vast majority of dealers I've questioned feel that 1) this ruling absolutely *will not* help Harley-Davidson sell its motorcycles, and 2) this ruling absolutely *will* hurt the majority of the well over 5,500 American franchised (Honda, Yamaha, Kawasaki, Suzuki, BMW, Triumph) dealers.

—John Brumm
Motorcycle Dealernews

How Dumb

Now, if it is dumb to crash, and it's dumber to crash and not know why you crashed, then to crash and not know why you crashed because you slept through it is the dumbest.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Cop experts finally admit lids don't save lives

One of the largest police agencies in the United States has finally publicly admitted what bikers have known all along — brain buckets do not save lives.

According to the California Highway Patrol, statistics show that only 2.7 out of every 100 bikers who are involved in

accidents in the Golden State — which, by the way, has never had a mandatory lid law — die from their injuries. The average fatality rate in states with lid laws is 3.1 out of every 100.

Furthermore, the CHP reported, freeway white-lining (which is legal in California as

long as the flow of traffic is under 30mph) is far from the unspeakably dangerous act most cagers seem to think it is — less than four out of each 1000 bike accidents in California occur to riders who are lane-splitting.

In fact, the CHP notes, in its listing of motorcycle myths,

freeways and high speeds are a lot easier on motorcyclists' bodies than slowing down and staying off the highway. According to them, most bike accidents occur at low speeds (the average is 21mph) and 90 percent of them occur off the freeway — the great majority at intersections.

Easynews



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

Chick crunches biker; cops rule 'no crime'

Judge Roy Bean, who knew a killer when he saw one, would roll over in his grave if he could see how they are administering "the law" somewhat to the east of the Pecos these days.

Houston police released *without any charges* a chick cager who rammed a cycle while changing lanes on one of the city's freeways. According to the official report of the accident, she sideswiped the bike so hard that the rider, Elery Kincaid, Jr., was thrown off his bike into an adjacent freeway lane where he was run over and killed by another cager — who did stop — and who was also not expected to be charged.

The woman who rammed Kincaid motored blissfully on, of course — seemingly unaware of the accident or

the fact that Kincaid's passenger, Claude Stanley, had been tossed up on top of her cage.

So, the Houston police say, on they rode — the Texas odd couple — the oblivious broad inside the cage and the battered biker on top. Eventually, the stunned Stanley, who suffered only minor injuries in the crash, slid off the car's roof and down onto the windshield. At this point, apparently, the driver realized something was wrong and stopped.

According to the police — *the police*, you know, those guys who are paid your tax dollars to "preserve and protect" — according to the police, the woman was not arrested or charged because she was "apparently unaware she had struck the motorcyclist."

One man dead, another hurt — all legal in Houston because the perpetrator was "apparently unaware." Wonder what ol' Judge Bean said to defendants who claimed they didn't know the gun was loaded. . .

Yeah, there's a postscript to this story. In addition to being helpful enough to hand this woman cager her walking papers, the Houston PD was also so concerned for her delicate sensibilities that they refused to reveal her identity to anyone, including the local press. Talk about preserving and protecting! Some people really get the red carpet treatment.

Brit bike clubs unite for fight

In an unusual display of unity, 11 British motorcycle groups — ranging from bikers' organizations such as the Motorcycle Action Group to trade groups such as the Motorcycle Retailers Association — have banded together to fight repressive laws.

After a lengthy meeting, representatives of the various groups agreed that their primary objective should be to lobby the Ministry of Transport to repeal or modify Britain's discriminatory two-part license test (riders must first pass a test on an under-125cc bike and then go back with a larger bike and pass a second test) and 125cc bike learner laws.

In announcing the group effort to get relief from these laws, Motorcycle Association spokesman Mike Evans said, "There are many viewpoints, but if we can provide a united front on the matters which are agreed upon, then we have a better chance of combating legislation."

Chick biker says bein' pushed off bridge won't keep her out of wind

"As soon as I can get it back together, I'll be riding again," says a biking chick who was struck by a cage with such force that she was knocked off a Florida bridge and fell forty feet into the cold and muddy water of the St. John's River.

"I thought I was going to die," Janet Key, 23, told reporters upon being picked up by a Jacksonville fire department rescue boat after floating in the water for 10 minutes.

"I feel very fortunate," she reported from a local hospital, where she was treated for abrasions and a broken ankle. "You just don't fall off a bridge (flipping three times in the air, at that) and live. That's how people commit suicide."

Feeling equally fortunate, presumably, was cage driver Diane Snyder of Jacksonville. According to the Florida Highway

Patrol, Sawyer's cage went out of control on the Fuller Warren Bridge, struck a divider and bounced back into traffic, where it hit Key's bike. Why should Snyder feel fortunate? You guessed it — *no charges were filed.*

According to Sgt. Tom Thronton of the FHP, Key was lucky she landed in the water instead of smashing into the bridge. "The cushioning effect of the water definitely lessened her injuries."

The officer noted it was the first time that he could remember anyone *falling* into the St. John's that way. Perhaps if he could bring himself to understand the difference between *falling* in and *being shoved* in by 3000 pounds of glass and steel, he might have reached for his citation book and pencil.

First H-D engineer dies at 91

Erwin Weiss, the first chief engineer Harley-Davidson ever had, died recently at the age of 91.

Weiss, who was one of the most prolific and innovative engineers in the history of the American transportation industry, is credited with inventing the motorcycle clutch, among other firsts.

In addition to becoming chief engineer at Harley at the time of the company's birth, Weiss also worked as head engineer at Excelsior, where he helped Ignatius Schwinn design that highly popular series of early motorcycles.

Temporarily leaving the bike

world to fight for his country in World War I, Weiss not only saw combat, but also designed the first American tank used to fight the Kaiser's forces. Later in his career, he served as chief engineer at Packard Motor Co. and designed the spiral stairway used on those funny-looking British double-decker buses ya see in movies.

Before devoting himself solely to engineering, Weiss was an avid baseball player (biking and baseball — not a bad pair of national pastimes) who made the major leagues for one season as a pitcher with the Chicago Cubs.

N.J. bros flex muscle against letting cager off

Outraged New Jersey bikers have been instrumental in getting the charge against a cager who allegedly ran down and killed a biker changed from "leaving the scene of an accident" (a motor vehicle code violation) to "causing death by auto" (a criminal code offense).

About 300 bikers took part in a two-county run protesting the fact that Robert P. Lindsay, 25, who surrendered to police five days after his car reportedly struck a bike — killing the rider and injuring the passenger — was originally charged only with leaving the scene. The protest run began at the Bergen County courthouse in Hackensack and proceeded to the North Bergen police station and the Hudson County courthouse in Jersey City.

Though the authorities originally tried to bluff their way through the situation without taking any action ("What we did was fair," said Asst. Hudson County Prosecutor Edward DeFazio of the original charge), they quickly changed their tune and upgraded the charge when area bikers made it clear they were no longer going to ride on quietly while their bros and sisters were used for target practice by cagers.

In the giving-credit department: Local newspapers reported the organizers of the protest run as Marlene Shelley and her son Kenneth Thomas. We don't know who these people are or what — if any — their relationship is to the victims. What we do know is that their action is both an example of what we bikers can do when we get our shit together and an inspiration for what we should do when The Man attempts to deny us equal protection under the law.

Sleeping bikers ambushed by troopers get some support from shocked public

Recently we ran a story about a group of bikers who were attacked and beaten by state troopers while sacked out at a West Virginia campsite.

The bikers had sued the state and won judgments totaling \$24,000. Though the amount was not nearly enough to rectify the damage done, some good was accomplished by the bikers pressing their claims — increased public awareness of the fact that motorcycle riders are people, just like everyone else, and are more often the victims, rather than the perpetrators, of criminal acts.

An editorial in the *Charleston (West Virginia) Gazette* effectively expresses this enlightened attitude.

"Members of a motorcycle pack," the *Gazette* wrote, in part, "testified that they were camping peacefully in Lincoln County when state troopers attacked them savagely. The troopers testified they

merely used necessary force to break up a drunken disturbance.

"A jury in U.S. District Court believed the motorcycle troop, not the police officers. . . Cyclists had evidence that sleepers were attacked while in their sleeping bags, that headlights on motorcycles were knocked out and tires slashed. Police prejudice was revealed from police mouths: Trooper J.J. Hester testified that he called the cyclists 'Communist sons-of-bitches' because they wore swastikas and Nazi emblems.

"But the size of the verdict isn't as significant as the fact that a West Virginia jury took the word of unlovely, swastika-wearing nonconformists, rather than believe state police officers testifying under oath. . . They have established that American courts, at least those in West Virginia, aren't merely for the well-groomed, middle-class, white-collar element of society."

Stats say biker awareness campaign finally working

You might find it hard to believe the next time Glaucoma Granny blissfully cuts a left turn right in front of your scooter, but — slowly, very slowly, but surely — the movement to make cage drivers aware of bikers and their rights is gaining ground.

Hard proof is finally beginning to turn up in statistics showing that your bike is becoming a safer way to get your butt from point "A" to point "B" than it used to be.

According to figures compiled by the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, 1982 marked the second year in a row that there has been a nationwide reduction in both bike accidents and biker fatalities — in case you're interested in such things, that's the first time in almost 20 years those num-

bers have dropped for two consecutive years.

During that two-year period, bike accidents decreased by five percent and fatalities decreased by eleven percent, far outstripping a decline in motorcycle registrations of only one percent. The '80-'82 figures actually reversed a depressing trend in motorcycle fatalities, which had increased an average of 153 per year every year from 1972 to 1980.

For whatever reason — programs aimed at waking up cage drivers, rider education courses for new motorcyclists, or stiffer drunk-driving laws in some states — more of our bros and sisters are keeping out of the ditches and on the road. Let's keep the pressure up and the accident rate down.

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	Yes	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 ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

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



Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052

ABATE of Florida is planning a food run for Nov. 20 and a toy run — to be followed by a party and camping — for Dec. 10. For more info, write 'em at Box 15585, Sarasota, FL 33505, or call (813) 753-1902. . . MMA of Northern California and the AMA sponsored a **Poker Run** that recently raised \$15,000 for the March of Dimes in their area.

No more cracks about **Assholes from El Paso Dept.**: The city fathers have decided to buy their boys in blue 22 new **Harleys** instead of **Kawasakis**. The fact that H-D discounted the \$7595 FXRs to \$5000 made the decision somewhat easier. . .Hogs are also **selling well** in New Zealand; new distributor Keith Turner reports his shipments of new bikes are selling out almost as fast as they can be unloaded off the boats. Of course, each shipment consists of only 12 bikes, but in a country where an Electra Glide sells for 22,000 extremely hard-earned dollars, that still ain't bad.

The World Riders for End of Hunger group raised \$5000 for Families for Children (a support group for starving kids in India, Bangladesh and Somalia) with a Toronto-to-Ottawa run. . . The **Pennsylvania** legislature is **considering a bill** to exempt everyone 18 or older from the state's lid law. . . The city of Washington, D.C., has installed **parking meters** in 36 **motorcycle-only** parking lots. The lots had previously had been free to encourage people to ride bikes as an energy-saving measure. News from Abroad: **Britain** has a **new law** that calls for fining any bike or accessory dealer who sells an exhaust system that violates noise laws. . . The French Supreme Court of Appeals has **ruled that bikers**, as well as pedestrians and bicycle riders, will be automatically innocent of blame in collisions with cars, vans or trucks — except in extreme cases (like a biker being stoned out of his mind). . . **A biker was killed** by a Royal Canadian Mountie when the cop's car ran into him head-on near Lytton. The constable was unhurt and **no criminal charges** will be filed against him. Anybody surprised?

Legislators in **Oregon** apparently don't consider bikers to be in the same citizenship category as cagers. They **excluded motorcycles** from a proposed "lemon" law, designed to protect people who buy defective motor vehicles. And, finally: The pilot of a single-engine plane carrying an advertising banner was **touched** when over 150 people cheered his forced landing at an undeveloped park site in Ocean Township, New Jersey. The pilot told reporters that his grandmother had bet his great-uncle that her baby would be a girl, saying that if it was a boy she would name it after the great-uncle's motorcycle. The pilot's name? Harley Davidson Plante, Jr. The reason he was forced down? Sudden loss of oil pressure — a problem that was probably not unknown to his great-uncle.

ABATE of Florida sues state over lid law

ABATE of Florida, after "years of beating our heads against the wall and having the state legislature ignore us," has filed suit to overturn the Sunshine State's mandatory helmet law.

The suit, filed in the Tampa Division of the U.S. District Court, accuses the State of Florida and its Department of Highway Safety with violating the equal protection of the law amendment of the U.S. Constitution (14th Amendment) by "mandating the use of motorcycle helmets by motorcycle riders in the State of Florida."

According to the suit, which is being handled by the law firm of Cheeseman and Stevens, the lid law violates bikers' constitutional rights by forcing them to wear buckets,

while exempting "other classes of vehicle operators such as automobile operators, moped operators, and bicycle riders, all of whom... are not required to do so, even though subjected to the same type of peril as motorcyclists."

Included in the suit is a

request that the federal court declare the bucket law invalid because it "forces motorcyclists to use a dangerous instrumentality, namely a motorcycle helmet, while operating their vehicles upon public highways."

The complaint notes that

helmets are particularly dangerous in Florida due to the state's "extremely hot weather," and goes on to list other hazards — reduced peripheral vision, reduced alertness, impaired hearing, potential neck injuries — that bikers have long ascribed to the wearing of helmets.

In asking the court to declare the helmet law unconstitutional and to award ABATE attorneys' fees and court costs, the suit points out that the law "violates the stated public policy of the State of Florida in seeking to protect motor vehicleists" by subjecting motorcycle riders to "a greater likelihood of accidents and even death because of the safety hazards associated with helmets."

H-D plans Daytona show

Harley-Davidson recently announced plans for a special custom bike show to be held during Daytona '84. Making the show unique will be the relatively small number of models allowed to enter — FXRs, FXRSs, FXRTs and FXSTs.

If you want to get your custom FXR, FXRS, FXRT or FXST into the contest, send a color photograph and written description of the bike to: Show Coordinator, Harley-Davidson, Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201. Entries must be mailed before Dec. 15, 1983. Accepted entries will be notified by January 31, 1984.

Suspect study says building more car parts here would hurt economy and cost U.S. 365,000 jobs

Even though whores are often "of interest to bikers," we don't normally run stories about 'em in "Easynews" — after all, this is a family rag.

But... sometimes...

A think tank called Wharton Econometric Forecasting Associates has issued a supposedly learned study which purports to show that the sky will fall and the sun (presumably the Rising Sun) will darken forever over America if Congress passes legislation requiring that a certain number of the parts in every motor vehicle sold in the U.S. be made in America.

According to the double-domes at Wharton, such legislation "would not create new jobs by shifting production into the United States" and would, in fact, create "significant" job losses. (How's that, again?)

Under a local-content law, a Wharton press release alleges, "Actual employment gains in the U.S. auto industry would total only 22,000 workers in 1986, climbing to 58,000 in 1991." But, the press release claims, "Employment losses in import auto dealers, port facilities, etc. could be at least 53,000, and U.S. export-based employment would fall substantially, causing a net loss of 365,000 jobs in 1991."

If any of that makes sense to you, you must be on one of the

famous Tufts Medical School rice diets. Why, for example, should car salesmen at the Toyota (or Honda or Yamaha) stores lose their jobs simply because the products they sell start having a few American parts mixed in with the Japanese? Likewise, why should it require fewer dock workers to unload Japanese vehicles with, say, American seats and electronic emission controls, than it requires to unload Japanese vehicles that have 100-percent Nippon parts?

Even more astounding is

the claim that passing such legislation will put 365,000 Americans who work in the export trade out of their jobs. Why, precisely? Will the Russians want our wheat less because the Jap-built Kubota tractors that harvest it have American-made running gears? Will the Japanese themselves be less interested in the North Slope oil we sell them at bargain-basement prices because they have to use it to power factories that install a few American items on their export vehicles?

No, the sad fact is that the most accurate part of the so-called Wharton study — which is entitled "Impact of Local Content Legislation on U.S. and World Economies" — is eleven simple, easily understood words buried at the end of a parenthetical footnote on the bottom of the last page of the press release: "The study was funded by the Japan Automobile Manufacturers Assoc., Inc."

Like we said, we hardly ever run stories 'bout whores in this rag.

Motorcycles mess military minds

As GIs at Hurlburt Field in Florida and Cannon Air Force Base in New Mexico have recently been reminded, there's something about the high-ranking military mind that seems to find bikes as dangerous as the Red Army.

At Hurlburt, for example, Wing Commander Col. Hugh Hunter has ordered all enlistees to make like Popsicles before climbing on their scooters. And, Hurlburt insists, that means everywhere — not just on the base.

"As the person responsible for the health and welfare of the people at Hurlburt Field, I want to make it perfectly clear," Hunter pronounced, "that anyone not complying

with my policy of wearing a (international orange) vest or outer garment on and off base while riding a motorcycle, will lose their driving privileges for a year!"

Fortunately, for the care and maintenance of Hunter's command voice, Florida state law already requires bikers to wear skid lids and have their lights on — sparing the good colonel from having to do any shouting about those items. Legislators in New Mexico, however, repealed their lid law (for riders over 18) quite a while ago — a blow for freedom that went unappreciated by Wing Commander Lt. Col. Hubert J. Carron.

"It is apparent that numer-

ous serious injuries among your fellow bikers have not impressed many of you with what a *neat idea* it is to wear a helmet," Carron declared in a recent directive. "Effective immediately, any member of 27AGS observed or documented as not wearing a helmet as a two-wheeled motorized vehicle operator or passenger at any time, ON OR OFF CANNON AFB, will have all Cannon AFB POV driving privileges suspended for 30 days."

And, just to make sure base bikers got the point, Carron went on to warn that "there will be numerous individuals on the lookout for violations of this policy." Wonder if he's paying a bounty?

Astrological Profile For Sagittarius

Sagittarians are rebels with souped-up philosophies and breezy attitudes. Their optimism is catching, making them a natural high to be around. The Sag sense of humor is down-to-earth with an edge of truth cutting through. Sagittarians are honest and frank, but tend to jump to conclusions. While short on patience, they are long on independence.

Basically, they're fair-minded and don't mind owning up to fuck-ups. They have a live-and-let-live attitude that borders on the "I don't give a shit as long as ya stay outta my space" policy. They are ready to go at the drop of a map and seldom care where. Their lifestyle is a continual search for adven-

ture. They'll try almost anything once — sometimes they'll try it twice.

A few famous Sagittarians include: Harpo Marx, Woody Allen, Jane Fonda, John Mayall, Walt Disney, Joe DiMaggio, Billy the Kid, Frank Sinatra and the infamous Larry Campbell.

Sagittarians are prone to liver ailments (slack off on the suds), hepatitis (ditto the needles), and are especially susceptible to broken bones due to accidents. In general, they're accident-prone due to their impulsiveness and daredevil lifestyle. As they grow older curds often collect on their cranks.

They are always horny and both sexes prefer sex in unusual places. Such as in a cart while grocery shopping, in a graveyard, or while taking an enema. Males have dicks shaped like bananas (very appealing) and are delicious when

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

eaten with a fruit salad. Females prefer the outdoor life and would rather be tinkering with an engine, beside their ol' men, than doing housework. (Actually, so would most of the females born under the other signs — they just won't admit it.)

Sagittarians should al-

ways follow their intuitions; they're exceptionally accurate. They should also use more mouthwash because they always seem to have a foot in their mouths. They are very lucky gamblers who don't mind sharing the loot. If you have a Sagbuddy, hold onto him and rub his head for luck!

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☾ Look out — it's bummer time (what, again?). Chronic constipation followed by bad breath gives ya the nickname "Shithead." Worse yet, the jokers at work start using you for the new punch-out clock. Then your goldfish bite the hand that feeds 'em (yours). You finally get a grab at the fuck-of-a-lifetime, but you couldn't get it up with a case of spray starch.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ This one brings ya a huge case of the hornies. Better yet, even your dumbest line has 'em dropping their drawers and lurching out between your legs. (While they're down there, how about a shine?) This is not only a drain on your gonads, but the extra party-time is a pain in your pocket — and you end the month with not even cash to gas up a Hog.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Time to get down to serious business. Get those ideas that you've been procrastinating about in gear and stop fuckin' off. Well-needed support rubs rumps with you, plus advice comes with a cash backup. Give hardons and hang-ups a back seat and infiltrate influential circles. Use that Gemini charm to manipulate (con) yourself into the winner's circle.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ This could be prime time to pick up where you left off with partnerships in the past. Shelve hard feelings and share a generous helping of humble pie. Let go of lightweight hassles and long-term grudges. A tad of look-see will give you better insight into what was merely a six-pack showdown. Give your ego a backseat when it comes to tight bros.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Clean up your act, clear your head (brush your teeth), and shine on shitty attitudes. This one smacks you in the mug with more than a fogged noggin can handle. Positive thinking is needed now to accompany a rare chance for advancement. Be on the lookout, wear an alert expression (even if you're a dumb-fuck), and grab this lucky opportunity by the nutsack. Be ready.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Be on guard — someone is trying to turn you into a scapegoat. Stumblebum methods are pointed your direction by some boot-lickin' snitch. Refrain from tearin' the twerp a new asshole. Instead, use your noggin to turn the situation in your favor. If you stop, look and listen — you'll have the last laugh.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Partners may have their balls in an uproar over recent disagreements and expect ya to shitcan something of value. As usual, you reach a split decision and won't take sides. Best trip here is to stand on your constitutional rights and wear a muzzle. When the shit hits the fan — stay outta the way! Better yet, become temporarily deaf, dumb and blind.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ A past enemy emerges and begs for a second chance to fuck you over — forget it! Don't give this worm an inch. Plus, if he (or she) is stupid enough to climb on the rack, it's your turn to turn the screws. This one won't give up until he insults your intelligence. Too bad the lamester underestimates Scorpio vengeance when it comes to pay-back. Shine on mercy.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Happy birthday! Party till your teeth take a dive, but don't get busted for it. Stay on safe turf, or at least have a lookout. There's safety in numbers, so plan an intimate party with at least 30 bros and bushes. Let 'em bring sleeping bags, piss in the flower bed and park their scoots on the lawn. (Use your in-laws' house while they're on vacation.)

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Romance is in the air (or at least a hot fuck), and you lead with your hardon. Pussy power puts the squeeze on ya now. Partners view you as a space case with a silly smile. This one has your nuts tied in a knot. If you've been lookin' for a romancent house mouse, grab this goody and go for the gusto. This could be it (or a pile of bullshit).

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Slow down before ya smear yourself all over the pavement. You're a tad accident-prone throughout this shaky one. Aside from not being able to stand on your own two feet without falling on your face, all you have to worry about is a boot in the butt. Maybe you should hang a rear-view mirror around your neck and find some bumper guards to fit your figure.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Better be willing to put out or shut up. Don't get your back up against the wall without a way out. Some preparation on your part can put you in the driver's seat, but it may take more than the Binaca blast and some clear thread to impress the bigwigs. Hone up and boggle a few brains with your Pisces creativity and ingenuity. Get busy.

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.



"Ya know, Margaret, one of us is a very sick person."

Little Tommy had just come in for supper, but was told he couldn't eat yet because his dad wasn't home. Infuriated, Tommy walked out in the front yard and upon seeing a chicken walk by, he hauled off and kicked it. He then proceeded around the house into the back yard, and seeing a pig walk by, he hauled off and kicked the little porker. Thus disposing of some of his resentment, he went back in the house.

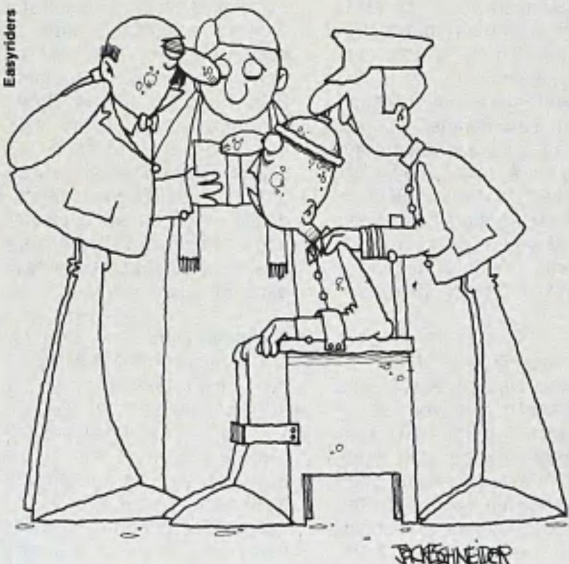
His mom, having witnessed his rotten behavior, was very upset with him. "I saw you kick that chicken," she said, "and since we're having chicken for supper, you're not getting any. Furthermore, we're having ham and eggs for breakfast and you're not getting any of that either, for kicking that pig!"

Tommy's dad walked in the door about that time, and noticing that the cat had followed him in, he hauled off and kicked it. Looking up at his mom, the little boy asked, "Are you going to tell him, or do you want me to?"

—Midnight Rider
Akron, Ohio

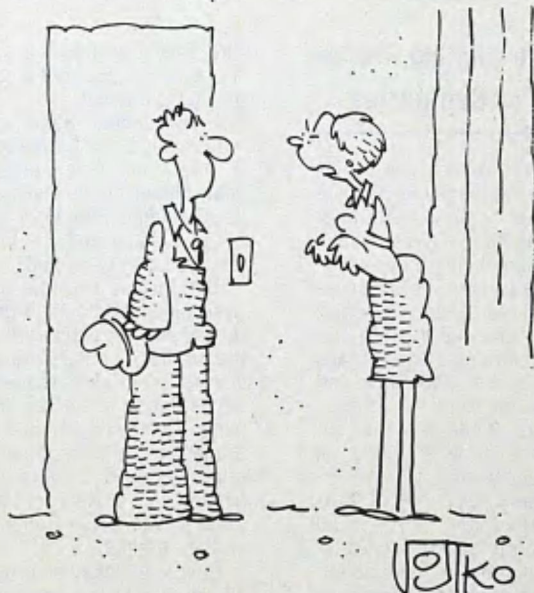
What do women love to blow that's six inches long and has a head on it? A hundred-dollar bill.

—Tim Hanssen
Buckner, Mo.



"Of course, you realize, Warden, that this is going to be a flagrant waste of precious energy!"

Easyriders



"I don't mind too much when you come home smelling of booze — but pussy juice?"

What do a moped and a fat lady have in common? They're both fun to ride, but ya don't want to be seen in public with 'em.

—Leo Rosten
Joyce, N.H.

The bikers' dictionary defines a chastity belt as a public nuisance.

—Bill Pasquarelli
Somers, Conn.

A middle-aged man had cornered a pretty girl at a party and was whispering in her ear. His wife saw him and decided it was time to intervene. She walked over to them and said, "Hello, Debby. Has Harold been telling you he couldn't get it up last night?"

—W.E. Morgan
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Easyriders



"Fucking leftovers again, huh?"

This biker's kid, Johnny, was in school when the teacher asked what a weather vane is. Johnny raised his hand and said, "It's a thing up on top of a barn that tells which way the wind's blowin'."

The teacher said, "Right, and what animal is usually depicted on the weather vane?"

Johnny raised his hand and said, "A cock."

The teacher said, "That's right, and why is there a cock on the weather vane?"

Again Johnny raised his hand and said, " 'cause if you put a cunt on it, the wind would whistle right through it!"

—Ken Allesse
Lawndale, Calif.



"Dammit, bitch, have you seen the electric bill for that thing?"

A biker arrived at his local club one morning with a welt across his forehead and a pair of black eyes.

"What happened to you?" asked a friend.

"Well," the bro explained with a sheepish grin, "I was bailing my girlfriend doggy-style last night, and just as I was getting into my short strokes, someone knocked on the door and my girlfriend ran under the bed."

—Charlie Horse Mojave, Calif.



A girls' softball team was playing a men's team. When the pretty girl at bat heard the umpire call ball four, she turned to him and said, "Okay, I'll take the shortstop, the pitcher, the third baseman, and the center fielder."

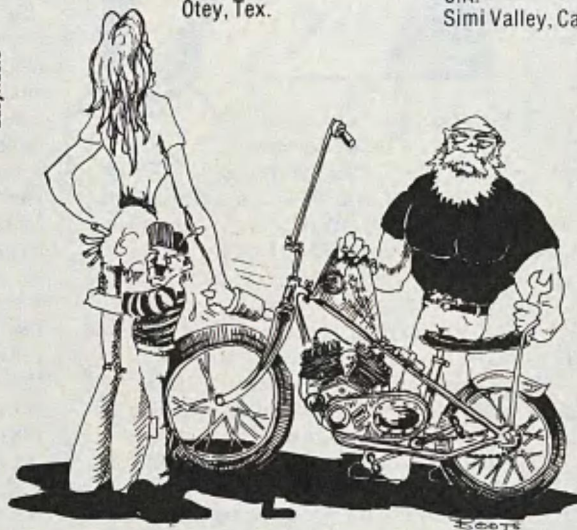
—Wild Bill Winston-Salem, N.C.



"Look at it this way, it beats being an asshole!"

Then there was the guy who advertised for a wife and got two hundred replies — most of them from men who wrote, "You can have mine."

—Joey Otey, Tex.



"Well, maybe the kid doesn't want a 40-horse bicycle!"

"Paw, I want me a woman," said the farm boy.

"Ain't no womanfolk 'round here, boy, but if you poke yer pecker into that rotten log down yonder, you'll find out what it's like."

Three years later, on the eve of the boy's wedding, he asked his paw what he was supposed to do with his wife on their wedding night.

"Well, boy," replied his paw, "remember that old rotten log? You just do the same with her." On the first night of the honeymoon, the boy got his head between his wife's legs and started poking around with his fingers.

"What the hell are you doing?" his wife demanded.

"I'm makin' sure there ain't no hornets in this one," he replied.

—Mark Kroll Danbury, Conn.

A bro was waxing his car and had asked his ol' lady to fix an early supper 'cause he was tired and wanted to eat and then hit the sack.

When he awoke the next morning, he noticed that he had a black eye. He called his ol' lady at work and asked her how he got it. When she told him she had done it, he asked her why the fuck she would do that to him.

"Well," she explained, "last night I went to bed right after you did. In your sleep you touched my tits and said, 'What perfect headlights!' Then you rubbed my legs and said, 'What a smooth finish!' But then you reached up a little further and said, 'Who left the garage door open.' That's why you got the black eye."

—C.K. Simi Valley, Calif.



"I don't suck on a first date."

A Sunday school teacher was showing off her class to a visiting bishop, and fearing that some of her none-too-bright students might fail to reply promptly to her questions, she decided to jolt their memories with the aid of a safety pin. So she stood in back of the pupils as she questioned them, jabbing them into action.

"Now, Willie," she began, "who made Adam and Eve?"

"God!" cried out Willie, as he felt the prick of the pin.

"Splendid," said the bishop.

The teacher moved over to the next scholar. "Johnny," she said, "who was the Son of God?" Johnny looked puzzled and she gave him a sharp jab.

"Jesus Christ!" he cried out.

"Your class is very well-informed," beamed the bishop.

Anna, a little girl in pigtails who was next in line, had been observing the teacher's actions.

"Anna," said the teacher, crouching behind her, "tell us what Eve said to Adam in the garden of Eden."

Anna leaped aside, just in time. "Don't you stick that thing in me!" she screamed.

—Hammerin' Hank Mojave, Calif.

What three things can a chick do that a dude can't? Give milk without eatin' grass. Bleed without being cut. Bury a bone without diggin' a hole.

—Coyote's ol' lady B'ham, Ala.



"Fuck these snorkels! Why don't ya just get some fenders?"

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

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

Tell me what ya think about this: A bull shouts your name and you come forward to the gate. The iron slides open and you're led to a room where you're strip-searched. Then, handcuffed to an officer, you're put in a car and driven to a local motel. You're put in a room with a woman — not yer ol' lady, not a girlfriend, not a whore — a woman you've never heard of who has volunteered to spend the night with a felon. The next morning the guard comes and takes you back to your cell. Tell me what ya think — is this truth or fiction, fantasy or fact, real or a rip-off?

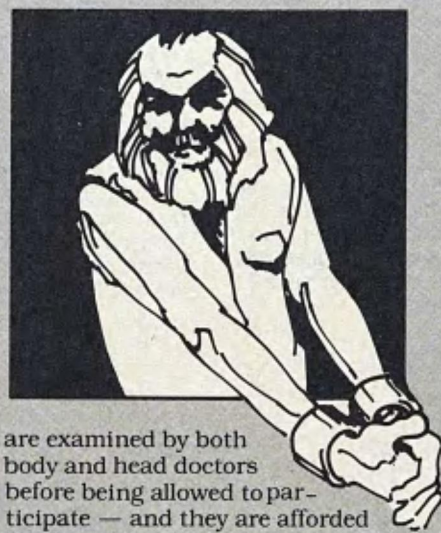
There is a guy, a guy I unfortunately have not been able to get hold of, who claims that he has 17 (!) such "projects" currently being tested at joints throughout the U.S. This guy, Ralph Sturgis, calls his program Females For Felons (FFF) and he's been going around the country busily hyping it to the local media outlets.

According to Sturgis, who claims that he's a former licensed psychologist who lost his accreditation when he was sentenced to the pen for armed robbery, prison authorities "give the man food, give him water, give him entertainment, but don't supply the most important thing in the world for a man's ego: sexual gratification."

The FFF program, Sturgis says, allows certain "rehabilitatable" offenders selected by prison officials to spend the night with female volunteers off the prison grounds.

"We're not talking about hardened criminals or lifers," Sturgis says. "We're talking about men who are good subjects for being released back into the mainstream. They may be on parole or near the end of their sentence. It's an attempt to return to normalcy after being caged like an animal. We're selling inmates on the virtues of being good, contributing to society and staying out of trouble."

According to what Sturgis tells the straight press, he's as careful picking his volunteers as prison officials are in selecting inmates for the program. He claims the women



are examined by both body and head doctors before being allowed to participate — and they are afforded the "protection" of a one-hour trial period during which either the chick or the inmate can decide to chuck the all-nighter.

"We test the (female) volunteers to confirm their sincerity and weed some out," Sturgis says. "Some women just have a misguided view of what they're doing. They may want notoriety or personal publicity. But this is completely anonymous. We're not interested in undercover exposés. Most of the women understand what they are getting into. The motives we find are based on either a fantasy standpoint or an honest attempt to make a contribution."

So far, it all sounds righteous, a good shot for a con to get some meaningful reward for keepin' his shit together under conditions that would be deemed substandard even in hell. The only difficulty — in a country where many prison systems don't even allow hand-to-hand or lip-to-lip contact with wives on visiting day — is believing that such a program has actually been tried.

And, it is on that very point that Sturgis gets kinda vague. He says in one newspaper interview, for example, that 17 experiments are currently under way to test the idea. Unfortunately, he apparently won't reveal the names of any of the 17 institutions supposedly involved.

Sturgis also claims that several "test programs" have already been

completed — but here again he refuses to be specific.

"We have run some test programs with certain enlightened authorities in several states and it works," Sturgis told the Los Angeles *Daily News*. "But all of the cooperation had to be clandestine. And we've had to pay for some of it."

"Unfortunately, wardens and officials get a lot out of selling things to inmates and they don't want to give that up. An inmate with good connections can get anything he wants in prison, like drugs or good food or sex. There are organized groups in prison who would put some department stores to shame."

On the other hand, of course, there are some con men outside of prison who would put P.T. Barnum to shame. We'd really like to know if Ralph Sturgis is one of those con men or if, in fact, he is an ahead-of-his-time toiler in the field of prison reform, solidly attempting to push through an enlightened program that could be of enormous benefit to many prisoners. If you have any info on Ralph Sturgis or Females For Felons, toss a kite to Lockdown, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

New Movie Ban

California prison czar George Denton has instituted a new policy barring movies that, in his opinion, "glorify sick violence" from being shown in any of the state's penal institutions.

Denton issued the censorship order after inmates at the Chino prison for men and the Institution for Women in Frontera gave standing ovations to the film "Texas Chainsaw Murders."

Under the old policy, inmate committees had the authority to order any non-X-rated movie, except those likely to cause racial problems. The film rentals are paid with proceeds from the inmate canteen.

Isolation Damages

In what, if it stands up on appeal, may be a landmark decision, a federal court has ruled that a prisoner

Continued on page 121

Illustration by Spindle Ruby

Big Valley

Down in Cunt Valley
Where the Red River flows,
Where young maidens
prosper
And cocksuckers go,
That's where I met Mutha,
The girl I adore.
She's a hot-fuckin',
nut-suckin',
Scooter-club whore.

When I first met Mutha
At the sweet age of eight,
She swung to-and-fro
On the ol' garden gate.
The cross-member broke
And the uprights went in;
She's lived ever since
In a life full of sin.
But now she is gone
And she lies in her tomb;
The maggots crawl out
Of her infested womb.
The smile on her face
Says she's ready for more.
She's a hot-fuckin',
cocksuckin',
Scooter-club whore.
Bandit
Siloam Springs, Ark.

● From down in the ground,
where it's real cold and damp,
I'd hump back to life for a hung
scooter tramp.

Who's A Liar?

If I said you had a beautiful
body, would you promise not
to tell anybody I said so?
Big George
Jefferson City, Mo.

● I promise.

Why Not Beg?

The ol' lady's pissed and I
need your vast sexual expe-
rience to help me out. She
recently found out that I've
been makin' it with her 16-
year-old, tender-stuff, hard-
bellied daughter. I tried to
explain that I was just
teachin' the kid for later on,
but the ol' lady wasn't hearin'
that shit. Seein' as how you
started at seven, what should
I tell her now?

Jailbait Junkie
out in New Mexico

● Tell her you'll never do it
again if she agrees to let ya
live.

Temper, Temper

My ol' man is the most
wonderful man in the world
and I love him whole
bunches, but there is one
thing that gets me mad. He
has the worst temper that I've
ever seen.

I mean, I can ask, "How

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



was your day, babe?" and
wham! Instant rage. Then, 15
minutes later he's the sweet,
lovable man I knew that
morning. What can I do to
keep him mellow?

M.R.
Sandlake, N.Y.

● Keep yer mouth either
closed or below his belt.

Good Question

Have you ever held a nude
man upside down by his
knees and noticed that his
purple nutsack is stretched
out into a shape just like a
heart? To all of those ever-
lovin' nuts, I salute you.

Nasty Nympho
Wichita, Kan.

● Last time I picked one up
and flopped him, I noticed
that his purple nutsack was
bouncin' off my chin.

Fuckin' Problem

My ol' man does not want
any foreplay and intercourse
because he says it hurts
going through the motions of
both. Though he is circum-
cised to half his length, he is

fully capable of intercourse
when erect. I know, because
we did it one time when he
came back from a friend's
funeral dead-drunk. It took
me a while to wake him, but
his organ performed beauti-
fully.

He does give me great
foreplay, but when I attempt
to fondle him with my hands or
mouth he forcibly stops me.
I've told him I'm starved for
good lovin', but he insists it's
painful for him. I've asked
him to go to the doctor and
he finally went after a lot of
arguments. The doctor could
find nothing wrong, but my
ol' man still insists it hurts.

What am I going to do? I
don't want to leave him since
he treats me very well with
clothes, money, pot, a cherry
Sportster, respect and admi-
ration. He also helps out
doing the housework and
cooking. I'm damn happy to
have him, but he is driving me
crazy by not getting me off.

E.L.
Bethpage, N.Y.

● Count yer blessings an'
spring for a vibrator.

Slightly Off Base

I heard something I really
can't believe. Is it true that the
Los Angeles Dodgers asked
you if they could use your
enormous, rank, stinking,
crab-infested gash as their
dugout?

Scooter
Clearwater, Fla.

● Not true — they were
interested in rentin' it as an
indoor bathing cage.

Service Me, Men

I'm a soldier in Uncle Sam's
Army and I've seen and
fucked short, stocky, fat
women like you. I've had to
strap a two-by-four to my ass
just to keep from falling in.

You say you get the full 26
inches each and every time.
How would you like a full
M-16 rifle on automatic up
your twat? If that doesn't
make you cream, I have a
missile that will make your
clit throb and blow the nip-
ples right off your tits. There
ain't nothin' a soldier can't
handle — even you, you fat
bomb.

If Spider has anything to
say, it better be nice or I'll
blow him outta his web and
have the army move in an'
take over your nasty drain-
age canal. So bite on a bullet
and think about it.

The Best GI
in Germany

● Is it true they call ya
doughboys 'cause ya can't
get any harder than unbaked
bread?

Monotone

I'm doin' time but I want to
tell you about something that
happened a while back when
I was on the outside.

What happened was my ol'
lady asked me to sing her a
song and all I could think of
was, "If I were a carpenter
and you were my lady, would
ya suck my cock anyway?
Would ya swallow my bab-
ies?" Why do ya think she
left me?

Cowboy
Tracy, Calif.

● Maybe she didn't like your
singing voice.

Send your problems or
questions home to MUTHA, c/o
Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu,
California 90265-0052. Send a
stamped, self-addressed return
envelope (#10 business size is
best), if you want a picture of
Mutha. ■

DOWNTIME

By Bomber



Photos by Wanda van den Ende

After a summer of hard-tailin' it around the highways of America, it's obvious to me that music is still the number two communicator in the land. Second, that is, to Harley-Davidson, which is always the number one topic of conversation wherever ya go, particularly when ya pull up on a rollin' dustcloud like mine.

Nothin' gets people to hypothesizing, interpreting, and generally free-wheel jawing, sometimes heatedly, like the subjects of bikes and music. What one dude likes another hates. Somebody likes long front ends, but sure as shit someone else in the group wouldn't be seen guiding one. Another guy likes country, only to find out two others want a brain vibration from heavy metal. We've got the same thing here on the staff. Nothin's right, nothin's wrong. It's all out there to love and hate — but mostly to buy. What's happening today ain't shit tomorrow, and vice versa. One style of tunes that's

making a big comeback — in fact, a continual rehashing — is the music of the fifties. It has never really gone too far away anyway. As soon as the fifties bit the dust, the Beatles were redoin' what they'd been knocked flat with in the previous decade: Elvis, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee, etc. And so on through the seventies and into the eighties with the likes of Robert Gordon, The Blasters, The Stray Cats and a host of others who were jumpin' on the fifties bandwagon like it was the last train out of Dodge.

It's strange to me, inasmuch as I wasn't around during the golden age of the ducktail and fishtail fenders. All ya hear is how it was so damn dull. Well, what I wanna know is, if it was such a dead and forlorn era, why the fuck is everyone tryin' to redo it? Beats me. If it sounded good once — and sold — why not give it another shot, eh?

One group, so we are told, never lost their grease. They didn't know any other

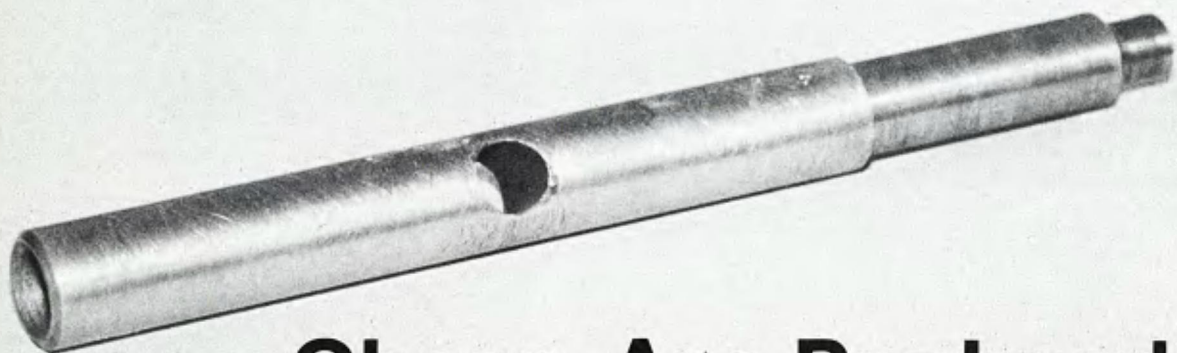
way, and they still don't. After 24 years of scufflin' about, they finally got into a fancy, tall-dollar studio and produced their first album, aptly titled **Whatever Happened To The Band Of '59**.

pened To The Band Of '59.

This was done with the considerable help and patience of Rhino Records executive producers Richard Foos and Harold Bronson. The final package is nothing short of a wonder — a prime party album consisting of reworkings of semi-current hits done in Big Daddy's get-down fifties fashion. Songs like Barry Manilow's "I Write The Songs," Kim Carnes's "Bette Davis Eyes," "Super Freak," "Whip It," "Hit Me With Your Best Shot," "You Don't Bring Me Flowers," "Just What I Needed," by The Cars, "Hotel California," by the Eagles and "Eye Of The Tiger," done a *cappella*.

Each song barely resembles its original version, thank God. Where some of the originals were fast-paced, they are now slow ballads, and vice versa. *Continued on page 85*





Cheap-Ass Panhead Insurance

Photo by Rip

There is nothing to equal that kicked-in-the-balls feeling a person gets upon returning to where he thought his scooter was parked, only to find it gone.

While cleaning up my garage the other day I ran across this simple locking device that my good brother Rip-a-roo had given me for Xmas many moons ago. As the saying goes, we were poor as church mice at the time. Instead of buying things for each other, we made them, mostly out of worn-out bike parts: roach clips from broken gas valves, coat racks and flower stands for the ol' ladies out of stretched out chains, etc. These gifts mean more to me than many store-bought items.

So, what's in the picture, you ask? A three-

stage dildo? No. What you see in the picture is made from an old bent axle and it's used to stop a rip-off artist from rolling a bike away. We call it the anti-theft shaft, because it's sorta like putting the shaft to a thief. (As many of you know, a chain for this purpose works well, but it can be cumbersome — and finding a place to carry it can be a pain in the ass.)

The shaft goes through the slot in the frame behind the rear axle and through the hub into one of the five allen bolts holding the hub to the drum. A lock is inserted in the locking-device hole between the inside of the frame and rear hub. The bike can't be rolled more than a foot either way before the back wheel locks up. I

remember Rip also had a hole drilled in his sissy bar from which he hung his locking-device shaft and big-ass Ace lock.

What you'll need for this project is a 7/8-inch piece of round stock, 8 inches long, and access to a lathe.

The dimensions are as follows: overall length, 8 inches; distance of hole from end of shaft to edge is 2.084; diameter of fat-test part of shaft is .075; length of shaft to first cut is 5.059; length of shaft from first cut to second is 1.091; diameter of second cut is .062; length of third cut is .048; diameter of third cut is .043. The size of the hole for the lock is determined by the thickness of the shackle. The measurement I gave at the start is to the edge, not to the center of the hole.

(Rip also drilled out the big end of the shaft so he could use it as a leverage bar, together with an allen wrench, when taking a wheel off. It's 1/2-inch in diameter and 2.0475 deep.) These dimensions could vary from bike to bike. The best thing to do is to have the bike handy to check and fit after each cut.

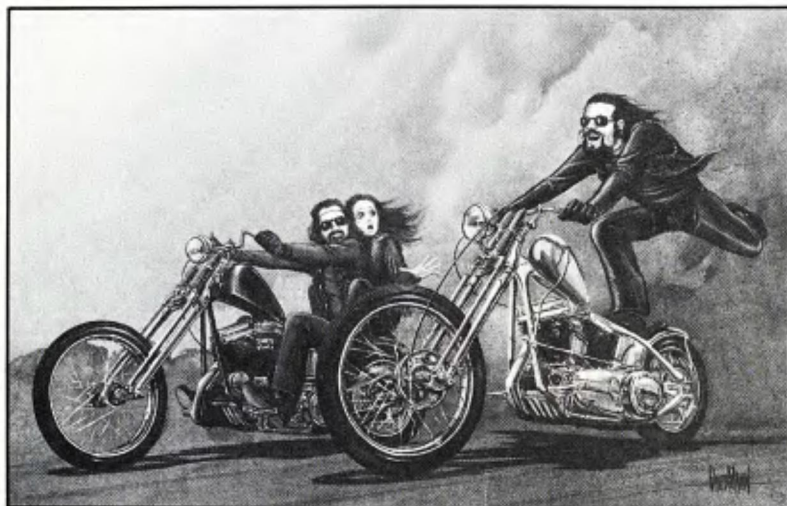
There ain't any money-back guarantee with this device, but it will definitely slow down a thief. And don't get the shaft hardened; it gets too brittle and is easier to break.

One other thing — this device is for rigid-frame pans with a star hub. The outside dimensions are the same for early swing-arms, but the length of the cuts is different due to the spacer between the frame and hub.

— Coma Toast

Tech Tip

PICTURE A WINNER



Pull the sticky panties off the living room wall and scrub off all those spaghetti stains, Chet. You've just won a genuine, original Dave Mann painting to hang up in their place.

That's right, Chester R. Nash, Jr., of Wapato, Washington, has won the Dave Mann Contest (ER #120) by coming within 2142 miles of guessing the exact cumulative mileage of all our staff bikes.

The mileage? 218,238. Chet's guess? 220,380. The runner-up? S.L.S. of Buffalo, New York, who kited in a guess of 213,562 miles. For those of ya who don't believe we can add, we've reprinted the complete list of bikes and the mileage shown on each odometer. While you're sharpenin' your pencils and tryin' to remember what yer fourth-grade teacher told ya about long addition, however, Chet's gonna be kickin' back and enjoying his main Mann.

Sometimes, life's like that.

STAFF BIKES

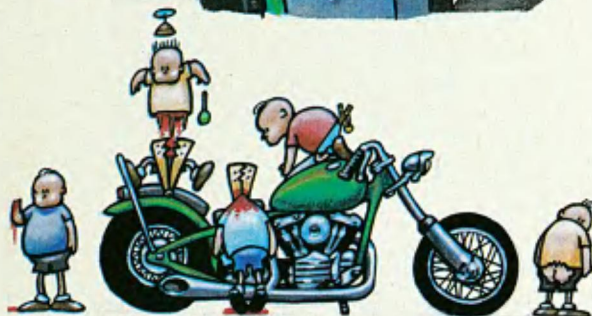
Year	Make	Mileage
1916	Indian Scout	none
1925	H-D JD	6,977
1926	H-D JD	none
1931	H-D C single cyl.	none
1931	H-D VL	illegible
1936	H-D knuckle/shovel	none
1936	H-D VL	none
1938	Indian four	none
1942	Indian shaft drive	none
1946	H-D knuckle/pan	none
1946	Indian Chief	30,609
1947	H-D shovel	8,833
1947	H-D 45 trike	none
1949	H-D 45	none
1954	H-D Hummer	14,617
1957	H-D pan/shovel	none
1961	H-D 74	42,529
1963	H-D Sprint	13,617
1965	H-D panhead	none
1965	H-D 74	192
1970	H-D Sportster	15,532
1970	BSA 250	6,789
1971	H-D FX 74	24,050
1972	H-D Sportster	none
1973	H-D shovel/pan trike	285
1974	H-D 175cc lightweight	4,525
1975	H-D 74	none
1975	H-D 88" stroker	10,436
1976	H-D dresser	27,783
1980	H-D 80" Wide Glide	277
1982	H-D Sturgis	11,187
1982	H-D 91" stroker	none
Total		218,238

SURE WAY TO KEEP YOUR BIKE

By Duffy Duggan

Ever since the first bike, there have been two types of people around: us and them — “them” being the rip-off lowlifes that seem to follow bikes like blue exhaust. Nowadays, a bike owner has to go through a lot just to make sure his wheels are still there when he's ready to leave the bar. Here then, as a public service, are the latest anti-theft devices.

THE BRAT TRAP



Guaranteed to discourage the most curious of crumbsnatchers.



New item from the leading outdoor-products company marks their entry into the security market. The Brat Trap sports loaded surgically sharp steel jaws triggered by a pressure plate sensitive to the lightest touch of a greasy, probing finger. In solo- or dual-seat models.

Also available: “Blood Away” stain- and mess-remover. Quick, fast, won't harm paint. Price: \$2.95

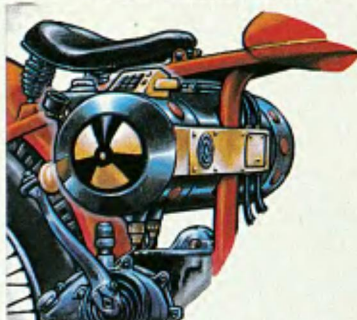
1

L.L. Mean Outdoor World
Price: \$39.95

THE NEUTRON



Defusing device cleverly hidden under seat.



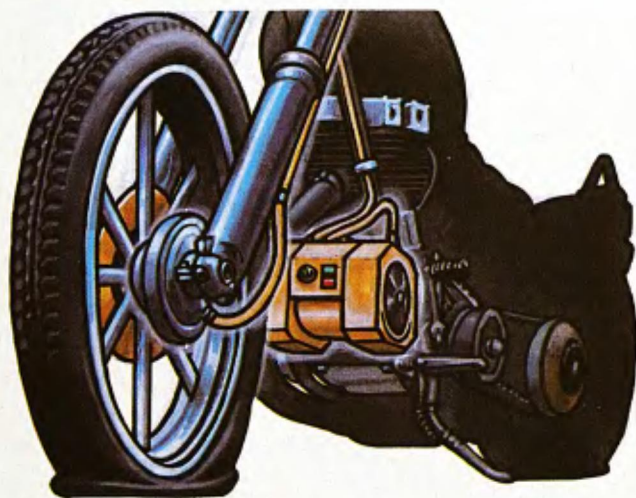
NRC regulations permit use in restricted high-crime areas only.



A combination oil tank/theft preventer, this low-yield radiation device is designed to explode three minutes after unauthorized start or movement of bike. Same neutron bomb utilized by NATO will rid you of pesky thieves while leaving bike untouched. Electronic-access lock allows for tamper-proof control. Free installation available.

2

AEC Surplus Sales Dept.
Price: \$3,000,000



THE "HOME BOY" TIRE DEFLATOR

New idea in theft prevention utilizes principle of adjustable air shocks popularized by millions of low riders. Air pump deflates tires, preventing easy roll-away. Special air valve plays "La Cucaracha" during operation. Hub-ring deflation and inflation. Caution: Carrying valid proof of U.S. citizenship is recommended.

3

Preppie Boys Low Rider Dept.
Price: **\$69.95** (complete set)

INFLAT-O-BIKER

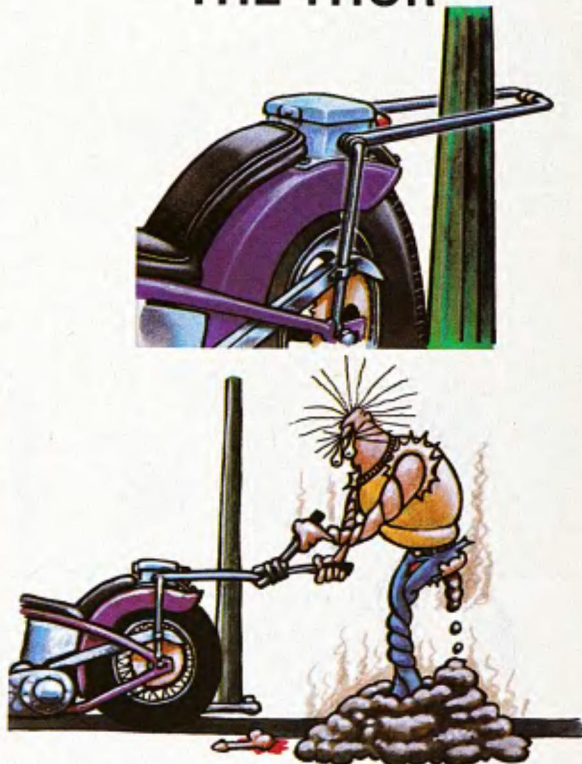


Life-size inflatable biker keeps your bike "occupied." Has two-hour built-in mini-cassette player that says such biker favorites as: "Scratch my nuts," "I need a brewski," "What are you looking at, fuckface?" and 12 other realistic biker sayings. Made of heavy-duty 18-gauge vinyl.

4

Paisano Rubber Novelties
Price: **\$49.95**

THE THOR



Enough to knock the shit out of any thief. Literally.

A unique theft preventer, this device acts as both a sissy bar and as a rigid bar security clamp. Sissy bar pincer arms fit telephone/light poles up to diameters of 21 inches. Hidden condenser pack delivers a stored charge of 5000 volts to anyone separating contacts or cutting through bars.

5

Edison Power & Security Works Co.
Price: **\$175**
(or \$12.95 in monthly installments)

AUTO-CHANGE

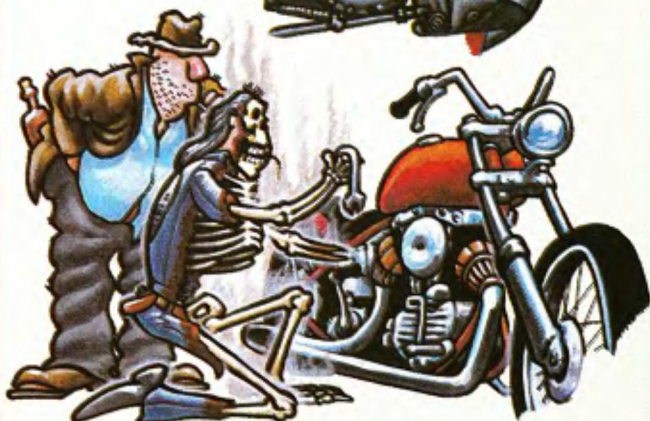


Designed by Zsa Zsa Gabor's very own interior decorator. Special attachments automatically transform the meanest-looking bike into a real cream pie when tamper sensor is activated. University tests show that most thieves will die of embarrassment before being seen on one of these. Not guaranteed in areas where you wouldn't bend over to pick up a quarter.

6

Biker Homes & Garden Co.
Price: **\$199.50**

HOT TUBES



Warning: Factory installation highly recommended.

Modern thermodynamics does away with rip-off worries. Modified rocket engine igniters radiate a 1000-degree centigrade heat field when sensor static field is broken. Guaranteed flash ignition of any material, from steel to flesh. Comes with remote-control device for safe operation.

7

NASA Security Systems Div.
Price: **\$190** (each)



DER SHOWER

From those little ol' Bavarian clockmakers now hiding out in Argentina comes this new adaptation of an old idea. Special high-pressure sprayers disperse clouds of thief repellent. Guaranteed minimum coverage of 100-sq-ft. area. Self-reloading unit fires 30-second burst, then automatically resets.

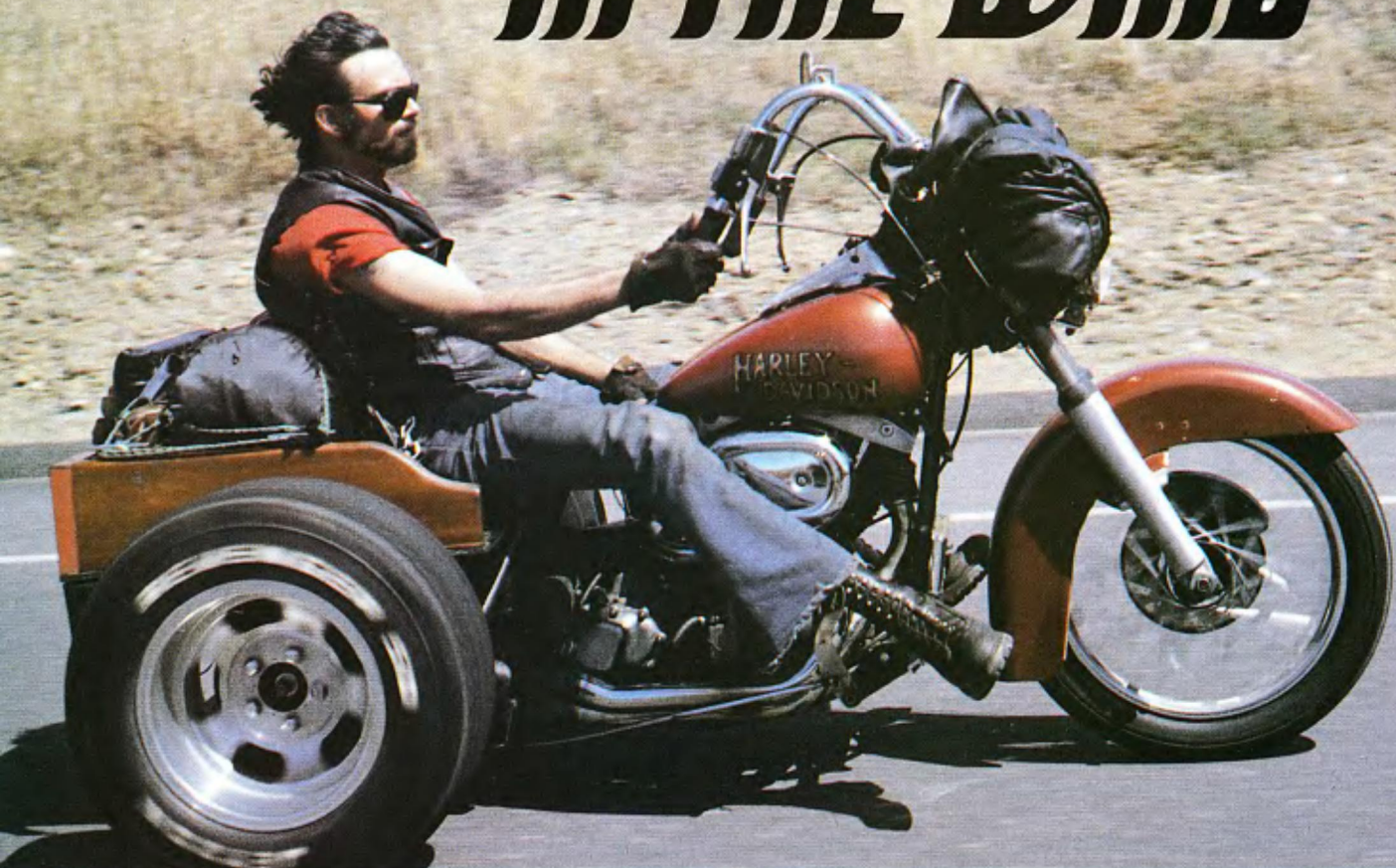
Four Gases Available:

1. Teargas: For non-lethal control of club prospects and crumb-snatchers.
2. Mustard gas: Effectively teaches proper bike etiquette to hotdogs, sidewalk commandos and pesky kid brothers.
3. Cyanide gas: Keeps traffic cops and meter maids from ticketing bike.
4. Fermented Mexican dinner gas: Effectively repels nagging of ladies and mothers-in-law.

8

Argentine Pest & Security Control
Price: **\$112**

IN THE WIND



— from Linda Barbour, Redwood City, 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-

— from The Gorilla, Groton, Conn.

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 Bob Sheen, Kirkland, Wash.





— from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

— from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

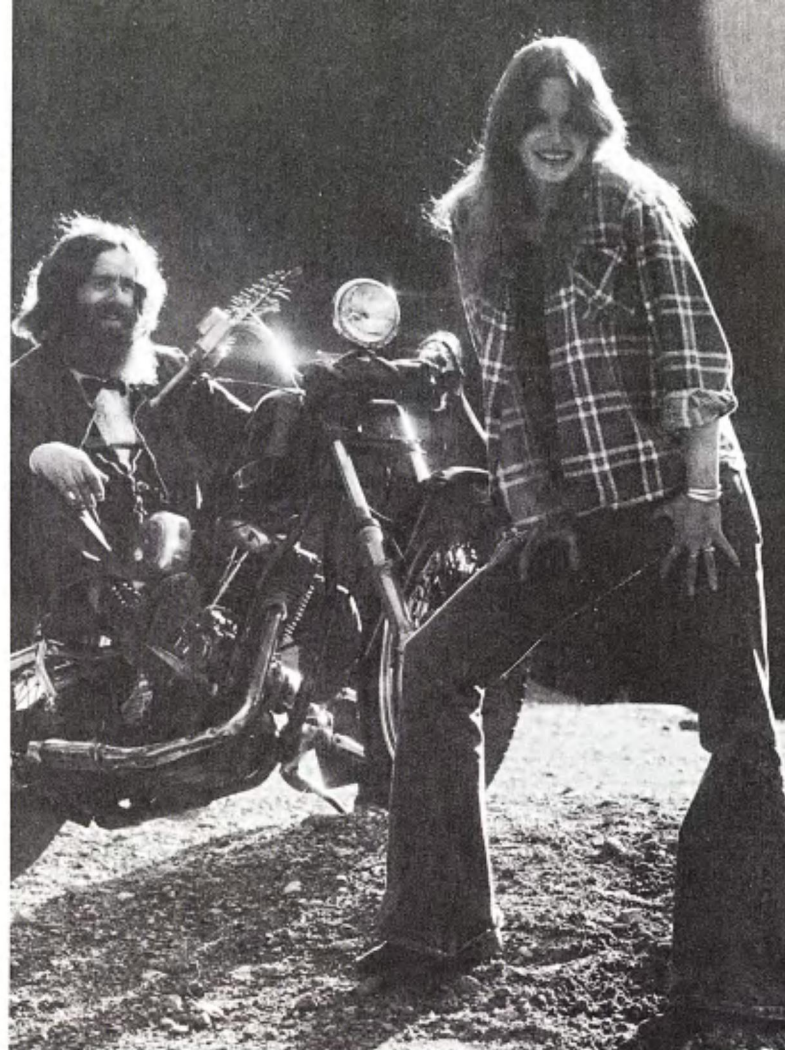


— from Robyn Tidwell, Hollywood, Calif.





— from Zeus, Stoughton, Wis.



— from Wino Joe, U.S.A.



— from Wildflower, Cottonwood, Ida.



— from Mike Reilly, Tempe, Ariz.

— from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.





— from Doggie and the Greek, Big Bear Lake, Calif.

— from Gary, Basingstoke, England



— from Jobo, Zanesville, Ohio



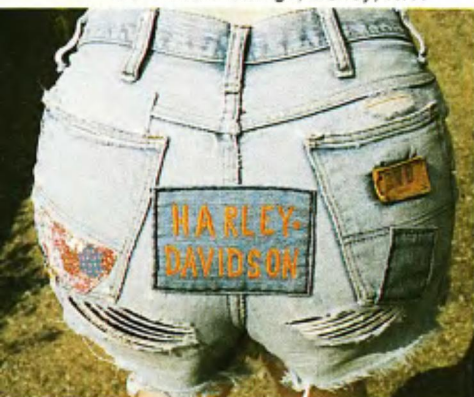
— from The Breeze, Bremerton, Wash.





— from Bonnie Savage, Holley, N.Y.

— from Linda Barbour, Redwood City, Calif.



— from Landra Ferrigan, Fresno, Calif.



— from Doc, W. Babylon, N.Y.

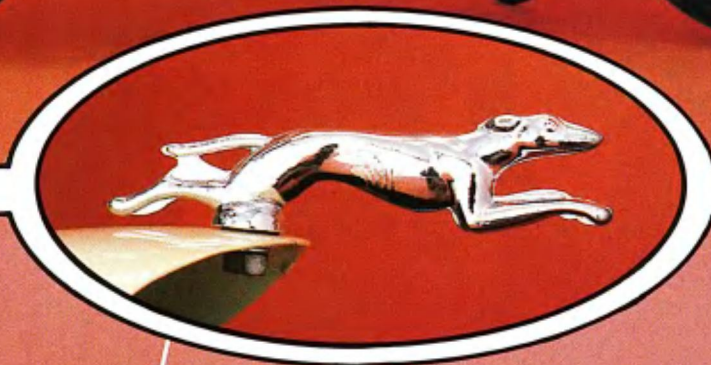


Krispy Fried Chi

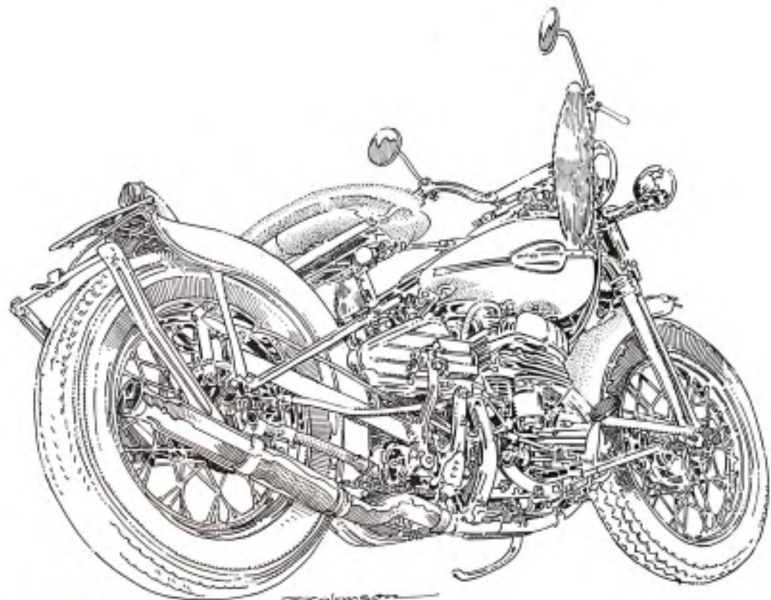
Happy Thanksgivin

THANKSGIVING
SPECIAL
Chicken Basket 5.99





UP FROM SCRATCH

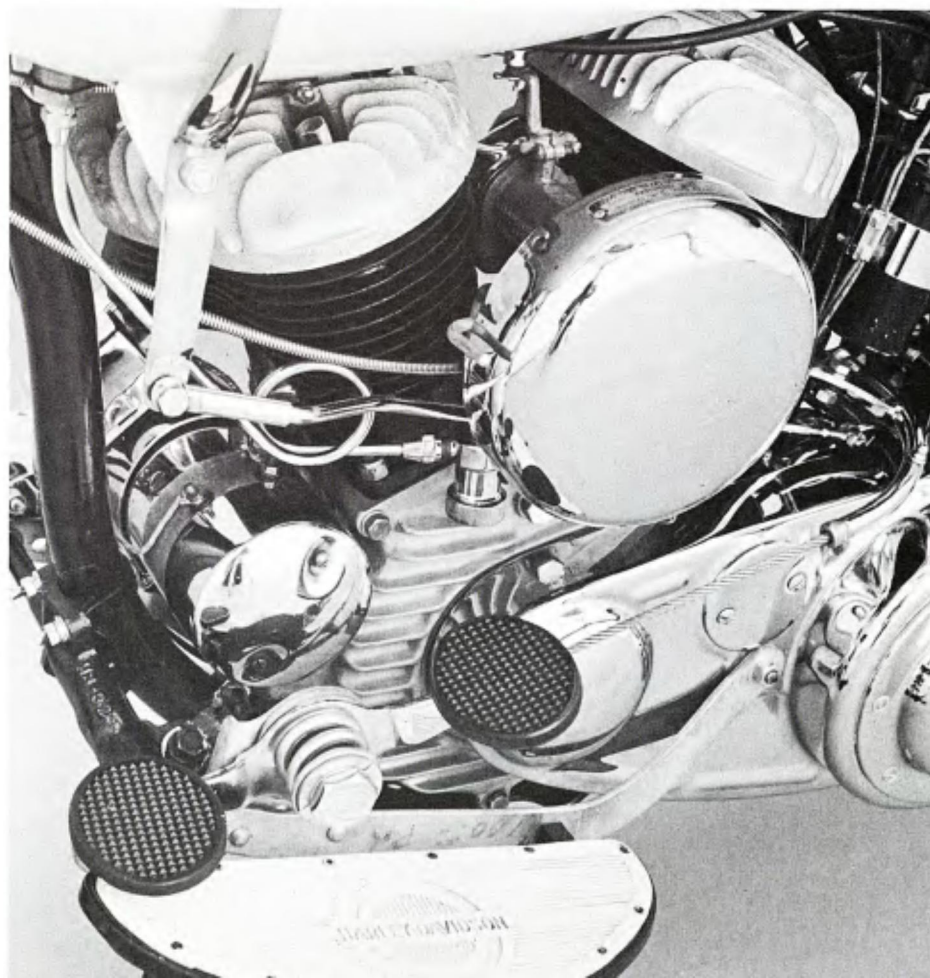


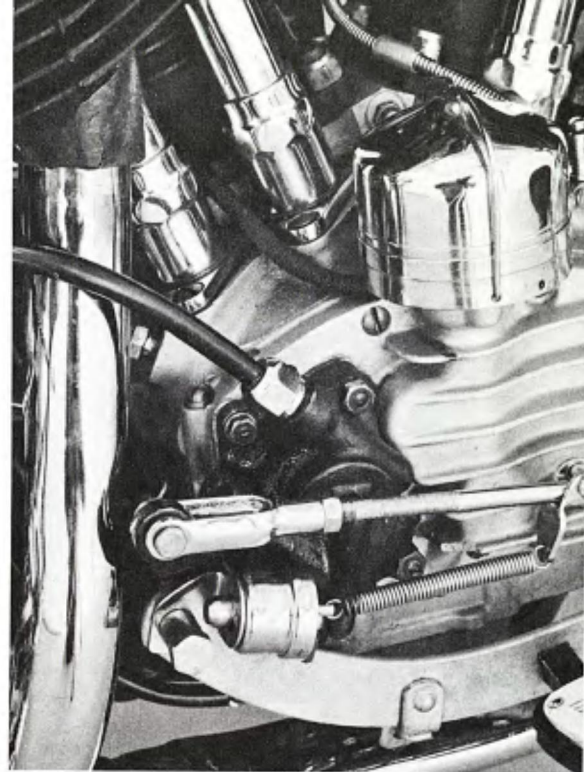
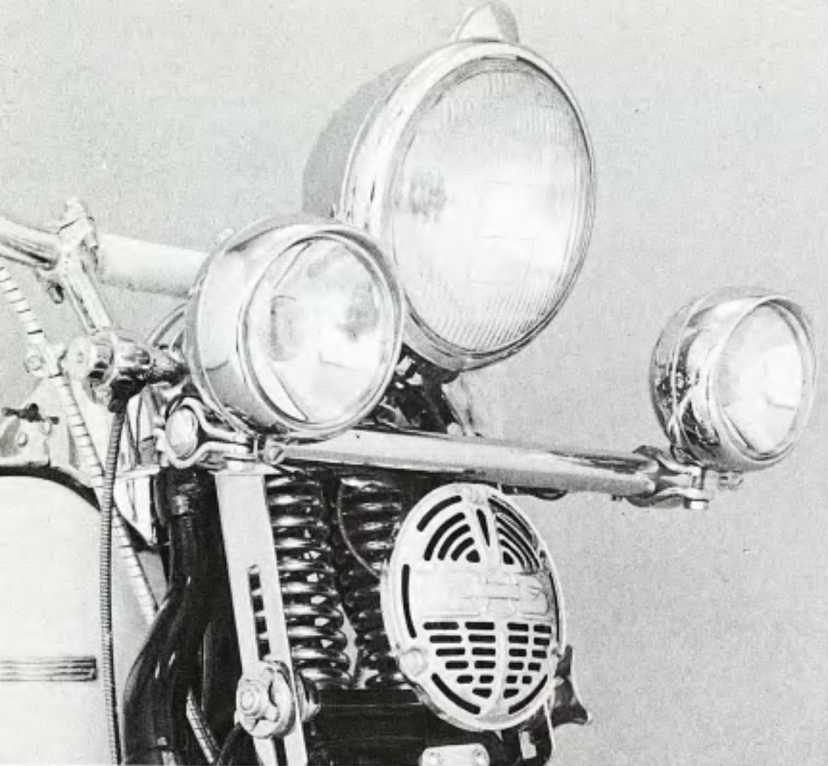
For this 45 fanatic,
the chase
is the best part.

Some bros like broads with blond hair, others get off on brunettes with big tits, there's always a redhead freak around, and the field is pretty well divided as far as what the optimum body shape should be.

We motorcycle enthusiasts are equally divided in our particular preferences for the road. There's the haulin' balls crowd that wants every inch of

thrust that can be extracted from its built-up 74s to make like lightning down the Interstate. Or the puttin'-for-pleasure people who simply want to enjoy the freedom of being outside. Either way, you're making use of your senses. Smelling bus exhaust, tasting bug splat, watchin' out for cagers whippin' non-signalized lefts, hearin' the howls of young girls as they catch the rumble of your engine.



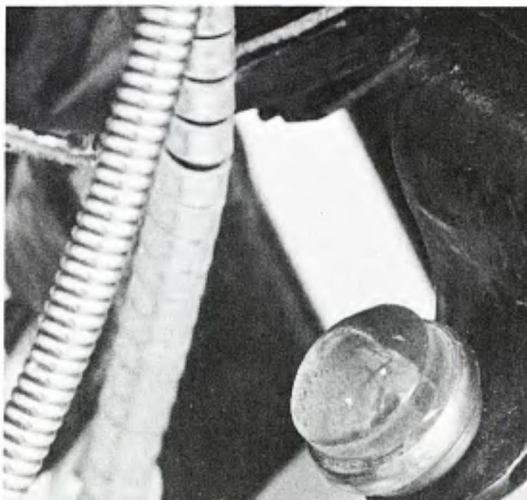
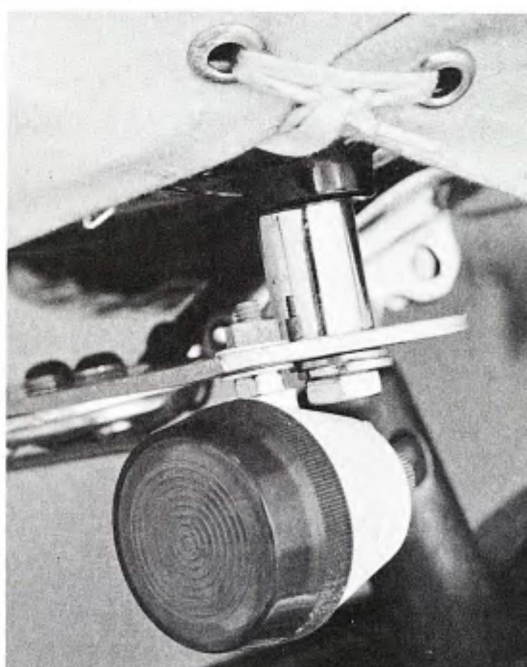
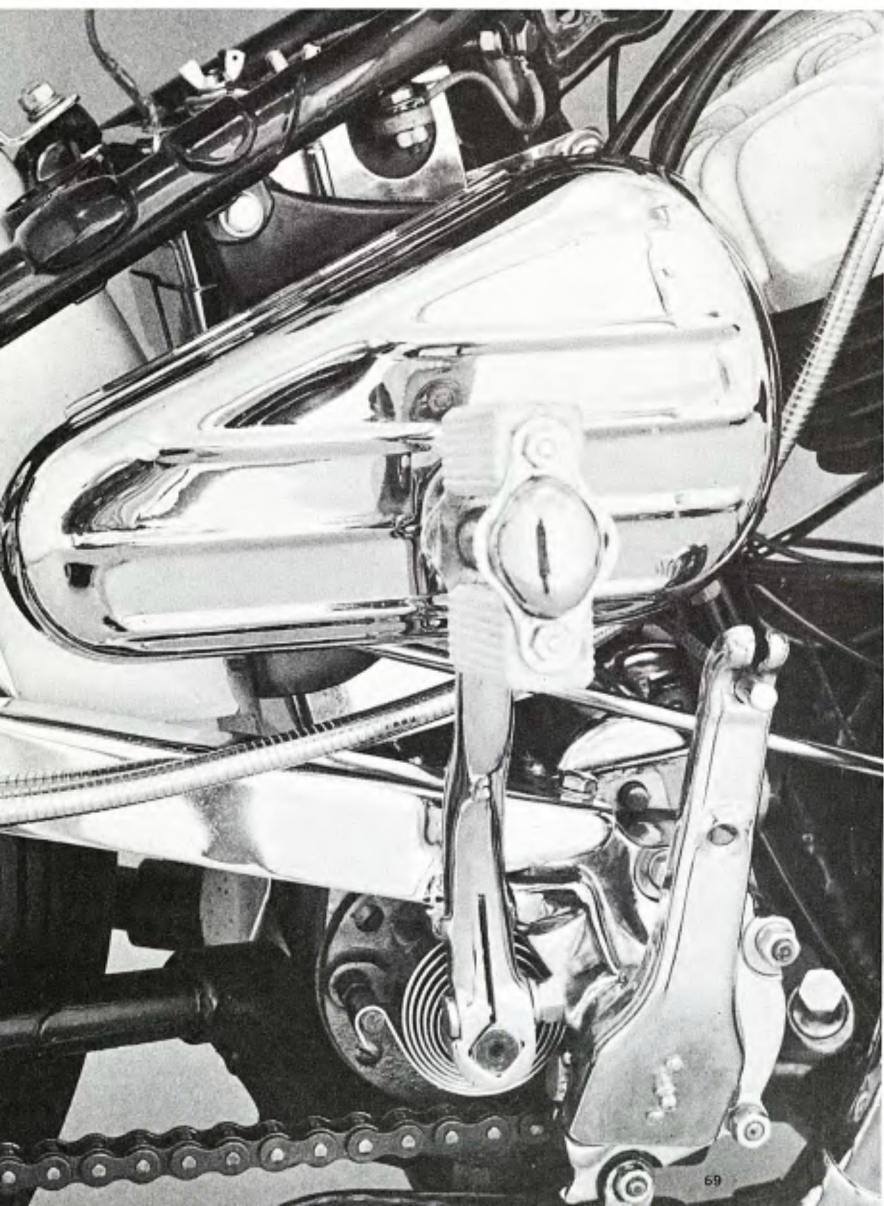


So, which is right? The hell's bells fury of a 96-incher? Or the steady, dependable trot of a forty-five antique? Well, we all know it's up to the individual's taste-in-haste. All Harleys have class. But for Mel Thornton of San Diego, the classiest ride of all is the Harley-Davidson 45.

Mel has had a few of his ever-growing collection of vintage Milwaukee masterpieces featured here, the most recent being a 1930 DL in our November, 1982 issue. Like that one, this scooter followed a long, winding path to completion, even though it took only seven months to assemble. Mel's fingers were constantly busy running through the Yellow Pages for motorcycle restoration shops throughout the country. Particularly in the Eau Claire, Wisconsin, area where Mel enlisted the help of Jerry Evans and Dan Pugins in tracking down hard-to-find parts. But unlike the DL, which was restored to original factory specs, this 45 unit is a hybrid. It's up from scratch — like a good batch of hot cakes. It's an extension of the owner's imagination, combining the classic looks



Photos by Pete Chiodo



of the period (1945), and then some. This bad boy is a stroker — 58 cubic inches' worth — with additional power supplied by Indian Chief flywheels on the lower end.

Mel says, "There's nothing like it. She's smooth as an Indian Chief. Goose it and it'll go." No doubt.

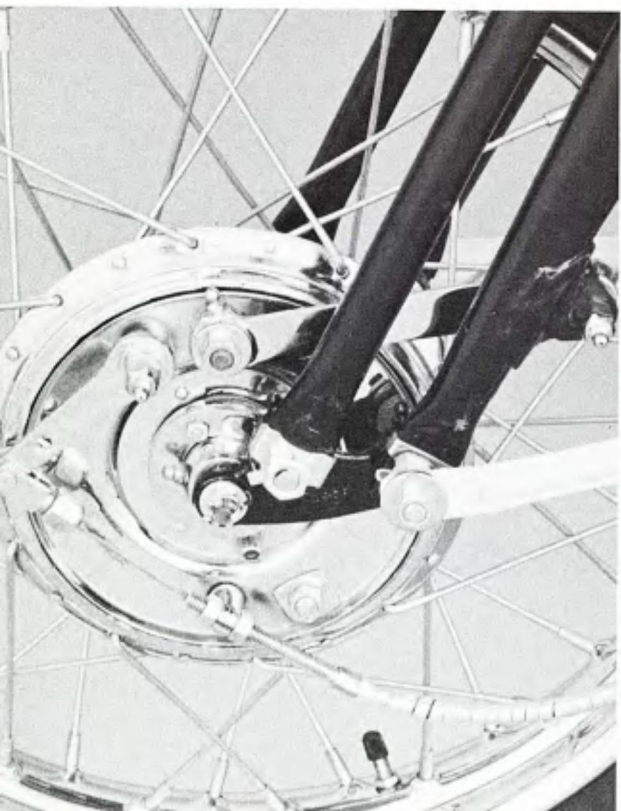
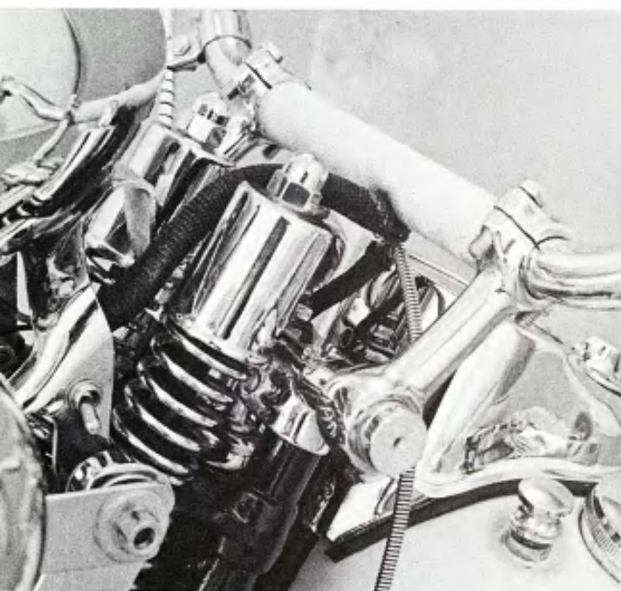
As an owner of Harleys from the years '45, '46, '47, '48, '49, '52, plus two 1930 machines, Thornton has his own reasons for being a forty-five fanatic. Among them are reliability and affordability. Forty-fives are economical — and nearly as extinct as the Fenton blazer or Nehru jacket.

Also making this a unique custom model are the handmade rear wheel stand that makes

changing tires a snap, twin spotlights to help find campsites easier, and a thick layer of powder coat to preserve the finish and prevent chips in the paint. This is a matter of particular concern in the salty climes of Swabbieville (San Diego for the uninitiated). And, of course, let us not forget about the speeding greyhound on the front fender that leads the machine through traffic snarls. This was an accessory item in the war years of the late '30s and early '40s. It's an extremely hard-to-find piece, as is the phenolic knob on the jockey shift. Hard to find for sure, but worth the search.

We give a high-five to this more-than-alive forty-five.

— Buster



Owner: Mel Thornton		City: San Diego, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1945	
Year and make: 1945 H-D		Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: WL		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 7 months		Other alterations: powder paint	
Chroming by: San Diego Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1945		Risers: yes	
Model: WL		Fender(s): bobbed	
Rebuilder: Jack Dale M/C Repair		Headlight: chromed stock	
Ignition: battery		Taillight: Crocker	
Displacement: 58 cu. in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Indian Chief flywheel		Front pegs: footboards	
Balancing: of course		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: outboard motor		Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: glass beaded		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: H-D aluminum		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): four		Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: stock with sheepskin cover	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: custom two-into-one		Height: high enough	
Muffler(s): straight through		Material: strap steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1945		Extension: stock	
Shifting: tank		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: 31		Special features: powder paint	
Trans sprocket: 17		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 41		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: fenders only		Hub: Star H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Candy		Rim width: 3½ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: Cad colonial yellow		Tire: 350 x 18	Tire: 500 x 16
Type: enamel		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to Jack Dale Motorcycle Repair & Engineering, El Monte, California.			



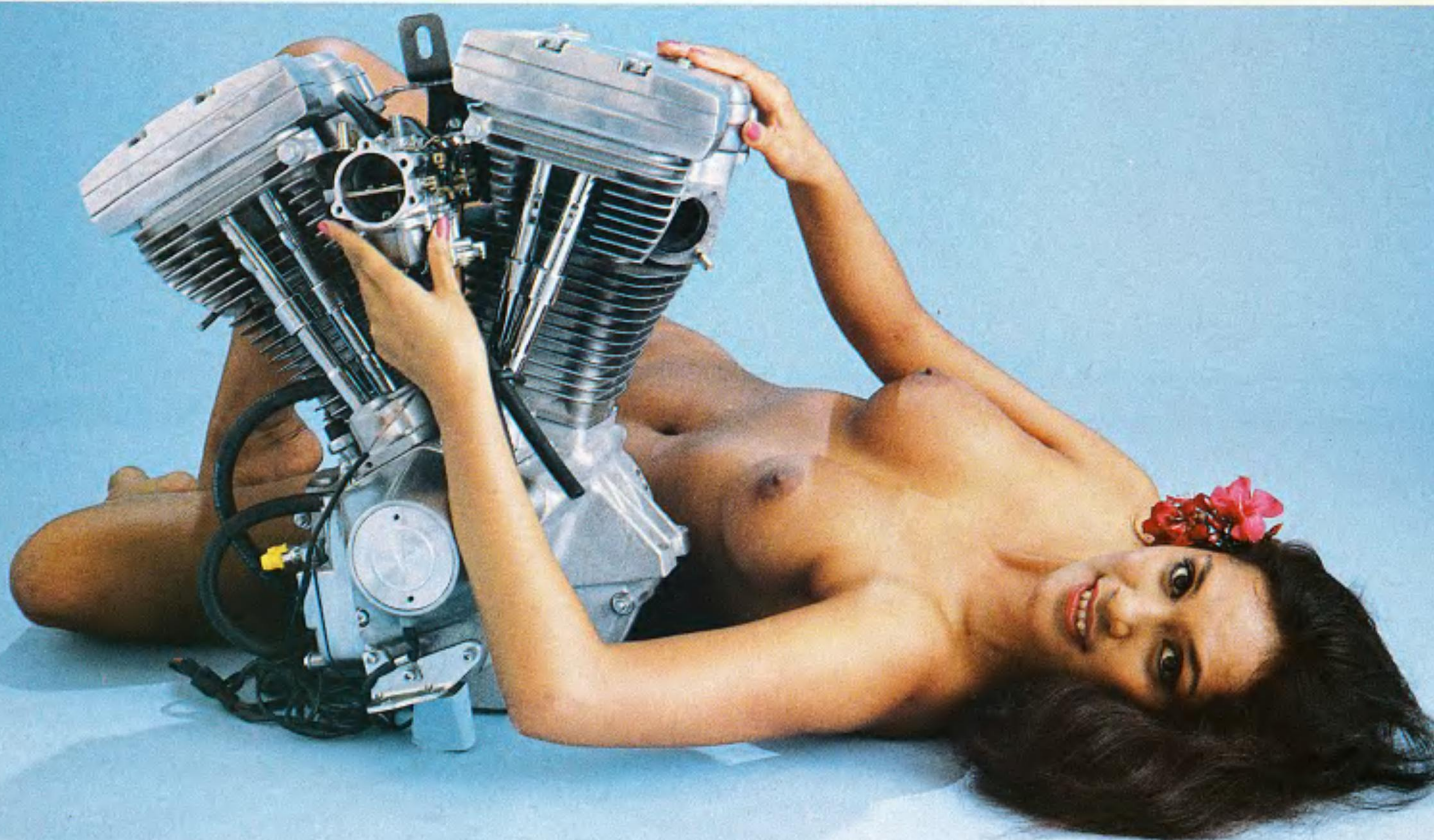
THIS ONE'S FOR DAD

My father, Eric, and brother, Laurence, who are the president and vice president of a Harley club called Statewide Alus of Hawaii-Kona District always wanted me to model for Easyriders. So I thought I'd give the Easyriders people a visit and see if I'd make it. Well here I am and my father's so proud of me. This one's for you, dad!

Maile









Photos by Pete Chiodo



Cruel and Unus



In the beginnin', as another book starts out, when the entire population of the world added up to two people, an' they ran around all day an' night naked as jaybirds, things like crime, punishment, an' sex hadn't been invented yet an' the only dude in town had no idea how to go about increasin' the number of neighbors so that he could have somebody to party with.

The dude's name was Adam, an' you all know who the chick was. When Adam told Eve that he was disturbed by their lack of social life, she told him she was unaware of any problem at all. When she said "unaware," Adam thought she'd said "underwear," an' noticin' that she wasn't wearin' any, he threw her down on her back an' invented the missionary position. Pretty soon,

along came Cain an' Abel, 'cause the Pill hadn't been invented yet, either. That's when things got hot.

Cain busted Abel's gourd with a rock, thereby inventin' crime, an' now the Big Kahuna created punishment. He eighty-sixed Cain from Disneyland — which was probably the first an' last time that murder was treated so lightly by a judge. An' crime marched on!

Puttin' along through history, we come to a time when men an' women got down an' screwed themselves up a whole bunch of people. They invented population explosions, an' suddenly there were overcrowded cities, houses full of ankle-biters, an' a ton of naggin' ol' ladies who wanted to move out into the country 'cause the smoke from all the burnin' camel shit was gettin' too thick.

As violent crimes increased, punishments became more harsh. Sendin' a dude packin' wasn't much of a deterrent. Once a criminal left Fun City, all he had to do was move on to the next town an' cavort with whatever



was available till the heat was off, then back he came again. Somebody decided it was high time to take steps to make sure that once-ousted criminals didn't return for another go-round.

The local politicians got together an' made up a bunch of laws that would be easy to break, so they could have more weekend entertainment. They enjoyed watchin' dudes an' chicks make like Fernando Valenzuela with rocks instead of baseballs, an' the execution game was born.

The first stonings took place wherever the crime occurred. Judgment was passed on the spot, an' the culprit was promptly turned into a movin' target, to have his melon busted with whatever rocks were available. The rock throwin' went on until the sucker was dead. Pity the poor dude who committed his crime in the middle of a gravel pit.

The pace of livin' speeded up as civilization kept on expanding. Stonin' was a slow process, an' it



ual Punishment

by
Dr. Twatburger



was doomed (pardon the pun) to extinction. (Shit! There's another one.) Mere strangulations were followed by hangings, but these weren't crowd-pleasers at all, so executioners did a one-eighty in order to spice up the action. A jolly execution meant a jolly crowd, an' the executioners, no doubt, sold the pickpocket an' popcorn concessions for large sums of money. An eye for an eye an' a tooth for a tooth resulted in theatrical raves, but it also let would-be offenders know what they were up against. If a dude bugged his neighbor's teenybopper, he knew what would happen to him when he got caught, so there were a lot of anxious puckered-butt perverts roam-in' the streets of ol' Babylon.

Boilin' in oil was a popular method of dispatch in olden times, but many people today have the misconception that boilin' in oil meant bodily dunkin' someone in a vat of hot pig lard. No way! That would have been too quick.

When a dude was boiled in oil, he was tied down, spread-eagle, on his back. The gleeful executioner, usually a wannabe fry-cook, would dip out tiny ladles of boilin' oil an' pour 'em on — or into — strategic parts of the condemned person's body. Hands, arms, legs, an' thighs were nearly always first. Next came the genitals, followed by the ears, eyes, an' the final dips, which french fried the tonsils.

Cranius Lobotomus, an early newspapyrus reporter, interviewed one executioner who stated that such executions were not painful at all, adding, "Only if ya spills a little on yerself."

Execution an' its methods varied until around the fifteenth century, when revolutionary thinkin' once again demanded that people be entertained by executions conducted under show biz conditions. Inventors were a dime a dozen, an' their gimmicks for terminatin' people were tried an' discarded until the most satisfactory methods were proved lastin' an' worthwhile. Variety became the spice of life — an' death — an' those who perpetrated the most painful methods of execution rationalized their cruelty by a single reference in the Bible: "*For he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin.*" Torture became a mandatory part of punishment, and death was decreed for even the simplest crimes, because the Bible said it was the right thing to do.

For crimes of bankruptcy, forgery, bigamy, fraud, cheatin' at cards, theft of fruit an' vegetables, sales of prohibited books, or (heaven forbid!) blasphemy, offenders were placed in a cage that revolved on a pivot, usually in a public place, an' there they stayed until they died of motion sickness an' starvation.

Other crimes were punished with other means more fittin' to the crimes. The *carcan* was an extraordinarily heavy iron collar designed to be riveted around a convicted crook's neck. It caused eventual death by restricting its wearer's ability to swallow, lie down comfortably, or maneuver around enough to give his ol' lady some face.

The *amende honorable* which means — literally — "to make amends

Illustrations from *Dictionnaire Historique*, circa 1730





with honor," had little to do with makin' amends an' a helluva lot less to do with honor, even when the sentencing judge thought he was doin' right by a prisoner. The condemned was led through the city in which his crime had been committed so that he could apologize to everyone he met along the way. At the end of his stroll, his captors poured boilin' water over his head, an' that usually made his hair fall out — through his asshole.

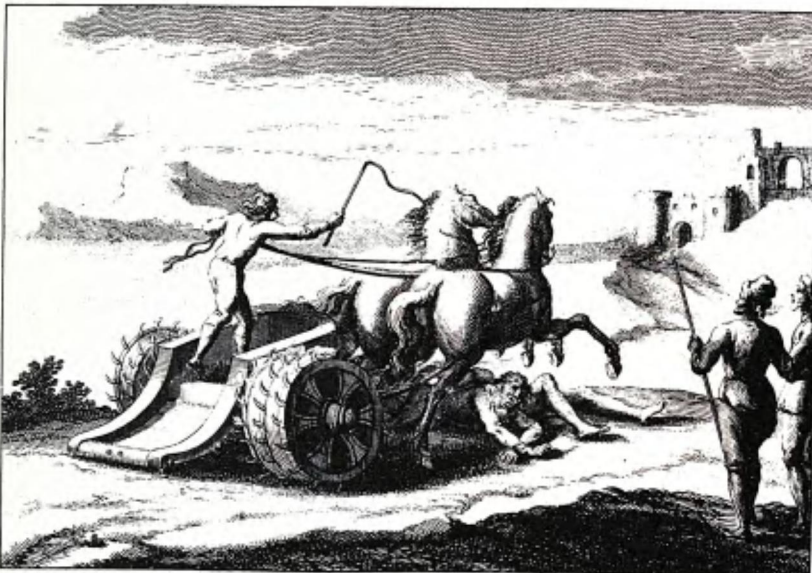
Essorillement was a crowd-pleaser an' a real delight, but not for those condemned to experience it. Watchin' a dude get this treatment was truly something to write home about.

In *essorillement*, the first-time offender just barely paid his dues. Only his left ear got sliced off. The left was the mandated ear of choice 'cause it was believed that the left ear was directly connected to the sexual organs. Cuttin' it off supposedly sterilized the criminal so that he couldn't produce little kiddy-crooks. Second-time offenders had their right ears shaved off clean to their heads, an' third-time offenders moved directly on to more significant titillations.

Let us note here that the French navy, as late as 1848, used sundry methods of mutilation as punishment, an' many of 'em were for minor infractions of the rules at sea. Duty shirkers an' insubordinate sailors had part or all of their ears lopped off. Sometimes the tip of the nose was sliced off, parts of fingers amputated, the tongue was often cut out, or a hand or foot removed. Nobody — but *nobody* — ever told a French navy bosun to go fuck himself. When the man said "shark," you dropped your laundry an' bent over the rail to look.

Tenaillement was a punishment doled out to serious offenders. I'm talking would-be assassins, spouse killers, rugrat exterminators, murderers of just about every kind. Every now an' then they also threw in a butcher or a mechanic, just to keep the machinery oiled. (They didn't have bikers

Continued on page 100



speedy search

So the icy winds of winter have got you down, have they, and ya think there's nothin' to do until the weather lets up except smoke, screw, drink and grouse about ol' Jack Frost, and smoke and screw and drink some more? Well, you're dead wrong, bros. Herewith, a word search puzzle guaranteed to exercise yer cranium — and to possibly serve as a timely reminder of what ya ought to be doin' with yer spare time when yer stash is empty, the ol' lady tells you to beat it, and yer outta brew. Hidden in this puzzle are the same main-

tenance-

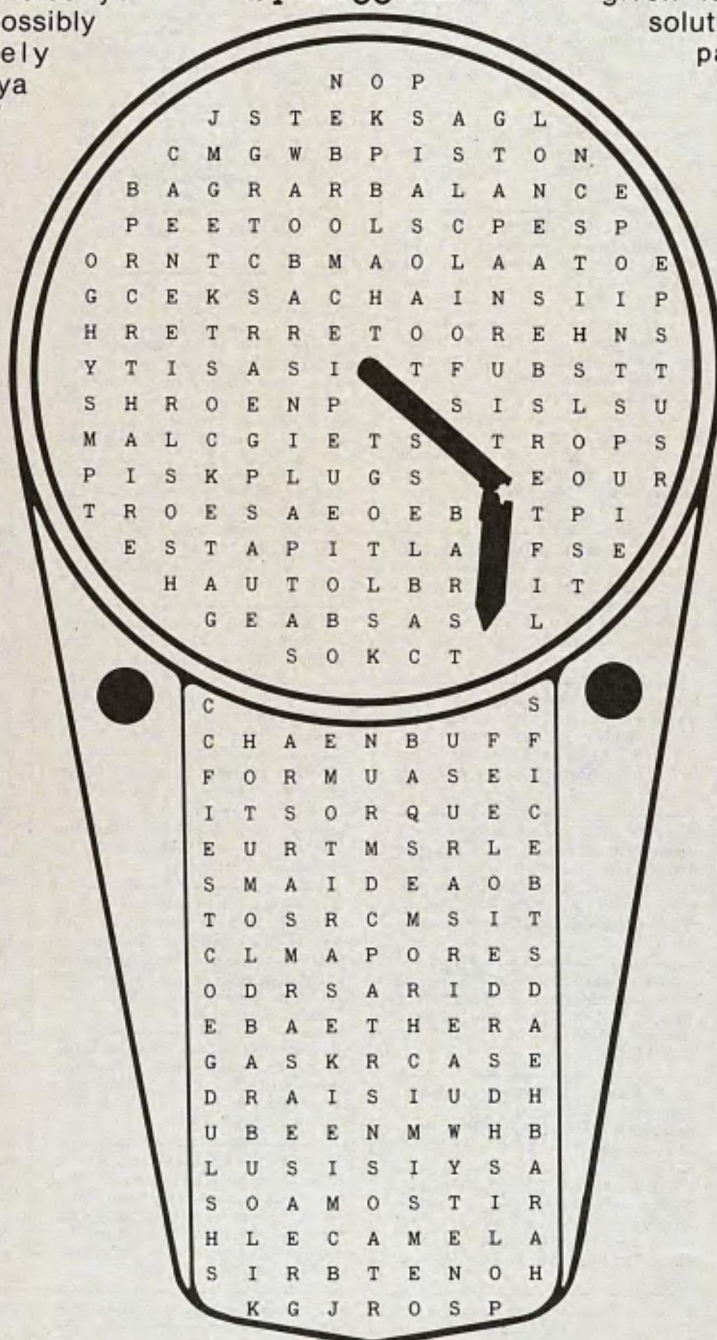
BALANCE
BARS
BATTERY
BUFF
CABLES
CAM
CARB
CASH
CHAINS
CHROME
CLAMPS
DRAIN
FORM
GASKETS
GEARS
GREASE
HEADS
HONE
HOSES
LIFTERS

by Gregg Miller

check items listed below. They may read forward, backward or diagonally, but they all read in a straight line whichever way they read. (You're not too wasted to be able to figure out what a straight line is, are ya?) Letters may be used more than once, or not at all, and some words may overlap. Once you've

given it yer best shot, the solution can be found on page 117. So, sharpen yer pencil, gather yer wits, and have at it.

Miss fewer than five and you'll have aced yerself right out of a any good excuses fer not bein' in the wind as soon as the weather breaks!



MOLD
PAINT
PEGS
PIPES
PISTON
PLATING
PLUGS
POINTS
POLISH
SEAT
SIMICHROME
SLUDGE
SOCKET
SPOOLS
SPROCKET
TOOLS
TORQUE
TRUE
WIRE
WRENCH

Male Call

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

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

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

W/m, 6', 175 lbs., 20 yrs., blond hair, blue eyes. Down for parts in Alaska jail. Would like correspondence with open-minded, outgoing females, 18-24. Patrick Marrs, Box 309, Juneau, AK 99802.

W/m, 26, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown hair. Texas outlaw doin' a nickel in Oklahoma. Release, early '84. Need contact with ladies, 18-30, interested in scooters and country living. Wes "The Doctor" Tabor 92569, Box 97, TBW3, McAlester, OK 74501.

Two downed, but not out, bros want letters from all you ladies out there. Don't waste time; we won't be here forever. Mike "Tiny" Campbell 32241, and Dave Susko 35024, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, AZ 85643.

Lonely w/m scooter tramp from Memphis, down until early 1984 in this famed old prison camp. I am starved for mail from attractive and righteous mamas out there. I'm 39, 6' and 200 lbs. I'm one hell of a writer, so, pretty mamas, give me fuel for my agonizing loneliness. Send me some foxy photos and letters and this tramp will give you some righteous answers. Billy "Sidewinder" Johnson 79394, Barracks 1, Cummins Camp, Grady, AR 71644-D-500.

White political prisoner, 100% rebel outlaw, would like to hear from girls, 18-45, the wilder the better. James W. "Jim" Parker 71108, TSP Station A West, Nashville, TN 37203.

Lonely SSMC bro, sittin' here needin' kites and flicks from thorough and sincere ladies. Richard D. Cooper 159787, B-533, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

Have three years of college knowledge, 32 years. Request heartwarming and enlightening letters from perfume-scented, jewelry-wearing foxes, 18-33, who are honest and open-minded, with a sense of humor. Will build a concrete foundation of understanding around our relationship. Robert Farrell 17957, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 19er, captured in Va., 6'3", 240 lbs., brown hair and beard, hazel eyes, looking for solid ol' lady. No phonies or air heads. Lee "Cowboy" Simpson 130158, Box 430, Dillwyn, VA 23936.

Biker's lady, down for 5. Haven't been here long and my man is already slowing down on his love. Need some of yours, on paper, and quick! Joyce Sites 151108, M.B. 353, Box 147, Lowell, FL 32663.

I am a down brother who's doing hard time, but that's not all that is hard — smile. I would like to hear from a down-to-earth, for-real bitch. No fakes or plastic bitches. Bitch if you feel that you can fill the need in me. Donald S. Davis 07655-037, Lewisburg, PA 17837.

W/f, 30, 5'6", 125 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Looking for someone to help do my lonely time. Like to share thoughts, feelings and especially smiles. They can't keep me down. No phonies; I'm honest and sincere and expect it from others. Nancy Black, F03833, H-4, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

W/m, 28, 6'4", 180 lbs., doing seven to life, with 4% down. Need wife for bone yard. T.J. Clark, Box C-12457, San Quentin, CA 94974.

Kinky? W/m, 6'3", 220 lbs., 30 yrs. old. Would like letters and flicks from kinky chicks. John "Big Nasty" Manning 93152, H-2A, W.C.C., Box 351, Haynesville, LA 71038.

Local divers union number 69; no muff too tough; I dive till five, a.m. or p.m. Kenneth "Clumay" Midkiff, Box 2537, Lafayette, LA 70501.

One big and very buffed w/m from Calif., took a fall in Colorado. Would like to hear from all concerned. Gordon Miller, Box R49998, Buena Vista, CO 81211.

San Quentin white boy burned out on no correspondence from the outside and can't deal with the fat-butts boys on the inside. Need to hear from sweet, luscious ladies for flicks and possible visits. John Wyse, Box C08523, Tamal, CA 94974.

Sincere ladies, 19-40, help! Two down and lonely outlaws need kites and flicks. Robert "Grease" Dorsey, Box 60402 and Anthony "Colt" Renn, Box 53730, CTF North, S.A. 203, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 26, 5'8", brown hair. Been down seven, with daylight due at the first of '84. Need sincere ladies to correspond with; will answer all letters sent with photo. Mail to Robert "Bobby" Bryant 83242, CB-2-36-3, 1515 Gist St., Columbia, SC 29202.

Righteous white boy would like to hear from you ladies out there. Send flick if you can. Will answer all. Howard Steve Hendrix 119149, Box 37, Holman Station, AL 36503.

Bro in Texas, down and out, needs mail without a doubt. Letters with pics get first reply. David Mahan 301906, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, TX 77583.

White bro, down in Italy. Needs to hear from sincere, sweet foxes. All letters answered; a pic will make it quick. Six down, two to go. Claudio Morgia, V/S Maria Di Gradi, No. 4, 01100 Viterbo, Italy.

I am in Marysville Reformatory for Women. I would like to correspond with someone. I'm 5'8", green eyes, auburn hair. Sheridan Jones 16179, 1479 Collins Ave., Marysville, OH 43040.

Young, white, blond, blue-eyed and soon to be free. I know there are some fine babes out there who could use a good man, and hell knows, I could use a good woman. So, send warm letters and photos, too. Dan Stoddard 15804, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707.

Mild-mannered madman, 25, 6', 200 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, kinky and crazy. But seriously, girls, I'm getting out in less than a year. It's time I get on with my life. Need a righteous lady to share it with. Rick "Animal" Williams 40576, Box 7, 1-D-267, Moberly, MO 65270.

White bro, 31, 6', 180 lbs., doing time. I've been down for the count of 15 and have three left. Wish to hear from big or small ladies, 18-120. Robert "Satan" Moon, Box 1108, Denver, CO 80201.

Estranged? So am I! I need an honest and sincere relationship. I am 5'6", 35, 140 lbs., auburn hair, green eyes, college grad, mother of two. If you're in prison, don't write, it can't be received. Kate Johnston Miller 94708, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

We parked our bikes to rest our heads when out of the bushes popped the feds; ever since then we've been feeling sad, in this federal jail doing bad. Write or come. Johnny "Tuxedo" Randolph 74137-012 and David "Quicksand" Vogel 21468-048, Box 1000, Otisville, NY 10963.

W/f, a very lonesome, lovable Aquarius, 5'6", 135 lbs., brown eyes, long dark-brown hair. Looking for a special, honest, sincere bro, 25-35, interested in a serious relationship. Are you the one who can make me feel alive again? Out by 1/84. Write, send pictures. Institution accepts no inmate mail. Shirley Bishline 116358, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

Two lonely ladies are down and out in a Wisconsin prison. We'd like to hear from any of you lonely men. Tammy "J.J." Lasko, 22, and Diane "Ponche" Kloth, 33, 971 Cty. Hy. K, Taycheedah, WI 54935.

W/f, down 1 1/2 years, 23, long brown hair, 5'11", 135 lbs. I know life's a bitch, but this is ridiculous. I need to hear from some righteous bros who can put my mind out there with theirs. Suzanne Loveday, A150922, B.C.I.-H4, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Thirty-five-yr.-old white, looking for letters and flicks from all who'll write. I'm 6'2", 185 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes. I'm down in the flesh, but free in the spirit. David Beard, C-45584, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Two 22-year-old, lonely w/m 19ers would like to hear from foxes. Pics would be appreciated, but will answer all. No restrictions on mail from other institutions. Scott Bryant 33189, and Dale Christopher 36401, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67501.

Attention, all females, here's a white warrior, 29, doing a little time in the desert and hurtin' for some attention. All answered. Rick Wheeler, Box B-38849, Florence, AZ 85232.

Downed w/m, ex-patch holder, 29, 5'7", 160 lbs. Been down four years too long. Looking for pics and kites from ladies 18-7. Wild, sexy, sweet, or just plain crazy. Take some time and drop a line. Will answer all. Don "Red" Crowhurst, Box 8200, Cranston, RI 02920.

W/m, 21. Ladies, I'm a downed brother doin' some lonely time. 18 to 30 sounds mighty fine. So, shoot a kite any time. Ed Griffin, C-62831, C.T.F. North, L.B. 237-L, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

Caged-up w/m, 35, 5'11", 180 lbs., with black hair and blue eyes. I have no family in the free world. I will answer all who answer this ad and will exchange photos. Release date, late '83. Jimmy Reachard, 96990-131 Beta Unit, Box P.M.B., Talladega, AL 35160.

Downed tramp needs letters, flicks and possibly visits from ladies who understand. I am 23, 5'5", 140 lbs., have long blond hair and blue eyes. If you're looking for a no-bullshit relationship, write Henry Godin, Box 8273, Cranston, RI 02920.

Tennessee bro, 30, down in Florida with about a year to go. I need kites and flicks from ladies interested in a future relationship. David Dix 086844, 500 Orange Ave., Circle (B-83), Belle Glade, FL 33430.

White asshole needs hi'l tongues to tickle my thoughts. Daniel Cahill, Box B40905, Florence, AZ 85232.

W/f, 23, 5'7", brown hair, blue eyes, down and doing time since '79. Lonely, looking for sincere man, 23-33. Correspondence needed but can't receive from inmates. Send pic and letters; will answer ones with pics first. Teresa (Lee) Long 97430, Box 11492, M.B.C.C., Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

"Peg Leg John," blue-eyed, dirty-blond, one-legged outlaw, down for a few more minutes and looking for a new unit. John Owen, C56575-2110, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401-0003.

"Sundance," 5'8", dirty-blond hair and blue eyes. I sure would enjoy some mail from a foxy lady. So, if you're a fox, send me a letter and a picture of yourself. Ron Derby, Box C62226, Repressa, CA 95671.

Marriage-minded w/m, 29, 5'11", brown hair, blue eyes. Doing time in fed joint for income tax. Be out in few mos. All letters (if any) answered. Photo with first letter, if possible. Bob E. Heller 80811-020-C, F.C.I., Ashland, KY 41101.

Help! W/m, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs., brown and blue. Done three years in the Florida chain gang. Now I've got this small bit in Ohio. Due to get out late this year. Need sincere 1% woman to send flicks and some lovin' and hopefully, that ride for life. Kids don't matter. Pete "Ziggy" Mayes 174-220, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216.

Hellions bro, five yrs. down time, but the dreams still ride. Need to share the miles and a smile with letters and flicks. Drew Danley, Box B-97207, Repressa, CA 95671.

Jersey bro, w/m, looking for good lady to come home to. Ex-Marine, 34, honest, for real, love kids. Be out late '83. Tired of bullshit people; want a lady to love. Jimmy Hubbs 66726, CN861, Trenton State Prison, Trenton, NJ 08625.

W/m, 18, Capricorn, 100% white pride, needs to hear from some foxy ladies to help me with this 8-ball and maybe to ride free in the wind with me someday. Pictures appreciated. Michael Hawk, N-37610, Box 515, Joliet, IL 60432.

W/m, 20, needs to hear from you honest and open-minded kinky ladies. Just four months to go. Robert West 93721, H-1-A, Box 351, Haynesville, LA 71038.

White Harley bro, 19er and righteous outlaw, is downed for what they called a crime. I love my 74 machine; I'm gonna miss it. But, ladies, I need a wife for family trailer visits. Between 18 and 7. All letters will be answered; send pictures if possible. Johnny "Shotgun" Wager 82C692, Box 149, C-33-24, Attica, NY 14011.

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 **Gary "Gimp" Leone**, Huns MC. To all who knew you, you were a true brother. Gone, but not forgotten. You rode hard and died free. We will ride that same highway together again, bro. J.R. Reardon, Bridgeport, Conn.

In loving memory of **Shawn Raymond**, 10/31/82, who left us too early. May you ride free in Harley Heaven forever. I'm doing my best to watch out for Lisa and Shawn Lee Raymond, Jr. Wish you could have seen him, he's beautiful. I'll always love you and miss you. Always in my thoughts. Suzy.

Thomas J. Babb: You lived free and died fast. You'll remain in our hearts forever, and your spirit for life reminds us how good life can be. Love, Shirley, your family, and the MGM bros.

In memory of **Porky**! Ya know, it's really sad to lose one of the best we ever had. Porky was someone I really dug, and he was killed because of a fucking bug. So, all you bikers out there, make sure your eyes are covered with care. Porky's Pig was hit head-on and now all I can say is that he is gone. We love you, Jacques.



In loving memory of **Frank Clinton**, 3/25/83. He died on a mountain looking over the city. All your bros and sisters at Fliehands will love you forever, and in my heart you'll never die. I love you. Rest in peace. Dee Dee.

In tribute to our lost and beloved brother, **John "Sippity-Sam" Quinones**, 5/8/83, a 1%er for eternity. Till we meet to ride again. Ching-a-Ling Nomads MC, Bronx, N.Y.

In memory of **Splash, Schab, Dutch, and Chain**. Bros gone, but not forgotten. Fates Assembly MC.

In loving memory of **Geoff "Tramp" Reedy**, 2/4/83. You loved three things in life: riding, diving, and your wife. Diving took your life, so now you can ride free forever! As your wife, I will continue riding your scooter, so I'll see you in the wind! Missed by all your friends. I love you. Lady and the Tramp.

Bob "Buckhead" Seery, 5/17/83, Hartford, Connecticut. From all the bros in the brotherhood. Hope you have a safe journey. Love, Buck.

In loving memory of **Steven "Hogg" Harrison**, 6/20/83. He rode hard from Florida to California and all states on the way. You'll never be forgotten. Ride high. Your sis Pat and the kids, Bunny, Mom, and all your friends.

In good memory of **Bobbie "Crazed" Fries**, 6/20/83. You lived a fast and crazed life, but you taught me right, bro. You'll be living free in Harley Heaven, and you'll never be forgotten. You made me what I am today — a biker. Little "Gonzo" Brock.

For **Chester "Chetty" Coleman**, the immortal biker, 2/7/82. To the best Warlock a brother ever had. Never to be forgotten. We love you, too, Dianne.

In loving memory of **Jerry "Gulf" Gulef**, 5/29/59 to 6/25/83. We all love ya and miss you. Ride free in Harley Heaven, babe. Love, Jodi and Johnnie.

In memory of **Dennis "Pickle" Deal**. Just because your folks at the church didn't understand, we know you did. Now your pan will stay fine-tuned forever. The Honk, and all your bros and sisters of IBMC, N.C.

In memory of **Helen "Honey" Zink**, 4/8/83. May you ride on a never-ending run in Harley Heaven, baby. You're being missed by many. Your sister, Peanut.

In loving memory of a free spirit, **Mike Grill**, 8/12/77. Your life was short, your scooter was fast; I'm mad as hell it didn't last. Sunshine.

Kenny Englehard, 2/13/83, Whittier, California. You were small, babe, but your heart was the biggest. Jesus be with you. Joy, Don, Jim.

In memory of **Steven Howard**. You were a good dude and a better friend. Ride on in Harley Heaven. We'll see you at the end of the cruise. We don't forget like of Jette. Li'l Joe, J.C., and the rest of the crew, USS Mahan (DDG42).

In memory of **Dennis Cole**, 5/30/81. You're gone but never forgotten. You'll live forever in our hearts. Memories never die, bro, and you left a million of them. Ride hard in Harley Heaven. Hoover, Steve, Marshall, your son Justin Dennis Cole, and all the bros in Brewer, Maine.

In memory of **Rob "Mr. Clean" Howie**, 4/17/83, Germany. Your bike didn't take you from us, but we know you rode to heaven. A part of all of us who knew you will always be missing. We can never thank you for all you gave us, but when we meet again we'll sure try to give back some of that special feeling. Snow White, Phred, Falcons MC, Street Leaders MC and many more.

In memory of **Mike "Handicap" Felton**, 1/9/82, a man whom everybody respected and loved. He died by the shot of a punk! Your memory will stay with us forever. Ride hard in Harley Heaven and give 'em hell. You may be gone, but you'll never be forgotten. Later. All your bros and sisters in S.C.

In memory of one helluva bro, **Rodney "RB" Arnold**, 4/2/83. We lived fast and hard and someday we'll do it again. So, till I get there, give them hell, bro. Ride free. Your bro Tim Halsey (FTW).

A tribute to a good brother, **Jim "Colock" Cole**, United Riders MC, Central, Illinois. Lost July 15, 1983, in a car accident. From his brother Big Daddy and friends in Phoenix, Arizona.

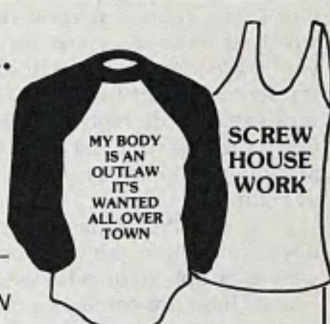
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fart; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 38. See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Eat Me; 39. Tell Me Now Before I Waste \$10 On Drinks; 40. Wild Beard Rides 56; 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.

You hang around with some other dudes in a bar and you talk about those days back in 'Nam. You go to a meeting of some vets' organization and do the same. You have stories; all the bros have stories. And everybody has a damn good time swappin' all those, "Yeah! I remember this one time. . ."

But sometimes when you're all alone, when you're not splittin' for the drinks with a crowd around you, when you're just there, inside your own head — well, you really wonder how the livin' Christ you ever *did* those things. Know what I mean?

It's one thing to sit around bull-shitting, recalling the day you humped a baseplate or an M-60, plus all the other shit, all over Kum Twat Valley and up and down six kinds of Phu Phuck Mountain, only to get your draggin' ass all wet in the Suck Shit River — and that was all before lunch. All grown-up at nineteen and 145 lbs. of nothin', you really did all that, every fuckin' day. And, c'mon, you know damn well that today, if you're normal, you're good for maybe a ten-meter flat-footed sprint to the crapper — motivated by diarrhea and weighted down only by that last can of brew and maybe the traditional, hastily lit cigarette.

Yeah, we all think back on those days and wonder how the hell we were ever able to do what we did.

But there are some others who ought right now to be wondering how *they* ever did what they did. I'm not talking about people who humped it, who made it through a year or two of hell, who remember hanging on for their lives, who lived like rats, who depended more on the strange dude next to them than they'd ever depended on anybody. I'm not talking about people who shot it out face-to-face with an enemy, like we did. I'm not talking about people who had to pick up and cradle in their arms the broken body of the 18-year-old-kid-from-anywhere, suddenly turned best friend. No, man, I'm not talking about those people.

I'm talking about the Gucci-shod bastards who made Agent Orange. I'm talking about people who knew

they had poisons of the worst kind in their hands and sold it to us as clean. I'm talking about people to whom profits mean everything — screw morality, fuck patriotism, to hell with human beings — let's fill those coffers and live it up! No matter what it costs. . . as long as it costs somebody else.

"I'm talking about people who knew they had poisons of the worst kind in their hands and sold it to us as clean."

That's who I'm talking about. And I wonder. Do they ever have even a momentary attack of conscience. . . and wonder how *they* did what they did?

Well, the word is out, anyway: As many of you have probably heard, lawyers for Vietnam vets have turned over to the courts certain documents obtained one way or another from Dow Chemical Co. These "documents" are primarily memoranda circulated within the company or copies of letters from company officials to others outside the company. What they show is that Dow had knowledge of how toxic the contaminant dioxin really is, and that Dow knew it at least as early as 1965. They also show that Dow had problems with dioxin-poisoning of some of its workers at least as early as 1964 — when employees in its Midland, Michigan, plant began to suffer ailments like chloracne, liver necrosis, and other serious maladies.

But did that spur Dow on to worry about the others who would be exposed to their chemical's dangers? Hell, no! Dow was, according to these documents, more concerned with the government's finding out how bad the shit really was and stepping in to clamp down some heavy regulations on the manufacture of their product. They didn't want any controlling done by "outsiders" — and, of course, they had to worry about possible loss of sales to Uncle Sam.

One of the letters — from one

Dow executive to another who was in charge of Dow up in Canada — pretty much tells the story of how Dow thought they had deep shit on their hands. And there is plenty of evidence that Dow might have been calling for a meeting of the other chemical companies to figure out what to do to prevent the government from getting wise and taking steps to control or limit manufacture. The word for that is *conspiracy*, bro.

And we thought *we* were animals! Those fuckheads make us look like Hare Krishna types.

The real kick in the butt is that Dow has been screaming all this time that dioxin is, at best, very difficult (and expensive) to take out of herbicides. But the evidence in the documents show that a German chemical company sent Dow a letter telling them how to get rid of dioxin in their products. And this letter was sent in — are you ready for this? — 1957! According to one 'Nam vets' lawyer, Dow "misfiled and lost" the damn thing. Right.

To sum it up, all this evidence is supposed to illustrate and prove that these profit-packin' pricks apparently: (1) knew that dioxin was/is very poisonous and harmful material; (2) had received some information on how to rid their product of the contaminant, but never utilized that data; (3) deliberately tried to conceal the dangers, information on toxicity, and the accidents they'd had from the U.S. government; and (4) attempted to form, or formed, a conspiracy to hide the facts.

Most of us have already seen the condition of some of our brothers who are suffering from dioxin poisoning. For those who haven't, be assured that chloracne is no simple little skin disease; it's pretty motherin' bad when it really hits you. And there are the previously mentioned liver ailments, other systemic injuries, and the birth defects. However, in addition, I've also seen pictures of Vietnamese who are supposedly afflicted. The survivors are bad enough, but you ought to see what they've got stored in big

Continued on page 124

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of fifteen bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And, remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

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WYOMING

Boogie Bros. Hill Valley Road, Gillette

Downtime

Continued from page 52

Each song has its own influence. Whether it's the Everly Brothers-styled rendering of "Super Freak," or Duane Eddy's guitar style on "Star Wars" — that's right, "Star Wars" — the songs are done in the truest, purest tradition of the period, the fifties period, that is. That means plenty of doo-waps, hand-claps, harmonies, and finger snaps all the way through.

Take "Bette Davis Eyes" — it's ten times as dynamic as the original behind the powerful vocals of Bob Wayne, and the knock-'em-dead guitar work of David Starns. Big Daddy will always do their music in the style they know and love; it all started there and they ain't about to leave. True-blue American music.

To show ya how true-blue the boys are, Tom Lee, a guitarist in the band who gave us the time of day and then some, tells us that his grandmother was one of the first women ever to sell Harley-Davidsons. No shit, that was back in Detroit for Michigan Independent Co. Good heritage!

The band views life in the eighties as very confusing, a far cry from cruisin' A&W Root Beer stands, hangin' BAs, playin' at school sock hops, and bein' thrilled by a new team in town, the Dodgers, who had just moved west from Brooklyn. Twenty-four years later, the L.A. Dodgers beat the Chicago White Sox for the World Series that year. Also, gas was only 20 cents a gallon then. You could fill your fatbobs for a buck — less if there was a gas war. Nowadays the only gas wars are in the Middle East.



"I think you're at the wrong rally, miss."

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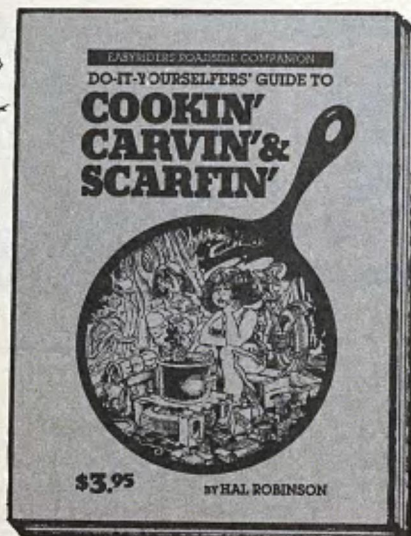
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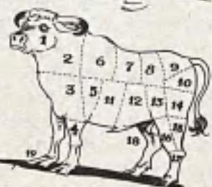
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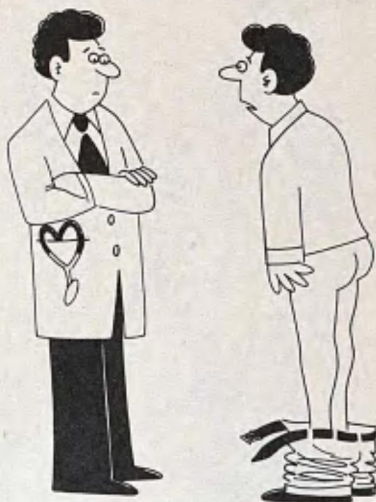
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Easysiders



WINNERS

Big Daddy has added bass player John Hatton (upright bass, natch), as well as a hot sax man, Sam Franklin. At a recent viewing of their live show, we were knocked out by the repertoire, as well as the audience's reaction. Mild wild. Lots of stuff hasn't changed at all. There were dudes outside tryin' their best lines on the chicks. Girls being coy, yet wantin' to be captured as they guzzled G-and-Ts. Same stuff, different time. In one era and out the other. Still rockin'.

Big Daddy is getting some air play around the country. You may have heard them on KYA in San Francisco, KEGL Houston, KROQ Los Angeles, WXRT and WLUP Chicago, WABX in Detroit, CKLW in Windsor, Ontario, WFMU in Jersey (where Vanilla Bean first broke it), as well as stations throughout the South. They made an appearance on the Bill Tush Show on Ted Turner's Atlanta SuperStation last summer, too. Looks like the big time at last.

They'd still like to know what happened to Lion's Dragstrip and to this day believe "Forbidden Planet" is the number one movie of all time with its array of special effects (they haven't seen "Return Of The Jedi"). rear-end axle grease is the only hair tonic used, and they can't believe gays came out of the closet. Strange days.

If you're interested in obtaining their record, try your local disc distillery. If it's not in, order it — from Rhino Records. ■

"Doctor, I have the same problem as the astronauts — reentry!"

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 Nov. 30th. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #126 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



CHOPS

CARLA



JEANEANE





JOYCE

Here she is, folks — **Debi**, the third monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Sheri, Donna, and Penny.



LIESA



Ol' Lady Contest

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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.

Premonition

Continued from page 18

have you ever known of anyone coming back to tell just how serious it is? Someone who experienced being dead? What the hell makes death so fearful to you? What the hell do you know about death?"

"Nothing, I guess," Tom answered, subdued. He felt alone again. Arguments that did not agree with his way of thinking had always driven him to periods of silence and brooding. "Maybe I'm just worrying about it because it seems like a loss of happiness or something."

"Happiness?" Paul sneered. "Happiness for what and for whom?" He sat silent for a moment. "I saw my ol' lady for the last time yesterday," he blurted, his voice louder than he wanted it to be.

"How'd she take it?" Tom asked, wondering if it was a stupid question. He turned the words over in his mind, wondering how he would have answered if someone had asked if he'd seen his ol' lady — or his mother, long deceased. "She's pretty young, isn't she?"

"Too young," Paul answered. "Lucky cunt. Females always seem to have that kind of luck. Somebody else will get her pretty soon. She won't think about me very long. Then, after a while, there'll be somebody else and somebody else, and when she's worn out. . ." He left the sentence unfinished. They both looked up at the window and listened. The partying had begun again. An engine fired up and someone rode away into the night. The sound faded.

"I hope it will be quick," Tom said. "Huh? What?"

"Death. You know," he explained, as if their plight had been forgotten, or had never been discussed.

"What the fuck does it matter?" Paul replied, snorting derisively. "One minute you're alive — the next minute you're dead. You're either alive or dead at any time. It's not like being rich or poor, or healthy or unhealthy. When you're poor you save up until you're rich, and when you go the other way it's the same. You're rich for a while, you spend on good eats, and then you're poor. You get sick, somebody gives you medicine and after a while you're healthy again, but there's no transition period where death is concerned. You don't step halfway into either life or death and then back again. Clunk!" he said, with such suddenness that Tom jerked upright violently. "The ax falls and

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THIS CHRISTMAS GIVE YOUR BABY A BRAKE.

SHE'S A HARLEY AND
SHE DESERVES THE BEST!



Rear replacement brakes for all Harley Davidson Big Twins, 1973 and up. Includes 162 X 2 caliper, disc and bracket. Order Systems "J" reg. \$220.00 now till

Feb. 1, 1984 **\$198.00**

Optional replacement master cylinder \$66.00.

Lightweight drilled disc add \$20.00.

Available through Harley part suppliers,
or send cashiers check or money order to:

Performance Machine Inc.

15520 Illinois, Paramount, CA 90723

(213) 634-6532 Calif. residents add 6.5%.



**THE EAGLE SOARS ALONE
HONOLULU, HAWAII**

Get this message, big and bold on a quality T-shirt. Men's reg. \$12.50. Women's tank \$10.50. Ask about our other Hawaii accessories and huge inventory of genuine Harley Davidson parts. Hawaii's oldest authorized Harley Davidson dealer.

PACIFIC HARLEY DAVIDSON

Write 2965 N. Nimitz Hwy., Honolulu, HI. 96819
Ph. (808) 836-3901/(808) 836-3131

you're dead as a June bug in a chicken yard."

"Well," Tom admitted, "at least you still have your sense of humor. I don't know how you hang onto it, but you always were a funny enough bastard."

"Oh, I'll be dull enough in the morning, when they come to get us," Paul assured his friend. "I'll forget every joke and funny incident I ever heard or saw. Trying to figure out why a chicken crosses the road won't make me laugh any more. When that door opens, I'll shake and cringe and beg for another minute of life just like everyone else would."

"God, I hate the waiting. Couldn't rest all day yesterday. Couldn't sleep tonight if I had to. I wonder why they do it this way."

"Do what?" Paul asked. "Do what, what way?"

"Sonuvabitch!" Tom screeched.

"What the fuck you think we're doing sitting here? What do you think we've been talking about? We're not going for a damned stroll around the farm in the morning — we're gonna get our fucking selves killed. Killed deader than hell! Can't you understand that?"

"Yeah," Paul agreed softly. "But what way?"

"How the fuck do I know?" Tom croaked. "All I know is it's gonna be in the morning. Who the fuck started this custom of morning executions?"

"Shit!" chortled Paul, throwing his head back and laughing. "that's easy to figure out — executioners who want to have afternoon meals."

"You know, Paul," Tom said, after a moment of silence, "you're really disgusting."

The dark rectangle of the high window changed by gradual degrees. There was no light outside, yet the dark of night began to fade to a lighter color. It was as if the night was preparing to run away from the approaching horror.

"I wonder if it will hurt," Tom said, breaking the silence.

"You already wondered that one," Paul reminded him. "Haven't you got any more constructive things to wonder about?"

"Okay, asshole," Tom said, getting riled. "I wonder exactly why we have to die."

"You know damned well what the answer is to that one. That's really a stupid question."

"Okay, then," Tom went on. "I wonder why fate or karma, or whatever the fuck, put us in this particular position where, in another hour or two, we are gonna get dusted by some people we don't like

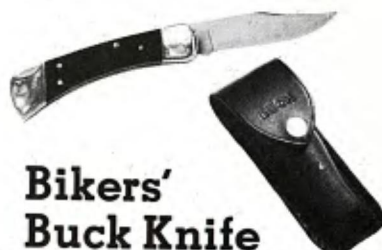


I.R.S. Ltd.



Scooter Wallet

Our most popular wallet, refined, carefully crafted, convenient and made to last forever. Securely fastened with brass rivets — comes with safety chain for only \$15.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Indicate whether you want it branded with "Harley" "Live to Ride" or plain.



Bikers' Buck Knife

Traditional biker's knife. Four inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Macassar ebony handle (with sheath), for \$29.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling.



Rollin' Roach Clip

The original motorcycle roach clip. It's functional and adds a bit of class to any valve stem, on any scooter.

They show chrome plated and we'll ship 'em out for only \$4.50 apiece, plus 50¢ postage and handling.



ALL NEW Wrist Watch Band

We refined our original band design for more flexibility and comfort. The flap acts as protection for your valuable watch, and we'll brand it "Harley" or "Live to Ride" or leave it plain for \$12.25 plus 85¢ postage and handling.

I•R•S Limited

P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359
California residents add 6% for the man. APO, FPO, Hawaii and overseas add \$3 extra postage.

I.R.S. t-shirt \$10.00 (indicate size)
Dealer inquiries invited.

and wouldn't never associate with no matter what."

"Maybe somebody just doesn't like seeing us happy."

"My ass!"

"All right, maybe we're too handsome — well, I am, anyway."

"Shit, I've been happy," Tom said, ignoring Paul's attempts at humor. "I sure hate losing my portion of all that happiness."

"Happiness?" Paul snorted. "You call the way you've been living 'happiness'? Being free is happiness. You aren't going to lose anything but your life."

"When I die in a few hours or minutes or whatever, I'm nevertheless going to feel a loss of happiness or opportunity or something."

"If you had any opportunities, you wasted them," Paul said. "You were dead the second *The Man* pointed his finger at you."

"I know it," Tom agreed, sagging. Defeat shone in his eyes. "I suppose one never gives up hoping and dreaming, just the same, and that's all I've been doing. I guess it will be that way with me right up until the last moment. I'll be hoping that something goes wrong, or someone will suddenly cry out, 'Not him, he's not the one!' or something like that." They sat side by side in silence, looking up at the window.

Even before the light came, a rooster sounded his reveille to the world. The call rang across the starless sky. The sun floated up, pale as a yard-egg in the morning mist. A cold wind blew in through the high window and swept down, brushing their trembling bodies with an iciness that made them draw even closer together in the dim light.



Easyriders

WE'LL TAKE ON ANYBODY IN LEATHER.



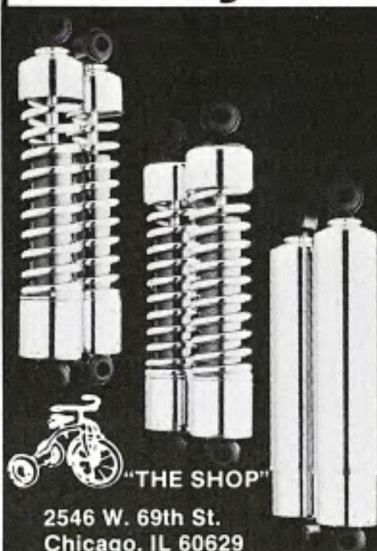
Every Brooks biking leather is made with the finest American steerhide and materials where it's done best—right here in America. You simply can't buy a better leather to save your skin. For the motorcycle dealer in your area who carries Brooks leathers call—**1-800-528-6050 Ext. 1220.** (Arizona, 1-800-352-0458) (Alaska & Hawaii 1-800-528-0470).

BROOKS
LEATHER SPORTSWEAR, INC.
MADE IN U.S.A. • Oak Park, MI.

The baby we save
could be yours.

**United
Cerebral Palsy** 

SHOCKS by "THE SHOP"



THE STRONGEST H.D. SHOCKS AVAILABLE ... ANYWHERE

- Harley-Davidson quality replacement parts
- Stock and shortened lengths for most models
- American design, make, and assembly
- Heavy-duty parts throughout
- 24K Gold and Show Chrome plating
- Rebuild service available
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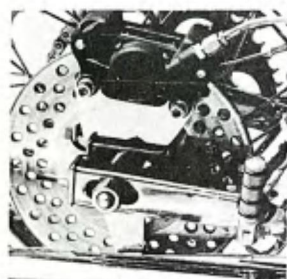
(312) 476-9155

2546 W. 69th St.
Chicago, IL 60629

"STOP ON A DIME"

Improve the stopping power of the Big Twin's

- Dual Action Caliper
- A Complete Bolt on Kit



Brake Kit

- Uses the Grimeca Twin Piston Caliper
 - Complete Kit - \$149.50
 - Drilled Stainless Steel Disc - \$59.95
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GARDNER CYCLE

8032 "H" STREET
OMAHA, NE. 68127

(402) 331-5460



Tail Light Fender and Fender Rails

- Fenders - \$44.95
- Rail Kit - \$45.95
- Tail Light - \$32.95

(Specify Big Twin or Sportster when ordering)

NEW FXST SOFTAIL™



© 1983 Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201

There were sounds outside: doors opening and closing; metallic rattling sounds, scraping noises, men hacking, coughing, retching, spitting. Now and then an engine would bark into life, run for a few minutes, then expire. Other engines were kicked over and over, again and again, but remained silent. There was much cursing.

They huddled together like the victims of a concentration camp, their wits now wiped out by fear and horror at what was about to occur. A soft noise — a touching sound. Tom stared idiotically toward the door.

Some hand fumbled at the door, then the latch was thrown and the door creaked open. A deep, but whispering, voice said, "Get behind me," and they heard the quick shuffling of feet.

The Man opened the door a bit wider, filling the space with himself as he squinted into the semi-darkness. One hand held a weapon, the other motioned to someone standing just out of sight, behind him and to one side. The other person, smaller in stature, appeared nervous and unsure of himself. He, too, held a weapon, but he held it awkwardly, with both hands, a novice at the game of killing.

"Come in and shut the door behind you," the big man said, taking a menacing step forward and reaching back for the door as the smaller person entered. "I'll get Tom and you get the other turkey. We'd better hurry, too," he added, giving the youth a push forward. "The ol' ladies want them plucked, stuffed, and into the oven early. This is gonna top off a fine Thanksgiving Run." ■

Leather

Biker's Tops

For ladies

C.

F. NEW

E.

B. bib halter \$38.00

C. with fringe \$85.00 w/o fringe \$75.00

D. fringe halter \$38.00 E. bikini \$65.00

F. Fringed Vest-Front Halter \$65.00

All are available in Black, Tobacco, Chamois, Red. Completely handmade of the softest suedes. Buttons and beads are glass, bone, shell and wood. All natural leathers. Suede is hand washable.

Send your order with cashiers check or money order to:

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Box 61
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(501) 425-5354



Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

Qty.	B.C.D.E.F	Size	Color	w/o sleeves/ fringe	Amt.

Arkansas Residents 3% tax



Card # _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Ship. & hand. chg. \$3.50

Subtotal _____

Tax _____

Total _____

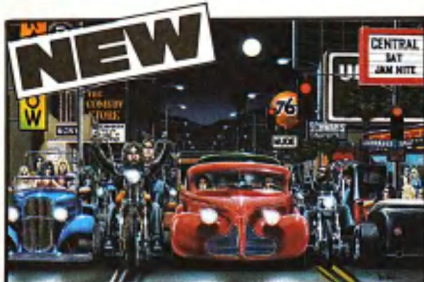
Zip _____



"This song is dedicated to the chick in the front row with the erect nipples."

DAVE MANN

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



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



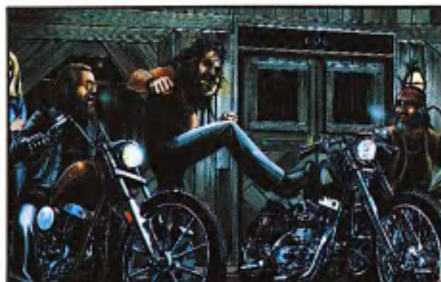
M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



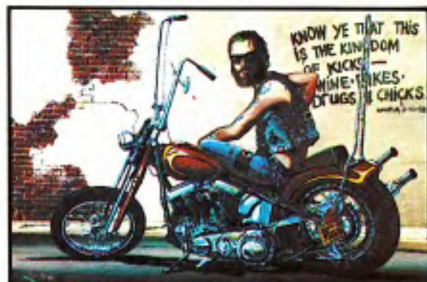
M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



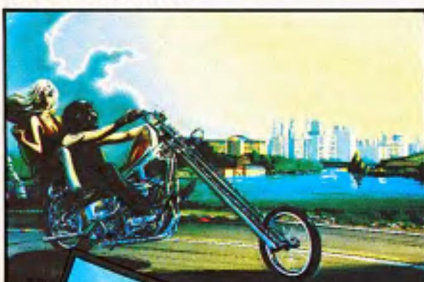
M-10 "STARBURST"



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 1½' x 2½'!
(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.

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 wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.



M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"



M-11 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



M-11 "EASYRIDERS FOREVER"



NEW

GENUINE
Easyriders
BUN HUGGERS

We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini bottoms. Available in badass black or virgin white; please indicate **Easyriders** logo or **Easyriders** Bun Huggers imprint; medium or large size. To order, send **\$4.95** to Easyriders Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. (Sorry, not returnable.)

U.S.A. & Canada, add 75¢ for postage & handling. Foreign add \$4.00 U.S. funds only. (California residents, add 6% sales tax.)

BUN HUGGERS

A Mind Boggling Bandanna!

Are ya ready? Here's a large (approximately 27" x 26") bandanna — large enough to wear as a band to keep your hair in place while riding. Your ol' lady can wear one for the same reason or to hide the fact that her hair's a mess. Or you could use it as a wipe cloth — whatever you're wipin' — sweat, water, oil, blood, cum, you name it. It has **Easyriders** emblems all over it in bright orange — a must for a stone biker (or stoned).

For one bandanna, send \$5.00 plus postage (75¢ in U.S. and Canada, and \$2.00 for foreign orders). Order three bandannas and you get a break — send \$12.00 plus postage (\$2.00 in U.S. and Canada, and \$4.00 for foreign orders). (U.S. funds only.)

 Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301



Universal Solvent

Continued from page 17

cals but illegal to put them together to create a controlled substance," Mr. Jerkins said. "Or they charge conspiracy because you plan to put them together. It's frightening. These chemicals are not normally available. They create the crime by providing the kit and the instructions."

Thomas Gezon, the assistant United States Attorney who prosecuted the case against Mr. Peterson, said that evidence at the trial confirmed that Universal Solvents was a "D.E.A. sting." He said that Mr. Jerkins had not called any witnesses for the defense but that the judge, acting on a defense request, had instructed the jury to consider entrapment when weighing a verdict.

Mr. Gezon said he believed Mr. Peterson could have obtained what he needed to make methedrine without the help of the Federal agents.

Use of Tactic Acknowledged

"Anybody can find these chemicals," Mr. Gezon insisted. "Anybody can find these formulas."

At D.E.A. headquarters here, officials acknowledged their use of the tactic. Ted Swift, a spokesman for the agency, said that publicizing it might mean "compromising an investigation that is ongoing, that someone may get hurt, or that it would damage an investigative technique."

Mr. Swift and Mr. Canaday were among the D.E.A. officials asking The New York Times not to publish details of the operation.

Seymour Topping, managing editor of The Times, said, "The facts are already in the public domain and raise issues of concern to our readers."

Entrapment Test Cited

Bob A. Ricks, chief counsel to the agency, contended that if the drug agency had not obliged Mr. Peterson by



"Help! Police!"

EASYRIDERS READERS

NOTE:

If you want a **FREE** catalog of Christmas ideas, send the coupon below in the postage-free subscription envelope (in this issue) or call 1-800-572-1386. It's absolutely *free* for the asking (subscribers will automatically receive a free catalog — they have no need to send coupon or call).

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

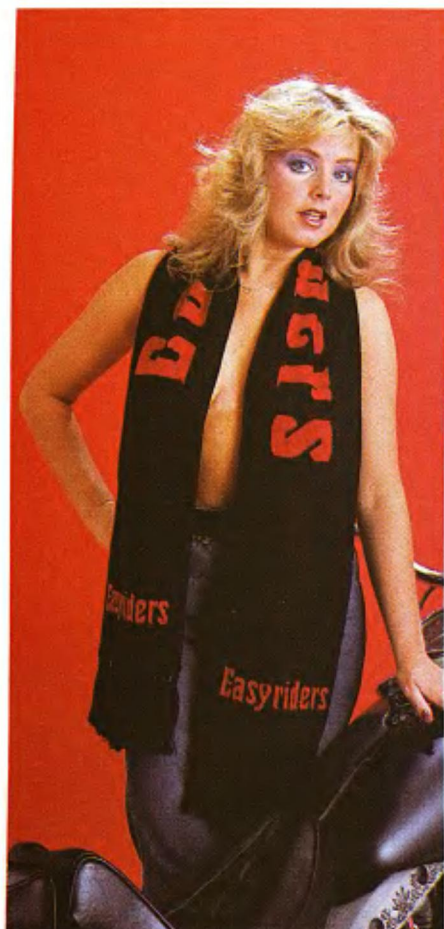
Please send me the FREE Christmas Catalog

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ **ZIP** _____



FOR COLD RIDIN' WEATHER!

A custom-designed, knitted scarf for warm ridin' anywhere. It's 6 feet long and 7 1/4 in. wide — long enough to put around your throat twice and have enough left over to protect your (or her) chest. It's black and orange (what else?) and costs only

\$13.00 plus postage and handling (\$1.00 in the continental U.S.; \$2.00 to Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and APO/FPO; and \$3.00 foreign, uninsured).

Paisano Products
P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301

A Cap For Everyone!



Here's a top-quality, winter-style baseball cap. It's all solid cloth, as opposed to a netted, summer-style cap.

It has a two-color embroidered **Easyriders** patch sewn on the front. It has enough class that you can even get your ol' lady one. Cap size is adjustable so it fits all gourds.

Send to: **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301.
Just send \$8.00. We pay postage in the U.S. and Canada — but foreign orders take an extra \$2 postage — sorry! U.S. funds only.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

providing the formula and the chemicals, he probably would have succeeded in finding them elsewhere. Mr. Ricks also said that if he had reviewed the letter sent to Mr. Peterson before it went out, he would have approved it.

"Here we have a person who was active and eager to make a controlled substance," Mr. Ricks said. "The test for entrapment is whether you induce a nondisposed person to commit a crime. The courts have recognized that there is nothing wrong with Government offering an opportunity to commit a crime. What's wrong is the Government inducing an otherwise innocent person to commit a crime, through outrageous conduct."

The editor of *High Times*, however, disagreed. "Real dope chemists wouldn't rely on magazine ads to get what they need," Mr. Latimer said. "I think it's outrageous."

Thomas P. Puccio, the former Federal prosecutor who supervised the F.B.I.'s Abscam operation and who spent years prosecuting narcotics cases, questioned the value of this D.E.A. tactic.

"You're not likely to get any real criminal with this approach," said Mr. Puccio, who is now in private practice. "Only amateurs would respond to ads like that. It seems to me that the D.E.A. could find better things to do with its resources."

The current issue of (a biker magazine) contains a letter from a reader in Federal prison in San Pedro, Calif., advising the magazine, "You run an ad for the D.E.A. under the guise of Universal Solvents."

The editor responded in print, "That's one we're looking into very carefully," and asked the reader to send more details.

Terry Moyes, the publisher of *Popular Science*, said: "Popular Science was recently advised by another publication that several advertisements appearing in our classified advertising

Continued on page 99



"There's a time for every biker to reduce his stress level and right now, I'm reducing mine."

For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

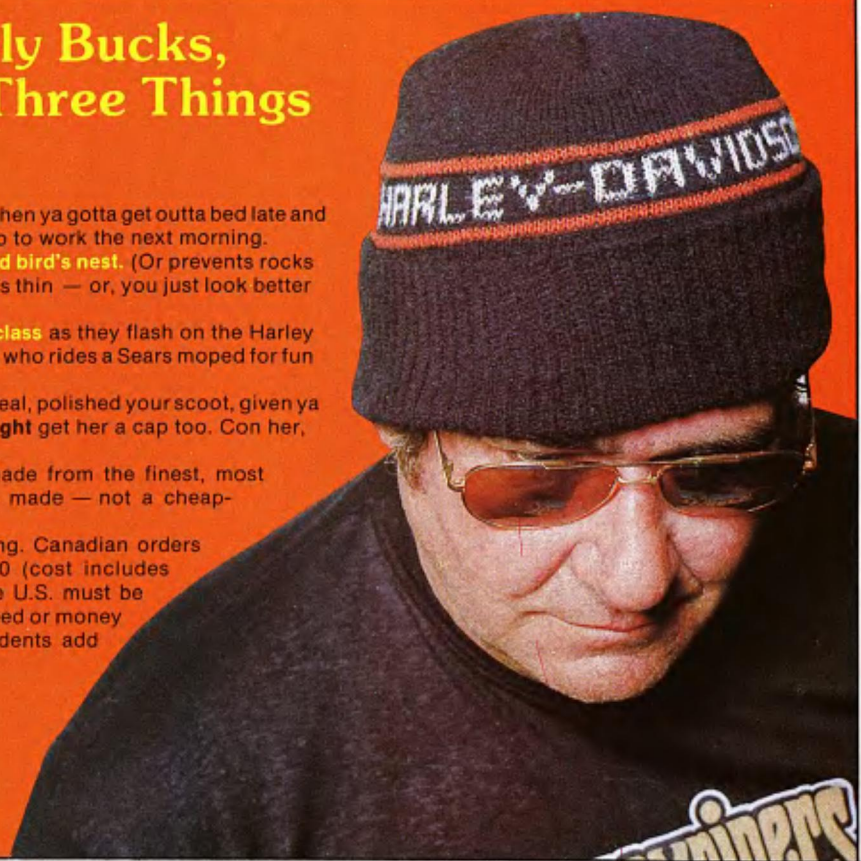
1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest**. (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better 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.

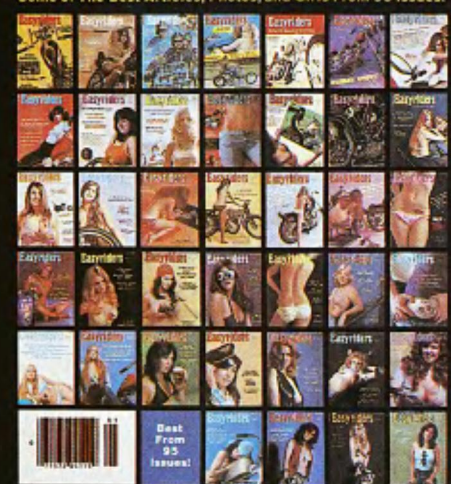
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Special 10th Anniversary Issue! 176 Pages!

Easyriders Entertainment for Adult Bikers

Some of The Best Articles, Photos, and Girls From 95 Issues!

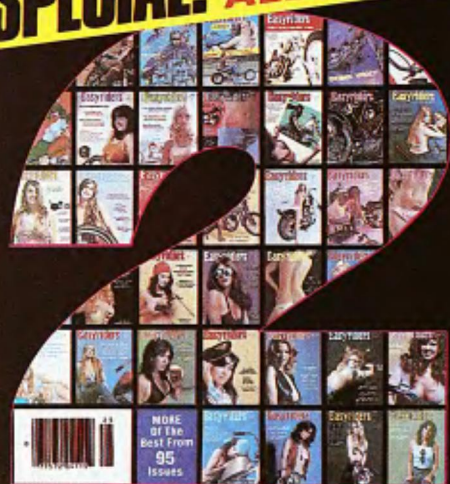


ONE

**THE
BEST
FROM
95
ISSUES**

Easyriders Entertainment for Adult Bikers

SPECIAL! 2nd Edition Of Our Anniversary Issue! **ALL NEW!!!**



TWO

From Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California, 91301. Just send \$3.00 per copy, specify which issue (one or two); check or money order; U.S.A. add \$1.00 for postage & handling, Canada \$2.00, and foreign \$7.00.

(Blame the post office for that!) (California residents add 6% sales tax.)



BITCHIN' BRITCHES **\$180**
Quite simply the best leather pants you can buy. Custom designed boot cut to fit in your favorite pair of Nasty Feet. Fully-lined, top-grade U.S. leather for maximum flexibility, lasting comfort and good looks under all conditions.



ULTIMATE CHAPS **\$160**
Top-grade American leather wraps all the way around your legs. Fully lined for no-stick comfort. Double-leather upper and large, extra-tough elastic insert. Huge nylon zippers positioned within easy reach. Triple stitching in all high stress areas prevents bagging, even after years of long, hard riding. Full-length flaps cover the zippers, protecting you from the wind and your bike from zipper scratches. Double buckle for added security and waistline comfort while riding.



SNAP CHAPS **\$60**
The low cost and durability of jeans, plus the protection and style of genuine leather. High-quality covers snap on your jeans; keep your legs dry and warm. Snaps and tool included with each set; get extra snaps at the hardware store.



BAR HOPPER **\$175**
A super-styled lightweight but warm leather jacket perfect for those let's-hit-every-bar-in-town-bro summer nights. American made of top-quality leather, this Nasty racing jacket includes a durable leather-trimmed inside stash pocket.



FOR DENIM DIGGERS **\$160**
We've taken the classic jean jacket and recreated it in our best homegrown cowhide. Light, flexible and warm, this Nasty creation offers a perfect compromise between the casual look of traditional denim and the protection of leather.

NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

Box 1025 Agoura, California 91301

Please check item(s) & method of payment. Remember to include all appropriate measurements.

☐ **ULTIMATE CHAPS \$160**

Waist _____ Inseam _____ Boot Ankle Measurement _____

☐ **BAR HOPPER \$175**

Size _____

☐ **DENIM DIGGER \$160**

Size _____

☐ **SNAP CHAPS \$60**

Inseam _____

☐ **BITCHIN' BRITCHES \$180**

Waist _____ Inseam _____

☐ **OLD-STYLE CAP \$30**

Size _____

I enclose: ☐ Check ☐ Money order

Please charge to my: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge

Card No.: _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature (required) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-52. Allow four weeks for personal checks and four weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**.



OLD-STYLE CAP **\$30**
For your head or hers, a classic all-leather coconut cover that looks equally good on the road or at the bar. Don't be fooled by fakes, only the Nasty cap is American-made by bikers and designed to withstand a biker's hard travelin' and partyin'.



H/E/S PERFORMANCE PRODUCTS

Custom Oil Pump End Cover



For all big twin motors with the aluminum oil pump. If you are running a belt drive or an open primary, you don't need all the ugly hoses, pipes, and fittings that come with the stock oil pump cover. H/E/S Performance Products has come up with a polished, solid aluminum billet oil pump end cover. The oil fittings have been relocated to the front of the cover to increase oil flow to and from the engine. The Custom Oil Pump Cover comes with four allen-head bolts and gaskets, 1/4-24 for 1936 to 1977, or 1/4-20 for 1978 to present. Please specify what year your engine cases are. You can use your stock oil line fittings.

Custom Oil Pump Cover, \$39.00
plus \$2.00 for shipping

36-77 1/4-24 100-25
78-present 1/4-20 100-26

BIG TWIN CASE INSERTS



When the bottom drops out, you can repair them or have them repaired. H/E/S inserts can be welded and then machined so that your cases will be as good as new. H/E/S inserts fit both late-model and early-model Harley Big Twin cases. The inserts are made from 356 aluminum. H/E/S Performance Products will sell these inserts as single parts or as pairs. You can have your local machinist repair them, or you can send your cases to H/E/S Performance Products and they will fix them for you. Cost of labor will vary from job to job. Prices generally run from \$150.00 to \$200.00 labor plus parts. We will give a price quote on each job before we start any work.

set of case inserts . . . PN 100-50 . . . \$55.00
right case insert . . . PN 100-51 . . . \$27.50
left case insert . . . PN 100-52 . . . \$27.50

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Send orders or inquiries to:
H/E/S Performance Products
P.O. Box 66294
Los Angeles, California 90066
(213) 397-3195

Universal Solvent

Continued from page 96

section were Government 'sting' operations. The company is now investigating the situations."

Mr. Jerkins, the lawyer for Mr. Peterson, said he believed the operation violated civil liberties and rights of privacy. Referring to his cross-examination of a Government witness at Mr. Peterson's trial, the lawyer said: "I asked what would happen if a chemistry professor from the University of Michigan were to respond to an ad, inquiring about chemicals. They said his name would be circularized throughout the D.E.A. offices, and he'd be checked out. Anybody who responds to those ads, his name goes on the list. If that isn't Orwellian, I don't know what is."

UNIVERSAL SOLVENTS Synthetic Specialists

Chemicals
Catalysts
Glassware
Equipment



Copy of a con job:
A Universal Solvents
ad that ran in *Easyriders*
before we caught on.

Of course, the fact that one cover is blown doesn't mean the feds are now out of the nail-by-mail racket. We've heard rumors that they've already cranked up (pardon the pun) similar scams under different names. It shouldn't happen — but it does. It shouldn't be legal — but it is. They shouldn't be allowed to take our tax money and use it to commit and encourage crimes — but they do. All the time.

The message in all this is quite simple: Protect Your Ass. We can't do it, you're too big for your mommy to do it, and your bros are in just as much danger as you are. Protect Your Ass by usin' the brains God gave you. Think before you act. Remember the one cliché every biker should know: There's no such thing as a free lunch. You've gotta pay for everything you get — sometimes in surprising and unpleasant ways.

Oh, yeah, there's one other cliché that you should never forget: If it sounds too good to be true, it ain't true. — The Editors

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Punishments

Continued from page 78

in those days, so they had to grease
the machinery with somethin'!)

In *tenaillement*, the executioner
stripped the skin from his victim's
body, bit by bit, with a long-handled
pair of pincers which were kept
red-hot in a forge. Later, when the
unfortunate wretch had hundreds
of little hollows all over his body
where the skin had been removed in
small bites, these hollows were filled
with hot lead, beeswax, or resin —
supplements that caused the poor
sucker to dance an old-fashioned
version of the solo horizontal
mambo until he quit breathin'. It
was a great spectator sport.

The favorite of the horror movie
makers is the rack. Vincent Price
has been shown usin' the rack for
so long that many people think he
invented it.

The rack was used indiscrimi-
nately an' for a variety of reasons.
You didn't pay your taxes — the
rack. You said Adam an' Eve were
swingers — the rack. What, you'd
joined the Hare Krishna? — the
rack. Shit! A dude could get the rack
for goin' to Sunday school on Mon-
day or for pushing little ducks into
the local pond.

When the operator of the rack got
his paws on ya, he tied your hands
an' feet to the machine with ropes,
then he slowly turned a giant wheel
with a low gear ratio. It turned
about as slowly as a 1937 Vespa
goin' up the Widomaker. The
dudes who survived — an' there
weren't many of 'em — could later
qualify for the local basketball team.
'cause the rack could take a short,
fat man an' stretch him out till he
looked like a piece of linguini.

There were three styles of execu-
tion that involved droppin' from a
great height. They were called the
estrapade, *la cale sech*, an' *la
cale humide*.

The *estrapade* meant simply



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that the convicted person was taken up onto the nearest high place and was booted over the edge. Presumably, this made him wish — on the way down — that he'd been born in the middle of the Gobi Desert.

La cale sech an' la cale humide were naval methods of execution not relished by anyone in particular, especially the condemned. If a seaman fucked up, he was taken up on the mast an' dropped onto the deck below, usually landing there like a gob of seagull shit. *La cale humide* was a sort of Acapulco delight. The sentenced swab was taken out on a yardarm, and was then forced to dive into the sea. Not bad, huh? Guess again! Remember that they did this while the ship was far out in the ocean, travelin' at full speed, an waitin' down below was one of them toothy fuckers from "Jaws."



Remember the *amende honorable*, mentioned a few paragraphs back? Well, when Louis Damiens attempted to assassinate King Louis XV, his knife failed to cut its way through the king's robes an' Damiens was sentenced to death. Before a great crowd, his chest, arms, thighs an' calves were burned with a hot iron. His right hand — the one that had held the knife — was burned in a mixture of molten sulphur an' wax. Burnin' oil, melted wax an' rosin were poured into his wounds an' body cavities. He was then pulled apart by four horses. After that, his remains were burned



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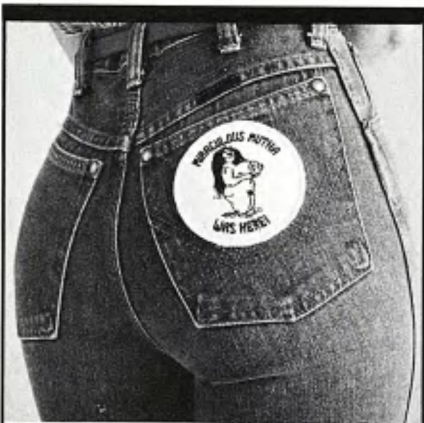


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Thanks,
Mutha



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to ashes an' his ashes were scattered to the winds. Apparently, it took quite a lot to get a laugh out of King Louis. Imagine what his loyal subjects would have done to Damiens if he'd actually killed the king. He coulda gotten into real deep shit then.

A jolly method of execution popular in Germany for many years was called simply, "breaking on the wheel." The convicted person was strapped to a large wagon wheel an' all his bones were then broken with an iron bar. If he wasn't dead by the time his bones were all busted, the executioner strangled him before strolling over to Winchell's for doughnuts an' coffee.

Things have changed plenty in these modern times. The death penalty has been rescinded in nearly every country in the world — even in France, where some people think that the carnival-like execu-



tion spectacle was invented. The French became notorious around the world durin' their revolution against the aristocracy, for it was then that the guillotine came into popular use.

The guillotine, as everyone knows, is a scaffold-like structure containin' a fallin' angular blade. Joseph Guillotin based his model on one used by the ancient Roman, Titus Manlius — the only difference bein' that Manlius's choppin' device used a horizontal blade. It was King Louis XVI himself who, upon examinin' the first model of Guillotin's head-chopper, suggested that he use an angular blade for better per-



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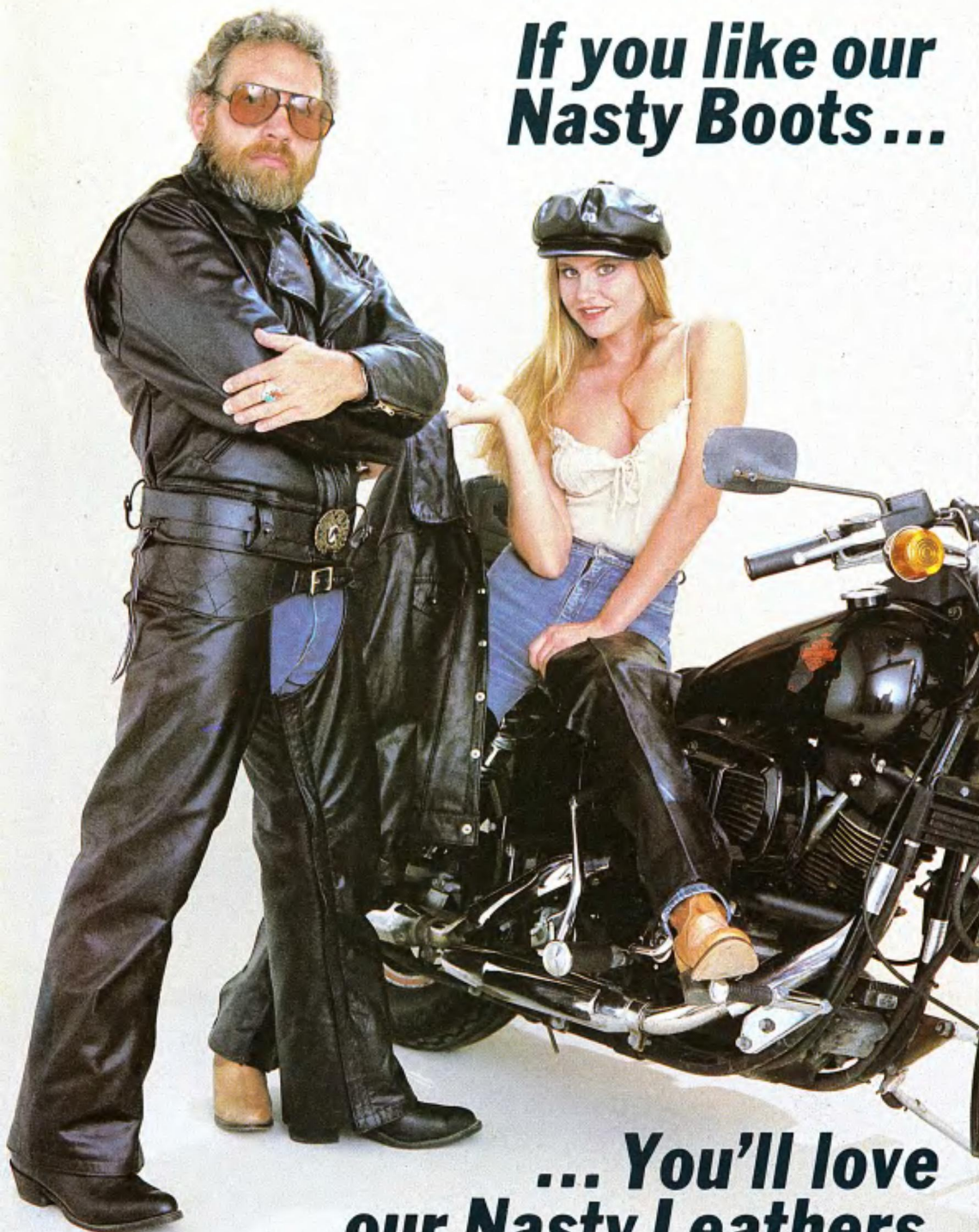
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formance, little knowin' that he would be one of its first victims.

The Reign of Terror, which took place durin' the French Revolution, eventually led to the decapitation deaths of thousands of people.

This, in turn, gave scientists of the day multitudes of specimens to observe an' experiment with in order to study the phenomena of death. It was observed that once a victim's head was lopped off, his body often convulsed. The Marquis de Creguy recorded the observation that one headless corpse was seen to rise — some ten minutes after death — walk about the scaffold and then collapse (presumably for eternity).

Bodiless heads were examined with great curiosity. A victim named Terier opened his eyes fifteen minutes after being guillotined an' turned 'em upon an observer while simultaneously moving his mouth as though he was tryin' to speak! Another, when his protrudin' tongue was pricked with a pin, withdrew it an' grimaced, as if in pain.

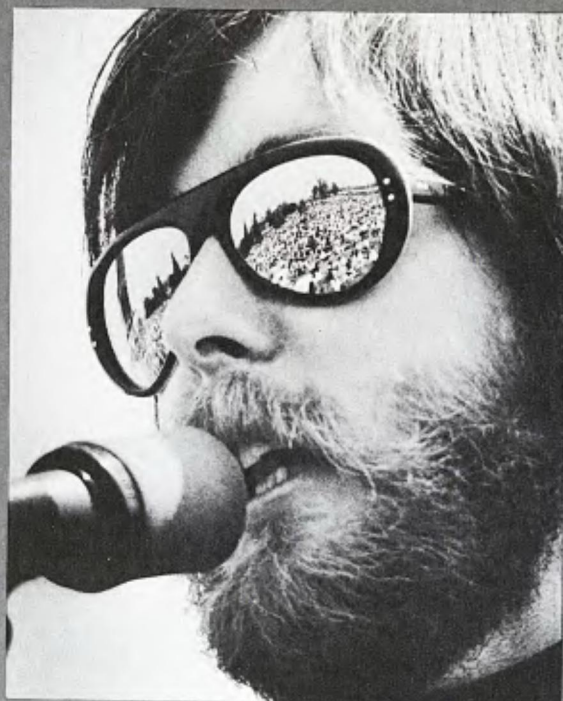
In America, executions have become the exception, rather than the rule. American penologists have discovered that, by and large, the best thing to do with criminals is to slam 'em in prison, treat 'em like animals, an' sooner or later they'll kill one another off.

Spain hasn't executed anyone — that we know of — for a little while, an' the crooks there are thankful for

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that. The Spanish method of execution is the *garrote* — death by slow strangulation. The condemned sits in a wooden chair, featurin' a high back that has two holes cut out of it. A thin wire is drawn through the holes, around the victim's neck, an' the executioner — standin' behind the chair readin' the latest issue of *Mad* magazine — slowly twists a broom handle through the wire till the dude's eyeballs pop out.

We live in a mostly civilized world today, one in which torture has become an endangered sport. People just aren't into it the way they used to be. Even the Arabs an' Iranians are gettin' merciful. Why, they're probably shootin' an' hangin' only two or three dozen people a day currently. However, not long ago an Arab man an' woman were found guilty of committin' adultery. The broad was buried up to her chin in the middle of the town square.



Facin' her, just a few feet away, was her lover. His lips had been sewn shut, an' his genitals had been cut off before he was similarly buried up to his chin. Nobody came to help 'em or dig 'em out. They stayed there until passin' traffic had made mincemeat outta their gourds an' eventually eradicated all traces of 'em. That happened just a couple of years ago.

There have been, throughout history, so many different methods of execution that catalogin' 'em would be impossible. Whether or not these myriad forms of execution are an overall indictment against death as a penalty is yet to be decided. Perhaps dyin' of mistreatment, boredom, dehumanization or other abuse in an American lockup is better than bein' blown from the mouth of a cannon — or gettin' your head stepped on by an elephant, as is done in India. On the other hand, perhaps it might seem merciful to be sewn up in a pigskin an' left to shrink in the desert, as is done in some Moslem countries, or to be shot by a bunch of guards who've volunteered for the assignment in a frozen Utah jail yard.

One thing is certain — dyin' as a punishment just ain't as entertainin' for spectators as it used to be. ■

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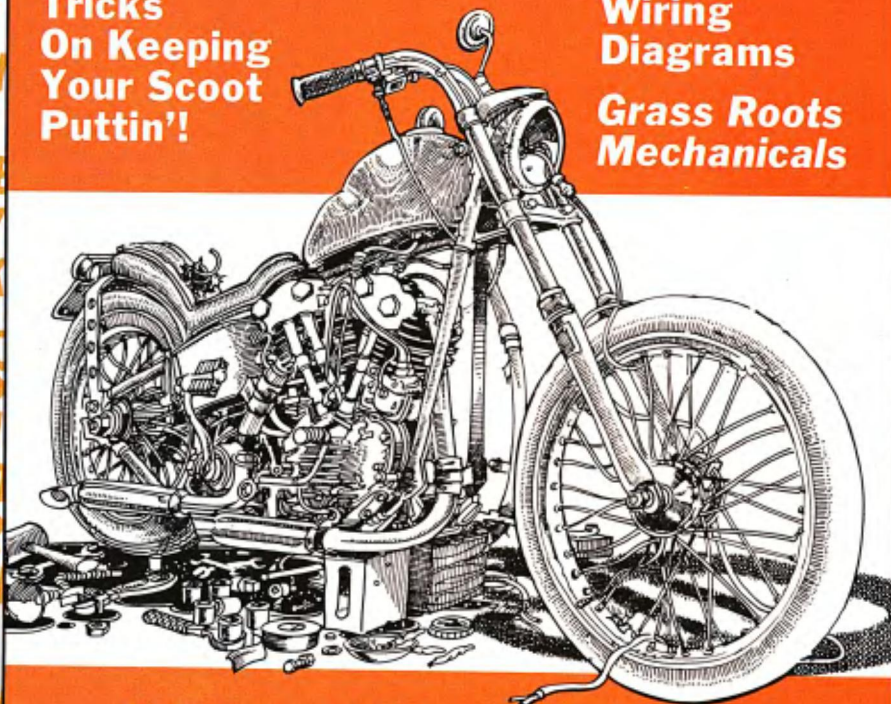
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Two-Wheel Tale

Fix-it Blues

By M. Chakoian

I knew better, I really did. "If it ain't broke, don't fix it," the old adage goes. But I'd just bought myself an '80 Sportster and was looking forward to really getting in the wind. See, I had this great idea that I'd put a new gas tank on the Sporty, right? Not that there was anything wrong with the old one — I just thought that a larger jar would get me an extra block or two down the asphalt. So I blithely drove over to my friendly, local after-market products shop, and the proprietor cheerfully pulled his very last, closeout, half-price, high-volume Sportster tank off the shelf where it had been gathering dust and grease since H met D.

After carefully disconnecting the old tank and covering the remainder of the bike and my lower half with Union 76 perfume, I positioned the new tank on the frame to check for fit. Perfect. All I had to do was either remount my engine on a totally different frame, or hacksaw about two inches off the flange that extended out in front of the new tank.

I chose the latter solution, then cut a notch in the remainder of the front flange so I could attach a hose clamp to hold it to the bike (nothing Mickey Mouse about this operation!) and bought a new drill bit so I could put a hole through the rear flange and my frame, thus adding a bolt for security.

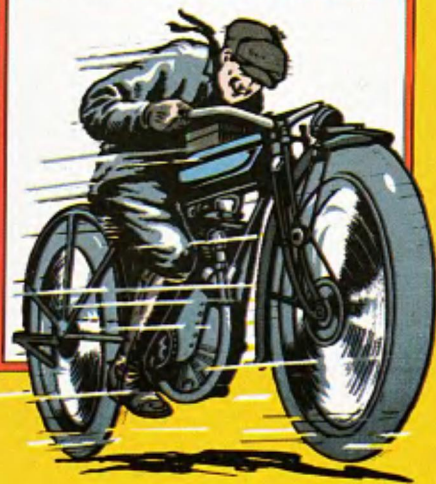
That finished, I painted the sucker, which is a story so long, horrible, and messy that it can't be told among semi-civilized human beings. When all this was done, I took the petcock off my old tank and inserted it in the proper opening in the new tank, only to discover that it didn't fit. (That's right, Harley changed petcock sizes somewhere between 1970 and 1980.)

No problem. Down to the Harley



Earlyriders

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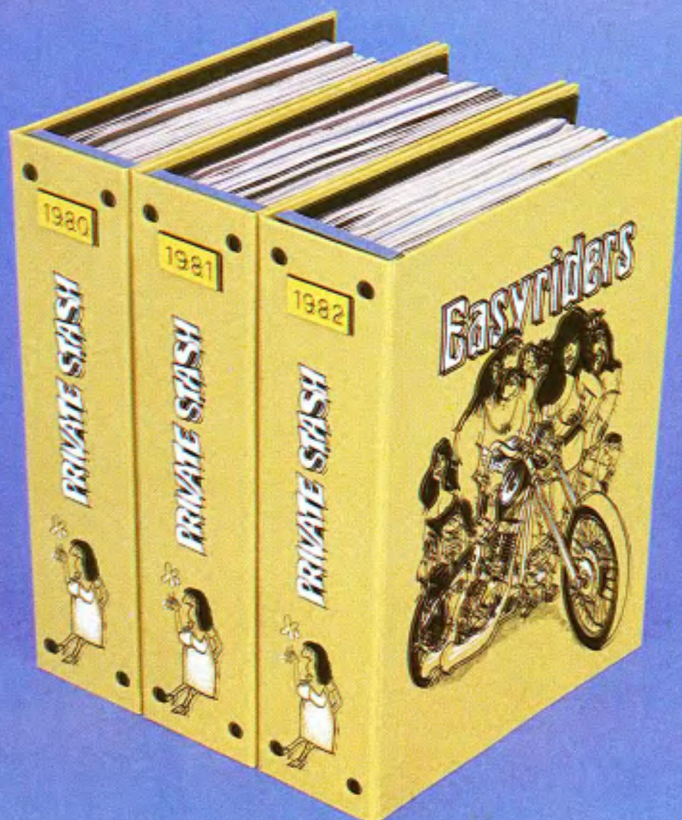
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dealership for a new petcock, put it on, mount the tank, fill with juice, and watch it all flow out through two huge openings that are plugged with plastic stoppers.

No problem. Up to the local auto supply store for threaded metal plugs and washers. Wrench them on tight, remount the tank, fill it with juice, go for the first ride in a week, and watch little orange drops fall explosively onto the hot top end.

No problem. Drain and remove the tank, take out the plugs (am I boring you yet?), coat the threads with gas tank sealant, make gaskets out of the stuff for good measure, remount it, refill it, ride it, watch it drip.

Go through the same process again, this time substituting Teflon tape for stop-leak. By now the tank is totally fucked up and has to be sanded and repainted.

Meanwhile, my lady's mood seems to be changing. She's less than cheerful when she wonders aloud why I have to spend every waking hour with nausea-inducing chemicals, greasy tools, and expensive but useless motorcycle parts spread across the entire front yard, sidewalk, porch, and entry hall. I mention to her that the net result is that she is spending more time than ever before locked in her room, probably producing the novel that will secure her the Nobel Prize. It does little to alleviate her annoyance at the skull-sized stain of spilled paint that now decorates the steps to the front door. (Frankly, I thought we'd made a pretty fair trade-off.)

Now don't get me wrong. I don't mind the agony, frustration, expense, and continuous failure; I expect as much. What I do mind is that during this month-long process, we up here in Seattle experienced our two days of summer, days during which I could have been riding had I not attempted an "improvement" that was destined to be catastrophic from the loosening of the first nut.

Yes, I finally have the leak fixed, and am back in the saddle just in time for the autumn monsoons. ■



"Here, use the fucking fly swatter!"



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Easyriders

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Boots run in men's sizes — women, order two sizes smaller than your usual size.
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

Soap Box

Continued from page 8

the freedom we're entitled to — helmet laws, noise ordinances, EPA requirements have all seen to that. But on the other hand, how many non-bikers do you know who can wake up in the morning and say to themselves, "Shit, what do I want to do today?"

Let's face it, almost everybody in the world is programmed — just about every Russian is programmed and so are most Americans. The difference is that most Americans are programmed because they want to be, not because the armed might of the government forces them into it. Americans move lockstep through the straight life because they've been seduced by "Happy Days" and Mastercards, tract houses and the six o'clock news. Russians march in lockstep because the alternative is Siberia — or a firing squad.

And so, particularly at this time of the year, the Unknown Soldier might want to know why — as you sit astride what AMF so accurately dubbed the Great American Freedom Machine — you can't be bothered to give thanks to a nation that allows you the freedom to ride that machine as far and as long as you dare — to heaven if you can, to hell if you want.

An Associated Press writer, Kirke L. Simpson, laid it all out perfectly over 60 years ago at the dedication of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. "Under the wide and starry skies of his own homeland," Simpson wrote, "America's unknown dead from France sleeps tonight, a soldier home from the wars."

"Alone he lies in the narrow cell of white stone that guards his body, but his soul has entered into the spirit that is America."

Wherever you are this Thanksgiving Day, why not take just a minute, or two, or three, and think on that "spirit of America" and give thanks for what it means to you, and to me, and to all the rest of us.

— Trampo



"What's the world coming to, Al?"

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In The Wind #8	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #9	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
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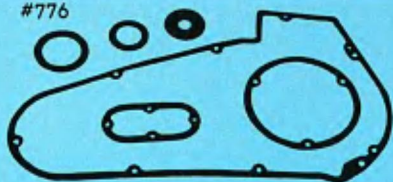
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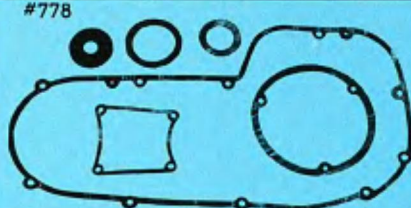
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Fifty Miles Out

Continued from page 40

prospect, but all I answered was, "I don't know, look at my scooter."

"Fried brake pads, huh?"

"Shit, fuck, I don't know. I'm riding down to the truck stop and see what I can see."

"I'll be down in a minute, Shorty. There's this barmaid that ain't too bad-looking. Why not come check her out first?" he asked.

"No, you know my bike comes before any puss-eye," I answered.

"Yeah, okay, well, I'll be down at the truck stop in a few."

I nursed the scooter along. Just a couple of more blocks, baby. Back to the same-old truck stop as on the trip out. I looked around the gas station and saw one jerkwater kid and some older dude breaking down a semi tire with a big heavy mallet.

Off with the saddlebags, into the tool pouch. Good old 12-inch crescent comin' in handy again. Wow, gotta let this fucker cool down before I touch it. Think I'll walk next door to the motel an' check in for me and Ju-Ju while the bitch cools off. The motel was cheap — about all I could afford. I eyeballed the gravel parking lot for some home-twenty license plates. Shit, not one fucking bike.

"Yeah, lady, same room as two weeks ago, thanks. Yes, you have a good evening, too." Fuck, what could be wrong with that bike? Boy, I'm glad I didn't have to hassle it out there in the desert. First I'll shower, then check the scooter. I thought as I dragged my saddlebags and the rest of my stuff into the room. Yeah, man, this water feels good. Back on with the same old bib overalls, but with some clean socks under my grubby shitkicker boots. Now, let's see about that yellow whore.

Easyriders



"Lick the hair off my balls" is not a plea, Mr. Crenshaw!"

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"Hey, man, do you mind if I borrow your hammer?" I asked the attendant. "My axle doesn't seem to want to move." This big fucker ought to do something. *Bam!* Maybe a little harder? *Bam!* No, maybe a little harder yet. *Bam!* Hmm. . . what the fuck? Hey, it doesn't want to roll. What the fuck! The chain adjusters are gone! On both sides. Oh, shit! Looks like they spun into the tubing of the swing-arm. Something is definitely wrong. Then I remembered that noise about fifty miles back. I wondered if it would roll if I took the rear chain off. She did, so I took her over next door to our room. Man, I've got to have a drink — having a broken bike is a bummer. I knew the bearings were shot, but to what extent I didn't realize till the next morning. Drank a twelve-pack, took a long piss, and passed out. TV sucks in this part of the country.

Ju-Ju finally showed up about seven the next morning. It was easy to smell the tuna-fish facial he had gotten. "Hey, Shorty, what's happening? What happened to your chain, man?"

"It's not my chain, it's the rear wheel bearings!"

Let's get the old ones out and get you some new ones," he said cheerfully.

"Hey, Ju-Ju, I hit that mother with a giant hammer and the fucker didn't budge."

"Oh," the smile left his face, "it must be something else then."

We pushed it back to the truck stop where it would be easier to work on. We gave it 100 percent and finally concluded that the wheel bearings were welded to the axle. What to do? What to do?

"Big problems, huh?"

"What?"

"With the motorcycle."

"Yeah."

"Axle, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Need a torch, huh?"

"Yeah."

The little fucker had been burglarizing our conversation.

"My uncle has an acetylene torch and he works on bikes sometimes."

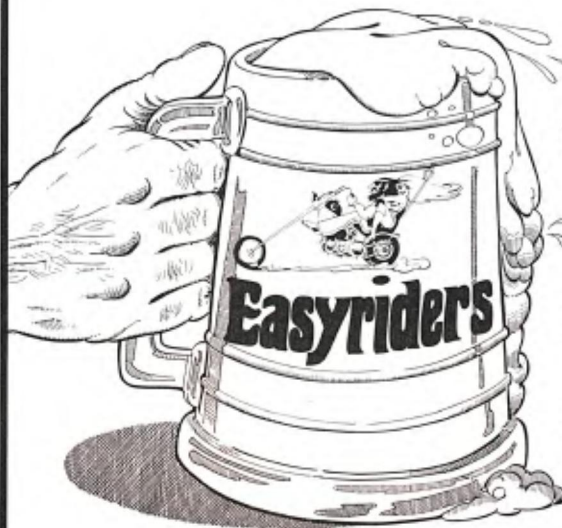
"Yeah?" This time I was more interested.

"Yeah, he used to ride with a club. You guys ride with a club?"

"No, we're just loners," Ju-Ju said, both of us thinking the same thing. The young attendant was too nosy. Even if we did belong to a club, out-of-state isn't any place to be broadcasting our business. Besides, we had our ways.

I could ride real slow, with the nut

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

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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.



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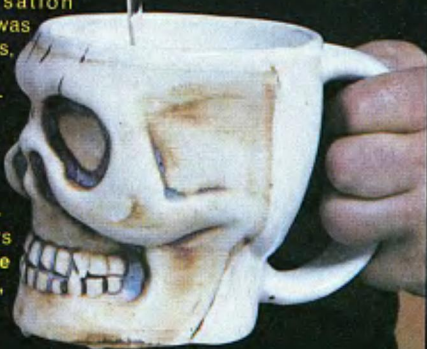
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Heavy! It's Big!
(Weighs two pounds!)
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on the axle almost to the loose spot, so I putted over. It was making one hell of a crunching, grinding sound, but it was only about half a mile. Up a long dirt driveway and back to a small house with a smaller trailer next to it. There were junk cars and trucks all over the place. I guess the truck stop kid had called because they were expecting us. "Howdy!" a dude who introduced himself as Tee called out. "Too bad about your bike."

"Yeah, well, we figure maybe a little heat in the right place could free that axle, and we hear tell you have a torch."

"Sure, man, let's see what we can do for ya with it."

Nothin'! Nothin'! After 45 minutes, we decided to really get it hot and cut the axle with the torch. We went to a phone, called around and found a shop in Grand Junction, Colorado, that had the parts I needed. Ju-Ju rode out to retrieve them. I had to give it a try. Rode out on the yellow dog and want a ride back on it. Didn't want to bother anyone in the club — we always tried to make it on our own. Besides, I had the prospect there to help. He rode back into the rain, but remained his usual cheerful self.

I dozed in back of a truck while waiting. I also cleaned up the bike, checking for loose bolts. Wanted to wash it, but didn't want to disrupt any of the road grime. I was afraid that the dirt was all that was holding the fat yellow dog together. Cranked up the engine a few times, changed oil, checked the water level in the battery, adjusted the primary chain. Drank beer. Talked to Tee. Seems he'd done some time in Folsom and knew some people in the Frisco Bay area. Smoked some hash on a pin under a glass jar, got stoned. It's all about meeting good



"Now, doesn't that beat your scooter, honey?"

people and making the best of a fucked situation, right?

Ju-Ju made it back near nightfall, and in the waning light we changed the complete swingarm. Put on new brake pads, and finally crashed. As I lay in my sleeping bag in back of a disabled pickup truck, I was thinking that it would be time for Ju-Ju's vote when we got back. One "no" vote could keep him out, but I was pretty sure that wouldn't happen. We'd started calling him Ju-Ju because he'd been a judo instructor in the marines and was one bad mother in a fight. He had completed all that was required of him and this last long ride would take care of the mileage part of the program. We'd watched him damn close for a year and he'd been a good prospect who would make a good brother. He had been to finishing school with some of the older members — Chino's Men's Colony and San Quentin.

Our policy with prospects was that they were only considered at a certain age and we didn't treat them like punks, particularly around other clubs. We didn't make them do stupid shit like licking bugs off headlights. They were eventually going to be called brothers, so we didn't abuse them. If, after a certain

period, they continued to fuck up and didn't or couldn't take hints or suggestions, they were shown the error of their ways, thumped on, and driven off. But that was rare, 'cause most of the time they had been hang-arounds for quite a while before we'd let them put on that prospect rocker.

We planned an early start Tuesday and — barring any more problems — we would make it home with time to spare. The yellow beauty started up quickly, like she knew it was time to head west. We said goodbye and all that, and after a short shakedown cruise around the neighborhood, we were back out on the road. We flew through Utah, just cooking down on the flat. In and out of Las Vegas about 7:00 p.m. and into Barstow around 10:00. Through San Berdoo about midnight, out Interstate 15, San Diego bound and feelin' good. Just 50 miles from home. We aired 'em out — just a little. You know how it is when you get close to home.

We were just getting into Escondido when the station wagon shot out of a side road. Ju-Ju didn't quite clear the front bumper; I think he was dead when he hit the ground. I know he wanted that patch more than anything, but what can I say?

So near and yet so far. He was a good prospect; he would have made a hell of a good patch holder. Life goes on. C'est la vie.

Ju-Ju's younger brother, Beep, put a new front end on the Low Rider and rode it to the cemetery. He rode up in front, behind the hearse, wearing a brand-new, shiny, clean red-and-black rocker — one big, ugly, heavyweight mother like the brother he was carryin' on for. Normally, prospects ride in the back of the pack; this was a rare exception. Our president Bob Walls rode next to him, followed by some more of the big cheeses. Then the rest of us brothers followed in pairs.

They played Ju-Ju's favorite tune, "Take It To The Limit," at the graveside. After the service, we all rode back to the clubhouse and got fucked up.

While we were in the process of getting ripped to the max, a thought crossed my gourd. Is the new prospect as tough as Ju-Ju? Can he ride as well as his brother? Maybe it's time for a mud check. Besides, it's been years since I visited with Gramps out Arkansas way.

"Hey, prospect Beep, bring me a beer and then gas up our bikes. We're going on a short ride." ■

NEW FOR HARLEY — THE LATEST IN COMFORT, FUNCTION AND STYLE

MADE IN AMERICA FOR THE AMERICAN BIKE

FORWARD CONTROLS FOR BIG TWINS (MADE IN USA)

Exclusively designed brake and clutch forward controls offer everything the Harley rider demands: Fully adjustable brake stop and shift lever height, Nyliner oilless bearings and oilite bronze bushings for maintenance-free operation, premium grade hardware, Sundance™ pegs and show-chrome finishing. Fit all stock frames as well as most custom frames. P/Ns: 243470 Brake for '58-E79 Big Twins, '36-57 models w/ juice brakes, \$122.95; 243480 Brake for L'79-'83 Big Twins, \$122.95; 243490 Shifter for '74-'83 Big Twins, \$94.65.

HEAVY DUTY COIL BRACKET (MADE IN USA)

Constructed of solid steel and finished in our high luster show chrome, it's the last one you'll ever need. Fits all '65-E'82 FX & FL models. P/N 325469 Repl. OEM #31724-65, 31728-78. \$7.15

DETACHABLE LEATHER SADDLEBAGS (MADE IN USA)

These handcrafted, heavy-duty 100% leather bags are exclusively designed to fit '72-'83 Superglides® without relocating stock turn signals. Available plain or with braided leather trim in choice of "throw-over" or "bolt-on" styles. P/Ns 110945 Bolt-On bags w/ lacing, \$219.95; 110946 Bolt-On bags plain, \$199.95; 110947 Throw-Over bags w/ lacing, \$179.95; 110948 Throw-Over bags plain, \$159.95.

SEE YOUR DRAG SPECIALTIES DEALER

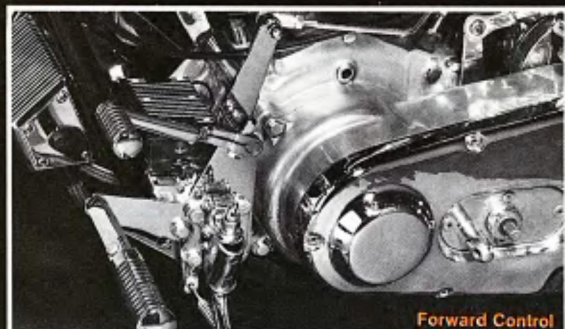


DRAG SPECIALTIES™

finer accessories for all motorcycles

P.O. Box 9336, Dept. E
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440

Dealer Referral Number 1-800-328-2204



Forward Control

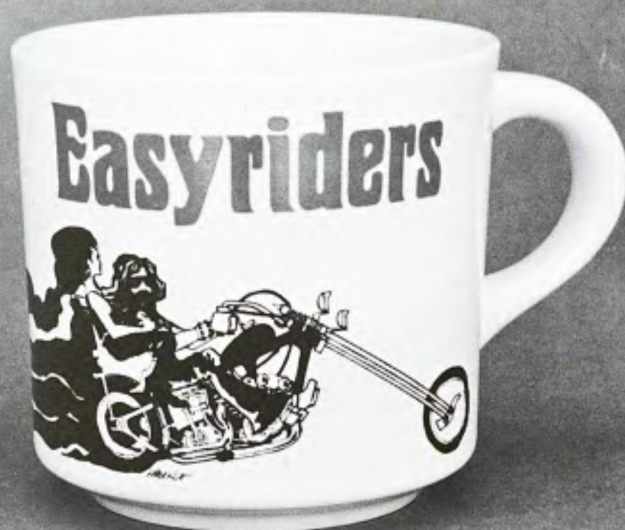


Forward Control



No Relocating Stock Turn Signals

Coil Bracket



Here's a white porcelain coffee mug with you-know-who's logo on it. It's a heavy mug for a lifetime of use (weighs almost a pound — 12 ounces).

No cheapo Asian job — it's American-made — so thick and so strong you can drink rotgut wine from it or even that Drano your ol' lady laughingly calls coffee.

\$6.00

Plus \$1.00 extra for insurance, postage and handling in continental U.S. (Canada, Alaska, Hawaii and APO/FPO, add \$3.00 for insurance, postage and handling; foreign uninsured, add \$5.00 for postage and handling) — don't blame us, blame the post office!

Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Two-Wheel Tale

The Old-Timer

by Rebel

The night was warm and the light from my campfire was a comforting friend. It was just after sundown when I'd found the turnoff leading to the secluded spot where I'd decided to make camp. Now, the coffee was already brewing and I was fixing to fry a can of Spam when I heard the distant rumble of a V-twin. The sound drew nearer and then the engine slowed as the bike made the turn leading into my camp.

Without hesitation, I stepped over to the open duffel bag that lay near the one true love in my life, my 80-inch Low Rider. In one motion, I lifted my sawed-off from the bag and pulled the key from the bike's ignition. Then I stepped back into the shadows beyond the light of the fire.

Seconds later, I could see headlights topping the hill and moving slowly toward camp. The stranger pulled up into the circle of firelight and killed his engine. I had to bite my lip to keep from gasping in surprise. But there — not twenty feet away and big as life — was a '46 Indian Chief in mint condition. The bike looked like it had just rolled off the line, and the rider looked as old as the bike looked new.

He was at least 65, maybe older, and he wore a plaid flannel shirt over faded Levi's that were tucked into his boots. His gray hair hung over his shirt collar, and though his face was a network of wrinkles, his eyes were sparkling with life. He pulled a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket, shook one out and lit it.

I eased the hammers down on the 12-gauge and continued to listen.

"You're a quiet one, whoever you are," he said. "I just rode out to see about that fire you got there. Wouldn't want my place to burn down around me while I'm asleep. I can see you got it fixed where it won't spread, so I guess I'll leave you be. There's a little stream about fifty yards east of here where you can wash your pans and all. And if you'll scoop out a little trench about four inches wide and four deep around your tent, you won't wake up in the mornin' with a snake sharin' your bed. Well, I've said all I came to say, so goodnight."

The old man was flicking his

ALWAYS LIGHTS

This genuine ZIPPO lighter is manufactured by American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

If your lighter **ever** fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Rolling over it with your scooter doesn't count, of course.)

To get your primo ZIPPO with the **Easyriders** insignia, just send **\$11.00** for each.

EASYRIDERS ZIPPO

Make all checks and money orders out to:

Paisano Publications

Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Canada add 75¢ for postage; foreign add \$5.50.
U.S. funds only. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

cigarette into the fire when I called out to him, "Coffee's hot. Be glad of the company if you care to stay a while. Besides, I want to get a better look at that machine you're straddlin'."

As I stepped out of the shadows and toward the fire, I could see his lively gaze taking in the chaps over my Levi's and my black Harley T-shirt. I knew he made careful note that the scatter gun in my right hand was muzzle down.

"Well now, I don't think I've ever turned down a free cup of coffee in my life," replied the old man, "and I'm too old to start now. Shit, son," he continued as he fixed his gaze on the sawed-off, "you 'spectin' trouble or just out huntin' supper?"

"My daddy always taught me that a man can't be too careful."

The old man nodded. "Your daddy was a smart man. Name's Jake. I own this land here."

"Friends call me Rebel," I replied. "I own that sled over there." Then we both laughed and sat down to have that cup of coffee.

"Where'd you come across such a fine piece of iron, Jake?" I was consumed with curiosity about his ride.

He smiled and said, "Thought you'd never ask. I bought that

machine brand-new when I got out of the army in 19 and 46. Me and Phil, a buddy of mine, were fresh back from overseas. We both had our musterin'-out pay from the army, so we bought us a couple of these Chiefs and set out to see the country.

"We made it as far as Oregon on what money we had left, then we got us jobs in the nickel mines. 'Course, it was a lot easier to find a job then than it is now. Other than that, life was pretty much the same then — worked when we had to and rode when we could. Kept at it that way for damn near two years."

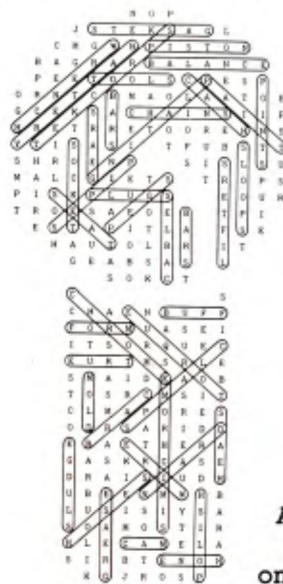
"We were down in Florida, workin' the early harvest, when Phil fell off a ladder and broke his neck. After that, things just weren't the same. So I packed it in and came back here."

"Sorry 'bout your friend. Sounds like he was quite a dude."

"Phil? Oh, yeah, he was that all right. He could sure talk some shit to the ladies. And ride! I saw him pull some stunts on his old Indian that it still sends chills up my spine to even think about. Yeah, Phil was quite a dude, as you called him. Sure do wish we could have had just one more drink together, though."

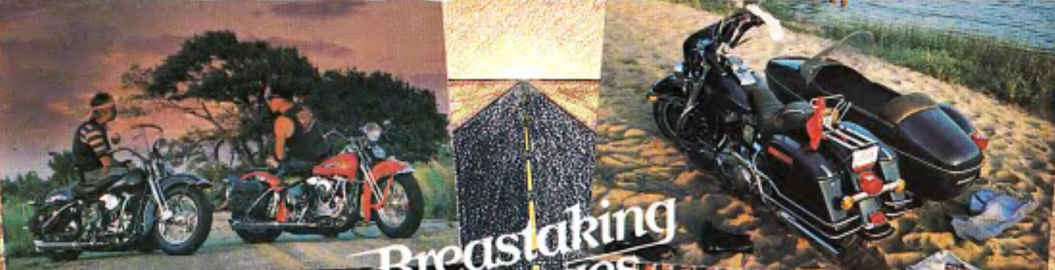
I slept like a baby by that campfire

and arose early the next morning with the sun's first rays. I had the fire covered over and my saddlebags packed in no time. And then it was time to go. But before I saddled up, I reached into one saddlebag and pulled out the bottle of Jack Black I had stashed. "Yessir, Jake," I thought to myself, as I stood the bottle on a fencepost, "you're all right, old-timer. You're all right." ■



Answer to
puzzle
on page 79

A RIDE TO REMEMBER



Breastaking
Images

Show your friends how exciting life can really be! This package of 3 Each 5" x 7" Jumbo Post Cards (12 in all) will be sent to you for only \$9.95. These mirror-like, High Gloss finished cards will titillate your friends' imagination.

If you send Money Orders or Cashiers Checks your order will be shipped immediately, however Personal Checks will require 4-6 weeks. We do pay postage and handling on U.S. orders. Canadian orders

add \$2.00 for postage. Foreign orders add \$6.00 postage. Foreign orders payable in U.S. Funds or International Money Orders. Kansas residents add 3% sales tax. PLEASE PRINT NAME ADDRESS TO AVOID ERRORS, and send to: BREASTAKING IMAGES / P.O. Box 47368 / Wichita, Kansas 67201. Each card shown in this ad is actually larger (in size) than the total size of this Ad! Wall Size available (life-like images), send for information.

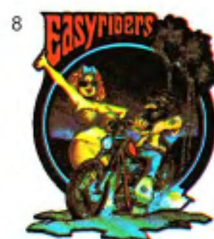
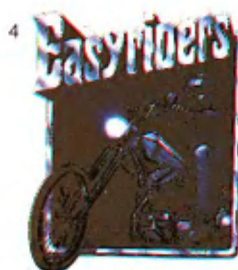
TO FILL THESE OUT



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.

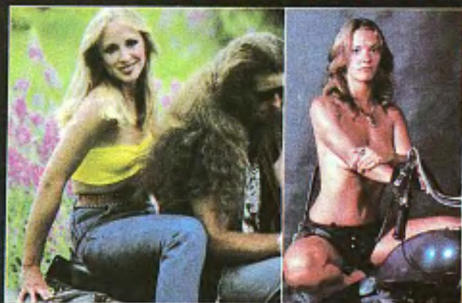


DELL D. 04415

MOTORCYCLE WOMEN

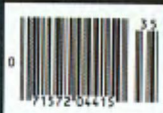
Easyriders

\$2.95



**10 Years Of Best
Motorcycle Women**

**Over 300
Photos Of
Sensuous
Women**



**ON SALE NOW!
or BUY DIRECT**

from Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301. All you do is send \$3.00, check or money order, and add \$1.00 for postage, if mailed within the continental United States. Add \$2.00 if mailed to Canada, and add \$7.00 for (air mail) foreign postage.

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

(Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.)

Black Halter or French Cut Tops For The Ol' Lady

Bikers' Ol' Ladies Do Everything Better And Look Better Doin' It



NEXT-TIME-YOU-PAY

Send size (S, M, L, XL for \$1.00 more) and wording wanted, along with payment (halter tops \$7.50/tank tops \$8.50/French-cut tops \$9.50) to:

Coco, P.O. Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

*Outside USA please send money order (US funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 per shirt for shipping and handling.

SAY IT! T-shirts that'll blow minds



Give them the message with our new shirt, or put 'em in their place with our original design. New design in any color; our other shirt is available in white on black or black on white. Specify which color, which style (F-shirt or new) and what size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$10, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

California residents add 6% for The Man.

F-Shirts
Box 367
Oakview, Calif. 93022

Dealer inquiries invited.

Lockdown

Continued from page 50

can sue prison officials for monetary damages if he is confined in an isolation cell that is "unfit for habitation."

In a Massachusetts case, an inmate spent two weeks in a "hospital isolation cell" after being found guilty of five drug-related violations. According to testimony, the so-called hospital cell had no plumbing and contained only a pot full of dirt to be used as a toilet. The cell's bed consisted of a pallet on the floor and the prisoner was forced to stay in the cell for over 23½ hours a day.

In ruling that the county sheriff and the warden of the Hampden County House of Corrections may be liable for damages, the court noted that the officials knowingly housed the prisoner under conditions forbidden by the state Department of Public Health. The court ordered a lower court to hold a trial to determine the amount of damages due the prisoner.

Strachan v. Ashe, 548 F. Supp. 1193 (D. Mass. 1982)

Suck 'Em Up

If you're a heavy-partyin', hard-drinkin' type who frequently seems to run into the cops at a bad moment, you might consider moving to West Virginia, where the state supreme court has just ruled it unconstitutional to jail drunks solely on standard public intoxication charges.

Basically, the court decided that "chronic alcoholism" is a disease that renders the sufferer incapable of controlling his lust for booze — thus it would be cruel and unusual punishment to send chronic drunks to jail for being tanked. The court was very careful, however, to exempt other crimes that drunks may commit (drunken driving, homicide, etc.) from their ruling. So, if you decide to snuff someone in W. Va., don't plan on gettin' off by claiming the devil (as in Demon Rum) made ya do it.

Harper v. Zeeger, 32 CrL 2235 (W. Va. Sup. Ct. 1982)

Easyriders



"Hmmm... something must be wrong; it's not leaking enough oil."

Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOUR SOCK!



Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends!

We wanted some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind.

We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — strictly. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. Remember, you've been warned.

You get six different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$4.95

CHRISTMAS CARDS,
P.O. BOX 1025
AGOURA, CA 91301

Sets A-B-C are the same filthy cards as before.

Please send me _____ sets.
PLEASE CIRCLE SET DESIRED: A B C
Matching envelopes with each order. I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is _____ (you must be 18 years of age or older to order these cards.) U.S. orders postage paid. Canadian orders add \$1.00 for each set. Foreign orders add \$3.00 for each set. All payments in U.S. funds only. CA res. add 6% sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

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

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

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

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)

Wanted: wild, sexy girls who are free to travel. For info, send a SASE to Mr. APCO, General Delivery, Schaeffers-town, Pa. 17088. (126)

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)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 4631. (126)

Traci: Merry Christmas, babe. Look to your heart. Frank. (126)

Mick, Threasa, Pops: You're all tops and #1. Congratulations on the rugrat. Fly me a kite. Get number from John. FTW. Shadow. (126)

Ladies: Soon to be released and looking for that special lady to share my dreams and plans with. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for more info. Clifton Miller, B88596, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (126)

Attention: Pam and Kevin Buckler, Red Jim, Crazy Jim, Alice, and Triumph Dale in Tulsa Woodward Park, early '81. Contact Bill Belveal, 1847 S. Topeka, Wichita, KS 67211. (126)

"Bird Dog" is in the county jail on a bunk beef. People whom I lost contact with, write at once. Danny Cutchens 7122-153, 3200-D-10, 441 Baucht St., Los Angeles, CA 90012. (126)

Classy w/m, 47 years old, 5'10", 200 lbs., athletic, brown hair, blue eyes, loves life and beautiful things. I'm financially well off, and would like to correspond with classy females who are into the good life. I enjoy lifting weights, jogging, tennis, summer fun, theater, dinners for two, fireplaces, good music and good friends. The only thing missing is the right girl to share everything with. I will personally answer each letter. Letters that include a phone number will receive a call first. I can travel to meet you, or invite you to New York City for a vacation as my guest. A fine apartment, a car and credit cards are waiting for the right girl. All those who take the time to write will receive a gift to show my appreciation. I'm open-minded, completely honest, and not prejudiced. Consider me a free spirit waiting to be captured. Contact: The Commander, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

Women, from LA to DC, please write Mike Roby 20537-B, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66643. (126)

Lifer, 23, w/m, interested in corresponding with w/f, age 18 to 32, preferably in the Oklahoma area, but not essential. Write Brian Treptor 98368, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051. (126)

Jimie Day: Merry Xmas. All my love forever. (126)

"Outlaw" tramp. Write, send sexy photo and stamp — baby snakes, only. Try it, you'll like it. C. Doc Munson, C25479, Dorm 7418, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130. (126)

W/m, 27, 6'1", 200 lbs., with 6 years of downtime in Governor Hunt's penal hotel. Looking for caring, attractive lady in North Carolina area for kites, pics, and visits. I know there's a righteous lady out there to help me get this monkey off my back! Let me hear from ya. "Stormin'" Norman Taylor, 2620 S. Fayetteville St., Asheville, NC 27203. (126)

I'm a good-looking, muscular, 26-year-old Gemini with brown hair and blue eyes. I'm struggling through a prison bit and need to hear from some warm-hearted, loving women to make it easier. Johnny "Blue" Merritt 133720, Powhatan C.C., Dorm 3, State Farm, VA 23160. (126)

JB: Happy birthday, 11/24/83. You're 29. I'm still waiting, always will. Love you, big guy. Sue, Melody and Minnie Mouse. (126)

Jerry, who rides with the Iron Mustangs: Have a nice birthday this December '83. Red Baron. (126)

Hawg buster from Northern California, 39, tan male, not ugly, looking for lady to steer from the rear — must have firm grip. Prefer small lady/large breasts who herds sheep for the hell of it. Walt, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

San Diego man, road biker, nice apart-ment, beautiful bike, needs female home/bike companion, to age 30. Have good job, can look after you. No dopers or weirdos, just good solid, lasting relationship. Have much to offer. You will not regret it. Request recent photo. Wild Bill, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

Lonely guys in prison want to hear from sincere people. Joe Meyers, Robert Clifford, and John Mitchell, Box 14, Concord, NH 03301. (126)

Dirty, Angel, Lizard: The jam session was righteous. My apologies to each of you for the bums' rush. I did what I thought was necessary. Rev. JV. (126)

Two down bros, out soon, need righte-ous ladies for life mates. Write Jeff Theisz or Stan Simth, Box 380, Alpine, AZ 85920. (126)

J.R. in Millhaven: I'm supposed to be the teacher, but I keep learning from you. Happy anniversary — our letters have lasted a year. Stay special. Love, Guess Whom. (126)

I'm looking for someone to give me a personal loan. I will pay back as I can, with interest. Tony Baldwin, Box 2151, Philadelphia, PA 19103. (127)

Attention, Jimmy Hewitt: I need you, friend. Please contact me. Copper, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

W/m, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, not hardcore, living in Saskatchewan, Canada. Into fun, love and mellow moments. Want attractive w/f, 19 to 29, for fun, love and lasting relationship, possibly marriage in time. Must like Harleys, good times and mellow moments. Serious inquiries only. Pictures with first letter. Stan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

W/m, 34, with home, Harley, and good job. Looking for special lady to settle down with. I have a lot of love to give. Especially interested in Oriental ladies. Must be beautiful, slim, non-smoker, and willing to relocate to Virginia (will help). Send letters and pics to Butch, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

Swingers want biker bros for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime. (312) 262-9800, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (127)

Of age teen house mouse wanted, who knows how to take care of a man and a home — and wants to. Boxholder, Box 1196, Hialeah, FL 33011. (126)

Downed bro, new to biking, seeks inter-ested females for correspondence and whatever else develops. If sincere, please write. Size, age and looks are unimportant. Will answer all. Otis Randall 18090, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (126)

Blue: Happy 24th, babe. Love always. Winter. (126)

"The Fastest Truck In Vietnam" by 2391116, best 'Nam book yet, for the fucked-over vet. Paperback, \$5 (postage paid). Pull/Press, 1800 Market St. #65, San Francisco, CA 94102. (126)

Swap meet: November 13, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., MO. Set-up, 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. Meet, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. (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)

Tattoo shops: Need T-shirts, hats, pins or whatever? Top-quality silk-screen on heavy shirts. Send for wholesale price list. Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406. (139)

Tattoo fans, check out Tatootime Maga-zine, the world's first public journal of tattoo culture. Articles and photos by leading artists in the field. Read about the history, latest trends with over 120 photos and drawings. Send \$8.50 for issue #1 to: Tatootime Magazine, 1850 Union Street, #136, San Francisco, Calif. 94123. (135)

"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)

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)

Tattoo and motorcycle T-shirts: Every-
thing 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)

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)

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)

Untraceable remails, Canada, \$2 (no stamps). Box 673, Gibsons, B.C. V0N 1V0 (136)

Do you want to live on the beach in Flori-da? W/m, 39, doesn't smoke or drink or do drugs — looking for nice young lady to live with. Send letter and recent photo to Tom, 404 1st St. N., Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. 33535. (130)

Human skull. Authentic, legal mind-blower! \$250. Brian (307) 634-2537 or 634-5638. (128)

Oriental ladies want to write to you. Cherry Blossoms, Honokaa, Hawaii 96727 (127)

Attention, Bay City, Michigan, bikers: L. gave us genital herpes at the Harley Round-up at Cycle More Campgrounds in Interlocken, 6/18/83. (126)

Lonely rider of the wind, with a huge hunger for affection, seeks a petite sister of the road for riding wherever the front wheel goes. If you're a slim and tender house mouse type, know how to take care of and be true to your ol' man, and your age is 20 to 40, then you're just what I'm looking for. Race unimportant. Quick reply. Send scribe, flick and phone number to Scoot, Box 1847, Modesto, CA 95353. (126)

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)

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, CA 92660. (126)

Bruce: Wherever you are, happy belated b'day, 9/12. Better late than never. You're a deadbeat, but I still love ya. Save a little for me, babe. Keep in touch. I love ya, always. Your little fool. (126)

Older biker, scholar, writer, formerly addicted to riding in the wind wherever the front wheel led, from June until September with only a bike, a tent, and the open road for home and whose trail now no longer forks to vistas yet unseen, but ends in a barricade of aches and pains, seeks an older lady, small and sweet, to ride behind me in my saddle seat and share occasional runs thru mountains reaching for the sky and redwood canyon trails that lead down to the sea. If you're slim and trim and have some smarts, then maybe you're that special lady needed to compliment the scene. So take your pen in hand real soon and send a scribe and flick my way. Sorry, party ladies, I'm not your type, since drugs and booze are not my thing, but I will respond to all who write. Box 1847, Modesto, CA 95353. (126)

R.R. Slim: Happy birthday, 10/9/60; happy anniversary, 10/14/81. Love forever. S.R. Pegisus. (126)

Happy birthday, Dumpster. Why don't you clip this ad and use it for a coupon? Hand it to me and I'll give you a birthday BJ you'll never forget. Love you. Reever. (126)

Low riders: Learn how to become an X-rated star! Natural fun, good money. Call Darlene Dawn, (312) 262-6900, Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (127)

1970 Superglide on '74 frame, custom paint, some chrome. Good ride, \$3000. Jim Garner, Box 358, Flatwoods, KY 41139. (126)

Wanted: Under 25 (preferably 18), 34/35 - 25/28 - 34/35, sandy-brownish/blond, fine/fair complexion, blue/green eyes, Japanese/Zen oriented, college/university. Objective: Move to state to breed dogs (5 varieties). Outdoors, likes/dislikes. John M. Meeks 44746W, 3B-76 Cell, M.S.P., Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (126)

Bill (Steve): I understand now. Always remember I'm here and I care. I still love you. Debbie (Dallas). (126)

Preacher and Trouble: On May 16, I lost my heart; mother left this earth. Little Sis and Char. (Call home, ask operator.) (127)

Bros, don't break down; extend the life of your H-D. For details, send \$2 to Two Wheels Publishing Co., 221 N. Mardis, Sylvia, KS 67581. (126)

Ladies: I'm a w/m, 6'2", 205 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Leaving Germany and the Army soon. Want correspondence with ladies, especially from the San Diego area (or thereabouts), since I will be living in San Diego. Write Mike Necoechea, C Co., 3/68 Armor., APO NY, NY 09086. (126)

W/m, 28, 6", 198 lbs., downed, dresser rider, construction co. owner, seeking sincere, uninhibited lady to share a caring, lasting, good-time relationship with. Send picture. Robert "Big O" Ocheltree 88372, K.S.R., La Grange, KY 40032. (126)

White biker lady, 5'7", 118 lbs., 20 years old, blond hair, sexy, needs ol' man, 20-40, must like Harleys, being in the wind, smoke and me. Serious bikers, only. Send photo to M.J. Rudin, 3949 Potomac N.W., Kenn., GA 30144. (126)

Gloucester Debbie: Remember May 29, 1981? Marry me when I get out in September '86. Fort Leavenworth Jim. (126)

Johanne: Hope the next birthday we spend together is for keeps. The Rocket City Kid. (126)

W/m, 37, 6'2", 195 lbs., brown hair and eyes, wishes to correspond with sincere females. Been down 13 years in prison and am looking for lasting relationship. I am a liberal Virgo. Leon Short, B45069, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (126)

Kinky: Happy anniversary! Honey, you're the one and only master in my life. Love you always. Your personal slut and slave, Peaches. (126)

Kelly: We love you. Happy birthday. Vanessa and Audrey. (126)

"Mikers" Roghair: Happy birthday, daddy! "Forever in my heart, you will stay. Forever lovin' you is the only way." I never knew what lovin' was all about until I met you. Now you are my life and my only love. I'm so proud that you're my man and can't wait to see the beautiful baby we've created! I love you, baby. Kit-Kat. (126)

Thanksgiving Day bash (3 days' worth). Bring your own chicks. Free beer, wine. Crash on haw lawn. Starts 11/24/83 at 804 Huckleberry Lane, Gretna, LA 70053. (126)

Attractive, w/m prisoner, 30, seeks attractive female for correspondence and general understanding. Michael Chess, C52809, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (126)

Lonely lady (Sacramento area) searching for knight on shining Harley. Foxy brunette, mid-thirties, no kids. Send pics. Nightcrawler, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

Two bros doin' hard time need ladies to write. Will answer all letters, Tracy Korbel 35142, and Lupe Rocha 34134, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (126)

Bumper sticker printing device - cheap, simple, portable. Free details. Bumper, Box 22791(ER), Tampa, FL 33622. (126)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 3850. (126)

Imprisoned till '86, w/m, 26, 5'9", 160 lbs., attractive, would love to hear from honest ladies. Looks unimportant. Ernest Overstreet 89987, D-H, D.C.I., Box 788, Jackson, LA 70748. (126)

L.A. bro, down in Florida, 1 1/2 years before the wind blows again. Need to hear from ladies to help this time go a little faster. Write Jeff Hartman, B047809, Box 500, Olustee, FL 32072. (126)

W/m, 6'1", 220 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, looking for foxy-looking Indian or Mexican women, between 18 and 28, from Wisconsin. Must be sincere and love the good things in life. Must have their act together and no dependents. Reply to Box 211, Mayville, WI 53050. (126)

Lots, \$200; houses, \$1200. Acreage; easy terms. Pictures, maps, details, \$2. Write Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (127)

Been down so long, could use a little help to get it up. Would like to exchange erotic letters. Mark Ritchey, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (126)

Well-stirred Californian, out in '84. Seeks feisty lady/ladies into auto racing and life on the road. J.L. McCann, Box 429, Lawrenceville, VA 23868. (126)

Jay-Bo: There is no one else like you. You are the best husband any woman could dream of. You've made life what it should've been for a long time. I'll always love you and be beside you. 12/24/83. Deanna. (126)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices. Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-P, Colorado Springs, CO 80901 (126)

W/f, 28, 180 lbs., needs strong arms of man with Harley, to hold and love Harley woman. Looking for steady relationship. No drugs/games. Write Michele Green, 13 Parish Ave., Oneonta, NY 13820. (126)

W/m, 5'7", 155 lbs., long brown hair, brown eyes, looking for a good ol' lady. Must be sincere, humorous and understanding. Please send letters to Michael Madding, C51890-3276, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (126)

Lonely white prisoner, 6', 180 lbs., has been hurt and needs someone to help me forget. John Stephens, B21806, Box A1385, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (127)

Tattoos by Lou: You won't find better work anywhere. We specialize in cover-up of crude tattoos and excel in custom designs. If we can't do it, no one can. Hours: noon to midnight, Monday through Saturday. Lou's Tattoos, 475 Hay St., (downtown) Fayetteville, NC 28301. Phone (919) 483-1222. P.S.: Don't cuss, call us. (126)

Two Ohio "cellar dwellers" need kites and flicks from righteous, unattached, dirty-butts chicks, 18 to (?) We're not restricted. Fly a kite and a flick, we'll do the same. Polaroids must be trimmed of developer. We're white, tasty and right. Jim "Bearcat" Osburn 170-647, and Gary "Maniac" Bise 170-221, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. (126)

W/m, 40, 5'7", 145 lbs., would like to correspond with some sincere, kinky, and freaky sex-minded ladies of all ages. Photos welcome. Richard Evans 26959, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391. (126)

W/m, 25, stuck in Germany till next year. Would like to ride and party with serious Northern Illinois lady when I get home. Please write to Steve P., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (126)

Monroe: Happy birthday, October 1, you sexy devil. Love ya. Sheila. (126)

Halter tops; colors and prints catalog, 25c. Valley Designs, Box 31, Sun Valley, AZ 86029. (126)

Two white bros down and in need of female raps. Looking for mail and possible visits from ladies; looks and age unimportant. Will answer all letters. Write Ronnie Monroe 153057, and Robert Lilly 163648, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21794. (126)

WWII military blackout driving lights, complete with switch, for Harley '45. P/n 8-L-385. Bulb 4" diameter. N.O.S., \$45 each. Steve, Rt. 3, Box 574-A, Corvallis, OR 97333. (126)

Strut: You are my number-one love. It really hurt when you left without a word. This lady will always be here for you. May my love go with you in the wind. If ever you are back in town, look me up. Love you forever. Please call me. Your baby. (Cindy in Cocoa Beach.) (126)

Carol C. in Bradenton, Fla.: All your Scorpio talk about honesty and being able to trust you is bullshit. Why did you bother me in the first place? I knew you wouldn't change. Eric. (126)

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Billy "Beep" Puett (member of the Misfits), please contact "Sam," 315 W. Jackson St., Mtn. Home, ID 83647. (126)

Mick Nowlin: Desperate to talk to you. Call home collect. 263-1188. (127)

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)

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Carl Rogers from Temple City, California, please contact Gary Muench, 383-B Pine Rd., Ormond Beach, FL 32074. Carl has owned a '31 Chevy and '40s Indian. (126)

Julie: To the one who has the magic, happy 25th, on Oct. 24. Dave. (126)

Ladies: I'm a righteous Harley-riding Texan, 30, 6'3", 180 lbs., blue eyes, beard, mellow, respectful, generous, who is not a wimp, liar, gamer, or cheat. This good-looking, long-legged cowboy owns his home on 12 acres, a panhead, 2 horses and has a desire to find that special lady. Requirements: to age 35, willing to relocate, no sexual hang-ups, loyal, sexy flick, phone, detailed letter stating likes, dislikes, sexual turn-ons. If freaky, and love country living, it's a letter you'll never regret writing. Jinker Owens, Box 2832, Dallas, TX 75221. (126)

Jerry L. Fischer: 4-11-53. Call Les in Grangeville right away. Important! (126)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Julie Foster from North College Hill, Ohio, please get in touch. Michael Foster 82B752, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508. Or, c/o 12100 Elkridge Dr., Cincinnati, OH 45240. (126)

Two down friends would like some rap from ladies on the outside. Will answer all letters. Spiros Prokopis 151391, and Gary Reed 161027, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (126)

Leather saddlebags, \$39; chaps, \$79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, PA 16041. (137)

Hey, Janet and Josh, in Orland, CA (from Middletown, Ohio): Still waiting to hear from you, hurry up and call. Brad Justice (408) 773-8862, or write soon, 1163 Pome Ave., Sunnyvale, CA 94082. (126)

Hippy: This is to tell you and the world that I love you. I would be proud to ride behind you on your bike and to feel the wind in my hair as we ride together. I want to be your one and only ol' lady. Hippy, wherever you are, please come home to me. I miss you so much, especially at night as I lay there in our empty bed. Please come home. Love you, Cathie. (126)

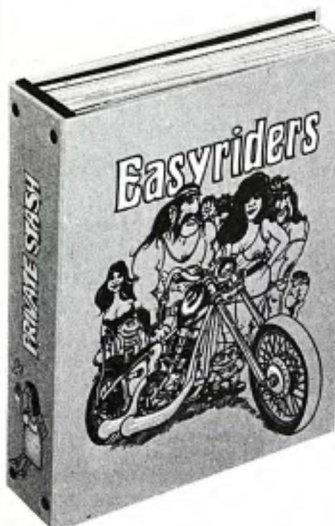
Real women with heart wanted by soon-to-be-released biker, 6', 175 lbs. Looking for that special riding partner. Andy Cooper 82D0144, Box F, Fishkill, NY 12524. (126)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156EAS, Carnation Bay, CA 95711. (126)

Professional tattooing handbook: illustrations, diagrams, valuable tips, trade secrets, expert instructions, tattooed women's photos. 71 pages, \$21.45. Tattooer, Box 242-P, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (126)

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 \$4 for postage and handling. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

Larsen Leathers, new/used cycle gear. Free catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. (127)



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Vet Volve

Continued from page 82

jars — it'll make ya fuckin' sick, man! (Yeah, that's affirmative: in big glass jars!)

And so I wonder: Do those guys ever think back... and wonder how they did what they did?

Double brothers. Double bros. Bikers are brothers. Nam vets are brothers. If you're both, you're a double bro. We have MCs and we have Vietnam vets' organizations. But where's there a Vietnam Vets' MC?

I think I've found one. Some material has drifted my way and I haven't been able to fully check it out for you. I'll just pass it on and you can do your own checking — gives you practice in writing something, besides on walls, anyway.

I have a copy of a newsletter (it's probably a whole fuckin' year old, but I hear the people are still trying) from the U.S. Vietnam Vets MC. The address to write to is: Vietnam Vets MC, Box 31633, Aurora, CO 80041. The head honcho (they also have regional honchos) is a dude who goes by the handle of Wrench. Looks like an interesting setup, but my info is a little dated. Check him out, though, if you want to belong to a group of double brothers.

Nam Trivia Question:

Q: What unit was nicknamed "The Psychedelic Cookie" in 'Nam?

A: The book I have says it was the 9th Infantry Division — but, then, I've heard them referred to as "Flower Power," too. ■



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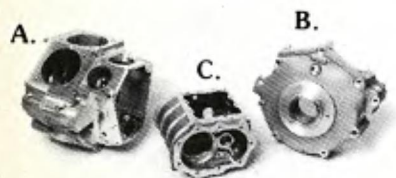
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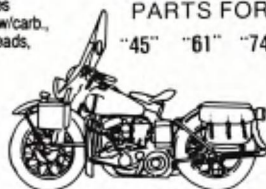
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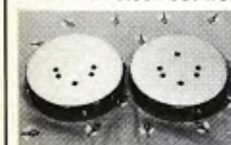


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WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! GET INSTANT RESPECT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE REAL T-SHIRTS. 1 PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT 2 BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY. THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE 3 I'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOD 4 I USED TO BE DISGUSTED, NOW I'M JUST AMUSED 5 IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING, SET IT FREE IF IT DOESN'T COME BACK TO YOU, HUNT IT DOWN AND KILL IT 6 NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG 7 GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS (EINSTEIN) 8 WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT 9 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING 10 WHEN THE GOING GETS WEIRD THE WEIRD TURN PRO 11 AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL 12 WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT 13 I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK. I GET DRUNK. I FALL DOWN. NO PROBLEM! 14 I MAY BE GETTING OLDER, BUT I REFUSE TO GROW UP 15 EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING. I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER. All statements are set in the same typestyle as the headline of this ad. First quality 100% cotton Hanes t-shirts. Directly hand silk screened. NO CHEAP TRANSFERS! Colors available: Black, Navy, Red, White, Light Blue, Yellow, S/M/L/XL. TAKE ONE MORE FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! \$8.95 each. Add \$1.50 p&h per t-shirt (including freebies) CA people add 6% sales tax. US funds only. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. 2-3 week delivery. PLEASE BE SURE TO SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS! CATALOG OF OVER 500 T-SHIRTS \$1 (FREE WITH ORDER) IMAGE DESIGNS, #1141-E12, 2000 CENTER, BERKELEY, CA 94704

Free Catalog

Having trouble getting smoking & snuff paraphernalia? Well, we have it and we can ship to you anywhere. To get your free catalog, send your name and address today to:

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P.O. BOX 3193 • SAN RAFAEL, CA 94901
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VIKING \$45 Size 8 (Med.)
SMALL SKULL \$35 Size 7 (Sm.)
DEMON \$60 Size 10 (Lg.)



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SIEGFRIED

P.O. Box 29187, Dept. ER, Thornton, CO 80229



R-58

Biker Jewelry \$10.00



R-53



R-60



R-6



R-86



R-26

Available in sizes 8 - 12
Heavy Sterling Silver Plate Over Solid Brass Castings
Postage and Handling - \$1.00

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M & F PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 91 MEACHAM BRANCH
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HARLEY-DAVIDSON OF FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

"I'D RATHER EAT MOOSESHIT THAN RIDE A RICEBURNER"

T-shirt: Black, S-M-L-XL, \$10 ppd. Money order, please. Many other designs on T-SHIRTS, THERMALS, SWEAT-SHIRTS, HATS, BANDANNAS, MUGS, CARDS, etc.

OUR NAME ON BACK.

Send \$1.00 (free w/order) for our all-new brochure to
S.R. 60229-A, Fairbanks, AK 99701

NURSE YOUR BEER

With a ceramic BOOB mug.

Available in either right or left handed. 14.95 plus 3.00 for postage & boxing or get two for 27.50 plus 5.00 for p&h. Remember to incl. charge for tattooing and specify if right or left. Send ck. or m.o. to: B-E-L-T, 4418 E. Chapman Ave. Suite 131, Orange, CA 92669



TATTOOING

For 25¢ a letter we will tattoo any NAME or SAYING on your mug as shown in photo.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

DYNAMITE FUCKIN' PIZZA

Complete instructions — you can't screw it up! Recipe makes large pizzas. (As good or better than your local Big Buck Joint with toppings for LESS than \$15.00) Invite the bros! Let them bring the Beer — YOU WIN Complete info. \$3.00 CASH! M.O. STAX LTD., P.O. Box 2738 Salisbury, Maryland 21801.

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LET 'EM KNOW WHERE YOU STAND



\$695 PLUS \$1.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING

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S, M, L, XL

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*Outside U.S.A. please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling. Checks take 4 weeks to clear.

PIN-UP! PHOTOGRAPHY



sample color photo & catalog — \$2.00 P.O. Box 21265, Sarasota, FL 33563-4265

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Hints.

THUMP, THUMP

Heavy. And there are two. Might be a pair of 17" Engineer Boots. (Men's or Ladies?)

CLUMP

Feels like clothing. Could be that Ladies Chopper Jacket.

BUMP

Hmmm. Maybe a helmet. Maybe the X-200. Maybe the Compact II.

THUD

Big...but not real heavy. Could it be the luggage rack and TourPak® for the FXR?

FLUMP

Leathers...definitely leathers. Wonder if it's the new Harley Invader jacket.

CLUNK

Long. Metallic. One piece. Gotta be the new Sissy Bar with the new V® design.

RUSTLE

Jacket again...but smaller. Children's size. Probably the nylon Trakside II™ jacket.

RATTLE

Rattle? Could be anything. Footpegs? Finned exhaust clamps? Handlebar clamps? Cushioned grips? Maybe one of the new Harley belt buckles? Or jewelry? Or a pewter model set? Maybe just a little peek?

Your Harley-Davidson® dealer has hundreds of gift hints to make any motorcyclist feel like a kid at Christmas. So, this year, bring your Christmas list to the man who displays the Genuine Parts and Accessories sign. After all, someone who rides a motorcycle shouldn't leave the Christmas shopping to someone who rides a sleigh.

