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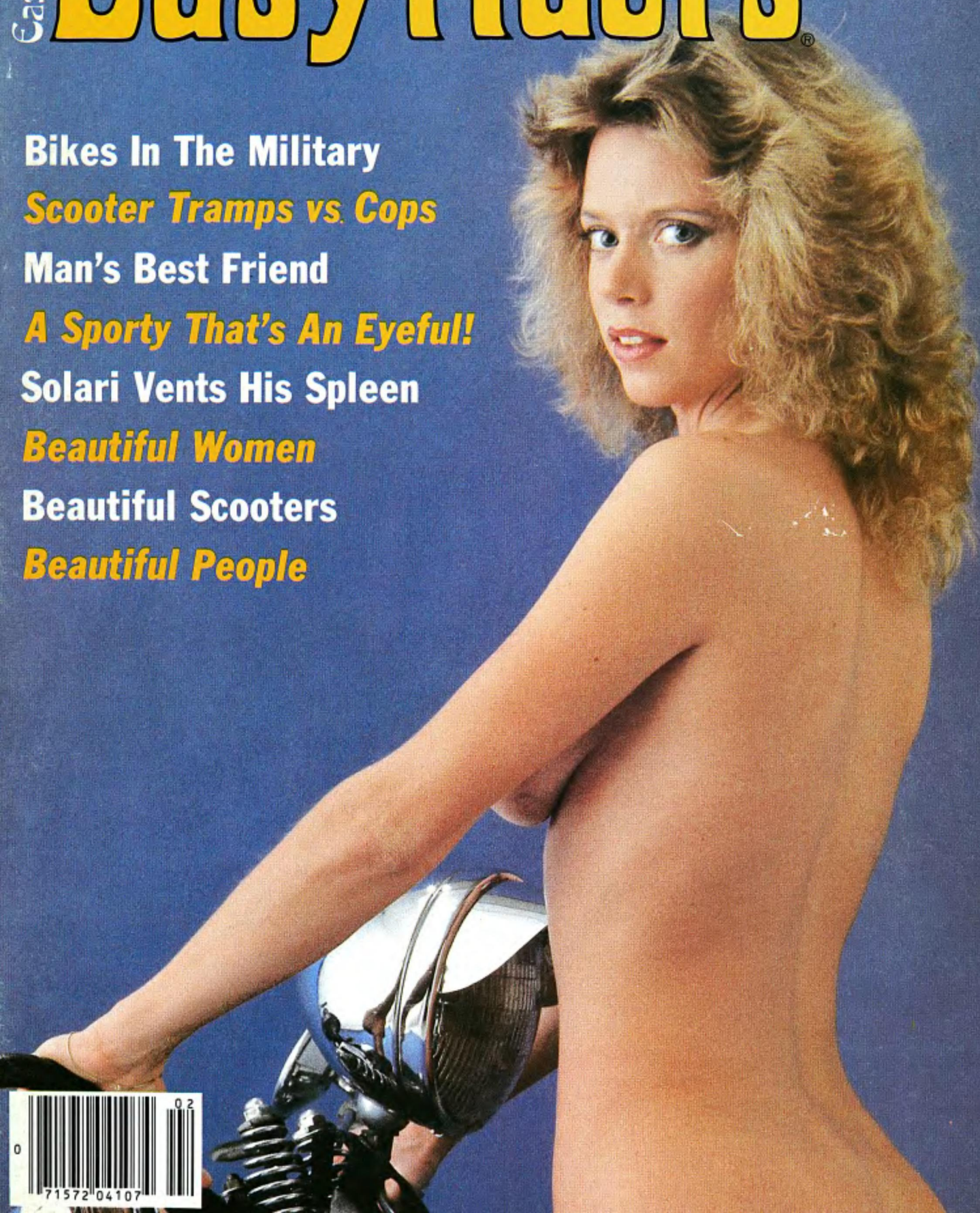
A Sporty That's An Eyeful!

Solari Vents His Spleen

Beautiful Women

Beautiful Scooters

Beautiful People



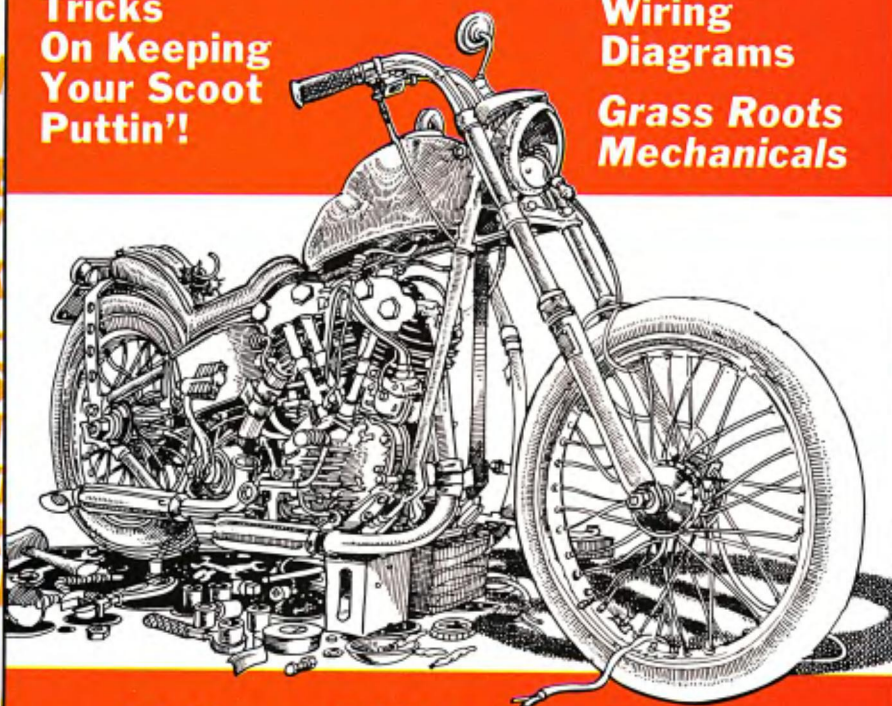
from the Editors of
Easyriders

TECH TIPS & TRICKS

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Easyriders
Readers Only!

Easyriders

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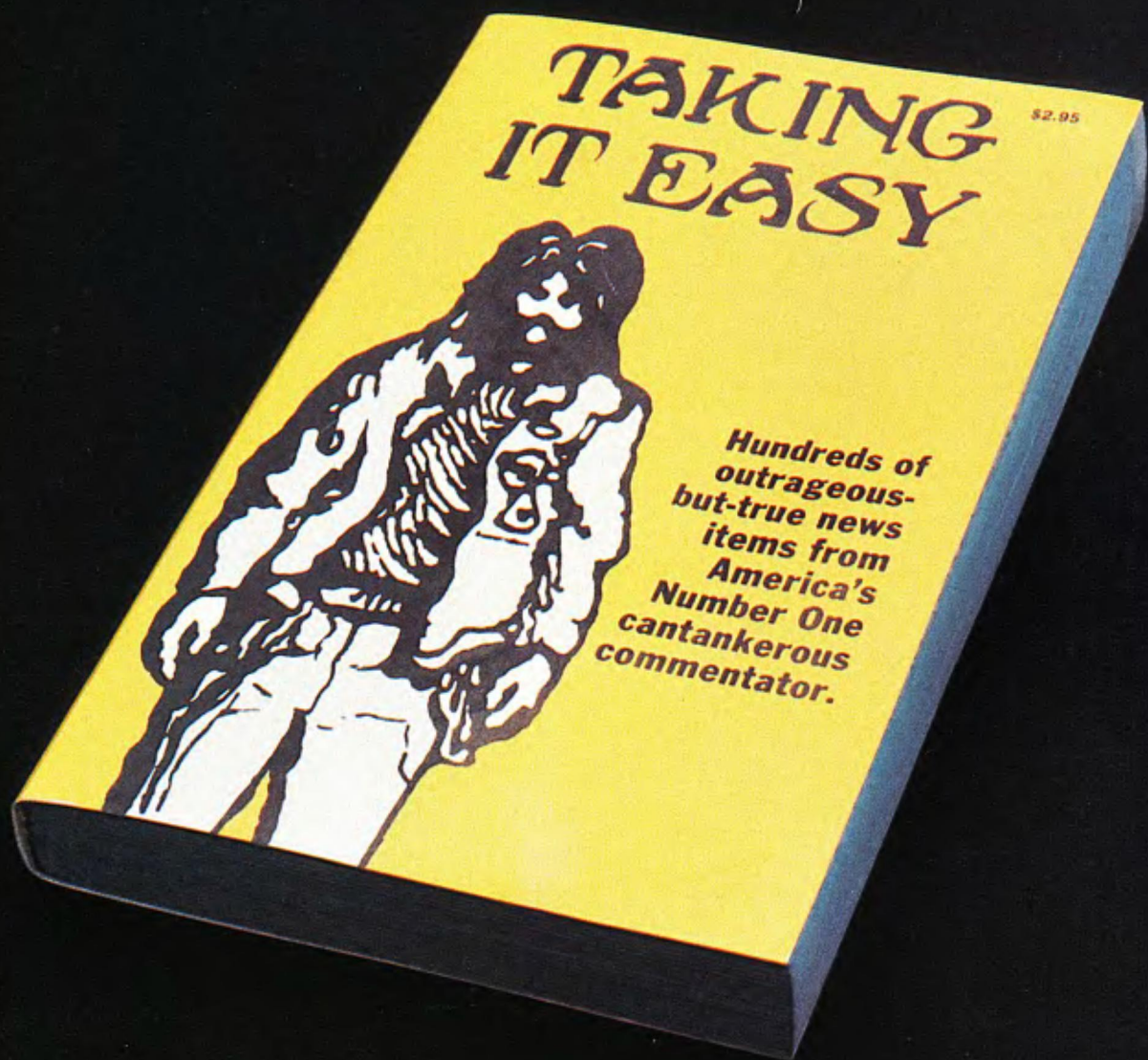
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 31.



Cover photo of Lorna by Pete Chiodo



HEY, YOU!



Did you hear about the purse-snatcher who wound up with a lady's handbag full of dog crap? Or the guy who padlocked his own testicles and had to call the fire department to remove the lock? Well, those are just two of the hundreds of far-out but true news items you'll find inside this remarkable book.

If you've never read one of Spider's unique news columns, you're in for a real treat. And if you're already a Spider fan, you'll welcome this collection of his outrageous writings.

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A policeman was busy giving a person a ticket when a car pulled up behind them and sat there. The policeman's bubblegum light was flashing and the cop waved the car on, but it just sat there. The cop went to see what was wrong and told the driver it was all right to go around him, but the driver responded with, "You're not going to trick me into running a red light. I'll just sit here until it turns green."

If you need to know what a scientist just discovered, men with deep voices are better lovers than men with tenor voices. Or so some egghead claims.

He robbed a bank and was so pleased with his caper that he went into a bar a few stores away and bought everyone a round of drinks. (He was busted.)

I've seen friends who've had bad cases of acne—even saw a girl or two who had it so bad they scared the shit outta me with their runnin' sores. But they were never as bad as this guy—he musta been whackin' his meat too much. Anyway, because he related his bad case of acne to floggin' his dummy too much, he whipped out the electric kitchen knife and lopped off his nutsack—nuts and all.

This ad actually appeared in a newspaper. "Will the person who left the artificial leg in the dryer Saturday night please contact. . . ." (Maybe the owner thought it was a garbage bin.)

Then there was a rapist who balled a chick, and it musta been good. He zonked out and didn't wake up until the police woke him. (Maybe he shoulda dropped some uppers before getting rid of the stonies.)

A teenager was just given probation from the judge after pleading guilty to burglary. He was about ready to walk off free when the judge asked him another question. Instead of replying, "Yes, sir," he said, "Yeah." The judge thereupon sentenced him to 30 days in jail for contempt of court.

He was a high school football star. One day he got the hots and taught a 9-year-old girl how to screw. When he went to court, the judge musta been a football recruiter on the side because he only sentenced him to earn his high school diploma and said that he wanted to see him play football at a local college after that. But I wonder what happened

to the little girl with the swollen snatch.

How about the three broads who came up with a gimmick whereby two of them went into a man's home, took off their clothes, and distracted him while a third broad went in the back way and stole everything she could carry out. The owner protested and said he wasn't interested in sex, tits, or anything, and told them to get the hell out of his house. I guess it's understandable. He was 78 years old.

A broad was backing out of a parking space and ran over another woman. Shocked at what she had done, she quickly put the car in forward gear. You got it—she ran over the lady again. Because a crowd yelled at her for what she had done, she got confused and backed over the body again. Sometimes there are days like that.

(They didn't give me my slice of raisin pie this week—so, fuck 'em, I'm goin' somewhere to party. Grab ya next issue.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Warning

☐ We wish to warn any bikers who are traveling through the Oklahoma/Texas Panhandle to beware of a town called Perrytown in Texas. Locals here hate bikers and will find some way to get ya behind bars and get your money. Don't be their next victim.

Wild Wayne and Teri
Stuck in Perrytown

Say High

☐ My wolf Willy said to say "high" to Rufus.

Little Red
Hayward, Wis.

■ He's takin' care of his harem right now.

Ol' Lady Letters

☐ This is for all you downed bros out there who are always wantin' some ol' lady to shoot you a kite. Well, I write about 20 a month and include a SASE. So why don't I hear back? I try to put a smile on your pussies, so why not return the shot?

Blue Eyes
Portland, Me.

Skin Art

☐ The article "Ya Can Take It With Ya" was very distasteful. We do not associate bikers and people who have tattoos with junkies. We resent the tie-in.

Gene and Alison
Smyrna, Ga.

Miss Harley

☐ I read the article about Miss Harley-Davidson (Regina Smith) in the November '83 issue and was wondering if I could get a color or black-and-white photograph of her with her autograph on it.

Ken Butler
Cleveland, Ohio

■ Write to Clyde Fessler, Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201.

Changing Her Ways

☐ The story "Visiting Hours"

in your November '83 issue was fabulous! I had no idea what was going on until the very last paragraph. It also gave me an idea. I usually take red roses to my beloved ol' man's grave, but now I think I'll pack a basket of love and roses.

Lori
Sacramento, Calif.

☐ I was feelin' pretty good 'cause I'd come off on a visit and was in my house reading the November '83 issue of your rag.

I started reading "Visiting Hours" and, man, that bitch was pissing me off. Almost reminded me of my ex. She'd come up and tell me how her weekend was, how fucked up she got. The more I read, the madder I got. I was wondering what the sorry bastard was gonna do.

And then the ending! Son of a bitch! I had it all wrong! I was almost embarrassed. Good fuckin' story, Coyote, good story.

Mark
Ossining, N.Y.

Unicorn Letter

☐ About printing that letter from Unicorn (really intelligent name) in the November '83 issue: I thought editorial policy allowed Spider to condense letters for space considerations.

Any doorknob could have shortened that letter to "I am a fag!" There are rags for those asshole fuckers. We don't need that shit in *Easyriders*.

Cone
Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ So drive your dick up your ass and fuck yourself, faggot.

G.D.
Orrington, Me.

☐ You are what you eat, you asshole!

David Lambert
Mesa, Ariz.

☐ I have two very warm bodies that would like to get

close to him: Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson!

The Great Waldo Pepper
Brockton, Mass.

☐ If God had intended for all men to go around sucking cocks and butt-fucking each other, he sure as hell wouldn't have created women for all us guys to enjoy and to be happy with.

Satan
Rockford, Ill.

South Carolina Helmets

☐ Please print a notice to all my South Carolina brothers and sisters that Norma Russell, "the state's biggest bleeding heart," has taken it upon herself to protect all of us motorcyclists in South Carolina by attempting to reinstate the helmet law. She is going to submit new legislation to the state legislature this fall that will make it mandatory once again for all of us to wear helmets. We repealed the mandatory helmet law a couple of years ago, but "Saint Norma" says too many of us are mutilating ourselves, so she's going to "white knight" the helmet law back into existence.

I'm 34 years old and it really gets on the wrong side of me when people who not only don't own a motorcycle but have never been on one try to protect me — me, who has been riding motorcycles for 17 years. Well, thanks for everything.

Harley Charlie
Columbia, S.C.

Scored

☐ Thanks to "Chopper-shopper," there are no more lonely nights or lonely days for me. I've found my special shine! She's beautiful all the way.

Bones
Capron, Va.

More Sporties

☐ Bein' a Sporty owner, I've got a beef with you guys. Viewing the last six issues (June through November), I

took a count of the featured bikes and came up with this: 12 shovelheads; 5 pans; 2 knucks; 1½ Sporties (the one was a "Reader's Ride").

Well, I've got only one thing to say: More Sporties, more Sporties, more Sporties, more Sporties, more Sporties. Do ya hear?

Randy Thomasson
Daly City, Calif.

■ We heard you.

Angel Flick

☐ I bought your latest rag last night and really enjoyed reading the article on the Hells Angels movie. This morning I got on the train going to work, and the first fuckin' thing I see is this poster that says, "Hells Angels Forever." Shit, that made my day.

Wonder
Queens, N.Y.

Wants Pics

☐ How's about a shot of Mutha and Spider in your next issue?

Goodie
Victoria, Australia

■ Too gross!

Questions, Questions

☐ What the hell is a screwie? My ol' man says it's baseball slang for a screwball. My brother-in-law says it's the person who's getting screwed. Other people I ask either don't know or give me different answers. Can you help me?

Peaches
Fountain Valley, Calif.

■ It's a chick who asks dumb questions.

Burned

☐ I'd like to tell all righteous bros out there to watch out for the few dickheads who think they are, or want to be, bros. They can really fuck you up.

I got out of the joint in 1980 and finally scarfed up \$100 for a basket Sporty from a shithead who acted like a bro. He didn't tell me it was hot, but when I went to register the fucker, they didn't hesitate to tell me. It was turn over the bike or go to jail — so I let the pigs take it from me.

I went back to the sorry fucker. He said he would get my money up and then he split. After over two years of searching I finally found the

fucker. I acted from instinct and stomped his ass, taking what was rightfully mine but no more. The pussy fucker ran to the police and had me charged with armed robbery and some other shit.

Well, the law being what it is in Springfield, Tennessee, here I sit with another ten-year sentence.

Country John
Nashville, Tenn.

Limey Bikes

□ You men of *Easyriders* magazine need to be a little less narrow-minded or leave Mutha alone for a while.

Haven't you assholes heard the words Triumph or Norton? How about some words and even a couple of pics relating to British bikes? Triumph and Norton riders are no less men than those who ride Harley-Davidsons.

"10 Speed"

Palmerston North, N.Z.

■ No put-down of limey bikes, but we just prefer specializing.

Wants Address

□ Since you seem to be the source of info in this rag, could you get an address on the Motor Maids Club? I'd greatly appreciate it.

Bullets

Baltimore, Md.

■ Motor Maids of America
Kathy Anderson, President,
453 21st Avenue, South St.
Paul, MN 55075.

Still Waiting

□ Okay, I give up. When are you assholes going to give us that page you owe us from April of 1981 (page 17)? You asked for some slack, but shit, how much do you need? We're still waiting.

Cary and Charlene
Ione, Calif.

■ Page? What page? I ain't admitting nothin'.

Why?

□ Why the fuck was the October '83 issue printed upside down except for page seven?

Roy and Graham
West Germany

■ We fucked up.

Toy Catalog

□ I recently ran an ad in the "Choppershopper" section and was amazed at the number of responses I received

because my ad promised honesty. Most of the replies came from the prisons of this great land. There are a lot of lonely bros out there — as well as ladies. And you know what they all told me? You female assholes, for the most part, are lying catty bitches who just want to mess with people's minds.

Now before these pages are filled in a few months with irate responses from pissed-off ladies, let me make one thing clear. Those of you "good women" out there all know who you are and I'm not talking to you. The people I'm talking to are the folks who use "Choppershopper" and "Male Call" like a toy catalog, writing a few hot lines when you're bored and not paying any attention to the fact that the "toy" that you're writing to is a human being — a person who was very serious when he/she placed his/her ad, reaching out for friendship/relationships — anything but headgames. If you want to be a bitch and just play, go out and chase the dog or buy yourself a good vibrator.

Whatever happened to honesty?

Highpockets
Whitehall, Wis.

Ol' Ladies, Note

□ All you ol' ladies out there bitchin' 'cause your ol' man's late and shit, you better shut the fuck up or you'll lose it all. I miss it just as much as I miss fuckin' the best ol' man I ever had. My heart skips a beat (even three) when I hear the sound of a Harley go by and know I ain't on it. Shit and damn it all to hell!

Chris
Cleveland, Ohio

Cock Contest

□ I finally got bugged enough about your attitude to get off my ass and tell you about this.

On the front of your mag it says "Entertainment For Adult Bikers." It does not say "Male Bikers" or "Hung Bikers" or even "Dyke Bikers." Excuse me, I'm a biker, I'm an adult and I'm female!

I think your attitude to the women who wrote in and suggested something like an ol' man contest really sucks! Don't forget, you cater to us, too. Is this your "macho bullshit" attitude idea or possibly U.S. censorship laws? If so, then my argument does not

lie with you. However, I doubt it!

My leathers and I look real good on my bike (H-D '80 Low Rider). I look good with no leathers and not on my bike, too — so I'm told by men who look at me. Well, I'm sure that those three women, as well as myself and a host of millions, would get off on an ol' man contest or something similar. Just like the men get off on us. Remember, we're pretty well biologically the same under all those genitals. So what do you say? Or is your "macho bullshit" getting in the way again?

Little M

Ottawa, Ontario

■ Cry me a river.

Open Letter

□ Open letter to any knuckle-head clubs or organizations: Would like to hear from you. I currently own four knuckle-heads — one '37 and three '47s. Love them big-nutted bastards.

Rick's Custom &
High Performance
5905 Lamar
Arvada, CO 80003

Chosen Few

□ We, the members of the Chosen Few MC from New Zealand, would like to bid greetings to all the fellow bros and chicks who read this excellent mag.

Journey
Auckland, New Zealand

Thanks

□ On my way down to Eglin AFB, Florida, on my 1972 Sportster, I had a few problems that I could not remedy myself because of my lack of experience. But two Harley dealers were there to help me and not rip me off. I'd like to say thanks a lot to Sanders Harley-Davidson in Nashville, Tennessee, and to H-D Sales in Birmingham, Alabama, 'cause without their southern hospitality, I would still be stranded on I-65.

Scheuby
Schererville, Ind.

Half The Brains

□ In response to "Righteous Ol' Lady" (March '83), who was responding to Tom Goodwin's joke in the November '82 issue: If I understand you correctly, you're saying that a woman is capable of a rigorous schedule, as well as academic and social achievements, al-

though she has only half the brains of a man. Please understand me correctly when I say that any woman who thinks she only has half the brains of a man is a stupid cunt!

Billie
Boston, Mass.

Question

□ I'm drunk as hell again and was just wondering why the picture of Spider in the "Taking It Easy" column doesn't ever show his feet. Does he have any?

Billy Twisted
Fredericksburg, Va.

■ That's as far as his bleary eyes can see when he's loaded.

To Virginia Bikers

□ We have to organize to shitcan this helmet law, and with a lot of support from fellow bikers, I'm damned sure we can do it. I'll take the first step and ask everyone who gives a damn about ridin' free to forward all their anti-helmet kits to me. This approach is bound to make the law-heads think about all of us come election time. Send anything you want — letter, postcard, shit-paper — to me and I will see that all of it's sent to the right people.

Jr. Tomlin
2111 8th St.
Lynchburg, Va. 24501

Boots

□ You fuckers finally got something right. I bought a pair of Nasty Feet boots back in 1979 and wore those damn things on the flight deck of a navy aircraft carrier for four years and didn't fuck them up. Then, on New Year's Eve, I went to kick my rigid Sporty over, but the only thing that kicked over was the sole of my boot. I got 'em resoled, and I guess they're good for another four. Only thing is, I still ain't figured out how to lace and tie the bastards.

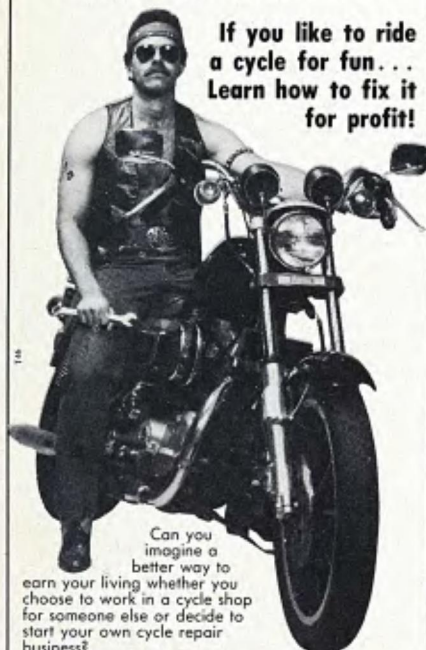
Animal
Oak Harbor, Wash.

Douche Advice

□ Some of my ol' man's friends complain that their ol' ladies' pussies smell like dead mackerel left out in the sun for three or four days. As a nurse, I thought I'd offer a small bit of advice for anyone with a similar problem.

Maybe a doctor told your ol' lady not to douche more than twice a week or maybe

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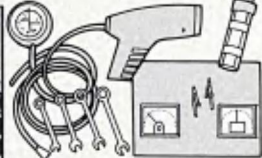
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she read the same thing on
one of the many types of dis-
posable douches you can
buy at the store.

Well, that doesn't mean
you can't run a little clear
water up there occasionally,
right? You'd wash your arm-
pits to keep them from stink-
in', right? Do your pussy the
same courtesy. You may be
pleasantly surprised at your
ol' man's reaction.

For those of you who may
not be familiar with the term
douche, the dictionary de-
fines it as: "A stream of water
applied on or into any part of
the body."

Susan McCormick
Bellflower, Calif.

Likes Mag

□ Your mag is super. We get
it on the ship (on the Indian
Ocean) every month. It sells
better than *Playboy* and
Hustler. That's pretty good
when you consider there are
6000 men at sea.

Don "Mad Dog" McMahon
FPO, San Francisco

Digest

□ About your "Biker's Di-
gest" column in the rag: I
wish to fuck you'd stop let-
ting Phil Schilling from *Cycle
Magazine* fill it with cut-
downs about H-Ds. Every
time I see his name, above it
is his talking shit about H-Ds.
He doesn't know anything
about bikes. Motorcycles,
meaning Harley-Davidson.

Amos
Pueblo, Colo.

Headlights

□ This is in regard to the
article in "Easynews" involv-
ing the modulating head-
lights (November '83 issue).

First off, I think they are a
damned good idea. We gotta
do something to get cagers'
attention — if not loud ex-
haust pipes, maybe the new
headlights.

As the IIHS brain trust
wrote, pulsing lights can
cause abnormal reactions,
seizures, etc. over a wide
range of frequencies. How-
ever, the new headlight has
only one frequency.

To tell ya the truth, a per-
son has a better chance of
having an abnormal reaction
watching his own television
set. And that's a fact!

Chris Misty
Waukegan, Ill.

Albino Dobie

□ I'm writing this letter to
the lucky person who owns
the albino Doberman pin-
scher whose picture was fea-

tured in the #13 issue of *In
The Wind*. As a Doberman
pinscher lover, I am begging
you to please write to me and
let me know if there is an-
other champion like him that
a Doberman pinscher lover
like me could adopt. If you
have any info for me, please
write to Larry Haugen, 2965
North Oak Harbor Road, Oak
Harbor, WA 98277. Please,
make me one of the happiest
people on this rock in space
and write.

Larry "Festus" Haugen
Oak Harbor, Wash.

Question

□ Whatdafuck is Whatda-
fuck Day?

Smithy
Glendale Hts., Ill.

■ It's Whatdafuck Day.

Respect?

□ Check it out! I was sittin'
here thumbing through the
1983 *World Almanac and
Book of Facts*. (It gets pretty
boring in a 5' x 9', waitin' on
my new issue of *Easyrider*.)
On page 430 under "Circula-
tions of Leading U.S. Maga-
zines," which gives The Audit
Bureau of Circulations as its
source, was a list of the top
145 publications — and
that's right, *Easyrider*s
ranked higher than *Cycle*,
Car Craft, and *High Society*,
to name just a few.

If ya get any more respect-
able, I might cancel my sub-
scription. Bad for the image,
ya know.

Mike Gavin
Huntsville, Tex.

But I Didn't See

□ I'm afraid I don't under-
stand the logic of those who
claim they "didn't see the
motorcycle."

Whether I'm on my motor-
cycle or in my pickup, I
always see motorcycles. I
asked my ol' lady and she
says she always sees motor-
cycles while in her cage, too.
What about you all?

Mike Nelson
Laguna Beach, Calif.

■ It's just a lame excuse.

Havin' Piles

□ Read with pleasure and
amusement your "Morning
After Comforts" (November
'83 issue) and would like to
add some info to what was
offered therein, which I
found to be accurate, by the
way.

For all us hemorrhoid suf-
ferers, I would suggest Rutin.
This is a bioflavonoid that

can help reduce the pain and
symptoms. I know from per-
sonal experience that it
works.

Samantha
Ridgecrest, Calif.

Iron Coffins

□ In response to Snake from
Toledo on the Spokesmen
swap meet, about two years
ago the Spokesmen joined
the Iron Coffins. Even though
the patch has changed, they
still throw a big meet every
year.

Viking
Cayce, S.C.

Hail, California

□ This is in response to
"Doesn't Like California" in
the November '83 issue.

I travel all over this country
on my job. It's true that you
southern bikers are some
great people and heavy par-
ties. But the South (and the
whole East, for that matter)
has the most fucked-up laws
and attitudes I've run into
anywhere. The freedom is
out West.

Malcolm Weaver
Spring Valley, Calif.

Likes Fiction

□ The story "The Final Test"
in your October '83 issue was
the greatest!

Bones
Ellis, Kan.

Fatties Defended

□ Concerning "fatties," I
have a few lines to put on
paper.

What the hell difference
does a person's appearance
make? If you all would take
your heads from your ass-
holes and look into a per-
son's interior, you'd make life
a whole lot easier.

We're all Americans and
should be treated equally,
taking people for what they
are inside, not what they
appear to be. Don't judge
your brothers and sisters —
we all have our little imper-
fections. Next time you put
someone down, think first
and use a little more compas-
sion. After all, we're all what
we feel about ourselves and
each other. Ride to live, live
to ride, but most of all, ride
with freedom in your hearts,
not shit in your mouths.

Dee
San Diego, Calif.

Restoration

□ The way I look at it, you
can restore most anything.
You can restore old cars,
houses, bikes, relationships.

Continued on page 10



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MONGER

Continued from page 8

and faith. But, dammit, you can't restore life once a careless cager takes it.

Mike Brown
Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

Mystery

☐ I've been a biker lady for two years now. Love your mag. I recently bought an *Easyriders* bandanna for my scooter. I've been real curious to know if having a bandanna tied on is some sort of symbol, either having one and/or the color.

Bim
Hackettstown, N.J.

☒ It means you don't want your hair blown all over.

Chick Biker

☐ Listen, I may be a chick but I've got heart. I may not know all the finer points of an engine, but I'll tell ya this: I've heard all the arguments on all the bullshit (speed versus handling, number of breakdowns, smoothness of a ride, etc., etc. *ad nauseum*) and it doesn't amount to jack-shit.

Anyone can ride a motorcycle (defined as a "motor-powered, two-wheeled vehicle"), but it takes a certain kind of special breed to ride a bike. An elusive mixture of guts, pride, dedication and a certain something that cannot be defined or explained. Or maybe it can—call it "heart." In short, what separates us Harley riders from the rest of you "motorcyclists" is "class."

Sweet Thing
Casper, Wyo.

I'm Ready

☐ A second Industrial Revolution is taking place around the world, and in revolutions you have to fight. If that means protecting Harley, give me a spear.

Hig
Tupelo, Miss.

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. ■



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



Cops coppin' an attitude makes it hard to cope

I get pissed off when my people get hassled simply because they're my people and I'm a biker. In a different way, I get just as pissed off when people I don't even know get hassled by the cops just because they once lived next door to a biker or worked opposite him on an assembly line or something. It gives us a double bum rap we really don't deserve. First, the cops blame us for anything that goes on, then the citizens come down on us 'cause the fuzz are fuckin' with them.

What set me off this morning was the sound of crashing doors falling throughout Southern California as police from several counties attempted to find a club member who was suspected of getting into some kind of a bar fight (in which nobody was even killed, thereby making the massive manhunt involved even more outrageous).

During the so-called investigation, over 43 homes — from Hawthorne, where the fight took place, to Apple Valley, about 95 miles away — were raided. Among the people found (the wanted biker was not) was a pregnant woman about to have a Caesarean section, a licensed child-care facility occupied by five kids, a mentally handicapped little girl, and various other innocent citizens who wanted little more out of life than that they be allowed to quietly and legally go about their business.

The problem began when cops investigating the bar fight discovered that one of the participants

was, or had been, a member of the Vagos MC. Immediately officers decided that the suspect was being "hidden" by one of his bros and well, by God, the cops were going to call out the cavalry and nail his ass.

The force mobilized to conduct this "law enforcement exercise" was only slightly more impressive than that used to locate such real criminals as Charles Manson or the members of the Symbionese Liberation Army. Fifty — count 'em, 50 — local officers backed by SWAT teams from several nearby cities were rushed into action to look for one lone biker who had gotten jumped by three guys in a bar and had beaten the shit out of them. Do the cops really expect anyone to believe that this is the way they respond to every single bar disturbance call in Hawthorne?

Bullshit! It's the old railroad job. Be a biker, get the red carpet treatment — all the way to the big house. And God help the bystanders who get in the way.

"I was stark naked getting into the shower," a Torrance housewife recalls. Six burly cops kicked in her door while she grabbed for a robe. According to the woman, the cops rifled her closets and drawers and ripped off a copy of her bank statement and a picture of her husband before leaving.

"We couldn't understand why," the woman said. "We're average Joe Blow citizens. No record. No drugs.

No reason anything like this should happen."

But, actually, as far the cops were concerned, there *was* a reason. A good reason. Sometime, two or maybe more years earlier, a Vago had reportedly been the woman's next door neighbor.

"It is not important now," Hawthorne Detective Steven Frazier told the press, in regard to whether the homes raided were occupied by Vagos. According to Frazier, he got his list of target addresses from a roster of phone numbers seized from a Vagos' home. Frazier didn't bother to mention that this list, which he used as evidence in gulling a couple of accommodating judges into issuing search warrants, was over two years old.

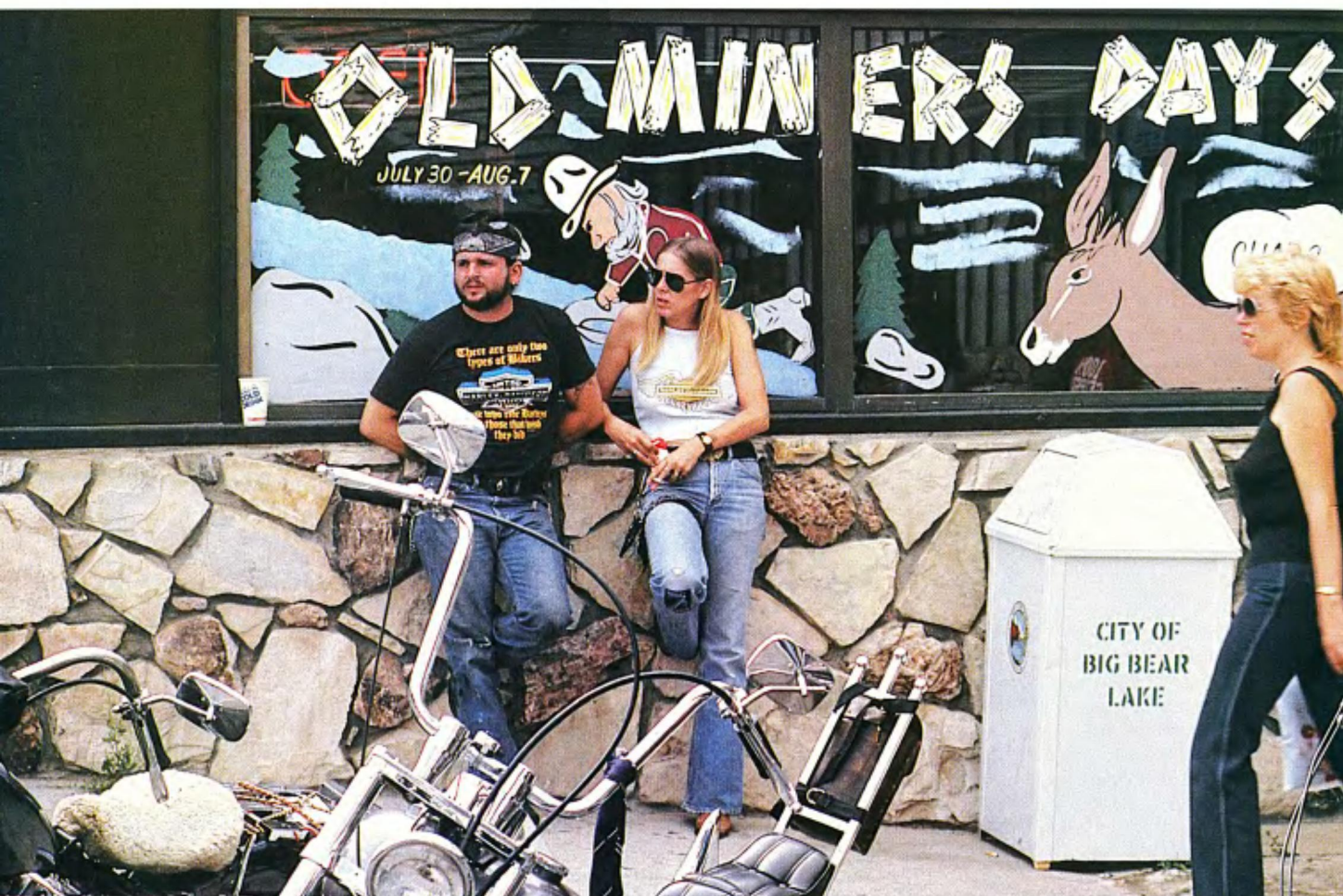
Maybe nobody ever told him that bikers move around a lot.

"I've never even heard of the Vagos," says a Lawndale child-care operator whose nursery was invaded by six heavily armed plainclothes cops. "I have never heard of the man who they said they were looking for. I couldn't believe it. I don't feel safe here anymore."

In addition to his aged and infirm list of telephone numbers, Frazier said he decided what homes to raid on the basis of "really good" intelligence provided by so-called gang experts in other Southern

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BIG BEAR RUN

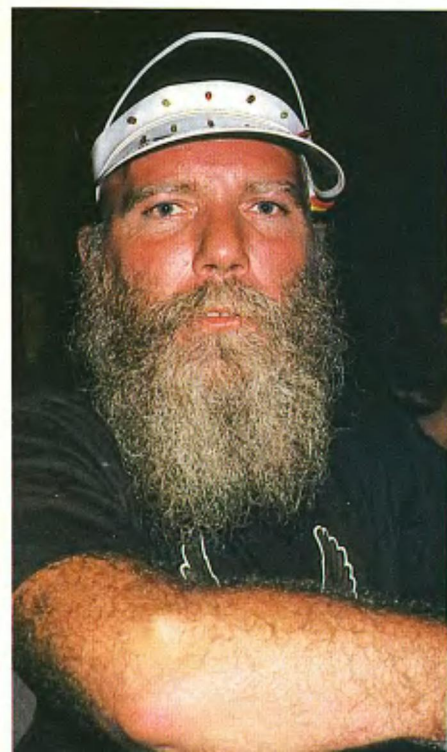
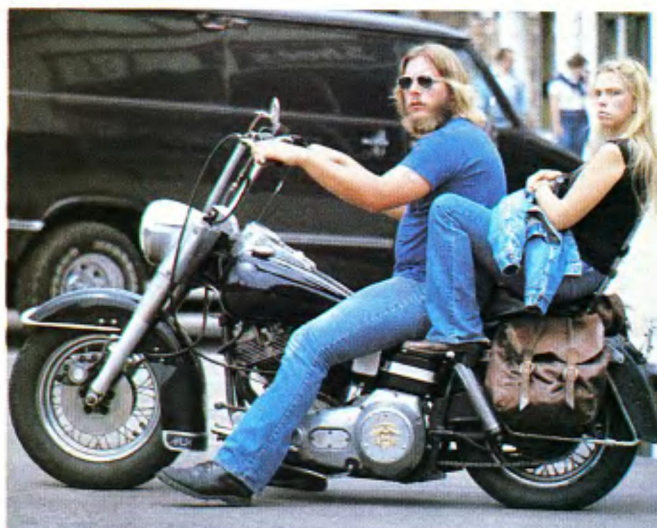
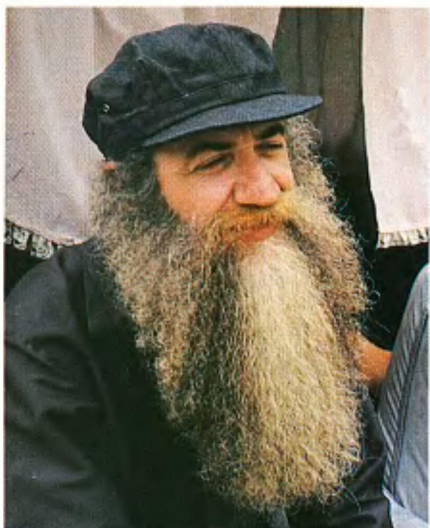


"What did ya ever mine for 'sides pussy?" Madman said, looking up from a three-foot-high stack of skin shots that he fondly calls his personal "snatch stash."

"Nothing," I growled, "and before ya ask, I'll cop that there ain't no way I'm gonna do any kinda mining during Old Miners Days, but I sure as shit expect to find a bunch of places to explore with my shaft. Why don't ya haul yer skinny butt up there with me? There're probably a few chicks up that

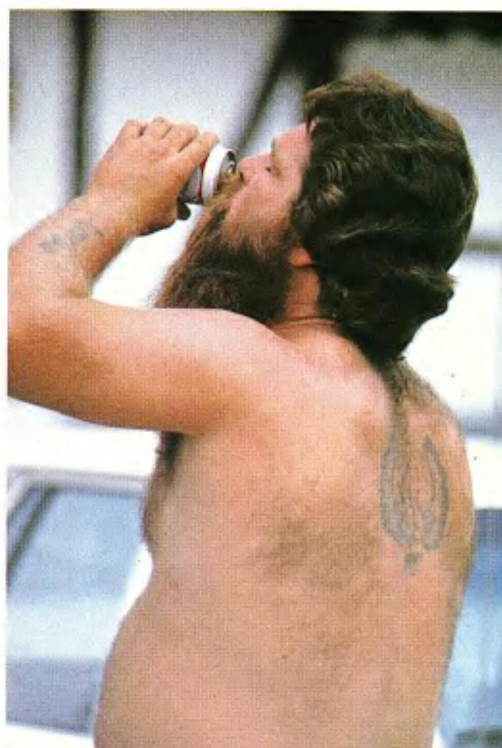


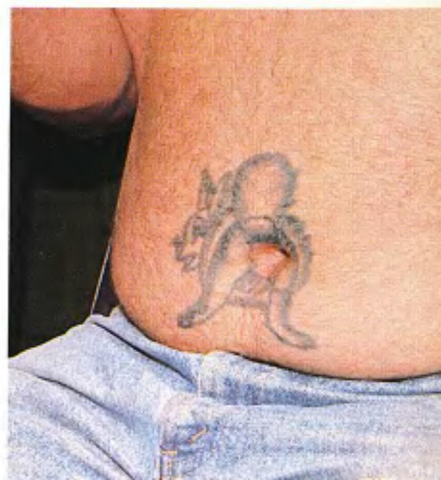
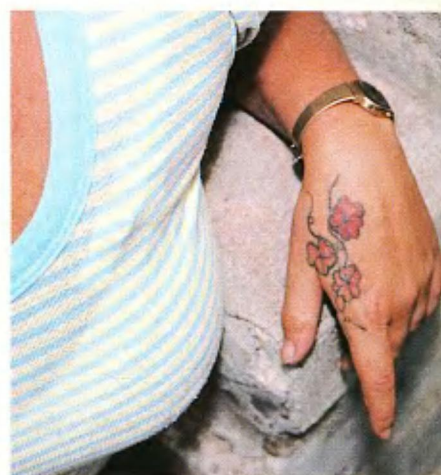
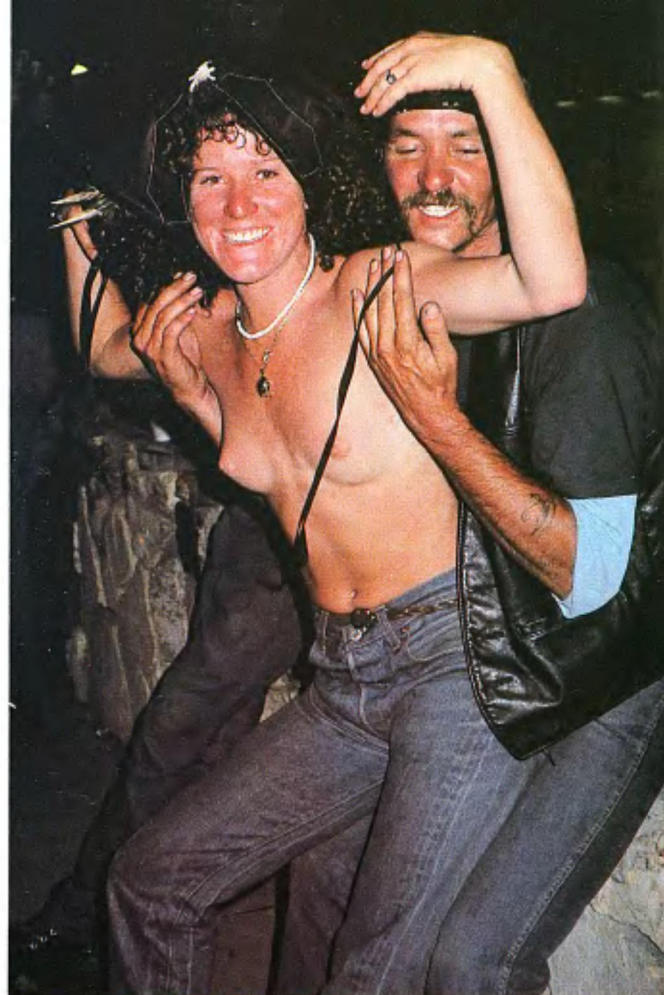
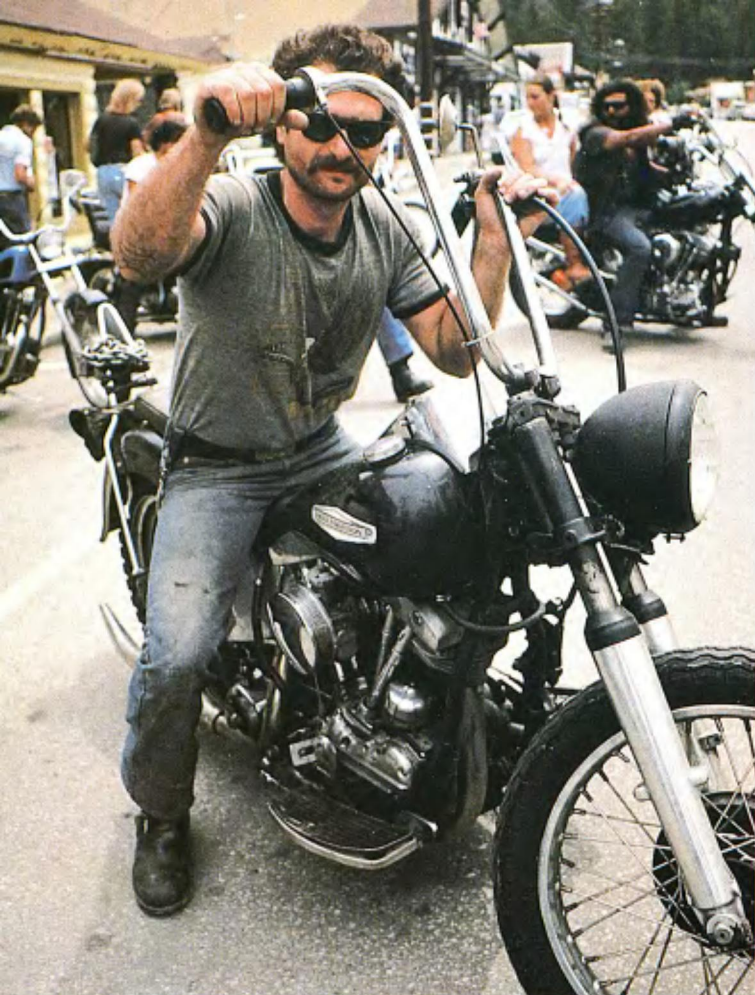
One of the best excuses for partyin' in the mountains.



way who haven't seen anything but their mules for so long that even you'd look like a halfway acceptable change of pace."

Unable to tear his bulging eyes away from the hard task of pickin' a girl to strut her stuff for this issue, Madman never did make the Old Miners Days party at Southern California's Big Bear Lake this year. The loss was all his, as Old Miners Days is one of the best excuses around for bros and sisters to get together and enjoy some great country, without







being under a lot of pressure to do anything except lay back and pig out on scenery, sex, an' smoke.

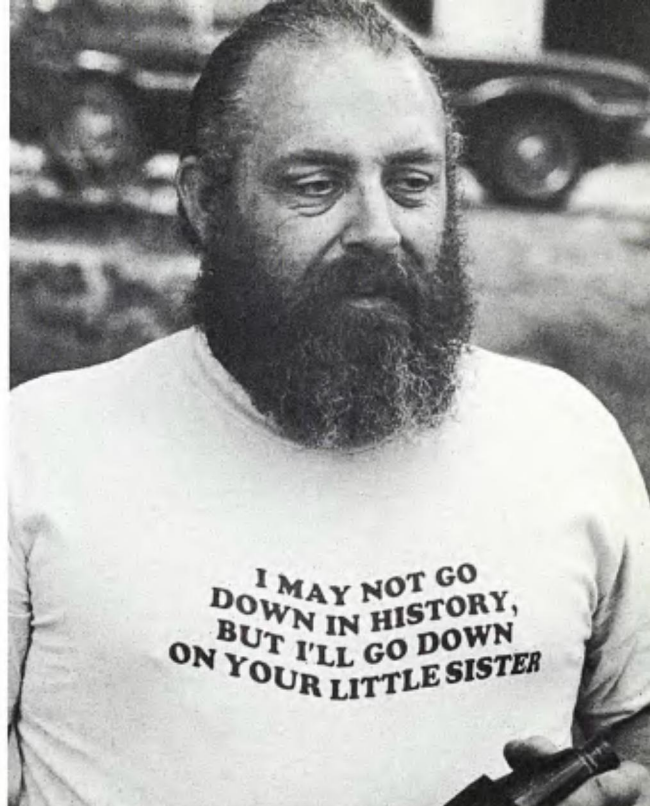
This year marked the 29th time the town folks have held Old Miners Days — a nine-day celebration honoring the old prospectors, burros, mules and fancy ladies who helped make California great. The party was originally held just for the locals, but bikers soon started to show up — lured by memories of the old Big Bear Run. Yeah, I well remember hearing talk and seeing pictures of those racer types. The run started in a small canyon town, crept up the high desert floor and then climbed 7000 feet of fire trails into the village of Big

Bear. It was only about a 20-mile putt, but snow — the wet and cold kind — and wind and boulders usually took care of all but the toughest and luckiest.

I remember vividly a poster that showed Bud Ekins, a frequent Big Bear Run winner, astride a Trumpet. The front rim was more square than round, and if it weren't for the tire locks, the tire and tube would have gone south miles earlier.

But that was many moons ago; these days, the current party is mostly for locals during the middle of the week and bikers during the two long weekends that frame those three days. Most of the bros I know rent cabins or camp out around Bear Lake, a





lot of 'em gettin' ready to move on from there to Sturgis, which usually starts the week after the Old Miners Days run.

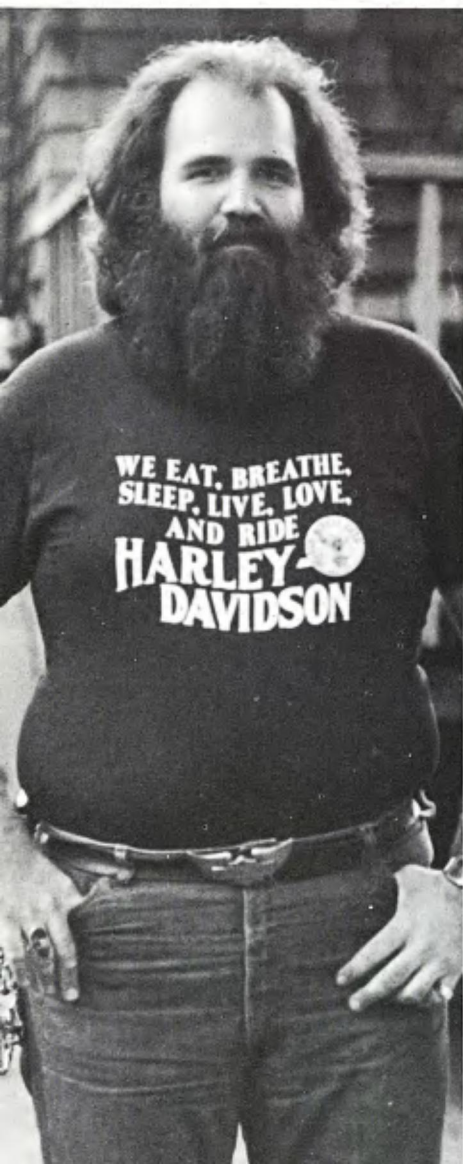
Most of the activities are centered around the lake, with some of the most popular being donkey softball, square dancin' in the street, powder puff burro racing, a whisker growing contest, a three-day burro race, a beauty contest and parades for both rugrats and adults.

This year the big fellas' parade was led by the famed Victor McLaglen motorcycle stunt and drill team from Hollywood — each and every one of 'em still running a Harley of some kind, be it a pan, knuck or shovel. They definitely have their shit together, as was clearly seen when they performed a giant pyramid right in front of us and then went into their "suicide ride,"





Photos by Rip and Kim



where one rider heads straight down the yellow line while the rest come at him and cross over directly in front of him at the last second — all of this happening at a pretty high speed. I'd say it takes a lot of skill and huevos to pull that one together.

Though there ain't a lot of participatory events especially designed for bikers during Old Miners Days, the event still offers a great ride through some beautiful country and a good chance to party with homeboys and girls and meet some good new people. And, one of the best things is how much bread you'll save over your usual liquor-for-a-run expense. At this altitude it doesn't take much to turn someone with even the capacity of Mutha into a shitfaced, fallin'-down drunk.

—Rip



AN EDITORIAL REPLY

I went down to the TV station to reply to one of them TV editorials that they said individuals could reply to.

"Now, then," the receptionist said, writing like mad in a thick notebook, "have you ever done anything like this before?"

"You mean have I ever gotten a boner before?" I replied with a wide grin.

She stopped writing and slowly looked up at me as though it was actually the last thing in the world she really wanted to do, as though she was pretty sure she had heard me right the first time and didn't really want to verify it, but that she couldn't really just run away, either, so she was gonna have to stay there and *do* something. "What?" she said, sort of wincing as if she expected the word to double back and bite her.

"Boner, ma'am," I said, pointing to my stuffed crotch and then to her partly unbuttoned blouse. "Your blouse is partially open and I can see most of your left — well, 'breast' I guess I should say under the circumstances — I mean, I can't really say 'tit' since we're strangers." Her face took on an overwhelming resemblance to a beet and her whole body went rigid. Her wide-eyed stare directly at my own eyes, full of a look I couldn't quite decipher, started making me a little — well, afraid. "I'm sorry, ma'am," I said, suddenly nervous as all hell. "I thought that's what you meant. I guess I was just in a daze. I'm sorry!"

"I don't even believe this." I could just barely hear

"Then I kicked the podium over and booted it out of the way, backed up a few steps, dropped my drawers, turned around and bent over. . ."

face. "Have you ever replied to a TV editorial before?" she asked, restating the question so that there could be no doubt as to its meaning. Some parts of some of the words were silent from the air just coming out her throat without hitting her vocal cords.

"I'm sorry I said that, ma'am," I said. She sat there kinda motionless, just looking at the paper. "Ma'am? I'm terribly sorry, I really do apologize."

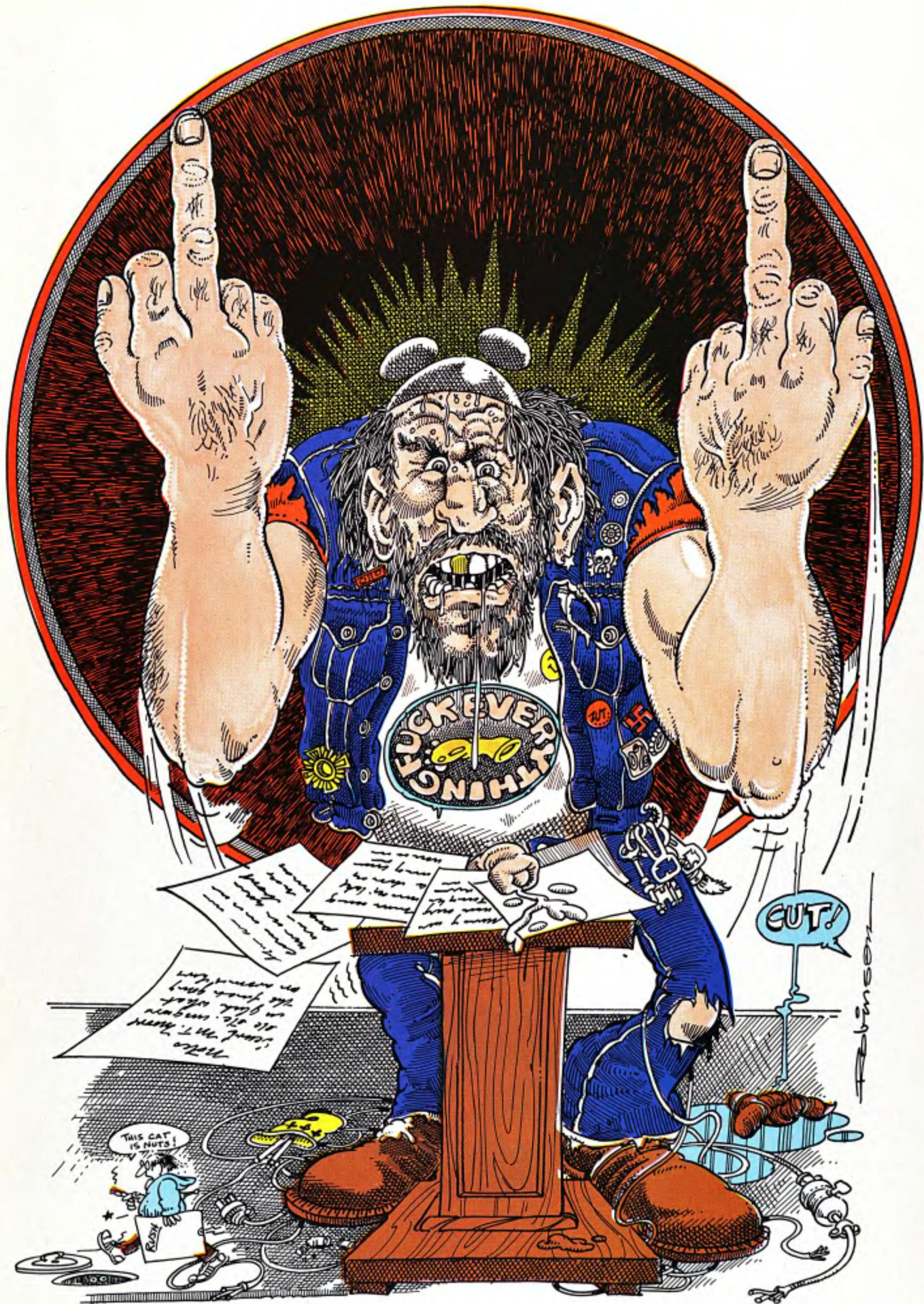
She suddenly relaxed her shoulders and a kind of smile came to her face. She looked directly at me and chuckled. "I guess we were both caught a little off-guard, but there's really no harm done."

"Well, then, *ahhhh!* that's good news," I said, ramming my hand into my crotch in order to yank a fistful of jeans off my irritated dickhead, which was fuckin' near killin' me, "'cause I didn't want to *ahhhh!* do this until I was sure you wouldn't mind *aaak!* . . . what I was doin'. There we go — *whew!*" I wriggled my butt back into place in the seat and said, "That was sure pretty uncomfortable. Thanks, ma'am, it feels a lot better." I looked down at my crotch. "It should go down pretty soon now," I told her, sitting

this mumbled statement as she finally swung her chair around, turning her back to me, and fiddled with herself. Then she just sat there like that for a while before eventually turning back to the desk again. She resumed her hunker over the notebook, still a little red in the

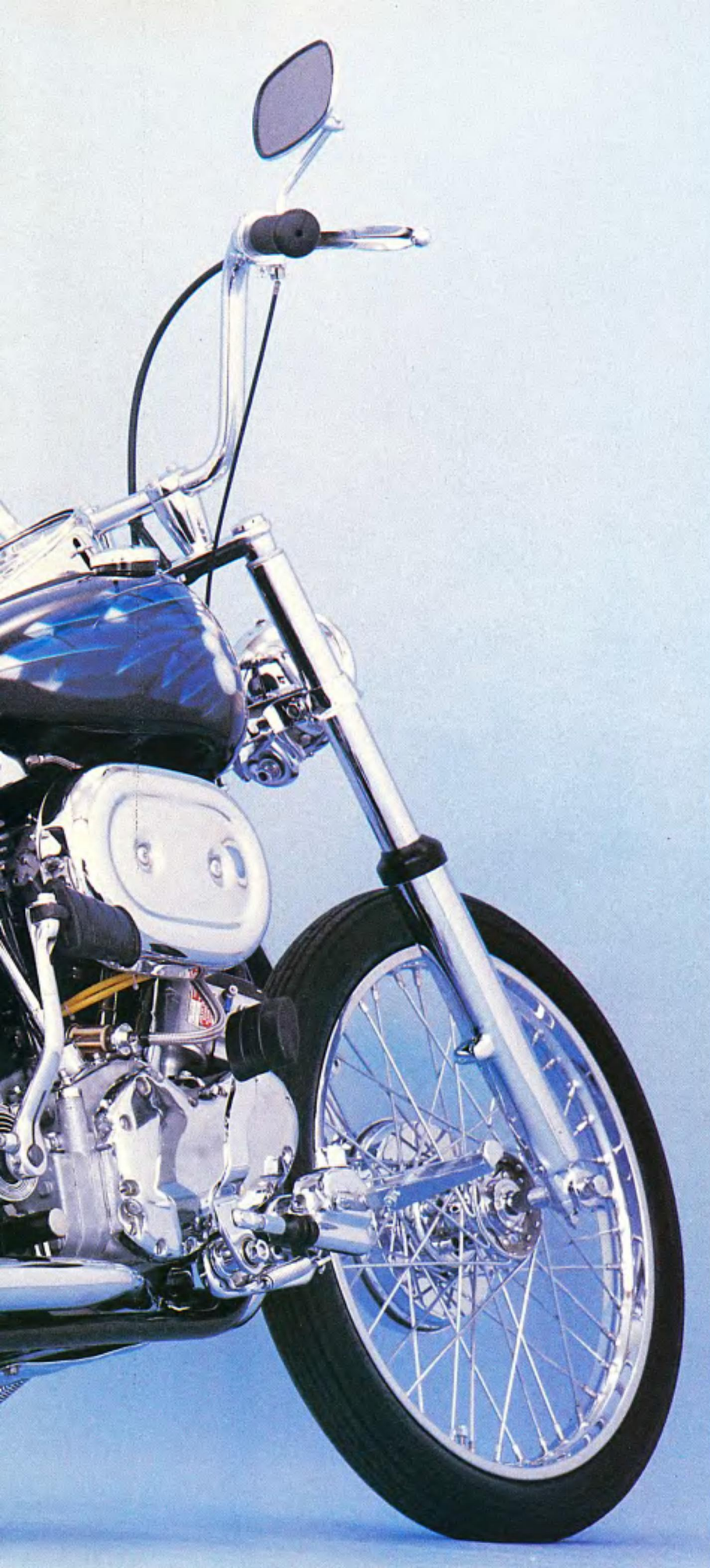
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BY J.J. SOLARI



SEVEN YEARS AFTER





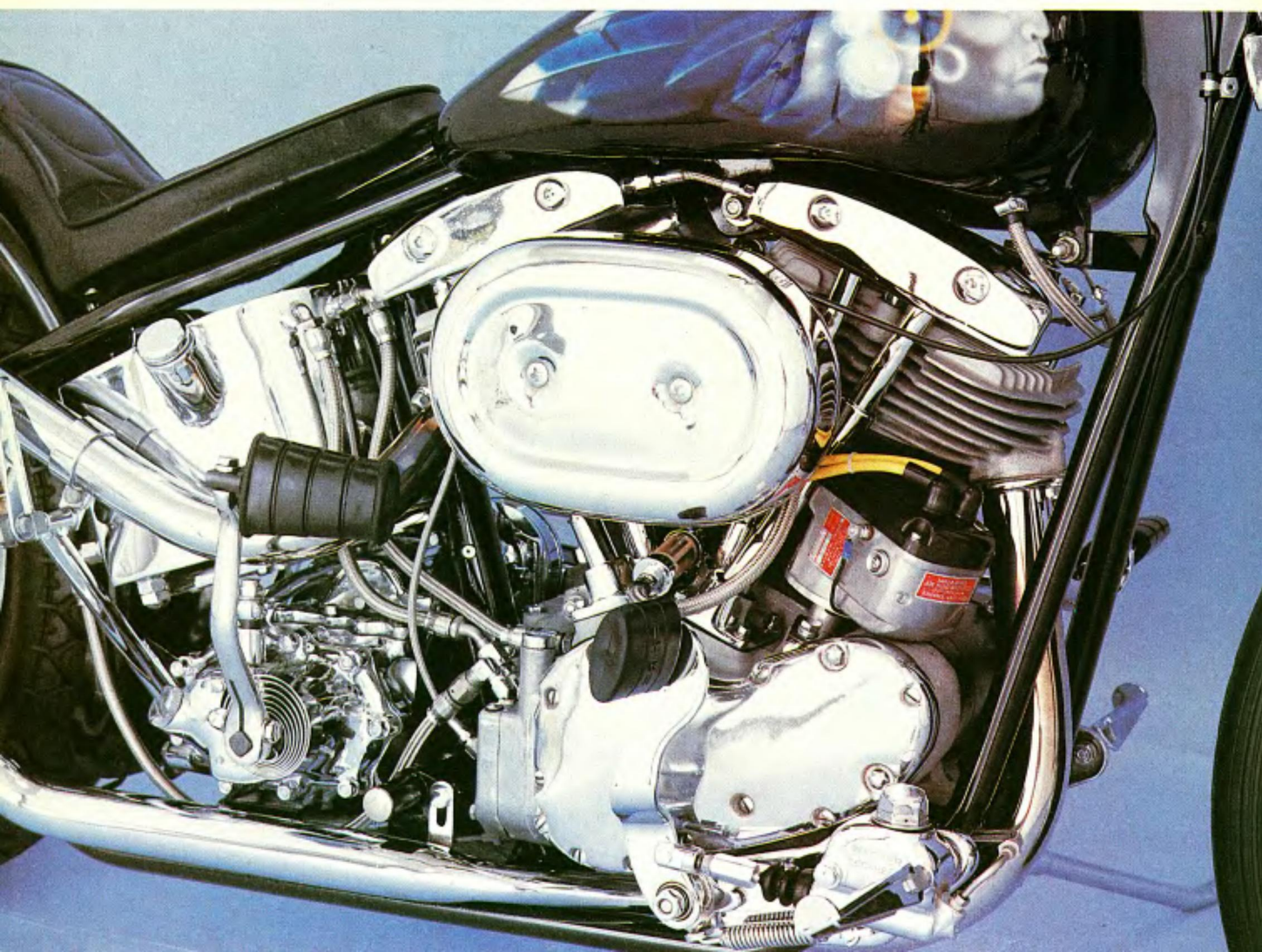
From Rat's Fangs To Apehangs In Only 84 Months

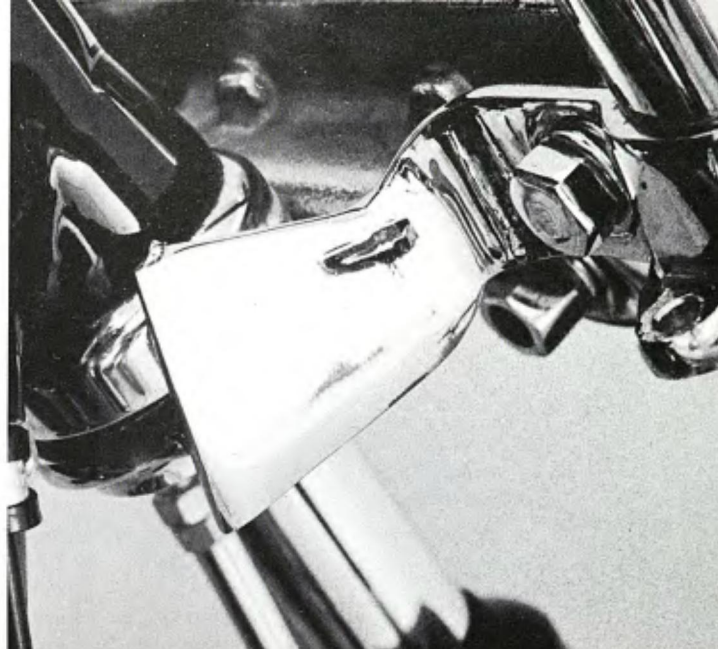
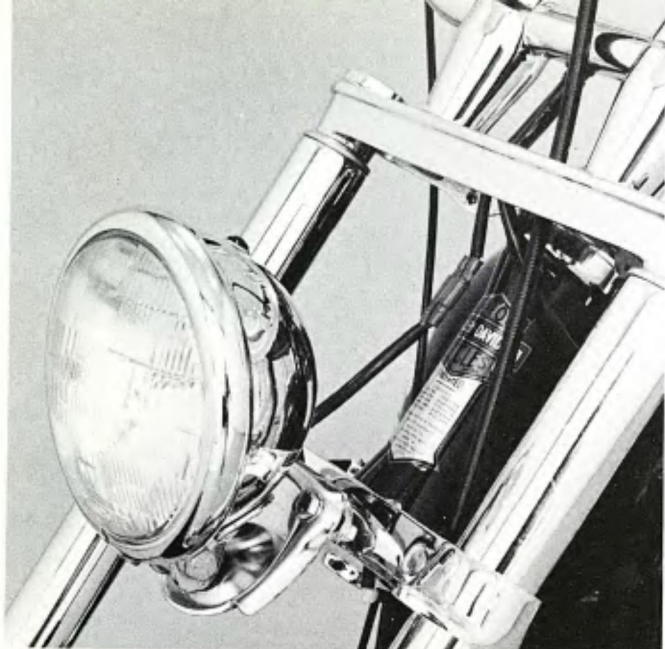


Ya'd never guess it from lookin' at 'er, but this '50 pan/shovel began its current life as an out-an'-out 110 percent rat pan.

"The first thing I did after I got it seven years ago was tear it down," owner Wayne Harbour says with a little shudder of remembrance. "It wasn't quite a basket case, but it was bad and I don't mean so bad it was good. It was just bad enough to be embarrassin'."

Well, Wayne didn't remain embarrassed long — just for eight months, to be exact.



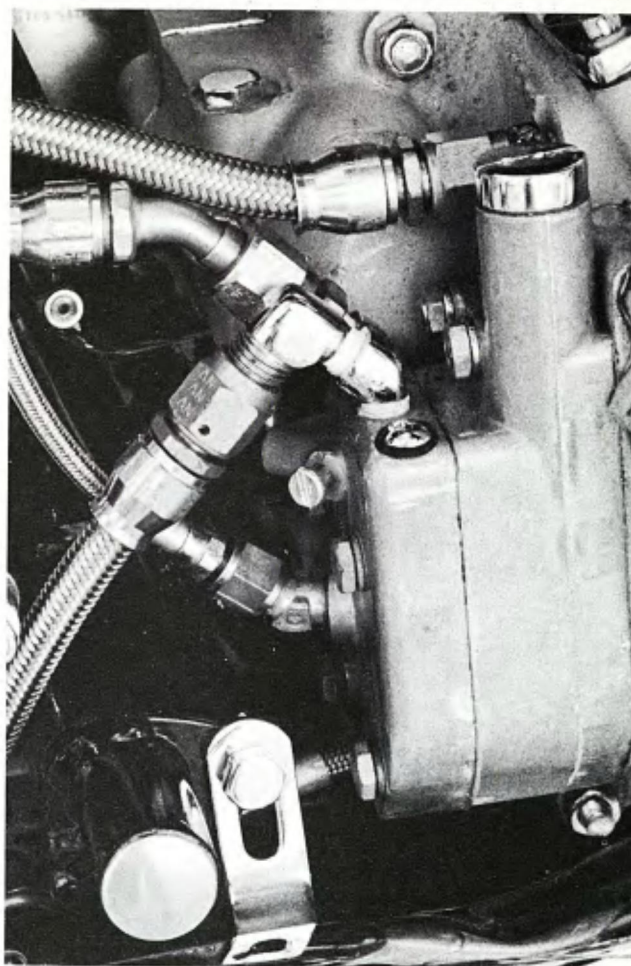
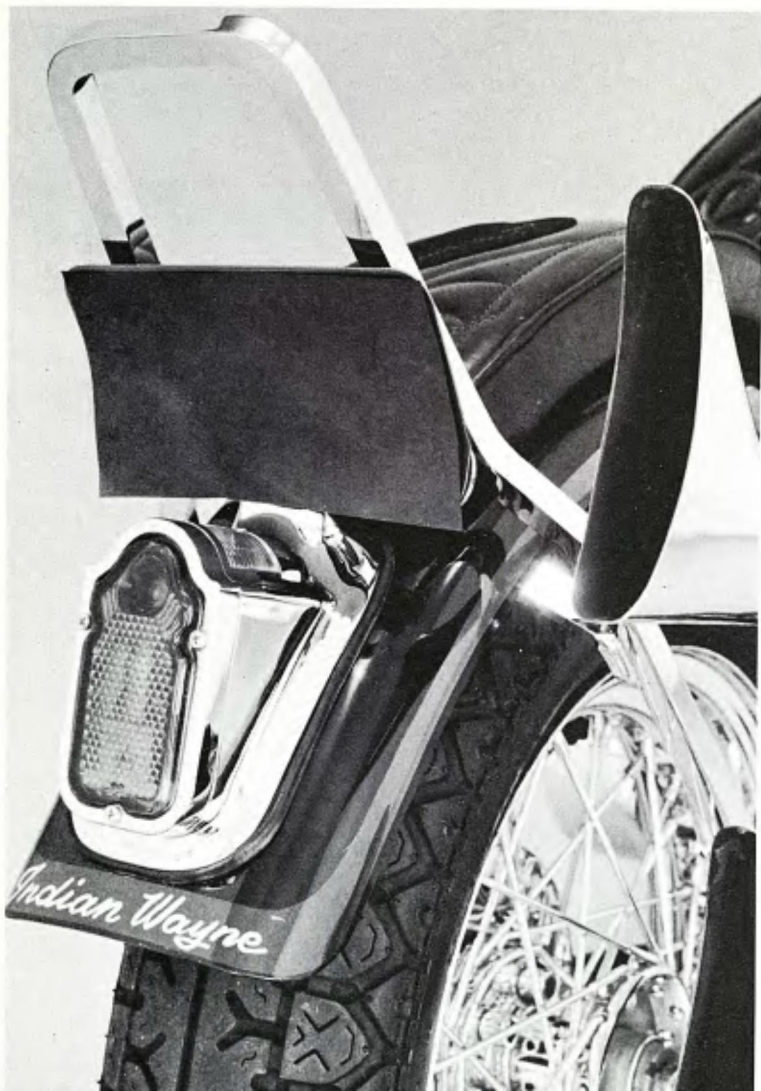


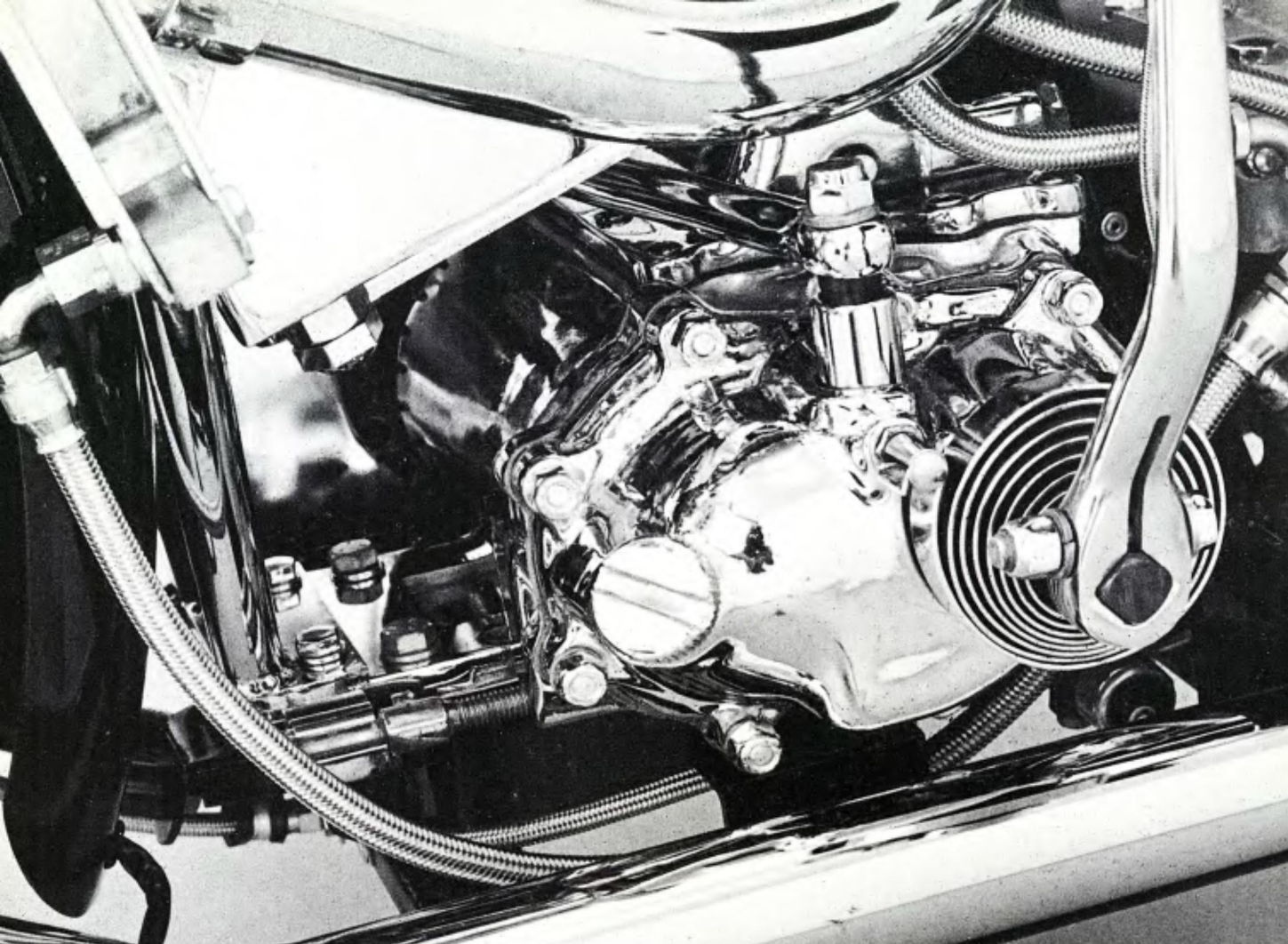
"That first time I put her up, I was just tryin' to get her restored to stock," he recalls. "I enjoyed her that way for a while then started to customize her bit by bit." But an accident intervened, sending Wayne

back to square one. Square one — ya all know that one, bros: Square one, that's the square with the icebox full of beer, the box of twisted parts and the wall full of wrenches. Square one, that's the one

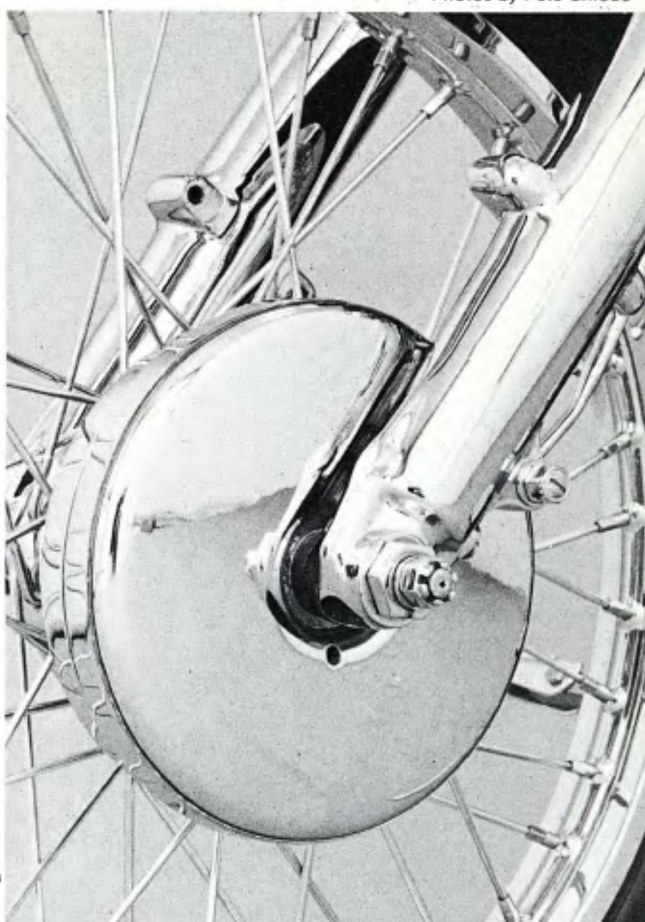
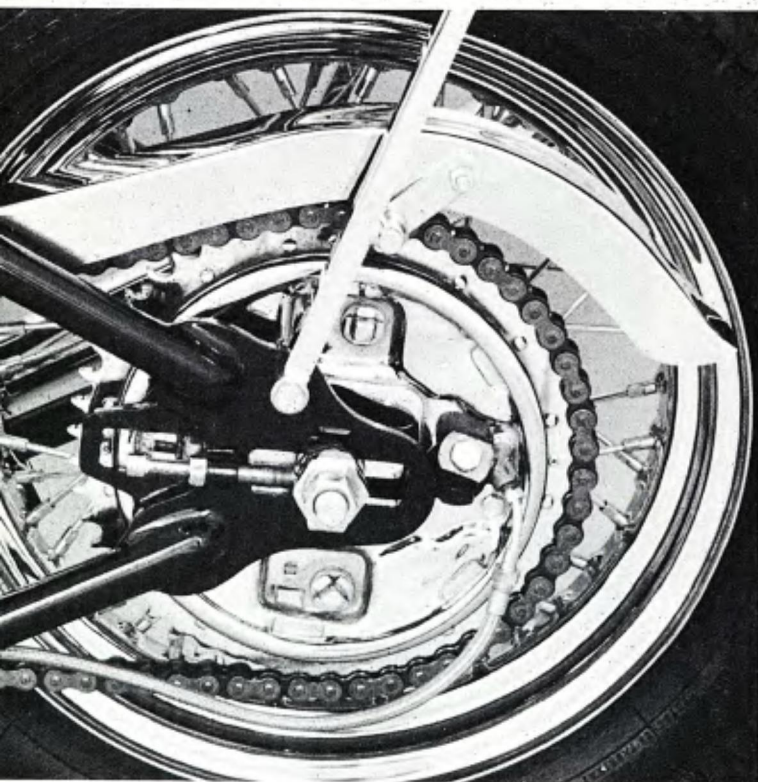
where ya sit on an old crate picking the 45-caliber holes in the front of yer gourd and wondering, "Where the fuck do I start?"

As that great Commie Hall of Famer Mao Tse-tung used to

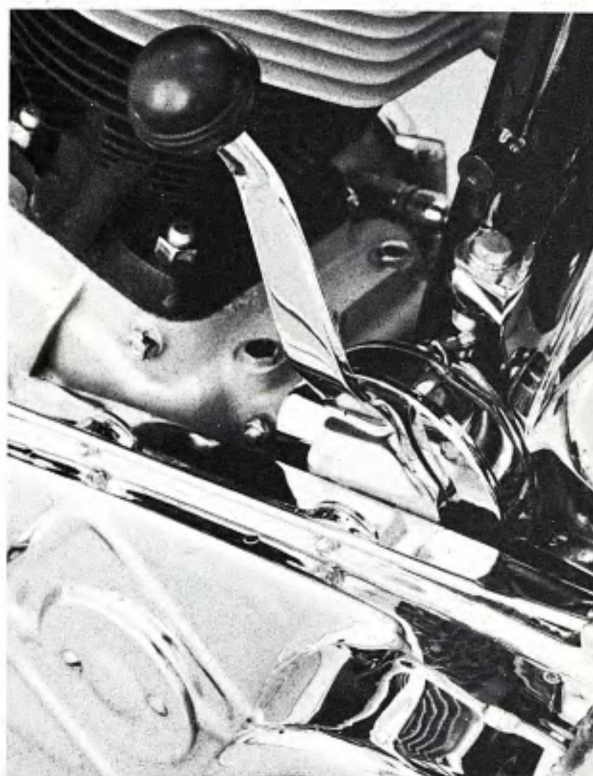
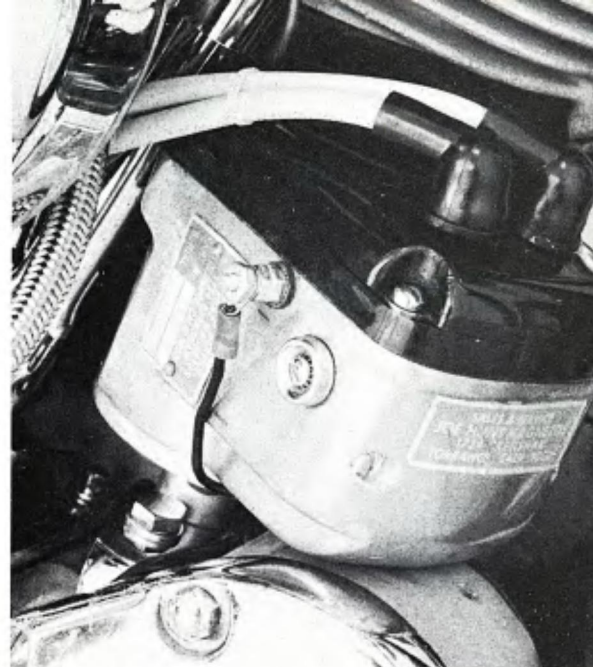




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Wayne Harbour		City: Sun Valley Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1980	
Year and make: 1950 Harley-Davidson		Builder: Jammer	
Model: pan/shovel		Type: rigid	
Value: don't try it		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 8-12 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Jammer, Paughco,AAA		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1950		Risers: Paughco	
Model: FLH pan/shovel		Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: Mr. Goodwrench		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Joe Hunt magneto		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu. in.		Speedo: 1936 stock	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: Hank the Crank		Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: MC 8.75 to 1		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: 1976 shovelheads		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Andrews "B" grind		Oil system: 1974 late-model pump	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: S&A Custom Seats	
Air cleaner: 1968 H-D		Sissy bar: Jammer	
Pipes: fish tips		Height: 28 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: ¾-in. square stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1962		Extension: 1½ in. over	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 Belt		Special features: chrome-plated	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Dan Scott		Hub: Star	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dan Scott, Wayne Clark		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 4½ in.
Color: black/candy blue, green, purple		Tire: Avon	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: juice
Special paint: mural			
Other special modifications: Manley valves, lightened and balanced flywheels.			



say (he probably ripped it off from Confucious or Attila the Hun or some other heavy dude like that), "The longest journey begins with a single step." And so does rebuilding a wrecked bike. "Grab a wrench, Wayne, dig right in, the ol' lady's gonna love the feel of them calloused greasy hands all over her body again. . .it's been a long time."

And so Wayne began again, after his wreck, and almost a

year later, what you see is what he came up with. Was it all worth it?

"Damn right," Wayne says emphatically. "This bike is dependability plus — all the good stuff's in the engine — and that's important for a guy who lives for long rides and pretty places.

"Let me tell ya, I've done everything on this bike. I've gotten snowed in and I've got-

ten busted and I've gotten some ladies so sweet that I wanted to say thanks to the bike for being such a great muff magnet.

"But the best, the most fun I have on this bike, is just ridin' with my partners and doing things as they happen." There ain't no amount of work or wrenchin' that's too much effort for that kind of payoff.

— Pacheco Clyde



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(must have)

Do you own a bike? Make

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

Just 'cause you got more hair on yer legs than these P-pad police princesses don't mean ya can't look sharp. And we're gonna help yer image by giving away a FREE *Easyriders* wind-breaker with every new subscription. That's right, for only \$17 — seven bucks off the newsstand price — ya get 12 issues of the world's number one biker rag and a high-class black jacket with two *Easyriders* logos on it. Act now and we'll throw in a free color decal. Today. Pronto, and like that.



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

The Irony of Money

It was obvious that much money and effort has been spent to rebuild Harley-Davidson. It would be irony indeed if, after decades of intransigence and laurel-sitting, it were the costly efforts to modernize which finally brought Harley down.

—Paul Gordon
Motorcyclist

Roger's Crystal Ball

In hopes of obtaining his services as the company's CEO, Kawasaki officials will attempt to coax Soichiro Honda out of retirement. When that effort fails, they will go after John Davidson.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Ten Times Worse

Consider ratios. There are slightly fewer than 600 members of Congress. Two of these members have just admitted acts definable as moral turpitude. If we have 12 million members in our group (motorcyclists) and 4000 are criminals, that's one in 3000. In Congress the bad egg ratio is one in 300, so they are ten times worse.

But we look different. One of the lessons history teaches is that it's easy persuading the public that different equals worse.

Cycle World

American Plan

The establishment in the United States today has a plan for all Americans. They should be deeply in debt, own a home with a long mortgage, have insurance policies on their life, health, car and home, be married to a wom-

an of the same general age, have credit cards, pay their taxes and, last but not least, conform to a preconceived dress code.

—Bob Bitchin
Biker Lifestyle

Social Commitment

The big twin has been brought up to date and yet it remains recognizably a Harley-Davidson engine — not a futuristic contrivance that would be instantly rejected as spurious by The Faithful. Harley is banking on the hope that it has now fulfilled its social contract, and that The Faithful will now do their part.

—Kevin Cameron
Cycle

Beemer Rally

Marlon Brando would've plotted! 3500 motorcycles jammed into a tiny, undefended country hamlet oozing pretty girls and beer bars, and the town cops had nothing better to do all night than stroll up Main Street smiling like Bozo the Clown!

—Ted West
Cycle Guide

Key Examples

Examples of key indicators for a motorcycle dealership are: wages as a percent of sales (wages divided by sales), mechanical efficiency (labor charge divided by potential), flooring costs (interest divided by sales) and advertising (expense divided by sales).

Motorcycle Dealernews

Stop The Presses!

By now, you've heard all of

the rumors and read all of the speculation. Stop the presses, it's true. Harley-Davidson has a new big engine for 1984, the company's first in 18 years. It's still a V-Twin, still 45 degrees between the cylinders, still 80-c.i., still ohv. Still unmistakably a Harley. But with more power, more torque, less weight. The V-2 Evolution Engine, the Harley folks call it officially. Unofficially, they call it the Blockhead, in keeping with a tradition of nicknaming the different generations of the big Harley engine. That family tree: the Knucklehead, which begat the Panhead, which begat the Shovelhead, which begat the Blockhead.

—Cycle World

MAN System

Harley-Davidson has issued a long-term, multi-million dollar contract with a seat manufacturer, the most recent step in what it calls its MAN (Materials As Needed) system.

The contract is with Milsco Manufacturing, and the program is designed to ensure components will be delivered to Harley-Davidson only as they are needed.

—Motorcycle Product News

Wooden XR

I have been asked what I will do with the XR when it's finished.

I'll never know. This kind of bike is like a wooden boat, in that there's always something that needs to be done and when you do it, there's something else.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Tiny Buzzing

Don't compare this engine with tiny sports motors buzzing up to tingling rpm. Compare it instead to a bandsaw slice from a Chevrolet V-8. Four times the eighty's displacement is 320 cubic inches — just the size of the powerful, slow-turning and durable eights that have run so many hundreds of thousand of miles in so many cars. Like those capable V-8s, the Harley peaks at a moderate 5000 rpm and cruises the highway at 2700.

Cycle

ITC Petition

Despite decreased sales, smaller market share and gloomy prognostications for the then immediate future, H-D hoped its petition ploy would so favorably impress its bankers that the company would be able to cajole additional loans for funding the Nova project. Just how successful that was remains questionable; there is no indication that the Nova will be going into production soon — or ever.

Road Rider

The Quaint Era

The glory days for sidecars, the teens and twenties, peaked when America was still flush with frontiers and an automobile was a dreamed-of luxury. But Henry Ford and the notions of comfort, status and style soon made the car an autocrat of personal transport. Sidecars were relegated to the background, viewed as curios of a quaint era.

—T.J. Rafferty
Cycle Guide



British Tommies rule some small waves on a vintage WWII Norton.



Sidehacks are also important

Wherever men go to war, they'll find some bikes at the front

WAR WHEELS

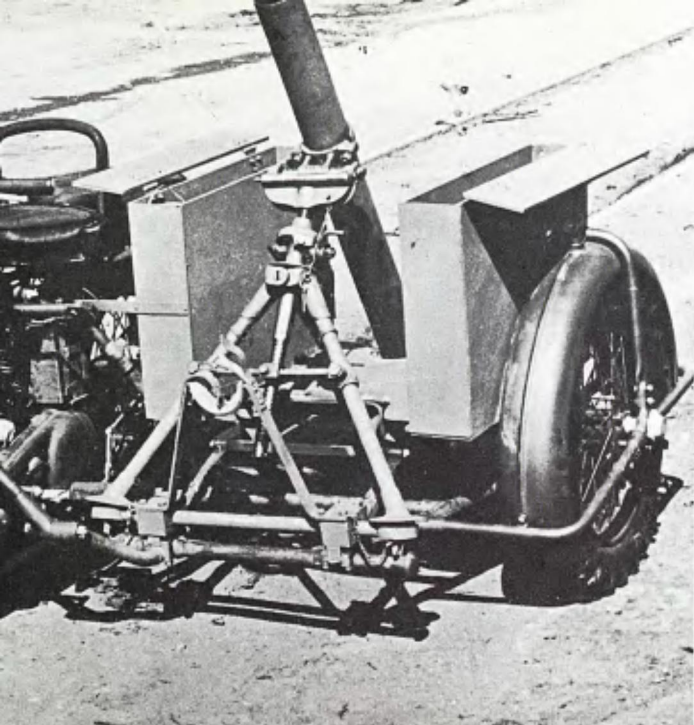
"Learn computers."
 "Fly a plane."
 "Clean toilets."
 "Become a brain surgeon."
 Yes, bros, the vast amount of *guaranteed* (their word, not mine) train-

ing the Army promises ya in those slick "Be All That You Can Be" commercials is truly awe-inspiring. Yet the one thing they never show any hot-to-trot little recruits signing up for is "scooter pilot school."

Which is a bit strange, since the military, both here and abroad, has been making great use of motor cycles since shortly after the first engine was strapped to a bicycle. The first branch of the U.S. mil-

Firing the handlebar-mounted submachine gun could keep a rider kinda busy.





here one is used as a mortar mount.



This Matchless sports a Boys antitank rifle.

itary establishment to utilize bikes was the Marine Corps, which purchased some one-cylinder Indians for use by an American "peace-keeping force" in Haiti. By the time the U.S. got into World War I, the combined military forces had acquired close to 60,000 bikes — over two-thirds were Indians, the rest Harleys, Excelsiors and Clevelands — for use by messengers, outriders escorting convoys and, in some cases, medics.

Though many military experts of the 1930s had predicted that the Jeep would render the motorcycle

obsolete as a weapon of war, the U.S. armed forces used over 300,000 scooters during World War II. The bulk of the two-wheeled fleet was comprised of Hogs — 41-inchers, which were, it is said, extremely popular with MPs — and 74s for combat units. Also used were various Indian models, but they lacked the 85mph top speed of the Harleys and were considered too heavy to be used under muddy conditions.

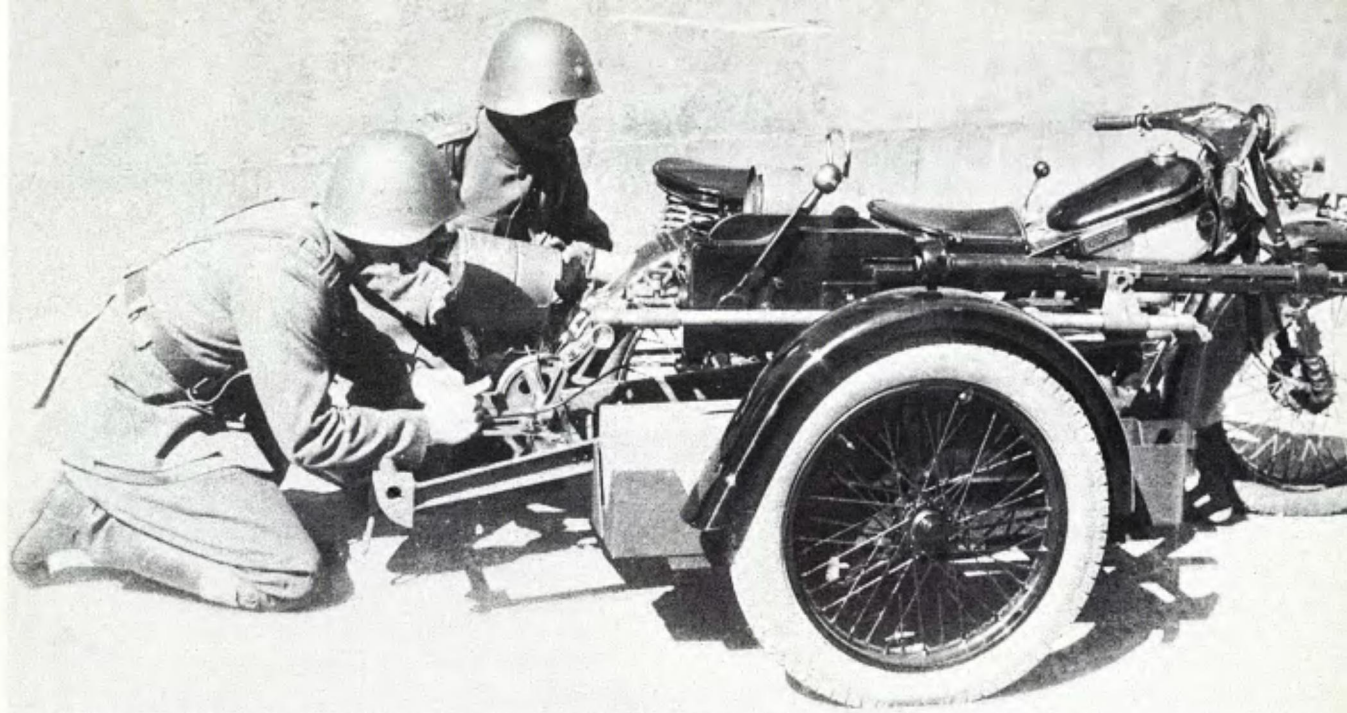
Toward the end of the war, Indian did come out with a lightweight model designed especially for desert service, but production did not get

started in time for the model to see very much service.

A brief idea of the versatility of our scooter soldiers is this description of a day in the life of a 12-member motorcycle squad (all Harleys, nine with sidecars) attached to the 2nd Engineer Battalion in Hawaii — of course, the day in question happens to be December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day. According to *The Motorcycle Marines: An Illustrated History*, by Jack M. Sands, the motorcycle unit "used the Harleys to deliver machine guns, ammunition and first aid supplies,

Tommies, some in German uniforms, on Clynos.





A 1935 Nimbus with a 20mm machine cannon being used by the Allies during the early days of WWII.

to transport the wounded and to escort ammunition trucks hauling anti-aircraft ammo from Lualualei Depot.

If anything, European armies used motorcycles to an even greater extent than the U.S. did. England, for example, had 21,000 cycles in operation before the start of hostilities in September 1939. By 1945, this number had risen to 250,000. Ariel, BSA, Matchless, Norton, Royal Enfield and Triumph were major makers; BSA alone supplied over 100,000 bikes. Most Brit bikes were powered by 350cc engines, but James and Royal Enfield both made a special lightweight 125cc model designed to be dropped by parachute. An even smaller model was produced at the Research Station at Welwyn, a 98cc collapsible bike also

designed for 'chute delivery.

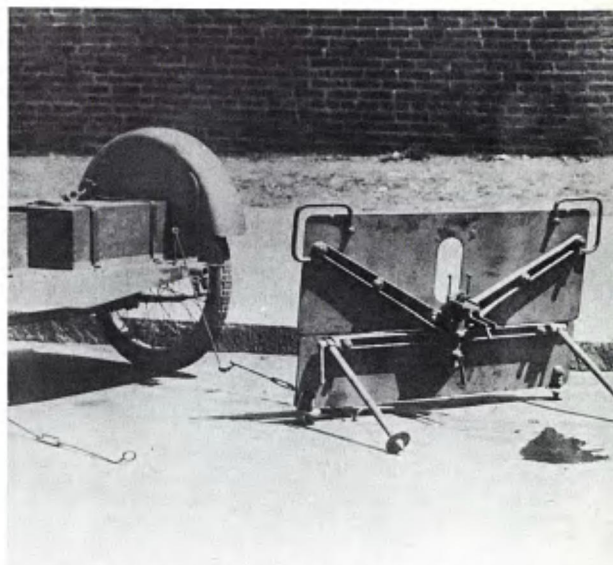
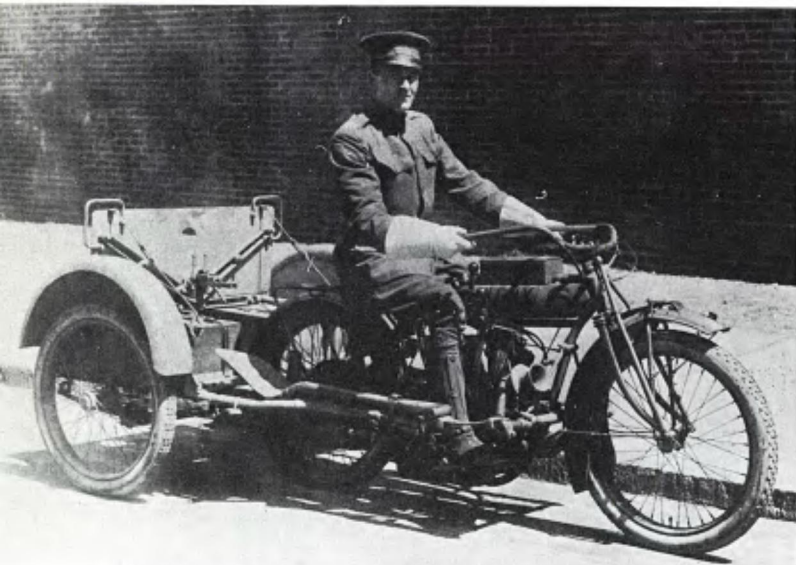
The German army also used a considerable number of motorcycles — primarily DKWs, NSUs, BMWs, and Wanderers (now part of Auto-Union). The one thing the Wehrmacht did was develop the sidecar substantially more than its foes. Zundapp and BMW built most of the hacks, which could be used as mobile machine gun or mortar mounts and firing platforms.

Though many of the sidehacks had the third-wheel powered for better traction, the prize winner for bizarre design was the NSU Kettenkrad. Built in tricycle fashion, the Kettenkrad's rear wheels were actually half-tracks. Power was supplied by a four-cylinder Opel engine and it had two transmis-

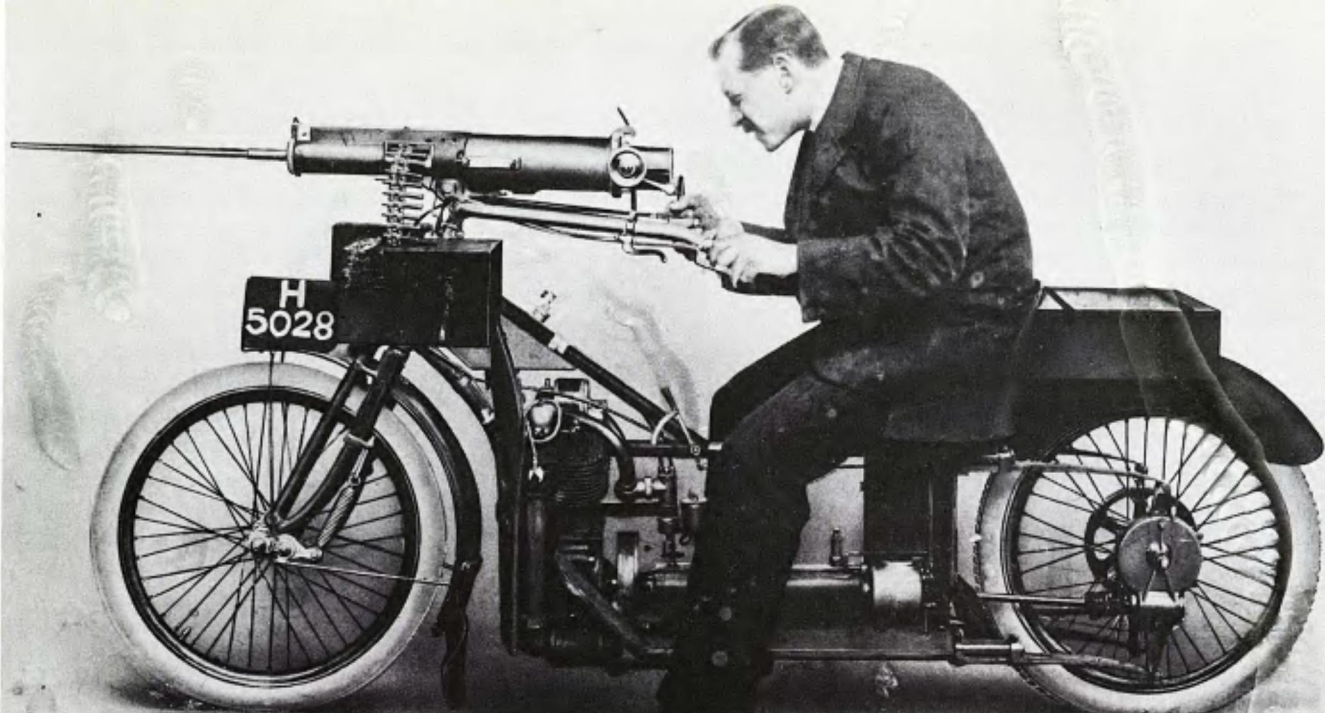
sions, one standard and one with extra-low gears that could reportedly get it up a 50-degree incline.

The Italian army relied primarily on Moto-Guzzi for its two-wheeled transportation. The 500cc Alce model — unique in that its engine had both side and overhead valves — would do 80 miles an hour and was often set up with a passenger-operated machine gun mounted on a set of dummy handlebars. Italy also used 500cc singles manufactured by Gilera, Bianchi and Sertim.

The warlords of Japan also had plans to use motorcycles in their drive to conquer the Pacific. Prime movers in their ridin' ranks were Rikuos, which had been made under license from Harley-



City fighting was common during World War I. Above, a GI uses a bike-mounted shield to "entrench" himself in the pavement.



P.G. Tacchi on his 1909 creation — a T.A.C. cycle with a Gatling gun. Firing the gun caused the bike to fly into reverse.

Photos courtesy of U.S. Army Transportation Museum Fort Eustis, Va.; Fisker & Nielsen, Denmark; Wild Man

Davidson before the war. In 1939, however, the government appropriated the factory and converted it to 100 percent military use.

The fact that the Japanese bikes were almost dead ringers for their Harley counterparts proved, in a small way, beneficial to the Allied troops as they began to close in on Japan. In numerous cases U.S. Marines did not have to bother to wait for their own machines to be unloaded before engaging in battle on some new island; they simply hopped on captured Jap iron and headed for the front lines.

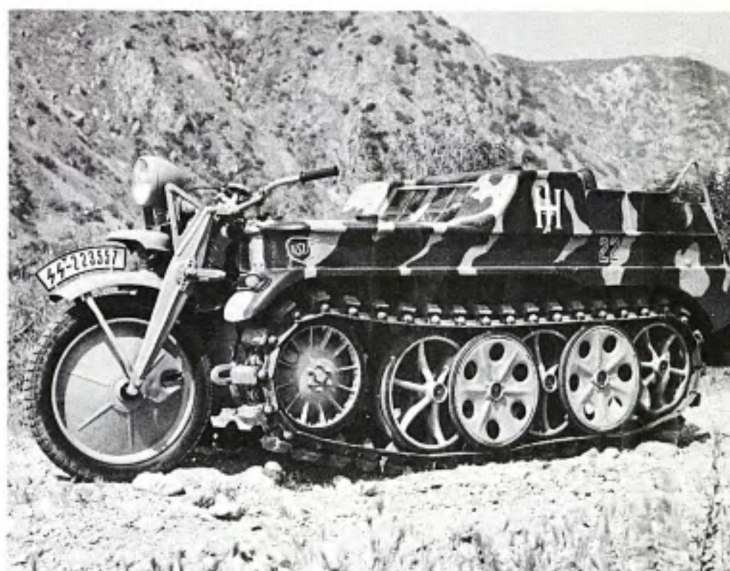
After the war military interest in motorcycles became, to put it mildly, sporadic. Though a few were still used here and there for military police duties and courier service,

thousands — including many that had never been used — were sold as surplus. Sands reports that contracts with builders were canceled, leaving Harley-Davidson with enough leftover parts to build 30,000 military bikes and Indian with enough spares to build 12,000. Bikes had fallen victim to squeezed postwar defense budgets, improved Jeeps and increased use of radio communications.

Starting during the late '60s, however, enemy satellites began listening in on our radio communications, the possibility of terrorist actions anywhere on the globe required the development of rapid deployment forces, and the Arabs started threatening the world's fuel supply. A way both to deliver mes-

sages without electronic interception and also to get scouts through rough foreign terrain fast and efficiently was needed. And, as always, motorcycles were ready and able.

Today motorcycles are again an integral part of most nations' defenses. A 1977 survey cited by Sands revealed that the armed forces of 47 out of 50 Allied nations polled used bikes. Here in the states various branches of the Pentagon have tested and deployed everything from Ca-Am-type enduro bikes for messengers to three-wheel all-terrain cycles for scouting expeditions. So, the opportunity's still there if you want it. Call your local recruiter and tell him you're interested in the "New (Motorcycle) Action Army." — Gordon Schindler



The Kettenkrad had two trannies.

Trotting into the creek with leggy strides, the brindled Great Dane lowered his mouth to the flowing water, lapping thirstily as it cleansed his jaws of the blood from the rabbit he had killed and eaten earlier.

Thirst quenched, the brand-new feeling of freedom surged through his immense body and he began puppyishly gamboling in erratic circles until, slipping upon a mossy, submerged rock, he plunged clumsily onto his side with a huge splash. Delighted at the sensation, he started joyously thrashing his powerful body back and forth in mock combat, playful sounds rumbling from his deep chest.

Abruptly, the mood abandoned him.

With a last, longing glance at the endlessly rushing water and the spot where it vanished around a distant outcropping of granite, Dog splashed across the shallows in the direction of the meadow, shaking himself as he went.

Entering a small stand of oaks separating the creek from the meadow, his tattered right ear brushed against some shrubbery; the resulting ripple of pain throughout the still-healing flesh stopped him in his tracks. A soft snarl of mingled fury and hatred bubbled from his throat as the subsiding pangs brought back memories: of the alien strangers' scents, deafening explosions and the terrifying sensations when something had

ripped his collar just before something else had slashed at his skull and a shroud of blackness had closed about him.

He emerged from the trees and stopped again, studying the meadow with eyes and nose. It was still empty. The familiar presence of his master and the woman was still gone, as were the familiar tent and the three-wheeled machine. Moving forward, nose snuffing the dry sandy ground, Dog found only the barest traces of his owner's beloved scent still lingering below the fading pungent odor of deathly body rot.

On his third widely circling search of the meadow, he encountered the hated scent of the strangers he associated with that frightening night of pain and shock. Growling menacingly, his senses re-recorded the enemy smell until it was forever etched in his instinctual memory.

One last circling of the area yielded the strange scents of other humans and the spoor from assorted tire tracks. He dimly remembered the machine sounds, the human voices he'd heard shortly after he had regained consciousness — dazed and weakened, surprised at finding his collar severed and lying beside him — and had dragged himself away from the intruders, hiding in the trees until they were gone.

Three and four times, daily and nightly, for several days now he had returned *Continued on page 91*



"On his third widely circling search of the meadow, he encountered the hated scent of the strangers he associated with that frightening night of pain and shock."

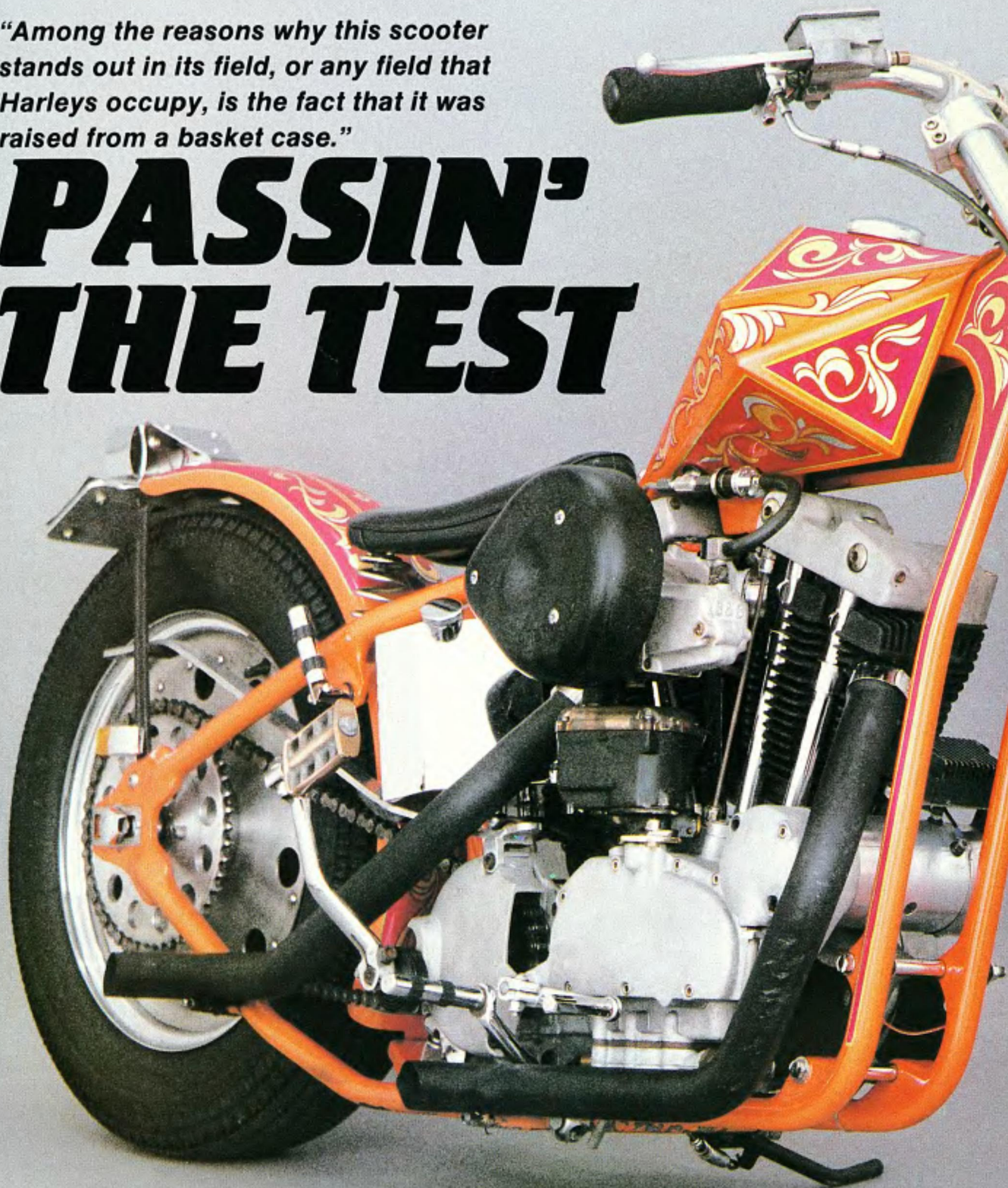
BY CARL KOHLER

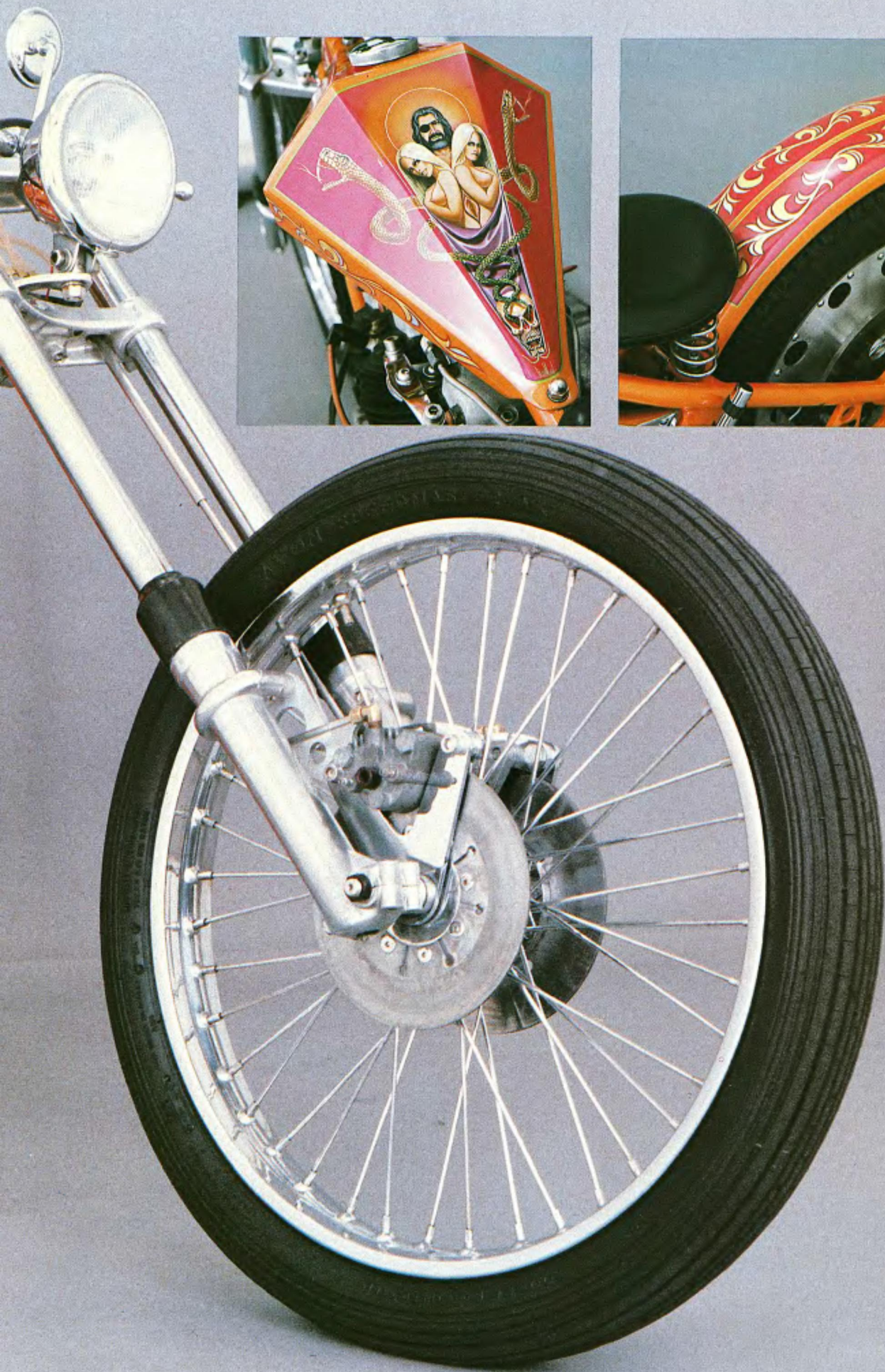


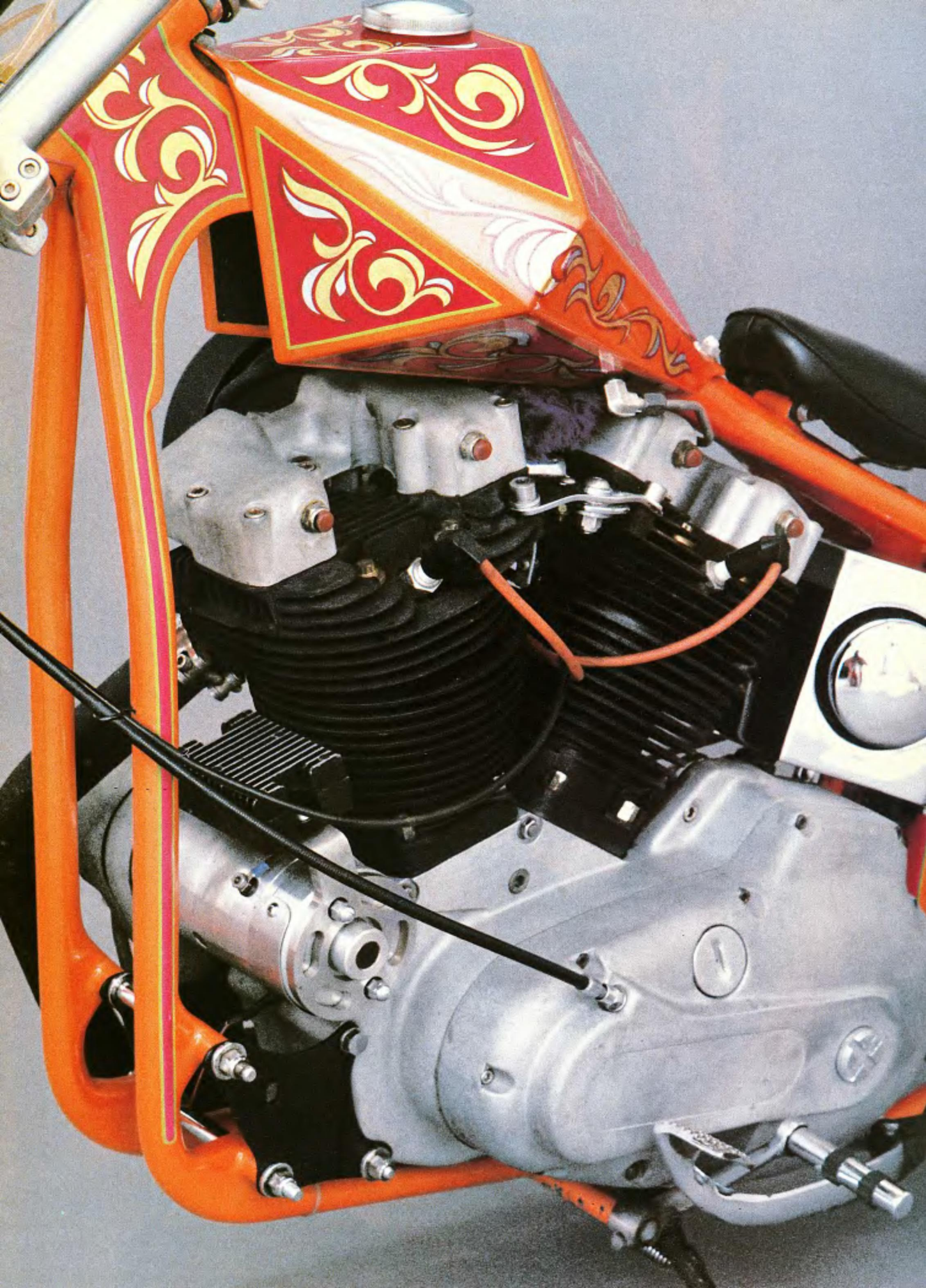
David Mann

"Among the reasons why this scooter stands out in its field, or any field that Harleys occupy, is the fact that it was raised from a basket case."

PASSIN' THE TEST





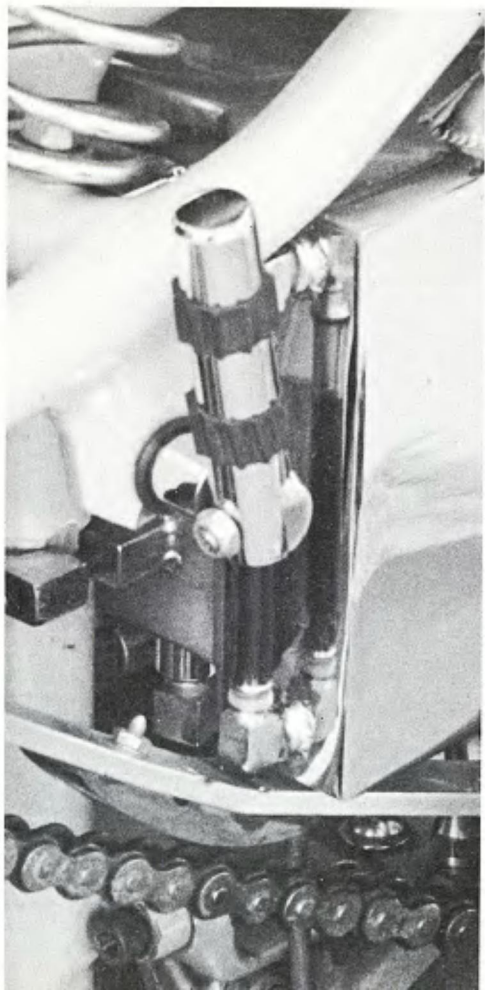




Now, don't get me wrong, 'cause it's my ass out here on the line, but Spider can pick 'em — whether it's women, bikes, or your basic off-the-wall ideas for parties. He can concoct just about any reason to throw a great blowout.

For a chick to get the nod as a model for this rad rag, she's gotta pass the Spider Test, a litmus test of sorts, whereby every nook and cranny is open for inspection on the would-be scooter starlet.

Believe me, I've brought forth more than one fox (foxes, at least, in my limited view), to meet the discerning eye of Senor Spider, only to have 'em shot down due to a lack of upper-body development, or an over-development



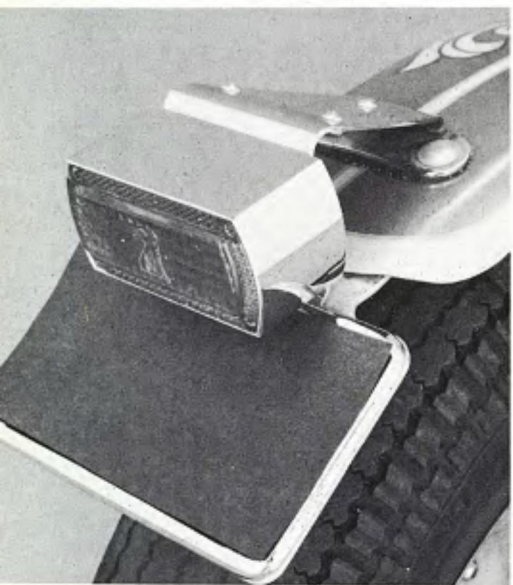
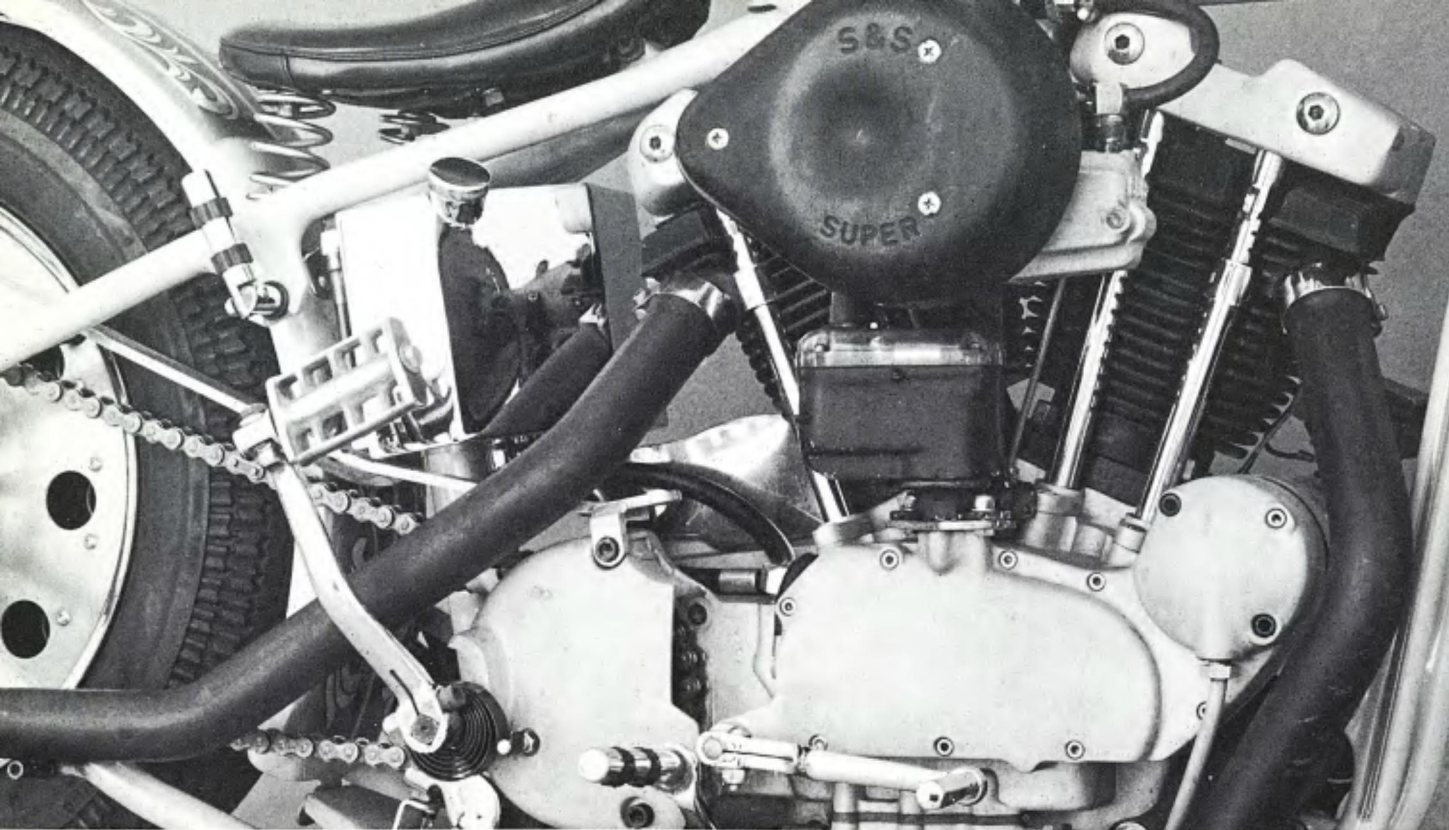
elsewhere (big butt). "Think about the readers," he says, "not yourself."

See, they all looked great to me when first spotted in the field, as it were. Not exactly ten on the sex scale, maybe, but definitely tasty stuff. You'll have to take my word for it — and Spider does.

That still doesn't mean he cuts any slack for a potential girl feature just because she can make a rigid pole out of a flabby mass. She's gotta have some as-yet-unknown super quality that will come across in the rag, not just in the rack.

Well, like I said earlier, he can pick 'em, and he does. All of 'em. That goes for the scoots, too.

Take this kickass Sportster of Brandon's, a slick sled that



has seventy-seven inches' worth of firepower packed in its rigid frame. Just because Brandon is tight with David Mann didn't cut him the slightest bit of slack. "What-cha got now, man?" came Spider's first volley when informed that we had a primo Sporty for his appraisal. Knowing his occasional attacks on Harley's smaller bikes, I was all ready to

defend my position with a salvo enhancing the Sporty's escalation to higher bore strength, custom paint exquisitely done by the owner, in addition to the special tank job done by our own artist, David Mann, depicting his long-time gumba, Brandon, accompanied by two female darlings. Also among the reasons why this scooter stands out in its field, or any



Owner: Brandon		City: San Diego, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: a few back	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: Sportster		Type: rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 5 degrees over stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: one year		Other alterations: rear brake brackets	
Chroming by: somebody		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1972		Risers: homemade by Steve Smith	
Model: Sportster		Fender(s): flat	
Rebuilder: Gale McFarland		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: Drag Specialties	
Displacement: 77 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: Fletcher's H-D		Rear pegs: Arlen Ness	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: Voltpak	
Cases: machined exterior		Gas tank: Jammer	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: stock solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissy bar: homemade	
Pipes: owner		Height: fender struts	
Muffler(s): none		Material: stainless steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1972		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Betor (Spain)	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: sucks bumps	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 47		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Mobile Body Repair		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: homemade
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: candy tangerine over pearl		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: Hallcraft	Brake: homemade
Special paint: clear epoxy topcoat			
Other special modifications: gold and silver leaf by Lyle Fisk; artwork by Dave Mann; special thanks to Sport & Custom Motorcycles, San Diego; Classic Mold, St. Pete, Fla.			

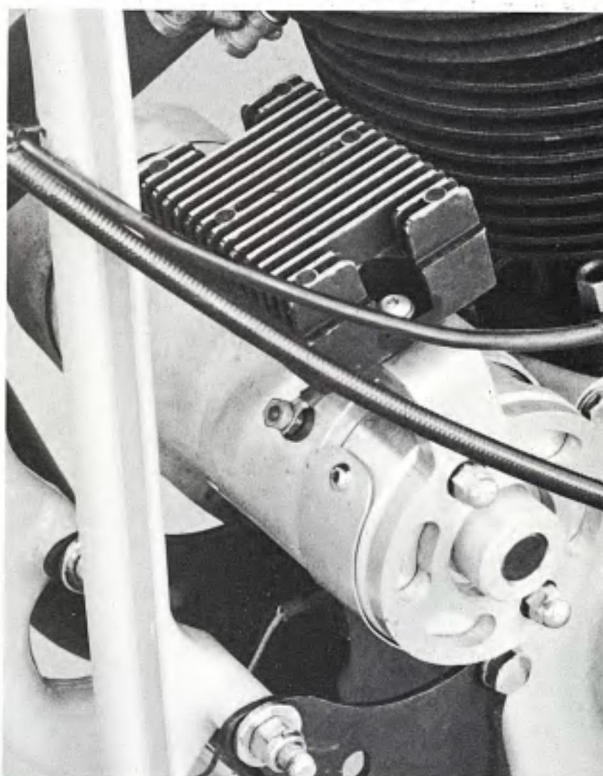
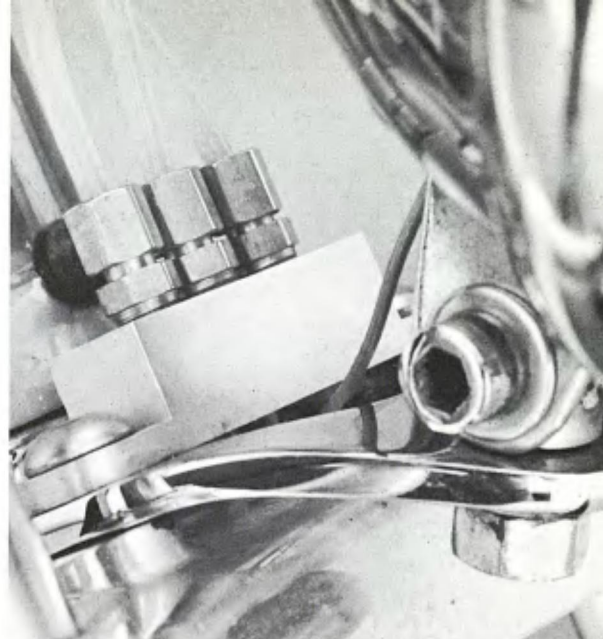
field that Harleys occupy, is the fact that it was raised from a basket case — its condition when bought from Steve Smith of Classic Mold in St. Petersburg, Florida, a shitload of moons ago.

All the time I was blabbin' away about the Sporty's benefits, Spider was quietly lookin' over the proofs and transparencies, checkin' for flaws. He cut me off in mid-

sentence, just when I was gonna let him know about the specially developed telescopic brake lines, and hidden kill button in the grip of the throttle. He simply pronounced in his most laid-back, admiring way, "Looks good, let's go with it. Now beat it, some new secretary wants to show me what she's got." Okay, fine, I was gone. I figured I'd hold off tellin' him

there's a small chip under the seat. No sense in wreckin' what had already been accomplished. After a few thousand miles, whaddya expect, anyway?

And if some chick decides to take a putt on this thing, she's liable to chip her own armor sittin' on that rear fender. But at least she'll be sittin' on twenty-three karat gold. —Buster



Photos by Pete Chiodo

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 Jan. 30th. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #128 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



ROSE ANN

SARAH

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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

Model's Name _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or fewer, describe the 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.





CINDY



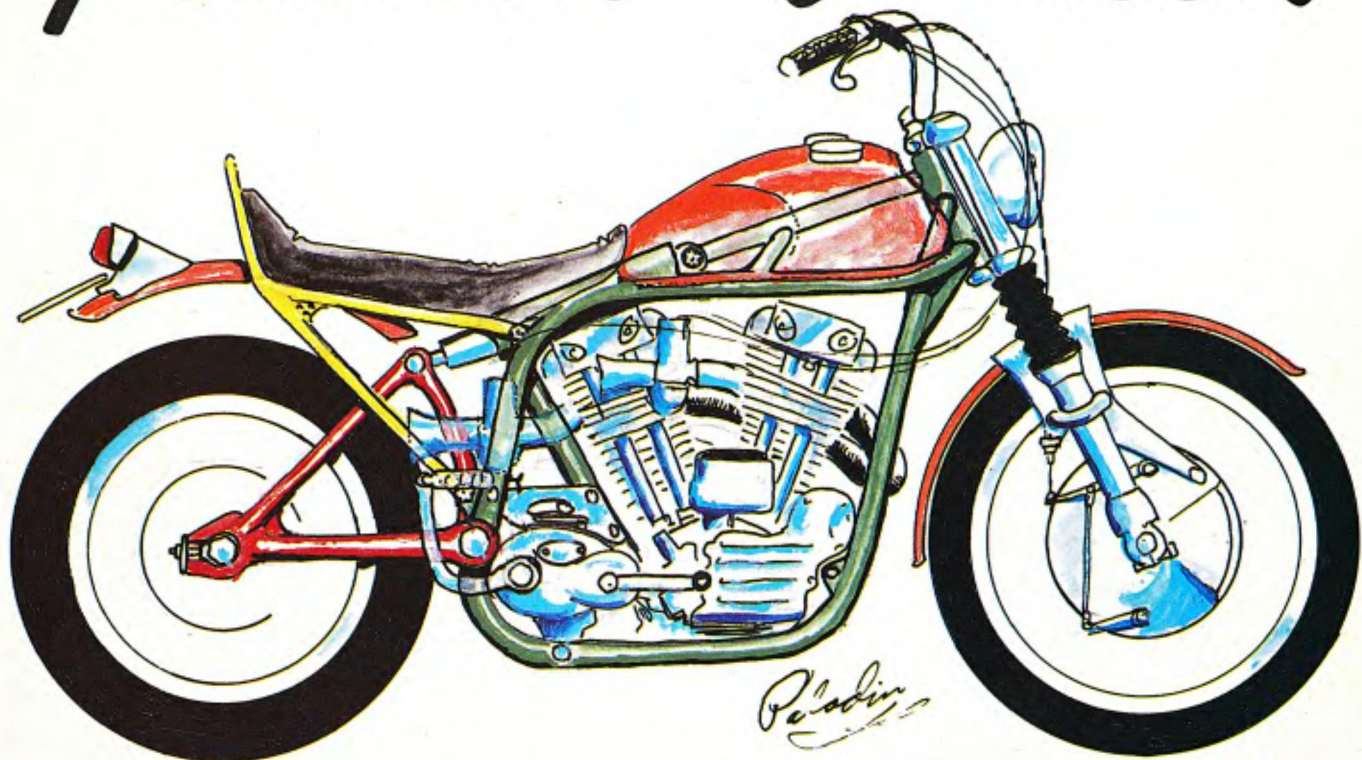
DONNA SUE

MARIA



Here she is, folks — **Pest**, the fifth monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Kathy, Merrill, and Candice.

Paladin's Notebook

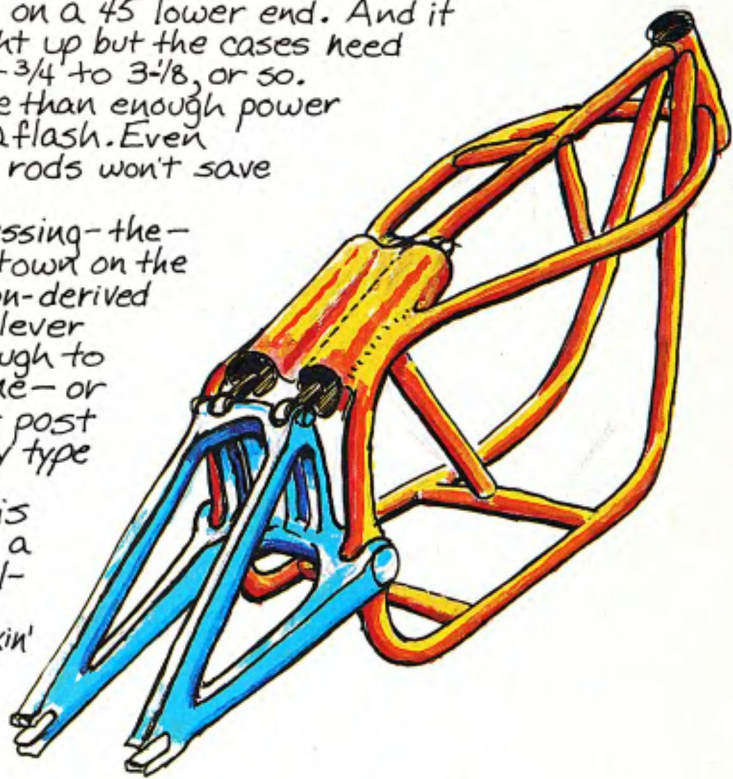


Sometimes I just want to combine the best of the old with the best of the new, so I spent an afternoon at the Harley shop rappin' with the mechanics and takin' measurements to see if I could fit some XR1000 heads on a 45 lower end. And it works! The cylinder heads line right up but the cases need to be hogged out to a bore of 2-3/4 to 3-1/8, or so.

Course the tops will serve up more than enough power to turn the 45 bottom to junk in a flash. Even putting in a custom cam and Carillo rods won't save the cases, I'm afraid.

Since I couldn't solve the harnessing-the-horses problem, I decided to go to town on the frame and came up with this Norton-derived front cradle and Vincent-like cantilever swingarm. It should be strong enough to handle the power of an XR/45 engine—or any other engine. The seat center post serves as an anchor point for any type of non-unit engine setup.

If I actually tried building this little monster, I'd probably run a Q.P.D. belt primary. Q.P.D. specializes in custom belt drives for odd engine-transny combos. Speakin' of transnies, that's a Triumph pre-unit—strong, light, nice ratios. Best of all, it can be replaced cheap when it blows up.



Easynews



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

Police chief 'tickled' by Maggie Valley rally

The first ever Great Smoky Mountain Rally to be held in North Carolina's scenic Maggie Valley has gone off without a hitch — to the surprise of more than a few of the "outnumbered" locals.

"I think everybody was real surprised, and I was tickled to death," Maggie Valley Police Chief I.C. Sutton said. "We were expecting a lot of trouble out of it, but we didn't have any problems. All the officers I talked to said they had a good time and enjoyed talking to the bikers."

According to spokesmen for the organizers, the North Carolina Harley-Davidson Dealers Assoc., the '83 event was the biggest and best Great Smoky Mountain Rally ever, with about 7000 bros and sisters attending on 4000 scooters.

According to Sam McCrary, chairman of the local chamber of commerce, the vis-

iting bikers spent at least \$300,000 in the valley. "All the motels were full Friday, Saturday and some were still full Sunday," he reported after the event.

Contributing to the high-occupancy factor at the motels was the fact that 1983's contingent of partyin' bikers smashed all previous Great Smoky attendance records.

"The most we ever had at Myrtle Beach (site of the previous rallies) was 4500," one H-D Dealers Assoc. spokesman said. "More people turned out here because the

weather is better and the temperature is not as hot." Also aiding the turnout was a policy change that, for the first time, allowed out-of-state riders to enter all of the rally's various field events.

And will the Great Smoky Mountain Rally be back to Maggie Valley? At this writing, nothing is certain but the omens are lookin' good.

"This is the friendliest place we've ever been to," Harley dealer James Milton said. "All the riders were really impressed with the reception they got."

Texas jury votes to put killer cager away for life term

"At last juries are saying, 'You're not going to roam the streets and kill our loved ones,'" one courtroom observer told the press. "This man took a life, something that can't be brought back. Repeat offenders had better start waking up."

This man was Roland Harper, 60, a Leander, Texas, resident who killed rider Charles "Randy" Hestand, 17, by running a red light and crunching Hestand's scooter under his pickup truck.

Prosecutors, deciding there wasn't any point in handling Harper the way they usually handle drunk drivers — he'd already racked up nine priors for drunken driving and had done jail time in four of those cases — put him on trial for involuntary manslaughter under the state's notorious habitual criminal law. A Lone Star State jury — 12 Texans good and true — took a look at Harper's record, considered the tragic waste of the young life he had snuffed out and unanimously decided on a penalty: life imprisonment, possibly the stiffest penalty ever imposed for a drunken-driving related offense anywhere in the U.S.

Now, maybe, that guy who writes "Lock-down" will stop bitching about the so-called lack of justice in Texas.

Damn Right!

"The Harley rider will have bought the Harley only partly because he likes to ride . . . he loves to work on machines and he'll tell you that his Hog is not just a bike . . . He knows where every chrome-plated nut and bolt is and what they do. He'll tell you mechanics about his Machine that even engineers at Harley don't know."

— Bil Bowden, York Daily-Record

Police task force videotapes bikers on way to upstate New York picnic

Bikers on their way to a fund-raising picnic in upstate Holland, N.Y., were stopped, interrogated and reportedly videotaped by a special police task force composed of members of the New York state police, the U.S. Border Patrol, and, possibly, the FBI and the Ontario (Canada) Provincial Police.

"It was a totally improper and unconstitutional infringement of rights," ABATE and ACLU attorney Richard Rosche said. "The police chilled the bikers' right to be free to assemble and their right to be free from search and seizure. They were seized, interviewed and interrogated."

According to the cops, the roadblock on the way to the picnic site was established because tipsters had reported that some Canadian bike club members wanted by the law would be attending the event.

Members of ABATE, however, which had already scheduled a helmet law protest in Holland for the following week, were convinced that the harassment was

just an attempt to intimidate bikers active in the freedom of choice movement.

According to ABATE spokesmen, bikers stopped at the road block were made to show their license and registration and were interrogated about such items as their employment, club affiliations and tattoos. Other witnesses reported that officers manning the roadblock were also videotaping the faces, bikes and license tags of everyone going through it.

By the end of the day, the cops hadn't managed to bust anybody on Canada's "Ten Most Wanted List" (or anybody else wanted in Canada, for that matter), but they had issued 113 traffic citations and made two minor arrests (possession of fireworks and possession of a club).

The whole bullshit enterprise, in the opinion of lawyer Rosche, was a result of "... police paranoia. If they were looking for fugitives they could have looked at the border. As it is, no drugs, weapons or fugitives were found."

Will Mountie be charged in biker's death?

A coroner's jury in Vancouver, British Columbia, has ruled the death of biker Rocco Cervo — killed when a Royal Canadian Mountie swerved his unmarked cop car into a lane filled with bikes, causing four of them to go down — a homicide.

Prior to the inquest, authorities had said that no criminal charges would be filed against the officer, Constable Louis Desfosses; but afterward, a special counsel to the province attorney general's department indicated that that decision was being reviewed.

In ruling the death a homicide, the coroner's jury made it

clear that they agreed with what area bikers have believed since the incident took place: The RCMP deliberately tried to cover up the facts by delaying their investigation and refusing to take statements from

officers at the accident scene.

"Police officers involved in a motor vehicle accident," the jury noted, "should be treated just like any other citizen and have a statement taken immediately in order that on-sight

recall may be used to best advantage.

"Police officers should not in any way be involved in the investigation of a motor vehicle accident in which they were directly involved."

The jury also chastised the police for not previously investigating the charge that a tow-truck driver parked behind an ambulance at the scene and then refused to move to allow that ambulance to rush Cervo to a hospital.

Though Cervo's family has yet to see justice done in his tragic death, they are hopeful that the coroner's inquest is a first step in that direction.

"They've done a good job," Cervo's father said. "I have utmost respect for the coroner's department."

'Nother cager's wrist slapped

A 19-year-old cager in Illinois has been given the traditional wrist slap — a \$250 fine and one year's probation — for killing a biker.

The cager, Danny May, of Waterloo, Illinois, had originally been charged with felony reckless homicide in connection with an accident in which his

cage crashed into a bike and killed the rider. Less than one day into his trial, Monroe County State's Attorney Alan Stumpf offered to drop the felony charge if May would plead guilty to a misdemeanor charge of leaving the scene of an accident.

Agreeing to accept the plea bargain, and issuing the jail-time-less sentence, was St. Clair County Associate Judge Jan Fliss.

Barroom dare sends pair of bikers on All-American trek

There are barroom deals and then there are barroom deals.

Two Alaskan bikers, George Ingebo and Jene Winn, recently undertook a tour of every All-American City just because someone dared them to hop on their bikes and do it.

It happened like this. Ingebo and Winn were sitting in a Valdez, Alaska, bar talking to a friend when someone mentioned that Valdez had once won an All-American City award for its recovery from a devastating earthquake. This piqued the curiosity of the two bikers and they decided to find out whether there were any All-American cities in

Oregon and, if there were, to visit every one of them.

One beer led to another and eventually, the friend, Owen Johnson, dared the pair to get on their bikes in Valdez and not come back until they had visited every 1981-82 All-American City from coast to coast. He even offered to toss in \$5,000 for expenses as long as they put the name of his company, Johnson Sand and Gravel, on their scooters.

Bikers being bikers, in Alaska as much as (or more) than anywhere else, the deal was quickly struck and the sleeping bags packed. The duo expects to be on the road about three months.

Up Yours!

"I have a completely closed mind about the advantages of motorcycling — there are none. For those who like the wind in their faces, they can open all the windows of their car . . . for those who favor the economic aspects of motorcycles, I suggest they take the bus."

— Dr. James L. Manion, St. Joseph Hospital, St. Joseph, Mo.

Florida bro files suit against airline that just blew him away

A Florida biker is suing Eastern Airlines for allegedly giving him the blow-job to end all blowjobs.

According to James Cannon, Jr., an Eastern jet taking off from Lee County Airport created a jet blast that blew Cannon's Hog off the road — leaving it upside down and burning in a ditch.

In his suit, Cannon is seeking \$1 million for loss of work, pain and suffering, and — most important to the badly blown biker — sexual dysfunction caused by the freakish accident.

"I've felt winds from planes taking off at the airport before," Cannon, a 30-year veteran of bike riding said. "I leaned into the wind to keep the bike straight up, but it was still pushin' me. As soon as I came out of the blast, it was like launch time.

"I remember hitting a ditch and flipping over. When I came to, the first thing I saw was the fire," he added.

The suit charges the Eastern jet "negligently blasted its engine directly at Cannon and blew him over . . . first into the path of another northbound vehicle, whereupon he bounced back to the right side of the roadway where his vehicle crashed and burned."

If there's one bright spot in the whole case, it's that the situation will never happen again — just 45 minutes after Cannon was blown off his bike, at midnight on Friday the 13th in the month of June, all commercial flights in the area — as had been planned for months — shifted to the Southwest Florida Regional Airport, and Lee County Airport was closed to Eastern jetliners forever.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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



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

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action Group of your choice.

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

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

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

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

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
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 ¹²	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.



ABATE of South Carolina gave its members a real scare recently; the first page of their newsletter bannered "Helmet Law Reinstated" and went on to detail how a special legislative session had been called to reimpose mandatory lids as of the first day of 1984. Turned out it was all a joke, though. Not very funny, but damn effective at shakin' up an apathetic membership (it shook us up). . . . Speakin' of lids, a northern Virginia man has sued Bell Helmets for \$10 million. He claims he suffered a skull fracture when his lid allegedly cracked open during a crash.

And, speakin' of lawsuits, a Syracuse, N.Y., biker has agreed to settle his lawsuit against helmet-maker American Sports Co. (and their distributor and dealer) for \$3.4 million.

Harley-Davidson recently unveiled its 500-R dirt track racer. The engine is made by Rotax of Austria, and Ron Wood Racing of Costa Mesa, California, built the chassis. How 'bout it for that good ol' Milwaukee iron . . . ABATE of South Dakota would like to hear from you if you had any problems with the law in or around Sturgis or Custer. Lay your line on 'em at Box 241, Whitewood, SD 57793. . . . Members of the Sunnyside MC have gone to court to appeal a Lebanon County (Pa.) decision denying them the right to open a club house in an abandoned trucking warehouse.

Gone to Harley Heaven is John "Wally" Watts, 85, of Napier, New Zealand. A lifelong Harley fanatic, Wally may have been the only man in New Zealand to regularly show up for his required "over-70" driver's license test on a Hog. . . . Back on the home front, Honda has unveiled plans to start making 60,000 engines a year at its plant in Marysville, Ohio. The \$30 million expansion necessary to begin building the engines is expected to be completed by early 1985. The move will increase Honda's investment in U.S. production facilities to \$340 million. Of course, a lot of that is going to a lawn mower manufacturing plant now under construction in North Carolina. Like they say on television, follow the gardener, he's on a Honda.

The New York legislature has crushed a bill that would have required bikers, snowmobilers and joggers from doin' them things without wrappin' up in a reflective vest. . . . And finally, several people looking out their windows in Cape May, New Jersey, a couple of years ago, were shocked to see two old folks lay down a Harley-Davidson and go tumbling off. They were even more flummoxed when the old couple mounted up, drove a few feet down the pavement and went down again. Turns out it was no accident. A local doctor and his wife, both around 80, had recently taken up bikin' and decided they had better learn how to fall properly. . . . This is really the end, finally. The same man, Dr. John Royal Moore, 84 years young, had his license suspended a few months back for refusing to replace his aged and seasoned fishing hat with a brain bucket.

Biker saves three from flaming wreck

"If I were in there, I would want someone to help me," Randy Payne said, after it was all over. "I just couldn't stand by and watch people burn up."

Riding home from Chicago to Blue Island, Illinois, after the Midnight Motorcycle Tour last fall, Randy heard a crash behind him and turned around just in

time to see a cage hit the center divider of the Eisenhower Expressway and ricochet across to the outside retaining wall.

"As the car hit the wall," Payne remembers, "it flipped over and threw a child to the pavement. Then it began to burn."

As Randy's riding partners busied themselves giving first aid to the injured kid,

Randy ran to the burning car and began to drag the occupants to safety. Once, twice, three times he braved the flames and possible explosion to extract the two passengers, one of them a two-year-old girl, and the driver. "I saw someone trying to help me," driver Alan Baker recalled later. "But then I guess I passed out."

'Dive bomber' spoils peaceful mountain ride

If you spend a lot of time on a bike you can be excused for sometimes thinking the entire straight world is out to get you — rednecks, truckers, cops, etc.

Take Scottie Chapman, for example. There he was, givin' the ol' lady a little ride through the beautiful mountains near Aspen, Colorado, when he was dive-bombed by the Weld County Sheriff's "air force." The attack plane, a single-engine Piper Twin Arrow, came blazing out of the sun and rammed the bike's rear wheel

with its left wing(!), sending the scooter careening off the road. Fortunately, Chapman and wife Julie suffered only minor injuries in the mishap — which was actually not as sinister as we might have made it sound.

The sheriff's "air force," it turns out, was really a rented four-seater whose electricians took a shit while being used to transport a prisoner from Greeley to Grand Junction. The deputy who was flying the contraption decided to make an

emergency landing at the Aspen Airport, but the plane also developed engine problems and was forced down on Highway 82, about 4½ miles east of Aspen. During the powerless descent to the highway, the plane accidentally sideswiped the bike.

In the incident's finale, the plane caught fire immediately after coming to a rest — requiring the two deputies and their prisoner to hotfoot it to safety. Don't know what kind of crime is attributed to the guy for whom this whole circus was staged, but chances are, he figures he's already been punished enough.

Michigan's new license requirements seem like bureaucratic BS to ABATE

ABATE of Michigan has raised some serious questions about proposed changes in Michigan's requirements for obtaining a motorcycle endorsement.

The changes, which were required under a recent law calling for a tougher rider's test and the establishment of a state rider education program, have been proposed by the secretary of state's office and, according to ABATE, are so vague and flexible that they are essentially meaningless and of no value.

For example, the rules state that the person taking the test "shall do a figure eight and come to a stop on command." But, ABATE spokesmen point out, there is no prescribed distance for the figure eight and no measurement if there is a stop. In

other words, whether or not a person passes or fails the test is almost always up to the subjective opinion of the examiner.

"The state has proven in their administration of motorcycle-skill testing that they lack the experience and knowledge of motorcycling (necessary) to adequately test a rider's ability," ABATE claims.

"For them to determine ability to perform, when an examiner is not capable of performance himself, brings up some questions. How will each examiner have the knowledge of the correct stopping distance? Turning radiuses? Lane-changing techniques? And basic control? How will the examiner grade on a pass/fail basis? If an experienced rider refuses an unsafe request, does the applicant fail the exam?"

God bless our free press

Angels Camp — This Mother Lode town went on a vigilante basis tonight because of the rip-roaring, ear-splitting invasion of 3,700 motorcyclists converging for an annual "gypsy tour."

Fifty extra police officers from four nearby counties answered a mutual-aid-pact call for assistance by Chief of Police Joe Spinelli, who heads a two-man force and had called in six special part-time patrolmen. — from the Oakland (Calif.) Tribune, June 2, 1957

Judge unimpressed by tears

Drunken driver gets 'max' for killing chick

It took two long years, but the wheels of justice have finally caught up with a Barrington, Rhode Island, cager who killed one biker and seriously injured another in a 1981 "accident."

Lendon Boss, 35, while drunk, cut in front of a group

of bikers and slammed on his brakes, causing a collision in which Anne Watson, 22, was killed and her fiancé severely injured. Boss was sentenced to the maximum term Rhode Island law allows for a death-causing accident — ten years.

Before being sentenced,

Boss, who during his trial had tried to blame the wreck on the bikers, told Judge John P. Bourcier that he was "sorry" and had "prayed for your compassion and understanding." To his eternal credit, Bourcier was unimpressed.

"Those tears are like new-

found religion as the firing squad is about to unleash the lethal charge at the person who is standing against the wall," the judge told Boss.

"I've searched through the pre-sentence report and my trial notes trying to find something that stands in your favor. There is very little."

"I'm satisfied, Mr. Boss, that this sentence that is imposed here today will be one which will send word out to those who do as you did on that particular morning, that they are to be aware of the consequences. Without being facetious, if they are going to dance, they are going to pay the fiddler."

Amen, judge, amen.

Gropin' a frail can land you in jail

The American Motorcyclist Association has issued a warning to riders living in or going through the slot-machine state of Nevada — beware of a state law requiring motorcycle riders to "drive with one hand on each handlebar at all times."

Though the law, Nevada

Revised Statute 486.211, does allow riders to remove one hand from the bars if necessary for "the safe operation of the motorcycle," it is so vaguely worded that bikers have been convicted of violating it while giving turn signals by hand, turning their petcocks to reserve and adjusting

their goggles.

The AMA Government Relations Department, with the aid of concerned Nevada bikers, has vowed to lobby the Nevada legislature for repeal or modification of this law, but that body, unfortunately, is not scheduled to hold another session until 1985.

Joining A Canoe Club

Me and 4500 other sea-going squids in Uncle Sam's Canoe Club say that anytime you think you're bitch enough to take on 4501 tree-trunk-packin' sailors, you should slide your slimy ass on over to the USS Midway.

We're ready to throw the pipe to your gnarly breedin' hole and if you're lucky, we might park the boat up your crab-infested cunt.

The Crew
Yokosuka, Japan

- I've always liked havin' a sailor docked in every porthole.

Cruisin'

I was cruising through town the other day and ran into this guy who was drivin' a small car that had the worst smell my poor nose has ever encountered.

The car was white but covered with green, slimy shit. When the light turned green the guy didn't move. A cop found this suspicious, and when he went to question the guy, he found him in a kinda daze, like he'd just eaten nine 'ludes and drunk a bottle of JD. He told the cop he'd been lookin' for somebody named Spider and had taken a wrong turn into a tunnel. There he soon discovered that he and his car had been sucked into your cunt. After a long time in there, he said he was chased out by something big he couldn't recognize. He'd been driving aimlessly around in a daze for weeks and he's now in a psycho ward. Could you explain what happened?

Rick W.
Shelton, Conn.

- Nobody gets to see Spider without an appointment.

Spacy Sex

I'm lying here with a prick the length of the distance from here to Mars and balls the size of Earth itself. How'd you like to sample my Milky Way sometime?

Teeth
Camp Lejeune, N.C.

- It takes more than a space shuttle to fill my "black hole."

Small Problem

My penis is so small that even when it's erect, my lover can take both it and my balls into her mouth easily — too

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



easily. I've tried creams and everything else. Now she's threatening to drop me if I can't make it bigger. She says no woman would want my tiny prick. What should I do?

Small Steve
in Big Texas

- Offer her a reasonable alternative — like takin' yer fist in her mouth instead.

Twirling Toes

I told my bro to write and tell you that your feet are on backwards in issue #121. He said, "Fuck her, she deserves to have her feet on backwards. She ain't never done shit for me."

Johnny R.
Attica, N.Y.

- My feet ain't on backwards, but sometimes I rotate my toes to keep the tread wear even.

Doomed

I'm 25 and did my share of fuckin' and suckin' before herpes hit the scene, but now I'm lookin' for a wife — not just a fuck, but a wife.

I'm working on a couple of sweeties from the Philippines

who live here, but I always keep an ear out for good advice. Got any?

M.K.
Perris, Calif.

- Like I've said over and over, better dead than wed.

They Float

Me and my celly were sittin' around talkin' about fishin' and immediately the conversation drifted to you. Tell us, Mutha, how're the fish swimmin' up in that nasty hole of yours?

Jeff and Jack
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

- Belly-up.

Take It All Off

My ol' man isn't quite mine yet — we haven't tied the knot, in other words. He keeps wantin' me to lose weight before the big day. What tips can you give me?

Thunder Thighs
Utica, N.Y.

- Ya could lose quite a few pounds by cuttin' him loose.

Say Cheese

I got a bro in Austin who bet me two joints and a six-

pack that I couldn't eat your cunt full of pimento cheese. Since I eat a lot of pimento cheese, I bet I could. What do you think?

Caveman
Austin, Tex.

- I don't cunt the cheese, dickhead, I cut the cheese.

Ferry Nice

I'd like to send my pet ferret up your arse and watch his head come out of your 120-inch snatch while his tail is still dangling out your bumhole.

Mick
Victoria, Australia

- You must have the world's largest ferret.

Smellin' Like A Rose

I've got myself a fetish for (believe it or not) armpits that are somewhat puffy, fat and hairy. The hairy ones really look like little pussies without the holes.

That's my problem — I don't know what to do with them. Can I fuck 'em or what? I'll bet you've got a great pit to fuck. Not the bottomless one down below, but the sweaty one under your shoulder.

By the way, let me make it clear that dudes' pits don't turn me on. Just foxy chicks' (and even some ugly ones, too). So will you please tell me what the best way to handle them is — fuck 'em, suck 'em, or whatever?

Gypsy
Rosharon, Tex.

- Take yer crank and make like a stick deodorant (de-odor-ant — you hardcore bros can look it up).

Lost Cause

I'm in the military trying to save up some cash so I can marry my girlfriend. I recently saw a tits-looking '62 H-D I want to buy. Should I buy the bike or save the money for my wedding?

Boo
Norfolk, Va.

- If ya have to ask, ya ain't fit to ride a Hog anyway.

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. ■

Passin' Gas

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

A bunch of bikers were stranded in a snowstorm at a little cafe at the foot of a mountain pass. The only other person there was the cook. After a week, she started worrying about what her friends would think and committed suicide.

After another week, the bikers wondered what the rest of the bros would think, so they decided to bury her.

—Triker
Chewelah, Wash.



Easyriders

While riding through an Indian reservation, the biker was approached by a very lovely Navajo maid who offered herself to him for fifty dollars.

"That's a lot of money," he said. "Manhattan Island cost only twenty-four."

"True," she agreed, "but Manhattan Island just lies there."

—Shelby
Lancaster, Calif.

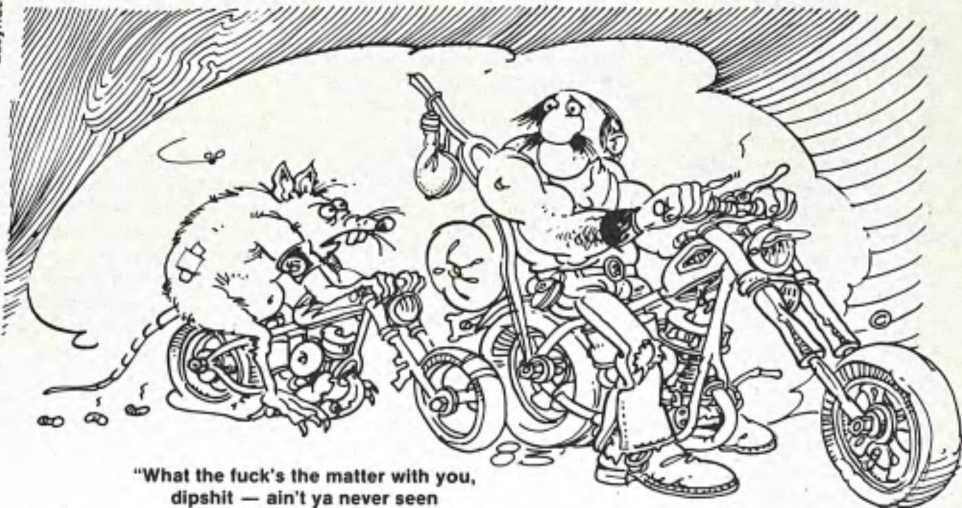
Easyriders

A bro walked into the clubhouse to tell the prez about the new prospect. "Man," he said, "you ought to see this guy — he's fuckin' disgusting. He picks his nose and eats the snot, farts all the time, rides the rattiest rat you've ever seen, has motor oil drippin' from his hair, month-old chow in his beard and keeps a fleet of crabs with some flies hovering in a holdin' pattern, givin' 'em air support. A coupla the other bros even claim they caught him in the bathtub playin' with boats and rubber ducks!"

The prez said, "Yeah, I can see what you mean. Damn! He was beginning to sound like an all right guy till you said he'd been caught takin' a bath!"

—Dan "Cuz" Mayle
Canton, Ohio

Easyriders



"What the fuck's the matter with you, dipshit — ain't ya never seen a rat bike before?"

Easyriders



"Why couldn't you just throw water on them?"

An old, very old, biker was having trouble getting it up so he went to see a doctor. The doc said that with a small operation, he could replace the biker's glands with monkey glands and the biker would be as good as new. Since it cost only \$500, the biker went through with it.

Two months later the biker's ol' lady showed up at the same doctor's office, complaining that her ol' man was wearing her out with his new monkey glands and that she wanted an operation that would enable her to keep up with him.

The doc examined her and told her he could fix her up for \$5000.

She got righteously pissed and demanded to know why the biker's operation had cost only five bills while hers was going to cost five grand. "Well," said the doctor, "your ol' man only needed new monkey glands, but you need a whole new monkey!"

—Fernando
Juarez, Mexico

—Rick
Jefferson, City, Mo.

The sweet little lady was enthralled by the big biker's brawn. "Oh," she squealed, "how tall are you?" Six-foot-five came the answer. "And how long are your arms?"

"Oh, three and a half feet from fingertip to shoulder," said the biker.

"And how big around is your chest?" cooed the sweetie.

"Fifty-five inches from back to front."

Finally, the big question, "And how long is your cock?"

"Well, just four inches," grinned the biker, "from the ground."

—Rip Wrockloff
Shingle Springs, Calif.

Easyriders



"Well, so much for trying to improve the biker image."

Why do women close their eyes when they're fucking? So they can pretend they're shopping.

—Alligator
Bakersfield, Calif.

Easyriders



"Maybe it would make it better if I kissed it."

The biker couldn't believe his luck when he stopped at a farmhouse for directions and found the farmer's wife home alone. As he watched, she took off her tight-fitting dress and flimsy underwear. "I'll be damned!" the biker said as her pussy came into view. Her dark pussy hair was neatly cut into a beaver tail, with a line of light-colored hair right down the middle.

"Eat me, honey! Eat my beaver!" she shouted as she lay back on the bed. Without a minute's hesitation, the biker tore off his clothes and buried his face between her thighs. A few seconds later he stood up and began to get dressed. "What's wrong?" the horny woman cried.

"Lady," said the biker, "I may be from the city, but I know the difference between a beaver and a skunk!"

—Thomas Dennis
Kincheloe, Mich.

Then there's the bro who didn't think much of wife-swapping until he got a pan-head for his.

—Big One
Reno, Nev.

Easyriders



"Best I could do — my ol' lady doesn't feel like bein' turned out tonight."

On their wedding night, the biker kissed his ol' lady on the forehead, picked up his latest issue of *Easyriders* and proceeded to begin reading as if she weren't there. She fell asleep pissed off, but woke up when she felt his finger in her cunt. "Do you want me, darling?" she cooed.

"Nah," he replied, "I'm just wettin' my finger to turn the page!"

—Bill Feyer
Bentonville, Va.

Susie came home starry-eyed from her date with Biker Dave. She tossed her coat on a chair, her purse over the door knob, then threw the rest of her things all over the bedroom.

The next morning, her mother asked if she'd had a good time. "Oh," sighed Susie, "I had a wonderful time."

"I thought so," her mother said. "Because your panties are still stuck to the ceiling."

—Susie
Van Nuys, Calif.

Little Sonny, walking past his parents' bedroom, looked in, and said to his mom, "And you have the nerve to slap me for sucking my thumb!"

—Coke
Minden, Nev.

The school teacher in a small southern town asked the class for a volunteer to spell the word "before" and use it in a sentence. Little Joey raised his hand and said, "B-e-f-o-."

"No," said the teacher.

Little Sally raised her hand and said, "B-e-f-o-r-." No, again.

Little Orville, waving his hand excitedly, then said, "B-e-f-o-r-e."

"Very good, Orville, now put that in a sentence."

Smiling proudly, Orville stood up and said, "Two and two be four."

—Bill Feyer
Bentonville, Va.

Easyriders



"Can I play with her tits again?"

Little Willie saw his mother undressed one day and asked, "Mother, what is that crack between your legs?"

"That is where your father hit me with an ax, dear."

"Christ, Mom, he almost caught you in the cunt, didn't he?"

—Ape Bates
Cameron, Mo.



"Freeloading fuckheads are people, too, ya know!"

The little rugrat was visiting his grandparents' farm with his parents. He spotted a horse with a huge hardon and asked his mother what it was.

"Oh, it's nothing," she replied.

Unsatisfied with her answer, the boy turned and asked his old man, who answered, "You'd better ask your mother."

"I just did, and she says it's nothing," the kid replied.

"Well," his father smirked, "she's been spoiled."

—Madman's Ol' Lady
Somewhere, U.S.A.

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

"The prison situation, as presently arranged, is guaranteed to generate severe enough pathological reactions in both guards and prisoners as to debase their humanity, lower their feelings of self-worth and make it difficult for them to be part of a society outside of their prison."

— Prof. Phillip G. Zimbardo

The professor should know. In conjunction with several other scientists at Stanford University, Zimbardo has been responsible for some of the most interesting — and shocking — research ever performed on prisons.

Basically, Zimbardo's findings are shocking because they challenge the fundamental premise on which prisons are based — the idea that you can send a criminal to a brutally inhuman institution and somehow have him come out — at some far off in the future date — no longer a criminal.

In fact, Zimbardo's studies provide scientific evidence that supports what those who have done time have long known: If you send some perfectly straight, law-abiding citizen to prison for a while, he may no longer be a straight law-abiding citizen upon his release. He may, in all likelihood, have turned into a criminal.

A lot of you are probably wondering what's new about that observation. After all, we're always hearing politicians and news commentators sounding off about prisons being "training schools" where petty criminals learn to go big time, etc.

The problem with all that shit is that the right conclusion is reached for all the wrong reasons. The politicians prattle about car thieves and murderers teaching the "tricks of their trade" to some pure-minded kid who just happened to get sent up for a little dope or something. The result, the politicians say, is that the petty offender comes out of stir a so-called hardened criminal. The solution, as they see it, is even more restrictive classification rules separating one part of the inmate population from others.

According to Zimbardo's study, however, that theory isn't worth the paper we just wasted printing it. People, his study shows, become "hardened criminals" not from associating with bad guys, but

because of the *psychological effects* of incarceration itself. In other words, there's a damn good chance that prison would turn you into a mean, don't-give-a-shit-about-society-or-its-rules s.o.b. even if you were the only inmate in the joint.

In their study, Zimbardo and his associates carefully selected a bunch of young volunteers and made half of them inmates and half of them guards at an imaginary prison. "They were mature, emotionally stable, normal, intelligent college students from middle-class homes



throughout the U.S. and Canada," Zimbardo said. "They appeared to represent the cream of the crop of this generation. None [of the volunteers] had any criminal record."

At the beginning of the experiment a mock jail was established in some unused offices on the Stanford campus. With the cooperation of the local city police, the volunteers (who were promised a certain amount of money for each day they stayed in "jail") were picked up at their homes in a regular patrol car, searched, handcuffed, and fingerprinted at the real police station. Then they were blindfolded, driven to the mock prison and deloused, issued uniforms and put into a cell with two other volunteers.

Meanwhile, the volunteers who had been assigned as guards, and briefed on the hazards and responsibilities of their jobs, had been allowed to make up their own rules and regulations for their "institution." Duty rosters were drawn up and the guards were put on eight-hour, three-man shifts. The rest, as they say, is history.

"At the end of only six days we had to close down our mock prison because what we saw was frightening," Zimbardo reports. "It was no longer apparent to most of the subjects (or to us) where reality ended and their roles began. The majority had indeed become prisoners or guards, no longer able to clearly differentiate between role-playing and self. There were dramatic changes in virtually every aspect of their behavior, thinking and feeling."

"In less than a week the experience of imprisonment undid (temporarily) a lifetime of learning; human values were suspended, self-concepts were challenged and the ugliest, most base pathological side of human nature surfaced. We were horrified because we saw some boys (guards) treat others as if they were despicable animals, taking pleasure in cruelty, while other boys became servile, dehumanized robots who thought only of escape, of their own individual survival and of their mounting hatred for the cause."

"We had to release three prisoners in the first four days because they had such acute situational traumatic reactions as hysterical crying, confusion in thinking and severe depression."

Changes in the personalities of the pseudo-guards were just as deep and serious. "About a third," Zimbardo reports, "became tyrannical in their arbitrary use of power, in enjoying their control over people. They were corrupted by the power of their roles and became quite inventive in their techniques of breaking

Continued on page 86

Here are a few albums that have kept us company in the shop the past few months during rebuilds, tune-ups and general putzing on the scoots. Ah, the thrill of music. Four totally different records to bend your head with.

Without Warning/Marilyn Scott: This is a debut album by a super new artist that shouldn't be missed if you like R&B at all. It's had the ladies dancing all summer and fall around this joint, and where there are women, there are bound to be some hard prongs. Marilyn's singing makes you want to howl at the moon, or at least install some buddy pegs.

Scott can be as hard as she needs to be in order to get her music across, combining a mixture of heavy rhythms, like on "10 x 10," pop sounds such as "Only You," a great tune, and the soul-like beat of "First Time." The girl knows how to make a man feel good. She's the type of woman that'll make ya beat your chest and roar like a seventy-four.

The Polygram release is produced by Michael Sembello who has his own record out on Warner Bros. and is the possessor of the hit pop tune, "Maniac." This is a great record for when you just can't take any more Def Leppard, AC/DC, Quiet Riot, or the like. It's soothing, pleasurable music to hump to, work to, eat to, or dance to.

Without Warning marks the end of a long struggle for Scott to get her own ideas onto vinyl after singing backup for years to people such as Etta James. She is on her way with the strong backing of Emilio Castillo and his Tower of Power horn section. In fact, it was a meeting with Castillo a few years ago in San Francisco that

DOWNTIME

By Ben Doverdahl



gave her the encouragement to go for it. Glad she did. You will be, too.

Man Of Steel/Hank Williams, Jr.: Here's another round of Hank's high-energy tunes. Right from the first line he's back to talkin' about his dad, but he doesn't dwell on it, it's just a setup for "the man of steel's done got the blues." Hey, it happens to everyone, Hank. Like ya say, "even Superman gets the blues."

It looks like everyone who ever picked up an instrument is on the record since Hank does a few cover tunes as well as his own stuff. Notable among his reworkings is "The Air That I Breathe," though it tends to bog down with his slow singin'.

Hank likes to rock — in fact, maybe more than anyone else in country. A perfect example was the last time we saw him, at

an outdoor country festival when he played with Merle Haggard. Merle had drawn in both the elderly set and the young cowpokes, but Hank pulled in the rockers. After just one tune, a ZZ Top number, ol' Hank had weeded out the ol' folks. He'd come to boogie and the mad scramble was on, as the Merle fans were seen leaving in droves. Didn't bother Hank — he just turned up the volume and played like it was his last chance.

Man Of Steel has that rockin' country thing goin' for it and it's a rush. Especially "Woman On The Run," "She Had Me," and "Now I Know How George Feels." He does a good job with "Midnight Rider," which sounds better without Gregg Allman's whining and the addition of a dump

truck's worth of backups.

Leon Redbone lends a hand (or is it a lung?) on "Lovesick Blues," a swing-style track. Then "Queen Of My Heart" shows off Hank's talent for singing a sentimental love song. The man can do it all, with a flourish.



Synchronicity/The Police: In a weak year for rock and roll, with little more than trite, excessive heavy-metal bands gobbling up the airwaves, The Police, with their seventh album, **Synchronicity**, appear to be the last holdouts for traditional rock. That is, music that you don't need earmuffs for, that can be enjoyed without your having to go into a catatonic, moronic state of mind. Don't get me wrong, I've always dug hard rock: Sabbath, Deep Purple, Ted Nugent, Atomic Rooster, Zeppelin, AC/DC in their formative years, and the like. Nothin' wrong with a head bashin' now and then, but jeezus, we're being engulfed with Johnny-come-lately, leather-wearin', heavy-metal bands that just plain stink.

It's now standard for radio stations to play what they wouldn't consider two years ago when AC/DC led the pack. But The Police have continued to produce outstanding, meaningful rock and roll that devastates anything the leatherettes wail on. That's another thing that gets the good captain's goat — all those metal

Continued on page 84

Tech Tip

New Lifters

Solid lifters have been around since the beginning of time. Every motorcycle engine ever built has, at one time or another, had solid lifters.

Most of the solids used in H-D engines are pretty much the same in that the pushrod sits in a cup on top of the lifter. The pushrod adjustment is usually in the lifter itself, unless you have a conversion kit from hydraulics, in which case your adjustment is built into the pushrod. Not much of a selection over the past ten years. Then along comes Dudley from New York with a new-style solid lifter for H-D Big Twin engines. Dudley makes solid lifters that resemble hydraulic lifters with the hydraulic part taken out. The new lifter is hollow almost to the roller, and inside the lifter is machined to accept the bottom of the pushrod. Looking down inside the lifters, the cup machined for the pushrod is offset to one side of the lifter in three of them, while the fourth lifter has the pushrod cup machined dead center.

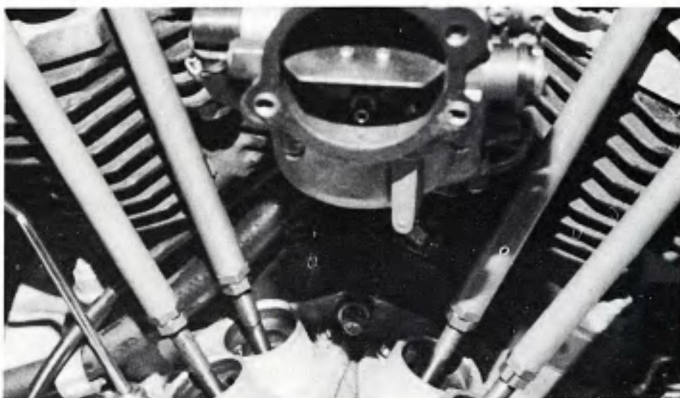
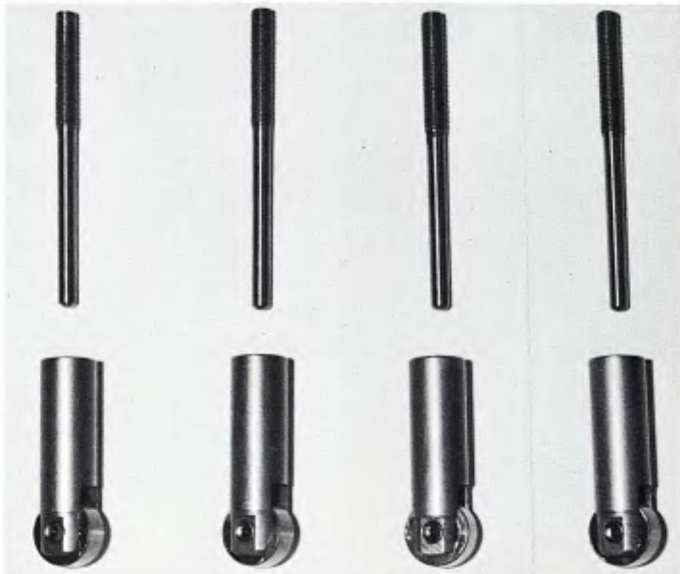
The instructions that come with the lifters explained why. The lifters with the offset pushrod cups are machined that way to straighten the pushrod angle going to the rocker arms. These lifters must be assembled in the proper order to insure correct alignment. The straighter the pushrod angle, the less friction and resistance to open and close the valves, which means more rpm and power.

This also means less friction and wear on the lifters and lifter blocks themselves, since the pushrod is pushing at the bottom of the lifter instead of at the top. Each lifter is also drilled at the bottom near the pushrod cup to help oil drain from the pushrod tubes onto the cam lobes and to help suck some of the heat out of the heads.

I got a set of Dudley's lifters a couple of months back and have been running them in my shovel for the past 2500 miles to check them out before I passed this info on to you. As far as I am concerned, they are the best thing in solid lifters since sliced bread and pop-top beer cans. My only complaint is that they're a tad hard to adjust, but then again, I have a hard time adjusting to the difference between night and day. The Dudley lifter kit consists of four lifters, complete with rollers, four pushrod ends and complete instructions with the necessary diagrams for installing them in any Big Twin engine. To use this kit you need to get a set of Colony or Gary Bang pushrods and substitute Dudley's pushrod ends for the ones that come with the pushrods. After that, it's just a matter of following the instructions, adjusting the valves, and getting back on the street for more throttle twisting fun.

For more info, you can reach Dudley's Corrective Engineering at: 105 West Suffolk Ave., Central Islip, NY 11722.

—Wrench



The holiday season is on us again and, as I do every year about now, I'm devoting some time to thinking about what it all means. I don't know about you, but I've looked at Christmas very differently ever since spending the holidays in 'Nam. Being over there during that time changed my outlook forever. Maybe war does that to practically everyone who ever had to spend Christmas away from home under some very cold, nasty conditions — I don't know. It's just that way with me.

I'm definitely not the religious kind, you understand. Christmas isn't now, and never was, a religious holiday to me. When I was a kid, it meant lots of food and presents, no school, and all that kind of shit. Maybe the best thing about it was that people seemed to be a little nicer to each other. Today I spend the holiday season trying my damndest to lighten up on the world and hoping it will lighten up on me. I guess you could say I like to think I'm calling a truce. . .effecting a cease-fire.

Maybe I got that attitude from my tour in 'Nam. Maybe I just want to finally get the cease-fire I was promised over there and never got. Remember how it was? From all the people I've talked to, I gather that every year our side got the promise from the NVA/VC that they wouldn't hit us over Christmas if we didn't hit them during Tet. Fair enough. Except that it seems that the little bastards broke the Christmas truce every year. They certainly pulled that shit while I was there and I didn't appreciate it one fuckin' bit. Vietnam was about the last place I wanted to be for Christmas.

I mean, I was just happy as horse-shit to find my unit was being pulled back to a firebase for a few days. Hey, a bunker was a lot nicer than a foxhole, you know? But right away, people started fuckin' with my mind. First, the platoon sergeant played his little joke and spread the word that we wouldn't be getting any special Christmas dinner — we were only gonna be allowed to draw extra C-rats. It was a put-on, but what the hell did we know?

Then someone went the platoon sergeant one better: We sent a detail over to supply for all those cases of

Cs, and when they got back and we opened the cases, we found out that some asshole with a sadistic sense of humor had made up case after case of nothing but turkey loaf! Must have been saving up for months, the prick.

Then the enemy got into the act and mortared the piss out of us, causing us to be removed from the firebase to go hunt down the attackers. By the time we returned to base, the platoon sergeant's joke had come true to a certain extent — we got only leftovers from the big meal. Thanks a whole bunch, Charlie!

A good friend of mine had a much more interesting experience, though. His story is kind of a dark comedy, something you have to be a 'Nam vet to really appreciate. Mike was an Airborne Ranger who belonged to a small, very elite and highly nutso unit. When Christmas rolled around and there was allegedly a cease-fire in effect, they decided to expend all their "old" ammo at midnight by having a "mad minute." During daylight they set out claymores all over the perimeter and lined up grenades and all their ammo and extra light weapons in preparation for the festivities later. After they'd amassed and prepared this considerable amount of firepower, the whole unit went into their bunkers and proceeded to prepare themselves: They got fucked up out of their minds, courtesy of a whole afternoon and evening of grass, hash and all kinds of booze.

When midnight was nigh, this highly elite group came staggering out of their bunkers, blind drunk and smoked to the gills, falling down and crashing into each other in a travestied attempt to get to the firing line. They kept giggling, over and over, "We're gonna have us a mad minute!" Somehow, they managed to locate their weapons and at precisely 2400 hours the flare was shot, which signaled the order to commence firing. Foo-gas and the claymores went off with one helluva bang as the men simultaneously fired everything they had: M-79s, .45s, M-16s, frag grenades, you name it. The M-60 machine guns tore up the countryside until their barrels glowed and it was an unforgettable sight, Mike says.

One thing, though. It seems that Charlie had picked that particularly inauspicious moment to break the truce and hit the firebase. The next morning, these drunken bums found that they had racked up an enemy bodycount of 49, without ever knowing they were in a fight.

No matter what you remember or how you look at the season, I want to wish you a very happy Christmas and I hope the new year will bring you every good fortune you can think of. You deserve it, bros. I especially wish the best to our brothers who are down.

Feedback has finally started coming in from you readers. Most of you have some good ideas to share and I wish I could print every letter, but it's impossible. All I can promise is that every letter gets read. Some of you will get a personal reply, if I think I can be of help with a serious problem.

The first batch of letters I received regarding this column covered a wide area of comments and needs — from the bro who asked if I could help him get a gig "writing or killing" (either profession is equally acceptable to him), to the brother who wanted to share his knowledge of natural foods as a cure for post-Vietnam illnesses. And there were, of course, some very interesting war stories.

But most of the letters fell into two categories: those needing info on Agent Orange and those wanting to show all of us that the correspondents care. This latter group was in response to my September column, in which I asked if anybody other than us 'Nam vets was reading any of the books on 'Nam.

If Agent Orange is your primary concern, the very first thing you must do is cover your butt — whether you have faith in them or not, get to the VA and arrange for a physical exam. And, as I told you in the November issue, you should also contact **Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims, Inc.** (27 Washington Square North, New York, NY 10011) and ask for help in getting the most up-to-date literature on that particular topic.

On to some letters:

Glad to see your column back in the best bike mag goin'.

Continued on page 124

BACKWOODS PIONEER

Moonshine, bikes and machine guns in the West Virginia hills.

Dad's been dead goin' on 19 years now, but it's been said that you can still hear him — if the night is dark and quiet enough — riding his Harley down the West Virginia highways he loved.

Born deep in the West Virginia mountains, my ol' man, Henry Carl Morris, fell in love with bikes long before he'd ever seen his first one — pictures in magazines were enough to turn him on to a way of life he would follow for the next half-century.

He got his first bike, a used Indian, back in the mid-twenties and soon became the terror of Erbacon, W. Va., as he profiled through town raisin' almost as much hell as he did big clouds of dust. Still, he did manage to get all the young ladies' attention, particularly after he discovered that you could stand and ride backward on a bike seat almost as easily as doin' it the traditional way.

As it happened, it wasn't very long before the hills of West Virginia came alive with the sounds of early Indians and Harleys — and the sounds of cursing riders, pissing and moaning about hard-to-get bike repairs. Opportunity didn't have to rap Dad over the head with a primary chain to get his attention. He soon opened his first motorcycle

shop, made out of rough-hewn logs.

Not long afterwards, something began happening on the new two-lane blacktop that was springing up to replace some of the old country backroads and that something was called highway cops. Though he'd been riding for years, Carl up and decided maybe it was time to get his very first driver's license, right then and there.

Disregarding the fact that it was midwinter and the ground was covered with heavy snow, Carl tossed a leg over his Harley and roared fifty mountainous miles to the county seat. Dismounting, he entered the courthouse and told the man inside that he'd just motorcycled over from Erbacon and needed to take the driver's test.

"You rode a cycle over those icy curves?" the man asked. "Hell, boy, you might be crazy, but you don't need no test." Whereupon he wrote out the license and gave it to Carl right on the spot. Them were simpler times, weren't they?

Then came Pearl Harbor and a few years spent serving God and country. A lot of GI Joes and Willies came out of that scrape with scars and/or medals. My dad, biker that

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WHERE THE DRAGONS FLY

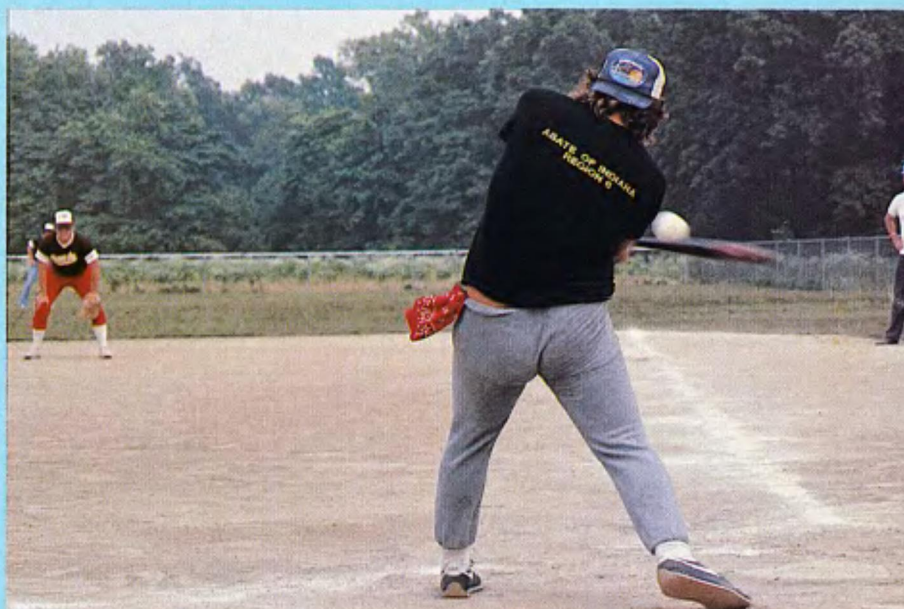
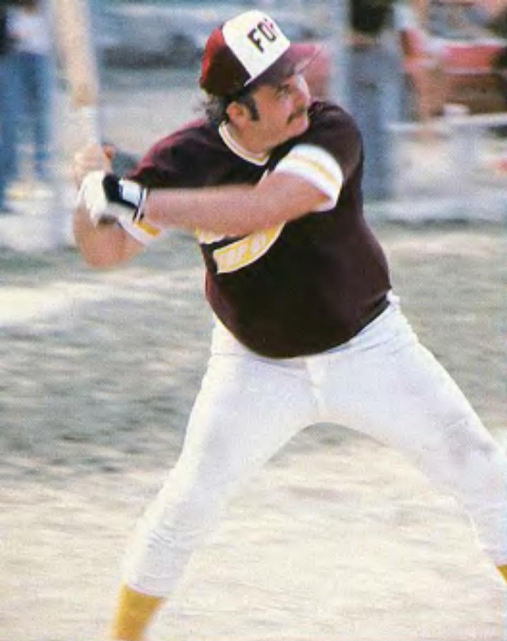
Larry brought the big bike to a halt in front of the double-wide trailer and seconds later was untying the bungee that held his lunch bucket to the sissy bar. Straightening up, his task completed, he rubbed one hand over his eyes and let out a long sigh. Although operating a dragline for the copper mines was not overly physical work, it took its toll mentally. Larry felt tired to the point of exhaustion from the day's efforts. As the biker approached the large add-on porch, he stopped and stared in pure appreciation at the sight of the full-blooded Navajo girl standing just outside the front door of the trailer. The bright Arizona sun reflected from her long, black hair and seemed to leave a halo effect around her lovely face. Her name was Pearl and it fit her well. A smile of pride tugged at the corners of Larry's mouth as he stood there admiring his wife. "Ya know, lady, after twelve years of marriage and three kids, you're still the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on." Pearl's smile flashed bright and Larry knew, without actually being close enough to see it, that her dark eyes were sparkling from the golden flecks that outlined the dark pupils. It always happened when she was pleased — or angry. Today, she seemed obviously

pleased. Climbing the few steps, he took her in his arms and kissed her slowly. But as he drew back, he noticed that the smile was gone and her forehead was furrowed slightly — a sure sign that something was wrong. "Some-
thin' troublin' ya, babe?" "I got a call from Jean a little while ago. She said to tell you that your brother Joe was on his way to the cabin at Rollins Lake in California. Old Man is real sick. You're to get there as fast as you can." Larry's breath caught in his chest as the news hit home. "Old Man? Sick? Pearl nodded and Larry's thoughts swirled in confusion. Silently he thought to himself, "Old Man? No! Hell, I've seen him with his skull split open and a bone stickin' through the skin of one leg and the old bastard was still tryin' to stand up! Now he's —"

Pearl's voice cut through his jumbled thoughts. "I've got your sleeping bag packed. Tools are inside. I also made a quick trip to the bank. Here's \$300. Should hold you without any problem. And here are some bennies to keep you awake." Pearl shoved the items into his pockets and grabbed up the sleeping bag. As he packed the gear on his scooter he recalled something. "Tramp! Have they got hold of Tramp to tell him what's goin' on?"



BY SILVER



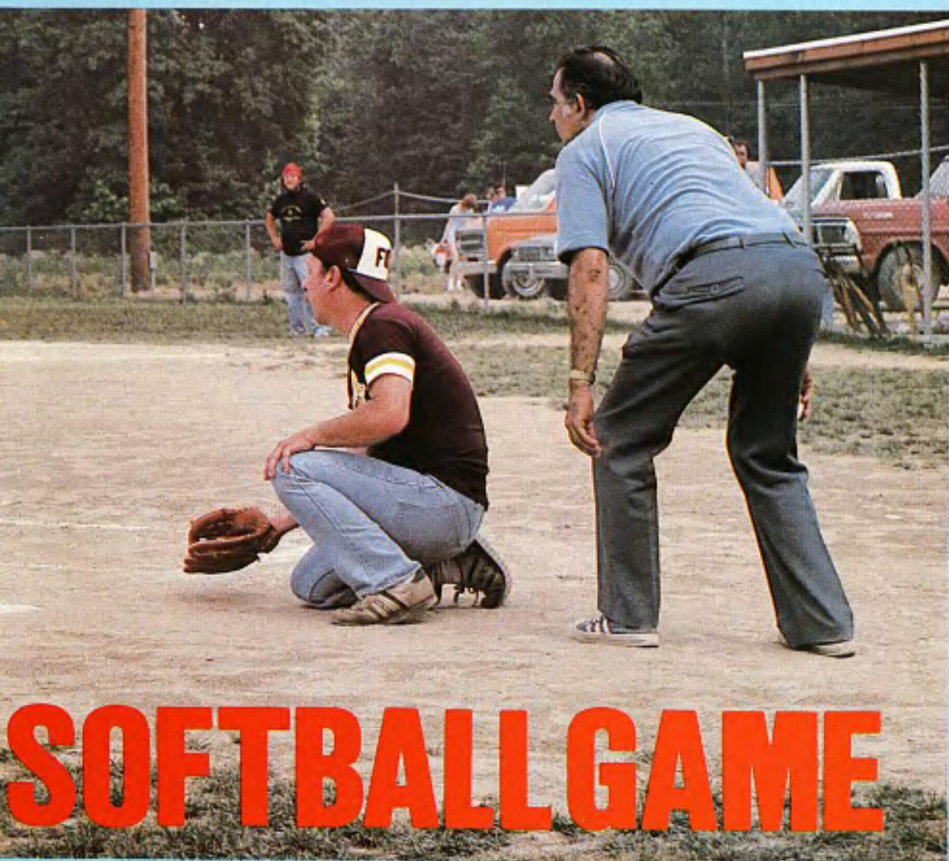
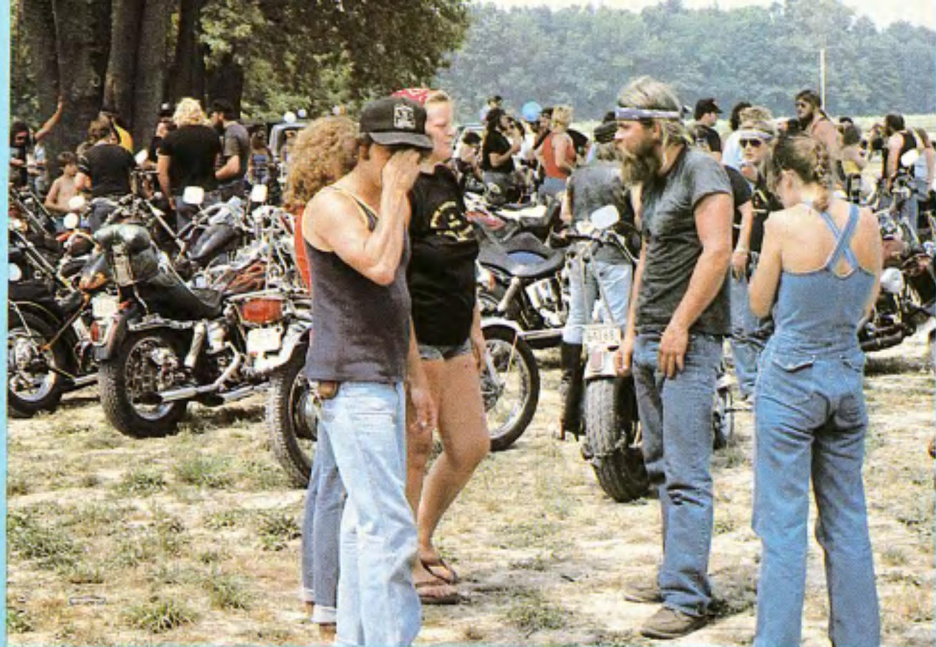
ABATE VS COPS

Would Ya Believe Bikers An' Cops Pitchin' In Together?

The call went out — "Play ball!" It was a match of muscles and moves between ABATE of Indiana's Terre Haute chapter and the local police department there.

With the temperatures in the 90s and the humidity drippin' wet, the two teams agreed to let bygones be bygones and compete against each other for the benefit of kids and old folks at the Glen Center in Terre Haute. It was a grand slam idea, attracting baseball fans from





SOFTBALL GAME

around the state.

The fans cheered every move as Peter Chalos, the mayor, and Gerald Loudermilk, the police chief, called balls, strikes, and outs, and homers, of which there was one — hit by a biker. Local radio personality, Jim Payne, had the crowd in stitches with his commentary.

Alas, the bikers couldn't quite see the stitching on the ball and so fell twice in the doubleheader: 13-3, followed by 10-2 in the nightcap. But

what the hell, it had been a wild time for all, with \$513.19 collected for the activities center. Afterwards at the post-game party, there was the predictable talk: "Wait till next year. We're gonna practice hard!" Meanwhile the party raged on in earnest, giving Bill Appleford, the ABATE coordinator in Terre Haute, and his helpers, Big Jack and Quicksilver, reason for feelin' good about their accomplishment.

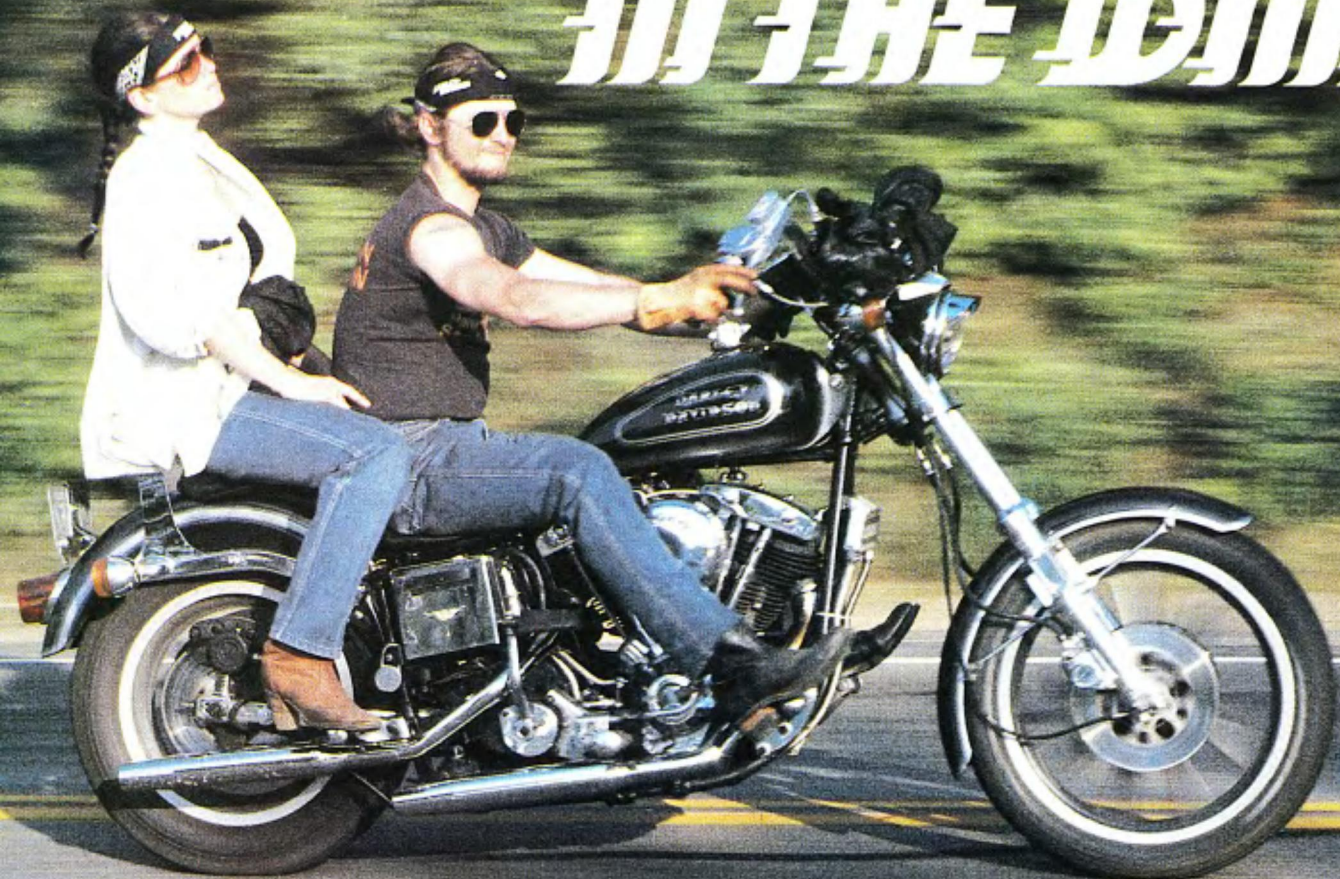
—Balls



Photos by Pat Randle and Balls



IN THE WIND



from Cyclops, Giltford, N.H.

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

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



—from Mike Lichter, Boulder, Colo.
—from Steve Martinez, Livermore, Calif.





—from Nancy Yuenkel, Milwaukee, Wis.

—from Mills Motor, Winterset, Iowa



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



THE DANCER

By Silver

She removes the faded Levi's
and the tattered Harley shirt.
Then she dons the skintight outfit
that's the trademark of her work.

She downs three pills for courage
and walks quickly out the door,
Ignoring obscene catcalls
though they cut her to the core.

She takes her place center stage
before a throng of drunken men,
And forces a smile to her lovely lips
while waitin' for the music to begin.

"Hey, baby! How's 'bout some action?"
shouts a drunk from down in front.
She does her best to ignore him.
"Then fuck off, you stuck-up cunt!"

Before his words can take effect,
the jukebox starts to play.
Surrounded by dim-colored lights,
the girl begins to sway.

She moves in graceful rhythm;
oh, how she loves to dance!
And with the help of rock 'n' roll,
she slips into a trance.

A deeply buried image
now invades her mind.
She lets herself flow with it —
a distant place and time.

She sees her man, so proud and tall,
on a Harley painted black.
And in her mind, she sees herself
ridin' at his back.

She feels the wind, full on her face,
as they ride forever free;
Then the music stops and ends for now
her pleasant reverie.

Back home at last, she counts her tips,
setting some aside.
Nickels and dimes to buy a dream
that her man and she can ride.

Though tiredness slips up on her,
she pushes it away.
With pen and paper before her,
she begins her letter this way:

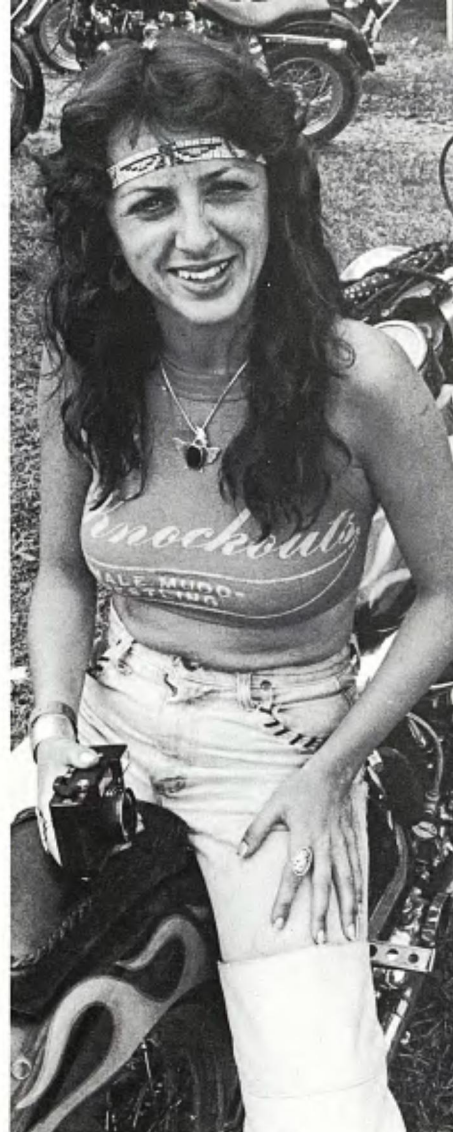
"My darlin', handsome biker,
we've but seven weeks to go!
The pressure must be hell on you,
but we'll make it, don't ya know?"

"When those bastards get down on you,
don't let it torque your head!
Hold your mud, my sweet daddy,
and think of me, instead."

After adding some news of the brothers,
she signs it, "Your Angel Eyes."
And as the loneliness grows 'round her,
she rests her head and cries.

She's a very beautiful lady,
with a heart of solid gold.
When the Big Man upstairs made her,
he used a special mold.

And that dream she has of ridin' —
on a scooter, forever free?
I know it will come true for her,
'Cause her lovin' tramp is me!



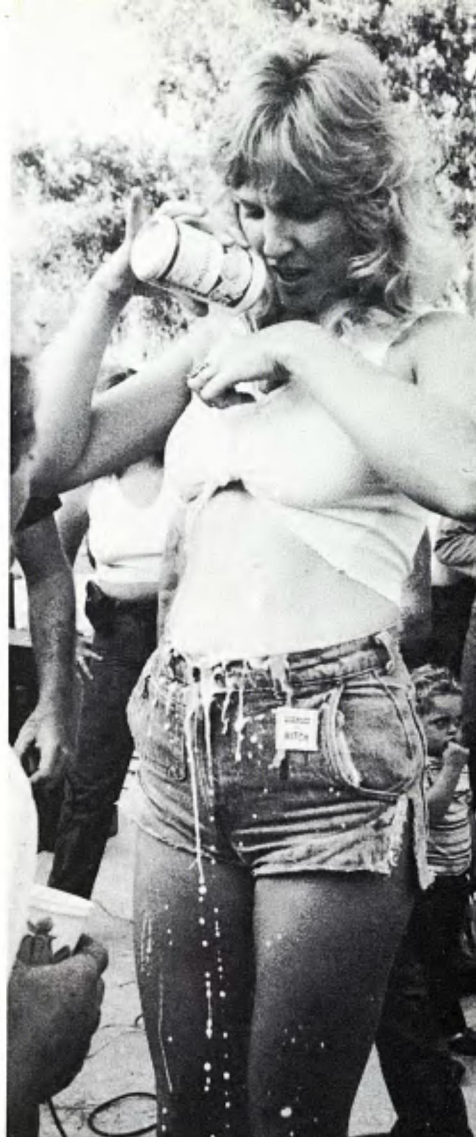
—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

—from Everett Bennett, National City, Calif.





—from Jennifer, Lansing, Mich.



—from Charlaine Lacroix, Calgary, Alberta

—from Rip, 'Berdoo





—from Everett Bennett, National City, Calif.

—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.



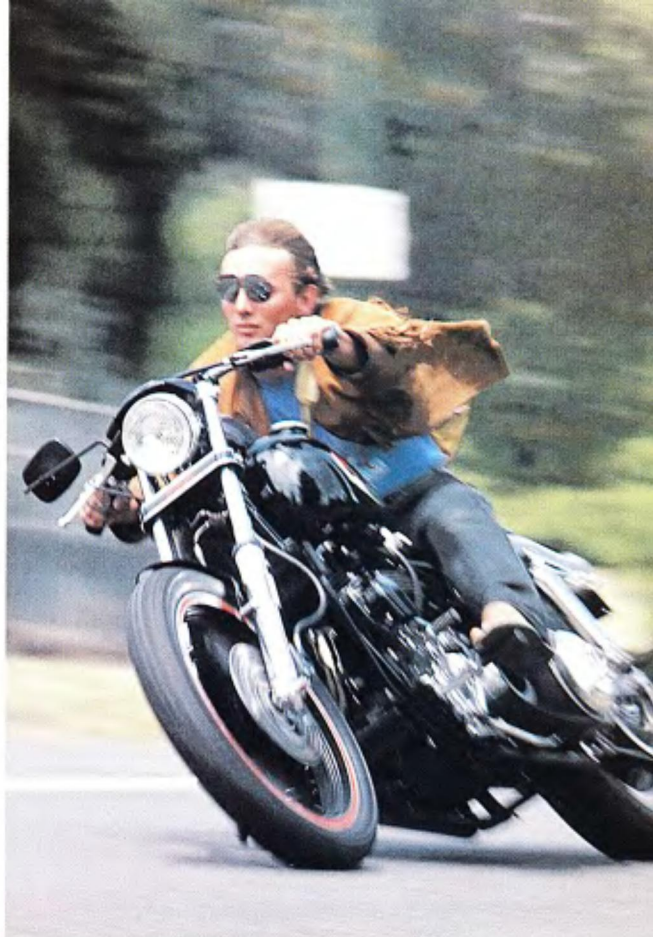
—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.





—from Lou Barlow, Victorville, Calif.

—from Bobby Cochran, U.S. Riders, Ga.

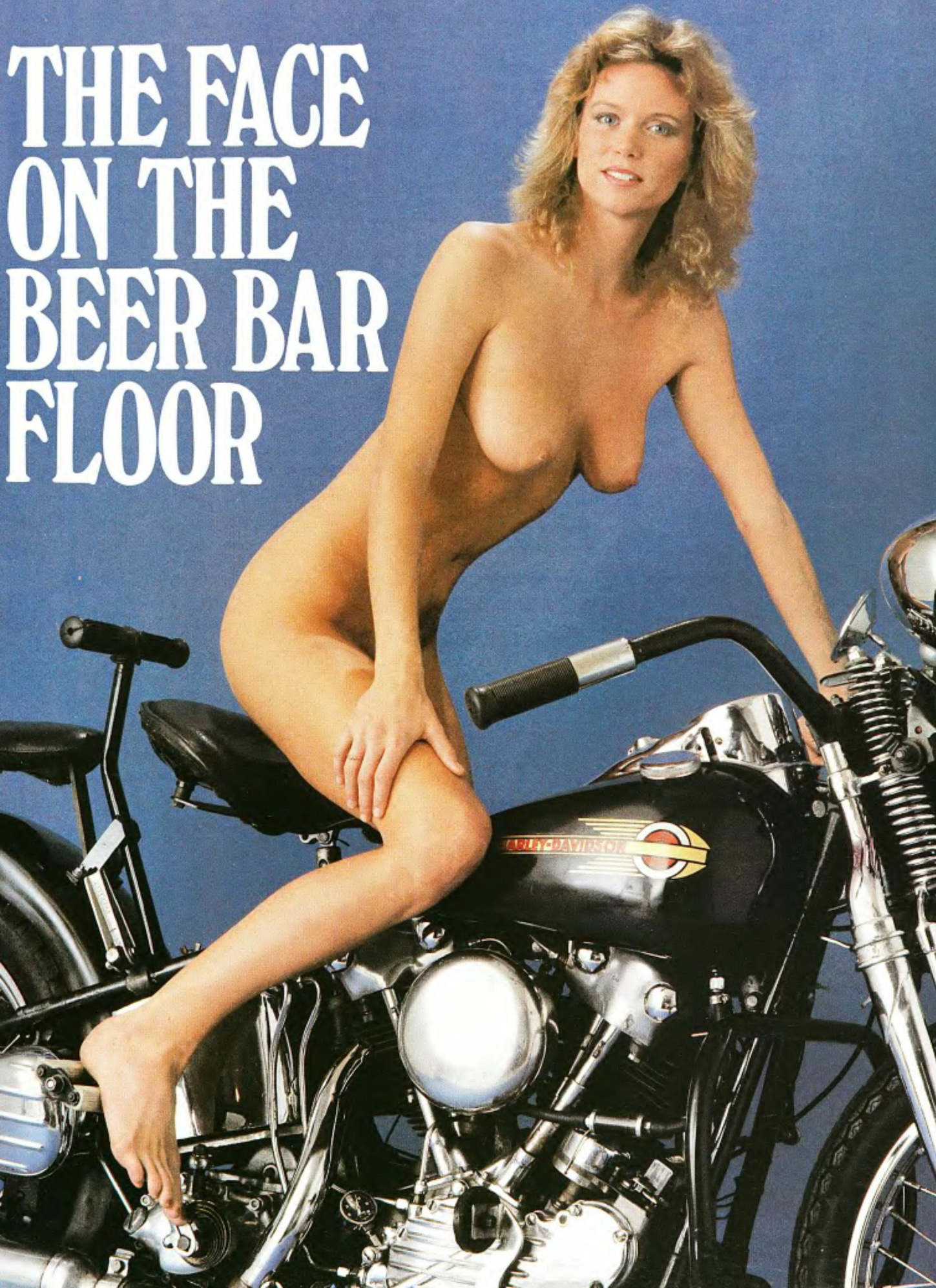


—from Kid Creole, Crows Nest, Australia





THE FACE ON THE BEER BAR FLOOR



The Madman brought sweet Lorna 'round to pose for a photo show.
A look at her face, perfect in grace, took me to a day of long ago.
Now, she ain't the vamp what ruined the tramp of whom I gotta tell.
She may look the part, but she's got a heart; the other's rottin' in hell.

'Twas a sizzlin' day in summer and the bros were gettin' sloshed;
Overflowin' was Mick's beer bar and the crappers he never washed.
And as the sounds of the juke and pool balls drifted out the door,
A broken tramp crept slowly in and dragged across the floor.

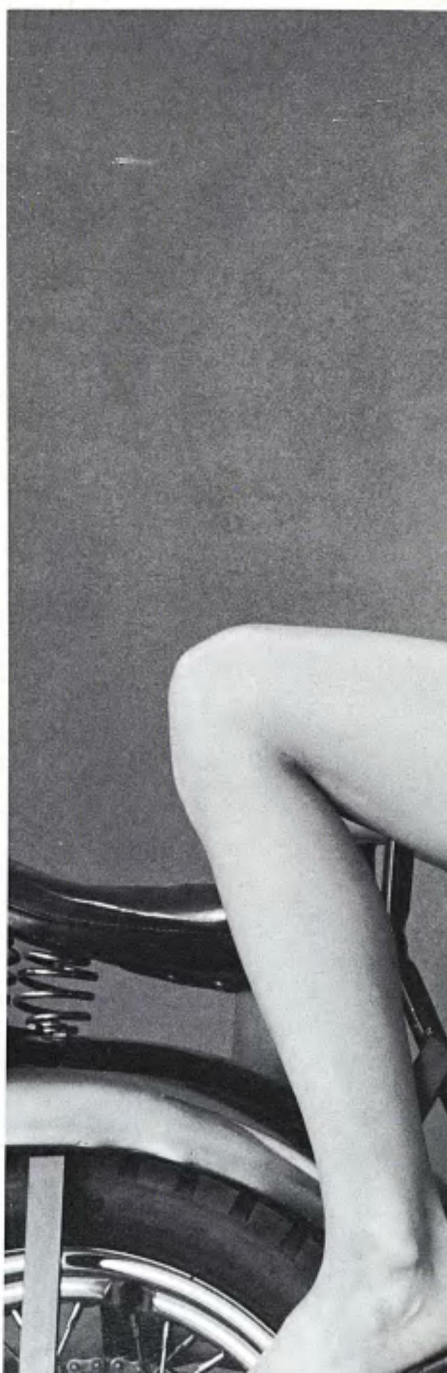
"Who's that dude?" a big guy asked. "Who blew in on the wind?"
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some booze, or dope, or sin?"
"Hey, Mick, stand him a cold one if ya can endure the smell.
He's a wretched geek, but just one peek shows he's been through hell."

These bikerly jests the poor wretch took and smiled upon them all;
He well remembered what it was like before he took his fall.
"Hey, bros," he said, "I'm glad it's Harley folks in here I found
There ain't none better anywhere, no matter where yer bound.

"Another drink, that's what I want — I'm kinda broke, ya know;
When I had the cash to treat the club, this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as though you think that I never had a buck,
But I once rode 80-inchers, my life engulfed by luck.

"Say, stand me one more drink and I'll tell ya what I'll do —
I'll tell ya a helluva story and a fact, I promise you.
That ever I was a righteous bro not one of you would think.
But I was, a few years back, I was. Oh, Christ! I need that drink.







Photos by Pete Chiodo

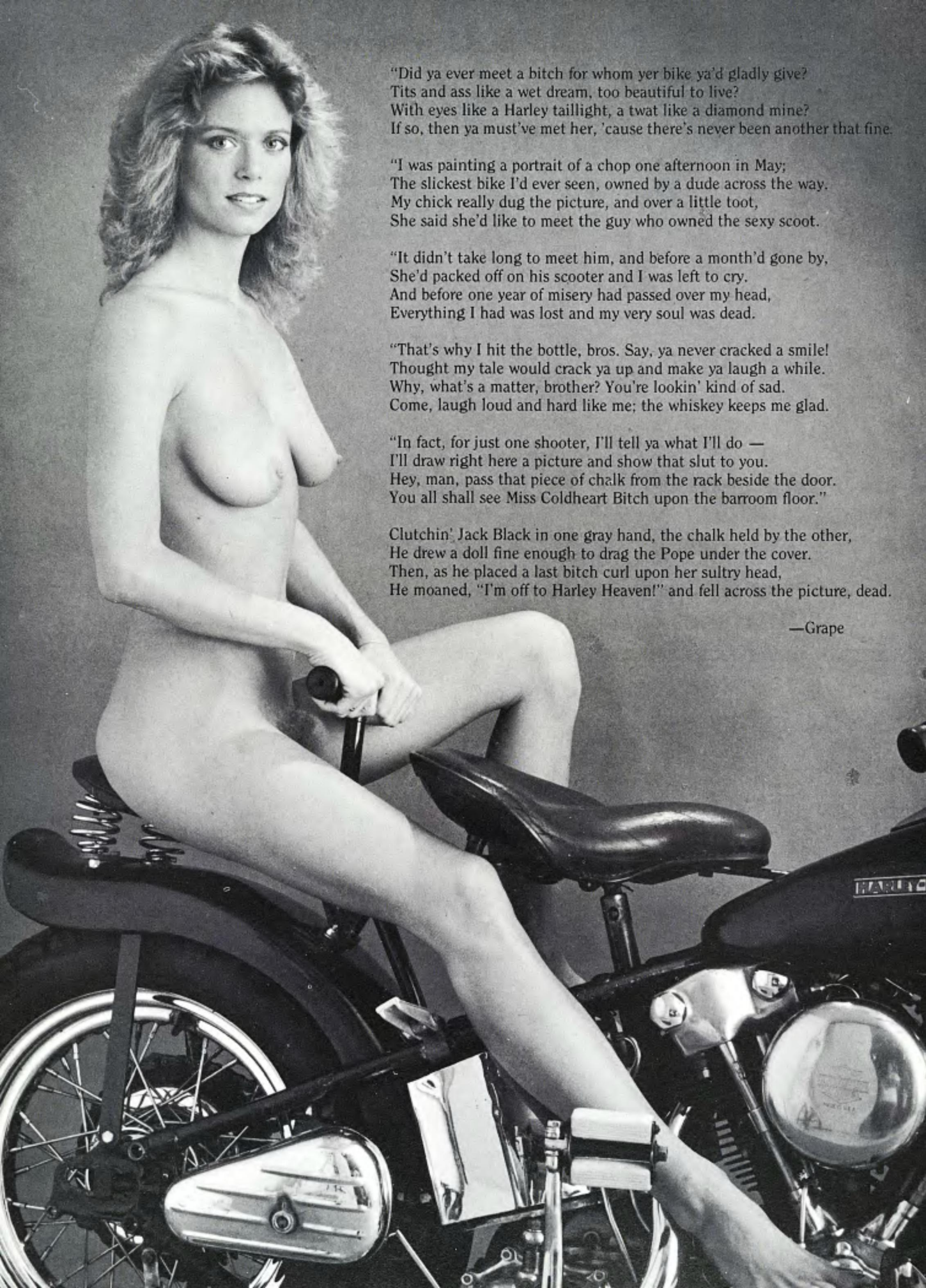
"You've treated me damn decent, boys, and I'm gonna keep my word
And tell how once I was a man and why I'm now a turd.
As I told you, I once had all things, a bike, fine women, too;
And but for one sad fuckup, wouldn't have to beg from you.

"I was a painter — not of houses, barns or signs,
But a motorcycle artist, the best one of my times.
I worked hard at tank murals and illos for the mags;
I painted rides and parties and wore leathers, not these rags.

"I made one famous poster of some helmets tossed to sea.
It sold 10,000 copies and made a biker star of me.
And then I met this chickie — now comes the funny part —
With eyes that burned like halogen, deep into my heart.

"Why ain't ya laughin', bros? It's funny, doncha see?
To think a really sexy bitch could love a swine like me!
But still and all, she really did and she packed behind me true;
And everytime we hit the sack she did all a broad can do.





"Did ya ever meet a bitch for whom yer bike ya'd gladly give?
Tits and ass like a wet dream, too beautiful to live?
With eyes like a Harley taillight, a twat like a diamond mine?
If so, then ya must've met her, 'cause there's never been another that fine.

"I was painting a portrait of a chop one afternoon in May;
The slickest bike I'd ever seen, owned by a dude across the way.
My chick really dug the picture, and over a little toot,
She said she'd like to meet the guy who owned the sexy scooter.

"It didn't take long to meet him, and before a month'd gone by,
She'd packed off on his scooter and I was left to cry.
And before one year of misery had passed over my head,
Everything I had was lost and my very soul was dead.

"That's why I hit the bottle, bros. Say, ya never cracked a smile!
Thought my tale would crack ya up and make ya laugh a while.
Why, what's a matter, brother? You're lookin' kind of sad.
Come, laugh loud and hard like me; the whiskey keeps me glad.

"In fact, for just one shooter, I'll tell ya what I'll do —
I'll draw right here a picture and show that slut to you.
Hey, man, pass that piece of chalk from the rack beside the door.
You all shall see Miss Coldheart Bitch upon the barroom floor."

Clutchin' Jack Black in one gray hand, the chalk held by the other,
He drew a doll fine enough to drag the Pope under the cover.
Then, as he placed a last bitch curl upon her sultry head,
He moaned, "I'm off to Harley Heaven!" and fell across the picture, dead.

—Grape





CARRY ME BACK

Love at first sight equals just the right bike.

"A man can never obtain wisdom at school. He can only become wise through travel."

—old Turkish proverb

I don't know whether the Turks knew what they were talking about or not, but if they did, George Martin must be one smart sonuvabitch 'cause he's sure one hell of a travelin' man.

Fact is, George never even slowed down enough for us to be able to shoot the shit about his scooter. The whole scene was like this: Roll into the studio, kick on the lights, turn the bike this way, turn the bike that way, *click, click*, and then, "Lemme outta here — it's ridin' time."

Fortunately for the principles of journalistic accuracy and integrity — and most especially fortunate for me, since Spider don't smile kindly upon those pinheaded peons who show up at the office havin' done a halfassed job — we were able to catch up with the bike's builder, Rick Doss.

"George just fell in love with the Sturgis the first time he saw one in '77," Rick told us. "He wanted to get into a belt drive while maintaining an old-time look. What he was most sure of was that he







didn't want some kind of bike that looked like it came out of one of them 'Star Wars' movies."

Retaining the super-modern Sturgis technology while attaining the classic goggles-and-leather-helmet look required a lot of planning and fabricating, including modifying the frame and handmaking such bits and pieces as the rear fender and the

fender struts.

"Another thing we did was resist the temptation to go overboard with chrome and other geegaws. We deliberately kept the black cases and trim to accent that sweet old look."

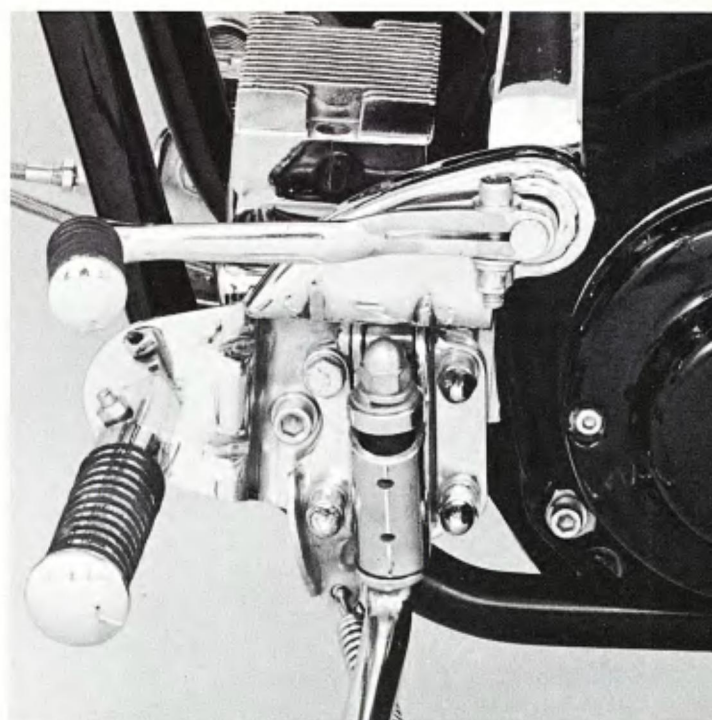
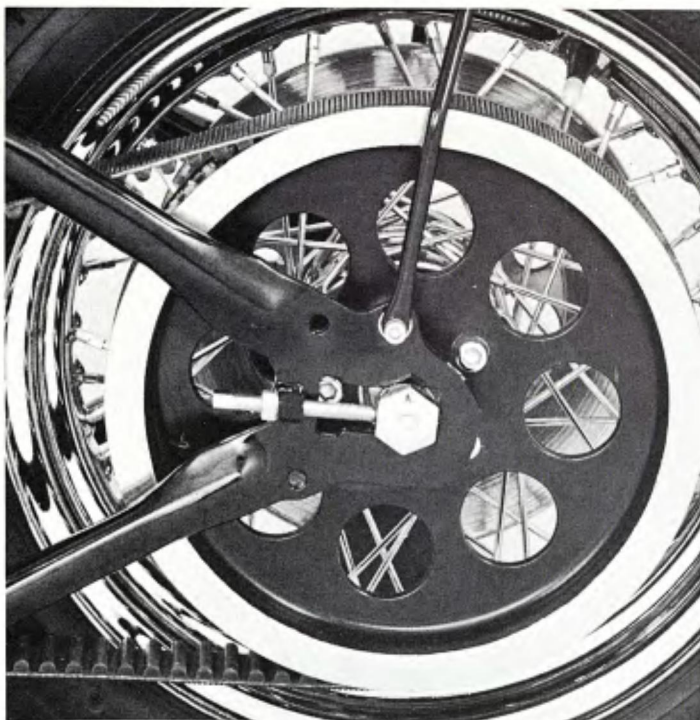
Of course, looks are one thing. Performance is somethin' else.

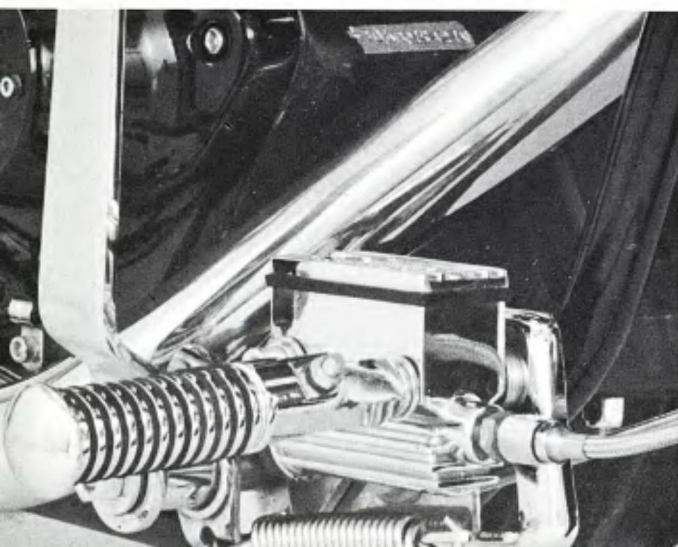
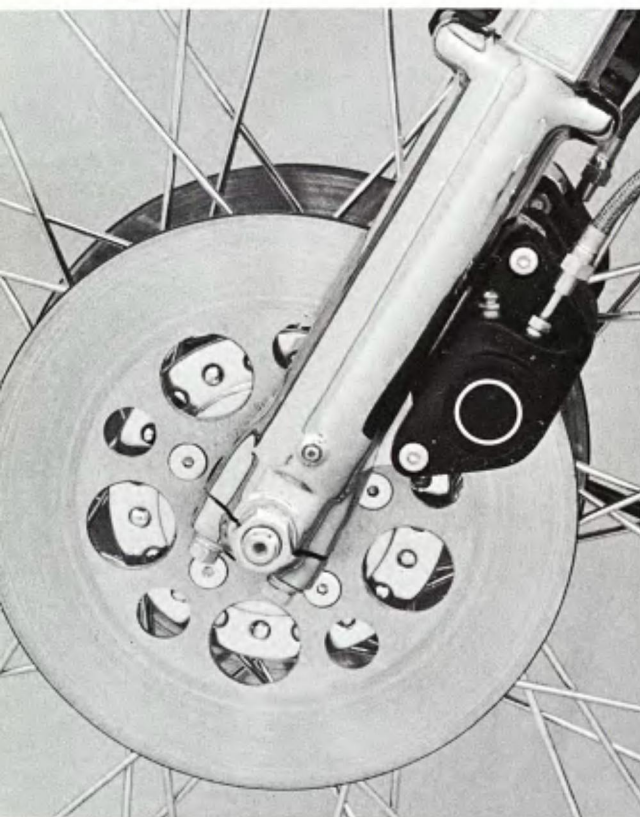
"George is a saddle-up-and-go bro," Rick says. "In the first few

months he had the bike, he put 8000 miles on it without even a hiccup."

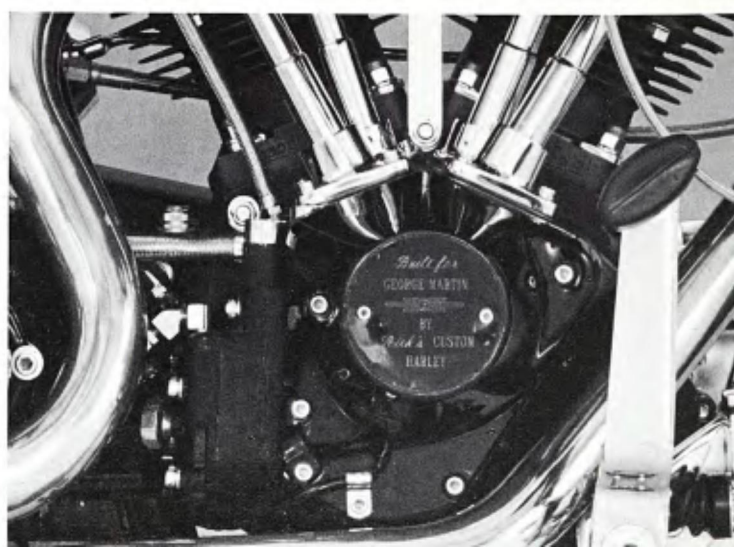
There it is then, a modern classic, a belt-driven, rigid-framed black beauty designed to take ya as far as the wind blows and still be able to carry ya back to old Virginny without ever visitin' the inside of a garage.

—Butcher



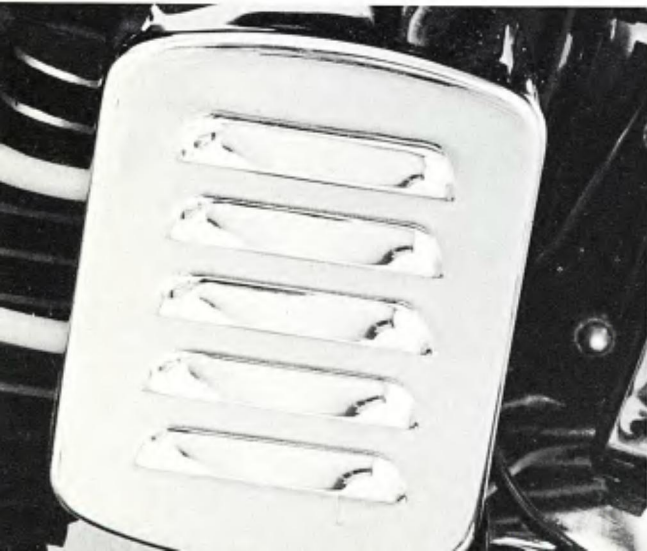


Owner: George Martin		City: Danville, Va.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Rick's Custom Harley		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1981 H-D		Builder: E-Z Go & Rick Doss	
Model: Sturgis		Type: wishbone rigid	
Value: \$9500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Rick Doss		Stretch: stock	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: widened rear section	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1981		Risers: Low Rider	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): Rick Doss	
Rebuilder: not just yet		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: points conversion		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 80 cu. in.		Speedo: Custom Chrome	
Lower end: factory fresh		Front pegs: Paughco	
Balancing: see above		Rear pegs: Paughco	
Pistons: two		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: black with polished fins		Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Sturgis	
Carb(s): Weber		Seat: Rick Doss	
Air cleaner: Weber		Sissy bar: fender struts	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1981		Extension: 3 in. under	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: H-D/Rick Doss	
Engine sprocket: belt		Special features: low	
Trans sprocket: belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Red Turpin		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Red Turpin		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black		Tire: Cheng Shin	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: dual disc	Brake: Sifton disc
Special paint: gold leafing, pinstripping		Other special modifications: Rear fender and struts fabricated to match wishbone frame; brake and belt systems are modified.	





Photos by Mike Lichter



THE EASYRIDERS

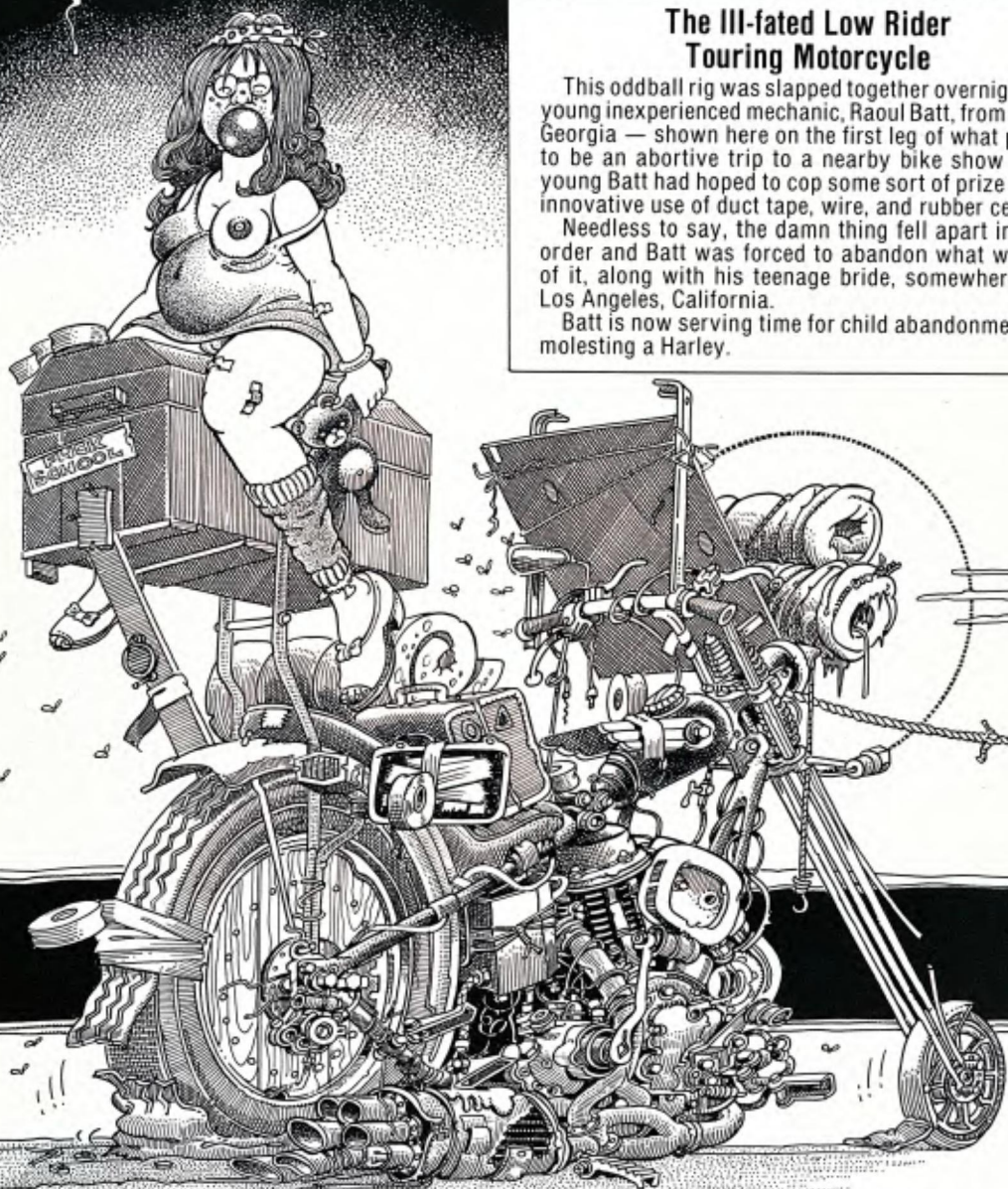
No. 17

The Ill-fated Low Rider Touring Motorcycle

This oddball rig was slapped together overnight by a young inexperienced mechanic, Raoul Batt, from Shoat, Georgia — shown here on the first leg of what proved to be an abortive trip to a nearby bike show where young Batt had hoped to cop some sort of prize for his innovative use of duct tape, wire, and rubber cement.

Needless to say, the damn thing fell apart in short order and Batt was forced to abandon what was left of it, along with his teenage bride, somewhere near Los Angeles, California.

Batt is now serving time for child abandonment and molesting a Harley.



Astrological Profile For Aquarius

Aquarians are a rare combination of odd and unique, which comes on as original. They're way ahead of their time and impossible to figure out. They defy any set category and conform only to their own standards. Aquarians refuse to be forced into anything that infringes on their personal freedom. They are the original nomads, who want to learn everything from firsthand experience — even if it's the hard way.

Aquarians are open-minded and can accept the weirdest shit in other people — as long as it doesn't affect them. As a friend, lover or boss, you couldn't find a more understanding or helpful individual. They are versatile, ingenious and funny as hell.

Sexually, Aquarius is no-holds-barred — anything goes. They like to hear Polish jokes while having their knackwursts stroked. Some Aquarians have large saggy balls that glow in the dark and can be used as nightlights for reading under the covers. Others like group sex, especially if it involves farm animals. All are hot in the sack and look good in pantyhose with the crotch cut out.

Although Aquarians are basically a hard group, they're prone to sprained ankles, circulatory problems and hardening of the arteries. Plus drippy dingles in their drawers and pimples on their chutes.

Some famous Aquarians are: Steve Reeves, Burt Reynolds, Paul Newman, Alan Alda, Clark Gable, Babe Ruth, George Burns, Mia Farrow, Christie Brinkley, Jack Lemmon, Alice Cooper and James Dean, plus too many real goodies to mention.

Aquarians are the free spirits of the zodiac who are so way-out they're in. If you're lucky enough to have an Aquarius partner or mattress mate — enjoy him, humor him, heckle him, but don't hold onto him too tight or you'll lose 'im.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ If last month's lumps have you lickin' your wounds, it's time for some ruthless reevaluation. Remember, bending over backwards to help partners only goes so far — otherwise, you end up with your head up your ass. Wouldn't ya rather be tearing off a piece of tail than be caught in the middle of someone's head trip or hang-ups?

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

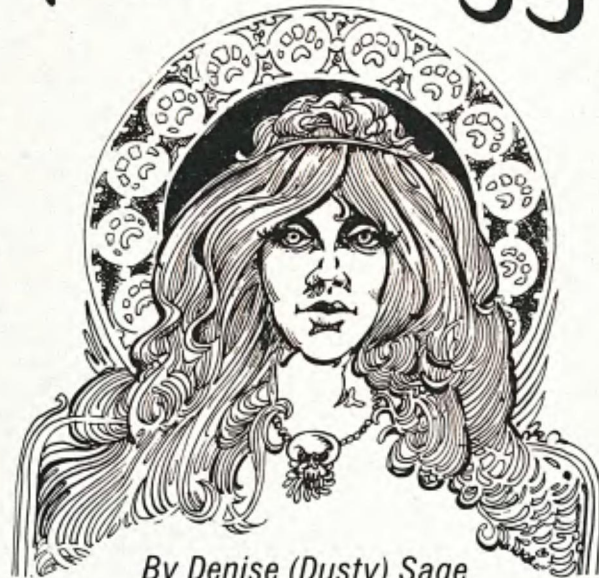
♉ The first two weeks you are extremely accident-prone. If ya get a bit buzzed, buckle your butt to the boards and stay off your bike till ya come down. If you catch a pussy in your playpen, slow down on the curves — or risk a slipped disc. Watch out for faulty toilet

out to con jobs. Some dipshit could sell you an electric pimple popper, turn signals for your toothbrush, or a dozen leg-warmers for your African tsetse fly and a blow-up of Dolly Parton's ear lobes. Worse yet, you'll think you've gotten a deal. Look out for rip-offs in general this month.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Everything goes, with anyone, at any time. You're loose enough to take a dip in a golden shower, have your partner's granny for lunch, expose yourself to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, and have sex with a jar of peanut butter. 'Course this is everyday shit for some of you oversexed animals, but for the rest of ya — you're in for a real rocket up the kazoo!

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

seats that can fall and crush your goodies, especially if you're a midget. Be careful!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ This month you're worth your weight in weed and up to your waist in wheeler-dealers. Squeeze the sponge on free-loaders and sift through short-term scams. Don't let anyone high-pressure you with hit-and-run methods. Keep to your own counsel and play it safe. Confine your activities to projects you're sure of — like suds, broads and nose-pickin'.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Keep a heavy eyeball on your hard-earned cash or lose

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ For once in your life, listen to your bro's advice and put a lip-lock on your flapping face. Keep your usual running-off confined to the crapper. Otherwise you risk losing a big bundle because of this month's boggled brain. You'll need a Seeing Eye dog to drag your butt through this one. While you're fumbling, let someone else do the figuring.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Beware of sneaking into some dude's private passion pit. Some snatch could put the pinch on more than your nut-sack, or you could get busted in the wrong bed. On the other

hand, it could be that some lame is trying to plant his pecker where it don't belong. So, if something smells fishy and familiar on someone else's finger — give 'im the boot or better yet, send 'im a bill.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Moderation is the key word. Watch that Scorpio temper, especially in the legal arena. If The Man pulls ya over, refrain from doing the "jumpin' jack flash" on his head. Take care of old violations and double-check court dates. Don't settle for public defenders' advice now — get a lawyer even if ya have to hock your house. Be cool!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Lady Luck is knocking your nuts together and it sounds like coins clinkin'. This is prime time to collect old debts and come up with a bonus. Ask for that raise and expect a rare response. It could be some lightweight loot, but who knows — ya could hit the mother lode during this goody. Use your intuition if you decide to take a gamble.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ There are too many irons in the fire this month and you end up burnt out. Nose-to-the-grindstone tactics sharpen your temper and cut into kick-back time. Put a few personal problems on hold, or end up with ulcers or temper tantrums. Take 'er one step at a time and include some mellow-out mattress maneuvers.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Happy birthday! After your bash, a blow-to-go, and a death-defying hangover, you'll need to recuperate a while. Kick back with your favorite fur burger an' let her blow your wienie whistle till your ears twirl. This month is also a good time to wrench the kinks outta your machine — unless you're too pasty-faced and pooped out from party time.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This one starts out with a bang and fizzles out fast. Don't expect too much or you'll end up with your balls in an uproar. Coast now and feel things out for future reference. Cut relatives loose till they see things your way. If things get shaky around home base, get in the wind a while. Smile — eventually they'll be tickling your ass with kisses.

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 with a few to go. Would like to correspond with you ladies who appreciate music. I'm down and need to hear some sweet tunes to write to. Bobby Goley 87334, KSR, LaGrange, KY 40032.

W/f here in California, down and in the dumps. Needs to hear from foxy guys from anywhere. Will answer all who write. Diane Waltman, H-B 741, Frontiera, CA 91720.

Ladies, downed w/m, 32, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", 170 lbs., would like to hear from sweet ladies of any age. Please send photo. I will answer all. Out sometime in '84. Bruce W. Bandoli, Rt. 1, Camp Flambeau, Hawkins, WI 54530.

W/m, brown hair and eyes, 6', 170 lbs., down and lonely but soon to be free! Need letters and pictures from ladies with heart! Will answer all. Jim Hicks, K-6318, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Downed outlaw needs warm and righteous ladies to relate with out here in no man's land. I am 20, 5'10", 182 lbs., brown hair. Send pictures to receive pictures: Gary "The Renegade" Ohman, Box 2290, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 3H7.

Two young downed outlaws in need of a few lines and a little lovin'. Pics appreciated. Women only! Patrick Pagliocchini 164988, age 18, brown hair, 130 lbs., 5'9"; and Waymon Cook 156411, age 21, 5'9", brown hair, green eyes, 150 lbs. MCTC, Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m scooter tramp downed. Birth date 5/30/51. Need kites from scooter trash; got two more to go. Harold Carroll 326595, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, TX 77343.

Righteous down and out bro, 35, 6', 195 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, needs letters from sincere ladies to help pass remaining 1 1/2 years. All answered. Curtis Gooch 046879, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Righteous traveling tramp caged in Oklahoma prison. I'm in need of a righteous ol' lady, mail and flicks. Will answer all, but let's be honest and sincere with one another. Jeffery L. Mumau 122196, JLCC, Box 308, Boley, OK 74829.

Lonely white convict needs correspondence and sincere, long-lasting relationship. I'm 25, 5'11", 195 lbs., brown hair, and hazel eyes. Steve Hopper, Box C-19851, Represa, CA 95671.

North Carolina outlaw artist is in need of a fine-lookin' lady to correspond with and draw for. I'm 25, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 147 lbs. I have 10 months to go and love riding Harleys as well as drawing them. Will answer all; please send flick. Derrek Lee Lunsford 316921, Darrington Unit, Rt. 3, Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583-9015.

W/m, 25, 180 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, looking for that one serious-minded woman. One down with two left. Will answer all. Mark Stadlander, Box C-61535, Represa, CA 95671.

Lonely bro, out in early '84, has nothing to do and will answer all. W/m, 30, 6'2 1/2", 230 lbs., brown hair, dark-brown eyes. Ken "The Ol' Buzzard" Waybright 140-099, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Scorpio w/m, 29, 6', 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Would like to write and visit intelligent, sincere and secure woman. Send picture, if possible; will answer all. T.S. Janczak 289690, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77340.

Would like to have a few of you beautiful women out there write me. W/m, 25, 5'10", blond hair, green eyes, 165 lbs. Rick Bates 46556, 1000 S. Wilmont Rd., Tucson, AZ 85777.

W/m, 27, black hair, brown eyes, 5'11", 170 lbs. Got 12 months left to serve and hope to have a nice Harley waiting for me by then. All you ladies out there, write and send pictures. Wayne Bowman 74094, Box 6, LaGrange, KY 40031.

Sagittarian, 24, w/m, 6'1", long brown hair, blue eyes, lookin' for mature sexy women in or around Camp Hill, Pa., area for flicks, letters, visits and cheerin' up! Will answer all. Take some time and drop me a line! Bill Kash, P-4571, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Downed bro, 24, needs letters and flicks from ladies everywhere. Blond, blue eyes, 6', 190 lbs. Ron Daughtry, Rt. 3, Box 213, Smithfield, NC 27577.

Lonely bro, 22, lookin' for some fine honeys, 18 to 30, to help this time go a little bit better. I'm 6'1", 200 lbs., hazel eyes and brown hair. I have no family, so please find time to help ease my time. Timothy E. Knott 4948, Box 700, C-1-13, Jessup, MD 20794.

Down single bro almost through with this time would like to meet the right young single lady. Feel free to apply, pics accepted. Jim Orozco 296885, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Special offer: One highly abused, slightly used biker, free to good home; must be real and affectionate. Write and send pic. Lee Stark, C-70427, CTF-C, Wing G-132, Soledad, CA 93960.

Sincere ladies: Downed scooter trash needs letters and pictures to ease my time. Out July '84. 6'3", 245 lbs., light-brown hair, hazel eyes. Help! Lookin' for #1! Bob "Cowboy" Shumaker, Box 518/403, Zephyrhills, FL 33599.

Downed swampfox needs sincere ladies, 18 to 80, blind, crippled, or crazy. Flicks with pictures answered first. Randy "Swampfox" Wilson, Box 518/575, Zephyrhills, FL 33599.

Two easygoing tramps with one year to go. Lookin' for get-down, take-care-of-business ol' ladies with heart for fun in the sun and wind. Will answer all. Steve Foley, C-27375, and Gregory Foust, C-68572, CTF-N, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 30, 5'11", 176 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Less than one to go. Would like to hear from some ladies, age and looks unimportant. Bob Rankin, C-17064, CTF-N, Soledad, CA 93960.

Downed white tramp, 6'3", 225 lbs., brown eyes, black hair and beard, would like to hear from some righteous babes. Flicks appreciated. Charles "Bandit" Ingles, Box 2839, Asheville, NC 28802.

Ladies: I miss kind words from a righteous ol' lady and the feeling of firing up a Harley on a warm summer night. Help cheer up a downed bro; drop me a few lines. Tony Amador 123445, BCC, Box 429, Lawrenceville, VA 23868.

W/m, 26, single, looking for honest, sincere lasting relationship with a good woman. Any age, divorced, kids okay! I'm 6'1", 185 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Ken Girtler 118717, Box 55, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Kicking back at the "Hotel California," looking for a warmhearted woman to write to. W/m, 27, 165 lbs., 5'9", brown eyes, brown hair. John Nisbet, Box C-60162, Represa, CA 95671.

Two downed bros want to hear from some ladies. Will answer all. Pictures appreciated. Dan Driscoll 089970, 28-02, and Tim O'Connell 088746, 28-29, Box 628, BTU, Lake Butler, FL 32054.

Blue-eyed, brown-haired outlaw being held hostage in Cajun country wants letters and flicks. All my friends have deserted me! Please write. David Gonzales 95907, Camp C, Bear 4, Angola, LA 70712.

Hey, there, lovely ladies. I'm a lonely young man who needs your tender loving care. Getting out real soon and could use some sweet beautiful chick like you to share my life and some fantastic times with. If you're interested in building a sincere relationship, please write me and let's get it on. Arthur North 061729, Box 747, T-2-5-12, Stark, FL 32091.

W/m, 20, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'6", 130 lbs., should be out early '84. Need to hear from ladies in northwestern Pa. Send pictures, if possible. Will answer all. Phillip "Ghost" Brown, R-4682, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Lonely prisoner wishes correspondence from all. Questions answered also. I am 6', 180 lbs., solid, with brown hair, moustache and brown eyes. I lift weights, compose poems, draw, etc. Jim Miller 143611, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216.

We're down and lonely. Is there a world out there? Two lovely ladies need friends who care! Please write to Donnann Whitehead 150961, Box 147-419, and Patricia Peacock 277996, Box 147-298, Lowell, FL 32663.

Downed bro in need of correspondence. Would like to hear from all bros and sisters who care enough to write. Robert "Rip" Benner 160996, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, 23, 5'8", 150 lbs., black hair, would like to correspond with foxy ladies in the Midwest area. I'm doing a 6 to 8 stretch in Vermont and am a long way from home. Will answer all. Prison kites okay. Todd Redinger, C-Block, 62 Pleasant St., Woodstock, VT 05091.

Down young white bro doing 5 for a fucked-up crime. I'm 19, 6'4", and 180 lbs, brownish-blond hair, hazel eyes. I can draw almost everything. Send a photo if you want a portrait of bike and persons. Will answer all; have some good tattoo patterns. Bob Chapman 33751, Preston School of Industry, 201 Waterman Rd., Ione, CA 95640.

Would like to hear from ladies between the ages of 25 and 35. I'm 25, black hair, brown eyes and 5'5" tall. Willie Myers 99288, Fort Pillow State Farm, Rt. 2, Henning, TN 38041.

Downed white bro with 2 more to go, would like to hear from sincere ladies who want to meet a unique person. Into all sorts of fun and games, just name it. Send letters and recent photos. Steve Milbank 81-A-2435, Box 8, Otisville, NY 10963.

Half-renegade Indian, 24, down in "Marlboro country." Ol' lady split because of bars and time. Lookin' for a righteous ol' lady to send me a little TLC. Will answer all foxy house mooses, 17 and up. Not lookin' to hustle some bucks, just need some lovin' and to know that I'm not alone. Tony "T-Bone" Fischer, N-32234, Box 500/VCC, Vandalia, IL 62471.

We are down for the count and would like to get some scribes from you ladies, 18-22. We are all white, proud, and doin' time in a Disneyland place. We have over a year left and need the scribes. So, please write and send photos. Thomas Hom 39850, James Vause 81933, and George Cloninger 28401, 3100 Wright Rd., Camarillo, CA 93010.

Lonely Texas gal looking for pen pal! Linda Robinson 95041, LA Correctional Institute for Women, Box 26, St. Gabriel, LA 70776.

Need biker woman with a Harley to help this biker doing time in a New York state prison. I am 154 lbs., red hair, brown eyes. Going back to Pa. in August '84, if all is well. Write, send photos. William W. Dritschel 78B155, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

W/m, 23, needs to hear from the outside. Any chicks out there looking for an ol' man to settle down with, please write and send photos. Mike Findley 42211, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Downed bro, 24, doing a bit, but will be out next summer. Ladies, come on and write this here white boy a few lines. Sean Maacks, C-14079, 1-303, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Need young ladies to write. I'm 25, white and have no one. Please send a picture. I'll be looking to hear from you soon. Robert Carson, R.D. #1, Box 500, Georgetown, DE 19947.

28-yr.-old w/m doing 17 yrs. In need of letters from good-lookin' ladies of any age. Would like a lady with some money to spare, but not necessary. Will answer all letters; those with pictures first. Robert C. Miller 28636, Box 639-L-Blue, Las Cruces, NM 88001.

Lonely 23-yr.-old looking for people to help ease the time. Honesty a must! Will answer all who take the time to write. Thomas Witlicki 163-250, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

W/m, 21, doing time and lonely, needs correspondence with females who care. Will answer all letters and will send photo on request. I'm 6'3", 185 lbs., brown eyes and hair. Randy Mercer 46477, Box 3200, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Youngster, 19, from Long Beach, down and depressed. Mike Henrickson, C71032, Box W, Represa, CA 95671.

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 "Stormin'" Norman Simpson. Only the good die young. You're forever loved. C. and T. Harris, Sun, Gosh, and Bud.

To **Virgil Ray Alford**. You rode hard and died free. Stay that way. Missed by your "family" at Shear Brothers' Tavern.

In memory of **Johnny Wayne Dabbs** and **Terry Lee Phillips**, 9/24/83 and 9/27/83. You rode your last ride together, but went to Harley Heaven separately. We'll miss you. Your friends, Sherry and Jim.

In memory of **Mike Burson**, 10/8/83. He died in the wind in its truest form, loving life and living it the way he wanted to. Gone too soon; all who knew him will know the injustice and feel the irreplaceable loss until we meet again. R. Roach.

In memory of **Steve "The Bear" Goldie**, 1956-1983. Ride forever free in Harley Heaven. A true bro until the end. May we ride together again. Painfully missed by your bros. Pig-Pen, Scarface, Two Lane and Sleazy.

In memory of **Joe "Bowser" Bourassa**, 3/27/58-9/14/82. To a real bro, the only one I ever really had. You worked hard, lived hard, and played hard. You should have waited, I would have been there. I love ya, need ya, and will always remember you. Ride on in Harley Heaven; we'll be together again someday. The Mule, and all your brothers and sisters.

In memory of **Lyle Perrin**, 5/16/83. Your carb troubles are over, bro. Till we ride again — on the big road! You are missed. Crazy Tom, Kay, Roy, and friends in Moyock.

A special memory of **Johnny Tail**. You were here for so many as a brother and a friend. You will be remembered with a smile on our faces and love in our hearts. You made your final ride on the earth-bound highways, 5/1/83. Now you're free to blow in the wind and follow your nomad heart. You're deeply loved and your absence makes our hearts heavy, but you will always be alive in our thoughts and hearts. Love, your ladies — Becky, Marilyn, Carolyn, Debby, and friends.

In loving memory of our big brother, **Chris "Tattoo" Wahlberg**, 33; downed by The Man, 8/14/83. Peace at last, bro! All you ever wanted to be was free. Ride free in the wind — we love your dust! Your little(?) sisters forever and always. Karen and Heidi.

In memory of **Bobby Burke** of Amesbury, Mass. Your life was too short and it seems unfair. I wish we could have made one run together! We'll catch up someday in Harley Heaven. Take care, bro! Driftwood of Salisbury Beach, Mass.

In memory of **Larry "Mountain Man" Reeseman** — one hell of a man, one hell of a friend. Died in prison, 10/4/83, from neglect. The Snake.

In loving memory of **Black**, whom death claimed far too soon and far too young, 8/4/60-12/5/82. You were a true brother and changed my/our lives considerably. I know we'll meet again in Harley Heaven. Sandra Gene.

In loving memory of **Gary Jay Barnes**, 10/10/83, who lived 24 years, 10 months and 26 days. You really didn't give life a chance. You picked up your chips a little too soon, bro. You'll be loved and missed by your wife Brenda Sue and brother-in-law Bill and all the friends you left behind. Ride fast and free.

In memory of **Carol Rosso**, 6/24/83. She fought with the best of them till she couldn't fight no more. I'm proud we were her friends. We're gonna ride again someday. Larry, Charlie, and George.

In memory of a true 1%er, **Ray Cherry**, 1982. Ex-Third Reich and a Hells Angel to his death and forever. Your 1%er bro, Crazy Fred Hinkson.

To the biker friends of **Mark Bruno**: Your special tribute to our son and brother was beautiful. We are sure he was proud. Thank you. The Bruno family of Reading, Pa.

In memory, with love, honor and respect, for the man and the outlaw, **Tiger Whitehurst** DDMC, planet earth. From your sister, friend and wife, U.S.A. Gypsy — Lady Tiger. DDF/FDD.

In memory of **Dom "The Greaser"**, who was killed 3/82. You saved me; I'll always be grateful. Ride free. Love, the widow and the kid.

In fond memory of **Chris J. McGuire**, who rode on before us, 9/11/83. We miss you on the road, at the pool table and so much in our hearts, good friend and brother. From Warren and all your brothers and sisters at Sandown's and Dizzy Lizzie's. Ride forever in peace.

In memory of **Gary Fortney**. They couldn't make 'em any finer. Gary, I'll carry your child and give it the love I know you'd have given him/her. Always my love, your ol' lady Krissey and baby.

Punchy has thrown his final punch. He died the way he lived, fighting for the patch. Ride forever, brother. We will not forget. Outriders MC and Brothers MC. OFFO/BFFB.

In loving memory of **Scott M. Hines**. Love and lots of luck for the next time around — until then, we will miss you. Ride free, bro. Eric, Annine, and Ian.

In memory of **Ronnie Weichel**, 5/26/83. In the wind till the end. Your love of life will be with us forever. All your bros and sisters — Gargoyles MC, Knights MC, Road Jammers MC.

Black T-shirts with White Designs

A.	B.	C.	D.	E.	F.
G.	H.	I.	J.	K.	L.
M.	N.	O.	P.	Q.	R.

S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised in a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme Head. Y. I Snatch Kisses And Vice Versa. Z. Fuck Ya If You Can't Take A Joke. AA. I'm A Lover, I'm A Fighter, I'm A Motorcycle Rider. BB. If God Hadn't Meant For Man To Eat Pussy, Then He Would Not Have Shaped It Like A Taco. CC. Scooter Trash. DD. I Am The Person Your Mother Warned You About. EE. Better Your Sister In A Whorehouse Than Your Brother On A Honda. FF. Warning!!! The Surgeon General Has Determined That Fuckin' With A Motorcycle Rider Is Dangerous To Your Health. GG. Bikers Are A Crazy Bunch, What Most Call Pussy, They Call Lunch. HH. Like You Are. . . I Once Was. . . Like I Am. . . You Will Never Be. II. Bikers Are So Horny The Crack Of Dawn Isn't Safe. JJ. Put Something Good Between Your Legs. . . ME. KK. My Philosophy Is Quite Simple, If Ya Can't Eat It Or Screw It. . . Piss On It!

Send \$8.00 plus 50¢ shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording. (We also carry white in XXL only). Send Orders To: **Coco, P.O. Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302** Allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

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DETECTIVE DOG

Have ya taken a good long look at yer mutt lately? What's he been up to? Probably jus' the usual canine pursuits: sleepin', fartin', keepin' the mailman from deliverin' that check ya been waitin' on, chasin' cats, and lettin' everyone in the neighborhood know what time in the morning ya drag yer fucked-up ass home. No doubt about it, a dog's life ain't one of the worst we can think of. But jus' because Ol' Killer's got it pretty easy, don't get the idea that this word search puzzle is gonna be as simple to solve as findin' out where the cur took a dump last time he was in the house. Hidden throughout are the same thirty words listed alphabetically below and they're as tricky to find as a flea's left nut. They

may read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally. To give ya a slight edge, they all read in a straight line. Letters may be used more than once, or not at all, and some words may overlap, so keep both yer eyes open. Have Ol' Killer bring ya yer favorite pencil now, and a piece of the mailman's uniform to mop the sweat off yer face, and go for it. If ya get stumped, ya can ask the dog for help, but don't let him slip ya more than one or two answers or there won't be any livin' with the bastard. When the two of ya have gnawed the pencil down to a toothpick, the solution can be found on page 120.

Miss four or less and the pair of ya just might qualify for "best of show."

Good luck to ya!

By Gregg Miller

D	N	A	L	D	N	U	O	F	W	E	N
U	Y	D	I	C	A	T	R	E	O	I	S
O	K	S	U	O	I	C	I	V	L	N	A
H	S	I	T	M	E	O	R	T	A	T	E
R	M	U	T	O	P	K	S	E	M	F	O
W	E	H	C	H	A	N	I	R	H	G	I
G	I	X	T	R	N	R	E	L	L	O	C
N	R	S	O	E	I	B	O	X	L	Z	T
A	T	T	A	B	O	R	C	O	W	E	Z
W	H	E	L	D	N	O	L	M	E	N	R
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F	W	F	E	A	B	T	H	A	T	T	A
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A	G	N	P	Z	E	T	C	H	O	W	F
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L	A	O	T	L	L	U	E	O	D	C	I
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ATTACK
BITE
BONES
BOXER
CHEW
CHOKER
CHOW
COLLAR
COMPANION
DOBERMAN
FIGHTER
FLEAS
GNAWS
GUARD
HUNTER

HUSKY
HYDRANT
KILLER
LEASH
MASTIFF
MEAN
MUZZLE
NEWFOUNDLAND
PIT BULL
ROTTWEILER
SHEPHERD
SNARLS
TICKS
TEETH
VICIOUS

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Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
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J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
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Precision Cycle 17716 West Sierra Hwy., Canyon Country
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Colfax Custom Cycle 7011 W. Colfax, Lakewood
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, Grand Junction
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Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Flatirons H-D 2685 Pearl St., Boulder
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 1/2 5th St., Greeley
Brown's Custom Cycle 444 E. Pike Peak,
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Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway,
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Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale
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Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers
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H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
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Hole In The Wall 4802 Old Winter Garden Rd., Orlando
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Ft. Pierce

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Big John's Cycles 7984 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Chamblee Custom Cycle 2400-A Old Stone Mountain Rd.,
Chamblee

Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Meil Rd., Smyrna

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Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
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Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
MC Cycles 527 Halstead Avenue, Mamaroneck
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
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Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
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Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
H&H Cycle Accessories 301 Austin Ave., Brownwood
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Meford Drive, Lufkin
Texas Custom Motorcycles 2615 N. 18th St., Waco
Beaumont H-D 5550 J. Eastex Freeway, Beaumont
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Trip Cycle 3823 Ave. S., Galveston
East Bay American Motorcycle (formerly Basket Case) 112
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Confederate Cycle Clinic 6008 Avenue R, Galveston

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Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
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Sauk-Prairie H-D Hwy. 12, Sauk City
Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam

DOWNTIME

Continued from page 51

bands seem to think that wearin' leather instantly makes them cool with bikers. I can't count the number of bands that have sent us their records and flicks of them lookin' like they just got out of the saddle after a three-hundred-miler. You go see 'em and you realize there ain't no way they'd ever consider ridin'; they might hurt their pinkies on a big motorcycle. The Police don't try to con anyone. It's just three dudes playin' and singin' songs they wrote. Songs that have thought and provoke it, like "King Of Pain," one of the best tunes of the year. The imagery of the lyrics is excellent in its comparing a dead love affair to such things as a salmon frozen in a waterfall, or a fossil trapped in a high cliff wall — things pre-



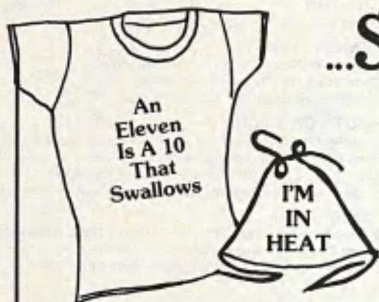
viously endowed with life, but no more, just like the guy who is destined to not having a filly who will end his reign as the king of pain.

Well, just about all the tunes are exceptional. What's really amazing is that, like with the Cream fifteen years ago, all this great sound comes from

three guys: Sting on bass and singing, Andy Summers on guitar, playing rivulets of harmonic bits, and Stewart Copeland keeping and setting the pace on drums with a vengeance.

The Police is an international group that has played places no one but the Grateful Dead would

dare get near — India, Mexico, off-the-wall Third World countries. This is partly because Copeland's dad was a CIA man, and consequently, Stewart did a lot of traveling in his youth. Now his experiences are paying off in big dividends. Catch it if you haven't already. ■



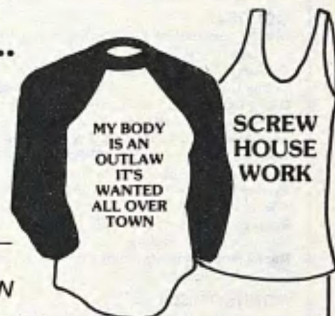
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fat; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 38. See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Eat Me; 39. Tell Me Now Before I Waste \$10 On Drinks; 40. Wild Beard Rides 5¢; 41. An Eleven Is A 10 That Swallows; 42. Too Drunk To Fuck; 43. I Might Not Always Be Right But I'm Never Wrong; 44. God Forgives, Bikers Don't; 45. I Don't Want To Be Like You Or Look Like You, So Stay Out Of My Face; 46. Thrill A Biker, Drive Naked; 47. I Know What You're Thinking Let's Try It; 48. Sex Is Better Than Drugs With The Right Pusher; 49. Too Much Sex Still Ain't Enough (with artwork); 50. No Teenie Weenies (with artwork); 51. I Love Tits; 52. I Love Head; 53. I Love Long Legs; 54. I Love It Wet; 55. I Love Tight Asses; 56. I Love To Fart. 57. Biker's Candy Store (shop shirt).

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SOAPBOX

Continued from page 11

California police departments.

For example, Frazier told the *Los Angeles Times* that a deputy sheriff told him that a Vagos officer had copped to knowing where the missing member was hiding out. This, Frazier said, was the "meat" he used to get his search warrants. A spokesman for the sheriff's "gang" detail, however, calls Frazier "misinformed" and implies that neither the sheriff's department nor any of its contacts in the Vagos has the faintest idea where the mystery bar fighter has vanished.

"I don't take drugs. I don't like drugs. I don't even like beer. I don't even smoke cigarettes." Such a praiseworthy lack of vices, however, didn't help Sandy Johnson when the cops decided to search her apartment and frisk her. It didn't help Ms. Johnson's mother and mentally handicapped sister, either. John Law paid an unpleasant visit to their nearby residence also. And, in the same El Monte housing complex, a pregnant housewife lay "petrified" on the floor while a platoon of cops beat down her door.

Were all these people harboring the fugitive? No. Were they all Vagos? Not even that. Did they ride motorcycles? Nope. Their sin, in the eyes of the preserve-and-protect boys, was that the manager of the apartment complex they lived in happens to be in the Vagos.

And so it went throughout the raids; bikers who had no connection with the crime being investigated were harassed, searched and, in some cases, had their property confiscated. And, surprisingly enough, people who had no connection with bikes or bikers were treated exactly the same way. As one of the lawyers representing some of the harassment victims put it, "This is trophy hunting. . . does the judge just figure he'll keep signing warrants till the moon is level and they find this guy?"

Which is an interesting question. But not, I contend, as interesting or as important as the *real* question. Does the Southern California police fraternity really care about finding "this guy" at all, or have they just seized upon a minor barroom scuffle as an excuse to hit on and harass bikers and, coincidentally, any straight people who happen to get in their way?

— Butcher

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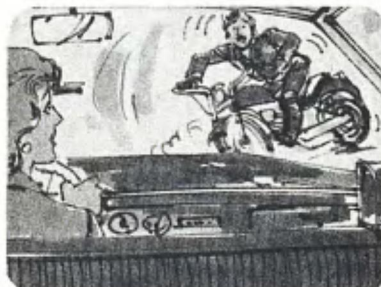
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Both spots are on two-inch videotape, as used by every TV station in the country, and come in a special shipping container. To order, send a check or money order for \$16 per tape (be sure to specify whether you want #1 or #2) to Easyriders Bike Commercial, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage in the U.S.

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LOCKDOWN

Continued from page 50

the spirit of the prisoners and making them feel they were worthless.

"Some of the guards merely did their jobs as tough-but-fair correctional officers, and several were good guards from the prisoners' point of view since they did them small favors and were friendly.

"However, no good guard ever interfered with a command by any of the bad guards; they never intervened on the side of the prisoners, they never told the others to ease off because it was only an experiment, and they never came to me as prison superintendent or experimenter-in-charge to complain."

The lessons of Zimbardo's experiment ring clear as a bell: You can't rehabilitate people by turning them into animals.

Zimbardo himself puts it even more clearly, saying that, "The mere act of assigning labels to people and putting them into a situation where those labels acquire validity is sufficient to elicit pathological behavior.

"Our prison authorities... imply that there would be no trouble, riots, hostages or deaths if it weren't for (a) small band of bad prisoners..."

This idea is just bullshit, Zimbardo contends. "The riots in prison are (actually) coming from within — within every man and woman who refuses to let the system turn them into an object, a number, a thing or a nothing. It is not communist-inspired, but inspired by the spirit of American freedom. No man wants to be enslaved. To be powerless, to be subject to the arbitrary exercise of power, to not be recognized as a human being, is to be a slave." ■

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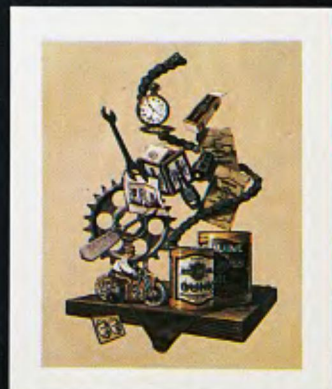
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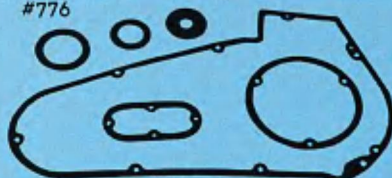
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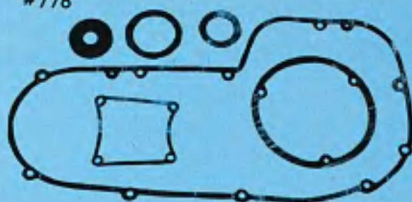
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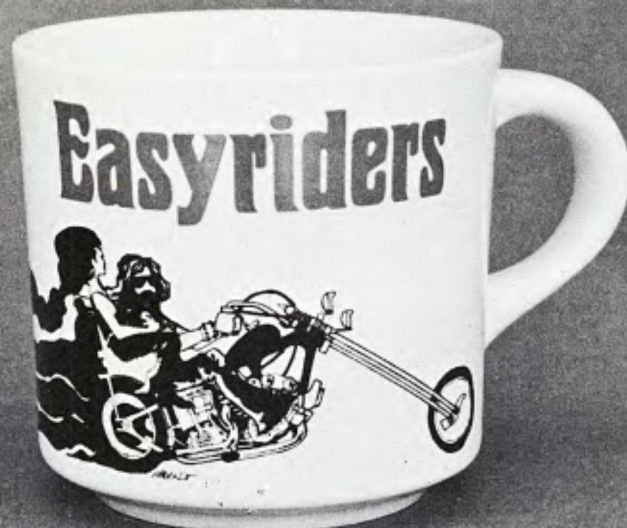
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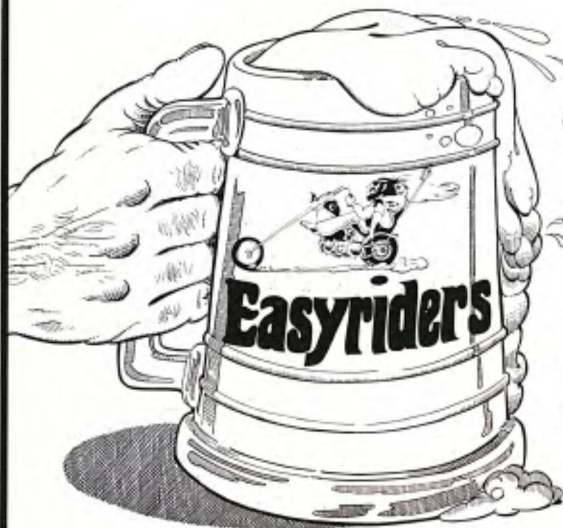
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Pioneer

Continued from page 54

he was, somehow came out of it with a souvenir machine gun. He was so pleased — both with his new toy and with finally gettin' home — that he made his return stateside notable by mountin' the Gatling gun on his bike and shooting up the town of Erbacon.

Strangely enough, this didn't get him in any trouble with the law, but a while later, a little moonshine still he was running up in Bee Rye Holler did.



Managing to get to his Harley ahead of the pursuing revenuers, Carl lit out for Browton, W.Va., where he slowed down just long enough to pull a local girl named Ethel up onto the seat behind him. Riding on to Oakland, Maryland, they got married and returned to West Virginia, where they eventually settled down in Cowen, had me and my two brothers, and opened the Cowen Motorcycle Shop. Specializing in hard-to-find Harley parts, the shop became well-known to Hog riders in that part of the country and its proprietor became even more well-known for his activities in behalf of the AMA.

Like I said, Dad's been gone about 19 years now — done in, some say, by too much wine and too many long, hard rides. But he was one hell of a man, who rode one hell of a bike. He was a man of whom it could be truly said that he lived to ride and rode to live.

And if you don't believe me, I'll show you his Harley-Davidson 100,000 Mile Club card. The card states that Henry Carl Morris had ridden over 100,000 miles with a Harley-Davidson under his ass. And it's signed, personally, by a fairly reliable authority on such matters — William H. Davidson.

—as told by Bobby Lee Morris

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DOG

Continued from page 32

to the meadow — seeking his master and the woman, but finding nobody. His bewilderment was keeping him instinctively and emotionally tied to the area, despite his increasing urges to follow the creek and change his hunting area.

With a muted whimper of confusion and sorrow, Dog left the meadow and returned to the small cavern in the rocky stone wall that bordered one bank of the creek. There he turned round and round before lowering himself to his belly, nose tucked behind his ropy tail.

He knew he would return to search the meadow again.

* * *

Eighteen days earlier, Dog had rested happily beside the oak sapling to which he was chained, with several feet of slack in his tether.

Nearby, from the small tent, came the murmuring of voices belonging to the master he had known since puppyhood and the most recent woman to join them. Beside the tent was parked the bulky, three-wheeled machine that carried all three of them and his master's other possessions. Dusk was darkening to night. Myriad scents of plants and wild animals assailed his sensitive nostrils as Dog lay placidly upon his belly, ears alertly twitching at each furtive animal's scurrying in the meadow. He could not understand their words but the tones of the nearby voices were tense.

It didn't agitate Dog. He was accustomed to it.

"Well, I still wish ya hadn't flashed that gaudy fuckin' piece at everybody in that last bar," complained Lulu, settling herself upon her sleeping bag. "And I'd feel safer if Dog was loose and standin' guard while we slept, instead of chained up."

"Bitch, bitch, bitch!" laughed Tomtom. "Dog's the biggest and best mutt I ever had. I don't want him nipped by some rabid skunk, and you know how that pooch loves to wander around."

"But why'd ya hafta show the pistol to everybody?"

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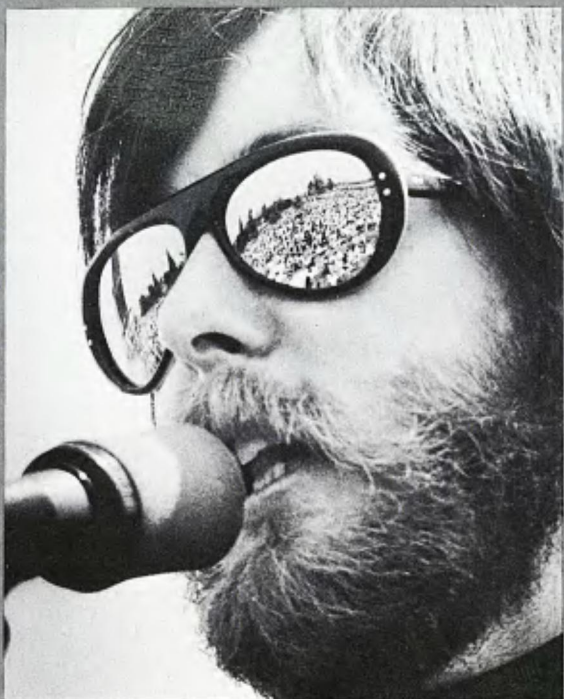
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Tomtom sighed. "Because we're bucks down on this run, dummy. We got enough to reach the lake, but unless I sell this masterpiece, we'll hafta motorhike the old trike home."

Snapping on the flashlight, he played its beam over the gold-plated Python in his other hand, admiring the way the gem-encrusted grips — each diamond and ruby set flush into the ivory surrounding it — glittered opulently, even in the faint light of a dying flashlight.

"Yep," he mused confidently, "this here deluxe goody is gonna buy us weed, juice and chow fer the lake-side partyin' — and we'll still have plenty left fer gas and a month of loafin' at home!"

"Unless somebody kills us dead in our sleep and walks off with the fuckin' thing," she said sourly. "I dunno what the hell we're doin' camped out here all by ourselves, anyway. Why didn't we just go right on to the damned lake?"

"We're already a whole week ahead of the rest. And I don't wanna be completely broke by the time we join up with them." He frowned worriedly at the piece. "Hell, the lake's only another fifteen miles down that highway out there across this pasture."

"Where ya goin'?" she asked, as he hoisted himself to his knees and rewrapped the gleaming weapon in the ragged sheet of chamois.

"Shit," he grunted, "all yer bitchin's got me spooked now. I'm gonna go hide this goody just in case you're right about some fucker's git tin' anxious fer it."

A momentary shifting of the night breeze's direction caused Dog to sniff intently at its flow. Mingled with all the other night scents was the very faint tinge of humans, but the breeze quartered again before Dog could concentrate upon that familiar, yet categorically alien, odor.

"I'm puttin' the family bare-bones twenty-two right here between us," said Tomtom's voice from the tent. "If there's anybody out there, Dog'll



"Did you see that?"



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hear 'em first — so if ya wake up to his yappin', grab the family piece and start poppin' caps — but don't hit Dog!"

"Hell," Lulu's voice quavered. "Now I'm too damn nervous to catch any zeas at all!"

"Wonderful. Wake me fer breakfast, scaredy-cunt!"

After a while, Dog heard her gentler snoring begin alternating with the louder, more raucous sounds of his master's breathing. Wearied after the long day's ride on the machine's rearbox section, Dog finally lowered his big head between his paws and drifted into sleep.

Slightly more than a half mile south of the meadow, Barbell parked the pickup behind some trees standing back from the highway. Having cruised past the meadow six times in three hours, he was pretty sure the biker would be camped there all night. Now he eased his tall, thin body out of the cab and motioned for Froggy to leave the cab, too. Going to the truck's bed, Barbell calmly shoved the tarp away from the crate containing the rifles.

"How we gonna do it?" demanded Froggy, crossing his arms tightly over his chest and shivering.

Barbell handed a rifle to the scrawny, smaller man, noting his trembling. Chickenshit little bastard's half-scared to death, Barbell thought grimly. If he screws this deal up, I'll stomp him until his bulgy little eyes pop right outta his fuckin' skull. "Here," Barbell said aloud, handing Froggy a box of shells. "Make sure your rifle's fully loaded. Got that, asshole? I don't want anymore fuck-ups like last time."

"Ya ain't clued me as to how we're gonna handle the —"

"We walk upwind through those oaks. I think the dog's tied, but we won't chance it. As soon as we hear the mutha sound off, I'll pump lead at the sonuvabitch while you start pouring it into that tent." Barbell stepped away from the truck's bed, hefting another rifle and dumping loose shells into his jacket pocket.

"Listen, man!" Froggy's voice blurred with fear. "Do we hafta do it like that?"

"Of course not," chuckled Barbell. "You could just walk up to that tent and say, 'Excuse me, folks, but my friend wants that fancy handgun, so

please toss it out here to me.' Trouble is, that'd get you real dead right on the spot, dipshit. You ever meet a biker who went to bed without a piece under his pillow?"

"Well, no, but —"

"No buts. No ifs. No nothing except what I outlined. I want that guy's showpiece and I intend having it by no later than tonight." Barbell paused. "You make it your business to empty that fuckin' rifle twice, as fast as you can, into the tent. If there's enough left of that claptrap to hump, she's all yours, you fuckin' runty pervert. But the fancy-assed piece is mine!"

"And you'll waste that big dog?" Froggy asked, his need for reassurance still quivering in his tone. "I mean, that fuckin' monster is definitely a man-killer!"

"Only until I've got him in my sights — so stop worryin' and start walkin'. We ain't got all night." Barbell sauntered unhurriedly into the steady breeze gusting at them, and Froggy's shorter legs pumped furiously to keep up with his companion's pace.

Minutes later, they stepped quietly out of the trees. Seeing the huge dog's head lift, Barbell halted,

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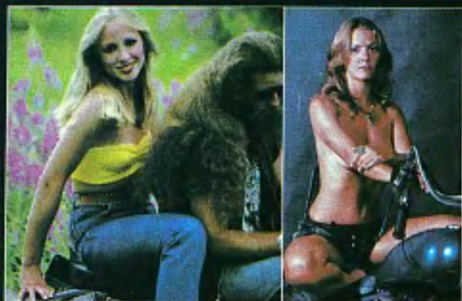


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aimed and squeezed off three shots. The dog crumpled in mid-yelp. By that time Froggy was positioned behind the tent, firing repeatedly into it. Barbell heard shrieks of pain and anguish, even over the steady thundering of the rifle.

Half an hour later, Barbell had searched the tent and the grounds around it — using the biker's flashlight — with thoroughness and mounting anger. By the time he had searched every inch — upper, lower and all crannies — of the trike, he was enraged: It was obvious the biker had either hidden the gun or had managed to find a customer for it after leaving the bar where Barbell had watched him show it around.

Circling the empty tent, Barbell stepped over the sprawling body of the biker, briefly noting that some of Froggy's lucky shots had blasted away most of the guy's skull beneath his scraggly and now bloody long hair. Warily, he approached the mammoth dog. It, too, lay motionless, its head covered with blood. It didn't seem to be breathing. Satisfied, Barbell returned to where Froggy was lying atop the girl, his bare butt moving rapidly, his raspy grunting a song of lust.

"You're fuckin' disgusting," Barbell told him.

Startled, Froggy looked up but continued moving with vigor.

"Ya want seconds?" he panted. "She's still breathin'!"

"Hell, I'd legally marry my fist before I'd touch anything that screwed bikers!" Barbell said firmly, bending and scooping up his other rifle. "I'm going to the truck for a drink. I'll wait there for a while, but take too damn long and you'll end up walkin', ya ass-happy moron."

On his way to the pickup, Barbell convinced himself that the biker had buried or stashed the piece somewhere near the tent. All I need



NEW

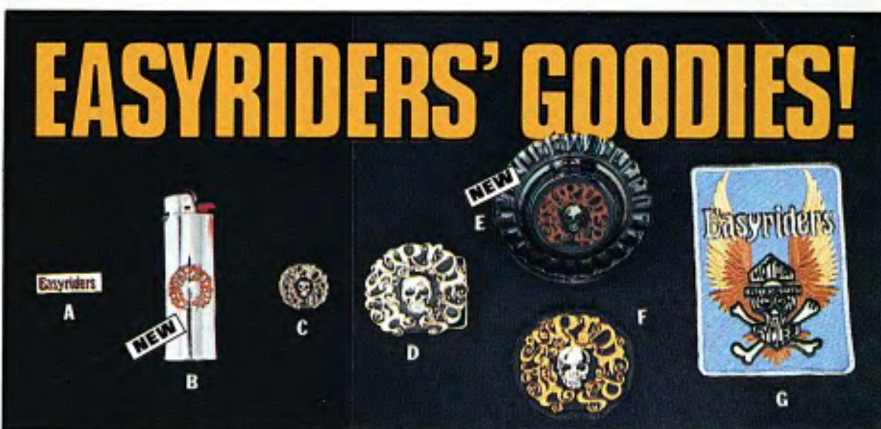
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is daylight, he told himself, but I'd better wait until the stench gets those bodies discovered and hauled away. Maybe give myself a few days' margin after that, then come back and find that gold-plated treasure. It's around there somewhere, I'm sure. I can feel it.

Froggy came stumbling up to the truck just as Barbell was easing it toward the deserted highway. "Did ya have a nice time?" Barbell asked scathingly.

"Jeez, she was a real good lay," Froggy replied, grinning happily. "Nice and tight, see? And just before I came fer the last time, her eyes opened and she started bawlin' without makin' a fuckin' sound! That really turned me on, man!"

"But you left her to die, anyway. Right?"

"Ya took the rifle, so I had to bash her head in with a rock. She ain't breathin' no more."

"You're all heart, lover boy," laughed Barbell.

* * *

Forty-three days and nights had now passed since the crowd of humans had removed everything from the meadow while Dog had watched from the safety and protection of the trees.

But still the hope lingered that he would find his master on one of the endlessly repeated visits he had made, time after time, to the empty meadow. By now, the scent of decay had completely vanished. For the past week he'd been able to detect only the very faintest trace of his master's odor, and several days of rain finally had removed even that.

Yet Dog's instincts prevented him from following the intensifying call of the gurgling creek as it flowed beyond the distant hills. Twice he almost abandoned his vigil. The second time, he was a mile from the meadow before the mysterious bond tightened, driving him back to his cavern, the stand of oaks and the



"Well, if it's too big for the baby, I guess I'll have to ride it around until he grows up."

DAVE MANN

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



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M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



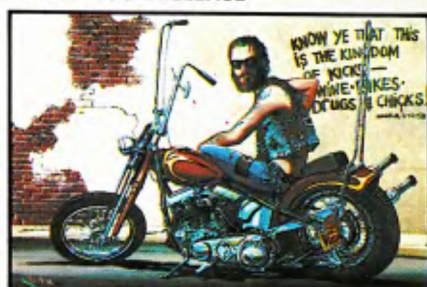
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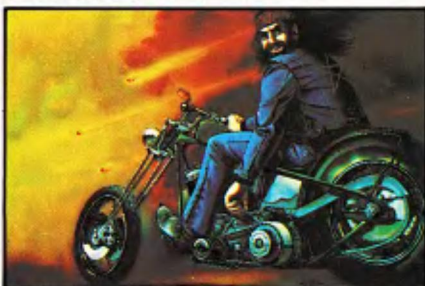
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



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M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



M-10 "STARBURST"



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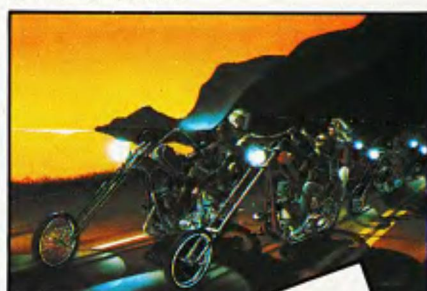
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empty meadow just beyond them.

Food was getting harder to hunt. Once, he had been reduced to driving away two snarling coyotes from the mangled corpse of a small poodle they had butchered and dragged into open country. Dog didn't enjoy the domestic meat because his taste for rabbits had become habit, but sheer hunger had forced him to eat the meager leavings.

Then a morning arrived that found Dog entering the trees, once again headed toward the meadow. Abruptly, the wind brought a remembered and hated scent to his nose. He paused, testing that scent while savage fury filled each tensed and trembling muscle.

By the time he drew near the scent's source — stalking stiff-leggedly, hackles raised along his neck and spine — his nose had found the other hated odor.

Both men were on their knees, digging with their bare hands beneath a fallen tree as Dog silently entered the small clearing.

"Oh, my gawd!" yapped Froggy, looking up and seeing the large animal coming slowly toward them.

Barbell's face lifted — and froze. "One of us has got to make it to the truck," Barbell hissed out one side

of his mouth, never taking his eyes from Dog, whose chops were now parted in a muted snarl, revealing his two-inch-long canines set and readied for slashing and biting.

"You're closest to it," Barbell went on, reaching for a stout limb that had broken loose from the fallen

tree. "I'll fend the bastard off. You get the rifle from the truck — and get it fast, dammit!"

When he was seven feet from the bigger of the humans, Dog's muscles suddenly bunched powerfully and he sprang, hurling himself at his hated target with a vicious howl.

Easyriders



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#M-16 See Previous Page

Toppled, flat on his back, Barbell shoved the thick branch into the attacking beast's maw with both hands — but he was unable to throw the heavy animal from his prone position. It was all he could do just to keep away from the snapping jaws and murderous fangs tearing ferociously at the branch.

Dog backed off, guttural sounds of frustration and increased rage spewing from his distended mouth as he tried to understand why he couldn't reach human flesh.

Froggy appeared, the rifle aimed.

"Shoot!" shouted Barbell.

"Yer right in the way!" Froggy screeched hysterically.

Dog lunged forward, jaws crunching into the branch again as he resumed his efforts to reach the throat instinct indicated was vulnerable.

"Shoot the bastard — now!" yelled Barbell frantically.

The rifle blasted twice and Barbell's arms slumped as both slugs thudded into his head, causing tiny shards of skull to fly in all directions as blood gouted redly behind them. At the man's sudden limpness, Dog scrambled backward.

Circling deftly, Dog's attention swung from the dying human to the one still aiming the rifle at him. Froggy pulled the trigger again.

Click!

"Oh, shit!" wailed Froggy. "I'm outta ammo!" Flinging the useless gun at Dog, he turned and fled for the truck with some vague, confused idea of reaching it and getting another rifle.

Dog caught him before either of them had covered more than ten feet. He left the smaller man with his throat torn out to return to and savagely worry the other hated human, aware there was no life in him but fulfilling the need to tear and slash and bite until exhaustion forced him to stop.

* * *

Two days later, hungry again but freed of the instinctual need to remain near the meadow, Dog was still following the creek, which flowed deeper and more quietly now. Emerging over a stony crest, he stood completely still and gazed to where he could see the humans, their tents, campfires, and two- and three-wheeled machines massed together on the distant shore of the vast, gleaming lake.

A gust of breeze brought the scent of cooking meat to his nose. He could hear faint laughter.

Tail swinging joyously, he eagerly went toward them. ■

EDITORIAL REPLY

Continued from page 18

there and looking at it.

After a moment, I glanced up at her. Her face was all red again. She didn't look mad, just very embarrassed and helpless. "What was the question?" I asked. Her face slowly got unembarrassed and relaxed enough to where she could squeeze some good solid anger into it; now she just sat there and glared at me as though what she really wanted to do was kick me out or call the rent-a-cop and have him do it. Of course, she couldn't because, strictly speaking, she'd sort of been partly responsible — what with her tit sticking out and all — so all she could do was just sit there doing nothing, hoping she could glare hard enough to accomplish something by it, though I couldn't imagine what it would be.

"Have you ever replied to a TV editorial before?" It was like her voice was coming from a cold, wintry crawl space under some big, concrete, leaf-blown and cold night-drenched tomb.

"No."

She lifted the pen and wrote a few more things, then tore off the sheet and handed it over to me with no expression. "There's a diagram on the back. Go to Room C. You are replying to the mandatory helmet proposal?" I nodded. "That's item one-five-five when they call it."

"I really do apologize," I said.

"Okay," she said tonelessly, beginning to write again.

"Ma'am?" I said.

She looked up.

"What happens is probably a lot like what happens to you when your clitoris hardens. Just more distended. Same blood — just more of it. If that helps explain it."

"Go. Away." Her controlled delivery was awesome — her teeth were clenched, her cheeks were twitching, her eyes were dried out and crazy. I went away. Both her nipples were hard as bricks.

* * *

In the studio, a guy finished his speech on the need to spare mallard ducks any further injuries, and then an official someone called for item one-five-five.

"That's me," I said, rising to hand him my paper.

The guy looked at me. "You're going to appear like that?"

"Appear like what?" I said, looking around behind me.

"In those clothes. The hair. The beard. All scraggly. Looking like,

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like... well, like a bum."

"You ain't none too tactful, are ya?" I said, walking around him, to get to the podium.

He shrugged. "Suit yourself. It's your cause. Don't blame me if you don't change anyone's mind."

"I wouldn't blame you if you shit your pants," I replied, tucking in my shirt and gettin' ready, starting to feel butterflies.

"Is this your name?" he asked, looking at the paper. "It Slavers? That's your name?"

"Yeah," I said, tryin' hard to ignore him, tryin' to concentrate on what I was gonna do.

"It Slavers is the name your parents gave you? I mean, at your christening, the minister said, 'I baptize you *It Slavers*'? They called you little 'It' around the house and at school? Your driver's license actually says *It Slavers*?"

I paced back and forth, trying to concentrate. "It's really one o' them phony TV names," I muttered.

"Oh, I see. And after this is over do you think we ought to send your name to the Television Academy for an award at the end of the year?"

"*Leave-me-alone-I'm-tryin'-to-think! It-didn't-cause-all-this-trouble-for-Slim-Pickens!*"

The guy just smirked at me — more or less laughed in my face — before he turned and walked away. "Okay, let's do it to it one time," he yelled to his crew, clapping his hands to start the ball rolling. Then he turned to me. "You got a script or notes or anything?"

"I don't need nothin'!" I mumbled, feelin' more and more nervous. I stopped pacing and just sort of shifted around.

"Okay then! Start rolling tape," the guy called out, "and we'll see what happens. Don't stop for mistakes — we can always piece it together later."

"Tape is rolling," a disembodied voice said from a speaker in the air. It sounded real loud and deep, like it came from heaven, rolling around the walls and scaring the hell out of me, and it had me looking all around trying to find it. About then someone walked up, clacked some wood in my face and then walked away again. Somewhere else, a voice said: "Recently, the management of this station broadcast an editorial advocating a mandatory helmet law for motorcycle riders. Speaking now, in opposition to that proposal, is Mr. It Slavers, a member of The Sloths, a local motorcycle association. Mr. It Slavers."

Somebody pointed at me and I instantly and nervously began to

state my case, replying to the editorial, using all the forcefulness and persuasive ability I could muster. I was quaking in my boots all the while, but still, I hung in there, lookin' once in a while at the clock as it seemed to draaaag its way along toward the 2½- to 3-minute mark without seeming to make any real progress. I kept on mush-mush-mushin' my way through the storm of my own fright and nervousness, just strugglin' through it, hopin' it was doin' some good but not really knowin' if it was or not, until finally a little light came on under the clock. Knowing that the two-and-a-half minutes were at last and finally up and that I could now bring my remarks to a close, I made my final summation, and then — my whole body and mind weak with physical and nervous exhaustion — I painfully peered through the sweat dripping into my eyes, and at the same moment that the clock slogged its way to the three-minute mark, I said, "Thank you very much," and just slumped across the podium, my arms danglin' down in front of it, my face buried in the wood, a numb, weary happiness slowly crawling through me that I had done it, had gotten through it, had made no mistakes and that it was over.

There was a big hollow silence throughout the whole studio. In my condition, I didn't care if they thought it was a bad job or a great one — I was satisfied with it. I continued to lie there until finally that voice from the skies rang out, deep and booming through the soundlessness, "Shall I stop the tape?"

"Is that all of it, Mr. Slavers?" I heard the director call over to me.

"Yeah," I wheezed, lowering my head again — I'd jerked it up at the

first word from the mystery figure in the sky. "Yeah, that's it."

"You're sure there's nothing else you'd like to say?"

I rolled my head slowly from side to side on the flat wood of the stand.

"Isn't there anything you would like to change?"

I opened my eyes for a minute and stared — without focusing — at the wooden surface, then decided I'd managed it all in the first try. Closing my eyes again, I said, "No."

"Well, I'm afraid you're going to have to anyway, Mr. Slavers."

I raised my head and looked at him to see if he was joking. "How come?"

"Because just standing there with your top teeth crunching into your bottom lip, with your face squeezed up into one huge wrinkle from the fierce expression you were making, with your arms shaking in violent spasms from the strain of giving the finger to the camera with both hands simultaneously, so damned hard that your eyes were crossed, and doing *only* that for three solid minutes without having said one single word except for the thank-you at the end, is not our idea of an editorial reply. That's how come."

"Well, what the hell am I supposed to do if I'm supposed to give my opinion but you won't let me give it!" I hollered back, thinkin' that a whole three days' preparation had been wasted.

"For starters, you're supposed to do something with a little more substance than just flipping off the audience."

"Substance," I said.

"Substance," he repeated.

"Oh, fuck! Ya want substance, I'll give ya fuckin' substance," I said, slouchin' back to the podium. I

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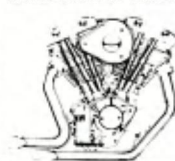
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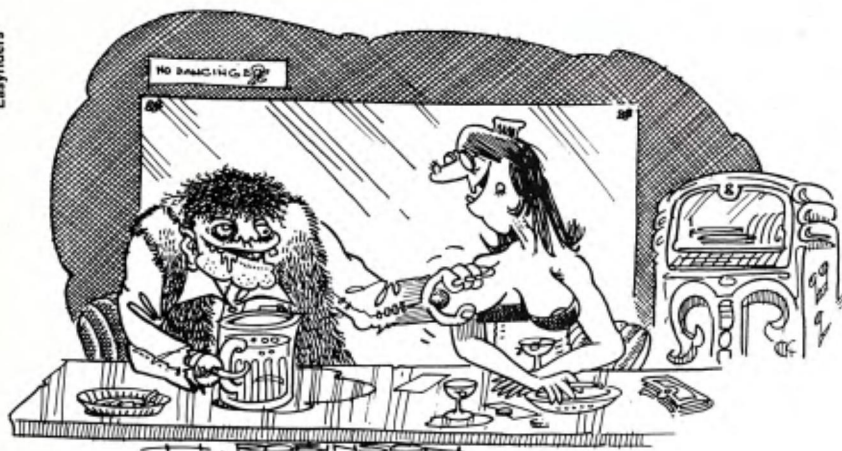
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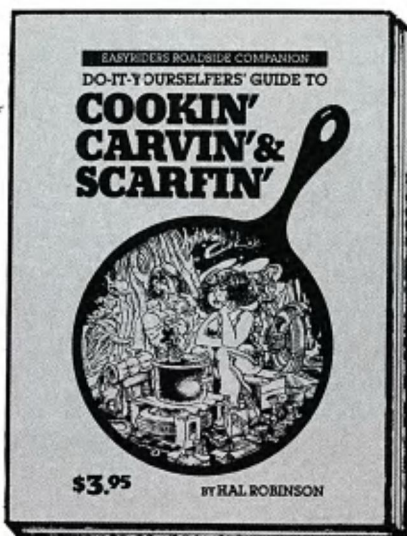
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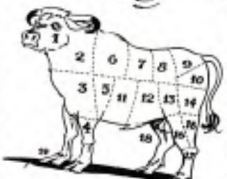
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looked toward the great larynx in the sky. "Start the fuckin' tape!" I yelled. "Now!"

"The tape's been rolling," Zeus replied, booming and all-powerful.

The wood-clacker got in my face again and then the director said, "We already have the introduction, Mr. Slavers, so just go ahead."

"This is what I think of that helmet proposal they did here a few days ago," I said, looking into the camera. Then I kicked the podium over and booted it out of the way, backed up a few steps, dropped my drawers, turned around and bent over, yanking my cheeks apart as hard as I could. Again, the place went into an uproar.

"That's not exactly what I meant by substance, you stupid fool!" The director raged.

"How 'bout this?" I raged back.

From where I was, I couldn't see the turd as it first began to emerge from my asshole. I only saw it after it began to bend and descend into view from where I was looking at it under my dangling balls. Slowly, it curled down, steaming and damp, like some brown sweaty monster, stopping and then starting again every time I would grunt and push at it from the inside. My head was going numb, and my eyes were looking all around behind me through my legs for a sign or poster — anything to read. Not finding anything I just kept watchin' it grow as it swung slowly back and forth every time my heaving heart pumped until about 16 inches later, the thing just kind of broke free of my bungler and plooped down on the floor, followed by one or two little pellets falling on top of it a couple of seconds later. I pulled a hanky from my bunched Levi's, rose to a squat and wiped myself. I tossed the hanky down, shimmed my pants back up and turned around. "Thank you very much," I said, crankily.

But by that time the place was sheer bedlam, with guys runnin' out and comin' back a minute later, dragging in completely new people and hauling them over to where I was, everyone talking at once, everyone trying to be the first to inform someone else. "I tell you he's done a turd right in the studio! On camera! Right on the floor!"

"A turd? He did one in the open?"

"Well, see for yourself! Look! Come here and see it! Can't you see it?"

"Of course, I can see it, you don't have to stick my nose in it! And a man did this?"

"Hey, back away here! Let Jerry see it! Stand aside! See that? And see there — he wiped himself

on that cloth!"

"And you say it's a real stool?"

"Well, smell it! Can't you smell it for yourself?"

"Yes. Yes, I can, now. And you say he was supposed to do this?"

"Good Lord, does it matter? He did it! He turded in the studio on the floor in front of all of us!"

"It's hard to believe!" After about ten minutes, order began to return and people began to clear from the area. Finally I could see, through the parting and departing bodies, the director, just sitting in his director's chair, unmoving, his chin resting on laced fingers while he looked at me. And then, behold, a voice from the ozone inquired, "Shall I stop the tape, or should I continue taping?"

The director got up and came over. "I think that's enough for today," he said to the voice in the air. To me, he simply and coldly said, "You're excused."

I grabbed the guy's shirt. "Now you listen to me, you sonuvabitch! I came here to reply to an editorial. Maybe takin' a dump was a little rank, but you were the one who got so hot about what I did first! I was just speakin' my mind and doin' the best I could. Maybe I ain't been subject to all the refinements of you people, 'cause I spent most o' my life in an alley, kickin' St. Bernards outta the way so's I could get to the garbage cans for fishbones, but I think I got a right to say my piece. Okay, so I'll clean up the mess, but I think that instead of you just flappin' around here like a shavetail, you could maybe help me in this thing, or at least show some

patience. Then I could say my piece proper and decent, and give my point of view on the damned issue." I let go of him.

"Aw, give the guy half a chance!" some technician shouted. "Hell, it ain't as though he went through here with a machine gun. And it ain't as though we're exactly sufferin' through all this."

The director threw his hands over his head, looked at the floor, and said, "Awrightawrightawright. . ." I scooped the shit into an empty milkshake container with a styro-foam cup and threw everything, all of it, into a trash barrel.

"Now, look," the director said to me when I returned, "an editorial reply is not a hillbilly free-for-all. This is a TV studio and what we do here goes into the homes of normal. . . of up-tight, sensitive human beings. They don't want to see your butthole, your dung, or a lot of obscene gestures. They want to hear *opinions*. You have to try to change their minds to your way of thinking — God help us — and you have to do that by verbal persuasion. You have to talk to them. You have to use *words*." He opened his hand in front of his mouth, and opened his mouth in front of his hand, and he stood there looking at me, his hand and mouth in rapid, silent conversation with each other.

"Okay, all right," I said. "I'm not a three-year-old, you can stop doing that. I understand, you look like a mute talking to a puppet, I get the message, man."

"Okay!" he shouted, whirling away. "Let's try it again! Roll tape!"

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"Tape's been rolling," the thunder in the rafters announced calmly.

Wood clacked in front of my face again and the guy in charge said, sitting down, "Please go ahead, Mr. Slavers."

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, speaking slow, using words, "the man who made the mandatory helmet proposal probably lets cows piss in his mouth. He probably shits into his own hands and then smears it all over himself like soap. He no doubt hangs around rest homes until all the old women are asleep and then sneaks in and slowly reams their wrinkled ol' twats with his middle finger all night. He probably —"

"What the hell are you doing?" the director screamed. Considering all the other noises being made, his voice carried amazingly well.

"Shall I stop the tape?" rumbled the unseen one.

"I'm expressing my opinion!" I yelled. "Keep it going!"

"Of what?" screamed the director.

"The 'Outhouse Scrolls'?"

"The what?"

"You're supposed to be giving your opinion of the editorial! Not your opinion of the guy who gave that editorial!"

"Yeah, well, he's a jerk," I muttered, silently admitting to myself that I'd gotten a little sidetracked. "I'll do it right this time," I said aloud. The director stretched out in his chair, slowly shaking his head. "Proceed, Mr. Slavers," he said finally. No one remembered to clack the wood deal.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, speaking carefully, "I feel this station has taken a...uh...complete...uh...unwarranted...hmmmm...stand on the helmet issue."

"That wasn't too bad," I heard the director whisper to someone next to him. He sounded obviously relieved.

"...The speaker, he said that, well, it would be real good for everyone to wear them because of...well, because that's what he wants them to do, is what it boils down to."

"It's not Patrick Henry, but it's okay, wouldn't you say? Shhh! Let's listen."

"...But us bikers, who ride around all day and would have to wear them, well, some of us don't want to, and..." (Just then the receptionist I had talked to in the hall came in the side door and tip-toed over to someone. She sat down next to him, her dress hitched up. I mean, way up on her thighs, and started talking to him, looking over at me occasionally.) "...and we...ummm...we feel that their

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usefulness is debatable. . ." (She then slowly crossed her legs, so slowly that all I saw for a long time was a lingering full-field view of ultra-clean, tightly tugged-up underwear, then her legs finished crossing.) " . . . debatable. . . uh. . . because they can, ohhhh, do as much harm as good. . . "

"Yeah, yeah, he's a little nervous at talking like a human being, but he's doing all right, I think. Hang in there, kid!"

" . . . But the real point isn't their effectiveness or lack of it, but whether our personal safety should be someone else's concern, someone who don't even. . ." (Slowly, she uncrossed her legs, and the same eyeload of panties and clean upper thighs and flexing flesh and sleek mare's limbs was shouting at me in the silence, and this with the girl looking at me every once in a while out the corner of her eye as she talked. A high-pitched, almost female-like moan spilled out of my throat.) " . . . don't even. . . uuunnnghhh! ride a bike. . . "

"What was that? Did he do that? Why would he do that? I don't think it was him! Shhh!"

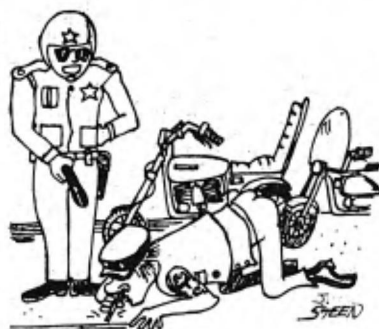
" . . . And so us bikers say that our safety is our concern, and we value our freedom of choice as Americans. . ." (She spread her legs and left them spread.) " . . . as Americans. . ." I gave up in disgust and said, "Well, she's done it again! She's given me another boner!"

"What did he say?"

"Hey, slut! Are ya fuckin' happy now?" I yelled, droppin' my drawers again and exposing a tilted dick that looked like a poorly placed hurricane fence pole. "Is this what you were tryin' to do? Well, ya done it! Are ya happy?"

I grabbed the thing and started energetically poundin' on it, and I could see that she was happy all right, *deliriously* happy, but she was keepin' her face busy with a look of horror and outrage — and not doin' too good a job of it from the way her

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chest was heavin'. "Ya got me hornier than a two-peckered goat, ya bimbo! Here's a fuckin' reward for ya!" and doin' what was nearly a spine-crackin' backbend, I squirted jizz practically halfway across the room at her — for a couple of squirts anyway — and then the blops started landin' closer and closer to me, until at the end a white-gray pool of sludge had collected between my feet, the very last arrivals just kind of hangin' in stringers down one cuff.

I shoved the thing back in under my hauled-up pants, bounced a few times to yank my buttons together, then shuffled my shoulders and turned to the camera. "...and graves made from Americans, thank you." I hurriedly looked back over to glare at her, but she'd left.

"Shall I stop the tape?"

Nobody else had left, though, and they were all in varying stages of emotional disintegration, some of them from laughter, some of them from shock, one or two thin fellows from love — as near as I could tell from their gentle smiles at me — and the director from feelings probably best left unexplored — as distorted as they made his face and all. "By God, that does it!" he said. "Get the hell out of here!"

I sensed he was pretty sincere, so I didn't argue, I just put my hands up as if to say, "Okay," nodded, turned, and sauntered over to the door. I opened it partway and then stopped and sauntered back through the still-ongoing melee. Halting in the middle of it, I looked toward the ceiling and called out, "You may stop the tape now."

"Stop it? I'm gonna bronze the fucking thing!"

I went back to the door and opened it. I turned. "Chief? Could you tell me when you'll be showin' that tape?"

I didn't wait for an answer because something large and inert was in the air, coming my way and getting larger. I don't know what it was, but when I slammed the door

behind me, a lot of it came through to the other side and just stuck there, wedged into the splinters and shreds.

"I guess that means they're not going to," I said, looking at it.

* * *

Shortcircuit came in, took off the white long-sleeved shirt, the tie, the flannel pants, the wingtips and the brown dress socks and threw them all into the fireplace, then stood there nude and watched them burn.

"Did you get the tape?" I asked, lookin' up from the card game.

"Yeah, I got it," he said, watching the clothes dematerialize with a look of satisfaction.

"Good!" I said excitedly, holding out a hand. "Toss it here!"

"I didn't bring it," he said.

"Fuck, why not?" I demanded. "I wanted to see it!"

"What were you gonna do?" he asked, turning to me. "Hold it up to a light and run it through yer fuckin' fingers?"

"Well, no, but we could use our tape recorder —"

"It's video tape," he said, turning back to the fire. "You need a video-tape machine."

"Well, we could've gotten one," I argued. "The stores sell —"

"It's studio tape. Store machines won't run studio tape."

"Aw, fuck," I slumped down in the chair. "I wanted to see it."

"Well — I fixed it so you can," he announced calmly, going over and turning on the TV.

"Great!" My excitement flared again. "When? Where?"

He turned his wrist and looked at his only article of apparel. "Prob'ly now. Here."

"You mean... they're gonna show it on TV?" I asked in awe.

"Well, it's gonna be on TV," he said, going over and falling into an easy chair. "But they don't know they're gonna show it."

"I don't quite follow you."

"Listen, I didn't get kicked out of electronic trade school for having bad breath," he replied, folding his hands behind his head and settling back on the chair.

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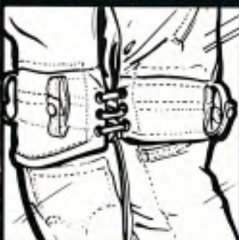
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DRAGONS

Continued from page 55

Pearl nodded her head affirmatively. "I managed to reach the parole office in Dallas. The supervisor there said Tramp had transferred his parole to New Mexico. The agent in New Mexico said Tramp didn't have a phone, so he's going to deliver the message in person. Soon as Tramp calls me, I'll relay the message and then pack up the kids and be on my way, too. Jean said she was leaving after talking with me."

Larry shook his head, trying to remember whether or not he'd overlooked anything. As if reading his mind, Pearl gave him a reassuring hug. "Go quickly and safely. Everything will be taken care of on this end."

The reassurance in her eyes gave him confidence and he fired the new Sturgis into life once again. Moments later he was flying toward the expressway to begin the long ride to California.

Tramp opened the door of his apartment and a look of surprise showed on his rugged face.

"What'd I do? Give ya a dirty urine test or somethin'?"

Parole officer Davis flashed the scooter tramp a smile and replied lightly. "Wouldn't make no difference, Daryl. I'd just make you take the test again after you cleaned up."

Tramp grinned broadly. Not only at Davis's remark, but also at his own good fortune in having Davis as his parole officer.

The agent now faced Tramp with a serious expression on his face. "I've got a message from your sister-in-law in Arizona. I brought it over in person because I know how you feel about your father."

It took a second or two for the biker to translate the word "father" into Old Man. "What about him?" he demanded anxiously.

"Your sister-in-law Pearl said to tell you that he's sick. She said your brothers Joe and Larry were heading for his cabin at Rollins Lake in Colfax, and that you should call her and then head for there yourself."

Tramp felt a cold chill run up the length of his spine. "How bad is he, did she say?"

"Don't know. She didn't say anything else."

Mixed emotions flooded through the scooter tramp.

Davis broke in on his thoughts. "I took the liberty of drawing up a traveling permit for you. It's good for two weeks. If you need more time,

just call me. Collect, if necessary."

Tramp pocketed the piece of paper that Davis held out to him and muttered his appreciation.

"Take it easy on the way up there," warned Davis as he headed for the door. "I don't want to get a call from out-of-state telling me that you piled up that Harley somewhere!"

Joe leaned the black shovelhead into the long, sweeping curve of the on-ramp and assured himself by reading the sign that he was once again southbound on I-5.

Though his eyes were heavy from the miles that had already raced beneath the frame of the big bike, he had chosen to stop for gas only.

As he toed the scoot into fourth gear and felt the wind pressure on his face increase, he worried about Old Man. And, of course, his bros.

Then he scolded himself for his thoughts. "Jean's the best ol' lady a tramp could ever have," he reminded himself aloud. "Larry and Tramp are probably on their way to the cabin already."

Reassured by this thought, the burly biker opened the throttle wider and eased the bike over to the fast lane.

Meanwhile, Tramp was heading west on I-10 and had just crossed over into Arizona. Unscrewing the gas cap as he rode, he muttered aloud as the fuel level told him it was that time again.

Minutes later the biker was standing in a Union 76 station. Guzzling down a Bud and checking a map taped upon a large window of the station, Tramp resisted the temptation to check out any apparent shortcuts to the Northern California area, due in part to the smaller gas tank on his panhead.

"Best to stay on 10 west. Then 5 north," he counseled himself aloud.

The muscular biker intentionally made himself wait another fifteen precious minutes before remounting his scoot. Though time was of



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the essence, he knew all too well the necessity for allowing the big bike to cool before pushing on to the coast.

* * *

The California sun was causing Joe's vision to blur badly and he nearly missed the Colfax turnoff. The long hours on the shovelhead were beginning to take their toll.

In the meantime, Larry had succeeded in maneuvering his bike through the mountains and was now a few hours from Rollins Lake.

Both Jean, in her Jeep, and Pearl with her three kids in the white truck, were but a matter of miles behind their men.

* * *

Tramp watched in dazed amazement as the white line on the expressway spread out in front of him and seemed to flow over the edges. As he fought with himself to make sense of it, the warning bumps suddenly tried to jerk the pullbacks from his hands.

With a cry of astonishment, the biker realized he was running off the highway. "Holy shit!"

Swerving quickly back into his own lane, Tramp breathed a sigh of relief. "Gotta stop," he told himself aloud. "Gotta rest for a few."

Several minutes later he pulled into the rest area, shut the panhead down and secured it with a chain. Then he walked over and laid down under a large tree without even bothering with his sleeping bag.

Glancing at his watch he noted the time. "4:35 in the fuckin' mornin'. Should be daylight in a little while." Telling himself that he had about two hours to rest, Tramp slipped into an exhausted slumber.

* * *

Larry found both Joe and Jean already at the cabin when he arrived. The first thing he noticed was Old Man's appearance. His once-black hair was silver in color and his beard was streaked with gray. It was not the color of his father's hair that set the younger man back — it was the tired expression on Old Man's face.

"He looks really bad, bro," commented Larry with obvious concern.

Joe turned slowly to face his brother. "Yeah, I know."

"Why does he keep lookin' out the window?"

Joe laughed without humor. "He's waitin' for Tramp. He wants all of us here for some reason."

Larry nodded his head in understanding and fell silent. A little while later, Pearl and the children arrived.

* * *

Tramp squinted his eyes against the bright morning sun and fought his way back into consciousness.

"Hey, man! Is that your bike?"

It took several moments for the biker to focus on the speaker. When he finally did, he didn't like what he saw. There was a half-bearded face, smiling around a bunch of rotten teeth and a set of shit-colored, brown eyes peering intently at him.

"I said, is that your bike?"

After spending many hard months in a prison yard, Tramp had learned the art of setting an instant opinion of a man. "This one," he said silently to himself, "I don't like." Now that he was fully alert, Tramp glanced quickly around. Three other dudes, obviously partners of the first, were standing slightly to the left of Rotten Teeth.

"Suppose this ol' boy would trade me that shiny Harley for my truck?"

The group snickered and Tramp caught sight of a beat-up Ford setting next to his panhead.

"Hey, Merle! Why not just load that bike in the truck? Hell, you might get down the road and that damned old bike might just stop runnin' on ya!"

"Hey!" another loudly suggested. "Let's load 'er up for ol' Merle!"

As the four turned toward the panhead, Tramp's right hand dipped quickly inside his cutoff.

"Hey, boys!" yelled out Tramp loudly. "You may as well take this along, too!" The morning air was filled with a threatening clack-clack sound.

Tramp watched in satisfaction as the would-be rip-off artists froze in their tracks. And he smiled an evil grin as he watched their eyes grow wide at the sight of the Colt .45 he

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held in his right fist.

Rotten Teeth recovered his voice first. "Whoa! Wait a minute, dude! We was just a-foolin' with ya. Ain't that right, boys?"

Tramp rose to a standing position and held the big pistol level with Rotten Teeth's stomach. "The last asshole who was just a-foolin' me cost me some time in Huntsville Prison. I didn't like the fuckin' joke then and I don't like it now!"

He motioned the four men to one side and made his way to the pan-head. Once there, he cautiously unchained the bike and several minutes later he succeeded in firing it into life, all the while keeping the Colt ready.

As he sat there, clutch in and first gear engaged, Tramp took careful aim and blew a hole in each of the truck's four tires. Sliding the still-smoking .45 back into his waistband, he yelled loudly to the four men, "Now, I want you boys to understand one thing! I'm just a-foolin' ya, ya know?"

With a harsh laugh, the biker sent the springer grabbing for the sky and shot out into the traffic on the expressway.

* * *

Joe and Larry stood on the front porch of the cabin watching Old Man work a small fish off the hook of the little girl's line.

"Has he said anythin' to you yet?"

Larry shook his head negatively. "Nope. Just said to let Tramp sleep for a few hours. Then he took the kids down to the lake to fish."

"Looks like they're havin' a good time."

Larry laughed openly. "They always do. They love Old Man as much as he loves them."

Joe turned to face his brother. "Somethin' is bad wrong, bro. Do you feel it, too?"

"Yeah," whispered Larry quietly, "I feel it, too, brother."

* * *

It was just after dark when Old Man walked into the circle of light flickering from the freshly started fire. Jean, Pearl and the kids had stayed inside the house, allowing their men time to themselves. Old Man popped open the top of his beer and sank wearily into the worn lawn chair. "Yer mama used to love Rollins Lake. That's why I bought this cabin in the first place."

None of the three brothers replied. Each nourished his own glowing memories of the mother they had lost years before.

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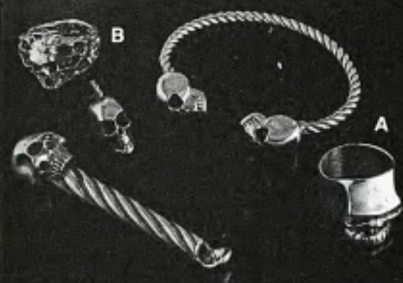
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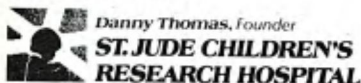
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ing all the times Old Man had wrestled him down the hill that led to the boat dock and then thrown him into the lake. Everytime the two of them had locked horns, which was often, it was always Old Man who had won. As he peered through the semidarkness at the ancient face of Old Man, Tramp silently wondered to himself if just maybe tonight wouldn't be that one time he could win. A feeling of guilt ran through the young biker and he quickly brushed the thought aside.

"That's a mighty fine woman you got there, son." Before Joe could reply, Old Man turned his attention toward Larry. "And you got yourself one damn fine family, boy!" Larry failed to hide the smile of pride. Pointing to where his younger son sat, Old Man went on speaking, amusement in his voice. "Tramp here is a different breed. He thinks all women are up to no good."

"Tramp don't think a woman can understand him, Old Man!" inserted Larry with a laugh.

"Hell," added Joe gleefully, "Tramp don't think *anyone* understands him!"

Nobody can tell what's in my head!" retorted Tramp hotly.

"Oh, no?" asked Old Man in an amused voice. "The answer to that question you were nursing a few minutes ago is no. Sick, drunk, crippled or crazy, I could still fight your young ass all the way down that hill and throw you in that damn lake, boy!"

The four men roared out in laughter that lasted for several minutes.

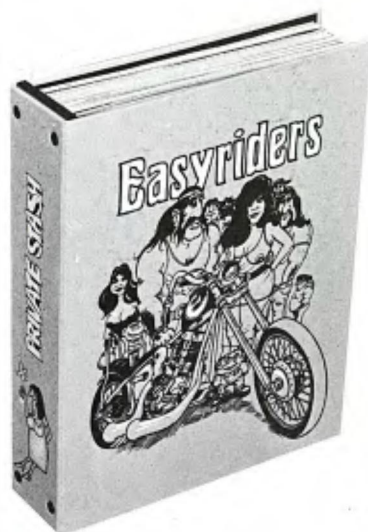
As quietness returned to the campfire, Old Man raspy said, "I'm proud of each of you."

"Me, too, Grandpa?"

Old Man turned to face Larry's small daughter, who had slipped



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unnoticed from the cabin. "Yeah, little angel. You, especially."

As the evening wore on, Tramp related the story of what had happened at the rest area earlier in the day. "I'm tellin' ya, things are gettin' worse all over! Dudes fuck each other over. Rip each other off. It's a fuckin' mess! Gettin' so a tramp don't know who to back anymore." In minutes, Tramp had worked himself into a full-blown tirade.

Old Man laughed easily. "Tramp? When you gonna learn to stop lookin' in the wrong places? Look for the ones who know and understand the meaning of brotherhood. Like your brother Joe, here. And Larry."

Tramp leaped angrily to his feet and stared at Old Man. "Brotherhood!" he spat out viciously. "Brotherhood?" The scooter tramp kicked at a half-burned log that had fallen from the fire. "Tell me, Old Man. Are you talkin' about the assholes who run around with their tattoos and their fuckin' attitudes hangin' out? Or the sidewalk commandos who spend their days fuckin' with the citizens and their nights lookin' for a scoot to rip off?"

Old Man let his gaze rest silently on the face of his son for several moments before he answered. "Those kinds have always been among us, boy. They have no concept of class, of heart, of respect. If you suggest there's a philosophy behind being a biker, they shrink back. Confused."

Tramp let out with a mirthless laugh. "So, tell me, Old Man. Where's the brotherhood? Could it be that brotherhood is just as mythical as that dragon you have tattooed on your right arm?"

The aged biker glanced briefly at the tattooed dragon. "Mythical?" he asked quietly.

"That's right," replied Tramp. "Mythical. Like in unreal. Like in made up from the imagination."

Easyriders



"Did you see the look on that biker's face when I told him he could give me a rim job if he could catch me?"



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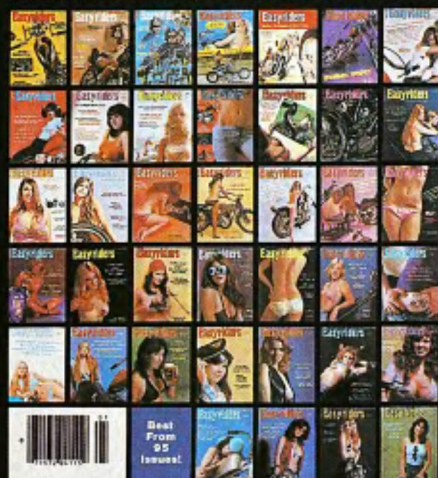
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TWO



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The old man laughed and shook his head. Larry's daughter ran her small hand lightly over the inked image of the dragon. "Ain't dragons real, Grandpa? You told me they was."

"They can be, little one. If you want them to be." Placing his large hands around her tiny waist, he lifted her to his knee. "Do you know what the word imagination means?" he asked her.

The child furrowed her brow in deep thought.

"I don't think so," she replied.

"Well, do you know what dreams are?" he asked.

Her angelic face lit up in a bright knowing smile. "Yeah! Cartoons you see when you're sleepin'."

The old biker laughed happily and the others joined in. "That's right, little one. And imagination is a dream you can have even when you're awake. All you have to do is close your eyes and make your own dreams, sweetheart."

"Can I dream of a dragon if I want to, Grandpa?"

"A dragon, or anything else."

"But... Grandpa... the kids at school say there ain't no such things as dragons."

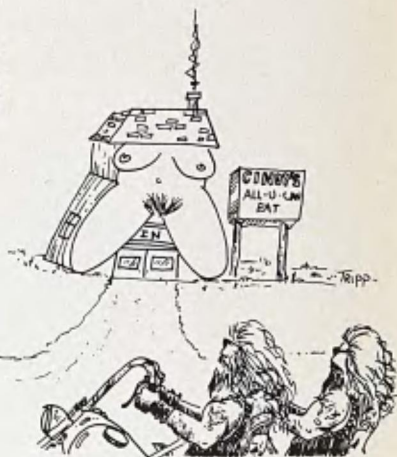
"Do you believe in dragons?"

"Well — sometimes I do."

The old tramp's face broke into a huge grin. "Then, who's to say that there is no such thing? If you're bold enough in your imagination to create a dream, and strong enough in your heart to see it through, then who can deny its existence? Even if you're the only one who believes it."

The little girl put her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "I believe in dragons, Grandpa. And I believe in you, too!"

Easyriders



"Now, that's my kind of grub hole."

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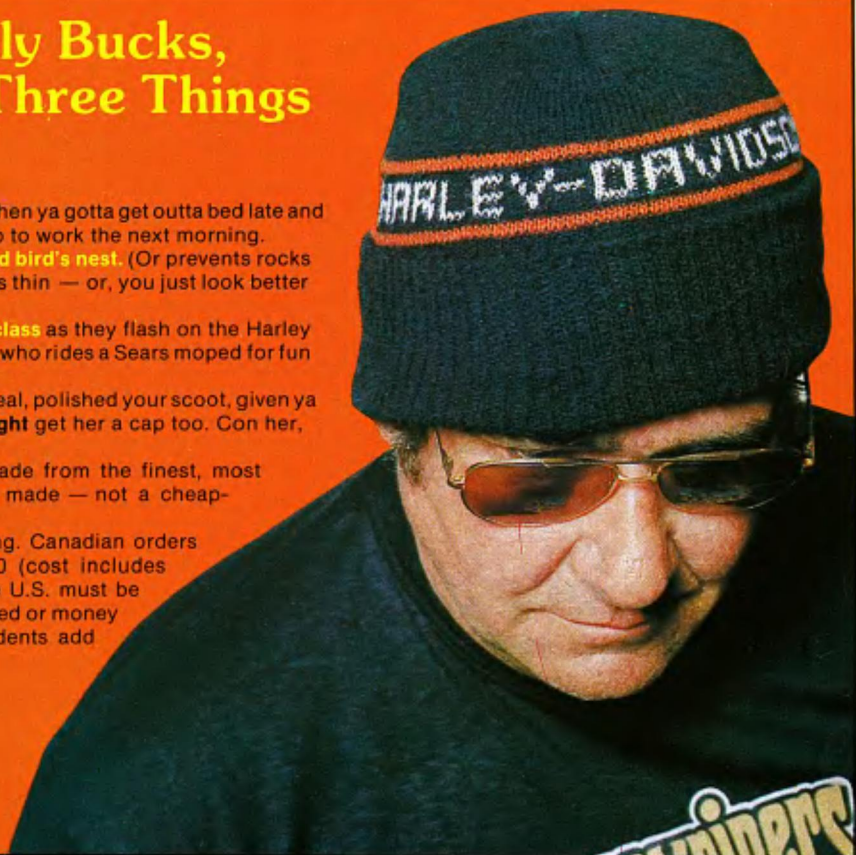
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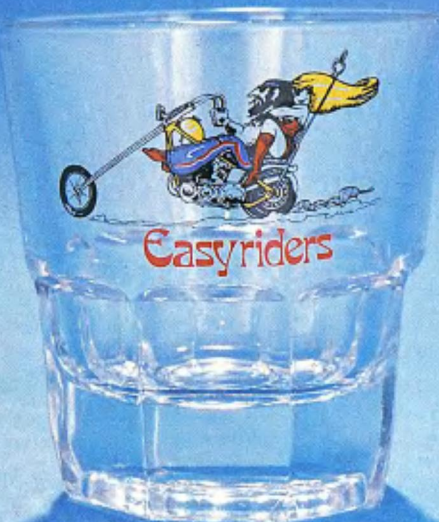
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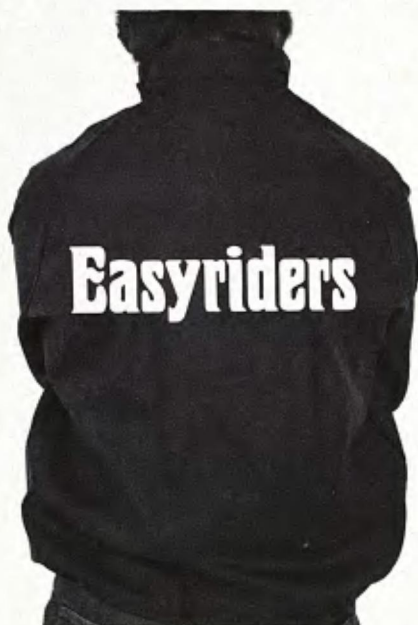
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Didn't yer pappy ever tell ya that the most important thing in life is ta make sure yer back is always covered? Well, if he'd ever been sober, he would have. Anyway, ya can now take care of that important part of yer life with a genuine **Easyriders** windbreaker. Available only in basic biker black with contrasting **Easyriders** logo, these high-quality jackets are only \$8 if ya order now. Like Spider always says, we got ya covered. Please state size (S-M-L-XL) and add the following postage: 50¢ in the U.S., \$1 in Canada, and \$4.50 in all other countries. California residents, please add 6% sales tax.

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Tears of pride formed quickly in Old Man's ancient eyes. "And I believe in you too, child."

Turning his eyes toward each of his sons in turn, the old biker went on softly. "Brotherhood? Dragons? Are they so mystical to you now? If each of you believes in brotherhood, it exists. If each of you has the heart, the class, the pride and the respect — *inside* of you — can its existence be written off as unreal?"

Old Man turned his gaze full on his son Tramp. "If you feel a loss of these things within yourself, there's a damn good chance that you're givin' them away. These things aren't stereos or TV sets that can be stolen from you. And brotherhood isn't just a group of bikers who all wear the same patch, or ride the same kind of scoots. Brotherhood is like the dragon. It's within *you*, as a person. It exists as long as *you* exist and believe. The Bible says, 'Where one or more of you are gathered in my name, there I shall be also.' As with dragons, brotherhood exists as long as one or more of you has the heart, respect, class and pride to stand up and say, 'I believe in it. I truly believe in it!'"

The night air around the little group seemed to hum with the echo of his words. Slowly, Old Man removed a tiny gold dragon pin from his cutoff and attached it to the little girl's dress.

"It's yours now, angel. Wear it with pride and respect. And if, after I'm gone, someone asks you what it means, you just tell them you believe in dragons."

The small child planted another kiss upon the weathered face of the old biker, then slid from his lap and went running toward the house, happily yelling, "Mommy! Mommy! Grandpa gave me his dragon pin to wear forever!"

The old man slowly rose and made his way to the beer cooler. Reaching inside, he pulled out a can of Bud



"You don't have herpes, Miss. Those are just friction blisters."

Easyriders T-shirts

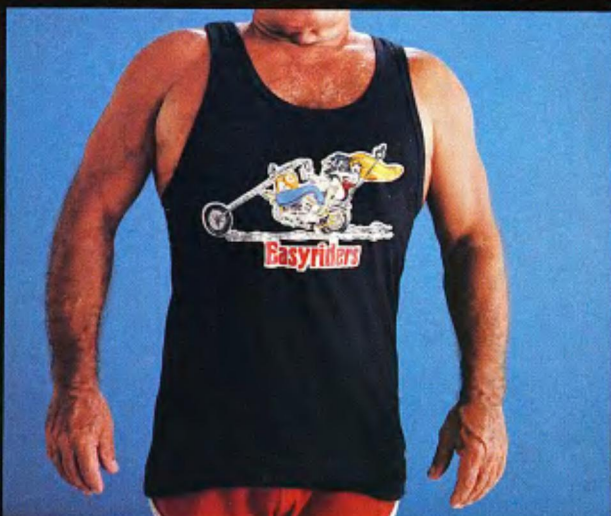
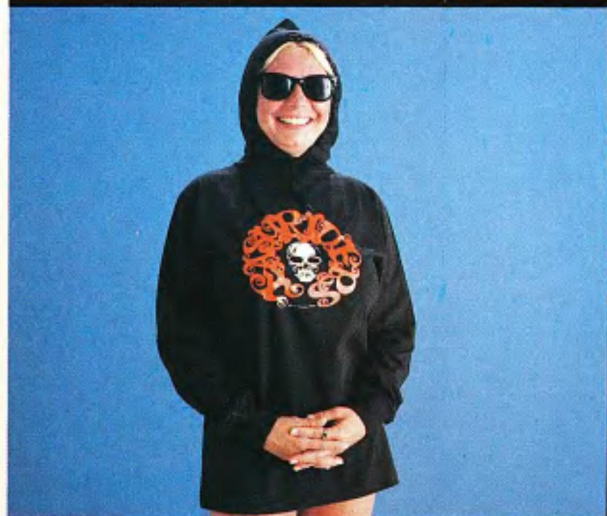
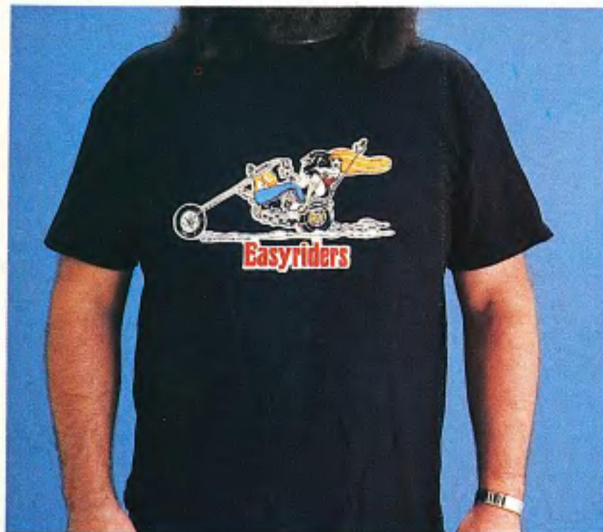
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By W.G. STONE
as told to
G. HIRLIMAN

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A DELL PAISANO BOOK

and brushed the clinging ice from its sides before peeling open the top.

After taking a long pull from it, Old Man turned silently and walked toward the boat dock. Once there, he sat down on the wooden planks and leaned back against one of the pilings.

Tramp started to rise to go join Old Man, but Joe put out an arm and stopped him. "He wants to be alone, brother." Tramp nodded his understanding.

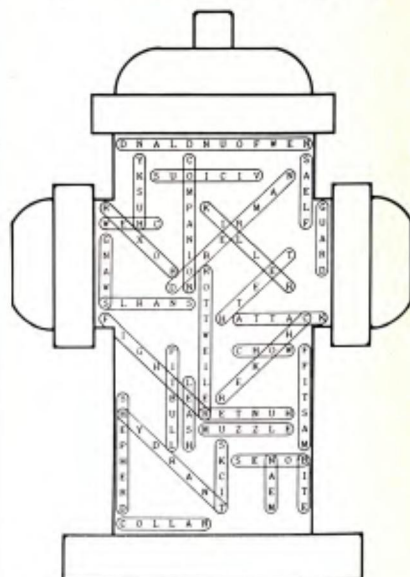
Larry watched in silence as Wolf, Old Man's half-shepherd, half-wolf dog, made his way to the side of the master he had lived with for so many years. The old dog lay his head on the leg of his friend and every once in a while, a low, sad whine escaped him. Save for that and a few whispered words from the old man, nothing else was said or heard.

The three brothers watched as a black cloud raced across the face of the moon. Each brother nursed his own thoughts; and Tramp pondered the old man's parting words. "As with dragons, brotherhood exists as long as one or more of you has the heart, respect, class and pride, to stand up and say, 'I believe in it. I truly believe in it!'"

As a barn owl screeched his endless questions into the night, both the old biker and the half-breed slipped into a quiet sleep. Never to wake again.

*"He went to ride
Under the golden skies
Where freedom lies
And the dragon flies, forever." ■*

Solution to puzzle on page 82.



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.

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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.

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Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze-plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2-1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1-3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle.) For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size, and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents, add 6%. Paisano Products, Box 1925, 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)

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)

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)

Debbie: Problems; call home. Red Dot. (128)

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)

Leather saddlebags, \$39; chaps, \$79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, PA 16041. (137)

Do you want to live on the beach in Florida? 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)

Untraceable remails, Canada, \$2 (no stamps). Box 673, Gibsons, B.C. V0N 1V0. (136)

Bob and Maryon Ripley: Please, send me your new mailing address. I'm sorry I didn't answer your last letter; no excuse. "Frito" Hoadley, same address. (137)

New identity: Methods used by Uncle Sam for the Protective Witness Program — foolproof. The Money Game: AAA credit, Visa, loans, secret methods that work. The MFS Report: Over 500 secret addresses; U.S., Canada and Europe. Create refs, business and employment history and more. Order all or individually at \$10 each. Send order and amount to F.L.E., 5580 La Jolla Blvd., Suite 421, La Jolla, CA 92037. (137)

Reward: To anyone having valid info on stolen/forged pink slip to 1974 H-D, EG, 2A40672H4. Pink stolen 9/13/81. Got burned bad by family bro. Write Lady Di, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Dragon Lady, TC: You're both my life. Tasmanian Devil, Gallup, NM. (128)

101 filthy street jokes. 20-year collection. Send \$2.95, payable to RWC, 4120 West Alameda Ave., Suite 9130, Burbank, CA 91505. (128)

Attention, all lonely ladies: I've been down for over 4 yrs. and will be free by May '84. I'm looking for that special someone to fully share life and love with. I'll definitely answer all letters. Write to Robert Leavitt 627850, Box 819, Port Angeles, WA 98362. (128)

Wanted: W/f, 18 to 35, attractive and loving, to start a relationship with a nice-looking w/m, 22, 6'4", 230 lbs. I'm down in Wisconsin now, but will be out in a while. No B.S. Need to find a good woman to start over with again. If you fit the bill, write Chris, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Start collecting matches. For more information about collecting both books and boxes, send \$3 and SASE to Fred, Box 1462, Gulf Shores, AL 36542. (128)

Terra: You're my life. Happy 1st year. I'll love you forever. T.J. (128)

Joan: Happy birthday, baby. Love will keep us together. Love ya forever. Your ol' man, Irish. (128)

Wanted: Any non-recorded Bachman-Turner Overdrive items (pins, buttons, books, pictures, anything!). No amount too small. Must be in very good condition. Send description of item(s) and price wanted. Will answer all serious inquiries. Farron Sharkey, PSC Box 7622, F.E. Warren AFB, Cheyenne, WY 82003. (128)

Strut: Thank you for the best time of my life, which we shared together for 8 months. Those memories of us will always stay with me in my heart and never be forgotten. You captured my love in such a way that you could never be replaced by anyone else. Life has been a real bitch since the day you left. As it is said, "An eagle soars with the wind until he can find his destiny — if there is one to be found!" You will always have a friend here if ever you need one. Ride hard, babe, and ride free; just let the wind take you and magic wherever your destiny is. We may not see each other for a while, but you'll know how I'll love you always in that special way. Still loving and missing you very much. May God watch over you. Friends, forever. Someday we'll be together. Your Babe in Cocoa Beach. (128)

Low riders: Learn how to become an x-rated star. Natural fun, good money. Call Darlene Dawn at (312) 262-6900. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (129)

Special lady: Are you 18 to 30, foxy, with an attractive body and the willingness to please your man? Are you into respect, loyalty, sharing and packing behind your man because that's where you belong? Well, lady, if you've got the gear, you'll be here. I don't play games or want any lames. I ride with my brothers to runs, parties, etc. We are professionals and this is no dress rehearsal. I'm 6', w/m, blue eyes, brown hair, red beard. I work, don't want liars, spikers, or alikes. Will answer all special ladies' letters. B. Morgan, Box 988, Binghamton, NY 13902. (128)

Spider: Hang in there, babe. "Happy are those who dream dreams and are ready to pay the price to make them come true." Love, Skeeter. (128)

Damn good lady, 26, needs one good man. I'm semi-crazy, semi-responsible. Have good heart, home, cat and common sense; also, university and law school degrees. Financially secure, not wealthy. Love outlaws, not assholes. Need companion, not parasite. Sense of humor, intelligence, kindness and independence are absolute musts. Age, looks unimportant. I like H-D riding (or packing), sunshine, rowdy bars, endurance sports, beer, free spirits, all kinds of people, travel, man-pleasing, hot weather, tattoos, home life, reading, laughing and cooking (sometimes). Looking to share my joy in living. California resident; could relocate, especially like Arizona. If you have your shit together emotionally, financially and legally, and you can run your life without trying to run mine, please write. If you're wasting your life, don't waste my time. Sunshine, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

W/m, doin' time, 6', 174 lbs., dark-brown hair, green eyes, 41, attractive, good hard shape. Will be released winter of '84, but possible early parole with right lady. Age or race no problem; will answer all. Photo appreciated. Write now. Joey Palma 72927-4-R, SSCF, Delmont, NJ 08314. (128)

Attention: On July 22, 1983, our daughter Jessica Jewel Snider was born into this world to grow up to be the baddest biker bitch ever. With pride, Mickey and Tobi. (128)

Tattoo fans, check out *Tattoo Magazine*, 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: *Tattoo Magazine*, 1850 Union Street, #136, San Francisco, Calif. 94123. (135)

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Tattoos by Diamond Jim, rework, colors, certified T.S.A. 1047 West Main, Barstow, Calif. (619) 256-6153. (130)

Black Dragon Tattoo Studio, 1207 Westheimer, Houston, Texas. 529-9059. (130)

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, NY 11731. (138)

A.J.: Happy birthday, love — 12/28/83. Grow old along with me, the best is yet to come. Love ya lots, your Janie. (128)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711. (128)

Elmer Fudd: Have a happy 30th, February 28. Love ya. Cocaine Cindy and your little girl. (128)

Muff Grams. Sexy panties worn just for you! That special something from me to you. Send \$10 money order to Muffin, Box 869, Minneapolis, MN 55345. Love, Muffie. (128)

Bull: Happy birthday to my ol' man, 12/14. Thanks for all the good love, good friends and good times. I love you, babe. "I'd have to be crazy," too. Your child bride/airhead, "K." (128)

Good-looking w/m, 29, doin' time. Looking for sincere and honest women for friendship and possible relationship. All letters answered. Will send photo. Bill Eastwood 15864, Box 100, Jean, NV 89026. (128)

Bikers: Got bad gas? Get a personalized fat fan. Send \$3.75 (postage and handling included) along with your name to BS Company, Box 184, Harvard, IL 60033. Allow four to six weeks delivery. (128)

Downed, 30-year-old w/m needs to hear from sincere, righteous women to help lift with a writing hand. Donald Lane 056123, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. (128)

Beautiful, decent Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Visa and travel service. Pal. 20, Blanca, CO 81123. (128)

Imprisoned w/m would like to hear from some of those big beautiful women out there. M.C. Stevens 29965, Box 128, Eddyville, KY 42038. (128)

Good-looking, 35-year-old convict would like to hear from mature ladies for possible close relationship. Will be released in '85. Paul R. Peterson 00771, 3901 Klein Blvd., F Unit, Lumpoc, CA 93436. (128)

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)

31 years young w/m, blond, blue eyes, seeks correspondence, flicks and visits with young maidens to brighten my stay at the "Gray Bar Hotel." Glen Wagner 80A936, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (128)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John "Bear" Birrenbach, Don Slyvester, Joe Fuller, or Ken Bittick, please have them write me. Veach, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept EUCB3, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (128)

Help: I'm in this manmade hell with only one way out — I need a lady to help me, and give me a place to live. No lady, "no get out." So, if you care, please write me and tell me. David Smith 84018-L, KSR, LaGrange, KY 40032. (128)

Mongo: I am sorry because there will never be enough time. Not even a hundred years from this day would be enough time for us to love. Jamie M. (128)

Geno: Urgent! Call the boss in Texas. Need you now. (128)

37-year-old downed white bro wants to share a life of puttin', partyin', lovin', and mountain living with a lady with some heart. Rugsrats okay. No head trips, just righteous ol' ladies who want to get it on. T.J. Clady, C37689, Box 705-LA 301, Soledad, CA 93960-0705. (128)

W/m, 27, nine years on Harleys, north-west. Want Christian w/f, 20 to 30, send picture. D.S., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Looking for ya, bro. Know who I am by "Whatta ya say, hoss?" Call (615) 784-3214. (128)

Ladies: I'm easy-going, lots of fun, but lonely in this tiny cell. I'm 26, brown hair, blue-green eyes, white, 5'8". So put a smile on my face, write me. Chuck McAleer, C52127, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (128)

Young bro doin' time; just turned 19, been in since 15. Need some ladies to help me do the last 11 months, and to start makin' plans for the party on my freedom day! I'm 5'10", blond hair, 165 lbs., racialistic and radical. Send pics. Will answer all letters. Troy Fenton 43077, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (128)

The one and only Sue-Sue: I haven't heard from you in a while. Drop me a line and let me know you're okay. I'm thinkin' of ya. Gary Harger 112520, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051. (128)

29-year-old downed Scorpio, 6', 165 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes, needs to hear from you ladies with letters/photos. Carl Shriner, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (128)

Thunder Warriors, a newly forming bike club, believing in the white race and Viking ways of life. Must be sincere in wanting to make it work. Anyone wishing more info, send SASE to The Gypsy Viking, c/o Darrell C. Hilbourn, Box 700, Jessup, MD 20794. (128)

Italian biker, tattoo artist, slammed down and looking for sexy ladies to share this lonely time with. Let's get together through the mail. Tony Sposetta 159-510, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601. (128)

Mose: I know I'm locked away, but I'm always thinking of you. I love ya. Chuck. (128)

Professional tattooing handbook. Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, expert instruction. 71 pages, \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-R, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (128)

Muff Gram. Sexy panties worn just for you. That special something from me to you. Send \$10 money order to Muffin, Box 869, Hopkins, MN 55343. Love, Muffie. (128)

Classic, original, 1950 Harley-Davidson panhead; Hydra-glide, rigid frame, tank shift, suicide clutch, custom paint with murals, lots of chrome by Brown's. 90% original H-D parts. Also, original operator's manual. \$7000. Serious inquiries only. V.L.S., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Greg B.: I need your help. Please call (307) 382-3342 collect. Thank you, Rachel. (128)

For tattoo artists only: Silver skull, 5/8-in. circumference, handcrafted in stunning detail, mounted on 1/4-in. silver contact screw. Length of screw and conductivity of silver make it last virtually a lifetime. Send \$20 m/o, plus \$1 postage in states (\$25.00, overseas), to 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, NC 28301. (128)

Haulin' to Daytona? Get a kit trailer that will handle a heavy Harley. Priced so you can't refuse. Write or call: Hanes Engineering, 2733 West 11th St., Erie, Pa. 16505. (814) 452-8936 or (814) 833-3444. (128)

Sitting here like a broken man. Can use letters and flicks from true biker ladies. Will answer all. Richard D. Cooper 159787, B-533, Baltimore, MD 21202. (128)

Night Rider needs correspondence. All women welcome. Isaiah Solomon 96417, Camp J, Shack 3R10, Angola, LA 70712. (128)

Easy-going biker/trucker, looking for a pretty, slender country girl. Should be intelligent, outgoing, affectionate, honest, loyal. No heavy dopers, boozers, losers. I'm 29, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown hair, eyes and beard. Outdoorsman, into riding, trucking, hunting, camping. Have old panhead, old pickup, old farm house in the country, new 18-wheeler, and steady job. Have much to offer right woman. Write/photo to Johnny James, Box 273, Atco, NJ 08004. (128)

Wanted: Woman with the heart of a lion, the loyalty of a dog, with the capacity to pursue a dream for the future, and the wanting to chase away the loneliness that this 26-year-old California outlaw is feeling in this federal penitentiary. Write Chris "Doc" Sahagian 02575-045, Box 1000, Lewisburg, PA 17837. I will answer all letters. (128)

Timber wolves make righteous pets. Large, loyal, proud. 100% guaranteed, quality breed pups. \$3 for information. Dan "Old Dog" Trey, Box 1697, Frederick, MD 21701. (301) 694-6386. (128)

Anyone know where Mary Hughes (known as Candi) went? Last address was #20322, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL. Please call or write: Tom Carey (203) 266-5591; RFD #1, Box 77B, Bethlehem, CT 06751. (128)

Swingers want biker tramps for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime, (312) 262-9800. Box 59235-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (129)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices. Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain tattoo kits. Box 242-R, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (128)

Help! Help! Help! Canadian biker collects expired license plates (motorcycle/car) as a hobby. I will pay postage from U.S. and foreign. Help me decorate my future basement bar. Mike, Box 505, Lr. Sackville, Nova Scotia, Canada B4C 3G4. (128)

Wanted: Two to three thorough bros and/or sisters, mechanical work. Write to Stoney Cooper, 27 Stonehenge Circle, Pikesville, MD 21208. (128)

Tattooing outfit: Professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, \$102.50. 17 different tattooing inks, \$17.95. 360 popular designs, \$21.95. 500 needles, \$9.95. Steele, Box 242R, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (128)

Scott Anthony: Have lost your Colorado address. Please write me at same box number. Love, Cuddles AK83. (128)

Doug Harrington, Texas(?): Please contact D.P. and D.P., Spokane. Want to know if you're okay. (128)

Mike: I love you more than anyone else, ever. Thank you for growing me up and giving me a good life. I'll never let you down. Love, Tobe. P.S. You're the best fuck I ever had! (128)

Old bastard biker, retired photographer, wants to put through USA and Canada next summer and photograph you, your club and activities. Need a cheap place to crash. Will reward you with good pix. Uncle Billy, Box 1, Walker, LA 70785. (128)

W/m, good-looking, character, doing time. Looking for sincere lady, 20 to 30, to begin a real solid relationship. Will be out in 1985. Ivan L. Molinaro, DOC 092147, Camp "J", Bass Unit, Angola, LA 70712. (128)

Lorin: I made a wish, and you came true. I love and miss you very much, my darling, and will be there, always, when you need me. Your lady, Martie. (128)

PEC/007/RIB: Did you catch last month's space reserved for you on these same pages? I trust you're doing fine, like I am. There's this fantastic lady in W.P.B., and this time it's her saying, "I'd love to see ya." PEC, doesn't she deserve the same caring response you received? Listen to your heart. Damn it, man, come for a visit! Circumstances make it more important to me than you could possibly know. Love and hugs to B.D. Just me, DGE/RSRB. (128)

"I went down on a mule... Grand Canyon, Arizona" Hanes all-cotton "Beefy" T-shirt, S, M, L, XL, red, tan, navy, black, \$8.50. Wayne Shirts, Box 17135-264, Phoenix, AZ 85011. (128)

Switchblade knife book. Facts, photos, sources, \$8. Tanz, Box 14221, Pittsburgh, PA 15239. (129)

X-rated sex cassettes from the girls of your dreams. Send \$14.95 to Fantasy Recordings, Box 42130, Columbia, SC 29240. (129)

The only thing finer than a fast Harley and a white line is two "tuff" honeys to help us do this time. Send pics and letters to Billy W. Brown 336917 and Douglas I. MacKenzie 337220, Rt. 1, Box 1, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, TX 77340. (128)

I am an attractive 33-year-old w/f, 5'2", 115 lbs., who got a taste of riding on the back of a Harley and loved it! I'd like to meet a man in central California who loves to scoot, but respects a good woman. I also enjoy people, light partying, music and dancing, camping, photography, the country and being with one man. Please send photo/letter to "Z", c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Bob: I will always love you. Thanks for the memories. Darla. (128)

Charlotte, N.C., area ladies: If you are a for-real, honest, good-looking, level-headed woman, 20 to 33, and are looking for a possible good relationship with a down-to-earth w/m, age 32, who is handsome, athletic, financially responsible, with a beautiful scooter and has his life together, please respond to this ad with photo/letter. Things are real good with me and would be for the right lady, also. If you play head games and have no class or pride in yourself, don't reply. Tony K., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Down Italian biker, 34, needs to hear from biker ladies. Send photo; will answer. Joe Kaiser, C44308, CTF-S, 7-54, Soledad, CA 93960. (128)

'63 panhead, stock, new motor and transmission. Clean, sweet and excellent condition, \$3200. Call Ron (502) 554-0631. (128)

I love you, Dee. Your ol' man, Willie. (128)

Virgo lady, 5'7", brown hair, blue eyes, 20 years old, seeks Virgo man, 6'-7", dark hair, blue eyes, 20 to 30 years old. Send pics. Inmates only. Jennie-Lee, 4/561 Canning Hwy., Alfred Cove, 6154; Perth, West Australia. (128)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Julie Foster from North College Hill (Cincinnati), Ohio, please get in touch. Michael Foster 82B752, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508, or c/o 12100 Elkridge Dr., Cincinnati, OH 45240. Crazy John, Tom-ass, Jesus Doug, are you shiteheads still alive? I'll see your JP ad soon, Ferret. (128)

So. Calif. biker busted in No. Calif. 28, 6'1", 180 lbs., long brown hair, buffed, tattooed down artist, burned out on just fantasizing about females and times long past. I've been down a while, but at times this insanity is more than I can bear. I need a woman. Please write and ease my pain. Will trade flicks and answer everyone who is kind enough to write. Butch Fleck, B93240, CTF Central, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689. (128)

Cannon Ball Abbey would like to hear from all you lonely ladies. Will answer all. Please write to Cannon Ball Abbey 85455, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74502. (128)

Wanted: serious female who needs love. I'm 22 and lonesome. Hoping for a permanent relationship. If you can handle that, write Michael Hudson 33962, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KA 67504-1568. (128)

Woman wanted to putt and party — No. California, Oregon, Washington, and Canada — in August and September of '84, with free-spirited biker. No commitments. Under 30, big tits preferred. Send tit pic and letter to Bumpy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (128)

Biker, 35, financially secure, wants carefree, open-minded, uninhibited lady to share my home and lifestyle. Box 1314, Aurora, CO 80010. (128)

H-D accessory: Gas caps that lock with a key for your fatbobs. These caps are quality chrome, vented and durable. They are first in security, from coming out of the bar after last call to cranking it up on the Interstate. \$8.50 each; money order, no CODs. D.B. Enterprises, Box 9469, Wilmington, DE 19809. (128)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1983. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easy-riders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (138)

Make money by the minute, around the clock, for doing paperwork at home 8 hours a week. Grows to lifetime income. Totally new, ultra-modern project unlike anything before. Still ground-floor. No experience or education requirements. 10,500 people already doing. Division of major U.S. corporation. For details, dial (216) 452-2171, 24 hrs./7 days. Ask for Ext. H361. (128)

Snuggle Bunny: Happy anniversary, 2/5/84. It's not and can't be! I'm lonely and need you. Plans for 2/5 won't happen, ever? Miss you a lot. Always in my heart. Love, forever. Bed Bug. (128)

Tony and Marge, 9th St., Springfield, Ill.: Thanks for a great time on race weekend, Oct. 1-2. Ride safe. Charlie and Nancy, Cincinnati, Ohio. (128)

W/m, 31, would like to hear from sincere females, 18 to 40, with good sense of humor to help me through these lonely times, and possible lifetime relationship. Write Ernie Gabauer 66669, CN-861, Trenton, NJ 08625. (128)

Tattoos by Lou: Get your ol' lady or ol' man something that will last a lifetime this Christmas. A quality tattoo by Lou. They'll remember you forever. Hours: noon to midnight, Monday through Saturday. 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, NC 28301. Phone (919) 483-1222. (128)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 24639. (128)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,364 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 33857. (128)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUCCI, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (128)

Downed bro, 100% w/m, blond hair, blue eyes, 6', 194 lbs. Getting out soon, 4/10/84. Need kites and flicks from understanding ladies out there. Will answer all letters. Possibly lasting relationship. So, all sincere, please hurry and write this lonely bro. Send age with picture, or good description, please. SASE appreciated. Danny Barker 24873, Box 30, 8-3A, Pendleton, IN 46064. (128)

Statewide Allii's of Hawaii: Your bro, "Haole Willy," is still doing time and wants to hear from you. J.W. Williams 354150, Ellis Unit, Rt. 11, Huntsville, TX 77340. (128G)

Jr. Razo, Phoenix: If you're reading this, bro, I need to talk at ya — it's Louie and I'm down. Please, bro, shoot me a kite. Louie Padilla 28644, WCC, Westville, IN 46391. (128G)

Good-lookin' w/m, 27, 6', 165 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes, successful business owner and entrepreneur, keyboard musician, composer, interested in custom-built H-Ds, hot rods and rock-and-roll. Life was meant to be enjoyed and I'm lookin' for the right lady to share this mad, wild, adventurous ride to the top. Preferably, she would be a good-lookin' w/f, 18 to 29, 5' to 5'4", slender but shapely, aggressively exciting, athletically coordinated, financially resourceful. A lady who knows what she wants and how to get it, and not afraid to "take on the world" in the process. Let's combine talents and make a partnership that will "knock 'em dead." Yeah! So, get off your ass and write me now (include some pics). The doctor's prescribed a wild, sensuous romance and if you're willing to relocate, it's wait-in' right here for ya. So, come on. Write me, c/o Box 987, Belmont, CA 94002 (San Francisco Bay area). No albies or junkies need apply. (128)

26-year-old Italian, 6', 190 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, good build, seeks correspondence with fine, bright, intelligent ladies. All letters with photos answered. Frank Patero, C40295, Box 705, CTF North, RA-130, Soledad, CA 93960-0705. (128G)

Proud white tramp, 5'7", 155 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, 40 years old, would like to correspond with nasty white bitches or Indian chicks in the Texas/Oklahoma area. Maybe visits. Larry Freeman 00187-078, Box 1500, OK-1, El Reno, OK 73036. (128G)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Earl Alexander, please contact me or have him contact me at this address. Important! John Tucker, C35620, DVI, Box 600, C-143, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (128G)

Aesthete w/m, 26, doing time in a "Tejas" state prison. Into life, classic and English literature; poetry and writing. Seeks lasting, eloquent correspondence with an intellectual woman, free-world or captive. Write to Gary Reed Walp, TDC 314299, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. (128)

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan: Fight for white rights and against government tyranny. Write for information and a copy of our newspaper, "The White Patriot." We also have Klan T-shirts, pendants, patches, flags, and other items available. Please enclose \$1 for postage and handling. Box 1, Metairie, La. 70004. (130)

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)

Louisiana bro down in Texas. Need a sincere lady to help pass this time. Down and all alone. Will answer all letters. James H. Netherland, Jr. 323896, Rt. 1, Box 1077, Brazoria, TX 77422. (128G)

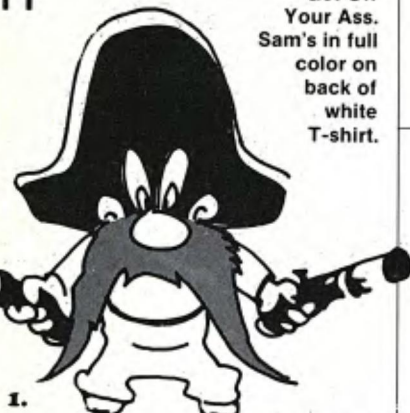
25-year-old w/m from Baraboo, Wisconsin, locked down and lonely. I have long brown hair and blue eyes; would like to hear from biker chicks. Woody Wilcoxon 95343, Hawk 2-R-7, Camp D, Angola, LA 70712. (128G)

I'm down, lonely, and far from home. If you want to bring some sunshine into my cloudy days, just drop me a kite and a photo, if possible. Lee "The Viking" Grimes 82408, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808. (128G)

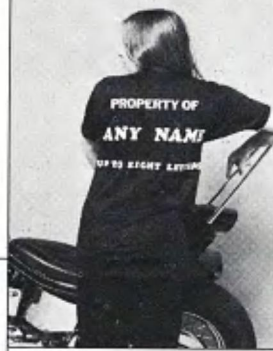
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Show your ol' man and the world who you're with. We'll print any name with up to eight letters at no extra charge. If your name is longer, it's okay. Just add \$1.00 extra for every letter over eight and we'll print it for you.

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Send \$8.00 plus \$1.00 shipping and handling with size (S, M, L, XL), color (Black, Yellow, Light Blue, or Navy), and wording wanted. We also have men's baseball shirts available (white body with black sleeves and neck) imprinted with any of designs 2 through 11 for \$12.00 each plus \$1.00 shipping and handling.

Outside U.S.A., please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling.

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In a joint effort, federal governmental agencies are calculatingly and systematically attempting to disband the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club in America.

These agencies have denied us due process; they have violated our rights guaranteed all Americans by the First Amendment of the Constitution, which includes freedom of religion, freedom of association and life style. If they can do it to us, they can do it to all Americans. Help us stop selective prosecution, and the systematic persecution of the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club. Send us \$10.00 or more donation to our Defense Fund and we will send you a T-shirt FREE! Send us \$15.00 or more donation and we will send you a sweat shirt or thermal top FREE! We will send you FREE **Keep America Free — Support Your Local Hells Angels Bumper Sticker** with order of 2 shirts.



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Collinwood Station
Cleveland, OH 44110

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Ventura, CA 93001

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MEN'S TANK TOPS Colors: White, Red, Black, Lt. Blue Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
LADIES' FRENCH CUT Colors: White, Red, Black, Lt. Blue Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
LADIES' TANK TOPS Colors: White, Red, Black, Lt. Blue Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
ADULT SWEAT SHIRTS Colors: Navy, Red, Grey Sizes: S - M - L DONATION: \$15.00				
ADULT THERMALS Colors: Black, Off-White, Red Sizes: S - M - L DONATION: \$15.00				
ADULT RINGERS Colors: White w/ Navy Trim White w/ Red Trim Lt. Blue w/ Navy Trim Grey w/ Black Trim Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
KIDS' T-SHIRTS Colors: White, Red, Black, Grey Sizes: S - M - L DONATION: \$10.00				
No Personal Checks, No C.O.D.'s All Dealer Inquiries Welcome Make Money Orders Payable To: Defense Fund				
			TOTAL	

For \$1.00 or more donation we will send you a Bumper Sticker FREE!

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CITY _____
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VET VOICE

Continued from page 53

In answer to your question about who's reading all these books, I'm not one of your "average Americans" — I'm your average Canadian. Although I didn't participate in that war, I certainly got a better understanding of it after reading those books a couple of times. I gave them to a friend to read and he said, "It sure opened my fuckin' eyes!"

Now to answer another question: "Does anyone give a shit?" Yes. . . I do! Like it says in the book *Nam*, last chapter: "Once he starts talking, just keep your mouth shut and listen. At least it won't be another waste of time."

Sarge, I'm sure your column won't be another waste of time. There are lots of brothers and sisters out there who do care. Keep up the good work.

Rick Jones
Quebec, Canada

Glad to see "Vet Voice" back. There's one organization for 'Nam vets that Sarge forgot: Vietnam Vets MC. We have a newsletter every month and good leadership. (Check your back issues of *Easyriders* for "Short Strokes," April '83.)

Don't confuse us with the Vietnam Vets MC out of Aurora, Colorado. We ain't no mail-order club and are organized.

Animal
Kewaunee, Wis. ■

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Ten important reasons these bike stands are the best your money can buy!

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\$35.00 each. Add \$5.00 for US shipping • \$19.50 APO-FPO Hawaii. Alaska. Shipped 1st class insured • \$18.50 Canadian orders shipped Air insured. No foreign orders. TOTAL ENCLOSED \$_____

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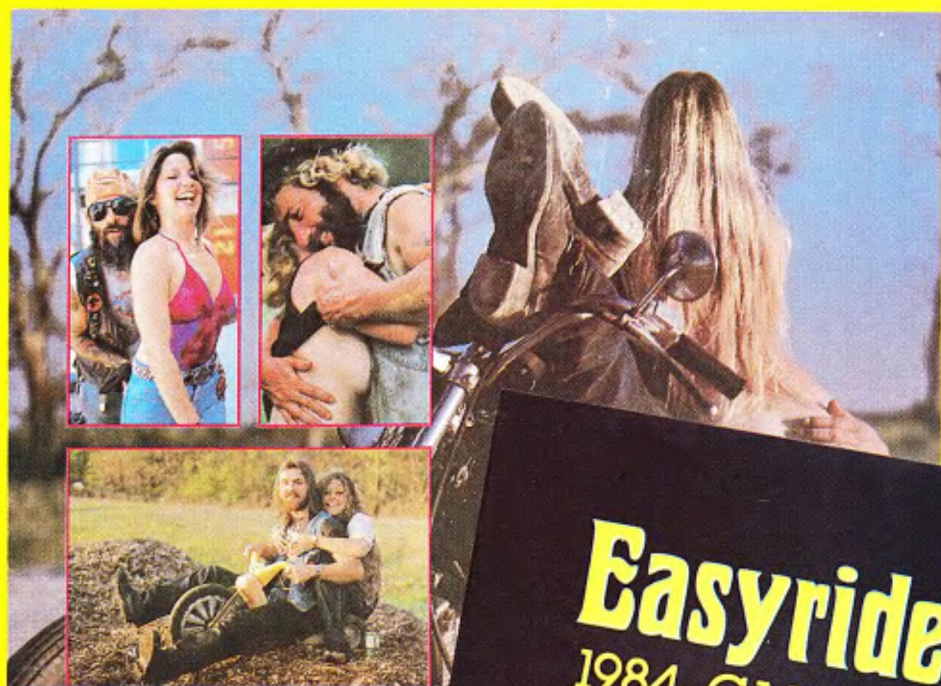
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



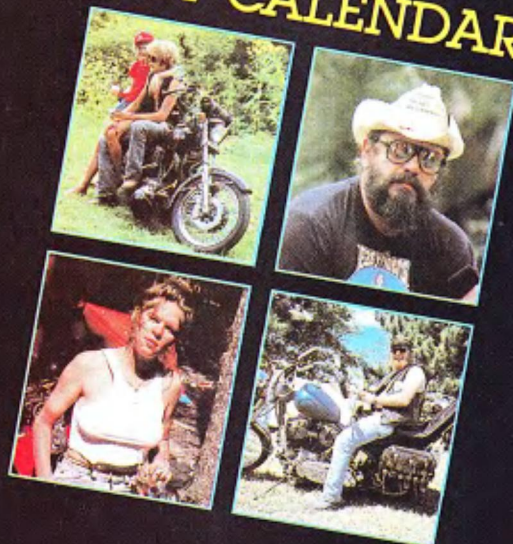
"Don't worry about your little Fifi, Miss. Spot doesn't come unless he's called."



FEBRUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
				1
5	6	7	8	
12 Lincoln's Birthday	13	14 Valentine's Day	15 Full Moon	
19	20 Washington's Birthday (Observed)	21	22 Washington's Birthday	
26	27	28	29	

Easyriders 1984 CALENDAR



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