

Easyriders®

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March 1984

**Twatburger Checks
Out Dorks**

Johnny Rivers Interview

**Will Harley Take
Over Triumph?**

Biker Chicks Galore

Liver-Quivering Scoots

Swapping The Ol' Lady

ABATE Contest Winners

Vets' Last Firefight



Introducing... **LEATHER DENIMS**

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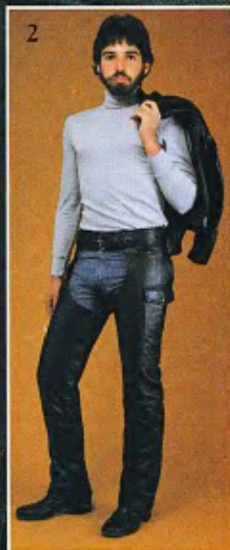
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5. Hurricane Jacket
6. Highway Jacket
7. Bomber Jacket
8. Gloves

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Easyriders

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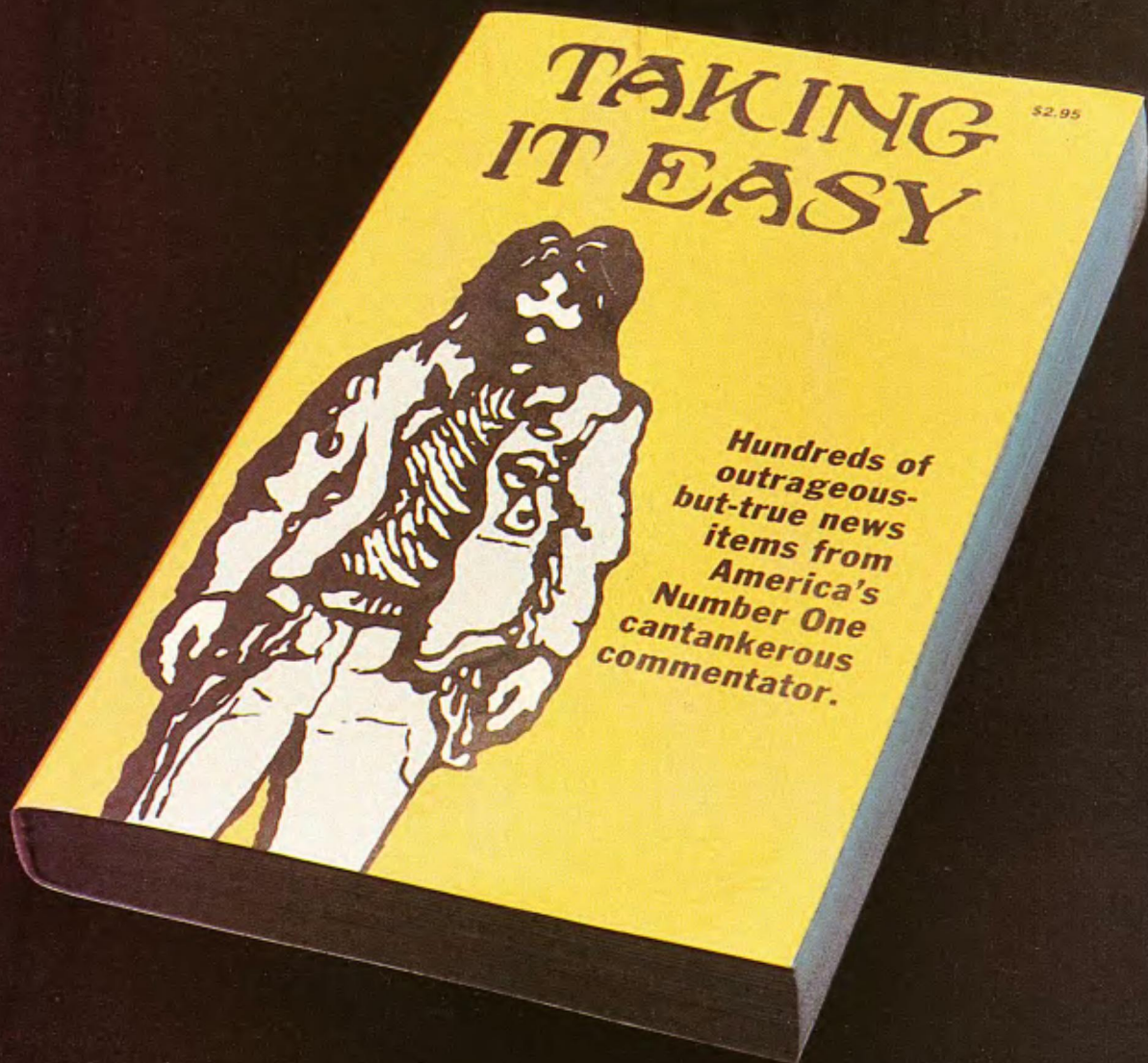


The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 28th.

Cover photo of Wendy 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.

Dip into this book at any page and you'll find laughs and more unusual people and events than you'd ever believe possible. Go for it!

Only \$2.95 — and we'll pay postage! Don't wait around — order yours today.

PAISANO PRODUCTS, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Lost and Found Dept.: This dude walks into a police station, asking for an X-ray of his gourd—said he didn't have a brain but wanted to make sure. It seems he'd already drilled a hole in his head so that he could stick a wire in it and hopefully find a brain. They hauled him away.

Pigeons are useful. A dude was held up by a dead pigeon. That's right! A guy used it as a gun. When the dude refused to hand over his loot, the would-be robber beat the shit out of him with the dead bird. (He then fled the scene.)

It doesn't pay to stay home. This couple was cleaning up their dishes from a party when a huge green blob (mung) crashed through their roof and splattered across the rug. To make a long story short, the blob was a hunk of human waste from a passing plane. They wanted to sue, but because they didn't take it in until the following morning, they were aced out. Keep that in mind because it's happened more than once. (One waste blob fell into a reservoir in southern France. Watch out for fallin' shit!)

This dude was sleeping in his wife's bedroom when his wife came home and caught him. She beat him up, broke his glasses, threatened him with a knife, and grabbed a testicle "causing it to bleed." He's suing her for \$25,000. He should've put lye in her douche bag.

Speaking of beds, this guy was filling his waterbed with water, but it was taking so long he fell asleep. It overflowed, burst from its frame, rolled on top of him, and killed him. If ya snooze, ya lose.

I know you'll believe this one! The Iowa Transportation Regulation Authority has fined a moving company \$100 for undercharging for the moving of Public Safety Commissioner Shepard's goods. The state said the moving company should have charged \$4,350 for the job but charged only \$2,968. Some government regulation hadn't been completed. Talk about fucked up!

Don't throw those rats away! A nutritionist in Brazil said the hungry millions should eat rats and boost their sex lives at the same time. "Rat meat is impregnated with the hormone testosterone, a chemical substance which can

stimulate the libido in cases of sexual dysfunction." (He excluded river rats.)

Here's another unbelievable item: A death row inmate who has suffered two heart attacks is refusing a state request that he undergo a \$35,000 taxpayer-paid heart operation that might keep him alive to face death in the electric chair. It's amazing what they do with our hard-earned tax bucks.

If ya can't swim—skip baptism. A 37-year-old man, who couldn't swim, drowned while he was being baptized in a lake by a minister who also couldn't swim. So beware if you should go skinny-dippin' with church types.

Gun Owners of the Year: A gun owner was awakened when his phone by his bed rang. He reached for the phone and said "Hello." But he had picked up his .22-caliber pistol by mistake and shot himself through the ear. Another dude shot his girlfriend in the ass because she kept cooking him green beans, green beans, all the time green beans. Then there's this broad who was trying to put a carton of milk in the refrigerator. It wouldn't fit because her ol' man had filled the refrigerator with beer. Rather than remove some beer, she grabbed a gun and shot him in the shoulder. And here's one for the older crowd. This 82-year-old guy had some words with his lady friend. He finally got so mad that he pulled out a .22-caliber pistol, shoved the barrel in her mouth and pulled the trigger. She spit out three teeth, then spit out the bullet. She survived. (You gotta watch out for old broads—they're tough.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Loves Maile

□ Ya outdid yourselves in the December issue. That island sweetie named Maile makes me wanna putt through the palm trees.

Dan C.
Big Rapids, Mich.

□ Tell Lawrence from Hawaii he oughta be a proud father. That Maile — oh, what a sweet thing she is!

Karl
Horsham, Pa.

□ You've really done it! Maile is a credit to this rag. If she ever decides to visit Alaska, give that fox my address. I'll promise her a... or whatever. Fuckin' fantastic!

Scottie
Petersburg, Alaska

□ Gotta say Maile is definitely one of the best-looking ladies you've had in a while!

Steve May
Alva, Fla.

Has The Only One

□ Just writing to let you know I have the only *Easyriders* mag in this combat zone of Grenada. It's the December issue, and the Marines from 2d Anglico and a choice few from the 82 Abn. Div. have had their paws on it.

I'll be in the wind soon.
Gy. Sgt. S. Malinowski
Grenada

Takes Offense

□ In reference to "Soapbox" (January '84): Al Goldstein is about as slimy as a worm. And that's cuttin' the poor worm down. He wouldn't know a sweet, righteous piece of Harley ass if she sat on his face. And I very seriously doubt if any biker lady would lower herself to his level anyway (too much class).

Bruce Ford
Hagerstown, Md.

□ Al Goldstein sucks. How can he possibly judge biker women when the chicks in

his rag use everything from broomsticks to tree trunks?

Cook
Lubbock, Tex.

Too Gross

□ All right, you sick fuckers! You've finally gotten too gross. Pictures of tattoos on dead fuckers is almost enough to make a person not want to read your rag any more.

Lightweight
Somewhere

□ What the fuck's wrong with you guys? John Q. Public reads this magazine, too, you know, and when you publish a pictorial like "Ya Can Take It With Ya," all it does is reinforce his already warped image of us as drug-crazed, tattooed junkies.

When you, as the supposed number one bike magazine, show dead tattooed bodies with notes that indicate they OD'd, you equate bikers with junkies to a worldwide audience.

We've already had a hard enough time with the public's idea of us — we don't need this. The twelve pictures and notes probably did as much harm in one issue as all the good coverage on toy runs and charity runs in other issues.

Why don't you leave the sick shit to *Hustler* and keep *Easyriders* a magazine for bikers?

Hog
Nampa, Ida.

□ Okay, you snort suckers, your article "Ya Can Take It With Ya" really gave me a nut ache. After reading your mag for the last nine years, I thought you would try to know at least a little about what you are writing about, but that article proves differently.

I personally wear the death's head to represent the life I took that put me in here, and if there's any one of you who would like to call me a police informer to my face, you know where I am.

Stop printing what some dumbfuck sociology professor says, especially one who runs around in a morgue shooting pics of tattooed stiffs.

Death Dealer
Jefferson City, Mo.

□ Your tattoos on dead people feature is enough to ruin one's appetite and cause nightmares. Never have I seen anything as vulgar in a magazine.

Little Bit
Lorain, Ohio

□ You should be shot and pissed on for your article "Ya Can Take It With Ya."

Blue
Edmonton, Alberta

□ You have managed to hit the all-time low in gross and pointless articles.

Mad Dog's Ol' Lady
Topeka, Kan.

□ Just wanted to tell you sick fuckers that I beat a path each month to pick up *Easyriders* at the local rag joint and I've been doin' it for years. But your article "Ya Can Take It With Ya" about those signed and OD'd morgue corpses showin' off what's left of their tattoos is the most disgustin', warped, pukingest, fuckin' lowlife thing you assholes have ever done.

Street
Deerfield Beach, Fla.

□ Have a big slice of prune pie to take some pressure off your brains.

Sleaze
Richmond, Ohio

□ If I want to flash on dead or burned people, I can flash on 'Nam, read *Hustler*, or read the burn scars on my still-alive and very foxy woman. You really blew it.

Christopher J. Vangos
Lowell, Mass.

He's In Love

□ Somebody deserves a big bonus! I called for my free

catalog, and after hanging up the phone, I fell on the floor. Who was the babe with the sweet, sexy, Southern voice who answered the phone at 11:35 a.m. on November 4 (MST)? Where is she? What's her home phone? I'll buy whatever I have to — plus some. I'll never be the same again. You guys in sales are playing dirty nowadays.

Slick
Tucson, Ariz.

■ That's our Southern Mouse.

Life's Story

□ Just wanted to write to let you know the December issue's "Word Search" is the story of my life. I found all the parts before I found "cash."

Kyle Damron
Garland, Tex.

An Apology

□ First, I'd like to say thanks to all the *Easyriders* readers who ordered Pacific Harley-Davidson T-shirts from us. We have tried to fill all your orders as quickly as possible, and I hope no one has had to wait too long for their shirts.

Second, I would like to apologize to those of you who got bummed out when your T-shirts came out of the first wash full of holes. It seems we got a bad batch of shirts, and unfortunately, quite a few of these were sent out before we discovered the problem. The bad shirts can be identified easily by the "Stedman Hi-Cru" label in the neckband and by their tendency to fall apart after one or two washings.

As a Harley-Davidson dealer, we feel it is our responsibility to provide only top-quality goods and services to our customers and that you deserve nothing less for your hard-earned bucks. If you were one of the unfortunate ones, please return the substandard shirts to us and we will replace them with the quality garment you should have received in the first place.

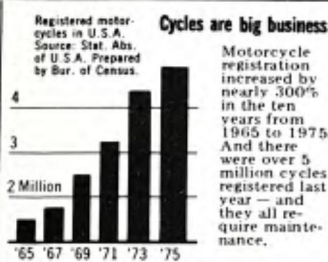
Chuck Rose
Mgr., Parts & Service
Pacific H-D Sales
2965 N. Nimitz Hwy.
Honolulu, HI 96819

Too Late

□ I've seen your commercial "Watch Out For Bikers" on TV and it's not bad. But the damned thing is being aired at 1:00 a.m. on KBCI in Boise,

Now YOU Can Be A MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC

New Motorcycle
Riders Year After Year

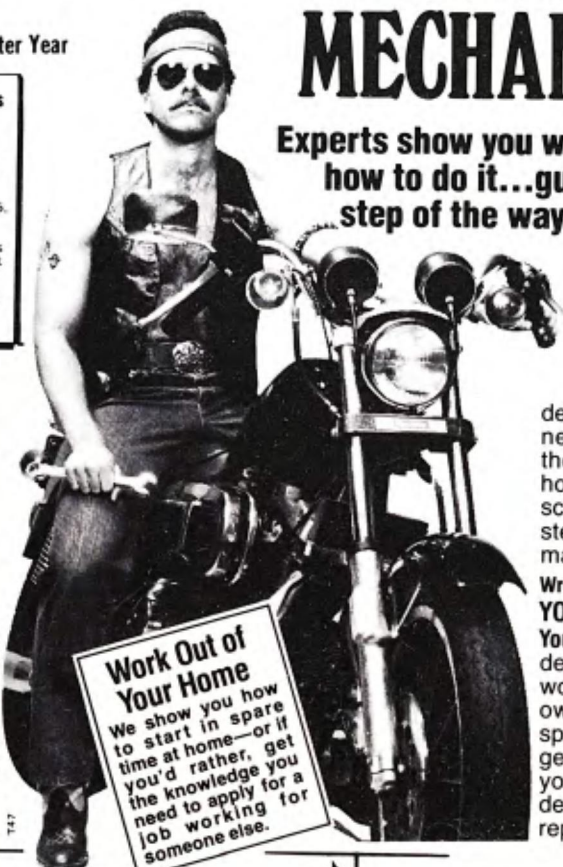


Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics. Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't have enough mechanics to take care of everyone as fast as they like.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for survey showing the employment success of graduates.

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

FIRST FOLD HERE



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

If you like to ride a bike for fun... learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you choose to work in a cycle shop for somebody else or decide to start your own cycle repair business. Now, thanks to North American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

Wrenches, sockets, test instruments and more... **YOU GET EVERYTHING FOR A FAST START!** Your Future is in Your Own Hands—You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles at home—or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own repair business.

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Cycles are big business... and so is fixing them! There are more than 5 million motorcycles registered in the U.S. today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman.

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Address _____
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Newport Beach, California

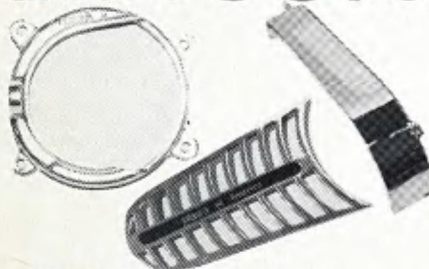
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Idaho. It's getting very little exposure out here. If the cost of air time is what's causing this, so be it.

Joseph J. Jackmovich
Mountain Home, Ida.

■ We have no control over where and when it's aired. Someone in Boise must have sent in for the commercial and gotten it aired whenever he/she could. Something is better than nothing; besides, who goes to bed (to sleep) before 3:00 a.m.?

Dave Mann

□ I've noticed a bunch of fuck-ups on Dave Mann's artwork — like no valve stems on the wheels. My cell partner and I are joint tattooists and we just decided to let you guys know. Cut down on the raisin pie for Mann for a spell!

Critter and Spike
Lansing, Kan.

□ I'm a great fan of Dave Mann's work and feel that he is the Norman Rockwell of the H-D generation. Thanks, Dave, and may your talent and insight be with us for a long time to come.

Mike Belfry
Las Vegas, Nev.

□ I'd like to know if Dave Mann's centerspread in the November '83 issue will be put out as a poster.

P.A.
Wichita, Kan.

■ Yes! It's available in this issue on page 88.

A Question

□ What is our version of the broken wings? I've heard two different versions.

The first one is that you wear them after you've had a bad spill as a sign that you ride a Harley, but that a Harley rode you once. I also heard you wear them before you take a spill, so that you won't take one.

Will Trendley
St. Charles, Mo.

■ Never heard of broken wings, only red ones.

Thanks

□ First off, thanks for letting me know. Second, what the fuck does the DEA think they're doing? I'm paying my tax dollars to a country that I and almost everyone who lives here would give his/her life to protect. And they say

thanks by spendin' our bucks to con bros right into the cage.

I say, fuck 'em! If they want to play storm trooper, send their asses to Russia. If they want to keep playin' their games, they'd better stay the fuck away from my front door.

Snake Olander
Dayton, Ohio

□ I'm a cop, but I also like to stay in the wind. I've got no heartache 'bout givin' a bro a ticket for doin' 70 in a 30mph zone through a residential district. That's the law, and it's there for the protection of the kids and old ladies who live there. But this shit with the DEA got me pissed off. That crap gives all cops a black eye, and all I can say is good luck to all the bros who got fried.

Andy S.
Spring, Tex.

□ In response to your article "Universal Solvents" in the December '83 issue: I, too, agree that this was an obvious attempt at entrapment by the DEA.

Just because a person works for the government doesn't mean that he or she has the right to change the Constitution. This is the reason the Bill of Rights was created — to protect U.S. citizens from injustices inflicted upon them.

It seems to me that all the time and money being spent on "illegal" actions that people do to themselves could best be spent on illegal actions that hurt everyone. I feel sorry for all the magazines that ran the Universal Solvents advertisements. It's a shame that the magazines that cater to the public's interest have to suffer as the result of illegal actions taken by a bored DEA.

John Fischer
Nacogdoches, Tex.

□ Universal Solvents, Apex Publishing Co., Ga. Lab. Supply, Chong Chemicals, Chemical Sheed, Bio Chem, and Vara Scientific are all narcs. If you even write to the fuckers for a catalog, they'll put you under investigation.

I'm doing my second five-year sentence for buying chemicals from the cock-suckers, but sometimes they're the only places you can get any. I knew they were narcs all the time, so I was

ready for them and never got caught until some fuckhead snatched me out.

One snitch has the trouble potential of five narcs, and all snitches take it up the ass.

Burrell Ricketts
Ashland, Ky.

□ Here's another move for Big Brother: A company in Virginia is now offering a kit to parents so they can test their kids for drugs. What are they gonna do if it's positive? Report their own kids? Any one who would narc on their own kids should be put right down there with narc shit. Flush the turds.

Dopey Doat
Street, Md.

□ Just read your article on Universal Solvents. Hold the phone! I think I may have found another one. It's called "Real Concepts." For \$4 they send you opium poppy seeds. (Also available are books on "Basic Drug Manufacture.") On the seed package is a warning regarding the planting instructions: "However, planting them is illegal and we in no way condone it."

I may be paranoid, but ain't in jail! With drug imports being as expensive as they are, you'd think Big Brother would smile on self-motivation. And folks wonder why prisons are overcrowded!

5 Star
Whiting, Ind.

Wants A Harley

□ I want to buy a Harley. But every time I mention it to dudes who ride Jap bikes, or at least don't own Harleys, they say, "You don't want a Harley. They shake too much, leak oil, and all that bullshit." I think they're full of the same bullshit. What do you think?

B.B.
Mt. Juliet, Tenn.

■ They're full of bullshit.

"Hells Angels Forever"

□ My ol' man woke up in a bad mood one morning and suggested we go see the Hells Angels movie. He figured what the fuck, he was already in a bad mood, why not make it worse.

Well, we didn't see what we expected to see. We really enjoyed the movie. We enjoyed it so much that we went out that day and bought us a new bike — Harley. of

course. Now if anyone asks if we've seen the movie, we say, "Yeah, and it cost us \$5000." Craig and Theresa Pontiac, Mich.

Nipple Shields

☐ In response to Fry from Beeville, Texas (December '83): The items she wants are called nipple shields. Have her contact Gauntlet Enterprises, Inc., Box 69811, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

She should also send you a picture after they're installed. Shadow Albany, N.Y.

Needs An Answer

☐ I'm in the military, stationed in Germany. In order to keep the "in the wind" spirit alive during the snow months, I collect video biker movies for me and my bros to watch.

I read your article on "Hells Angels Forever." Do you know if this movie is going to be released on video tape? If so, by whom and when? I'd like to add it to my collection. There's no chance this movie will ever appear in the military movie system. Thanks for any help in locating a copy.

Ronald Debell
Bremerhaven, Germany

☐ Not known at this time.

New Organization

☐ Just wanted to drop you a line to advise you and your readers of an organization forming in California: American Brotherhood Aimed Toward Education, otherwise more commonly referred to as ABATE of California (not affiliated with National Abate in Sacramento, California).

ABATE is dedicated to freedom of the road for all motorcyclists and actively follows through with responsible motorcycle legislation throughout the state. To our members we pledge our commitment in various forms such as informative quarterly newsletters, assistance in obtaining reasonable motorcycle insurance rates, and an attorney referral service, to name just a few.

We encourage all those concerned for motorcyclists' safety and freedom to choose to enroll now. Your membership dollars are used to protect your personal freedoms (quarterly financial statements are provided to

our members upon request).

For more information and membership enrollment, contact your Inland Empire representative in Riverside, California, at (714) 359-6939. For setting up and organizing in your own area, contact us at (213) 352-7666. We welcome inquiries from ABATE and other motorcycle rights organizations in other states too.

Thomas Kovari
ABATE of California
Riverside, Calif.

☐ There may be confusion with other ABATE organizations. Hope you checked this out legally.

We're To Blame

☐ What the fuck do you guys think you're doing? I'll tell you what. You're perverting the minds of young men.

Four years ago I met a nice, respectable guy. He started buying *Easyriders*, and almost immediately the effect of biker obsession set in.

Now he owns a '72 Harley, never shaves, has hair down to his ass, and he doesn't even take his leathers off to fuck!

I just want to say, "Thanks one hell of a lot, guys!" Now I'm stuck with the task of reforming this man. It's a tough job, but someone's got to do it.

I must say your magazine does one hell of a job of turning their minds into strained shit.

How much for a subscription?

Muffy
Prince George, B.C.

A Reply

☐ To Bunny, C.C., and Rita Hendrickson (November '83): I had thought that the days of stupid, disrespectful cunts like you had ended. I see now that this new generation of scatterbrained bitches must be educated.

Asking a righteous rag like *Easyriders* to print dick flicks is a worse insult than asking them to print custom rice-burners.

Wind Dancer
Ogden, Utah

No Cocks

☐ In rebuttal to "Cock Photos" in the January issue: If you want to see cocks so bad, try whipping your ol' man's out. If your ol' man ain't got one, pick up a *Playgirl*. I'm a biker's ol' lady and

am proud of this rag just the way it is.

The Instigator
Little Elm, Tex.

Wrong! Wrong!

☐ I've learned by now that you knuckleheads don't learn from your fuckin' mistakes 'cause the artwork for the story "Premonition" has an H-D on the tank but the name's ass-backwards. We're quick in Indy!

Moonlighter
Indianapolis, Ind.

☐ We're quicker. Reflections always appear backwards. Don't yours? Send us some of that shit.

Too Little

☐ I'm not much of a biker or a biker's ol' lady yet, but I wanted to check this out with someone.

I've wanted to get myself a Harley for years, and I've finally gotten to the point where I can get one. But there's one problem. I've always believed that if you're gonna ride, no matter what it is ya ride, ya gotta be able to pick up the bike if ya drop it.

I'm 5'2" and weigh 97 lbs. What am I gonna do? I was told that I might as well settle for a rice bike, but I believe in American-made only. I'd try lifting weights, but there's a definite limit for a 97-pounder like me.

Any suggestions?

P.T.
Honolulu, Hawaii

☐ Get an ol' man.

Question

☐ Are the APO and FPO addresses in your ads only good for Canada, Alaska, and Hawaii, or are they good for all APOs and FPOs?

Conan
APO, N.Y.

☐ They're good for all APOs and FPOs.

Reply to "The Greaser"

☐ In reference to the letter from "The Greaser" (January '84), I would like to be of some help. Recently, by chance, I discovered that a Fram PH2870A spin-on oil filter fits my '82 FXRS perfectly. It's about an inch and a half deeper, but other than that, it works fine. I talked to a couple of Harley mechanics, and they told me to watch for an excessive amount of oil flowing from the breather tube, but except for that possibil-



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This genuine ZIPPO lighter is manufactured by American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

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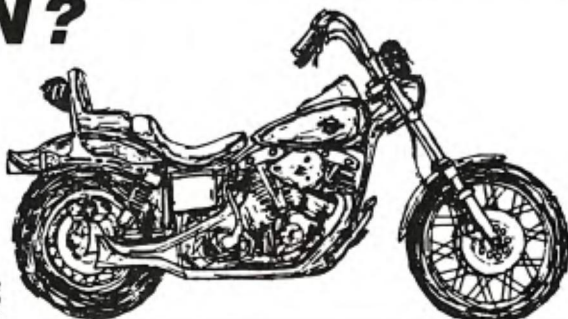
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HD National Huntington's Disease Association 128A East 74 Street, New York

ity, they saw no other potential problem.

I put 2000 miles on the first filter I tried with no problem. The second one is carrying on the tradition of the first. So, for one-third the cost of the Harley filter, the Fram does just fine.

This particular filter also cross-references with AC (PF-34), Lee (LF-213 and LF-213FC) plus various Mopar, Motorcraft, and Purolator oil filters. I hope this info will help.

M. Goodacre
Battle Creek, Mich.

☐ Here's an answer for "The Greaser" from Cheyenne, Wyoming. Just go down to your local auto parts store and pick up a Fram PH46 oil filter. It'll spin right on. I've had one on my FXR for the last 5000 miles without a problem. I don't know if it'll match up to a Sporty or not.

Larry Berentsen
Lubbock, Tex.

More Raisin Pie

☐ Spider must have some Missouri blood in him 'cause these prison officials hand out raisin pie about three times a week, and I know it ain't 'cause we're good ol' boys.

Jeff Pennock
Fordland, Mo.

No Specs?

☐ Where were the specs on the '83 Softail in the December '83 issue? Send me a joint of that stuff.

Space Case
Malvern, Pa.

Touched

☐ I was touched by the honesty and compassion I found in Carl Kohler's short story, "Parting Gift," in the November '83 issue.

I was impressed by the courage shown by the biker in the story — to stay with his old man in his last days as he met his death.

Jim Hosack
Springfield, Mo.

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.

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

Paranoid: Characterized by oversuspiciousness or delusions of persecution.

— **New World Dictionary**

"Those cocksuckers are out to get me," I say. "I know it — the fuckers are trying to put me behind bars."

My straight friends never quite understand. They shake their heads and mutter, "You're just paranoid." My biker bros aren't nearly as quick to accuse me of bein' crazy. They know better; they all think The Man is out to get them, too.

Of course, it could be that all bikers are paranoid. Maybe Harley vibrations scramble the brains till we perceive non-existent threats coming at us from everywhere. It could be somethin' like that. After all, they keep discovering new diseases, right? Right?

Well, the good news is you're not a paranoid. The bad news is they are out to get you. Uncle Sam — your government — is out to get you... and every other biker. They are out to get you by any means they can, fair or foul. They are out to get you either by doing it themselves or by so inflaming and terrorizing Joe Q. Cagedriver that he feels positively

98TH CONGRESS
1ST SESSION

H. CON. RES. 82

Expressing the sense of the Congress that the President should establish a Federal strike force and a program in each United States judicial district to investigate and prosecute crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

MARCH 8, 1983

Mr. Walker submitted the following concurrent resolution; which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

Expressing the sense of the Congress that the President should establish a Federal strike force and a program in each United States judicial district to investigate and prosecute crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs.

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs have become a major criminal element in our society; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs are united in an organized international criminal association with a single network of leaders; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs, as organized criminal groups, have employed terrorism, extortion, threats, and murder as methods of attaining illegal gains; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs, as organized criminal groups, are involved in the kidnaping, enslavement, and physical abuse of women; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs, as organized criminal groups, are receiving enormous profits from drug production, drug trafficking, gunrunning, theft, and murder by contract; and

Continued on page 126

patriotic as he runs you off the road.

Want proof? Read on. At this very moment, a few weeks before Christmas 1983, the Subcommittee on Crime of the House Judiciary Committee is working on the greatest present biker-haters could have ever dreamed of.

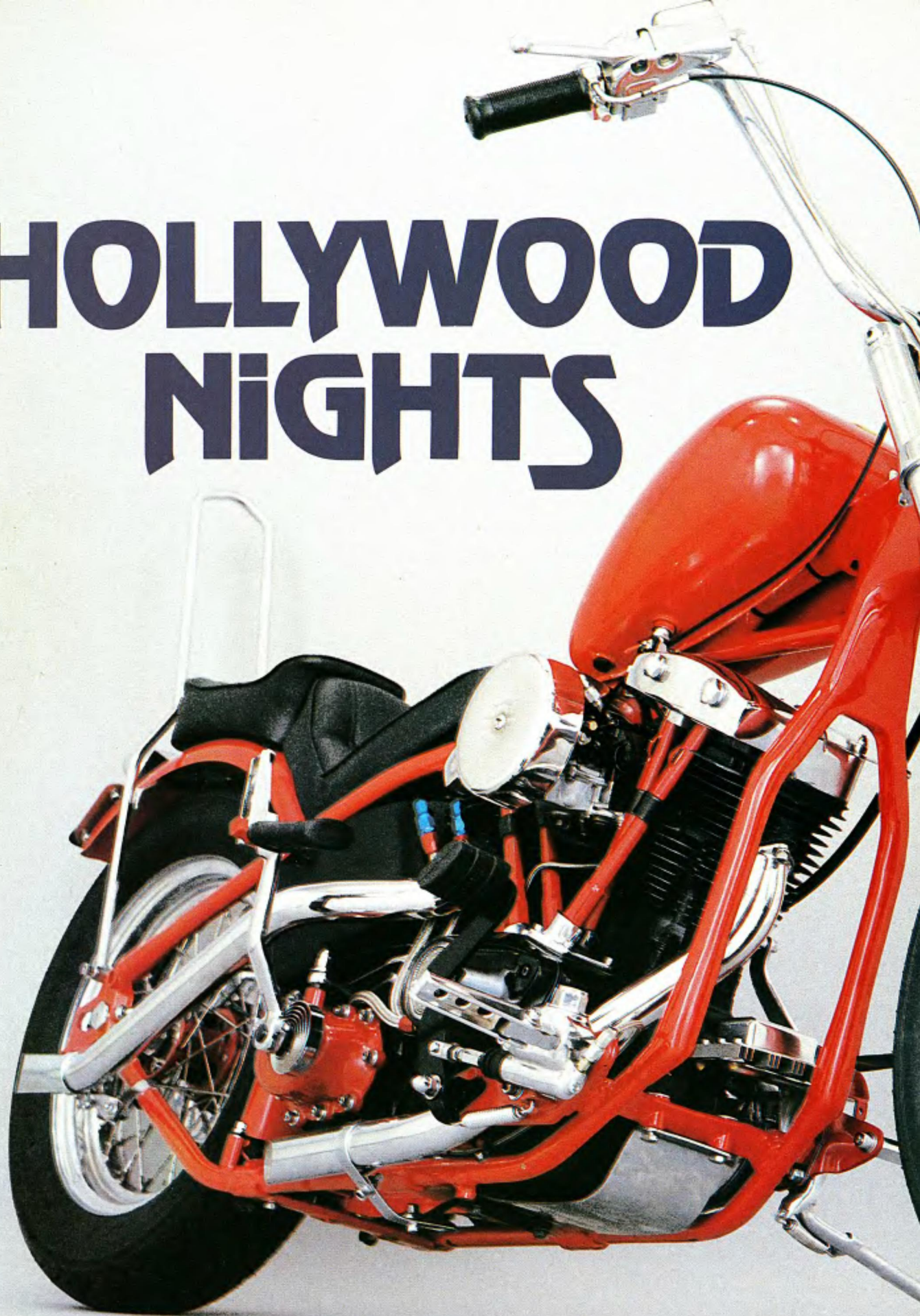
This bill, currently known as House Concurrent Resolution 82, accuses bikers of everything from welfare chiseling to murder, and calls on the President to establish a federal strike force to investigate and prosecute club members and to aid state and local authorities in their harassment of bikers. Not convinced that a nationwide strike force would accomplish their goal, the authors of HCR 82 demand not just one federal program against bikers, but a separate program "in each judicial district of the United States."

The premise for the creation of this measure is so ridiculous that the situation would be laughable if it weren't for the millions of tax dollars

wasted on arriving at it. For example, HCR 82 claims that "Motorcycle gangs are united in an organized international criminal association"

Continued on page 126

HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS



**Here's a scooter
at home any-
where from the
swingin' Sunset
Strip to the
bitchin' beach.**

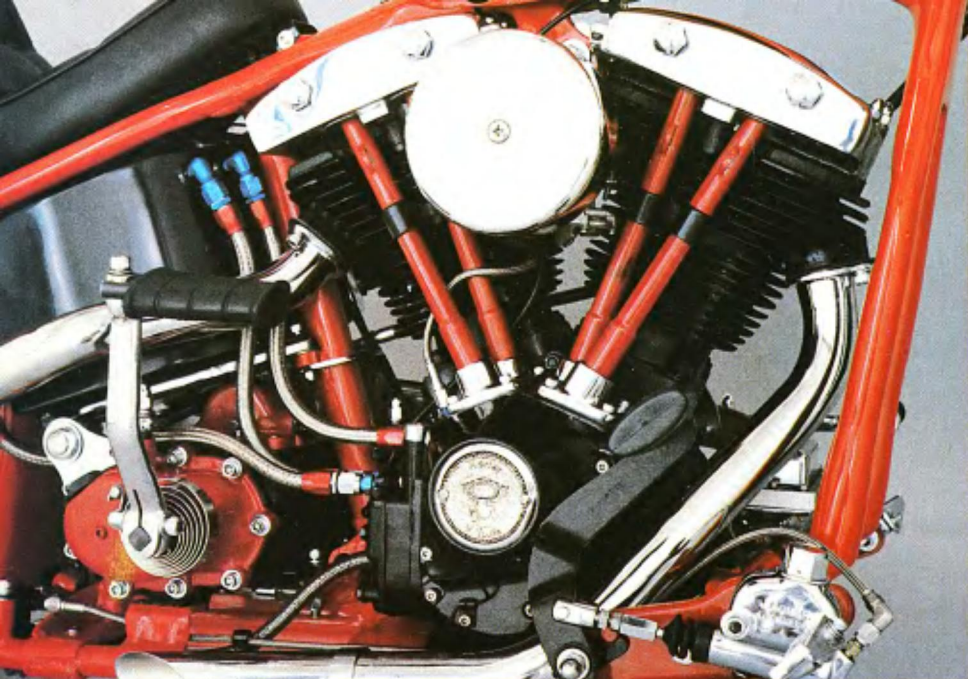


*And those Hollywood
nights
In those Hollywood hills
It was lookin' so right
It was givin' him chills
In those big city nights
In those high rolling hills
Above all the lights
With a passion that kills.*

**Bob Seger, "Hollywood
Nights"**

Talk about a bro who understands what Seger's song is wailin' about. Eddy Paul, whose painting and designing skills grace choppers from coast-to-coast, is not only well-known to bikers, he's also in demand by movie producers needing a primo scooter to star on the silver screen.

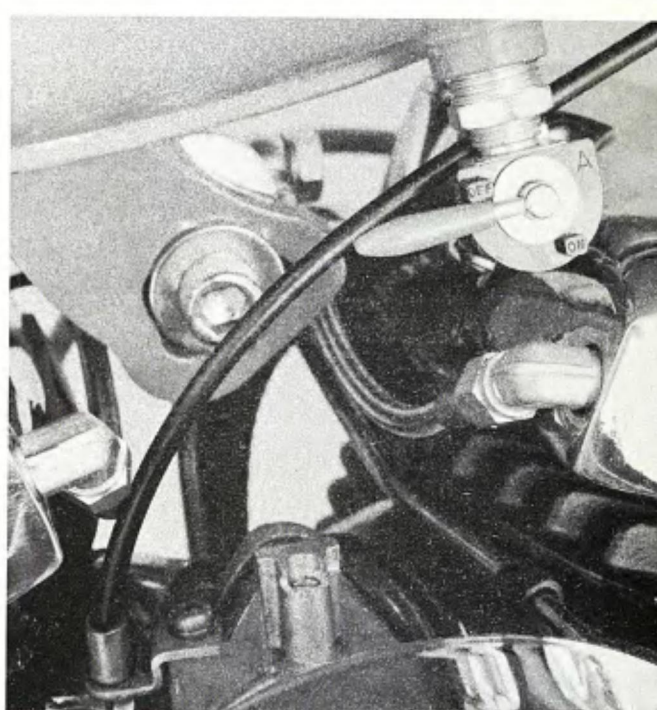
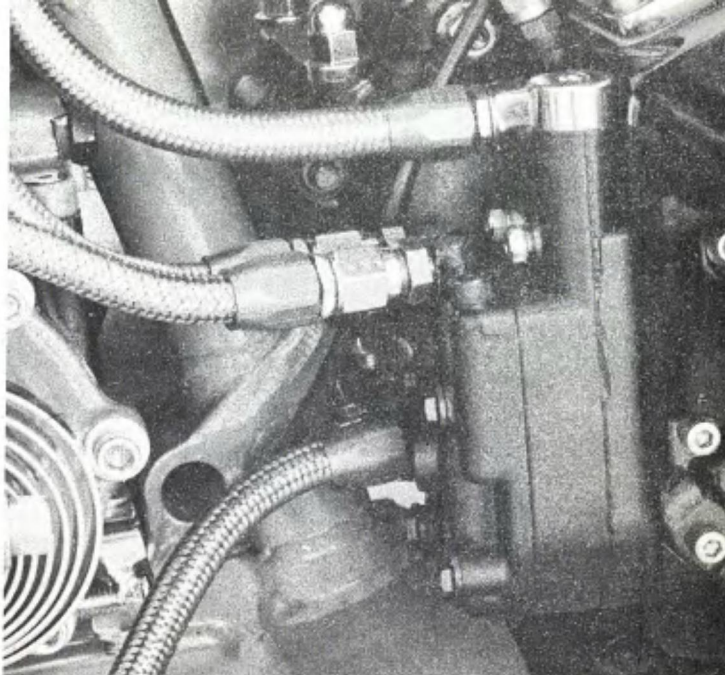
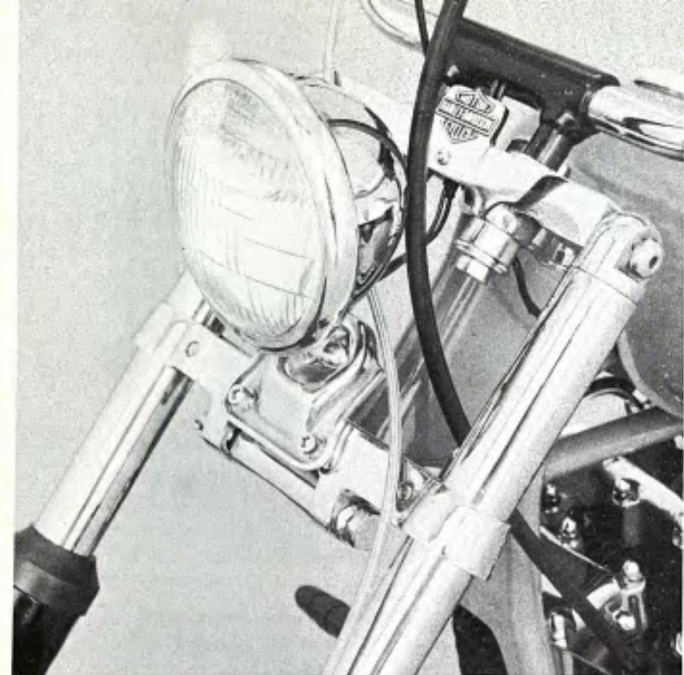
Not that Eddy really is any kind of Tinsel Town type. He's been around



the track too many times to get conned by bright lights, big talk and media hype.

Like any straight-up dude who's hung out in Hollyweird for a while, Eddy knows that a lot of things that are, as the song says, "lookin' so right" can wind up givin' ya a real bad case of the chills — maybe even a terminal case. Eddy





knows all about those "big city nights" and he's run into more than a few people afflicted with that overwhelming lust for power and success — the passion that kills — that afflicts so many of the "hustlers and the losers" (to quote *another* Seger song) people in what is cynically called "the film colony." (As if a bunch of assholes desperately trying to climb

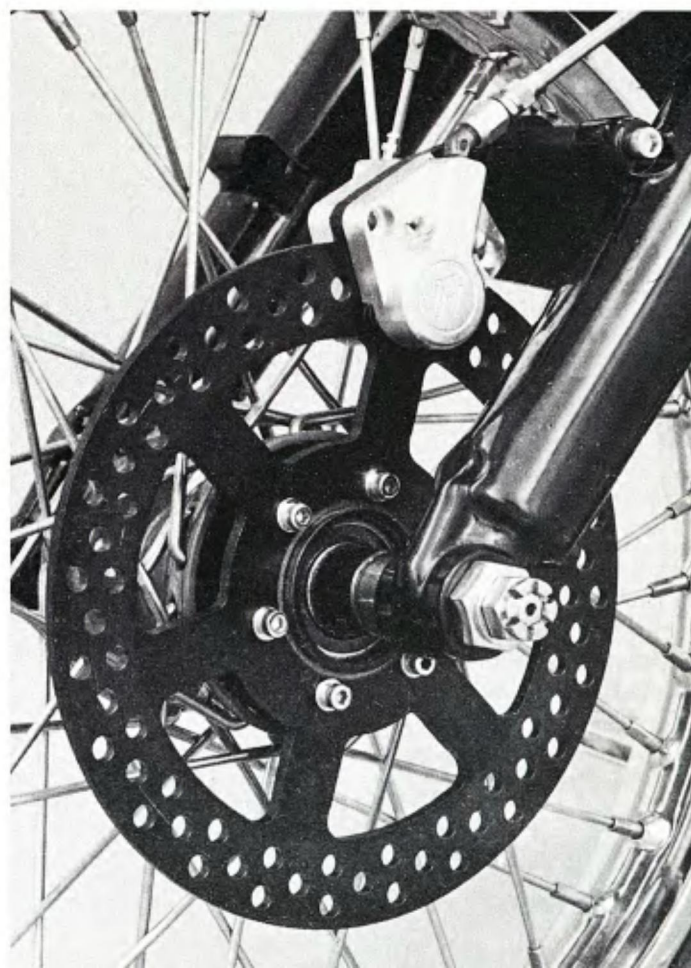
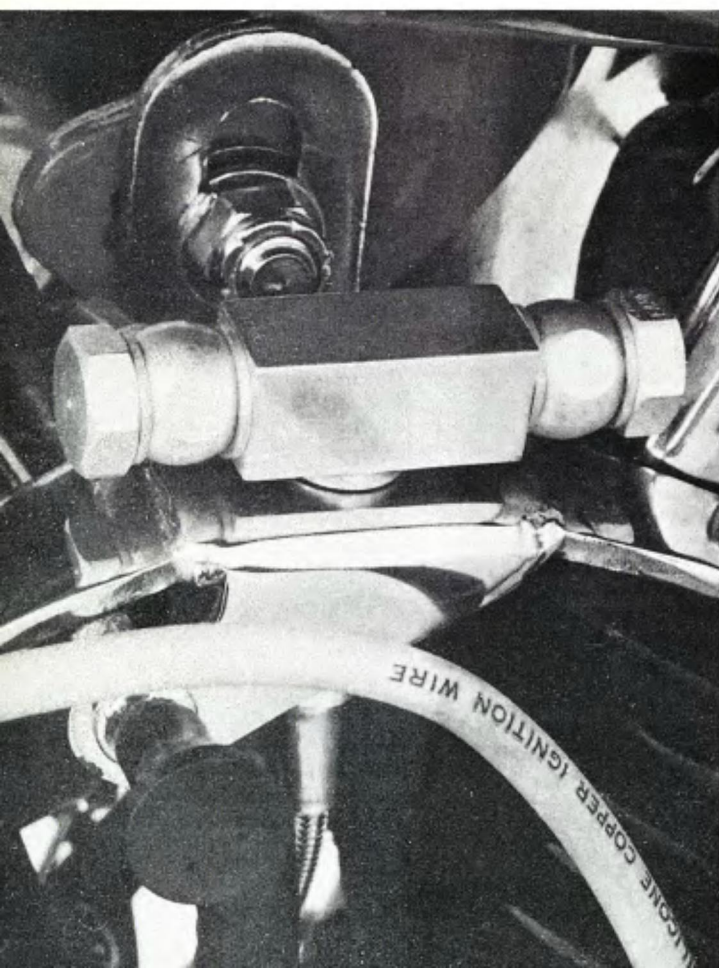
up the ladder of success on each others' backs could possibly be considered a colony.)

As far as Eddy's concerned, real life is what ya find on the saddle of a bike, with the wind in your face and a skinny girl's long arms wrapped around your waist.

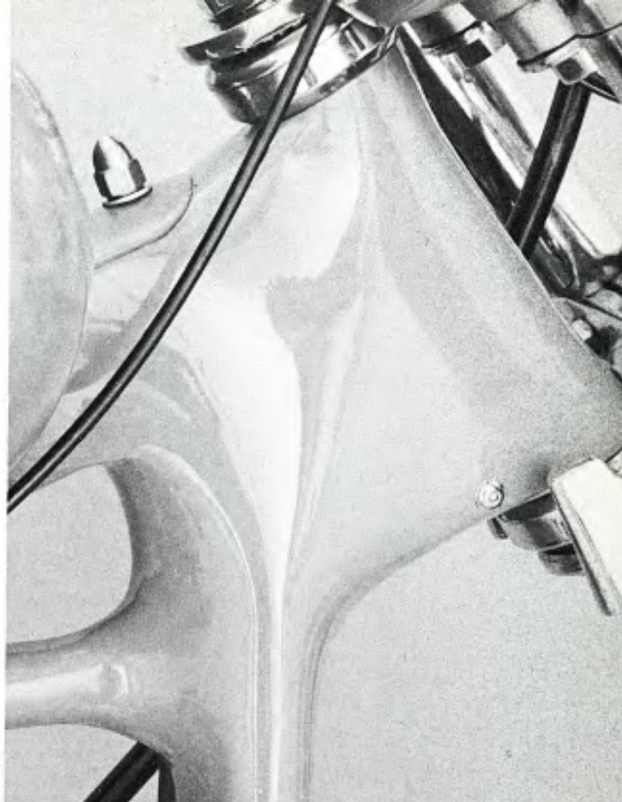
As you can see from these pictures, Eddy's taste in bikes is as down-to-earth and rock-solid

as his philosophy of life. Not for him molded fiberglass fenders and flashy front ends. Eddy likes choppers to look like *choppers* — complete with apehangers, flat fenders and Catseye taillight.

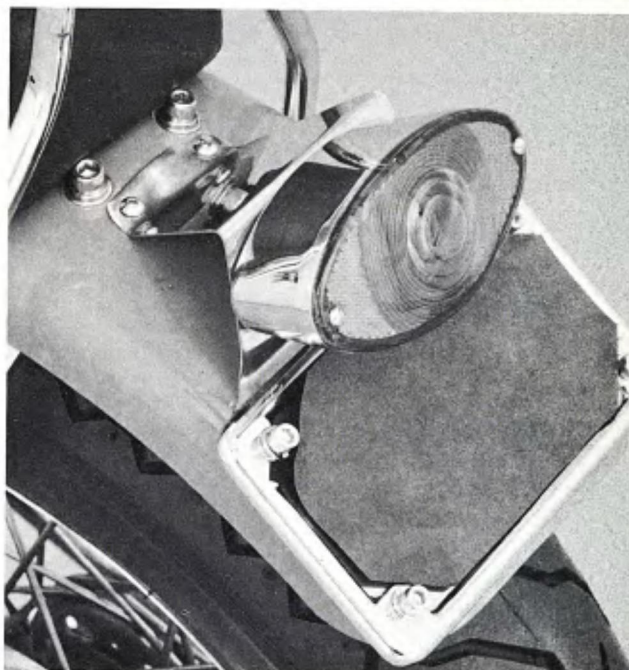
In fact, somethin' about this flashy red roadburner really brings back a whole set of feelings. No, it's not the nifty little gash Ronnie Tes-



Owner: Eddy Paul		City: El Segundo, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: LA Custom		Year: 1951	
Year and make: 1979 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: a lot		Rake: 10 degrees over	
Assembly by: LA Custom		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: molding	
Chroming by: Supreme		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1979		Risers: H-D	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: untouched from factory		Headlight: KD	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: the wind	
Lower end: see rebuilder		Front pegs: hole pegs	
Balancing: sure thing		Rear pegs: hole pegs	
Pistons: some carbon on top		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: 3-gal. Paughco	
Heads: polished		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): H		Oil system: dry sump, braided lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco/powder coated	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: LA Pier	
Air cleaner: round		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 18 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: powder painted		Type: adjustable glide	
Year: 1979		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 14mm Primo belt		Special features: legs powder painted	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Eddy Paul		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Eddy Paul		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: Porsche red		Tire: Continental	Tire: Dunlop
Type: enamel		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: H-D/juice
Special paint: mural by Ronnie Tessensohn			
Other special modifications: powder by J&R Powder, allen bolts up the butt.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



sensohn painted on the tank. I was never lucky enough to have an ol' lady that showed quite *that* much cheek wanderin' around in public. I think it's more the no-nonsense, "the hell with it" (as in "the hell with a speedo" and "the hell with a front fender") look

of the bike as a whole. The man who owns this scooter clearly understands what a motorcycle is supposed to be about — riding, pure and simple.

A bike, ya know, ain't supposed to be an exercise in high technology. A bike is a "freedom

machine" as AMF used to call it. The early chops (bobbed cycles, they were called) seemed to cry out, "Hop on and ride me, you sonuvabitch!" Those are the same vibes I feel from Eddy's scooter.

Tell ya the truth, it's good to feel 'em again.

— Pacheco Clyde

ANYTHING FOR

Sleaze braked lightly and then swung to the right, guiding the rat FL into the hot, yellow dust billowing in the alley running along the south side of Alexander's Feed & Seed. He let the wheezing grime-covered 74 lug the bike a few last licks before jerking the alligator-clipped hot lead loose from the coil to kill the engine. He coasted, rattling and squeaking, the last 60 feet to the ramshackle shed at the rear of the property, eyeing the weathered two-story house next to it, which was slowly dying under its peeling gray paint and mantle of age. Braking to a halt in the comparative coolness of the sway-backed wooden structure, Sleaze found exactly what he had expected. Red Dog, his ass perched perilously on the edge of a plastic milk crate, an orange shop rag in one hand and a beer in the other, was dabbing at dust specks on the gleaming chopper, wiping already super-clean chrome to an even more dazzling silver-blue brilliance.

* * *

Red Dog looked up at Sleaze, motioned with a jerk of his head toward the rest of a six-pack sitting sweat-beaded on the heavy workbench behind him, and resumed his sanitizing. Sleaze kicked the stand out and let the rat flop onto it. Rising, he pulled his sweat-soaked shorts and Levi's into a different position across his butt.

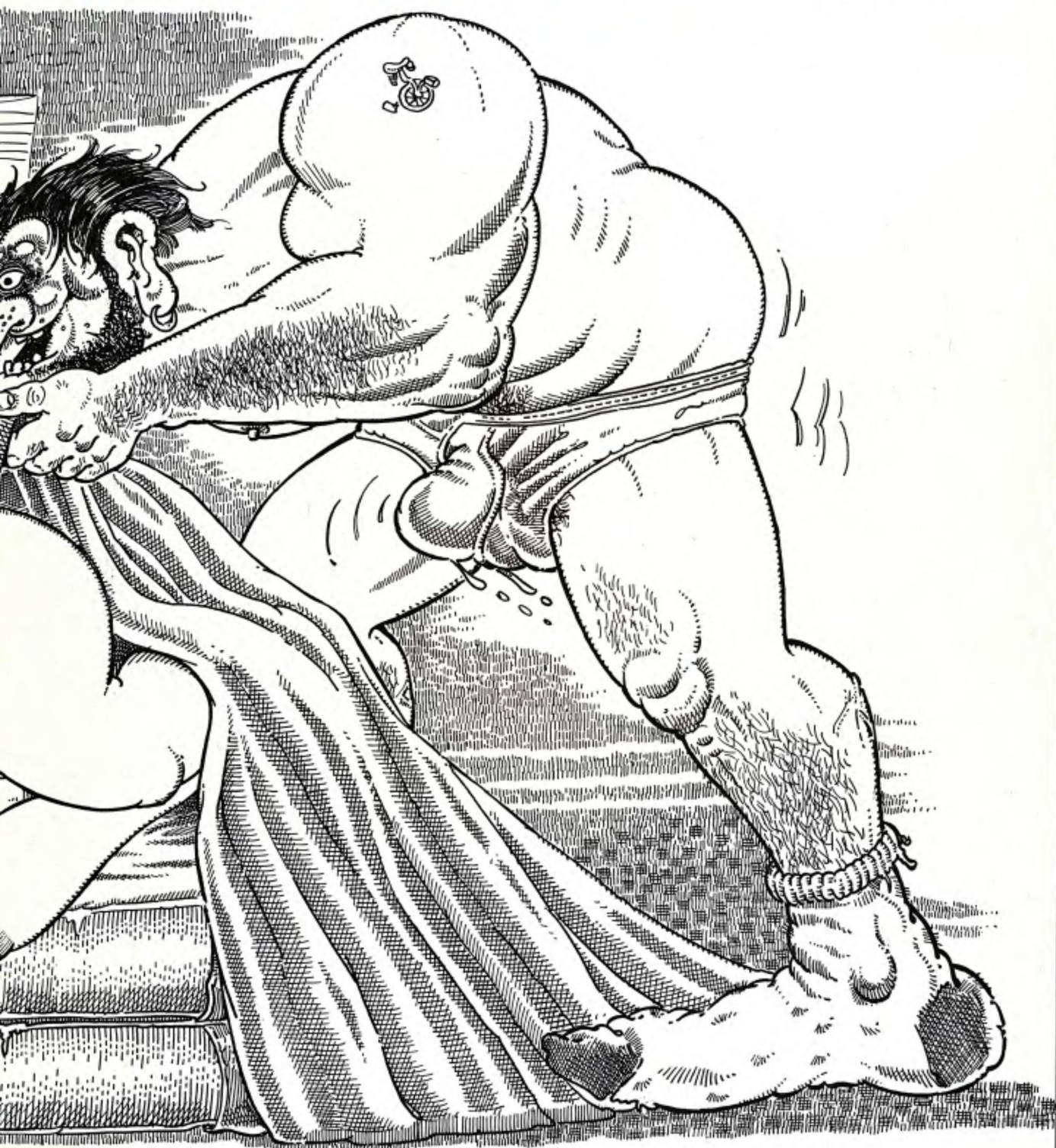
"Jeezus," he complained, as he fisted one of the beers out of its plastic O ring, "it feels like these fuckin' things are glued onto me. It's hotter'n a sonuvabitch out there. An' ya ought to try drivin' a fuckin' *Continued on page 99*

BY MARTIN DOWNING



A FRIEND

"They don't look to see who's throwin' the meat to 'em. Wilma's expecting it to be me and when she gets it, she figures that it is me."



A SALTY

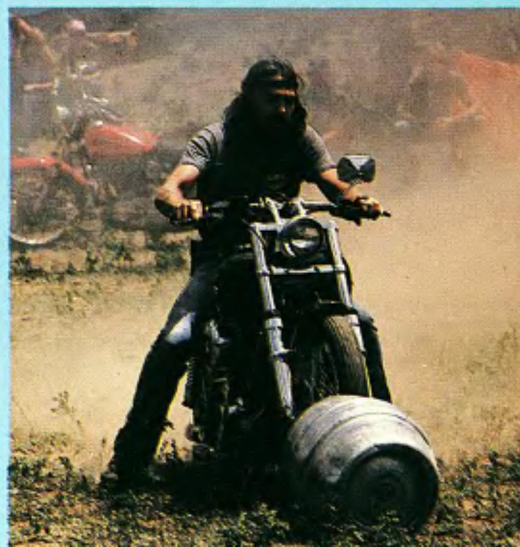
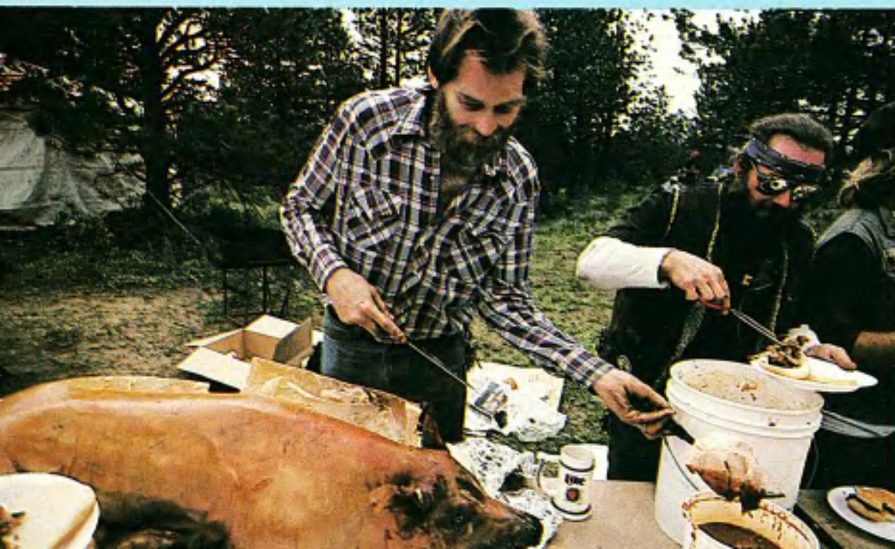
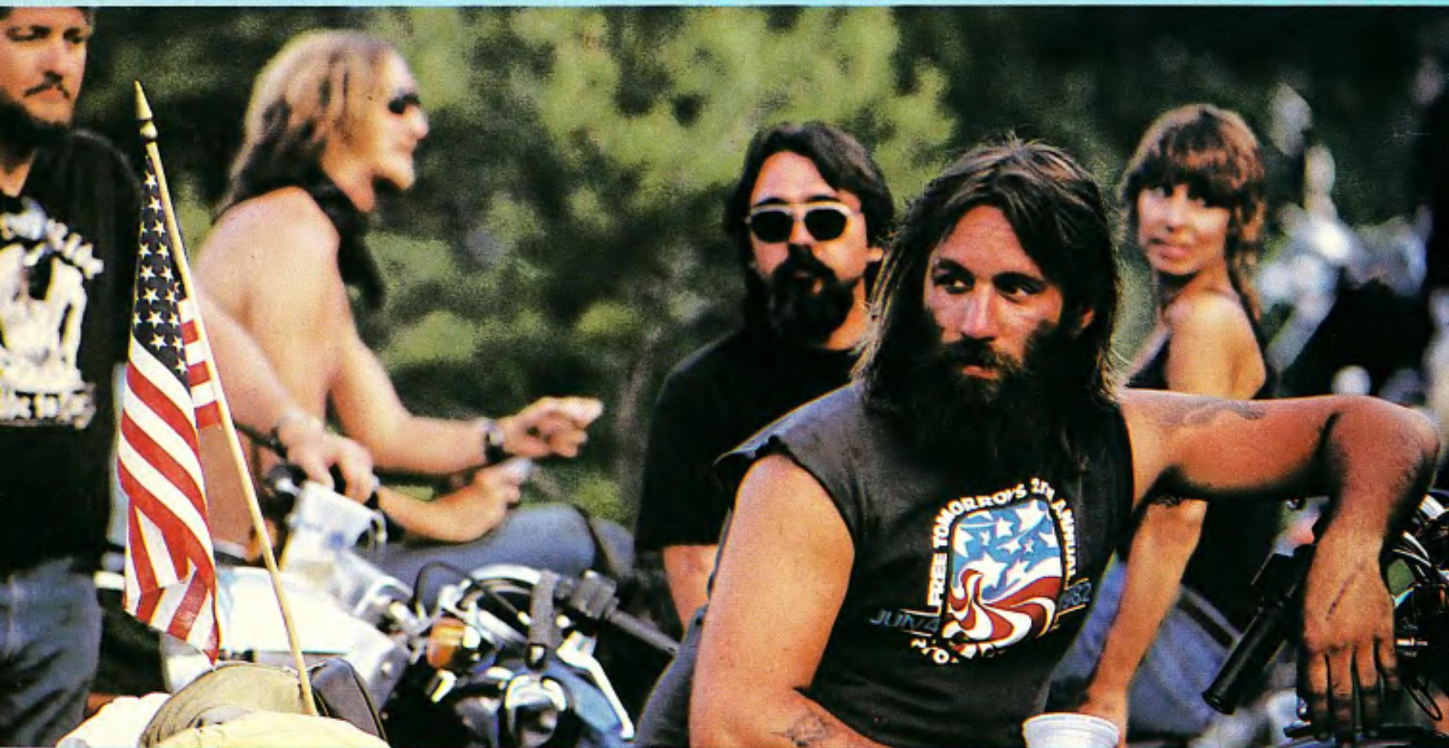
"How do I know ridin' season is here? I know because I finally got

We've hung on to these pictures for 'bout nine months now, ya understand. Not because they weren't good enough, and not because we didn't have the space. No, we never ran these great shots before 'cause I

couldn't quite bring myself to write about it — until now, that is. Actually, I don't even want to think about it now, but I sorta have to. Well, I don't really have to. I could enjoy the rest of my life throwing a stump over my '74's seat in place of

my right leg.

At least Spider gave me a choice, which just goes to show what a fair dude he really is. "Ridin' season's comin' up fast," he said. "But there's still a lot of bad sleet an' snow an' shit around the country. We got to show the



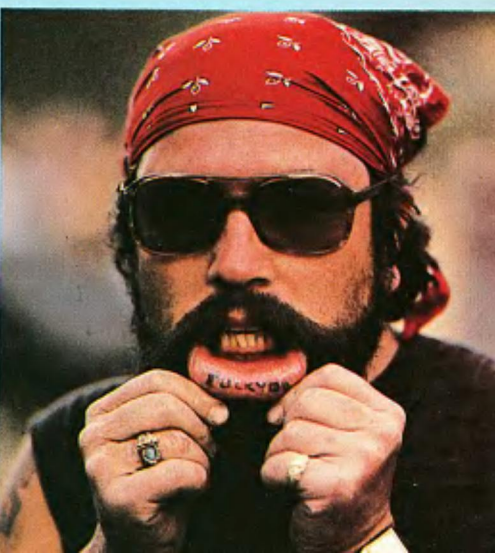
MEMORY

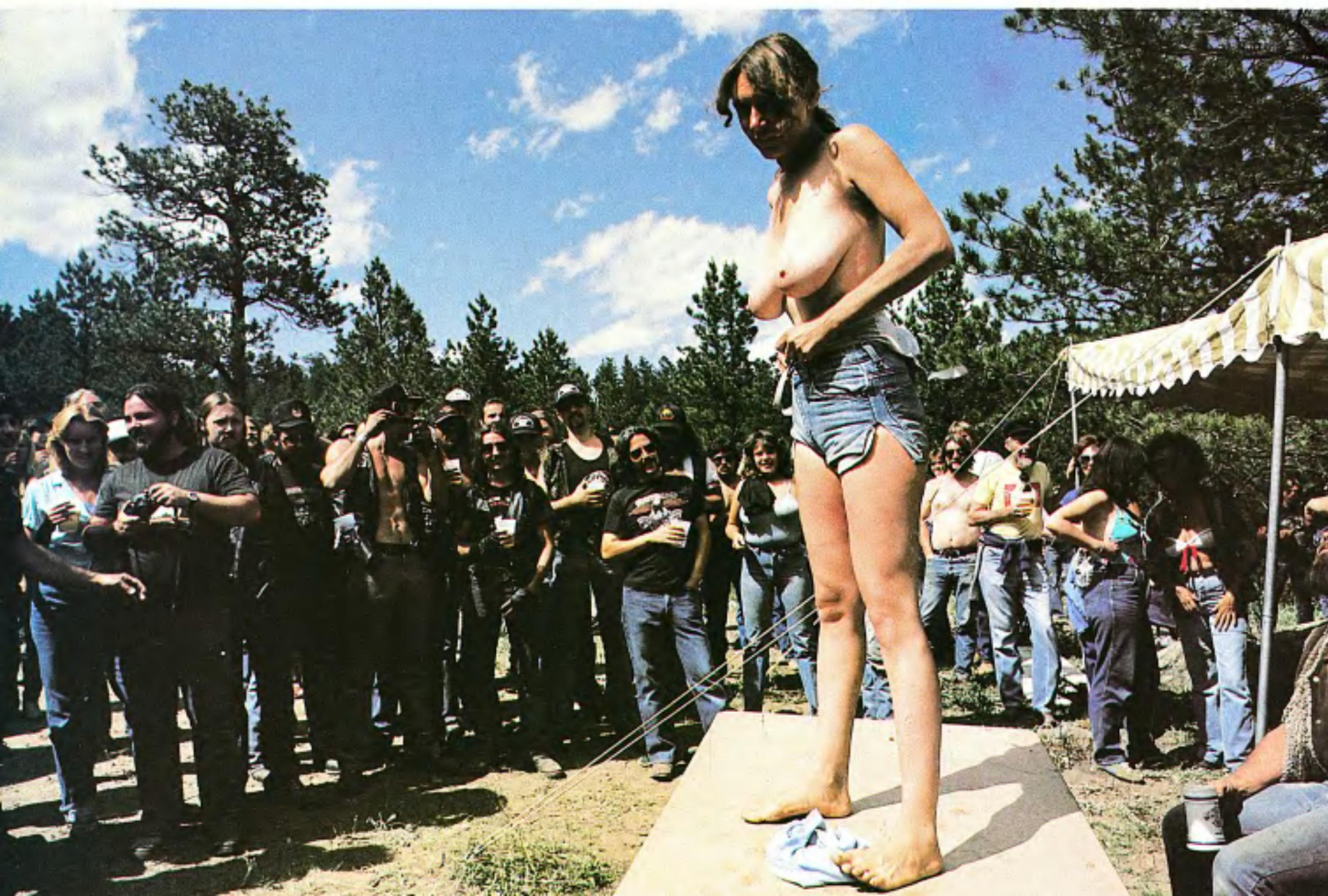
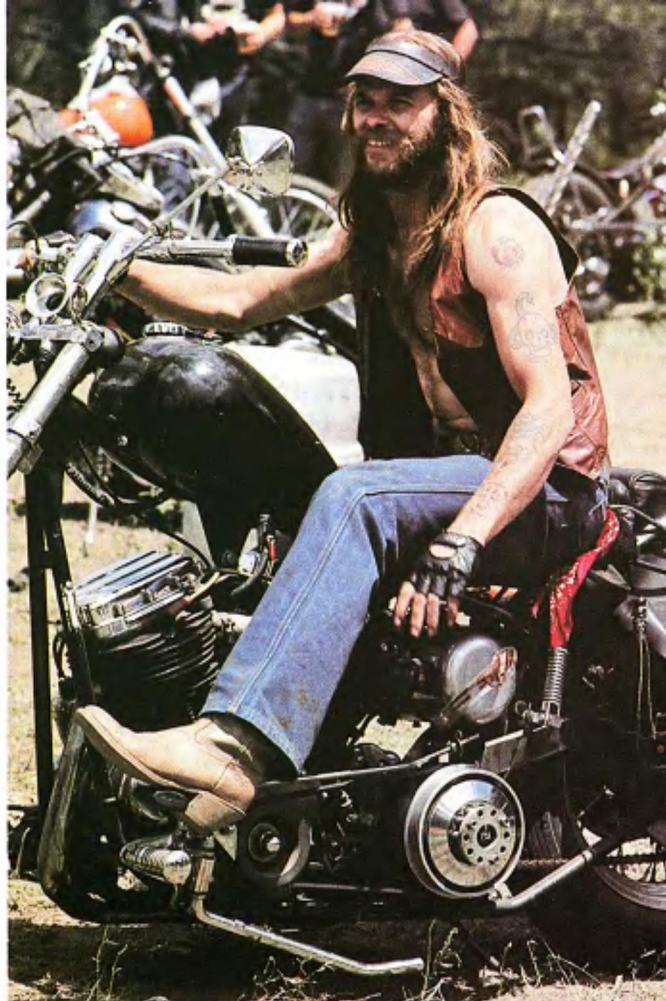
rid of the last crab I picked up on the way to the Rockies last year."

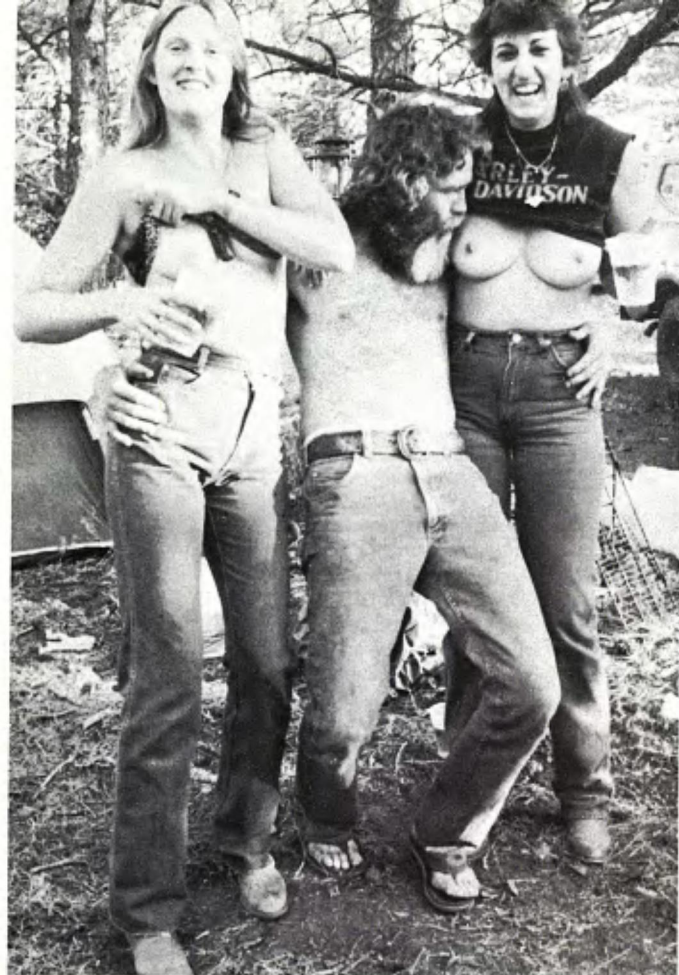


bros an example of what they got in store. Do up that Fourth of July run you was on last year and don't bother to snivel."

With that wisdom, he slammed his fist down on the old empty keg they call my desk and stomped out of

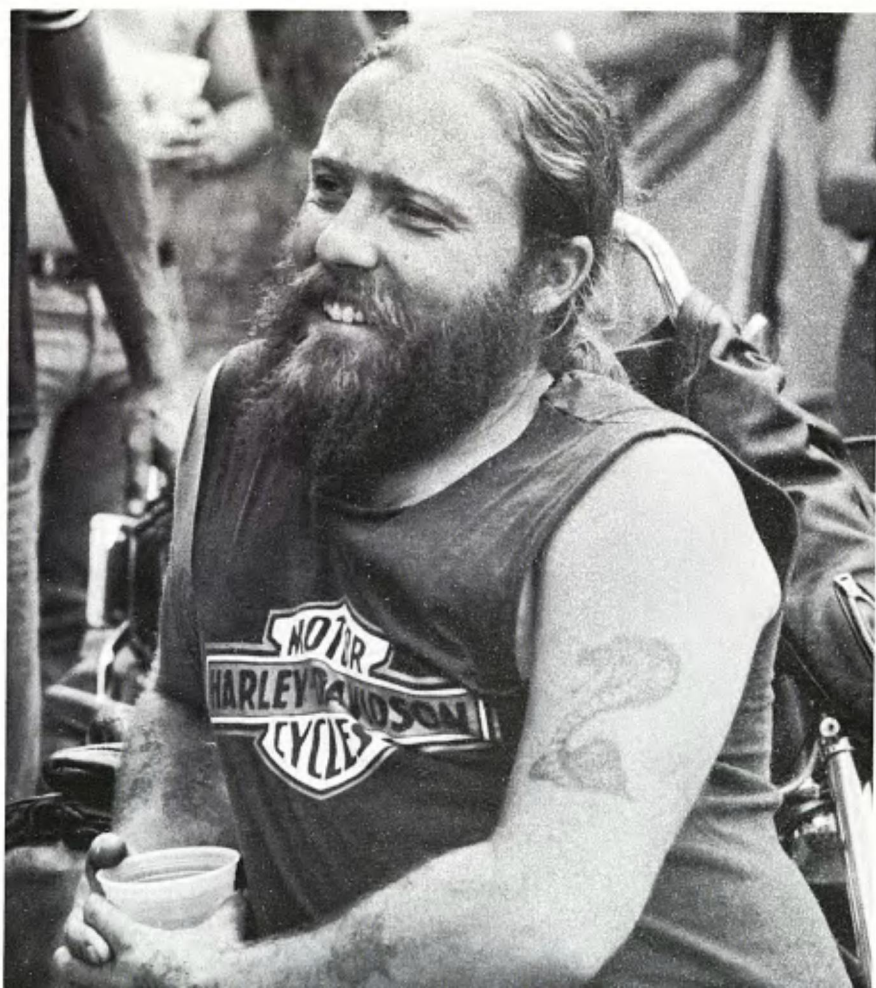






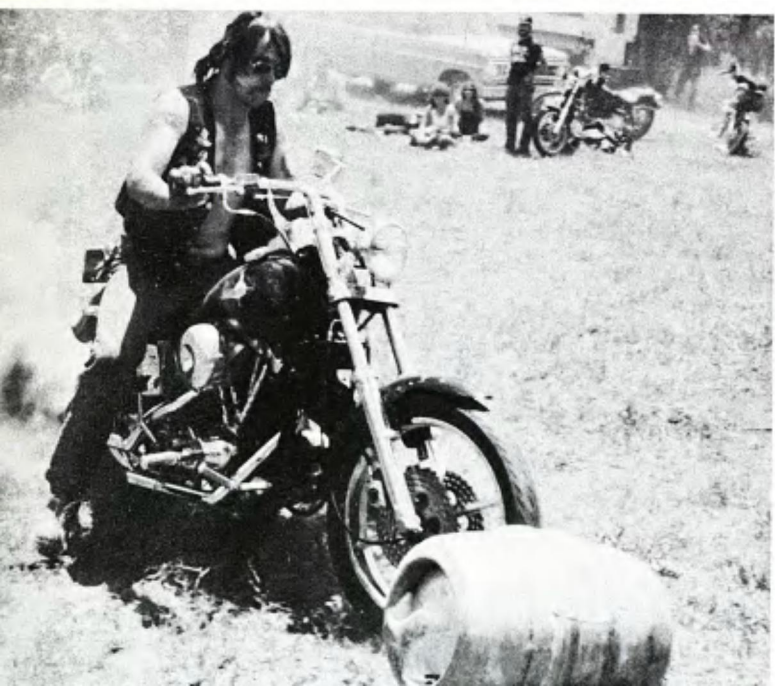
the room. "On the other hand," he growled from the doorway, "if ya can't get it together, ya can't get it together. Anyhow, ya got electric start, so ya don't use yer right leg for anything important anyway."

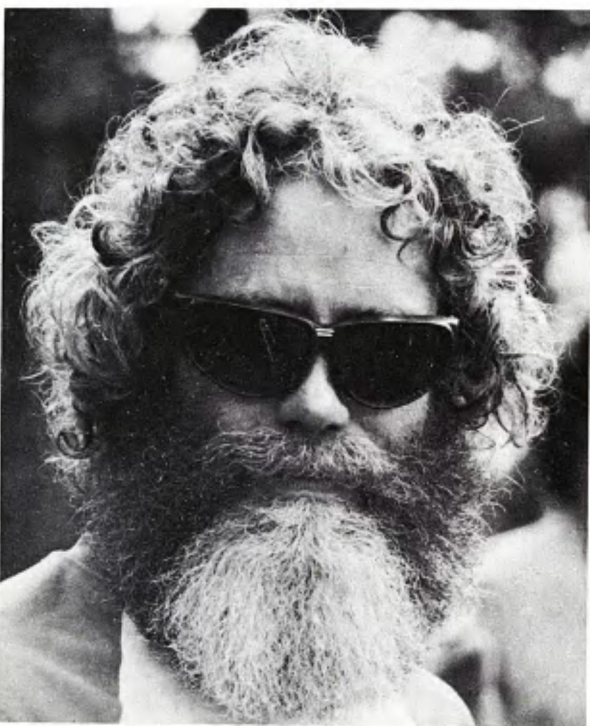
What the hey, who says it's hard to change yer outlook about somethin'? Sittin' there next to the empty keg, I discovered that marvelous things were happening in my head. My consciousness was being radically altered. The piercing, embarrassing memory of the delightful piece of jailbait I picked up hitchhiking in Salty Cry began to fade, along with the memories of my missing saddlebags and the itching that kept the whole . . . the whole . . . uh . . . relationship, as the hippies would say,





Photos by Mike Lichter





close to my heart month after month after month. On the other hand, memories of the fun I had at this third annual Run to the Rockies, sponsored by the Free Tomorrow MC grew sharper by the moment.

The most unique thing about this run is that it includes a "mandatory hill-climb." Ya pays your money to get in and you get all the beer you can drink, all the roast pig you can eat, and a chance — whether you want it or not — to run what

ya brung up this ridiculous fuckin' hill. It was really a gas watching some of the show-quality chops — including at least four that have been featured in the rag — charge that slope.

Hell, it was a great party — even if the events leadin' up to it left me even redder in the face than in the crotch. I'd tell ya more, but I get the feelin' I better wrap this up and walk it down to Spider's sinkhole of an office while I've still got two legs to get there on.

—Trampo





"SO WHO'S SMOKING?"

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129

Check one:

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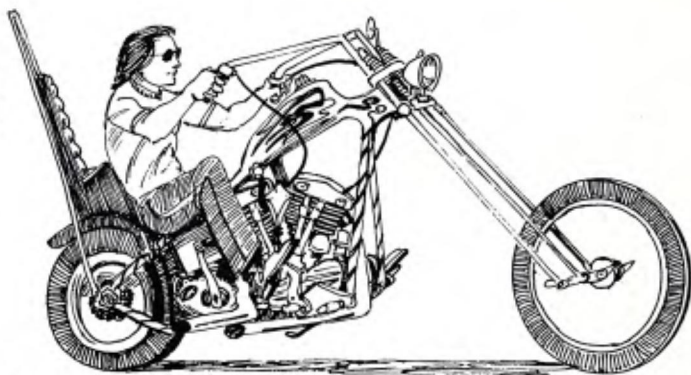
Do you own a bike? Make

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

I was just on my way home to order a liver-quiverin' jacket. I'm showing my bros some class and some shopping sense. Fer only \$17 — seven bucks off the newsstand price — I'll get 12 issues of *Easyriders*, the world's greatest biker rag, and a *free* black windbreaker with an *Easyriders* logo on it. And, just ta prove that Spider's got more heart than brains, he'll throw in one of their famous decals if I send 'em my order right now before I forget. (They'll do the same deal for you, too!)



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Styling

Choppers were an exercise in styling. Style is a personal matter. Take clothes, for example: some folk's style is Levi Strauss, for others it is Ralph Lauren, or Brooks Brothers, or double knits from the local bargain basement. Style can be mass-produced, or it can be one-of-a-kind. Style can be cheap, it can be expensive. Styles come, and some go in the twinkling of an eye while others stay around. In motorcycle styling, the chopper has been around for three decades.

—Clement Salvadori
Road Rider

Talladega Test

Engineers in Milwaukee, using computer design techniques, are constantly coming up with ideas to both improve existing components and develop never-tried-before concepts. To make sure that what works on paper and in the lab will also work in the real world, the company, in December 1980, relocated its testing operations from several sites around the country to the Alabama International Motor Speedway near Talladega.

—Jim Smothers
Enthusiast

Hey, You!

In any case, for the past few months I have been a wannabe, and I hate it. Every time I see a good-looking scooter go down the street I was tempted to shout out, "Hey, I'm scooter trash, too!"

—Bob Bitchin
Biker Lifestyle

Committed Update

With the President Reagan-introduced tax levy on imported motorcycles now firmly in place, Harley has

wasted no time in committing its resources to an update of its range and, while traditionalists may find some of these alterations less palatable, they are likely to welcome the return, in the FXST Softail at least, to a hardtail look for the rear end.

—Australian Motor
Cycle News

The Bitter Truth

See, you young guys think you know the whole story. Huh-uh. You just happened to grow up at the right time, a time when motorcycles start, and then keep right on running. You have no idea, though, what it's like to grow up knowing the whole bitter truth — which is, motorcycles can fail.

—Ted West
Cycle Guide

Splitting Lanes

All right. Let the record show I split lanes. Every day. To and from work, the daily rush hours being the bane of everybody who helps create them. I think of myself as a prudent practitioner of this scary skill. I always use the space between the fourth, as in fastest, lane and the third, on grounds they are least likely to be interfered with by cars entering or leaving the main highway, and because there are fewer directions for the swervers to go, and as a rule, your bike is easily seen by the people ahead to your right.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle World

Used To Be What?

Remembering the infamous stories of gruesome initiation ceremonies necessary to wear righteous patches, I braced myself while walking downwind of the fellows in anticipation of

the smell of stale excreta assailing my nostrils. I was somewhat taken aback when I caught a faint whiff of what smelt like Persil and fabric conditioner.

Like I said, things aren't what they used to be.

—Superbike

Good Image

Identifiable silhouette (hat, gun) against the car's headlights. A voice from the darkness: "You anxious to get your friend there a ticket?"

Cop.

Automatic response: bland unemotional mask, move slowly, butt back in saddle, hands on bars. Outward signs of conformity: nice fellow — cooperative — good motorcycle image. Inward seethings: frustration, anger. Yessir, no sir, my wife is disappearing around the bend in somebody else's pickup truck, sir.

—Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

Mental Joker

Because my daily ride takes me 42 miles each way along the Maryland side of the Potomac River on some stunning two-lane roads, I slip into the Road Mode every day, and so not a ride goes by without the joker in command of my mental file cabinets releasing some rather strange notes to the brain centers that I otherwise use for more direct purposes, like keeping my Beemer rubber-side down. Last week, for instance, the file cabinet announced suddenly that the day marked my twentieth anniversary. Not of marriage, or of college graduation, but of riding motorcycles.

—Steve Thompson
Cycle Guide

H-D Inspired

The Viragos look like Harleys, but the odds are they are designed to compete more with the Honda Shadow. That Harley-inspired V-twin was Honda's big seller in 1983: Yamaha wasn't at all pleased to have Honda take over a market that Yamaha in effect invented.

—Cycle World

MAN Approach

In industrial manufacturing circles, Harley-Davidson is becoming a recognized leader in implementing advanced production methods. A cornerstone of the company's manufacturing revitalization centers on the concept of producing only enough component parts to meet that day's assembly requirements, known as Manufacturing As Needed (MAN, for short). This type of manufacturing is widely recognized as state-of-the-art and is the basis for renowned Japanese production efficiencies, yet only a handful of American companies have actually adopted the approach.

—Enthusiast

New Buyers

Yamaha and Honda have both recently made significant moves to attract more first-time buyers to their dealers. It's a direction we find potentially very exciting.

As Yamaha President Ben Watanabe recently said, "I think even the most avid motorcycle enthusiast would like to see fewer dark helmets and more friendly faces. The industry needs advertising that makes the sport more inviting to a wider group of buyers and more socially acceptable to the general population."

—Motorcycle Dealernews

ABATE ART WINNERS

Here they are — the 1984 ABATE of Douglas County (Oregon) Calendar Art Contest winners.

Pouring over the almost 200 entries received, the judges selected these bodacious winners on the basis of their artistic ability, originality, theme, and the quality of the reproduction.

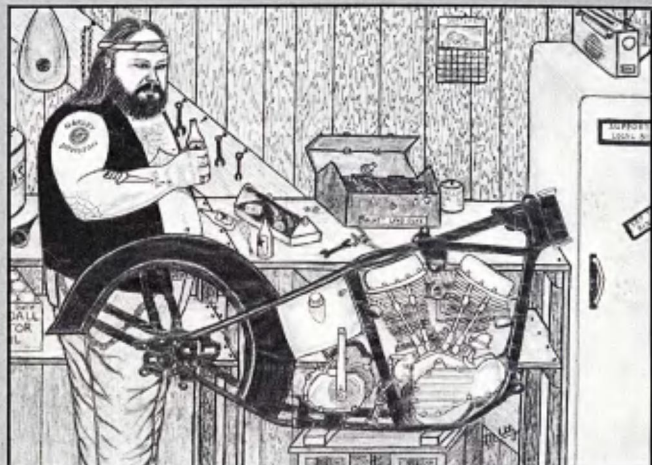
"The proceeds from the sale of our calendar (which features full-size copies of each of the winning entries) helps us fight unfair motorcycle legislation

and promote motorcycle safety, education and awareness," a spokesman said. "During the last legislative session, a few of our accomplishments were defeating another mandatory helmet bill and passing an amendment to a previously passed bill allowing private parties to teach motorcycle education classes with the help of state funding."

The calendar is available for \$3.50 from ABATE of Douglas County, Box 61, Roseburg, OR 97470.



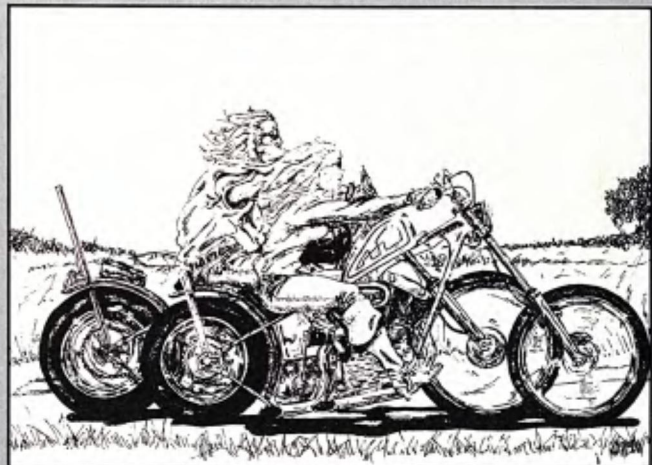
January by D. Duane



February by Michael J. Utz



May by Dave Nelson



June by David Rainbow



September by Dayle Curtis



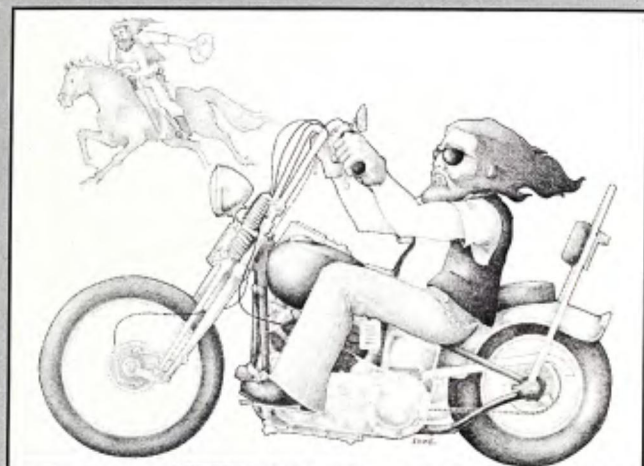
October by Barry Hochstrasser



Cover by Heather Kline



January '85 by Michael Chomick



March by P.E. Duket



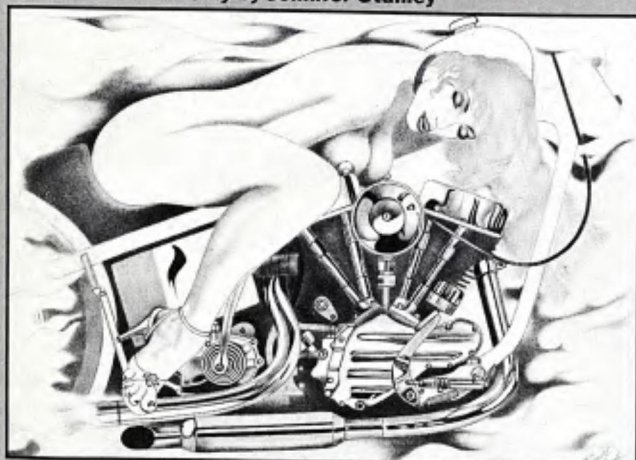
April by Jerry DePaolis



July by Jennifer Stanley



August by W.A. Dittrich



November by Russell T. Bolender



December by D. Duane

Many moons ago, when I was a mere teenager fighting rampant acne and an ungovernable sex drive, I happened to be walking through the audio section of a big department store. To show off their stereo components, they were playing at high volume a record by Johnny Rivers, recorded live at the Whiskey A-Go-Go. I was riveted. The bass line was so pronounced that I felt it as much as I heard it, and the combination of Rivers's jubilant singing and the crowd's infectious enthusiasm drove me into a dancing, finger-popping frenzy right there in the store. The floor manager was about to call security, but he was mollified when I bought the album on the spot and dashed home to listen to it in the privacy of my own pad.

That was around 1964, and since then Rivers has run off a string of hits longer than my brother-in-law's arrest record: "Memphis," "Maybelline," "Mountain of Love," "Seventh Son," "Secret Agent Man," "Poor Side of Town," and "Slow Dancin'," to name only a few. Along the way, he sold over 25 million records and recorded with some of the most talented people in rock, musicians like Jim Keltner, James Burton, Tom Scott, Rita Coolidge, Jimmy Webb, Chris Ethridge, Clydie King, and many, many more.

Rivers, nowadays still lean and mean at the age of 41, is as active as ever, recording and performing throughout the country. When he's not on stage or in the studio, he's usually astride his motorcycle, cleaning the cobwebs from his brain and relaxing in the wind. But his interest in bikes extends beyond riding for his own pleasure; earlier this year he wrote a

DOWNTIME

SPECIAL

By Bomber & The Austin Animal

letter to President Reagan urging him to approve the tariff on imported scooters in order "to ensure the survival of a great American tradition," namely, the Harley-Davidson motorcycle.

A couple of months back we got together with Johnny for a little puttin' while he tried out his new Harley 80-incher. After riding sun-drenched canyon roads for a couple of hours, we shut off the bikes and kicked back for a juice 'n' smoke session, where the following interview took place. — A.A.

ER: Nice puttin', John — have a cold one. How 'bout givin' us a little Johnny Rivers motorcycle history. For instance, what was your first bike?

J.R.: Well, that was about 1957 and I was in high school in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. My first bike was a Harley 165. I had a buddy in junior high who had one, and he let me putt it around and I became attracted to ridin'. A couple years later, in high school, I had a paper route. When I'd made enough money, I bought my first bike. I draped the bags over the sides and did the route with it.

Then I got into Triumphs — a 650. I've had Triumphs ever since, but recently I got back into Harleys.

When we first opened at the Whiskey in 1964 and had some success with the live albums, I went out and bought a new Triumph Bonneville. That was in 1964. I'd had to sell the other one to pay for the trip out to L.A. when I got my first break in the music business. As soon as I got some bucks, I bought a new one.

Around 1970 I got a Triumph Trophy 650, and I've had that ever since. I didn't ride it a lot then, just once in a while; whenever the urge hit me I'd get on it and putt around. It's the best way to sort things out in your head.

ER: So, tell us why you decided to switch over to Harleys.

J.R.: Well, my good friend, Michael Georgiades, who writes and plays with me, got a new Sturgis and we were on the road in some coffee shop somewhere. When a bunch of dudes pulled up on Harleys, it sort of shot the thrill of riding back into me right then.

So I went out and got myself a Sportster, but when Michael let me ride his Sturgis, I knew I wanted one for myself. I met Don Best, who owns Van Nuys Cycle in California, and Don let me ride his FXRS that he had custom built for himself. I got totally hooked on it, so Don built the bike I have now. Earl Kellerman

did most of the assembly and nitty-gritty work, and Billy Westbrook painted it, including the "Secret Agent Man" logo on the gas tank.

I gave the Sporty to my wife Christie, and taught her how to ride. I still have the Triumph, but once you get on a Harley — especially a big one — there's nothin' in the same league.

ER: What prompted you to write the letter to President Reagan about the International Trade Commission sanctions?

J.R.: Well, I had heard about the trade tariff deal with Japan, and I just thought it was a shame that the only remaining motorcycle company in the United States was being run out of business because of all the Japanese imports, especially at a time when Harley was trying to modernize the factory and had made the switch over from AMF. So I wanted to do something that might help.

ER: Was there an official response from the President?

J.R.: I didn't get a response from the President, but I'm sure he got my letter. Apparently, he got a lot of them, because he voted for the tariff. Just the sheer volume of response is important, and I think that's what happened in this case. With the support your magazine gave, and the help from all the brothers who ride Harleys, we got heard in Washington.

I got a letter back from Vaughn Beals from the Harley factory thanking me. We'd sent him a copy of our letter, just to let him know that people cared and were responding to the situation.

ER: Do you find a following among bikers on your tours?

J.R.: We've always had a lot of bikers at our concerts. *Continued on page 85*



Photos by Kim Peterson

THE LAST FIREFIGHT

If you're really interested, Padre, it was like this. . . . We'd been a fire team: me, Panhead, Kevin and Joe. Panhead was the fire team leader and he'd been scooter trash before he was in the crotch. By the time we got back to the world he had the three of us convinced that there was nothin' finer than being in the wind. He was right, of course.

We'd been kind of drifting for a few years, more or less together, the four of us.

Here are the plain facts. We hassled nobody, picked up shit jobs that nobody else wanted, got a few bucks together and drifted on. We'd get roused by various law-and-order types now and then, but if we could talk our way out of it and yessir the fuckers to death, we'd do it.

No hassles, no bullshit, no ties. Seemed like a good way to live.

We'd moved into a shack outside a little town in West Texas, then wandered into town to find the owner. Usually, we could work some kind of deal. Maybe fix up the shack, replace some windows, whatever the owner wanted, just so we could squat there for a little while.

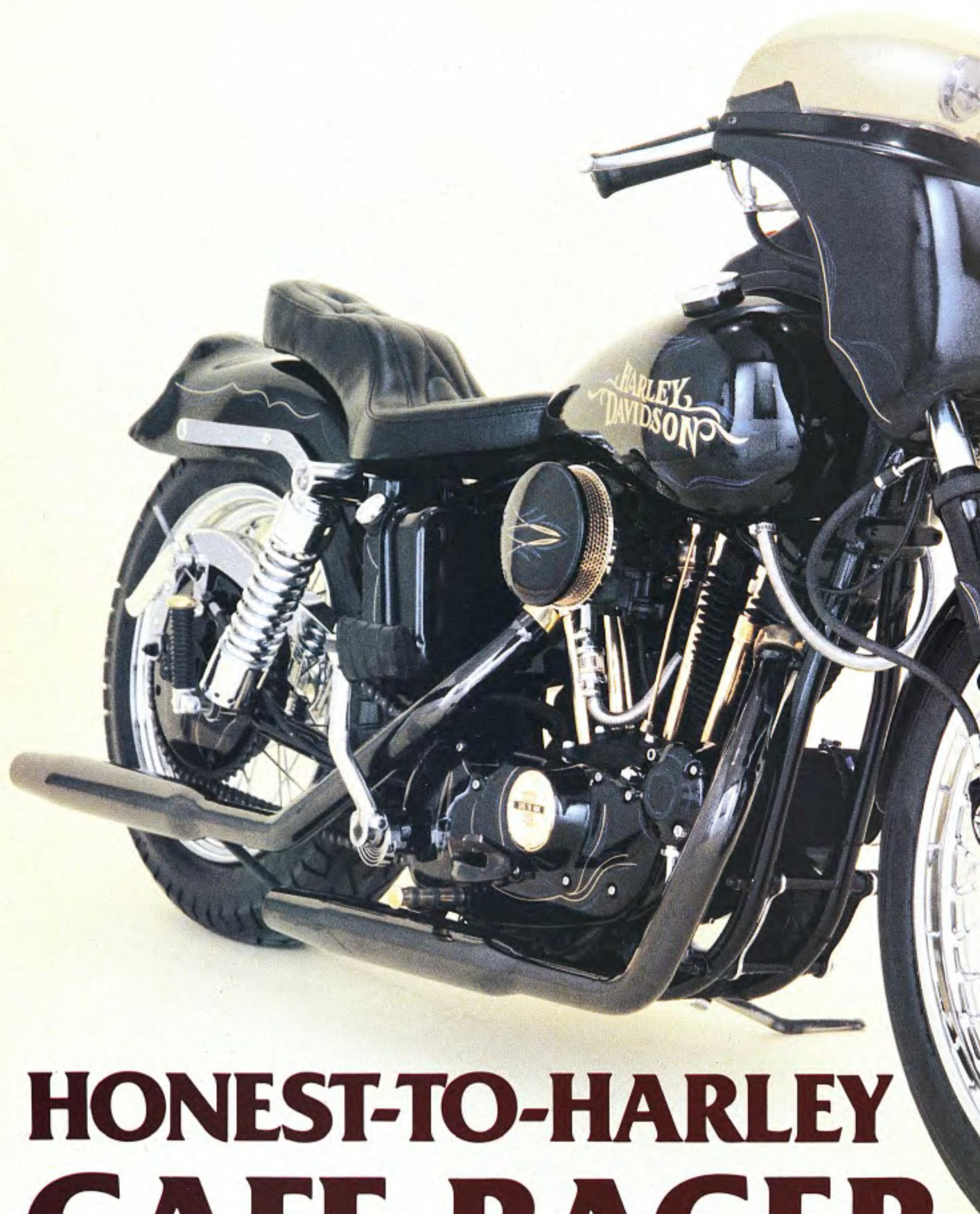
The owner of this one was an okay dude. Funny thing was, he was

Continued on page 109

BY LOU MALLOY







HONEST-TO-HARLEY CAFE RACER



Here's a bike that gives the words "cafe racer" a new definition worthy of the biker's dictionary.



Not too many years ago a bunch of small imported bikes, usually 350 or 400cc, appeared on the scene and were promptly dubbed "cafe racers" by the advertising agencies designed to promote such mass-market aberrations.

Naturally, this kind of turned the phrase "cafe racer" into shit as far as many bikers were concerned. Who wanted to be associated with tinny little putt-putts that sounded like sewing machines and were ridden by guys whose idea of customizing their ride was to get their skid lids painted to match the gas tank? The thing is, those little puddle jumpers masquerading as motorcycles really ruined a couple of good words for a while. Cafe racer, a coupla good words? Damn right they are. Bet your sweet ass on it.

Cafe racer. Think about it. What could be sweeter than a bike that'll beat everyone





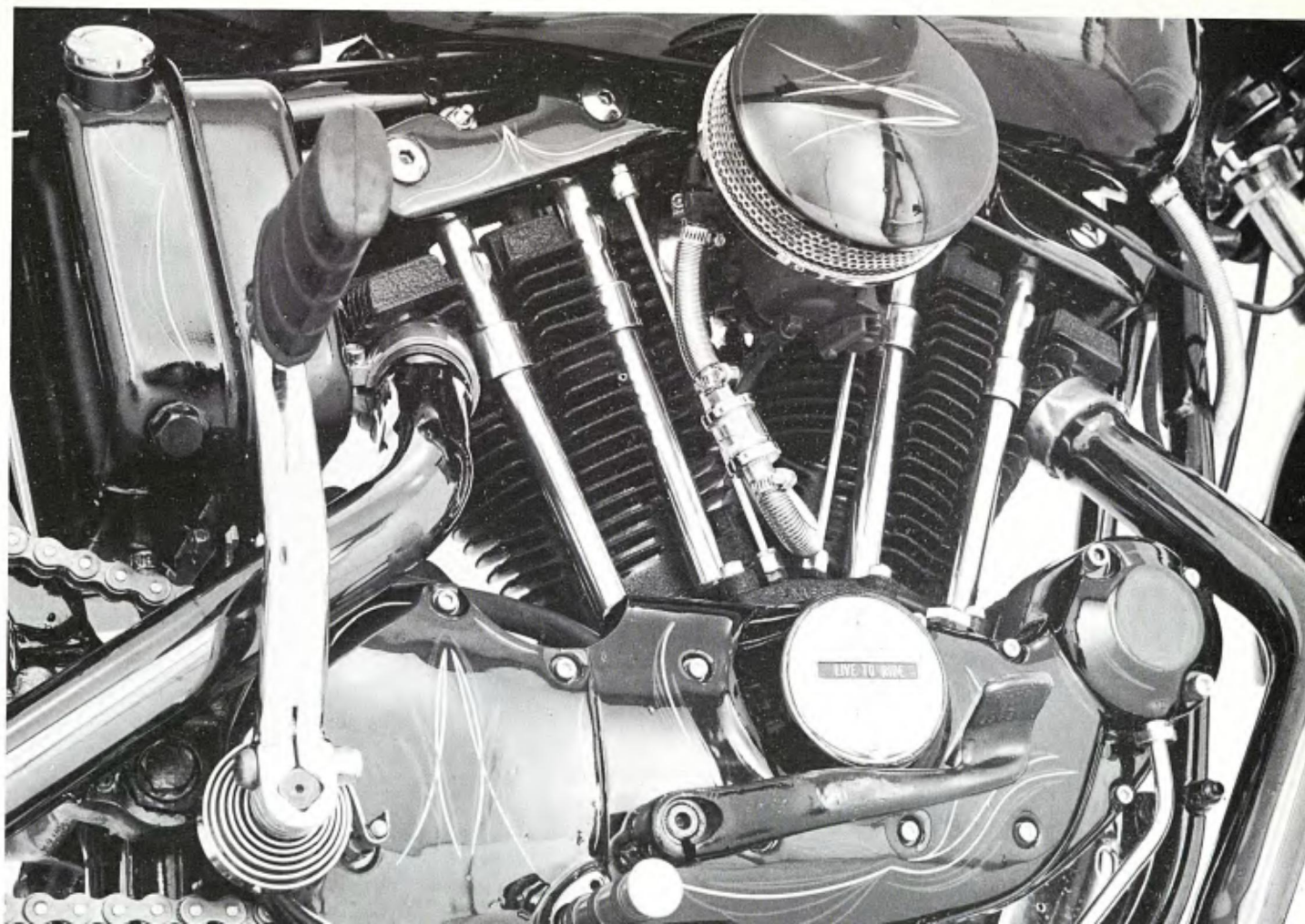
else to the next waterin' hole? Sure, you ride your bike on runs and you ride your bike to work. But if you're like most of us, you also ride your bike to bars — a lot of bars, pretty often. What the hell is wrong with a bike designed to get you to them bars as fast as

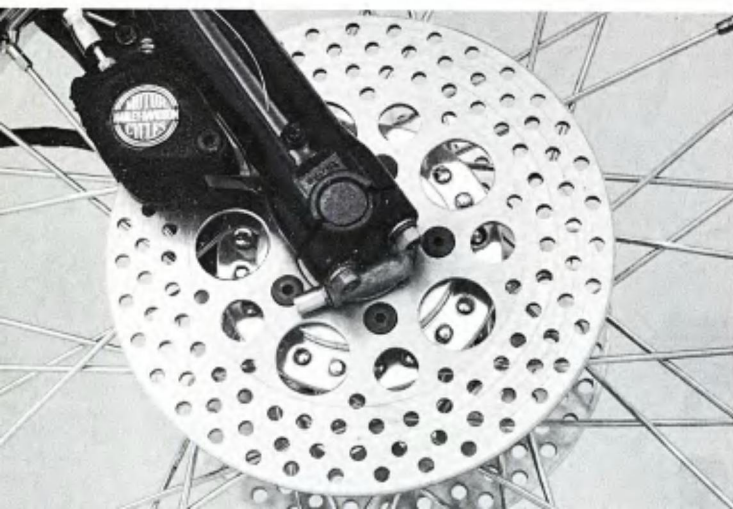
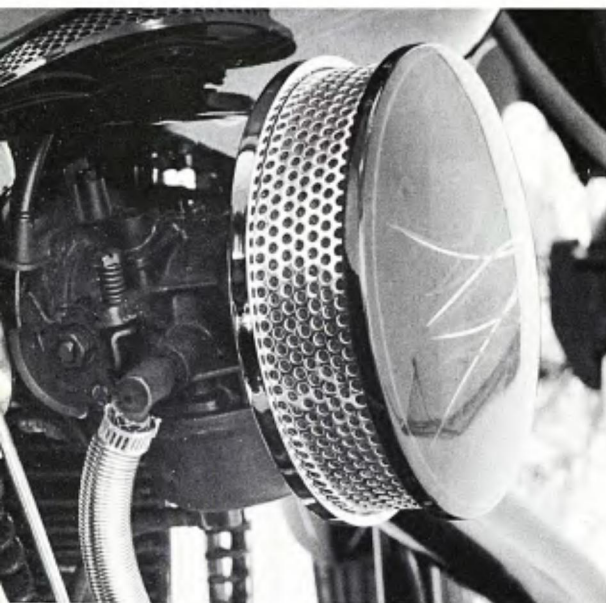
possible? Hell, that's what you want when you're thirsty, ain't it? And you're thirsty a lot, ain't ya?

Well, even if you're not, the owner of this bike, Jeff Goudreau, is. Jeff wanted a bike that would take him from gin mill to gin mill fast — and in

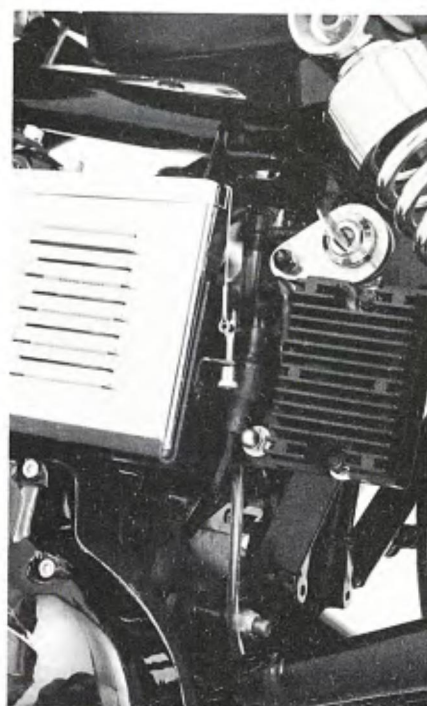
style. The way he figured it, there was nothin' wrong with the *concept* of cafe racers, the problems were all in the design and execution.

Take the cafe racer idea, build it in metal instead of plastic and wrap it around a 1000cc V-twin instead of





Owner: Jeff Goudreau		City: Newark, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1978	
Year and make: 1978 Sportster		Builder: H-D	
Model: XLCH		Type: XLCH	
Value: \$3500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: welds checked	
Chroming by: Hi-Lustre of Hayward		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Arlen Ness	
Year: 1978		Risers: welded to bars	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): Arlen Ness/Fatbob	
Rebuilder: Bob Vance		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: Arlen Ness	
Displacement: 1000cc		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Bob Dron H-D		Front pegs: Arlen Ness	
Balancing: Bob Dron H-D		Rear pegs: CCI	
Pistons: CCI		Electrics: 12-volt generator	
Cases: wrinkle finish		Gas tank: Arlen Ness	
Heads: Hannah's of Hayward		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: H-D		Primary cover: painted and striped	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: Arlen Ness	
Air cleaner: CCI		Sissybar: Arlen Ness rails	
Pipes: Cycle Shack		Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): Cycle Shack		Material: who asked ya?	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Bob Vance		Type: H-D	
Year: 1978		Extension: 4 in. under stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: painted lower tubes	
Trans sprocket: 18		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Cory Ness		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Cory Ness		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Yokohama
Type: Deltron		Brake: disc	Brake: drum
Special paint: striping by Tom Lewis			
Other special modifications: Ness fairing, rock guard on headlight, painted rocker boxes and cam cover. Special thanks to R.J. Goudreau, Bob, Cory, Tom and the "King."			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



something resembling a .050 model airplane engine, he thought, and you'd have a scooter you could ride with pride from the Roundup in Lafayette, California, to the Boot Hill in Daytona, Florida.

Lookin' at the results, we've got to agree. From its classic biker-black frame and cases to its Arlen Ness pseudo-fatbobs, this is one helluva sharp-lookin' Sporty. Every-

thing on it looks like it's there for one purpose: speed. The swept-back cafe racer fairing even got a grudging nod of approval from Spider, and he's a guy who normally don't stand for nothin' being in front of his face unless it's covered with hair and has a slit down the middle.

All in all, we'd say Jeff's built himself one helluva bike — especially considering

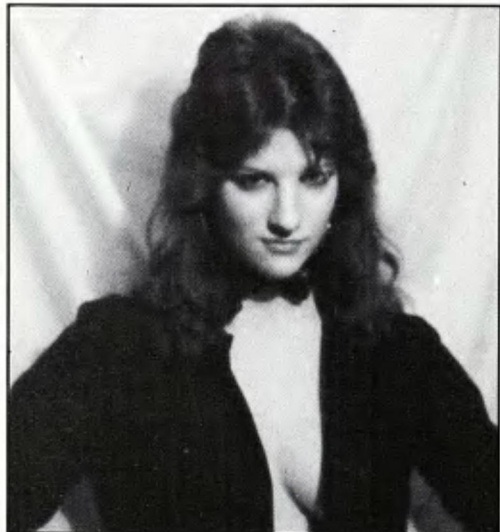
that the stock Sporty he started with was almost in pieces when he got it and he finished the rebuild in only two hectic months.

More than anything, scopin' this bike reminds me of the old question, "What's in a name?" As Jeff Goudreau's bike proves, what's in a name is whatever you choose to put in it. Good or bad, righteous or not.

— Butcher

Ol' Lady Contest

Here she is, folks — **Carla**, the sixth monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Chops, Jeaneane, and Joyce.



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 Feb. 29th. We'll print the winner in the June issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #129 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



MARCY

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

DELLA

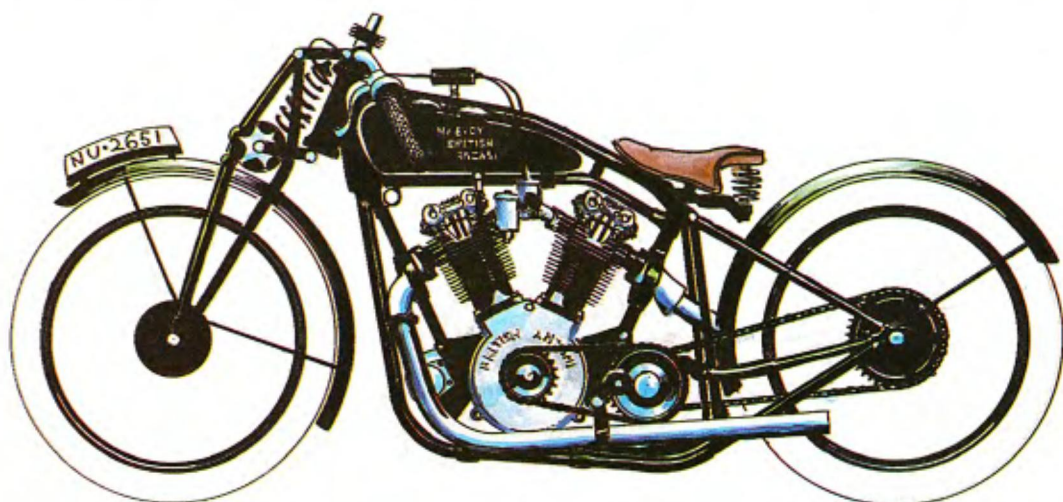


LINDA

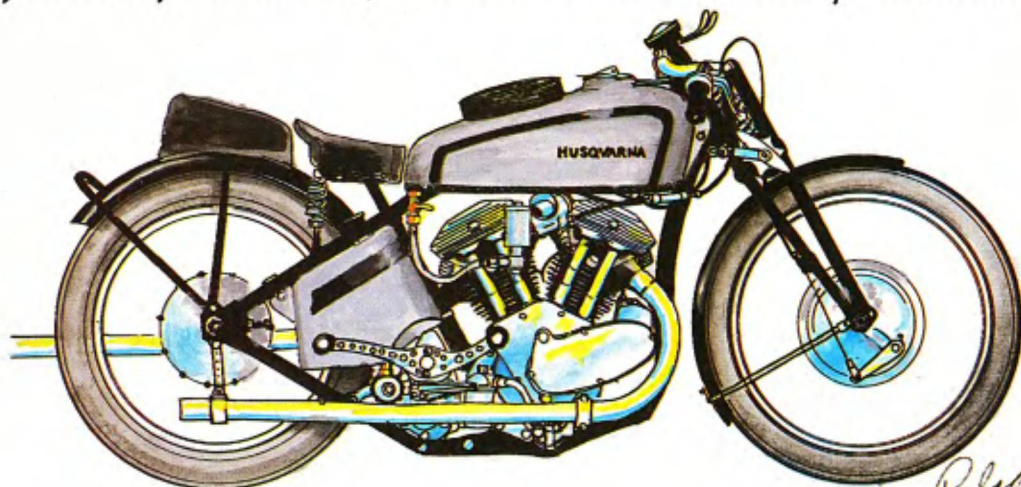
BARBARA



Paladin's Notebook



Many of the past's greatest bikes are, for one reason or another, virtually forgotten today. The imposing and rather primitive-looking McEvoy-Anzani, shown here in 1924 prototype form, is one such scooter neglected by fame. Its 61-in. Anzani eight-valve engine could carry it up to 110mph, and the ultra-rigid frame-within-a-frame of Michael McEvoy's design was said to be exceptionally stable and easy to handle. But McEvoy, a true biker, was too busy partying and experimenting with new frame and engine ideas to successfully promote his business, and today the McEvoy-Anzani is almost totally unknown.



*Paladin
63*

The sleek gray Husqvarna T.T. racer of 1934 is quite another story. Its four-valve pushrod engine made 44 horses and displaced but 30½ inches. The engine was all alloy, which accounts, in great measure, for the Swedish speedster's weight of only 275 lbs. A series of incredible misfortunes, including paddock fires, a team rider's getting appendicitis the day before a race, and a truckload of the Huskies falling to the dockside when a loading crane snapped, effectively put this beauty out of the running. Too bad, because on the few occasions these gray bikes made it to the track, they were known to do such things as finish first—ahead of a pack of supercharged factory BMW racers. Perhaps as many as ten of these beauties still exist.

Harley negotiates for Triumph's bones

Harley-Davidson may try an end run around the problems of tooling up to produce mid-weight bikes by taking over and running what's left of bankrupt Triumph.

According to sources inside the industry, the Triumph Meriden plant in West Midlands is still fully equipped for production and Harley could field a modified version of a Triumph 750 within months of acquiring use of the property.

Unrolling a from-scratch 750 of their own — using

Could field mid-sized Hog within months of takeover

either a Milwaukee engine or the Porsche engine they've been testing — would take H-D several years, experts estimate.

Negotiations to take over the Triumph works are complicated by the fact that the West Midlands County Council, which had partially funded Triumph in the last years of its existence, holds the right to the Triumph name and has a claim

on some of the assets.

What Harley had apparently hoped for was that the County Council would buy the rest of Triumph's assets from the bankruptcy receivers and offer H-D a package deal to manage the facilities.

After discussions between Harley Veep Richard Teeling and Terry Pitt, the West Midlands County Council's financial adviser, Pitt

recommended the council do precisely that, but the council voted down the recommendation.

Though this complicates matters considerably, forcing Harley to negotiate with both the council and Triumph's receivers, talks are reportedly still going on and the deal is far from dead.

So keep your eyes open for a British two-banger sportin' a Harley No. 1 decal. As far as the scooter world goes, the eagle may be well on its way to becoming the British national bird as well as ours.

Easynews



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

Kawasaki loses \$43 million lawsuit

The cost of doing business in the United States has recently escalated substantially — for at least one of Japan's big four motorcycle companies.

In a verdict that set a record for the amount of damages awarded under that state's Deceptive Trade Practices Act, a Texas jury has awarded \$43 million in damages to eight police officers injured when their Kawasaki police scooters went out of control during high-speed chases.

The pre-1981 Kawasaki 900 and 1000cc "police specials" have been plagued by repeated complaints of handling problems, including a high-speed wobble that many police departments claim is caused by the added weight of police equipment mounted on the bikes without modification to the civilian version's suspension, and the windshield being mounted to the handlebars instead of to the bike's frame.

At least 20 similar lawsuits are pending in eleven other states, and a number of jurisdictions (including the Ottawa, Canada, police department, which has gone back to using Harleys) have parked their Kawas indefinitely.

In the Texas case, the officers' bikes all began wobbling at speeds of between 60 and 120mph. The largest award, over \$9 million, went to a Houston officer whose bike went out of control around 85mph

and crashed after wobbling across three lanes of freeway traffic. The veteran officer was hospitalized for 186 days and had seventeen operations — involving, among other things, replacing his kneecaps with plastic inserts.

Kawasaki attorney James Ross claimed that Kawasaki currently supplies "90 percent" of the police motorcycles used in the USA and indicated that the Nippon firm

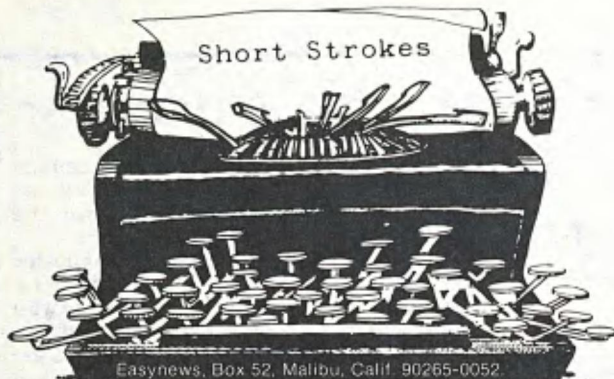
would appeal the verdict. "This jury's finding to the contrary," Ross said, "Kawasaki simply does not have such a (high-speed handling) problem."

Houston officer Ron B. Stewart, one of the plaintiffs in the suit, was, however, unimpressed by Ross's disclaimer. Riding one of the Kawa police bikes, Stewart says, was "like buying a pistol not knowing that it is going to blow up in your face."

Howzat Again, Sir?

"Motorcycle gangs pose a constant threat. . .they are mean, generally dope-addicts and they are a blight on society. . .I should appreciate calls from any Pope Countian who might be approached by. . .any other motorcycle gang to purchase property in our county. I'm certain it will happen again, because the word is out that come December 1, the Sheriff's Department will have been emasculated, and homes, farms, livestock, machinery, women, children and the elderly will not have the protection now being offered."

— Sheriff Rodney J. Brenner, Pope County, Illinois



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

"Many of us have needed blood transfusions. You get out of life what you put into it," said Vagos MC spokesman Tony "Rat" Simmons as he and about 25 bros rode down to St. Joseph Hospital in Orange, California, to donate blood. . . A not-so-cheerful blood story involves Laurie Ricks of Portland, Oregon. She got drunk recently, drove over the center line of a street and rammed a bike. The rider, James Hardin, had a leg cut off and bled to death. Ms. Ricks, who told the judge she couldn't remember the accident, was sentenced to six months in jail. Oh, yeah — she'll be eligible for work-release passes while doin' her time.

For the first time in history (as far as we know), the State of Virginia has allowed a prison bike run to take place. It happened at the Southhampton Youthful Offender Center in Capron and was sponsored by the Southern Riders MC. . . ABATE of Maryland recorded a record turnout for Operation Santa Claus '83, makin' it the largest toy run on the East Coast. . . The folks behind the World Motorcycle Hall of Fame in Eighty Four, Pennsylvania, will sponsor an awards show February 26 in Jacksonville Beach, Florida. The event is scheduled for 12 to 6 p.m. at the Municipal Flag Pavilion. For additional information write 'em at RD 3, Box 326, Eighty Four, PA 15330, or call (412) 941-5009.

Back to ABATE of Maryland: It looks like those bros are gonna need a Santa Claus of their own to help them out this year. The state is reportedly considering reinstating a lid law, passing a 24-hour lights-on law and instigating state-wide noise control standards. . . Wings of Freedom MC has scheduled their annual swap meet March 18 at the Civic Center, Canton, Ohio. . . Illinois has legalized modulating headlights, becoming the fifth state in the union to do so.

And finally, Herb Schmucker is not what you'd call a lightweight. Despite bein' 72 years old, he still rides his 1974 Harley sidehack rig everyday for fun and to take his ol' lady to work. On weekends he and his wife think nothing of puttin' a few hundred miles just for the hell of it. That is, if the sidehack isn't already occupied by Herb's other old lady, his 92-year-old mother Florence. Herb took her for her first bike ride back in 1925 and she still enjoys getting in the wind today. Wonder how many joggers and roller skaters stay with it that long?

Misery in Manitoba

Pull the flag down to half-mast, bros, it's official. The last free Canadian province has ordered bikers to "buckle up for safety." Manitoba finally has a mandatory helmet law.

The new law, which also requires 24-hour-a-day headlight use, was passed despite last-ditch efforts including a massive protest run attended by about 4000 bikers.

About the only bright spots on the horizon are a provision in the law exempting members of the Sikh faith (wonder if that's as easy to join as the Universal Life Church) and a promise by several members of the Conservative Party that they will repeal the bill when, and if, they regain power.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ¹	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	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	Yes	No	Yes
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.

Judge gets idea — after biker loses leg

A 19-year-old drunken driver repeat offender is finally behind bars, but not before numerous judges and probation officials in several states managed to ensure that he stayed behind the wheel of a cage long enough to rip the leg off a biking sister.

Cager must stand trial for biker's death

They say the wheels of justice grind slowly but exceedingly fine. From a biker's point of view it often seems that what the wheels of justice really do is grind up the innocent and polish the guilty.

There are, however, exceptions to the rule.

In a surprise ruling, the Michigan Court of Appeals has reversed the manslaughter conviction of a cager who killed a biker while running from the cops in April 1982.

According to the appeals court, a trial judge's decision to reduce the original charge against the defendant, Keith Vasquez, 20, from second-degree murder to manslaughter was improper because "the driving of an automobile at grossly excessive speeds in summary disregard of traffic signals after nightfall on a main traffic artery...with such conduct as to imperil life and limb" demands the second-degree murder charge.

The circumstances that led to the death of biker Toby Gee, 28, began grimly enough with Vasquez stabbing his mother to death and wounding his half-brother. After being taken into custody at the scene, the handcuffed Vasquez managed to rip off a cop car and make a break. Driving at an estimated 110mph down Woodward Avenue, a major Detroit thoroughfare, Vasquez ran into Gee's bike, killing the biker.

Accepting a plea bargain, Vasquez pleaded no contest to the reduced charge of involuntary manslaughter in the death of the biker. His 9½- to 15-year sentence in that case is running concurrently with a 9½-year term for killing his mother and a 6-year term for assaulting his half-brother.

Under the court of appeals ruling he will now have to stand trial for murder in the case of Gee's death.

When Anthony Paul Bango was 17, he got loaded, swiped a .44 magnum from a neighbor's Grants Pass, Oregon, home and used it to rob a food store. He drew nine months in jail and five years' probation. Several months after his release, Bango moved to Carson City, Nevada, where he got drunk and was involved in a cage wreck. Despite his age and the fact that staying away from booze was one of the terms of his probation, his Nevada p.o. did nothing.

A while after that, Bango

returned home to Grants Pass, where he was picked up for drunken driving and sentenced to enter a diversion program for first-time offenders. The very next day, Mr. Bango signed up for the diversion program, got himself plastered, ran a stop sign and broadsided a bike ridden by Charlyne Teer, who had to have her left leg amputated as a result of the collision.

Arrested for drunken driving and second-degree assault, Bango was sentenced to one year in jail and a \$2500 fine on

the drunken driving charge, 10 years in prison on the assault charge, and four years, three months on the probation violation. Because of the concurrent nature of the prison sentences and time-off provisions, Bango could be out in as little as five years.

Said the judge who sentenced Bango to the drinking diversion program the day before he crippled the biker: "He didn't really seem to be a bad kid. . . I gave him a break. With hindsight, I wish I hadn't done it."

Big Lester remembered by his bros

More than 150 bikers roll through the "Queen City" of Clarksville, Tennessee, during last fall's Second Annual Big Lester Watson Memorial Toy Run. After completing their tour of the town, the riders deposited their toys with the local fire department and proceeded to Greenwood Cemetery where a floral Harley emblem was placed at Big Lester's grave. From there, most of the riders continued on to a two-day party and bike rodeo, the proceeds of which went to the Dream Factory, an organization dedicated to making the dreams of critically ill children come true. Big Lester, who died in 1982 at the age of 73, is generally considered to be the father of Harley-Davidson riding in the Clarksville area. As run organizer Dean Weatherford said at the graveside ceremony, "The old man would've loved what y'all are doing."



Photo from Larry McCormack

Myth of the buried Harley proves out in Singapore

You hear about it all the time. Somebody finds a mint-condition old Harley buried somewhere. They dig it up and presto — an instant classic.

In the real world, however, things are rarely that simple. Of course, there are exceptions.

Take Chris Billworth, for example. Chris managed to luck into one of those primo 750cc WLA Harleys originally sent to England as part of the lend-lease program and buried by the British army in the fields outside Singapore in 1942 in the face of the advancing Japanese.

Just like in a fable, the bike was virtually perfect when dug up out of the ground in 1970. It had only 92 miles on it and, after being adjusted and tuned, ran perfectly.

The only thing is, Chris wasn't the guy

who dug it up. Tony Witham, an English soldier stationed in Singapore, was. Witham put about 11,000 miles on the Hog before being ordered back to England, where he was unpleasantly surprised to learn that his bike had to be dismantled to get through customs. After taking the bike apart and getting it in the country, Witham stored the parts in a leaky Sheffield garage where they managed to sustain more rust and damage in about five years than they did during 25 years of lying in the ground.

By the time Chris bought the remains (for \$1000) a couple of years ago, there wasn't a lot left. Finally, after eighteen months and several thousand more bucks, Chris, a bike freak since he was thirteen, got the bike restored.

Sheriff brews up a tempest in a beer mug

"I think we've compromised a lot more than we should have," Big Jon Thompson said. "But we don't need a lot of people in jail over this. We'll fight them (in the courts) later."

Big Jon, president of the Huns MC of Arizona, was talking about a deal the club had struck with Pima County Sheriff Clarence Dupnik. A deal that ensured the survival of the club's 15th Annual Labor Day Run to the Mt. Lemmon ski area in the Catalina Mountains. A deal that minimized the chances that the 1500 bikers expected at the party would be unduly harassed by the cops. But, by the same token, a deal forcing everyone on the run to travel BYOB — bring your own beer.

According to Dupnik, the club's plans to irrigate the party with 150 kegs of beer

would "put drunken drivers on the road" and endanger other drivers on the Catalina Highway. If plans to provide beer were not abandoned, Dupnik averred, he would pull the plug on the party.

The bikers, noting that not serving beer would complicate the traffic problem ("Instead of no one running down the hill for beer, everybody will be running down the hill for beer," one said), attempted to get a state permit allowing them to charge admission and serve beer, but their application was rejected.

Finally, after protracted negotiations, the Huns agreed not to provide beer to the party-timers. They made it plain, however, that they were well aware why the sheriff was so concerned about their gathering. "We're not a fraternity or a political party,

so they like to try to push us around," Thompson told members of the press.

Bikers familiar with the situation noted that Dupnik has never threatened to shut down other booze-saturated Mt. Lemmon events, such as the annual Octoberfest, during which all the area ski resorts ply their patrons with thousands of dollars' worth of imported brew.

Postscript: The '83 Huns' run went off beautifully, as had fourteen before it. There were no arrests and no problems except for the thousands of aluminum cans strewn about as a result of Sheriff Dupnik's harassment. And the Huns even managed to find a silver lining in that cloud — they picked up all the cans, hauled them to a recycling center and donated the proceeds to charity.

Motorcycle
1913
USA 5c



Motorcycle
1913
USA 5c



POSTAL POPE — A 1913 Pope Model L graces the front of a new 5-cent stamp issued as part of the Postal Service's transportation series. Designed by Walter Brooks, the new stamp features an illustration of a bike currently on display in the Smithsonian Institution. "Portrayal on a United States postal issue . . . often results in renewed interest and comprehensive study (of the subject depicted). That is precisely what I hope happens in this instance," said Postmaster General William F. Bolger during his introduction of the stamp.

Stamp courtesy of Agoura (Calif.) Post Office

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.

2000 bareheaded bros flip bird at bucket law

Two thousand Florida bikers recently proved the old adage "there's strength in numbers" by riding bareheaded to an anti-helmet law rally in Miami.

"The department had made the decision that if we ticketed one, then we would have to ticket them all, which would create a major traffic jam," police spokesman Raymond Lang said in explaining why

no lid-law citations were issued during the run.

The protest run, sponsored by ABATE of Florida, was addressed by state Senate Majority Leader John Hill, who vowed to introduce legislation scrapping mandatory helmets.

Speaking about freedom of choice, Hill said, "If sometimes I get greater injuries, then I am responsible for that . . . as an adult, that is my right."

Georgia bikers pack meeting

Freedom-seeking Georgia bikers packed the Augusta City Council chambers recently to ask a fact-finding subcommittee of the state legislature to back a bill to repeal the state's mandatory helmet law, at least for adults.

Noting that three of the five

members of the panel were smoking cigarettes, biker activist Charles Starr pointed to the Surgeon General's warning on a pack and said, "You have the freedom to smoke. We are adults. Give us the freedom to determine whether we want to wear helmets."

Wish I Was In Dixie

My wife says she can handle more men than you can. Just how many men can you handle while whistling "Dixie"?

Tucker K.
Phoenix, Ariz.

- Depends whether I'm whistlin' out my feed hole or my asshole.

Jammed Jackoff

I plugged this wench before my girlfriend got home today and she caught me in the act. My problem is the fat-lipped bitch won't believe that she's the only real bitch I care for. What do I do?

Prick's In A Jam
San Jose, Calif.

- Try a better lie.

Warmin' Up

How can I get my ol' man to start off with a warm-up session on my tits instead of goin' straight to my bush?

Pancake
Durango, Colo.

- Be grateful for what ya got, bitch. A tongue in the twat is worth two on the tits.

Sent To The Showers

I'm in love with this guy and I want to stay with him because we ride in the wind and because he does me for two hours at a time. The only thing is, he's got an ol' lady. What do I do?

Sally W.
Midway, Pa.

- Assign her to latrine duty.

Ignorant

My ol' man must be missin' some parts upstairs. Every time he has to shit, he makes me get a shovel and dig it out. What the hell is wrong with this fucker?

Sore-Armed
Butte, Mont.

- He must not be a biker — they all know the difference between their ass and a hole in the ground.

Fairest One Of All

I'm down in the Colorado state pen and decided to do an engraving of you on a mirror. Now that I'm done, all my bros see it and puke when they walk in the cell. So I guess I'll send it to you.

I'm tryin' to raise money to get my scoot back up when I get out. I'll engrave any

Miraculous Mutha Tells All



design on a 12" x 12" mirror for a reasonable price. All I gotta have to do it is a black-and-white drawing of what ya want on the mirror. Just make sure the drawing is the size ya want it — they don't allow enlargers and shit like that at this bad-boys' school.

Roger George 47520
Box 1010, C.H. 3
Canon City, CO 81212

- The mirror makes me look so good I wanna eat myself every time I see it.

Spider Slut

I ran into Spider in the bar last night and we got to talking. Before too long his hand was in my jeans, playing with my soft, wet pussy. He told me you've gotten so lazy that you buy his raisin pies at Poppin' Fresh and he says you're even payin' hard cash for 'em, instead of tradin' some pussy the way a good biker bitch should.

I felt so sorry for him that I took him home, fed him three home-baked pies and flossed his teeth with my golden cunt hairs while I tried to clean his rod of your decaying cunt sloop with lacquer thinner, Lysol and lye soap.

Spider's a hell of a good lay and a nice guy to know, but

now he won't leave. Will you please come get him? I'd gladly keep him around, but I can't get your dead rotten-pussy smell off him and the mortician sitting in front of my house drooling is making the nice old lady next door nervous.

Miraculous Marlene
Whitehall, Wis.

- Either he's not really Spider or you write real well for a bitch with her hands and face full of biker.

Jailhouse Jitters

My man's been locked down for some time and he's startin' to think I've been chasin' dick all over town. I think he feels this way because when we were together we had great times in bed or any other place we could dream up.

How can I make him understand that it's only him my body needs? You know as well as me that when you've had the best, there ain't no rest.

Lollipop
Vallejo, Calif.

- Yer sure right 'bout that. The best don't never let ya rest. Bang, bang, slurp, slurp, all night long.

Jammed Toes

I'm the national president of Toe Suckers of America and I was wondering if you'd like to be guest of honor at our next toe-sucking marathon?

Gary F.
New Orleans, La.

- Only if ya promise to deep-throat my left foot up to the knee.

It Ain't The Meat...

I'm a forest ranger here in Tennessee and I hardly ever get to see any womenfolk at all. Mutha, I've been poundin' my pud so long that either it or my arm is bound to fall off soon.

I'm so horny that even these wild hogs that run around here are starting to look good. Do you think I should chase one down and stick it to it?

Horny the Bear
Bullshit, Tenn.

- Better a wild hog than a pig that just lays there.

Leftovers

I've read millions of *Easyriders* rags and I always read your section first. What I can't understand is why you're always putting yourself down. If I had a body like yours, I'd be proud of it. Hell, I'm an ugly duckling compared to you. Why not give me some of your leftover men? Okay?

Confused and Lonely
Tulsa, Okla.

- You can have all the leftover men ya want, but you'll probably need a tow truck to haul 'em away when I'm done with 'em.

Room For All

I really love my ol' man and don't mind if he fucks around. The problem is, I'm the one who always winds up on the couch! I hate sleeping on the couch while he's in our bed with two other chicks. What should I do?

Dinky
Akron, Ohio

- Get a bigger bed.

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.



"We've had one for the road — now, let's have one for the gutter!"



"Aw, man — he told me to kiss his ass, and when I tried to comply — he got violent!"

A group of bikers in jeans and leather jackets entered an exclusive night club that practiced as much discrimination as possible.

"What do I do, boss?" the maitre d' asked the manager.

"Give them a check with every round of drinks," he snarled, "and keep doubling the price — two bucks, four bucks, eight, and so on. That ought to drive them out before too long."

But some time later, the bikers were still there and the maitre d' again went to the manager. "What do I do now? Those bikers are up to sixty-four dollars a round!"

"What do you think, stupid?" shouted the manager. "Get rid of the trash with the coats and ties!"

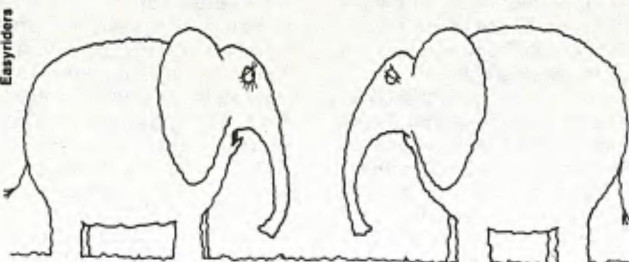
—Lizard
Messena, N.Y.

A small rugrat entered a drugstore and whispered to the clerk that he wanted a dozen condoms.

"What size," he was asked, "and who are they for?"

"Gimme assorted sizes," the youngster said. "They're for my sister — she's going to a biker party."

—Snowman
Thompson, Utah



"Not unless you use a garbage bag."

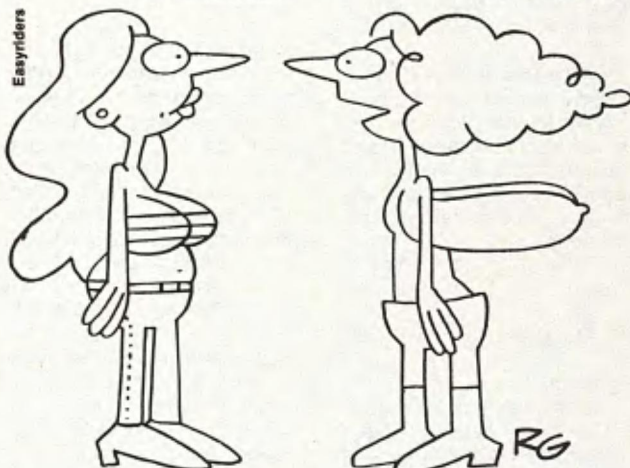
What's the definition of a perfect woman? She's three feet tall, has a round hole for a mouth and her head is flat so you can set drinks on it. The sports model has pullback ears and her teeth fold in. The economy model fucks all night long and at 2 a.m., she turns into a roast beef sandwich and a six-pack.

—Lorri
Corona, Calif.

A man returned home from walking the dog with some startling gossip. He informed his wife that he'd heard that their neighbor, the biker in apartment 410, had fucked every woman in the building except one.

"That's right," said his wife. "It's that stuck-up bitch on the seventh floor."

—Sid Ellis
Honolulu, Hawaii



"Yes, I date a biker. How could you tell?"

Brains are okay, but most women prefer a man who's a moron... more on than off.

—Roy Wolf
Charlotte, N.C.

How do you get three Polacks off the couch? Jack one off and the other two come.

—Happy Hank
Gadsden, Ala.

An old-timer was telling a friend how his strength had increased over the years.

"When I was twenty years old, I could grab my prick with both hands but couldn't bend it. When I reached fifty, I could bend it a little with one hand. And now," he said, beaming, "I'm eighty and can bend the fucker with just two fingers!"

—Motormouth
Norman, Okla.



"Of course, you realize we'd both be getting a lot more out of this if you had a pair of tits!"

A biker was banging his ol' lady and all of a sudden she let one hell of a fart. "What was that for?" he asked.

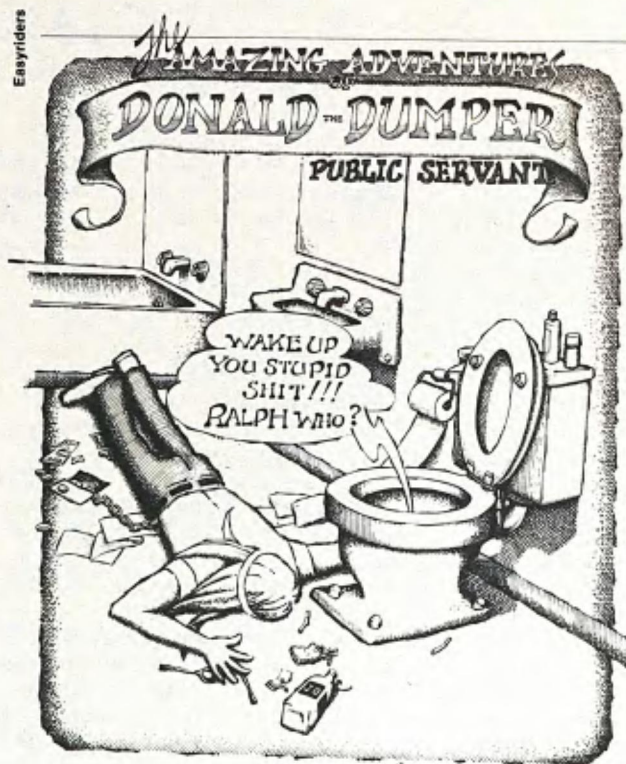
She replied, "Front hole happy, back hole celebrate."

—Stephen
Lost in Michigan

Q: What doesn't belong in this group: Your wife, a dozen eggs, your cock, or a blowjob?

A: A blowjob. You can beat your wife, or the eggs or your cock, but you can't beat a blowjob.

—George
Nashville, Tenn.



"Spike can't remember where he parked his scooter!"



"Looks like Vinnie's eatin' on the run again."

The food in the roadside diner was terrible and the biker called the waitress over. "Do me a favor," he said. "Promise me you'll do just what I tell you. Take this steak right back to the chef and tell him to stick it up his ass."

The waitress promised and took off. When she returned, the biker asked her if she had delivered the message.

"The chef said you're just gonna have to wait your turn," the waitress answered. "There's a beef stew and a coconut pie ahead of you."

—Big Carl
Demming, N.M.

This high-class bitch got tired of screwing doctors, lawyers and such. She wanted to find a biker because she'd heard they were really wild when they screwed. Eventually, she found one and took him home. When she took his pants off she noticed he had a two-inch cock. "Who do you plan to satisfy with that little thing?" she asked.

"Me, bitch," was his reply.
—Candy
Tucson, Tex.

The small boy watched, unimpressed, as his sad-faced father ran back and forth across the lawn, towing a spinning kite at the end of a long string. No matter how hard the man pulled, the kite refused to rise more than a few feet off the ground. His wife stood on the porch, watching and shaking her head. Finally, she called out in a loud voice, "Ralph, you need more tail!"

The man dropped the kite in disgust. "That's just like a woman," he mumbled. "Last night she told me to go fly a kite!"

—Ape Bates
Cameron, Mo.



"When I say 'rinse,' Mr. Carlisle, that doesn't include lungers."

A biker's kid and a straight kid were told by their school teacher to make a sentence using the words "pistol" and "too." The straight kid got up and recited, "My dad is in the Army. He's bright, true and blue. He wears an Army uniform and a pistol, too."

The biker's brat thought, I can't be outdone by this nurd, so he recited, "We live out in the projects where they make that good homebrew. We sit and drink till ten o'clock and then we piss till two."

—Patti
Malibu, Calif.

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

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

If you got as far as fifth grade you were probably exposed to a whole lot of lecturing about how the USA is a nation of laws instead of men — a nation where all men are treated equally by the system.

Yet any impartial observer (say an alien from another planet) studying our prisons would be forced to wonder whether we are really a "nation" at all, or whether the United States is merely comprised of thousands of feudal fiefdoms where the ruling lords do whatever they want to whomever they want.

If we are really a nation of equality under the law, how can it be that a robbery suspect appearing in Courtroom A may get probation, while a robbery suspect appearing in Courtroom B in the same building, on the same day, may get three-to-five behind bars? If we are really "one nation united," how can a forger in Texas draw 15 years, while a killer in California gets 3-to-5?

Nowhere is this lack of a national corrections policy more obvious than in the area of family visits. Depending on where you're locked up, your relationship with your ol' lady could range from a few words mouthed into a telephone connecting one side of a bulletproof window with the other, to a few nights in a private cabin fuckin' your brains out, unobserved by guards.

According to a recent survey, only seven states — California, Connecticut, Minnesota, Mississippi, New York, South Carolina and Washington — allow conjugal visits to inmates at state penitentiaries, and all of these require proof of marriage before such visits are allowed.

According to a survey published in *The Messenger*, the prison system with the longest record of allowing conjugal visits is the Mississippi system — where the Parchman State Penitentiary began allowing, on an informal basis, such visits back in 1900. In 1965, the practice became an official part of the institution's rehabilitation program, and brick buildings with paneled walls and tiled floors have been constructed specifically to house the family meetings.

Recent statistics show that 60 percent of the legally married male inmates and 70 percent of the legally married female inmates at Parchman participate in the program — an impressive number considering that an inmate must keep a clean record to be allowed such conjugal visits.



The problem with extending conjugal visit programs to the rest of the United States is rooted in two areas: money and vengeance.

Many state prison administrators, fearful of offending their political bosses (who, in turn, are fearful of pissing off the voters), just don't have the balls to put in budget requests for the funds to operate such programs — despite the fact that conjugal visit programs are notoriously cheap to run. (In Connecticut, for example, the visits take place in trailers donated by local church groups.)

Also, many corrections professionals — and an even greater number of the civilians who supervise the systems — have the idea that conjugal visits are a form of "coddling" prisoners, that they make the punishment of crime less severe than it should be.

"The prison systems that have conjugal visitation, however, are not

pleasant places to live," Russ Osborne writes in *The Messenger*. "Conjugal visits do not decrease the overall pain of confinement. In fact, it could be said that when sexual deprivation is decreased, the pain of curtailed liberty is increased. Because the more privileges an inmate has, the more he misses the outside world. . . Therefore, conjugal visits do not lessen a prisoner's suffering. Instead, they make him miss his family all the more and want to return permanently."

On the other hand, Osborne's survey found that conjugal visits can have extremely beneficial effects for not only individual inmates and prison populations as a whole, but the public at large.

"They provide incentive for inmates to keep a good disciplinary record," Osborne notes. "They can do a great deal to help inmates maintain a worthwhile and meaningful relationship in their marriage. And strong family ties can help a man adjust and go straight once out of prison."

Meanwhile, for inmates in 43 state prison systems and the federal prison system, conjugal visits don't exist at all — a textbook example of the fact that a system of "equal justice under the laws" is less a reality in 20th century America than it was over 200 years ago in the colonies of King George.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

House Arrest

The city of Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been experimenting with using "house arrest" as an alternative to prison overcrowding.

Key to the program is an electronic bracelet which is fastened to the convict's wrist and automatically signals the probation department if the bracelet is removed or if the wearer goes more than 200 feet from his home.

According to Albuquerque officials, the bracelets — manufactured by National Incarceration Monitor and Control Services — enable officials to know whether a person is

Continued on page 120

Thanks to one of the brothers, George Perkins of McAllen, Texas, I have an interesting story for you this issue. But more than just being interesting, it's important. This importance will be evident later — but first, the story itself.

What George sent me is a long newspaper clipping from *The McAllen Monitor*, which (on September 4, 1983) began a weekly series devoted to the experiences of Vietnam veterans. The *Monitor* was generously cooperating with The Texas Vietnam Veterans in an effort to raise donations for a Vietnam veterans memorial.

The story — the first in the *Monitor's* series — concerns the wartime experiences of one Texas marine and also covers some of the personal aftermath of his Vietnam experience — you know, that "wonderful homecoming." The column was written by *Monitor* reporter Scott Lind. For legal reasons, though, I'll substitute the common name "Smith" for the name of the Marine about whom the article was written.

Smith was profoundly influenced by John F. Kennedy's words: "Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what you can do for your country." He believed in that. He was a young man adhering to a kind of idealism that would prove quite different from the kind soon to emerge as the sixties wore on. So, when Vietnam warmed up and duty called, Smith volunteered.

As a U.S. Marine, Smith saw his share in 'Nam. In fact, he served two tours. Something to be proud of, indeed; yet, after his eventual return home and in view of attitudes all around him, it would be something not to be told too often or brought up at parties. Yeah, like most of us, he had to learn a new way of surviving "peacetime."

And he recalls how lightly the papers back home treated the living hell he and so many of us saw. He participated in Operation Utah, a bloodbath. The papers' mention of it noted that there had been "light fighting." Smith recalls returning to base to see the stacked weapons of the casualties that had been incurred: about 200 rifles.

He survived again and again. Then came his first time to rotate home. Buddhist monks were immolating themselves; protesters were waiting at home. With horrible memories, he prepared to leave his buddies.

And here is where I want to quote from *The McAllen Monitor*. . .

Oct. 1, 1966, he was promoted to corporal. On Halloween night he returned to the U.S. Instead of landing immediately at the California base, the plane circled for several hours.

Once landed, "They snuck us through a whole bunch of hangars. A stewardess later told us we circled for six hours because there had been some sort of demonstration against us at the gates of the base. One guy on the plane said defensively, 'We have nothing to be ashamed of.' Another guy said, 'Do we?'"

Once in a Los Angeles bus station, Smith was jumped by a group of thugs in the bathroom. "These 25 guys were ready to kick our—, We were flabbergasted."

We'd been fighting in the Vietnamese highlands, taking casualties, and here they were, going to assault us and we didn't even know why." Smith and a fellow soldier friend were subsequently escorted to safety by members of the Hells Angels.

Interesting story? Sure. Important? Damn right!

It says a helluva lot about who believes in what and how much, doesn't it? Some have faith and a sense of honor and duty and they have the guts to go off and prove it. Others say they believe in something — oh, let's call it "peace" — and first chance they get, they do just the opposite. And without guts: twenty-five to two, man?

And Hells Angels are supposed to be the dregs of our society? Who are the real Americans? The real heroes? Seems the foregoing was a case of heroes helping heroes — brothers with and for brothers. Real Americans: loyal, brave, and rock solid.

And here's Sarge's personal message: To those 'Nam vets and to those Hells Angels: my right arm up, fist clenched and more power to ya! But to those empty-bellied, gnat-brained, shit-for-guts denizens of the toilet: the longer half of your peace-sign to you and all you stand for — if anything.

• I'm still getting tons of mail asking me to send info on Agent Orange. I'm here to help, but can't possibly mail each of you information. Even if I had the info, I don't have the funds. The fact is, brothers, that the Agent Orange question is still up in the air: nobody has all the answers. You've got to do your best to collect info from as many sources as you can. This means visiting or writing to various organizations and obtaining their current pamphlets, papers, or whatever.

Contact the VA and ask to be put on the mailing list for their Agent Orange bulletin. Contact vets' orgs and see what they've got. Go or write to federal or state outreach centers for what they offer. Nobody can offer you complete information yet because the Centers for Disease Control (Atlanta) only last year began true scientific studies of the possible effects of Agent O. (And those findings are going to be slow in coming, bros.) Again, I refer you to both **Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims, Inc.** (27 Washington Square North, New York, NY 10011) and **The Veterans of the Vietnam War, Inc.** (2090 Bald Mtn. Rd., Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702) for info that's extensive, yet concise.

My name is Jerry Fry. I'm an ex-Marine and by the time I got out of the Corps, I was a physical and mental wreck. It has taken me many years and much research to heal myself. I've acquired a lot of information from natural healers on how to detoxify my body from the nasty shit I was exposed to.

I'm hoping you can help me share with my brothers and sisters what I offer. Help me direct my efforts.

Jerry Fry, ex-Sgt. USMC

• Jerry invites all individuals or organizations to contact him for info at: 503 Trade Winds, Apt. 2, Essexville, MI 48732. (If you write, enclosing a stamp or two would help the guy, ya know.)

Recently, a member of our association brought your column to our attention. After looking over a couple of issues, we noted that quite a few vets, especially 'Nam vets, write in to you.

Continued on page 97

BIKE BENCH

Everybody appreciates a good strong workbench when building or fixing their scooters. Let's face reality — it's a lot easier to overhaul your carb if it's on a bench than if it's spread out all over the floor, and you wind up chasing the choke butterfly screws out of some crack in the concrete. Besides that, the light is better the closer you get to the ceiling.

A few weeks ago while making the rounds, I swung by a partner's shop to pick up on a taillight bulb. As I peered in the window to see if I could catch him up to no good, I saw a set of handlebars seven feet off the ground. This needed a little closer look, so I knocked once and let myself in. My partner Al had his scooter on a homemade bike bench and was casually adjusting his belt drive. To see Al working was almost enough for a coronary, but what really intrigued me was the bench his bike was parked on. After half the twelve-pack under my arm was empty and Al was done sniveling about his bad knees, I got the lowdown on

the neat-lookin' bench Al had conjured up for himself.

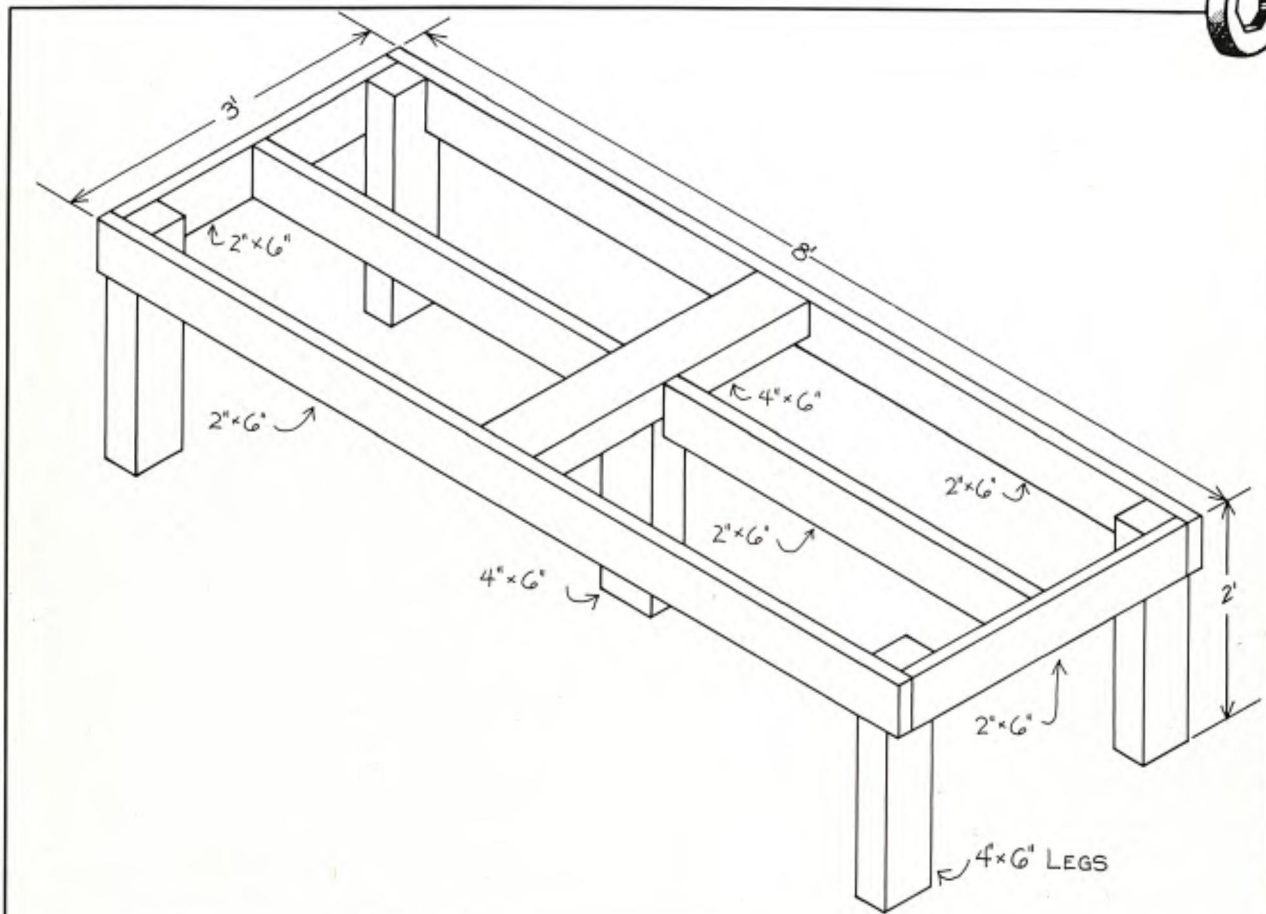
As it turned out, Al had to buy only two pieces of lumber and the necessary assembly hardware. Everything else was made from lumber lying around the shop, or picked up here and there. Al figures that if someone went out and bought all new wood and hardware, it would probably cost around \$80. The two pieces that won't be so easy to scrounge up are the piece of 3/4-inch plywood for the top and the 2x10 for the on-and-off ramp.

I'm sure that some of the more enterprising bros out there can come up with some equally good ideas for their own bike benches, or maybe they already have ones of their own. If any of you readers have a bench you've built that's different from this one, I'd sure like to see it and pass any interesting ideas on to the bros.

Well, as the clock on the wall sounds the hour, I'm off to the tavern for a refreshing liquid lunch.

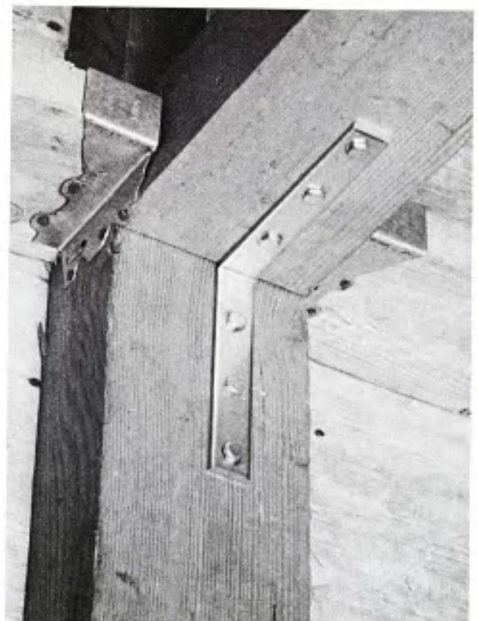
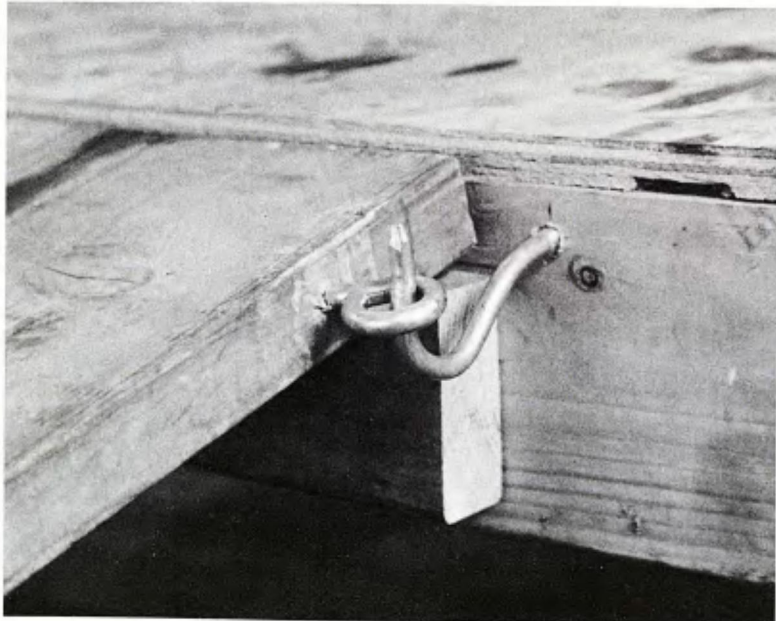
— Wrench





Blueprint Illustration by Billy Thornbury

Photos by Kim Peterson



In the openin' scene of the recent hit movie "Porky's," a high-school kid is shown layin' in bed with a gigantic hardon. (No, ya really don't see his meat, but we've all gazed with awe at a similar big lump under the covers when we wake up in the mornin', right in the middle of a swell dream about the pep squad's head cheerleader.)

When the kid's mom suddenly opens his bedroom door an' screams at him to get outta bed, the kid turns over an' jams his dork into the mattress. Ya know it hurts, 'cause he lets out with a scream that just tickles the shit outta the audience. Well, Christians, that kinda thing ain't very funny.

The scene in the movie is filmed in good taste. All ya see is this kid an' a big lump under the covers — imagination takes care of the rest. But what most members of the audience don't realize is that the simple act of rollin' over in bed can damage a man for life. The reason for this is that

BUSTED PUSHRODS

the male reproductive member is not "bullet-proof."

Dorks have many names, starting off with the ultra-polite word, *penis*, an' goin' on down the line with *dork* (our favorite), *whang*, *cock*, *dick*, *prick*, *prong*, *mutton-dagger*, *porker*, etc. All of 'em except the first are considered vulgar.

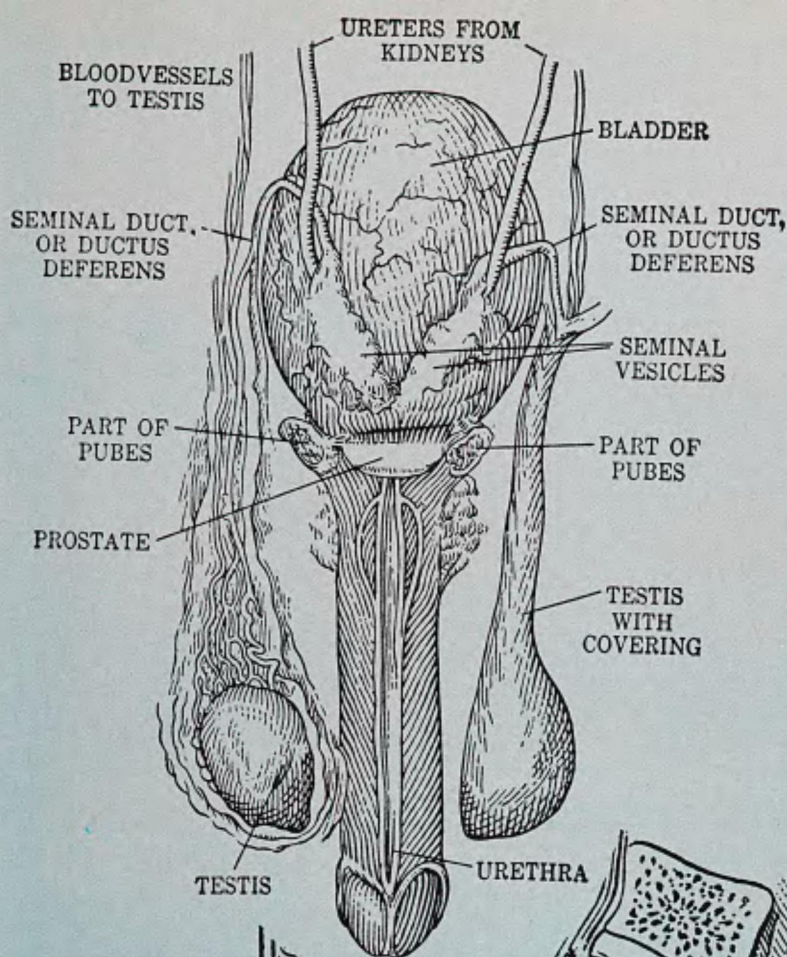
My brother's ol' lady called his dork "Ugly Richard," which kinda pissed him off 'cause he thought it was pretty good-lookin'. Other chicks give pet names to their boy-friends' dorks if for no other reason than to give them the opportunity to discuss it in front of friends an' strangers without those people gettin' wise to what's goin' on. "I think it's time to go home an' give Chuckie a night-night kiss," the chick tells her boyfriend in front of pals at the senior prom. Of course, now that I've blown the game, all of you certainly know who "Chuckie" is, don't ya?

Ever since cavemen first discovered that a dork could be used for somethin' besides pissin', the penis has served as a symbol of strength, manliness an' authority. Even in the animal world, the critter with the biggest dork is generally the leader of the pack. Most of 'em are white or brown, but certain tribes of monkeys have dorks that are red, white an' blue — all at the same time. If that ain't patriotic, we don't know what is. We know a dude who has "Harley-Davidson" tattooed on his dork and that's kinda patriotic, too.

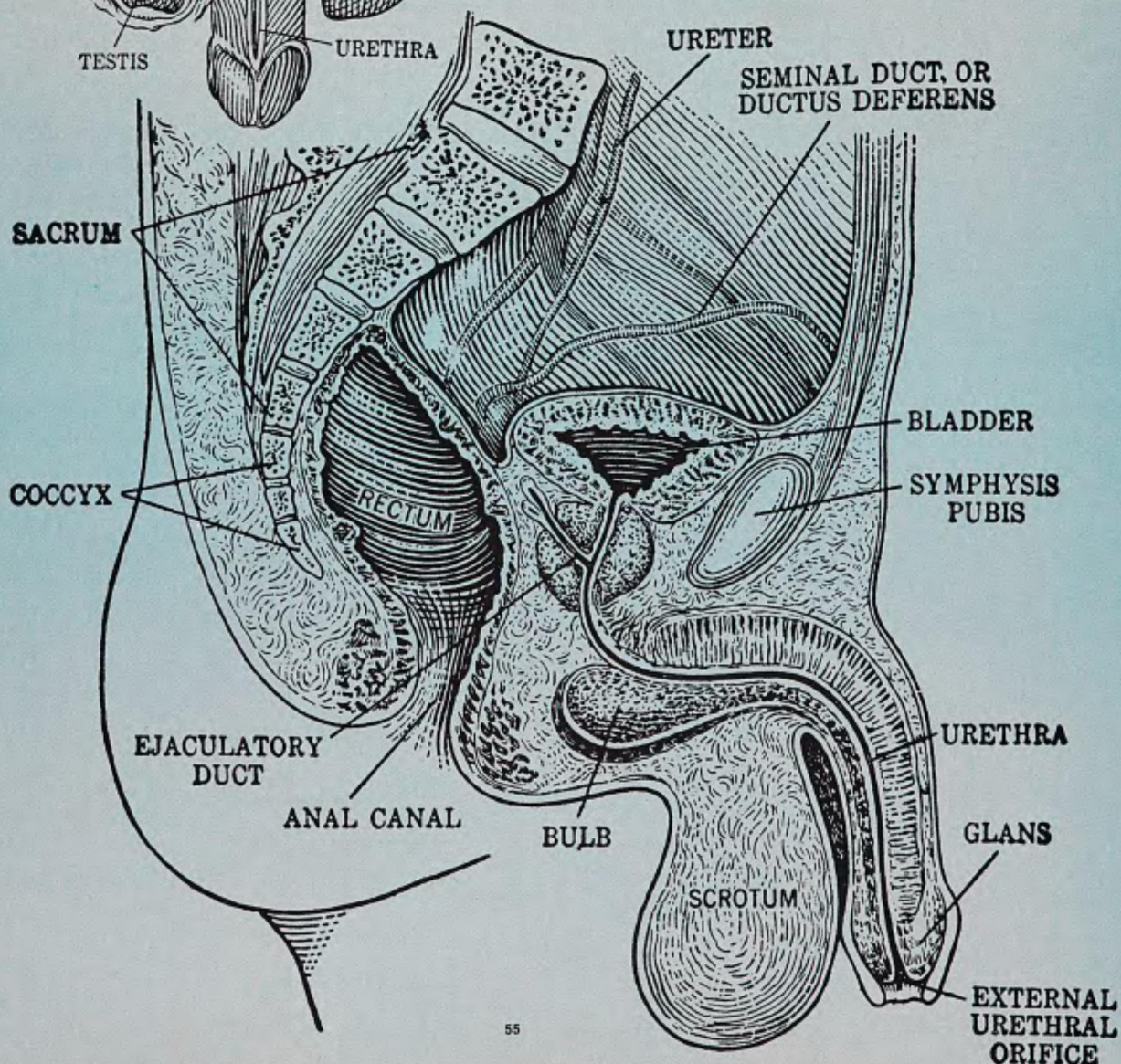
Dorks may be a symbol of strength to a lotta chicks who are impressed at how they can poke their way through matted bushes an' nylon panties, but a dork

Continued on page 89

By Dr. Twatburger



"Ever since cavemen first discovered that a dork could be used for somethin' besides pis-sin', the penis has served as a symbol of strength, manliness an' authority. Even in the animal world, the critter with the biggest dork is generally the leader of the pack."





SURRY

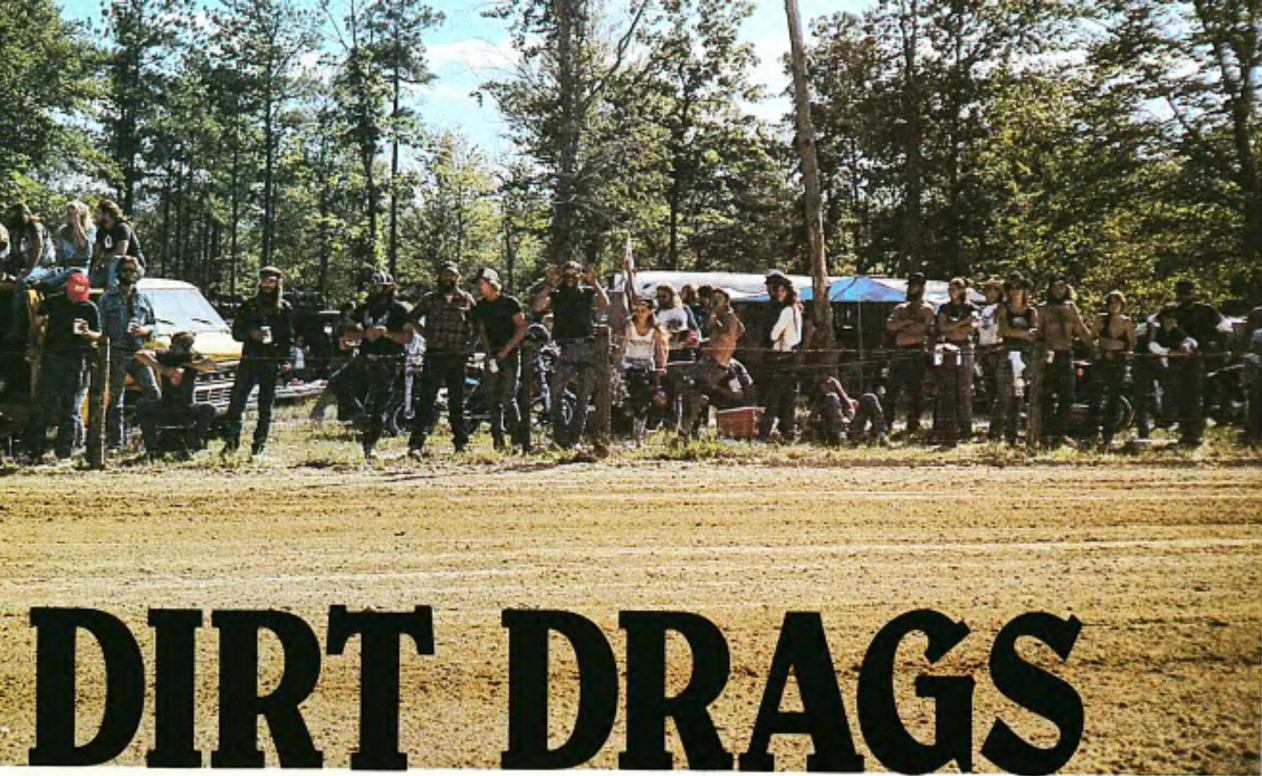
Photos by Mike Nobile and Amy Dean



We had ridden south from Maryland the day before, and as luck would have it, had gotten treated to the sounds of the Marshall Tucker Band that night at the Tidewater Music Festival. But that ain't why we jammed into Slade's Park. We were ready for bear or beast. Hopefully, some bare beasts. Yeah, it was lookin' like one of the last good-weather runs we'd be enjoying before the season grew cold.

The occasion was the Surry Dirt Drags just outside of Surry, Virginia, near the James





DIRT DRAGS

River, as historic a spot as ya can find in America. From the first settlement at Jamestown to the end of the Revolution at nearby Yorktown (where the British surrendered), the area is saturated in history. But what we were cranked for was nitro-burnin' sickles flyin' through the less-than-an-eighth-mile strip. And party action.

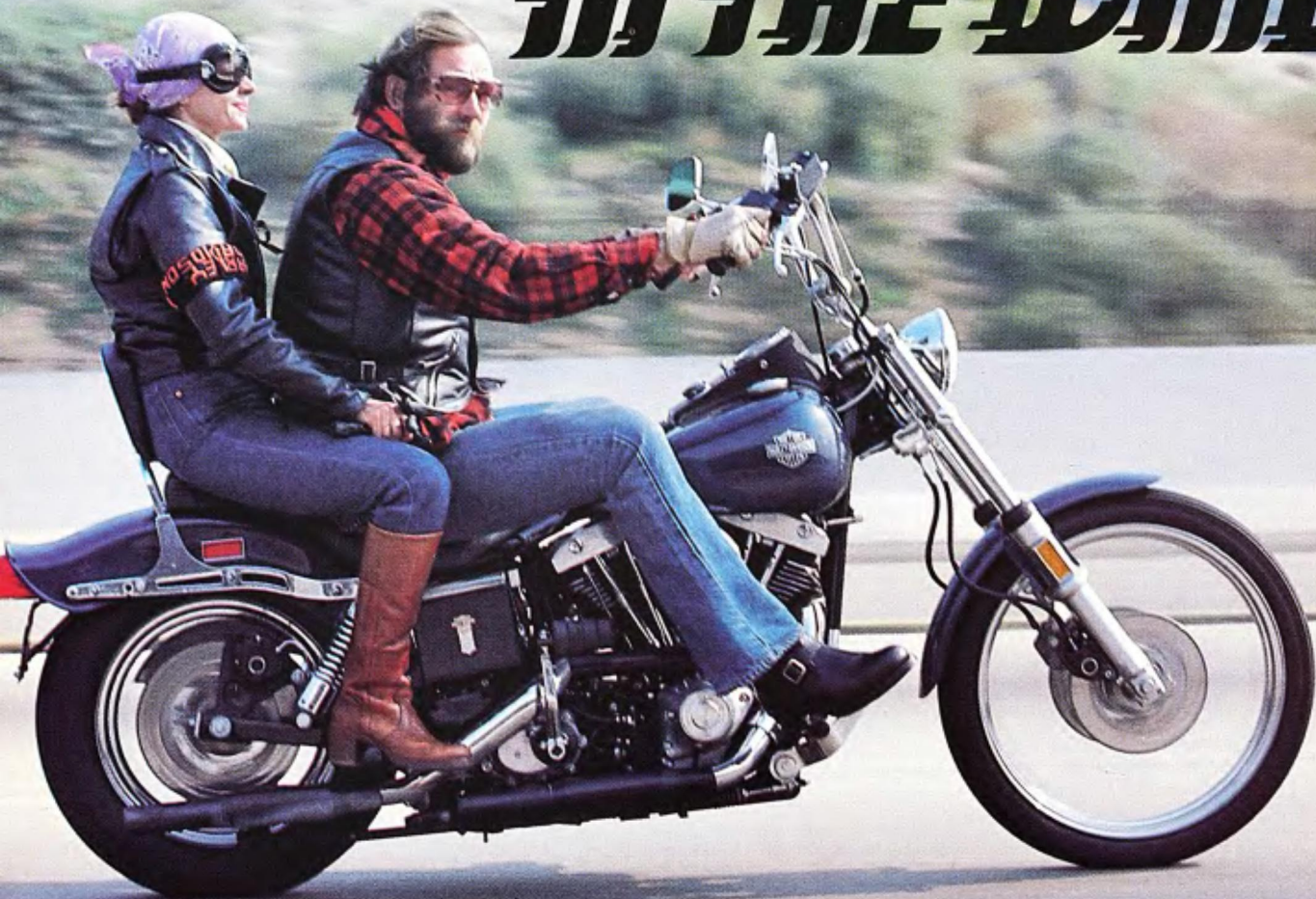
We got what we came for. Must have been at least 2500 of us fans that weekend, watchin' dudes from the surrounding states and locals, as well as the pros, like Paul Wil-

liams, John King and Pete Hill on his blown and injected asphalt knuckle, doin' an exhibition on dirt. Paul Plummer took top honors in the Top Fuel and 900cc Modified classes. The track was kept in excellent shape by a grader that smoothed over the deep ruts from the big boys' running so that even street bikes could take to the dirt. We split Sunday afternoon with the smell of nitro-methane heavy in our lungs and hangovers in our heads.

— Slick



IN THE WIND



—from Mike, Miami, Fla.

—from Gregg Daniel, Agoura, Calif.





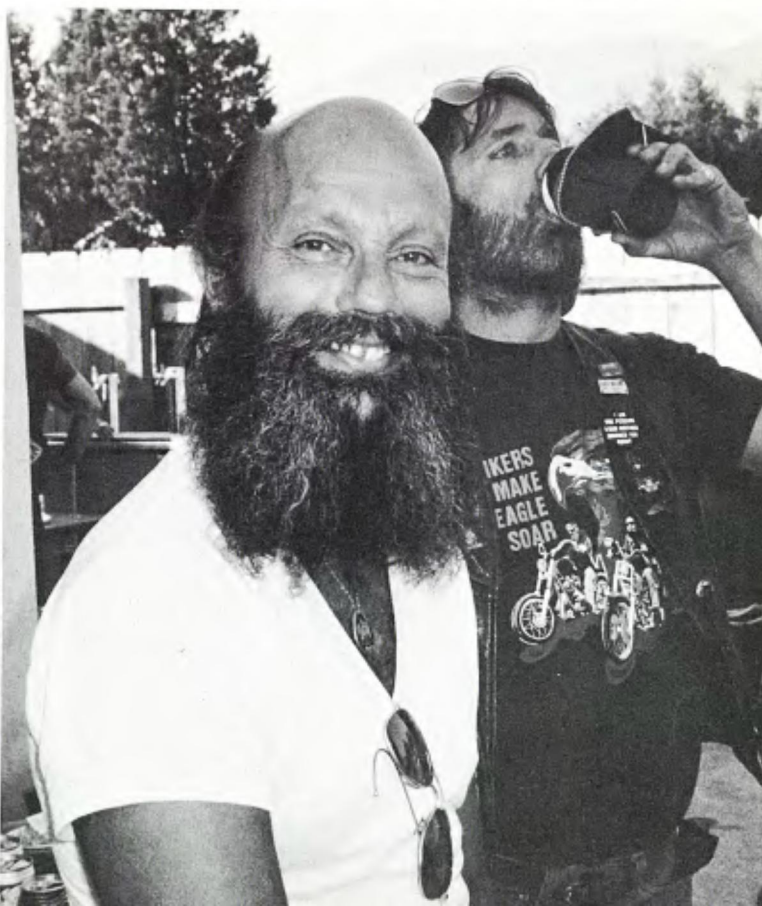
—from Barry Cooney, West Linn, Ore.

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

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

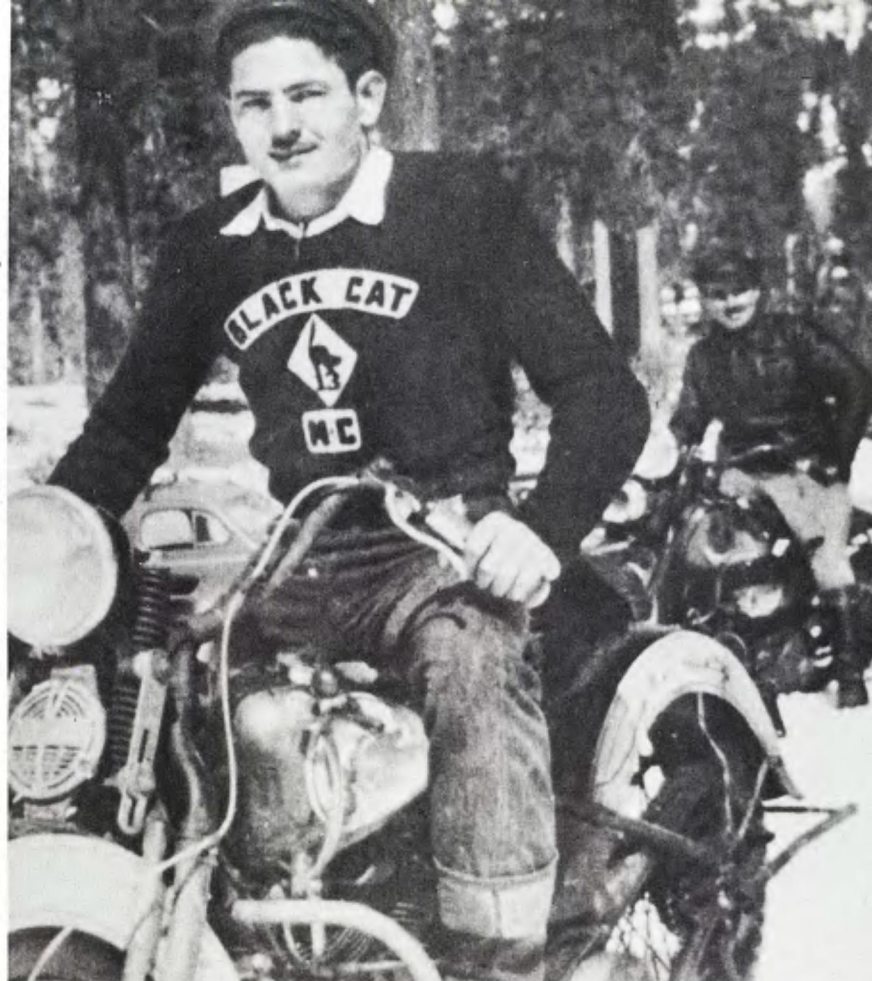


—from Roo, 'Berdoo





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



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Bob Touchette, Middleboro, Mass.



—from Donald Hill, Peoria Heights, Ill.





—from Barry Cooney, West Linn, Ore.



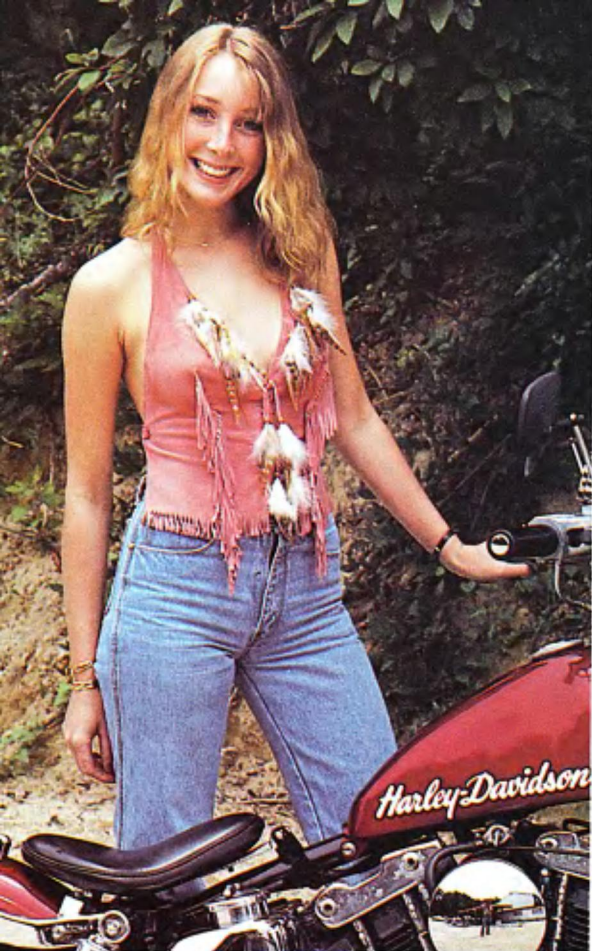
—from Easy, Dayton, Ohio



—from Robert Hegge, Hazelwood, Mo.

—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.





—from Wayne Lembach, Baltimore, Md.



—from The Breeze, San Diego, Calif.



—from Mark Lyon, Wooster, Ohio

—from Dr. Pepper, Mound, Minn.





WELCOME TO
DAYTONA

WENDY, WE HARDLY KNEW YA

And then there are those girls ya want to invite back to the second party....

We all know them one-party girls. The ones who look good and talk sweet but don't have any staying power. Ya know what I mean, you take 'em on a run or to a party and ya have a good time — scarf some box, get a little skull — but, when she hops off the P-pad at her place the next morning, that's it. You've had your fill. "Adios, muchacha, see ya around unless I get lucky an' avoid ya."

Hell, bikers are just like all other sex maniacs — find 'em, fuck 'em, forget 'em, there's more comin' of fuckin' age every day of the week. But, like all rules, there are always the exceptions. The chicks who last, the ones ya want to invite back to all the parties. The ones who eventually graduate and become bikers' ol' ladies.



Though I didn't know her long enough to find out, it seems to me that Wendy has all the special stuff a biking chick needs if she plans to stay the course. Just lookin' at her pictures ya can see she has a face and a body that would make anybody's scooter look a little better. And, from the class she showed in her few days around here, I gotta believe she had a tough-but-tender scooter trash heart to go with.

Wendy fell into our rundown pile of an office totally unexpected. "Show me some bikes," she said. "Since I broke up with my ol' man, I've been out of circulation and I need a Harley-fix bad."

No one ever accused the pill heads Spider hires of bein' imaginative. "You show us your body, we'll show you our bikes," we chorused, not really





expecting her do anything except tell us to fuck off. But about 22 seconds later, she was wearin' the proverbial "nothin' but a smile" and we were huntin' around tryin' to find the keys to the garage. (Strange how your memory can go blank at the oddest times, ain't it?)

Eventually, we did get it together and showed her the collection of scrap iron that constitutes our fleet (don't laugh, at least they all run — sometimes). That's the first "test" that chicks who fall by here are given and you'd be amazed how many can't scope the staff bikes without crackin' up at least once — particularly when we throw back the tarp on the trike Madman built out of an old 45 Servicar. For some reason, chicks just seem to find the windshield and seats from





that ol' wrecked Camaro real funny-lookin' on a trike.

But Wendy passed the test with class up the ass. So we gave her test two. "How'd ya like to have yer picture in the rag?" "Like this?" "Exactly like that, 'cept we'll find ya a better-lookin' bike to pose with." "I thought you'd never ask."

The result was the pictures you see here and two more

days of good party times between her and all the rest of us. Her attitude was so biker-perfect, in fact, that even the ol' ladies couldn't find much to hiss about. Then, about four days after she fell by, she was gone without a word. A week later a note arrived.

"Sorry I took off without sayin' goodbye," she wrote. "But I was across the street at

the gas station gettin' a pack of weeds when this dude on a Sporty pulled in and asked me if I was ready to roll. I never could resist those invites."

That's okay, kid. If ya were the kind who turned down those invitations we wouldn't want ya around here anyway. Besides, bikers don't say goodbye. The right word is **later**.

— Gringo



Photos by Pete Chioldo



When ya split from home, ya don't always leave it all behind.

When it comes time to pack it all up and take off for new digs — as often happens in a biker's life — things are frequently brought along that you don't remember packing.

That's how it was for Dan Vaccaro. Physically, he'd left the bustling metropolis of New York behind for good; yet somehow, some extra baggage had been routed to the West Coast. No, it wasn't a set of passes to Islanders', Jets', Mets', Giants', Generals', Knicks', Yankees', or Cosmos' games, nor even a heavy parka that he wouldn't need in his new area of endeavors, but a headful of styles and designs from his old grounds in Gotham.

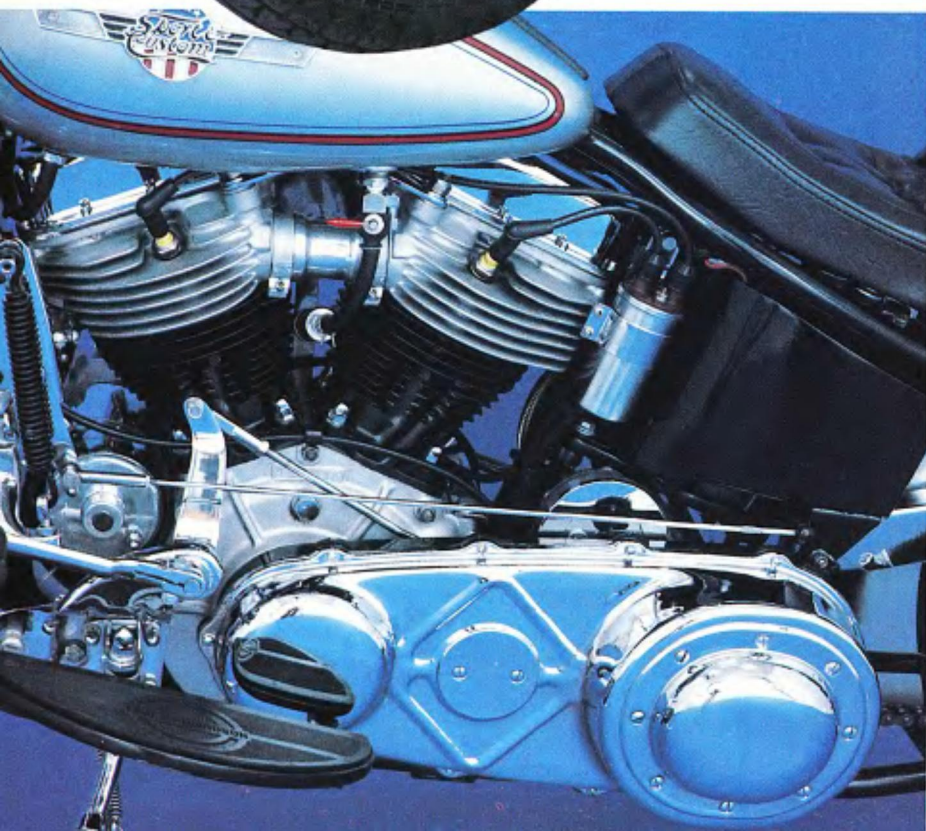
He had unconsciously trundled New York's scooter mentality westward. Thankfully, he didn't bring the truculent attitude most Big Apple citizens carry around with them like an axe, waiting to grind on

EXT



RA BAGGAGE

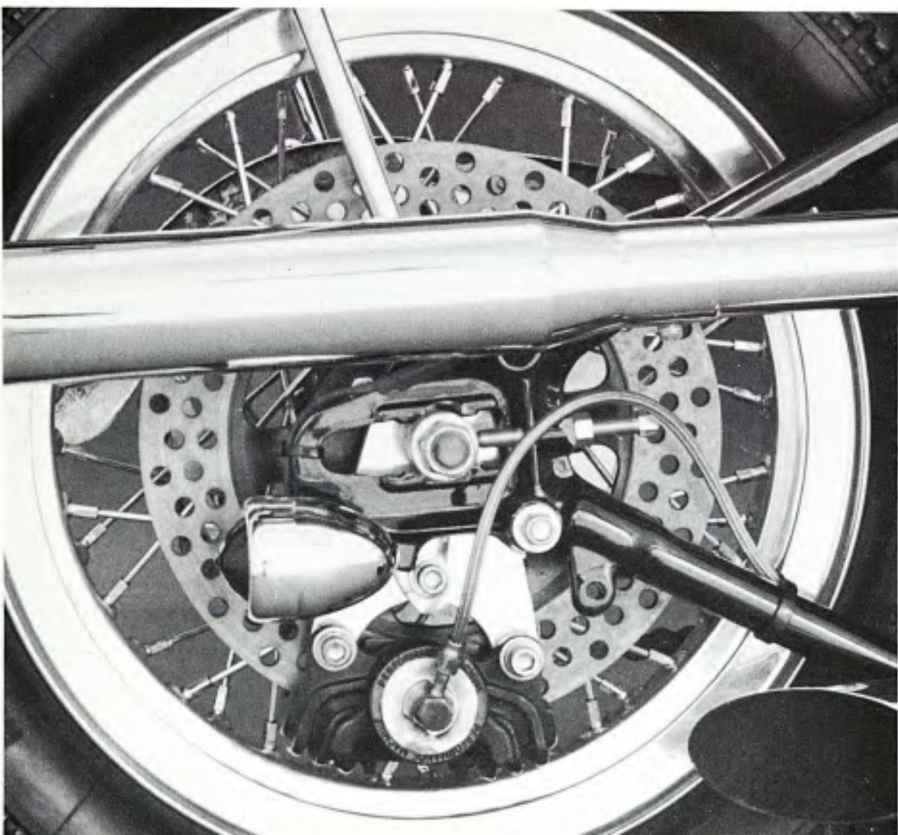
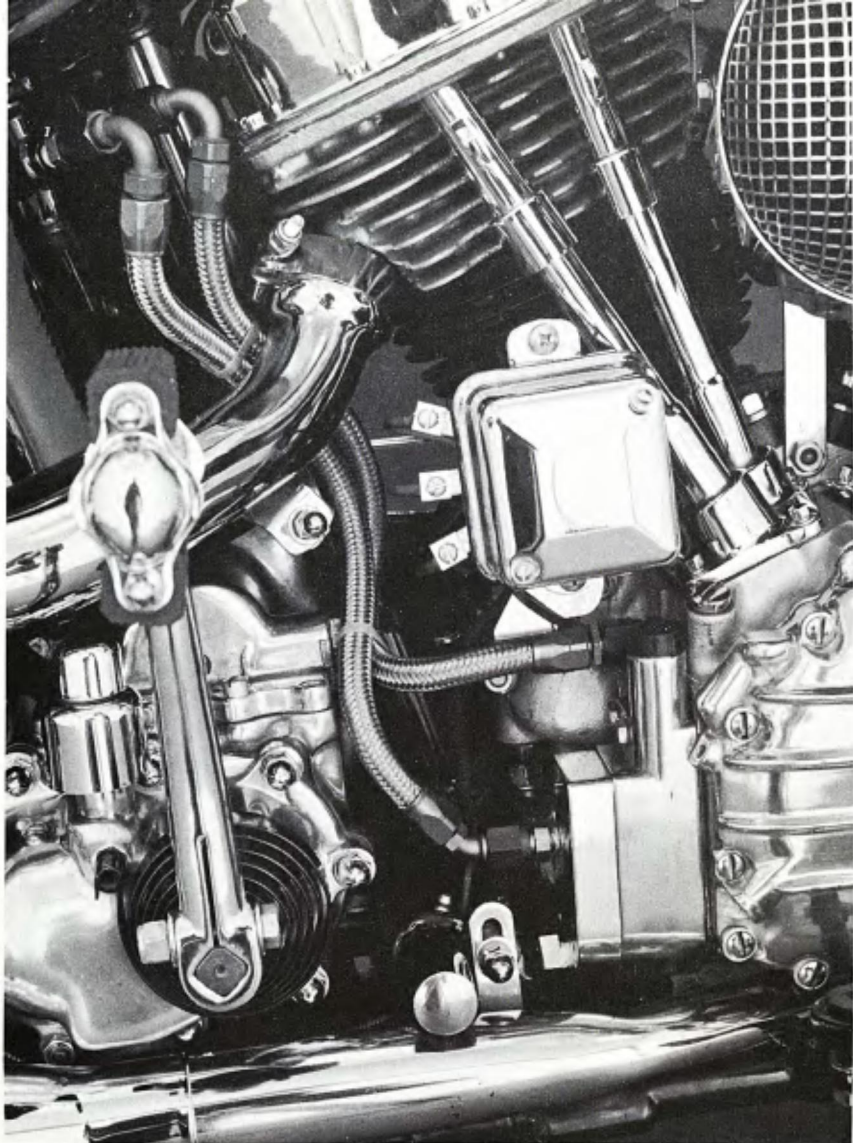




some poor out-of-towner.

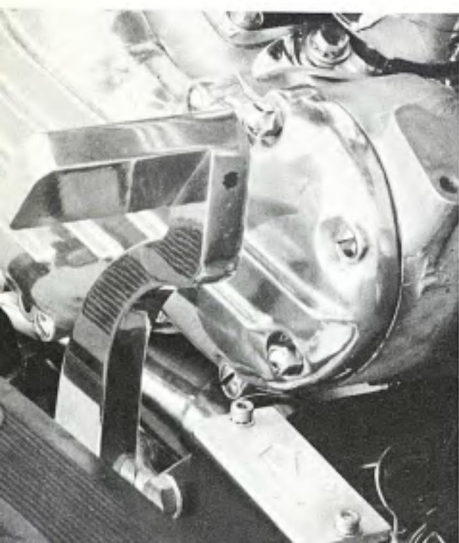
Dan came West to seek his fortune. And now he's gettin' a dose of fame. Working in New York City for years as a mechanic in a motorcycle dealership, he became disenchanted with not having full-time winter work. Taking his work ethic with him, Dan made it all the way west to San Diego, where he opened his own shop. Now he's doin' it his own way, all the time. That includes the bike he built for himself.

Dan fell victim to the boss man's social disease — doing the customers' work first, neglecting his own proj-

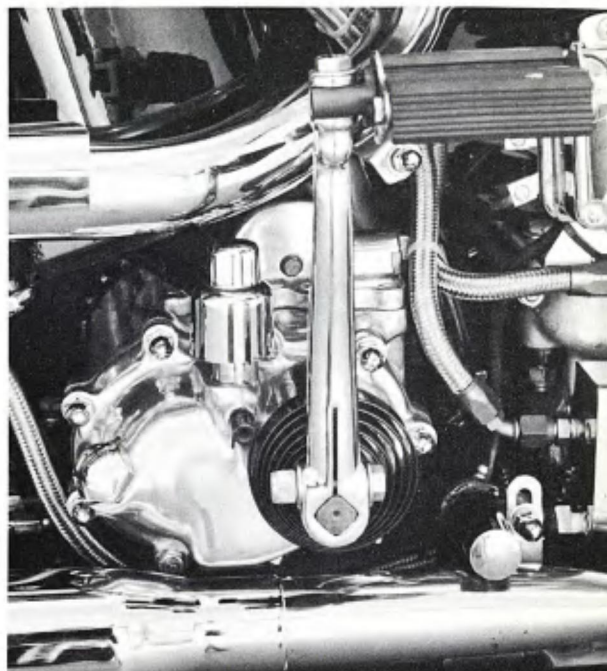


ects. That's why it took over two years to finish this sled.

The bike was built almost on a dare from Curt Clark, Dan's late, but not forgotten, counterman who was dusted by a cager before the end of the rebuild. Ya see, after his five years on the Coast, Dan had a reputation in Dago as a respected builder of dressers, and Curt couldn't believe the boss would stray from the norm. But what Dan had to spring on 'em was a relic from his inner-city days, something intended to resemble the dashing scoots back home in Pot



Owner: Sport & Custom		City: San Diego, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1952	
Year and make: 1952 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: you bet!		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: detailed	
Chroming by: Lemon Grove Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Sportster	
Year: 1952		Risers: Lowrider	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): 6-in. rear, fiberglass front	
Rebuilder: owner/Dan/Paul/John		Headlight: Lowrider	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: beehive	
Displacement: 68 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: right-hand '61 flywheels		Front pegs: runnin' boards	
Balancing: John K.		Rear pegs: custom	
Pistons: Gary Bang		Electrics: wiring through frame	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: Sifton valve train		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Sifton 412		Oil system: H.E.S.	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): SU/42mm		Seat: Drag Specialties	
Air cleaner: SU		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Paughco/Drag Spec.		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): Paughco/Drag Spec.		Material: ½-in. round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews close ratio		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1952		Extension: stock	
Shifting: mousetrap/foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: reflector blocks gone	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Mike Wheeler/M. Dixon		Hub: H-D	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Hank Penn		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black/silver/red		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: acrylic enamel, Imron		Brake: H-D	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Fisk			
Other special modifications: custom tank logos. Dedicated to Curt Clark.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Hole City. An around-the-block blaster.

This would be a scooter able to leap short bounds in a speeding bullet's time, dodge heat down dark alleys, evade high-speed pursuit, as it says on the shirt. It wasn't long before Dan came to the painful realization that out in California, distances

aren't measured in blocks, but in miles. Ask any rigid rider whose back is achin'. The butt-wrenchin' beating of fast-paced freeway miles takes its toll even on the best hard-assed bikers.

Now don't go away thinkin' the owner is on the verge of dumpin' this looker. No way, pal. This bike is Dan's personal

monument to Big City puttin' and his downed bro Curt. All the years Dan put into building dressers (before dressers were cool, Dan says) obviously didn't impair his ability to produce a scooter tramp's dream of a stylistic Harley-Davidson that can really get the job done.

—Buster



Motorcycle MILESTONES #18

Motorcycles in Advertising

The use of the motorcycle as an advertising gimmick was hailed as one of the dumbest ideas of the decade. This brainstorm of some forgotten advertising executive, now deceased, revolved around the construction of large, grotesque replicas of various products, which were then mounted on noisy three-wheeled sleds and dispatched into low-income neighborhoods to try to trick locals into buying inferior products at inflated prices.

Robinson 83

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ Looks like your get-up-and-go has gotten up and gone. In fact, you'll be damn lucky if you can keep your dipstick outta the dirt. This is one of those petered-out periods when you're too pooped to scratch your ass. Load up on some vitamins and try catching some extra nads between the nookie. Best rest up for next month's big birthday bash. It's gonna be wild!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Looks like Lady Luck spreads her cheeks and blows ya a big wet one. Opportunities are in the air, if you follow your nose for news. Sift out the safe from the unsure shit for the sweet smell of success. Use your head for something besides a hat rack. Decisions made now could stick you in the ass, so consider the results before saying yea or nay.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Your usual confidence takes a nose dive and has you on your knees. A bad case of mental constipation wipes ya out for the month of March. Things get heavy in the hang-up department and you may have to hunt for your hardon. Even worse, ya have to tie a string around your salami to remember where to stick it, and you're left snorin' in the middle of your hair pie.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

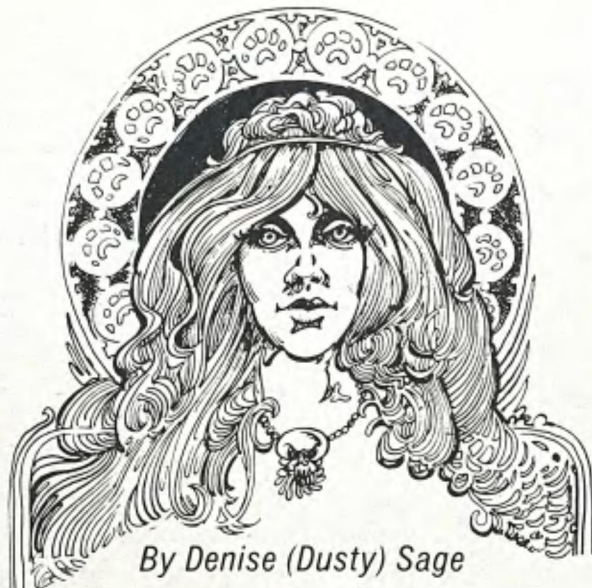
♋ Zero in on the latest scuttlebutt — it may bend your ear and blow your mind. A shakedown at home base can lead to a showdown. Turning detective can help ya track down double-dealers and put a tag on the take. Keep everything legal and beware of loopholes in contracts. Keep your shit together or suffer some heavy paybacks this month.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Get the lead out and take a look-see into past loan-outs. Pocket the petty cash and put away paybacks before ya piss 'em off on pussy pie. One word of advice — don't let kinfolk finagle you out of funds or you'll risk future feuds. Don't turn down any strange deal involving real estate until you check it out.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ This month leaves a few skid marks on the sheets, in your shorts and on your ol' lady's forehead. You're shittin' and gettin', and going nowhere



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Asstrology

Astrological Profile For Aquarius

Pisces are as elusive as they are unavoidable — ya can't live with or without 'em. They're the dreamers who hate having their eyeballs bent on fucked-up facts. They're artistic — for the most original and spectacular design, have your tank painted by a Pisces. (Tell 'em I sent ya and get a discount.) And they're also creative and charming, but sometimes sly and sneaky. Pisces will do almost anything to avoid confrontations with reality or tempers. So don't drop shit in their sugar or pee on their parade.

Pisces and Virgo have something in common — they're both into medication. Virgo wants to stay well and Pisces wants to stay wasted. If they can't swallow or sniff it, they'll sit on it.

Sexually, they're cold fish, unless their partners wear dirty sox (or crusty panty hose) to bed. They are also turned on to having anchovies stashed in their armpits and ring-around-the-ankles. Don't

let this throw ya — grab a snorkel and hop aboard. They also go down in the bathtub, especially if ya break wind under water.

Some famous pisces are: Peter Fonda, Jim "Mr. Magoo" Backus, George Harrison, Mickey Spillane, Ursula Andress, Wyatt Earp, "Buffalo (full of bull) Bill" Cody, Ed McMahon, Ozzie Nelson, Liza Minnelli, Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine and Mario Andretti.

Pisces are susceptible to injuries to their feet — especially crap between their big and baby toes. A tendency to ingrown fore-skin causes pinched expressions in old age and they have problems with their lives from too much liquor and no willpower.

Don't underestimate Pisces as a partner. When the rest of the world is taking a dump, they'll turn ya onto a dream, share their stash and always be ready with a courtesy fuck to cheer ya up — even if you're double-ugly. They're loyal, liberal and will even like ya when ya go limp!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Check out Aries, 'cause you're as sick as he is — maybe even worse. If you're spending more time on the shitter than shooting the shit with your bros, or having to wear Pampers to keep your

shit together — it's time for a professional peek up your poopchute. You may have a bug in your butt. Get ready to drop your drawers and get rear-ended. Relax and enjoy it!

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Keep an eyeball on your rival's tactics this month or risk being pirated at your own pad. Use that infamous Scorpio secrecy to keep one step ahead of the game, and don't lose your cool or you'll blow your whole trip. Confine your activities to areas you're sure of — like puttin' and pussy. Better be safe than sorry. Keep everything in writing, then eat the evidence.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ This month could catch ya in a few embarrassing scenes. You could meet the love of your life (or at least a hot fuck) and realize ya have a big green honker hangin' from the tip of your nose. Problem is, should ya let it dangle in the wind (too distracting), flick it off with your finger, or grab it with your tongue because it's lunch time (if it's big, offer to share)?

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Extra party-time at your dugout has you dipping into your drawers and turns your domicile into a dump. It's your turn to pick up the tab, so don't let it tear a new hole in your ass. Take 'er with a sense of humor and they're sure to throw in some snatch to sweeten the pot. In case they don't, hide your weed and pull in the welcome mat.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Time to slow down and take longer strokes — that way you'll last longer. Your imagination and glands are both working overtime this month. Don't let it turn ya into a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hump. Hassles and hardons don't mix. Running a game with the big guys will put ya on the losing end and cut you down to size.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Happy birthday! Buckle up for a ball-breaker special. Declare yourself a holiday, head for the nearest hangover and party till ya puke. Get it outta your system and then take care of biz. Dust the cobwebs off your rugrat's piggy bank, instead of borrowing from buddies. And don't go into debt over so-called bargains. Wise up. That's a gift, too.

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.

Folsom prisoner white outlaw, 35, wants letters from ladies, 18 and older, for possible visits, friendship, etc. E.Z. Moatz, Box C-69454, Repressa, CA 95671.

White tramp, down but not out, doing a taste of time in Soledad, looking for a proud white lady (rugrats okay). If you're tired of all the games people play, pick up a pen and write to me, send a flick. My ink won't dry up! I'm into weight lifting, tattooing, and writing to you. I'm 28, 6'1½", blue-green eyes, long brown hair. Putt Robinett, C-08451, Box 689-0689, CTF Central G-230, Soledad, CA 93960-0686.

Hey, all you ladies, we fought the law and the law won. Now we need help fighting the blues. We'll be out in '84. After we're free we'll come see all who write. Send letters and photos to: Steve "Moonshine" Redfield 17724 (6 ft., 165 lbs., blue eyes, sandy-blond hair), and Willie "Montana" Wilbur 18492 (5'9", 160 lbs., long light-brown hair, green eyes. Box 14 (FD), Boise, ID 83707.

Downed tramp from Tenn., doing a big 40, needs pictures and letters from good-hearted ladies who care. Write B.J. Coffelt, N-10334, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

W/m, 35, needs a link to the world out there because I will not allow this to become my world, now or ever. I do not want to be swallowed up in my loneliness to the point that every emotion I possess evaporates as fast as my dreams have. William L. Branson, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89702.

W/m scooter tramp, 32, buffed, tacked back, Vietnam vet. Doing time in state hospital. Need photos, letters and visits from foxy ladies in the So. Calif. area. "Dirty" Dan Testerman, N#22, 3102 E. Highland Ave., Patton, CA 92369.

Lonely white bro, 32, down for over 7 years needs mail from you lovely ladies out there (kids okay). Will answer all. I have two years left and need a lady to love. Lee Roy Stafford 10351-05, Box 137, Tillery, NC 27887.

Hi! I'm down for a nickel and almost half through. I'm a w/m, 29, 5'8½", light-brown hair, blue eyes, 150 lbs., and have love on my mind. Would like to exchange letters/pics with some slender ladies, 18-35 (single mommies okay, too). Unrestricted mail. Will answer all. Michael A. Smith 287193, Box 514, Monroe, WA 98272.

Ladies, lonely bro locked down because of my cheap-ass, big-mouthed ex-ol' lady. Need to hear from you ladies in the "freeland" with your heads together, who know how to treat a man good. One dipshit's been enough for me. I'm 28, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'6" and lonesome as hell. All pics appreciated. Dave "Halfbreed" Dull 168548, 5C-5104, 550 Madison St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

Aussie bro doing six years out at the Bay needs good woman and place to crash when released in '84. Blond hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 180 lbs. Just honest, open people need apply. Mark "Doccy" Dobson 140, c/o Long Bay Jail, Box 13, Matraville, 2036; N.S.W., Australia.

I'm 6'2", 190 lbs., brown hair and eyes. If you want to see a picture, I'm in Oct. rag. I'm a year from the world; help me do the rest. Albert Dubenko 132894, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, MI 49442.

Wanted: Scribes from hot female-type scooter trash for w/m, 30, 5'9", 165 lbs., 100%er, long auburn hair and beard, many tats. Am bike and cage wrench and tattoo artist. Doin' too much time. Help me out, sister, and send kites and pic. Manuel "Joe" Pacheco, Box 8273, Cranston, RI 02920.

Show me your heart! Down older biker/trucker needs to have letters and pics from ladies who do not believe in head trips. I'm 44, 6'1", 160 lbs., green eyes and gray hair. I refuse to use a requested-age-range because age only counts in tea. Will answer all. C.A. "Butch" Delano, Box 149-81-C-665, Attica, NY 14011-0149.

Downed artist-tramp into layin' ink, paintin', drawin'. Trying to preserve the lifestyle and need contact beyond these walls from those who can appreciate. White, 6'2", 200 lbs., into truth, honesty and the heartfelt strength that binds the true biker. Danny Duane, N-36278, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

Brown hair, blue eyes, 100% honky, looking to write women, 16-30, so at least my thoughts can be free. Please send SASE with pic. Rocky Wells, C-69714, CTF Central E-341, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960.

Needed: Serious-minded, stand-up ol' lady with a lot of heart. No games, I've had enough. W/m, 25, 5'9", 150 lbs., dark-blond hair, blue eyes. Take a chance, it could change our lives. All answered. Mike Deacon, N31689, Box 515, Joliet, IL 60432.

Down white brother getting short to the house would like to hear from No. Calif. girls. I'm 6', brown hair and eyes, 21 years old. William Costa, C-48908, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Two bros down for the count; both have scoots on the outside. Looking for love, out in '85. No head games, all kites answered. K. Beckett, K-7155, and M. Beckett, K-7212, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Though my body's in the pen, my bikin' spirit they'll never win! Ladies, out soon, your flick answered with my Bic. 5'9", 160 lbs., brn. eyes, reddish-blond hair. James "Jimbo" Walters 862142, Box 99-LCI#311, Clermont, FL 32711.

Wanted: Ladies beyond games to shoot me some letters. I'm 27, 6'1", 180 lbs., and have light-brown hair and blue eyes. I'll be back in the wind in '85, and I'm ready for anything with the right lady. Dan Leslie 75052, Box R, Buena Vista, CO 81211.

Tennessee bro, down for drugs, would like to hear from sincere ladies, all ages! I'm white, 24, 5'7", 150 lbs., Cancer, with blue eyes and brown hair. I'm a down-to-earth dude, so send me a flick for a flick back. Kurt Mueller 97588, Rt. 2, Box 2000, Wartburg, TN 37887.

Lonely white boy, 24, 5'9", 160 lbs., reddish-brown hair, blue eyes, down for an 8 count. Lost everyone and everything. Looking for mail and pics from beautiful chicks. Come on, ladies, what are you waiting for? Will answer all. Thomas "Maddog" Adams 130666, Box 430, Dillwyn, VA 23936.

Downed tramp doing time for a fucked-up crime. Looking for ol' lady to correspond with. Rugrats okay. I'm 5'11", brown hair, and due to be released soon. Can relocate. Jerry "Freak" Bailey 640653, RJCI, C-77, Box 37, Chattahoochee, FL 32324.

W/m, 22, looking for a lady to care. So drop me a few lines and a flick or two and maybe our lives we can share. Charles Pearson 15672, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064.

W/m, 27, down in Indiana for a stretch. I need to hear from all you sweet and hot ladies out there to drive away the blues. All answered; pictures appreciated. Ed Zubay 14538, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

So. Cal. white boy, 24, 5'11", 190 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, tattoos. Looking for that special lady, 18-40. Douglas Harry, C-38834, 5-47, Box 608, Tehachapi, CA 93561.

Two females down but definitely not out. Would like to hear from bros, free or in prison, for a possible permanent spot in our hearts. Lisa Girard 113956 (5'2", 115 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, 20), and Valerie Witkowski 116381 (5'7", 130 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, 18). 199 W. Main St., Niantic, CT 06357.

Chicken-lickin' — have tongue, will travel — shortly. W/m, 39, doing a short number, thanks to the state. I'm the kind of guy your mother warned you about. Descriptions suck, so let's see if we can't surprise each other with a photo to do us both justice. Stop your grinnin', drop your linen, get a stamp and a Bic, and send a flick. Jerry Machon 122676, Box 55, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Downed desperado, 28, 5'10", green/blue eyes, blond hair. Mama loved me the best, it's up to you to see the rest. Ya wanna get serious, then come on, Miss Mysterious. Meet me at the crossroads; all replies answered. Got one pic of me to send. First come, first served, you lucky thang! "Mercy Bob" Patton 049448, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Inmate, w/m, would like to write to good ladies from the free world. Please, no game players. I am 33, blue/brown, 5'11". D.R. Goodwin, A018313, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

Creative scooter tramp needs female inspiration. "Grubby" Larson 21134, Box 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57117-0911.

Need letters from understanding ladies. I've just picked up 1166 years in prison and have lost contact with everyone. Robert McCullough, A-035178, Reception/Med. Center, Box 628, Lake Butler, FL 32054.

Two East Coast bros down far from home need some penmanship and flicks from you ladies. Charles "Refugee" Dimitri 19628-037 (Pagan 1'er, brown hair, hazel eyes), and Joseph A. "Country Joe" McCown III, 00429-087 (blond hair, blue eyes). Unit A, Sandstone, MN 55072.

W/m, down and jammed scooter tramp, 34, love to hook a new mama. I'm 6'1", 165 lbs., and hate this lonely shit. I want a serious mama to love, live with and even marry. Send flick in first letter. Edward K. McDonald, C-64601, Box 608, 1-76A, Tahachapi, CA 93561.

Stone outlaw scooter tramp, 29, black hair, blue eyes 6'2". 200 lbs. Slammed here in Soledad. Would like to hear from some hot and nasty, sweet, loving foxes — got to be an animal, but housebroken. If you've got a stamp, write a tramp, and send a flick. Will answer all. Jim Wilkins, C-64680, CTF-N, 705, WA 330, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

Serious outlaws, down, need to hear from you right now! Faulkner A. Counts, C-08181, and Jack Raubner, C-46269; Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130.

Downed bro, doing 7 with 2 to go, needs some scribes from any bro or ol' lady with the time to write. I've got a lot of days to get through and need all the help I can get. Geof Grovener, Box 264, Gouwburn, 2580; N.S.W., Australia.

Downed tramp in desperate need of letters and flicks from fine females in the free world. Help pass my time and drop a line. I'm here till late '84. Rob Lawson, C-63870, Bed 2030, Box 600, Chino, CA 91710.

White male, 26, with 2 years left to go until I hit the bricks again. Would like correspondence with So. Calif. ladies who want to help me through these hard times. Edward M. Jillion, Box C44528, Repressa, CA 95671.

Hey, girls, for a limited time you may send your used panties to me so I may distribute them to the cronies here for party hats. We are a crazy bunch and if I can't answer your letters, I'll find a bro who will. The "party animal," Richard Sarvey 16714, Box 100, Jean, NV 89026.

Downed bro, in redneck part of country, got one year left to do. Would like to hear from all you foxy ladies out there. Send pics. I'm 20, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown and hazel, and a Taurus. Tom Graskowiak 34892, Box 2800, Lincoln, NE 68502.

Bro doing 5, due out in 2, looking for a lady who ain't shady. Love to ride and the outdoors. Honest, sincere, and interested in long relationship — no bull-shit. If you're looking for the same, then drop me a kite. Andy "Pooch" Bodnar 77180, Box G, Enfield, CT 06082.

W. Va. scooter tramp down for two more years. Need letters and pics from ladies looking for a good ol' man. I'm 25, blue eyes, brown hair, 5'11", 180 lbs., and I love 'em all, 16 to 60, so hurry and write. W.D. Morris, P-4424, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

Down and lonely bro! The saddest thing known is a bro alone! Would love to write a good-hearted chick, any age. W/m, 25, 6'2", 170 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, down for bank robbery. Michael Irving 01898-097, USP Lompoc, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436.

W/m, 32, 5'9", 145 lbs., green, brown, out '84-'85. Looking for house mouse with nice T&A, 20-35, slim to medium build, with or without curtain climbers. A snap gets one back. Pete Roberts 158716, 2400 S. Sheridan Rd., Muskegon, MI 49442.

A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In loving memory of **Antoinette "Pumpkin" Landrum**, 9/29/82-1/5/83. You may have been here for just a few months, but you brought smiles to a lot of folks. Gone from sight — never from mind. We'll always love and miss you. Love, your family.

In memory of **Jon "Johnny Rotten" Wollober**, who left us on 8/19/83. Nothing meant more to him than being in the wind. He rode hard, died free, and left his smile behind — it said it all. You'll always be riding with us in our hearts till we meet again. Bob and Lucy, and brothers and sisters from Mohawk Valley Riders Club.

In memory of **Bobby Copeland**. Love you forever. Your ol' lady Charlotte.

In memory of **Rolo**. May you find the peace in Harley Heaven that was never yours here on earth. Ride on, sweet Rolo, 'cause everything's "lots-a-mo'-better" now. Cindy, Jennifer, and all your bros and sisters in Sacramento and everywhere else.



In loving memory of **Darrell "D.J. Jellybean" Johnson**, 4/4/83. You never had a chance of living life the way you should have, but at least you died your way and at peace. More importantly, you're free from this miserable world. Ride high in Harley Heaven, where we shall meet again. You're missed so much. Your lady Carol, Mom, Jack, and all your bros.

In memory of **Mick "Gash" Wright**, 8/26/83. You'll always be a mate to us and you'll be with us all the time. Ride in the wind, Mick. Herb, Chris, Karen and Brad.

In memory of **Don "The X-Con" Lafond**. He is gone, but not forgotten. I miss and love you, but you'll always be with me! Love you. Your ol' lady Dolly, New Bedford, Mass. FTW.

In memory of **Walter Scott "Scotch" McMillen**, 6/12/81. You loved to ride and party; you will ride beside me in my heart forever, partner. I will never forget you. So, rest in peace, bro. Doberman.

In memory of **Boo**, 7/9/83, wiped out by a fuckin' coach. At least he died ridin'. We'll see ya, bro! With love, Dog and Partridge, Preston, Lancs, England.

In loving memory of **Jim "J.D." Bardwell**, a Harley man. Babe, your panhead will be on the road again; your dream will come true. Love, your wife and daughter, Pat and Boo.

In memory of **"Wild Bill"**, 9/21/81 and **T.R.**, 11/82, two brothers taken much too soon. Keep your knees in the breeze up there in Harley Heaven, bro! Missed and loved by The Cloud, Greaseball, C.C., and all your brothers and sisters. FTW. 1% DFFL.

In memory of **Keith N. Roberts**, downed by a cage, 7/16/83. You went with your knees in the breeze and your hair in the air. Ride free and strong in Harley Heaven. If you see us ride by, holler. Things just aren't the same now. We love and miss you very much. Horsewoman, Motherjugs and Red.

In memory of **"Crusher"**, taken from us by an asshole in a cage. We love you and miss you, bro. Ride on as a true 1%er. From the Pagan Nation and Hands, Oxford Chapter.

In memory of **James "Little Dutch" Dutchinson**, murdered by a drunken left-hand cage, 8/22/83. Remembered by family and BRO of Ont-Quinte region. Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

In memory of **Jerry A. Smith**, downed 4/29/83 by a cager who paid a little fine, but didn't do no time. Deeply missed by wife Laura, best friend Jack, and all who knew and loved him.

In loving memory of **Panhead Mike**, 9/6/83. May you lay at peace and walk the hills of Harley Heaven. Dearly missed by your brothers and sisters of Mississippi.

In loving memory of **Mark "Hippie" Donovan**, 1/11/69-9/5/83. You'll be a kid forever. Mom, Clayt, Eileen "Little Sister Shotgun" Dingus, Bill and Brad.

In loving memory of **Gerald Haynes**, 12/24/82. You left us forever on Christmas Eve. Ride free in heaven, bro. We'll all be together again someday. You are missed deeply. Jim and Sandy.

In memory of **Tom Archer**, 11/9/48-12/30/81, who lived life to the fullest. Now, just kick back and watch what happens. Karen and the kid will be all right, believe me! Your best friend, Pat, Harrisburg, Pa.

In memory of **Bobby "Bear" Lowe**, a real true 1%er bro and **Johnny "Little Shotgun" Wager**, my son, 7/14/83. I'll always love and miss you both and you'll never be forgotten. From your bro and daddy John, Spike, Mike and all the people who knew ya both.

In memory of **Spotter Bill**, 8/10/83. Always a friend when we needed one. We'll party again in Harley Heaven. The wild bunch: Flounder, Scottie, Red, T.A., Smittie, and Coxy.

In memory of **Bobby "Dink" Johnson**, a devoted Harley rider and friend to many, who left this world much too soon. May you ride free forever. You are greatly loved and missed. Rest in peace (our hearts are with you, Tammy). Love, Donna and friends in Rockville, Md.

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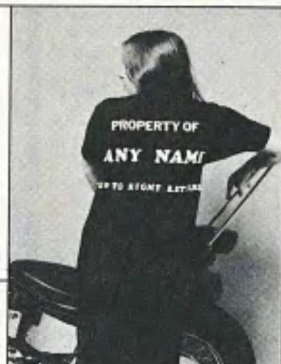
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Tell Them to Get Off Your Ass. Sam's in full color on back of white T-shirt.



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BITTEN BY A BARN-MOUSE LATELY?

If not, somethin's wrong. Even I've been bit. Don't dig it, right? Well, in the President's words, have you gotten drunk lately? Here's a word search puzzle that will not only get ya pie-eyed, it'll educate ya, too.

In this puzzle, you'll find a number of words or phrases that are used instead of the word "drunk." Some of the bastards even have double meanings. They can be found verti-

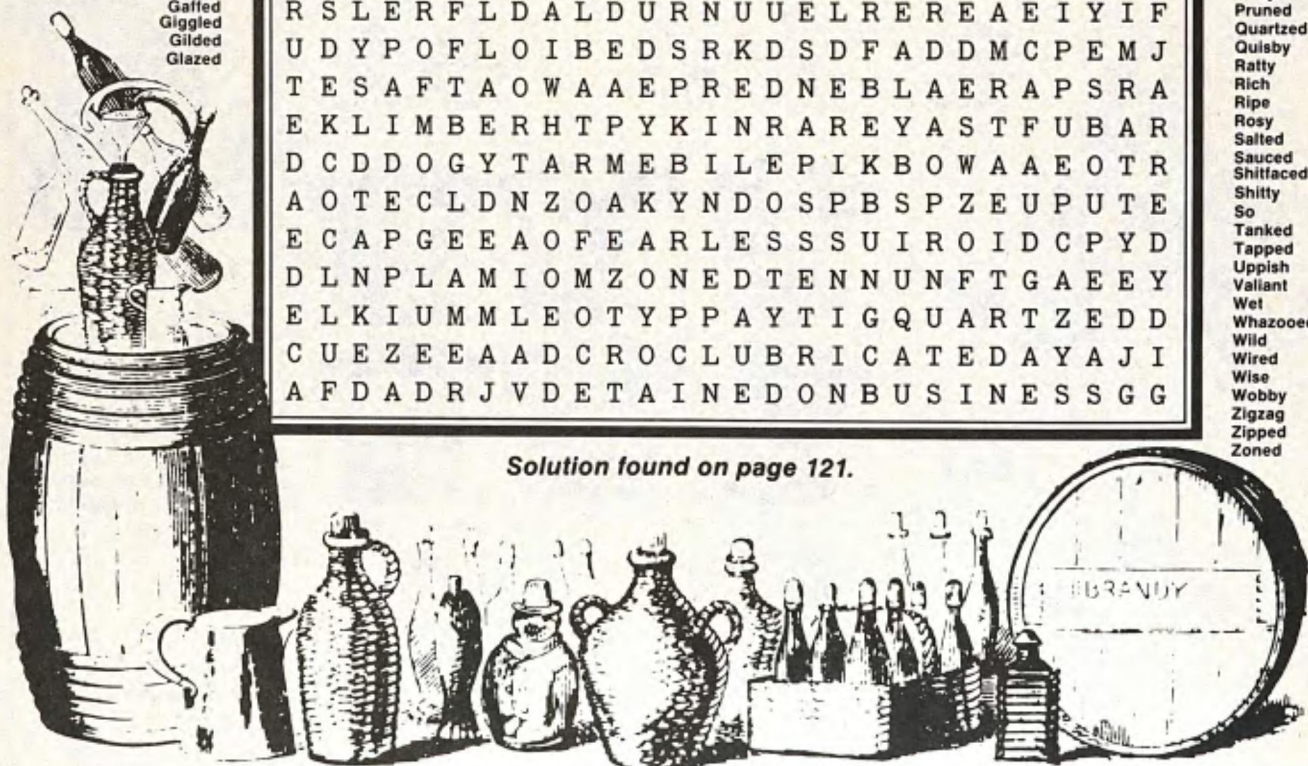
cally, horizontally, backwards, or diagonally, but they all read in a straight line whichever way they're pointed. Before ya start snivelin', I know many words or phrases that you use probably aren't listed, but cut me some slack — do you realize that ya can substitute over 2000 expressions for the word drunk? I mean, I could've used them all — so, kick back and start searchin' fer 'em. —Bright Eyes

A bit lit
A real bender
Aced
Aglow
All in
All schnozzled up
Aped
Ass backwards
Barleysick
Basted
Biting the brute
Bitten by a barn-mouse
Blighted
Bright-eyes
Bung
Buzzy
Caged
Cold
Comfortable
Cup-shot
Damaged
Dazzled
Detained on business
Dirtfaced
Edged
Elevated
Eliminated
Faced
Fap
Fearless
Flawed
F.U.B.A.R.
Full-cocked
Gaffed
Giggled
Gilded
Glazed

B E L I M I N A T E D C R I P E S D R A W K C A B S S A
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C U E Z E E A A D C R O C L U B R I C A T E D A Y A J I
A F D A D R J V D E T A I N E D O N B U S I N E S S G G

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Inspired
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Juicy
Keyed
Killed
Knocked-up
Laced
Lappy
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Lit
Lubricated
Lush
Malted
Mean
Milled
Mizzled
Nice
Numb
Nuts
Off
Oiled
Out
Paid
Phfft
Pied
Pinko
Potty
Pruned
Quartzed
Quisby
Ratty
Rich
Ripe
Rosy
Salted
Sauced
Shitfaced
Shitty
So
Tanked
Tapped
Uppish
Valiant
Wet
Whazooed
Wild
Wired
Wise
Wobby
Zigzag
Zipped
Zoned

Solution found on page 121.



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- ARIZONA**
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Chloride Trading Co. Second & Elkhart, Chloride
- ARKANSAS**
Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
- CALIFORNIA**
San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando
Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way, Canoga Park
Moonshine Cycle 720 W. Olive Ave. Unit B, Porterville
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Cycle Specialties 301 Main Blvd., Modesto
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 18511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Libretti Bros. 14015 Inglewood, Hawthorne
Precision Cycle 17716 West Sierra Hwy., Canyon Country
Gordon's MC Madness 1588 Morse, Ventura
Taft Cycle Supplies 103 "B" Street, Taft
- COLORADO**
Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
Colfax Custom Cycle 7011 W. Colfax, Lakewood
D & C Enterprises 725 Pitkin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
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, Colorado Springs
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood
- CONNECTICUT**
Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Longriders Custom Motorcycles 120 S. Boston Post Road, Milford
- DELAWARE**
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle
- FLORIDA**
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 4967 72nd Ave. North, Pinellas Park
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
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Hole In The Wall 4802 Old Winter Garden Rd., Orlando
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy., Ft. Pierce
- GEORGIA**
H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
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 Mell Rd., Smyrna
- ILLINOIS**
Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3858 W. 159th Pl., Markham
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
Rolling Thunder Cycle Main St., PO Box 149, Leonore
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The Hog Shop 3309 S. Memorial Dr., New Castle
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 748 E. Virginia, Evansville
The Cycle Shop 118 S. Pennsylvania Ave., Marion
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
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Lucky's & D.C. Scooter Accessories Box 1, Charlotte
Don't Harley-Davidson Hwy 34 West, Creston
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Free Wheeling 500 W. 2nd St., Topeka
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Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville
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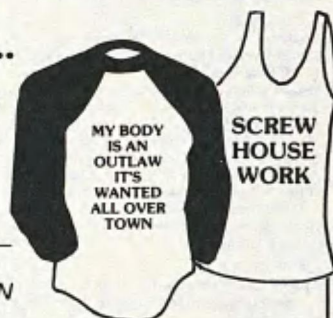
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fart; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 38. See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Eat Me; 39. Tell Me Now Before I Waste \$10 On Drinks; 40. Wild Beard Rides 5¢; 41. An Eleven Is A 10 That Swallows; 42. Too Drunk To Fuck; 43. I Might Not Always Be Right But I'm Never Wrong; 44. God Forgives, Bikers Don't; 45. I Don't Want To Be Like You Or Look Like You, So Stay Out Of My Face; 46. Thrill A Biker, Drive Naked; 47. I Know What You're Thinking Let's Try It; 48. Sex Is Better Than Drugs With The Right Pusher; 49. Too Much Sex Still Ain't Enough (with artwork); 50. No Teenie Weenies (with artwork); 51. I Love Tits; 52. I Love Head; 53. I Love Long Legs; 54. I Love It Wet; 55. I Love Tight Asses; 56. I Love To Fart. 57. Biker's Candy Store (shop shirt).

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Downtime

Continued from page 30

They generally work their way to the front of the stage; you can see the Harley T-shirts. (Laughter.) Since I've been riding a Harley, I've worn H-D shirts during the shows and I've been approached by a lot of bikers, in Milwaukee, especially. We had a lot of fun.

ER: What's happening in your career these days? Are you lookin' for that "next big hit"?

J.R.: We're lookin' for it right now because we haven't recorded in a while. We're in the process of gettin' some songs together. Of course, we've been on the road a lot — since the summer of '82, as a matter of fact. We put a new band together and it's been workin' real well — it's that raw, early sound that we had in the '60s. People are really attracted to that again. We've been working everywhere, just to let people know I'm still around. The response has been really great.

A lot of the fans are our age, people who were in their teens when we started. Now they bring their kids to the shows.

ER: Does the desire for another hit shape the kind of music you play?

J.R.: Anything that we do has to fit in with the kind of music I'm comfortable with, the music I can do honestly. I wouldn't try to jump on some new trip just because I thought it might result in a hit record; it wouldn't come off anyhow.

ER: Your early live records from

the Whiskey A-Go-Go are exuberant, powerful albums — true classics in their own right. Do you like the live releases better than the studio ones?

J.R.: Well, they're different, and you have to take them for what they are. The live ones were simple and honest. I think they were really good — we were feelin' good, and the audience got to participate in it. You really can't compare them to a studio album, where you spend months at a time meticulously working on every detail.

ER: Let's talk about bikes again. How do you see bikin'?

J.R.: Ridin' a bike involves a certain freedom which is almost against the trend of what's happenin' in this country.

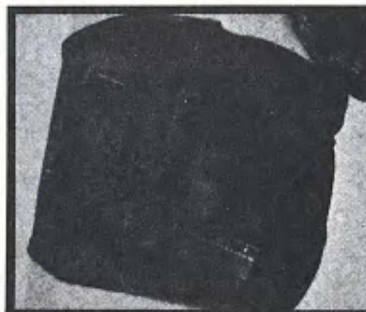
ER: Can you be more specific?

J.R.: Well, there's an encroachment on people's freedom and privacy from the government — local government, federal government, whatever. In a way, I look at bikers as pioneers. They have that free spirit. Things like the helmet law — "Ya gotta wear a helmet" — are bullshit. If you get in a wreck you're not going to hurt anybody else, so it's your own right to wear one or not. They've got some ridiculous laws on the books in this country, like the lights-on law, where you've gotta have the headlight on all the time, or the law saying you've gotta have both hands on the handlebars at all times. It's bullshit. If anybody's having a good time, the government wants to stop it. They don't want you to have fun anymore.

ER: What other kinds of suppres-

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sion of bikers do you see?

J.R.: Well, I've observed that when you're on the road, cops will pull out and stay right behind bikers, 'cause they automatically assume the bikers must be speeding or doing something weird. That happens all the time. So you have to be extra cautious. It's a drag; instead of just being out and having fun, you've gotta be lookin' out for the cops, especially if you're ridin' a Harley and you don't have the standard helmet and plastic suit on. That puts you in the suspicious category right off.

But I guess that's part of what makes ridin' a custom bike exciting. There's always that outlaw element. It's like swimming in water with sharks.

Another thing I think is wrong is that the police are ridin' foreign motorcycles. As far as I'm concerned, if they're going to pass any laws, they should pass a federal law that cops have to ride American bikes. I mean, how unpatriotic can you get? It's an embarrassment to see these guys on foreign bikes.

We're givin' billions of dollars to Third World countries that won't ever pay us back, and here our government isn't even supporting home industry. What a joke.

One of the great things about being in Milwaukee this past summer doin' the SummerFest was that the cops there were ridin' Harleys. If they were out there driving Toyotas and Datsuns, people would be outraged. But citizens don't notice motorcycles; they just see 'em painted black and white. The average citizens don't know where the motorcycle was made — they just see a bike, which they probably don't like anyway.

ER: Unfortunately, that's all too true, John.

J.R.: Thanks. Well, we gotta roll. Take it easy.

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"I got a feeling he's not going to believe we didn't know he was down there!"

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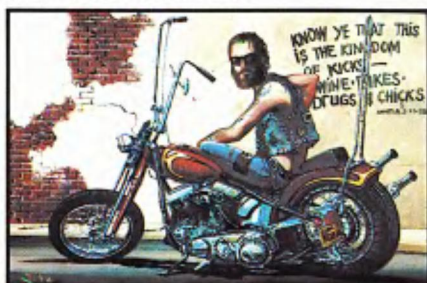
M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



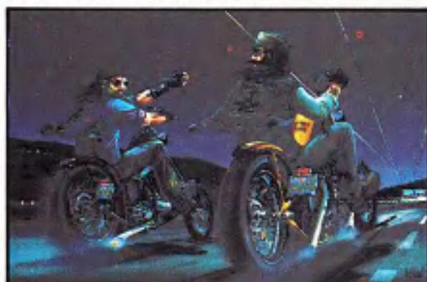
M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



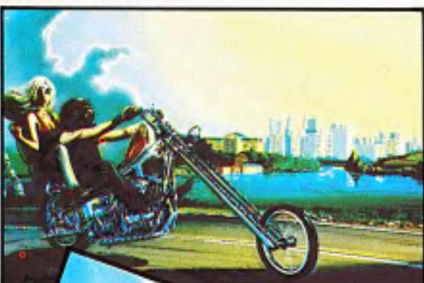
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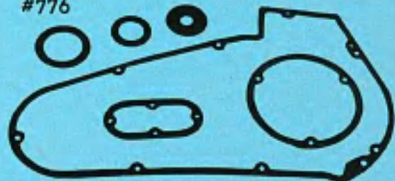
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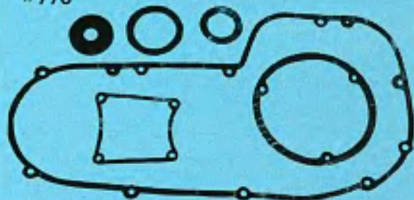
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#M-16 See Previous Page

Busted Pushrods

Continued from page 54

really ain't as strong as ya might think. Countless jokes have been written about dorks havin' a bone in 'em. I'm here to tell ya they don't! Other jokes have been made about dorks pointin' in different directions — downward, too far upward, to the left an' to the right. They do all those things, you bet. Jokes have also been written an' told about a lotta things dorks can't do, too, like stickin' inside a woman the same way two dogs stick together. That's plain 'ol' bullshit, an' to prove it, all ya gotta do is look at the way the human body is built.

Most psychiatrists agree that Freud was right in his theorizin' that man's entire life is directed by his penis. When a dude is growin' up, his folks or his pals can cause him a lotta trouble in later life by teachin' him the wrong things. The case history of a flasher we came across showed that his mom had fucked up his life for him, probably unintentionally. When he was a little kid, she caught him jackin' off in the head. She took a pair of scissors an' told him the next time she

caught him doin' it, she'd cut it off. Well, when the kid grew up an' got to feelin' down in the dumps, out would come his dork, an' he'd wave it at all the passersby — just to show 'em his mom hadn't done a clip job on 'im.

Dorks do curve off in all kinds of weird directions. The best ones

curve upward at fifty degrees, which is exactly right for penetratin' a vagina, so long as that item is attached to a woman with her pussy between her legs where it's supposed to be. A sad fact is that one in five children — both male an' female — are born with some kind of natural fuck-up in the genital area. For

Easyriders



"Why, Sheriff, I was just explaining to these boys that they shouldn't be so rowdy!"

TAKE A FREE T-SHIRT OR SWEATSHIRT WITH EVERY FOUR YOU BUY!

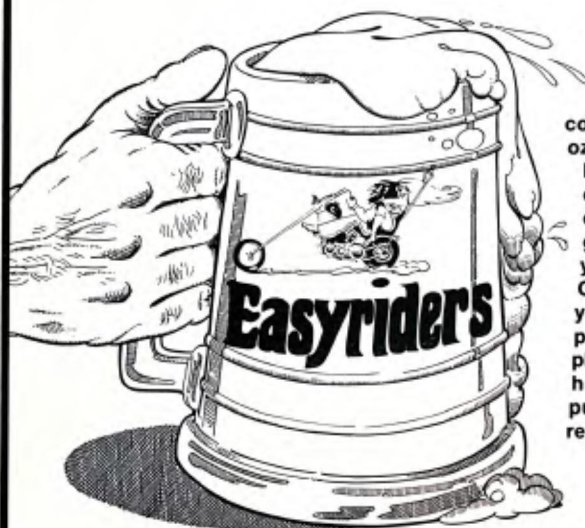
GET INSTANT RESPECT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE REAL T-SHIRTS OR SWEATSHIRTS. I BEAM UP SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE 2 PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT 3 GREAT SPIRITS HAVE ALWAYS ENCOUNTERED VIOLENT OPPOSITION FROM MEDIOCRE MINDS (ERNEST) 4 JACK 2M IF THEY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE 5 TIME FLIES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING 6 IF YOU LOVE SOMETHING, SET IT FREE, IF IT DOESN'T COME BACK TO YOU, HUNT IT DOWN AND KILL IT 7 I USED TO BE DISGUSTED, NOW I'M JUST AMUSED 8 WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS LONG AS WE DON'T GET INTO 9 AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SKILL 10 WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT 11 MADNESS TAKES ITS TOLL 12 I DON'T CARE, I DON'T HAVE TO 13 I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET, I AM HARD TO GET 14 LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION, I CAN FIND IT MYSELF 15 YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD 16 I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING 17 HOW MUCH SIN CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN? 18 THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, BUT I'M JUST VISITING 19 THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO 20 QUESTION AUTHORITY 21 SO? 22 THE FORTUNE NEVER STOPS 23 ASK ME IF I CARE 24 WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? 25 ALL AROUND US 26 POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND 26 NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING, IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG 27 WHAT IS A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? 28 WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? 29 ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG 30 NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN 31 I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE 32 EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT 33 I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF 34 WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT 35 THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY. ONCE YOU CAN FAKE THAT, YOU'VE GOT IT MADE 36 I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT, WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN? 37 EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING, I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE ANOTHER BEER 38 HOW CAN I LOVE YOU IF YOU WON'T LIVE DOWN? 39 I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSING ON 40 DON'T BE HUBBLY, YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT 41 I DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO I AM, BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE YOU 42 THERE IS NO GRAVITY, THE EARTH SUCKS 43 YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND PRAT 44 THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET AWAY WITH ANY SHIT 45 WHAT THE FUCK, OVER? 46 WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT YOU OUT OF YOU 47 DO YOU HAVE TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS OR DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY? 48 ONLY THOSE WHO ATTEMPT THE ABSURD CAN ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE 49 COMEBACK 50 LIFE IS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY 51 LET'S GET DRUNK AND BE SOMEbody 52 CAN TELL YOU'RE LYING, YOUR LIPS ARE MOVING 53 MAY BE GETTING OLDER, BUT I REFUSE TO GROW UP 54 I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK, I GET DRUNK, I FALL DOWN, NO PROBLEM! 55 IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS 56 WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER 57 EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO DIE 58 I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU, LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN REAL SOON, OK? 59 OBVIOUSLY THE ONLY RATIONAL SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM IS SUICIDE 70 I'M ALWAYS IN TROUBLE, BUT IT'S SOMUCH FUN 71 WHAT DOESN'T KILL ME MAKES ME STRONGER 72 I'M NOT PREJUDICED, I HATE EVERYONE EQUALLY 73 I THINK I COULD FALL MADLY IN BED WITH YOU 74

WELCOME TO THE ZOO 75 I USED TO BE LOST IN THE SHUFFLE, NOW I SHUFFLE ALONG WITH THE LOST 76 WHATEVER YOU DO WILL BE INSIGNIFICANT, BUT IT IS VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU DO IT (GANDHI) 77 SEX IS THE MOST FUN YOU CAN HAVE WITHOUT LAUGHING 78 I'M TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL 79 I WISH YOU WERE A BEER 80 LOVE YOUR ENEMIES, IT'LL MAKE EM CRAZY 81 I REFUSE TO HAVE A BATTLE OF WITS WITH AN UNARMED PERSON 82 SORRY, BUT MY KARMA JUST RAN OVER YOUR DOGMA 83 I'M HAVING A PARTY IN MY PANTS, WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME? 84 IF I FOLLOW YOU HOME WILL YOU KEEP ME? 85 WHY BE DIFFICULT WHEN WITH A BIT OF EFFORT YOU CAN BE IMPOSSIBLE? 86 PERFECT PARANOIA IS PERFECT AWARENESS 87 BETTER DEAD THAN MELLOW 88 SEEMS TO ME YOUR ANTENNA DOESN'T BRING IN TOO MANY STATIONS ANYMORE 89 IT'S BEEN REAL AND IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT IT HASN'T BEEN REAL FUN 90 WE THE UNWILLING, LED BY THE UNKNOWN, ARE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE UNGRATEFUL 91 NEVER ATTRIBUTE TO MALICE WHAT CAN BE ADEQUATELY EXPLAINED BY STUPIDITY 92 REAL LIFE ISN'T LIKE THIS 93 THERE IS JUST SOME SHIT I WANT NOT TO EAT 94 TALENT DOES WHAT IT CAN, GENIUS DOES WHAT IT MUST, I DO WHAT I GET PAID TO DO 95 THE ONE WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS WINS 96 BE DIFFERENT, ACT NORMAL 97 IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MY SILENCE YOU WON'T UNDERSTAND MY WORDS 98 I DON'T GIVE A SHIT, I DON'T TAKE ANY SHIT, I'M NOT IN THE SHIT MARKET 99 I LOVE MEANS HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY EVERY FIVE MINUTES 100 LIFE'S A BITCH, THEN YOU DIE 101 I USED TO BE AN IDEALIST, BUT I GOT MUGGED BY REALITY 102 THIS TIME IT'S LOVE, NEXT TIME IT'S \$20 103 IF YOU KEEP AN OPEN MIND PEOPLE WILL THROW A LOT OF GARBAGE IN IT 104 REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO LACK IMAGINATION 105 SOMETIMES I WONDER WHETHER ALL THE SCREAMING I'M GETTING IS WORTH ALL THE SCREAMING I'M GETTING 106 MAKE IT HURT SO GOOD 107 WHEN THE GOING GETS WEIRD THE WEIRD TURN PRO 108 SEX IS LIKE SNOW, YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MANY INCHES YOU'LL GET OR HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO LAST 109 MIGHTN'T YOU ART A SHITHEAD 110 HAVE ANOTHER DAY 111 FIGHTING FOR PEACE IS LIKE MAKING LOVE FOR VIRGINITY 112 MY LAWYER CAN BEAT UP YOUR LAWYER 113 I MAY NOT ALWAYS BE PERFECT, BUT I'M ALWAYS ME 114 NEVER OFFEND WITH STYLE WHEN YOU CAN OFFEND WITH SUBSTANCE 115 CONFORM, GO CRAZY, OR BECOME AN ARTIST 116 I REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR SINCERE CRITICISM, FUCK YOU 117 MUCH 118 JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE WINNING THE RACE ALONG COME FASTER RATS 119 IF GOD HAD MEANT FOR US TO GO NUDE, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN THAT WAY 119 HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY 120 DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY, YOU'VE NEVER GET OUT OF IT AT LIVE 121 STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS 122 I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T CARE, AND IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE 123 HEAVEN DOESN'T WANT ME, AND HELL'S AFRAID I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER 124 EXPERIENCE IS WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU DIDN'T GET WHAT YOU WANTED 125 SAME BULLSHIT, DIFFERENT DAY 126 IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO HAVE A HAPPY CHILDHOOD 127 YOU CAN TELL THE MEN FROM THE BOYS BY THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS 128 I USED TO BE AN ADULT BEFORE I GREW UP 129 IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS 130 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW 131 DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS, I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH 132 ASSUME NOTHING 133 EARTH IS THE INSANE ASYLUM OF THE UNIVERSE 134 IF YOU CAN'T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BRILLIANCE, GAFFLE 'EM WITH SUZZ 135 ONLY A BASTARD LIKE ME COULD LOVE A BITCH LIKE HER 136 ONLY A BITCH LIKE ME COULD LOVE A BASTARD LIKE HIM 137 SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME 138 HARD WORK MAY NOT KILL ME, BUT WHY TAKE CHANCES? 139 WHIP ME, BEAT ME, MAKE ME WRITE BAD CHECKS 140 FOR THIS I SPENT ALL THOSE YEARS IN COLLEGE? 141 GOD IS DEAD AND I WANT HIS JOB 142 I DON'T TAKE DRUGS, I AM DRUGS 143 WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS I ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE I'VE NEVER TRIED BEFORE 144 YOU'RE NOT FROM EARTH, ARE YOU? 145 I HATE THIS FUCKING SYSTEM, BUT THIS SYSTEM LOVES FUCKING ME 146 IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON YOU'RE PROBABLY FULL OF SHIT 147 COOD GIRLS MAY GO TO HEAVEN, BUT BAD GIRLS GO EVERYWHERE 148 DAMN, I'M

GOOD 149 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK 150 AVOID HANGOVERS, STAY DRUNK 151 I TELL YOU WHAT YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL BODY WILL YOU HOLD IT AGAINST ME? 152 TAKE ME DRUNK, I'M HOME AGAIN 153 WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL WHO CAN AFFORD IT 154 FURNISH ME WITH KISSES 155 THE LIGHTS ARE ON, BUT NOBODY'S HOME 156 I'M NOT LOAVING, I'M NOT GOING, I'M ALWAYS FINISHED 157 I JUST NEVER SLEEPS 158 WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN? 159 THE MEAK SHALL INHERIT THE SHIT 160 IT'S BEEN MONDAY ALL WEEK TODAY 161 ALL I WANT IS A LITTLE MORE THAN 162 I DELIVER OVERNIGHT, GUARANTEED 163 A FRIEND IN NEED IS A PAIN IN THE ASS 164 JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN'T MEAN THEY'RE NOT OUT TO GET YOU 165 HERE I AM AGAIN AT THE PENITENTIARY OF INANITY AND STRESS 166 DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY 167 SACRED COWS MAKE GREAT HAMBURGERS 168 LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH, THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT 169 SHIT IS DIRTY, BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT RIGHT 170 IF I WANT ANY SHIT OUT OF YOU I'LL SQUEEZE YOUR HEAD 171 YOU'VE DRIVEN ME TO DRINK, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU? 172 I KNOW YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT I SAID, BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT I MEANT 173 WORK FASCINATES ME, I COULD SIT AND WATCH IT FOR HOURS 174 IT'S NOT MY WEEK TO CARE 175 THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, 8 O'CLOCK, MY PLACE EVERYTHING 176 BREAK A FEW RULES 177 ONE PERSON WITH COURAGE MAKES A MAJORITY 178 I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PRETENDING TO BE EVIL AND SECRETLY BEING GOOD, THAT WOULD BE DISHONEST 179 IT IS BETTER TO DIVORCE THAN TO MURDER 180 BEING NORMAL IS DRIVING ME CRAZY 181 IT WOULD BE EASY FOR ME TO MAKE IT HARD FOR YOU 182 IT'S IMPOLITE TO SILENCE A FOOL AND CRUEL TO LET HIM GO ON 183 FRANKLY, MY DEAR, I DON'T GIVE A DAMN 184 WHO WHO LAUGHS LAST PROBABLY DIDN'T GET THE JOKE 185 I GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE 186 REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS 187 I'VE HEARD MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS, BUT I'D LIKE TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF 188 YOU CAN LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW, BUT YOU MUST BE HONEST 189 IF YOU'RE NOT AN IDEALIST AT 30 YOU HAVE NO HEAD 190 NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELF 191 WHY LISTEN TO REASON WHEN INSANITY PREVAILS? 192 THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR LAZINESS, 193 I'M WORKING ON IT 194 LEGAL FREEDOM 195 WHAT YOU ARE SPEAKS SO LOUDLY I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING 200 IN THE LAND OF THE BLIND THE ONE-YEDED MUST BE MAD 201 MATURITY COMES WITH MATURETY 202 IF IT'S WORTH DOING IT'S WORTH GOING FOR MONEY 203 YOUR ELIM APPEARANCE COUPLED WITH YOUR VILE AND UNCTUOUS DEAMOR MAKES YOU TRULY NAUSEATING 204 IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'LL NEVER KNOW 205 IF YOU'RE NORMAL WHO WANTS TO BE NORMAL? 206 BULLSHIT IS THE OPIUM OF THE MASSES 207 SOUNDS LIKE A PERSONAL PROBLEM TO ME 208 DON'T LET SCHOOL INTERFERE WITH YOUR EDUCATION 209 PERFECT STRANGER 210 I MAY BE CRAZY, BUT I'M NOT STUPID 211 THRILL ME, THEN LEAVE 212 WHEN IN CHARGE, POWDER, WHEN IN DOUBT, MUMBLE WHEN IN TROUBLE, DELEGATE 213 MAMA TOLD ME THERE'D BE YEARS LIKE THIS. All statements are set in the same typeface as the headline of this ad. First quality 100% cotton HANES t-shirts or 50/50 domestic long-sleeve sweatshirts. Directly hand silk-screened. NO CHEAP TRANSFERS! Six colors available: BLACK, NAVY, RED, WHITE, LIGHT BLUE, YELLOW. S/M/L/XL. T-SHIRTS \$9.95 each postpaid. SWEATSHIRTS \$19.95 each postpaid. TAKE 1 FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY! (NOTE: 1 sweatshirt - 2 t-shirts. For example, buy 1 sweatshirt and 2 t-shirts and take another 1 shirt free.) CA people add 6% sales tax. US Funds Only. MONEYBACK GUARANTEE 2-3 week delivery. BE SURE TO SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS (PLEASE) CATALOG OF OVER 500 STATEMENTS \$1 (FREE WITH ORDER) IMAGE DESIGNS, #1141-ER3, 2000 CENTER, BERKELEY, CA 94704.

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BEER MUG

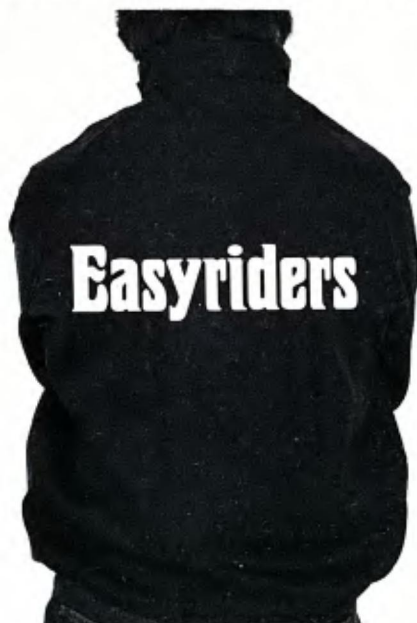


Beer mugs are beer mugs — but this one is different — it's amber-colored (beer-colored). It's big (holds 16 oz.) and has our famous liver-quiverin' magazine emblem on it. Show some class, boggle your friends' gourds, tell your ol' lady you'd like this mug in your Christmas stocking — or you'd just like to have it period. Costs only **\$7.50** plus \$1.50 for postage and handling. Or you can purchase a set of four at a reduced price of **\$24.95** plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$5.05 over the single-mug price.)

Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

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example, dudes most often have a dork with a hole in the very end for pissin'. But sometimes they're born with the hole down along the side, or on the top or bottom. When doctors see this at birth, they fix it right away with a simple operation. I don't know about chicks. This here article is about dorks, so forget broads for a while.

The idea of a dork stickin' inside a woman's vagina, or gettin' "hung up" like a dog's, is a myth apparently created by mothers an' dads to scare their kids outta fuckin' the next door neighbor's daughter. The story's been around for centuries, but physically it just ain't possible!

Now, just because there ain't no bone to break inside a dork, don't think that one can't break, even without a bone. It can, an' the results are painful an' dangerous. Even death can result. Read on.

When a penis breaks, treatment depends upon the severity of the damage. Ice packs, anti-inflammatory drugs an' even splints made of tongue depressors are used. Tranquilizers, too, are used in an effort to prevent the dude from gettin' an erection durin' his recovery period.

Very often, blood clottin' occurs, an' then surgery is necessary to prevent later amputation because of a resulting infection. Death has resulted in several cases, in spite of all efforts. In one case, when the broken dork healed, it healed with a right-angle bend in the middle, an' the distraught patient, sufferin' from depression an' under psychiatric care to begin with, simply dusted himself.

How does a dork get broken? The tissues of the male organ are enclosed in a tough, fibrous sheath called the *tunica albuginea*. Durin' erection, this sheath is stretched until it becomes very thin, an' therefore more susceptible to stress. A severe strain or a sudden blow can cause it to rip. There's a loud snap-pin' sound, an' suddenly, the dork is no longer a big ol' baseball bat capable of threatening young ladies. Dudes who've had previous urinary infections, VD, etc., are more prone to fractures of the dork than others.

At Penderfields General Hospital, in Wakefield, England, Dr. Ashraf, a urologist, reported several cases of fractured dorks durin' 1978. One of his patients was an 18-year-old sheepherder (don't get ahead of me now) who, while sittin' in a tree to watch over the sheep, fell asleep an' took a tumble. The poor sucker had a hardon at the time, an' he lit

astraddle a wooden fence. If he'd been a biker, he woulda poked a hole in the fence, but since he was just a shepherd, his dork broke.

There are many cases of dorks bein' fractured on weddin' nights. (See, we warned ya against gettin' married!) The overexuberance of a bridegroom is as difficult to control as premature ejaculation the first time he legally humps his honey.

In one reported case, the groom was pumpin' away with vigor when his dork slipped out an' struck the bride a hard blow on her pubic bone. They both heard a clickin' sound, an' afterwards, the dude's dork hurt like hell, but he refused to go to a doctor. Too bad! His dork healed without medical aid, but forever after, it took a noticeable turn to the left.

Another bridegroom broke his dork when he rolled over, prior to porkin' his bride, and his dork bent double against the mattress — like the kid in the movie. The accident ended what could have been a perfect sexual union. Love can be, as illustrated, harmful to your health, although we doubt that the Surgeon General's Office will ever get around to stampin' that warnin' on the asses of all newlywed ladies.

One bridegroom broke his dork while havin' his first fuck in the car that sped him an' his bride away from the church. The driver slammed on the brakes an' the groom stuffed his dork into the dashboard. Another man was shovin' the meat to his bride while standin' in the hall just inside the front door of the church (now, that's what we call *impatience*) when the girl fainted with ecstasy — an' her fall broke his cock.

You'll have to use your imagination on this one, 'cause the medical report didn't include vital details.



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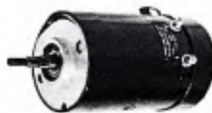
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BUN HUGGERS



CAP IT WITH THIS

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make a diagnosis until they pulled down his pants. That's when they found that he had a broken an' badly swollen dork, complicated by a blood clot. With reluctance, he admitted that he'd broken his cock while masturbatin' violently.

Other men, accordin' to medical reports, have had their pricks broken durin' fights in which they were kicked, but there are some accidents on record that seem to have taken considerable plannin'. In one, a patient broke his cock when he slammed it in the car door. Another man ran into his bedroom wall at full speed. Then there was the victim who, while attemptin' to kill the neighbor's dog with a short club, managed to hit himself in the cock instead. Great aim!

Our favorite case involves six couples at a party, durin' the course of which two of the men suffered badly broken cocks. It seems that one party game followed another, until finally, one of the more inventive naked ladies suggested playin' a game similar to musical chairs, combined with squat tag. The phonograph needle was placed near the end of a tune an' the ladies danced around the room. The dudes all laid down on the floor, their cocks pointin' at the roof. The even number of contestants allowed the game to go on until one or another of the males lost his ability to function. This occurred sooner than expected, when two of the ladies — in their exuberance to sit down — missed their targets an' folded up the men's dorks like a carpenter's rule. Since then, the rules have been changed. Now they sit on faces. ■

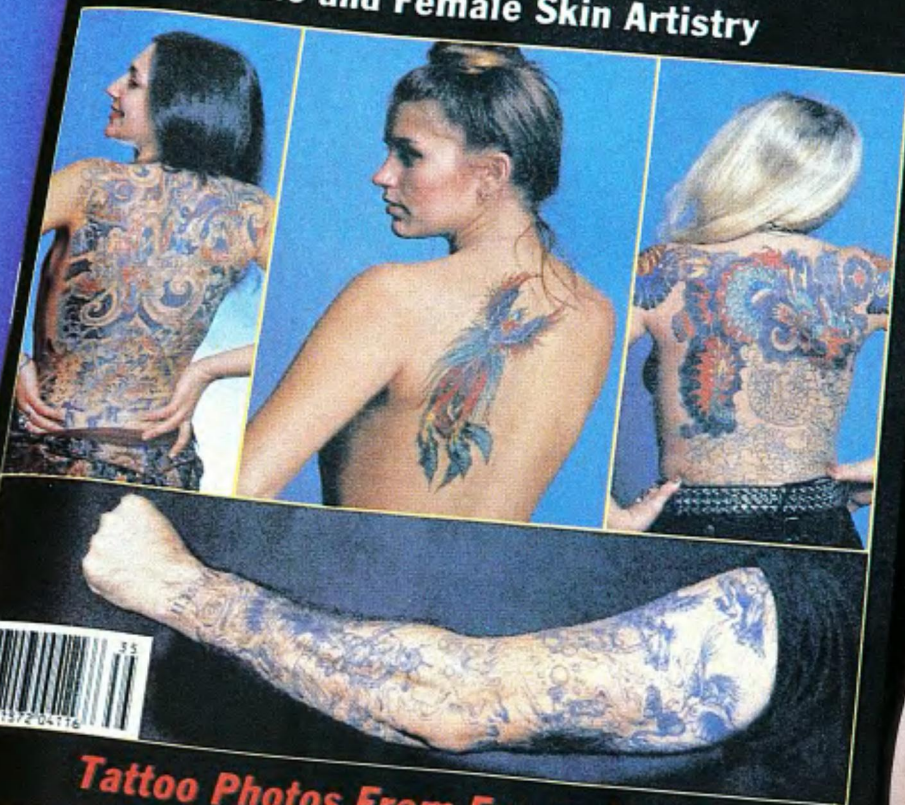


"Oh, good! You brought a urine sample — pour it on me!"

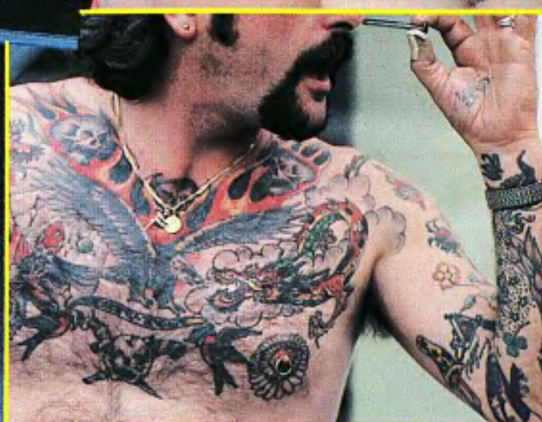
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VET VOICE

Continued from page 51

As our association is trying to work with problems that confront veterans, we would like to hear from individuals and/or groups throughout the U.S. and abroad that want to exchange information and ideas. Our address is Vietnam Veterans Assoc., Inc., 120 1/2 Main St., Rogersville, TN 37857. In closing, allow us to add that we are glad your magazine cares enough to give veterans a voice.

David E. Sheppard, president

I miss the sounds of war. The nights in Vietnam with the choppers landing and going out. Not incoming fire. Although even incoming was an exciting pisser. The sounds are still very vivid. The force after a large gun fires and when a round lands — you can feel it on your face.

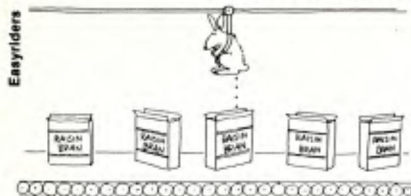
Thinking about 'Nam in a crazy kind of way, sometimes I wish I was still there. Maybe to be there, so I could wish I was back here, Home and free.

I'm still just a nomad. Still surviving. Now in federal prison. Still romantically involved with my scooter — my best friend. All the holes in my body are closed; only scars remain. The Bandit Nomad was shot to shit — and our assholes in Washington, D.C., wanted me to feel guilty.

No more. They fucked us all in 'Nam. Remember (in school): "I pledge allegiance to the flag —"? Well, it died in 'Nam. So, fuck the Marines, 'Nam, the government. Because the Nomad is still surviving, even in prison. Especially now. When I think of being free — prison is like 'Nam. Nobody gives a shit here; same as before.

Well, in 20 more months, this bro, the Nomad, scooter tramp, will be free. I'll be fugazi again. This grunt will have his hootch girl and the ol' pan in the wind. Surviving. The nightmares are gone. Everything is getting better. Yeah, soon, one day, I'll be a bandit nomad again. Not a warrior — just a biker tramp. My scooter, a good ol' lady, free in the wind. Thank God I'm alive. Chuhoi never! The Nomad/LRRPS.

The Bandit Nomad



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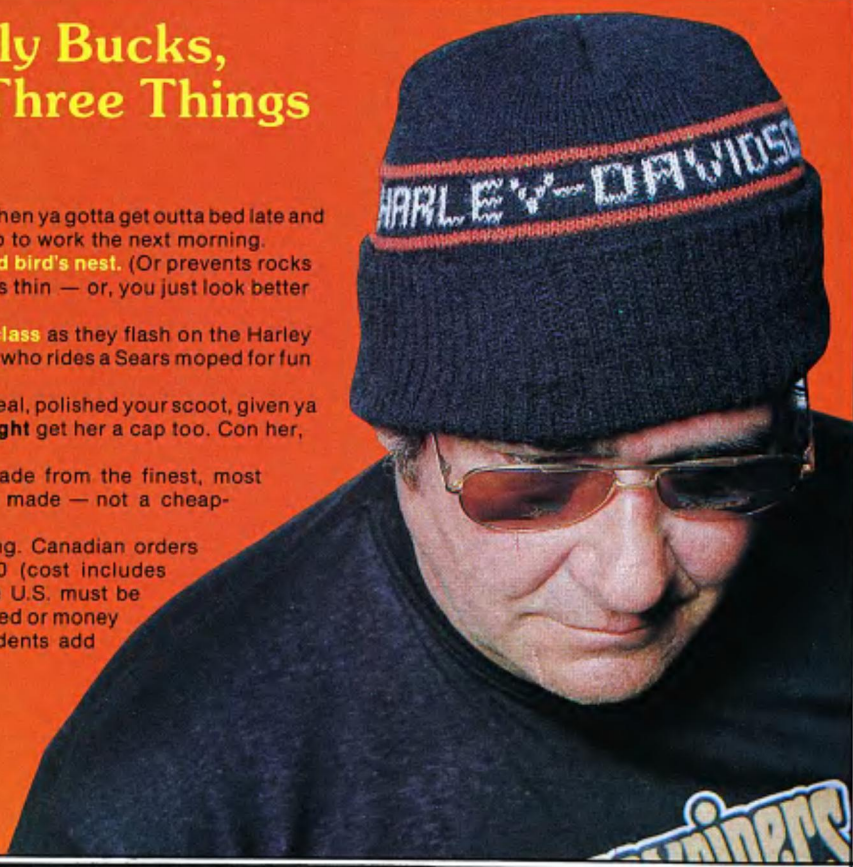
Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scoot, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

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... For A Friend

Continued from page 18

forklift all day in this shit, like I have to do. It's bullshit, that's what it is. Pure bullshit!"

Red Dog leaned back, dropped the shop rag onto one knee and poured the rest of the Coors down his throat. Then he wiped the moisture left by the top of the can from his reddish beard. "I don't wanna hear all that shit, asshole. I been tellin' ya and tellin' ya — ya oughtta get smart. Ya see me out there bustin' my ass fer peanut wages like you do? Do ya? Hell, no, ya don't! I —"

"Shove it!" Sleaze interrupted. "I musta told ya 50 times already that no fuckin' way am I gonna repossess no cars with ya. With my luck, I'd get my balls shot off or somethin' the first damn night. Maybe even by the cops or something, seein' as how every one of them cocksuckers in town knows me and is just itchin' to bust me — bust me again, that is. Like I said, Dog, ain't no way I'm gonna go for that shit."

Red Dog sighed in disgust as Sleaze popped the top on another can and gulped at its contents. "Suit yerself," he said. "But if ya only wanna work a couple of nights a week like I do, and make twice what ya do now, lemme know. Like I said, ya oughtta get smart an' quit bustin' yer balls." Red Dog resumed his dabbing and polishing, giving the task his full attention.

Red Dog and Sleaze shared the decrepit house situated behind the feed store, splitting the rent and other expenses down the middle just like the house was split down the middle. The lower level had two rooms on each side of the staircase leading upward, and a communal kitchen at the rear. Upstairs the arrangement was much the same, with two bedrooms on either side of the hallway, and a large bathroom situated at the end opposite the stairs. Like Red Dog and his woman, Sleaze and his ol' lady used only one of the downstairs rooms (the larger one), utilizing it as a living room and party center. The other was used for storage of household junk and bike parts. Two of the upstairs rooms were empty except for a scroungy mattress on the floor, kept there for bros who were too bombed to make it home after an evening's partying — or for dorking the stray pieces of ass who showed up with Sleaze and Red Dog's road dogs. Which was regularly.

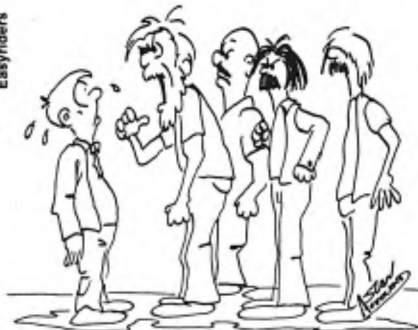
The left side of the house was Red Dog's and Wilma's ("You laugh at my name and I'll bust your balls!" Wilma would glower at anyone who smiled the wrong way at the wrong time), the other was the territory of Sleaze and Sue. However, it was a rare occasion when the four of them were not together, except for when they sacked out at night. Wilma had found the house nearly a year ago. Sleaze and Sue moved into the unoccupied side about a month later by arrangement with Red Dog. In total, it was a casual, laid-back atmosphere unmarred by arguments or bad scenes among the four. Up to now. However, the next few moments were going to give birth to a situation which neither Red Dog nor Sleaze had anticipated.

Sue's faded green Rambler sputtered down the dirt lane, leaving a rising cloud of dust in its wake, and squealed to a stop in front of the house's sagging front porch. The big yellow cloud rolled into the shed, causing both Red Dog and Sleaze to cough and blink before Red Dog began cursing as the settling dust destroyed two hours of cleaning and polishing on his scooter.

"Christ! What a dumb fuckin' cunt!" Red Dog howled. "I've told her and told her to slow the fuck down when she pulls in here. Now, look!" He pointed at the gritty ochre film dulling the chopper's gleam.

"Don't see that it makes much difference," Sleaze offered. "All ya do is clean and polish the fucker anyhow, instead of riding it like most bros would. One of these days yer gonna get it so damn clean yer gonna hafta ride it, so's ya can get it dirty and then shine the bastard some more. Jeezus. . . what a drag."

Red Dog threw the shop rag at Sleaze. "Here, asshole! You clean all that shit yer ol' lady drug in here off it, while I go eat her ass out." He



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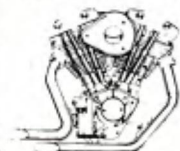
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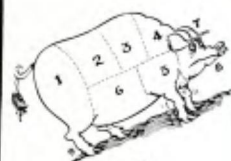


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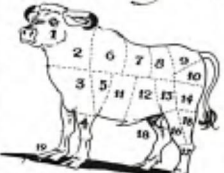
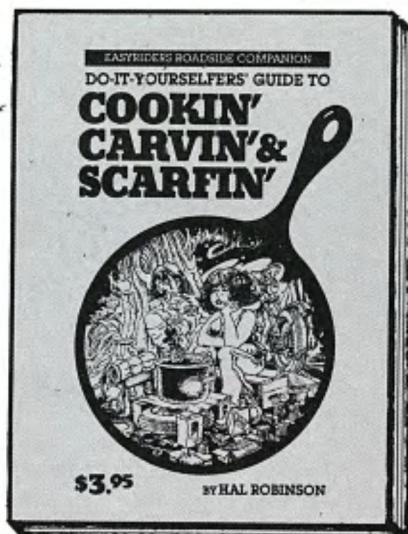
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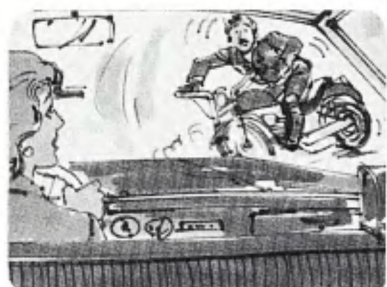
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jerked his head toward Sue as she bent over to reach inside the open rear door of the cage for a grocery sack, trim asscheeks abundantly on display beneath her skimpy cutoffs.

"Save yer energy, hotshot. She wouldn't let ya, anyhow," Sleaze retorted, smiling, trying to cool things down before it was too late.

Red Dog turned, pinned Sleaze with two angry brown eyes. "Won't let me? Won't let me what?"

"Eat her out," Sleaze replied. "I'm the only one she lets —"

"I didn't mean it that way," Red Dog growled back. "And what the fuck makes you so damn sure she wouldn't let me if I *did* mean it that way? Huh? Tell me that, smartass. Don't think I ain't seen the way she looks at me now and then. You know what I mean, huh? Do ya?"

"Sheet! That don't mean nothin'. I've seen yer ol' lady lookin' at me, too," Sleaze responded, glaring back at Red Dog. "Come to think of it, I seen ya puttin' the eye on Sue plenty of times... you know, like you'd like to sock it to her. But I ain't ever done anything to Wilma. Guess that shows what kinda asshole buddy you are, huh?"

Red Dog clenched his fists, advanced a step toward Sleaze, halted. "Look, turd, don't push it, huh? Just wipe all that shit offa my set of wheels, okay?" Red Dog stomped angrily off toward the house and Sleaze gave him the finger behind his back. When Wilma brought him a cold beer twenty minutes later, Sleaze was busily dabbing and polishing — and cursing bitterly about all kinds of shit.

* * *

It was nearly an hour before Red Dog cooled down, returning to the shed with two cold six-packs of Coors and two primo joints of genuine Colombian. He shoved one six-pack at Sleaze, who was still dabbing and polishing and pointedly ignoring Red Dog's presence. "Here, asshole," Red Dog said. "Take a break, huh?" He fidgeted uneasily, then added, "Hey, bro, I'm sorry I blew my cool — okay?"

Sleaze didn't answer, but he threw the shop rag onto the floor, ripped one of the cold beers out of its container and opened it.

"And I don't put lecherous eyeballs on yer ol' lady, either," Red Dog continued, offering Sleaze one of the fat joints.

Sleaze, not content to end the rift without one parting shot, said, "Yeah? Maybe my ol' lady ain't good enough for ya? Like maybe her poon ain't good enough for that midget

pork you got hangin'? You tryin' to say ya wouldn't like to put it to Sue? Is that what you —"

"Now, dammit, Sleaze, that ain't what I meant at —"

"Aha! Then ya admit it, huh? Well, I got news for ya. I'd like to slip the old bone to Wilma! There! How'd ya like them apples?" Sleaze thrust his face into Red Dog's, nose to nose, glaring at him.

Red Dog's face began to flush, redden to match his beard. He made his right hand into a meaty fist, raised and then held it there in midair. Moving back just slightly, he cocked his head a bit to the left and peered at Sleaze, squinting, thinking. Slowly he lowered his arm, then spoke. "Damn, if you ain't a tricky bastard, Sleaze. You tricked me into sayin' that!" He stared at Sleaze accusingly.

A slow grin broke across Sleaze's face, making the scar at the side of his nose whiten. "Yeah, I did, you fucker. . . and you had it comin'!" he laughed, punching Red Dog lightly on the shoulder.

Several beers later, the chopper restored to its original luster, Red Dog fired up a second joint, took a healthy toke and held it. "ere!" he gasped, passing it to Sleaze, exhaling around the word. A few minutes later, in the first stages of advanced Colombian euphoria, Red Dog lazily remarked, "Ya know somethin'? Sue sure has a nice little ass on her."

Not to be out-complimented, Sleaze countered, "Wilma's got real nice tits." He took another hit on the joint and then added, "But if yer thinkin' what I think yer thinkin', forget it. Wouldn't either one of 'em go for it. You know how they both are. Neither one of them will fuck around — know what I mean?"

"Yeah!" Red Dog agreed. "But what if they didn't know they was fuckin' around? What about that?"

Sleaze rolled this cryptic question around in his mind like a marble. Finally he replied, "I think you just flipped, man. Ain't no way that can ever happen!"

"Hmmm. Maybe, and then again, maybe not. See, I got an idea. Just a joke, mind ya." He put that qualification on the matter because he wasn't completely certain what Sleaze's reaction would be. "But. . . well, lemme ask ya somethin', okay?"

"Lay it on me," Sleaze invited.

"No shit, now — an' remember you'n me's friends. The question is — if ya could, would ya like to fuck Wilma?"

Red Dog sat there waiting while Sleaze mentally chewed on the query; Sleaze, for his part, uncertain if it was intended as a trap. Red Dog now assisted him make a decision by adding, "So's ya know I'm fer real, I'd like to slip it to Sue!"

"Well, in that case, I guess the answer's yeah, sure I would! But I still say ain't no way ya can make it happen," Sleaze opined.

Red Dog rolled his eyes in mock agony at Sleaze's pessimism. "Ya big dummy, listen up. Like I said, I got an idea, a damn good idea!"

Red Dog laid it out; Sleaze listened. Finally Sleaze said, "It'll never work. I'm sure they'd know. And shit, if we got caught —"

"It will work and we ain't gonna get caught, I tell ya."

Red Dog's idea was, to some extent, unique but simple. On most nights, when there was no party going on and Red Dog was not out repossessing cages, he and Sleaze would play poker and drink beer at the kitchen table. Without fail,

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Wilma and Sue would eventually tire of watching the tube and separately trundle upstairs to bed. If, when the poker session was over, either Red Dog or Sleaze felt like dippin' their wicks or munching some box lunch, they'd just slide into the sack — each with his own ol' lady — and promptly get it on.

"I tell ya, Sleaze, we been doin' it like this for so long, it's like a habit or somethin'. And it's the way they expect it to come down. Neither one of 'em is gonna think about it!"

"So?" Sleaze questioned. "You tryin' to say we're in a rut?"

"No, dammit, that ain't it at all, but we can make it work for us."

"How?" Sleaze demanded.

"How about we just trade places?"

"What?" Sleaze yelped.

"Yeah. I get in the rack with Sue and you get in my bed with Wilma. I tell ya, neither one of them —"

"You're a fuckin' squirrel! In the first place, they'd both know right off the bat, ya asshole!"

"Uh-uh, not if we do it right. I tell ya, it's darker'n a bike thief's heart in them bedrooms. An' they don't look, actually take a look, to see who's throwin' the meat to them. I mean, Wilma's expectin' it to be me and when she gets it, she figures it is me. In the dark, she'd never know the difference. Neither'd Sue."

"Wouldn't work," Sleaze repeated. "Sue'd know for sure."

"Yeah? How in hell would she?" Red Dog countered.

Sleaze began, "Well, in the first place you don't smell like me. Sue'd notice that right off."

"Whaddya mean by that?"

Sleaze hesitated. "Well," he said reluctantly, "I guess someone's gotta tell ya. If I can smell ya, Sue for damn sure will. What I'm tryin' to say is ya gotta start hittin' the ol' rain locker more often. You an' them grubbies ya wear are pretty fuckin' whiffy, man."

Red Dog scowled at Sleaze. "All right, smartass, so I'll wash! Now, that certainly takes care of all the objections, right?"

"I ain't so sure. There's another thing — a big one."

"What's that?" asked Red Dog in bafflement, certain that he had all the angles worked out.

"Well, I don't imagine we fuck the same way. An' Sue would certainly notice that right off, even if she couldn't see it was you instead of me, there in the saddle."

"Hmmm," Red Dog mused.

"Fuckin' is fuckin', ain't it?"

"Well, not exactly. Some people sorta have a . . . uh . . . a routine, particular things they do when they get

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down. You wouldn't do like Sue is used to — the things she likes, the shit I do — I know she'd know."

Red Dog was unconvinced. "Well, just what the hell do ya do," he asked, "when ya ball her?"

"Jeezus! You do all that?" Red Dog asked in astonishment when Sleaze had finished his account of A Night's-Fucking-and-Sucking-With-Sue-Beasley. "Jeezus!" Red Dog said again, nonplussed. "I'm always done in five minutes. I don't know if I could make it last that long. Why, shit, all that'd take at least an hour!" Sleaze started to say something, but Red Dog cut him off with, "But I'll try. Better yet, I'll do it! I'll just hafta. . . you know, practice up on it. Now that we took care of that, lemme tell ya how I do it with Wilma!"

Eventually agreeing to at least try the caper, Red Dog and Sleaze spent the following week plotting, practicing, planning. Using various excuses to get Sue and Wilma out of the house, both Red Dog and Sleaze spent hours memorizing routines, the right mumbled responses to possible dialogue which might arise from either of lady, and practiced dry runs — while blindfolded — in each other's bedroom to familiarize themselves with the strange layouts.

"No, no, ya dumb cocksucker! How many times I gotta tell ya that Sue sleeps on that side? Ya can't just come in and flop on 'er. Slide into the fuckin' bed, cool-like, not like it's a fuckin' trampoline or somethin'." Sleaze admonished.

In return, Sleaze held his hand to his face in agonized disbelief. "Rubbers? Ya mean cock rubbers? Conundrums? Ya actually use them slimy fuckers?"

"Well, not always," Red Dog placated. "It's just that I can't ever remember the time of the month when Wilma's likely to get knocked up. So I put one on and if we don't

need it, she takes it off."

Sleaze gulped the rest of his brew and pitched the empty out the bedroom window. "Ya know, it sure is a good thing we're goin' to all this trouble. We'd never make it otherwise, huh?"

Red Dog and Sleaze practiced — and practiced — and practiced some more. Red Dog took a bath. Both trimmed their hair and beards to approximately the same length and shape, and in the dark it was hard to tell which was which since their builds were almost identical: both stood six feet tall and weighed in at 190. All in all, their chances looked pretty good.

"S'posed to rain Sunday night," Red Dog noted. "It'll be darker'n hell and the rain'll make some noise, too. Seems to me that'd be as good a time as any to give it a try, huh?"

Red Dog dropped his pair of queens on the kitchen table's gray Formica top. "Beat 'em," he demanded. "That is, if ya can. Them's openers."

Sleaze grinned and slowly spread out his three sixes. "Thanks, turkey," he said, raking the pot of two singles and some change. "If I had three more like you, I'd be able to quit workin'." He glanced at his watch, then cocked his ear to listen.

"Yeah, I hear it," Red Dog said. "Rainin' like a bitch out there, man. We couldn't ask for a better night, could we?"

Sleaze ran his face through several different expressions, looking for one that felt appropriate. He settled for indecision. "I dunno," he said, doubtfully. "I —"

"You gonna chicken out on me? After all the time we got invested in just practicin'? C'mon! We can always say that it was just a big joke if anythin' goes wrong. You know, like we just wanted to see if they were payin' any attention. That'd get us off the hook. Now, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe," answered Sleaze without

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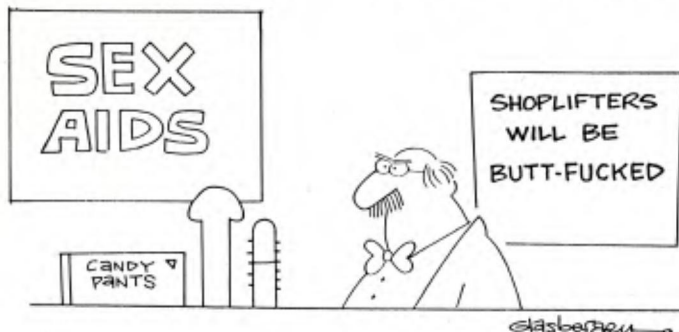
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any real conviction.

"Well, I'm ready — but I ain't gonna do it unless you do, too." Red Dog stood up, shucked off his jeans and stood there in his shorts.

Sleaze drained the rest of his beer and then reluctantly followed suit. "I sure hope ya remember all that shit I told ya that ya gotta do, now," he reminded Red Dog.

"Don't worry 'bout me, bro. I just hope you don't fuck around all night with that perverted shit ya say you usually do."

Red Dog eased the door to Sue and Sleaze's bedroom open and quietly slipped inside the darkened room, easing the door shut behind him. Even with all the practice he'd had while blindfolded, he still stubbed a toe on the leg of the bed. He barely remembered to muffle his voice when he gasped, "Shit!" He hobbled to the side of the bed. It was very hot in the room. Sue lay on her left side, naked, her knees drawn slightly upward, the sheet kicked down to the foot of the bed. Red Dog eased onto the bed, trying not to wake her, at least not just yet, and then carefully stretched out beside her, rolling onto his side to fit himself to her sleeping figure.

Let's see if I got all this shit straight, now, he said to himself, mentally ticking off a checklist. I've gotta nuzzle and kiss her neck till she's partially awake, while playing with her tits. Then I'm s'posed to kiss and suck on her tits when she rolls onto her back, find her clit and diddle it until she moans softly and her legs begin to spread. After I finger-fuck her two or three minutes, then — and this was the part Red Dog wasn't sure he could handle since he'd barfed outrageously while earning his Red Wings — I've



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gotta eat pussy until I hear, "Fuck me! Fuck m-e-e-e-e!" Then we fuck missionary-style slow and easy until she says, "Now!" then dog-fashion fast and furious until she yells, "Oh, God! Oh! God! O! God! O! God! O! God!" which means she's just come and is ready for the finale, and that's when I get to butt-fuck her like crazy until I shoot my load along with her second one.

Red Dog's pecker was already blue-steel stiff although it wasn't supposed to be yet, according to the Sue/Sleaze ritual. He tried imprisoning it between his legs, but it kept popping out and pressing against her asshole. The nuzzling, tits and clit foreplay and finger-fucking came off with all the correct responses from her. Red Dog hoped he could handle the next part that easily.

Red Dog gingerly probed with his tongue, pushing aside curls of pussy hair, finding the juicy cleft with its funky, womanly aroma. Not bad, he thought, pausing for a second to analyze the taste. He plunged into his work. Suddenly, Red Dog couldn't wait any longer. He jerked his face away from the now-writhing pussy, slid upward spreading the soft, smooth legs wide and jammed his quivering cock right to the hilt in the exposed pink target. Her long Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh of surprise floated upward to Red Dog and he suddenly felt her stiffen underneath him.

Shit! I've blown it! burst inside his mind. In desperation, Red Dog began to hump furiously, the figure beneath him stiff and unresponsive. Suddenly, just as Red Dog was beginning to feel the first faint twinges of that feeling which always built before he shot his load, she came alive in a frenzy of response.

"Ohhh. . . yes! Yes, just like that! Oh! Ohhhh! Oh, it's good! Harder! Do it harder." And so on. Time passed and was blurred in Red Dog's mind — visions and vagaries; hot, wet, wild things; hands, mouths, holes, sounds like he had never experienced with Wilma. Or for that matter, with any broad.

"Gotta go piss," he finally whispered when it was all over. This elicited a satisfied and exhausted, "Mmmmmmmmm." As he closed the door behind him, he breathed a sigh of relief. Even though he'd fucked up — screwed up on the routine — he'd done it. It had been a super fuck. The best ass he'd ever had.

As agreed, Sleaze was downstairs in the kitchen waiting for him. "How'd it go?" he asked anxiously.

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"Perfect," Red Dog assured him. "Like clockwork." It didn't bother him to lie a little now. "I had the whole thing down perfect! And how about you?" he asked.

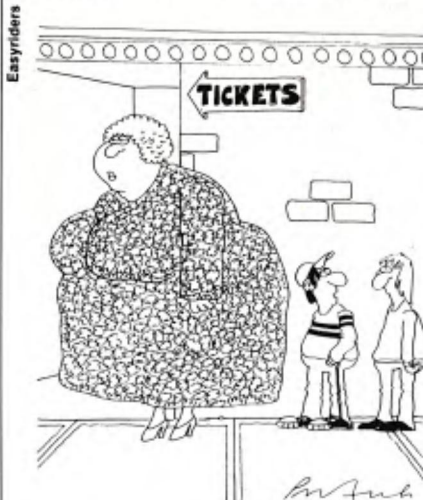
"Oh, okay, I guess."
"Whaddya mean, okay? Ya mean to say she wasn't a *real good* piece of ass?"

"Hey, now, I didn't mean it that way. *Shit*. Wilma gave me the best fuck I ever had. She turned on like a forest fire. It's just that I... well, dammit, I forgot the fuckin' rubber!" Sleaze said ruefully.

Red Dog hid his smile, glowered. "Ya fuckin' moron! Ya coulda blown the whole damn thing!"

The early July sun had already begun to make life uncomfortable. Wilma sat at the kitchen table leisurely working her way through a second cup of coffee, clad in nothing but bikini panties. She glanced across at Sue and pushed the Marlboros and Bic lighter over to her. Sue lit up and fanned the open front of the old denim shirt she wore, wriggling her bare bottom into a more comfortable position. "Shit!" she said. "Why the hell does it have to get this hot so early? Wouldn't be so bad, but I'm totally wasted from last night. I guess I really can't complain, though. Damn, it was good!"

"Tell me a story!" Wilma agreed. "I don't think my cunt'll ever be the same again." She paused, stubbed her own Marlboro out in the peanut-butter lid ashtray, and added, "Looks like we got by with it okay, huh? Good thing we swapped that info on routines, though!" "Yeah," Sue laughed. "Now that we've got it down, want to try switchin' on 'em again next Sunday?" ■



"If she farts, I'm a goner!"

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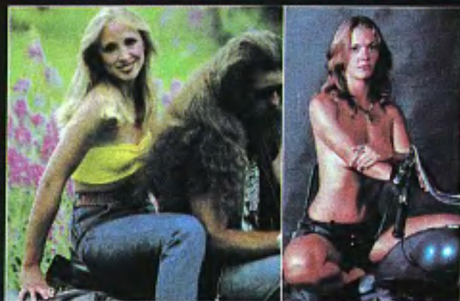
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Last Fire Fight

Continued from page 32

the town barber. "Go ahead and camp there, boys," he told us. "If you want to jack up that front porch and replace a few of them missing boards, I'd take it as a kindness."

He even told us that if we needed some material, he'd tell the lumberyard to charge it to him.

"Only one thing, boys," he told us, "that hair of yours ain't much of an advertisement for my trade. Anytime you want to spruce up a bit, I'll give you wholesale rates."

Shit. We'd heard a lot worse than that, and he was just doing a little West Texas style hoorawing. No harm meant or done.

We fixed up that shack and figured we'd set for a spell. Kevin's knuck was spitting a little more oil than it should have been, even for a thorough rat. The weather was warm, there was pick-up jobs in town, and even a reasonably good machine shop.

Joe thought it'd be a pretty good place to get his shooting eye back, so he took a bus on up to Tucson and reclaimed some duffle bags we'd had in storage there for a while. We'd brought them duffle bags through Treasure Island before they'd gotten picky about shit like that and then we'd just left them in storage for a while.

Now the shithammer came down. Not all at once. Just a piece at a time. The sheriff dropped by and wanted to know if we had the legal right to be there. We yes-sired him and told him to check with the barber.

Next day he was back. "Well, boys, it looks like Dan done had a change of heart." Dan was the barber. "He says he wants you out of here real soon. Understand?"

He stood there in front of the shack and we stood on the porch just staring at him.

"Sheriff," I said, "we sure ain't going to argue with you —"



"Clovis, I said s/c him!"

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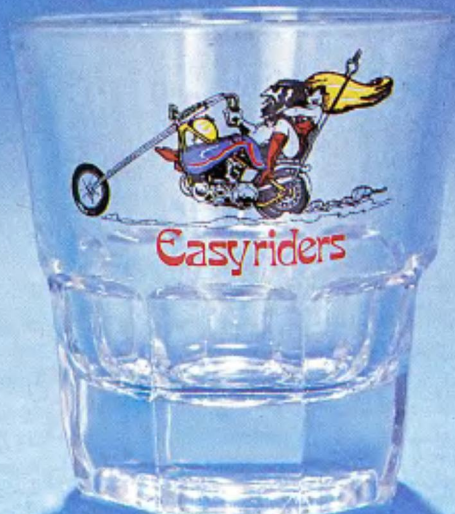
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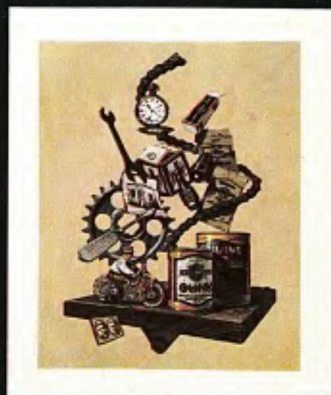
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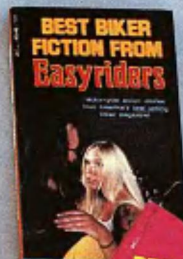
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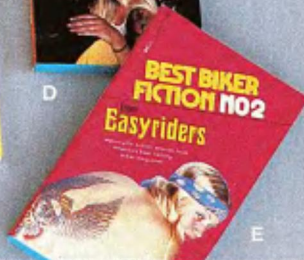
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"Damn right you ain't, boy," he said. He dropped his hand to his pistol. Started playing with the flap on the holster. The world needs more badasses, right, Padre?

"Yessir," I agreed. "How much time we got?"

"Now, you boys just take your time." He grinned a big shiteater. "But this better be an abandoned shack tomorrow morning." He turned around, got into his cage, and left. An untroubled individual.

Joe kind of looked at the three of us and his eyes went dead. Dead, sunken and too fucking bright. I hadn't seen his eyes like that since the Ya Drang Valley.

"The shit will now cease." That's all he said. The rest of us didn't say anything, not anything at all. He turned and went back into the shack. Came out in a minute with an M-14 slung on his shoulder and two magazines he was taping together, one facing up and one facing down.

"They done hit my limit, bros," he said. "You can fork your scoots and we'll still be bros, but if you stay, I ain't takin' no prisoners."

He went back into the shack.

There wasn't a hell of a lot to be said and nobody abused the fact.

Probably he said it for all of us. Shit has to cease someplace.

We kind of moved back in time a few years and Panhead took over. He told me to check from the road back to the windows for interlocking fields of fire. He had Kevin fieldstrip the pieces, test-fire them and make sure all the magazines were full.

I had me one problem. There was another shack across the road that was going to supply a nice fire base. I made sure the protection wasn't going to be too good.

When the sun came up behind the shack we were all in position and waiting.

Two hours went by.

Then we heard the pig cage coming down the road toward us.

Me and Panhead took up positions at the window and Joe stood in the door. He turned to us and raised his voice so Kevin could hear him from the back window where he was sighted in. "We been down a lot of roads, bros. But there's a lot of brews left to drink. You're damn fools to stay, and I'll love you as much if you go."

"You wanna skip that Dear Abby shit and make sure you got a round in the chamber." That was Panhead from the left window.

Me and Kevin didn't say nothin', we just watched the cage come up the road and turn into the dirt driveway. Matt Dillon got out of his car and started walking toward the door. He looked up and saw Joe standing at the door and started to say something, then he stopped and his jaw fell open. He started scrambling at his holster.

"I wouldn't do that," said Joe. The 14 he had covering the man didn't move and he didn't say anything else. There might have been a couple of hundred grasshoppers making that buzzing sound of theirs, but that was the only sound.

"Now, son," says the sheriff, and he had a kind of sorry half-grin on his face. "now, look, son, all you got to do is move on peaceably and we'll both forget we ever saw each other. That's one of them M-16s, ain't it?"

"M-14."

"Oh, yeah, I thought I recognized it. . . Say, listen, why don't we just talk? Let's be reasonable."

Joe looked at him. Didn't move,

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didn't blink, didn't answer.

"Maybe we can work something out, fellas. If you want to take a couple of days to finish up your business, I guess Dan would allow that."

"We're stayin'."

The sheriff backed slowly to his cage and got in. He never took his eyes off Joe the whole time. He started backing out of the driveway slowly. Then he suddenly cut the wheels and floored it. Backed right into the knuck and knocked it over.

That was a mistake. I started counting to myself, "One thousand and one, one thousand and two, one thousand and —" I never did finish the count. The knuck kind of bounced into the air right after that nice little popping sound. Been quite a while since I'd heard that pop sound. Kind of made me feel good. Then the *whump* sound, and we couldn't see the sheriff's cage for the dust.

Have to give that dude some credit. He got it into drive in a hurry and made a big circle in the yard to head down the driveway. The trunk lid was flapping and his right rear tire didn't have enough rubber left on it to make a pair of sandals.

He just aimed that car into the field across the street, rolled on out the door and lay there in the ditch. The cage made about thirty yards into the field before the tank blew. Them good secondary explosions were always a pleasure. This one bounced that cage and rolled it twice. *Very* satisfactory.

Meanwhile, the sheriff was still there in the ditch and starting to crawl down the road. He wasn't much for crawling, though.



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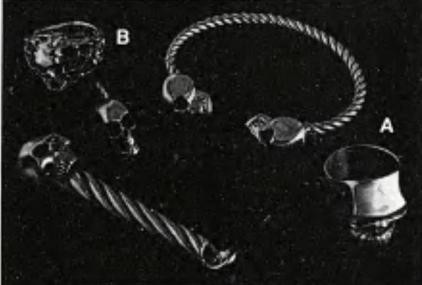


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"BIKER"

Panhead turned to me. "Fifty yards, two o'clock, no wind. Teach him the low crawl."

I did. Squeezed 'em off slow, a full magazine. His ass kept getting lower and lower, but he sure as hell did pick up some speed.

"Cease fire," said Panhead. "I believe he's learned the low crawl."

I pulled the magazine out, turned it over and slammed it back in.

"Never fuckin' learn, do you?" said Panhead. "What're you gonna do with that empty magazine — scratch your ass with it? Reload, dammit."

I kind of grinned and pulled the magazine and started pushing those 7.62s into it.

"By the way," said Panhead, "nice shootin'." He could always cuss a man out good, but he'd be around a little later to bring him back up.

"Lamp is lit," Panhead said.

"Take five, Kevin, then relieve me at the window. We're goin' on four and four — you and Joe got the first watch, so look sharp."

Tell you what, Padre, it felt good. The corporal was running things again and there was no more bullshit. Felt good.

I was on my second watch late in the afternoon when the parade come down the road. It looked like the circus was back in town. All them bubblegum machines was flashing and some damn fool even was playing with his siren.

Those suckers just circled round the house like they was Apaches coming after a wagon train. The dude we'd taught the low crawl to, got out of his cage and ducked behind its door with a bullhorn. I started thinking what a steel-jacketed round would do to that door and laughed to myself. Then he started with the bullhorn.

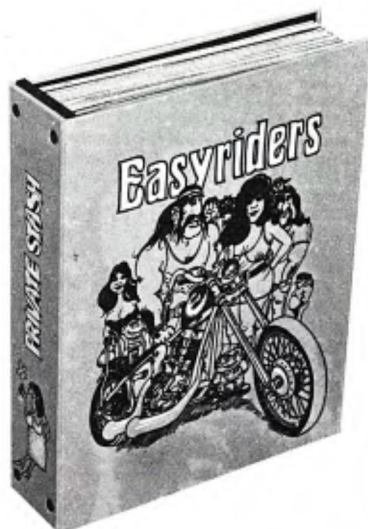
"You men in there, come out with your hands up. You're completely surrounded and if we have to, we'll shoot to kill."

Right out of "Starsky and Hutch." Seems like he could have found some new dialogue, but what the hell, it got the message across, I guess. And it was perfectly clear.

I checked my selector to make sure it was on semi-automatic and got to thinking again about squeezing a round through that door. Panhead looked over from his window and growled at me, "Hold yer fire!" Sonuvabitch always did know what I was thinking.

I held my piece steady and sighted in on the sheriff, while Joe cracked the door a little. "I'm gonna have a little fun," he said. "Cover me."

He opened the front door all the way and walked out with his hands



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on his head. "Don't shoot, Sheriff," he hollered and stepped to the front of the porch.

Several deputy-types stood up from behind where they'd been hiding and they all pointed their pieces right at him. Then they made their mistake. After about a thirty-second staredown, they started to lower their weapons and move forward. Joe had them in a real pretty *enfildade*.

He slid his hand down behind his neck to where we'd been staring at the .45 he had strapped between his shoulder blades. He brought it over his shoulder into his left palm and started popping them folks one at a time.

I believe he inflicted four sucking chest wounds as he stood there on the edge of the porch. Then the deputies who were left figured out that it would be all right for them to return fire. They just started pulling triggers and pumping shells and jumping around. Probably added about twenty pounds to Joe.

Nice, though — he got one more before he went down. He spun before he fell, and I saw the light come back on in his eyes just before his whole face blew out. Seems like we weren't the only ones with those good .45 rounds.

The only thing I was sorry about was that he never did get the bozo who'd started the whole hassle in the first place. He was still hunkered down behind his car door. Too bad, really, because I figured Joe had first rights on that meat.

Just for the hell of it, I squeezed one off through the fly window. I tell you, that dude could dive faster than I would have believed. I'm pretty sure he bumped his head on the oil pan, though.

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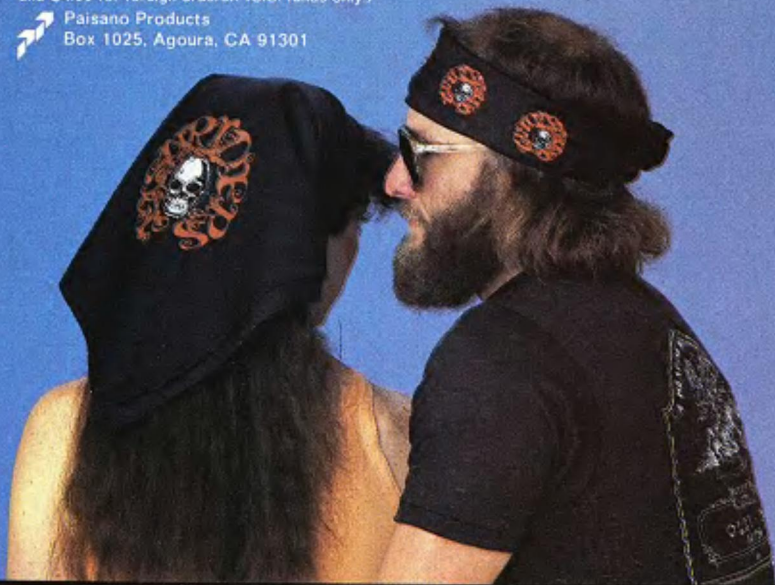
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After that, I didn't see a whole helluva lot for a while. I was too busy hugging the floor. Those suckers out there let fly with everything they had. The fire discipline was about what you'd expect from a group of speed-crazed chimpanzees with Gatling guns.

The part I liked — and those suckers never admitted it — was when they finally got themselves under control, or maybe they just had to reload, but anyway, when I sneaked a look through a fist-sized hole they'd blown through the wood under the window, there were three more of them down. The reason I liked it was that we hadn't fired a shot since I'd taken out that fly window. We never fire till the corporal says so, and he hadn't.

I'd sat in a lot of L-shaped ambushes, but I sure as hell never sat in a circle-shaped ambush. From what I could see, it didn't have a helluva lot to recommend it.

I crawled over to Kevin. He was leaking pretty good from the front side. A couple of yards of intestine was hanging out. He didn't say nothing, though. Just lay there and sucked some air. I crawled back to my window.

Panhead had swallowed one, and there just wasn't anything left on the back of his head.

I figured I didn't have but a minute or two before they started playing turkey shoot again. I was right.

This time there was a little more fire discipline. They kept popping rounds in and had me kissing them floor boards, but I did get to see one interesting development.

The crowd at the back of the circle



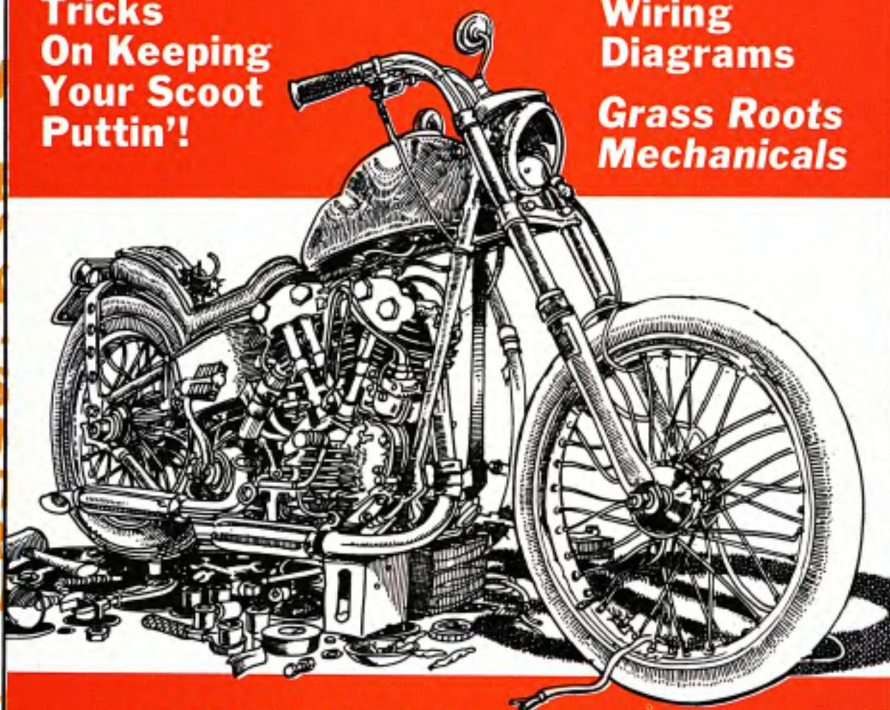
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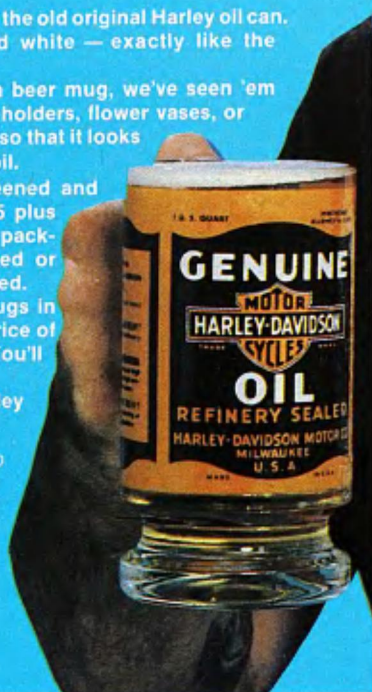
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round the rear of the shack had shifted. They were coming around in back of the troops in front. In fact it looked like they were going to set up in the shack across the street. Nice. Real nice.

I waited. About a half dozen or so of them went into the shack. I got my hands on the battery and touched the wires to the poles.

That shack went up real good. Kind of bounced off the foundation and then collapsed into itself. I'm sure Panhead would have been real proud of me.

That was about the last thing I saw. I guess maybe a piece of that shack came all the way across the road and through the roof. Anyway, I woke up a day or so later with a kinghell headache, handcuffed to a hospital bed, with some real unfriendly deputies saying nasty things about my family. Didn't bother me much.

They told me something that kind of pleased me a little, though. Seems like the man with the bull-horn had been the first one to reach the shack I was in after they figured it was safe for 'em.

He probably shouldn't have turned Joe over with his toe as he came up on the porch. Joe had this habit of pulling the pin and then tucking the spoon under his belt. His carcass had been holding that spoon down.

According to those deputies, their leader left most of the material between his knees and his belly button all over the walls of that shack. I guess he was Joe's meat, like I said.

You asked, Padre, and that's why I'm here. I believe I can do without the Bible quotes. No offense, but why don't you just tell the warden you're done and then he can do his thing.

I don't mind. You see, I'm the last of the bros. And they're waitin' on me. ■

SEX RESEARCH CENTER

Easyriders



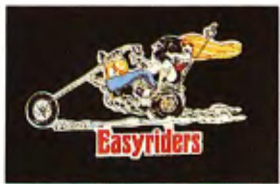
"In this experiment, one of you ladies will get your brains fucked out; the other will get a placebo."

Easyriders

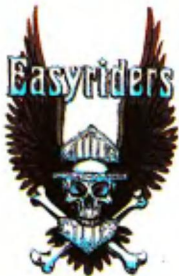
Top-quality American-made shirts in Biker Black only.

Your choice of style • Your choice of silk-screened design.*

Wash well, last long and look good!



**Design
No. 09**

Design
No. 38Design
No. 05Design
No. 20

Each of these designs is available on any of the below style shirts.

**Classic T-shirt, \$8,
Shirt Style No. 2020**



**Men's Tank Top, \$8,
Shirt Style No. 2060**



**Hooded, Long-Sleeved, \$12,
Shirt Style No. 2030**



**Ladies' Tit Top, \$8,
Shirt Style No. 2050**



Sizes S-M-L-XL; use style number and design number when ordering.

Quantity	Style #	Design #	Size	Amount
Postage: U.S. only, add 50¢ per shirt; Canada add \$1 per shirt; all other countries add \$4.50 per shirt.				Sub Total
FOREIGN ORDERS: We can accept only International Money Orders payable in U.S. funds. Thank you.				Postage
				Tax
California residents, add 6% sales tax.				Total

EASYRIDERS SILK-SCREENED T-SHIRTS

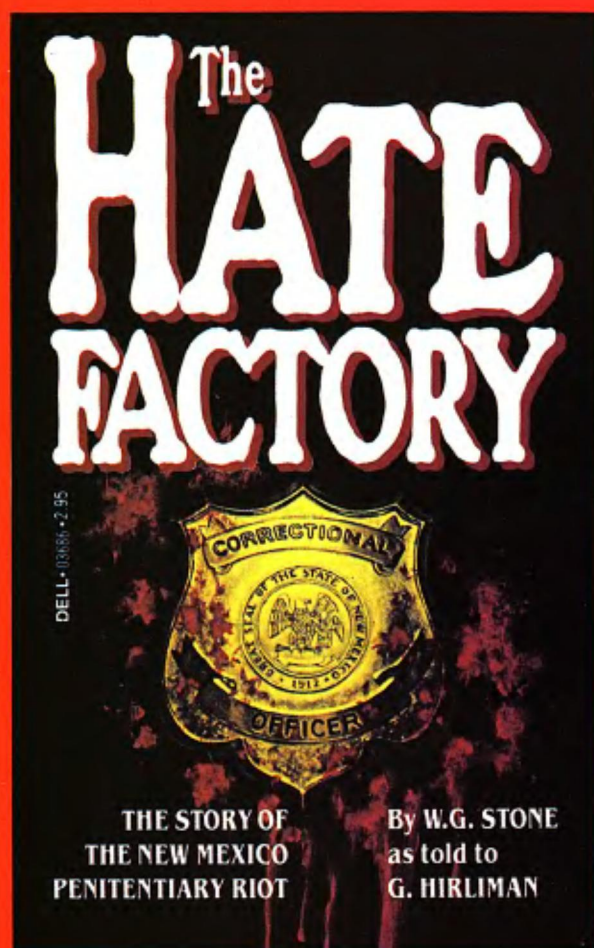
P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**WHEN IT WAS OVER,
THIRTY-THREE PEOPLE
WERE DEAD**



February 2, 1980. . .New Mexico State Penitentiary erupted with sudden, mind-searing violence.

Fortified with liquor and homemade knives, sixty-two inmates overpowered the officers on duty.

W.G. Stone was there. This is his eyewitness account.

ON SALE NOW OR BUY DIRECT

From **Paisano Publications, Inc.**, Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301.
Just send \$3.00* check or money order. Canada, \$4.30* Foreign, \$5.95*

*Prices include postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.

A DELL PAISANO BOOK

Lockdown

Continued from page 50

violating the terms of his probation or parole by enabling p.o.'s to keep track of when the subject enters and leaves his home.

Under the pilot program, conducted by District Judge Jack Love, a small number of perpetrators of victimless crimes — bad checks, welfare fraud, minor drug offenses — are sentenced to spend a certain amount of time at home instead of in prison. Officials hope the program will save the state about \$45 a day per prisoner over the cost of incarceration.

The Real Cause

When the Conner Correctional Center near Tulsa, Oklahoma — a so-called model medium-security prison — was gutted by fire and virtually destroyed during a riot last summer, authorities blamed the disturbance on either high heat or a group of prisoners dissatisfied with the food available in the mess hall.

The actual cause, according to inmates, was something officials did not seem anxious to publicize: They had stuffed 750 inmates into a cage meant to hold only 400.

One inmate was killed and 23 others injured in the fire which destroyed three dormitories, the mess hall, the gym and the laundry room at the four-year-old \$12.8-million facility.

So Long, W.J.

W.J. Estelle, Jr., renowned for his long and bitter defense of such prison policies as triple-celling, having prisoners sleep on floors and using inmates to perform guards' functions, has quit as director of the Texas Department of Corrections.

According to Estelle, his resignation was triggered by the state legislature's cutting the prison system's budget request by more than half.

That action, Estelle said, did more than "pretty near made me sick." It also, he claimed, made it impossible for the system to bring itself into compliance with the reforms the state agreed to make as part of a consent decree entered into with attorneys for the state's inmates and the U.S. Department of Justice.

During Estelle's approximately 11 years in office, he became best known as the defendant in perhaps the most complicated "totality of conditions" suit in history.

Torture By Towel

A former Texas sheriff and two deputies have been convicted of

violating prisoners' rights by torturing them to extract confessions and information.

According to a federal court jury, former San Jacinto County Sheriff J.C. "Humpy" Parker and deputies John Glover and Carl Lee were found guilty of the charge when the prosecution proved that the three had wrapped prisoners' heads in waterlogged towels, causing them to suffocate until they were ready to "talk."

Solution to puzzle on page 82.

ELIMINATED CRIPES DRANK CABSS
MIFLALAYONMALTEDXDONODETAVEL
UPAUPHONOCSONICERNCSALTELEY
NEUTFOUEIEYVESSTGHAZYVLSVA
NADDELCRMLTEDONINTONSPUCAYTP
BEEDONCBEDNLHUBXCHTEDAHLZTU
IOTCEXBULEKRTTAGOUEVNGT2ID
TDIALPUYGDRAINKKADCOLDEEUHE
IKLILIFQGGKOSTEDZELZOOBDDST
NCSIONDDIBADADELIZIWHICHHC
GATUOSSEFONDAAEYATLAHTNRDITOO
TFIOTNOKURNPCTEELNTOKCSODN
HTOCNNIODCINNNDSTGTAPOVAHEK
EIBYANPSENKOYNUDESASAGEFTTL
BHBOTHINDEECOPNYCEEKTFUSELF
RSLERFLINDURNUVELREBEAEIYIF
UDYPOFLODEDSRKKOSDADONCPWJ
TESAFUAGOMANEEDNEEDNEEDNEED
EKIWERBHTDKINRAREVAGCTUEAR
DCDOGYTARMNLEPIKBOVAAEOTR
AOTECLOMZOAAYNOCSPESFGEUPUTE
ECAPORERAOFEARLSSUIROGACOPYD
DLNPLANIOMZONEDTEMNUNFTGAEY
ELKIUNLEOTYPPAYTUGUARZEDD
CUEZEANDROCCUBRICATEDAVAI
ADABRUDETAINEDONBUSINESSG

Buy The Very Best



Our expensive steel dies make possible a handsome buckle with the nitty-gritty detail that sets it apart from the cheap copies of our original buckles. Ask the bro who owns one. Satisfaction guaranteed.

This is a huge, man-size buckle made from expensive dies for intricate detail. Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze- or silver-plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand-polished, and comes with 1 1/2"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with silver buckle orders — unless you request otherwise.

U.S. send \$17.00 for belt and buckle or \$9.00 for buckle only. Canadian orders send \$19.00 for belt and buckle or \$10.50 for buckle only. Foreign orders send \$25.00 for belt and buckle or \$15.50 for buckle only.

(All prices above include postage and handling.) Payments on orders outside the U.S. must be made in the form of U.S. funds. Give accurate waist size, belt color, (brown or black) and buckle finish (bronze or silver).

PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

SERVICE MANUALS *for Harley-Davidson's*



Harley-Davidson service manuals now available. Try our special offer, all five manuals for \$70. A savings of over \$12. Send to: Paisano Manuals, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Letter	Item(s)	Qty.	USA	Canada	Foreign	Cost	Total
A	Panhead		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
B	Knucklehead		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
C	Spare parts		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
D	45-Servicar		\$14.00	\$16.00	\$21.00		
E	K-Model		\$17.00	\$19.00	\$25.00		
F	All five		\$70.00	\$80.00	\$100.00		

Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited.

Sub
Total \$

Calif.
Tax. 6% \$

Total \$

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage.

Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

Note: closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment. * This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186. (130)

Reproduction WWII Nazi motorcycle buckle: Each buckle is individually produced. It is solid metal and is triple bronze-plated for a lifetime of tough wear. Intricate detail of design on face of buckle is sharp and clear. Buckle is 2-1/8" in diameter, and almost 1/4" thick. Belts are handmade from strongest, finest cowhide we could find. Belt is 1-3/4" wide and is available in either dark brown or black. Belt is adjustable and buckle is interchangeable. (Be sure to specify "round" buckle.) For picture of buckle, check out the October '81 issue, page 100. Give accurate waist size, and color (brown or black) of the belt desired. Send \$16. Price includes postage and handling. Add \$4 for overseas air mail. California residents, add 6%. Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (130)

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (130)

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)

R.W.: Happy birthday, 2/23. May you be forever in the wind. FTW. K.L.H. (129)

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)

Sixty-Pan Stan: Where are you, man? Where did he go — does anyone know? Fat Mike and Chickasha. (129)

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)

Tattooing equipment from good old Germany. Our big color catalog features equipment never before offered to the tattooist. Nine different types of tattoo machines and the brightest tattoo color in the world (German color). We are very fast and honest. Buy from Europe's biggest supplier. Send \$5 for big color catalog. Please send airmail. Our catalog is written in English. Send to: Tattooing Trade Deeken, Postfach 1642, 2900 Oldenburg/Oldb., West Germany. (134)

One-legged ladies? Wish to correspond with and meet lovely ladies who have lost a leg to the machine. Turn your loss into a plus. Letter/photo to J.W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (132)

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)

David: Happy birthday. All we've been through; really do believe in you! Wanna fool around to celebrate? Love ya. The Fool (Jan). (129)

Big Red and family: Happy New Year. Love always. Tinki. (129)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photo, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711. (129)

For sale: Easyriders, issue 13-84 (February '76-June '80), minus #24 and #83, plus #107. Have two each of #23 and #45. Also, January '79 Iron Horse. \$75 total. (619) 355-4592. (129)

One-woman man, 30, 5'10", hazel eyes, seeks young person of female persuasion. Write with pic. Bob Fisher, 25/2514 Mabelle Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. (129)

Biker, w/m, 35, 5'11", 188 lbs., sincere, honest and intelligent. Need a honey to put with. Won't mistreat you. Moving to Florida spring of '84. Write with pic. R. Smith, 6242 B Mulberry St., Philadelphia, PA 19135. (129)

Wanted: Male Harley riders into parties, love, fun, smelling good, and good bods. I'm 19 and top-heavy. Send letters and pictures to Jamie Hines, 76 Cedar Dr., Lebanon, OR 97355. (129)

For sale: 1978 Super Glide, excellent condition, new tires, chain, much more. Asking \$3200. (913) 543-5172. Phillipsburg, Kan. (129)

Ladies: Need a change? Be appreciated. I'm 31, easygoing, a nice guy, employed, well-built, apartment on beach. Are you honest, mellow, slender, pretty, ready for relationship as a friend and lover? No kids, games, heavy parties. Roy, c/o "Sun", 3363 Sheridan St., Hollywood, FL 33021. (129)

Lonely w/m doing time, needs good woman to help do this bid. Not looking for your money, just your love. I'm 25, brown hair, hazel eyes. Picture for picture. A. Spina 82A2581, Box 367, Danemora, NY 12929. (129)

Danny "The Kid" SFV: Happy 27th, 3/28/57. I love you, and I'm here forever for ya. We'll celebrate when the feds cut ya loose — not too long now! I'm yours in every way ya want. The SFV Kid's Lady (Betty Boop). (129)

Jane, looking for some Tarzans to correspond with. No age limit. All answered. Jane Russell, Box 723, Vallejo, CA 94590. (129)

Ric: We had it once and got it again — just on different terms. Still love and have faith in you, as always, even when nobody else does. Blondie. (129)

Ed: You promised that you'd be mine forever if we made it to 33. Well, . . . happy forever, starting 12/27/83. Our time together has come. Love you only. Pooh Bear. (129)

Two East Coast bros down for a while. Would like to hear from some righteous chicks and see some flicks. Charlie "Refugee" Dimitri, and "Country Joe" McCown, Unit A, Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072. (129)

Wicked Juanita: I love you more than mere words can tell. My heart is yours, as yours is mine. We both knew we would soon be as one forever. Hugs and kisses. Love ya, Ky. Mike. (129)

Tattoos by Lou: Start your new year right with a new custom tattoo by Lou. Specializing in custom designs and cover-ups of crude work. 475 Hay Street (downtown), Fayetteville, NC 28301. Phone (919) 483-1222. (129)

Tattoo kit: \$39. See display ad on page 125. (129)

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)

Tattoo fans, check out TattooTime 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: TattooTime Magazine, 1850 Union Street, #136, San Francisco, Calif. 94123. (135)

Tattoo and motorcycle T-shirts: Everything is directly screen-printed on shirts. 100% made and printed in the U.S.A. Send SASE and \$1 for catalog, or send \$8.50 for our famous tattooing T-shirts & catalog to: Fantasy T-shirts, Box 8819, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (132)

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)

Two w/m's seek correspondence with ladies. Roy Wolfe 85535, and Garnett DeVore 32647, Box 6, LLCC, LaGrange, KY 40031. (129)

One highly abused but hardly used biker, free to good home and good lady. Send picture and letter to Lee Stark, C70427, G132, CTF-C, Box 698, Soledad, CA 93960-0689. (129)

Male WASP biker, 39, 99%er, seeks petite, loving, childless woman to share life on my secluded farm. No bullshitters or heavy dopers. Size of your tits is unimportant; size of your heart is. Robert Williams, RD 1, Box 198, Friendship, NY 14739. (129)

Ladies: W/m, 31, 5'11", 151 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, in search of a 23- to 35-year-old good, sincere, one-man woman who wants a solid relationship with honest, sincere, good-hearted, easygoing biker. Must be willing to relocate to Virginia. No game players, heavy dopers or alcoholics. Kids okay. All replies with picture answered. Wayne, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (129)

Anyone who knows the whereabouts of Lance Sheppard, Ross Brooks, Martha "Tiny" Johanson, or Jamie Bradford, formerly of San Jose, California, please contact Henry Mayo, Box 5/16th Inf., Ft. Riley, KS 66442. (129)

Lonely, but not blue. Just wanting someone sweet to write and write to! Jim Ballance, C53338, Box 705, CTF-N, LB 239, Soledad, CA 93960-0705. (129)

Colorado Harley rider, 26, needs a warm, loving, exciting lady to ride, party and enjoy life with. Should be cute, lean and easygoing. No head games. Picture for picture. Hermit Jack, 117 W. Sackett #5, Salida, CO 81201. (129)

Chuck "Pace" Chrismore, and Dave McGreg: Please contact Liz. 1978 to 1983 is a long time to wonder what happened and if you're still alive. 10525 Ralph NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112. (129)

Two w/m, both 30, locked down, anxious to correspond with women in prison, 18 to 40. Let's exchange photos, fantasies, dreams. Time isn't hard if shared with someone. Patrick Kerr 121891 (blue-eyed blond), and Ronnie Hill 130596, BCC Box 430, Dillwyn, VA 23936. (129)

Swingers want biker tramps for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime, (312) 262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (129)

W/m, 28, 5'10", 170 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, down in Louisiana pen with 1 year left. Looking for a good woman, who's into fun, love and life, attractive, 18 to 40. I'm looking for a lasting relationship, so only the serious need reply. Will answer all. Your pic gets mine. Dan Holmes, DOC 83126, Magnolia-1, Angola, LA 70712. (129)

I'm 24, incarcerated, and seeking correspondence with a wholesome, intelligent woman. Randy Taylor 79A1499, Drawer B, Stormville, NY 12582. (129)

Wanted: Original or copy of the poster of "The Wild One" with Marlon Brando. C/o Leonard J. Capustin, 2319-15AST, SE, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2G-3N3. (129)

Downed white bro looking for the right lady. Are you out there? Leslie Howard 88034, Box 788, F5-B, St. Gabriel, LA 70776. (129)

In loving memory of John Patrick "Clout" Cloutier, 5/11/57 until 3/29/83. Just when your life was the brightest, just when your hopes were the best, God called you from our home to a home of eternal rest. You wished none a farewell, not even could you say goodbye. You were gone before we knew it, and only God knows why. Some may think I'm not lonely, when at times they see me smile, but little do they know the heartache that I suffer all the while. I think of you in silence, and no eyes may see me weep, but many a silent tear is shed, while others are asleep. No matter what I may do with the rest of my life, you will always be my true love. I miss you with all my heart and soul. Until we meet again and you're on that '57 pan of your dreams. You were #1 to me and that will never change. I'll love you forever and a day. Your ol' lady Mary, and sons Dallas and Jason, originally from Lincoln Park, Mich. "Only the good die young." (129)

Inmate bro seeks lovely ladies. I'm 24, green eyes, red hair, Pisces. Write soon. Charles Romero, Rt. 3, Box 213, Smithfield, NC 27577. (129)

Happy Mardi Gras to Hubba Bubba and Little Larry of New Orleans — two bros who really know the meaning of downtime. (129)

Attractive w/m prisoner, 39, 6', 185 lbs., blue eyes, blondish-brown hair, seeks attractive female for correspondence and general understanding. Stanley N. Garrett, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (129)

"Outlaw John": Together we can take it to the end of the line. We'll never be wrong together. Stay strong, 15er. Your Stormy. (129)

Need credit. Get Mastercard, others, without investigation. Legally discharge debts, protect assets, restore credit. Loans. Guaranteed. Details, SASE to Inflation Reports, ERC, Box 60148, Los Angeles, CA 90060. (129)

Women with herpes: I've got it, too! W/m, 31, 5'8", 155 lbs., brown hair/eyes, non-smoker, light drinker, into Kaw 900s and Jet Skis. Send kite, photo, number to J.J., 1501 E. Chapman Ave. #189, Fullerton, CA 92631. (129)

For sale: 1972 Triumph Bonneville, 650cc, rigid bolt-on, 10-in-over front end, 16" rear wheel, chrome oil tank, 3-gal. Mustang tank. Disassembled, but complete. \$800. Victor Wales, 392 E. 750 North, Vernal, UT 84078. (129)

Government jobs: Thousand of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 3850. (129)

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 Easyriders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (138)

Bill LaLanne: Please call me; I need you. Love, your kitten. K.D. (129)

Hambone: You drilled it into me and only now do I get it. I do love, miss, trust and respect you. There's no replacement. Come home if you want to. I'm trying to follow your advice. Tell me more; I'm listening. Your friend, Debbie. (129)

I'm getting short and will be heading back for the Bay Area. Would like to meet ladies to party with, etc. I'm 5'9", 140 lbs., long brown hair. Send letters/flicks. Let's get things started now. (Aka: Squirrel Dog.) Earl Soto, C51802-819, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130. (129)

Happy birthday, Juani, 3/1/84. May we always be sisters in the wind. Friends till the end. Sandi. (129)

Antique motorcycle parts: Harley, Indian, Triumph and more. Motorcycle Salvage, 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. (901) 276-6443. (129)

W/m, 29, down with eleven months left to do. Looking for a good ol' lady; must be willing to ride. Send scribes and flicks to Rudy Hartfield 90551, Camp-1, Angola, LA 70712. (129)

Ladies: I'm 6', brown hair/eyes, 24, warrior and teacher of Teutonic philosophy. Terms: long-range, personal or business. Roy Welsh 35405, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (129)

W/m, 35, 6'2", been down 10 years, a few more to do. Would like to hear from serious lady in Midwest area. Irvin Schultz, Box 147, Unit 4, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (129)

One helluva dude in need of one helluva lady. Write with pic, if possible, to W.E. Harris, Box 215, Maury, NC 28554. (129)

Billie: You sexy fox, come to Dallas permanently. Love, Sonny. (129)

Weisie: No matter how long that board of citizens keeps ya in their cage, I'll still be waiting with the scoot when ya get out. Love, Maddog. (129)

Dee: Hope we're together on our last anniversary. I'll love you always. "Jacko," Minneapolis, MN 55418. (129)

Wanted: one good woman. Have lived hard and fast and glad of it, but now am of a mind to slow up and settle down. Currently in the joint, but soon to be released. W/m, 35, 5'11", 175 lbs., looking for that special lady. I'm self-sufficient and own a small business. Want a woman who rides or wants to, likes country living, and isn't lazy or a slob. Good body a must. No drunks. Kids and bisexuals okay. No games. Larry Miller 44878, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (129)

Deana "Li'l Bit": Where are you? Remember LA? Las Vegas? San Francisco? Missing you deeply. Contact Vera Willis, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (129)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 4631. (129)

Land, \$200; houses, \$1200, acreage. Send \$2 for information, photos, maps. "Owner," Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (130)

Harley-Davidsons and/or parts wanted. Any condition, reasonably priced. Todd Bertrang, 7240 Alabama #1, Canoga Park, CA 91303. (213) 704-9101. (129)

Wanted: #1 Jammer Handbook and Easyriders 2, 3, 4, 10, 14, 15, 17, 22, 27. 6430 Southbridge Circle, Horn Lake, MS 38637. (601) 393-6205. (129)

Australian Harley riders: Visit the Harley Hospital or send for their catalog. It's outstanding! Blatchford St., Captains Flat, NSW, 2621; Australia. (129)

Happy belated birthday. I love you, Hotrod. Honey. (129)

Daniel, in Phoenix: I know you feel like a failure, but when you punish yourself, you punish me, too. I'll always love you. Rennie. (129)

Steve Merchant: Things have changed. Miss you. You can find me through Mom (in the book as "A.R." — if you lost the number). Please call. Denise. (129)

Wanted: totally submissive slave girl, any age. You must want bondage, humiliation, discipline, kinky sex, and love riding. Must be free to travel worldwide. Marriage offered to slave who pleases me. Send photos; face and full-length nude, with cover letter explaining how you intend to please and serve me. Sidewinder, 2821 Las Vegas Trail, Apt. #71, Ft. Worth, TX 76116. (129)

Attention, Ed: Happy birthday, 1/8/84. So, when have I been perfect? I still love you. I'm waiting and watching our moon. Love, P.T. (129)

W/m, 23, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown hair/eyes, wants one or two wild ladies to go everywhere and do everything with. Have dresser with sidecar that's ready to roll. Send picture and phone number for fast reply. B.B., Box 686, Palatine, IL 60067. (129)

My little Toots: Happy birthday. Love the head. Yours, Tramp. (129)

Stop, ladies, 18 to 30: W/m doing time, out soon. Love to meet ladies. Will answer all. Send photos. Dave Sell 29433, Box 31, Plymouth, WI 53073. (129)

Downed in California and need a friend. Loneliness is an awful burden. So write me, lady, and we'll see what we can see. American Indian, 5'8", 180 lbs., brown eyes/hair. I'll answer all. Steve Brown, C53581, CTF-C, F-247, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960. (129)

Free replies to any letters from anyone, up to age 80, crippled, crazy or all together. Two partners, very lonely. Roy Whitel 843130, and Frankie Ignazio 047589, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (129)

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, R.C. Angola, LA 70712. (129)

Been down 4 1/2 years and the mail is runnin' slow. Would like to hear from any ladies who would like to write. I'm 33, with blond hair and blue eyes. If you'll write me, I'll write you. Billy Starr 3125, Box 30, K-6, Pendleton, IN 46064. (129)

Building business for financial security. Need live-in "sexatary," 18 to 30 years. I'm a w/m, 6'3", 280 lbs., off the road temporarily. If you ain't honest, don't write. Chuck, Box 336, Sheridan, TX 77457. (129)

W/m, 27, 6'2", 240 lbs., solid, black curly hair, hazel eyes, down and need someone to correspond with for serious relationship. Ex-Green Beret and Ranger. Doing 10 1/2 years; will be out soon. Looking for serious family-minded females and home life. Children not important, just dedication and honesty. W.C., Box 49, Rt. 605, Moseley, VA 23120. (129)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC14, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (129)

Brother: You always said that you'd be there if I needed you — well, I need you now. Please show yourself, for T.N.T. has a few things that need to be. Spoke to your mother, but she is in the dark just like us. (129G)

Mike "Wolf" Harmon, of Columbus, Ga.: Important. Been a long while. I need you to drop me a kite. David Roberts, Box C19434, Repressa, CA 95671. (129)

Need to hear from chicks and friends. I'm locked down here in Wisconsin. I'd also like to say a big thanks to Slick from Satans Tramps MC in Fla., for the Brothers Lost tribute to Yankee John Gibson. Mike Hartman, Box WA, Green Bay, WI 54305. (129)

Lonely, attractive male, 32, doin' time and has none. Looking for "my" woman. Prefer local lady for visits. Marriage very possible. Age and looks unimportant; what's inside counts. All letters answered. Martin Roth 281508, Box 520, 19-B-4, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (129)

W/m, 35, looking for a liberal-minded, loose ol' lady. Greg, Box 03143, Detroit, MI 48203-0143. (129G)

Richard Davey: Lookin' for you, bro — call me. John Davey, (213) 455-1241. (129)

Los Angeles bro down in Florida. 1 1/2 years left before the wind blows again. Need letters from some ladies, 18-30, to help this time go by. Jeff Hartman, B-047809, Box 1100-210, Avon Park, FL 33825. (129)

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)

All women wanting to learn the art of tattooing and to get deeply involved, who are free to go as they want, write Douglas "Flea" Freeze 99265, LSP, Camp C, Tiger 4-R-11, Angola, LA 70712. (129)

Kelly "Carroll": Write to Edwin Hardy, Box 607, Carson, NV 89702. (129)

Five lonely British Royal Marines, on current deployment in the South Atlantic, would like to hear from American females. Neil Hodgson, age 23, 6'2"; Steve Cockton, age 24, 6'2"; Gary Smith, age 21, 5'11"; Colin MacDonald, age 20, 5'8"; and Rick Conway, age 19, 5'11". Royal Marine Detachment, HMS Herald, BFPO Ships, London, England. (129)

Lonely peckerwood, 32, seeks females, 25 plus. Out in '85. Marriage possible with right lady. Tim Simmons, C53051, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (129)

Bob: I will always love you. Thanks for the memories. Darla. (129)

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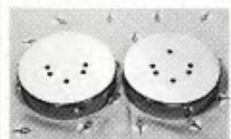
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Check out issues Nov. '83 issue, page 12, and Jan. '84 issue, page 66, for these and other custom parts by **Ben-Ther Bros**. Contact Trick Rick or J.B., 4307 Truman Road, Kansas City, MO 64127 (816) 231-7822.



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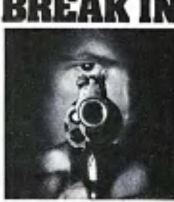
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Soap Box

Continued from page 11

with a single network of leaders." Let me ask you this. If all club members answer to "a single network of leaders," why is it that nine times out of ten, when patch holders in one club run into patch holders of another at a bar, the bar in question usually winds up demolished?

Among the other bullshit charges in the resolution is one that states that clubs "pose formidable and overwhelming problems for local and state law enforcement officials." "Formidable and overwhelming problems," huh? That's strange — the local cops who harassed bikers with not one, not two, but three roadblocks on the way to last year's Harley Rendezvous didn't seem to be "overwhelmed."

Now, we're not saying that all bikers are what Ronald Reagan would consider model citizens — far from it. But the idea that bikers — about as unorganized a bunch of independent, free-thinking individualists as ever existed — are all linked together in some kind of grand conspiracy to rape and pillage America is garbage. In fact, considering the ABSCAM trials, the homosexual relationships between some members of Congress and their underage pages, and the various Watergate crimes, you can safely and accurately say there are a lot fewer criminals and degenerates in every group of 100 bikers than there are in every group of 100 politicians.

HCR 82 is the primary brainchild of Rep. Robert Walker of Pennsylvania. You can write Walker care of the House of Representatives, Washington, DC 20515. While you're at it, drop a line to your own senators and representatives and remind them that they haven't yet succeeded in making it illegal for bikers to vote. You might also remind them that there's an election next November and that their position on HCR 82 might have a lot to do with how you and everyone you know casts their ballots.

Why anyone would make up the kind of bullshit that is reflected in HCR 82 is hard to fathom. The only possible explanation is fear. Not fear of the horrors they have accused us of — they know that stuff isn't true — but fear of what we are, fear of the free and proud life we live. And that might be the most tragic thing about this whole anti-biker campaign — the fact that those individuals elected to safeguard this country's great liberties should be so afraid of them.

— Boomer

H. CON. RES. 82

Continued from page 11

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs have systematically abused public welfare programs for personal gain; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gangs have used their illegally gained profits to take control of legitimate business enterprises and to drive lawful business owners out of business; and

Whereas outlaw motorcycle gang members, through their size, power, and ability to cross State boundaries, pose formidable and overwhelming problems for local and State law enforcement officials; and

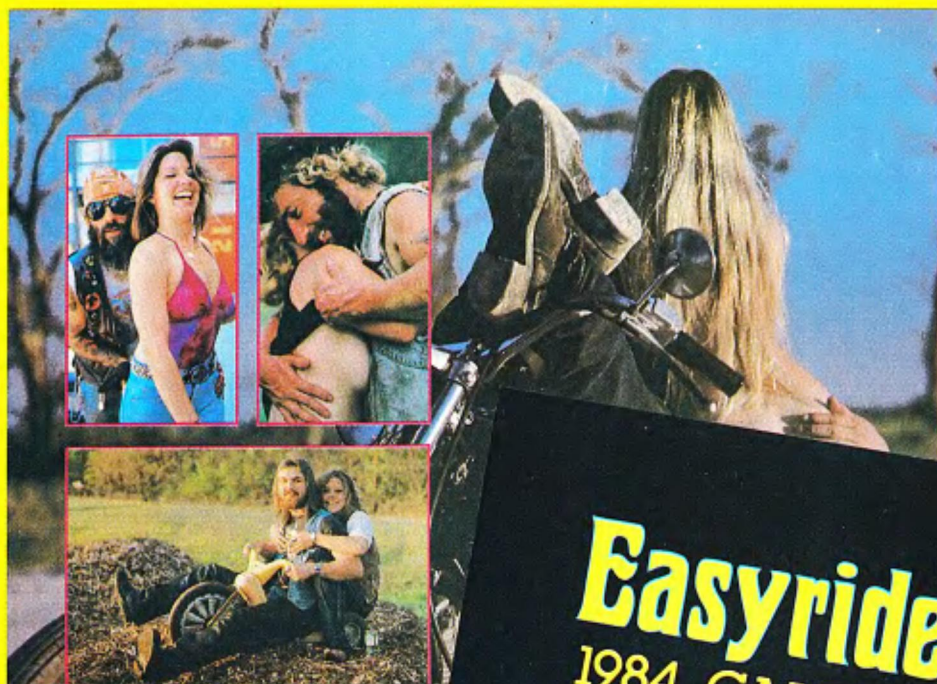
Whereas an immediate effort must be made on the Federal level to recognize outlaw motorcycle gangs as an organized criminal threat throughout the United States; and

Whereas the President and the Attorney General have the authority to coordinate the national fight against organized crime; Now, therefore, be it *Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring)*, That the President —

(1) should establish a Federal strike force to investigate Federal crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs who commit such crimes, and to assist State and local law enforcement agencies in the investigation and prosecution of members of outlaw motorcycle gangs; and

(2) should implement a program in each judicial district of the United States to investigate Federal crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs and to prosecute members committing such crimes. ■



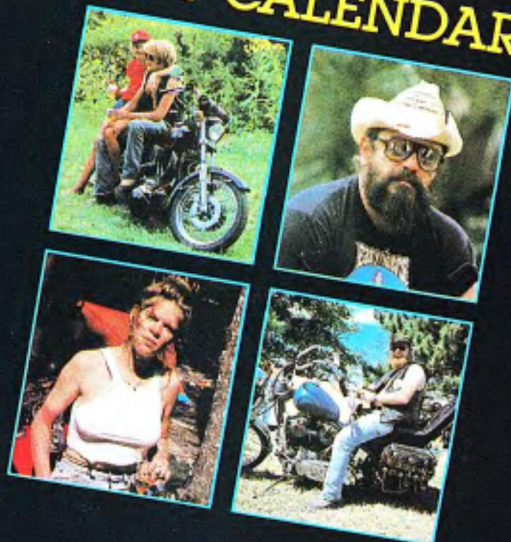


FEBRUARY

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday
				1
5	6	7	8	
12 Lincoln's Birthday	13	14 Valentine's Day	15 Pitt Moon	
19	20 Washington's Birthday (Observed)	21	22 Washington's Birthday	
26	27	28	29	

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