

Easyriders®

April 1984
\$2.50

A Steam Harley?

***Lookin' Back At
The Motor Maids***

History Of Beer

A Rat Knuckle

**Feds Plot Against
Carpet Gophers!**

Largest Knockers Ever!

Bodacious Fiction!



**Here's Another
Backwards Issue!**



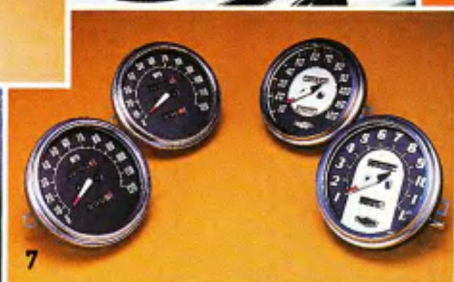
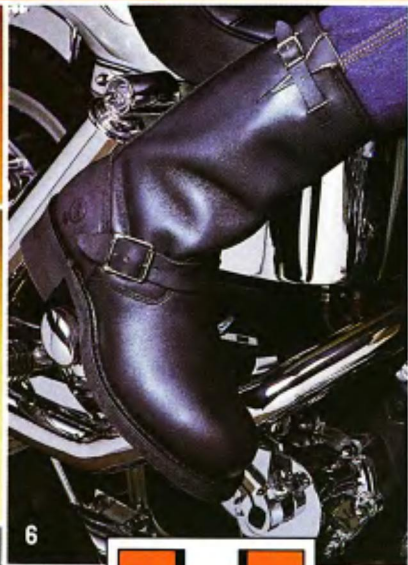
Make sure your Harley has "THE RIGHT STUFF"

Of all the Harleys on the road today only a select few have "The Right Stuff". In the future it will take much more to contend in the battle of the street, and those with "The Right Stuff" will dominate that street.

Custom Chrome has "The Right Stuff" and it has made us the fastest growing supplier of motorcycle parts and accessories in the world.

For you and your machine the future begins today with:

1. Black Diamond™ Footpegs
2. Chrome master cylinder, mirror and Soft Touch™ Grips
3. Leather saddlebags and sissybar bags
4. Chrome caliper and support accessories
5. Eagle™ Batteries
6. Gorilla™ Boots
7. Speedometers
8. Nose cone gear covers
9. Nylabraid™ Hose Cover and accessories
10. Tappet Blocks.



CUSTOM CHROME™

16160 Caputo Drive Morgan Hill, California 95037

WHATDAFUCK?

HEY, BROS, BETTER DIG OUT YER TOOT AN' TEQUILA STASH CAUSE IT'S APRIL FOOL'S ISSUE TIME AGAIN. THAT'S RIGHT, YOU GO TO THE BACK OF THE FRONT. SPIDER'S A SADIST - BUT HAVE FUN.



GENERAL STORE

The **GENERAL STORE** advertising space is available only in 1" and 2 1/2" x one-column sizes. Black-and-white camera-ready copy only. No coupons. Minimum of three consecutive insertions. Payment for first insertion must be received in advance, with ad copy. All ads subject to publisher's approval.

Rates (per insertion) are: 1-inch — \$185; 2 1/2-inches (1/12th page) — \$410.

These special rates do not allow us to extend frequency discounts or agency commissions. **NEED MORE INFORMATION?** Contact: General Store, (213) 889-8740.

HARLEY PARTS
Shipped Nationwide Daily
CALL (312) 848-6366
Visa/MasterCard/COD
For your free catalog, send us your name & address & a buck for postage.
Illinois Harley-Davidson Sales, Inc.
6510 Roosevelt Rd., Oak Park, IL 60304

TATTOO SUPPLIES
World's finest tattooing equipment
Fast, reliable service —
10,000 tattooers can't be wrong
100-Page Color Catalog, \$3. Foreign, \$5.
Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc.
Dept. CSER, New Scotland Road
Voorheesville, New York 12186 USA

Scooters MOTORCYCLE ACCESSORIES
T-SHIRTS, CAPS, EMBLEMS, PINS,
BLUE DOT LENS & MORE!!
FREE CATALOG
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HEAVY DUTY Industrial Fiber Glass Fenders
WideGlide Ducktail \$49.95
New Style Front & Rear \$79.95
White Gelcoat Finish - Road Tested & Proven
send M.O. SUGAR CREEK IND. INC.
+ \$5.00 P.O. Box 354 Linden, Ind. 47955
shipping

TATTOO REMOVING
WITH THE TATEX METHOD
The Chemical "Do-It-Yourself" Kit
WITHOUT PAIN, NEEDLES OR UGLY SCARS
The TATEX METHOD will remove any tattoo, regardless of age! Use safely in your home.
ASK FOR FREE FOLDER NO. C
TATEX LTD.
P.O. BOX 494 • PICKERING, ONTARIO L1V 2R7

NEWTON CYCLE SHOP
115 S. Kansas Avenue
Muskogee, OK 74401
(918) 283-1428

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FATBOBS 3-1/2" \$74.95 *** Super \$79.95

*XL Fatbob Tanks w/ Mounting Hardware \$119.95
*Fatbob Fenders, 74s \$ 36.95
*SAS Super Carbs \$200.00
*SAS Two-Throat Carbs \$240.00
*FX Disc Spreaders \$ 27.95
*FX - FXE - FLH
Rear Disc Brake Pads \$ 6.95
*FX Disc Brake Rotors \$ 27.95
*Free Catalog Subscription with Every Order.
The Catalog Only, Send \$2.00 Check or Money Order.
Please Enclose \$2.00 Shipping & Handling for All Orders.

Complete 74" Kickstart Kit \$79.95
Chrome \$29.95
T-Shirts \$7.95
Hours: Tuesday-Saturday, 9-6

Leather CHAPS
Guaranteed First Quality
These are top quality leather chaps, made of rugged split cowhide with heavy duty steel zippers, adjustable waist and available in four sizes.
High Size to Insure Proper Fit
SM MED LG X-LG
21 22 24 25-up
COLORS: BLACK OR BROWN
PRICE: **\$49.95**
Plus \$3.00 for Postage and Handling U.S. ONLY
When ordering, please specify quantity, color, and size. Send money order or cashier's check in U.S. funds.
Payable to: **LEATHER PRODUCTS**
P.O. Box 528 • East Hampstead, N.H. 03826
603-329-5155
MO/VA/NO Exp. Date
If you are not completely satisfied, return order as shipped for a full refund.

TRUETT & OSBORN
100% GUARANTEED
STROKER FLYWHEELS
\$170.00
96" SPORTSTERS, 110" BIG TWINS
COMPLETE ENGINE BUILDING
FOR STREET OR STRIP
SEND \$1.00 FOR CATALOG/PRICE LIST
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WICHITA, KANSAS 67216
(316) 682-4781

H-D 74 Builders & Riders
Finally, a high quality replacement for the H-D 74 Ratchet Top Tranny Dust Covers. An improved design cover that not only looks better than stock but works better too!
Hard Riders
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(419) 822-9802

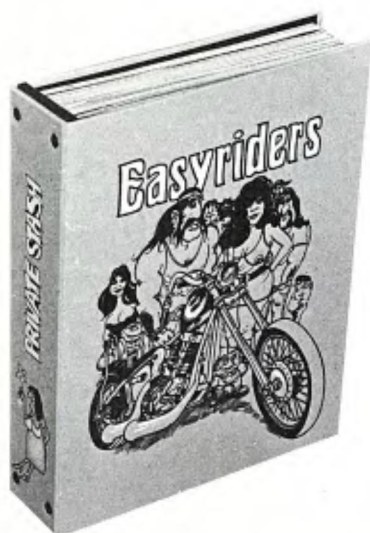
No more chroming covers & ratchet housings. Just replace the stock cover with our Triple Chrome Plated, full coverage version.
30 Day Money Back Guarantee
Only \$10.95 Postpaid
To order, send us a check or money order. Specify top or bottom facing shifter lever. For more info, write or call.

FRAME TECHNOLOGY UNLIMITED
HELI-ARC JIG WELDED
RIGID OR SWING-ARM
USA MADE SEAMLESS TUBE
ANY RAKE
ANY STRETCH
QUALITY BUILT FRAMES
GUARANTEED AGAINST WELD FAILURE STRESS CRACKS
\$299. FOB Frame Technology Unlimited
P.O. Box 116
Carlisle, Iowa 50047
SEND FOR ORDERING INFO
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

POLICE HARRASSMENT T-SHIRTS
We'll silk screen your town's name on this 50/50 poly cotton T-shirt.
Men, Women, Child-\$8.99 ea.
Baseball Shirt (Men only) \$10.99 ea.
S _ M _ L _
(XL _ Men only)
T-Shirt _ B/B shirt _
Amount _____ Name of City _____
Send to: Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Please send cheques or money orders only payable:
PUG'S T-SHIRTS All orders add \$2.99 Ship/Handling
990, 1520 - 4 St. S.W.
Calgary, Alberta Canada T2R 1H5

GRAVES QUALITY CHROME PLATING
STEEL ALUMINUM POTMETAL
We also offer nickle and gold plating.
Compare our quality, prices, and turn around time.
GRAVES PLATING COMPANY
Quality Plating Since 1945
P.O. BOX 1052 • INDUSTRIAL PARK
FLORENCE, AL 35631 • (205) 764-9487

Ben-Ther Bros Artistry 'N' Iron
Presents Another Alternative To Stock
Regular ~~\$399.00~~ **Introductory Price \$200.00**
Sale ends May 31, 1984
Features:
1) Custom Seat (with needed back support)
2) Chrome Swingarm Seat Bracket (for bolt on EZZ)
3) Custom Fatbob Fender (no molding required)
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.



CLASS BINDERS

\$10.00

plus \$2.50 for postage and handling for each binder.

Now you don't have to stash your copies of **Easyriders** in strange places in order to protect them from being harmed by someone wanting to wrap fish, line a cat box, or paper-train a dog.

All ya gotta do is get yourself the binder you see here. It'll hold twelve issues of this rag, yet will lie flat so you can go back to any issue and sneak a peak with ease.

Our binder is like no other — strictly class — none of that stereotyped, embossed, cardboard crap for our readers! Our's features scribbles by Robinson that are custom silk-screened on tough vinyl. Now how's that for liver-quiverin' class?

Mail to:
Easyriders Binders
Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301

\$10.00 each. Add \$2.50 for each binder for U.S. orders. Canada \$3.50, all foreign \$10.00 for each binder ordered. U.S. funds only.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

Dog I.Q. Test

Continued from page 18

2. a). 5 points — at least he knows his way around a split tail; b). 0 points — back-to-the-pound time for this hippie hound; c). 10 points — the dog's job is to guard that bike with his life, which means patrollin' the perimeter and lookin' for trouble; d). 4 points for attitude — but he should really know better than to get on the bike without being asked.

3. a). minus 5 points for bein' a disloyal asshole; b). 4 points for havin' the right idea; c). 7 points for takin' care of your shit. d). 10 points for realizing that you can take care of yer own shit and he can best serve ya by gettin' rid of hers.

4. a). 2 points for his survival instincts; b). 5 points for his sense of humor; c). 7 points for havin' his priorities in order; d). 10 points for bein' just like a biker.

5. a). 0 points for bein' a pussy; b). 0 points for bad attitude if he's a prospect, but 8 points for bein' ballsy if he's been around a while and is already in the family; c). 5 points — he may grow up to be President some day; d). 10 points for his comprehension of how the world turns.

DECODING THE NUMBERS

If your dog scores 42 to 50 points, he qualifies as a righteous biker mutt. Cherish the bastard 'cause he'll stand by you through thick and thin. 32 to 42 points: He may eventually make the grade if ya keep at him. 28 to 35 points: Who says average is so bad? 27 or fewer points: He should probably be inside the Alpo can — it's about all he's good for.

Still, no matter what your dog scores, don't get down on him too much. It's a pretty tough test and there are a lot of so-called human beans that have hung around here from time to time — Admiral Laundrybag and the dread Dratsab spring immediately to mind — who couldn't have passed it either. ■

Easyriders



Ass Kickin' Light Switches

Here ya are, at least — light switches that'll really turn ya on. You and your ol' lady will both get your kicks while flickin' the switch. Bitchin' nickel finish over solid "MUTHA" metal. Only \$7.95 plus \$1.25 postage. Canadian orders, please add \$1.75, and all other foreign orders, please add \$6.00 for postage and handling fees.

Make payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

Specify "Mutha" or "Biker."

Send your order to:
Lite Switches
P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, Calif. 91301

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)



"BIKER"



MUTHA PATCH

You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains — whatever.

Anyway, it's 3 bucks, 3 inches in diameter, and black 'n' white.

Thanks,
 Mutha



PAISANO PRODUCTS
 Box 1025 Agoura, California 91301

(U.S. funds only. Thank you.)

A. Oral sex — talking her into it.

The oral sex picture would sure be different if things squirted out of women — all women, everywhere. There's an old joke about getting her to chew the choad.

Q: How does a girl eat a banana?



Remember, most women develop terminal lockjaw once they've gone out with you once or twice, unless you're real marriage bait. Then the lockjaw occurs later. There are a number of ploys you can use.

1. *The beg, plead, moan, wheedle, groan, sigh, cry, whine, and whimper method.*
Object is to have her grab it in disgust and do the dirty deed in order to shut you up. Squirt as quick as you can.
2. *The obligation method.*
Perform cunnilingus until she goes into overdrive, then quickly flop around and waggle your weenie until she feels obligated to tongue your toad. Squirt as quick as you can.
3. *The slow method.*
Wine and dine her, send her flowers, be romantic. Lay on the bullshit. Tell her she's the best lay you've ever known. Hopefully she'll be tipsy enough to get into the "I'm the best lay in the world" trip. Squirt as quick as you can.
4. *The sleep job.*
Once women feel comfortable around you, you'll discover they snore — with their mouths open. (Do you get the idea?) Remember to be quick. If she wakes up, she just might bite.

B. How to get her to fuck

Ask for a blowjob. Women think of giving a blowjob as pure tedious drudgery and will generally fuck in order to avoid using their mouths. Special note: About the only time you'd get a handjob

is if you ask her to fuck, which women view as a hassle, and to avoid the possibility of having to give you a blowjob.

C. Beware of these positions

Following positions indicate she's already hearing church bells.

1. Rear-entry Television Position.
2. Missionary Telephone Position.
3. Library Position.



PART IV The Fourth F: Forgetting 'Em

Okay, fella, she sucked and she fucked — but her tea kettle played the wedding march. It's time to go back to Part I. ■



Sure, It Can Make Ya Crazy

Not bein' able to find a bike feature or tech tip ya remember from months ago can be frustrating as hell. It can make ya so crazy ya start imaginin' all sorts of weirdness. Fight this mental illness by filling in the gaps in your *Easyriders* collection with back issues from the list below. Better act fast though, before the weirdos beat ya to death with a stick.

Please Circle Issue(s) Ordered.

20, 23, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129

Send \$2.00 for each copy of *Easyriders*. U.S. orders postage paid; Canadian orders, please add \$2.00 for each issue ordered; all other foreign, please add \$3.75 for each issue ordered.

Name _____

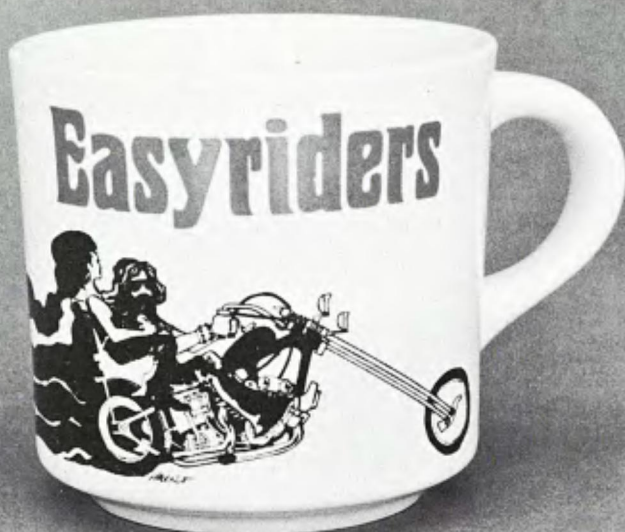
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to
Back Issues, Box 1025,
Agoura, California 91301.

Money orders must be payable in U.S. funds. Please print to avoid errors. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Here's a white porcelain coffee mug with you-know-who's logo on it. It's a heavy mug for a lifetime of use (weighs almost a pound — 12 ounces).

No cheapo Asian job — it's American-made — so thick and so strong you can drink rotgut wine from it or even that Drano your ol' lady laughingly calls coffee.

\$6.00

Plus \$1.00 extra for insurance, postage and handling in continental U.S. (Canada, Alaska, Hawaii and APO/FPO, add \$3.00 for insurance, postage and handling; foreign uninsured, add \$5.00 for postage and handling) — don't blame us, blame the post office!

Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Type E: Medium Loose



Have her cross her legs. Like sticking your dick into two pieces of Scotch-taped liver.

Type F: Loose



Place a glove on a stick and whack off. She'll get her lips caught inside.

Type G: Very Loose



Hang a piece of liver from ceiling. Fuck it without using your hands. Your balls keep falling in and get caught.

Type H: Black Hole Of Calcutta

Fuck center of an inner tube. Short of expensive surgery, only cure is to stick a ham up her, remove bone.

C. Health — Pelvic Exam

Now, while you've got her pants down, is the best time to do a quick health check. Be sure to breathe heavily as you probe, so as not to alert her to the fact that you're performing the standard pelvic exam. If she notices the rubber glove on your hand, tell her you're merely lubricating the rubber you'll be using.

1. Inspect external genitals for discoloration, sores, boils, bumps, swellings, growths or lice. Then hug her and tell her she turns you on.
2. Insert finger into vaginal canal and hit her in stomach in order to check for stress incontinence (involuntary urine flow during laughter, coughing or sneezing). Check for soft peanuts (bartholin cysts). Check pelvic floor (aka King Kong pecker-squeezing) muscles. Remove finger, smell and examine for signs of yeast infection, discharge or odd odors. Squeeze her hand and whisper in her ear that you love her.
3. Diddle her clit until she begins breathing heavily and starts involuntary hip movements. Rapidly insert finger into rectum. Hold her down while checking for lesions, hemorrhoids, and hygienic ability.
4. As always, discuss negative findings with a gynecologist, then have finger sterilized.

HELLS ANGELS ARE AMERICANS.

SHOW YOUR SUPPORT, WEAR A "HELLS ANGELS ARE AMERICANS" T-SHIRT.

In a joint effort, federal governmental agencies are calculatingly and systematically attempting to disband the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club in America.

These agencies have denied us due process; they have violated our rights guaranteed all Americans by the First Amendment of the Constitution, which includes freedom of religion, freedom of association and life style. If they can do it to us, they can do it to all Americans. Help us stop selective prosecution, and the systematic persecution of the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club. Send us \$10.00 or more donation to our Defense Fund and we will send you a T-shirt FREE! Send us \$15.00 or more donation and we will send you a sweat shirt or thermal top FREE! We will send you FREE

Keep America Free — Support Your Local Hells Angels Bumper Sticker with order of 2 shirts.



EAST COAST
Defense Fund
P.O. Box 10071
Collinwood Station
Cleveland, OH 44110

WEST COAST
Defense Fund
1042 E. Main
#228
Ventura, CA 93001

STYLES	QTY	SIZE	COLOR	DONATION
MEN'S T-SHIRTS Colors: White, Red, Black, Lt. Blue Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
MEN'S TANK TOPS Colors: White, Red, Black, Lt. Blue Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
LADIES' FRENCH CUT Colors: White, Red, Black, Lt. Blue Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
LADIES' TANK TOPS Colors: White, Red, Black, Lt. Blue Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
ADULT SWEAT SHIRTS Colors: Navy, Red, Grey Sizes: S - M - L DONATION: \$15.00				
ADULT THERMALS Colors: Black, Off-White, Red Sizes: S - M - L DONATION: \$15.00				
ADULT RINGERS Colors: White w/ Navy Trim White w/ Red Trim Lt. Blue w/ Navy Trim Grey w/ Black Trim Sizes: S - M - L - XL DONATION: \$10.00				
KIDS' T-SHIRTS Colors: White, Red, Black, Grey Sizes: S - M - L DONATION: \$10.00				
No Personal Checks, No C.O.D.'s All Dealer Inquiries Welcome Make Money Orders Payable To: Defense Fund				
TOTAL				

For \$1.00 or more donation we will send you a Bumper Sticker FREE!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

PART III

The Third F: Fucking 'Em

Women will fuck — but only because if they don't, they'll sit home and never get married.

Easyriders SILK-SCREENED T-SHIRTS

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. 38



Design
No. 05



Design
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
California residents, add 6% sales tax.				Tax
				Total

EASYRIDERS SILK-SCREENED T-SHIRTS

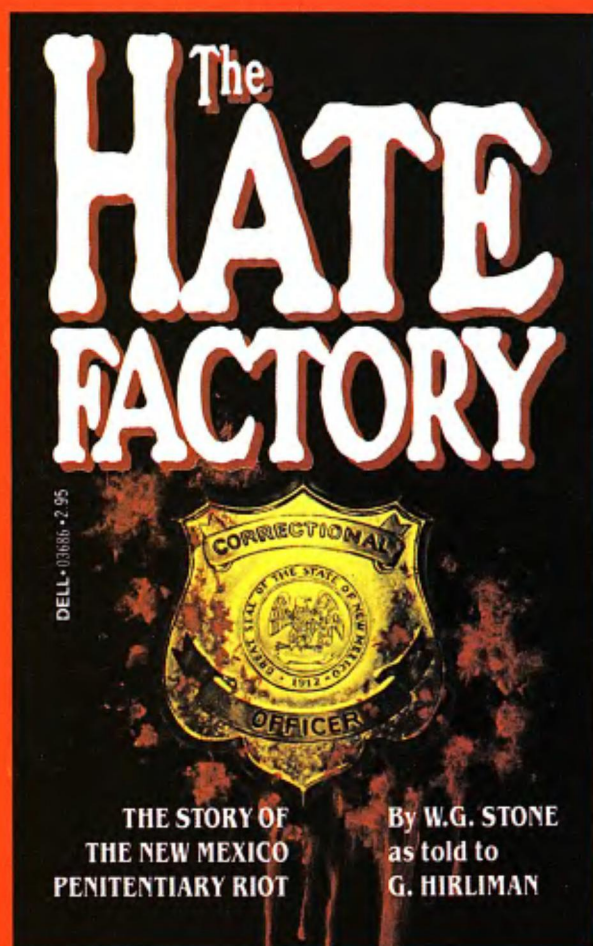
P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

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

appears, she has kids and is looking for a daddy for 'em. If chocolate milk appears, she has cancer and so does your mouth now.

5. Her Twat

Also referred to as beaver, bush, bearded clam, woze, crack, cunt, fur-burger, hair pie, fur pie, hole, love tunnel, muff, poontang, pussy, —, slit, snatch.

A. Panties

You've gotten this far, so check out her panties to get an idea of who you're dealing with. Panties will give you a quick idea of the bullshit level she's been feeding you. Printed or sewn-on sayings, such as "Hot and Juicy," indicate a warm weenie soon, while "This Space For Rent" means it'll cost you \$20. A day of the week sewn on her panties will indicate her hygiene level, especially if her panties say "Monday" and it's Thursday.

B. Genitals

As important as they are, age and gravity cause little change. Criteria for judging vulva beauty is low, so you need a deformity or hermaphroditic case to find a really ugly set. Children will affect grip factor. Hair will get coarser and heavier. Following is genital types with corresponding tightness and what it would feel like. Use standard middle finger test.

Type A: No Good



Asshole! You forgot to remove her pantyhose! Like sticking dick through window panel.

Type B: Extremely Tight

Either she's underage, or you're in the wrong hole. Like pushing dick into smallest hole of pencil sharpener.

Type C: Tight

Will screw up your ability to last. You'll be nicknamed "quick shot" unless you can memorize and recite all H-D eng. serial numbers & specs for years 1936-1983. Like your first.

Type D: Medium

The perfect fit. Like sticking your dick between two greased balloons.

masses of fibrous tissue connected to glandular lobes. Each day means more connecting tissue breakdown.



D. Tit Testing

1. Droop ratio, by age and volume; note nipple movement.
2. Firmness — check which best describes those mams you're munching on. Total results and see checklist.

A. Her Breasts Are As

Large as:

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| a. canteloupes | 3 |
| b. peaches | 2 |
| c. plums | 1 |
| d. raisins | 0 |

B. Her Breasts Are As

Firm as:

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| a. a motorcycle seat | 3 |
| b. hamburger buns | 2 |
| c. marshmallows | 1 |
| d. melted butter | 0 |

Results:

- 6 — Tits are enough to keep her.
- 5 — Good tits and she's studied with Linda Lovelace.
- 4 — She should have a real good job.
- 3 — She'd better own a 'Vette, be receiving big alimony.
- 2 — She'd better be filthy rich, dying of an incurable disease and have named you in her will.
- 1 — You took too much acid when younger, commit yourself.
- 0 — You'd better check again and make sure she's not a he.

E. Tit Checklist

1. Examine tits under *full* light (no candles, red lights, romantic mood lighting) and when totally sober.
Look for: hair bumps indicating plucked hairs, moles, warts, veins, stretch marks, glued-on falsies.
2. Moisten nipple, blow to check erectibility.
3. Will she agree to exercise to keep tits firm?
Will she agree to surgery to keep tits firm?
4. Suck on nipple. If white liquid

Finest Quality

Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mug

\$13.95 each

includes postage and handling

Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality — a functional conversation piece if ever there was one. They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos — these are individually made outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed. Order yours today from **Mackenzie Company, Skull Mug**, Box 8025, Calabasas, California 91302

Heavy! It's Big!
(Weighs two pounds!)
(Holds 1 quart.)



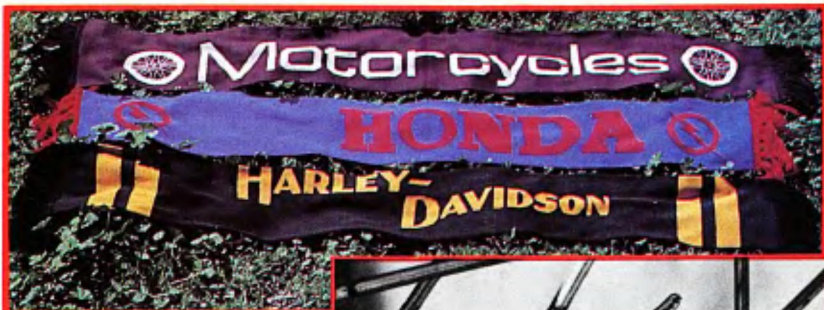
Please print your name and address to avoid errors. Check or money order payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Armed forces, please add \$1.50 for additional postage. Mugs are sent insured.

I.R.S. Ltd.



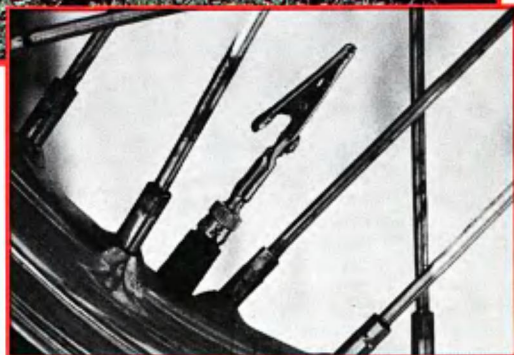
Holiday Scarf Sale

Five foot Riding Scarves only \$10.50 plus postage and handling



Rollin' Roach Clips

The original motorcycle roach clips. They're functional and add class to any scooter. They're show-chromed and we'll ship 'em out for only \$4.50 apiece, plus 50¢ postage and



Send orders to: I.R.S. Limited, Department E, P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91359. California residents add 6% for the State. APO, FPO and overseas orders add \$4.00 for additional postage. T-shirt \$8.00 plus \$1.50 postage and handling. (indicate size).

Distinctive Biker Accessories.

CAP IT WITH THIS

A top-quality **Easyriders** baseball cap to add some class to that nobby gourd of yours. Each cap contains a two-color **Easyriders** patch right on the front, is made of the finest materials, and adjusts to fit every skull. To get one, just tell us whether you want the **summer hat** (netted back) or the **winter hat** (solid fabric) and send \$8 to **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. We pay postage in U.S. and Canada; other countries, enclose \$2 extra for postage. U.S. funds only.

FOR COLD RIDIN' WEATHER!

A custom-designed, knitted scarf for warm ridin' anywhere. It's 6 feet long and 7¼ in. wide — long enough to put around your throat twice and have enough left over to protect your (or her) chest. It's black and orange (what else?) and costs only

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

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

Ol' Lady Lot

Continued from page 24

3. Warning

A. Warning Signs Of Future Fat:

1. Clothes are too tight — seams hum like bridge cables stretched to breaking point.
2. Unable to sit for fear of cutting off circulation.
3. Will insist on absolute darkness for sex.
4. Hair, eyes, nails are gorgeous. These do not get fat.
5. At a restaurant, she says she's not hungry, but she eats the parsley that comes with her cottage cheese.
6. She likes your pot-gut.

4. Tits

As you know, tits are only two parts of a woman. Many a proud prow is in reality nothing more than special effects, and many's the guy who's been so impressed with the dressing that he's paid no attention to the salad underneath.

A. Typical Items To Make Tits Bigger

1. Kleenex
2. inflatable bath toys
3. Kaiser rolls
4. soft balls
5. goldfish in bags

B. Tit Types

Tits have a language of their own and reveal a great deal about her. Keep your eyes and hands wide open.



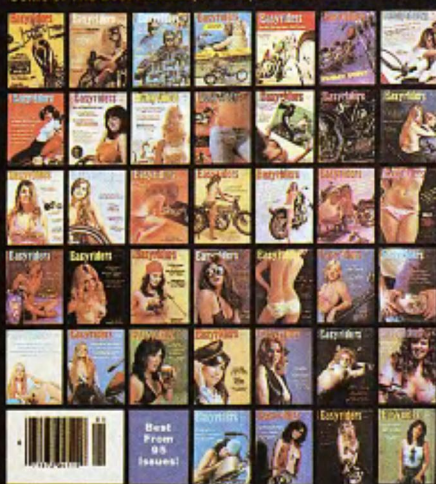
C. Nipple Types

Remember, tits are merely

Special 10th Anniversary Issue! 176 Pages!

Easyriders

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



THE BEST FROM 95 ISSUES

Easyriders

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



ONE

From Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California, 91301. Just send \$3.00 per copy, specify which issue

TWO

(one or two); check or money order; U.S.A. add \$1.00 for postage & handling, Canada \$2.00, and foreign \$7.00.

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

TOUGH GLOVES



Heavy gloves, tough enough to ward off the elements. Insulated for cold weather or summer wear. Can be ordered with Kal Stars or plain; black or brown; at the ridiculously low price of \$26.00, plus \$2 for shipping. Please state glove size: small, medium, or large.



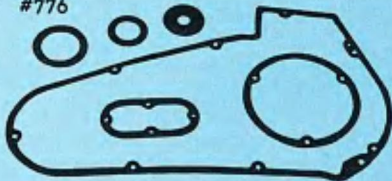
Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

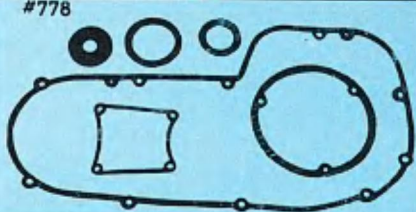
RECYCLABLE RUBBER GASKETS

Recyclable primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Primary cover for all Hog 74s and 80s from '75 to present, including R, S & T series, only \$10 a set.

#776



#778



FLICK-A-HIGH™

Carved mahogany. Unscrew handle for self-lighting pipe with replaceable Bic. Also built-in spoon, stash cap, and joint adaptor. Converts to cue and short stick. Cane Pipe/Pool Stick \$49.95 — Separate: Pipe \$19.95, Pipe Glove \$19.95, Umbrella Pipe \$29.95, Cane Pipe \$24.95. Add \$2.50 shipping. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Allow four weeks for delivery. Please print your name and address to avoid errors.

Mackenzie Company

Box 8025
Calabasas, California 91302
Cane Pipe Cane Pipe/Pool Stick



SAY IT!

T-shirts that'll blow minds

Capable of Evading High Speed Pursuit

FUCK OFF

Give them the message with our new shirt, or put 'em in their place with our original design. New design in any color; our other shirt is available in white on black or black on white. Specify which color, which style (F-shirt or new) and what size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$10, plus 75¢ postage and handling.

California residents add 6% for The Man.

F-Shirts
Box 367
Oakview, Calif. 93022

Dealer inquiries invited.

MONGER

Continued from page 9

they can dry out and bleed. Ex-Lax is terrible for hemis. It leads to body dependence, and pretty soon you won't be able to take a shit without it. Try to use something more natural like Metamucil or try eating lots of fruits and drinking fruit juices. Catnip and witch hazel are very good astringents for the burning and itching. Steep the catnip like tea (½ hour) and mix with the witch hazel. You can get it at the store — it comes in a flat bottle, so it's easy to carry around. Soak a clean cotton ball and swab the affected area. When you're at home, you can keep it in the fridge and it's easy and convenient to take on runs. Try this, and remember, a happy butthole makes a happy person.

T.L.F.
Portland, Ore.

Either Ear

☐ Just who the fuck is "Little Jer" (November '83)? Short for Little Jerk, I'll bet.

Wearin' an earring in your right or left ear doesn't mean shit. Now that every mutha-fucker and his uncle wear one, some of us (me, in particular) wear 'em in our right ear to be different.

Bein' a bikin' fool means freedom to do what the fuck we want without any smart-mouth asshole makin' cracks about how we do it.

Hot Plug
Denver, Colo.

☐ In reply to "Pissed" in the January issue: Right on, bro. Fuck those shitheads who think "left is right and right is wrong." Like you said, earrings are a sign of nonconformity. If someone says you should put an earring in your left ear, they're defeating the initial purpose. So get your ol' lady to cook ya up a raisin pie. You deserve it.

Steven Loker
Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

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. ■

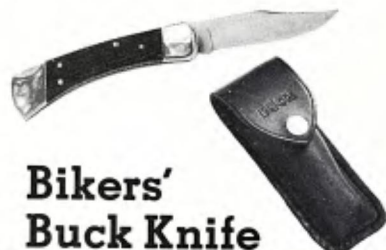


I.R.S. Ltd.



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

Scooter Wallet



Bikers' Buck Knife

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



Rollin' Roach Clip

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

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



ALL NEW Wrist Watch Band

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

I•R•S Limited

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

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

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)

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)

Motorcycle license plate collector needs your old plates for collection. Need not be from a Harley; will accept any plate, especially Hawaii, Alaska, and east of Mississippi. Postage refunded. Jim, 161 Troy Ave., Raton, NM 87740. (130)

Hard-ridin' white Harley tramp lookin' for that special lady to warm my p-pad this summer. If you're into playin' head games, don't bother writin'. Want someone who's sincere, loving, and enjoys ridin', partyin' and sex. Could lead to permanent relationship. Send photo and letter to Jammer, Box 486, Andover, MA 01810. (130)

Come too fast? Last longer with Sexual Solutions or money back! "Damn fine book": Hustler; "Best we've seen": Playboy. \$9.95 payable to Self-Care Associates, 55 Sutter St., #645-B, San Francisco, CA 94104. (130)

Need money? Ladies, are you on the road in the Southeast and in need of a little extra traveling money? Two-piece dancing jobs are available at the Sassy Lady. Work a few days, a few weeks, or indefinitely. Contact George at (919) 483-7258, between 5 and 11 p.m., or write to us at 475 1/2 Hay St., Fayetteville, NC 28301. (130)

Two T-shirts for Vietnam veterans only! (1) "I'm A Vietnam Veteran" shirt is red with yellow lettering. (2) "We're Heroes Too" shirt is white with black lettering and the Vietnam Service Medal in four colors. Send \$8, plus \$1 postage and handling for each shirt ordered, to Coco Company, Box 8428, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (130)

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)

Switchblade Knife Book: Facts, photos, sources, \$8. Tanz, Box 14221, Pittsburgh, PA 15239. (130)

Untraceable remains, 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)

Youngen: Happy birthday, 2/14/48; happy wedding anniversary, 2/19/80! We are "one" no matter how far apart we are. Hang in there. It won't be long till we can see each other, be together, and be in the wind. I love you, babe. Your loving wife, Lynn (Shitass). (130)

Professional Tattooing Handbook: Diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, removing formulas, expert instruction. 72 pages, illustrated; \$22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-S, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (130)

Land, \$200; houses, \$1200, acreage. Send \$2 for information, photos, maps. "Owner," Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (130)

White male, 35, doing life. Looking for real contact with positive woman. Letters will be answered and visits encouraged. Guy E. Williams, Box C-35148, Tamal, CA 94974-0001. (130)

Harley-Davidson 1940 flathead 80; 1932 VL 74. Both stock. Send \$3 for photos and detailed information. Serious only. K.C. Taylor, 244 Bluewater Dr., Parker, AZ 85344. (130)

Mickey: Happy Valentine's Day! Love. Shannon, Jenni, and Drew. (130)

Fleck: Happy birthday, 5/12, Jim. You're the best thing that ever happened to me. Let me fill your life with love and happiness forever. I love ya, handsome, more than words can say! Lisa. (130)

27, 6', 160, brown curly hair, brown eyes. Seeking lonely ladies to write; will answer all. James Castellano, C-67064, Box A-5200 CMC, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (130)

Big, hairy hog-ridin' w/m, 33, from central N.Y., seeks lady to share the simple pleasures of life. Tiny, c/o MCMC, Box 481, Brewerton, NY 13029. (130)

Tattooing Colors: 17 fast-healing and extremely bright colors! For a sample of each, send \$21 to S&W Tattooing, Box 263, East Northport, NY 11731. (134)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-EAS, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711. (130)

Lonely scooter bro needs companion to share the wind, road, sunsets, and high times. Prefer blondes, 18-28, ready to relocate to the heart of Northern Cal. Must love to raise a little hell and rock 'n' roll to ZZ Top. Have two goals in mind: to make Sturgis every year possible and keep me and my pit bull happy. I own my home and pre-'69 black shovel with 16" apehangers, 5-gallon fatbobs, rigid frame, 4-over wide glide. If this is your life, let's get together and enjoy together. Contact Hoss, 9446 Lansdowne Dr., Stockton, CA 95210. Pictures, please. Waiting for you. P.S. No success, big-mouth bitches with an attitude — and no tanks. (130)

W/m, 43, looking for "Miss Right" for permanent relationship. Intelligence a must. Charles E. Case, Box B64891, Repressa, CA 95671. (130)

Tall, dark and handsome Latin lover, mid-30s, would like to correspond and meet girls to fulfill their sexual fantasies. Send pics and describe your fantasy. Will answer all. Amigo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (130)

W/m, 24, 6', 190 lbs., brown/blue, a bargain at any price, looking for someone sincere — looks unimportant. A letter and photo will receive the same. Michael Speiser, C-68970, CTF-C, O-Wing 347, Box 686, Soledad, CA 93960. (130)

1964 Sportster CH, original owner, still showroom-new, under 5000 original miles, "never been down," \$4175. Box 1017, Yelm, WA 98597. (130)

Muff Gram: Sexy panties worn just for you. That special something from me to you. Send \$10 money order to Muffin, Box 869, Hopkins, MN 55343. Love, Muffie. (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)

Wanted: Good-hearted chick with a little time to spare who would like to drop me a line. Michael Darwin 58704-A, Box WR, Green Bay, WI 54305. (130)

Doing time: Want to earn some money? Here's a no-bullshit plan that really works. If you can write a letter, you can do this. Something anyone can do. This is already working for me and it will for you! If you're not locked up, this makes a great gift to send to someone you care about who is. Nothing else to buy! For complete, detailed step-by-step instructions, send \$3.75 (money order only), payable to: Chief Clerk's Office — Acc. of Marion McKee 37954-A. Mail to Marion McKee 37954-A, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (130)

Chops: Happy 13th, babe. You've made my life worth livin' — and words just ain't shit to tell you how much you really mean to me. Love ya! M.D. (130)

White male, 34, 6', 156 lbs., brown hair/eyes, single, nice-looking, warm, sincere, wishes to correspond with and meet mature woman for meaningful relationship. Age and appearance second to her having a positive personality. Presently incarcerated, but expect release in several months. Please write. Harry E. Waterstraat 146176, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (130)

Help! Two lonely Texans doing time, need letters from kind, level-headed women. No game players, please. Both of us will be out in a year. Women who send pictures will receive a flick in return. All letters will receive a prompt answer. Please send letters to Richard Whaley 298407 (white, 25, 6', 170 lbs., green eyes, dark-brown hair), and David Wallis 352456 (white, 21, 5'7", 160 lbs., hazel eyes, light-brown hair), Rt. 1, Box 100, Navasota, TX 77868. P.S. Bret Jones: Drop me a line. Rich. (130)

Make money by the minute, around the clock, for doing paperwork at home 8 hours a week. Grows to a lifetime income. Totally new, ultra-modern project unlike anything before. Still ground-floor. No experience or education requirements. 10,500 people already doing. Division of major U.S. corporation. For details, dial (216) 452-2171, 24 hrs./7 days. Ask for Ext. H363. (130)

Easygoing, good-looking white male, 21, 6'2", 196 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. Strong and sure enough smooth. Needs young lady, 17-25. Been down 2 1/2 years, out soon. Send picture and get mine. Jim Knight, Box 500-B, Tell City, IN 47586-0500. (130)

Help wanted: Down like dirt, but will be up like dust in a few. Want to hear from ladies in Ohio area who would be willing to visit. Age and looks unimportant; heart is! Me? I can show you better than I can tell you. Will send photo to all who do the same. Jimmy "The Kid" Corrin 154-696, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. (130)

Biker would like to meet lady who would be relocatable to Arizona to build good life on country-oriented acres or self-sufficient homestead. Chuck, 1203 North 15th, Melrose Park, IL 60160. (130)

Proud w/m, Scorpio-born, 20, 6', 140 lbs., blond, blue/green. Looking for honest ol' lady, 18-25, good-looking, 5'4" to 5'9", slim. No games, drugs, or other bullshit. I'm honest and sincere and expect same. If in area, write, send pic. Carl Langlie, 7323 Independence #17, Canoga Park, CA 91306. (130)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 24631. (130)

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 pros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (138)

Cyclops is taking photos of bikers, tattooed people, and events in the Northeast for a possible book. Would you like to be in this book? Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for details. RFD 1, Box 119, Franklin, NH 03235. (131)

Greg: Happy birthday (3/10/51) to the man with the most gorgeous coodatz in the world! Love. Lorie. (130)

Swingers want biker tramps for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime: 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (130)

Tattooing outfits, Professional electric machine, inks, designs (no batteries needed), \$102.50. 17 different tattooing inks, \$17.95. 24 design sheets, 11x14, \$24. Steele, Box 242-S, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (130)

Hey, bros! Have biker-loving girls call you today! Send name, phone number and best time to call. Lynne, Box 7425-ER, Chicago, IL 60680. (131)

Low Riders: Learn how to become an X-rated star! Natural fun, good money. Call Darlene Dawn, 1-312-262-6900. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (132)

Tattoos by Lou's in Fayetteville, N.C., is right on your way to the Daytona Bike Week. Just swing off I-95 at the Fayetteville business loop exit and you're one minute away from a refuel, a cold brew, and a quality tattoo. Come on in and see us. 475 Hay St., (downtown) Fayetteville, NC 28301. Phone 919-483-1222.

W/m, 36, 6', 190 lbs., macho-appearing. I'm kind of wild and crazy sometimes, but age is slowing me up a bit and my damn big heart is beginning to show. I sincerely need an understanding, devoted woman. We'll forget our pasts and build our future together. Tom Egan, 1855 Campground Rd., Wells-ville, OH 43968. (130)

Government jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,364 to \$50,112. Call (216) 842-6000, Ext. 33859. (130)

Super-lonely 30-yr.-old w/m looking for marriage-minded ladies, any age. No head games; kids okay. Am serious about starting a relationship with the right lady. Your picture gets your letter answered first, and my picture in return. Shakir Amin 10719, 3405 Deer Park Dr. S.E., Salem, OR 97310. (130)

Swap meet: March 11, Okla. Fairgrounds, Okla. City; 11 to 5. (130)

Pirate: Happy birthday, 5/13. Here's to many more in our new life together. Love ya, babe. Karl "Mrs. Pirate." (130)

Come on, all you pretty little ladies, drop this poor white boy a line. I'm down for 8 with 4 long, hard ones to do. I'm 34, 6', 175 lbs., brown hair and brown eyes, and people tell me I look like Marty Robbins. All letters will be answered, but those with a picture will be answered first. Help me do this bit with just a letter. Maurice Depper, A-76023, Box 500, Vandalia, IL 62471. (130)

Lonely white boy needs letters and flicks from sweet, sincere lady. I'm 23, 6'3", 200 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Nine months to the pad, wife couldn't hang. Looking for possible relationship; no head games. No Polaroids. Hassel Davis, C-14795, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (130)

Tattoo Coloring Book: \$3 ppd. — quantity discount. Dinah, Box 7133, Santa Rosa, CA 95407. (130)

"Bikers Do It Between Their Legs" bumper sticker, \$3. RAP, 1325 Cardinal, Florissant, MO 63031. (130)

American pit bulldogs: The ultimate protection dog! Pet, companion and guard dog all in one. Puppies available; adult dogs occasionally open for bid. Medlin/Teal, Boudreaux and Zebo bloodlines, inbred and outcrosses. ADBA and/or UKC registered with breeders' pedigree. Shots/wormed; healthy. Not intended for any illegal purposes. If you drive an American-made scooter, you need an American-made dog to protect it! For further information and photographs, send \$3 (applied to any purchase) to J. Barbee, Box 18672, Charlotte, NC 28218. (704) 536-7742. (130)

Swap meet: March 18, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo.; 11-5. (130)

Happy 32nd birthday, Sweet Baby James. Love you. Peaches. (130)

Young Harley rider, 34, working man, full-grown, tall, tight, slender, well-built, brown hair, blue eyes, 'stache, good looks, hung, a couple tattoos, ex-Marine, non-outlaw free rider with nothing to prove, needs a righteous, upstanding Harley woman to pack behind him on his cherished black shovel; share life, partying, runs, sun, rock 'n' roll, lust, laughter, highs, rough roads and smooth, hot sex, and prime time in the wind and out with a damned good man she can count on and who can count on her. Tired of whiners, smartasses, weak sisters and wannabes. Just an honest, strong, no-bullshit man looking for an honest, no-bullshit ol' lady who can make a home for this hot-blooded working man, keep his crank well-oiled and his scooter polished, has her head together, knows what she wants and needs and who she is, can house mouse a little and still hold her own in a titty contest, and is ready for a good man to settle to. If that's you and you can hack L.A. for a while before we go find that house in the woods, get a letter and photo to Rimsley, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (130)

Class act: Down for a few minutes and looking for sweet, sincere, lovable lady. W/m, blond and blue. Will answer all. Roy Tabor, Box 128, KSP, Eddyville, KY 42038. (130)

Ladies: It's cold, dark and lonely at nights when you're down. Help ease the pain of loneliness. Please share your sweet words of love and tenderness with this down and lonely man. W/m, 28, 6'4", 225 lbs., thick black hair and brown eyes. Alvin Cooper 148600, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (130)

W/m, 35, been riding 19 years — new '83 FXRT. 40 country acres in southeast Michigan, steady provider looking for sincere relationship with a sweetheart who wants to be taken care of. Letter, pic, phone to: Michigan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90365. (130)

Never back down from a bully again. Not boxing, not karate, not judo — but a combination of all the deadliest forms of self-defense. Rush \$6.25, plus 80¢ postage, to Faro, Box 146, Eagan, MN 55122. (130)

Sensuous white male looking for ladies who are seeking the right man. 25, 6', 195 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, temporarily incarcerated and lonely. I won't be a waste of your time. Tom Wilson 14805, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702-0607. (130)

Good-looking Harley man, 6'3", 195 lbs., dark hair and eyes, herpes. Wants foxy, petite redhead or blonde, 5'2", or under, for life mate. Age unimportant. No drugs or heavy drinkers. Send photo. Mike, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (130)

Looking for lonely gal to write. Neil Edward Darrow, San Quentin, CA 94964. (130)

Shilo: Happy "2nd" birthday, babe, 3/1/82. We love ya. Pam and Rat. (130)

Tattooing Outfits: Professional instruction manuals, lowest prices. Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-S, Colorado Springs, CO 80901.

W/m, 30, 6'2", 225 lbs., needs w/f rider for road trip this June 3 to June 15, from western Pa. to Florida. Prefer you to be in your twenties, fair to good-looking, a nice figure, and good company. Please send a recent photo, phone number and address to Doc, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (130)

Fingers: Happy 30th birthday, 2/26/84. Well, I've got mine (Xmas 1979), so now you've got to get yours so we can ride side by side. 1985 is only 1 year away. Luv ya. Yer ol' lady. (130)

Thomas J. Hoffman: Here's to you — March 7th. Smoochoo! Happy birthday! It's so good to be in your arms again! Love, Sandi. Cheers! (130)

Lonesome's Bikers' Prose: Something for everyone. Send \$3 to Lonesome's Bikers' Prose, Box 15, New Lebanon, OH 45345. (4 to 6 weeks for delivery.)

White Southern man, 34, black/blue, searching for that special someone, desires correspondence from ladies who are sincere from the heart. Earl M. Green, Box 128, KSP, Eddyville, KY 42038. (130)

Lisa Ann: Have a bitchin' new year! Hope to see ya in '84. Skip Leader. (130)

Hermit: Roses are red, violets are blue. I can't wait to get my hands on you! Until then, I love you. Your lady in moccasins and mink. (130)

Northern Cal. Bay Area: Looking for a genuine hard-riding Harley man. Don't bother if you're over 25 — fuck off if under 21. Honest, sincere, open-minded, please reply. Slim, 5'6" w/f, 21. C.R. c/o VAMC, Box V-28, Palo Alto, CA 94304.

W/m Sagittarian biker, 31, 6', 175 lbs., well-built, brown eyes, hair and beard. Seeks w/f, 18-27, unattached and open-minded, who would like to hook up with a righteous ol' man. My life is my sled, my sled is my life. If you can dig it, shoot a kite and flick to Chezy, 2520 116th St., Toledo, OH 43611. Bullshitters, drunks or junkies need not waste the time.

Handmade holsters and riding gear. We'll make or repair your leather goods — and tell you about our 2-wheel weekend retreats. Send \$1 for estimates and info to Stone Age, Box 406, Newark, NY 14513. (130)

White male, 39, 5'7", 155 lbs., has sold his business and is looking to possibly relocate. Looking for white female over 23, must desire life and be open to the word. Past unimportant; children welcome. Box 1765, St. Paul, MN 55111.

W/m, 35, 5'6", 135 lbs., rides. I have a good attitude adjustment toward myself and life and seek a woman with her head screwed on straight. No games, junkies, pot smokers, pill users, bi's or overweights; social drinker okay. What you want is what you may get. Send picture along with letter or forget it! Charles G. Godfrey, 54 Greenwich St., Apt. 3L, Hempstead, NY 11550. (130)

Incarcerated 25-year-old Mexican-American, 5'11", 175 lbs., will be out soon. Seeking correspondence with serious-minded young ladies. Send picture in first letter. Gilbert Argumaniz 317936, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. (130)

Ladies over 18 who would like to write to, and possibly visit, a Folsom prisoner for friendship, relationship, etc., write to Joe Jefferies, Box C-27838, Represa, CA 95671. (130)

Wheels: Happy anniversary, 3/29/84. I will ride behind you forever. Love you. Gidget. (130)

Professional tattoo machines, \$100 each. West Coast Tattoo, 507 South Main, Los Angeles, CA 90013. (130)

Cherokee: Happy anniversary, 12/17. Sorry for the way I left. Love you always. Remember me. Fishman. (130)

Two attractive and intelligent sisters, 22 and 25, moving to Texas in late spring. Looking for warmhearted Texans who'll guide us through the horse-shit. D. and M. Mellian, Box 1351, Stony Plain, Alberta, Canada T0E 2G0. (130)

Attention, ladies: Attractive w/m seeks correspondence and general understanding from attractive ladies. Quick replies can be expected. Send photo and letter to David Walters, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68502. (130)

Wanted: Good-looking lady, 20 to 30, who loves H-Ds and is willing to relocate. Must send revealing pics to Bruce Denmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, ME 04092. (130)

I am a very serious-minded, for-real forward, direct, aggressive, passionate and compassionate man, and have 8 months left. I'm so very tired of being alone. Exceptional lady, your picture and missive are needed today. Write to Mike Myers 112033, PCC, State Farm, VA 23160. (130)

W/m, 25, seeking attractive female for correspondence. Write and send pictures to Steve Stovall 81155, Box 128, KSP, Eddyville, KY 42038-0128. (130)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUCL4, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (130)

To my loving wife, Debbie Rappold: Once in a lifetime, you find someone special. You soon realize you've found someone to count on, someone to turn to, someone to love. It happened to me when you entered my world, and I know that I found all the meaning of love when I began sharing my lifetime with you. Till death do us part. Your ol' man Karl. (130)

Gulf Coast Tattoo Studio: Theodore Dawes Rd., Theodore, Alabama 36582. (205) 653-8063. (130)

Cannon Ball Abbey would like to hear from all you lonely gals. Write to Abbey 85455, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

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upward to a position level with the helmet. While the rider is completely enclosed by the air bag, the Perimeter Bumper encircles the bag to give additional protection around the vulnerable head area.

Environmental systems, approved by the EPA, have been added to safeguard the rider in conditions of toxic atmosphere. The primary systems are contained in the "snout" at the front of the sealed helmet, providing a constant supply of chemically and electrostatically cleaned air.

NHTSA computer simulations prove that a fully deployed CRAP Suit would protect the wearer from the initial impact, as well as the secondary impact of being thrown from the machine followed by the normal rebounds of the air bag. Data from an inertial sensor, similar to that used in missile guidance systems, informs the computer of the movement of the suit, allowing the computer to keep the air bag inflated until it has come fully to rest. This prevents premature deflation after a few bounces. A secondary sensing system, known as the Aquatic Override, maintains the inflation in the presence of water, turning the suit into a flotation device, should the rider be thrown into a river or lake.

Several police agencies have requested a remote radio trigger to be issued to law enforcement officers, which would allow them to activate the suit of a fleeing cyclist, thereby aiding in the rider's apprehension. The California Highway Patrol has advanced funds for the development of such a device, and a prototype is now on the drawing board with results expected soon.

It is speculated by NHTSA administrators that there will be resistance to the suit from anti-social elements of the motorcycle population. However, those riders now voluntarily wearing helmets, and those in states with mandatory helmet laws, are prospective customers for the CRAP Suit. Naturally, it is hoped that in the interest of safety, the suit will become mandatory for all motorcycle riders, and ultimately for bicycle riders as well. There are no estimates of cost as yet. ■

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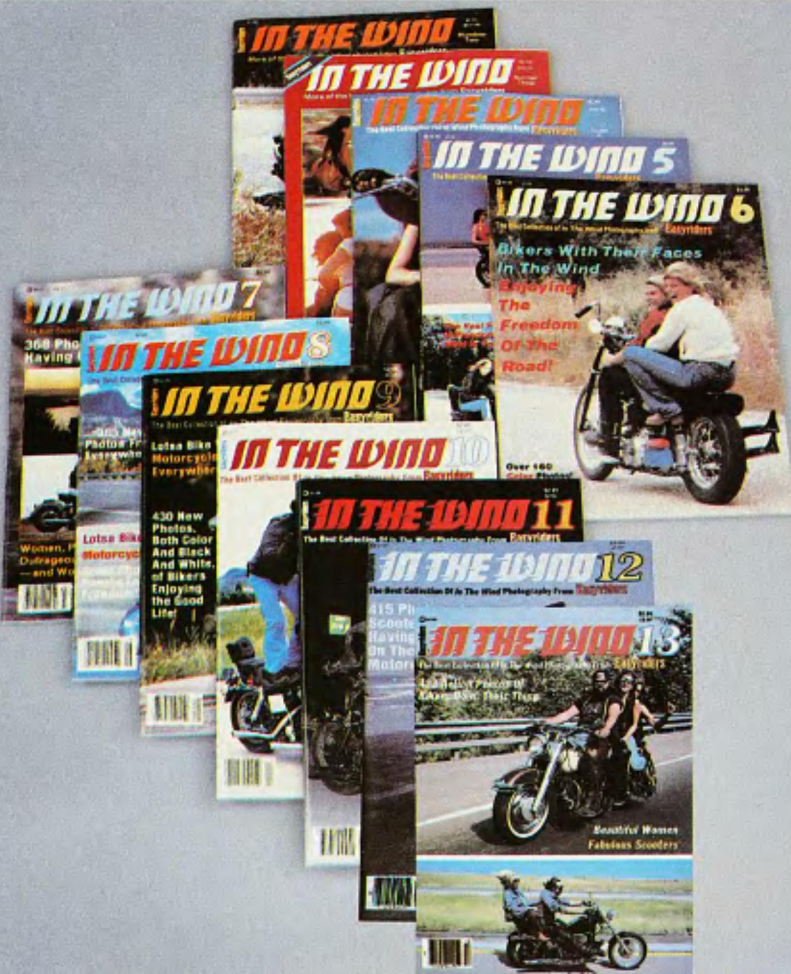
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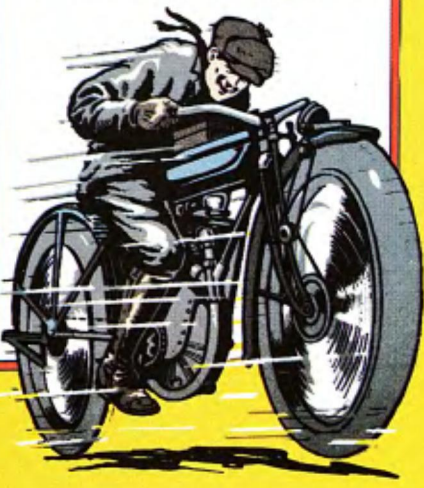
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Crap Suit

Continued from page 70

calves and thighs, and protect the knees with flexible padded joints which allow for necessary movement. Below this, specially designed boots containing heavily padded rims around the outside to act as bumpers, should the rider's feet come in contact with a hard or stationary object, are worn.

Completing the passive portion of the suit is the Perimeter Bumper, a circular padded rim, some four-and-one-half-feet in diameter, suspended from the upper Torso Guard by shock-absorbing cables resembling bungee cords. This bumper is considered adequate to protect the rider from a standing or low-speed tip-over which would not be sufficient to trigger the suit's built-in active systems.

The active systems come into play when the rider's speed or the speed of an oncoming object exceeds fifteen miles per hour. Doppler radar in the dome atop the helmet is monitored by the tiny Mitsui Onboard Computer housed in a blister at the back of the helmet. The computer triggers the active systems when the rate of closure between the rider and anything else indicates a collision is unavoidable. When this determination is reached, the air bag control module mounted on the rider's back, deploying the spherical air bag housed in the lower rim of the Torso Guard.

Simultaneously, a signal is sent to four servomotors mounted at both shoulders and at either side of the suit at the waist. These servos are connected to the rider's wrists and ankles by flexible cords, and within microseconds of the computer's command, the cords are retracted, drawing the rider's arms and legs close to the body, in a fetal position, to keep them out of harm's way. This allows the air bag to deploy completely around the rider.

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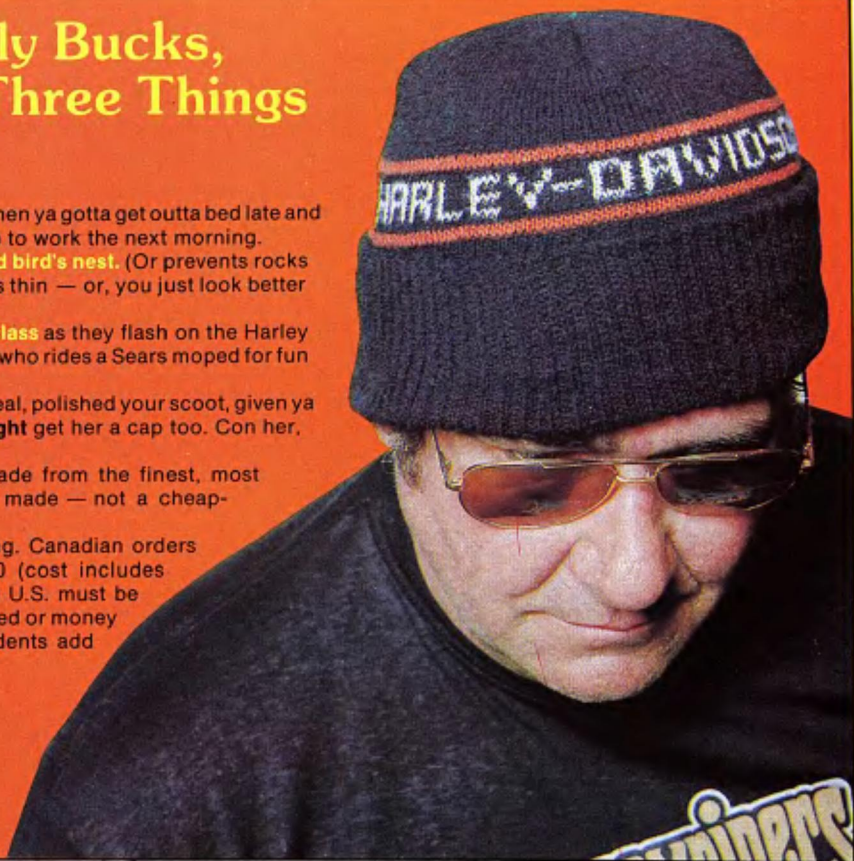
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Downtime

Continued from page 51

Highway 61 Revisited: Dylan has said that all songs already exist, they just need to be put on paper.

"Union Sundown" is one song whose time is ripe now, and would've been hard to visualize twenty years ago when our country was enjoying the height of prosperity. Now it's the eighties and imports are the order of the day — cheap rules. "It's sundown on the union, it was made in the USA, it sure was a good idea, until greed got in the way." The electric, scathing Dylan at his finest. His biting, well-deserved cynicism runs full steam ahead as he lays it down, plain and simple. *They used to grow food in Kansas/now they wanna grow it on the moon and eat it raw/I can see the day coming when even your home garden is gonna be against the law.* And we thought helmet laws were bullshit. Another eye-opener line from "Union" is accurate: *Democracy don't rule the world, you better get that through your head/This world is ruled by violence, but I guess that's better left unsaid.* He says it anyway.

The record's heat becomes something closer to warm on the last two songs, "I And I" and "Don't Fall Apart On Me Tonight." Knopfler shows his smooth slide talent on guitar, while Dylan weaves a story about a person coming to grips with his own identity, or rather, confronting that identity, on "I and I." The final tune could just as easily have been inserted in Nashville Skyline. He ponders his choices in this love song: *I wish that I'd been a doctor/maybe I'd have saved some lives that have been lost/maybe I'd have done some good in the world/instead of burning every bridge that I've crossed.* You done good, Bob, don't sweat it.

Bob Dylan isn't the oracle of the gods, but he does have a good handle on what's happening. I wouldn't make a fool of myself by saying I understand all that he writes; there's a lot of guesswork on each of these songs from **Infidels**. Therein lies the beauty of the work; it compels you to think a little. ■

Easyriders



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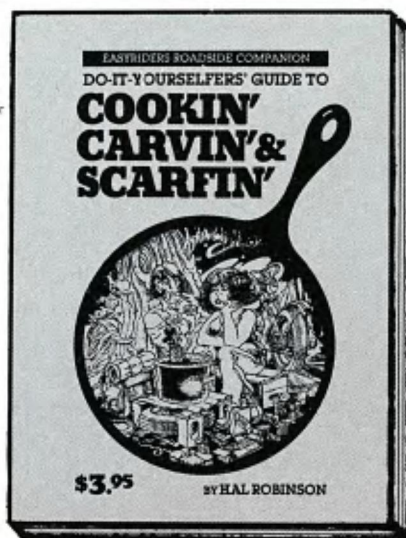
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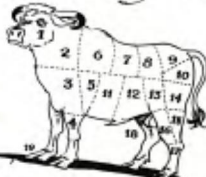
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eighties, convinced his sons that it was high time to get into the beer business. The old trend setter lived to see the new lager beer brewery completed in 1882 (he died one year after his son, Peter H. Ballantine, in 1883)."

These days, most everybody drinks lagers, although they're not quite what the Germans intended back in the Middle Ages when they started brewing them (The first known German brewery was in Freising — now West Germany. It was founded in 1040 as the Wei-henstepan Brewery, and is believed to be the oldest brewery in Europe. Back then, there was a law that only a certain few ingredients could be used: malt, hops, water, and yeast. It's still the reason why folks jaw a lot over their beers.) The lagers you get from U.S. breweries have a lot of extra sugars thrown in (about 40 percent) to keep costs down. If you want the better German stuff, you gotta pay for it.

Still, there are a lot of good suds flowing in the U.S. of A. Look for tasty stuff like Anchor Porter or Anchor Steam out West, Boulder Beer in Denver, and Ballantine Ale or IPA in the East.

Better yet, before you toss that empty can at the trash barrel, think a minute about all those colonists who could put down around five gallons of good ale a day. And consider that John Alden (of Priscilla Alden and Myles Standish fame — "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?") wasn't really a Pilgrim. He was a cooper — a person who makes barrels — who was hired by the captain of the Mayflower to take care of the ale casks during the voyage. He jumped ship, joined the Pilgrims, and married Priscilla. Myles, sadder but wiser, went off to fight the Indians. So, ya see, some of our best history comes from good old suds — like that last bash out on the road! ■

Easyriders



"The game is over, Grumbowski — you can stop patting me on the ass now!"

History of Beer

Continued from page 28

abandoning the first permanent English colony. They turned back when they met a ship from England with another group of settlers — and a good supply of ale.

The Puritans landed at Plymouth in 1629 aboard the ship *Arabella*, bringing with them 42 tons (almost 10,000 gallons) of good ol' ale. And according to the book *A Short History of Ale*, by Jimmy Young, they were quick to found the first brewery in North America.

Even though the New England water was good enough to drink when the settlers first landed, it quickly became polluted. Cold weather and fear of Indians had a lot to do with the contamination. Wells were built very close to the houses (sometimes inside), and chamber pots and animal manure were dumped nearby, eventually winding up in the water supply. Fortunately, even if you couldn't drink the water, you could always drink the beer.

Farmers brewed most of their own beer at home and by 1637, according to Young, drunkenness was such a problem in the Colonies that a law was passed permitting only professional brewers to make beer. This was the very first American anti-homebrew law.

S.C. Brown says, "Although some of the reports can hardly be believed — the survey of Massachusetts in 1767 estimated cider consumption at more than a keg (about five gallons) a day for each person — all signs point to a very thirsty population." And that wasn't the soft cider we drink today, but a potent five-percent-alcohol hard cider, aged a couple of years. Tavern cider was even stronger, with sugar or honey added to make it ferment up to 7.5 percent alcohol. The next year, 1638, saw one of our famous forebros, Quaker leader William Penn, set up the first Pennsylvania brewery.

One year later, the consensus was that the anti-homebrew law (like helmet laws) wasn't working. The pros couldn't brew fast enough and public drunkenness was on the increase because the colonists had switched to drinking the hard stuff. At least it took those early lawmakers only two years to realize their mistake.

While a lot of people look down their noses at brewheads, they probably don't know what they're cutting short. Look at some of the

names in the beer brigade of the American Revolution. Thomas Jefferson declared his independence by brewing his own beer. And "Give me liberty or give me death" Patrick Henry did the same, as did President James Madison, and Sam Adams and his father. The first governor of Vermont, Thomas Chittenden, was both a brewer and an innkeeper, making and selling his own suds. The real biggie — George Washington, the Father of Our Country — brewed beer at Mount Vernon. So think of that when you climb down off your thunker and head in for a brew. Of course, you aren't drinking the same stuff the Minutemen sipped. Back then, before the invasion of German lager beers, Americans were drinking mostly ale, a British standard.

British ales were heavier flavored, stronger in alcohol, and tended to be cloudy because of their yeast content. Many colonists put yeast into the beer right from a working sourdough bread. That way, it worked fast and really churned it up, putting a lot of yeasty sediment into the brew.

Krauts, on the other hand, brewed with special yeast which worked best in a cooler brew and worked slower at the bottom of the vat. It didn't get so churned up and murky, which meant, of course, that it had to be stored longer, and that's where you get the word lager. The German word for storage is "lagern." This lagering made the beer sparkling clear and lighter in flavor and alcohol — it's part of the reason people talk so much about how good German beers are. If you've tossed down a goody like Oktoberfest or Pilsner Urquell (if you have the extra scratch), you've seen what tradition does for a *Bier*! At the same time, the modern English ales — like Watney's Red Barrel, Bass IPA, and Harp Lager — are also real good stuff and nothin' to laugh at.

Most of the time, until the end of the Civil War as a matter of fact, ale was king over here except, of course, in places heavily settled by Germans, like Pennsylvania. But *All About Beer* tells the story of what changed all that: "In 1781, P. Ballantine and sons had just built a second ale brewery [in Newark, New Jersey, which had been predominantly ale country] and they had the market pretty well sewed up with their high grades of ales, porter [a black ale], and particularly, India Pale [IPA] and old stock ale.

"Toward the end of the decade, Peter Ballantine, by then in his

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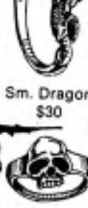
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ask why. Meaning, why wouldn't they talk about it? All I have left to say is I wish all vets peace of mind and happiness. Nobody can say that they didn't do their part. Nobody!

Sandy Luoma
(Member of KBA — against helmet laws) Louisville, Ky.

Sandy, the situation you describe is more complicated than you know — and a very good example of a common problem among 'Nam vets, especially those who were in combat. The men are reluctant to talk for any of several reasons, and in any combination.

Most 'Nam vets were ignored for far too long, unlike WWII vets, who got the chance to get lots off their chests during their troop ship return stateside with others who had gone through the same thing, and during their first months home, when everyone wanted to talk to a "hero." In contrast, we had to fly home quick, get back on the streets, and bury our experiences.

Talking now is hard. It should be easy with fellow combat vets, but it's not always. It's much harder with non-vets. And, too, most men feel even less inclined to talk to their women about it, perhaps feeling that a woman has even less aptitude for grasping the horror of it all.

The longer you have buried something, the more difficult it becomes to eventually let it surface and face it, let alone share it. It's usually only the guys who were typewriter-jockeys or spoon-and-ladle operators who seem ready with the gory tales for anyone who'll listen.

Unless your ol' man starts going really bonkers, in which case you're seeing some serious "Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder," and that calls for help, take it slow. Don't feel left out; just keep caring and let your man know you're there. Knowing that, he'll open up if and when he's ready to start letting some of it go. ■

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Vet Voice

Continued from page 82

I belong. I've spent the last four months off the coast of Beirut, Lebanon, with two more to go.

The four Marines killed to date were off my boat. One of them was a damn good friend of mine. Now, maybe the dudes in Washington don't give a fuck — in my eyes, they never have and never will — but a lot of us normal folks do.

So, on behalf of myself and all my bros on board: Thanks! You are not forgotten by us. I have a deep respect for all of you.

Tiny Johnson
USS Iwo Jima

And on behalf of me and all my bros out of The 'Nam: Thanks right back at you. . . for not forgetting us and for what you guys are doing!

I just read "Vet Voice" for the first time in the August '83 issue. I only happened to read it because my TV's on the blink, my electricity is turned off, I'm broke and I wound up reading everything in the issue twice. After I read it, I had to wipe my eyeballs!

I'm only 24 and I'm a lady, so I really don't know how everything went down in 'Nam. My ol' man's a vet (36). I've know him for three years, knew he was a vet — but all that meant to me was a way to get a loan or a freebie at a vet's hospital.

A couple of nights ago he did mention 'Nam. What little he said didn't seem directed at me; it was more directed into space. His eyes were vacant, but also very hard. I asked him what I guessed to be the first question anyone who didn't experience 'Nam would ask: "Did you kill anyone in 'Nam?" He never really answered — and I didn't pursue it.

I remember a few years ago asking a friend about 'Nam. Now, this guy has all kinds of medals — and I'm not talking about the kind you get for being sent home with no legs; it was something about courage and a lot more, which I never found out about, because he'll shut you off in a second if you ask him. I did once and his eyes got to looking all vacant, like my ol' man's did. I felt left out.

What I'm saying is, it seems like anyone who experienced 'Nam would rather leave it somewhere in his past. I can't say I blame them. I've seen "Apocalypse Now" and to me it was about as true-to-life as I could imagine it.

Ever since then I never had to



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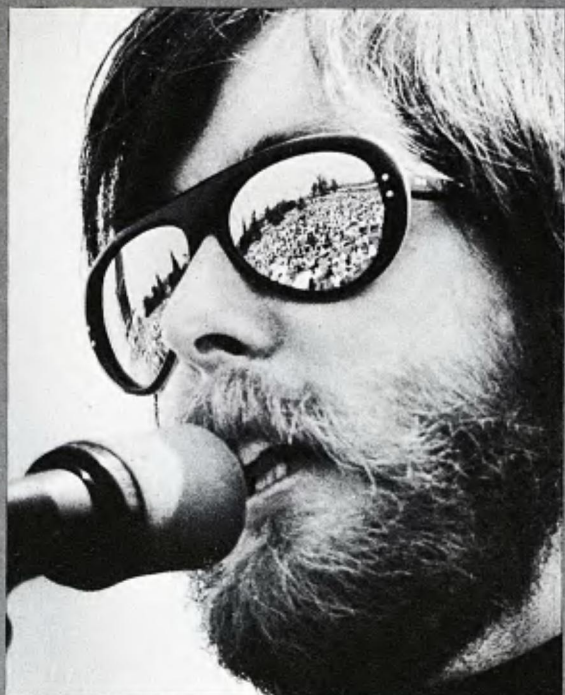
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launchings of sperm from gargantuan penises. These things are going to have a lot more impact on innocent bystanders than foul language. As usual, it will be the standard government method of solving one problem by creating a thousand totally unnecessary others.

So far, there's been no public outcry against construction zone high-decible conversation. It's just this one disgruntled writer who's upset about it. But that's all it takes. Then nine zillion simpletons read it, or have it read to them, and they scratch their heads and say, "Oh, yeah. Hey!" Therefore, a more precise examination of the "problem" is clearly in order.

1. *Do the women getting yelled at object to this sort of public notice and uproar?*

Only for the first few minutes. Later on, they are extremely effervescent and chipper. Everyone loves attention. For most of them, it makes their day.

2. *Do innocent bystanders object to this commotion?*

Yes, repulsive old biddies do. Any man who objects to it has something seriously wrong with him.

3. *What about children?*

Children don't hang around construction sites until everyone's gone home. During the day, they're off at school. Or, if it's summer, they're at some pool somewhere. And the ones who aren't at school or swimming somewhere are too young to know what "cunt" means anyway. Besides, the cursing and joshing and general conversation (usually shouted) from one guy to another is usually ten times worse than whatever they holler at chicks. What're ya gonna do, enforce silence on the job?

4. *Do women like these shouted greetings from the opposite sex?*

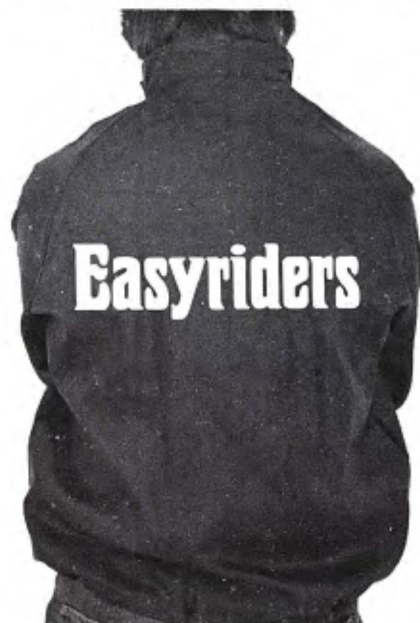
Yes. It wasn't no woman who wrote the newspaper article. It was some free-lance Sir Lancelot riding to the rescue of a bunch of women who weren't in trouble and who'd just as soon tell ol' Lance to mind his own damn fucking business.

5. *Will women ever organize to have construction site hooting and hollering outlawed?*

Only the extremely ugly ones. The unbelievably tweaked and fucked-up and repulsive ones. The ones who are convinced that no guy in his right mind would ever hoot and holler at them. But, shit, if these women would just go by a construction site they'd get straightened out right away. It'd be the greatest fucking thing that ever happened to them.

Face it, any woman who wouldn't want a half-nude man with a

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Greetings

Continued from page 68

edge of the platform as a group, and start raucously begging for various sexual favors from her — why, that's the sort of memory a genuinely ruinous chick will treasure for years to come. And if one of the guys should open up his pants and actually waggle his wanger at this squalid piece of dogmeat, shit, she's got herself an experience that will keep her hand movin' up and down against her crotch for the rest of her natural life.

As for the good-lookin' chicks, what such a law would no doubt overlook is that — as if by some magic psychic code — a much more polite variety of hoots would then be sent out across the boulevard to these women. It would somehow be almost understood that by showing attention and yet exercising restraint, chances are this chick will begin showing up every day, usually in a progressively dwindling amount of clothing, as a way of expressing appreciation by giving the crew something to remember.

It is this vast program of mutual assistance that such a law would be seeking to stop. Another thing such a law would probably overlook is the likelihood of huge handpainted signs suddenly being raised to the full view of the whole neighborhood should the shouting of garbage house filth be outlawed. It doesn't take the imagination of Hans Christian Anderson to figure out what's going to be on those signs, either. They're not going to just say things like, "Hay, kunt," "Fuck me, bich," "suk me now, tuat," and things like that. They're gonna start having pictures drawn on 'em. Huge balls and massive cocks. Spread legs with gaping vaginal zones. Rocket

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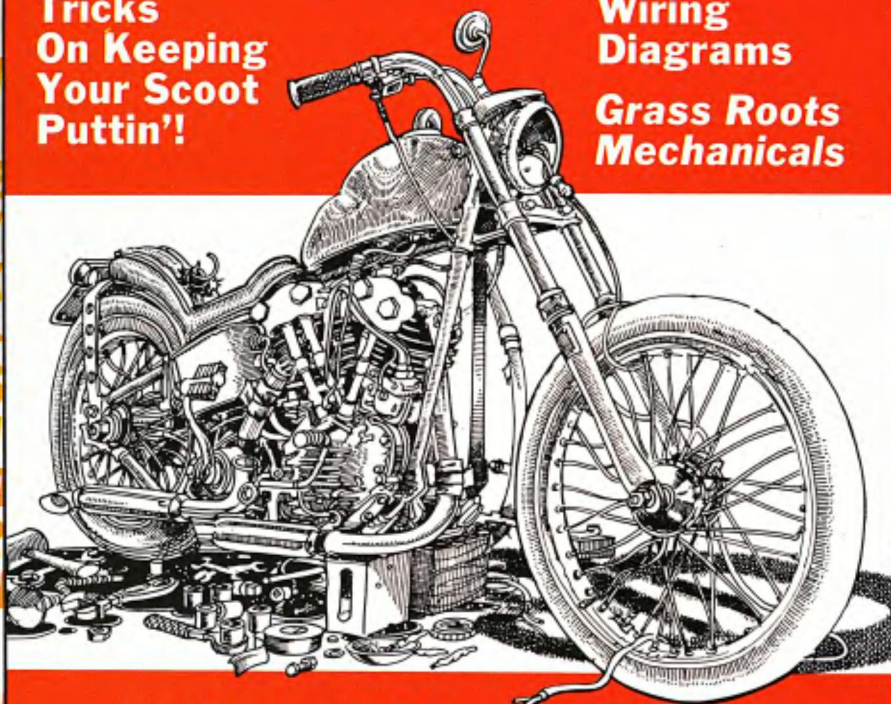
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Lockdown

Continued from page 39

the others on Death Row, too."

The fact of poverty. The fact of poverty, if it is responsible for placing most of the people on Death Row where they are, is equally responsible for locking down most of the people currently behind bars on bullshit charges.

Probably damn few of you reading this are sitting on Death Row waiting for your number to come up. Probably most of you are bikers doing a short stretch for being in the wrong place, in the wrong town, at the wrong time.

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The issue of inadequate defense goes far beyond Death Row; it cuts to the heart of our judicial system. For more information on fighting this kind of injustice, particularly as it pertains to people charged with capital offenses, write the Southern Coalition on Jails and Prisons, Box 30065, Nashville, TN 37202. ■

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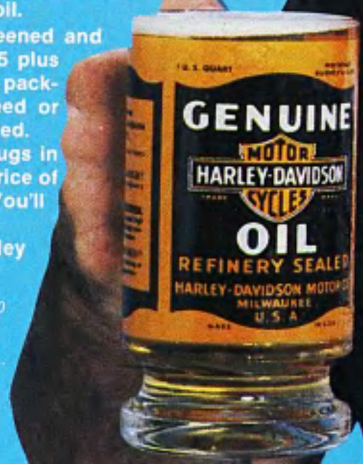
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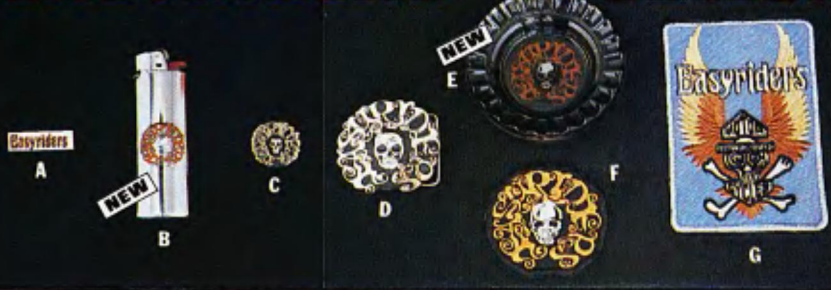
Canadian orders add \$3.50 per mug. Foreign orders add \$13.00 per mug, for postage and handling. All payments outside the U.S. must be payable in U.S. funds. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
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EASYRIDERS' GOODIES!



Send Your Order To Easyriders, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

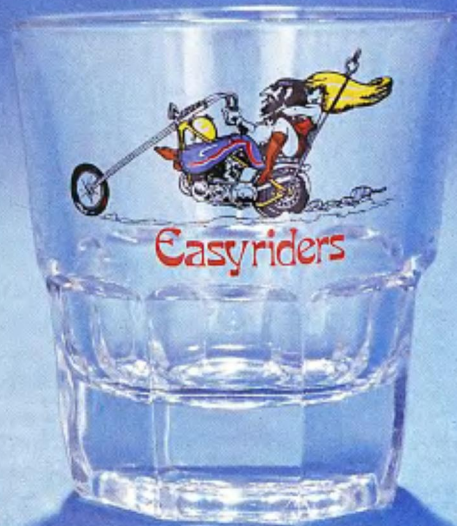
Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
B	Lighter cover	\$ 6.50	\$ 6.75	\$ 7.25		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$11.25	\$12.50		\$	\$
E	Ashtray	\$ 4.25	\$ 4.75	\$ 6.50		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 3.75	\$ 4.25		\$	\$
G	D. Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 6.75	\$ 7.25		\$	\$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees 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.

Name _____ Sub Total \$ _____
Address _____ Calif. Tax 6% \$ _____
City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____ Total \$ _____

TAKE A SHOT

Show some class when you're downin' that tasty shot of Jack Black or Turkey. Hefty three-shot size — no candyass — features art by Hal Robinson. Why not order two? They're just perfect for when your tight bro drops by for some get-down, shoot-'em-back drink-in'. Send check or money order for \$4.50 per glass to Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. Please Add 50¢ postage in U.S. Canadian orders, add \$3; all other foreign, add \$5.



Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

Soap Box

Continued from page 33

attempting to impose preventive treatment" on 6- to 9-year-olds. Whatever you say, fellas. Meanwhile, the 2000 lucky testees will be selected from among those juveniles "who have had their first contact with the police."

Interesting choice, ain't it? Take a bunch of kids who are already accused of being troublemakers, measure their fingers, toes, and sperm count, and announce "Ah, ha! We knew it all along, these kids are troublemakers." If that's science, I'm the Attorney General.

And, on another level, consider the tens of thousands of kids who have bullshit run-ins with the law every year. Do you think they're going to test some senator's son who got nailed with a few joints? Or a rich man's kid who chugged some beer, "borrowed" a cage and went out joyriding? If you do think so, I've got a few crates of old Indian parts I'd like to sell you. Five minutes of wrenching and you'll have a perfect stock Chief. Believe it.

No, friends, if I know my bureaucrats, it's kids whose parents are considered "out of the mainstream" who will be targeted for these monstrous tests if this program is actually carried out — drifters' kids, tramps' kids, your kids and my kids, bikers' kids.

Still, like I said way back near the top, it might be unfair to accuse the maggots who dreamed up this dogshit repudiation of all the U.S. of A. is supposed to stand for, of not having a sense of humor. "The (testing) process," they say, "will be an interesting one for the participants. It will also be *fun* for the subjects."

Fun. Indeed. And, lest you forget, this ain't an April Fool's Day gag. We wish it was. ■



"Yep — cockroaches."

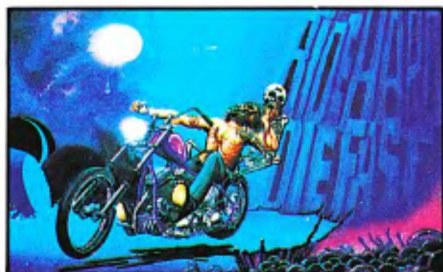
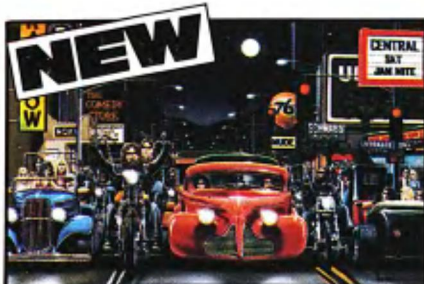


We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini bottoms. Available in badass black or virgin white; please indicate **Easyriders** logo or **Easyriders** Bun Huggers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

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

BUN HUGGERS

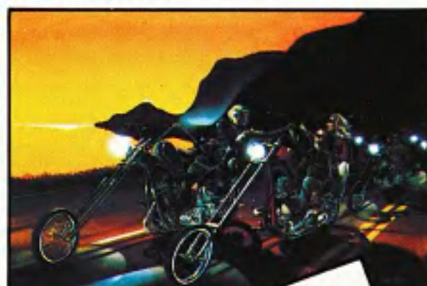
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\$5

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Travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch and brake cable ain't gonna crap out — where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard ridin'. Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or gallon of gas is coming from.

Cable is 1/8" diameter, 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel — preformed and prelubed, thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. We use coil-wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull-tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility. It can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

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other menacingly.

"Knock his screws loose!" yelled Old Bones.

"Bop that bonehead!" shouted Deadhead in a gravelly voice.

"Give him a headache!" Noboby chimed in noisily.

"Okay, you hotheads, cool it!" Wichita Willy yelled. He stood between the two mean-spirited brothers and looked from one to the other of them.

"Best two out of three wins it," he said. "Get ready."

Both Harleys revved so loud they echoed through the hills like the sound of a convoy of semis. Wichita Willy raised a black flag, then stepped from between the two opponents and brought it down.

The two Harleys and their riders lunged at each other, the front end of each bike lifting up in the air, the helmeted heads thrust out over the handlebars. In a split second they cracked head-on, helmet to helmet, with such impact, such force, such bone-crunching power, that the resounding *thwap* echoed over and over down the canyons. For a microsecond the two competitors remained head to head, then Baby Skull tottered the slightest bit backwards.

"First round goes to Big Skull!" proclaimed Wichita Willy, and Big Skull's crowd broke out in joyous shouts of glee.

But as Big Skull circled back to his starting position he wavered slightly off balance and nearly fell from his scooter.

"What's wrong, Big Skull?" asked Old Bones, anxiously.

"I dunno," said Big Skull. "He's either tougher than I thought, or I'm losing my marbles. I feel dizzy."

On the other side, Baby Skull's crowd urged him on.

"You got a better head on your shoulders than he does," said T-Bone encouragingly.

"I know that," said Baby Skull. "I took all he had that round, and now I'm gonna give him all I got."

Once again the two riders readied themselves, tightening their helmet straps and snortin' at each other.

"Get ready," said Wichita Willy. Then he dropped the black flag once again.

The Harleys lurched forward, spit-tin' dust, riders' heads stretched out, and again there was a crack that could be heard a mile away. But this time Baby Skull knocked Big Skull ass-backwards over and off his bike, sprawling in the dirt and rolling down the hillside. Baby Skull's crowd let out a storm of cheers and then laughter as Big

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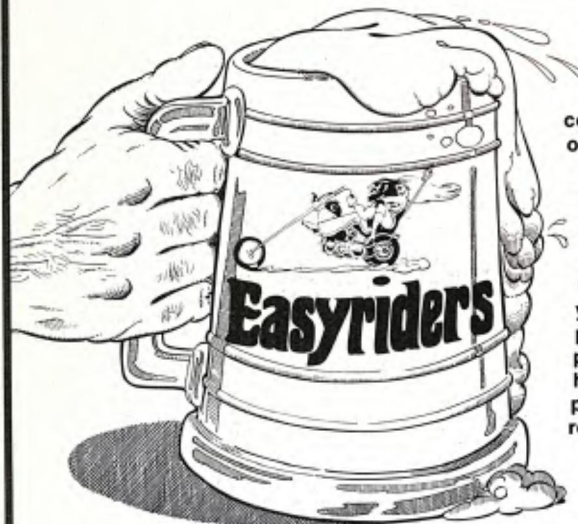


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Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Please add \$3.50 for orders going to Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, APO/FPO for air mail insured postage. Foreign order add \$7.75 for air mail postage (uninsured).

Skull had his faithful bunch, too. Old Bones, Deadhead, Nobody and the like sat in on a genuine powwow.

"Ya got to keep your shoulders up so your neck don't get scrunched into your stomach like that idiot No Neck," said Old Bones.

"Don't eat any breakfast," said Deadhead, "'cause buttin' heads on a full stomach'll make ya puke!"

"And keep your eyes off the women," said Nobody, "'cause if you turn your head before buttin', it may never turn back again!"

Big Skull listened to their advice, then got up and paced restlessly back and fourth. "I hear what you're sayin'," he said, "but I want to win this thing my way."

"What way is that?" asked Old Bones, quizzically.

"I'm gonna outsmart him," said Big Skull determinedly.

"How?" asked Deadhead.

Big Skull paused and looked up at the stars. "I don't know yet. But I'm gettin' older and Baby Skull's in his prime. It's gonna take more than brute strength to beat him. It's gonna take brains."

The others sat in silent awe then, as Big Skull bowed his head in private thought.

The talk and preparation went on long into the night, both sides finally catchin' just enough winks to wake at the crack of dawn, ready.

Wichita Willy found a spot of turf where the high ground was nearly level, marked off an area and stood in the middle of it. Baby Skull's backers gathered around him as he rolled his bike into place and stuffed his head into the helmet Wichita Willy had given him. T-Bone, No Neck, Handy Andy and the others patted him on the back and shouted encouragement.

Big Skull cast an angry eye at his baby bro as he approached — riding slow on his panhead. He circled Baby Skull, spit into the dust at his feet, turned and glided twenty feet opposite him, faced off and snorted.

Old Bones handed Big Skull his helmet. Gritting his teeth, he clamped it down on his head.

"I'm gonna break your noggin!" shouted Baby Skull.

"I'm gonna bust you so hard your brains are gonna squirt out your ears!" Big Skull shot back.

Then all the Crossbones began to whoop and holler.

"Knock him upside the head!" shouted T-Bone.

"Clean his bean!" screamed No Neck.

"Scatter his brains!" added Handy Andy.

The two brothers glared at each

on his left cheek." Wichita Willy pointed and everyone looked. "He's got a line in his face. It's not a babyface no more."

The Crossbones all nodded in agreement, staring up at Baby Skull atop his bike. And for a moment, Baby Skull felt like his own man, instead of Big Skull's little bro. But then came an angry voice,

Easyriders



"Say, didn't we see you in some magazine centerfold recently?"

louder, deeper, and more threatening than the growl of a wild animal.

"What the fuck are you cryin' about now, you piddlin' little excuse for a turd?"

It was Big Skull, crawlin' out from under a huge rock, where he had taken a couple of ladies to get laid in the shade. He and Baby Skull locked eyes and a path cleared between them.

"I'm callin' you out!" shouted Baby Skull. "I'm tired of takin' your shit, tired of bein' kept down, sick of your big bro routine. I'm a man now and I'm gonna prove it. I say I can beat you, head to head. Tomorrow at dawn! And if I win, I become Big Skull, leader of the Crossbones."

"Head to head, you say?" asked Big Skull.

"That's right," said Baby Skull, aware of the seriousness of his challenge. It was an age-old tradition of the Crossbones to do battle like rams, by butting each other, head to head, to see who would be the king of the pack.

Big Skull exploded in a laugh that rang through the canyons and over the hills. "You're on!" he shouted.

A buzz went up among the Crossbones. With a sly grin, Wichita Willy reached into an old musty duffle

bag he kept with his camping gear, and pulled out two scuffed and scratched motorcycle helmets. "One fer each," he said, throwing the helmets in opposite directions.

Big Skull and Baby Skull frowned at each other.

"You won't be callin' me 'Baby' no more," said Baby Skull, picking up his helmet.

Big Skull bent and picked up the other one. "I'm gonna teach you respect fer your elders," he growled.

That night, under the stars, Baby Skull sat on one side of the hill with T-Bone, No Neck, Handy Andy and a few others, mostly younger ones, who thought he was ready to take over the Crossbones. They crowded in a circle to talk strategy.

"You gotta keep loose and limber," said T-Bone, "unless you want a broken neck."

Baby Skull nodded and rubbed his thick neck.

"Make sure you lock your jaws together when you hit," said No Neck, "or your teeth'll pop out like they was popcorn."

"Or ya might bite your tongue," added Handy Andy.

Baby Skull nodded and gritted his big, strong teeth.

On the other side of the hill, Big

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

GET INSTANT REPLY WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE REAL T-SHIRTS OR SWEATSHIRTS. I BEAM UP YOU, 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 (EINSTEIN) 4 FUCK EM 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, LEAVE IT DOWN AND KILL IT. 7 I USED TO BE DISGUSTED, NOW I'M JUST AMUSED. 8 WE'LL GET ALONG FINE AS SOON AS YOU REALIZE I'M GOD. 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 FIGHT MYSELF. YOU CAN GET MORE WITH A KIND WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN WITH A KIND WORD. 15 I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW I CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTHING. 16 HOW MUCH CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND STILL GO TO HEAVEN? 17 THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON EARTH, BUT I'M JUST VISITING. 18 THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO. 19 QUESTION AUTHORITY. 20 I GOT 21 THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS. 22 ASK ME IF I CARE. 23 WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? IT'S ALL AROUND US. 24 POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND. 25 NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO SING. IT WASTES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG. 26 THAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? 27 WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND DIE? 28 ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG. 29 NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN. 30 I'VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY, BUT IT'S KEPT ME FROM GOING INSANE. 31 EVERYTHING YOU KNOW IS WRONG, BUT YOU CAN BE STRAIGHTENED OUT. 32 I USED TO KNOW ALL THAT STUFF. 33 WE SHOULD FORGIVE OUR ENEMIES, BUT ONLY AFTER THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT. 34 THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS SINCERITY. 35 YOU CAN FAKA 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 LIE DOWN? 39 I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN PISSED ON. 40 DON'T BE HUMBLE. YOU'RE NOT. 41 I DO MY BEST. TO BE JUST WHO I AM, BUT EVERYBODY MIGHT NOT WANT THAT. 42 THERE IS NO GRAVITY. 43 YOU SUCK! 44 YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND SYMPHONY IN THE DICTIONARY. 45 DON'T GIVE ME ANY SHIT. 46 WHAT THE FUCK, OVER! 47 WHEN I WANT YOUR ADVICE I'LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU. 48 YOU HAVE TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS. 49 DOES IT COME TO YOU NATURALLY? 48 ONLY THOSE WHO ATTEMPT THE ABSURD CAN ACHIEVE THE IMPOSSIBLE. 49 I'M NOT DEAD. I'M IGNORING YOU. 50 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE TOUGH GO SHOPPING. 51 YOU DISGUST ME, BUT I LIKE IT. 52 WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS I'M THE PERSON YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT. 54 IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ME, I JUST LEFT. 55 HOW CAN I TELL YOU I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON MY FACE? 56 REALITY POLICE. 57 IT'S NOT WHETHER YOU WIN OR LOSE. 58 REALITY POLICE. 59 IT'S NOT THE GAME. 60 SHUT UP AND DANCE. 61 I'D RATHER HAVE A FREE BOTTLE IN FRONT OF ME THAN A PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY. 62 LIFE IS TOO IMPORTANT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY. 63 LET'S GET DRUNK AND BE SOMEbody. 64 I CAN TELL YOU'RE LYING. YOUR LIPS ARE MOVING. 65 I MAY BE GETTING OLDER, BUT I REFUSE TO GROW UP. 66 I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. I DRINK. I GET DRUNK. I FALL DOWN. NO PROBLEM. 67 IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS. 68 WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER. 69 EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO DIE. 70 I'M REALLY ENJOYING NOT TALKING TO YOU. LET'S NOT TALK AGAIN. 71 REAL SOON. 72 OBVIOUSLY, THE ONLY RATIONAL SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM IS SUICIDE. 73 I'M ALWAYS IN TROUBLE, BUT IT'S SO MUCH FUN. 74 WHAT DOESN'T KILL ME MAKES ME STRONGER. 75 I'M NOT PREJUDICED. I HATE EVERYONE EQUALLY. 76 I THINK I COULD FALL MADLY IN BED WITH YOU. 77

WELCOME TO THE ZOO. 78 I USED TO BE LOST IN THE SHUFFLE. NOW I JUST SHUFFLE ALONG WITH THE LOST. 79 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 YOU. 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 MESS. 88 I'M COMING TO 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 UNGRATED. 91 I 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 WILL NOT EAT. 94 TALENT DOES WHAT IT CAN. GENIUS DOES WHAT IT MUST. I DO WHAT I GET PAID TO DO. 95 THE ONE WHO SINGS WITH THE MOST VOICES 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 LOVE MEANS HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY EVERY FIVE MINUTES. 100 LIFE IS A BITCH. THEN YOU DIE. 101 I USE TO BE AN IDEALIST. BUT I GOT MUGGED BY REALITY. 102 THIS TIME IT SLOVE NEXT TIME IT'S 320. 103 IF YOU KEEP AN OPEN MIND PEOPLE WILL THROW A LOT OF GARBAGE AT IT. 104 I HATE IT FOR PEOPLE WHO LACK IMAGINATION. 105 SOMETIMES I WONDER WHETHER ALL THE SCREWING I'M GETTING IS WORTH ALL THE SCREWING I'M GETTING. 106 MAKE IT HURT SO GOOD! 107 WHEN THE GOING GETS WEIRD THE WEIRD TURN UP. 108 SEX IS LIKE SNOW. YOU NEVER KNOW HOW MANY INCHES YOU'LL GET OR HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO LAST. 109 I THINK YOU'VE GOT 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 VERY MUCH. 117 I JUST WISHED YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE WINNING THE RACE. 118 ALONG COME FASTER RATS. 119 I GOT TO GO. 120 I HAVE TO GO. NUDE WE WOULD HAVE BEEN BORN THAT WAY. 121 HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY. 122 DON'T TAKE LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY. YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF IT. 123 I'M STILL CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. 124 I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE. 125 I DON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE. 126 HEAVEN DOESN'T WANT ME AND HELL'S AFRAID I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER. 127 EXPERIENCE IS WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU DON'T GET WHAT YOU WANTED. 128 SAME BULLSHIT. DIFFERENT DAY. 129 GET IT NEVER TOO LATE TO SAY I'M SORRY. 130 I DON'T TAKE DRUGS. I TELL THE MEN FROM THE BOYS BY THE PRICE OF THEIR TOYS. 131 I USED TO BE AN ADULT BEFORE I GREW UP. 132 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 133 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 134 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 135 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 136 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 137 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 138 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 139 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 140 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 141 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 142 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 143 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 144 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 145 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 146 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 147 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 148 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 149 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 150 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 151 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 152 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 153 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 154 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 155 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 156 I DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS. 157 I WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW. 158 I DON'T ASK 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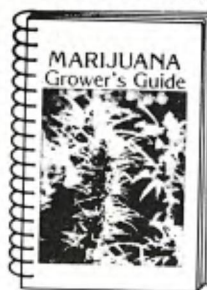
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The Bestselling



for themselves just how tough he'd gone and become.

It was the day before the Crossbones were going to pack up and leave, a bright day with the sun glinting off the big rocks that sit high atop them legendary hills. The air was warm and peaceful, and the bros and their ol' ladies were scattered about the slopes of the mountainside, resting their butts for the long truck home.

Suddenly the summer silence was broken by a loud, anguished, almost deranged voice screamin' so loud that it echoed down the canyons and all the way back.

"Big Skull, I want your ass and I want it now!"

Every Crossbones head turned, and there, standing on his scooter, fists clenched and the veins in his neck nearly poppin', his face turned skyward and his eyes closed, sweat tricklin' down from the headband that held back his stringy hair, was Baby Skull.

"I ain't no baby no more!" he screamed. Baby Skull opened his eyes and looked around at all the bros and sisters who had gotten up and begun to crowd around him.

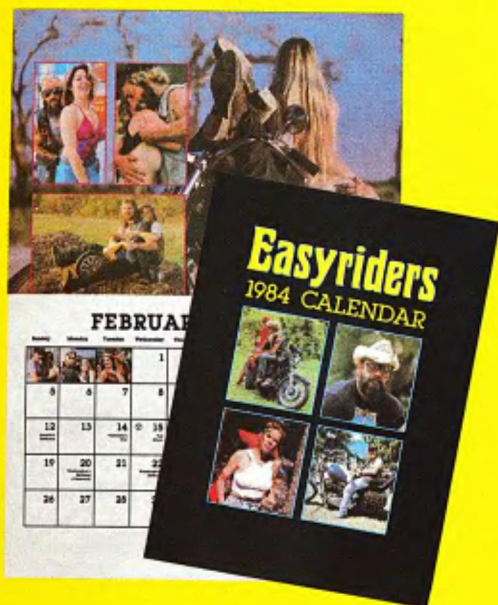
"Shit, he's right," said Wichita Willy, an older biker who had been with the Crossbones all his life and then some. "Check out them legs, sturdy as tree trunks, and them arms, big as bazookas, and look at that belly, full of beer and still flat and hard as the highway." Wichita Willy's eyes locked in a kinda fateful stare on the tormented figure of Baby Skull, and the rest of the Crossboners, as they sometimes called themselves, also took a good, long look at the hulk's attributes.

"But the most telling sign," Wichita Willy went on, "the one detail that convinces me this boy is no longer a baby, but on his way to proving his manhood, is right there

Easyriders



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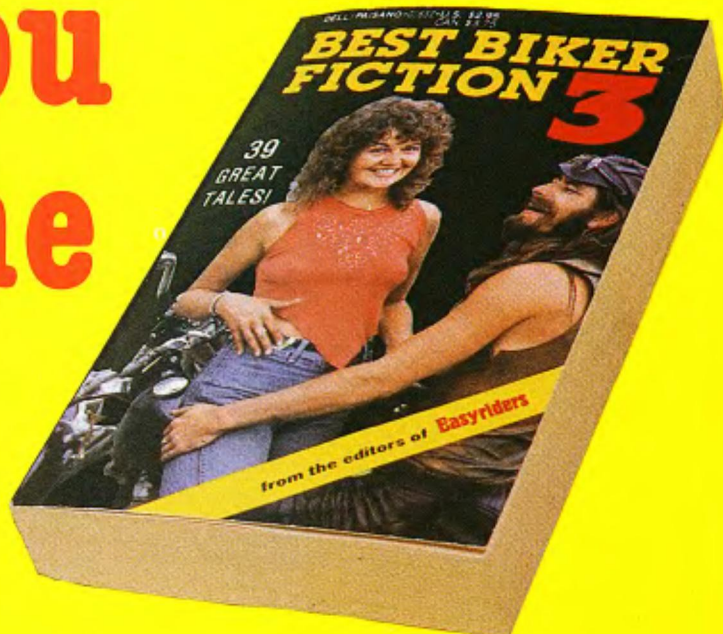
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Numbskulls

Continued from page 32

He once got in a fight with a city slicker who insulted his intelligence and Skull proceeded to hit him so hard he got two teeth embedded in his knuckles.

Then there was the two-bit stripper who was so slow in doing her act that horny ol' Skull hopped onstage and ate her costume right off her. And, o' course, there's his now-famous run-in with the law somewhere in Arkansas. Seems Skull was arrested and charged with disturbin' the peace, and damned if he didn't ride his Harley right into court, up to the judge's bench, and plead innocent.

Yeah, Big Skull was a character. He was also the head honcho of a family of bikers who liked to call themselves the Crossbones. They numbered some twenty-five hard riders and bitchin' ol' ladies, and wherever Big Skull went, they followed. He enjoyed a kinda celebrity just short of respectability. Within the Crossbones, Big Skull's word was pure law.

There was only one hitch, one

thorn in Big Skull's side, one pimple on his ass that wouldn't go away, and that was his little brother — young Baby Skull.

Baby Skull resented his name, and when the bros called out to him he would always say, "Call me John," which was his real name, "or call me Skull, but don't call me no fuckin' Baby!" Ya see, Baby Skull was the little bro of the entire Crossbones family, being some ten years younger than his older and hairier bro. Big Skull had let him ride with the pack back when he was fifteen and still looking for the way to manhood.

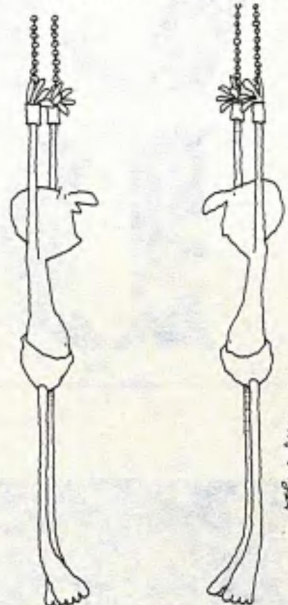
But five years had passed since then, and Baby Skull had just about outgrown his nickname — adding some fifty pounds and a few facial hairs to his appearance, three inches to his height, and an inch or two to his peter. He was beginning to feel like a man.

It was the end of summer now and the whole Crossbones gang, which had been cruising the highways and byways of America, partying, picnicking and raising hell at every park, landmark, and national monument they saw, was camped out up in the Black Hills of South

Dakota, preparing for the long ride back to their hometown stomping grounds near Dallas.

But Baby Skull had one important matter to settle first, and he decided to do it right out in the open where one and all would see

Easyriders



"I don't know how we ever got by before they invented disposable diapers."

Black T-shirts with White Designs



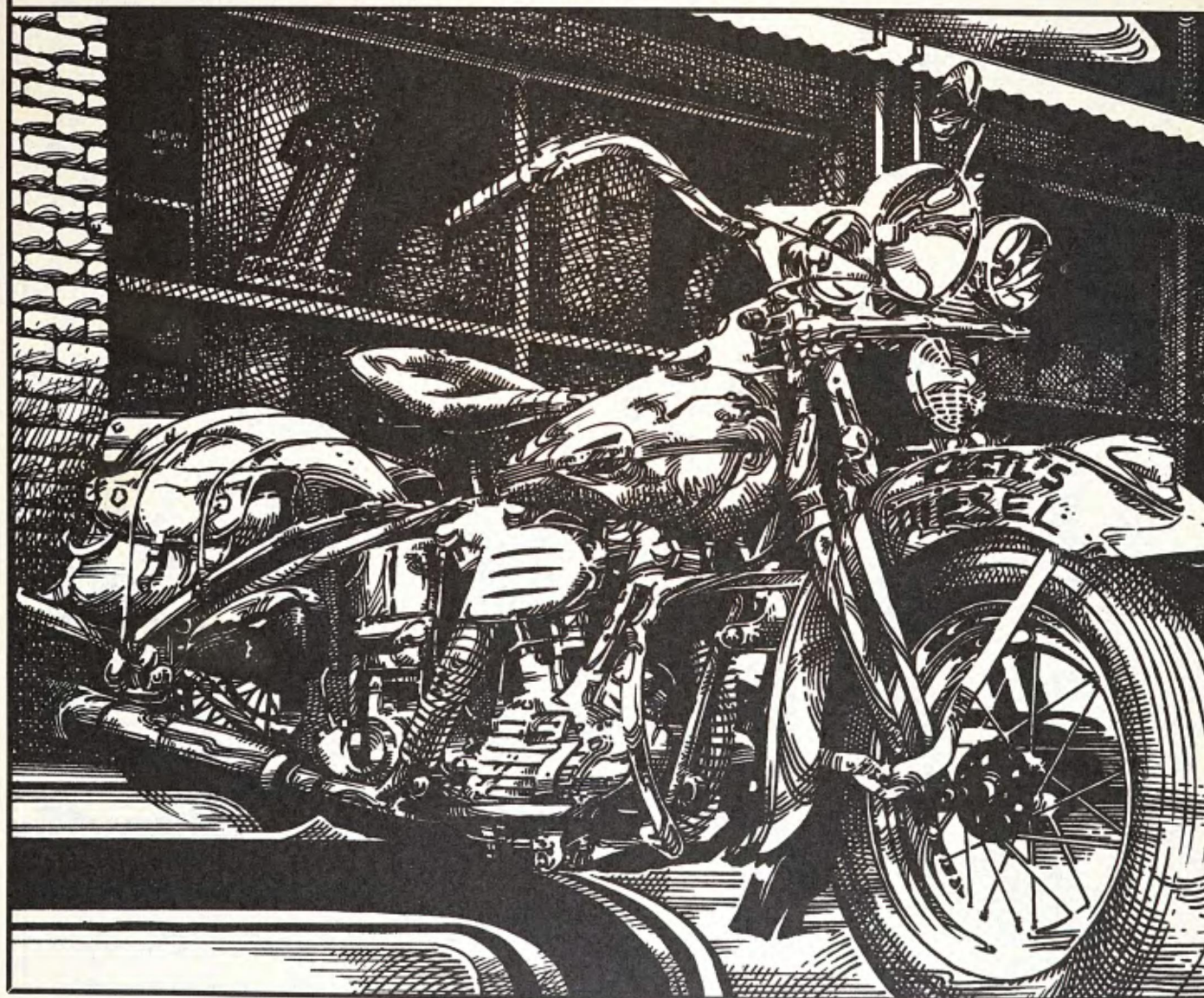
S. And on the 8th Day GOD Created Motorcycles. T. I'm Hers Because She Gives Good Head. U. Gimme Head Till I'm Dead. V. My Ol' Lady Yes, My Dog Maybe, My Motorcycle Never. W. Born on a Mountain, Raised In a Cave, Biking and Fuckin', Is All I Crave. X. I'm a Pervert, In Case of an Emergency, Gimme Head.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

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CECIL'S DIESEL

BY PAPPY



Cecil's diesel was an old '39 Harley 61-inch knuckle, faded from the original Harley red to a sickly faded pink set off by primer and rust, with its chrome long past polishing and the genuine H-D saddlebags dry, cracked and hard as armor plate but still usable. She was left at Bob & Cliff's Cycle Shop to be either repaired or sold, left outside leaning against the shack that served as both shop and clubhouse, not considered worth anyone's bother to steal her.

'Bout this time I'm wrenching for a Lincoln-Merc outfit and driving a worn-out '41 Ford cage. After work it was always a race to the local watering hole for a few pitchers of cold brew to wash down the grease and dirt. Me being such an accomplished wrench, the brakes on my cage would usually tangle with the drums on the second or third pump of the pedal, frequently leading to a tangle with another cage. This was the same year that the State of Texas, in its infinite wisdom, began requiring drivers to show financial responsibility by buying some liability insurance. Since I was as enthusiastic about that law as I was about working on my own cage, I awoke one day without a drivers' license.

So, naturally, I bust ass to the cycle shop to lay this tale of woe upon my friends, who, after a few beers and consultation, decided I might get around with less exposure to the fuzz on a bike — especially since I was prone to smoke tires and raise hell in general when not afoot. Bob, one of the owners, said there was this guy from the local air base who'd left an old non-running Harley outside

and he thought the dude might trade it for anything, but especially a cage. Next day we got the swap made legal, him getting a patched Ford and a few payments, and me a Hog free and clear.

A little wrenching here and there and a new battery was about all that neglected old putt needed. Sure, she smoked a little when I got on the throttle hard, and always left her fifty-weight calling card wherever she'd been parked, but what the hell.

Ya know how those other turkeys ya usta run with always had something new and shiny — thanks to a good job or a rich daddy — and fast as hell? Well, that crowd considered my Harley a riot, but I never minded until I went down to the local Harley dealer for something or other. His name was Cecil B. and he thought that me and my bike were way too grotty, so he asked me not to park it out front. Then some asshole caught me drunk or asleep behind Cecil's shop and painted "Cecil's Diesel" on both sides of my front fender. I sent out for parts after that.

But you know, that old bike always started, never broke down, and went everywhere. In those prehistoric days we went on nightly rocket runs, sneakin' into the USAF's auxiliary airfield to chase jackrabbits. We'd run 'em down, bring 'em back alive in our saddlebags, and chuck 'em out at bus stops, movie lobbies, and on some occasions, even out front of the cop shop. They never even stopped me on that fine knuck.

I guess the old "diesel" would classify as a rat bike today, but she was so damned reliable that people quit laughing and began to see

past the faded paint and all that grease. (At the time, I didn't know what Gunk was.) I'll admit she didn't lure many females, but what the hell, I didn't look much better. She did have a couple of tricks up her pipes that were a little hard on the bod. Namely, due to going down in some crash and not being repaired properly, she kinda took a little pressure on the bars to the left to hold her out of a right turn, which turned out to be a good muscle builder but sure hurt some after a long day of putting. The other thing was that her front fork bushings were worn out and loose as a goose.

I could have cared less till one day when I was on a bridge racing some other scoots. Miss Diesel took on a bad wobbly feeling which went from real bad to much worse in only a second or two while I looked at concrete bridge railings and wanted to be somewhere else. Luckily, I got it shut down somehow, didn't crash, and from then on kept the speedo under sixty-five.

I came on better times and an Indian Chief 74-incher that had better luck where righteous-looking females were concerned. "Cecil's Diesel" got swapped for an Indian Scout engine and tranny to go into a racer I was tinkering on. Then my old man gave the racer away to parties unknown while I was away on a long trip to talk business with some bad actors from the northern parts of China and Korea.

I dunno what ever became of that tough old knuckle, but I still think of her when I'm puttin' along on my Sporty. Frankly, I wish to hell I had her back. Why, I'd strip her and paint her and. . . ■

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Loud and Primitive
The "Softail" represents the biggest change to a Harley in more than 40 years. The normally slow-evolving company unleashed a bar-
rage of new technology on the Softail for 1984, and true to form, they succeeded in the difficult task of producing backward evolution. For Harley-Davidson the irony of using modern technology to preserve the past is necessary. Their lifeblood is image and heritage. A digital read-out tachometer or silky smooth engine would only enrage their following. We buy Harleys because they're long, low, loud, and primitive. We like to feel 80 cubic inches of V-Twin rumbling beneath us. They look right, they sound right, and they make us feel good.

Very Interesting
The less-than-ideal wealth-paigms to rid the industry of non-currents, and don't forget the Harley tariff fiasco, all combined to make 1983, well, interesting... to say the least.

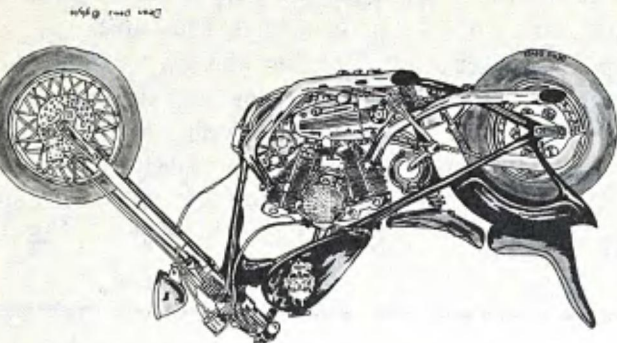
John Bromm
Motorcycle Dealernews
But what really causes the eyebrows to shoot several notches up the surprise register is when you glance down the page and compare the British production figures of 5500 motorcycles to the British export figures of 17,800 machines. Even if all the bikes built in Britain were exported, where have the additional 12,000 plus machines materialized from? The answer seems to be that a substantial number of the bikes that are imported into this country from Japan end up being re-exported. In technical jargon they are described as grey exports.

Grey Exports
Those who criticize the Association [AMA] for an overly conservative style or believe that it doesn't respond to challenge are simply unaware of the changes that have taken place in the decade since 1974. While we need not decide whether each change was good or bad, correct or incorrect, there were many and they were significant.—Ed Youngblood
60 Years Old
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Hot Rod
make us feel good. They sound right, and they make us feel good. They sound right, and they make us feel good. They sound right, and they make us feel good.

Big Trouble
Bill Werner and I decided to get into trouble. Being the wild and crazy guys we are, the best we could do was dinner at the town's leading restaurant. However, in my fortune

Arm Stretcher
And the FXRS can move out smartly, too, when called upon to do so, but not with wheel-spinning, tire-shredding theatrics. Instead, the bike simply accelerates with arm-stretching authority any time you twist the throat-



clubs across the country in conjunction with the former of the AMA, the Motorcyclist and Allied Trades Association (MATA), which designated them Gypsy Tours and set a single, coordinated weekend in which all these regional events were conducted. —American Motorcyclist

Work For It
All in all, 1984 is poised to present all of us in this here motorcycle industry with a profitable year. It won't come breaking down your door... you'll still have to work for it. —Rick Campbell
Motorcyclist
Industry Shopper

In Spades
The rumbling exhaust, the low-end torque, the laid-back seating position and that unmistakable Harley look are all there in spades. But in every way, this is a vastly improved motorcycle. The V2 engine smooths out above idle, it's relatively oil-tight, and it has none of the shovelhead's mechanical noise. There's no doubt the FXRS is still a cruiser, but now it's the best damned cruiser ever built. —Jim Miller
Cycle Guide

What Tires?
We could run motorcycles on bare wheel rims if we wished, but the rims would provide a very harsh ride, grip only a little better than ice skates on a frozen pond, and wear away relatively quickly. —Bill Stermer
Motorcyclist
Industry Shopper

the, accompanied by a full-throated booming roar sounding off through the staggered-dual exhausts. Quarter-mile times show the Big Twin's acceleration isn't on par with that of most large-displacement Japanese multits, but that's not Harley's game: wide-band, usable power is. —Charles Everett
Cycle Guide

Direct Relation
In relation to racing, the parts managers keep more motorcycles on the road. But these days, more and more parts managers fall short of those six-figure salaries. And it has been years since a parts man's signature graced the faining of a signature-series motorcycle. —Randi Warren
Motorcyclist
Industry Shopper

H-D Crow
So maybe, with their pat arguments no longer able to hold water, some guys finally will throw a leg over a Harley. "Try it, you'll like it" never had more meaning. And eating a little crow isn't so bad — once you get past the feathers.

The Origin
The origin of the Gypsy Tour can be tracked back to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in the year 1913. At that time, the Milwaukee Journal sponsored a "Good Fellow-ship Tour" for motorcyclists which caught the attention of the riding population. By 1920, similar events were being held by motorcycle

Super Bike
—William Boot
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VET VOICE

by Sarge

The main news for you in this issue is what's been happening with the "Agent Orange" Product Liability Litigation, commonly known to us non-lawyer types as The Agent Orange Lawsuit. Recently, there was a reorganization within the consortium of attorneys and firms who have been representing us.

For the last few years, the lawsuit has seemed to be dragging on with nothing but one complication after another. And that's exactly the case. First, we veterans were judged unable to sue the government, so we thousands banded together and hired lawyers to sue the chemical companies that produced the herbicides used in Vietnam. We filed a class-action lawsuit against them and they, the companies, started looking for ways to put the burden of payment back on the U.S. government — just in case they should lose to us. The whole thing wound up in the United States District Court of the Eastern District of New York, with Judge C.J. Pratt presiding.

At that point, Judge Pratt appointed (in Pretrial Order No. 26) a group of attorneys to represent us, the plaintiffs. This consortium was headed by the firm of Yannacone & Yannacone (of New York) and designated as "Yannacone & Associates." Other law firms and lawyers were also on our team, but Yannacone was designated as "lead counsel" — meaning that Victor Yannacone, Jr. and his firm were essentially "in charge" and thus, were the lawyers most responsible for appearance in court and at related proceedings.

Since the Agent Orange issue itself, not to mention the legal aspects involved, is so complex, Yannacone and his firm have had to spend an immense amount of time and effort in and out of court over the past few years. The stress and the expense have been enormous and we have not paid them one red cent yet. Hence, as you bros can surely understand, the time eventually came for someone else to step into their shoes and keep the thing moving.

This is what happened as of September 1983. Judge Pratt granted the motion by Yannacone & Yannacone that they be released from the

duties and responsibilities of lead counsel. Simultaneously, three of the other firms representing us were appointed "Lead Counsel and Management Committee."

The folks who are now stuck with the heavy duties and expenses of the case are all volunteers for these responsibilities. Plus, Yannacone & Yannacone are still with us, nowadays charged with legal responsibility (as if that were even necessary, considering how devoted Victor Yannacone has been!) of cooperating with and supplying all possible information and assistance to the new lead counsel. For your info, the new leaders are: Schlegel & Trafelet, Ltd. (Chicago), Benson Musselwhite, Inc. (Houston), and Mr. Thomas Henderson of Baskin & Sears (Pittsburgh).

Both the court and our attorneys are pushing mightily right now to get the lawsuit out of the pretrial phase and into actual trial in 1984. (I suspect that this doesn't really please the chemical companies.) Currently, we're in the phase in which depositions (written testimony) are being taken by our attorneys from former and current employees of the defendants.

I need some real head-to-head commo with you, bros. You know, when I got out of the Army in '69, I wore my field jacket for a while — then quit. Sure, I was proud of my "colors": the First Cav combat patch, the Drill Sgt. Identification badge (patch) and most of all, my Combat Infantryman Badge. But, it was still antiwar time and I found myself too ready to fight every time some asshole started up with me just because I was obviously a 'Nam vet. I didn't need jail, so I gave the jacket to the sister of an old girlfriend — to hell with it.

I went back in the Army later and came out with another field jacket. Never wore it much even after 1979. I was still proud, but I felt uncomfortable around non-vets when wearing it. I was still suffering from that long, long decade-and-a-half during which 'Nam vets were looked on as either nonentities or as a good reason to cross the street whenever you saw one coming. Then, about three years ago, I decided that what's mine is mine and if you don't

like it, kiss my olive-drab ass!

Still, that's not necessarily the right attitude either. But something small, though important, happened recently. Funny, how it's the small things that can really have an effect.

Wearing my field jacket while shopping for groceries, I found myself being ogled by a young checkout clerk — a guy of maybe 20 or so. I just stared back and he shyly asked me, "U.S. Army?"

I told him yes, and to my surprise the kid came back with, "We really showed those Grenadians and Cubans, didn't we?" I smiled and walked out, was silent in the car for a while, then turned to my wife. "Nice kid," I said.

But what I *thought* was something else. It suddenly dawned on me. For fifteen years that's what was missing! Just one fucking measly, little comment indicating that another citizen, another American, could look at me and think something positive and say it!

It's not that you want to be seen as a hero — I'm not one. It's just that first you had all the rejection when you came home, to the point of being shunned and ignored and even cursed. Then, while this poor, poor "ashamed" and "wounded" nation wanted to heal and forget, you were deliberately forgotten along with everything else. And I realized that in all those fifteen years, not only had I never been given one positive remark by a stranger (other than fellow 'Nam vets), but also not one relative or good friend had made one.

All that doesn't matter now. I wasn't in Washington for the parade and I haven't visited the monument. I'll wear my 'Nam colors now because they are on my jacket and they're mine and they have special meaning for me. I don't need another compliment or remark of any kind. Thanks to some good kid who'll never know it, I've had my parade — in a supermarket.

I just read Sarge's column in your September '83 issue and wanted to say thanks to all the bros who did it in 'Nam. I'm a member of the good ol' U.S. of A's "canoe club" and this summer, instead of being in the wind, where

Continued on page 102

A Tribute To Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Gil Clark**, my righteous bro. We shared the same blood and we shared some beautiful women. We shared the same love for Harley-Davidsons. 11/8/83 just wasn't your day to be in the wind. Gonna miss those days riding side by side. I hope there's no such thing as a cage on the road you're riding today. Love from your little bro, Kevin Clark.

In loving memory of **Francino John Barbati**, 3/17/31-11/4/83. You rode hard and died fast. We all love you and miss you. You're riding free now. Susie, Jamie, Nickols, Rick, Lino, Jim, Renee, Charlie, Don, Sr. and Jr., Roger, and Snokey.

In loving memory of **Donna Becker**, who died 9/24/83 and whose birthday would have been 10/8/83. I loved you, Donna. You were a great partier and a loving friend. We will all miss you and never forget you. I hope to see you again sometime in Heaven. Love always, Eddie "Outlaw" Galvin and all your friends in Albany.

To **David Bandt** (H-D, for short): May there be a Lake Shore Drive in Heaven. With love forever, your brother Michael. P.S. Does God ride a Harley?

I guess I have grown weak, no longer does it matter how or what anyone feels. I am my own man again. In my own pursuits of destiny wherever it may be. As I wander down my path of life, lonely it isn't. Interesting it may be to find where my path leads me. By **Brian Dean "Freedom Rider" Peterson**, 7/24/57-11/2/83. Hit on his scooter by an 18-wheeler in Phoenix, Ariz. Ride on forever, Brian. Love you, Brian. Gary and family.

In loving memory of **Richie Miller**, 9/5/83. You were one of a kind. Memories of you shall always make me smile. Ride free now, Miller. Rest in peace, my friend. "K."

In memory of **BoBo 1**er 13 Pagans MC, N.Y. A legend in his own time. Remembered by Dickie 1^{er} 13 and all Pagan brothers present and retired.

The world awaits your return, **Gilbert Dale Davidson**, 4/19/43-4/19/80. In memoriam, the Amvets National Service Foundation proudly announces your enrollment in the National Memorial Roster Amvets National Headquarters, Lanham, Maryland. The bell to ring at 2400 hours, April 19. You served your country, you served your blood, and you served your brothers, the now inactive Outcasts, Las Vegas, Nev.: Fucawee tribe bonds forever. Our hearts burn for this. Vivian Maxine, Spencer Daniel Harley Angil, Dale Amen Lyon and Twin, Saul Ivan, John Dean Boaz, and Lo Gilian Daline — Davidsons.

In loving memory of **Virginia "Gini" Dobson** of Ithaca, N.Y. She survived in this world from 11/1/64-10/31/83. She was wild, crazy and free; she's gone to where she's free to do as she pleases, for she couldn't here. Goodbye, good luck and God bless. I loved ya, sis. Dawn Rumsey.

In loving memory of **Reuben "Fat Rat" Isaac**, 5/23/83. We all love and miss you, bro, and you'll live in our hearts forever. Memories never die, and you left a million of them. You'll never be forgotten. Love forever, The Tahoe Park, gang and Ellen, Ollie, and Donna.

In memory of **"Picky Ricky" Rodriguez**. You got what you wanted before you left, and left on your scooter the way you wanted. We will never forget you. Love, Mailman Dennis and Tracy in Phoenix, Ariz.

In memory of **"Chucker"**, a true brother forever, killed 1/20/82. We haven't forgotten you or what you were doing. Buzzard 1^{er} ITCOB SOSMC Nomad Chapter.

In loving memory of **Bill Suttles**, 9/81. Gone but not forgotten. To all who knew you, you were a very special brother. The doc told you your time had come, but you didn't listen. You rode your Harley till the end, which came one year later. Just goes to show how much doctors know. We love ya! See you soon in Harley Heaven. Your sister Annette.

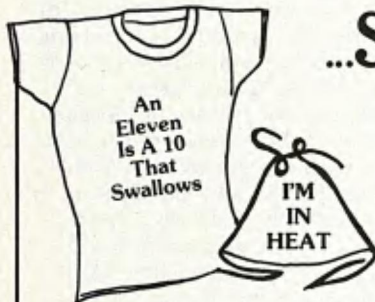
In memory of **Danny Tozer**, 10/24/47-10/20/83. We'll miss you, bro, but you'll always be with us in our memories. Ride in the wind forever. Your bro, Scott "Bear," Frog, Butch, Chris, Randy, Chris and everyone who got to know you.

In memory of **"B.B." Elbert**, Devils Breed MC, downed by a cage 10/20/83. You've moved on to bigger highways, but we'll keep your memory alive forever. Ride free. All your brothers and sisters in Honolulu.

In loving memory of **Cindy "Motor-baby" Clark**, 8/15/83. Your life was too short. I miss you so much. But in time, once again our souls will touch. Your spirit rides with me and keeps me safe. Your loving husband Bud.

In memory of **J.C.** You died on 10/25/83 in Lebanon, keeping peace. Your life was taken cheaply by some communist pig in a suicide cage. You are missed greatly and will be remembered by all. May you ride on in Harley Heaven forever. Steven John and the rest of your bros here at Camp LeJeune.

In memory of **"Mouse"**, 10/2/83. Lost his life trying to save another. We will always miss you — everyone who rode and partied with you. Mom and Dad's Bar, Marshalltown, Iowa.



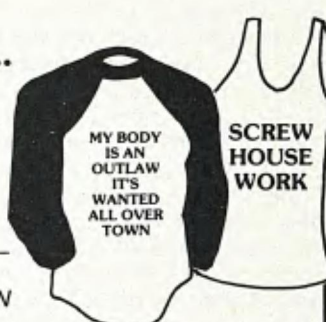
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go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

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*Outside U.S.A. please send money order (U.S. funds) for shirt price, plus \$2.50 for additional shipping and handling per shirt ordered. Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

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.

21-year-old w/m under lock and key wants to hear from ladies everywhere. Send your smut letters, fantasies, pictures. Any age. George Sims 16752, Box N-S-P, Carson City, NV 89701-0607.

Two w/m convicts, 22 and 26, need outside loving with sincere young ladies, 18-45. Don't con a con, play it straight and keep it cool, 'cause we don't want to be made a fool. Send us a flick and we'll reply. Come on, ladies, give us a try! Kenneth Trahan 96965, and Bobby Wall 96278, Magnolia #3, Angola, LA 70712.

Lookin' for love with affectionate, together woman. I'm 30, 5'11", 190 lbs., long blond hair, and a 45" chest. Paroling in '85. Robert Jones, C-56406, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m down in Alabama, getting out soon. Would like to hear from sweet, blonde-haired ladies. I'm 28, 5'11", 165 lbs., dark hair. David Robert Waldrop 121506, Rt. 2, Box 37, Holman Station, AL 36503.

W/m, 29, 5'9", 200 lbs., been down 2 1/2 years and gettin' out summer of '84. Would like letters from real righteous ladies. Send photos if possible. I'll do same. Mike "Chopper" Dornack 118546, Box 55, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Tramp out the San Gabriel Valley, So. Cal., sure would like to hear from some homegirls, or from any honey who's checkin' out this ad. I'm white, 30, 5'11", 180 lbs., tattooed down, looking for these gates to open 12/11/84, after 6 down. Steve "Sleepy" Radey 068024, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Free love! No. Calif. ladies wanted for visits and letters. I'm looking for that one special woman. W/m, 27, 6', 185 lbs., brown and hazel. Kids okay. David Roberts, Box C-19434, Represa, CA 95671.

Dirty white boy wants pretty ladies, 17-35, to correspond with. I'm 22, 5'11", good build, brown hair, blue eyes. Gary Yoakum 26703, ISP, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 33, P.O.W., biker trash rebel, 6'2", 220 lbs., blue eyes, long brown hair, tacked back. Lookin' to hook up with one righteous ol' lady. Must be biker trash, know the street life. Answer letters with photos first. Doc Howard, Box B-41394, Florence, AZ 85232.

Two white bros down, need to hear from some ladies out there. Answer all your letters. Pictures, please. Kenneth O'Bannon, C-35984, and Dale Rhodes, C-50662. Box 686 Central, Soledad, CA 93960.

Looking for a woman I can count on and vice versa. W/m, 27, 5'11", 165 lbs., light-brown hair and blue eyes. Serious ladies only. I will answer all. Bob Harris 142134, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Hey, girls! Downed white bro, long brown hair, brown eyes, 5'9", 165 lbs., would like to hear from all you righteous foxy ladies out there who would like to help my time go faster. Send flicks. Will answer all. Bill Bartlett, C-719706 #82, Box 3535, Norco, CA 91760.

W/m, 28, looking for ladies, 20-35, to let me know there's life beyond these walls. A few minutes of your time in letters helps a man to cut through all the everyday bullshit he lives with here. With three in and one to go, you could get lucky! All letters with flicks answered first. Jerry Harig 138633, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Downed bro from Jersey held prisoner by these fuckin' idiots in Kansas. I'm 22, 5'9", 145 lbs., dark hair and hazel eyes. Pics appreciated. All will be answered. No restrictions on mail, so if some of you sisters in the same situation as I am want to write, do it! Dale McVey 36257, Box 1568, B2-243, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

White bro, 25, down with 1 year to go, needs flicks and letters from righteous lady, serious-minded, 18 to ? Paul "Jersey" Roberts 83-A-0084, H.U. 1, FCF, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508.

W/m, 23, is doing a hard flat 18 months in the Jackson County Jail. Would love letters and pics from beautiful chicks, 17-30. Also, would appreciate visits from beautiful young ladies in the Missouri area. Charles E. Gulley, 415 E. 12th St., C-Tank, Kansas City, MO 64106.

Lonely scooter tramp, 23, red hair, 5'11 1/2" and 185 lbs. Lost ol' lady after 3 1/2 years to my cousin. Looking for anyone and some from Pa. area, also. Please send pictures. Rick "Freebird" Spotts, R-4297, Drawer-R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

W/m, 5'9", 167 lbs., 31, would like letters/flicks from sincere ladies. Doing 3 on 6, with 2 to go. Steve "Mad-dog" Mattingly 20552-2, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391-0473.

Ladies, downed Harley rider needs love! I'm a 5'6", auburn-haired, blue-eyed handsome man. Tired of bitches, tramps, game players. I'm due to rise in 1984. Would relocate for that special lady. Age, looks unimportant, where your head and heart are is! Allen "Shot-Gun" Schrum 31756, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Here's the one to write to! Very handsome, very tall white male, 195 lbs., brown/gray hair, green eyes. Smart enough to go to college, dumb enough to go to jail. Adventurous, appreciative, and a nifty speller, too. All letters answered, no matter how bad your writing may be. Cunnilingus spoken here. Send letters and photos (if you have 'em) to: Norman Mowry 119088, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

42-year-old w/m looking for marriage-minded ladies, 40-52 years of age. Must be honest and know how to take care of her man. I'm doing 100 years; see the parole board 1995, but can see it before then. Kids okay. L.D. Owens, A-013766, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

53-year-old w/m in dire need of love, friendship and comfort from soft, sexy and sensual ladies. Have 15-20 months to go. Donovan Lyle Thingvold, C-70685, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434-0112.

Lonely New Yorker, 5'9", 155 lbs., 22, down twelve. Love the ladies of the eighties, so love me back. Timothy Hayes 44846, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 28, 6'4", 200 lbs. This crazy white boy from the city is doing time in the country and needs hot letters and sexy flicks from some righteous chicks. All letters answered. Johnny "Big John" Czajka 40218, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 26, 5'10", 170 lbs., brown hair, green eyes. Been down for 4 years, got about 2 to go. I'm starting to get lonely and need some sexy lady with a sincere heart to help ease the pain. With answer all — photo, if possible. Bob Perry 17500, Box 14, Unit 11, Boise, ID 83707.

Young, white, black hair, brown eyes, soon to be free. I know there are some fine women out there who could use a hell of a man — and hell knows I could use a fine woman of any race. So, send warm letters and photos to James Warhawk 68826, Wyoming Prison Ranch, Box 205, Midwest, WY 82643.

W/m, 29, doing time in Texas. Need to hear from some females who won't mind trying to share a part of themselves with me. Scott D. Hutton 357927, Rt. 2, Box 250, Palestine, TX 75801.

I need to hear from some ladies. I'm 6'5", 210 lbs., brown hair and eyes, 30 years old, no zits or any other bullshit. Would like to get some pictures. Lookin' for a Bonnie. Aaron "Clyde" Martin, K-7036, Drawer-R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

Two down Aryan tramps decided to try this for letters from ladies. Pics appreciated. 4-5 years left. Looking for something positive. S.P. Kroll 14155 (26, 6', brown/black, 170 lbs.) and John "Doc" Watson 26116 (26, 5'9", brown/black, 160 lbs.), Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

Southern gent doing time in hillbilly state. Done six, got four to go. W/m, 31, 5'7", 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Been told I'm good-looking — you decide. Will answer all who send stamp. John Ambers 76220, Box 6, LaGrange, KY 40031.

I'm a w/m from San Diego, doing time in Florida. I'm 28, blond hair, brown eyes, 200 lbs. Would very much like to correspond with ladies who would enjoy a relationship through the mail; will exchange flicks. Bob Bench 076940, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Two outlaw peckerwoods, both 5'11", 175 lbs., blond, blue-green eyes, and good-lookin' in the image of true "Aryan Barbarians." Lookin' for Washington dirty white girls for correspondence and possible visits. Terry Marsh 632060, and Pat McGowan 262823, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

I took a fall and now I am behind these big grey prison walls. W/m, 6', 24, 185 lbs., blond hair, green eyes. Would like to correspond with sincere, mature and honest women in the No. Calif. area. David Reed, Box C-32628, Represa, CA 95671.

Biker from California, doing time in a Missouri pen, would like to hear from women, 21 to 39, who know what's happening, are for real and don't play head games. I'm 195 lbs., 5'11", green eyes, dark-brown hair and a good build. Will reply to all. Send all letters and photos to Bill W. Robinson 048343, Box 146, Fordland, MO 65652.

Downed tramp, 33, w/m, 156 out in less than 15 mos. Need letters and pictures. All answered. Lost it all, got to start all over again, so no head games or bullshit. Richard "Drifter" Slagle 360775, Ramsey 1, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Rosharon, TX 77583.

San Fernando Valley white boy in San Quentin. Looking for that special lady. Donnie Sylvester, Box B-51405, Tamal, CA 94964.

Honky, blond hair, green eyes, tattoos, fixing to rise in '84 and looking for a tender, loving woman to relocate to the West Coast. But she has to be a no-bullshit-game-playing chick with her head together. Don "Knuckles" Trendley 38124, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 155 lbs., 5'6", would like to hear from any women out there who would like to get to know me and help me do my time easier. Will answer all letters. James Pardini, Box C-71166, Tamal, CA 94964.

Lonely bro, w/m, 29, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown/brown. Would like to hear from all you attractive, crazy ladies, especially that one special lady who wants to be sincere, open-minded, and honest. Rugrats okay. So send a kite and flick as soon as you can. All answered. Tim Thaden 35156, Box 2800, Lincoln, NE 68502-0800.

Louisiana bro been doing down time since April '82. These "Parish prisons" are the pits of hell. Looking for a lady to bring a lil' sunshine into my soul. She must be strong-minded, know how to treat her man right, and have plenty of staying power. No head games! Kids okay. Let's make this relationship last. Ride hard and stay free. Timothy Powell, Box 197, Sulphur, LA 70663.

Two white bros looking for fine ladies who will write and possibly visit. Richard Conatser 274797, and Bob Holt 635174, Box 900, Shelton, WA 98584.

Done the crime, now doin' the time. I need a sister to write, visit, etc. 18-35 is cool. Flicks would be righteous. Get in touch with this 23-year-old, 6', 175 lbs., Irish white boy. Kent "Ozzy" Drummond, CTF-N-WB-224, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 38, 6', 185 lbs., misplaced Texas man and an outlaw out of New Orleans. Down for the count of two-ten, free again in '84. Need righteous ol' lady to get my head back on straight. Will answer all, 18 to 35. Send flicks and letters to Ronnie Ray "Outlaw" Ohlinger 91114, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Two 25-year-old Calif. w/m doing slow time in the forests of Wis. Both looking for our kind of women to take care of our needs. Any age — preferably in our area. Photo if possible. David Whitney 12618-008, and John Harper 75804-012, Box 1000, Oxford, WI 53592.

Two downed white animals doing time in the sticks (Missouri). We need letters from wild and crazy white chicks, 18-80! Write to Brian Ray 39156 (brown/brown, 5'6", 135 lbs., 20, lots of tattoos) and Dave Witt 40899 (sandy-brown hair, blue eyes, 160 lbs., 25), Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

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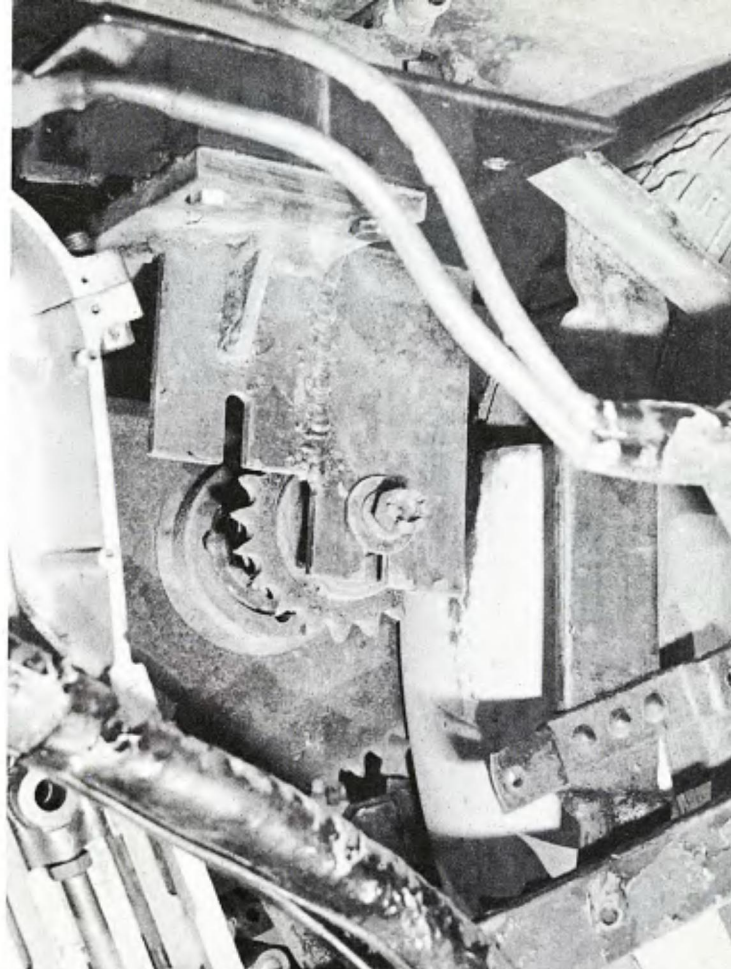
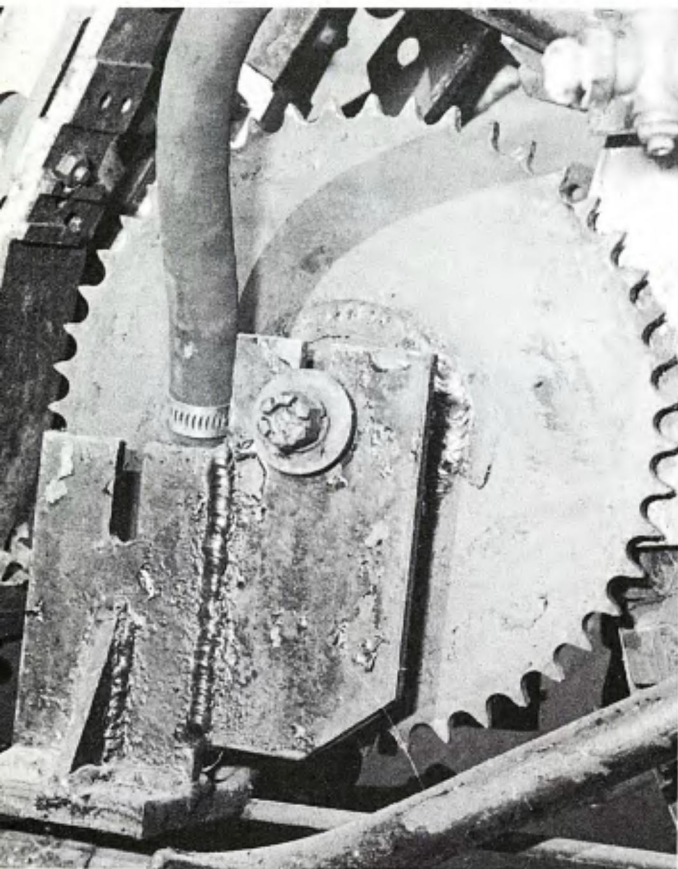
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Do you own a bike? Make

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

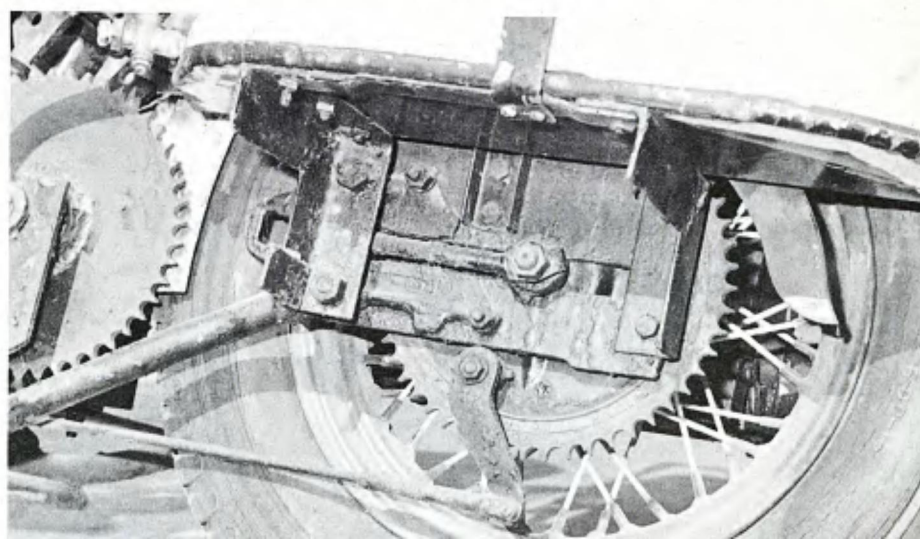


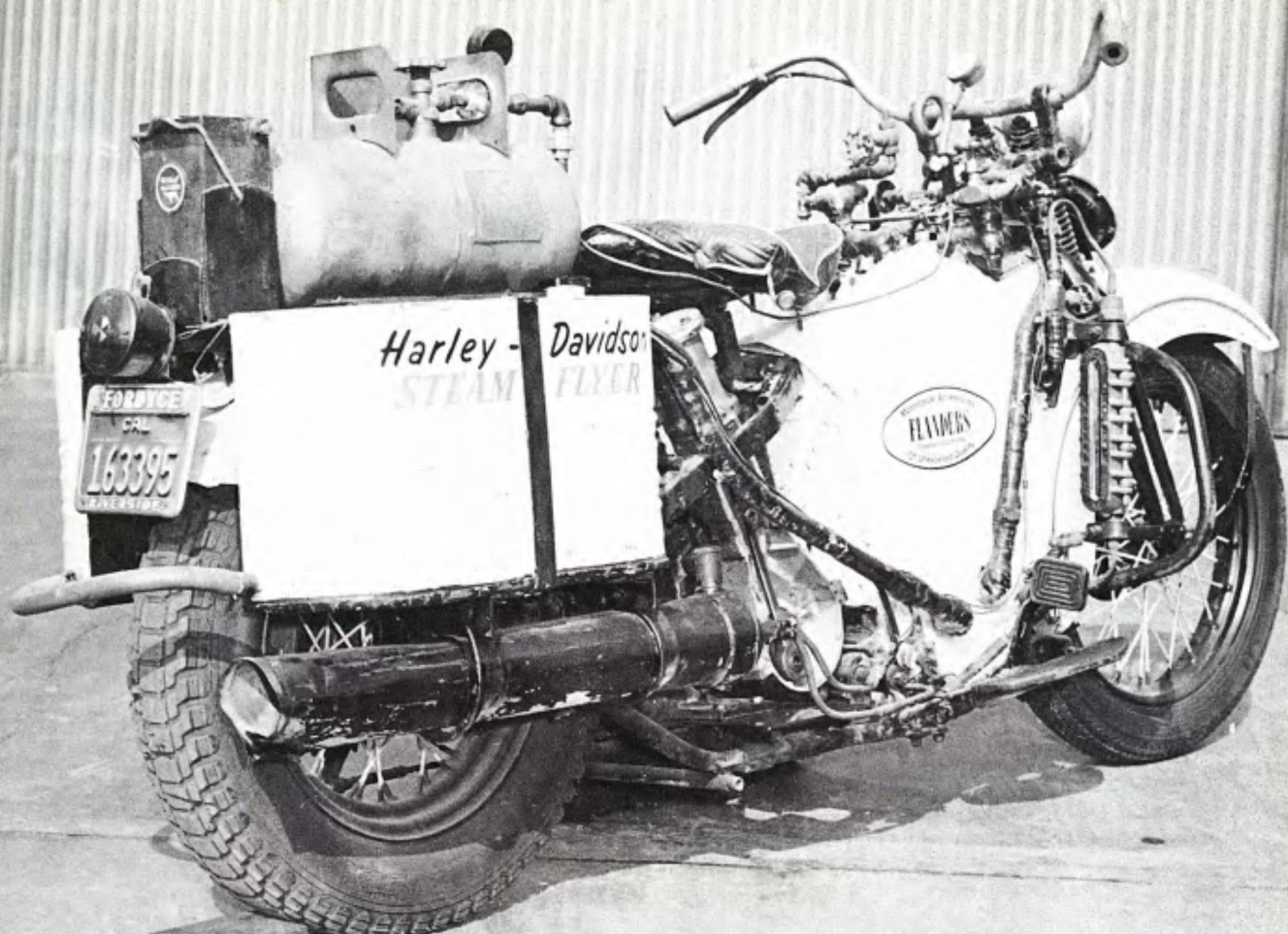
control the steam by using the footboard treadle that serves as the throttle. When ya put yer foot down, it allows steam to blast through to the pistons, which push the rods that turn the shaft that turns the sprocket, which is hooked to the rear wheel, which is connected to the ground, which is the road that ya ride on. . . .

Can ya imagine operatin' this thingamajig? Ya gotta

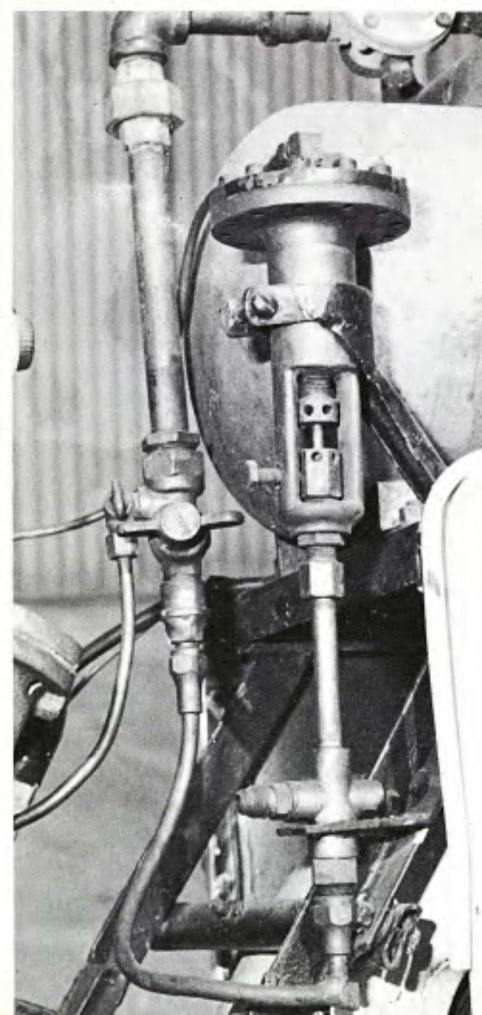
have more balls, to say nothin' about education, than an F-4 fighter pilot. In front of ya, mounted on the dash, are more valves than a hydro-electric power plant, with an assortment of gauges that ya gotta pay constant attention to: like the water gauge on the pipe side that was originally made for a locomotive, plus the butane tank behind ya, and the boiler pot under ya — all this while rollin'

down the track, tryin' to toot yer whistle at a hundred miles an hour. No shit, this 850-pound monster, which has reverse, but no gears to change or clutch, will do at least one hundred under a full head of steam. She gets around thirty miles to the gallon of water, and 35 on butane — and probably just as many on a tank fulla piss. Hey, that's a great idea! Go down to the local water hole,



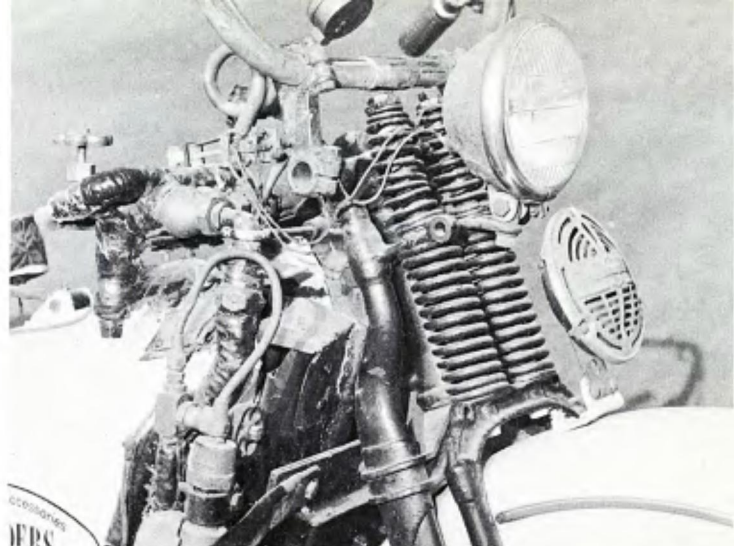


Photos by Pete Chiodo



fill up yer gut and yer bros' bellies — 'cause ya can hold plenty — then sit back an' let Ma Nature take 'er course. When ya have a full tank, fire up that piss an' drive over to visit that dude who shorted ya on yer last lid. He'll be dump-in' pounds on ya just to get the eight-foot piss wagon outta his driveway. Now there's an April Fool's joke for ya.

—Loudmouth



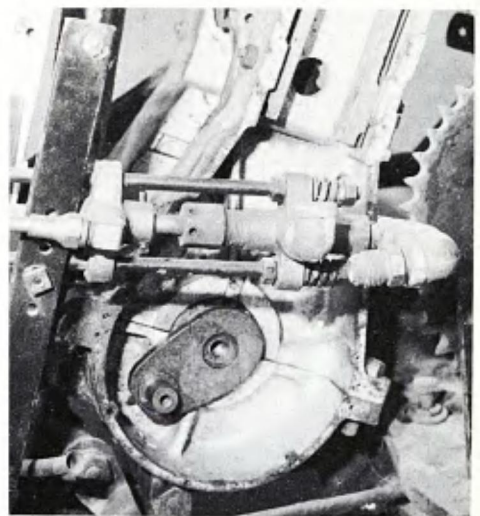
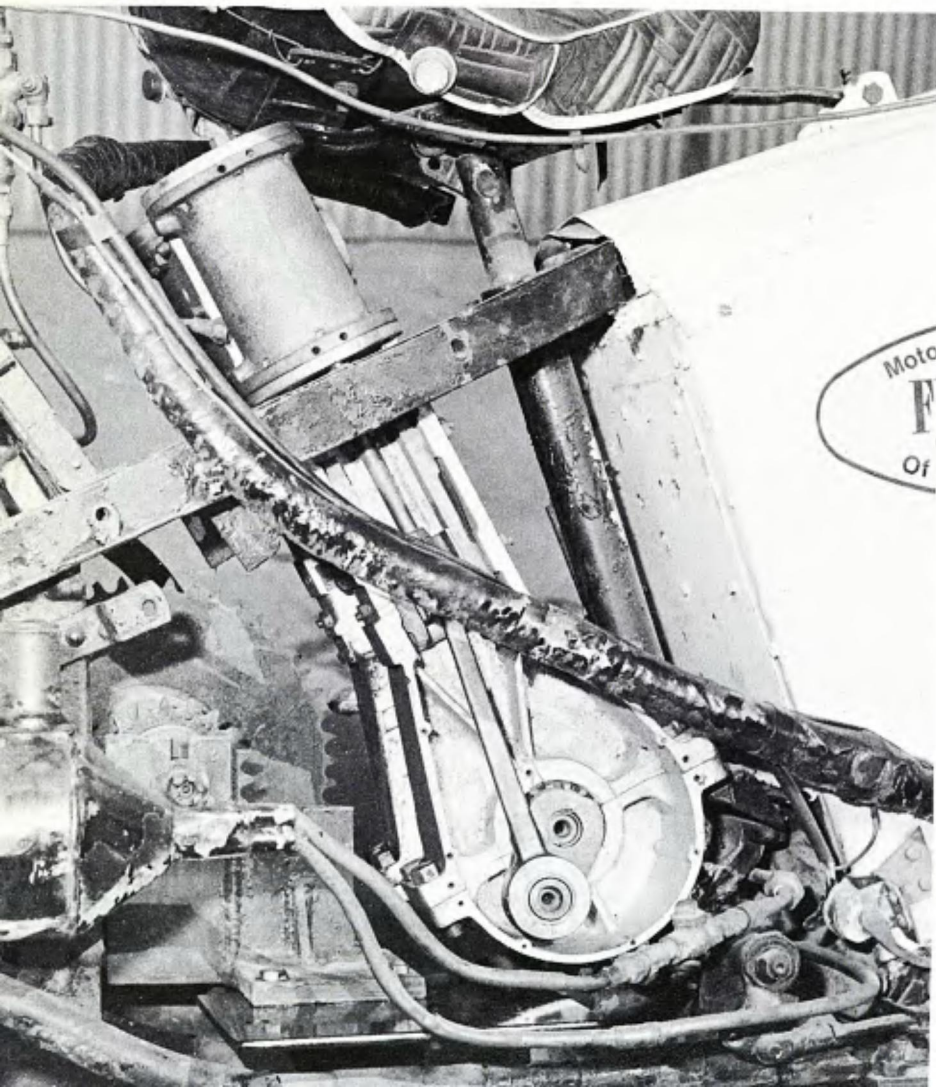
1902 automobile. A trip to a locomotive junkyard gave him the rest of the hardware. It took 14 months and a cool \$650 to get her on the road. A real steamroller.

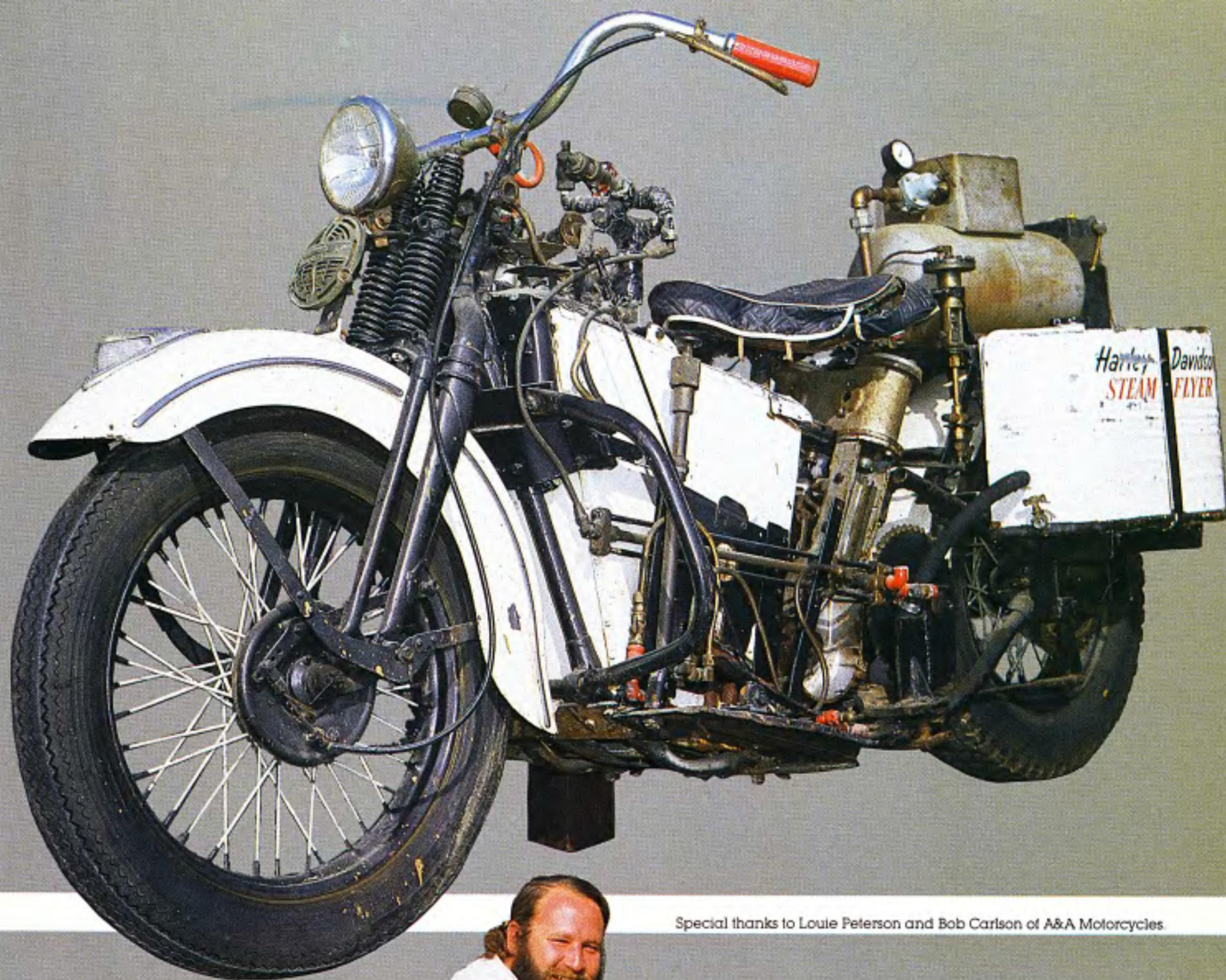
It's amazing how many added attractions there are to this machine. Currently, it's owned by Louie Peterson, the

owner of A&A Cycles in Arcadia, California. He is in the process of refurbishing the steamer after buying it recently at an estate sale. He wants it back to stock, har-har.

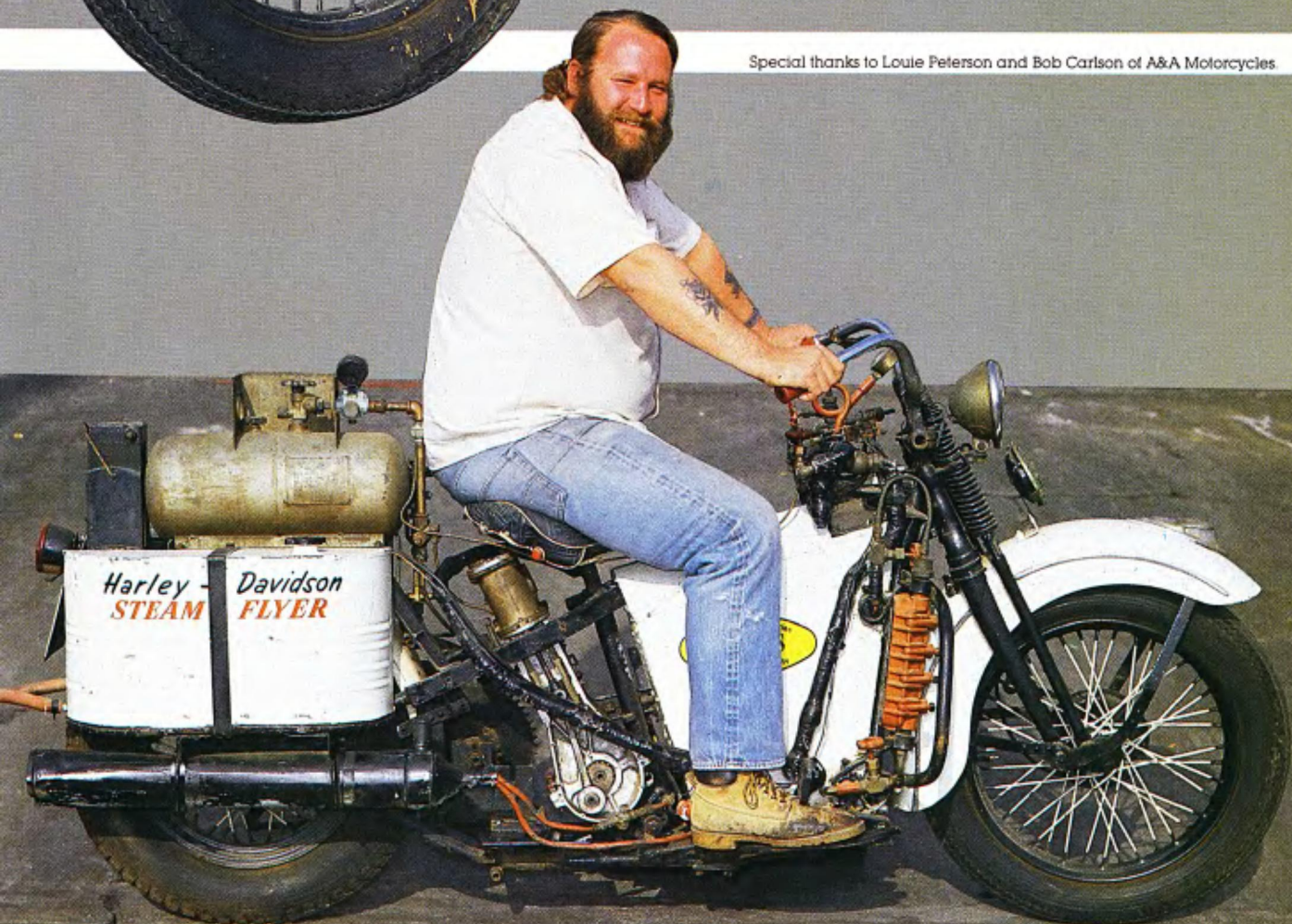
To operate the contraption, all ya gotta do is make sure there's water in the boiler,

which are the tanks at the rear of the bike, turn the butane gas on, get down on your knees and light a match to the boiler (hoping to hell ya don't blow yer nuts off), prime the oil pump — which is a real custom brass pump that injects oil into the steam engine for lubrication — then





Special thanks to Louie Peterson and Bob Carlson of A&A Motorcycles



You can always tell this Harley as it comes rollin' down the track by its distinctive high-pitched *toot-toot* as the steam boils up and the engineer gives it

more water. *Say what?*

The whacked-out mind of Hal Robinson, combined with the creative gadgetry of Rube Goldberg, couldn't come up with anything as bizarre as

this 1939 steam-powered Harley-Davidson. No, it could only come from the wild imagination of that master of mechanics — the late Leonard J. Washburn, a radiator

DON'T BLOW YER LUNCH BUT

It's a Steam Harley!



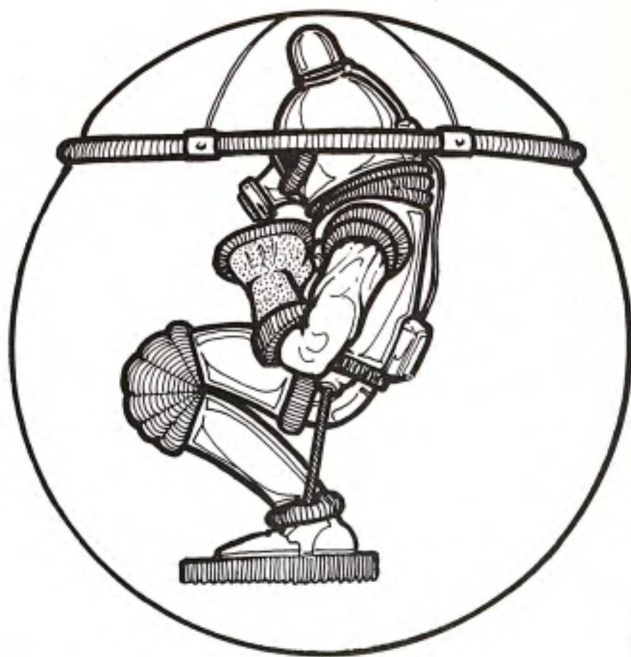
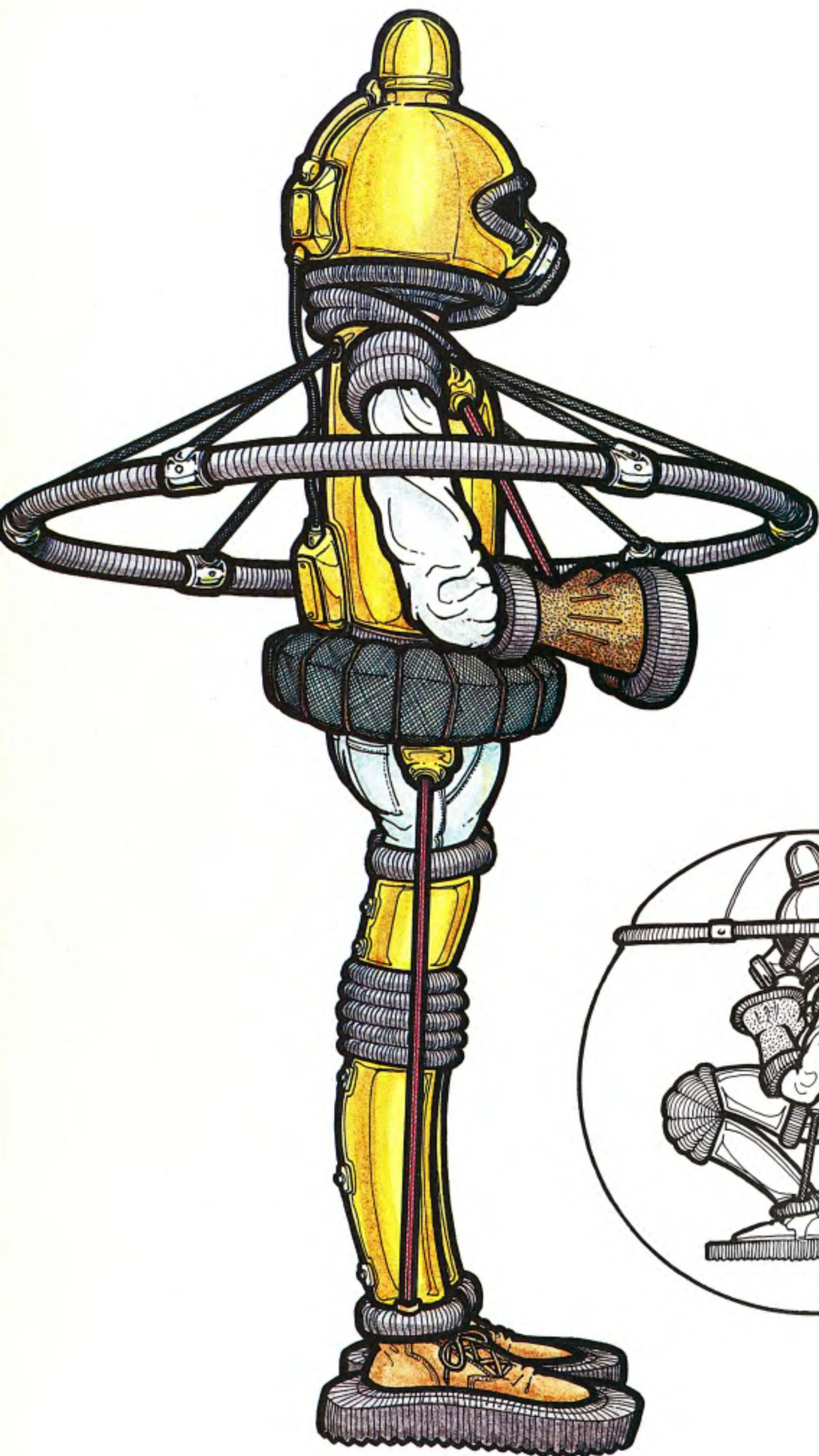
repairman from Rubidoux, California. Washburn created his own motorcycle milestone (apologies to no one) back in 1939 after he was talked out of buying a steam-powered

scooter that was in San Francisco. What the hell, he'd just build his own goldarned steamer. American ingenuity at its finest.

Being fascinated with

steam power (Washburn had previously owned a 1918 Stanley Steamer), he took a 1939 Harley 74 and tore out the guts, replacing them with a Toledo steam engine from a





CRAP SUIT IS JUST THAT

BY C. STARNAMAN

Late in the fall of 1980, with Ronald Reagan's election looking like a distinct possibility, several unusual projects were set in motion at the National Highway Transportation Safety Agency. They were camouflaged, secretly funded, and intended to remain hidden for the upcoming four-year term — designed to "grow in the dark" as one administrator put it, so they would be ready to be put into effect when Claybrook's Crusaders returned to their offices with the re-election of a "friendly" administration.

While most of the projects dealt with the automobile industry, perhaps the most exotic was designed for the benefit of motorcyclists, in a broadminded attempt to protect Director Claybrook's most vocal critics. Christened the Cycle Rider Advanced Protection Suit, the device was the brainchild of Feldon Omdurman Ph.D., and developed from the assumption that if the helmet was good, a complete protective suit would be better. The CRAP Suit was the result.

The original specification called for a two-pronged approach by separate teams of NHTSA scientists, each working on a minimal budget of 2.6 million dollars, with the knowledge that if their research bore fruit, additional funds would be made available for a pilot model. One team was assigned the problem of active protection; the other, passive protection, with both groups reporting to the CRAP Over-

Big bro tackles mammoth task of "saving" bikers — with the religion of high-tech.

[Reprinted from BUREAUCRAT'S BULLETIN: The Magazine for Washington Administrators]

view Committee headed by Dr. Omdurman.

The "active" team opted for the ever-popular air bag as the heart of their system, while the "passive" team concentrated on a form of padded polycarbonate armor. It was the Overview Committee's secret intention to combine the sys-

tems once they had reached the test phase. This stage was reached in late August 1981. The composite CRAP Suit is the result of additional technological efforts and compromises, and is currently now under test.

The composite CRAP Suit is designed to protect the wearer from a variety of hazardous conditions as well as the obvious danger of collision with another motor vehicle or major stationary object. The passive systems are relied upon to protect the wearer from such missiles as stones and hard-shelled insects by covering the vulnerable portions of the rider with a layer of padded polycarbonate, the material used for motorcycle helmets.

The Torso Guard is a padded breastplate or cuirass, covering the rider front and back, from the waist to the shoulders, leaving the arms unencumbered. Padded gauntlets protect the rider's hands, and optional segmented coverings for the arms are now under study, though not considered vital at this stage of development. From the waist down, the wearer is protected by fitted polycarbonate sections which enclose the rider's

Continued on page 109

CONSTRUCTION

BY J.J. SOLARI

"Get to your nearest construction site as soon as possible and stand and witness what may soon become a forbidden spectacle."

Bikers who receive their income through the construction trade should take careful note of the following. A recent article in a major U.S. newspaper suggested the creation of legal codes prohibiting the hollering of catcalls, hoots of erotic agony, the shouting of long, detailed lists of female body parts, groans of pretended ejaculatory bliss, visible clutching of thrust-out crotches with

the hands, bellowed whoops of orgasmic lust, the screaming of animal names suggesting aromas ("Hey, skunk!"), temperament ("Hey, bitch!"), poor physical attributes ("Hey, pig!"), *very* poor physical attributes ("Hey, rhino butt!"), suggestions of moral imperfection: "Hey — " (slut, tramp, trollop, whore, slattern, doglicker), long enumerations of vaginal synonyms, "Hey — "



SITE GREETINGS

(cunt, twat, pussy, clam, taco, hole, furburger, sardine & seaweed sandwich, slit, leglips); and screaming some or all of these things at the top of one's voice, often in the hearing of thousands of other non-involved citizens; and screaming these same announcements at any and all isolated or grouped females, ugly or cute, dead or alive, passing within 200 yards of a public construction site.

The idea would be to outlaw all this.

I suppose if the lawmakers decide they really want to forbid this, the chances are they will do it. It seems unlikely that construction workers would unite to defeat it,

because even if it passed, it wouldn't change anything. It's hard to imagine a couple of cops going up against a whole herd of prime (and bad-tempered) physical specimens, many of whom would be carrying hammers and electric saws, to tell them to shut up.

But even if such an edict was passed and obeyed, it's only the girls themselves whom such a law would hurt. For one thing, these hollered interludes are very often the only romantic attention a truly ugly girl ever gets. For some poor disfigured rodent who's never had a date in her life to suddenly see 27 guys with their shirts off all stop work simultaneously, straighten up, walk to the

Continued on page 99



Ol' Lady Contest

Here she is, folks — **Sue**, the seventh monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Sunny, Kris, and Dawn.



SANDY

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 issue is March 30th. We'll print the winner in the July issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #130 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

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.





JAN

KATHY



ASABELLE CHICKENLIPS

SUSAN



Rollin' Home With Dave Mann

Sun and wind. Lovely ladies and the smoke of a party never to be forgotten. The year was 1966, and the artist the young but already formidable Dave Mann. The Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-

Six. Acid on sugar cubes, the Summer of Lust, bikes and girls on every corner, rock 'n' roll pouring out the cracks in the walls of every club. 1966. A 300- pound hustler named Big Davey Rosenberg tells a rela-

On A Glorious Long-Gone Day

tively flat-chested chick named Carol Doda to ditch her bikini top when she dances. A profession is born. A while later Doda decides to become less flat-chested. A medical subspecialty is created. For Doda, and

for the acid heads and pill freaks, it was better living through modern chemistry all the way. 1966. The best year a lot of us ever had or will have. Thanks, Dave, for bein' there to put it on canvas for us.

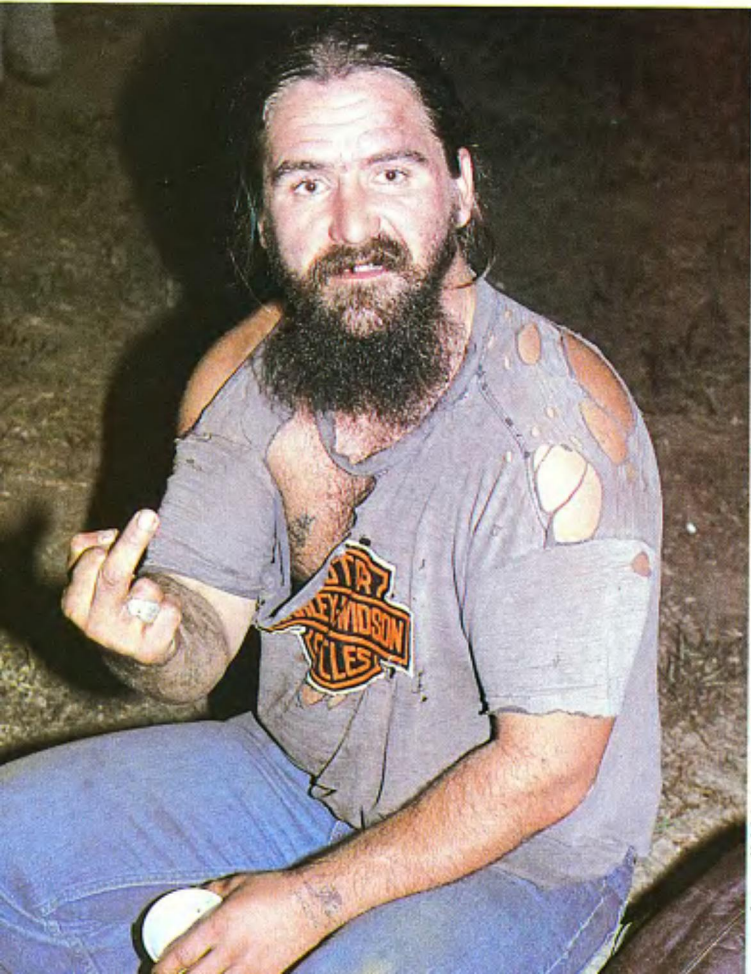
— Trampo





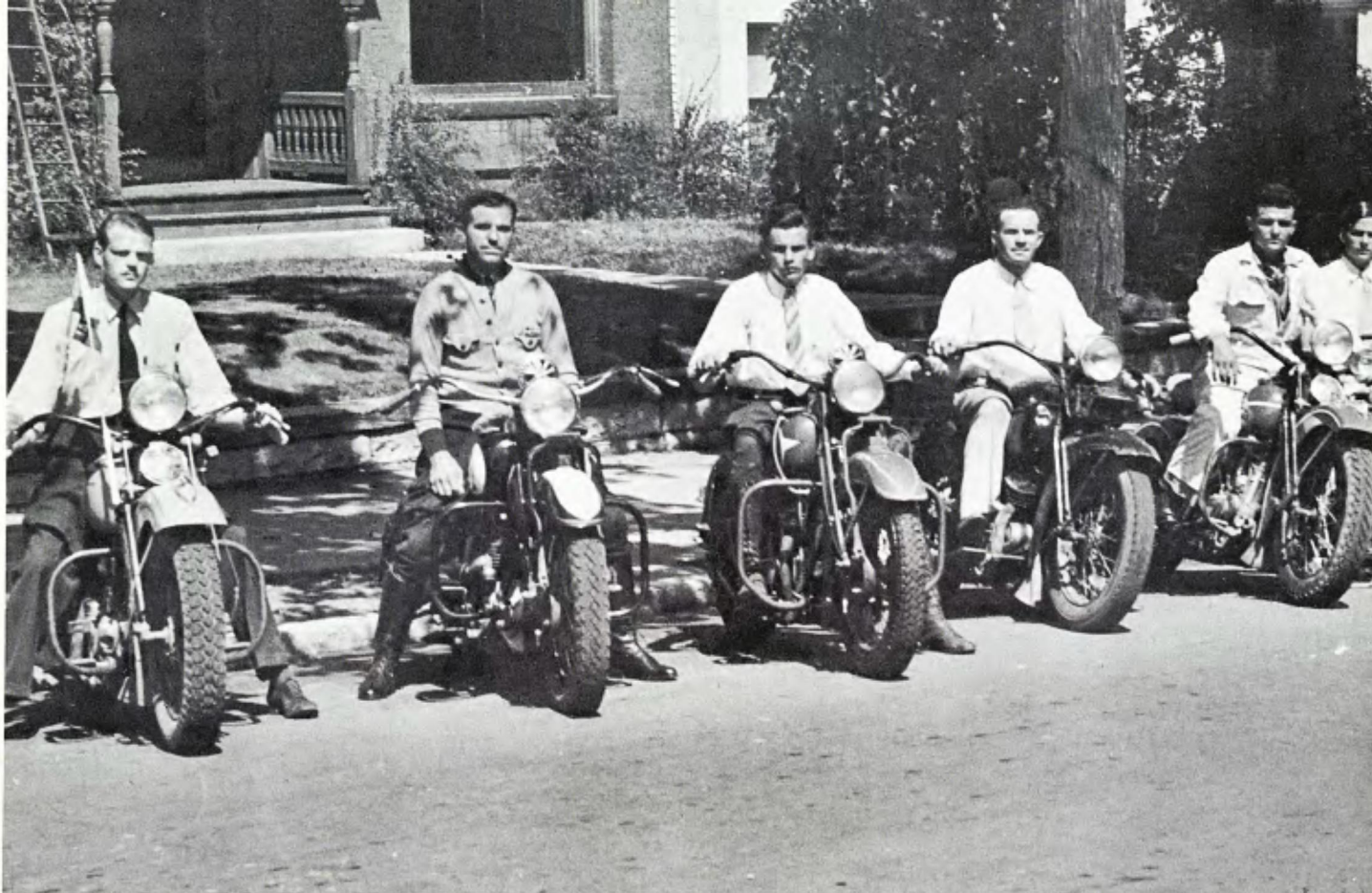
Shoulder blades are nice, but I like to poke your ass better." —from Michael Lichter, *On the road*

"Hurry up — it's cold out!" —from John Barker, *Sunol, Calif.*



mmn, where did I have that finger last night?" —from Pat Randle, *Hutsonville, Ill.*





"You lead, there's a cop at the corner." —from Everett Bennett, National City, Calif.

Don't even begin to think that! —from Karl Faruzel, Mansfield, Pa.



Time for a pit stop. —from Bob Touchette, Lyndsboro, N.H.





Watch your hand, Bucko! —from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



No piss stops till Wednesday. —from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

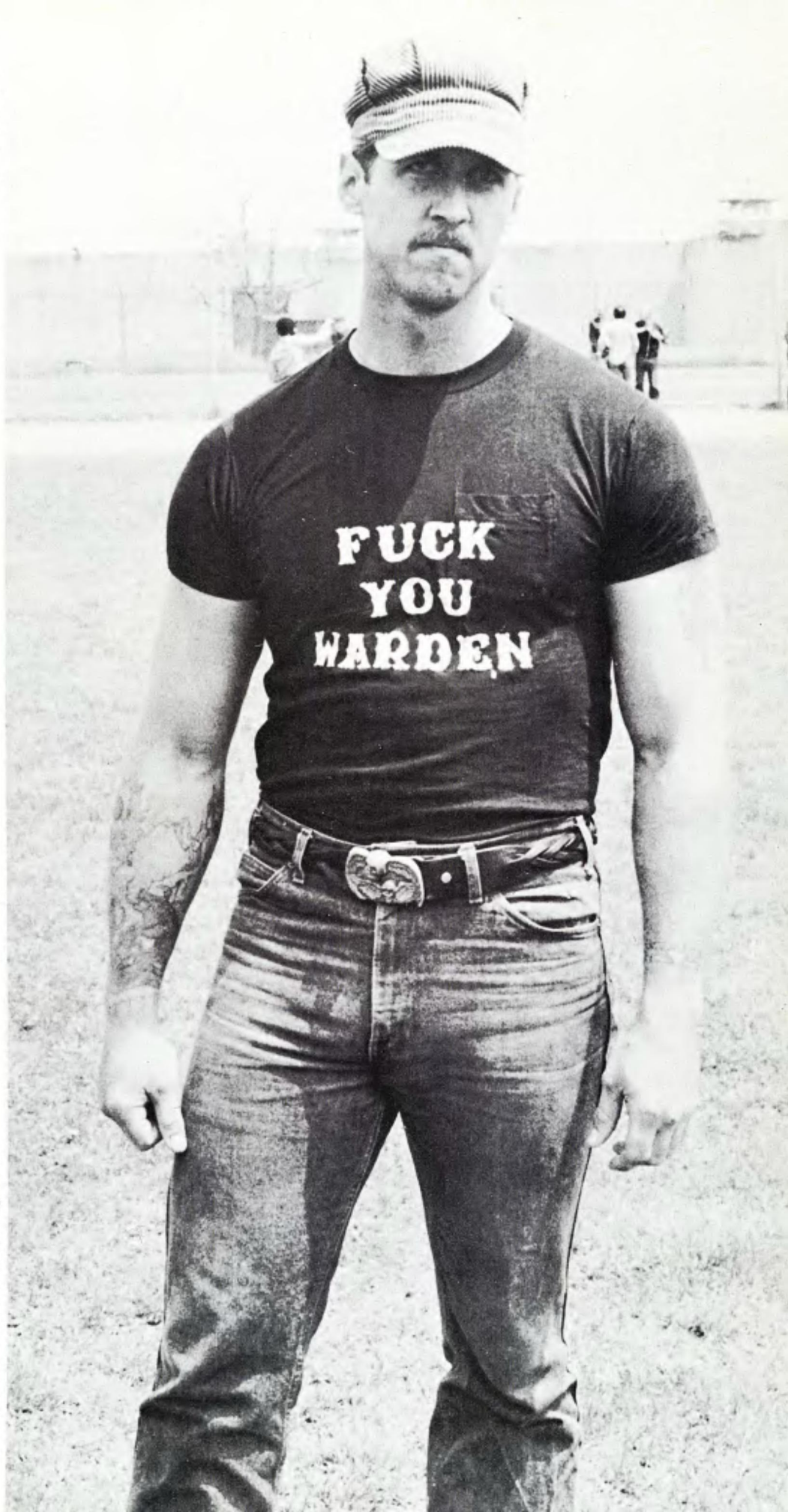




Double your pleasure. —from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



'Nuff said! —from Kerri, Lansing, Mich.





Hey, Spider, wanna race? —from Cactus, Lakeside, Calif.



Top squeezing my boobs or I'll make ya eat that hat." —from Tammy Montgomery, Ark.



Who says I can't lick that tattoo off? —from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

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.

IN THE WIND



"That old lady I hit really fucked up my tranny." —from Michael Lichter, On the road
"Hey! I got a use for mothers-in-law!" —from Fred, Elliot Lake, Ontario









BIG. Bet they're really heavy, fill the back seat of a Chevy. Like to try to lift 'em, 'twould be quite a gift, them. Give somethin' good an' BIG!

BIG. Take a man to ride; wannabes, step aside. Get 'em on my scooter; damn, I'd like to root 'er. Screw her, BIG!

BIG. Must sleep on her back, right? Like to spend a long night, cuddled up and suckin' on her jugs so BIG!

BIG. No fried eggs for breakfast, knocker-wursts for lunch. Tits, I think, at tea time. And a fabulous bedtime munch. Piggin' out on BIG!

BIG. Not gross, overstuffed, fat, flabby or deformed. Just plain BIG!

BIG. Flat chicks love to hate 'em, guys can't quite forget 'em. Playin' with Suzi Flatchest, but dreamin' of BIG!

BIG. Comin' to the end now, gotta find a friend now. Tell 'im what we got here, show 'im what's so hot here. He'd approve and dig it. The dude likes BIG!

more photos next page



Photos by Cory Brandon







Yer Eyes Ain't Foolin' Ya, They're **HUGE!**

*What can ya say
'bout tits like these?
Very little, actually.*

by Pacheco Clyde

BIG, huge, stupendous, humongous, gigantic, great, large, monstrous, massive, gigundous, engorged, giant, pendulous, elephantine, colossal, heroic, vast, measureless, enormous, prodigious, tremendous. BIG!

BIG. As in, look at these, check it out, ain't they somethin', hot damn, holy shit, catch a peek at those. BIG!

BIG pressin' in your back; BIG in your hands. Stuff 'em in your mouth, slide your thing between 'em. Ain't ya glad ya seen 'em? They are BIG!

BIG. Show 'em to the girlfriend, take 'em home to mother. Flash a look to the jerks at work, introduce 'em to your brother. 'Cause they're BIG!

BIG. Need two hands to hold 'em, never try to fold 'em, pleasure to behold 'em. They're so damn BIG!

BIG. Some say small are better. That "some" never met 'er. She is BIG!

DOWNTIME

By Bomber

It isn't easy writing about people who are your heroes. **Infidels**/ **Bob Dylan**: Dylan is back. Back to his early sixties' roots. That is not to say he's redoing past works. The intensity he originally brought to writing music back on **The Times They Are A-Changin'** is still burning. His voice is charring turntables with a white-hot flame.

Infidels makes it harder than ever to categorize Dylan as anything but the most poignant writer to survive those earlier times. **Infidels** comes on the heels of two religiously oriented albums, which is strange in that Webster's dictionary defines *infidel* as "one who does not believe in any religion." So, does that mean the previous releases are

now outdated in terms of current Dylan dogma? Doubtful. As they say, different streaks for different freaks. Back then, he was just putting down on paper what he had in his head. He took some lumps for preaching — but what the hell, there are still great songs on **Slow Train Coming** and **Shot Of Love**. Whaddafuck, he did what he wanted.

More than likely the title comes from a belief that the world is being led by prima donna politicians whose only faith is money; who wail peace, wage war in the name of God, and are heading us all toward destruction as the hands on the master time clock creep toward the zero hour.

Yes, this is a political album. But it is also a peo-

ple record, not like the relationships in **Blood On The Tracks**, **Street Legal**, or **Desire**, which are more one-to-one tales of loves lost. This is a feeling that now is the time for us, the small people in the world, to realize where we've come from and where we are headed. And who is leading us. Politics is people.

Bob Dylan arrived quietly over twenty years ago. Armed with a guitar and a harmonica and a headful of ideas, he worked his way into our hearts and homes by speaking the truth about subjects that previously had been taboo. This sincere, quiet man captivated a generation with a nasal twang. He's had his ups and downs but keeps getting up off the deck to do battle, using his wisdom. It's just a thought, but maybe he felt the time was right for a re-entry into the realm of current events as seen through the worldly-wise eyes of a not-so-simple Midwesterner. Or maybe he needed the bucks, knowing what sells. There's a cynic in every crowd.

Infidels begins with a six-minutes-plus ballad called "Jokerman." Something like "Tangled Up In Blue," or maybe a hundred other Dylan ballads, it deals in allegories. In this one you get the feeling that the Jokerman is an ogre — variously described as a "manipulator," "dream twister," "born with snakes in his fists while a hurricane was blowin'." If it was easy to comprehend Dylan's mysteries, they wouldn't be as interesting, so you figure it out. Surely this tune will be dissected by high school English teachers much like "Subterranean Homesick Blues" was.

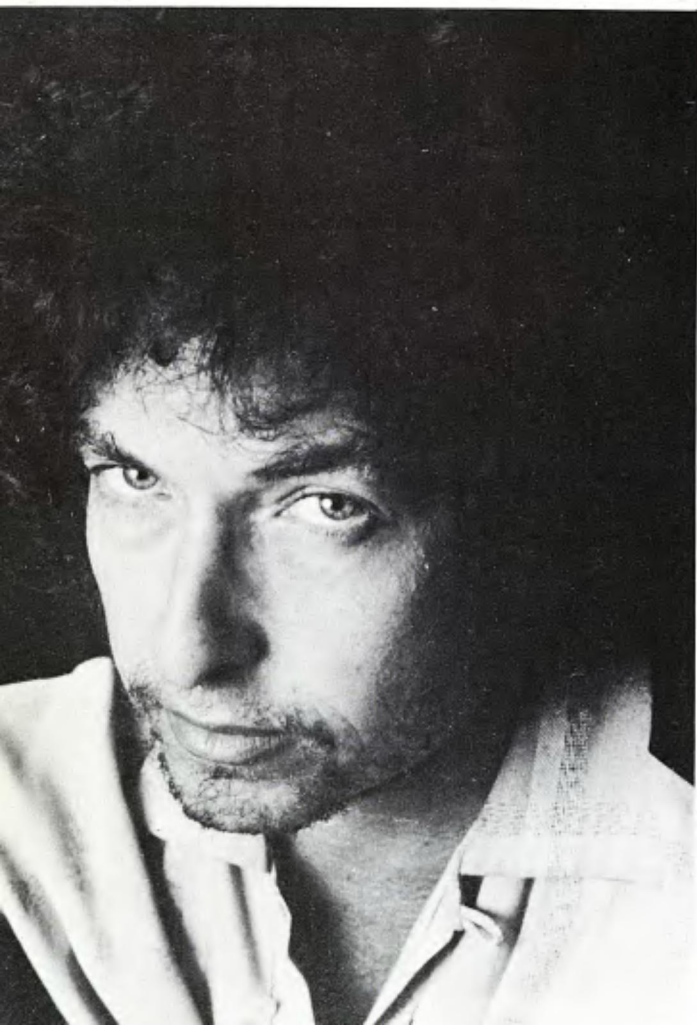
"Jokerman" is played out to an easygoing backdrop that follows suit on the next

cut, "Sweetheart Like You." Soft and calm, Bob wants to know what she's "doin' in a dump like this." "They say patriotism is the last refuge to which a scoundrel clings." "Steal a little and they throw you in jail, steal a lot and they make you king." To me, the "Sweetheart" is America — whaddya think?

The serenity of the first two cuts is triumphantly shattered by the third, "Neighborhood Bully." Dylan's backup band of Mark Knopfler, from Dire Straits, and Mick Taylor, one-time Rolling Stone, on guitars; Robbie Shakespeare, bass; Alan Clark, keyboards; and Sly Dunbar on drums picks the pace right up as Dylan addresses the position the U.S. finds itself in. Or is it Israel? Another tough one to figure, considering his Jewish upbringing. He talks about "always being on trial for just being born," and "a license to kill him given out to every maniac," "they lay and they wait for this bully to fall asleep." The rock subsides and it's back to the slow mode with "License To Kill." The harmonica blows and the lyrics roll: "Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth he can do with it as he please." And a woman on his block wants to know who's going to take away man's license to kill.

The album emphasizes the gap between the common man and the power-mongers. To be wary of anyone in charge, to question authority — this is the theme of "Man Of Peace," the first tune of side two. "Could be the Fuhrer, could be the local priest. Sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace." I guess he hasn't lost his grip on religion after all. This stomping rocker could have just as easily been inserted on

Continued on page 106



Yer Out

My ol' lady just left me, but she's thinking of coming back. The thing is, I don't trust her because she beat up her husband with a baseball bat and left him.

Should I let her come back or not?

Duck
Oroville, Calif.

- Only during the football season.

Down An' Horny

I'm a chick presently in jail awaiting trial and I am facing a hell of a lot of time. I've heard of guys in the joint making what is called a fife (or feefee) bag and wondered if you knew of some such similar device to enhance a girl's sex life.

Don't tell me to start eating pussy or to let the filthy bitches here eat mine, 'cause I'd rather fuck a dog than these chicks. Unfortunately, no pets are allowed in here. Your advice would be greatly appreciated.

Crazy Mary
Wichita Falls, Tex.

- Like they taught ya in school, use yer head. If ya can't bend over enough to do that, try yer hand.

Friendly Fox

My mom wants to know why I always date bikers. I told her it's because bikers show more respect and friendship than my family. When someone's down, they help each other without expecting you to repay them. Mom thinks they ain't nothin' but trouble, but what does she know?

Li'l Bit
Jessup, Md.

- She knows you well enough to tell yer lying. Why not cop to it? You date bikers 'cause they're the best fucks.

Cream And Sugar

I got my rocks off for the first time on the back of a Harley-Davidson when I was 15 and have been with bikers ever since. About six months ago I met a man who was devoted to the road, so I married him. Three months after that, his '74 Super Glide took a shit. I've tried to get him to fix it, but it's impossible.

He has simply lost his interest to ride anything but me. Personally, I prefer a

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Harley-Davidson. What he has between his legs doesn't get me off like a Harley. What should I do to get him interested in his scooter again?

No More Harley
Losantville, Ind.

- Try puttin' on about 165 pounds.

Hot Rods

Is it true the State of New Hampshire and the Seabrook Nuclear Commission are thinking about hiring your maggot-infested, sleazy, slimy pussy to use as an atomic waste disposal site? Please let us bros in Boston know, so we can get our rods radioactive.

Savage
Boston, Mass.

- I'll never turn down a hot fuck.

Count The Days

My ol' man dragged in last night after being gone for three weeks and he really looked like shit. I'm used to his coming and going whenever he wants 'cause that's a biker's way, and I usually manage to keep my yap shut about it and not ask any questions.

This time, though, he looked so bad, with red eyes hanging out of their sockets and his skin kind of gray and his face all dull and not-quite-there, I just had to ask him where he'd been. Instead of giving me a fat lip like he normally would, he just shook his head like he was confused and mumbled something about being with you.

Is this true?

Wonderin' Wanda
Moline, Ill.

- If he's covered with sores within 72 hours, it's true.

Leatherneck Lullaby

Mutha, you sleazy slimy slut,
Come to Lebanon and give us Marines some butt.
Tell Spider you won't be back till late,
Then pack your ugly ass in a big damn crate.
We've been waiting, all 1200 strong,
To give you a cunt full of leatherneck dong.
We'll pull a train on you while you're here,
You'll have dicks poking you in the ass, cunt and ear.
And when it comes time for you to leave,
You won't have a single reason to peeve.

When you turn your blood-shot eyes round to say goodbye,
You'll hear 1200 Marines saying, "Adios, Semper Fi."
Johnny Boy
Beirut, Lebanon

- A long, thick hunk of Spider's raisin pie,
Tops 1200 grunts wailin' out "Semper Fi."

Premature Pounder

Whenever I'm going to get some pussy I get so excited that by the time we get to the bedroom and the chick is spread out in front of me, I'm ready to shoot my load.

I don't know why this happens and what I can do about it, but I would like to find some way to give the chick her fun and enjoyment. What do you suggest?

Charlie's Peter
Ontario, Canada

- A.) Buy her a dildo, or
b.) set her up with some of yer bros.

Toxic Rags

I need to know if my ol' man can get toxic shock syndrome from smokin' dope rolled in my old tampon papers.

First Gear
Birmingham, Ala.

- No, but he might get blood poisoning.

Yard Work

Have you ever tried shaving your box?

Harley Jones
Plattsburgh, N.Y.

- No, but I cut back some of the weeds once.

Twistin' An' Turnin'

My ol' man thinks I'm weird because I get a charge out of having a brush (bristle end) turning around in my cunt while he jabs another brush in my asshole.

Do you agree that this is weird?

Laverne
Leadville, Colo.

- I prefer brooms myself.

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.

Easyriders



"Pardon me, sir, does He ride a shovelhead or panhead?"

An ancient but jolly old bloke once picked up a girl for a poke; first he took down her pants, fucked her into a trance, then shit in her shoe for a joke.
—Motormouth
Norman, Okla.

There was a young man from Lynn whose cock was the size of a pin. Said his girl with a laugh as she fondled his staff, "This won't be much of a sin."
—Klassy Lassie
Macon, Ga.



Easyriders

"...and our helmets are certified government-approved."



Easyriders

"Bout time!"

Bein' in a religious mood, the dude got down on his knees and prayed. "God, what's a million years worth to you?"

A few minutes went by, and the voice of God boomed back, "A second."

"God, what's a million dollars worth to you?"

A few minutes went by, and the voice of God boomed back again, "A penny."

"God, could you give me a penny?"

"Sure thing," said God, "just a second."

—Big Bob
Locust Valley, N.Y.

Two bikers were sitting at a bar, and one of them was sticking a Buck knife into his wooden leg while bullshitting with his buddy. All of a sudden this sweet young thing comes in and says, "One of you bastards made me pregnant!" The biker with the wooden leg looks at her and says, "Look, honey, if the baby is born with a wooden leg, it's mine; if not, it's his!"

—David Morrow
Portland, Ore.

On his deathbed, a biker confessed to his ol' lady, "Honey, I've been unfaithful to you, but every time I was, I put a dollar under the living room rug. Every one is there, except one single dollar I spent for medicine."

Surprisingly, the bro recovered and his ol' lady got sick. She, too, felt she might die and should confess, so she said, "I was unfaithful to you too, dear, but every time I was unfaithful, I dropped a bean through that little hole in the kitchen floor. They are all there under the house, except the three bushels we ate during hard times last winter."

—Natty Oscar
Princeton, N.J.

An agreeable girl named Miss Doves likes to jack off the young men she loves. She will use her bare fist if the fellows insist, but she really prefers to wear gloves.

—B.C.
Davenport, Iowa



Easyriders

"Needs a little work, Fenniman."

A biker took a young woman to an X-rated movie, purchased some refreshments and showed his date to her seat. Soon after the action got started, she put her hand on the bro's lap. Looking over at him, she remarked, "I see this is getting you excited, too. But how come it's so cold?"

"Because you're jerking off my Popsicle," the fellow replied.

—Roadrunner
San Antonio, Tex.



Easyriders

"Don't blame yourself. You can't help being faster than a speeding bullet."

Q: What did the elephant say to the naked man?

A: "How can you breathe through that thing?"

—Snowman
Thompson, Utah

If Russia attacked Turkey from the rear, do ya think Greece would help?

—Hammerin' Moore
El Monte, Calif.

Abro called the motel desk clerk and told him that there was a dead bedbug in his room.

The desk clerk said, "Don't worry about it — he's dead, isn't he?"

The bro replied, "Yeah, but you ought to see the funeral his friends are giving him."

—Deborah Boren
White Plains, Ky.



"At the tone, the time will be..."

The ol' man was home at lunch for a quickie when his curtain-climber burst into the bedroom.

"Dad, whaddya doin' to Mom?" demanded the kid.

Comin' up with a quick excuse, the ol' man said, "I'm gassin' up yer mom."

"Damn," said the kid, "Mom must get some piss-poor mileage! The mailman just got done gassin' her up right before ya came home!"

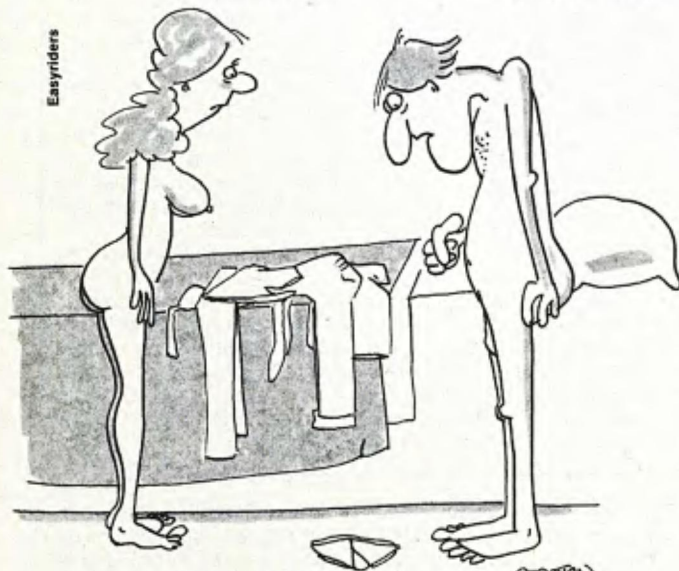
—Sneaky
New York, N.Y.

What do you call nine tomcats running down an alley? A pussy posse!

—Moses
Denver, Colo.

During a session with a marriage counselor, the wife snapped at her husband, "That's not true — I *do* enjoy sex!" Then turning to the counselor, she added, "But this fiend expects it three or four times a year!"

—Rover
Shelby, Tenn.



"I think it's just cold — why don't you try jump-starting it with your mouth?"

Tommy's mother had been away for a few weeks and was questioning her small son about events during her absence.

"Well," said the boy, "one night we had an awful thunderstorm. It was so bad that I got scared, and so Daddy and me slept together."

"Tommy," said Linda, the boy's pretty babysitter, "you mean, 'Daddy and I.'"

"No, I don't!" exclaimed Tommy. "That was last Thursday. I'm talking about Monday night."

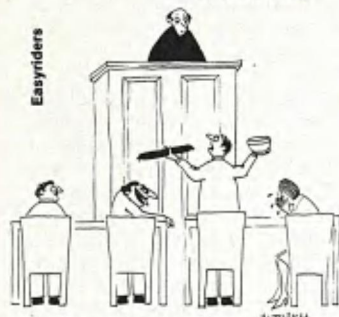
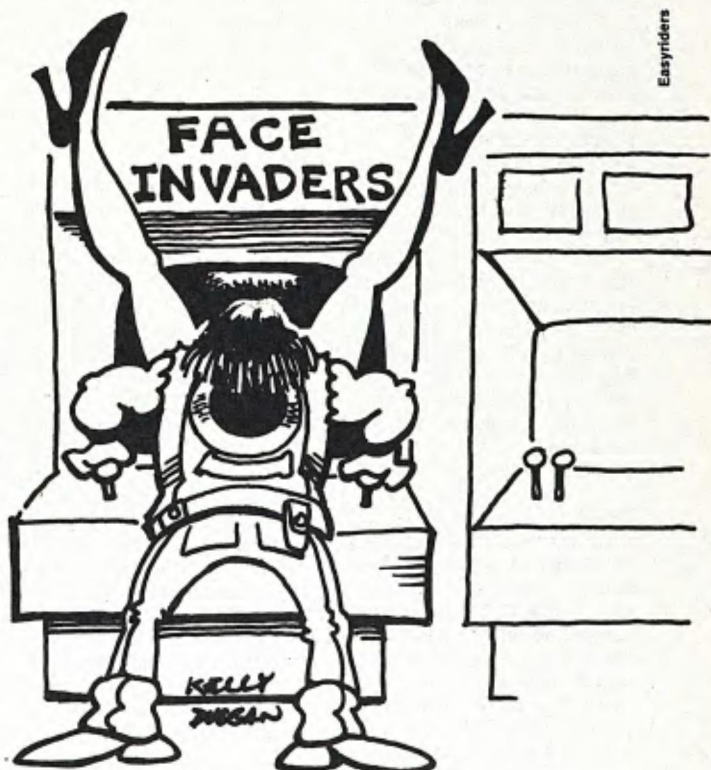
—Joe's Ol' Lady
Lancaster, Calif.

The biker was new in town and didn't know anyone, so he hit the first whorehouse he saw. The madam greeted him warmly, and after a short conversation, explained that she checked each pecker before it went into one of her girls. Not wanting to break house rules, the biker pulled his out. The madam was barely able to stifle a laugh — the biker's pecker was about two inches long and had "Shorty" tattooed on it. Well, she decided to give the dude to her youngest whore to kinda break her in. The whore led the biker into a room and closed the door. About five minutes later, the madam heard a scream, and the young whore came running out of the room. The madam stopped her and asked her what was wrong. "You should have seen the size of the guy's pecker!" the whore said.

The madam replied, "It couldn't have been much, it even had 'Shorty' tattooed on it."

"Yeah," the whore cried, "but when it got hard the tattoo said 'Shorty's Bar-B-Q, Chattanooga, Tennessee!'"

—Tom Brink
Plymouth, Wis.



"Your Honor, may I present this salami and this tub of non-dairy dessert topping as exhibits number one and two."

Astrological Profile For Aries

No doubt about it — Aries is heavy-duty and dynamite! They don't mess with "Mr. In Between." It's all or nothing or fuck off for this group. Being with an Aries is a natural high. Their minds are lightning fast and next to impossible to keep up with (unless you're a Gemini). They work best under pressure and in emergencies.

Aries are daring adventurers who strive to be first in everything they do. They are highly competitive in life, in general. They are original, broad-minded and enterprising, and do well in positions of authority. They like to give orders and leave the petty shit to others.

In the sack, Aries keeps coming back for more. They are sexual pigs who will hump themselves into

a hernia and a set of black-and-blue balls. They invented the flying fuck and fast tongue method. Aries are quite athletic between the sheets and enjoy toe fucking and having their knobs slurped while driv-

ing at high speeds.

A few famous Aries are: *Easyriders'* Spider, Marlon Brando, the late Steve McQueen, Jack Nicholson, James Caan, Karl Malden (the dude with the credit card nose), William Shat-

ner and Leonard Nimoy (who both have Clingons, instead of dingleberries), plus George Harrison, Ryan O'Neal, Adolf Hitler, Napoleon, Julie Christie, Gloria Steinem (excuse me!), and Tiny Tim (what?); also Charlie Chaplin, Warren Beatty and Rod Steiger.

Aries are prone to migraine headaches, eye injuries, high fevers and accidents while giving head. Older Aries have ears that look like Model T doors flying open and varicose veins on their ass cheeks. They make terrible patients because they always miss the bedpan and wipe their ass on the sheets.

If you want an active life, a pile-driving ass and non-stop imagination with a motormouth, grab an Aries by the nuts, hang on and don't snivel if the going gets tough — 'cause that's when Aries will still be in first gear.

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☿ Happy birthday, honey! Go ahead and party till ya trip over your tongue, lose your sense of direction and crap your drawers. This month holds some weird surprises — you could fall in love with a pair of crusty pantyhose, land a job biting off sheep's nuts or testing toilet paper. Don't make any serious decisions and flow with the fuck-ups. Enjoy.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Your sexual appetite leaves you feeling overdosed on pussy pudding. The first two weeks leave ya with a hangin' honker and a glazed expression. Worse yet, with the mouse you're mixed up with now, you'd be better off makin' it with a mannequin. How far can you go with a hat-box and a hollow head? (That far, huh?) Straighten up and take care of biz — before you're flat broke.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ First the good news: Extra bucks flow in from a forgotten source; partners parade to your pad with paycheck. Now the bad news: Breakdowns in the nuts and bolts department deplete your funds and leave ya frustrated. You're so down you couldn't find your feet without a ladder. Cheer up — next month you go for the fucking Olympics and come first.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ It's never too early to start storing your nuts for winter. (No, squirrely — this doesn't mean sending your balls to Bekins for storage.) Put away some cash and take a whack at that weed you're growin' for fun and profit. Stash now and smoke later. This way, you'll be prepared for any emergency. Otherwise this month is another of those ho-hum do-it-yourselfers.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ All you can count on this month are your fingers and toes. The only thing going for ya now is a bad case of rectal itch and a fine finger workout. You catch someone trying to sniff a line of your private pussy patch, your dog chews up your last roll of ass wipe, and your rugrat needs re-treads once again. Without bad luck, you wouldn't have any.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Cut yourself some slack, spoil yourself rotten, split the scene for parts unknown. Draw a map on your ol' lady's bod and explore every inch. Play a hot game of stinky finger with your rugrat's teacher while discussing his grades. Get your teeth into some good times and go for sloppy seconds.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ This month finds ya faced

with ball-bustin' bangles and encounters of the worst kind. You may have to swallow your pride and admit you don't have all the answers. You're too flustered to find a hole with hair around it — let alone to pick your brains. Ignore the minor mind-fucks and put off major decisions till the fog fades between your ears.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ As usual, you're caught between a fuck and a feud. While you'd rather be out tearing off a piece, your poop-chute's hugging the pavement, patching up partners' problems. Don't let a bro down now when he needs you. You'll be royally rewarded later. Throw your ol' lady a pack of wieners and let her hold her own for a change. (Don't forget the mustard.) Hang in and help out.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Don't be a sucker for a hard-luck story that bends your ear and puts you on a trip to the goon house. Illegal flim-flams fill the air and even filter into your home base. Slam the door on get-rich-quick ventures. (Most of 'em are endangered species nowadays.) Forewarned is forearmed. Relax with a good book and a handful of Vaseline.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ This one is wet, wild and

wacky. Party time catches you by your jolly wobbles for a real workout. Midnight snacks leave you with a furry smile, as you bite off more than you can chew. You're Mr. Popularity and your social calendar leaves a bulge below the belt and little time to nod out. An offer to join an underground fart-smelling society is very tough to decline.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ This month's message is, "Show your balls!" Go straight to the person in charge and say, "Listen, you mutha, give me a raise or I'll show you my balls!" Don't beat around the bush even if your nuts are the size of peanuts. Seriously, you'll come out ahead if you bypass any red tape and go straight to the people in charge. Remember to show your balls all month for the best results.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ You're in a mind-expanding cycle. You could come up with a prime idea that deserves a patent, or start a course that leads to having your own business. In other words, you should listen to those new ideas popping around inside that dome of yours. Your intuition is unbeatable now. Don't let lack of confidence hold you back. Now is the time to jump in and grab for the goodies.

See ya in Daytona March 4-11

Helmet run to cap Speed Week

ABATE of Florida has scheduled what they hope will be the "world's largest helmet law protest" for March 9 in Daytona. For more info, write to ABATE of Florida, 1102 Columbus Ave., Lehigh Acres, FL 33936 or call Mike at (305) 931-4604.

Meanwhile, the usual contingent of state and city police officers will be cruising Florida's highways and byways lookin' to "welcome" as many bikers to Daytona as possible. To help you avoid as many Sunshine State citations as you can, here's the official word on Florida do's and don'ts.

Motorcycle Rules:

- Approved helmets must be worn by drivers and passengers anywhere in the area, except on the Atlantic Ocean beach within the city limits.
- Headlights must be in operation at all times.
- Motorcycles must be equipped with stock mufflers in good working order.
- Unusual smoke or noise is an offense, and no cut-outs or bypasses are allowed.
- Headlights must be mounted no higher than 54 inches or lower than 24 inches from the ground. Taillights must be no higher than 72 inches or lower than 20 inches.
- Handlebars must not be more than 15 inches above the portion of the seat occupied by the driver.
- Footpegs for both the driver and passenger are required.
- Bike riders must obey all general traffic rules and regulations.

Miscellaneous Ordinances

- Carrying or consuming an open container of any alcoholic beverage, including beer, is prohibited on the beach and city streets.
- Hitchhiking is prohibited within the city limits of Daytona.
- Littering is prohibited.
- Speed limit on the beach is 10mph at all times.
- When driving on the beach, you must not drive in water or soft sand.
- Dogs are not permitted on the beach at any time.
- Sleeping on the streets or parks at any time, or on the beach at night, is prohibited.
- Camping on the beach is prohibited.
- It is illegal to stop, stand, or park any vehicle on the beach between 3 and 5:30 a.m.
- Trespassing on motel property where you are not registered as a guest may result in arrest.

- Swimming within 100 yards of an ocean pier is prohibited.
- Advertising of any type or soliciting without a license is prohibited.
- It is illegal for anyone under 19 to possess alcoholic beverages or to misrepresent his age in order to buy them.
- You can make a right turn on a red light after coming to a full stop, except where posted "No turn on red."
- Pedestrians always have the right-of-way on the beach.
- "No parking" areas are indicated by a yellow painted curb or "No Parking" sign.
- Balls or Frisbees should not be thrown across traffic lanes.
- Sunbathers should not sit or recline so as to interfere with traffic.

In case you fuck up and inadvertently run afoul of one or more of these regulations, you'll want to know the following: Florida law provides that an individual arrested may be released on a reasonable bond after he is booked. Anyone incarcerated will be afforded a first appearance hearing in front of a judge within 24 hours after arrest.

Have a ball on the beach, bros. And good luck.

Excerpts from Florida Motor Vehicle Code

License Required — Operators of motorcycles must have in their possession a valid operator's or chauffeur's driver's license.

Tag Required — Motorcycles must have a current and valid license tag securely affixed to the rear of the motorcycle in such a manner as to be readily visible for 100 feet. Tag must be properly positioned, not upside down or vertical.

Improper Tag — Any person who knowingly attaches to any motor vehicle any tag or revalidation sticker to plate, not issued and assigned to such vehicle, is guilty of a misdemeanor of the second degree. This section provides for arrest.

Handlebars — Motorcycle handlebars shall not be mounted so that any part of the bars will exceed 15 inches in height above that portion of the seat occupied by the operator.

Crash Helmets — All motorcycle operators and passengers must wear approved crash helmets securely fastened upon the head at all times

when operating a motorcycle on the city streets. (Exception: Helmet is optional when the motorcycle is being operated on the Atlantic Ocean beach, within the city limits.)

Mufflers — Every motorcycle must at all times be equipped with a muffler in good working order and in constant operation to prevent excessive or unusual noise or smoke, and no person shall use a muffler cut-out or bypass, and the muffler shall be free from defects or alterations.

Headlights — The headlights on motorcycles must be turned on at all times when the motorcycle is in motion (24 hours per day).

Headlight Position — Headlight must be positioned at a height of not more than 54 inches nor less than 24 inches from the ground.

Taillamps — Every motorcycle shall be equipped with at least one taillamp, and it shall be positioned at a height of not more than 72 inches nor less than 20 inches from the ground. Every motorcycle must be equipped with at least

one spotlight. Every motorcycle must be equipped with a white license plate light that renders it (the plate) clearly legible for 50 feet.

Horns — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a horn or some other type of warning device.

Mirrors — Every motorcycle must be equipped with a rear-view mirror.

Footrests — Every motorcycle carrying passengers other than in a sidecar must be equipped with footrests for the passenger. Muffler, tailpipe, and axle shafts are not footrests.

Brakes — Every motorcycle (over five brake horsepower) is required to be equipped with both front and rear brakes in operable condition.

Method Of Riding Motorcycles — A person operating a motorcycle shall ride only upon the permanent and regular seat attached thereto. Passengers must ride on a regular seat designed for two persons or upon another seat firmly attached to the motorcycle or at the side of the operator.

Operators and passengers must sit astride the seat facing forward with one leg on each side of the motorcycle.

Operation Of Motorcycles On Roadways — Motorcycles shall not be operated more than two abreast in a single lane. The operator of a motorcycle shall not overtake or pass in the same lane occupied by the vehicle being overtaken. No person shall operate a motorcycle between lines of traffic or between adjacent lines or rows of vehicles.

Motorcycles — Any person operating a motorcycle shall be granted all of the rights and shall be subject to all the duties applicable to the driver of another vehicle under this act, except as to special regulations in this act and except as to those provisions of this act which by their nature can have no application.

Speed Limits — Speed limits within the city limits are 30 miles per hour unless otherwise posted. Within the city limits, speed on the Atlantic Ocean beach is posted at 10mph at all times.

Ford Credit to carry paper on HOGs

In what it terms "a major effort to increase its U.S. motorcycle sales," Harley-Davidson has reached an agreement whereby Ford Credit Corporation will offer nationwide financing of motorcycles through Harley dealers. The deal is similar to the one currently being offered by Yamaha and Ford.

"We strongly believe that one of the best

ways that Harley-Davidson can assist our 700 U.S. dealers and their customers is to provide a national retail financing source," Harley boss Vaughn Beals said. "This agreement provides new support for our dealers. Through Ford's network of 141 vehicle sales finance branches, all the dealers will have the same convenient and reliable national financing source."

Though details of the financing plans to be offered were not set at press time, a Harley spokesman said that Ford Credit, a subsidiary of the automaker, would finance Harleys for up to 36 months at "typical motorcycle financing rates."

In other words, don't look for the bargain under-10-percent financing deals now available on some cages.

Kawasaki's police bike woes keep piling up

Kawasaki's problems with its pre-1981 police specials are continuing to mount despite the company's insistence that there is no inherent instability in the bike's design.

In recent months, the firm has lost several massive lawsuits to police officers who claimed they were injured when their bikes developed high-speed wobble and went out of control. Also, partially because of the alleged handling problems, several large police departments — including the California Highway Patrol — have recently been considering replacing their fleets of Kawas with Harley-Davidsons.

The latest blow against the KZ-1000 police bikes has come from Canada, where Transport Canada (that country's version of the NHTSA) has demanded that Kawasaki prove that the bike's design is safe or face possible criminal charges.

"If we were to determine a defect exists and the manufacturer denies it," Transport Canada Director Gordon Campbell said, "we could charge the company with

failure to give notice to owners of the defect and failure to provide corrective action to fix it."

If found guilty of such charges, the Japanese cycle firm could be hit by a fine as high as \$100,000.

Transport Canada's action came several months after the Ontario Provincial Police pulled their pre-1981 KZ-1000s off the road following the death of an Ottawa officer whose bike went out of control on

an expressway and hit an abutment.

According to the coroner's report in that case, the officer died because of defects in the motorcycle and in his so-called safety helmet.

Kawasaki's attorneys have consistently maintained that crashes involving the company's police bikes have all been caused by rider error, improper maintenance and/or poor weather and road conditions.

Words to live by

"I tell everybody: If you want to stay young, get yourself a big Harley. That's the American bike. I got one that weighs 900 pounds the way I got it dressed out. I ride three or four times a week. I got the blood pressure of a man of 40 and the heartbeat of a man of 50."

—Dick Farrell, age 76

Biker aims electoral cannon at speed limit signs

"It's the most unpopular law we have," Santa Clara, California, biker Mike Smith says. "If we can get the question before the voters, I'm confident that they'll reject it."

The question Smith's refer-

ring to, of course, is the old double-nickel speed limit and, in an effort to get the matter before the voters, Smith has begun a drive to get a referendum repealing it on the November ballot.

"It's time for the people to stand up and speak out," Smith says. "The speed limit's a bad law. Nobody's obeying it...it shouldn't be on the books at all."

Under California law, people seeking to qualify a referendum for the state ballot must obtain petitions signed by about 300,000 registered voters. If the referendum gets

on the ballot and is approved by a majority of those casting ballots, it automatically becomes law.

Smith's group, the Committee for Repeal of the 55mph Speed Limit, is currently looking for volunteers to circulate petitions. For more information, write them at 2455 The Alameda, Santa Clara, CA 95050 or call (408) 249-2000.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers

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



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

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

Give Name here

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

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

Name, nickname, or mark _____

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

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.

Harley beer to be offered at Daytona

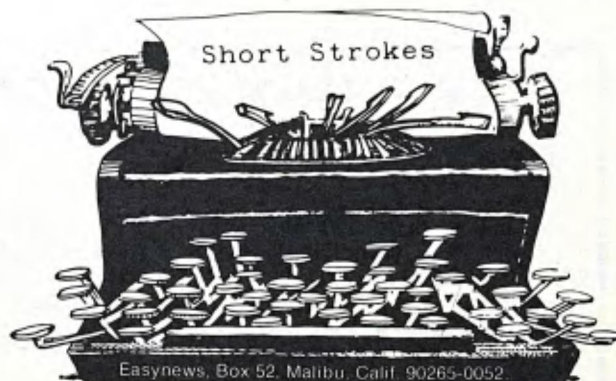
The name that made motorcycles famous is now going to make beer famous, Harley-Davidson. The H-D Company is having a special premium beer packaged in this distinctive can for the partying at Daytona this year. The Harley Beer will be a limited edition of 10,000 cases. The Pabst Brewing Company is handling the contents, and there will be no allowance for cling like with the canned oil.



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.



The bad news is: It's still against the law to ride without a lid in Michigan. The good news is: Bein' cited for it will no longer cost you points against your license. And, as a bonus, riders who've gotten points for helmet violations within the last two years can contact the secretary of state's office and have them removed. . . One of the worst things about wearing a lid is the fact that taking the damn thing off an injured person can cause crippling spine or neck damage if not done just right. Particularly in helmet-law states, knowing how to do it right is essential info if you care about your bros. For a free, illustrated guide, write the AMA, Box 141, Westerville, OH 43081.

Lookin' to party in Daytona? You might dig the **Biker Rendezvous** at Orlando Speed World set for the Wednesday and Thursday of **Speed Week**. Located about 50 minutes from Daytona on Hwy. 50 in Bithlo, the Rendezvous promises live music, free beer, camping and other goodies. For info, call Ron at (813) 577-3288, ext. 27 . . . Governor Vic Atiyeh recently declared a **Motorcycle Safety Awareness Week** in Oregon . . . A jury awarded a Racine, Wisconsin, biker's widow \$432,985 in damages in a suit involving the accident in which her ol' man was killed. The loser? A 17-year-old pedestrian who strolled in front of the dude's bike, causing it to go out of control and into a ditch.

A Michigan cager has been sentenced to 6-1/2 to 15 years for getting drunk and running down a biker and his son. The judge imposing the sentence said he was being "harsh" because the cager had a "history of refusing to participate in alcoholism programs." Our question is, why the hell didn't they put the cocksucker away then, instead of waiting till two of us were dead? . . . 5000 bros and sisters took part in a Chicago toy run organized by a Windy City bike shop and the Marine Corps.

We ain't pickin' on Kawasaki. Really we're not. But, fact is, the Japanese giant has been taking a beating in court lately. Latest blow? A \$4 million verdict in favor of a Mentor, Ohio, biker who was paralyzed when his KZ-750's kickstand hit the ground during a left turn, causing the bike to crash into a concrete abutment . . . Dr. Charles Hartman has resigned as president of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation.

The state of Michigan has raised its bike registration fee from \$14 to \$17 and its motorcycle license fee from \$4.50 to \$7.50. The extra bucks will be used to help finance the state's ambitious new rider education and driver awareness programs.

And finally: Most biker chicks are friendly by nature. Take Dave "The Rat" Romero's ol' lady Rhoda, for example. Dave took her to Sturgis last year and she got so carried away with the good vibes she even tried to be nice to a cop. "He was lookin' so damn tightass miserable, I said, 'Hey, buddy, don't you ever smile?' And he replied, get this, 'Nope, tried it once and got a headache for a week.' "

A few thoughts on mandatory rider-ed

Let's assume that beginning tomorrow you couldn't legally ride your bike again until you are trained. Your first problem would be locating a training site and a training schedule that coincides with yours. Suppose there were lots of applicants. How long would it take you to get through the line and back on the road? A week? A month? And how much would you be willing to pay for your necessary training? What if it cost \$100? How about \$300? The legislature or state agency overseeing the program would have complete control over regulating fees, and when and where to hold the courses.

What would happen if the state decided the training site in your county wasn't making enough money, and moved the nearest site clear across the state? Or what if tough economic times caused the state to eliminate your site entirely, or dispense with all but a few profitable sites in urban areas? Those who give can certainly take away,

whether through dishonest motives or fiscal emergencies.

There is another legitimate argument against mandatory training as it relates to licensing. You may already know that as many as 20 to 30 percent of the riders on the road don't bother to obtain a license endorsement that entitles them to operate a motorcycle. These people circumvent the licensing system and therefore never submit to a skills test to find out if they're really cut out for riding. . . mandating education might just cause more people to skip the licensing step.

I'd be less than honest if I said I never thought mandatory rider training was a good idea. I used to. But on many occasions, pragmatic riders convinced me thoroughly that government is not a particularly good administrator, especially when it comes to something it doesn't like or doesn't understand — like motorcycling.

— Gary Winn, AMA legislative analyst

EASYnews



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

Cager uses lid issue to pry himself off hook

State court rules lack of helmet can work against biker

What would you say if someone told you that the law has declared "open season" for cagers to hunt bikers as long as the bikers don't have brain buckets clamped on their gourds?

Don't laugh, 'cause that's about what's happened in North Dakota, and North Dakota doesn't even have a mandatory helmet law.

Here's what came down. A rider who suffered head injuries when a cage left turned in front of him sued the cager for damages and won. The cager appealed the decision to the state supreme court which threw out the verdict and ordered a new trial in the case. The reason? To allow the cager's attorney to introduce evidence that the biker was responsible for his own injuries because he wasn't wearing a lid.

In reaching this astounding decision, the high court ignored the fact that the cager was found by the trial court to be 92 percent negligent in causing the accident. Instead, the appeal judges took issue with the trial judge's refusal to allow the cager to introduce evidence claiming the victim's injuries would have been less severe had he been wearing a lid.

"Non-use of a helmet, may," the supreme court ruled, "In many instances

be a contributing cause to the injuries sustained and therefore be relevant to the issue of damages."

The court also contended that the state law repealing mandatory helmet use does not mean that "In the exercise of ordinary care a motorcyclist never may be expected to wear a helmet to avoid or mitigate injuries he may sustain in an accident."

The utter stupidity of this bit of judicial jacking off can best be appreciated if you look at it from the other end of the tele-

scope. Under the North Dakota Supreme Court's twisted way of looking at things, it is extremely possible to envision a case where a cager who kills a *helmeted* rider could avoid paying damages to the victim's family by claiming the dude would not have died if his neck hadn't been broken by the back edge of his helmet.

It just proves the truth of the old cliché, "Damned if you don't, damned if you do." And, especially in North Dakota, damned if you're a biker.

From the network that gave ya
How-weird Cosell

SHABU vs. BIKERS!

It's magic
over
muscle!

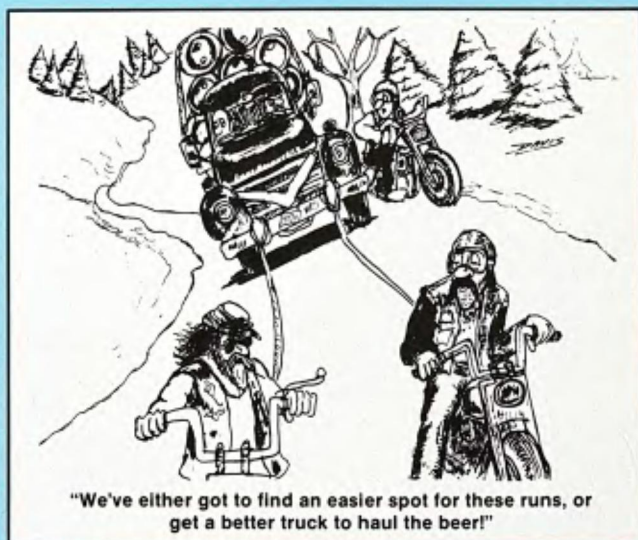


AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

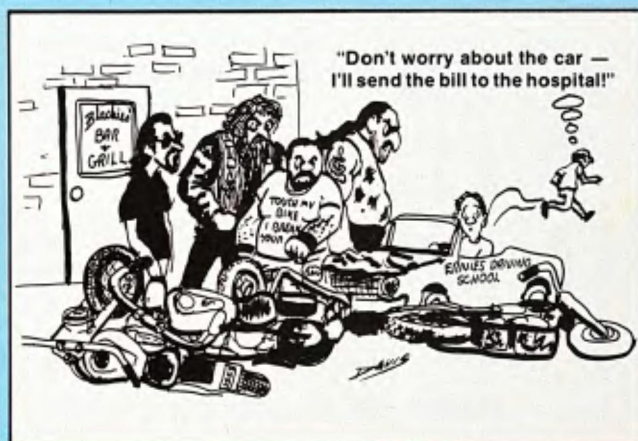
BY RICHARD DAVIS



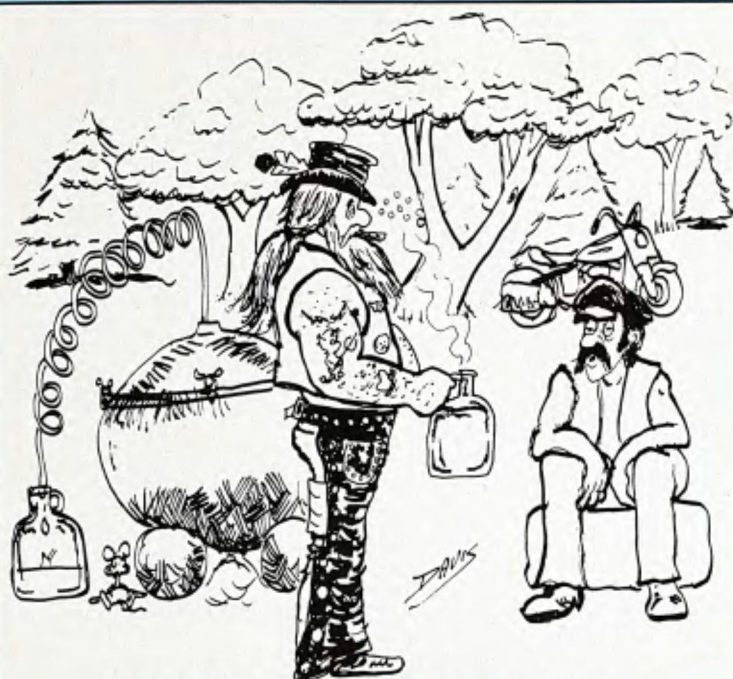
"Here's the latest in state-of-the-art motorcycles. This one's got fifteen forward gears, reverse, electric-remote starter, heated seats, roll bar, anti-theft alarm, radar detector, AM-FM stereo, CB, and a complimentary first lesson at some computer school, where you get a six-month course in how to operate the bastard."



"We've either got to find an easier spot for these runs, or get a better truck to haul the beer!"



"Don't worry about the car — I'll send the bill to the hospital!"



"I don't know how it tastes — I haven't been able to get past the vapors yet!"



"Here, finish off this whiskey!" "If this sonuvabitch hollers out how warm and dry he is, I'm gonna bean him with the bottle!"



GOOD TIMES WITH THE MOTOR MAIDS

**These spunky ladies
rode with pride**

Special thanks to Alice (Wamsley) Ryan for her photos and Linda Dugeau for sharing her memories.

In 1940, dudes who rode bikes were frowned upon by straight society as one of the lowest forms of scum on the street. One healthy notch below them in the collective black heart of the general citizenry were female riders. To be a woman, enriched with the desire to be in the wind, was reason enough to be labeled trash — even though they mostly rode bikes because they couldn't afford cars.

Linda Dugeau, a proud rider of American Iron since the thirties when she rode her first Harley — a 1931 45 basket case her husband Bud put together for twelve bucks — thought it was high time to change the poor image girl motorcyclists suffered with. After all, she rode all over the eastern seaboard, into Canada, to the





World's Fair in New York, as well as to work every day — to say nothin' about when she rode cross-country to move to California in 1946. She knew the thrill of riding. She also tried to look and act her best while two up, as did a lot of the other girls who rode in those days.

They weren't scooter vamps; they rode with class. It was Linda's idea to promote her sisters through an organization that would show the public they were just wholesome girls having fun. With Linda as founder, the Motor Maids, Inc. came into being. Linda appointed Dot Robinson the first president because she had exemplary skills as a leader, mover and shaker.

This article is not so much what the Motor Maids has become (meticulous and squeaky-clean), as it is about

how much fun the early members had while riding their Hogs through streams, on trials rides, or going off to hill-climbs, drag races, or wherever fun was being had by the guys — or just riding solo. The club got women together, like Alice (Wamsley) Ryan who met Linda in 1946 and soon after became the club's California state director. Alice contacted us by sending in these photos from the forties and fifties. It is Alice's and Linda's hope that this article will be seen by other Motor Maids and they will be able to get back in touch to rehash old times and ride together again. Here's a toast to the riding women who pioneered the Motor Maids.

—Ride safe,
Raider



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

Like most bikers, I believe in an eye for an eye. Kill someone of mine and you'll wind up dead. Period. Final. No appeal, no final stay of execution.

So, as you can see, no one can accuse me of bein' a "bleeding heart liberal" when it comes to the death penalty. Takin' a life is a heavy matter. If you don't have a good reason — like defending yourself or those close to you, or payin' back someone who deserved what he got — for snuffing someone, if you're some wise-ass freaked-out punk who goes around strangling kids or stomping old ladies, you deserve to fry.

The problem is that there are now over 1200 prisoners awaiting execution in this country and the great, great majority of them don't deserve to fry at all. They're not on Death Row because they're sadistic sociopaths. They're on Death Row because they couldn't afford \$200-an-hour mouthpieces, because they had long hair and wore scuzzy clothes and made good scapegoats for cops who were looking to make quick arrests.

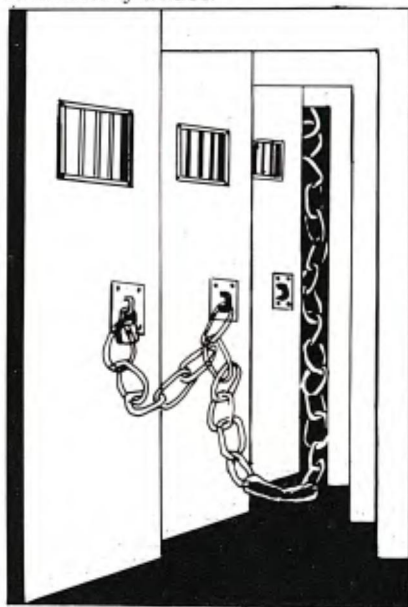
Don't believe it? Then take a look at some of the guys *not* on Death Row. Dan White is not on Death Row. All he did was walk into the San Francisco City Hall and pump the mayor full of lead. Dan White will be back on the streets in a few years. Of course, he *was* an ex-cop and he didn't find it necessary to be defended by a public pretender.

David Berkowitz is not on Death Row. All he did was blow the heads off six people he'd never even met — and severely wound seven others, including one guy who is now blinded for life. But the Son of Sam had big newspaper coverage, and the hot ambulance chasers all like to get in on that action.

Richard Speck fatally stabbed eight nurses one night (and not with his dork, either); he's not on Death Row. Sirhan Sirhan assassinated a potential president of the United States; he's up for parole soon. Charlie Manson will never have to fear that walk to the green-

walled San Quentin gas chamber because he's not on Death Row either. Nor are any of the murderous hippie-swine creeps who carried out his bloody orders.

Well, if the blood-thirsty types mentioned above haven't committed crimes serious enough to merit execution, who are the prisoners on Death Row? They must really be some heavy dudes.



Don't bet on it.

John Spengelink, for example, spent some time on Death Row. Spengelink was a 23-year-old longhair kidnapped by a dude who held a gun to his head and forced him to play Russian roulette and then, still at gunpoint, butt-fucked his helpless captive. After three weeks of torture, Spengelink managed to break his bonds and try for an escape one night. His captor woke up and tried to stop him. In the scuffle a gun went off and the dude dropped to the floor dead.

At least that's the story Spengelink and his court-appointed attorney told the jury. Unfortunately, those twelve citizens, tried and true, didn't believe him and he was packed off to Death Row.

Of course, he's not on Death Row anymore. Killed by the state in 1979, Spengelink was the first man to be

executed against his will since the Supreme Court had ruled the death penalty unconstitutional and various states had rewritten their capital punishment laws to circumvent that decision.

But, as they say in the Ginzu knife commercials, wait — there's more. John Spengelink was not alone on that fateful night when he bet, and eventually lost, his life in a bid for freedom. The dude he "murdered" also had another captive, another guy who joined Spengelink in his escape attempt and who was also originally charged with the kidnapper's murder.

Strange thing, the second defendant's story was basically the same as Spengelink's. The major difference was that his tale was told to a different jury by a *private* attorney. The second defendant was acquitted. Same crime, same amount of so-called evidence. One man walks the streets, the other the corridors of the death house.

And they say justice is blind. I doubt it. Probably she's just covered her eyes to avoid having to see the travesties committed in her name.

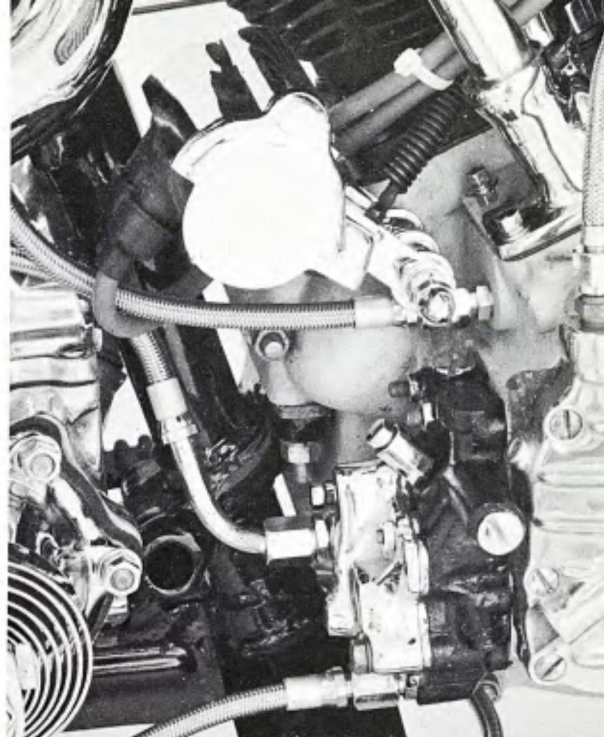
A report by the Southern Coalition on Jails and Prisons sums up the situation well. "John Spengelink," the report notes, "like most of the other 1202 persons now facing execution, was poor, uneducated, and unappealing in his personal appearance."

"And he had one other thing in common with them, too — an ineffective lawyer. In fact, most Death Row inmates in this country were not defended by the public defender's office or by a lawyer of their own choosing. More than 90 percent of them had court-appointed lawyers."

"Most of the men and women now waiting to die on Death Rows had virtually no defense at all. John Spengelink could not afford to hire a lawyer. Poverty forced him to place his life in the hands of someone who had been compelled to defend him. And it cost him his life. And the fact of being poor may be the primary reason for the sentences of

Continued on page 96

Owner: Darell Johnson		City: S.F.V., Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/friends		Year: 1936	
Year and make: 1936 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: knucklehead		Type: straight bar/rigid	
Value: -0-		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner/friends		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: fatbob tabs cut off	
Chroming by: Doug's Custom		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1936		Risers: stock springer	
Model: knuckle		Fender(s): 6-in. flat with upsweep	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: auto advance dist.		Taillight: custom with running lights	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Timken bearings		Front pegs: Bates	
Balancing: Williams Motors		Rear pegs: Bates	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: generator	
Cases: modified		Gas tank: Sportster	
Heads: like new		Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: solo with p-pad	
Air cleaner: custom special		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: upsweep fishtails		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1-in. strap steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: mousetrap		Type: springer	
Year: who knows?		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: plated	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Corvette Engineering		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Corvette Engineering		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black/blue pearl		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: juice/drum
Special paint: red pinstripe by Carter's			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to Bob Poe, Williams Motors and Corvette Engineering.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo





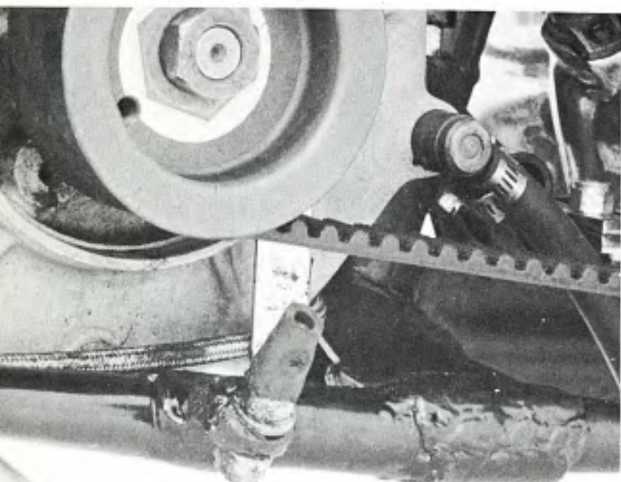
On the other hand, though, the bike's just got to attract its share of lustin' looks. I mean, how many bikers do you know who could slide past this scooter parked in front of a donut hole without makin' a circle tour to check out the perfect chrome, classic bars and pipes, and the just-right paint? Pretty impressive for a bike — chassis and

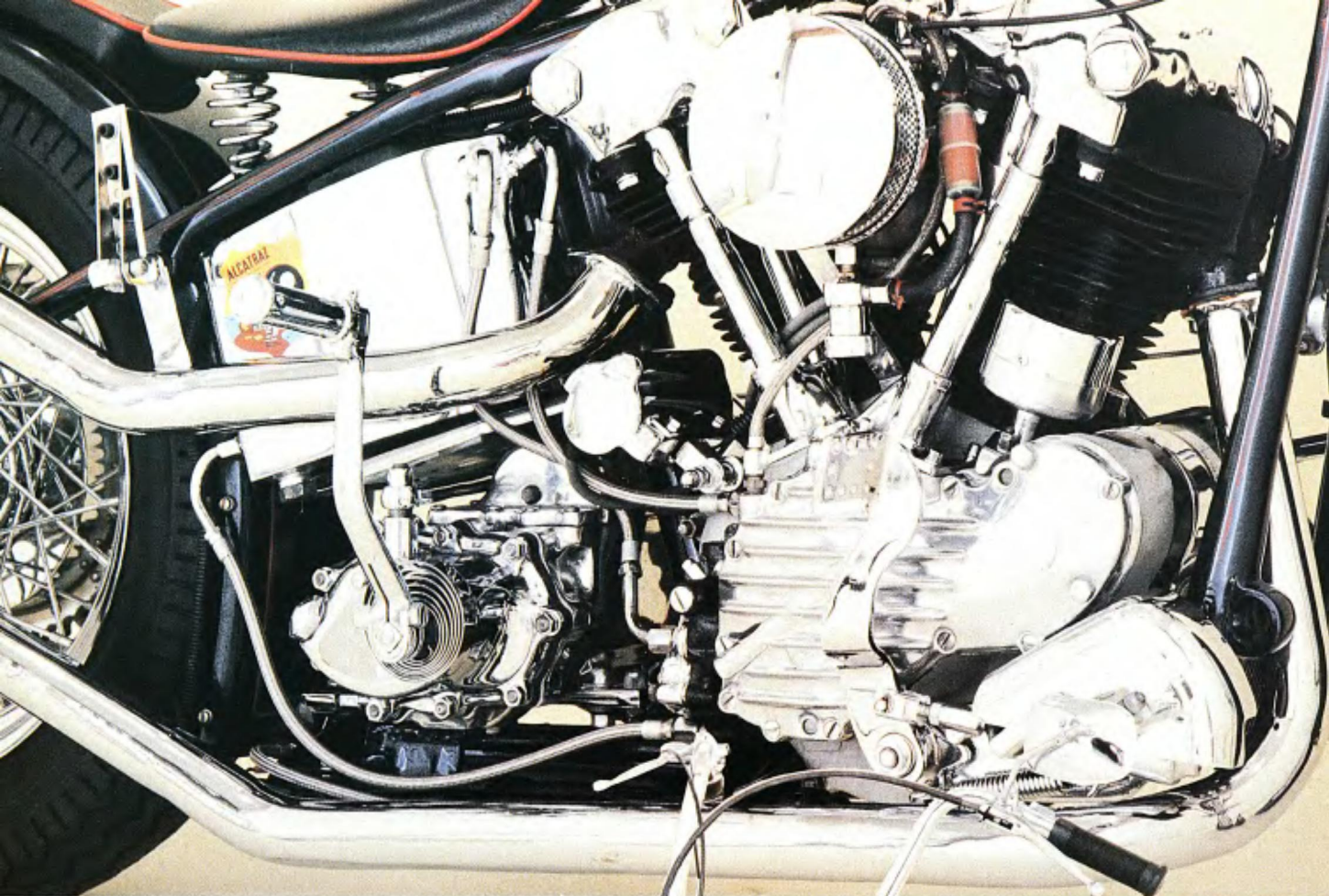
engine — that's just a few years shy of its golden anniversary.

Yeah, Darell's beauty is almost 50 years old. Half a century. It's witnessed practically the entire history of biking as we know it. It was there when those early, young bikers marched off to World War II and it was waiting for them when they returned (those who *did* return) and

founded the original bike clubs.

Fifty years. If you're saying to yourself, "That's a long time," you're right, it is. You know the old saying that we so often apply to the bros and sisters who move on before us: Only the good die young. When it comes to scooters, only the best — like Darell Johnson's knucklehead — survive to get old. — Butcher



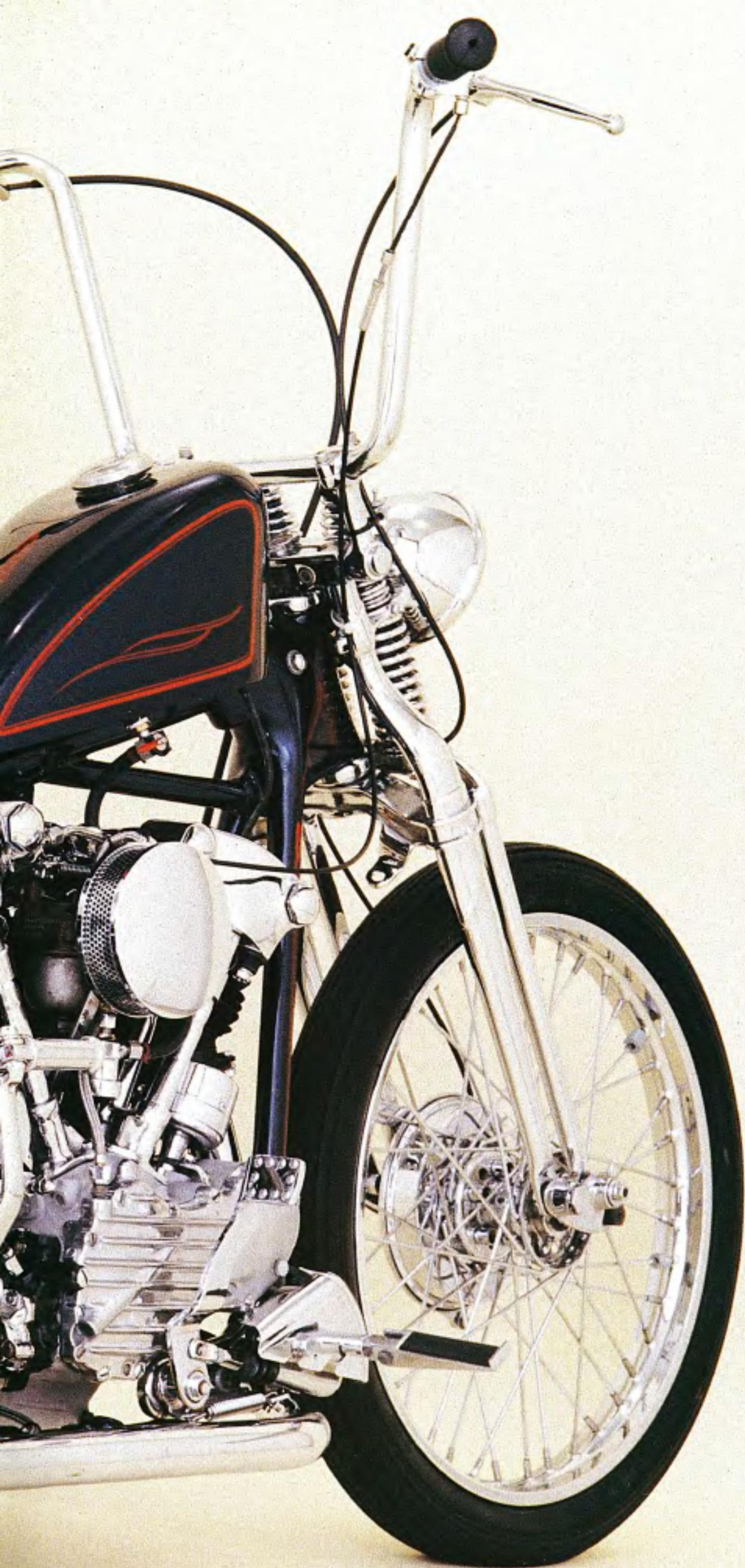


Photos by Pete Chiodo



FULL CIRCLE





It sometimes takes a hunk of years and a lot of riding to show you that the first love you had was really the best.

Darell is hardcore, no two ways about it. Seventeen years in the saddle, uncounted miles under his butt. All kinds of Harleys keepin' him on the road; buy 'em, build 'em, ride 'em, sell 'em. Roll on again, keep moving and never, ever, look back.

Well, like the title of that James Bond flick says, it's best to never say never 'cause Darell did take a long hard look over his shoulder before beginnin' work on this cherry '36 knuckle. Yeah, Darell looked into his past, and judgin' from the classic look he picked for this scooter, he liked what he found there.

"The first bike I ever had was a '36 knucklehead," he remembers. "It was also the best bike I ever had until I built this one."

"This one is the best because it's a real old-style chopper, a get-down-to-business motorcycle that looks like it's meant to be ridden — not stared at like a show bike."

No sane bro would argue that point. The bike clearly is a road warrior. A veteran piece of iron that should and does command respect because of all the places it's been, the runs it's been on, the good times — and the not-so-good ones — it's been such a big part of.

NUMBSKULLS

"It was an age-old tradition of the Crossbones to do battle like rams, by butting each other, head to head, to see who would be the king of the pack."

BY HARRY BERMUDA



If ever there was a man who gave credence to the Theory of Evolution, it was Skull Jackson. He was the closest thing this side of the island of Doctor Moreau to a talking animal — a thick, hairy dude who looked like he had swallowed the keg instead of the beer. He had a full, shaggy beard that stuck

out in a million directions, and mean, tiny little eyes. You could plainly see that not only was he a direct descendant of the hairy ape, but also that King Kong was somewhere in his family tree.

To those who knew and feared him, he was "Big Skull," and to those who didn't know him, but saw

him coming, he was known as "Trouble." Big Skull had done some crazy things in his time, and he had done some time for his crazy doings. He once got in a fight with a city slicker who insulted his intelligence and Skull proceeded to hit him so hard he got two teeth embedded in his knuckles. *Continued on page 86*

Illustration by David Mann





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

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Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston
H-D of Clanton, 1210 7th St. South, Clanton

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 501 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

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. MacLay 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 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Libretti Bros. 14015 Inglewood, Hawthorne
Precision Cycle 17716 West Sierra Hwy., Canyon Country
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Taft Cycle Supplies 103 "B" Street, Taft
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa

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
Quality Machine 9550 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 1/2 5th St., Greeley
Brown's Custom Cycle 444 E. Pike Peak,
Colorado Springs

CONNECTICUT

Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville

DELAWARE

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

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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
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
3The Motorcycle Shop 2039-95th St., Miami
Hole In The Wall 4802 Old Winter Garden Rd., Orlando
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy.,
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H-D Enterprises 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa

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

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

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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
Don's Cycles, Inc. 26770 N. Hwy. 12, Wauconda

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Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 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

IOWA

Lucky's & D.C. Scooter Accessories Box I, Charlotte
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Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
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Maltese Customs 512 N. Grand Garriott St., Enid
Wet Willie's Custom Shop 202 S. Choctaw, El Reno

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Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville
Moe's H-D Specialties 117 Pine St., Catasauqua

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The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Meford Drive, Lufkin
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco
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Trip Cycle 3823 Ave. S., Galveston
East Bay American Motorcycle (formerly Basket Case) 112
E. Ennis Ave., Ennis

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Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deli Rt. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
T.R.'s Cycle Shop & Leather Rack 1110 S. Military Hwy.,
Chesapeake

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

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Drive, Green Bay
Sank-Prarie H-D Hwy. 12, Sauk City
Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Rapid Transit H-D 6511 Highway 13 S., Wisconsin Rapids

HISTORY OF BEER

Continued from page 26

exactly what went into their suds, or how much, but we can look at folks in the same kind of environment and culture and get a good idea. S.C. Brown's book, **Wines & Beers of Old New England**, notes that "... in the hills of Tibet, where the climate is not unlike New England, between one-third and one-half of the daily caloric

input of a hard-working farmer comes from the beer he drinks." And, he adds, "With neither the knowledge nor the availability of the food supplements we now feel to be essential, [vitamins and mineral pills, powders and liquids] hundreds of generations learned from experience that wines and beers were important to their

health." A good ale is a substantial addition to the diet. That's why the English demanded their rights to it, just like we want to grab for all the brew we can on the road today. Only difference is, we go for it to keep our sanity. They were after more — their sanity and their health.

All About Beer, a book by John Porter, says of the Pilgrims' landing, "Apparently, they didn't like being out of ale and apparently got to work on a

The editorial staff, warming up for a meeting.





Guess the rabbit had one too many.

new batch at the first opportunity." That was 1620. Making brew in America went back before that, to 1548. During one of the earliest attempts at colonization, the transplanted Brits brewed a beer from corn. In 1609, the Governor of Virginia asked the King to send him two brewers. He was refused, and the settlers had to drink water, much against their wishes and customs. They were so angry that they soon set sail for home,

Continued on page 104

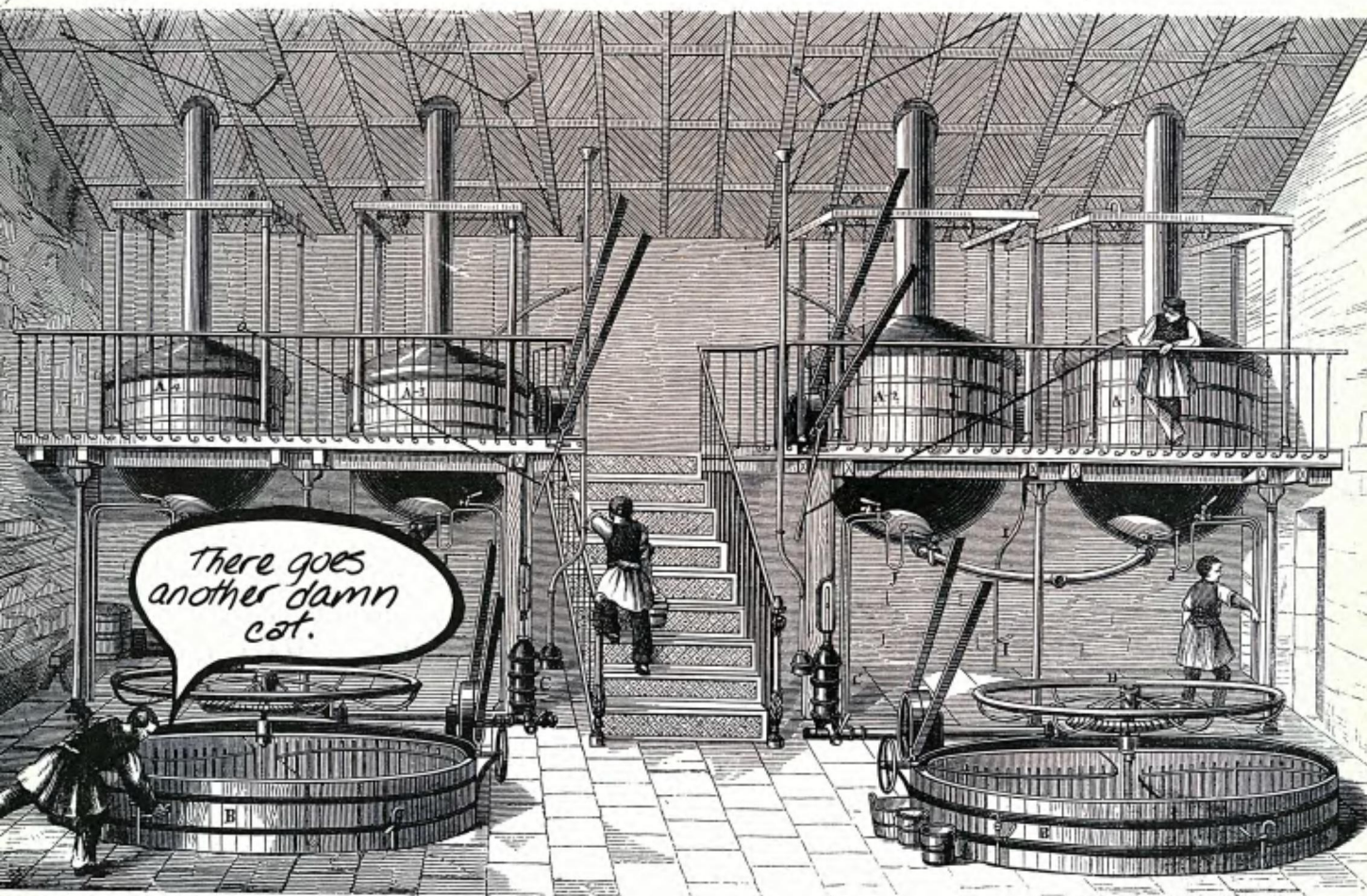
Photos and illustrations from The Bettmann Archive



HISTORY OF BEER

George Washington — the Father of Our Country — was also the grandpappy of our brew.

BY DEE YARR



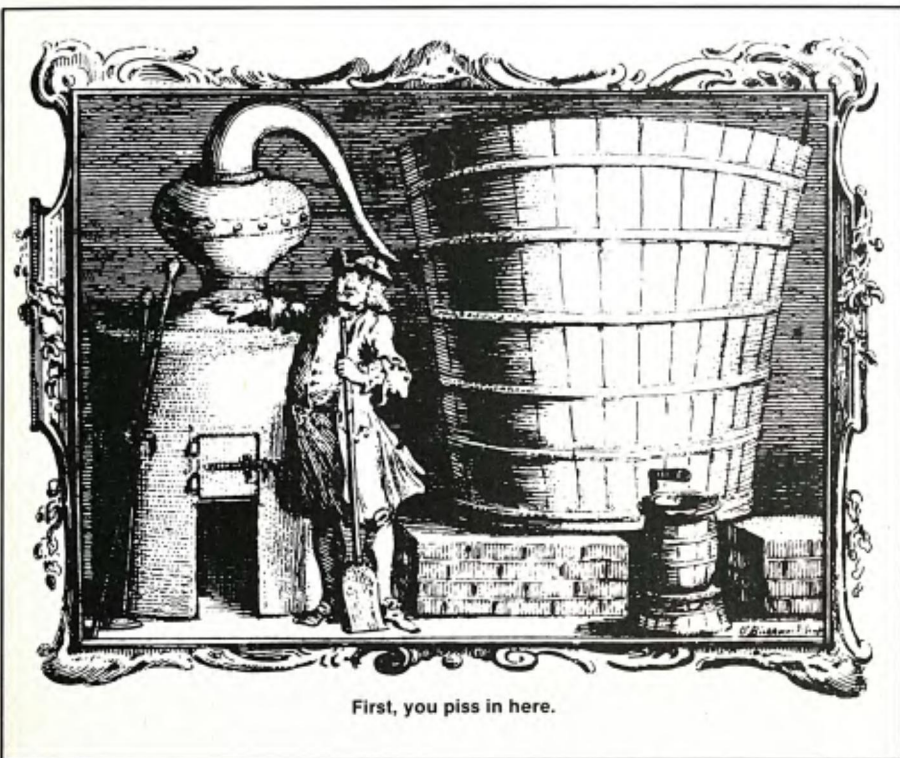
My first bike was a teeny-weeny 106cc Sears, built by Puch. Mom didn't want me to have it. My first beer was a real draught, built by Schlitz. Mommy didn't want me to have that, either. There've been a lot of bikes since then — dirt bikes, street bikes; two-strokes, four-strokes, panheads, shovelheads and on down the road. Lots of

beers, too: Millerweisers, Molsonheads, and Heiniebraus. Lotta miles, lotta suds.

Lately, a fire in the sickle shed and short scratch have got me down and off two wheels (temporary illness), but I'm still swimming in the suds. Matter of fact, I've been makin' my own for the past few years, just so I can get what I want in a brew.

But since beer is almost as big with me as jammin', I've been getting into some of the history of brew, and finding out it's not just as light as a Lite™!

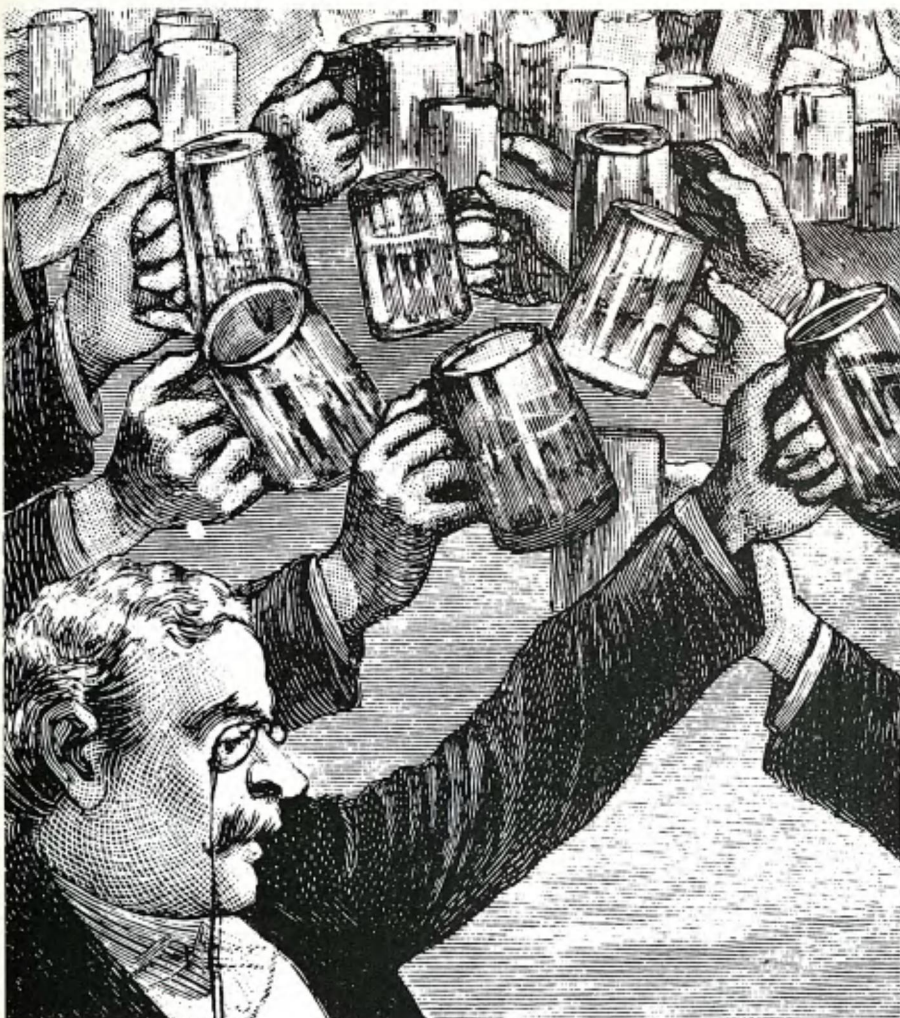
For instance, take the Pilgrims. Pious folks, they were. But they stopped at Plymouth Rock 'cause they were low on ale — practically kicked off the Mayflower by the thirsty



First, you piss in here.

sailors who had to take her back to England. Turns out you couldn't trust the water anywhere in those days, so everybody made the H_2O into ale and wine so that the alcohol could keep the germs down. We're talking brews that averaged 5 to 7.5 percent alcohol, not like today's suds, which contain only 3.5 to 4.5 percent alcohol. The so-called diet beers have even less — since the more water that's mixed into the ingredients, the "less filling" it is.

Back in the Pilgrims' days, beer was important for more



Three cheers for "Electric" beer.



A wooden tankard from Spider's great-great-great-great and then not-so-great grandfather's collection.

than just providing a safe beverage. Since it's made from barley grains, it had a lot of good nutrients. And, since sugar was hard to get, the farmers sweetened the brew with honey, making it even better for the body.

Because many of the recipes were carried around in the colonists' heads, we don't know

nautical-sounding name. Career women, female executives, divorcees looking for unmarried dentists. Heavy polyester scene. Perfect for those with oedipal complexes.

HQ: no score — You discover some drunken broad has backed over your bike and left.

score — She screams rape the next day when she sobers up.

Porkability-4. Probability-6.5.

3. Mike's Place, Duffy's Saloon or any place with someone's name. Horny secretaries, horny female jr. executives, horny actresses, horny clerks and sales girls, horny single girls and their horny married friends, horny waitresses.

HQ: no score — You need a stick to beat your way through the crowd of weenie mongers who are also trying to beat their way in.

score — You meet "that" girl, and sink into the matrimonial abyss.

Porkability-10. Probability-9.

4. Dew Drop Inn, Barrel Inn or any place with a play on words. Slightly neurotic divorcees, loudmouthed redneck ginches, embittered, beaten broads, floozies.

HQ: no score — She's so drunk she suddenly hallucinates, thinks you're her ex, and tries to cut off your dick and balls with a broken beer bottle. Her ex, just out of prison, shows up and shoots you and her.

score — You fuck, she grunts and sweats and is so drunk she suddenly hallucinates, thinks you're her ex and tries to cut off your dick and balls with a broken beer bottle. Her ex, just out of prison, shows up and shoots you and her.

Porkability-4.5. Probability-9.0.

5. Three Star Lounge, Rendezvous, or any place that rates itself or has an overt sexual connotation. Derelicts, tramps, bag women, winos, basically the types you wouldn't touch, even with Spider's dick.

Porkability-0. Probability-10.

6. Half Moon, Iron Tit, Shark's Cunt or any place with female anatomical reference.

Bull dykes, lesbians, man-haters, women who can turn a quarter over in a milk bottle by using their tongues.

HQ: no score — Your balls end up nailed to a wall, your dick becomes a swizzle stick, your ass becomes a receptacle for several broken bottles, a table, two chairs, i.e., death, pain, and more death.

score — You'll be given a place of honor in the cocksman's hall of fame. Posthumously.

Porkability-7. Probability-0.00001.

7. Gelded Lily, Pink Flamingo, or any place stressing the word cocktails. You gotta be kidding.

HQ: no score — Death if your bros catch you coming out of a place like this.

score — Death if your bros catch you coming out of a place like this. Hopefully, a case of terminal AIDS in which your dick rots off, your balls shrivel up and your ass cements shut.

Porkability-0. Probability-0.

B. Schools

1. University, colleges, jr. colleges, nursing schools.

Horny freshmen away from home for the first time, horny sophomores not ready to get serious, juniors into all kinky sex, experienced seniors.

HQ: no score — You'll suddenly realize how many sit-ups you'll have to do to get rid of that pot-gut.

score — You'll suddenly realize how many pre-med and pre-law studs all are wagging their dicks at her.

Porkability-10. Probability-5.

2. Junior-high school, college prep boarding schools. Nubile teenyboppers who've just discovered they have tits and a pussy.

HQ: no score — You start feelin' old.

score — 20 years in prison.

Porkability-5. Probability-2.

C. Medical Offices

1. Gynecologists

Women you *know* have done it.

HQ: no score — For a quick ten bucks, the doc



might let you sniff his finger.
score — Either your dick pokes out the kid's eye; or you get a yeast infection of the dick.

Porkability-7. Probability-5.

2. Dentist's office

Women who are on their backs.

HQ: no score — The dentist extracts your teeth as well as your wallet.

score — Her new braces rip the skin off your dick.

Porkability-4. Probability-2.

3. County Morgue

Women who offer no resistance.

HQ: no score — Rigor mortis makes her pussy clamp shut tighter than a bear trap.

score — Rigor mortis causes her pussy to clamp around your dick like a bear trap, causing gangrene, thereby necessitating amputation.

Porkability-2. Probability-7.

D. The Beach

Little suntanned goddesses in minuscule bathing suits, with plenty of bouncing T&A, covered with suntan lotion.

HQ: no score — Bronzed surfer gods with huge muscles wearing Speedos stuffed with salamis.

score — Sand in her crack.

Porkability-10. Probability-7.

PART II

The Second F: Feeding 'Em

Women don't think like men. A clever line like, "Did you grow those titties yourself, or did your mama leave 'em to you?" will cause her legs to slam shut tighter than the vault doors at Ft. Knox. In order to suck those mams on a regular basis, you have to sweet-talk her, court her, compliment her. In short, you have to be able to sing.

The Bullshit

Remember, she's trying to bullshit you into thinking you'd be damn lucky to sniff her dirty laundry. You have to bullshit her into thinking she's bullshitted you, while bullshitting her into position to pour the pork without getting bullshitted. Easy, right?

Well, bro, remember this, years of practice make women more adept at concealing flaws and slinging bullshit than a used-bike salesman. The better she looks, the deeper the shit and the greater the probability she's hiding something. Using the following guides, you can determine the bullshit quantity vs. pork probability. Keep in mind that the point is to get the most pork for the least hassle.

1. Who Will And Who Won't

In order to have the best chance of wetting your wazoo, you have to be able to differentiate between "the ones who will" and "the ones who won't." Remember, they don't think like us. They'll spend hours making themselves up in order to get our dicks hard and then complain that's all we see in them. It's a wise man who can tell at a glance where his best pork probabilities lie.

SHE WON'T SHARP LOOKS

SHE WILL SHARP WITS

NAUTILUS 3
TIMES A WEEK,
WANTS A
MERCEDES,
HAND JOB,
WANTS YOU
TO GET A
GOOD JOB.



TENNIS, HIKING,
JOGGING,
WANTS CAMARO,
BLOW JOB,
WANTS A GOOD
JOB HERSELF.

2. The Strip Test

Okay, you've admired the molding and the paint job. Now's the time to take a closer look and see what she looks like without makeup.

Remember, the harder your alcohol-crazed dick is, the easier it is for them to conceal flaws with wardrobe and makeup. Here are the six major facial phyla.

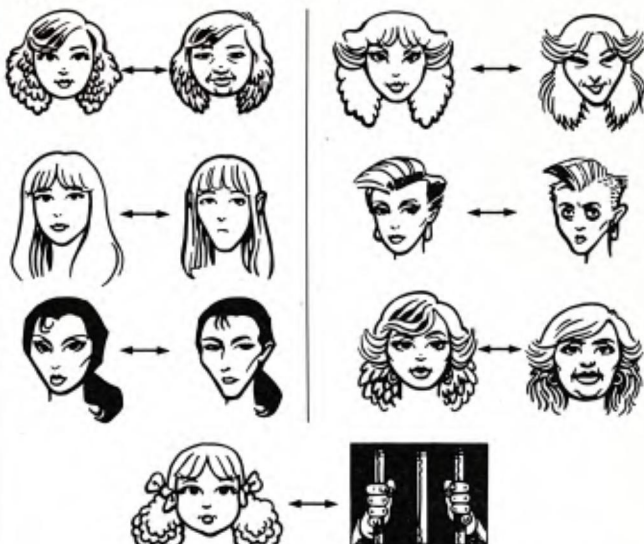
How She'll Look

After you've had 5 joints and two bottles of Jack Black. With:

eyebrow plucking, facial sloughing, toner, moisturizer, pore shrinking, sealer, base, highlighter, lip gloss, lip sealer, lip liner, eye liner, eye shadow, mascara, eyelashes, blush, hydrogen peroxide, perm, color, conditioner.

How She'll Look

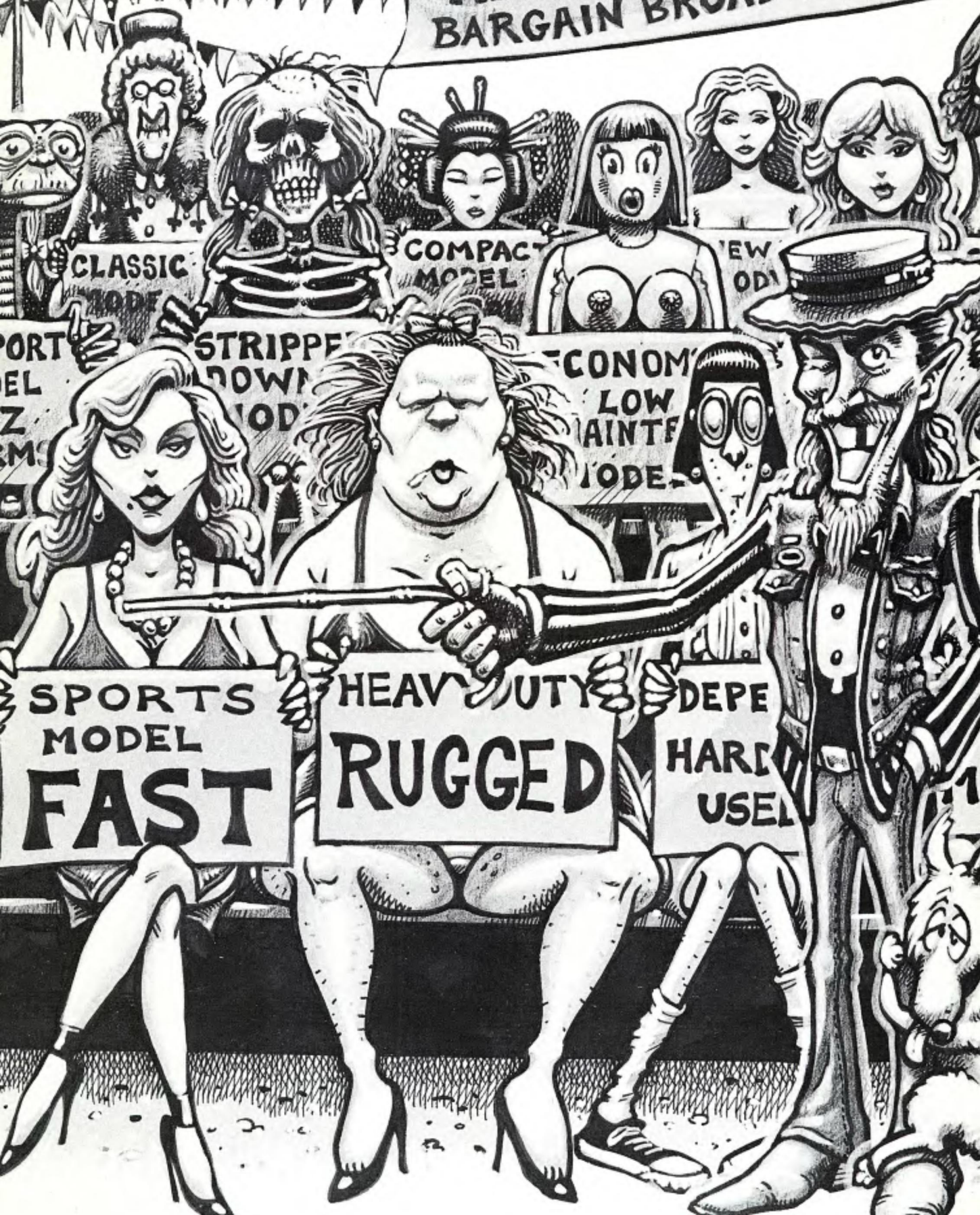
After you wake up tomorrow morning sober. Without:



eyebrow plucking, facial sloughing, toner, moisturizer, pore shrinking, sealer, base, highlighter, lip gloss, lip sealer, lip liner, eye liner, eye shadow, mascara, eyelashes, blush, hydrogen peroxide, perm, color, conditioner.

Continued on page 117

**MADMAN KELLY'S
BARGAIN BROAD LOT**



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MODEL

SPORTS
MODEL
FAST

HEAVY DUTY
RUGGED

DEPE
HARD
USE

You're out on the town and, after a bellyful of Jack D.'s finest and a joint or two, you spot a cutie from across the bar. The old eye contact starts crackling, jump-starting your dick. Sounds great, doesn't it?

Well, bro, remember that both love and that one-eyed snake in your trousers are blind and if you let your dork do your thinking, it'll be a case of the blind leading the blind. A year later, your pecker'll plead amnesia when you

wake up one morning to discover the little hardbelly who looked like Heather Locklear now looks more like a shaved gorilla.

As in choosing a bike, you've got to know the ins and outs in order not to get unpleasantly screwed. Here, to help you avoid the pitfalls of poon hunting, is Madman Kelly's 4F guide to women. Remember, the point is to get the most pork for the least possible investment.

By Duffy Duggan

1. They Aren't Like Us

In order to understand women, it's important to learn their language.

A. Female Glossary of English

boobies tits
down there pussy
thing pecker
things balls
powder my nose piss
freshen up shit
dinner and dancing fuck

B. Translations of Typical Female Expressions

"It's broken." I don't know how to work it.
"Use your mouth." Eat me.
"You don't have to tell me." If you don't tell me, I'll have a headache for the rest of my life and you won't get so much as a handjob from me.
"I have a headache." You didn't tell me, so there!
"She used her mouth." She blew him.
"It's my time of the month." I don't want to.
"I have an infection." I don't want to, and I never will again as long as I live, and believe me, I won't.

C. A Short Female Time-Reference Translation

5 minutes 1 hour
10 minutes 2 hours
15 minutes tomorrow

PART I

The First F: Finding 'Em

Gash can be found all over the place; who and where will usually determine the pork-probability vs. hassle-quotient ratio HQ. Additional factors include how low your moral and/or hygienic standards are.

2. Where

A. Bars

1. Chez Poufferie, L'au'fittes, or any place with an unpronounceable name. *Playboy* centerfolds, starlets, princesses, i.e., gash whose panties you'd boil just to drink the broth.

HQ: no score — Arabs with briefcases full of money, movie producers with pencil dicks and big expense accounts have you beat.

score — Her father has ties to organized crime. Next morning he sends over a couple of gorillas to perform surgery on your dick with a rusty butter knife — slowly.

Porkability-10. Probability-0.5.

2. Captain's Deck, Upper Mast, or any place with a





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.



Uncle Sam Wants ~~You~~ Your Kids

This ain't one of our off-the-wall April Fool's Day stories. You ain't gonna get to the end and find out it's all a bad joke out of the fried brain of Dr. Twatburger or J.J. Solari. We wish it was a joke, but our so-called public servants at the Justice Department in Washington are not exactly known for their sense of humor. Or, maybe they do really have a sense of humor and the rest of us just don't get the joke. Read on and decide for yourself.

We don't normally pay awfully much attention to what the nationally syndicated columnists have to say — usually it don't have a hell of a lot to do with our kind of life. However, once in a while one of them comes up with a scoop that can't be ignored, a revelation that should be shouted from the rooftops. This is one of those stories and we, and all freedom-loving Americans, should thank Jack Anderson for digging it up.

Remember the famous Hurt Report, which the government claimed would help predict which motorcycle riders are most likely to go down in a crash? Remember how the "scientists" writing that report came up with the startling info that bros with tattoos are more likely to wipe out than bros without them? Well, you ain't heard nothin' yet.

Under a secret Justice Department plan uncovered by Anderson, government "scientists" intend to begin testing nine-to-twelve-year-old boys for "antisocial tendencies."

And, not surprisingly, the methods they intend to use are every bit as reliable and scientific as the "tattoo test" used in the Hurt Report.

According to the Justice Department, antisocial types do not react normally to "simple tones, loud noises, electrical shocks, insertion of hypodermic needles and slides of horrible facial injuries." In other words, give the little bastards 240 volts while makin' 'em look at pictures of bikers who went through a cage window and you'll be able to tell which kids are gonna grow up to shoplift at the Seven-Eleven.

It gets better, or worse, depending on your feel for the bizarre. The project — officially the "Early Identification of the Chronic Juvenile Offender" program — will also weed out young hooligans by checking them for certain physical characteristics alleged to be a sign of latent criminality. Physical characteristics like being left-handed (we'd always suspected a few of the staff of bein' weird, now we know why) or having "malformed ears, low-set ears, asymmetrical ears, soft pliable ears, no ear lobes, high-steeped palate, furrowed tongue, smooth tongue with rough spots, curved fingers, wide gap between first and second toes, and third toe longer than the second."

But for certain types of self-proclaimed "researchers" — the ones known in fag circles as chicken hawks — all the above is merely foreplay. Their chance to get

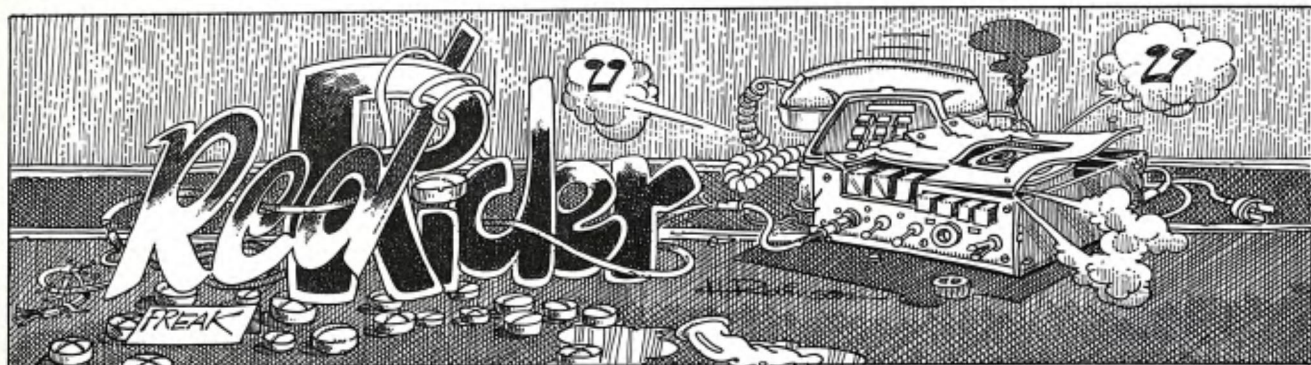
their rocks off comes in the next part of the "testing," the part where the Justice Department gets to milk the kiddies' dicks and measure how much joy juice comes out. Yeah, that's right, they plan to do that, too. Of course, it's all in the higher interests of science, ya understand. The government has reason to believe (a favorite phrase of every cop squad in the world) that being oversexed makes little Johnny and Jimmy bad boys.

But take heart, our public officials are not really heartless and cruel sadists who happened to pop out of a time tunnel from the Dark Ages. They don't, according to Anderson, intend to castrate the ballsy boys who top the testosterone tables. On the contrary, the report specifically recommends "replacing surgical castration" with "testosterone-lowering drugs."

Wonder if the Israelis know they've been wasting their time combing the jungles of Paraguay for Dr. Mengeles? He's obviously alive and well and gainfully employed in Washington.

Now, by this time you might be wondering how the lucky devils who are going to get to participate in this program will be chosen. Well, to start with, the \$500,000 initial phase of the project calls for the testing of 2000 9- to 12-year-olds. Why 9-to-12? Because, the Justice Department says, "We would have a moral, legal and political problem in

Continued on page 95



AFTER A FEW YEARS, RED IS BACK FROM WHEREVER THE FUCK HE WAS. HERE WE FIND HIM CHECKING OUT HIS TELEPHONE ANSWERING DEVICE TO SEE IF HE HAD ANY CALLS WHILE HE WAS AWAY....



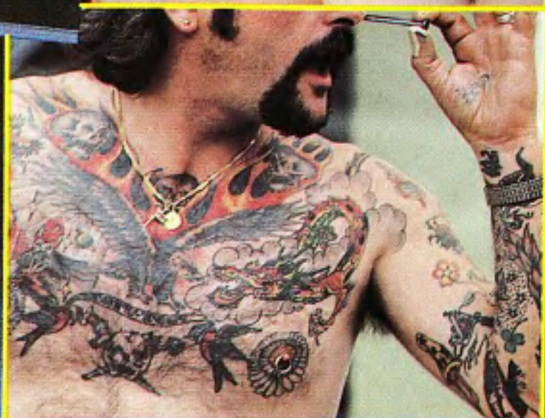
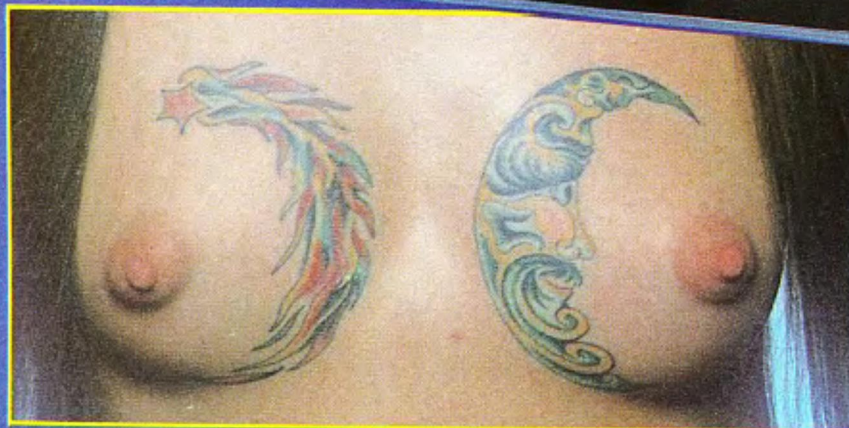
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At 135 ready-to-kill pounds he's sure big enough. Lookin' at him, with his teeth bared and spit oozing out and slopping onto his chin, you know he's mean enough. The question is, is he smart enough?

Smart enough to be a biker's dog, that is. Not just any sharp-fanged killer mutt can qualify as an honest-to-Harley biker hound. A biker's dog's gotta have class and style. He's gotta look sharp in a bandanna and be able to hold his brewski. Most of all, he's gotta be intelligent. Intelligent enough, for example, to know he's supposed to castrate the repo agent from the finance company that's holdin' the paper on yer scooter while not munchin' the mailman's leg on the day he's tryin' to deliver yer unemployment check.

How can ya tell if yer dog stacks up? Simple. Check him out with this canine cleverness quiz.

1. Set out a bowl of Alpo, a raw steak and a pile of primo weed.
 - a. The dog scarfs up the Alpo.
 - b. The dog gobbles up the steak.
 - c. The dog wolfs down the steak an' the Alpo.
 - d. The dog pisses on the food and licks up the weed.
2. Roll yer bike out on the lawn. Get some attractive young assistant (female) to strip and get down on her hands and knees next to it.
 - a. The dog runs up behind the chick and begins to strenuously fuck her.
 - b. The dog runs up behind the chick and begins vigorously humping her leg.

- c. The dog ignores both the bike and the chick, and just wanders around in circles, lookin' preoccupied.
 - d. The dog jumps up on the bike's tank and sits there wagging his tail, looking expectant.
3. Stage a fight with the ol' lady (that shouldn't be hard, right?) and have her pretend to be leaving.
 - a. The dog sits in the corner and whimpers.
 - b. The dog noses open the door and holds it for her.
 - c. The dog carefully sniffs her luggage and body cavities to make sure she ain't rippin' off any of yer stash.

- d. The dog grabs her rugrats gently but firmly by the backs of their necks and carries them out to the curb.
4. Yer havin' an eviction party and the landlord shows up with the cops.
 - a. The dog takes out a plate glass window and heads for the hills.
 - b. The dog sneaks out and shits all over the landlord's car while you an' yer bros are keepin' the cops busy.
 - c. The dog saunters over to yer bondsman's pad and keeps barkin' at the door till the dude gets the idea and opens shop.
 - d. The dog passes out drunk early on and sleeps through the whole raid.
 5. Toss a stick in the air.
 - a. The dog catches it on the fly and returns it to you.
 - b. The dog curls his lip derisively, clearly saying, "You want it, you get it."
 - c. The dog waits till the stick lands, walks over, picks it up and brings it halfway back.
 - d. The dog runs into the house, drags the ol' lady out by the wrist, and indicates to her that you need someone to fetch for you.

SCORING

1. a). 5 points — fuel is important; b). 0 points — the dog should know that when there's steak in a biker's house, the biker eats it; c). 7 points — if he's gonna be a pig, he'd best go whole hog; d). 10 points — which would you rather consume?

Continued on page 123

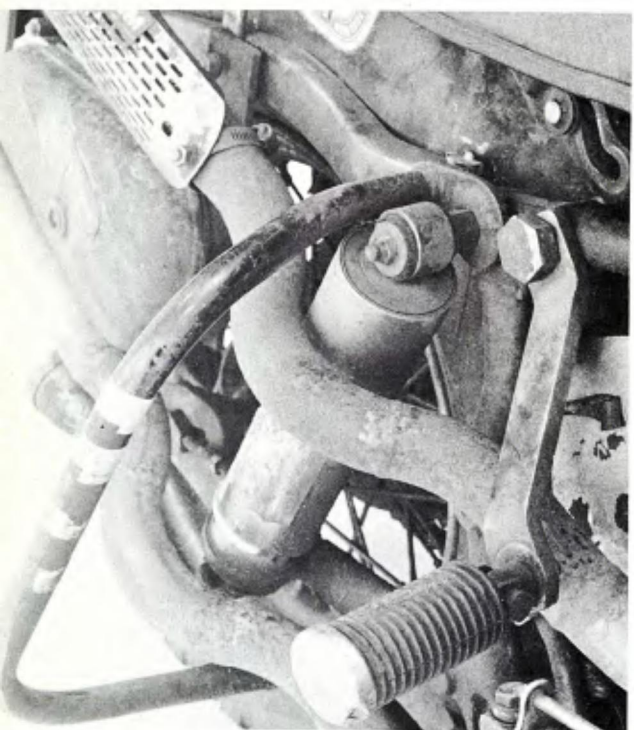
Can He Cut It? a simple IQ test for yer mutt

By Ken Alrashon



Photos by Kim Peterson and Woody Hayman





Owner: Chris Birkett		City: Melbourne, Australia	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Carlo Rossi		Year: 1968	
Year and make: various H-Ds		Builder: H-D	
Model: see above		Type: swingarm	
Value: priceless		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner/Paul Wheeler		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: rust and crud	
Chroming by: someone, sometime		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: narrowed wide	
Year: 1947		Risers: stock	
Model: knucklehead		Fender(s): custom/louvered	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: streamers	
Lower end: smooth		Front pegs: Astro Turf	
Balancing: William Motors		Rear pegs: modified for midget	
Pistons: .050 over		Electrics: custom/hodgepodge	
Cases: 1947 knucklehead		Gas tank: 5-gallon fatbobs	
Heads: modified for pan barrels		Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: contemporary filter/cooler	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: open	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: comfortable stocker	
Air cleaner: cover		Sissybar: chicken box	
Pipes: Chattanooga Rattlers/rust		Height: middle of back	
Muffler(s): zip		Material: fiberglass	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1968		Extension: 4 in. over	
Shifting: foot/ratchet		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: rust	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner/others		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: Krylon black		Tire: bald	Tire: Cheng-Shin
Type: Krylon enamel		Brake: H-D drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: stickers			
Other special modifications: Cruise control, owl, rat, louvered front fender, crashed bars. Thanks to all the good people I've met on the road.			

great night drinkin' and tellin' Harley stories.

"Lady Luck was ridin' with us all the way, especially when we dropped the bike on the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia. I'd just come around a blind curve and hit a bunch of loose gravel they'd put down after repairing a pothole. We slid about 150 feet, got up, straightened the bars a bit and were ready to roll on. A park ranger who came by was really pissed, but not at us.

He said that every time the rotten sons of bitches fix the road, they leave a truckload of gravel which, more often than not, sandbags some poor biker. The real luck part was that we slid toward the hill. It was a sheer 4000-foot drop if we'd slid the other way.

"Guess we'd still be climbin' out of that hole.

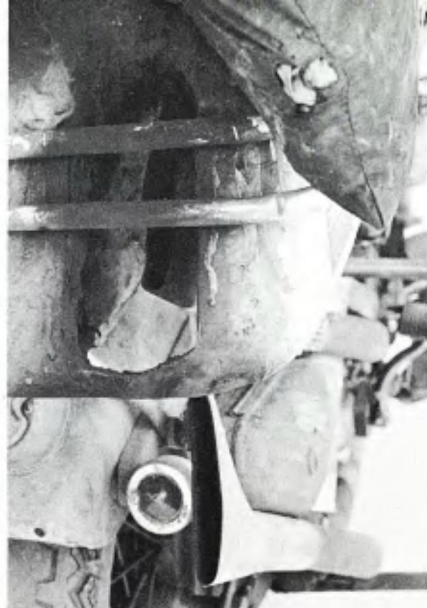
"We had another kind of luck too. We just happened to be at Newport when Australia II won

the America's Cup. It was great. An Australian accent was the only ticket you needed to all the parties. There we were, two tramps in greasies, whooping it up with the rich and famous in their yachting togs.

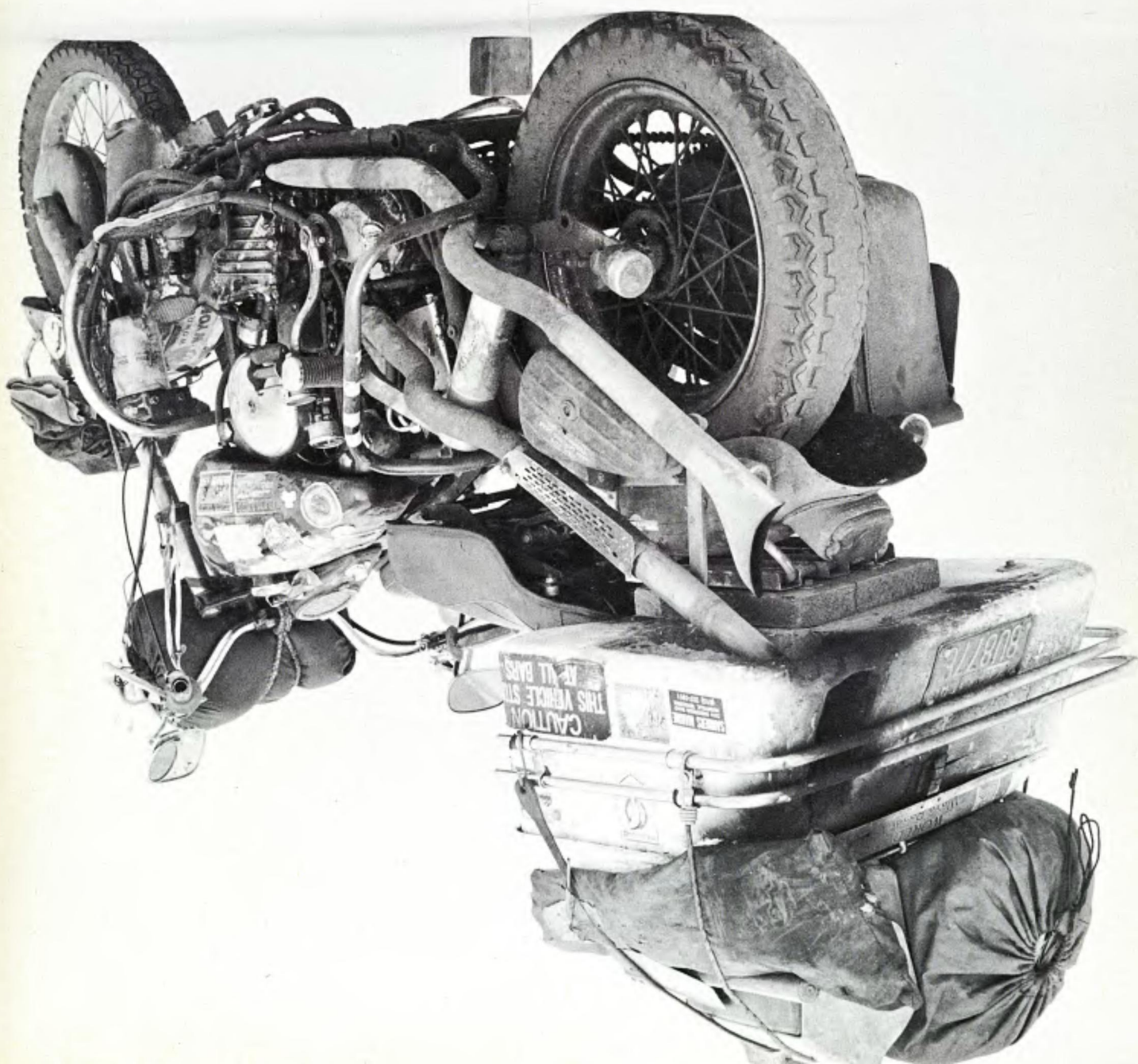
"Did we have any big fights? That's a hell of a question. Of course not. I just killed her. She never came back.

"Well, you did say this was going in your April Fool's issue."

— Chris Birkett, as told to Boomer



Photos by Pete Chiodo





"The best thing was the people, the other bikers. I remember in Wisconsin Rapids we pulled in and asked some bro at a stoplight where the biker bar was. We got to the place and had the only bike there. Pretty soon another knuckle pulls in and then another and another. Eventually there were about 20 of 'em and all the riders were standing around my bike grinning, their eyes lit up.

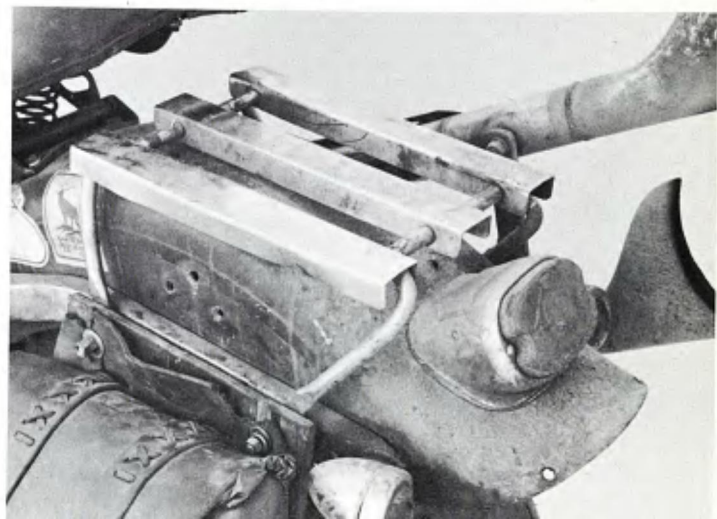
"Seems like they've got a club just for knuckle owners up there. I wasn't allowed to buy a single

round all night.

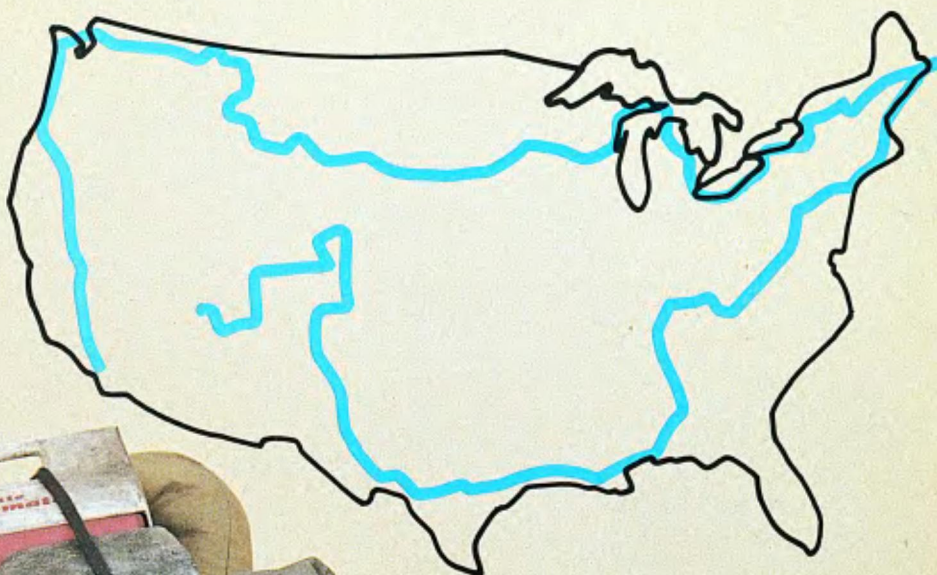
"It was like that all over. Mostly we just camped out — Carol's pretty good with a mess of beans and ground meat and a 50-cent skillet — but a lot of places we crashed with local bros who invited us in.

"Like up in Plattsburgh, New York. The bike was really goin' through the oil by then — we used 20 gallons altogether, but by that point we were droppin' in about two quarts a day. There was a little Harley shop in town, so I stopped in to see if I could

get a few gaskets replaced here and there on the cheap 'cause money was runnin' real low by then. The owner of the shop said he'd have to drive out and get his mechanic (who worked full-time on a road crew), so we retired to a local watering hole to pass the time. One pitcher led to another and we didn't get back there for hours. They had my bike all patched up and ready to go and wouldn't even take a dime for it. The owner even invited us to stay over at his place, so we did. Spent a



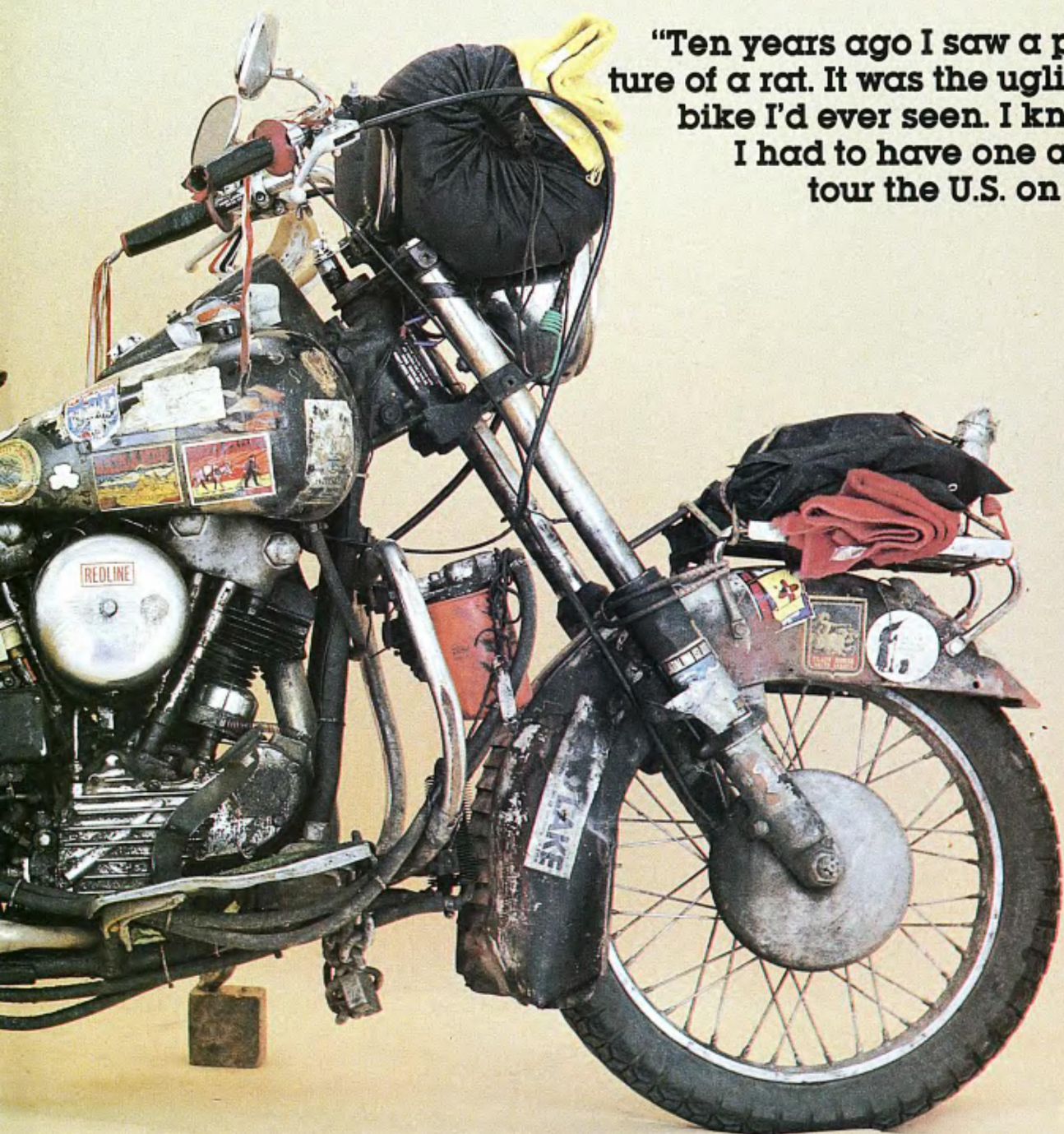




"The trip turned out almost exactly like I planned it back in Australia ten years ago, except that I never thought that the girl I'd take with me would be another Australian that I'd met in the states. But that's the way it happened. I met Carol over here and said, 'Do you want to go for a ride?' She asked 'Where?' so I said, 'Around the U.S.' She quit her job, I quit mine and we took off. We did 18,000 miles in 4 1/2 months. Spent less than \$30 a day, most of it on booze for us and oil for the Hog.

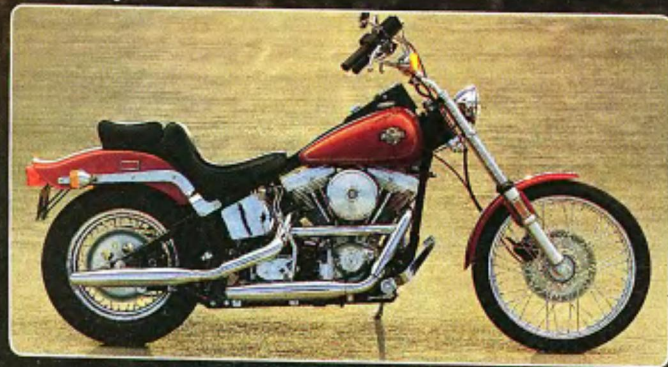
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Sweden

Picked Some Class

☐ You picked some class. I went to school with Regina (Miss H-D, November '83) before she moved to Clinton. She is a real good person, and I about flipped over my cornflakes when page 46 came up in the November issue. I've got to hand it to you and Harley. You know how to pick 'em — and good luck, Regina, wherever you are.

L'I Abner
Frankfort, Ky.

☐ I'd like to have an autographed picture of Miss H-D.
Charles Mills
Lincoln, Neb.

■ Write to: Clyde Fessler, Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., 3700 West Juneau Avenue, Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53210.

Problems, Problems

☐ In the 42 years of my life I've been lied to, shot at, shit on, cheated, beat on, laughed at, criticized, jailed, two-timed, ripped off, called names, accused of fathering several foul-smelling, moronic kids, and fucking anything from a 2 to a minus-10. I've had clap, yeast infections, bladder infections, warts on my cock, crabs, lice, and small critters, thought to have become extinct 4000 years ago, that are still being studied at the University of Washington.

My unemployment ran out, my scooter's out of gas, the engine needs work. My TV died, the rent's due, my ol' lady was last seen on the back of a Vespa. I'm down to my last 1/4 oz. of no-good bum weed, four Budweisers, and while I was writing this, my dog fell over dead and a pig car just stopped in front of my house.

I've suffered your rag being backward, upside-down, never on time, and just generally fucked-up. But I try not to let the shit bother me. In my own passive way, I have a joint or five, have some Bud, take some strange pills the ol' lady left behind, wait for morning and hope things get better.

However, this time you fuckers did it! You really did

it! To you jerk-offs it may seem like nothing, but because of you, this ol' tramp finally did it. I went nuts, crazy. I went off the deep end, tilt, bonkers, tits-up, out of order, and unwrapped! Because of you gash-lappers, I destroyed my favorite bar. I insulted people I didn't know. I slapped the shit out of two broads I do know for asking or trying to mooch a joint. Next thing, I found myself at my ex-ol' lady's new place. I kicked down her door (fucking near broke my leg), gave her one good shot and busted her nose. I also gave her a good fuckin' and shit in her purse.

Forty-two years of being fucked with and fucked over. Forty-two years of trying to get along, shot all to shit. Forty-two years of seething, dark, black rage finally came to the surface. All because of you dorks at *Easyriders*. Next I had a flash of all that bum shit weed I'd been buying at high prices. I went to see the asshole and after 20 or 30 minutes of pounding on his head and mentioning something about fuckin' him in the ass, he decided it would be only fair to give me a half pound of green skunk-bud to make up for all the bum shit he had been cheating me on over the years.

When the cops showed up I was on southbound I-5. My eyes were glazed over, I had a joint in my mouth, a half pound in my jacket, and was hitchhiking to 801 South Main Street, California (what's a Burbank?) to kick some more ass. I remembered somewhere along the line that I asked for a catalog and they wanted money for it — after I just dropped \$700-plus for a frame, oil tanks, electric box, and gas tank (that didn't fit).

Well, after 60 days in a rubber room, 30 days in detox, 30 days in drug rehab, I'm almost back to my passive self. All of this could have been avoided. All of this because of you scabby-dicked dildos. What you guys did to get me this way is completely inexcusable.

I hope and wish Mutha uses Spider for a butt-plug, and that the rest of you burned-out nonproductive lowlifes get caught up here on the Washington coast in November and December and the cheeks of your asses rust together.

I also hope and pray that all

your office girls get lockjaw and go straight! All of these problems because you assholes didn't put a "Word Search" puzzle in your September issue.

G.G.F.
Gig Harbor, Wash

Snivel, Snivel

☐ What the fuck does a guy have to do to get his name in this fuckin' piece of bat shit you so cleverly disguise as a magazine? I've been wasting ink and paper, not to mention our fine friendly state prison's postage for four years, and you airheads haven't printed shit.

If you fuckers don't print this by April '84, I hope Mutha drops her drawers smack dab in the middle of the biggest office party ever held and gasses all your asses to death.

If Animal sees this printed he owes me a badass ring I've been trying to get from him for six months, so make it light on yourselves.

Squeegy
Avon Park, Fla.

Listen Up

☐ I'm tired of writing to you people. I live in New Jersey. There's a fuckin' zillion brothers up here who would love to get together for a big party. I'm always hearing about bikers getting together everywhere but here. We've got a place about one hour from New York City. It's called Stokes State Forest. There's an area as big as we need. And believe me, if New Jersey ABATE and everyone else would get together there, maybe all our brothers and sisters might be able to put up that big voice we need to get some action in this state. There's a paper up here called *Want Ad Press*. I'll try to get a date set and put it in.

Come on, people, let's do it or Big Brother will finish us altogether. Contact me.

Mr. C. Miller
312 No. 3rd St.
Harrison, NJ 07029

Piles and Piles

☐ This is regarding the letter from King Puff Butt (January '84): I've had hemorrhoids for years — no fun. Here's some help that's not too much trouble. For those hanging hemis: After you take a dump, use some oil — the kind with a lot of vitamins — and push those buggers back up where they belong, inside your ass, not hanging outside where

Continued on page 114

lucky, because if they didn't have cunts, we wouldn't even talk to them.

Paul
Albany, W. Australia

■ But they have — all of them!

A Little Advice

□ I don't want to sound self-righteous or preach at you like some pro-helmet people do, but recently I noticed a couple of references to bros losing a couple of fingers in primary belts.

As any biker who was raised or worked on a farm can tell you, any open p.t.o. (power take-off) can kill or maim you. Every farmer can probably tell a hundred stories he's heard (and one or two he's seen) of sleeves and pant cuffs being grabbed by an open shaft or belt, mangling the guy wearing 'em. These people are usually experienced operators who have used such machines for years.

So, if you value your nut sack (when your pants go, they usually take a few other things with them), put a cage on your primary — don't underestimate the power of your machine.

Willoughbee
Irma, Wis.

Fight Lid Law

□ Would like you to print something for me and my buddies in Edmonton, Alberta. We want everyone who cares to be in front of city hall to fight the lid law again on June 9 and 10, 1984. We're gettin' fed up with people tellin' us it's for our own good. So, be there, all of you who believe in what we're fightin' for.

Mitch Martin
Edmonton, Alberta

From Abroad

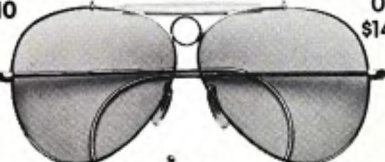
□ I'm a Swedish chick, 22 years old. I hitchhiked across your country, up and down, west to east, from April to August of 1983.

I'd like to send a large "thank you" to all those bikers who helped me — gave me a ride or a good time. And to my friend Jannida in Norfolk, Virginia, I'd like to say, "Kommer du him snart?" (That means, "Are you coming home soon?" in Swedish.)

I had to go back to Sweden in August, but I'll be back in the U.S. shortly. Keep the beer cold!

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WORDMONGER

parties, and no women. If nuclear war comes, we all lose.

Oh, yeah, if you don't like callin' Ruskies scum, how about scumfuckers. I mean, have ya ever seen Ruskies women?

The Prez
Codroy, Newfoundland

Panvel?

☐ I'm the proud owner of a '64 panhead which is rigid and has a 14-inch over wide glide front end. Recently I came into some money to spend. I used it to make a '68 shovel top end to my pan lower. My brother Pat helped me put it together. We got to talking about how, when you see a shovel/Sportster, some smart guy out there comes up with "Shovester," but we hadn't heard of any name for my situation.

Frank Montague
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Piss Test

☐ When I got here, I found that I had been found guilty of smoking marijuana by way of a urine test. Before I gave the specimen, I hadn't smoked in 28 days. So I'm askin' if it's possible that the test is wrong or was the weed that potent to stay in a man so long?

Confused
Ashland, Ky.

■ Let's get some opinions from our readers.

Whizzo Shit

☐ This is to Zip from Coconut Grove, Fla., who wrote the "Wake Up, Harley" letter in the January '84 issue. The American public wants an iron-and-guts machine, not some techo-whizzo shit. Harleys are fine the way they are.

D.J.
Richmond, Va.

Right On, Trampo

☐ Just wanted to say, "Right on, Trampo!" As a proud American and a member of America's fighting forces, your December '83 "Soap Box" really hit home with me!

P.S. Hubley
Prum, Germany

An Opinion

☐ This is to all you wannabe types out there (January '84). There are some things you just can't learn. It's like Zen — if you are a wannabe, then *that* is what you are. The

Nice Sled

☐ The apehanger half of the Blue bros (January '84) is a classic in the making. Just think — suicide shift? Nice sled, Skip!

Five's
Anaheim, Calif.

Thanks

☐ I'm writing to thank you for printing my grandfather's picture in *Yesterdaze*. (He is on the fifth page on the Indian with the sidcar.)

Frank Molnar
Geneseo, N.Y.

Be Nice

☐ I think you should be nicer to women bikers. After all, we're the ones who lend you guys our bikes to ride when yours are broken down.

Janine
Tenafly, N.J.

Some Advice

☐ Page 53 of the January '84 issue says to use Vaseline or WD-40 to re-install a tube. Well, eventually this stuff is gonna eat through and you'll have to replace the tube anyway. The best lube is stuff like Palmolive because it makes it slippery as hell to re-install and once it dries, your tire won't move, so ya won't rip the valve out.

Gamma Goat
New York, N.Y.

Shape Up!

☐ I've been a biker's ol' lady for seven years and what I don't get is why some ol' ladies out there wanna ruin a classy rag like *Easyriders* with cock photos when the only cock they should be droolin' over is their ol' man's!

Rosebud
Linesville, Pa.

■ And the staff's.

Whatdafuck Day

☐ All right, what the fuck is wrong now? Not enough drugs or what? You assholes didn't put September 26 as "Whatdafuck Day" on the '84 calendar. I'll have you know I

was married on "Whatdafuck" weekend, and if I can't take the '84 calendar to work and say, "Look, in red letters even!" I don't get the day off. I mean, it worked last year. So do an ol' scooter tramp a favor.

M.L.
Kansas City, Mo.

■ We thought it was on the calendar until you wrote. Why ruin our day — whatdafuck!

Another Complaint

☐ I went to show a friend the "Vet Voice" article on Agent Orange (December '83). Zip down the table of contents to "Vet wonders..." Says page 80. Wrong! That's "Male Call." Where's "Vet"? Page 82. Let's check out "Chopper-shopper" — it's only 10 pages off.

Do you have a position open for space editor? How about staff guinea pig? No? How about a suggestion then: Put all your fuck-ups in one issue and get the bitchin' over with. I'll still subscribe.

Dusty Dan Thomas
Sneads, Fla.

Memories

☐ The story "Visting Hours" in the November '83 issue was the best story I've read in a long time. Not only me, but others can relate to this story. It brought tears to my eyes.

Lady Sun
Louisville, Ky.

A Little Slow

☐ You guys did me in this time. The "aMAZEin" puzzle in the January issue fucked up my head. A few of the bros and I sat around the cell block and burned about seven numbers while I got the pencil and started to do my best. But I overdid the directions — couldn't get it done in three hours, let alone thirty seconds.

These bros at this joint wish you a piece of raisin pie.

Gonzo
Texarkana, Tex.

Better Idea

☐ The tech tip in issue #123 was a good idea, but why don't you finish it in the same manner? The idea was to avoid getting oil all over the bike, right? Why don't ya add a few more fittings, a decent hose, and leave the whole thing there — that is, with the hose (plugged, of course) ending underneath the transmission. This way, ya don't have to carry a greasy hose around.

Johnny Doeden
Norway

Raisin Pie Again

☐ Just want to thank J.J. Solari for saying it all for us (or U.S.). "From Russia With Death" (January '84) was truly a Class A article. Fuck those cocksuckin' commies. So, once again, here's some raisin pie for Solari and *Easyriders*.

Jim Harrison
Hutchinson, Kan.

Solari Backlash

☐ Hey, Solari, whatdafuck you been smokin', bro? Had to be somethin' real good for you to say that Cleveland could attack Russia. It's not humanly possible for anyone to get that dumb in one lifetime. You must be twins!

If you think Russia is so weak, why don't you try to get in yourself? If ya come back, ya can tell all the bros what a total dickhead ya made of yerself when ya wrote yer misguided article.

For your information, bro, Russia has at least the firepower of the United States, and they will use it, not turn tail and run, as you suggested.

Of course, yer right in being mad as hell for what they did to that Korean plane. But if ol' Haig was in a powerful position now and did blow the fuck out of Russia, do ya think they would hold still for it? No way, dickhead, they'd blow our balls off, too.

Think about it, bro — no winding roads, no bikes, no

only way to be a biker (or anything else) is to be a biker. No one gives you permission but yourself. So don't be a wannabe, be what you want to be. Be it in your head and heart, even if you are too young or broke to have a bike yet. Be one in your attitude and actions. You can have your mind in the wind and find it will get the rest of you there — but shit, don't wannabe — be!

"43"

Santa Rosa, Calif.

Doors

□ Do you dudes like the Doors?

Jammin'

Port Gibson, N.Y.

■ Did we ever!

Oil Filters

□ Tell Greaser who asked about oil filters in the January '84 issue that all hope is not lost. I don't know if Sportsters and Super Glides run the same filter as a Tour Glide (FLT), but to anyone with an FLT, a Wix #51516 will fit. Along with the price, my main bitch about stock Harley filters is that on a Tour Glide, the filter is hidden down and behind the transmission, making it hard to get to. (Listening, Willie G?) These Wix filters are about an inch or two longer, making it easier to get at with a filter wrench. Naturally, being longer, they also have more filter action, which is the name of the game, right? They don't hang down far enough to hit any road hazards either.

Like I said, I don't know if they'll fit XLs and FXs. If they do, I wouldn't recommend running one on a Sportster with the unit that mounts sideways on the left-front engine mount. Looks as though if you laid it down on that side, you'd wipe out the filter.

Smitty

Greenville, Ga.

Fatties

□ I've been reading this fucked magazine for years. This is the first time I've written you. I'd like to give personal thanks to Dee of San Diego for her "Fatties Defended" in the February '84 issue. I'm 5'11" and weigh 325 lbs. and consider myself one of the finest mutha-fuckers around. I'm also, like

she says, a nice person compared to some of the dicks I've met in my life.

Patrick (Jinx) Muldoon
Phoenix, Ariz.

Liked Show

□ I'm writing to tell you about a group of American brothers in the Land of the Rising Sun. See, here on Okinawa, there is a club that goes by the name of American Iron MC of Okinawa. These guys put on a righteous bike show with over \$1300 in proceeds going to an Okinawa home for children on December 4, 1983. The club (we ride Milwaukee iron) really outdid themselves. They featured two ass-kicking bands, Vandetta and Soaring Eagle. They had eleven scoots, four of which are custom and the rest mainly stock. A raffle and some free food might not sound like much, but when all you see over here are rice burners, the show was a real hardon. From what I could tell, the show looked like a real success. It is my understanding that this show will be an annual event. I guess what I'm trying to say is that for us servicemen over here, the show really meant a lot — so, thanks to American Iron MC of Okinawa for a great show.

Sgt. Denes

Okinawa, Japan

Reply To Loose Goose

□ I just want to tell Loose Goose (November '83) that he's loose in his goose and in his mouth.

I'm a born and raised New Yorker. I lived in California for eight years, and that's where I first heard the words brothers and sisters and learned the meaning of the word brotherhood.

So keep your mudmouth shut when putting down my brothers in California.

Fickle Fucking Flo
Swamp Lake, N.Y.

□ In response to Loose Goose from Virginia, I don't know what tripped his pea-brained trigger about California, but I just spent two years in that swamp they call Virginia and saw a lot of "trail 90s" with copies of *Super-cycle* sitting on them. I've been in Connecticut, and all I can say is, next to home, the New England people know how to treat people, and the

ones who have been out West know what I mean when I say, "California born, California bred, and when I die, I'll be California dead."

Martyr Bob
FPO, N.Y.

A Collector

□ I need a lot of space to store all your mags. Had to buy an extra bike just to haul them. Would like to see a mag put out on just the bikes you featured in the mags,

Tug Boat

Pendleton, Ore.

The Hate Factory

□ I just read *The Hate Factory* and was amazed at the entire situation. I have a stepson in a federal prison and really think something should be done for the inmates to give them hope and the desire to do the right thing as much as possible. But if you give a man nothing and expect him to obey your every rule or command for years and years, you are asking for trouble.

W. Johnson

Parchman, Miss.

■ Amen.

Loved November

□ Your November issue racked me up. I couldn't put it down. Even went out and got a girl I know to make you a raisin pie that I was going to send you. Got it home to wrap it, but the cat walked over, took a sniff, and shit on it.

W.T.

Lakenheath, England

■ Well, it was good for something.

A Correction

□ In reference to the tech tip ("Cheap-ass Panhead Insurance") in the December '83 issue: Someone gave some wrong dimensions for this project.

Overall length is okay — eight inches. Hole distance is okay. The diameter of the fattest part of the shaft, as you have it, is wrong. (It would be smaller in diameter than a regular round toothpick.) This should be .750 or 3/4 inch. The length of the shaft to the first cut is okay. So is the length of the shaft from the first cut to the second. But the diameter of the second cut is wrong. (This would be 1/16 of an

inch.) It should be .625 or 5/8 of an inch. The length of the third cut is okay. The diameter of the third cut is wrong. It should be .430. The half-inch diameter hole in the end doesn't have to be held to the half-thousandth as listed. Two and a half inches deep is good enough.

I'm sure anyone with a mechanical background would recognize the moving of the decimal. But if someone were to copy down the sizes and have one made, it for sure wouldn't end up on a bike.

Pignot

Medina, N.Y.

Word Of Warning

□ Just a word of warning to all patch holders planning to come to New Orleans for the World's Fair. Just saw on the news that the police force is already planning how to handle them, so watch for The Man to make his move.

Letitgo

Belle Chasse, La.

A Copy?

□ Is the picture in the story "Parting Gift (November '83)" done by Dave Mann? Or is the guy just a good copycat? The lake scene is the July '83 centerspread with a few adjustments.

The Artesian James
Artesia, N.M.

■ No, it was done by Duffy Duggan who doesn't need to copy anyone.

What Took So Long?

□ As a fairly new rider, I decided to see what H-D had to offer. Man, did they! All I can say is, what took me so damned long? (I'll never know.)

But a special recognition goes out to the bros at Lake Shore H-D — Mike, Mark, etc., etc. They're too good to be true.

Your mag ain't bad, either.

New Addition
Great Lakes, Ill.

Sick Of Bitches

□ I'm getting sick and tired of opening your rag to find that some bitches with delusions of adequacy have written in, whining either about how they're treated or how they reckon that they're equal to men and other such shit.

They should shut the fuck up and consider themselves



TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

Being the good guy that I am, I'm gonna start off this column with some inspiring news. This dude got married to a young chick. So, big deal, you say. The girl was 14 years of age and the dirty old man was 115. The sorry part of the story is that the dude had been married six times and still hadn't learned his lesson.

Then there's Moses, who, at 93, married this chick who was 105. They musta had a helluva wedding night because they were both found dead in bed the following morning.

Then there are the newlyweds who, for some reason or another, decided to videotape their first night together. There was a fuck-up somewhere, and their video show was hooked into the motel's cable TV system, providing their neighbors with some humpin' and bumpin' action.

You've heard exaggerated reports about what that PCP shit has done to people. Apparently, this dude got hold of some good shit because as the cops came up, he was jumping in the air and landing on his head. Big deal, you say. But read on. He charged the police vehicle full-bore, screaming wildly, foaming at the mouth, jumping up in the air, and then did a belly-flop on the hood of their car. At the same time, he punched his fist through the windshield and rolled off the hood of the car. He then crawled under the car and was smacking the under-carriage, uttering guttural sounds and shrieking loudly. He carried on so much that he actually moved the patrol car several inches while it was in parking gear. Then he got out from under the

car and rolled around in a whirling-dervish fashion. On one of his whirls, a cop forced him to the ground and handcuffed him—and then for some reason, they took him off to a mental hospital.

There was this narc dog who was keeping his eye on 400 lbs. of cocaine in a truck while the police were across the street, waiting for someone to claim the dope from the truck. But while waiting inside the truck for the owner of the dope to return, the dog got really wired and still is—he got the munchies and did in almost all the coke at one eating.

Speaking of dogs, Peking, China, has banned all dogs from the streets of Peking because of their indiscriminately dumping all over the streets. So far they've clubbed to death over 200,000 dogs with many of the dogs serving as a warm meal to the clubbers.

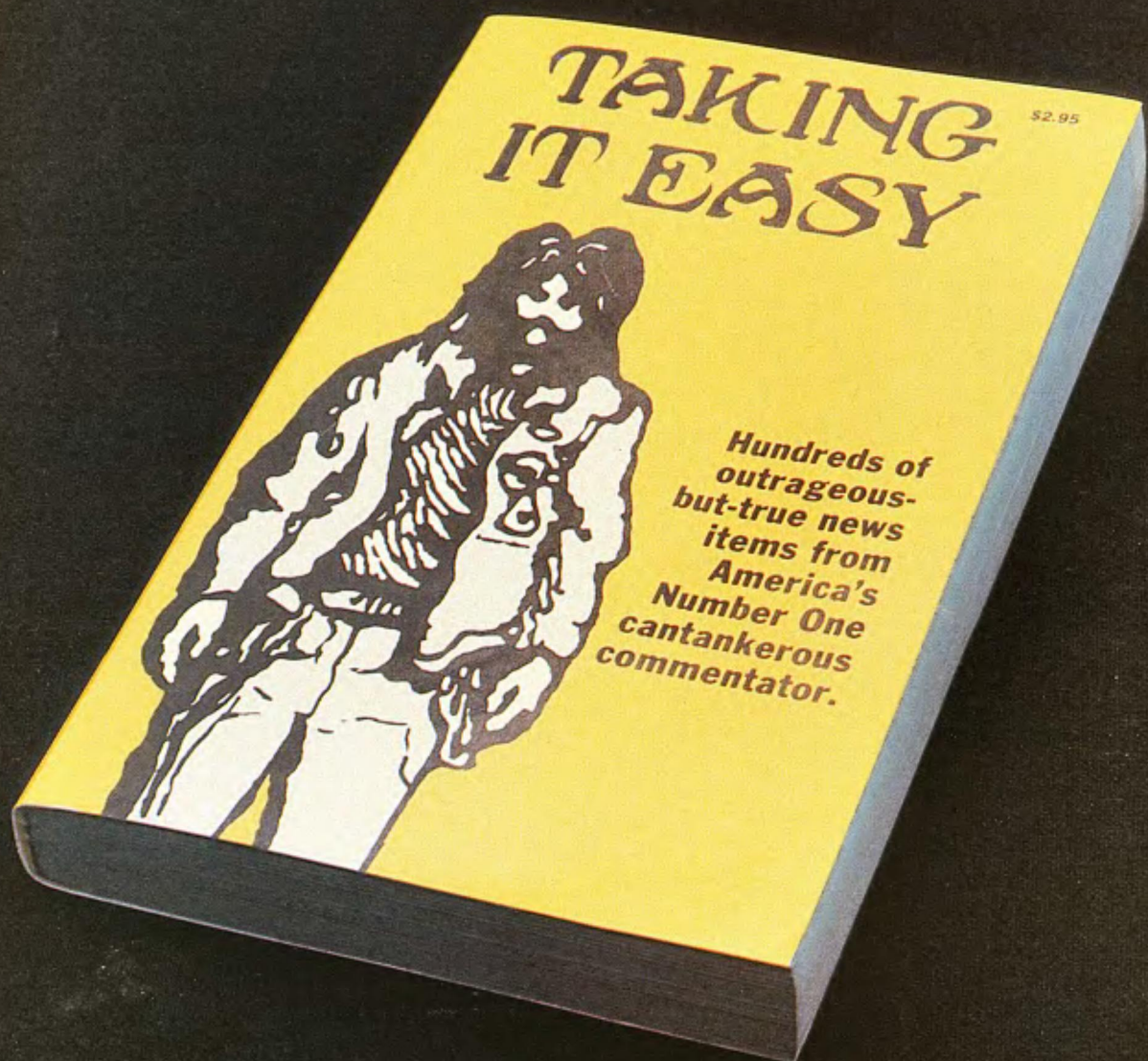
Not-much-of-a-choice file: A South Carolina judge offered three convicted rapists their choice of punishments: 30 years in prison or having their nuts cut off. Maybe you'd have a high voice afterwards, but at least you'd be free.

With all the conversation about women getting their pee holes stuffed, here's a 62-year-old granny being charged with two counts of raping her 13-year-old grandson. What the fuck—who says grandmothers don't get horny, too?

Considering all the obstacles we have on the streets—left-turn types, 'I didn't see him' types—here's one of two reports I received lately where a big fucking bird flew down from the sky right smack into a biker's kisser. He suffered a neck injury, lost control of his bike which went up over an embankment, and generally got fucked up. You just aren't safe anytime on a scoot.

Have you paid your taxes lately? The U.S. Customs Service spent half a million bucks on a special machine. But when the project was put in use, officials discovered that the machine was useless. Even Rufus coulda told them. Nobody beats a sniffing dog. What did the Customs Service build? A dope smoking machine—a machine that could smell the presence of heroin, cocaine, or marijuana. As the dummies found out, the machine didn't work on dope, but worked well on parsley.

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.

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Easyriders

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Cover photo of Ivy by Pete Chiodo





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