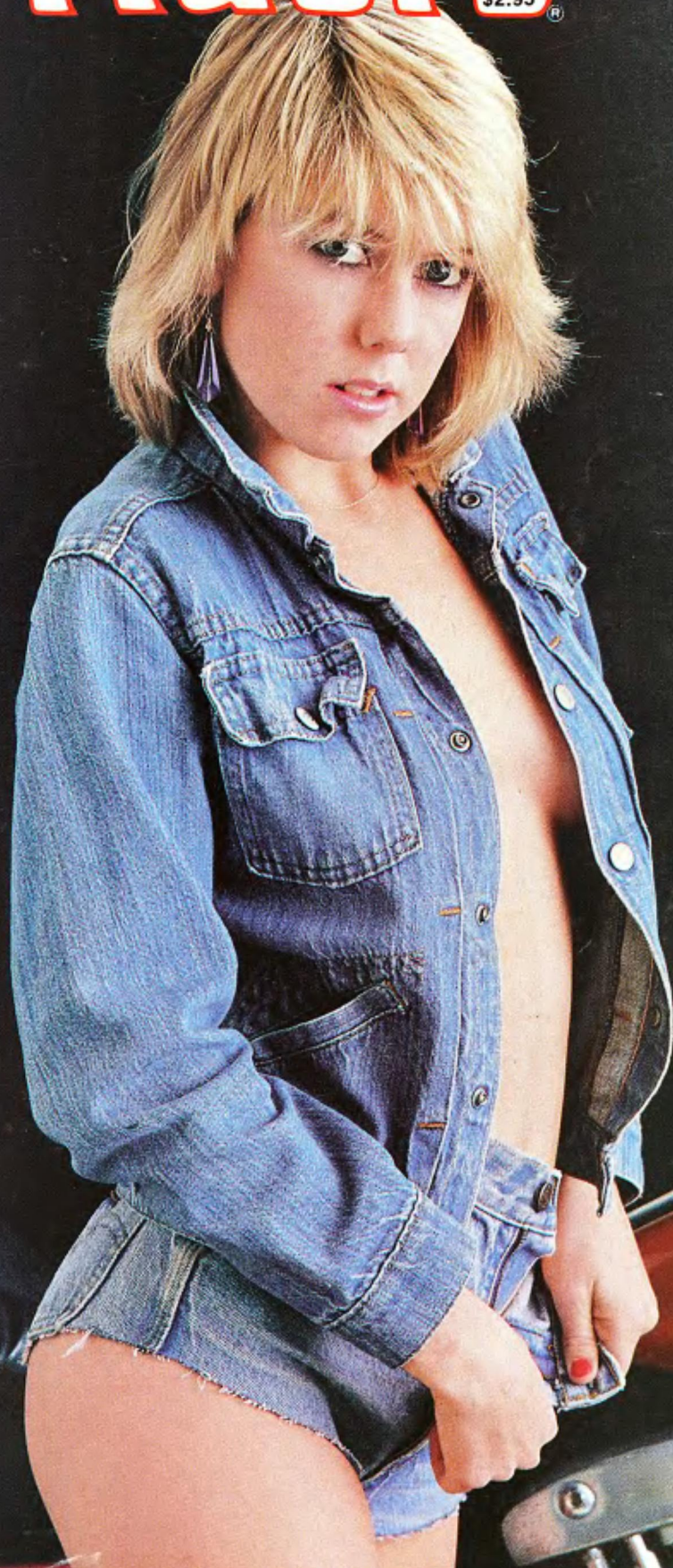


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Once again we (and you) have been had. 75 per-
cent of our print bill is for paper, and just like
clockwork, the paper company constantly raises
the cost of paper. It's true! Twice a year paper
companies automatically (or so it seems) raise
their prices and, not surprisingly, they all raise their
prices at the same time. They cooled it during the
recent depression and then, wham! They increased
costs substantially (trying to make up for lost time,
I suppose). This major increase, coupled with the
increase in labor, is more than we can stand — thus
the raise in the cover price.

We don't like it any more than you do. But we're
forced to do it in order to remain in business. It's
just like the oil companies. All their prices increase
together. The paper companies' cheaper grades of
paper increased the same amount as the better
grades of paper that we use.

So, hang in there with us — we're not getting any
additional raisin pie. We're just shoveling the bucks
to the printer — and then they shovel them to the
paper industry.

—Lou Kimzey

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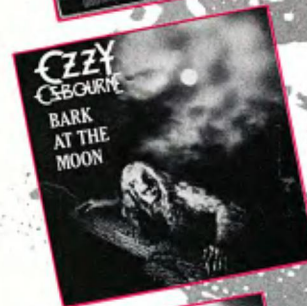
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Easyriders

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

Cover photo of Hildi by Pete Chiodo



Hey, how about this? The going rate for wives in Saudi Arabia is \$8700 for virgins (whatever those are) and \$5800 for road-tested models. Shit, I'd rather buy a coupla Harleys for that kinda money!

They just outlawed a new video game in Australia—"it was bad for community relations." It was a game (believe it or not) that had a player controlling a police car that tries to run down motorcycles!

Did you know there's a cop in Ohio named Harley Rider? No shit—would I lie?

Care, Care, Care Dept.: Evel Knievel (you know, the dude who jumped over things) was sued for \$1.6 million in income taxes. Shit, now he might have to pawn his cane and pinky ring. What will all the dipshit kids do without their helmet hero?

The dude went to the hospital with what he thought was a heart attack, but lo and behold! A snake had traveled up his asshole and was snuffed by the fumes in his long intestines. Don't ask me how it happened—the dude musta been loose, man, loose.

A chick was busted for trying to ship two coffee cans full of pot. So, big deal, right? Well, she was 63 years old. Man, these old broads are goin' crazy.

Are ya ready for this? A 23-year-old broad was busted for ballin' dead male bodies—right in their caskets, no less. I've heard of necrophiliacs before, but this is the latest example. I wonder if the dicks got stiff or if she gave head? Wonder, wonder, wonder.

Then there were two broads who, while traveling behind a car, saw the car's passenger lean out the window and blast a biker off his motorcycle like in the movie 'Easy Rider.' After seeing the killing, the chicks traveled 20 miles farther before reporting what they saw. Can you believe they didn't get the license number or the color of the car?

A 16-inch water main exploded in North Dakota when Super Bowl viewers all hit the can at the same time during halftime.

Then there was the dude who stole two left shoes from a store. The dork went back the next day to exchange a left shoe for a right shoe. Yep, he was

busted. Don't you think some people wanna get caught?

Talk about lard! A fat dude was busted for some reason. The cops frisked him for weapons and, not finding anything, allowed him to go take a piss. Inside the can he took a gun out from his rolls of fat and came out of the head with a .38 in his manacled hands.

How about the parrot that snitched on some burglars who got off with \$50,000 in property? That's right, the fuckin' bird heard the three burglars talking to each other and repeated everything to the cops. Needless to say, the three were caught.

A would-be bank robber robbed a bank of \$2000. But his conscience got the better of him, and seconds later he returned the money to the bank, saying he was sorry. But he was even sorrier five hours and ten minutes later when he went to court and was sentenced to 7½ years in the slammer. So much for gettin' a case of the guilts.

A pound of grass was offered to this chick for \$150. She grabbed at the offer—but getting the box home, she found she couldn't smoke seaweed. So what would a chick do who was dumb enough to buy seaweed thinking it was pot? She called the police, of course—only there's no law against selling seaweed—just weed.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Flat Tire

□ Hey, I just bought a Harley with a flat tire. The motor runs, but every time I put air in the flat tire, it goes flat again. What's the matter with it? Do you know anything about motorcycles? Think it needs more gas or what?

Woody
Salem, Ore.

■ You've got a flat, all right — your flat head.

Thanks

□ I just want to say thanks for printing my daughter's obituary in "Brothers Lost." When I read it, I cried.

Country Sugar
Redwood City, Calif.

Back-Ordered

□ I got more orders than I expected. When I asked for more from my supplier, I got back-ordered. Anyone who's bought parts knows what kinda of shit that runs into. I finally got them. They had to be printed in Scotland! Bros, hang in there. I'm not out to fuck, rip off, or shit on anyone.

Magool
Lewistown, Mo.

Lidless

□ I don't know what sorta weird chemicals you've been feedin' Dave Mann, but they sure must be good! I kinda hate to be the one to bring him outta the fog, but somebody's gotta.

Dave, much as I wish you were correct, you ain't. Florida (and, consequently, Daytona Beach) ain't repealed the lid law — yet!

The Butterfly Lady
Pompano Beach, Fla.

□ My brother and I were sittin' around sippin' on Jack Black, scopin' out the Dave Mann centerspread. We've got a question. How'd those slick fuckers get all the way to Daytona with no skid lids? We're not bitchin', just askin'!

Pure Pork and Shitbird
Galesburg, Ill.

Got A Shiver

□ I just finished reading "The Last Firefight." (March '84 issue.) Good fuckin' story. The last time I got a shiver like that was when some butt-fucker ran over my pan.

Biker Mike
Surrey, British Columbia

□ Do you read the stories you print? "The Last Firefight" was one of the stupidest you've ever run.

Pat H.
Moundsview, Minn.

□ There exists in the American public's mind a stereotyped picture of a Vietnam veteran as a time bomb ready to explode into violence. Your printing of "The Last Firefight" by Lou Malloy does nothing but perpetuate this myth.

Seems to me that there is a widening contradiction between *Easyriders'* editorial views and its stories and articles.

D.J.
Omaha, Neb.

A Yes Vote

□ I, for one, thought the article on dead folks' tattoos was interesting.

Rev. Jon
Badwater, Ida.

□ All you fuckin' assholes who wrote complaints about the article "Ya Can Take It With Ya" are pussy!

Dumps
Shadyside, Md.

□ If that article scares even one person away from the killer needle and the spoon, then it was well worth printing.

Mizark
Pacifica, Calif.

Gatling Gun Goo

□ In your February '84 issue, on page 31 ("War Wheels" article), there is a photograph captioned "... a T.A.C. Cycle with a Gatling gun." That is not a Gatling gun. A Gatling consists of a cluster

of barrels fired by turning a crank on the receiver. Examples may be seen in many Westerns and war movies.

The gun in the picture is a Roth, an experimental type developed about 1900. It is a very obscure weapon — I had to write to an expert on machine guns to even get an identification of it — and no examples are known to exist today. Whoever captioned that picture is not to be blamed for not knowing what it was, but his ration of raisin pie should be suspended for labeling it something that it obviously is not.

D.W. Reiley
Elizabeth City, N.C.

■ His fingernails bein' ripped off is sufficient.

Tape of AFFA Movie

□ Regarding the letter from Ronald Debell from Bremerhaven, Germany (March '84): "Hells Angels Forever" is distributed by Media Home Entertainment, 116 N. Robertson Blvd., Suite 909, Los Angeles, CA 90048. Telephone: 1-800-421-4509. Suggested list: \$59.95.

JoJa
Roanoke Rapids, N.C.

Hurrah, Butcher

□ Butcher deserves a pat on the back for his great piece ("Soap Box," February '84 issue). Fuck Big Brother! Whatever happened to our freedom in our pursuit of happiness or the right to bear arms in our defense?

Dopey Doat
Street, Md.

Our Rights

□ I have been reading your magazine off and on for the past seven years. I must say that it's like wine — it improves with age.

Right now I'm sledless, but that hasn't stopped the dreams and memories of the good times on the road. As an ex-police officer, I have seen the biker lifestyle from both sides, and let me tell you that

I know what bikers are up against. I also want to say that I'm sick and tired of seeing bikers slandered and kicked around by so-called "concerned citizens." If these hypocritical, uptight assholes are so concerned about what's right and proper, why don't they ever want to confront bikers face-to-face instead of hiding behind legislation and other forms of bureaucratic bullshit?

Nightwing
Northern Okla.

Whatdafuck

□ So whatdafuck are you shitheads going to do now? I saw Ricky Graham win the Springfield Mile (three times) with the *Easyriders* logo on his leathers. A pat on the back to you. You really backed a winner with Tex Peel.

This year, though, you should change it from "Go For It, Ricky" to "I hope your dick falls off, Ricky." The fucker went to Honda.

Frid
Byron, Ill.

□ Keep up the good work, Spider.

Blue Bandit
Muncie, Ind.

■ Fuck Spider.

J.J. Solari

□ Been readin' your rag since issue #2 and just had to write. J.J. Solari's "An Editorial Reply" was the funniest story I ever read. And I was "straight" when I read it.

Hawk
Bristol, Tenn.

□ I've really got to hand it to you guys and J.J. Solari. The story "An Editorial Reply" really made my day. That's the best laugh I've had since I've been down. You guys all deserve a whole raisin pie each.

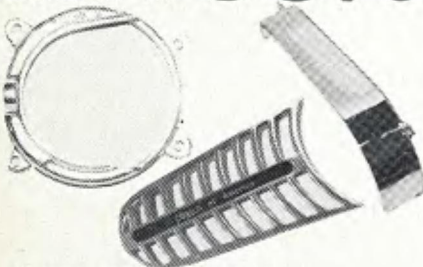
Ben Salyer
Jefferson City, Mo.

□ J.J. Solari deserves a whole damn raisin pie for his story "An Editorial Reply" in the February '84 issue. My guts still ache from laughing so hard. Fuckin'-A great!

Loins
Nashville, Ind.

□ That story really stunk and so does the author, J.J. Solari! He must have eaten shit out of the trash and then

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licked his cum off the floor to
think a story like that was
even worth printing.
Sachet
Mansfield, Ohio

Cocks

Well, you guys finally did
it. You said you never would,
but you did it, and for all
those ol' ladies who didn't
catch it, I'm referring to the
cock shot in the March '84
issue (page 55).

It might not be what you
really wanted, but it's a cock
nonetheless and better than
you deserve, anyway.

Now let's not hear any
more bitchin' 'bout no cock
shots.

Half-Price
Honolulu, Hawaii

You broads finally got to
see a cock in *Easyriders*.
("Busted Pushrods," page
54, March '84 issue). It was
only a drawing, but I'm sure
some of you cock-hungry
broads are still drooling over
it.

I hope you're happy be-
cause as sure as Mutha
douches with Raid, that's as
close to a real cock as you'll
see in this rag.

Bubba
Vernon, Conn

There's Hope

I just thought I'd drop a
few to let ya know I'm doing
time and don't have the best
record in here. They keep fir-
ing me on all my jobs. Well, I
recently got another job and
plan to take it all the way to
the top. I'm repairing the
walls!

R.F.
Green Bay, Wis.

A Fuck-Up

Whatdafuck you smoking
now? In "Downtime" (Febru-
ary '84) y'all said you were
reviewing four different al-
bums. Since I can count to
five myself, I counted 'em and
came up with three.

I get enough head trips in
this concrete cabin without
y'all fuckin' with my mind,
too! Give a guy a break!
Mike "Yankee" Gavin
Huntsville, Tex.

Johnny Rivers

I just wanted to say a few
words on your interview with
Johnny Rivers. In my opin-
ion, it was no less than S-U-
P-E-R! Johnny really seems
to have his head together, not
only in his music but also as
far as our lifestyle, is con-
cerned. If we could get the
rest of the world thinking like

him, the road of our ways
would be a lot smoother.
P.R.
Farmersburg, Ind.

No Shit?

Keep your April Fool's
issue and use it for asswipe.
The material's good, but it
sure messes up a guy's head
trying to read it.

G. Berry
Raymond, Wash.

Broad Bargains

A small letter of thanks for
giving this inmate the plea-
sures of getting your rag
subscription at half-price. I
haven't laughed in the year
since they told me I was get-
ting 60 years. But I just got
my first issue, which was
April '84, and I want to say
that "Madman Kelly's Bar-
gain Broad Lot" by Duffy
Duggan was really great
entertainment.

Goober Madison
Hartford, Conn.

Broken Wings

Here's an answer to Will
Trendley on broken wings
(March '84). Your first ver-
sion is the correct one: "You
wear them after you've had a
bad spill as a sign that you
ride a Harley, but that a Har-
ley rode you once." In other
words, you and your Hawg
went down seriously enough
to incur some substantial
damage to yer bod — from
broken bones on up to loss of
limb or permanent partial
damage. At any rate, Will, yer
way of phrasing it was
good — a humorous way to
describe a somber happenin'.

Cadillac
Guilanderland, N.Y.

Out Of Everything

I bet my last bag of smoke
that you would print this. I
lost my job a month ago, my
scoot has been on empty for
two weeks, and my ol' lady
left me yesterday. I'm out of
cash, gas, and ass — and if
you don't print this, out of
grass.

Rick B.
Circleville, Ohio

At least you're free of
your ol' lady.

Thanks

Would like to use your rag
to give a special thanks to a
very special ol' lady — mine!
She just re-enlisted in the
navy for six more years. By
doing that she gets a big re-
enlistment bonus due to her
job.

So what does she do with

the money? Buys me a 1984
FXE Super Glide!

Now that's what I call a
special ol' lady. Love ya,
Kathy.

Bones
Guam, U.S.A.

I'd say very special — do
you have warts on your
tongue?

Special Ring

In the January '84 issue of
Easyriders in the "Wild
Amber" feature, there's a bro
wearing a ring on his middle
finger with the *Easyriders*
logo on it. Will *Easyriders*
ever have this ring available
to the bike nation? If so, I'd
like to have a few.

Ragman
Neptune, N.J.

Only the men on the staff
have this ring and only
Spider has a gold one — the
bastard.

Dusted Dusty

In your March '84 issue on
the "Astrology" page, Dusty
wrote about Pisces but
titled it Aquarius. If she can't
get one page a month right,
maybe you'd better change
her name to Dusted.

Fish
Forks, Wash.

Where do you think her
name came from?

I really thought you guys
had finished fuckin' up — at
least big-time. You crazy
fucks musta smoked a joint
the size of a bus when you did
the "Astrology" column.

J.P.
Atlanta, Ga.

It's supposed to be the
profile for Pisces, not Aquar-
ius. Tell her to send me
some of that good shit she's
been smokin'.

Rebel
West Coxsackie, N.Y.

Important Facts!

About the douche advice:
If you'll add one or two table-
spoons of white vinegar, or
one or two teaspoons of soda
(stirred until dissolved) to
your douche water, you'll
have a cleaner-smellin'
pussy.

Hillbilly Mama
Boonville, Ind.

Facts You Can't Live Without

The MMRA (Minnesota
Motorcycle Riders Associa-
tion) was successful in get-
ting the lid law repealed back
in '76 or so, and has fought its

reinstatement every year since, but according to one legislator, the tactics will be a little different this year. The angle they're coming from is that the cost of caring for head-injury accident victims is incurred by the state. Hit Joe Taxpayer in the pocket and get what you want, right?

Another little goody they want to lay on us is no-fault insurance which, according to MMRA info, would cost about \$1 per cc over and above any other insurance you may have. Got an extra ten to fourteen hundred bucks ya don't want?

We need more members in MMRA to fight this bullshit! Maybe if some of you around here see this in yer rag, you'll get off your asses and fork up the lousy \$10 a year membership fee and send it in. Also, write your congressman! Some dudes think the suits don't pay any attention to the letters, but they do. I've written, and they either write or call me back to find out more and to thank me for contacting them.

Shoot your \$10 (\$12 for family membership) to: MMRA, 1418 E. Lake St., Minneapolis, MN 55407.

Ed and Lin
Hayward, Minn.

Lightweight

What's the weight of the lightest H-D made within the last 20 years? (I don't know, that's why I'm asking you.)

Suzie
Redondo Beach, Calif.

■ 50cc.

Enough Is Enough!

I just finished reading "Your Tax Dollars At Work" in "Soap Box" (March '84) and now I'm pissed. I know Congress thinks it can fuckin' walk on water, but this shit has to stop. If they're trying to succeed at something, they are. They're pissin' off the people who can be the meanest fuckers this side of hell.

Scout
LeMoore, Calif.

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

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3  Glare-Free Polarized Lenses Dull-black metal frame, classic shape. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00. Only \$14.95	9  Standard Aviator Glasses Traditional stems, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95. 2 pairs for \$18.00. Only \$9.95
4  Gray Mirror Lens Glasses Gold metal rims, flexible cable temples. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00. Only \$14.95	10  Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00. Only \$14.95
5  The Classic Black metal frames, gray lenses. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00. Only \$14.95	11  Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. Gold frame. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00. Only \$14.95
6  Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00. Only \$14.95	12  The Sportsman Sports-graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95. 2 pairs for \$28.00. Only \$14.95

STYLE#	QTY.	FRAME COLOR	PRICE
1		Black	
2		Black	
3		Black	
4		Gold	
5		Black	
6			
7			
8		Gold	
9		Gold	
10		Gold	
11		Gold	
12		Black	

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Everyone Goes For The Looks Of The New Harley Softail

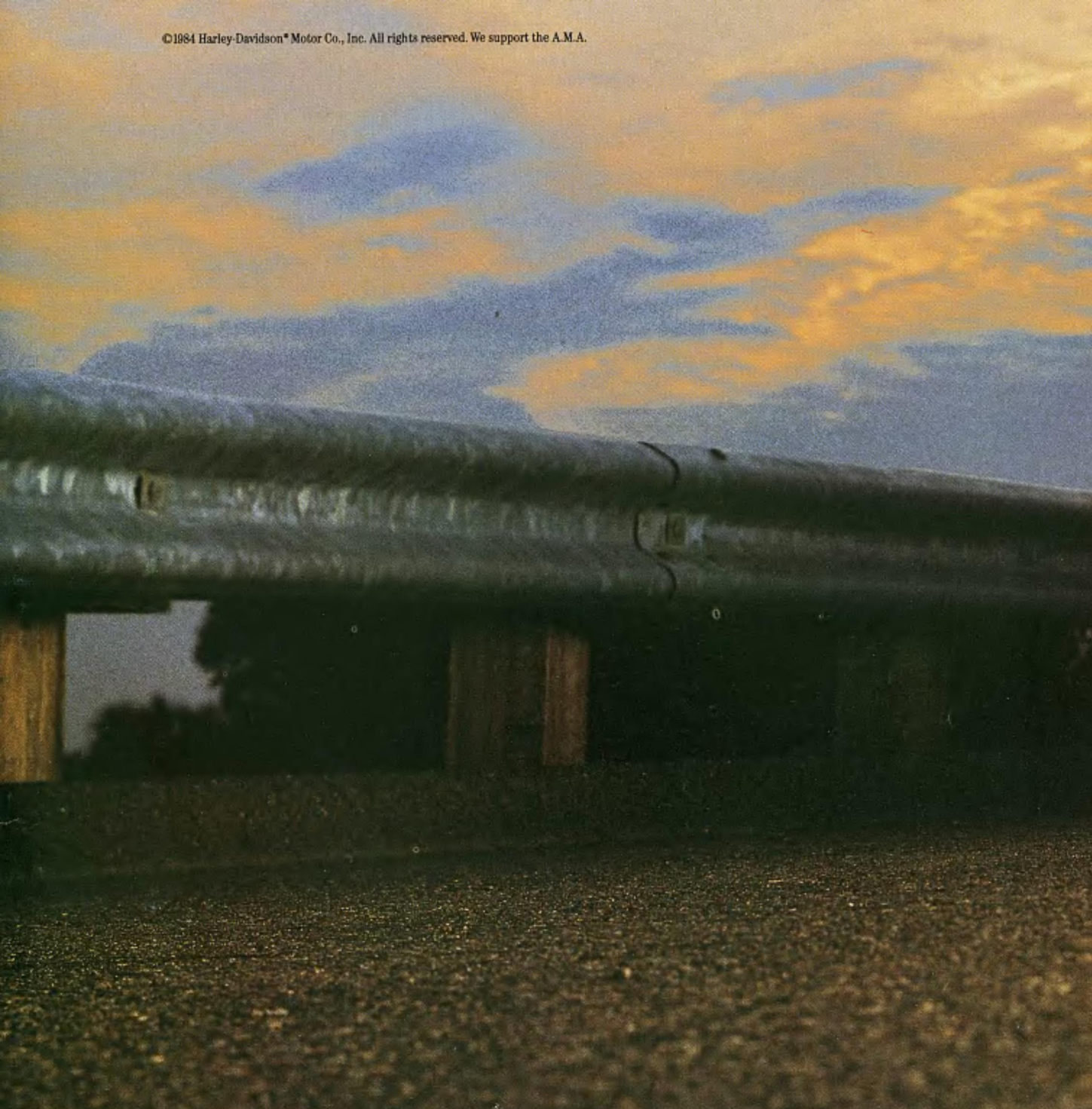


One look at the New Harley® FXST Softail™ hits a soft spot in anyone who understands and appreciates fine custom motorcycles.

The bobbed rear fender. Forward foot controls. Chrome-plated horseshoe oil tank. And special custom detailing. Riders stand at a respectful distance just to look, just to stare, just to catch a glimpse of the hottest new custom design ever forged from Milwaukee steel.

And then, we hand them the keys.

Because if you love the looks of the New Softail, you will be equally as stunned by the ride.



We Want You To Go For The Ride.

The Softail recreates the hardtail look with gas-charged, horizontally mounted rear shock absorbers. With progressive dampening in both the front and rear suspensions. The look is hard custom but the ride is smooth cruising.

"The Softail takes the factory-custom premise right to the edge, providing the look of a pre-'57 rigid-frame H-D with the suspension and ride quality expected of a 1984 motorcycle."—*Cycle Guide*, October '83.

The low slung custom seat is just 25¼" off the ground. The big chrome 80-inch Vee, our new V² Evolution™ Engine, sounds like the same V-Twin but

has new torque and new horsepower that must be felt to be believed. That's why we want you to ride one.

We invite you to test ride this new Softail and all the New Harleys at your Harley-Davidson dealer.

We think a rider who goes for the looks should be able to go for a ride.

The New Harleys. RideOne.™

Harley-Davidson® Motor Company, Inc., P.O. Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201



BUILT FROM SCR

Here's a sexy scooter that's entirely new — from the grips on the ba



“You want it, I’ll build it,” is Bill Coricelli’s motto. Or, at least, it’s one of his mottos. The other is, “I build it, and you’ll want it.” See Bill’s kind of a legend out there on the fringes of the Mojave Desert where he combines the latest in hi-tech bike engineering with classic workmanship to produce some of the sweetest scooters this side of Harley Heaven.

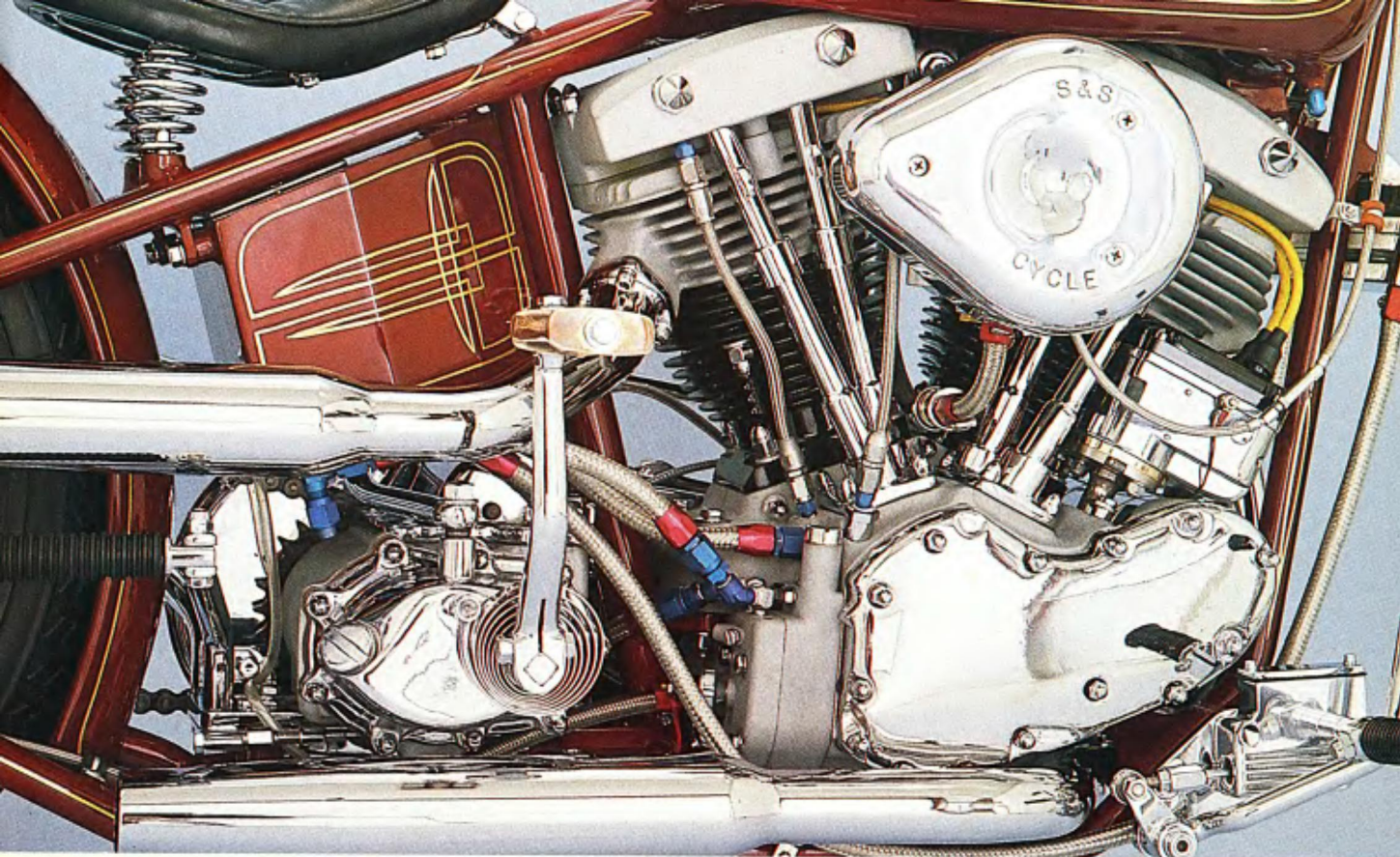
Bill became a legend the hard way, by earning his rep with top-drawer work and a first-class attitude. He’s never been one to go the easy route and build outrageous-looking bikes that look like a million bucks and run like granny’s Model T. Before Bill’s satisfied that a bike’s ready to leave his shop it’s got to pass two tests. First it’s got to look like a real man’s motorcycle — no pansy-ass styling for him — and second, it’s got to move down the road like the devil himself is smokin’ on its tail.

Actually, this bike came together a bit differently from most of Bill’s projects. Usually what he does is design and build a bike to suit himself, ride it for 500 miles or so, and then sell it to some admiring scooter tramp, of whom there are always plenty.

This ride, however, was a collaboration between Bill and the bike’s owner, a dude named Fabian (*not* the antique bubblegum rock singer) who had his own very definite idea of what he wanted (and didn’t want) on his new ride. The main thing he wanted was a sharp-looking bike that would cruise like a rocket, and the main thing he didn’t want was any — repeat *any* — used parts.

ATCH

to the tits on the tires.



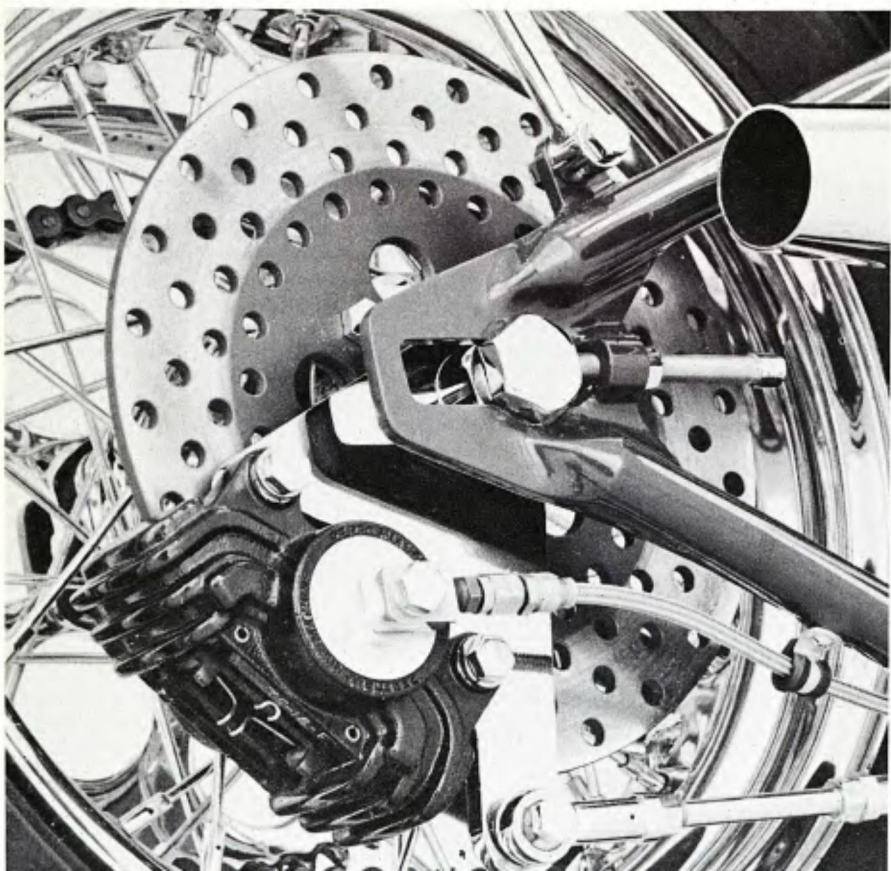


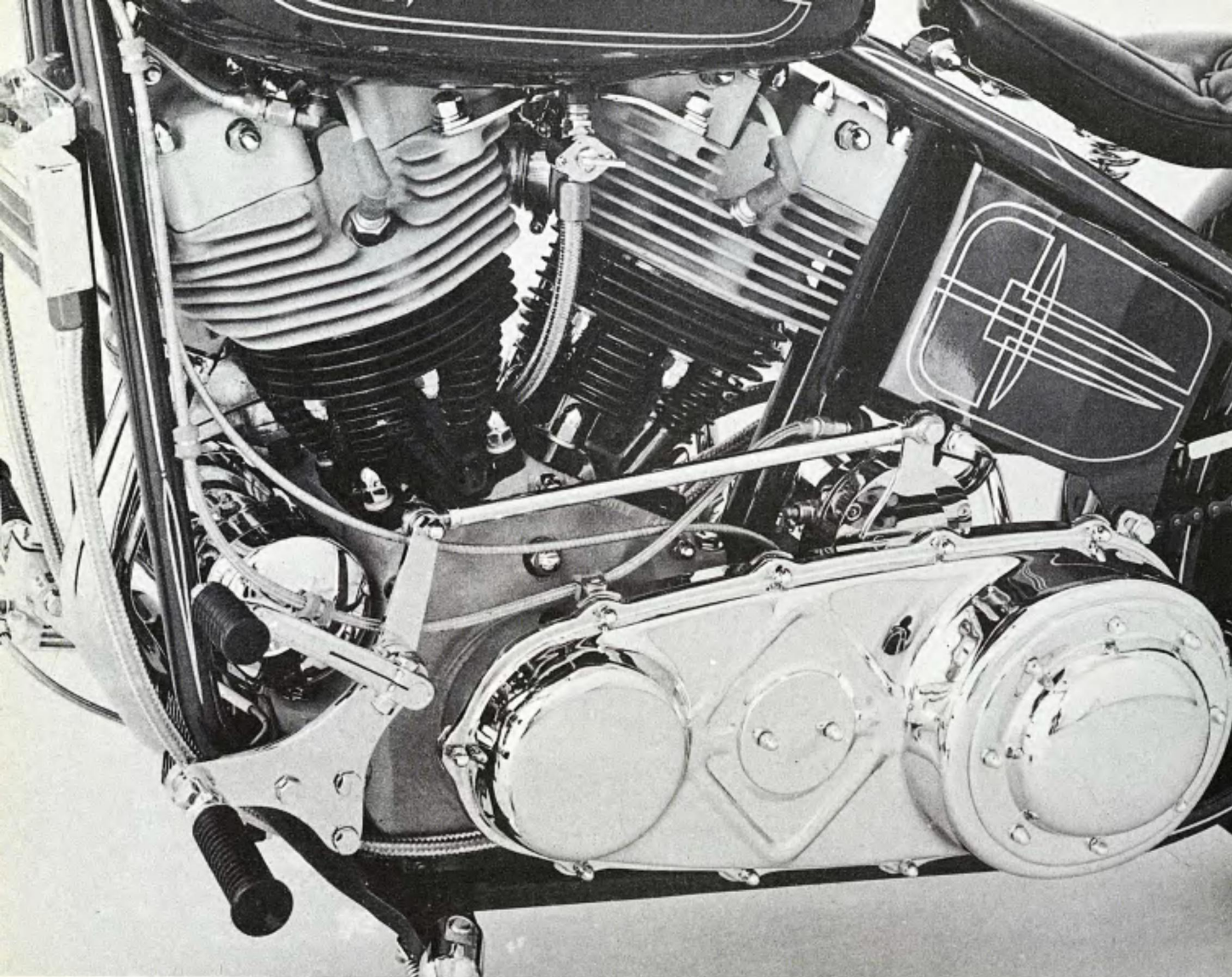
"Fabian was dead certain he didn't want anything on his bike that had ever been on any other bike," Bill recalls. "He told me he wanted everything new, down to the

tits on the tires, so that's how we built it."

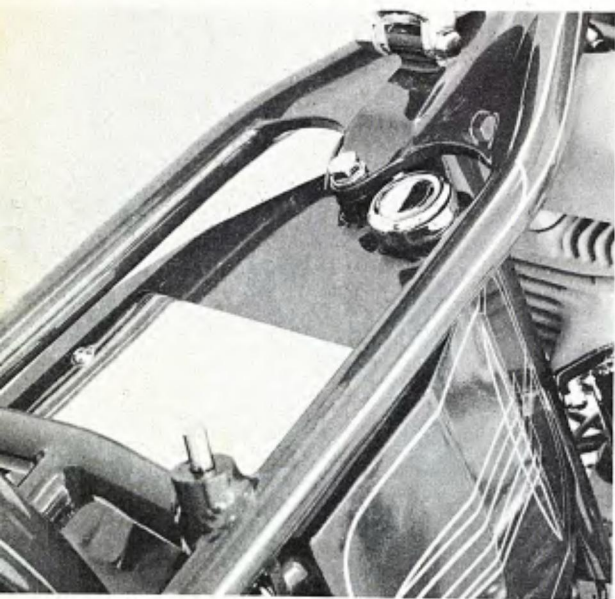
So what's the big deal, you might be thinkin'. So the dude doesn't want any used parts on his bike. That

makes things even easier. Just take some big wads of cash and a truck down to the Harley shop, stop by a few custom parts houses on the way home, and bolt

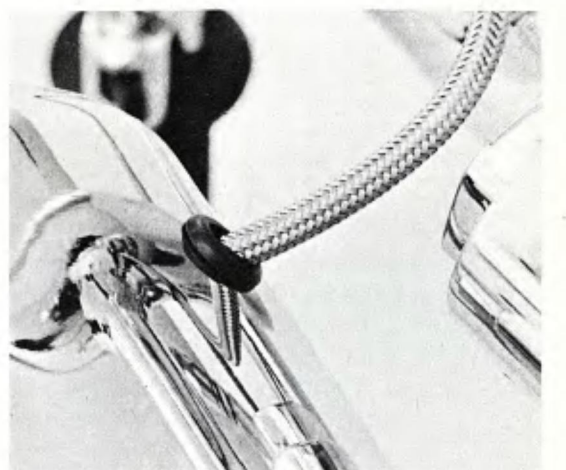
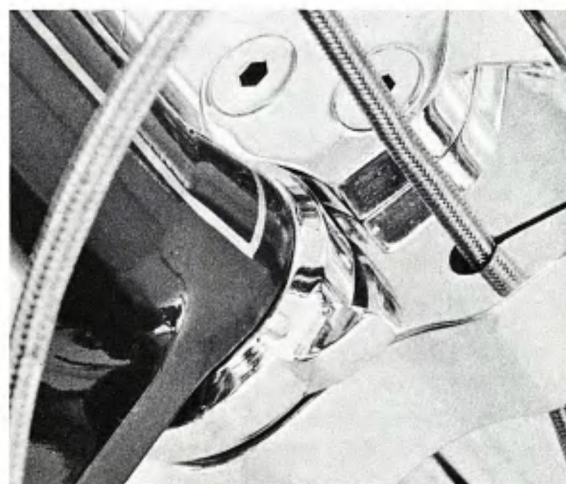
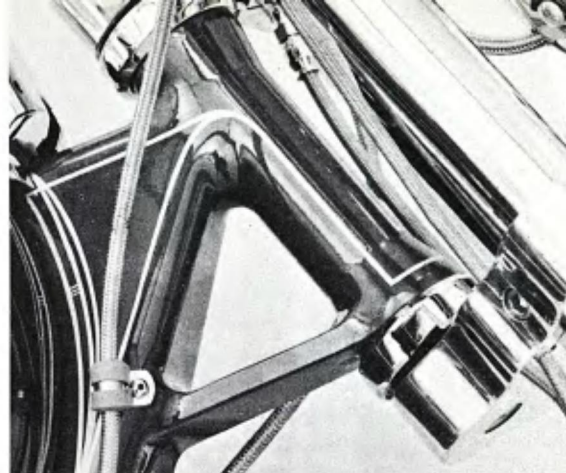




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Fabian		City: Berdoo, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Bill Coricelli		Year: 1983	
Year and make: '84 new construction		Builder: Bill Coricelli	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly by: Bill Coricelli		Stretch: 1 in. up	
Time: long time		Other alterations: too many	
Chroming by: MJB		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Bill Coricelli	
Year: 1969		Risers: 2½-in.	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): Bill Coricelli	
Rebuilder: Steve's Machines		Headlight: Paughco	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: molded in	
Displacement: 84 cu.in.		Speedo: of course	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Steve's Machines		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt/Voltpak	
Cases: Cal Products		Gas tank: 3-gal.	
Heads: shovel/3-bolt exhaust header		Oil tank: Bill Coricelli	
Cam(s): Andrews "A" grind		Oil system: G&J, Ontario	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Bar Ent.	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: yeah	
Pipes: Bill Coricelli		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): Fubar		Material: 9/16-in. cold roll	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1969		Extension: 6 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: BC	
Engine sprocket: Super Max belt		Special features: Doherty clamps	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Paul Brobeck		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Mafuta		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: plum wine		Tire: Avon	Tire: 155 SR 15
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Imron clear			
Other special modifications: Striping by Colunga, holes in the rotors by Tanner; special thanks to Corky.			



everything together.

Well, that might be the way some folks would do it, but not master builders like Bill Coricelli and the dudes at Steve's Machine. The owner wants an all-new bike, they figured, okay, we'll give him an all-new bike — complete with a shitload of custom parts handmade for his bike alone.

And that's what they did. Among the hand-built items unique to Fabian's flyer are the frame, the forward controls, the sissybar, the modified exhaust setup, the fender and the oil tank. And that's just the big stuff; a lot of the little bits and pieces are also custom. To give you some idea how seriously the builders took this project,

consider this: It took five full months just to do the chrome work.

So that's the story of one of the newest kids on the block. Was it worth it? Dunno — you'd have to ask Fabian to find out. And in order to ask him, you gotta catch him first. And, considering his ride, that's gonna be real hard to do.— Butcher

W·O·R·K·I·N' I·T·O·U·T

"I can stall Chi fer two more days. Nothin' longer. After that, they'll come lookin' fer ya — and *they* ain't yer bros."

After motorhiking the ponderous Harley trike up the hill, they pushed it from the pavement onto the gravel shoulder in the shade of a huge tree. Panting and grunting for air, they collapsed against the machine.

Still gasping and fighting down the nausea churning in his belly, Stubby gazed at the little town shimmering in the heat waves about a mile distant. The hill sloped toward the small cluster of buildings. He was positive the trike's weight and momentum could carry them all the way down the road's incline into the burg.

"Do you suppose," panted Jabber, fumbling the tarp from the camping gear, shaking their empty watercan, "Jesus had a dog?"

Stubby sighed. "Bro, *don't* start that dumb shit right now. We got problems. Big fucking problems."

Jabber's thin face crinkled into a wry grin. "Well, things like that bug the hell outta me, see? It's a cinch the guy had no pussy. Didn't party any, accordin' to the record. Had no character defects, yet was kinda human. *Mighta* had a dog."

Silently, Stubby shook his head in mock despair and lit a cigarette. Grimly his eyes went to the trike's bed, bulging with camping equipment, spare fuel cans and tools. Squinting, he visualized the secret compartment beneath the cluttered crap. The spacious hidey-hole containing the *shipment*. One-hundred-thousand bucks' worth of high-grade shit. And all of it overdue on the coast two days ago. The nausea induced by a foodless day's exertion threatened to build again, triggered by his anxiety. His gaze flickered over the entire machine. Tranny almost shot. Electrical system burned out.

And the rear right tire low enough to be technically regarded as flat. Worst of all, using this particular trike had been *his* idea. Earthquake, the prez, had argued against the idea, had wanted them to use a club van instead. Dropping the cigarette to the ground, he smothered it with a booted foot, tiredly rubbing at his broad, heavily bearded face.

"I'll bet Buddha had a fuckin' dog," Jabber mused aloud, sprawling on his back amid the trike bed's bulgy load. "Man, we're outta water. I'd sell my damned soul to the devil fer a cold beer!"

Stubby counted their money. It came to a grand total of eight dollars and seventy-three cents. "We shouldn't have partied twice in Texas. We shoulda just booked straight fer the coast. That sure as hell ain't gonna explain worth shit to Earthquake."

"It was risky gettin' that shipment. Man does a risky thing, he oughta be entitled to a little extra party-time." Jabber's voice was firm with opinion.

For a few more seconds Stubby's attention flickered between the distant town and the trike. Finally he made his decision. "Get yer ass off there and help me. We gotta unload that bed and unbolt the whole fuckin' thing — take it off the trike's frame and stash it over there in that gully."

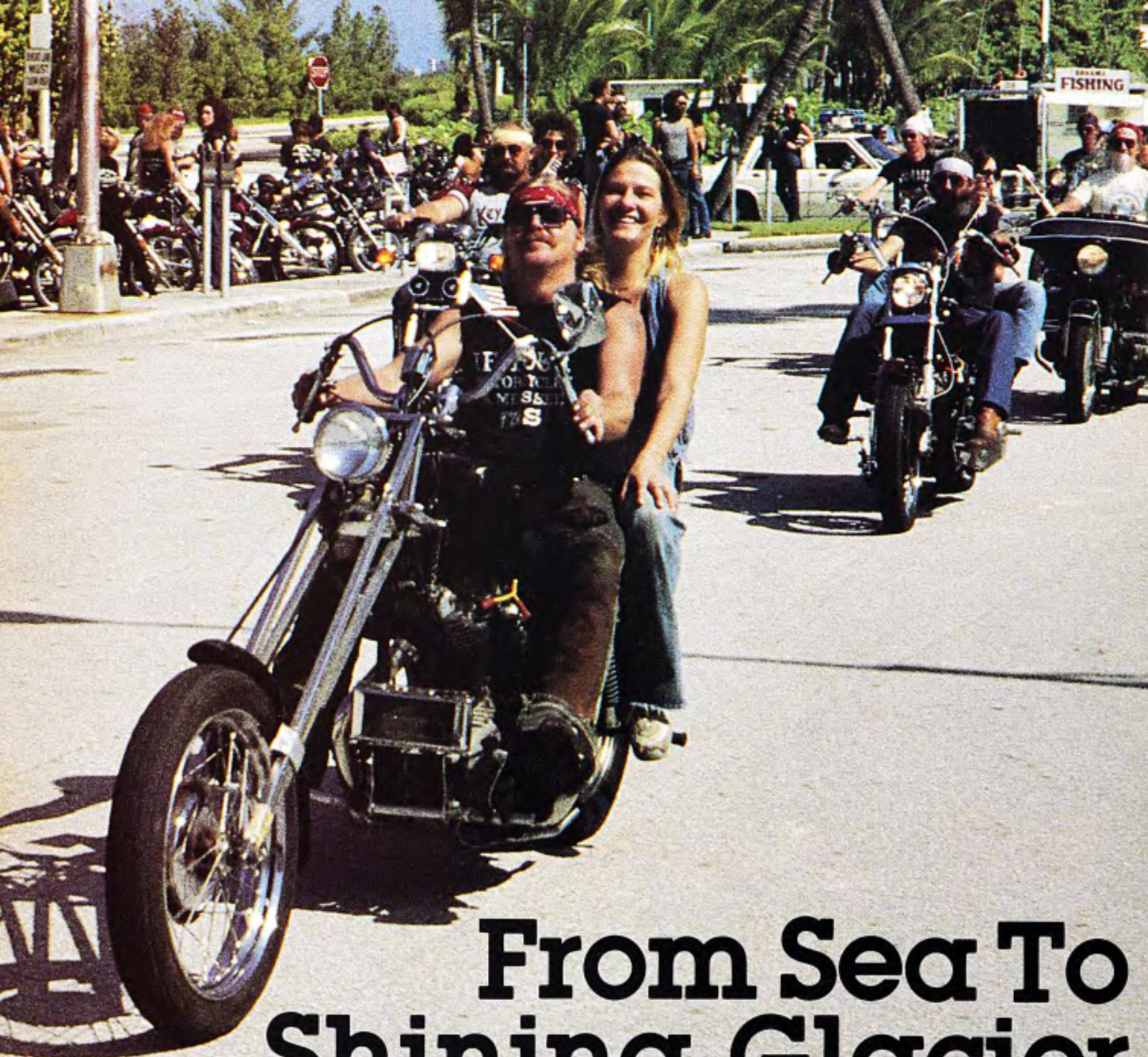
"Why, fer crissakes?"

"Can't have no stranger wrenchin' around a machine carryin' that much shit. It'd be beggin' fer trouble. And that's assumin' Earthquake will even wire some loot fer repairs. Be different if you or me was good enough to do the job ourselves, but we ain't. Gotta hire a local wrench to do it. I ain't gonna have no stranger workin' *that* close to that big a shipment. Not when

Continued on page 116

B·Y C·A·R·L K·O·H·L·E·R





From Sea To Shining Glacier

Rome wasn't built in a day and neither was ABATE, but they both grew into something really special — and powerful.

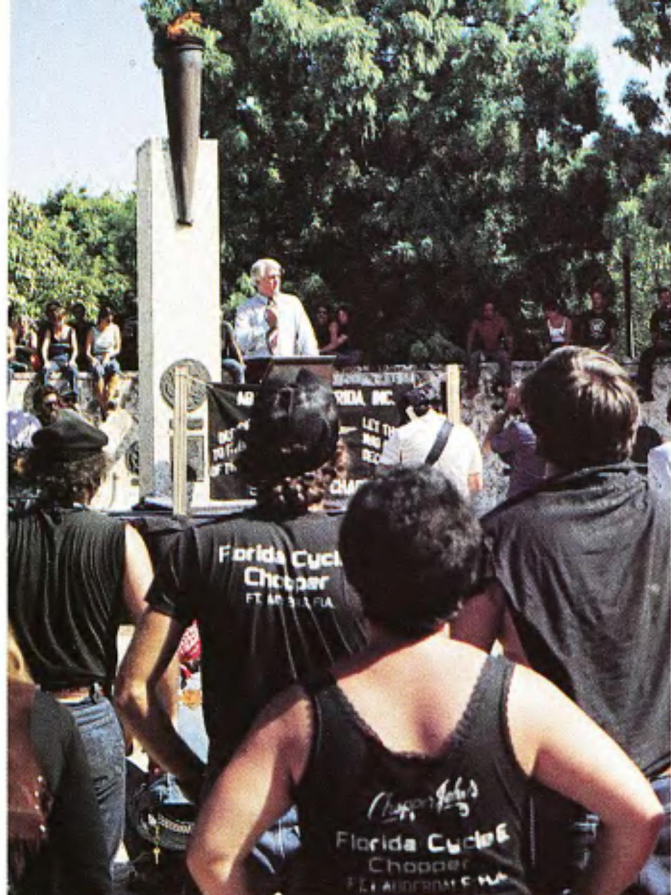
It's hard to believe that it's all happened in only fifteen years or so. Hard to comprehend how far we've come since those early days when one state after another, responding to Washington's bureaucratic blackmail, started passing mandatory helmet laws.

Those early days when the forces of fear and repression kept pushing us back, state by state, until only California stood between us and the enemies dedicated to pushing us into the sea.

In case you've been asleep since 1969, here's a hot news flash. We didn't

drown. We held the line in California (no helmet law is the real reason the rag started out here — anywhere else and Spider would've had to find buckets to fit on the pinheads who were around then) and began to push back.

The main instrument we



used was ABATE — A Brotherhood Against Totalitarian Enactments. We used it politically, to carry our message to legislators and bureaucrats. We used it for public relations, organizing charity runs to show our non-biking fellow citizens that bikers are as con-

cerned about their communities as anyone. And we used it educationally, to give the up-and-coming riders a leg up and to teach cagers that we're out there on the highways, too.

From the first few small struggling chapters, ABATE has grown into a nation-

wide movement with motivated, well-organized members just about everywhere. Nothing illustrates this better than the pictures on these pages — pictures of a helmet protest run staged by ABATE of Florida and pictures of ABATE of Alaska members celebrat-



ing their first anniversary.

Sure, bikers are independent cusses and so are ABATE members. Every state, sometimes every region, has its own agenda. Sometimes helmets are the big issue, sometimes education. Lately, working to secure the proper punish-

ment of cagers who run down bikers has become increasingly important. What unites them all, is the love of freedom in the wind.

Unlike Sherwin-Williams, the paint manufacturer, ABATE doesn't cover the world — at least, not yet. But it sure as shit does cover the

U.S. of A., from Key West to Prudhoe Bay and all points in between.

So, here's to ya, ABATE. Give yourself a pat on the back (unless you're in Nevada, where that move will get you busted for taking one hand off the bars); you deserve it. —Butcher

ANOTHER STAFF MEMBER DOWN

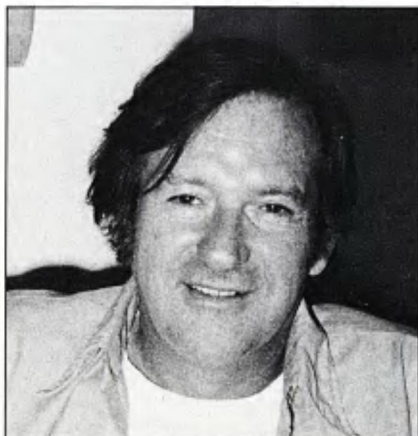
There's one sad part about working for the same magazine for years, and that is that all of a sudden friends you've worked with for so long suddenly drop dead. You never give any thought to the possibility of someone's kickin' off without warning. You see him issue by issue. You see him abuse his body through the years — the same as you're doin' — and never think about the fact that time is moving on and that enough is enough. You should really clean up your act, but you never do — until it's too late.

Such was the case with Hal Robinson. He had as wacky a life as his cartoons portrayed. He called himself a cartoonist, but everyone will agree that he had the abilities of a fine artist.

He loved to party too much (if that's possible). He loved his beer. He always had outrageous pot. He always had a smile on his face and the craziest ideas for cartoons in his head. He was universally recognized as a cartoonists' cartoonist.

If he'd had enough to drink, you'd never know what would come out of his mouth — no matter who he was talkin' to. As an example, in the early days he had been drinking at a watering hole and decided to split while he was still able. Outside the bar were a lot of bikes, so he decided to sketch a part to have an accurate illustration for a future *Easyriders* article. While down on his hands and knees sketching, a gang of one-percenters came out of the bar. When they saw him, they asked what the fuck he was doing. He looked up and replied, "What the fuck is it to you?" Whereupon he got the shit beat outta him.

You very seldom found



HAL ROBINSON

him in a bad mood. In fact, when you did, you didn't like it because he wasn't the same ol' happy Hal you were used to. But these were brief moments, so you'd let 'em pass like so much grumbling about how hung

over he was or how little he had slept the night before.

In the early days of the magazine Hal and I would have our own juice-and-smoke sessions, starting out with rank ideas and cleaning them up enough to be publishable. These sessions would start about noon and last way into the night — going over cartoon ideas for Big Nick, Red Rider, politics, sex, tits, dipshits, and on and on — laughin' and scratchin' for hours — the stereo roarin' all the while.

Hal had the ability to do better as an artist, but chose not to be involved with art per se, preferring to be a cartoonist — which was more to his liking and his outrageous sense of humor. But check out all the fine line work on his cartoons. They weren't just a lot of scratched lines on paper — each line was patiently drawn.

Over the years the magazine has had five staff members bite the dust. First it was big Armond, shot in the back. Then there was J.T. McGarry who was shot and dumped out of a car at the side of a road. Then Ken Stambaugh, snuffed by a drunken cager while checkin' his bike. The next

one was Frank Harding, who did some things in excess, and now Robinson, who fell apart after years of the good life. It's enough to make a person think he'd better live today because there might not be a tomorrow. Yet living it up today may mean there won't be a tomorrow. Two ways of thinking. Take your choice.

Unfortunately, the majority of our burned-out staff feels it wants to live today and fuck tomorrow — the only problem is that sometimes tomorrow, like it or not — as in Hal's case — eventually does come around.

—Spider



"Easyriders? Whatsamatter, lady, ya want us to get closed up?"



HERE'S TO YA, HAL

Hal Robinson, the man whose wonderfully deranged, raunchy

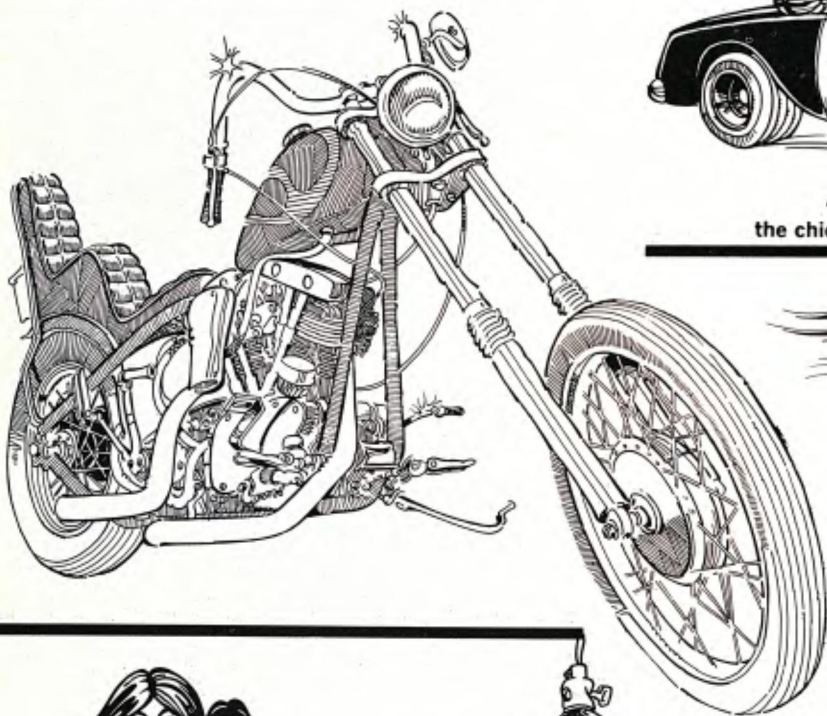
art filled the pages of *Easyriders* since its second issue, is dead.

Pick up any issue and you'll see Robinson's work, from his inventively gross sketches of Miraculous Mutha to his depictions of motorcycles to his full-page, feature illustrations.

Robinson's feature work was nothing short of inspired. Back when I



"How the hell are you going to explain to the chief that he wouldn't ride with us any other way?"



"Ah, don't shit me, man, you're on something besides coke!"

worked on the editorial staff, I recall that we'd send him a story or article to illustrate, and he'd send us a drawing that not only caught the spirit of the story, but would also be crammed with head-twisting details

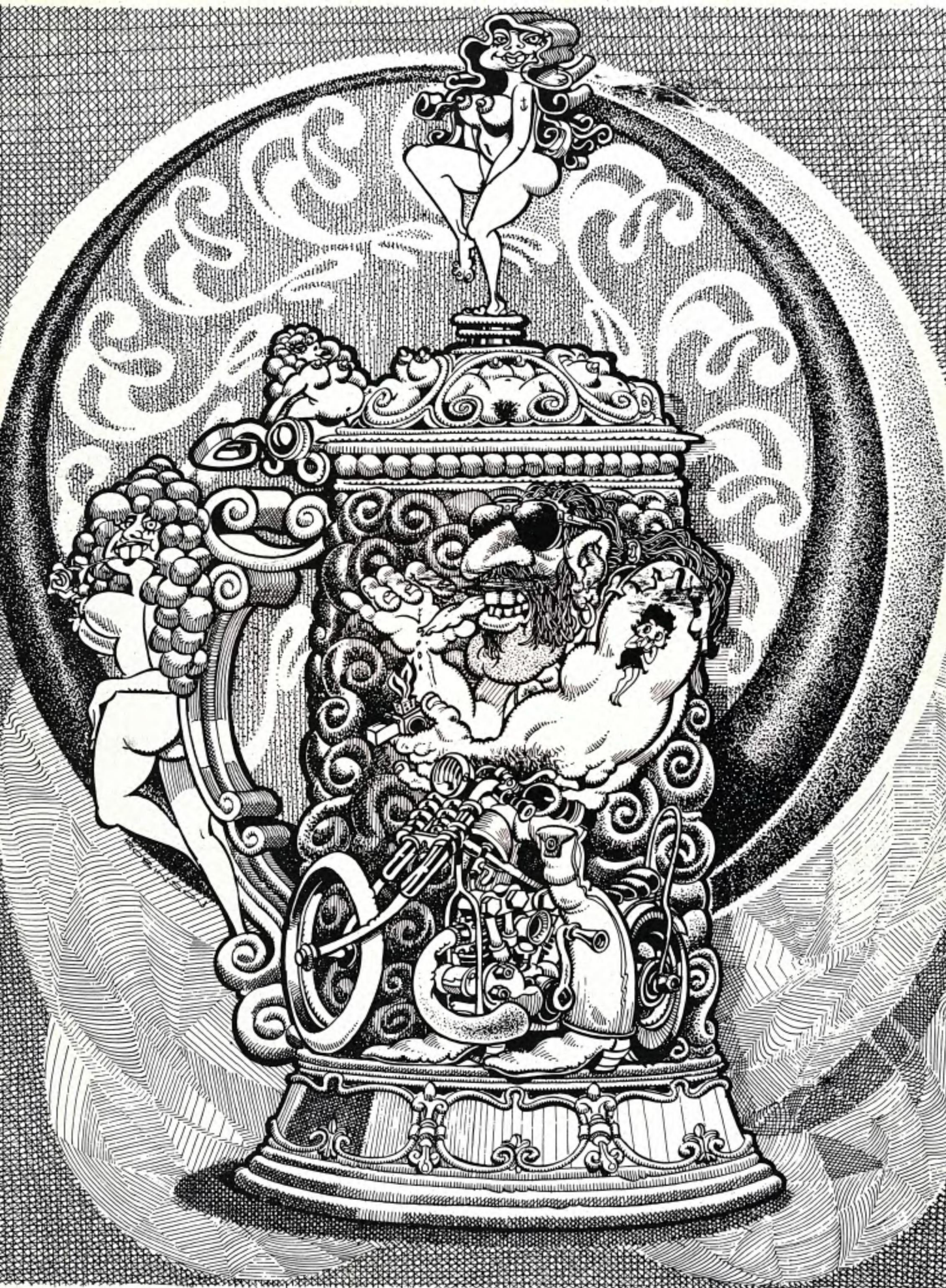
"No one ever drew biker stuff like Hal. His pen-and-ink renderings are as unique as his subject."

and jokes hidden everywhere. Dig out one of those past issues with one of Robinson's (or ASP, as he sometimes signed his work) full-pagers, and you'll see what I mean. You can spend half an hour discov-



"There goes the best Goddamned anti-theft chain I ever had."

"Thank God you stopped, man, it's been nothing but freaks the whole trip."



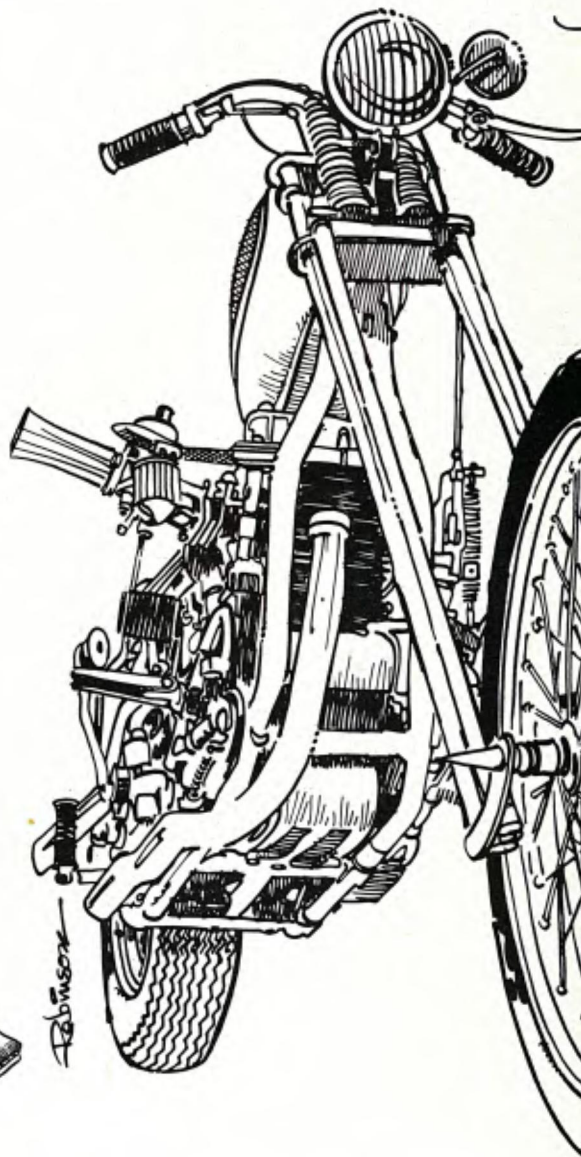
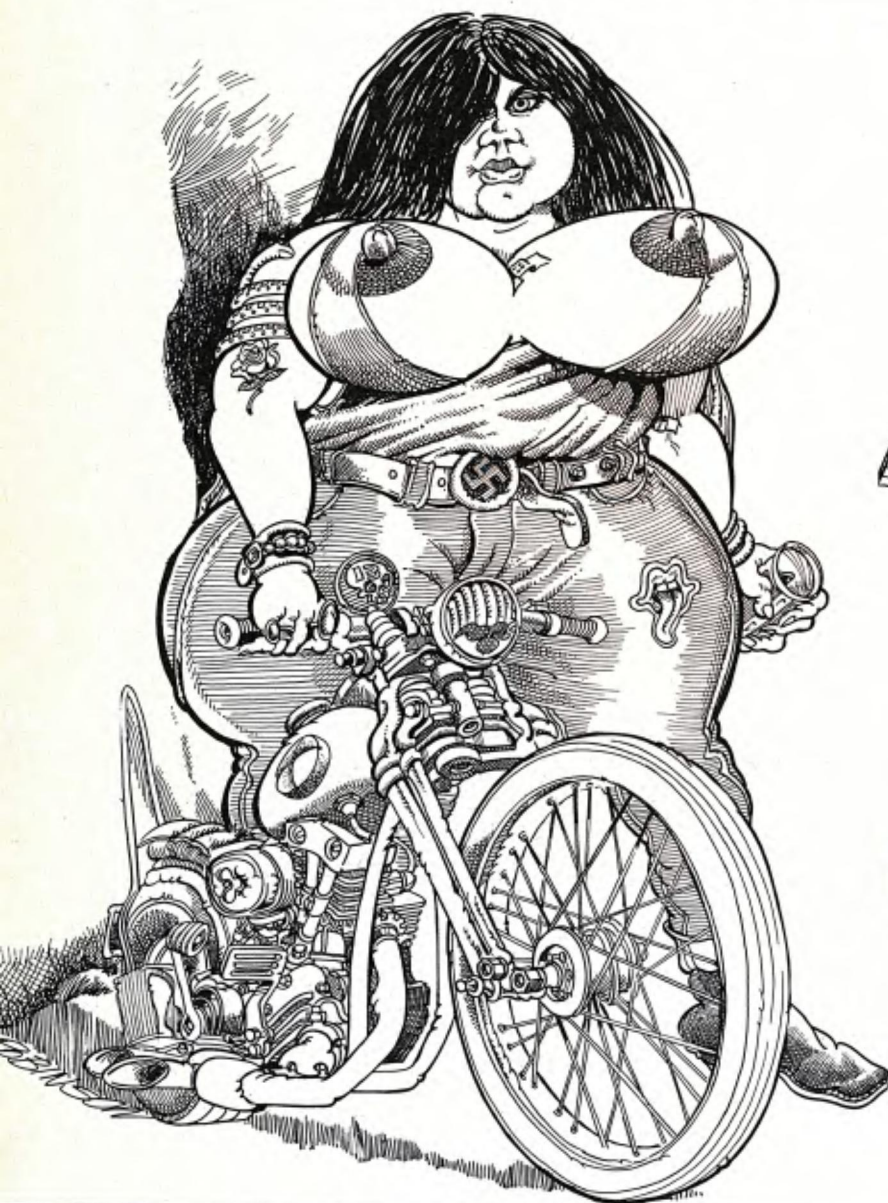
ering little touches buried in the complex swirls and turns of his witty drawings.

No one ever drew biker stuff like Hal. His pen-and-ink renderings are as unique as his subject — the special, off-the-wall people who fill the pages of this magazine. If Hal drew a rat bike, it was the rat bike — a symphony of grungy, wired-together parts, a wheezing, beat-up wreck with stuffing spewing from the ripped seat, dirty oil pooling beneath the cases, the grease dripping from every crack like mung from a diseased monkey.

And who could forget the women Robinson drew? The young, pretty

ones looked like a cradle-robber's dream — big, stand-up tits with nipples that could poke out your eye, thighs like a linebacker, and freckled, chipmunk cheeks bulging with baby fat. Robinson's cartoon honeys oozed sex like a Harley leaks oil. And if he set out to draw a...well, an unattractive woman, he could hit new heights (or lows). Tits hanging to their knees, warts sprouting from their asses, and with faces that looked like they'd been caught in a belt drive, Robinson's scuzzy females gave a new dimension to the word "ugly."

Hal's renderings of bikers were equally memorable — big-mus-



cled, tattooed loonies ready to fuck, fight, or ride. And, invariably, if you studied the drawing a while, you'd find dozens of little extra touches — cans of Tree Frog beer scattered about on the floor, a copy of "Big Butt" magazine rolled up in somebody's pocket, little dudes crawling out of the woodwork to make obscure (or obscene) comments on the action, and so forth. Robinson had a fertile imagination. His drawings were a feast for us all.

Now, to be honest, I gotta admit that Hal and I never got along very well. He didn't come around the office all that much, but whenever he did, some sort of bad chemistry

would go to work, and he and I would wind up pissed at each other. Which is funny, because we'd always start out fine, drinking beer and bullshittin' like ol' buddies. But somehow, after both of us got good and ripped, we'd be ready to punch it out.

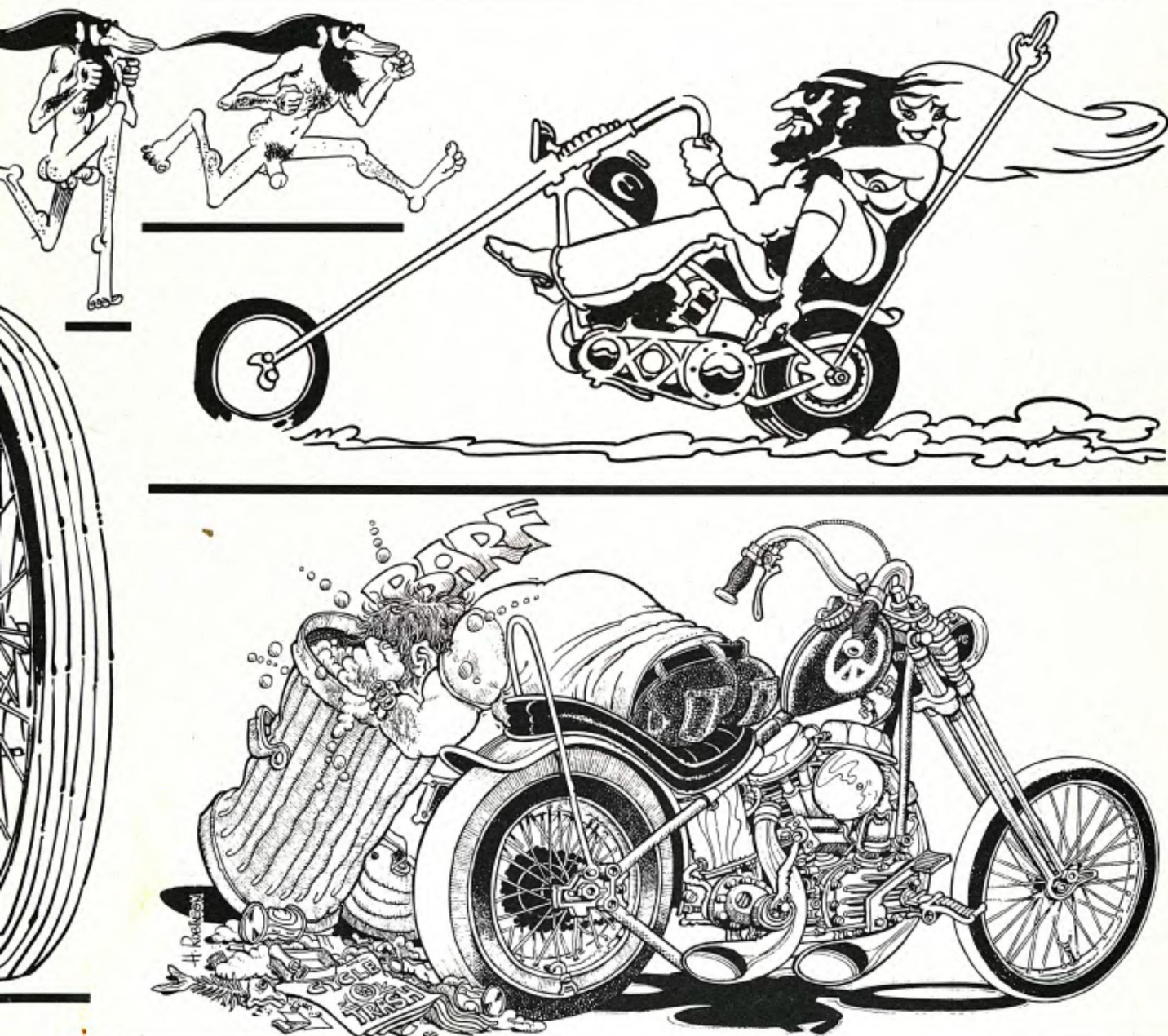
None of that shit matters, of course. I bring it up only to stress that I'd feel like I was betraying Hal's ghost if I filled this short tribute with crap about what a swell guy he was and how he and I were such tight bros. Regardless of our occasional differences, however, I always admired Robinson's work. He was a talented, funny, clever artist, and he

died before his time.

It's hard to imagine Easyriders without Hal Robinson's artwork. His distinctive, instantly recognizable drawings helped the magazine forge a unique style, with a look and a "feel" like no other publication. He will be sorely missed by his friends, his colleagues, and most of all, by the readers of this magazine.

Here's to ya, Hal.

—Tex Campbell





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.

Beware of Ripoff Parts

Greed comes in all forms, with all sorts of angles. As bikers, every one of us has felt it when dealin' with the law. The cop on the street is looking for Brownie points, so he steps on our necks every chance he gets. Lawyers lie in wait to pry your bucks from you.

Sometimes it seems the same at the local bike shop. Prices are way too high. Why is that? These are supposed to be your own people, right? Not always. Your local bike shop owner does not have much choice in the prices he charges. He has to pay rent, utilities, salaries, and make a living.

So who's the bad guy? Let's try the manufacturers. To design and build a part requires spending research-and-development money, tooling up to produce the part at as low a cost as possible, and buying material. Then you go to sell this part. You have advertising costs. Catalogs or brochures, shipping supplies, help. Advertising in one mag is not going to get you all the coverage you need, so you go to more magazines and rack up more advertising expenses. You have to set your prices so that the local dealer can buy this part and sell it at a profit. But your sales are still too low, so you send samples of your part to the major parts distributors. They have a name and established reputation that can help sell your product. Right? Well, maybe!

Most catalog distributors are decent Americans, but some are pirates. They take your part, send it to the Far East and have cheap

copies made. Most of the time they don't even do that right. They might, for instance, use a different material or process, or they might not heat-treat it. The result is a

"Prices are way too high. Why is that? These are supposed to be your own people, right? Not always. Your local bike shop owner does not have much choice in the prices he charges."

shoddy part not up to the standards of the original, because the pirates who are trying to copy it don't know enough to recognize the material or the processes needed to make it. These people, as a rule, aren't bikers and don't know which end of a bike to get on. They know even less about what goes on *inside* a bike. They do have lots of money, though, and they can flood the market with copied parts from someone else's ideas and sweat. And because they have the bucks, they can buy large quantities from foreign countries and undersell the person they stole the idea from.

Now, the part is a little bit

cheaper, so you — the buying public — are able to purchase it at a lower price, right? Maybe, or maybe not. Remember the person who had the original idea and put all the time and money into the parts and design and development? He just got screwed out of business. And this could be *you*! Most custom and performance products come from a lot of riding or racing time, not from sitting behind a desk trying to figure out what to steal or pirate next!

Ideas come from stimulation of the mind. Each and every biker out there putting down the miles will come up with ideas because he is out there doing it. If those ideas are put to work and marketed, Americans are being to put work. Most of the pirates, on the other hand, are sending your money and jobs to foreign countries.

The biggest problem is that after getting screwed a few times, most small manufacturers say to hell with it and quit. Then we all lose. When bikers with imagination and ideas quit, the rest of us lose because the pirates won't come up with any new ideas. Ideas require thought and these pirates are lucky that breathing is a natural function — if it wasn't, they'd surely suffocate!

You can fight piracy by demanding that your local bike shops buy from the original manufacturers and not from the pirates who deal overseas — with your money and your jobs. Demand your parts be made by Americans in the U.S.A.!

—H.A. Hanson

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from
other biker rags



H-D Giggles

The Harley makes me giggle. Out on the highway, with little else to do but watch the white line, the FLTC makes me laugh out loud inside my helmet. And I'm not entirely sure why. Perhaps it's the seductive rhythm of the engine pulses, or the way that massive V-Twin seems never to run out of torque. Or, it could be the uncanny directional stability of the big Hawg. Maybe it's the response from the young ladies at the local Haagen-Dazs.

—Marc Cook
Cycle Guide

Imperative System

It is imperative that we realize the motorcycle is what is termed a "closed system" and that everything one does in the system affects the performance of the remainder of the elements of that system.

—Motorcycle Dealernews

Twice The Money

Usually the most common piece of advice we offer to the aspiring cycle tourist is that pooped platitude: Determine how much money you think you'll need, then double that figure — and then take along twice that amount.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

I Hate My Bike

Next morning on the way out of the house, I sneered at my bike as I walked past, just to let it know that I hadn't forgotten that it had let me down, and drove, not rode, to work. Traffic crawled as drivers drank their coffee, women applied facial bondo and brushed their hair, and

my old trusty van guzzled a quarter tank of fuel.

—Steve Stillwell
Street Chopper

Prejudgment

Let's face it, this motorcycle industry is weak enough — we need some co-operation and a lot less prejudice if there is to be a healthy Canadian input and response to the sport we all enjoy on a seasonal basis. Let's get it together, Canada.

—Layback
Canadian Biker

Stupefying Scrap

I'm not, you understand, suggesting for a moment that the latest products from Japan are anything but technological masterpieces (that comes later). Nor that they are scrap in the form they are displayed in exhibition halls and high-street showrooms. But the speed of modern instant obsolescence is stupefying.

—Michael Scott
Super Bike

Walk It Home

When you find yourself, like I did, trying to maneuver your motorcycle in tight places on ice and snow, shut the engine off, leave the bike in neutral and paddle-walk it home.

—Richard Charette
Northeast Riding

The Big Nut

Everyone in the motorcycle business has a "nut to crack." The "nut" (overhead) includes salaries, rent, phones, insurance, advertising and taxes, among other things. The only entity capable of staying in business

without making a profit is the government. They have the ability to charge for their services by creating and collecting taxes.

—Motorcycle Industry Shopper

A Big Lump

Putting a radio on a bike is sort of like putting a basketball in your bed. It doesn't actually hurt anything, it provides you with an unusual way to start a conversation, and almost no one will condemn you for having put it there. But it tends to get in the way — and when you make the bed in the morning there's always a lump.

—Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

Tariff Note

Harley was able to replace more than 400 of the 1600 jobs that were cut in the summer of 1982. Most of those jobs were replaced in the months after the new tariff rate took effect. And after a couple of years of operating at a loss, the company was in the black at the end of the year.

—Cycle World

Riding Attendant

Part of this pleasant state obtains from the absence of any real need to "ride" the motorcycle. I had become simply an attendant, making occasional instrument checks, minor control adjustments. Operating the machine took so little attention that my imagination was free to indulge in mediative motorcycling.

—T.J. Rafferty
Cycle Guide

Not Official

Auto Industry Becomes Aware of Motorcycles: Have you noticed those full-page ads from Ford telling people that their diesel model Escort gets better mileage than a motorcycle? Then in small print it states that the mpg recorded is not official.

—Roxy Rockwood
Motorcycle Dealernews

Enduring Classic

It's safe to rank the Harley-Davidson Sportster in the ranks of the Ford T-Bird and the Chevrolet Corvette as being All-American Classics, enduring ones at that.

—Hot Bike

Repeat Success

In other words, how to do to your vendors what your customers do to you — get the best and most for the least amount of money. This idea relates to one of the most well-known plans there is for success in business: 1) buy low; 2) sell high; 3) repeat #1 and #2 as often as possible.

—Harry Friedman
Motorcycle Dealernews

Dead Nuts

The FLT's dead-nuts stability makes it a sightseer's delight, but the bike is as rough-edged as a two-by-four cut with a rip saw.

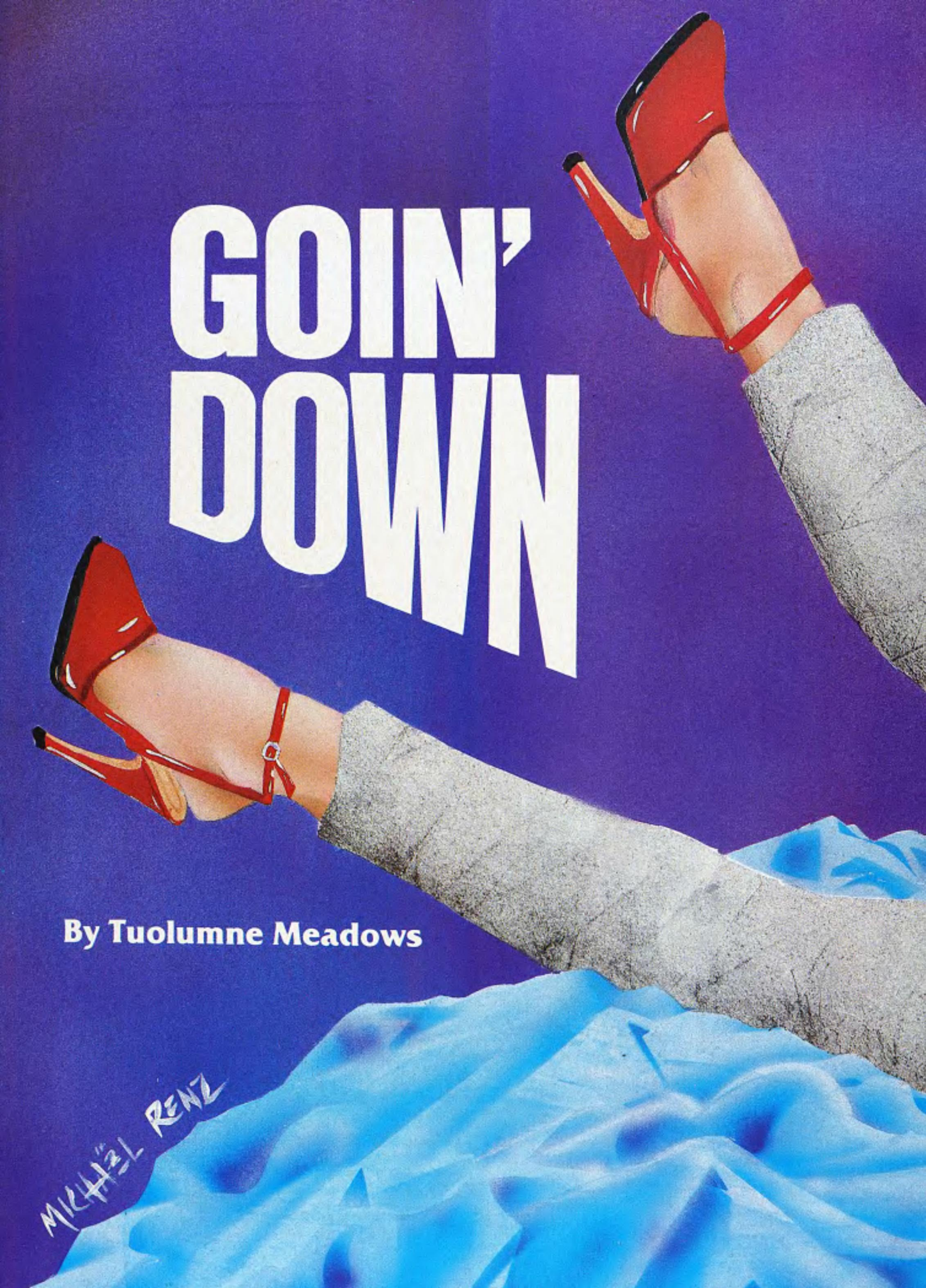
—Jim Miller
Cycle Guide

Appreciated

If I learned one thing, the Harley is the most recognized bike anywhere. Not just recognized, but "appreciated" would be the better term.

—Street Chopper

GOIN' DOWN



By Tuolumne Meadows

MICHAEL RENZ

I guess the first time I ever thought about "motorcycle safety" was back in Michigan. It was somewhat after the fact, but I actually buckled on a skid lid once just to see if I would've felt any less scared shitless if I'd been wearing one when Irish slid his rice grinder and him and me in between two eighteen-wheelers that just happened to be making the same left turn we wanted to make — all of us at the same time, in the same very small amount of space, before the light changed, in a driving rainstorm. Peterbilt and Mack stopped, nose veed to nose, with Irish's front wheel neatly bracketed between both. "Why, you stupid sonuvabitch!" the driver to our left roared. "Why don't you put the little lady someplace where it's safe, and let's try that again, you fuckin' pissant!"

Meanwhile, the other driver was ragging me: "You love that asshole enough to die with him, sis? If I were your father, you wouldn't be. . . And another thing, girly, I've gotta tell ya. . . blah, blah, blah."

The light changed to green again and with a final salvo of screamed insults, Irish gunned through the intersection ahead of both semis. "Stupid fucking cocksuckers!" he yelled, turning to flip them off. This guy's got a real problem, I thought.

A couple of days later, when I'd stopped shaking and could walk steadily again, I strolled down to the local accessory shop and tried on a top-of-the-line coconut cover. Talk about disillusioning. I knew at least two football players who could've pulverized the thing with their bare hands — whether it was cradling someone's gourd or a block of granite. It wasn't too difficult, therefore, to deduce that wearing one would merely be a courtesy to those folks who were charged with the unpleasant duty of gathering up your personal effects — like skull fragments — for the coroner once you'd gone and purchased that piece of real estate known as the farm. The salesman couldn't wait for me to leave. "Look at this shit," I said, hefting his megabucks bucket. "You ought to go to jail for fraud. This isn't anything more than a glorified eggcup!" I dropped it on the floor — dropped, not threw — and the back of it obligingly cracked open, a ragged little tear about seven inches in length.

Really, I have to admit, I was shocked; if I'd been trying to break the fucking thing, you know it would have held out like a Timex watch or American Tourister luggage. The salesman looked to be having a seizure. His major face hole tore itself open in a gaping, soundless scream and something about his eyes made him look like Wile E. Coyote after the Roadrunner's just gotten done kicking his ass. Not wanting to get into a controversy over that part of the state's unwritten business code that says, "You break it and it's yours," I made like the helmet and I split. Not too long afterwards, I decided it was time for me and Irish to do the same. We'd been out riding maybe ten times since The Night of The Big Trucks, and he'd dropped the bike at least six of the ten. I'd gotten quite adept at jumping and tumbling, carrying nothing in my purse but first-aid supplies, and explaining away my growing collection of bruises, scrapes and cuts to concerned friends and strangers alike. The thing that tore it finally was when Irish

Continued on page 79



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2. All prizes will be awarded. Prizes are non-transferable and not redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes permitted. You may win one of a total of 1,858 prizes—1 Sweepstakes Prize, 1 Grand Prize, 1 First Prize, 5 Second Prizes, 50 Third Prizes, 50 Fourth Prizes, 50 Fifth Prizes, 50 Sixth Prizes, 50 Seventh Prizes, 200 Eighth Prizes, and 1,400 Bonus Prizes. Total retail value of \$100,398.
3. Winner will be selected by random drawing from all entries received, by Total Experience Inc., an independent organization, whose decisions will be final. Prize winners will be notified by mail within 90 days of the closing date, July 16, 1984. Prizes must be claimed within thirty days of notification, or winners are subject to forfeiture in which case a substitute winner will be selected. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.

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5. Winner may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility, release and indemnification. All entries received become the property of Paisano Publications Inc. and none will be returned. Winners grant to Paisano Publications and its agencies the right to use their names and likenesses for advertising and promotional purposes.
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PICK A PAIR OF STROKERS

No, we didn't hire some Hollyweird effects man to con ya, yer lookin' at two bikes — identical down to the air in their tires

No, we didn't use any mirrors to shoot this feature; it's really about two different rides. Jim and Bob didn't use any gimmicks buildin' these scoots, either, just hard work and a lot of time. If ya got the proverbial steel-trap memory, ya might remember that we featured Jim's boss red

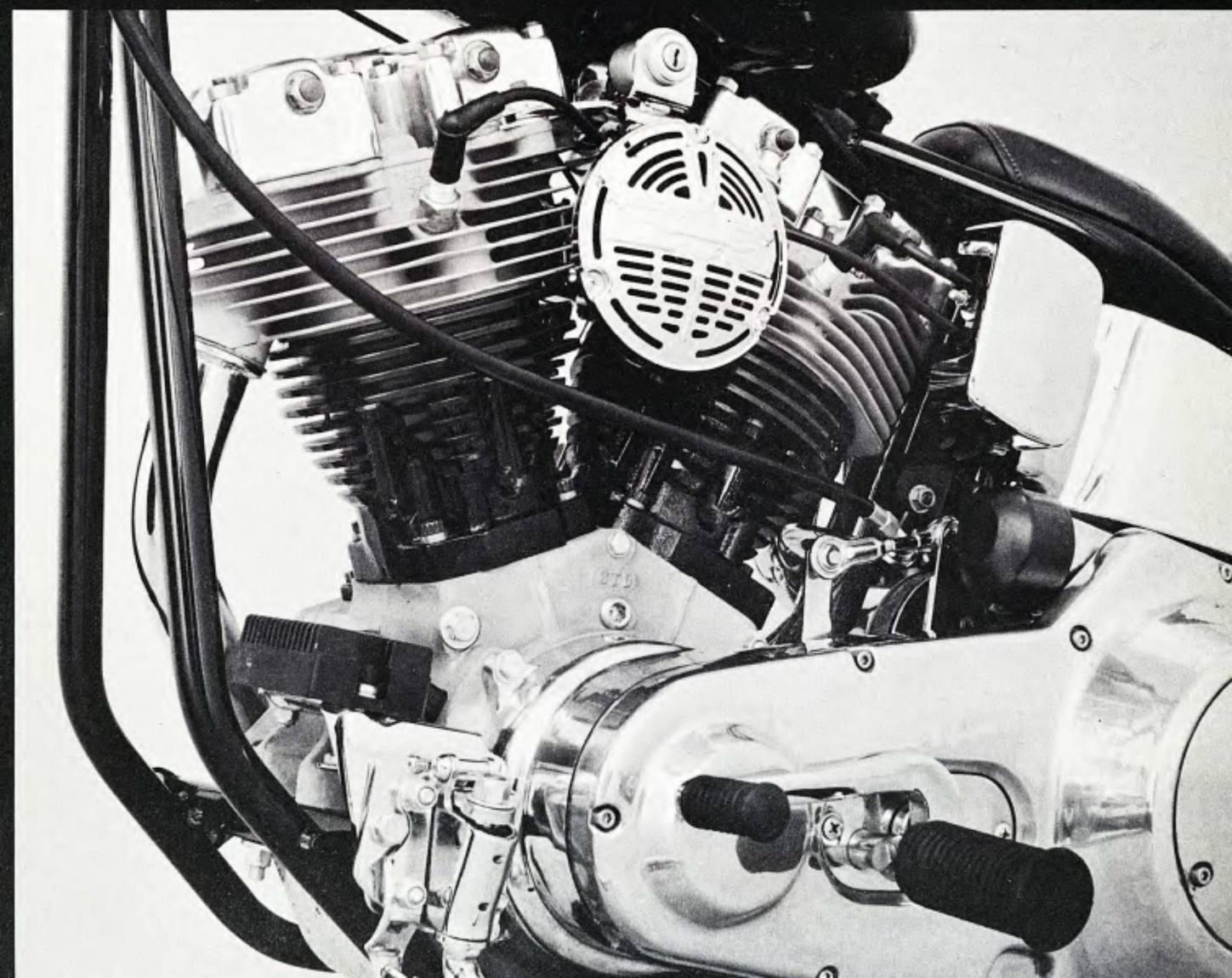
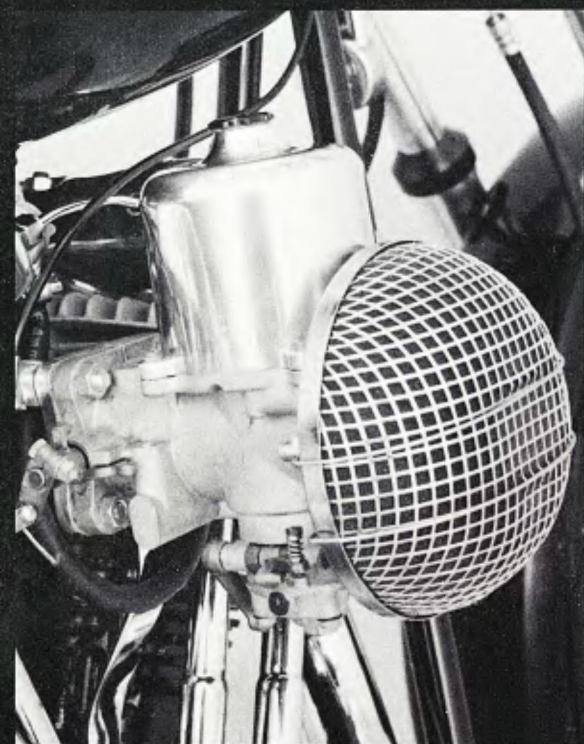
knuck back in March of '83. At that time they were already into heavy plannin' on this twin bike project and we told ya we'd keep ya clued in on their progress.

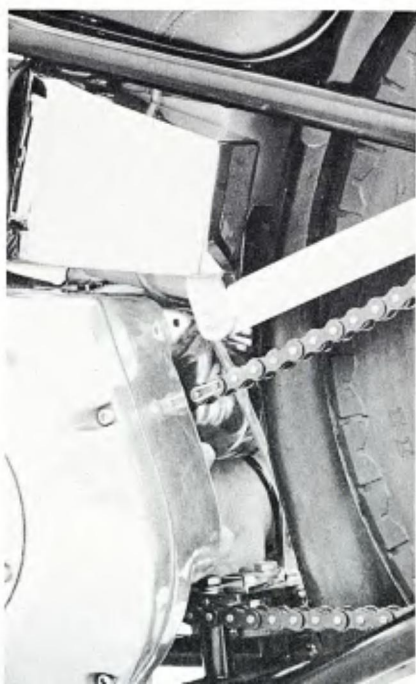
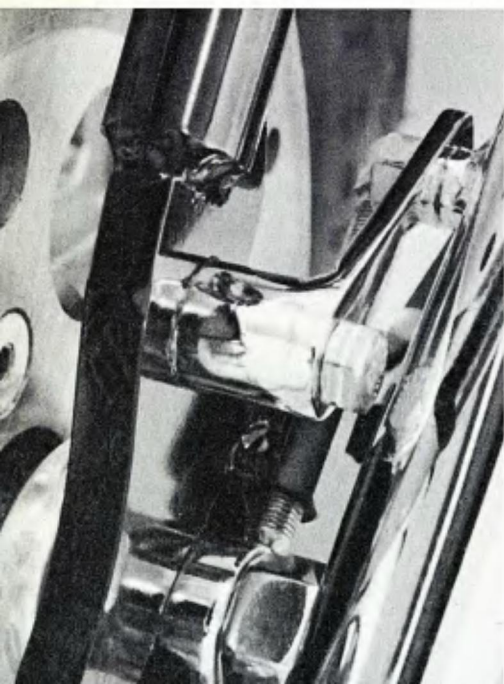
Actually, we have conned ya just a bit. The bikes ain't *really* identical; there's one small difference. We'll give ya until the end of the story to try to spot it

in the pictures. Good luck.

Thinkin' about it, there's probably a lot of good practical reasons for really tight bros to build mirror-image bikes. For one thing, it gives ya an instant alibi when the ol' lady spots yer scoot chained to a tree at the Motel Six — "Hell, no, honey, that wasn't my ride. It musta been







good ol' Jim's."

Whether or not Jim an' Bob have been using their paired putts for low-rent rendezvousin' yet, I don't know. If they have, they ain't copped to it. One thing they have done in the brief while since the bikes have been up, though, is go to the races — the Fourth Annual Chopper Race at the Inland Motor Speedway in San Berdoo, California, to be precise. As far as I know, Inland is the only place in the country that allows chopper pilots to get on the track and make like speedway racers, and it is really a helluva lot of fun for both the riders and the spectators.

Owner: Jim Long		City: Victorville, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D		Builder: Santee	
Model: large custom		Type: rigid	
Value: yes		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Hoak Bros.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Paughco	
Year: 1983		Risers: H-D	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): 6-in. rear/H-D front	
Rebuilder: J&J Repair		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: coil/points		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 103 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: Truett & Osborn		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: J&J Repair		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Arias		Electrics: stock	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: owner		Oil tank: owner/Paughco	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Rivera		Seat: T&T Custom/Tom Wall	
Air cleaner: Rivera		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: owner		Height:	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material:	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: H-D FXS	
Year: 1977		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: polished	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19	Size: 18
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: J&J Repair		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM3
Color: black and red		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: enamel		Brake: H-D disc	Brake: Sportster
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: oil filter, rear brake; special thanks to Art LoGreco, Bill Mayer Polishing, and Bob.			

Jim an' Bob, naturally, went in with visions of their twin rides haulin' ass together at the head of the pack, but it was not to be. Jim got bumped and Bob was left to hold up the J and J Repair Shop colors by himself. He did pretty damn good for a first outing, too, finishing second on the eighth-of-a-mile dirt track. He still says he coulda won it all if his frame hadn't been a tad too

low for the track. Hell, he might be right — he was sure kickin' up enough sparks from his frame hittin' the rocks embedded under the dirt in the turns.

And that, as they say, is the story so far. A story about two bros and two almost identical bikes, guaranteed to draw second looks wherever they ride. The difference in the bikes? Simple, one has Bob's initials stitched on

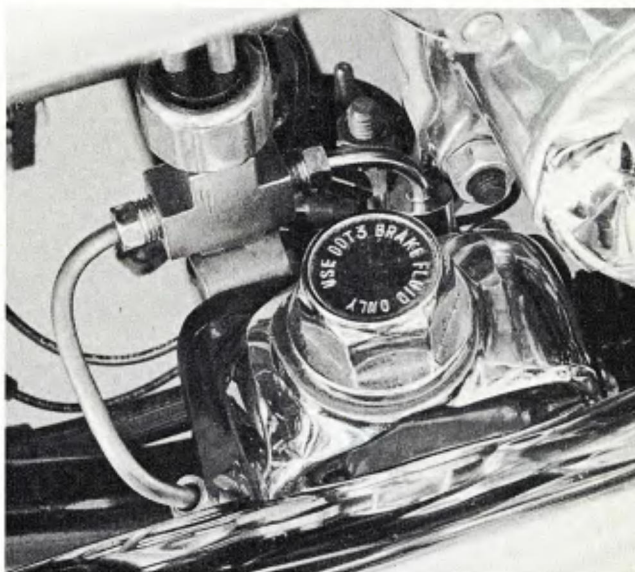
the seat and the other has Jim's initials stitched on the seat.

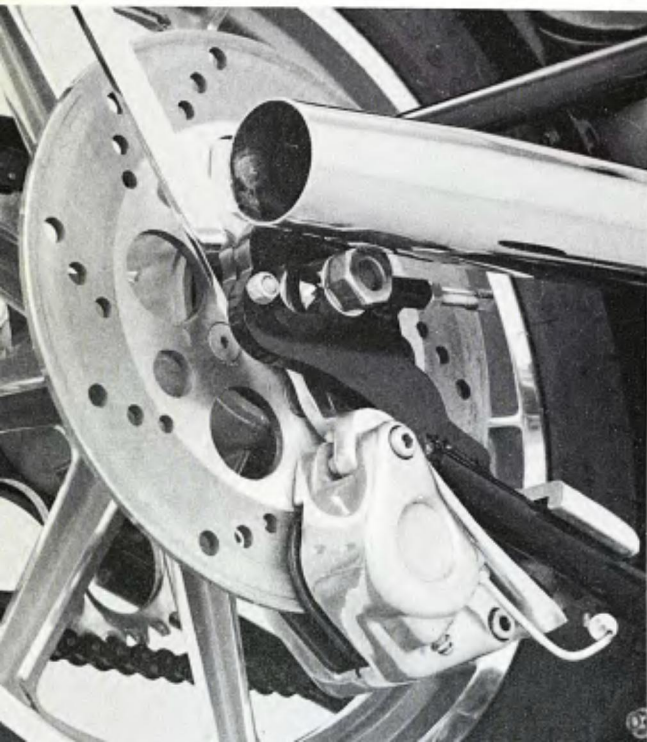
That stitching, of course, is one of the most important features on the bikes. Without it, they say, they wouldn't be able to use their sense of touch to figure which bike is whose after all those big parties where they wind up so wasted that even they think they're seein' double.

— Rip

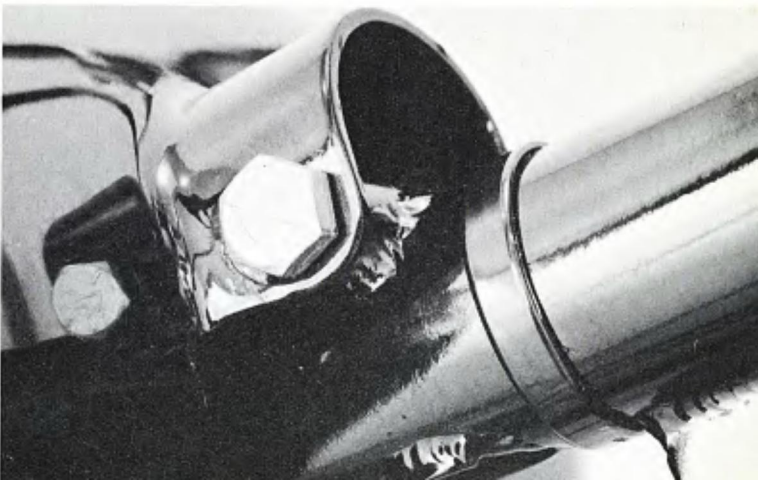


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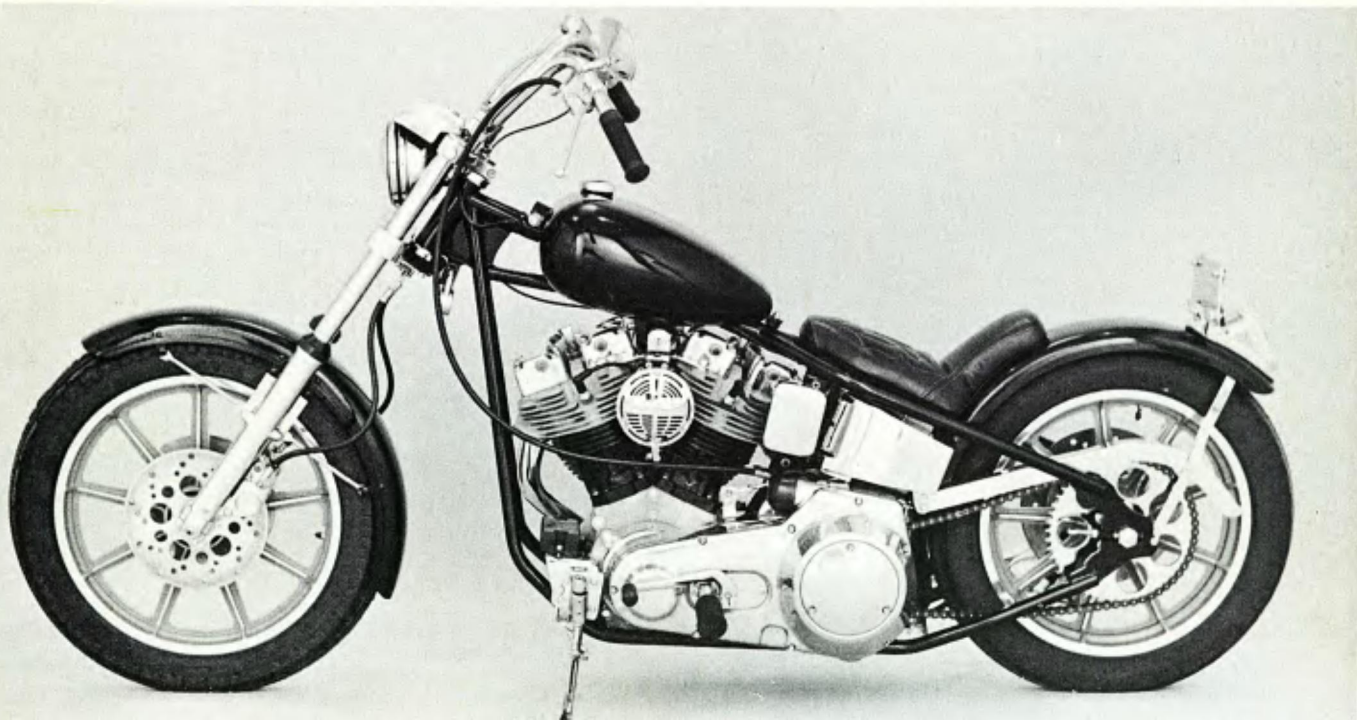


Owner: Bob Polson		City: Victorville, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D		Builder: Santee	
Model: large custom		Type: rigid	
Value: yes		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Hoak Bros.		Accessories	
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Balancing: J&J Repair		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: Arias		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: owner		Oil tank: owner/Paughco	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Rivera SU		Seat: T&T Custom/Tom Wall	
Air cleaner: Rivera		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: owner		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: 1/4" x 3/8" flat steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: H-D FXS	
Year: 1977		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: polished	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19	Size: 18
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: J&J Repair		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM3
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Type: enamel		Brake: H-D disc	Brake: Sportster
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: oil filter, rear brake; special thanks to Art LoGreco, Bill Mayer Polishing and Jim.			





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Gemini

Geminis are noted for their verbosity (they're big bullshitters) and quick wit. They make dynamic salesmen and outrageous con artists, fibbing with such flair it not only fascinates people — it blows 'em away! Their mental gears are in overdrive while their mouths are in motion. Never underestimate the Geminis — fucking with people's heads is their favorite hobby.

Geminis are naturally adept with their hands; most are ambidextrous. They excel at shooting pool, rehabilitating machinery and abstract artwork — like forgery.

Most Geminis are on a high energy level. So if you trip with one of these speedballs — best lay in a large supply of vitamins. They can outrun hangovers!

Bedding down with a Gemini is a trip to "Fantasy Island" on the Good Ship Lollipop. He will not only keep you in stitches, show you the ropes, and play you a tune on his foreskin, but he'll also take a leak on ya while humming the Polish national anthem — and you'll be in the position to enjoy it all! After sex, they

light up a Twinkie. Watch out 'cause they're fickle and you'll have to share.

Some famous Geminis (past and present) are: Marilyn Monroe, Judy Garland, Lenny Bruce, and Freddie Prinze (with a little help from their pharmacists); Bob Hope, Paul Lynde, and Stan Laurel (witty); then some are bigger in the saddle, like Clint Eastwood, James Arness, John Wayne, Richard Boone and Clint Walker; Paul McCartney, Bob Dylan, and Allen Ginsberg (clever with words); Lou Gehrig, James Thorpe, Jerry West, and Joe Namath (winners); Brooke Shields and Joan Collins (very sexy).

Geminis are prone to lung ailments and accidents involving the arms and hands. Boredom and confinement deplete their nervous systems far worse than overwork.

If you like being fucked over with finesse, group sex, fun and games, plus someone who is different from moment to moment — grab onto a Gemini, with both hands if you have to, and enjoy the ride! You'll be so highly entertained that you won't mind sharing.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ This month you snuggle up to Lady Luck financially. It won't be the mother lode, but it'll be enough to lighten yours. Could be a bonus from the boss man or just a large paycheck. Stash some for future go-wrongs. Surprise bargains

show up in the strangest places and best of all, they're legal. Enter some wacko contests while your luck holds out.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Save yourself a big headache — don't waste time on a project that requires fat financial backing. You won't get it now — or later on. You'll be glad you didn't. Don't be hustled by get-rich-quick scams. You're vulnerable to flimflam from someone who is also being fooled. Take shaky situations with a calm attitude. It'll all blow over soon.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Get cooking where relatives are concerned, especially if it involves a recent flare-up over location change. Otherwise, it's nothing much to get your nuts in an uproar over. Nothing more than a heavy rap session is needed to clear the air and set things solid. Don't take things too personally right now or pop a vein explaining. Better to fuck than fight.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ The accent is on minding your health and looking out for number one. Don't let people impose on you with their petty problems and head trips. Otherwise, the added stress will put your dick in the dirt. Beware of heavy lifting around mid-month or it'll take more than a boot to the buns to straighten ya out. Accidental falls could be on the agenda, leaving your crank in a cast for a while.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ You could be a tad on the rag most of this month, and you're not in the mood to be fucked with. (Let your ol' lady read this; it could save her a fat lip.) Recent nose-to-the-grindstone overtime has given you more than a pain where you poop — you really have the shit-end of the situation. Don't make matters worse by tryin' to keep up with your recent pace. Take a breather and slow down.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Get down on the wrenching — then get together with partners or grab your pussy and get packing. Take some smoke along to keep toasted down the line. This is prime vacation time if you can swing it. All the signs say go. You can even mix business with pleasure for a clean getaway. Leave your troubles behind in a trail of dust and enjoy the good life.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ If ya thought last month was the shits, this month will fry your brains. Interference, delays, redneck troublemakers and just plain ol' bad luck grab ya by the ankles and trip ya. You'll have to backtrack ahead of a few situations. This is the time to get some advice from the pros. Don't be bashful or self-righteous. Swallow your pride and yell for help.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ This month finds you so spaced-out that you need a guide to get to the head. What you really need, of course, is to get the fuck away from all those mundane mindfucks. Get in the wind, even if it's just for a weekend. Otherwise, you're liable to short-circuit and blow it not only at home base but also at ye old joberoo. Remember, even you have a breaking point. Loosen up and relax.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Happy birthday! Time to celebrate. You've made it through another year of fuck-ups, favors and general mayhem. Don't try to be your usual cute, clever, crafty self by entertaining the troops. Instead, get stinky drunk and puke on your best friends. Show your partners you can get just as shitfaced as the next fella. Cut loose and party!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ The old adage "If you snooze, you lose" really applies now. Pay a close eyeball to the small print, double-check and leave nada to chance. Rummage through the crap around your homestead for tickets, etc. Don't get caught with your pants down and your ass greased. Someone could slip behind you. Protect yourself and your property.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ This is your time to stop growling and start purring. Pussy power keeps your engine going smooth. (Warning — too much gas will cause you to backfire while getting head.) Put on your party threads and take your body out to boogie. You're in a cycle where you could meet some real important contacts at a social gathering — such as a swap meet or under your bed.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Don't change the rules to stay in the game now. Stick as close to the center divider as

possible. Otherwise, you can be left — even if you're right. Legal technicalities or computer fuck-ups will cut you no slack. So keep everything, especially receipts, in a safe spot. You may need them to keep from paying twice for someone else's mistake.

Turkey tiff ruffles feathers at Harley HQ

Considering its super high-tech assembly lines, its program of employee calisthenics and its smooth-as-plastic image, it's hard to imagine something this kinky (or is that "kooky") happening at Honda.

Remember when Harley had to lay off a bunch of employees because of the recession? Well, it seems one of those let go was Bill Walters, 53, a manager at the York assembly plant. Walters, a 30-year Harley veteran, became a bit peeved when he discovered that other laid-off employees had been given a holiday turkey by the firm, so he cried foul (or is that "no fowl") to the Pennsylvania Human Relations Commission.

"No fowl" (or should that be "yes foul"), responded Harley. We only gave the bird to the shitcanned blue-collar workers, the bike-maker's brass claimed. Walters got the boot from a management position.

"Not true," countered Walters; four other management em-

ployees who got the shaft were also given the bird. Harley, Walters said, had yanked his turkey as revenge for his having previously filed an age-discrimination suit against them.

After several rounds of clucking and scratching, Harley attorney J. Thomas Menaker chickened out. Okay, he said, we'll pay you what the damn bird was worth.

Not so fast, responded Walters. I don't want your tainted money, I want my tender Tom. At which point Menaker shook his tail feathers down to the nearest grocery store and bought a 15-pound gobbler, packed it in dry ice and delivered it to the Human Relations Commission. That august body sent it along to Walters — who promptly donated it, along with \$10 for fix-in's, to the Salvation Army.

Like we said, it's hard to image something like that happening at Honda. Maybe that's reason #954 why we love our Hogs so damn much.

Easynews



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

Court voids 'lidless liability' decision

Says bareheaded biker not to blame for own injuries in crash

The Colorado Supreme Court has overturned a controversial lower court decision that said, in effect, that a bareheaded biker who is run down by a cage is more responsible for the accident than the cager who ran him down.

Go ahead, read it again if you want to. It won't make any more sense the second time around. What happened was this: A 22-year-old Denver biker, Tracy Dare, was killed when a cage made a sudden left turn into him. Dare's parents sued the cager, Marvin Soule, for damages. Defense lawyers introduced witnesses who testified Dare wasn't wearing a skid lid at the time of the collision, and the judge in the case refused the plaintiffs' request that he instruct the jury that "to operate a motorcycle without a helmet is not contributory negligence."

Result? The jury, claiming that the dead biker was 80 percent negligent while the cager who ran him down was only 20 percent negligent, refused to award any damages. On appeal, the Colorado Court of Appeals refused to overrule the trial court, so the plaintiffs filed a further appeal with the state supreme court.

In throwing out the original verdict and ordering a new trial, the high court ruled that whether or not the plaintiff was wear-

ing a brain bucket was irrelevant in determining whose negligence caused the accident. They also ruled that the biker's not wearing a helmet could not be used as a factor in reducing the amount of damages the cager would otherwise have to pay.

Freedom under fire in Washington state

The State of Washington is considering reinstating its mandatory helmet law, but at least they are not discriminating against bikers. The classic bit of fascist law that would cast us in bucket bondage contains equally bad news for Washington cagers and hitchhikers.

Under the measure, which is the brainchild of State Sen. Mike McManus, hitchhiking would be made illegal and cagers would be issued citations for failing to "buckle up for safety."

"I'm really appalled by the low priority

According to the supreme court's ruling, cagers shouldn't be able to escape facing the consequences of their negligence behind the wheel just because a biker might have failed "to anticipate such negligence."

the United States gives to protecting the safety of the pedestrian, the motorcycle rider, the hitchhiker and the rider in an automobile," McManus said. "We lose more people on the highways and roads, or maim them, or turn them into vegetables than we do in entire world wars."

Yes, Senator, that's probably true. On the other hand, we've lost a lot more of our rights and freedoms to our elected officials than we've ever lost to the Russians or any of the other so-called enemies we've had o'er the past 200 freedom-lovin' years.

Would ya like to know where to put the wife and kids?

"Many of the dealers need to clean up the shop, and make some effort to remove the 'chopper image' like selling the Mary-Jane type of belt buckles. If it has to be sold, fine, but get the crap off the 'main line,' so we'll feel at ease bringing the wife and children in the store!"

— Chuck Irwin, president, Lemans America Suzuki owners' club, in a letter to Harley boss Vaughn Beals



A judge in Toledo, Ohio, sentenced the **getaway car** driver in a bank holdup to six years in jail and ordered him to pay \$1300 in restitution to the bank. But that wasn't the worst part. He **also ordered** the dude to give the bank the scooter he'd bought with his share of the loot... This court story ain't as funny. A jury in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, found a **cager innocent** of homicide-by-vehicle, even though he was so intoxicated he admitted he **never even saw** the motorcycle he rammed until it was under the wheels of his car. The jury did find the dude guilty of driving while intoxicated. The difference? A jail sentence of two days instead of one for three years.

As a result of a new Illinois law, young people in that state can now test on and receive a driver's license for **full-size bikes** once they turn 16 — if they've passed an approved riding course... The Fourth Annual H-D/MDA Poker Run will be held **June 2 and 3** in Monroe, Louisiana. For info, write '84 Poker Run, 1211 S. Second St., Monroe, LA 71202.

The Candlewood Street Rods are planning a "**Poker Fun Run**" for May 20. Registration will be held between 10 and noon at the Foundry Cafe, 66 Sugar Hollow Rd., Route 7, Danbury, Conn. . . A bunch of bikin' ex-cons are putting together a **San Francisco run** to protest crimes against children. For more info, write Cobra, Box 160300, Suite 313, Sacramento, CA 95816 . . . There's gonna be a **swap meet and show** in Frankfort, Ontario, on May 12 and 13. To find out more, write the B.R.O., c/o R.C. Van Heuvelen, RR 7, Brighton, Ontario, Canada KOK 1H0.

The **South Dakota** Legislative Transportation and Highway Committee has recommended the state reinstate a mandatory **helmet law**. Guess they figure if they can't kill Sturgis one way, they'll try another . . . A Florida cager has been sentenced to **15 years** — of which he must serve 12 — for getting shitfaced and **snuffing a biker**. If any of you Seminole County bros get a chance to vote for the re-election of Circuit Judge Robert McGregor, do it . . . District #34 of the AMA is organizing a **blood drive** in N.Y.C. "Our reasons are two-fold," Vice-Chairman Gil Aguayo says. "To give to a worthy cause and to get all bikers together for a **common good** and show motorcyclists in a good light." Need facts? Write Gil at 184 Bay 54th St., Brooklyn, NY 11214.

Even-cops occasionally tell-the-truth dept.: "Deputies responded to a call of **bikers drunk** and disturbances at a Santa Ynez (Calif.) bar. Subjects were contacted and found not to be drunk, and most of the disturbing was being done by other patrons." That's from the official log of the Santa Ynez PD, by the way . . . And finally, buxom country crooner Dolly Parton might make the ol' scooter a **bit top heavy** (be fun to find out), but she's got the right spirit. Told that doctors can't remove a bunch of scars left by an operation to remove bleeding polyps from her stomach, **Dolly's decided** to cover up the scalpel marks — with a round-the-waist garland of tattooed roses.

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, 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 6-Required for speeds above 30 mph, 7-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 8-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.

'Incredible menace' dusts two bikers

When is enough, enough? How long will it be before our so-called public servants — those people we the taxpayers pay for protection — start getting homicidal, drunken cagers off the road before they kill a few bikers? Will that day ever come?

Melvin Buchholtz is 71 years old. Like many elderly people, Mel has difficulty walking. He also has had some difficulties with his eyes and has had cataract surgery on both of them. Mel also has a few other problems. Problems like five drunken driving convictions, numerous convictions for driving with his license revoked, and a police record that shows involvement in 13 motor vehicle accidents.

One other thing about Mel Buchholtz. He's a killer. Tooling around Racine, Wisconsin, in his cage last September — tanked to the gills with a blood alcohol level of .20% — Mel wiped out two bikers. And now, finally, the great State of Wisconsin has decided that enough is enough — at least for a while. Mel Buchholtz has been sentenced to five years in prison for his crimes.

"I think he ought to get ten years," the widow of one of the bikers said. "That's as long as I've been married. I feel as if it went down the drain that night. Now I have to raise my children alone."

Mel's attorney, William DeMark, saw the situation differently. DeMark apparently couldn't comprehend that us biker folk could have any real feelings of grief or loss. The widows' tears, the children's sobs — just bullshit intended to con the judge, was the way DeMark saw things.

"Resist the efforts of those who try to pressure you," DeMark lectured Judge Dennis Costello. "He (Buchholtz) has been a good man, a family man."

Costello was unimpressed. "We just accept car accidents as a fact of life... I lost my father in a car accident," he said. But Buchholtz's case was different, the judge noted. His long record of driving while intoxicated indicated he had no desire to solve his "problem."

"That (the record) tells me you don't care about yourself, so why should I care?" Costello asked, before sentencing Buchholtz to five years in prison and five years' probation, with the provisions that he not drink, drive, or own a car and that he get "counseling" for his drinking problem.

Buchholtz is an "incredible menace," Assistant DA Zoe Stowers told the judge, in asking for the five-year term. "What was inevitable, given his history, has finally happened," Stowers said. "He's killed two people."

But that's bullshit. Given his "history," what happened was not "inevitable" and should never have happened. Given his "history" — five DUIs, 13 accidents, years of driving without a license — the State of Wisconsin should never have let this "incredible menace" roam its roadways. If a state can't be bothered to imprison someone who is "inevitably" going to kill two people, why have prisons at all? Why not cut everyone loose and rip the fuckin' things down?

And another thing. This, in the DA's words, "incredible menace" is scheduled

for release at the age of 76. Many people today live well into their 80s and beyond. What steps does the State of Wisconsin intend to take to protect innocent bikers, cagers, pedestrians and school kids on bicycles from him after he gets out?

The conditions of probation will be

strictly enforced, Costello ruled. "If he continues to drink or drive or both, the probation agent will be found in contempt if revocation is not begun immediately."

The question is, how many more people will Melvin Buchholtz be allowed to kill before that happens?

'King of the Motors' becomes first victim of L.A. Olympics

A Los Angeles Police Department motorcycle officer, long known as "The King of the Motors," is the first bike-riding casualty of the Summer Olympics.

Sgt. Michael Bergman, 44, supervisor of the 350-man LAPD motorcycle squad, was felled by a left-turning cager while on a "dry run" over the 26.2 mile course to be used for the Olympic Marathon event.

According to an LAPD spokesman, Bergman's "bike boys" will be in charge of security for the marathon event and Bergman was riding the course in an attempt to "work out the wrinkles" in his deployment plan.

The cage, according to the spokesman, hit Bergman "nearly head on" and threw

him about 70 feet in the air. The veteran officer suffered a broken leg and ankle, a broken collarbone, several broken ribs, a bruised lung, and numerous cuts in the accident. His condition was announced as critical but stable after he underwent three hours of surgery following the crash.

Bergman, who had been in the motorcycle division for 17 of his 23 years on the force, was, in addition to being motorcycle squad supervisor, in charge of the LAPD's motorcycle training unit, the VIP escort unit, and the commercial vehicle enforcement unit.

Charges of making an unsafe left turn are currently pending against the cager involved in the accident.

AMA to provide course in obstacles

The American Motorcyclist Association has begun a program to identify and get rid of "obstacles that can threaten motorcyclists but that are rarely noticed by other vehicle operators, (such as) puddles of oil at toll booths, gravel in corners and certain types of road surfaces."

"With our project, the AMA wants to let riders know what sorts of things to look out for," AMA Government Relations

Director Rob Rasor said. "But we also intend to let motorcyclists know how they can eliminate or minimize those problems by working with the proper officials. We believe those motorcyclists who are out on the roads of each state are in a better position to identify and tackle specific problems than we are here."

For more information, write the AMA at Box 141, Westerville, OH 43081.

Suck my tailpipe, scumbags

KITT DUSTS OFF BIKERS!



Michael and KITT take to a motorcycle course on the trail of a motorcycle maniac!

For all we know, the program could actually have been about polishing furniture with Lemon Fresh cat turds or something. It hardly matters, because a lot more people saw the ad than saw the program. And the ad is perfectly clear. First, you got the image of NBC's wonder cage running over a bunch of bikers, and then you got the grinning mug of the show's hero oh-so-gayly giving the geeks the glad hand and indicating it's okay to dust — aka murder — someone as long as he's a biker. Now, we don't know what kind of madness infests the maggot-heads that produce this drivel, perhaps solar tanning beds fry the brain as badly as Gucci loafers pinch the toes. What we do know is that if you're as sick and tired of it as we are, you can ventilate your spleen by writing to Grant Tinker (as in TinkerToy, a product aimed at the same market as NBC's prime-time schedule), Chairman of the Board, NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y., NY 10112.

Helmet firms choice targets for lawsuits

Bikers who suffer head, neck or facial injuries despite wearing a helmet may stand an excellent chance of recovering damages from the helmet maker and dealer, a noted trial lawyer says.

Writing in *Trial* — the official magazine of the Association of American Trial Lawyers — attorney Larry E. Coben notes that mere compliance with official safety standards does not mean that a particular lid offers adequate protection. According to impact tests, Coben says, "Some helmets offer as much as three times the protection of other helmets and yet they all meet the

applicable standards."

Coben also noted that some manufacturers in "a blatant attempt to fool the consumer," or because of a "quirk in the helmet standards, which provide for the testing of only certain helmet sizes," label helmets that have not even been tested as complying with federal and state standards.

According to Coben, such mislabeling can constitute misrepresentation and form the basis of a liability suit. Another major basis for helmet liability suits is poor design and construction of the lid or its component parts.

Liability, the lawyer points

out, is not necessarily limited to the manufacturer and distributor but can also extend to the maker of the shell, liner, strap, etc.

The real question, he says, is whether the manufacturer has an obligation to build the safest helmet possible, or has an

obligation to inform and educate the buyer so he or she can decide between them.

In other words, as long as there are places where we have to wear the fuckin' things, they'd better damn well do what they're supposed to do... or else.

Anonymous crank screws swap meet

County supervisors in Edgar, Wisconsin, have refused to allow a group of local bikers to hold their annual swap meet this year despite a five-year history of perfect behavior on the part of the organizers, the exhibitors and the swap meet shoppers.

The shit came down when the bikers were denied use of the youth building in Marathon Park, site of the first five swap meets, because a few anonymous "citizens" decided they would be afraid to picnic in the park if there were a lot of bikers around.

During the five years the swap meet was held, two of the

organizers told a local newspaper, "We have not had any complaints from the police or from any citizens on the recklessness of any of us bikers who attend the event. Nor have we had complaints about leaving any kind of mess in the building or around it.

"Isn't the park large enough to accommodate everyone?" they asked. "And aren't (parks) for all the residents of the county, not just a chosen few?"

"For once it would be nice if the wishes of a handful of people who grumble about something weren't used to discriminate against the rest of us."

Damn right it would be nice.

ABATE of Alaska celebrates 1st year

Going into the second year of its brief-but-busy existence, ABATE of Alaska is planning to expand from its Anchorage base and set up new chapters in Fairbanks, Juneau and the Kenai Peninsula.

Since being formed last May, the new group has racked up

an impressive list of accomplishments, including sponsoring an official motorcycle safety and awareness week in Anchorage and convincing Anchorage's mayor to make the city's fire training center available as a cycle rider training site.

Biker's kin to get \$6 million from California

California has agreed to pay the family of a biker killed by a speeding highway patrol officer over \$6,000,000 in an out-of-court settlement.

The settlement gives the biker's widow and two sons an initial payment of \$1,000,000, followed by monthly payments of \$1000.

According to a report of the California Highway Patrol's Multidisciplinary Accident Investigation Team, the bike rider, Robert Fike, 36, was killed when he was struck from behind by a patrol car traveling 97 miles per hour down a fog-obscured freeway without its flashing lights or siren on.

The bike, the report noted, was "embedded approximately

two-and-a-half feet into the hood of the patrol car, with both vehicles remaining connected until the patrol car came to rest after careening off the freeway's center divider." Skid marks left by the patrol car were 395 feet long.

In conclusion, the report's authors said the driver of the patrol car, Patrolman Charles Hughes, may have been guilty of vehicular manslaughter, speeding, driving at a speed unsafe for weather conditions, and reckless driving.

Hughes, who claimed that the bike moved into his lane right in front of him, is currently awaiting a second trial on a misdemeanor charge of vehicular manslaughter. His first trial was dismissed when

the jury couldn't agree.

Fike's family, meanwhile, though they are getting a lot of money, did not get an apology.

"Because you settle and pay, it doesn't mean you admit liability," State's Attorney Marvin Goldsmith, who nego-

tiated the settlement, said.

The cop was going ninety-seven miles per hour in the fog and the accident was still the biker's fault, eh? With logic like that, Mr. Goldsmith, you could grow up to be president... of the loony bin.

Maryland city orders all bikers off the streets from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m.

ABATE of Maryland and the American Motorcyclist Association have announced plans to go to court in an attempt to overthrow a city ordinance banning motorcycle use from 11 p.m. to 7 a.m.

The ban, put into effect last fall by the town council of Riverdale, Maryland, has already resulted in a number of pro-

test actions, including a rally by 50 bikers at a Riverdale town meeting.

In a last-gasp effort to avoid having to turn to the courts for relief, ABATE and the AMA have asked the Maryland state's attorney to declare the ordinance invalid, but the state's attorney has thus far refused to act in the matter.

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.

Horny Problem

I've got a problem that only real biker filth like you could solve. I'd been putting around the country for a while and picked this corner of the world to run out of the green stuff that talks.

Fortunately, I found a job on a farm so I can earn enough money to give my Hog a facelift and get back on the road. The problem is that there are no fuckable women around. All these farm broads must have had their cunts dry up from non-use.

I've fucked all my employer's chickens to death and it pisses me off to have to fuck his cows, 'cause you have to walk all the way to the front to kiss 'em. What should I do?

Bazz
Qld., Australia

- Try his sheep.

More Advice For Gypsy

I'm writing this in response to the advice you gave "Gypsy" in issue #128.

You said that if we didn't know what deodorant was, we could look it up in the dictionary. Well, I wasn't too sure, so I looked it up and now I'm really confused. The fuckin' dictionary says that deodorant is a preparation that destroys or masks unpleasant odors. Now I thought preparation was something ya done with K-Y or Vaseline before ya backdoored the ol' lady, so I looked that word up. The book says preparation means to get ready for a trip or some sort of bullshit regarding paper work.

As you can probably guess, I'm really confused as to what the hell deodorant has to do with trips or paper work. I'd sure be grateful if you'd explain what this shit really is. If it really does kill or eliminate bad smells, I'd like to be able to recognize it and keep out of its way.

The Animal
Bumfuck, Tex.

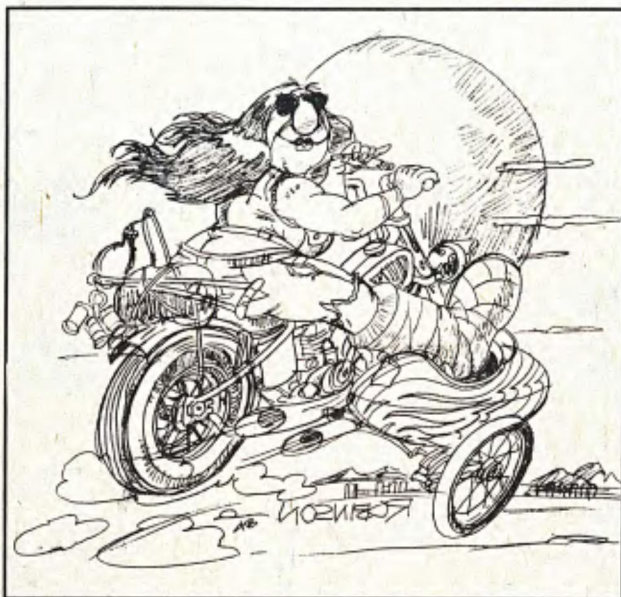
- It's somethin' you rub on your mouth and chin to keep from droolin' all over yourself.

True Or False?

Is it true that when you was born, your mama said she wished your daddy had pulled out and shot you on the wall instead of in her?

Pressed
Lebanon, Ohio

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



- What makes ya think she had any idea who "daddy" was?

Crab Alert

Here's a good way to get rid of them crabs of yours. Shave one side of that fuckin' cave you call a pussy, pour lighter fluid on the unshaven side and ignite the lighter fluid. When the crabs try to run out of the brush fire (or bush fire), stab them repeatedly with an ice pick.

Rubbish Men
Brockton, Mass.

- Why snuff such good ol' friends?

Bird Calls

If you were crossed with a turkey, what would we come up with?

Danny
Akron, Ohio

- One really fucked-out bird.

Nomadic Mutha

We was wondering if you would give yourself up to the Lebanese so the rest of the

Sixth Fleet could go home? Just reading about your body smell and cunt have made some of our hardest-core chiefs turn green and puke. Personally, I think you and the Arabs deserve each other.

Odie
FPO, San Francisco

- I won't go over there until they ditch the camels and start ridin' Harleys.

I Wouldn't Touch Her With...

How can Spider stand to touch a diseased, revolting bitch like you?

Manfred
Council Bluffs, Iowa

- He touches me with a pole — his two-foot one.

Stained Sheets

This question may not be quite up your alley, but I don't think "Helpful Hints From Heloise" would reply to it. Everytime my ol' man and I have a really hot sweaty night in the sack, the next day I find these huge stains all over the sheets. Some are bright-

yellow and some are kinda pink-and-cream-colored. I've never had anything except normal cum and sweat stains on my sheets with anybody else, so I know it's not me and he's such a good fuck I don't care that it's him. The only problem is, I can't get the stains out with anything — not detergent, soap, or even bleach. Since you're supposed to be such an expert on every kind of nocturnal emission there is, what would you do?

Lisa
Emporia, Kan.

- Try suckin' 'em out. If that don't work, use a welding torch.

Words Of Wisdom

Life is a waste of time and time is a waste of life. Why not party and have the time of our lives?

Toad
Twenty-Nine Palms, Calif.

- A virgin is a waste of good pussy and good pussy is wasted in a virgin. Why not lay waste to a virgin and have the pussy of your life?

Best Offer

I really dig your body and would love to give you the 12 or 15 rock-hard inches you deserve. Unfortunately, I can't. Would you settle for four flaccid inches and an IOU?

Unhung
Jackson Hole, Wyo.

- Depends upon where you want to put it.

That's The Way Love Is

I've been screwin', feeding, and supporting this dude (and cleaning his bike) for three years, and last week he up and left me for another chick, just because she's six years younger than me and about 20 pounds lighter.

What's the best payback?

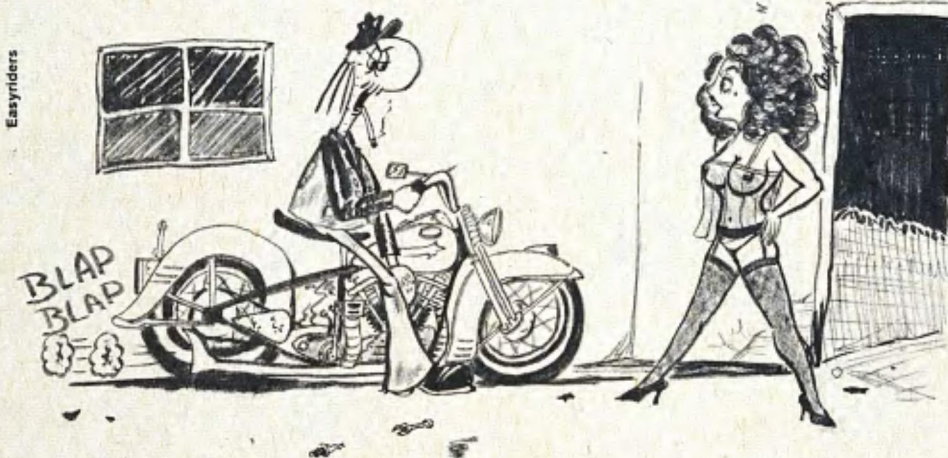
Jilted Janice
Opelika, Ala.

- Send the bitch five pounds of candy.

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 va 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.



"When I said I wanted to ride all night, I didn't mean you!"

The biker's ol' lady had become so bowlegged that her cunt wouldn't stay closed, so her ol' man told her to go see the doctor. She explained to the doctor that she got that way by fucking doggy-style.

"Well," said the doctor, "you'll just have to stop doing it that way."

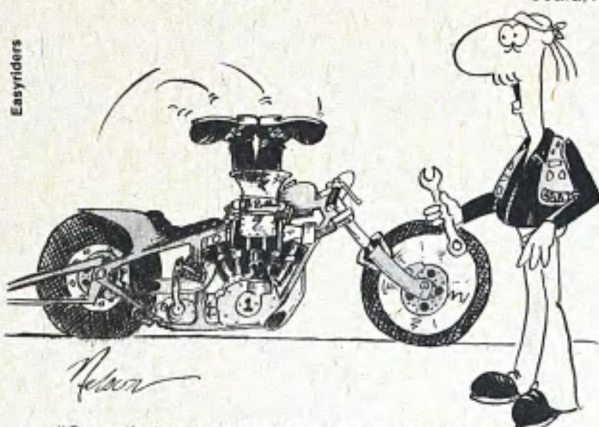
"How can I?" she asked. "That's the only way my dog fucks."

—Shelton
Show Low, Ariz.

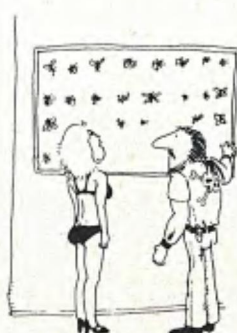
The two bikers, one older than the other, were walking through a field when they came to a hilltop. They looked down and there were about a dozen naked women sunbathing on the slope below. The younger biker said to the older, "Let's run down and fuck one."

The older biker replied, "Let's walk down — and fuck 'em all."

—Jones
Ocala, Fla.



"Geez, that new supercharger really sucks!"



"Gee, you've got an interesting bug collection. Where do you get them all?"



"I just scrape 'em off my shades after I go for a putt!"

"That no-good rotten husband of mine wanted me to sleep with the landlord so he wouldn't raise our rent," the woman complained to her neighbor.

"You didn't do it, did you?" the neighbor asked.

"Of course I did," the woman said. "And I got back at my husband, too. He doesn't know it, but the rent's now paid in full until 1995."

—Keith Burr
Pittsburgh, Pa.

What's the last thing to go through a bug's mind when it hits a windshield? Its ass.

—Joe Paulson
Austin, Tex.



"By golly, you're right, Ed — your wife's tits are bigger than my wife's."

NASA finally figured out what to do with the rock brought back from the moon. First they're going to grind it up and make it into a douche powder. Then they'll sell it to women who think that their ass is out of this world!

—Goober
Noel, Mo.



"Give me one of whatever he's having."

A biker's rugrat was stoned one day at a bar. He lurched against this chick sitting next to him and said, "Hey, baby, would you like nine inches?"

She turned to him slowly and said, "Yes, but I doubt if you could get it up nine times."

—George
Des Plaines, Ill.

A man we know has a hound dog who's a terrific tracker. Once the man was fishing and snagged a pair of lace panties that some girl had thrown in the creek. He took them off his line and threw them on the bank. The dog took a good whiff of the panties' crotch and led the man to the biggest school of trout you ever saw!

—Joe
Houston, Tex.



"You're a cunt."

The biker decides to take his nympho wife to the doctor's to see if something can be done to settle her down a bit.

"Doc, you have to give my wife something to knock down her sex drive. I mean, I'm getting too much of a good thing. We do it four times a day, seven days a week and after she's done with me, she'll try to do it with the dog, a bottle or even a hot dog."

"Okay," says the doc. "I'll see what I can do." So he takes the young nymph into the examination room. While he's examining her, she starts moaning and writhing until the doctor can't take it anymore and drops his pants and mounts her. When the biker starts hearing the moans and groans of lovemaking, he bursts into the room to find the doc banging away at his wife. "What the fuck are you doing?" he screams.

"Relax," says the doc. "I'm just taking your wife's temperature."

"Doc," says the biker, as he pulls out his Buck, "when that thing comes out, it better have numbers on it."

—A. Smith
Westlake, Calif.



"Better increase Grimsby's salt peter."

How much does an elephant circumciser make? Not much, but the tips are big.

—M. Sanders
Casa Grande, Ariz.



A college professor wound up her lecture on sex education with the admonition: "Is an hour's worth of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

In the back of the classroom a hand rose and a coed stood to pose the question, "How do you make it last an hour?"

—J. Santos
Hayward, Calif.

"Golly, that certainly was exciting!" sighed the shapely coed as she and her date left the drive-in theater. "I wonder if the movie was any good."

—Reptile
Tucson, Ariz.

The Sunday school teacher asked her class of youngsters if they could name any of the Ten Commandments. One seven-year-old raised his hand, stood up and said proudly: "Thou shalt not omit adultery."

—Richard King
Florence, Ariz.

The subway was jammed and Sue felt something familiar pressing against her thigh.

"Stop that!" she yelled at the young business-type who was leaning into her.

"That's not what you think, Miss," the guy said. "It's only my pay envelope."

"Well, that's the third raise you've had since we left Fourth Street."

—Rick's Ol' Lady
Jackson, Miss.



"Money seems to have lost all meaning."

A biker asked a prostitute if he could eat her pussy. She said yes and raised her skirt for him. He just sat there and stared at it for quite some time until she asked, "Is this the first pussy you've seen since you crawled out of one?"

The biker said, "No, but this is the first one I've seen that's large enough to crawl back into."

—Slim Jim
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Do you know the difference between a good biker chick and a nice biker chick? A good biker chick will let you stick it in, and a nice biker chick will stick it in for you.

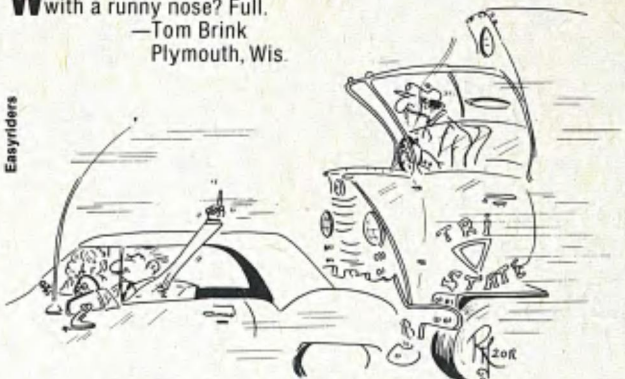
—Russell
Maple Heights, Ohio

How to get laid: Walk up to a chick in a bar and tell her, "I need help in the men's room, Miss. I sprained my wrist and the doctor told me not to lift anything heavier than a donkey dick."

—Melony
Midland, Mich.

What do you call a whore with a runny nose? Full.

—Tom Brink
Plymouth, Wis.



"Really, Ralph, I wish you'd stop that — you know how much you hate intravenous feeding."

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



"We can't go on building prisons forever. We've got to figure out who we want in there, and for how long, and then find out what other kinds of punishments we can mete out to people."

—Gerald Kaufman

Kaufman should know. As director of a four-state \$1,000,000 program commissioned to develop ways to relieve prison overcrowding by reducing the number of inmates, instead of increasing the number of cells, he's become an expert on the subject.

The overcrowding project, jointly funded by the National Institute of Corrections and the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation, is headquartered in Philadelphia and is currently supporting programs in Michigan, Oregon, Colorado and South Carolina.

In Michigan, the Prison Overcrowding Project consists of a coalition of corrections officers, law enforcement experts and politicians who are developing statewide sentencing guidelines similar to those already in place in Minnesota.

The Minnesota situation is especially interesting (and encouraging) because it demonstrates something pretty rare — a display of intelligence by state officials. While most states are still trying to solve their overcrowding problems by looting their treasuries to pay for new prisons (new prisons which are almost immediately overfilled by vote-hungry judges), the relatively new Minnesota legislation ties sentencing requirements to existing prison capacity.

It works like this: An independent commission meets periodically to establish sentencing guidelines to be recommended to all the state's judges. These "guidelines" tell a judge how much time he should give each defendant who comes before him based upon the severity of the crime and the defendant's prior convictions. The guidelines

also set down a series of situations under which prison sentences should not be imposed, regardless of the guilt of the defendant.

Since the guidelines are not mandatory, of course, judges may overrule them and impose stricter penalties than those called for. But that doesn't happen too often, because a provision in the legislation that established the guidelines commission requires a judge who exceeds the guidelines to explain his ruling in writing. In addition, the legislation allows the convict hit with such an out-of-line sentence to appeal the severity of the sentence itself without having to raise the issue of guilt or innocence. Since judges usually don't like to defend their actions (especially in writing) and also don't like to earn reputations for being chronically overruled, most of them are regularly following the guidelines.

Though the guideline program was originally developed to bring uniformity and consistency to the state's criminal courts, Kay Knapp, director of the commission, says the concept of using it to control the prison population was never far from the minds of the people who framed the legislation.

"We did not want to require the legislature to build more prisons," Knapp says. "The structure is there to control the sentencing policy to fit within the prison capacity."

And so it is. Any time the Minnesota prisons begin to bulge at the seams, the commission can tighten up the guidelines to require judges to put more offenders on probation or into community service programs. As prisoners are released and prison population declines, the guidelines can be relaxed and tougher sentences imposed.

This, of course, causes its own injustices since it means that a first offender who commits, say, a burglary could skate because he came to trial during a time when the lockups were jammed, while someone else committing the same offense six months later could get five years simply because there's

room available to house him.

But nobody with half a mind ever claimed our so-called criminal justice system has anything to do with "justice," and any program that can help keep inmates from having to live in tents or sleep on floors can't be all bad.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Justice Fellowship

Charles W. "Chuck" Colson, most famous as a Watergate criminal and for his oft-quoted remark, "I'd walk over my grandmother to reelect Richard Nixon," is now chairman of the board of the Justice Fellowship, a new organization pushing for improvements in the criminal justice system.

Colson, who "found God" and became interested in prisoners' rights while doing time for his Watergate infractions, named attorney Daniel Van Ness, former special counsel for the Prison Fellowship, as vice-president of the new group. According to Van Ness, Justice Fellowship will push for legislation to end prison overcrowding and work on developing alternative sentencing programs that will protect the community without sacrificing the constitutional rights of the offender.

For more information, write the Justice Fellowship at Box 17500, Washington, DC 20041.

Talk About Recycling

Prisoners at the Brevard County Jail in Florida have been getting some fresh pork for dinner the past couple of months. Seems NASA was afraid some 5000 wild pigs wandering around their launching site near the jail could fuck up some of their takeoffs and landings — maybe even one involving the space shuttle — so they gave Sheriff Jake Miller permission to trap the pigs and feed them to his prisoners. The only problem was, the pigs wouldn't bite at traps baited with corn and stuff like that. It turned out that what they liked was leftovers from the jail mess. Well, whatever turns ya on, porky. ■

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DOWNTIME

By Bomber



KEITH RICHARDS & MICK JAGGER



JIM MORRISON

The Rolling Stones/**Undercover**: Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and violence are what our world is about. Mirroring the world through music for the past twenty years, the Stones have reflected this twisted life as no other rock group has. And they continue to say it with dead flowers. Don't think that just because they're all in their forties and richer than shit that they're goin' soft. No way, José. They'll be rockin' right into senility. And I'll be listenin' — and so will you.

Undercover is the latest in a string of nearly thirty albums, dating back to May 1964's release of **England's Newest Hit Makers**. Where were you in '64? You might have been listening to the Stones' first single in the United States, "Not Fade Away," which had a B side of, and get this, "I Wanna Be Your Man" by that famous tag-team of Lennon/McCartney, better known as the Beatles.

Undercover only tightens their grip on the throat of rock and roll. As the music rebounds, shivers and seizures go up and down the spine with glimpses of chain-saw massacres, "Horrible, wasn't it?" — dudes dicin'

up chicks in "Too Much Blood," girls that are hot, and espionage in South America. Not to mention the psychotic nature of "Pretty Beat Up" and "Tie You Up (The Pain of Love)," or the recklessness of "Too Tough." But don't forget about the sex — you've also got "All The Way Down," "Wanna Hold You" and the bluesy, Jamaican "Feel On Baby."

Undercover is a return for the Stones. It is the first album in the past few that they have put together as a team. Together. No "Stone alone" affair, if I may use the title of bassist Bill Wyman's first solo album. They had been using canned material previously, with Keith Richards and Mick Jagger rearranging, dubbing and generally getting the product together at any number of studios throughout the world. **Undercover** features fresh, nearly live material — live in that each tune was done a minimum number of times to keep that raw sound. This is rock and roll the way it was meant to be — something that'll make the straights cover their ears. They've put the fear back.

The Doors/Alive She Cried: Even though he's

been dead for over ten years, Jim Morrison apparently has some rockin' left in dem bones. From **The Doors** in 1967, to **L.A. Woman** in 1971, there were four golden years in which The Doors led the parade. Not always a soft parade, either. Those four years of active duty spawned 13 albums encompassing 141 songs, plus various incantations, war whoops, threats and mutterings from the stage. The stage that was mastered by Jim Morrison. We've seen drunken bros around a campfire, hurling epithets and carrying on in a poetic manner that always reminds one of Morrison on a bender. The poetry continues in **Alive She Cried**.

Ya gotta wonder how long they're gonna keep pulling old material out of the cans. This particular batch of live recordings was summoned from those festive party-times of 1968, '69, '70 — ridin' was wild back then, as was everything, spurred on in no small part by the sounds of The Doors. Of course, let's not forget the Grateful Dead, Rolling Stones, Beatles, and The Who. But like the Dead, The Doors are ours — American bands — and proud of it. The tunes

will make ya tingle on **Alive She Cried**, particularly if you're an over-thirty goat. The Smithsonian oughta get a copy of it.

They've gone to the vault to resurrect Doors' standards (if you can use that word — nothin' they did was *standard*), such hits as "Light My Fire," "Love Me Two Times," "Moonlight Drive" (my favorite tune), "Texas Radio & The Big Beat," which is spoken by Morrison, and Howlin' Wolf's "Little Red Rooster," accompanied by John Sebastian on harmonica. But the ringer is one they pulled out of a pre-concert warm-up when they were ostensibly tuning up — "Gloria." If ya listen close, and often, you can tell. But it's great. The only thing is, now we may be on the verge of hearin' years' worth of material that the band themselves wouldn't touch in its present state. Much like the recently released John Lennon/Yoko Ono **Milk and Honey** album. Christ, if they had a chance and they thought it'd sell, the record company execs would try to put a fart on wax. It's the name that sells. But in the case of **Alive She Cried**, it's the music — and the remembrances! ■

One of the things that surprised me after I took over "Vet Voice" is that you people who read it don't just lay back, check out the words, and forget it. You write, you join in, you have something to say.

The editor I work with is a downright number-fuckin'-one, righteous dude — as are all the people chained up in the *Easyriders* office. And we tend to agree on what "Vet Voice" should do: pass on info and share thoughts and ideas. I'm given free rein with this and nobody screws around with the column.

The only problem is there's usually not enough room to lay down new info and print a lot of feedback from you. This month, though, I don't have a helluva lot of news, so why waste space? I'd rather take the opportunity to share the feedback.

Felt it was time to drop you a line to commend you on your work in putting out "Vet Voice." The response from your column has been overwhelming. We have received mail from Vietnam veterans seeking information or assistance from virtually every state in the union. You can be sure, Sarge, that every piece of mail has been answered and handled properly.

Sarge, if you could, please inform your readers that we have moved our New York office to Connecticut. If you ever get out in my neck of the woods, I'd sure like to slug down a few brews with you and chew the fat.

Again, thank you for your wonderful column. At least we know that the bikers in this country are informed. Enclosed is a copy of our basic information package, with necessary forms.

"Semper Fit!"
Jimmy Sparrow

High praise there from a good man! Jimmy Sparrow is one of the head honchos of Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims — one of the sources I recommended to you for Agent O information. He, Frank McCarthy, Jane Dziedzic and others have been doing a righteous job for years now on behalf of 'Nam bros. May be a lot more about them in a

future issue, but for now, take note of their new address:

**Vietnam Veterans
Agent Orange Victims**
93 Prospect Street
Stamford, CT 06902

Two more things, bros. I know everyone hates this sort of hint, but the fact is that these good people don't run their operation on cookie crumbs. They need greenbacks, just like anybody else doing good, non-profit work. Whether you send for info, or help, or neither, dropping a few centavos their way couldn't hurt. Secondly, Frank McCarthy has been having a helluva bad time with his own Agent O problems lately, and a few words from the brothers wouldn't hurt, either.

As a regular student of military history, it was a natural thing for me to begin reading books about Vietnam. Our participation in the war began and ended while I was still young. I never really understood any of it then — and I'm still trying to now. What I have learned leaves me with mixed emotions, to say the least. Uppermost is the pride I feel for the men who went and endured!

I am a housewife who turns off the soaps to pick up these books. As I read, I often wonder if I could have done as well as most of these guys. . . I've been brought to tears more than once. So far, I have read *Charlie Company*, *The Killing Zone*, *Everything We Had*, and *Fields of Fire*. Through this reading I've come to understand the value of human life and have decided to become a paramedic.

I've found it hard to get people to read books about Vietnam. "Too gory" . . . "Too depressing." Do they mean "too real"? *Charlie Company* should be required reading in our schools! Though "peace on earth" looks good on Christmas cards, mankind has proved over and over that the sentiment isn't very realistic. Let's hope people will learn from what's happened and take pains that it won't happen again.

Once wore an air force shirt that I got at a thrift shop to a wedding reception attended by some bikers and others. Being summer, I had it

tied up over a T-shirt. Turns out the stripes on it were those of a sergeant. They were noticed by more than a few vets and I was drawn into some Vietnam talk I hadn't expected, but it was welcome and interesting. I've gathered enough to realize that for each person Vietnam was a unique, personal experience.

Well, I'll let you get back to work. I'm sure you're helping a lot of people. I enjoyed your "Christmas in the Bush." Turkey dinner with my in-laws wasn't so bad, after all!

Wendy Jones
Redmond, Ore.

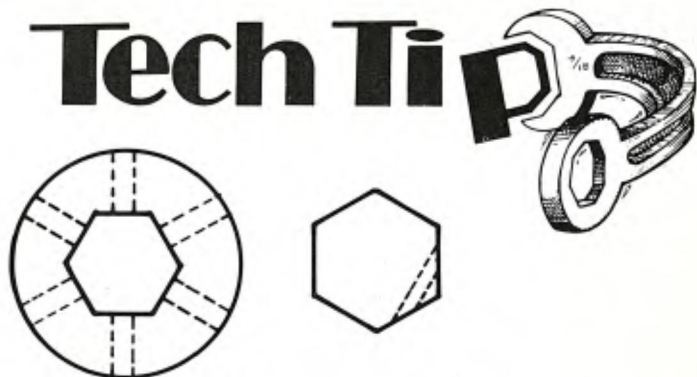
On January 11, the CBS Evening News aired a piece about Vietnam vets who live in the hills and mountains of this country because they cannot deal with a so-called normal, everyday life in this society. Some have lost their families and jobs. I would just like to say that I can appreciate their feelings. That damn war fucked up those men's lives. I don't think many people realize the pain those men have been suffering for years.

It makes me feel helpless. I wish so much that I could do something to help. All I can think of to say to all you guys who served is stay close to the people who love you — your family and friends. Some of us out here do care very much. I do.

Lisa Bazilo
New Britain, Conn.

Thank God for women! And, by the way, what Lisa refers to — for anybody who skips the news — is "Tripwire Vets." This is the term the media and some shrinks are using to label those of us who have chucked society for life in whatever boonies can be found. It's another new facet of PTSD. Some bros have been playing Jeremiah Johnson since shortly after their return from the 'Nam. Most of us haven't gone that far, but do show a marked preference for getting the hell out of the city, at least: life in the saddle, self-sufficient life on a farm, whatever. It's still a PTSD-related case of, "You don't want me and I can't handle you, either, so goodbye." ■

SAFETY-WIRING



Safety-wiring was first brought to us by the aviation industry. So, what's safety-wiring? Well, it's the art of making sure that nuts, bolts and line fittings don't leave their assigned spots before you're ready for them to leave.

Motorcycle racers picked up the art of safety-wiring a long time ago, for use on all critical parts of their bikes, such as engine and transmission mounts, brakes, fuel and oil lines. The pounding these race bikes took could loosen any fastener sooner or later, making for an embarrassing situation.

Around the middle of 1970, the factory — as in Harley-Davidson — started safety-wiring two of the inner primary bolts on their Big Twins.

These two bolts are right behind the alternator.

Safety wire is usually stainless steel and comes in various diameters for different size applications. Harley-Davidson uses .036 wire on their bikes. To use safety wire, you must have the bolts or nuts and fittings drilled for wiring. These pre-drilled bolts can be bought in most good hardware or surplus stores, or you can drill the bolts yourself.

If you are going to drill your own bolts, it's best to have a drill press, but a hand-held drill will work — it just takes a little longer. On allen-head bolts, it's best to drill straight through the head; on regular hex-head bolts, it's best to drill past a corner of the bolt head. The same

would go for drilling out a nut or line fitting.

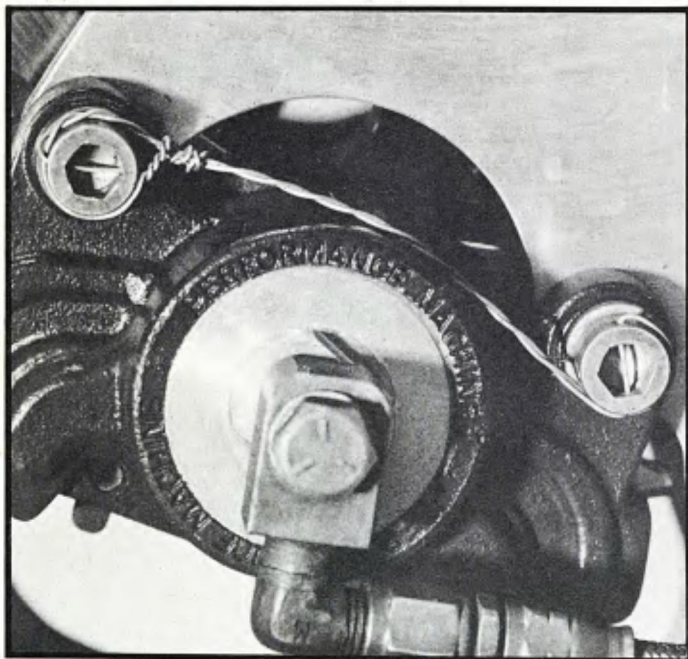
Once you have bolts that are drilled and installed, you can safety-wire. There are two basic ways to do this. The first way, shown in one of the photos, is to wire two bolts together. The second way is to wire a bolt to something stationary, like a bracket or cylinder fin.

To start wiring, pass the wire through the bolt and even up the wire's ends. Next, using safety-wire pliers or a pair of duck-bill pliers, twist the wire together till it reaches the second bolt. You should keep in mind that right-hand threaded bolts turn clockwise to tighten, so when you pull the wire to your next bolt, the wire should wrap clockwise from the

first bolt. This will maintain pressure on the first bolt to keep it tight and prevent it from backing out. The same goes for the second bolt. Once you've twisted the wire to it, thread the wire through the second bolt head so that when you're finished twisting the wire, it will prevent the second bolt from backing out. After you've wired the second bolt, twist the wire completely, double it back over the wire connecting the two bolts, and snip off the excess.

Safety-wiring isn't hard to do; it just requires a little patience and a few hand tools — the rest is up to you. Thanks to Roy Du Bach and Ken Lyon for this tech tip.

Later,
Wrench



"IS THAT ALL I DO?"

I belched my sixth gourmet hot dog, grabbed another beer and stepped out to the garage. It was good to have a couple of days off. Especially since the frigg-ing carburetor on the big shovelhead needed some work. The bike seemed to be leaning there with a shit-eating grin that only I could see. I put a fresh pack of smokes down beside the toolbox and began to lay out all the other stuff I was going to need. Bugs swirled around the overhead light, and the radio went into a beer commercial. I hated it when they did that; it made me feel like I was being trained. Gradually, I became aware that something seemed wrong. It took me a second, but then I saw him.

The neighborhood kid stood there in the doorway, looking intently over my sled. "That sure is pretty, mister." He walked over and gingerly touched the leather of the seat, as he continued to gaze in awe at all the chrome and beauty of the big chop. "I've seen you riding around a lot. My mom says that's all you ever do." It didn't seem right to blow him away by telling him

that occasionally I ate and fucked. The beer can was empty and I started toward the kitchen. The kid was at the door in a flash.

"I'll get ya one — it's in the icebox, ain't it?" Before I could say anything, he was gone. When he reappeared, he had two beers in his hands. "I

"My mom says that's all you ever do. Smoke and drink and make girls scream out on your front lawn."

brought ya two in case ya get extra thirsty." Smart kid, I thought.

He sat beside me and handed me the tools that I needed, quietly grabbing a swig of brew when he thought I wasn't looking. When I gave him a clean cloth, he meticulously polished every inch of the tank. "Grab me a smoke, will ya, kid?"

Popping one out of the pack, he fired it up like an expert and coughed when he handed it to me. "My mom says that's all you ever do. Smoke and drink and make girls scream out on your front lawn." This really hurt, especially

since my back lawn didn't even get mentioned.

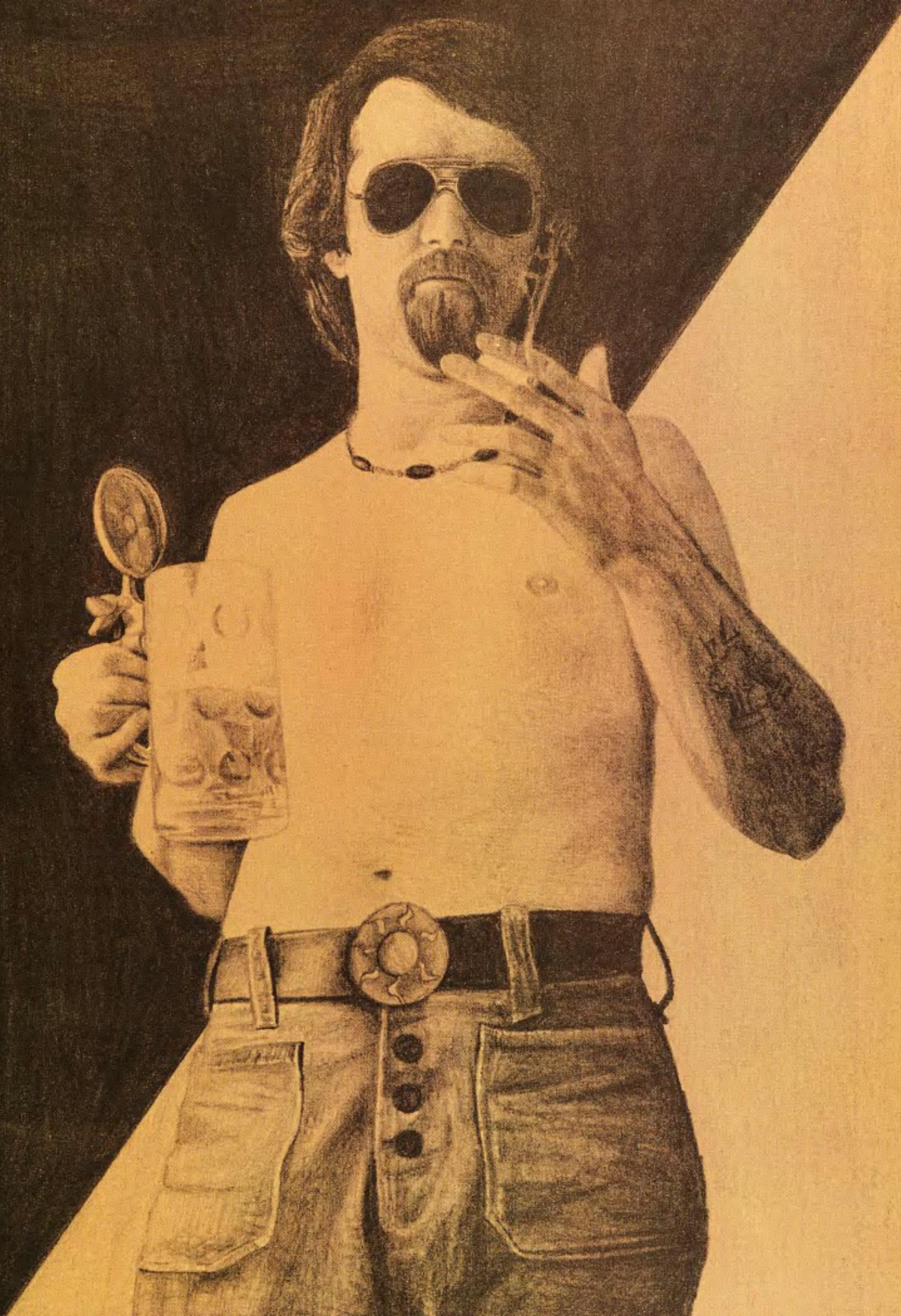
Things were starting to cook now. If I was lucky I could be out on the street tonight. I wheeled the Hog out, played with the choke, and kicked it through until she fired. The kid's face lit up as the big machine came to life. I played with the carb for a few minutes and made my last adjustments. "Get the smokes," I told him. He came running like a bullet out of the garage. I lit one up and smiled. "Get on. We're going for a ride."

We eased through a few back streets and followed the highway to the Interstate. I glanced back as we came off the ramp. He was sitting solidly, completely relaxed, grinning a big kid-smile as we hit the gears and met the wind. Four miles down the road, I started to pull off. He pulled on my shoulder and hollered, "Hey, man, please go one more exit." Kidnapping crossed my mind, plus I was thirsty.

He got off at the end of his street. "Wow, is that really all you do?"

I looked at him and grinned. Then I told him the most truthful lie I've ever told. "That's right, kid, that's all I do." ■

BY RON GROTE



Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Sixth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1,000 grand prize.

Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100 and runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible) describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is May 30th. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #132 Ol' Lady Contest. *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.



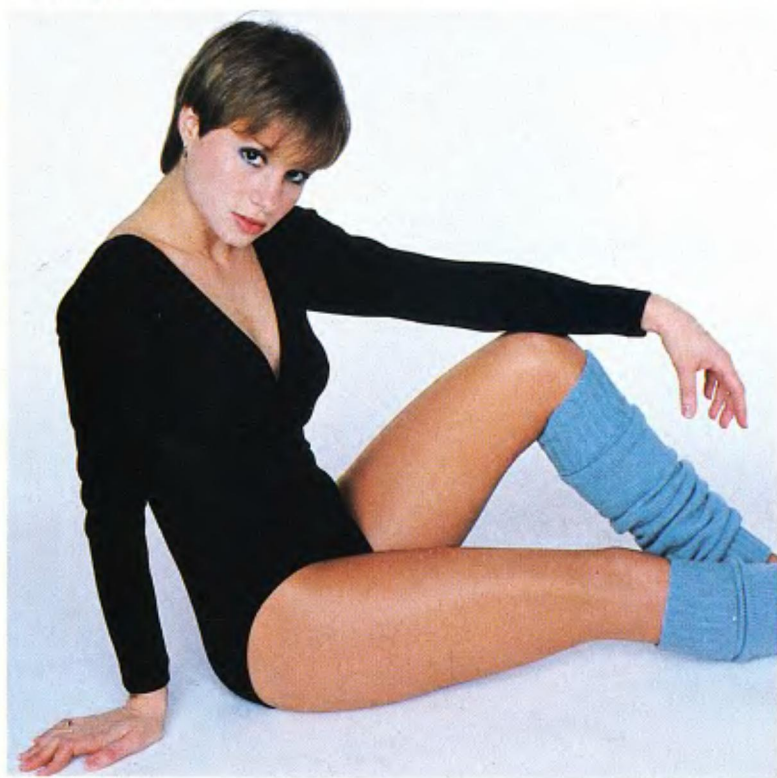
Here she is, folks — **Cindy**, the ninth monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Linda, Marcy, and Della.

LORNA





CHERYL



MARIA



VICKIE

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 _____

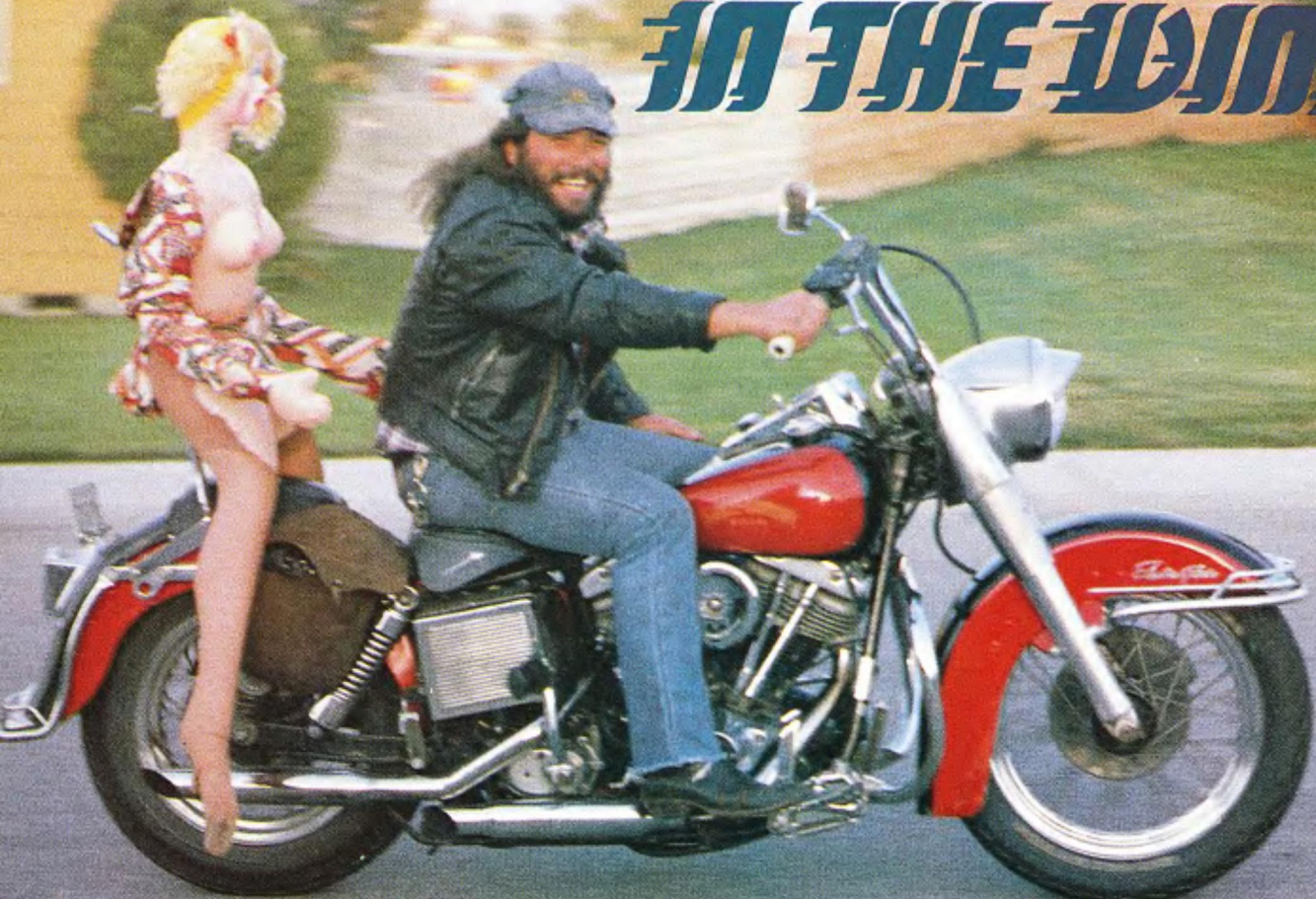
Address _____

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.

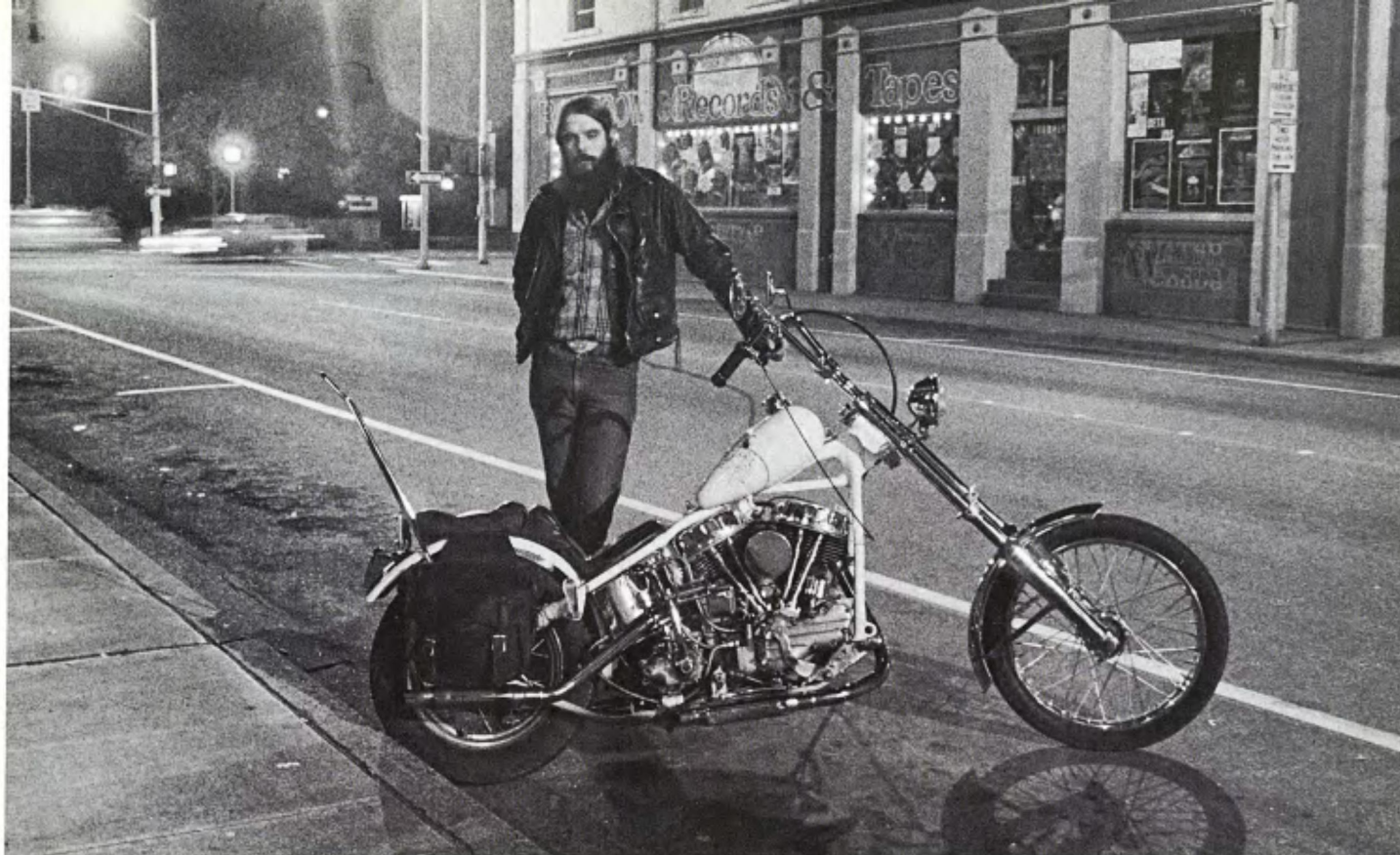
IN THE WIND



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.

—from Big Bob, Nampa, Ida.





—from Scott Barker, Centralia, Wash.

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



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

—from Mike Holland, Stagecoach, Nev.





—from Fred Desain, Lyons, N.Y.

—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.



—from Mike Moore, Pittsburg, Ill.





—from Kathy, Pinole, Calif.



—from John Shuster, Angeles City, Philippines
—from John Giovanazzi, Grandview, Iowa



—from Everett Bennett, National City, Calif.





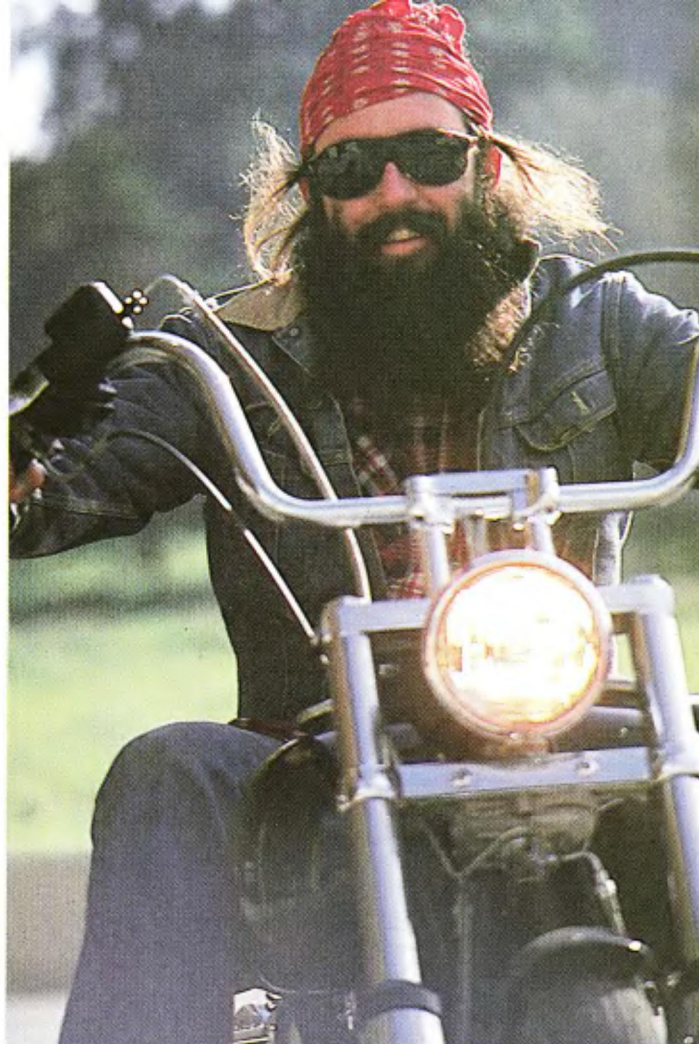
—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



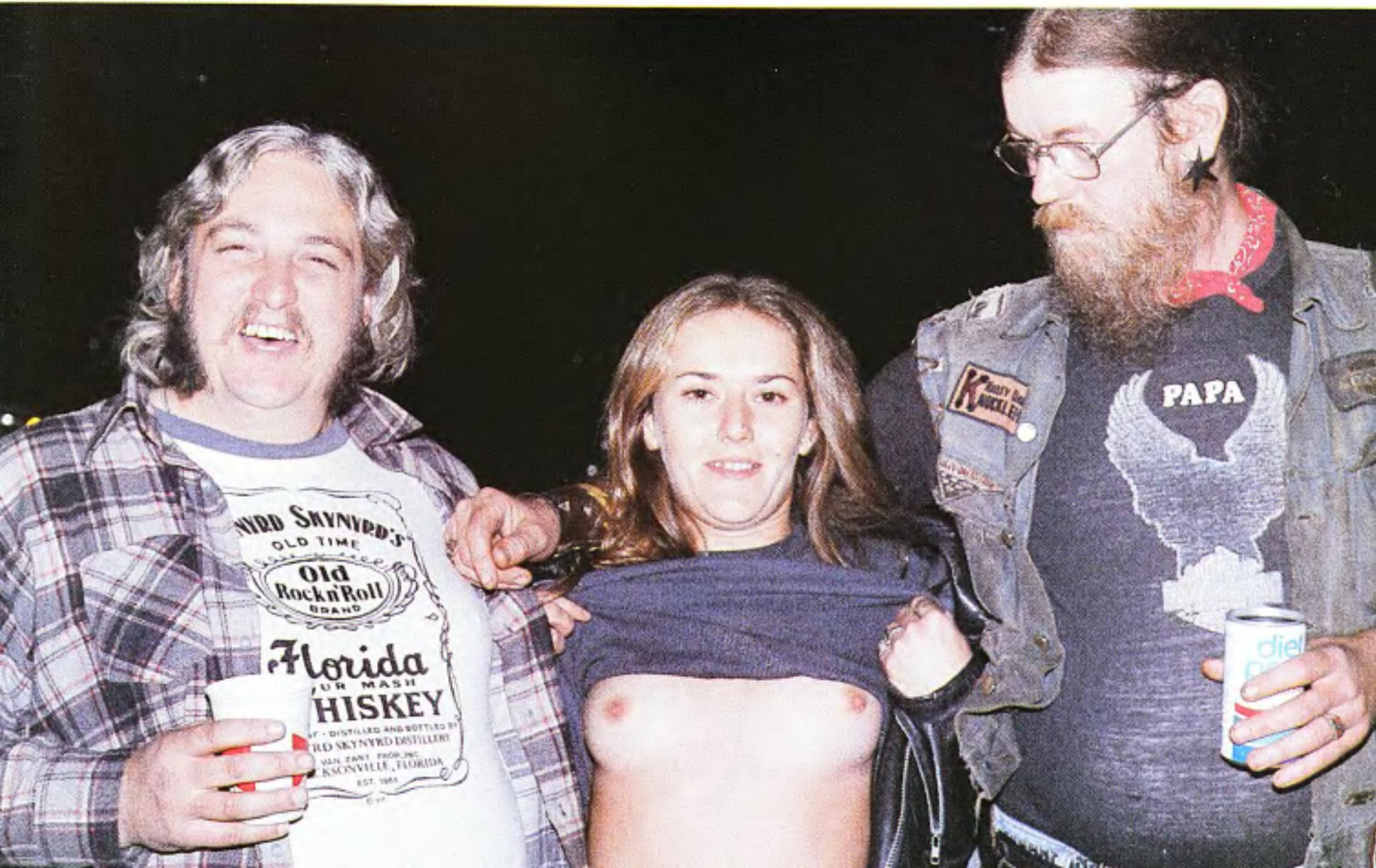
—from Kim Peterson, Big Bear Lake, Calif.



—from Loch David Crane, San Diego, Calif.



—from Kim Peterson, On the road



HARDWICKS



Seduction

You get a lot of strong urges living like a tramp. The strongest is the urge to pump the iron to a good-lookin' chick; the most long-lastin' is the urge for going.

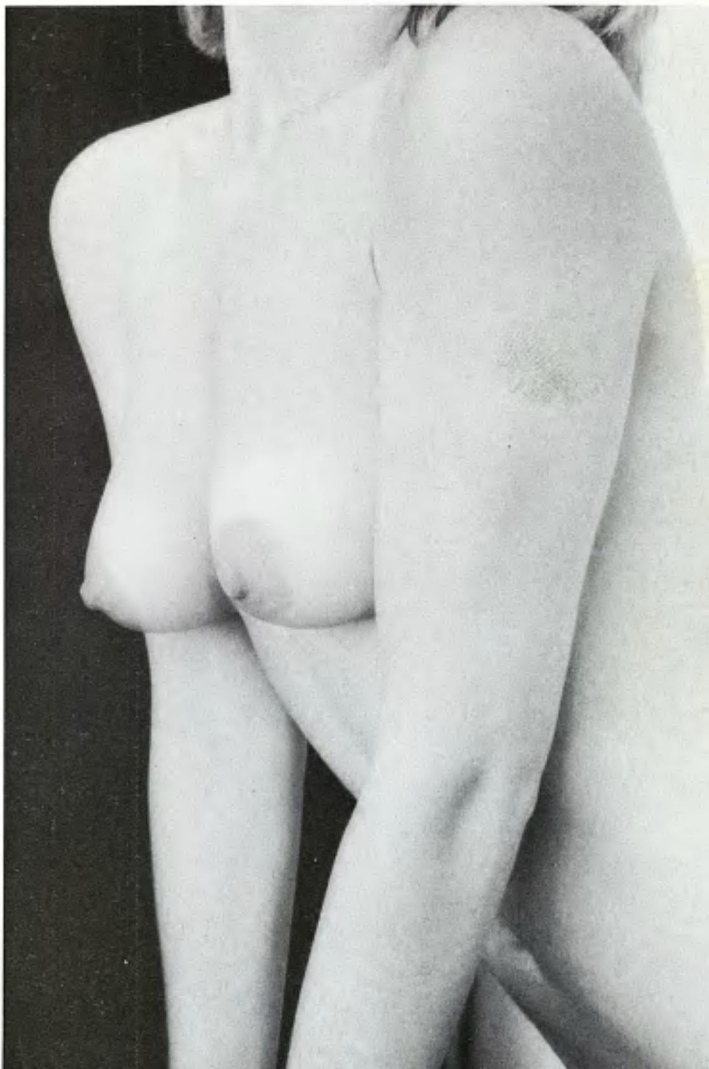
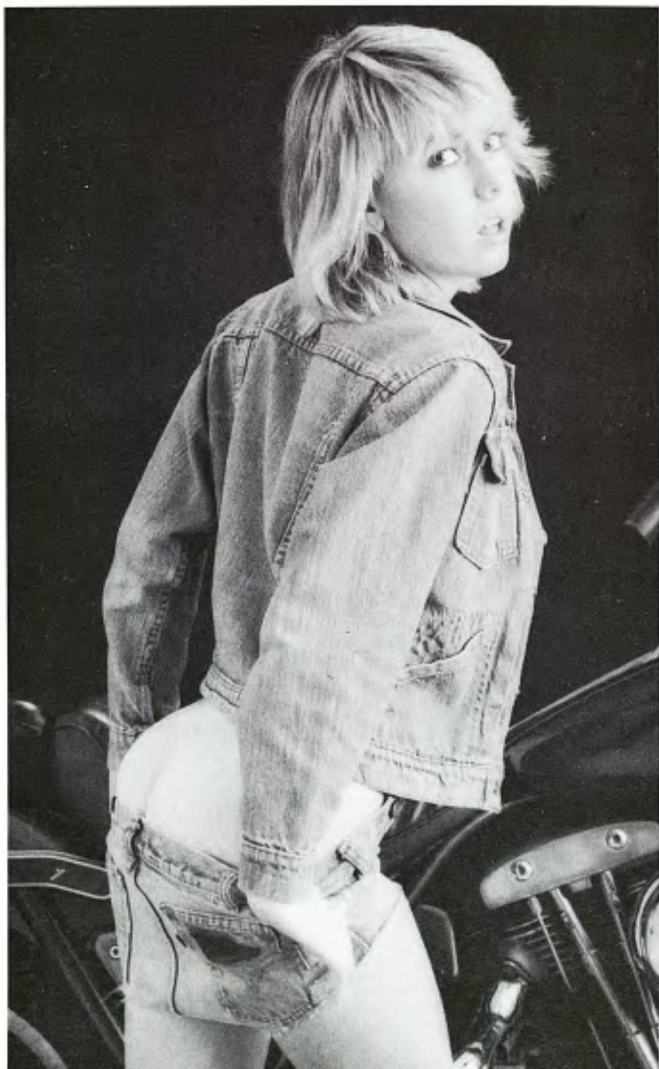


No one ever promised it'd be easy, this life we lead. No one ever said there wouldn't be cold rain, middle-of-nowhere breakdowns, bullshit busts and empty pockets.

Daddy never told me I'd be untouched by temptation, forever free from the lure of a good woman's lovin' arms and the promise of a warm bed, good chow and steady work.

Like you, I've hit my share of the bumps, felt my forks dive into some pretty deep potholes, heard a few electric doors slam shut behind me. So why not grow up, give it up, hang the goggles and the bandanna up on the wall for good? Why is that old pan still sitting less than ten feet from me, cracklin' as it cools, while I sit in the early spring sun scribblin' these words? Seduction is why, sweet simple seduction.

From the day Mama first points that milk-swelled nipple at our hungry little faces we spend the rest of our lives bein' seduced. We do. We all do. Everyone. That tight-assed banker in his three-piece suit? Somewhere along life's trail he got seduced by the lure of money. That cocksuckin' DA, mouthin' bullshit about bikers bein' part of organized crime. . . power's his trip; he'll chase it all his days. Missus Richbitch, lookin'







down her nose when you come sniffin' round her hot, horny daughter. . . she's been seduced by the dream of respectability, the dubious honor of going to her grave as a pillar of the community.

The most common seducer, of course, wears two tits over a hard belly and a tight snatch. Like Hildi here, that kind of seductress can be hard to get over. Let's face it, child of God, of all the good things on this earth, girls is one of the best. In case you've forgotten, just check out the pictures; they'll remind you in a hurry. Yeah, many's the biker who's been slowed down a season or two by one of them special ladies.

On the other hand, very few of us stay the course with a chick, no matter how sweet the taste. Marriage, mortgage and motherhood all play their parts in separating us from our lady loves, but the big factor is always the siren song sung by that piece of iron chained up in the garage, the seduction of that piece of asphalt right outside the shack.

In a showdown, the road always wins. The scent of the ozone over the Pennsy Turnpike, the first rays of the sun comin' up over the Blue Ridge Mountains, the sound of V-Twins rolling over the horizon. We'll chase the good times till the final run and beyond.

As the great vagabond singer Jim Ringer says:
*I remember thinking, when I was young,
 Of the places I wanted to see.
 And I guess I knew then, when I was a man,
 I'd give up a home to be free.*

Amen, bro. And sorry 'bout that, Hildi. We'll catch ya next time through.
 —Trampo







Photos by Pete Chiodo



KAW KILLER

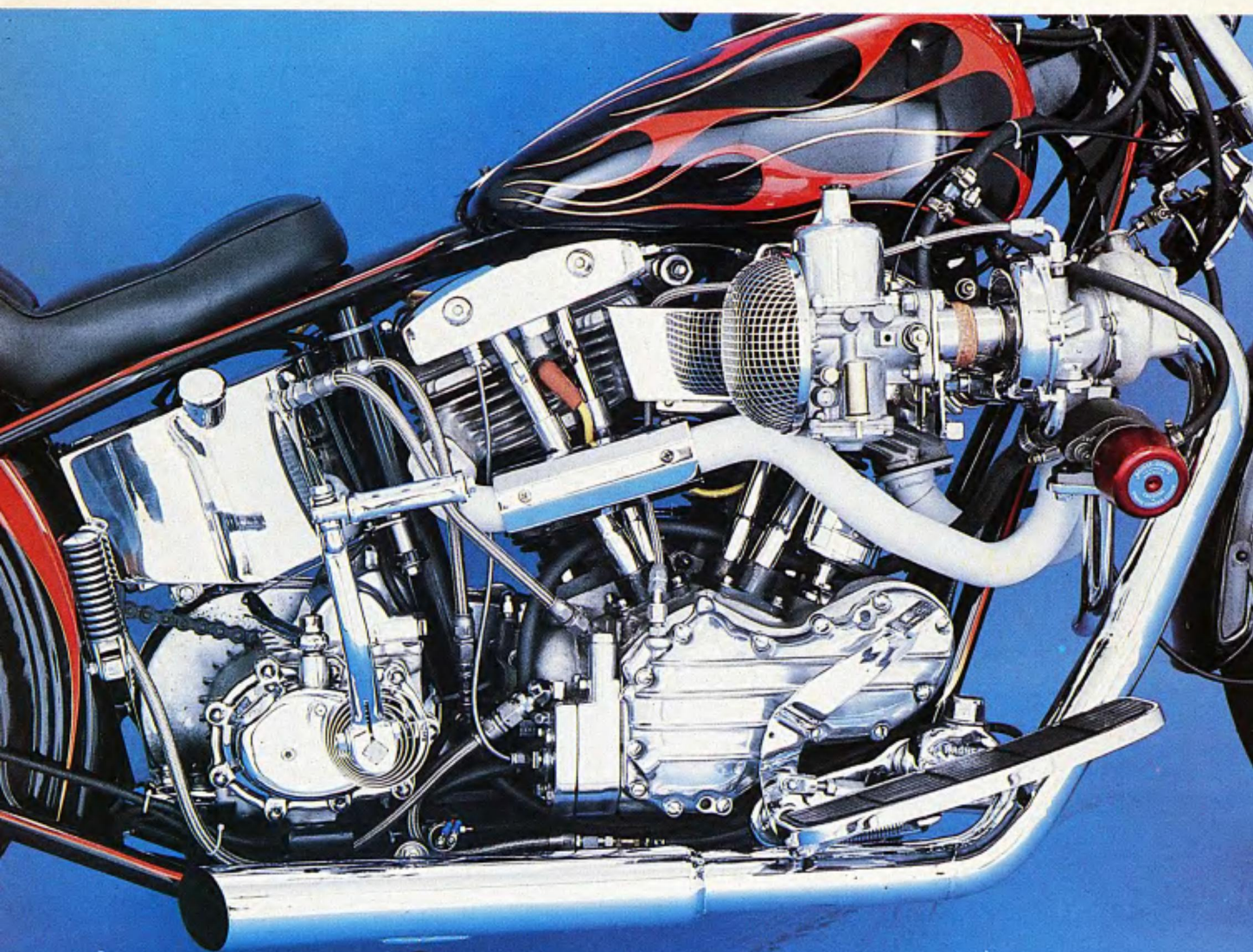


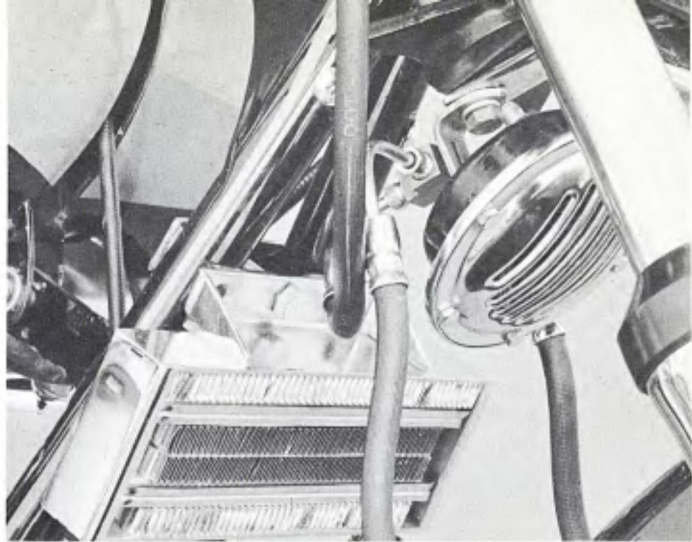


Ah, to not give a flyin' fuck! To have enough dough to put together a bike that will flat out blow off any foreigner fool enough to dare beating ya through a light and down the block. You've got yourself a certified Kawasucky Killer here, bros.

This turbo-charged, red-and-black screamer will blow the doors off cages and leave the rice-cycle competition eatin' your dust. Its four spark plugs guarantee a hotter flame — enough to burn up all the gas in the combustion chamber. Them twirling turbine blades, the impellers, are spinnin' faster than a Harley engine will turn to give the rider that sought-after rocket-like performance.

Yeah, man, I could sure go for a badass street sweeper like this. All them fuckin' helmeted sons of bitches in their tennis shoes and shorts who pull up, tweek the throttle and are gone in a flash — only to be seen seconds later at the local drive-

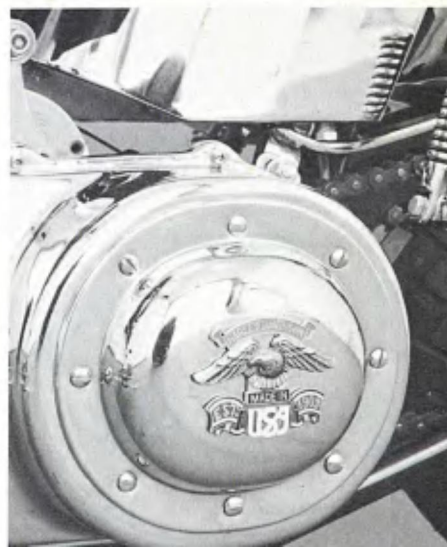
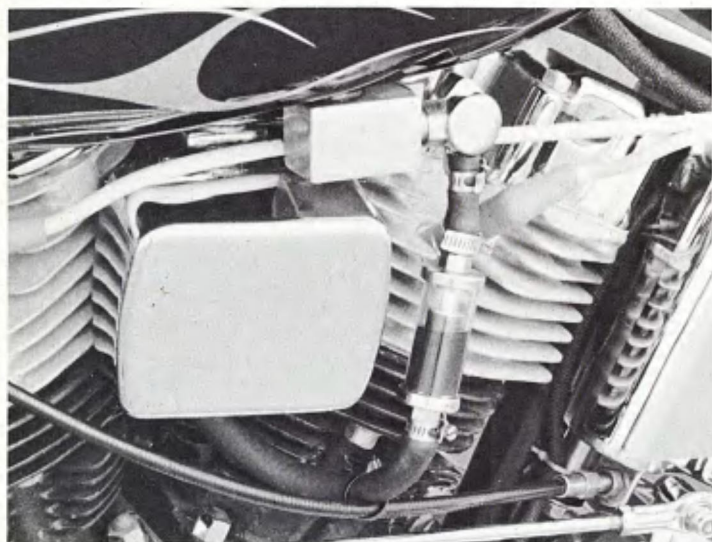


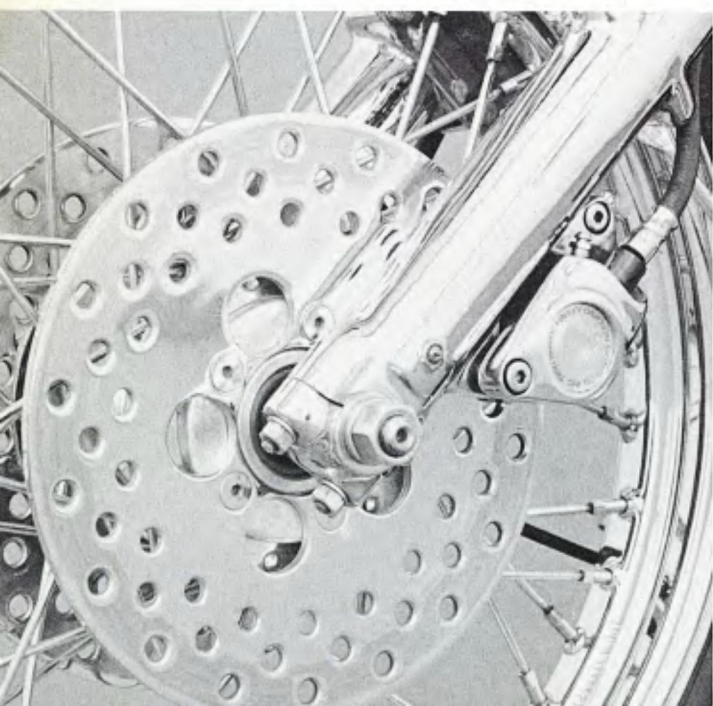


in, takin' up my place in the burger line — could eat my dust for a while.

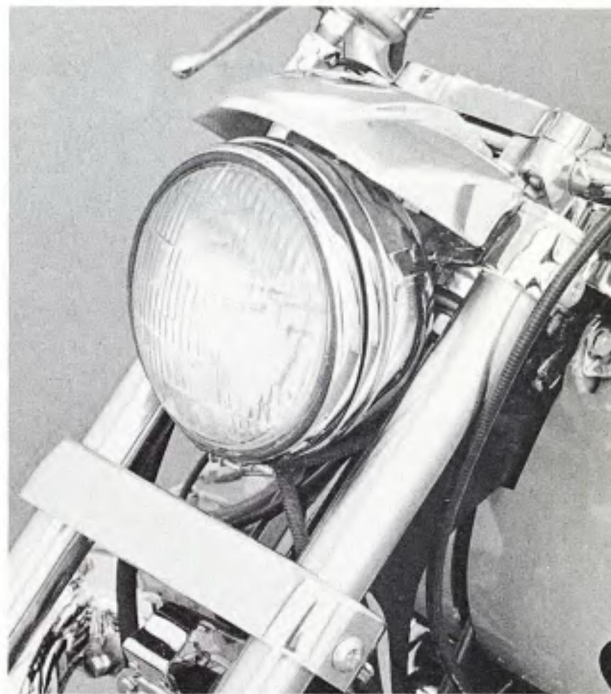
Of course, I'd have to sacrifice somethin' for all that torque and speed — say a few miles per gallon. So what? Who cares about mileage — ya got fatbobs, and we ain't in a gas crunch. Nope, this ain't no sedate street machine. There also isn't any unnecessary shit

on it. Like a sissybar. Ya gotta figure the dual mirrors are mandatory cop catchers, lettin' ya scope out the slow lane where the sharks are lyin' low and creepin' up on ya. The owner has even allowed himself a little comfort with the floorboards, so he doesn't have to take the pounding of the pegs. And the tach is a handy feature that'll probably prevent an over-





Owner: Robert Barnett		City: Beverly Hills, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Dick's Cycle		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1966 H-D		Builder: Lowe Chassis	
Model: shovelhead		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: Dick's Cycle		Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: gussetted	
Chroming by: Mondo Show Chrome		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stock longhorns	
Year: 1966		Risers: FXE	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): fatbob rear/modified front	
Rebuilder: Dick's Cycle		Headlight: FXE	
Ignition: Voltpak		Taillight: Bates	
Displacement: 86 cu.in.		Speedo: FXE	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: running boards	
Balancing: Dick's Cycle		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: custom loom	
Cases: 1966 legal		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: dual plugs		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Leineweber		Oil system: HES pump cover	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: tin can	
Carb(s): SU		Seat: Goodies	
Air cleaner: Rivera		Sissybar: fender strut	
Pipes: turbo pipe		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): Rivera		Material: strap steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: close-ratio Andrews		Type: FXE glide	
Year: 1966		Extension: 4 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Super Max 80		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19	Size: 16
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dog Catcher Tom		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: red/yellow flames			
Other special modifications: ideas from Smoke; Rivera blower and boost gauge.			

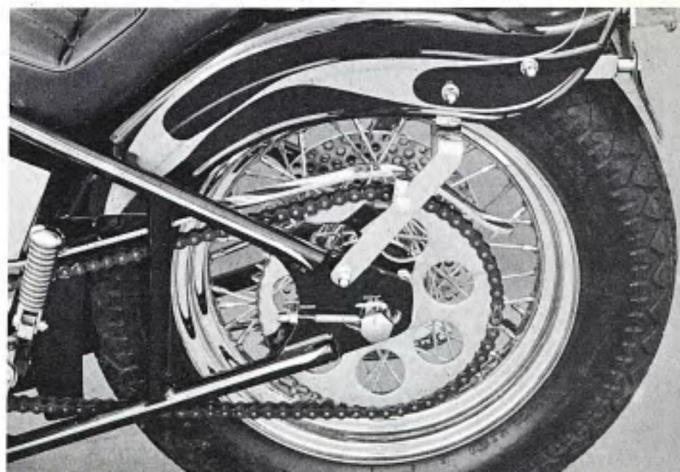


Photos by Pete Chiodo

revving situation that could make all the bucks ya spent come coughin' up at ya in the shape of a fried engine. Not to mention the added security of dual front brakes to slow down this speedin' steed.

Yeah, it'd be nice to own somethin' as glamorous as Bob Barnett's chiller-thriller, but his financial situation is evidently a lot better than mine. The pie allowance keeps gas in the ol' 45 — and that's about all. At least someone's got a bike that'll take care of the young lard-heads. Just ride it safe, bro.

—45 Fred



FREE EASYRIDERS!

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

ALABAMA

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 Spennard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Northern Arizona H-D 409 W. Pine, Ashfork

ARKANSAS

Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle

CALIFORNIA

San Fernando MC Service 547 N. Macley St., San Fernando
Purple Hog Leathers 642 Plumas St., Yuba City
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

Moonshine Cycle 720 W. Olive Ave. Unit B, Porterville
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Cycle Specialties 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
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Taft Cycle Supplies 103 "B" Street, Taft
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
American-Made Motorcycle Co. 4125 Franklin Blvd.,
Sacramento

Racer's II 8721 Garden Grove Blvd., Garden Grove
Dick's Cycle 9110 E. Artesia Blvd., Bellflower

COLORADO

Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, 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 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 1/2 5th St., Greeley
Brown's Custom Cycle 444 E. Pike Peak,
Colorado Springs
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway,
Englewood

CONNECTICUT

Sparkle Cycle Accessories 76 Union St., Rockville
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
H-D South 9860 E. Fern St., Miami
Pinellas Custom Cycle 9190 64th Way 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., Ft. 80,
Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy.,
Ft. Pierce
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
American Cycle Supply 5503 Broadway, West Palm Beach
The Motorcycle Shop 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow
Big John's Cycles 7984 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Mell Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Markham Cycle Center 3856 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

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 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 1, Charlotte
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston

KANSAS

Free Wheeling 500 W. 2nd St., Topeka
Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

KENTUCKY

Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville

LOUISIANA

Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Putski Hwy., Edgewood
Satan's Cycle Salvage 15879 Fields Rd., Rockville
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville

MASSACHUSETTS

Chip's Custom Equipment Depot Street, Palmer

MICHIGAN

Detroit Metro H-D Co. 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 35891 Gratiot Ave., Mt. Clemens
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2963 N. Euclid, Bay City
V-Twin Limited 66605 N. Lakeview, Sturgis

MINNESOTA

D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis
P.J.'s Everything MC 108 E. Center, Rochester
Twin City H-D, Inc. 8545 Hwy. 101, Savage

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Perryville Cycle Center 713 N. Kings Hwy., Perryville
H-D of Kansas City 10529 E. 40 Hwy., Independence
Milwaukee Iron 1769 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
H-D of Trenton, Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Precision Cycle Shed 105 W. 44th St., Bayonne
H-D of Ocean County 642 Ocean Road, Point Pleasant
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope

NEW MEXICO

Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
MC Cycles 527 Halstead Avenue, Mamaroneck
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
Electric City Cycle 1330 State St., Schenectady
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yarkin Road,
Fayetteville

J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan
Bennie's Cycle Service 3701 S. Broadway, Hwy. 83 S., Minot

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus

OKLAHOMA

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton
Maltese Customs 512 N. Grand Garriotti St., Enid

PENNSYLVANIA

Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville
Moe's H-D Specialties 117 Pine St., Catasauqua

SOUTH CAROLINA

Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D 2790 Pamlico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston
Southern Scooter Supply, Inc. 1001 Paris Ave., Port Royal

TENNESSEE

Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
Cycle Village Riverside Dr. at Main, Clarksville

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Melford Drive, Lufkin
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco
Beaumont H-D 5550 J. Eastex Freeway, Beaumont
Trip Cycle 3823 Ave. S., Galveston
East Bay American Motorcycle (formerly Basket Case) 112
E. Ennis Ave., Ennis
Wizard Cycle Accessories 906 S. Austin, Brownwood
The Hog Shoppe 6431 Sunnyland Lane, Dallas

VIRGINIA

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

WASHINGTON

74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

H-D of West Virginia 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston
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
Saul-Prairie 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
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc

Goin' Down

Continued from page 33

came staggering in one night, spewing blood all over the place, and demanded that I first sew up his leg and then his Levi's before we went to the drive-in. He'd laid it down coming into the parking lot — lost it in a pile of leaves that Jose Feliciano could've seen — and had slid right into some above-ground sprinklers.

"Hey, turkey, this is where you get the big AMF," I said, tossing him a roll of paper towels. "If you live to be thirty, I'll be the first one to visit you in intensive care to hang birthday streamers and balloons on your life-support system. But I'm gonna walk in like a normal person, not some fuckin' gimp, and I'm gonna be wearin' all my original upholstery." I don't want to give the impression that I'm a candyass, but really, by that point, I'd come to know beyond the shadow of a doubt that Irish a) was an incredibly poor rider who'd never live long enough to move up to a Hog; b) had a death wish as bad as all of Detroit; and c) was too fucking short to ever change, even if he'd wanted to or thought he should.

Winter was coming on; it snowed later that night, in fact. Nothing much for Michigan, just a little harbinger of things to come, maybe two or three inches at most. Standing in the airline office at noon the next day, I looked out at the grimy slush on the street, knowing it would be solid ice by dark, and firmed up my resolve. "One way to San Francisco," I said to the ticket agent.

"For how many?" he asked.

I had to consider my answer for a moment. Looking around to make sure I hadn't brought someone in with me that I didn't know about, I leaned forward and very quietly said, "How many people do you see standing in front of you?"

"Uh... one," he replied, not getting it at all.

"Then how many do you suppose want tickets?" I snapped, having to hang onto the edge of the counter to keep from reaching over it and strangling him with his tie. It crossed my mind that I might have waited too long before trying to get out; psychiatrists say that prolonged exposure to nothing but fuckheads can eventually make a person nut right up.

The transaction moved steadily along from that point — except for a final minor skirmish at the airport regarding the amount of baggage I had. "We're gonna have to send some of this stuff on another flight,"

the boarding clerk said. "Pick out the bags you want to take with you."

"I already did," I told him. "You're lookin' at 'em."

"Well, you neglected to tell the ticket agent —"

"He didn't ask."

* * *

In the spring I met the Meatman. It was April Fool's Day; at the time I thought that was merely a coincidence. I'd moved to the country by then — actually, it was a little cowtown across the Bay and behind the hills — because I'd discovered that contemporary city life ain't shit if you're not into crowds and sirens and cops and winos. Which I never was anyhow, and my attitude had been getting steadily worse.

Taking the garbage out that morning, trying to set a positive example for the neighborhood (whose generally conformed to method of disposal was to simply move out and leave everything to the cockroaches whenever the bastards got bigger than the smallest family rugrat), I turned the corner into the alley and found Meatman kicking the cowboy dogshit out of an already sorry-looking rat.

"Yours?" I asked casually, hoping I'd succeeded in coming up with at least a hint of a smile. I wanted to ascertain whether he was just pissed at the sled or working himself up to committing an all-out assault on things in general. His snarled reply isn't worth repeating here, but suffice it to say that it concerned a particularly sordid line of work and what individuals so employed could do with the wretched machine he was abusing.

I couldn't begin to conceive of how anyone, particularly someone like

him, could get a nationally known finance company to make a loan on something that looked like a pre-Civil War prototype for some sort of experimental land torpedo. (And I was so staggered by the apparent utter recklessness of the lending institution he'd mentioned that it took a while for the full, insulting significance of his assumption that I was connected with that sort of crummy business to sink in.)

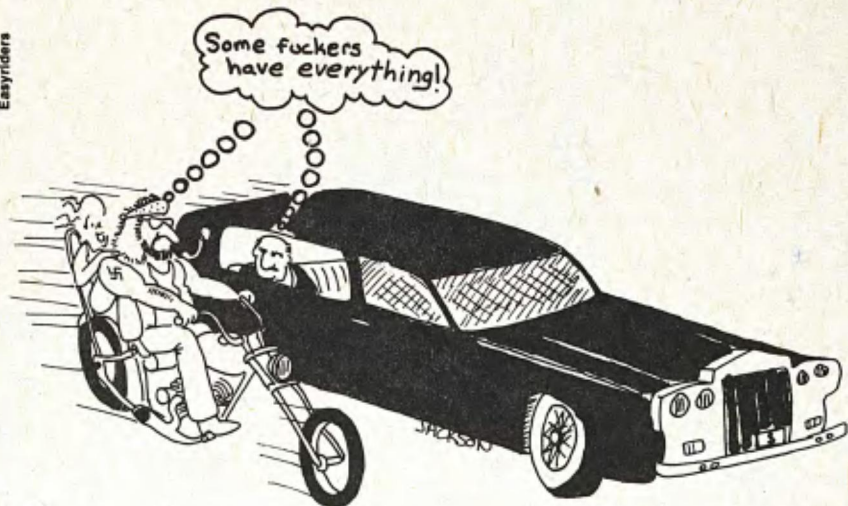
By the time Meatman was satisfied that carrying two bags of garbage wasn't half of the Friendly Home Loans' Miss-One-Payment-&-Meet-Two-Ugly-Big-Noses skip-tracers' disguise, and had, in turn, explained to me that it's possible, under some circumstances, for extremely clever individuals to obtain financing on anything from the Dead Sea Scrolls to completely nonexistent real property, it had been dark for some hours and we were snuggled up to what was left of my "special occasion" jug of red wine.

"Hey," Meatman said, peeling the covers away from me as he groped around on the floor for the bottle. "how come you know how to fight so well? I mean, you weren't ever close to gettin' anywhere, y'understand, but as chicks go, you're not bad."

"I don't wanna talk about it." I could feel my face flush with renewed embarrassment at the memory of how easily he'd pinned me there in the alley when I'd gotten around to getting sore about his first remark. It would have been one thing for him to just subdue me — after all, Meatman's not exactly a bantamweight — but recalling how he'd gone on to undress me right

Continued on page 83

Easyriders



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 — \$14 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$14 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

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

W/m, 28, brown hair and eyes, 155 lbs., got nine years to go. Sure would like to have some nice ladies to write to me. It's lonely behind these gray walls. Will write to all who write me. Send pictures if you can. Rick Whitehouse 20748, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Blond hair, blue eyes, 6'3", 24, lonely; doing 15 — have 5 done. Looking for some fine lady for when I get out. Kenneth Sharp 067445-C-113, 500 Orange Ave. Cir., Belle Glade, FL 33430.

One downed lonely cage thief wants to hear from foxes, ladies, sisters, mothers, and grams. I'm 26, 5'7", 180 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Been down for 5, have another 5 to do. Jo E. Tharp 630927, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362.

Lookin' for love with affectionate, together female, 18-28, I'm 31, 5'11", 190 lbs., long blond hair, green eyes. Parole in '85. Robert Jones, Box C-56406, Tracy, CA 95376.

Two peckerwoods down and out, would like to hear from you ladies who are interested in a couple of convicts at Folsom State Prison. So, come on, girls, show us your butts. Paul Campbell, Box C-03238, and Dennis Wright, Box C-73379, Reppa, CA 95671.

There's a million of you hardbelly females out there and I just want one; that ain't askin' for much. If you like bikes, country-type livin', and give good head, you and me might be right for each other. Drop me a kite and let's find out, huh? I'm white, old enough to know better and I don't mind rugrats. Rick "Sleepy" Kelly, M-3747, Drawer K, Dallas, PA 18612.

Mex-Amer. bro, 31, 5'8", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Pulling a few years in Illinois with women on my mind. So drop me a line. Looks don't matter and problems can pass the time. I'll answer all who show me their country class with a picture. Don't have any family or friends in the area, so my phone calls or sugar visits can be all yours. Tommy Zaragoza, N-37555, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

One downed outlaw from Dallas-town lost contact with his lady. Ain't no way to be, ya all! Patty Cakes, Yon, Tree, somebody, write this good-for-nothin' tramp. Love ya all. Fred "Raunch" Brewer 366316, Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, TX 75851.

Two lonely white bros down in Maryland. Doing some screwed-up time in a screwed-up state and we're looking for two sincere, loving, and honest white chicks, between 18 and 30, to write to and get serious with. Photos, please. Donald P. Poole 162-534, and Michael DeFrancisco 155-806, Box 549, Jessup, MD 20794.

I am a Canadian boy all down and out on a bad roll, doing time in a Quebec pen, and could use some mail to get me through the last part of this hell raiser. I'm doing 5 yrs. with 1 1/2 to go. I'm 23, 5'7", 152 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes, I'm not that bad-looking and will answer all letters from the ages 18-25. I am a tripper, but I'm not interested in any hard games. Man, it is just so damn lonely that a person needs something to hold on to. Greg White 5225, Cowansville Inst., CP 5000, Fordyce Ave., Cowansville P.Q., Canada J2K 3N7.

Lonely white biker, 25, 6'1", 180 lbs., would like letters and pics from young ladies, 18-45. Been down two calendars, one left. Would like to get in touch with the free world before my release in '84. Will answer all. James Pennington 120583, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74502.

It would be really great for a foxy, local lady to write or visit this lonesome rider while he's down. Country boy at heart (southern N.H. area). Sagittarius, w/m, considered nice-looking, with brown hair, hazel eyes, moustache, 170 lbs., 5'11". Warmth and humor to share with a righteous one-man woman. Honesty and trust important above all. Gary Wlodyka, Box 565, Billerica, MA 01821.

Hey, ladies, don't pass this one up! W/m, brown hair and eyes, 31, 6'1", 200 lbs. Looking for a sweet, sincere fox to correspond with. No head trips needed or given. These are lonely times; I need love to pull me through. Won't you drop me a line? Who knows where we can go. Tom "Doc" Cota 28144, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 37, 5'7", 150 lbs., Illinois outlaw, one year down, four to go. Need letters and pics from lady who loves outlaws. All letters answered. All pics answered with a pic. Ed Jacobsen 90708-024, FCI, Box 1000, Oxford, WI 53952.

White warrior, 27, 6'3", 204 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Seeks female companionship. Be out in '85. Looking for an ol' lady to settle down with. No head trips. Scotty English, Box B-41639, Florence, AZ 85232.

My name is Jane. I'm a long-legged lovely Indian female, age 27, 5'5", 130 lbs. I'm doing some lonely time here in the flat country and could use a brother or sister in the free land to bring my spirit closer to happier hunting grounds. Jane Long 122639, MBCC-EHU, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

I'm 5'7 1/2", have blondish-red hair, green eyes, and am 25. I will write to anyone; age doesn't matter. I have 3 years left before I hope to get out. Will send pictures. Ricky Abney 32712, Box 128, Cell 1-5-7, ESP, Rt. 2-Old Eddyville, Eddyville, KY 42038-0128.

23-yr.-old white guy, part Dutch and Indian. I'm looking for a lady to call my own and to share my life with, through letters for now. You've heard the story, "I'm so lonely, I could die"? I am. I've been alone for the last 3 years and don't want to be alone any more. Would that special lady please write? Chuck Burger 160-856, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

San Fernando Valley white boy in San Quentin. Lookin' for that special lady. Donnie Sylvestre, Box B-51405, Tamal, CA 94974.

Female, 24, 5'5", 125 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Very lonely Gemini with short time left to do. In need of a knight in shining armor to rescue me from this lonely atmosphere. Please, guys, if you are under lock and key, don't write. We get in trouble. Kathy Davis 104510, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

W/m, 33, 165, brown hair and eyes, out in '86. I sincerely hope you will write. James Leger 88259, CBC 4L #3, Angola, LA 70712.

Like to ride, party and have fun. Would like a lady to write and send a picture, if possible. Randy Sorrells 88844, KSR, Dorm 5, LR15, LaGrange, KY 40032.

W/m, 37, down, needs some ladies to write him. Be out soon. 5'9", 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Send photo. Maxie L. Gilliland 02326079, Box 1000, Leavenworth, KS 66048.

Downed bro doing a 7-year bid at Mid-State prison in Jersey. Looking for foxes to rap to via the mail. Release due early '85. Can send and receive mail from other prisons. I'm a w/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes, 31. Real lonely. Lou Zeltner 69617, Box 866, Wrightstown, NJ 08562.

100% peckerwood tramp doing time in Oklahoma. Looking for a foxy young lady to correspond with and help me do this time. Only serious-minded need to write; no head games. Letters with pictures answered first. Looking for a lasting relationship. I'm 6', 29, 185 lbs., long brown hair, brown eyes. Rick Henager 03838-064-TX-1, El Reno, OK 73036.

W/m, 25, doing life, would like to receive letters and flicks from all you chicks, 18-100. Letters with flicks answered first. Will answer all. Ed Patrick 173-575, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

Down-home country boy is looking for a down-home country girl, 25-35. I am 36 years old, 5'10 1/2", tall, 180 lbs., not into head games and am looking for a possible serious relationship with a no-games-type country woman. Have 31 months to go for freedom, so take some time and drop me a line. John W. Ford, Box 8200, Cranston, RI 02920.

Downed 'n' deserted. "Fine" ol' lady, 5'2", 110 lbs., blonde hair, no tattoos, looking to pick up again in '84 with righteous bros. Gonna need someone, somewhere. Let me hear from you. JoAnne Borden 151287, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

White radical 1/2er down and out, looking for some radical white trash who would like to correspond. Don't care about looks or size. Send flicks. Ronald "Wolfman" Peach, Box 473, D-10, Westville, IN 46391.

Male, 31, looking for a good lady. Down for 4 years. They can bind the body, but they can't arrest the soul. Would like photo. Answer all. Dennis P. Shegrud 144738, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963-0351.

Notice: Starvin' Marvin is now taking applications for a prospective ol' lady. So send flicks 'n' scribes. I'm on the down slope of gettin' this life sentence done, so I should be getting out in the next year or two. I'm a w/m, Pisces, 30, 6'2", blond hair and weigh 205 lbs. All letters will be answered, but a flick will get faster reply. Marvin R. James 253148, Rt. 11, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, TX 77343.

Attractive-looking blonde lady would like to correspond with serious-minded man who enjoys life and family living. Shirley Tucker 150764, FCI #391, Box 147, Lowell, FL 32663.

Two lonely w/m doing time the hard way, alone. We are in need of letters and pictures from sweet ladies, 18-30, who are sincere and looking for a good man to start an honest relationship with. Airheads and phonies are not wanted. Tom Jackson 173-503 (6'1", 22, 195), and H. "Bear" Gilbert 167-057 (21, 5'8", 175), Box 69, London, OH 43140.

W/m, 33, 5'9", 180 lbs., brown eyes and curly hair. I'm tired of douche bags! I would like to write a lady I could respect! I get out the end of '84. Will answer all; photo, if possible. Nick Parker 38532, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Listen, ladies, this 6', 180 lb., 26-yr.-old dude is in need of a little TLC while behind these bars. So, how about getting off your buns and dropping your bro a line or two! Ron Doty 46690, MSU, Parchman, MS 38738.

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

W/m of Viking ancestry, 33, brown hair, blue eyes, 6'2", 200 lbs., Cancer, 69er, needs ladies with vivid imagination and conversation. Young, old or in between. Preferably in Bay area, but will answer all. A flick gets a letter quick. Carl "Fur Face" Young, C72021, Box 686-E-239, Soledad, CA 93960.

Righteous, proud and white bro, 25 years old, 5'10", 170 lbs., would like to hear from sexy females. Bill Healey 30604, Box 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87504.

Downed pilot and smuggler, doing twenty with 18 months to go. Want to start over with adventurous lady. Ray Broussard 24779-149, Unit B, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436.

Downed bro, 5'11", 190 lbs., seeking letters from sweet ladies. Letters with pics get first reply. Jerome Yocum 29403, Box 639, Las Cruces, NM 88004.

Need some foxy ladies' company. 6', blond hair, blue eyes, 185 lbs., down, but not finished. All letters answered. David Stanley 28557, Box 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Downed tramp, 20, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown hair and eyes, looking for a sincere ol' lady to help me through this time and to possibly putt together in '85. Send pics and letters to: Mike "Rebel" Powers 123504, JRCC, D-6, State Farm, VA 23160.

Downed 100% Caucasian male with his freedom near again is looking for a righteous lady to cruise and be with out there in the free world — so write a letter and let's rap. I'm a 5'7", 163-lbs., 24-year-old Taurus, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes, who loves cruising and living the good life. I will send a picture. Write to: Scott W. McGeary 165902, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

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 **James "JD" Davanzati**, whose life was taken by a cage driver on November 26, 1983. You'll always be in front of the pack, a free spirit ridin' the wind. We'll miss you always. Love, Jon, Tim, and Ray.

In loving memory of **James "Steadily" Ardis**, 11/15/83. With great sadness and pain we made that final ride with you. You will always live on in our hearts and minds. Let the moonbeams be your highways and the sun be your guiding light. Goodbye, little brother, till we all ride together again. May the peace and love of the Lord be with you. Sadly missed by your wife, Lynette, your brothers of the Fugate Tribe, and all your brothers and sisters in south Alabama.

In memory of brother **Larry Robert Roseboro**, 12/6/83. May he live to ride forever in our memories on "Midnight Blue," forever "Against the Wind." Love and honor abide by him. Forever, his brothers and sisters of Greensboro.

In memory of **J.C. Moore**, engineer, biker, father, friend and brother. Murdered on Veterans Day by a fool. Only the good die young. We love and miss you. Rick, Kat and friends, Pratt, Kansas.

In memory of **Howard "Shaker" Davis**, Kenner, La. You were something special to each of us because you had one special quality — you had heart. Ride free forever, happy. Debs, Cap and all your bros and sisters.

In loving memory of **Harley Martin**, 11/30/83. You loved life and died young. You'll be there when I get there. I love you and miss you. Your #1 bro, Big Red.

In never-ending memory of **Chuck Lewis**, brother and friend. You took life by the throat and made it give you what you wanted, and you died doing what you loved best. Chuck, you were a "dynamite hugger" and we'll love you and miss you always. Your brother and sister, Solo and Taco Red.

In loving memory of my dear brother, **Donald Eugene "Pipe" Cox**, 7/30/52-5/16/82. I will always love and miss you. Your sister Judy.

In loving memory of **Richard Lee Tripp**, 6/16/83. You lived your life the way you wanted to. May you ride forever free, in Harley Heaven. Truly missed by many. David, Jane, Joey, and Kristy.

In memory of **Jim "Charlie Manson" Hutton**, May '82. You were a brother to many and to others you were much more. A piece of you will always be in the wind, a free bird will always see sky. FTW — and save me a place in Harley Heaven. The ol' panhead will always see highway. God bless ya, "Little Brother." Brazil 66.

George Morton Dickerson, III. You took your last ride on the rock, Okinawa, Japan. Don't worry, bro, we will catch up to ya someday. Gone but not forgotten by all the brothers and sisters on Kadena AB-Camp Foster. Ride on. Sherm.

In memory of **Jill "Lil' Lady" Wilson**, 5/17/66-12/9/83. Our putts to the lake will never be forgotten. Someday we'll putt and find our lake in Harley Heaven. Watch out for me, 'cause someday I'll be up there with you. Loved and missed by Col. Dave.

In memory of **John "Southern-Man" Pickens**. You lived hard and rode hard. Life dealt you a bumfuck hand which led to your death. You're sadly missed by your family and friends. May you ride free forever! Your spirit will always live within me. Your brother, Ray "The Rat" Deem.

In memory of **Sarah "Kay" Dalton**, a righteous sister who done me justice from the day I met the gal! She checked into Harley Heaven at the young age of 23, but she will always ride in the mind of me! Your ol' man still loves you. Ride hard now, girl, they can't do you nothing. David "Snake" Walters. FTW.

In memory of **Auggie**, 1/ser, 4/18/82. True Pagan to the bones. The Chapter and I miss you, bro. Ride hard, die fast. Biscuits, PMC 1/ser, PFFP. LPDP.

In honor of our brother, **Donald "Cubby" Roth**, 1953-1983. He may be gone, but his memory lives on. Ride free forever. Your Tucson friends.

Tom Corcoran, at peace 5/1/83. You put up a good battle and fought as long as you could. We all miss you. Hope there was a Harley and a springer to meet you at the gates. Your family and friends.

In memory of **Lil' Edgar** of Brooklyn, N.Y. You lived a short life, but a righteous one, for you will always be a true 1/ser. Your bro Kase. Filthy Maddogs MC, Brooklyn, NY.

In memory of **Brad "The Bad" Dubois**, killed in Vancouver, Washington, by a drunk driving the wrong way over an overpass, two days before Christmas, 1980. We love and miss you always. Love, Cindy, Hayes and Shylo, Juneau, Alaska.

In memory of our brother **"Droop"**, killed 5/22/82 by a cage. Gone but not forgotten. All your brothers, ROSMC, Statesville, N.C. HFFH.

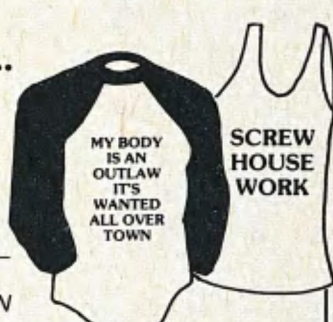
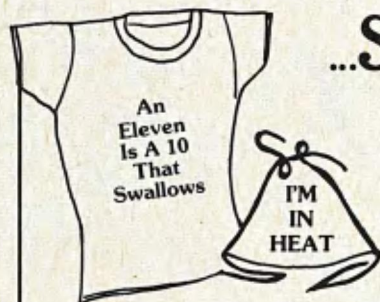
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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go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

Colors: Black, Yellow, Light Blue, Dark Blue, Tan, and White. Sizes: S, M, L, XL (and XXL in Black or White Only-add \$1.50). Send \$8.00 for T-Shirt, Tank Top or Halter; \$9.50 for French-Cut Top (XL add \$1.00); and \$12.00 for Baseball shirt (white body with black sleeves and neck). Please add 50¢ shipping and handling for each shirt ordered. Send size, color, and wording wanted to: Bikers' Candy Store, P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360.

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

TRACKIN' THE LATS

by Gregg
Miller



IHDLOGOCTOBUKIST
TOERTOORALEIENUVL
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TUKENRTLAAOOSRAETSRE
LLUKSKODRNOTIVERLATS
SLBTNWEEISIOMEDIRUS
RLEALEICAGSERGALFAPE
IARTRKNRTTRSPUDETINK
TCMOSIODEHITWINGSNDHA
RETNECREPDGOHCAOEADGN
AOEIAEHOIEENATWRAGEIS
EIGHTBALLARHPUSNTGVK
DLSICHRIETLAAERCADOIT
RLOTROSSAOETRAEHEPNLS
POEMOROWGLRHLCLETAIO
DRAISEMALFOOEORSRST
OCTRSAIMEWSDYCHTUC
TESTEBPCOTOALETCUE
SOVLAOEEICBRRUEIR
ULDSSNRNLNHTOLNWINL
RNIKTETEMOCALNOSDAORB
TAKCOHSOBRISIAUCRETHIEP
HMISLGVRLPOLPTLNGDKPADCAWKL
OOTATITNITLARBRSAENELELRTIAO
UMACINNACEAEUUORGTSUEPOSNOMAED
RINROKEBTHTRYTEDHIBDMSSAWARKCOL
EUBLISPUCSVBLIEYSNUODNERUTLUVA
TUNEORTCIIICOMERTONRETLOAMRUC
ATIEERNEWARRIORGARIOYLSELR
TSLSKCOCAEPICTAOTUROASDI
IOSPERCEDENTNRSPIDGOTO
TSRUBRATSDAGGERUD
LLATSFLMEAS
PTOTG

Way back when human beans first began to walk upright, someone made the bright discovery that just as territory could be staked out with marks on trees and rocks, folks could establish their individual IDs by marking their bodies with blood, mud, berry juice, etc. Only trouble with that was, if ya got caught in the rain locker yer ID wouldn't hold up worth shit. Eventually, of course, that primitive form of body painting evolved into tattooing — the permanent installation of designs and/or messages on the bearer.

So ya say you've always been fascinated by tats as long as someone else is wearin' 'em? That you'd really like to embellish your body that way except for this slight aversion ya have to needles? That as soon as they figure out some painless way to do tats with lasers or somesuch, you'll be the first in line down at Pete's Picture Palace to get permanently hitched to Mutha? Well, okay, pilgrims, but here's yer chance to get into a little skin art without getting any holes punched in yer upholstery. Sure, ya still might need a little shot of courage before ya sharpen yer ol' #2 pencil — this ain't no easy kidstuff here — but yer doodlin's all gonna be on paper, not on yer hide.

The list of words printed below (and hidden in the puzzle) all pertain to tats. They may read forward, backward or diagonally, but they all read in a straight line. If they don't, send us some of what you're smokin' — quick. Certain letters may be used more than once, or not at all, and some words just might overlap. After you've knocked yourself out tryin' to track down all the little buggers, check yer solution against ours on page 122. If there's a discrepancy, like I said, send us some of what you're smoking — quick. In fact, send us some anyway — we deserve it and Spider's gotten so fucking stingy that he won't even let us vacuum his office for roaches once a month anymore.

ARTIST
ASS
BEAR
BICEPS
BIRDS
BODY
BROADS
BULL
CHAINS
CHEST
CLUBS
COLORS
COMET
CROSSBONES
DAGGER
DEATH DEALER
DEMONS
DEVIL
DICE
DRAGON
EAGLE
EIGHT BALL

FLAG
FLAMES
FLOWERS
GARGOYLES
GNOME
HANDLES
HARLEY
H-D LOGO
HEART
INK
KNIGHTS
KNIVES
LION
MACES
MOM
MOON
NEEDLES
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PICTURES
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ROSE
SCROLL
SERPENTS
SKIN ART
SKULL
SNAKES
SPIDERS
STALLION
STAR
STARBURST
SUNBURST
TATTOO
TEARS
TIGER
TITS
VINES
VULTURE
WARLOCK
WARRIOR
WEB
WEED
WINGS

Goin' Down

Continued from page 79

down to the point where all I had on was my Levi's, and done it out there in front of God and everyone, while I just kept on flailing ineffectually away, now *that* was humiliating. All I'd wanted to do was teach him a little respect, to think twice before running his mouth about me. It was mortifying.

"Okay, let's talk about where you learned to fuck." He settled back on the pillow and grinned at me obnoxiously.

"You got a complaint?" I demanded, my temper flaring up all over again.

"Yeah, but I think we've already established that you can take care of it." He laughed, kind of low in the throat, and blew out the candle on the nightstand. "So, where *did* you?" His voice came out of the dark, near my ear, moving leisurely south.

"Fuck you!" I said hotly.

"That's sorta the idea."

To the best of my recollection, that was the last intelligible exchange uttered in the room that night.

A few weeks later we came up for air, sent out for a pizza, and tried to remember what we'd been doing with our lives before we met. This seemed like a necessary prerequisite for determining what to do with them now.

Meatman wanted to get married. I did not. "I'm not gonna fuck with you any more often just because of a piece of paper sayin' it's legal."

"You think that's all I'm interested in?" he demanded, looking hurt, angry, and then guilty, all in short order.

"You haven't displayed any other interests that I'm aware of."

"Why, that's a lie!" he protested. "What was I doing when you first came along and made a spectacle of yourself to get my attention?"

"Well, of all the — You horse's ass! Now I suppose you're trying to tell me that you're some kind of master mechanic, huh? Meatman — ace of the asphalt and precision wrench! You forget that I saw that incredible collection of used plumbing parts and furthermore —"

"Stop! That is my ride you are in reference to," Meatman said stiffly. "Show a little respect for the bitch if you have any hopes of one day parking your fat little butt on her p-pad behind me."

"Fat? You're accusing me of being fat? I wouldn't sit behind you on

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that — that — *thing* if we were both in hell and it was the only way out!"

"Fucker probably wouldn't run there, either," Meatman said glumly.

"And another thing, if you want to talk fat, why don't we —"

"Hey! I didn't mean *you* were fat. I was talkin' about your ass bein' a nice big — no, I mean shapely — pillow, sort of. . . Oh, the hell with it. Your entire body's just fine. Okay? In fact, why don't you bring it this way and I'll go over it with you."

"That's almost tempting. Don't do me any favors, though." I was still miffed. "Here's a better idea. I'm going to go take a shower — if the water service hasn't been disconnected for non-payment — and you're going to go outside and get the beast running. We need to lay in some supplies and I'll be damned if I'm gonna walk to the store. My fuckin' legs feel like they've become permanently bowed."

An hour or so later found us trudging through the broiling mid-day heat, carrying groceries that were getting heavier with each step. "No more cans," I said over my shoulder to Meatman, who'd fallen somewhat behind. "I don't ever want to see another can of anything as long as I live. You got that?"

There was no reply. I turned around and found he'd come to a dead stop. He lifted his face out of the bag with a cheery smile that indicated he'd just had a brilliant idea. "Say, why don't we eat some of this crap now?" he suggested.

"For crissakes, we just had a pizza! The damn thing is settlin' in my stomach turning from the heat faster than I can digest it."

"Right. Well, maybe we should bury this then and come back for it when it's cooler."

"C'mon, it's only another block or two. Just don't think about it. So, listen, when did you say you think you'll have the sled back up and running? I mean, what's the problem with it?"

Meatman's response was mumbled and indecipherable.

"What?"

He made the same set of noises again, from even farther behind me than he'd been before.

"Say, ya think I've got bionic hearing or something?" I asked, waiting for him to catch up. "I asked you what's wrong with the piece of shit."

"It's gone, is what's wrong with it!" he yelled. "Did ya hear me that time?" Since he was now standing right next to me, the audio part of our conversation was no longer a problem. The gist of it, however, was a little difficult to comprehend.

"Gone?" I repeated. "What do you mean by 'gone'?"

"Fuckin' sleazy, lying, cocksucking bastard finance company's got it! Well, I hope they enjoy ridin' it as much as I did." This felicitous wish was delivered most bitterly.

"Let's back up a moment here," I said. "How the fuck do you know it's been repoed?"

"Who else would want the fucking thing? I had it for two weeks before you came along and I never even had to chain it. Did I tell you that I only got to ride it once? And that was from the used-car lot where I found it to where you saw it, dead on its ass in the alley. Sonuvabitch dropped its oil comin' around the corner off Main."

"So you didn't make the first payment?"

"Fuck no! I sent those cocksucking, lying, sleazy bastards a registered letter telling 'em no runnee, no money."

"It's not too hard to understand why we're walking, then."

"Yes, it is. You don't think I gave 'em my real address, do ya? They probably had bloodhounds out trailin' me within five minutes of gettin' my letter. So you can see why I originally thought you might have something to do with —"

"Let's not start that again!" I said sharply. "What are we gonna do about this mess?"

"Go back to work, I guess," was Meatman's glum response. "Shit! There goes summer on the road, just you an' me, bummin' around, seein' the country, campin' under the stars every night. . ."

"Yeah? It's really swell of you to have finally told me all this. I've got news for you. My new job starts a week from yesterday. I couldn't have gone anywhere." We'd finally reached the front step. I set the groceries down and started looking through my pockets for the key.

"What job?" Meatman inquired in a quiet, ominous tone as he reached around me to spring the door open with some sort of laminated ID card, strategically inserted between the frame and the door. "We're getting married, so you don't need a job."

Three months later I lost my job at the phone company when they found out I was pregnant. Then, a couple of days after that, I lost my status as a single person when Meatman found out.

"Kid's gotta have a name, don't it?" he demanded, grinning from ear to ear.

"I was *planning* on naming it," I

said. "And don't rock the bed so much. I've already puked about a jillion times today."

"I mean, my name!"

"You're pretty conceited, aren't you? What if the baby's a girl, huh? Do you really think I'm gonna call her Meatman?"

"I'm talkin' last names, woman. My baby, my woman, my name."

"God, you're so romantic, Meatman. What a proposal!"

"You've got that part wrong," he said very evenly, his jubilant grin temporarily disappearing. "See, what I was doin' before — been doin' all along, in fact — was proposing. Now, I'm tellin' ya. If it makes it any easier on ya, take it as a direct order."

The old slow-to-respond light bulb suddenly lit up, illuminating what had previously been an inexplicable mystery. "You sonuvabitch!" I said. "You did this deliberately, didn't you? All those nights when I couldn't find my Pills and you'd say, 'I know where they are — I'll get you one,' you were fuckin' slipping me some sort of Spanish fly or something, weren't you?"

"Well, shit, lady, that wasn't all I was slippin' ya, ya know. I've been burnin' myself out, not that I noticed you mindin' too much. . ."

On the day I was scheduled to be released from the hospital, Meatman popped into my room about ten minutes earlier than I'd expected him. He was nearly beside himself with excitement.

"Okay, spill it," I said. "No, wait a minute, let me guess. You just went past the nursery, and ours stood up and pointed you out to all the other little ankle-biters."

"Oh, oh!" he said, getting a funny look on his face (something between sly and devious). "Listen, I think I left the keys in the truck and I'm in a no-parking zone, too. I'll take your suitcase down with me now and you get the kid. I'll be waiting for you at the door."

After a long and bitter argument with the head nurse about the hos-



"So, tell me — what's it like being up shit creek without a paddle?"

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pital policy of not letting anyone leave unless they left in a wheelchair, I finally said, "Fuck it. Bring me my kid — and make sure it's the right one this time!" (Considering what they'd brought me the day before, I figured it was probably necessary to be specific.) When Baby and I were deemed fit and properly bundled up to go outdoors — and we're talking blankets by the ton here, despite the fact that it was mid-May, blankets in such an excess amount that I had to keep burrowing way deep down inside them to make sure a). that the kid was still breathing and b). that they hadn't gone and secretly amputated my legs in one of those routine hospital blunders you're always hearing about — anyhow, when we passed muster, we were wheeled into the elevator, out of the elevator, across the lobby, and out the front door into the dazzling sunshine. Immediately, I flashed on the fact that the nursing staff didn't necessarily have its collective head up its collective ass. If I hadn't been sitting down, Baby would've had her first lesson in Basic Free Fall. Meatman was waiting for us at the curb, all right — ever-so-casually parked on a brand-new, gleaming, low-slung, jet-black, mean-looking Wide Glide.

"Uh...uh, wh-what —" I tried forming a few pertinent questions, but Baby could have said it better.

"Ya like it?" Meatman was positively beaming.

"Wh-whose —"

"Ours, naturally," he replied.

"Whaddya think — that I just rented it for the day?"

"How could you possibly —"

"Here's the title." He flashed the pink slip at me. "Well, do ya like it or not? Say, is that really our kid?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know," he said, staring at her. "She looks kinda different out here in the sun."

"Well, I guess I ought to know my own child!"

"Okay, if you're sure we've got the right one, let's get the fuck outta here. I've been waitin' a long time to feel you packin' behind me."

Within seconds we were gone, the Harley's low roar rattling all the windows on the ground floor of the hospital. Baby was asleep before we got to the freeway.

We decided to celebrate our first anniversary by making a two-day run down the coast to Santa Cruz. Baby was three months old and off the tit, so she didn't need me anymore — she'd discovered store-

bought food just about the same time I finally had her entire list of "likes & don't likes" memorized. The "likes" were relatively simple in that there weren't a whole bunch of 'em — if I ate corned beef and cabbage, the kid got gas. If I ate ice cream, she'd come down with flaming diarrhea. Strawberries? Hives. And so on. I'd had a dream while I was pregnant in which Baby spoke her first words within minutes of being born and given to me to nurse. It wasn't an auspicious dream, but it was certainly prophetic. "What in hell is *this* shit supposed to be?" she'd asked, wrenching her little face away in disgust.

Meatman was profoundly disturbed when she made the big switch. He'd liked the taste just fine and had become quite enamored — a lot more than me — of my new chest development. The prospect of my return to 36-B from 44-D depressed him immeasurably. "I really don't think you got the right kid when you checked out," he said, glowering darkly at Baby, who was, at that moment, in hog heaven, busily gumming up something utterly nauseating like strained shit on a shingle, thoroughly oblivious to his renunciation.

Anyhow, Santa Cruz seemed like a great getaway for the weekend. I'd never ridden a roller coaster before and Meatman assured me that I'd really get off on the one there. "It's real old," he said. "Still the original wooden structure. Yer granny probably rode one just like it at River-view when she was a girl." For some reason, I didn't find that a very compelling reason to risk life and limb when I actually laid eyes on the big white-slatted monster creaking and groaning as it hoisted car after car to the top of its first incline.

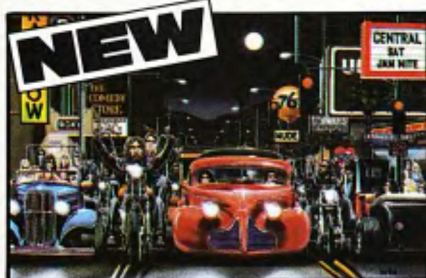
"How about if we just go find ourselves a nice little motel with a view?" I suggested. "After all, we haven't been in a motel since we got



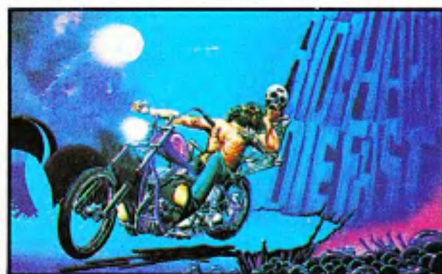
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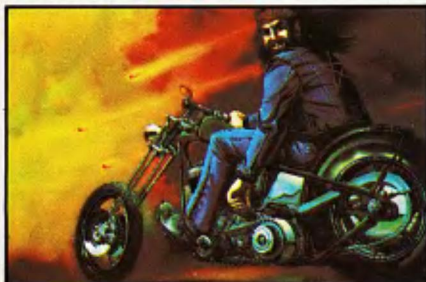
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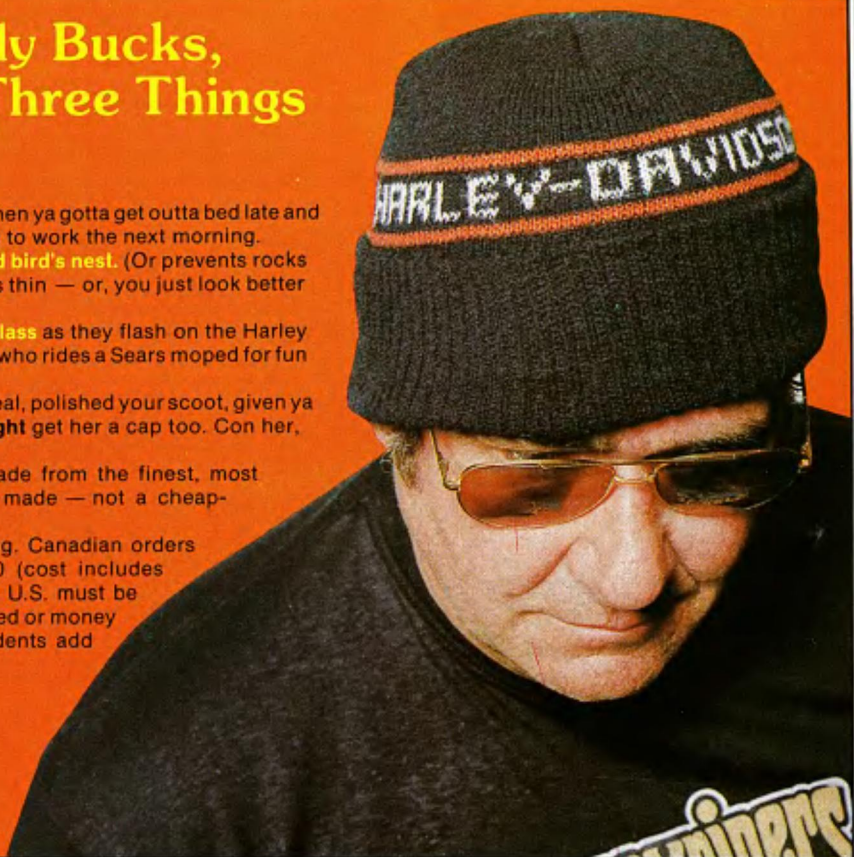
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#M-16 See Previous Page

married, but I seem to recall that the change of scenery then was pretty stimulating."

"Woman, you sure know how to set forth some interesting diversions," Meatman growled. "Here it is a nice sunny day and there ain't no line or —"

"I know," I agreed, grinding my tits into his back, letting my hand slip suggestively off his belt buckle.

"Well, that does it," he said, dropping the sled into gear. "I can't stand around with a hardon, waiting for you."

"What do you mean, waiting for me? Weren't you going, too?"

We were still discussing his newly revealed fear of heights when we checked in at a place surely as ancient as the roller coaster. What the room lacked in modern amenities, however, it made up for with B-E-D. The sonuvabitch was monstrous. I swear to God, it could've held the entire population of one of your smaller Third World countries. Oh, yeah, it was also a four-poster — one of them old-fashioned, massive mahogany numbers that you practically have to take a running jump at in order to successfully arrive at your destination.

"Damn," Meatman mused, as he fell back from his third attempt to scale it, "with this around, who needs some amusement park ride?"

"I don't know," I said, "but if we ever get to the top of this mother, there's something I'd like to ride. . ."

Early the next evening, each of us about eight pounds lighter for all the exertion we'd put in (on and/or otherwise concerning the bed), we were flying down the Nimitz, headed for home. "Hey, Meatman, I'm starved!" I yelled into the wind. I was promptly rewarded with something small and very, very hard — estimated traveling speed about 140mph — right in the teeth.

"What say?" Meatman yelled back, over his shoulder.

"Never mind."



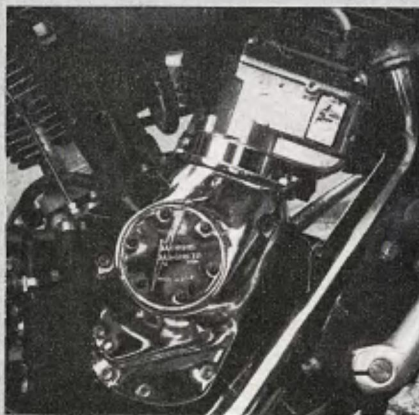
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We cannot ship to post office boxes.

We reserve the right to make substitutions for out-of-stock items.

ITEM NUMBER AND NAME		Retail Value	Your Cost
ASSORTMENTS			
25A	Partytime	\$ 36.85	\$ 25.00
50A	Showcase	78.40	50.00
100A	Extravaganza	150.10	100.00
		Display Quantity	Case Quantity
FIRECRACKERS			
01	Ladyfingers	1600 firecrackers	\$ 6.35 32 pcl \$162.50
02	T-Bomb	640 firecrackers	6.40 24 pcl 122.90
03	T-Bomb	1280 firecrackers	11.50 12 pcl 109.90
04	T-Bomb	2000 firecrackers	17.90 8 pcl 99.10
05	Black Cat	480 firecrackers	5.90 32 pcl 126.75
06	Black Cat	1600 firecrackers	18.00 10 pcl 142.60
07	M-60	Box of 72 firecrackers	15.00 20 boxes 239.00
ROMAN CANDLES			
08	5-Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz.	\$4.50
09	8-Ball Chinese Candle	1 doz.	6.00 12 doz. \$60.00
10	10-Ball Candle w/report	1 doz.	8.50 12 doz. 86.90
		Display Quantity	Display Price
SMOKE AND NOVELTIES			
11	Colored Smoke Balls	6 doz.	\$ 9.10
12	Tank w/report	1 doz.	5.50
13	Beehive	4 each	4.00
14	Booby Traps	1 doz. boxes	2.50
15	Auto Fookers w/report	1 doz.	5.90
16	Sky Wheel Parachutes	1 doz.	5.90
17	Red Rat Chaser w/report	144 pieces	7.50
18	Jumping Jacks	576 pieces	11.90
SPARKERS, PUNK, AND FOUNTAINS			
19	*8 Colored Sparklers	1 doz. boxes	\$ 3.60
20	*10 Gold Sparklers	1 doz. boxes	4.50
21	Ground Bloom Flowers	3 doz.	5.50
22	Chinese 5" Fountain Assortment	1 doz.	5.90
23	*3 Cone Fountain Assortment	1 doz.	9.10

MISSILES AND AIRPLANES		Display Quantity	Display Price
24	5" Missiles w/ effect	1 doz.	\$ 5.40
25	Whistling Gemini Missiles	2 doz.	6.40
26	Giant Missiles	1 doz.	13.90
27	Small Sunflower Airplane	2 doz.	3.60
28	Satellite Airplane	2 doz.	3.60
29	Bomber Helicopter w/ report	1 doz.	6.90
30	Night Flying Plane	1 doz.	6.90
31	Giant Chinese Airplane Assortment	1 doz.	12.90
32	Giant 2-Stage Silver Jets	1 doz.	16.90
NIGHT DISPLAY SHELLS			
33	Chinese 4" Assortment	1 doz.	\$ 5.10
34	Chinese 5" Assortment	1 doz.	11.90
35	Chinese 7" Assortment	1 doz.	15.90
36	48-Shot Color Pearl Shell	2 each	6.75
37	News Transmitter	2 each	6.75
38	Saturn Missile Battery	2 each	5.40
39	Frightened Birds	2 each	6.75
40	Large Garden In Spring	2 each	10.90
41	Chrysanthemum or Peony Shell	1 each	11.90
42	Olde Glory Festival Ball Shell Assortment	1 doz.	16.00
SKY ROCKETS			
43	Black Cat Bottle Rocket w/ report	12 doz.	\$ 5.40
44	Chinese Bottle Rocket w/ report	12 doz.	5.10
45	Whistling Moon Rocket w/ report	12 doz.	9.90
46	1 oz. Rocket w/ report	1 doz.	3.50
47	Chinese Rocket Assortment	1 doz.	5.40
48	4 oz. Black Cat Rocket w/ effect	1 doz.	8.50
49	8 oz. Super Rocket w/ effect	1 doz.	11.80
50	8 oz. Black Cat Rocket w/ report	1 doz.	13.90
51	Giant West Lake Rocket Assortment	1 doz.	10.90

CHECK ONE: ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

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EXPIRATION DATE: _____ SIGNATURE: _____

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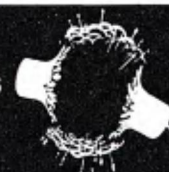
NUMBER	QUANTITY	PRICE	TOTAL
ANY ORDER SHIPPING AND HANDLING			\$5.00
SEND CERTIFIED CHECK OR MONEY ORDER			

I hereby state and promise, as a condition of this sale, that I have complied with the laws of the state of destination of the merchandise and have or will obtain any necessary permits required by law and will use or sell said merchandise in strict compliance with all applicable laws, either city, state or federal.

I have read and understand this entire form and understand that the seller, OLDE GLORY FIREWORKS and the agents of either, shall not be liable in any civil action for any accidents or injury during the transportation, handling, storage, sale or use of this merchandise and hereby release the above named from all liability whatsoever by any person or entity. I understand that fireworks are dangerous and assume all risks regarding them. I also understand as a condition of this sale that I am over 18 years of age.

NAME _____STREET ADDRESS _____CITY, STATE _____SIGNATURE _____

Olde Glory Fireworks
Box 2863, Rapid City, SD 57709



We turned off the Nimitz onto 238 in order to catch 680 north and passed through a sprawl of grungy grease joints. It was dinnertime and the places were mobbed. It was also the hottest it had been all day, that summer twilight period when all the sun's energy seems to gather itself together and just hang in the air, defying all living things to breathe or move.

"Sure glad we're not walkin'," Meatman said as we waited at a stoplight. He had torrents of sweat running down the back of his neck and my shirt was stuck to my skin where I'd been leaning on the bitch bar.

"So'm I, 'cause it'd probably take us even longer to get through this frigging intersection. Christ, whadya think they killed to put in tonight's tacos at this place next to us? It smells liked used tampons."

The light changed and we shot off the mark into four mostly empty lanes of mostly new roadway. Up ahead, we could see the overpass of 680 shimmering blue in the leaden air. Meatman cranked the wick and we tore past the local cop house slightly in excess of the posted speed. In another moment, we passed into the comparatively cool shade of the overpass and then we swung into the right-hand on-ramp, a tight little quarter of a cloverleaf. Maybe two hundred yards ahead of us, already straightening out to enter the freeway proper, was a big rig with brand-new mudguards, still black and shiny instead of the usual road-grime gray.

We leaned into the curve, climbing a couple of degrees, temporarily tracking the setting sun, and then everything suddenly went into slow-motion except for the Hog's engine noise, picking up in pitch as Meatman laid on the juice. I saw the gravel sprayed out across the asphalt, saw Meatman see it, too, saw where our trajectory would put us into it, saw that it was already written down someplace that we

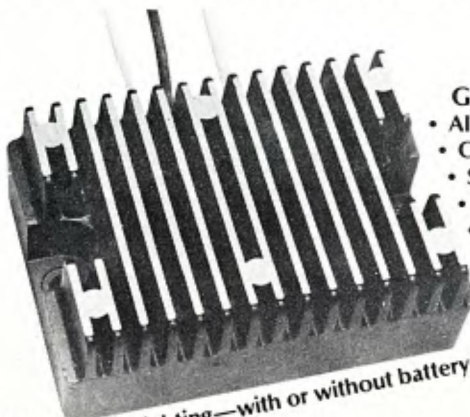
Easyriders



"Are you sure you're only putting a small rose on me?"

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Special chromed show quality Voltpaks available. Add \$20.00 list.



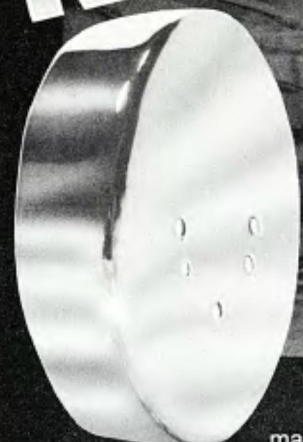
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HARD RIDERS
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Dealers inquiries invited

were going to take a slide, saw that the slide would lift us up onto the concrete divider — covered with gravel and about six feet wide at that point — separating the on-ramp from the freeway, saw that once again "they" had been shittin' me. I wasn't seeing my past flash by me in memory, I was seeing my immediate future drag itself slowly and inexorably to a meeting with my present.

It happened.

And when it did, it was warp-speed into another time dimension, done and over so fast that neither of us had time for even a fundamental, "Ohhhhhh, shit!"

We hit, jumped, hit, dropped and slid. And slid. And slid. I'm not feeling anything, I thought. We're still traveling and I'm not feeling a thing, which is definitely wrong because I know this has gotta be hurting like hell.

When we stopped, I jumped up and then realized that if I'd jumped up, that must mean I'd been down. But down meant gravel and I still didn't feel anything. I looked down and saw two things in quick succession: both my knees were pouring blood onto the ground and Meatman was lying face-down and

unmoving on the asphalt just off the curb. Each of these sights quickly provoked its own peculiar, reactive thought and their only link was fear: *Aw, shit, Meatman's gonna kill me or himself or both of us when he sees my legs!* and

Oh, my God! Meatman!

In one motion I grabbed a wad of Kleenex from my purse and dropped down by his shoulders, grabbing him to turn him over, screaming at him to talk to me. He whimpered faintly and I breathed silent thanks.

Easyriders



"See here, Miss. I believe I've made myself clear — although I am a priest, this is *not* a confessional."

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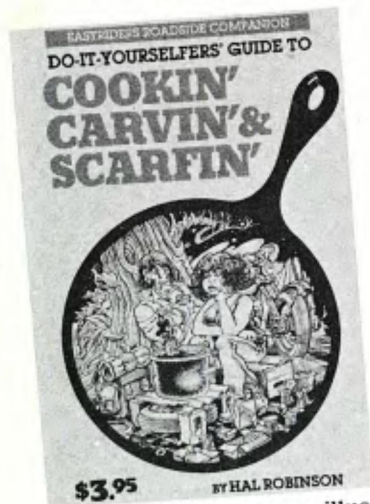
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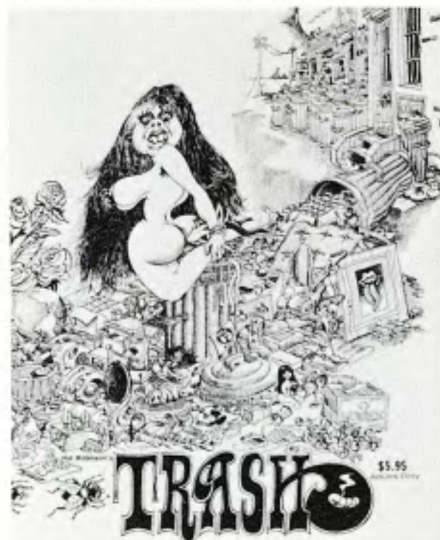
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220 biker-tested recipes, illustrated in Robinson's unique way. A visual (and culinary) feast. \$4.

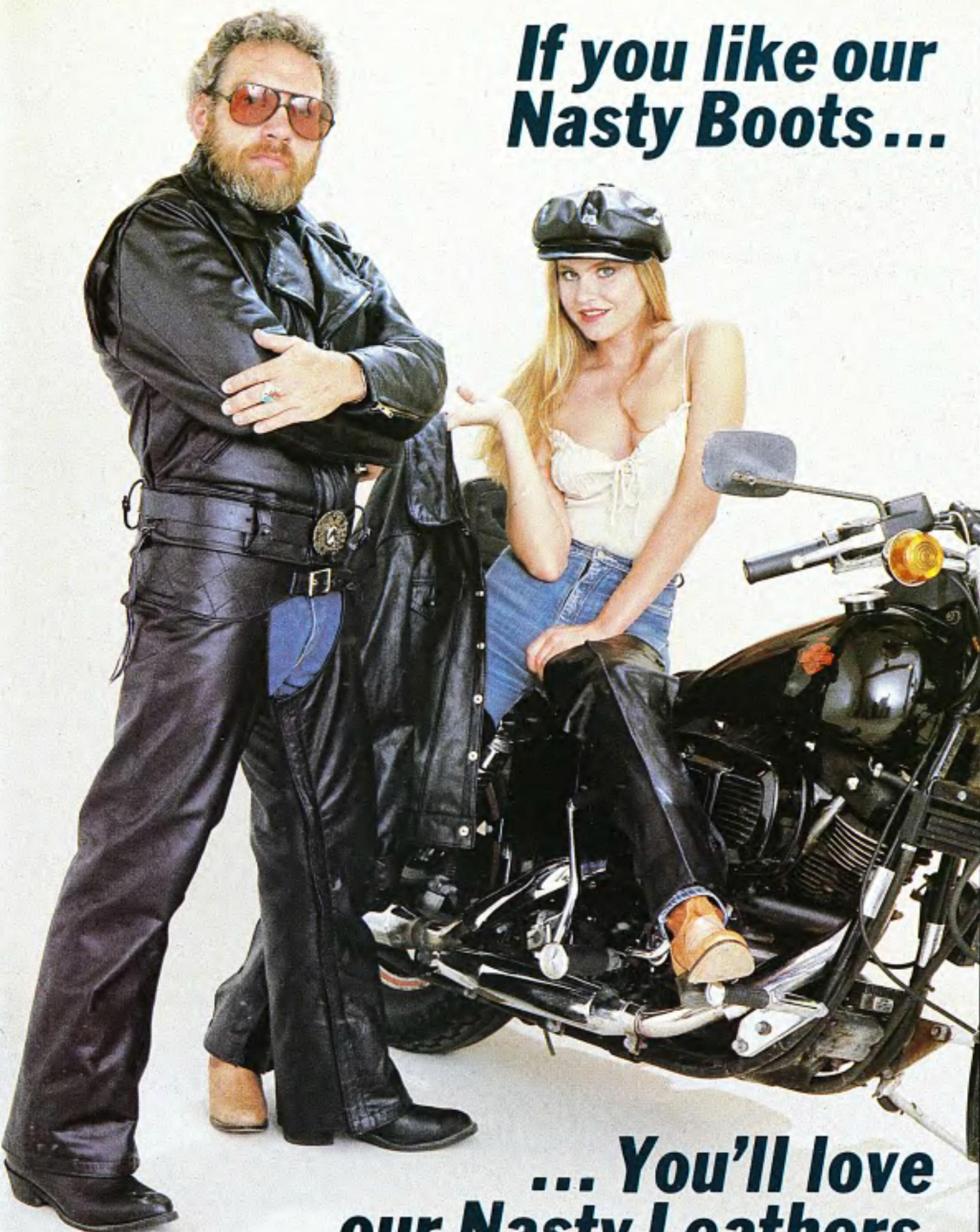


Robinson's 144-page tribute to life in the gross-out lane. Shock straights, split a gut with your bros with this great book. \$6.



She's a tramp, but she's our tramp and Hal always did her proud. Mutha's best, \$3.

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We proudly present the NASTY jacket. Made best, for the best. A sleek-fitting, macho statement of who you are and what you believe. Black, bold, and 100% made in America. Fully lined. Tough leather reinforcing at every wear point ensures years of great looks and full protection. A biker-sized nylon zipper glides easily in all weather, and a large flap keeps the wind out and the warmth in. Leather-laced side ties mold it to your body. The NASTY jacket, for the travelin' man who wants it all.



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Hidden folds give when you lean for the bars. Snap-off fur collar is included.



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Built-in kidney support; forget those old clumsy, uncomfortable kidney belts.



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☐ Jacket \$195.00 ☐ With optional belt \$225.00

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard Exp. date _____

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Name _____ Size _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ Phone (day) _____

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

A Mind Boggling Bandanna!

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

For one bandanna, send \$5.00 plus postage (75¢ in U.S. and Canada, and \$2.00 for foreign orders).

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 Paisano Products
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He was all right. Then I flopped him and nearly died on the spot. His left eye was completely covered with blood — I couldn't even tell if his eye was still there. I started dabbing at the blood on his temple and received my second great benefaction in as many moments. The source of the gusher was a shallow flesh wound just above his eyebrow. Now I only had to worry about the fact that he wasn't talking. I held him tight, begging him to come all the way back, and his eyelids fluttered.

Voices sounded behind me, calling out, telling us not to move, that help was coming. In the distance a siren's wail sprang to life, aimed in our direction. Meatman said something I couldn't quite catch and then we were surrounded by civilians, all of them with outstretched hands offering comfort, a pillow, a blanket, whatever people bring with them when they act out of kindness.

A middle-aged woman dropped to her knees beside me and studied Meatman for a moment. "He's okay, hon," she said, with some authority. "He's just in shock. I'm a registered nurse, and my kids and I saw you go down. I've sent my oldest for an ambulance. Here, let me take his pulse." She flashed me a reassuring smile and I realized that I must somehow be giving off the impression that I was at least slightly deranged, like a pet whose owner has died that won't let anyone near the body. Meatman muttered something else when she picked up his wrist and I could tell from the querulous tone of his voice that he was beginning to get his act back together.

I rocked back on my heels and caught sight of my knees again. Right. Why, that must be my *patella*. I thought. It gave me a rush of gratification that I remembered the Latin name from high-school biology. I stood up and held my leg out, flexing it slightly, admiring the



"I put a hotdog bun on it."

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.)

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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.



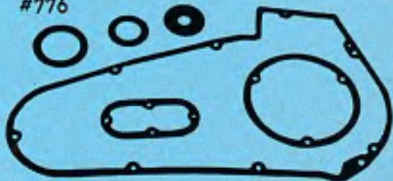
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Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

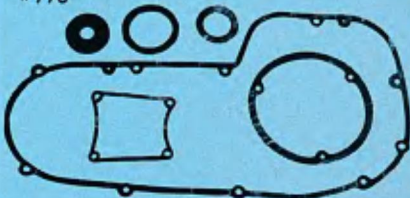
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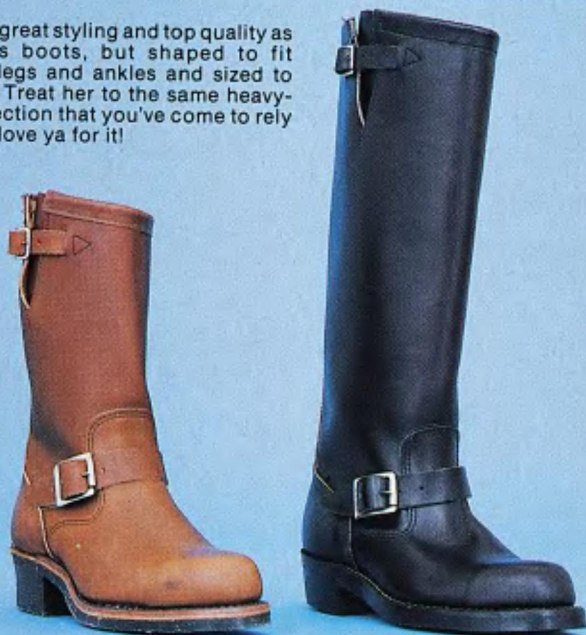
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The same great styling and top quality as the men's boots, but shaped to fit women's legs and ankles and sized to their feet. Treat her to the same heavy-duty protection that you've come to rely on. She'll love ya for it!



1460 Black
1461 Brown

1463 Black
1462 Brown

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 5 through 9, Half Sizes Too All Boots Are Medium Width	Description
1460	\$ 92.00	11-in. Black
1461	\$ 92.00	11-in. Brown
1462	\$102.00	17-in. Brown
1463	\$102.00	17-in. Black

Include Item Number When Ordering.

Send your order today to:
Nasty Feet,
Box 1025,
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

Style _____ Size _____

Add \$4 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only.

Add \$9 per pair APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii. International orders shipped airmail insured — add \$40.00 per pair.

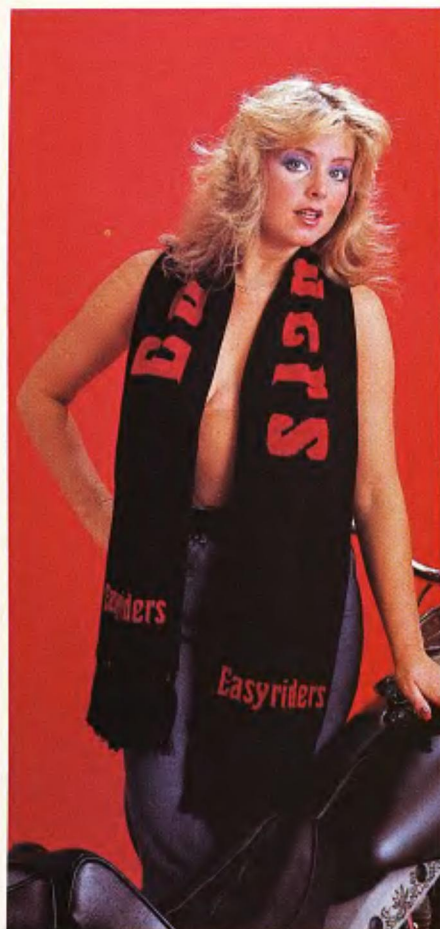
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Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.

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

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

resulting movement of my kneecap, cleanly exposed in the raw-edged crater that had recently been a whole, unblemished knee. The wound had stopped bleeding, so I somewhat reluctantly shifted my attention to its twin to assess the damage there. That one looked like I'd been sharpening knives on it.

About then someone grabbed me by the elbow, hustling me aside to get at Meatman. *Cops!* registered my brain. *Shit!* I'd been leaving bloody tissues all over the fuckin' place and everyone knows that "Every litter bit hurts." I started scrambling around, picking up every last shred of paper in sight, including stuff that wasn't mine and never had been.

"Here's the ambulance."

"Lady, what are you doing?"

"For crissakes, woman, you shouldn't be standing up!"

"Bring a stretcher!"

"C'mon, kid, just sit down here.

Everything's gonna be okay."

"Hurry up with that thing!"

"Who should we load first?"

"I dunno. I guess —"

"Him," I said, waving off the medics. "Can't you see I'm just fine?"

"Do what she says and then get back here with that stretcher!"

I thought of lighting up a smoke and then I realized that I couldn't because my hands were full. What to do with all the garbage I was holding. . . it was a puzzle. I finally decided to stow it in my purse when no one was looking. Trouble was, a lot of people were looking right at me, including the cop who was still holding my arm. I smiled and shrugged. "Sorry about the mess," I apologized.

"You oughtta be sorry you weren't wearin' leathers," he growled. His hand was shaking and he didn't return my smile. "There wouldn't be a whole lot of 'em left, but there'd sure as hell be a lot more of you."

The medics approached again with their stupid stretcher. "Hey," I

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Here are three Dave Mann prints, painted exclusively for us. Only 300 of each painting were printed. Each one is personally signed and numbered.

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A. 29" x 24 1/4"



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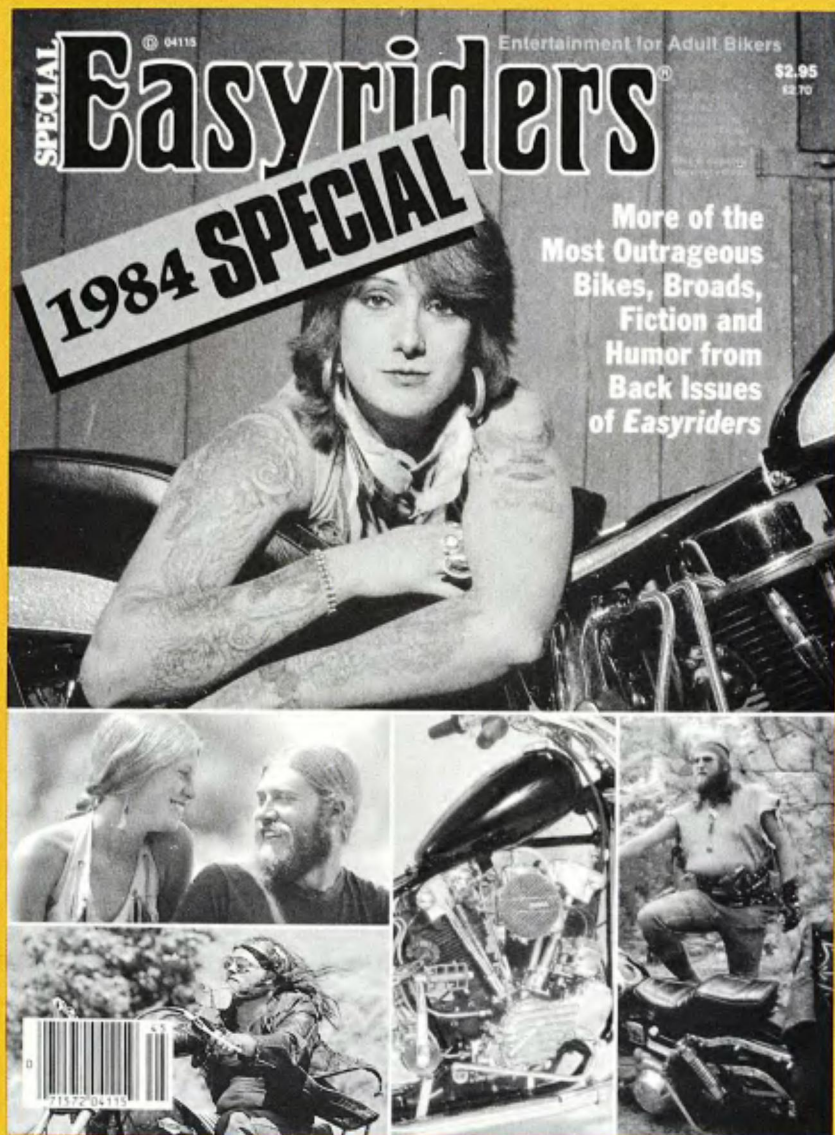
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"Here comes my wife! Quick — graze!"

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Easyriders

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Send your order today to:

Nasty Feet, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Style _____ Size _____ Width _____

Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — Inside U.S. only.

Add \$9.00 per pair — APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.

International orders shipped Air Mail Insured—add \$40.00 per pair.

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Address _____

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Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks All other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
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C	\$102.00	\$122.00
D	\$102.00	\$122.00
E	\$112.00	\$132.00
F	\$112.00	\$132.00
H	In Stock Sizes Only — 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2 12 \$103.00 D Width Only	

Boots run in men's sizes — see women's boot ad
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

said, standing up again, shaking off the hand on my arm, "I told ya before — I'm okay. I mean, it's kind of obvious that I'm okay or I wouldn't be able to walk around like this, right? See? I'm walkin' around. Get outta the way and I'll walk over to the ambulance."

I climbed up into the back of the thing and found Meatman stretched out on one of the two parallel cots. I sat down on the one opposite him and reached over to take his hand. His eyes were closed and he jumped at my touch. "See if the bike's all right," he moaned. "Don't let 'em leave it laying there. Gotta get it stood up. See if it's okay. I've gotta know if the bike's all right."

"Don't worry about it," I said, squeezing his hand. "I'll take care of everything. Just lay still and I'll go check for you."

The driver jumped in the ambulance behind the wheel and his cohort was just about to swing the rear door shut when I scuttled past him and jumped down. "Lady!" he yelled. "Where the fuck do you think —"

"Excuse me," I said to the two cops who were standing near the bike, scrawling away on their clipboards. "Would you mind helping me stand this mother up?"

Their jaws dropped in perfect sync and they looked as if they'd just seen Caesar's ghost. No help here. I thought. Oh, well, I'll just do it myself. I reached down to grab for the bars and they sprang into action.

"I'll get the bike up — you get this woman back in that fucking ambulance and stay there until they're moving," one said to the other — I think it was the one who'd chastised me about not wearing leathers.

Just as I was about to be rolled through the emergency room's swinging metal doors, another gurney came out. The body on it was covered with a sheet. Com-

Easyriders



"I'd heard a lot of terrible things about you. Thank God, they're all true."

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\$42.00 SET STOCK COMPRESSION

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New, not rebuilt For '74 and Sportster
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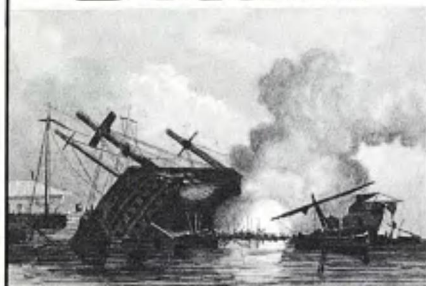
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pletely. Something like that makes you question the wisdom of proceeding any further than you've already gone. "You're a pretty lucky lady," one of my companions said. "That was a seventeen-year-old kid who went through the same turn you did, about forty-five minutes ahead of you. You wanna know just how lucky you really are? That kid was wearin' a helmet when he went down. He just landed in the wrong place. Broke his neck on the curb — hit the edge of it just half an inch below his brain bucket."

I knew what was coming next: a blast of shit about the way I was dressed — cutoffs and a tank top, no leathers, tsk, tsk. But I'd seriously overestimated the intelligence of this particular orderly. "Were you wearin' a helmet?" he asked accusingly.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Ask the kid who just died."

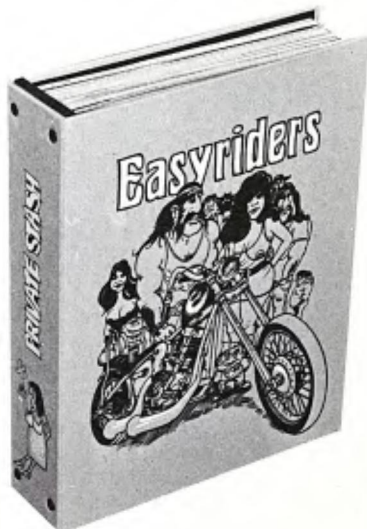
"You assholes never learn," he said self-righteously as he and his partner dumped me on a bed in the ER. "At least he was *trying* to protect himself."

"Listen, you fucking moron, I find you really trying and I'm not known for having a whole lot of patience. Why don't you just buzz off and find yourself another corpse to drool on?"

They left in a big huff and a moment later a nurse came bustling my way asking what all the commotion was about. "Look," I said, ignoring her question, "that's my ol' man they wheeled in here behind me. I don't know where they're taking him, but you've gotta find out and go take his pants away from him."

She snapped shut the drapes hanging down from a semi-circular track in the ceiling, enclosing us both in a space barely large enough to be called one, and asked, "Are you on drugs?"

"No, you don't understand," I said, as she started whipping a blood pressure cuff around my arm. "He's out of it right now, but when he comes to, he's going to raise holy hell about finding me. He absolutely can't be allowed to see my legs until after they've been bandaged or whatever, or he'll tear this place apart. The man is looney-tunes about the way I look and he's gonna go right out of his gourd if he sees this." She looked down at my knees and her lips sort of crawled around over her teeth, working out several expressions ranging from disgust to repulsion. "Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about," I said. "So, please, just get his pants away from him



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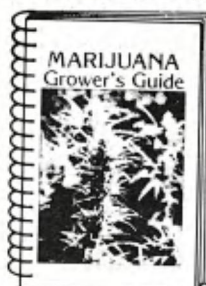
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The Bestselling



"Because you're carrying about five pounds of gravel in one of 'em and you didn't leave me too much to darn with on the other," he replied. "That gravel's gotta come out of there."

"And you're gonna use tweezers for every little fucking bit of it?" "If you don't like that, we can always use a steel-bristle brush and try scrubbing it out."

My insides did the same sort of lazy, inside-out crawl that they'd done when I'd first seen the roller coaster in Santa Cruz. "That's okay," I said. "You're the doctor. If you want to tweeze, go for it. Give me a set of tweezers and I'll help."

About twenty minutes later, the feeling started to come back. About ten minutes after that, the doctor and I concurred that I'd better have some Novocaine. He hit me with about six injections and went out for a cup of coffee. While he was gone, I hear the first bellow from Meatman.

"Whaddya mean, I can't have my fuckin' pants back? They're mine, ain't they?"

A moment later, there was a loud crash and then Meatman roared. "I know you've got one of those ding-dong hospital gowns in here someplace! Either find my pants or give me one of those other mothers!" Now there was a loud, ripping sound. "I'll wear these fucking drapes, then! And don't try to stop me. I'm gonna see my ol' lady!"

Just as abruptly as the whole ruckus had started, there was suddenly dead silence. This must be the proverbial eye of the storm, I thought, gripping the side rails of the hospital bed as I waited for the wall next to me to come crashing in. Nothing. Just the merest buzz of voices, no words, only sound. The suspense was terrible.

The doctor reappeared. "Well, as we used to say in 'Nam," he began. "I've got good news and I've got bad news." He sat down and poked both my knees with something long, sharp and shiny.

"Shit!" I yelled. "The bad news must be that whatever was in those shots was the opposite of Novocaine!"

"You felt that?" He looked incredulous. "In that case, I guess we're gonna have to bump you up to the next level of narcotics."

"How about going straight to morphine?" I suggested. "I think I'd like to mainline about a quart of it if you're going to keep on sticking that thing in me."

"Well, that was actually my bad news," he said, fixing up a few

hypos and setting them down on his work tray. "But maybe I should give you the good news first."

"I don't care what you give me first as long as it doesn't hurt and you just spit it out. The way this is going we're both gonna be old enough to collect our Social Security benefits by the time you start sewing."

"Maybe you won't find the bad news that bad, then," he said, taking aim and sticking one of the hypos in my leg.

That's it, I thought. I'm just going to have to get up and kill this cock-sucker. I come in here with a little case of road rash and I'm gonna leave here a screaming lunatic. He's deliberately trying to make me crazy. And it's working.

"All right, that's that, then," the doctor said, tossing away the last of the emptied syringes. "I could hit you with a sledge hammer now and you wouldn't feel a thing. I guarantee it. I just spoke with your husband, you know. Hell of a nice guy. Very excitable, though."

"What did you say?" I may have screamed this inquiry, but every nerve in my body had just seized up and was strangling its nearest neighbor, producing a very loud pounding in my head. "You didn't tell him it was my legs, did you?"

"I told him," he replied, producing an evil-looking scrub brush from out of nowhere, "that I'd have you out of here in an hour if he just kept quiet and stopped destroying hospi-

tal property. The alternative I offered him was that if he didn't settle down, I'd have him shipped up to psycho — and he wouldn't be seeing you for at least 72 hours. He's really a very reasonable fellow. The only request he made was that his pants be returned. I told him I'd see what I could do about it. What do you think?"

"I think I'm going to be sick," I said, eyeing the brush in his hand. "Here, give him his fucking Levi's. With any luck, he'll get here before you've gone too far and the three of us will all die within minutes."

From that point on, conversation lapsed. I didn't really believe Meatman would keep his word. I didn't want to think about what that strange sensation *whooshing* back and forth across my knees was being caused by, and most of all, I didn't want to think about having to face Meatman — now, an hour from now, 72 hours from now, or ever, for that matter.

The man could, and frequently did, rail at me for hours if I happened to nick myself while shaving my legs. The only possible consequence of the mutilation done to them now was divorce or death. I personally favored the latter. Life without him would be unbearably dull. Particularly in bed. That I loved him was almost beside the point. He could turn me on with a look. Now I could turn him off cold when his look connected.



"Sorry, I didn't catch your name."

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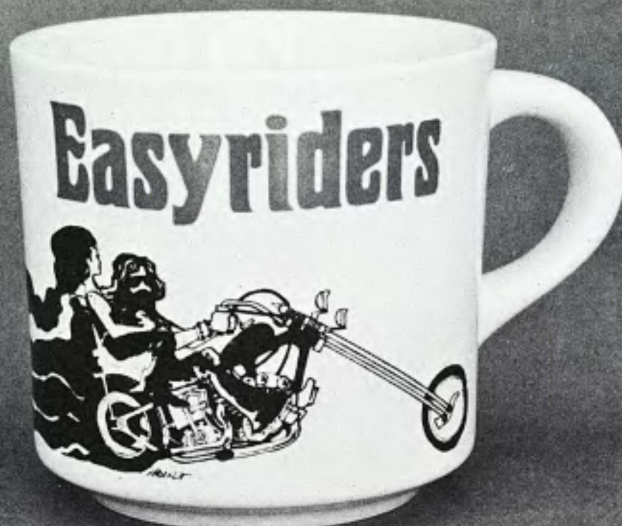
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"What are you doing?" Something cool and wet had just replaced all the picking, pulling, scrubbing activity going on between the doctor and my knees.

"Putting you in casts, of course. If you could flex your knees, you'd rip those stitches out in seconds."

"How long am I gonna have to wear 'em?" Reprieve! As long as the casts were on, Meatman wouldn't have to know what was underneath them!

"Beats me. You don't seem like a particularly 'good' patient and I don't have any idea whether you're a fast or slow healer. If you stay on your butt for three or four weeks, and don't go poking clothes hangers and shit like that down inside 'em, chances are we can take 'em off within a month. You ever use crutches before? Well, you better get it right the first time. Fall down in these babies, and I assure you, you'll be begging for a bullet — right between the eyes."

At long last, I was wheeled out of ER into the corridor, where I'd been told Meatman was waiting. I'd formulated some cute things to say, diversionary things, none of which seemed like they'd work for more than a half a second, but it turned out I didn't have anyone to say 'em to. There was no sign of Meatman.

"We're going to have to leave you here," one of the orderlies said apologetically. "You've got somebody coming for you, right?"

Lying there on the gurney, with my legs weighted down by 20 to 30 pounds of plaster, holding a pair of aluminum crutches in suddenly sweaty hands, trying to smile pleasantly while my mind was silently screaming, *Where the fuck is he?* I said, "Sure. Thanks for the ride."

For the next few minutes I stopped everyone passing by, described Meatman, and asked if they'd seen him. Nobody had. Original panic disappeared — like bongo under primer under 79 coats of lacquer, topped with pinstriping and tank art. What I had left when I couldn't take just lying out there in the hall any longer was absolute, serious craziness. He'd found out and abandoned me. He'd found out and had a heart attack. He'd found out, that was for sure, because he was gone.

I swung both legs — both lead-weighted, sorta numb, ponderous appendages — off the gurney, hooked the crutches under my arms, and catapulted myself into an upright position. Someone like Meatman does not vanish without a trace; I'd interrogate everyone in the

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building until I located someone who'd confess to having seen him. If necessary, I'd crutch-whip everyone I could find into mere puddles of protoplasm until someone copped to knowing *something*.

I lunged and stumped my way to the end of the hall, around the corner, down another corridor, past the snack bar — whoops! Wait a second. Let's try reverse. Meatman was cozied up to a monster vending machine, attempting to sweet-talk and strong-arm it into submission. "C'mon, you lousy, no-good, cock-sucking whore!" He succeeded in moving it about two feet away from the wall and began rocking it back and forth.

"What are you doing?"

He swung around. "This rotten, thieving bastard —" he began, and stopped abruptly.

"Cute, huh?" I said lightly. "And plenty of room for everyone we know to autograph 'em and draw funny pictures."

"What's — *wrong* — with — yer — legs?" he asked, each word an interrogation in itself.

"Nothing much. How about you?" I'd already checked over his two Band-Aids and the patch of Mercurchrome above his eye.

"Yer legs," he said grimly, "are in casts up to yer fuckin' ass, so don't give me any 'nothin' much' shit."

"Maybe we could talk about this sitting down." The first tweaks of returning pain had just set some of my lower nerve endings to playfully skittering about like a herd of angry scorpions.

"Apparently, ya haven't had time to try that particular maneuver, or

you'd already know that you fuckin' don't sit when yer wearing plaster leg-warmers. How in the hell am I supposed to get you home, huh?"

"Well, just how in hell did you expect to get yourself home? The cops have the bike in impound and it seems damn unlikely they're gonna let you get it out at this time of the night."

"What? You let 'em put it in impound?" He made it seem as if I'd just said that I'd authorized them to dump it in the nearest junkyard cage-crusher. "Do ya have any idea what *happens* to impounded vehicles? Do ya?"

"Well, *excuuuse* me! Ya said you didn't want it left by the road — so it wasn't. And since ya haven't taught me how to ride yet, I couldn't take it anywhere. And last, but not least, the cops damn near slapped their bracelets on me twice while I was doin' what ya asked me to do."

"Sure sounds like you, all right. Can't take ya anywhere without ya either gettin' in trouble or startin' it. This is just great — the bike's locked up, you look like some kind of fuckin' petrified mummy, we're fifty miles from home and the truck, and this sonuvabitchin' machine just ate my last dime."

"As I recall, when we went down you were wearin' \$16 in your pants' pocket. Whaddya mean, that was your last dime?"

"I got hungry waitin' for ya! An' speakin' of pants, mine seemed to get lost back there for a while. I don't suppose you'd know anything about *that*, would ya?"

"Do I look like I've been runnin' around stealin' peoples' pants,



Artie

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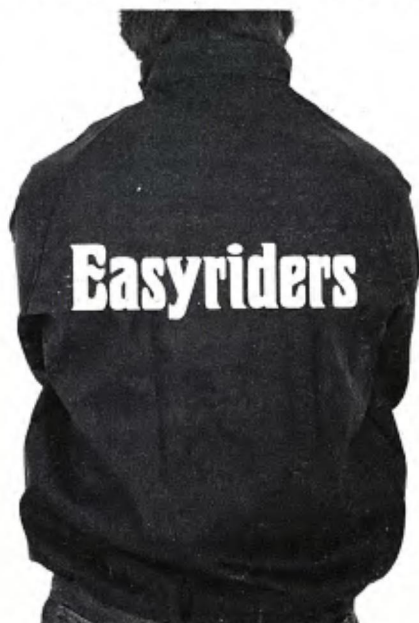
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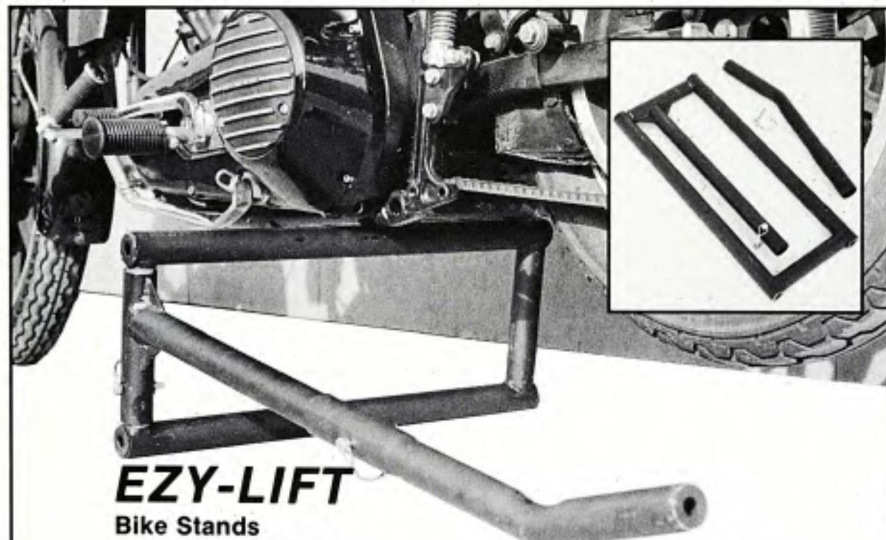
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for crissakes?"

"Actually, ya look like ya oughtta be sittin' down. I don't know why in the fuck ya always have to be tryin' to prove something. Ya tryin' to die on your feet, or what?"

"You were the one who said —"

"Well, skip it and do what I say now. Jesus S. Christ, how in the world did I ever get mixed up with a crazy broad like you?"

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The big day came. The doctor chipped off my plaster legging. My



"No, I ain't crazy — I just thought I'd wear my helmet where it would do the most good!"

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In The Wind #9	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #10	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
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YEARS SLIP AWAY...**

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knees had bluish-black patterns on them that weren't bruises. "Gravel," the doc said. "Get used to it."

Meatman took a look and got a little smile. "Hey, mama," he said. "I always did think I'd like for you to have a couple of tattoos, but shit, nobody but you thought to put 'em there."

"You mean it's okay? You can live with my legs looking fucked up?"

"I've lived with 'em being fucked up for the last three weeks, haven't I? It's really not that bad, ya know. Kinda looks like carpet burns."

"Swell. I hate 'em. We're gonna have to look into plastic surgery."

"No way. I'm not gonna have you down again for God knows how long while you recover from surgery. And I'm not gonna pay for it. That's my final word on the subject."

"You're *what*?" Meatman's voice sounded like a thunder clap.

"I'm going to start work tonight down at the Kat Patch."

"It's still a topless joint, ain't it?"

"It was when I auditioned earlier this afternoon."

"I won't stand for it! Don't I make enough money for ya? Have you ever had to go without anything? You're not goin' anywhere near that place."

"Okay," I said. "But you know where you can find me between six and two."

He looked at me for a moment, his eyes boring into mine. Then he stormed out and didn't come back. About 10:30 that night he came rolling into the Patch. I was just finishing a set and didn't see him until the last beat of the music had faded away and I turned around from the stage's mirrored backdrop where I'd been working out getting the glass sweaty. The crowd was gratifyingly enthusiastic and I took my time picking up their money from where they'd thrown it onto the stage.

"I didn't know you could do that," Meatman said, intercepting me in



"There, the fly is dead! Now eat your soup!"

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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		\$	\$

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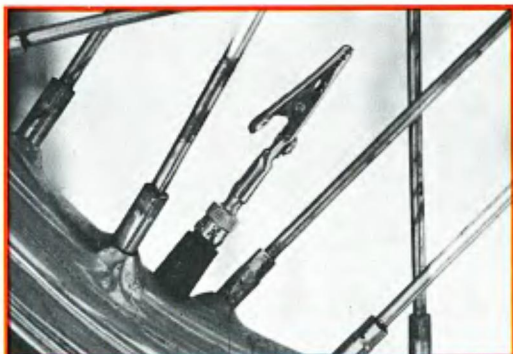
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the hall while I was on my way to the dressing room. "How much did ya make off that number?"

"Beats me. I haven't counted it."

"Well, I've been thinkin'. Maybe it's all right for you to work here. But only part-time, understand?"

"Sure. The part of the time I'm working is six to two, Sunday through Thursday."

"That's forty hours a week!"

Having already figured that out for myself and calculated my weekly earnings — as well as the total take if the tips stayed roughly the same as they had been so far — I estimated it was going to take me six months to earn enough bread for the operation. "I know," I agreed. "I had arithmetic classes in school, too."

* * *

According to the calendar, it was the first day of spring. According to my bank account, it was time for me to go talk to a man about a dog, or, more accurately, a pair of dogs.

"You want the whole thing in cash?" the teller asked incredulously. "That really isn't very safe, is it? Why don't you let me put it in traveler's checks or something?"

"Don't worry about it. I'm armed," I said pleasantly. "Besides, it seems a little silly to get traveler's checks just to go across town, doesn't it?"

At the word "armed," she'd gotten a rather peculiar look. I'd only been joking, of course, but some people have that airport mentality. The one that meshes with all the signs that say "No jokes" that are posted wherever you have to have your shit put through the scanner so you can be checked out for bombs, weapons, dope or what-have-you. She was back in a jiffy with the cash.

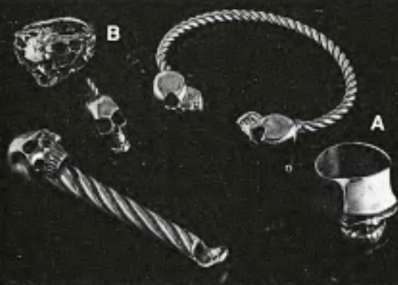
"S-s-sign for it," she stammered, looking nervous as hell.

"Relax," I said. "It's my money, not yours, remember?"



"Did you put acid in Mother's Geritol again?"

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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

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Ten minutes later, circling the block looking for a parking space, I saw it. And my heart and my mind and my money all spoke together as one. It was one of those supreme moments when you just simply *know* — everything. Everything that you've ever wanted to know, everything that you'll ever need to know.

I still had some money left when the transaction was over. Enough for a phone call, anyway. I called the Kat Patch. "I quit," I said when the manager came to the phone. "You can divvy up my costumes among the rest of the chicks." I hung up on him and headed for home.

When Meatman showed up for lunch, I told him what I'd done. "You quit?" he said, uncomprehendingly. "You can't! I like seein' ya dance. I like seein' other people see ya dance. You can't quit!"

"That's the breaks. Here, give this to the dog, will ya?" I handed him a lump of leftover hamburger. "He's still in the garage. I forgot to put him out this morning."

Still protesting what I'd done, Meatman opened the door to the garage, flipped the light switch and fell heavily against the door frame as if he'd been pole-axed. "What the fuck —" he gasped, turning to give me a wide-eyed stare of disbelief.

"Let those who ride decide," I said sweetly. "I just decided that the next time I go down, it's going to be me who's responsible for what happens. It's pretty cherry, don't ya think?" I slid past him and flicked a bit of dust off the Sporty's custom metallic-blue tank.

"I don't understand," Meatman said weakly. "I mean, if this is just because of your knees, hell, I'll pay for ya to —"

"You already have, poor baby," I answered, giving him a hug. "So, whaddya say we go riding together tonight after dinner? I'd even let ya pack behind me just this once so you could see —"

"Never!"

"Well, I don't know why not. I've never dropped a scoot, have I?"

"That's not the point, you. . ."

Funny how some discussions can go on for just hours and hours.

* * *

"And another thing," Meatman yelled against the wind as we rode around a rising curve up into the foothills overlooking the Bay. "Ya don't ever —"

"Right," I said, grinning at him. "Anything you say." Then I cranked on a little power and left him behind. Just for a while. ■

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Willie: Happy birthday, baby. You'll always be my #1. Love you forever. Sue.

Two white male country bros down but not out — yet! Need kites from ladies, 16-60, to help our time fly. Pics wanted and responses will come quicker to those with them. Will write all in due time. J.A. Connell and L. Kitterman, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933.

Leo: first year; lonesome. Second; T. Future awaits. So do we. Love, Sporty, Glide and Misty-P.

Single, shy, lonely, white Harley owner, 36, 6', 185 lbs. Have beautiful house and land to share with love. Seek an attractive, caring, devoted, mutually hard-working lady. Age, kids, incarceration are unimportant, but no corruptible bodies. Tom Egan, 1855 Campground Rd., Wellsville, OH 43988. Or (216) 532-3157, non-collect.

Frog, now in the redwoods: We talk about mountains, talk about love. As the limits have decreased, the foundations have strengthened. Happy first anniversary! On the road, in the wind, in our home. I love you. YAM. Always, KT.

Mike and Buddy: The sisters here in Omaha miss you. Please write TJ in Omaha. Terri Leahy, 7420 N. 59th St., Omaha, NE 68152. (132)

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.

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Untraceable remails, Canada, \$2 (no stamps). Box 673, Gibsons, B.C. V0N 1V0 (136)

Bob and Maryon Ripley: Please, send me your new mailing address. I'm sorry I didn't answer your last letter; no excuse. "Frito" Hoadley, same address. (137)

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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)

Brown hair, hazel eyes, w/f, 30, 5'8", 140 lbs. Looking for someone who likes outdoors, riding Harleys, kids and having good times. No bums. Send flicks, Jan, Box 206, Marion, IL 62959.

Blonde hair, hazel eyes, w/f, 25, 5'8", 135 lbs. Looking for nice-looking ol' man with Harley, gentle, who likes kids. No drunks, dopers or bums. Flicks, please. Joy, Box 206, Marion, IL 62959.

Animal: Times we shared were wild! Like you said, things weren't meant to be. I hope someday we can ride together again. Love, spurs and cuffs. Always, Bullet.

Tattoos by Lou: Did someone play a bad April Fool's joke on you and stick you with a shitty tattoo? Fool them and get it covered at Lou's. We specialize in custom and cover-up work. 475 Hay Street, downtown Fayetteville, NC 28301. (919) 483-1222. (132)

Original Nazi relics and weapons for sale. Send \$1 and SASE for list. Gary M. Johnson, Box 6446, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. (134)

Free an innocent man — support Kenny Baker. Wear a "Free Kenny Baker" T-shirt. Send \$10 to: Box 1615, Fontana, CA 92335. (141)

H-Ds and/or parts wanted: Any year, any condition. Must be 45 or larger and reasonably priced. Pink slip a must. Will travel. Send info. Todd Bertrang, 7240 Alabama #1, Canoga Park, CA 91303; phone (818) 704-9101. (132)

Good-looking, w/m, 27, would like to correspond with sincere ladies. Possible lasting relationship. All letters answered. Pic appreciated. Age not important. Ron Richards 145062, Box 31 Plymouth, WI 53073.

Andy: Dreams times three and you are legal now. This year has to be better! Love and wind forever. Weasel. 4/22/81.

Unusual book titles. Send stamp to TGB, Box 983, Madisonville, TX 77864

Two downed bros looking for some ladies to keep us company. All answered. Write soon. James Young 136128 and Gary Tomlin 135997, SCC, Box 3500, Staunton, VA 24401.

Wanted: Anyone knowing the whereabouts or address of Gloria Jean Gaddis, also known as "Pud," please contact me at my Florida address or at the below Michigan address. Gloria, you left Michigan City late '77. I'm still looking for you, babe. I'll search till I find you; what was meant for us then is still in my heart. I love you! Craig L. Klopensky 574383, Box 488-M51, Polk City, FL 33868. Or, 66527 Klinger Lake Rd., Sturgis, MI 49091.

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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)

Ladies: Down and lonely bro doing time needs to hear from all you ladies with heart. Will answer all Joe "Li'Lumpy" Hubbell 159609, Rt. #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, 21, German, like to meet American girl for becoming married. I'll be coming to USA in 1985. Write to K. Wagner, Plk. Nr. 043108C, 6500 Mainz 71, W. Germany. (132)

Hey, Nick Nick, Q Ball and Red: I will be seeing ya soon. Take it easy. Big Dave. Berdoon, Calif. (132)

Will trade 1945 74 cu.in. side-valve motor complete, or will pay cash for 1970-1984 engine and transmission, shovelhead with primary. Contact Mike, Box 1985, PSC #1, APO San Francisco, CA 96286. (132)

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My dearest Lucky: Time goes by so slowly and time can do so much, but time will never lessen my love for you. We'll be together soon, Sunshine; they can't hold you forever. I'm waiting and I'm being true. Thanks for sharing your life with me and for being the best husband a lady could ever ask for. Happy anniversary (February 14)! I love you! Forever yours, Margi.

Young white buck, 23, green & brown, sincere. Down four, out '87. Needs you bad! Looking for female, any age, for possible permanent relationship. N.Y.-N.J.-Pa. preferred, but will answer all. Photo for photo. Send stamp. F. Whitehead 63958, Box CN-861, Trenton, NJ 08625.

Three downed bros looking for letters and flicks from righteous ladies. All letters answered. Ronnie Gray 123103, John Hawkins 132194, and Mike Stedman 113156, PCC, C-1, State Farm, VA 23160.

Sharp, tall, trim, good-looking ol' ex-biker, white, 49, now has own business and good bread. Searching for one hot mama, 30-45, who has matured on the road and still digs to party and pack 'em in. If sex is your bag and you dig dicks too much to ever be a faithful house mouse, but you still need home care and love, why not shack up with or marry this ol' man in a lust-sharin' relationship. Fuckability more important than looks. The more experience you have as patched, pro or con, the better we'll relate. Big tits, tattoos great! Rugrats okay. Sun State. Send flick, experiences to "Gingerman," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Ladies: I am searching Europe, "Down Under," Canada, U.S. for that special lady to come into my life. Handsome biker, 29, 5'8", 140 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Just the two of us. I live alone, nice place in East Texas piney woods, good income, travel in oil fields. Like all outdoor sports, country living, riding my panhead. Easygoing and good personality. Lots more. Send photos and replies to: Scooter, Box 15, Roans Prairie, TX 77875.

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I'm a well-built 25-yr.-old Gemini. I've been dealing with a prison bit for the past several years and I need to hear from all lovely ladies whose hearts are tender enough to make this man happy. Charles David Parker 115954-C2, PCC, State Farm, VA 23160.

Tattooing outfits: Professional instruction manuals, lowest prices! Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain tattoo kits, Box 242-U, Colorado Springs, CO 80901.

Mindy, in Richmond (via Portsmouth): We've both been burned before, but life goes on. I'm bettin' you haven't experienced all you'd like folks to believe, but that's cool. Be careful, but don't be so paranoid. Without caring and sharing, the whole scene is empty and it sucks. I want you for all the right reasons and probably the wrong ones, as well. Try to understand. I'm here and I care. Trust me. Lean on me. Love me. Bobby.

All ladies wanted: I'm a 6'4", 197-lb., brown-haired, hazel-eyed dude who wants to hear from you all. All letters answered. Flick for flick. So, come on and let's swap fantasies. James Moeller 41831, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (132)

Wanted: Blonde, slim lady, 18-25. Dennis, 26001 Rushing Rd. Albuquerque, NM 87105.

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, Muffin. (132)

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)

"Thanks, Mary."

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

Bobbie (Mad Dog): Happy birthday. Good health and fortune. Sweet memories and respect. "Brown Sugar."

Wanted: Cycletoon magazines from '60s and '70s. Urgently needed by real-life Ol' Poop. G.K., 5675 Hwy. 30-W, The Dalles, OR 97058.

White male needs good ol' lady between 18 and 30. Must like Harleys and the good life. I'm 5'8", 140 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Don't need junkies or alkie. Mark Prothro, 2837 E. Webb Ave., N. Las Vegas, NV 89030.

Downed handsome Harley rider looking for that special lady. I'm tired of phonies, game players. I've got blue eyes, auburn hair. Due to rise 1984. Desire serious relationship. Allen "Shotgun" Schrum 31756, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Educable lady: International ballroom dance partner wanted, 22-30. Size 5; I.Q. 135+. L.A., Calif. R. Palonis, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

1984 begins the 5th year of the Devils Breed MC, Honolulu. Active members wear a four-piece, red-and-black patch. The three-piece colors and the single S rocker colors have long been retired and we claim no responsibility for wearers of these inactive patches. Active bottom rockers are: Honolulu, Hawaii, or mainland, North Chicago, Ill. These are the only patches we claim responsibility for. If your club has questions, write: D.B. MC, Box 26-137, Honolulu, HI.

Uwe Enke, urgent: Please write to Norbert Krasselt, Pfenningsbusch 16, 2000 Hamburg 76, West Germany.

W/m, 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, mean and lean, looking for the #1 lady to make me smile in this fucked-up situation. Daniel "Damien" Davidson 172-228, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Wanted: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Darlene Barnett (also known as "Dolly") from San Bernardino, Calif., please write me. Dolly, please write me and let me know where you are. I'm down and hurting. I need you, babe. We lost contact two years ago. So much has changed since! I need you, Dolly. Craig L. Klopenastine 574383, Box 488, Box M51, Polk City, FL 33868.

W/m, 27, been down 5 and some light is showing — none too soon. 5'9", 155 lbs., blue eyes, brown/red. Looking to hear from some of you ladies. Doug Boehmer 75095, Box 600, Canon City, CO 81212.

Attention, ladies: W/m, 36, doing time, gets no mail. Would like to hear from you, so write today. Looks, age, weight not important. Cecil Vaughn, C-63400, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401.

Lyle Jones: I love you with all my heart and soul. Marrying you was the happiest moment of my life. I just long for you to be free, then we can have a lifetime of loving together. I miss you, darling. Thinking of you always and loving you always. Your wife, Tina Marie.

Drummer wanting guitarist and bassist for rock/country band. J.W., 252-1566. Phoenix area.

Rebel — David Valencia — Angel — Judy Nimeth. Still loves you. If you still care. Please contact me. 969 Greenway #314, St. Paul, MN 55109.

Spider and 'Leen of Austell, Ga.: Remember "Excuse a Moi" and Fifth Quarter Saloon? Get in touch. D.L.F., Box 617, Pinnacle, NC 27043.

Shadow: Still dream about ya. Life's a bitch. Yok II.

Dee Wood: Anxious to hear from you. It's been too long. Have news for you. Love, Shirley and Bridget.

Get our home recipe for homemade schnapps. Make four quarts for the cost of one. Send \$1 and SASE to: Big Skip, Queball & Chief, Box 121, Lansing, MN 55950.

Missing since Bike Week '83: One Frenchman from Jacksonville, a widower with dark hair and eyes. I miss you! At the Boot Hill Saloon — I had leathers on. Please write. I've got your picture. Doreen Matuno, 506 Turkey Hill Rd., Orange, CT 06477.

Desperately searching! To the brother in Schenectady, N.Y., who purchased an "Iris Red" 1945 EL 61 knucklehead. You'll know the bike in particular 'cause you paid \$1400 for it and bought it from a broad or her father. To get to the point, the broad who sold it to you was my ol' lady, and when I went to the joint in Texas, she sold the fucker without my permission! Now I'm doing time for the feds because of the same broad. I'd like to get in touch with you, whoever you are, because I built that bike, tied up a lot of money and heart in its restoration, and I'd like to buy it back. I don't give a fuck what you want for it, you got it! Serious business! As for the broad, she's married now to another guy and lives in the Schenectady area. You can get hold of me through my attorney in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write to: Attorney Ronald J. Yenich, 44 Exchange Place, Salt Lake City, UT 84111. To be forwarded to: M.D.R.

Motorcycle Mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC44, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (132)

H-Ds and/or parts wanted: any year, any condition. Must be 45 or larger, and reasonably priced. Pink slip a must. Will travel. Send info. Todd Bertrand, 7240 Alabama #1, Canoga Park, CA 91303; phone (818) 704-9101. (132)

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, Muffin. (132)

Bounty hunters can make big bucks. Excerpt from Taylor vs. Taintor (Dec. 1872) case which gives bounty hunters almost unbelievable power. \$10 cash/m.o. B.H. Info, Box 5742, Midland, TX 79704. (132)

Get our home-brew recipe for homemade schnapps. Make four quarts for the cost of one. Send \$1 and SASE to: Big Skip, Queball & Chief, Box 121, Lansing, MN 55950. (133)

J.B.: It's two years now, goin' on forever. I love you and I belong to you body and soul. Don't ever give up on me, I'll grow up someday. Dingbat. (132)

Cindy, Tammy, Tina, Gina, Linda, Nora and whoever else there is: He's mine now, you bitches, the man that none of you were woman enough to love all the way. (132)

Leann: Happy birthday. Sorry I'm a little late. Love, Ed. (132)

Been down seven years. Release sometime 1984. Virgo, 6'4", 210 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Want to meet ladies, 19 to 40, with sense of humor. Skip Dillon 103951, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

My panties, very sexy, worn just for you. With personalized note. \$10 cash/m.o. to M.E., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (132)

W/m, age 32, Pisces, 5'9", 220 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, seeks lady, 17-26, who likes trikes, T/A's, Elky's and 18-wheelers. Must like to travel. Also must be able to relocate to Calif. or Tenn. Will answer all. Send flicks if possible. Eddie J. Crittendon, Box 1010-50549, Canon City, CO 81212. (132)

W/m, 5'7", black hair, lonely. Would like to hear from ladies for friendship or relationship. Please send photo. All mail will be answered. C. Gates, 170 Hoof St., Grafton, 2460; N.S.W., Australia. (132)

Sunday, July 1, 1984, a motorcycle poker run will be held in northeast Pennsylvania to benefit the March of Dimes. The High Mountain chapter of ABATE will bring together hundreds of bikers from all walks of life for this benefit. Following a staggered start within the speed limit, the riders and their passengers will travel a route through seven northeastern counties. At seven checkpoints the contestants will draw and exchange cards to build the best poker hand to determine the winner. A family picnic will follow. Entry fees and other proceeds will be turned over to the March of Dimes' fight against birth defects. Over the years, motorcycle riders have been stereotyped and the image projected by bad movies or movies about bad people. This event should prove that the stereotypes are the exception rather than the rule. For more info, contact: Joe Vitz, Pres., at (717) 788-1078 or Dee Banja, (717) 636-2669. (132)

Happy birthday, L.D., June 2. You do not want a mother, but I sure do want a son! Love, Margaret. (132)

Human skull, authentic, legal. \$155. Brock, 917 Ranger, Cheyenne, WY 82009. (307) 634-5638. (137)

Original Nazi relics and weapons for sale. Send \$1 and SASE for list to: Gary M. Johnson, Box 6446, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. (134)

Well-adjusted white single woman wants responsible white man of his own character, over 35, for correspondence, friendship and possible relationship. Send photo. Will answer all serious inquiries. Boxholder, Box 9592, Metairie, LA 70055. (132)

Nazi Militaria: Free list. Send SASE. NSDAP/AO, Box 6414-IH, Lincoln, NE 68506. (132)

White female, 24, 5'2", 105 lbs., is looking for white male who likes to ride. No deadbeats or head games wanted, or house mouse to compete with. Would help if from Kansas City, Kan., or Lawrence, Kan., area. I'm ready for companionship, lovin', ridin' and partyin'. Send picture and scribe. Angie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (132)

26-yr.-old male looking for letters and visits from thorough women in free world. Sherman Pendleton 118464, D-4, State Farm, VA 23160. (132)

Prison correspondence wanted: Michael Zilkosk, Box C-39418, 5B47, Tamal, CA 94964. (132)

Inmate judges, trophies — It's getting close to that time of year for our 7th annual prison bike show and we're hoping for a large turnout. Show us that brotherhood is more than just a word. Info, write: Bob Childers 43152, Box 7, Moberly, MO 65270. (132)

White male, age 22, 5'9", 165 lbs., red hair and brown eyes, in prison, seeking women to write. Tommy Williams 35594, Box 1568-D-106, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568. (132)

Happy, happy birthday, Chief! Wish only the best for you. Love, S.M. (132)

Lookin' for a woman who's into Levi's, leather and lace, and that fine pride. Write to a 6'1", 185-lb., blue-eyed, blond-haired, tacked, 34-yr.-old man, who'll be out in a year and is lookin' for more than a 20-cent romance. Roy Jagers 6298, Box A-C-30030, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (132)

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. (134)

Australian biker couple, arriving in New York, October '84, need help with accommodations and buying a 1948-57 1200 panhead. Travel anywhere. Stuart Nomis, 23 Hampden Rd., Mt. Barker, South Australia 5251. (132)

Discount fireworks: Firecrackers, bottle rockets, Roman candles, and much more. For catalog, send 50¢ to Spartan Fireworks, Box 792, Tiffin, OH 44883. After May 5, call toll-free in Ohio, 1-800-821-7901; outside Ohio, 1-800-821-2483. (132)

Two downed white bros, both 26, on the inside till '87. Looking for hot flicks and scribes from you lusty ladies. Will answer all. Dave Yarosh, M2714, and Eddie Trautman, P5188, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011. (132)

W/m, 5'7", 170 lbs., Harley rider, body builder, easygoing, etc. Live in San Bernardino. Want lady to pack sometimes and have fun in general. Answer all letters. Jeff, Box 4927, N.A.F.B., CA 92409. (132)

Ms. Jamie Hines's classified ad which appeared in this magazine was not placed by her and we are sorry for any inconvenience the ad may have caused her. (132)

Bikers' travel guide. A must for every traveling bro. Complete listing of friendly places to eat, sleep and drink in over 25 states and 100 cities. Some complete with maps. Satisfaction guaranteed! Send \$3 cash, check or m.o. to: H.L.B., Box 1688, Hollywood, FL 33022. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for personal checks to clear. (132)

Lonely rider of the wind, with a huge hunger for affection, seeks a lady small and sweet to ride behind me in my saddle seat over mountains reaching for the moon and down redwood canyon trails leading to the sea, riding free with me wherever the front wheel goes and the fair winds blow. If you're slender, tender and true, and a quiet lady with a gentle soul, then you're just the one I want to share the wonders of my days and the magic of the night. It doesn't matter what hue your skin or where you've been, it's where you're going that counts. Younger ladies looking for a decent home are welcome. For a quick reply, send specs, brief scribe, flick, and phone number to Gypsy, Box 1847, Modesto, CA 95353. (132)

Swingers want biker tramps for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime, 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (132)

Butch: Happy birthday, 5/11/55. Love ya still like I always will! Ort. (132)

W/m, 24, 6'1", 165 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Florida gator down in La. swamps. Lonely and looking for a cute, sweet gatorette. Will answer all. Photo to all who answer. Let's rap. Wayne Martin 88867, Magnolia 1, Angola, LA 70712. (132)

Happy birthday, Dad, from Sam. Yes, Sam. You know who I am. With lots of love. (132)

Charlie the Tuna: Happy third anniversary, my love. Wanting you every inch of the way. Joann. (132)

Wanted: Intelligent, beautiful, young slave girl. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846. (132)

Renegade Angel: I need you back in my life. The ten months-plus were the best of all times. Let's keep 'em going. I love you always. Tony. (132)

Sheryl Lynn Butler: Let's renew a friendship that began 24 years ago. Please write to Sharon Sharp, Box 4351, Long Beach, CA 90804, or call your grandmother for my number. She's listed in Beatrice. (132)

Looking for Marva C. Scott. Can anyone help? Sure do miss ya, babe. Last seen in central Florida. L.P. Hayes, 223 Clark St., Hudson, FL 33567. (132)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details - \$1. PAL, 20, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (132)

W/m, 30, down but out soon. Looking for right Texas woman, 18-35, to share good times. All answered, flicks. Lee "Devil" Hankamer 296145, One Circle Dr., Sugarland, TX 77478. (132)

Swap meet: Amarillo, Tex., May 6, 1984. Tri-State Fairgrounds. Largest meet ever held in this area. Come on out. Great party with live rock and roll. Wet T and beer drinkers' contests. Set up, 9-11; doors open, 11-5. Security provided. Info on booth rentals, etc.: (806) 372-4074 or (806) 733-2809. (132)

Buster Evans: Need to get in touch with you 'cause I have cancer and need your support and love. Your Southern Belle from Wanda's Lounge. Please come or call. Need you. Wanda or "Drifty." Laurel, Miss. (132)

Government jobs: Thousand of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,364 to \$50,112. Call (716) 842-6000, Ext. 33851. (132)

Jobs overseas: Big money fast. \$20,000 to \$50,000 per year. Call (216) 453-3000, Ext. 24633. (132)

Motorcycle Mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC44, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (132)

W/m, doing time. Been here a long time; it's very lonely. Will be out in a few. Need a sincere, good-looking lady to reach out to. All replies will be answered. Send pictures. Tony Morrow 88081, Camp H-B/S, Angola, LA 70712. (132)

Looking for lonely gal to write. Neil Edward Darrow, Box B-50946, San Quentin, CA 94964. (132)

W/m, 30, 160 lbs., brown hair. Looking for w/f, 18-35. No heavy drugs. Will have to relocate to Florida. Send photograph. Bill, Box 953, Ladylake, FL 32659. (132)

Cigarette papers: big savings, Job, Joker, Club. Free list. SWC, Box 432, Clyde, NC 28721. (132)

Glen Stewart, FWMC (Houston, Texas): Rusty, Teri, where are you? Write Jim, Box 2936, OMSR, Oracle, AZ 85623. (132)

W/m, 29, 6'1", 180 lbs., seeks slim, very busty one-man woman to share seat on sharp '81 Harley Sturgis and life. Must be able to relocate with no marriage commitments. Send recent photo/letter to R.S., 1139 Gary Terrace, Odessa, TX 79764. (132)

Jammy "Sugarfoot": You're the greatest ol' lady a man could ever have. We will be together for eternity. Always and forever. "Bean." (132)

Crash (NMMC): You're still the best of man that any of lady could ever ask for. You're not gettin' older, you're gettin' better! Happy 30th birthday, 5/30/54. Love ya forever. Tiny Tits. (132)

Have a custom chopper, trike or sidecar and need a super rider? Contact Hanes Engineering, 2733 West 11th St., Erie, PA 16505. (814) 833-3444. (132)

Ernie: Happy birthday, 7/7. 11 years together, 1 on 1. Thanks for sharing Harley good times and pride I would have never known, and will never forget. Love always, Jo. (132)

Woman wanted: I live for the ride. If you are slim, attractive, between 30 and 40, and want to share my dream and put in northern Calif., contact me. Tony G., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (132)

Doin' some unjust time in a hemorrhoid on the asshole of the world. Got the worst damn case of lonely blues this side of hell. Gals, douche these blues away with a letter and a flick. Wm. "Mac" McBroom 24346, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (132)

Hit the bottom and broke through. Need a kind word or two! Laurence Libberton, Box B-45978, Florence, AZ 85232. (132)

Doing heavy time. Need hot letters and flicks from chicks anywhere, age 18-99. Ron "Rooster" Bishop, Box B35804, Florence, AZ 85232. (132)

6', 175 lb., 25-yr.-old male, looking for someone willing to help me strive to make today's brightest dreams tomorrow's reality. Please send photos. Hobbies: dancing, singing, children and enjoying every bit of my woman. Walter Taylor 80-C-120, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (132)

Karl: Thinking of you always, darlin'. Happy 26th on May 14. Loads of love. Your Iggles. (132)

Professional tattooing handbook. Illustrations, diagrams, trade secrets. Valuable tips. Expert instruction. 71 pages. \$19.95. Tattooer, Box 242-V, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (132)

Bo and Mike from New Yawk: Call Stash and Melanie - Michigan. (906) 341-8047. (132)

Lady Jo/Strider: Mom has finally gone home. Please get in touch STAT. Hooker, Box 40521, Portland, OR 97240. Ally-Ally Outs In Free. (132)

For sale: Easyriders collection. Issues 1-100, minus #9, #25, #26, #61. \$225. (801) 562-5154. (132)

Attention, ladies of the East Coast and New England. Wanted: One good-looking lady between 21 and 31, who wants a better life for herself. Must love Harleys and be willing to relocate. Send letters and revealing photos to Bruce Densmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, ME 04092. (132)

Held captive in this pen since '75 - bank robberies. Sensuous, beautiful, strong both in body and mind, 9'3/4", 6'1", 203 lbs. Need determined, fearless, desirable woman. James "The Poet" Callahan 96379, Pine 2, Angola, LA 70712. (132)

Nazi militaria. Free list. Send SASE. NSDAP/AO, Box 6414-EZ, Lincoln, NE 68506. (132)

Horse Dork: We've been together for over a year now and I love you more every day. Can't wait to put the Black Forest on our Sporty. A lifetime isn't enough. Cute Butt. (132)

Want letters and pictures. W/m, 40, 5'11", 200 lbs., brown/brown, doing the big one. Want to hear from all women, free or caged, young or old. Sincerity appreciated. Will answer all. Richard Dyke 71402, Box 260, Lexington, OK 73051. (132)

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. (132)

Looking for anyone who knew me in northwestern Connecticut during '50s. Especially Craig Turner. Please write me. Edwin Springer, Jr., Box 1832, Hyannis, MA 02601. (132)

Swap meets: April 22 and May 20, I-70 Drive-In, Kansas City, Mo. (132)

Tattooing outfits. Professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices! Illustrated literature - \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-V, Colorado Springs CO 80901. (132)

Kerri: I feel very fortunate having a woman like you believing in me and not giving up during these hard years. When I get out of this prison, I'll make it up to you. Your damn fool-headed ol' man. Bryan. (132)

For Sale: 1952 K Model. Excellent condition; engine and transmission just rebuilt. Everything new. 90% original. Much chrome, needs very little work. Asking \$2300. (614) 272-8708. Columbus, Ohio, 9 a.m.-2 p.m. (132)

Solid H-D'er lookin' for sexy mama to do some puttin' and partyin'. Jeff Cleveland, 2324 W. Magnolia Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53221. (132)

Swap meets: May 13 and July 15. Oklahoma State Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City, Okla. (132)

Wanted: Attractive stand-up ladies for scribes, flicks and possible relationship. Will answer all. I'm a downed w/m, 6', 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Be out in '85. Arthur Garey, Box 43, Norfolk, MA 02056. (132)

Bill and Ralph: Happy birthday to my favorite Gemini brothers. Love. Your sister Shirley. (132)

Hawk "Big Ron": Call (213) 333-8102. Love, Dot. (132)

Publishing book of touring routes. Need maps with text on road conditions, bars, points of interest, danger spots, cops, parks, stops, etc. Send me your favorite cruise and all used will receive free copy! Worldwide, Write R.D. White, 508 Arbutus Ave., Manistique, MI 49854. (132)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Marc "Animal" Groff, please write to Rabid Ray Rouch, Box 171, Lakeville, PA 18438. (132)

They say I look like an Old West gunfighter. But though that's true in many ways, there's a love song roaring from my soul, even though it's sung with a Texas drawl. Loved ended 1/3/84, so help me finish writing my love song on 6 1/2 acres. I'm 6'3", 165 lbs., nice-looking. You must be nice body, very freaky, 17-35, and want a lasting relationship. Quinn "Silver" Adams, Box 1454, Corsicana, TX 75110. 9132

Incarcerated male, 34 years old, 6'1 1/2", 170 lbs., black hair, brown eyes. Will be getting out in '84. I want to correspond with someone who is for real and cares about people in prison and doesn't mind helping them. I am lonely and considered attractive. Will answer all; please include photo if possible. John W. Williams 269806, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, TX 77515. (132)

Handicapped rider will trade 1980 H-D FLH Classic, 80", tan and cream, full dress, clean, lots of chrome, for older H-D with sidecar. Joe Liebman, Box 1383, Lake Isabella, CA 93240. (132)

Females: I'm a Scorpio, 5'9", 158 lbs., hazel eyes, 27, and divorced. Looking for a sincere relationship, prefer a petite lady, free or in prison. Will answer all. I'm doing 15, out in '87. Send all letters with photo. Gene Haulsey, Box 805, Carthage, NC 28327. (132)

Attention: To any and all white organizations in the Texas prison system. As ya know, some things here are not right and a few things need to be straightened out immediately! This is no fucking game, as we all know, so replies from punks not needed! All presidents or vice presidents, please get in touch with the Pres., Aryan Society, Ronald "Blue" Ballew 295478, Retrieve Unit, Rt. 4, Box 1500, Angleton, TX 77515. Or myself, General Aryan Society, Guy "Bandit" Brannon 328610, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. Very important! (132)

Need credit? Get Mastercharge, others, without investigation. Legally discharge debts, protect assets, restore credit. Loans, guaranteed. Details - SASE to Inflation Reports, ERC, Box 60148, Los Angeles, CA 92631. (132)

Mark: Happy birthday, babe. I love ya, miss you. Nebraska Babe. (132)

On June 2, 1984, John and Gale will go up the mountain to confirm their love. As they descend, they will enter one life, to be shared by both. (132)

Joe: You're the best fuck I ever had. Have a happy 30th, June 11. Love, Toad. (132)

Paul Brown, 6/18/55. One more year and you're over that hill! Love, Bridget and Shirley. (132)

Glen: I'm a sucker for a pretty face. Happy 25th birthday and happy anniversary. I love you always. Peggy. (132)

Daddy: Happy birthday, 6/1. You're the greatest. Love you always. Doug and Angie. (132)

Ricky Hein: Happy birthday! From your dark side of the moon friend. Love always, Debbie Cochran. (132)

Good Irish man, 41, 5'7", blue eyes, red-headed. Down ten, 4 left. Need good sincere lady, 25-40. Need love, not bullshit. Send picture; I'll do the same. James McCallum 79A2926, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (132)

W/m, 31 yrs. old, handsome and lonely, looking for lovin' ol' lady for near future, age 18-35. Love kids, country, and togetherness. Chicks with confused heads need not reply. Write now! Sammy "Apache" Morris 259558, Box 32 (2-19), Huntsville, TX 77348. (132)

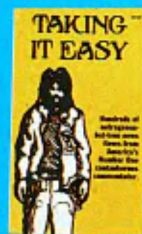
Incarcerated. Two men looking forward to letters from sincere caring persons. Fed up with games and phony people. Will answer all. Address letters to Charles Depierro 82A6068, and Terry Shaw 79A4012, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. Charlie is 6', 175 lbs., blond hair, hazel eyes, Capricorn. Terry is 6', 180 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, sexy. (132)

Jailhouse lawyer served nine years already. Can get everyone else out but myself - but my time is coming. I need a writ of habeas corpus to gain my freedom and a sincere woman to stand by me while I fight like hell to get it. I am white, thirty-eight, six foot, one-hundred-eighty pounds, look fine and very open-minded. Your looks and features are not that important; however, those who must wear earmuffs when it's windy to keep the wind from whistling through their ears need not answer. This is the first time I ever advertised anywhere. My heart is indeed a lonely hunter. George Onifer 120369, Box 779, Marquette, MI 49855. (132)

White, hard-working, independent biker, 35, needs free and easy open-minded lady. Must be carefree, uninhibited and love to ride my Harley. Box 20832, Phoenix, AZ 85036. (132)

Seeking clean, intelligent female to plan and share the experience of a touring summer vacation. Trim male rider, 40s, Ohio area. J.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (132)

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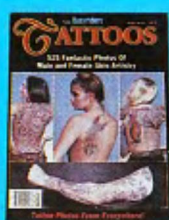


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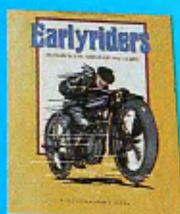
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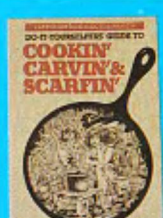


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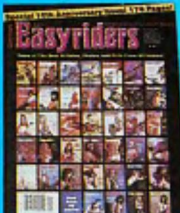
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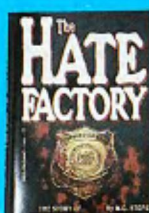
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Workin' It Out

Continued from page 18

I got half the fuckin' responsibility of gettin' this shit to the clubhouse or gittin' my ass kicked off clear to my belly-button. We can hide the whole bed real good down in that gully, under a buncha brush, and come back for it once the machine's fixed and ready." Stubby began pull-in on tattered gloves.

"Ya think we got enough money fer a few beers?"

Stubby nodded. "A *very* few beers. And we toss to see who calls Earthquake collect."

Without more to say, they began dismantling the trike bed.

* * *

Belching softly, Stubby stood beside the public phone in the ratty bar. Thirty feet away, Jabber hunched over the bar, avidly studying the jiggling buttocks on the fat female bartender as she waddled back and forth, putting polished glasses on a shelf.

"Hello?" said Earthquake's raspy voice.

"I have a collect call for Mister Earthquake Duggan from a Mister Stubby Partello. Will you accept the call?" intoned the operator.

Short pause. "Yeah, I'll accept it," said Earthquake glumly.

"Go ahead, sir," urged the operator, as if she knew something.

"This is Stubby."

"No shit! I figured it might be Santa Claus. Or the king of the CIA. Yer overdue, asshole."

"Trike took a shit."

"How fuckin' wonderful. How fuckin' marvelous. Ya mighta missed an adventure like that with a fuckin' van, right? Right, shitbrain?"

"Right," mumbled Stubby.

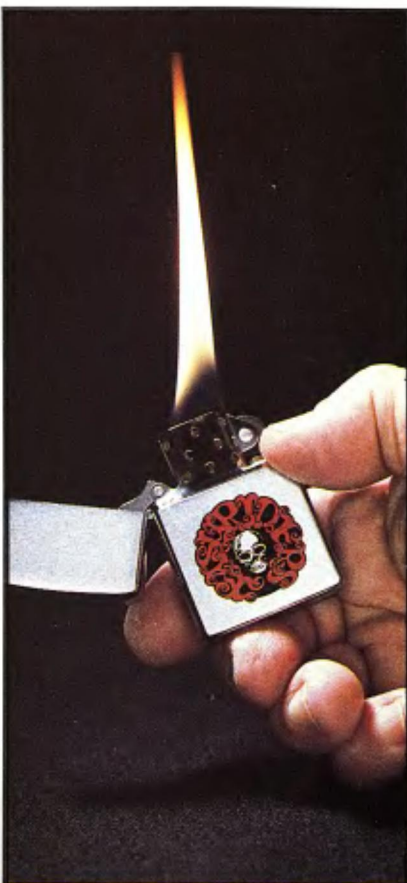
"So get the trike fixed and —"

"We're broke."

Long pause.



"That figures."



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"We gave ya plenty of road money, jerkoff. More than enough to get twice as many guys through the whole number, without nobody goin' thirsty, hungry or stranded. Tell me about the road money, puke-face." The voice thickened with ignited anger and disgust.

Stubby swallowed hard. "Ah, shit, bro — we used some fer a little R and R in Texas. Pipeline spotted us comin' through Dallas and invited us to a party. Bein' pooped, we figured it was all right to —"

"Ya shitheads figured wrong! Real wrong. Lemme draw ya a fuckin' pretty picture. Here, we're in the clear, see? Back in Chi, they're waitin' for a call about your arrival here. You and that dumbfuck trike are right there in the middle, party-boy. Considerin' what else is overdue, besides yer worthless, slime-minded selves, yer now on yer fuckin' own." The voice was icy with finality. "Ya didn't follow the drill. Ya was clued, shown and had it explained to ya about the tight schedule. Ya was given plenty of money. But ya had to get cute and make a party-stop — *against orders*. Are you readin' me loud and clear, bugbrain?"

"Oh, k-kee-rist," moaned Stubby. "Don't try draggin' religion into business," Earthquake said coldly. "Yer on yer own. Get movin' or yer fuckin' asses are up fer grabs. I can stall Chi fer two more days. Nothin' longer. After that, they'll come lookin' fer ya — and they ain't yer bros. Unfortunately for you."

"Oh, shit!" groaned Stubby, the beer in his gut being stirred with a fear-stick.

"Ya got two more days, snotbrain."

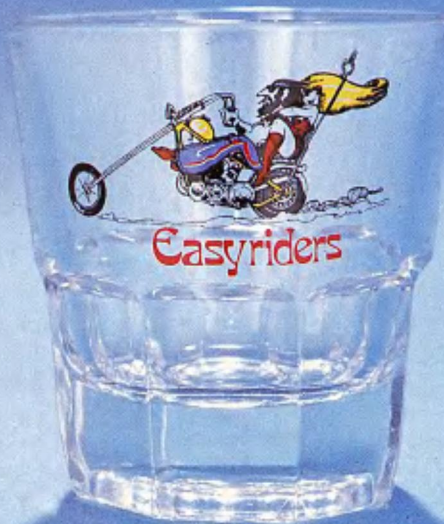
Click, and a dial tone hummed in his ear. Stubby slowly replaced the instrument on its cradle, walking away from it in a chilled trance. He hadn't even been able to get to the quotation of seven-and-a-half bills to repair the machine, as estimated by the town's only wrench just moments before he and Jabber had gone to the bar.

Jabber was excitedly talking at the lardy bar-twat, gesturing with both lanky hands. "... Oral Roberts, Billy Graham all probably got classy dogs. Shit, I'll bet even the Pope has one!"

"Bring us a pitcher over to that booth," Stubby told the fat ugly. Pulling Jabber off his stool, Stubby led the way to the back booth. There, he explained the latest developments in short, easy-to-understand words. By the time he'd finished, the broad was bringing the suds and Jabber looked too sick to be thirsty.

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"Any work hereabouts?" Stubby asked the sow.

"Nah," she muttered. "No work. I'm related to the guy who owns this place or I'd be. . ." Her words trailed into silence and suddenly Stubby noticed the gaunt old man standing directly behind her.

"You boys looking for work, huh?" cackled the oldster, sidling into the booth beside Jabber. The wrinkled face contorted with repressed glee. "Go away, Diane. These boys and me want to talk *employment!*"

Stubby glanced at Jabber, who merely shrugged.

"I'm Ralph Wookerson," declared the old fart. "I seen you boys coasting down the hill to town on your three-wheeled motorsickle. That's when it dawned on me that you're exactly what I need."

"Blowjobs will cost ya three and a quarter bills, apiece," Jabber told him, shuddering visibly and worriedly eyeing Stubby for approval.

Stubby nodded. "At least."

"What I gotta have," continued Wookerson, as though he hadn't heard them, "are some helpers with faces nobody over to the nursing home will recognize. That way, it might work real good!"

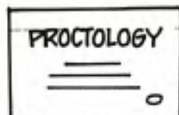
"Oh, yeah?" Stubby narrowed his eyes at the strange old poop who was obviously just another aging dipshit without both feet on the pegs. "Tell us about it."

"I'm sixty-eight years old and I'm tired of living alone. I miss my mother, boys. You've just hit town. Nobody knows you. I don't even want to hear your names. This will be a cash arrangement." Eyes flashing wildly, Wookerson glanced in all directions, checking to be certain he wasn't being overheard.

"What is this shit?" whispered the puzzled Jabber.

"Let the man finish!" snapped Stubby impatiently.

Easyriders



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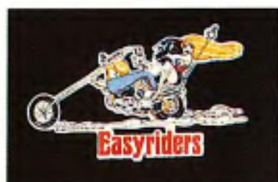
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"Yessir, boys, you can do it where nobody else in this town can! I'll pay you one thousand dollars in small bills to do it!" Wookerson said, in a voice hoarse with excitement.

"Do what?" demanded Stubby.

"Kidnap my sweet little old mother from the Sunset Nursing Home and deliver her to my house at the edge of town. The poor creature is ninety-one years old and going crazy with nothing to do!"

"Sn-s snatch your mother?" gasped Stubby. "You'll pay us to snatch your own mama?"

Wookerson nodded, digging handfuls of crumpled bills from his pants' pockets, smoothing them out with trembling liver-spotted claws and spreading ten one-hundred-dollar bills before himself. "Cash on delivery, boys! They got no right to keep my mother a prisoner there. She needs activity, something to do in our own home — and I've got five months' worth of dirty dishes for her to wash. She'll be thrilled to pieces. How soon do you boys figure you can go to work?"

"We'll hafta have a hundred up front," Stubby told him, scanning the cash greedily.

Wookerson shoved a faded bill across the table.

"We'll need wheels, too," said Jabber softly.

"I'll leave a green pickup truck — belongs to my brother, two counties away from here — at the gas station. How long will it take?"

"Which gas station?" Stubby folded the bill.

"Only got one."

Stubby tapped the folded bill against his teeth, thinking, planning, figuring time. "What's her name?"

"Ellen Wookerson."

"Okay, where do we bring her?"

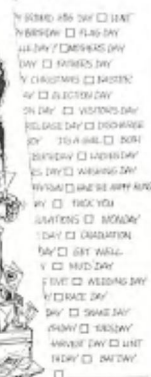
"Directly to my place. Yellow farmhouse at the top of the hill you came down. Behind all those oaks." Wookerson's eyes gleamed shrewdly. "Be gentle with her. She gets awful confused sometimes, and it riles the poor thing to feel confused, so you be kind and patient or you'll get no more money."

Stubby's stored-up anxiety abruptly dissolved into an unthink-



"I don't care if they are silent! Your farts are attracting too much attention!"

Jabber nodded, winking. "Sure did, bro. Four-eleven. They got a



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buncha livin' Wookerson relics stashed in that senility center. Mostly wrinkled, spacy old dudes wanderin' around and droolin' all over themselves or tryin' to shake their shriveled dorks at the nurses!"

"But are ya sure ya got the right room number?"

"Four-eleven. Just like Jody said."

"Jody?"

Jabber smiled with remembered bliss. "Yeah, that horny little twat. Took me in a supply closet. First time anybody ever gimme skull in a place like that. I can hardly wait'll the little fiend meets us at the motel later tonight."

Starting the truck's wheezy engine and putting it into gear, Stubby drove away toward the nearby downtown area, such as it was. "We'll have us a few beers until near midnight, when we make the snatch. I ain't gonna feel right until I got that cash in my hot little hand. And the sound of that trike's shovel-head runnin' is gonna be the sweetest fuckin' music my ears ever heard."

"I was gonna share Jody with ya," pleaded Jabber.

"Nice try. Fuck charity."

"Ya met some cunt named Charity?" Jabber's hopeful expression was too pitiful to endure, so Stubby aimed his attention at the streets.

obvious age, and she had fought like a white-maned wildcat all the way to Wookerson's place. Now she huddled, exhausted, on a sofa — surrounded by her abductors, including a wide-eyed Jody who had joined the action at the last minute and had been too much help in subduing the struggling oldster to get rid of. An outraged Wookerson glared at each of his hirees with utter contempt.

"That," Wookerson snarled, "ain't my mother! That's my Aunt Edna, you fools!"

"Bullshit!" hissed Stubby, taking a step toward him.

Wookerson spun, hobbling rapidly to the nearby phone and clutched it menacingly.

"Oh, hell," groaned Jabber. "He's gonna call cousin Fred, the fuckin' old snitch!"

Stubby halted.

"Hey, he's right," Jody shouted.

"This lady ain't his mama. She really is his Aunt Edna who's a twin to his mama!"

"You told me four-eleven, ya bitch!" yelled Jabber.

"Golly!" Jody giggled behind the hand she'd clapped over her mouth. "Did I really say four-eleven?"

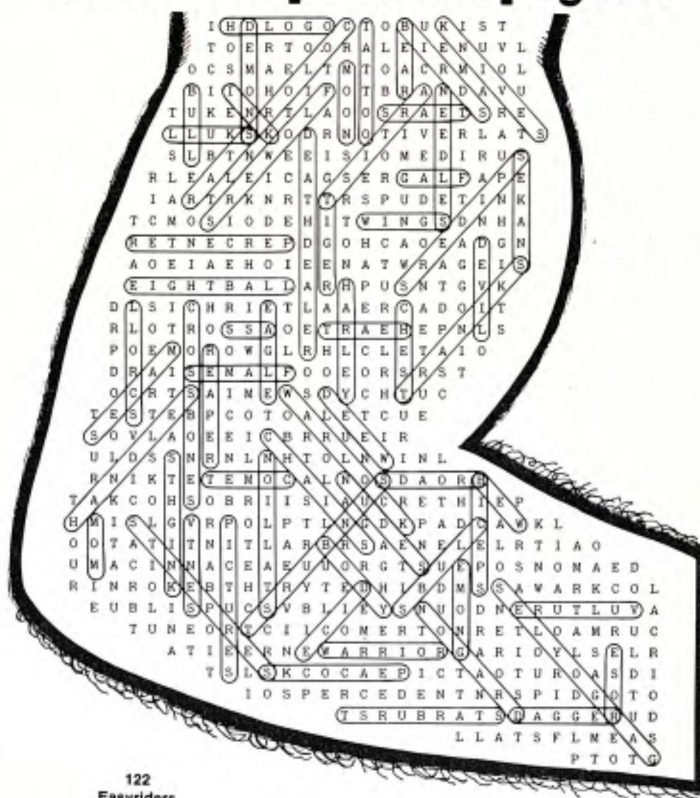
"Yer fuckin' right ya did!" bellowed Jabber.

"Oh, what an awful mistake! I musta still been shook by what happened in that supply closet."

"I want my mother," Wookerson

The tiny old woman had a wiry strength that belied her size and

Solution to puzzle on page 82



cried stubbornly. "I want Aunt Edna returned and I want Mother brought here, exactly as planned and agreed, or I'll phone cousin Fred, much as I loathe that —"

Stubby turned to Jody. "Comin' out here, I heard ya beggin' Jabber to take ya along to California. How bad do ya wanna get there?"

"God, I'd do anything to put this shit-ass town behind me. Anything! Name it!" Jody's face strained with desperate sincerity.

"Can ya get this old broad back in the nursing home and hustle the other one — her twin sis — back out again without any of us gettin' caught?" Stubby studied her face for the smallest twitch or flicker of deceit. "Can ya guarantee to do that for us?"

"Absolutelylutely guaran-damnteed!"

"Hold the phone," Stubby told Wookerson. "We'll be right back with your very own mommy, man. Don't lose our money before we get here."

Twenty minutes later, hidden in shrubbery nearby, Stubby heard Jody's lilting, scolding voice as she slowly led the fatigued old wildcat back into the complex. "Shame on you, Edna!" trilled Jody. "Bad girl! Tryin' to run away from all the people who love you and would be so lost without you!"

"Fuck y-you," quavered Aunt Edna weakly.

Thirty-five minutes later, the incredibly brash Jody brought another snowy-headed little woman boldly back out the same front entrance and helped her stagger toward the waiting truck.

* * *

They were booking westward.

With the trike bed securely rebolted onto the machine's sturdy frame and less than two hundred miles to cover before they'd reach L.A., Stubby felt like he was riding right out of a nightmare.

Two things he knew for sure: He'd drive that fuckin' club van to hell and back if that's what Earthquake wanted, and never again would he let anything divert him from taking care of business.

"Hey, bro!" the excited Jabber shouted in his ear. "I'm gonna have my own little dog!"

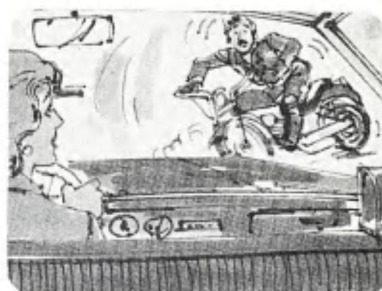
Stubby glanced into the rearview, seeing Jabber and the skinny, titless plain-faced Jody snuggled closely together on the bulging, flapping tarp. For a few seconds he studied the ugly little bitch.

You sure as hell are, Stubby thought, smirking into the oncoming wind.

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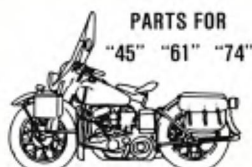
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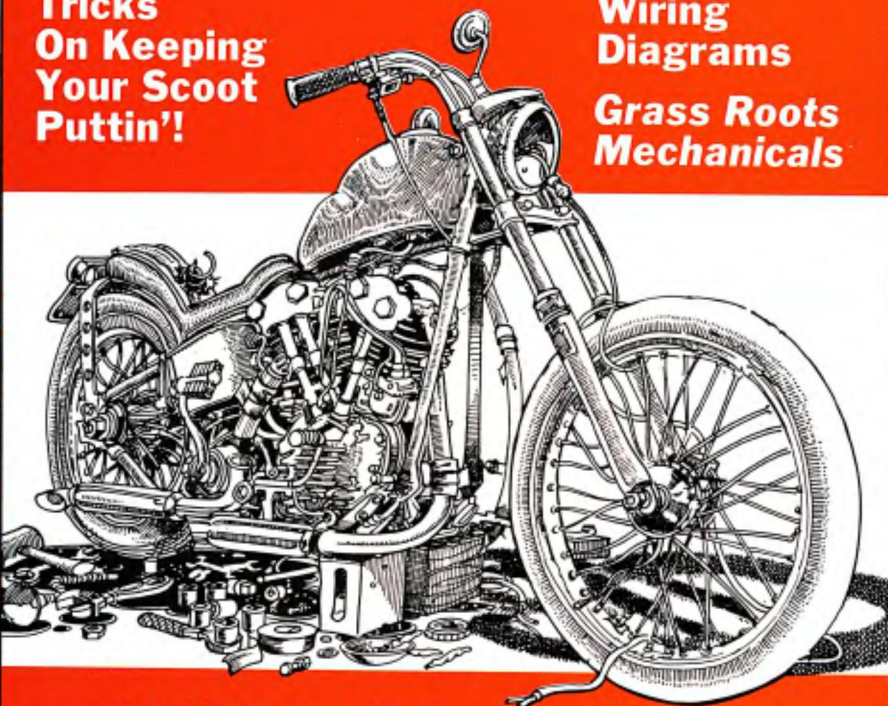
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