

Easyriders®

Rowdy In The Rain

**A Biker Widow
Speaks Out!**

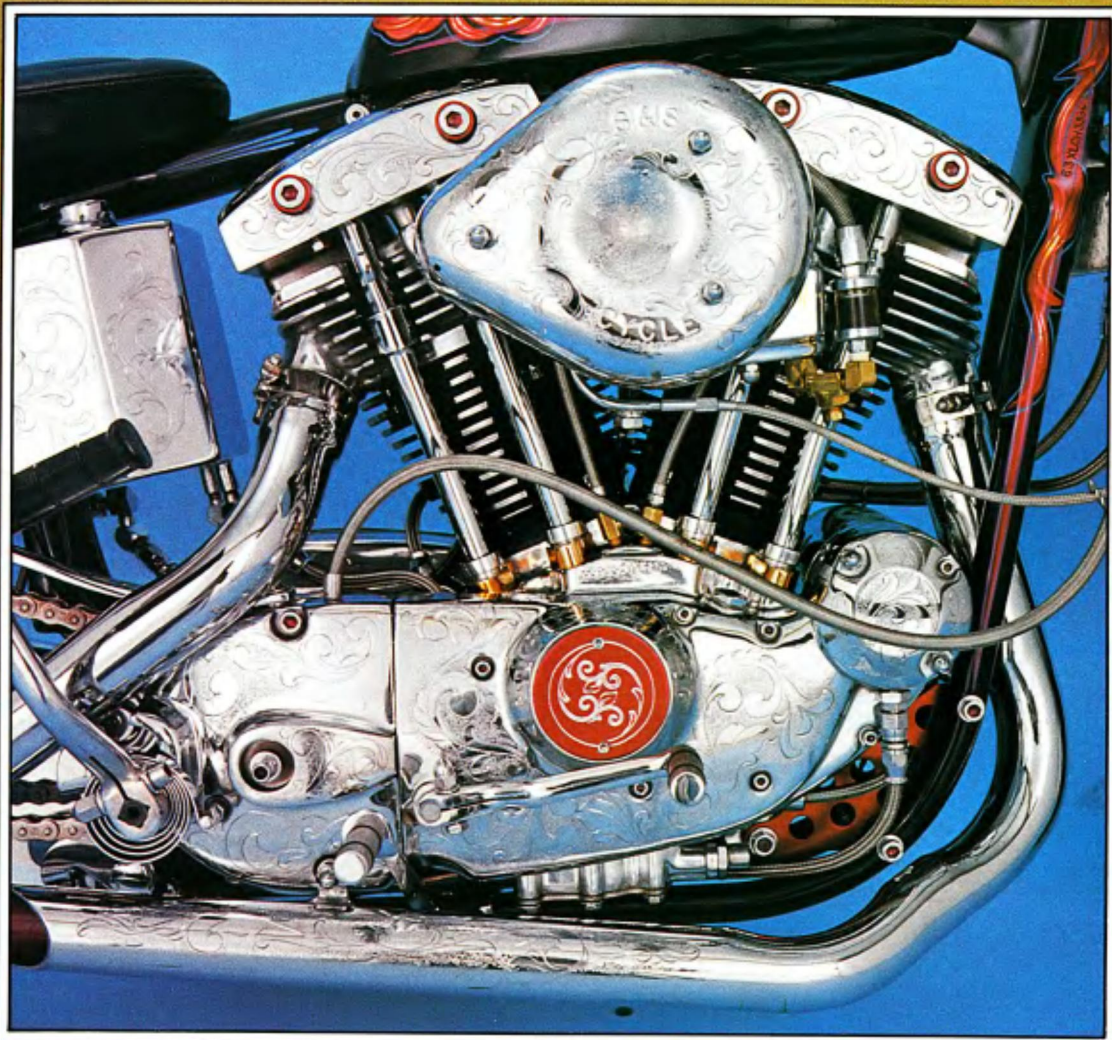
**Four Fantastic
Sleds Featured**

A Southern Belle

Pages of Boobs!



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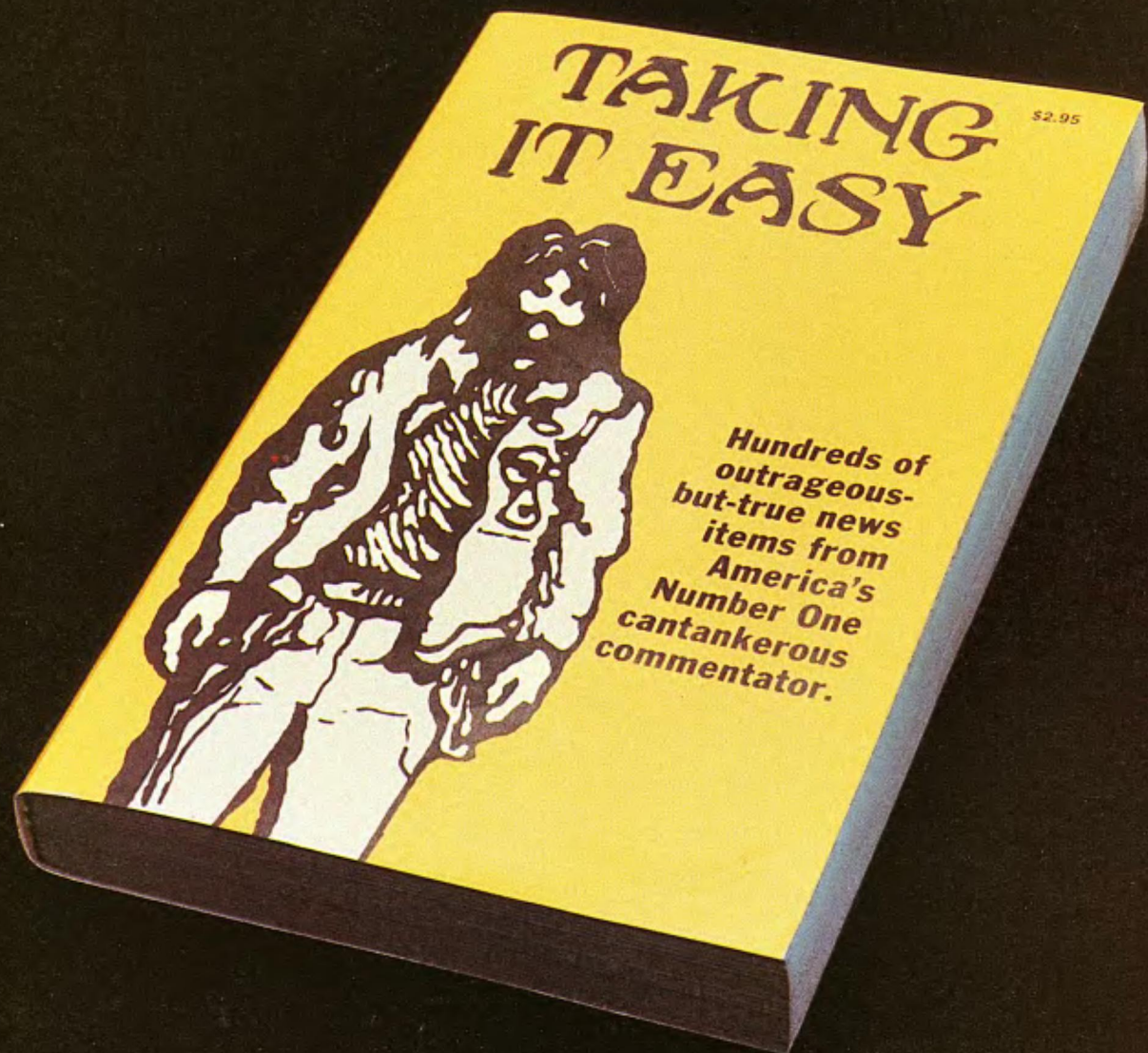


The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale August 30th.

Cover photo of Melody by Pete Chiodo



HEY, YOU!



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

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

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

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Now, you're gonna find this shit hard to believe, but a dude wearing a Harley-Davidson T-shirt walked into a small restaurant, and because he'd had a little too much Jack Daniel's, they refused to serve him. So he broke out his crank and started flopping it around for all to enjoy. Now, you know that Harley fanatics never do that kinda shit.

Moving along to broads, after you read this, you'll wonder where all respect for men has gone. This woman kills the dude, not for getting a little strange stuff, but because she wanted to snuff him to pay off her bingo debt—from his insurance money!

That'll teach her: She danced with another dude so her ol' man took her outside and bit off two-thirds of her nose (shit, he thought it was too big, anyway).

Can you imagine such a thing? A dude was sentenced to ten years for snuffin' his wife because she kicked over his bike. Shit, she had bad breath, too. How many reasons do you need?

A plainclothes narc ran into the path of a narc dog who promptly bit the shit outta the officer. The dog was apparently trained to bite in the crotch (musta been a bitch) 'cause she got a mouthful of cock and balls. (So much for bein' an undercover narc.)

Well, folks, the people at the Drug Enforcement Agency are still at it. Their latest trip is to spray marijuana plants with red dye that smells like rotten eggs. They're testing the shit—where else?—in California. What it's supposed to do is kill the vine and the leaves, leaving the plant a red color and smelling like someone farted.

Dudes with womb brooms, take heart! It's been discovered that dudes with beards over two inches long and with heavy moustaches that descend beyond the upper lip are spared upper respiratory conditions. Don't ask me why, I just report this shit.

Where else? Texas A&M just announced plans to paint one entire building with—now be sure you get this—cow shit! (Must want some good ol' Texas aroma.)

Two inmates were at a prison church service. They got into an argument

over the proper method of baptism. So what? Well, it was important enough to one dude that he stabbed the other one to death.

Hey! The courts came through. They just put a stop to a county jail's practice of servin' food that was so foul it would make a maggot gag. It was being used to punish prisoners—they say.

Ya never know when your time has come. A man was electrocuted while trying to shock worms out of the ground with a metal rod. He was using an uninsulated metal rod attached to an extension cord.

And the money just keeps going: A \$23,000 study done in Fort Dodge, Iowa, revealed that the police department is top-heavy and spends too much time on nonessential business such as helping citizens unlock cars, serving as escorts for funerals, or acting as bank messengers. (Ho-hum.)

Don't ask me how—I'm still wondering—but it did happen. Two dudes were funnin' around a gas station when one dude picked up an air hose and stuck it at the other's ass. But in some way or another (he must have liked it), the hose got close enough to his asshole to inflate the dude's innards and blew enough air inside him that he fell over in pain—until he had a huge fart to relieve the pressure. Now he's suing for some reason. Maybe his sex trip's been exposed—I don't know. You figure it out.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

call 'em Harleys and not Davidsons: Because those fuckers go by so fucking fast you only have time to read the first fuckin' half of the fuckin' name.

Muthafucker
Baltimore, Md.

Grenada

☐ You deserve a beer, a joint, a blowjob from Mutha, and an extra slice of raisin pie for that righteous article "Grenada vs. The Press vs. Brains." You described the press so fuckin' great that you could run Webster out of business if you start selling dictionaries.

Chris
USS Cape Cod

An S.O.S.

☐ We wish to send out an S.O.S. to Rocky in Oregon. If you are reading this, please respond immediately. Things are rough here in Illinois.

Enigma
Naperville, Ill.

Vikings Note

☐ To all presidents and vice presidents of the Vikings MC, in Chicago and surrounding areas: Contact me at once. Very important matter.

Bob "The Rebel" Seifred
National Vice President
130 Plymouth Ave. So.
Rochester, NY 14614

Likes Tina

☐ We sat around with our tongues hard trying to recall one who was in the same class as Tina (July '84), and we couldn't do it. And you're right, it should be against the law for this beauty to wear her clothes. Spider sure pulled this one off with flying colors. It's made up for all the coyote uglies he's had previously.

Hoss and Tattoo
Green Bay, Wis.

☐ If Spider can come up with a hardbelly babe like that, he can't be 100% bad.

Spot
Olustee, Fla.

☐ Spider deserves a whole fuckin' raisin pie for that find! Give it to 'im.

Rebel
West Coxsackie, N.Y.

■ Fuck him. He has the fun.

Kaw Killer

☐ In regard to your June, 1984 article about the "Kaw Killer," the engine should do

Letter To A Reader

☐ Thank you for your letter regarding HCR 82, establishing a federal strike force to monitor "motorcycle gangs."

I appreciate your thoughtful and thorough analysis of this legislation. You correctly point out that the bill would trample on the rights of the vast majority of motorcycle users. I have no intention of supporting this bill.

Sala Burton
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Hal Robinson, R.I.P.

☐ From the sound of the story, Hal Robinson went too early but went the way he lived. He was a great one. Some of his best works were the sketches of the feature bikes. They were more detailed than the photos were. He'll be missed.

Scruffy
Elwood, Ill.

☐ I've followed Hal Robinson's cartoons since day one and he never failed to blow me away.

Steve Bellemeur
Fairbanks, Alaska

☐ What a bummer to hear about Hal Robinson. His talent will be missed by many people.

A Bro
Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ That's really a bag of reds to hear about Hal Robinson. I enjoy the shit outta his work. I've got his book of cartoons. The man was good at it. He could've been an artist. Could've? He was! Very detailed, excellent, fantastic work.

The Yak
San Bernardino, Calif.

☐ I just read your article about the untimely death of Hal Robinson, and I feel a personal loss even though I never met the man. I was one of his biggest fans and have spent many a time studying the lines of his artwork. Per-

haps it's because both of us, as cartoonists, expressed such a similarity in attitude that I enjoyed his work so much. I definitely considered him one of the top cartoonists around. It's a tragedy to lose such an exceptional talent, but the spirit of his art will live on!

Paul Hamming
Downey, Calif.

☐ Man, that fuckin' guy was one fine 'toonist. Your tribute said it all. There was no one who could compare with his excellent eye for detail.

Over the years I have submitted plenty of cartoons to both *Easyriders* and *Iron Horse* and had a good number of them printed. The letters I got from Hal were always a great encouragement, regardless of whether or not a particular piece was accepted. In fact, when a couple of full-length cartoon strips were returned to me recently, there was also a letter from Hal thanking me for submitting them and concluding with "...you have talent. Keep up the good work." Well, it may not seem like a big deal to you, but a remark like that from one of the greatest 'toon masters goin' was like having Eric Clapton tell you he liked your guitar work or Ken Kesey say he liked your writing.

Bill McNamara
Calgary, Alberta

☐ I send my deepest sympathy to the family, fellow staffers, and friends of Hal. Living life in the "fast lane" is the only life our people know. Hal lived it that way — fuck tomorrow, live today. All Hal did was move on to the next kegger down the road. For some of us it's just around the next corner. For others, a few more miles.

We, the readers of your rag, will deeply miss Hal's humorous cartoons that made us all laugh many, many times. I'm sure there will be a lot of us bros crack-

in' a few and burnin' a few in honor of Hal.

Shithead
Johnstown, Pa.

☐ I was sorry to read of the passing-through of Hal Robinson. This is just to let you know I feel something of your loss. Spider's obit and Tex's short but right-on tribute said it! There ain't another artist like him.

I'm happy to say I got to tell Hal how much I liked his work. That was at a party in the beginning of the summer of 1980. I got to shake hands and talk for a minute, then Hal's party paranoia set in and he split. But seein' as how he had a bit of the "Artful Dodger" in him, we can figure his spirit will be poppin' in now 'n' then. Like Jack Kerouac's Dr. Sax, lurking in the corner, sketchin' the guffaws of a biker all-nighter or in the back booth of Slim 'n' Tillie's pump-and-puke last-chance gas and grub, inscribing indecent, tortured love notes on a napkin to a puffy-eyed graveyard-shift waitress. Or his all-seeing eye piercing the night wind with branding-iron Rapidograph in hand, white-hot ink engraving a sketch book for tomorrow's star riders, catching the lusty grins of Jump Start Johnny and Dynamic Debbie copulating aboard a black 'n' chrome knucklehead slowly sinking into the quicksand of a swamp off Highway 10. Ah yes, lost love. And another lost lover.

My respects to Hal and his friends.

Wino Joe
Rancho Menudo, Calif.

Tell Spider

☐ As for Spider, tell him to go fuck himself.

Pissed
Riverside, Calif.

■ He would if he could — shit, that guy fucks mud.

A Fact

☐ To the Colorado Cruiser (May '84) who asked why we

the job, but I doubt if the rear wheel's gonna spin through a complete burnout.

I'd hate to see a Jap scooter win, but the photo on page 77 clearly shows that the chain's master link ain't complete and the lock clip is on ass-backwards.

Don't that tell ya something?

Danny Sferro
Kenmore, Ohio

Wants To Know

□ I've been a biker for years and still don't know where the term "Hog" came from. Can you or Spider help me?

Fat Man
La Habra, Calif.

■ The term "Hog" was first used to describe a dresser (a.k.a. garbage barge) that was loaded with tacky geegaws.

The A Team

□ To all the people who attend concerts in Connecticut, I'd advise you to watch out for a security company called A Team. I'm glad to mention that there is a petition going around in Connecticut to get the promoters and the A (Asshole) Team security out of Connecticut.

A. Production
Hartford, Conn.

Daytona Warning

□ Just thought I'd put out a word of warning to any bros planning to hit Daytona for Bike Week in '85. I came down from Virginia to do some tats during Bike Week this year. I happened to run into "Tramp" at the Iron Horse who was in need of some smoke so I went out and scored a quarter ounce of sin for him. Two days later I was arrested at my motel room for sale of a controlled substance. Seems this "Tramp" was in reality a detective with the Daytona Beach police.

Howard W. Evans
DeLand, Fla.

Sympathy

□ In reply to Wanda The Whale's letter in the July '84 issue: Who gives a rat's ass 'bout your 200-lb. weight problem? This is a biker rag, not dear fuckin' Abby.

Mountain Man
Canon City, Colo.

□ This letter is for Wanda from Reading, Pa.: If you want to lose weight, you can do it. Just put your mind to it.

If not, you're going to lose him. I know. I just lost my ol' man in December and feel the same way you do about loving for what's inside, not for weight or looks. But I was wrong. I was 210 lbs. then and now I'm 160 lbs., so get your act together and lose some weight. If not, you're going to lose him.

Chic
Elkton, Md.

Tattoos Mag

□ Your magazine *Tattoos* is absolutely as fantastic as the cover claims. There are tattoos of every conceivable type covered in it. Anything from whimsical to downright gross! I loved it!

D.J.
Montpelier, Ohio

Hildi

□ You sonsabitches did it. It takes an awful lot to stir me up as bad as you've done. How the blue-bleedin', screamin', scratchin' hell did you industrial-strength dipshits find the girl of my dreams? You do so know who I'm talkin' about! Hildi. The ultra-fox you featured in your June '84 issue. Sweet Lord Jesus, I think I'm in love.

Grizzly
Harrisburg, Pa.

□ Three or four days ago I was in a bookstore and saw the face of the most beautiful girl I've seen in all my days.

Lee Lynch
Apache, Okla.

□ Just wanted to say how much we enjoyed the chick in the "Seduction" article (June '84). There are 15 of us waiting to be transferred to La-Grange State Prison, all on drug charges. The lady raised our spirits — as well as other things.

Bing
Hazard, Ky.

■ See Solari's ravings on page 42.

Male Call

□ Just thought I'd drop you a line to say thank you, *Easyriders*, for giving this country girl the pleasure of writing to a very special guy. I hope someday to experience all that we've shared on paper.

Lori Lee
East Hebron, N.H.

Likes Pic

□ Dave, I don't know if your idea was that bikers are the last of the cowboys or if it was

the feeling they both get from being "in the wind," but as a horse lover as well as a biker, I want to say thank you for putting my feelings into a picture.

Short Stack
Hollywood, Calif.

Bitchin'

□ I was readin' the article in a recent issue about the ex-con biker becoming mayor of Hannibal, N.Y. I think you oughta give 'im a piece of raisin pie for winning.

Freebird
Austin, Tex.

Warning

□ I would like to give fair warning to all cycle riders that the State of Iowa's Transportation Commission has gone on record saying that they are going to push mandatory helmet laws against motorcycle riders.

I'm calling to all cycle riders in this state to speak out against this government action. Imagine — they think they have the right to make the decision for you.

Sporty
Audubon, Iowa

A Major Gool

□ After all these years of backward issues, screwed-up articles, and Weird Willie, ya finally pissed me off.

Now I know that drugs and/or the lack of them is a good excuse for just about anything. But losing an almost national holiday? Come on!

Whoever the fucker is who lost Whatdafuck Day (Sept. 26, 1984) on the calendar ought to be shot full of dummy dust, stuffed up Mutha's asshole, fucked by a junkyard dog and run over by a golf cart. Then you should shave his head and send him to work at *People* magazine.

Boogie Till Ya Puke
Buffalo, N.Y.

■ Only a "she" fucks up that bad — and we put dummy dust in her douche bag.

Foreign-Made

□ Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know what a righteous scooter you had pictured in your June issue. I was on my second orgasm while admiring the flicks of the scooter when I saw it. It was just like someone hitting my dick with a hammer. There, in big bold letters, stamped in the lower leg, is that fuckin' word that's caused so many

people in this country to lose their jobs — Japan! Fuck this. It's about time we get an American manufacturer to start making these legs at a decent price so whenever we start admiring some flicks of a righteous scooter, we will see "Made in U.S.A."

The Professor Himself
Monaca, Pa.

□ Okay, fuckheads, what's the deal with the Harley in the June '84 issue (pgs. 12-13)? I'm into Harleys myself, so don't get me wrong (got a Wide Glide). What I'm drivin' at is, why show an American-made bike, American-owned, in an American rag, with Jap forks?

Mad Mike
San Juan, Puerto Rico

□ Your June '84 issue came yesterday and I must say that "Built From Scratch" is a beautiful ride, and the fellas who built it did a super job. But I couldn't help being disappointed when I saw "Japan" stamped on the forks. It's a shame that with all the work and dollars put into this scooter, they couldn't have found forks made in the U.S. Makes me wonder how many other parts on the bike were made in Japan. Having a bike that you've built from scratch with brand-new parts is great, but if the new parts are made in Japan, I'd much rather have a rat made in America!

Del's Ol' Lady
Sacramento, Calif.

Scooter Tramps

□ I'm sure everyone has heard of "Lawrence of Arabia." Well, his real name was T.E. Lawrence, and he was a British adventurer. Yes, he's the one the movie was about. Well, anyway, he died in 1935 as a result of (and get this) a motorcycle accident. It seems he was an avid scooter rider. See, even famous people are scooter tramps or vice versa.

Kenny Bo Baker
Haven, Kan.

Chili Recipe

□ Hey, assholes, raisin pie ain't shit compared to this. We got some chili that will clean your pipes and make you putt. We thought you might like something new.

- 6 cube steaks
- 3 cans kidney beans
- 3 cans tomato
- 1 can tomato paste

- 2 bell peppers
- 2 onions
- 4 ozs. Jack Daniel's
- 1 can Budweiser
- 1 8-oz. jar Greek peppers
- 1 8-oz. jar mushrooms
- 3½ Tbs. red cayenne
- 1 Tbs. powdered horse-radish
- 1 bag chili seasonings

Brown meat and drain grease. Dice onions, peppers, and mushrooms. Put in large pot with beans, tomatoes, tomato paste, meat, and cook on low heat. After stirring a while, add cayenne pepper, horse-radish, and chili seasonings. Stir in Jack Daniel's and beer. Simmer for two hours.

Whatdafuck, you still have half a bottle of Jack to kill. (Optional — sprinkle grated cheddar cheese on chili when served.)

Bob Ebersole
Jim Lutton
Sigonella, Sicily

P.S. A couple of flies landed in mine when I was cooking. Don't worry, they dissolved.

Fuckin'tastic

Just wanted to say "Goin' Down" by Tuolumne Meadows (June '84) was fanfuckin'tastic.

Wizard
Richmond, Tex.

I have a couple of compliments. I want to thank Tuolumne Meadows for the story "Goin' Down" in the June issue. It was one of the best stories I've read since I first subscribed to this biker mag.

Also enjoyed the pictures of Hildi.

Red Dog
Columbus, Ohio

"Goin' Down" in the June '84 issue was tits!

Oz
Dana Point, Calif.

The story "Goin' Down" in the June '84 issue was great! It's a lesson in class my ol' man taught me firsthand.

A recent operation on my knee, after a nasty fall, left me with a four-inch scar that looks like hell. As soon as I was able, my guy carted me out on the scooter, taking extreme care not to hit rocks and potholes that might cause me pain. He never bitched about all the inconveniences and there were quite a few — starting with

the bedroom arrangements and my cast.

Pia
Santa Monica, Calif.

More On Piss Test

Concerning your piss test, three years ago, while in the navy, I had the unfortunate job of working in the legal department. My job was reviewing urinalysis tests from the lab and typing up the findings. Smoke grass and it will be in your system up to 90 days afterwards. Hash, due to the concentration of chemicals, up to 120 days. The navy uses some very sensitive machines. They were berserk against drugs when pot was found in the bodies of 15 sailors during autopsies. The deaths were attributed to drug use. The fact of the matter is, they were run over by a marine in an F-14 whose sense of direction was fucked up — due to the use of codeine.

Wonderful
San Juan, Puerto Rico

This is for "Confused" (April '84): I'm a Sea Bee and had the same problem. It wasn't the potent weed that got you, it was the fat on your body. THC is stored in the fatty tissues of the bod and the only way to get rid of it is to jock it up — run, do push-ups, sit-ups, etc. It's also different strokes for different folks. Some people can take and the THC is gone in two days; others, like you and I, get screwed.

If you want to keep smoking, get this shit called Golden Seal Root. It can be found in health food stores and it works for me. Just eat 'em like candy. Be cool about it, though. The military is onto this shit and they'll bust you for it.

Zeppelin
Subic Bay, Philippines

Peckerwood?

I have two questions. In a few of Dave Mann's paintings a biker is shown with a bandanna tied around his left leg just below the knee. What's this for? Also, I see a few ads in the "lonely hearts" section where some guys advertise themselves as peckerwoods. What in the fuck is a peckerwood?

Old Timer
Vancouver, B.C.

Tying the bandanna around the knee is an old custom from his part of the

country. A peckerwood is like a wedding dick, hard as a guardrail.

Surprise, Surprise

Hi! Just wanted to tell ya we pulled into Naples, Italy, the other day, and to my fuckin' surprise, I found the new issue of *Easyriders* — printed in English. (That's right, in Italy.) It made my fuckin' day.

Mike Reavis
FPO Miami, Fla.

We're all over the world — in one way or another.

Easyriders Banned

I can't believe that in your July '84 issue grown men from the Virginia Department of Corrections can say that *Easyriders* is obscene, but still let the inmates subscribe to *Penthouse* and *Playboy*. I'm only 18, but if you ask me, *Easyriders* is kind of disgusting — but not obscene.

Gi Gi
Fairborn, Ohio

Hey, all you biker people who give a damn! The bros in the Virginia state prison system can't have *Easyriders* magazine anymore. In May's "Wordmonger" there are three addresses that you all should take time to write to. Let these people know they have someone trying to help.

Kent's Ol' Lady
Wilson, N.C.

I am writing to you in regard to slanderous remarks that have been made against your excellent publication. As can be seen by my return address, I am presently doing down time at a penitentiary in Virginia. The administration of this so-called correctional center has taken it upon themselves to deny any subscriptions to *Easyriders* to come into the institution. I do not as of yet know what is being used as justification for this, but I am pursuing all avenues available to me. The Department of Corrections has what they call Divisional Guidelines (DGL) that are supposed to direct the actions of the department in everything they do. The particular guideline regarding "authorized" publications states plainly what is not allowed.

Here are portions of this guideline — you decide whether your publication is being slandered or not. DGL 852, with the subsequent

Institutional Operating Procedure 852, states in part: "A publication shall be disapproved for receipt by an inmate on grounds of obscenity if both: A. Patently offensive representation or depictions of actual sexual intercourse, normal or perverted, anal or oral; or, B. Patently offensive representation or description of excretion in the context of sexual activity or lewd exhibitions of uncovered genitals in the context of masturbation or other sexual activity."

Now, I don't claim to be an art critic, but I do know beauty when I see it, and there cannot be any way that any of the ladies seen in your magazine can be considered lewd or obscene. I believe it can safely be said that your publication does not violate the above-listed section of the DGL.

Now we will continue with another portion of the same guidelines: "Can be reasonably documented to contain: A. Information regarding the manufacture of explosives, incendiaries, weapons or escape devices. B. Instructions regarding the ingredients and/or manufacture of poisons or drugs. C. Clearly inflammatory writings advocating violence, insurrection or guerrilla warfare against the government or any of its institutions."

Now, I don't mean to be making suggestions for future editions, but I cannot find any past issues that would contain any of the above-listed information.

Robert Towle
State Farm, Va.

None of our editions fit these categories — and they know it!

'84 Special Edition

I picked up the 1984 *Special Easyriders*. The tattooed tramp on the cover caught my eye first. But then I read "Faded Glory" and man, it fucked with my mind! I read it ten times and couldn't get it straight in my head. What a head-bending tale.

Houleo
Calgary, Alberta

Radar Info

The article on police radar detectors ("Dodgin' The Gun," May '84) was entertaining and fairly informative. However, the author missed what I consider to be an important point: Police radar

devices not only pick up on the speed of a vehicle, but also its mass (how big the fucker is). So, if you're speeding on your scooter several hundred feet behind a cage doing 55mph, the cager is gonna get your ticket.

It works both ways, though. If you're puttin' along at a legal velocity, but the 18-wheeler a quarter-mile behind you is pushin' 80mph, you've been fucked over again, bro.

Shit
Denver, Colo.

Snake, Where Are You?

☐ I'm lookin' for "Ed The Snake" who is somewhere between San Antonio, Texas, and Boise, Idaho — probably in the vicinity of Bum-fucked, Egypt. Been away too long. Let's get the shit together — time to ride, bro. Send words or call (early or late). Rob The Bard, 4822 Gus Eckert, San Antonio, TX 78240. (512) 681-5207.

Rob The Bard
San Antonio, Tex.

Handlin' A Shovel

☐ Hey, I want to ask you guys a question. My ol' man was hit by a car and killed. He left me a '79-'80 shovel, and all the people around here say I'm too small to ride it. I'm 5' 2" and 100 lbs. I'm just learning to ride it and have dumped it a few times. Should I go on dumping it until I learn to ride and tell everyone to go get fucked? If it kills me, I will learn to ride. Please give me your support.

Pockets
Lindsay, Calif.

■ There are times when you might lay it down and have to pick it up again, and a 100-pounder would have problems. How about gettin' a Sportster? It's not the ridin' — it's the handlin' of it.

Ol' Ladies, Note

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

Chris
Cleveland, Ohio

Likes Us

☐ Thank you for your complimentary subscription to

Easyriders. It is more popular than *Playboy*. It relieves tensions of prisoners — they chuckle over the unique reportorial writing style of Spider and others. A true intellectual wouldn't put down your publication. Perhaps even the late anthropologist Margaret Mead might laud the rare glimpse of American subculture your pages illustrate.

Robert Richter
Senior Librarian
Sing Sing Prison

Help! Help! Help!

☐ RICO is alive and trying again to kill a brother biker.

I am pleading to you, the brotherhood of bikers, to save a fellow biker from the death penalty.

Rex "Bud" Quillin of Berdoo, California, has been jailed because of his friendship with the so-called Robin Hood gang of thieves. The Robin Hood gang is accused of killing a man, and they were all arrested. A couple of days later Bud turned himself in, so as not to be part of the murder. Bud was charged with over 120 robberies and murder.

Now, here is RICO in its finest hour. The Robin Hood gang just got done with all of the pre-trial and witnesses — plus a person's turning state's evidence. All testified that Bud is not connected with, and did not have any involvement in, the murder. Bud has proof — but what does that matter? The DA is asking for the death penalty for all the Robin Hood gang, including Bud.

My plea to everyone is not for money, not long involvements, not a lot of bullshit — just one or more letters of protest. We want Bud to be tried separately, in a fair trial. Write to: Fair Trial For Bud, Attention: Gypsy, 7147 Dundee, San Bernardino, CA 92346.

Gypsy
San Bernardino, Calif.

■ We don't know the facts in the case, but we do know such things can happen.

Ah, Bikers

☐ I just wanted all *Easyriders* fans to know that because of bikers, I've found my niche. I'm 27 and have been married three times. Not one of 'em was man enough for me. Now I've got a biker and our bed ain't no bed, but a cloud. No one can put the

lovin' on me like my ol' man, and there's a lot of pride in being his ol' lady. So what if his ride is #1? I'm #2 and that's good enough for me.

Summer
Miami, Fla.

Road Help

☐ I've read many articles and comments about bikers helping bikers. I've loaned gas and tools and helped other riders get scoots home due to some problem or other.

Well, I just want to personally thank the eight "bikers" (three Harleys and five Japs) for not stopping to help on July 9, 1983. My riding partner and I were broken down on I-30 East, between Beltline Road and Loop 12, about 2:00 p.m. It was about 100 fuckin' degrees, and I had my partner's carb spread out on the shoulder for about 45 minutes.

I admit it was no major problem, but not one of you fuckheads even bothered to stop to see if we needed help. (We didn't).

You can bet your fuckin' ass if I see a scooter on the side, I'm at least going to stop and ask if he needs help.

Roger
Dallas, Tex.

Saw The Light

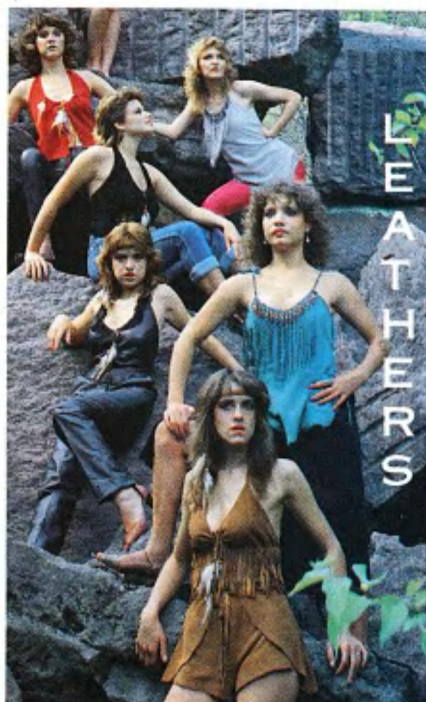
☐ I have never written to a rag before, but for some reason recently I have felt compelled to do so, especially with all that I've read about "rice burners" versus Harley-Davidsons.

For the past four months I have bought an issue of almost every biker rag available, the reason being that I'm buying a new bike and want to read everything available, pro or con.

I previously owned two Hondas and was planning on buying a new Honda V-Four 750 in Germany, where I am stationed with the air force. It was going to cost close to \$4000. When a friend said, "If you're going to spend that much money, Harley-Davidson has a bike for about \$4600," I told him I always thought I could never afford one because they were so expensive.

Well, I thought about it for a while. I weighed the pros and cons and decided that my new bike would be a Harley-Davidson. I was going to invest (and I really mean to use that word) in a Harley-Davidson Low Rider.

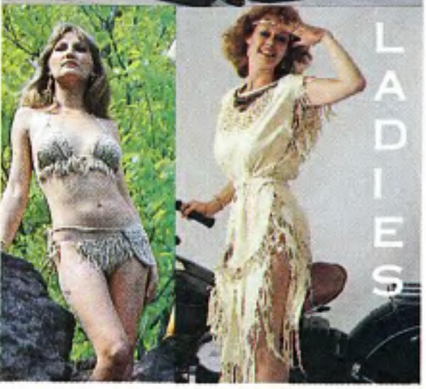
To all the owners of "rice

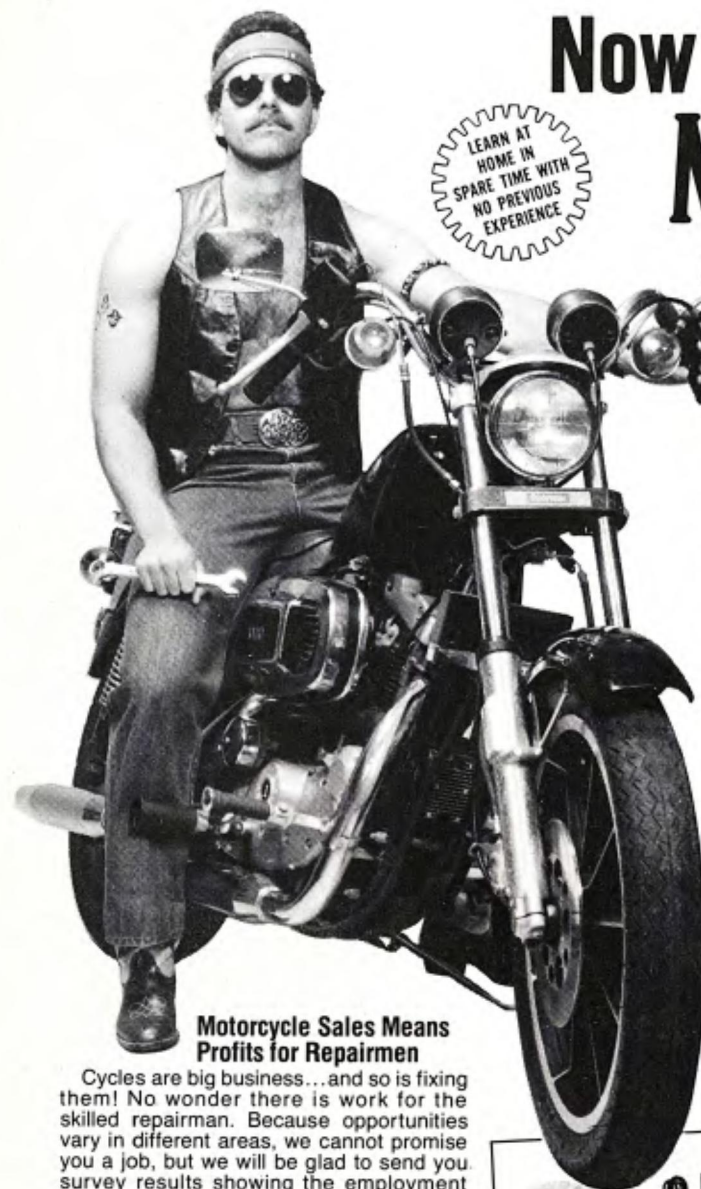


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It's easy to get started once you qualify as a motorcycle mechanic. Just let your friends and neighbors know you're ready to repair cycles in spare time—or if you'd rather, get a full time job at a motorcycle shop or dealer.

Motorcycle Sales Means Profits for Repairmen

Cycles are big business...and so is fixing them! No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman. Because opportunities vary in different areas, we cannot promise you a job, but we will be glad to send you survey results showing the employment success of our graduates.

Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics

Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't have enough mechanics on hand to take care of everyone as fast as they would like. Opportunities vary from place to place, but the sale of hundreds of thousands of motorcycles a year in the U.S. insures a continuing need for motorcycle maintenance.

More Girls—More Bikes Each Year

If you've been riding your bike for fun the past few years, you can see for yourself that more and more girls are taking up the sport. And this means more bikes every year...and more bikes mean more motorcycle repairs. So get in on the action...get in on the fun—start making money as a motorcycle mechanic. Rush post-paid card for free facts—full information.

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



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burners," where else except in a Harley-Davidson are you going to find such well-known worldwide respectability? It's one of the oldest made bikes still in existence and, I might add, still running (you won't find a 20- to 25-year-old Honda or Kawasaki still going). In my opinion, it is the best bike around. A bike says all about the man who rides it.

Frank D.
APO, N.Y.

Implanted Tits

□ To Gandy Dancer (June '83 issue): If they had a silicone job available for small-minded pricks like you, I bet your ol' lady (if you've got one) would send you along.

I'm the first to agree that Julia's breasts are lovely, but let's see 'em when she's 30, had three rugrats, and some horny biker sucking them for ten years.

I've had my silicone tits for a year now, and they don't feel, look, or taste like concrete. They're great, they're soft, and they move. My ol' man loves them and so do I. Only creeps like you think the world revolves around the *Penthouse* breast.

So, by all means keep showing all those gorgeous young ladies with their mouth-watering bodies, but for God's sake, don't put down small-breasted women or women with implants 'cause if you do that, you might as well rubbish everyone with dyed hair, false teeth, glasses, and artificial limbs.

Fan
Napier, New Zealand

Prison Mail

□ In response to Eagle's comment in your January '84 issue about writing letters to women in prison: If you're not incarcerated, you should have no problem writing a sister in jail — unless she has a restricted mailing list.

Most jails do not have a restricted mailing list policy. But almost all jails and prisons do not let their prisoners correspond with prisoners at other institutions.

If you're incarcerated and want to write to someone who is down, and they do not have a restricted mailing list, all you have to do is send your letter to someone you know in the free world and have them mail it for you. It costs twice as much to mail the letter, but what the fuck, if you're lonely and want some

pen pals, I'm sure it's worth it.
Johnny Reb
Dodge City, Mo.

Trike Info

□ I read about the woman who wanted to get her paralyzed ol' man back in the wind.

A few years back, a drunk driver left me a paraplegic. But I knew if God didn't want me to ride again, I would have died. For two years now, I've been building a trike from a Corvair (still American) and should be on the road this spring.

So, if anyone would like to know what I've found out, I'd be happy to pass it on.

Daniel A. Lofton
1106 East 3rd
Sioux Falls, SD 57103

Lifted Prints

□ Recently I came across a very interesting article in a magazine that I reckon not too many of the bros check out, so I figured I'd drop a line to inform folks that "they" (the law) have perfected a way to lift your fingerprints off paper, money, plastic bags, and human skin.

According to the article, they can lift prints in an entire room or elsewhere by placing two specific types of "super glue" on pretreated gauze pads, which in turn, apparently cause a smoky reaction that makes the amino acids left on said materials to produce observable "hardened prints."

The kit works where most methods fail; for example, on plastic bags that might hold narcotics.

The standard kit, containing 10 applications, costs \$25, but serious crime-busters can order the economy-size — 150 applications for \$195.

Hope this info will keep some of the bros out of trouble.

Country Campbell
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Rebuttal to Letter

□ In response to Anne in your March '83 issue, who asked if all that bikers gave a shit about was their bikes and belittling women. Well, hell, Anne, if you need to ask, you sure don't have a very high-quality group of friends! Lighten up. Can't you take a joke? I'm sure there are a few fuck-ups out there, but as far as I've seen, they're few and far between.

I'm proud to wait on my ol' man and run for a beer for

him and screw him senseless. That man would do anything for me, and he deserves top-flight treatment!

When they complain about some loud-mouthed, good-for-nothing bitch, they're talking about some loud-mouthed, good-for-nothing bitch.

Packi
N. Ft. Myers, Fla.

John Lennon

□ After you did a tribute to this great man, someone complained that he was "no biker." Well, just check out the July 18 issue of *Us* magazine, page 24. There's John Lennon himself, proudly posing with — you guessed it — his 45 trike. Even famous people know where it's at — Harley-Davidson.

Bro
Tucson, Ariz.

Thanks

□ Just a note to say a big thank you for printing our stories of upcoming events in your "Easynews" column. Also, thank you for the story on ABATE of Florida's lawsuit against the State of Florida.

ABATE of Florida, West Coast Chapter, now has a new president, Peace Chief Jim, and a new sergeant-at-arms, Joe.

Peace Chief Jim
Sarasota, Fla.

Thanks

□ We'd really appreciate your printing a thank you to some truly super close friends who helped us get back in the wind.

To Mike, Alison, Greg, and the gang at North Alabama Harley: Thanks for getting me back in the free world. Folks like you are what keep the Harley tradition alive and proud.

Jim and Coreen Hall
Decatur, Ala.

Price Of Freedom

□ What do ya do when ya catch the ol' lady takin' more than a little on the side? You don't do what I did. I snapped out on her. The fuckin' tomato had me arrested! Imagine that! Cost me my job, my house, the furniture, my pickup, and last, my trophy winner '78 Sporty. To top it all off, the man in the robe gave me one to two years. But I still have my *Easyriders*! Ain't life grand?

L.J. Diven
Mercer, Pa.

Continued on page 111

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MEXICALI RIDE



Things ain't always what they seem, not even when the situation appears to be a simple case of black and white.

"I ride a lot," Dan says. "In fact, it's not unknown for me to hop on my scooter and go to San Francisco (about 450 miles up north) for breakfast.

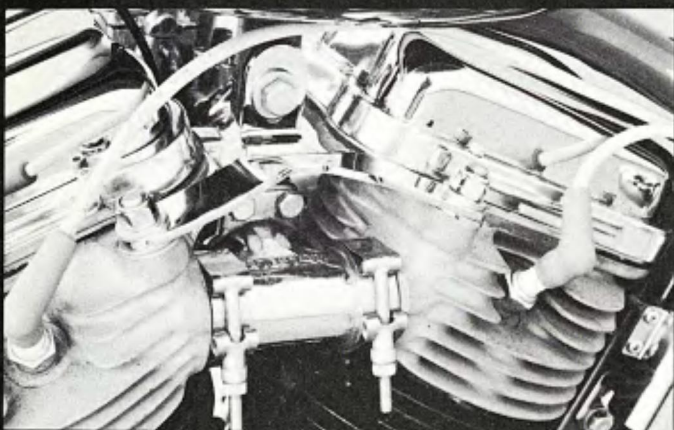
"Gettin' around as much as I do, I see a lot of interesting shit. But nothin' tops what I saw as I was puttin' through Anaheim, California, on my old shovel five years ago.

"It was a nice day. I'd just come off the freeway and was humpin' along at a pretty good pace when I caught a glimpse of this cop bike peekin' out from where it was hidin' between two cages. Well, I did what ya always do in a situation like that — cranked on the binders and glided by at 30, with a mile-wide shit-eatin' grin on my face.

"Let me tell ya, bro, the sight of that bike wiped that grin away about as fast as a left hook to the jaw. What I'd seen was a cop bike, all right — lights, siren, the whole tamale. But it was old, maybe 15, 20 years old from what I could tell as I rode by. And it was raunchy. Real raunchy. 'Not even in this city,' I says to myself, 'would they be using an old trooper like that to chase down speeders. Not unless they borrowed it from Disneyland for some kind of gag. I decided I better check this baby out.

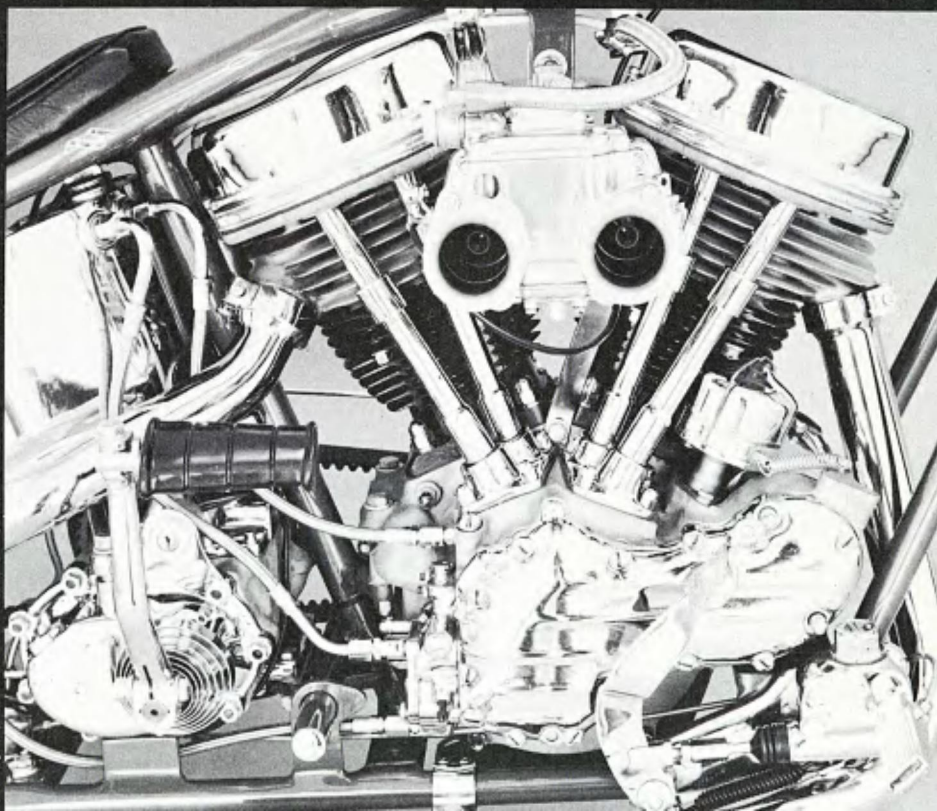


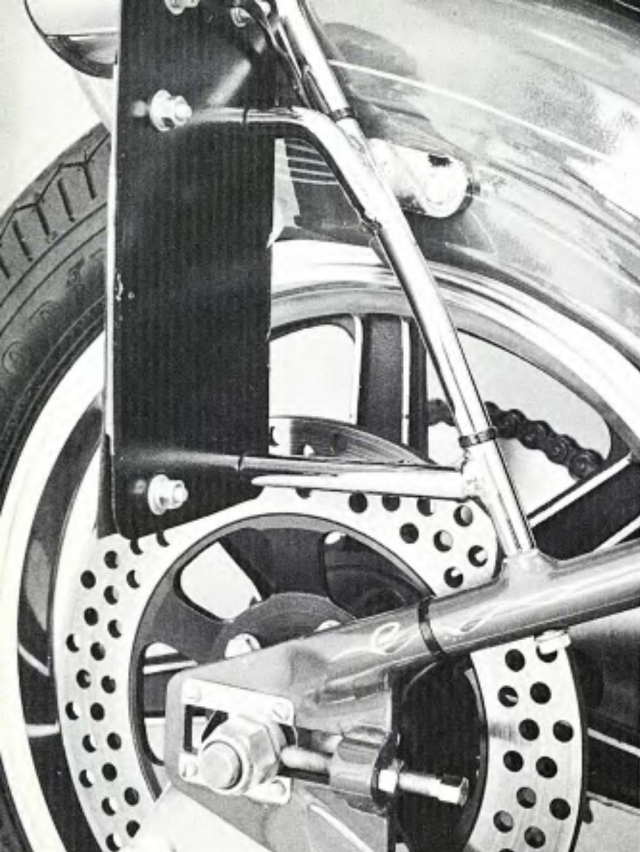




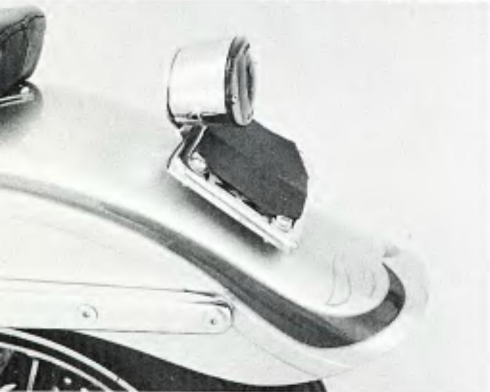
"So I brodied a quick 180 and pulled the shovel in next to the black-and-white. It was a cop bike, all right, but it was from some place down in Mexico. A quick walkaround showed me that it still had just about every part that had been on it when they pulled it off the freight car from the factory, so I decided to hang around and see who was ridin' it. Shit, a grandson of Pancho Villa's might have some interestin' stories to tell over a cold beer or two.

"To make a long story short, the rider'd never met Pancho Villa. He wasn't even a renegade *federale* interested in





Photos by Pete Chiodo



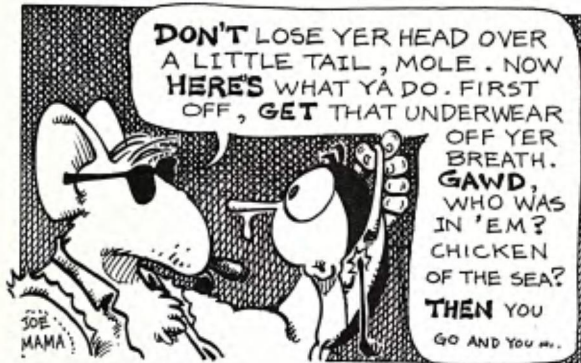
Owner: Dan Huntsinger		City: Southern Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Cycle Delight		Year: 1979	
Year and make: 1955 H-D		Builder: Denver's	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: lots	
Assembly by: Cycle Delight		Stretch: more than lots	
Time: 5 years		Other alterations: many	
Chroming by: Mondo		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Denver's	
Year: 1955		Risers: built into bars	
Model: FLH panhead		Fender(s): cut fatbob	
Rebuilder: Radar		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: H-D		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: zip	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: Cycle Delight		Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: H-D with Voltpak	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 2½-gal. Mustang	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: leaks a little	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Dell 'Orto		Seat: Denver's	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: yes	
Pipes: drag		Height: 4 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: ¾-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: springer	
Year: 1955		Extension: 15 in. over	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: Denver	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3		Special features: chromed	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Danny		Hub: Lester	Hub: Lester
Painter: Danny		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: blood red		Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: striping and lettering by Danny			
Other special modifications: Wizard on carb, shotgun shell on trans. Special thanks to Harley-Davidson of Fullerton.			

defecting to the land of fruits and nuts. But none o' that mattered, because an hour an' a half after he showed up, he had my \$1500 emergency stash and I was the proud owner of a '55 FLH Mexican police cruiser. At least I *hoped* I was the owner — the registration and pink slip were all in Spanish, so I didn't know for sure

till the paperwork had cleared the DMV.

"Five years later, here she is. Doesn't look too much like she did back then, but I was brought up to believe that a bike's not a bike unless it has drag bars, a fat fender and a jockey shift, so that's the way I built her."

—El Tovar



Motorcycles attract riders and followers for many reasons. Some riders like the economy, some go for the style, and some, like Clay Allgood, go for the freedom. The wind in his hair felt good, the smells and sounds of the roadways around him were a part of being alive — but most of all, he loved the thrill in the pit of his stomach every time he straddled his machine. Each day he looked forward to going to work, simply because his Harley-Davidson would be between his legs.

On occasion, two wheels offered advantages over the traditional four-wheeled cage, occasions such as “white-lining” between lanes in traffic jams. The head of the line was within easy reach for a skilled rider like Clay, and when the cause of the bottleneck cleared, he would shoot forward like a cork from a champagne bottle, free to enjoy the brief feeling of having the road all to himself. He took the perils of city traffic in his stride, and when a train crossing stopped all progress that muggy August evening south of town, he simply shut off his engine and laid the machine over on the side stand to patiently wait until the train passed and the road was open once more.

The freight cars blocked all travel, moving slowly, first left, then right, as the sidings filled with the proper cars. A small crowd of pedestrians gathered at the sidewalk to the right of the wooden crossing gates and milled about impatiently as the huge diesel locomotive completed its work. Curious stares from the

“...the biker cupped the back of the tiny skull, turning the pale, lifeless face upward.”

onlookers took in Clay and his gleaming machine. At six-six and 260 pounds, Clay was an imposing sight, but he was accustomed to outright stares and he ignored the rudeness.

The only one in the crowd who didn't look his way was the very pregnant redhead. Apparently her mind was occupied by her own thoughts. Her face suddenly lost its frown lines and the preoccupied look left her eyes. An odd, almost peaceful half-smile was on her face as she stepped from the crowd. With a confident stride, she skirted the end of the crossing gate and strode into the path of the oncoming locomotive. Her timing was excellent. The white alabaster skin of her throat pressed down on the silver steel rail as the locomotive played guillotine to her Marie Antoinette. The suicide was quick and certain, leaving little time for anything but horrified gasps from the crowd. The locomotive crew locked the wheels in an emergency stop, then leaped to the ground to join those rushing to the side of the fresh corpse. Cries from the crowd joined sobs of shocked disbelief from trainmen who could only stare at the grisly remains.

Clay was the only witness who moved with certainty as he shouldered his way through the crowd, his brown eyes focused sharply, missing nothing. He knelt beside the decapitated woman. Almost instantly his knife appeared, rays of sunlight reflecting off the razor-sharp instrument until the shaft disappeared into the folds of the cheap maternity dress covering the still body. With one fluid motion, the honed edge parted the cloth, exposing the bulbous belly, marbled by veins in stark relief against the porcelain white of the redhead's skin. The crowd stood stock-still and muttered in shock and confusion.

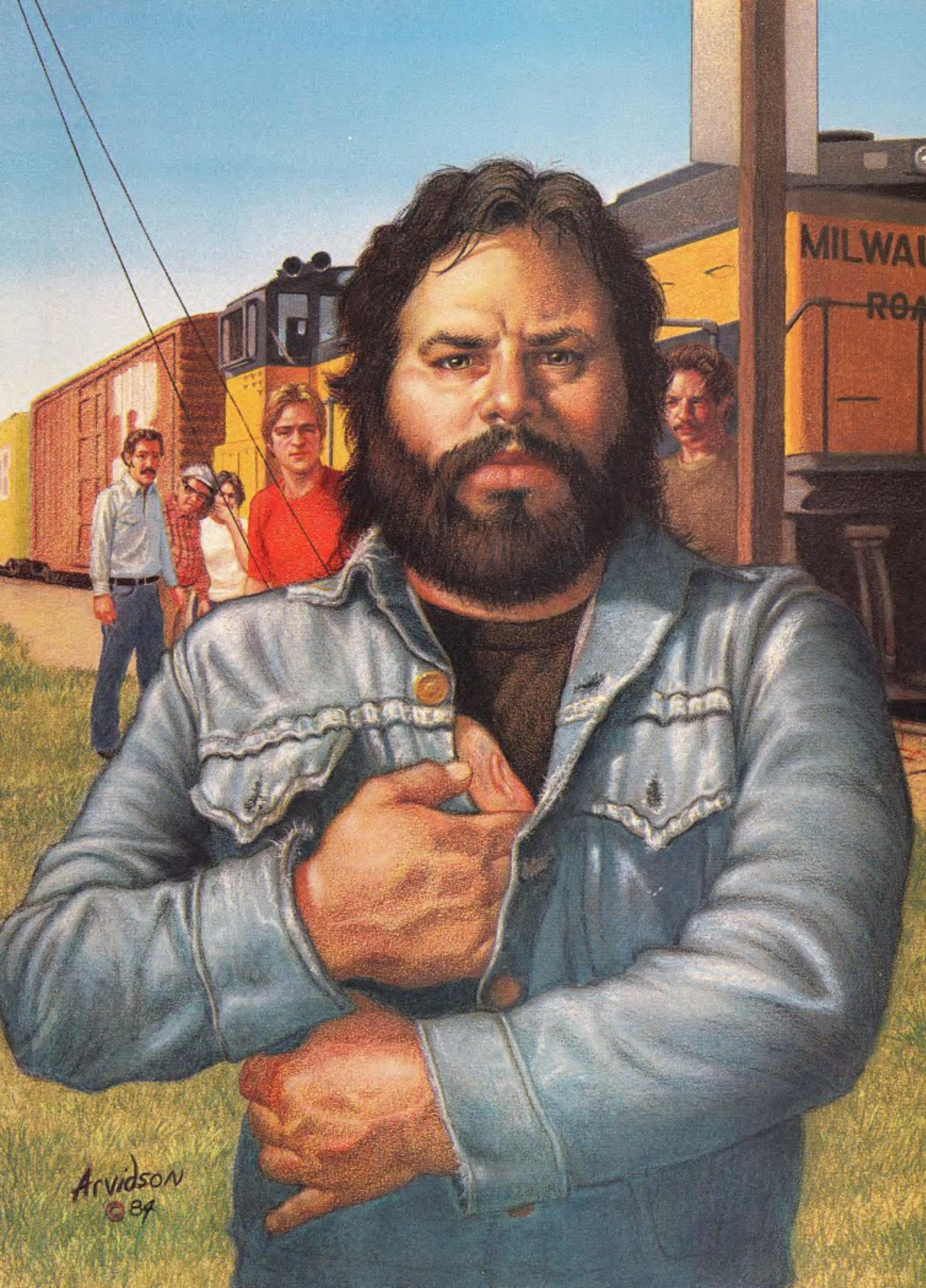
The biker spoke in answer to the unasked question. “No need for the baby to die, too,” he said to everyone in general and no one in particular.

Without waiting for response or permission,

Continued on page 84

THE BIKER AND THE BABY

by Jerry Childres



Arvidson
© 89

TOP PRIORITY



When you're a top-flight, highly respected motorcycle industrialist like Donnie Smith, of Smith Brothers and Fetrow, you spend half your time on the phone taking and placing orders, a quarter of the remainder making sure your business is going right, and a tiny itty-bitty sliver of time is all that is left for your-

self. It isn't easy building your own bike under these conditions. Anyone who owns a shop will attest to the fact.

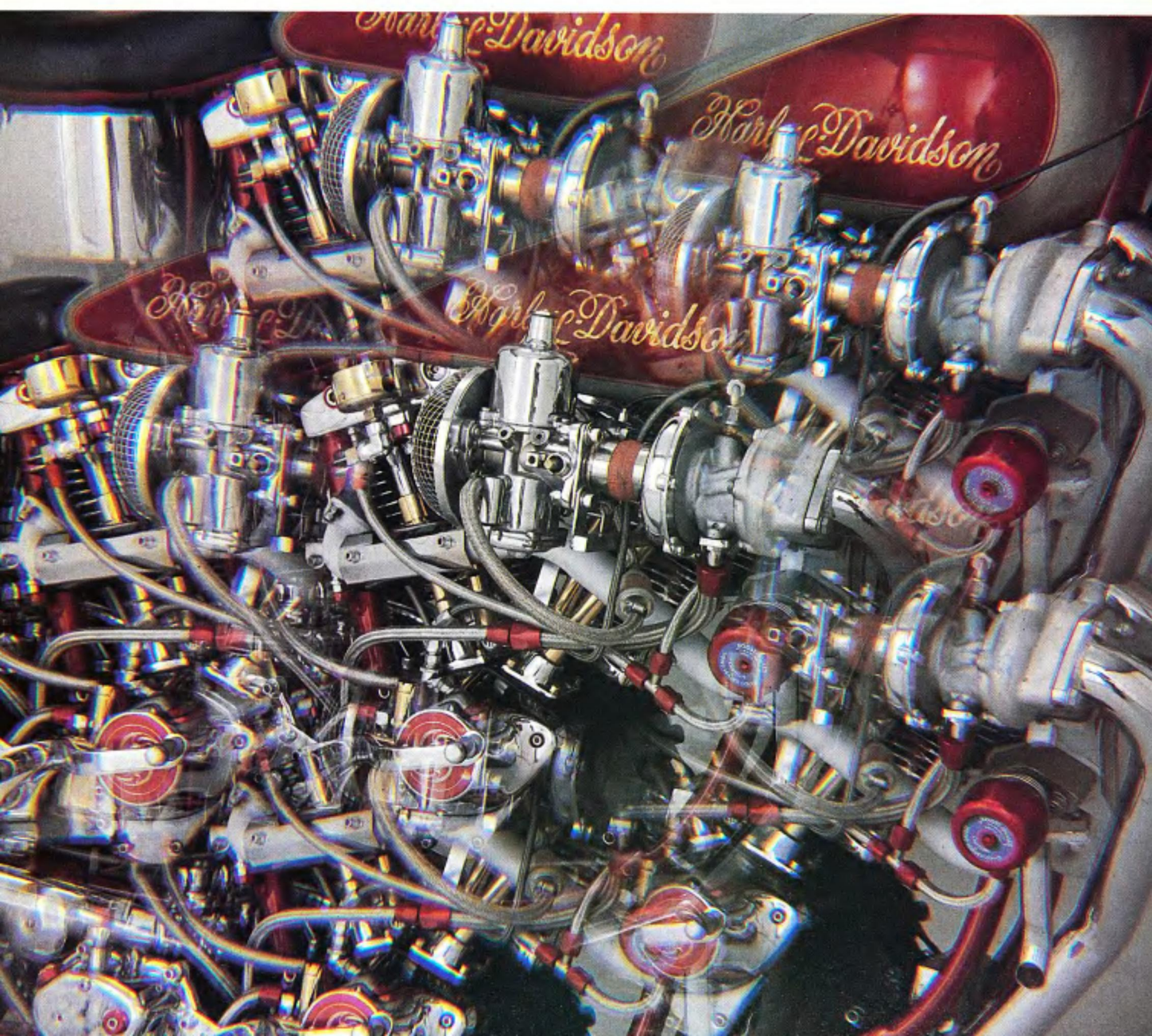
Time is an important factor to Smith, not only in terms of minutes and hours, but also in months. That's right. See, when you live in Minneapolis, Minnesota, your riding season takes a tumble with the

weather. The common riding season is packed into a tight five months, May through September. I can hear it now, the wail from the hardcores, "I ride all fuckin' year!"

Yeah, yeah, yeah. And I walked a mile for a Camel. The point is, in between the hot, humid Midwest summers (when your hands work over-

***He makes do with
the time he has.***





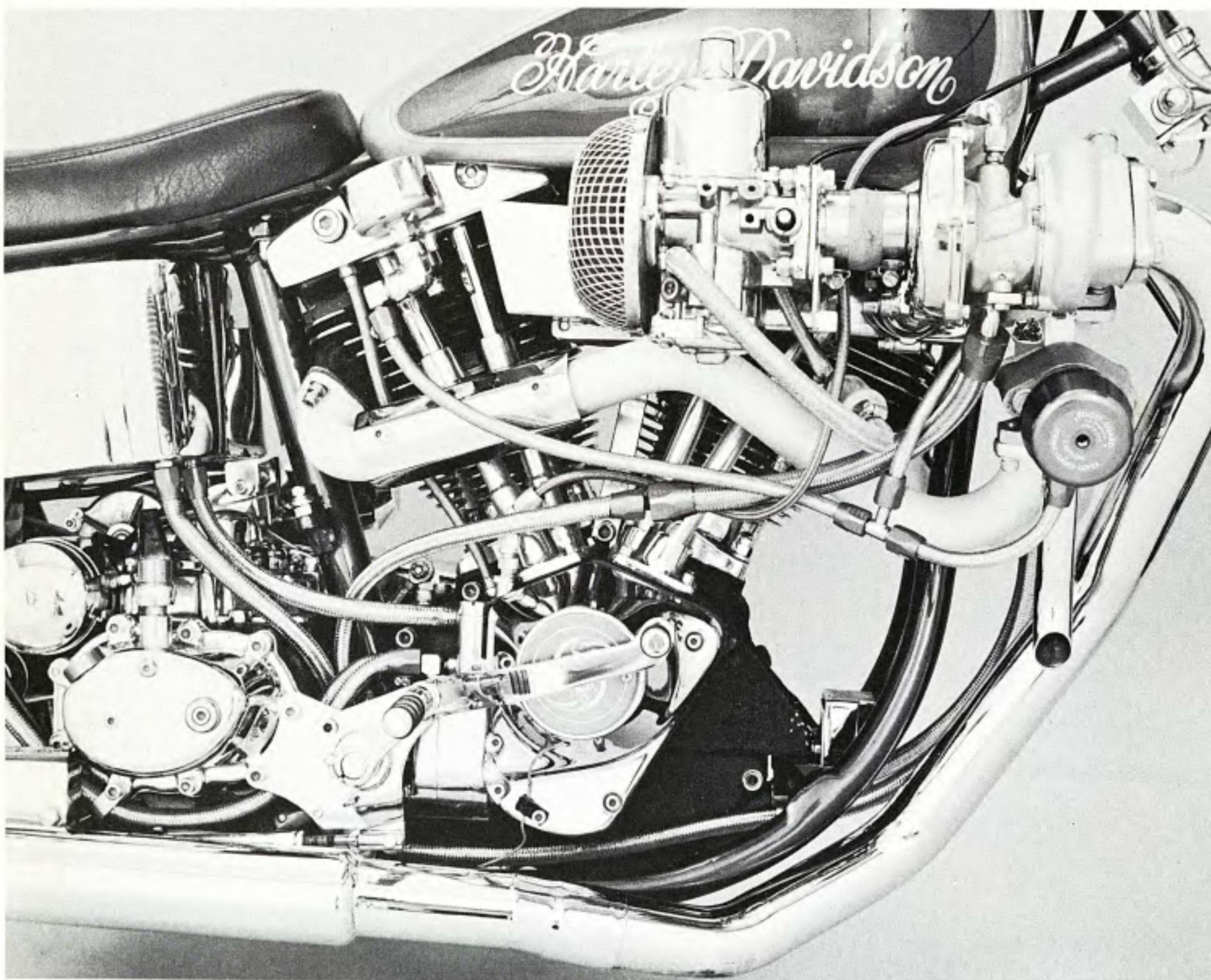
time swattin' Olympic-size mosquitos), and the dreariness of winters like the one last year that produced nearly a hundred inches of snow, you get a chance to go over new innovations for your ride. New paint, maybe some frame alterations, new tanks, pipes, anything that will make those five bitchin' months more of a blowout.

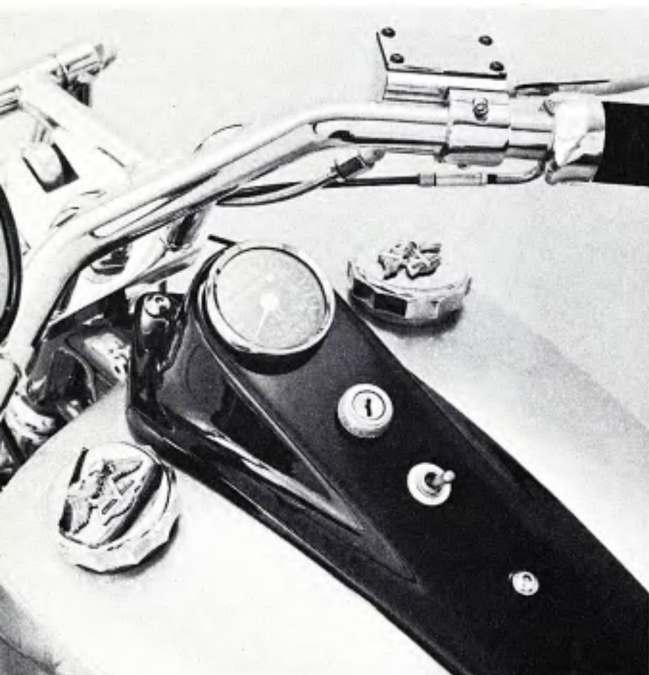
You deal with the winter 'cause you can't escape it. You follow the North Stars and the Vikings, marking time off on the calendar, waiting for the seasons to change so you can be riding. Like up to

Brainard for the races, around to all the parties and the lakes. There are more lakes than you could hit in a lifetime up there in Minnesota. The license plates say 10,000, but Donnie and other locals say there are more.

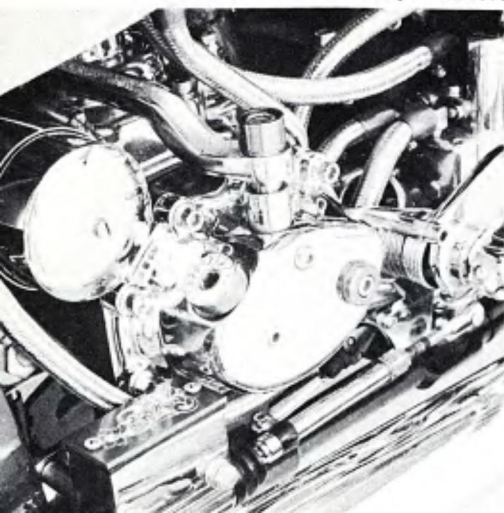
The blood runs a little thicker up north there, thick enough to cut with a knife, warm enough to power the bikers out in the middle of winter for a "Toys For Tots" run. But top priority with Donnie and lots of Minnesota bros is their bikes.

Three months is what it took Donnie on his latest





Photos by Pete Chiodo



masterpiece. He's impressed with the turbo he installed on the stock 74 engine, saying it "runs real spunky." This Harley started out its transformation as a basket case. Donnie bought it off a friend who was down on his luck financially. The engine was good, so Donnie just went from there. Chroming the jugs, eliminating detonation with the turbo,

trickin' up the frame and adding belts front and rear.

It's plenty comfortable, and fast enough to get him off to the mountains for some serious bear-hunting, or to the lakes for the opening of fishing season. To say nothin' about Sturgis, which he plans on hittin' again for the eleventh consecutive year. It's a top priority.

—Buster

Owner: Donnie Smith		City: Minneapolis, Minn.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1975	
Year and make: 1975 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FX		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 7 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 1 in.	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: SB&F hardhead	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Cycle Shack	
Year: 1975		Risers: 4 in. W.O.	
Model: Big Twin		Fender(s): CCI front, SB&F rear	
Rebuilder: Eagle MC Eng.		Headlight: Drag Spec.	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: SB&F	
Balancing: Eagle MC Eng.		Rear pegs: SB&F	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3.5-gal. fatbob	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Drag Spec.	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: owner	
Carb(s): SU Turbo Rivera		Seat: Keith Nybo	
Air cleaner: SU		Sissybar: fender strut	
Pipes: Turbo		Height: about 2 in.	
Muffler(s): Turbo		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews first gear		Type: girder	
Year: 1982		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: SB&F	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt		Special features: gold plating	
Trans sprocket: Primo belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: H-D belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: John Frey		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jerry Shear		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: silver		Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: candy acrylic enamel		Brake: H-D	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: House of Color, striping by Cliff Anderson & Son, engraving by Cycle Fab.			
Other special modifications: gold plating			

ELECTRA·GLIDE IN RED

I was sittin' in a bar one night,
Slammin' some machine;
Ten hairy bikers pulled up out front
with pockets full of green.

The bartender, well, he got uptight
and headed for the phone.
I said, "They won't cause trouble,
if you just leave 'em alone."

Well, they each bought a couple rounds,
and a smile came cross his face.
It was the biggest crowd he'd ever had
since he bought the fuckin' place.

Just when the jukebox blew a fuse,
we heard a scoot outside.
I'd never seen one quite like that —
a pink Electra Glide.

And off it jumped this little guy,
couldn't hardly touch the ground.
I said, "Shit, he'll need a tow truck
if he ever lays it down!"

The little guy drank whiskey straight
and his dollar bills were crisp.
His bike sure made him look like a fag,
but he didn't have a lisp.

Them bikers started mumblin'
'bout that scooter parked outside,
'Cause no one there had ever seen
a pink Electra Glide.

The drunkest one, he clears his throat
and says, 'tween drinks of beer,

"Hey, little man, I love that pink.
Are you a fuckin' queer?"

I laughed so hard I nearly puked;
so did the whole damn place.
Until the short guy spit his Jack
right in that biker's face.

He said, "You assholes think you're tough,
but I think you're scooter trash.
I'll whip the fuckin' bunch of you
and back it up with cash."

The bikers pooled their money;
the barman held the bet.
I'd never seen nobody die,
but I might see one yet.

The short guy walked out to his bike
and took off both his boots.
He wiped his hands off on his jeans
and turned to face those brutes.

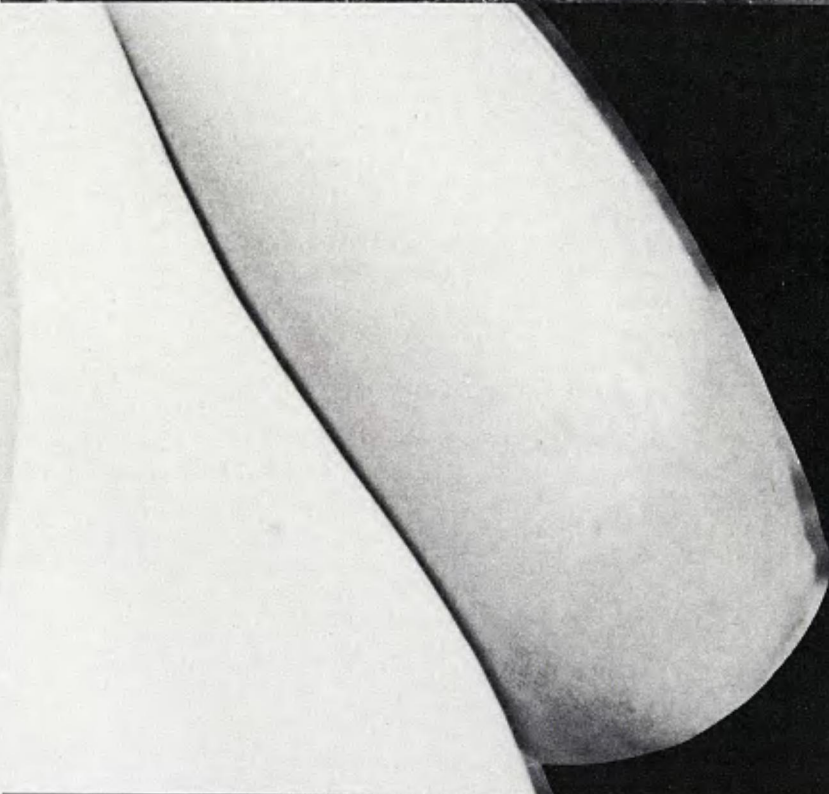
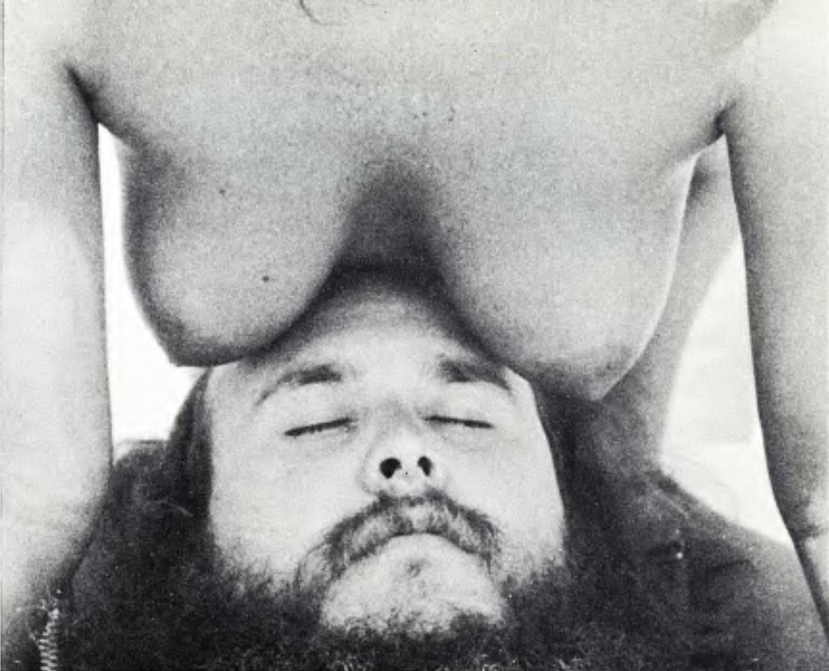
There was bikers flyin' everywhere —
that little dude was strong.
He stacked them bozos up like wood
and it didn't take him long.

He went inside and got the bread
he'd made for kickin' ass.
Gave everyone a ten-spot each
to show 'em who had class.

And just before he rode away,
he turned around and said,
"I must be fuckin' color-blind.
I thought this thing was red!"

—Bill Hennessy





FORTY FOR THE ROAD

I think my mouth will
never rest,
on steak as tasty as
a breast.

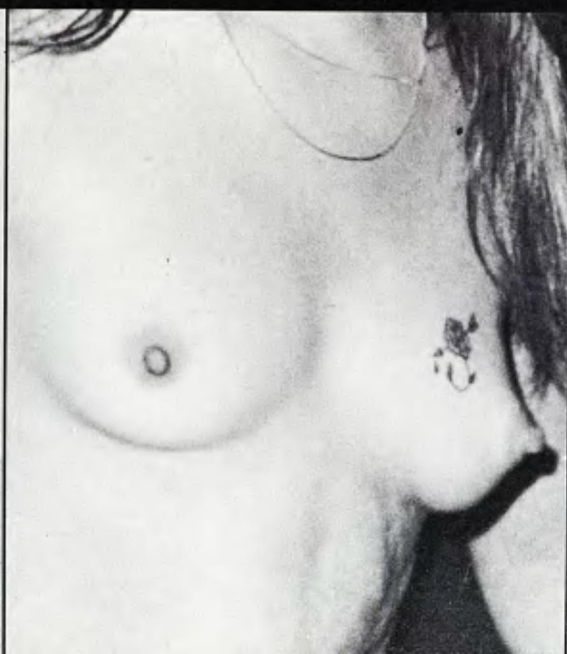
With rock-hard nipples
riding high,
to tease the crotch and
please the eye.

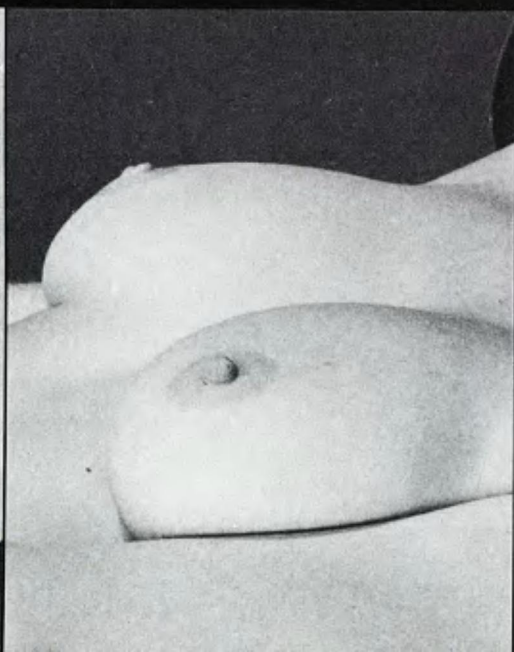
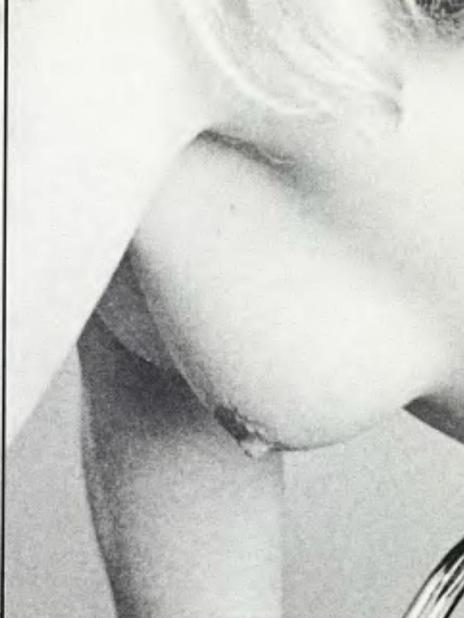
A breast that may, in
loving, shed
the sweat of passion
in a bed.

Flat-chested chicks give
some dudes fits,
but for myself, I'd rather
they just have tits.

—Puke



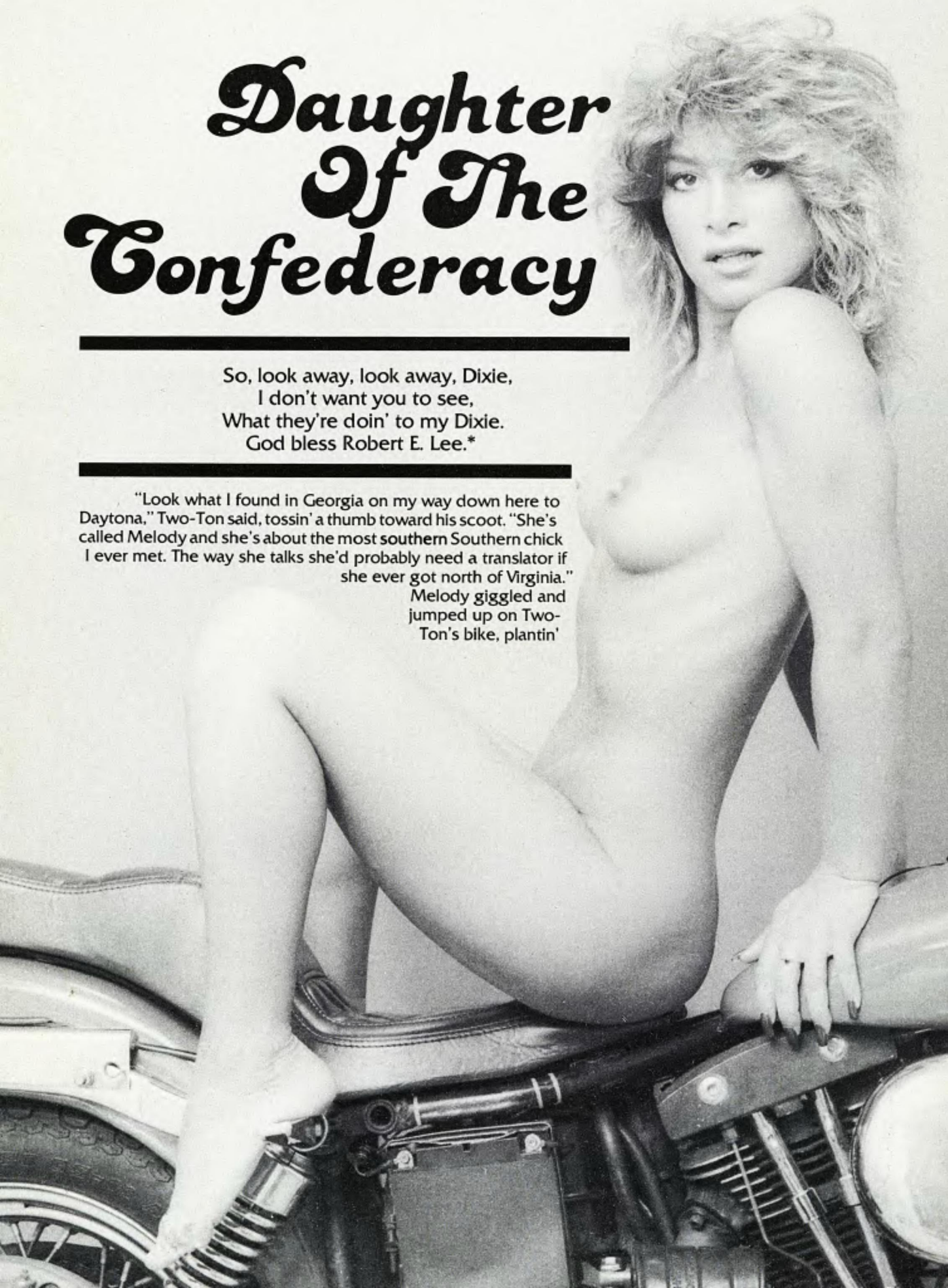




Daughter Of The Confederacy

So, look away, look away, Dixie,
I don't want you to see,
What they're doin' to my Dixie.
God bless Robert E. Lee.*

"Look what I found in Georgia on my way down here to Daytona," Two-Ton said, tossin' a thumb toward his scooter. "She's called Melody and she's about the most southern Southern chick I ever met. The way she talks she'd probably need a translator if she ever got north of Virginia." Melody giggled and jumped up on Two-Ton's bike, plantin'



her feet right on top of his rear shocks and standin' tall like she was about to give a political speech.

"Ah've bee-an up Nawth," she drawled with a laugh. "Ah've even bee-an up ta New Yaw-awk." (Writer's note: The remainder of this ode to Southern womanhood has been translated into English per Spider's vehement orders. If you want to know how it really sounds, snare yourself a Deep South sweetie and have her read it to ya.)

"Course I never did feel to home any of those places," Melody went on. "I get kinda antsy whenever I stray too far from magnolias and peaches and those big ol' white houses. Guess it's just 'cause I was raised up by my grandma and she was always rattlin' on about how special it was to be from Dixie, about how things were in the good ol' days before everything started gettin' to be the same all over the country.

"Honey," she'd say, 'back when I was a young girl, you could always tell the difference between a Southerner and anyone else by the amount of class he showed. A Southern man could sit a horse handsomer and classier than anything you ever saw. And they knew how to treat a woman. In my day, they were all gentlemen and we were all ladies. That's something they never did know anything about in the North. Pushing and shoving and trying to do everyone who happens to get in their way is all those people have ever known.'

"As far as I've seen, Grandma was double-right. The Dixie way of life is slower and lazier. We take the time to enjoy life. . . to do right by the years God has given us on this earth. And, for my greenbacks,

Southern men can still outride anyone from the North — on a bike or a lady.

"Of course, like Grandma said, it's all a-changin'. That's one of the things I hated about being up North, seeing all the trash you all put up





with and knowin' it was just a matter of time till you started shippin' it south — taco stands and dumbshit little jap pick-em-up trucks and dudes who dress like girls and act a whole bunch sillier.

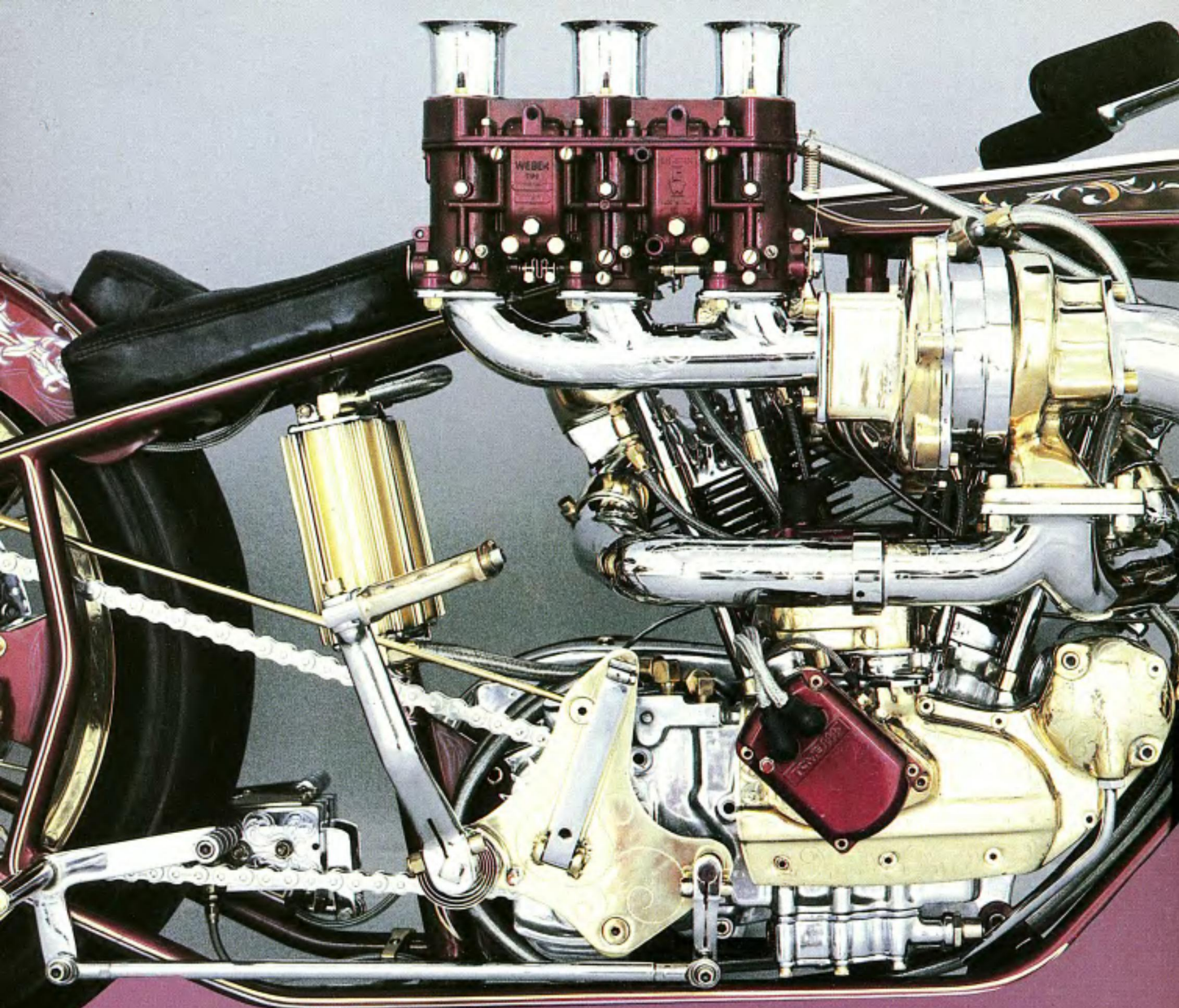
"If there's one thing I wish I could do, it's visit that time when Grandma was young. When they still had those big plantations and a proper young Southern lady would wait for her gentleman caller all dressed up in a big, fluffy crinoline gown. He'd ride up and they'd sit on the porch and make small talk and sip lemonade. Then they'd slip out to the barn and spend the whole, long evening screwing in the hay and listening to the wind in the long pines and the crickets and frogs down at the creek.

"I guess I'm just a hopeless daughter of the Confederacy when it comes to the subject of the South. Like the song says, 'I'll never stop lovin' you, Dixie, till they lay me in the ground. And the last words on my lips will be, God bless Robert E. Lee.'"

— Butcher

*"God Bless Robert E. Lee" by Bobby Borchers and Mac Vickery. © 1975 Tree Publishing Inc.





Unreal At Any Speed

Move yer ass over, Ralph Nadar; Charles Kettering wants a seat on this bench.

Ralph Nadar and Charles Kettering. Two names ya probably never expected to read in this rag, but — without even knowin' it — they both played a big part in makin' this particular motorcycle what it is today.

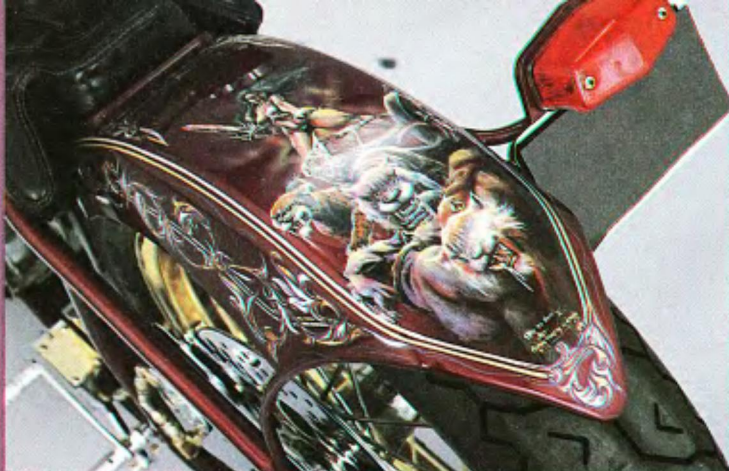
Kettering, ya see, was a tinkerin', inventin' fool — a genius, really, right in the mold of Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. That

General Motors is today the largest cage maker in the world is due, in no small measure, to the fact that Kettering out-invented just about everyone in the cage business back during the Roaring Twenties and Turgid Thirties. Hydraulic braking, fluid drives, high-compression engines... you name it, Kettering, as head of General Motors research, was in on it.

But even geniuses have flaws and Kettering's was his Achilles

heel — the copper-cooled engine. Kettering, ya see, was one of the first cage designers to figure out that if motorcycles and airplanes didn't need radiators, and fans, and water pumps, etc., etc., cages didn't either. Think of the weight that would be lost and the money that could be saved by eliminating all that shit. Think of the parts that wouldn't be there to spring leaks and break down.

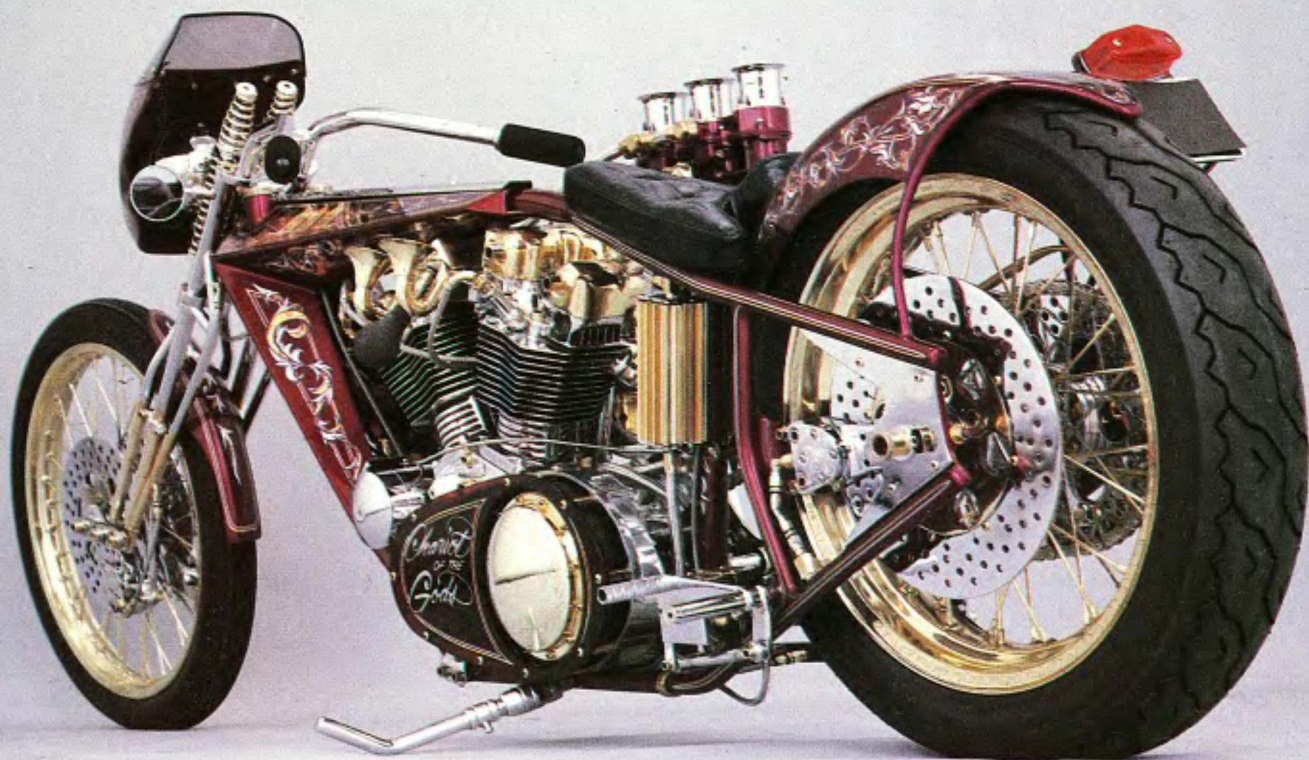
Kettering developed what he

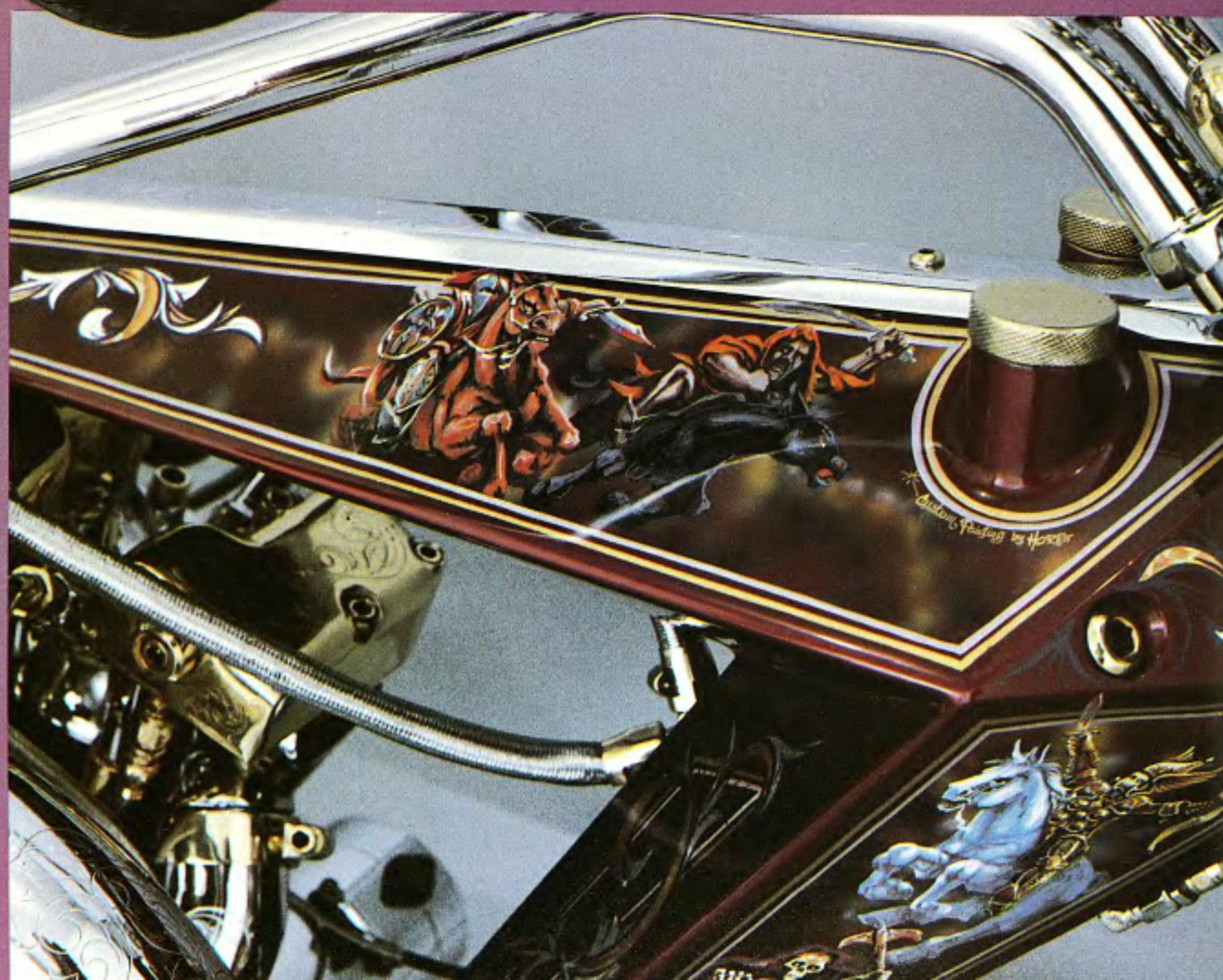
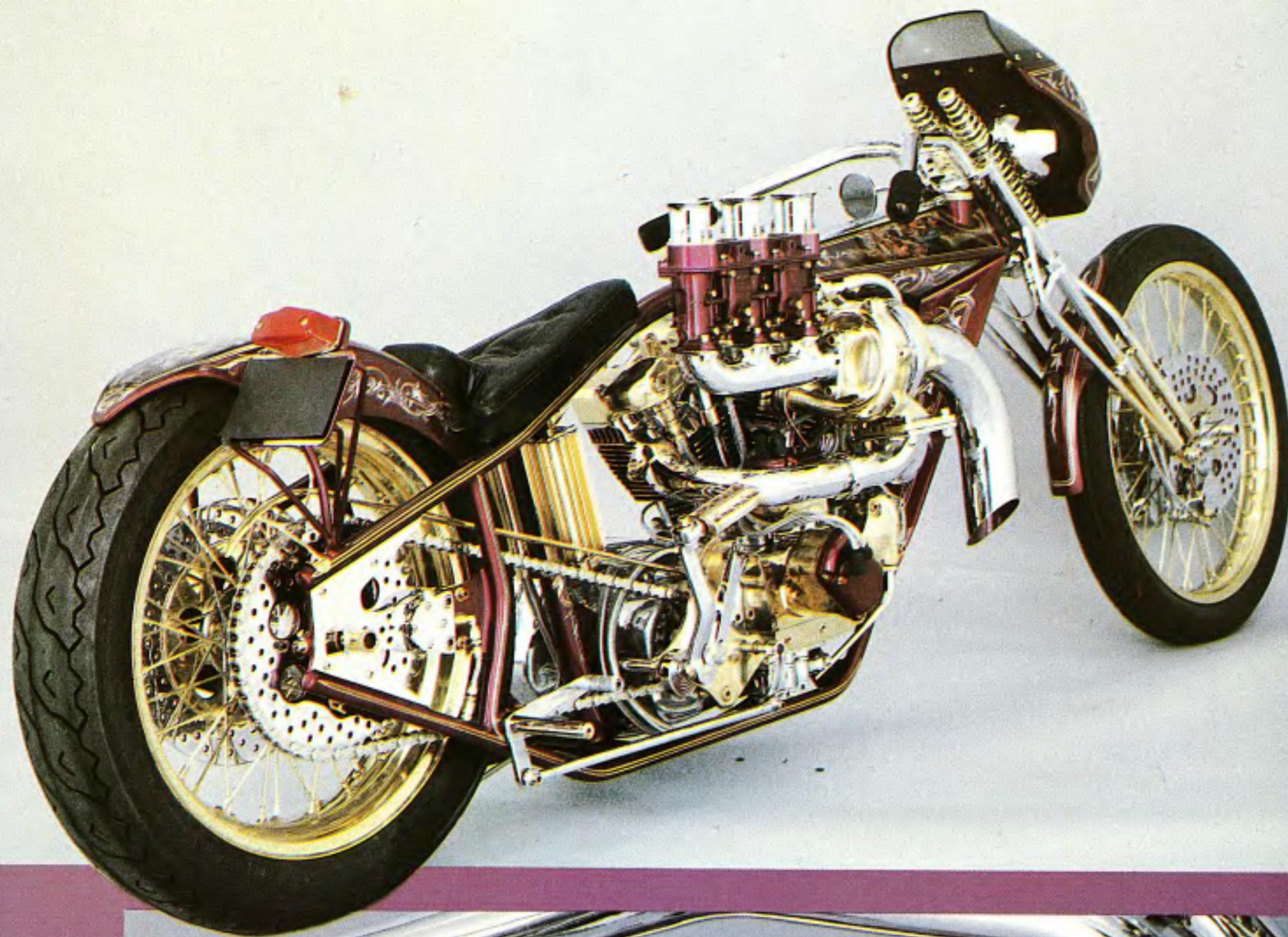


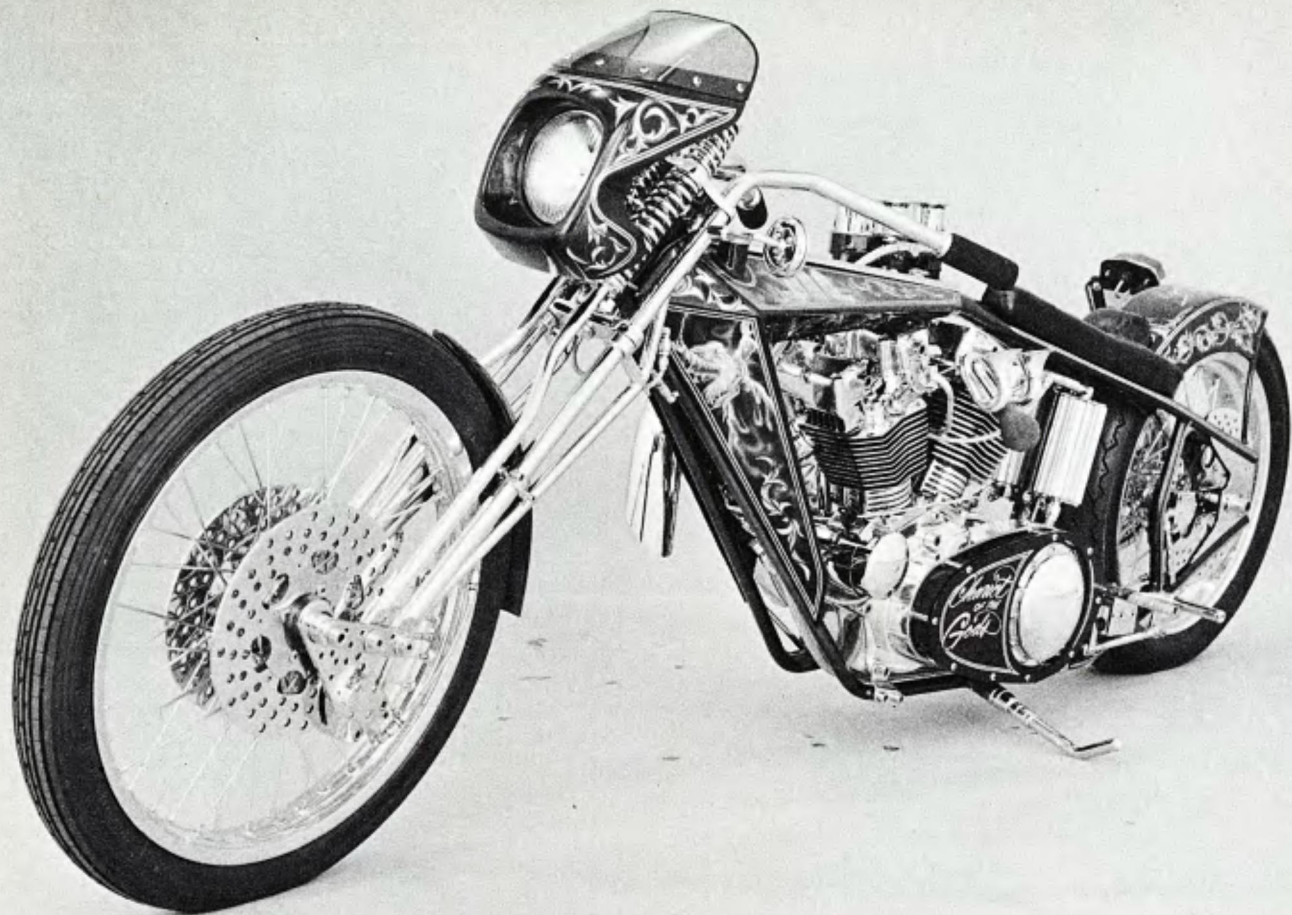
called the copper-cooled engine — a cast-iron power-plant fused to copper cooling fins, designed to dissipate the heat without water-cooling. So powerful was he, that when he decreed that all Chevrolets would henceforth be air-cooled, the board of directors agreed. The experiment, however, was a flop. The public was skeptical of the new design and there were immense manufacturing problems in getting the copper to fuse with the iron. It was such a fiasco that Kettering — who never gave up on his crea-

tion — was forcibly "retired" from the company.

Jump forward about a quarter of a century. It's now 1958. Studebaker Larks and Rambler Americans are selling like hot-cakes. The Plymouth Valiant and Ford Falcon are on the drawing boards. The age of the compact cage is dawning. And what does the great, all-powerful General Motors have? Nothin'. Not jackshit. Crisis time. Something that'll not only meet the competition but top 'em — dazzle 'em to death, in fact — is called for. Somebody





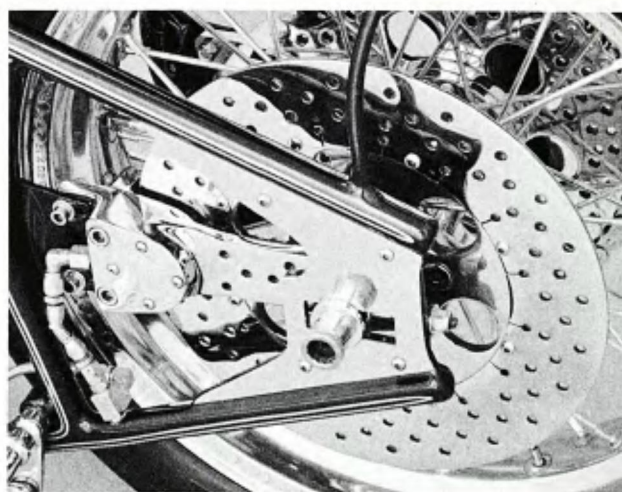


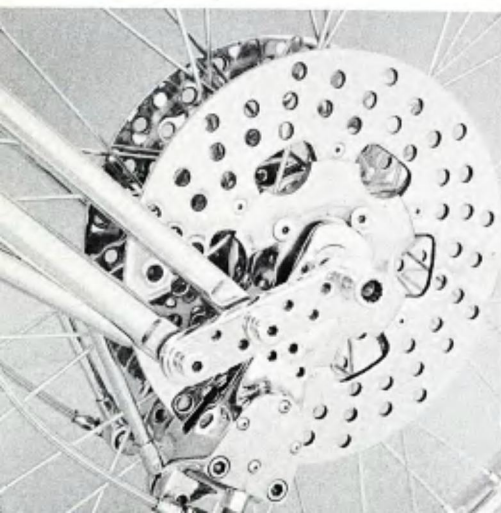
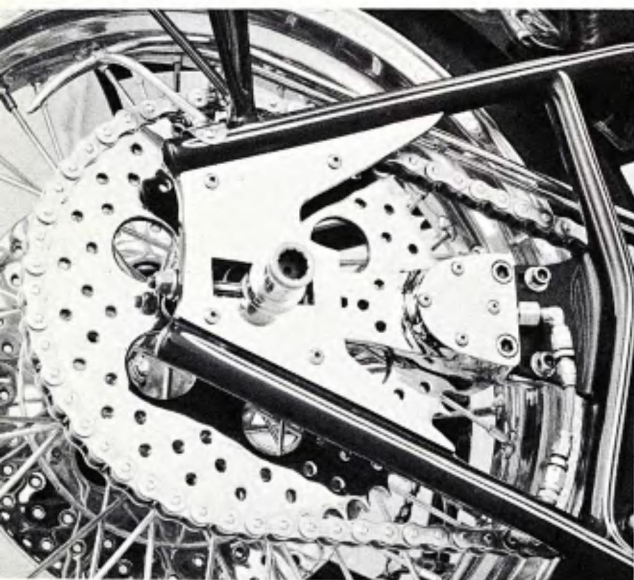
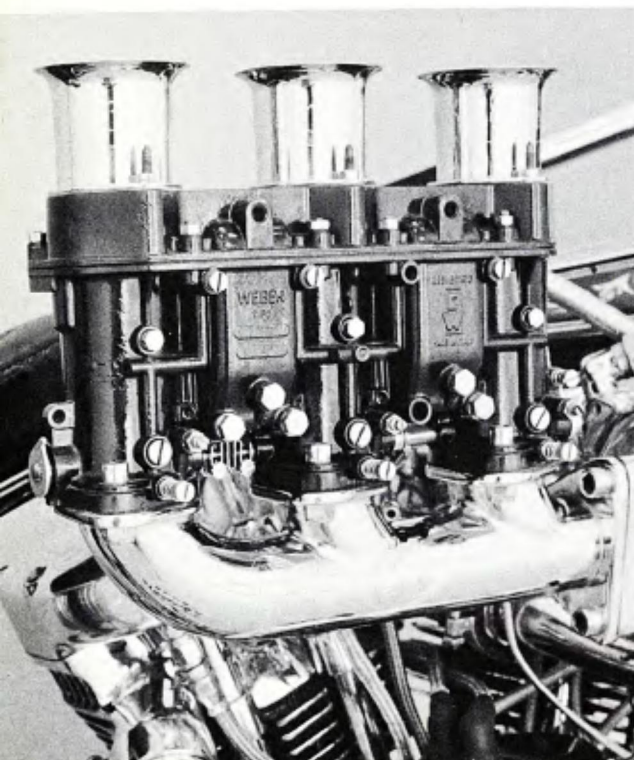
remembers Charles Kettering and his copper-cooled engine. The drawings are still somewhere in the basement. Change the copper to aluminium, update the layout a bit, steal a bushful of ideas from Volkswagen — enter the Corvair.

Only one problem. Corvairs tend to have minds of their own. They tend to invert themselves, even when being driven to church by little old ladies. At first, it's no big thing. The sur-

prised drivers crawl out, wave the gawkers over to help push the crates back onto their wheels and motor on. Then a Harvard-trained lawyer named Ralph Nadar arrives on the scene. He gleefully recounts all the Corvair's failings in a best-selling book called *Unsafe At Any Speed*. The media is mobilized, congressional hearings are held, Corvair sales plummet. In a daring move, GM brass decide to revive the corpse by

going after the performance-seeking sports car market instead of the sedate sedan market. Steering arms are shortened, sway bars are added, four carburetors are bolted to the manifold. Last but not least, a turbocharged version of the powerplant — complete with chromed rings and valves, trick cam, etc. — is offered. It's the first commercial application of turbocharging to a passenger cage anywhere and it takes





Owner: Dave Kerwood		City: Dunsmuir, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Ness/Ken Puccio		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1983 H-D		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Model: XLCH		Type: Low Liner	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 55 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: 4 years		Other alterations: brake lines through frame	
Chroming by: R&J Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Arlen Ness	
Year: 1966		Risers: none	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): Ness rear, CCI front	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Arlen Ness	
Ignition: Harmon dual magneto		Taillight: Arlen Ness	
Displacement: 55 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: custom	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: low compression-turbo		Electrics: John Franklin	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Bob Monroe	
Heads: ported, polished		Oil tank: one side of gas tank	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: Lunberg oil coolers	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: owner	
Carb(s): Weber 3-barrel down draft		Seat: Danny Grey	
Air cleaner: none		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Ken Puccio		Height: up to the fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 3/4-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: polished inner casting		Type: springer	
Year: 1966		Extension: 2 in. under	
Shifting: rear set shifting		Builder: Arlen Ness	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt		Special features: two-tone plating	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Kurt Thomas		Hub: Sifton	Hub: Wheel Works
Painter: Arlen Ness		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM4
Color: candy purple		Tire: Avon	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: Sifton dual	Brake: Sifton dual
Special paint: mural and striping by Horst			
Other special modifications: Open your eyes — they're all over!			

Sports Car Club of America racers by storm. The rest of America, unfortunately, could give a shit and the Corvair, like the Edsel, soon motors to that great wrecking yard in the sky.

Gone, as the cliché goes, but not forgotten. Certainly not forgotten by Dave Kerwood, for one. Ya see, the bike on these pages belongs to him, and the turbocharger that gives the

scooter its punch is right off a Corvair.

That's right — a General Motors turbocharger pumpin' air to a high-performance, air-cooled engine. Charles Kettering would be proud. And Ralph Nadar? If somebody pointed a .44 Magnum at his head and said, "Climb on for a ride," ol' Ralph'd probably shit his pants.

—Perfesser Prune

Two-Wheel Tales

Sister of the Wind

I'd just finished paying a fine for speeding in a small south Georgia town. I stepped out of the combination jail and courthouse and noticed this chick casually leanin' against my '72 Sportster, aka "The Beast."

I was madder than hell about the fine and wasn't in the mood to put up with some dingy local cunt looking for a cheap thrill. Not that I don't enjoy the stray tail that comes with a scooter tramp's lifestyle, but I just didn't feel like going through the hassles that sometimes arise from an out-of-town tramp playing mattress polo with the hometown tail. As I crossed the parking lot towards her and The Beast, however, I noticed that this babe was no ordinary local cutie. She was tall (about 5'11"), with long dark hair that ended at one of the finest asses I'd seen in a long time. She was wearing a long-sleeved black shirt, unbuttoned and tied just below a beautiful full set of jugs, and skin-tight jeans bursting at the seams and held up by a chrome chain belt. She had on black riding boots and was wearing a Harley-Davidson bandanna on her head.

When I finished looking her over, she flicked away the cigarette she'd been smoking, looked me right in the eyes and said, "Dig this, bro! I was on a run from Chicago to Tampa with my ol' man six months ago when we stopped in this hellhole for some rest and a few brews. Some local bitch started to hustle my ol' man so I fed her the broken end of a beer bottle. The cops took me to jail for assault and ran my ol' man out of town. I ain't seen or heard from the bastard since."

"The local judge gave me six months in the slam for the assault and I just got out about ten minutes ago. I've been ridin' my own finger for the last six months and I'm hard-pressed to feel a scooter and a man between my legs, in that order. If you're as much of a man as this sled makes you out to be, think of a nice secluded place about 200 miles from here, jam this scooter into gear, and let's see how fast we can get there and party down."

I really didn't see the need for any more talking, so without a word or a second thought, I kicked life into The Beast, motioned the chick to mount up, and headed for the highway south. I felt like the lady needed and deserved to feel the wind, so when I hit the open road I goosed The Beast up to over 100mph, and with one eye on the road and the other watchin' for the Man, I just let her fly. The lady was

born to sit on the back end of a Harley! We rode the back mountain roads all the way to Jacksonville, stopped there for gas, then took to the Interstate — keepin' the throttle wide open till we came to a secluded little beach near Daytona that I remembered from a previous "Run To The Sun" gig.

By the time I finished praising The Beast for a terrific ride, the chick whose name was Raven, was undressing and running for the water. While she dove into the ocean, I dove under The Beast's seat for the smoke and coke I always keep on hand. By the time she came up for air, I had three numbers rolled and about a gram of toot spiraled out on the Beast's rear-view mirror. After we cleaned off the mirror, I shucked my leathers for her to sit on. She was still in the raw, and we kicked back under a tree to smoke and let nature take her course.

Raven had been locked up for six months without a man and I thank God to this day that I was the tramp she relieved herself with. She was a wildcat, a lady, and a slut, all at the same time, and there wasn't much we didn't do on that beach, even with the sand. After two full hours of the most rewarding sex I'd ever experienced, we both collapsed in each other's arms and fell asleep.

When I woke up, my leathers were draped over me like a blanket, the moon was up, and I was all alone. I looked over at The Beast and noticed that all the road dirt had been cleaned off her — she shone like new. My padlock and chain were secured to the front tire and frame and my keys were in the pocket of my leathers. I noticed something dark hanging from the handlebars and when I went to check it out, I found it was Raven's bandanna, bundled up with a note and a ring I'd seen her wearing earlier. The note said, "Hey, bro, I rolled a couple of joints from your bag for later on. Hope you don't mind. I'm sorry to take off like this, but right now I need to feel my freedom more than anything else. You and your sled were just what I needed earlier and the fact that you were there this morning is proof that God rides a Harley. Otherwise, He never would have understood my need and sent you there to meet me. You'd make a great ol' man and I'm very tempted to tear this note up and just lay back down next to you. But the last thing I need right now is something permanent, so I'll say goodbye like this instead of in person and leave this ring for you to remember me by. You're a true bro, and you and The Beast have restored my belief

that a biker's way of life is the best there is. Stay forever free and in the wind — Raven."

To this day that black Harley-Davidson bandanna flies from The Beast's sissybar, and when I make my left hand into a bridge on the pool table, the light will sometimes reflect off a very special ring on my little finger. Everytime it does, I smile at the thought of a tall, dark-haired scooter sister out there somewhere, making it all worthwhile for herself and some lucky bro. Here's to Raven and all the other good scooter sisters who bring a little sunshine into the lives of us tramps! —Maverick

White-knuckled Ride

While shooting the shit at the shop the other day, I took a ride down memory lane. A decade later this ride still turned my knuckles white.

It happened back when I rode a Sporty and was somewhat lighter and more energetic. I'd grab a handful of clutch, drop it in second and start running down the street in the hope she'd start. Kicking it just didn't do the job sometimes, so that was my last resort.

Well, this one Miami summer day had me sweating like a pig and my heart was pounding. Finally, off I went with my running pop-start. Unfortunately, I let the clutch out a little too soon — like before I was on the bike. She fired and just about pulled me out of my boots. I knew right then I ought to let her go, but if she was going to go sliding, I was going with her.

Off we went. Her tugging me along caused me to grab a full handful of throttle. My other hand and my feet were blowing in the wind, and my balls wrapped around the license plate were the only things keeping me on.

The revs started climbing fast. The front wheel was straight up and all the way to the right. She was givin' me everything she had in second. The fence at the other end of the parking lot was coming on fast, so I leaned the bike to the left and steered it down an alleyway like I knew what the fuck I was doing. By this time she was peaked out and I could pull myself up on her without going over backwards. After bringing her down and heading out of the alley, a half-dozen girls at the laundromat started applauding and yelling, "Do it again!"

There was only one possible response. "No way, ladies! I got some laundry to do myself."

—Breeze

Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Seventh 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 August 30th. We'll print the winner in the December issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope to #135 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Lorna**, the 12th monthly winner in the 6th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Cheryl, Maria, and Vickie.



Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

135

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.



DEE



PEGGY SUE

JOYCE



SHERRI



JEANNIE



HILDI'S HEINIE

Dear Rufus:

I went to the office a few weeks ago to visit the staff and everything, you know? At that time they told me to address all further correspondence to you.

Did we meet? I don't think so. I checked the first page on one of the issues. You know, where they've got the names of everybody and stuff? You were the first one! They've got you listed as "office dog." One o' them nicknames, huh? I guess that means you're *top dog*, being first on the roll call, and all. It's a real privilege to be writing to you, sir.

Well, I suppose you're wondering why I'm writing to you, so I'll tell you. It's because of Hildi's buttocks. Remember, the featured chick in the June issue?

You know, even now I have to put both my hands to my mouth and hunch over for a moment, quietly giggling. What irony, I think to myself, still giggling. A motorcycle magazine in the East only some weeks ago announced a "best buttocks" contest; while meanwhile, quite unintentionally, the gorillas at your own magazine go out one morning, their knuckles dragging along the ground, traveling in a close-grouped pack on foot down the office road for a hundred feet or so, meandering like a troop of slowly foraging forest apes, uttering occasional grunts and pulling out some roots to gnaw on. Then one reaches out a hairy arm and grabs the first chick to amble into the vicinity, the troop turns around and plods — with their eyelids at half-mast — back to the office to do a photo session of her, featuring only one butt shot in the whole thing, and it turns out *she's* got the best buttocks in the whole world.

The people at the other magazine are scoping the picture right now, pale-eyed. They look up at each other. "This broad in this other magazine just won *our* butt contest! And she ain't even *in* it!"

And what a butt it is. I sit here and have to laugh some more. It is myself I laugh at now. I look at all my dictionaries. I look at all my thesauruses. All my sources from which I've tried to learn how to put words together. I look at Hildi's

buttocks again. I laugh hysterically. It's hopeless. I know already it's hopeless. A picture truly is worth a thousand words. In the case of Hildi's buttocks, that picture's worth all of them.

It is then I realize that this is how poetry was invented. Something so amazing happened that when a person tried to set it into words, the brain was so baffled that it had to try turning the words into music in an attempt to see if that extra dimension might get the job done. As though maybe thoughts and music together could perhaps duplicate what the eyes had so wondrously seen.

That same impulse fills me now:
*O, buttocks left and buttocks right,
Two buttices of muscled might,
Yet fatted with a soft veneer
Of butterflesh there and butterflesh here.*

*What meditations they inspire,
Of cupping both in palmy fire;
Of hoisting them both up an inch,
My nose pressed in your navel pinch.*

I sit here and examine what I've just composed. It is so feeble. So insufficient a tribute to such a masterpiece.

I sit here and wait. I wait for the brain to grind into motion again against this impossible task.

At last! At last it rolls into motion:
*Great bottom with its black-lined division,
Two convex mounds and one incision. . .*

Bah! it is a soulless science treatise. I stop early, not wanting to trouble myself with seeing where this would end up — as some sort of geometry lesson.

I sit here and sulk. So, I think. So this is the agony of the artist.

I decide to push *Continued on page 105*



Photo by Pete Chioldo

by J.J. Solari

Goin' to the Fair? The Man will be waitin'

Over 300 cops from Louisiana, Alabama, Florida and Mississippi traveled to Biloxi, Miss., recently to attend a one-day seminar on how to protect their precious little communities from hordes of big bad bikers traveling to New Orleans for the World's Fair.

Under the tutelage of Insp. Les Smith of the U.S. Marshal's Office, the cops learned that the most important part of dealing with bikers is learning how to recognize them.

Now you, bein' an ignorant scooter tramp unschooled in the police sciences, might think that's pretty easy, something even a retarded rugrat could

Biloxi 'bull' session tells cops how to separate bikers from brokers

handle. Well, apparently, a lot of cops aren't as smart as retarded rugrats. They need some kind of test — maybe a breathalyzer designed to pick up traces of Harley oil in the blood — in order to be able to separate the bikers from the stockbrokers.

According to Smith, the average biker is a 30-year-old nonconformist who was rejected as a child. One of the ways officers can recognize him, Smith noted, is by the places he hangs out and the people he associates with.

"Like most people, he'll seek out others with com-

mon interests," Smith told his flat-footed audience. "But he's not going to find people with his particular interests by sitting around the yacht club. [No shit!] He'll go to second-rate bars and poolrooms, anywhere he doesn't have to dress up and people will leave him alone."

Interesting, ain't it, the way Washington's "thought police" can take the most basic, simple human action and make it sound like a crime. They've already made just about everything more active than breathing illegal somewhere. Give Insp.

Smith and his bros a few more years and even the desire to be left the fuck alone will be a felony.

Once local officers have confirmed biker sightings with positive identification, they should immediately race for help, Smith said, apparently in the belief that no one police department could possibly cope with one, two, or heaven forbid, three bikers pulling into a local beanery for coffee.

"Federal, state, county and city law enforcement agencies should form task forces," he stressed. "They should work together to share intelligence, to make cases . . . to conduct investigations and make arrests."

Easynews



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

BAM expands war on cagers who kill

Bikers Against Manslaughter, an organization dedicated to seeing cagers who kill or injure bike riders get proper punishment, is expanding its activities beyond the borders of California.

BAM — whose slogan is "Kill A Biker, Go To Jail" — is now also active in Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Oregon and New Mexico. Bikers in these areas who need help or are interested in working with the organization can get more info by calling their toll-free number, 1-800-4-BIKERS.

The purpose of BAM is to reduce bike accidents and fatalities by getting "drunk drivers and all others who would abuse their driving privileges by conducting themselves in a reckless, careless and unlawful manner" off the road.

Much of the organization's effort consists of making sure numbers of concerned bikers appear as courtroom spectators in trials involving cagers accused of offing bikers. The idea is to impress the district attorney and the judge with the fact that bikers are organized, aware, and politically involved.

BAM has also been making good use of California's new "Victims' Bill of Rights." Under this law, victims of crimes, the victims' families and other community members are allowed to see and officially com-

ment on the pre-sentencing reports done on the perpetrators. The victims' representatives are also allowed to address the judge prior to sentencing.

"In each and every situation (of this type) so far, we have convinced the proba-

Quebec bikers begin two-pronged attack to stop hit-and-run cagers

The Bikers Rights Organization of Quebec has begun a two-pronged effort to put hit-and-run cagers where they belong — back in cages, without wheels.

The first part of the BRO proposal calls for all Canadian bikers to put pressure on the Canadian federal government to pass tougher laws against hit-and-run drivers.

Under the current laws, the BRO points out, a drunk driver who offs a biker and is caught at the scene could receive a maximum of 14 years in prison. If he fled the scene of the accident and wasn't

apprehended till after he was sober, he would only be subject to a two-year sentence. Thus, the BRO reasons, much stiffer penalties for hit-and-runs are needed if the state is to stop "rewarding" cagers for leaving the scene of an accident.

The second part of the BRO plan calls for starting a fund to establish a cash reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any hit-and-run driver causing an accident that results in death or serious injury to a member of BRO of Quebec or his family.

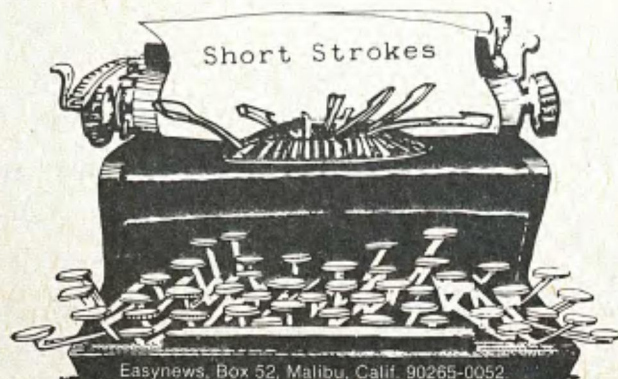
Kentucky helmet repeal bill under consideration

The Kentucky House of Representatives has passed, by a wide margin, a bill that would repeal most provisions of that state's mandatory helmet law.

Under the new bill, only riders younger than 18 and those who have held their

motorcycle operator's license for less than a year would still have to wear buckets.

According to Rep. Dan Seum, one of the measure's sponsors, the law "leaves the helmets on the young, the 16- to 18-year-olds, it leaves helmets on young riders."



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Only four states — Alabama, Idaho, Mississippi and West Virginia — still allow citizens to ride scooters without getting a separate motorcycle endorsement on their driver's license. The latter two, however, might not be part of that select group very long. Legislators in both states are considering new licensing bills.

A new bikers' rights group is organizing in Albany, Oregon. Called the Association For Motorcyclists of Oregon, they can be reached by writing to John Davis, 1600 S.E. Sherman, Albany, OR 97321... ABATE of California has scheduled a Kern County Statewide Run for Aug. 17, 18, and 19. For more info, write Rider, Star Rt. Box 36, McKittrick, CA 93251... V-Twins Riders MC will host their Fourth Annual Toy Run Sept. 16 at the Old Chicago parking lot at the junction of Rt. 53 and I-55 in Bolingbrook, Ill.

A committee of the Alaska legislature is considering a bill to flush the Last Frontier's liberal marijuana law down the pot. The current law, just over a year old, permits you to keep up to four ounces of weed in your home for "personal use." The proposed legislation would make possession of any amount, regardless of how minuscule, illegal... A Camp Lejeune marine sergeant has been sentenced to three years in prison for killing two other leathernecks when he ran into their bike with his cage. After the accident, according to testimony at the trial, the sergeant leapt from his cage, stood over the dying body of one of his victims and shouted, "You're a marine, you're going to pull through!"

Daytona Beach police report that Bike Week '84 was the most peaceful in history. "For the first time since I've been working the Boardwalk for the chopper show, people were nodding and smiling instead of yelling 'Pig!' one veteran cop observed... Harley-Davidson was one of twelve Wisconsin firms to win a Governor's New Product Award in 1983. H-D snagged their trophy for the Evolution engine's design and performance.

Stick this in your save-for-legislative-hearings file: A Pennsylvania State University study shows that keeping bike headlights on 24 hours a day does not significantly reduce the incidence of fatal collisions suffered by riders. According to the researchers, an investigation of 20,000 motorcycle deaths between 1976 and 1982 "does not support the claim" that the use of headlights by bikers allows cagers to see bikes sooner... And finally, two Siamese twins, who were born joined together at the top of the skull, are alive and well today because doctors used part of a dead biker's skull to fashion protective covers for the twins' craniums, following surgery to separate them. According to doctors at the Utah Medical Center in Salt Lake City, the tissue needed to shield the twins' brains from contamination was taken from the skull of an unidentified biker who had been killed when his bike left the freeway during a rainstorm. Doctors say it is impossible to duplicate the tough fibrous tissue, called *dura mater*, artificially. Seems like somebody oughta start measuring those kids for Harleys...

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,2}	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, 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 9-if over 21, 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 11-Certain cities may require lights, 12-Passengers must wear helmets, *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Lid lobby tries to pull a fast one in Iowa

The lid lobby has reared its ugly head again, this time threatening to plant bowls on the brows of all Iowa bros.

After hearing a series of ominous pronouncements from members of that lobby — the usual collection of hand-wringing doctors and biker-hating reactionaries — the Iowa Transportation Commission voted unanimously to urge the state legislature to pass a law making helmets mandatory for bikers and seat belts mandatory for cagers.

The latter bit — the seat belt law — is a particularly nasty little gimmick concocted by

anti-biker assholes. It is being tied to helmet-law proposals in many states and goes like this: A law is proposed, requiring that bikers wear buckets and cagers stay strapped in. Bikers immediately begin to protest the proposed helmet law; cagers do the same regarding the seat belt proposal. The one thing these protests have in common is that everyone is calling the sponsors fascist pigs and threatening to wreck mayhem upon legislators who votes for the measure.

Now comes the cute part, the part that goes right up your ass and mine. OK, says the

helmet lobby to the legislature, maybe we were a bit overbearing. We're reasonable folks. We're certainly not fascist pigs. We'll stop agitating for mandatory seat belts if you give us mandatory helmets.

At this point the members of the legislature know two things. One is that a mandatory seat belt law would be a political death certificate for them. The other is that there are a lot more voting cagers than voting bikers. The result is easy to predict. The seat belt law is scuttled, the lid law is passed, and the legislator goes home to his district, happy in

the knowledge that he will pick up so many votes by telling his cager constituents how he "saved" their asses from seat belts that the biker votes he'll lose for supporting buckets won't hurt him at all.

It's a bad situation and it's up to us to wake up whatever cagers we can (remember, they do comprise the majority of voters) to the fact that if the geeks are allowed to force helmets on us now, nobody will be able to stop them from forcing a lot of unpleasant shit — seat belts, air bags and speed governors, to name a few — on the cagers later.

Big Apple politicians laying 'scars' on bikers

The New York Motorcycle Coalition has issued a warning to all bikers living in, or riding to, the Big Apple — beware of scarred roads.

According to the Coalition, New York officials have purchased a road scarification machine and have been busily using it to gouge so-called rain grooves into many major city streets.

Though the Coalition has been successful in getting the city to erect "Grooved Pavement" signs in many areas, the roadways are, they say, "still dangerous and after one year, every one of these scarified roads has become marked with longitudinal potholes and deep breaks which serve only to catch motorcycle tires."

"There is a difference between scarification and grooving," a Coalition spokesman pointed out. "Real grooving is done on cement, and although annoying to motorcyclists, the

grooves are even and follow a straight line. Scarification is intended to prepare a road surface so that hot asphalt laid on top of it will stick and mold to the roughened surface. Once a road is scarified it continues to break apart if asphalt is not laid on top of it. Even driving a car over a scarified roadway will cause the vehicle to shake and swerve. The effect on a motorcycle is much worse.

"As the weight of cars and trucks has further crumbled up the unevenly surfaced roads, and as these scarified roads have been weathered, the uneven cuts made into the roads have opened up and become trenches and tire traps for two-wheelers."

Bikers who have gone down — or had other problems with scarified roads in New York — are urged to send all (time, place, injuries, etc.) the details to the Coalition, at Box 298, Port Richmond Station, Sta-

ten Island, NY 10302.

"Scarified roads are threatening the lives of New York City motorcyclists," the Coali-

Michigan's top court gives 'no-fault' enema to riders

The Michigan Supreme Court has thrown the smothering blanket of the state's "no-fault" insurance law over the heads of bikers as well as cage drivers.

Under the Michigan law, it has long been illegal for cagers who run into each other to file lawsuits based on property damage. In other words, each party involved in the accident could only recover such damages from his own insurance company, regardless of who caused the accident.

The recent high court decision extends the provisions of this law to bikes, virtually insuring (pardon the pun) that bikers who get rammed by a

cager will be faced with the unpleasant choice of either filing a claim with their own insurance company and having their policy canceled or their premium raised, or not filing a claim and having to eat the cost of the repairs themselves. This, despite the fact that the cager may be totally to blame for the collision.

"It is entirely reasonable," the court ruled, "for the legislature to have intended that all owners of vehicles traveling upon public highways should have to carry their own insurance against property damage or run the risk of having to absorb the damage themselves."

Ford ordered to pay biker \$2.4 mil for loss of leg

The Ford Motor Company has been ordered to pay a 26-year-old biker \$2.4 million after his right leg was cut off at the knee by the rear bumper of a Mercury Monarch.

The \$2.4 million equals 60 percent of the \$4 million a New York State Supreme Court jury awarded biker Gerard Fleming of Eugene, Oregon, in the almost six-year-old suit. The balance of the settlement — \$1.6 million — was assessed against cage driver Richard Tupper, who was 16 at the time of the accident, and his father Frank Tupper, the owner of the cage.

According to evidence introduced at the trial, Fleming's leg was sheared off by the Monarch's bumper as the biker was sitting on his motorcycle while parked on the shoulder of North Sea Road, Southampton. Examination of the cage showed that the gap between the Monarch's wrap-around bumper and its fender was two

and a half to four inches. Ford engineers subpoenaed by the plaintiff admitted that the design plans for the bumper called for a gap of no more than 1.23 inches, plus or minus one-quarter inch. A spokesman for

Ford said the Detroit automaker planned to appeal the verdict.

Ironically, Fleming had pulled off the road onto the shoulder in order to help a disabled cager.

Up Yours, Mate

"If the motorcycle had been invented only yesterday, instead of being in use since the beginning of this century, it is certain that vehicle registration authorities, giving paramount consideration to road safety, would not permit its use on public roads."

— from a report by the Australian Dept. of Transportation

H-D celebrating its first profit in 3 years

Thanks to the president's increased tariffs on imported, heavyweight motorcycles, the introduction of the Evolution engine and a 40 percent reduction in its break-even point, Harley-Davidson managed to earn a slight profit in 1983, following two years of heavy losses.

Other good news emanating from Milwaukee recently included the rehiring of 400 furloughed Harley employees and the fact that H-D's market share grew from 13 percent in 1982 to 20 percent in 1983.

"Most of the gains," an official company statement said, "have come as a result of H-D's aggressive cost cutting, revitalization and efficiency programs."

According to top honcho Vaughn Beals,

the "one big benefit" derived from the new tariffs was the prevention of Japanese manufacturers unloading their excess inventory at distressed-merchandise prices.

"We feared the Japanese manufacturers would wipe us off the map through massive fire sales of their unsold heavyweight inventory," Beals said. "Traditionally, they have moved excess inventory through this method and we had every reason to expect it would happen again . . . All you have to do is look at the light and middleweight markets, with fire-sale price reductions up to and exceeding 50 percent, to get a good idea of what was in store."

"In addition to averting fire sales, there have been some 1984-model price in-

creases, primarily on heavyweight Japanese touring motorcycles. But the Japanese have managed to duck the tariff on about two-thirds of the vehicles that should have been subject to it by stepping up their U.S. final-assembly operations and through the introduction of 699cc motorcycles which fall just below the 700cc tariff limit."

Summing up H-D's progress during '83, Beals said, "We're not out of the woods yet, but we're working hard to get there. We have an obligation to the American people and the government to take full advantage of the breathing room the tariffs provide. We intend to fulfill that obligation by finishing up the job at hand."

GIs screwed by drug tests may be reinstated

Are you one of the over 30,000 GIs kicked out of the service because you flunked one of the army's so-called infallible drug tests?

If so, you may be eligible to have your administrative discharge reconsidered in the wake of a special commission's finding that army drug tests administered between April 1982 and November 1983 were "legally and scientifically deficient" — in other words, they didn't work.

According to a spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union, the "vast majority" of the GIs booted out because they failed the drug tests failed to appeal their administrative discharges not because they were stoned when they were tested, but because they were threatened with court-martials if they appealed.

The fact that the tests were totally inaccurate came to light as a result of a commission study ordered as part of a

lawsuit filed by ten Fort Bragg GIs who failed to be intimidated and filed a class action suit protesting the use of the urinalysis test to check for drug consumption. Drug charges against the ten were later dismissed by the army.

If you're one of the soldiers who was shafted by these tests and wish to be reinstated to your old rank, contact the nearest American Civil Liberties Union office.

Jury allows state off hook for crippling biker

A million dollars in damages, but nobody to pay for them."

That's how Pati Barker summed up the result of her biker ol' man's experience with "justice" in the state of Kansas.

On Dec. 5, 1980, Paul Barker, 28, was thrown off a bike when it was hit by a cage. He suffered massive head injuries and now, his doctors claim, has the mind of a 12-year-old and will never again be able to function as a normal human being. A sad but typical case, except — except the driver of the cage was in his late 70s, deaf and partially blind. Still sad, still typical.

Not so typical, however, was the fact that prior to the accident the cage driver had tried to renew his driver's license and failed part of the vision test. An understanding license examiner — perhaps feeling sorry for the "poor old guy" — ignored the fact that the coot couldn't see very well and renewed the license anyway.

Since the driver only had the minimum required liability insurance — \$15,000 — Barker's attorney decided to sue the state under the Kansas Tort Claims Act, which establishes ground rules under which cit-

izens can sue the state for damages caused by official negligence or malfeasance. Barker's claim was simple: The State of Kansas licensed someone who was unfit to drive,

therefore the State of Kansas was an accomplice in the cager's actions and should be liable for damages.

Unfortunately for the Barkers — and for the concept of

justice — the jury did not agree. They ruled that Barker was entitled to a damage award of \$1,000,000, all right, but they also ruled that the state was not liable to pay it.

Double-nickel draws judge's ire

A courageous justice of the peace in Woodburn, Oregon, has ruled that the state's double-nickel speed limit is unconstitutional.

Like other states, Oregon, caving in to massive pressure from Washington in the mid-70s, passed a 55mph speed limit law as a so-called fuel-

conservation measure. However, according to Justice Dewey Newton, the state's failure to survey the available fuel supply to determine if such a measure was needed renders the law unconstitutional.

Putting his gavel where his opinion is, Justice Newton has been dismissing charges

against all double-nickel violators who appear before him — as many as 20 in one day. Unfortunately, decisions by JPs are not binding on any other jurisdiction and the rest of the Oregon judicial establishment seems to have every intention of keeping their mouths shut and hands out.

ABATE taking message into classrooms

In an attempt to further improve the image of bikers in their community and to educate cagers about bikers' rights, ABATE of Spokane (Washington) is taking its two-wheel message right into the area's classrooms.

"We do all of the usual things — toy runs, blood drives, and sponsoring needy families," Joe Sonduck, ABATE public relations chairman, explained, "but we decided that just wasn't enough. We concluded the biggest problem was seeing uneducated,

unaware cagers run us off the roads. Educating these cagers before they could get on the roads became our number one priority."

After laying a lot of groundwork and doing some lengthy negotiating, ABATE finally got official permission to participate in a driver education class at a local high school. The group's presentation on motorcycle awareness made such a good impression on both the students and the faculty that they are now presenting it at all the high schools in the Spo-

kane district.

"We ride to the school in our leathers and present our course to all of the driver education classes each semester," Sonduck says. "Our presentation includes a film on motorcycle safety and awareness, and we give pointers to potential new riders. We would like to see similar programs in every school everywhere, so if anyone out there needs some suggestions or help in organizing one, contact the Spokane chapter at Box 13606, Spokane, WA 99213."

Whaaat?

The more I glom that mug of yours, the more my favorite fantasy comes to mind — the one wherein I clamp that fabulous head of yers in a paint shaker an' hit the switch whilst yer in the midst of felling me.

I'd make it good for you, too — sorta like a milkshake, ya know? Whaddya say, my little hummingbird?

Slim Good'un
Pendleton, Ind.

- What's fellate — a fart that comes two days after ya ate the beans?

Barge Right In

I think I got an idea on how to satisfy your lewd and disgusting cravings.

Up here on the Columbia River we got lots of barges. What I propose is that we spread your fat, slimy legs across the river and drive one of those babies right up that huge gash. If that don't work, we got some huge fish we could turn loose in your black hole.

How does that ticket tickle the old twat?

Monkey Man Mike
Rufus, Ore.

- I've always dug lumber-jacks' timber.

Fattening Treat

I notice chicks are always writin' you to find out how many calories are in a dose of cum. I read in a book — *Dr. Hip's Natural Foods and Un-natural Acts* — that the average dose of joy juice contains about 70 calories.

Douche Bag
Juneau, Alaska

- That means the average biker's load probably has about 560 calories in it.

Priorities

We would like to know the answer to this: After you give great head, do you gargle before you swallow?

Deb and Perry
Honolulu, Hawaii

- Depends how impatient the next bro in line is.

Contradiction In Terms

I need to ask you a serious question and don't want you to tell me to write Dear Abby, 'cause I got a Harley lover, not some straight-assed hillbilly.

Do you have any sugges-

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



tions about how to be a perfect wife? It's not that I can't keep him, I just want to be better than good. Hope you can answer this.

Me
Germanton, N.C.

- Forget about "keepin'" and concentrate more on "pleasin'."

Down The Aisle

I've got two ladies. One is ugly and I don't like to be seen with her, but she sucks and fucks me dry. She's the best lay I ever had. The other one is gorgeous and I'm proud to be seen with her, but she won't go down on me and won't let me go down on her, and when we fuck she just lays there like a dead fish.

Both of them keep asking about marriage. What should I do — make my prick happy or my ego happy? I need advice.

Ace Rose
Peru, Ind.

- Send the pretty one to Spider for rehabilitation.

Fuckin' Problem

I'm 17 goin' on 28 and I kinda got a problem. This dude I've been seein' for a while finally let me fuck his balls off. Now I want him to split.

I always try to like 'em, but it seems that once I have 'em, I get bored and I just want 'em to take off and leave me the fuck alone. Whaddafuck. What should I do?

Wham, Bam,
Thank You, Sam
Chico, Calif.

- Tell him you're pregnant and the sawbones says it sounds like twins.

Definition of Stoned

May your eyes always smile. May your jeans always be somewhere else. And no, I didn't put a motor on my horse. Didn't have to, it's already got wheeled hooves.

Pump
Somewhere in Canada

- Whatever yer on, I hope it wears off before yer next sanity hearing.

Easy Solution

My ol' man is incredibly jealous when he comes upon his biker buddies wanting to hug and kiss me, yet he takes it out on me. How can I break him of this nasty habit?

Slick
Jacksonville, Fla.

- Start hugging and kissing his bros on the big head instead of the little one.

Pay For Play

I love this guy named Joe. He's a real Harley man, if you know what I mean. Anyway, we're split up now and I think it's because he thinks I don't like to ride. The truth is, I love to ride in the wind behind him.

What should I do? I'm lonesome and don't want nobody else. All I really want to do is ride in the wind with him again.

Sandi
Memphis, Tenn.

- Shoot him a kite saying you'll pay for the gas and oil.

Down And Dirty

I'm down for a couple and every time my ol' lady comes to visit, I come in my jeans. I've been here five months and I get three visits a week. All my jeans have big cum stains on the front. What will take them out?

Meth Whoremaster
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

- A pair of scissors or a Buck.

Give It Up

I met this great biker that I'd love to spend about 72 straight hours in bed with. The problem is, I originally told him I wouldn't fuck him till he gave me a ride on his Hog, and he refuses to let me pack behind him until after he's had me. What would you do?

Merci
Baltimore, Md.

- I'd forget about his Hog and settle for his beef stick.

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

Passin' Gas

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



There once was a kiddie named Hall, who caught a man on top of his ma. As he saw him stick 'er, he said with a snicker, "You do it much faster than Pa."

—Ike
Junction City, Kan.

Sam, the private eye, was giving his attractive client a report. "I trailed your husband into four singles bars and a bachelor apartment," he said.

"Aha!" exclaimed the wife. "Go on, go on! What was he doing there?"

"Well, lady," Sam responded in an embarrassed tone, "near as I could make out, he was trailing you!"

—Blackie
Little Rock, Ark.

There was a young lady named Mabel, who liked to sprawl out on the table, then cry to her man, "Stuff in all you can — get your damn balls in, too, if you're able."

—Dirty Ernie
Fallbrook, Calif.



"I'm absolutely not letting you ride with me if you're going to kiss the ground every time you get off."



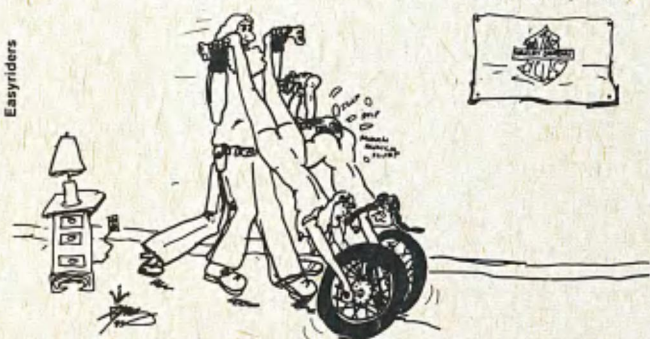
"This is the last time you pick the location of our club run!"

There was a young man of Ostend, who let a girl play with his end. She took hold of Rover and felt it all over, and it did what she didn't intend.

—Big Carl
Demming, N.M.

What is the description of a pussy? Ass-operated, self-lubricating, dick-fed, furbearing creature that when properly cleaned can be eaten.

—Humpin'
Santa Fe, N.M.



"I hope they understand this will cost extra."

With their wedding date finally set, the bride-to-be snuggled up to her fiancé and said, "Darling, I want to make love before we get married."

"But it won't be long until July, dear," he replied.

"Oh," she exclaimed enthusiastically. "And how long will it be then?"

—Crazy Dan
Emmaus, Pa.

Little Willie was jerking off up in a tree when a kindly old lady came along and advised him: "Little boy, you shouldn't do that. Don't you know that every time you come, it might be a president, or a great baseball player, or an actor?"

Just then Little Willie got off, and as the cum dripped from branch to branch and landed gently at the lady's feet, he said, "Holy shit, lady, I guess you're right — there goes an acrobat!"

—Kickstand
Lexington, Mo.

A middle-aged biker went to a doctor and explained that his ol' lady was constantly nagging him about his sexual performance. The doctor gave him a bottle of pills and assured him that they'd work wonders. A month later, the man returned, obviously satisfied with the results. "The pills are terrific," he said. "I've been fucking four times a night!"

"Wonderful," the doctor said. "What does your wife say about your lovemaking now?"

"How should I know?" the fellow shrugged. "I haven't been home yet."

—Quick Ruby
St. Louis, Mo.

The recent bride, who was already seeking a divorce, explained to the attorney that her husband was so well-hung that intercourse was a painful experience. "Okay," advised the lawyer, "if you simply can't put up with it, you ought to file your petition."

"Like hell I will!" snapped the girl. "Let the big ape sandpaper his!"

—B.C.
Davenport, Iowa

Dear Homeowner:

This letter is being sent to you for we know that you are critically interested in your lawn. The summer season is now upon us. This is a fertilizer club and it will not cost you a cent to join. Upon receipt of this letter, go to the name on the top of this list and shit on the front lawn. You will not be the only one there, so don't be embarrassed. Then make five copies of this letter and send them to five of your friends who appreciate good lawns. You will not get any money or checks, but within one week, if this chain letter is not broken, there will be 9246 people shitting on your front lawn. Your rewards will come next year when you have the greatest lawn in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Harry Butt
235 Corncob Alley

Mrs. Lucy Bowls
29 Bedpan Court

Mrs. Oval Crap
1422 Enema Drive

Mr. A. Bigger Movement
69 Rectum Road

Mr. Smelly B. Hind
476 Diarrhea Way

Mr. C. Howie Fartz
276 Suppository Lane

Mr. & Mrs. Took A Fizzik
744 Running Loose Lane

P.S. If you are constipated, pass this along to your neighbor. Do not break this chain. One man didn't give a shit and lost his entire lawn.

—Pete
Mason City, Iowa



"...and Rod says you're still #1 with him, Mother."



"My ol' lady has a drinking problem."

"How bad is it?"



"It's me."

It was the first day of school, so the first-grade teacher asked all the rugrats to stand up and introduce themselves. One boy stood up and said, "Hi, I'm Johnny Fuckhour."

The teacher was shocked and said, "Surely you don't have a name like that!"

"Yes, I do," he said, "and if you don't believe me, my sister is in kindergarten. Go ask her — her name is Susie Fuckhour."

The teacher said, "I'll just do that, and if you're lying, you'll be in trouble." So she went to the kindergarten class, opened the door and asked, "Is there a Fuckhour here?"

"Heck, no, teach!" one boy shouted. "We don't even get a cookie break!"

—Maternity Munchkin
Simi Valley, Calif.

What do you call a dick that's five inches long and as flat as Kansas? A tongue depressor.

—Coke
Minden, Nev.



"What the fuck did ya do? Whack off on it?"



"I'd hate to accuse one of you of cheating, but whoever beats five two's had better talk fast or run fast!"

A gynecologist was about to examine a patient whose cunt was extremely large. As the doctor approached the table, she stretched her legs apart. "You needn't open so wide, ma'am," he told her. "I plan to stand outside to work!"

—L.W. Cardwell
Pendleton, Ind.

"Pills, coils, condoms — none of them are foolproof," said the man to his drinking companion. "There's only one tried-and-true method of keeping your wife from becoming pregnant — good secretarial service."

—Indian
Jasper, Ky.

Did ya hear where they found the beef? In Wendy's buns!

—Hell on Wheels
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Getting married is a good deal like going into a restaurant with friends. You order what you want, and then when you see what the other fellow has, you wish you'd taken that.

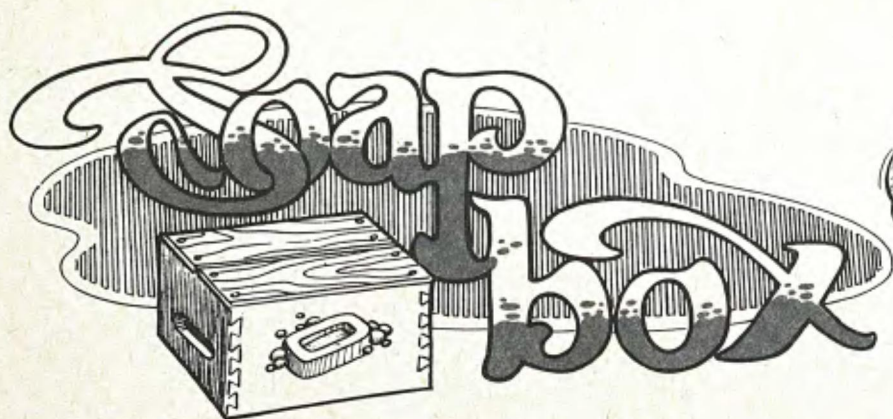
—Annie Fanny
Intercourse, Pa.

The doctor had just finished his examination of the teenage girl. "Madam," he said to the mother, "I'm afraid your daughter has VD."

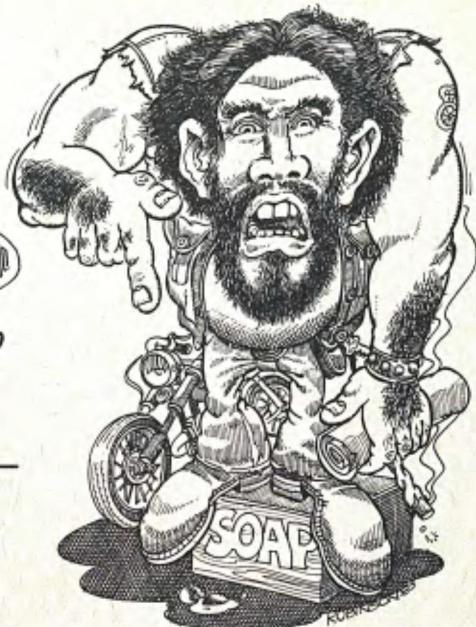
"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the embarrassed mother. "Tell me, Doctor, could she have possibly caught it in a public restroom?"

"It's possible," replied the physician after a moment's reflection, "but it would most certainly have been uncomfortable."

—Born Loser
Wichita Falls, Tex.



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.



A Biker's Widow Carries On

Our office mouses are pretty much a go-anywhere, do-anything bunch. They take whatever daily bullshit Spider happens to be dishing up, grin, and come back for more. There's only one job around here that they always — month after month — seem to fade away from. One job that makes the chick who eventually gets stuck doin' it disappear in a booze-and-downer haze for the following 24 hours.

The job? Typing up "Tribute To Brothers Lost," a totally depressing task. Depressing not just because of the tragedy of lives being wasted in their prime, but because every biker who goes into that hole in the ground takes part of every other biker with him.

A few months ago, a Virginia bro was killed when his scooter was cut off by a pickup truck. The driver of the truck had all charges against him dismissed because the judge couldn't see a "connection" between the pickup and the biker's death. Recently we received an update on this case from the bro's ol' lady. Like the "Tribute To Brothers Lost" copy, it's gonna cause some tears for the mouse who has to type it up, but we're gonna run it anyway. It's one righteous sister's story today, but given the straight world's prevailing opinion of bikes and bikers, it could easily become yours — or ours — some gray, gloomy tomorrow.

—The Editors

I am the 26-year-old widow of a

biker who was murdered by a cager. I need some help in making as much noise as is humanly possible about the "accident" itself, but most especially about the "trial" of the son of a bitch who killed my ol' man. I don't know what you can do for me, or what advice you can give me — who I can talk to or write to about this — but I cannot and will not give up until justice is served, one way or another.

Scott left our home at 5:10 that evening to get gas in his bike. At 5:19 he was hit broadside by some bastard in a pickup. There was an ambulance, a state trooper and a county cop on the scene by 5:30. Neither the trooper nor the county cop did anything until 6:00, when another trooper arrived. (We later discovered that the second trooper knows the cage driver.) At 6:00 my ol' man died of massive internal injuries. He never regained consciousness. His *entire* left side was crushed; his heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, spleen all ruptured.

No field sobriety test was given to the driver of the cage. I was told he was not staggering or slurring his speech, but the man is a known alcoholic and we feel this was the reason that no action was taken until the other trooper arrived.

At 7:36 p.m., the second trooper called me and said, "I need to speak to you in person regarding an accident your husband was involved in." That was it. Forty minutes later, he shagged his ass up to my house to tell me, "I have some very bad news for you tonight." He said the "acci-

dent" happened because it was dusk (it was nowhere near dusk), and Scott was on a black bike with a black jacket, helmet and goggles. "The guy just didn't see him," I was told. When I demanded to be allowed to see Scott, I was told no. I asked why the hell not and was told, "Because you don't want to." All I could think was that he had been mutilated beyond belief. He was not. I finally saw him two days later at the funeral home and there was nothing visibly wrong with him.

There are several questions I need answers to, but no one will talk to me. My phone calls are ignored by the DA, the trooper, the sheriff. No one will tell me why it took over two hours for someone to call and tell me my husband was dead. The answer I keep getting is that they were trying to find out what the telephone number was. That's bullshit — the phone number was in with his driver's license. I just want to know who in the hell took it upon themselves to decide that my Scott should die alone. He was alive for 41 fucking minutes and it would have taken me only 15 minutes to get to the hospital — two minutes at the most to get to the scene.

I'm sick to shit of the answer that I wouldn't have wanted to see him. The only visible damage to Scott was a crushed left leg, broken arm and hand (left). I don't give a damn how badly hurt he was, I should have been with him! The last sense to go before you die is hearing. I could have talked to him, goddammit, and told him

Continued on page 102

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal



JOE "KING" CARRASCO AND THE CROWNS

Tales from the Crypt/Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns: I've been a fan of Mad King Carrasco and his jalapeno rock for several years now, and one of the reasons he's kept me interested is that his unpretentious music is always fun. Joe never loses his sense of humor, never forgets that the idea is to boogie till ya barf. I admire that. Speaking personally, you can keep all those high-brow "message" tunes. If Dylan or Springsteen has a message for me, they can send a telegram; otherwise, I say screw it if you can't do the monkey to it.

Every now and then I have the misfortune to find myself in the presence of some r&r true believer, some spud who thinks he's found answers and insights to Really Big Questions in the lyrics of some pop-cult leader. The kind of asshole who wants to take up and then force everybody to sit quietly in respectful awe while he reverently plays his messiah's latest release. Not long ago I was at a

party whose stuck-in-the-sixties host insisted that we all once again travel the spacy paths of celestial enlightenment by listening to those celebrated, self-appointed gurus, The Moody Blues, a group whose constipated philosophical blither makes me long to hear "Woolly Bully" or "Duke of Earl" — anything with some teeth in it.

Carrasco, on the other hand, never tries to tell you how the cow ate the cabbage. Instead, he's content to blast his infectious Tex-Mex rock through his audience like a 12-gauge load of double-aught through a ripe watermelon, leaving the profundities to Rod McKuen. If you're looking for Philosophy 101, try Professor Lennon's class down the hall. But if you want to sign up for Advanced Partying, you came to the right place.

King Joe got fed up with his previous label, MCA, because they weren't promoting his stuff worth shit, in spite of the fact that his albums are selling like

crazy in Europe and he's gotten rave reviews here in the U.S. He's between labels right now, shopping around for the right deal with the right company. But here's something to keep the party going till his next record comes out.

Tales from the Crypt is a collection of early cuts by Carrasco and the Crowns, old stuff comparable to that big pot of chili your ol' lady cooked up the weekend before last and then reheated for lunch every day the following week — the shit just seems to get better and spicier with time. All but one of the cuts dates from 1979, when Joe was playing with pickup bands and paying his dues in the barrio bars and sweaty honky-tonks of central Texas, places where gringos are as rare as Porsches in the parking lot and where the cholo next to you at the bar might buy you a cerveza one minute and slice you open like a tamale the next. Like those funky dives and dingy beer joints, **Tales** is raw, real and fun — no-frills rock cranked out in a small studio just for fun, uncluttered by slick production or commercial intentions.

Though the music is now over five years old and the sound is only slightly above garage-band quality, **Tales from the Crypt** paradoxically represents a new direction in rock recording. **Tales** was released by ROIR (Reachout International Records), a New York company whose recordings are available on cassette only, a policy that in all likelihood is the wave of the future for the entire music industry.

For years people have predicted the demise of disc recordings, and with good reason. Sound reproduction on vinyl is an archaic leftover from an earlier era, and except for

the introduction of stereo many years back, no significant improvement in conventional disc recording has taken place since Caruso sang into a twenty-pound mike around the turn of the century. Vinyl records are easily damaged, wear out quickly, are subject to warping and print-through (especially these days, when cheapass record companies press albums so thin that the grooves on one side are one RCH (regulation cunt hair) away from the grooves on the other side), and are impractical for use anywhere but in the home. On the other hand, tape and the newer compact discs last indefinitely, can be played most anywhere on portable equipment, and won't melt like a candy bar if you leave them in the backseat of your car on a summer day. While figures are inexact, cassettes already account for over half of the recordings sold in the U.S. and are outselling discs all over the world. ROIR (pronounced "roar") makes its product even more appealing by colorful packaging, informative liner notes, and the use of high-quality BASF tape.

In person, King Carrasco and the Crowns hit you like an amphetamine-laced enchilada washed down with tequila and beer. No recording can capture the impact of this zany rocker with the face of a high school cutup and more energy than a hyperactive kid on his first trip to Disneyland — something like Eddie Haskell on speed. But **Tales** nonetheless provides a knockout collection of Joe's high-rev rockers, twelve eruptions of foot-stompin' fun like "Caca de Vaca" (translation: cow shit), "Sweet Little Rock 'n' Roller," and my personal favorite, "Monkey Got My Frisbee," one of those nonsensical exercises in rockin' and ravin' whose chorus sticks in your brain like a fish hook.

Continued on page 121

WILD MAN AND ME



By Silver



Illustration by Mike Doherty

When I first found out that Momma was writing to some guy whose name she'd gotten from a biker magazine, I was a little confused. Then I found out the guy was also finishing up a long sentence at San Quentin for armed robbery and that got me angry.

I was only eleven years old at the time and didn't have much experience in regard to life and all that. I suppose the thing that confused me the most was why she was doin' that. Momma was a good-lookin' woman. I could tell that by the way men's eyes followed her when she walked down the street. So why did she want to write some convict in a prison? When I put the question to her, I recall her sayin', "A boy needs a daddy and a woman needs a man."

That answer didn't really do much toward changin' my mind. My daddy was a notorious drunk who'd left Momma and me when I was still a baby. I'd gotten along without a dad so far, so why did I need one now?

I suppose the only good thing I could say about this convict was that he seemed to be able to make Momma happy with his many-

paged letters. Up until she began writing him, she'd come home from work, worn out from waitin' table at a local restaurant and often fall asleep on the couch in the living room.

After a few weeks of writing letters, she began saving some of her tips so she could go to the prison and visit this guy.

"Well," I remember thinking, "*you* can go visit him if you want, but I ain't gonna visit no thief in no damn prison!"

That weekend Momma took a Greyhound bus and I stayed home with the old bag from next door. She was gone the whole weekend and Sunday night when she came home, she was all excited and her face was lit up like a string of Christmas tree lights.

"He's big as an oak tree," she told me. "Solid as a rock from workin' out with weights. His name is Jay Martin Ward, but they call him Wild Man. He acts really hard, but under all that toughness is a gentle person. He just needs someone to love him and care about him, someone to bring out all the good."

Momma ranted and

Continued on page 88





Word came down from up north that the Rhododendron Festival at Florence, Oregon (hereafter to be called the Rhody Run), is the biggest run of the spring in the northwest. This was to be the 77th year of Florence's celebration of the month-long blooming of the rhododendron.

"What the fuck is a rhododendron?" you ask. It's a beautiful reddish-pink flower, indigenous to the coastal part of the state, where it's frequently wet and the sun is rare. (That's your botany lesson for the month, folks.)

Anyway, riders from as far away as Idaho, Montana, Washington, and California, as well as rugged scooter pilots from all over the Beaver State fall out annually for the happening. It's the spring opener. The first doings after a cold and wet winter, exemplified by pins we saw that read, "Get Wet." They definitely do up there. (Yeah, we checked for webbed feet.)

As the bikes rode in, the oceanside route showed the Pacific lookin' like "Victory At Sea" footage. Huge waves pounded against the craggy rocks jutting out of the water. The greenery was breathtaking. (In fact, it was strange for us L.A. homeboys to be able to breathe, period.)

The bar owners in town loved the inclement weather — their places were

THE RHODY RUN

Oregon Bros Kick Back And Celebrate Start Of Riding Season

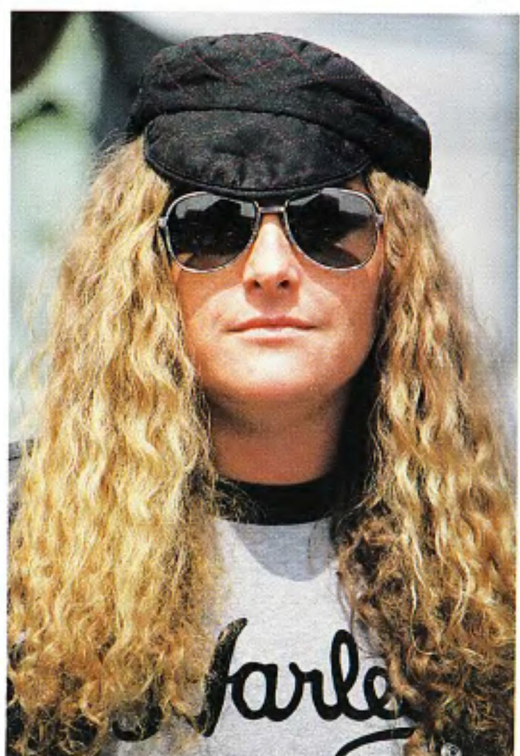
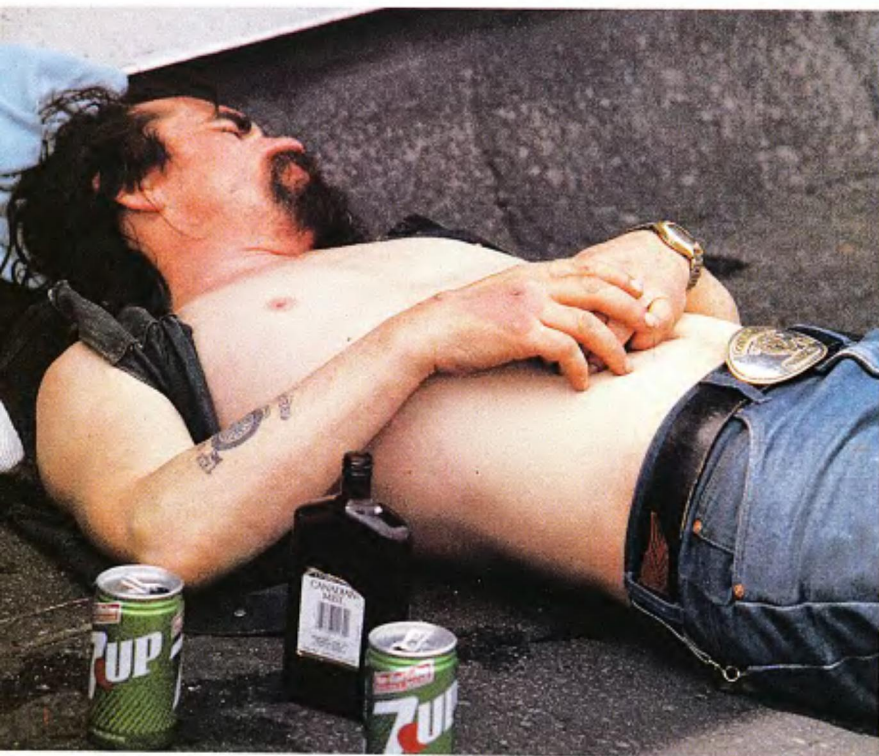


packed to the hilt, with 50¢ beer being the order of the day from their drenched customers. As one brother explained to us, "This is how it normally is around here. Last year's sunny Rhody Run was a freak. You're seein' the

real thing."

Most of the partyin', outside of the town's bars and various campgrounds on the outskirts of Florence, was sponsored by one of the local clubs, the Free Souls MC. They secured a state site, Sutton Camp-





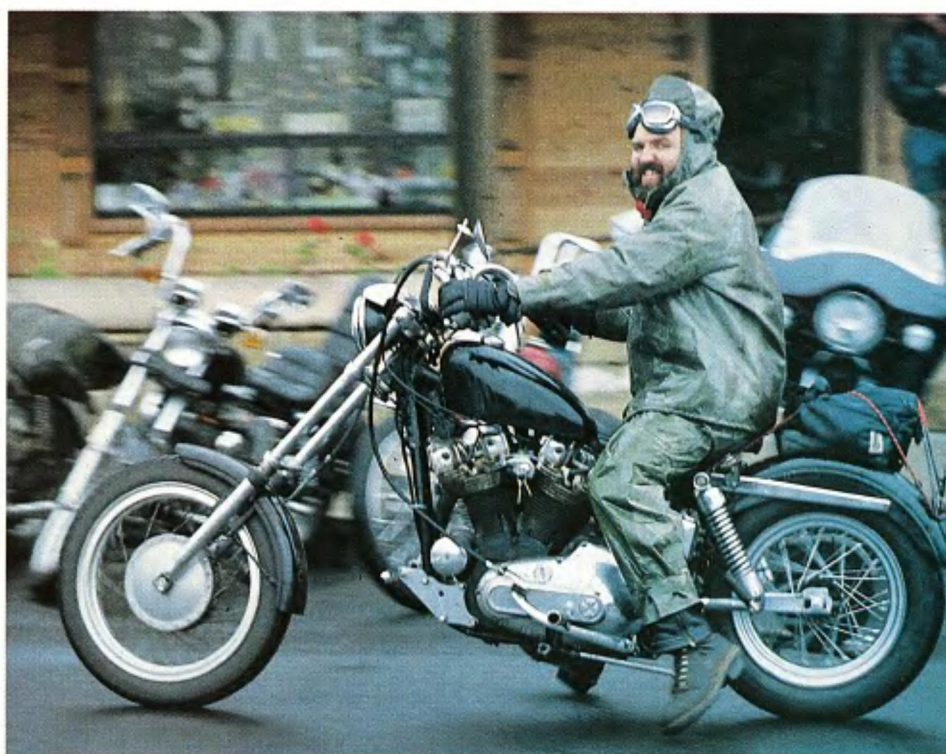
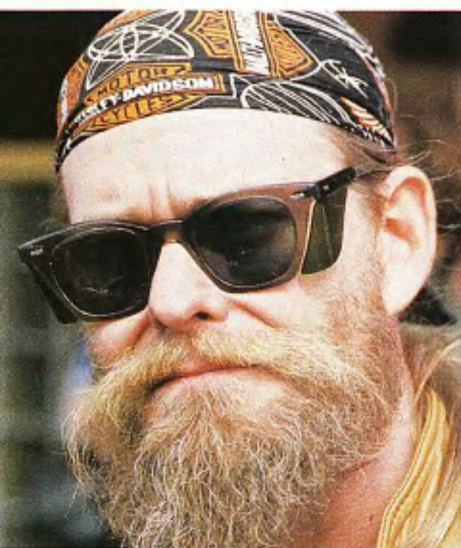
ground, for exclusive use of bikers only, and also opened their clubhouse doors for a free-for-all party Saturday night and Sunday. The party was complete with an open bar where the booze never ran low and a rockin', high high-energy band. Anyone inclined to sleep could shut

their eyelids across the street at the campground. (There were few takers, as most folks were into stayin' up.) Thanks to the Free Souls for their hospitality. And to Nomad Li'l Joe for the energy.

People tottered, toppled, and laughed as they boogied in the mud to the non-stop

beat. Inside, clothes were hung to dry over the potbelly stoves and near the fireplace. People wrung out the wetness by playin' pinball, rappin' and sippin'.

Sunday morning arrived fast, bringin' the sun with it just in time for the big parade. We got treated to some red,



Photos by Kim Peterson and Rip

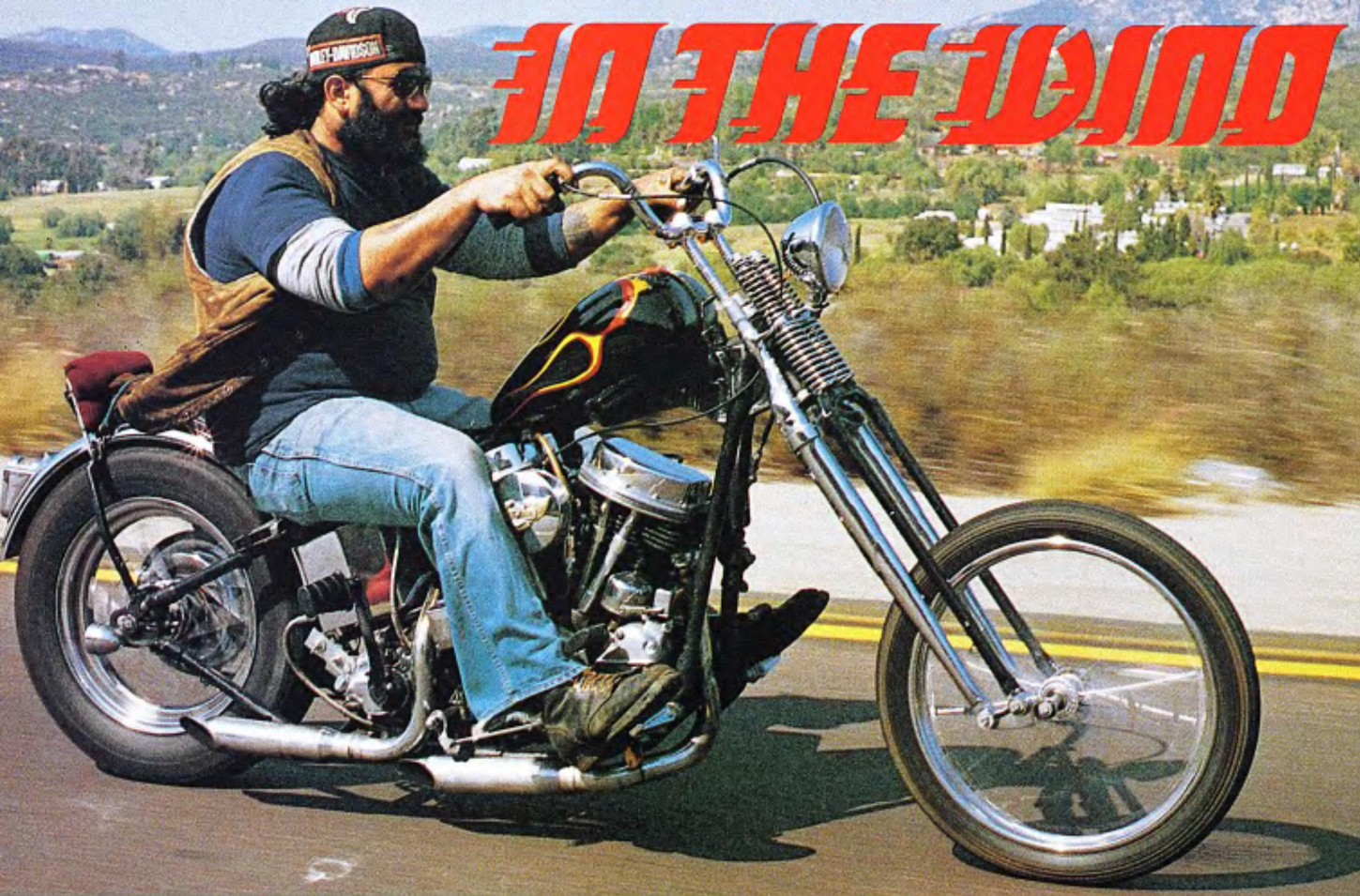
white and blue, flag-waving Americana as the sleepy burg's normal population of 4500 swelled to 35,000 for the festivities. Bikers spilled out of the bars on Main Street, filling the sidewalks, layin' back on their scooters, soak-in' up the rays and enjoying the parade of local school

marching bands, antique cars and the like.

It was the fourth anniversary of the Mt. St. Helens eruption, but no one was concerned with volcanic action — just hardcore partyin'. They got what they came for. So did we.

—Rip and Kim

IN THE WIND



—from Nancy Nelson, Hoisington, Kan.

—from Chris Honan, Spring Valley, Calif.

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



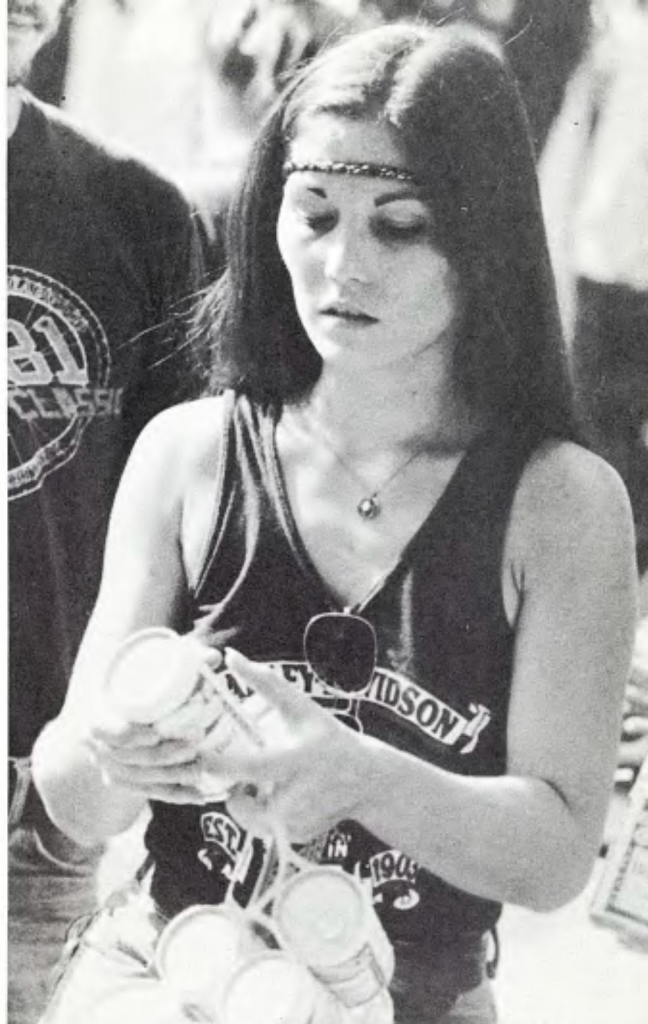
—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.

—from Loudmouth Ralph, Ft. Myers, Fla.





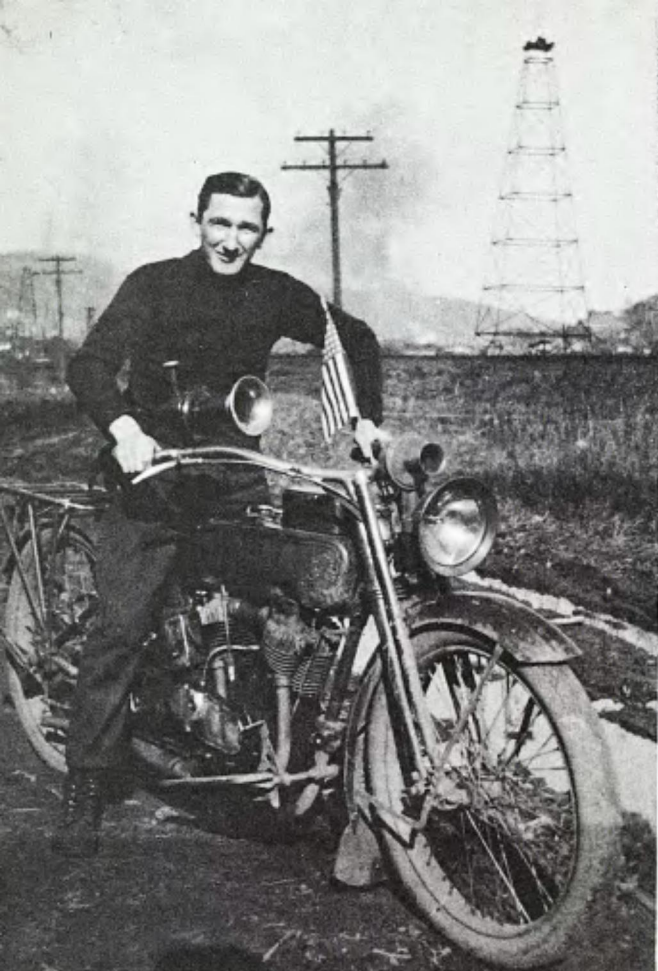
—from Burt Crismore, Placerville, Calif.



—from Dirty Ernie, Lincoln, Neb.



—from L.C. Parcel, Soquel, Calif.



—from Joe Charles, Jamestown, N. Y.



—from Burt Crismore, Placerville, Calif.



—from Bob Touchette, Daytona Beach, Fla.





—from Hawkeye, Portland, Ore.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.





—from Cannon Ball, Lakeside, Calif.



—from Eric Pederson, Englevalle, N.D.



—from Larry Fadden, Buffalo, Minn.



—from Levi Brown, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Mike Esbenshade, Corvallis, Ore.

—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



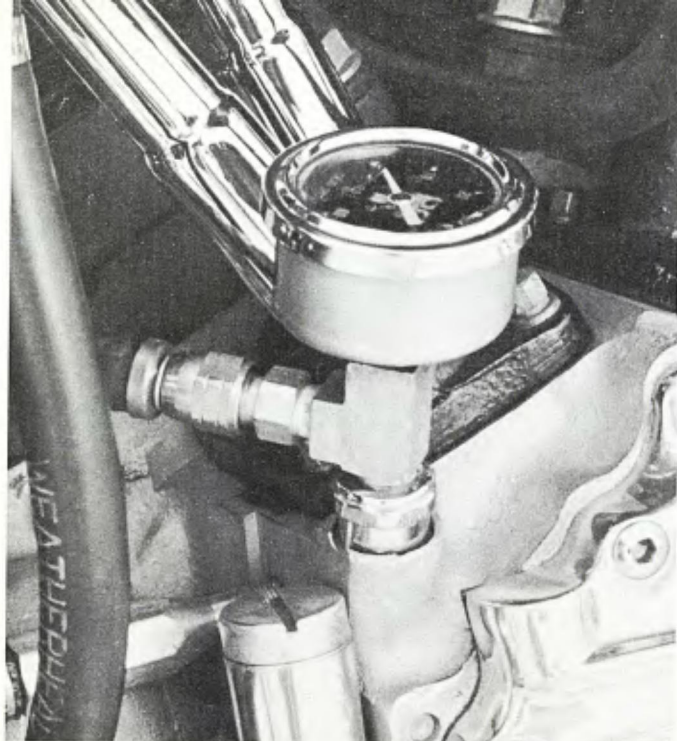
—from Deanna Curtis, Oak View, Calif.





It's A Wrenchin' Life





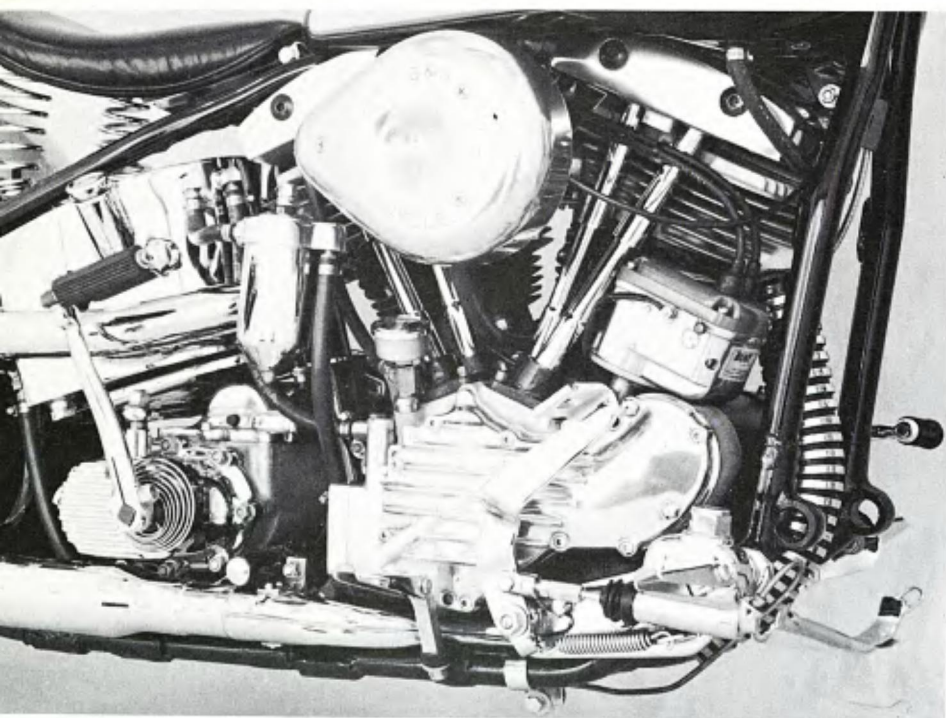
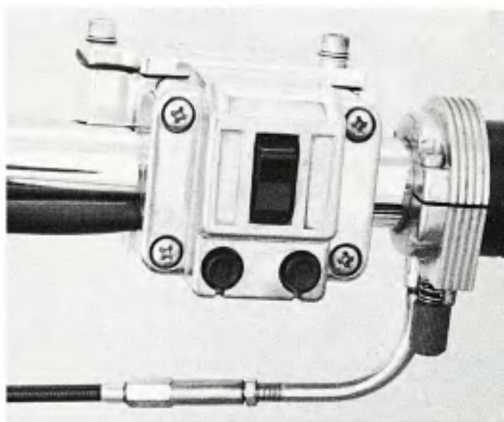
***This bro doesn't have time to
put the tools down.***

After ya punch the clock and knock off for the day at the ol' job-grind, it's easy to follow the guys over to the local watering hole, tip a few cold ones, shoot some pool (along with the bullshit) and then stagger home, ready to

do battle with the next day. Or the ol' lady if ya got one.

A far smaller percentage of the work force will give the full eight or nine hours to the company, hotfoot it home for a quick bite to eat, and then run over to a shop to con-

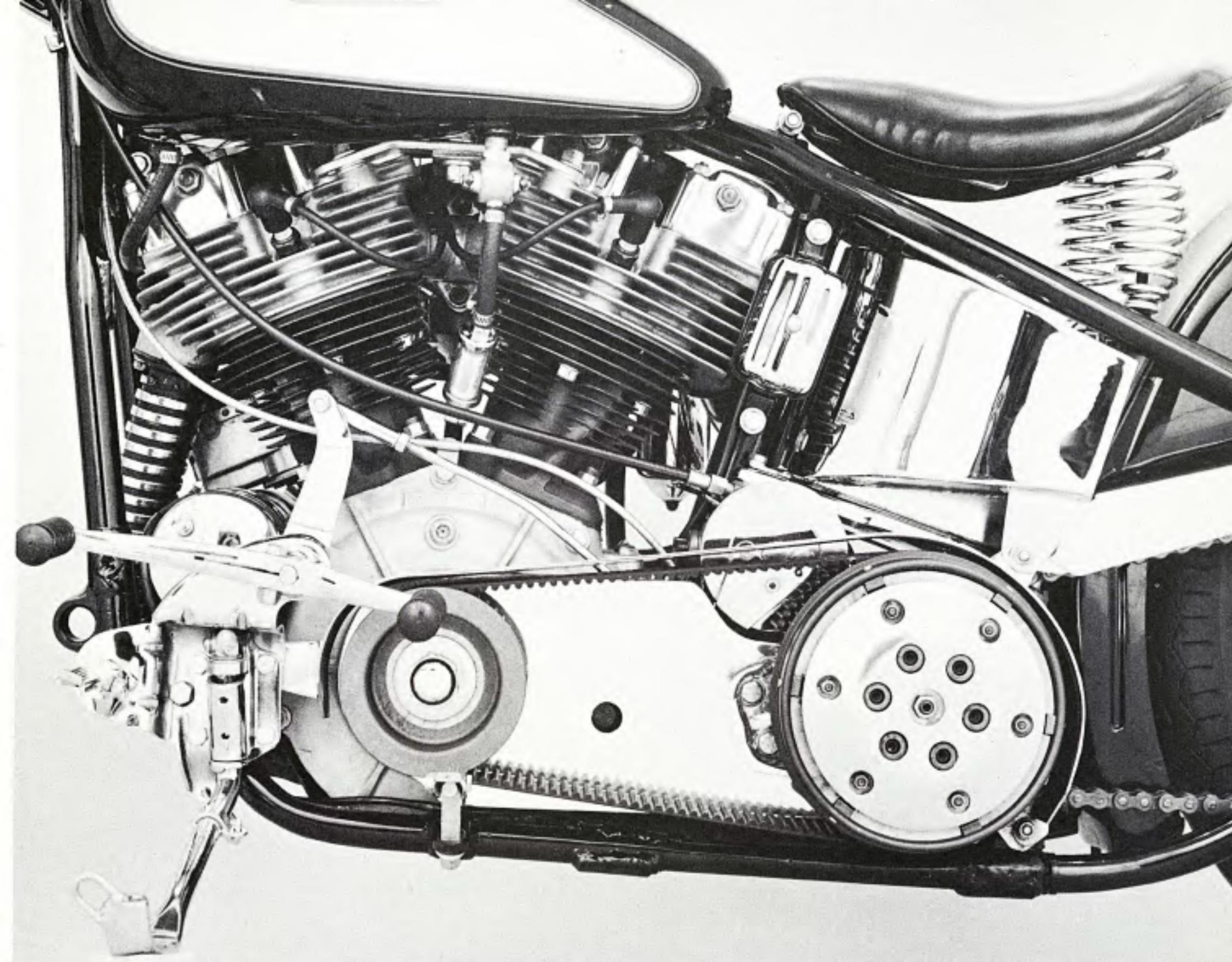




tinue their calling in life — wrenchin'.

Ted Zajicek (pronounced like paycheck) knows the feeling of unending work. A mechanic by profession, he works on construction and electrical-service trucks for his job, but as one of his partners at the shop said when we tried trackin' Ted down, "It's a helluva lot more fun workin' on the bikes." Particularly when it's your own. And it's a project you've dedicated yourself to.

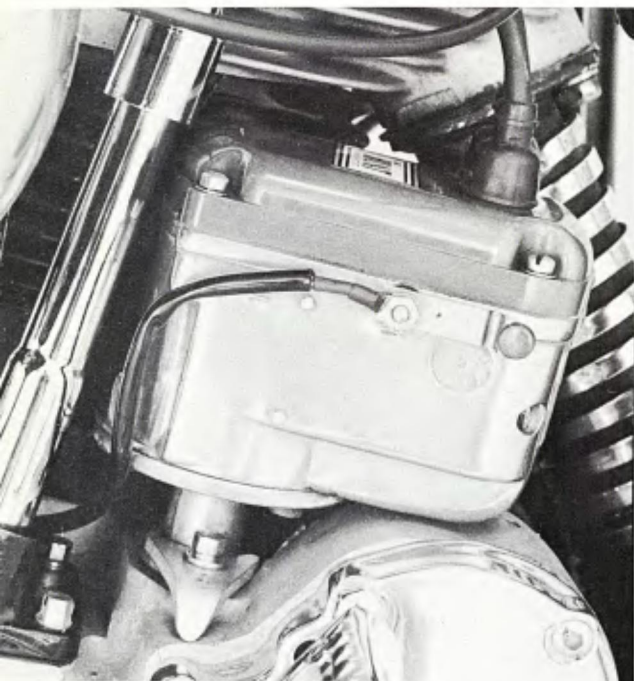
This bike gets Ted off. It's



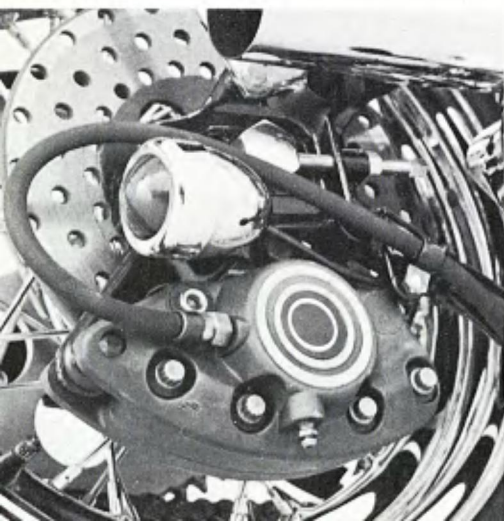
the kind of motorcycle he's always wanted to build. Perfect for putting the canyons. Or burnin' up miles on the freeway with style, flash and high performance. All rolled into a stock '48 rigid frame.

Ted did the majority of his construction over at the Phase 3 shop, where he's evidently got an "in." He did most of the work himself, of course, but he's beholden to Bob Brouett for the fine paint and molding work, and Matt Fortuna for the comfortable seat, as well as to Warren





Photos by Pete Chiodo



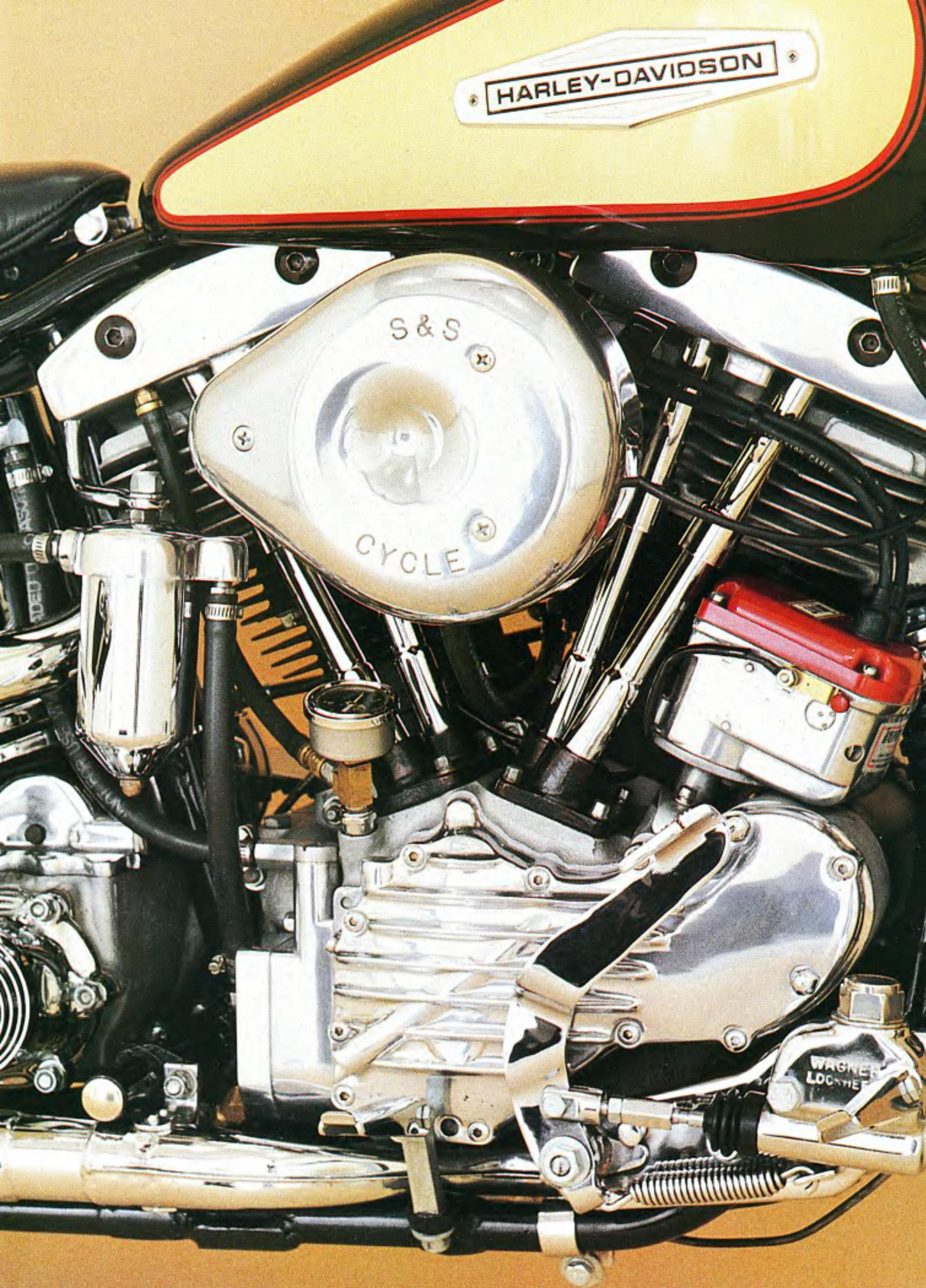
Owner: Ted Zajicek		City: Mission Hills, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Warren Pierce		Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1962 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: a bunch		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: MJB		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1962/1978 top end		Risers: H-D	
Model: FL		Fender(s): fatbob/CCI	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: H-D with halogen	
Ignition: Joe Hunt Magneto		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 87 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Okey Doke Nesbitt		Front pegs: Gary Bang	
Balancing: West Valley		Rear pegs: Gary Bang	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: owner/H-D	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 5-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: ported, polished/F&F mach.		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): Andrews B		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: motor plate	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Matt Fortuna	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: owner		Height: a couple of inches	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: 3/4-in. flat steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews 1st & 3rd		Type: 1966 wide glide	
Year: 1978		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 25		Special features: dual disc	
Trans sprocket: Phase 3		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Brouett		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Brouett		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black and cashmere beige		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer/polyurethane		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: disc
Special paint: red pinstriping			
Other special modifications: rear fender, motor plate. Special thanks to Glen Nesbitt, Phase 3, Goodyear racing, Sport Tracks Co. and McCloskey's.			

Pierce, Okey Doke Nesbitt, and Ron Shaver for the support and efforts they turned in. Brothers helpin' brothers.

It was two years in the making, but longer till Ted could really put the hammer down with it. See, he had a date with Pete for the feature shooting, and one of the gorillas from the rag asked him to

go easy with his ridin' so we'd be sure to get a pristine machine. Free of those little rock pits and nicks to the finish. As you can see, it was a *clean* sumbitch the day of the session. No tellin' what it looks like now though, 'cause Ted's airing it out to the max. At least we got it in its prime.

—Crusty



HARLEY-DAVIDSON

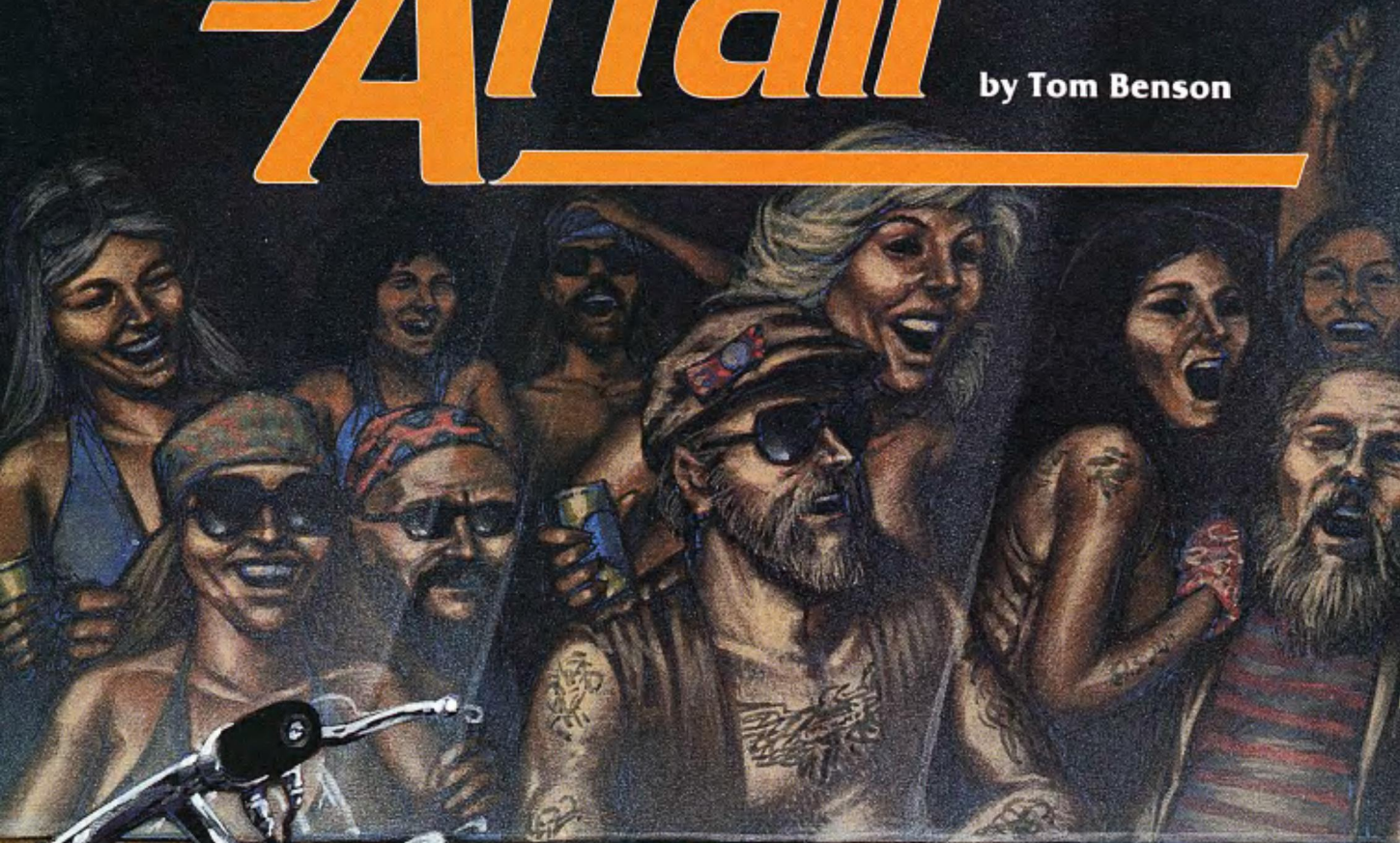
S&S

CYCLE

WAGNER
LOCKHEE

Family Affair

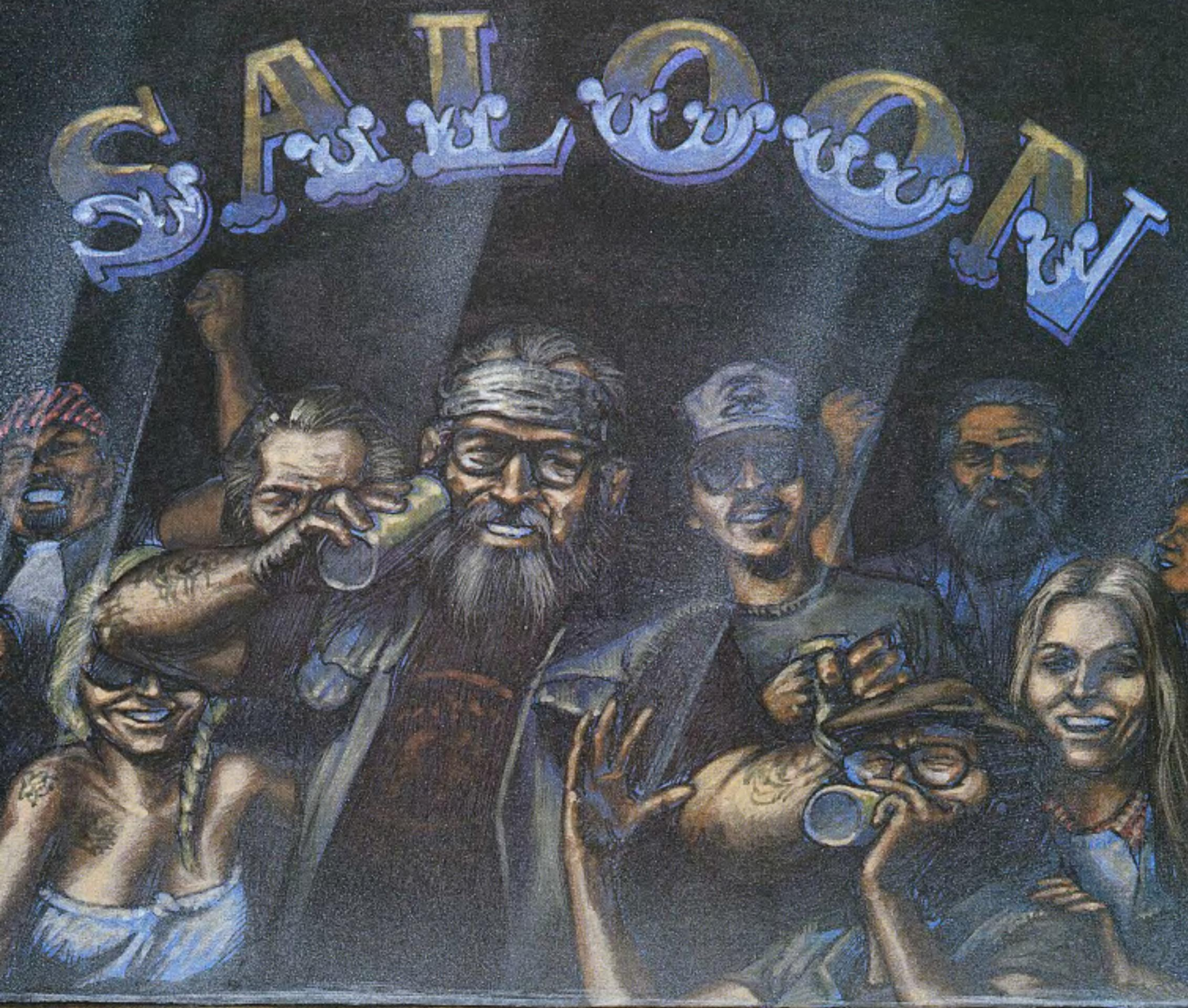
by Tom Benson



“GO! GO! GO! GO!”

The rhythmic chant of the crowd throbbed in Zeke's ears as he ripped the top off the can of beer and slammed it to his lips. Only two tiny rivulets managed to escape and trickle out the corners of his mouth.

It was no contest. Zeke had sucked his beer dry before Weasel was even halfway through. Zeke licked the froth from his lips, then crushed the can in his fist. A loud cheer went up from the spectators when he tossed the empty at his opponent, who was still nursing his last few drops, still unaware of his defeat. “Did I win?” Weasel asked, looking up. Half his beer had



spilled down the front of his shirt, and his moustache was covered with white foam. He looked like a mad dog. The crowd broke up in a chorus of catcalls and laughter as a hail of assorted garbage descended on him.

"Not even close, ol' buddy, not even close," Zeke said as he put a hammerlock on Weasel's neck. Weasel struggled frantically to escape, but to no avail. Finally Zeke let go, and Weasel scrambled off like a whipped puppy.

Man, what a party, Zeke thought. There must've been at least a hundred people there — all good people. One thing for sure: When the brothers threw a bash, it wasn't no half-assed job. It was done up in style, with enough good eats to feed a regiment and enough brew to float the fucking Titanic. Not to mention all the nice young tail wandering around, just waiting to be

grabbed and squeezed. Which reminded him. He ought to start thinking about picking out some sweet young thing to bed down with for the night before they all got picked off.

Aw, hell, that can wait, he said to himself. Ain't no hurry. Jesus, the party had only just begun and he wasn't even close to being fucked up yet.

He pulled another beer out of the old washtub that had been filled with six-packs and ice. Someone patted him on the back. "Some nice chugging there, Zeke."

Zeke turned and saw a dude who was only vaguely familiar. The man was wearing colors, though, so Zeke fought down the urge to ask, "Who the fuck are you?" Instead he just muttered his thanks and turned away. The dude let out a short cough and walked off, a puzzled look on his face.

Continued on page 92

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

The old news is the fact that there were more Americans locked up in federal and state prisons at the end of 1983 than at any other time in our history. Yeah, folks, The Man broke the putting-people-away record again last year. Can anyone remember the last calendar year that record wasn't broken? I sure can't.

The new news is that The Man was so successful at getting people sentenced to hard time last year that he had to release 21,240 prisoners (in 15 states) early in order to make room for the new arrivals.

These two statistics are just a few of the fascinating — and for the most part depressing — facts contained in a federal Bureau of Justice Statistics 1983 corrections report.

According to the BJS report, the 438,830 inmates in the nation's federal and state prisons represented an increase of 24,000 since the end of 1982. About ten percent of those inmates — approximately 44,000 people — are housed in institutions built over 100 years ago and the average prisoner is being housed in a prison that is at least 40 years old.

At the end of '83, over 8000 convicts were being held in local jails — most of them without any recreation or training programs — because there was no room in their state's prisons. Only seven states in the nation were operating at less than 100 percent of their prison capacity.

Aside from kicking some inmates out early to provide a few bunks for the new flood coming in, state officials have not shown too much imagination in dealing with these grim statistics. The usual response has been to build more cages — all of which seem to fill up as quickly as they open for business.

This process of trying to keep one cell ahead of the sentencing judges was in high gear during 1983, the BJS reported, with states attempting to raise close to \$2.5 billion to finance building new prisons and expanding old ones. In the same period the total operating expenses of the nation's 50 state prison sys-

tems topped \$6 billion.

Of those 438,830 inmates, about four percent were women and seven percent were in the federal system. Seven states were operating their prison systems under court order and 24 more were under court order to improve one or more of their institutions. Nine other state prison systems were in active litigation with prisoners' rights groups.



Not a good year for anyone — inmates, administrators or taxpayers — unless you were one of the 21,240 who won an early release.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS Watch The Dope

A federal judge has ruled that prison administrators who use the EMIT urine test to detect the presence of drugs in an inmate's system can legally use the results of that test as a basis for taking disciplinary action against the inmate.

The decision came in a North Dakota case in which an inmate sued the warden of the state prison, charging that the EMIT test occasionally results in a false positive reading indicating drugs where there are none. Because of this, the plaintiff charged, the warden had no right to discipline him for using drugs without collaborative evidence of his alleged drug use. Though the court admitted that

tests at the Centers for Disease Control indicated that EMIT testing was only 97-99 percent accurate, the judge ruled that the accuracy level was high enough to sustain a presumption of guilt in a disciplinary case.

*Jensen v. Lick, 34CrL 2373
A1-83-113*

Payback Is Legal

The Supreme Court has ruled that it is legal for a parolee to sue his parole officer for having him illegally arrested. The ruling came on an appeal of an Austin, Texas, case in which a man with the same first and last names as an ex-convict out on parole was arrested for drunken driving.

When the ex-con's parole officer saw the name on a jail roster, she immediately, without checking any further, drew up revocation papers and presented them in court. A bench warrant was issued and the parolee was picked up and spent 20 days in jail before the misidentification was discovered.

He thereupon sued his parole officer and the Travis County Adult Probation Department for unlawful arrest and detention. A federal judge dismissed the case, but was overruled by the 5th Circuit Court of Appeals, which said that officers of the court had only limited immunity from lawsuits stemming from conduct violating statutory or constitutional rights.

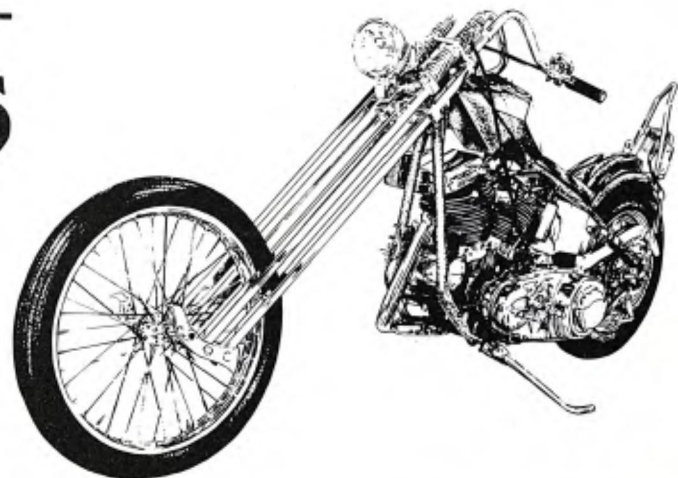
The defendants' appeal of that circuit court's decision was denied by the Supreme Court.

Court Supports Chick Guards

U.S. District Court Judge Spencer Williams has ruled that female guards at San Quentin have the right to both observe and actually body search male inmates. Deciding a federal civil rights suit, *Grummett v. Rushen*, Williams ruled the women's "employment rights" outweighed inmates' privacy rights.

Apparently, no one ever told the Honorable Judge Williams the difference between a screw and a washer. ■

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Mouth Wisely Shut

As I stepped disgustedly off the bike, Works immediately took off his helmet and put on his most congenial manner. He explained to the irate CHP officer that, yes, we knew we were speeding, and, yes, we were really sorry, but we were sort of overtaken by the high-spirited natures of the bikes and couldn't help it. Works went on to note that while we both obviously were speeding, it really wasn't my fault because I was just following his lead. For a moment I started to protest, then wisely shut my mouth — there's no valor in getting a speeding ticket.

—Jim Miller
Cycle Guide

Bunk Myth

The myth of Harley unreliability is bunk! The 1984 FLTC is a dependable, road-worthy mount. During our test ride — from Daytona Beach, Florida, to Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and all around New England — nothing broke, nothing fell off, and nothing leaked out. Even at six degrees (Fahrenheit!) the Harley fired up with the mere press of a button.

—Northeast Riding

Crashing

Crashing is like waking up on a Morning After with your head feeling like a bag of horsehair the street urchins have kicked all the way to 44th Street. You've been there — your mouth feels like a dog slept in it.

—Road Rider

Traditional Lock

Speaking of what there

isn't, we applaud some Harley traditions, like the set screw for the throttle and the locking sidestand, but isn't it about time they came up with a steering head lock instead of a place for the owner's own padlock?

And wouldn't it be easier to convert Honda and BMW owners if Harleys came with tool kits and (gasp!) helmet locks?

—Cycle World

Past Lives

I resolve not to buy any more old bikes (or cars) especially if they're British, even if, in past lives, I have been a Norton bike and a Jaguar car.

—Paul Garson
Street Chopper

Bofors Blast

So in alien places we keep our ears open. We note the screech of brakes tearing rubber, the squeak of air-conditioners and steering pumps having a hard life, the blast of defiantly open pipes on a Harley sounding like a pair of Bofors guns running amok.

—L.J.K. Setright
Cycle Guide

Let's Eat

If there's one thing we've learned during our road adventures it is that one of the best parts of traveling around the country on a motorcycle is stopping to eat.

—Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

Me, Think?

You might think that an international racing event would bring out a flurry of "Ricky Racer" types, or, if you believed all the rumors, you

might expect the streets of Daytona to be lined with church-burning rapists.

—Paul Essendorf
Northeast Riding

American Dirt

Dirt-track motorcycle racing is uniquely American. When motorcycle racing's pioneers first realized that half-mile and mile horse-racing tracks were well-suited to two-wheeled competition, the history of American motorcycle racing was set on course.

—Greg Harrison
American Motorcyclist

Rank Activities

Writing about tires ranks with such activities as sword-swallowing with the hiccups, snorkeling amidst piranha, and skydiving without a parachute.

—Jim Wolcott
Road Rider

Cocksure Shooter

Believe me, information concerning sensitive areas is anything but instantaneously forthcoming. In the past, too many experts — at ease with their own expertise and cocksure in their territory — have blown their toes off by shooting from the hip, gun still in the holster, and foot later in mouth.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

N.Y. Bike Ban

The lack of action on what was supposed to be one of the prime nights for racing in the streets led Winn to observe, "The 'medicine' of the bike ban bills certainly seems a lot stronger than the symptoms justify. We feel

that current noise regulations can adequately deal with any problems which might exist in New York City."

—American Motorcyclist

Powerful and Demanding

There were high-performance machines, of course. They came from Triumph, Norton, BSA, and Harley. They were big twins, loud and demanding, big (for their time) and powerful (relatively speaking) and few of their riders even knew there were such things as Japanese motorcycles, never mind considering the purchase of one.

—Cycle World

Dream Dealer

But to his customers, a dealer is a necessity. His shop is a bazaar, a meeting place, gossip center and training ground, Dream Central for moto-adventures.

—Cycle Guide

Blame The Analysis

Maybe though, if we'd put our beliefs into action earlier, some of the great names of British biking wouldn't be as dead as they are; in the final analysis we only have ourselves to blame.

—Isaiah Fartwell
Back Street Heros

All Day Rain

A policeman stopped us for riding 35mph in a 25mph zone. When he heard that we had left Cleveland that morning and driven all day in the rain, he put away his ticket book and escorted us to the best motel in Jerome. But what does this have to do with Laramie?

—Northeast Riding

RENT DAY RECREATION

Roll up a smoke and pull up a crate — here's somethin' to occupy yer mind during those odd moments when the scoot's down and the ol' lady's off payin' the rent 'tween the landlord's sweat-stained sheets.

This biker-word puzzle should take ya anywhere from ten minutes to ten weeks to complete, depending on whether or not ya finished fourth grade and what yer smokin'. All together, there are 35 words to be figured out and all of them are common everyday things that are a part of every bro's vocabulary (that means ya'd recognize 'em if someone said 'em to ya).

So sharpen up yer pencil and give it the ol' Harley try. There's nothin' to it. We'll even give ya a hint — if the landlord gets off before you get done, send the ol' lady down to the finance company to blow away the scooter payment. Hey, stop bitchin'. We never said the hint would help ya figure the puzzle out. —Perfesser Prune

ACROSS

3. A bug to smoke.
4. (Used with 2) down.
6. Honey-like quality of oil.
8. Clutch or throttle.
9. _____ to nothin'!
11. Pud jacket.
15. Do it to the ol' lady.
16. On her finger or in your nose.
18. The raisin pie man.
20. Flea's best friend.
22. Bust a _____.
23. Where ya want to put it.
24. Nipples.
26. Hide saver.
27. Primary _____.
29. Makes a bitchin' belt.
30. Drive _____.
31. Speed in the quarter.

DOWN

1. To grab some ass.
2. Intake or exhaust.
4. Found in fatbobs.
5. Where every biker likes to be (3 words).
7. Bendix, S&S, SU.
10. Tampons.
12. Piss incentive.
13. Barrels or tits.
14. Distinguishing shape of a Harley engine.
15. Hand job without a vibrator.
17. _____ juice.
19. It's better to be pissed off than _____.
21. Stops leaks.
24. Highway and rider.
25. Cigarette or joint.
27. Cubic centimeter (abbr.).
28. He'll fix yer blitch.

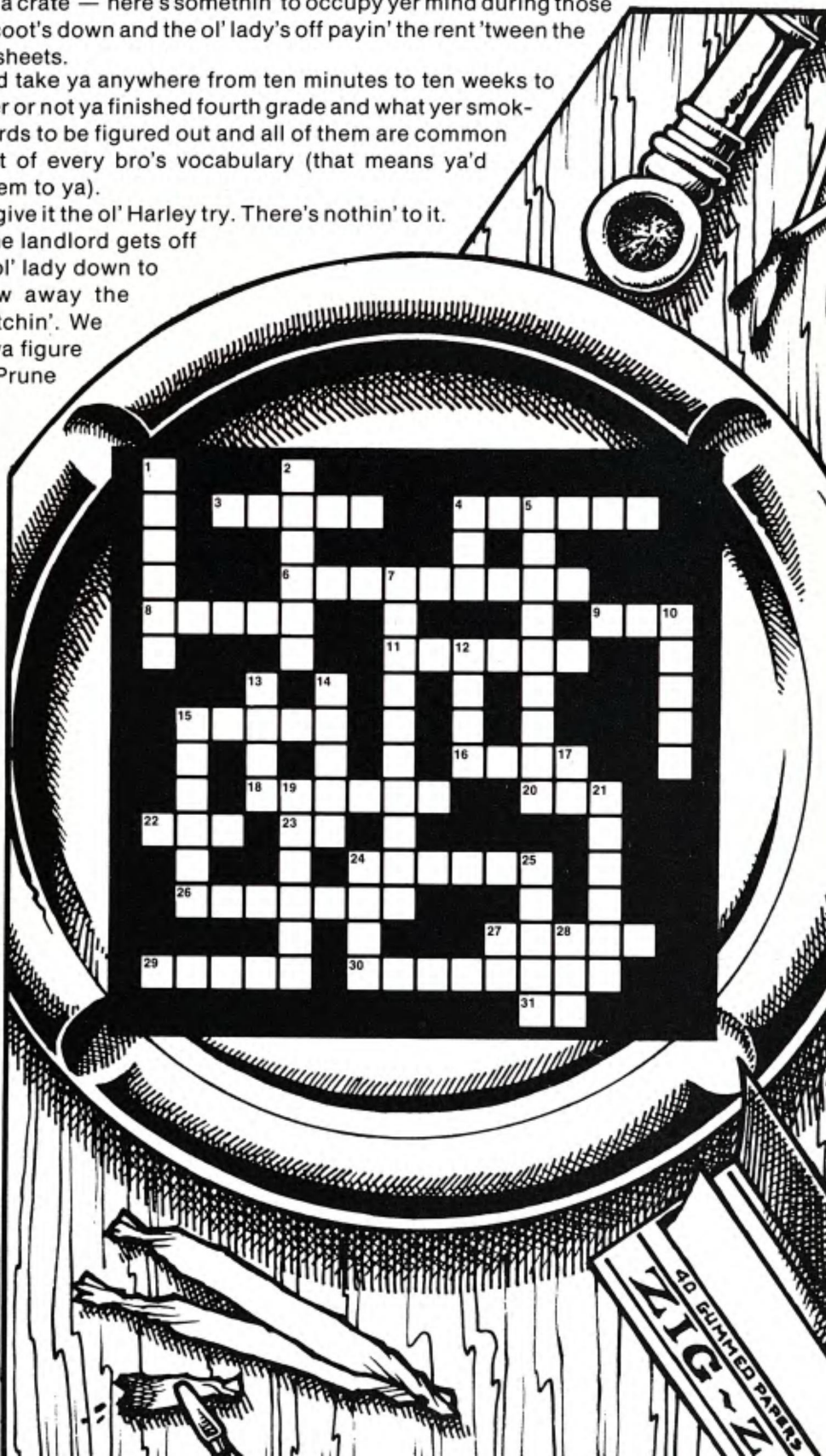
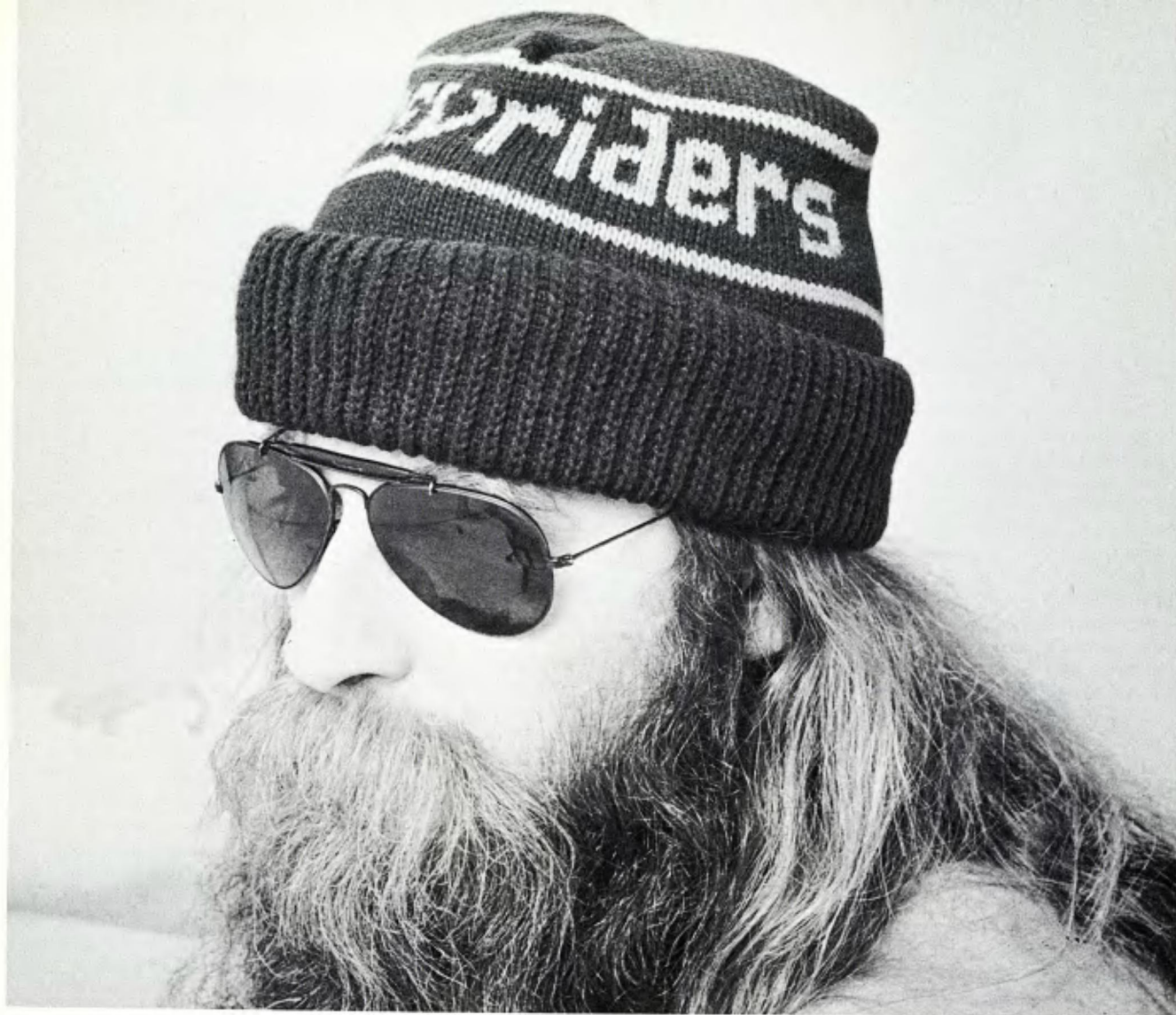


Illustration by Duffy Duggan



Get This Hot Item Absolutely Free!!!

Hold it! Stop! Get yer head out of the toilet! We're not talkin' about the "missing link" in the Ray Charles glasses. We're talkin' about the *coconut cover*. That's right. Spider figures that if yer smart enough to read this rag, you've got a gourd worth keepin' warm. So, for a limited time, he's gonna give away a genuine **Easyriders** biker watch cap with every subscription. That's right. For just \$18 — a big \$12 saving over the newsstand price — you can get the next 12 issues of the world's biggest and best bike rag *and* a free hat! Wanna save even more? Send us \$30 and we'll send you the next 24 issues, plus a hat. You'll save yerself \$30. Act now and we'll even throw in one of our famous decals for ya to wrap around yer crank — or somethin'.



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DOG TIP



SCREW THAT NIPPLE

What the hell! The fuckin' dog's at it again — he's done gone and fucked up. Boy, are the neighbors pissed! Let's see, that's two dogs and one big-ass goat that Himmler's sent to whatever doggy and goat heaven dogs and goats go to. And that's not counting all the cats and chickens 'cause it's hard to count that high — know what I mean?

The dog swivel in the picture was given to me by Chuck and Brian, a couple of pit bull breeders. (Thanks, guys.) It's made from two old exhaust valves, an exhaust guide, one 3/4-inch floor flange, and a 3/4-inch nipple that's threaded on one end and is four inches long. If your animal is supposed to be watching your scooter but he's out boning every horny bitch in the neighborhood or looking to jump under some door-slammer wheels, make him one of these units.

First get a couple of burned-out exhaust valves and one guide. Weld the guide to the stem of one of the exhaust valves, just past the groove that's normally used to hold the valve spring keepers. Cut the stem off the other valve and blow a hole in it, or use a drill for a neater circle. Weld the two valve heads together as shown in the picture. Put the one with the hole that the chain's hooked up to on at a 45-degree angle.

Screw the nipple into the floor flange. When you insert the valve into the floor flange, you'll notice that the ridge on the guide is just about the same size as the inside of the pipe. A little filing with a rat-tail file is sometimes necessary for a proper fit. The only way the valve assembly will come out is straight up, so if Fido wants to get away he has to pull the valve up just right or he's fucked. By the

same token, the more strain he puts on it, the more the guide digs into the end of the pipe.

The next thing you have to do is figure out where you want to put this mutha. I put mine in front of my garage door, out about ten feet, with a 25-foot-long chain that allows Himmler to patrol the front and the side doors of the building. Assuming you've got a concrete driveway, you'll need a 3/4-inch masonry drill bit (which can be rented from a tool shop) to drill out a hole just a shade over five inches in depth. Next, get out that large Harley tool known as a sledge hammer and drive the unthreaded end of the assembly into the hole.

A word of caution — this procedure won't work with an asphalt driveway. Remember what the kickstand of your scooter does to asphalt on a hot day? It won't take much effort for ol' Fido to split,

looking to get into whatever he can find if you try this with anything other than cement.

Chuck and Brian dug some holes in their backyard and mixed up a few bags of concrete to fill 'em in, throwing in plenty of gravel. They gave 'em a couple of weeks to harden, then drilled 'em out for the nipples. Since they have a lot of dogs, they make sure the chains attached to the swivels are long enough for the mutts to have room to move but not long enough for a pair of dogs to get tangled up or get into a fight. They haven't had to replace the swivels yet, but periodically they snip off the ends of the chains closest to the swivels since the links get worn down due to the dogs dragging the chains across the concrete.

So try it — it's cheap enough and it just could save that most prized possession of yours, namely your scooter. —Rip

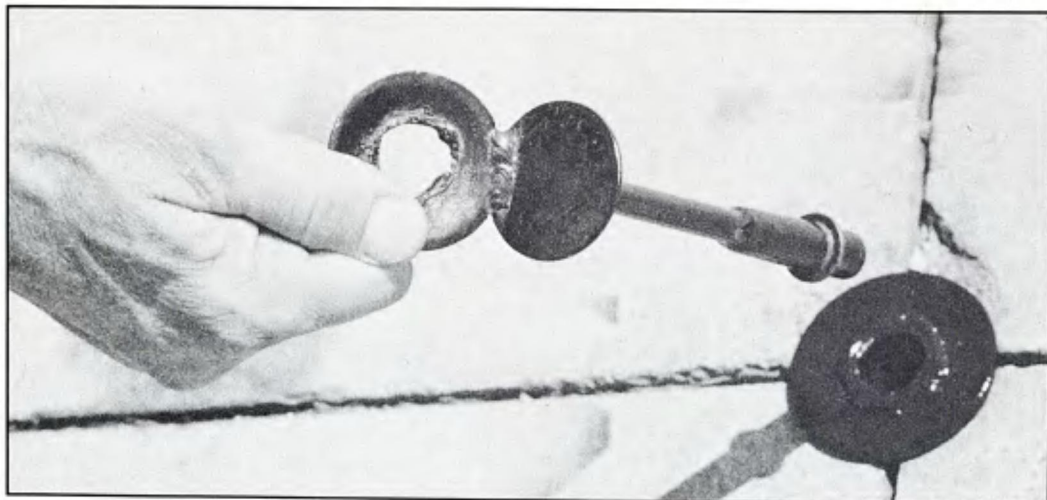


Photo by Rip

Astrological Profile For Virgo

Virgo is extremely cool, calm and critical — not exactly a combination that wins popularity contests. Then again, Virgo could really give a shit, since he's much more concerned with telling the masses whadda-fuck their shortcomings are. Don't condemn Virgo for this, though — can he help it if he's perfect? He's merely trying to be helpful by pointing out everyone else's flaws, be it a harelip, a hangnail, or that itty-bitty booger hanging from your left nostril, or that wad of shit-stained asswipe stuck to the sole of your shoe. It

might even be that the color of your hair clashes with your face.

Virgo can be a red-hot fuck. That is if you don't mind him pointing out old cum stains on the sheets, or remarking on your stretched-out pussy, the bunions on your baby toe, your one inverted nipple and the varicose veins on your dog's rectum. After he shoots off in your imperfect box, he'll make a beeline for the head where he'll find the mold on your old (but still usable) douche bag worth mentioning. Afterwards, Virgo will make a swift exit

in search of the perfect piece — or maybe just a great stool softener.

Virgos are not only logical, methodical, and mechanically inclined, but frequently they're also hypochondriacs who collect various medical substances to make them stop, go, feel good, look good, soft, hard and in between.

Some famous Virgos are: Robert Blake, Peter Falk, Sophia Loren, Elliot Gould, Sean Connery, Lily Tomlin, and Tuesday Weld, plus the gone-but-not-forgotten H.G. Wells, Peter Sellers, and rock 'n' roll's Buddy Holly.

Virgos have problems with their stomachs (from too many raids on their medicine cabinets), constipation, hemorrhoids (proving they aren't perfect assholes!) and occasional black eyes from pointing out other people's not-so-obvious deficiencies.

Before you write Virgo off, remember his good qualities. He usually has the best weed, the biggest variety of medications (things the rest of us refer to as "recreational drugs"), and honestly, he ain't all that bad once he lets his guard (right or left?) down.

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ A rare case of magic-mouth takes hold of you (sorta like foot-in-the-mouth, except this is better) and you out-bullshit the bullshitters, con the cons, talk the pants off a parade of pussies — and still have enough sap to rip into the ol' lady while reciting the "Gettysburg Address." You better enjoy, 'cause at midnight at the month's end, you start to malfunction and turn back into a mumbler.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ An important personal project blows up, leaving you with a sagging nutsack and a big case of the blahs (which is better than the clap!). Don't give up — get angry! Go straight to the source and assert yourself. If that doesn't work, give yourself the satisfaction of stuffing your funky underwear in his or her face. (First, though, take a large dump and use your shorts for asswipe.)

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Behind-the-scenes activity, shit-stirring and mind games in general are a waste of your time right now, plus they could cause you to get your ass kicked if you're not careful. Best direct your energies toward clearing up muddled info and misunderstandings that may lead to mayhem at the ol' homestead. Otherwise, things can get outta hand. Think this one out before you act.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Your past comes back to haunt you. Bros you barely ever knew camp out on your lawn, piss in your neighbor's mailbox, bum your booze, and then take off in a cloud of dust — with a "Heigh-ho,

stupid!" that leaves you wondering "Whaddafuck?" Wise up — don't get too wasted to pull in your "welcome" mat before you're wiped out in more ways than one.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Don't let what appears to be a financial setback throw your ass in reverse. Hang in there a tad longer. This could be good luck in disguise, so don't knock it. In the meantime, juggle financial fuck-ups or put 'em on hold. Search your ol' lady's douche bag for hidden bucks or rip off her piggy bank while she gives you head.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Happy birthday, Mr. Clean! Have fun, get fucked up, accidentally fart loudly (and juicily) in your rugrats' fishbowl while singing a couple of verses of "Tiny Bubbles." Let yourself go (just be sure to flush afterwards). Drop your drawers and give yourself a handshake. It's

a great way to get in touch with your inner feelings. Seriously, have a good one!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Unexpected health hassles put a dent in a weekend trip — unless you get a barf bag and boogie anyway. Don't let the drizzlin' shits keep you from party-time. Hang a bucket on your butt or lay in a good supply of Pampers. Remember — even a good case of gas can be used to advantage if there's a lull in the conversation. You may even get a reply.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ This one's real ho-hum. The most exciting happening is a wet dream, an itch in the nuts and a good nose-picking session while you're sitting on the crapper. You need a change of scene to release some internal combustion. Worst of all, lack of pussy has you going cold turkey and is making your balls ache. This one's a sleeper.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ First, the good news — there ain't any. Now, the bad — you're in the same boat as Scorpio this month and too bored to break wind. You don't have enough energy to wipe your ass or jab your zits. Remember, snoozing is the only chance you'll get at hair pie and you won't rate seconds. The only good thing you'll get this month is a nice, long rest.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Someone is giving you a snow job that leaves you high, dry and broke. Know your source and your limits. You're running on empty as far as future facts go. A few hints dropped in the right places can bring a real eye-opener to the needed area. You may even need some backup to make sure all the bases are covered.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Shoot your wad, pig out, get crazy, and enjoy! Good vibrations fly up your kazoo and leave you with a yen to kick back and absorb some wind on your mug. Time to blow the cobwebs outta accumulated stress and give the ol' bod a rest at the same time. If you can't get away and jam, at least pull the plug on worry for a while.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Keep an eye out for ball-busting setups or you risk gettin' burned! Don't trust anything to chance, and don't take sides in partners' hassles. You could become a scapegoat for someone who needs to score a few points. Keep everything legal now. Maintaining a low profile has its rewards, 'cause even a turtle shouldn't stick his neck out during this one.

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 Spenard 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

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,
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Moonshine Cycle 720 W. Olive Ave., Unit B, Porterville
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
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
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Accessories 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
David's Harley 3021 Madison Ave., San Diego
C&W Trikes 843 E. Lacey Blvd., Hanford
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Vibrators Unlimited 605 E. Main St., Barstow

COLORADO

Custom City Cycles 4322 Wadsworth Blvd., Wheat Ridge
D & C Enterprises 725 Pitkin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 1103 1/2 5th St., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motorcycle Co. 4204 S. Broadway,
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CONNECTICUT

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

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Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market,
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H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
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. 8th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers

H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
The Motorcycle Shop 2039 95th St., Miami
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
Peece Chief Sound Center 6806 14th St. W., Bradenton
Southeast Speed & Custom 1009 N. Dixie Hwy.,
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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 Moll Rd., Smyrna

IDAHO

American Cycle Supply 4901 Emerald, Boise

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Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
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Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
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Biker's Connection 7102 Forest Hills Rd., Rockford

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The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
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Lucky's & D.C. Scooter Accessories Box 1, Charlotte
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Frame Technology, Inc. 230 N. 4th, Carlisle

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Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville
B & D Custom Cycles #1 Cherry St., Winchester

LOUISIANA

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Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski 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

Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 35891 Gratiot Ave., Mt. Clemens
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
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Dane's Used MC 846 N. 27th, Lincoln

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Cycles Inc. 1301 U.S. #1, Rahway
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Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
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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
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Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Brooklyn Performance Cycle 8924 Ave. D, Brooklyn
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
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NORTH CAROLINA

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

J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
D & D Cycle Repair Hwy. 211, West End
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham

NORTH DAKOTA

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

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Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
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Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
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74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston

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

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
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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

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 T. "Rainbow" Rauber**. I told you I would. Your love and memories will always be in my heart — no matter what happens. Love you a lot and miss the hell out of you. Wish things could have been different. Ride fast — die hard. Joy Joy.

In memory of **Kenneth "Flip Top" Christie**, 8/19/52-4/28/84, devoted son, grandson, brother, husband, and father. Flip Top knew no enemies and the Columbia County ABATE will miss his total support.

Frank P. Mundo, 10/24/83, age 31. He didn't tell you what you wanted to hear. He called them as he saw them and expected the same. Being his friend didn't make you right, it made you lucky. Kings Row Harley Boys, Staten Island, N.Y.

In loving memory of Sunshine, Kojack, Pan Head **Larry Honeycutt**. Born 1/14/51, died 5/13/83. You rode fast, lived fast, died fast. Wish you were still with us. But into the sunset you stayed. Miss you — stay in the wind. Marie B. Honeycutt and son Shannon.

In loving memory of **Jim Gorbels**, Oct. 28, 1981. I have the memory of you always in my soul. My tears have been all bottled up now, yet I've never forgotten our friendship. Sadly missed. Cindi.

In memory of **Randy Anderson**. I blew my chances to share the highways with you. Guess I always thought there'd be tomorrow — I was wrong. See ya again someday, bro. We'll do it then. Remembered by your cousin, Kevin Anderson. FTW.

In memory of **J.B. "Mama Jo" Pries**, 2/14/84, always a friend when we needed one, always a soft shoulder to lean on. Keep your knees in the breeze, riding high in Harley Heaven where we'll meet again. Gone but not forgotten, she will always be with us. Gregg, Loren, Johnny, Jan-Jan, Bob, Roger, Angie and Gary.

In memory of **Brian W.**, who died on 12/28/83. It still hurts to think of all the stuff we never got to do together. Never thought the Reaper would come to claim you so early. Why, Brian, why? John Sleiziz, Madison, Wis.

In memory of **Fred "Grafie" Cryer**, 7/23/83. Gone from our sight, but not from our minds. You brought a lot of laughter into a lot of lives. We miss you. Bater, Pammy Lou, and all your La. friends.

This is a tribute to the life my brother **J.B. "Idaho" Major** had. You did just fine, little brother. "Dangerous Dan."

In loving memory of a #1 sister, **Susan Ottinger**, 1/31/57 to 12/17/83. A true biker chick from Sand Mt., Alabama, who followed her dreams, rode hard and left us sad at her death. You are gone, but will never be forgotten and will live in our hearts forever. Brandy, Sherry and Robin.

In memory of **Larry Hamc**, 4/24/82, from NYC. Two years and not a day goes by that your name doesn't pass my lips. You are my special angel. Ride free, Bad Co. Love ya, Zoltz.

In memory of **"Captain Dave" Bomba** 12/27/59 to 6/12/83. Your life was cut short by a cage that didn't even stop. You may be gone but never forgotten. Love, your friends Ray and Tracy.

In loving memory of **Al "Little Jesus" Little**, Pagans MC, 5/19/71. This the 13th year. Loved you then and do now. We ride on, with you in our hearts. God, we miss you. Love always, Sis, Moses, Vicki, Little Joe, Dutch, Satan and the whole bunch!

In loving memory of **Kevin Hastings**, 11/8/83. Here's to one of the last full-time rock 'n' rollers, who was a true individual and best friend to all who knew him. We miss you so damned much, bro. You're forever in our hearts. Road Dog Rick, Cheryl and the clan. Tulsa, Okla.

In memory of **Glen Churchman**, who loved to ride and loved to live, but died so young, so beautiful and so far away. You'll always be part of us, and we'll be together in the wind. All our love, Miami Judy and Paul.

In memory of **Larry "La La" Machado**, 2/4/84, a great pres. You started it all, La La. Rest in peace with your beautiful "sneak." From all the bros who were with you from the beginning: Satch, Li'l Bit, Spet, and Doobie. Choppa's MC, Fall River, Mass.

In memory of **Michael Ribble**. We're so sorry about how it happened, brother, but you're safe in Harley Heaven now. We will miss you so much as long as we're here in this hell. Mikie, Debi, Freedom, and all of your friends in the San Francisco Bay area.

In memory of **Truck**. He never did any one dirt who didn't need it. He lived life as he chose and said what he meant. Gone but never forgotten by his bros, Apollos MC, Regina. Cast free, bro, we'll miss ya. Hat and T.J.

In memory of **Rick VanVoorhees**, 1/12/84, missed and loved by all who knew him. There are no words to express our loss. You will always be remembered and loved; you were a true bro. May you ride on and live free in Harley Heaven. "Baldie" and your bros in N.D.

In loving memory of **Mike "The Scrudge" Mudge**, 5/10/50-4/4/74. Mike, it's been 10 years, and it will be many more empty years till we're all with you again. We love you and miss you very much. You're always alive in our hearts. Doc, Donna and the "Detroit Fools."

Black T-shirts with White Designs

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

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

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

Outside U.S.A. please send money orders (U.S. funds) for shirt price plus \$2.50 additional for each shirt ordered.

It was the spring of 1968. The place: near Hill 549 in the Khe Sanh Valley, Republic of Vietnam. As a formation of C-123s passed overhead, American infantrymen sat in the bush and looked up from their C-rations to watch white streams "like clouds, rolling out of the backs of the planes." The sweet-smelling mist descended on the men, dampening uniforms and settling into their meager food. Some tired, hungry, old-before-his-time grunt probably squinted uncaringly through war-weary eyes and shrugged, "They're just defoliating."

It's spring again; this time it's 1984. Disease-plagued, cancer-ridden marginal survivors sit with their birth-defective children beside them and squint through the same weary eyes at the news on TV. The "best and the brightest" have won another battle. But it was a Pyrrhic victory. . . .

What the newscasters were announcing was that on the morning of May 7, 1984, seven chemical companies that had manufactured the infamous "Agent Orange" had settled out of court, thus ending the five-year litigation brought against the companies by thousands of Vietnam veterans. The *Los Angeles Times* called it the "final battle of Vietnam." Many people were calling it a victory for the vets.

Before I give you the facts, I want to warn you that the answer to the question of whether we won a victory will depend on your point of view. That question only leads to more questions. And what we finally get out of the settlement will depend pretty much on what we *expected* to get out of it. It's complicated. So first I want to give you a quick review of the lawsuit.

The so-called Agent Orange lawsuit actually began over six years ago when a former chopper pilot, Paul Reutershan — saying, "I died in Vietnam and didn't know it" — filed a suit against the federal government. After his death in 1978, his lawyers refiled the suit in class-action form, representing Vietnam vets as a whole.

Five years ago the Federal Circuit Court of the District of New York declared it unlawful for veterans to

sue the U.S. government and we turned our lawsuit against the seven chemical firms that had manufactured the herbicides, which we called collectively "Agent Orange." Those seven chemical companies are: Dow Chemical Co. (Midland, Michigan), Monsanto Co. (St. Louis), Diamond Shamrock Corp. (Dallas), Uniroyal, Inc. (Middletown, Connecticut), Hercules, Inc. (Wilmington, Delaware), T.H. Agriculture & Nutrition Co. (Kansas City, Kansas) and Thompson Chemical Co. (Newark). The two-fold purpose of the lawsuit was to prove negligence and culpability on the part of these manufacturers, and to establish that their product is extremely harmful to humans. It was predicted that if the companies lost the suit, they would be liable for damages to the tune, as some estimated, of well over a billion dollars.

Our side was at first represented by the law firm of Yannacone & Yannacone of New York; they were "lead counsel" to a group of other firms also retained by us. The chemical companies had hired their own fast guns and the presiding judge was C.J. Pratt. In late 1983, our lead counsel was shifted to three other law firms when Yannacone & Yannacone, pressed for time and funds, was forced to take a backseat.

Other changes and incidents marked the history of the trial. In 1983 our lawyers latched onto secret documents belonging to Dow. The documents tended to show that Dow (at least) had been aware of the toxic effects of dioxin (a contaminant that arises during the manufacture of one of the herbicides' main ingredients, 2,4,5-trichlorophenoxyacetic acid) for many years. Papers also showed that a German chemical company had developed a method whereby dioxin could be removed from 2,4,5-T — and that Dow apparently considered the method too costly. Also, memoranda from Dow to the other chemical companies gave the distinct impression that Dow was interested in getting all the companies together to try to hide the facts from the public, maybe even the government. Whether there was any intention to conspire in this is a question that may not be answered now, but

we do know Dow was concerned about the possibility of the federal government clamping tighter restrictions on the manufacture and/or use of their herbicides.

Another change occurred this year when Judge Pratt was replaced by Judge Jack Weinstein. Some reports indicate or seem to indicate that Judge Weinstein might not have been as good as Pratt for the chemical companies' case. Pratt, for instance, had previously let Hercules and Thompson out of the lawsuit; Weinstein almost immediately brought them back in.

Just as only one herbicide, Agent Orange or Herbicide Orange, usually stands for all the defoliants used in 'Nam — there were actually Agent Orange I and II, as well as Agents White, Purple, Green, Yellow and Blue — Dow Chemical is often seen as standing for all the companies. Dow and Monsanto were the largest producers of the herbicides, especially Agent Orange. And our attorneys determined that Dow's Agent Orange actually contained one of the *lowest* concentrations of dioxin, while Monsanto's allegedly contained the highest.

One of the main difficulties in all the pretrial actions and investigations was the fact that neither side could produce a single, universally accepted scientific report attesting to the true dangers of dioxin — and, hence, the herbicides containing dioxin. The chemical companies, of course, maintained that their products were safe, if used according to instructions. But incidents at Times Beach, Love Canal, Seveso (Italy), and elsewhere — plus the unexplained serious ailments of Vietnam vets here and the Vietnamese people back there — tended to strengthen our side's case and scientific studies. The VA was not ordered to care for and compensate vets on the basis of herbicide poisoning, but the EPA called a halt to the use of compounds containing dioxin in this country — which cost Dow, et al., severely. Dow has lost about \$15 million over five years of fighting that ruling.

Another sidelight of the lawsuit was that the VA was investigated by the GAO, which found that the VA had really fucked

Continued on page 109

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.

Two down w/m need to hear from pretty ladies to help us pass our time. Terry Van Ryan 30287, Living Unit 0-1-Y, and Dave Welch 30511, Living Unit K-2-B, Box 639, Las Cruces, NM 88001.

Two classic panheads need stroking by some lovely mouse tramps. Erick Johnson 35478 and Michael Arney 364528, Rt. 4, Box 1300, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Looking for foxy lady with heart for correspondence and more. Answer all. Ross Hickcox 310414, Rt. 4, Box 1100, Ramsey I, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Lonely downed Pagan 19er would like all good-looking women to write. Dirk Weston 14767, St. Rt. 164, Lisbon, OH 44432.

White tramp, 31, parols this year and needs a lady and somewhere to call home. Robert "Dragon" Adelhardt 49650, Box 999, Cellhouse 2, Canon City, CO 81212.

Need good-lookin' good-hearted white girl for 21-yr.-old outlaw who is down. Brian "Weasel" Cleveland, C33466, Dorm 6, Bunk 85, Box 3535, Norco, CA 91760.

White tramp, 26, needs kites from ladies. I'm warm, friendly and will answer all. Mark Abernathy 97923, Rt. 1, Box 8, Helena, OK 73741.

Two white tramps down in Hoosier State, need kites from ladies in free world. Tom Waddell 20020, and Danny Smith 5337, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Sweet ladies, stop now! Write to lonely 19-yr.-old together dude. Eddie "Sonny" Young, 317 S. Cameron St., Winchester, VA 22601.

Lonely w/m rider would love to get hot and nasty letter. Send flicks, too. Robert "The Tramp" Lindenbusch, Box 4000, Springfield, MO 65802.

Be the honey (serious, petite) in the Dave Mann poster prison release. Warren R. Golding 01262-018, Box 34550, Memphis, TN 38184-0550.

To all the ladies in the free world: Write me fast. Send flicks. David Frakes, Box 4000R, Fort Grant, AZ 85643.

W/m, 31, wants to hear from some Maryland females. Want to get acquainted. Donald Allen Smith 146925, MCTC, Rt. 3, Box 333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Two w/m bro down for the count. Need letters, pix and mainly friendship. T. "Y" Jones 359563, and Tim Miller 352121, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

32-yr.-old lookin' for serious, marriage-minded lady. Send pix if possible. Freddie "Shakey" Goessler 358561, Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, TX 75851.

W/m, 28, seeks honest, sincere, loving one-man woman for relationship. John Sajjovic 120009, Box 55, B-812, Stillwater, MN 55802.

Would like to hear from all you babes out there. I'm 25 and will answer. Kenneth B. Gilley, Rt. 1, Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

N. Michigan w/m, 30, down with not much to go. Looking for righteous woman. Tom "Willie" Wills 174343, Box 779, TD, Marquette, MI 49855.

W/m, 22, with 3 to do. Looking for special woman to share the future. Joseph Lynch, Rt. 1, Box 169, Marion, NC 28752.

Two w/m bro down time and fishin' for ladies to drop us a line. Send pics. Steve Clark 4994 and Christopher Pitner 5206, Box 700, Jessup, MD 20794.

Down single bro almost thru time. Would like to meet young single lady. Larry Jackson 38010, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Lonely 20-yr.-old w/m seeking loving young ladies, 18-40. Answer all. Glen H. Lovin, Jr. 33186, Box 1568 (B-1 #102), Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

30-yr.-old bro with moustache seeks correspondence and visits from sexy mama. Richard Ray Stalker, C16791, V-167, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Biker, 29, seek females, lawyers, guns and money. Take any or all. Ronald Davidson 76A1166, Attica Prison, Attica, NY 14011. Spec. Housing Sol. Unit.

Chicano bro, very compatible and open-minded. Write tonight — your delight. Mike Cardenas, Box C-10554, Tamal, CA 94964.

Middle-aged w/m Harley tramp desires filthy-minded raunchy female to write. John "Russian" Tkacz 15954, Box 208 SDCC, Indian Springs, NV 89070-0208.

W/m, 25, desperately needs to hear from bro and sister out there. M.W. Leckong, C-64346, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434-0112.

Ten months, maybe less left. Understanding, warm, caring women, please write. Russ Cline, A93659, Box 7711, Centralia, IL 62801.

W/m bro from San Diego, down at McNeil Island, needs a lady to write to. Randy Moore 281449, Box 1000, Steilacoom, WA 98388.

W/m down in Ark. needs kites from good-hearted ladies about outside world. Lenny Gates, ADC 81753, Cummins Unit Bks#9, Box 500, Grady, AR 71644.

I'm a 22-yr.-old w/m. Just drop me a line and pix. To not write would be a sin. Wondel Smith 157099, Rt. 3, Box 3000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

White boy in nowhere land desires any long-legged ladies to write. Johnny Schatz 16711, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

Dedicated biker women only need reply. Lookin' for potential mama. Bill "Rush" Norush, Box 1059, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

Pix most welcome from single women for biker out of Miami. Need addresses. Jeff James 128-347, Box 56, Lebanon, OH 45236.

Proud w/m tramp needs kites and flicks from righteous ladies. No head games. "Renegade" Farrar 129127, Box 260, LARC-TB, Lexington, OK 73051.

Need girls to write and please send pic to downed bro, 27. Plan to relocate in Ariz. Terry Chriswell, A-51359, Box 500, Hillsboro, IL 62049.

Att: W/m, 33, downed scooter tramp would like anyone to drop a few lines. John Turner 39798, HU4 126, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Down w/m bro lookin' for a lady to make it better. Pics and letters to start. P. Newsum 34635-136, 902 Renfro Rd., Delta Unit, Talladega, AL 35160.

Would like to have some nice chicks write to a nice guy who's locked up. Bob Russell 175979, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

W/m, 2 yrs. left to do, lookin' for some righteous sisters out there. Johnny Pierce, A-78380, Box 7711, Centralia, IL 62801.

W/m inmate, 31, from Sacto seeks correspondence from all ladies, 20-40. Michael Wanless, C49718, Represa, CA 95671.

White boy doin' time and lookin' for righteous down-to-earth no-games lady. Steve Dobson, C-61136, Represa, CA 95671.

Ladies, got nothin' but a custom '49 panhead outside the gate in '88. Kirk M. Woodruff 19213, Box 607, NSP, Carson City, NV 89701.

Downed white renegade in need of mail. Will answer all. Bobby Culp, A-51351, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

Hey, all you foxy-sexy ladies out there, remember this ol' tramp. Write! Robert "Free Bird" Howard 88133, LCRP, Rt. 1, Box 330, Tiptonville, TN 38079.

Would like to hook up with a for-real lady who just wants a good man. Monte Boyd 4E92, Box C-37744, Tamal, CA 94964.

W/m, 25, soon to be reunited with scoot (in Nov.), needs lady to share the leather. Kevin "Bear" Frietach, Box 100, Huntsville, TX 77340.

Two proud peckerwoods, busted and disgusted. Ladies, white and right, write! Sean R. Carroll, C46410 and Tim Morrisberger, C-70018, Box 686-D-120, Soledad, CA 93960.

Two hot and horny down bro. Gals, send kites our way, soon out to play. James Eaker and Mike Whisenant, WCC, Drawer 1439, Morgantown, NC 28655.

Say, babes, white boy from Calif. needs those of you who care to write and send pix. Jimmy Clark 01882-097, FPS Box 34550, Memphis, TN 38184-0550.

W/m, 26, lookin' to correspond with w/f, 18-28. Not lookin' for one-night letters. Darrell Patterson 71342, Box 500-10, Grady, AR 71644.

Two Texas scooter tramps down for 10 each. Need chicks with flicks and kites. Steve "Lefty" Ruffo 18642A, and Jess "Spoon" Handshoe 04377A, Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072.

Free-spirited outlaw lookin' to correspond with all you lovely ladies. "Terrible" Ted Humphrey, Box 8249, ISC, Cranston, RI 02920.

Need to hear from all sweet, hot ladies to drive away the blues. Richard Bressman 41141, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

N.C. Aryan barbarian, 27, lookin' for woman who can handle facts of life. Johnny "J.R." Russ 12461, Unit J, Box 888, Ashland, KY 41101.

Two w/m bro down and out, lookin' for fine ladies, 18-35, to send kites and pix. Kenny Embrey 0-17, and Garry Cayce Q-15, Box 8273, Cranston, RI 02920.

After 22 yrs., crack in heart needs someone who cares. Please help out. Thomas French, SWU 70-114, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Need scribes and pics from ladies who're lookin' for good ol' man. W/m, 30. J. Dupeire, DOC 95775, LSP, Angola, LA 70712.

Hey, ladies! Lonely, down 100% 19er would like to hear from all sincere ladies. John Latona, N20215, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434.

Two righteous outlaws need kites and flicks from all party women who love to putt and fuck. John Green 336687, and Louie Hitesman 281544, Beto #1, Box 128, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Ladies, I need some kind words. Down and out. Need pretty lady to write to. William Landon 83-A-7106, D-1-26, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051.

Lonely lady doin' time in "Sunshine State." Sure could use a friend. Darlene Smith 150749, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Dirty w/boy, 24, with one yr. to go, needs letters and flicks from level-headed ladies. Tim Burton, Rt. #1, Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

Lonely white outlaw, 29, Scorpio, needs mail and flicks from sincere, honest ladies. Dave Groff 83A1910, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

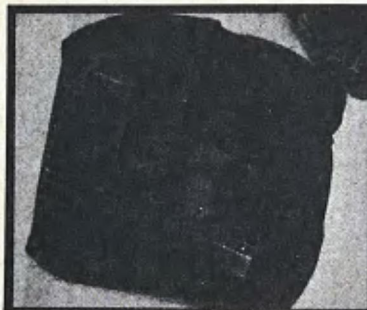
Attention, all bro and sisters who remember. Would like to catch up before final day. Andy Chastain 38426, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Hurt biker. How 'bout you sweethearts being my heroes? Tony J. Berakis, Weston Hospital, Drawer 191, Weston, WV 26452.

Down, lonely w/m, 26, lookin' for a lady to share my heart and feelings. Send pics. Rick Weaver, K7443, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

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Biker And The Baby

Continued from page 18

he set about his grisly work, knowing full well the baby could not live long in the now-dead womb. The hand-honed edge of the knife sliced the tight skin, opening the belly like a ripe watermelon. With the cutting edge upward, he split open the sac, spilling the fluid surrounding the unborn infant. He then removed the wrinkled, goo-covered form with surprising gentleness, and laid it on the chest of the corpse that had given it life. He quickly tied and cut the cord, then cleared the baby's nose and mouth of obvious obstructions. Nimble, he seized the tiny feet with calloused fingers, forefinger between the ankles to prevent slippage on the slick skin. Clay lifted the limp form until the head and extended arms dangled inches above the bloody corpse.

"Oh, look. It was a little girl," said a woman near the front of the crowd. Several heads nodded in silent agreement with the eulogy.

A gentle slap on the soles of the feet filled the air, leaving in its wake a profound silence.

All ears present listened intently for the desired sound of life.

Silence.

Another gentle slap on the soles of the feet was followed by a similar blow to the bare buttocks.

Silence.

With his free right hand, the biker cupped the back of the tiny skull, turning the pale, lifeless face upward. His huge hand dwarfed the small face, his fingers almost touching in a baseball grip. Forcing the tips of thumb and forefinger against the lower jaw, the biker placed his mouth over the baby's and began to fill and empty his cheeks, gently forcing puffs of air in and out of the still form in his grip.

Again the left hand lifted the feet until the body dangled like a prize fish. Gentle blows to feet and buttocks followed as before.

Silence.

The soft brown eyes of the biker had been intent on the work at hand, but now they opened wide, showing sparks of inner fire as his face became a mask of fierce determination. He began to shake the body as his voice rose up out of his huge chest.

"Live, damn you! Live!"

The scant seconds that followed seemed like forever to those in the hushed crowd.

Then the tiny mouth opened, emitting a small squeak.

The following intake of breath and subsequent howls of protest were lost in the din of the cheering crowd. Happy noises drowned out all else, and smiles were on every face. A wave of relief swept the crowd, and even the grimy trainmen wiped moist eyes unashamedly.

Clay opened his well-worn denim work jacket, gently laid the baby

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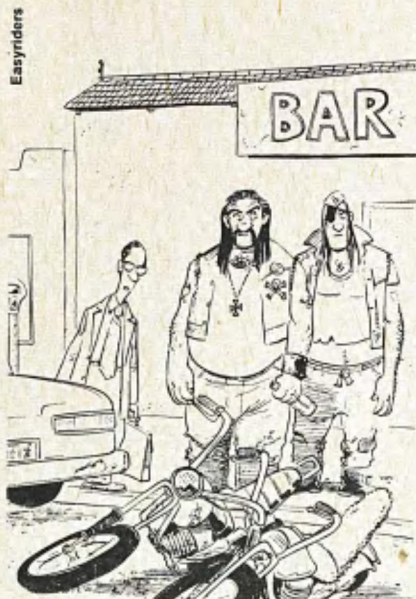
tells you how to pull time and how to make parole. **EX-CONVICT**, written by songwriter/singer and successful ex-convict David Allan Coe, gives you the straight word on how to prepare for parole and how to make your parole plan. If you are in prison or are going to prison, you've got to read this book! Get your limited edition copy now. Just send your name, address, and \$10 (check or money order payable in U.S. funds) to **EX-CONVICT BOOK**, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

against his chest in reverse papoose style, and rebuttoned the rough cloth until only the crown of her head showed. Then his piercing eyes surveyed the crowd until they fell on an onlooker who seemed to be in control of himself. Clay gestured for the man to approach.

"When the cops get here," Clay said to him in a commanding voice, "send them to St. Mary's Hospital." Without waiting for any comment or argument, he strode quickly to his cycle, being careful not to jar his precious cargo. With an expert touch born from long experience, man and machine negotiated a tricky U-turn between the wooden crossing gate and the first car in the lengthy line of vehicles, and with a powerful roar, baby and biker disappeared down the street toward the hospital.

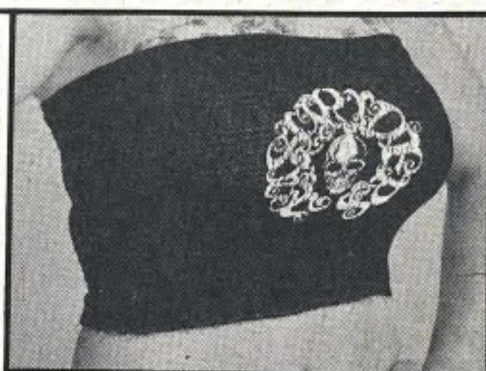
The emergency waiting room of the hospital held the usual collection of walking wounded and the air was thick with murmurs of pain and the antiseptic odor of alcohol. White-clad personnel bent over charts and typewriters. As the double doors burst open, all heads turned to the awesome sight of the huge bearded biker storming into the room. The determined set of his eyes left no doubt about his intentions. Paperwork could wait; Clay needed to see a doctor. The pimple-faced clerk at the window marked "Admissions" could only stare open-mouthed at the approaching sight.

"Where can I find a baby doctor?" Clay demanded. The stupefied young man behind the typewriter could not find speech, but his eyes darted to the door marked "Treatment Rooms." Clay turned on his heel and disappeared through the door before the clerk could gather his wits enough to deny him access.



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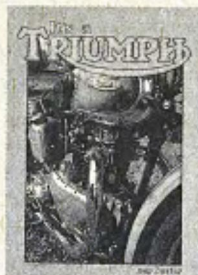
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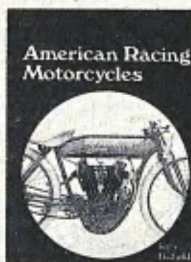
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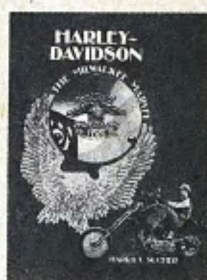
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Once inside, Clay searched out a young man wearing a doctor's stethoscope. The intern was groggy and red-eyed, but he snapped awake instantly when Clay lifted him off his feet and deposited him on an empty treatment table like a tardy child late for supper. Before the intern could protest, he saw the huge man before him unbutton his jacket, remove the bloody, gooey infant, and lay it on the table between them with great care. "The mother committed suicide. I cut her belly and took the baby," he said simply. "Check her out, okay?" He pointed a sausage-sized finger for emphasis. It was more a command than a request.

Up to this point, the young doctor had been swept along with the tide, a mere observer to the fast-moving events. Now he was back on familiar ground, faced with a task for which he was well-trained. He responded with deft motions and quick commands to nearby nurses. They, too, snapped out of their slack-jawed stances into fluid motions of efficiency. Soon, as the small lifeform on the table became the center of their attention, they all forgot the big motorcycle rider.

A passing nurse paused long enough to suggest that the biker wait outside in the anteroom. The huge man with the bloody shirtfront silently turned toward the door to do as he was told, then paused at the door for one more look at the knot of activity around the baby on the table.

His brown eyes had lost their fiery determination and were now soft with concern. He recalled the baby's first sound of life, born of air from his own lungs.

"Goodbye, Squeaky," said the biker softly. He took in a breath and let it out slowly. Then he was gone. ■



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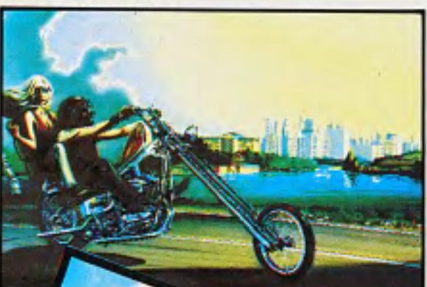
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Wild Man And Me

Continued from page 53

raved for almost two hours after she got home. I finally just excused myself and went off to bed. That night I had a bad dream. There was this giant, ridin' a chopped Harley and shootin' at me with a gun.

The days flew by and Momma made several trips to San Quentin to see Wild Man. I never went with her, even though she tried to talk me into it. On the eighth visit, I finally consented to go meet him, even though I knew that I wasn't gonna like him.

The prison was a spooky place. Guards checked us in and there were some in tall gun towers, armed with rifles. The visiting room was crowded and there wasn't anything for a kid to do. I sat there with Momma until I heard them call out a bunch of numbers. Momma grabbed my hand and said, "That's Wild Man's number. Let's go, Daryl."

Although Momma had said he was big, the man who walked through the door to meet us was twice as big as the giant in my dream. He was six-six, 240 pounds of muscle and tattoos, and wore the dirtiest pair of Levi's I'd ever seen.

After picking Momma clear off the ground and kissing her for the longest time, he put her down and turned to

look at me. "Is this the kid, babe?" he asked her.

Momma nodded her head and said to me, "Daryl, this is Wild Man. Wild Man, this is my son Daryl."

Next thing I knew this big ol' biker stuck out a hand that was as big as my whole head. At first I drew back, not sure of what he was gonna do. He laughed real loud and said to me, "Don't be afraid, kid. I already had my breakfast this mornin'!"

Maybe he thought that was funny. I didn't. All through the rest of the visit I just sat there. Wild Man asked me a few questions now and then and I could see that he wanted to be friends, but I'd made up my mind that I didn't want to be his friend. Fact is, I wanted to be home and I damn sure didn't want him to be my daddy.

Wild Man finished up his sentence and was released from prison just two days before my twelfth birthday. If I was angry to find out that Momma was writing to him in the first place, I was even more upset to find out that he was gonna live with us!

For several days after he arrived, I avoided him as much as possible. He didn't seem to notice 'cause he was spending a lot of time either at his job or putting together a chopped Harley that he'd bought right after his release from prison.

It was a week before Christmas when Wild Man and Momma woke me

up one night with a lot of loud talk. They seemed to be arguing and I got scared. "That damn kid is on his way to being a fuckin' candy ass! Do you understand me, woman?"

I cracked open the bedroom door and there was Wild Man, pacing back and forth across the living room like a tiger in a cage. Momma was crying. Wild Man stopped his pacing and sat down next to her on the couch. He reached out a massive hand and began to stroke her hair gently. When he spoke again his voice was lower and the anger appeared to be gone. "He's gonna have to grow up someday, babe. Don't you see that?"

"I know. I know he has to. But I just don't think he can handle the responsibility of a bike all by himself."

The big biker laughed. "Hell, babe! He'll learn. I'll teach him."

At first I thought they were talking about a *bike* bike. You can imagine my surprise a week later when I got up on Christmas mornin' and found a brand-new H-D Hummer, sitting in the living room.

Wild Man looked really pleased with himself. Me? I figured it was a bribe of some kind and I hated that bike right from the start. Besides, I'd already made up my mind that the last thing in the world I wanted to be was a damn biker like you-know-who.

Wild Man pointed toward the Hummer and said to me, "Well, kid —



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We've been deluged with requests for prints of this Dave Mann painting. So we finally got off our asses and printed some posters on 20" x 30" poster stock. It sorta says it all. Get yours today. It comes to you protected in a mailing tube for only \$5, plus \$1 for postage. California residents, add 6% sales tax.

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#M-16 See Previous Page

that's your bike. Whaddya think?"

When I didn't answer, he went on, "I got a truck outside that I borrowed from work. Whatcha say we load your bike up and go find a place where you can learn to ride?"

Both fear and anger came rushing from inside me. "I don't want your damn motorcycle! I hate that bike!"

By the look on his face I thought he was gonna hit me. I actually expected him to do just that. Instead, I was surprised to see him smiling a crooked sort of grin. "You scared, boy?" he asked me calmly.

"I ain't scared!" I retorted.

"Yes, you are, boy." Turning to Momma, he said, "I made a mistake, babe. I really thought that when the chips were down the kid would show some balls. Obviously, I was wrong."

I hated him! I hated everything he was and everything he stood for. Tears came to my eyes, angry tears. I drew back with all my strength and let fly with a round-house right that caught him in the stomach. The blow didn't even faze him. As I drew back for another punch, he caught my fist in one massive hand.

"Easy, boy. Easy now."

"I can ride that damn bike!" I screamed at him. "I can ride it if I want to! And you can't stop me!"

He laughed an evil sort of laugh and said calmly, "Show me, boy. Don't threaten me with your bullshit. You got to show me!"

The gears weren't all that hard to learn. The thing I had the most trouble with was the clutch. If I let it out too fast, it died. If I didn't let it out far enough, the engine would rev up, but the damn bike would just sit there.

Wild Man stood to one side, drinkin' beer and yellin' instructions. "Ease that clutch out like I told you before. You're gonna blow the fuckin' engine if ya don't!"

I kept wishin' Momma was there to hear him. Maybe if she heard the way he yelled at me, she'd get rid of him. But, she wasn't there. I was on my own this time.

Easyriders

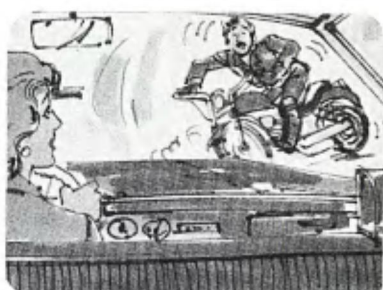


"Thanks, lady, but I'd rather have the money."

Take To The Air



Let Those Who Ride Decide:
a biker describes the fallacies
of helmet laws.



Watch Out For Bikers:
how cycle/cage accidents...
and why.

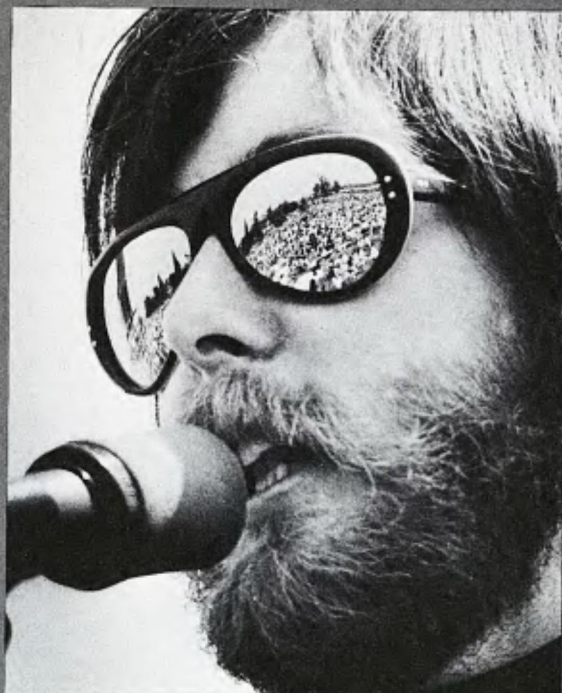
Remember the TV commercials we raised all that money to produce? Well, they're all ready to go and available to you at cost: \$16 apiece. There are two professionally produced, 30-second spots: 1) Watch Out For Bikers — how cycle/cage accidents happen... and why; and 2) Let Those Who Ride Decide — a biker describes the fallacies of helmet laws.

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It took several attempts, but finally I got the hang of it and the bike started to move when I wanted it to. As I made my way down the long dirt road, I could hear Wild Man behind me, yellin' at the top of his lungs. "Shift! Shift the fuckin' thing before you blow it up! Damn fool kid!"

Then I found myself understanding what Wild Man had been trying to explain to me on the way from the house. "Once you get the fuckin' thing rollin', listen to the engine. When it starts to whine real loud, pull in the clutch and cut back on the gas, then kick it into another gear. Be aware of your bike. Listen to it. It'll tell you all you need to know — if you listen."

Much as I hated to admit it, he was right. I know I missed the shift a few times after that, but it came easier to me as the day wore on. Before long, I'd grown accustomed to the Hummer and was more relaxed. Soon I began to enjoy riding.

On the way home that day, I felt pretty damn good about the way I'd ridden. Other than the shifting, it wasn't much harder than ridin' a bicycle. I was feeling cocky and I know there was a smug look on my face. I couldn't resist rubbin' it in on Wild Man. "Well? I rode the damn thing, didn't I? Well, didn't I?"

Wild Man just shrugged. "Sorta," he replied nonchalantly.

My face went red with embarrassed

anger. He knew I'd done good, but he didn't want to give me credit!

"Sorta? I rode it good and you know it! You just don't wanna admit you were wrong about me!"

"Kid, you got a long way to go before you learn to ride a bike. Today you learned to shift the gears and keep the motor runnin' — that's about all. Too much confidence and you're gonna end up with your ass in the dirt and

the bike on your head."

"Why you... you... bastard!"

"Don't get cocky, young man! That's a good way to lose some of your teeth!"

I fell silent. One thing I knew — no matter how I felt about the bike, I still hated him. And always would.

It had rained the night before and the water was runnin' sorta fast in the

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gully next to the road where we went to ride. Wild Man sat where he always sat, on the hood of the pickup, drinkin' beer and yellin' instructions at me. I'd ridden along the side of the gully and had found a shallow place to cross, then I rode back up on the other side. I was pleased with my efforts, so I raised my hand in the fisted salute that Wild Man often used when he was on his Harley. Wild Man ignored my gesture.

"Fuck you!" he screamed. "You went downstream and found an easy place to cross. Ride the muthafucker through the water right there!"

I looked at the section of the gully he was referring to with a pointing finger. I could see that it was about two feet deep. "Do you think I can make it through there?" I yelled back.

Wild Man laughed loudly. "You'll never know if you don't have balls enough to try it!" When I hesitated, he yelled, "If you're scared, raise your fuckin' hand!"

That really pissed me off! I grabbed a handful of throttle, popped the damn clutch and shot toward the watery gully. For a split second I really thought I was gonna make it clear across the twelve-foot gap. Instead, halfway across the bike flooded out and I found myself standing waist-deep in water with a stalled bike. I looked up the hill, expecting to see Wild Man comin' down to help me push the bike out. I should have known better.

He just sat there on the hood of the truck, drinkin' his beer and smilin'.

"Well?" I yelled up to him angrily.

"Well, what?" he yelled back.

"Are you gonna help me, or not?"

Wild Man just kept that evil grin on his ugly mug, cupped one hand to his mouth, and yelled, "Help you? Why should I help you? It's your fuckin' bike! You put it in there, you get it out, boy!"

It's been eighteen years now since Momma first went to visit Wild Man up at San Quentin. They're still lovin' and livin' together right outside of Los Angeles. Me? Hell, I found myself a good ol' lady, got married and have a kid of my own now. We moved to Colorado some years back and I haven't seen Wild Man in a long time. All that anger and hate I used to feel for him has long since been laid to rest. Now, here I am, sittin' on the hood of this truck, drinkin' a beer and tryin' to figure out what it was that made me start thinkin' of Wild Man after all these years.

"Daddy! Daddy! My motorcycle's stuck in the mud! Ain't ya gonna help me get it out?"

I think I'll lay off from work next week and take my son to meet his grandpa. It's about time the boy learned to ride a bike the right way! ■

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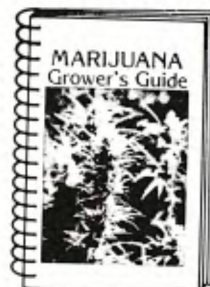
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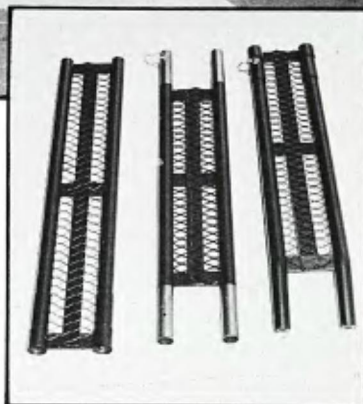
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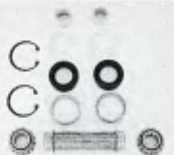
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Family Affair

Continued from page 73

Jeez, it was getting hard to keep track of all the new members. Zeke knew he should have tried to be friendly, but what could he do? He didn't even know the asshole's name. No sense in trying to work up a conversation with someone if you don't even know who he is.

"Hey, Zeke!" He shifted around to see who was calling him. It was Midnight. "Rabbit's going for his red wings. Wanna come watch? I'm giving odds that he won't go through with it, the fuckin' pussy."

Zeke thought for a moment, but decided against it. Right then he just didn't feel like moving. "Naw, I'll pass."

"You sure, man? It ought to be good for a few laughs."

"Dammit, I said no! You want a fuckin' written note?" Zeke barked.

Midnight threw up his hands. "Okay, okay! No need to get all bent out of shape. Just thought you might be interested. Jesus!" He turned and marched away, shaking his head.

Aw, hell. Zeke hadn't meant to snap like that, especially at Midnight. The two of them went back a long way. Shit, Midnight was one of the few truly righteous brothers left. Something was eating him, but he didn't want to think about what it was.

He picked at the ring he wore on his left hand. The silver band needed a little polish; tarnish was beginning to form around the edges. Still, it looked pretty damn good, even after all these years. He stared, lost in thought, at the oval piece of turquoise in the center, surrounded by delicate scrollwork. Abruptly, he forced himself to look away. The ring brought back too many memories. Memories of things best left buried and forgotten.

He looked out the open door.

He saw Weasel over by the bikes, riding some bitch around on his pan in tight circles. The sleeves of his T-shirt were rolled up to his shoulders, exposing his pathetically pale and skinny arms. Zeke let out an exasperated sigh. Damn, we got to get some beer in that boy. Put some meat on those bones.

Nearby, a couple of chicks in halter tops and short cutoffs were being sprayed with beer. Their wet clinging clothing left little to the imagination. They squealed as they tried to fend off the assault, but it was no use. A satisfied grin lit up Zeke's face.

Man, what a life. Zeke, old buddy, he said to himself, you've got it made. Just riding and partying and making it with the ladies. Working just enough to get by. Maybe selling a stash now and again. Not bad for a dude your age. Shit. He had to stop and think of just how old he was. But, Christ, when you're coming from nowhere and heading for nowhere, with nothing to do but live each day as it comes, not worrying about yesterday or tomorrow, who needs to keep track of the years? Hell, let the blow-dried assholes in their three-piece suits count the days till their retirement. You wouldn't catch ol' Zeke punching no time clock or marking the days off on a calendar. No way. Not with all the good ass and grass and good times out there just waiting. Waiting for anyone willing to go out and grab 'em.

The beer was beginning to make him feel a little drowsy. His mind began to wander, like it usually did whenever he was tired and half-smashed.

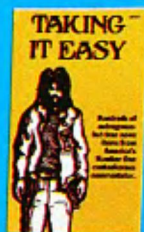
He was forty-four years old, he finally figured. Not exactly a young buck anymore, no sense kidding himself. Still, he had a lot of good years left. And he felt as spry as he ever had. Sure, maybe he couldn't get over those ball-bustin' hangovers as fast as he

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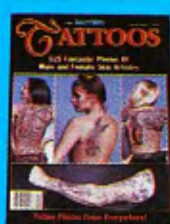


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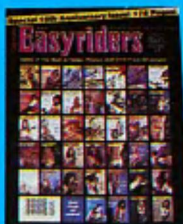
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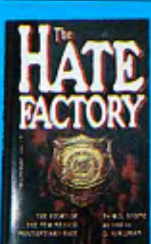
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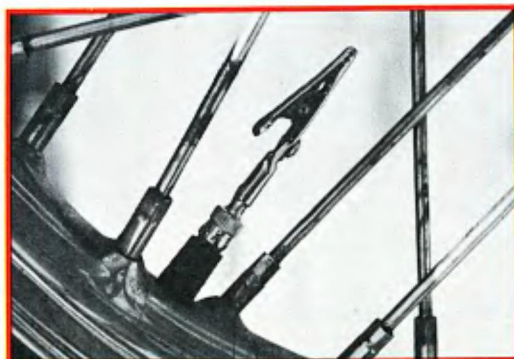
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used to. And it was getting harder and harder to outride and outdrink the younger bros. But shee-it, he sure as hell wasn't ready for no rocking chair in some nursing home.

He thought about getting another beer. Then he realized that he hadn't yet finished the last one. And besides, right then he just didn't feel like getting up to get one.

His mind began drifting back over the years. Images and memories floated up before his eyes. Names and faces danced in front of him like butterflies. Along with miles and miles of open highways. A lot of good times — and just a few bad ones. He remembered the long runs across the desert, the hot wind drying the sweat on his chest. Letting the bike open up, and, as it picked up speed, the burning tightness up under his breastbone, and the metallic taste of fear in his mouth. He would watch the speedometer needle as it steadily climbed. Eighty, ninety, then up over the century mark. The vibration would start, coming up through the fork, threatening to shake the bike apart. Until finally, he would break through the barrier, and it was like riding on glass, and there was no sound, not even the rush of air past his ears. Then the feeling of relief as he eased back on the throttle, slowing down, down, down, until he was going no more than ten miles an hour, moving just fast enough to keep the bike upright, while he tried to ignore the trembling in his arms and legs. Over and over again, the same ritual. Testing himself, seeing if he still had it. Seeing if he still had the balls to push himself to the limits.

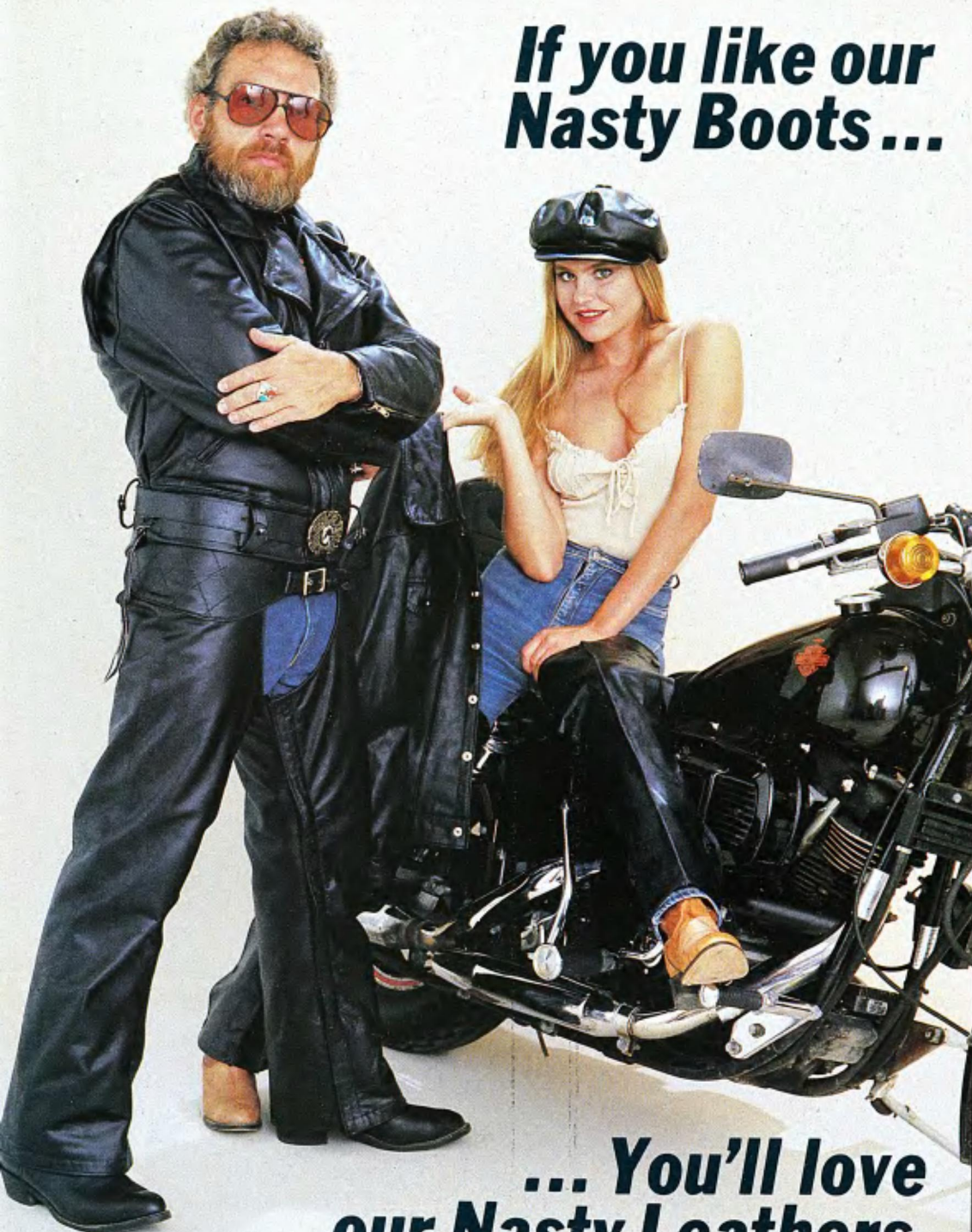
He looked back at the ring again, and his thoughts went back still further. Back to a time when things weren't so clear, the details not so precise, the faces not so easily recognized.

Back to a time seventeen years ago. "Happy birthday, baby," Marie said, as



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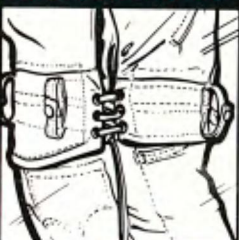
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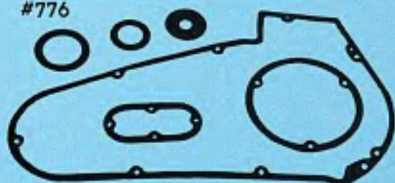
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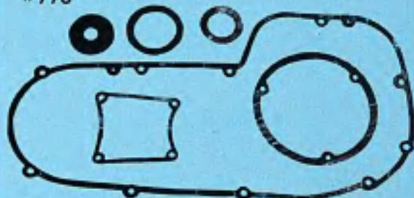
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she took hold of his hand. Zeke felt something cold and hard being slipped onto his finger. "Okay, you can open your eyes now."

He looked down at his hand. "What the h —"

"Surprise! I made two of them. See? One for you and one for me." She held up her hand, which bore another ring, identical to Zeke's in every detail. "I've been working on them for the past three months. And, boy, was it ever hard keeping it a secret. I hope it's a surprise. Do you like it?"

Zeke had to admit it was one damn nice piece of jewelry. "Yeah, I like it. It looks real nice." He wiggled his fingers while he admired it.

"I'm so glad." She slipped her arms around his waist and hugged him tight. "Oh, Zeke, I love you so much."

She was a good kid, Marie was. Hell, she was the only woman in the world that Zeke had ever even remotely come close to marrying. And Zeke knew that she wanted to get married more than anything in the world. But she kept quiet about it, because she knew that the biggest part of a woman's love for a biker meant giving him his freedom, letting him be the man that he is. So she just quietly and patiently put up with all his bullshit — his sloppy habits, his drinking and smoking and partying. And she must have known when he'd been running around on her, with

some sleaze he didn't give a rat's ass for, who didn't have a tenth of the class Marie had. She just kept her mouth shut, even though it had to hurt, and she never complained about the nights when he didn't come home. Never once did she refuse to make love to him. No matter if he was staggering drunk or hadn't taken a shower for days. She loved him when he needed it

and knew when to disappear when he wanted to be left alone. And all the while she kept the homestead spic-and-span, neat as a pin. She loved him the way a woman ought to love a man.

"You blew it, asshole," said the familiar voice inside him. "You just couldn't settle down. You always had

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"You know, Ralph, sometimes I'm sorry I gave you that damn thing."

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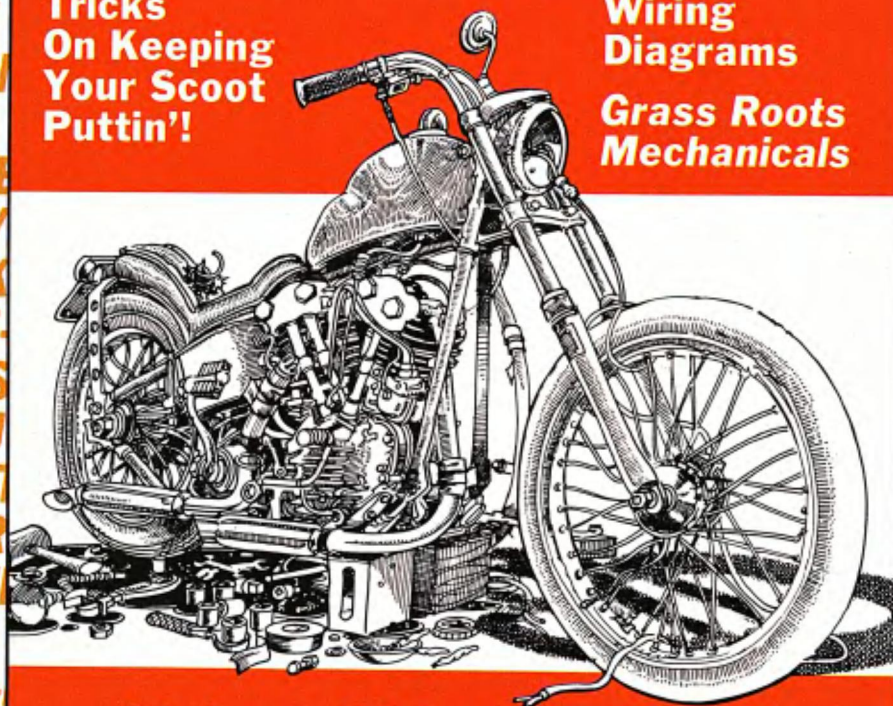
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to be on the move. Now just try to find a woman like that today."

Zeke tried to ignore the voice. It had been tormenting him for seventeen years. Gradually his thoughts began to turn back to the present. He let out a long sigh. Fuck, he thought, what the hell's gotten into me? He glanced at the ring again, and the old sick, guilty feeling swept back over him, gnawing at his gut.

"Fuck it!" he said aloud, as if that would drive away his demons.

Why the hell do I keep wearing this thing, he wondered. I should have taken it off long ago. Should have thrown it away, or sold it, or dumped it in a pawn shop — anything, just to be rid of it. But he couldn't. He couldn't take it off. And he knew it.

He wondered if she looked like him at all. More like her mother most likely, he decided. She probably had Marie's sad, dark eyes, and her smooth, creamy skin. He tried to picture her, what she might look like now. But it was impossible. The last memory he had of her, she was just a six-week-old infant, all red and crying and squinty-eyed. Then he tried to picture Marie, but the years had dulled his memory of her, too, so that now her face was only a blurred image that faded in and out, as though he were looking at her through three feet of water.

He could remember, just barely, the night his daughter was born.

"Zeke! Come on, man, wake up."

Midnight's voice sounded far away, as though Zeke were at the bottom of some well.

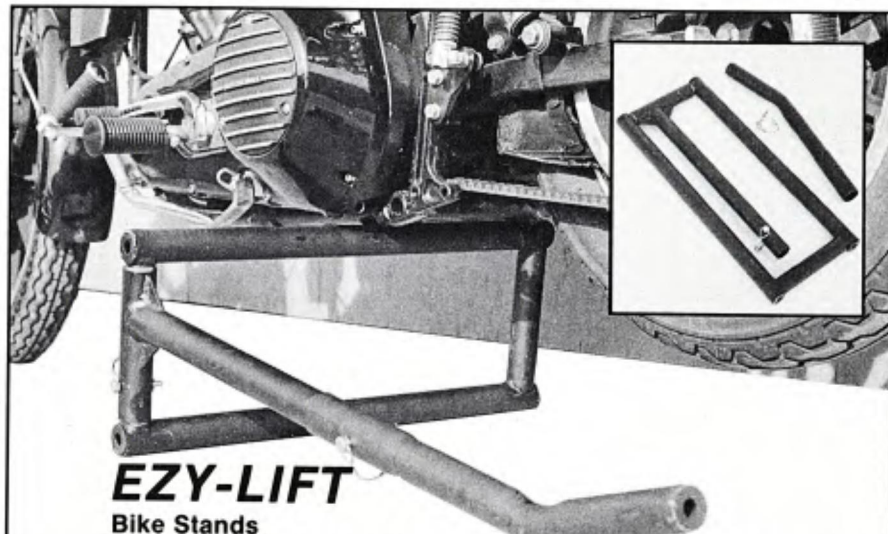
Someone was shaking him by the shoulders then.

"Zeke! Come on, wake up! Marie's at the hospital."

Zeke managed to open one eye. The other one was half-submerged in a puddle of spilled beer. Fuzzy shadows moved around him. Somewhere a jukebox blared some shitty country-and-western tune. Above the music he could hear the occasional



"Oh, Hilford — he loves you!"



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clack of balls on a pool table.

"Come on, man! You gotta get up."

"Fuck you!" Zeke growled. "I ain't goin' nowhere. Leave me alone."

He felt arms sliding under him.

"Let's get him into the head."

He was surprised to find himself floating across the room, suspended in midair. Waves of nausea swept over him. The next thing he knew he was on his knees, hugging the white porcelain altar in front of him.

"Yeah, you were something that night, weren't you, stud?" the voice said. "Passed out in some bar while your ol' lady was giving birth to your kid. And six weeks later you ran out on them both."

"Shut up, creep!" Zeke moaned. A group of bros standing nearby turned and looked at him. One of them said something Zeke couldn't hear. The others broke into a short round of laughter. Then they moved off, leaving him alone. He rubbed his hand across his forehead, wiping away the beads of sweat that had formed there.

"And you've been running ever since," the voice said accusingly.

Yeah, running. That's all it really amounted to. Sure, there'd been times when he'd tried to settle down, get a steady job, put down some permanent roots. But every time he stayed in one place for any length of time, that old familiar feeling would begin to well up from deep down inside his soul. A feeling of entrapment, coupled to an urge that couldn't be denied. He needed it, just like an addict needs a fix. All that mattered was to be on a bike, heading somewhere, anywhere, it didn't matter where. The important thing was to be on the road, feeling the thundering horses between his thighs, putting miles of asphalt and concrete between himself and the last town.

And years between himself and the unshakable past.

Seventeen years now. Seventeen years of riding and fighting and fuckin'. He'd crisscrossed the continent countless times, driving three brand-new Harleys into the ground in the

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process. Stopping in any spot just long enough to put sufficient cash together for another run, taking any odd job he could find, from picking melons in Colorado to building houses in Florida. Or he'd head south to Mexico and pick up a stash, smuggle it back across the border and sell it, only to blow the whole wad on one long glorious party.

Seventeen years. Maybe it was the guilt. Or maybe he had some kind of paternal instincts. All he knew was that suddenly he felt the urge to find her. It just didn't seem right to him that somewhere out there his own flesh and blood lived and breathed without knowing who her father was.

You're crazy, he said to himself. What would he say to her when he found her? Hell, she'd be seventeen years old now. Not exactly a kid. What could he possibly say to make up for all the lost years?

"Look, kid, I'm really sorry I ran out on you and your mother. I sure can't blame you for hating me — I deserve it. But it just wouldn't have worked out. See, I just ain't the fatherly type. Never have been, never will be. I know there ain't no way I can make it up to you. But look here, how 'bout if I buy you something? A new dress, something like that. Something you can say is from your old man. It ain't much, I know. But what else can I do? I'm really sorry."

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. The words echoed in his ears.

Shit. What's the sense of worrying about it, he thought. It ain't never gonna happen. I wouldn't even know where to begin to look. Still, it would be nice just to see her. Just once. I wouldn't have to talk to her or anything like that. Just see her. That's all. That'd be enough.

He became aware that the buzz in his head was beginning to wear off. Christ, there was nothing worse than sobering up gradually. He decided he needed another brew. As he stood up he wavered slightly. It took some effort to walk a straight line.



"Robert, I'm out of batteries again. Be a dear and run out and pick me up a Sears Die-Hard."

He reached into the washtub, grabbed a can, and glanced outside to see what Weasel was up to. Zeke spotted him, still over by the bikes, hustling a couple of sweet young things.

Good old Weasel. At least there was one thing you could say about him: He was great at rounding up ass. Even if he was a total fuck-up at just about everything else he tried.

Zeke decided it was time to stroll over and inspect the merchandise. As he got closer, he could see that the chicks weren't more than fifteen or sixteen. Not that it made any difference to Zeke. Old enough to bleed, right? Strange, though. He didn't know what it was, but lately it seemed that the older he got, the younger he liked 'em. Sometimes he wondered if he wasn't turning into some kind of pervert. As long as he didn't buy himself a raincoat and start hanging around schoolyards, he figured he was still okay, though. What the hell — different strokes, right? Whatever turns you on. Ten minutes later Zeke and one of the chicks rode off together on his scooter.

They found Zeke the next morning, wrapped around a telephone pole. What was left of him, anyway. The cops estimated that he'd been doing about 120mph at the moment of impact. It was puzzling, considering that he'd been riding since he was twelve years old. He'd always bragged that he'd never had to put one down. Even at his age, no one in the club could match him.

The investigators found no signs that another vehicle had forced him off the road. There also weren't any skid marks to indicate that he'd tried to slow down or put the pan into a life-saving slide.

It was like he'd taken dead aim at the pole, everyone said, playing a game of chicken he was destined to lose.

Weasel couldn't even talk. He walked around in a daze, tears streaming down his cheeks, his mouth snapping open and shut without any words coming out. The others avoided him, hoping he would simply go away. He wasn't club material, anyway. Not now, not with Zeke gone. All Weasel was now was bad luck and bad news.

The autopsy showed only residual traces of alcohol and cannabis. "Insufficient quantities to have caused impairment," the coroner's report stated.

The girl with the sad, dark eyes, who the previous night had shared Zeke's sleeping bag, observed and absorbed the entire scene with an unblinking curious stare. Anyone paying attention might have seen a faint smile play across her lips as she absently fingered the silver-and-turquoise ring that hung on a chain around her neck.

Not even the ambulance attendants who scraped Zeke off that telephone pole would be able to see any resemblance between her and Zeke now. ■

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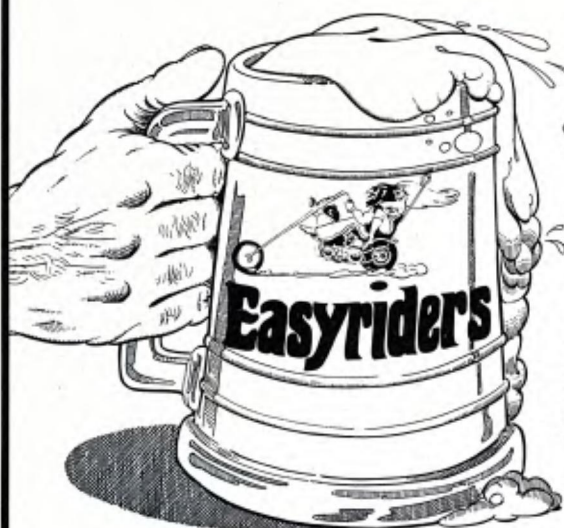
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Soap Box

Continued from page 50

how much our children and I love and need him. I also don't believe everything possible was done to save his life. The Med Unit was never called, and should have been (it always has been for every other fender-bender in Loudoun County), because the mock rescue unit Arcola has doesn't have the equipment necessary to handle injuries as severe as Scott's. No one will cop to anything about that, either.

No satisfactory reason has been given for why the cager didn't have to take a sobriety test. Jesus Christ, out here if you're fixing a flat and a cop stops, the first thing he asks is, "Have you had anything to drink tonight?" I know damn good and well that if Scott had killed somebody, he would have been tested for every substance known to man. You know that as well as I do. But this fucking little hick town is worse than Macon County — people are thanking the cager for doing society a favor by "getting rid of another biker."

There is another thing I can't seem to make anyone understand. If you look at the accident report, you see that the trooper, the cager, and all three "witnesses" insist that Scott ran into the right front fender of the truck. Bullshit! The damage to the scooter is all on the left side, most of it from the driver's seat on back. The front left fork is only bent a fraction of an inch, and from the side, not the front. If Scott had been traveling at 50mph and hit something head-on, the bike would have been demolished. However, I have sort of gotten hold of the state police's crash photos (I have enclosed copies of a couple) and the proof is right there. If you look at the pictures, you can see where Scott's shoulder hit the front of the hood, and there is blood on the bumper where his left leg was crushed. Now, you tell me who hit whom. These sons of bitches are lying out their asses and I'm having a hell of a time finding out why.

I have also enclosed a copy of the transcript of the joke of a trial held on December 13, 1983. The assistant DA who prosecuted presented no evidence on our behalf. The trooper was not asked to reconstruct the accident. None of the crash photos were entered into evidence. The one witness who happened to know Scott and saw him just prior to the accident, eastbound on Route 50, was never even summoned to appear in court, nor was a written deposition obtained. Not one of the four witnesses was recalled for further questioning. One thing that surprised me was the number of people in the courtroom, people we had never seen before, who were in tears over the judge's decision to strike the case. The motherfucker got off without so much as a ticket! My husband's life meant nothing to the wonderful state of Virginia. The judge acted like it was a total waste of his time to be

there. Halfway through the damn trial he asked where the accident happened! He looked out the window throughout most of the trial, chuckling now and then with the fucking defense attorney. After the judge granted the motion to strike (dismiss the case), all of the people with me (as well as six or seven we didn't know) went off. The sheriff quickly got the cager out of the courtroom, but not before he and his two lawyers turned around and fucking grinned at us! If anything was funny about what happened in there, it was when this hot-shit bitch deputy called for handcuffs (fifteen pairs!) and police backup; nobody showed up. The damn police station is not ten steps outside the courtroom and nobody had the guts to stand up to "a bunch of bikers." That's what the deputy called us. Right then and there we know why the case had been thrown out — Scott was a *biker*. A non-human. Well, god-dammit, he was a biker, something he and I were (are) very proud of! But nobody even gave us a chance to tell them the kind of man he was. They watch television and see all the shit bikers are stereotyped as: murdering people, raping women and young girls, stealing, being drunks and drug addicts. Scott never hurt anyone. He was never in trouble with the law, outside of speeding tickets and parking tickets and stuff like that. Yeah, he liked to party and have a good time, but he never hurt anyone! But nobody took the time to ask questions about his character. They didn't give a shit that he was a loving husband and father, that he had more friends at 27 than most people make all their lives, that he would give his last dime to a friend who needed it. He polished his '76 Super Glide before and after he went putting. He was happiest when he was riding, either alone or with me or our six-year-old son. He was a damn good man who lived his life according to Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Simple Man." I wish those narrow-minded sons of bitches could have seen 150 people stand in a final tribute to Scott

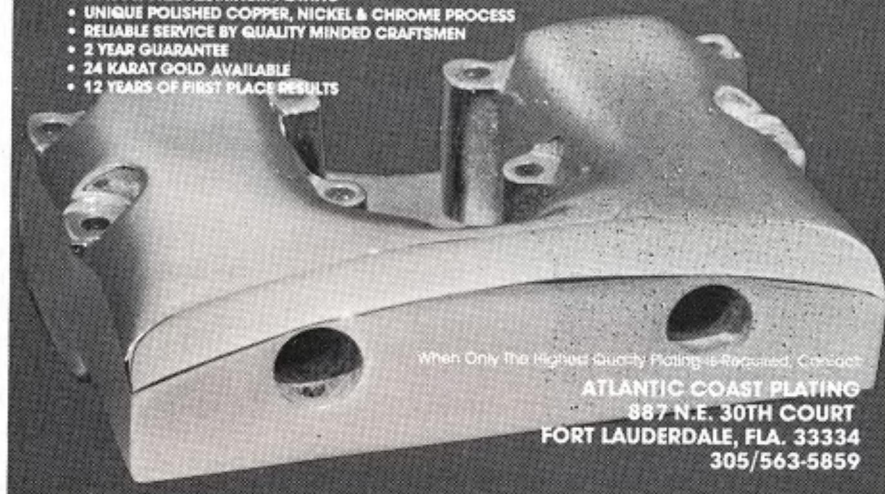


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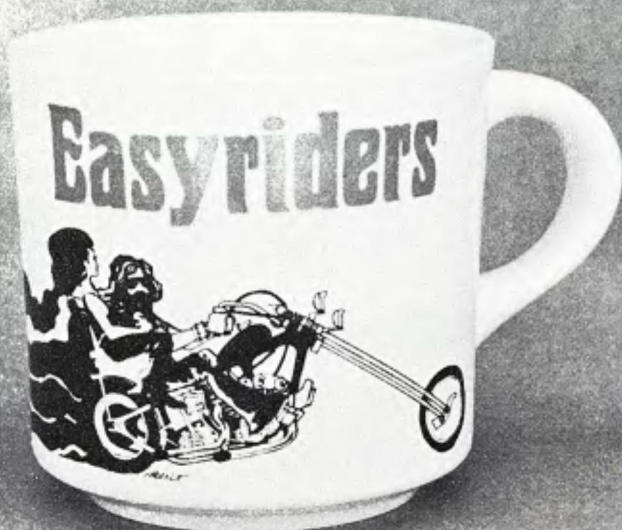
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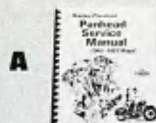
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as we played a recording of Skynyrd's "Free Bird" at his funeral. Not just bikers, but bank executives, pilots, ministers, the VP of the company I used to work for (Honeywell). You know, your "typical" John Q. Coatandtie. Scott is a man who was (and is) deeply loved by a hell of a lot of people and is terribly missed by all of us.

I know there is nothing I can do to change my suck situation, but I can do it for Scott by trying to change some laws which could help someone else. He would be doing the same thing had it been me or one of his bros. Can you help me? If I could get my story heard by the right people, both bikers and establishment, maybe I could accomplish something. I refuse to give up. I have two small children, ages six and one, who will be affected by whatever I do. I want to try everything legally first. I will not let the people around town who hate me for "making the cager's life miserable" run me off — either with the phone calls I get every fucking night threatening me and my children, or because of the bastard who parked his car in my driveway at midnight with his lights off just watching the house. I don't know what he was planning to do, but my dogs had his chicken ass trapped in his car. By the time I loaded the shotgun and got the door open, he was hauling ass down the driveway. He's damn lucky, because I swear to God, he'd have gone out of here in a body bag! I'm scared to death out here in the sticks alone, but so help me, God (if there really is one), they're fucking with the wrong woman. I'll do whatever I have to to protect my babies and myself. The cops don't give a damn that we're being threatened and harassed. I get the impression they feel I'm getting just what I deserve. They didn't even bother to respond the night that guy was sitting in my driveway. Maybe they'll care when we get Scott's bike back on the road and all of us go on a legacy run in his honor. Or maybe one of them would like to stay here one night and calm my oldest son when he wakes up screaming for his daddy who will never come home. Or watch my baby carry his daddy's picture with him everywhere he goes. Then let them tell me how in the fuck I'm supposed to live without the only man I've ever loved. Is this what justice is all about? If so, I'm ashamed to be an American.

I would really appreciate any help or advice you could give me. I want to thank you for taking the time to listen to a very lost, slightly hysterical, extremely proud ol' lady. I know I'm not the first or the last to be in this position, but it sure as shit feels like it.

Please ride safely. There's already a hell of a club in heaven, too many damn good men and women. How many more bikers have to die before people give a damn?

God bless,
 Trish

Hildi's Heinie

Continued from page 42

on. I may never be transported into this lofty realm again. Something... something starts to happen: One single ass designed so fine, Better than this ass o' mine.

Assinine. Yes, that's the right word for this one, all right.

I grind my hands against my face. I look up. I slowly reach for the type-writer again.

I feel it now. I find myself wondering if it is about to happen.

Yes! Yes, it is! Poetry at last!

Ode To Hildi's Butt

Never past, on all the earth,
Has there been a butt of such great worth.

As the priceless beauty of the rectal seat.

Between Hildi's head and Hildi's feet.

The dung that squeezes 'tween those hills.

Is prob'ly sweet as daffodils.

I doubt that it is even brown —

It's likely silver, and with a crown.

Yes, regal turds emerge from there.

And see not one small anal hair,
As they make their way from out of those halves.

That are soft as the necks of young girralves.

Would diarrhea ever spray.

From buttocks so esteemed as they?

Nay, just itty-bitty pellets.

Dainty as the New York Ballet.

Forsooth, I say there squirts from there.

Perfumes fresh as jasmined air.

Farts as sweet as the smell of Pez, no—

Farts as sweet as the air of Fresno.

Constipation never touches
The buns of this gluteated duchess.
Stones of gold are what plop from them.

The Britons gasp, "Majestic bum, them!"

The coils of doodoo that emerge
From out those buttocks soft as serge,
Are transformed as past those mounds they come,

Into rods of beauteous platinum.

Ivory clumps and tubes of jewels.

Are better titles for her stools.

By any excremental measure,

She does not poop, she passes treasure.

O, to own one of her feces!

Cutting it into little pieces,

Studying them both night and day,

Wishing I was them some way,

So that I, too, might have come so near,

To those Hildibuttocks I revere.

Or to be a little whiff of gas,

That whistles out from Hildi's ass.

O, to be a carbuncle on her backside meat!

Or a sliver of plastic in her toilet seat.

Anything that comes in contact

With those rounded hills of

Adirondack.

Quietude and gentle rollings,

Soft as high-grade leather bowling

Shoes of peach and pink and apricot

and everything that makes me

hot and bothered beyond all

O, to knead them like two filled

bread pans,

O, to touch those aforementioned

said cans.

O, to personally expose them,

O, to open them and close them,

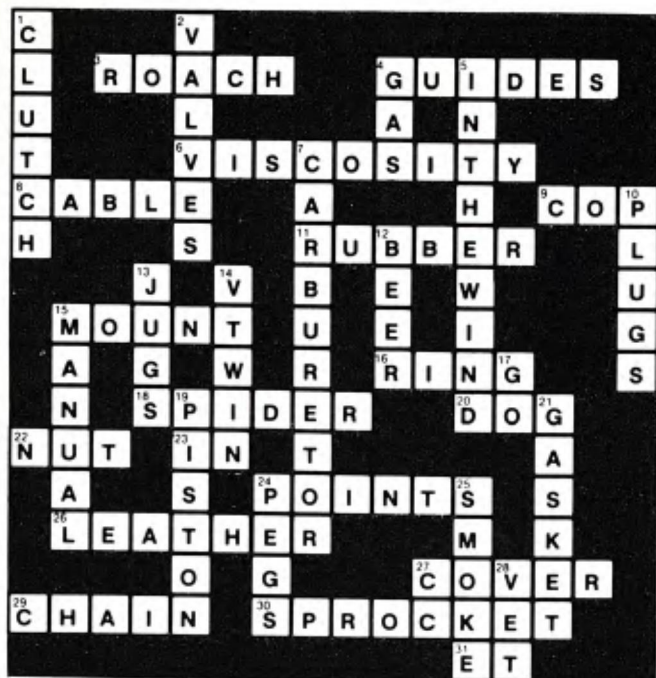
experience I've ever felt.

Delirience goes howling fiercely

through me.

O, to press those buttocks to me.

Solution to puzzle on page 76



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*Her and me alone together,
Andy Gumping till forever,
O, what a happy life it could be —
Me and the majestic butt of Hildi.
But will I ever see those heaps,
Of Hildi-butt-flesh soft as peeps
From robin chicks or chirping
ducklings,
Or little yellow puffs of clucklings?
Will I ever feel their warmth,
Of the finest buttocks ever formph?
And will I ever heft those pups,
Against my palms with gentle
thwups,
And run my two hands up and down,
Those maximi of world renown?
I do not know, I cannot say,
I don't know if I'll see them sway,
I don't know if I'll see them flex,
But I hope so. Even if it wrecks
My mind apart to be in their
presence,
And explodes a groinal effervescence
That causes my sperm to spray and
go swarm
Into a splattering hot, white
snowstorm.
And that's the straights; buts, ands,
and ifless.
Hell, I don't care if her rump's got
syphillis,
That's how fuckin' great her ass is!
Excuse me now, for I must pass jizz.*

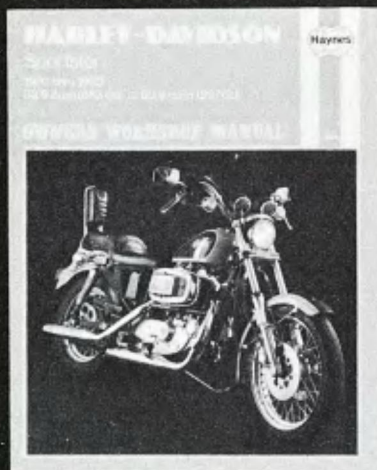
Well, Rufus, what can I say? There you have it. Five straight days and nights of uninterrupted inspiration: no food, no sleep, and I didn't even notice. Was it worth it? The poem speaks for itself, I think. Of course, the poetic soul never knows if he has faithfully transmitted the crashing waves of his emotions onto the material inertness of a piece of paper. That is the tragedy of the artist.

But wait! What is this? Condensing into the air before me! *It is Van Gogh!* He is reaching toward me, gently placing his hand on my shoulder, and nodding quietly —

And — oh, my God!
Goethe! Rembrandt! Bach! Melville!
They're joining him!

It's pretty understandable, I suppose. Still, what more can I say than I'm honored. And, what the heck — if there's any debt of thanks, I owe it to you guys at the office. You've always encouraged me. "We'll make you the Bob Uecker of writing," you've always said. And now, at last, by golly, it seems you've finally done it. Thanks, fellas. And thanks, Hildi. Later, Rufus. ■

NEW



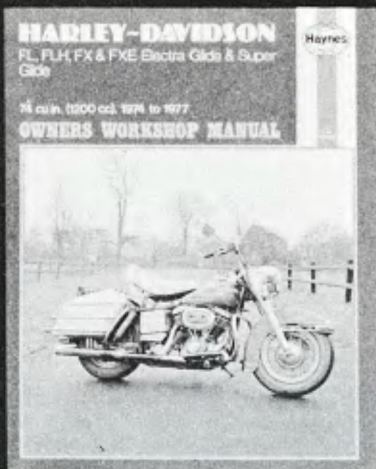
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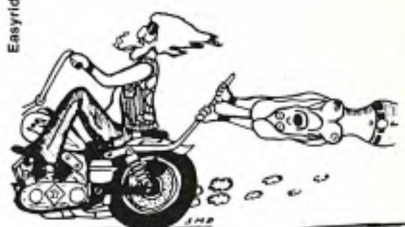
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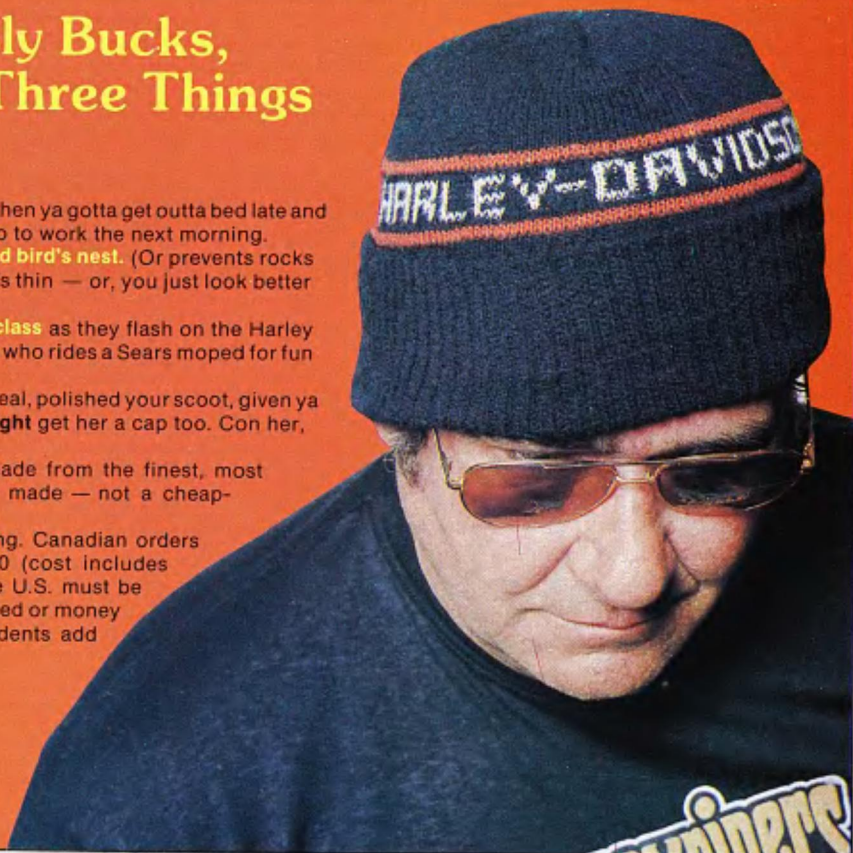
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Vet Voice

Continued from page 82

up its handling of its Agent Orange Registry and studies. We gained a lot of congressional support and the VA was recently ordered to start treating 'Nam vets with Agent Orange complaints for more than just chloracne. The Centers for Disease Control (CDC) was given most of the responsibility for investigating dioxin and the dioxin-bearing herbicides; their report is due by 1989 at the latest. (Inside word has it that the CDC is already leaning heavily in our favor after less than two years of studies.)

Now we get to the settlement and what it does and may mean.

After a weekend recess, court was scheduled to reconvene for the selection of a jury at 10 a.m. on Monday, May 7, with the trial to have begun thereafter. Attorneys for both sides had been meeting nearly around the clock for three weeks prior to that date, trying to come up with an acceptable agreement. It's been reported that while our attorneys were mainly concerned about us having to wait through years of trial for any compensation, the attorneys for the chemical companies were concerned about the previously mentioned documents and the possible "pro-vets" attitude of any jury selected. Additionally, they said they were worried that the jury would "not be able to cope" with "the scientific data to be presented." In short, they appeared worried about losing. David Dean, our lead counsel, said the chemical companies' lawyers kept saying, "You can't win," to which our side's response was unfailingly, "OK, then let's go pick a jury!" The companies settled — at 4 a.m., on May 7 — only six hours before jury selection was to begin.

One of the conditions of the settlement was that the companies were to deposit the money in a bank trust fund that same day. It was done — \$180 million began drawing interest



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BUN HUGGERS

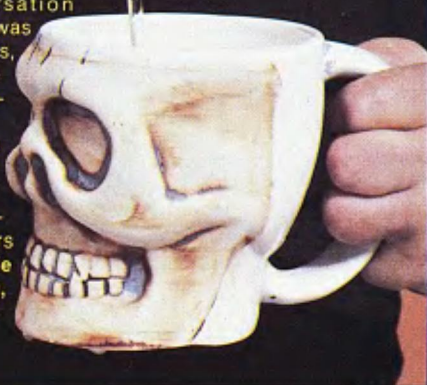
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Please print your name and address to avoid errors. Check or money order payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Armed forces, please add \$1.50 for additional postage. Mugs are sent insured.

immediately — \$61,000 a day in interest! By 1990 that could up the account to around \$250 million. Judge Weinstein, as of this writing, still has to approve the legality and "fairness" of the settlement, but it's expected he'll do so.

So what does this "victory" mean?

It depends on whom you talk to, bro.

If you think in terms of money... well, as soon as the fund is set up and running for disbursements, some of the vets — probably the ones most in need — will start getting some bucks. But no one is going to get rich. That \$180 or \$250 mil sounds like a lot, but not when you start breaking it down by the number of bros who may be entitled to a portion of it. Although it's "one of the largest product-liability settlements in history," the fact remains that if we had gone to a jury and won, plus won any appeals after that, there would be maybe a billion or even two billion owed us. Bobby Muller of the VVA called what we received "chunk change" — and he's got a point.

But our attorneys also have a point: they're not looking so much at the actual amount of money as they are at this settlement being "a step forward." In an ABC "Nightline" interview, Dave Dean said that it's now up to Washington to compensate vets and that "this is the first time in fifteen years that somebody has done something for these guys... that somebody has, practically speaking, acknowledged responsibility." In his opinion, and in the opinion of many others, the settlement is obviously better than fighting in the courts another "three to ten years" and possibly losing.

That could have very well happened — and we need to think about it, before we all run off half-cocked, moaning about all the money we "lost." If the jury had decided against us, we'd have appealed and probably lost. If we had to fight it out another eight or ten years, who'd get

Continued on page 117

EASYRIDERS' GOODIES!



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D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$11.25	\$12.50		\$	\$
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F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 3.75	\$ 4.25		\$	\$
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Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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Address _____ Tax 6% \$ _____
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Easyriders



"Honey, can we pull over?
I just had another orgasm."

Wordmonger

Continued from page 11

Earrings Facts

Just been reading in a recent issue about the great earring controversy and thought you might like the lowdown.

As far as Europeans and Americans go, the custom of men wearing earrings originated with sailors hundreds of years ago. The point of wearing a gold earring was so that, in the case of a shipwreck, if a body was washed ashore, the earring would pay for a Christian burial.

Even today you'll see many fishermen wearing a ring in their right ear. During the clipper-ship days it was accepted that if you had been on a ship that had crossed the Indian Ocean from west to east, you were entitled to wear a ring in your left ear (a bitch of a trip on a wind-jammer).

Any meanings put upon earrings today are Johnny-come-lately ideas and usually a load of shit.

Woolly Bear
England

An Opinion

After several years of observing, interviewing, and researching the psychologically abnormal behavior of female bikers, I and several associates have concluded: 92 percent of all such suffer from schizophrenia (can't relate to reality); 69.6 percent suffer from sexual disorders (abnormal behavior); 56 percent are habitual drug abusers (burnouts); and 39 percent have served prison sentences.

I hereby conclude and categorize these females (ha, ha, ha) as crab-infested, sleazy, drug-burned rats. I am also, as you say, a brother. I own a very charming BMW, associate with females with university doctorates, and often party down in bistros and cafes (French), not unlike many of my brothers. So why not let us disassociate with typical biker women and really ride.

Timothy Whittinton
Toronto, Ontario

A Beef

I recently purchased a set of rocker arm covers (chrome) and was wondering if you could clear up a few things for me.

First off, one of the covers is nearly flawless, chrome-

wise; the other has hot oil stains in a few nearly transparent areas. They're not too bad, but I'm wonderin' if I'm being too tidy.

Along one edge, there's a place where either the chrome was over-polished or it never got plated right. Should I take it back and worry about getting punched for being too neat, or sit on it and pretend it's perfect?

Dean
Bremerton, Wash.

Fuck 'em — tell 'em you want both covers flawless.

Remembers

I'd like to reply to Little Sister in the November issue.

I almost wish we were related. My family spread a "Watch it, folks, he's an animal" rumor around when I came home from two years in 'Nam. I was a medic with a helicopter ambulance unit (Dustoff). No, I didn't want to talk about it and still don't. I don't just dream — I relive many days and nights of adrenalin-charged terror and action. Books and movies are largely fictitious, but they set off memories that I prefer to keep locked away so I can keep on with my everyday life of what's happening now. Many things set off the memories — fireworks, gunshots, cars backfiring, seeing helicopters or jets — and my mind goes back to 'Nam. My body slips into neutral or, like a robot, keeps on doing whatever it was doing when my mind shifted gears.

I read your letter for the third time yesterday, but the emotions it brings out are so intense that I've waited a day to write this. I want to say thank you for caring. I wish there were more folks like you. And please forgive us if you approach one of us suddenly while we're staring into space.

Jack C. Simmons
Marshall, Tex.

Pit Bull Controversy

This letter is for the self-appointed pit-bull-expert cunt who was in a recent "Wordmonger." Every dog she listed has a different definition.

1. American Staffordshire Terrier: The show counterpart of the American Pit Bull Terrier (A.P.B.T.). Except for some game strains that are dual-registered, these dogs could not be as game as the A.P.B.T. or have the same abilities.

2. Bull Terrier: A show dog produced (around 1850) by a cross between a Brachycephalic-type bull dog and a terrier. Despite popular opinion to the contrary, this breed, because of insufficient agility and gameness, was never consistently used as a pit dog.

3. Staffordshire Bull Terrier: An English show dog descended from many of the same ancestors as the A.P.B.T. However, it has been bred along different lines from the American Staffordshire Terrier and has very little similarity to the A.P.B.T.

4. English Bulldog: A cross between the pushed-in nose type of bulldog and the old English White Terrier (now extinct).

These definitions came from Richard F. Stratton's book *This Is The American Pit Bull Terrier*.

I also want to answer the question she asked about the ones she listed. Yes, I do know which dog I own, and it's none of the above. It's a pit bull.

Monica Jamroch
Houston, Tex.

Wants Letters

I'm an English girl biker, age 18, who would like to exchange letters with American male bikers between the ages of 18 and 24. I don't mind if you're locked up for a while, I'll give ya a smile. If you can't write too well, send a cassette. Please send photos, too. Write to Mandy at 1 Wilverley Close, Pennington, Lymington, Hants., SO4 8DB England.

Lonely English Girl
Hants., England

1984 Special

I just got through reading the 1984 Special edition. It was fuckin' righteous. Nice fiction and bike features.

I'm a Trumpet rider, and my ol' man just bought a 1984 FXE which is righteous. You also deserve a big helpin' of raisin pie.

Strawberry
Sumner, Iowa

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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Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment® This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

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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.

Untraceable remails, Canada, \$2 (no stamps). Box 673, Gibsons, B.C. V0N 1V0 (136)

New identity: Methods used by Uncle Sam for the Protective Witness Program — foolproof. The Money Game: AAA credit, Visa, loans, secret methods that work. The MFS Report: Over 500 secret addresses; U.S., Canada and Europe. Create refs, business and employment history and more. Order all or individually at \$10 each. Send order and amount to F.L.E., 5580 La Jolla Blvd., Suite 421, La Jolla, CA 92037. (137)

Small but strong, w/m trucker, 5'9", 150 lbs., 25, rides shovel. Healthy, bright, spiritual, passionate, country boy. Loves steam locomotives, wilderness, Harleys. Like to meet similar women. Clean lungs preferred! Will trade letters and/or pics. Tim, W. 700 Main, Pullman, WA 99163. (135)

Professional tattooing handbook. Illustrations, manuals. Lowest prices! Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-X, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (135)

W/m, 39, 5'8", 160 lbs. Retired homeowner, financially independent, free to travel. Want one-man woman for lasting relationship. Under 35 and no heavyweights. Send pic for same. Gene Tester, 1732 N.W. 37th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73118. (135)

Collectors' items: Have a few sets of beautiful color prints, 17 x 22. Two prints per set. Left and right. 1936 knucklehead (first off assembly line) and 1946 panhead. Most suitable for framing. Only \$18 per set. Well worth it. Shipped in a tube, freight-free. Jackson Cedar, 15461 Hwy. 101, Brookings, OR 97415. (135)

Hey! Bruce Dwyne: You should have stayed till the end of the contract instead of bailing out to Oregon — you haven't written yet, either! The Sleeping Dragon. (135)

Hells Angels! Rare collectors' magazine containing authentic photos from the 1960s. Send \$6.95 to: Ramco, Box 8423, Van Nuys, CA 91409. (135)

W/f, 21, blonde, blue, stacked. Wants to make it! Will print anything on bumper-sticker, \$3. Grossest gets my panties! Lamp, Box 471, Long Key, FL 33001. (135)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals, lowest prices! Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-X, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (135)

Charles Gatewood's "Forbidden Photographs" — Spider Webb's bizarre tattoos, erotic piercings, Mardi Gras madness, more! Deluxe edition, \$25. Flash Publications, Box 745, Woodstock, NY 12488. (135)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career. Work with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUC74, 4400 Campus Drive, Newport Beach, CA 92660. (135)

White man, 5'5", 145 lbs., blond & blue, 32, 100% Irish, and proud. Looking for sensual, attractive and understanding woman to ease the pain. Out in '85 (maybe). Will go one for one with the flicks. Rescue Jimmy McDonald, IM #214, 83-A-0596, Box G, Wallkill, NY 12589. No phonies please. (135)

Two w/m, down and out, need any and all ladies to write. Age don't matter. All letters answered. James McGee 48445 and Dennis Gladney 49844, Box 600, CCF, U-3, Cell FA, Canon City, CO 81712. (135)

Swap meets: July 22, Aug. 26, I-70 Drive-In, Kansas City, Mo. Aug. 4, Little Rock, Arkansas, at State Fairgrounds, Sept. 30, Albuquerque, N.M., at State Fairgrounds. (816) 228-5811 for info. (135)

34-yr.-old, very handsome, well-built NYC executive would like to be conquered by a very young, seductive zaftig fox in leather, lace and heels. If you always get your man, please write to: Box 1590, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156. (135)

Hitler head pins, handmade from authentic WWII Nazi stamps. Collectors' item. One for \$3; three different, \$7! Thom King, Box 50214, Nashville, TN 37205. (135)

Sean: Annette's down South. Where are you? Call me: (501) 265-3469. (135)

SS pin, \$3.50; swastika, \$3; armband, \$4.50; catalog, \$1.50. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, MI 48910. (135)

Florida beach living for the right lady. I'm looking for a good-lookin', clean, good-cookin', good-lovin' woman. No smoker, doper, or drinker. Send photo with each letter. Please, no incarcerated persons. Tom, 404 1st Street, Indian Rocks Beach, FL 33535. (141)

Shadow: Still dream about ya, kid. Take care. Yok II. (135)

Chris Smith: Wherever you are, write. Jesse Tolman, 1359 Hammond, Bangor, ME 04401. (135)

White male, 31, seeks mature woman for possible permanent relationship. Write: Mark A. Robison, 1855 Blvd. de Province #18, Baton Rouge, LA 70816. (135)

Swap meets: June 24, July 22. I-70 Drive-In, Kansas City, Mo. 8 to 4. (135)

Swap meet: July 15, Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City, Okla. (135)

Swap meet: September 30, New Mexico State Fairgrounds, Albuquerque, N.M. (135)

Doing life is a bitch. Having no mail is even worse. Need to hear from level-headed ladies to help with the down times. James M. "Shotgun" Baggett, EF-157036, 7175 Manor Rd., Columbus, GA 31907. (135)

Been down six years; gettin' short. It's been lonely as hell. Would like to hear from some ladies. Steve Gavette, EF-117444, J-D, 7175 Manor Road, Columbus, GA 31907. (135)

Looking for a woman, age don't matter. None of that dribble bullshit. Look at yourself in the mirror — if you're able to be real with that face you see there, then come to me in a scribe. Big John Streeter 023667, FSP, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (135)

Ladies: w/m inmate would like to correspond with you. Please send letters and pictures to Don McMeen, Box 69/154-300, London, OH 43140-0069. (135)

Downed bro, needs to hear from ladies. Mark Harp 169-941, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601. (135)

Need a place to crash on the way to Sturgis? My backyard has plenty of tent space for my bros. Free keg beer while it lasts. Shitty Smitty, 1308 Sheridan, Alliance, NE 69301. (135)

Maria (in the June "Ol' Lady Contest"): Dancers are one of the true loves of my life. You got my vote. Write me. Jim Robinson, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (135)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc. Flathead 80, 74, 45, solo and trike, panhead, shovelhead, K model and Sportster parts. Also British and Jap parts. 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. Phone (901) 276-6443. 10:30 a.m.-5:00 p.m., Tues.-Sat. (135)

Mark: Happy birthday, 6/30/59. I love you! Forever yours, Annette. (135)

Government Jobs: Thousands of vacancies must be filled immediately. \$17,634 to \$50,112. Call 1-716-842-6000, Ext. 33855. (135)

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)

Women bikers: sisters helping sisters. For info, contact: AWW, Box 44054, Oklahoma City, OK 73144. (135)

Dearest Mark (Grissly): Gotta sweet New Year's letter, as usual! Nothing since? Hope you're OK. Love and miss you always. L'Fox. (135)

Down half-breed Indian would like to hear from sincere honeys. Prison mail welcome. I'm 25, 6' tall, black hair, brown eyes. Write: John Wolf 70262, Drawer N, Trenton, NJ 08625. (135)

Two w/m doin' time would appreciate correspondence with ladies, 18-29. Pictures appreciated. Will write all. Wayne Van Meter 44693, and Warren Dow 50213, SMCF, Box 700, Canon City, CO 81212. (135)

W/f, 5', 103 lbs. Been down for a couple of years with some still left to go. Need to hear from a sincere and understanding man. Gwenda "Wendi" Pierce 150542, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024. (135)

Sneezy: Happy birthday, my honey bear, 6/14/46. So glad you were part of my life. Come be part of it again. Listen only to yourself. Let's let it be good again for us. I'll love you always. Debbie (100% confused). (135)

Girls: Delight your friends and start your own business with a naughty home-party plan. They'll love our lush lingerie, lotions, sexy toys and adult novelties. Most items earn you 100% profit. Send \$5 cash or money order for catalogs, prices, and information on starting your own business. Party Plan, Box 8819, Calabasas, CA 91302. Sorry, but you must be 18 years or older. (150)

Tom: Happy birthday, darlin', 8/23/53. Love you, Page Lane. (135)

Rich: How's the vibrator? Gonna hafta get one this year. This year's my year. 4 August: Happy Geburstag! Love ya, Kc. (135)

Jer: Happy 30th birthday. Will you marry me? You are too fantastic to let go. You're the only one who can make me happy. Forever yours. Nips (Sue). (135)

Wanted: One boyfriend (over 24, and not in prison). Experience not necessary, but fine if you have it. Wanted for serious relationship, possibly marriage. Photo for photo. Shirley L.F. Friedrich, 9812 Box Ford Way, Louisville, KY 40222. (135)

Downed w/m needs communications with real world. Letters from sincere ladies only. Will receive considerate, appropriate response. Semi-biker, not wannabe personality. Flat beard, brown hair, only one tac — so far. Roger Ladd, C-20358, CMC, Box A-E #1391, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (135)

Downed bro, 20, 5'11", 185 lbs., with heart of gold. Needs letters from sincere ladies. Young, middle-aged or old. John Hennessy, C-73268, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (135)

Pauli "Crazy Lazy" Redman: Only a fool fights in a burning house. Tripper. (135)

Tattoo fans: Get the Tattoo World News-letter free each month. Send SASE to Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Human skull, authentic, legal. \$155. Brock, 917 Ranger, Cheyenne, WY 82009. (307) 634-5638. (137)

MC club patches, pins, T-shirts, awards or anything else you need. Send SASE to TW, 15537 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Downed brother, 28, Italian, good-looking, doing time in New York's Catskill area. Miss the free breezes. Need sincere lady, 25-35, to share letters, visits, fun and dreams. Send photo, if possible. You'll know you did right. Serge Motti, 79A1384, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458. (137)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1983. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyriders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (138)

Leather saddlebags, \$39; chaps, \$79; plus more, including T-shirts. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, PA 16041. (137)

W/m, 29, 170 lbs., intelligent, good-looking, long dark hair, Libra, loner. Likes rock 'n' roll and simple slow life. Loves pleasing his woman and smoking weed. Needs a female for long-term (possibly permanent) mental and physical relationship and to ride behind him on Hog. 18-25, under 5'3", around 37-21-37, dark hair, no aversion to earning the bread. Good photo required. One-man woman only. Relocate now or I'll come to you. Skooter, Box 4811, Ventura, CA 93004. (135)

Tattoo shops: need T-shirts, hats, pins, or whatever? Top-quality silk-screen on heavy shirts. Send for wholesale price list. Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Art: Happy 28th birthday and our first anniversary of ridin' together. Ride free with me forever. I love ya. "Wildheart." (135)

Doing time. Release 12/19/84. Not looking for a "money mama," looking for a lady for a possible serious relationship. One who isn't afraid to take a chance with a guy who's seen her's gone wrong once or twice in his life. W/m, 31, hazel/brown, 5'9", 160 pounds. Sauer 27441, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (135)

Eater: The last year has been wild and crazy, and I'm looking forward to many more! Happy birthday, old man! Love always, your favorite orifice, Dy. (135)

Calling all females, 18-50. Lonely man needs loving, too. Will be paroled in '85. 6'1", 210 lbs., age 25, brown hair, blue eyes. Will answer all letters. Photo for photo. Rich Meaney 68159, SSP Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314. (135)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (138)

Missing: Fujica HD-1 35mm camera with red film cannister on strap. Last seen on river bank at Yuma Prison Run in '84. If not camera, please send film C.O.D. Ty Nall, 8341 E. Montecito, Scottsdale, AZ 85251. (135)

White male, 34, slammed in Folsom. Interested in writing mature ladies. Art Hoff, Box C-33010, Represa, CA 95671. (135)

Attention, Cleveland: The finest quality, the finest inks, the finest artists. This is the Finest Lines Tattoo Studio, 29027 Euclid Ave., Wickliffe, Ohio. (216) 943-4008. We didn't get that name for nothing, ya know! So ride on down and check it out. Freehand like you wouldn't believe. Your design or mine. The only tattoo studio so close to Cleveland, and we're good people, too. (135)

Tattoo Convention and Exposition, September 14-16 at Adam's Mark Hotel in Houston. Booth spaces available to tattoo artists and manufacturers. For more information, call the Tattoo Zone. (713) 645-2756. (137)

Christian, w/m, 20s, in prison but out soon, seeking a Christian lady for friendship during these final months and possibly lifetime relationship when I'm free. I'm a healthy, happy, humorous, vibrant, handsome, blue-eyed guy who is sincere and not into head games. Am oriented toward a family life, kids and honest communication. Presently starting my own business and am financially secure. Your looks not as important as what's in your heart and the desire to give your all to the man in your life as he gives his all to you. Prefer a lady with the desire to make time for visiting, sharing and getting to know each other. Grab a pen — I need ya! Pica please; will send one of myself with first letter. Jeffrey I. Gambord, c/o 710 Mississippi St., Fairfield, CA 94533. (135)

Sandy Singley or any information on her whereabouts. Last seen in Sterling Heights, Michigan, in 1978. Call Joe: 1-313-731-9540. (135)

Fuzzy: You'll never know how much I love ya, or how it hurts to miss ya. But when ya blow through town again, I'll show ya when I kiss ya! Your ever lovin' lady in need. Biff. (135)

Lonely 27-year-old biker wishes to correspond/meet lady who believes that: truth isn't lies, trust is not deception, and love is to be loved and give love in return. Richard Paul Kimmel, 3953 Carol Avenue, Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (135)

Animal: Words will never be written the way I feel about you. I will always be there for you even if no one else is. The "Bride." (135)

Ladies with heart, 18 to 60: Want to make the guards mad at mail call? Write to me. W/m, 33 years old. Glen Chambers 447764, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. (136)

Big Bob Kirk, Kenny and David Bad, the brothers I'll never forget: I should be home soon, so keep the faith and thanks for helping and holding down my scoots. It's good to know there are still some stand-up people left. RRR ex-bandit. PBC Jail. (135)

17-year-old w/m, blond hair, Gemini. Wishing to hear from an artistic Harley girl same age who shares similar interests for pen pal/friendship. I enjoy painting, drawing, writing short stories, creating tattoo designs and other bike-related arts. Like country and Southern rock. Owner of two H-D 175 lightweights and '67 Camaro. Game-players and ladies over 18 need not respond. Walt Posey, Rt. #1 Box 3, White Plains, MD 20695. (135)

W/m, 5'9", 180 lbs., looking for sincere relationship. Have been married, know the ropes. Dopers and game players, don't waste your time or mine. Down-to-earth, hard-working guy. If you are looking for a tramp, write someone else. If you're a one-man woman, I am interested. Joe, 5854 Cahuena #358, North Hollywood, CA 91601. (135)

Easyriders, hard-to-find issues. For sale or swap. Complete your collection! Mike Wieland (414) 464-6620. (137)

W/m, age 35, Gemini, 6', 185 lbs., brown eyes and brown hair, widower. Seeks lady, 25-45, who likes Harleys and 18-wheelers. Please, no dopers or porkers. Prefer non-smoker, from central or southeastern Ohio area. William, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (135)

Swamp Rat: My friend and lover, we'll be together when the hardtails become dressers and there's rocking chairs on the porch. I love you. (135)

Hey, Donny J.T.: You "roaming Okie" from Oklahoma, when you left you took my heart. I'm not whole without you. Please call to let me know I can come to you. "Yours." (135)

20-year-old white prisoner would like female pen pals. Michael P. Clougherty 111091, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (135)

German prisoner, black hair, blue eyes, good body, 32 yrs. old, wants letters from lovely American girls, 18 and older. Please include photo. Hobbies: motorcycles, dogs, tattoos, holidays all over the world. Heiko Tauber, Gerichtsstr. 5, 58 Hagen 1., West Germany. (135)

W/m, 31, 6'3", 180 lbs., would like to hear from some foxy ladies. No game players, please. Will exchange photos with those doing the same. So, come on, ladies, drop a line. Richard Alger 150590, Rt. #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (135)

Wanted: BSA parts for '68 650. Need valve cover, kick-starter assy., shifter assy., gen., tranny parts. Need 'em bad! Will pay postage. Write: Sgt. Steve Mackay, Box 1066, D btry., 1/81 FA, APO NY 09035. Thank! High Luddy! (135)

Girl wanted. Must be submissive and want bondage, humiliation, discipline, kinky sex, and love riding and be free to travel worldwide. Marriage offered to slave who pleases me. Send photo and letter. Explain how you will please and serve me. Ron Blas, C-73601, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130. (135)

Ex-con would like to hear from foxy ladies for correspondence and perhaps close relationship. Write with photo to Brad Hebert, Rt. #3 Box 8 D-10, New Iberia, LA 70560. (135)

Good-looking w/m, 36, with Harley, wants cutie for company for day ridin' in Lake Tahoe. No hassles. Al, Box 1801, Zephyr Cove, NV 89448. (135)

Li'l Mike: Congratulations. I hear you're married, but, baby, you'll always be close to my heart. I'll party for ya on 5/18. By the way, I still like it on my stomach! (135)

Bear: I drove you away because I doubted my own belief in you. The apology is here and now. The explanation has to be face to face. Please come home and give me a chance to give it to you. Rose and I miss you. Animal. (135)

Lisa from Warren, Penn.: Call Sidewinder in Ft. Worth. Call collect. (817) 560-1284. (135)

Anyone knowing how I might get in touch with Chris from Ride On Leather, please contact me at Box 8154, P.S., CA 92263. All I want is my leather bags back. Anyone who can help me retrieve my bags will be well rewarded. (619) 363-7888. (135)

48-year-old white short-time prisoner wants female pen pals. Richard J. Smith 23948, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (135)

Vickie Lynn from Everett, Wash.: Call Sidewinder in Ft. Worth. Call collect. (817) 560-1284. (135)

Hawk: "Big Ron." Urgent we talk. Please call (213) 631-8034 before 11 p.m. Work (12-8) on M2 L.B. VA. Call until you reach me. Love you, babe. Dot. (135)

Free w/m, 30, 5'11", 170 lbs., blond, blue. Needs a lady, 20-35, slim, attractive, who wants to give as much as she receives in a relationship. No hard drugs; prefer non-smoker. I sometimes work overseas, so rugrats are a problem. Can offer a lot to the right lady. Photo and letter to Danny, 169 Sioux Tr., I.H., Granbury, TX 76048. (135)

I'm a downed white boy in need of mail from young ladies (girls), 17-19. I'm 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. I'm hoping to be out in October '84. All letters answered. Brian Brown 40590, Preston, 201 Waterman Rd., Ione, CA 95640. (135)

Back issues: 54 copies, two binders and 1-74 trash. Oldest: Dec. '71. Newest: May '79. All new condition. Selling complete, only \$140. Write for details. Rich Swafford, 3809 Bettie Ave., Reno, NV 89512. (135)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20X, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (139)

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I'm looking for "Duck" of the Breed MC who left Auburn, N.Y., in July '83 and went to N.J. Write Jake or call my ol' lady Lucy. R. Jakobetz 81-D-227, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458. Call Lucy at (212) 278-7391 or 728-5261. (135)

Wanted: 1947 knucklehead rider. Must be 31 yrs. old, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair and beard, live in log house, father of two, and named Larry. If you see this ad, we need and love you! Can we come home? Forever yours! Bunky, Cole, Holly. (136)

Lee: Lost ya in Missouri. Write me. Box 55, Weatherby, MO 64497. Love ya. Kathie Sharp. (135)

Lonely biker, w/m, brown hair, brown eyes, 5'8", 150 lbs. Foxy ladies, write and send pictures. Will answer pictures first. Jim "Lucky" Hagen, Box 17663, Fort Mitchell, KY 41017. (135)

Beaver: You may be getting older but you will never grow up. Happy 40th, honey. Love ya, Pam. (135)

Lonely death row prisoner, w/m, 37, been down eight years. Would like to correspond with anyone. Jim Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, AZ 85232. (135)

Wanted: Basket H-D mill, '49-'70. Prefer knuck or pan. W/papers. Will answer all. Send to Phil, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (135)

Parkins: Together we'll face the world. . . in the wind at last. Thank you for the first three. We survived our greatest challenge. All my love, Loo. (135)

A chemist and horticulturist — specialty in herbs — seeks correspondence with strong, individualistic woman. Looks not a determining factor; having heart is! Write to: H.J. Duffy 319400, TDC Ramsey II Unit, Rt. #4, Box 1200, Rosharon, TX 77583. (135)

My Outlaw: This lady's heart and yours are in the wind together forever. I'll be waiting, buns up. Soon. Belladonna. (135)

Wanted: Intelligent, beautiful, young slave girl. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846. (135)

Len: Happy 33rd. Ride free forever. Bushels and bushels. Marcia. (135)

Ron: Happy birthday, Magic Man (August 29). The wind awaits and we'll take it together soon. Remember, I love you. Tracey. (135)

W/m, 36, 6', 185 lbs., Harley rider, looking for a lover who won't drive me crazy. Must be sincere and honest. I enjoy travel, camping, sports, partying and the wind in my hair. Pics appreciated. Rocket, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (135)

Mark: Here's to many more years of suckin' and fuckin'. Happy anniversary, 6/4. I love you. Denise. (135)

Hey, babe, treat yourself right. Treat yourself to a dude who's sweet as berries. Call Barry (702) 883-4579. No collect calls. (135)

Attractive white male, 30, with serious intentions, would like to meet an attractive mature lady, any age, from Northern California (or close) to form a sharing and caring relationship. Michael Chess, C-52809, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (135)

Help! I need old bike license plates. 1950s and earlier. Older the better. Southern states special. Top cash paid. Gene Hauman, North Country Road, Wading River, NY 11792. (516) 744-4442. (135)

Johnny: Happy birthday! 7/10/52. Hope it's the best. Love you forever! Antoinette. (135)

Night Rider: We are one forever. My love flows like a river. I thirst for you always. Love, your Noontime. (135)

Locked down, lonely dude, seeking lonely, decent-looking chick to exchange letters and photos (your age doesn't matter). I'm 5'11 1/2", 180 lbs., brown hair, beard and eyes. Write to: Wayman Harris, 1300 Western Blvd., Raleigh, NC 27606. You won't be sorry! (135)

W/m, 29, 5'10", 175 lbs., looking to relocate to W. Nevada or S. Utah. Would like to hear from clean, lean women. Al Huff, 6003 Eckleson St., Lakewood, CA 90713. (135)

Papa Joe: We beat the cancer and we'll beat the feds. I love you more than life itself. Happy anniversary. Love, Irish. (135)

Alaskan riding to Florida for a good thaw. Would like to meet with sincere ladies, even if you're down. Photos will get the same. Ken, Box 73353, Fairbanks, AK 99707. (135)

Laurie: Happy birthday, sexy! 8/12/50. I love you always! Scottie. (135)

Northern California white boy looking for a sweet lady to parole to for a righteous, no-bullshit relationship. Ladies, 18-40, write Michael Sims 16752, Box 607, NSP, Carson City NV 89701. (135)

Rainbow Mike's Tattoo Studio. 7 W. 6th St., Wilmington, Delaware. (302) 571-1974. (135)

Night Rider: No one is sexier, sweeter, stronger, more sensitive, or more beautiful than you are. No one is luckier than I am. Happy birthday, Sept. 19. Noontime. (135)

W/m, 27, looking for a good lady who'll stick. Furloughs '85; out Jan. '87. Jack Miller, Box 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57117-0911. (135)

Dennis: I love you, honey. You're the best. Happy birthday, 6/18/55. We'll be in the wind together forever. Love ya! Boo-Boo. (135)

Want to buy: tattoo stencils and related articles. Bobby Grayson, Box 52744, Baton Rouge, LA 70892. (135)

Two white bros from S. California, down in Washington, needin' a couple of good ladies to write to. Mike Goedhart 288990, and Randall Moore 281449, Box 1000, McNeil Island, Steilacoom, WA 98388. (135)

Thanks to Dan and Triach McNamara and friends for pulling me from under the car. Once again, thanks. Mike and Buns. (135)

Alan: Happy birthday, 9/3. I love you more each day. May we ride together forever. Jelly Bean. (135)

Bill: Very happy eleventh anniversary! 7/21/84. Love, Patti and Dan. (135)

Mk4 Ratchet-top Spedi Shifter, plans and inst., \$5. M.o. only. J.A. Chambers, Box 520, MSB, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (135)

Can you imagine Christ wearing swastikas? Of course not. Jesus was a Jew, so why do you hate Jews? (135)

Why were you born? What is the purpose for human life? Find out what the Bible says. Send \$1 to: Carpenter, Box 362, Ft. Ord, CA 93941-0362. (135)

Bad Guy, and now. . . I love you more. We did it! Happy birthday. Forever yours, Warm Gun. (135)

Mark: Happy first anniversary, 5/21/84. May the rest of our years together be as happy as the first. All my love, your old lady. (135)

Blond and blue, in need of you. Down but not out white male, 26, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeking letters and flicks from all chicks. Write to Jim Lynch, C-48505, CMC-E, Rm. 3183, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (135)

Dennis McDermott: Where did you go? Very important I talk to you. Waiting for you to come home again. I love you. Sandi. (135)

W/m, 36, 6', 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, doing time. Wishes to correspond with anyone. William Folrad 19556, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (135)

W/m, 34, 5'10", blue eyes, brown hair, doing time, will answer all letters. Jerry Flanagan 86876, LCC Box 260, Lexington, OK 73051. (135)

Hawk: Happy birthday, 8/14/55. Married almost ten years, mistress or not, I'll love you always. 27, 5'6", blonde, blue eyes, size five jeans — can't be because I couldn't find another. You are special. Glad you're here. Nip. (135)

Raven Starr: The final untruth shone through on 5/1/84. If the thunderbolts and free form mean anything, think of them as the memory of the only real man you've ever scammed. Good sex is not enough for me. You put a hurtin' on Ralph and I'll forward information from the clinic. Simple things for simple minds, I guess. Grow up. Love, Gonzo. (135)

A trust fund is being established for the two-year-old son of racer Gary "Rocket-Man" Gabelich. Your donations of \$2 or more would be greatly appreciated. Send SASE to Buttons, c/o High Gear Machine Shop, 1552 W. Willow, Long Beach, CA 90804. (135)

Chuck: 7/16/55 — happy birthday, babe! Seven years and still going strong! Your loving "Woods Nymph." (135)

Happy birthday, "Hungry." 8/18/55. Can't say you're as nice as can be. Most of the time you're as mean as hell's fury! Can't say you're as bad as the worst when you're the better of the best! Just want you to know that with the fury and better, I'm still loving your soul, right down to your ass! "Rosemilk." (135)

W/m would like to hear from good-hearted, sincere ladies. I'm 27, 5'9", 160 lbs., green eyes, blond hair. This could be the start of something good for both of us. Freddie Williamson, C-08287, A-2356, CMC Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (135)

Wanted: intelligent, beautiful, young slave girl. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846. (135)

Girls wanted, esp. from East Coast. Anyone from Down East, write to fun-loving biker with rocket 900cc iron. 6'2", 210 lbs., 33. The Platinum Cowboy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (135)

Skip: Happy birthday, babe, 9/19. Here is to the good times ahead of us, together! I love you more than words can say. (Believe it!) Ree. (135)

Dawnly: Just want to see if you're paying attention. Sure do miss ya and love ya. Little Sister Tess. (135)

Happy birthday, Indian Bob. Love ya, sweetheart. Your wife always and forever, Patty. (135)

Wanted: Easyriders, 1-55 and In The Wind #1. Will pay \$150. Keith. (707) 446-3388. (135)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (135)

D.J. Guenther: Yeah, you! Couldn't make Hazen '84, but look out in '85. Remember, that's my seat. I miss you. I want you. I need you. I love you. Crazy Lady. (135)





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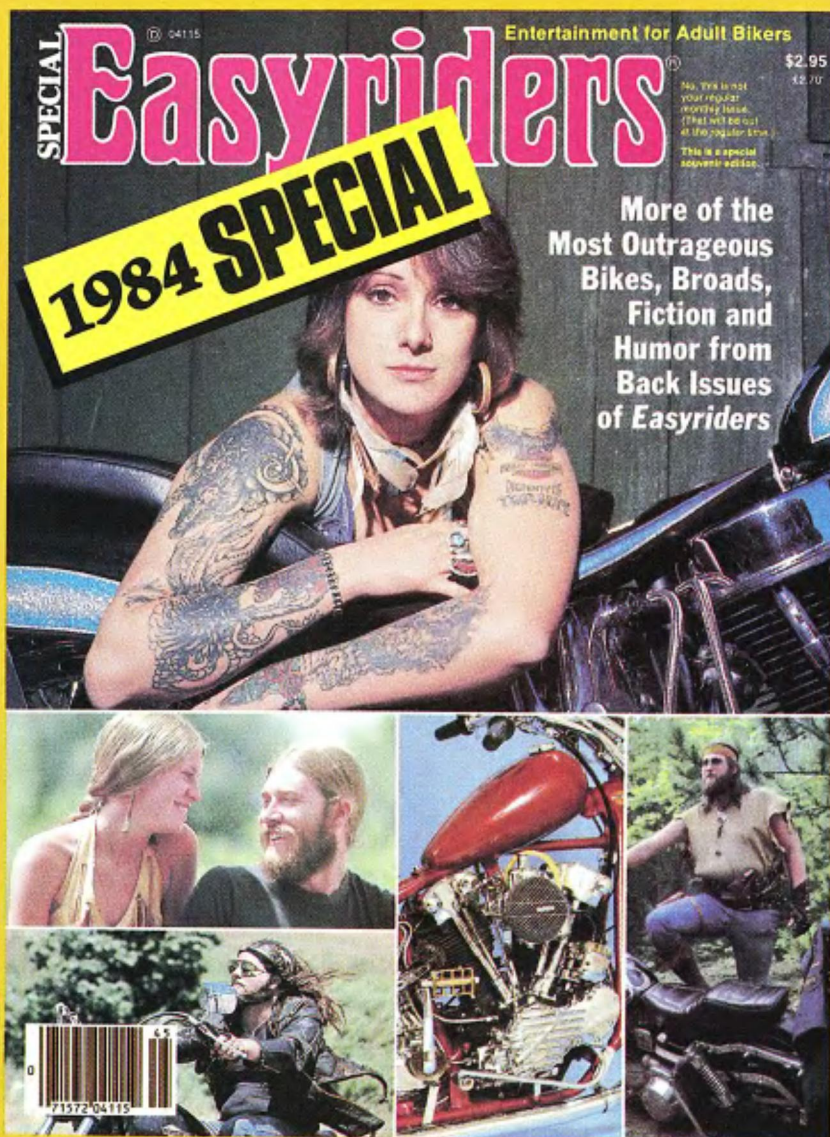
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Vet Voice

Continued from page 110

anything in the meantime? Nobody. Some of us can wait that long — all too many just can't. Then there's the chance — a good one, I think — that we'd have won. Even so, the companies would have appealed it. We all know how many damned heavy criminals have gotten off free on a "technicality" — and that could easily have been the luck of the companies on appeal. The whole thing could have ended up thrown out of court and we'd have fought another decade for zilch. I gotta wonder how you and I would've felt then, knowing that way back in '84 a few really messed-up bros might have at least gotten something for their suffering.

Then there's the question of whether we punished the chemical companies sufficiently.

I say we didn't even bruise them. If punishing them was your interest, hang it up, bro. They got off easy — relatively speaking. First, \$180 million is a hell of a lot less damaging to them than a possible \$1.8 billion. Besides, all seven companies will share the cost; it's not like each individual company has to pay it. And Dow and Monsanto, being the largest, will probably pay the lion's share, so the smaller companies aren't going to suffer nearly as much. Third, they're all insured for that tidy sum. And, fourth, they're all getting their collective shit together to sue Uncle Sam for the money. They've got a good enough case, I'd bet. If and when they win, the government will foot the bill and that comes from our taxes, babe.

Besides all that, according to Professor Charles Fried of the Harvard Law School, the companies were better off not fighting another long battle. One reason: lawyers' fees. According to my sources, the defense was paying up to \$2 million a week in legal bills throughout this thing. At that rate, three more years of fighting in court would have cost them twice as much as they paid us! That means, bro, that the fuckers are actually saving money by settling now — even if they would have won the case by fighting on for three more years.

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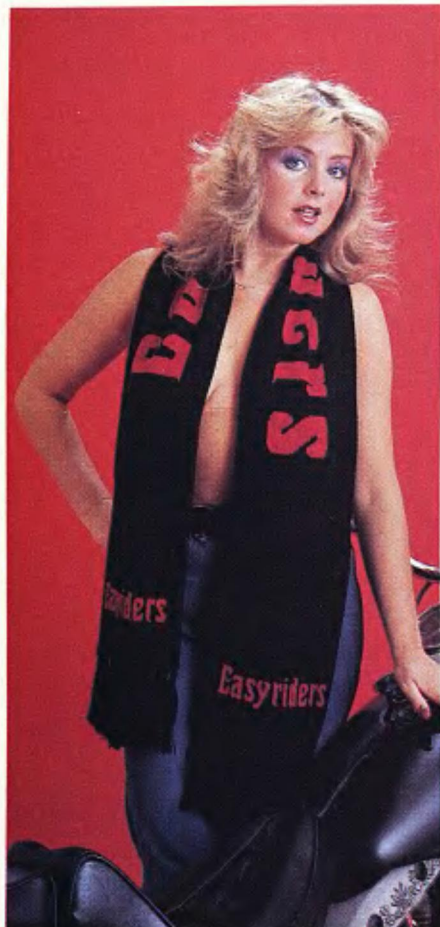
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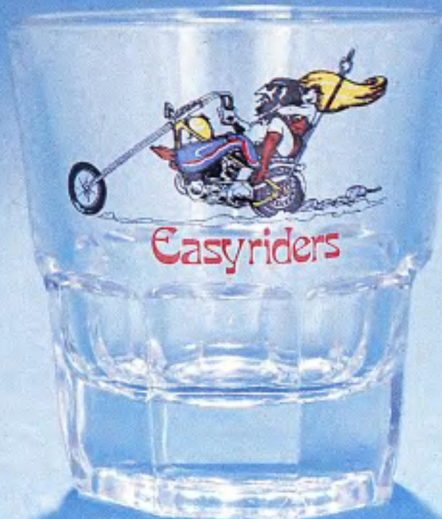
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VVA's Muller claims that Dow's stock actually went up after the settlement was announced. Professor Fried explained why that happened, if it did: speculators in stock have been worried about the financial health of all these companies because they all had that potential billion-plus liability hanging over their heads. Now that they've settled for a hell of a lot less, they're considered a good investment again and they're even making bucks on the sale of their stock!

Another thing. If we'd gone to trial and won, those companies would have been in serious shit with regard to others — the people of Times Beach, Love Canal and God-knows where else in this country — filing the same kind of class-action suits against them. Then there are the people in other countries where they sold their crap. Hell, if the U.S. recognizes the Socialist Republic of Vietnam soon, *millions* there could have sued, too! The way it is now, since no one has beaten the companies in court, any group wishing to sue them would have to start almost from scratch, as we did. That \$180 million isn't sounding so bad now, from the companies' viewpoint, is it?

Still another question about the settlement is whether the chemical companies are admitting any "guilt" or "responsibility." It's actually a condition of the settlement that the manufacturers aren't admitting any. This one question is probably causing more debate over the settlement than the amount of money and the damage to the companies combined. Some say our lawyers "sold out." Some look at the settlement as an implied admission of dioxin's real danger and, therefore, a back-door admission of guilt.

Frank McCarthy, Director of Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims, Inc., said the companies must be admitting guilt by settling out of court. The VVAOV's executive director, Jimmy Sparrow, though, said, "We would much rather have gone to trial. We wanted to put the chemical companies on the hotseat. . . wanted the

Continued on page 122



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Downtime

Continued from page 51

running through your mind all day, whether you're sit-in' on the shitter or slippin' the meat to your ol' lady.

If your local record store doesn't stock **Tales from the Crypt**, the tape can be obtained by sending \$8, plus \$1.25 postage, to ROIR, 611 Broadway, Suite 14, New York, NY 10012.

The Rhino Brothers present the World's Worst Records/Various performers: If you're looking for a non-violent method of riding your house of those pesky party guests who overstay their welcome, this record is guaranteed to send 'em running. If your buddy's ol' lady turns into an obnoxious loudmouth after she has a few brews, there's a way to send her currying for the door without having to paste her in the chops. In fact, no biker should be without this record. It's a better investment in home protection than a Doberman or an S&W — an album that will send burglars and bros alike living for the windows in sheer terror.

Rhino Records is a weird A. company that specializes in... well, the *unusual*. Flip through their catalog at random and you'll run across such titles as **The Best of Louie, Louie** (a collection of different versions of that famous tune), **Fish Heads** (a five-song picture disc cut into the shape of an actual fish head), **Check-point Charlie** (an album of German techno-rock that plays backwards from the inside grooves out), **Football Rap** (a collection of famous college fight songs done in funk-style on a football-shaped disc), and **King of Men** (by professional wrestler Freddie Blassie, and featuring "Pencil Neck" — the most-requested tune on that nationwide tribute to insanity, the Dr. Kemento radio show).

This album gives new meaning to the word bad. You want tunes in terrible

taste? Try "Boogie Woogie Amputee" by Barnes & Barnes: *Oh, Susie baby, if you please, let me give your stump a squeeze/It turns me on, that empty knee, a boogie woogie amputee/We're gonna hop, swing, and jump/I shake my hips, she shakes her stump/C'mon, mama, whee, yahoo/Disco, disco, Peg-Leg Sue.* You want renditions so awful they'll make the fillings in your teeth ache? Check out Wild Man Fischer's version of "Young at Heart" and you'll understand why a barf bag is provided with each album (no shit). Looking for something to offend the ol' lady? Make her listen to "Ugly" by Johnny Meeskite or Johnny Cross's sick tribute to teenage love and death, "I Want My Baby Back."

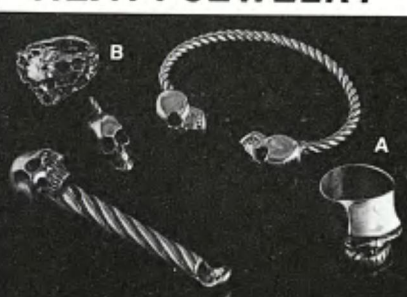
Any of the fourteen cuts on this record will clear a room faster than the farts from your pit bull after he's scarfed down a big meal of leftover pinto beans and stale bologna. But if all else fails, play your ace in the

hole: "I Like." This hilarious parody of the Tom T. Hall hit, "I Love," has to be heard to be believed. It's just the thing to play for your mother-in-law when you're fed up with listenin' to her bitch about your long hair and hasslin' you to go out and find work just so your ol' lady can quit her job loadin' sacks of cement down at the rock quarry. Here's a sample of the lyrics, sung by Heathen Dan (who sounds like he gorges with battery acid and eats razor blades for breakfast): *I like noses fulla snot, dead things when they rot, belchin' just for fun, and scum/I like chancres on my tongue, sniffin' monkey dung, scumbags of all sorts, and warts/I like barfin' on nice rugs, chewin' little slugs, leeches suckin' blood, and mud/And I like you, too. I'm not makin' this up, gang. It's all here — and there's even more.*

If you want a copy of this masterpiece, or a free listing of the off-the-wall offerings available from Rhino Records, write the Rhino Brothers at 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404. You won't be sorry — but everyone who knows you will be. ■



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Vet Voice

Continued from page 118

public to know what they've been doing. That's not going to happen now." One former Green Beret called it all a cop-out. But another vet was more optimistic when he said, "Maybe what happened... will shake up Washington and get us access to VA hospitals." (His daughter is in a wheelchair due to birth defects.)

As for the chemical companies, one of their spokesmen (representing Dow) denied the settlement was an admission of guilt. One of our attorneys, on the other hand, said, "The chemical companies finally came to their knees... and gave the Vietnam veterans a remarkable victory." Back at Dow, spokesman Robert Charlton maintained, "Agent Orange is not a plausible cause of ill health experienced by veterans and [their] families."

It's pretty damned easy for one guy to start jumping for joy at the sound of \$180 million and the idea that the chemical companies were so scared they gave up — and just as easy for another guy to punch out a wall and scream, "Cop-out!" I guess it depends on whether you look at the bright or the dark sides of coins, no pun intended. What's done is done — and we'd better look at what the effect on us vets really is.

First of all, there's now some money for some of us who really need and deserve it. That's better than the situation was on May 6; better by far than it was for many, many years.

Secondly, the CDC is still working on the dioxin question and I think they're going to come out on our side long before that trial would ever have been over. The VA is also becoming more responsive, treating more Agent Orange patients than it ever has before, thanks to certain members of the U.S. House of Representatives and the Senate. This settlement just may play a large part in swinging things even further our way. The fact of the

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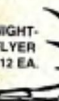
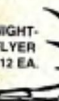
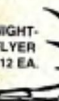
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matter is that with all those other groups that may be ready to sue them too, the chemical companies, if they were so certain they'd win, would have been better off defeating us in court — no matter what the cost — in order to prevent others from trying the same thing. Big-buck attorneys with big-buck clients play the percentages. They must have been running scared if they gave up before even seeing a jury. Merely the suspicion that that was the case is enough to draw people to our side.

At this point, then, every vet has to make up his own mind whether the settlement is a good or bad one. I can only hand you the facts.

This is what I think, and remember, your opinion is as valid as mine: Our lawyers may have copped out — they settled for far too little. If you remember that the chemical companies could have paid out well over another \$300,000,000 in lawyers' fees over the next three or four years (if we'd gone to trial), then add to it how much they'd have lost on the stock market and so on, it's not unreasonable to expect that they would have paid us up to a half-billion dollars in settlement.

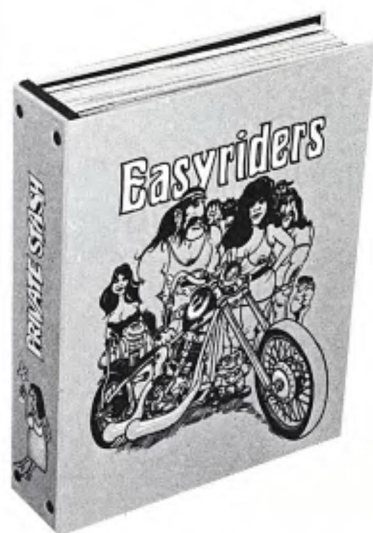
Victor Yannacone called the \$180 million "insignificant in view of the damages." He also said he can't see how our lawyers could take their fees from such a small amount of money. (This is despite the fact that he considers the settlement a "surrender" by the companies.**)

I agree. Hell, if you divide \$180 million by, say, just 20,000 vets, each vet would receive only a lousy \$9000. That's a pretty pitiful return on liver cancer or birth defects in children.

It seems to me that the government is the next target. At the very least, we deserve to get full treatment and compensation for our injuries and illnesses. The U.S. government was responsible for the leukemia and other disorders suffered by WWII vets that it exposed to atomic bomb blasts. Likewise, it's responsible for using the herbicides made by the chemical companies. No one forced them to do it.

During and after the Vietnam War, all too many people cared about everything and everyone *except* the poor sons of bitches who fought the damned thing. It's high time they started caring about vets. We still want PTSD treated, our MIA/POWs accounted for — and compensation and full treatment for the dioxin poisoning we've suffered.

**NOTE: Victor Yannacone, Jr., represents about 6000 of the more than 16,000 vets who filed the lawsuit. In late 1983 when he resigned as lead counsel, "pressure" was cited as the reason, but reports now have it that he was removed because of clashes with other lawyers over legal tactics. Some are speculating that he may file another class-action suit for his vet clients, which is legal if the clients are "unhappy with the settlement." We'll see what happens.



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