

Easyriders

\$2.95

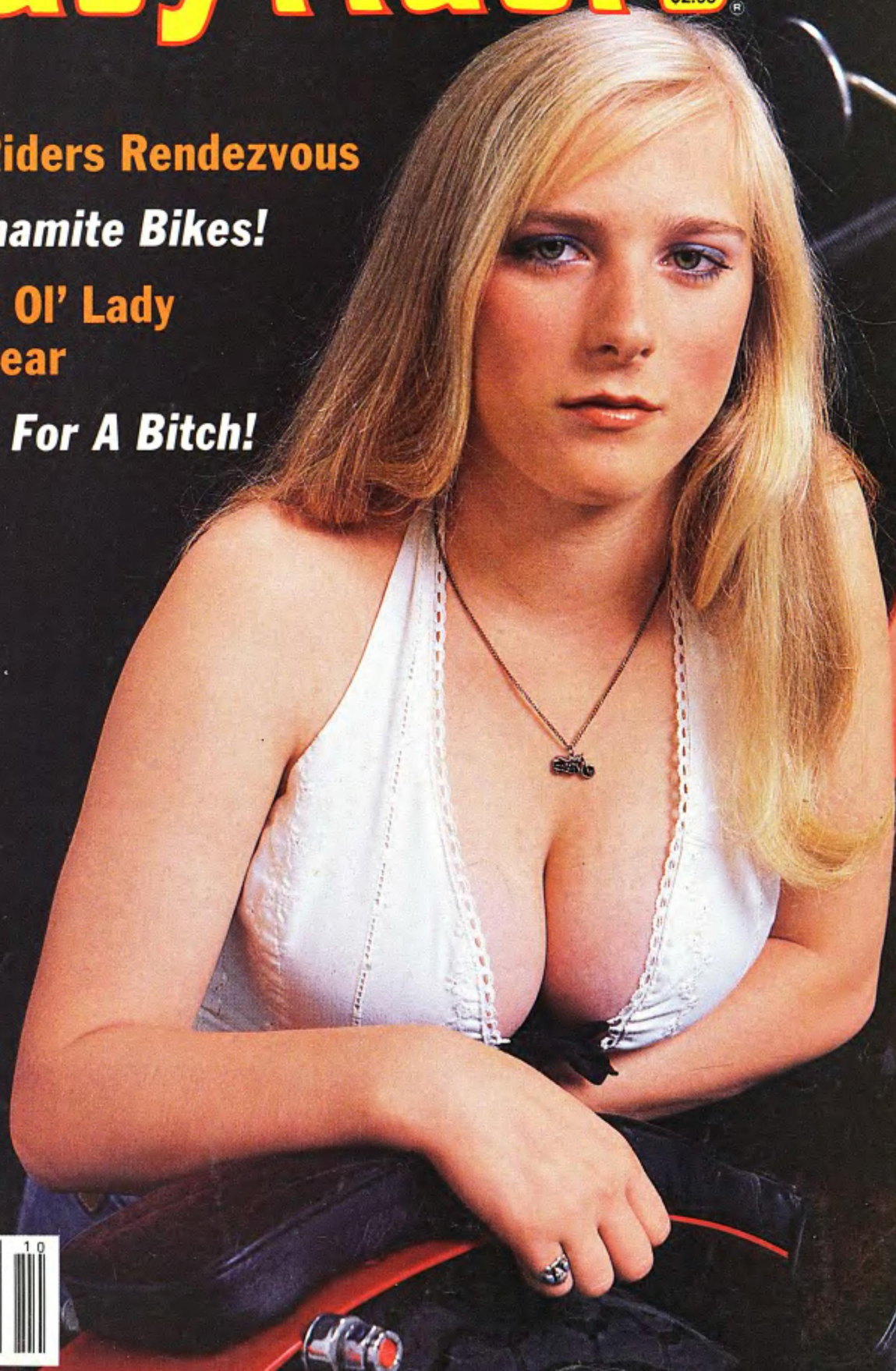
October 1984

Harley Riders Rendezvous

Four Dynamite Bikes!

**Vote For Ol' Lady
of The Year**

Payback For A Bitch!



Brown's® Plating Service



CHROME / GOLD

Steel /Aluminum All Work Guaranteed

Why not have your original motorcycle parts plated by a reputable firm who can give you service after the sale?

Large, modern plant and office, equipped with latest state of the art technology. Skilled, dedicated employees.

Family Owned • Family Operated
"25 Years In Same Location"

Write or Call For Free Information, Give Make of Cycle:

Brown's Plating Service

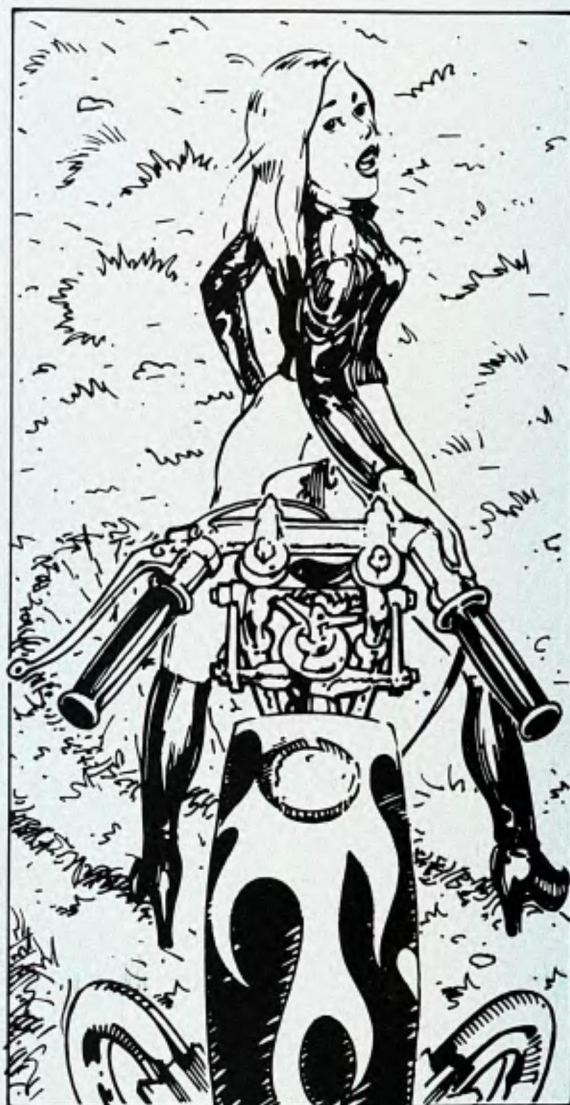
Route 5, Box 534, Dept. 618

Paducah, KY 42001-9040

Phone: (502)554-1146

Easyriders

Spider rides in with weird news	5
The readers sling some mud and love	6
They do know how to party in New York	12
Here's one helluva dazzling shovel	20
He had incentive to pump more iron	26
What's bein' said by other bike mags	28
Robinson's ink has dried, not his spirit	29
What a set of knockers to nibble on	30
This ol' knuckle was computer-built	34
A word search to get her hot	39
Time to vote on the twelve best	40
Never too late to get back in the wind	42
The latest in motorcycling news	43
Biker explains why he is what he is	50
Gettin' a line on Saxon's heavy metal	51
This panhead cost him some meals	53
Righteous people doin' their thing	58
His ride looks right, feels right	66
Only a master baiter could catch him	72
Check out this American racin' bike	74
Talkin' about the justice(?) system	76
On keepin' acid in the battery	77
Libras get their shit analyzed	78
Calling out for the return of our men	82
An amazing bikers' bulletin board	112



Staff: Office Dog: Rufus. Office Cats: Big Red, White Rat, Willard. **Executive Janitor and Connection:** Spider. **Subscription Complaints:** Cathy Gibson. **Arbitrator and Bill Collector:** Two-Ton Tony. **Office Mouse:** Sharon Bleichner. **Southern Mouse:** Shirley Yarber. **Upstairs Mouse:** Mary Myers. **Mother Superior:** Izzy Petty. **Resident Nympho:** Miraculous Mutha. **Chick with the Figure(s):** Karen. **Outside Rover Back:** Rip. **Print Man:** Bob Wilcox. **Contributing Photographers and Party-Timers:** Billy Tinney, Kim, T-Bird, Wino Joe, David, Mike Lichter, Jim Shaffer, Charone. **Cartoon Editor:** Sam. **Production Director:** Gregg Daniel. **Composers:** Alex Lopez, Theresa Lapinski. **Products Manager:** David Kelly. **Advertising Associate:** Lizette Hotinger. **Advertising Production:** Billy Thornbury. **Tech Editor:** Wrench. **Overworked Editor:** Louis Bosque. **Projects Art Director:** Denise Pierson. **Art Director:** Pat Taketa. **Associate Art Director:** Sparkle Ruby Binford. **Illustrators:** David Mann, Duffy Duggan. **Assoc. Editors:** Kim Peterson, E.K.B. **Assistant Editor:** Steve Lynch. **Man About Town:** John Reese. **Proofreader:** Shelly. **Porno Dept.:** Silvio Yezmik. **Wordhead:** Frank Harding (1915-1982). **Photo Editor:** Pete Chiodo. **Circulation Director:** Sanford Meyers. **Editor:** Frank Kaiser. **Events Director:** Joe Teresi. **Editorial Director:** Lou Kimzey.

Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 136, October, 1984, Vol. 14. **Easyriders** is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (818) 889-8740. **Editorial mailing address** is Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (818) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright© 1984 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to **Easyriders** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **Easyriders'** unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, **Easyriders** magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. **Subscriptions:** All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, **Easyriders** Subscription Department, Box 2404, Boulder, CO 80321. (818) 889-8740. One year, \$18; two years, \$35 in the U.S. and its possessions. All foreign and Canadian orders, add \$6 per year. Single copy, \$2.50. **Postmaster:** Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura, CA 91301. **Advertising:** **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

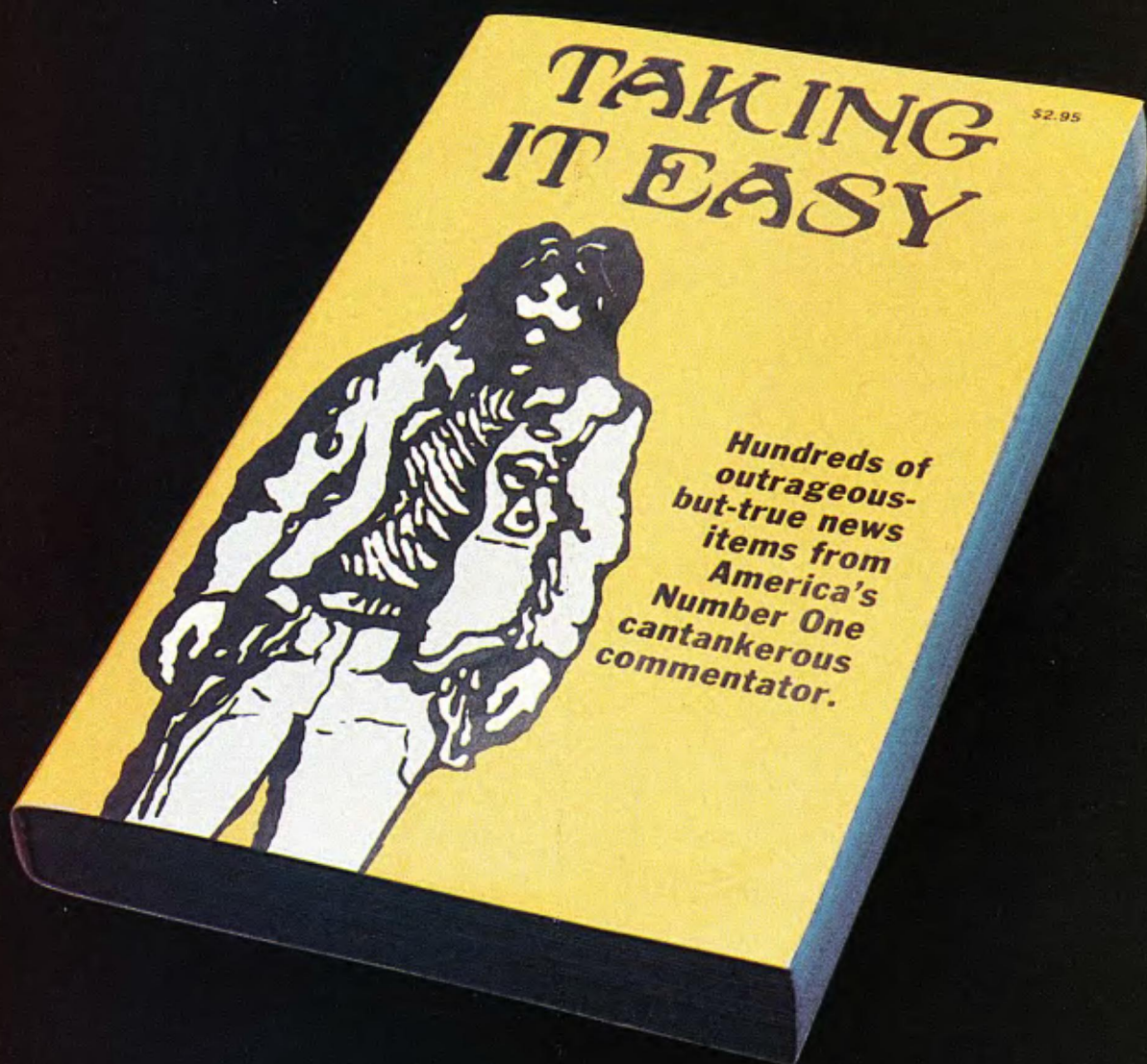


The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale September 27th.

Cover photo of Marci by Pete Chiodo



HEY, YOU!



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

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

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

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

PAISANO PRODUCTS, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Rufus's friends were acting up this month: Take the dog who was left in the backseat of a police car. When the cop got out of the car, he left the engine running. After he shut the door the dog jumped into the front seat, knocking the gear shift into "drive." The dog then went for a "joy ride," smashing into another car 20 or 30 feet away. He was demoted and they cut off his dog bone supply—and he can't have any strange for six months. Misery, misery, misery.

Then 22 of his buddies got the munchies when their owner died in the house with them. At first they complained about the lack of food. But as the days went by, the owner looked more and more edible. Finally, enough was enough—they ate all of her except her head (they did gnaw on it a lot). So remember, all you mean to your best friend is just so much meat if he's hungry. (But then again, they ate a broad—maybe that's different.)

If you have herpes, watch out! They've passed a law in Texas against giving your ol' lady or girlfriend (or any pickup from the street) herpes. I don't know how they prove it was you or the last guy, but you've been warned.

An inmate in prison has an unusual beef. It seems that prison officials won't let him wear diapers. What to do, what to do? Shit, if a guy has enough guts to wear diapers in prison, then let him. We're not his mother. Whatdafuck!

Talk about strange! How about the inmate who got permission to take a civil service exam while in prison? He wanted to start a new career—as a prison guard!

Surprise, surprise! They recently found out that 90 percent of all the people interviewed (male and female) indulge in oral sex. Shit, all this time I thought that was why chicks liked me so much—because I was (and still am) called an animal. Now I find everyone does it. Shit!

How about those reports that say if the biker had been wearing a helmet, he would have lived? As an example, a bike hit a utility pole at a high rate of speed, and the chick on the back was thrown 215 feet. The cop reporting the accident said if she'd been wearing a helmet, she probably would have walked away from it! In the eyes of police and politicians, helmets are a cure-all.

Maybe they should sell them as patent medicines to cure everything from running sores to piles to bumps on the head incurred while flying 215 feet through the air.

Here's the latest report on tire biters. The stats of dog bites on humans last year in Los Angeles are as follows. Forget the fact that there are more German shepherds than other dogs. This is just a rundown, bite per bite:

German shepherd.....	284
Labrador retriever.....	70
mixed shepherd.....	56
cocker spaniel.....	53
Doberman pinscher.....	51
unknown.....	48
mixed terrier.....	34
collie.....	32
Staffordshire terrier.....	23
Lhasa Apso.....	20

News from Texas (where else?) is that there's a company there producing a thousand 400-lb. robots. They're to be used to patrol prison corridors, sniffing out everything for dope. Some robots will also carry TV cameras. When it encounters an individual (holding any killer weed) the machine (robot) will warn him in a stern voice, "You have been detected". So in the near future, expect a four-foot high, 400-lb. Big Brother to be keeping you company if you're locked down.

Those fuckin' newspaper reports! The article said a mail truck was struck in the rear, rolled over, and killed the driver. Big deal! But when you read on, you find the truck had turned left in front of a bike (as usual).

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

be a 38C, and I'm proud of it. I can tell you for a fuckin' fact that my ol' man loves my tits. He sucks 'em, bounces 'em, plays with 'em, and he loves his tit fuckin'. His club bros and other bros always tell me I've got a pair of the nicest tits around and I'm damned proud of 'em.

Lisa Bitticks
El Paso, Tex.

In The Wind

□ In regard to Gator's letter (August '84): Hey, dumbfuck, you need a reason to ride? Any reason to fire up the scooter is reason enough to ride. So quit yer whimpering and put your knees in the breeze.

King Rat
Oak Harbor, Wash.

Lost Mags

□ A few years ago you ran an interview with John K. of Steppenwolf. Due to some unpleasant circumstances, I had to part with my collection of *Easyriders* and am wondering if you can tell me what month and year the article was in.

Chopper Rick
No. Hollywood, Calif.

■ Issue #91, January 1981.

Hells Angels In The Olympics?

□ It has recently been brought to my attention that one of the members of the Angels is a bit of an athlete and is reputed to be one of the many who will be responsible for carrying the torch to light the start of the Games in L.A. If any of the other readers know of this, let us know. I think this is right on!

Skipper Jewell
Bancroft, Ontario

■ George Christy, prez of the Ventura, California, chapter of the HA, is scheduled to carry the torch — and we'll be there catchin' the action in photos.

Miami-Bound

□ I'm going to Miami, Florida, this fall and would like some of your readers to tell me where there are some good biker bars and places to go in Miami.

Billy Joe Diesem
Spiritwood, N.D.

Artist Found

□ The painting on pages 10-11 in the August *Easyriders* was done by a bro named "Gargoyle" Gilger. It is a

Likes Mag

□ Just like to say thanks for putting a smile on my face every month with your kick-ass rag. Gives me a piece of home (the good ol' USA) while I'm doing time for Uncle Sam in England.

Nita
RAF, Upper Heyford

P.S. Sure would like to meet Spider if I ever hit the states again!

■ You don't know what you're saying, Nita!

Question

□ I read "Bad Vibes" in "Biker's Digest" (August '84): Whatdafuck is *Superbike*? A rag for moped enthusiasts?

Wheelie
Richfield, Minn.

Jarheads

□ Just like to say that a bunch of us marines over here in Beirut, Lebanon, love the rag and hope the bros will accept us when we get back to the U.S.

T.M.
Beirut, Lebanon

Dammit

□ I'd buy a Harley but I can't afford one.

Pappy
FPO Miami, Fla.

Flopped Neg

□ Just got the August '84 issue of your rag. On page 41 this doll has a tiger tattooed on her left shoulder, and on page 42 it's on her right shoulder. If you guys say it's a real tattoo, then I'll believe you. But I also believe in the Easter Bunny and the sandman.

Stonewall
Cahokia, Ill.

■ Someone goofed and flopped a negative.

Safety Wiring

□ I just finished reading "Tech Tip" in the June '84 issue. I must say the picture showing the wiring was an awful illustration on safety

wiring. To perform proper safety wiring, the wires should have seven to ten twists-per-inch, and the twisting should extend all the way to the other nut. When wiring three or more nuts, the twists should run clockwise from the first to the second nut, and counterclockwise to the third, though it's recommended that you safety-wire more than four nuts in each sequence. When safety-wiring a nut to a stationary part, start at the stationary part and go to the nut. This provides a tighter wire, thereby reducing the risk of the wire breaking from vibration. Also, for safety purposes, whenever possible, pigtail the excess back to the center of the nut. It just might spare ya from a nasty wire cut.

Tom D.
Dover AFB, Del.

Radar

□ You had an article in your May '84 issue on the Bel Shadow IV radar detector. Would you please send me the address of the builder and supplier?

Howard Kirby
Hudson, Quebec

■ BelTronics, 2205 W. Harry, Unit 10, Wichita, KS 67213. (800) 835-4054.

Likes "Soap Box"

□ "Soap Box" in the August issue was great. If "we, the people" don't band together and stick up for our rights, the fuckin' government will soon be tellin' us when and how much to shit. Keep up the good work.

Hairy
Crystal Lake, Ill.

Douche Facts!

□ I was reading the June '84 issue with the letter entitled "Important Facts." Hillbilly Mama is half right about douche preps. You should use vinegar. But soda, which is also an antacid, destroys the natural, infection-preventing secretions which are acidic. Vinegar is five percent

acid and is recommended twice weekly for douching.

Veezer's Ol' Lady
Garden City, Mich.

Big Tits

□ This letter is aimed at Cherokee from Phoenix, Arizona ("Monger," July '84): Hey, asshole, who ever taught you anything about big-titted women? I'm a 36C and proud of it!

Furthermore, shit-for-brains, I hold a management position in a large corporation and I have it on the best authority that I'm a hellacious lover.

Your mother must have been a member of the itty-bitty-titty club, so jealous of us voluptuous women that she led you to believe you could only be satisfied by a flat-chested bitch.

You probably have a tiny needle dick to go with your pin head.

Let's hear it for big tits.

Doc's Ol' Lady
Fayetteville, N.C.

□ In response to "Big Tits — Again" ("Monger" July '84), I am one of those big-boobed broads referred to as only being bigger, but I'm just as great a lover, if not better, than those smaller-titted bitches, plus I'm just as sharp upstairs as I am downstairs. So fuck off, Cherokee. Bigger is better.

Big and Proud Of It
Milwaukee, Wis.

□ I have a few things to say to Cherokee. Have you ever fucked a pair of 44Ds and then gotten an eleven? Well, if you haven't, I don't think you have the right to put us ladies down. Try it, you might like it. By the way, if you don't know what an eleven is, I'm a ten who swallows!

Rush
Mt. Liberty, Ohio

□ Hey, Cherokee, your mom must have fucked a baboon to have you 'cause your brains are still up a fuckin' tree somewhere! I happen to

detail-accurate rendering of a Lucasville cell, done before the powers-that-be plopped an upper berth on top of a single bunk shown. Presto, instant two-man cells.

I'm happy to report that Gargoyle is long gone from here.

Jody Via
Lucasville, Ohio

Likes Art

□ My compliments for the story "Hard Times" (August '84) and to G. Gilger for the painting.

Goose
Council Grove, Kan.

□ Give the dude who wrote "Hard Times" a whole raisin pie for himself!

Nemesis
Netherworld, N.Y.

□ Just received the August '84 issue and want to say that "Hard Times" by Tex Campbell was fan-fuckin'-tastic! Both Campbell and Gilger deserve an extra-large piece of raisin pie this month!

Outlaw
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

Help! Help!

□ Would someone please help me find my virginity? I lost it one year ago today, thanks to Kathy.

Walt W. Posey
White Plains, Md.

■ We only help chicks to lose theirs.

Wants Book

□ I'm writing to find out if anyone can tell me where to get a copy of *Free-Wheelin' Frank*, written by Frank Reynolds, secretary of the San Francisco chapter of the Hells Angels in the 1960s. The only place I have been able to find it is in the Los Angeles Public Library and they only have one copy, so it can't be checked out.

B.B. Bomblowmanstone
Houston, Tex.

First Spider Complaint

□ I have been a fan of your rag for a long time. Most often it contains amusing, interesting, and credible stories. However, Spider's news stories are turning me off and tainting your rag's credibility. The stories have grown increasingly ridiculous, and any pea brain can tell that many are not true. A good example is the one that final-

ly prompted me to say enough bullshit and write this letter. In the June '84 issue Spider reports, "A snake had traveled up his asshole..."

If Spider wants to label his feature fiction, that's fine. But to continue passing it off as nonfiction is fraud.

Jub
Richmond, Va.

■ All Spider's items are taken from news clippings sent to him. He can't believe some of the shit that comes in himself, but all are taken from actual news clippings that are on file here.

Needs Address

□ In July's "Easynews" (on the brown paper, so us dumb bikers can find it), you talk about a new bike company in Buffalo, N.Y. How about a better address than just Buffalo, N.Y.?

Bill Kadel
Anchorage, Alaska

■ Buffalo Motorcycle Works, Box 64, Buffalo, NY 14207.

Foxy Tina

□ I just got my new July issue and can't stop slobberin' on the pictures of Tina. I'm in love, man. I would crawl through the hot desert on my belly just to sniff the tire track of the laundry truck that carries her panties. If you can match next month's issue with another fox like that, I'm packin' up and puttin' to the West Coast.

Rick Sexton
Dayton, Ohio

■ You and everyone else.

Help!

□ Whatever you do, don't burn Tina's clothes (July '84) — send them to me. My hat is off to Spider for findin' that one.

Flip
DuBois, Pa.

An Apology

□ To all the brothers and sisters who were at Niagara Springs in south Idaho on Memorial Day weekend, '84: This is an apology for my childish behavior. I got what I asked for and what I deserved, and I've probably made enemies of the people who could have been my friends.

The talking is over. What I

have to do is prove to you and myself that I'm not the things I said I was.

Roger
Helena, Mont.

A Make-Good

□ Just thought I'd drop a line to you to thank you for the Dave Mann posters you sent to me. I wrote you a while back complainin' about the posters I received. They were all beat to shit. So you guys sent an apology letter. I thought that was great. But when I got brand-new posters in perfect shape, that really blew my mind.

Rich Knight
Port Jervis, N.Y.

■ We have our moments.

Female On An FLH

□ Right on, Rainmaker! Women who ride, write! Rainmaker couldn't have said it any better and commands a great deal of respect for her outspoken view on such an important issue. And you women who ride Sportsters because the "big" bikes are too big — with time, patience, and love, you can ride his FLH, too.

Lady K.
Lynnwood, Wash.

Pat On Back

□ To the Minnesota Motorcycle Riders Association: A big pat on the back and a righteous hooray. 3000 bikers made a line four miles long, riding from Bloomington to Faribault on the annual Toys For Tots run to donate toys, stuffed animals, and \$5 per motorcycle to the Gillette Children's Hospital.

Margo
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Bob Bitchin'

□ I am 32, ride a '77 XLCH now, and have been riding scoots for 15 years, mostly in the Pittsburgh area. Recently I moved to Butler, Pennsylvania — and that's when the trouble started. I, like all bikers, know how to enjoy a few cold ones now and then — well, not in the bars around here, ya don't!

The owners of the local taverns (Valencia Lounge, Terrace Lounge, and Ribbet Bar) have all come up with some off-the-wall dress codes and rules: 1) no helmets; 2) no leathers; 3) no Harley T-shirts; and 4) no bandannas.

One of these bars (Valen-

cia Lounge) makes you park in the rear (mud lot) so as not to discourage other customers.

I think these rules and the people who sat around and thought them up are fucked, but what can I and other scooter people do about these outrageous discriminatory policies?

Pissed Off
Butler, Pa.

■ Fuck 'em. Go somewhere else. Who's Bob Bitchin'?

Enuff Raisin Pie

□ Hey, I can't make enough raisin pies to thank y'all enough this time around! Been kickin' back for five years, and a year ago my ol' man and I found each other through "Male Call." Wish y'all could be here when we get our piece of paper. Remember to share the wind with a sister! I love you, Rags!

Orphan
Vice President
Alliance of Women Bikers
Oklahoma Chapter
Lafayette, Ind.

Special Thanks

□ This is a very special thanks going out to all my bro friends in the suburbs of Binghamton, N.Y. (None of us would live downtown — it's the armpit of upstate N.Y.) As much as I'd like to share my piece of the pie with y'all, I wouldn't be writing this to you if I did. Even when you guys are the biggest pricks in the world, you're still the nicest guys I'll ever want to know.

K. Frey
Binghamton, N.Y.

Biker Sisters

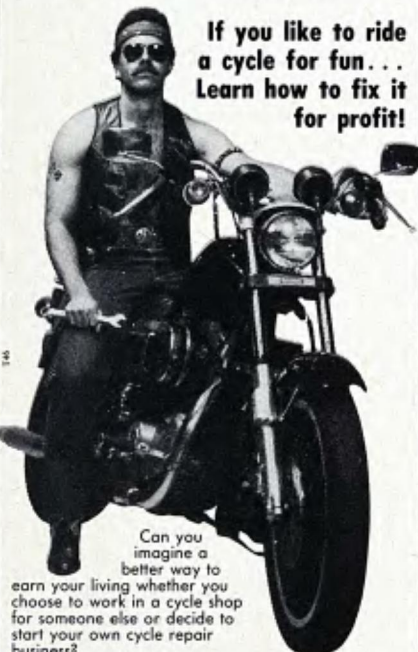
□ All right, bros, in between all the partyin' I've been doin', a friend and I decided to drop a few lines of thanks for "Male Call."

Tammy, a friend I met through *Easyriders*, and her sister Scary Mary drove six hours to meet me and the bros in Connecticut.

Well, that was three days ago. And as the partyin' winds down, we wanted to let ya know that we had a great three-day weekend. All the right things fell in place, and the scooter folks in Connecticut have made two more solid scooter sisters.

Tammy proved to be an independent scooter bitch who gave me a serious case of road rash on my crank, but

Learn Motorcycle Repair TRAIN AT HOME TO BE A MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC



If you like to ride
a cycle for fun...
Learn how to fix it
for profit!

Can you imagine a
better way to

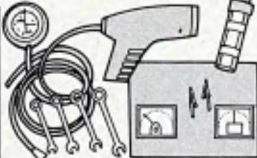
earn your living whether you
choose to work in a cycle shop
for someone else or decide to
start your own cycle repair
business?

Now, thanks to North
American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at
home in your spare time. No need to quit school or your
job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from
minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

CYCLES ARE BIG BUSINESS...AND SO IS FIXING THEM!

There are more than 5 million cycles registered in the U.S.
today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. And they
all need maintenance. To find out how our graduates
have done, send for results of survey showing employ-
ment success of our graduates.

**Special Cycle Tools and Test Instruments included to
start you fast!** Wrenches, sockets, impact screwdriver,
timing light, electrical test instruments, compression
gauge, vacuum gauge, degree wheel, ignition wrench
set, and much, much more! Yours to use during your
training...and yours to keep in your action-packed career
as a motorcycle mechanic.



You'll Be the Center of Attraction
in Your Circle of Friends...

Be the envy of friends and neighbors as
they flock around to watch you tear
down and tune up all kinds of motor-
cycles. And just think of the satisfaction
in knowing you've got the best perform-
ing bike in town. Plus, you can make ex-
tra dollars fixing motorcycles for your
friends and neighbors.

SEND FOR FREE FACTS!

- No cost or obligation
- No salesman will call
- MAIL COUPON TODAY

North American School of Motorcycle Repair
4400 Campus Dr., Dept. EUC04, Newport Beach, CA 92660

Rush FREE color brochure and full information on how
I can learn Motorcycle Repair for only a few dollars a
month.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

she's still allfuckinright with
me. A scorpion bitch and a
scorpion bro made for good
vibes and no fronts.

Dig it! For-real people won
again.

Road Rash
Hartford, Conn.

Safer Ridin'

☐ I've been riding bikes for
17 years and always thought
of myself as a good, expe-
rienced rider. I've had two
accidents on bikes and was
almost killed both times. I
feel not only lucky but a little
wiser.

Well, I didn't realize how lit-
tle I knew about safe riding
until I completed the Motor-
cycle Riders Course (MRC)
and Better Biking Program
(BBP) sponsored by the
Motorcycle Safety Founda-
tion. In those courses I
learned how to live through
accidents and how to avoid
them. No matter how expe-
rienced a person is or how
long he has ridden bikes, he
can still learn to improve his
riding skills by taking the
MRC or BBP. Also, comple-
tion of the MRC can help get
reduced insurance rates with
some insurance companies.
Since I've completed these
courses, I've enjoyed riding a
lot more and felt a lot safer.

Clifton R. Earnheart
Clark AFB, Philippines

Open Letter To Al Goldstein

☐ How you gonna have a
love-making contest when all
you was born with was fore-
skin? I mean, we all know
what happens to kosher
foreskins.

Ralph "The Hose" McMullen
Jackson Hole, Wyo.

Hey, Al Goldstein

☐ This is in response to Al
Goldstein's comment and
challenge in the July rag.
Don't come to Georgia.
Scooter tramps down here
don't fuck publishers. Ask
Larry Flynt. Go suck dicks
elsewhere. As for a "real man
challenge," when one who
can fit the bill does, "we will."

Cactus Jack
Macon, Ga.

☐ I accept your challenge,
Al Goldstein, any way you'd
like. The place will be Dick
Drost's Naked City in Indiana
on September 1 and 2, the
first weekend in September.

I was going to respond to
your reference to bikers as
"illiterates" with a few nasty
words of my own. But it's
obvious who really has the

insecurity problem by the
tone of your letter. Maybe a
few of us bikers are illiterate,
but a guy like you could
never match the heart and
soul of any biker anywhere!

So again I say I accept your
challenge. And the date I
chose should give you more
than enough time to put it on
your calendar. There's no
excuse for you to miss it. Be
there, faggot!

Rebel
Banksville, N.Y.

☐ I'm writing in response to
Al Goldstein's letter in the
July '84 issue. Eat shit and
die, mister. "Illiterate," hell!
My typewriter is older than
you are and a hell of a lot
smarter.

I know many brothers and
sisters with damned good
college educations and them
that ain't would get a degree
for havin' heart if the estab-
lishment gave one. Shit, I'm
just a few hours shy of a
degree in physics myself
(might as well do somethin'
with the government money
that's left after partyin', put-
tin', and pokin' butt).

Anyway, as for you, peter-
breath, go piss up a rope and
when you're finished with
that, I've got some textbooks
that'll make one hell of a
good enema for a smartass
like you.

Wheelchair Bob
Portales, N.M.

Banned Again

☐ A few bros and I have a
problem. We're all locked up
in the Ottawa County Jail in
Port Clinton, Ohio. The as-
s-holes who run this joint won't
allow us our *Easyriders*
mags — all because of the ol'
lady contest. Ain't that some
shit? I don't know what they
think we're going to do with
the pictures.

Desperate Bros
Port Clinton, Ohio

Muchas Gracias

☐ In reference to Boomer's
"Lockdown" piece in the July
'84 issue, I would like to say
muchas gracias for the recog-
nition given to the TDC and
the plight of its inmates.

Gary Walp
Palestine, Tex.

Ms. Weight Problem

☐ Wanda, I read your letter
telling the whole world about
your problem. I'm sorry to
hear about your 200-pound
mishap. I'm going to give you
some advice.

First, tell your ol' man not

to call you those mean
names. Tell him to use names
like piglet, chubsy-whusby,
or even love rolls.

Second, try new ways to
turn the ol' man on. Like
whipped cream, or lacing the
inside of your thighs with
butterscotch and holding a
cherry in your mouth. (Who
says cherries are extinct?)

Enough for your emotions
Now for your 80-pound prob-
lem. To help you lose weight,
you should score three grams
of some good toot, plus 100
hits of black beauties, and
consume them all in a
month's time. Don't forget
your vitamins, though, and
lay off the heavy stuff (Twin-
kies, soda pop, candy bars,
and yes, pot — that dreadful
munchie instigator).

Blimp Therapist
Goodyear, Ariz.

☐ I'm writing in response to
"Weighty Problem" Wanda
(July '84). I'm also 5'2". I don't
weigh 200 lbs., but I do weigh
125. My husband is always
calling me things like
"Shorty," "Fatty," and "Fat
Baby." I haven't changed any
since he married me, so he
must've seen something
about me he liked or he
wouldn't have married me in
the first place.

I always look at it as a joke
when he calls me names. I
also tell him that if he doesn't
like me the way I am, he
should go find someone else
who suits his tastes. You
don't need someone who
doesn't like you just because
you're a little fat. There are
plenty of men who like
chubby women instead of
women who look like bones!
You have to want to lose
weight for your own satisfac-
tion, not to please someone
else — no matter how much
you love him. Always re-
member that beauty is only
skin deep!

Fat is where it's at in
Virginia.

Robin
Richmond, Va.

Is It True?

☐ Is it true that break-
dancers can suck on their
own donges?

R. Beach
River City, Mont.

Help Offered

☐ Re. the woman in the Jan-
uary '84 issue who wanted
some advice about getting
her crippled ol' man back on
the road again: I've got four
years in this chair from a
cager accident. And if

Mother Nature would stop douching the Dakotas, I'd probably have my Corvair-powered trike on the street.

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

'84 Special

Just thought I'd drop a line sayin' that the '84 Special was outfuckin'rageous — another superb job. I open the cover and wham, bam, thank you, mama! I was back in August 1972.

Bob Osterman
Gary, Ind.

Tribute To Hal

I am presently incarcerated in the Hancock County Hilton awaiting transfer to the state condo resort.

Another of society's misfits and I got together and put some skin art equipment together to perform our tribute.

Enclosed are the two drawings by Hal that now adorn my ink-covered body. The bike is on my back and the other is on my right arm.

Repeat
Bay St. Louis, Miss.

A Lesson

Here I am, flat on my ass in a hospital bed after a knee operation, but that's the least of my worries. The doctor just got finished explaining the damage I've done to my heart over the last ten years of hard partying (I'm 30). He told me I was "in for big problems" if I didn't stop smoking and stop drinking excessively (I kept telling him I didn't smoke cigarettes). Fuck him, what does he know, I thought.

An hour later my wife brings in the June issue and the first thing I read is about Hal Robinson's death. Spider's eulogy cuts me to my irregularly beating heart. "Some people never know... and have no choice."

But now I see and I have a choice. I'm not going to party myself into the ground. There's a road or two I haven't ridden on, and I could look into my wife's beautiful eyes (among other things) for thirty or forty years yet.

Thanks, Spider. You just might have saved one.

Animal
(Jack) Danielsville, Pa.

I really meant what I wrote.

Been A While

Just wanted to let you gentlemen (?) back in the land of the big PX know that

Madman Kelly's 4F guide to women, "Old Lady Lot," by Duffy Duggan (April '84) was about the funniest thing I've read in a long time in any magazine. And right on the money, too, if I remember correctly. It's been a while since I've had the occasion to hunt for English-speaking pink-nipple in the good ol' U.S. of A.

B.I.R.D.
Panama

Eating At The Y

The twats article by Bob Collins (August '84) is mostly true; however, I have to disagree with him on one point. He said most women prefer fuckin' over havin' their pussies eaten. Well, all I can say is he must have eaten some ol' scumbag missionary, because over the years I've eaten so many pussies that I can't count them all — they all loved it and asked for more.

Earl Okie Himes
Florence, Ariz.

Some Photo Models

All you silly bitches snivelin' for cock photos, do a favor for the rest of us readers and the *Easyriders* staff who are happy with the way the magazine is. Get yourself a Polaroid (that's a camera), some film, and a photo album. Take your sad ass to the nearest biker bar and tell all the bros you'd like to take pictures of their cocks to put in your album. I'm sure there'll be many who'll drop their Levi's (and yours).

Leo Lady
Blythe, Calif.

Boy George

Hey, Wormy, the sons of bitches in Malaysia heard your call and banned Boy George from the country. Hopefully, the rest of the world will hear it soon so we don't have to suffer through any more of its garbage. We'll join ya!

John and Christine
Kinnelon, N.J.

Not Funny

Every month in "A Tribute To Brothers Lost" you pay homage to our bros and sisters who have died, many of them wiped out by some damned drunk behind the wheel.

I couldn't believe that *Easyriders* would run that ad on page 126 of the August issue advertising DAMM (Drunks Against Mad Moth-

ers) T-shirts. I think their product is disgusting and a mockery of those of us who have suffered this unnecessary loss of a loved one.

Unsigned
Hershey, Neb.

That's called "gallows humor." The guys are just having a joke only for a joke's sake — nothing else.

Low-Budget

All right! What the fuck is up? Are you shit-for-brains trying to fuck our already fucked-up minds even more? Sure, that sweet piece of ass on the June cover was some honeypot. She's so sweet, I'd suck her daddy's dick. But when I finished reading your scumbag rag, I noticed her in one of the advertisements on page 126. I know you sons-of-whores are hard up for nice ass, but it's pretty muthafuckin' low-budget when you have to get the cover cunt out of the slimy back-page advertisements.

Joe Mama
The Spacetracker
FPO, San Francisco

It may be a low-buck budget, but we won't suck a dick for any reason.

Solari Bitch

To M.E. Turner who was bitchin' about Solari's use of profanity: Fuck you. That fucker makes me laugh, as well as makin' some sense, asshole.

M.R.
New Brunswick, N.J.

Good People

I would like to give special thanks to Art Santisi, Charlie McKeenew the ace mechanic who rebuilt my top end, and everyone else at H-D Freedom Center in Billerica, Mass.

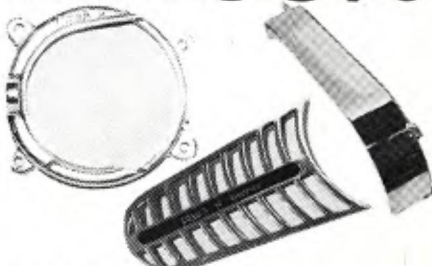
At one of their busiest times they gave me fast, fair, and expert service, thus enabling me to salvage most of our brief-but-beautiful spring riding season.

Jimmy K.
Norwood, Mass.

Bar Tip

In reference to the letter in July's issue from a guy in Connecticut who can't find any good biker bars, this is the time of year there are runs every weekend and I'm surprised! That guy just isn't looking in the right places. The Hartford area sucks. If you want true bros, good

Get in on the Phase 3
10th ANNIVERSARY SALE
30%
SAVE UP TO



SHROUD 29.50 (Reg. 41.90)
ALTERNATOR COVER 24.50 (Reg. 34.59)
SIDE GUARD 16.50 (22.14)



INTRODUCING
FILTERIZED MOTOR PLATE

SPECIFY 8, 11 or 14mm
ONLY 87.50 (Reg. 108.00) AND
AS A BONUS A FILTER & BRNG thrown in!



SPORTSTER & 74
ELECTRIC 182. (Reg. 232.20)

KICK START 160. (Reg. 221.00)
Everything American made. Triple riveted dogs. Replaceable insert (not cast in). Computer designed - the most advanced belt drive available.



2 INCH 199.50 (Reg. 266.00)
3 INCH 228.90 (Reg. 327.00)
COMPETITOR CLUTCH 199.00 (Reg. 221.00)



Send Ad with order for SALE PRICES
25% DEPOSIT, BALANCE C.O.D.
Don't say belt drive - say Phase 3
PHASE 3 of AMERICA INC.
15528 ILLINOIS AVENUE
PARAMOUNT, CA 90723
(213) 634-2134

SCALE SALE



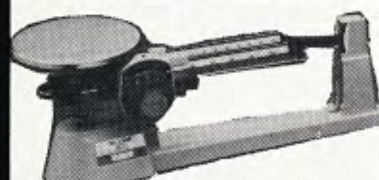
OHAUS TRIPLE BEAM SCALE

Weighs up to 2,610 grams

SALE \$89⁰⁰

reg. \$119.00

Add \$5.75 shipping & handling
Attachment weight set & carrying case also available.
Ask about our special deal!



OHAUS DIAL-O-GRAM

Dial provides fast, accurate weighing of up to 2,610 grams.

SALE \$169⁰⁰

reg. \$219.00

Add \$5.75 shipping & handling



DEERING 2 GRAM SCALE

OVER
1/3 OFF

SALE \$14⁹⁹

reg. \$23.00

Add \$3.50 shipping & handling

Ohio residents add 5.5% sales tax

**DIRECT
SOURCE**

P.O. Box 543, Grove City, OH 43123

or call toll free now

1-800-848-1408

in Ohio 1-614-871-1668

times, and crazy women (not sleazy jailbait), try Kozy's in Derby, or The Red Dog Saloon in Meriden, or Waxy's in Woodbury. You'll be led to many, many more from there!

A Righteous Biker Woman
New Haven, Conn.

Good Ol' Helmets

☐ OK, guys, are you ready for this? A bro was riding one night last week — can't remember if it was in Westfield or Agawan. I guess it doesn't really matter where, but he ran off the road and smacked into a tree. Well, as we all know, trees don't move. This part is what's really fucked up about this story. The cops said that the probable cause of death was due to his helmet — it fell over his eyes!

Paul

West Springfield, Mass.

Downtime

☐ New York state's court systems suck. I sold less than a dozen downers and a dime of weed to some loudmouth asshole. Now I'm doing a year. My ol' lady left me. Someone broke in my apartment and stole my stereo. My ol' lady's cat got run over (no major loss). My dog split. All but a few of my bros forgot who I am. And to top it off, the guards here are rednecks.

Tramp

Lake George, N.Y.

That's Cold

☐ In response to "Another Bitch" in the August '84 issue: Whatdafuck! Hey, R.C., be glad you're in Japan. We're stuck in Iceland where it's so cold our nipples have frozen and are ready to fall off. What's worse, our arms are frozen to our sides so we can't even masturbate! You're lucky you aren't up here 'cause you wouldn't be able to get a hardon due to the fact that your dick would be frozen to your leg.

Frigid and Frosty
Keflavik, Iceland

Biker Women

☐ This is for Finger's ol' lady (August '84): If you want to learn to wrench on your Hog, read the repair manual until you know it by heart. Keep your ears open when the guys are talking scooters and don't be afraid to ask stupid questions. You won't be laughed at if people realize that you're serious. Help other people work on their bikes even if you're just bringing them tools and

beers. If you pay attention, you'll pick up on tips, techniques, and shortcuts. And don't be afraid to fuck up. Everyone does — that's how you learn. (Remember the first time you ever rode a bike? You probably fucked up for a while but you learned, right?) The grease washes off, and the broken fingernails grow back. It's actually easier to learn how to rebuild an engine than it is to learn how to sew a dress, so knock off the lame excuses and go for it. And good luck, sister.

Little Bit

Brisbane, Calif.

New Zealand Reader

☐ I'm writing to you from New Zealand. I've always been interested in the USA mainly because of V-Twins and V-8s.

Since *Easyriders* arrived here about five years ago, I've been finding out about pans, knuckles, shovels, flatheads, and Sporties, as well as seeing what you biker people get up to. We are much the same, but the trouble is, everything costs three to four times more here.

Buster

New Zealand

Wants Letter

☐ In the November '83 issue, page 58, bottom left corner, is a picture taken by Mad Doctor from Gary, Indiana. If the chick in the picture is named Kathy and has a sister in Dallas, Texas, and she reads this, Kathy, write to Fred Gern, TDC 347845, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349.

Trash

Huntsville, Tex.

Thanks

☐ These days we hear many bad things about bike shops and their money-hungry owners. Well, I'd like to take this opportunity to publicly thank and praise one of the good ones: Veterans Motorcycle Salvage in Selden, New York.

Some time ago I'd just left their shop when suddenly a woman ran a stop sign and centerpunched my Super Glide. The car crushed my leg and almost severed my left foot. Jim and Bob ran to the scene from their shop, administered first aid, called an ambulance and the police. They questioned the crowd and got all the witnesses' names for me. They then

brought my bike back to their shop while I went off to the hospital. The doctors put me back together and after a long time I was able to walk again. Imagine my surprise when I found that John, Jim, and Bob had completely repaired my bike while I was down!

Because of their kindness and efforts, I am back in the wind.

Gene Gentile

Hauppauge, N.Y.

My Bike!

☐ It's been almost a year to the day that this drunk-ass pig-fucker driving a Toyota creamed my ass and almost my life. Well, I can't putt yet, so I'm kicked back, tokin' a number and reading your rag of June '84. When I turn the page to "Seduction," my dick starts telling my head, "That's an old friend — tight ass and all." It took me back to the late '60s. Then I turn the page to "Kaw Killer," and I think I'm dead or something. It's my 1966 shovelhead, fatbobs, SU carbs, flames, and all. They tell me I can never go back to the old days, but your rag took me back to some of the best days of fuckin' and puttin' I ever had!

Thanks for bringing me back to life.

Rick Morris

Bessemer, Mich.

A Point

☐ On Saturday, May 19, 1984, Abate of Duval County (Fla.) had a party in support of the abolishment of the mandatory helmet law. I attended this party and the first thing I noticed was that there were all, or mostly all, Harley-Davidsons in the parking lot. Although there is nothing wrong with having a parking lot full of H-Ds, I thought it a little strange that there wasn't more support from our Japanese-riding brothers and sisters out there.

I couldn't help but wonder where all these people were. They surely couldn't all be for the helmet law! My curiosity was soon satisfied when some guy and his girl pulled into the parking lot aboard a Honda. Some people standing around their Harleys, trying to look and act for all the world like 1%ers, yelled obscenities at the couple, making it clear that they were not welcome unless they rode a Harley-Davidson.

The bottom line here is that there just aren't enough people riding Harley-Davidsons to get the positive legislation passed that we need at this time. We need all the help we can get. And treating people who don't choose to ride the same brand machine as you do like garbage is no way of gaining that much-needed support. After all, isn't it the right to "freedom of choice" that Abate is supposed to be all about?

The jerks who yelled at those people wouldn't make a pimple on a 1%er's ass. Most 1%ers have more class than that. All those jerks did was hurt a good cause. After seeing the unjust act in the parking lot, I cranked my Wide Glide and left. As much as I hate wearing a helmet, I would rather wear one than be part of that kind of hypocrisy. As long as these kinds of people have anything to do with Abate of Florida, it looks like the mandatory helmet law is here to stay in this state.

Chuck Francis
Jacksonville, Fla.

More On Piss Tests

Some updated info in response to the letters on urine drug testing. I am currently in the navy and work in one of the toxicology labs that does the drug testing. First, let me say that our methods are much more sophisticated and sensitive than the EMIT analyzer that

we used two years ago. Even though the military still uses it in some cases, most of the tests are sent directly to one of the labs because our analysis is much more accurate than the portable system. Also, anything that comes up positive by the EMIT method is confirmed by us, ruling out false positives.

I don't know what other institutions are doing, but our tests are first screened by RIA (radio-immunoassay), and if they are flagged positive, a second confirmatory test is done by chemically extracting the drug from the urine and analyzing the extraction by gas chromatograph. This not only is specific for the drug, but it also separates out legal drugs like caffeine, nicotine and over-the-counter stuff like diet capsules and allergy medications. Furthermore, it quantitates the amount per milliliter of urine tested and I'm talking minute quantities (nanograms).

I'm sure some people are successful in beating the tests, but most attempts are pretty obvious. We see all kinds of shit — the old salt trick, liquid soap, various beverages, after-shave, mouthwash, water purification tablets, even jet fuel! A suspected adulteration of a specimen is tested as such and it goes on the report, too. Beating the test also depends on how much you did, your metabolism, size, and how

much time has lapsed between the deed and the test. If you can calculate all this, good luck.

The Munchkin
Alameda, Calif.

What's The World Comin' To?

Whatdafuck is this world coming to? First, my favorite rock 'n' roll FM station turns Top 40, then I open the July issue and can't find a righteous road machine featured in it! Now don't get me wrong. I enjoy eyeballin' the various Harley racers, but forget the candyass show bikes — you know, the ones with the sculptured and painted lace bullshit. They always look like a hodgepodge of leftover scooter parts, and somehow I get the feeling there's jewels and gems, but no rpm's. Let those pseudo-biker rags handle that end. Come on now, guys, let's stay above that shit, okay?

Barley
St. Cloud, Minn.

■ We hear ya.

Impressed

All right, dammit, I admit it. Harley-Davidson, you deserve a little credit.

I've been riding Jap bikes ever since I learned to crawl. It used to be that when I was in a down mood and needed a good laugh, I'd just drop by the local H-D dealer.

But a couple of days ago, with a couple of beers in my belly, I said fuck it! I hopped on my friend's new FXRT and went for a ride, and hey, I was impressed!

Tasmanian Devil
Grand Forks, N.D.

Likes Us

I get my *Easyriders* forwarded to me here at work. The boss stopped in to see why I was laughing so hard. I lent him the magazine and now I can hear him busting a gut two doors down.

Larry Klem
Washington, D.C.

Hey, NBC!

This is a copy of my letter to Grant Tinker, head programming honcho at NBC: I write in reference to your promotional ad for "Knight Rider," advertised nationally in several publications, specifically "Kitt Dusts Off Bikers."

Your ad illustrates the vehicle headlined in your production driving over a number of motorcyclists and makes specific reference to

"motorcycle maniacs." I find the overt and underlying messages in this advertisement clear: Motorcyclists are maniacs and it is acceptable for the "good guys" to eliminate them.

Please be advised that I am an officer and director of three corporations. I hold a bachelors degree in electrical engineering and head a firm known nationally as competent consulting engineers. I have also owned and ridden seven motorcycles. I personally resent the implication of mania due to the mode of recreational transportation I choose. If "mania" does exist in quantity, it is in the minds of many motorists whose opinions have been fueled by such irresponsible journalism as this.

Please be reminded that as a holder of numerous FCC licenses, the National Broadcasting Corporation is required by law to serve the public interest. Irresponsible journalism such as this, smacking of vigilante justice and violence, does not contribute to the public interest.

Although it has been common knowledge for years that NBC trails far behind in ratings, creative quality, and noteworthy programming, it is shocking that such desperate, irresponsible measures are being taken to foster increased market share ratings.

Kenneth W. Hoehn
Dearborn, Mich.

Harley-Davidson Brew

The ol' man and I were sucking down a few brews the other night in this bar when behold — I see this can of Harley-Davidson brew on a shelf. The bar owner says a friend of his brought it to him from Florida. Well, the ol' man won't quit bugging me till I find out where to buy this brew. See, I live in Georgia and can't find it here. Please help me out of this one.

P. Cox
Savannah, Ga.

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. ■

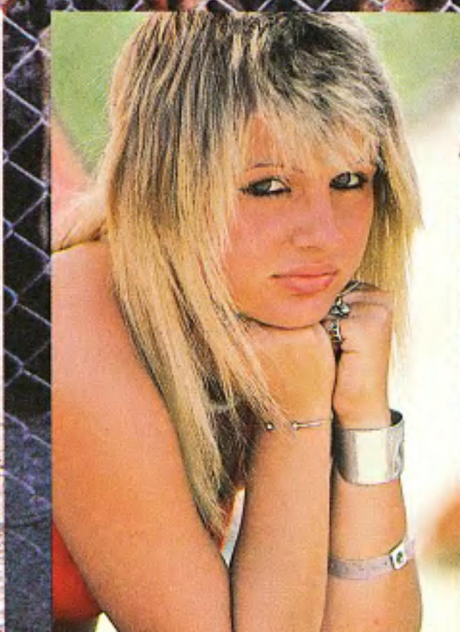


"She hasn't lost one yet!"

N.Y. RENDEZVOUS OF BIKERS

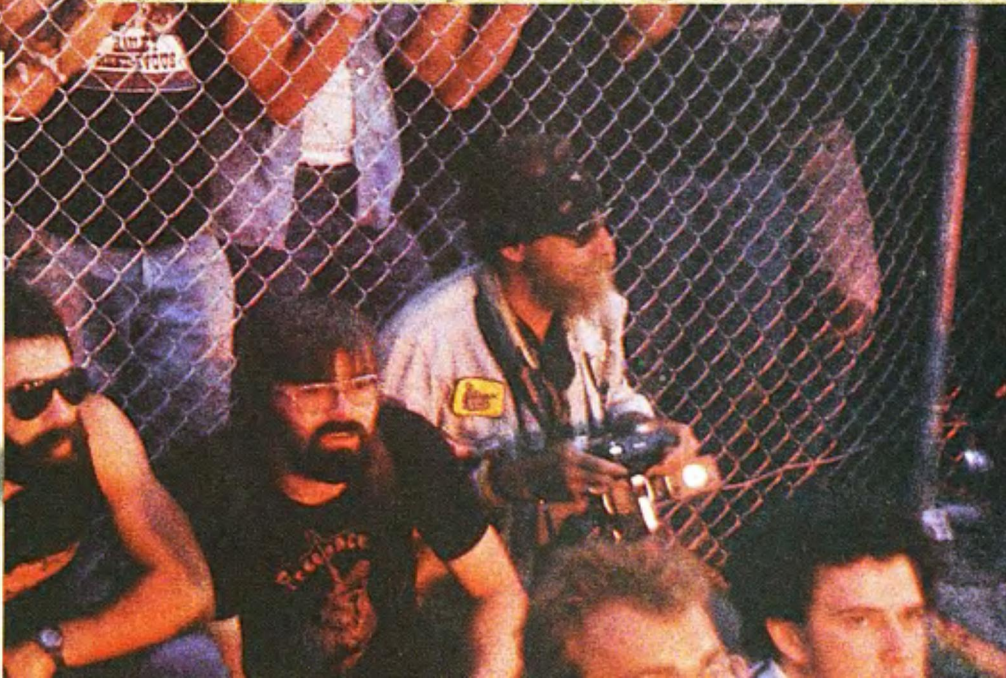
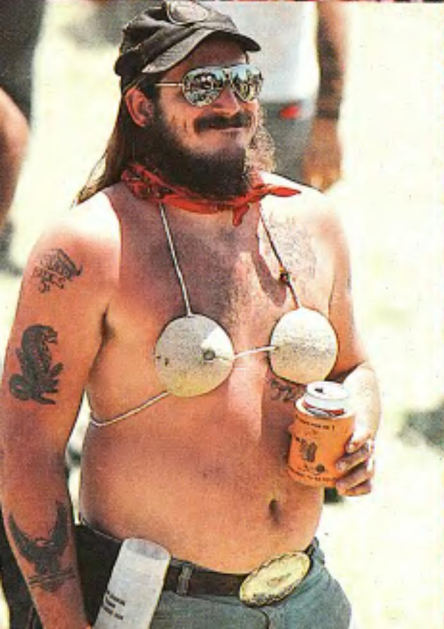


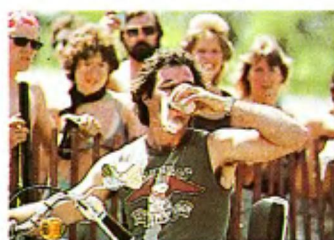
What are they looking at?



Here they come! Thousands of 'em! Get the children off the streets! Hide the women! Break out the chastity belts! Load the guns! Here come ten thousand bikers all at once — to rape and pillage, to do all kinds of outrageous acts. Oh, God! The despicable acts that are going to happen to our town!

But you know what? Nothing happened. None of the horrible scenes they'd seen in exploitive biker movies or on





What in the hell are they looking at?



hack TV shows. Other than seeing the bikers pass by on the streets on their way to a 177-acre farm outside the city — all fenced in to keep nose-pickers out — they didn't see 'em again!

There were no hassles at all. We knew there wouldn't be, but *they* didn't. As a matter of fact, the small upstate New York town of Duaneburg tried every legal means they could think of to stop the Harley Rendezvous from happening — all the way to the final moment (3 p.m. before the scheduled 7 p.m. opening) when they lost a last legal attempt to stop the meet. On May 31 they saw the land being prepared for the upcoming Harley Rendezvous and voted to rezone the property from rural (which meant they could hold the meet) to agricultural and residential — which would not allow the meet to happen. The promoter got a court-ordered injunction against the change and the meet was allowed to open. The next day the judge reversed himself and ruled that the final decision would be de-





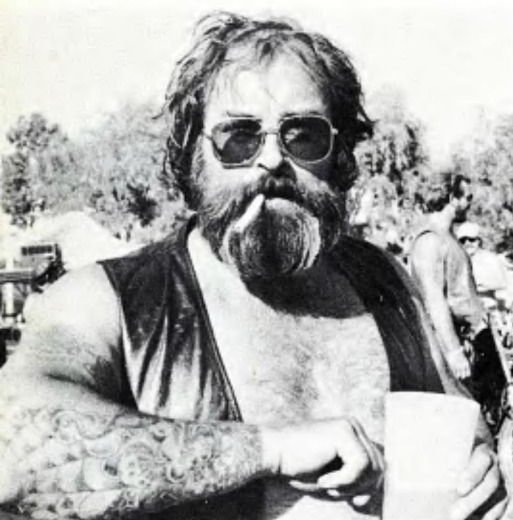
cided on the Monday after the meet (at press time he had not made any decision).

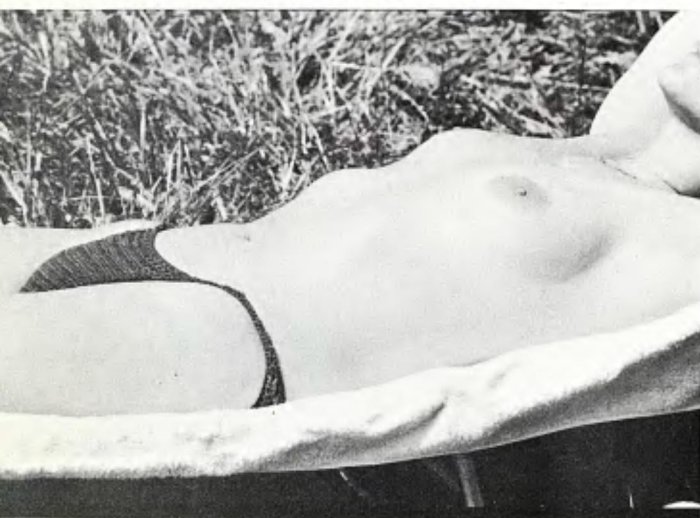
Meanwhile, the meet was held from 7 p.m. Thursday (for early arrivals) to 5 p.m. Sunday. There was lots of food, beer, soft drinks, gasoline, music, contests, a wall-of-death, booths selling all types of geegaws — everything a biker might want on a freewheeling weekend — even an ample display of nude (or nearly nude) women.

The police got one complaint — that a bike was parked in a driveway. Headlines in the newspaper said it all: "Rendezvous Rolls On Through Legal Mud," "Harley Rendezvous — A Good Time Is Had By All!" "Rendezvous Called Success," "Police Report Few Problems," "Troopers, Bikers Share Low-Key, Light Mood."

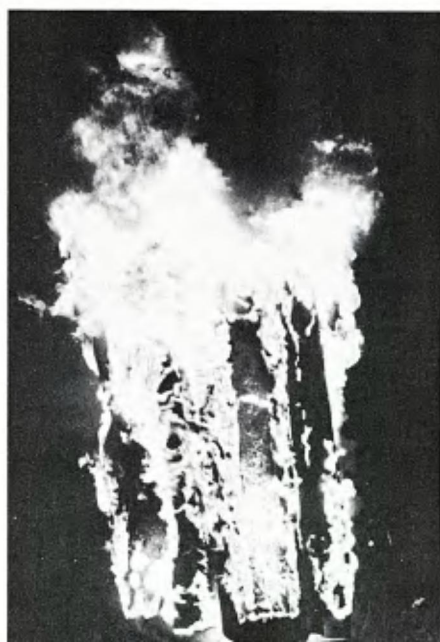
The photos that accompany this drivel also say it all. The weather was perfect — in the mid-seventies. Upstate New York was lush. The property had lakes as did the land all around the area.

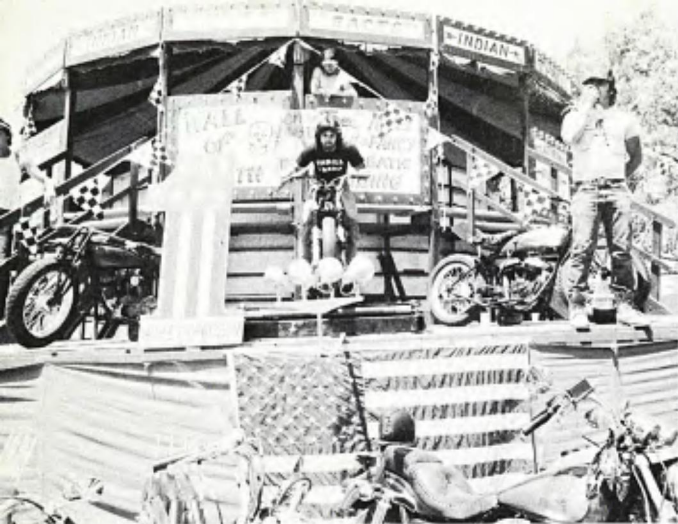
The bikers, as people will learn, just want to be left alone just as they leave every-





Damn, it must be good!





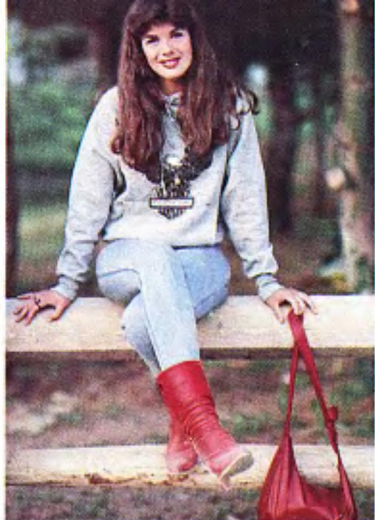
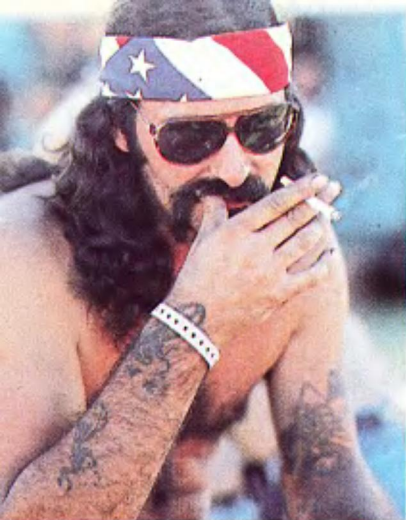
Photos by Michael Lichter, Frank, and Charone



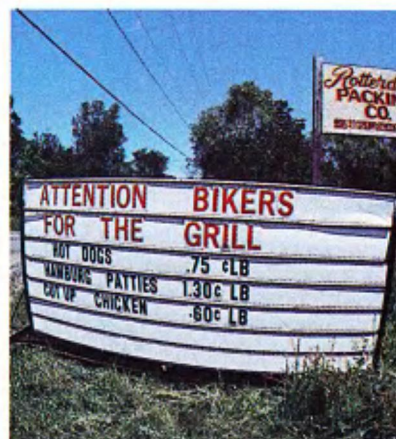
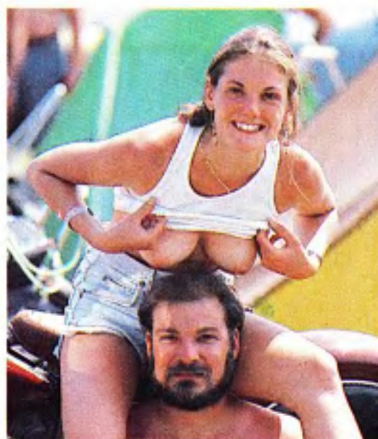
one else alone. This meet proved it — some of the city people got all up in arms about the marauding horde coming to their peaceful town. Then they came, bothered no one, and left the town's people saying such things in the newspapers as, "I expected rowdyism, but it was more like a carnival atmosphere." "They all acted like ladies and gentlemen." "The visitors were polite and respected people's property." "I did ten times more business." "They were courteous." "I can find nothing detrimental about it."

I could go on and on, but the point is that most bikers are damned nice people. Just give 'em a chance to prove it as they did at this meet.





Men will be men — they're looking at women showering!



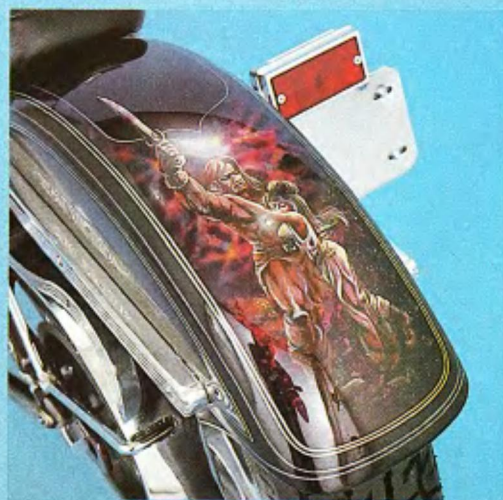
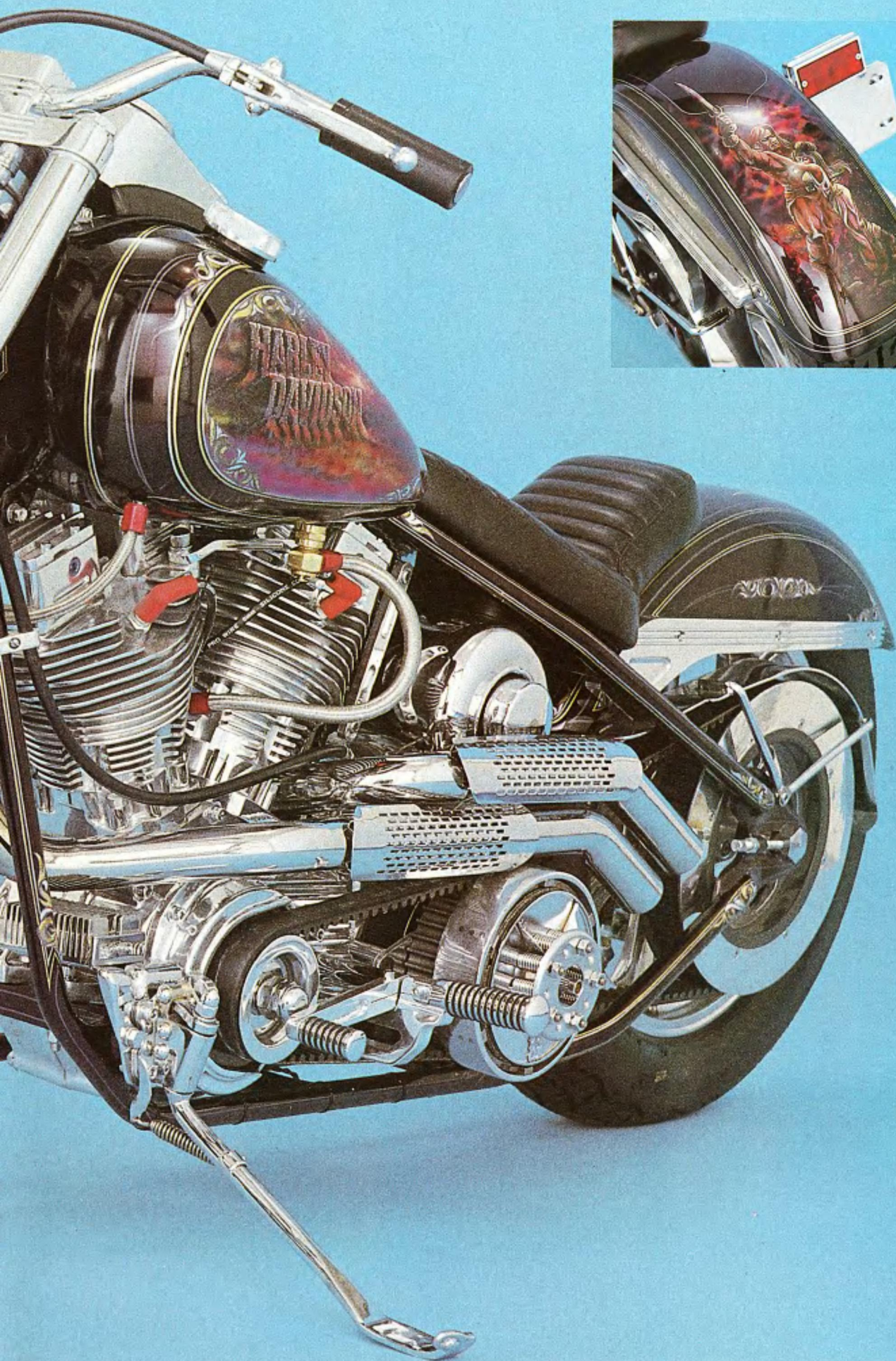
THE KNACK

No, we ain't talkin' about a defunct teeny-bopper rock group from the late seventies, the singers of "My Sharona" and perpetrators of other drivin'. We're rappin' about the talent and resources only a few select shops can offer in the custom Harley market. Shops that can dish out a perfect rendition of the motorcycle you've envisioned in your head for months, maybe years.

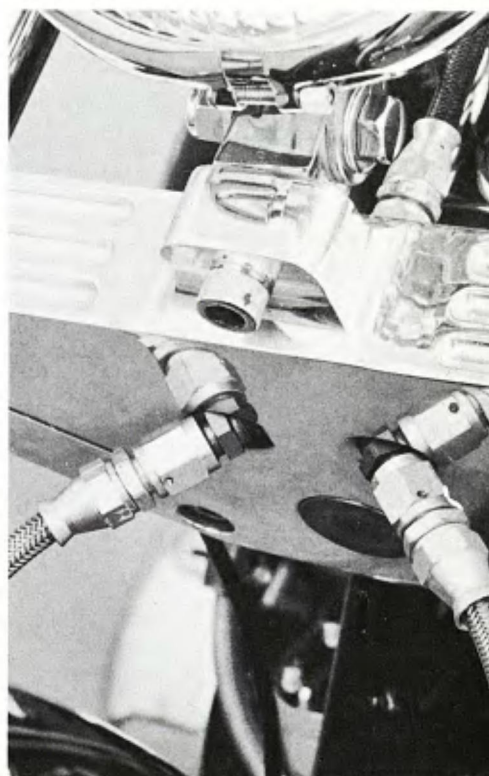
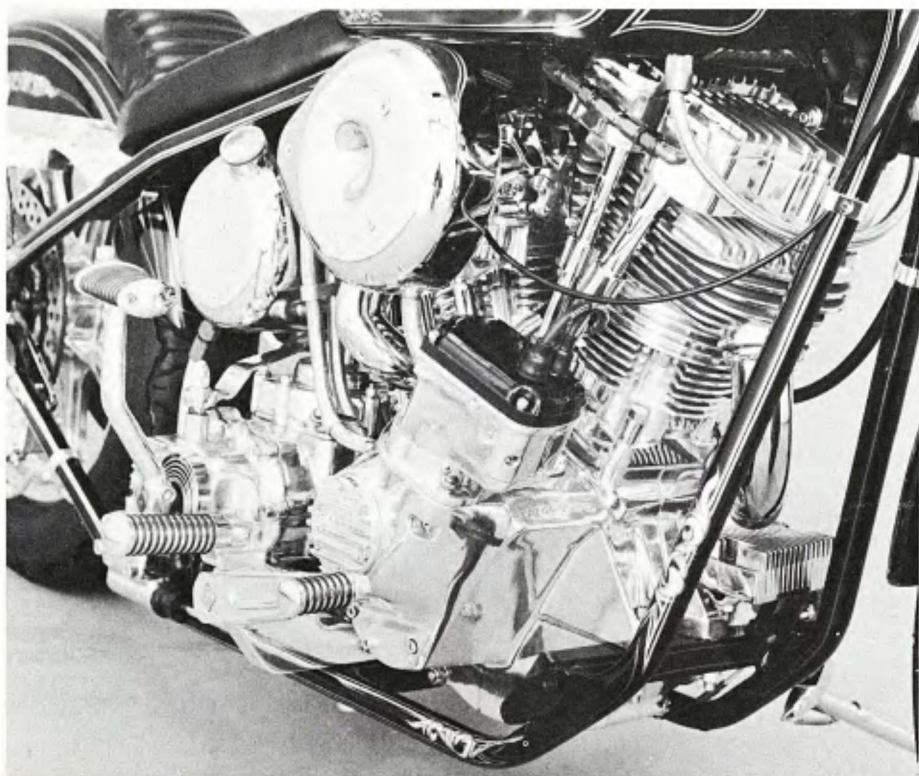
Ron Simms, owner of Bay Area Custom Cycle, runs just such a shop. Hardcore. Strictly Harleys. The mechanics don't even like having Hondas parked out front. Bad for business. The bike you're looking at is a good representation of the work they're doing for bros in the Golden State's Bay Area. BACC definitely has the knack.

Simms came across the engine in an unusual way. See, a dude lunched his scooter, and his non-riding son decided to sell the parts for whatever pocket change he could get. First, Ron checked with the DMV on all the numbers to make sure they were copacetic. When they









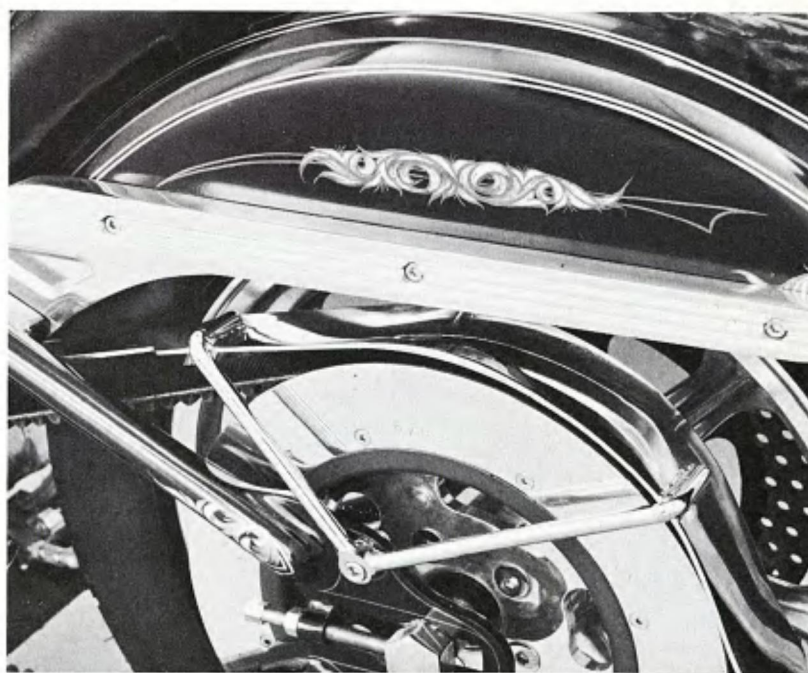
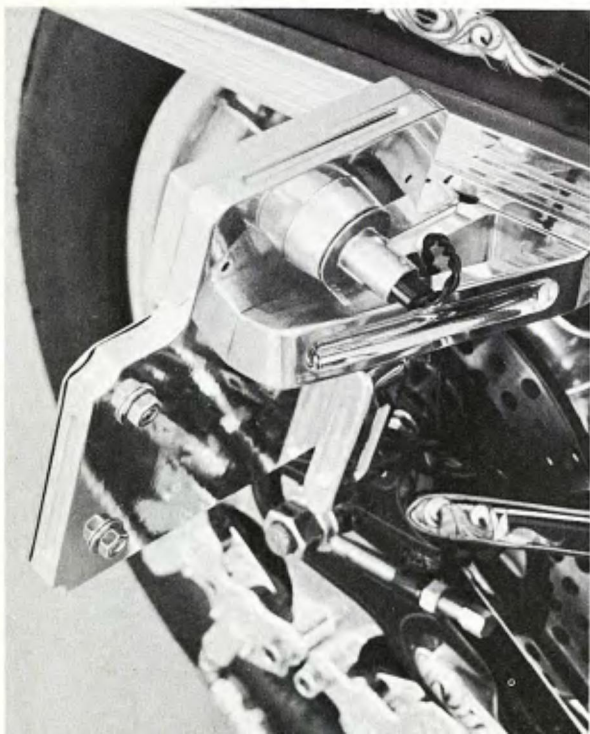
came out clean a deal was struck and the kid skipped off down the street with some bread fattening his wallet.

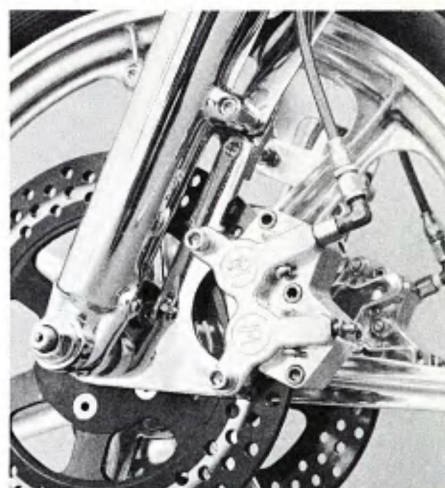
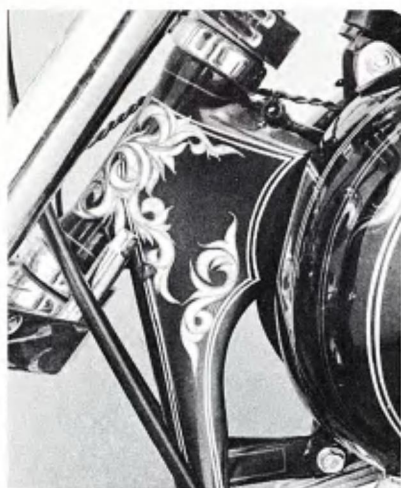
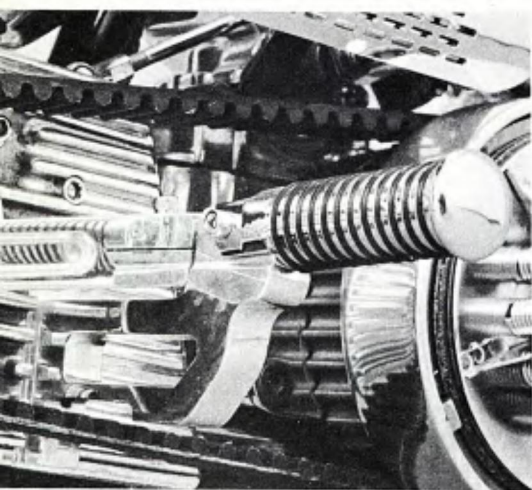
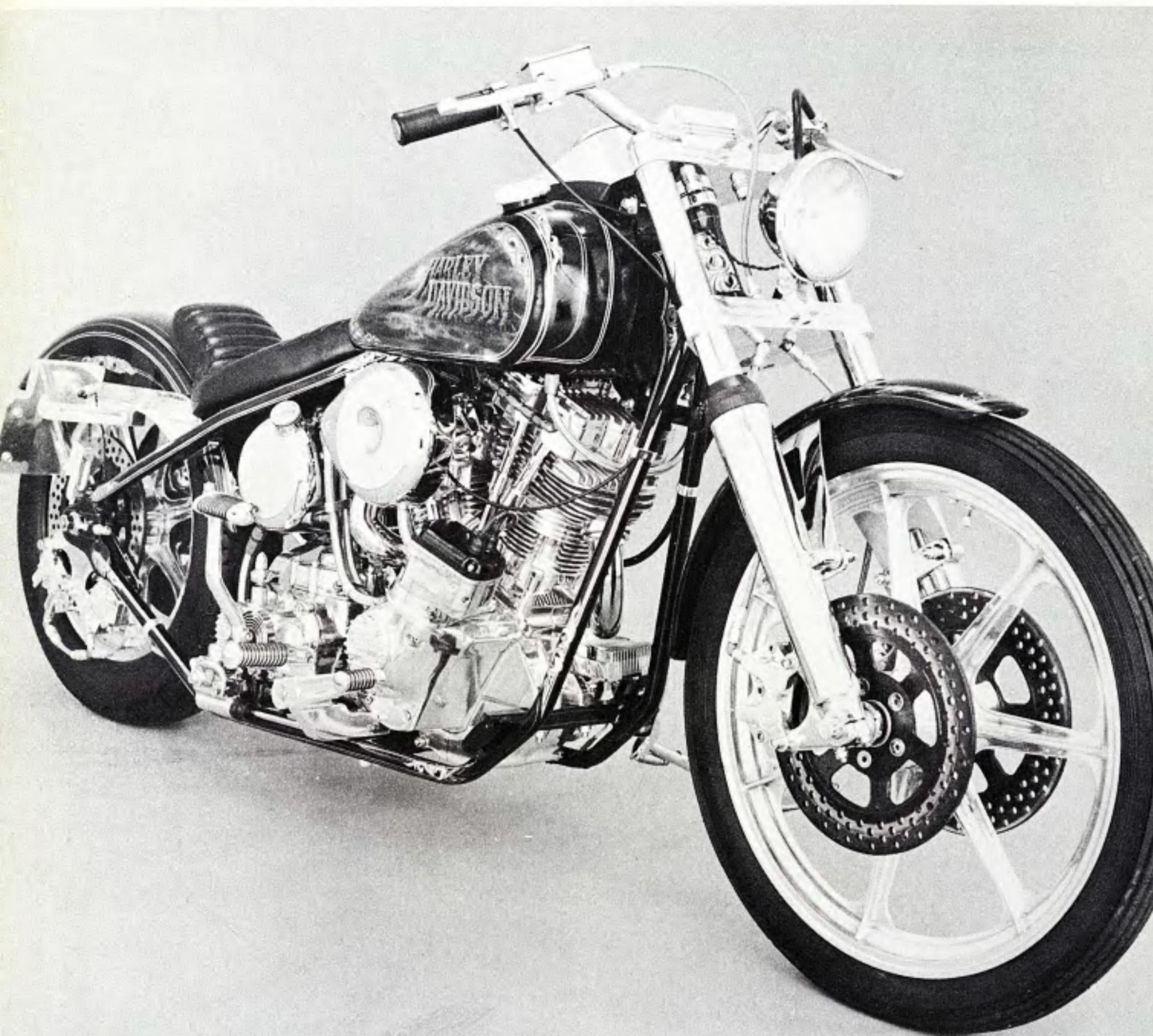
This bike was built by and for Ron, with the Oakland Roadster Show in mind, the biggest annual bike/hot rod show in the country. The recently acquired, aforementioned lunched engine was rebuilt and spruced up by one of Ron's

top wrenches, Bob Gomes. Everything was going along smoothly and it looked like they'd make their self-imposed deadline right on the button.

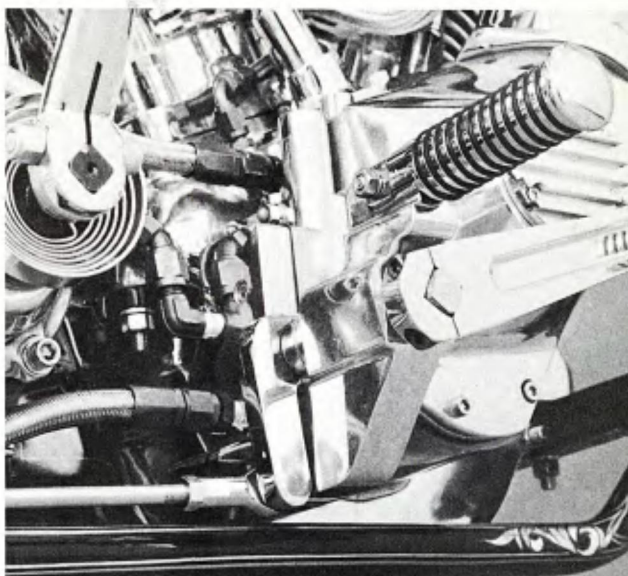
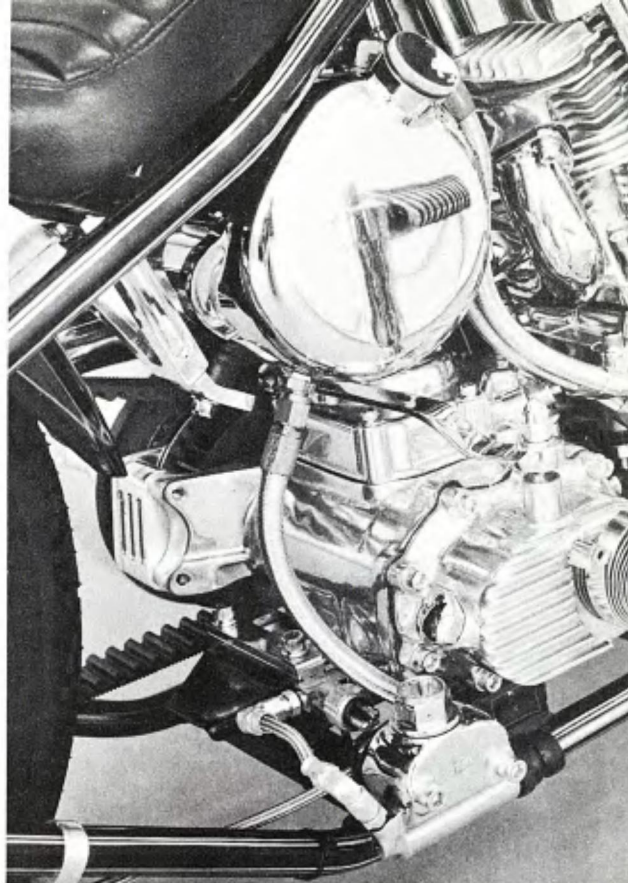
Ron was looking to construct a bike that anyone would be proud to ride. A motorcycle that had a human element. In other words, lots of handcrafted parts for that just-right fit. He had a paint

scheme in mind that would give a powerful prehistoric look. He entrusted his tank, other parts to be painted, and ideas to a painter. A painter of the *artistic* ilk. You know what that means. The dude sat and stared at the job for weeks. Every time Ron called, the artisan would give a bogus progress report. Finally fed up with the delay, a couple of bros from the





Owner: Ron Simms		City: Hayward, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: BACC		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid/dual belt	
Value: \$20,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: BACC/Carl Simms		Stretch: stock	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: High Luster		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: CCI super bars	
Year: 1972		Risers: BACC	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): FXWG/rear: Glide	
Rebuilder: BACC/Bob Gones		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: BACC custom	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: FXE	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: BACC mounts/CCI pegs	
Balancing: Getmo		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: H-D	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: Hannas/Manley valves		Oil tank: round aluminum	
Cam(s): Sifton 440		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: BACC	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Pipe Line		Height: 2" thick	
Muffler(s): none		Material: machined aluminum billet	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1980		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot (billet aluminum)		Builder: H-D/BACC	
Engine sprocket: Primo 14mm.		Special features: brake line "T" at lower tree	
Trans sprocket: Primo 14mm.		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: Super Max Belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Horst		Hub: Morris	Hub: Morris
Painter: Horst		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: purple		Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Carlisle
Type: lacquer		Brake: Dual Quads	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: gold leaf/murals by Horst			
Other special modifications: gas caps, shifting and brake linkage, top motor mount, barrels and oil bag mount all machined aluminum. Machine work by John Machesky. Detail work by Don Albert. Design consultant John Wood.			



Photos by Pete Chiodo

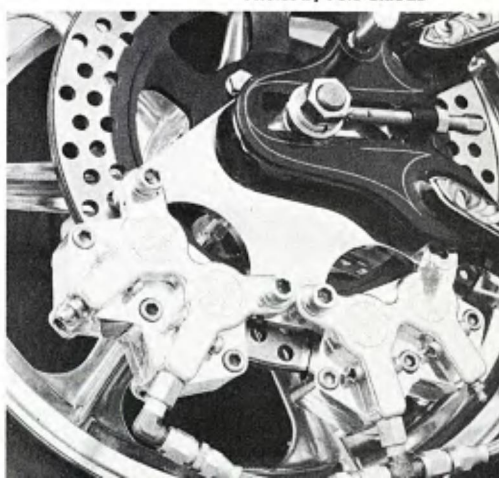
shop went for an up-close and personal inspection on the progress of the alleged painter. Nada. The tanks were found in the same condition as when they were dropped off.

With the deadline clock runnin' down on showtime, Ron enlisted the help of his old trusty painter Horst, whom he should have gone to in the first place. Horst immediately whipped out a super

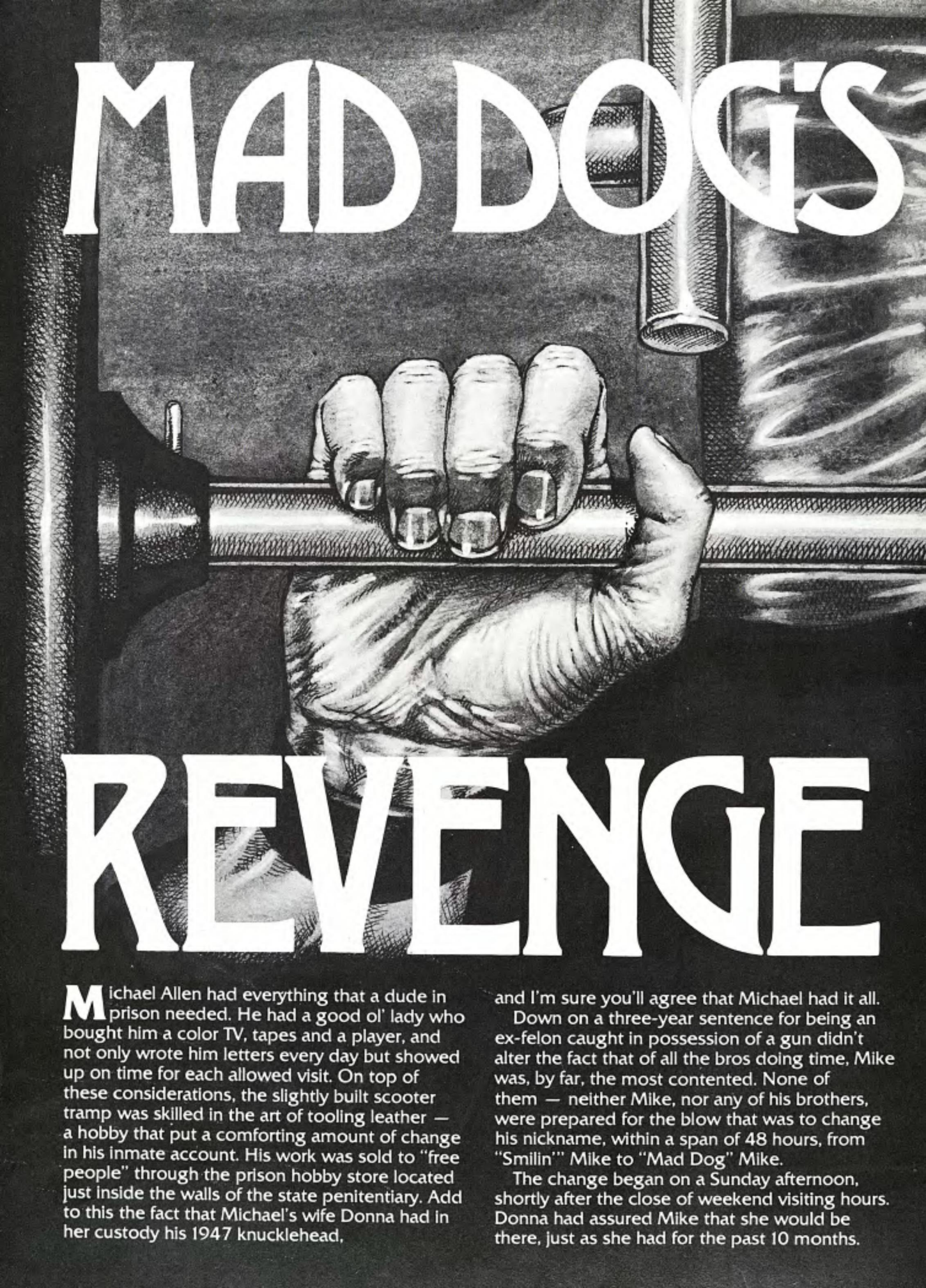
job on the fenders and fatbobs, as well as on the molding.

With the artwork finally completed, along with the culmination of work from the other enlisted specialists, this sani cycle was finished. They made it to the show where the bike did well, and later Ron did even better when he sold it for a stack of green. Ain't that what it's all about when ya own a shop?

—Buster



MAD DOG'S



REVENGE

Michael Allen had everything that a dude in prison needed. He had a good ol' lady who bought him a color TV, tapes and a player, and not only wrote him letters every day but showed up on time for each allowed visit. On top of these considerations, the slightly built scooter tramp was skilled in the art of tooling leather — a hobby that put a comforting amount of change in his inmate account. His work was sold to "free people" through the prison hobby store located just inside the walls of the state penitentiary. Add to this the fact that Michael's wife Donna had in her custody his 1947 knucklehead,

and I'm sure you'll agree that Michael had it all.

Down on a three-year sentence for being an ex-felon caught in possession of a gun didn't alter the fact that of all the bros doing time, Mike was, by far, the most contented. None of them — neither Mike, nor any of his brothers, were prepared for the blow that was to change his nickname, within a span of 48 hours, from "Smilin'" Mike to "Mad Dog" Mike.

The change began on a Sunday afternoon, shortly after the close of weekend visiting hours. Donna had assured Mike that she would be there, just as she had for the past 10 months.



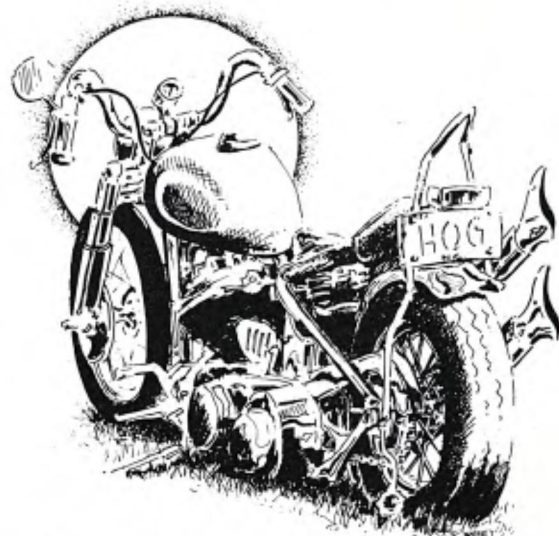
By Silver

However, that particular weekend, she not only failed to show up on Saturday, but skipped Sunday also. Smilin' Mike managed to convince the captain that this was definitely an "emergency" and was granted a phone call. His impatient finger tapping failed to bring an answer and after 20 or so rings, he hung up, even more worried than before. The next day he got permission to try again and this time he was stunned when an intercept operator cut in at the fourth ring to inform him, "That number is no longer in service." After checking the number for accuracy and trying several more times, Smilin' Mike gave it up.

Some of the brothers say that was when the change occurred. Others say no, it was on the following day, a Tuesday, the day Michael got the letter from Donna. Whichever version you prefer is immaterial. The fact they all agreed on was that Smilin' Mike didn't smile anymore. Later that night the silence of the cellblock was shattered by the sound of someone slamming his bare fists into the concrete walls and shouting angry phrases. "Met this really neat dude!" Wham! "...still love you, but..." Wham! Wham! Wham! When the pounding had subsided, all that could be heard was a

Continued on page 84

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Revuebar Spectacle

Another aspect of riding the Milwaukee Iron is the spectacle it generates and the sheer awe you receive from passersby. A posse of Harleys thundering into a one-horse Italian town is enough to get the inhabitants downing tools and gawking goggle-eyed as the rolling revuebar passes through.

—Superbike

Close To The End

Until we accept that most injuries are caused by the sober, non-speeding driver and start researching why, then we are going nowhere but to the end of an ever decreasing circle — and we are already perilously close to it.

—Mike Holloway
Australian
Motorcycle News

A 1920 Whatever

I slowed, admiring the machine and envying its owner; then as I passed, exchanging waves and grins with the cyclist and his passenger, I thought: It's been a long, long time since I passed a 1920-whatever Harley sidehack on the road. Come to think of it, I don't believe I've ever passed a 1920-whatever Harley sidehack on the road.

—Roger Hull
Road Rider

Daytona Obscurity

A footnote no more important or heroic, or less so, than the experiences of hundreds of competitors who go to Daytona. We all prepare in obscurity; arrive in obscurity; struggle

through the week in obscurity; race, break or crash in obscurity; and then we go home in obscurity.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Wishing For Brakes

Brakes are wonderful things. They are one of those little things that you take for granted in life until they aren't there anymore. Then you spend the rest of your life (what little there is left of it) wishing they always worked like they were supposed to.

—Bob Bitchin
Biker Lifestyle

Just Another Mess

"Here's another fine mess you've gotten me into!"

These are words that I would feel comfortable using in complaining to my motorcycle about anything at all. My reasoning is quite logical: Ever since I got myself one of the fool things, a motorcycle has been responsible, directly or indirectly, for most of the events in my life.

—Randy Warren
Motorcycle Industry
Shopper

Paying Dearly

As a small company, Harley-Davidson has the flexibility to run off small batches of machines. These motorcycles aren't always "limited editions"; rather Harley's ability to assemble special-detail models in small numbers is just a consequence of being Harley-Davidson. When the price tag reaches the altitude of \$8199, one best be selling something pretty special, in terms of details, aroma or whatever,

and in terms of exclusivity — owners are paying dearly not to meet themselves on the road.

—Cycle

Back To Earth

The Green Beem was loaded with everything we thought we would need for the coming year. That was our first lesson: loading versus overloading. We wanted to leave by 7 a.m. of July 1; by 8 a.m. the double-burner propane stove, my green suede fringed chaps, and some other less essential gear had been removed from the load so that the front wheel returned to the pavement.

—Paul Essendorf
Northeast Riding

Empty The Warehouses

Crystal-ball gazers in Japan don't see the demand for motorcycles increasing in the next two or three years, so selling strategies will change, the report says. The first order of business is to empty the warehouses of old bikes.

—Cycle World

Inside And Out

With motorcycles, many people figure that protecting their investment means watching the oil and lube levels which keep the machine's internal components in top operating condition. But protecting a motorcycle investment goes far beyond keeping an eye on internal lubricants. As much as the insides of motorcycles need care and attention, so do those components found on the outside of bikes. Only

when these external parts and accessories are maintained as well as the internal parts will the total package be fully protected.

—Motorcycle Dealernews

Rare Thoroughbred

XR's are also rare, and the rein-holders at Harley-Davidson aren't about to dilute the *éclat* of their racing thoroughbred with ubiquity. Production follows a serendipitous schedule — the bikes appear in batches whenever demand and coordination of the many outside jobbers who fabricate the racer's components combine to permit a limited manufacturing run. Harley-Davidson has built only three batches of XR's since the alloy model first appeared in 1972, and estimates of the total number produced runs to under 800. This year Harley is gearing up to assemble 25 new engines, the first XR parts to emerge from Milwaukee in four years.

—Paul Gordon
Cycle

A Bigger Target

The old saying that being number one makes you a bigger target is certainly proving to be true. We are feeling the heat and have been since our format was copied by both our competitors some time ago.

Although I am not without concern over what the others might be planning by way of strategy to unseat us, it seems that the only thing to do is keep on keepin' on.

—Rick Campbell
Motorcycle Industry
Shopper



Illustration by Mike Brennan

Remembering Hal "Asp" Robinson

When I first met Hal, he was pawin' some gal,
Laughin' and squeezin' her tit;
All stewed to the gills, he was lookin' for thrills,
Smokin' dope, guzzlin' beer, talkin' shit.

A partyin' fool, Hal broke every rule,
Always boozin' and havin' a toke;
But I just shook my head when they said he was dead —
Hell, he was just too ornery to croak.

I'll miss all those Hogs and gnarly-ass dogs,
All the biker women and men,
All those trashed-out putts and big-rumped sluts
Hal brought to life with his pen.

His inkwell is dry, but Hal's drawings won't die,
Or the pleasure he gave to us all;
And don't get all sad, 'cause Hal's ghost would get mad
If anyone started to bawl.

So don't shed a tear, just open a beer,
And roll up a bomber or two;
Then let's all drink a toast to ol' Robinson's ghost,
And the wonderful stuff that he drew.

—The Staff



A Chick Who's Been Around

Our resident philosopher has yet to come up with anything as profound as "Know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em," but he's still in there tryin'.





My bro's a barroom poet,
Ya know, he's done it all.
And the record of his passin's,
Writ on the bathroom wall.

He's got his own philosophy,
That ain't too damn profound.
But it pays to listen up to him,
'Cause the dude's sure been around.

"Now, listen, son," he'll say to you,
If ya ask him for advice.
'I've had a ton of virgin snatch,
Those sweeties sure are nice.

"But the true fact is, without a doubt,
That when it comes to swingin' twat,
The very best with box and head
Don't always look so hot.



Photos by Pete Chioldo



"Find you a chick who's been around,
A chick used, abused and high.
Forget the sagging of her tits,
The flab around each thigh.

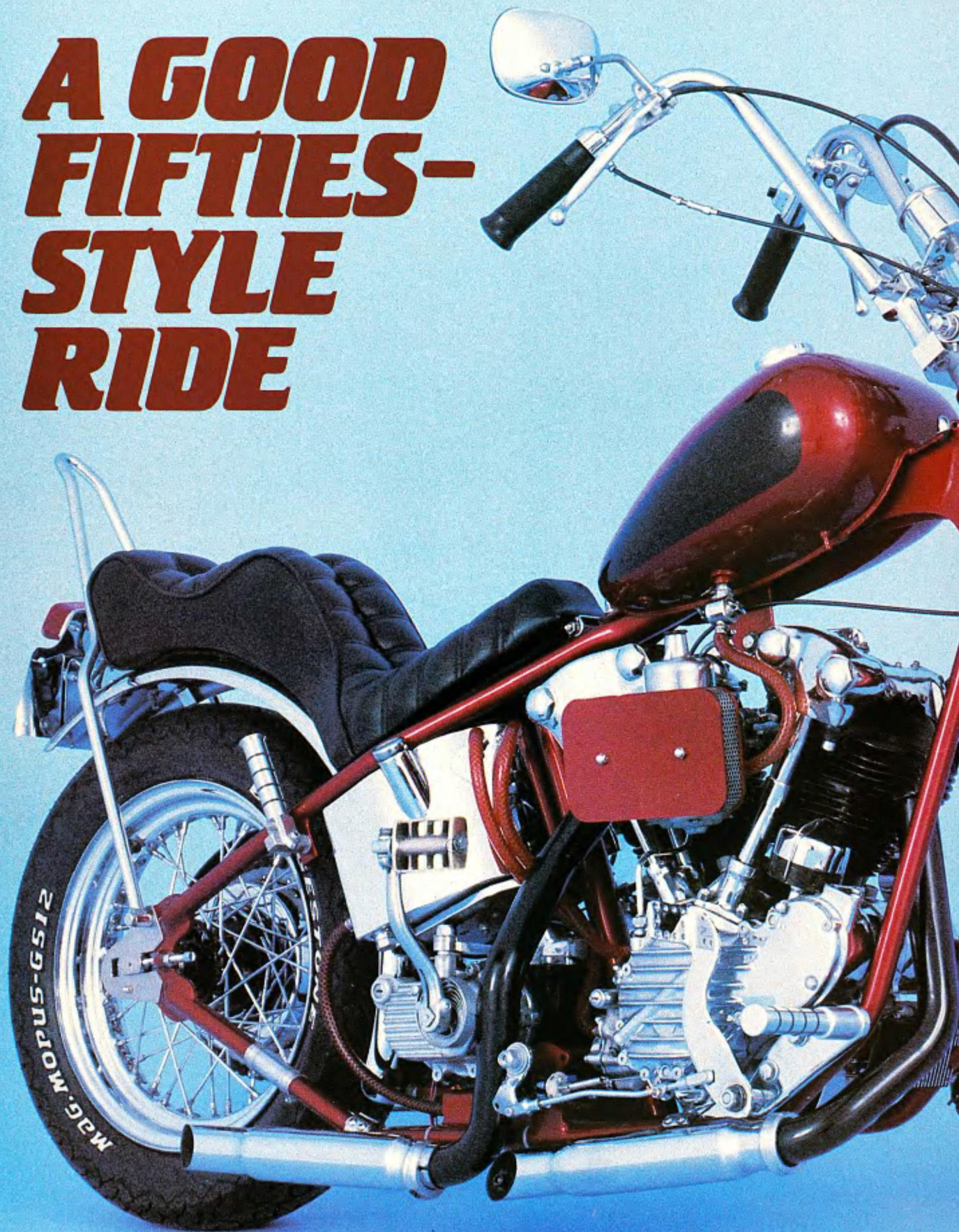
"She'll fuck yer brains out every day,
And keep ya warm at night.
She'll shine yer scooter until it gleams,
And back ya in a fight.

"Ya know, I've spent my lifetime
Mostly chasin' after cooze.
And the hard-boiled scooter mamas
Are the ones I've learned to choose.

"So take my advice, or don't, my friend,
It's entirely up to you.
But if ya nab some pretty little slut,
Boot her this way when you're through."

—Perfesser Prune

A GOOD FIFTIES- STYLE RIDE



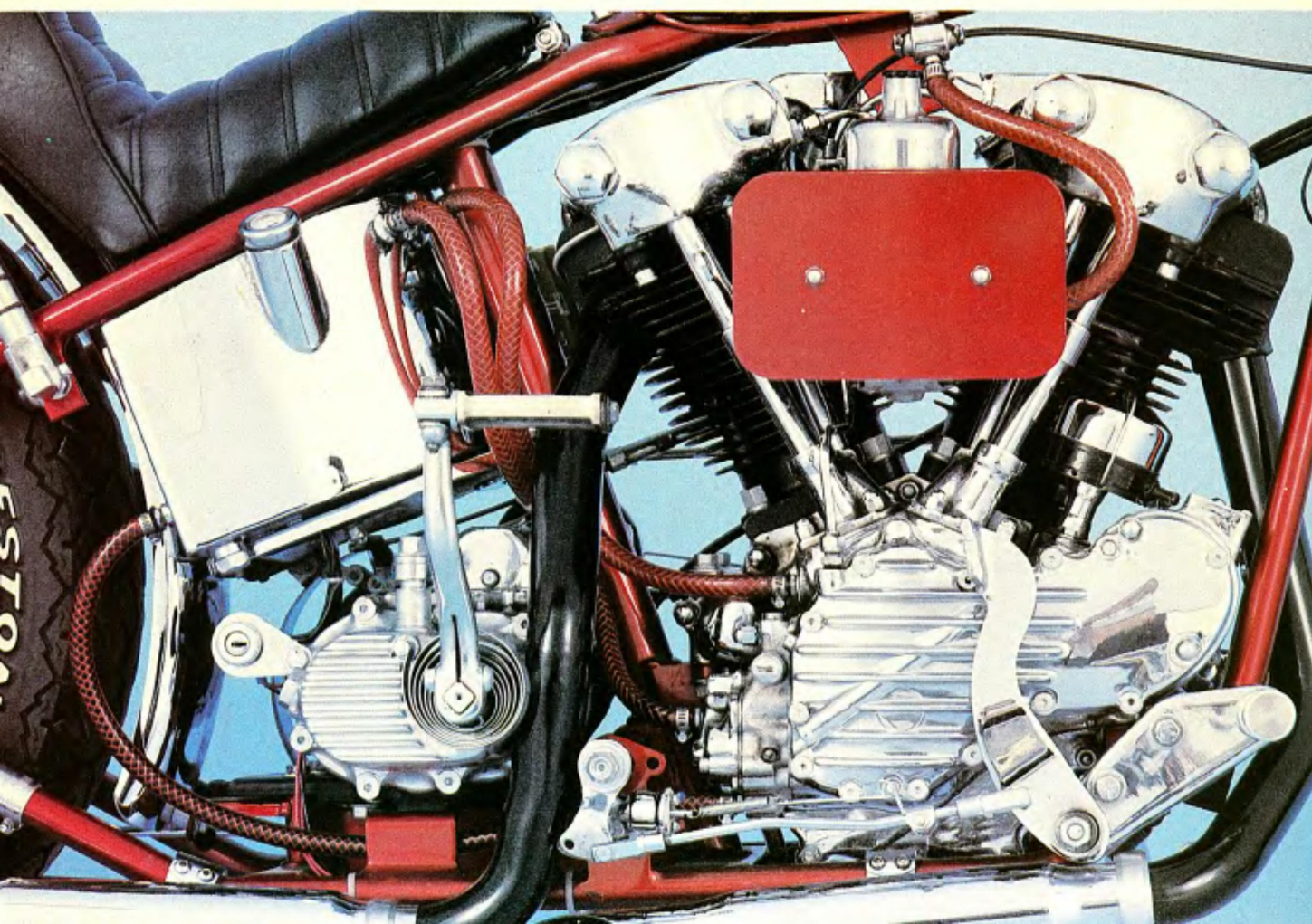
Bob Allen may have his career firmly planted in the hi-tech '80s, but his butt is happiest sitting smack dab in the middle of the '50s.

If ya met him at work, ya'd think Bob Allen was a classic example of a hi-tech, forward-lookin' kind of dude.

There he sits at a computer console makin' parts out of blocks of steel and shit like that. That's right, just sittin' there. No furnace, no anvil, no forge, no bel-lows, no tongs, no busted knuckles and no grease under the fingernails. Bob just sits at the controls of something called a CNC computerized milling machine and programs it to make stuff that used to require a sharp eye, four layers of muscle and infinite patience to create.

It's no wonder that anybody meeting Bob down at the ol' salt mine would say to themselves, "Here's a guy who wants everything to be the latest and greatest — complete with every space-age gadget





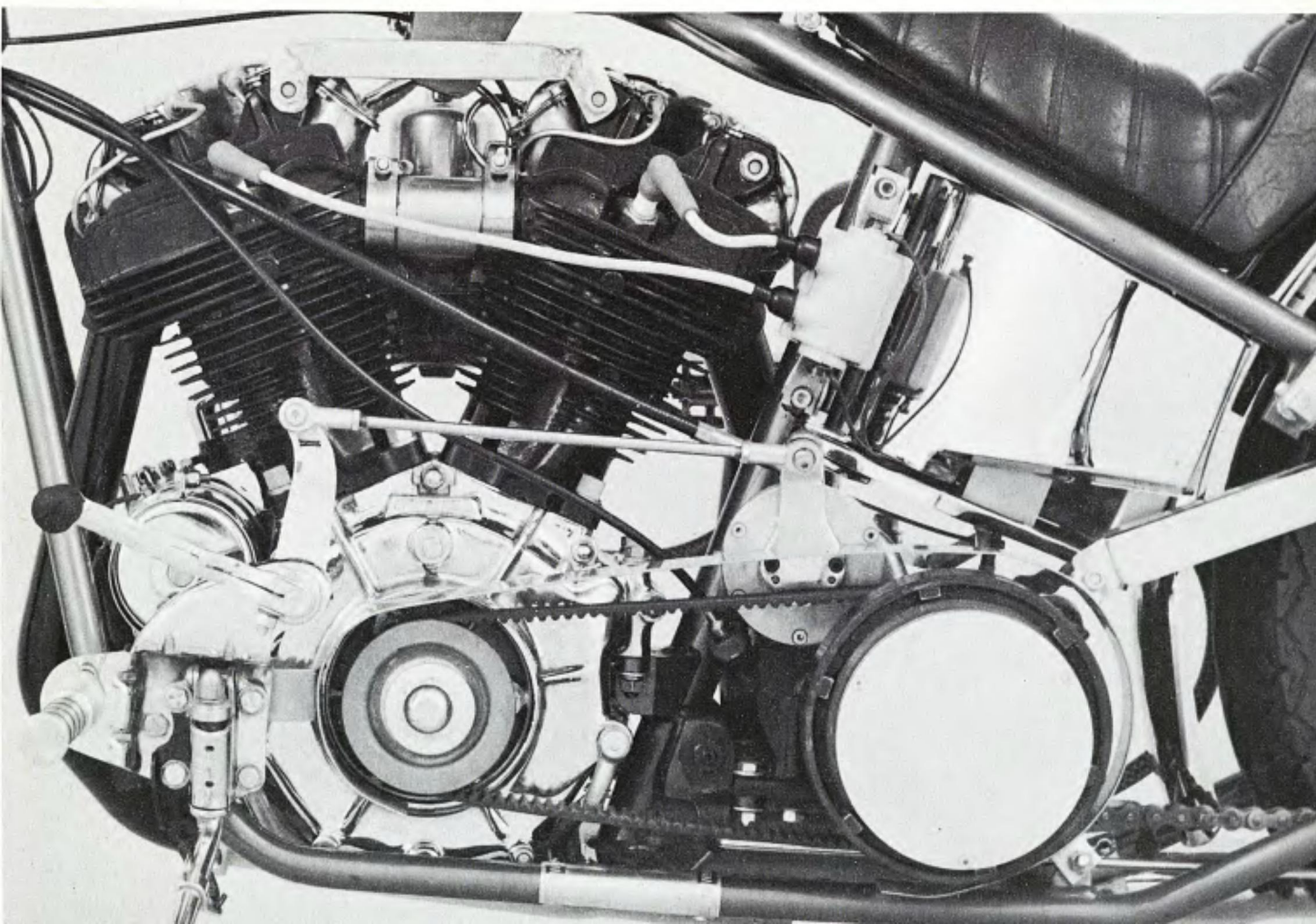
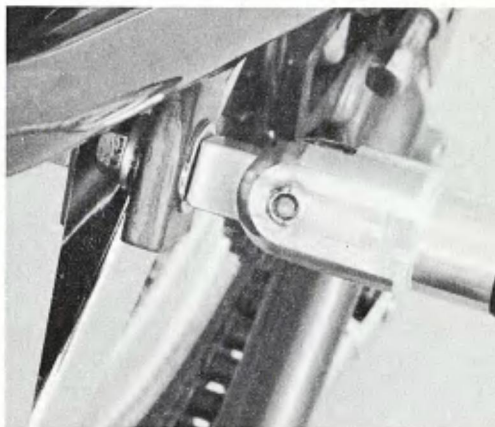
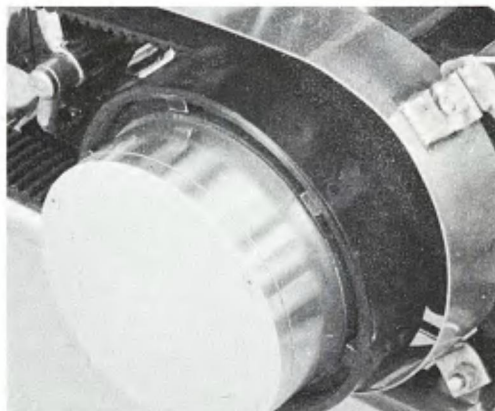
that's been invented."

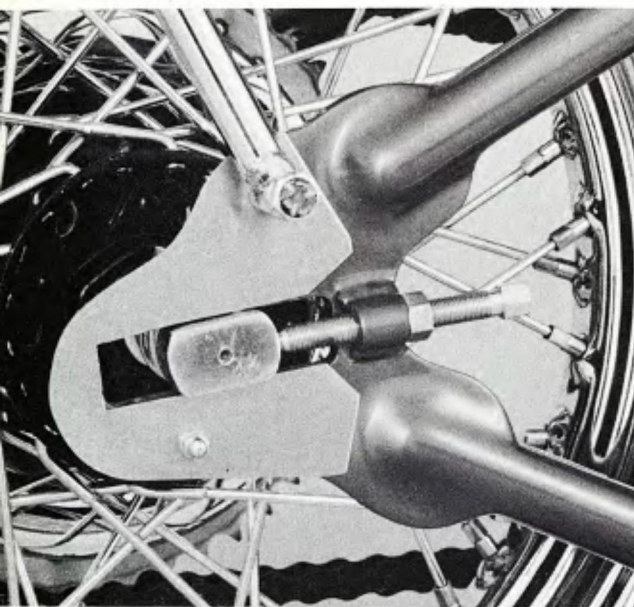
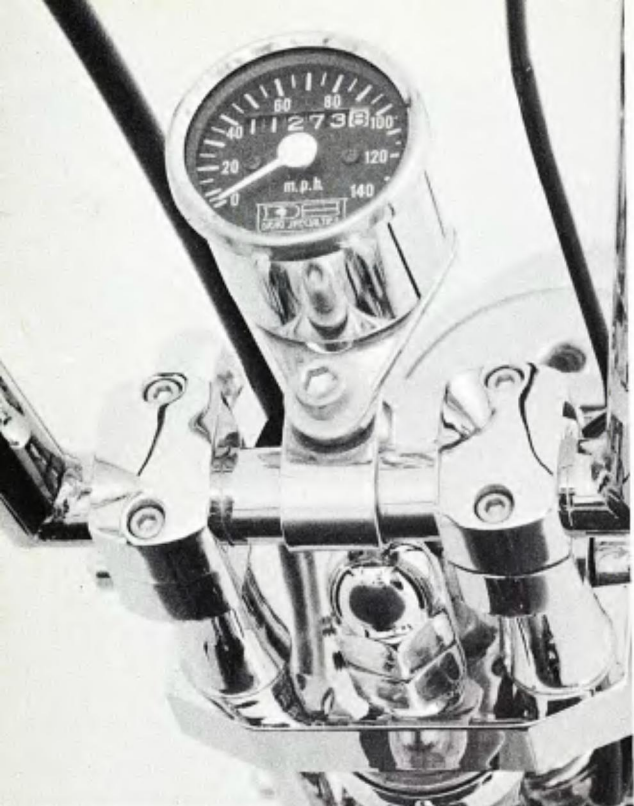
Well, it doesn't take more than a stroll down to the parking lot to prove such an impression dead wrong. Like our own "If-I-Can't-Swing-From-The-Bars-I-Won't-Ride-It" Spider, Bob is an outspoken advocate of classically styled scooters.

"I built this bike because I like to show off," Bob says. "I bought it as wreck, tore it down and completely rebuilt it. I've only had it for about nine months now, but it's already gotten a lifetime share of looks from just about everybody who sees it."

Frankly, we ain't surprised by that a bit. If the leader-of-the-pack girder and homemade apehangers aren't enough to stop traffic all by themselves, the candy-apple-red paint job sure is. Like Spider says, "The thing about the '50s look is that it always rings true. Look, ya feel good ridin' a rigid, right? Ya wanna sit down in that frame and feel the road you've conquered roll beneath ya, right? How can ya do it on somethin' that looks like it was styled at Cape Canaveral?"

Well, maybe ya can't. The boss is always right,





Photos by Mike Lichter



Owner: R. Allen		City: Oklahoma Territory	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1980	
Year and make: 1946 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 40 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 3 in.	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming: a little		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: 1946		Risers: Jammer	
Model: knuckle		Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: it works	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Drag Specialties	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: MC		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: chromed		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: owner		Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): FL		Oil system: non-seizing	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: owner	
Carb(s): SU		Seat: Drag Specialties	
Air cleaner: owner		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: 28 in.		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): yes		Material: 1/2-in. bar	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: girder	
Year: 1965		Extension: 6 in.	
Shifting: foot/owner		Builder: P&P	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Marvin Paschall		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: Marvin Paschall		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy red		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Bridgestone
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: H-D drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: clutch housing, axle plates, intake manifold and many more. Special thanks to D. Sweeney.			

right? Especially around here. On the other hand, it's wrong to make the assumption that the Classic Age and the Space Age are like oil and water, totally unable to blend for any purpose. They do, once in a while, come together.

The proof, ya see, is on this classic-lookin'

scooter. The proof is all the bits an' pieces — like the clutch cover and the air breather — that started out as unformed lumps of metal and were transfigured into what you see in these pictures by Bob Allen and his Space Age milling machine.

—Butcher

DIRTY WORDS

So yer ol' lady's locked you out of her box and yer ready to try just about anything to get back in, eh? Before ya get really desperate and invite all the bros over for a sweaty train ride, try settin' her down and havin' her work this sex-talk puzzle — maybe it'll give her some ideas.

Within this mess of letters are sixty-one hidden words. They may read forward,

backward, diagonally, or any other way you can draw a straight line. To further complicate matters, some words may overlap and letters may be used more than once or not at all.

And, for those lovebirds who get too loaded to figure it all out, we've included the glossary from a sex education manual. The solution is on page 90. Happy humping!



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

ANALINGUS
ASS
BALLS
BARE
BED
BOFFING
BOOBS
BOX
BUMPS
BUNS
BUST
BUTT
CLIT
COCKS
COCKSUCKER
COOTER
CUMSTAINS
CUNNILINGUS
CUNT
EAT

FUCKING
FUR
GANGBANG
GOOEY
GRINDS
HOSE
JIZZ
KAMA SUTRA
LICKS
LEG

PEEHOLE
PIES
PLAY
POOPER
PUD
PUSSY
REAR
RIM JOB
RUB
SADISM
SCREWING
SEX
SIXTY-NINE
SLIT
SMEAR
SODOMY
SQUEEZE
SUCK
TITS
TUSH
TWAT

MASTURBATE
MEAT
MOAN
MUFFIN
NEST
NIPPLES
NUTS
NYMPHO
OIL
PECKER

By George Grenke

You Pick The WINNER!

Get out yer magnifying glasses and micrometers, bros; it's time for you to make your most important decision of the year — who to support as the **Easyriders** Ol' Lady of the Year.

As usual, our twelve monthly winners are pantin' with lust for the \$1000 prize and the chance to party with the staff that goes with it. And also as usual, the Ol' Lady of the Year will be selected entirely on the basis of the votes cast by **you**, the readers.

So study the pictures frontways, sideways and backwards — hell, ya can sniff 'em if ya think it'll help — and send your vote, written on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope, to Ol' Lady of the Year, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Deadline for voting is Sept. 30, and we'll announce the winner as soon as the office mouses stop bitchin' and count the votes.



CARLA



DEBBY



VICKIE



CINDI



SUE





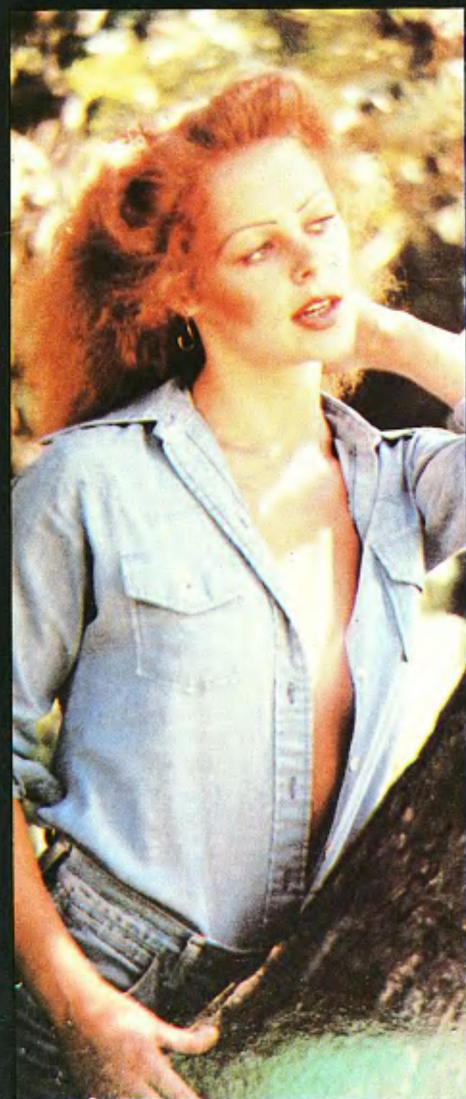
CINDY

DEBI



SUSAN

PEST



GINA



KAREN



You know how it is. You see them on your way to work. Big bikes, covered with road dust, headed the other way — out of town. Or maybe there's just one; some lone wolf leaning back against his bedroll, wearing a pair of World War II Royal Belgian Flying Corps goggles, no helmet, what may have once been jeans, and a bandanna that needs an oil change.

As he goes by, you look in the rearview. If his ride's got a license plate, it's so spattered with mud you can't make it out. That really bothers you. A lot.

And his bike: something old, Harley or European, maybe some duct tape holding the rotten seat together and a ripple of dents across the tank. The bike has that peculiar sound, too — an angry rock-and-roll bass you can't quite place until you pull onto the job site. But hell, it sounded just like that old Triumph or Harley or Norton you've got covered with broken lawn furniture and ruptured garden hose, collecting dust in the back of your garage. Didn't it?

Nothing happens for a few days. Then without thinking, you buy a road atlas and a six-pack of off-brand beer at the neighborhood all-night store.

Continued on page 102

DAMNED IF YOU DON'T

By Suds



Harley ready to storm the sand

Sometime right about now — Labor Day, 1984 — the streamliner "Tenacious" will attempt to return the motorcycle land speed record to Harley-Davidson for the fourth time since 1937.

It was in '37 that Joe Petralli first won the title for Harley by going 136.183mph on a 61 cu. in. Hog. In 1965 George Roeder set a record for the 250cc class on a streamliner powered by a Harley Sprint, and in 1970 Cal Rayborn powered a Sportster-engined bike to 265mph — a single-engine bike record that still stands.

Now comes Tenacious. Engineered by Denis Manning and piloted by Dan Kinsey, Tenacious is out to steal not only



Rayborn's single-engine bike record but the all-time bike record — currently held by Don Vesco at 318mph on an import.

"Although most land speed record machines are multiple-engined," Manning says, "we mathematically determined

that a single H-D engine (bored to 115 cu. in.) is capable of powering Tenacious to a new world record."

The record runs, postponed from last spring because of flooding, will be held in the desert near Gerlach, Nevada.

Easynews



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

Having brought little but their sorrow, taking away nothing but their memories, hundreds of bikers form a mile-long Iron ribbon as they leave an Anchorage, Alaska, cemetery following the burial of their brother Kelth Cox, 31, who recently rode his Hog to glory on the Northern Lights Blvd. Kelth, one of the best H-D wrenches on the last frontier was eulogized as a "helluva man" who partied with the best. He lived fast, he died young.

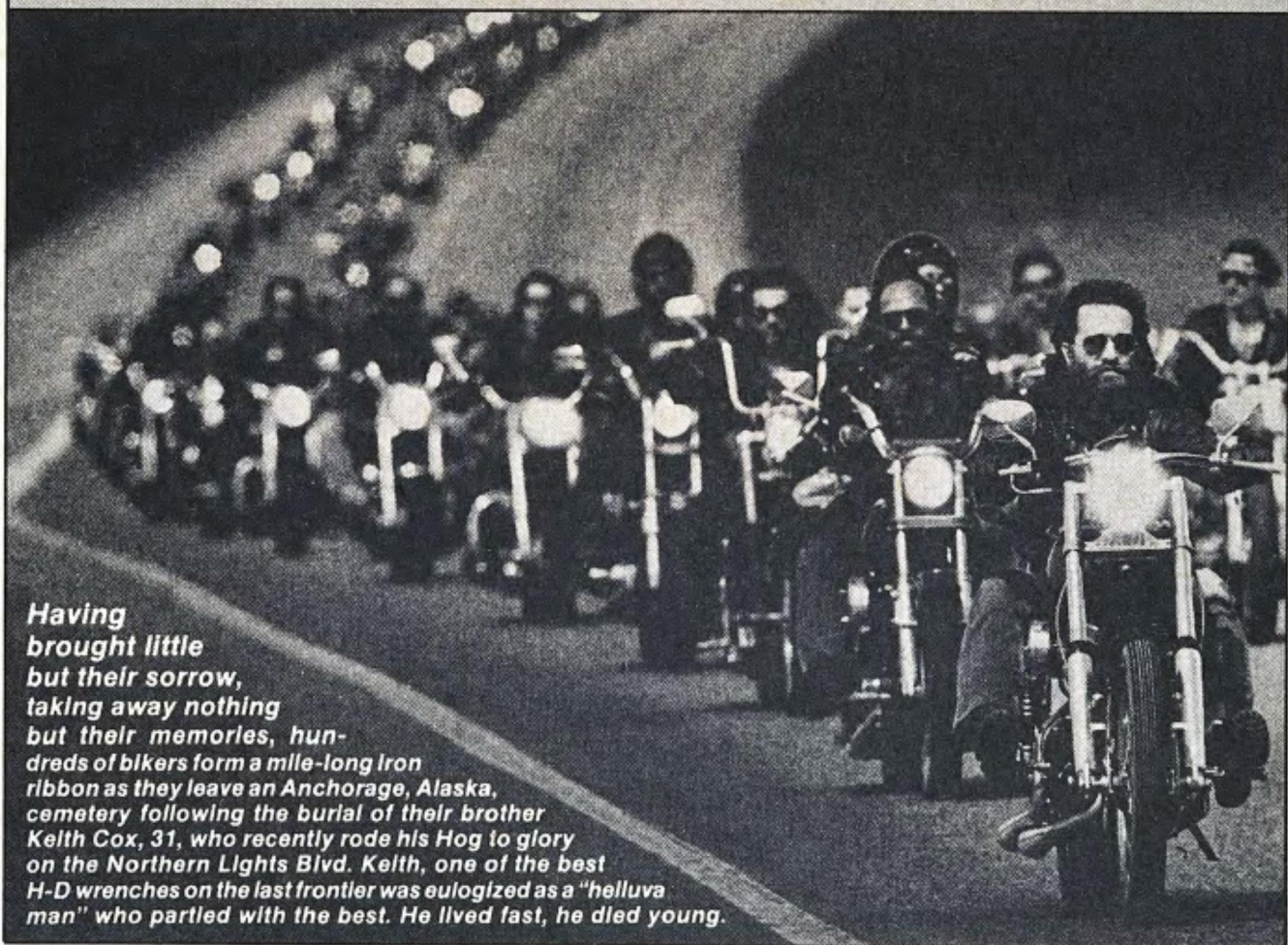


Photo by Paul Brown, Anchorage Daily News

Kaw's cop-bike curse reported in new bikes

High-speed handling problems previously believed to be confined to Kawasaki police bikes manufactured prior to 1980 may not be a thing of the past.

According to a spokesman for the Dallas (Texas) Police Department, 29 out of 30 brand-new 1983 Kawasaki 1000s delivered last spring almost immediately developed handling problems similar to those that have allegedly been the cause of numerous accidents, several of them fatal, involving older-model Kawasaki 900s.

Police department mechanics made changes in the tires and tension nuts on the new bikes and believed they had the problem licked until Officer James S. Talbott, 32, was injured when his 1981 Kawasaki 1000 went out of control a

few weeks later. Since the '81 Kawas and the '83 Kawas have basically the same suspension design, the Dallas PD decided to hire an independent consultant to survey their entire motorcycle fleet and recommend ways to prevent future

H-D Sport Glide cannonballs from coast to coast in marathon rally that Honda was afraid to run

Proving yet once again a truth we've known for a long time — that two wheels are better than four — a 1984 Harley FXRT Sport Glide recently ran from the East Coast across the northern border of the U.S. to the West Coast, down the West Coast and across the south to Florida, and back up to Connecticut, all in less than 170 hours.

To make it even more amazing, the Harley, the only bike

such accidents. At ER press-time the consultant had not yet completed his study.

"We thought we had the thing [high-speed wobble problem] under control and then we had this thing (Talbott's crash)," Deputy Chief George

Reed said. "What caused the problem, I don't know."

Kawasaki, which has so far lost several multi-million dollar lawsuits to police officers injured on the pre-1980 900s, declined to comment on the Dallas situation.

entered in the 1984 Cannonball One Lap of America rally, completed the course with no maintenance except for one oil and filter change — far less mechanical work than was required by most of the cages.

Alternating in the saddle during the event were four H-D employees — an assembly line worker, an engineer, a district sales manager and a mechanic. That's right, not a single "pro" rider in the lot.

"We took it off the assembly line on Thursday morning, changed the oil, and took it to Connecticut," one of the riders told the press after the race.

"The big joke is that Honda had the opportunity to enter a cycle, too, and turned it down, saying that they didn't have enough time to prepare. We had a lot of fun with that — what's to prepare? You just take it off the line and go if you've got a Harley."

Helmet Removal from Injured Patients

Types of Helmets

Full face coverage—
motorcycle, auto racer



Full face coverage—
motorcycles



Partial face coverage—
motorcycle, auto racer



Light head protection—
bicycle, kayak



Football



Helmet Removal

1



One rescuer applies inline traction by placing his or her hands on each side of the helmet with the fingers on the victim's mandible. This position prevents slippage if the strap is loose.

2



The rescuer cuts or loosens the strap at the D-rings while maintaining inline traction.

3



A second rescuer places one hand on the mandible at the angle, the thumb on one side, the long and index fingers on the other. With his other hand, he applies pressure from the occipital region. This maneuver transfers the inline traction responsibility to the second rescuer.

4



The rescuer at the top removes the helmet. Three factors should be kept in mind: The helmet is egg-shaped, and therefore must be expanded laterally to clear the ears.

5



6



7



• If the helmet provides full facial coverage, glasses must be removed first.
• If the helmet provides full facial coverage, the nose will impede removal. To clear the nose, the helmet must be tilted backward and rolled over it.

Summary

The helmet must be maneuvered over the nose and ears while the head and neck are held rigid.
• Inline traction is applied from above.
• Inline traction is transferred below with pressure on the jaw and occiput.
• The helmet is removed.
• Inline traction is re-established from above.

The varying sizes, shapes, and configurations of motorcycle helmets necessitate some understanding of their proper removal from victims of motorcycle accidents. The rescuer who removes a helmet improperly might head ventrally aggravate cervical spine injuries.

The Committee on Trauma believes that physicians who treat the injured should be aware of helmet removal techniques. A gradual increase in the use of helmets is anticipated because many organizations are urging voluntary wearing of helmets, and some states are reestablishing their laws requiring the wearing of helmets.

American College of Surgeons
Committee on Trauma
July 1980

Throughout the removal process, the second rescuer maintains inline traction from below in order to prevent head tilt.

After the helmet has been removed, the rescuer at the top replaces his hands on either side of the victim's head with his palms over the ears.

Inline traction is maintained from above until a backboard is in place.

HELMETS MAY PISS YA OFF — but that's no reason to let one kill you or one of your bros. As we've told you before, helmets can kill, particularly if one is carelessly yanked off the head of a rider who has just suffered a neck or spine injury. The safest bet in handling an unconscious or semi-conscious person who is wearing a helmet is to leave the lid on his head until a trained emergency worker or doctor arrives. If this is impractical, carefully and slowly remove the helmet according to the instructions on the above chart. Stifle any urge to hurry

up and get it done — you could wind up crippling or killing a close friend unless you take your time and are gentle. The chart, incidentally, is a reproduction of a big, full-color poster produced by the American College of Surgeons. To get a free copy of the poster (a great item to hang in a clubhouse or garage), send your name and address to: Trauma Dept., American College of Surgeons, 55 East Erie St., Chicago, IL 60611. If you would like more than one, enclose 17 cents for each additional poster. Our thanks to ABATE of Florida for passin' this along.

Bike buyers answerin' Trumpet's call

As you read these words, handpicked five-man teams in Devon, England, are building brand-new Triumph Bonnevilles and shipping them to dealers throughout the world.

Several months ago we told you how the bankrupt Triumph works had been divided up between two British businessmen — John Bloor and Les Harris. Bloor obtained the rights to develop and market all the new models (most notably the 900cc water-cooled Phoenix) Triumph had on the drawing boards, while Harris, owner of the huge bike parts firm Racing Spares, leased the rights to the names and designs of the old Trumpet classics: Bonneville, Tiger Cub, Daytona, etc.

Though Bloor has refused to expound on his plans — except to say he intends to continue development work on the Phoenix — Harris has advanced far beyond the planning stage. He's manufacturing motorcycles — kick-start 750cc T140 Bonnevilles with U.S.-spec gas tanks and handlebars for the civilian market; and single-carb, electric-start models for the booming Third-World military market.

Though the new Triumphs have a classic Limey look on the outside, there are numerous changes — Nikasil-lined aluminum cylinder barrels for cooler running, a stiffer, heavier crank for less vibration, Palolis shocks for better handling — in what the British call the "works."

"I think the last of the Triumphs were some of the worst built," Les Harris says. "You ask any of the Americans — they'd rather have the 1970 design than the 1980. They were made to cut so many corners in developing the thing. The push-into-the-head exhaust pipe was a nightmare; it always used to pop out. And the TSS was a lovely bike but silly things bugged it up: porous heads, worn-out cams, broken valve springs. It's a shame because it was a nice bike to ride."

Les Harris clearly has no intention of letting his Triumphs suffer such "buggering up." In addition to all the mechanical improvements detailed above, Harris has made significant changes in the way the bikes are assembled. Gone

is the ever-rolling assembly line where workers turned the same bolt hour after hour, day after day, without ever getting any of the pleasure or sense of pride inherent in being part of

its own completed cycles.

"Each man has a set job to do," Harris says. "The beauty of it is you can switch them around to give a bit of variation. You can also tell who's

"I like to think that our bikes will be craftsman made. If we make things better, we can get rid of the old oil leak problems. But we don't want to start making them look too Japanese or too Italian, or we'd be getting away from the classic British motorcycle. That's what we want to produce — a classic British motorcycle."

— Les Harris

the creative process. In its place, Harris has established a system based on that used by several of Europe's high-priced cage builders: five-man teams build each bike from start to finish, with each team responsible for the quality of

done what, and if there's trouble, give 'em a kick up the arse."

Initial production is 25 bikes a week, but Harris hopes to increase that as soon as he can train more workers — including a number of old Triumph

hands — in his new system.

"The number of orders is embarrassing," he says. "We've had to stop taking them because it's no good taking orders you can't meet. There's no way I could finance 1000 bikes a week, but I'd love to see it. That's only a pipe dream at the moment, but we hope to be doing 100 a week in a year's time."

Harris's expansion plans consist of a lot more than just building larger quantities of the same bike. He also expects to expand his model line with such offerings as an electric-start 750 for the civilian market, a water-cooled Bonneville, and a short-stroke 600cc Daytona with an eight-valve cylinder head.

"We're looking to expand," he says. "We want to get Triumph back to its former glory, but you don't do that overnight."

Florida panel uses helmet repeal bill as weapon against motorcycle riders

For the first time in seven years, the Transportation Committee of the Florida legislature has OK'd a lid repeal bill and sent it to the senate.

The problem is that the bill is so loaded with anti-motorcycle amendments that all it really does is slip the noose of government regimentation off

bikers' heads and onto their necks. The bill is so odious, in fact, that ABATE of Florida has asked its sponsor to withdraw it unless some of its more offensive provisions can be changed or deleted.

The proposed law, SB429, would make helmet use optional for all Sunshine State riders

over 20. It would also:

- Require all motorcyclists, even those wearing helmets, to carry \$1 million in health and accident insurance.
- Require all passengers, regardless of age, to wear lids.
- Require courts to reduce damage awards to lidless riders run down by cages.

Dead rider's father sues cops for \$8 million

A bereaved father has filed an \$8 million lawsuit charging that a number of Virginia police officers engaged in a conspiracy to "insure" the fatal crash of his 20-year-old son's motorcycle.

According to Billy F. Martin, Sr. of Vienna, Virginia, his son, Billy, Jr., was killed when a

Loudoun County sheriff's deputy used his cop car to cut off his bike in a "deliberate, intentional and malicious" manner.

In addition to suing Deputy Mark Gregory and the county, Martin is also seeking damages from several other deputies who, he alleges, "presumably had knowledge of Greg-

ory's plan to kill" his son.

In his suit, Martin says his son was being pursued by the cops even though they "had no probable cause to believe a felony had been committed."

According to the police, Martin, Jr. was being chased because he had failed to make a complete stop at a stop sign.

'Tired' bikers deliver message to post office

New Zealand bros are getting tired of being ripped off when they buy tires.

In a scene somehow reminiscent of the Boston Tea Party, over 200 bikers stormed the Auckland Central Post Office to protest increased custom duties that will add 26 percent to the price of scooter tires in that country.

Why the post office? Because the enraged bikers were protesting the new taxes by sending a primo collection of their old bald rubber to the New Zealand Minister of Cus-

tons in Wellington.

According to the president of the New Zealand Bikers Rights Organization, Lee Hurley, the tire party was just the first shot in the war on the

high-priced skins. More protests would be held unless, and until, the prices were rolled back, Hurley said.

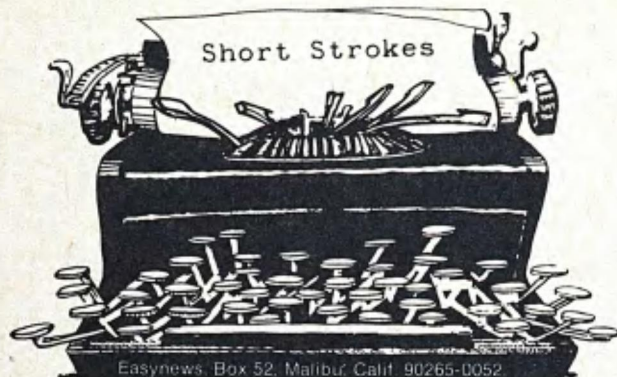
"People's lives are at stake," he added. "So we can't stop."

Solon plays sneaky pool in Indiana

A sneaky amendment, tacked onto a proposed Indiana law requiring cagers to put their infant passengers into child-restraint seats, may force young Hoosier State bikers back into so-called safety helmets, as well.

As originally written, the bill

would have pertained only to the child-restraint seats for infants. Shortly before the bill came up for a vote in the state house of representatives, Rep. Mitchell V. Harper introduced an amendment reinstating the mandatory helmet law abandoned in 1977.



The American Optometric Association has begun a campaign to convince more state legislatures to legalize the use of **bioptic lenses** — basically, miniature telescopes mounted to the front of regular eyeglass lenses — by people previously considered **legally blind**. Fourteen states currently grant drivers' licenses to people who can pass an eye test with the bioptic lenses and there are an estimated 500 such drivers currently cruising the highways of America . . . By the way, the accident rate among drivers wearing bioptic lenses is 1 1/2 times greater than that among normal drivers . . . I can hear it now, "But officer, my telescope wasn't focused in on the motorcycle."

The 11th annual Blessing of the Bikes recently drew an estimated 25,000 bikers from 25 states to Baldwin, Mich. . . Never-Give-Up Dept.: A New Hampshire bro recovered his **stolen Hog** after seeing it advertised for \$4000 in a Boston classified rag. The bike was ripped off eight years ago . . . Remember the Florida bro whose **sex life went south** after he was blown off his scooter by a passing jet? He settled his case for \$13,000 and used most of the loot to buy himself a new Hog . . . A bill to repeal Louisiana's mandatory **lid law** died in committee.

Two kids — one 17, the other 16 — in Audubon, New Jersey, were **killed** not long ago when a cop car ran into their bike. As far as we know, no charges were filed . . . The Douglas County Chapter of ABATE of Oregon is workin' hard on puttin' together their 1985 **Biker Art Calendar**. If you've got a drawing or painting you'd like to enter, send it to Box 61, Roseburg, OR 97470.

Yer-Momma-Told-Ya-Never-To-Trust-A-Cage Dept.: A biker took a **pretty hard blow** to the gourd in Columbus, Ohio, so he was loaded into an ambulance for a rush ride to the nearest hospital. Only problem was, the ambulance took a **shit** before it got there. The biker still got his **quick trip** to the emergency room, though. A couple of cops, some paramedics, and a doctor just grabbed his wheeled stretcher and took off on an Olympic-quality roll down city streets.

June 10 was **officially proclaimed** "Motorcycle Awareness Day" in Indiana . . . Harley-Davidson has been awarded a new **\$38 million contract** to build nearly 200,000 bomb casings for Uncle Sam. The job, which is considerably bigger than the \$8.6 million contract Harley won in 1983, will keep 160 Americans working.

And, finally: James Tayoun, an unsuccessful candidate for the Philadelphia City Council! in a recent primary election, was accused by his opponent of benefiting from **biker support**. At one polling place, Councilwoman Patricia Hughes charged, 14 bikers drove up in a van and started handing out Tayoun campaign brochures. "There was dead silence," Hughes blustered. "Even the traffic stopped. They had motorcycle jackets on and chains hanging out of their pant's pockets. It was **very intimidating**." Said Tayoun, who denied having knowledge that bikers were backing his bid for office, "Thank God someone was working for me in that ward."

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,12}	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 windscreens, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 9-If over 21, 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 11-Certain cities may require lights, 12-Passengers must wear helmets, *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

AMA: Let's put speed back in the limit

After ten years on the fence, the American Motorcyclist Association has finally come out four-square against the national 55mph speed limit.

In taking its stand the AMA noted that "In light of other law-enforcement problems facing us, this country has undoubtedly misallocated millions of dollars and hours in enforcing a motor-vehicle speed limit. The national 55mph speed limit cannot be shown to have contributed significantly to the downward trend in highway fatalities. Ignoring other factors — a decades-long decrease in fatalities per 100 million miles of travel, better vehicles, improved highways, safer drivers — the national speed limit has erroneously become a symbol for highway safety."

In fact, the AMA says, the decrease in fatalities since the double-nickel went into effect can be traced to a much more basic cause: hard times and soaring gasoline prices in the mid-'70s made it economically impossible for people to travel as much as they had previously. Less driving equals fewer accidents equals a decrease in fatalities.

Since the politically powerful National Highway Traffic Safety Administration is still dominated by the ghost of Joan Claybrook, a woman whose views on freedom of mobility came more from *Das Kapital* than the Declaration of Independence, the AMA reasons that the best way to attack the 55mph limit is to lobby Congress to return the power of setting speed limits to the states.

"The role of establishing speed laws has traditionally been that of state governments," the AMA notes. "Individual state

Noted helmet firm reveals 'shattering' news; lids recalled

Simpson Sports Co., one of America's largest lid makers, has been forced to recall a bunch of so-called safety helmets because a defect in the manufacturing process could cause them to shatter upon impact.

According to a statement by company head Bill Simpson, the problem occurred when an outside supplier shipped Simpson a new form of resin which requires eight weeks to cure.

"In conducting our certification tests," Simpson said, "helmets are usually only five or six days old. The problem is that when this helmet is green or in its fifth or sixth day, the resin is relatively soft, or one-half hard, if you will."

"We were under the impression that this resin was fully cured within 48 hours. What happens is, as the resin gets harder and harder through this aging, the shell becomes brittle. This simply means the resin becomes so brittle that in testing on the second impact we see a failure."

According to Simpson, the problem has now been resolved and the company is "making every effort" to recall the defective buckets and replace them with non-brittle units.

legislatures, agencies and law-enforcement organizations are best suited to design and enforce speed laws for the citizens of their states. The only legitimate role of the federal government is to assist the states in developing realistic speed limits appropriate for the highways and driving population. A single maximum speed limit is not appropriate for a transportation environment as diverse as that of the United States."

Noting that President Reagan, despite his oft-repeated campaign promise to plug the double nickel, "has made no moves toward convincing Congress and the 55mph-supporters in the U.S. Department of Transportation that the national speed limit should be abolished," the AMA predicts a tough, uphill fight.

"The first stumbling block will be two

representatives," the AMA claims, "James Howard (D-N.J.) and Glenn Anderson (D-Calif.). As chairman of the House Public Works and Transportation Committee, Howard oversees any legislation dealing with the speed limit. And Howard is a staunch advocate of the 55mph limit..."

Anderson, the AMA says, though not as dogmatic on the issue as Howard, is chairman of the Surface Transportation Subcommittee and is also in a position to kill any speed limit bills before they get a full hearing from Congress.

"The AMA's efforts to return speed jurisdiction to state governments will likely go nowhere unless we can demonstrate constituent support," the association concludes. "We urge you to write to your representative and senators to request a change."



OFFED BY A CAGER — Palmdale, California, Harley dealer Ron Standeven, 49, was recently killed when he was cut off by a cage and sent flying 60 feet before crashing to the pavement. Standeven, who leaves behind a widow and two daughters, was a noted hillclimber in Southern California and had a wide-ranging rep as a guy who was always there when a brother needed a hand with parts, or a novice rider needed some advice on makin' the top. "Ron was a man of his word, a respected competitor, an example of generosity to all, and a man who stood behind his product — Harley-Davidson," world hillclimb champ Kerry Peterson recalls. "He's a man I'll never forget." The cager, as has become usual, was not cited.

Cager's sob story fails to cut it

Alcalá, Canada, cager who ran over three bikers, killing two of them, has been thwarted in his attempt to bullshit a judge into believing that the so-called accident was the result of an epileptic seizure.

That's the good news. The bad news is that he was sentenced to a measly eight months on a charge of criminally negligent driving.

The tragedy occurred when one of the bikers had his engine go south and pulled to a stop on the shoulder of the road. The other bikers soon joined him and attempt-

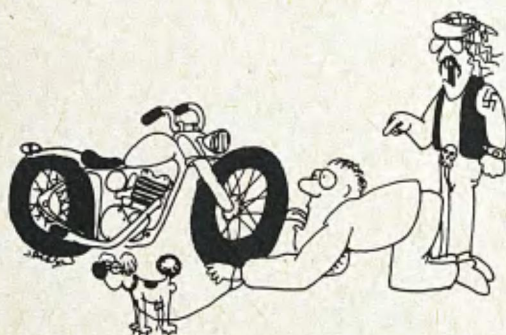
ed to get the cycle restarted. While they were working on it, witnesses told police, a car driven by John William Robinson, 44, swerved from the driving lane to the shoulder and ran them down.

A short while later, Robinson, who was also charged with leaving the scene of an accident, was arrested while placidly drinking a brew in the bar of a nearby hotel. Robinson pleaded not guilty to the charges, blaming the killings on an alleged epileptic seizure that grabbed him by the balls an instant before the so-called accident occurred.

Passin' Gas

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

Easyriders



"And if your dog pisses on my tires again, I'll tear his nuts off."

Texas Red was called on to testify in a rape trial, and he used a four-letter word. The judge told him to say "inter-course," instead. Red asked what that meant, and the judge said, "It's a technicality of speech. It means the same thing, but you can say it in front of ladies. Now please continue."

"Well, then," replied Red, "he pinned both her arms to her side and began to give her the ol' San Antonio Shuffle."

The judge interrupted again, "What's the San Antonio Shuffle?"

Red replied, "It's a technicality of speech. It means the same thing, but you're fucking the girl from the rear."

—Roadrunner
San Antonio, Tex.

Easyriders



"Finally — the answer to a maiden's prayer!"

What did the leper say to the hooker? Keep the tip.

—Jack the Knife
Hibbing, Minn.

"Tell me, Jimmy," the elderly schoolteacher inquired of one of her fifth-grade students, "if you started with twenty dollars and gave seven of them to Linda, five to Mildred and eight to Judy, what would you then have?"

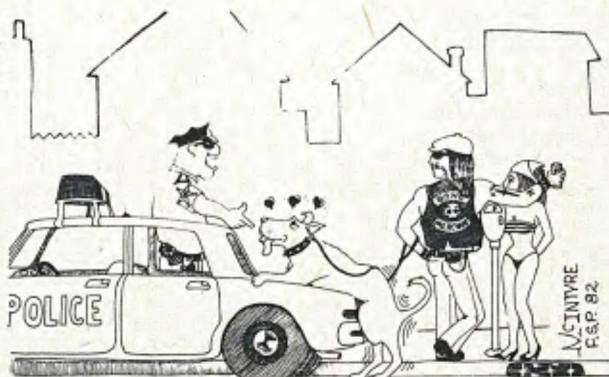
"A ball!" answered Jimmy.

—Bear
Long Island, N.Y.

Easyriders



Easyriders



"Well, I don't give a shit if he is on a leash! Make him stop fucking my squad car!"

Then there was the bro who couldn't see too well without his glasses. He wanted to go into a whorehouse, but instead he accidentally went into a shoe store.

"Well," said the lady behind the counter, "put it up here and we'll measure it."

Weird place, he thought, but what the hell. He whipped out his dong and flopped it on the counter.

"That's no foot!" she cried out in shock.

"Look, lady," he shot back, "this is no time to quibble about a couple of inches!"

—Tom Kovach
Nevis, Minn.

Easyriders



"Knock his horns off, wipe his ass, and send him on out."

Cinderella was getting ready to go to the ball. "Remember now," said the good fairy, "if you aren't home by midnight, your cunt will turn into a pumpkin."

Cinderella went to the ball, met the Prince, and they had a beautiful time. While they were dancing Cinderella looked at her watch and exclaimed, "Oh, my! It's three minutes to midnight. I've got to go."

"But you can't," said the Prince. "I don't even know your name."

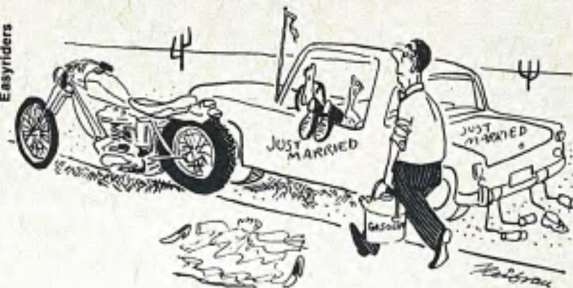
"I'm Cinderella. Who are you?"

"I'm Peter. Peter Pumpkin Eater."

At this, Cinderella said, "I can stay another five minutes."

—Floyd
Bakersfield, Calif.

Easyriders



A young boy was scolded by his teacher for scratching his prick during class. "I can't help it," the boy said. "I was circumcised yesterday, and it itches like hell."

"That's enough!" the teacher snapped. "I want you to march down to the office and tell the principal exactly what you just told me."

The boy returned to class ten minutes later with his tool sticking out of his fly. Before his teacher could say a word, the boy spoke: "I know you're gonna ask what I'm doing, but the principal told me that if I could just stick it out the rest of the day without scratching it, he'd forget the whole thing."

—Kickstand
Lexington, Mo.



"You're going to keep getting these stomachaches until you learn that bikers don't live by pussy alone!"

I found a new way to screw my ol' lady while she's on the rag. Use Visine; it gets the red out.

—Chuck Scott
Wilson, N.C.



"I'm not saying my wife is ugly, but once a proctologist accidentally pulled her teeth!"

The newlyweds entered the elevator of their motel. The operator, a magnificent blonde, looked at them in surprise and said, "Why, hello, Steve! How are you?"

A frosty silence prevailed until the couple reached their room, then the bride demanded, "Who was that woman?"

"Take it easy, honey," said the groom, "I'm going to have trouble enough explaining you to her."

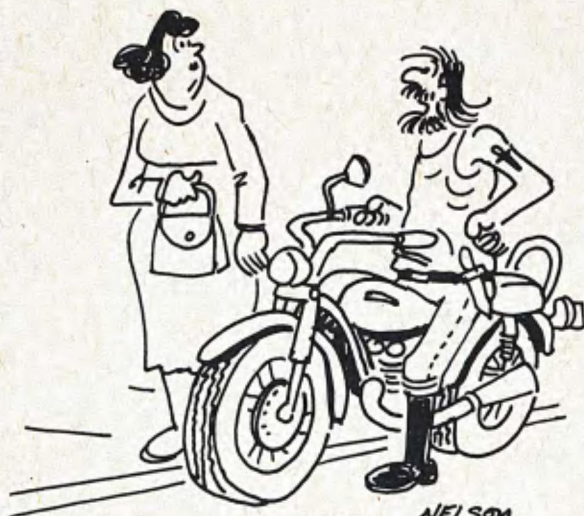
—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

A biker and a girl were in bed in a motel. "You're here with me because your wife doesn't understand you — am I right?" asked the girl.

"No," came the reply, "it's because she's so damned ugly."

—Joshua Cane
Las Vegas, N.M.

Easysiders



"No, ma'am, 'Go piss up a rope' is not exclusively bikers' vernacular."



"Will you quit trying to fuck the stupid bears and make me some breakfast?"

When the attractive secretary failed to appear at work for the fourth straight day, her supervisor telephoned her and demanded an explanation.

"I'm very sorry," she sighed breathlessly, "but I won't be in today."

"Well," he said, "you must not be very happy in your present position."

"I'm very happy!" she panted. "That's why I'm not coming to work."

—Motormouth
Norman, Okla.

The hung over couple dawdled over a mid-afternoon breakfast after a particularly wild all-night party held in their apartment.

"Dear, this is rather embarrassing," said the husband, "but was it you I fucked in the kitchen last night?"

His wife looked at him reflectively and then said, "About what time?"

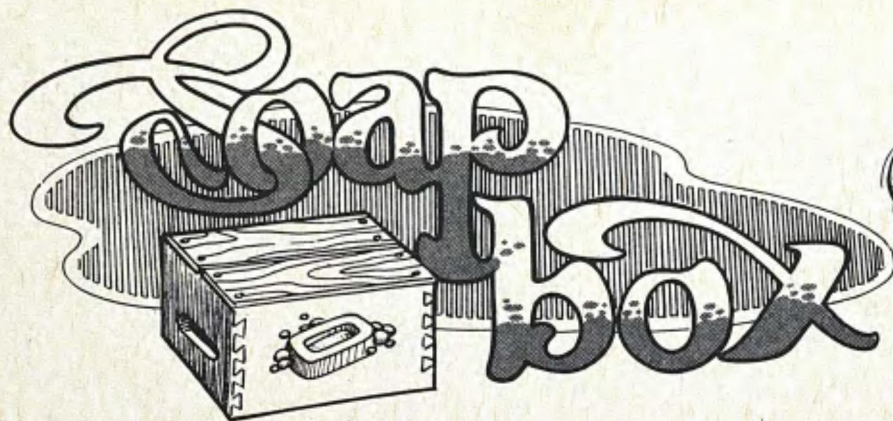
—Shelly B.
Hamilton, Mo.

Two bros and Jack Daniel's are having a great day at the circus. However, by mid-afternoon J.D. is gone and the bros are shitfaced. Stumbling into a side show, they witness a beautiful girl in a tiny bikini jump into a cage with a ferocious lion. The lion lunges at the girl, but she quickly sidesteps him and begins a series of risky maneuvers. Soon the girl has the lion sitting down and is patting his head. Finally the girl stretches out on the floor on her back. The lion licks her on the ankle, then her calf, then her thigh, then her...

The bros can hardly believe what they are seeing. One turns to the other and says, "That's pretty neat, isn't it? Do you think you could get in there and do that?"

"Hell, I know damn well I can — if they get that lion out of there!"

—High Bar Bob
Dayton, Ohio



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.



"I'm Not Equal — I'm Better!"

Over the years I've seen many injustices in our system of justice, many laws limiting the rights and activities we fought for and won a couple of hundred years ago. Rights supposedly guaranteed us by our Constitution. Many times I've seen and heard of our own protectors (law enforcement officials, federal on down to, and especially, local authorities) breaking and abusing the laws they have sworn on a Bible to enforce. At times these people have perjured themselves and/or substituted or manufactured evidence to prove their point or "case."

This way of life that we live nowadays, I believe, is nothing like our forefathers ever intended. "Taxation without representation is Tyranny," was one of the first slogans in our fight for independence. Yet our own government collects from us — in many cases before we even get paid — a big percentage of our wages, property assessments, sales taxes, gas taxes; taxes on what we use or own, such as telephone, car, truck, boat, motorcycle, etc. Seems like every time money changes hands, our government — federal, state and local — is sticking its hand out for its unfair share.

Then there are all the licenses they make us buy. Licenses to fish, hunt, permits to build or improve, sell, buy, etc., etc., etc. These things cost money, too, from a little to a lot, depending on what you want to do. Even after all this, you might still have to bribe somebody to get the permits and/or licenses that you're

required by law to have.

"We, the people," who contribute and keep on contributing our bucks, don't have much to say about where it goes and/or what's done with our money — a lot of which is given to our protectors, enabling them to go on hassling us about rules, regulations, and laws. Many of those official decrees are outdated, don't make sense, or are just plain bullshit.

Some of the money, of course, is spent for our defense. That sounds pretty good until you find out that our government is using part of that "defense money" to interfere with, disrupt, and/or control activities in other countries, and to force "our way of life" on their citizens. It's all done in the name of "Freedom and Equality," which I think we need more of here. Seems to me that we ought to get our own shit down right before we try showing someone else how to live.

Everyone has, at one time or another, broken one or more of our many, many laws — whether it be crossing against the traffic light, speeding (who *really* goes 55mph or less all the time on Interstates and freeways) or some other bullshit. How many times have you forgotten to rip the tax stamp on a pack of cigarettes? That was — maybe *still* is — a federal law!

Getting caught or being apprehended for allegedly breaking one or more of our laws could cost you your job, or whatever way you have of making a living, and disrupt your whole program. Then there's jail,

bail or bond, and probably the services of an attorney — if you have enough money to hire one.

As for attorneys, there are some good ones if you have the right amount of bucks. Others are so-so, but they still demand lots of bread. The worst kind, I think, are public defenders. They're the lawyers you get when you don't have enough money to hire your own. They are, more often than not, overworked, understaffed, and underpaid. They have so many cases to handle that there's not enough time to handle many, if any of them, right. Guess who pays them since you can't? Right, the very same people who are prosecuting you. So now you know who they're working for. What chance do *you* really have?

The innocent-till-proven-guilty part is pure bullshit. Most times that word "alleged" already says you're guilty, and you have to prove otherwise, or else pay fines, do some probation, go to prison, or any combination thereof.

Most judges will take the word of our "protectors" over yours unless you can prove that he or she really screwed up or is lying. This is where a big-bucks attorney can eventually get you found not guilty — whether you did it or not — or at least get you off easy. Most of you already know that this is the way things usually go. The question is, is it fair for all, like our forefathers intended?

Consider government agencies like the FBI, CIA, the Treasury Department (BATF), IRS, DOT, etc. Don't forget the

Continued on page 108

DOWNTIME

By Ben Doverdahl



Hey, headbangers, this lobotomy's for you. Our mission was to get to the bottom of the heavy-metal phenomena that has swept the continent in the past couple of years, spawning movies ("Spinal Tap," "Streets of Fire") and dress styles. But just what the hell is "heavy metal"? How is it different from the rock we listened to from the likes of Deep Purple, Black Sabbath, Mountain, Humble Pie, Iron Butterfly, Led Zeppelin, Ted Nugent, or the strains of Jimi Hendrix, Cream, Johnny Winter, Ten Years After, and The Who.

From what we gathered over months of listening to groups like Quiet Riot, Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, Saxon, Motorhead, The Scorpions, AC/DC, Motley Crue, Accept, Ratt, Twisted Sister, Dio, and others, one thing is important. To make it as a heavy-metallist, you've gotta sport spiked wrist gauntlets, wear leather pants, and be in shape for sweaty stage labor.

We got the opportunity to talk to and take in a performance by Saxon, a heavy-metal outfit from Britain's Yorkshire area, the largest county in England, an area hard hit by the recession,

where the working class ain't working. A place on the northeast coast that spawns kids with dreams just like anywhere else, except that kids there have to leave to realize them.

Peter "Biff" Byford, the lead singer, was one of the lucky ones. Growing up he wanted two things, a motorcycle he could be proud of, and to be in a rock-and-roll band. He got his wishes. Ostensibly, that's what the record company wanted us to talk about, bikes. Well, that's just fine with us. But when we checked the back cover of one of their albums, **Denim And Leather**, we knew we were in trouble. In the picture the five-man group was shown sitting on rice grinders. Trouble, indeed. We're into American-made Harleys.

With our dismal premonitions riding shotgun in our minds, we knocked on the door for the interview. As the doorknob turned, we expected — *hoped* — to see great billows of smoke wafting out into the hall. Partially hidden in the mists of our imagination would be a bevy of beauties, scantily clad, climbing on the furniture, lighting one joint after another. After all,



it's a heavy-metal band, right? The kind of music that glistens up images of a wild, constant party, boogie till ya puke, and all that stuff.

Forget it. A sparkling clean, quiet but friendly bloke had gotten up from watching cartoons on television to answer the door. No one else was there. No chicks. No weed. Not a hint of a party. The lad introduced himself as Graham Oliver. He plays guitar for Saxon. Said he was twenty-eight; didn't look a day over nineteen. As he got himself comfortable with Porky Pig again, he allowed that he personally wasn't into bikes, but that "The guy you want to talk to is Biff. He's the one into bikes." OK, I'll just sit here and mind my own business and wait for Biff the bike man, I

reasoned to myself.

Well, the bike man appeared. All six-feet-plus and one hundred-and-seventy pounds. In going through his life story of growing up in England watching rock and roll evolve, he said he'd always wanted a motorcycle more than anything — except maybe being a lead singer in a group. Gotta have your prerogatives. His first bike was an Ariel 700 single, followed by a procession of scooters ranging from a Norton Dominator to a Panther, a Matchless, and a Triumph Daytona (his favorite British bike). Then, with the acquisition of more money, he wanted more speed: a — *grimace* — Kawasaki 1300, a Suzuki, a Gold Wing and alas, an Electra Glide. All bought through Continued on page 101

Photos by Kim Petersen



Subscription Department
Easyriders Magazine
 Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322

4136

Check one:

- ☐ Here's \$18.00 for 12 issues. (40% savings)
☐ Here's \$30.00 for 24 issues. (50% savings)
☐ This is a new subscription.
☐ This is a renewal.
☐ Please extend my present subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____
 (must have)

Do you own a bike? _____ Make _____

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

Spider's Ol' Lady's Got A Brand-New Bag and he wants you to have one just like it — FREE!

It's a waterproof kit bag to strap on your bike and it can be yours absolutely **free**. It's great for storin' a change of duds. If ya don't own any extra clothes, ya can carry a bedroll or a couple of six-packs in it. Ya on the wagon? Then use it to store yer speeding tickets, convert it to a chicken coop, hand it to the ol' lady the next time she starts bitchin' about havin' to find someplace to piss. Use yer imagination, fer crissakes. The sky's the limit for this great fuckin' 9"x17" bag. Best of all, you can get the next 12 issues of **Easyriders** and a brand-new bag for only \$18 — that's 12 bucks off the newsstand price of the magazines alone. If ya wanna save more, ya can get the next 24 issues *and* a free bag for only \$30, a big 50 percent saving. What are ya waiting for — a better deal? OK, ya got it! Act now and we'll kick in one of our famous decals.

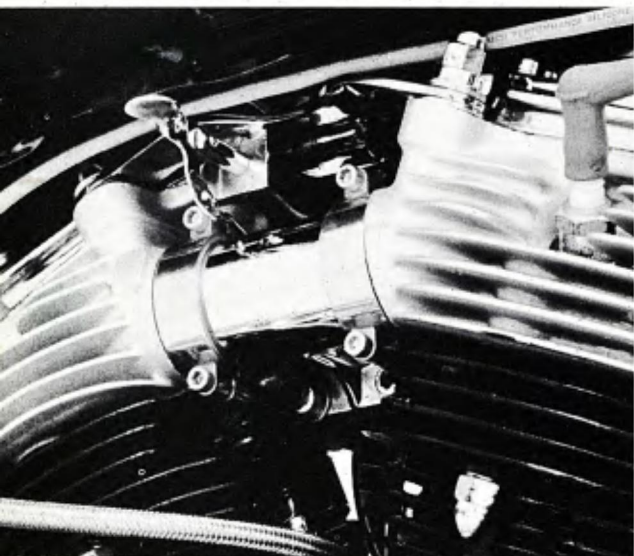
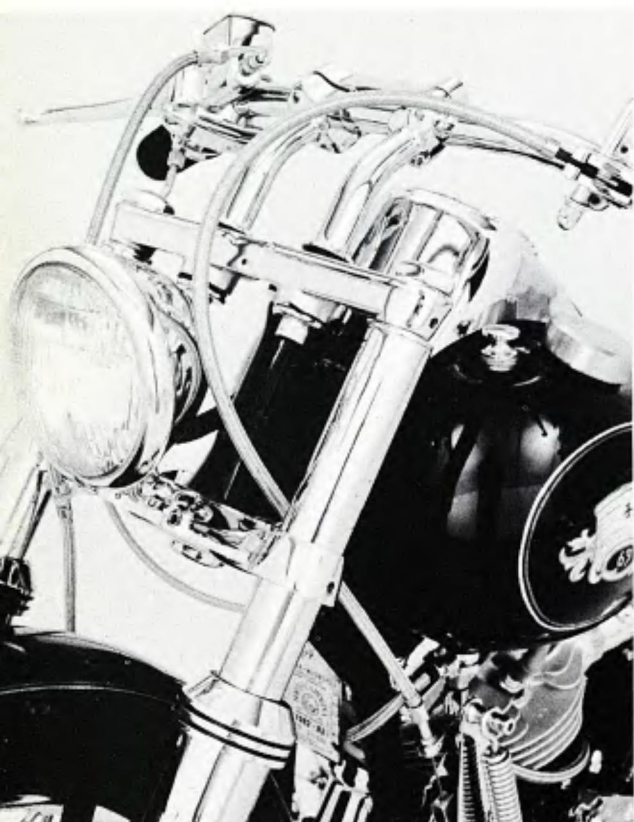
Add \$6 per 12 issues on all foreign subscriptions. U.S. funds only.

Our subscriber list is not sold or rented to any organization.

Eatin' Up The Miles

Almost all bros would rather ride first and eat later. Here's one who didn't have that choice.





Owner: Dale Lingle		City: Lenoir, N.C.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Rick Doss		Year: 1963	
Year and make: 1963 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: swingarm	
Value: who wants to know?		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: lowered	
Chroming by: Browns Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1963		Risers: pullback	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): fatbob	
Rebuilder: Rick's Custom Harley		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Rick Doss		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: Rick's Custom Harley		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: stock	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gal, fatbobs	
Heads: panheads		Oil tank: Paughco/wraparound	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: S&S		Primary cover: tin can	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: Paughco		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: drag		Height: 2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: Milwaukee steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Dick Greene		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1963		Extension: lowered ½ in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/Rick's Custom Harley	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: gold-plated dust covers	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Bill Mudd		Hub: H-D	Hub: Star
Painter: Bill Mudd		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Cheng Shin
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: juice/drum
Special paint: red/silver and gold leaf			
Other special modifications: braided steel lines, modified front disc. Special thanks to Bill Mudd, Dick Greene, Dingus, Barbara, Chris, and Kevin.			

What's a poor bro to do? You know the kind of bro we mean, the kind who's long on dreams, but short on scratch. The kind of guy who needs a new ride, but would be hard pressed to afford the one that Greyhound offers, let alone a super chopped and ultra-personalized new bike.

What's the bro gonna do? If he's like most of us, he's gonna wind up rattin' around on a baling-wire and-bungeed-together special. It's an honorable and low-bucks way back into the breeze and many

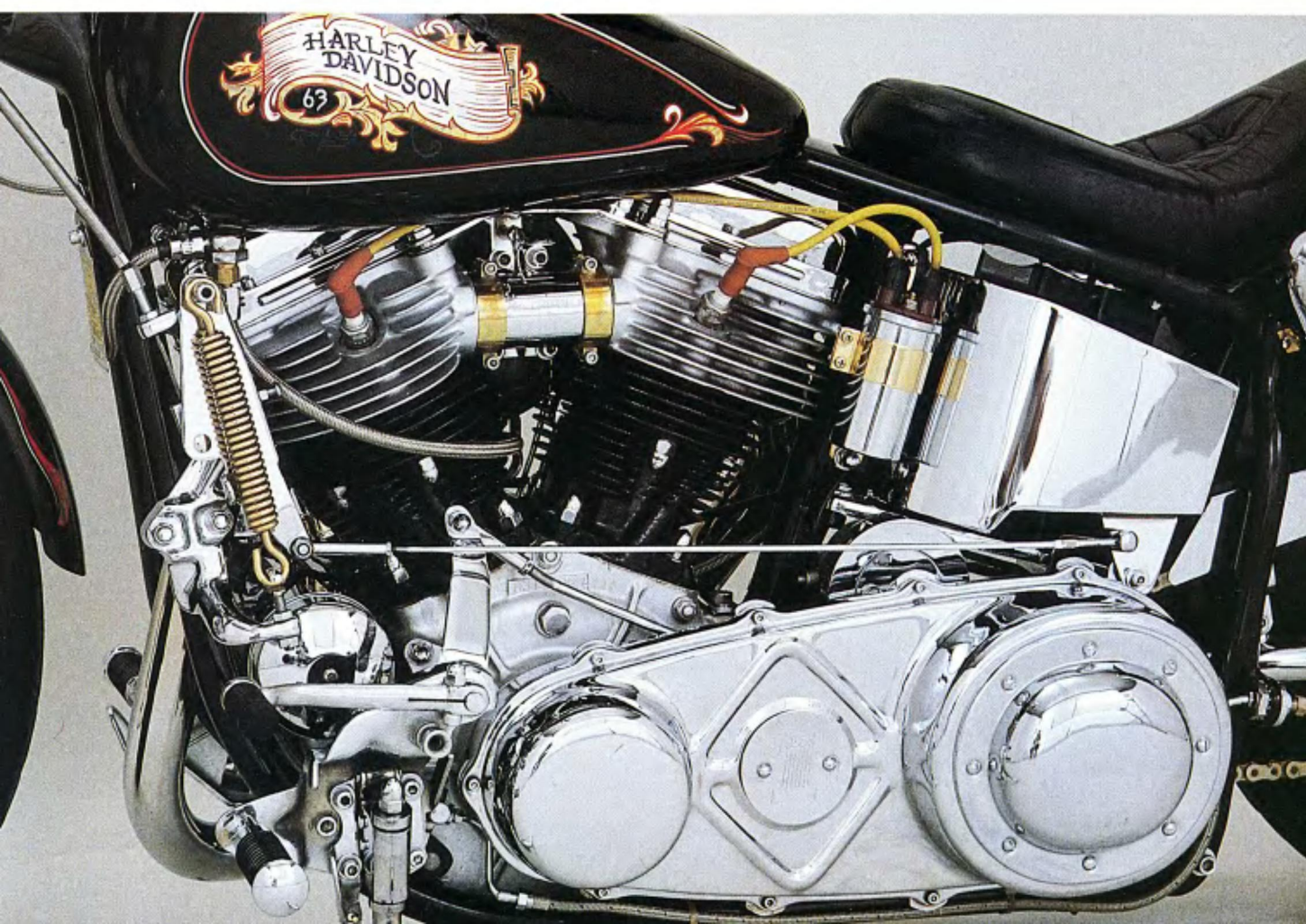
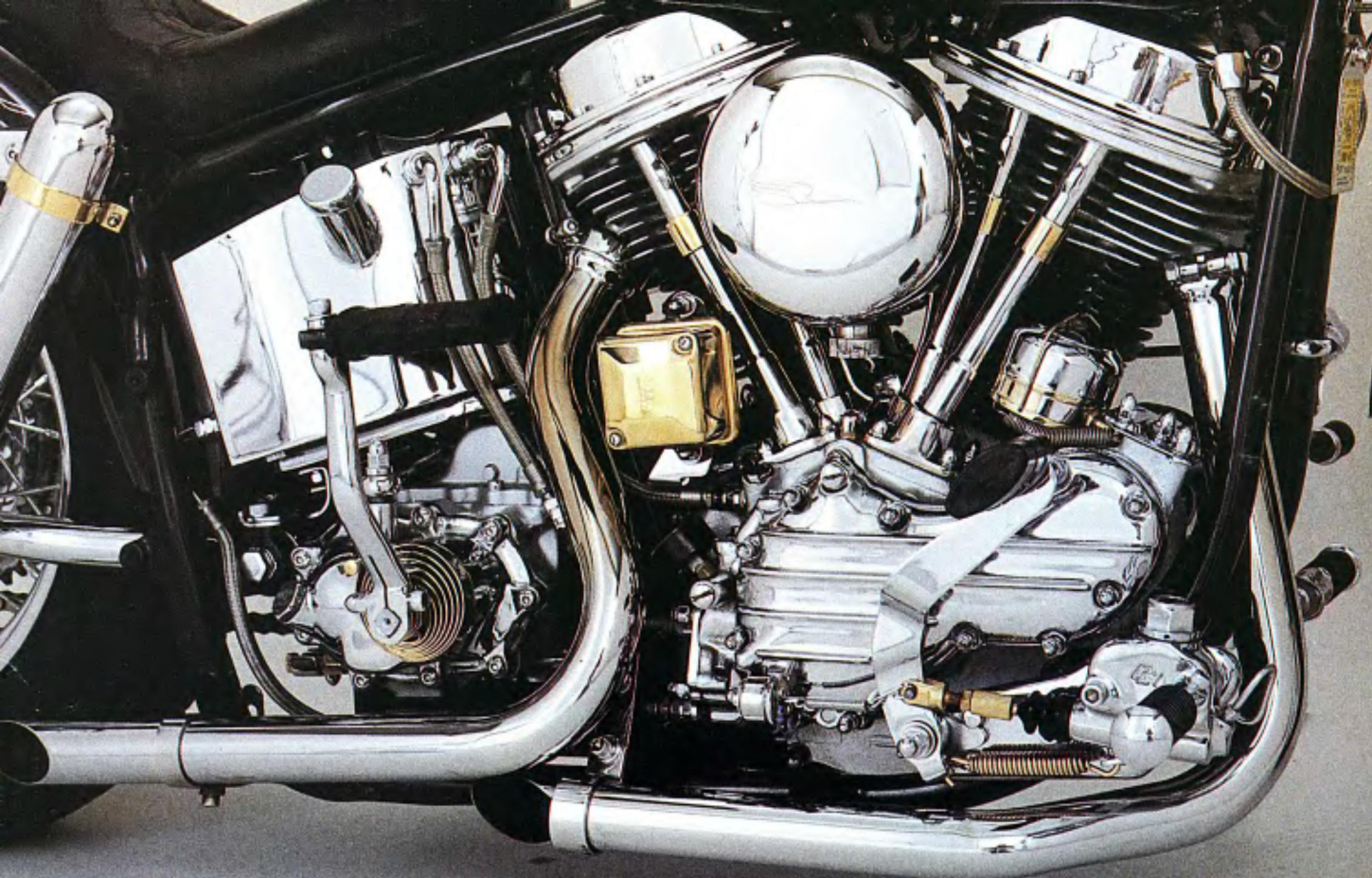
bikers who have taken the rat route — planning to rebuild the ol' girl into a showpiece as soon as their money boat docks — have discovered to their great surprise that they've fallen in love with the old rat and wouldn't part with it for all the gold in the world.

Rats, after all, have character.

Then there are those bikers with dreams that won't quit. Sometimes they see a mental image of a scooter so clear that nothin' else will ever do for 'em. A mental image of an ultimate ride that

would recreate in one bike all the styling touches they've admired through the years. It doesn't have anything to do with the kind of bike involved. For some bros the ultimate dream is a super-extended, peanut-tanked psychedelicaly painted chop. For others it's a better-than-stock recreation of a classic. The only important thing about a dream bike is that it be perfect — perfect in every detail.

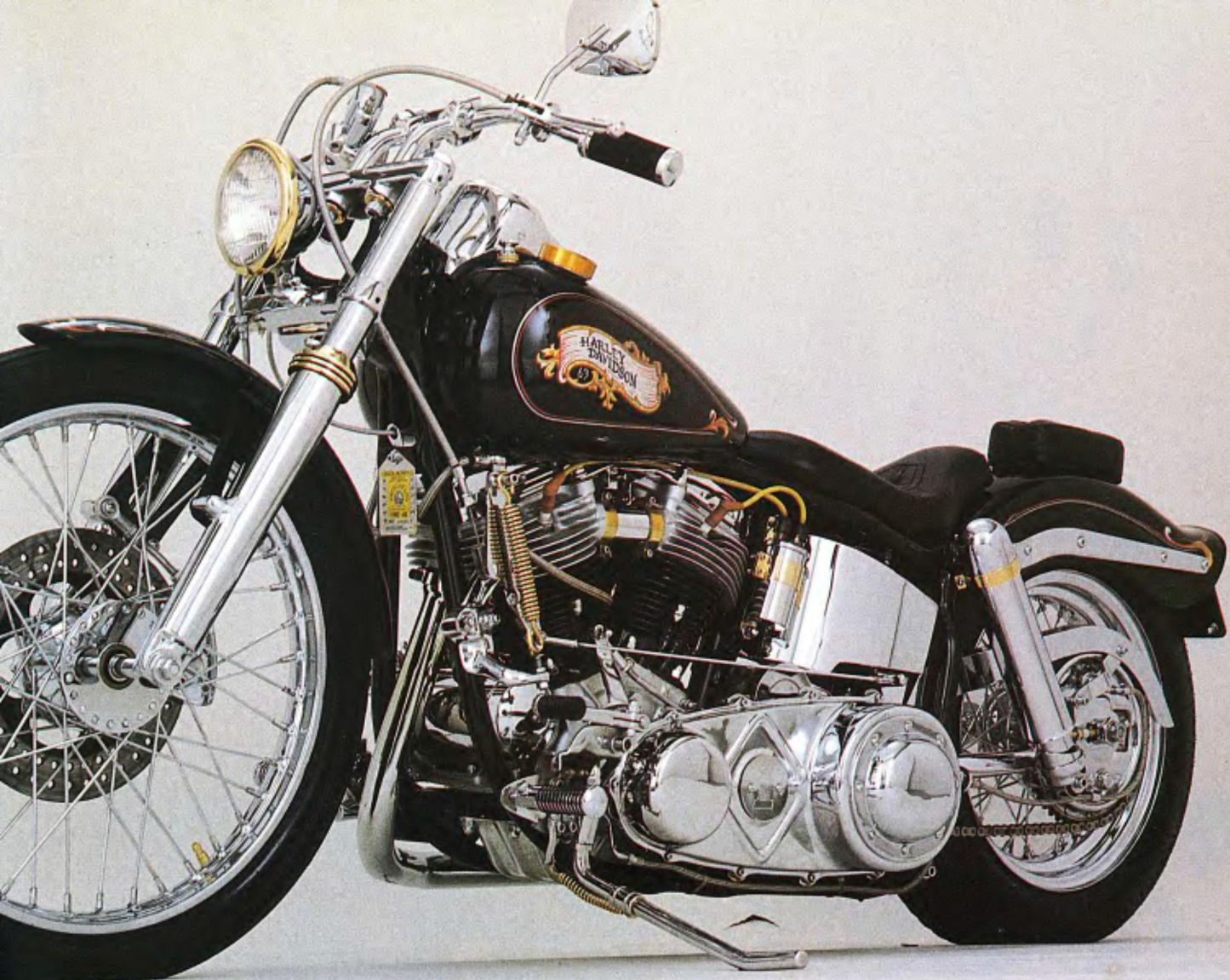
Dale Lingle had such a dream. He needed a new ride and was determined that that ride was





Photos by Pete Chiodo



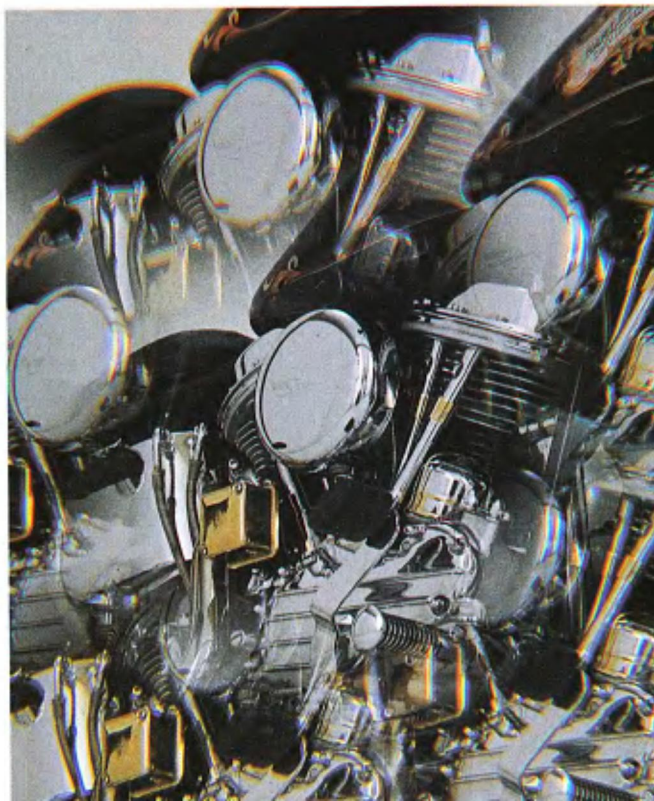


gonna fulfill his dream no matter what the cost. A black, gold and chrome beauty with classic lines tempered by the detailing of master craftsmen. There was only one problem — money doesn't grow on Carolina pines anymore than it does on other kinds of trees. How would Dale get the bucks?

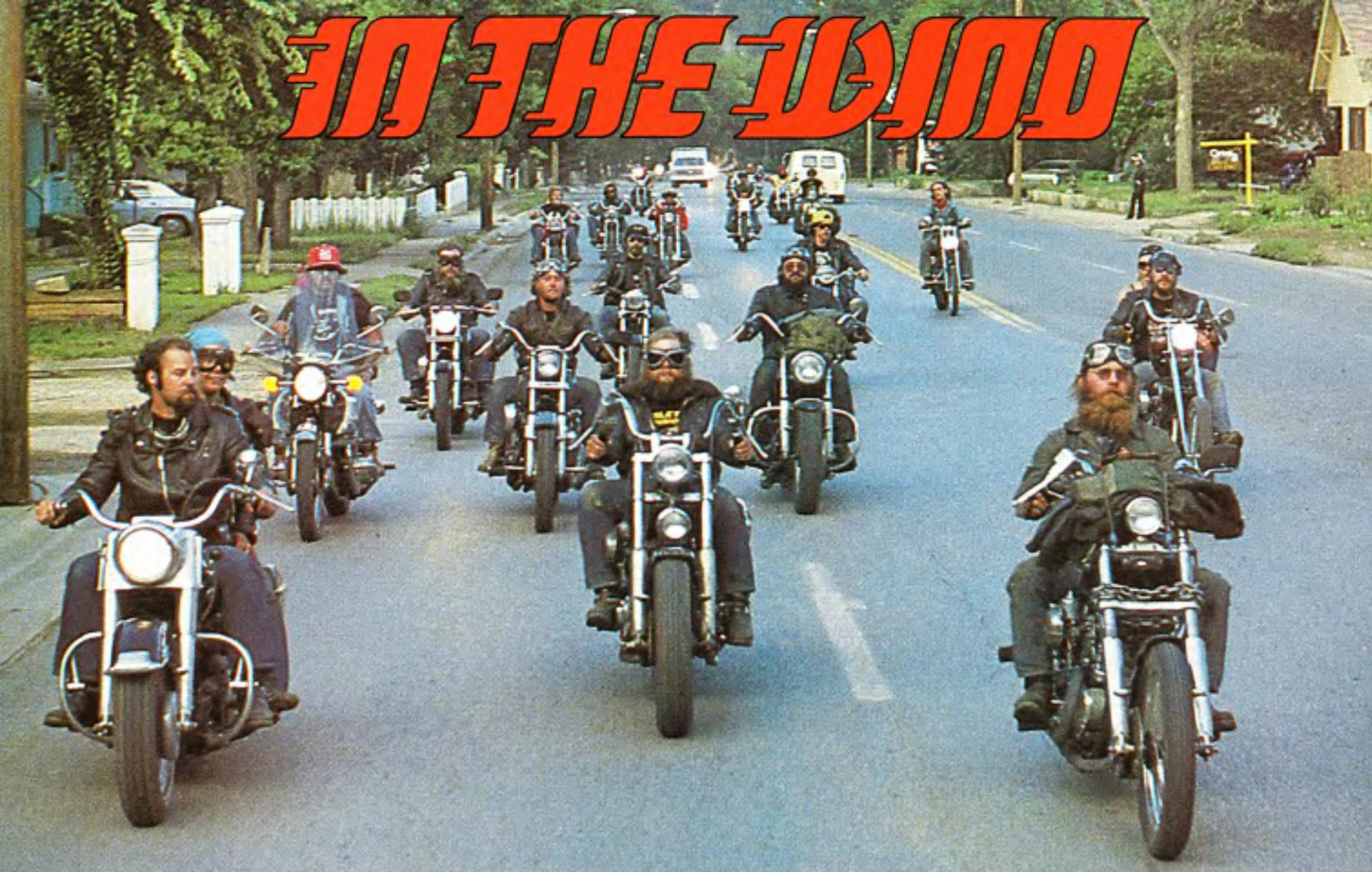
Probably it doesn't matter. The fact is, he did get the bucks and he did build his dream bike. And if you see this machine profilin' by sometime, it might strike you that the man and the machine make a good pair — both lean, mean and in great shape. Why not? The scooter should be in great shape — it's the product of a dreamer with a perfectionist's pride and patience. And Dale? Well there's a fuckin' good reason for him to be lean, mean, and in shape, too.

Like he says, "A whole damn lot of grocery money went into this bike."

—Butcher



IN THE WIND



—from Mike Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.

—from Edward Rasen, Los Angeles, Calif.

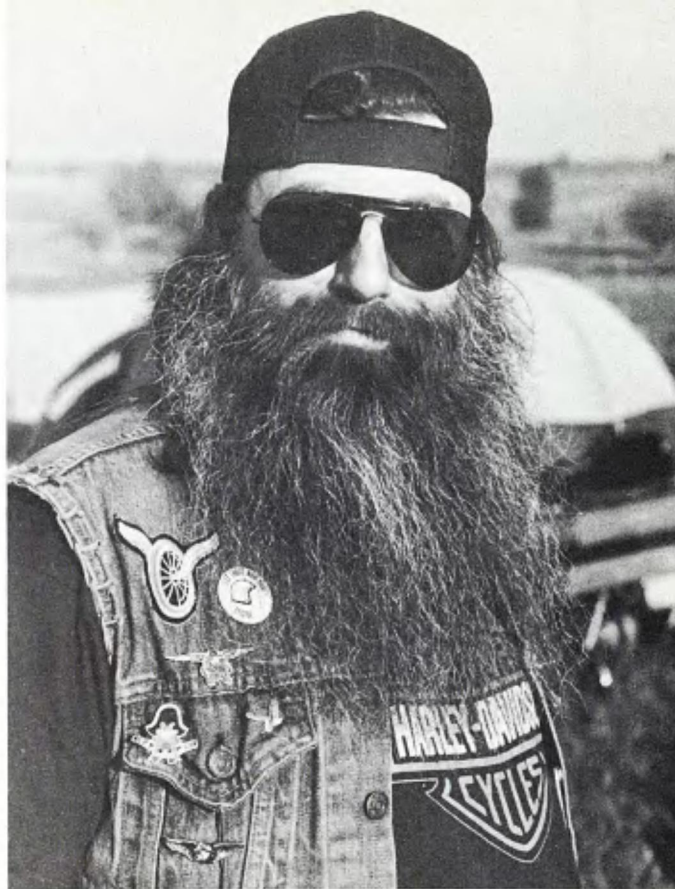


—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.





—from Big Sam Kanish, Kittanning, Pa.



—from Wolfman, ABATE of Kansas

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 G. Harper, Lakewood, Colo.





—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Hot Jer, Port Orchard, Wash.



—from Ducky, Hawthorne, Calif.



—from Nancy Conte, Daytona Beach, Fla.





—from Cyclops, Keene, N.H.



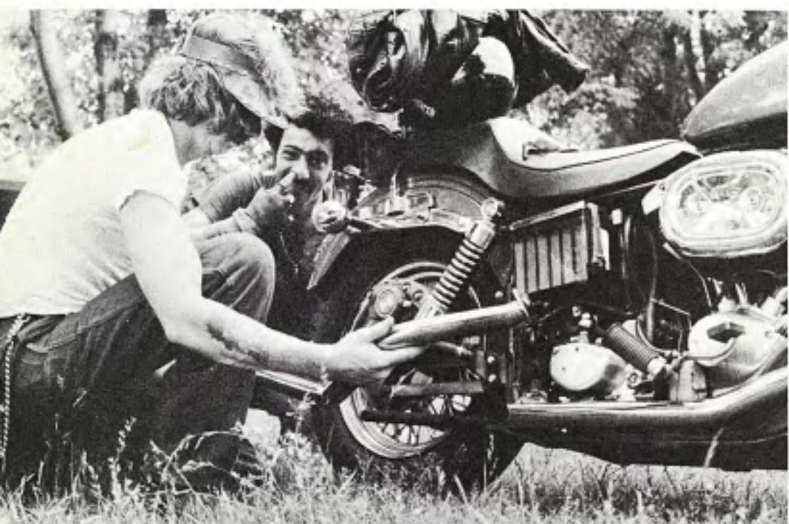
—from Lauren Cruchley, Phoenix, Ariz.



—from Jack Gifford, Cambridge Springs, Pa.



—from Roger Hawley, Owings Mills, Md.



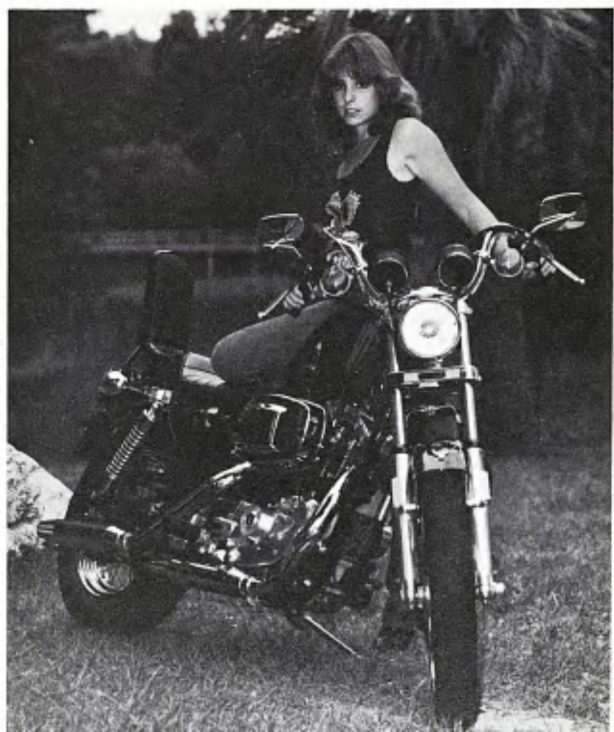
—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



—from Gene Juten, Three Mile Island, Pa.



—from Phil Lozano, Camarillo, Calif.



—from Bill Simpson, Tallahassee, Fla.



—from Lenny, Kenmore, N.Y.



—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Pat Randle, Orlando, Fla.

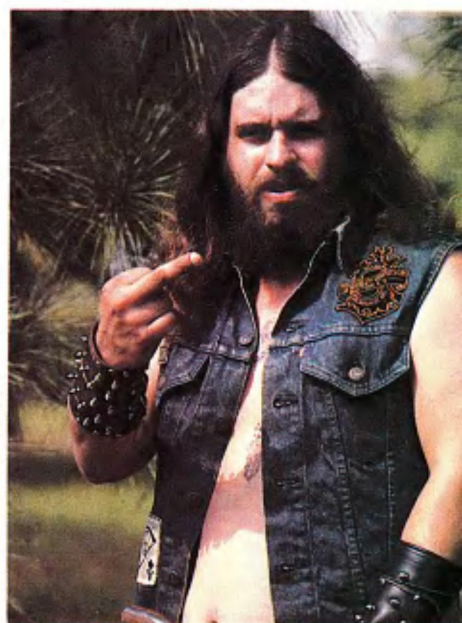
—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Someone, Somewhere





FOR EYES

Who needs a velvet ride when ya got class?



Seems like one of the big innovations in customizin' sleds in the last five years has been injectin' a certain amount of comfort into the ride while keeping the traditional, beefed-up Harley look runnin' true throughout. Well, that's a generalization, of course, and comin' up to dispel it in one fell swoop is Terry Newton's FLH.

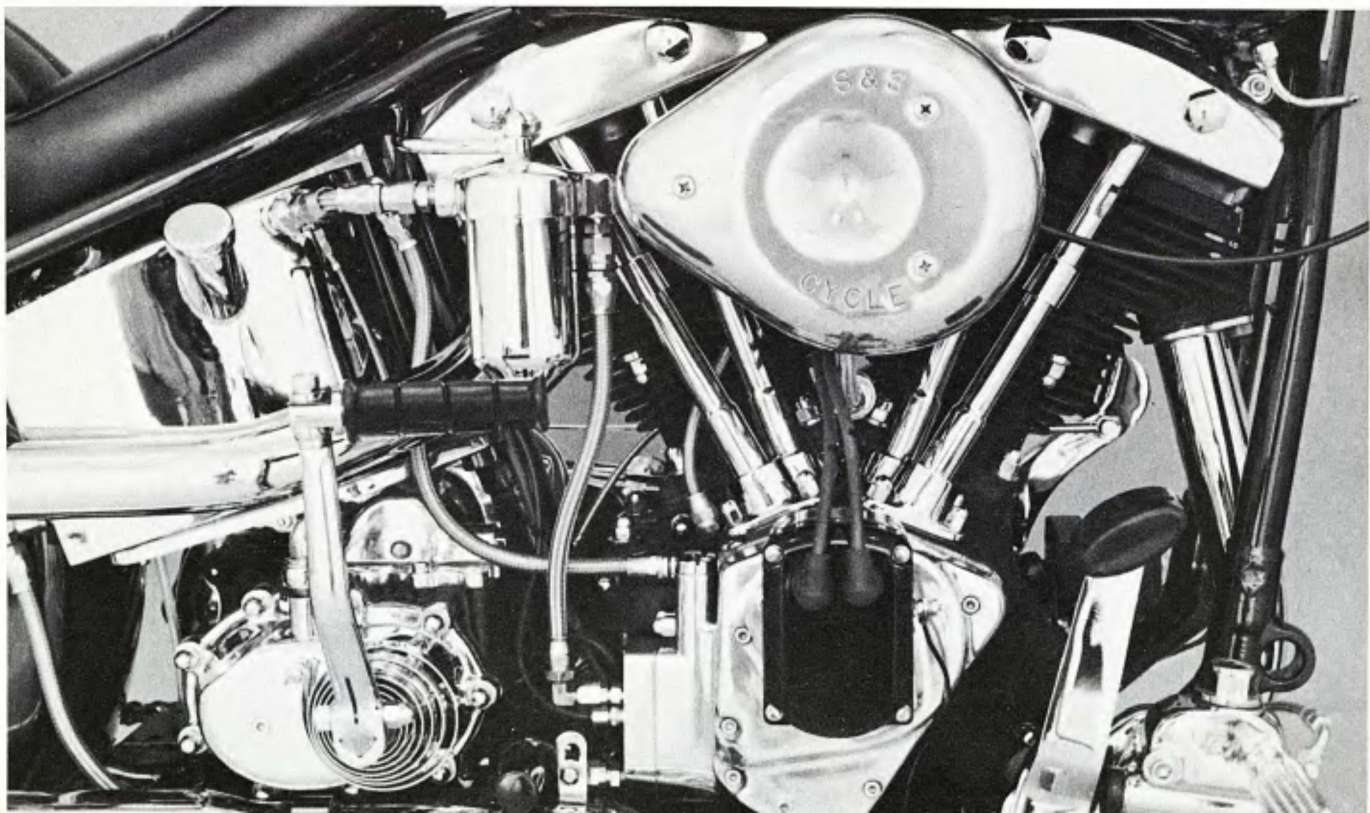
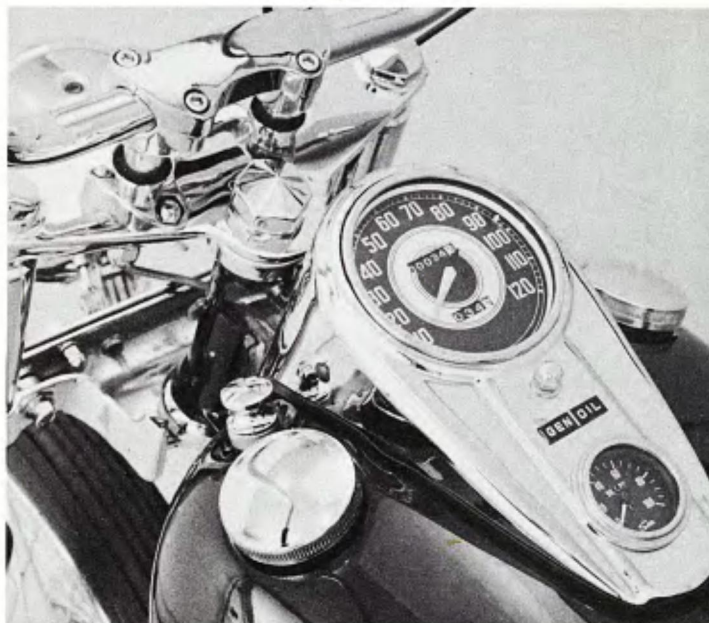
Instead of rigging his 1970

shovel with a swingarm frame, Terry opted for a 1948 rigid frame — for no other reason than it just plain looks bitchin', man.

Sure, he could have gone the easy route — after all, he'd picked up the main ingredients complete and running from a Los Angeles police auction. The ol' cop bike had been stripped of its saddle bags, but was other-

wise all there, including the swingarm. The big, soft, comfortable, fall-sleep-as-you-putt frame might have been ideal for chasin' down do-badders on the freeways of L.A., but it didn't fit Terry.

This discovery was made on a run to Arizona, when he and a partner putted over to the Colorado River for a weekender. At the time Terry was on the ex-cop bike, which



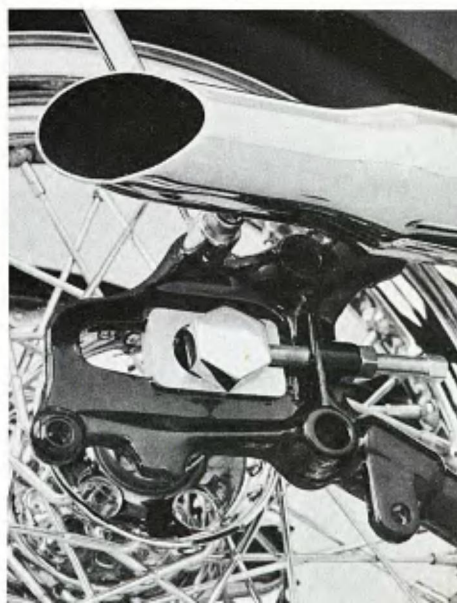


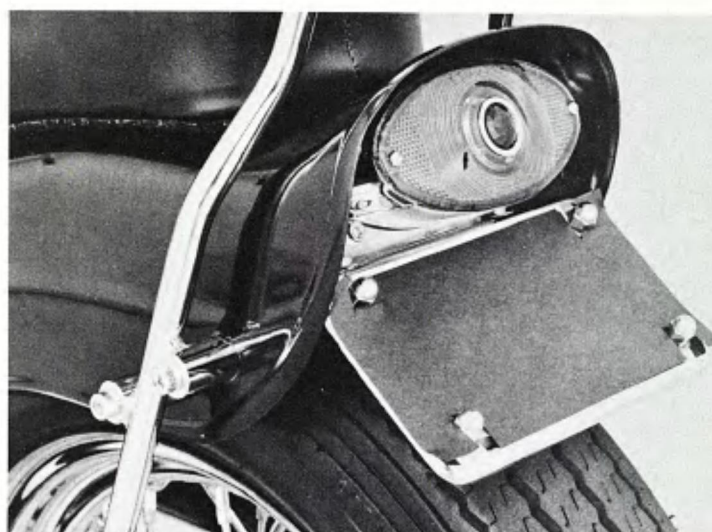
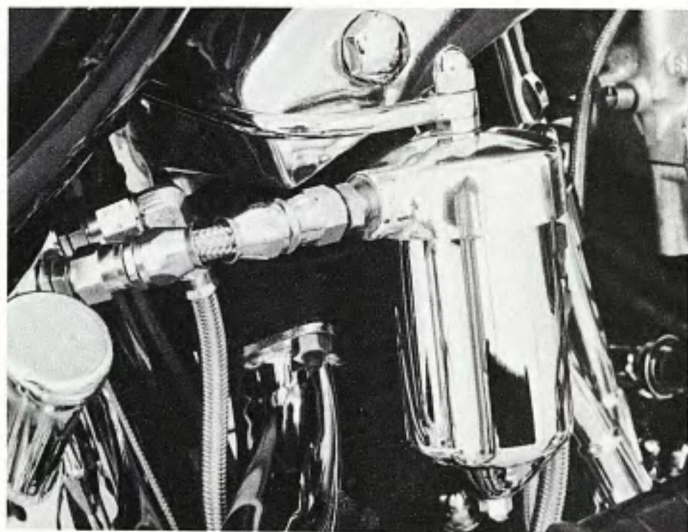
was complete with shocks. The moment arrived for a market run, and it was decided he'd ride on the back of his partner's rigid to help carry back the groceries. Less than a quarter mile into the grub pickup Terry's back was killin' him, so they turned around to go back to camp and find some other sucker to do the errands.

But one thing Terry didn't turn away from was the distinct look of a rigid-frame

Harley. He subsequently realized that it ain't so bad if you're not on the p-pad, hangin' on for dear life through the ruts, bumps and Bot's dots of the highways. Up front in the saddle it was pure luxury. Bein' less than gargantuan-sized, Terry also found that *he* fit better into the bike. He has better control of the machine sitting lower to the ground.

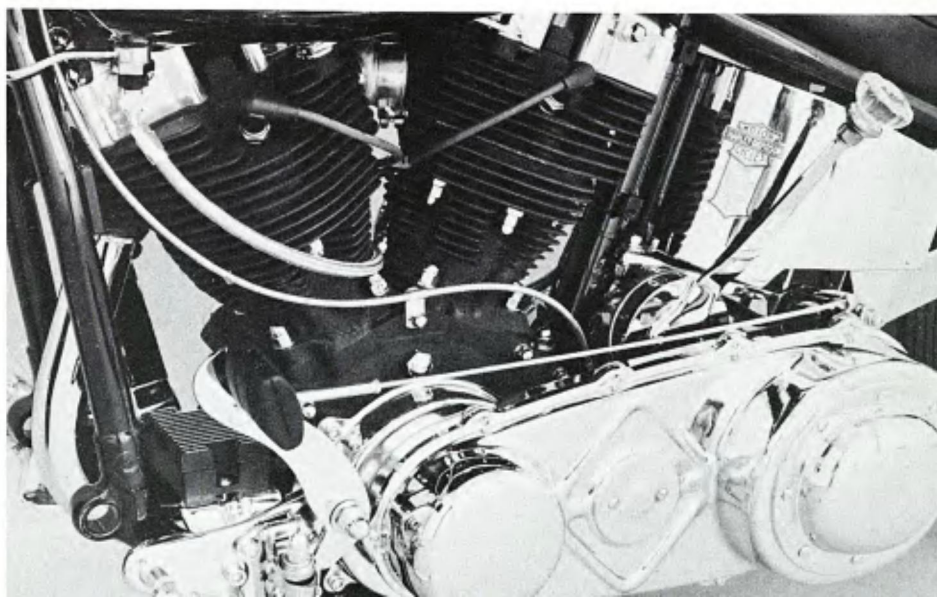
As soon as he got back to his hometown after that Ari-

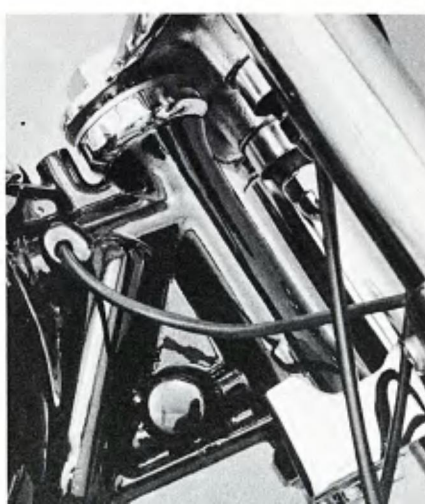
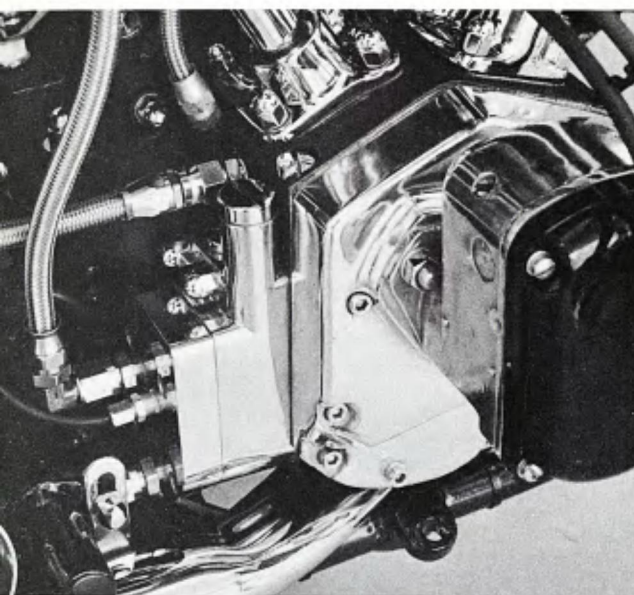
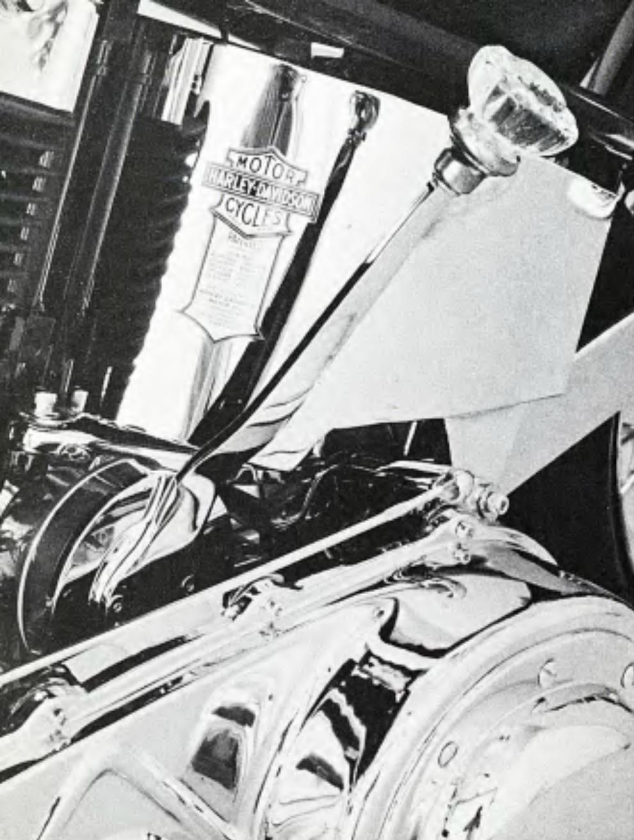




zona desert run, he got his bike into Bill Holliday's shop for a new look. Goodbye, swingarm; hello, stone-stock rigid frame. Also, sayonara to the bigger cam. Terry put in a smaller one and can thereby kick it harder, longer, faster —just like the girls want. He picked up the frame at a swapmeet and bartered for additional parts from his friends.

Terry, who hauls sand and gravel for a trucking firm for a





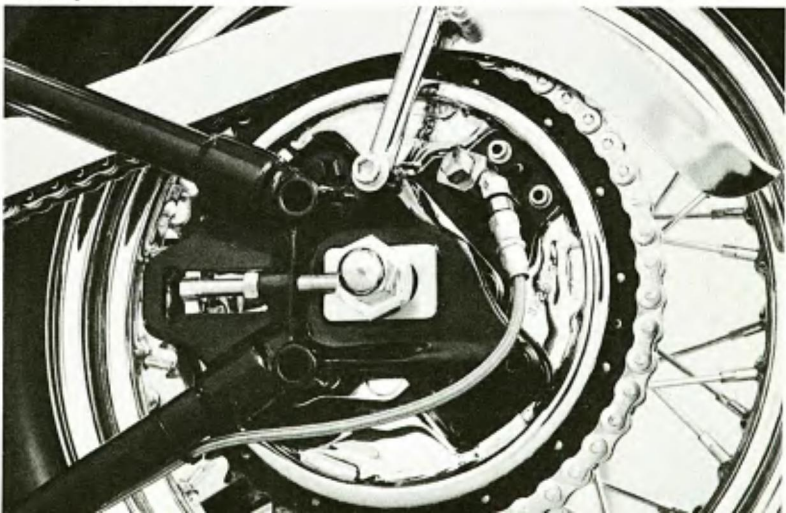
Owner: Terry Newton		City: Camarillo, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1948	
Year and make: 1970 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: offers?		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Coast Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apehangers	
Year: 1970		Risers: H-D	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): cut fatbob	
Rebuilder: Gary/Holliday's		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: Catseye with blue dot	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: Hank The Crank		Rear pegs: yes	
Pistons: GB		Electrics: magneto	
Cases: blueprinted		Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: ported & flowed/S&S springs		Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): Sifton sleeper		Oil system: H-D lower	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Gary Bang	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 4 in.	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: ½-in. round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1970		Extension: 1 in.	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3		Special features: chromed	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Ken Ford		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: black cherry		Tire: Avon	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: juice/drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: head work by Ken Duttweiler; rear axle slides machined by Joel Turk at Jim's Machining.			



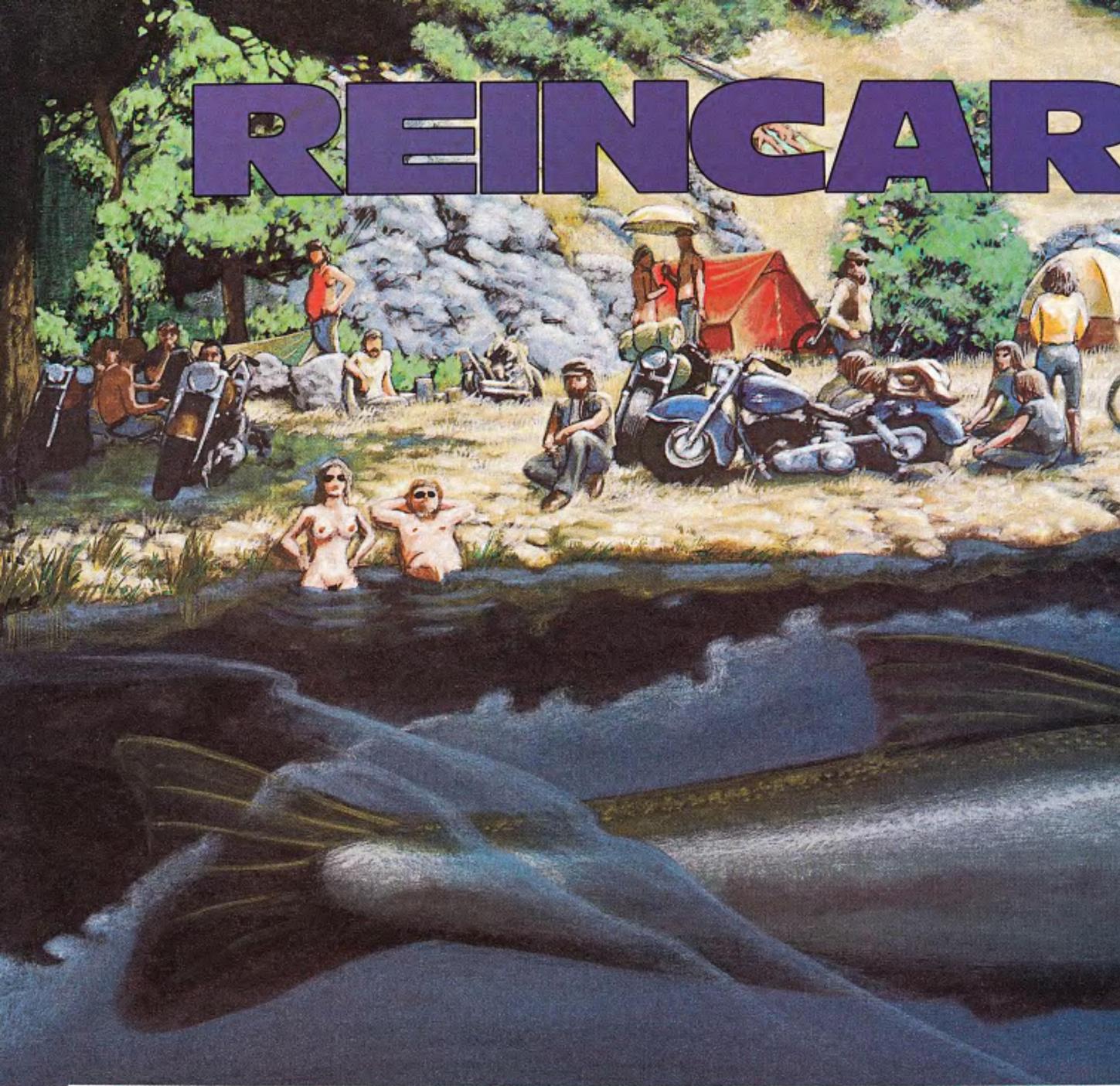
Photos by Pete Chiodo

living, has picked up a couple of first-place trophies at MMA events and is lookin' for more. But more than being a prize-snatcher, this scooter's got the look he loves. 'Course his wife still suffers from the p-pad bump-and-grind situation and won't get near it. Sounds like a marriage-savin' tech tip, eh, guys?

—Ruthless



REINCAR



Hey, man, I'm a trout — can ya dig it? I used to be a biker, but I got run over riding on someone else's high-way. Now I've been reincarnated as a fish. All I do is lay in this mountain stream (freezin' my ass) and eat bugs. Don't like fuckin' bugs, man. Didn't like eatin' 'em when I was a biker and ain't too partial to 'em now. The only other thing to eat is little raw fish. I ain't no Jap, and I don't like sushi, so I stick to bugs.

I gotta tell you humans something about reincarnation. You're the only animals in the kingdom that are not really sure there is such a thing. All us other critters know that if our body croaks, we come back as something else. That's why we don't mind too much if you fuckers shoot at us, run us over, or just conk us on the head and gobble us up. We know we're comin' back. Might even get lucky and come back as a

biker — ya never know.

Oh, shit. Here comes that stupid bear again. This dumb son of a bitch comes down here every couple of days just to fuck with me. OK. Here he comes. Now, swim to the other side. Yeah. Now, around behind him. Clumsy turd. Zap! Right between his legs and into my hole in the bank. He's got the water so stirred up he doesn't even see me. Sure as shit, he's crawling up on the bank now and

NATION

By "Turtle"

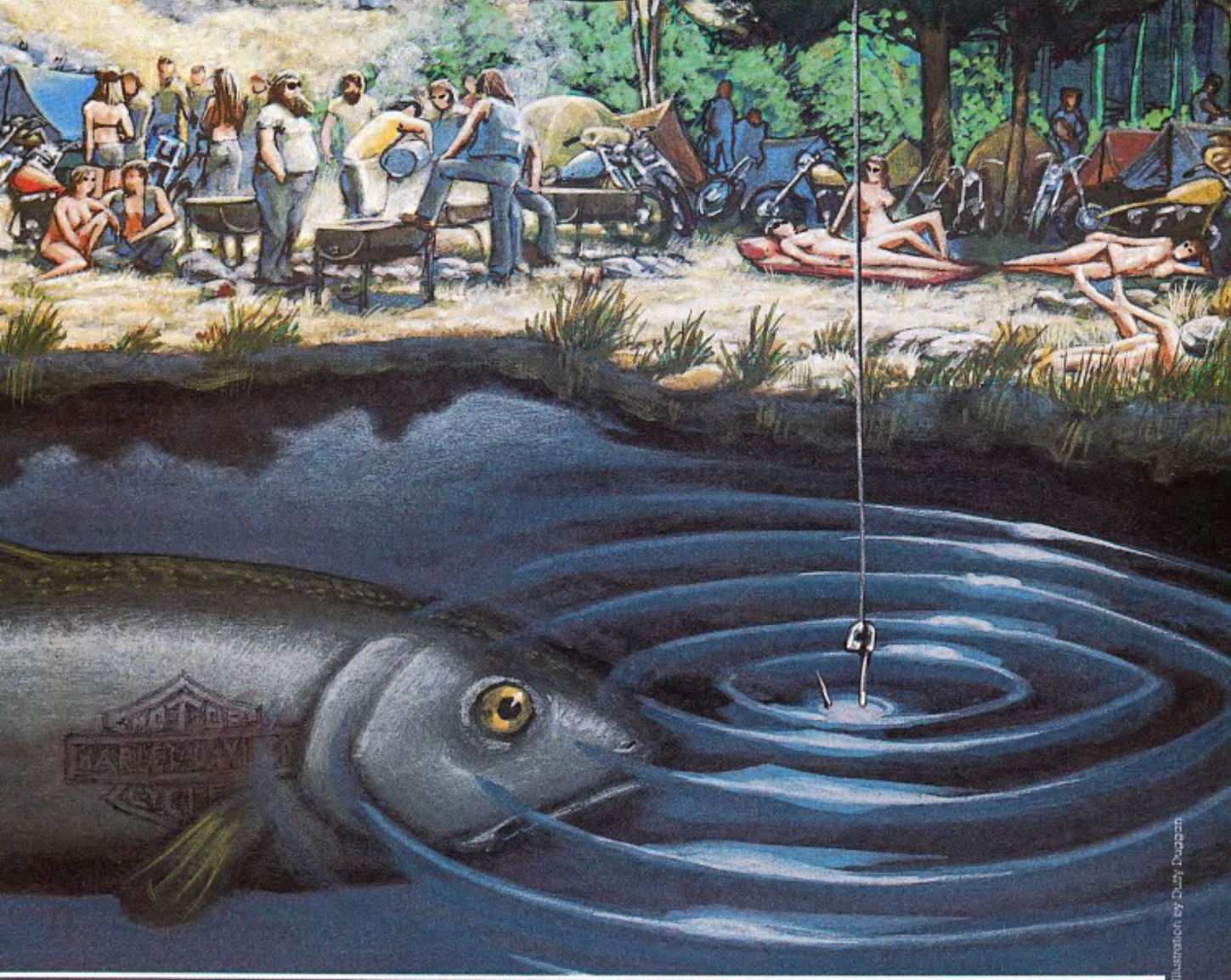


Illustration by Duffy Duggan

eatin' all the berries off a bush. If this lunatic would eat the fuckin' berries in the first place, we wouldn't have to go through this ritual. I know. You've all seen bears on television dip their heads in the water and come up with a salmon every time. But I'm a trout, remember? Salmon are sooo dumb.

Oh, well. Enough of that foolishness, let's get back to reincarnation. Like I was saying, a lot of us don't mind

"cashing in" for a chance to come back as something else. Sure, there are some creatures that don't mind trying to run out their entire life-span, but thousands of us commit suicide everyday in the hopes of becoming people the next time around.

Take ants, for instance. Whole bunches of 'em run around on your sidewalks everyday when they would be perfectly safe hiding in the grass. They want to get

squashed. One of them may come back to be President of the United States. They already have the intellect and the know-how for the job. Just run around in pointless little circles and get everyone to follow you.

Or how about deer? They wait by the side of the road for a cage to jump in front of. Think about it. Deer ain't dumb. Even a moth will take a chance. Ever watch one at a good ol' out-

Continued on page 99

NATIVE AMERICAN

Way out west in Corona, California, on a ranch called the "Hot Shoe," lives a dude named Ken Maely — the very same Ken Maely who fits all those roundy-round racers with that all-important item known as a steel shoe.

A few years ago a rumor surfaced that Ken was gonna build a speedway engine to compete with all the commie, Eytalian and



Photos by Rip



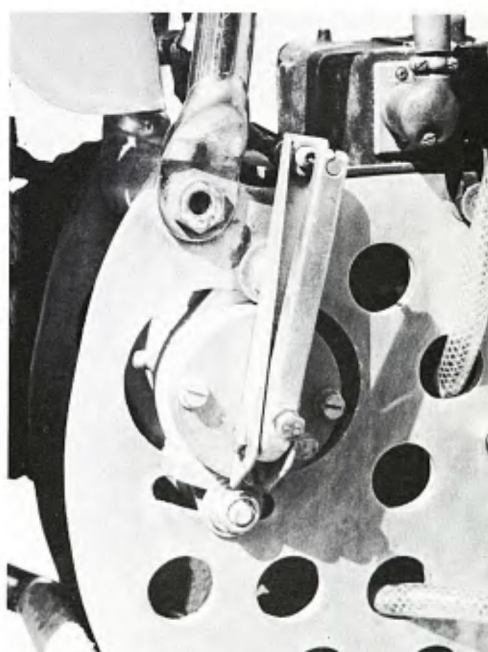
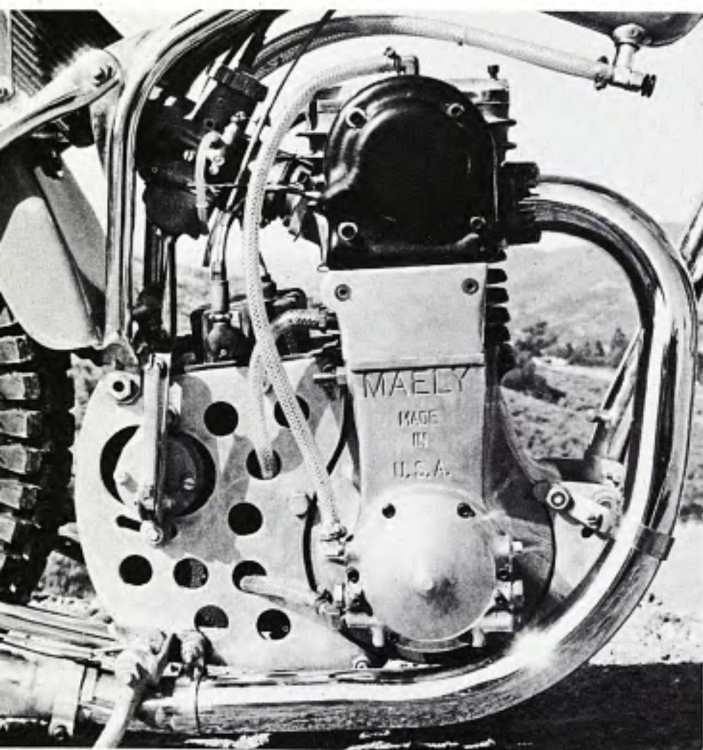
Limey bikes. Well, folks, that rumor is true. Not only did he build an engine, he also built a frame to hold it. In other words, what you see on these pages is an all-American, handmade, homegrown, methanol-burning, single-cylinder, four-valve, single-overhead-cam, 500cc racin' bike.

About the only bit Ken didn't make himself is the rubber on the bike and carb. He even made the kill

switch — a leather strap that goes around the racer's wrist and offs the spark when the rider unloads.

I should note that Ken's built ten so far and has plans for another 25. Naturally, a project like this is more than a one-man operation and Ken says Bob Millray and some of his other tight bros — especially his buddy of over 30 years, Irvin Moon — deserve a lot of credit.

They — and Ken himself — also deserve a lot of our thanks. Speedway isn't called Class A for nothin'. It's the most spectacular and universal kind of racing there is, with events held in just about every English-speaking country in the world. The only thing the sport lacked was an American-made bike burn-in' around the track. And now there is one. Like I said: Thanks, bros. —Rip



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

Did ya ever notice how the word *justice* seems to be about as common in straight society as seagulls, rats and scavengers in a city dump?

We've got Halls of Justice and a Department of Justice and Chief Justices and Associate Justices. And we're taught in high school — as the Indians were "taught" at peace conferences — that the Great White Father in Washington is always "just" and that "justice always triumphs in the end."

Speaking of high school, I believe William Shakespeare coined a phrase that explains America's constant and inaccurate use of the word *justice*. "Methinks," wrote Willie S., "he doth protest too much."

In other words, a society which has no *real* justice will always be talking about how "just" it is. I think Shakespeare knew his shit, 'cause I notice that most of the commie countries have "ministries of justice" whose rhetoric is a mirror image of that produced by our own Department of Justice.

Or how 'bout this? "Justice is the bread of the nation; it is always hungry for it."

A guy named Chateaubriand said that. Clearly ol' Chat didn't have his head screwed on as well as Shakespeare. I mean, the dude didn't know what the fuck he was talkin' about. If justice was the bread of the nation, the papers would be full of stories about an epidemic of malnutrition and the sidewalks would be jammed with the fallen bodies of citizens who'd dropped dead from hunger.

Hard thoughts on a Monday morning in this nation that dares to brag that it's run by laws and not men. Hard thoughts triggered by a report that proves in black and white what those who have — at one time or another — come up against the system already knew: Justice is not only blind, she is deaf, dumb and dishonored. The concept of a nation of *laws* becomes meaningless when the *men* hired to apply those laws are able to twist them at



will into instruments of punishment or reward, weapons or gifts.

Today's text, as the preachers say, is *justice*, friends.

Justice. We've all heard the horror stories. Twenty years for a joint in one state; a \$200 fine in another. Seven years for a murder here; lethal injection there. Probation for bad checks over yonder; 25 years for the same offense in the county next door. Yes, we're all familiar with cases like that, the ones that are always explained away by the old "no system is perfect" excuse, as if these examples are rare aberrations in the system — that they're not typical everyday examples of justice at work.

Well, let's put a cap on that nonsense right here. Those examples are not the exceptions to the rule, they *are* the rule. The exception is when any two perpetrators of identical crimes get identical sentences, and the aforementioned study by the (here comes that word again) justice department proves it.

In this study, 208 federal judges were presented with the "facts" in a bunch of different criminal cases and asked what sentence they would give each perpetrator. The results, for anyone who believes that "equal justice under the law" is one of the most important concepts separating America from Russia or China or Hitler's Germany, are

totally, terrifyingly, horrifying.

In a bank robbery case, for example, the hypothetical thief would have been sentenced to a term ranging from less than one up to as many as 25 years in prison — depending on nothing except whose courtroom he had the good or bad luck to appear in. Fraud cases produced similar results. In a fraud case presented to the 208 so-called jurists, the minimum sentence would have been under three years, the maximum 27 years. Another fraud cause: less than one year, as much as 15 years. A third fraud case: under eight years from some judges; life behind bars from others.

And, as if these findings aren't bad enough, consider this: The judges taking part in this study were all *federal* judges operating under the same laws and procedures. If they are so inconsistent that some of them are pronouncing sentences 25 *times greater* than others, imagine what happens to the concept of justice when it's being applied by judges operating under different laws in different jurisdictions.

This kind of bullshit has to stop. It does nothing but cause contempt for the law and turn fair-minded people against their country.

The solution is drastic but extremely simple. Judges and juries should be stripped of all powers to assess punishments. A jury's responsibility should be strictly limited to determining guilt or innocence, and the judge's role should be limited to insuring that the defendant is given a fair trial in accordance with law and precedents.

Sentences for all criminal offenses should be written into those laws making the act involved illegal, and they should be uniform throughout the country. Sure, this would result in a few otherwise lucky bastards who would have gotten off with a slap on the wrist doing more time. But those guys are almost always straight assholes with beaucoup bucks, good connections and high-priced lawyers. For you, and

Continued on page 91

Purple Haze It Ain't

Not all of us are as lucky as brother Curly, one of the staffers here. What I mean is that he's got a new Softail and the rest of us are riding our pieced-together iron. Oh, well, I like mine better even though his rides so much smoother.

Anyway, we were rapping about his scooter the other day and I asked him if he'd had any trouble with it. "No, not to speak of," he replied. Then he went on to mention that his bike was an early one, built in 1983, and that when he was servicing the battery at the 5000-mile mark, he noticed it had a groove worn in it where the positive battery cable was

rubbing against it.

To eliminate the friction, he first re-routed the positive cable around behind and up through the back so it wouldn't rub anymore. Then he put a rubber donut between the battery box and the battery, thinking that would take care of the problem.

But, no, it wasn't to be. When he went back to check the battery acid level at the 7500-mile point, he found out that it didn't have an overflow tube. Instead of the hot acid from the battery running out the puke tube to the ground, it had puked all over the frame and onto Curly's chrome horseshoe oil bag. He

was pissed, but decided not to let a little acid ruin his day.

He solved the problem by wedging another rubber donut on the other side of the battery. Now the battery doesn't rock and roll in the battery box and throw off the puke tube. He also found a better overflow tube, a rubber one off an older electric-start battery. Curly trimmed the end of the rubber hose, pushed it onto the battery, and then applied black silicone around the battery and hose.

If you do this, better remember to never block the end of the hose since the acid has to have someplace to go. Blocking it

off will make the acid run out around the caps, so it'll get on the top of the oil bag and rear fender, to say nothing of what it will do to a motorcycle seat, Levi's, etc. Get the picture? Curly said he found the rubber donuts he used behind an appliance store. It seems that they originally came off the bottom of a new washing machine!

Any thick hunk of rubber, such as a heel from a pair of old boots will do. Just trim it to fit, and space out the battery equally on both sides.

Curly's racked up 10,500 miles as of this writing. Yeah, he rides a lot, the lucky dude.

—Cowboy Bob

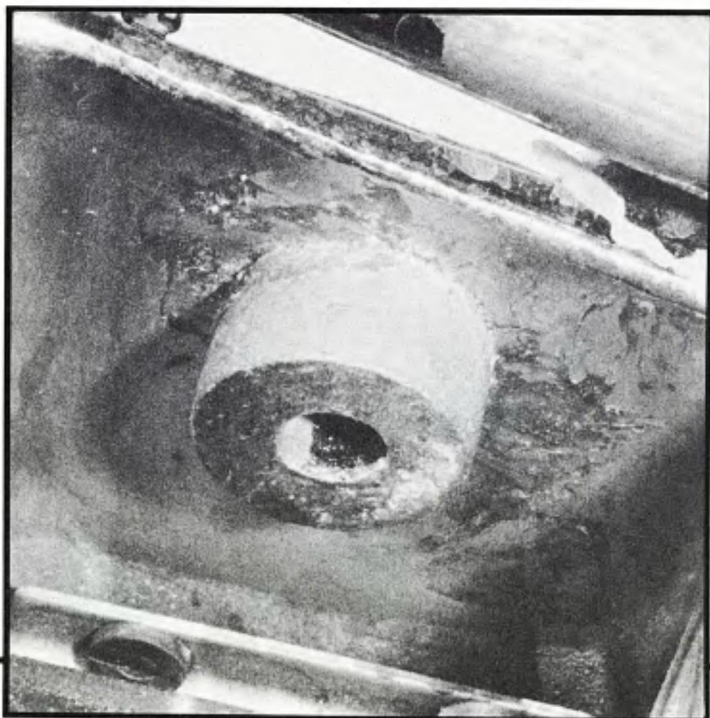


Photo by Rip

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Libra

Libras are the lover-types of the zodiac — they'd much rather fuck than fight. And why not? Their charm and bulletproof bullshit bails 'em out long before any real battle begins so that kicking ass is just a last resort. Better yet, Libra can lay a line on the ladies that leaves 'em spread-eagled and smiling. Sacking out with a Libra is a multiple-choice situation — you name it and he can do it. Libra likes the voluptuous type (big tits and tight ass), but if you've also got a zit face, bald head and moustache, forget it. He's picky, so wash your armpits, and while you're at it, powder your bush and polish your knobs.

Libras are versatile and sometimes it's hard to tell the good guys from the bad. Like, for instance, Libras Timothy Leary and Genghis Khan, both of whom have made a lasting impression. And how about Bela Lugosi, who was a sucker every-time? Other Libras who've made their mark are: Olivia Newton-John, Suzanne Somers, Brigitte Bardot, and Barbara Walters (who gets paid for stuttering).

Plus, Groucho Marx, Mickey Rooney, Evel Knievel (wonder if he ever broke his dick?), and last but not least, the late John Lennon who showed Libra's peace-lovin' qualities best.

Libras should be extra careful of alcoholic over-indulgence, unless they keep their kidneys flushed with plenty of H₂O. Otherwise, they are prone to kidney and bladder problems, plus boils behind the earlobes and hairs between their teeth. Older Libras often have varicose veins on their nutsacks that glow in the dark (which is great if the refrigerator light is kaput and you're lookin' for a midnight snack).

Libras are fair-minded, logical, intellectual, and love a good rap session. They're also artistic and creative, and make great pets. Everyone should have at least one Libra — unless of course, you happen to find two small ones and need bookends.

Seriously, Libras are worth their weight in friendship, even if they do keep their dirty underwear in the mailbox and are difficult to potty-train.

ous situation or be privy to information that causes your nuts to shrivel and brings on a large case of self-induced amnesia. Keep your lips sealed and play it by ear.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Happy birthday, heart-breaker! Spread yourself around, find out which end is up, and have an extra piece of birthday buns. Afterwards, get

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

This one finds an empty space between your ears, cobwebs in your stash box, and your sex life on the same level as a termite going down on a knothole. At least you still have your health and your hand. You'll find changing hands breaks the monotony, and for more sex appeal, give yourself a manicure.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Don't be frazzled by a few fuck-ups on your machine. Seek some expert advice to find the cause and cure for problems that defy detection. You're also pinched in the cash dept., but tight partners come through with the needed bread to prevent ya from owning a mere bucket o' bolts. Show your gratitude — cut loose with some primo stash.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

This month you leave a trail of pecker tracks and a mess on a lot of smiling faces as the horny honks get a hold on ya! You hump your way into a hernia and end up with your crank in a cast before reaching a hole with a "No Vacancy" sign. Give 'em all you've got and go for the gusto, 'cause next month is a limp one.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

This one's more fun than a pimple-popping session on Dolly Parton's chest — and just as juicy. You should have a contest with Gemini to see who comes first (or last). Not only are your goodies up for grabs, but you could also be up for a big raise (finally). Pole-vault into your private pussy patch and stay outta trouble.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

Let it all hang out this month. Show that pleasing personality and reap the rewards. (Stuffing a sausage in your drawers will help if you're the teenie-wienie type.) Draw attention to yourself at work (a bath helps) by leaving your pants unzipped after using the head. Most of all, have the balls to tell the boss to get fucked if ya get fired.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Being in the right place at the wrong time will really bend your mind now. You could be a witness to some real danger-

down to biz by checking the fine print on everything within reach. Otherwise, you may have to read 'em and weep. If ya snooze, ya lose now.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Someone tries to blow your cover and it backfires in your favor. It will be hard to one-up you this month since you're way ahead of the game. Answer in the affirmative to a sideline vacation that comes your way via a buddy. You've got power behind the scenes working for you. Give yourself a buildup and strut your stuff.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Extra cash flows your way per long-forgotten loan-outs. Celebrate by treating your ol' lady to a new douche bag (or at least tape up the old one). You can now afford to lay a few lines on bros who did your nose a favor. Cornhole the rest and refrain from any gambling urges. Enjoy this goodie.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

This month's hardon leads to a headache, a hangover, and a pain in the ass. Getting wiped out and putting your dong in the wrong end is fine if your date's constipated — or if she eats at all the best restaurants. Watch out, that secret sauce could turn out to be just so much shit. Remember, it's what's up front that counts!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Strange happenings around home base are difficult to pinpoint. Undercurrents of underhanded activity have you sleeping with one eye open and checking out your ride everytime you hear a sound. Follow your intuition — there's definitely some weird shit in the air. On the other hand, you could always tie your ol' lady to your scooter and get some rest.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Coast through this one by steering clear of shit-stirrers. Don't pass on rumors overheard at work (stuff your ears with public hairs), or let your opinions be known. Save your jaw-jobs for between the sheets (unless you work at a laundry). Use your dipstick to check out your ol' lady's oil — she may be a quart low. Mum's the word.

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

ARKANSAS

Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
Black Velvet Motorcycle Unlimited 1311 Hwy. 102, Roger

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
Milcah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park
Moonshine Cycle 720 W. Olive Ave. Unit B, Porterville
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
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 Plithin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 36th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 11034 5th St., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway,
Englewood
Klinzmann Cycle 804 S. Ash, Yuma

CONNECTICUT

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

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
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
Peace Chief Sound Center 6806 14th St. W., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 1009 N. Dixie Hwy., (Bird Rd.)
New Smyrna Beach
Custom Choppers 4405 N. Renelle Dr., Tampa
W-Twin 27 Hamilton Ave., Oyster Bay

GEORGIA

H-D of Clayton Co. 5346 Jonesboro Rd., Morrow

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

IDAHO

American Cycle Supply 4901 Emerald, Boise

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Suburban Harley-Davidson 2215 Rand Rd., Palatine
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Gordon Show & Go Choppers 773 N. Broadway, Joliet
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
Kalbo's MC Clinic, Inc. 2303 Lockport Rd., Lockport
Jammer Of Southern Illinois 804 W. Delaware, Fairfield
Biker's Connection 7102 Forest Hills Rd., Rockford

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie

IOWA

Lucky's & D.C. Scooter Accessories Box I, Charlotte
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Frame Technology, Inc. 230 N. 4th, Carlisle

KANSAS

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

KENTUCKY

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

LOUISIANA

Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
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 2683 N. Euclid, Bay City
V-Twin Limited 66605 N. Lakeview, Sturgis
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron

MINNESOTA

D.S. Specialties 2953 Lyndale Ave. S., Minneapolis

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Milwaukee Iron 1769 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
H-D of Trenton, Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City

NEW MEXICO

Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque
New Mexico MC Salvage 827 Isleta Blvd. SW, Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome

MC Cycles 527 Halstead Avenue, Mamaroneck
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
V-Twins 250 Bayville Ave., Bayville
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
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
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon

NORTH CAROLINA

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

J&E Harley-Davidson 1006 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
D & D Cycle Repair Hwy. 211, West End
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Sylvania H-D 5625 Alexis Rd., Sylvania

OKLAHOMA

Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Still Blvd., Lawton
Stony's Cycle 2316 Gore, Lawton

PENNSYLVANIA

Cycledeedle Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville
Sled Shed 5 W. Main St., Fleetwood
R&S Cycle Shop 230 Westwood, Minersville
Jim Dennis Enterprises 4603 Lancaster Ave., Philadelphia

SOUTH CAROLINA

Southeastern Choppers 106 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D 2790 Pamlico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston

TENNESSEE

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

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killean
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1308 N. Meford Drive, Lufkin
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco
Beaumont H-D 5550 J. Eastex Freeway, Beaumont
Trip Cycle 3823 Ave. S., Galveston
East Bay American Motorcycle (formerly Basket Case) 112
E. Ennis Ave., Ennis
Roll Your Own H-D 2006 W. Erwin, Tyler

VERMONT

Big Bikes Rt. 14, Woodbury

VIRGINIA

Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Dell Hwy. 17 & I-85, Fredericksburg

WASHINGTON

74' Or More 1416 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

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

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
Sauk-Prarie H-D Hwy. 12, Sauk City
Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Rapid Transit H-D 6511 Highway 13 S., Wisconsin Rapids
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond

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.

Native of Santa Rosa, California. Blond hair, blue eyes, well-built, God-fearing Aryan, 25, 5'11", 176 lbs., rises 7/85. Raymond Blasutto 16220, NSP Box 607, Carson City, NV 89702.

W/m, blond hair, hazel eyes, 24, 170 lbs., looking for serious-minded lady — no bullshitters. Will answer all; a flick gets one back. Richard Cross, C-78319, X-106, Box 689, CTF, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Bro short-timing it looking to share all the good and righteous times with the right one, 18-50, up to 160 lbs. Please send photo. Scott "Barney Rubble" Arr, Box 83364, Repressa, CA 95671.

Down in Texas. W/m, 25, brown eyes, brown hair, 158 lbs. Likes country music and easy rock. Steven B. Linton, M-204, Fed. #F-14145, TDC 356140, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Two downed bros out of Modesto looking for love and letters from any fine white ladies. Wesley Adolph, B-89058 and Chris Welch, C-75653, Repressa, CA 95671.

Two lonely w/m would like to correspond with any women willing to write a couple of cons. Rick Gregg 25645 (5'9"), 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, 31), and Mark Steinschouer 34048 (5'6"), 130 lbs., brown hair and eyes, 24), KSIR B-241, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Help! I need somebody — this 33-year-old, 5'5", white dude has had it with being alone. Write me. Phillip W. Jones, Box 30-2659, Pendleton, IN 46064.

Lonely w/m, 40, doing 20, would like to hear from ladies who care. I need letters and someone there when I get out. Kids OK. Will answer all letters with pix first. Mike Duerr 78666-012, Box 1000, El Reno, OK 73036.

W/m, 27, been down eight years. Year and half to go. Need ol' lady. Send pictures. Dennis James Cole, B-98687, E-Bay 3-105, Tamal, CA 94974.

W/m, 30, 5'11", 171 lbs., brown eyes, black hair. Sincere and mature. Love children. Would like to meet sincere people who are for real about life. Will answer all. James Rios 82A5441, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821.

Downed bro from Baltimore, 6'2", 190 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, needs help from free ladies, 25-35, still in the wind. No head games; all letters answered. J.E. Flanagan, MRDCC 168514, SSO E. Madison St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

W/m, 30, staying high but doing it alone. Send mail and flicks to Mike Cardwell 33061, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Lonely tramp, down doing seven in Arizona. Need to hear from ladies, 18-35, who understand what it's like being down and alone. Send flicks. Will answer all. Tom "Tiny" Culhane 49078, Bldg. 28, Rm. 162, Box 3300, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Two dirty white boys, 20 and 24. Would like to have foxy ladies, 18-80, crippled, blind or crazy, to write to. All answered fast. Mark Jordan 87776, and Jeff Keithley 87472, KSP, Rt. 2 Box 128, Eddyville, KY 42038.

W/m, 24, 5'11", 190 lbs., light brown hair, baby-blue eyes, wishes to write any and all shit-together chicks, 18-? No games, unrestricted. Bud Magers 332664, Box 128, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

White boy, been down six years, two more to go. Looking for kites from lovely ladies to make the rest of this time a little easier to do. Robert Wallis 97065, JHCC, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.

W/m, 38, 6', 165 lbs., nice-looking, would like to receive letters and pictures from sexy ladies, open and frank, any age. Dennis Weatherford 122718, T-3-13, Box 56, Elmore, AL 36025.

Bro, 29, 5'7", 165 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, due to be released in Jan. '85. Want to celebrate my release with me? I can travel. Drop me a line and photo real fast. Joseph Kehn, 83-A-4064, Box 200, W. Coxsackie, NY 12192.

W/m, 25, would like to hear from anyone. All letters will be answered. Thomas Kimmer 50611, Box 999 FCF, Canon City, CO 81212.

Two righteous white bros (Randy, 22, 6'1", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, and Joe, 24, 6'2", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes) would love to hear from sexy ladies. Randy Selley 35781, and Joseph Smith 37816, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Biker, 29, green eyes, brown hair, lonely, to be released soon, needs scrolls from ladies over 18 from Indiana-Illinois area. Answer all till Miss Right shows up. Bill McGuire, 16856-009, Unit 1, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

To all the beautiful young ladies of the '80s: I'm 5'10", with brown hair and eyes. Love all ladies and would enjoy exchanging ideas through the mail. Will answer all. Please send photo. Joe Baker 27597, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

White bro, 32, 6'2", 185 lbs., stocky, blue eyes. Getting out soon. Need foxy ladies, 18-35, to write to. Will be paroling to St. Louis, Mo. this summer. Tom Swearingen, D-Unit, Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072.

If you are female, 21-35, not a chub, and righteous to the core, a 20¢ stamp may change your life. Dedication to Harley-Davidson lifestyle a must. Mike "Pache" Kennedy, Box 41-14343, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 28, 5'9", 155 lbs., black hair, beard, and green eyes. Artist, poet, musician, and all-around good guy. Rod "Rabbit" Bonham, Box 41-13139, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Downed bro, 21, needs some foxy ladies, 18-? Flicks would be nice. Out in '85; heading down to Diego. No head games. Bob "Whiskey" Gillett, C-48245, WB 340, Box 705, Soledad, CA 93960.

Two crazy white boys need sweet ladies to correspond with and send flicks. Robert Bolon (20, 155 lbs., 5'10", brown hair and eyes) and George Dunckhurst (22, 6'4", 230 lbs., brown hair and eyes), Box 208, SDCC, Indian Springs, NV 89070-0208.

W/m, down for a spell behind these walls of hell. Smother me with your words of passion, or just write for the sake of writing. Women only — no other specifications. Ray Lassen, W/46455, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

1/ser, 6'1", blond, blue, 185 lbs., would like to hear from lovely young honeys. Send flick if possible; I'll do the same. Robert "Gypsy Dog" Currier 74176, 3-C/Cell 28, Drawer N, Trenton, NJ 08625.

Needed: w/f, 18-40, pretty, slim, who needs a master. Must be willing to move to St. Pete, Fla., in '85. W/m, 38, 6'2", 250 lbs. Darvin "Big Steve" Workman 28230, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68502.

Git-down country boy doin' time an' lookin' for a sweet thing to share some dreams with. M.W. "Kentucky" Rowe, C76123, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Biker, 30, on the last lag of my time. Would like very much to meet a together biker lady for love, putting and a life together once I am free. Wally Edwards 046595, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Downed biker, Irish and 1/ser, 28, brown hair and eyes, 6'11", and 195 lbs. of solid muscle, lookin' for sweet sister to parole to in '85. Only one year of parole left. Rugrats OK. Gary "Big Murph" Murphy 83C900, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Good-lookin' bro, pushing 30, down and in need. Rides full-dress Guzzi when free. Curly brown hair, 5'10", 160 lbs. Bluff, Box 900, Shelton, WA 98584.

W/m, 37, wishes to receive letters and photos from ladies to help combat the loneliness of prison life. Tom Shankles, C-72884, Box 705, SB-229, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

W/m, 31, 6'1", 155 lbs., brown hair and eyes, down for life in Texas, but still fighting. In bad need of letters and pictures from kindhearted women, 18-80. Richard Knight 311163, 5-dorm, Eastham, Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

White male, 32, 5'11", brown hair, blue eyes. Loves to ride and party, and ladies who enjoy travel and adventure. Doing hard time. Rick Holden 86482, LCRP, Rt. 1 Box 330, Tiptonville, TN 38079.

Tired of head games? Sick of the same old shit? Let's you and I go to Las Vegas and make some bucks in June of '85. I'm 36, marriage-minded, 6', 185 lbs., with brown hair and eyes. Thomas E. Williams, C-52012, Box A-3239, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Righteous bro, 20, 6'2", 180 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, from St. Louis, looking to be out in December of '84. Send flicks, I'll do the same. Lester Stone 046538, Box 538, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Canadian bro, w/m, 34, finishing off sawbuck with full intention of heading south in January '85. Would like American lady for correspondence. Bobby Imerson, Box 2000, Agassiz, B.C., Canada V0M 1A0.

W/m, 23, brown hair, blue eyes, doing 10 years in Virginia, paroling end of '85. Want letters from ladies; age doesn't matter. Lincoln Swears 136554, BCC, Rt. 2 Box 111, Bland, VA 24315-9616.

Two w/m need kites. Send a pic, get one back. Tim French, 20, 5'11", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue-green eyes, and Wayne Taylor, 20, 5'8", 150 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933.

Downed white bro, 30, from the Lansing, Mich., area needs a few sisters to scribe with. Doin' a fresh 15-45. Need flicks and stamps, too. Will answer all. Rob Gordon 134372, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Wanted: One good-lookin', no bullshit, solid-hearted outlaw scooter chick. W/m, 31, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown eyes, blond-brown hair, "Nam vet, loner, expatchholder. J. "Nomad Desperado" Schroeder 48240, Box 600 (Max.), U-B1, Canon City, CO 81212.

W/m, 25, 5'11", 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, seeks ladies, 24-? Redheads most welcome, but will answer each and every letter. E.R. "Grumpy Ed" Bowers 079672, Box 500-E88, Olustee, FL 32072.

Down but not out. Three in and a couple to go. Would like to hear from wild ladies, 18 to 28. Pix welcome. Will answer all. Dave Czernan 5029, Box 9250, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Two w/m cell mates need letters and pix from ladies, in jail or free. Robby Redding, age 20, dishwater blond, 208 lbs., 6', and Jim Fleming, age 25, brown hair, 175 lbs., 5'9". Box 8880, Ketchikan, AK 99901.

Lonely 24-yr.-old, blond and blue, 5'10", 145 lbs., needs lovin' and lots of it. Must be slender, 5'9", 130 lbs., blue-eyed blonde — a biker's ol' lady. I will relocate for you. Send photo to Randall "Fuzzy" Hecht, 1200 W. 10th, Sioux Falls, SD 57104.

W/m, 34, 196 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, needs someone serious and together. Children OK. Will answer all who send SASE. Robert Jewell 27347, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

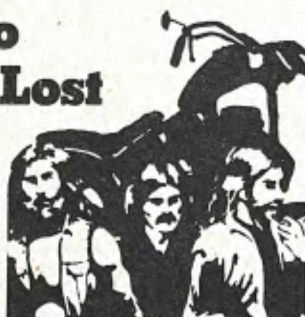
Someone out there, lay me a line. No family or friends, but have some pix. I'm 21, and from Tulsa. Need someone to rap to and make some friends. Mary Jack 138549, MBCC, Box 11492, East Housing Unit, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

W/m, 6', 175 lbs., 26, dark brown hair, blue eyes, needs to hear from ladies, 18 to 40. Squares need not write. Picture gets one back. Bobby Lavery 37157, KSP, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Lonely prisoner needs letters. Blue eyes, blond hair, 5'7", 155 lbs. David Knatz 83-A-7727, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Southern bro doin' time for the Man. Needs letters and visits from ladies, 18-80, blind, crippled and/or crazy. Send photos! Charles Lee Clark, C-023194, F-93, Box 500, Olustee, FL 32072.

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 **Jeff "The Master" Brown**, downed in his prime 4/25/84. You're missed by those who knew you and Black Beauty. Thank you for being there to ease life in your special way. Till the day we again terrorize the wannabes together, keep it flying! Jas, Sin, the Ol' Fart, Black Beauty, Big Bess and the rest.

In never ending memory of a Renegade, **Jessie Bixler**. You were a good bro and friend, special to all of us. A part of you will always stay alive in our hearts. We love and miss you. Rick, Debbie, and kids.

In memory of **Allan "Gypsy" Love** whose life was taken by an 18-wheeler on 4/12/83. You showed me how to be free and have fun and you will never be forgotten. Love, Riff Raff.

In memory of **Mike "C.C." Conley**, a good bro. One righteous tramp, whom the words class and heart fit to a tee. 4/16/84 wasn't your day, bro, but I know you're riding free in Harley Heaven. 1%er Death MC, Springfield, Ohio. Keep it in the wind till we meet again. Your brother, Rock.

In memory of **Tiny**, 1%er, 13 Pagans MC, Delaware, killed 2/12/84. Remembered by Hambone 1%er and all the brothers in the Delaware Correctional Center. LPDP-TCOP-PFFP.

In loving memory of my first and only love, my ol' man of 5 years, **Stewart "Treebird" Hiner**, 22, killed by a drunken redneck in a head-on cage crash. He took it all on his side and saved my life. I'll release your ashes back to the wind and land you loved. My soul is yours. I love you. Little One.

In memory of **Ronald "Wrongway" Moore**, 6/12/83. Gone but not forgotten. May you ride free and rest in peace in Harley Heaven. Remembered by all your friends in Bath, Ontario, and by your family.

In living memory of **Thomas "White E. Coyote" Whittinall**, taken from us 4/1/84. You were our survivor and we all learned a lot from you. We will all do everything in our power to help your wife Beth and your five sons. You will live in our hearts and our souls forever. Love, Sue and Deb in Tahoe.

In loving memory of **Darlene Wadding**, 11/7/83, my all-time sis. We shared times and we shared the music. May all your weekends be "heaven in Heaven." Beaten by a semi at the age of 21 was much too soon. I'll miss you forever. You are and always will be beautiful. Your big little brother, Bob.

In memory of **Susan Byrd**. We still don't know exactly what happened that night. All we know is that you went down partying. May you rest in Harley Heaven forever. We will always miss you. Your friends in Montreal, Canada.

In memory of **Cotton**, 1%er, Phantoms MC, Maryland Chapter. A true bro who rode like hell right through the pigs to Harley Heaven in '83. You'll always be remembered for the good times we shared. Your bro S.A., and Phantoms MC brothers.

For my ol' man and husband, **Robert Alan "Gangster Bob" Bauer**, Tujunga, Calif. While my heart went with you on 11/2/83, the love and laughter we shared and promises we made are with me every moment. You truly were a humble and honest man, and I am proud to be your wife. I know you made it to everlasting peace, for your eyes have seen God. Until I join you, I'll always love you. Your "EM," Celeste.

We'll all miss ya, **Hal**, but you'll never be forgotten. Hang loose, bro, with the gang in Harley Heaven. Lots of love from Sheryl Pelamati, Reseda, Calif.

In memory of **Dick Allen**. South Bay will miss you. Country Dave.

In memory of **Owie**, 3/19/60-2/11/84, my brother, my bro, my best friend, set free to ride. We carry on with a little help from our friends. John Jackson.

In loving memory of **Stan "The Man" Garbutt**. You were stolen from us 7/10/83 by a hit-and-run cager, but he couldn't kill the memories. We'll love you till we all ride and party again. Love, Face and your many bros and sisters of BRO Quebec.

To the still unfading memory of **Les "Papa Java" Jarvis**, who went down 7/2/83 — the only perfect friend of a lifetime in whom were uniquely combined loyalty, intelligence and compassion. When your living spirit vanished, the light went out of many lives. Jim and Shelley Pearson, and Mort Black, 100 Mile House, B.C.

In memory of **William "Wild Bill" Hogan**, 8/21/45 to 3/2/84. We were just getting to know you better when you were taken from us. Save us a place in Harley Heaven. Your bros and sisters of the road, Frank, Mary, Cynthia, Dan Critter, Stretch, plus the gang at the "R" Place.

In loving memory of **Jack R. Shaw**, 6/11/47 to 9/11/83, Kingsmen MC, N.Y. You had it all, Jack. Why does it happen to one so young? You were so alive and having so much fun. Now your life is over, and we wish it had just begun. Your family.

In eternal loving memory of Spartans MC Prez **Richard "Big Foot" Dunagan** from Inman, S.C., taken from us 4/23/84. A true brother who was a born leader. He led and everyone else followed. Guess the Master Mechanic in the sky needed him more than we did. Till we meet again, Pill and the Spartans.

In memory of **Pacer**, Iron Cross MC, Georgia, 1955-1984. We miss you. J.T., ICMC, OA.

Black T-shirts with White Designs

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

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.

According to the federal government's Bureau of Statistics, when the Korean War ended in the early summer of 1953, the number of U.S. POW/MIAs was 5178. Also according to the Bureau, only 684 of these fighting men were subsequently returned. Twenty-one Americans refused repatriation (some later changed their minds). That leaves an incredible 4473 men supposedly "unaccounted for."

I don't know if my source is correct, but just the *thought* of our country leaving behind that many men (or even a mere handful) after a war, never trying to find out what happened to them, is disgustingly immoral. But it's no longer something unbelievable. Vietnam taught us that, didn't it?

I hate to say it, but it's probably much too late to do anything at all for the men unaccounted for after Korea. It's not too late, however, to get an accounting of our brothers left behind after Nam. Or at least it shouldn't be.

We can argue until the end of time whether the Vietnam War was "right" or "wrong." Historians and military-strategy buffs and political scientists can — and no doubt, will — sit around for decades to come and discuss whether or not we could have won a land war in Asia. Former protesters and Vietnam vets can sit down together now and exchange memories of "how it was" — they can look back on the good and the bad, admit to each other how much they've learned in the interim, and see how their respective views may have changed since then.

Certainly the times have changed for all of us. We're growing older and growing up. Some of us are experiencing a resurgence of pride in having served our country in time of war. Some recall with just as much pride how they helped bring that war to an end. Others write books or make movies, contributing to the public at large and generations to come their thoughts on that historical period.

But the fact remains that, whether veterans or former demonstrators or budding historians, all of us are now dealing with memories. Some of us suffer from those memo-

ries; some of us revel in them. But we're nevertheless constantly becoming (at least in time) evermore distant from the true realities of those experiences.

This isn't so for some Americans, though. For them, time is standing still. I'm talking about the men who may still be *there* — there in prison camps or caves, toiling as slave labor for their Vietnamese or Lao-tian captors. Punished every minute of every day for being in the wrong place at the wrong time a long time ago. Doing double-duty now as minor considerations on the sliding scales of international politics and economics, they stumble and work in limbo.

Memories of home and a normal life fade just a little more with each dawn. Hope becomes just a little fainter with each dusk. They may not even speak the language of their own people anymore. It's purgatory they wander through. It's where we sent them, and where we left them.

And it isn't right.

But even as "lost souls," they still affect us. They affect the veteran who reads a book like *Mission: MIA* and slams it hard against a wall in desperation. They affect us when we sit with tensed muscles and angry eyes in some theater, watching "Uncommon Valor." Most of all, they affect their families who don't know, more than a decade after the end of the war, the destiny of their sons, husbands, brothers. Whatever rotten things may have happened to those of us who came home, at least our families *know* what our fate has been. In this case, a bad reality seems far better than the unknown.

The current figure for personnel unaccounted for in Southeast Asia is usually given in round figures: 2500. The Department of Defense issued its *POW-MIA Fact Book* in January 1984, giving this breakdown:

Army	708
Air Force	942
Navy	503
Marines	294
Coast Guard	1
civilians	42

The total is 2490. The pamphlet also breaks down the numbers of servicemen missing by state, with California at the top (250) and the Virgin Islands at the bottom (1).

When I added the figures for states and territories, the total came to 2448. (Seven of the men, by the way, are under the strange classification "Other.")

When the war ended in 1973, Article 8 of the Paris Peace Agreement was supposed to insure "the repatriation of POWs from both sides, as well as the exchange of information about the missing and return of remains of those who died." The communists have not upheld their part of this bargain.

Instead, our POW/MIAs became pawns in a rotten game of international politics. The U.S. and the Socialist Republic of Vietnam (as it's now named) continue to be at odds for various reasons. The Vietnamese still want money from the United States — part of the Paris agreement was that the U.S. would financially help Vietnam rebuild. The Viets view this as "war reparation," much like Germany was assessed similar reparation after World War I, and we tend to look at it as a humanitarian effort. Whatever. Thing is, they're not getting the money and our government mainly claims we won't provide any "aid" to them as long as they keep invading Kampuchea (formerly Cambodia) and otherwise trying to throw their weight around in Southeast Asia. No matter what your individual views on these policies and attitudes, the fact remains that we, the people, are letting our POW/MIAs serve as continuing victims on the table of politics.

Some of the bros who've written to me about POW/MIAs said they would volunteer for any mission organized to go back and get our men or their remains. I know how they feel. In fact, back in 1980 or so, I was part of a small group trying to deal with the Viets to get permission to return to Vietnam and see what's what. They strung us along for a while only to see if we could help them get funds from our government. And they pulled the same thing with those suckers from the VVA (Vietnam Veterans of America). Mr. Bobby Muller and his crowd of bitter veterans did succeed in cajoling the Viets into letting them visit. All they ended up doing, however, was prostituting themselves for the

Continued on page 118

Boxed

My pussy's been cravin' this biker musician's dick for-fucking-ever. My problem is I only see him at concerts for a quick hug and kiss. How do I get him to take me for a pleasure ride on his Hog?

Spaz
St. Paul, Minn.

- Push his scooter up into yer snatch and dare him to come an' get it.

Gassed

I need to fuck you up your hairy asshole and then spill my hot jizz all over your ugly fuckin' face. Do you think you can you help me?

Sgt. Big Dick Dan
Okinawa

- I could fart and put you out of yer misery.

From Hand To Mouth

I've been in prison almost two years now and my hands are almost raw to the bone from beating off all the time. I would like to know if you have any suggestions.

Chas
Somers, Conn.

- Practice yoga until you can get it in your mouth instead.

Bugged

You gotta help me, I've tried everything. I've tried the zoo, the vet department at the college — I've even tried to give him to the fish-head Vietnamese for barbecue meat. I've even offered money to have him hauled away, but no one will do it.

He's eating me out of house and home. He's the size of an elephant. He's the hugest damn crab in the world. Maybe he is a fuckin' elephant. Crabs don't have long noses, do they?

Chris the Klod
Lake Elsinore, Calif.

- Only the ones on the police force.

Family Problem

I've got this brother who rides a scoot. My father pushes dope. My mother books horses and runs a house for bad girls, and my twin sisters are well-known prostitutes and drunk rollers.

Recently, I met this nice clean girl who was just released from prison after doin' a stretch for drowning her illegitimate child. I want to

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



marry her, but I'm afraid she'll say no if she finds out about my family's dark secrets. Please advise me. Should I tell her about my brother bein' a biker?

Jaybird
Cutoff, La.

- Not unless ya wanna see her sportin' his "property of" tattoo.

Get Gone

I've been livin' with this man and he's always talking about fuckin' other girls and having them move in. What am I doing wrong?

Candy Cane
St. Louis, Mo.

- Hangin' around.

One-Word Answer

My ol' man loves for me to give him head. I don't mind givin' it, but I want a fuck from

him now and then. I don't want a vibrator, I want him, the real thing, and he won't do it.

I've heard of girls bein' called prick teases, but what do you call guys who get you horny and won't fuck you?

Sad And Horny
In Baltimore

- Fags.

She Wants Her Ride

I'm one horny biker. In fact, I'm so horny I'd resort to fuckin' a sheep right now. I'd even think about fuckin' you.

I just broke up with one squeeze who was giving it to me any and every way I wanted. The problem is that as soon as I got my new squeeze — who's even better — I had an accident and laid my Sporty up. Now my new squeeze don't want nothin' to do with me no

more. Why?

Balls On Fire
Ann Arbor, Mich.

- Ya know what them liberated broads say: "No putt, no butt."

Dream On

A recurring nightmare has been ruining my sleep for months. In this dream, I am running slo-mo through this wheat field out in the country. The sky is blue and everything is cool. Then, just as I get over this hill, I see a big, fat, slimy cunt running towards me, and sonuvabitch if it ain't you wearing one of those filmy peekaboo nighties.

I stop dead in my tracks. Next thing I know, you're blowing kisses and it hits me that the wedding band on your finger matches mine.

Everything goes black real quick and I wake up breathing hard and sweating rivers. I'm scared to death. I realize that prison ain't so bad, because when I look at the bars I know it didn't really happen. Please allay my fears and assure me that nothing like that will ever happen to me.

Mack
Green Bay, Wis.

- Like the song says, "Many dreams can come true, it could happen to you. . . la, la, la, la, la."

Last Request

I'm doin' three-to-nine and time is passing very slowly. I find myself sitting on my bunk thinking about how I got into this mess and wishing I were out riding on my scooter.

It's almost unbearable, picturing myself in the wind with a fine woman at my back and a beer in my hand. There is hope, though. I think I can swing a deal with the warden. If you come down and sit on his face, he'll cut me loose. Please help this down-and-out bro.

Sewer Smitty
Hutchinson, Kan.

- If I did come down and sit on his face, he'd give ya the chair.

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. ■

Stash Pouch



Won't slide when jumping or running.

With this **Stash Pouch** you can securely stash all your valuables and they'll be completely unnoticed. It fits on any size leg and can hold a lot of weight without having to be held tightly to your leg. You can jump, run, whatever, and the **Stash Pouch** will stay in position — it does not slip down.

The pocket stretches and can hold more than its apparent capacity. It has a flap that holds everything securely inside and will not open.

It's black and (in case you're interested) it's washable.

Don't be ripped off — put your valuables in a safe, secure **Stash Pouch**.

To protect your valuables send \$4.95 for each **Stash Pouch**. We pay all postage and handling.

California residents, add 6% sales tax.

Mackenzie Company,
Box 8025
Calabasas, CA 91302

STASH POUCH

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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

Continued from page 27

muffled voice, tonelessly repeating, "I'll kill you, bitch! I'll kill you!"

A few days later the other tramps began to notice that Mike hadn't shown up lately on the mainline or out on the weight pile where they often lifted "iron" together. They found him lying on his bunk, staring at the ceiling. In reply to their anxious questions and gruff encouragement all he would say is, "I'm fine. Got a leather order to work on. Gotta get it out." None of the bros mentioned the "no show" visit or the kiss-off letter. Nor did they mention that they knew for a fact that Mike hadn't put anything out for sale in the hobby store for nearly a week. There're some things better left unsaid.

It was three weeks later, to the day, that Mike walked into the prison yard and joined the other bikers on the weight pile. He waved off their friendly comments and immediately began to do "sets," exercising with a viciousness previously unknown.

Mad Dog didn't just pump iron like the others. He attacked it, savagely, like a half-starved dog attacking a steak bone. He consciously pushed himself. One more set. One more "rep." One more pound. The others tried to slow him down but their warnings fell on deaf ears. As if the iron alone wasn't enough, Mad Dog spent long hours in the gym, banging the heavy bag with fury, and then running laps around the quarter-mile track on the main yard. Nights were spent working on his leather craft and sleeping. This became his seven-day-a-week routine. As the months passed, Mad Dog added both more money to his account and more "quarters" (25 lb. weights) to the bar.

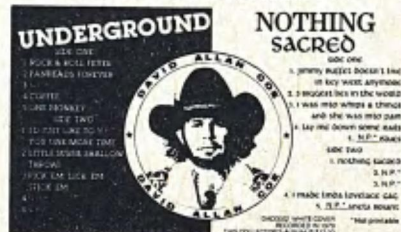
It was Big Kimo, the Samoan, who years earlier, had begun the competition thing. In the seven years he'd been locked down, no one had ever beaten him at quarters on the bar. It wasn't hard to see why. Standing 6'8", weighing 320 pounds, and sporting a pair of arms that measured 21" full-pump, the man was definitely impressive. Michael "Mad Dog" Allen, on the other hand, stood 6'3" and now weighed a very solid 240. Arms were his thing and he measured 20½", full-pump. But size doesn't mean much in driving iron. There are other things of even greater importance. Mental attitude is one of them. Mad Dog had plenty of that.

The annual competition was held on Labor Day. Black George managed an eight-quarter lift and watched silently as the Samoan ordered another quarter and a dime added to each side of the bar. Nine quarters and a dime — 490 pounds — including the bar. As Kimo squared himself on the bench, he flashed Mad Dog a smile. "You'll get killed under here, biker. Best you stay away!" The giant

NOT FOR SALE IN STORES!

DAVID ALLAN COE UNCENSORED!

★ **X-RATED, ADULTS only** ★
PARTY RECORDS. NOT FOR AIR PLAY.



ORDER YOURS TODAY!

Send \$15 for each **UNDERGROUND** album, \$12 for each **NOTHING SACRED** album. Cashier's check or money order only — no cash, no personal checks, no CODs. Prices include shipping only within the U.S. Print your name and address to avoid errors. Send to **Coe Album**, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Scooter Trash

A Collector's Edition of Dynamite Biker Art

A unique collection of biker art depicting the biker lifestyle in all its glory. Each drawing is printed on heavy stock suitable for framing. Order yours now — supplies are limited. \$4.95 plus \$.50 postage and handling.

Ride A Bike
Go To Prison

A bold T-shirt with a message for every biker who's concerned about the increasing loss of our freedoms. Shirt comes in biker black with striking white lettering and is available in small, medium, large, and extra large. Only \$7.50 each, including postage and handling.

Send check or money order to:

Scooter Trash

P.O. Box 1615

Fontana, Calif. 92335
(Allow four to six weeks for delivery.)

Calif. residents
add 6% sales tax

then nodded to the spotters and the bar was slowly lifted and placed in his massive hands.

Everyone watched as Kimo dropped the bar to his chest and with a massive display of power urged it upward again. The strain was obvious to all. It was clearly etched into the face of the lifter and for a split second it seemed that even Kimo thought he'd taken on too much. Calling on a last reserve of strength, he somehow managed to save the lift and finally brought the bar up, locked his elbows with finality and signaled to the spotters. Quickly they retrieved the bar and placed it on the holding racks.

Standing up from the bench, Kimo laughed with jubilant defiance. "Grab that, scooter tramp! Grab that fuckin' iron and you'll drop your damn nut-sack!" Then he tilted back his gigantic head and roared.

There was only one man in the entire institution who knew how much weight Mad Dog could lift. One man, other than the biker himself. Old Cuz. Cuz was 62, a former champion weight lifter, doing life for breaking a man's neck in a barroom brawl. The old man and Mike had been secretly training in the gym with the Olympic weights, and Cuz had given Mike valuable tips on how to prepare himself, how to set himself and especially how to lift properly.

With Kimo's laughter ringing in his ears, the big biker approached the bar. Pointing at the 10-pound "dimes," he said quietly, "Get that garbage off there and add another quarter." The Samoan's face took on a look of pure disbelief for a second or two, then his laughter intensified. After regaining control, he looked at Mad Dog and announced, "There ain't a mutha-fucker within a hundred miles of here who can drive that much iron! You sick fucker! That's 520 fuckin' pounds!" With a glance in Cuz's direction, Mad Dog acknowledged the old man's nod of encouragement and then lay down on the bench beneath the lead-filled bar.

The biker waited for the onlookers to fall silent, shut everything from his mind, and held up his huge arms, palms open. "Gimme the fuckin' iron!" he said softly. The two spotters lifted the bar, groaning and sweating under

TUBE TOPS!



These stretch-to-fit tubes will put a bulge in your britches. What you'll get is no-nonsense fashion designed to make your lady that much more of a bitchin' fox. And since they fit most any top end in sight, there's no hassle with size.

We've even gone to the trouble of screening the **Easyriders** logo on this baby to make sure every dude takes a longer look.

So get on the stick and treat yourselves to some righteous sight-seeing in bandit black or rogue red.

Mail To:

Easyriders TUBE TOPS

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

Circle Color desired BLACK or RED

Qty	U.S.	Canada	Foreign	Total
	\$7.95	\$9.95	\$11.95	

Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling. Foreign orders shipped air mail. Please make payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

Sub
Total \$
Calif.
Tax. 6% \$
Total \$

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax. Please print your name and address on coupon to avoid errors. Thank you.

Ass Kickin'

LIGHT SWITCHES



"Mutha"



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

Specify "Mutha" or "Biker."

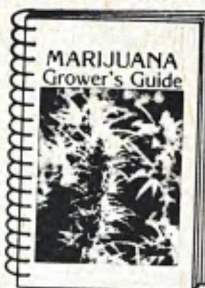
Send your order to: Lite Switches, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301

Allow four weeks for personal checks to clear before we ship. California residents add 6%. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.) Make payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE

Marijuana Grower's Guide by Mel Frank and Ed Rosenthal is the most advanced, complete guide to growing for the smallest or largest scale grower. Sections on indoor and outdoor cultivation, breeding, grafting sinsemilla, drying, curing, cannabis botany and chemistry tell you everything you need to know to grow crop after crop of primo pot indoors or out. Contains 350 pages, a dramatic 16-page color section, and over 150 black-and-white photos. Discloses secrets of master grass farmers. Detailed instructions for supplying and curing a constant flow of superior quality smoke. **\$17.95**

The Bestselling



Add \$2.00 postage and handling per order. California residents add 6% sales tax. Write order on separate sheet to "Guides, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265."



"Do you have anything with balls?"

HandiHeat

THE HANDWARMER THAT RUNS ON AIR



INGREDIENTS

Iron powder, activated charcoal, sodium chloride, water, miscellaneous inert solids.

HEAT SOURCE

Oxidation reaction

TEMPERATURE

130-140 degrees Fahrenheit

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Remove heat pad from plastic bag
2. Shake lightly
3. Place heat pad in a pocket close to your body to insulate it from air circulation

LASTS OVER 16 HOURS

SPECIAL FEATURES

Safe, non-toxic, self-heating, no matches, no fluids, flexible, molds to your body, small, lightweight, HandiHeat is very easy to use; there are not other elements or ingredients needed, such as matches or fuels.

ORDER YOUR 10 PACK SUPPLY TODAY!

10 PACKAGES	\$12.95
Shipping & Handling	2.50
Check or Money Order	\$15.45
(U.S. funds only)	

HANDIHEAT
P.O. Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301

the weight. Quickly they placed the iron into Mad Dog's waiting hands, relieved to be rid of it.

Without hesitation, the big biker brought the iron down against his chest in a controlled fashion. It thumped solidly and he began his upward lift. As his veins bulged and the blood coursed faster through his body trying desperately to supply his excessive demand for oxygen, Mad Dog strained valiantly to straighten his arms. Every muscle in his body screamed in protest at the abuse. Slowly the bar rose to the halfway point. Mad Dog felt his arms shaking violently and struggled to keep his mind fully on the lift. The bench dug into his back and suddenly he heard Kimo's voice, screaming loudly above all the others, "Drive the fuckin' iron, white boy! Drive the muthafuckin' iron!" The big Samoan's voice spurred Mad Dog to drive the bar up another inch, but it still wasn't enough.

Straining desperately beneath the bar, nearly sapped of all his strength and even the mental reserve that old Cuz had told him about, the biker was just about to motion to the spotters and end the lift. Within those split seconds though, his mind searched for that one thought, that one memory, that could help him in this time of need. This then was truly his moment of truth.

From the dark recesses of his subconscious mind came a thought out of the past. Mad Dog grabbed it — this one last hope, this one last straw to latch onto before defeat. *Donna!*

Everyone was yellin' their encouragement, and though only seconds had passed since the start of the ordeal, it felt like an eternity. Then Mad Dog screamed out an almost incoherent stream of words and with a burst of strength gained from the emotion known as hate, he locked his elbows in the successful culmination of his lift! Big Kimo had long since pushed one of the spotters out of the way and taken his place. When he saw Mad Dog's arms straight up, he motioned urgently at the other spotter, and together they took the weights. Grabbing the biker in a bear hug, he said over and over, "You're mad, muthafucker! Absolutely mad!" Mad

LOAD 'EM UP,
MOVE 'EM OUT...



...with

EZY-LOAD

Load 'Em Up, Move 'Em Out with EZY-LOAD, world's best bike ramp.

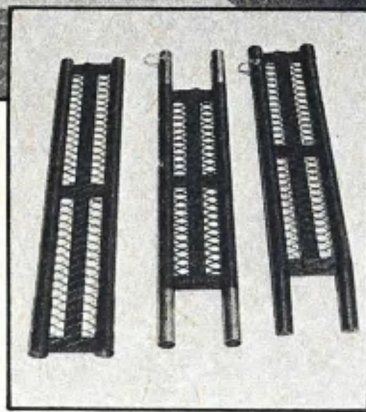
Unique three-piece, 8-foot-long, made-in-America ramp assemblies and disassembles in seconds for easy storage behind a pickup seat or on a trailer. Easily supports heavyweights, including full-dress Harleys. Exclusive round-rail guides for tires, expanded metal floor for traction, non-slip cleats on bottom end and top-quality metal safety clips to keep it all together.

\$55

Send check to: **EZY-LOAD**

Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

U.S. orders, add \$10 for shipping and handling. Calif. res., add 6%. Canadian orders, send \$35 each and foreign orders, send \$37 each. U.S. funds only.



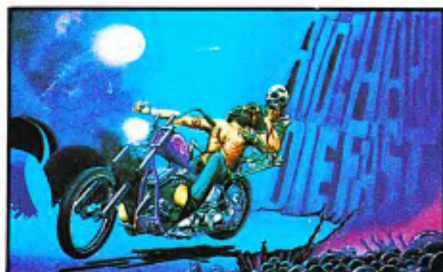
"But the motion has been seconded and passed, Miss Hill. You have to blow us!"

DAVE MANN

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



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



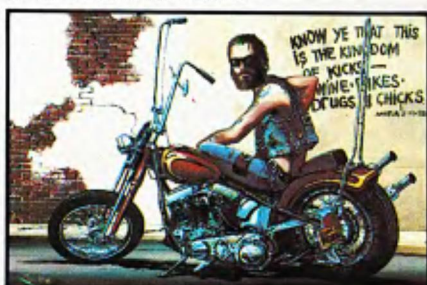
M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



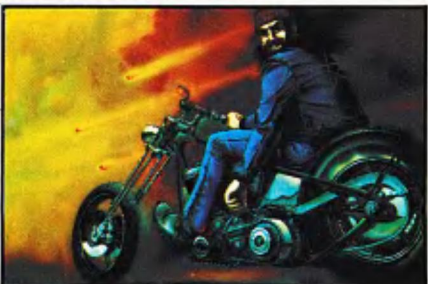
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



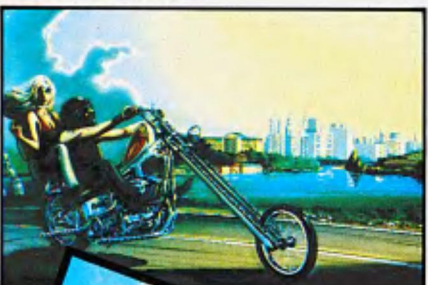
M-10 "STARBURST"



M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"

\$5 each

DAVE MANN PAINTINGS

IN BEAUTIFUL COLOR ON HEAVY ART STOCK!
SOME ARE 2' x 3' AND OTHERS ARE 1 1/2' x 2 1/2'!
(On orders less than \$8.00, please add \$1.00 for postage and mailing tube.)

Printing quality will be even better than paintings as they appeared in **Easyriders**, for posters are custom printed specifically for much finer quality than a mass-produced magazine, and posters are printed on much heavier paper.



M-1 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"



M-11 "EASYRIDERS FOREVER"

EASYSRIDERS POSTERS

P.O. BOX 1025, AGOURA, CA. 91301

Enclosed is \$ _____ for the posters indicated below.

@ \$5.00 each. Four for \$16.00

U.S. \$1.00 on orders less than \$8.00; otherwise, postage paid. Canada add \$1.50 for orders less than \$8.00 and add 75¢ for each additional poster. Foreign add \$3.50 for each poster ordered.

- ☐ M-1 ☐ M-2 ☐ M-5 ☐ M-6 ☐ M-7 ☐ M-8 ☐ M-9 ☐ M-10
☐ M-11 ☐ M-12 ☐ M-13 ☐ M-14 ☐ M-15 ☐ M-16

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(California residents add 6% sales tax.) Canadian and foreign orders: Payment must be made in the form of an International Money Order or a money order payable in U.S. funds. (Please print your name and address to avoid errors.)

All posters shipped in wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.

"SEE NEXT PAGE FOR NEW POSTER FROM DAVE MANN"



Dog Mike spent the rest of day enjoying the unrestrained praises of his peers. The thrill was short-lived, however, for the next day he was informed that his mother had died.

Shortly after he'd attended his mom's funeral, a prison counselor secured a two-month time-out for him and Mad Dog found himself a free man. The day after his release, he checked in with his parole agent and later that afternoon purchased a 1980-model 80" shovelhead for \$3200 cash. Then he spent two more days restocking supplies at the cabin he'd inherited when his mother died. The following weekend he began to put into operation the plan he'd had inside his head for so many months. The plan for revenge. But first he had to find Donna.

Mad Dog had three facts to help him. Donna had been born and raised in Longmont, Colorado, and it was her nature to stay close to home. Two, she loved country and western music. Three, she loved to dance. During the week the huge biker set things up around the cabin. On the weekends he searched through the area's bars for his wife.

The first real break came by way of a local radio station announcement about a new country bar and dance hall that was opening up outside Longmont, near the Interstate. Willie Nelson material was supposed to be featured at the opening. If Donna was

anywhere nearby, she'd be there. No matter who actually performed them, Donna was crazy for Willie's songs!

That Friday night the biker rode slowly down the mountain. Forty-five minutes later he pulled up close to the front door of the bar. Noticing several other bikes, he parked next to them, laid the scooter over on its kickstand and walked inside. Although it was still fairly early, Mad Dog found the place already packed. Music was playing and dozens of couples were on the dance floor. As his eyes became adjusted to the dimness of the bar, Mike noticed a corner table with eight people crowded around it. Four appeared to be the owners of the scoots outside. And three of the

females appeared to be their ol' ladies. But Mike was looking at the fourth chick. It was definitely Donna!

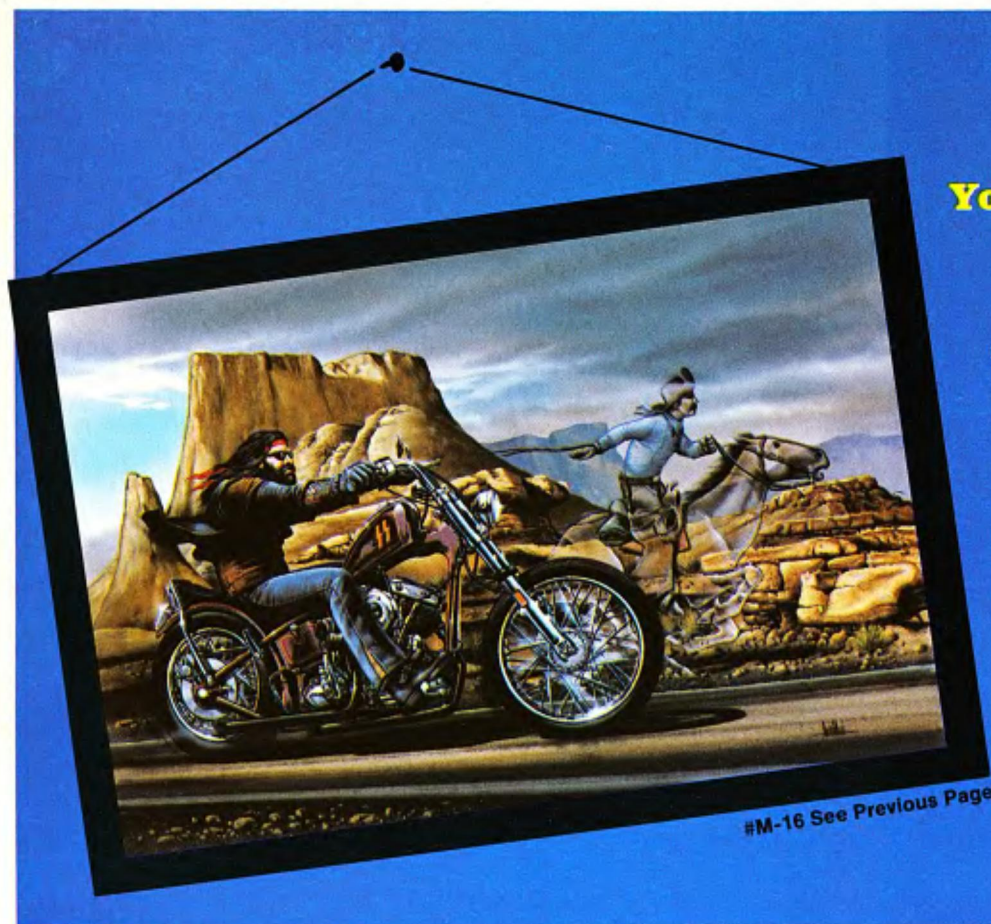
Mad Dog strode across the dance floor and stopped in front of her. He ignored the others and stood staring at her lovely face. Her eyes met his and several seconds passed while she failed to recognize him. Then her eyes grew large with surprise and she whispered, "Michael?" The scooter tramp who was obviously her date had so far remained ignorant of Mad Dog's presence. When he finally noticed Donna was looking away from him, he turned his head and peered up at the monstrous biker. "What are ya lookin' at, man?" he demanded.

Mad Dog's eyes left Donna's and he

Easyriders



"Spike isn't very fussy about where he buries his bones."



**You asked for it —
here it is!**

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.

**Paisano Products
Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301**

#M-16 See Previous Page

stared coldly at the other man. "My wife, asshole!" he hissed. Noticing his rival's hand slip inside his cutoff, he added, "And you better be scratchin' your nuts, 'cause if you pull a piece, I'll rip your fuckin' throat out!"

Slowly, the other man's hand returned to the top of the table. "Wife?" he asked in a confused voice. Then he turned to Donna. "I didn't know you had an ol' man."

Donna shook her head. "He's been in prison for almost three years," she explained.

"And you left him there?" When she indicated with a nod that it was true, the scooter tramp slid slowly out of the booth, making an obvious show of keeping both hands in plain sight. He rose to his feet next to Mad Dog and said quietly, "I don't know what you're gonna do to her, brother, but I sure know what I'd do!"

Mike stared again at his wife, then hooked his thumb toward the exit. "Outside," he ordered softly. Without protest, she rose and followed him.

Moments later they stood next to his shovelhead. "I love you, Michael," she whispered. Without looking at her, Mad Dog said, "I love you, too." Then he threw his leg over the scooter and fired it into life. Reaching behind him, he pushed down the passenger's footpegs and motioned for her to join him. "Get on," he said.

Donna hesitated a moment, and then buoyed by his statement that he still loved her, she slipped her leg over the bike and rested against the sissy-bar. Not a word was spoken as they made their way up the winding road to the mountain cabin. Once they were inside, Donna broke the silence. "It's good to have you home again!" When he failed to respond, she flushed and began taking off her clothes. When she got down to her panties, she lay back on the bed and patted a spot next to her. "Please, Michael, it's been so long." Mad Dog's eyes roved appreciatively down the length of her lovely body. What the hell, he thought to himself, revenge can wait a few more hours! Later that night she curled up close and warm against him and whispered contently, "You know something, Mike? You're still the best." Then she closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

It was almost noon the next day when she awoke and found Mike gone from the cabin. She threw on her clothes and went searching for him. Hearing a noise from what appeared to be an underground storage shed about 50 yards from the cabin, she called out his name. In response, Mad Dog's head poked up from the entrance way. "Down here, babe. Come on down." She walked down the steps to join him and asked curiously, "What's this, Michael?"

"An old bomb shelter," he informed her. "My dad built it back in the '50s." As her eyes scanned the interior of the room, he went on speaking, "Got a shower, toilet, sink, everything. Fully

WE'LL TAKE ON ANYBODY IN LEATHER.



Every Brooks biking leather is made with the finest American steerhide and materials where it's done best—right here in America. You simply can't buy a better leather to save your skin. For the motorcycle dealer in your area who carries Brooks leathers or for answers to any questions, call Brooks Consumer Service Department 1-800-662-3615 (in Michigan 548-8633).

BROOKS
LEATHER SPORTSWEAR, INC.

MADE IN U.S.A. • Oak Park, MI.

CYCLE ELECTRIC INC.

Is Offering

The Highest Quality American-Made

GENERATOR

**ARMATURES AND
REBUILD PARTS**

**ORIGINALLY MADE FOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON**



We are so confident that they're the highest quality American-made generators made for Harley-Davidson that we give them a **FULL 12-MONTH WARRANTY** against workmanship and material defects. That is four times the warranty that you get from other manufacturers. **END YOUR GENERATOR PROBLEMS BY INSTALLING A CYCLE ELECTRIC GENERATOR ON YOUR HARLEY TODAY.**

See your dealer for Cycle Electric Inc. Original Equipment Generators and Armatures which give full output and longer life than any of the imitations on the market.

OR

Order direct from Cycle Electric Inc. Send \$120.00 for generator, \$50.00 for armature, \$60.00 for rebuild kit, \$14.00 for Field Coils. Rebuild kit contains armature-bearings, oil seal and all the insulators necessary to rebuild your model 65-A generator. (Some 6-volt parts available.)

Prices include handling and shipping via UPS in USA and Canada. For foreign shipments, add 30%. Ohio residents, add 6% sales tax. Payment by money order, certified check. Personal checks take 4 weeks to clear.

Send to: Cycle Electric, Inc., Box 2006, Dayton, Ohio 45401 (513) 252-3208

self-contained. Even has a washer and dryer, a stove for cooking, and its own ventilation unit."

Donna walked over to a table and pointed at a radio. "And this?"

Mad Dog laughed aloud. "Hell, babe, don't you recognize it? That's the radio-tape deck you sent me on my birthday." Crossing the room, he came to stand beside her. Tapping a long, black box next to the tape deck, "And these are the cassettes." Then he motioned toward two other boxes. "Those are all the letters you wrote me in prison."

Looking thoroughly puzzled, Donna pointed toward one wall that was stacked high with cardboard cartons. "And those?" she asked.

"Dehydrated food," he replied. "Enough for several years."

The pretty blonde shuddered and said, "Ugh! This place gives me the creeps, Michael. It's like a . . . a . . . big old concrete cell, or somethin'." As she spoke, she turned to face him, but Mad Dog was already outside the shelter.

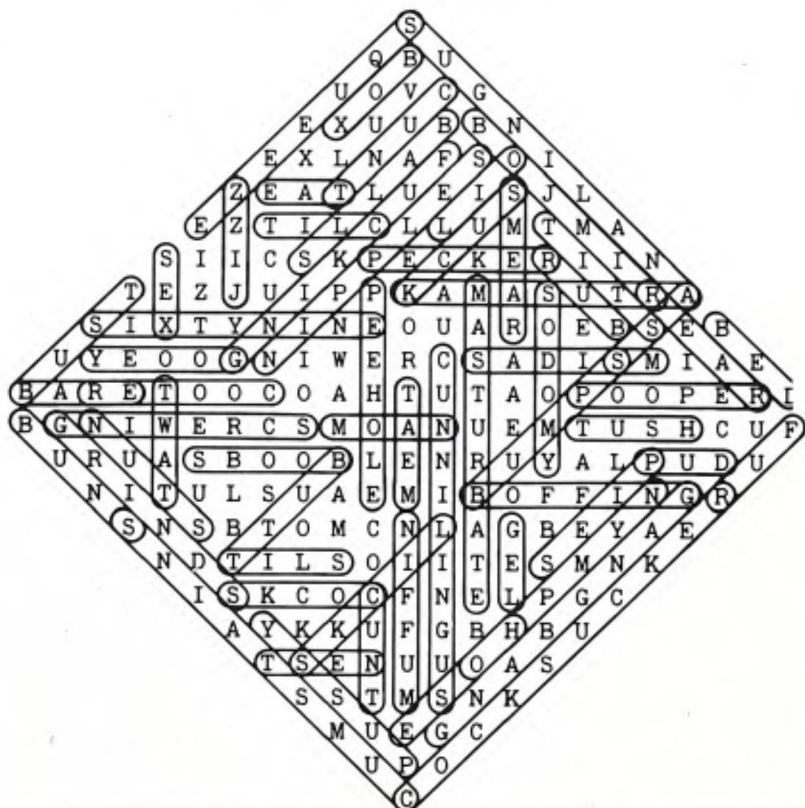
"Michael?" Her face registered slowly dawning comprehension when the large steel door was dropped into place between them. As the lock snapped shut, she lunged at the door and began banging on it in panic.

"Michael! No, Michael!" she screamed. Wham! went her fist against the door.

"Michael, no! I love you!" Wham!

"Please don't leave me here! Please!" Wham! Wham! Wham! ■

Solution to puzzle on page 39.



CLASSIC BOOKS FROM EASYRIDERS

Featuring outrageous art by Hal Robinson

For 12 years, Hal's often gross, sometimes insulting, usually outrageous, but always hilarious art highlighted *Easyriders*. Add some of Hal's best to your bikin' library with these great books. Postage and handling: For each book — U.S., add

50¢; Canada, add \$1; foreign, add \$3.50. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax. U.S. funds only.

Send to:
Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura,
CA 91301.



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



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



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

Lockdown

Continued from page 76

your bros, such a system would mean an end to the punishment-plus-penalty situation that currently confronts bikers in courts throughout the land.

"Punishment-plus-penalty situation"? You know it well. That's the one where the man — or woman — in the robe figures your sentence on the basis of how many years you should do for your crime and how many more you should do for your tattoos, long hair and attitude.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS Nothin' But The Facts

Most jurisdictions these days require that a pre-sentencing report (called a probation report in some states) be submitted to a judge before he pronounces sentence in a criminal case.

Since the Man is often no better at record-keeping than he is at anything else, many inmates are unpleasantly surprised to find out that the pre-sentencing report which the judge relies upon to help him set their prison term is full of bogus derogatory information. Common errors are reporting convictions for old charges that have actually been dropped and reporting guilty pleas to charges that were reduced before a plea was ever entered.

Addressing this issue, a Louisiana appeals court has now ruled that sentences based on erroneous information contained in such a report must be vacated (and the defendant resentenced) unless the defendant was given a reasonable opportunity to prove the facts in the report wrong.

According to the court, such a reasonable opportunity requires that the defendant be provided with a copy of the report long enough in advance of sentencing to protest erroneous statements and to gather evidence in support of his contention.

However, before you start scribing writs demanding a new sentencing hearing because your report was full of shit, be aware that the court specifically ruled that the violation of the defendant's rights occurs when he is not allowed to contest the derogatory information.



"What Two-Ton lacks in speed, he makes up for in ambience!"

Support Your LifeStyle

Send a Scooter Lynes Custom Christmas Card Created by Scooter People for Scooter People to Reflect a Life Style We're Proud Of



Message: Guit your engine, get back on the bike and join the party. Get well P.S.O.



Message: Christmas is a time for laughing & giving. Freedom of riding, love & giving. Merry Christmas & Happy New Year.

Message: (No message)



Message: May the true spirit of Christmas be with you now & through the coming New Year.



Message: Heard you were caught making love to the pavement. You're going to make that Harley jealous! Get it up and going.



Message: Christmas is New Year's & Chrome For your honey at home. Lots of Holiday cheer. To bring in the New Year, The feeling of goodwill. When she forgets the P.S. And love & peace to the rest. When the season's at its best. Merry Christmas & Happy New Year.

Now buy a package of 12 different cards with envelopes. Each card is of high-quality pen-and-ink workmanship and is suitable for framing. Inside each card is a greeting for most occasions and a couple of blank cards for the special messages only you can write. We pay postage on all U.S. orders. Allow 4 weeks for personal checks.

Item	Box of 12 cards	QTY	AMT
All occasion	\$6.95 a box		
Christmas Cards	\$6.95 a box		
	Subtotal		
	Canada, \$1.50 & Foreign, \$3.00		
	Total		

Name _____ Send to: _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____
 Scooter Lynes®
 P.O. Box 50194
 Phoenix, AZ 85076
 Dealers inquiries invited.

MOVING?

If you are, then you must let us know at least six weeks before changing your address. Important: Attach current address. Filling out a change of address card at the post office will not help us, so if you want uninterrupted service, without missing a single copy, send us the info in advance of your move.

MAIL TO EASYRIDERS
 P.O. Box 1050, Agoura, Calif. 91301
 PRINT NEW ADDRESS HERE:

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____

ATTACH YOUR MAILING LABEL HERE

(Or print old address here.)

STROKE HER TOPS \$25 SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

100% Cotton DESIGN WANTED
 American Made ☐ HD Shield
 SIZE (Circle One) ☐ HD Eagle
 S M L ☐ HD Oakleaf
☐ "V" Twin

NECKLINE STYLE ☐ Plain ☐ Fringed

☐ MC ☐ Visa ☐ Check or M.O.

Full Signature _____

Account No. _____

Expiration Date _____

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Add \$3 postage & handling (Foreign \$5).
 California residents add 6% sales tax. Allow
 4-6 weeks delivery.

Make checks payable to:

ALL TIED UP

A Division of Pintious, Inc.



P.O. Box 161185 • San Diego, CA 92116-0385

**COMING SOON!
HEY, READERS!
HEY, DEALERS!
HEY, SHOP OWNERS!**

Now that we've got your attention, we want to tell you that **BIKERS' BULLETIN BOARD** will be premiering in the December issue, just in time for Christmas shopping. A fact-filled directory of bikes, bike accessories, apparel, catalogs, leathers, tools, those hard-to-find parts, and much, much more.

READERS: No more wading through the Yellow Pages looking for the right place for the right part for your ol' faithful.

DEALERS AND SHOP OWNERS: The single largest concentration of Harley owners who read any magazine read **Easyriders** every month. A listing in **BIKERS' BULLETIN BOARD** will provide those readers a service that will net you more sales.

READERS: Have you ever broken down somewhere and couldn't find the nearest bike shop? Check out **BIKERS' BULLETIN BOARD** in December. All the important shops will be listed for easy reference.

DEALERS AND SHOP OWNERS: Want more info on **BIKERS' BULLETIN BOARD**? Write Bikers' Bulletin Board, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052, or call (818) 889-8740 and ask for Lizette.

READERS: Got a favorite shop you think might be interested in **Easyriders**' new directory? Let em know about it.

In other words, having false information in your pre-sentencing report is not enough to get you a new sentencing hearing unless you were denied the right to protest the report. If you had the report before you were sentenced and chose not to pitch a bitch about the contents, you're still shit out of luck.

State v. Walton, 440 So.2d 850 (La.2nd Cir. 1983)

Get Smart

Beacon College, a non-profit accredited college that offers degree-granting classes by mail, has recently started a Prisoner Education Project to help, college spokesmen say, inmates "prove to themselves and to parole boards that they can legitimize the time and improve their outlook for decent jobs," once they get out.

For additional information, write Chris St. John, Prisoner Education Project, Beacon College, 11235 Oak Leaf Drive, Suite 805, White Oak, MD 20901.

No Slack

A federal appeals court has ruled that Connecticut inmates sentenced before the legislature passed a bill increasing "good time" benefits have no constitutional right to the additional good time. In making its verdict, the court rejected the plaintiff inmates' claim that the legislature's action in not making the more liberal benefits retroactive resulted in their having to do more time than other inmates who committed the same crimes and were given the same sentences as the plaintiffs.

Frazier v. Manson, 703 F.2d 30 (2nd Cir. 1983)

Anti-sex Crusade

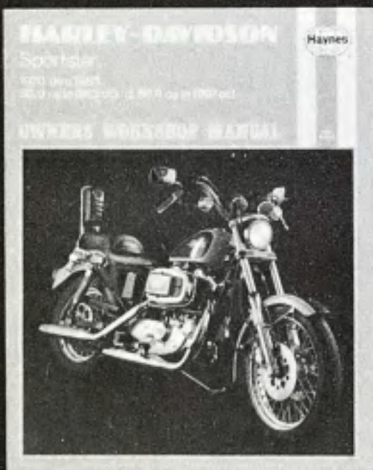
Missouri State Senator Thomas McCarthy has begun a crusade to have male and female prisoners at the coeducational Renz Correctional Center separated, most likely by dispersing the 150 minimum-security men among the state's eleven other prisons.

According to McCarthy, who apparently feels a one-day tour of the center qualifies him as an expert, men and women inmates have been reported to

NEW

Do It Right!

You're gonna bust yer knuckles working on yer scooter anyway, so why not get the job done right? These complete, clearly illustrated workshop manuals will show you the easy, step-by-step way to keep yer Hog on the road where it belongs. Available now for all Sporties through '83 and FL, FLH, FX and FXE models through '77.



• Sportsters •

1970 thru 1983
53.9 cu in (883 cc). □ 60.9 (997).

Paisano Products



• Big Twins •

Box 1025 Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please indicate book(s) ordered

_____ Sportster @ \$10.50
_____ Big Twin @ \$10.50

Postage paid in the U.S. Canada, please add \$3, and foreign, add \$5 postage for each book ordered. California residents, please add 6% sales tax.

**NOW COVERS
1970-1983, 74 & 80 cu. in.**

Easyriders



"Trouble? What makes you think I'm lookin' for trouble?"

TOUGH GLOVES



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



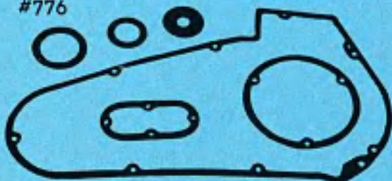
Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

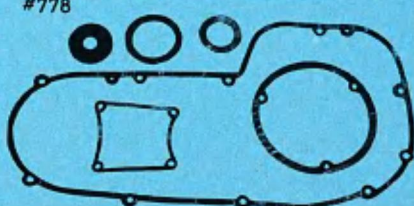
RECYCLABLE RUBBER GASKETS

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

#776



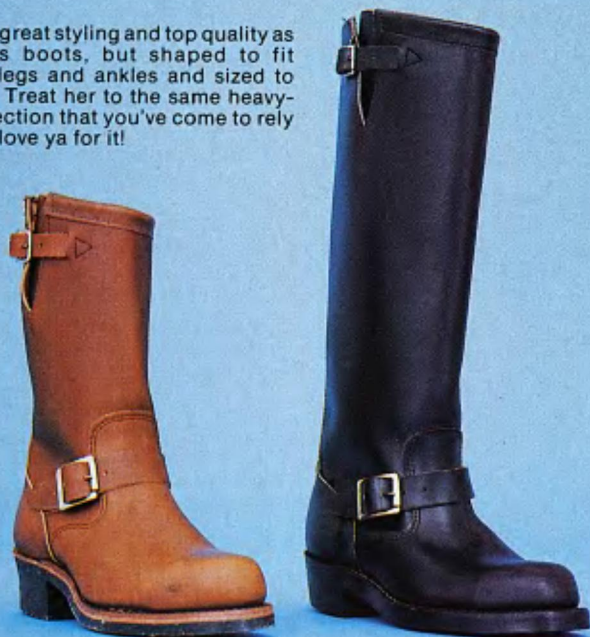
#778



•NEW•

BOOTS FOR WOMEN WHO RIDE

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



1460 Black
1461 Brown

1463 Black
1462 Brown

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

Include Item Number When Ordering.

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

Style _____ Size _____

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

NEW

GENUINE **Easyriders** BUN HUGGERS

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

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

BUN HUGGERS

have engaged in sexual intercourse during the term of their incarceration at Renz. In fact, shouted the shocked solon, sources say suckin' and fuckin' has even occurred on the chapel floor during services.

Well, jeez, McCarthy, we all need to get serviced once in a while.

Keep Your Hair

A Virginia regulation that inmates' hair not extend below the top of their collars was challenged by a Cherokee Indian on the grounds that it violated the Cherokee religion's prohibition against cutting hair — considered by believers to be a sensory organ.

In ruling for the inmate, a federal circuit court found that prison officials did not have to cut prisoners' hair in order to be able to provide quick identification, or keep inmates from hiding contraband in it. The court, in fact, suggested a less drastic alternative — a requirement that prisoners with long hair wear a ponytail.

Pre-sentence File Opened

Convicts in Utah have won the right to examine pre-sentencing reports about them that are submitted to the court.

According to the Utah Supreme Court, defendants have the right to see these reports so they can inform the court if any of the information included in the report is inaccurate. The state, the court noted, should be as interested as defendants in ensuring that sentences are based on accurate information.

State v. Casarez, 32 CrL 2296 (Utah Sup. Ct. 1982).

Makin' It Tougher

Supreme Court Justices Sandra Day O'Connor and Lewis Powell recently went on record in favor of making it more difficult for prisoners who believe their rights were violated to get a full court hearing on their complaints.

Testifying before a congressional committee, the justices urged that Congress pass a law limiting convicts to only one appeal in federal court.

According to the two, such a law is necessary to reduce the Supreme Court's caseload, about 20 percent of which, O'Connor said, involves prisoners protesting rights violations. ■

Easyriders



"Think of it as a snakebite."

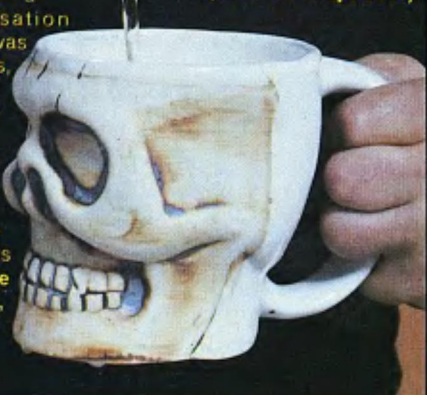
Finest Quality

Handcrafted Bone China Beer Mug

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

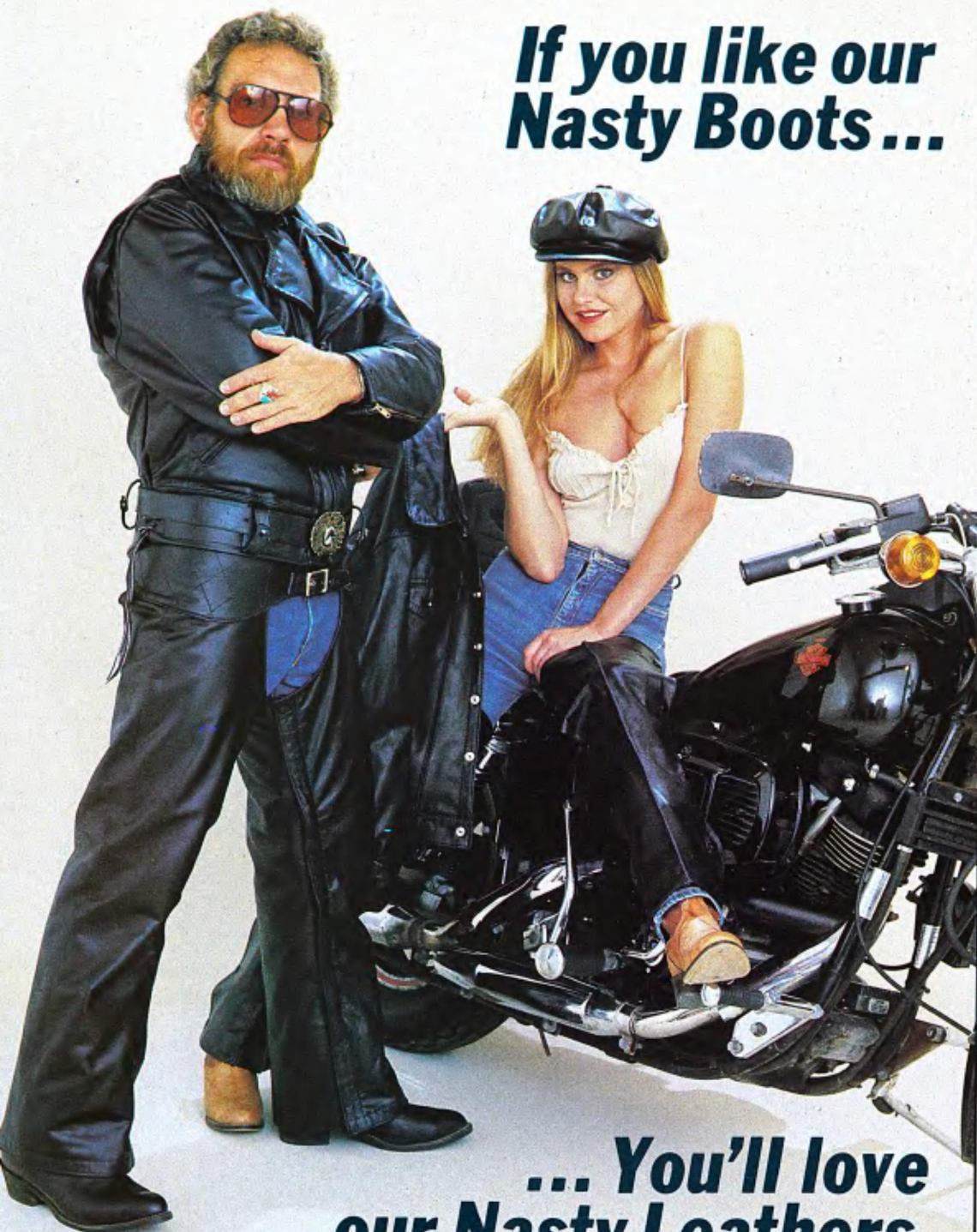
\$13.95 each
includes postage and handling

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



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

If you like our Nasty Boots...



... You'll love our Nasty Leathers

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



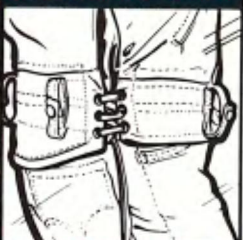
STYLE & COMFORT

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



PROTECTION

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



WIND & WINE PROOF

Leather-laced ties ensure perfect before- and after-dinner fit, keep wind out.

EXTRA MACHO

Optional Sam Browne-type diamond-pattern belt, \$30, including belt loops.



NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

BOX 1025, AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

Please check method of payment.

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

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard Exp. date _____

☐ Money order # _____

Credit Card Number _____

Name _____ Size _____

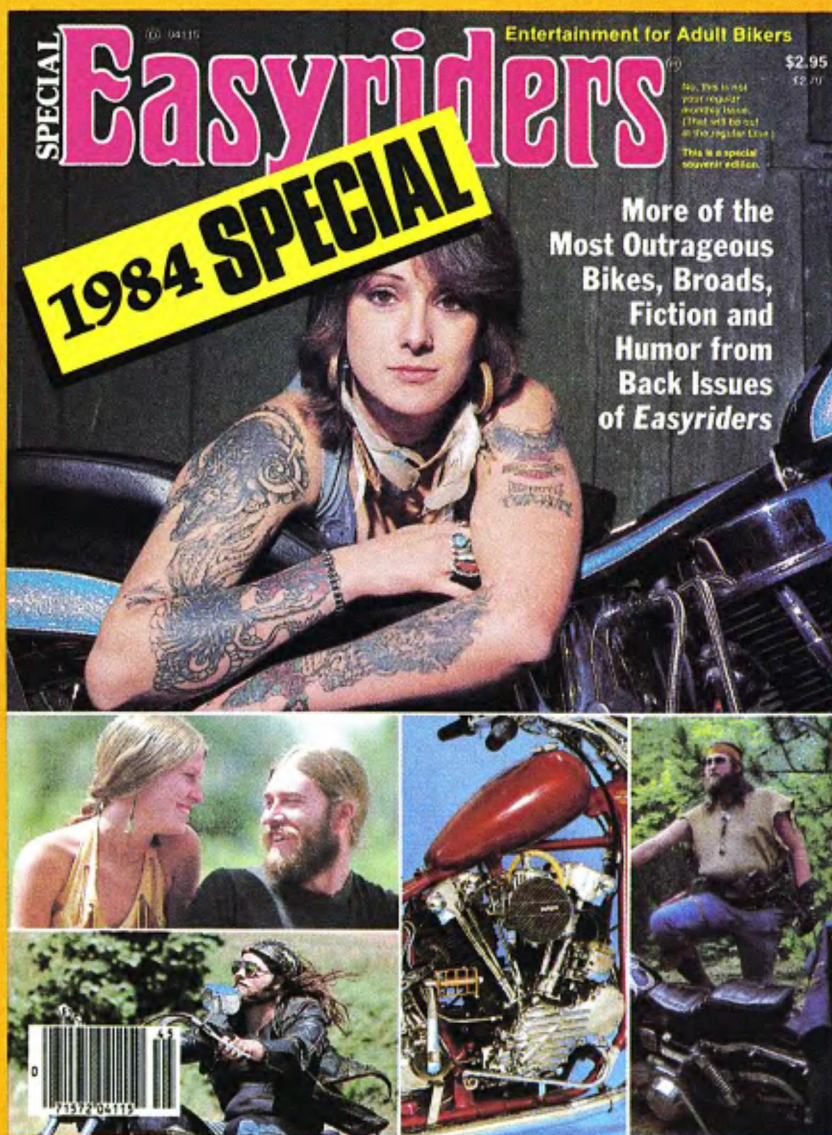
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ Phone (day) _____

U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-50. Allow four weeks for personal checks and eight weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to Easyriders. California residents, add 6% tax.

Easyriders SPECIAL



Madman's dug deep into his memory sack to come up with this one. The best bikes, broads, features and fiction from the early days of the world's number one biker rag, *Easyriders*. If you thought our Anniversary Specials 1 & 2 were good, you'll love the new '84 Special. It's loaded with the good shit you wanted to keep but were too stoned to clip

out and save. The '84 *Easyriders* Special is 164 pages of bikerdom's freakiest, funniest memories. Now on sale everywhere at your favorite newsstand. Or buy direct for \$3 (we pay postage in U.S.). Send your order to Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. (Canada add \$2, other foreign add \$7, for postage).

Two-Wheel Tale

by Mean Green

We started out early one Saturday morning, twenty-two gleaming scooters and two follow-up trucks, one driven by Ziggy's ol' lady and the other by a bro named Jinx. Jinx had high-sided three weeks earlier and his left leg was in a cast, which made it impossible for him to handle his pan on such a long run. But he could still party, so he brought up the rear in his old, battered Chevrolet pickup.

There was enough beer in the beds of those pickups to float a battleship — and with the personal stash I knew each bro was carrying, it looked like a partyin' fuckin' weekend. Planning ahead, we'd sent out two bros in advance to make sure everything was cool at the campsite we'd picked.

Now, it had been rainin' for the last two days and had just let up the night before. Since we'd scouted the campsite durin' dry weather, we were a little fucked up when we saw the huge mud rut where the road had been. Nevertheless, we pushed on in the best pioneer spirit.

By the time we'd made the mile trip from the main road to the campsite, we looked like the losin' team at the annual mud-wrestlin' marathon. But nonetheless, it was time to get it

together and do some righteous fuckin' partyin'. Most of the bros and their ol' ladies plunged, fully clothed, into the lake that bordered the camp on one side. The few who didn't fuck with the lake were the hardcore drinkers, the ones who'd never let a "little dirt" interfere with anything as serious as drinkin'.

So when the rest of us came out of the water, the few hardcore boozers had a good lead on us in the gettin' fucked-up department. Not to be outdone, I started drinkin', smokin', and snortin' everything in sight. I guess it was a case of too much too fast — and on an empty stomach, to boot. I started to feel myself slippin', nearly ready to nod out on my feet — and after only ten hours of partyin'. I could see my ol' lady was just about out of it, too.

Now, to say the bros take a dim view of any fucker who craps out on the first night — or any other night, for that matter — is like sayin' the Grand Canyon is a "little ditch." The bros are famous for their methods of dealin' with anyone who makes the mistake of crashin' where he can be found.

So, me bein' the slick fucker that I am, I grabbed the ol' lady and my sleepin' bag and headed for the deepest part of the forest that bordered the campsite on its other three sides. I searched until I found the perfect place to crash. There were two huge logs layin' side-by-side with just enough room to put the bedroll

between them. The logs were a perfect shelter. The bros could get right up next to us and still not see us. I patted myself on the back for bein' such an expert woodsman. Now we could crash out and not have anything to worry about.

We spread the bag out and the ol' lady and I crawled in. No fuckin' tonight — hell, this was my ol' lady an' I could have her anytime. Besides, I was too shitfaced to want any, anyway. We crashed out as soon as we got settled in.

I guess I got about two hours' sleep. All I knew was that just about sunup I woke up, itchin' worse than if I had a king-size dose of the crabs. The ol' lady was screamin' bloody murder. I was itchin' in a thousand different places, and all I could think was that my fuckin' bros had gotten me again. But it only took me a minute to see the huge swarm of big red ants all over the fuckin' place. It seems the two logs I'd thought were such great cover were also great cover for those suckers. I'd put our sleepin' bag smack-dab in the middle of a giant fuckin' ant city, and the bastards were tearin' us new asses.

Believe me, next time I feel like crashin' out around the bros, I'll take my chances and crawl up in the back of a pickup or something. Fuck Mother Nature — her ant armies of mean muthas can chow down on someone else. ■

GET YOURSELF IN THE WIND

WITH...

IN THE WIND 16
The Best Collection Of In The Wind Photography From Easyriders
Fun and Games In The Wind Everywhere!
496 Photos Of Motorcyclists Enjoying The Good Life On A Bike

In The Wind #16 from the pages of Easyriders. Great new photo collection of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and a bunch more women. Wind #16 has something for everybody. If your local newsstand has sold out, no sweat — you can buy this collectors' item directly from us. Don't miss out on the remaining previous issues of In The Wind; issue #1 is already sold out, so don't wait until they're all gone — make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon below.

Send Your Order To:

In The Wind c/o Easyriders, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, California 91301.

Item(s)	U.S.A.	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
In The Wind #2	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$7.75			
In The Wind #3	\$3.50	\$4.50	\$7.75			
In The Wind #4	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #5	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #6	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #7	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #8	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #9	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #10	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #11	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #12	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #13	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #14	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #15	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #16	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			

Prices listed above include the cost of postage and handling fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped airmail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.

Sub
Total
Calif.
Tax, 6%
Total

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

WIND 16
NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE

DON'T LET THE YEARS SLIP AWAY...

BINDERS PLUS!

A set of **Easyriders** (12 issues), plus binder, for only \$20. Get 'em while they last! 1980 and 1981 are complete; 1982 is missing one issue, 1978 and 1979 each have two issues missing, and 1977 is short three issues. (Sorry, those issues are no longer available.) We randomly replace the missing issues with copies of *Yesterday*, *Tattoos*, *Best Bikes*, and *Motorcycle Women*. Only \$20 for a \$34 retail value. Sent parcel post — you pay postage. Send check or money order for total amount to **BINDERS PLUS!**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. Specify year desired. For each set of 12 issues and binder, add the following postage: UPS in continental U.S.: \$3.00 per set. First class, insured to APO/FPO, Alaska, Hawaii: \$10.00 per set. Airmail, insured to Canada: \$11.00 per set. Parcel post insured (3-mos. delivery) to foreign: \$10.00 per set. Airmail, insured to foreign: \$39.50 per set.

Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.



For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest.** (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

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

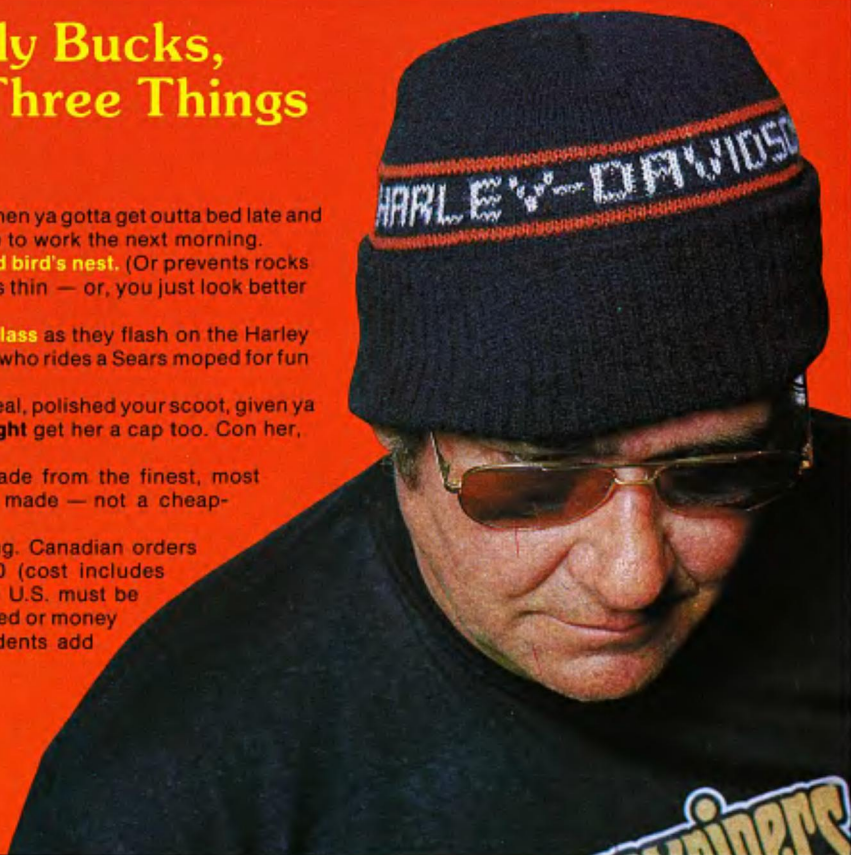
As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only \$6.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Canadian orders send \$7.50. Foreign orders send \$12.50 (cost includes postage outside U.S.) Orders outside the U.S. must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



PAISANO PRODUCTS

BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA
91301



Reincarnation

Continued from page 73

door party? He'll fly around lookin' at everybody drinkin', smokin' and havin' a great time until he can't take any more. All of a sudden, zoom. Into the fire like a miniature kamakazi. Odds are, he, too, may be able to party some day.

Me? I haven't decided whether to stick it out or go for it. Aside from the cold water and the all-bug diet, I ain't got it too bad. I have this little pool all to myself, except for the bear. And he serves to break up the monotony. I've never been downstream. If there's nothing down there, it's too much work to swim back up. Never been upstream, either. That's too much work, right off the bat. Nope, I just stick around my own little area and wait for the ladies to come up and spawn.

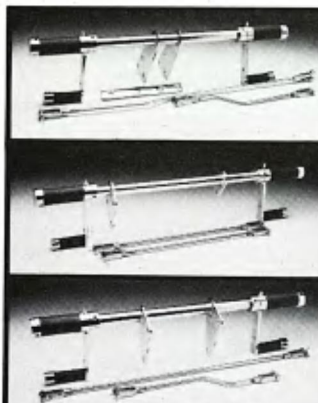
Hmmm. I can sense a familiar vibration in the water. It's getting stronger. I know that sound! V-Twins! Harleys and lots of them. Better sneak out of this hole and take a look. Damn. There must be forty or fifty bikes up there. Their riders are all getting off and looking around. Shit! Pick this place!

The prez is shakin' his head up and down. Hot damn, gonna be a party here tonight. A few dudes are gathering firewood. A couple more are dragging a keg out of a van. Ol' ladies are throwing sleeping bags everywhere. Man, this club can lay out a party faster than a frog can stick out his tongue. I'm gonna enjoy watching this. Brings back old memories.

This looks fuckin' beautiful. Bros sitting around a fire, downing some brew, passin' a bottle of Jack, and a couple of joints. Shit, I wish I could be up there. I remember doin' this, too. Just layin' around plannin' new runs and bullshittin' about old ones. Enjoying the feeling of a close brotherhood until a good high drifts you off to sleep. Damn it — if only dying didn't scare the shit outta me, I'd jump up on the bank right now.



"It's the only thing the 'old fart' had that was worth remembering."



**SUPERIOR QUALITY
FORWARD CONTROL SYSTEM
FOR
TRIUMPH, HONDA-750, KAWASA
YAMAHA & SPORTSTER \$145.00**



H-D-74 \$165.00

**Chrome-Moly Swing Arms
Available for KAW,
Honda, Suzuki
4" — 6" — 8"**



**15" Dia. x 4" Wide
Aluminum Mag Wheel — Available for:
1973 & Later H-D FLH Disc, Front and Rear.
1979 & Later Sportster Disc Rear.
1973 & Later FX, FXS, FXS Super-Glide.**



**INTERNATIONAL
ENGINEERING
INDUSTRIES, INC.**

9020 S. ODELL
BRIDGEVIEW, IL 60455
1-312-598-7799

Prices are FOB Chicago, IL.
Illinois residents add applicable sales tax

Today's Research Brings Tomorrow's Cures

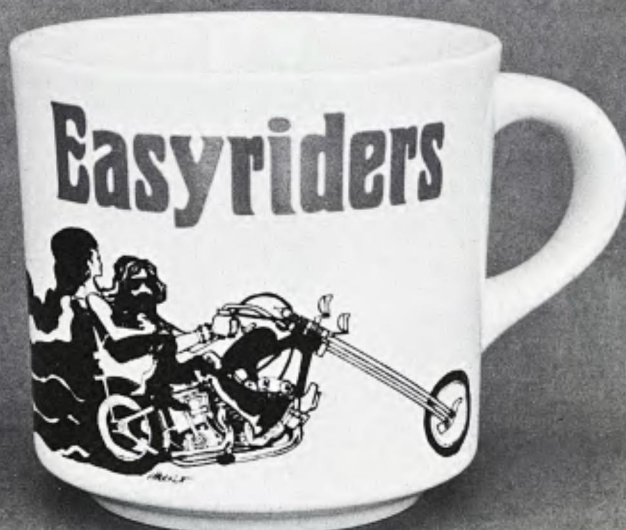
St. Jude Children's Research Hospital is a national resource not just for today, but for tomorrow. Children come to St. Jude to receive the best available care, whether for leukemia, other childhood cancers, or one

of the rare childhood diseases being studied here.

Please send your tax-deductible check or request for information to St. Jude, 505 N. Parkway, Box 3704, Memphis, TN 38103.



ST. JUDE CHILDREN'S RESEARCH HOSPITAL Danny Thomas, Founder



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

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

\$6.00

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

Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301



one piece!



Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends through out the year

We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — no shit. They're so rank we can't show them all in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing, Mother's Day, Father's Day, etc. cards. Remember, you've been warned. You get 12 different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$5.95.

I also state that my age is _____ (you must be 18 years of age or older to order these cards.) U.S. orders postage paid. Canadian orders add \$1.00 for each set. Foreign orders add \$3.00 for each set. All payments in U.S. funds only. CA res. add 6% sales tax.

Oh, oh. Somebody's coming over here. Better get back in my hole. I should be able to see what he's up to from there. He's pulling off his boots and sitting down on the bank. Hope he doesn't poison the water. Oh, for Christ's sake. This moron has a branch with a fucking piece of string tied to it! I really can't believe it — he thinks he's going to catch himself a trout with that rig. What a mental pygmy, just like that bear. Everyone knows that to catch a crafty trout (such as myself), you have to sneak up on 'em. Ya don't stomp up to the river, plop your fat ass down, and stick two months' worth of foot odor in the water. And this asshole really takes the cake. Of all things, he's got a safety pin tied to the end of his string and some worms in a beer can.

I can't wait to see what ol' Huck Finn here does next. Hey, good technique. Just lob the whole mess into the middle of my pool, kick back, and have a beer. Well, if this guy thinks I'm going to put that worm in my mouth, he can sit on his thumb and twirl.

The rest of the camp is pretty much awake now. People are stoking up the fire again. Others are hauling more beer from the van. The ol' ladies are cookin' up a storm. God, that's the life. Bein' able to party whenever and wherever ya want. Movin' about freely instead of being stuck in a creek.

Whoa! I'm starting to think like those stupid moths. But, hell, maybe one or two of 'em have actually made it. They might be out puttin' right now. Man, I don't know. But then I guess nobody does.

Well, let's see what I got going for me now. The water ain't that fucking cold. The women will be coming upstream in a few months — for whatever that's worth. I was just getting used to my "organic" diet of bugs, and now with all these bikers partying and shittin' all over the woods, the little bastards are gonna be feasting on that shit. They're gonna taste like old pre-digested chill for weeks.

Wait! There's a new development here. The foxiest lady I've ever seen in any of my lives is sitting down by Huck Finn. She's handing him a bottle of JD and a big fat joint. That's it! Whatdafuck. Any odds are worth a chance at this.

"Hey, bros, look what I caught outta the creek."

"Must be some dumb trout if you got him on that rig."
"I don't know if the fucker's dumb or not, but he's sure happy. I swear on my bike, he smiled at Susie here." ■

SERVICE MANUALS For Harley-Davidsons



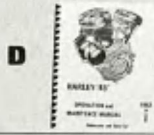
Panhead: Covers H-D panhead engines from 1948 through 1957; also front ends, frames, wheels, everything you need to know to keep your panhead purring.



Knucklehead: This manual is invaluable to all knuck owners — either 61s or 74s. We even threw in some info on the big flatheads.



Spare Parts: Shows every part of the engine, trans, hubs, the whole motorcycle. 45s, knucks, flatties, and pans. If you have doubts about where something goes, this manual will show you the way.



45-Service: 45s have the reputation of running forever, but in order to keep them running forever, you have to maintain 'em. Inside this manual you'll find all the tricks to keep on triking.



K Model: K Model parts are becoming harder and harder to find these days. When you finally trip over something that looks K Model, the easiest way to identify it for sure is with our K Model parts book. Use this manual to buy the right part the first time around.

Simplified, easy to read and understand service manuals are now available from Paisano Manuals. Everything you'll need to know for your vintage Harley-Davidson. Try our special offer, all five manuals for \$60. A savings of over \$12. Send to: Paisano Manuals, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301.

Letter	Item(s)	Qty	USA	Canada	Foreign	Cost	Total
A	Panhead		\$14.00	\$16.00	\$22.00		
B	Knucklehead		\$14.00	\$16.00	\$22.00		
C	Spare Parts		\$14.00	\$16.00	\$22.00		
D	45-Service		\$13.00	\$16.00	\$22.00		
E	K-Model		\$14.00	\$15.00	\$21.00		
F	All Item		\$60.00	\$70.00	\$90.00		

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

Sub Total	\$
Carit. tax 6%	\$
Total	\$

Name _____

Name _____

Address _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

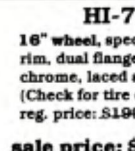
Country	Zip Zone
---------	----------

HARLEE IRON

"The Best Prices
in the United States"



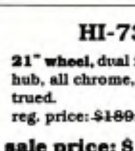
HI-74
19" wheel, alum. dual disc
hub, drop center rim
(same type as factory),
chrome rim and spokes,
laced and trued.
reg. price: \$189.00
sale price: \$119.00



HI-71
16" wheel, special wide
rim, dual flange hub, all
chrome, laced and trued.
(Check for tire clearance.)
reg. price: \$199.00
sale price: \$129.00



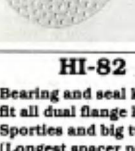
HI-70
16" wheel, std. width rim,
dual flange hub, all
chrome, laced and trued.
reg. price: \$189.00
sale price: \$119.00



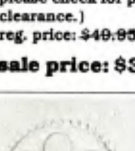
HI-73
21" wheel, dual flange
hub, all chrome, laced and
trued.
reg. price: \$189.00
sale price: \$119.00



HI-85 Drilled disc 10 in.
FX rear — '80
FL front — '80
reg. price: \$49.95
sale price: \$29.00



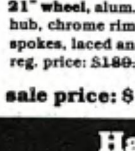
HI-86 Drilled disc 10 in.
FX-XL front, '78-'83
reg. price: \$49.95
sale price: \$29.00



HI-82
Bearing and seal kit, will
fit all dual flange hubs,
Sporties and big twins.
(Longest spacer provided;
please check for proper
clearance.)
reg. price: \$49.95
sale price: \$35.00



HI-90 Chrome sprocket, rear
wheel, 51 teeth.
reg. price: \$49.95
sale price: \$29.00



HI-91 Chrome sprocket, rear
wheel, 49 teeth.
reg. price: \$49.95
sale price: \$29.00



HI-72
21" wheel, alum. dual disc
hub, chrome rim and
spokes, laced and trued.
reg. price: \$189.00
sale price: \$119.00

Harlee Iron
P.O. Box 3069
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

Please add \$8.00 for shipping per order.
Please allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.
Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

DOWNTIME

Continued from page 51

the virtue of his voice, fronting rock bands in the Leeds-Yorkshire area, and subsequent world tours with Saxon.

Biff said, "If I wasn't a rocker, I'd be on my bike all day. To be in a rock 'n' roll band is to be a rebel. And that's how I feel on a bike." Not bad. We tried our best to try to show him the light and magic of owning a Harley-Davidson, but he was quick to defend the Japanese with a quip about how "fuckin' fast they are." Gag.

Off to the show we went. Still reeling from Biff's ragging on Harleys, we rode up and came face to face with five thousand leather-clad fans waiting for the doors of the concert hall to open up. Not many of them could have been over twenty-five. I was wondering if any of them had ever heard of Hendrix, when it was noticed that Graham Oliver had a picture of Jimi laminated to his guitar.

They were ready to find out if this town knew how to rock. They did. And the band played on. Like a swirling herd of amplified, automated cake mixers and melodic jack hammers going off, the show was off and runnin'. The fans were going apeshit to the strains of "Just Let Me Rock," "Play It Loud In Your Neighborhood," "Heavy Metal Thunder," "Power And The Glory," "Redline," "This Town Rocks," and "Denim And Leather." Not a bad set if you're young enough to get into this sort of thing. The feeling kept surfacing that we were possibly the oldest fuckers in the joint — other than the union stagehands. Then there was this thought: OK, you've got to keep up with the times. But didn't the music and words of earlier groups seem to have more substance than this? Are the kids of today simply given a more dressed-up yet slimmed-down product? More importantly, do they know it? Do they give a fuck?

Apparently not. Because they were standing throughout the whole show, pushing and heaving their way towards the front, where bull-sized bouncer-security dudes would literally toss them back to the wolves. After at least a half-dozen dry ice smokings of the stage and a blast from an M-80, the show was over.

We retreated to our bikes with the thud in our ears, happy to hear the pretty sounds of seventy-fours firing up and a while later, we were drinking our first beer of the night — no shit. Ultimately, it became clear — we were simply two separate types of music fans. There are the true denim-and-leather bunch who ride to see the music, and the quasi-leatherettes who came to dream about riding and being radical, leather-laden axe-grinders. What it's about is whatever gets ya through the night.

EXPOSE
YOUR
BREASTS

(A)

SHOW
YOUR
CLIT

(B)

Let's Go
Lickety-Split

(C)

DISPLAY
MAMMARIES

(D)

Wh...?!

(E)

99%er

(F)

.....HIS..... and.....HERS.....

OLD
FART

(G)

OLD
LADY

(H)

(I)
TAB
'A'

(J)
SLOT
'B'

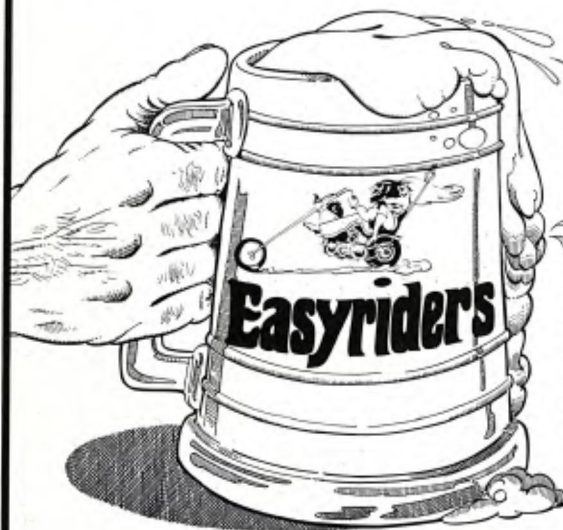
Top Quality 50/50 T's & Ladies Chemise
Black, Lt. Blue, Yellow, White: S/M/L/XL
READ - SHIRTS Box 11488
Fort Wayne, IN 46858



SEND \$10 each (postpaid) to
MR. LUCKY T-SHIRTS

Our new address:
2712-B Guadalupe St. Austin, TX 78705
Shirts are 100% Cotton, Black BEEFY-T's

BEER MUG



Beer mugs are beer mugs — but this one is different — it's amber-colored (beer-colored). It's big (holds 16 oz.) and has our famous liver-quirvin' magazine emblem on it. Show some class, boggle your friends' gourds, tell your ol' lady you'd like this mug in your Christmas stocking — or you'd just like to have it period. Costs only **\$7.50** plus \$1.50 for postage and handling. Or you can purchase a set of four at a reduced price of **\$24.95** plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single-mug price.)

Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

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

SCOOTER BOOKS

The Bike That Wouldn't Die!



Triumph's obituary has been written uncounted times, but the famous British cycles keep rising from the dead. From the old single-thumpers to the state-of-the-art triples, here's the whole story in a picture-packed hardcover book. **\$19.95**

Indians Forever!



The "Crimson Steed of Steel" rides forever in this magnificent volume. V-twins, in-line fours, Scouts, Chiefs, and Big Chiefs, they're all here in the best history of Indian we've ever seen. Fully illustrated and hard-bound. **\$22.95**

All The Hot Bikes!

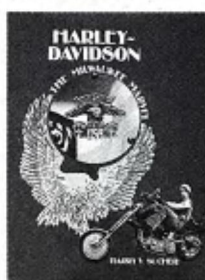
Board tracks, dirt tracks, miles, half-miles, speedways, etc. You name it, and if bikes ever raced it, it's covered in this handsome, chock-full-of-photos volume. From the post-World War I Harley-Indian duels to current times, a fascinating saga of fast bikes and them who rode 'em. **\$22.95**

American Racing Motorcycles



The Milwaukee Marvel!

Over 280 hardcover pages, crammed full of Harley facts, pictures and folklore. If you love your Hog, you've gotta have this complete history of H-D and the bikes that made it famous. **\$22.95**



Please indicate book(s) ordered.

_____ It's A Triumph _____ The Iron Redskin

_____ American Racing Motorcycles

_____ Harley-Davidson: The Milwaukee Marvel

Postage paid in the U.S. Canada, add \$3, and foreign, add \$5 postage for each book ordered. California residents, please add 6% sales tax.

Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Damned If You. . .

Continued from page 42

You go home and begin studying the tiny blue lines of secondary highways in Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico — the ones as far from national parks, cities, recreation areas, and tourist traps as possible. Some of those blue lines you remember like tiny fragments of a dream.

After the six-pack, you go out to the garage and flip on the lights. There it is — standing in a puddle of rancid oil, partly hidden under a roll of worn-out carpet. The tires are flat, the chromium alloy surfaces of the wheels and cases tarnished the color of gray hair. The remains of your scooter. As you clear away the accumulated junk around the machine, you notice that acid — from the battery that froze and burst a couple winters back, remember? — has eaten not only a hole in the concrete floor, but also through important things like wires, rubber bushings, gaskets, and most of the paint on the machine's lower half.

It crashes down on you and you don't fight back. There's what used to be your ride, looking like an archeological find. You're stunned, not only by the machine, but also by some sudden revelations about the way you've let life put you in a box.

Sooner or later that urge you've never understood, but always recognize, comes back. It's a many-faced fiend that promises you everything. When it whispers to you at work you can't help yourself. You start making parts lists and figuring your pocket change real close (you'll have to skip the ol' support payment and the rent this month). You sweat out dealin' with the boss, trying to get a couple of weeks off, then decide to just fuck it and quit. Out of the blue you remember who you loaned those old roughed-out leather jeans to just before you were drafted. You clean out the garage and start borrowing tools.

But what the hell's behind this crazy-

Easyriders



"As near as I can tell, this is how it is."

H/E/S PERFORMANCE PRODUCTS

All American-made products —
no pirate or rip-off copies.

BIG TWIN CASE INSERTS



When the bottom drops out, you can repair them or have them repaired. H/E/S inserts can be welded and then machined so that your cases will be as good as new. H/E/S inserts fit both late-model and early-model Harley Big Twin cases. The inserts are made from 356 aluminum. H/E/S Performance Products will sell these inserts as single parts or as pairs. You can have your local machinist repair them, or you can send your cases to H/E/S Performance Products and they will fix them for you. Cost of labor will vary from job to job. Prices generally run from \$150.00 to \$200.00 labor plus parts. We will give a price quote on each job before we start any work.

set of case inserts . . . PN 100-50 . . . \$55.00
right case insert . . . PN 100-51 . . . \$27.50
left case insert . . . PN 100-52 . . . \$27.50

Custom Oil Pump End Cover



For all big twin motors with the aluminum oil pump. If you are running a belt drive or an open primary, you don't need all the ugly hoses, pipes, and fittings that come with the stock oil pump cover. H/E/S Performance Products has come up with a polished, solid aluminum billet oil pump end cover. The oil fittings have been relocated to the front of the cover to increase oil flow to and from the engine. The Custom Oil Pump Cover comes with four allen-head bolts and gaskets, 1/4-24 for 1936 to 1977, or 1/4-20 for 1978 to present. Please specify what year your engine cases are. You can use your stock oil line fittings.

Custom Oil Pump Cover, \$39.00
plus \$2.00 for shipping

36-77 1/4-24 100-25
78-present 1/4-20 100-26

(Cashiers checks or money orders.
Personal checks will be held until they clear.)

California residents add 6% sales tax.

Send order or inquiries to:
H/E/S Performance Products
P.O. Box 66294
Los Angeles, California 90066
(213) 397-3195

ness that all of a sudden stampedes over the comfortable sanity you've cultivated ever since: 1) your ol' lady took off with the stereo and TV during your last trip; 2) your girlfriend split with your stash during your last trip; 3) you spent a week in a Nevada jail during your last trip; 4) you were fired and/or evicted because of your last trip; 5) all of the above?

It could be a lot of things — a periodic need to re-invent yourself, a special vision or a dream that out there, on that ever unwinding ticker tape of asphalt, you're going to find the style and grace and romance of a secret place you've always known was waiting — an isolated canyon, lit with mad golds and purples, as if painted in your mind by Maxfield Parrish, where the woman you dreamed of as a child stands waiting beside the highway, just for you.

Bullshit. You probably just want to get away from your rat-funk town, find some new country with great bars in unlikely places, ride your scooter all day, and get just a little loaded.

Either way, early one morning you're going to kick that old knuckle-head alive, pull down your goggles, and notice — on the way out of town — some guy headed for work, who stares at you as you pass. Damned if you don't.

That's the way it happened to me, anyway, last April in Butte, Montana. Butte. That's another story.

Because I was searching for something I couldn't name, I didn't plan on destinations. I had a vague notion of roads I might ride, country I'd like to see again, and little more. Why turn a quest into a bus schedule, right?

That first morning out I felt the kind of excited acceleration you'd expect from three mules and a pint of Wild Turkey. A few miles from town I turned off the Interstate and slalomed my scoot between the faded white center lines on the frontage road. It was tricky because of some foot-deep frost holes, fresh cow splatter, and scat-

Easyriders



"I see they decided on a place
for the toxic waste dump."

103

BRAKE PROBLEMS??



BRAKE SAVERS

FOR H.D. LARGE CALIPER DISCS ('72 thru '80)
GET LONGER LIFE OUT OF PADS & DISCS
INCREASES STOPPING POWER — DECREASES
EXCESS TRAVEL IN LEVER & PEDAL
KIT INCLUDES THREE SHIMS: .030, .050, .090
\$10.00 PER KIT □ FLH DOUBLE KIT \$18.00 □



FORK OIL QUICK CHANGE KIT

FOR H.D. WIDEGLIDES ('49 to early '77)
NO HASSLE, NO MESS, 15 MIN. OIL CHANGE
ONLY DISASSEMBLY IS YOUR DRAIN PLUGS
CLEAN OIL GIVES FORKS LONGER LIFE
ONLY \$9.00 — TOTALLY REUSEABLE

WIZZARD
PRODUCTS

P.O. BOX 3265, INGLEWOOD, CA 90304
CALIF. RES. ADD 6% SALES TAX
DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME

SPEEDOMETER REPAIR

(GUARANTEED)

Cable &
Housing for
Harley-Davidson
models

FROM:

'36 to '61 — \$18.95;
'62 to present — \$14.95;
Custom made — \$21.95



Front wheel adapter/cable, housing
included, for use on 2-to-1 calibrated
speedos. Price \$39.95.

SPEEDOMETERS

1936-1961 (2-1) — \$79.95
H-D 1962 & later (1-1) — \$79.95
Japan H-D Reproduction
Speedo — \$40.95

Speedometer Faces — \$8.95
(Specify exact year)

Postage & Handling \$2.50.

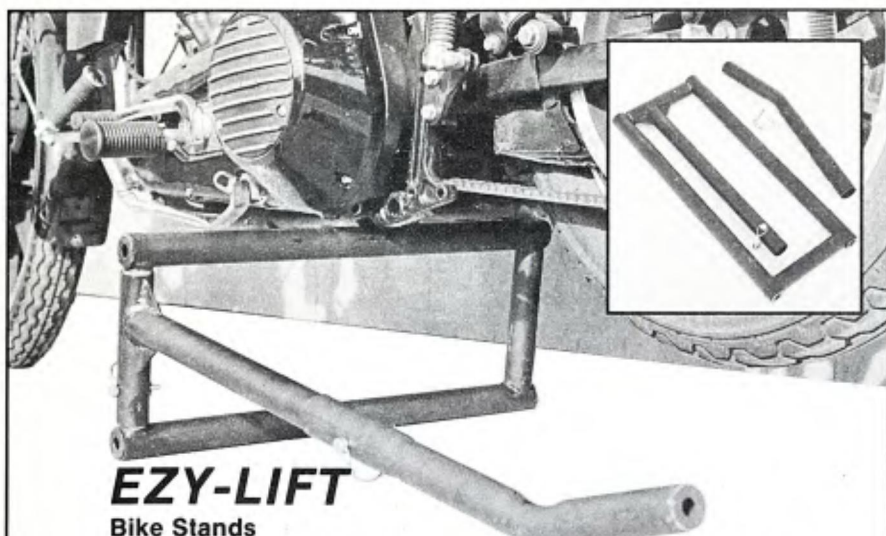
Price \$20.00 labor. Any parts required will be extra.
\$30 deposit. If total is over \$30.00, your package
will be sent to you COD for balance. If less than
\$30.00, overage will be refunded. Send \$30.00
money order with your damaged speedometer to:

Paramount Speedometer

8845 E. Alondra Blvd., Paramount, Calif. 90723

Phone: (213) 630-9753

Calif. res. add 6% tax.



EZY-LIFT Bike Stands

1. Exclusive collapsible design; folds flat in seconds to be stashed on a trailer or behind a pickup seat.
2. Exclusive reversible handle; lifts bike from either side without strain.
3. Lifts up to 1200 pounds.
4. Extra-wide lifting area to accommodate dressers.
5. Lifts virtually all bikes from the lowest rigid to the tallest swingarm.
6. Lifts front or rear of most bikes without removing accessories.
7. American-made of heavy welded American tubing.
8. Cadmium-plated, rust-resistant safety latches standard.
9. Handle gusseted for extra strength.
10. Won't interfere with kick starter or primary cover.

Order your EZY-LIFT bike stand today! Just send a check or money order to EZY-LIFT, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. California residents, add 6% sales tax. (Dealer inquiries invited.)
\$35.00 each. Add \$5.00 for US shipping • \$19.50 APO-FPO Hawaii, Alaska. Shipped 1st class insured • \$18.50 Canadian orders shipped air insured. No foreign orders.
 TOTAL ENCLOSED \$ _____

Ship to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

HELLS ANGELS ARE AMERICANS.

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

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

These agencies have denied us due process; they have violated our rights guaranteed all Americans by the First Amendment of the Constitution, which includes freedom of religion, freedom of association and life style. If they can do it to us, they can do it to all Americans. Help us stop selective prosecution, and the systematic persecution of the Hells Angels Motorcycle Club. Send us \$10.00 or more donation to our Defense Fund and we will send you a T-shirt FREE! Send us \$15.00 or more donation and we will send you a sweat shirt or thermal top FREE! We will send you FREE Keep America Free — Support Your Local Hells Angels Bumper Sticker with order of 2 shirts.



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

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

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

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

tered road kills. I found that the old reflexes had slowed some, that my reaction time was off. No problem. The sky was clear, there was no other traffic, the sun warmed the side of my face.

I remembered other trips, years ago, when I rode in the shadow of "Easy Rider." The good old days of long aimless rides when I took fierce pride in running the only machine I could afford: a used 441 BSA Victor Special, whose megaton vibrations gave me kidney trouble for months, and, my bros claimed, some frontal lobe damage, as well.

Shortly after noon that first day I noticed thunderheads off in the southwest, dead ahead. I could feel the burgers and suds I'd sloshed down for lunch riding like mud in my guts. The cramps in my back had gotten so bad that my face had gone into muscle spasms. I'd been hanging onto the handlebars so hard in the steadily increasing wind that my hands had gone to sleep. And I noticed that the bike was making an unusual sound, a ticking, tapping, clanking that I couldn't remember ever hearing before.

By late afternoon I was beat. From there on it was just plain balls-out endurance. The closest town was sixty miles away, across the most godforsaken country I'd seen since that accidental B-52 strike outside Dalhart, Texas, back in '72.

The strange noise in the bike jangled my concentration. I figured the worst: a bent pushrod that would have to be back-ordered from Cleveland or Prague or Vladivostok. But I didn't have to worry about the clouds anymore, because I'd been riding in a wind-powered arroyo-boiler for over an hour. Thanks to my years of experience and careful planning, there was just one thing I forgot to bring. My damn rain gear.

About then my mind started acting up. I relived the time I finished twelfth out of fourteen in a high school cross-country run. I thought about the cheerleader I always wanted to get into, the one who was too cool, too heavy into James Dean. The same chick who later took on half the football team the season I was out with the mumps.



"Self-help books are really the craze today. He just wrote one on shoplifting, called *Help Yourself*."



I.R.S. Ltd.



Scooter Wallet

Our most popular wallet; refined, carefully crafted, convenient and made to last forever. Securely fastened with brass rivets, comes with safety chain, only \$15.95, plus \$1.25 postage and handling. Indicate whether you want it branded with "Harley," "Live to Ride," or plain.



Bikers' Buck Knife

Traditional bikers' knife. Four-inch locking blade, brass bolsters and Mecassar ebony handle (with sheath), for \$34.95, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.

ALL NEW



Wristwatch Band

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

I.R.S. Limited

P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

California residents, add 6% for The Man. APO, FPO, Hawaii and overseas add \$3 extra postage.

I.R.S. T-shirts \$10.00 (indicate size)

Dealer inquiries invited.

The endless sage-covered hills, gray as a breech-block to begin with, vanished behind curtains of wind-driven rain. I began to wish I was home, watching the roaches, knocking back some High Country Barley, and waiting for the ex to call about the late check. But I made it. Some town I'd always confused with another one hundreds of miles away loomed up, looking sinister in the twilight. I couldn't believe that I'd wandered so far east. Although I'd planned on sleeping out there, in the sage and pines, I pulled into the first motel I saw and forked over twenty-five bucks to an old fart in slippers who — I could tell by the .38 he parted the curtains with when I left — didn't like my act at all.

The motel cut into my beer money, but I needed a hot shower, a place to dry my gear, somewhere to hide.

That first night out after a long layoff is probably universal. You wake with a start, staring wide-eyed at the television test pattern. It looks like some kind of sophisticated bomb-sight. You feel awful. Your ass is rodeo-sore and you're stiff all over. The evening you had planned to spend scouting around for a wild little beer joint was spent slouched in a chair, dreaming of oncoming semis and blown lower ends. Then you remember that rattle in your bike. You remember too, as I did, that trip in '69, when the Victor seized up just north of Nogales, and how it felt riding home on the Dog, broke. And you relive the long cross-country trip when the tachometer cable went crazy, burning up, sounding like a thrown timing chain, eighty miles south of Rock Springs. And you remember your luck, when later, in your relief that it had *only* been the tach cable, you'd wandered drunk through Rock Springs, counting cadence for no one in particular. And lived. Somehow.

The second day out I discovered that the rattle was actually loose tools under the seat buzzing against the frame. That was my last break.



"Mr. Broski, you cannot claim temporary insanity in defense of a parking violation."

Founder: BIKERS
AGAINST MANSLAUGHTER



RUSS BROWN Attorney For Motorcyclists

Many years of experience both riding and legal: dedicated to the problems of motorcyclists.

NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION
No Fee If No Recovery On
Injury Cases.

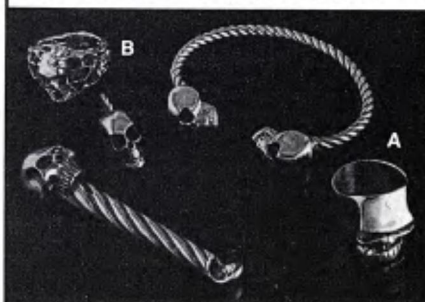
AFFILIATED OFFICES: Los Angeles, San Diego, Sacramento, San Jose, San Francisco, Albuquerque, Reno, Portland, Las Vegas, Phoenix.

A LAW CORPORATION

1-(800)-4-BIKERS

TOLL FREE: Calif., Nev., Ariz., Ore., New Mex., Utah

HEAVY JEWELRY



Handcrafted Cast Sterling Silver
Rings, Bracelets, and Pendants.

As featured on the
July '77 *Easyriders* cover.

Righteous Sterling Silver Jewelry
for those who want the best.

Sterling by Nomad is the very finest.

Skull Ring "A" — \$75.00
Skull Ring "B" — \$65.00
Skull Pendant (without chain) — \$25.00
Skull bracelet — \$85.00
Combo coke spoon and "straw" — \$100.00

Get exact ring size from any jeweler and send size and money (we pay all postage and handling charges) to:



P.O. Box 1426, Lawrence, KS 66044

SALOON TUNES TO DRINK BY

Are you ready for some shit-kickin' bike music? Well, here you are. John Penn is a musician and a half. He's appeared with Jerry Garcia, Linda Ronstadt and Emmy Lou Harris plus twenty-four other famous singers and groups.

He plays the kind of music you like — some rock 'n' roll, some good ol' biker music. And he's not on a money trip; you can buy a cassette tape for only \$8.95. That's all! Low-bucks music from a pro who's played a variety of musical instruments with the best. Bitchin' music to drink to. John Penn's Saloon Tunes, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301.



though. The rest of the first week went down just like day one, only sometimes it rained harder in the afternoons. There were times when I actually remembered why I'd quit riding.

But I kept on heading south, the high plains gradually dried into something Western, and I found a couple of places that almost rang that bell I'd heard in my dreams: Elk Mountain, Wyoming, and Phantom Canyon, from Victor to Canon City, Colorado. My body got better, strength coming back into my arms with the miles.

South of Denver I got to rapping with the flag girl on a road crew. One thing led to another, and she introduced me to some bros in Durango. We took a weekend ride, up through Silverton and over the hump, through the snowbanks to Ouray. The flag girl's weight on my back fender seemed, as I thought it should, to lighten my load.

Later, I dropped in on some old friends I hadn't seen in a long time and crashed for a couple of days at their condo. They tolerated me while I worked on the scooter, but they talked too much about money and about how different things were now, how life had been better back in such-and-such, how their lives had become so boring. I didn't argue. I could see their point. Daytime TV is boring.

But the road ain't boring, and it ain't too late, no matter how long you've worked at the mill, to get it back together again, to get back on your wheels and rediscover some dude in yourself you haven't known for a long time. And, if you're real lucky, you might get a taste of what you hit the road to find. Those visions of road freedom, those fleeting moments of wild joy that come from scorching distance, alone and exposed, just might not, after all, be daydreams. Fact is, right now it all seems much closer to making sense, getting clearer, as if the answers wait just down the road a piece, beyond that next sloping hill. ■

Buy The Very Best



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

This is a huge, man-size buckle made from expensive dies for intricate detail.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze- or silver-plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand-polished, and comes with 1 1/4"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with silver buckle orders — unless you request otherwise.

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

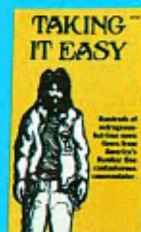
(All prices above include postage and handling.) Payments on orders outside the U.S. must be made in the form of U.S. funds. Give accurate waist size, belt color, (brown or black) and buckle finish (bronze or silver).

PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301



"I knew it! You're not blind!"

CHECK OUT THESE BOOKS FROM THE EASYRIDERS LIBRARY



Truth is stranger than fiction, and Spider proves it every month. Now the best of Spider's irreverent essays have been collected in one leg-wet-tin' volume. \$3.

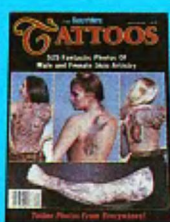


More great fiction from *Easyriders*. Hard-hitting stories filled with honest action, good, clean sex, and raucous humor. \$2.



Thirty-nine of the greatest tales from Spider's vault. Hours and hours of righteous reading of the kind you dig best. \$3.

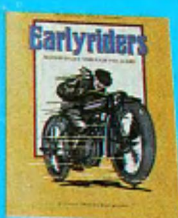
164 colorful pages full of some of the wildest skin art (and women) ever created. Lots of great ideas for tats of your own. \$3.



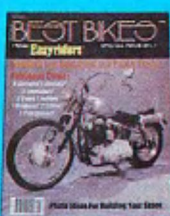
The name says it all. Over 300 photos of righteous biker women from all over the world. Feast your eyes on these boobs and buns. \$3.



The best of photos from the good old days. A nostalgic look back at the days of iron men with iron kidneys. \$3.



The old-time ads, the classic photos, the early fashions and, best of all, the historic scooters, all together in one gigantic volume. \$8.

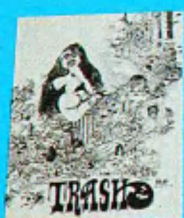


A collection of chopper design over the past decade, enough ideas to keep you building and dreaming for years. 160 big pages full of scoots. \$3.

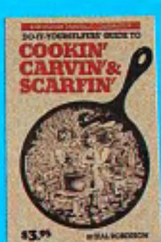


Over 100 of our best tech tips gathered together in one big, 130-page volume and protected by plastic-coated covers. A must-have for every wrench. \$7.

The late Hal Robinson's unique view of his world — and yours. Gross, but still great. Printed on top-grade paper to highlight the details in the drawings. \$6.



Over 220 biker-tested recipes for everything from cow nuts to raisin pie. Lavishly illustrated by Hal Robinson. \$4.



Here she is, her riotous majesty. Mutha tells it like it is, with her no-holds-barred advice. Complete with illustrations by Hal Robinson. \$3.



The best articles, photos, girls and bikes from the first 95 historical (or hysterical, take your pick) issues of the world's best bike rag, *Easyriders*. \$3.



Another classic from our back pages. All the stuff you complained about us not getting in the first Anniversary Issue. \$3.



A true, eyewitness account of the New Mexico penitentiary riot that left 33 men dead. Must reading for those who care about our bros locked down in prison. \$3.

Prices above include postage in the U.S.
Canada, add \$2 per book. Other foreign, add \$5 per book.

QTY.	BOOK DESCRIPTION	BOOK PRICE	TOTAL
		SUB TOTAL	
		CA. RES. ADD 6%	
		TOTAL	

Easyriders Books

Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

A Mind Boggling Bandanna!

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

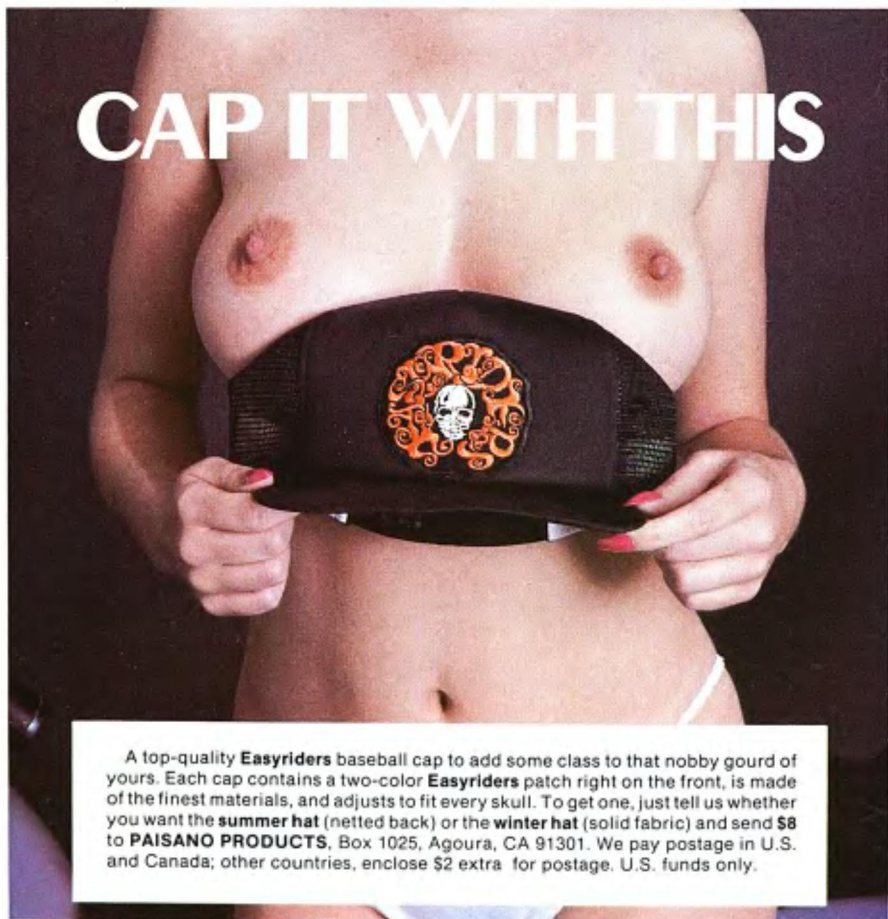
For one bandanna, send \$5.00 plus postage (75¢ in U.S. and Canada, and \$2.00 for foreign orders).

Order three bandannas and you get a break — send \$12.00 plus postage (\$2.00 in U.S. and Canada, and \$4.00 for foreign orders). (U.S. funds only.)

 Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301



CAP IT WITH THIS



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

Soap Box

Continued from page 50

attorney general, either, although that office is more of a state than a federal pain in the ass. These people are usually appointed rather than elected, and their advancement is often based on what *they* do to make things more difficult for us. They have the funding, manpower, and access to information to enable them to find out *anything* about anybody. They can get you convicted no matter how long it takes or how much it costs. They can seize all your assets — money, bike, car, etc. — and put your ass in jail anytime they want. To get out of a jam with these guys costs *plenty*, and more often than not, you still lose one way or another. Where, in our Bill of Rights, does it say that we're supposed to have these heavy feet on our necks?

Next, let's look at our elected lawmakers, those people we elect to supposedly represent us. These people are elected by us, for sure, but whom do they represent? Their campaigns are usually financed by special interest groups that pay for their expenses, advertising, travel, etc. Look at it from their point of view. If you had to depend on someone for the money and support to get you where you want to go, would you bite the hand that feeds you? Where will the money for the next campaign come from if you don't try to satisfy your backers by voting their way on proposed laws?

For example, what if some big helmet company contributed a large sum of money to your campaign? Would you submit or support legislation repealing an existing helmet law? Hell, no! Nobody in their right mind would. This is a typical example of the blind some of "our" legislators are in. And yet, these people are supposed to be representing *you*.

Another example: Congressman X has introduced a bill for repeal of a helmet law. Congressman Y says that the Federal Department of Transportation believes the existing law saves lives and that repealing it may affect federal funding for current and future highway repairs. The DOT has previously (and still does) threatened to cut off federal funds to those states that don't comply with their directives. Would you be willing to tell your constituents that you lost them the use of a few million dollars for doing what you believed was right? Most likely not.

A lot of legislators use the cop-out: "This law saves lives, so let's keep it."



"I want this man locked up for breaking and entering."

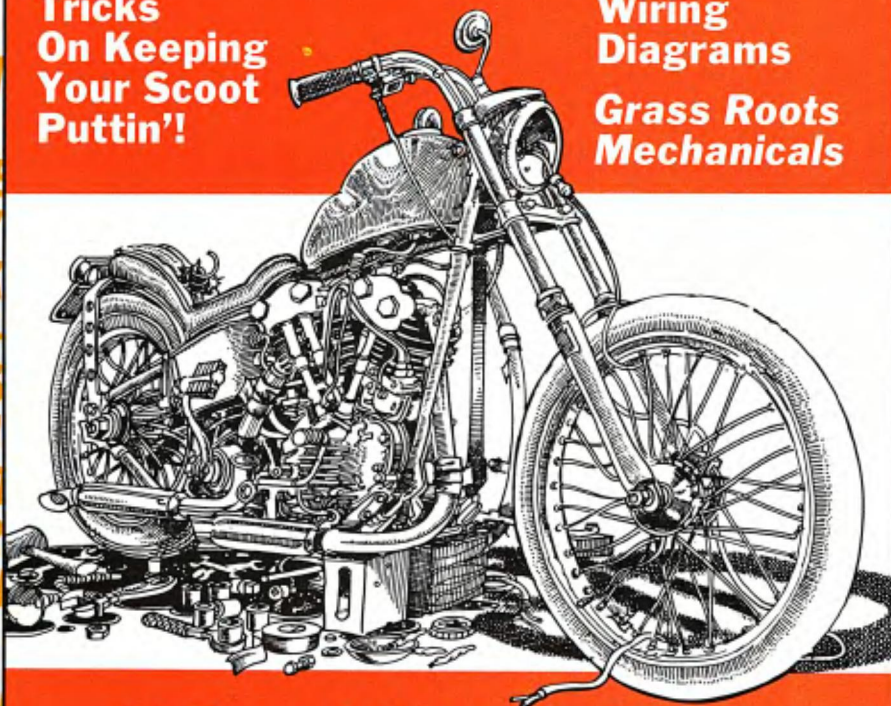
from the Editors of
Easyriders

TECH TIPS & TRICKS

Tricks
On Keeping
Your Scoot
Puttin'!

Wiring
Diagrams

Grass Roots
Mechanicals



**11 Years Of How-To-Do-Its
For Your Harley-Davidson**

Here it is — at last! Included in this manual are over 100 of our best tech tips from 11 years of *Easyriders* features. They are tips you can do yourself, devised by scooter tramps who have tested and used them — facts only a hard-ridin' veteran of the road can relate to — from actual and proven methods. Tips ranging from knucklehead oil control, to why you need 21 inches. Hundreds of graphs, charts and examples from over 11 years of publishing this popular feature.

- Keep your bike running and save yourself bucks.
- A must book for the hardass veteran and a gold mine of information for the beginning Harley biker.
- The covers have been plastic coated to withstand years of rough use. It is fully illustrated and a book every Harley owner should own.

Only \$6.95 for 130 (8" x 10-7/8") pages! Weighs almost a pound! We pay postage in the U.S.! Sorry, but Canadian orders must add \$2.00 for postage and other foreign orders must add \$5.00 for postage.

Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 1025, Agoura, California 91301.

\$6.95

Easyriders
Readers Only!

BITCHIN' BRITCHES **\$180**

Quite simply the best leather pants you can buy. Custom designed boot cut to fit in your favorite pair of Nasty Feet. Fully-lined, top-grade U.S. leather for maximum flexibility, lasting comfort and good looks under all conditions.

\$180

\$175

\$160

A man with a beard is wearing a black leather jacket over a black turtleneck. He is also wearing a large, ornate gold belt buckle. The jacket has a high collar and a row of buttons down the front. The background is plain white.

\$160

NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-50. Allow four weeks for personal checks and eight weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**. California residents, add 6% tax.

A black and white portrait of a man with a full beard and a flat cap, looking directly at the camera. The image is framed by a thick black border.

\$30



Especially if they've never ridden or packed on a motorcycle, and don't know how hot it gets under a helmet, not to mention their ignorance of the limited visibility, as well as the hearing impairment.

Too often lawmakers have bent or yielded to pressure from groups other than those comprised of constituents. Many are into taking care of those who contribute the most or yell the loudest. Many will vote on an issue without knowing anything about it, or caring about the inconveniences or complications it will cause others. Many decisions are made along party lines — under pressure, without research, and without consideration for those who are or will be involved. Yet, we all have to live with the results.

I am a club biker (national) and can't (or don't) comply with or conform to things the way they are. I feel that I don't have a chance, under the law, to be equal to anyone who condones this bullshit. We bikers are subject to many rules and regulations. Yet how many of these regulations were voted on by any of us?

Society, especially law-enforcement people, treats us like uncaged animals and/or social misfits. I don't feel equal to society as it is — I feel that I'm better. Seems like you have to be superior to stay alive on the streets. And I'm smarter, because I've had to deal with this kind of bullshit for many years and I've still survived.

In my own mind I know what's fair and reasonable, but lots of times "fair and reasonable" isn't legal. I still cannot, with a clear conscience, go for all this bullshit that our society says is right, just, and fair.

So, now you know why I am what I am. You should also know that society has made me that way. Sure, I had a choice, and I think I've chosen wisely. My people and I seldom have problems with one another. If and when we do, they're usually settled quickly, fairly, and honestly, with no bullshit and no slick maneuvers. I think society could learn a lot from us and others like us. We all have the same basic concepts of life and how it should be. We also have respect for one another. If society could learn to live and care for each other as individuals, the way we do, it would lead to a better life for all of us.

Sure, even bikers have problems now and then, but it's nowhere near as bad as the mess that the rest of the population is in.

—Stash



"I sorta figured you were new at it when you blew me and swallowed your diaphragm."

Kolder Holder



Keeps the cold in and the moochers out! High-class insulated holder fits tight to treat your brew right. \$5 — we pay postage anywhere in the U.S. Canadian orders, add 50¢ per holder for postage. Other foreign, add \$5 per holder.

Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

•Paisano Products•
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

LOOK

WHAT USO IS DOING TODAY TO HELP OTHERS!

For the young serviceperson from your community, it's a "friend" when far from home... a listening ear and more.

Support USO through the United Way, OCFC, or local USO campaign.

TRONS BULLET POCKET TOBACCO SNUFF DISPENSER

High-quality molded plastic automatic snuff dispenser. Comes complete with amber glass vial and instructions. Ready to use and fully guaranteed. Millions sold for \$6⁹⁹ — but now they're available for as low as \$1⁹⁹ through this special offer. Free paraphernalia catalog with every order.



SPECIAL OFFER

To order yours send \$2⁹⁹ for 1 / \$9⁹⁹ for 4 \$19⁹⁹ for 12 / \$99⁹⁹ for 100

Send cash, check, money order or credit card number to

TRONS
P.O. Box 3193,
Dept. E2, San Rafael,
CA 94901. Calif. residents add sales tax. We pay shipping. (For catalog only, send \$2⁰⁰.)

You must be 18 or older to purchase tobacco snuff or related paraphernalia.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. 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.

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.

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)

Looking for a chick who would write a lonely biker who needs some mail and photos. Only got one year left. 5'9", long brown hair, 160 lbs., hazel eyes, tattoo down. I would like to hear from one chick who likes to party and has her shit together — a little, anyway. Looking for someone to get to know real good. Rich Hurley 04142-039, Box 1000, Marion, OH 62959. (136)

Tattoo supplies, catalog, \$3. Professional Tattoo Supply, Box 1374, Mt. Vernon, NY 10551. (138)

W/m, 27, 6'1", good job, likes kids, looking for lady who's willing to convert to religion of Odin and Thor. Wyatt Kaldenberg, 3125 19th Street, Suite 297, Bakersfield, CA 93301. Women prisoners welcome. (142)

Lady wanted. Must have good looks, great legs and ass, and know how to use them. Be 18-35, single. No kids, hang-ups, fats, junkies, drunks. You get single w/m, 30s, 5'10", 175 lbs., with good looks, great job, new house with hot tub. Ride a '82 Harley Sturgis. Send photo, phone, address. I'll do the same. Gator, 11321 S.W. 154th Street, Miami, FL 33157. (136)

Crash: Happy 32nd and may every year get better. Too bad I was such a fool to have blown such a unique and beautiful relationship. Please find forgiveness for my stupidity. You are the best. Always your lady, Tools. (136)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Vicki Gilliland from Wilmington, California, let me know! Steve Owen, C-49478, Box A-6207X, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (136)

Ladies, how ya doin'? Looking for that special lady, 18-67 1/2! Less than a year left. John "Hung Like A Mule" Tranter, C-42571, Box 107, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (136)

Lonely bro ground in with time would like to hear from all! Will answer all; please write. Frank G. Abbey 85455, OSP, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501. (136)

Mike D.: "Hubba, hubba, ding, ding, baby, you got everythang!" S.L.Y. (136)

Bob and Maryon Ripley: Please, send me your new mailing address. I'm sorry I didn't answer your last letter; no excuse. "Frito" Hoadley, same address. (137)

Swingers want biker tramps for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime, 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (138)

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)

W/f, 36 years old, brown hair and eyes, enjoys cooking, sports, and life itself. Would enjoy correspondence from males. J.A. Smith 320985-#372, Box 147, Lowell, FL 32663. (136)

Albert L. Ponce, Spanish-American, 54 yrs. old, desires correspondence with women from all adult ages. Albert L. Ponce, C29045, Box A, Suite 6352, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (136)

Sweet Seleana Hadley: There's a little Greek who loves you. (136)

Inmate, male, age 33, handsome. Seeks mature female for correspondence, possible relationship. Send photo, Will answer all. Ronnie Merrill 58477-12R SSCF, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314. (136)

1942 E knucklehead. All orig. Saddle bags are in mint condition. Starts every time. Buy and ride it home. Clear title. Very few nicer, anywhere. Information sheet, plus photos, \$4. Call 901-377-6624, or write Harley Charlie, 3704 Vanderwood, Memphis, TN 38128. (136)

White male, 27, 5'10", 175 lbs., been down a couple with a couple to go before wind blows again. Cut all ties with make-believe people outside; getting lonely inside. Seek stand-up lady who knows what's happening, what she wants, and is willing to go for it. I'm into walks on beach, working out, and rock and roll. If you're for real and searching also, write me. Together we may bring each other some happiness in this crazy mixed-up world. Bill Jensen, Box 100, S. Walpole, MA 02071. (136)

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. (136)

MC club patches, pins, T-shirts, awards or anything else you need. Send SASE to TW, 15537 Cabrito Road, Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Swapmeet and party, Canton, Ohio, August 17, 18, 19. Free camping. 60 acres, three bands. Info (216) 453-2806. (136)

Serious-minded, affectionate, lovable, energetic and intelligent ladies: Write and send picture to lonely guy who needs what you've got! W/m, 30. Steve Snow, C03581, Box A4182, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (136)

Tattoos By Lou, 475 Hay Street, downtown Fayetteville, NC 28301. (919) 483-1222. (136)

Satanic warlock seeking foxy, female satanist for relationship, possible marriage. Age open; no drugies. Write: Loki, 3703 Everett St., Wheaton, MD 20906. (136)

To Kevin Bavalocco: Happy birthday, 10/10/84. Ya know I dig ya, right? Karen. (136)

Lonely, would appreciate letters from any and all ladies. Age, looks unimportant. Pictures appreciated. Will answer same day received. Robert Traylor 151960, Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (136)

W/m, 25 yrs. old. Been down since '74. Getting out in three more. Need a woman with heart. Age and looks don't matter. Paul Fontani, C92996, Box 500, Hillsboro, IL 62049. (136)

Wanted: motorcycle license plates. Any state. Dan Means, 1125 Nottingham Dr., Glen Burnie, MD 21061. (137)

Planning on getting a tattoo? Get the facts first. Send \$3 for tattooing information to: Robert Santangelo, Box 913, Stevens Point, WI 54481. (136)

Sundance: Play your guitar for me, my love. Veachie. (136)

Tramps around, gets down. B. Satyr, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Wanted: Hat pins, specifically states and unusual ones. Will accept pins, descriptions, catalogs and such. Michael Weidmann, 455 E. 79 Terr, Kansas City, MO 64131. (136)

Ladies: Two w/m scooter tramps doing time, out soon. We need serious-minded ladies. Help keep our spirits free. No games; photo. Bud Leeper 164-369, and Joe Flora 169-138, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216. (136)

Downed w/m, 25-year-old Aries, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair and eyes, looking for a few scribes from some fine females. Craig Berryhill 171-577, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069. (136)

Achtung! White brothers looking for correspondence, visits, etc. from righteous ladies. William Fischer 14784; Jack Seitzinger 11970; Don Ojala 16817; William Dahl 14415; James Shields 16800; and Gary Cox 19690, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722. (136)

Warney: Happy anniversary, August 4. Let's spend forever loving and putting together. Lots of love and kisses, your Passion Fruit. (136)

Swapmeets: August 4, State Fairgrounds, Little Rock, Ark.; August 26 and Sept. 23, I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo., Sept. 30, State Fairgrounds, Albuquerque, N.M. (136)

Doug Yerby: Trying to reach you every way I know to no avail. Please contact me thru Choppershopper. I'll be watching. Annette. (136)

Mike L.: Happy birthday, 9/29/57. From your woman and little girl with all our love. (136)

Cheryl Towle: Happy birthday, 10/30. Hope everything is going good for you. You're still number one to me. Payson. (136)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1983. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyriders readers. Buy where the pros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (138)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20X, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (139)

Harley-Davidson's best. 1967 shovelhead, 845 + 5 stroker. Cost me \$2500 to completely rebuild. Denver frame, synchronized transmission. 1967 inner primary cover, new tack and speedometer. \$3000 takes it all. Mike, (413) 863-9363. Box 281, Turner Falls, MA 01376. (136)

Vera: Don't give up on me. Remember our good times in the wind. They can go on forever. I know that you are a one-man woman made for this one-man man. Dino. (136)

Single Southern white woman, 30, wants easygoing white non-prisoner biker male who's of his own character and is responsible. Please send photo with reply. P. Udeyne, Box 11090-142, Phoenix, AZ 85061. (136)

Wanted: Intelligent, beautiful, young slave girl. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846. (136)

W/f, 24, 5'6", brown/brown, Virgo. Wants responsible white or Indian man. Trust, friendship, love and lust a must. No druggies or albies. Must love children and know how to treat a lady. Photo first letter. Terri, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (136)

Carl Lee Ashley: If you don't focus your crossed little eyes on this ad, I'll never waste another penny on you. Happy belated birthday to us — now that I've trained you to read the classifieds a little closer — and I love you. I miss you. I want to (you know what) your eyes out and we have to hurry up and get you home, 'cause these damned ads are getting expensive. While I've got your attention: Merry Christmas! Happy New Year! Happy Valentine's Day! May the Easter Bunny put me in your basket — and the department of corrections put you at my door. Love ya. (136)

Green Gorilla: Happy belated birthday! I love you. Goodie Box. (136)

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)

Ron Tilbs: Contact Runt in max; your old ass is a draggin', brother. Addresses are the same all the way around. Deepest love and respects. Russell. (136)

Attention, ladies: W/m, 36, would appreciate letters, photos, visits. I am in San Quentin, so come on, ladies, put a smile on this face. Looks, age, weight not important. Will answer all. Mike Armstrong, Box C35048, Tamal, CA 94974. (136)

Prisoner, age 35, with 2 1/2 years to parole bond, seeks lasting relationship with woman who is also sincere. Marriage very possible. No response from you women reading this is like saying this redhead should find himself a pretty butt boy when he gets out. The choice is yours, women. Ya better snatch me up before it's too late! Larry Hume, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (136)

Escape to freedom — panhead-riding loner, age 36, 6'1", 165 lbs., securely employed, is still searching for that elusive special lady. Looking for someone free from "distractions" to be a friend, lover, companion and partner in sharing the good life and heating the system with its own rules. A letter will bring us together; the future will keep us together. Tom, Box 858, McLean, VA 22101. (136)

C.K.D. of Illinois: Thank you for the lovely words, honesty, and awakening. Test on papoose A-OK, December 1984. Your friend and lady, Butterfly. (136)

Ladies: On a wave-crest of the Cosmic Ocean of Life rides a plea for correspondence. My heart is alone, my mind numb. If you're 18-35, send me a lifeline. Photos greatly appreciated. I'm tired of head games and hope you are, too. I'm down for a while but my honesty (reformed) is true. Will answer all/ photos first. W/m, 24, 6'1", 175 lbs., brown hair and eyes, Cancer. Dave "Gypsy" Holan 24320, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (136)

Lee (Splash): September 1st is our big day. Let's make it a good one! You're the best. Love forever, Cathie. (136)

Bikers worldwide: Your club's name, card, founder, chapters, date(s) founded, to include in my "Motorcycle Club Directory of the World — Past/Present." Expect publication 1985. All entries verified. Include name of president, number of members, group picture, if desired. Past clubs, please include approximate date of demise. A special book for all bikers. Respectability, at last! Send info to: Mike Locke, Drawer R, M4847, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (136)

Dez: Happy 25th, 8/19/59. You were the best friend I ever had. I only wish that you could have loved me half as much as I will always love you. Life is sure empty without you. Bear. (136)

Blue: I'll always love you. Remember the sidestep. Always, Droopy Draws. (136)

Larry S: Where are you? Your "harem" wants to know. We lost your new address. Happy birthday, 8/26/84. (136)

White warrior down in the desert. Hurt-in' for some attention. Will answer all. Rick Wheeler, Box B-38849, Florence, AZ 85232. (136)

Wanted: Honest woman in need of love. Ride behind me now, beside me soon, and with me always. No junkies or ripoffs. Send pix and note. Greasy Mike, Box 565, Little River, CA 95456. (136)

Lonely heart, w/m, 25, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, single. Looking for sincere lady to help get me through these last few years. No head games. Kids okay. Correspondence, possible relationship. Send flicks for quick reply. Mitchell Shobert, Box C-40522, Tamal, CA 94964-0001. (136)

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)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc. Flathead 80, 74, 75, solo and trike, panhead, shovel-head, K model and Sportster parts. Also British and Jap parts. 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. Phone 901-276-6443. 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., Tues-Sat. (136)

Writer, biker, actor, stuntman, age 31, blue eyes, black hair, body builder, 1/4 Cherokee Indian, looking for special fox to share 60-acre ranch. Class, love of nature, sense of humor, a must. This is a long-term offer for the right lady. Photo requested. Joe, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (136)

W/f, 5'8", brown hair and eyes, doing time and very lonely. Please write; I will include photo with reply! Nancy Thatcher, Rt. #3, Box 89, Larned, KS 67550. (136)

White male, 31, single, not bad-looking, sincerely seeks correspondence. Presently incarcerated in Marion's control unit. Have many interests and would like to know what's going on out there. Will answer all. Michael Geoghegan 01590-190, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959. (136)

For sale: Original Harley sidcar. Must sell by October. Contact: J. Steven, Box 3010, Palmer, PA 18043. (136)

Biker, 25, blond, blue. Looking somewhere out there for one right girl for lasting thing, sunsets, sunrises, and general partying. Write: Ricky, 1021 Virginia Court, Long Beach, CA 90813. (136)

Good-looking white female, 20, 5'2", 120 lbs., is looking for the craziest, best-looking biker available. I'm ready for the finer things in life. Never been an ol' lady, but am willing to learn from the best. Ready for partying and companionship. Willing to relocate. Prefer 1%ers. Send picture and scribe to Sherry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (136)

The last four years have been difficult. The next six probably not much better. However, filled with questions and doubts, there is hope. So, righteous friends, Mom, and a special lady, my sincere appreciation and thanks for sticking it out. To all those greedy, excuse-making, fair-weather friends, stick it in your asses! Rick Warthan, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391. (136)

W/m, Scorpio, good-looking, body-builder, 29, 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with sexy female, 18 to 40. Will exchange photos. Might relocate to California in 1985. Michael Levey 83A594, IM#236, Box G, Walkill, NY 12589. (136)

Read the truth in the Bible. Read Ezekiel 33-40, Rev. 1-22, Mark 13, and Matthew 24-26. God did not die; he rose and lived again after three days! Believe me. (136)

W/m, 23, brown hair, blue eyes, 6'2", 185 lbs., medium build, good-looking. Not a biker, just a 100% white boy looking for a good white lady to hook up with when the chains are cut in 1985. Bobby King, C07521, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (136)

Nazzy: Have yourself a happy 34th birthday. The answer is still yes! I'm loving you, wanting you, and missing you very, very, very, very (you get the idea) much. Can't wait till they open that gate an' let you out. (I'm still working on the helicopter.) Forever on my mind and forever yours, Sugar. (136)

Inmates: Starting mail-order business for inmates only. What's acceptable and most needed at your institution? State methods of payment and restrictions. Contact: The Conaid Company, 2725 Atlanta Drive, Wheaton, MD 20906. (136)

Iron Horse: Happy 1st anniversary, 8/20/83. I love you. The Sensuous Outlaw. (136)

1960 H-D FLH, all original equipment, black and chrome. Low mileage on new engine restoration. Road-ready for the serious Harley rider. Photo available. \$5000 or best offer. St. Johns, Ariz. (602) 337-2907. (136)

Geoff in Riverdale: I've loved you since the Rolling Stones. There's been no one else, nor will there be. But be free and happy. M.R.W. in Ritchie. (136)

Tattoo fans: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free each month. Send SASE to Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

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)

White male, 28, blond hair and blue eyes, would like to hear from you ladies with a whole lot of heart. Please send flicks. Ricky Collins 16651, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701. (136)

Huck says: "See our advertisement this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment." We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. If it's better, we'll build it. "Spaulding" — the first name in tattooing. "You can cuss me but not my equipment." (150)

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)

Easyriders, hard-to-find issues. For sale or swap. Complete your collection! Mike Wieland (414) 464-6620. (137)

Low riders: You oughta be in movies! Good money. Call Darlene Dawn to learn how. 1-312-262-6900. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (138)

Cheap and Dirty, Modesto: Happy birthday, 8/16. Have a good one and remember I love ya and I'll need some C.R. when I get out! Linda from Modesto. (136)

Serious lifetime gift for brothers or thy self. Special one of a kind club and memory tattoo patterns by "Tattoo Shorty," down in La. state prison. Flash is "original" — no cheap shit. My work has been published in *Easyriders Tattoo Magazine*, *Tattoo Life*, and other rags. Don't care to talk politics, just pass on to 1%ers and others my style in "originals." I'm in hopes of gaining respect for my talents to open doors for my future in tattooing. Charter members or proof from president if needed, send letters with courtesy card. Patterns then will be discussed. Write: B. Underwood 92512, Camp D, Falcon 3, Angola, LA 70712. (136)

Tattooing supplies, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices! Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-U, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (136)

Tattooing outfit, professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, \$102.50. 17 different tattooing inks, \$18.95. 360 popular designs, \$21.95. 500 needles, \$10.50. Steele, Box 242-X, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (136)

Seeking clean, intelligent female to plan and share the experience of a touring summer vacation. Trim male rider, 40s, Ohio area. J.C., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (136)

Lake Tahoe romantic dude seeking sweetie pies and cutie pies. Call Steve (916) 541-1674. Don't be shy. No collect calls. (137)

The harshest part of being chained down is the missing woman, who knows the child-like need a man has for care and understanding. 27-year-old w/m, lifer, is in the fondest hopes that such a woman would enjoy stimulating these lonely hours of a sad man. Letters/pix to: Charles Frazier 81A2177, Box 149, 16-23, Attica, NY 14011. (137)

Spag: Birthday greetings, 7/5/84. We are together in heart and soul — my love is yours eternally. Please forgive me. Can we possibly try again? I cannot escape you. Box 28161, Orlando, FL 32867-8161. (136)

Original Nazi relics and weapons for sale. Send \$1 and SASE for list to: Gary M. Johnson, Box 6446, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. (138)

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)

Ladies, want your very own outlaw? I'm lookin' for a lady with compassion. Must be overly passionate, preferably submissive. Age, weight and looks not a requirement. Send a sexy photo, receive compliments, praise and my love. C. "Doc" Munson, C-25479, Box 2210, #5711, Susanville, CA 96130. (136)

Rainbow Mike's Tattoo Studio. 7 W. 6th St., Wilmington, Delaware. (302) 571-1974. (138)

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 047764, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. (136)

W/f, 25 yrs. old, 5'7", 120 lbs., long brown hair and big brown eyes, looking for someone special to ride into the sunset with. All letters answered with picture. Out in a few months to "be there." Brenda Riley 111092, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136. (136)

Tattooing outfit, professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, \$102.50. 17 different tattooing inks, \$18.95. 360 popular designs, \$21.95. 500 needles, \$10.50. Steele, Box 242-X, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (136)

Peckerwood, 20, lookin' at the bricks in '85, needs sweet thing. Robert "Little Man" Chitwood, C-76693, San Quentin, CA 94964.

Microwoman seeks hero — honorable, hard-working, loyal to one woman. Treat me as woman, not child, pet or fool. Man who laughs at troubles, fights for beliefs. Maybe help me set up ride? Irish, 27, 5', Taurus, redhead is loyal to man, his work, his dream. Woman and girl child enjoy spoiling company. Hedonist, good shot, "field medic." Not whiny, sometimes choke with pride. Respect space, 'Nam vets A-OK. Life too complicated alone, need protection. Come down from the mountains for Li'l Dynamite, Box 7270, Corpus Christi, TX 78415. (136)

Lonely w/m, 22, needs sincere girls with letters and pics for visits or meet. Arthur Pitman, M-9547, Box 244, Graterford, PA 19426.

Downed righteous w/m in desperate need of ladies. No phonies or head games. R. Brent Baker 165968, and John W. Hof 166348, HED, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, 22, down 'cause of a fuckin' snitch. Serious women only. Fred Hurlbut 87313, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Down but not out 25-year-old white male wishing to hear from Northern California ladies. Will be paroling in November '84 to Northern California and want to tie up that one loose end by meeting a fine lady to share fun and exciting times with in the future. I'm 5'9", blond, blue. Ken Schroeder, C-09940, CC#31A-Cal Trans, Box 249, Redway, CA 95560. (136)

Downed but not out Aussie, w/m, 25, need some letters and flicks from chicks. Bob Evans, Bathurst Jail, Box 166, Bathurst N.S.W., Australia 2795.

Two crazy w/m sittin' in Folsom. Need letters and pics from ladies, 18-80. Mike Kemmer, C45452, and Danny Phillips C70561, Repress, CA 95671.

What's happenin', ladies? Out before long. Need to get back in touch. Randall C. Abear 282086-4 Tank, Rt. 1, Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349.

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.

Chuck: 7/16/55 — happy birthday, babe! Seven years and still going strong! Your loving "Woods Nymph."

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."

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.

Wanted: intelligent, beautiful, young slave girl. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846.

Mark: Here's to many more years of suckin' and fuckin'. Happy anniversary, 6/4. I love you. Denise.

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.

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.

My Outlaw: This lady's heart and yours are in the wind together forever. I'll be waiting, buns up. Soon. Belladonna.

Wanted: Intelligent, beautiful, young slave girl. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846.

Len: Happy 33rd. Ride free forever. Bushels and bushels. Marcia.

Ron: Happy birthday, Magic Man (August 29). The wind awaits and we'll take it together soon. Remember, I love you. Tracey.

W/m, 29, Virgo. 2 yrs. to freedom. Anyone who can help me, write. Tommy Van Buren 760-227, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051.

Can you imagine Christ wearing awastikas? Of course not. Jesus was a Jew, so why do you hate Jews?

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.

Bad Guy, and now. . . I love you more. We did it! Happy birthday. Forever yours, Warm Gun.



...Shirts for Every... Body...

**T-Shirts — French-Cut Tops
Halters — Tank Tops — Baseball**

THESE ARE NOT CHEAPO, LIGHT-WEIGHT CRAP. THESE ARE QUALITY USA SHIRTS.

— SPECIAL —

**ORDER 3 SHIRTS & WE'LL PUT OUR SHOP LOGO ON
BACK OF SHIRTS FREE.**



1. Screw Housework; 2. My Body Is An Outlaw It's Wanted All Over Town; 3. I'm In Heat; 4. I'm An Easy Rider; 5. I Love To Boogie; 6. If It Smells Good Eat It; 7. I'm Eatable; 9. Lookin' For 10 Pounds Of Swinging Meat; 12. Do It To It; 13. I Love To Putt, Suck & Fuck; 14. Liquor Up Front POKER In The Rear; 15. Harley Riders Wanted Inquire Within; 16. I'm His Because He Gives Good Face; 17. Motorcycle Mama; 18. Show Me Your Dick; 19. Hot & Juicy; 20. No Putt No Butt; 21. Harley Riders Ol' Ladies Do Everything Better & Look Better Doin' It; 22. I'm Equipped With Genuine Harley Tits & Ass-Made Of Proper Materials Made To Shake Perfectly-Guaranteed Satisfaction; 23. You Touch My Tits I'll Bust Your Balls; 24. A Man's Place Is On My Face; 25. Don't Ask Me I'm Just A Dumb Cunt; 26. Love Me Till I Scream; 27. Boy — I'd Sure Like To Touch Those (with artwork); 28. Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw; 29. I Don't Have A Drinking Problem I Drink, I Get Drunk, I Fall Down, No Problem;

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

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

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



NASTY FEET

Easyriders

NOTHING COMES CLOSE!

There's legs and there's L-e-g-s. L-e-g-s will stop a beer-drinkin' bro at 300 paces; legs won't get a second glance from a horny convict. The same's true of boots. There's boots and there's **NASTY FEET**. **NASTY FEET** are the undisputed kings of the road, meticulously handcrafted by Chippewa out of specially treated

leather for the uppers, and heavy-duty hardware for the soles, heels and shanks. **NASTY FEET** are available in a humongous selection of sizes, color and styles — from steel-toed engineer and lace-ups to flashy western types. Why settle for less? **NASTY FEET**. Nothing comes close. . . unless you say so!

Send your order today to:

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

Style _____ Size _____ Width _____

Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only.
Add \$9.00 per pair — APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.
International orders shipped Air Mail Insured—add \$40.00 per pair.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks All other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
A	\$ 92.00	\$112.00
B	\$ 92.00	\$112.00
C	\$102.00	\$122.00
D	\$102.00	\$122.00
E	\$112.00	\$132.00
F	\$112.00	\$132.00
H	In Stock Sizes Only — 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2, 12 \$103.00 D Width Only	

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

ALWAYS LIGHTS

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

If your lighter **ever** fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Rolling over it with your scooter doesn't count, of course.)

To get your primo ZIPPO with the **Easyriders** insignia, just send **\$11.00** for each.

EASYRIDERS ZIPPO

Make all checks and money orders out to:

Paisano Publications

Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Canada add 75¢ for postage; foreign add \$5.50
U.S. funds only. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Jackson Panel



EASYRIDERS' GOODIES!



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

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

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

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

Sub Total \$ _____
Calif. Tax 6% \$ _____
Total \$ _____

Personalized Biker Knives

by Kershaw



#1035
\$59.95

#1050
\$59.95

#1029
\$49.95

#1060
\$29.95

#1040W
\$48.95

#4100
\$23.95

#1002
\$47.95

Your Initials, Club Name, Etc., Engraved Free On Every Blade!

The best and nothing but the best, guaranteed for life by Kershaw. All blades high-carbon stainless steel with a hardness range of Rockwell C57-59. All knives (except #4100) include free custom sheath. #1035: Heavy-duty field; overall, 10 1/4"; blade, 5 1/2"; 12 oz., \$59.95. #1050: Folding field; closed, 4 3/4"; blade, 4"; 8 1/4 oz., \$59.95. #1029: Field and Stream; overall, 8 3/4"; blade, 4"; 7 oz., \$49.95. #1060: Black Horse; true grip, no-slip handle; closed, 4 3/4"; blade, 3 3/4"; 5 1/2 oz., \$29.95. #1040W: Folding field with Malayan sandalwood handle; closed, 3 3/4"; blade, 3"; 4 oz., \$48.95. #4100: Whiskey Gap; closed, 3"; blade, 2 1/2"; 2 oz., \$23.95. #1002: Special Agent; vinyl-coated aluminum alloy handle; overall, 8 1/4"; blade, 4 1/4"; 6 oz.; includes custom-formed leather boot sheath, \$47.95.

LADIES: An engraved, handcrafted Kershaw knife is the perfect gift for the biker in your life.

Please indicate knife (or knives) ordered

___ #1035	@ \$59.95 =	___
___ #1050	@ \$59.95 =	___
___ #1029	@ \$49.95 =	___
___ #1060	@ \$29.95 =	___
___ #1040 W	@ \$48.95 =	___
___ #4100	@ \$23.95 =	___
___ #1002	@ \$47.95 =	___

Calif. res., add 6% _____

Postage and Handling _____

Total _____

☐ Engrave this on my blade:

Sample of lettering: JWT

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

7 letters maximum

☐ Engrave the Biker Knife logo on my blade instead of the above. (Logo shown above.)

☐ Leave my blade blank.

NO PERSONAL CHECKS. SEND A MONEY ORDER OR USE YOUR CREDIT CARD.

☐ Visa

☐ Mastercard

credit card number

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Expiration Date _____ (must have)

Signature _____

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

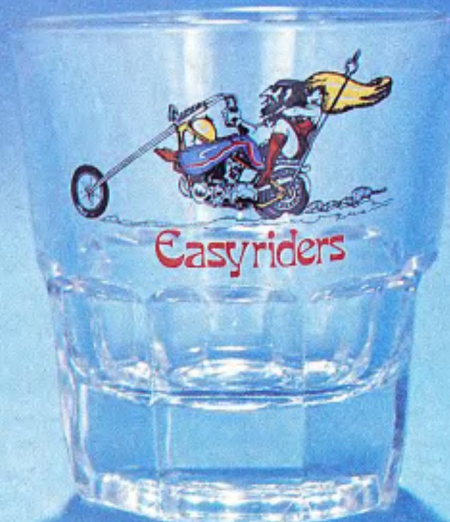
STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

U.S. add \$5 each for postage and handling. Canadian orders, add \$7 each and foreign orders, add \$13 each. U.S. funds only. California residents, add 6% sales tax. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Send order to: **Biker Knives**
Box 6219 Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

TAKE A SHOT

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



Calif. res. add 6% sales tax

Vet Volve

Continued from page 82

Viets' propaganda purposes. They were (except for one righteous bro) even photographed in front of a wrecked U.S. aircraft that had been turned into a monument — not a monument to our downed airmen, of course, but rather, one that stood as a symbol of what the Vietnamese consider American atrocities during the war. They were also given tours of hospital wards so they could witness the suffering of Vietnamese from our use of Agent Orange. The VVA people came back with almost nothing relative to our 2500 missing men — and the Vietnamese scored another victory.

Some of the bros who write indicate their willingness to go into 'Nam and Laos without Vietnamese or Laotian permission, or U.S. sanction, i.e., on a covert operation. Appealing as this may be to some, we must be realistic. Such an operation would require some damned heavy backing financially and tactically. Once equipped and prepared for insertion, you'd still need to know where the hell the camps are.

If such a mission did succeed, how many men do you think we'd get out? None too many. And the operation could very well jeopardize the men we couldn't reach — scattered all over Laos and Vietnam — as well as any other efforts to get them all home. I think it's best to put our faith in groups like The National League of Families of Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia.

This organization, which consists only of family members of POW/MIAs, has been the most effective force in the nation in its efforts to get our men accounted for. By "effective," I don't mean the group has accomplished its mission — yet. But I do mean they have made the most progress, without jeopardizing the men they seek to bring back home.

Executive director of the organization, headquartered in Washington, is Mrs. Ann Mills Griffiths, whose husband has been certified as MIA. She



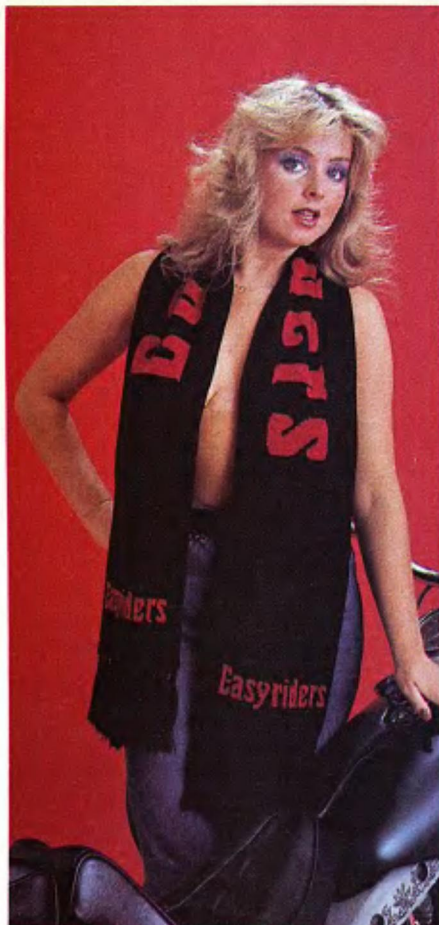
"Shit, Frank, two hundred miles from nowhere, no gas, broken chain, and a flat tire — can't you at least be humble and hitch with your thumb?"

FOR COLD RIDIN' WEATHER!

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

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

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



Easyriders SILK-SCREENED T-SHIRTS

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

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

Wash well, last long and look good!



Design
No. 09



Design
No. 38



Design
No. 05

Design
No. 20



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

Classic T-Shirt, \$9.95
Shirt Style No. 2020

Men's Tank Top, \$9.95
Shirt Style No. 2060

Ladies' Tilt Top, \$9.95
Shirt Style No. 2050

NEW



This style also
available in XXL.



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

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

EASYSIDERS SILK-SCREENED T-SHIRTS

P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LIMITED EDITION

DAVE MANN PRINTS

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

They are printed on high quality, heavy paper. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only one of three hundred and to be personally signed — Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

Once in a lifetime offer — \$62.50 each (remember, it will start increasing in value the day you receive it and especially when all 300 of each are sold). Money orders shipped immediately. California residents, add 6%. We pay all handling and shipping costs. (COD's accepted with \$25.00 down, balance upon delivery — you pay COD charges.)



A. 29" x 24 1/2"



B. 30" x 23 1/2"



C. 29" x 24 1/2"

Mackenzie Company

Box 8025
Calabasas, California 91302

A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.



A perfect reproduction of the old original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black, and white — exactly like the original.

Besides being used as a beer mug, we've seen 'em used as book ends, pencil holders, flower vases, or just with the handle turned so that it looks like a glass can of Harley oil.

A different gift. Silkscreened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of

\$24.95 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single mug price.)

Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

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



PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

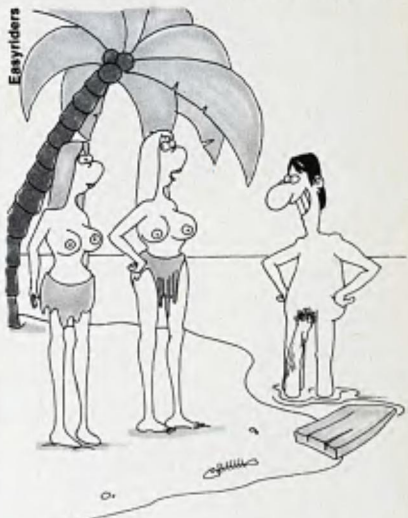


and her group managed to go to Vietnam in 1982 in an effort to get the Vietnamese closer to the bargaining table. At the beginning of this year, another team, consisting of Mrs. Griffiths, Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Armitage, state department director on Vietnam, Laos and Kampuchea, Lyall Breckon, White House National Security Council staffer Richard Childress, and the state department's Col. Jean Sauvageot visited Vietnam.

I don't know the results of this latest visit, but it's reported that whatever they are, they're being kept under "absolute secrecy until the two governments release a joint announcement of the trip." Both governments are supposed to have pledged secrecy "at the highest levels." Rumor has it that something positive is forthcoming. It may be no more than little bits of info on some of the missing men and a disclosure that the Vietnamese are willing to resume serious talks. But even if that's all, it's a hell of a lot closer than we've been during the last ten years.

Official agencies have been totally and shamefully impotent during the time that the U.S. and Vietnamese governments have been at odds. Any success in the endeavor to bring home the living and the long-dead, any documentation as to the fate of those who are MIA, will be solely the result of the National League of Families' efforts, coupled with those of concerned vets organizations.

Some of you may not know it, but the Veterans Vigil of Honor group has been maintaining a color guard before the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington on a 24-hour basis ever since Christmas Eve 1982. Their motto and their purpose is "to maintain a 24-hour color guard at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial until all of the Vietnam POW/MIAs are accounted for." Vietnam veterans groups from all over the country have been sending color guards for the Vigil of Honor ever since its inception.



"I like him already."

MUST BOOKS FOR BIKE OWNERS



A. Painless Electrics

Revised edition with practical info, not theory, on solving electrical problems. A down-to-earth solution to the riddle of electrics.

B. What Fits What #5

Completely revised 5th Edition. Interchangeability for all Harley V-twins, 1936 through 1982. Build a stormin' Sportster, change a pan to a shovel, and more.

C. Special Tools For H-Ds

Facts on all special tools needed, or recommended, for working on V-twins. Where to get 'em and how to use 'em.

D. Custom Harley Cookbook

Building custom Hogs with step-by-step explanations of what works and what doesn't. Everything is in words and diagrams anyone can understand.

QTY		USA	CAN	FOR.
	A. MC W/O Pain	\$ 9.00	\$10.50	\$15.50
	B. What Fits What	\$7.00	\$8.00	\$12.50
	C. Special Tools	\$7.00	\$8.00	\$12.50
	D. Harley Cookbook	\$10.00	\$12.00	\$18.50
	Sub Tot.			
	Cal. Tax			
	Tot.			

Paisano Publications

P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

All prices listed above include cost of postage and handling. All foreign orders are sent air mail insured. Canadian-first class. Please, make all payments payable in U.S. funds only! Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. Thank you.

to serve at the memorial for a week at a time. Showing their support, the DAV, American Legion, VFW and so on, have also sent teams from various of their posts around the country. The concerted and truly dedicated efforts of the National League of Families, the Veterans Vigil of Honor, and other vet organizations and individuals have been doing more — and doing it more wisely — than any of our government agencies to get an accurate accounting. It's slower than an invasion, but more likely to succeed.

Government efforts until recently were mainly funneled through the so-called Joint Casualty Resolution Center (JCRC). As the *POW/MIA Fact Book* points out: "Prior to the fall of the Republic of Vietnam in 1975, teams from the JCRC searched the jungles of South Vietnam for remains of U.S. personnel. Such searches were conducted under the auspices of the Four Party Joint Military Team (FPJMT) established by the Paris Peace Accords. Despite a lack of co-operation from the Vietnamese communists, the JCRC teams achieved noteworthy success in their efforts."

The pamphlet goes on to say that negotiations with the North Vietnamese resulted in the return of the remains of 23 U.S. personnel between April 1973 and April 1975. There's also a paragraph devoted to the JCRC's reps having met with the Vietnamese over the last several years to discuss "technical aspects of the accounting question."

In other words, bros, the JCRC is the place to go for statistics — and that's about all. It maintains records on those 2448 military and 42 civilian personnel who are missing. It was established as "a joint-service humanitarian organization by direction of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in January, 1973, in Saigon." In February '73 it was moved to Thailand and has been located at the Naval Air Station, Barbers Point, Hawaii, since 1976.

The JCRC hasn't accomplished a whole hell of a lot since the end of the



"The way things are stacked up in here, you'd better cancel my appointments for the rest of the day — I'm getting a little behind!"

LET'S YOUR LIGHTS SHINE THROUGH,



EVEN IN DIRECT SUN.



Tired of wondering whether the LED warning lights in your low-model Harley are on or off? The Survivor is a high-quality, nickel-chrome head that shields the LED on the headlight mounting bracket from the sun, enabling you to see them clearly night and day. Finally you can stop worrying about blowin' an engine because the sun's glare has washed out your oil-pressure warning light. Survivor comes complete with decals, mounting tape and instructions. Send \$5.95 for each Survivor ordered. Please add \$1 for postage and handling in the U.S. Canadian orders, add \$1.50 each, and foreign, add \$2.25 — U.S. funds only. Call residents, add 8% sales tax.

Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

HI-PERFORMANCE DISC BRAKES BOLT TO STOCK HARLEYS

The most complete line of street and track proven, hi-performance bolt-on disc brake systems are in the current Performance Machine Inc. catalog. Front singles for



1974-77 FX and Sportsters. Dual front systems 1978 to present. Heavy duty rear disc systems for replacement or all out custom applications.

Eye-dazzling calipers, computer machined from solid billet stock.

Cast iron, no warp replacement disc. The best working, best looking master cylinders to be found anywhere.



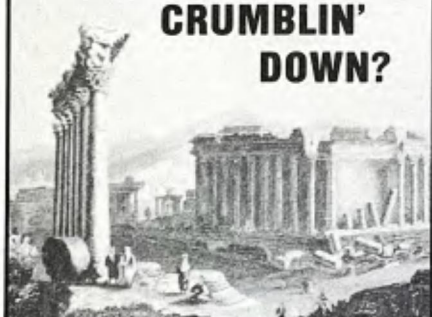
Get all the facts - get this catalog! Send \$3.00 to:



PERFORMANCE MACHINE INC.

15520 Illinois Ave., #3A, P.O. Box 927
Paramount, CA 90723 (213) 634-6532

CRUMBLIN' DOWN?



Is your world crumblin' down around you? Always a day late and a dollar short? Can't seem to get ahead of the game? And to top it all off, some jerk went and used your issue #58 for a kitty litter liner? Well, we can't help you with all the other gut-wrenchin' problems — but we can get ya those issues missing from your collection that you thought had been kissed to the wind.

Please Circle Issue(s) Ordered.

20, 33, 34, 36, 37, 38, 40, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 51, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135.

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

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

Mail to
Back Issues, Box 1025,
Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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

war. But due to the efforts and concerns of Vietnam vets and the National League of Families, things are beginning to change in the halls of Congress.

According to Vol. 130 of the *Congressional Record* (February 23, 1984, for the House of Representatives and February 27, 1984, for the Senate), both houses of Congress have made a joint resolution directing the President to secure an accounting of MIAs in Southeast Asia. The House's resolution is HJ Res. 289 and was introduced by Rep. Douglas Applegate (Ohio); the Senate's similar resolution is SJ Res. 246, introduced by Sen. Exon of Nebraska.

Rep. Applegate, in his speech, said this: "... Four years ago, Mr. Speaker, the media kept the nation mesmerized by counting, up to 444, the number of days of captivity for 52 U.S. diplomats. The count of days greatly exceeds this count for 2490 American servicemen. Who is counting now? Unless we, in the Congress, care enough now, we may not know the fate of these POW/MIAs."

He also stated: "... Vietnam-era veterans have suffered because they got no homecoming, no parades, and no ceremonies of gratitude. Families, too, have suffered because — denied the remains of loved ones — they were denied the ceremonies that cauterize wounded spirits."

The House Resolution was sponsored by 80 other representatives; the Senate version by nine senators besides Exon. Both resolutions are still in committee at this time. Their importance is that they serve as a message. The message for the President of the United States is quite clear. His programs, especially defense programs, are funded by approval of Congress — and Congress is telling him that it wants the MIAs and POWs accounted for, now. And there's a message for the Vietnamese, who want money from the U.S. and an easing of relations — things dependent on the will, the good will, of our legislature.

Do not underestimate these resolutions. The climate is changing this year, there was a National POW/MIA Recognition Day. July 20 was set aside by Congressional resolution and Presidential proclamation and there were commemorative and there will be commemorative ceremonies across the nation. More info is available from the National League of Families.

If you can, contribute to the National League. In return, you'll be placed on their "Concerned Citizens Mailing List" and will receive their newsletter and memorandums. Whatever bucks you can manage will be a helluva help. Here's their address: National League Of Families Of American Prisoners And Missing In Southeast Asia, 1608 K Street NW, Washington, DC 20006.

If I can give up a couple of six-packs to help the cause of POWs, I damned

SAY IT!

T-shirts that'll blow minds

Capable of Evading High Speed Pursuit



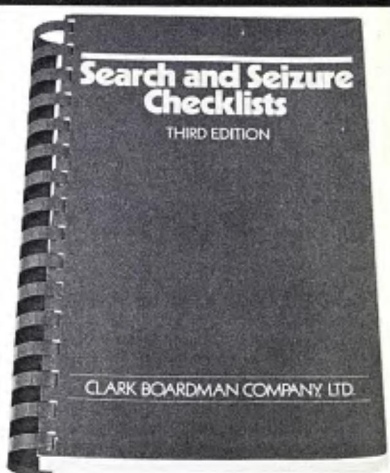
Give them the message with our new shirt, or put 'em in their place with our original design. New design in any color; our other shirt is available in white on black or black on white. Specify which color, which style (F-shirt or new) and what size (small, medium, large or extra large). They go for \$10,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

California residents add 6% for The Man.

F-Shirts
Box 367
Oakview, Calif. 93022

Dealer inquiries
invited.

EVER FIND YOURSELF ASKING, "CAN THE COPS DO THAT TO ME?" KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!



Knowing the difference between a "bad" bust and a legal bust can help keep you out of prison and on your bike. **SEARCH AND SEIZURE CHECKLISTS** is a no-nonsense, complete and up-to-date handbook giving the rules that cops must follow in order to legally justify a search. **CHECKLISTS** also details also the important legal precedents — mostly U.S. Supreme Court decisions — that affect those rules. Information is organized by major search-and-seizure situations for easy access. Send \$16.50 for each book ordered. Postage will be paid in the U.S. No foreign orders. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Paisano Products
Box 1025
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

CLUTCHES OF TROUBLE? BREAKIN' BRAKES?



Guaranteed Not To Break!

LIFETIME Clutch & Brake CABLES For Harley-Davidsons

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

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

It is a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19 — and we won't break! This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, binding or kinks.

74 clutch cable	\$22.00
Extended 74 clutch cable	\$23.00
Mousetrap cable	\$22.00
Extended mousetrap cable	\$23.00
OSSP	\$22.00
Extended OSSP	\$23.00
CSSP	\$22.00
Extended CSSP	\$23.00

Add \$1.00 for postage & handling.
Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025, AGOURA, CALIF. 91301

sure will. Don't tell me you can't.

The Veterans Vigil of Honor people can be reached (with contributions or for info) at Rep. Applegate's Washington office: **Veterans Vigil of Honor**, c/o Hon. Douglas Applegate, 2464 Rayburn HOB, Washington, DC 20515.

The Defense Dept. *POW/MIA Fact Book* is available from the Government Printing Office, whose address is available at libraries.

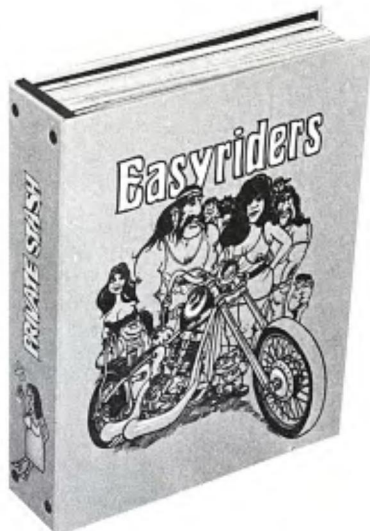
Last and not least, we vets can join in by sending petitions directly to the Vietnamese themselves, and we are urged to do so by the National League of Families and all veterans groups. Public opinion counts, perhaps especially to rank-and-file communists. You can send your own petition (strong, but polite) to the Vietnamese Mission to the U.N., but it would be better to get out a typewriter or print the following: *As American citizens, we strongly urge the release of all U.S. servicemen and civilians remaining in your country, both living and dead. While we are thankful for the men you have returned, we are distressed that efforts by your government and people have not yet resulted in the accounting of our men. Please move swiftly to end the pain and suffering of the families in this country who await word on their loved ones.*

Use this wording (taken from the petition used by the National League of Families) or create a similar one. Below that message leave space for other signatures in addition to your own. After obtaining all the signatures you can, mail to: **Socialist Republic of Vietnam Mission to the United Nations**, 20 Waterside Plaza, New York, NY 10010.

Every April 8, I remember the one lousy night I spent missing-in-action in a Lao valley in 1967. That was diddy-shit compared to a single day in a commie prison. And some of our men may have spent *more than 15 times* 365 of those days over there. Try to imagine it — and then say you won't do anything. ■ 29



"George always wanted to be a biker."



CLASS BINDERS

\$10.00

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

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

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

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

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

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

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Calif. res. add 6% sales tax.

GENERAL STORE

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

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

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

THE FINEST MOTORCYCLE CLOTHING IN THE WORLD

Langlitz Leathers

The finest custom made leathers for the pleasure or sport rider. Factory direct only. Catalog available. Send \$1.00 for CATALOG (Refund on first order)

2448 S.E. DIVISION, PORTLAND, ORE. 97202

ANOTHER GREAT ISSUE!

Jammer's Handbook #19

75 Page Sportster Spectacular!
22 Pages Of Harley Softail!
100's Of Great Parts On Sale
Tips On Tech Stuff!
And A Wild Woman Tool!

Send \$3.95 to: Jammer's Handbook #19
27771 Avenue Hopkins • Valencia, CA 91355

STASH-IT®

Use it... or lose it!



All Steel • Made in U.S.A.
Watertight • D-Cell Size
Stash-it® allows devices to work (minus 1 battery)

\$9.95 (introductory price)
\$1.50 shipping and handling per order. COD add \$1.50
Calif. residents add 6% sales tax
money orders, VISA, Mastercard

IMS Enterprises 2995 Woodside Rd., Suite 430-115, Woodside, CA 94062, (415) 363-1993



All oil-tanned
Leather Uppers
ONLY \$64.95 \$500 shipping

Manufactured by
Carolina Boot Company
since 1883.

Stock No.	Size	Color	Height	Sole	Safety Toe
115	6-13 D.E.E.	Black	12"	Neoprene	Yes
116	6-13 Med.	Black	12"	Vibram	Yes
902	6-13 Med.	Black	13"	Neoprene	No
112	6-13 Med.	Brown	15"	Neoprene	Yes
118	6-13 D.E.E.	Black	17"	Neoprene	Yes
111	6-13 Med.	Brown	17"	Vibram	Yes

Send \$2.00 For Complete Catalog of Chaps, Vests, etc.

M&M Boot Company
P.O. Box 373-I
Coldwater, MI 49036
Allow 3 weeks on personal checks
Foreign orders, add \$35.00 insured
MC/VISA customers call 1-517-278-7446

Get the Thrill of Motorcycling

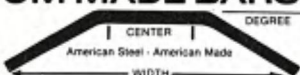


KING OF ALL SPORTS

HARLEY RIDERS
— SAVE —
Many new parts for Harley
twins at below retail. Send
\$1.00 for catalog.
HARLEY PARTS
P.O. Box 142028
Columbus, Ohio 43214

CUSTOM MADE BARS

Bent to your
Specifications
Show Chrome
DRAGS - \$15
4-BENDS - \$39
50% deposit req.
Shipping - Add \$3
Send \$1.00 cash for brochure
with info on custom and quality
production bars. 30 popular styles at
reasonable prices.



CALIFORNIA DESIGNS
P.O. Box 3035
Lakewood, CA 90711-3035
Satisfaction Guaranteed 15 years Experience

CUSTOM HARLEY PARTS

CYCLE RIDER
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
REASONABLE PRICES

13355 S. Hawthorne Blvd. 13329 Sherman Way
Hawthorne, CA 90250 North Hollywood, CA 91605
Tel: 1-213-676-2264 Tel: 1-818-983-0210

10% OFF WITH THIS AD

ANDREW'S CAMSHAFTS • CARBURETORS IGNITION COILS TRANSMISSION GEARS

PERFORMANCE PARTS FOR STREET & COMPETITION

Send for FREE 1984 CATALOG to:

5212 Shapland Ave. Rosemont, IL 60018 (312) 992-4014

BRITISH CYCLE
SUPPLY COMPANY

FACTORY-AUTHORIZED
TRIUMPH DEALER

PHONE
TODAY FOR:

* ORIGINAL * REPLACEMENT * SPEED * CUSTOM *

PARTS & ACCESSORIES FOR TRIUMPH — BSA — NORTON (902) 542-7478 IN STOCK PARTS LINE

P.O. BOX 119, WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA, B0P 1X0.
VISA/MASTERCARD OR PREPAID ORDERS SHIPPED
WORLDWIDE (OR C.O.D. IN CANADA).

SOLID STERLING SILVER RINGS

LARGE SKULL \$65 VIKING \$45
Size 11 (Lg.) Size 8 (Med.)
SMALL SKULL \$35 DEMON \$60
Size 9 (Sm.) Size 10 (Lg.)



Postage paid. Cashiers check or money order. Colo. residents add 4%. Allow 2-3 weeks. 15-day return privilege if not satisfied. \$1.00 and SASE for catalog. Foreign orders, add \$3.50 shipping and handling.

SIEGFRIED

P.O. Box 29187, Dept. ER, Thornton, CO 80229

MOTOR CYCLES

OBsolete HARLEY PARTS
GOVT SURPLUS H-D PARTS
OLD H-D TOOLS & ACCESSORIES

CATALOG \$4.00 (616) 887-0812
ANTIQUE CYCLE CEDAR SPRINGS, MI 49319

PIGGY MALONE'S NOMAD CATALOG
FREE (smoking accessories). Allow 4-6 weeks or send \$1.00 for immediate delivery: Piggy Malone's, P.O. Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709

TATTOO SUPPLIES

World's finest tattooing equipment®

Fast, reliable service — 10,000 tattooers can't be wrong.

100-page color catalog, \$3. Foreign, \$5.

Spaulling & Rogers Mfg., Inc.
Dept. CSER, New Scotland Road
Voorheesville, New York 12186 USA

LBV ENGINEERING

ENGINEERED FOR PERFORMANCE in
HARLEY-DAVIDSON Swing-arm 74 MOTORCYCLES
FL • FLH • FLHS • FX • FXE • FXS • FXWG

AUTOMATIC/HEAVY-DUTY
REAR CHAIN TENSIONER

FEATURES
Reduces Chain Noise and Vibration
Reduces Chain and Sprocket Wear
Less Frequent Rear Chain Adjustment
Smoother Shifting
E-Z to Install
Made in U.S.A.



\$44.95 List Price

We pay shipping.
Orders shipped within Ten Days
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Send order or inquiry to:
LBV ENGINEERING
830 Foster Ave.
Bensenville, IL 60106

GERMAN W.W.II HELMET
(ORIGINAL-Repainted)
ONLY \$50.00 (plus DELIVERY CHARGE IN ALABAMA)
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
COLLECTORS! SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
W.W. II Medals, Civil War Hats, Flags, etc. 100's of items
The COLLECTOR'S ARMOURY, Inc., Dept. ER
800 SLATERS LANE, P.O. BOX 1061, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22313

PHOTO ID

IN FULL COLOR - SEALED IN PLASTIC
Good in All States and Provinces
— FREE BIRTH CERTIFICATE —
Fast Service • Moneyback Guarantee
SEND \$6.00, Name, Address, Sex, Height, Weight, Color Hair, Eyes, Birthdate & Small Photo.
CARDINAL PUBLISHING, Dept. 410
2071 Emerson, Box 5200 • Jacksonville, FL 32201

V-6 or V-8 Front Engine Trikes
Easy-to-assemble kits or ready-to-ride models with auto. trans. seats 3. Call/ write for free information.
Front Engine Trikes, Inc.
1205 W. Applegate Dept. E
Jeffersonville, IN 47130
(812) 288-6405

Quality Leather CHAPS

\$49.95 \$89.95

Suede Top Grain

Includes Postage & Handling

Be protected and comfortable in these

stylish chaps. Many custom features.

•Handcrafted from the finest

American leathers

•Double stitching

•Heavy-duty aluminum zippers

•Wind-proof flaps

•Adjustable waist (front & back)

for perfect fit

•Easy to zip on and off

Buy directly from our

workshop at wholesale.

Call (617)487-9171 (open 24

hours everyday including Sunday)

or send check, money order

or card number & exp. date to:

BARNSTABLE RIDING, Box 837, Dept. E,

North Truro, MA 02652. All sizes available.

State print size (waist and inseam) and color (black, gray or chocolate).

We process your order same day.

If you are not completely satisfied, return as shipped for a full refund.

MASTERCARD VISA DISCOVER UPS COD

(617)487-9171

LADIES BOOTS

ALL OIL-TANNED
LEATHER UPPERS

ONLY \$84.95

\$5.00 shipping

STOCK NO.	HEIGHT	SIZE	COLOR	SOLE	SAFETY TOE
7913	17"	6-10 M	Black	Neoprene	Yes
7914	17"	6-10 M	Brown	Vibram-lug	Yes

M&M BOOT COMPANY

P.O. Box 373-1

Coldwater, MI 49036

LEATHER FOR A BIKER, BY A BIKER.

Allow 3 weeks on personal checks.

Foreign orders, add \$30 insured.

MC/VISA customers, call

1-517-278-7946

BEAR FACTS POSTER



BEAR FACTS

\$3.00

Postage Paid

OR

2 for \$5.00

Postpaid

Cash or

Money Orders

No Checks

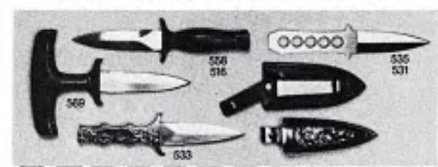
LAINE-ARTS PRODUCTIONS

P.O. Box 1595 Elyria, OH 44036-1595

© 1984 John Chizmadia

KNIVES FOR GO-NOT SHOW

440 STEEL WITH LEATHER CLIP-ON SHEATHS



City Overall sizes listed

— #533 6 1/2" \$26.95

— #516 9" 23.95

— #558 7" 18.95

— #531 8 1/2" 25.95

— #535 6" 19.95

— #569 6" 25.95

-N- SUCCESSORIES, INC.

562 RT. 110, HUNTINGTON STA., NY 11947

(516) 549-4279

Name

Address

City State Zip

Amount Money Ord. Check, M.C., Visa

Credit Card No. Exp. date

Add \$2.00 shipping & handling per item. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery

NY State res. add 7 1/4% sales tax.

Leather CHAPS

Guaranteed First Quality

These are top quality leather chaps, made of rugged split cowhide with heavy duty steel zippers, adjustable waist and available in four sizes.

Thigh Size to insure Proper Fit

SM MED LG X-LG

21 22 1/2 24 1/2 25-up

COLORS: BLACK OR BROWN

PRICE:

\$49.95

Plus \$3.00 for Postage and Handling

U.S. ONLY

When ordering, please specify quantity, color, and size.

Send money order or cashier's check in U.S. funds.

Payable to:

LEATHER PRODUCTS

525 Washington Street Lynn, Mass. 01902

(617) 583-8757

MC/VISA NO. Exp. Date

If you are not completely satisfied, return order as shipped for a full refund.



Dunks Against MAD Mothers

FIGHT BACK!

Wear a D.A.M.M. T-shirt

Only \$8.50 S-M-L-XL

White print on black shirt

D.A.M.M. NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

1223 Witte Rd., Box 1080

Houston, TX 77055

TATTOO SUPPLIES

Complete with two points (outliner and colorer), plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries; no electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks or do it for fun. \$99, plus \$3 postage. Send money order only for \$102.10:

S & W Tattooing, Inc.

P.O. BOX 263, EAST NORTHPORT, NY 11731

COMING IN DECEMBER Bikers Bulletin Board



Strutless Fender

For H.D. 74 Swing Arm Frames

Internally Welded Struts and Tail Light

Bracket. Bolts Right On. Send \$195.00

Make Money Order Payable To: M.B.

For More Information P.O. Box 25

Call 516-791-5171 Lynbrook, N.Y.

Wk Dys 12-6 pm 11563

TRUETT & OSBORN

100% GUARANTEED
STROKER FLYWHEELS

\$170.00

96" SPORTSTERS, 110" BIG TWINS

COMPLETE ENGINE BUILDING

FOR STREET OR STRIP

Send \$1.00 FOR CATALOG/PRICE LIST

TRUETT & OSBORN, 3345 E. 37th SOUTH, WICHITA, KANSAS 67216

(316) 682-4781

FREE!

Bigger - More Powerful
Muscles .. Faster! Unique
muscle pumping methods

Free Booklet & Reports!

Send name & address to:

UNIVERSAL-A, Box 6694, Detroit, MI 48240

LOBO COMPANY Rear Fender Carriers

B-Long,
\$25.

Colors available:
Black, Red, Silver, Lt/Dk. Blue
Lt/Dk. Brown.

P.O. Box 2238
Canyon Country, CA 91351
(805) 252-9162 (weekends only)



A-Short, \$30.

Check or money order.
U.S. funds & orders only.

BIKE BOOTS

WHY PAY \$65 to \$95?
\$49.88

Add \$3.00 Postage

- Made in U.S.A. by Carolina
- 16-inch safety-toe BIKE BOOTS
- Black leather
- SIZES 6-13 D or EE WIDTH
- 16" Brown with lug sole #111-\$54.88
- 13" Black safety Engineer #115-\$45.88
- 10" Size Zip Paratrooper #955-\$44.88



#118

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-433-6344

ORDERS SHIPPED WITHIN 24 HRS.

OKUN BROS. SHOES

356 E. South St., Kalamazoo, MI 49007
Mich. res., call 1-616-342-1536

Expose Yourself to maximum

Radio-Activity!

Experience "The Finest" American made, Voice activated two-way radio, providing Bike to Bike communications and Rider Passenger Intercom.

After extensive product evaluation, Radio-Active Concepts offers what we have determined to be state of the art excellence!

Custom engineered by Maxon Electronics, these exceptional, hi-performance, multi-function systems incorporate dual conversion superhetrodyne receivers, providing:

- Crystal clear bike to bike communications.
- Approx. 1/2 mile service area.
- Adjustable boom mic. helmet adaptable rider passenger headsets.
- FM commercial broadcast receiver (weather, music etc.) with voice circuit override.
- Protective vinyl case and battery charger included.

Model 49HR \$599 Free Delivery.
Model 49HI \$799 (Less FM broadcast RCV.)

Send cashiers check money order or allow 4-6 weeks for personal checks.

Please specify model and number of units ordered.
Radio-Active Concepts! For additional info, write "Send

P.O. Box 8759 info. write "Send
Mesa, AZ 85204 More info" C/O
(602) 835-1686 Radio-Active Communications

Don't blow a nut try'n to out scream your putt.
"we have ways of making you talk"



More people have
survived cancer than
now live in the City of
Los Angeles.
We are winning.

Please support the
"AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY"
This space contributed as a public service

NEW FISH TAIL MUFFLER



Styled from original early Pan Head. Triple Chrome Plated for lasting beauty. Replacement for 58-up swing arm Pan Head. 3 in. dia.

new EXHAUST PIPE SETS
FOR H-D's FXST and FXRS Exhaust
Systems for evolution motors.

Custom/Obsolete Parts Catalog \$3.00

PAUGHCO INC. P.O. Box 3390
Carson City, NV 89702-3390
(702) 246-5738 DEPT. E



T-Shirts!

It's DAMN MAD!

DESIGNERS AGAINST
VALUOS, MOTOBIKE &
MOTOBIKE

Black or White • S - M - L - XL

Your Choice \$7.95

State size & color, style 1 or 2

Add \$1 postage ea. shirt • CA residents 6% tax

Send check or money order to:

SLEEZY T's

7737 Fair Oaks Blvd., Suite 477
Carmichael, CA 95608

REAR FENDERS

To fit 74 or 80
BIG TWIN
HARLEY
DAVIDSON

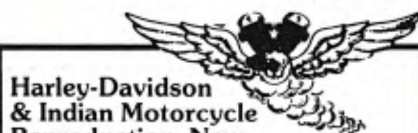


Rigid frames. For 1936 to 1957
Models. Includes 4 trim pieces.

\$187.50 (UPS included within
Continental U.S.)

DAVID SARAFAN

PO Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977
914-356-1080



Harley-Davidson
& Indian Motorcycle
Reproduction, New
old stock, replacement
parts & accessories.

New & Used Parts —
Restoration — Exporting
Send \$5.00 for 150-page
Vintage Parts Catalog.
Foreign, \$12.00 (airmail).
Send \$3.00 for Used Parts Catalog;
Foreign, \$5.00 (airmail).

M.F. Egan's Vintage Motorcycle
P.O. Box 738
Los Alamitos, CA 90720 USA
(213) 596-6241

HEY!

For \$185.00, a one-inch ad will
reach over **ONE MILLION** read-
ers every month. More info? Call
(818) 889-8740.

You don't have to be a
Black Belt to wear this
martial arts T-shirt.

Top quality, USA-made, 100% cotton.

S-M-L-XL.

Send money
order for \$10 to:



U.S.B.B.
P.O. Box 93
Oakview,
CA 93022

Universal Society of Black Belts, promot-
ing goodwill in martial arts since 1964.

X'Rated Biker Party MOVIES

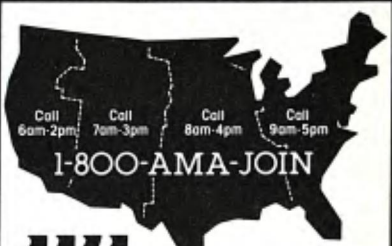
on VHS video cassette

Send \$39.50 to: MB



MB
240 Maple Ave
Suite 108
Rockville center N.Y.
11570

Call TOLL FREE for
Membership Information



AMA

AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST ASSOCIATION



PIN-UP
PHOTOGRAPHY
beautiful girls
in sexy
bras, pants,
and more

P.O. Box 2244
Sarasota, FL 33583-4265

DISCOVER

BLACKGOLD™

The New Standard
in Custom Motorcycle Accessories



A classic new series of custom accessories destined to create a new standard by which to measure motorcycle accessories.

Black Gold accessories combine the traditional mystique of black and the timeless richness of gold. Each piece is a classic in itself, capturing a precise balance of the Black Gold element to contrast with our world-famous chrome. Our detailed wreathed eagle crest is the perfect complement and is our signature to this Classic line.

Open yourself to the limitless possibilities of a truly custom line of motorcycle accessories inspired by a great American tradition.



TM

CUSTOM CHROME™

16160 Caputo Drive Morgan Hill, California 95037

For Serious Riders Only

HEIN GERICKE

World's finest collection of riding leathers



Available at better dealers worldwide.