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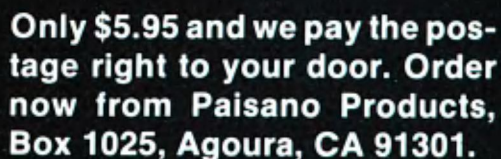
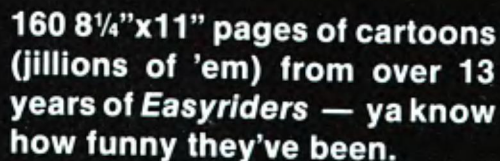


The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale October 30th.



Cover photo of Maggie by Pete Chiodo

**FUNNIEST
MAGAZINE
YOU'VE
EVER READ**



Watch out for your fat-assed ol' lady, men! An ol' lady weighing 280 lbs. sat on her 120-lb. husband to hold him down until the police came, but while waiting, her husband croaked from the compression (big ass) on his chest.

As long as we're on the subject of hump-in' and bumpin', it's illegal for cab drivers in Springfield, Massachusetts, to have sex in the front seats of their cabs during working hours. So, watch it!

The strange-things-you-find-on-the-road file: A biker hit a moose which was out for an evening stroll. The bike was destroyed, and the owner slid down the road a piece. The moose croaked right on the spot—a big mutha—800 lbs. Sometimes it doesn't pay to go for a putt.

How about the poor sap who ran into a herd of water buffalo on the highway? In the collision the biker was impaled through the heart by a water buffalo's horn. Between hunks of rubber on the road, spilled 4' x 4's, gravel, nails, and glass, I think we're all a little masochistic.

There was a big bust—five bars and three homes. They arrested 15 people. Now get this—the operation was called 'Easy Rider' by the police. Can you believe that shit? At least it wasn't Easyriders, or did they just misspell it—as wimps usually do.

In defending her pet pig—yeah, I said pet pig—she said, 'My pig is smarter than a dog, smells sweeter than a baby, and speaks to me in pig language.' She also said, 'A pig has as much right to be a pet as a dog.' Well, maybe, but I bet she can't train it to shit in the neighbor's yard like Rufus does. The judge agreed and sentenced it to the bacon factory.

Did you read about the sheriff and 'a companion' who were recently busted for the theft of a sheep which was discovered by a passing policeman when he saw the sheep being tossed from a motel window? Don't ask me why they tossed the critter out the window—maybe the sheep had a headache once too often.

Now I know this sounds like Miraculous Mutha, but I know she wasn't there because she was in the clubhouse pulling a train. A 300-lb. woman was recently busted (it took four policemen to do it)

for flashing her bare breasts in public. I understand they compared to water-melons, which makes me feel it might have been Mutha.

A prisoner in county jail recently escaped by hiding out in a laundry cart. After he'd been gone a few days he sent the sheriff's office a card conveying his 'Heartfelt sympathy and understanding thoughts in this time of sadness.' And he added to the card's words his own comment, 'Cheer up, it's a Hallmark!'

Can you picture this? A jury and a judge and the necessary court recorder all standing around, looking at a small pony. Near the pony's ass end was the culprit, and the jury was trying to decide if he could have really butt-fucked the Shetland. I don't know the final decision at this point, but the culprit is in jail for sexually assaulting the animal. He had previously been run off from the pony 15 times in the past and for some strange reason the horse kissed him in front of the jury.

A female prison guard filed a grievance against the state, seeking authority to strip-search male inmates. She alleges she doesn't particularly want to watch men take showers or watch them while they are undressing. But she feels that in order to get ahead, she must be able to perform these duties. If she really wants to get a head, all she'd really have to do is take that dogcatcher's uniform off, grab the first handful of nuts she finds, and whisper sweet nothings in the guy's ear.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

framing, and state revenue officials are even printing stamps, similar to those on cigarette packs, in ounce, gram, pound, and kilo denominations.

"The new law, officials say, could bring in millions, because the state can seize the property of pushers arrested with unstamped dope."

Bob
Camp Verde, Ariz.

Annoyed

□ In reading "Biker's Digest" (July '84), I was annoyed (to say the least) by what pseudo-commentator Steve Iorio from *Supercycle* and others like him in previous issues have said about the quality of Harley-Davidsons. I can only conclude that they are totally ignorant when it comes to anything with two wheels (perhaps tricycles are more suited to them).

Harley riders know what they are and don't waste time putting down imports; they spend it riding reality. I get tired of reading and hearing that Harley doesn't do this and doesn't do that. The wimps who make these statements are just that: wimps. Remember, Harley riders don't ride motorcycles — they love motorcycles. Try loving an import.

Dennis Harrell
Dahlgonega, Ga.

□ I've been reading *Easyriders* for over five years now and have enjoyed every issue very much. While on vacation earlier this year I picked up a copy of *Supercycle* and thought it stunk. Publisher Steve Iorio is so down on Harley-Davidsons that it makes me and my bros wonder why his rag features nothing but Harleys. Kinda like biting the hand that feeds him, don't you think?

Since I was in the area I decided to stop by his office (a real dump) and meet this jerk in person. He explained to me that Harley is fading fast and his new engine, the Super Vee, will make him a millionaire real fast. As Mr. Iorio was pounding on his new engine design with a hammer, he exclaimed, "Everyone in America will own one and I will be a new god to look up to. My 350 Chevy engine will revolutionize the motorcycle industry and the Japs and Harley lovers will be going nuts over my design."

No Contest

□ I've been gettin' your rag every month for about three years now and have ordered damn near everything in it. I just got your July '84 issue and have never been so pissed off at you guys as I am now. You had that *Easyriders* \$100,000 Sweepstakes on page 34, and us guys in Canada couldn't even enter it.

Caveman
Calgary, Alberta

■ Your government wouldn't allow the contest in Canada, as was true in two of our states — Florida and New York.

Bikers in Movie

□ After reading the letter in the August issue about the movie "Tank," I thought I'd add something.

The reason the movie shows bikers doing something right is simple: Lorimar Productions used real scooter people recruited from the Atlanta area. They treated us great, provided cold Budweiser, and actually asked our opinions on our part of the movie.

The "club colors" you saw are not real. Lorimar asked us to come up with an imaginary club and they did the colors. But we all wore our own stuff and rode our own scooters.

So if you get a chance, go see "Tank." It's a funny flick, and Lorimar deserves our business. They are good people, and you'll finally get to see some bikers who are good guys — not "villains of the week."

Magic
Smyrna, Ga.

Ass Man

□ Nice backs ("Here's The Beef," August '84)! I ain't seen nothin' like that in many moons. I know opinions are like assholes, but this is comin' from an expert. My congratulations to fellow connoisseurs of some of the finest things on this earth.

Sodomizin' Sam
Walla Walla, Wash.

An Opinion

□ To J.J.: Man, you assed up writin' that poem of yours for Hildi. If you check out the Southern belle in the September '84 issue (the same one the poem's in), I think you'd have to agree with me that Melody's got the best fuckin' buns of the two, not to mention that she's a helluva lot better lookin' than Hildi.

Ears
Paragould, Ark.

Bushwhackers

□ Fuckin' great, man! That's right, I'm talkin' about the story "Bushwhackers" in the July '84 issue. Of all the stories you guys have printed, this has to be one of the best ones I've ever read.

Shack
Decatur, Ill.

Right On!

□ I'd just like to say something in regard to Jody Via's "A Toast" in the July '84 issue. Right fuckin' on!

Denise K.
Lynn Lake, Manitoba

□ I just read a poem called "A Toast" by Jody Via and it struck home. It made me feel great to be a biker's ol' lady, and at the end it made me laugh. I've always liked Jody's work and hope to keep seeing more — lots more. Keep up the good work, Jody and *Easyriders*.

Harley's Ol' Lady
Texarkana, Tex.

□ In regard to the poem Jody Via wrote in your July '84 issue, it was really a nice thing to say. And even though I can't believe y'all printed it, I would like to say that I'm very glad to know that there are some of you bros out there who are thinking enough of us ol' ladies to write a poem as nice as that one.

Fussy
Greenwood, S.C.

Liked Tina

□ I walk into my living room only to find my ol' man drool-

ing all over himself and looking silly as hell while he's got his nose stuck in your July '84 issue. While I'm getting dinner on the table his nose is still stuck in there and I'm wondering what badass scoot could keep his attention that long. So I finally talk him into putting the rag down and eating dinner. After dinner he runs back into the living room and picks up the rag again. He turns back to the page he was drooling over before and starts drooling all over it again.

The next day I get him off to work and decide to check out the captor of his usually very short attention span. Holy shit! That ain't no scoot he's been drooling over. But speaking as a lady with an eye for beauty, the chick he drooled over for more than two hours is fuckin' beautiful! Now I ain't no dog, but I ain't no Miss America either. This Tina chick is breathtaking. My compliments to Spider for finding her.

Jalapeno Ass
Houston, Tex.

□ Hey, I gotta tell ya that apparently Spider's taste in fine women is definitely undeniable. The fine lady Tina on your July '84 cover is a fuckin' fox! I would eat her underwear and wash 'em down with her bath water.

Bodeen
Jefferson City, Mo.

Hey, Spider

□ I was reading the February '84 issue of *Playboy* and came to "Forum Newsfront." Here's what was in it. "New tactic: In a novel approach to the drug problem, Arizona is now requiring dealers of marijuana and other controlled substances to obtain a \$100 state license before doing business. In addition, the dealers must pay a tax of ten dollars per ounce on the sale of pot and \$125 per ounce on any other illegal drugs."

"The \$100 fee includes a license certificate suitable for

The only reason Steve Lorio has a rag on the stands is to sell his own parts, the copy for which takes up about half of the magazine. Making lots of money selling Harley parts but claiming to hate Harleys makes no sense to me.

Big Jake
Oceanside, Calif.

Fucked Up Again

While reading the 1984 Special edition of *Easyriders*, I noticed that y'all done fucked up again. The photo spread on club cards contains a "club card" from the 32nd AADCOM MAIT in the upper right-hand corner of page 16. 32nd AADCOM MAIT stands for the 32nd Army Air Defense Command Maintenance Assistance Information Team. What the hell kinda scooter club is that?

Hogger
Schwaebisch Gemuend
Germany

Fuck Him?

Inform Louis Kimzey that if he's so embarrassed about his name that he has to run it backwards in the staff box, he might just as well stick his head up his ass and hang an "out to lunch" sign on his knees. Or maybe he'd rather be in Iran where a name like Siuol Yezmik would fit in.

Cockeyed Junior
Colorado Springs, Colo.

You mean further up his ass?

Pit Bulls

I was just checking out the Sept. '84 issue of *Easyriders* and came across the pit bull controversy. I don't think the first bitch's letter should have been printed, let alone a second letter on the same subject. If I wanted a lesson in fuckin' pit bulls, I'd have bought a dog rag instead of *Easyriders*. I'm not usually the type to complain, but two lessons on "This is the American Pit Bull Terrier" is enough. I mean, give us a fuckin' break.

Teresa Coombes
Long Beach, Calif.

Sore Twats

I have never seen such a collection of garbage as Bob Collins's article "The Trouble With Twats" (August '84).

I don't know where Collins gets his information from, but it is apparent that he has absolutely no idea what he's

talking about.

Secondary *dyspareunia*, for those not familiar with its correct terminology, is painful intercourse, and if it's caused by a physical problem, it can, most times, be treated successfully by a trained professional.

In other cases, painful intercourse may be secondary to nonlubrication of the vaginal tract during the excitement phase. While *dyspareunia* is a symptom, the actual cause of the problem is inhibited sexual excitement and should be treated as such. I should point out that vaginal lubrication is not due to the Bartholin's gland, but rather from the inner wall of the vagina. The presence of this lubrication is not indicative of the female's readiness for intercourse.

Collins is also inaccurate in his correlation between *dyspareunia* and homosexuality. If the woman fears that she may be a lesbian, the chances are that she will suffer from inhibited sexual desire rather than painful intercourse. If this is the case, professional consultation should be sought to enable her to establish her sexual identity.

Your writer treats vaginal infection as if it were no more serious than a runny nose, when, in fact, it can be both painful and dangerous. While anal intercourse may be a cause of it, so may improper wiping procedure, among other things. It also should be stated that the symptoms Collins cites are not exclusive to infections, but are common to some venereal diseases. In any case, a gynecologist should be sought out for treatment.

And as far as Bob Collins goes, I'd advise him to stick to motorcycles, as he knows nothing about women.

M.J.W.
Wilbraham, Mass.

Another Opinion

What the hell happened to *Iron Horse*? I just picked up the May issue and couldn't believe it was the same magazine! It looks as if it was produced by someone's freshman-year journalism class. What a poorly produced piece of shit! Do us all a favor and buy it back from those amateurs before it's ruined for good.

Wes Lively
Beale AFB, Calif.

More Aggressive

To Wanda from Reading, Pa. (July '84): Maybe it's too late. At any rate, this may help. Get more sexually aggressive! Grab the ol' man by the balls and say whatdafuck ya want. If that doesn't get his attention, ya'd best save some scratch for some Spanish fly.

Pacer
Pendleton, Ind.

To Wanda with the weight problem: Your ol' man probably doesn't get turned on by looking at your flabby body. Go on a diet and stick to it. Get on an exercise program and stick to it. But you're probably a liberated woman who is too damned lazy and has no determination or willpower. Maybe you could find a flesh lover who gets turned by rolls of greasy flab.

The Clown
Lethbridge, Alberta

This is in reply to Wanda's letter (July '84): There are a lot of women out here with the same problem. The answers aren't the same for each of us, but I can tell you what worked for me. As for the weight problem, you have to really want to lose that weight for yourself, not just for your ol' man.

As for your ol' man, he has to give a little, too, and be more sensitive to your ego. Those cutting remarks only make you feel worse about yourself and then you eat more. And don't always blame yourself for his lack of interest in sex. You act like it's all your fault because you're overweight and he's such a gem! His lack of interest could be because of work, money, or anything. That's his problem. All you can do is tell him that you're there for him whenever he needs you, which is about all a good woman can do.

Tama
Canfield, Ohio

Regarding Al Goldstein

Fuck you and your sexual shootout. Your brains are in the head of your dick and you've got it up the mail boy's ass!

Sir
Houston, Tex.

How the fuck can that shit-for-brains Al Goldstein challenge us scooter tramps to a lovmakin' contest? His mother must have dropped

him on his fuckin' gourd when he was born. Anyway, I heard he was a little funny.

Dead Head Dan
Ionia, Mich.

Well, you flapped your trap once again, asshole. Listen, cockbreath, if you used your dick half as well as you use your cum trap, you'd still be batting zero.

Little Girl
Toronto, Ontario

True men don't need words to know they're men — they just are!

Why not show your zit-infested face at Daytona or Sturgis? Then we'll all see what a limp wimp you really are.

Weasel's Lady
Houston, Tex.

I figure that you've been trying like hell to score yourself a scooter sweetie. Can't fault ya there. We are pretty special ladies.

Lucifer's Ol' Lady
Coldwater, Mich.

Rhody Run

I was goin' through my September '84 issue and came across the layout that you guys did on the Rhody Run. It really blew my mind when I saw it, being that all the time I've been readin' your rag I never saw you guys do a layout on my old stompin' grounds. I've been going to the Rhododendron Festival since I was a kid. The last year I was at it was in '82, and I'm waiting to go again.

Scooter Bill
Tucson, Ariz.

What Gives

I have just read that the meek shall inherit the earth.

Well, I'm meek and I ain't inherited zip! I mean, what's going on here? All I want is what's rightfully mine, and the way I figure it, I'm due the earth. What gives?

Trip
Torrance, Calif.

Aussie Writer

I'd like to thank everyone who took the time to answer my letter. I got heaps of mail which I'm trying to reply to. It will take a lot of time to do so.

I understand a lot of letters were returned to the States, as we're a month behind down here and I didn't check the post office early enough. So sorry to those who had their mail returned.

By the way, I'm Australian,

SCALE SALE



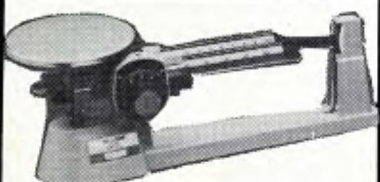
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not Asian. The name is Young, not Yang.

Dianne Young
South Australia

Two Tramps

☐ In reply to "Daytona Warning" ("Wordmonger," September '84): Being that this guy was a tattoo artist and claims to have been busted by a bro named Tramp, I want to make it clear that in no way is this fucker related to Mr. Tramp, the tattoo artist out of Fayetteville, N.C.

I personally know Mr. Tramp and you can bet your last joint he ain't no fuckin' rat — he's 100 percent solid scooter tramp. So, in regard to Howard Evans from Virginia, there seems to be two Tramps out there. If ever you meet the right Tramp, you'll know where I'm coming from.
Bandit Cox
Clinton, N.C.

Question

☐ Why don't more of the police in the good ol' U.S. of A. ride H-Ds?
Vince
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Another Question

☐ I think for one issue you guys oughta just dispense with the chick altogether, and just have some horrible fucking skull on a black background with no writing on the front or anything, except for the name across the top, or maybe some nauseating fucking face like Uriah Heep has on their "Abominog" album, or just something altogether fucking awful just right there lookin' at ya.

Okay, that's all. Thank you.
J.J. Solari
Panorama City, Calif.

Warning

☐ Many bikers are also gun owners and homeowners. I recently bought a "premier" issue of *Home Defense Handguns*. One of the contributors is a writer named Edwin Sanow. He wrote four articles. In two of them he mentions motorcycle gangs (and even used the phrase "drug crazed"). He advocates pulling shotguns on a "motorcycle gang." This guy should be stopped and the publisher should be told that we bikers aren't going to stand for this kind of shit. I've already written them. If anyone else is interested, the address is: Stanley R. Harris (publisher), Harris Publications, 1115

Broadway, New York, NY 10010.

It's bad enough when we get put down in movies and on TV and we're run off the road all the time. But now some gun nut is making targets out of us.

Juice
New York, N.Y.

Bike Women

☐ Your rag *Motorcycle Women* is definitely a bad whammer jammer. I paid a bro who subscribes a can of tobacco for his copy. It was worth every cent.

Al "Butch" Lassen
London, Ohio

ABATE Info

☐ ABATE (A Brotherhood Aimed Toward Education) has now started a national headquarters in Ottawa, Ontario. All ABATE chapters and other motorcycle organizations interested in contact with our chapter, for information about the organization, forming of chapters (in Canada), and membership, please contact Vicky Brown, Provincial Coordinator, ABATE of Canada, Ottawa-Hull Chapter, Box 6529, STN "J", Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K2A 3Y6. Or phone (613) 722-8604.

ABATE of Canada
Ottawa, Ontario

What Happened?

☐ Who slipped and put the pic of the rear fender from "Top Priority" in the layout on "Mexicali Ride" (September '84)?

How about sending me some of that California sinse?

D. French
Greenville, N.C.

☐ Have another slice right away!

Charles
Milwaukee, Wis.

☐ Y'all send me a number of that fine smoke.

The Nomad Desperado
Canon City, Colo.

☐ No raisin pie for you guys this month!

Sweetlips
Vancouver, B.C.

Raisin Pie Recipe

☐ Here I am, sittin' here checkin' out the August '84 issue. I happen across this recipe for raisin pie and all of a fuckin' sudden, yow! The recipe calls for you to stir in the nuts and lemon juice. Fine, no problem. Just burn another number, and go over

the list of ingredients and voila, no nuts.

Now, Steve, not doubting your word, but *what fuckin' nuts?*

J.C.
Carrollton, Ga.

■ Pecans, walnuts, or?

☐ I've been reading *Easyriders* for a few years and of late I've been noticing this bit about raisin pie. Now I can dig a real raisin pie with dough and sugar, but somehow I get the feeling there's more to this than meets the eye or tongue.

I'd appreciate it if you could fill me in.

Gary Schetlick
Belleville, N.J.

■ There's only one kind of raisin pie.

☐ On page 8 of your August '84 issue there's a recipe for raisin pie from Steve Gessler.

In the tenth line of the directions it says, "Heat; stir in nuts and lemon." What nuts are supposed to be stirred in? There are no nuts listed in the ingredients. Someone better get his shit together.

Terry L. Collard
Mundelein, Ill.

■ See first letter.

Tastes Like Shit!

☐ I never heard of raisin pie until I started reading *Easyriders*, so when I saw it in a vending machine at work, I tried it. That stuff tastes like shit! You guys deserve to be rewarded better than that for cranking out a magazine like *Easyriders*.

Richard Reynolds
Hanover, Ill.

■ Spider was in the can once, and those who worked real hard were given a slice of raisin pie every week as pay. Thus he gives us sloba a slice of raisin pie — when we're good.

Bonehead

☐ In response to "Likes Us" ("Wordmonger," July '84): What the flyin' fuck! Some bonehead starts barfin' about how this rag has "a degrading nature and low moral standards" (pretty words, no?) and also has the balls to call the shitheads who publish the rag an "organization."

Am I missing something here or what? The fuck starts off by saying he's a "motorcyclist" and "motorcycle

dealer," but he talks like he fucks his brothers.

Ya know, I look forward to your rag. Takes me two hours to read, and the rest of the month I wonder what happened to reality. (I guess that's why they invented Yukon.) How can any insane human, or any other species, call something like *Easyriders* trash? Of course, the fuck wouldn't sell your rag. Not too many sell in a Vespa shop, I suppose.

So, A.B.M., in New Zealand, get your shit straight. It ain't "Motorcyclists" or even "Motorcycle Enthusiasts" (there's those pretty words again) who have been fightin' for years to improve their public image. To set your feeble fuckin' mind straight, it's "bikers" (yeah, that's right, B-I-K-E-R-S) who fight for the image we deserve.

Mushroomhead
Tustin, Calif.

☐ This is to the fuckhead who sent in "Likes Us": You are one closed-minded, ignorant asshole. Someone needs to remove your eyeballs and let the shit drain from your head.

J. "Scruffy" White
Cozad, Neb.

☐ I think it provides enlightening entertainment (I know some big words, too — just like Spider).

Skeeter
Dover, Del.

☐ Granted, some of the humor in *Easyriders* is a little on the sick side and Miraculous Mutha is a gross pig. But *Easyriders* is printed for a specific audience.

Keep your bed-wetting, mommy-must opinions to yourself.

Bruce Whittaker
Richmond Hill, Ontario

☐ If you had a hair on your AIDS-infested ass, you would make an appearance this year at Sturgis and explain your feelings to us bikers face to face. I know I'd like the chance to explain mine to your face.

The Weasel
Houston, Tex.

Chosen Few

☐ Can you help me to find the address of the Chosen Few MC in New Zealand or other addresses of members of the Chosen Few organization in other countries?

Henrick Christensen
Jutland, Denmark

■ Maybe our readers know.

Mag Sent To Sister

☐ Some jerk who ain't grown up enough to get mail at home has your shit rag sent to my sister's house. I read most everything around just to keep up, and I want you to know that you fuckheads have a really fucked-up attitude about women. Fuck you and your cocks. Who needs 'em?

No-Dick Nellie
Charlotte, N.C.

■ You sound like you do — mine, in your back door.

New Law

☐ Did you all know that in New Jersey (or at least Wildwood, N.J.) you have to wear goggles and/or full face protection or be fined? I heard it's a state law. But I think it's just another means of gettin' bucks for the city of Wildwood. I like wearing my mirrored shades in the wind and havin' the freedom to do it.

A. Baldwin
Philadelphia, Pa.

Whatdafuck!

☐ I've been reading *Easyriders* for a long time now and really like it except for one thing. Why don't you print some serious answers in your fucking column? I've seen quite a few good, serious questions that deserve answers go by unanswered on your pages. A lot of people would benefit from those answers, but we just get left in the dark. Shit, I bet you don't even answer this letter.

Red Bone
Leonardo, N.J.

■ Ask the questions again — I don't usually answer letters when a response is obvious.

German Mag

☐ Tell M.F. from Beacon, N.Y., who asked about a *Motorrad* subscription that he should write to: Motor-Presse-Verlag GmSh & Co KG, Leuschener Str. 1, Postfach 1042, 7000 Stuttgart 1, West Germany.

P.D.
West Germany

Change Image

☐ I'm writing you in reference to the August '84 center-spread by Dave Mann. I'm always reading something in your rag about how the public looks down on bikers and how ya want to change that

image. So why does Dave Mann draw some bikers hangin' out in front of a liquor store drinking, with a sign in the background saying, "No drinking or loitering on premises"? He also draws a dude relieving himself on the side of the store. If you people are really dedicated to changing the image of bikers, why depict them in this manner?

Jim Griess
Canon City, Colo.

■ Blame it on Spider (he furnishes some ideas to Dave) — he says he's nobody's mother.

Women Friends

☐ In response to Mr. Timothy Whittinton (September '84): After several years of observing, interviewing, and researching the psychologically abnormal behavior of shmucks like you, I and my "typical biker women" friends have concluded that 100 percent of all such have the brains of an underdeveloped dirt clod.

Cherie
Tallahassee, Ala.

☐ You could have said anything you wanted about women ridin' their own scooters, but to put a "rat" jacket on 'em is steppin' a bit far outta the box.

Crowbar
Walla Walla, Wash.

☐ I was originally going to tell him to stuff his opinions up his ass where they came from, but he'd probably enjoy that.

Penny
La Mirada, Calif.

☐ Tell your associates to hug my nuts.

Craig "Thorazine" Aarons
Hagerstown, Md.

☐ I don't think you would recognize a biker woman if she bit your dick.

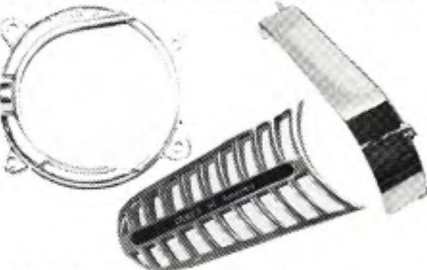
Mad Mike
Orlando, Fla.

Laying It Down

☐ This is in regard to Pockets (September '84): I'm 5'5", weigh 100 lbs., and my first putt was a '63 650 Bonneville Triumph. I had a short extended front end and at first it was heavy. I sat on it and pushed it around to build up my leg muscles. (My ol' man loved that also!) Laid it over on its side and practiced picking it up. In less than a

Continued on page 97

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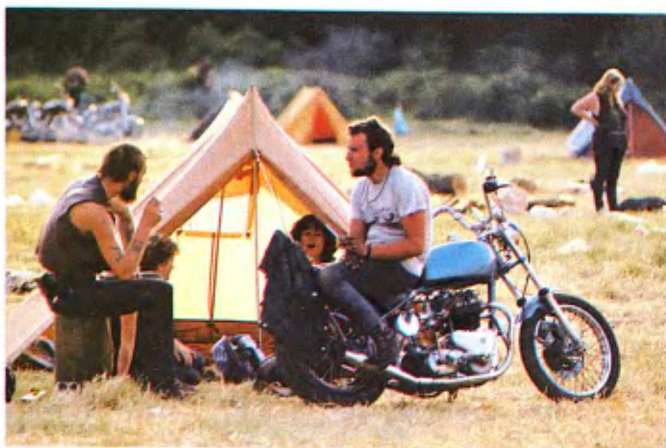
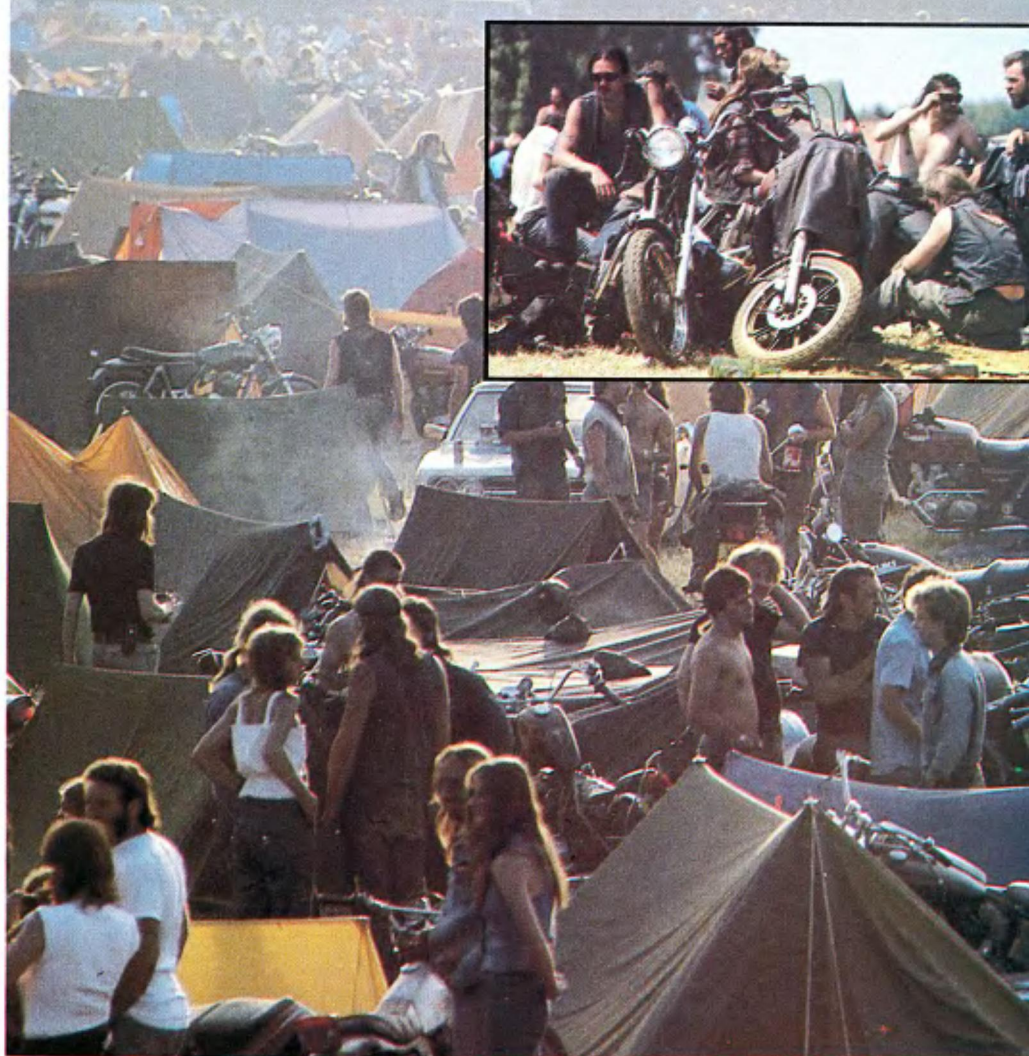
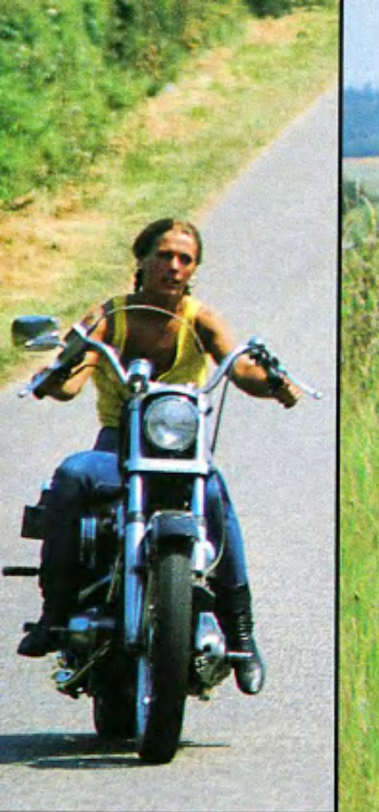


BRITISH BIKER BASH

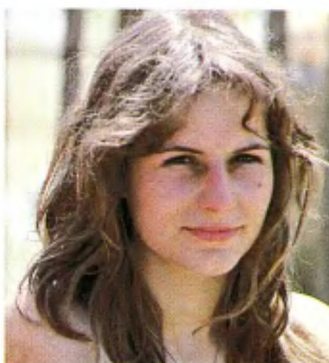


"Some eleven thousand odd bikers made their way down to Kent for three long days of partying and doing whatever bikers all over the world do when they gather together. . ."

by Maz



It's probably kinda hard for stateside bikers to imagine how we do things over here in Europe. Most likely you think that we're all running around on ancient Broughs or Velocettes calling each other "old boy" and having a jolly good time. Well, let me tell you, nothing could be further from the truth. Sure, we have respect for our motor-cycling ancestry, just the same as you have over there, but we do move with the times, and the biker lifestyle over here is very much alive and kicking. Notwithstanding the painfully high price of Harleys and the nonavailability of parts, European bikers somehow manage to build and run some fine scoots. And our social events are none too shabby, either. Take the Kent Custom Bike Show, for

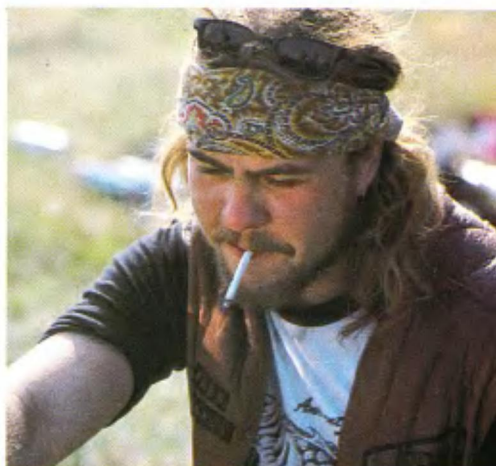


BRITISH BIKER BASH

instance — the biggest event of its kind this side of the Atlantic Ocean — and you'll see what I mean.

Founded in 1979, organized and run by the Kent chapter of the Hells Angels MC, the Kent Custom Bike Show has grown steadily for the past six years.

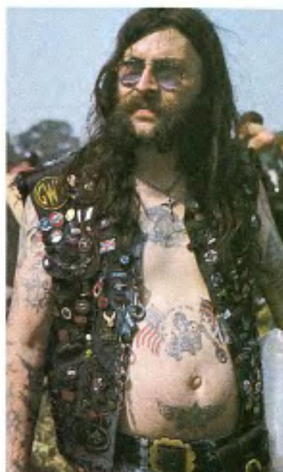
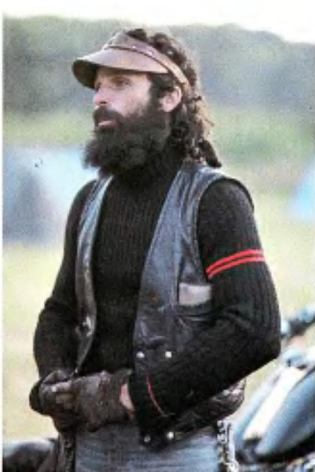
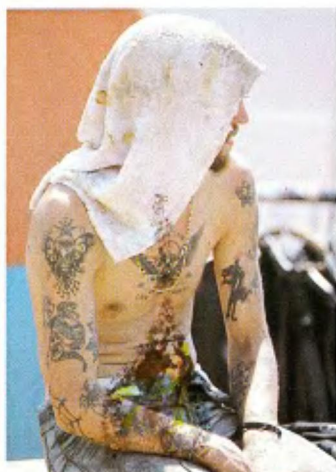




This year some eleven thousand odd bikers made their way down to Kent for three long days of partying and doing whatever bikers all over the world do when they gather together in large numbers and get righteously wrecked. (Okay, okay, so maybe eleven thousand ain't such a big crowd when you consider Daytona or Sturgis, but remember that we British live on a damp little island about a quarter the size of Texas, so give us some slack.) The Kent Show has already been relocated from its old home of five years, the Halfway Cafe, to its present 140-acre site, and every indication is that if it keeps on growing and growing, the new site will soon be in danger of bursting at the seams.

Originally, the Kent Show was created to provide

a venue for custom bikers who were into building genuine road-going chops, rather than flashy show customs which only see the light of day in the back of their owners' pickup trucks. The bikes had to (and still have to) be ridden there, or else they're ineligible for entry. In 1979, this concept of a bike show was a far cry from any other event bearing the same name. For several years custom bikes had been included at indoor car shows, usually well out of sight at the back. Perhaps the non-bike-riding businessmen who sponsored such events didn't want any dirty bikers coming along to their shows — I don't know. But what I do know is that so far as bikes were concerned, the custom scene over here was dying on its feet, with just a few

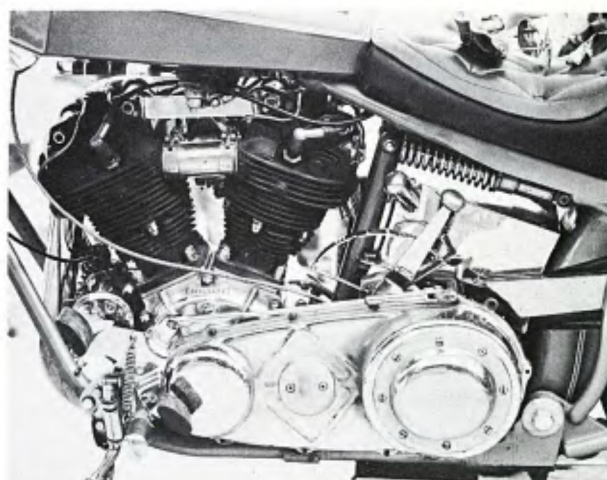


BRITISH BIKER BASH

grossly overdone and highly unridable chops doing the circuit, sleds that would have been laughed out of existence at any respectable biker gathering.

That's where the Angels came into the picture. They thought that they knew much better how a





"proper" bike show should be run. They combined it with a party and invented an instantly successful formula which still survives pretty much the same and goes right on improving with age. As for the "businessmen" who scorned the idea when it was first kicked around and said it'd never work, well, they've all fallen by the wayside, along with their so-called bike shows and their candyassed choppers. Fuck 'em. We don't need 'em. Nowadays, the Kent Show is recognized by serious bike builders as the most important trial of their skill that there is, and it's given rise to a whole new series of similar events throughout the country — run by bikers for their fellow bikers. Can't be a bad thing, then, right?

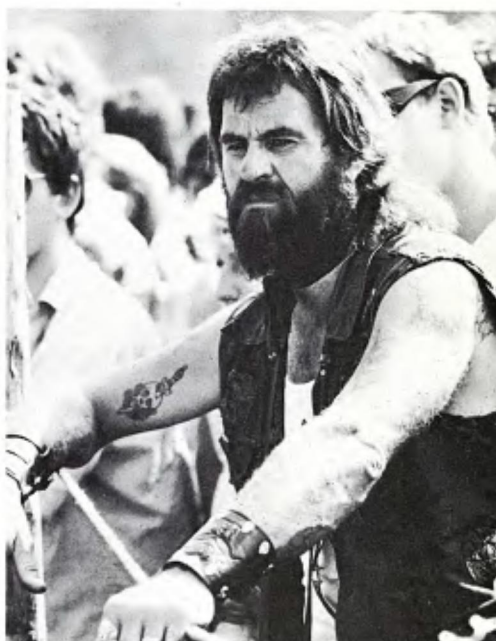
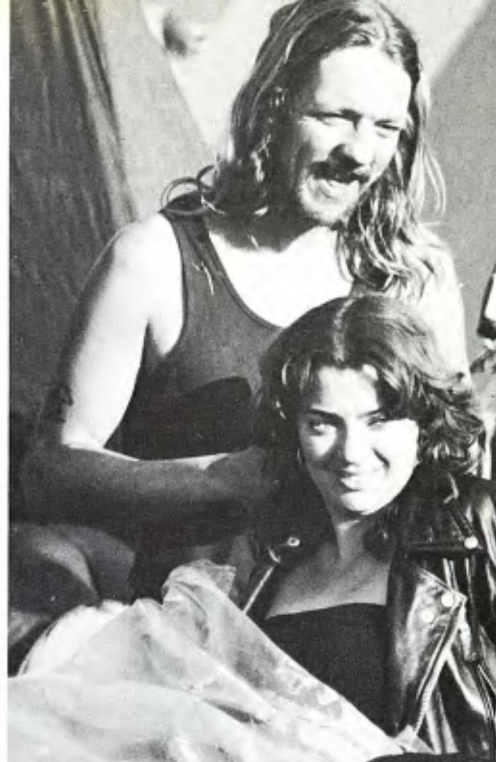




BRITISH BIKER BASH

As the size of the Kent Show increases, so too does the proportion of European bikes in attendance. This year saw a host of license plates from different countries — Holland, France, Sweden, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, even Canada — making it a





Photos by Michael Lichler

truly international gathering. It's a strange thing, but among bikers, the language barrier don't mean a thing. Just get on in there and party, and whether your name is Fritz or Pierre, you'll be just fine. Even the usually temperamental British climate takes time off from its well-established pattern of rain, rain, and more rain, and every year treats the Kent Show to three days of clear blue skies and hot, hot sunshine. I really oughta tell you about the bikes on display, the bands that entertained, and the custom merchants, tattooists, and all the other people who helped make the event the large success it turned out to be, but I ain't got time, and anyway, if you're that interested, come along to next year's Kent Show and check it out for yourselves. See you there.



Sometimes the only difference
between sane and insane is in the
eye of the beholder.

CRAZY

Rebel checked the huge lock for the second time to make sure his beloved flathead was secure from would-be thieves. After yawning widely in the morning sunlight, the big biker made himself a promise to cut down on partying during the week.

"Can't keep fuckin' all night and workin' all day, dumbass," he muttered aloud to himself. "You're gonna end up dead 'fore you're thirty."

No sooner had the words escaped his lips than the memory of the pretty dancer he'd been balling the night before came rushing into his mind. Rebel smiled broadly. "Maybe," he answered himself jokingly, "but the fuckin' undertaker's gonna have a hell of a time gettin' the big fuckin' smile offa my face!"

With that thought still lingering in his head, the biker retrieved the lunch bucket from the left saddlebag and walked inside the stucco building to start the day's work.

Rebel had just punched the time card and was returning it to the slot when the shop foreman approached, clipboard in hand.

"Williamson! I wanna talk to you."

Rebel's muscular shoulders bunched up in

anticipation. Of all the people in the world that the biker didn't want to talk to in the morning, clodhopper Clyde was definitely number one on the list. On several occasions the scooter tramp had nourished thoughts of breaking the man's face but had held back. A decent job was hard to find these days and the money he was being paid by World Carpeting & Tile was good pay under present economic standards.

Besides, Rebel reminded himself silently, I only hafta tolerate this ignorant redneck for a few minutes in the mornin' and again at quittin' time. He turned to face Clyde, a determined smile locked on his bearded face. "What's on your

mind, Clyde?" the big biker asked evenly.

The foreman sucked air in through yellowing teeth. "Well, the first thing on my mind is that damn motorcycle of yours. It's leakin' oil and screwin' up the parkin' lot."

Rebel shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. "Old Harleys do that, Clyde. They don't really leak oil, they just sorta mark their spot."

The foreman failed to see the humor in that statement. "Yeah? Well, whatever, Williamson," retorted Clyde.

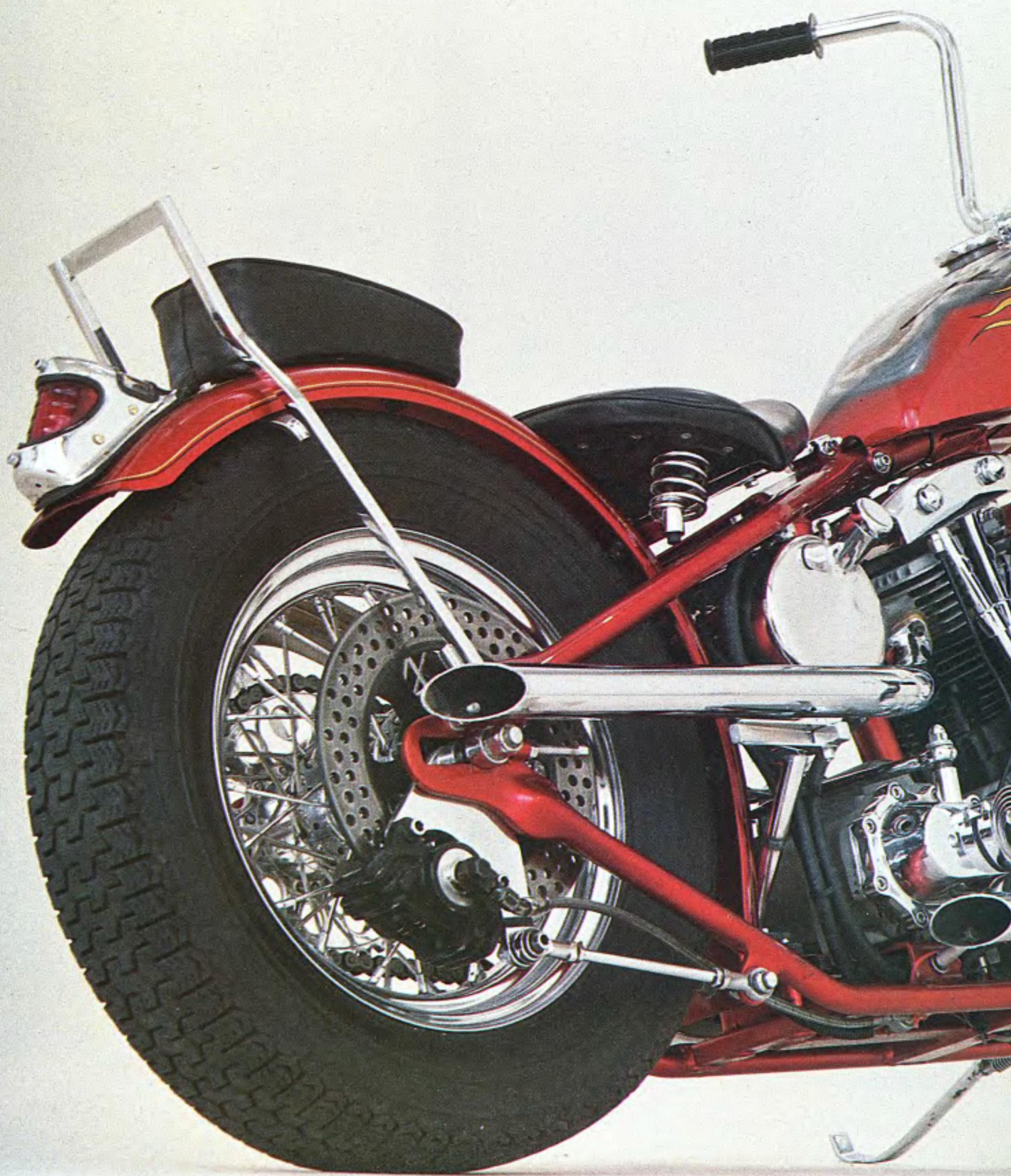
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CHARLIE

BY SILVER



SIZZLER





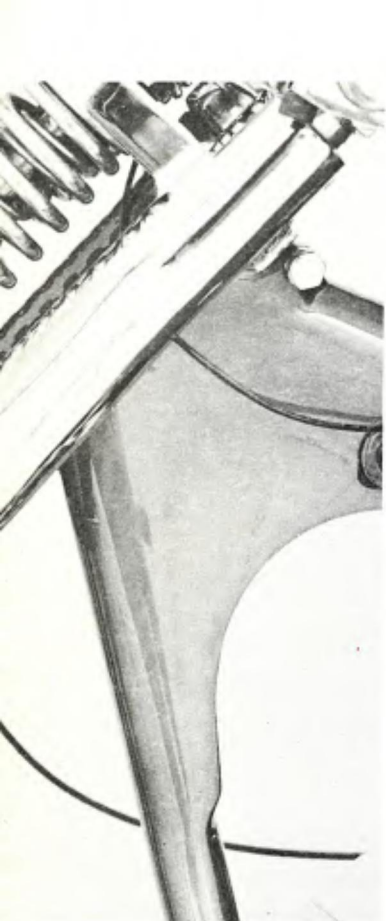
Through sweat-stung eyes I finally saw it — a scooter as hot as the burning pavement below, eye-scorching bright as the smoldering sun above.

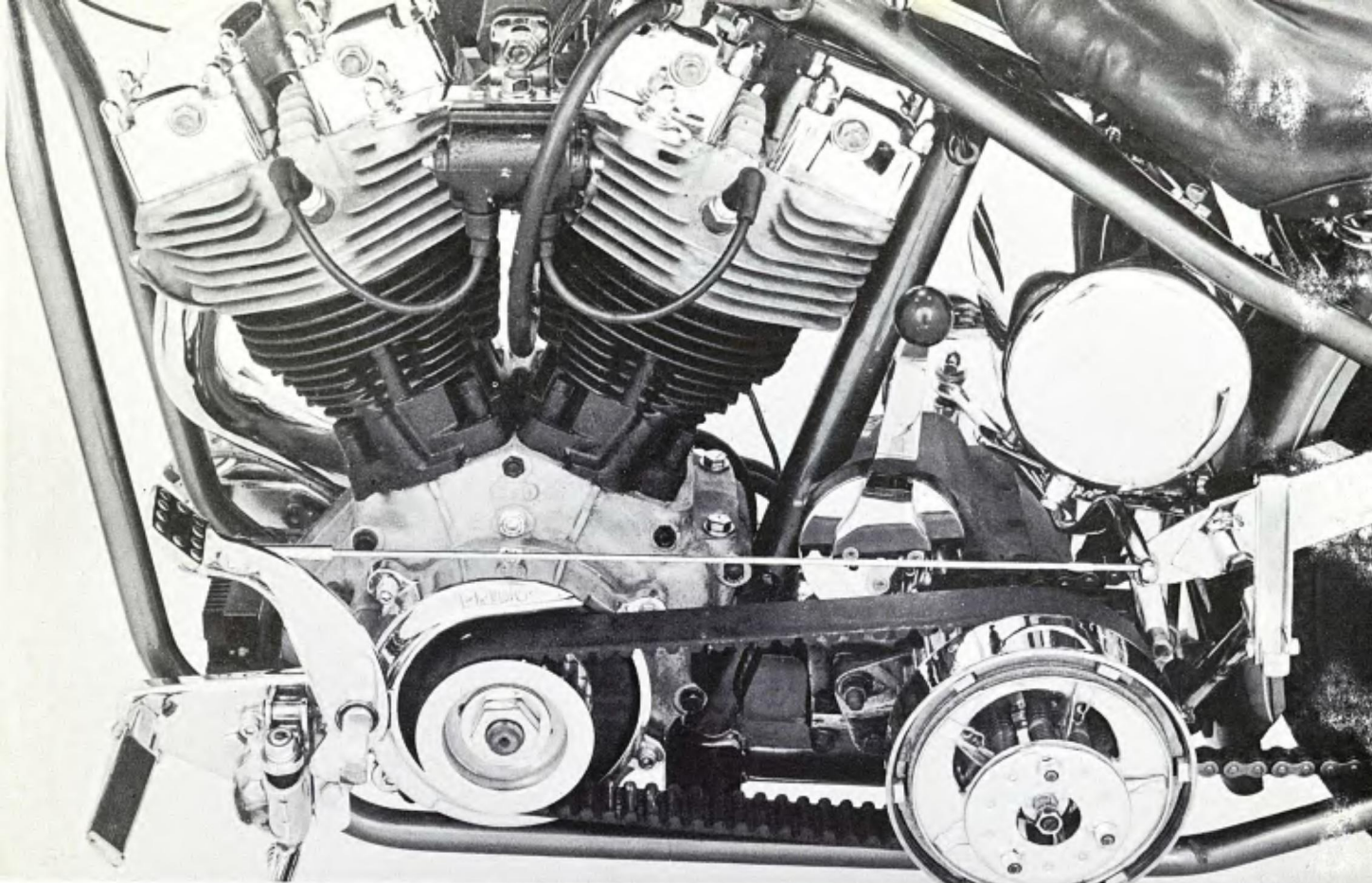
Summer means different things to different folks. For some it's the moisture-flecked "Night Moves" of Bob Seger. For others it's a nonstop party, a time when gettin' home before dawn more than once a week is a bizarre occurrence.

For me summer means one thing: heat. Too damn much heat, too much fuckin' sweat, too much bullshit sun and too much ball-burnin' jock itch.

"Hey, it's great ridin' weather," Madman says. Horse turds, say I. Madman's all of 63 pounds and his bones stick out of his skin when he walks. He's got so little insulation on him that he'd probably catch cold if cannibals tossed him in a pot of boiling waster to make soup du jour.

Great riding weather, my ass. Here's one dude who's quite content to wait until after he's dead to ride through a fiery furnace. My idea of great ridin' weather is one of them spring or fall days when the leaves are every color except





dried-out brown and the water in the streams is cold and clear instead of piss-warm and cloudy.

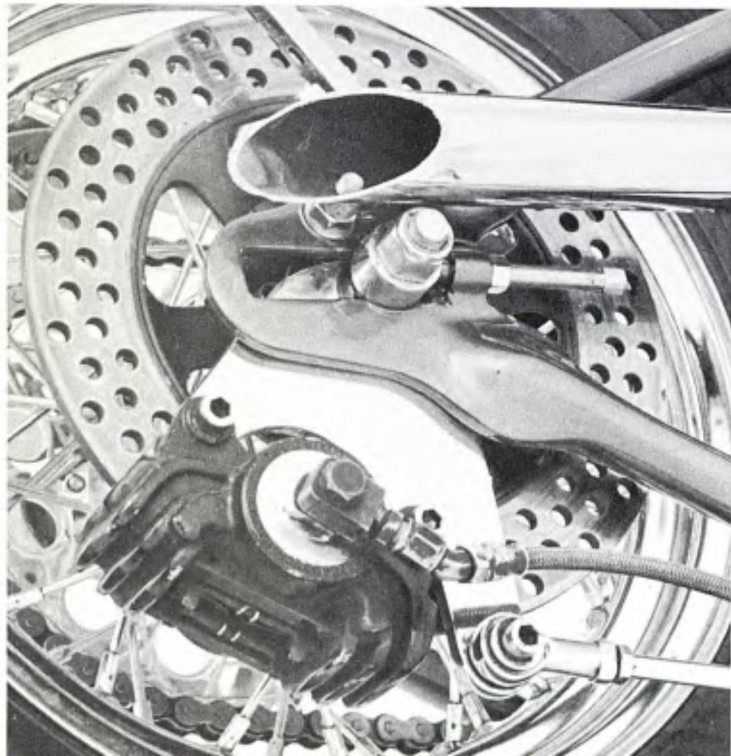
Basically, heat is a drag. Don't believe it? Why the hell do ya think so many righteous folks call cops "the

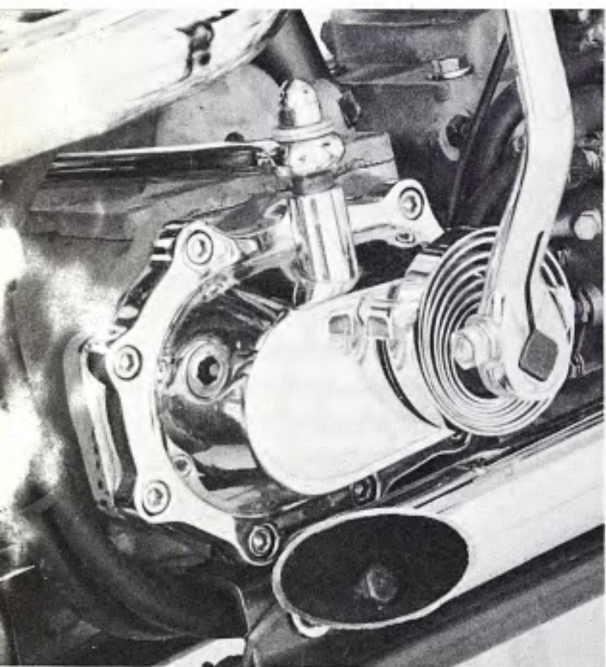
heat"? Gotcha there, right? Right! Even Madman can't argue with that flawless bit of logic. Heat sucks.

'Course there are exceptions to every rule. Not everything hot is bad. There are hot broads, for example.

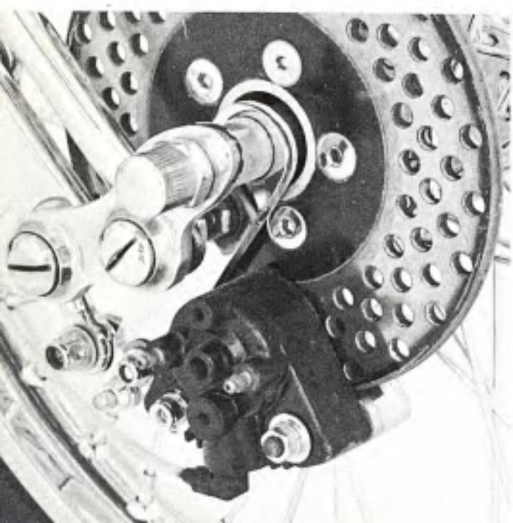
Never met a dude yet who didn't prefer his surrounded cavity sizzlin' rather than icy cool.

Then there are hot bikes. Bikes that grab yer eyeballs like a mirage in the middle of a hot desert. Bikes that





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Frank Toner		City: Southern Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1977 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: FLH		Type: rigid	
Value: over \$100		Rake: 10 degrees over	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4½ in.	
Time: two months		Other alterations: welding by L.A. Custom	
Chroming by: Supreme		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1977		Risers: 3-in. dog bones	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: Tom Folger		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: stock		Taillight: snow	
Displacement: 93 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S lightened		Front pegs: Drag Specialties	
Balancing: Tom Folger		Rear pegs: Drag Specialties	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: battery eliminator	
Cases: STD		Gas tank: 3-gal. Sportster	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: stainless-steel/Bear	
Cam(s): Andrews B		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S Super B		Seat: solo with pad	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: L.A. Custom	
Pipes: drag		Height: 2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: ½-in. square	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews 1st & 3rd		Type: springer	
Year: 1977		Extension: 9 in.	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: Paughco	
Engine sprocket: 14mm Primo belt		Special features: Jammer rockers	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 46		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Bruett		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Bruett		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy apple red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer, polyurethane		Brake: Hurst	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: it's all special			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to McCloskeys and Becky.			

shine brighter than the sun and cook faster than a dog turd on steamy asphalt.

Frank Toner's Hog is one of them hot ones. A bike so hot it looks like it's breakin' the ton when it's standin' still. A classic summer bike, spare and lean like the classic summer beach bunnies who gather around it whenever Frank profiles past

down by the surf.

A classic summer scooter, all right. Built for warm, sultry night moves and sweet sweaty cheeks on the P-pad. A classic summer bike for those long hot rides and nonstop parties. A classic summer bike that should never, ever, be headed home before dawn.

—Trampo



GUITAR SLINGER/JOHNNY WINTER

Guitar Slinger/Johnny Winter: When this record arrived in the mail, the first thing I did was to dig out my copy of *The Progressive Blues Experiment*, Winter's 1969 release on Imperial. If you have a copy, turn the cover over and check out Johnny's changes over fifteen years. The 1969 Winter looks like a refugee from a hippie garage sale. From his Robin Hood jacket to his chic chain necklace, to his Brian Jones soup-bowl-special haircut, to his Merle Haggard autograph-model Roman sandals, he looks like the perfect model for a "How To Spot A Sixties' Nerd" poster.

On the cover of *Guitar Slinger*, Winter looks ready to jump right off the cardboard and tear somebody a new asshole. Across his tattooed bare chest a colorblast demon snarls menacingly. The tattoo on his left forearm

hasn't completely healed, the colorful scabs standing up above the skin. His bicep hints of the troubled days before he kicked smack — spike tracks where he evidently used to hit himself when the veins in his forearm gave out. The gold pendant around his neck is shaped like the Lone Star State and its inscription reads "Native Texan." Winter stares impassively straight into the camera, a cigarette dangling from his lips and his guitar neck aimed straight at your sternum like a sawed-off 12-gauge.

Guitar Slinger is the best album I've heard this year, and that includes the much-ballyhooed Bruce Springsteen release reviewed below. If you like your blues raw and nasty, if you like undiluted, high-octane rock and roll, if you'd like to hear some of the best, no-bullshit blues-guitar playing ever put on vinyl, then grab yourself a

copy of this record.

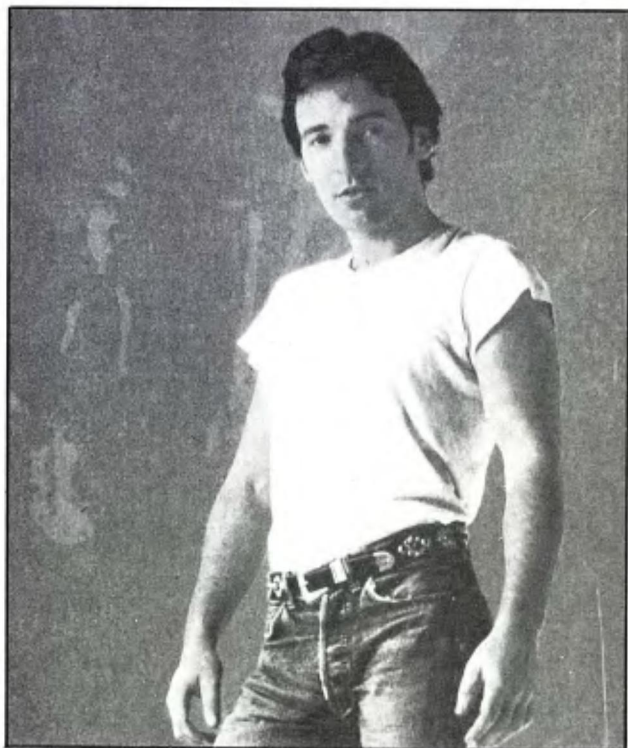
Backed by some of the best blues musicians around today — among others, Casey Jones on drums, Johnny Gayden on bass, Gene Barge on tenor sax, and Billy Branch on harmonica — Winter plays and sings better than I've ever heard him. I think this is his best record to date, and considering that he not only performed on the album but produced it as well, he has a lot to be proud of.

The standard subject matter of the blues — evil women — forms the theme of most of the tunes, and Winter sings with an intensity that leaves no doubt that he's been there. But the recurring message isn't tears and heartbreak over the gal; the message is "Fuck off, bitch." For example, in "It's My Life," the album's opening cut: *It's my life, baby/Let me live it as I please/If things ain't goin'*

to suit you, honey/You can take off with the breeze. And it's no wonder Winter is telling these broads to take a hike — check out the shit one of 'em gives him in "Iodine in My Coffee": You put iodine in my coffee, rat poison in my bread/Every time I get a little sleepy, you stick a log in my bed. This tune is a slow blues number, featuring Winter's impeccable bottleneck work and the wailing harp of Billy Branch. It's the kind of down and dirty stuff you hear around closing time, when that dumpy hooker at the end of the bar is starting to look better and better.

Throughout the album, Winter's guitar work is more relaxed, more under control than ever before. The frenzied, thousand-notes-a-second showboat stuff has evolved over the years into a lean and mean guitar style that's as hard and direct as a ride on Spider's old rigid frame chop. Johnny the Flash crops up here and there, as on "Boot Hill," where Winter's flying fingers rip

Continued on page 118



BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

The Care And Feeding

By Red

"Now that your biker is awake, fed, and sexually satisfied (for now), you may be wondering what to do with him next."

Congratulations! You woke up this morning and found one of those wonderfully strange and unique human beings known as a biker in your bed. First, you must decide if you like him enough to keep him. (See note #1.) Think back. Where did you find this biker? Ask yourself these questions: Did he invite (or force) you to participate in any activity that you found painful, disgusting, illegal, immoral

Illustration by Royce D. Wood



Of Your Pet Biker

or fattening? Did you enjoy it enough to want to see what he comes up with next? If the answer to either of these questions is "yes," it's already too late — if you get rid of him now, he'll haunt your thoughts and dreams forever.

If, after seeing him in broad daylight, you decide that you don't want your biker, don't worry. They're relatively easy to get rid of as long as you don't feed them. If he shows no

signs of waking up by noon (see note #2), there are several surefire methods guaranteed not only to get him out of your bed but possibly right out the front door, as well.

First, open *all* doors and remove any obstacles in his direct path. Find yourself a safe place to stand in order to avoid being trampled to death and/or shot. Call out in a loud, clear voice, "Hey,

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MAINTAINING YOUR P's & Q's

by Mike Harden/reprinted from *The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*

***"The police is not here to preserve order. They're here to preserve disorder."* — late Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley**

Last week's incident involving the Columbus Police Division's mistaken raids on the homes of two South Side families brings up the thorny problem of proper etiquette whenever police officers drop in unexpectedly.

For future reference, here's how Miss Manners might answer the most-asked questions on this sticky social dilemma:

- **Is one** expected to stand when police officers enter a room?

Naturally, the first family member to greet arriving officers is expected to stand, though he may find it difficult to do so depending on the weight of the door. If the police arrive through the window of an occupied bathroom, not only is it unnecessary to stand, but also quite likely embarrassing.

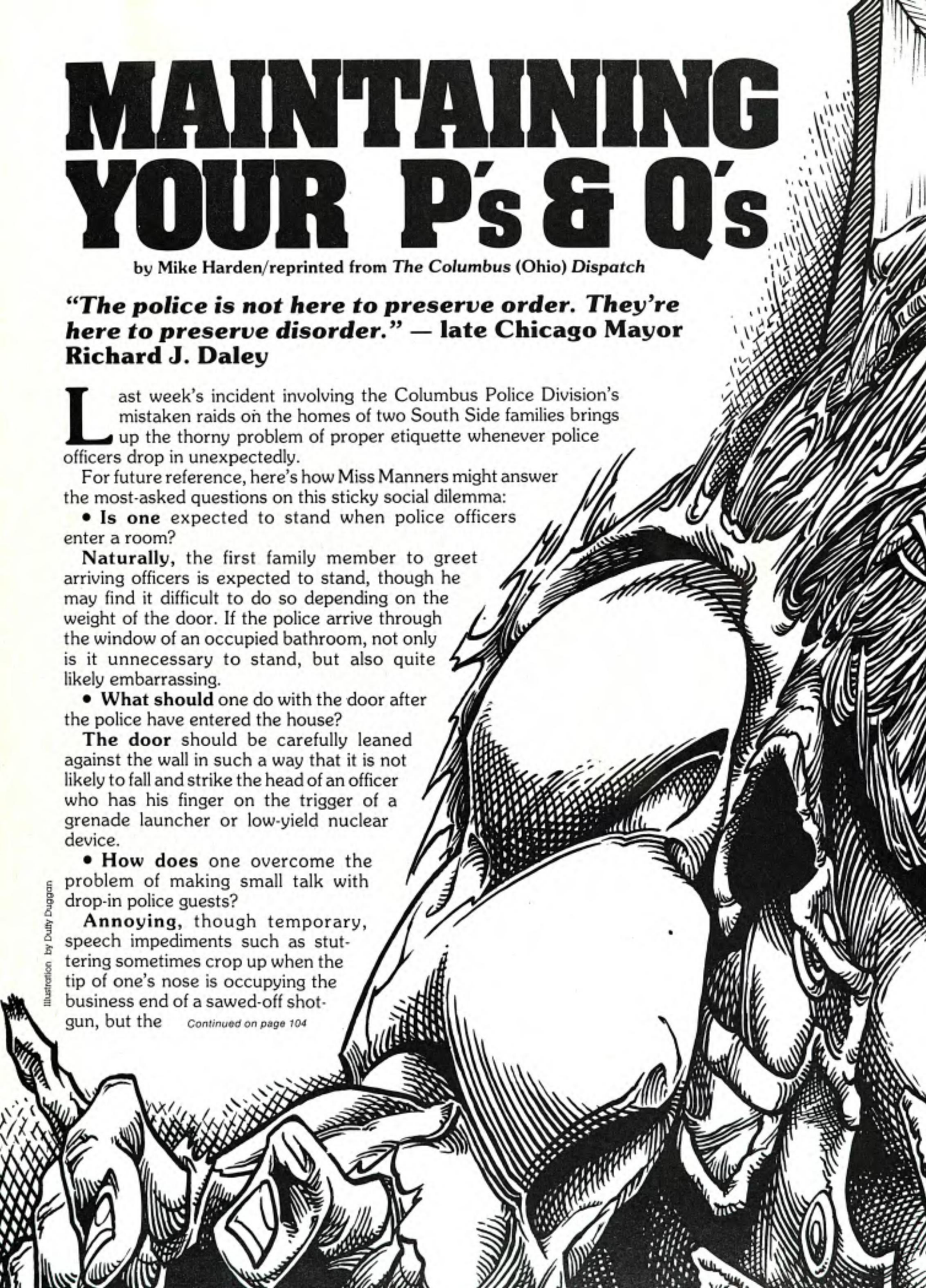
- **What should** one do with the door after the police have entered the house?

The door should be carefully leaned against the wall in such a way that it is not likely to fall and strike the head of an officer who has his finger on the trigger of a grenade launcher or low-yield nuclear device.

- **How does** one overcome the problem of making small talk with drop-in police guests?

Annoying, though temporary, speech impediments such as stuttering sometimes crop up when the tip of one's nose is occupying the business end of a sawed-off shotgun, but the

Continued on page 104





So Long, Summer

"Now that the nights have started settin' in earlier and everyone east of Bullhead City has to start wheelin' and dealin' on firewood to get 'em through the winter, let's show the bros a final glimpse of summer," Spider growled.

"Whaddya have in mind?" Madman asked apprehensively. "A picture of Mutha swattin' flies?"

"No, numbnuts, a whole buncha pictures of some little blonde honey with tan lines and — well, never mind. Just find her! And do it before Mutha gets back from up North. She's supposed to be gettin' in with a truckload of firewood Sunday night."

"Awww, jeez, does that mean I've gotta work all weekend?" Madman whimpered.

"Yer part of this oughta be done long before the weekend even starts," Spider snapped. "I'm the one who's gonna hafta bust his balls all weekend." Something resembling what might be mistaken for a grin passed over his face — briefly. "So get out there on the beach and hustle up yer assignment, shilthead. Get back here before five and I might let ya go home early, dependin' . . ."

"Dependin' on what?" Madman was trembling with excitement. "You've never let me go home before midnight."

"Dependin' on a sweet little blonde with tan lines, ya moron! What the hell do ya think we've been talkin' about?"

Spider's door crashed shut a split second after Madman dashed out, foaming at





the mouth, looking wild-eyed with delirium. "Spider's sick! He says he might let us go early!" he gasped just before he propelled himself off to the beach.

The sounds from the other side of Spider's door were awful. First there were just pounding and tearing noises. Shortly after, there was the even worse sound of a deep, growling bass voice rasping out "Sunny Days Are Here Again."

"Oh, Lord!" Grape moaned. "Spider musta found the last of my Everclear white lightning. Now what the hell am I supposed to use to bribe Rufus with the next time he wanders in and decides to free me up on top of my file cabinet?"

"Ya mean those packing crates ya store yer empties in?" sniggered Boomer.

"Maybe we oughta call Mutha," one of the office mouses whispered as the caterwauling on the other side of Spider's door grew louder.

Instantly Spider's door flew open. "Who said that?" he demanded. Then his tone sof-





tened. "Listen," he said, "you've all been working too hard and you're getting a little slaphappy. I want you to take the rest of the day off, go down to the club, and share a bottle of Ripple — on me."

An hour later, we were still talking about our extraordinary good fortune when Madman breezed in. "Look!" he croaked excitedly. "Spider gave me three bucks to keep the party rollin'!"

"Did you find the girl?" someone asked fearfully, remembering, no doubt, our last view of Spider framed in the doorway of his newly remodeled office against clouds of black filmy mosquito netting, faintly illuminated by the blue lightbulbs Mutha had given him for his last birthday.

"Of course, I just left her with Spider," Madman replied. "An' ya know what he said when I handed her over to him, just before he kicked me down the stairs and threw the money after me? He said, 'Ya done good.'"

—Trampo



Photos by Pete Chiodo



SKEETER'S DREAM

His own American TT East Coast canyon flyer

Skeeter Todd grew up and still lives a line drive from the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York. But, instead of yearning to go check out Ty Cobb's sharpened spikes, Babe Ruth's pinstriped number three jersey, and George Brett's pine-tar-coated bat, Skeeter would rather follow the dirt track racing schedule from Syracuse to Ascot and in between. Keeping track of the stars on the circuit, like Randy Goss, Scott Parker, and Jay Springsteen, gets Skeeter's blood goin' almost as fast as his panster will take him through the hills and canyons of his native New York.

He has designed and built a bike that fits his personal riding style and is also compatible with the area that sur-





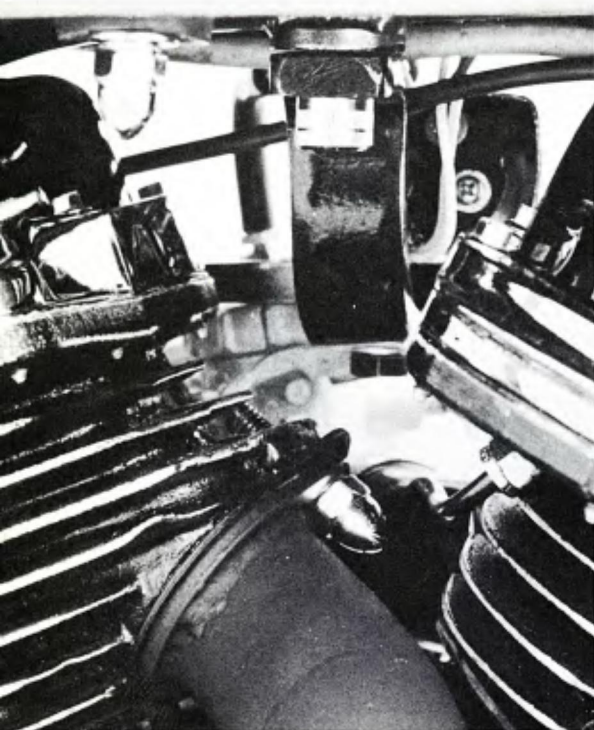


rounds him — namely, rolling hills, sweeping turns, tight corners and, of course, potholes. In fact, as Skeet himself says, "Out there on the West Coast, you've got to ride 50 miles of road to find a pothole. Here you've gotta ride 50 miles of potholes to find a road." Well, we can't give Caltrans that much credit, but we get his point. The weather gives all roads hell back there, as you bros east of the Sierra Nevada know. The combination of summer scorch and winter's freezing conditions keep the streets humpin' an' bucklin' faster'n Mutha in heat. Which is, of course, always. No road crew can keep up with weather that humps up and pisses on ya.

Todd has set his bike up to go fast. A business bike. Ready to rip up the short and narrow roads as he goes from tavern to tavern on the '60s scrambler-styled panhead. It's a true East Coast canyon flyer. An American TT scooter.

But it isn't a straight panhead. Being a Sportster fanatic all his





Photos by Pete Chiodo



riding days, Skeeter decided to combine the big displacement of the panhead cylinders with the Sportster lower end for more speed without having to bore into the smaller Sportster heads. Pretty simple. With the double 36mm Mikuni carbs on the left side, and the pipes on the right, he had come across the reverse image of his favorite racin' bikes' XR heads. At 385 pounds it's maneuverable, and with the high leverage point it's easier to dodge the potholes.

The panster's been up since

last Daytona, where Skeeter took a best of show trophy in the Radical Class, and did well against tough competition in the Rat's Hole Show Street Racers class with a fourth. But more than trophies or anything, he'd like to be mounted on an XR breathing down the backs of the leaders going into the final turn at the San Jose Mile with the championship on the line. Kinda like a kid dreamin' of facin' Koufax in the Series with the bases loaded.

—Sport

Owner: Skeeter Todd		City: Maryland, N.Y.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1978	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: Lawwill	
Model: Sportster		Type: street XR	
Value: \$8600		Rake: 26 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Swirns		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N	
Year: 1974		Risers: none	
Model: panster		Fender(s): Cross-Country Colors	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Aries	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Jammer	
Displacement: 72 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: lightened		Front pegs: Lawwill	
Balancing: close		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: owner	
Cases: modified		Gas tank: Lawwill	
Heads: 1949 pan		Oil tank: Lawwill	
Cam(s): XRE		Oil system: modified	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): two 36mm Mikunis		Seat: Lawwill	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Lawwill		Height: 1½-in.	
Muffler(s): Lawwill		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: cast-iron door		Type: Ceriani	
Year: 1974		Extension: 4 in. under	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt		Special features: lightened	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Cross Country Colors		Rim width: WM2.5	Rim width: WM5
Color: gray		Tire: Michelin	Tire: 150 x 80 x 16
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: finish by Kram			
Other special modifications: barrels by Trock, machine work by Wild Willy.			

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



No Shit?

It all started out where I was trying to do something good, and it got so twisted by hearsay and off-the-wall stories that now even I don't know what the fuck's going on.

—Biker Lifestyle

Riding Time

You quit the paper route several months later because it interfered with your riding time, and by the end of the season you were pricing used 90s or 125s since you'd outgrown the tiddler 50. Eventually, as your discretionary income soared the following year with a summer job paying an hourly rate of \$2, you more than likely traded for a 250, and then eventually bought a 305, a huge bike with all the power you'd ever need. That is, until you rode a big British twin, or perhaps a friend's Sportster.

—American Motorcyclist

Round Money

I would like to urge all riders of all makes of machines to support any motorcycling event like speedway, motocross, drag racing, or poker run — any event in your area which promotes better motorcycling in Canada. Remember, the riders are the ones who make the money go round.

—Len Creed
Canadian Biker

Duo Brake

Besides the shock-damped rear suspension, the Duo Glide's other major feature is hydraulic brakes, front and rear. Even today, there are still some street bikes which

have a mechanical rear brake, but Harley was a pioneer and innovator with its dual hydraulic brakes long before anybody west of the Pacific Ocean ever thought of it.

—Street Chopper/Hot Bike

15 Years

It's only fair to assume that if you do something for 15 years, you're going to learn something about what you're doing. If you don't, you're either not interested in it, or you're dead from the neck up.

—Road Rider

Busy, Busy, Busy

For me it was a busy weekend with the responsibility for five completely rebuilt motors bearing pretty heavily on my shoulders. Was I busy? Does a snake have an asshole? Cam covers, clutches and carbs were flying every which way.

—Pip Higham
Super Bike

Dumb Comments

The late-model shovelhead was probably the most successful of Harley's engines to date, seeing that H-D probably built over a million units between 1966 and 1983, but with its cantankerous personality, uneven firing order, noisy valve train, oiling problems both internal and external, and vibration, one must stop and ask, is Harley really best? The Harley V-Twin in no way is a mechanical wonder; with its cement-mixer technology it makes horsepower in a crude and uncouth manner. The huge flywheels churn round and round to create

power in a diesel-like manner.

—Steve Iorio
Supercycle

Fair TV

Yet, for TV fare, the public still gets leather and libido: hot-doggers dragging their knees, or smoking their tires on the dragstrip, or picking up "foxy" persons in pool-halls. All that is well and good, of course. But we've been wondering when someone would have the courage to put two people on a full-dresser and simply show them enjoying a lovely day on a good road.

—Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

Atmosphere

Motorcyclists of all shapes and sizes come from all over North America to be part of the Daytona Speed Week activities. Many of these motorcyclists tow their big Harleys there on trailers and spend most of the week just cruising up and down Main St. or parked beside the curb. The night Goat and I went for a drive down Main St. there were thousands of bikes just sitting there! Many of these people never go near any of the races — they're there for the atmosphere, I guess.

—Australian
Motorcycle News

Money

And that's the same answer you should be saying to yourself — not "I'm in the Honda business," or "I own an H-D agency," or "I operate an accessory store." So, you're really in the business of "making money," through the operation of your fran-

chised or independent motorcycle dealership. You should make money in every department.

—Motorcycle Dealernews

Bow Tie Snapper

He began sketching so furiously that his bow tie snapped off his collar. "First we take a stock Harley, and add some gears and bearings here on the transmission." With light-speed quickness he drew a plethora of shafts, bearings, cushions, cogs and gear dogs. "Then we run a shaft down the swingarm to the back wheel." His hand flew across the page, adding the likeness of a long, heavy spindle.

—Enthusiast

Ice-Cold Potholes

I'm usually a little apprehensive about driving in New York City on a motorcycle and even more so when it's on a brand-new machine. Familiarity may breed contempt but at least you know what you got. Taking corners on an unfamiliar bike is like trying to ease yourself into a bathtub of ice-cold water and maneuvering around potholes that loom everywhere in the city, can be hazardous to your health.

—Northeast Riding

15 Years After

After all, the Wankel-engined machine has been in the works for 15 years, and during that time Norton's Oriental counterparts have originated and discarded more engine configurations than Britain's industry managed in half a century.

—Australian
Motorcycle News

Ol' Lady Contest

Here's another crop of cuties in our Seventh Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1000 grand prize.

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

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

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

Photos must be black-and-white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is October 30th. We'll print the winner in the February issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #137 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — **Shannon**, the first monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Gerry, Deborah, and Debbe.

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph of myself with or without using my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name _____

Model's Legal Signature _____

I am _____ years of age, born _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Address _____

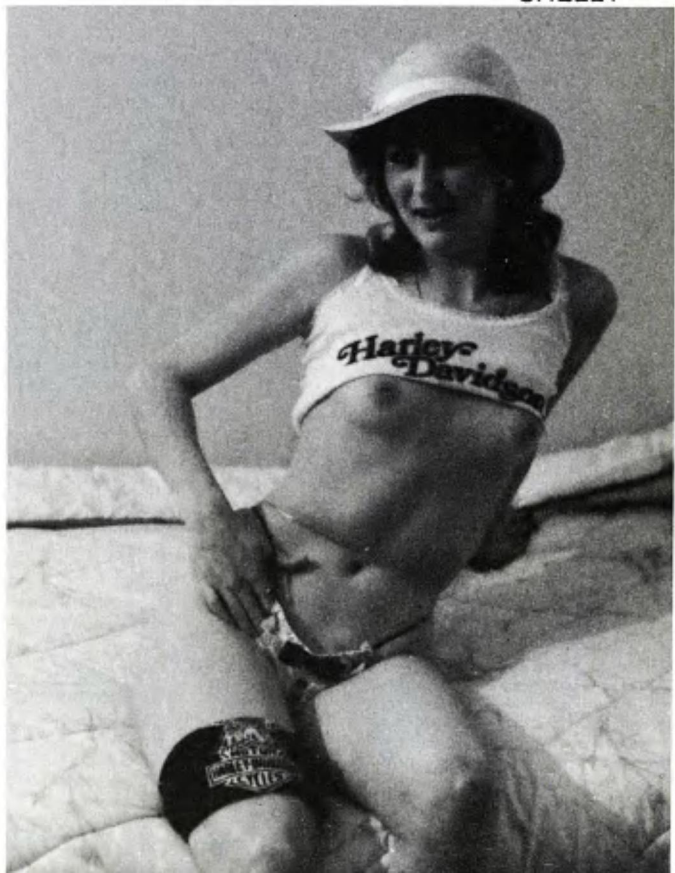
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older.

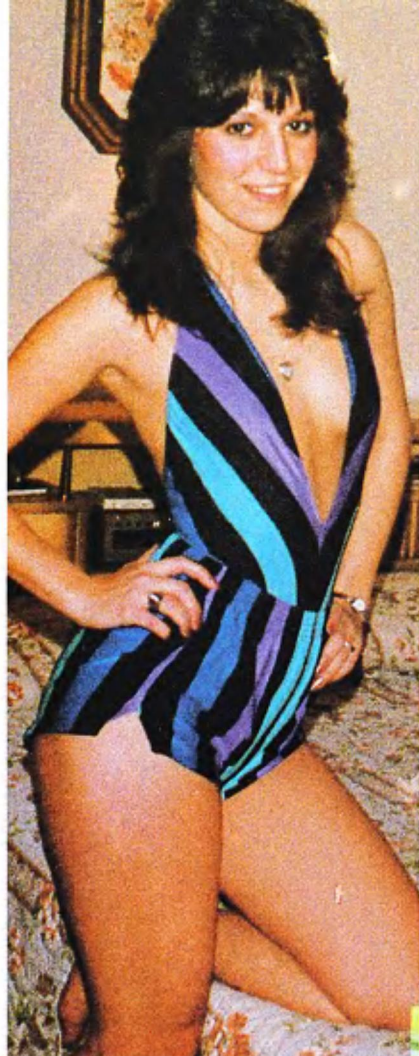
SHELLY





DEE

CINDY



DONNA



BECKY





Hells Angels Torch Run

"We have certain things we think are right and wrong, and we stick by it — things like brotherhood and being trustworthy. That's outlaw. . . I think that there's always been a place for outlaws in American hearts."

—George Christle, President, Ventura (Calif.) Hells Angels

If there is such a place in American hearts, George sure did his bit to enlarge it when he grabbed the Olympic Torch with a firm hand, thrust it high into the air, and proudly ran it down a one-kilometer corridor of flags, Harleys and



reporter-photographers.

It was a run for his country, his club and for bikers everywhere, and the hundreds of scooter tramps — from as far away as Alaska — who had gathered to cheer

him on knew it as they enjoyed the stirring and mellow moments with the large number of straight people who arrived with suspicion (what are those bikers up to now?) and left with respect.

Perhaps the headline in George's hometown newspaper, the Ventura Star Free Press, summed it up as well as it could be: Proud Hells Angels Runner Carries Torch High.

Damn right he did!

Bikin' bowser busted after 30,000 miles in the wind

"Number one, he's not a people. And number two, that seat is designed for two people."

Or so said biker Danny Miller after he was stopped and cited for riding around Arvada, Colorado, with his four-year-old Australian shepherd on the tank in front of him.

The incident began when an Arvada city cop pulled Miller over and told him that riding

his dog around looked "unsafe." He then cited Miller for "improper motorcycle riding."

"I read it (the law he was charged under) over two or three times," Miller recalls. "What it says is that in order to ride a passenger on a motorcycle, the seat has to be designed for two people."

The dog, named Thad, was just a pup when Miller began building his bike and he used

to sit up on the seat for hours watching his master work the wrenches. By the time the bike was ready to ride, so was Thad.

"First I just kind of pushed the bike around slowly while he sat on it," Miller recalls. Then I sat on it with him at idle. In about 20 minutes' time we were out on the road."

In the years since, the pair have logged about 30,000 miles with Miller steering and

Thad riding shotgun with his butt on the gas tank and his front legs draped over the bars.

"I'd rather have him up on that son of a gun than most people I've had behind me," Miller says.

Fortunately for them both, a municipal judge agreed and ruled there was nothing illegal about a man and his best friend riding together in the wind — even in Arvada.

EASYnews

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

Bikers jam city hall to defeat local helmet law

Freedom has returned to the small town of Hamilton, Ohio, but it took a hell of a lot of work to get her back.

By a vote of 4-3, the Hamilton City Council finally rescinded the city's almost 14-

Cops grit teeth as bareheaded bros ride free

About 120 bareheaded bikers recently risked \$50 fines by staging a helmet law protest run through Tompkins County, New York.

"It's not the helmets we're against. It's the law," Tompkins County ABATE Prez Chester Morgan told the press, while noting that helmets can be a contributing factor in many accidents. "On a day like today, the heat in those things can go up to 130 or 140 degrees," he added.

Though city police, citing a provision in the law that allows local authorities to waive the helmet requirements for protest runs, did not issue any citations to the lidless riders, state police were reportedly miffed that no one had invited them to the party.

"It is an infraction to ride without your helmet," a N.Y. State Police spokesman told reporters. "It (would have been) a lot of tickets. Fifty-dollar fines for 120 people would amount to \$6000."

year-old mandatory helmet law and changed the wording on roadside signs from "motorcyclists must wear helmets" to "motorcyclists should wear helmets."

If any one factor can be cited for the repeal of this onerous ordinance, it was the hard work, dedication and organizational skills of the area bik-

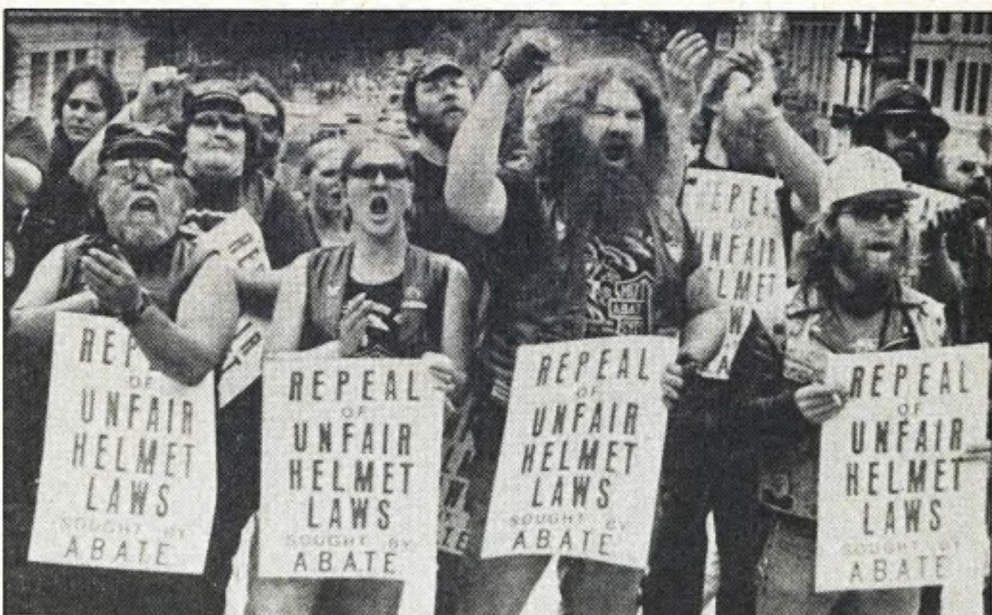
ers' rights group, Bikers Against Discrimination.

Under the auspices of BAD, over 1000 bikers attended the crucial city council meeting at which the helmet law's fate was decided, with over 6000 signed petitions supporting its repeal.

BAD also hired a local attorney to appear before the coun-

cil and demonstrate how helmets could actually cause accidents and increase the severity of injuries suffered during an accident.

Prior to revoking the helmet law, Hamilton was the only city in Ohio to require lids for all riders. State law requires helmets only for novice riders and those under 18.



TELLING IT LIKE IT IS — Pennsylvania brothers and sisters don't like being forced to stuff their heads into plastic coffins before getting onto their bikes any more than the rest of us, and they weren't shy about saying so during this recent protest on the state Capitol steps in Harrisburg.

Photo from UPI

Official says cycles should be illegal

In America we frequently say that someone who has trouble focusing their brain cells must've been dropped on their head as a baby.

But, seein' as how Australia is the land "down under," that wouldn't seem to make too much sense in the outback. Everything's upside down, so we should say an addled Aussie was dropped on his feet as a tot, right? Right? Wrong? Maybe?

Put it this way: Australian Motor Transport Department Commissioner Jack Davies must have had one or the other (many bikers in his native land wish he'd merely been smothered at birth, instead, but that's another story) happen to him as a lad, because he sure has some interesting ideas cluttering his cranium.

"Considering the steps that authorities take to ensure that cars are safe(!)," Davies recently testified before the Australian Road Safety Committee, "it is extraordinary that a vehicle as intrinsically unsafe as the motorcycle could be permitted at all."

"The fact that they are permitted to be used to a large extent by the most inexperienced, immature and adventurous group of road users defies any rational explanation."

Though Davies admitted that an outright ban on motorcycles would not be practical at this point in time, he insisted that such a ban is the only way to eliminate fatal motorcycle accidents (he probably never thought of smothering all baby bikers at birth).

Instead of an absolute ban, Davies noted, the government could pass legislation making it "more difficult" for people to ride bikes. As an example of this type of government-by-twisted-arm approach,

Garbage truck driver gets off lightly after trashing Harley rider

A jury in Howard County, Maryland, recently acquitted a garbage truck driver of vehicular homicide and manslaughter charges resulting from the death of a 17-year-old Harley rider.

In reaching its decision, the jury apparently agreed with the truck driver's attorney that the fact that his client — whose blood-alcohol level after the crash was 0.15 — had only been drinking free beer given him by grateful customers somehow rendered the driver less guilty than if he'd been sitting on a bar stool paying for his own booze.

The rider, James E. Farnandis, was killed when the 28-foot-long garbage truck suddenly turned across opposing traffic, effectively blocking the road. Testimony at the trial established that Farnandis began braking about 109 feet from the accident but was unable to come to complete stop before hitting the side of the truck.

The same jury *did* find the truck driver guilty of negligent driving and driving under the influence of alcohol.

Davies suggested raising bike insurance rates by 200 or 300 percent.

Of course Australia is a different place than America. Even so, it is hard to imagine any person not residing in a padded cell making the claim that "cars are safe." Unless I've managed to slaughter even more brain cells than Mr. Davies, it seems to me that the phrase "highway carnage" was coined about automobiles, not motorcycles. And, though Mr. Davies may not know it, the Consumer Federation of America (hardly a group friendly to bik-

ers) recently listed automobiles as the most dangerous product in the U.S. — motorcycles didn't even make the top ten.

Calling Davies' report to the committee "pathetic," spokesmen for the New South Wales Motorcycle Council noted that the commissioner failed to treat scooter safety issues "seriously" and pointedly ignored the real problems facing riders.

"Perhaps," one of the Motorcycle Council spokesmen noted, "the Department of Motor Transport should be abolished instead of the motorcycle."

About time

"There we were, two Japanese multi-cylinder owners, cruising around on new Harleys. . . belching beer along with that chuga-ka-chuga-ka-chuga engine sound. We couldn't stop riding. . . it even felt great in the rain. My partner instantly succumbed. . . trading in his Japanese model (that tries to copy a Harley) for the real thing."

— Bob Donath, Autoweek

Helmet law follies top-rated show among many Manitoba bike riders

Declaring that he'd like to see Manitoba legislators driving around in their cages with their heads stuffed into sweaty brain buckets, Canadian biker Bill Konyk recently attempted to use 3000 pennies to pay a \$30 fine for wearing his helmet backwards.

But — and this is really going to shock some of you Canadian bros — officials at the Winnipeg Provincial Court told him the pennies weren't legal tender and refused to accept them.

Scooping up his coins, Konyk vowed he'd never part with any folding green (or whatever color Canadian bills are) to pay his fine. "If they take me to court, they take me to court," he shrugged.

Leaving the courthouse, Konyk ran into another bro with strong convictions on the helmet issue, cab driver Robert Blanchet. Oops, sorry, make that former cab driver. The Great White Fathers in Manitoba have lifted Blanchet's hack license and thrown him out of work because he, too, refuses to pay \$30 bucks a ride for the privilege of feeling the wind in his hair.

"I'd rather go on welfare or to jail than

Buffalo-area bikers stage lid protest

Hundreds of bikers from upstate New York converged on Buffalo's Front Park recently to protest the Empire State's refusal to repeal its mandatory lid law.

According to local and state police, the helmet run came off without incident, with no tickets, arrests or accidents.

High point of the run was a caravan of

pay the fines," said Blanchet of his three offenses. "I'm not going to give them the money. I want them to drop the whole issue. It's baloney."

Other news from the last Canadian province to pass a mandatory helmet law indicates that the situation regarding medical exemptions from that law remains curiously and curiously.

It seems the provincial cabinet amended the law to allow a rider to go without a helmet if he has a note from his doctor saying that he can't wear one. After passing the amendment, however, the cabinet apparently never bothered to tell anyone.

Bikers being bikers, the word soon spread from repair shop to repair shop and beer bar to beer bar. Officials being officials, the cops didn't get the word at all until some of the bikers they were ticketing for not wearing helmets began to pull exemption slips from the inside pockets of their vests.

"Of course, it's embarrassing," police Deputy Chief John Urchenko told the press. "We ought to know the regulations we enforce. Obviously there was a screw-up somewhere."

bare-headed bikers being escorted to the park by local and state police. Unfortunately, the New York state cops' refusal to allow such a protest to take place on the N.Y. Thruway required bikers arriving by that route to don their skid lids.

The run was sponsored by the Genesee-Wyoming chapter of ABATE of New York.

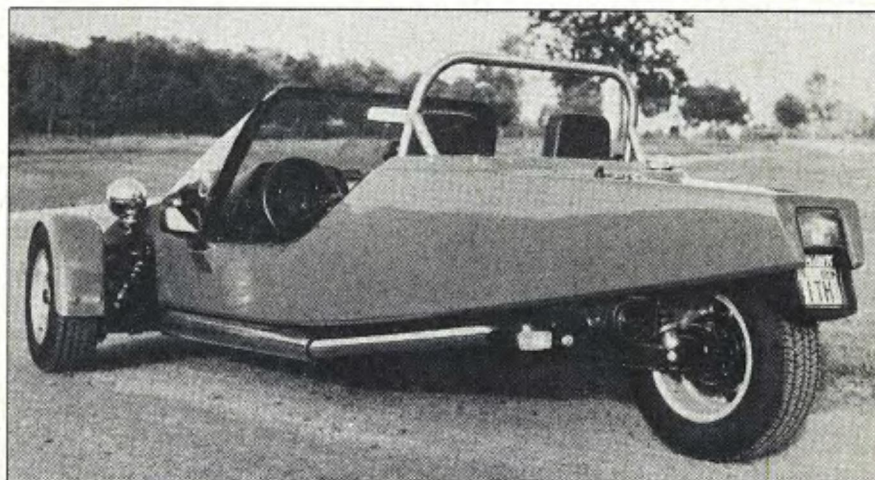
— At least they don't have four wheels —

Harley buys California 'trike' company

Harley-Davidson, which stopped manufacturing trikes about ten years ago, has purchased a California company that makes a three-wheeler called the Trihawk.

"We see a definite niche for it between current motorcycle and sports car offerings," Hog honcho Vaughn Beals said in announcing the purchase. "In contrast to today's touring-oriented sports cars, the Trihawk is lightweight and captures the open-air feel of a motorcycle. Since it has three wheels and can support a greater degree of comfort and protection from the elements, we believe it will reach out to recreational vehicle enthusiasts who might not be interested in a motorcycle."

According to Harley, the Trihawk's strongest suit is handling. In fact, the company claims, tests by a national car rag show only four currently marketed vehicles can outperform the trike in skid pad tests — the BMW M1, the Ferrari Boxer, the Lamborghini Countach and the Porsche 930 Turbo.



The Trihawk is motivated by an air-cooled 1299 single-overhead cam engine manufactured by Citroen. The engine is mounted laterally and drives the front wheels through a five-speed Citroen gearbox. Bodywork is fiber-

glass over a tubular steel frame.

Under the terms of the acquisition agreement, Harley-Davidson purchased all the assets of Trihawk, Inc., and will pay the former owners a royalty on every Trihawk sold.

Shades of AMF, H-D dealers form own alliance

You won't see 'em competing to win a year's worth of puppy chow on Family Feud, but two branches of the H-D clan are squared off and throwing punches.

According to a group of dissident Harley dealers, the factory has cut their profit margins unfairly and is refusing to negotiate with a recently formed independent dealer network — the National Harley-Davidson Dealers Alliance.

Harley, unhappy dealers claim, will deal only with the National Harley-Davidson Dealers Advisory Council, a factory-sponsored group which consists of 11 members elected by 692 dealers.

About the only thing both the independent dealers group and the factory-spon-

sored group agree on is the cause of their dispute — lower profit margins.

San Francisco's Dudley Perkins, Jr., owner of the world's oldest Harley dealership and one of the founders of the Dealers Alliance, says the battle started in 1983 when Harley cut the difference between their wholesale prices and their suggested list prices to 20 percent.

"Profit margins for Harley-Davidson dealers have historically been 25 percent," Perkins notes, adding that such a move makes it hard for dealers to offer deals competitive with those common on many imported bikes.

Responding to these complaints, the company this year instituted a "bonus bucks"

program designed to let dealers "earn" back that extra 5 percent through participation in H-D-sponsored promotional and service programs.

"Bonus bucks give dealers additional discounts on product (in exchange) for performance," Harley General Sales Manager Clyde Fessler says. "We're trying to make the dealer stronger."

The new dealer organization is quick to disagree, however. "The bonus bucks program

was to get rid of the marginal dealer," Perkins says. "Why penalize the majority to correct the activities of the minority? Those programs are not going to make poor dealers shape up. It seemed to us the wrong way to go around the problem."

Where, if anywhere, this will all lead is a mystery to us. You might bear in mind, however, that dealer disputes was one of the major problems plaguing H-D during the latter part of the unlamented AMF era.

Daytona's 11th Street Drags may be close to being scuttled

Daytona's world-famous 11th Street drags may be a thing of the past.

"I'm going to support this thing for the last time," Volusia County Councilman Jerry Doliner told Silver Dollar Motorcycle Club President Joe Adams prior to this year's event. "You're going to have to find another place to have the race."

Part of the opposition to the street drags has come from

County Sheriff Ed Duff, who claims the '83 races drew a crowd of 27,000.

Adams, whose club is the official sponsor of the event, disputes this figure, claiming that only about 5000 race fans were present in 1983.

The races, which are held between Williamson Blvd. and Jimmy Ann Drive, west of Daytona, require a stretch of 11th Street be closed from 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. on race day.

Chicagoland forest sites reopened to bikes

Eight Chicago-area forest preserves — some of which have been off-limits to street bikes for as long as ten years — have been reopened to people arriving on bikes.

The agreement to reopen the

facilities was the result of negotiations between Cook County Forest Preserve officials and representatives of the United Motorcyclists of Illinois and the American Motorcyclist Association.

Two-Wheel Trivia

One of the main problems faced by bikers today stems from the fact that 99 percent of all lawmakers drive cages and half of the other 1 percent take cabs. In other words, there are few bikin' big shots. Therefore, most laws are written to favor cagers over bikers. This situation is not unique to the here and now. It's existed for decades all around the world. For example, the leader of a highly industrialized country that conquered almost an entire continent once said: "My love belongs to the automobile. The auto has given me the most beautiful hours of my life." Who was that leader? The answer's in "Short Strokes" on page 46.



Don't try to tell David W. Finses that stopping, looking and listening will keep you safe at railroad crossings. Finses was riding his scooter through Waukesha, Wis., not long ago when he was forced to stop behind two cages at a set of tracks. The train passed, the crossing gates went up and the cages motored over the tracks. So did Finses, 'cept the gate came down and thumped him a good one on the gourd before he could make it... ABATE of Florida is holding its Fourth Annual Scoots and Spooks Party on Nov. 10 & 11 in Tampa. For more info, write to Box 21231, Tampa, FL 33622 or call (813) 949-1117.

After several weeks of investigation, Columbus, Ohio, police have charged a 15-year-old with a delinquency count of felonious assault for allegedly hurling a hunk of concrete off a freeway overpass and striking a biker. The biker, David Price, 25, was blinded in the attack and at this writing, six weeks after the assault, is still hospitalized in "poor" condition. Why the hell can't the murderous little coward who did this at least be tried as an adult? ... Oh, hell, it probably doesn't matter how they charge him. A Toronto woman ran down and killed a 20-year-old biker and was charged with refusing to take a breath test, dangerous driving and impaired driving. Her fine was \$500; her license was lifted for 90 days.

If you happen to be in Southern California Nov. 4, you might check out the world championship hillclimb at DeAnza Cycle Park in Riverside. The event is sponsored by the Southern California Hillclimbers. For more facts, write the SCA at 3675 Mapleleaf, Riverside, CA 92503 ... The MMA is offering helmet stickers saying "DANGER! Don't risk paralysis. Do not remove helmet until I am examined by a doctor." If you gotta use a lid it's a good thing to have on there. The yellow-and-black stickers are four-for-a-buck from MMA Helmet Stickers, 511B Medford St., Somerville, MA 02145.

Answer to the trivia question on page 45: it was the four-wheel Fuhrer himself, Adolf Hitler. Guess that's why he pushed development of the Volkswagen instead of the Volkscycle ... The Defense Department has trimmed an Army plan to spend \$9.9 million for more than 3000 motorcycles by a whopping 90 percent.

And finally: A couple of Oklahoma City cops were soaking up the brew at a beanery when in stumbles a biker. According to the cops, the dude's hair was dirty and long and he was wearing a denim vest over his leathers. But that didn't bother the cops at all. What did curdle the cream in their coffee was the biker's collection of patches and run pins — one of the patches, it turned out, was the official emblem of the Oklahoma City Police Department, sewn on the vest upside down. Not to keep you in suspense, the cops busted the vest and liberated their precious emblem before releasing it. The biker himself, however, was not arrested. The cops wanted, they said, to avoid "an embarrassing scene" at the choke-and-puke.

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 ⁶	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ²⁻⁴	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19, 2-Under 18, 3-Required even if bike has windscreen, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 6-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 7-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 8-If over 21, 9-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 10-Certain cities may require lights, 11-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.

Club celebrates its 50th year in the wind

As you well know, most motorcycle clubs currently in existence got organized by GIs returning from World War II. Sure there were some fledgling groups out there on the highways and byways of America prior to the Big One, but Uncle Sam put most of them out of business by enrolling their members to go fight Hitler and Hirohito.

Lift a beer for the Salinas (California) Ramblers, then, as they celebrate their 50th anniversary of hard ridin', good times and good deeds. Founded by local Harley dealer Larry Ketzel in 1934, the club has seen its share of hard times — including losing a member on the infamous Bataan Death March — but somehow managed to always keep its charter alive, if not active.

Starting with six members, the group grew rapidly and then, after World War II began, declined even more rapidly. Rebuilding after the war, the roll swelled to 60, where it's remained ever since.

Wasted cager gets OK to go and kill again

The dude stoked himself full of booze, pot and acid, jumped in his cage and ran into a motorcycle, throwing the biker into the weeds with severe injuries.

He continued to barrel along for about two miles with the bike embedded in the front of his car. Not yet through playing games, the cager jumped out of his car and started punching out innocent bystanders and jumping up and down on other cages. According to witnesses, he was "screaming and uttering strange and incomprehensible noises." He shouted to the gathering crowd that he was "King William" and tried to kiss the cops who eventually showed up to arrest him.

Charged with "having caused bodily harm by dangerous driving," the dude hired a mouthpiece who told the court his client was innocent; was in fact a victim himself — a victim of some preposterous boogeyman the lawyer called "automatism." You see, the lawyer explained, apparently with a straight face, the combination of drugs and booze in the dude's system triggered this automatism into action and it forced the dude to involuntarily run down the biker and do all the rest of that bad shit.

Experts say Breathalyzer test sucks

According to a study by University of Colorado scientists, "Blood-alcohol level isn't necessarily an indication of a person's ability to drive."

In fact, the researchers suggest, the highly used Breathalyzer test may be considerably less reliable at screening out potentially dangerous drivers than such tried-and-true (and supposedly "unscientific") tests as balancing on one foot, walking a straight line, and touching a finger to one's nose.

In the Colorado test, 49 volunteers were given enough ethanol to keep their blood-alcohol level at .1 percent (the legal limit in most states) for three hours. Immediately after reaching the .1 percent level almost all had trouble performing routine physical tasks — such as walking on a rail, balancing a rod, etc. — that require hand-and-eye coordination and a good sense of balance. However, 80 percent of the group

"Let's face it, we could be much bigger but we don't want to be," Ketzel, at 69 the club's senior statesman, says. "It's got more class to keep a limit on members."

In an era where just about all biker groups participate in some kind of charitable event, it's hard to imagine how revolutionary it was when the Ramblers first started putting on events to aid folks less fortunate than themselves. At first, hardly any of the straights wanted to believe the bikers were for real, but they were. In 22 years of running a benefit race at the California Rodeo Grounds, they raised more than \$350,000 for crippled kids.

The Ramblers were way out in front in other ways as well. For example, we've printed many stories of clubs trying to buy some land where they could get down and do their thing without being hassled by the neighbors or the cops. The Ramblers had already figured that one out way back in the '30s and responded by passing the hat and buying 47 acres of good riding

bination of drugs and booze in the dude's system triggered this automatism into action and it forced the dude to involuntarily run down the biker and do all the rest of that bad shit.

Naturally, the lawyer did not speculate as to what sinister force coerced his client into taking all the shit before hopping in his cage and, apparently, no one bothered to ask him about it.

Milwaukee bike squad shrinks

But Harley's new scooter may keep them on the beat

For the past several years that classic symbol of law and order, the big-twin-riding motorcycle cop, has been an endangered species in Harley-Davidson's hometown of Milwaukee.

Between 1964 and 1984 the number of two-wheel cycles — all FLHs — used by

seemed to develop a tolerance for the alcohol in their systems as time went on. By the third hour these subjects were racking up significantly better test scores (though still somewhat lower than those of a test group that had ingested no alcohol) than during the first hour — despite the fact that their blood-alcohol level continued to be maintained at .1 percent.

Of the other 20 percent, half showed little or no effect from the alcohol at any time and the other half didn't develop any tolerance for it as the experiment progressed — they got and stayed smashed.

According to the researchers, the study indicates that Breathalyzer tests are not an accurate way to determine who is capable of driving safely and who isn't because they measure only the amount of alcohol in the bloodstream and do not in any way indicate what affect that alcohol has had on the individual being tested.

and partying country outside of Salinas.

That was great for a lot of years, but Salinas kept growing and "Civilization caught up with us," Ketzel recalls. But before the condo and shopping-center czars could pave over the now-prime site, they had to deal with the bikers, bikers who had been around long enough to know both the game and how to play it.

To make a long story short, the ticky-tacky tract developers finally did cop the Ramblers' retreat about 10 years ago, but only after they had coughed up enough bucks to enable the club to buy a huge 350-acre site even further out of town.

But chances are, as they celebrated their 50th birthday recently with a run, a bike show and a display of antique scooters, the members of the Salinas Ramblers weren't thinking of any of that. What they were probably thinking about was the six first members and how they built a living monument to themselves and their lifestyle all those many years ago.

Anyway, the dude was acquitted — perhaps as a reward for his lawyer's imagination — with the judge saying, "He may count himself very fortunate that he escapes conviction."

The judge did not state what the biker should count himself, but presumably the word is O-U-T. Oh, yeah — this happened in Australia, but it could have happened to any of us anywhere.

the Milwaukee PD dwindled from 80 to 50, and the number of trikes went from 44 to zero. To add insult to injury, the annual mileage racked up by the remaining bikes plummeted nearly 40 percent.

According to city officials, use of patrol bikes decreased because the FLHs were becoming "very costly" to maintain, by 1982 averaging 29 cents per mile in repair costs to 8.78 cents per mile for cars.

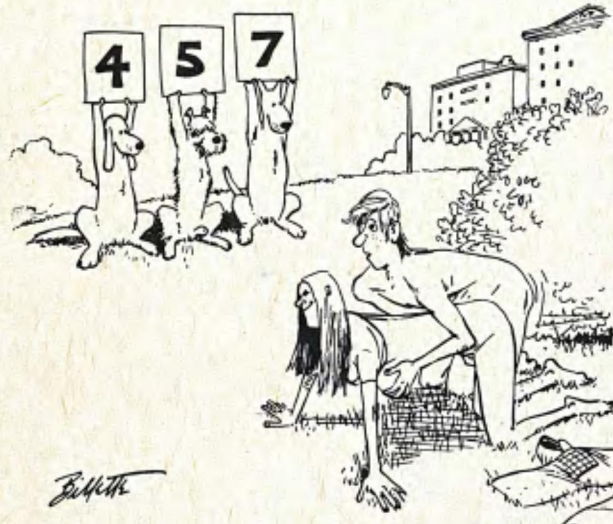
Enter the FXRP with the new Evolution engine. Impressed by the praise the new cop chop drew from other agencies, such as the California Highway Patrol, the Milwaukee PD decided to test some FXRPs in an attempt to save their dwindling bike squad from the city hall bean counters.

The results were astounding. In extensive testing, repair costs were only 3.5 cents per mile — less than half that of the patrol cars. And the FXRPs also provided more horsepower, more torque and a better ride. The bikes were so impressive that the police department has asked the Common Council to go out and buy ten sidehack-equipped FXRPs right away.

So, if you find yourself in Milwaukee some day, and you're pulled over by a shiny new Hog with blue-and-red lights flashing like some evil Christmas tree, try to take some consolation from the fact that things could be worse. If not for the FXRP, you might have been pulled over by a cage or, even worse, some evil Japanese Christmas tree.

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.



George is a perfect gentleman. After making love to his wife, he cleans off the mess and straightens her gown without waking her.

—A. Bloomingdale
New York, N.Y.

Then there was this new women's libber who wanted to divorce her ol' man but couldn't find a way to do it without making him happy.

—Joey
Otey, Tex.

If a person from Mexico is a Mexican, and a person from San Francisco is a San Franciscan, would a person from Tampa be a Tampon?

—Tilly Lewis
Modesto, Calif.

The biker's dictionary defines *foul balls* as making it with a woman who doesn't believe in feminine hygiene.

—Jonathan
Leesburg, N.J.



"Maybe ya can tell the judge that the guy was tryin' to steal yer pool cue by hidin' it up his asshole."



"My sister will be down in a little while — she's practicing whacking off our dog."

An adventurous biker entered a rodeo to see what it would be like. He signed up for the bareback event and was soon thrown off the horse, knocked cold, and rushed to the emergency room of a local hospital. "How do you feel?" asked a friend who visited him the next day.

"Not so bad," the injured biker said. "At least I fulfilled a lifelong ambition of my father's."

"Oh, did your father want you to ride in a rodeo?"

"No, but he always wanted me to have my head examined!"

—M&M
Riverside Co., Calif.

Two cannibal chiefs were talking after dinner. "Your wife makes a wonderful pot roast," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "and I'm certainly going to miss her!"

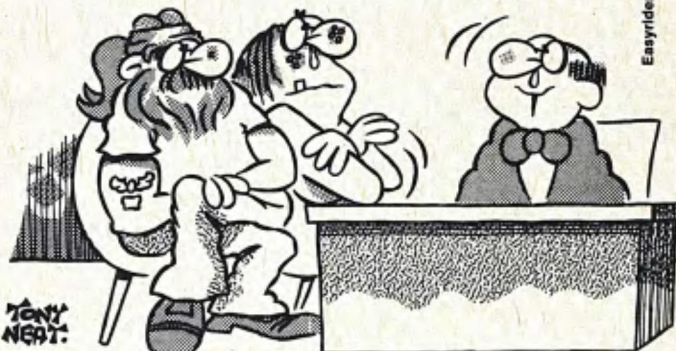
—Squiggy
Ann Arbor, Mich.

After days on the road, a dude walked into a whorehouse, laid down a hundred bucks and asked for the worst piece of ass in the place. "But," said the madam, "if you're horny, \$100 will buy our best lay!"

The dude replied, "Hell, I'm not horny, I'm homesick!"

—Carney
Springfield, Ohio

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR



"Why don't you try shovin' your foot up her big fat ass?"

A cop pulled this broad over and asked to see her driver's license. "I see by your license that you're Russian," he said and proceeded to unzip his pants.

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Not the breath test again — this is the third time this month!"

—J. Milacek
Omaha, Neb.

The young mother skeptically examined a new educational toy. "Isn't it rather complicated for a small boy?" she asked the sales clerk.

"It's designed to adjust the tot to live in today's world, ma'am," replied the clerk. "Any way he tries to put it together, it's wrong."

—The Bear
Otter Rock, Ore.

"Does Mrs. Johnson next door come apart?"
 "No, why do you ask?"
 "I heard Daddy tell someone that he's been screwing her ass off for the last two weeks."
 —M.M.
 Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Three young bikers went into a tavern and ordered beers. The waitress asked to see their IDs. Two of them produced cards readily, but the third, not quite of legal age, made a production of searching his pockets. He finally asked if his library card would do. The waitress smiled, and shouted to the bartender, "Two beers — and a library book!"
 —Minnie
 South Chino, Calif.



P. W. Fuh

"Wanna go upstairs and put itching powder on my sister's tampons?"

Visiting town, an old Indian noticed men entering and leaving a newly established whorehouse. Entering the place, he asked the madam what the other men had come in for. "Got any money?" she asked. He didn't, so he left but later he returned and gave her a jar of pennies. "This looks to be about five dollars," said the madam. "Enough for a blow-job."

It was the old Indian's first experience along those lines. That night, back on the reservation, a squaw began to beat his meat. The Indian promptly halted her. "No stroke um," he ordered. "Smoke-um!"

—Bootleg
 Oak Ridge, N.J.



"We'll never housebreak the dog, Frank, if you keep pissing in the corner!"

"You used to be the life of the party," reminisced one buddy to the other. "Does your wife still find you entertaining after six years of marriage?"

"No," answered the live one, "she usually doesn't catch me."
 —McDuff
 Lancaster, Calif.

What's the difference between a whore, a girlfriend, and an ol' lady? A whore says, "Aren't you done yet?" A girlfriend says, "Are you done already?" And an ol' lady says, "I think the ceiling needs to be painted!"

—Tips
 Santa Susana, Calif.

A father was taking his son Johnny for a walk in the park when a honeybee suddenly settled on a rock in front of them. Just for spite, the boy smashed it with a rock, whereupon his father said, "That was cruel, and for being cruel, you'll get no money for a whole year." Later, Johnny deliberately stepped on a butterfly. "And for that, young man," said the father, "you'll get no butter for a year!" When they returned home, Johnny's mother was busy fixing dinner. Just as they entered, she spied a cockroach and immediately crushed it. The little boy looked at his father and said, "Shall I tell her, Dad, or will you?"

—R.W. Alford
 Depoe Bay, Ore.



"Yoo-hoo! Over here, anus' eyes!"

"You didn't come, you old fool! You peed in me!"

When the handsome gynecologist asked his new patient to disrobe, the pretty young thing started to blush. "Haven't you ever been examined before?" he asked. "Oh, yes," she whispered, "but never by a doctor!"
 —Rover
 Shelby, Tenn.



"Forget it, Joyce! I'm watchin' the game and that's final!"

Ya know what they found under Boy George's dress? Michael Jackson's other glove.
 —Screamin' Mimi
 Miami, Fla.

There were two bikers who wanted to marry this Indian chick. Her father, the chief, said, "He who marry my daughter must bring back the most Ping Pong balls." The two bikers looked at each other and left. Six months later, the first biker returned with 1,073,627 Ping Pong balls.

Many moons came and went before the chief decided the other biker must be dead. Consequently, the wedding was set for the following day. The Indian babe dressed in her best feathers and the biker wore his best leather but just before they said their "I do's," the second biker showed up rolling two huge balls, one slightly bigger than the other. His clothes were ripped to shreds, he was covered with blood, and it was obvious that he had a lot of broken bones. "I thought I told you Ping Pong balls!" screamed the chief.

"Shit!" the biker moaned, falling to his knees. "I thought you said King Kong's balls!"

—Scooter
 Neu Ulm, Germany



NAME THAT TUNE

by George Grenke

So you've got that ol' squawk box plastered up to one ear, and the other is doin' double-duty, filterin' the ol' lady's screams about cuttin' that shit out and servin' as a backboard for the brews she keeps chuckin' at ya. We suggest ya let her keep on yellin' and chuckin' those cold ones until either you've got a full case stashed or she loses her voice — whichever comes first. (After all, ya gotta have some limitations, right?)

Now, sit down to some silence and see how much ya remember about all that great rock 'n' roll by tryin' to solve this puzzle. As in the past, the words hidden in this mess may read forward, backward, or diagonally, but they all read in a straight line regardless of direction. After the ol' lady's voice returns, finished or not, take a turn to page 116 to see if ya got the ones ya did do right. (Ya wouldn't have been able to finish with all that racket anyway.)

AC/DC
ARLO GUTHRIE
B.B. KING
BOB DYLAN
CACTUS
CANNED HEAT
CHARLIE DANIELS
CREAM
DEVO
DR. JOHN
E.L.O.
ELVIN BISHOP
FOGHAT
FRANK ZAPPA
GO-GO'S
HEART
HENDRIX
HOT TUNA
JANIS
JEFFERSON STARSHIP
JERRY GARCIA
JERRY JEFF WALKER
JETHRO TULL

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

JOE COCKER
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
MOUNTAIN
NEIL YOUNG
PAUL BUTTERFIELD
POCO
ROLLING STONES
STYX
TAJ MAHAL
TEN YEARS AFTER
THE BAND
THE BYRDS
THE DOORS
THE FUGGS
THE KINKS
THE NICE
THE WHO
T. REX
VAN MORRISON
WAR
YES
Z.Z. TOP

SOLUTION ON PAGE 116



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.



Rip-Off Insurance Companies

December, 1983. Cold, real cold, record cold here in the Great Northeast. So I got my ass down to my local Harley-Davidson dealer to have a look-see. I'll tell you, bros, if anything is going to warm you up, it's the sight of a shining new bike. The bike that warmed me up the most was the '84 FXRS with a new V² Evolution engine and a five-speed tranny. My cold ass even warmed up as I set it down on that padded seat, and when I put my feet up on the highway pegs I could almost feel the warm spring air rushing into my face.

It didn't take me long to dig down deep and come up with a 40 percent down payment. My credit was good and the next morning I called my bank for a bike loan. That afternoon I went to pick up my check and sign the loan agreement. "Who are you going to insure your new motorcycle with?" was the loan officer's query.

"I haven't given it much thought," I replied. "Probably the same agent who carries my truck insurance."

So I gave my friendly banker my agent's name and then went to see my agent about insurance for my new sled.

"\$1100," he said tersely.

"\$1100 for what?"

"\$1100 for comprehensive and collision," was my less-than-friendly agent's reply.

"For Christ's sake, it's only a fuckin' motorcycle!"

"Ah, yes, you're right, but the 'S' at the end of FXRS stands for

"sports," such as in "sports model." Our parent company classifies this as a high-risk model."

"Now what?"

"Well, I guess you'll just have to shop around, but I feel it's only fair to warn you that there are only five companies that will insure motorcycles over 999ccs."

I thanked my agent and headed back to my Harley-Davidson dealers. They told me about this dude who could give me a really reasonable quote. So I called the guy up.

"Sure, we can insure this bike for ya, young fella. How does \$793 sound to ya?"

"Fine. But it's a sports model, you know. It's an FXRS, not an RT."

"I know, young fella. Ya just come on up to my office and don't forget yer money — the policy is waiting fer ya."

I took my money and my paper work to this "reasonable" agent. I should've realized I was about to get a fuckin' when I pulled into the parking lot. For there before me were more gold-plated cages than you could shake a stick at. And when I walked into the office, the carpet was so thick it was like walking on the back of a sheep.

"Howdy do, young fella," he greeted me, but what he was really saying was, "My name is Joe Blow and today we're gonna fuck ya standin' up."

Joe had me fill out all kinds of paper work about everything from my date of birth to the length of my crank to the number of white parents I had. Then came the fun

part — parting with my hard-earned cash.

"The down payment, young fella, is \$200, and it'll run ya about \$100 a month till the balance is paid off."

"How much is the finance charge?"

"Oh, not much, only 24½ percent per year."

"Not much! For Christ's sake, 25 percent is loan sharking!"

"Ah, not anymore. The feds raised it a coupla years ago."

"I should have known," I whispered, as I handed Mr. Blow two crisp hundred-dollar bills.

"Been nice doin' business with ya, young fella. Oh yeah, the payment book will be in the mail before you reach the door."

He was right, you know. The fucking payment book got to my house before I did. Two weeks later I got my insurance policy with a little note from my "reasonable" agent. Enclosed with the policy and note was a bill that damn near knocked my fuckin' socks off. The policy was the usual run-of-the-mill sort. The note from Mr. Blow was more of an apology than anything else. It read as follows: "Young fella, I made an honest mistake on your quote. Your policy is \$1500 a year, not \$793 as I quoted you earlier."

Fifteen-hundred fuckin' dollars for one year's worth of insurance on a motorcycle. That was more than the insurance on my ol' lady's cage, my truck, and the house combined. I

Continued on page 116



It Makes Chicks So Hot They Froth At The Mouth

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Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do

you like best about *Easyriders* magazine? _____

What does? A genuine **Easyriders** baseball cap, of course, and you can have one absolutely free with a discount subscription to the world's largest-selling scooter rag. You read it right — for a limited time Spider will send you a baseball hat and 12 jam-packed issues of **Easyriders** for only \$18, a big \$12 off the newsstand price of the magazines alone. Wanna save more? Send us \$30 bucks and we'll send you the hat and the next 24 issues — a savings of a full 50 percent. Act now and we'll even throw in a free decal to seal the deal!



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Time Won't Stand Still

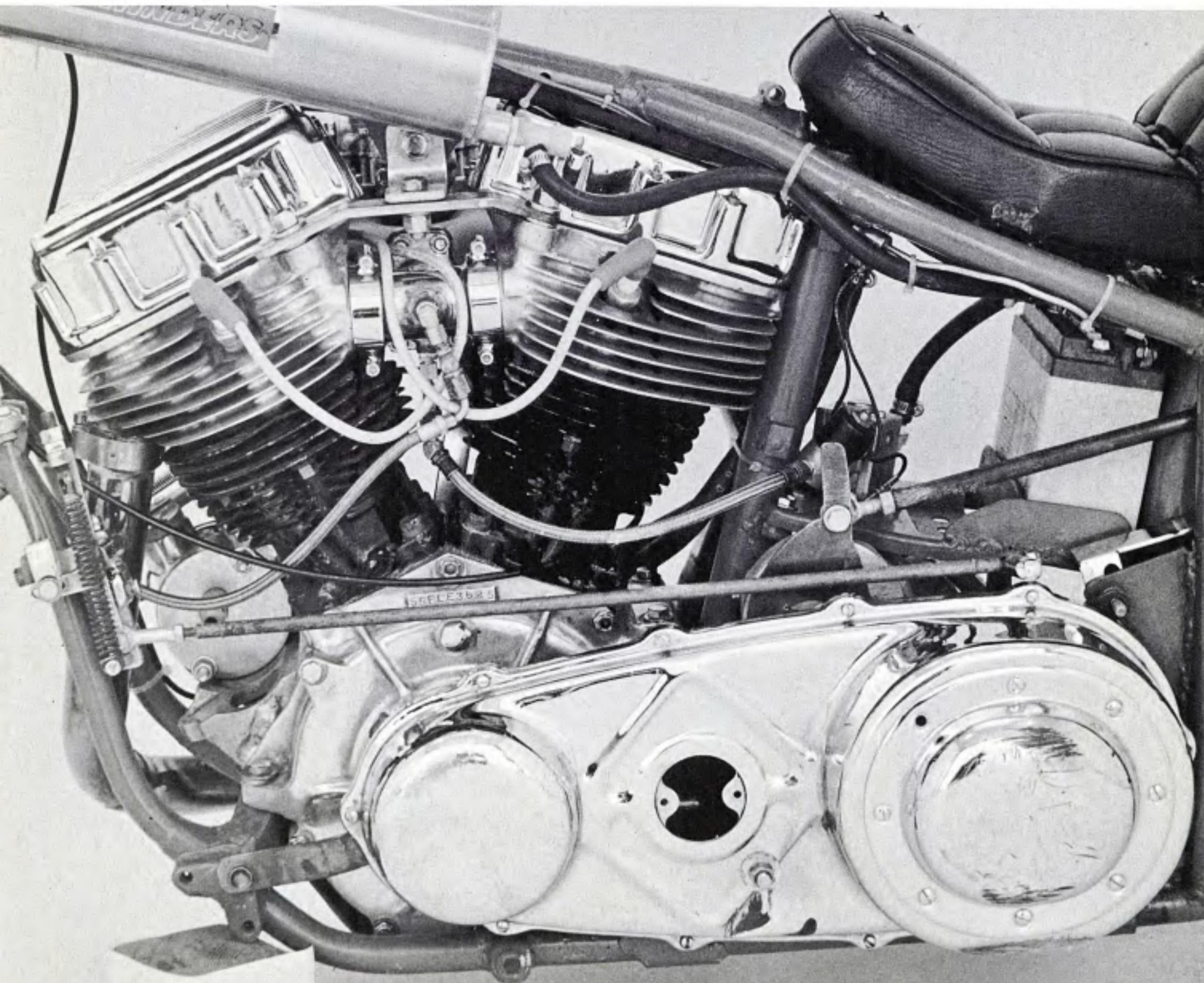
Not even for a '55 panhead with a record

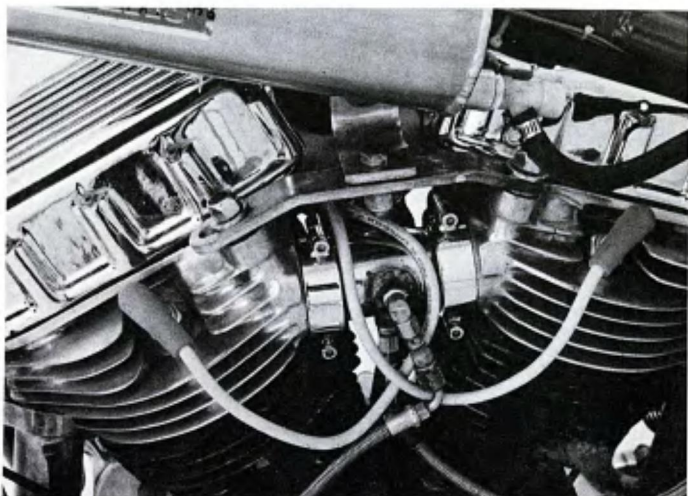
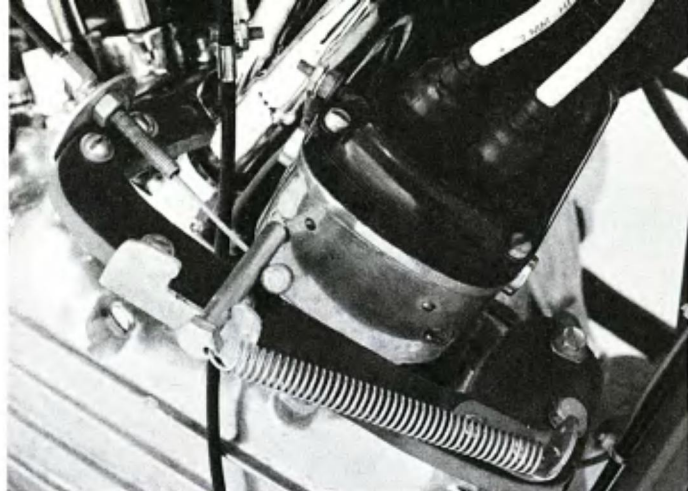
As your eyes check out this obviously non-street panhead, you're probably thinkin', what the fuck, since ya can't ride that thing on the streets, why's it in the rag? Well, to us and anyone else who bleeds Harley orange and black it's a nostalgia trip. As well as a progressive step for would-be land-speed record-setters.

See, it was Jim Butt, along with his brother Bobby, Tom Evans, and a few of their partners, who showed the governing body of speed-timing racers — the Southern California Timing Association — that there was not only enough interest, but plenty of high-revvin', nitro-burnin' vintage motorcycles around to start a

whole new competitive class: the A Fuel Vintage class. Open to pre-1955 bikes. Indians, Crockers, Jameses, Hogs and others.

These Vintage bikes run at the godforsaken, dismal, bleak, snake-wallowin', dry lake beds of El Mirage in the California desert, halfway to nowhere. The beds have seen timed record attempts

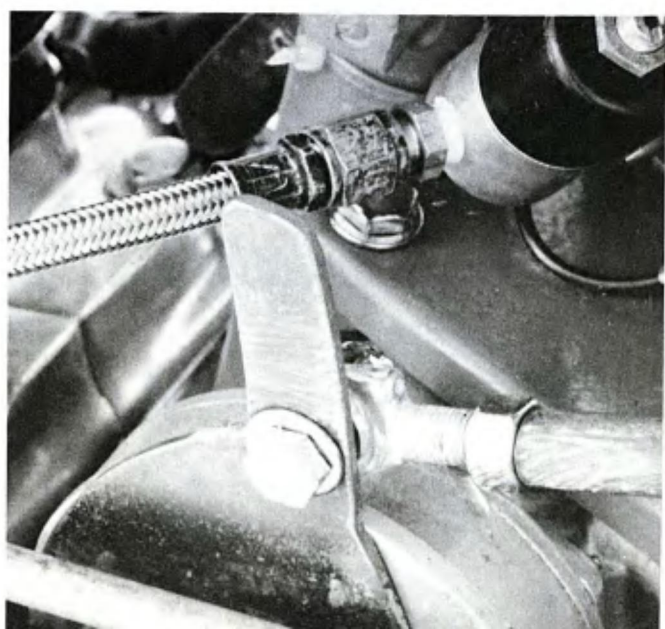
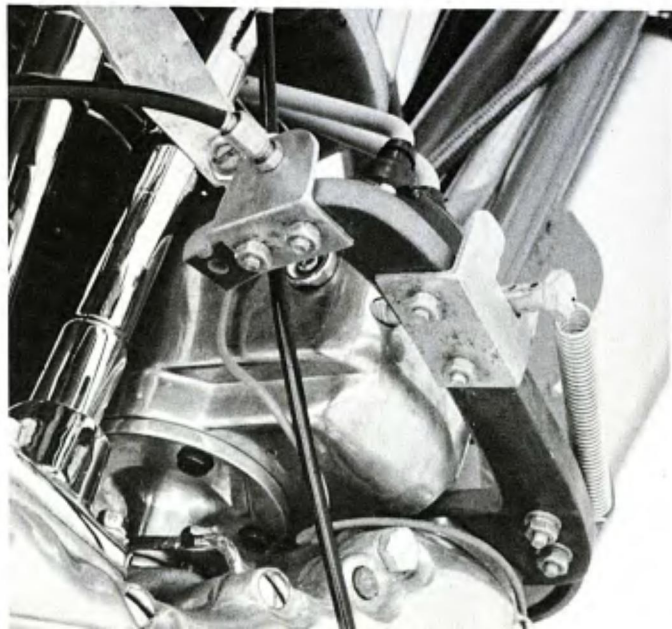


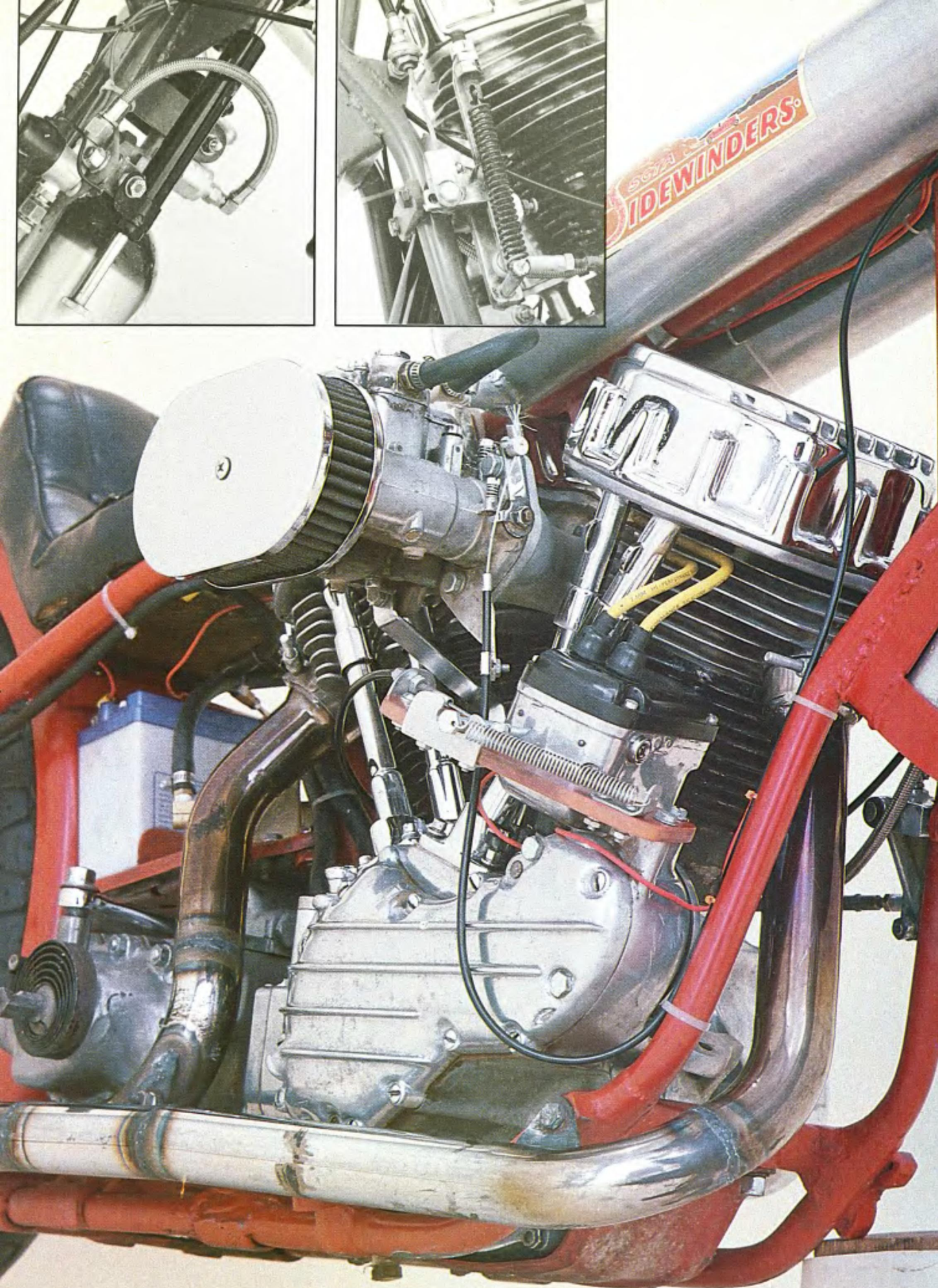
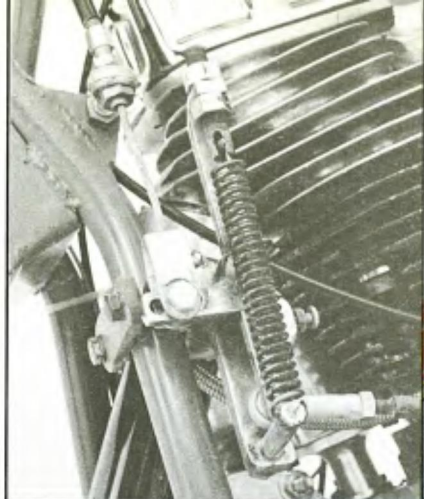
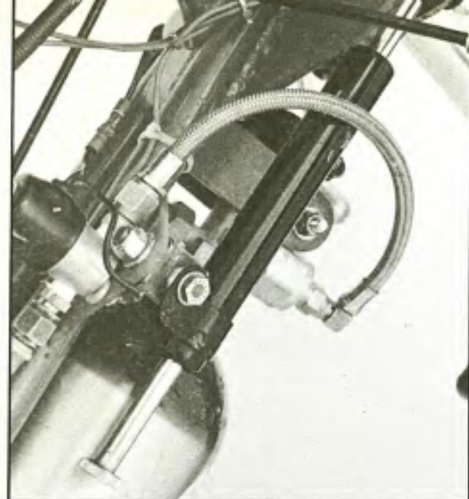


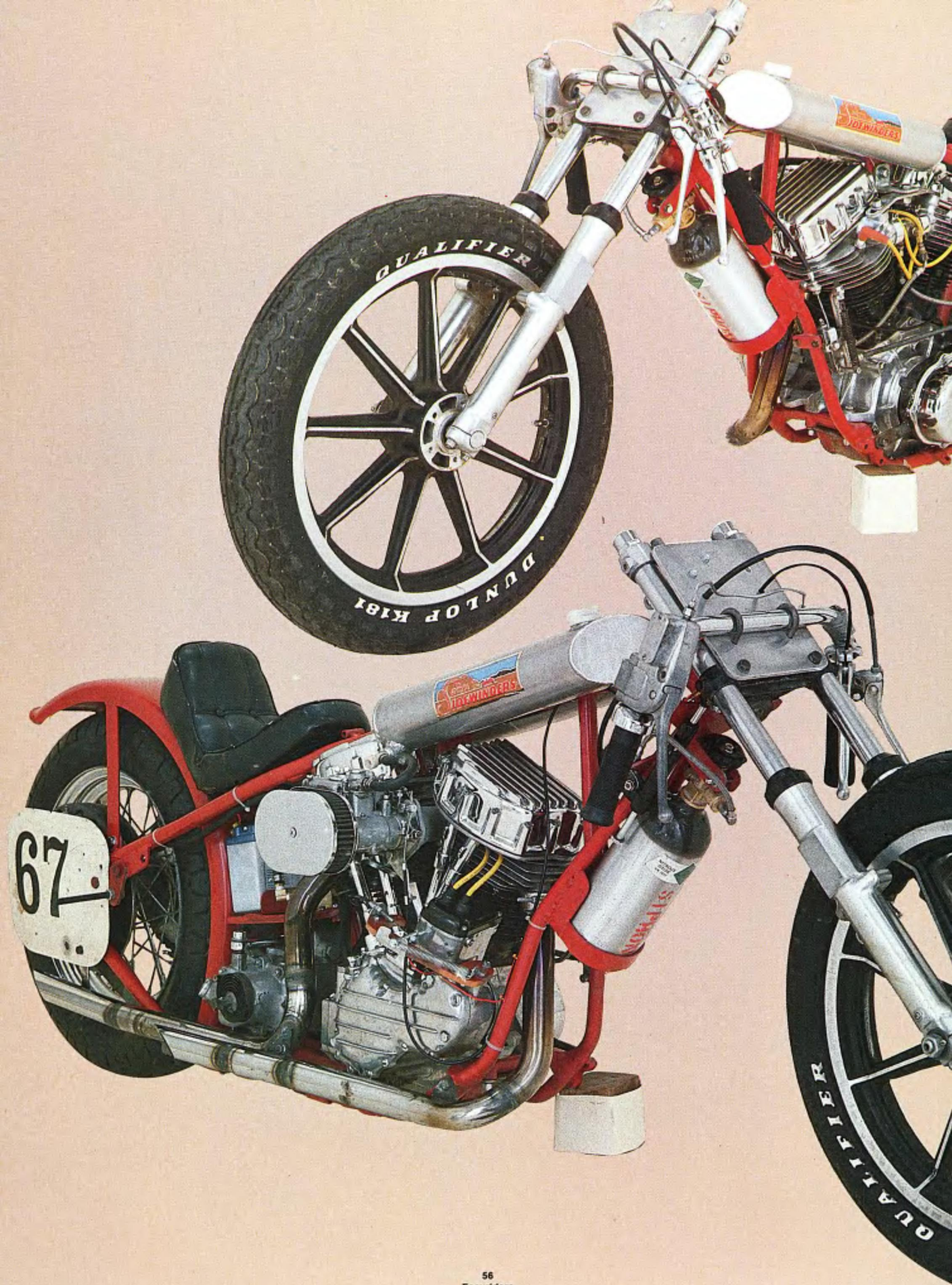
by hot rods and motorcycles since 1933, back when it was a five-mile course and before the advent of the four-wheel-drive weekend desert terrorist. Now, due to the ravages of time, cracked surfaces, and hyped-up four-wheelers doing donuts in the mud as soon as the rare desert rain drops, the track has been

shortened. But that didn't stop Jim from speeding to a 147.05 time last November in the first run for the A Fuel Vintage class, earning a mark that has lasted as the record, despite all the attempts to break it since then. A record's gotta start somewhere, right? Who says it can't be set at the beginning?

It's also destined to fall, too. Jim and his bros from the Side-winders, a hot rod club that originated in the late forties, are constantly revamping the design of the bike. For instance, the next version of the bike will include a fairing made out of sheet metal that will cover the engine and hopefully provide ten to fif-









Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Jim Butt		City: Tujunga, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Bobby Scott		Year: rebuilt 1983	
Year and make: 1955 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: more than you know		Rake: a little	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 8 in.	
Time: it seemed like forever		Other alterations: modified neck	
Chroming by: nobody		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: chopped apehangers	
Year: 1955		Risers: none	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): 6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: none	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 83.75 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S wheels/rods		Front pegs: bolts	
Balancing: Rodan's		Rear pegs: zip	
Pistons: 8 1/2 : 1 forged		Electrics: 12-volt, battery	
Cases: ventilated		Gas tank: two 4-in. aluminum tubes	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: seat post	
Cam(s): Sifton 468		Oil system: late-model H-D	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Weber 40DOCE		Seat: a gift	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: drag		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: narrow glide	
Year: rebuilt panhead		Extension: none; 2 in. shorter	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: works	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 40		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: only if damp		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: Regal Red		Tire: Dunlop K181	Tire: Pirelli Phantom
Type: Rust-Oleum		Brake: none	Brake: H-D disc
Other special modifications: B&H mousetrap, homemade injectors, polished cases, close-ratio gears, lever-operated magneto advance. Special thanks to Rodan's Speed Shop, Richard McFarland, Mark Lingua, and Barry Gordon.			

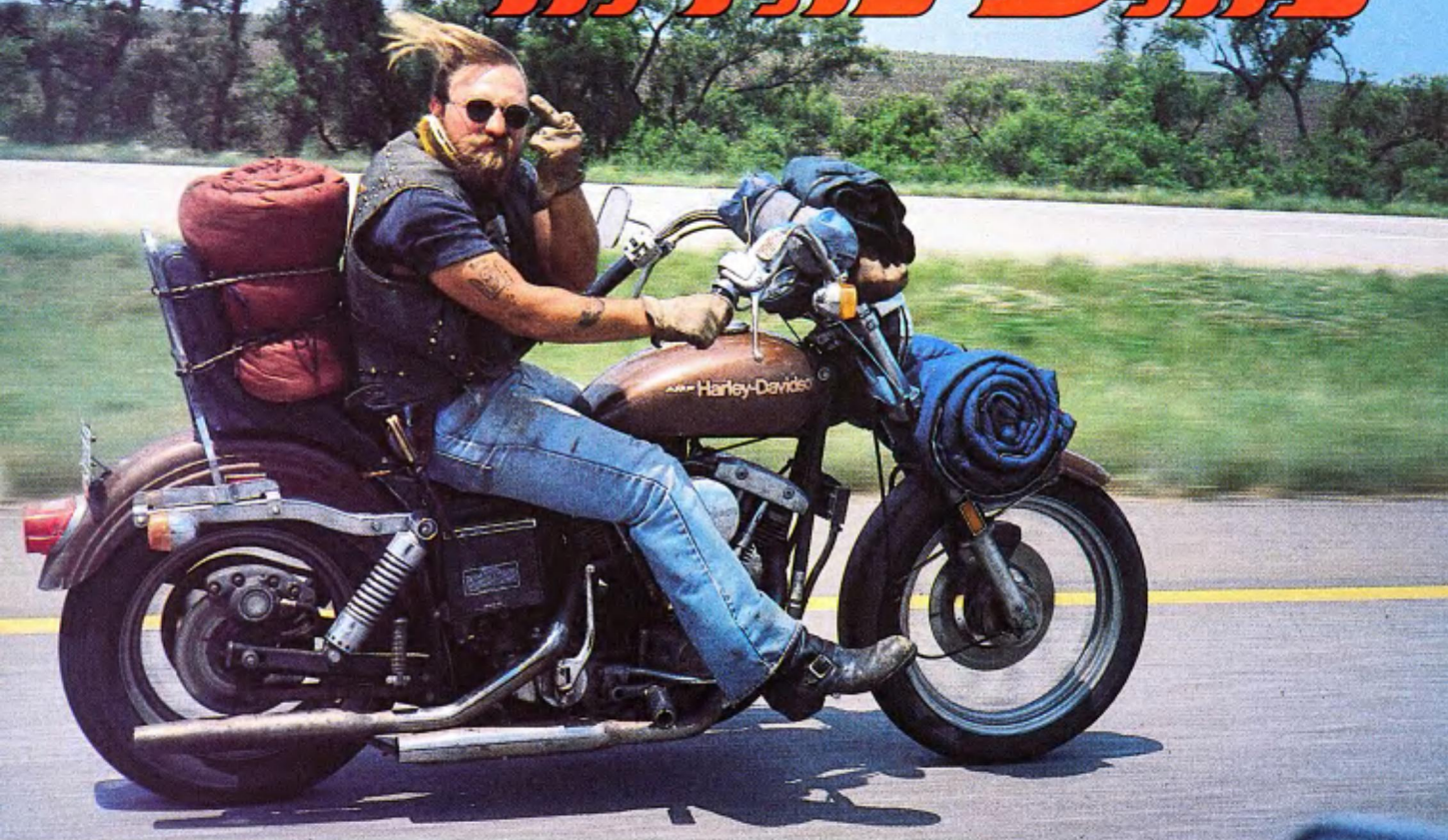
teen percent more top end.

Jim and the other Harley guys seem to generate a fair amount of respect from the high-tech builders, riders and fans — people who are hitting upwards of the two-hundred mark.

It is a fact of life that things go on. New blood comes in to take over for the old and outgoing. Unfortunately, in this case, a large legend in motorcycling has given way. Earl Flanders went down to the Big C in the past year. Earl stood tall for the sport of motor-

cycle racing and was the 1983 recipient of the Dud Perkins Award, emblematic of his lifelong dedication to the sport. His enthusiastic interest was typified by his accessory company, but even more important to the sport as a whole was his tireless work in making the Bonneville Salt Flats a legitimate, safe, motorcycling sport through his system of staunch rules. The man will be missed. But with the influx of people like Jim Butt, the racin' and the ridin' will go on. Safely. —Speedy

IN THE WIND



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



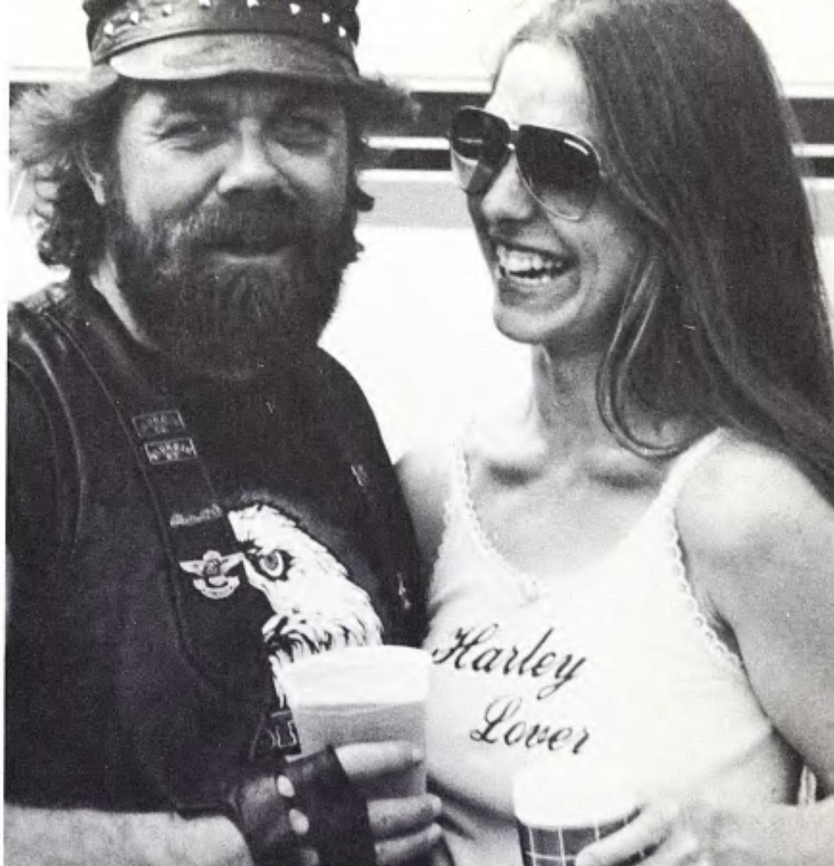
—from Nancy Nelson, Hoisington, Kan.



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.



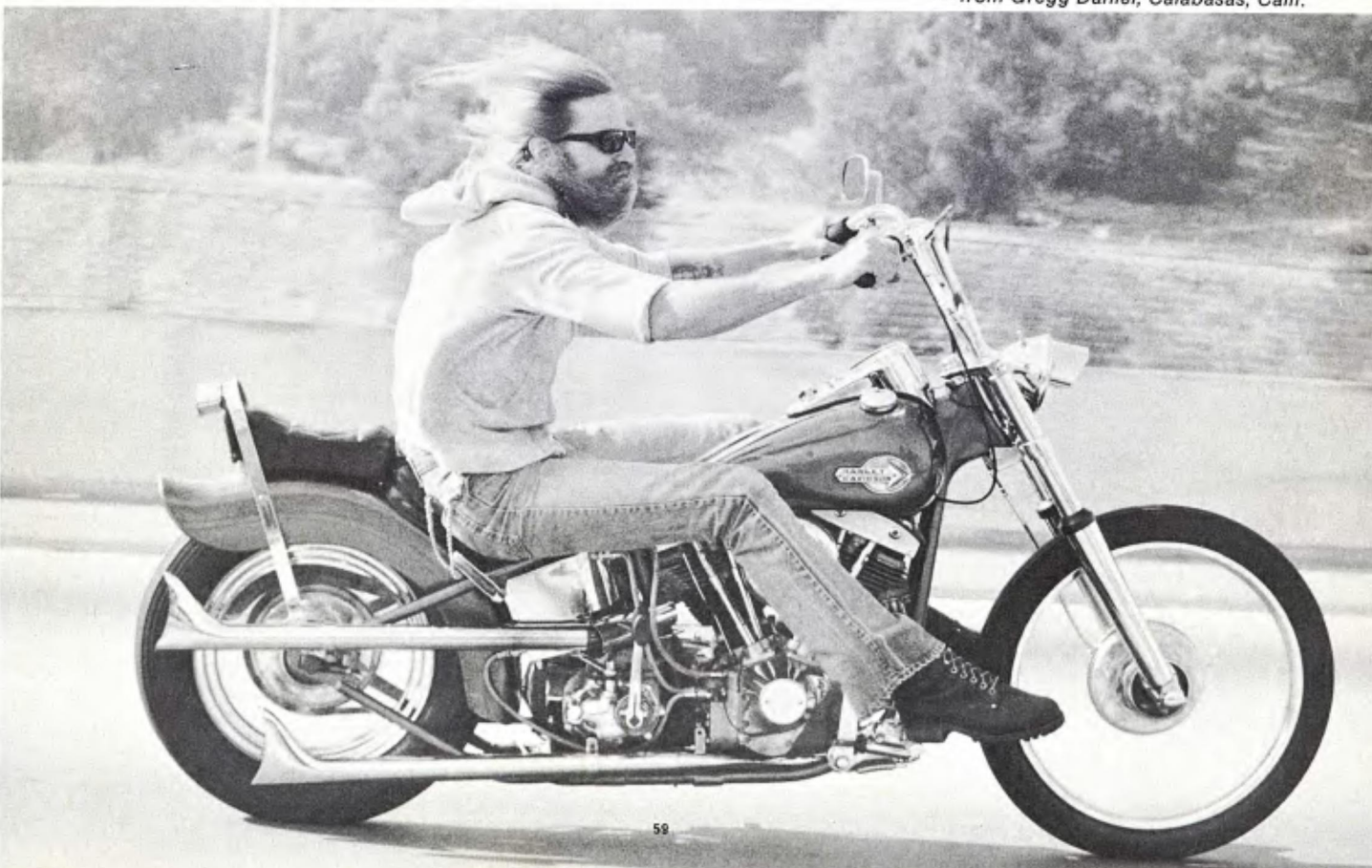
—from Cheryl Senter, Grafton, N.H.

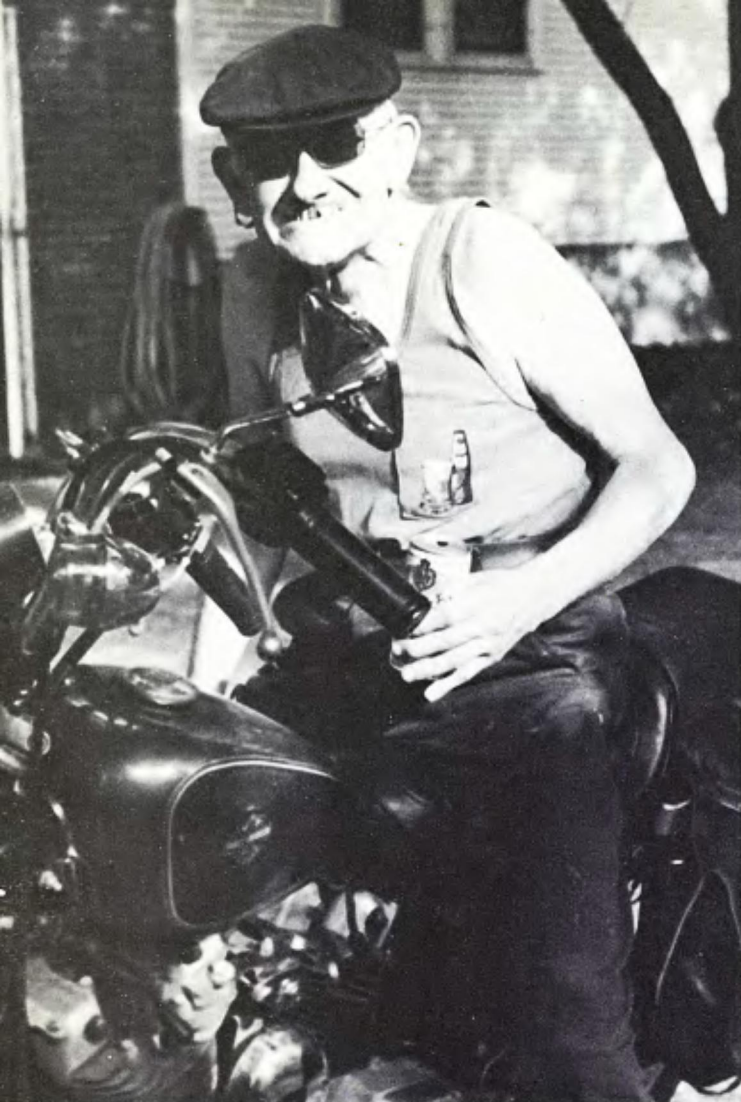


—from Breeze, Saranac, Mich.

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 Gregg Daniel, Calabasas, Calif.





—from Annette Suski, Bridgeview, Ill.



—from Crazy Animal, New Milford, N.J.

—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.





—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

—from *The Breeze*, San Diego, Calif.





—from Carol Wilson, Modesto, Calif.

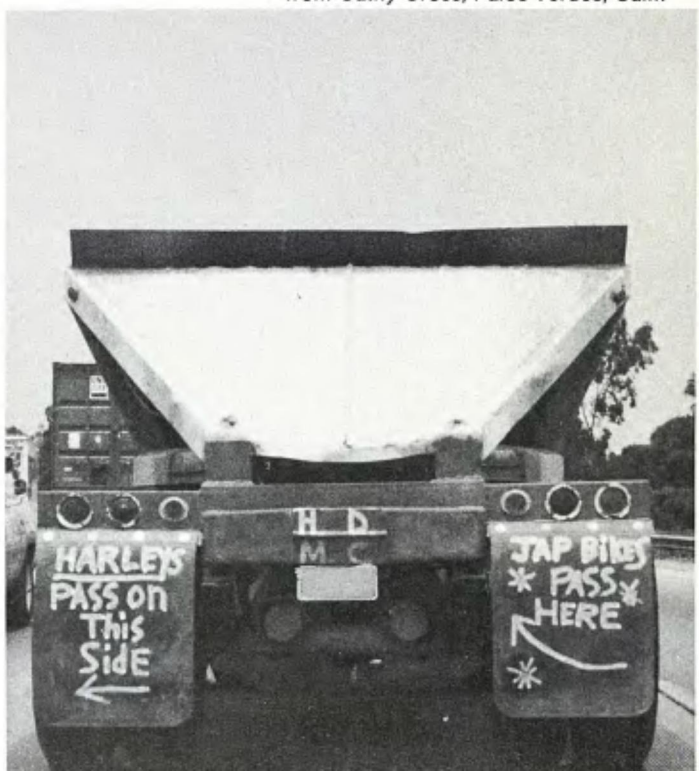
—from Raybo, Arlington, Va.



—from Cathy Cross, Palos Verdes, Calif.



—from Ol' Adamomeseo, Quartz Hill, Calif.





—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.

—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.



—from Lonesome Frank, Wallingford, Conn.



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RUMBLE INN

~~BIKE~~
PARKING
ONLY



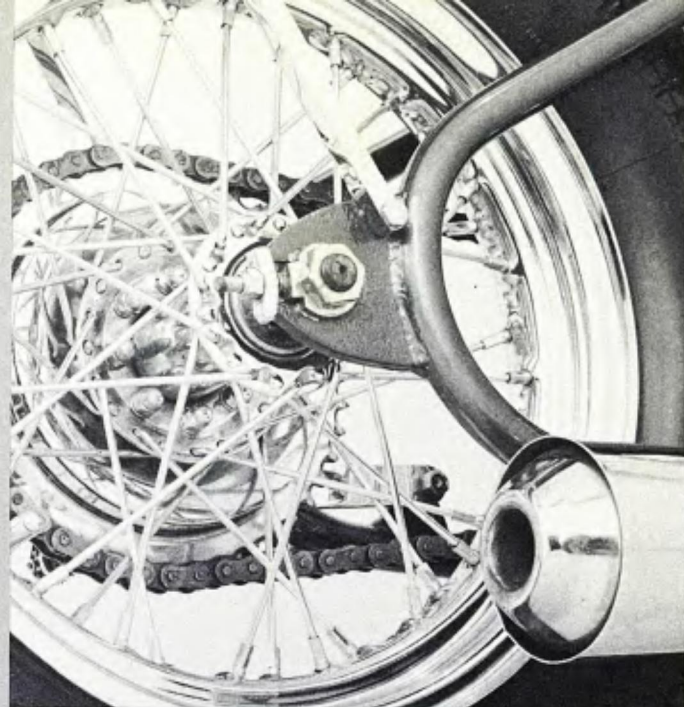
Hard-Won Rep

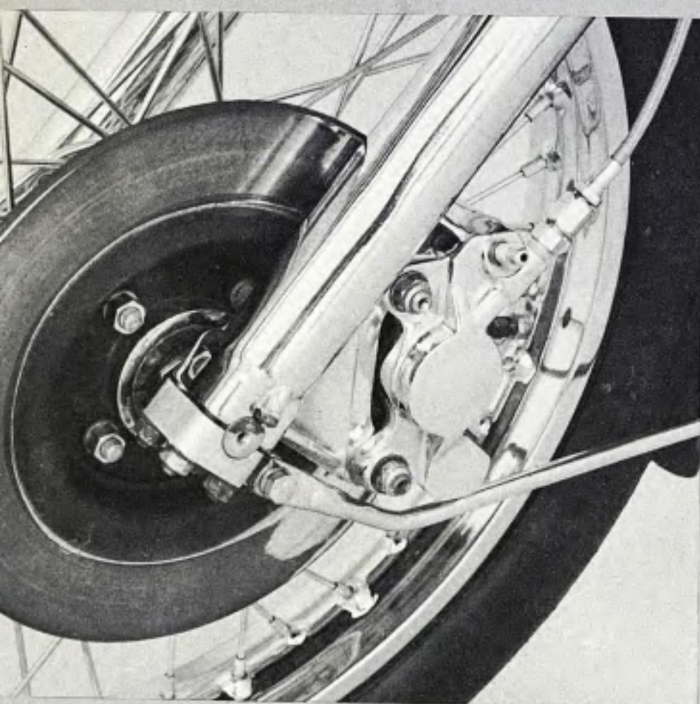
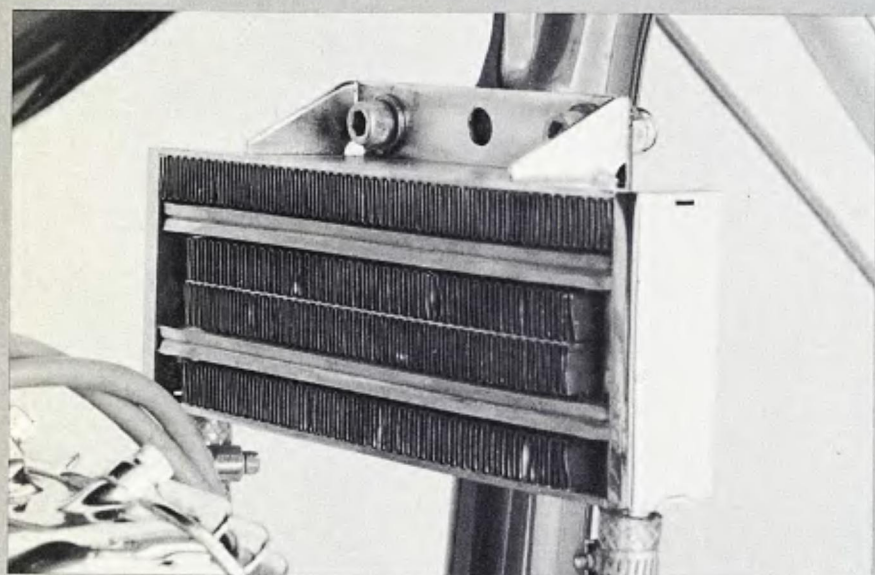
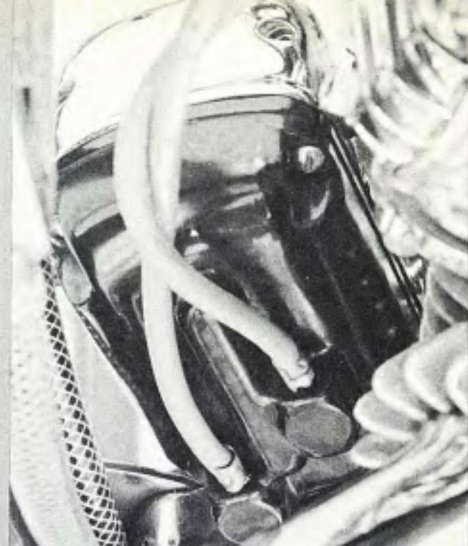
Now, don't give us any shit. The original bike clubs were made up of returning servicemen after WWII. They had mustering-out money, back pay, and the feds gave them each 52 weeks of \$20 a week to get started. A lot of them, especially in southeast Los Angeles, bought scooters: Harleys, Indians, Triumphs, BSAs. Because they'd all fought in the war together, they rode any type of bike available (obviously, there were no

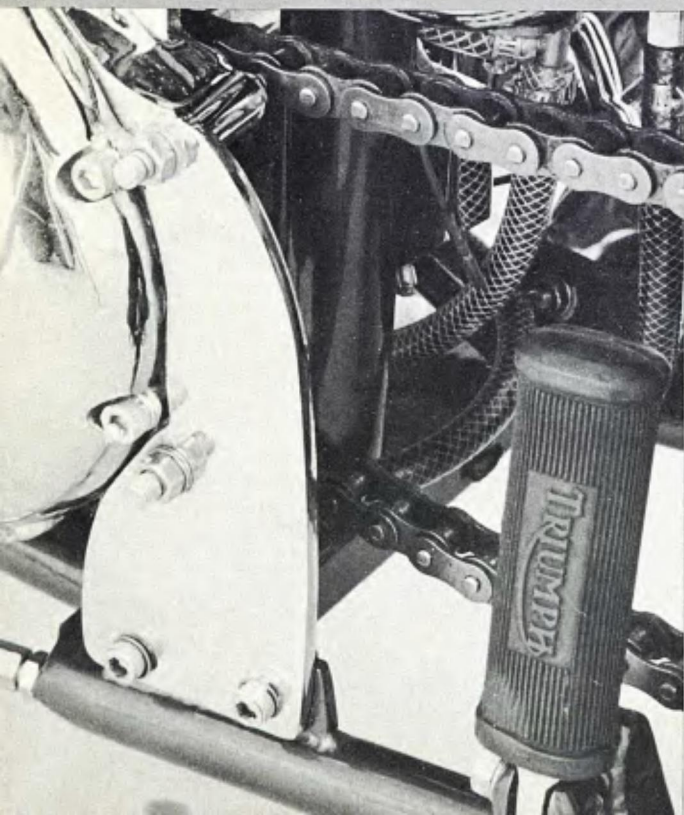
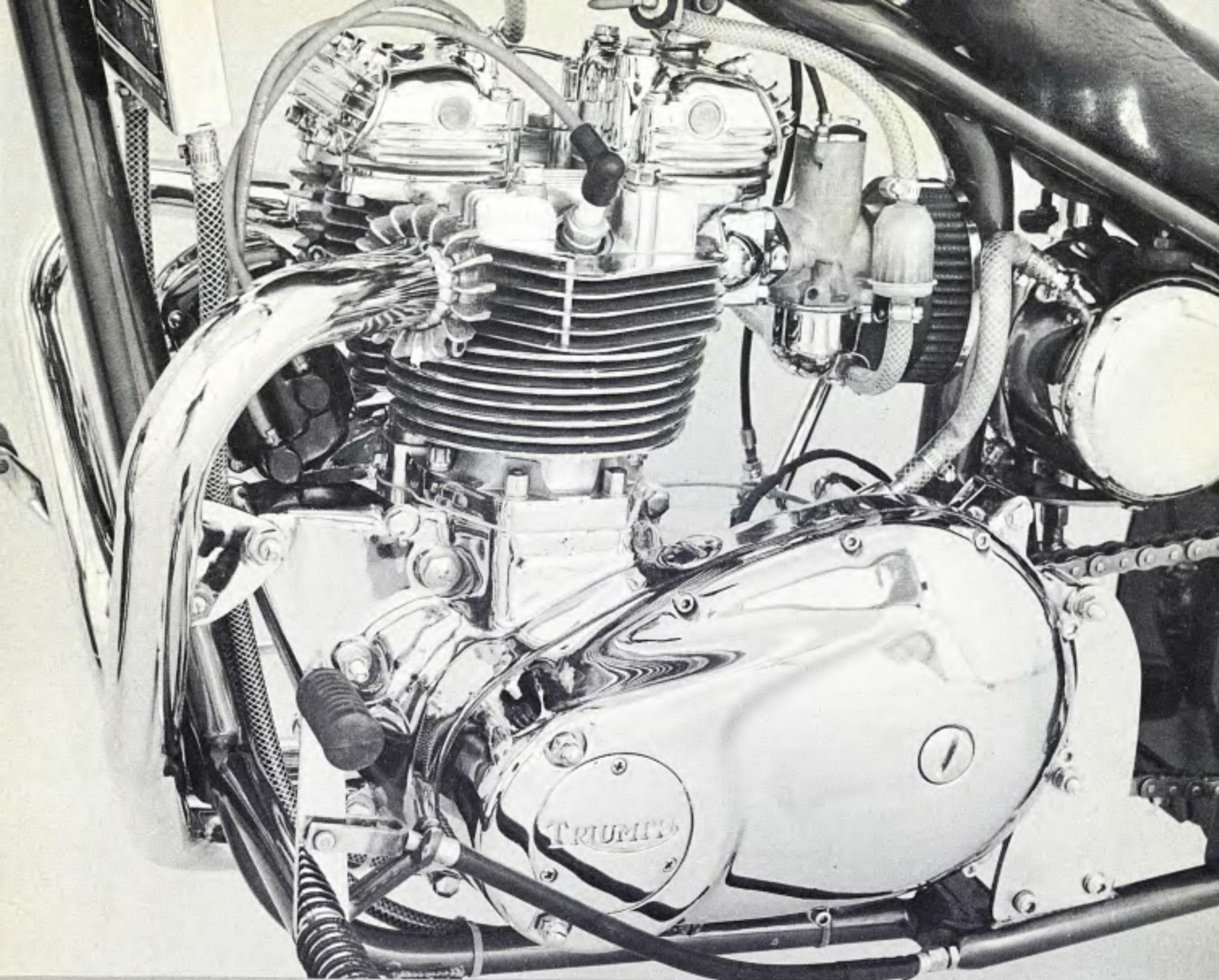
Japanese bikes then). They maintained their feelings against an enemy they'd all faced until the bomb, and they passed their feelings on to their sons — but eventually those feelings faded as their sons' sons came along.

But like we said before, the popularity of Triumphs goes back a long, long way — back before the beginning, in fact — so don't give us any shit about including this luscious Limey in the rag.



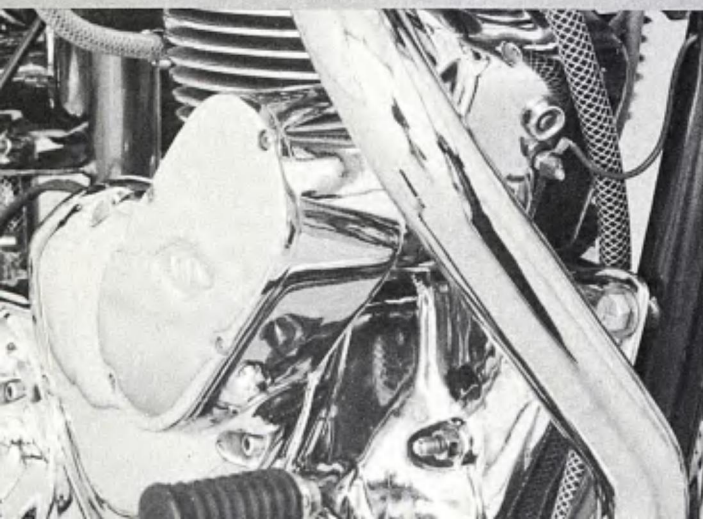
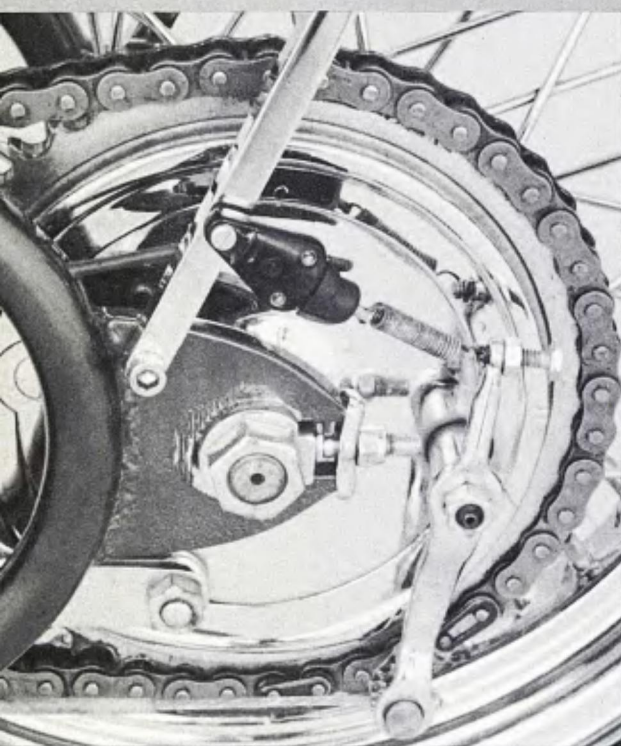






If ya ain't deaf, dumb and blind, or at least if ya ain't dumb and blind, yer eyes will tell ya this is one damn good example of a fine bike which earned a hell-uva fine reputation for bein' quick and solid through the years.

Like most super clean scooters, this Trumpet was planned out from headlight to taillight before the first wrench was turned. In fact, the owner and builder, Paul Sullo, diagramed out exactly what he was going to do before he built it. The interesting thing is that he didn't use graph paper or any of that kind of shit for his plans. He did the diagraming in his head — by casting mental images of the bike on the ceiling above the hospital bed where he was lying, on the mend from a run-in with a cage.



Owner: Paul Sullo		City: Wakefield, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1975	
Year and make: 1973 Triumph		Builder: Hutchinson Cycle	
Model: Tiger 750		Type: rigid	
Value: \$6000		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: lots	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1973		Risers: Jammer	
Model: Tiger 750		Fender(s): stock front/5-in. rear	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: ARD Mag		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 750cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: factory		Front pegs: Hutchinson Cycles	
Balancing: Lindscog		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: Routt 9/8 : 1		Electrics: Tymonium	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: 2 1/2-gal. Paughco	
Heads: polished		Oil tank: 2 1/2-quart	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: factory		Primary cover: Triumph	
Carb(s): Amal		Seat: Paughco	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: Alphabet		Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): collector		Material: 1/2-in. square stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: stock/modified	
Year: 1973		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: they work	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 48		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Mike S.		Hub: Triumph	Hub: Triumph
Painter: Don Hutchinson		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy red		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: disc	Brake: drum
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to R.E.S.			

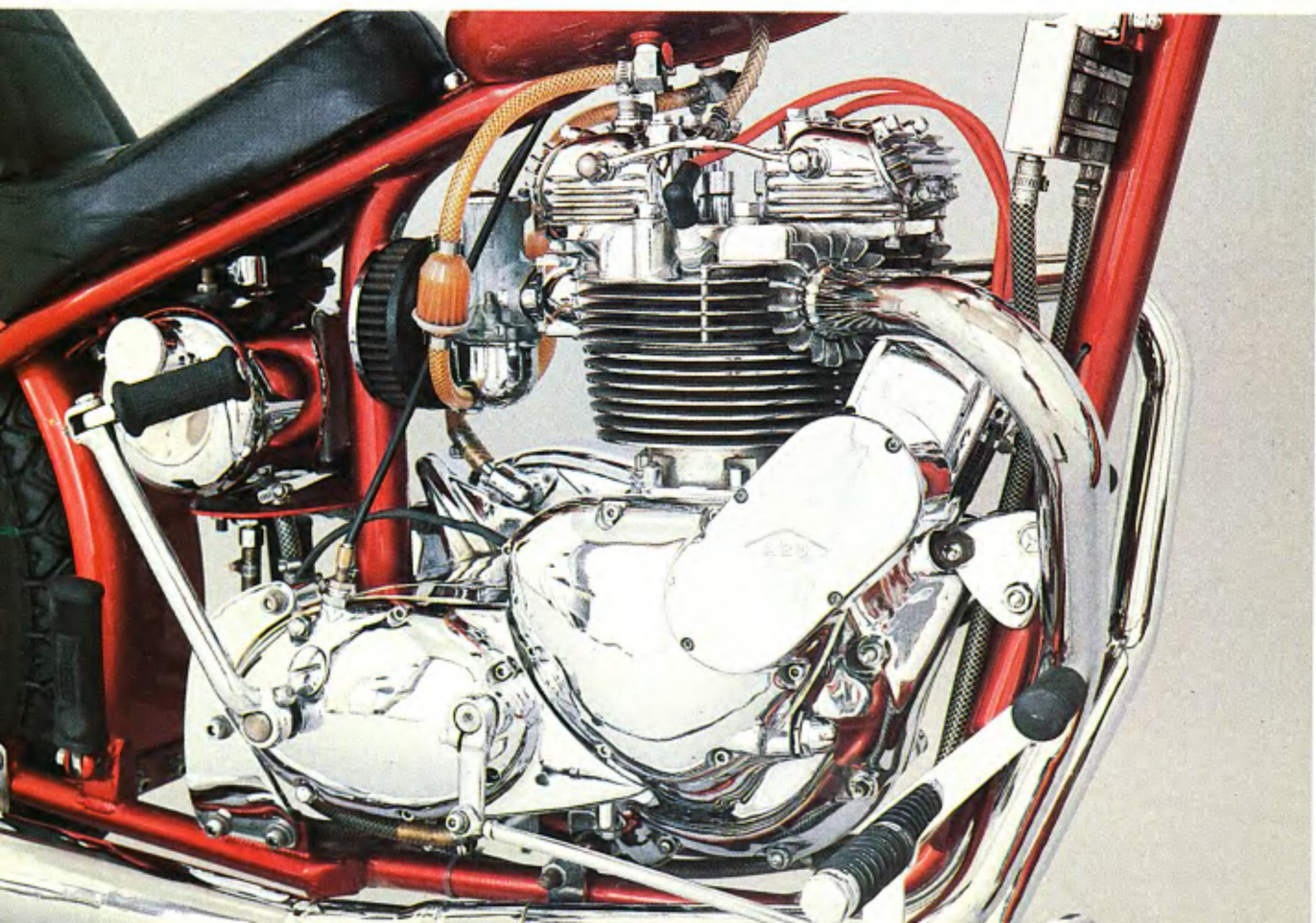
As soon as he was released, he began hunting for parts and spinning the bolts. Two long years later the bike he'd dreamed up during those painful days in the rack was a reality.

So whatever else ya do, don't give us any shit about it. This Trumpet's one tough bike, belonging to one tough rider, and if ya can't handle it, ya can go suck Mutha's pussy.

—Tarantula



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Improve the Function Enhance the Form.



Outer Primary Cover

Stronger-than-stock, die-cast outer primary covers. The covers feature an installed starter shaft bearing and a partially tapped ninth hole for nine hole primary applications. Available chrome or with a durable bright black finish.

FX 1970-82 (except FXB & FXR)

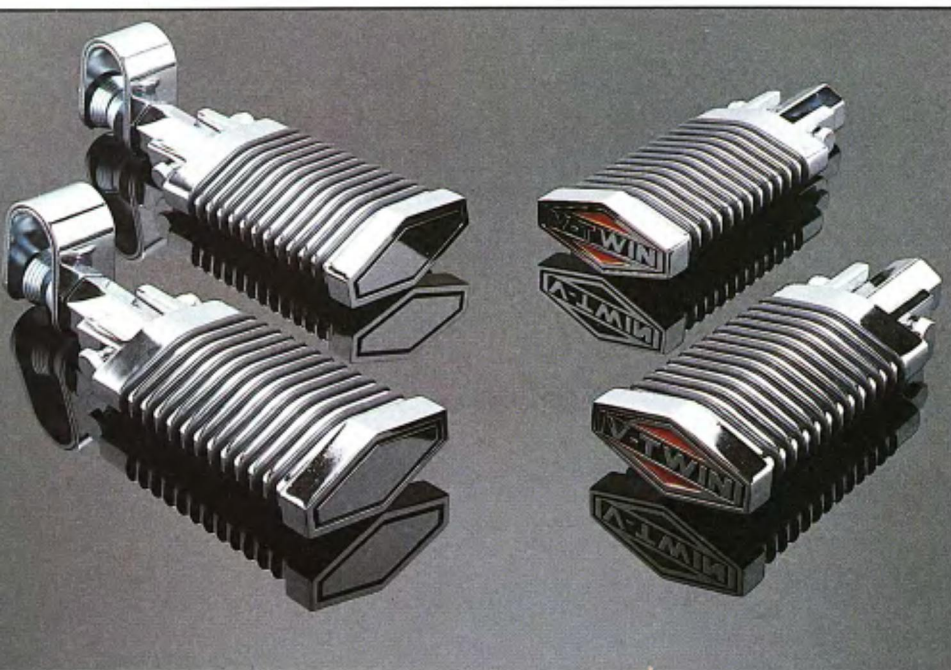
#100 Chrome \$98.00

#101 Black \$88.00

FL, FLH 1965-82 (except FLT & 1982 FLH with belt drive)

#102 Chrome \$98.00

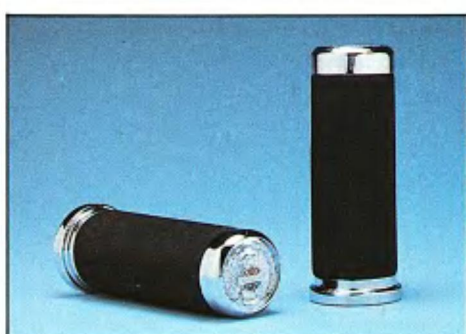
#103 Black \$88.00



Black Diamond™ Footpegs

A revolutionary new footpeg design featuring a specially die-cast shape designed for comfort by giving your foot more support from the pedal surface. Special molded rubber rings prevent your foot from slipping while providing a striking contrast against the bright chrome. All pegs are sold in pairs with a choice of styles.

Plain	V-Twin		
#109	#112 3/8" stud mount	\$21.00	
#110	#113 1/2" stud mount	\$21.00	
#111	#114 Clamp-on mount	\$24.00	



Soft Touch™ Grips

A perfectly sized rubber sleeve is covered in soft neoprene to absorb vibration and stop finger "tingles." The grips are finished with striking chrome caps featuring an attractive emblem. The grips fit XL, FX, FL models 1973-83.

#104 \$17.00

Big Twin Clutch Set

These clutch sets can be used wet or dry. Complete with clutch hub friction disc and rivets.

#126 Fits 1941-67 (4 plates) \$23.00

#127 Fits 1968-84 (5 plates) \$28.00

Nose Cone Gear Cover

A top-quality cover complete with all the necessary parts to convert your plain cover to a show stopper. These covers are available for both the 1970-early 73 side oiling pinion shaft and the 1973-83 end oiling models. Both covers are available chrome or with a gloss black finish.

1973-83 end oiling

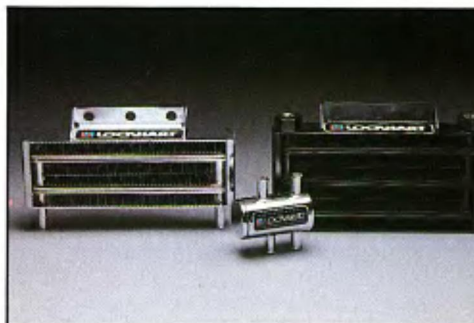
#115 Chrome \$80.00

#116 Black \$66.00

1970-early 73 side oiling

#117 Chrome \$80.00

#118 Black \$66.00



Lockhart "700" Oil Cooler Kit

A high performance oil cooler for all Harley models (except FL & FLT). This oil cooler features: threaded oil parts for optional metal hose installation and a black finish. This kit includes all the mounting hardware necessary for an easy installation.

#119 \$115.00

Lockhart "500" Oil Cooler Kit

The standard Lockhart workhorse for Sportsters, Superglides and Electraglides. Available chrome or black.

Sportster/Superglide

#120 Chrome \$110.00

#121 Black \$90.00

Electraglide

#122 Chrome \$120.00

#123 Black \$100.00

Thermostat Bypass Valve

This thermostat allows the oil to bypass the cooler on start-ups, or in cool weather. Excellent for use with the Lockhart "500" & "700" coolers.

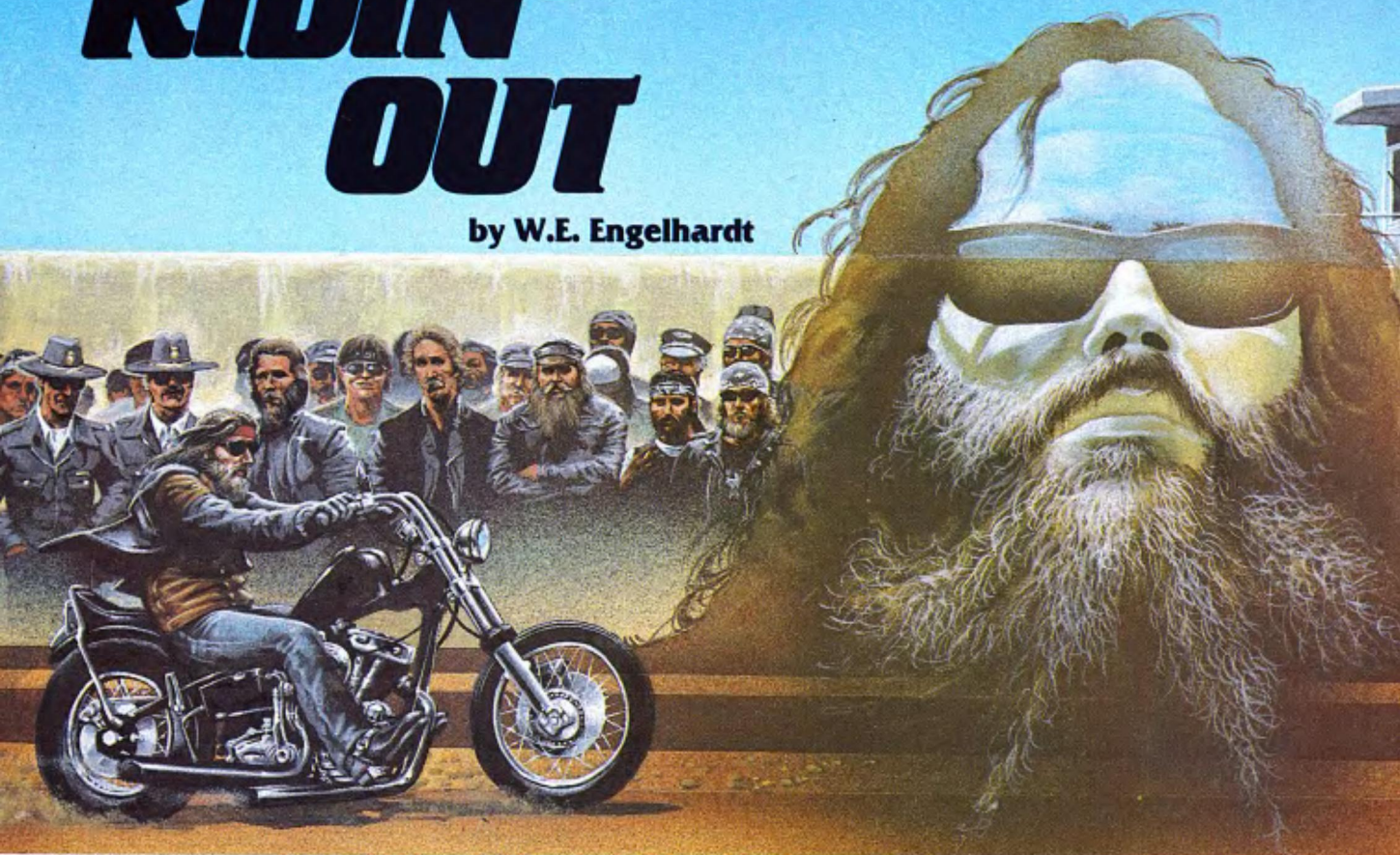
#124 Chrome \$45.00

#125 Black \$40.00



RIDIN' OUT

by W.E. Engelhardt



Of The Washington State Penitentiary! My True Story

April 1977 — I woke up in my drab Walla Walla prison cell with a big shit-eatin' grin, just beaming from ear to ear. This is the morning I've been so nervously waiting for. This tramp is about to be cut loose after being down for five years, four months, and six days. Freedom is now a few hours away.

"Yaaa hoo!" I yelled in high spirits. Jumping out of bed, I scooped up a wrinkled shirt and my best pair of old Levi's off the floor. Grabbing my socks, I took a nose hit and decided they'd do. Next I slipped on my boots. (I didn't know, until later, that in all my rushing around I'd grabbed my brother's boots by mistake. What the hell, they're newer anyway.) I couldn't stop smilin'. It was the first time I'd smiled in the morning in years! Chills and goose bumps came over me just from thinking about ridin' out of this dump today!

Walking over to the sink, I turned on the hot water and made a cup of mud, sat down and fired up a smoke. Now sadness suddenly struck. With a heavy heart I looked around the dull, hazy gray cell I'd done so much hard time in, remembering good times as well as the bad. Then I began thinking about the places I was going. Where to first, etc.

My thoughts were rushin' way ahead of the plans I'd made. I couldn't sit still. I put out the cigarette, went back over to the sink and washed the night's sleep from my face. Then, for the last time, I put the sign out for the guard to open my cell door. While waiting, I walked around the cell a few more times — in circles — lookin' to see if I'd forgotten anything. I was light-headed and rushin', on a natural speed trip. Hot flashes raced through me as the cell door racked open, slowly. My heart took a dive, then began to beat like a tom-tom!

I walked out and onto cell block A, passed the guards' cage and outside into the breezeway. I felt like a hundred full dressers were doing wheelies inside my head as I walked. Walked, hell! I ran half the way down to central control to pick up my release papers. "All that's left now is to get a few signatures from some officials, and a guard escort," the man inside the control booth said. I was so excited I couldn't see straight, but I tried not to let my excitement show because some people mistake excitement for weakness. We went to a few offices and got some "John Hancock" from sour-faced, old prison personnel.

Finally, we stopped at the warden's office for the last signature. We knocked and went in. He started talking about this shit and that, but my thoughts were far away, on more important things — my scooter, the open highway, wind in my face, women, women, and more women!

I came out of the daydream just in time for a phony handshake, as he said something like, "Good luck as you reenter society." Just like in the movies, I thought to myself. He was still talking when I turned around and left his office. I wasn't being rude on purpose — it's just a natural habit of mine.

While we were walkin', the prison guard started talkin'. "Didn't prison teach you anything about manners and respect for authority?" he asked with a shitty smirk.

"Yeah," I said. "I learned when to open my mouth and when to keep it shut. You ought to try it sometime. I've also learned to do my own time, and to not spend any of it worrying about how someone else does theirs. It's called minding your own business. And excuse the hell out of me for talkin' while you're interrupting me. I realize you have to escort me out of this stinking hole, but could you walk a little faster? I'm kinda in a hurry."

As we walked across the prison yard, I tried to ignore the tower and the guard in it with his rifle out at the ready position. He was watching us, waiting for me to get stupid with my "escort," so he could have the opportunity — and extreme pleasure — of shooting someone. My insides got a little queasy when I heard the thunder of Harley-Davidsons racing up and down between our shop and another guard tower above the big yard wall.

We got to the chow hall and rounded the corner approaching "bikers' park," outside the shop. Chills ran up and down my spine when I saw my brothers ridin' those powerful, glittering Hogs. My skin felt alive, moving with shivers. Other bros were lying around on the grass and sittin' on our park bench, rapping, talking about motorcycles and sharing stories from the streets. One yelled, "Hey, prospect! Get me a cup of mud — black!" Another patchholder

said, "Make that two — mine with three sugars — and hurry it up, asshole!"

Some brothers were polishing the chrome on their scoots to a mirror finish, and another was wrenching with a prospect helping him, holding the big V-Twin upright. A few more pulled up from their ride to the tower and back, their bikes gleaming in the morning sunshine. They shut their bikes down alongside four more Harleys quietly and patiently waiting their lords and masters. Prisoners were walking by, admiring the shining beautiful machines, those works of

art. There was a soft breeze blowing as the guard in the tower looked down at convicts walking in and out of the big yard. Inmates were everywhere, yet the prison yard was deathly quiet except for the occasional roar of a bike. There were sparrows chirping and playing in the bushes as I walked toward the shop's doors. Suddenly all my imprisoned brothers broke the silence and started yelling. Before I knew it, I was surrounded.

Bros were hugging me, and others were

shaking my hand, while I kissed some farewell. Seeing a few with tears in their eyes and leaving them this way caused a burning sensation deep down inside me. Everyone was excited and glad for me, but at the same time, I was sad for them — sad that they couldn't leave with me. Our love for each other runs deep.

Suddenly a brother yelled out, "You're the first to ever ride out from behind these high walls and steel gates of hell! So, good luck. Make it good, brother!"

Then the prison guard said, "It's time." All of a sudden everyone was quiet again as I walked through the door to get my bike, my brothers and the guard waiting outside. Just inside, I glanced at the sign to my right: "Washington State Penitentiary Motorcycle Association Members Only!"

Below that was our patch — a motorcycle wheel with wings on both sides. As I walked down the darkened passageway, Janis Joplin was blasting out a tune on the stereo upstairs. Two shop prospects sat



Dedicated to my brothers and all downed scooter tramps in prisons everywhere.

Continued on page 99

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

Lots of little shit clogging the mail room this month. For instance, the State of New Jersey is hiring some folks for \$500-a-day jobs, but it's not the sort of occupation that would look good as a proposed profession on your parole plan. The job? Hit man. Or, if you prefer, contract killer. Or, as the New Jersey Department of Corrections' help-wanted ads put it, "execution technician."

New Jersey, which reinstated the death penalty back in '82, intends to use three-man hit squads to kill condemned prisoners. Under the system, two of the three hitters will shoot the victim up with separate mixtures of lethal drugs and the third will stand by as an alternate in case someone chickens out.

Less terminal, but almost equally grim, is the news that a 20-year study shows that less than two percent of all habeas corpus petitions filed by state prisoners result in the eventual release of the petitioner.

Speaking of studies, another recently released report found that the average person sent to prison for a felony actually served between one and a half and three years.

The same Justice Department report also noted that inmates who committed homicide and rape served the longest sentences — 2.4 to five years on average — while those who committed larceny averaged the shortest terms — from just under two years to just over six months.

Unfortunately, the Justice Department study did not bother to survey the effect of different lifestyles upon the length of time served. Had they done so, we suspect they would have found that certain groups of convicts — bikers, for example — wind up doing substantially more than the average amount of time, regardless of their offense.

A California legislative committee has wisely killed a bill that would have required so-called "public outrage" hearings on every prisoner scheduled for parole. Under the proposal, every law-and-order nut and redneck in the state would have a chance to go into court and argue



that the parole be denied.

Supporters of the measure were hoping to skate by a Supreme Court ruling that "public outrage" not be used to rescind a convict's parole, by using the argument that the court had not specifically said that it was illegal to use considerations of public outrage as a reason to refuse to set a convict's parole date.

The Texas legislature has agreed to keep the state's Intensive Supervision Probation program alive for at least one more year. Under ISP, felony offenders who would normally be sentenced to prison are placed on probation under the supervision of a specially trained probation officer who is given a smaller-than-usual case load and is expected to be in almost daily contact with each of his parolees.

Candidates for ISP are limited to convicts who would otherwise be sentenced to prison for either new offenses or violation of traditional probation.

Since its inauguration in 1981, the ISP program has handled close to 7500 convicts, most of them burglars or drug offenders with prior records. Of the 7500, about 75 percent have completed their sentences successfully and been released from

probation. Of the other 25 percent, about half had their probation rescinded and half took a powder and disappeared.

Did ya ever wonder why the hell anyone would want to make a career out of playin' Mr. Macho in front of a few thousand guys locked down in cages? Well, whatever the answer is, it can't be money. According to a book published by the American Correctional Association, screws in a lot of states are so poorly paid that "many have to use food stamps and work second jobs to support their families."

Statistics in the book show that the lowest salary for entry-level guards in an adult facility is \$9817 a year. Figuring 40 hours a week, that comes out to \$4.72 an hour, less than a lot of dishwashers make and certainly not a hell of a lot for somebody who's sometimes called upon to make decisions in life-or-death situations.

Ya don't have to be a lock-'em-up-and-throw-away-the-key-freak to realize that some less-than-five-bucks-an-hour knuckledragger who's all pissed off and bitter 'cause he's not makin' enough money to keep his ol' lady from havin' to swing her bag under a streetlight is not a guy who should be deciding anything more important than what time it is.

The American Bar Association has become the latest group to urge Congress to pass legislation establishing alternative sentencing programs for federal offenders.

Speaking at a hearing of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Justice, ABA official William W. Greenhalgh stressed that the economic and social benefits of alternative sentences far outweigh the ill effects of any so-called threat to society caused by allowing many categories of criminals to remain a part of the outside community.

"In a time of massively overcrowded prisons and jails," Greenhalgh told the congressmen, "alternative sentences can help to divert persons who can be most effectively and economically dealt with in another setting." ■



Photo by Mike Lichter

This month there falls to me an honor and a sad duty: I must announce the death of a brother. Donald "Witt" Witter, of Littleton, Colorado, is now with us in spirit and memory only — his body pushed off this earth by a cage.

We of the brotherhoods of Vietnam veterans and bikers are used to seeing our bros pass away long before their statistically scheduled time. They leave us and we leave others — victims of a particular lifestyle and/or an unfair fate bequeathed to us by our generation's unique war.

Since Witt was both a biker and an activist veteran of the Vietnam War, it is only fitting that "Vet Voice" serve this month to honor his memory as he, in death, serves one last time to honor the memory of bros who have fallen in recent years. Let the life, the death, and the spirit of Donald Witter now stand for the two close brotherhoods to which the man belonged.

Witt was born on December 3, 1948, in Lincoln, Nebraska. Most of his early life he was on the move with his family as they ranged all over Nebraska and Missouri. From his early years on, Witt had a great interest in and aptitude for mechanics. He also loved and lived the outdoors. These interests never changed for him and ultimately shaped the man he would become.

Witt went through high school and all the usual adolescent crap. Then came the time when Witt, like so many of us, had to face choices. He chose to do what he believed his country needed of him and so he

found himself in Vietnam.

Donald Witter served a full tour with Army Engineers. Assigned to the 20th Engineer Bn., he operated heavy equipment on road construction, and occasionally, even forklifts. If it had an engine, he could run it. That was his element and his time of contribution lasted from August 23, 1969, to August 21, 1970.

On separation, Witt was a SP5 and had an ARCOM to brighten up his string of "everyman medals," the ones we all have. But, also like many of us, Witt spent quite some time after his war trying to place himself, trying to figure out what it had all been about. He went through that twilight period when a man just lives for today and spends every hour making up for "lost time." He threw down every 100-proof shot of life without regard to how many had been thrown down already; he did his thing of the moment — and to hell with the sheriff, today, tomorrow and yesterday.

The Graybar Hotel chain saw Don come and go. Some say he even checked in once down Mexico way, where, they say he was put in "the pit" for a while.

Eventually, though, Witt put things together. He didn't talk much in depth about 'Nam, except to bros who'd been there. At first, he belonged only to one MC called The Berserkers. Later, though, recognizing his need to deal with brother 'Nam vets, he found special meaning in belonging to the Vietnam Veterans MC. Right up to his death, Witt was dedicated to his Vietnam Vet bros, including serving as president of the MC's Denver chapter.

There's more to the memory of the man called Donald "Witt" Witter, though. Just ask his wife Vickie, his seven-year-old son Brandon, and the hundreds of friends and bros who'll never forget him.

Living in memory, Witt's 5'11" frame with its 235 robust lbs. still sits astride his '81 Harley. He's still seen sitting at Tad's, downing his favorite libation, "bat juice" (the rum *had* to be Bacardi's and the soda *had* to be Pepsi), in the midst of bros whose bikes surround the place. He can be seen welcoming newcomers and old friends alike in his favorite way: rolling up his shirt to present his hard-earned belly, letting bat juice drip down his bushy beard to the tune of a raucous belch and the accompaniment of a challenging smile.

Some who knew him recall that Witt was a genius with transmissions. Others, that he loved to fish and get away from the rat race to the mountains. And many still see him in his role of master chef, always ready to prepare a feast for all, featuring his specialty: barbecued ribs with stuffed potatoes in the shell.

A country & western fan, whose favorites were Patsy Cline, Merle Haggard, and Hank Williams, Donald "Witt" Witter laughed and loved easy. He had a special place for kids in his big heart and his friends were legion. He was first in support of his Vietnam Vet brethren. And now he's gone.

Donald "Witt" Witter stands for himself and for all the brothers we've lost long before their time.

Rest easy, bro. ■

WHAT A PAIR



The only thing I'll cop to is bein' a pack rat. I don't think anything is useless, it's just the types of uses that may be limited — from 60-weight oil cans converted into ashtrays and soup dishes, to old boots with no soles left on 'em that'll keep the dogs happy. Now, I'm not one who knows all the answers or all of the uses for various treasures that seem to follow me around from garage to garage, but when I run across a new use for something I have buried, it inspires the hell right out of me.

That was the case with these homemade gauntlets that Richie, from H-D in Bergen County, N.J., came up with. From the wrist back, they're constructed of worn Sears boots, while the part that fits on the hand is a regular generic riding glove. Since the boots had seen better days, Richie's ol' lady, Sue, trimmed what was left of the bottoms off at the ankle, then split what was left up the back seams.

After two or three trial fittings, Sue sewed each recycled boot top onto the gloves, using a regular (no shit) Sears sewing machine. A couple of grommets on each side of the gauntlet and some rawhide keeps them tight around the forearm. Add a concho or two for flash and you're done.

I was happier than a pig in shit when I learned of this slick little trick, because I had an untold number of old worn-out engineer boots lying around the garage just waiting for their next assignment in life. What-dafuck, even Spider likes 'em — particularly after he made me prove I could tie one with just one hand!

—Wrench



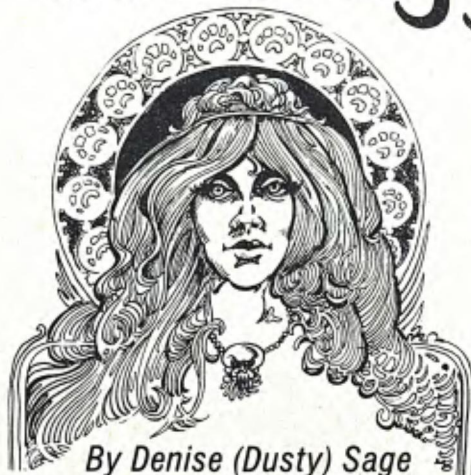
Photos by Pete Chioldo

Astrological Profile For Scorpio

Scorpions are intense, magnetic, strong-willed sex machines. They are the original "still waters run deep" dudes, who calculate every move with shrewd self-awareness. Actually, they are possessed of strong self-control, but don't push 'em — they'll either turn into an atom bomb instantly, or worse yet, wait years to get even. They are infamous for holding grudges.

Scorpions are secretive as well as extremely sexy. They don't smell and tell, or toot their own horns. (Scorpions are even secretive about their farts and resort to loud laughing to cover up the noise; the smell they blame on their dog.) Their reputation for sexual prowess is legendary. Face it — Scorpions are a tad oversexual. The lower orders

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

enjoy screwing ladies in the Salvation Army, while singing "Mr. Tambourine Man." Others enjoy chewing on hanging warts for foreplay. Scorpions cannot — and should not — be left alone

with a knothole.

Some famous Scorpions are: Jonathan Winters, Art Carney, Richard Dreyfuss, Henry "the Fonz" Winkler, Charles Bronson, Grace Slick, Goldie Hawn, Dick

Smothers, and two of the world's richest women, Doris Duke and the late Barbara Hutton.

Scorpions usually get what they want, so if you aren't serious, don't fuck with 'em. If you take a loaner from Scorpio, don't finger fuck around or give out lame excuses — Scorpions prefer cash!

Scorpions are prone to hernias, venereal disorders and sore throats from sucking on dirty socks. They also wipe their snout on other people's clothes every chance they get and keep boogers on their bungee cords.

Never make an enemy of a Scorpio. On the other hand, remember they're unbeatable buddies. When everyone else takes a shit on ya, Scorpio will wade in to your rescue. 'Course he expects total loyalty in return. Don't cross this one up — you won't get a second chance.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ This one is testy enough to tie your nuts in a knot. Explosive situations can cause close buddies to fire on your ass for the flimsiest reasons. Worse yet, you're under high-risk conditions while in the wind. Month's end finds you with a deflated nutsack and several unwanted confrontations.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ You finally land the girl of your dreams after a long, hot pursuit — only to discover she leaves you limp. A wet dream is better than a brainless wonder who's a bum fuck. Find yourself a real biker chick who knows what a dude needs. Then go for a real ride the length of your mattress and back until you run outta gas.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Physical fatigue from too much partying leaves ya too pooped to piss and almost too numb to come. Get to gulping those vitamins and rebuild your energy level. Don't let differences with the old folks at home land a bogus label on your ass. Get 'em straight, then shine 'em on till ya get the respect that you deserve.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ A recent rift peters out, but don't let your guard down yet — it could be the calm before the storm. Otherwise, the plan now is to lighten your load by hitting the road. Chance encounters now could turn into long-term relationships that hold ball-busting rewards. Get out and mingle all month.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Look before you leap — you're a tad vulnerable now. Partners tend to take advantage of your generosity and good nature. Too much pride can bankrupt your royal ass, so don't pick up the tab if ya ain't got it. You don't have to pay for friendship. Smarten up and give yourself some credit.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ You're riding a high cycle and as long as you follow the rules, it's full speed ahead. Pick up the pieces of a previous plan and come up with some righteous results. Changes now will hold up to the test of time, so step up production of personal priorities. Get your shit together and reap the rewards for a long time.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ Finances are constipated the first half of the month. Later on, a small loan loosens your load. Your job could put you through a head trip, but hang in there and it will pass like a bad case of gas. You may feel like you're going nowhere fast and resent having to back-track several times.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Happy birthday, hardon! Go ahead and get looser than an uncircumcised elephant, then make an ass of yourself by crashing out in your birthday piece. Lay off any tendencies to pig out or you'll face the Hershey squirts (otherwise known as instant diarrhea) at unexpected times and with no advance warning.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Your usual mellow self is on the rag now and you're throwing your weight around in the wrong places. Slow down before someone sneaks up and pops your cherry just for fun, or to show you what a pain in the ass you are. Get out and find your sense of humor before someone wipes their ass on it. Cheer up!

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Those ass-kickin' boots you're sportin' were made for more than just puttin'. They were made for walkin' and that's what you'd best do now. (Better yet, run!) Get the fuck outta a problem that doesn't concern you before you get dragged into court. Underhanded, illegal doings could put your dick in the dirt.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ After last month's rectum-reaming, there's still some diarrhea-of-the-month at home base. Get a grip on the important gripes, then turn a deaf ear on the petty crap (or stuff your shorts in your ol' lady's mouth). Don't let lightweight hassles put you on a head trip or become hang-ups.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This is a piss-poor time to be caught with your pants down. First off, it's a bitch to run in that condition, and besides, you could catch cold and develop a leaky faucet. In other words, don't drop your drawers in unsafe places. Don't fuck with someone else's pussy pie or drop your dong in some of that minor mischief.

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.

Wanted, true-blue house mouse/rugrats. Outlaw 19er, 23, needs outlaw-minded lady to relocate to Dallas. Release 2/23/85. No bullshit. Danny "Maddog" Wilson 298087, D2-307 Ellis Unit 2, Huntsville, TX 77340.

Guardian and H.D. bros: Been trying to locate and get in touch. Down but soon to be out — need to hear from you and know whereabouts. Richard Dwain McFadden #367978, Ramsey One Unit (1-3-6), Rt. 4 Box 1100, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Downed biker/porno photographer, 33, free in less than a year, needs wife for life. Please write. Gary Gouvea, C-80677, V-160, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

W/m, 25, 5'10", 185 lbs., dark hair and eyes. Illinois hillbilly lookin' for lovin' woman to help him get back on his feet. Out in '86. Douglas Longcor, W28278, 200 Hillcrest Rd., E. Moline, IL 61244.

Almighty whitey, 25, 6', 190 lbs., doing time, needs mail. Out in 6 mos. Write and send flicks. All will be answered. Steve "Shotgun" Crum, C-08784, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Two gypsy artists w/m doing time would like to receive flicks and pix from young scooter ladies. No games or BS. Robert "Raven" Phelan, C-76318, and Robert Jennings C-78597, Box 705-RB-119, CTF-N, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

W/m, 20, in cage for 19 more months wants letters and pix from ladies (or sluts), any age. Leo Rooney M-5959, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

W/m, 24, 5'10", 175 lbs., doin' time 2000 mi. from home. Out in Feb. '85. Want to correspond and exchange pix with ladies who'd seriously consider a relationship with a soon-to-be ex-con. Jonathan Christoph 47311, Bldg. 26, Rm. 202, Box 3300, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

W/m, 24, light brown hair, blue eyes, 147 lbs., easygoing, warm, caring, and due out 4/24/85. Want to hear from outlawed ladies, 18-30. Don L. Schoolcraft 17603, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

W/m, 33, 6', 170 lbs., would love to hear from some nasty females, 20 to 45. Love outdoors stuff, such as hiking, camping, swimming. Garry Molyneux 45621, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310.

Broken-down bro needs backin'. Doing time in Ore. Any kind of help would be right on! M.W. Lucas 11814, 3405 Deer Park Dr. S.E., Salem, OR 97310.

Hey, ladies: Two 19ers, down to earth, lookin' for ladies in N.C. area to write to. Be down till end of year. Daryl L. "B-Bop" Fann and Albert McCurry, Rt. 3 Box 50, Lincolnton, NC 28092.

Want fox bikers, 25 or older, to write scooter lady, 24 and white, down for a bullet. Debra L. Emmette, Booking #7485344, Dorm 7100, Bed 6 Upper, Box 54320, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, CA 90054.

I'm doin' a few years for armed robbery and I'd dig hearin' from some skirt from over there, as the girls here don't get into it. P. Gallaway, Bunbury Prison, Box 444, Bunbury W.A., Australia.

Sexy w/m need letters from foxy chicks with big tits. Small ones are OK, too — I will answer all letters. Photo for photo. Steve Holliday 345103, Rt. 1 Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

Blue Eyes here — I'm 29, 5'8", 150 lbs., blond hair. Love the outdoors and want lady who wants to settle down and just be mine. Out soon. Gary Franshi 98075, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74502.

Lonely tramp, down doin' 7 in Arizona, needs female, 18-35. Send flick; will answer all. Help out a bro! Tom "Tiny" Culhane 49078, Bldg. 28, Rm. 162, Box 3300, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Downed biker, 25, 5'11", brown hair and eyes. Out in 2 yrs. Need letters and flicks from nice, caring chicks. Will answer all. Kenneth Marlin, HMP, Box 13, Matraville, Australia 2036.

Downed bro, 6', 197 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, due to ride soon. Need to hear from righteous o'lady to help me get through. Answer all and gratitude shown after release — if possible. Russell "Rusty" Shuey 77029, Tucker Unit 7 Bks., Tucker, AR 72168.

Tattoo artist, white, 24, 6', 170 lbs., brown and brown. Lookin' for love with No. Cal. lady to visit and possibly marry if right. Ray Morris, C-70282, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

It's cold, lonely and I'm tired of wasting time. Help me make something out of this nothing. W/m, 24, 6'2", 195 lbs. Michael P. Davern 14219, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89701.

Ladies, help this w/m out with this bit. 27, 6', 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair. Ladies must be serious; send flicks. Charles B. Stewart 41103, Box 900, 3-B-22, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 33, brown and brown, 170 lbs. Down for two and last time until it's muff-time. Righteous ladies, fly kites. Need help. Danny Joe Sullivan 23619, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064.

The mouse got the house, the lawyer got the scooter, and I got the time (until June '85). How 'bout a few of you young creamies writing? I'm 5'7", 28, brown and blue, 160 lbs. Robert Smith, A-15806, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995.

Well-hung, horny w/m seeks ladies all ages and sizes for trailer visits. Nude-photo letters answered first. Ciro "Ace" Scognamiglio 109599, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Solid and together outlaw doing 15 years in need of letters and pix from sexy ladies, 18-40, who love the wind. All answered. Thomas Scott 355409, Ramsey 3 "D1-24," Rt. 4 Box 1300, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Downed scooter bum doin' time in a Florida dump. Would like to hook up with a righteous lady from this area. Release 9/86. Billy "Red" Jeter 046595, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Two w/f under lock and key lusting after some mail from handsome, intelligent men. No head games. Please write Lydia Peters (5'6", 120 lbs., 23, blue-eyed, blonde), and Robyn Munro (5'8 1/2", 125 lbs., 28, green-eyed blonde), 135 High Court Lane, Hampton, VA 23669.

W/m, 27, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, been down 4, got 2 left. Would like to hear from fine young things out there with time to write a downed No. Cal. scooter tramp. "Spider Jim" Dickey, Box C-38118, Tamal, CA 94974.

Dirty white boy, 33, wants any and all ladies, 28-35, to write. I'm 5'11", with a good build, and brown hair. Want to run amuck when I get out. Ladies with kids are OK. Ken Abbott 125676, Box 55, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Two downed bros from N.J. would like the company of some foxy chicks. We'll answer every letter we receive. We're lonely. Roy "Nasty" Shaver 90998, and Chuck "Chug-a-lug" Harris 86580, E-1-B, Box 11401, Yardville, NJ 08620.

Lost: one male Aryan purebred, 28, brown hair and eyes, mustachioed. Housebroken, answers to Charlie. Well-groomed, knows lots of tricks. For pix and more info: Charles Edwards 155037, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204. Rewards unlimited for lady who finds him.

Looking for someone nice to be next to? Stop right here — you've found her. I'm 23, 5'3", 125 lbs., brown hair, turquoise eyes. Down a nickel; hope to be out soon. Sorry, can't receive mail from other prisoners. Photo and SASE gets quickest reply. Deloris Siele 735076H5, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Do ladies love outlaws? Write this So. Cal. scooter tramp. Robert Bayle, C13888, Box A, CMC, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Solid white outlaw looking for solid o'l lady. Lames and game players need not apply. Photo/letter gets same. Jeff Long, C-70096, Box 2000 (L-112), Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

Blond blue-eyed and single. Got some time to do and looking for right lady to help me through it and to share future with. Ralph Danny Cutchens, B-71986, Box A-2249, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

What does it take to get some ladies to write to me? I am 22, 5'7", 140 lbs., and very lonely. Doing a 1-2 year sentence. Ray Arrington 40288, Box 1568, C2-216, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Say, lady, are ya lookin'? Well, you've found your man. I aim to please and I don't tease. Tell me your pleasure; I'll supply the treasure. I'm 6'1", 195 lbs., brown and brown, a pure biker who likes pix of his ladies in flimay things. Curtis D. Collins 056155, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Down bro, 25, 6', 185 lbs., long brown hair, blue eyes, Indian-Irish, artist, tattooist. Spare me the time, send a line/pix. Wild Bill Cordel, PTA Box 5086, Wilmington, DE 19808.

Lonely bro, 24, 6', 165 lbs., brown and blue, good-lookin', seeking women of any age for correspondence and possible relationship. Kids fine. Michael Wilson, C-57363, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

Two Chicano bikers would like letters and pix from cool and understanding chicks, 17 to ? Will answer all. Enrique Cruz 368906, H-7, and Alejandro V. Casarez 356898, G-7, Box 1500, Angleton, TX 77515.

So. Californian, 29, blue eyes, seeking lasting correspondence with lady from West Coast or Southwest. Billy "The Kid" Woolverton 16986, ISP, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Look, ladies: I'm not asking for cash, ass or grass — just a few letters. Reed, W/37489, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Downed Aryan bro doin' time since '79 will shake the hand of freedom in '89. Want letters and flicks from serious ladies. Bruce Lin Thornbrugh, Box B-34035, Florence, AZ 85232.

Aussie bro, 22, down in a cage. Pigs couldn't handle this outlaw, so here I am needin' some foul words from you birds. Tony "Rat" Scott #2075, Long Bay Prison Complex, Box 13, Matraville, Australia 2036.

White bro, 25, buried alive in a dark joint. Need sisters to show me heart of brotherhood by writing. I'm 6'1", 210 lbs., with long hair and beard. M.W. Lecrone, C-64346, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434-0112.

White outlaw, 32, 6', 180 lbs., free soon. Am interested in swapping kites with righteous biker-lovin' lady, 18-7, who ain't into playing bullshit games. Gordon "Lee" Bradford 101178, Camp C, Tiger 2-L-9, Angola, LA 70712.

Outlaw without a family, caught in the so-called justice system, and it's beginning to hurt. Need some TLC. What's in your heart is what really counts to me. I'm 22, 5'10", 170 lbs., with black hair and brown eyes, originally from St. Louis. Charlie Hurt 41069, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Righteous tramp desperately wants some ladies to write to him. Hot-looking, great sense of humor, faithful correspondent. Mike "Madman" Arney 364528, Ellis II, B2-319, Huntsville, TX 77340.

W/m Florida scooter bum down in Folsom. Recently lost my lady and sure could use some kites. I'm 31, 6', 165 lbs., with long dark brown hair. L. "Gypsy" Johnson, Box C-57608, Reppas, CA 95671.

In Feb. '84 issue of Easyriders there's a photo of three ladies across the top of page 17. In reference to the lady in middle, if not attached, we must get in touch. W.C. Abbott 49221, U-22, Parchman, MS 38738.

Convict, 44, desires correspondence with mature, sincere woman. Send flicks for fast reply. Edward Billon, C-41173, P-103-U, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

Where are you? Write, exchange photos, talk nice, talk dirty, write — I will respond. W/m, 32, 6'2", 195 lbs., brown and hazel. Alex Romanowsky, C-45627, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

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.

There was a man, who was our "Deacon," he loved everyone, he was a meek man. He roared and partied with the best, and since his death, he's dearly missed. He always carried a six-pack, a smile, and an outstretched hand, as I'm sure he does in Harley land. We love you, **Tom Ramsey**. Friends from Mt. Home, Ark.

In loving memory of **Jack Plaggemans**, 2/10/57 to 4/30/84. Killed by an act of God. His gain, our loss. We all love you and miss you. Our memories will never fade. Ride free. Yours, Sharon.

In memory of **Michael "Babur" Baber**, whom we think about a lot of the time. I never thought you would go out that way. We miss you. Michael and Roger.

In memory of **Vickie Lea Fincher** and **Ronald Couch** who died 5/18/84. They lived and loved and worked together, and in the end, died together doing what they loved best — riding. May they ride together forever in our minds. Love from their families and friends.

Though the plane crashed 11/12/83 at 12,500 ft., we hope the higher plain you two were on was painless. **Frank "Bud" Harrison**, you influenced a lot of lives and it won't be forgotten. And **FTW Joe Howie**, it's still here and we'll ride those memories till death do us all join again. DeDe, Cyn, Indian and the kids.

In memory of **John Dean Wonders**, 5/19/83. Only the good die young and you were good. Ride free forever. Charlene, Jackie Mom Love, your dad Dino, and all of us who knew you. We'll miss you.

In memory of **Donnell Ray Dixon**, a beloved friend and righteous bro of ours who left us when a tree took his life, 5/26/84. We will never forget the wonderful memories we shared. Peace be with you in Harley Heaven. Mike and Anita.

In loving memory of **John "Johnny" English**. We love and miss you, Johnny. The streets of Chicago will never the same. Your baby sister, Paula.

In loving memory of **Kathy Gillian and Debbie Joyce**. You both knew what it meant to have heart — it's the one thing you can take with you when you go. You're both loved by many and will remain in our hearts and souls forever. Sorry I couldn't be there. Jeff Tate.

In memory of **Rick "Prick" Harvey**, 1961-1981. I love and miss you, bro. I'll be there with you someday and we'll party like we used to. Love ya, man. From your best bro, Al "Capone" Brown.

In memory of **David Lumis**, who lived to ride and rode to live. You're out of your living hell now, so ride free in the wind forever, bro. Your bros from S. Jersey, Tony, George, Larry, and Andy.

In loving memory of **Matt Robinson and Terry Lewis**, who rode on before their time, 3/6/83. They lived life the way they wanted and are remembered with a smile, deeply loved, and missed. See ya in Harley Heaven. Your old ladies Audrey and Kathie, and friends.

In memory of **Wayne Guidley**, 11/19/83, from Windsor, Mo., who will never be forgotten. Died a very painful death, but he's riding free and easy in Harley Heaven. Your wife Janet and everyone you considered a friend.

In memory of **Lots E. Schroeder**, St. Louis, Mo. You rode hard for many years — wish we could have ridden side by side a few miles. Till we do ride, your son Steve "The Bastard," Houston, Tex.

In memory of **Don "Bonehead" Eiser**, 11/21/83. You will always be remembered by those who looked out for you. Ride forever in that big Harley Heaven. Love, all your sisters and bros in Ohio.

In memory of **Jack "Fizer" Palmieri**, a bum drug bust made you spend your last days in the joint. We'll all miss your good nature. Cindy, Dale, and everybody from the The Thirsty Bear and Tops.

In memory of **Rex "Wyoming Outcast" Rollins**. You left us 5/27/84 — too soon and not the way you wanted to go at all. It was an unfortunate accident. We miss ya and we'll look out for Debi and Harley as best we can. That's a promise. Sunshine and Moon.

In memory of **Steve Duran**, a hell of a bro who wanted to party forever. Done in by a pig, 3/23/84. Kick back, bro, and smoke a jay of burners. One day you'll be able to pass it to us again. Cliff, Randy, family and friends.

In memory of **Brian Lee Ellsworth**, 4/3/45-10/9/83. You were a man of your words, well respected by many, a true biker. Glad you went the way you wanted, riding. Hope to see you when my time comes. Love always, Laurie Eollo, Jackson, N.J.

In loving memory of **Steve "Young Pup" Fitzgerald**, 7/15/60 to 6/18/83, a brother who's missed very much by all. Watch over us and guide us in your direction. Until we meet again, your brother Wolf, Mr. T., Allyn, your family and bros and sisters in Shadyside and Deale, Maryland.

In memory of **Gary Dale Mack** of Pasadena, Texas, a forever righteous brother, husband, and father. Left this life 4/17/84, taking with him a part of us that can never be replaced. Until we meet again, be free and happy, bro. J.W., Diane, and Robbyn.

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30. Bend Over I'll Drive; 31. I'm Not Wearing Any Underwear Film At 11; 32. My Face Is Leaving At Ten Be On It (with artwork); 33. You Are Cordially Invited To Sit On My Face; 34. Drugs Saved My Life; 35. I Wouldn't Fuck Her With Your Dick; 36. Go Suck A Fart; 37. I Fuck On The First Date (with artwork); 38. See Me, Feel Me, Touch Me, Eat Me; 39. Tell Me Now Before I Waste \$10 On Drinks; 40. Wild Beard Rides 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).

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Failed Again

I've been going out with this bitch for four and a half years and I've fucked her ten and a half million times. All of a sudden, a couple of weeks ago, she up and leaves me for my best partner.

Well, I put that turd in the hospital real quick. I think I broke his ribs or something, because when I left him he was coughing up blood.

Anyhow, I'm really sorry I did that because he was a close buddy and it wasn't really his fault. What's really botherin' me though is why the hell did the bitch walk out on me?

Fucked Over
Buffalo Grove, Ill.

- She probably figured that if ya couldn't get her off in the first ten and a half million fucks, ya never would.

Who Wants To Know?

Is it true that you know the first and last name of each and every one of the gnats flying around your gross and smelly cunt?

Wolfman
Palatka, Fla.

- Who the fuck do ya think you are, J. Edgar Hoover?

Dietary Deficiency

I read your column every month searching for a solution to my problem.

It's my old man! He's not really a bad guy — he only hits me when I really deserve it, and everytime we're totally broke he goes out and finds a job. His one flaw is that he refuses to close the bathroom door when he takes a shit, and that first shit of the morning is always enough to gag even you. I've told him time after time how gross this is, but he just laughs and says he loves it. What can I do?

Slim
Lacey Springs, Va.

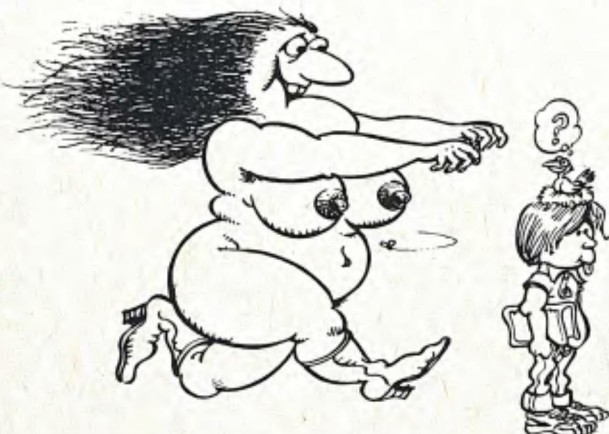
- Switch him to a more pleasantly scented brand of dog food.

Two No-Nos

What would you do if you were in my shoes? I asked a mechanic friend to fix my scooter. Now it's been two weeks and there's no progress in sight on what should have been a four- or five-day job.

Everybody else is out in the wind and I'm stuck at home

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



watchin' TV all day. Could you please tell "Tennessee" to get the fuckin' job done?

Toad
Ft. Stewart, Ga.

- Two things ya should never ask a friend to do: loan ya money and fix yer scooter.

First Time

I heard your first fuck was from half a hundred scooter people. Did that make you a train cunt or a trained cunt?

Hippi
Westville, Ind.

- A satisfied cunt.

Tough Choice

When I think of you, I don't know whether to come or to fart. Since you are hugely revolting and minutely attractive at the same time, I wouldn't know whether to fuck you or flame you. Maybe if I shove a bomb in, I could screw you and blow you up at the same time. How many sticks of dynamite would you like?

Whammo
Hinsdale, Ill.

- I prefer dynamite sticks to sticks of dynamite.

Turnabout

I heard you really sink to the ground when you sit on a horse.

Bee
St. Paul, Minn.

- Ya should see what happens when the horse sits on me.

Three Times A Lady

Thanks for the lovely picture you sent me. I just want you to know that I've had to move because of my roommate Dawn.

The problem was that Dawn's pad was getting kinda cramped. Ya see, we only had one bed. It was OK while Dawn was into regular shit like fucking and whipping, but when she started bringing home three guys at a time we had to part.

It went down this way: Dawn was bringing home guys three at a time and thinking of moving on to four at a time. Well, as you know, I'm an accommodating kind of girl and try to make life a little easier for everyone. I saw that I would have to start taking up less room on the bed, so I started picking up only little guys. Mostly I used

the jockeys from the racing stable, but when the circus came to town, I started using all the midgets and dwarfs.

Unfortunately, the circus moved on, the racing season ended, and I was really stuck — no more midgets or jockeys. Meanwhile, Dawn was dragging home more and more guys and all I had was one corner of the bed. She started arranging them in an "H" shape to fit them all in and I wound up with less and less room. Then I had a brainwave — amputees. I hung around a local veterans' clinic and volunteered to take legless vets on outings. Dawn's guys were really helpful and carried the amputees up to our bedroom.

Well, to make a long story short, the system eventually foundered in a truly spectacular way. There we were, all in bed one night. Dawn with four guys and me squeezed into one corner with a midget who'd run away from the circus, plus an amputee. Suddenly everything turned to shit. All four bikes outside got parking tickets, the amp's wheelchair got ripped off, the ringmaster pounded on the door and threatened to send in the lions if the midget didn't haul ass back to the circus, and the bed collapsed. I decided it might be time to go, so I packed my gear and walked around the mattress trying to say goodbye to Dawn. Problem was, I couldn't find her.

I picked up the covers here and there to look, but it was no good. Sometimes I saw a leg, a foot, an elbow, an asshole. Once I actually saw a face, but I didn't recognize it. I gave up. "Dawn," I shouted, "I'm leaving!" The covers parted, and there was Dawn's face at last, a prick hanging from the corner of her mouth like a forgotten joint. "Yeah, see ya around," she muttered.

Don't you think that was unladylike?

Carla
Crewe, England

- Damn right it was. Ladies never forget about the joints in their mouths.

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. ■

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Crazy Charlie

Continued from page 18

"But ya gotta find another place to chain it up."

Rebel's eyes drew into angered slits. Fuck off, asshole, he thought quietly to himself, choosing not to voice it aloud.

When the biker failed to respond, Clyde went on speaking. "Got some tile for you to lay out at the state hospital. Everything's loaded in the van. Including tools. I figure it to be a five-day job. Think you can handle it?"

Rebel forced a controlled smile. Five days, he thought to himself. If this penny-pinchin' bastard says five days, it's probably a seven-day job.

Clyde interrupted the biker's thoughts. "I said, think you can —"

"I heard ya, Clyde!" retorted Rebel.

The abruptness in Rebel's tone brought the foreman up short. Clyde stared intently at the tramp, but in spite of himself, couldn't find anything else to say. He realized he'd gone a bit too far already. Quickly he pulled a slip of paper from the clipboard and handed it to Rebel.

"Here's the address, Williamson. I'll see ya later today."

Rebel drove into the visitors' parking lot at the state hospital, found a vacant space and brought the green van to a halt. For the next hour and a half he busted himself with unloading the boxes of tile and five-gallon buckets of black adhesive that were used in his trade.

Once inside, he reported to the drill-sergeant-type nurse who was in charge of showing him the area to be tiled. "My name's Ms. Boulder," said the nurse. "This is B-Wing. It's a maximum-security area. And, I'll warn you straight up, we have some people who are constantly tryin' to leave us. Know what I mean?"

Stopping outside the door marked "B-Wing Residents Only," Ms. Boulder turned to face the biker. "You'll be locked in this wing. If you have trouble with any of our residents, push the

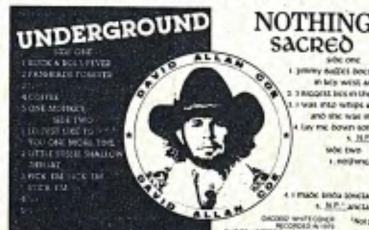


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red emergency button on the wall. That will bring all available male attendants to this area. Don't, under any circumstances, harm any of the residents. Is that clear?"

A vision of Clyde's ugly face leaped into the biker's mind and Rebel gritted his teeth in anger. Turning to the nurse, he smiled evenly. "What you're tellin' me is, your, uh, residents have the right to fire on me and I'm supposed to take it until the attendants arrive. Is that it?"

Ms. Boulder laughed and pointed a beefy finger at the biker. "That's about it, sonny! We ain't had no real trouble with the ones who are out of their rooms." The nurse's face broke into a nasty grin. "Yet, that is!"

Rebel stared intently at the nurse, trying to detect some indication that she was putting him on. When he failed to see any humor in her face, the biker muttered an oath, directed at Clyde. "Fuckin' redneck!"

"What's that?" asked Ms. Boulder.

Rebel quickly collected his thoughts. "Nuthin'," he replied.

The nurse laughed openly. "Don't get yourself all worried, sonny. I took the precaution of locking up the really bad ones. You shouldn't have any problems with the others. But to be on the safe side, you better keep an eye on your tools."

Rebel found little consolation in her statement. Before he could think of anything else to say, the bosomy nurse spun on her left heel and exited the wing, locking the door behind her.

"Fuckin' Clyde!" swore the tramp aloud. "Nine fuckin' tile layers at the shop and he picks me to do this job!"

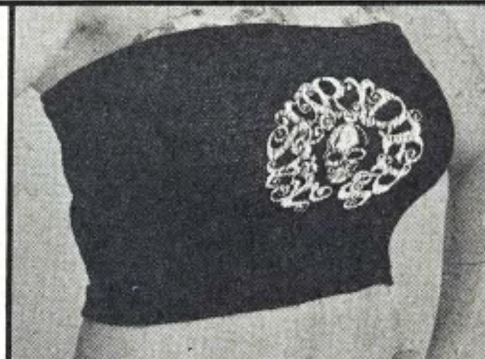
Rebel noted that the old tile had already been removed and the floor cleaned of all debris. Lifting a box of tile to his shoulder, he set out to strike a line and prepare to start his work.

For the first few hours the patients of B-Wing kept their distance from the scooter tramp, a fact that Rebel was extremely glad of.

As he worked, Rebel noticed that there were only seven residents who were not locked in their rooms. Each of them was obviously on some kind of heavy medication — all they seemed capable of doing was leaning on a corridor wall like zombies. After a while, they seemed to lose interest in the biker's efforts and scattered to other areas of the wing.

Rebel laughed aloud and shook his head. Probably think I'm one of them. With that thought in mind, the biker applied the flame from the small butane torch to the back of the tile, brought it to a flexible state, then quickly and expertly made the cuts that would fit it around the frame of the door. Moments later the newly cut tile was in place and the first room was completed. Rebel stood up, stretched his tired back and proudly inspected his handiwork.

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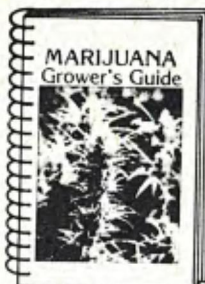
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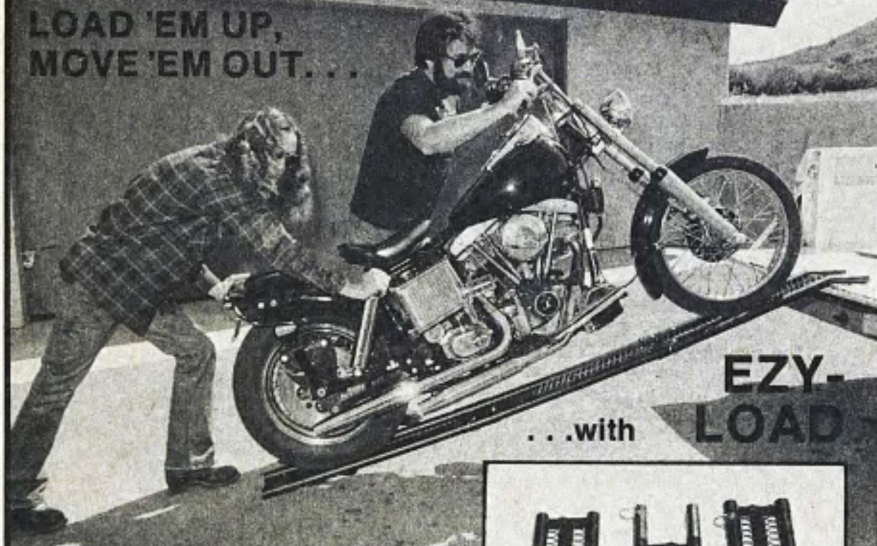
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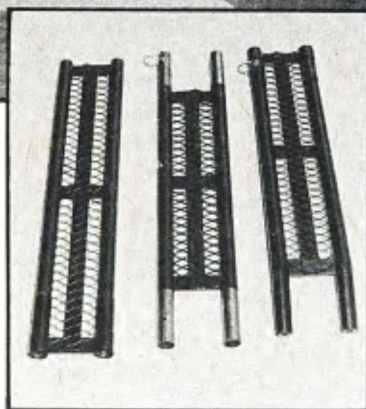
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Deciding to break for lunch, the biker was two bites into an egg-and-ham sandwich when he noticed one of the residents standing in the doorway.

"Hi! I'm crazy," offered the old man generously.

Rebel's right hand closed tightly around the half-eaten sandwich.

The weathered face of the hospital resident broke into a friendly grin.

"Not crazy, like in loony-bird or nut," added the old man quickly.

"What I mean is, that's my nickname. Crazy Charlie."

Rebel forced the mouthful of ham-and-eggs he'd been chewing on down his throat in one large gulp. "Yeah? Well, my name's Rebel."

Charlie pointed a wrinkled finger at the newly installed tiles. "You do good work, Rebel."

The tramp smiled and nodded his head in acceptance of the compliment.

"I used to install tile," continued Charlie. "Laid many a yard of carpet, too. Back in the '50s. Korean War time, ya know?"

Rebel struggled to find an appropriate reply to the old man's statement, found none, and so remained silent.

"You ride the Iron?" asked the old man slowly.

"Ride the Iron?" repeated Rebel quizzically.

"Yeah," said Charlie. "Ya know — Harley? Or maybe Indian?"

It took the biker a moment, but the second question cleared up the confusion. "Oh! Yeah. I, uh... ride the Iron."

"What ya got?" asked Charlie, sounding thoroughly delighted.

"Gotta 80-inch flattie."

The old man nodded his head appreciatively. "Damn fine motorcycle, that one is. One of Harley's best."

"Well," replied Rebel. "I like it a lot."

"Got 'er all chopped up?"

Rebel smiled. "Naw. Keep 'er stock as I can. Went through all that pretty bike stuff. Got burned out on replacin' all that fancy chrome."

Crazy Charlie nodded his head in understanding. "Smart," he said. "Average workin' man can't 'ford it nowadays."

Easyriders



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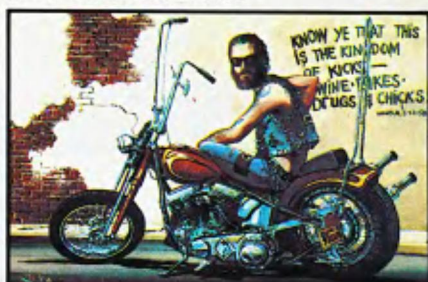
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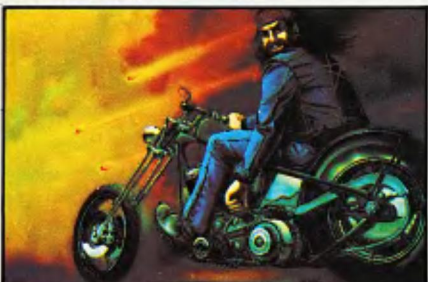
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M-13 "WON'T START"



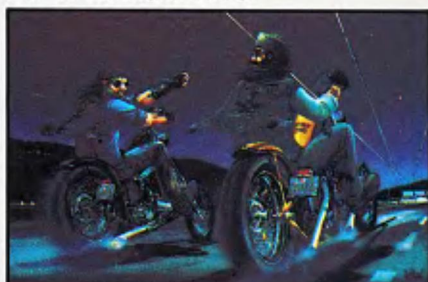
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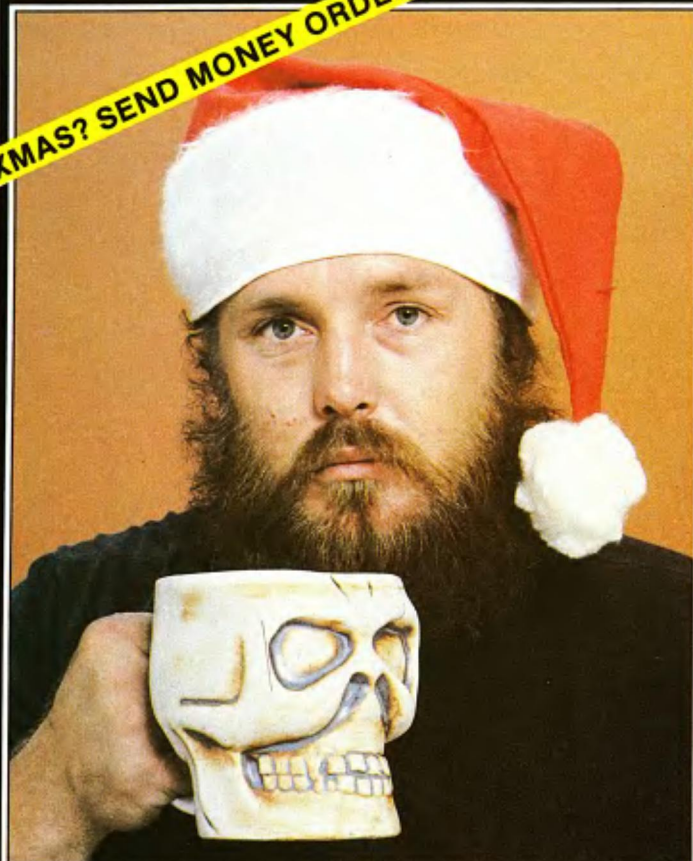
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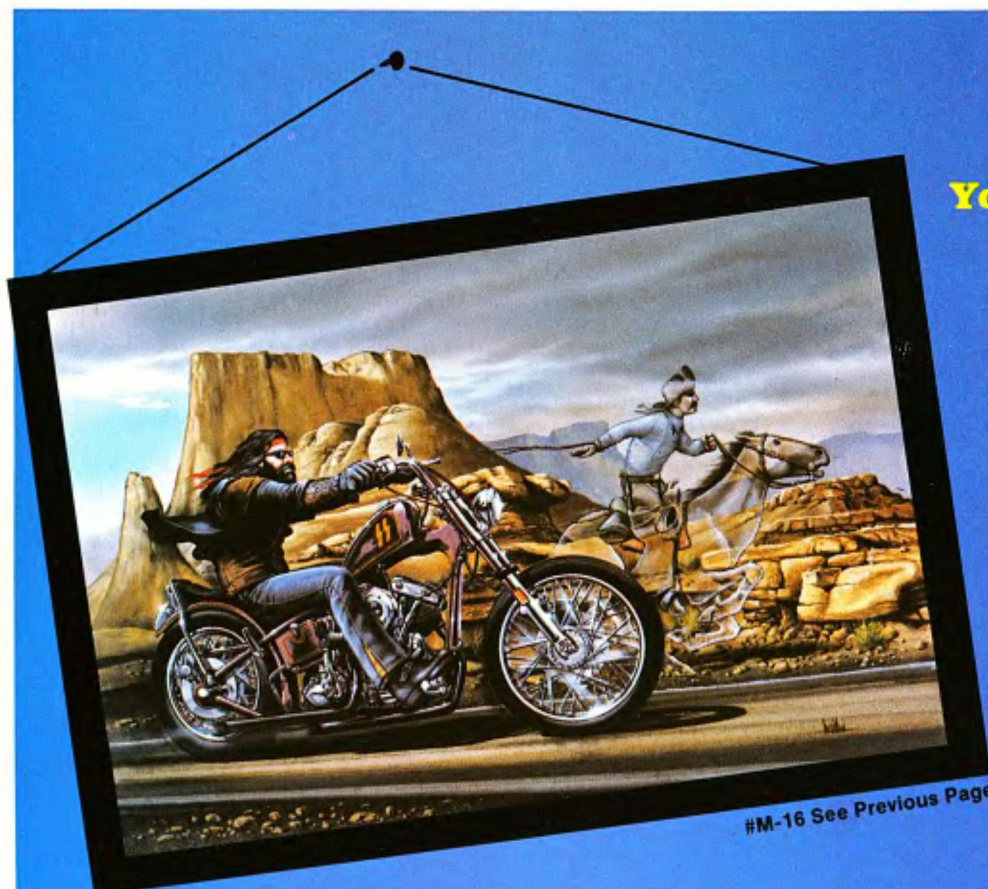
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#M-16 See Previous Page

"Tell me somethin', Charlie," said Rebel. "Did you ever ride a scooter? I mean, motorcycle?"

The old man's frail body straightened and the pride in his voice was evident when he answered. "Ride a scooter?" he asked. "Do you mean, do I know what it's like to bust knuckles in a garage for hours on end, tryin' to get 'er runnin' for the big weekend meet? Or runnin' all over town lookin' for a part? Then findin' yerself five dollars short of the askin' price?"

Crazy Charlie's face broke into a contented smile and his ancient eyes seemed to glaze over as he spoke. "Or maybe, young fella, you be ferrin' to that feelin' ya git when ya find a long, straight stretch of country road? And ya open 'er up so she sings ya a song of freedom while the wind plays with your hair till it's no more than a tangled mess around your head. But ya don't care 'cause ya know one thing — you're free. Free to be. To ride. To live. Just you. . . and the Iron."

The old man breathed a heavy sigh and tears began to flow down his weathered face, but his voice didn't falter. "Ridin' the Iron. That's the only place in the whole damn world where a man can be truly free."

Rebel watched in dazed sympathy as the time-tested old biker shuffled his way across the floor and stopped at the window. When Crazy Charlie spoke again, his voice was just above a whisper. "The Iron understands ya. It's a friend. A friend who says, 'Do me right and I'll do you right.' It never asks for nothin' more than it needs. And it gives ya everythin' ya want in return. Everything!"

Rebel tried to speak. Tried to find the words that would console the old biker. But there weren't any.

Crazy Charlie wiped angrily at his tears with the back of one blue-veined hand, then turned to face the younger biker. "She took that from me, Rebel. My own daughter. My own flesh and blood. Just so her and that high-and-mighty bastard she married could get me outta the way and take what little money I had. They took my Iron, and gave me a room with steel bars on the



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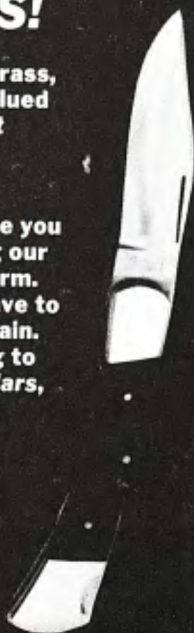
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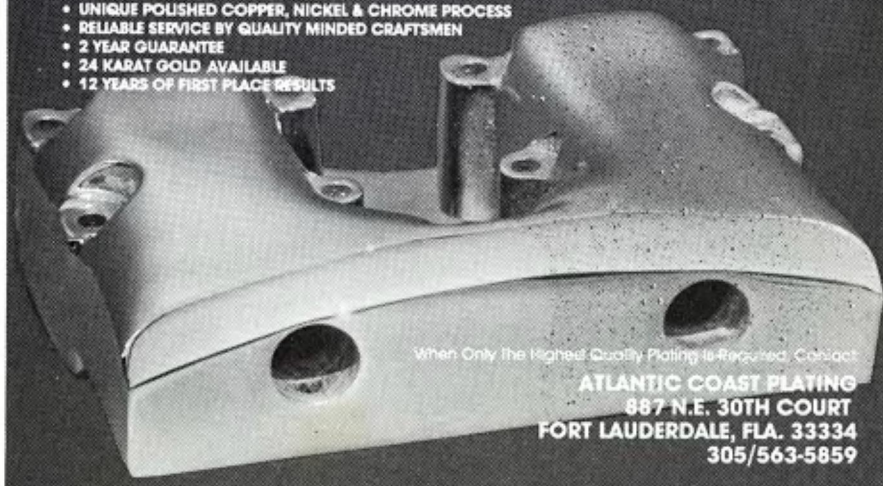
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windows. Why? Why'd they do that to me? Ain't a man got the right to live free and to die with dignity?"

Without being conscious of his movements, Rebel approached the old man. Putting one muscular arm gently around Charlie's small shoulders, the young biker spoke in a soft voice filled with compassion. "I can't give ya the answer to that, Charlie. No more than I can tell ya why the fuckin' world goes 'round. I wish I could. I really do."

Crazy Charlie shook his head and smiled. "Well," he sighed heavily, "reckon I'd best get back to my room. The nurse'll be there to give me my pill." He snorted in open contempt. "They try to get us all doped up so's we can't think. Damned fools! I just hide it under my tongue and then spit it in the shitter after they leave."

Rebel watched as Charlie made his way down the hall to his room, then turned back to the work at hand. As the young biker positioned each tile in place, his mind was filled with Crazy Charlie's questions. "Why? Why'd they do that to me? Ain't a man got the right to live free and to die with dignity?"

"Yeah, Charlie," muttered the biker aloud. "A man damn sure does have that right, if nothin' else in this fucked-up world!"

During the next week Rebel laid his

tile feverishly, trying to finish up the job in the five days that Clyde had allotted him. As he worked, Crazy Charlie would sit in the doorway and talk about the old times when he was "ridin' the Iron." Rebel learned that the old man had bought a '37 knuckle-head brand-new and had sent many a mile rushing beneath its frame.

Charlie talked freely about his family. He'd had four children. Three boys and the one daughter who had committed him. Two of his sons had lost their lives in Korea. The third one, in Vietnam. After his wife had died, and with his eyesight failing rapidly, Charlie went to live in a small mountain cabin that he'd bought with insurance money.

"My wife's buried up at the cabin now. I moved her there so's I could put flowers on her grave. Now that I'm gone, who's gonna take care of her? Not my daughter — her and that bastard went to live in Canada."

After a moment's silence, Crazy Charlie smiled. "Don't bother me none to cook over a wood fire. Or to catch fresh trout from a lake 'stead of buyin' 'em from a damn store. Taste better, ya know?"

Rebel nodded his head and continued with his work. The young biker had already learned that Crazy Charlie often asked questions that didn't require answers.

Clyde was waiting at the time clock when Rebel came to punch out that Friday night.

"Got yer check here, Williamson. There's no pay for the nine hours overtime on that state hospital job. I ain't agreein' with the extra hours 'cause ya shoulda been done in regular time. Besides, the head nurse up there said ya spent a lot of time talkin' to one of the crazies."

Rebel's hands clinched in fisted anger. "Clyde, you sonuvabitch! I've had it with you. Every hour on that time card is legit and you damn well know it, you fuckin' crook!"

The foreman laughed nervously. "I'll tell you something, Williamson. You're



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damned lucky we even gave you a job here! You think we don't know you got a prison record? Well, by God, we do! So, you take this here paycheck and count your lucky stars we even paid you at all!"

Rebel snatched the check from Clyde's hand and stood staring angrily at the foreman.

"That's better!" Clyde snapped. "Make damn sure you're at work on time Monday mornin'. And find another place to park that oil-leakin' contraption you ride."

Rebel's mouth turned up at the corners and a cockeyed grin crossed his face. "Clyde? You're a stupid asshole who shouldn't be allowed to breathe the same air as other human beings. That 'crazy,' as you call him, has got more right to be in the free world than you do. For about two cents, I'd do the world a favor and bust your ignorant face!"

Clyde stood before the biker wearing a smug look. "Don't threaten me, Williamson! You ain't gonna do nothing 'cause you know that one phone call to the police and you'll end up back in prison. Now get outta here before I make that call!"

The huge right fist caught Clyde square in the mouth and Rebel felt an inner glow of pure satisfaction as the foreman's jawbone shattered under the impact. Steel-toed boots found their mark as Rebel unleashed his reply to the many months of verbal abuse Clyde had sent his way. When his fury was finally spent, Clyde lay in a bloody heap on the floor.

Turning to leave, Rebel said, "One of these days, Clyde, you're gonna hafta learn two important things. One is, never let your alligator mouth overload your canary asshole! And the other thing is, like I told ya, Harley's don't fuckin' leak oil!"

Rebel maneuvered the big trout around a pile of rocks bordering the edge of the lake. A few moments later he was removing the hook from its mouth. "You reckon they'll come lookin' for us up here?" he asked his companion quietly.

"Nope," replied the old man. "Only one who knows 'bout this place is my daughter. And she ain't around to open her yap."

Rebel laughed openly. "Tell me somethin', Rebel. What made ya do it?"

The young biker turned to face the old man. "Because I knew the answer to the question you asked me that first day. A man does have the right to live free and to die with dignity."

The old man patted the younger one gently on the back. "Reckon I'd best be puttin' some fresh flowers on my wife's grave. Talk to ya in a while, OK?"

Rebel watched the old man make his way up the grassy hill to the place where his wife was buried. "You know somethin', Charlie?" he said softly. "You ain't so damn crazy after all."

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Care and Feeding

Continued from page 27

get away from that motorcycle with that tow truck!" or "Wait, you can't come in here without a warrant!" or "Oh, my God! It's my husband!" If your biker doesn't respond to any of these, he's either deaf (check for a hearing aid) or dead (oh, shit!).

If you're a reasonably intelligent and courageous female, you'll probably decide you want your biker to stay a while (at least until Monday). This is also easy to accomplish. Without disturbing your sleeping biker, get up and take a shower (see note #3), after which you can do any or all of the following (see note #4) to show your biker your appreciation and respect: polish his bike, cook him breakfast (serving it to him in bed is optional), wake him by giving him head, fill the fridge with beer and the stash box with a variety of recreational drugs. Doing any of these will (almost) guarantee that your biker will hang around until the beer and drugs are gone or your cooking poisons him.

On the other hand, though, just because no biker ever refuses head from a reasonably decent-looking woman, there's no reason to assume he'll stay put once you're finished. Exceptional talent in this area is essential to your biker's happiness and well-being and moderate talent is required before you can acquire a biker of your own.

Now that your biker is awake, fed, and sexually satisfied (for now), you may be wondering what to do with him next. While this varies with each individual biker, there are some general rules to follow. Offer him more sex, food, sex, drugs, sex, beer, sex or oral sex. If he refuses all of these, your biker is seriously ill (or dead) — seek medical attention immediately!

If your biker is sufficiently impressed with your talents, he may (if you're lucky) offer to take you for a ride on his Harley. Never beg or nag him for this privilege. And don't ask stupid questions about where he's taking you, etc., because bikers are unable to answer any question that begins with who, what, where, when,

THIS DAMN THING SHOULD COVER MY ASS FOR A WHILE



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☐ GET AWAY
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☐ DAY
☐ DRUNK DAY
☐ TUESDAY
☐ HANGOVER DAY
☐ LINT
☐ THURSDAY
☐ SAT DAY

Get your ass outta that fuckin' place fast, bro, and make it ...

one piece!



Dirty All-Occasion Cards

Outrageous Cards to be given only to your closest friends throughout the year

We wanted some all-occasion cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind. 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.

Send to Cards, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

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.



"Come here often?"

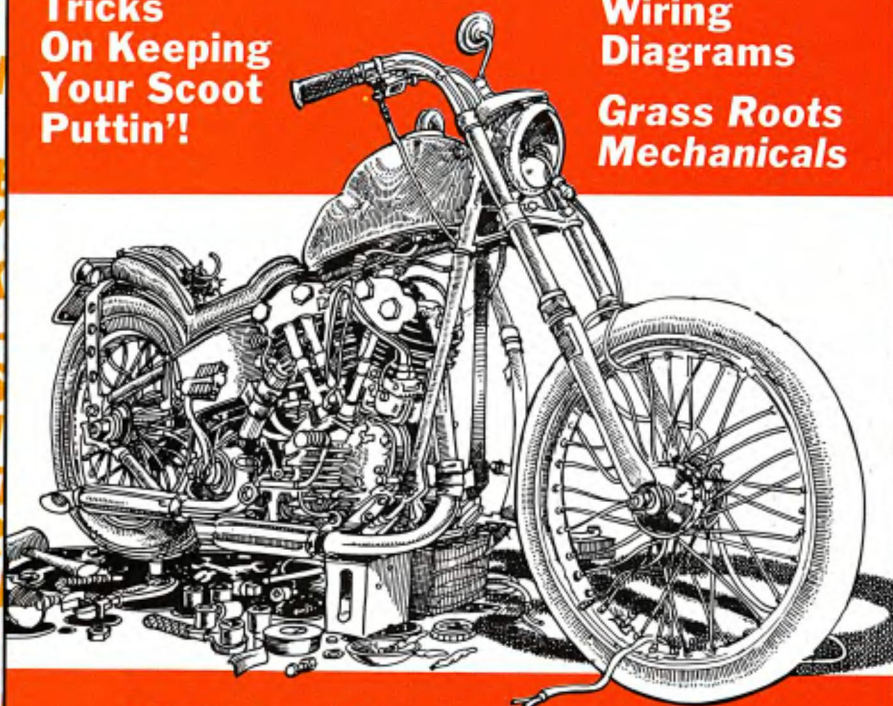
from the Editors of
Easyriders

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!



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.

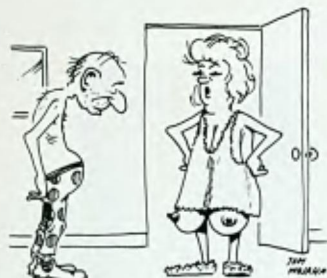
why, or how. Just get on the bike when he tells you to. But remember: attempting to get on when he's not expecting you to do so could result in him dropping his motorcycle, which will result in immediate pain to your body (and the even worse possibility that a cold day in hell will arrive before he asks if you'd like another ride). Relax — he'll take care of everything. Just kick back and enjoy the ride.

While life with your biker will never leave you bored, it will, at various times, leave you broke, hungry, frustrated, worried, angry, laughing and crying (sometimes all at once). But if you are strong, hardheaded, stubborn and don't give up easily, he'll be worth all your trouble, expense and ulcers. Because bikers are extremely loyal to and protective of the things that bring pleasure and pride into their lives — and you could be one of them (if you're lucky).

NOTES:

- 1) Always remember that these creatures have nomadic tendencies and are apt to disappear at a moment's notice with little or no (apparent) logical reason or destination. Never try to stop them — it's useless — but just remember that if you treat your biker right, he'll eventually turn up again. Probably broke, tired, hungry and horny. Be nice to him — it isn't easy being unique.
- 2) Bikers usually party, raise hell and otherwise abuse their bodies until about ten minutes after sunrise, at which time they collapse into a deep coma (if they're snoring, they're OK) until at least noon. Only a national emergency will rouse them before then. (Examples of such "emergencies": The attempted theft of their Harley, drugs, money, favorite watch dog and — maybe — you.)
- 3) Although a biker may wait till the second Tuesday of next week to bathe and his Levi's might be able to walk by themselves, he expects his woman to *always* be clean and attractively dressed (or undressed). If he makes excessive references to "tuna," you may need to bathe more frequently.
- 4) Keep in mind that as of the first time you do any of these for your biker, he'll expect it to become a normal part of your daily routine. ■

Easyriders



"Thirty years ago you begged me to let you see my tits."

XMAS SPECIAL,
\$50 ea.
Good until Dec. 15, 1984.
Send Money Order for delivery before Xmas!

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



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

PROTECT YOUR HIDE!



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.



BAR HOPPER

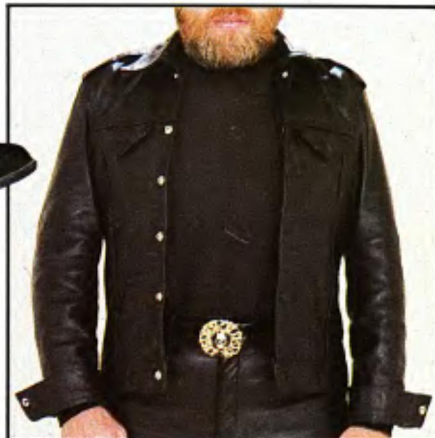
\$175

A super-styled lightweight but warm leather jacket perfect for those let's-hit-every-bar-in-town-bro summer nights. American made of top-quality leather, this Nasty racing jacket includes a durable leather-trimmed inside stash pocket.

ULTIMATE CHAPS

\$160

Top-grade American leather wraps all the way around your legs. Fully lined for no-stick comfort. Double-leather upper and large, extra-tough elastic insert. Huge nylon zippers positioned within easy reach. Triple stitching in all high stress areas prevents bagging, even after years of long, hard riding. Full-length flaps cover the zippers, protecting you from the wind and your bike from zipper scratches. Double buckle for added security and waistline comfort while riding.



FOR DENIM DIGGERS

\$160

We've taken the classic jean jacket and recreated it in our best homegrown cowhide. Light, flexible and warm, this Nasty creation offers a perfect compromise between the casual look of traditional denim and the protection of leather.

NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

Box 1025 Agoura, California 91301

Please check item(s) & method of payment. Remember to include all appropriate measurements.

☐ ULTIMATE CHAPS \$160

Waist _____ Inseam _____ Boot Ankle Measurement _____

☐ BAR HOPPER \$175

Size _____

☐ DENIM DIGGER \$160

Size _____

☐ BITCHIN' BRITCHES \$180

Waist _____ Inseam _____

☐ OLD-STYLE CAP \$30

Size _____

I enclose: ☐ Check ☐ Money order

Please charge to my: ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercharge

Card No.:

Exp. Date _____

Signature (required) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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.



OLD-STYLE CAP

\$30

For your head or hers, a classic all-leather coconut cover that looks equally good on the road or at the bar. Don't be fooled by fakes, only the Nasty cap is American-made by bikers and designed to withstand a biker's hard travelin' and partyin'.



Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

month I had some control. In four months I could handle her fine. Determination and practice. And three-lb. boots! It's worth the pain for that fun in the wind. If not, sell the beauty for a Sporty.

Little Bit
Ventura, Calif.

Small Tits

☐ I was just reading through your July '84 issue and would like to say thanks to Cherrookee from Phoenix, Arizona, for sticking up for us small-breasted women. I, too, am small-titted (34A).

My ol' man loves them! They always say more than a mouthful is a waste and believe me, that's all I have — a mouthful. I love having them sucked. My man sure gives them a good workout that just leaves me breathless. Since my tits are so small, they are very sensitive, and I can feel all the pleasure my good ol' man gives me with his mouth.

I've got a heart of gold and give excellent head (I can deep-throat my man's nine-

inch cock and know how to work my pussy in a way that my man loves). So, my heart, my mouth, and my pussy make up for what I don't have in the tit department. Cherrookee, if you're out there and see this, thank you again for sticking up for us small-titted women.

Red and Connie
Hot Springs, Ark.

☐ Smaller tits make better lovers. Fuck off, asshole. Life must get pretty boring for his women if all he makes love to is their chests. That's like saying all bikers are 1%ers or all blondes are dumb.

Spike's Ol' Lady
Bellefonte, Pa.

☐ It's evident that you've never had a good fuck because I've never been to Phoenix.

Pam Gilleo
Revere, Mass.

☐ Just ask any Harley rider what he thinks about pretty, petite titties.

Tina
Roswell, N.M.

And Another Question

☐ Your article "Forty For

The Road" was one fine and righteous layout of some of the tastiest-looking tits a bro could ever want to put his lips to. But I just had to wonder who did the counting of those buxom beauties?

Now I know I'm right, 'cause I counted them three times by touch and I still came up needing more than just my ten fingers and ten toes. (Needless to say, after counting those marvelous mammaries three times and being in possession of a fantastic imagination, Mother Nature soon gave me a means to finish my counting of those luscious, lickable lovelies.) But I still came up with 21 sets of tits — 42 tits, not 40. Explain this one for me, will ya?

"Banger" Leach
Hagerstown, Md.

■ That's 41 single tits — not pairs.

A Goof

☐ We'd like to apologize to everyone for the screw-up our ex-ad agency made on page 9 of the September '84 issue. They didn't put identifying letters next to the articles of apparel shown in the

pictures; they left out the fact that there is a \$1 charge for our catalog; the pictures were fuzzy and the type was crooked.

The following should help to clarify the different colors with their corresponding styles. Starting at the top: the Red is B, both Blacks are F, the Silver is G, the Teal is C, and the Tobacco is D and H. The Chamois is what the Squaw Top and the Wrap Skirt are (at the bottom, I and J). The Bikini and Sash Pouch are the Leopard Print.

You may be able to tell more by going back to our ads in the November and December '83 issues.

Ron and Mary Ashley
Caravan Leather
Henderson, Ark.

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. ■

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.)

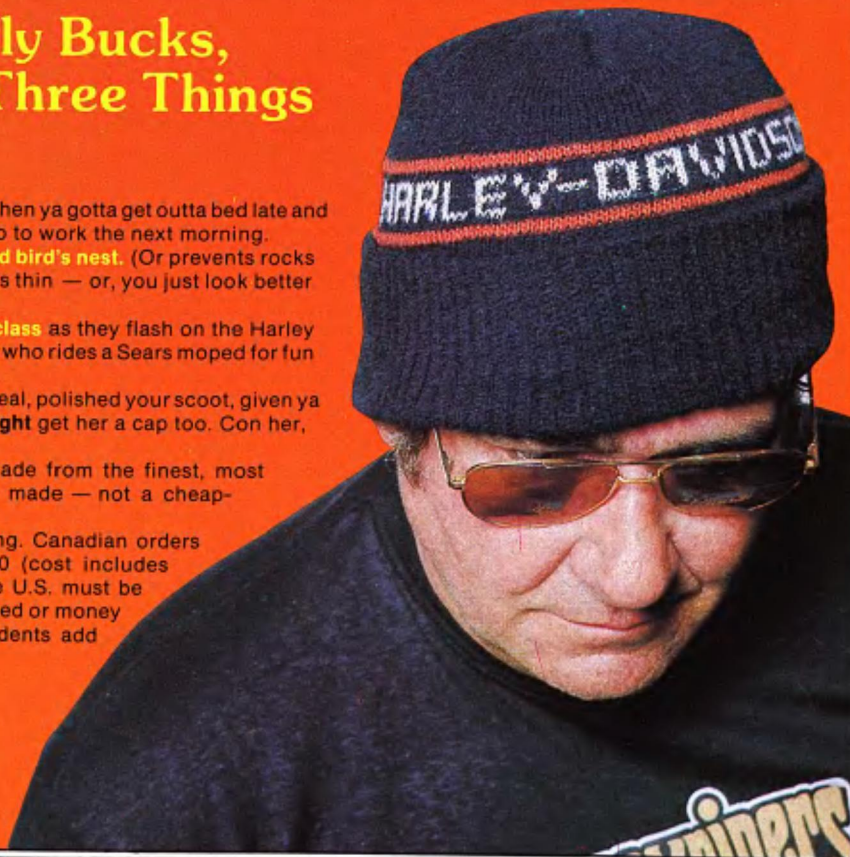
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

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



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.



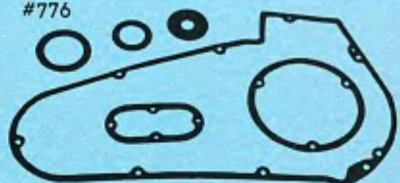
Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

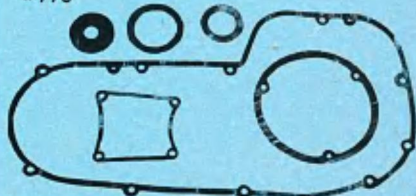
RECYCLABLE RUBBER GASKETS

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



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 *Yesterdaze*, *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.

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 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 luhing. 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

Riding Out

Continued from page 75

at a table, watching and guarding the door. Another sign read:

WHAT YOU SEE HERE,
WHAT YOU HEAR HERE,
WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE,
IT BETTER STAY HERE!

I rounded the corner into our shop area, seeing five or six Harleys torn down in various stages, with a few bros working on one in the corner. Another was welding his sissybar. Then, abruptly, there it was: my '40 knucklehead, silently waiting for me in the corner. I stood for a moment in a trance, hypnotized by that beautiful machine, inviting me to jump on her and ride out of here and away from all this madness.

My adrenalin built as I admired the custom shovelhead tuned exhaust system I'd built. My chrome chain apegangers, which I'd also built, sparkled like a thousand diamonds as I walked over and said my final good-byes to my brothers. As I pushed the Love of my life outside into the sunlight, I remembered all the times I'd torn down and rebuilt this machine during the past five years.

It was a perfect morning. The sky was blue, the air warm, and the sun over the south wall peered brightly down on the polished chrome. Eighty inches, 800 lbs. of steel horsepower, low, raked, totally rebuilt like new, and fine-tuned. With her many coats of clear lacquer over blue-and-gold metalflake, she looked like the crown jewels, reflecting light everywhere.

Blinking away tears, I straddled her, lowering myself onto the cobra seat, 25 of my brothers gathered around in silence. All eyes were on me, waiting. With trembling hands, I leaned over, pushed the choke lever in, and kicked 'er through a few times to prime, then pulled the choke out. You could hear a pin drop, as I stood up, and 245 pounds came down on the kicker. Nothing happened.

Easyriders



"Ready, darling?"



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 Macassar 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

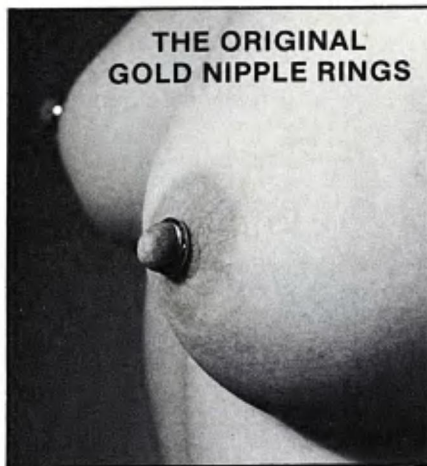
P.O. Box 4631, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

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 ORIGINAL GOLD NIPPLE RINGS



These nipple rings are exactly that, gold rings for your nipples. These gold rings are comfortable to wear and best of all, **nipples require no piercing.**

You can accent the youthful "rosebud" look wearing nipple rings gives you by doubling the rings. Now 2 rings can be worn on each nipple because the rings come in small and large size. The sensual excitement you'll feel from just wearing these rings will be a real turn on especially since their design was created with your bustline in mind.

Still only \$6.95 a pair (\$13.00 for 2 pair)—and the choice is yours—please specify small or large size (or both)—when sending check or money order to:

SOUTHTOWN ENTERPRISE
P.O. Box 169
Orchard Park, N.Y. 14127

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
N.Y. State residents add 7% sales tax.

Founder: BIKERS
AGAINST MANSLAUGHTER



RUSS BROWN Attorney For Motorcyclists

A LAW CORPORATION

Many years of experience both riding and legal; dedicated to the problems of motorcyclists.

MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENTS

Free Consultation
No Fee If No Recovery

NATIONWIDE AFFILIATED OFFICES IN:
Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, San Jose, Sacramento, Albuquerque, Portland, Reno, Las Vegas, Phoenix, and other cities.

24 HR. TOLL FREE NATIONWIDE

1-(800)-4-BIKERS

IF YOU CAN'T COME IN, WE'LL COME TO YOU!

I kicked again — still nothing! Shit, I thought, I've started this machine thousands of times with the same system with no problems. What the fuck could be wrong now? I frantically gave her another, and then a few more, feeling the blood rushing to my head. I stopped with beads of sweat on my forehead. Then it hit me! "What the fuck! I must be losin' it — I'm so excited, I forgot to put the key in the ignition!" I yelled.

The silence was broken by a roar of laughter. Everyone cracked up. Someone yelled out, "All right, bro! That's the best laugh we've had all week." I flipped 'em off while putting the key in, gave 'er a good zesty kick — and another. Still nothing! Again and again, I kicked 'er over. Sweat was pouring down my face as I kicked her over some more. One more time, I thought. One more! "Oh, fuck!" I yelled, wiping the sweat from my eyes. "Ya know what this time? I forgot to turn the key to 'start.'"

"Fuck!" one brother howled. "You're the funniest thing that's happened around here in years!"

"Yeah, well, have a good laugh, assholes," I said, "cuz she's gonna start now and I'm going downtown and soak up a few cold ones!"

More bad news — after kicking like crazy, I had to admit, "She's flooded now!" to which someone responded, "So, get an electric start!" I laughed along with everyone else as I kicked a few more times. There was so much blood rushing to my head, I felt close to passing out. Finally, with one last rip-roaring kick, she sputtered, coughed, and fired to life! **BA-ROOOOMM!** "All fuckin' right!" I screamed.

Everyone cheered and my heart beat faster and faster. I was breathing hard again as I sat down on the seat, light-headed and weak. Everything was happening so fast, I couldn't talk or think straight. Suffering from a bad case of cottonmouth, I finally got the words out: "Do the towers know I'm leaving?" I asked the guard. "After all this, I sure would hate to get shot off my motorcycle."



"Oh, Nelson, I bet you do that to all the girls."

100
Easyriders

HARLEE IRON

**"The Best Prices
in the United States"**



HI-130

Half Gloves: all leather with padded palm for extra comfort.
reg. price, \$49.95

sale price, \$9.95

Chrome sprocket, rear wheel, 51 teeth.
reg. price, \$49.95

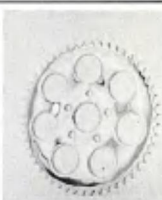
HI-90

sale price, \$29.00

Chrome sprocket, rear wheel, 49 teeth.
reg. price, \$49.95

HI-91

sale price, \$29.00



HI-135

Voltage Regulator: solid-state will fit '70-'75 Big Twins.
reg. price, \$64.95

sale price, \$29.95



Voltage Regulator: solid-state will fit '76-'80 Big Twins.
reg. price, \$64.95

sale price, \$29.95

HI-136

Voltage Regulator: solid-state will fit '77-'80 Sportsters.
reg. price, \$64.95

sale price, \$29.95

HI-137

Voltage Regulator: solid-state will fit 12V, 2-brush generators with battery.
reg. price, \$64.95

sale price, \$29.95

HI-138

HI-145

Heavy-Duty Kick Arm: stroker owners love 'em. Fits any square shaft.
reg. price, \$29.95

sale price, \$14.95



HI-72

21" wheel, alum. dual disc hub, chrome rim and spokes, laced and trued.
reg. price, \$189.00

sale price, \$119.00



Please add \$8.00 for shipping for each wheel.

Harlee Iron
P.O. Box 3069
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

Please add \$3.00 for shipping per order.
Please allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear.
Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

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 Pains	\$ 9.00	\$10.50	\$15.50
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"All four guard towers know you're riding out," he assured me. I revved up the engine — thunder and fire roared and shot out from my pipes. He pulled out his walkie-talkie and yelled something into it. I couldn't hear what because of the sweet tune my throbbing, pulsating engine was playing. Some of the bros pointed toward the main gate slowly opening. I kicked back up against my sissybar, listening to the purr, with my feet up on the pegs. The gate was sliding farther back on its tracks, and hot flashes were racing through my head.

Oh, my God! Is this really happening to me? Am I dreaming? I thought as the guard said, "You're cleared to leave." Suddenly my blood ran cold, heart diving! It was an unbelievable feeling, with my bros jumping up and down, patting me on the back, some huggin' me, as I kicked the stand up and came down on the shifter with the same boot. Into first gear. *Clunk!* Then I let out the clutch and slowly cruised away from my brothers. As I approached the first tower, a tear ran down my cheek. With my insides fluttering, nerves jittery, I looked back and waved, fist closed, tears in my eyes, seeing their answering wave of farewell. They looked so far away as the big gates closed behind me with a crash.

I putted along the narrow stretch of gravel road by the wall, toward the second gate and tower, and slowed to a stop. One guard made a check of my numbers, then walked around me once checking everything out. Another walked over to his phone and made a call while looking at some papers. He then walked over to the power box that runs the gate, pulled on a lever, and it began to slowly open, slowly, very slowly. . . .

It never fails, I thought. When I'm in a hurry, everything seems to happen in slow motion. My idling engine began to load up; I revved her some to clear out the carbon. *BAAA-ROOOMM!*

I'm free! Here I go now! There was a lifting sensation in my heart. Easy does it, I cautioned myself. Until I'm clear of all the towers, I'm still caged in and trapped. It's still a long ride

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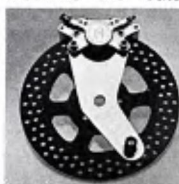
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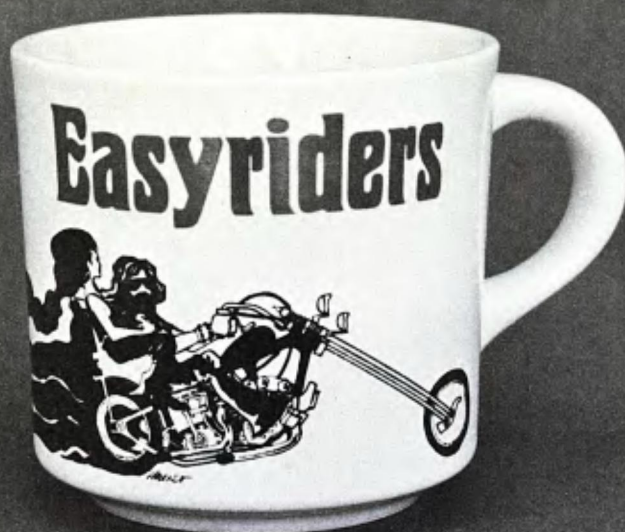
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around the prison. As I putted along the gravel road, I passed the third tower real slow, looking up to see a fat guard standing there, looking down at me with his rifle in his hand, trying his damndest to look impressive. I rounded the tower and gave 'er a little throttle as my rigid frame bounced along the gravel and asphalt, swerving hard left to avoid a big hole.

Rolling along the straightaway on the approach to the last tower, beside the heavy stone walls standing 20 feet above me, my insides were fluttering wildly. The guard was cradling a semi-automatic carbine in his arms, and on his belt there was a holstered .45 automatic. His main function seemed to be intimidation and fear. I kept on truckin' — real slow. When I came to the front office where the visitors enter, I went around it, making a sharp left turn, then right. I gave a hand signal and there wasn't even anyone around to see it. My paranoia would last as long as I could see those towers and walls!

At the turn that leads to a narrow stretch toward town, with a stop sign ahead, I downshifted to second and slowed to a stop. Two farmers, busy at their daily routine of work in an adjacent dusty field, turned to stare at me. One asked, "Where ya headed?" I quickly answered, "Down the road. Where's the first one out of this town?" He pointed straight ahead, saying, "You're looking at it." I sat there for a minute, just listening to the slow, low *Whump! Whump!* of my idling engine. It was sheer music to my ears.

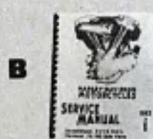
I turned around in the saddle, my stomach and heart fluttering, to take my last look back at that big ugly prison. Below it, spelled out in good-sized white rocks on the grassy side of the hill, were the words: *State Penitentiary*.

I shivered and felt a rush all the way down to my bones, clear to my toes. This once-in-a-lifetime, breathtaking, hair-raising experience would be

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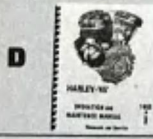
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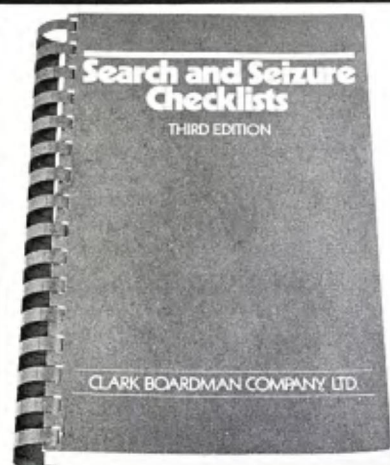
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remembered for the rest of my life! Shivering, I pulled in the clutch with my left hand, kicked the shifting lever down to first with my left foot — *clunk!* — turned the throttle a little with my right hand, let out the clutch lever and away! I put 'er into second with another *clunk!* Moved out onto the open highway. *clunk!* Faster, *clunk!* Again faster.

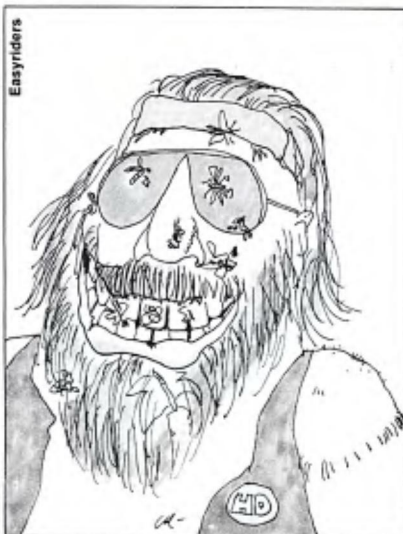
"Whooooooooooooooooooooo!"

I wanted to scream my head off. It felt like I was floating down the highway. Nothing in the whole world mattered on this day; the gears and everything else were falling right into place. Blue skies above, wind in my face, temperature about 75, the rumble of my Harley-Davidson between my legs and the inexpressible sensation of total freedom. It brought on a shivering surge inside me, almost as if I was having an orgasm.

The further I went down the road, the more I felt the pressures leaving me, like a release valve inside my head, letting a little out at a time, draining all my energy until I felt everything slowly draining from within my whole body. It was a sensational feeling like I'd never before experienced as I leaned back to enjoy my ride. My whole body relaxed for the first time in years. I felt warm and glowing, full of happiness. My head seemed flushed out and clear to think straight with the reality of being alive and totally free at long last.

Feeling as if I'd just snorted a gram of cocaine, I started thinking about the places I'd been, the things I'd done, the things I'd be doing, and the places I'd be going. I passed the city limits, the suburbs, movin' on down the highway. The V-Twin positively purred to me. What a best friend! We ate up the miles, putting distance between me and that terrible place I'd just left behind.

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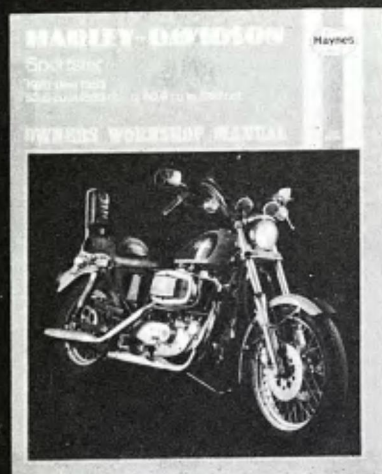
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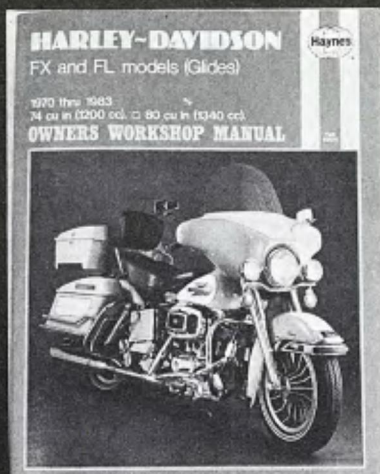
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Maintain. . .

Continued from page 29

host or hostess is obliged to make small talk. Feel free to discuss your grandchildren, but do not reach too quickly for the snapshots in your jacket pocket.

• **Once the police are in the house,** is it necessary for newly arriving family members to introduce themselves by bowing and extending their right hands?

Actually, a newly arriving family member should place his or her right hand behind the back, draping it casually over the left shoulder (the police will assist if this gesture proves difficult). Then, standing spread-eagled, one should bow forward, kissing the hood of the nearest police vehicle. Try to encourage family members to relax, go with the flow, and understand — as someone once said — it will probably be a very rough day for shifty-looking hemophiliacs.

• **Should I offer to show police officers the house?**

This is usually not necessary. They probably will have explored most of it by the time you've gathered your wits and determined they're not members of the Avengers Motorcycle Club after all. You may want to offer to hold their coats and hats or help them down from their horses if they are mounted (if indeed they prefer to dismount before searching the house).

• **Am I obliged to serve a snack?**

Though hardly expected, this is often a nice touch. Try to make it something simple that they can eat with one hand and you can prepare with both of yours cuffed behind your back. A little Cheez Whiz on a saltine is nice, though you may have trouble opening the jar. It should be a quick snack and if it requires heating, don't be reluctant to ask your guests to borrow their flamethrower to brown the croissants. Do not serve quiche, and do not serve your guests from behind.

• **Are the guests expected to help clean up after the gathering?**

A gracious hostess will generally refuse a guest's offer to clean up. Any lingering problems left by tear gas or police horses can be handled without much trouble. Show the officers to the door, or the general area it once occupied, and wave goodbye (using both hands, raised high above the head).

Do not expect to receive an invitation from your guests to drop in at their homes. ■

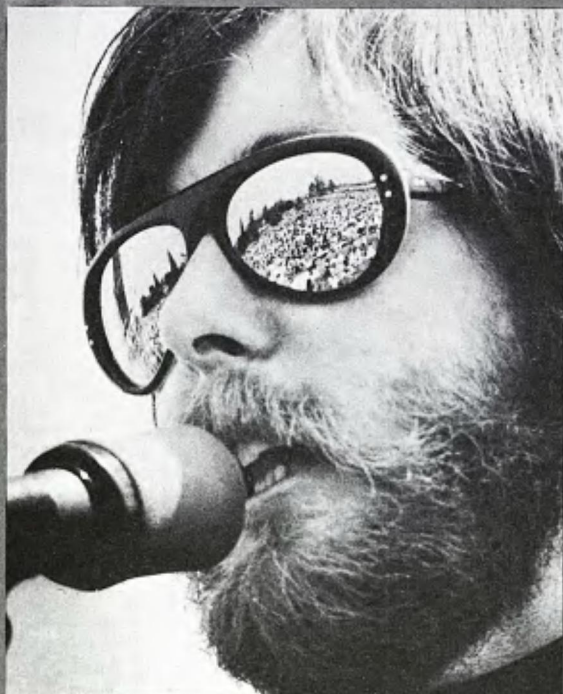


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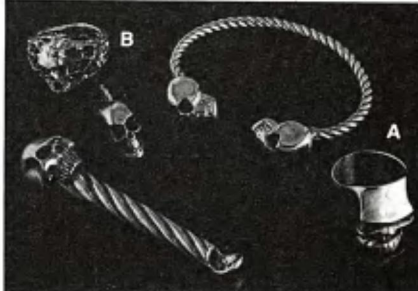


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Book Review

Growin' Pains

I never thought I'd see the day when pot, that down-to-earth drug of the common man, would cost more than cocaine, that trendy, overrated drug of the high-rollers. But if a recent news story from Florida is accurate, that's exactly what's taking place. The Drug Enforcement Agency in Miami reports that there's such an "avalanche" of smuggled coke these days that the price has been driven down to fifty bucks a gram, that the stuff being sold is pure, and that coke overdoses are on the rise. A DEA spokesman, lamenting the huge influx of the drug, said that low prices make the powder more readily available than ever. Moreover, he admitted that even though busts of a hundred kilos or more are fairly common, law enforcement authorities are able to intercept no more than two or three percent of the total volume being smuggled into the country.

While such reports make good news copy, I have to take all this with a grain of salt. I checked around with a couple of local dealers, and evidently the avalanche hasn't rolled much beyond Miami yet, since they're still getting at least a hundred a gram — more, if you want any coke mixed in with the cut.

Still, it's nonetheless true that some fundamental and profound changes have taken place in the drug market over the past few years. A lot of us have been smoking weed long enough to remember when a buyer would be offended if he was asked to pay more than ten bucks for a lid. Of course, that was before pot came with a fancy name attached, like papers for a pedigreed dog; before smokers' tastes got so refined that they'd sneer at the idea of inhaling anything less than primo bud. In short order, Mexican grass gave way to Colombian (at least, that's where my connection said it came from, but I doubt he was there to watch them take it off the boat) at \$50 an ounce. Today, the same guy who outgrew his taste for Mexican marijuana now sneers at Colombian, and no one bats an eye when asked to cough up fifty for a mere quarter-ounce of herb grown right here at home in the U.S.

Personally, I wish some enter-

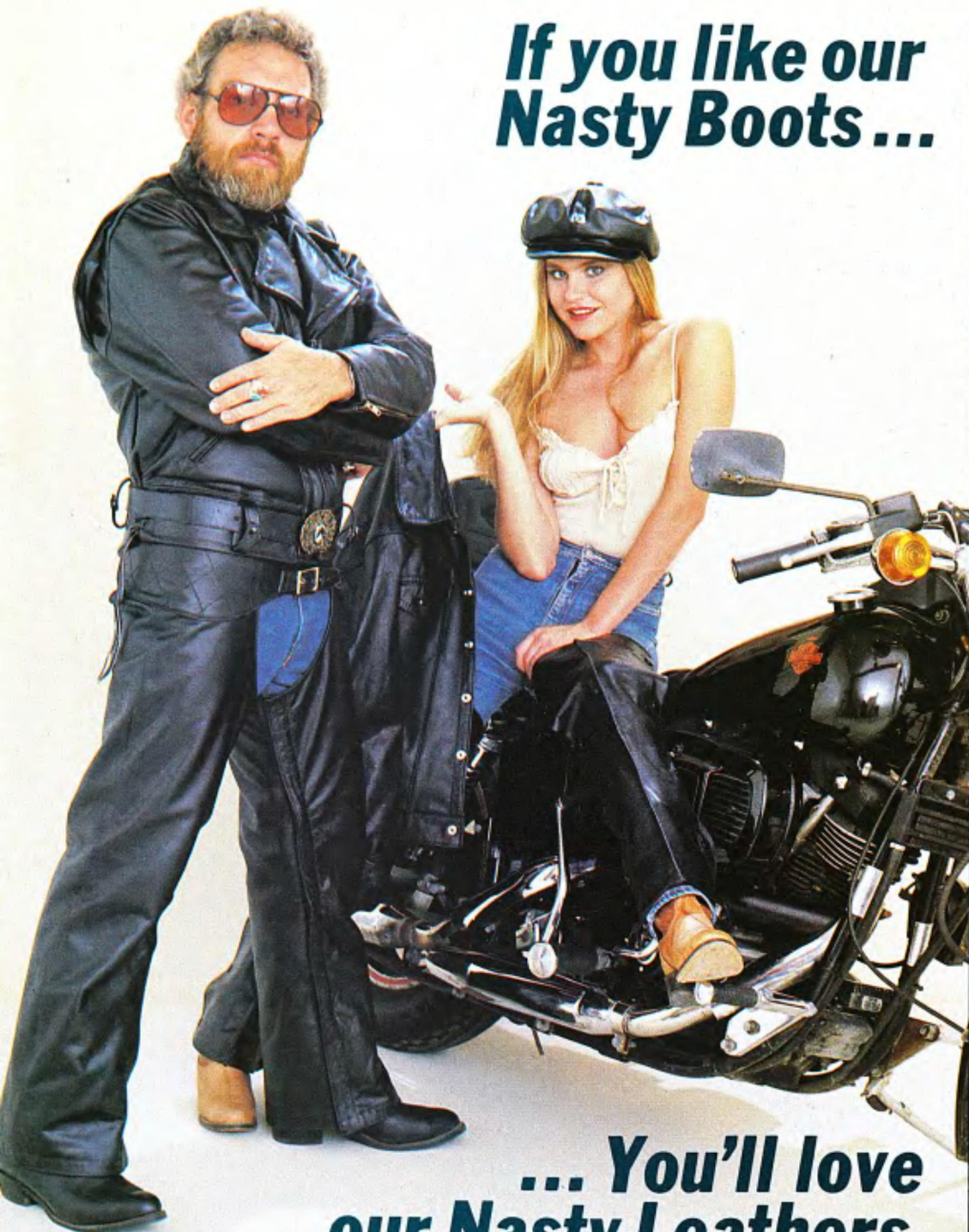


prising drug entrepreneur would come out with plain-wrap pot a poor man could afford, but my tastes are crude and the good ol' days are gone forever, I guess, especially since there's so much money to be made in the domestic cultivation of world-class marijuana. While statistics are usually uncertain and often misleading, figures indicate that pot is now the second largest cash crop grown in the United States, ranking ahead of that basic dietary staple, wheat. In California, weed is the undisputed number one cash crop. Those amber waves of grain have been replaced by camouflaged pot farms throughout rural America, acres tended by a new breed of farmer who finds an AR-15 as useful as a hoe and a Swiss bank account as essential as fertilizer.

Outlaws in Babylon (sensationally subtitled "Shocking True Adventures on the Marijuana Frontier") is Steve Chapple's first-person account of his experiences among the pot farms and farmers of Northern California, among some of the people and places that make domestic weed cultivation, according to a recent federal report, a \$10 billion-a-year industry. Published by Pocket Books, **Outlaws in Babylon** is a strange tale, full of flamboyant characters, plenty of action, and the ever-present atmosphere of violence. The stakes are high and the risks are great, but

Continued on page 108

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 Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Book Review

Continued from page 106

the payoff can mean more money from a single crop than most of us will see in a lifetime.

In the book's introduction, Chapple informs the reader that the dopers described are real, though their names and the locations of their farms have been disguised. The cops and various other authorities, however, are designated by their real names. **Outlaws in Babylon** is basically the story of Maxwell, a colorful six-foot-four Vietnam vet whose war experiences left him with a taste for adventure, for the adrenaline rush of danger and the excitement of life in the fast lane. He and his two partners, Carol and Billie, run an efficient pot farm producing several strains of *sin-semilla*, the seedless, resin-saturated variety of marijuana most favored by the connoisseur and people with the bread to afford it. Chapple tells us little of how he and Maxwell came to be so close that the grower would open up his operation to an investigative reporter, and the author's vagueness on this point may simply stem from a desire to protect his friend. Nonetheless, you can't help but wonder what kind of a big-time grower — so cautious that he never travels without a loaded, cocked .45 on the seat beside him — would jeopardize his setup as casually as Maxwell seems willing to do in regard to Chapple's "expose."

Indeed, Maxwell often seems unbelievable, larger than life, spinning fabulous tales of adventure for the fascinated reporter. Take the tiger farm, for example. Here's what Chapple has to say about that particular operation: "The tiger farm was not particularly low-profile. Some 500 plants, worth perhaps one million dollars wholesale, had been visible from the spotter plane of the California Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement (BNE). The spanking new five-bedroom house where the growers lived was in plain sight of the busy highway that winds from San Jose to the beach, not 200 miles from where we are. And then there were the tigers. Three of them. Full-grown Bengals, the size of imported pickup trucks. Not to mention the leopard.



"You stopped him from humping my leg. Now he humps my face."

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two German shepherds and a brace of Dobermans, one of which quickly lunched on the leg of a narcotics officer. Luckily for the state's raiders, when the bust began the cats were locked away, growling and pacing in enormous wire cages, each one larger than a fenced-in tennis court."

The book details elaborate methods of concealment designed to hide the illegal crop, as well as the expensive and ingenious methods used to water and tend the plants — crops planted amidst the foliage of adjacent natural growth, plants suspended individually above ground in places where the soil is too rocky to nurture the crop, and high-tech greenhouses fed by mazes of plastic pipe, to name only a few. According to Chapple, most growers never get caught, despite aerial spying by state and federal agents and highly-publicized busts that make the evening news nationwide. Sophisticated methods of hiding the plants and timely harvesting frustrate the authorities more often than not, and the growers who get popped are usually the victims of a snitch or their own stupidity. A far greater menace to the backwoods grower is the rip-off artist, the wandering hiker who stumbles upon a patch accidentally, or some local redneck who hears about the farm from a loose-lipped buddy of the owner. These thieves share none of the hippie ethic or rural integrity that permeates the pot-growing community. Some rip-off characters are merely high-schoolers out for a thrill, but others are murderous transients like the ones the author describes who beat a Humboldt woman to death.

It is fear of the rip-off, not the bust, that generates the profusion of automatic weapons — Uzis and AR-15s and Walther's — and the ambient paranoia of the Northern California growing regions. In one section of the book, Chapple and his friend Maxwell

Easyriders



"Heads we fuck, tails I jerk off."

take a crash course in pistol techniques from Killer Jack, another Vietnam veteran, a man of legendary prowess with weapons, and all-around martial arts expert. Among other techniques, Jack teaches the Mozambique Drill: "Mozambique, two in the stomach, one in the beak." Since a single plant can be worth two to four grand, these guys are playing for keeps.

Outlaws in Babylon is entertaining and certainly worth a read, though it suffers from a number of flaws. For one thing, the book is rambling and disjointed, and many sections seem pointless and unrelated to anything else in the narrative. Moreover, many of the incidents and characters stretch the reader's credibility, causing him to wonder how much of this "first-hand account" is authentic and how much is embellishment stemming from the writer's imagination or his gullibility.

The book's chief flaw, however, is the author himself. As a character in his own work, Chapple strives for the style and wit of Hunter Thompson. Unfortunately, he fails miserably. Thompson can discuss the latest synthetic drug, trash a hotel room, swill down a fifth of booze, and talk to a police chief simultaneously, and almost make us believe the events actually took place that way. Chapple, on the other hand, seems little more than a wannabe, a wimp with neither Thompson's flair for outrageous behavior nor his talent for colorful writing. Still, if you ignore the writer's silly posturings and hipper-than-thou bullshit, the book has enough action and excitement to keep you turning the pages to the end.

The definitive story of the American homegrown industry remains to be written. In the meantime, **Outlaws in Babylon** will have to do.

—Farmer Al Falfa

Easyriders



"No, no, dear! Mustn't wipe your boogers on the man's pants."

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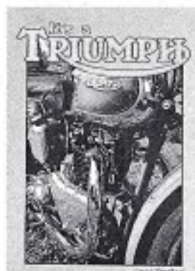
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White and proud of it? Do you hate Communism? Does Jane Fonda make you puke? Do you realize whites in prison suffer from terror daily? Tired of talk, but ready to fight? Then send a SASE with 37 cents postage affixed to National Socialist Liberation Front, Box 61, Kenner, LA 70063. (138)

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)

Swingers want biker tramps for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime, 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (138)

Strut: to the righteous ol' man who captured my heart and parted with it. Never thinking I'd ever see him again. Life has treated me like my world has ended. I need to get a reply or two from you, letting me know that I still have that close friend who really cares and will always be there. That's what really keeps my life going. Loving you was the best thing that ever happened to me. Believe me, by now I know or else I wouldn't have written this if I didn't really care! If you could only see me now. Babe, keep living and riding free. This is one doll who really needs a lift right now. My thoughts are with you wherever you go, in whatever you do. Your baby doll forever! In Florida. (137)

Happy birthday, Colleen, 9/5. You've got a rain check on a present from me. Remember the last present? I'll always be thinking of you. Baby, you're the only one for me. Crazy Joe. (137)

McGill K.J.: Did you read the June and July classifieds? I'll be at that number till November, then to Florida for the winter. Call after 7 p.m. B. Johnson. (137)

Jim Long: Happy birthday, 9/20/48. Contact Jo. 9 Coach Circle, Jackson, TN 38301. (137)

Happy birthday, Ernie (8/28). Did Ada survive it? Love, Bear and Lorna. (137)

Two w/m cellmates doing time in Alaska. We want to write to all you pretty ladies. 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. (137)

Gene Seifert: Here's special thanks to a #1 bro. Love, Bear. (137)

Rodknee (aka Sparkey): Write Wolf, 13118 Montague St., L.A., CA 91331. (137)

Can't get at my leathers and bike for a while, but ladies, if you wish to help my bit speed by till then (?), send your encouragement to James Tisch 176-668, Box 209, Orient, OH 43146. (137)

Real 1fers: Odiniast looking for special Aryan lady, Russell "Grumpy William" Pearce 080974, F-655, Box 158, Lowell, FL 32663. (137)

"Kat," from Farmingdale: It's your Gypsy wantin' to know if you want to tramp away the rest of your life in the sun with the wind in your face, behind me on our scot. You and me, forever free and in the wind. Missin' lovin' you (more). Love always, Gypsy. (137)

Before answering any ads be sure to use reasonable caution. (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)

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)

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)

Prisoner, ex-counterfeiter, forger, smuggler, conspirator. Soon to be ex-con, 39 years young, good looks, health, Libra, artist. Likes sports, outdoors, good music, fun-sun, and quiet moments with good female who has a heart full of love for that special guy — like me. Jerry Thomas 129344, Box 220, Stringtown, OK 74569. (137)

Dawn: You made me the happiest man on earth this Father's Day. Hey, bros, say hi to my Father's Day present. Eric Lothian was born Monday, 11/6/84. He'll be riding a Hawg to school. Love both of you so much. Hank Jondis, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada. (137)

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)

Duane: I could not love you more; my heart won't love you less. Happy birthday. Deb. (137)

Pretty brunette, NYC area, 37, 5'5", slim, quiet, artistic, sweet, sophisticated. Seeks conservative biker, 35-47, definitely successful, slim, handsome, fun, witty, really good person. No drugs, smoke or alcohol. Box 594, Nutley, NJ 07110. (137)

Attn: New club — Thunder Horsemen MC of Wyoming. Patch: Horse and rider, wings in background. Any conflicts, contact: Marlin "Blue" Todd, Box 400, Rawlins, WY 82301. (137)

Indian: Happy birthday, 9/30. I love you more each day as we live and ride together forever. Your ol' lady, Beverly Irene. (137)

Ray Morris: In the midnight hour I'll always cry, "More, more, more!" Ya hoo! Thanks for everything. Love ya, Zone (Kim). (137)

Pagan's MC members want letters and pictures from together girls to help us through this time. Direct mail to Steve "Brakes" Dunn, M-8387, Drawer K, Dallas, PA 18612. Some will be answered by other Pagans. (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)

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)

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Good-looking, intelligent blonde wishes to meet a financially and emotionally stable, good-looking Harley man, 30-45. No dopers, drunks or freaks. At home in suits or leathers. 6'3" or over, dark-haired giver, not just a taker, reliable. Friendship and biking objective. Possibilities endless. Is this kinda man extinct? Pictures with letters. Southwestern Ohio, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Downed pilot and smuggler being released in four months. White, nice looking, good-hearted and intelligent. Want to start over with an adventure-some lady at my side to really enjoy a good future. Your age and past are unimportant. Photo please. Ray Broussard, FCI 24799-149, Safford, AZ 85546. (137)

Cindy Jones: Tell 'em who loves ya! Uncle Dave. (137)

W/m, 39, down and out in Texas, needs mail — without a doubt. Just a very short time before I go. Send flicks, please. Jerry R. Kuhlmann 315848, Goree (A2N-16), Box 38, Huntsville, TX 77344. (137)

Old Indian recipe for sprains and swelling. Send \$1, plus SASE to Beaver Wineland, 4813 E. Third St., Panama City, FL 32404. (137)

24-year-old California sailor/scooter tramp recently transferred to New York and lookin' for a ridin' companion to share some good times with. I'm 6', 170 lbs., with blue eyes, red beard and newly rebuilt Hog, but need that special lady in the New York, New Jersey or Long Island area to party with. If you're trustworthy and affectionate, drop me a line. Cancera answered first (I'm a Scorpio). Dino, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

34-year-old peckerwood been slammed awhile for taking things. Ain't gonna change, just need me a stand-up heart-having bitch who can hang with me in early '85. I'm 5'9", 160 lbs., long auburn hair and full beard, blue eyes. Will relocate and provide moustache rides constantly, so don't panic, just write and send flick to Keith Capezio, C39376, Rm. 6256, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (137)

W/m, 24, brown hair, brown eyes, 180 lbs., 5'11", sexy and fine and mighty kind. Looking for a lady love to come into my life. Doing a little time, so drop me a line! Rodney Quine, Box 689, C-34038, A-238, Soledad, CA 93960-0689. (137)

Downed bro, 31, heartbroken, needs beautiful relationship of love and friendship with sincere lady. Age/looks unimportant. Pics if possible; will answer with same. Dan Patterson, B-70730, Box A-1390, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (137)

Need job: Like outside work. Box 181, Frankfort, IN 46041. (137)

Paul and Becky: You're two really great people. Can't wait for next rendezvous. Call us at 743-2222. Jim and Joan. (137)

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)

Happy birthday, Free Bird. There'll never be another man for me. I want to love you and fuck you forever. Your Morning Star. (137)

Tom: Happy birthday, 10/25/57! Wouldn't want to be with anybody else but you. I love you! Your ol' lady Doris, and your rugrats Melissa and Christine. (137)

Professional tattooing handbook. Trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas. Expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, \$24.45. Tattooer, Box 242-Y, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (137)

W/m, 5'11", 155 lbs., down for 15, seeks correspondence with woman. Will answer all. B. Stolarz, Jr., 78577, RR, SSCF 2, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314. (137)

One-woman man looking for a one-man woman. Tall, quiet, semi-retired, w/m Hog rider/builder in mid-thirties, living in small town in northern Illinois. Tired of big-city head-trippers, war-noises, and grown-up babies. Looking for reasonably attractive and intelligent lady, 25-35; big enough to ride bike, work or house mouse. Bust size and hair color not important. One, possibly two, yard apes OK. Must enjoy good lovin', music, animals, and the outdoors, and be willing to relocate. No wide loads, heavy haulers or freaks. Serious relationship with plenty of affection and care for the right gal. All letters with recent pic answered with same. Professor, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Wanted: One nice chick to putt and party with in Cleveland, Ohio, area. Photo gets photo. All answered. Solo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

For women only: Older guy, always horny, wants younger lady. Northern California. I love to eat pussy, suck tits, and make tender love. Box 11776, Coddingtontown, CA 95406. (137)

White Marine security guard, 25, 5'8", 165 lbs., brown hair/eyes. Presently stationed in Kuwait. Coming home in June '85, to Omaha, Nebraska, and need some correspondence from some female types, 18-25, who take care of themselves. Nebraska and surrounding area helpful. No heavy drugs, fat bodies, head games or bullshit needed. Send pic and scribble to: J.D. Vinson, American Embassy Kuwait, State Dept., Washington, DC 20520. (137)

Carla Parsons: General Delivery address no good. Hang on. Alaska. (137)

1975 Police Special, 11,615 miles. A real nice cruiser for some lucky person. \$5500. Call (307) 347-8837. (137)

Happy birthday, Weenie. I love you now and forever. Your Panucha. (137)

Lookin' for one relaxed, slim, affectionate, sincere female around age 29. I'm 6', 170 lbs., Italian, a Cancer, ridin' a 74. Good sense of humor; lookin' good enough not to scare ya. Ready to stick with right lady. Vinnie. (312) 342-5010. (137)

Tattoo fans: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free each month. Send SASE to Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Swap meets: Sept. 23, I-70 Drive-In, K.C., Mo., Sept. 30, State Fairgrounds, Albuquerque, N.M., Oct. 28, State Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. (137)

Billy: Nice to see you the other day! Still playing in your own back yard? (137)

Before answering any ads be sure to use reasonable caution. (137)

Down since '74. W/m, 32, brown eyes, brown hair, 170 lbs., 5'9", gettin' out in '85. Looking to correspond with together female for lasting relationship or friendship. Write to Pete Leonard 75A2676, Box 618, Auburn, NY 13021. (137)

Wanted: Harley-Davidson beer. Send info: Oscar, 1235 Siesta Drive, Sandy, UT 84092. (137)

A T-shirt not made for everyone. "Beat Me Bite Me Whip Me Fuck Me Like The Dirty Pig That I Am, Cum All Over My Tits And Tell Me That You Love Me Then Get The Fuck Out." Send \$9.50 and size wanted to BCS, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360. Outside U.S.A., add \$2.50. (149)

Rick: To the best ol' man and daddy two girls could ever want! Happy 39th birthday, 10/2/84. We love you! Brenda and Billy Jo. (137)

Lonely, ambitious, single w/f, seeks s/w/m to ride with. Non-smoker, no drugs or cons. B.J., Box 4053, St. Paul, MN 55104. (137)

Teeny Tub: Just a reminder that I love you. Bobby. (137)

Gemini, 25, blond hair, blue eyes, 140 lbs., looking for honest, sincere ladies for companionship and visits. Send picture and letters. Answer all. Mike Gallagher 28938, BTC, Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586. (137)

I'm a strong, good-looking, blue-eyed 27-year-old whose lust for life makes imprisonment doubly painful. Ladies with heart, love and inner beauty, write and share your sunshine amidst my loneliness. John "Blue" Merritt 133720, D-4, PCC, State Farm, VA 23160. (137)

I'm a thirty-year-old, 6', 150-lb., brown-haired, green-eyed, hardworking, easy-going white man with a righteous love in my heart to give to the right lady. If you're a pretty, lusty, intelligent, hardworking, easygoing, sincere lady who has enough heart to share in the responsibility of buying, building and upkeep of the baddest Harley-Davidson Sturgis to jam the streets of New Orleans (that one should separate the women from the little girls), then come share the wild with me. Write to Wolf (as in lone), c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Tall, lean (but not mean), bearded biker, 30, with straight job, own house, but helluva weekend warrior, seeks female to pack behind year-round to swap meets and other points of interest. Good attitude and decent looks more important than your past or age. No rugrats, no needles, no games. Send phone and photo to the sunny South to R.S.M., 3426 Brookston, Houston, TX 77045. (137)

24-year-old white male, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Refrigeration and cryogenics consultant for the Dept. of Defense. Seeking female, age 18-28, from Ft. Lauderdale south to Homestead, Florida, for sincere, straight-up relationship. Photo a must. Phone number if possible. Write! Dave S., PSC Box 7073, Homestead AFB, FL 33039. (137)

Tiny: Out of last known AO. Contact me at home ASAP! Sneaky. (137)

Last year my ol' man and I were out riding and we hit a tree. He lost his right hand in the deal. Would appreciate hearing from those who have been there. Planning to ride again as soon as he gets a prothesis. In the meantime we could use some moral support. Thanks. S. Hebert, 227A Fig Street, Roseville, CA 95678. (137G)

Dakota: Last time I heard, you were in Texas, married, and your ol' lady was getting ready to have a kid. Bro, if you're reading this, drop me a few lines — if you ain't too fucked up. Hippie, Wilmington, N.C. (137G)

Attention: Any North Side brothers knowing the whereabouts of our general, please contact me. David Smith, N-28315, VCC, Box 500, Vandalia, IL 62471. (137G)

Three white 1'ers doin' down time in the not-so-great Lone Star State who would like to correspond with any and all members of the opposite sex (especially incarcerated ladies). Ronald "Sundown" Gillespie 333404 (22, brown hair and eyes, 5'7", 140 lbs.), Rt. 1 Box 128; and Tim L. Miller 352121 (32, blue eyes), and T.E.Y. Jones 359563 (26, green eyes, redneck biker), Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. (137G)

Tattoos By Lou. 475 Hay Street, downtown Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. (137)

Leather: Made in USA, pants or jackets, \$79. Saddlebags, \$49. Halters, shorts, and many more unusual items at low, low prices. Free catalog. Spider's Den, Box 69, Karns City, PA 16041. (137)

Lookin' for one relaxed, slim, affectionate, sincere female around age 29. I'm 6', 170 lbs., Italian, a Cancer, ridin' a 74. Good sense of humor; lookin' good enough not to scare ya. Ready to stick with right woman. Vinnie. (312) 342-5010. (137)

Free-world and convict ladies wanted: Two white boys need mail, visits. Eugene Hartson 252172, and Steve Muns 282294, Box 520, 15-D-8, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (137G)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1983. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyriders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (138)

Gary L. "Ziggy" Adams: Happy birthday, darling (my Halloween baby!). Do it right, do it dirty — now you're thirty! You've made my dreams come true. I'll love you as long as you want, and then some. Your Binky, Georgi. (137)

Sexy, charming 26-year-old white boy who's gonna be down for a while, looking for that special lady out there. Must have strong mind and be full of love; no head games. Permanent relationship. Ladies 18 and over. Send pictures. Richard Eastman, C-81650, Box 689, E-225, CTF-C, Soledad, CA 93960. (137)

Attention: All crazy, fun-lovin' ladies between the ages of 18 and 45 who wish to correspond/meet with two of the coolest, best Oklahoma Outlaws in the Oklahoma penal system. No head games; sincere, good, warm-hearted chicks needed to fill this vacant spot. Everett "Ashes" Ashcraft 99056 (w/m, 30 years old), and Jerry Thomas 129344 (w/m, 39 years old); Box 220, Stringtown, OK 74569. (137)

W/m, 30, seeking correspondence with ladies. I'm 5'10", 170 lbs., black hair, hazel eyes. Picture with first letter answered first. Steve Anderson 27764, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. (137)

W/m seeks correspondence with young ladies. Been down three years; two left. Self-employed artist. Irish-Indian, 22, blond hair, blue eyes, 140 lbs., 5'6". Darin Phillips, Box C-52429, Represa, CA 95671. (137)

Dolphin: I miss you. Hope you are out there in the wind. Will not forget; will forgive! Please write, c/o All-American Mail Service, 2269 Market, Box 143, San Francisco, CA 94114. (137)

If you have a lot of money, don't waste it on a phone call: For sale: 1957 or 1958 Harley tanks with black-and-gold emblems (with rivets and clips). One emblem, perfect condition. One emblem, presentable. \$800 firm. (309) 469-5071 or (309) 745-8328. Ask for Rodney or Doug. (137)

Attention, ladies: W/m, 31, 6'2", 205 lbs., brown-haired, blue-eyed and I like to party. I am searching for a mistress and part-time friend who would like to ride with me on my Harley for an occasional ride in the country. Must be young, slim, attractive, sincere and single. I make good bread and I am willing to pay the bills for the right girl. Orange and Los Angeles County area. If interested, send photos and replies to: Steve, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Interested in meeting women from area. I don't need money, just a sincere friend for possible visits. Take a chance! Mike Reynolds, A-68335, 100 Hillcrest Rd., East Moline, IL 61244. (137)

W/m, 33, being held captive. Wishes to hear from good-hearted sincere ladies to share thoughts and dreams and build friendships. Write Robert Tuttle 262656 E-4-6W, Box 520, Walla Walla, WA 99362. (137)

Law trouble? Straight skinny on jail, how to avoid it. \$6.95. Urthworks, Box 14075, Tulsa, OK 74159. (137)

Wanted: Easyriders No. 1, 9, 10, 17. Iron Horse No. 1. All offers considered. Mark Cadd, 37 Devon St., Cheltenham, 3192, Victoria, Australia. (137)

Sheba: Please end this silence between friends. I can't believe our friendship should end like this, sis. Same address! Florida-Kans-aa. (137G)

To the President of The Fighters MC: Will one of you please get in touch with Leon Pistol Pierce, M-8870, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011. (137G)

Cute, white 30-year-old lady looking for a good man who isn't into mind games, crime, dope or heavy drinking. Must be mellow enough to walk by my side and strong enough to give me a shoulder to lean on. I enjoy putting, camping, country living and traveling. Would be willing to relocate. Send a line and pic. Sunshine, Box 166, Spencer-ville, IN 46788. (137)

Hi, girls! Do you have the time for a man in the pen? If so, you may like my ad. Down on 12 years, have 4 more to go. But I may get out of here in '84. Would like to have a wife to come home to and help me make a new life. I'm in the pen, you're on the out. So come in my life. You may like it. I am 25 years old. Love, Jack Estock, N23612, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259. (137)

Wanted: beautiful, intelligent, big-busted, young slave girl for permanent relationship. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846. (137)

Ralph in Eugene: Sure miss the wind up there! Love to L.T., D.S., "Katz" the Princess, and you. Hold tight and ride free. Always, Teru. (137)

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. (137)

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)

1936 EL, knuckle. Like new, third owner. Never a basket case. \$10,000 firm. Also, 1946 UL with sidehack (reverse tranny), complete, \$6500. SASE for pictures. Jerry, Box 744, Joplin, MO 64802. (137)

No shit. Let's get married. I'm white, 6'1", 190 lbs., 31 years old, healthy, and artistic. I have three to four left on a robbery and I'm looking for a sincere, dependable lady to build a future with. Scott Miller, B-59352, Represa, CA 95671. (137)

Easyriders, hard-to-find issues. For sale or swap. Complete your collection! Mike Wieland (414) 464-6620. (137)

W/m, 26, out 6/12/85, brown hair, brown eyes, 5'8", 175 lbs., needs letters and flicks from kinky, nasty, corrupt ladies. Will answer all. Mark Ballard, C-27996-5392, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (137)

Two Southern white bros in need of mail. Ladies, 18-60, attention! Both looking parole in the face and need your letters with flicks to get us thru. Write us soon. Bobby "Mac" McCormick 363426 (36, 5'6", 145 lbs., black hair, blue eyes), and Roy "Azul" McClelland 259806 (27, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes), Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. (137)

Hey! Are there any good women left? Got to be somewhere. W/m, early 40s, 6', 200 lbs., blue eyes, sandy hair, above average looks, steady job, FX. Lookin' for ridin' partner and friend and we'll see what happens. Damn tired of games and being used. Must be neat, clean, non-smoker, honest, head on straight. Looks not important as heart, but no drunks, lazies, slobs or heavy dopers. Medium to slim build, height not important. 25 to 40. Must like country and soft rock music, camping, quiet evenings. Oklahoma and surrounding states. Photo and phone get first reply. B., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Pot growers' transplanting instructions. Ground to containers. 6" to 6' plants. 45 cash, plus SASE or \$6.95 m.o. K.N., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Needed: uninhibited lady, 18-30, to live on remote ranch in the mountains of New Mexico. Picture, please. John, Box 184, San Ysidro, NM 87053. (137)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20X, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (139)

Lake Tahoe romantic dude seeking sweetie pies and cutie pies. Call Steve (916) 541-1674. Don't be shy. No collect calls. (137)

#1 American Freedom: Harley-Davidson. Handmade leather cutoff patch. Prisoner paying appeal attorney. \$5. Satisfaction guaranteed. Patches, Box 601, Whitehall, WI 54773. (137)

Ladies: The pen can be an exciting way to a new and lasting friendship. Won't you take a chance and drop this w/m a line? Bill Mansfield, Box C-45134, Tamal, CA 94964. (137)

1981 FLH Classic with sidecar. Custom-painted, matching cargo trailer. Cycle Sound, stainless-steel lightbars on bike, sidecar and trailer, lots of chrome, one owner and numerous first-place show winnings. \$11,000. (904) 862-1921. (137)

W/f, 21, looking for Harley rider with heart for loving, caring, riding and fun. I'm 5'10", slim, blonde, green eyes. Honesty and sincerity a must. Clubbers welcome if sincere. Send phone numbers, photos, and letters to Maggie, Box 926, Arleta, CA 91331. (137)

Needed: Bikers (American/Canadian), your club's name, founder, chapter, date founded, club's card to include in a new book entitled "Motorcycle Clubs - National Directory - United States/Canada." Expect publication early 1985. Name of current president, number of members; group picture optional. Past clubs included. All entries authenticated before publication. This will be a special book for all bikers; respectability at last! Send to Mike Locke, M4847, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (137)

Original Nazi relics and weapons for sale. Send \$1 and SASE for list to: Gary M. Johnson, Box 6446, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. (138)

Honey Pumpkin: I still love ya. Enjoy! Todd. (137)

Disabled biker, applied for Social Security but don't qualify, needs help. Please send \$5.50 money order donation to F.L. Shipley, Box 550453, Atlanta, GA 30355-2953 and I'll send you my famous Texas tittie twister - your lady will love them. Thank you. Not asking for a handout, just a chance for a new start! (137)

Wanted: motorcycle license plates. Any state. Dan Means, 1125 Nottingham Dr., Glen Burnie, MD 21061. (137)

Tramps around, gets down. B. Satyr, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (137)

Help! Li'l bro Ernie lost his knee and bike frame to a cage. He needs parts to rebuild: H-D Police Special 3-wheeler frame with axle, or axle from the above, or a sidecar to fit a H-D FLH frame. Can you help? Write Bear Blair, #17 Sheyenne Trailer Court, Horace, ND 58047. (137)

Screen door or Rusty (Walter Yargh-boro): Urgent - write to me now! S.P. Simmons, C-63049-2222, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130. (137)

Untraceable mail forwarding. \$1, plus postage. Gray, Box 596, Pinson, AL 35126. (140)

Free of charge: One damn good pecker-wood, 6', blond, and horny, looking for a good lady to help me get through this jolt. I'm down but not out. Will answer letters with flicks first. So drop me a line. Richard Sheets, C-31700, Box A-E, Cell 6173-X, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (137)

Fuzzy: Happy birthday, 7/2! Hope all is well with you and Shorty. Take care. Sunshine. (137)

1985 Easyriders Calendar Now Being Printed!

Prepublication price only \$2. Regular price (starting next issue, which is on the newsstands October 30) will be \$2.75. Save 75¢ if you order from this issue by October 29.

Send me _____ calendars @ \$2 each. Send to the following addresses:

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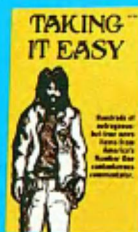
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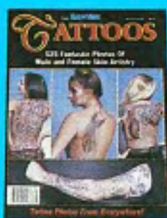


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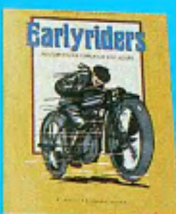
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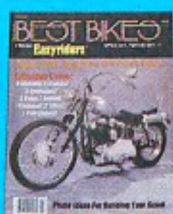
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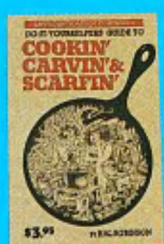


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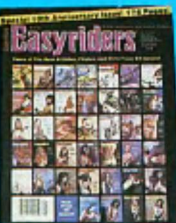
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A group of artistic bros created these fantastic classy cards for Christmas. Four different designs come in each box of twelve large 5½" x 8½" cards, and a box is only \$9.95 plus \$1.75 postage and handling.

Soap Box

Continued from page 51

called three or four different agents that afternoon and the best price I could come up with was \$1100. It seems that my "reasonable" agent had quoted me the price for full coverage on a touring bike, not a sports bike. As I stated earlier, there are apparently only five insurance companies in the great U.S. of A. that will insure big bikes. To tell you the truth, I felt I was fucked for sure, because I sure as hell wasn't about to pay \$1500 per annum just to ride six months out of the year.

To make a long story short, I went back to the bank. I got my bike loan rewritten as a personal loan. It cost me 1½ percent more interest, but it sure beats the hell out of 24½ percent on insurance. In New York state where I live, you have to have liability coverage, which cost me \$69 per year. And seeing that I had a loan out for \$4000, I put comprehensive (fire and theft) on it for about \$6.20 per \$100. I realize this isn't cheap, but it certainly beats paying on a dead horse.

Good luck, bros, with whatever route you choose to take regarding insurance for your sled. One thing you should keep in mind though, is no matter how friendly Joe Blow acts toward you, he's going to give you a kls on the cheek and the biggest fuckin' you ever had.

—Denny Roberts

A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.



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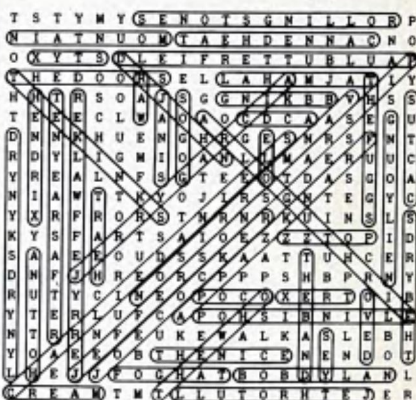
Canadian orders add \$3.50 per mug. Foreign orders add \$13.00 per mug, for postage and handling. All payments outside the U.S. must be payable in U.S. funds. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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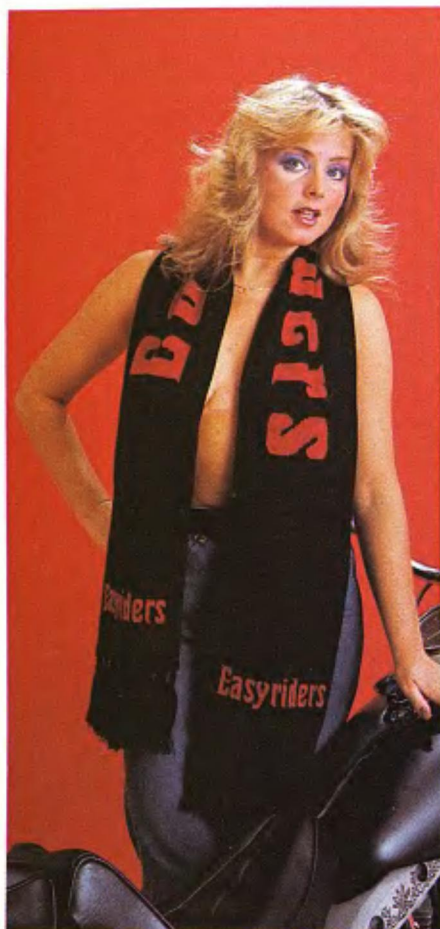
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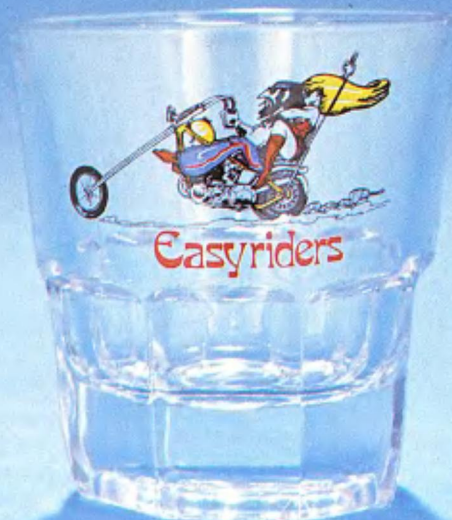
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Downtime

Continued from page 25

through a dazzling solo, but on this cut even the pyrotechnics are tasteful and dead-on, and the evil bitch is righteously told: *Look up on the wall, baby/Hand me down my shootin' iron/You can call your mother long distance/Tell her expect your body home/If the city don't bury you, I believe the county will/You've made your last mistake/You're goin' out on Boot Hill.*

A couple of the tunes stand out as mavericks, not exactly the blues, but great shit anyway. One is "Lights Out," a foot-stompin', pulse-poundin' rocker written by Dr. John. Crank up the volume good and high for this one — the sax break alone will blow the road tar outta your ass. The other maverick is "Kiss Tomorrow Good-bye," a blues ballad reminiscent of some of Clarence Carter's best tunes, featuring a guitar lead that calls to mind Clapton's version of "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" on *Layla*. Winter handles the tune well, making the song work without sounding sentimental, even though he almost croons the lyrics at the beginning.

The highest praise I can give *Guitar Slinger* is to say that if I hadn't been provided a free promo copy of the album, I would have bought it with my own hard-earned (and believe me, Spider makes me *earn* it) bread. Considering today's record prices, that's saying a lot. When you get this one home, rip off the cellophane and tell your ol' lady to button her lip and listen up. Then turn this sucker up loud — real loud.

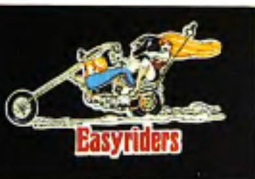
Born in the U.S.A./Bruce Springsteen: Bomber, the wildass bull-in-a-china-shop rock and roll maniac who generally writes this column half the time, would ordinarily be the logical choice to review this record. He's a card-carrying fan and would hock his feeble ol' granny's paisley shawl rather than miss a Springsteen concert. I, on



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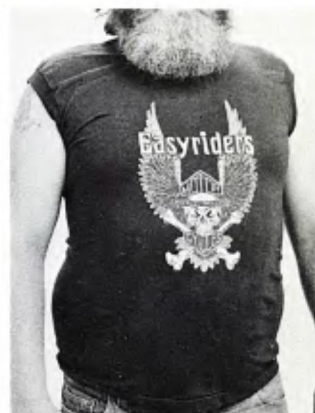


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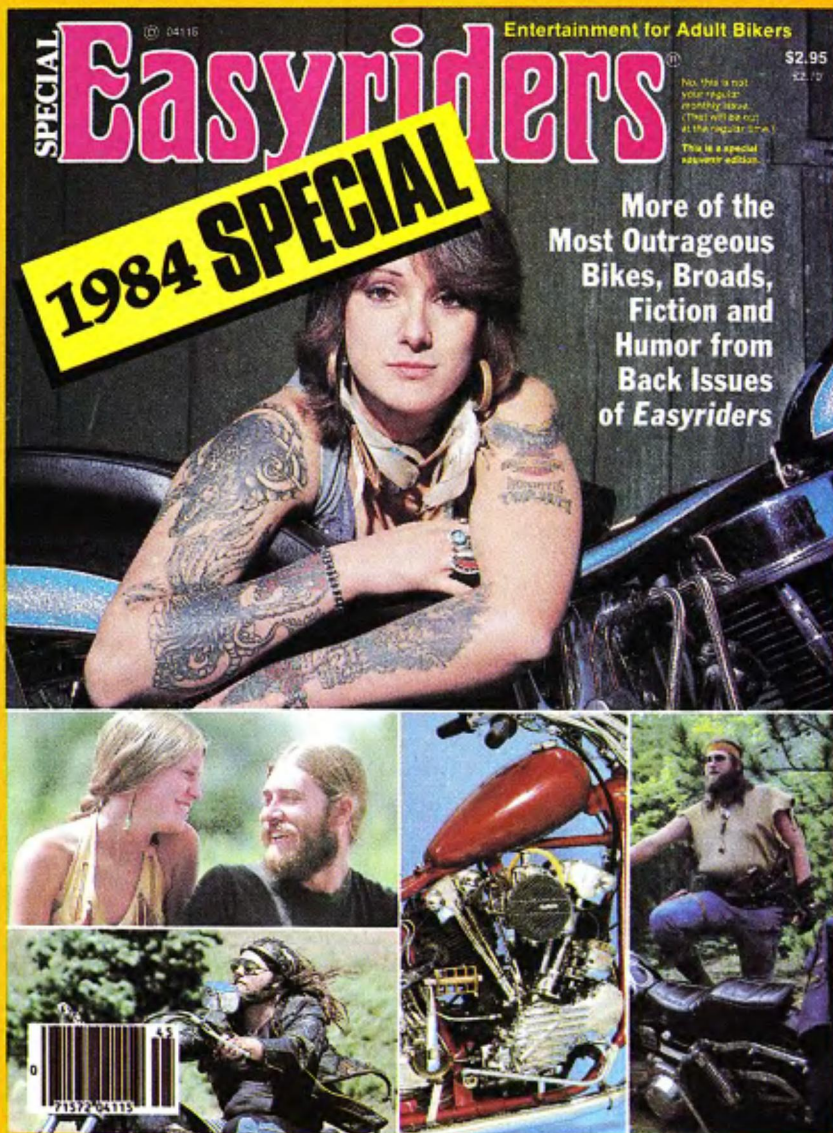
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the other hand, don't own a single Springsteen record and have generally ignored his music.

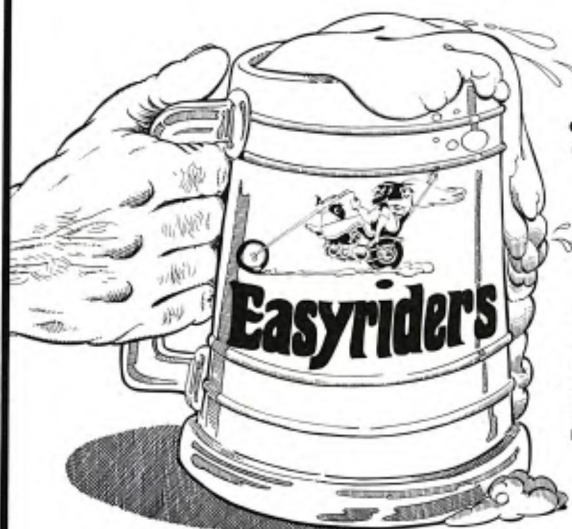
Oddly enough, it was Bomber himself who persuaded me to include **Born in the U.S.A.** in this month's reviews. He claimed it would provide a "fresh" viewpoint and shit like that, but I suspect he just wanted to see me make a fool of myself by badmouthing Bruce the Magnificent. He probably figured that the legions of Springsteen fans would write angry, abusive letters, which would of course convince Spider that I'd fucked up again, adding another butt show to my long history of flashing my ass. (When Spider sends me a memo addressed to "The Austin Asshole," I know he's peeved.) Well, Bomber's in for a surprise — I liked the Springsteen record a lot. Maybe not as much as a typical member of Bruce's Brigade, but a lot nonetheless.

My previous indifferent attitude wasn't really the result of either Springsteen or his music, actually. I just couldn't stand the hype, the frenzy of adulation that has characterized his career ever since Jon Landau was blinded by the light and wrote that he'd "seen the future of rock and roll," in the form of you-know-who. Landau, now Springsteen's manager, got the hype shitball rolling, and the next thing ya know, Springsteen's adoring fans were calling him "The Boss." I've read that Bruce himself isn't happy with that shit, and I can sympathize with him. A nickname like that triggers instant dislike in many quarters (mine, for example), and I'm sure Springsteen would prefer not to work under the heavy burden of such a tag. It's like being called "America's Team" — it just pisses people off. (Madman Kelly insists that I add here the fact that, due to the number of drug problems among the Dallas Cowboys, a lot of people are calling them "South America's Team.") Unfortunately, neither the Cowboys nor Springsteen have much control over what folks choose to call them, and the situation hasn't been helped by Springsteen jock sniffers like L.A.'s Robert Hilburn, who would piss his pants over a grocery list if it was written by his idol.



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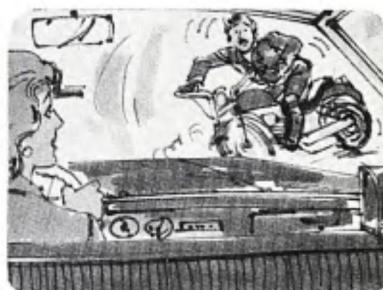
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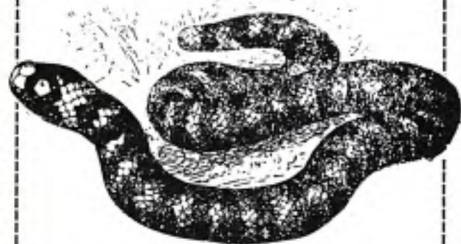


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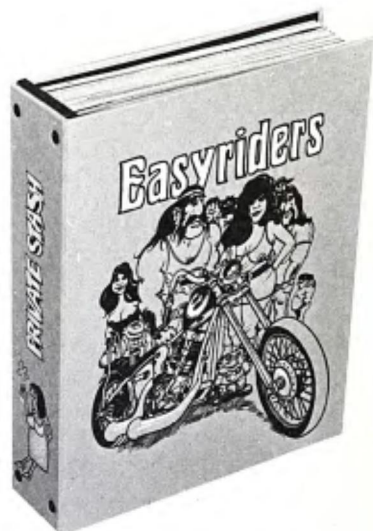
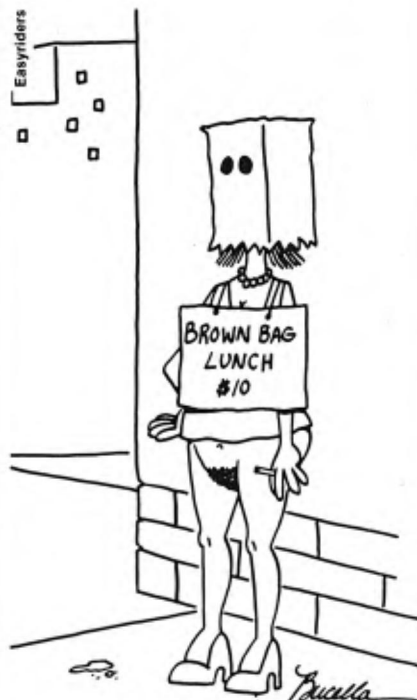
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I had softened my negative position somewhat even before hearing the record, due to radio airplay of the hit "Dancin' in the Dark" before the release of the album. It's a damned good tune; arguably, it's the best on the album, though the purists hate popularity, so many will prefer other, lesser-played cuts. (By the way, if you want to hear something truly awful, listen for some station to play the Columbia 12-inch remix of this tune, done by producer/arranger/dickhead Arthur Baker. The tight, incisive four-minute album cut is pumped up into a kitchen-sink monstrosity as unwieldy as a giant, helium-filled Macy's balloon in the annual Thanksgiving parade.)

The lyrics of *Born in the U.S.A.* revolve around the themes of blue-collar frustrations (for example, the title tune, "Darlington County," and "My Hometown") and disillusioned youth ("No Surrender" and "Glory Days"). At his best, Springsteen evokes the feel of city life and the streets as well as anyone writing music today. However, some of the material on this album strikes me as a tad fuzzy, such as in "Darlington County," where the singer's eyes "seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," apparently because he caught a glimpse of his buddy Wayne handcuffed to the bumper of a state trooper's Ford. Am I missing something or did Bruce just need to make the words rhyme? Or take "Glory Days." Basically, the tune is about the loss of the "glory days" of high school. Well, OK, so people get older and dreams turn to shit and reality ain't always fun — but why snivel about it? And as far as I'm concerned, you couldn't pay me to be a teenager again.

But I shouldn't be so hard on El



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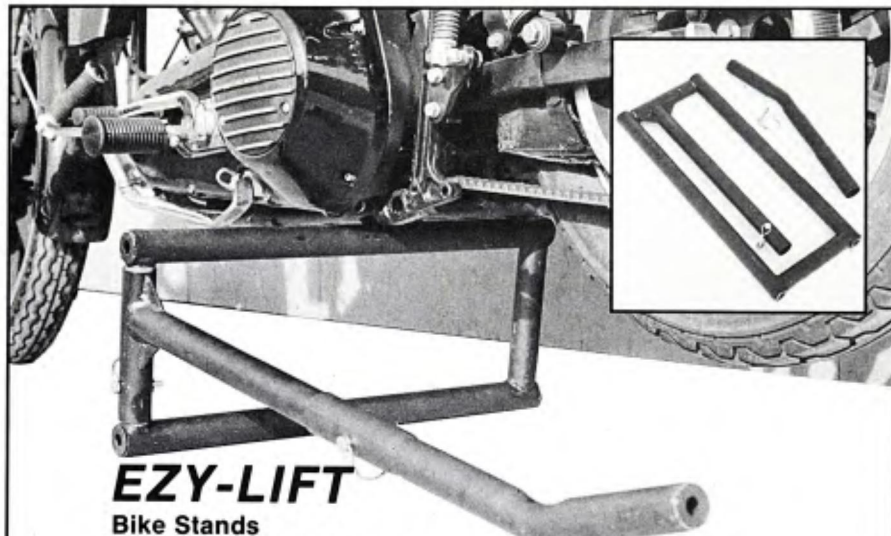
Jefe. There are some dynamite tunes on this album. In addition to the ones mentioned above, I especially enjoyed "Workin' on the Highway," in which a guy runs off to Florida with his underage (evidently) sweetie, gets busted, and winds up laying asphalt as a member of the Charlotte County road gang. If that sounds a mite familiar, it should. From the boisterous, incessant beat to the theme of doing time, the tune bears the unmistakable stamp of the late, great Bobby Fuller's "I Fought the Law." Because he slipped the pork to jailbait, Springsteen's loser to the law lays down the blacktop and blasts through the bedrock. Fuller's loser, you may recall, broke rocks in the hot sun 'cause he robbed folks with a six-gun.

I'm not suggesting that Springsteen ripped off an old rock classic. On the contrary, I admire the fact that he took his inspiration from one of rock's most underrated talents and turned the material into something distinctively his own. In that respect, "Workin' on the Highway" comes close to being a tribute to Fuller, whose untimely and mysterious death (he was found beaten to shit in his car and gasoline had been poured down his throat — the police called it suicide) deprived popular music of one of its most promising talents.

It would be pretentious of me to recommend this album — like everybody's holdin' off buyin' it till they find out what I think, right? Shit, **Born in the U.S.A.** broke into the Top Twenty in less than two weeks and soon thereafter knocked Huey Lewis down to the second spot. (Poor Huey, only one week at the top.) So my recommendation would be about as meaningful as suggesting that people should watch the Super Bowl. Anyway, it is indeed a good album and I'm sure Bruce will be thrilled to learn that I've taken him off my shit list. (I realize, of course, that I'm making other people's shit lists with every word I write. But that's my job — I guess somebody's gotta do it.)

Since I went into some detail about the photo on the cover of the **Winter** album, I really ought to mention a special bonus that comes with **Born in the U.S.A.**, an absolutely hilarious picture of Springsteen in the record sleeve. The Boss appears in his full working-class costume — the humble white T-shirt, the drugstore cowboy dress belt, the authentic torn jeans. The sturdy biker boots are, strangely, polished. But the real treat here is Bruce himself. His awkward arms-akimbo stance and vacant facial expression combine to make him look like Robert DeNiro playing Travis Bickle in "Taxi Driver" — the kind of guy whom shrinks charitably classify as "dull normal."

The picture's a howl and the album is good, and I've managed to make a fool of myself after all. I guess Bomber won out on all counts, so be sure to direct all hate mail to him — he's the one who started this. ■



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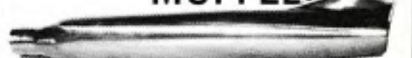
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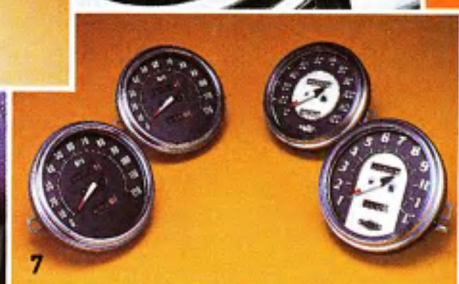
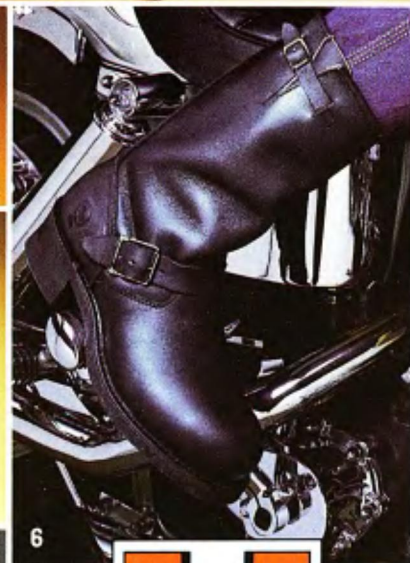
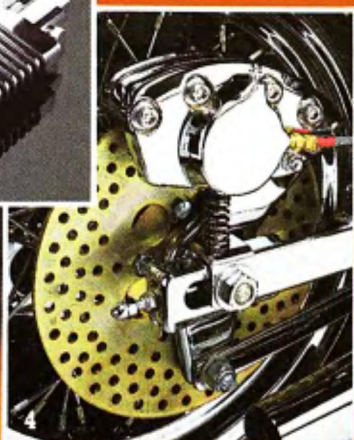
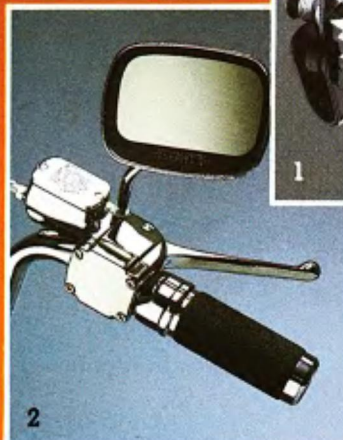
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