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December 1984

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**Broads, Bikes &
Fiction**

**Bikers Bulletin
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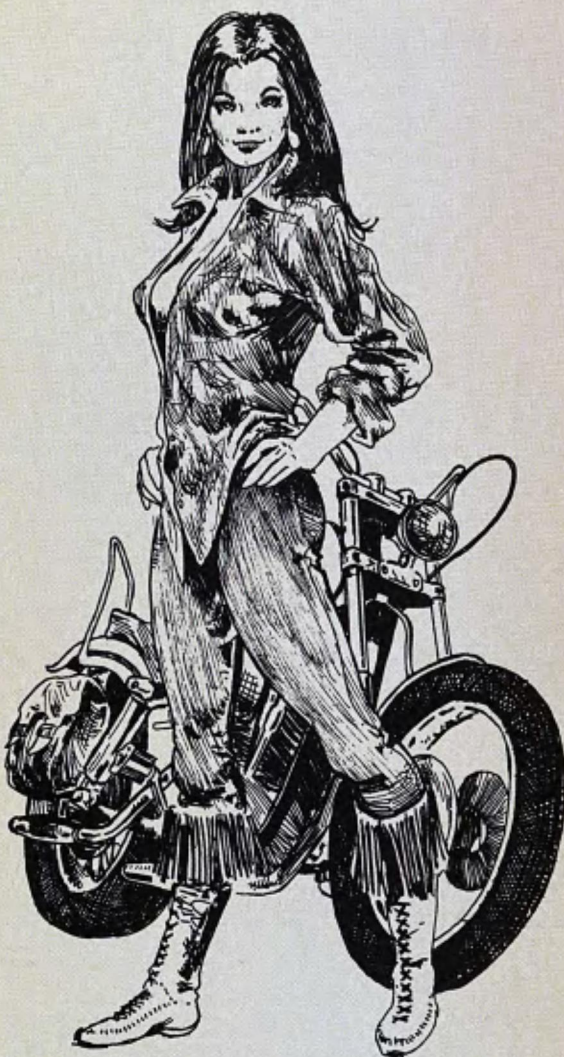
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Easyriders

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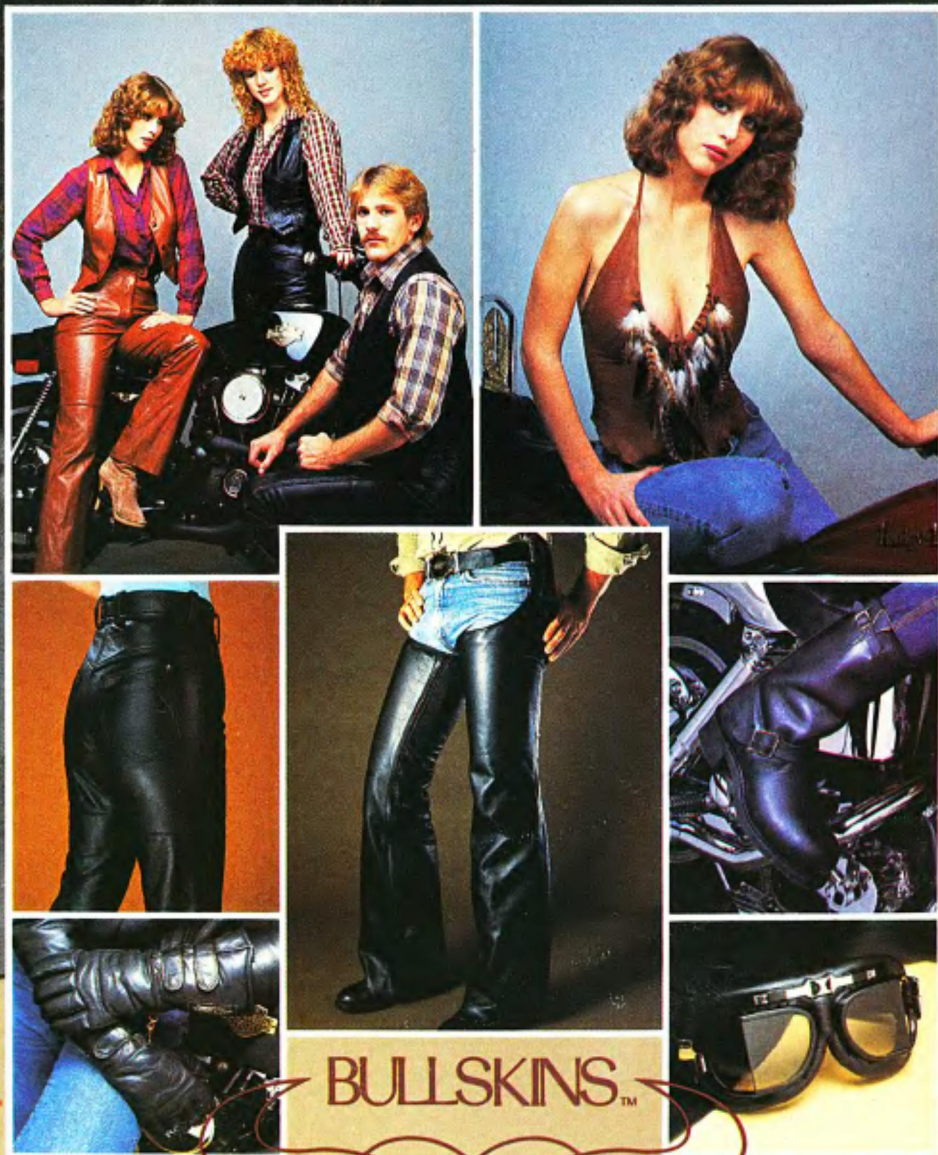
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 29th.

Cover photo of Candy by Pete Chiodo



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This is an exciting new line of leather apparel. Bullskins™ are tough enough to meet the demands of the rugged American biker, yet fashionable enough to suit anyone's taste. Bullskin™ leathers are constructed of premium-selected, range-toughened steerhides. The leather is aniline-dyed to give it its self-healing characteristics, while exotic oils provide its supple feel. Compare the look, feel and comfort of Bullskins™ to other leather products and you will see that Bullskins™ are truly a new breed of leather designed for today. The Bullskins™ label is your assurance that you are buying the best full-grain leather produced anywhere. Our Bullskins™ and hundreds of other leather accessories are available exclusively through thousands of Authorized Custom Chrome Dealers worldwide.



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BULLSKINS™

A New Breed of Leathers from Custom Chrome

Women-are-stone-nuts dept.: Take the broad who tried to pick up her ol' man's paycheck at a construction company and was rebuffed. She got so pissed she went out of the office, got on a five-ton paving roller, and aimed it right at the men on a road crew, other machines, cars, whatever got in her way. Man, women go right off their nut when provoked. Remember, men, you've got to keep them pregnant and barefoot!

Or how about the wacko broad who was turning doughnuts (making circles) in her car on a downtown street. When the policeman arrived, her car was on fire--with her locked inside. Soon she got out of the car and was promptly arrested and put into the cop car. While the cop was directing traffic around her flaming car, she kicked out the police radio, started the car, put it in gear, and floorboarded it into her burning car. Why? Hell, even I can't figure it out. Probably had her period. You know women do get rank and shitty while on the rag.

And how about the mother and daughter who were arrested for selling pot? Big deal? Well, it's a little unusual when the mom is 84 years old and the daughter is 63 years old! What are women coming to? Shit, pretty soon they'll want to run for vice president or something. Can you imagine such shit? Here she would be in the middle of a world event and could have a PMS attack!

This guy must have given up on 'em. He was busted for screwing a horse. He was also charged with cruelty to animals--I guess his joint musta been a big mutha to harm a horse. (This is a different guy from the one mentioned in the last issue.)

Now this guy found a use for a woman-- but wouldn't you know it? She made a deal, then backed out and kept the merchandise. He sold his car to her for 100 bucks and 100 rounds in the hay. But after 33 go-rounds, she told him to fuck off. He sued for breach of contract, but the court ruled that such a contract was unenforceable. Which reminds me of a chick in the office here who made a bet whereby she would give the guy a blowjob if he could touch the floor with his hands while keeping his knees straight. She thought it was safe--but for a little face, he worked like hell in the gym and eventually could touch the floor. To this date the chick has not paid off.

You just can't trust 'em. You really just can't trust 'em.

Nice try dept.: Through an interpreter, the Indian woman accused of setting her house on fire copped to setting the blaze because her husband was having an affair. The judge told her it was a serious crime and asked her, through the interpreter, if she wanted to go to jail. The interpreter talked to the woman a while and, through the interpreter, she said she did want to go to jail and the longer, the better. Then someone spoke up and told the judge the interpreter was the woman's husband! (Well, we can't win them all.)

You gotta admit she shoulda got a medal for marksmanship. She dropped her .38 on the floor, and a shell from it ricocheted around the the room, shot a policeman in the knee, another in the arm, and still another in the back. (She's now assigned to shit-house duty.)

One thing attributed to women's lib is the fact that when females commit suicide, they don't take the lazy gas pipe or pills as much any more. More and more women say sayonara the men's way of snuffing themselves--and that's sailing a shell through their gourds with a revolver, or sucking on a shotgun or rifle. They feel equal to men so they no longer take the chicken way out (shit, all I did was cut her off for a while).

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Foreign Parts

☐ Been riding Harleys for 18 years and reading your rag for 12, so I'm not new to the world.

To all those people who seem surprised to learn of foreign-made forks on a good old H-D ("Built From Scratch," June '84), where have you been all these years?

While living in North Carolina in '76, I decided to do my '74 Sport a favor and change the fork oil prior to the annual Myrtle Beach festivities. Such a simple task turned into a chore when the cap stripped the threads coming out of the tube. I rushed down to the local machine shop only to learn the threads were metric and the best they could do was try a fine-thread chaser. "Metric!" says I. "Not on my Harley!" The machinist just chuckled. Returning home, the first call was to the local Hog dealer who explained that the Japanese were geared for economical fork production whereas AMF was not; hence, subcontract.

Recently I bought a set of nylon saddle bags from a dealer. Guess what? Made in Korea with the H-D logo.

The Captain
Warren, N.J.

Office Tits

☐ After you published the tit sizes of your office muff bunnies (August '84), I wonder how you guys get any work done with all those big tits bouncin' around.

Also, who buys the back braces for those heavy-chested bimbos?

Hogger
Schwaebisch Gmuend
Germany

☐ Spider does the hiring — does that tell you something?

No Bucks In Mail

☐ I got two responses to the ad y'all ran for me. Great, except for one thing. Jennifer, from San Luis Obispo,

didn't put a return address on the envelope or in the letter. The other chick, Missy, from Louisiana, sent me some cash. We can't receive cash in the mail here, so they sent the letter and the money pack. Needless to say, I'm juiced about the whole thing, but what the fuck — it ain't nobody's fault.

However, I figured a little info might be helpful to future "Male Call" respondents. First of all, I don't know of any joint that will accept cash through the mail. I've done time both here and in California, and in both places bucks have to be in the form of a money order with the recipient's name and number on it. Next, some holes (like this one) don't allow nude pictures — which is dumber than dirt, since they'll let ya order any kind of smut ya want as long as it comes from a legit publisher. Finally, don't look for an answer if ya don't send a return address.

T.C. Johnston 93338
Box 514
Granite, OK 73547

Foreign Visitors

☐ Interested in meetin' new people? Well, we're three female redheads, age 20, from Denmark, and we're gonna travel through California for four to five weeks in March of '85. If any of you California bikers have a place we can stay for a day or two (we'll even sleep in the bathtub), while you show us your favorite bars, etc., please write.

Chris Jensen
Skyedebanegade 8111th
1709 Copenhagen V.
Denmark

More About Hal

☐ I'm writing this letter to express my sympathy regarding the death of Hal Robinson who died about the same time as another cartoonist who sometimes hit the pages of *Easyriders*, my brother Owie. It's a shame Hal died before I could pay him back somehow. You see, it was Hal

and *Easyriders* who gave me my start as a free-lance cartoonist and continued me for the next six years. (I was 15 when I started for ya. Bet ya never knew that!) I spent every penny I made from cartoons to build motorcycles and am now working on my finest creation, Owie's Indian Chief. His greatest dream was to have it in *Easyriders*. Things can be really fucked sometimes — all the more reason to put pen to paper and make somethin' to laugh at.

Jackson
Hesperia, Calif.

☐ Let's see it when it's done.

Handy Hint

☐ Get this shit — I was riding my scooter to work one morning and on the way down the road I got stung by a big bumblebee right on my dick. It swelled up and my ol' lady loved it — that's no shit! So if any of you other bros really want to turn your ol' lady on, just get stung on the ol' dickeroo.

J.A.R.
London, W.Va.

Tech Tip

☐ Twice this summer fools on Japanese bikes have pointed to my horn vibrating and tried to tell me my air filter was gonna fall off.

So that nobody else makes the same mistake, when you pull up to a Sportster and point to the horn, remember the air filter is on the other fucking side.

David
New York, N.Y.

Timothy Gets Letters

☐ This is in response to Timothy Whittinton from Toronto, Ontario, and his so-called opinion (September '84). There are only a few words for someone like you: Take your "charming" BMW and your females with university doctorates and shove them up your "charming" ass.

You wouldn't know female bikers, bikers, or a good

party if they bit you in the balls (if you have any).

Baby Ducks
Hubert, N.C.

☐ Bend over, darlin'. I'll drive.

Bug
Eugene, Ore.

☐ This confirms the age-old parody regarding the ratio of assholes to opinions . . . one to one.

Quiet Carl
Alabama

☐ I've come to a conclusion. You're a first-rate asshole!

Tow Truck
Pittsburgh, Pa.

☐ Maybe you should read the poem in the July '84 issue. It will tell you what having a bike-loving ol' lady is all about.

Vance
Alto, Ga.

☐ I bet you hang out in Greek cafes.

Lisa McFall
Etna, Calif.

☐ The boy sounds queer.

Steve Radey
Raiford, Fla.

☐ I guess even assholes are entitled to some kind of an opinion, even though the only thing that comes out is shit!

Jane
Pompano, Fla.

☐ How would someone who owns a "charming BMW and often parties down in bistros and cafes" know anything about real female bikers?

Muffburger
St. Louis, Mo.

☐ The way you describe this BMW makes it sound like the brand name for some type of dildo, not a bike.

Ron
Fairfield, Calif.

☐ What kind of man rides a "charming BMW"? Gimme a break!

Bitch
Sturtevant, Wis.

☐ You stupid pile of moose shit! You ain't no bro of mine or anyone who reads this.

Fender
Sterling Hts., Mich.

☐ Your second paragraph leads me to believe you're a

flaming faggot, and I'd be more than happy to shove your "charming BMW" up your fuckin' ass, but you'd probably dig it.

James Barron
Belmont, Calif.

Response to Monger

□ I find your referral to a dresser as "a.k.a. garbage barge" (September '84) a tad bit distasteful. I don't feel it's proper to down a Harley of any type. If you want to ride a custom, ride one. If you prefer rats, ride them. I like my dresser, so buzz the fuck off. Let those who ride decide.

Dave
Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

■ That's what they were called in the early days.

Another Goof

□ Just reading "Mexicali Ride" (September '84), and get to the last picture. Okay, fine, it's the rear end of the bike. Sorta fits. Wrong! It's not even the same bike. I get to looking around and find out it's the next bike, "Top Priority." It wouldn't be so bad if there weren't two plate brackets on the same page.

Oh, well, we all space out sometimes. Smoke a joint, get your shit together, and do next month's issue.

Steve
Aurora, Colo.

■ That's why we're a little loose at times.

St. Joan Again

□ After Reagan came to power I hoped we'd all seen the end of St. Joan. Wrong again! With all the shit that's coming up (i.e., mandatory seatbelt usage in New York and air bags and/or automatic seatbelts in new cars), can helmet laws be far behind?

And who do I see again and again on the tube and in the papers supporting such measures? You guessed it! St. Joan herself. Haven't we all been here before?

Brian Lange
Tacoma, Wash.

My Town

□ Ain't it a shame how all bikers are put under one category: shit. Now don't get me wrong, but I can see how this happens sometimes. I live in a small town, and when I moved here about three years ago, it was decent. But once the riding weather

came, the block just past where I live turned into shit. There's a club on that block, and like roaches, the "bros" started to appear. At first there were just a few, but soon they were all over the place, destroying what wasn't theirs to destroy, hassling residents, and making the block look and smell like a sewer. Every year this happens and all of the residents dread it, but when someone tries to talk to one of them, either their windows are broken during the night or their arms are broken on the spot.

I just want all the non-biker folks out there to discontinue categorizing bikers. Before I moved here, I rode with a club for two years. We had our ups and downs as everyone has, but we always partied and had a good old time riding our Hogs and just living life to its fullest. So, please, all of you folks who think that bikers are "shit," open your eyes and see all the good they do: fund-raisers for all types of organizations, etc. Also, the next time you see an ad requesting support for your local bikers' club, dig down deep and help all that you can — unless, of course, you live in my town.

Prospect
Bayonne, N.J.

Best Story

□ Your September '84 issue was fabulous, and I really enjoyed the story "The Biker and The Baby." The best story I've read in your rag yet.

Hollywood
Pacific, Mo.

□ If this letter is still soggy when it reaches you, it's 'cause it made me cry so much. "The Biker and The Baby" was one of the best fucking stories I've ever read.

Carol
Hallettsville, Texas

To "A Toast"

□ Jody, you sure have a lot of class for writing the truth. Now I lift up my glass and I toast to you.

Bright Eyes
Ottawa, Ontario

A Collector

□ A bro and I down here in Aussie are collectors. Some people collect bikes and some people collect cars, but we collect business cards. We'd appreciate any bros out

there who are reading the magazine sending two or more business cards to us.

John Manning
4/1-3 Cambridge St.
Gladesville
Sydney, Australia 2111

More Help For Wanda

□ Hey, "Blimp Therapist," I read your letter of advice to Wanda in the October '84 issue, and you have it all wrong. You should be sued for malpractice.

The quickest way for Wanda to lose unsightly fat would be to cut off her fucking head.

The Butcher
Chicago, Ill.

Letters To Spider

□ You hunk of manhood! How about gettin' your ass up here to Canada? You'd have the time of your life!

I'm just one of many ready, willing, and able girls waiting to cater to your every need and I do mean every!

I'm 21 and waiting for that luscious body of yours to be held close to mine. Mmm, I'll just bet you've got a long beautiful tongue that can make me scream with pleasure.

So get your ass up here and I'll give you head till you're dead.

Cody-Lea Harcourt
Canada

■ Spider said, "Promises, promises."

□ Please don't get the wrong idea. It's not what you think. I mean, I don't want Spider's home phone or anything, although he is cute.

What I want to know is do you have an 8"x10" picture of Spider suitable for a discreet, ladylike Big Sis to hang up in her parlor without her gentlemen friends getting bent?

Waiting Anxiously
San Francisco, Calif.

■ We don't, but most police stations and post offices do.

Rhody Run

□ Bros and sisters at Paisano, I thank everyone who was responsible for your coverage of the Association for Motorcyclists of Oregon's Annual Rhododendron Festival Ride in Florence, Oregon, this year.

I've been riding Harley-Davidsons since *Easyrider's* inception; however, I've nev-

er had the pleasure of meeting anyone from the staff. Kim and Rip are true and righteous professionals, so spoon 'em that extra helping of raisin pie on our behalf. We're looking forward to next year with anticipation.

Animal
Albany, Ore.

Likes Kawas

□ In reference to "Kaw Killer" (June '84): It's a load of shit. You fuckers wouldn't know if your asses were on fire. I happen to like this rag and I like Harleys. But it's a bit ridiculous when all you turkey shits there at *Easyrider's* knock Kawas. Wake up, fuckers, and keep up the good rag even if that's all you scumbags do.

The Fart
Perth, Western Australia

Likes Animal

□ You can tell fuckin' Austin Animal that he fuckin' picked a fuckin' winner for a fuckin' change. I'm talkin' about Steve Ray Vaughan's "Texas Flood." I only got the fuckin' album a couple of hours ago, but this makes the fourth fuckin' time it's been around. Tell Animal that if he's ever up in my neck of the fuckin' woods, he can drop by for a good fuckin' "Alpine" beer. And if Stevie Ray is readin', anytime he wants to play up here he's fucking welcome.

Spike
Grand Falls, New Brunswick

Likes "Downtime"

□ A well-deserved pat on the back is in line for you bros. Man, "Downtime" (July '84) was great. I've heard "Texas Flood" and it's the hardest-hitting blues rock I've ever listened to.

Hig
Stuttgart, West Germany

Is It A Miracle?

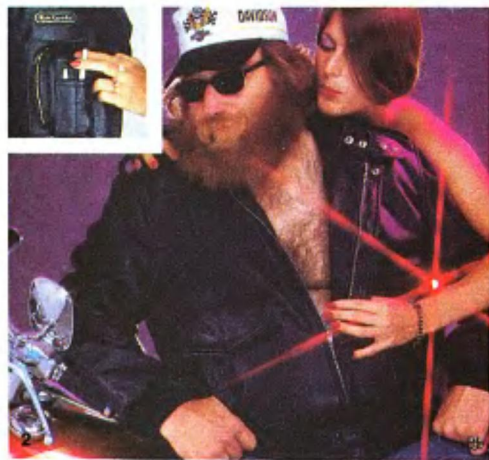
□ Just got done reading "I'm Not Equal — I'm Better" by Stash in October's "Soap Box." Once again, the truth has been spoken. So many times I've tried to explain how I feel about society and why, but would get so frustrated and angry I'd end up almost killing myself on my bike. Not that that's a bad way to go, but I'd like a few more years in the wind before I depart. As I read on, I saw my thoughts, my views, and my total outlook toward society there on paper. Is it a mira-

Continued on page 14



1. **Leather Halter Top.** Ok jerks, here's yer chance to git her what she really wants instead of some skunk-ass smellin' perfume. (It's a Bullskin creation). Straps an' ties are handbraided and accented with wooden beads an' exotic feathers. How sweet it is. S,M,L \$39.95.

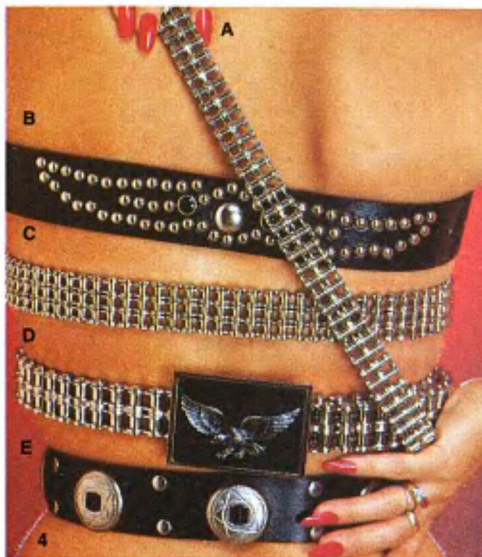
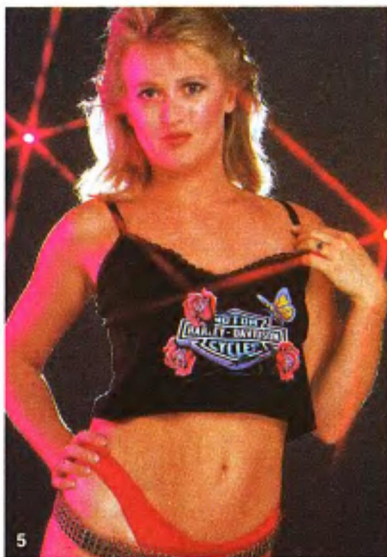
2. **Bomber Jacket.** This one's the ol' style high-flying' U.S. Air Force jacket. Extra padding on elbows and shoulders, quilted lining. Sizes 38-48 \$169.95 50-52 \$179.95.



Fox-Feel

2-Wheeler's

Look over all the **hot new items** our crew has put together for you



4. **Biker Belts.** "Heavy Metal an' Leather." You can wear 'em with a passion 'cause they're in fashion. You'll be the talk of the town. A. \$34.95 B. \$19.95 C. \$39.95 D. \$39.95 E. \$18.95.

5. **Flirt-T's.** So Hot-So Sexy-So Short-So What! Buy her one an' she'll follow ya anywhere. Basic black is where it's at. S,M,L \$7.95.

6. **Ridin' Gloves.** Top quality leather, they feature a thinsulate lining which is warmer than down or polyester pile. Heavy duty stitching, reinforced palm area, and velcro wrist closures. Great gift for the guy in yer life. S,M,L,XL Just \$29.95.

7. **Boot n' Belt Knife.** This one ought to be hangin' from yer belt, bro. Razor sharp 4" blade, from 440.c steel. Great fer cuttin' carrots or cancer. Be a surgeon for **Only \$34.95.**

8. **Shoulder Bag.** Well girls, here's the one ya been lookin' for. It'll hold yer make-up, T.V. & all the ol' man's tools. It's made of cowhide with an 11" opening (Wow!). A nickle silver concho, plus secure inside & outside pockets. (Git her one ya nutsack!) **Only \$54.95.**

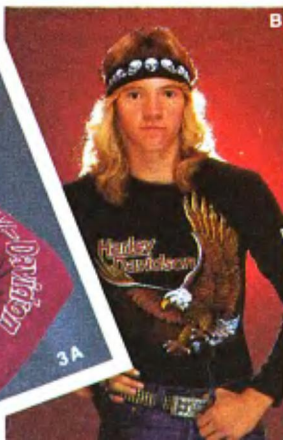


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That It Could Be Hazardous To Yer Health If Ya Don't Buy Somethin' Nice Fer The Ones Ya Love.

3. **Thermal Shirts.** Just the ticket for keepin' ya warm on those cold-ass days. Great fer ridin' or workin'. Great new colors an' designs. Specify A,B,C,D,E,F an' size S,M,L,XL \$12.95. Skull Bandana \$3.95.



She'll Go Plum Crazy!



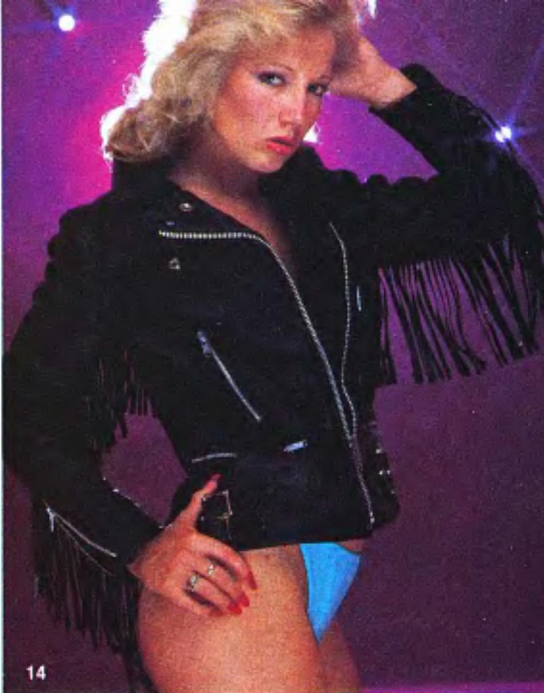
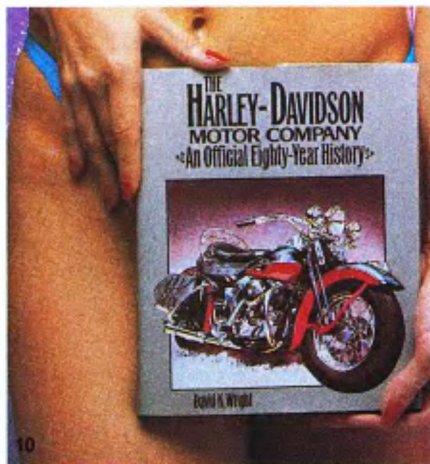
Does It Again!

Order now and **save time.**

Call us **free** and use your credit card!



9. **Candy Cane Jersey.** Pretty girls are made of sugar & spice, so if you git her one, she'll be sweet on ya forever. Every lick is delicious. S,M,L,XL \$12.95.

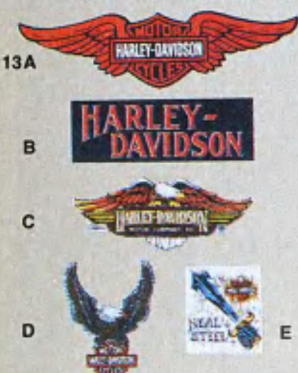


14. **Santa Fe Jacket.** "Fringe is In," butt cover yer skin with the finest women's jacket available. Snap down collar, Nylon lining, inside pocket, & adjustable waist straps. Women's sizes 8-18 Men's sizes 38-50, \$164.95.

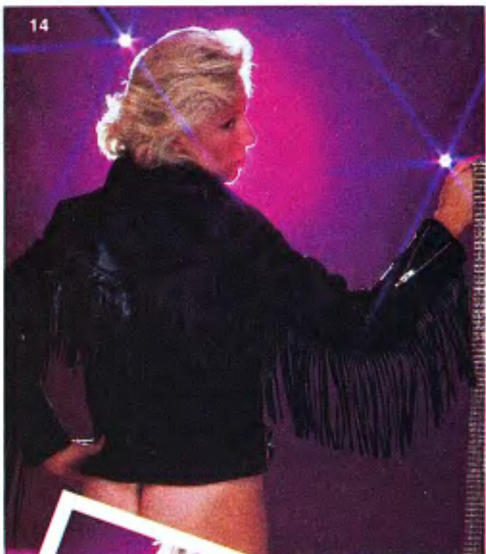
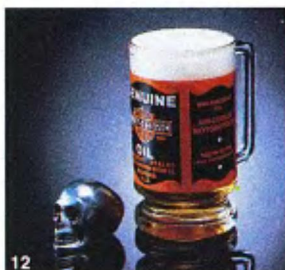
10. **Harley History Book.** If ya own a Harley, ya need this to understand what it's all about. The complete story, with over 250 pics. Add to a friends's collection. \$24.95.

11. **Cast Iron Biker Toy.** Fer all ages. Help yer kid paint one up like yer's. 6" long. Only \$9.95.

12. **Mugs an' Stuff.** Two great 16 oz. mugs fer yer suds sippin' buddies. Great fer anyone's collection. Specify H-D or Indian, \$7.95 ea. Skull Paperweight. Use as a jockey shift knob, etc. \$9.95. Brass Zippo Lighter. The ultimate gift that will last forever (if ya don't use it)!! \$14.95.



13. **Decals.** Need to jazz up the windows on yer favorite unit? Well we got em. A. 3 1/2" x 12 1/2" \$3.95, 2 1/2" x 8" \$2.95 B. 3" x 8 1/4" \$1.95 C. 15 1/2" x 6 1/4" \$3.95, 7 1/4" x 3 1/4" \$1.95, 4" x 1 1/4" \$.95 D. 11" x 8 1/2" \$4.95, 7 1/4" x 6" \$2.95, 5 1/2" x 4 1/4" \$1.95 E. 8" x 7" \$3.95, 4" x 3 3/4" \$1.95.



Hot Stuff!



15. **Biker Glasses.** The style that's sweepin' the nation. Elastic safety cord, rubber ear wraps, and leather side shields. (Hit the streets with class) \$14.95

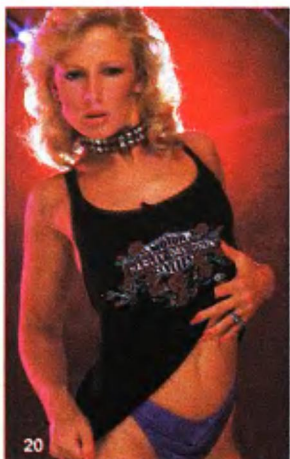
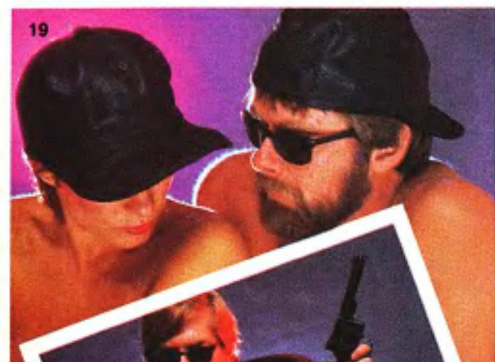


16. **Hooded Sweats.** A rebirth of an American legend with designs and colors for the Eighties. They say it all. Great for ridin' or takin' it easy. Specify A or B. S,M,L,XL \$24.95 ea.
17. **Harley Belt Buckles.** You always can use an extra buckle, so take yer pick. A or B for Only \$16.95.
18. **White Hooded Long Sleeve T-Shirt.** Guys or gals, you can add this one to yer collection or grab one for a friend. Brand new & hot. Unisex. S,M,L,XL \$17.95
19. **Leather Baseball Caps.** For the serious biker. Great whether yer on or off (the bike, dummy). S,M,L,XL \$24.95. Original Biker Shades. Be extra cool for only \$4.95.
20. **Lace Top and Panties.** Ladies love lace, so we rounded up this

Ramblin Rose Collection just for you. Top S,M,L,XL \$7.95 Panties one size only! \$4.95.

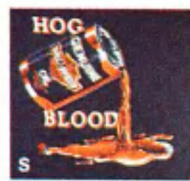
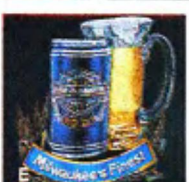
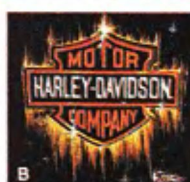
21. **Levi Style Leather Pants.** They're made just like a boot-cut jean, pockets & all. Slight flair so ya can wear yer favorite boots. Sizes 26-40 \$159.95 42-48 \$174.95

Hot and Juicy!



"Ok F---ker Make My Day!"

22. **Classic T's.** If yer ol' ones got more than 4 holes—ya better git dialed in an' grab some new righteous rags for you an' yer friends. 2-wheeler's logo on back. Specify letter and size. S,M,L,XL Still Only \$8.95 ea.





29



30



30

30. **Girls Just Wanna Have Fun!** French Cut, S,M,L,XL \$9.95. Tank Top, S,M,L,XL \$4.95.
31. **Police Jacket.** Here it is girls, the style ya been lookin' for. Made of steer hide, with zippers on the pockets an' sleeves. Quilted lining with the ol' time belt and buckle. Sizes 5,7,9,11,13,15,17 \$124.95.



23

29. **Painters Cap.** The hottest thing around in "Head" wear. \$5.95.

Steel Toes!



24

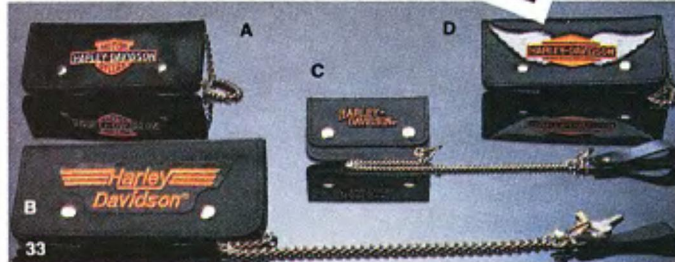


32. **Highway Jacket.** A real tradition with the Harley crowd. Action back, well padded, fully lined pockets and extra strong zippers. Sizes 38-48 \$184.95. 50-54 \$194.95.

33. **Stylin' Biker Wallets.** Lookin' fer a place ta stash yer C-notes? Here it is. They're made of dead cow's ass an' ol' Harley chains. Don't fergit the little bandits, they love 'em too. A,B,D,\$19.95 C, \$9.95.

34. **Fingerless Gloves.** Here they are guys! Ya no longer have to take 'em off to touch the merchandise. Grab a pair fer yer ol' lady, she'll love 'em, too. S,M,L,XL Only \$17.95.

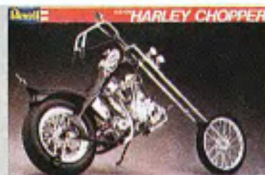
23. **Butane Lighters.** Light up her fire with these collector's items. **Chopper Table Lighter**, 7" long, \$21.95. **BIC Lighter Cover**, \$5.95. **Skull Lighter**, 3", \$14.95.
24. **Bad Ass Biker Boots.** If yer ol' ones need an oil change, it's time you roll into some new 17" steel toe Chippewas, at an affordable price. Specify sizes. Women's 6-9. Men's 7-13 \$89.95 pr.
25. **Leather Flyers Caps and Goggles.** Fear no evil, wind, rain or snow. Save yer gord from terminal brain damage with this headgear. S,M,L,XL \$29.95. Keep the grasshoppers & road jam out of yer eyes, with these top of the line beauties. Feature laminated glass, soft leather lined. A. \$49.95 B. Fits over glasses \$49.95 C. \$44.95.



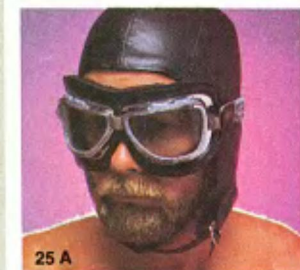
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34



Hot Stuff!



25 A



B



27

26. **Harley Motorcycle Models.** Keep the kids busy and content for hours. You can help 'em build their own scoots. A and C, \$11.95 ea. B, \$14.95
27. **Biker Pins.** You can pick 'em and stick 'em. Specify letter. \$3.95 ea.
28. **Baseball Caps.** Ok boneheads, you got yer pick out of our new collection. Yup—they're adjustable an' they won't blow off at 100mph (unless yer ridin). A-F \$7.95 ea.



28 F



A



B



C



D



E



35



40



41

39. **Biker Bandanas.** Everyone's favorite. We actually seen some brain-damage degenerate pick his nose with one in Sturgis. Git a bunch fer yer friends. Some like 'em just cause they're perty. Specify letter. **Only \$3.95 ea.**
40. **Harley Necklace.** She'll love it, lets git down ta the point. **Only \$6.95.**
41. **Biker Earring.** We know yer ol' lady's tired of yer line of bullshit, so stick some of these decorations in her ears, fer **Only \$4.95pr.** Specify letter. **Harley Chain Bracelet.** Makes fer a tasteful gift. **\$6.95.**



42. **Bullskin Chaps.** These 2-piece chaps are easy ta git in an' out of! They zip down the inside of the leg and use velcro at the heel. Men's sizes 30/32, 34/36, 38/40, 42/44. Women's sizes S,M,L. **\$119.95 pr.**



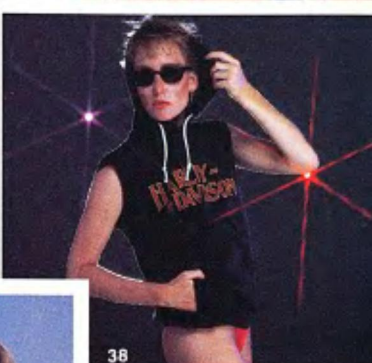
35. **Boys and Girls Leather Jackets.** Finally you can git a jacket fer yer kids. They're as popular an' traditional as rock and roll. Features steer hide with lots of zippers, pockets & quilted lining. Sizes 8-10-12-14-16-18-20. **\$99.95.**
36. **Flirt T's.** We know ladies love lavender. So why don't you score her one of these sexy fittin' shirts that flirt. S,M,L **\$7.95.**
37. **Patches.** Sew on patches, we got ya covered. A. 3 1/2"x2" .95¢. B. 3"x2" .95¢. C. 14"x10" \$24.95. D. 7 1/2"x7" \$19.95. E. 9"x3" \$4.95. F. 12"x3 1/2" \$7.95. G. 5 1/2"x1 1/4" \$2.95. H. 9"x3" \$6.95. I. 4 1/4"x3" \$2.50. J. 4 1/4"x4" \$6.95. K. 3" \$1.95.
38. **Hooded Sleeveless T.** Don't look like ya just got off the bus! Be cool and show yer stuff. Sizes S,M,L,XL **\$13.95.**



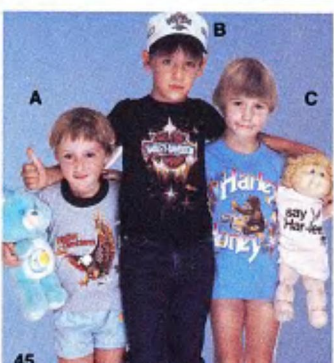
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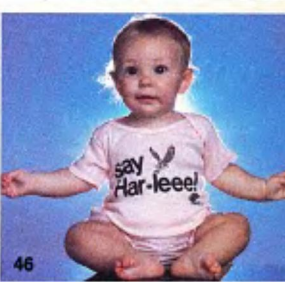


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45. **Kids T's.** Great X'mas gifts fer all the little ones. (They'll think the world of ya). Specify A,B,C. S 2-4, M 6-8, L 10-12, XL 14-16. **\$6.95 ea.**
46. **Curtain Climbers T's.** Ok folks, start 'em out early. Teach 'em ta say Har-lee, pink or blue. Specify 2-4, 6-8, 8-10, 10-12, 18-24 months. **\$4.95.**



43 A



46

43. **Spiked Wrist Bands.** Leather wrist wear for all the right moves. Great for lasting impressions. **A. \$24.95. B. \$19.95.**

44. **New Breed Leathers.** The great cover-up! Now ya can git 'em fer yerself or yer ol' lady. Be the "bad-est on the block"! **Studded Cap. S,M,L,XL \$24.95. Summer Shorties with Studs. S,M,L \$22.95.**



Don't Be Disappointed!
Sizes And Styles
Do Sell Out — S
Order Early
Meatheads!



53 G



48. Harley Floor Rug. The best lay around. Great gift for any bro's pad. Use it for a welcome mat an' show some class. 27"x36" \$19.95.

47. Mood Makers. Soft, silky, & seductive. Believe us, you'll be beggin' her to wear 'em again an' again during yer private moments when Santa's gone. Bewitching black, or righteous red. (She's worth it, git her both) one size fits all. \$14.95.

A Nice Treat for Someone Sweet!



- 53. Lace Top & Panties.** Ok guys — so ya want a white X-mas! Well here's yer chance. Top S,M,L,XL, \$7.95. Imagine yer favorite "Fuzz Bottom" in these. All sweet little things need 'em. Guaranteed to raise yer main vein. If ya care, git her a spare. One size fits all (except thugger thighs). Specify A,B,C,D,E,F,G. 4.95 ea.
- 54. Bun Warmer Robes and Sexy Night Gown.** You can keep her buns warm day an' night with one of these floor length robes. Specify A or B & Size S,M,L,XL, \$26.95. The night gown makes a great sleeper for Only \$11.95, size S,M,L (Great gift for any house mouse).
- 55. Tank Tops.** If ya want her to strut her stuff, ya better snatch up on one of these fer yer main squeeze. (his or hers) S,M,L,XL, \$4.95.
- 56. Tie-Top.** This new sky-blue creation will lighten up anyone's day. Airy an' comfortable — it's a great gift for her. S,M,L, \$7.95.



- 49. Key Chains.** One of these could turn into a ass lickin conversation "Piece". A. Switch Blade Roach Clip. Instant action for yer wore out doobie. Folds up fer easy packin. \$4.95. B. "Dick"ee Bird \$4.95 C. "Ballin'" Medallion \$4.95.
- 50. Kid's Thermal and Hooded Sweat.** Your kids have been waitin' — now we got 'em! Thermals, Sizes 6/8, 10/12, 14/16, \$10.95 ea. Zip-up Hooded Sweat, Sizes 6/8, 10/12, \$14.95 ea.



- 51. Painter's Cap.** Here's to ya 'cause we know white is alright. Only \$5.95.
- 52. Biker Chaps.** Fully adjustable front with spandex back section. Leg zippers feature VELCRO flap over 'em to keep wind an' rain out. Sizes 26-40, \$149.95, 42-48, 164.95.



Last year we got ya the toll-free number. This year, we're gonna accept yer credit cards (MasterCard or Visa ONLY), but SORRY CHARLIE — STILL NO F...KIN' CHECKS! All orders sent UPS/COD. Foreign and overseas orders prepaid only. All shippin' charges extra. And don't fergit to order our bad-ass catalog with all our good Harley stuff and chopper accessories. It's only \$4.95!

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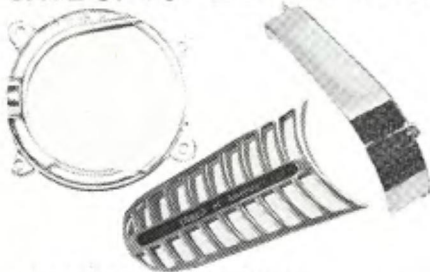


Greetings to all our valued friends and customers from the 2-Wheeler's folks (Back, l-r: Arlin, Al, Jim. Front, l-r: Ray, Felix, Novia and Rick)

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Wordmonger

Continued from page 7

cle? No, just Stash, a 1%er, speaking out for the rest of his bros like me who can't express our feelings on paper and get the point across. You deserve a whole raisin pie factory, bro.

Painter
Selden, N.Y.

Likes Us

☐ A big shit-kickin' thanks to you and the whole fuckin' staff.

Ski Daddy
Moundville, W.Va.

Spider's Word

☐ In regard to "First Spider Complaint" from Jub in the October '84 issue: Why's he doubting Spider's veracity about a snake crawling up a guy's asshole? Ain't he ever heard of snowsnakes? Surely, they have them in Virginia! I first heard of them from an Indian dude I was logging with in northern California. Of course, they're hard to see in the snow 'cause they're white, and although they don't bite, they're more deadly than a rattler, 'cause in no time at all, they will crawl up your butt and freeze you to death!

Al
Phoenix, Ariz.

☐ This is to Spider, regarding Jub from Richmond, Virginia: Who the fuck does this clown think he's talking about? Hell, he's probably the snake that crawled up the guy's ass. Whatever it is, I know I wouldn't want to be Jub if Spider ever hit town. Down here we hang folks by the nutsack with piano wire for a lot less than calling a man a liar.

One Track
Atlanta, Ga.

■ Here, too.

☐ Remember the cattle mutilations that had everyone so worked up a few years back? Everyone thought spacemen were coming to Earth to dissect cattle and horses, etc. Then two cops in Arkansas sat in some bushes with a telescope and watched all kinds of little critters crawling in and out of a carcass's ass where they were eating the choice morsels. I mean, I know a live man ain't a dead animal (usually), but if this guy was pretty knocked out, I think it could have happened. If you think about it, that old

snake must have thought the dude's asshole was custom-made. (But probably the dude did shit big — or something.)

Trish Carr
Scott, La.

Restricted Again

☐ It's time I really get pissed. I'm on a carrier and the Navy has decided to ban *Easyriders* in the ship's store because of paraphernalia advertisements. If you look at *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, you'll see the same ads. Hell, when we're at sea for eight months, you guys make life a lot easier for us. Not everyone who reads *Easyriders* is a user (although some have retired). So why should the Navy generalize and condemn every reader in the Navy? Maybe if we all voice

About Trish

☐ In regard to "A Biker's Widow Carries On" (September '84): Your story is respected and felt deep inside of any people who are truly bros. I really can't explain what is wrong with our "straight" society. It seems that justice has turned into a money-making business, and law-enforcement officials want their piece of the action.

I myself had a motorcycle accident. A cage ran me off the road and into a four-wheeler. I got two broken legs, two broken arms, my whole chest was crushed, and my face was redesigned. To top it all off, my Harley-Davidson died at the scene.

Billy Rivers
Angie, La.

☐ I write in response to the sister who lost her husband to someone who just wasn't in any condition to be driving. A brother was killed by an unthinking asshole behind the wheel of death, who, because it was "only a biker," got as much as a congratulation from society.

Jim Beals
San Diego, Calif.

☐ What do you say a few of us bros find the cager who got away with killin' the sister's ol' man? We'll hold him up belly-down about 16 inches off the ground and get us one of those 1100 Kawasaki's (no use wastin' a Harley) to back up about a quarter-mile and drive it up his fuckin' low-life ass.

B.A. Wampler
Dogtown, Va.

our opinions to the right people, something will be changed.

Ron
FPO, N.Y.

■ What paraphernalia ads? Your ship's old man is just that.

Another View

☐ I just want to say after reading "Downtime" (July '84) that I think the Austin Animal has pretty fucked-up views in regard to John Cougar.

Anyone who rides a Harley, drives a Chevrolet, and sings about America is all right in my book. I'm sure he did like the picture of John fucking a pig, because he seems like the biggest pig fucker too!

S. Schmidt
Auiana, Italy

■ He actually prefers pokin' armadillos.

Green Bikes

☐ The reason a green bike was said to be unlucky was that during the war messages were sent to the line by motorcycle riders. The enemy would shoot you off the bike to check your cargo to see if you had a message. That's where it got started. Shit, green bikes aren't bad luck unless you're riding for Uncle Sam during war time.

A.N., Jr.
New Haven, Conn.

Answers to Cherokee

☐ I can do things with my vaginal muscles that most women can't do with their mouths. And I do love to suck as much as I love to fuck!

Miss O.
Phoenix, Ariz.

☐ All girls should be proud of what they have, but no one is better than anyone else. Remember, people have different lifestyles, and you should feel good about what you have. It's not what other people say that matters — it's what you feel.

Big Tits
Utica, N.Y.

☐ It ain't the quantity, it's the quality. And y'all's jealousy has been around a long time. Eat your hearts out.

Heart of Texas
Strawn, Tex.

☐ You all probably lay around and play with yourselves to make the big,

floppy things floppier.
Paris
Indianapolis, Ind.

A Bet

☐ I got fifty bucks that says you guys won't print this.
Stephen Prescott
Goffstown, N.H.

☐ We'll take that in whatever good stuff you have that's layin' around.

You've Got It

☐ We just wanted to say that no matter what those fucking assholes from where-the-hell-ever say, you've got the best damned bike rag anywhere!
Rat, Ugly Rob, & Blue Nun
Gatesville, Tex.

Letters To Pockets

☐ In response to Pockets (September '84) who inherited her ol' man's shovelhead: Hang in there. I bought my Sporty last year and learned how to ride it. Being that it's my first bike and I'm 5' 2" like you, I admit it sure wasn't easy. But with the patience of my teacher, Wild Willy, and some extra help from a beginner's motorcycle course where little Jap scrap bikes were used, I passed my road test and have been riding free ever since. My cage is practically rotting away from lack of use.

Little Bear
Syracuse, N.Y.

☐ This is for Pockets, the girl who's been learning to ride her late ol' man's shovel, and all the women out there who want to ride: Keep on riding, learning, or trying to ride! My ol' man put me on his shovel two weeks after we'd met and let me take it for a spin. I am 5'5", 105 lbs., and had never been on the smart end of a bike. I dropped it a few times, but there are tricks to picking it up! I now own and ride my own Super Glide (for the past three years.)

Hog-Ridin' Honey
Harpers Ferry, W.Va.

"Hard Times"

☐ Before even reading "Hard Times" (August '84), I wanted a print of the painting. Been flying kites since '79 to a bro. At a glance, the print has brought him closer.

The Seed
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

☐ Being down and able to relate to what Tex Campbell was saying, the story was right on the nuts as far as pris-

on goes. Tex sure can write excellently, and I think the staff should give him a bunch of raisin pie (but don't spoil him).

Panama Red
Green Bay, Wis.

☐ Spider is the one who hands out the pie — fuck 'im.

☐ It was good to read something that told it the way it is without the bullshit glamour used by other writers just to make a buck.

Vengeance
Ontario, Canada

☐ Sorry I couldn't send you some primo buds for the "Hard Times" story, but I'm a little on the broke side.

Pie Face
Honolulu, Hawaii

☐ Your story "Hard Times" touched me in a place that has only been touched twice before.

The Wild Indian
Abbeville, S.C.

Helpful Hint

☐ Thought you might like to know I'm alive today because of *Easyriders* magazine and A.J. from Sioux Falls, S.D.

I was/am an alcoholic. I drank rye, hard and fast, non-stop, from the time I got up until I passed out — every day for 15 years.

Anyone who takes the time to find out will discover that almost every alcoholic either: 1) commits suicide; 2) tries to commit suicide; 3) thinks about suicide; or 4) wishes he had the courage to commit suicide. (The last three items applied to me.) For three years all I ever thought about was rye and suicide.

But through it all, I never missed an issue of *Easyriders*. In one issue I saw the letter from A.J. (I'll write it out. No way I'm going through four years of back issues to find out which one it appeared in.) It gave me the strength and the courage to go on. Anytime I started to think about suicide, I pulled it out of my wallet and read it, and I was okay for a while.

Now I'm in AA and not doing too badly, but it's gonna take years to get back to normal, to repair the damage I've done to myself, inside and out. In the meantime, maybe I can help a brother or sister. Here's A.J.'s message:

In my life I've been hustled, skimmed, scammed, conned, and hoaxed; and I have done

it to others.

I've been stoned and stoned on.

Been smashed, drunk, wasted, shitfaced, smoked dope, skipped rope, and howled at the moon.

I've been knocked on, kicked on, picked on, sicked on, pissed on, and have done it to others.

I've gambled, rambled, been well, been sick.

Had money, lost it, earned it, stole it, gave it away, and had it given to me.

I've been lied to, tried to, and cried to.

I've been worked on, worked over, and worked hard.

Been to jail, went to hell.

Been saved, and saved others.

I've been held up, hung up, robbed, and damned near ruined.

I've been squeezed, mocked, and busted.

I've balled, sucked, fucked, loved and hated.

I've been rational, irrational, calm, mad, glad, sad, and happy.

I've been in school, outta school, made a fool of, played by the rules, and not.

Shit! The only reason I'm sticking around is to see what's gonna happen next.

Tugboat Tom
N. Vancouver, B.C.

Helmets

☐ In reply to Little Feather from Ormond Beach, Florida, regarding helmet removal: There was a short piece on this in the BRO Ontario newsletter. They give credit for the article to the American College of Surgeons, 55 E. Erie St., Chicago, IL 60611.

Bill "Crash" McChesney
Penetang, Ontario

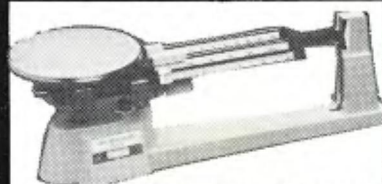
Great Amusement

☐ Every day when I pick up a girlfriend for work, she brings three or four old issues of your mag so that I have something to do throughout the day. It's great amusement from nine to five.

Debbie
Houston, Tex.

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. ■

SCALE SALE



OHAUS TRIPLE BEAM SCALE

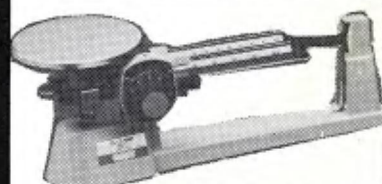
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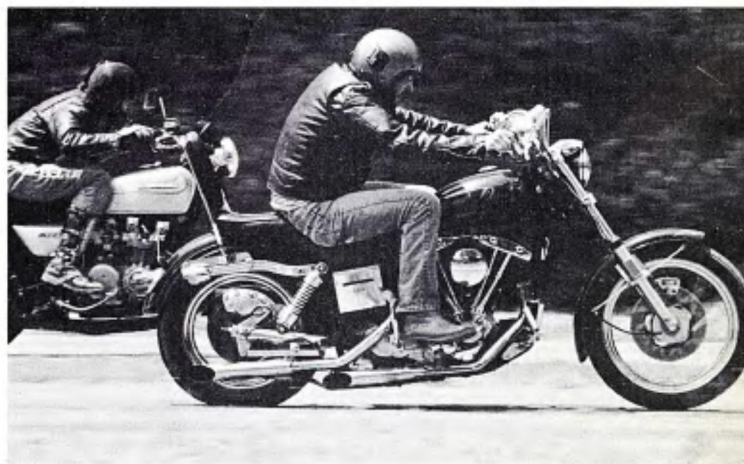
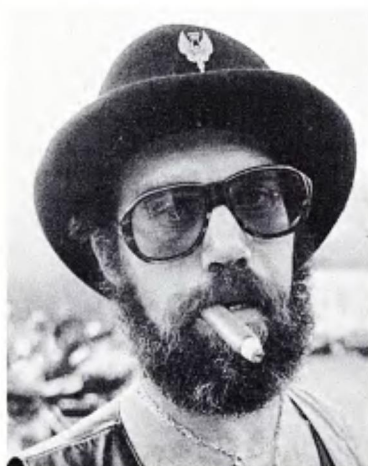
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BEAN BLOSSOM BOOGIE

It was wet and hot, but still more fun than findin' your 14-year-old cousin playing with herself behind the barn.

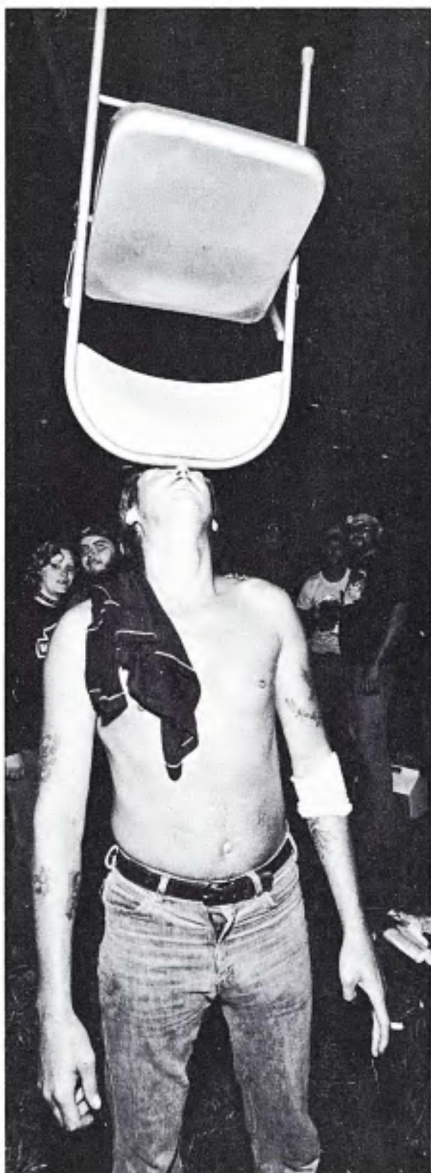


Throughout the long night Friday people kept coming, their bikes gliding in like spirits through the pissin' rain. Were those rumbles more Harleys heading our way? Or were they simply thunder? They must have been Harleys, 'cause when we crashed Friday night everyone had their camps set up around the outer edge of this huge motherin' field, and by the time we woke up Saturday

morning the entire field was a jam-packed sea of tents, sleeping bags and Hogs.

If it was a sea, it was an inland one, 'cause Indiana, specifically, Bean Blossom, Indiana, doesn't possess a seacoast. For those of you who flunked fifth-grade geography, what Bean Blossom does have is a central location about halfway between Indianapolis, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky.



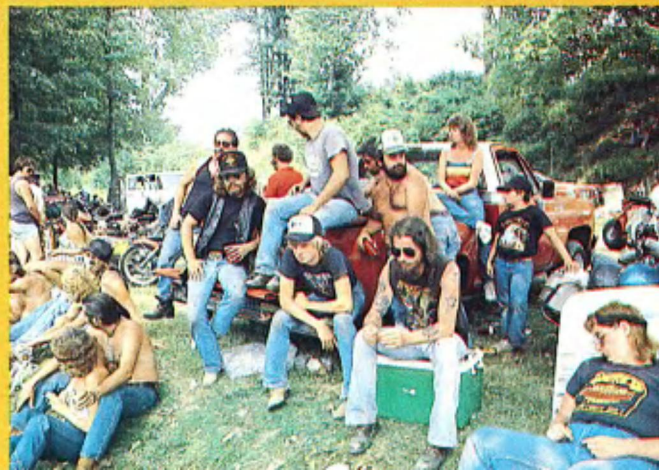
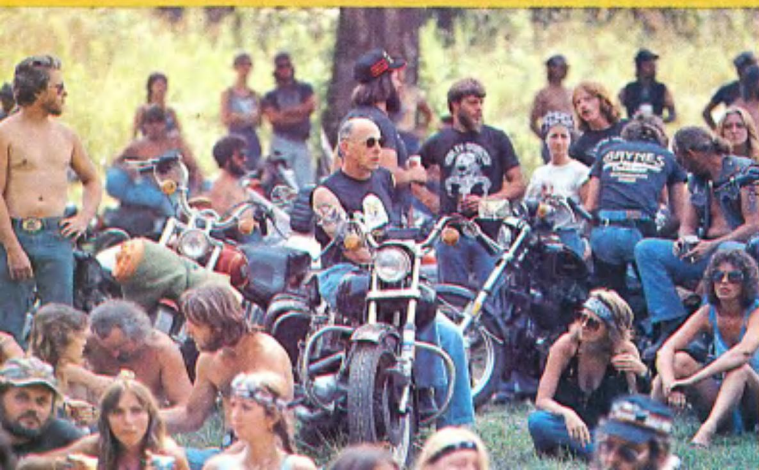
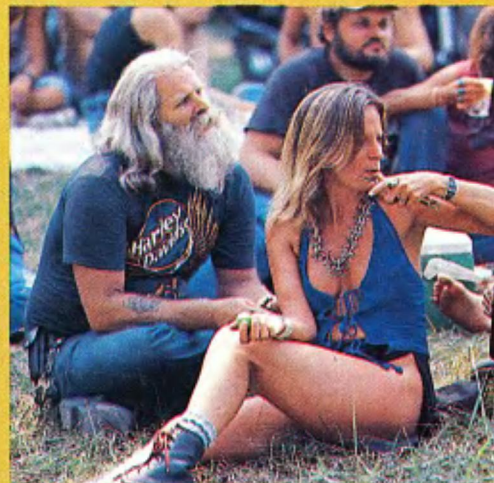
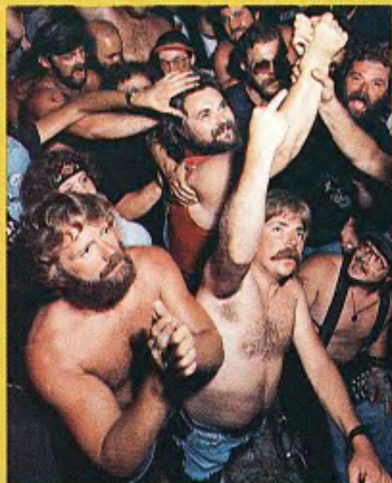


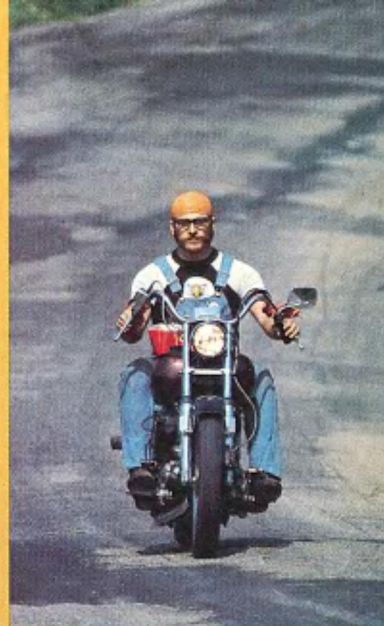
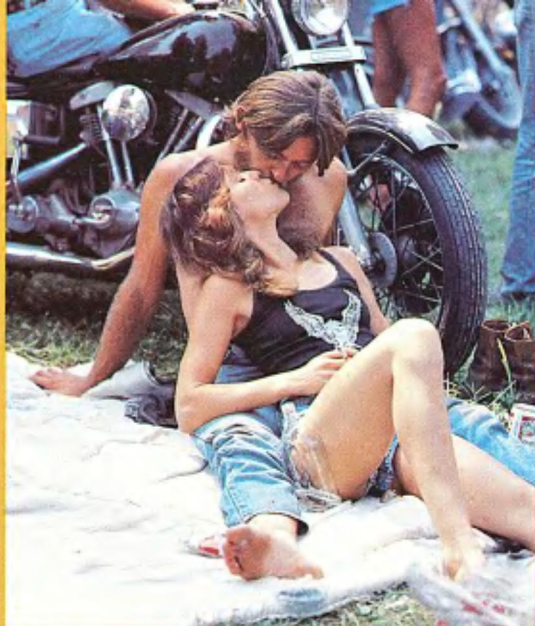
Under the sponsorship of ABATE of Indiana, Bean Blossom becomes the center of the Midwest biking universe every August for a very good reason — the brothers and sisters here really know how to have a good time.

Take the matter of music, for example. The bands that wailed just about all night, every night of the three-day

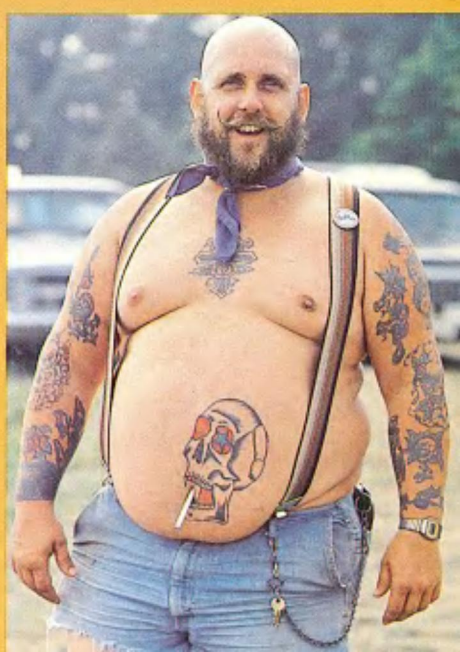
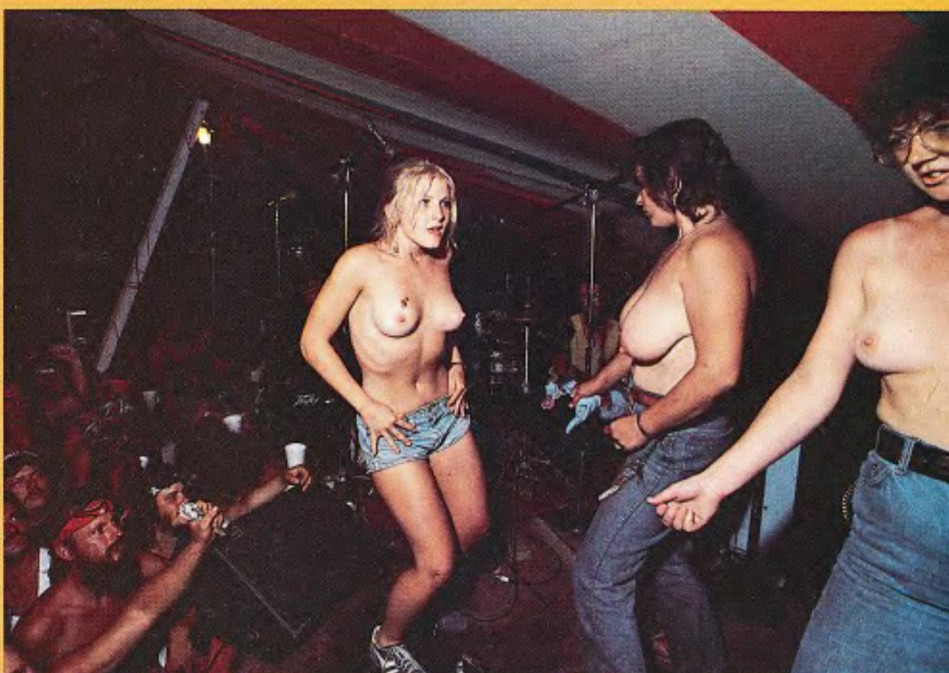
weekend, *sounded* great. I mean they really *sounded* great, as opposed to played great (which they also did). No raspy, metallic public-address system for ABATE of Indiana. At Bean Blossom the bands raged into hi-fi monitors worthy of the top rock concerts.

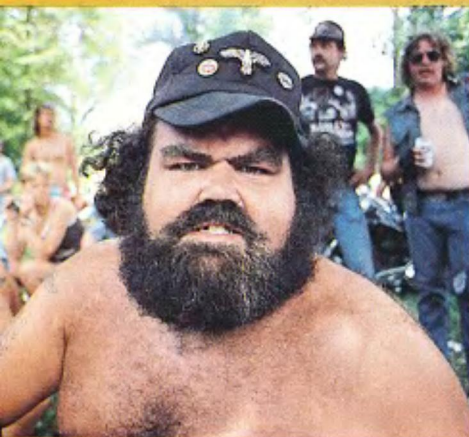
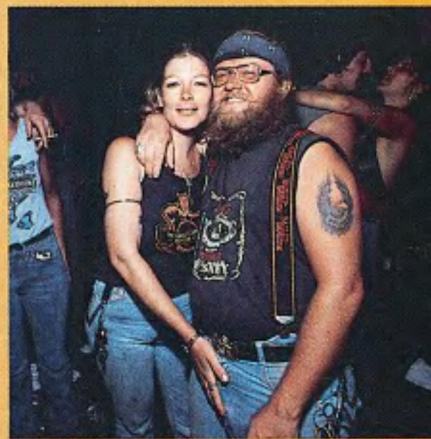
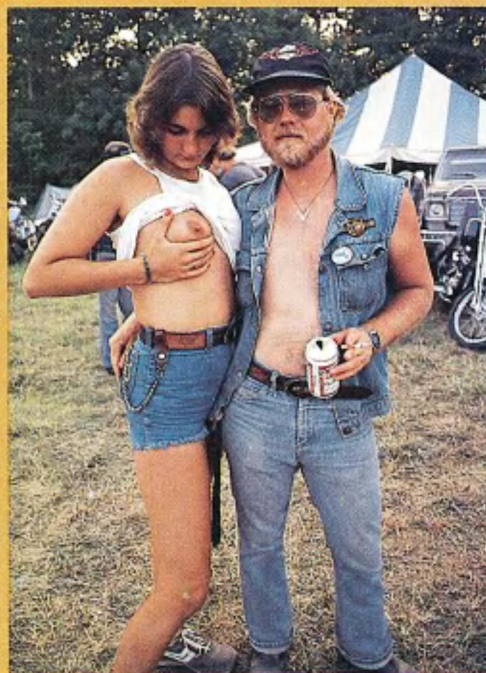
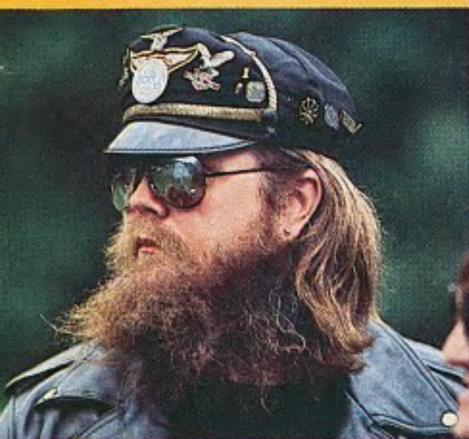
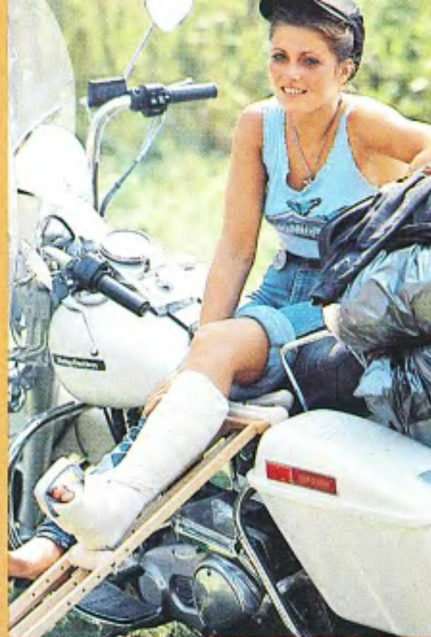
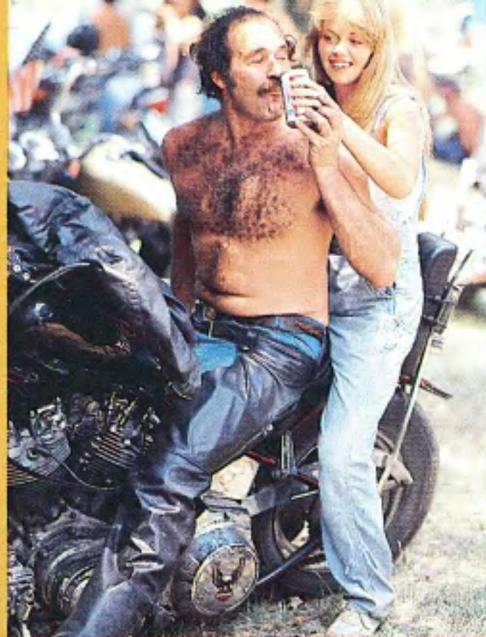
And the titty contest. Every party has one, but the girls at





Photos by Michael Lichter

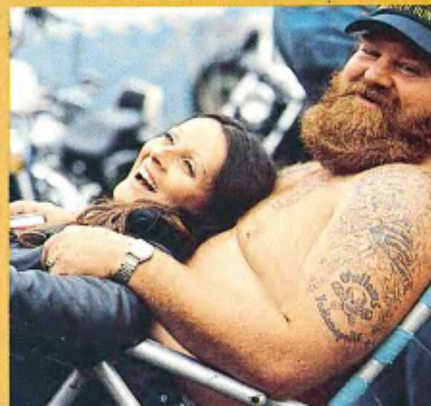
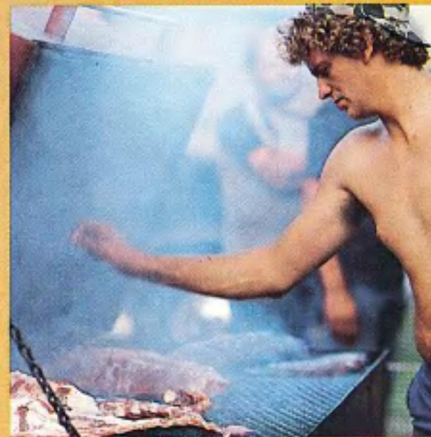
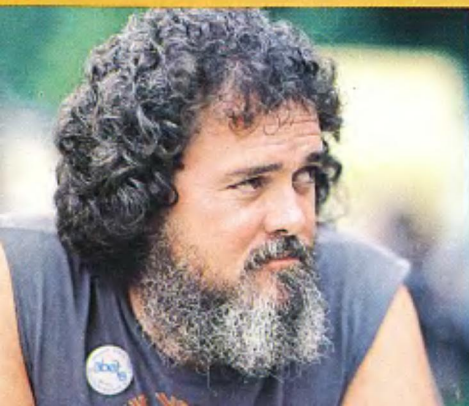




Bean Blossom were so anxious to strip that they couldn't all fit on the same stage at once. It had to be run in relays, with runoffs for a winner.

Everything else — the swap meet, the bike show, the drags, etc. — was equally righteous and, now that I'm back home, the only problem is lookin' at the smirks on people's faces when they ask "Hey, man, where ya been?" and I reply, "Bean Blossom, where the hell else?"

— Blade



A Summer Putt

They crouched in the darkness, waiting for the uniformed man to go back inside. When he did, Nick raised up on his knees and went to work. The zipper stuck. He tugged at it, cursing under his breath. He was about to tear the damned thing open when it loosened suddenly with a loud tearing sound of its own. They flinched in unison at the unexpected noise.

He took it out with a deftness born of experience, and Tammy grasped it gently, holding it between her thumb and forefinger. She gazed at it with an awed look, intimidated by its size.

"Jesus!" she whispered. "That's a big one!"

"Not like that," Nick said. "Put your fingers around it. Like this." As he demonstrated, Tammy pouted. She wasn't used to being reprimanded.

"I don't go around doing this all the time, you know," she said. "I mean, like, I'm no pro, or anything like that, you know."

"Okay, okay," he agreed nervously. "I'm sorry I said it. Go ahead and do it now."

"Like this?" She leaned forward and took it in her mouth.

"Yeah. That's good. Don't bite it, though."

She made a gagging sound and tried to pull away, but he put his hand on the back of her head and pushed her down, albeit gently. She resisted momentarily, then stayed down on it.

"You don't have to ram it all the way down your throat you know," he whispered, chuckling. "Just take it between your lips. Only the end. That's it. You're doing great."

She stopped suddenly and raised her head. "I hear someone." She glanced around, her eyes wide with fright.

"I didn't hear anybody. We're safe here. Nobody can see us. Dammit! Now you've got to start all over again."

"I told you I haven't done this much."

"Oh, all right. Now, look, just take the end between your lips and suck gently."

"Easy for you to say. But if it spurts in my mouth, what am I supposed to do then?"

"I told you I won't let it. Look." He waited until he was sure she was watching what he was doing. "I'm holding it right here, see? I'll pinch it right here, so don't worry, you won't get it in your mouth."

"Well. . ." she said, hesitantly. She smiled at him. "If you promise."

"I promise."

She bent forward again and took it in her mouth, her lips pursing and making a tight "O."

Continued on page 84

by Charles Gray



Mutha's Sister



Way back in 1958,
while prospectin' for my patch,
I was sittin' in a joint called Satan's Place,
downin' beer and lookin' to catch.

Through the front door
comes this big ol' tramp,
one mean-lookin' sonuvabitch.
And you can imagine my surprise
when I noticed that "he" had tits!

Now I know what you're thinkin'
as you read these lines:
"Ol' Silver has lost his grip!"

But, I'm tellin' ya, bros,
my words are true;
just bear with me a bit.

This monstrous cunt
had a ten-inch scar;
it ran from her jaw to her ear.
She was six-foot-six,
weighed 350-plus,
and smelled like dead fish and beer.

I watched in awe
as she lifted one paw
and dug some shit outta her ear.

Dallas Belle

Then she raised her head
and in a baritone voice
yelled loudly so all could hear:

"My name's Dallas Belle,
I'm a bitch from hell,
and I'm as horny as can be!
I can fuck any man down
and I don't play around —"
Then she stopped and looked straight at me!

Bros? Don't get me wrong,
I ain't singin' a sad song.
I'll fuck a snake if you hold its mouth.
Hell, I was young then, and virile;
I didn't want to be sterile,
So I was honestly gonna bow out.

Then this fuckin' brother
(whom I love like no other)
stood up and yelled at the slit,
"Slut! You just met your match!
My bro's earnin' his patch,
and he'll fuck till ya beg him to quit!"

I sorta thanked my bro
for speakin' up so;
that was a very unselfish thing he'd done.
With a feelin' of pride,
(and no place to hide)
I decided to fuck rather than run!

The ugly whore smiled,
said, "Hell, he's just a child!
When I fuck I want a real man!"
That's when I jumped to my feet,
whipped out 12 inches of meat,
and yelled, "Bitch! Handle *this* if you can!"

Right then and right there,
the fat slut stripped bare,
and her cunt lips damn near reached the floor.
Long as I've been a biker,
I've never seen one like 'er,
but I wasn't about to be downed by a whore!

So I swallowed my own bile,
and with a forced smile,

I mounted that foul-smelling slit.
Three hours later on,
I was still goin' strong
when she said, "Could we speed up a bit?"

I gritted my teeth tight,
fucked the rest of the night
and was well into the next day,
when this slimy old whore
said, "I'm gettin' bored!
Mind if we try it some other way?"

After three days of this —
fuckin' cunt, ass, and lips —
my cock was bloody and sore.
I was losin' my class,
I was fadin' fast —
I just had to stop this whore!

So I eased out my prick,
slipped in a pool stick,
and pushed it all the way to the tip.
The whore began to scream,
her pussy began to cream,
and her insides started to rip!

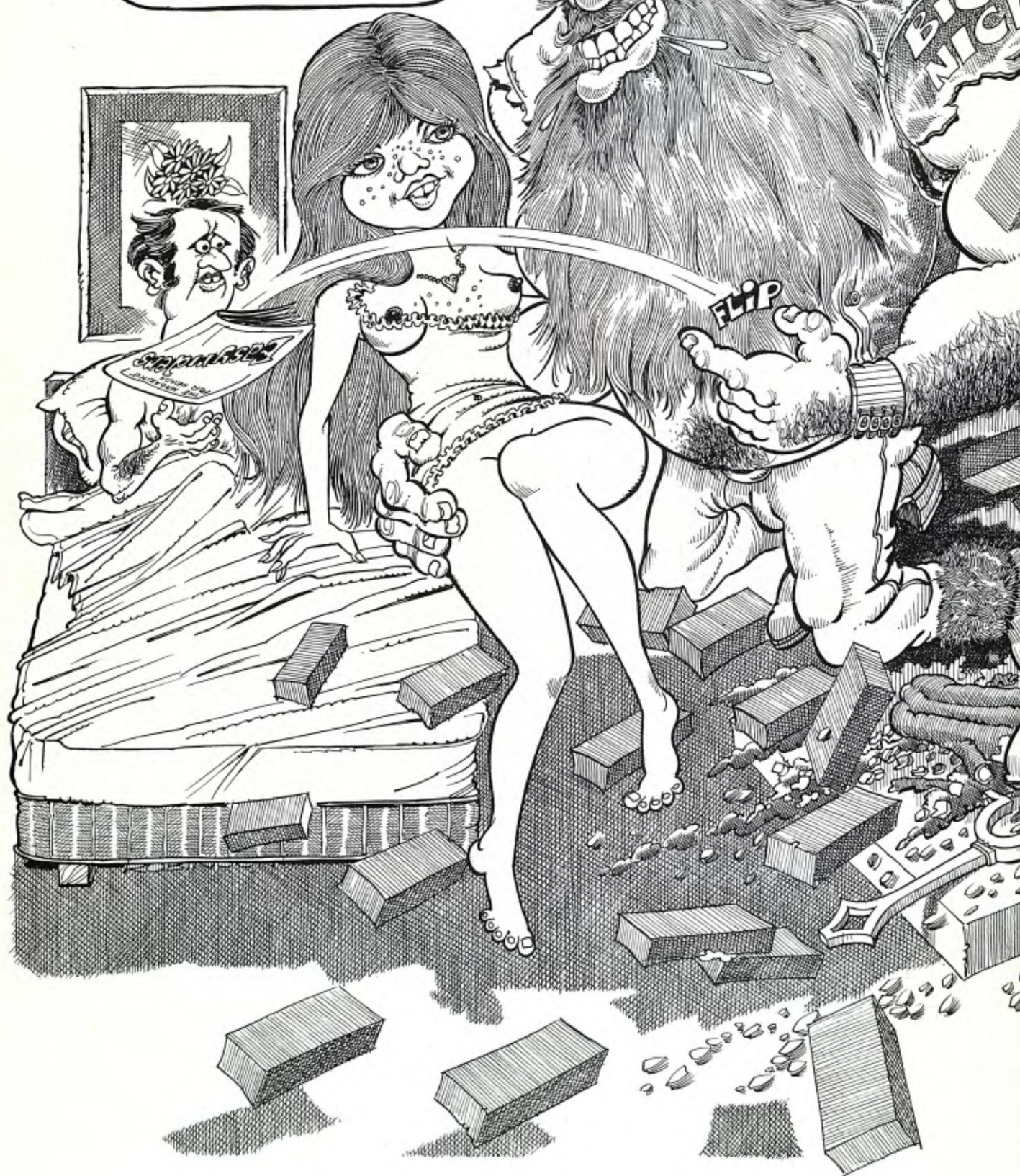
"Oh, Gawd! Pull it out!"
she was forced to shout.
"That's just too much cock for me!"
And with one final wheeze,
she passed out cold as you please —
that's when I pulled out the stick, ya see?

Well, I gotta admit
it was a cold-blooded trick
that I pulled on dear Dallas Belle.
But there ain't a bro around
who'd let himself be put down
by some so-called bitch from hell!

To all you cunts, I say,
if there ever comes a day
when you feel like talkin' that shit,
just remember this rhyme,
every single line,
most of all, remember the fuckin' *pool stick*!

—Silver

"HERE'S YER OLD
MAN'S GIFT!...NOW
HOW ABOUT YOURS?"



Big Nick's 13th Xmas Subscription Offer

\$17 a year for you; \$16 a year for yer bros

Ho, ho, ho, bullshit! What's to be jolly about? The damn snow's piled up so fuckin' high, I couldn't hoist the garage door open even if there was somewhere to ride. Not only that, but now I gotta hop on some broken-down sled and haul a bunch of shit to a coupla million leg-wettin' ankle biters. But you, ya lucky asshole, can stay home and read *Easyriders* through the winter. Since I want ya to be happy, I'll even make it easy for ya by givin' ya \$13 off the newsstand price for a year's subscription for yourself and \$14 off the price for gift subscriptions for yer friends. Send \$17 for your sub and \$16 for each gift sub and my elves will do the rest. If ya want, we'll even include a gift card in yer name.

P.S. I don't really give a shit whether you're happy or not; Spider just told me to say that or he'd kick my ass.

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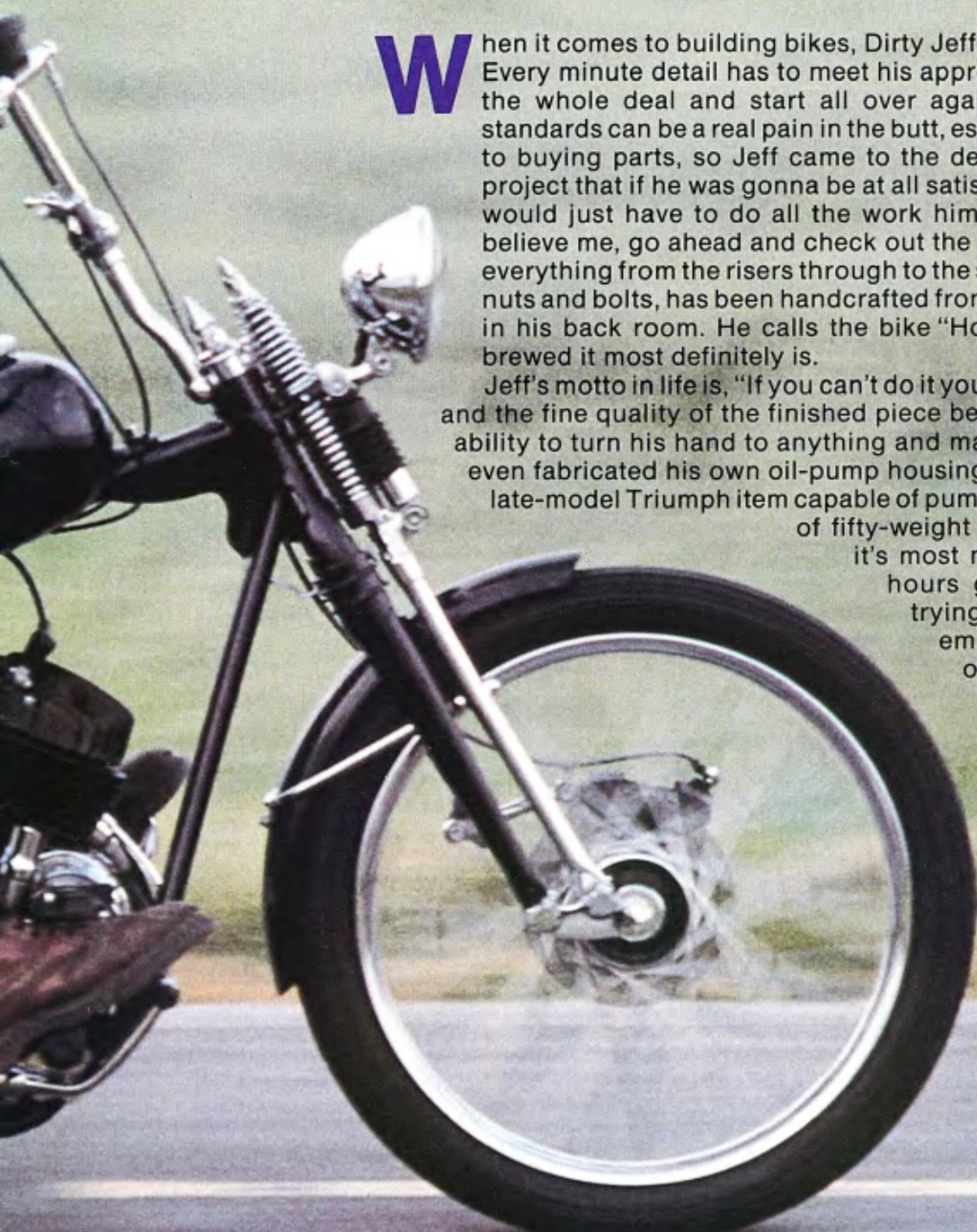
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Dirty Jeff



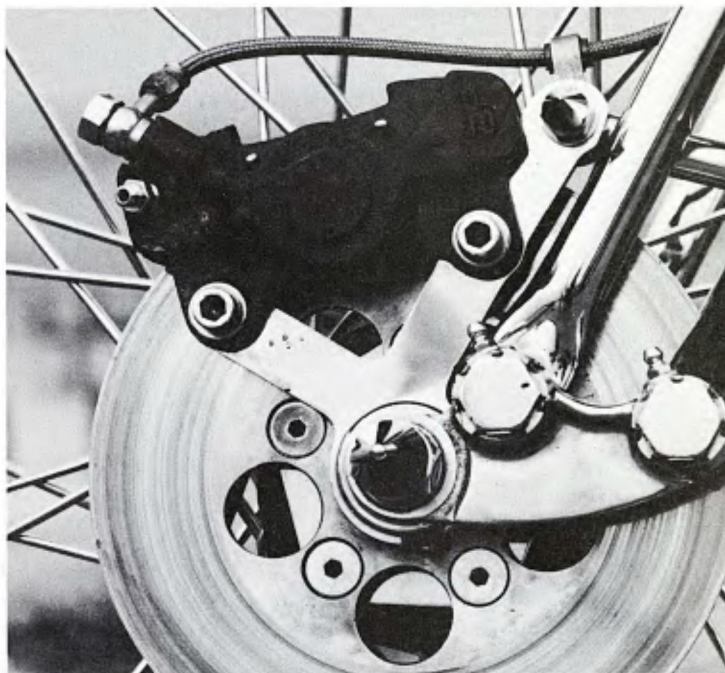
's Flathead



When it comes to building bikes, Dirty Jeff is a true perfectionist. Every minute detail has to meet his approval or else he'll scrap the whole deal and start all over again. Having such high standards can be a real pain in the butt, especially when it comes to buying parts, so Jeff came to the decision early on in the project that if he was gonna be at all satisfied with the result, he would just have to do all the work himself. And if you don't believe me, go ahead and check out the tech sheet. Just about everything from the risers through to the sissybar, including the nuts and bolts, has been handcrafted from stainless on the lathe in his back room. He calls the bike "Home Brew" and home-brewed it most definitely is.

Jeff's motto in life is, "If you can't do it yourself, don't do it at all," and the fine quality of the finished piece bears testimony to Jeff's ability to turn his hand to anything and make a success of it. He even fabricated his own oil-pump housing, behind which lives a late-model Triumph item capable of pumping greater quantities of fifty-weight into the places where it's most needed. I musta spent hours going over this bike, trying to find a single fault to embarrass the smug son of a bitch with, but much as I hate to admit it, he's got me beat — it sure as hell *is* perfect. Not only that, but once he was out there on the highway, heading for the





shooting location, we found it hard to keep him in sight. And even though it rained heavily all the way home, Jeff was still wearing that same shit-eating grin he'd set off with.

For reasons of his own, he desperately wanted to put up a flathead. Of course, he coulda gotten hold of a 45-incher easily enough over here in England (all the ones you Americans left behind at the end of the war!), but he wanted to be different and had a "U" model 74 shipped all the way from the States. The first thing was to strip it completely, only to discover that the internals were shot to pieces and the cases didn't even match. Undaunted, he remachined it all, restored it to stock specs, and added a few neat touches of his own for good measure. The rest of the bike came together as and when Jeff found the time/money to do it.

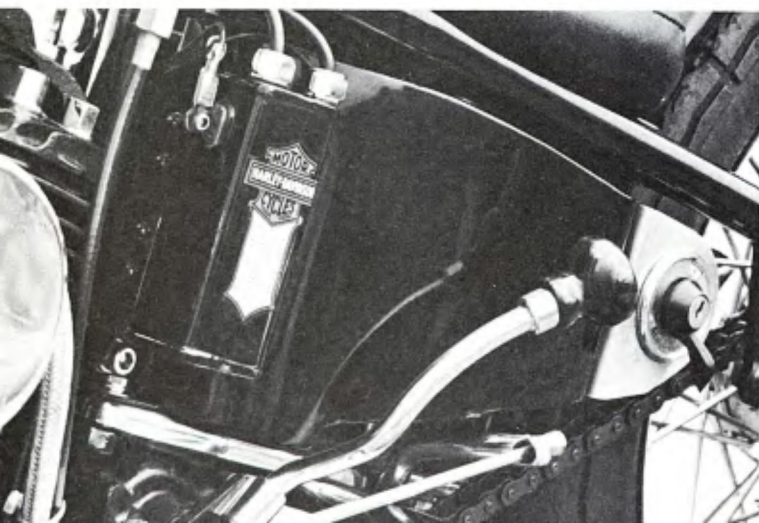
All in all, it took three years to build — including an initial two-month trial period on the road just to check out whether it was worth going ahead with. Just as he was getting to enjoy riding it around, some blind asshole in a cage threw a right turn (remember we English drive on the left side of the road) and wrecked it for him. Oh, well, not to worry, it was gonna come down again, anyway.

Another eighteen months of hard labor was put into the bike before Jeff felt confident





Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Dirty Jeff		City: Erith, England	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: take a guess	
Year and make: 1941 H-D		Builder: H-D/Motique's	
Model: "U"		Type: rigid	
Value: priceless		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: three years		Other alterations: internal fork stops	
Chroming by: Renix and Will		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Triumph	
Year: 1941		Risers: owner	
Model: flathead		Fender(s): moped/5-in. flat	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: 6-volt		Taillight: owner	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Triumph/owner	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: yes		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: through frame	
Cases: H-D legal		Gas tank: Mustang	
Heads: high-compression		Oil tank: stock	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: Triumph top-end oiler/pump	
Lifters: owner		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Amal 32mm concentric		Seat: owner and ol' lady	
Air cleaner: Triumph		Sissybar: owner	
Pipes: Tony Cook/Campbell		Height: 30 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1/2-in. stainless	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: 45 springer	
Year: don't know		Extension: stock	
Shifting: jockey		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Karata belt		Special features: lamp and fender mounts	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Chris Bennett/owner		Rim width: 2.75	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: acrylic/coach enamel		Brake: H-D/Tri.	Brake: H-D
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: Stainless pike nuts, brackets, spokes, wheel spindles, license-plate mount, braided lines, side stand stop, warning lights, belt-drive cover, brake pedal.			

enough to call us on the phone to ask if we wanted to come and take a look at it to decide whether it'd rate a feature. He wasn't joking either. (Able he may be, but confident he sure ain't.) When we turned up at his place, he was on his ass in the backyard, surrounded by tools, still not satisfied that it was good enough. Even when we assured him that we wanted to shoot it, he still kept apologizing for it not being properly finished, telling us how he's gonna change this and modify that. Well, I guess some guys are just *never* satisfied.

— Maz

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H A R L E Y
L E A T H E R S





Gettin' Sticky

It's amazing how your perspective changes as you begin to appreciate the finer things in life.

When I was just a little bastard the best thing about school were those rare occasions when I was assigned to sit behind some long-haired little girl.

I can't have been more than six before I discovered all sorts of wonderful things an enterprisingly anti-social little tyke could do to long hair. There was, for example, the stop-the-teacher-in-her-tracks prank, one of the easiest stunts ever devised. To do it, all you had to do was wait for a highly inappropriate classroom moment — say the mid-point of an important test that was supposed to be taken in total silence. At just the proper instant you would give a sharp, very hard tug on the ponytail in front of you.

The girl-child wearing it would bleat like she'd just been introduced to the business end of a Mr. Destroyer dildo.







Photos by Pete Chiodo

the teacher would come unglued and the rest of the class would dissolve in laughter. Very satisfying.

Another wonderful, almost magical, thing about long hair in those days was the amount of stuff it would hold — stuff like glue, ink, squished bugs, and Topps bubble gum. Sometimes it seemed you could make a classmate's flowing locks sticky just by thinking about it.

Long about the time I turned 12 or 13, though, I began to notice something else about long hair on girls. Staring at it still made me think about making mischief, but the thoughts were no longer emanating from my gourd — I felt them quite a bit lower in my body and I was suddenly interested in the kind of "mischief" that the girls would find as satisfying as I did.

They say, whoever **they** are, that as the twig is bent, so grows

the child. I guess it must be true 'cause the bent child who used to love to diddle his coed classmates' hair grew up to still judge girls by the length and beauty of their hair. You all know tit men and ass men and leg men. Call me a hair man, then. It's the first thing I focus on when checkin' out a new honey.

Naturally, some things have changed. I don't pull chicks' hair anymore. Now I run my fingers through it gently as I whisper sweet propositions in their ears. Likewise, I haven't put bubble gum or white flour paste into a chick's coiffure in a coon's age. On the other hand, I do still find myself making my ol' lady's ass-length blonde locks awfully sticky from time to time.

Guess it's just one of them cases of "The more things change, the more they stay the same."

— Butcher



THE REAL INMATE

"The guard has orders to let you out . . . I'm more of a prisoner here than those guys in their cells."

Tanker walked out into the bright sun, squinting through eyes that had not seen sunlight in 85 days without it being filtered through steel bars. The huge biker towered over his five-foot-nine "escort" as they walked toward the police impound yard. Once there, he held out his cuffed hands and said, "Here, I won't need these anymore."

The deputy grinned and started fishing in his shirt pocket for the keys. "Man, you never needed them in the first place," he said, "but rules are rules, and if the old man saw me taking you anywhere without 'em, he'd rack my ass but good. Your bike is under that blue tarp. I'm the one who put it there."

Continued on page 96

By Matt Marshall

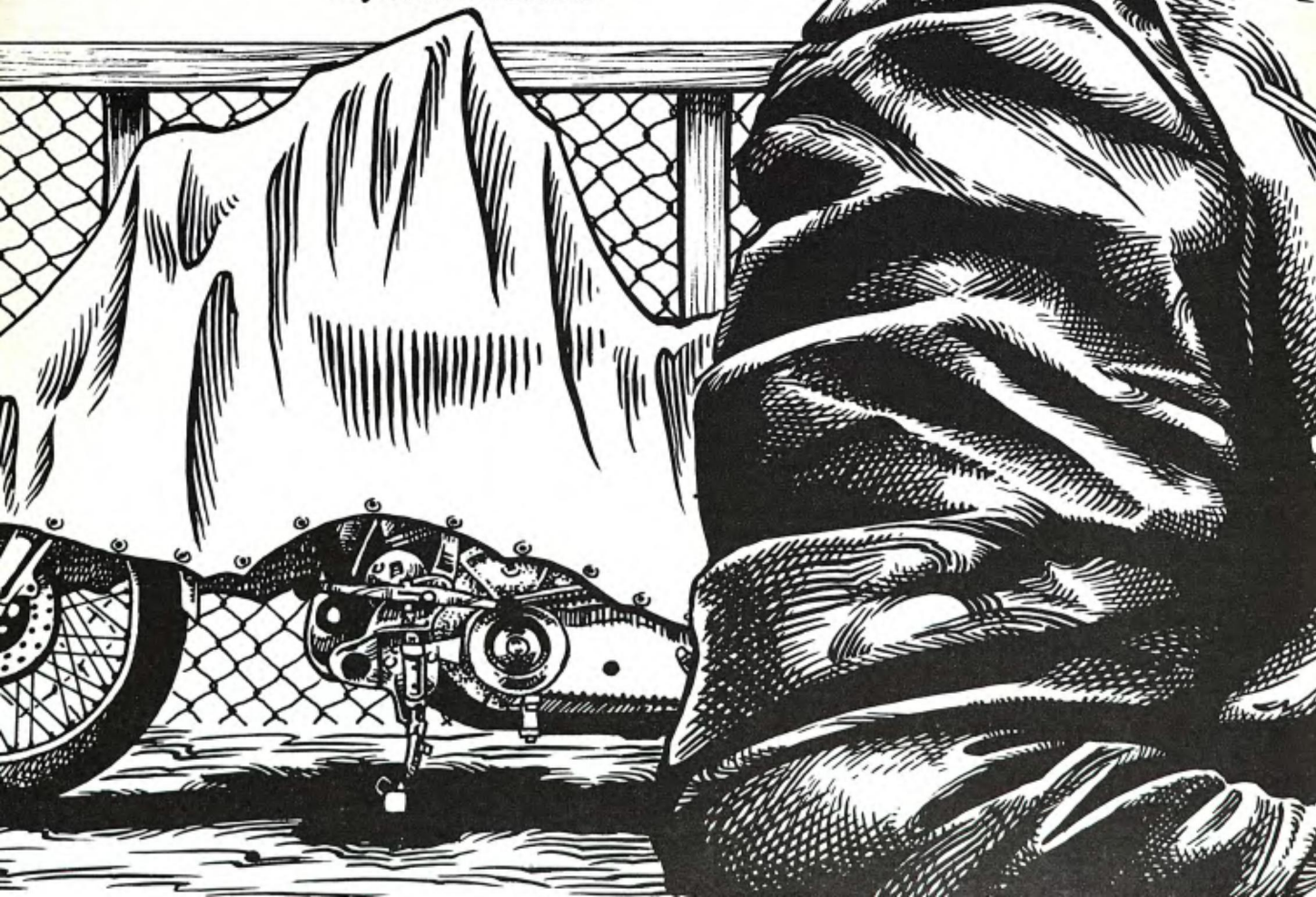




Illustration by Duffy Duggan

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 November 30th. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #138 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — **Suzanne**, the 2nd monthly winner in the 7th Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Jan, Angel, and Jo.

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.

TIGGER





PHYLL

DIANA P.



DIANA MAE



H-D HOG'S WALL

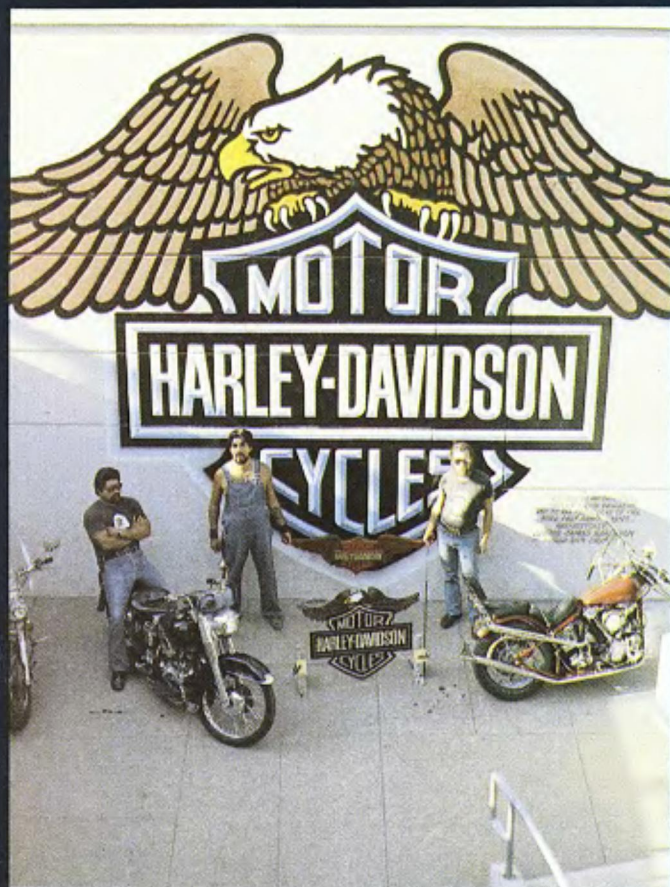


Photo by Kim Peterson

From the looks of things ya might think the 16-foot by 30-foot mural in front of you might be on some local billboard, or at least on the side of a Harley-Davidson dealership. But, believe it or not, it covers an expanse at the entrance to the campus of Pasadena City College (near Los Angeles).

The mural was dreamed up, created and crafted by Dennis James Eagleson (flanked in the picture by his bros Louie and Wooster), due to his love and respect for this classic American product. Dennis graduated from Los Angeles Trade Tech with a degree in sign graphics, and is currently taking more extensive courses in Professor Bob McDaniel's sign arts program at PCC. Dennis has also had personal training from Mario Rueda, the only surviving master billboard artist from the old days.

The project began to unfold in March 1984, with the backing of McDaniel and the dean of students, after being inspired by the Olympic murals that have sprung up all around the L.A. area. The mural took three weeks and approximately 120 hours of work. Legends don't come fast. This one-man act sure didn't.

The talented artist also does woodcarvings, glass work and is willing to do work for clubs or individuals. Makes ya wish ya had a big ol' fence to turn over to him. . .

—Loudmouth

We're not jerks or punks, and don't forget it

Editor: [Your] article concerning bikers and their visits to Carolina Beach was totally biased and prejudiced against Harley riders. I'd like to give a fair and accurate statement on a few points about bikers.

I feel I can speak from experience and not false misconceptions. First, bikers are human beings, just like the staff members of your paper. We're not the punks, jerks, losers, woman-beaters that your article was trying to portray us as.

A biker is an individual first, who lives life to the fullest. A biker doesn't spend his spare time on a golf course or a sailboat or a tennis court. We ride, and we ride American-manufactured Harleys. Bikers don't ride the products of a foreign country that just four decades ago tried to enslave us by attacking Pearl Harbor and causing the most destructive war the world has ever seen.

Bikers love America and freedom and the right to the pursuit of happiness guaranteed us in the Constitution. The

feeling of the open road with the wind in your face and the togetherness of man and machine is, to me, the ultimate trip.

No drug or sex goddess can quite equal the high of booming down a highway on a fine-tuned Hog.

That's what biking's all about.

Bikers wear a black T-shirt so that oil stains and road grime aren't as noticeable. We also wear a trucker's wallet, connected to our belts on a short chain, so that we don't lose 'em.

As for the people who visit the boardwalk in jeans and black shirts, who come only to get drunk, start trouble, and cause fights, I have one thing to say to them: Stay out of my path.

It is these wannabe, sidewalk commandos, who try to put on a "bad guy" image, that gives us bikers a rotten name.

It takes hard work and sacrifice to build and ride a customized Harley. The men who do so, do so with pride. Our only "crime" is that we like to ride.

— David Graves to the editor of his local newspaper.

Easynews

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

Ontario police play diving-for-scooters

You've heard the stories about finding valuable old bikes hidden underneath the hay in a falling-down barn.

Maybe you're even familiar with the more exotic rumors about motorcycle treasures discovered buried on World War II battle sites or abandoned by departing colonial forces in places like India or the Belgian Congo.

Members of the Ontario Provincial Police near Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, periodically go on their own treasure hunts for hidden motorcycles and, strangely enough, most of what they find seems to have been mindlessly deep-sixed.

For some so-far-inexplicable reason,

McQueen auction set for November 23-25

Over 100 bikes from the collection of the late Steve McQueen will go on the auction block at the Imperial Palace Hotel in Las Vegas from November 23 to 25.

McQueen's collection, one of the finest in the entire world, is especially noted for its fine restorations — done under the supervision of the late Sammy Pierce — of classic American motorcycles, especially Indians.

Among the other items scheduled to be offered at the auction are about 20 vintage cars, a collection of antique furniture, and a ton of McQueen's personal effects and movie memorabilia.

Items to be sold will be on display at the hotel from November 19 through November 22. Attendance at the auction will be limited to 500 so-called qualified bidders.

rip-off artists in that neck of the woods have taken to stealing motorcycles and then dumping them — often without making any attempt to strip them of engines or other valuable parts — in the murky waters of the Burlington Canal.

Many items, including cars, trucks, furniture, and an occasional missing person, have been turning up in the canal for years, but the recent spate of scooter

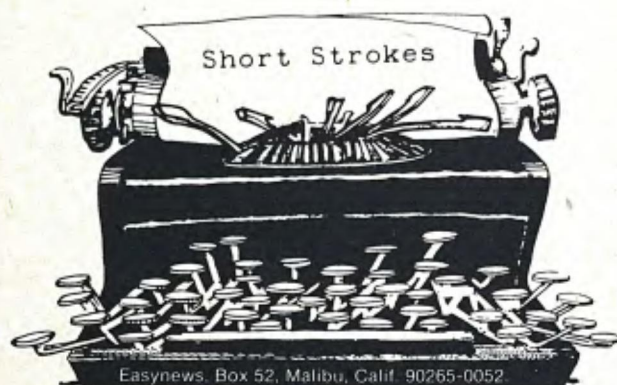
"drownings" have surprised even veteran police divers.

"We never suspected we'd turn up this many," a police spokesman reported after a recent one-day diving expedition near a draw bridge resulted in seven late-model cycles being pulled from the not-so-briny deep. "The divers have less than three-foot visibility in that area, God knows how many more down there they didn't see."

Hey, Kathy, go pull a train

"Summer is here and vacation time is bearing down in a wave of beach balls and sun screen. I have just returned from a 5000-mile tour of the East Coast. On that month-long trip, I made certain notes, some merely mental, some jotted on torn napkins and road maps, others dug deeply into the palms of my hands with my fingernails . . . I hope my observations will help you as you set out on your own summer holiday . . . pass up the happy hour at bars with eight or more motorcycles out front, or at bars advertising a free tattoo with your fifth drink."

— Kathy Kyte in the Portland *Oregonian*



Canadian Senator Peter Stalery was riding to an Ottawa dinner party recently when his bike was run off the road by a cab. Stalery putted down to the old station house to file a complaint and was told that the cops weren't interested in bikers' problems. The cops also ordered him to leave the station or be arrested for trespassing. Stalery stood his ground and spent the night in stir. Welcome to the club, Pete.

Sunday, November 4, is the date of the Third Annual Motorcyclist Rights Rally and Helmet Law Protest Run in Miami, Florida. Attendance at this ABATE-sponsored event doubled between year one and year two, so let's see how big we can make it this year. For details, call (305) 931-4604. . . A 17-year-old punk was charged with "misconduct" with a motor vehicle for driving down the wrong side of the road to kill a biker. It happened in Montville, Conn. . . The Motorcycle Safety Foundation is pulling up anchor and moving its national headquarters from Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, to southern California.

ABATE of South Dakota recently held a party to celebrate busting the 400-member mark. . . A North Carolina woman got a suspended sentence for running down and killing one biker and severely injuring his passenger. Considering both victims were active-duty Marines serving their country, you'd think the wheels of justice might have come down a bit heavier on the bitch. . . A biker has filed suit against the feds for return of his thumb. Raymond "Buzzard" Gearhart lost the digit while wrenchin' on his bike a number of years ago. Having a certain attachment to the member (he was born with it, after all), Buzzard kept it preserved in a jar in his house. Little did he know that G-men raiding his home years later would decide to confiscate the jar.

Speaking of cops, the California Highway Patrol decided to play Big Brother at this year's Old Miners Days run to Big Bear Lake. They set up a roadblock and said they were stopping "motorists" to "explain where they could go" (I'd like to tell 'em where to go), but the only thing they were actually observed doing was pulling over bikers for license and equipment checks. . . Still speaking about cops, the Indiana State Police Department has fired two troopers for beating on a dude they forced off the road while they were off-duty and out of uniform. A third trooper was suspended for three weeks because he stood by and watched his "bros" walling on this sucker with a blackjack and did nothing.

And finally: The picture in the Chesapeake, Virginia, newspaper was supposed to illustrate the neighborhood's growing crime problem. It featured a dude pushing a scooter into an apartment building. "Keeping the vehicle inside is a good safety measure," the dude was quoted as saying. Not good enough, apparently, 'cause the dude not only lost the bike, he also wound up in jail. Seems the bike's real owner is also a newspaper reader.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,12}	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ¹⁻⁴	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	No ¹¹
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ³	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 ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19, 2-Under 18, 3-Required even if bike has windscreen, 4-Helmet must be reflectorized, 6-Lights on if bike is made after 1977, 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph, 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer, 9-If over 21, 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers, 11-Certain cities may require lights, 12-Passengers must wear helmets, *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. This chart is accurate as we go to press — but keep in mind that laws are constantly changing. Send information on new laws in your area to Easynews Editor, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Biker defies doctors to ride the wind

Dave Farmer became a biker at the age of 17. It was all he'd ever wanted to do, so he couldn't see any point to putting it off. It was "out the door, down the road and never look back," as far as he was concerned.

Not so unusual? Maybe not for you or your bros. But then you and your bros were probably not expected to grow up to be human vegetables. Dave Farmer, you see, was born with cerebral palsy. His doctors told his parents that he would never walk or talk and suggested they lock him up in an institution — or, perhaps, abandon him on a mountaintop.

But the Canadian biker beat all the odds. Despite having virtually no muscle control on the right side of his body, he started riding bicycles when he was 12. At first he spent more time on the ground than he did in the saddle, but that never bothered him much — he wanted to ride and the spills along the way were just minor roadblocks to be gotten past.

After mastering the little bikes, he started in on the big ones. It took him three years, but he finally got his motorcycle license and was ready to begin living the rest of his life.

Now, after 13 years in the saddle, Dave has decided to do something for both his fellow cerebral palsy sufferers and his brother bikers in the wind.

"I want people to see that those with cerebral palsy should be judged on their abilities, not their disabilities," he says. "The public should also judge bikers on who and what they are, instead of as stereotypes. Bikers are from all walks of life, but when we get on a bike society puts us down as being heavy-handed."

To prove his point, Dave recently concluded a cross-Canada

cerebral-palsy run on his customized Harley trike.

Dave got the idea for his publicity run during a run to Thunder Bay last year.

"I saw the monument to Terry Fox (the famed one-legged runner who completed a cross-country marathon despite suffering from cancer) and said 'That guy did something really great and he's dead. Now I'm going to do something great for my cause, but I'm going to live,'" Dave said.

"People tend to place victims in the back room and forget about them. I intend to prove that people with CP can do whatever they want to do."

Beginning in Vancouver, British Columbia, Dave's route took him through his hometown of Kelowna, B.C., and all the way across the country to Newfoundland.

In addition to being an inspiration for cerebral palsy sufferers and a way of showing the straight world something good about bikers, Dave's run was also an attempt to raise funds for research into the causes of CP.

Cager freed, biker buried

It happened in Greenville, S.C. The 71-year-old woman driving the cage swung a left turn into the face of oncoming traffic and killed a 25-year-old biker. The biker bled to death from a severed jugular, but the the cruelest cut came later when the county coroner recommended against filing any charges because the victim had not been wearing a helmet. How the hell is a lid going to keep somebody from getting his throat slit?

Florida bikers win right to sue for damages

In a landmark decision, a Florida appeals court has ruled that motorcycles and motorcyclists are not bound by the terms of the Sunshine State's no-fault insurance law.

According to Chief Judge Warren Cobb of the 5th District Court of Appeal, "A motorcycle is not a motor vehicle under the no-fault law and is therefore excluded from the statutory requirement."

The decision came in a case filed as the result of an April 1982 accident in which a biker named David Scherzer was hit by a cage in Daytona Beach.

Scherzer sued the cage driver, Mary Wilk Beron, and a jury awarded Scherzer \$4500 and found Beron completely responsible for the accident.

Beron appealed the decision and the monetary award was cancelled by Volusia County Circuit Judge R. Michael Hutcheson. Hutcheson ruled that Scherzer's injuries — lower back pain, a damaged left wrist and a torn-up right knee — were not "permanent, lifetime injuries," the only kind of injuries for which Florida drivers covered by the no-fault law are allowed to file suit.

In overruling Hutcheson, the appeals court noted that the no-fault law passed by the legislature excludes "self-propelled vehicles with fewer than four wheels."

The victory for bikers was

important out of all proportion to the small damage award in this particular case, because had Scherzer lost, it is possible that Florida bikers would have been unable to obtain any compensation for medical costs incurred in an accident.

Under the provisions of the Florida no-fault act, insurers are required to offer, and drivers are required to buy, so-called Personal Injury Protection insurance policies. These policies are designed to cover the cost of medical treatment for the insured driver regardless of who is at fault in the wreck. In other words, if Cager Clod gets drunk and plows into Cager Creep and they both go to the hospital, each

files a claim for the amount of their hospital stay with their own insurance company. Under the law, Cager Creep is not allowed to sue Cager Clod or Clod's insurance company — despite the fact that Clod was totally responsible for the accident — unless he sustains the previously mentioned "lifetime" injuries.

Confusing enough? Keep reading. The problem for bikers is that insurance companies generally won't write PIP policies for people who ride motorcycles and, since the no-fault law excludes scooters, the state can't force them to.

Thus, when the circuit judge ruled that Scherzer was not entitled to a damage award

because his injuries were not "lifetime," he was in effect ruling that Scherzer — and every other Florida biker — would have to eat their accident-caused medical costs themselves even though they might have been unwitting victims of somebody else's recklessness.

"Requiring a motorcyclist to meet the threshold (lifetime injury) requirement would be a denial of his constitutional right of access to the courts," Cobb ruled. "To say that under the no-fault provisions a motorcyclist is not only precluded from obtaining personal injury protection benefits, but barred from maintaining a tort action as well, is to leave a cyclist without any remedy."

Honda factory riders show 'good ol' boys' a thing or two about real sportsmanship

Maybe you can still meet the nicest people on a Honda, but, if the nice guy in question is wearing a set of factory racing leathers, we suggest you clear him a wide berth indeed.

Yeah, it's true, even riders for the factory team apparently find it difficult to swallow the "Follow the leader, he's on a Honda" line without getting all riled up and ready to fight for the chance to become leader themselves. And to hell with following anybody.

If you don't believe it, if you think that professional race riders are just automatons in leather who take orders and do what they're told, you should have been at the St. Louis short track a few months ago.

It seems two Honda riders in the Camel GT Series, Bubba Shobert and Terry Poovey, were motivating about the hay bales during some practice laps prior to a race.

All of a sudden, Poovey comes high-barrelin' long like the Clint Eastwood character

in the "Dirty Harry" movies after he made the bike squad.

Forcing Shobert off the road into the tules, Poovey kept on runnin' around the track to the pits. Unfortunately for him, Shobert huffed and puffed his way to the pits shortly after. Grabbing his teammate in a headlock, Shobert forced him to ground and smashed his glasses, causing eye injuries expected to sideline Poovey for about a month. Shobert got a \$1000 fine and a 45-day suspension.

Another first for the Menard Bike Show

The '77 Super Glide roared through the East Yard gate a little after eight in the morning. Coming to a stop among the other 40-some scooters parked in the yard, the rider dismounted and looked around for someone special. An instant later that rider, Jill Bass of Carbondale, Illinois, was wrapped up in her ol' man's arms and trying not to cry.

"I had to make the run," she said later. "I couldn't let my ol' man down."

Not letting someone — an ol' man, a brother, a fellow biker you've never met before — down is what prison bike shows are all about, and nowhere was that better illustrated than at this year's Fourth Annual Bike Show at Menard, Illinois.

Even the prison administration did their bit to not let the bros down by deciding to permit, for the second year in a row, women to attend the event.

In addition to Jill Bass, the only chick to ride in on her own Hog, 36 ladies from the

outside took advantage of the opportunity to bring a little feminine sunshine to the downed bros behind Menard's walls.

Almost as big an attraction (for some bros, a *bigger* attraction) as the chance to get next to some women for the first time in a long time, was the chance to feel some Harley iron under butts too long accustomed to nothin' but prison bunks.

A number of the inmates had arranged to have their bikes ridden in by brothers and they immediately began profiling around the yard. Soon other inmate bros were offered rides on bikes belonging to the guests and the air began to ring with the roar of the bikes, the sounds of the three bands (two made up of inmates and one of outsiders, led by a Menard guard), and the whispers of bikers and their ladies quietly talkin' trash — reliving the memories of the good times in the past, planning for the better ones in the future.

"The purpose of our shows is to enjoy

the picnic-like atmosphere and preserve the lifestyle we lived in the street," Menard Bikers, Inc. Prez Jerry "Spider" Baker told a reporter from the prison paper, the *Menard Time*. "For most of us, it's the only time we get to be with our bros to talk about the things we can relate to from our lives in the street."

Enjoying the picnic-like atmosphere wasn't the only thing the prez had on his agenda for this bike show, however. He was also busy planning the first biker wedding in the history of Menard (possibly the first in any prison anywhere) — with himself as the groom.

The ceremony uniting Spider and his bride, the former Marcia "Tickle" Griffith, took place shortly after noon in the main tent on the yard. As is traditional, the bride and groom said their vows from aboard the groom's bike, a modified Glide that had been ridden in by one of Spider's bros in the D.C. Eagles. Officiating was the Rev. Dr. Steve Jarrett, brother of Lifers, Inc. Vice-President Kevin Jarrett, who arrived at the festivities on his own bike.

The highlight of the wedding was the ceremonial consumption of the wedding cake — the entire second tier of which was force-fed to Spider's mug by a playful bro. It just proves bikers will be bikers — even in the lockup.

Following the wedding, the bikes were judged and plaques were presented for best bike in class, longest distance traveled, etc.

Clubs represented at the show, in addition to the D.C. Eagles, were the Stormriders, the Outlaws and the Pranksters. About a third of the riders who showed up were independents.

Aussie bike activist says government may outlaw cycles

Like Paul Revere, Tony Scicluna, president of the Motorcycle Riders' Association of Australia, is a man sounding a warning.

In a recent report to members, Scicluna warned of "desk-riding bureaucrats who are calling for everything from fluorescent motorcycles and increased third-party (insurance) premiums, to even proposing a total ban on all motorcycles."

"Such recommendations are being prepared by top-level people and being seriously listened to by even high-level politicians," he added.

As an example of official harassment of bikers, Scicluna noted that government regulations currently force many bikers to spend over \$250 annually just to register their bikes and get liability insurance.

Sounds to me like Scicluna should immigrate to the United States at once. He'd be perfectly at home here in the land of the free — also the home of the cager-run government.



AT LEAST HE'S SMARTER THAN THE USUAL PROSPECT — Sammy the bear cub shows his bikin' form as he mugs for customers at his owner's Harley dealership in Mount Vernon, Illinois. Seems the dealer took him as a trade-in on a trike, figuring he could sell him to a zoo or something. But the *ursus cyclist* showed such an affinity for the store's stock of Hogs that he's become a fixture on the premises. Besides, the little guy's housebroken, which is more than you can say about a lot of other bikers.

Bikers celebrate 'Disobedience Day'

Annual event a winner for both the lidless and the Libertarians

We don't usually have much to say about political parties in these pages. However, ever since the Libertarian Party candidate for president a few elections back held a press conference to demonstrate how useless government-required motorcycle helmets were (he tossed one on the ground and it split in half), we've kinda kept an eye on these gadflies of the Washington establishment.

The Libertarian Party's latest publicity scheme was last summer's adoption of July 3 as "Disobedience Day" and, in at least one state (Vermont), it turned out to be the kind of event bikers could really get behind.

According to a Vermont Libertarian spokesman and biker David Atkinson, "Disobedience Day honors victimless criminals... people who break laws the gov-

ernment says are supposed to protect them from themselves."

Prime examples of the type of stupid laws that government inflicts upon citizens, Atkinson said, are motorcycle helmet laws and mandatory seatbelt laws like the one recently passed in New York.

"There's no end to the laws they can pass," he lamented.

Atkinson also noted that polls have shown that where ever there is a helmet law, "It's probably the most unpopular law on the books. Among everything else wrong with it, it's also continually abused

by selective enforcement. They (the cops) will stop someone who looks like a person they can get away with hassling and they won't stop someone riding (an imported bike) in a business suit."

To dramatize the issue, Vermont bikers and Libertarians staged a "Disobedience Day" protest run in which some of the riders wore helmets and some didn't.

"It's up to each person to decide if they have to wear a helmet today," Atkinson said shortly before the run. "We're riding in support of people who want to have a choice. That's what it's all about."

A different kind of run at Indianapolis

Over 2500 bikers recently profiled through downtown Indianapolis in celebration of Motorcycle Awareness Week in Indiana.

Gathering at the steps of the Indiana War Memorial for an ABATE-sponsored rally, they heard speakers stress the importance of educating cagers to "watch out for bikers."

Biggest hand of the day went to State Rep. Robert K. Alderman (R-Fort Wayne). Having ridden to Indy on his own Harley, Alderman looked out at the sea of bikers in front of the memorial, paused, and said, "Well, it seems that there are still a few people in Indiana who like to ride, right?" We couldn't have said it better ourselves.

Friday 13th run ends in horror; 3 bikers die

Three Toronto, Canada, fighters for bikers' rights were killed and two others injured when they were run down by a pickup truck while walking to a campsite near Port Dover, July 13.

No charges were filed against the truck driver and the Ontario Provincial Police refused to release his name.

Dead of severe head and internal injuries in the massacre were Gerald Taylor, 40, Connie Gravel, a 28-year-old mother of three, and John Bleaney, 23, all of Toronto. Injured were Gravel's ol' man, Paul, 31, and Joan Cooper, 39.

The five were struck while walking to their campsite at the annual Bikers Rights Organization's Friday the 13th Run to Port Dover.

According to one of the survivors, Paul Gravel, the pickup was running without lights and racing another truck when it ran over the bikers on the unlit, narrow road leading to the camp.

"He hit them head on," said a police spokesman who demanded to remain anonymous. "He threw one of the people 250 feet from the point of collision."

According to OPP Const. Alex Williamson, the truck driver "wondered aloud" to a passenger when he felt his cage hit something. The driver was "shocked," Williamson said, when he learned the "something" was five people.

More than 1000 bikers were reported to have attended the annual Friday the 13th event.

Gettin' it together in Nebraska

ABATE of Nebraska members are organizing to defeat a proposed lights-on law in the Cornhusker State.

Among the arguments ABATE is using in an attempt to persuade the legislature to scuttle the bill is the fact that most headlights and taillights are wired together, meaning that taillights would also be on all day, making it harder for cagers following a bike to tell if

a bike is slowing or stopping.

Also, ABATE points out, "The nature of the lights-on law is unique in that it is retroactive, requiring small, older and historic machines to be operated with their lights on in continual use, which may cause motorcycles to not run properly, or stop altogether."

Recent studies prove that using headlights during the day doesn't prevent accidents.

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MOTORCYCLIST DEATHS

	1980-120
	1981-101
	1982-100

WATCH FOR MOTORCYCLES

PROUD TO BE SPONSOR OF 1984 U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM

Printed Courtesy of Safeway Stores, Inc.

AND HERE'S THE GOOD NEWS — Sometimes support comes from the most unexpected places. At least that's what the brothers and sisters up in Washington state thought when Safeway markets started handing out thousands of grocery bags with the above message on them. It's not only a righteous thought, but the bike's a rigid Harley.

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.



"I said I'm lookin' for the dude who's been hasslin' me about the payments on my Hog!"

At a cocktail party a horny type was getting nowhere with a stunning blonde. Finally he consulted his host about the situation and the latter said, "Look, George, let me mix her one of my special concentrated triple old-fashioneds. It'll get her so stiff that she'll go to bed with you just like your wife."

"Hell, no, Ralph!" reacted the horny dude. "I don't want her that stiff!"

—Ape Bates
Cameron, Mo.

Wanna know why women fart after they pee? It's because women can't shake it, so they blow it dry!

—Jack Pratt
London, Ohio



"I'm not yer 'wench,' I won't go for a 'putt,' and stop yelling 'Fuck you' at everyone!"

The teacher was trying to explain the difference between singular and plural. She asked the class, "What do you call it if one woman looks out a window?"

"Singular," replied Johnnie. "All right," said the teacher, "what do you call it if three women are looking out of a window?"

"Whorehouse."
—Big John
Greenville, N.Y.

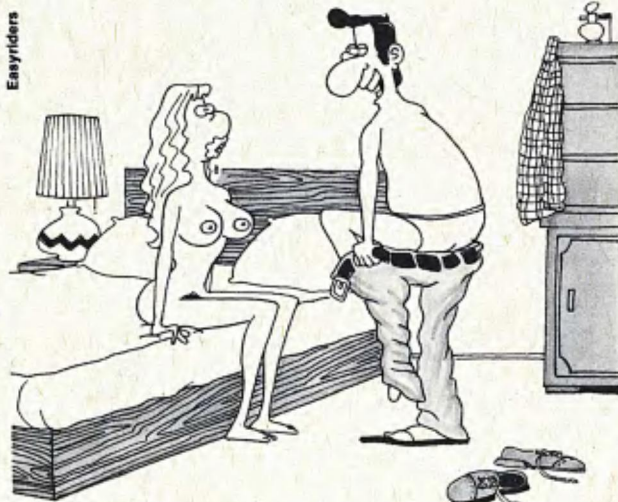
A man taking a grandfather clock to be repaired, rounded a corner and ran smack into a biker, sending him sprawling. "I'm sorry," exclaimed the man.

The biker got up, dusted himself off, and snarled, "Why don't you wear a watch like everyone else?"

—Red
Portland, Ore.

Two old prospectors were out panning for gold when one was bit on the head of his dick by a rattlesnake. Since he couldn't travel, the other man went to town seeking medical advice. The doctor told the prospector to make two cuts on the bite and then suck out the poison. "Bad news," the prospector said when he got back to his friend. "The doctor said you're gonna die!"

—Lost Dutchman
Acoma, N.M.



"Of course, I still respect you, cockbreath."

—W. A. H.



"\$97.50! For a lousy piece of ass?"

The newlyweds stopped at a farm house and made a deal to bed down for the night. By noon the next day they still weren't up yet, so the farmer yelled for them to come get some breakfast.

"No thanks," called the groom. "We're living on the fruits of love."

"Okay," said the farmer, "but quit throwing the damn skins out the window — they're choking the ducks!"

—Albert Chaney
Hartford, Mich.

The classroom teacher was explaining about the wonderful sacrifice a young child in Holland had made when he discovered a leak in the dike. "He placed his finger in it and stayed there until help came. Ever since, he's been considered a hero," she said.

Johnny spoke up and said, "Yeah, but there's a boy who stuck his finger in a dyke in San Francisco and she knocked him out!"

—Doc
El Reno, Okla.



"All women need a tranquilizer now and then."

—Baloo



"It sure beats your thumb."

A biker encountered a recently wed bro, brooding over a drink in a local bar. "What's the trouble?" he asked. "You should be just about the happiest man in the world."

His bro shook his head sadly. "What creatures of habit we are," he remarked. "This morning I got up and half asleep, without thinking, I pulled a twenty-dollar bill from my wallet and left it on the pillow."

The biker tried to console him by telling him his wife wouldn't think anything of it. "You don't understand," the newlywed said. "Half asleep, and without thinking, she gave me \$15 change!"

—Jinx
Tulsa, Okla.



"That reminds me, Alice, do we have enough clam dip for the party this evening?"

Within a year after marrying one of two gorgeous twins, the biker found himself in court, asking for a divorce. When the judge demanded his reasons, the bro replied, "It's this way, my wife's sister visits us a lot and I sometimes come home and make love to her by mistake."

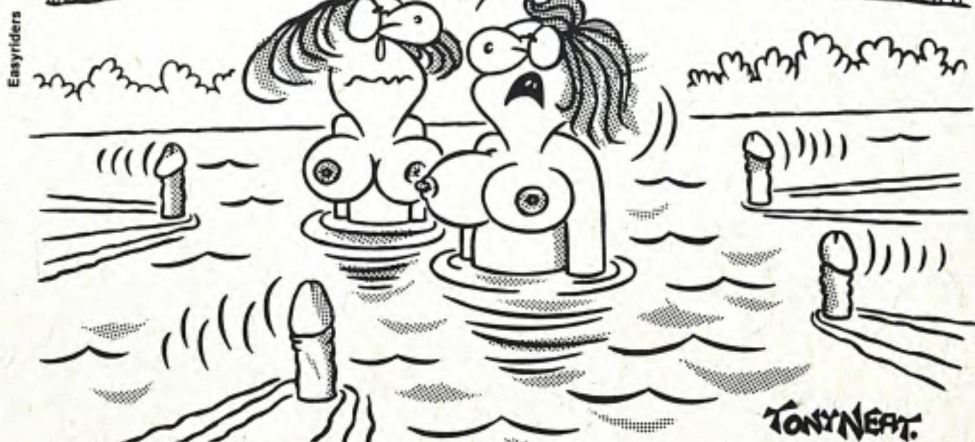
"But surely there's some difference between the two women," the judge remarked.

"You bet there is," responded the husband. "That's why I want a divorce."

—Popeye
Big Springs, Mont.



"That's not what I meant by 'Show some pink!'"



"I thought you said there were a whole bunch of bikers down here."

Biker Bob came home early one afternoon and found his wife lying naked on their bed, breathing heavily. "Carol! What's the matter?" he asked.

"I think I'm having a heart attack," she gasped.

Bob rushed downstairs to phone the doctor just as his two sons came rushing in, screaming, "Daddy! Daddy! There's a naked man in the front closet!"

Bob opened the closet door and found a tight bro hiding there. "For God's sake, man!" screamed Bob. "Carol is having a heart attack and here you are, sneaking around scaring the kids!"

—Joe K.
Houston, Tex.

A little girl stared with fascination at the pregnant woman walking alongside her in the park. "What's that?" she asked, pointing to the woman's blossoming stomach.

"That's my own sweet baby," said the mother-to-be.

"Do you love him?" asked the child.

"Of course, I do," was the reply.

"Then why did you eat him?" the little girl asked accusingly.

—Wes Smith
Lexington, Ky.

The seven-year-old returned from her first day in a new class, sobbing bitterly. Her mother asked her what was wrong and the little girl gave her a form listing her name, address, class, sex, etc. "Look, Mommy!" she cried, pointing to the form. "They gave me an F in sex and I haven't even learned about it yet!"

—Marian Kelly
Frontera, Calif.

A hillbilly on a hunting trip was shot and rushed to a hospital. While there, a nurse was told to ask him if he'd shit. Wanting to ask nicely, she asked him if his bowels had moved. The hillbilly picked up the sheets and grabbed his balls. "No, ma'am," he replied. "They're still in the same place."

—Lee Grifka
Snover, Mich.



"What do you mean it looks a little loose?"

A family was just settling down to dinner, when the next door neighbor burst in. "When your son brought my daughter home last night, he pissed in my front garden, spelling his name out in the snow."

"Well, it was his birthday, remember?" said the boy's father. "He probably just had a bit too much to drink and got caught short. As for writing his name, I think it shows a healthy sense of humor."

"Yes, I wouldn't mind that," the neighbor said, "but it's in my daughter's handwriting!"

—Roger Sadauskas
Inglewood, Calif.

The young woman, pregnant for the first time, was terrified of the pain of childbirth. She confided this to her mother and asked her to describe what the pain was like.

"Well, dear," the older woman said, "grasp your upper lip with the thumbs and forefingers of both hands and pinch it as hard as you can."

The daughter did as she was told and then said, "That's not bad, Mom. I can take that."

"We're not done yet, dear. Now take your lip again and pull it over the top of your head."

—Diz
Hattiesburg, Miss.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Bungee King

As the rides grew longer and I became a serious touring motorcyclist, I began to qualify for membership in the Add-On Club. First, I added a pair of saddlebags to carry more stuff in. Then a fairing and windshield to cut the wind on long trips. Next, a tank bag to carry even more stuff and to counterweight the load on the luggage rack. At one point, in Sturgis, South Dakota, I was dubbed King Of The Bungee Cords!

— Paul Essenfeld
Northeast Riding

Absolute Amazement

Granted, what you can find in the U.S. dealerships borders on the amazing, worlds better than what anyone could have predicted a few years ago. But if you imagine your selection includes the best available hardware, the absolute top drawer in high performance, get ready for a rude awakening.

— Larry Works
Cycle Guide

Spirited Braking

If you like to jam through the twisties, hard braking is a necessary riding tactic. "Spirited" riding down the straights means you will have to brake hard to get down to cornering speed in the next bend. The faster you ride, the harder you have to brake. Which is exactly why road racers have giant front brakes and know how to use 'em.

— David L. Hough
Road Rider

Powerful Freedom

Perhaps no tribute to personal freedom in modern

America is more powerful than this: "I'm sorry, he's out of the office, on his motorcycle, and he cannot be reached."

— Phil Schilling
Cycle

Impossible Standard

And certain people will insist that there is a Standard lurking somewhere in Harley-Davidson's lineup, which sounds reasonable enough; but Harley has employed so much mix-and-match engineering in coming up with 13 different models from just two engines that it's practically impossible to determine which one is the Standard.

— Paul Dean
Cycle World

Pogo Stick

Yet the Tall Glide/Low Glide, now called the "pogo stick" bike in Harley circles, is the Midwestern motorcycle which, rather than sanctify its shortcomings, has had much of the qualities that hampered it in the past — substandard brakes and suspension, an outmoded engine and a leviathan clutch — consciously eliminated.

— Cycle

AMF Days

In the days of AMF, we would receive new model machines to test and report on. Not so since the new management took over. Rumor has it that the Harley factory feels Harley-Davidson Owners Association people are already on Harleys, so it would not be worthwhile for the HDOA to do a report on new models.

— Carl Wicks
The Gear Box

The Real World

But for real-world evaluation purposes, 10,000 miles can be more telling than any number of dragstrip runs or brake tests. And if that 10,000 miles is spread out over most of a year, a rider can learn more about a motorcycle than any one-month test can tell — that's why we do long-term tests.

— Cycle World

Sheer Nihilism

No. I am me and you are thee, and each of us, in our own way, will tell the world to get nicked — when we decide that the world deserves to be told, that is. For I have walked, and you are just setting out to walk, that rocky part of life where, on one side, you are threatened by the possible avalanche of conformity that will smother you if you let it, and on the other side, the sheer precipice of nihilism.

— Mike Holloway
Australian Motorcycle News

Care Less

You know, for the past twenty years I have been bitching about all kinds of shit that most of you could care less about. Things like the helmet law, brotherhood, and the mother-fuckin' government.

— Bob Bitchin
Biker Lifestyle

Solvent Sailing

For months I'd been working on this old motorcycle, trying to erase years of abuse and fool it into thinking it was 1957 again. A good two-week shot would have it almost complete. This nice old motorcycle had been built before the Caribbean

sailing vessel; age, I thought, should have priority. Besides, when was the last time anyone drowned in a solvent tank?

— Cycle

Basic Logic

Sure enough, not more than a mile into my ride, on a slight right-hand curve, my headlight picks up not two but four reflections in the middle of the pavement. My heart instinctively makes a run for my throat and graphic visions of sliding down a California mountain road on my side briefly crowd my mind, until logic reminds me I'm only traveling about 30mph and the deer are still some 40 yards away.

— Greg Harrison
American Motorcyclist

English What?

Any sinking feeling you may have gotten (particularly if you've recently bought a Triumph) is more than justified.

But feel sorry for the poor goddamned dealer who is going to take it in the ass (just as most small businessmen are taking it these days).

And finally feel sorry for you, me, all Triumph owners and even those pricks in England.

— Supercycle

Waste Of Time

But I can find no justification for forcing everyone to crawl along between Tucumcari and Amarillo, on the Indiana Turnpike, down Interstate 5 . . . That is a waste of money, police manpower and our least renewable resource — time.

— Motorcyclist

KNOW YER BIKE

Here's a test to separate the men from the boys, the lightweights from the heavyweights, the bikers from the wannabes. Awright, what the fuck, maybe it ain't quite that great a test of Harley know-

how, physical stamina and mental agility, but it is, Spider says, an easy way to kill some time while sippin' some wine.

The idea is to identify where the 30 common scooter parts listed below fit on the illus-

trated bike. All you got to do is write the correct number at the end of the line leading to the part location and you've done it. Finish in less than five minutes, you're a genius. Do it blindfolded, you're a freak.

- 1) Air Cleaner
- 2) Brake Caliper
- 3) Brake Disc
- 4) Brake Hose
- 5) Brake Pedal
- 6) Carburetor
- 7) Fork Brace

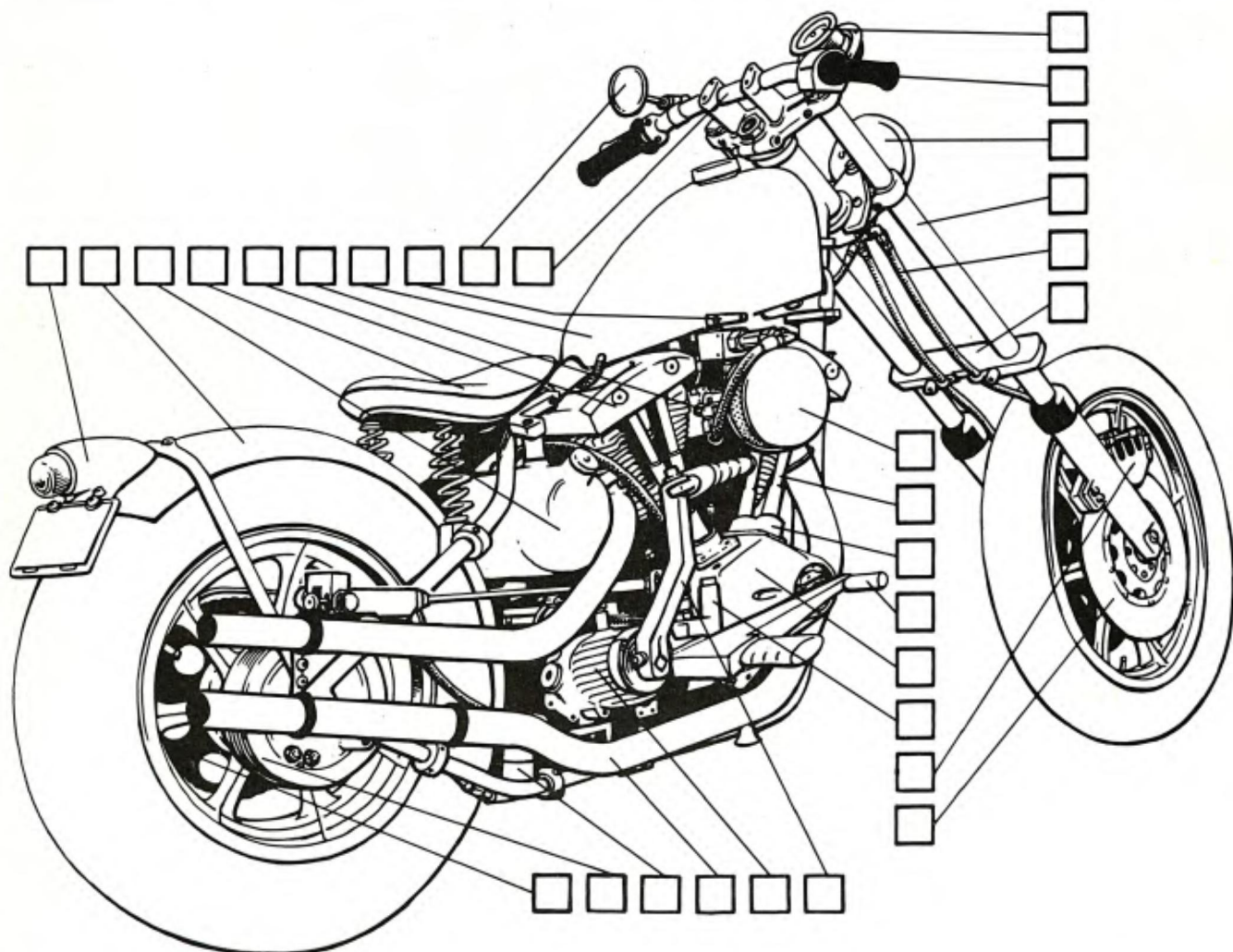
- 8) Fork Tube
- 9) Front Pipe
- 10) Gas Tank
- 11) Gearcase Cover
- 12) Handlebars
- 13) Headlight
- 14) Kickarm
- 15) Mirror

- 16) Oil Pump
- 17) Oil Tank
- 18) Petcock
- 19) Pushrod Cover
- 20) Rear Brake
- 21) Rear Fender
- 22) Rear Master Cylinder
- 23) Rear Sprocket

- 24) Rocker Box
- 25) Seat
- 26) Tachometer
- 27) Taillight
- 28) Tappet Block
- 29) Throttle
- 30) Transmission

Oh, yeah, Spider won't run the answers. He says ya should know yer Hogs.

(Well, if you hafta — see page 109)



BABY COMES BACK

— *lookin' better than ever.*

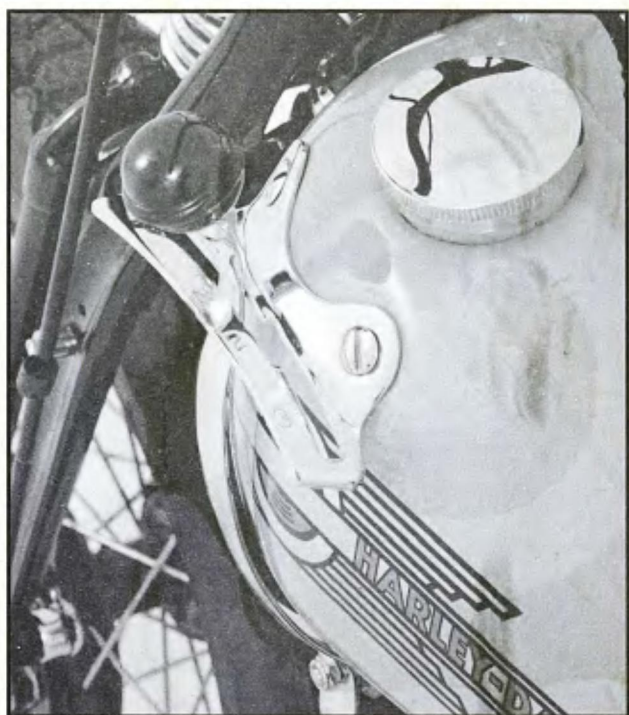
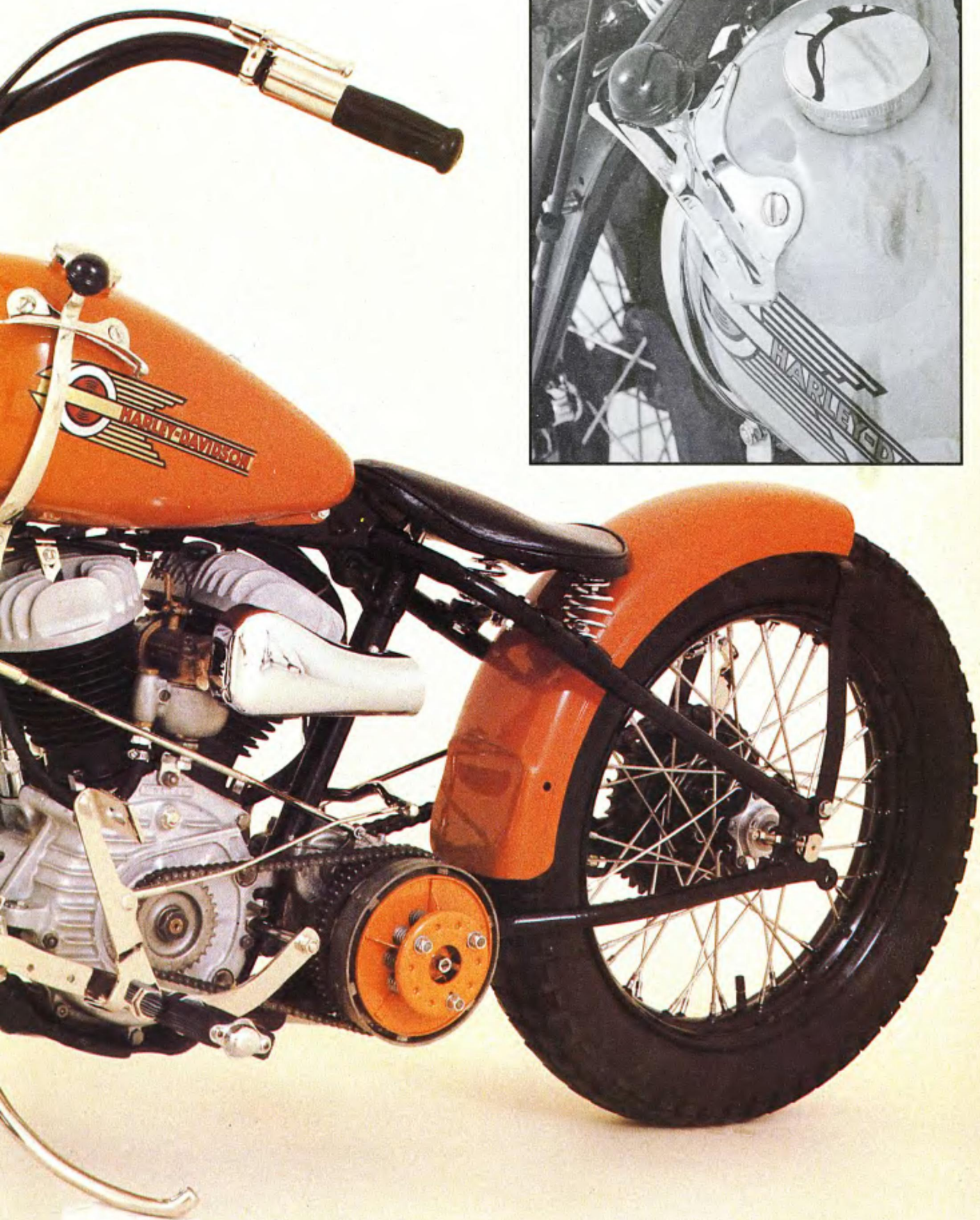
All right, so I'm weird, but I like the old Harleys best. I like the oil drips, the chain slappin', and their righteous sounds. The damned machines truly have soul. No belt drives, no push-button starts, no lights goin' on in the daytime or reflectors on the struts — no pussy iron for me.

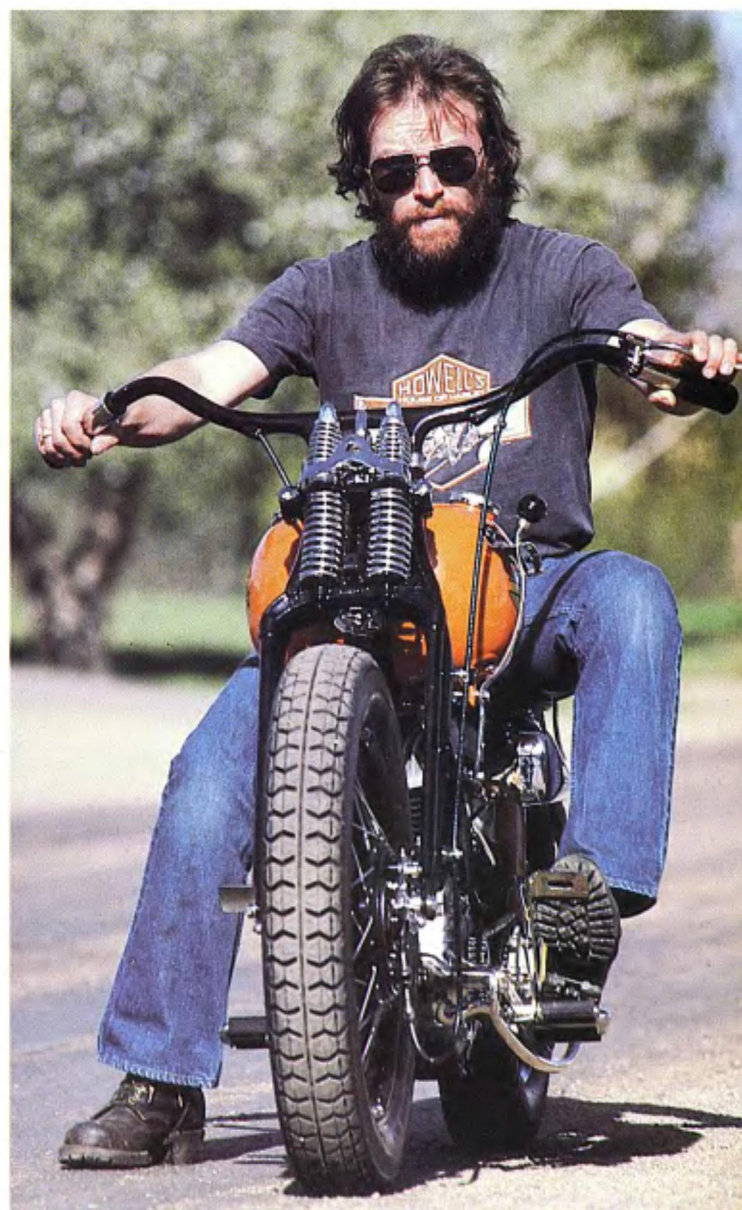
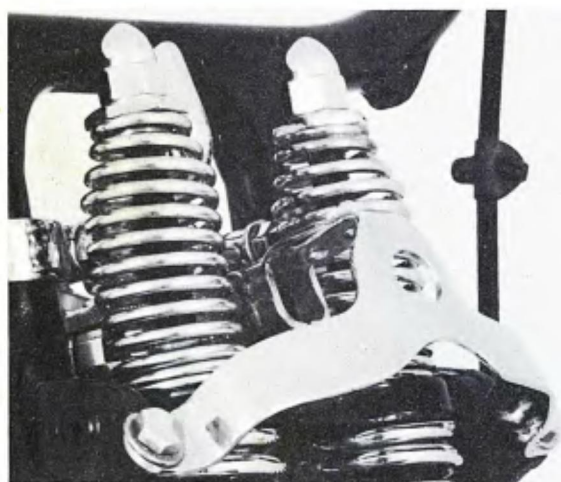
Here's a real old-timer. It's a '37 WLA flat-track racer. (I've got a runnin' '31 C flat-track racer parked inside the office — just because I dig it.)

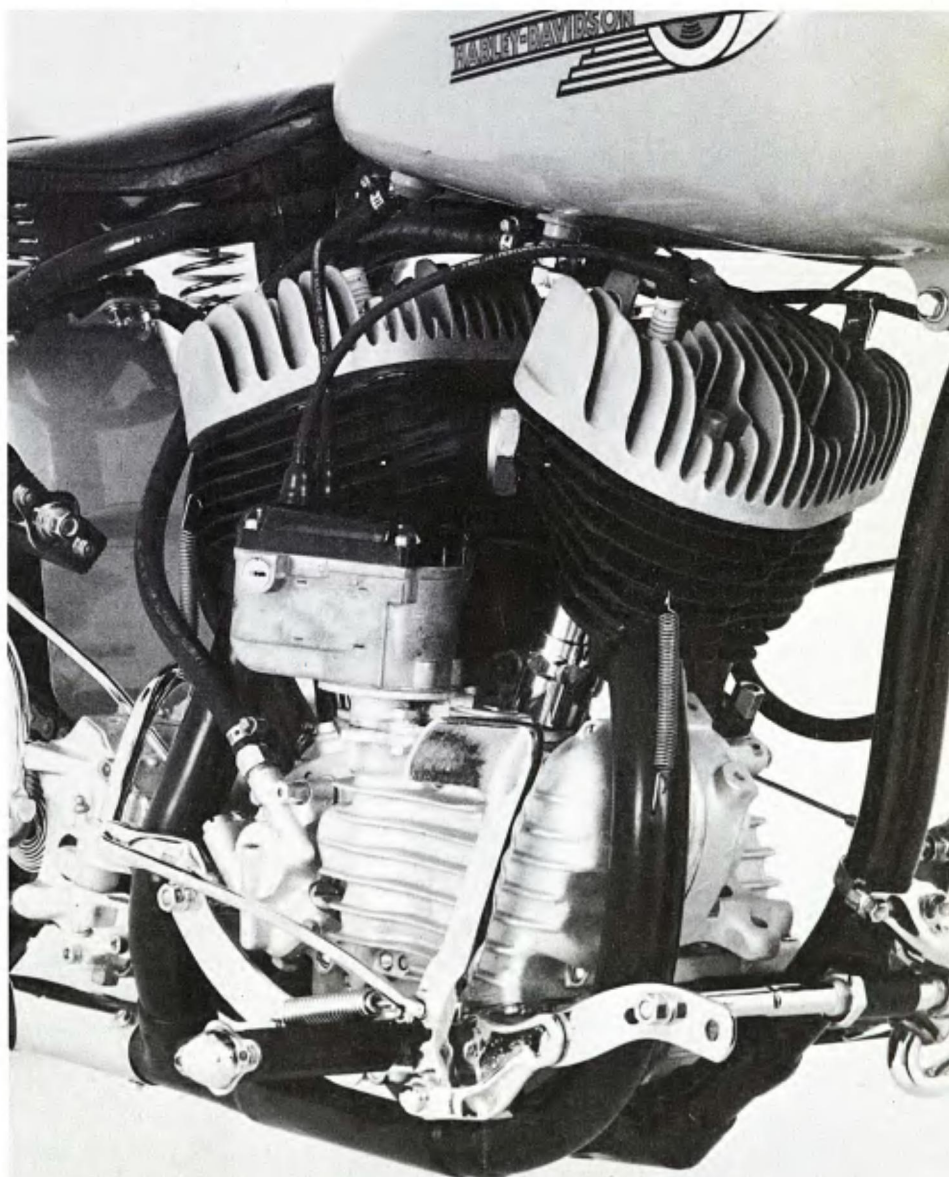
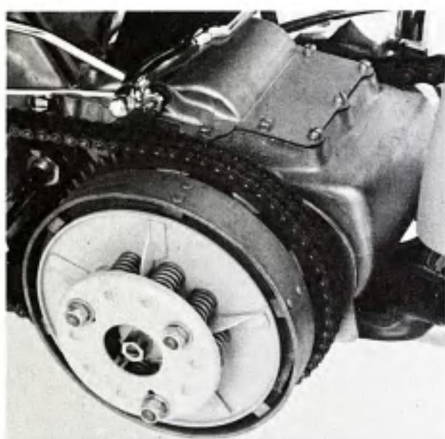
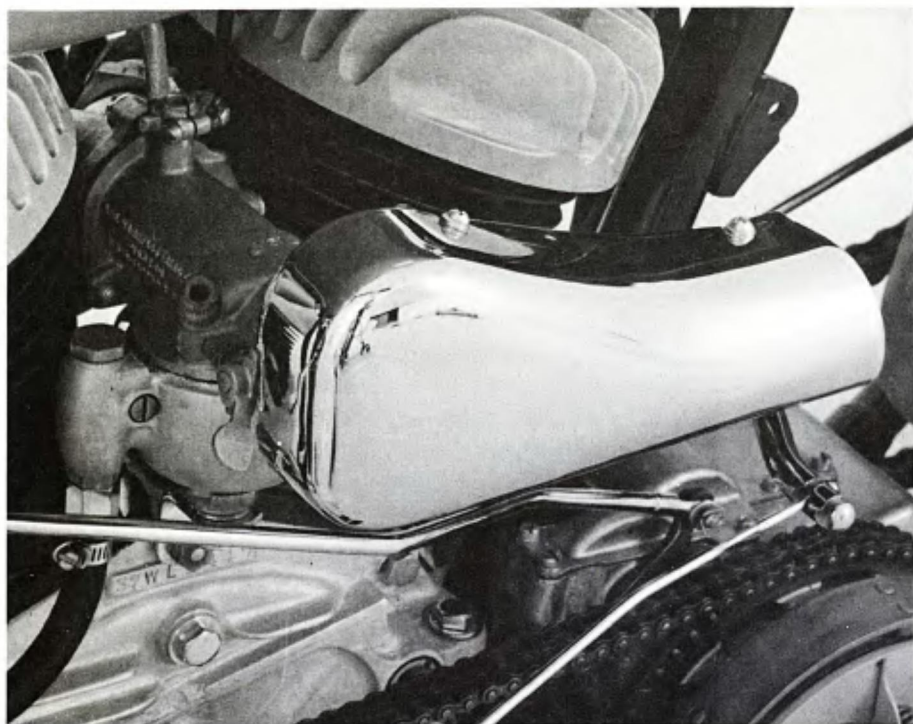
But this beautiful Harley-orange scoot, nicknamed "Baby Harley" (due to it's being the smallest of the V-Twins) and rebuilt right after the birth of its owners' first son, doesn't sit in such relative obscurity. It profiles for all to see in the streets of Denver, Colorado. Proudly.

Phil Howell, owner of Howell's House of Harley, picked up Baby for a song when it wasn't in such remarkable shape. He's



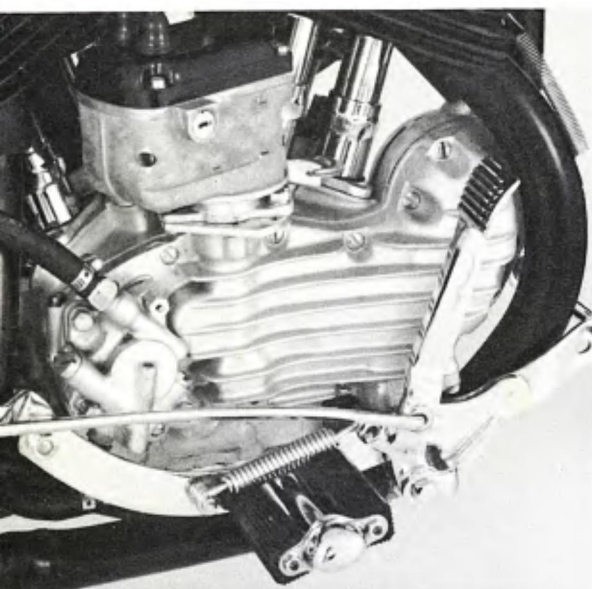




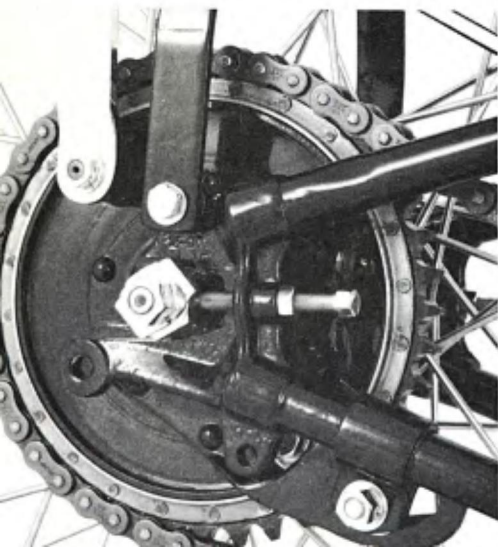


gone through it inside and out, bringing it back to very nearly its original condition. And that was primarily as a Midwestern racer. Flyin' along dirt tracks — actually, horse-racing tracks in all probability. Mixin' up road apples with rooster tails.

This type of racer, the WLA, was designated as a class A bike. Poor man's racers. The high-dollar (for those days) racers from the Harley factory were classified as class C, and rode WRs. The bikes were similar; 750cc 45-cubic-inches, with the WRs incorporating different internal engine compo-



Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Phil and Chris Howell		City: Denver, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1937	
Year and make: 1937 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: WLA Class "A" flat-tracker		Type: rigid	
Value: \$5000		Rake: 30 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: reinforced	
Chroming by: Mile High (nickel)		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: wide	
Year: 1937		Risers: built in	
Model: WLA		Fender(s): modified sport model	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: none	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 45 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: lightened		Front pegs: bicycle-type	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: enough to run	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: left side	
Heads: shaved aluminum		Oil tank: right side	
Cam(s): racing		Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: Paughco		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: stock		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: strap steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt by Don Lewis		Type: H-D springer	
Year: 1937		Extension: stock	
Shifting: hand		Builder: H-D/Paughco	
Engine sprocket: 30		Special features: very clean	
Trans sprocket: 17		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 39		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Shannon Jewell		Rim width: 2.25	Rim width: 2.25
Color: H-D orange		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: Generator block-off plate, stainless-steel spokes and many N.O.S. parts supplied by George Barrack.			

nents, the better for gettin' the jump on the competition.

Phil has restored this one to look as close to a factory product as he possibly could. He added brakes, but they're correct for a '37 — stock mechanicals. He also added nickel-plating for good looks, whereas back then they'd have just had bare metal or black paint, figuring it'd just

get fucked up, anyway, so why doll it up?

It's a rush to see brothers taking time to do research, and search for parts to keep the heritage of Harley-Davidson going strong, even in the eighties, fifty years after the fact. Who said the thirties were depressing? Man, this is our kinda bike.

—Dog Breath



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.

Give Us Back Our Dancin' Girls!

The constipated pinheads who control everything around this community finally ran the topless girls out of town the other day. So much for "freedom of expression" in Agoura, California. I don't know if anyone's had the balls to tell Spider yet. If they have, he's probably out scoutin' for a new office already. You know Spider, he's spent a lifetime followin' the action; he ain't about to quit now. Like most of us, I guess.

As a tramp who's spent a good part of his own life hanging out in what that the great old songwriter A.P. Carter called "those places where the wine and liquor flow," I guess I should be angry as hell at this latest indignity. But the truth is, I'm less furious than I am sad about it all.

What the fuck is goin' on in this country, bros? Within the past four weeks, some slimebag walked into a McDonald's and started blasting away with semi-automatic weapons. Infants, mothers — he didn't give a shit. After everyone was down, he strutted around like he owned the place — finishing off those who were only wounded.

A few days after that little episode, two other hairballs kidnapped one of our Olympic athletes as she was doing her daily training runs. They chained her to a post and shot her in the gut, later killing some dude who tried to rescue her. And, a few days after that, a looney-tunes who hates cops drove his cage down a crowded sidewalk wiping out a bunch of people at a bus stop.

And those are just the slightly

unusual items on the ol' police blotter. The beat of our usual ration of homicides, burglaries, rapes of grandmothers and toddlers, etc., etc., went poundin' on as usual as our so-called public servants kept only-God-knows-how-many cops busy "preserving and protecting" the public by sitting in barrooms "investigating" topless dancing and other such devastating criminal activities.

Those of you who've been around a few years can probably remember back to the late '60s and early '70s when you could find topless/bottomless clubs in or near just about any town or hamlet in the civilized parts of the U.S.A. For the price of a beer, you could be entertained by a sweatin' leggy beauty gyrating her pussy into your face and hitting you upside the head with it.

Was it really so bad? Was the crime rate really that much higher than it is in these more Puritanical times? Were all those beautiful ladies of the smoky beerhalls really rolling drunks and abandoning newborn infants in dumpsters all over America?

Of course not. Crimes in almost every major category have skyrocketed since the so-called moral majority has become a dominant force in national and local politics.

As for those ladies, most of them wouldn't even roll a drunken city councilman (can't blame 'em, it's not safe to handle diseased substances). For my money, dancers are, as a group, the most stand-up women you're ever likely to

have the pleasure of meeting.

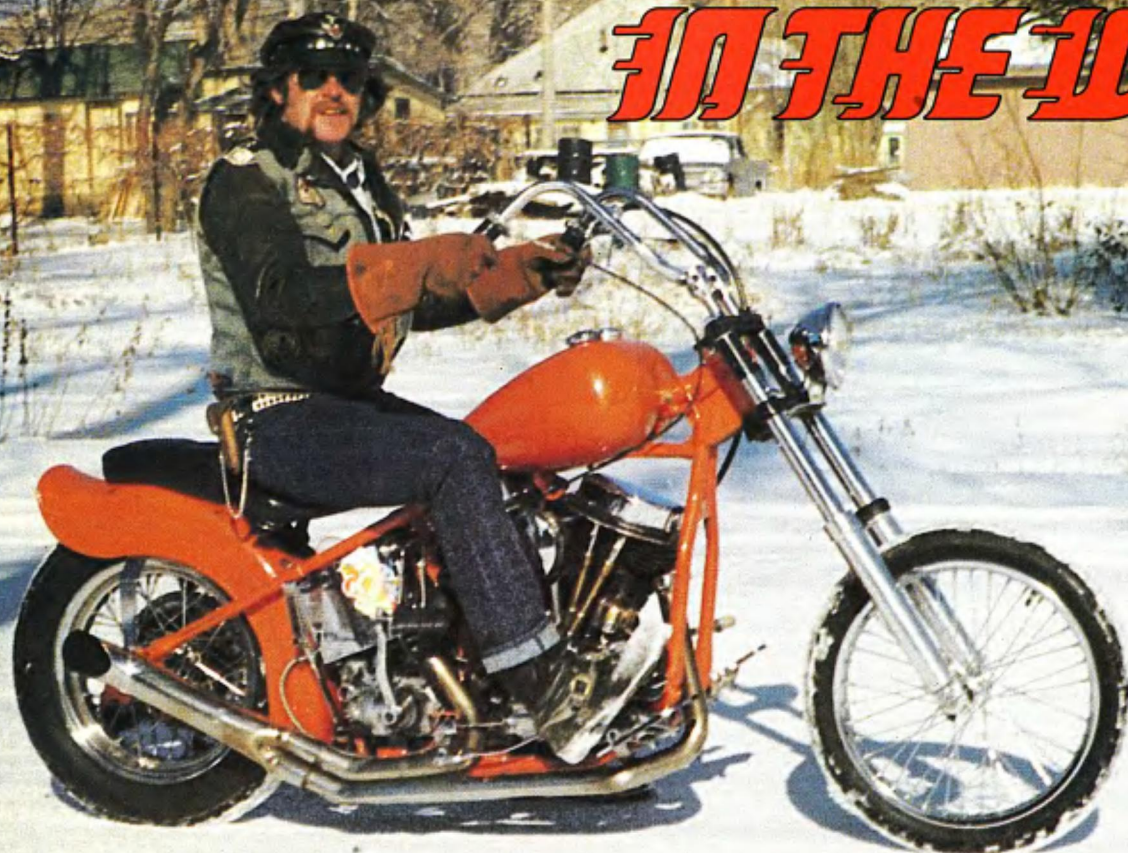
They have a unique way about them. Totally unself-conscious about their bodies, their very movements when doing simple things like walking, or sitting and talking, convey the essence of good clean (or, if you prefer, nice dirty) sex. They've learned what life is about without becoming hardened and indifferent to its pleasures. You'll never have to teach a go-go dancer which way is up — she *always* knows. You'll never have to ask her why she's not having a good time at a party — they *always* have fun at parties.

Sure I know topless/bottomless dancers are hardly an endangered species. There are still lots of places around the country where you can catch their acts. But it's not the same. Bullshit laws have taken a lot of the fun out of it. Many "clubs" that feature 'em these days aren't allowed to sell booze; still others require ya go through a lot of bullshit (and often expense) to become a member. It's just not the same as simply layin' your bike over on its stand, walking in a bar and finding yourself catching the tail (pardon the pun) end of a low-down rug act.

So much for nostalgia. To make up for the income lost when the chicks were run out, the bar owner down the street converted his bistro into a fantasyland for faggots — complete with limp-dicked and limper-wristed "go-go boys." Strangely enough, our beloved city fathers haven't said shit. Guess it's just another sign of the fuckin' times.

— Trampo

IN THE WIND



—from Ken Robison, Florence, Colo.

—from Criss Morgan, Baton Rouge, La.





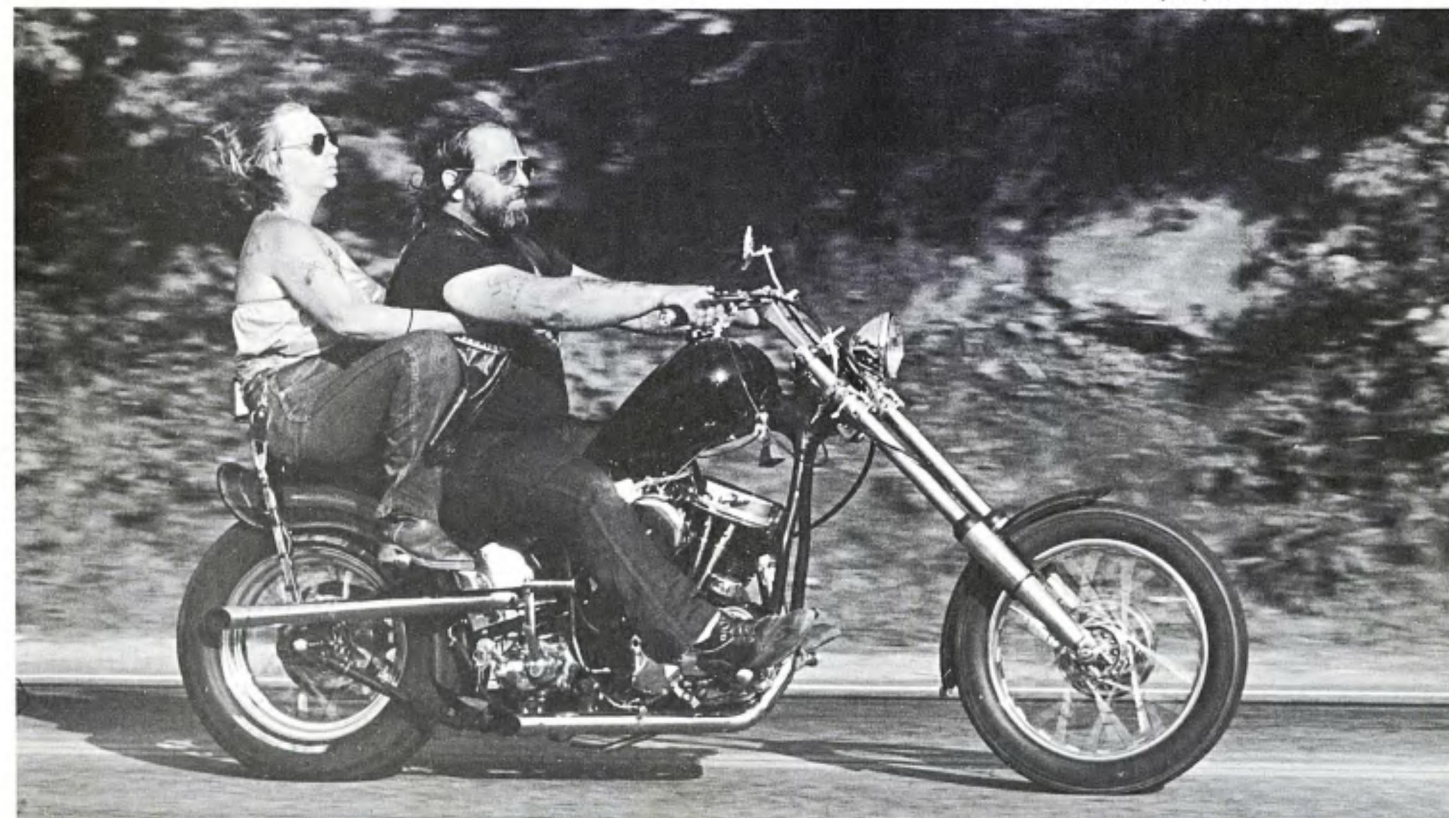
—from Ted Kozloski, Lorain, Ohio

—from Bob Goff, Fresno, Calif.



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

—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.





—from Rickey Johnson, San Francisco, Calif.



—from Arkansas, Belvidere, N.J.



—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from L.E. Nordbye, Lakewood, Calif.



—from Raybo, Arlington, Va.

—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



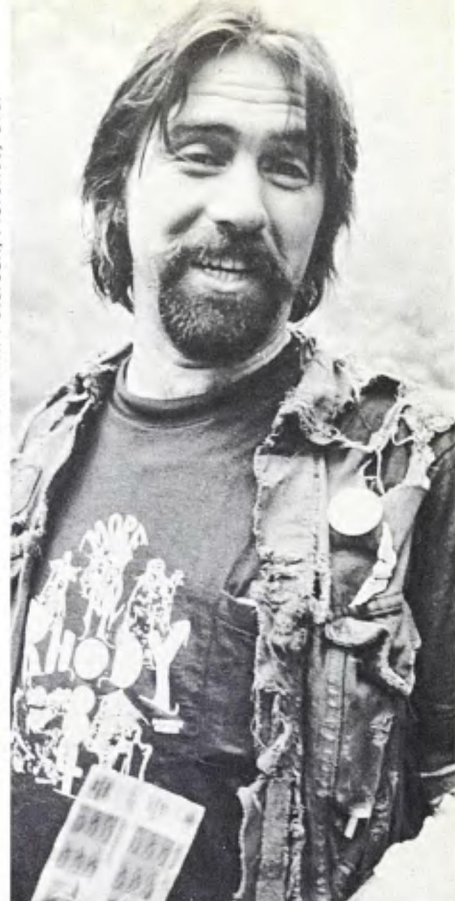


—from Billy T., New Milford, Conn.



—from Lisa Waymire, Tipton, Ind.

—from Kim Peterson, Florence, Ore.



—from Jim McCoy, Hermon, N.Y.





—from Jim Fulton, Cochranville, Pa.



—from Peter Perfect, Burgettstown, Pa.



—from Reklis, Costa Mesa, Calif.

VACATION FLORIDA

THE SUNSHINE STATE



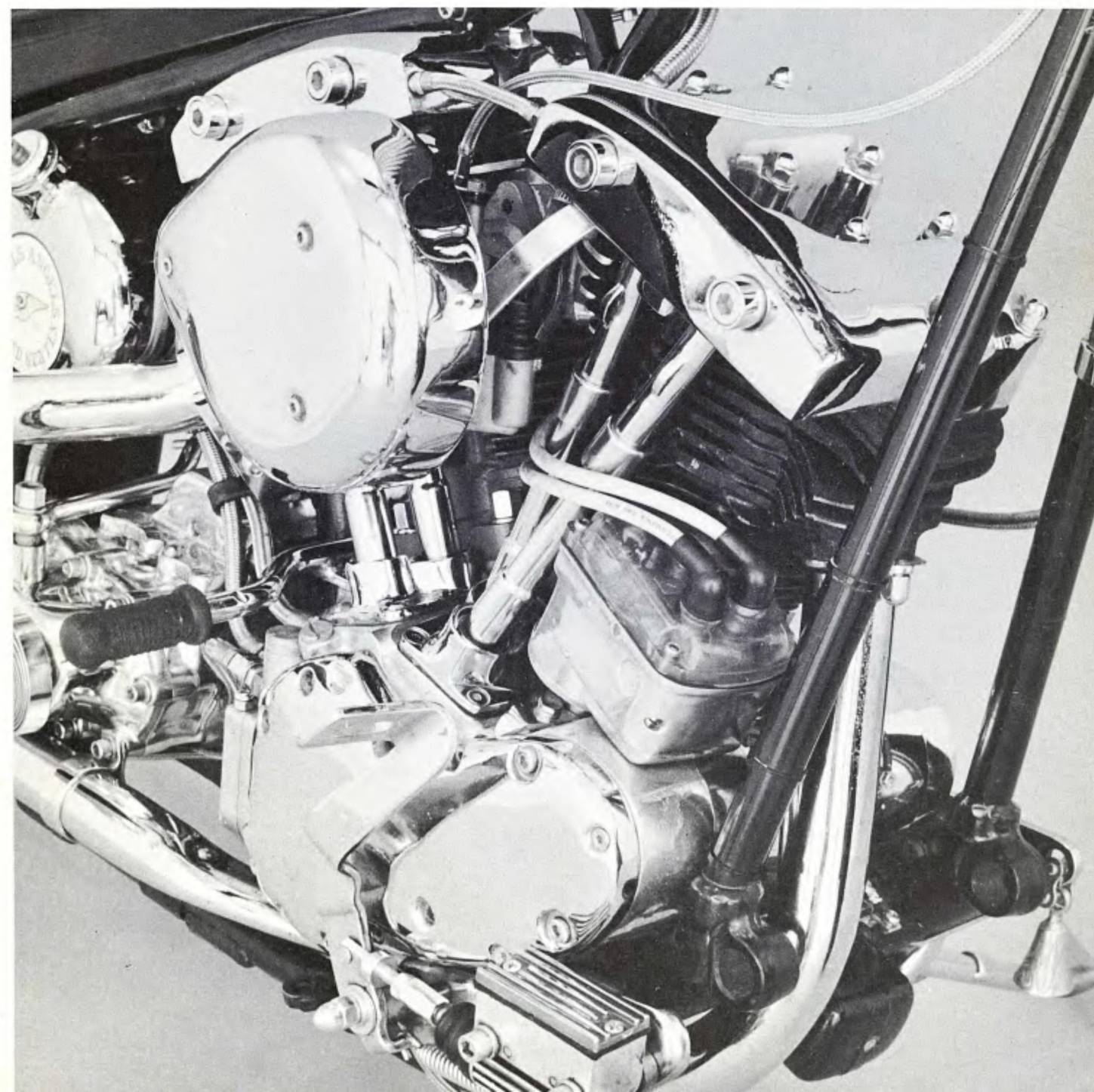
BAY BOMBER

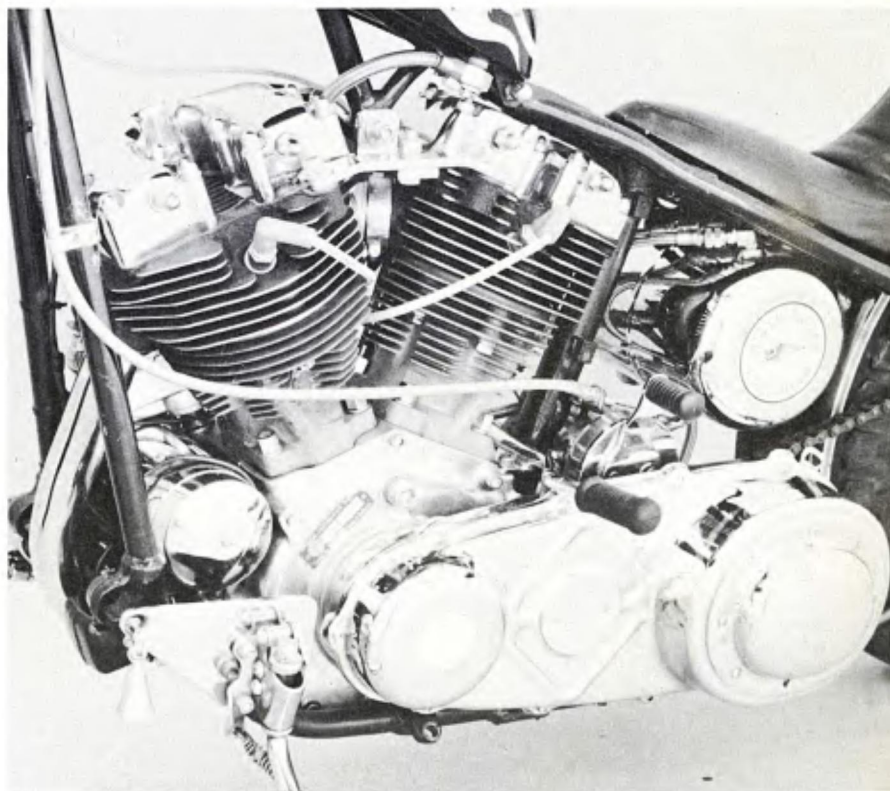
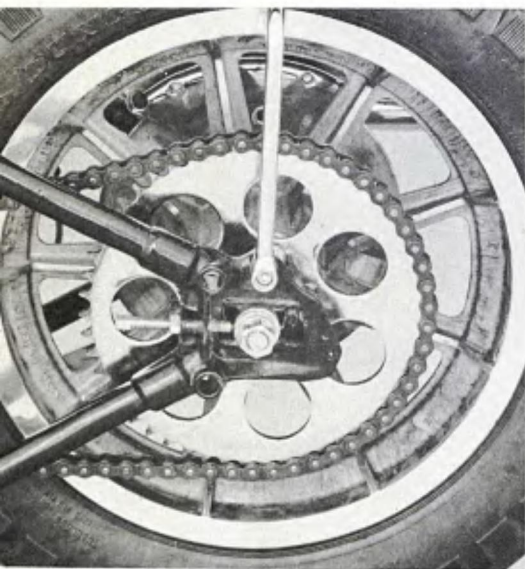
Ready for flight, ready to fight, this flashy scoot was built to conquer the freeways, bridges, and year-round riding climate of the famed San Francisco Bay area.

Ah, San Francisco. San Francisco, indeed. The great earthquake, the little cable cars, Tony What's-His-Name gettin' gutted and puttin' home without his heart. San Francisco. . . Fisherman's Wharf with its irresisti-

ble aroma of the Chinese Women's Volleyball Team locker room. San Francisco . . . Treasure Island and Alcatraz. San Francisco . . . "Open up, open up, that Golden Gate," and "Not until after you pay, big boy."







Owner: John Wood		City: Richmond, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Chicago Joe/owner		Year: 1954	
Year and make: 1965 H-D		Builder: Chicago Joe/owner	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: not for sale		Rake: 39 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: 4 in.	
Time: 11 days		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Action/BACC		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Richmond Bars	
Year: 1965		Risers: built into bars	
Model: FL		Fender(s): Custom Chrome	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Joe Hunt Magneto		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: Spoon	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: owner	
Cases: House of Horse Power		Gas tank: altered Sporty by C.J.	
Heads: 1983		Oil tank: 5-qt. spun-aluminium	
Cam(s): 440 Sifton		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Andrea's mother	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Chicago Joe	
Pipes: owner		Height: 12 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: round stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: FXE	
Year: 1977		Extension: 8 in.	
Shifting: quick shift		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 14mm Primo belt		Special features: shaved lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Keith		Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Painter: some guy in Richmond		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: white, black, green, red, yellow		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D juice	Brake: H-D juice
Special paint: electrostatic paint on frame			
Other special modifications: Milled calipers, oil cap by Jim Burger.			

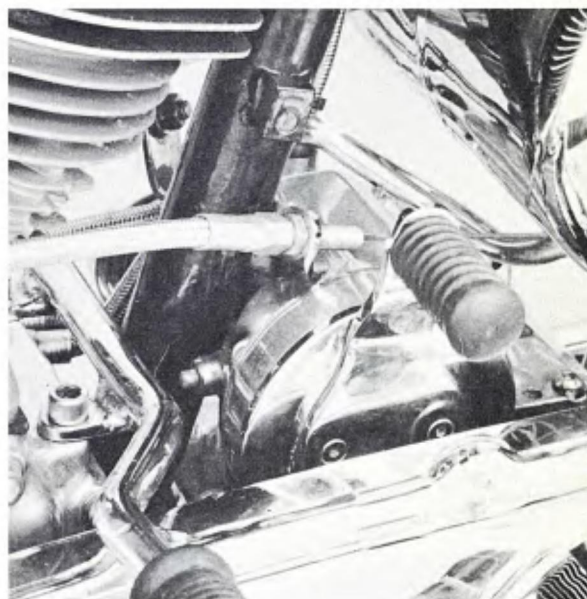
Yeah, San Francisco's a great town in a great area. Some really great biker towns are up there — Oakland, San Leandro, San Jose, Concord, and, the hometown of this far-out ride, Richmond.

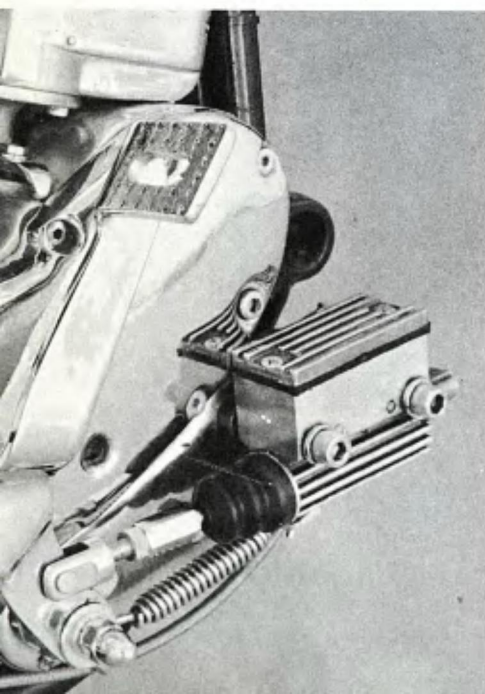
With all that it's got goin' for it, ya'd think that a dude's memories of the San Francisco Bay area would be topped by thoughts of a particularly great party, ride, lay or brawl. Not mine, though.

The first things that come to my mind about the Bay Area is that it's where Roller Derby was invented; providing a home to the very first "America's Team" (long before plastic-man Tom Landry copped the phrase for the Dallas Cowboys), the San Francisco Bay Bombers.

The Bay Bombers — what a fuckin' team. Charlie O'Connell grinding an opponent's face into the track. Joannie

Weston — the Big Blond Amazon, as she was reverently billed — elbowing some unlucky broad in the tit and tossing her over the rail into the ringside seats. The jammers scattering bodies about them as they broke loose from the pack. Watching the Bay Bombers skate was like watching your brothers beating up on some rival club without having to worry about the cops showing up.





If ya think about it, Roller Derby is very much like bikin'. It's rough and tumble, and if some asshole cuts ya off, yer expected to elbow the turd out of the way. The only rules are survive and win.

Which is one reason this scooter reminded me of the good ol' days watching the Bay Bombers kick ass and bloody noses out at the Cow Palace. Not only is this bike from the Bay Area town of Richmond — home to a number of former Bay Bomber stars, incidently — but it's a bike built and ridden by a rock-hard winner.

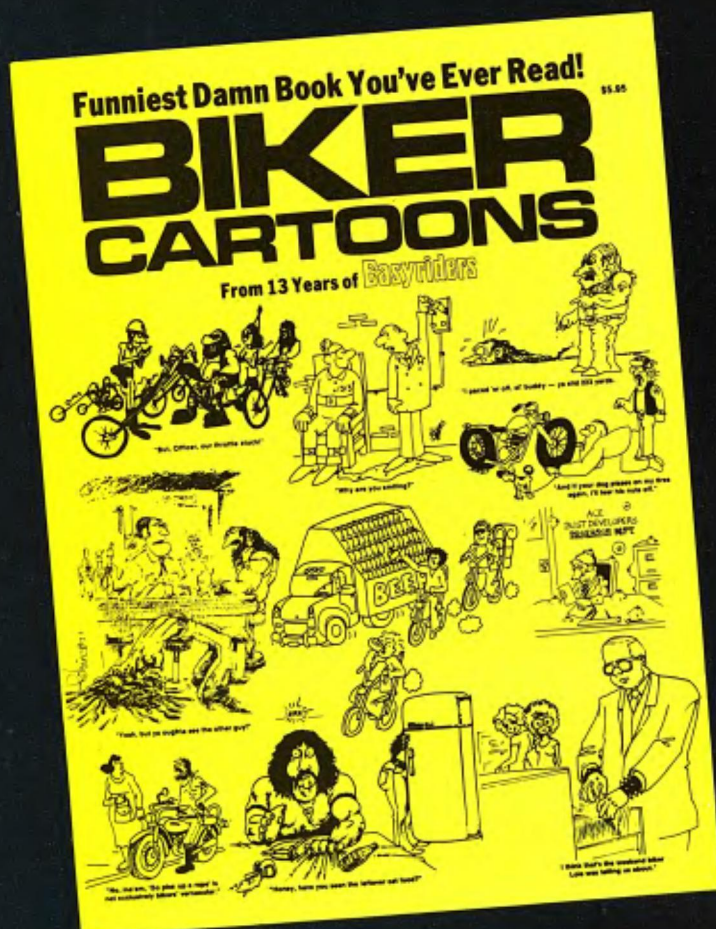
Look at the clean lines, the arrogance of the feathered skull on the gas tank — "Live free or die, cocksuckers," it seems to be shouting. This bike was put together in 11 — count 'em, eleven — days. You don't build a machine like this unless you're a winner — bound and determined to extract the most from every day you've got.

After all, when ya get right down to it, winning — jammin' free and ahead of the pack — is what it's all about, in biking as well in Roller Derby.

— Trampo

Easyriders

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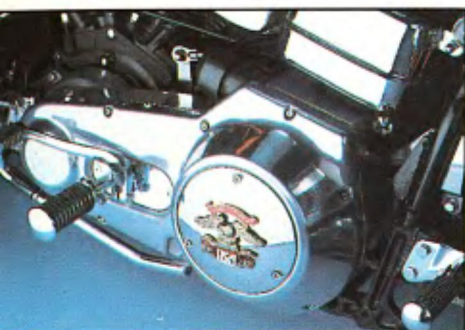


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Outer Primary Cover

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)

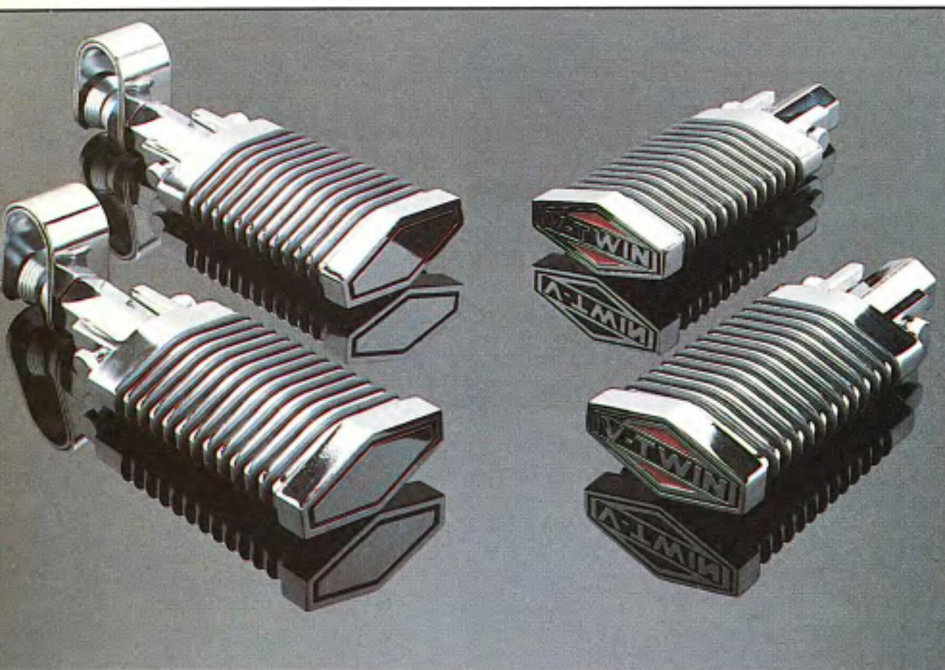
#100 Chrome \$98.00

#101 Black \$88.00

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

#102 Chrome \$98.00

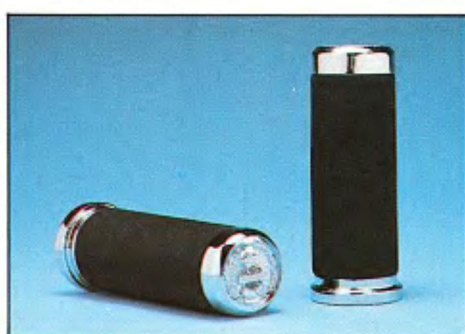
#103 Black \$88.00



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

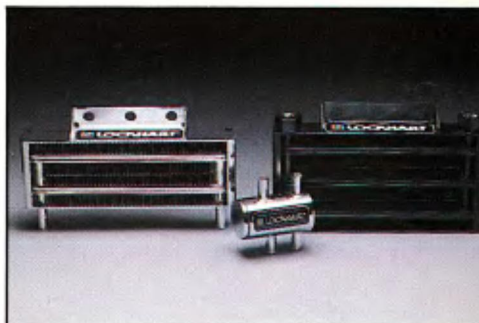
#115 Chrome \$80.00

#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





Front Dual Disc Caliper Set

A set of complete brake caliper units for all Harley models with dual disc front ends 1977-83 (except FLT). These models include the XLCR 1977-78; XL 1979-83 and FX 1977-83. Each caliper is complete with brake pads, caliper pins, bushings and a piece of anti-rattle foam tape. Available chrome or with a durable bright black finish.

- #105 Chrome \$213.00
#106 Black \$170.00

2:1 Speedometer

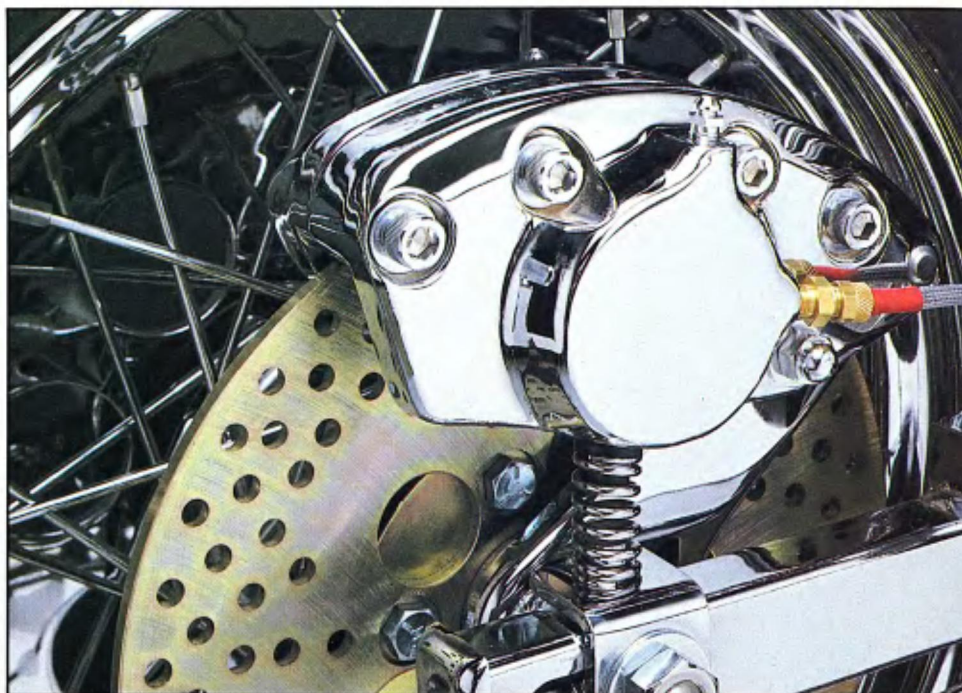
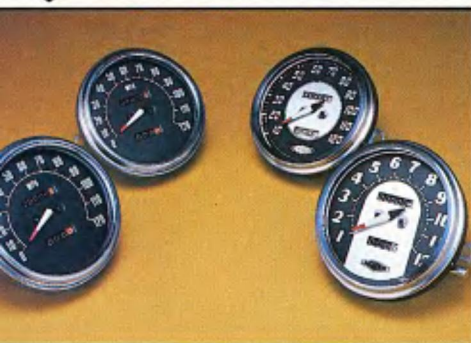
A replacement speedo for Harley FL models 1947-67 with a 2:1 ratio transmission drive. This speedo can also be used on FX models when old style dashes are used. Front wheel drive applications on FX models require a custom speedo cable (#130). Available with a modern or antique face.

- #128 With modern face \$68.00
#129 With antique face \$65.00
#130 Custom Cable \$9.00

1:1 Speedometer

A replacement speedo for Harley FL models 1968-84 with a 1:1 ratio transmission drive. Available with a modern or antique face.

- #131 With modern face \$68.00
#132 With antique face \$65.00



Rear Disc Brake Caliper

A complete replacement brake caliper assembly. This assembly will fit FL front late 1972-83; FL rear 1973-80 and FX rear late 1973-80.

- #107 Chrome \$141.00
#108 Black \$112.00



Eagle™ Goggles

Genuine leather-constructed goggles. These goggles feature a two-piece lens made of non-scratch, smoke-tinted acrylic. Other features include air vents, adjustable headband and six-position lens adjuster.

- #135 \$30.00

Steel Braided Hose Kits

Custom stainless-steel braided hose kits for fuel and oil line applications. Each kit includes a pre-cut length of braided hose and an appropriate number of hose ends.

Oil Line Hose Kit

A universal stainless-steel oil line kit containing 6 feet of 3/8" braided hose and 8 chrome ends.

- #133 \$45.00

Fuel Line Hose Kit

A universal stainless-steel fuel line kit containing 3 feet of 1/4" braided hose and 6 chrome ends.

- #134 \$25.00



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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

PAYMENT METHOD DO NOT SEND CASH

☐ PERSONAL CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

☐ MASTER CARD ☐ VISA

CREDIT CARD NUMBER

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

EXPIRATION DATE

--	--

SIGNATURE

X _____

ORDERS NOT VALID WITHOUT SIGNATURE

ALLOW 3 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

ITEM #	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL	ITEM #	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
100		\$98.00		118		\$66.00	
101		\$88.00		119		\$115.00	
102		\$98.00		120		\$110.00	
103		\$88.00		121		\$90.00	
104		\$17.00		122		\$120.00	
105		\$213.00		123		\$100.00	
106		\$170.00		124		\$45.00	
107		\$141.00		125		\$40.00	
108		\$112.00		126		\$23.00	
109		\$21.00		127		\$28.00	
110		\$21.00		128		\$68.00	
111		\$24.00		129		\$65.00	
112		\$21.00		130		\$9.00	
113		\$21.00		131		\$68.00	
114		\$24.00		132		\$65.00	
115		\$80.00		133		\$45.00	
116		\$66.00		134		\$25.00	
117		\$80.00		135		\$30.00	

Total Merchandise Amount

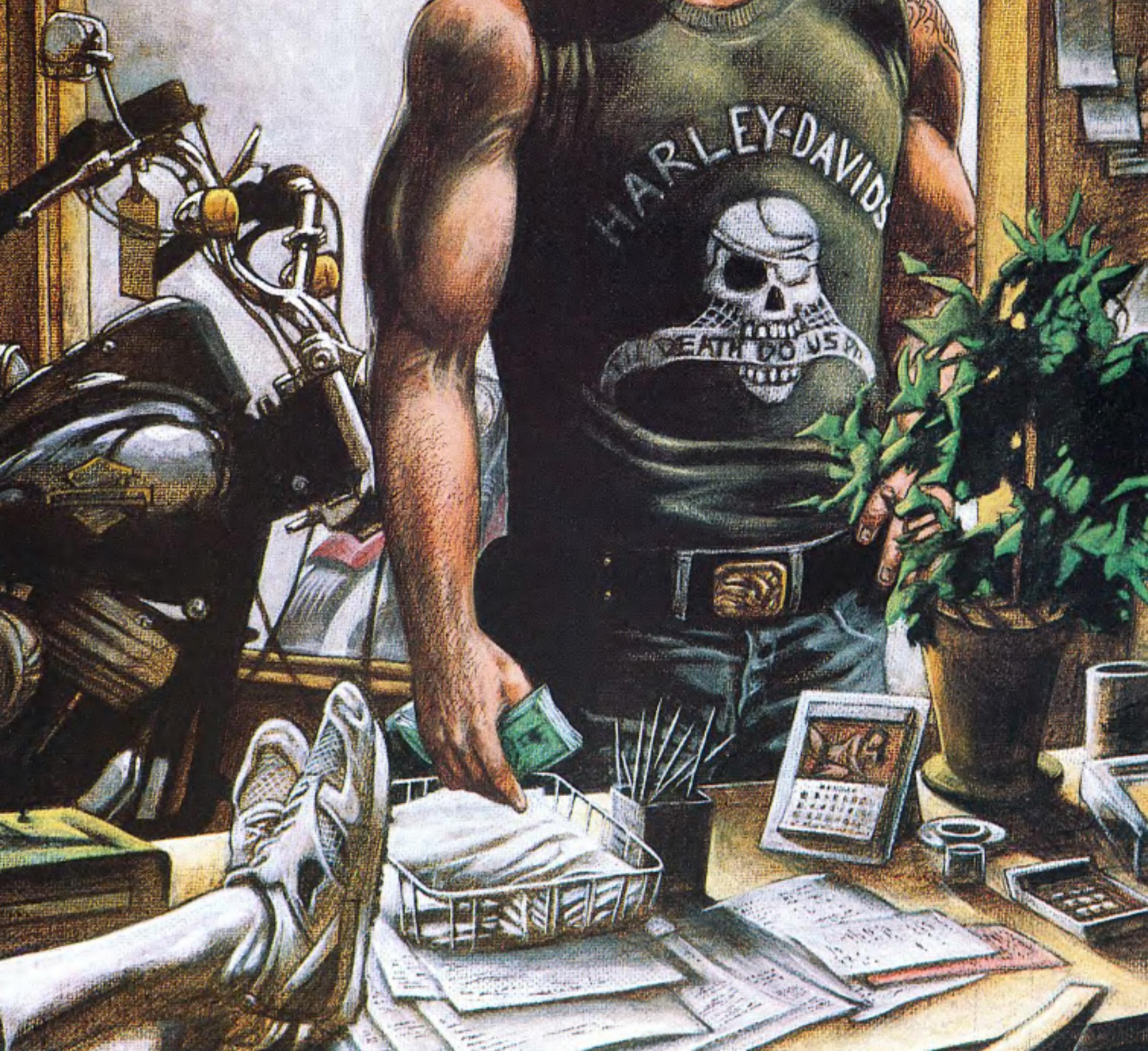
Sales Tax California Residents please add 6% Sales Tax

Postage & Handling

GRAND TOTAL

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

SALES SERVICE



M·O·V·I·N·G U·P

I'll not have you riding one of those motorcycles — they're nothing but death traps!" my father's words came back to me. Ten years ago he'd said that when I asked him to sign the parent-consent block on the motorcycle permit application. I'd waited out the two remaining years until I could get the license without getting approval from anyone.

Ten years and thousands of miles had passed since then. I'd learned a lot from the many bikes that had been under me. Not the easy way, either. A permanently stiff wrist reminded of that with a jolt of pure pain everytime I squeezed the clutch on a cold morning. But the pain would disappear as the warmth of circulation soothed the old wound. It was a reminder to watch the curves, go easy on wet roads, watch every car as though it were a killer bent on causing my destruction.

My love of bikes had always been an obsession my poor parents could never understand. They watched as I poured all my money into those "damn motorcycles" and accident after accident caused them to live with the constant fear that one day I wouldn't walk away from a wreck and simply fix my bike and ride again.

* * *

I stared intently at the black-and-chrome Hog, that beast of burden bred from the finest lines. Her black lacquer paint shimmered in the florescent light of the showroom and the chrome glittered, shattering the light into hundreds of shiny points. I ran a finger across her tank. She was cold to the touch, but, oh, so warm to the heart and soul.

My finger still on the tank, I glanced out the showroom window. My Suzuki GS750 was resting there, leaning nonchalantly against her stand. She wasn't worried — she knew I'd come back to her, or so she thought. Many times I'd parked her in the Harley dealer's lot as I drooled over the machines I really wanted to own. But this time was different. I had the money now. Four years of hard work in the Navy on countless 12-hour shifts had finally paid off. All that was left was to accept the offer.

It wasn't a bad deal at all. A good trade-in price on the Suzi had been offered, and I had more than enough cash to cover the remaining cost. But there were other things to consider. I had a wife — our marriage was only months old — and a baby on the way.

My old conditioned thinking tried to turn me away. "You're gonna need that money for more important things," the little voice inside chided me. But the lure of the Hog was strong. Her smooth lines and glittering chrome formed a new picture in my mind, one of endless seaside highways, mountain vistas, winding roads through the greenest valleys. The beautiful mellow throb of the Harley mill was playing in my soul, talking to me. Urging me to take her. She knew I wouldn't hurt her —

she felt the same longing for me I felt for her.

Moments ago a shorts-and-T-shirt-clad punk had touched her, even kicked her tires. No, she didn't want him — he wouldn't care for her, feed her the fresh oil she needed at regular intervals, or wash her body. He would let her get old before her time. Rust, like a cancer, would consume her youth.

The punk was young, too young to appreciate her. His rich parents, anxious to indulge him, would supply the money. To him she was merely a toy, like the Tonka trucks he'd left to rot in the sandbox. No, she didn't want him. She wanted a man who'd respect her and the dangers of the road. She wouldn't stand for him. He'd be thrown off her back like an unbroken mustang would throw a green would-be rider.

I burst into the sales office. The punk was already there, his feet propped up on the desk. "I'll take the Hog! I've made up my mind!" I blurted out.

"Too late," sneered the punk. "We got a deal going here. That's my bike now."

Papers were strewn all over the desk, but nothing had been signed. I pulled a fat wad of hundreds from my leathers, and the Suzi's pink slip from my wallet. I dropped it in a pile on the desk. Looking right in the punk's eyes, I said, "You got cash, boy?"

"No," he answered, "but one phone call and my dad will wire me enough cash to buy ten Harleys."

Hah! I'd been right about the punk. I despised him, but at the same time, I felt sorry for him. He'd never understand the value of things, or feel a great sense of pride from owning and riding a Hog. Everything just came too easily — and too fast — to him.

The salesman broke the silence. "Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Bonnelly, but today's Saturday and the money you offer to have wired couldn't possibly reach our bank until Monday. I'm afraid I'm going to have to let the bike go." He glanced at me. "Won't you have a seat?" he said. "And we'll get all the paperwork out of the way." There was only one chair on the customers' side of the desk. The punk got the message and left, cussing on his way out the door.

The sun broke through the clouds as I wheeled the Hog out of the showroom. I walked over to my old Suzi, patted her tank gently, and reminisced about all the good times and miles we'd shared. Gripping the throttle one last time, I bid her farewell. She'd served me well and never let me down. Walking away from her, I hoped her next owner would take the same good care of her as I had. I straddled the big Hog and she roared to life on the second kick. I warmed her up, then let her engine idle to a slow rhythmic *thumpity-thump*. The mellow music of her pipes consumed me, making every pore tingle with the knowledge that I had taken the step that separates bikers from motorcyclists. I'd moved up.

By Tiny

LOCKDOWN

By Bob Collins

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

Prisons are the biggest source of job security in the United States — and if we accept the statistics given by *U.S.A. Today*, it would appear that there are plenty of other countries with similar employment goals.

South Africa has 440 prisoners per 100,000 population; the Soviet Union has 391 prisoners per 100,000 population and the United States is third in line with 251 per 100,000 population. Not to be left out is New Guinea with 169, Thailand with 158, Venezuela with 151, Singapore with 139, Israel with 137, and the tiny island of Fiji with 124 per 100,000 population.

From all appearances, it seems the United States is actively competing to come out as Numero Uno in the convict race — just as in the race for more arms and defensive weapons. In evidence we can look at the construction plans of the following states:

- Columbia, S.C., has a three-year plan to hire 808 new officers and spend \$58.2 million in upgrading and rebuilding existing prisons.

- Columbus, Ohio, authorities have borrowed \$122 million from the Ohio Building Authority to build three new prisons.

- Springfield, S.D., has plans to convert the University of South Dakota-Springfield into a jail. This plan was rejected by the state legislature, but will be reintroduced in the next session.

- Leesburg, N.J., has just opened the nation's largest prefabricated prison, a medium-security facility, at a cost of \$17 million for 560 beds.

- Utah is considering building one prison for each of its seven judicial districts.

- Duluth, Minn., has transformed an air base into a prison for 500 inmates.

- Huntsville, Tex., prison officials say that they need an extra \$25 million to hire 800 more correctional officers.

That's just the tip of the iceberg. California already has twelve major adult prisons and is now in the process of building ten more medium- and maximum-security facilities.



Illustration by Mike Doherty

Authorities claim that an initial \$495 million bond issue was not enough; hence the governor is now trying to allocate another \$1 billion to support that state's massive prison system. According to prison officials in California, the state's prison population is approximately 150 percent over design capacity, and by the time the new prisons are ready for occupancy in 1987, the system will have approximately 57,000 prisoners and be 12,000 beds short. That means they'll need an *additional* six or seven prisons.

Overcrowding is not unique to California. Several other states are faced with the same problem and have been ordered by the courts to either cut back on their prison populations or be forced to institute early release programs. Among those states are: Texas, Florida, Kentucky, Illinois, Nebraska, Wisconsin, South Carolina, Arizona and Washington. Some states, like Texas, have already been subject to federal intervention and have court-appointed monitors overseeing their prison systems.

Overcrowding has its effects on prison personnel as well as inmates. Ranging from food and work strikes to inmate-on-inmate and inmate-on-staff assaults, the caged and their keepers vent their frustrations — explosively.

A few examples: An officer was stabbed in Nebraska while preventing an escape; in Missouri, 13 drunken inmates killed an officer; in California, an officer was himself stabbed while trying to assist one inmate stabbed by another. Also in California, in a 40-day period between June 4, 1984, and July 14, 1984, five inmates were killed at San Quentin and there were another 60 assaults on staff and inmates. At the California Medical Facility, a mental holding pen as well as a prison, there have been over 200 assaults on inmates and staff in a two-year period.

Anytime you stick a person in a cage which measures 11' x 5' x 9', you're asking for trouble. When you place two persons in that same area, the fuse to a time bomb has been lit. According to Anthony P. Travisono, Executive Director of the American Correctional Association, in 1983 the United States had 800 overcrowded prisons, or approximately an average of 25 percent over capacity design — a rate he says, "...increases the potential for escapes by reducing supervision levels and aggravating inmate tensions. You have a tendency to move people to less secure facilities when they don't really fit the bill."

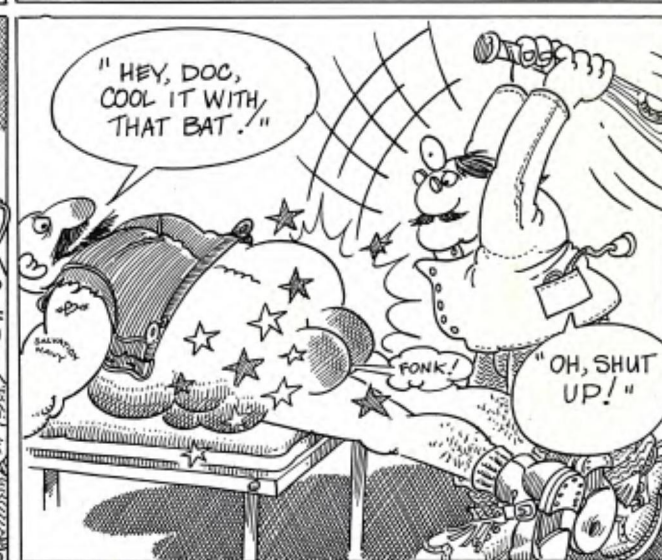
Inmates don't care for the potentially explosive situations either, as evidenced by the number of civil actions filed by inmates and/or prison reform groups. In Oklahoma, when prisoners set fire to five buildings at a cost of \$15 million, an investigation revealed that inmates had warned the prison staff that a riot was about to kick off. In Attica, N.Y., prison administrators had been forewarned of problems; at New Mexico, the problems were evident, but nothing was done to correct them. Some prisoners in the California system are saying that if that system doesn't move rapidly to clean up its act, the uprisings at Attica and New Mexico will pale in comparison. This is a prognostication that neither staff nor inmates look forward to.

What causes overcrowding? It's a question with *Continued on page 102*

GUS IS OUT OF JAIL AGAIN, AS USUAL HE'S ALL FUCKED UP...

GUS

HERE WE FIND GUS FARTING AROUND A LARGE METROPOLITAN FREE CLINIC.....



DOWNTIME

By Bomber

Music provides the type of enjoyment that instantly conjures up visions of freedom, the feeling of soaring with eagles as you pull back on the throttle on a deserted stretch of highway. Just you and your machine, outside on the road. Lost in the expanse of it all, with a tune in your head and the pipes acting as an instrument of their own, fillin' in the bottom end of your musical, travelin' fantasy.

That scenario may be fine for you and me. But maybe not for this dude over here. The guy who's locked down cold inside an institution, doing his court-appointed time of atonement for past misdeeds. Following a regimen designed to turn him and his fellow inmates into non-thinking, homogenized humans, incapable of rocking the boat. Doing time with the least amount of resistance — that's the goal of the system.

Now we know how hard it is to break a man's spirit, especially a biker's, but when you're on the inside it's a whole new ball game. A structured facsimile of life. Things can get the best of you.

Two men who've played the game and are likely to come out of prison with their heads up, ready to adapt to "free" society, to make a go of it through their own creativity and determination to remain individuals, are **Vern McKee**, incarcerated at Vacaville, California, and **George L. Davidson**, currently doing his bit at Soledad, California.

This "Downtime" is dedicated to the people on the inside who are giving everything they have to rise above the monotonous drudgery of everyday prison life. To make more of themselves.

Vern McKee/Fathers And



VERN MCKEE

Sons: As far as we know, McKee is the first man to put out his own record album from inside a correctional institution. He did it completely on his own, saving up \$12,000 to produce this inside-the-walls, C&W-tinted affair. Ten years of being down provided the impetus. McKee drew his time for killing a man, a homosexual who himself had been convicted three times for child molestation. (Not that that's right, it's just the facts, as the late Jack Webb used to say.)

Remember, this record wasn't done in a highfalutin' Nashville or Hollywood sound studio. Also, all the musicians are, or were, inmates. But, guarantee ya, after one listening to the first tune, "Good Guys, Bad Guys," you won't know the difference. This record's got heart, soul, and class.

Obviously, the main in-

spiration and theme behind the songs on **Fathers And Sons** is being in the joint. The inherent bleakness is expertly expressed in songs like "Carry Me Away," the lead tune on side two, where the convict begs the "lonesome wind to take this man to another world, a world that's free," so that someday he can "leave the house of the dead." Another big concern of dudes who are locked down is what's going on with their ol' ladies back home. McKee addresses this on "Don't Mess Around," when he advises the ol' lady's potential suitors "to stay away while I'm gone, I don't even want to see your shadow around here."

Honesty is, oddly enough, one of the stand-out characteristics of prison life. Being honest in your surroundings is a

highly prized ability. On "Been Down So Long," an admission is made that "I'm crooked, I never could make enough money to just get by, now they locked me back in prison like I knew they would." This is sung against a great twangin' guitar that turns into a moaner on the next tune, "Light At The End Of The Tunnel," a song about persistence in the face of walled-in adversities.

Vern is due to be released in February of '85 at which time he can get on with his multifaceted career. In addition to being a musician, writer, and author, he's also an excellent artist. That particular talent provided him with most of the dough to put **Fathers And Sons** together. He's won several art shows and donated much of his prize-winning art to the prison's art department. He also painted a 320-foot mural in the visiting room at Vacaville to brighten things up for the prisoners' wives and children.

To further help his fellow inmates, Vern is donating a percentage of the money garnered from sales of **Fathers And Sons** back to the prison for musicians of the future. For info on how to get your own copy of this record, write Roger McKee, Blue Denim Records, 1719 Locke Rd., Modesto, CA 95355. **Fathers And Sons** is a high-quality effort that isn't just "good for a prison record." It's a good collection of songs on their own merit, about a place most people would rather ignore.

George L. Davidson/Rusty Smith And The Saddle Tramps, All I Wanna Do Is Make Good Music: Now that's one fuckin' long name for a band and its first album, but there's a reason behind it. George Davidson is the songwriter, musician and muscle behind his onstage

Continued on page 106

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☾ Drop your drawers and grab your throttle — it's full speed ahead all month. You're in for a generous helping of juicy snack-time, including sneaking a little (or big) snatch on the side. This nut-cracking period will leave ya wondering who let the air outta your gonads. Go for it, but don't let your balls overload your brains. Look before ya leap!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

☾ Fasten your seat belt, you're in the danger zone the first half of the month. Lighten up on your lead foot before ya lay a lip-lock on the pavement. A solution to a recent mind-boggling situation slaps you upside the head and depletes your dwindling dollars. You learn a hard lesson about letting go of losers — a day late and a dollar short!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

★ It's prime time for a change of scene, residence, job, partner, or even underwear. Past restrictions peter out and put you in a position for plush payoffs. Pressure applied in the proper places puts you in the driver's seat and on the road to success. Stick to your own judgement and shine on know-it-all bullshit.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

☾ Take a rain check on piss-poor advice that a partner passes your way. You need some expert counseling and a shitload of common sense; otherwise, a minor mishap multiplies and you'll have to cough up cash you could've kept. Take time out to get crazy with your favorite crack and grease up your crank. Play it safe — be sure.

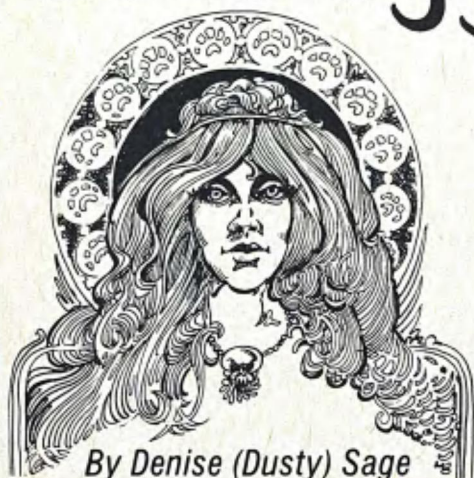
Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

☾ This month starts out with its finger up your ass, making it hard to get going. It's time to pull the plug on previous plans and take a few shortcuts. (Keep 'em legal.) Don't be scared of a calculated risk now — luck is in your lap. Save time on fuck-ups by getting all the facts first. Leave the legwork to your ol' lady.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

☾ Hold your nose and dive in! This month you get a piece that'll burst your eardrums and it could be love at first bite. Watch out though, because you might get in over your head. Still, if you're looking for a permanent househouse, this

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Sagittarius

Sagittarius is the freedom-lover of the zodiac, and his style is independent, honest, blunt and outgoing. In keeping with that, Sagittarius has a sense of humor that would cheer the pants off a priest. He goes in for cheap thrills and will do anything if dared — causing him to be ever-so-slightly accident-prone.

Don't expect Sagittarius to hang around home base too long. He'd rather be on the road, or shooting off his mouth with his pals. If you can't handle the truth, don't ask Sagittarius his opinion. He won't sugar-coat anything and doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut.

Sagittarius loves anything fast: cars, bikes, fucks, or a good race of any sort. He cannot take boredom or life in the slow lane.

Sagittarius is quick to jump between the sheets, but has a tendency to shoot

off his wad too fast and talk incessantly while humping. (He also blows his nose on pillow cases.) Still, he is a hot fuck while he lasts, and he's even better during group sex and dinner.

Some famous Sagittarii, past and present, are: Woody Allen, Harpo Marx, Jane Fonda, Tim Conway, J. Paul Getty, John Cassavetes and Dick Clark (who?).

Sagittarius is prone to hip injuries, broken ribs, liver ailments, and ring around the asshole, but he's also a fast healer (and lick). The old Sags have saddle sores on their scrotums and sleep in a "Lone Ranger" mask.

Value your Sagittarius. He'll keep your spirits up, tell you where it's at — at all times — and always leave you laughing. A six-pack and a slow screw is all that's lacking, so buy the brew and hang a weight on his ass.

could be the fur-burger with the secret sauce you've been craving. Get out and find her!

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

☾ Trouble may rear its head in a very unlikely spot this month, so be on the lookout for telltale signs. This one isn't gonna take care of itself, or go

away if ya ignore it. If the ol' lady suddenly starts cold-shoulder-in' ya, find out what the fuck is botherin' her before the shit really hits the fan. On the other hand, ya don't need to jump just because someone tells ya to. The real trick here is finding out exactly what the beef is, and then dealin' with it.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

☾ Had something cooking over low heat for a while? Now's the time to turn up the burner on it and go for broke. Don't be put off by lowlifes who come crawlin' outta the woodwork now to tell ya how much they need your time, cash, body, etc. They aren't gonna help ya at all; they're just sniffin' around because they know you're onto something good. Give 'em the boot and enjoy what's comin' to ya.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

☾ This one's all yours, so, happy birthday, party hearty, and don't forget to take your vitamins! Everything should be comin' up roses for ya, but remember to watch out for the occasional thorn — don't hop into the rack until ya know who's already there under the sheets. When plannin' your annual birthday ballathon, keep in mind what happened last year. Soundproof the orgy room and tell the neighbors you're gonna be testing new jungle-survival techniques that night under a grant from the government. (Ya don't want 'em calling the cops again this year, do ya?)

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

☾ Looks like last month's advice was either over your head or you ran outta ass-wipe and cleaned your Tootsie Roll off with it. Lighten up on that load of grub you're pushin' in your face, unless you want to start using your two-foot turds for a doorstep. What goes in *should* come out — you wear the rest.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

☾ Right now you're on a losing streak in the financial department. Best control the urge to splurge, gamble, or waste your bucks on worthless crap. Someone could easily lay a line on ya that won't fit in your nose and will flatten your wallet. Don't fall for behind-the-scenes sales pitches. Otherwise, the parts you buy may be your partner's.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

☾ Kick-back time. A rare, lazy laid-out mood permeates the air, causing you to lose a few days' work (it's worth it). What the hell, relax with some good smoke and a snatch-snack or two. All the mind-fucks will still be there, but you'll be puttin' or pumping your pud and won't give a shit. Have a long lost weekend with some mysterious medications.

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$14 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Just send \$14 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

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

Two righteous w/m down in Kan. Randy is 22, 6'1", 160 lbs., brown and brown. Joe is 27, 6'2", 160 lbs., brown and blue. Ladies, send some love, joy, and happiness. Randy Selley 35781, and Joseph Smith 37816, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

29-yr.-old blond and blue Folsom prisoner has had enough of all this cruel and unusual punishment. Looking for a special woman. Looks and age unimportant. Tim Murphy, C-58075, Box W, Repressa, CA 95671.

Male, 25, seeks warm, sincere female to correspond with. Carl Madison, 173-023, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

W/m, 29, brown and green, seeks correspondence with females. Will answer all. James Winchel, N-31998, Box 112, Joliet, IL 60434.

Why don't you ladies drop a line? Please send photo, if possible. W/m, 33, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'4", 140 lbs. Terry Feller 5239, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m, 29, lookin' for that special one to devote the remainder of his heart to — no games, please. Letters with pix and SASE would be especially appreciated. John L.C. Walden, C-11367, F-255, Box 689, CTF-C, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Attention, ladies: Good-lookin' white boy, 32, 5'11", 180 lbs., lonely as hell, needs correspondence. Obese and ugly need not reply. J.R. Short, C-62893/E-132, Box 689/CTF-C, Soledad, CA 93960.

Lonely w/m, 24, blond and blue, 5'9", 165 lbs., looking for foxy ladies to write. Doing time, but not for long. Keith Allen 128361, Box 788, Mansfield, OH 44901.

Well-built white stud, 26, 195 lbs., doing 5, enjoys partying and being with the right lady. Maybe you're the one. David Conley 048113, Box 7, I-C-159, Moberly, MO 65270.

W/m tramp, 27, 5'9", 170 lbs., doin' time for his crime, needs woman to help pass the time. No head games — had enough already. Richard Cunningham, C-64669, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

Want to hear from righteous chicks from Pittsburgh or anywhere else. Will answer all kites; send pix. Trance Strohl, P-7377, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

One lonely, red-headed Scorpio w/m, 26, with 18 mos. left in Dionsysiac state for serious-minded women. Got candle burning for woman who can scribble intelligently without head games. DuWayne "Dewey" Johnson 113576, Box 10, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Downed tramp lookin' for a little shared sunshine and smiles from you ladies. Send flicks — don't be bashful. Anthony "Chance" Campolito 82-C-884, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821.

Lonely scooter tramp, 29, white trash, 6', 170 lbs., locked down in redneck country, needs to hear from foxy ladies. Perfumed letters with flicks get priority. Gordon Kincannon 345879, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

W/m, hung Virgo, 36, 165 lbs., 5'9 1/2", down for some time in Georgia. Loose in '85, looking for new start and others as lonely as I am. Robert W. Hayes, Box EF119699, C-1, GSP, Reidsville, GA 30499.

Two SoCal tramps down and out in Arizona badlands, lookin' for letters from ladies who know straight-up from crossways. Letters/flicks answered first. Frank "Rabbit" English 49611, and Brian Taylor 49112, Box B, Florence AZ 85232.

Lonely lady, 26, got few months to go. Need some lovin' words from you good-lookin' bros. No letters from prisoners. Pix okay. Deby Carter 131088, Box 11492, MBCC-Adm., Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

W/m, 185 lbs., 5'10", blond and blue, 27. 1 yr. to go. Lonely man needs lonely ladies to communicate with. No mind games. H. Andrews, A-62356, Box 515, Hillsboro, IL 62049.

Warlocks (Florida): How about some kites? Brothers, I love you and miss ya. This is The Fox. Someone, please write. Audie Fox 103692, Box 10, Stillwater, MN 55082.

Hardcore 1 1/2 yr. down for 8. Age 33, 5'9", 205 lbs., brown hair, gun-metal-blue eyes. Loves to suck pussy and throw down. Dave Barton 149392, Box 539, CMCC, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Alone and doin' hard time in New England. I'm 5'9", 160 lbs., blond and blue, 23. Would like to hear from ladies, 20-30. Edward Peckham, Box 8200, Cranston, RI 02920.

30-yr.-old biker doin' time in N. Fla. Have less than 2 yrs. till out. Want to meet cutie from Orlando or thereabouts. Progressive-type only. Wally Edwards, A-046595, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Lonely SoCal bro in desperate need of correspondence from sincere ladies. W/m, 6', 180 lbs., brown and brown. Will answer all. John "Macho" Monahan, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

Marriage-minded white Canadian looking for lady with same ideas. Jerry Lanther 0703, Box 2000, Agassiz, B.C., Canada. VOM 1A0.

W/m, 37 6'3", wishes to receive letters and flicks from females to age 40. Help combat loneliness of prison life. Tom Shankles, C-72884, Box 705, SB-229, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

Want some ladies to write. Any ladies out there looking for a downed bro, or just an ol' man? Write Mark Harter, YA#32876, SRC, 13200 S. Bloomfield Ave., Norwalk, CA 90660-3298.

35-yr.-old white bear down in the CDC Zoo for a taste. Give a peckerwood bear a line or two and a flick to lick. J. "Bear" Marler, C35492 Box 705, CTF-N, SA-240, Soledad, CA 93960.

W/m, 39, waiting to be sentenced for a crime that might cost lots of time. Vietnam vet whose scooter days are now in the past needs letters from sincere people. Jail is lonely. Darryl W. Davis, ICJ, Box 606, Indiana, PA 15701.

Downed outlaw, 24, inside 5 lonely years, figure it's time for a change. Looking for No. Calif. lady with heart for scribes, visits and ? Drop a line. Dave Riemer, C-14624, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Wanted: young woman for pen pal. Could lead to rewarding relationship with single, righteous, healthy peckerwood, 35. Ron Blas, C-73601, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130.

W/m, 35, brown and blue, 5'10", 175 lbs., divorced. Would like girl to write; someone I can dream of and be friends with. All answered. Terry Lee Welch 120728, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

W/m, 22, done 4 1/2 the hard way — alone! Out in Feb. '85 and need a woman and a place. Letters/pix answered first. Mike "The Snake" Harris 38932, Box 7, Moberly, MO 65270.

W/m, 23, 6'3", 200 lbs., brown and green. Likes good music and parties. Lookin' for foxy, serious lady to help me do this time. Ken Cardle 107828, CCC, Box 220, Hominy, OK 74035.

Doin' 7 in TDC, 22, love rock 'n' roll, especially Jimi Hendrix, ridin' and having sex. Wayne Allen Meyers 374913, Darrington Unit G208, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Young w/m, 5'8", 165 lbs., blond and blue, sure could use some scribes from willing ladies. Lookin' for that one special lady, but more than happy to pass time with any righteous women. Daniel Magee, C-82368, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m, 31, will parole in June '85, would like to find a sincere, mature woman for a permanent relationship. Jay Stone 25997, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

W/m, 22, 6'2", blond and blue, 200 lbs., doin' 12. Would like to correspond with women, 26 and older, who are tired of bullshit. Send flicks; I'll try to reciprocate. Michael "Buzzard" McGregor 047380, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 5'10", 180 lbs., 29, blond and brown, lookin' for correspondence with ladies of any age. A letter in prison means as much as a diamond ring does to a lady on proposal night. Johnny Pannell 98698, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.

W/m, scooter tramp, 32, out in '86, lookin' for sexy bitches who are into H-Ds, Levi's, leather and lace. Serious-minded chicks, send photos. Tommy "Little John" Street 71780, Rt. 2 Box 2000, Wartburg, TN 37887.

Down and lonely, doin' time, come on ladies, send me your ray of sunshine. Serious, good-looking w/m, 26, 5'11", 165 lbs., brown and blue, out in '85. Mark A. Chapman, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89702-7000.

Fla. bro, w/m, 5'11", 160 lbs., 30, down in Virginia, needs tender words and sweet pix. Pix get same. Wes "Crow" Jones 117885, Rt. 4 Box 191, Stafford, VA 22554.

Ladies: Dirty white boy in Soledad wants you foxy ladies to stop grinnin' and drop your linen. Pick up your Bic and send a flick. Jeff Steele, C-67710, CTF-S, 6-6L, Box 690, Soledad, CA 93960-0690.

W/m, 32, 6'1", 195 lbs., brown and brown. One yr. to go to freedom. Looking for one serious-minded woman to make the rest the best. No head trips, please. Michael "Cowboy" Walker 343713, Ellis II, Huntsville, TX 77340.

W/m, 6', 175 lbs., brown and blue, needs to hear from ladies, 17-40. Squares need not write, only sincere, friendly, caring, Kansas-area women. Bob Lavery 37157, KSP, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Hairy white boy, 34, won 1st place in gun fight; working on the prize now. Have a couple of years left. Housebroken, good with kids. Good investment for right lady. Joe Van Ronk, C-84138, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m from Indiana, 5'11", 160 lbs., blond and brown, looking for sincere female. Age no barrier. A letter from you would make my day. Tom Sexton 29703, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Hip old-timer looking for a young chick to send him good loving and letters. John Landin 287491, WSR, Box 777, Monroe, VA 98272. Send pix.

23-yr.-old Southern w/m, well-traveled, 5'9 1/2", 145 lbs., auburn and green. County gave me a year — I'm the only biker here. Will answer all; ladies first. Willie "Hearse" Blanchard, c/o 903 James Dr., Newport News, VA 23605.

W/m, 31, needs help from a chick to do this 6-year bit. Be sincere and send pix. Will answer all letters. Richard A. Smith 375826, Wayne Unit 2 Tank, Rt. 1 Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77340.

W/m outlaw, 34, eager to write, needs letters and pix from sincere scooter ladies. G. "Tiny" Garrett, N40084, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

Folsom is lonely. Ol' bro wants to develop inside relationship for outside. White, attractive, 45, 5'11", 190 lbs., Send pix; sincere only, please. H.L. Warthen, C27604, Repressa, CA 95671.

Aryan warrior, imprisoned in Texas, 5'11", brown and brown, 155 lbs. Blind, crippled, crazy — write. Donny J. Harvey 297949A, Rt. 4 Box 1500, Angleton, TX 77515.

Three down bros with parole dates of '87, '89 and '91, lookin' for friends, old and new, any age, shape, or color. Ken E. Alvarez 11084; Don E. Kent 10177; and Cory D. Kerr 10141, 3405 Deer Park Dr. S.E., Salem, OR 97310.

W/m with year to go. Needs letters and flicks from "hot" women. Kenny Thorn, Box C-13657, Tamal, CA 94964.

100% white trash, 5'8", 175 lbs., needs strong-hearted ladies to use that Bic. Send a flick, too. I'll hang till the rope breaks. Mick "The Quick" Jeffrey, Box 425, Yuba City, CA 95991.

A Tribute To Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Don "Nick" Knickerbocker**, 4/21/84. You lived your life to the fullest and died doing what you loved the best — riding! We hope you're still riding that big Indian in heaven. We love and miss you! Vivian, Kenny, and all your brothers and sisters from Wichita, Kan.

In special memory of **Ron Braden**, 1/1/84. You didn't give life much of a chance, but at least you're at peace now. We all loved you more than you know and we'll never forget you and your two favorite "Daniels" — Charlie and Jack. All our love, Ronda and Dena Brown and all your family and friends in Fresno, Calif. Have one on us, Ronnie.

In loving memory of **Don "Panhead" Meartz**, ABATE of Oregon, Jackson Co. Chapter, 6/7/84. Knowing him was having a ray of sunshine in your life. Know that we will watch over Kim and Baby Meartz for you. We loved you for what you were to each and every one of us. Bones, Cher and all Jackson Co. ABATE bros.

In memory of our brother, **Mickel Jolly**, of Visalia, California. You rode hard and died young, but you'll live on in our hearts forever. We miss you and love you, bro. Bull and Nasty.

In memory of **Billy F. "Fat Man" Martin, Jr.**, riding fast and free like he wanted to be on the night a Loudoun County cop put his life to a stop. Did God give cops the right to decide who is to live or die? If so, when, where and why? We all love ya, man. Your bros and sisters in Fairfax, Va.

In memory of **John "J.J." Jackson**, a true biker. We'll do right by you. Miss you, bro. Bob, Butch, Jim, Magoo, Flash Foot and all the bros at Y Not, Torrance, Calif.

For **Dago Carl**: When the sun in all his state illumed the western skies, he passed through glory's morning gate and walked in paradise! We love and miss you, Carl. You're in our hearts, our souls and thoughts. Love, Barbara and all your friends in San Clemente.

In loving memory of my special love, **Danny "Woody Bear" Haas**, 8/17/50 to 2/22/84. Our love was short but will always last in my heart and your spirit will always be with me. Love ya, "baby doll." Terri.

In memory of **William "Bub" Dickerson**, 1/28/38 to 1/3/84. A bro who was always in the wind in his heart, but who spent the last 28 years in a wheelchair, thanks to the U.S. Army. Till I see you again, I am living your dream for you. Your blood brother, Flathead Rick, N. Fort Myers, Fla.

In sincerest memory of Ma — "Sury" — and Pa — "Moondog" — who passed on 7/5/61 in Saco County, Maine. 23rd anniversary from their surviving kids, Dr. Frankenstein, Schidhedd and his whore sister. To those wraps who met their final resting grounds on Winnesquam, 7/31/69. The "Fluzie" was in the slammer, Square Kid called trouble.

In memory of **Garry Alston**, 11/19/59-12/25/83. You were my lover and my whole life and always will be. Your son and I are riding together now, on your Harley. I will always remember you. You were so handsome to me. Your loving wife Muareen and your baby Garry, Jr.

In loving memory of **Robert Michael "Bad Bob" Gregg**, 3/27/83. He rode hard and died too soon. We'll miss you, bro. Road Tramps go early. Mike, Ann and all of us. Farewell, bro.

In loving memory of **Robert O'Keefe**, 8/18/83, gone, but not forgotten. Thinking of you every day. Loved and missed by all who knew you. Love you always, Sher and Natasha.

In memory of **Phil Jones**, 3/10/83. True to the brotherhood for 23 years; run down by a cager. May you and your Sturgis find a place in Hog heaven. You left a space empty in our hearts. Lois, Amanda, John and Andy.

In memory of a good bro, **John Andreadis**, who died too young, going too fast, 5/30/84. You'll be missed by many in Ohio and Hawaii. Take care wherever you are! From your friends: Steve, Mac, Bo Whitehead, Kevin, Joey, Therese, Swannee and Shock.

In memory of my cousin **Danny Kovatch**. I wish we could have spent more time together on the streets. You're going to be missed something terrible. You were and always will be one right-on dude. I'll probably be with ya soon. Your cousin Jeff.

In memory of **Jack Maddock**, who died 5/5/84. Memories of you shall always make your friends smile. May you ride in Harley Heaven forever. Goodbye. Debbie in Phoenix.

In memory of **Mike "Charlie" Head**, 5/25/55-8/3/83. You lived and died by the sword, but your memory will live on in your two sons and a baby you never knew. We'll party together again. Ride free and get everything ready for the rest of us. Love, your family and many, many friends.

In never ending memory of **LaVair "Pete" Neuman**, born 6/26/15, died 4/25/84. You were a tough old bird with a golden heart and you always told us how you lost that 1928 JD on the gravel road. I've still got the Sporty and the 1942 WLA. Love you forever, Pete and all your bros.

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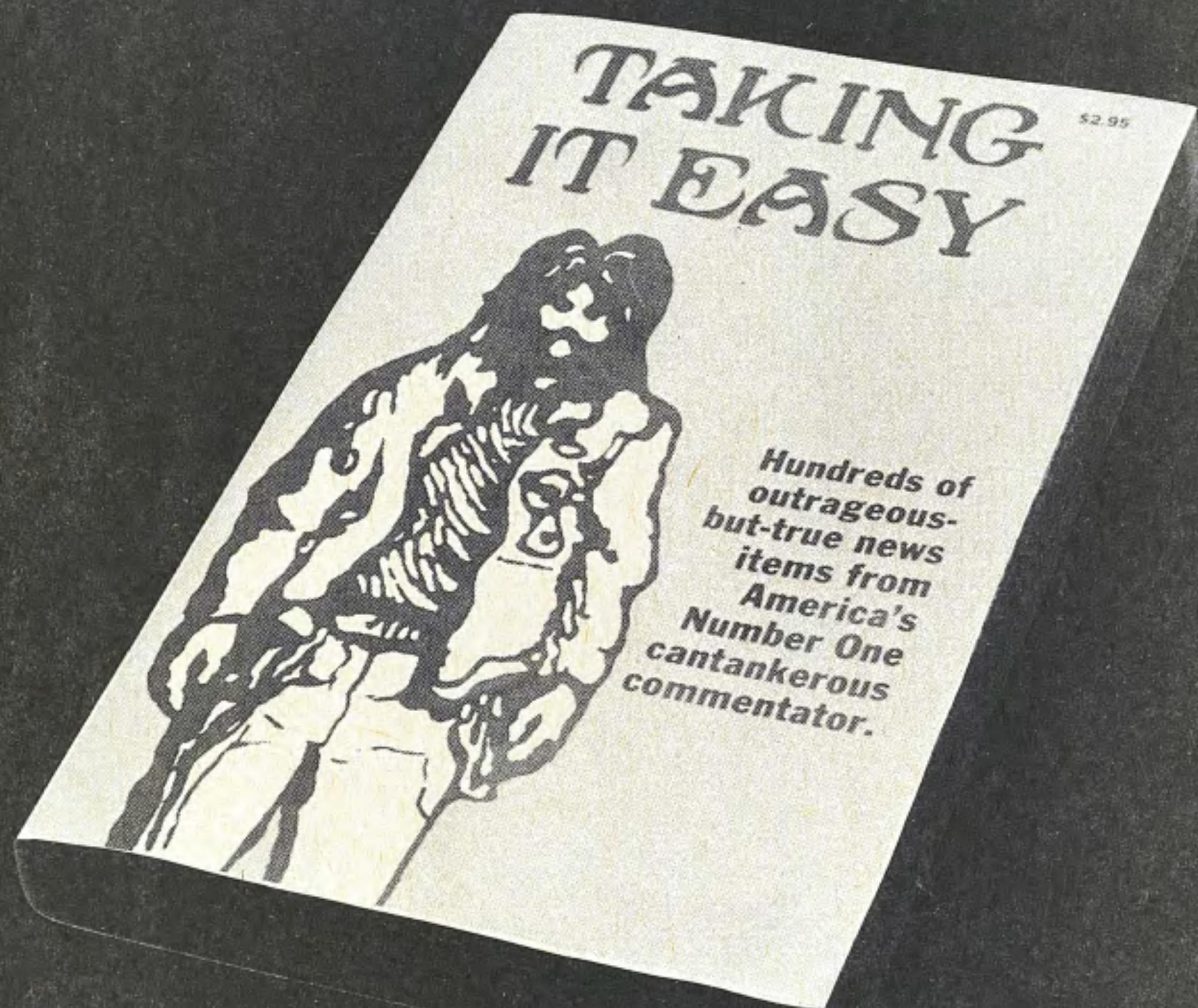
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But Which Half?

I bet you're just a sweet little chick who likes to hear dirty talk. If not, Spider's one crazy biker.

Adam H.
Sacramento, Calif.

- Yer half right.

My Secret

Is it true that you have some shit growing between your buns that looks, smells and tastes like kangaroo puke?

Rubber Cheek
Canoga Park, Calif.

- Give 'em a big, wet kiss and find out.

All In The Family

My kid sister had some problems at home, so I agreed to let her come and stay with me and my ol' man for a while.

The first thing that happened was that she really seemed to be scared of his scooter, so I told him he should take her out for a few rides and get her over it. I figured it was the least I could do for the little bitch, 'cause I didn't want her to grow up not knowing what she was missing.

Little did I know that him teaching her how to enjoy packin' on a putt would mean no runs for me for the past three months.

Last week I got off work early and found them getting it on in my bed. My ol' man just grinned and said, "You wouldn't want her to grow up afraid of bikers, would ya?"

I love my ol' man, but fuckin' my 15-year-old sister is really too much. What should I do?

Carla
Fairbanks, Alaska

- Start linin' up dates for when yer ol' man's locked up. It gets pretty cold in Alaska.

Home, Steel Home

My home is one of headache, a place of steel and stone. An iron cell, a home in hell, and here I sit alone.

For one small crime I pay with time, where lights glare night and day.

And though I rage and pace my cage I still must stay and pay.

My home in hell is one small cell that no man wants to own. My body cramps with cold

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



and damp that chills me to the bone.

It somehow seems that all my dreams must wait for a new tomorrow.

My days are filled with misery's tears; my nights are filled with sorrow.

But don't be sad, it's not so bad, 'cause I hide it well within. No trace outside, it's deep inside, what my trip through hell has been.

Lonesome Loser
Tracy, Calif.

- Sometimes ya gotta ride through hell before you can make it to heaven.

What Problem?

I have this problem. I'm in the joint finishing up a two-year bit and my ol' lady just

wrote me that she had become engaged to a guy we've both known for about five years.

What should I do? Kick her ass or just don't even fuck with the tramp?

Kevin
Jeff City, Mo.

- First, fuck the tramp. Then kick her ass.

Slide It Out

You might find this hard to believe, but I've had this dick stuck up my ass for the longest time because my ol' man got drunk one night and used Crazy Glue instead of K-Y.

We are really going downhill fast because he has this ego problem. He thinks I should always be behind him, but now I've always got to be in front — even on his scooter. I enjoy it, but he don't. How can I get it out?

Jungle Fucker
New Marlboro, Mass.

- A pint of castor oil should encourage him (and everything else inside ya) to evacuate the premises.

Who Nose?

Did anyone ever point out to you that the object in the center of your face looks more like a nutsack than a normal nose?

Grunge
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

- From what I hear, that object between yer legs looks more like a pencil stub than a mighty club.

Muleskinner Blues

A couple of us bros went down to Tijuana about four months ago and got really fucked up at one of the girl-and-donkey shows.

After we kinda oozed out of there, we just floated down the streets gettin' off on the bullshit until we saw some camera guy takin' pictures of tourists pretending to be riding in a little burro-drawn cart.

Unfortunately, one of the bros, a dude named Hector, decided he wanted a different kind of souvenir photo — something more like what we'd seen in the bar. The rest all happened real fast, but the climax was that we got stomped by what felt like all of Santa Ana's army and then thrown in the can for 60 days.

I spent most of that downtime tryin' to piece together what went down and figure out what we peace-lovin' tourists did that was so wrong. I figure with your long experience in foreign affairs, maybe you could tell me.

The questions are these: Should Hector have asked that police captain's wife if she wanted to fuck the donkey before he started rippin' her clothes off, and should he have let her put the two pesos he paid her up her snatch by herself?

Ugly Dan
Mesa, Arizona

- He should have made her take a bath before asking the poor donkey to mount up.

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. ■

Protect Your
Valuables

Stash Pouch



Goin' into a heavy neighborhood?

Won't slide when jumping or running.

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

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

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

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

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

California residents, add 6% sales tax.

Mackenzie Company,
Box 8025
Calabasas, CA 91302

STASH
POUCH

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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

A Summer Putt

Continued from page 22

"Oh, that's good. Real good." He paused, looking around in the darkness as if he expected someone to suddenly appear and put a stop to what they were doing. "Oh, yeah. Suck a little harder. That's it. That's it. Uh!" He grunted. Then again, "Uh! That's it. Oh, shit, here it comes. Look out. Christ! That's just great! Coming... coming... coming... aaah!"

Tammy drew her head away quickly and spit on the ground.

"You said you wouldn't let it!" she complained. "Damn you. You bastard!" She continued to spit on the ground, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. "You promised!"

"Okay, I'm sorry," he said. "I tried to stop it in time, but I just couldn't."

Nick took the black rubber hose she'd been sucking on and directed the flow of gasoline into the rusty five-gallon can. It made a splashing sound as it began to fill.

"Honest, honey, if I didn't have this cut on my lip —" But Tammy wasn't listening. "Keep your eyes open," he cautioned her, pulling her attention back to their overall situation.

When the can was nearly full, he removed the siphon hose from the tank of the Chevy and put it back into the flight bag, then pulled the zipper closed once again. "Let's get out of here." They both got to their feet and squeezed through the hedge surrounding the parking lot. Tammy helped him carry the heavy can along the sidewalk, away from the hotel, to where they'd parked the bike when it had run dry.

Nick poured the gas into the bike's tank, sloshing it around a bit. When he was finished, he tossed the can back into the vacant lot where they'd found it. He hooked the double handles of the flight bag — his "emergency kit" — back onto the fender with the rest of their traveling gear. Kissing Tammy lightly, ignoring the strong taste and the smell of gas on her breath, he fired up the bike.

Easyriders



EVILMAN

DAVID ALLAN COE UNCENSORED

★★★★★

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

UNDERGROUND

SIDE ONE
1 ROCK & ROLL FEVER
2 PANHEADS FOREVER
3 N.P.
4 COFFEE
5 ONE MONKEY

SIDE TWO
1 I'D JUST LIKE TO N.P.
2 YOU ONE MORE TIME
3 LITTLE SUSSIE SHALLOW
THROAT
4 PICK EM, LICK EM
5 STICK EM
6 N.P.
7 N.P.



* Not printable

NOT FOR SALE IN STORES!

ORDER YOURS TODAY!

Send \$15 for each **UNDERGROUND** album, Cashier's check or money order only — no cash, no personal checks, no CODs. Prices include shipping only within the U.S. Print your name and address to avoid errors. Send to **Coe Album**, Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Dirty
Christmas
Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!



Outrageous Cards
to be given only
to your closest friends!

We wanted some Christmas 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 — strictly. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. Remember, you've been warned.

You get six different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$4.95. Sets A-B-C are the same filthy cards as before.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

P.O. BOX 1025, AGOURA, CA 91301

Please send me _____ sets.

PLEASE CIRCLE SET DESIRED: A B C
Matching envelopes with each order. I realize that they are outrageous. 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.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

Tammy straddled the seat behind him and they roared off down the street.

Cross-country travel is easy if you know all the tricks of survival. Making tomato soup in cafeterias by using the free catsup and crackers and a little hot water; getting somebody's chickens to follow you around the corner by dropping corn or grain found along railroad tracks, then wringing their necks; having your ol' lady flash the proprietor of a store so you can lift some smokes. Nick practiced all of these and more when he made his long summer trips each year, always with a different chick.

Tammy, whom he'd met working in a drugstore, had all the earmarks of being the best girl yet. She'd go along with anything and she trusted him implicitly. He didn't really have a cut inside his lip, he just hated the taste of gasoline, but she'd believed his story and siphoned the gas for him. She was dumb, but she had big tits and was a good lay. The perfect broad. No lip, but great expectations. She wanted to go to California and see the sights — the whales at Sea World and the wild animals at Lion Country Safari. If he let her see just one of those things, she'd be grateful and since he hadn't seen any of them either, the trip would be good for him, too.

They left Pittsburgh in April, when the air was cold and the sky looked like the bottom of an old coffee pot. In a week they'd be cruising Hollywood Boulevard and eating tacos. They'd have a summer to remember — count on it.

Somewhere west of Springfield, but not as far as Richmond, a storm overtook them. Rain came down in torrents, soaking them through and covering the road ahead with inches of water. Nick had made the mistake of trying to go straight through to Richmond, but now it was dark and the only thing visible was his headlight shining on a curtain of falling rain.

Tammy's hands were icy-cold under his jacket, against his bare belly, and he could feel her trembling against his back as she hugged up against him in an effort to stay warm.

Easyriders



"Guess who!"

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



EZY-LOAD

...with

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

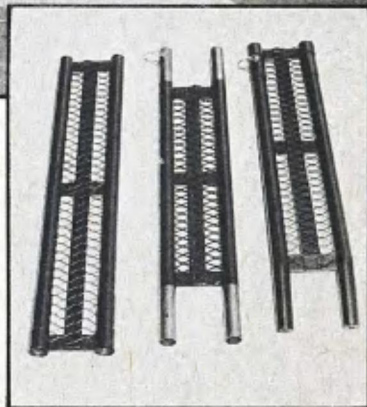
Unique three-piece, 8-foot-long, made-in-America ramp assemblies and disassembles in seconds for easy storage behind a pickup seat or on a trailer. Easily supports heavyweights, including full-dress Harleys. Exclusive round-rail guides for tires, expanded metal floor for traction, non-slip cleats on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

\$55

Send check to: **EZY-LOAD**

Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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



Use Big Nick's order blank and postpaid envelope between pages 102 & 103.



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.

SERVICE MANUALS AND PARTS BOOKS

A.  **Qs & As**
19th edition of this classic covers mechanical advances through '65. Fascinating history of the mechanical development of American-built cycles.

J.  **SPARE PARTS '50**
Parts lists, prices, and diagrams for 1940-1950 45-inch Harley bikes and Servi-cars. Complete lists down to the nuts and bolts.

B.  **PANHEAD**
Covers H-D panhead engines from '48-'57; also front ends, frames, wheels, all you need to know about your pan.

K.  **SPARE PARTS '57**
Official Harley dealers catalog of '61" and '74" OHV model parts for 1949-1957. Includes '51 to '57 Servi-cars and '46 to '52 WLs.

C.  **KNUCKS & FLATTIES**
Over 160 pages of factory service info for 1940-1947 twins. Inc. trouble-shooting chart, detailed index, and scores of diagrams and photos.

L.  **SPARE PARTS '26**
Factory parts book for '22-'26. Photos, parts codes and prices. You can't get a new carb for \$13.50 anymore, but you can get this book.

D.  **H-D 45" & SERVICAR**
Complete service information for civilian models from 1940-1952. Detailed assembly drawings and factory parts lists galore.

M.  **SPARE PARTS '35**
Harley dealers catalog of spares for '26-'35. Prices, part nos., and photos of stock and accessory parts — even cop and hack stuff.

E.  **K MODEL**
K Model parts are hard to find. Make sure you're getting what you really need with our K Model parts manual.

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Question & Answer		10.00	12.00	18.00		
(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1928-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
					Sub Total	\$
					Cell. ten 6%	\$
					Total	\$

F.  **SERVICE BULLETINS**
A tremendous find for Harley history buffs. Factory service bulletins to dealers from 1917-1926. For fixing anti-ques or great reading.

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Question & Answer		10.00	12.00	18.00		
(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1928-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
					Sub Total	\$
					Cell. ten 6%	\$
					Total	\$

G.  **SHOP DOPE II**
"How cold it was this morning." So begins a 1935 memo from H-D to dealers. Vol. 2 covers '33-'36; filled with solid service tips and trivia.

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Question & Answer		10.00	12.00	18.00		
(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1928-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
					Sub Total	\$
					Cell. ten 6%	\$
					Total	\$

H.  **SHOP DOPE III**
Harley factory service updates from '41-'56. Updated maintenance and repair procedures that may be missing from service manuals.

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Question & Answer		10.00	12.00	18.00		
(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1928-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
					Sub Total	\$
					Cell. ten 6%	\$
					Total	\$

I.  **BIG TWIN PARTS**
Complete parts lists for the years 1936-1948. 148 pages, exploded-view diagrams and parts no. cross-index. Factory kits also listed.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
PAISANO PRODUCTS
Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

Somewhere along the way — a turn in the road, perhaps — he'd gotten off the main road. Now he found himself racing off the end of the pavement to become mired axle-deep in gumbo mud. The lights on the bike shorted out, Tammy fell face down while trying to make the shelter of some trees beside the road, and just when it looked like they might be in trouble, someone put a hand on Nick's shoulder and nearly scared the shit out of him.

"Jesus S. Christ!" he cried, doing a flip-flop in the mud. Tammy began to screech hysterically.

"It's all right," the old man said, his voice barely audible over the sound of the torrential rain pouring down. He tugged at Nick's arm, pointing out the way with a feeble flashlight beam. "My farm is just up there a ways," he said. "Follow me. We can come get your machine in the morning."

Slipping and sliding, they followed the old man, who, when he saw how cold Tammy was, put his arm around her and gave her shelter beneath his black rain slicker. Even old men aren't immune to soaking-wet little girls with mud on their faces.

The farmhouse had no electricity, but it did have a large fireplace. The room they were in was lighted by a kerosene lamp, and in the flickering light they could see that their benefactor was ancient. He was stooped with the burden of age, and his hands were gnarled, his fingers bent like the claws of a grasping bird.

They'd just begun to warm themselves by the fire when the man's wife came into the room. She was somewhat younger than her husband, but prune-faced with wrinkles, bearing all the signs of hardship that come with the territory of being a farm wife. Actually, she was downright ugly. Nick decided. He felt uncomfortable under her dark-eyed gaze. Now and then her eyes would dart all about the room like the eyes of a mad woman.

"You gotta get out of those muddy clothes," she said, her voice flat and cold as the wind outside, "and lay 'em in front of the fire. I'll bring you something to put around you."

She returned in a moment with two heavy blankets. Putting them on like ponchos, Nick and Tammy stripped



"The bike's okay, man.
Now let's check out yer ol' lady."

DAVE MANN

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



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



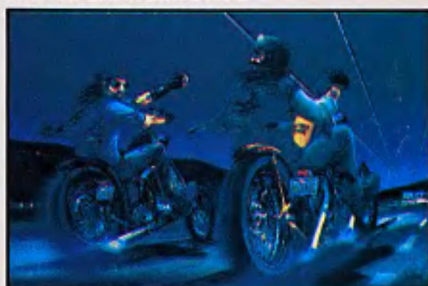
M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



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M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"

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M-1 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"



M-11 "EASYSIDERS FOREVER"

EASYSIDERS POSTERS

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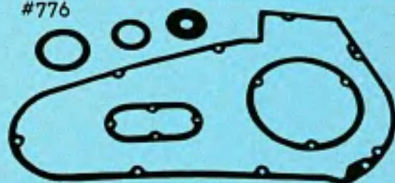
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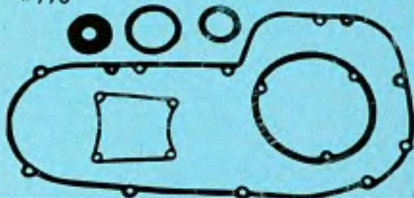
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Recyclable primary cover, gas cap, and oil bag gaskets made from neoprene rubber. Primary cover for all Hog 74s and 80s from '75 to present, including R, S & T series, only \$10 a set.

#776



#778



**You asked for it —
here it is!**

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

Paisano Products
Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301

#M-16 See Previous Page

and laid their sodden clothes on the bare wood floor before the fire. When they finished, the woman gave each of them a bowl of warm milk. "Ain't nothin' more to eat tonight," she said matter-of-factly. "We're poor folk."

She left them standing by the fire and went upstairs. They could hear her walking around, the boards creaking under her weight, and after a moment she returned. "Upstairs," she ordered. "You can sleep up there." She pointed at the stairs, and when they turned to thank her she was already gone from sight.

How long he had been asleep, Nick didn't know, but he was awakened by Tammy. She had one hand over his mouth and was squeezing his arm. "Shh!" she whispered. "Listen. Something's fishy. They're doing something down there."

Nick rose up on his elbows. Outside, the storm had abated. In the silence, he could hear the old couple whispering. Suddenly the woman raised her voice and he heard her ask, "Do we have to kill them both?"

The old man mumbled words of caution. A door opened and closed, creaking, and after a few minutes it creaked open again as he reentered the house. Nick heard the sound of metal ringing against stone, like a knife blade being sharpened. With a sinking, sickening feeling, he realized that his Buck knife was with his clothes — in front of the fire. He'd just started to get out of bed when he heard another sound. Someone was coming up the stairs. He pushed Tammy down and lay back, pretending to sleep but keeping his eyes half-open.

The old man appeared at the top of the stairs with a large knife in one hand. It glistened in the darkness, catching a glow of the light that had crept up the stairs and around the corner with him. On stockinged feet he came near the bed, raising the sharp knife.

Something was hanging from the rafter above the foot of the bed. The old man cut it down. It looked like a human head in the darkness. Then the old man turned and went back down the stairs.

Easyriders

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Subtotal

Tax

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Card #

Name

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Black Top Grain Now Available.

Nick exhaled softly. Then he felt something warm creeping under his body. "What the fuck —" he hissed, then he recognized the sensation. Tammy had wet the bed.

They didn't sleep the rest of the night, but clung together like frightened children, naked and alone, without any defenses. When the first gleam of sunlight showed through a chink in their shuttered upstairs window, they got out of bed, and with their blankets wrapped around them, they crept down the stairs.

The old man and woman appeared to have been up for hours and the smell of fresh-brewing coffee filled the room. A ham, the object Nick had seen the old man cut down from the rafter, sat on a plate in the center of the table. Next to it sat an explanation of the conversation he'd heard during the night: "Do we have to kill them both?" Two roasted chickens lay side-by-side on a platter.

"We ain't got much," the old man said, grinning toothlessly, "but we figured you'd be pretty hungry after all that trouble you had last night. Besides, we don't get much company."

"We just love havin' young'uns spend a Sunday with us," the old woman piped up.

By the time they'd reached the state line, both Nick and Tammy were hoarse from laughing over the incident. At pit stop after pit stop, all Nick had to do to make Tammy fall down in convulsions was to say, "Let's kill 'em!"

Now the cold and rain were far behind. The wind was hot against them as they rode down Cajon Pass into the valley of smoke and fog and sunshine. "What first?" Nick asked.

"The wild animals," Tammy replied. "Oh, please! I wanna see the lions." She was like a kid getting ready to go to the zoo for the first time. She wore her camera slung around her neck and she took pictures of everything from dead cats and skunks on the road to millionaires in limos on their way to Palm Springs. Everything she

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Easyriders



"This bud's for you."

saw made her happy. Everything, that is, except the man in the safari jacket who refused to allow them to enter the wild animal park on a motorcycle.

"The lions will eat you, the rhinoceros will gore you," he said.

"Honey," Tammy assured him, "I've been eaten and gored by worse critters than lions and rhinos. Please," she wheedled. "We'll ride real careful. Nothing can catch us on that bike. If any of the animals give us a second look, we'll get out of there fast."

"Well," the man said, trying to extricate her fingers from his shorts, "maybe just this once — but be careful!"

"Trust me," Tammy said, waving as they rode through the gate.

Horace Greeley once wrote, "A lion eating a man is nothing; but whenever you see a man-eating lion — that's news." The real news is that lions don't always behave like overgrown house cats. Sometimes they act just like — well, like lions.

And sometimes, too, humans don't always keep their word. Seeing a pride of lions lolling in the California sunshine like a bunch of big sleepy kittens, Tammy begged Nick to stop so she could take some pictures. He did as she asked. As the bike's engine died, some of the lazy cats looked in their direction.

"Get your camera ready and take your picture," Nick said, "because in one short second I'm going to fire up and get us the hell out of here." He kicked the bike over and it gave a sickly popping sound. This matched the look on his face, because the biggest lion in the bunch had decided to stand up and take a stroll over in their direction to see what was going on. Since he'd only made love a hundred and fifty-six times that morning, and since Tammy smelled like prime pussy to him, he apparently figured his slesta was over and that it was time for a little different kind of tail.

"Is he getting ready to charge or something?" Nick asked, fiddling with the spark plug wire and sweating.



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

Message: (No message)



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



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



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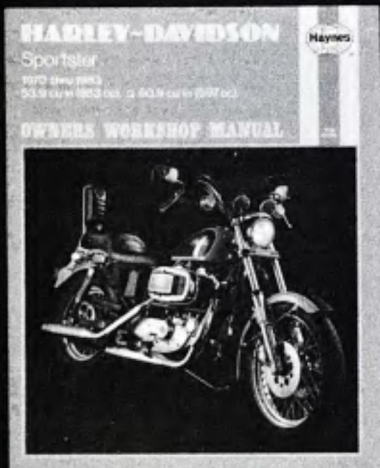
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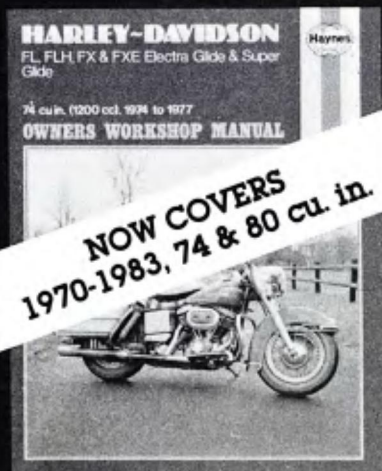
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"Of course not, silly. He'll let us take his picture for free."

The lion crouched about twenty feet away and watched Tammy approach. She pushed the button on the camera. The flash went off, the camera made a buzzing sound, and a piece of film shot out the bottom. The lion uttered a roar of startled annoyance and hurtled through the air.

"Stop!" Tammy shouted. As if shot, the lion stopped in midair and fell sprawling to the ground. In a moment he sat up and licked his chops.

"What happened?" Nick asked, unconverging his eyes.

"I had my thumb over the lens," Tammy explained. "I've gotta take another picture." She looked into the viewfinder and motioned for the lion to move over a bit. The lion stood up, stiffened his tail, and crouched for another leap.

"Hold it!" Tammy said. "The sun just went behind a cloud."

"Ah-ruff!" said the lion, which was his way of saying, "Oh, for Christ's sake!" He walked over and took one of Nick's legs in his mouth.

"We're not hurting you," Tammy said to him. "We just want to take your old picture." She slapped the lion alongside his massive head.

Nick's free leg worked up and down on the start lever like the piston on a steam engine. The bike fired up. He grabbed Tammy's arm, pulled her onto the bike, and they raced out of the animal park in a spray of dirt and gravel. When, on the homeward-bound portion of their trip, Tammy wanted to see the bears in Yellowstone, Nick told her the park was broken and wouldn't be fixed until 1989. He routed their trip east by way of a southern passage.

In New Mexico, they stopped at a liquor store for some smokes. The proprietor was a nasty-looking one-eyed man with so many knife scars on his face it looked like a gas company map of Brooklyn. Tammy enticed him to the back of the store and showed him what happened whenever she bent over, while Nick lifted a carton of cigarettes and a fifth of JD. The dude chased them for at least fifty miles in his pickup and it sounded like the firearm he was using was a Smith and Wesson, but Nick couldn't be sure.

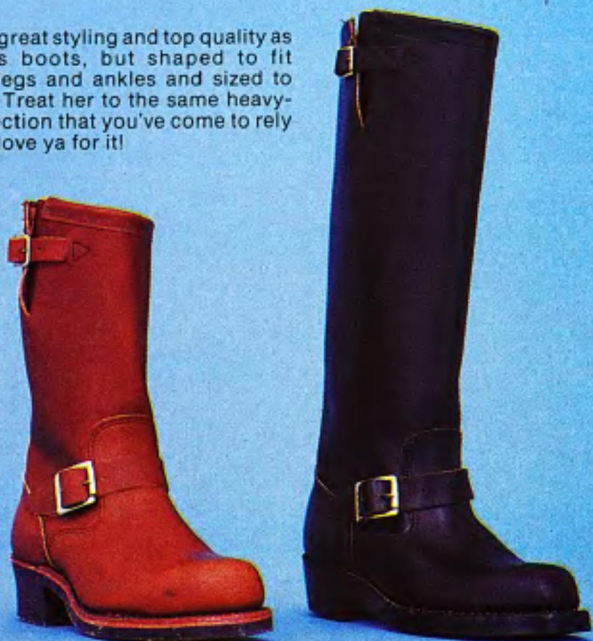


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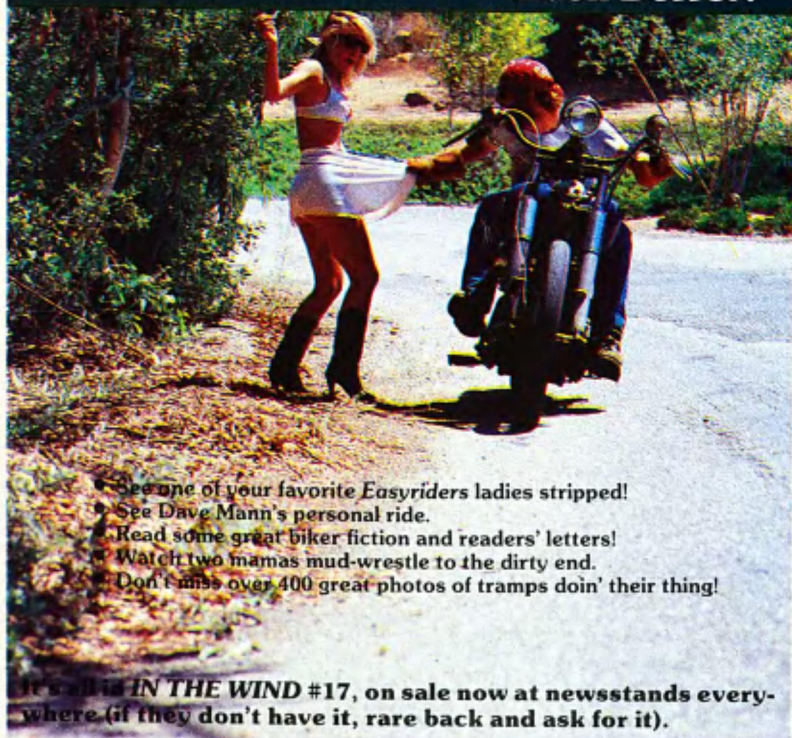
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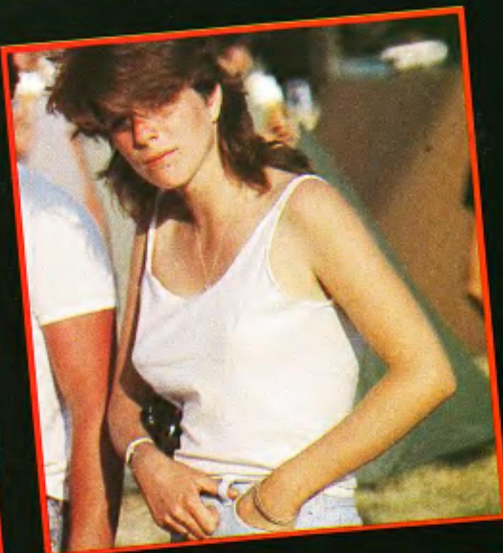
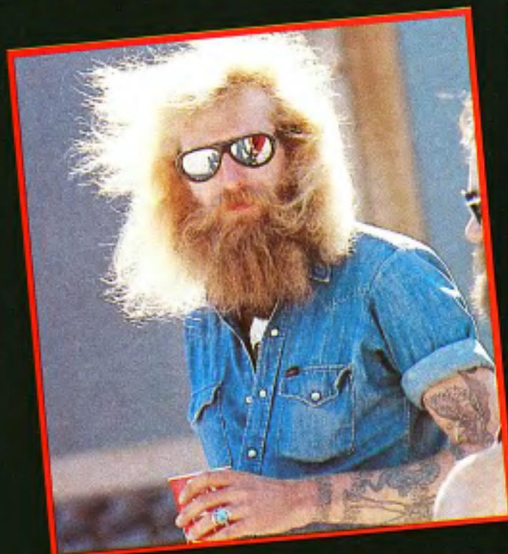
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Sometimes you just don't have time to stop and check out your hunches.

From there on out, the trip was pretty uneventful, except for a certain stretch in Pennsylvania. When they got stopped by the highway patrol outside Huntingdon, Tammy paid the fine in exactly three and a half minutes in the backseat of the patrol car. After that, every cop between Huntingdon and Pittsburgh seemed to be on the lookout for them. They were stopped seven times and Tammy used up two bottles of Listerine. Nick would have resented these delays more if he hadn't been able to calculate that Tammy had saved him approximately \$670 in fines.

Now they were in the home stretch. "What the hell's goin' on?" Nick said, as they turned onto his street. His house was gone. It was a block away, resting on rollers and being towed by two large tractors.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Tammy said. "There was this note on the door just before we left. Something about urban development. It didn't look interesting, so I trashed it."

The tractor drivers were a couple of bad-looking dudes. They had the house stuck in the turn at the corner, and were revving their engines. Tammy unbuttoned her shirt and took a deep breath, because, as everyone knows, chicks are fond of big strong construction workers. One guy started up his rig so quickly that the house made a little jerk sideways and some of the timbers slipped out from underneath. As the house lurched, the kitchen and bedroom fell off.

Surveying the ruins, Nick recalled some old adages about every cloud having a silver lining and the futility of fighting city hall. He wondered if he could get off with justifiable homicide. Maybe one, he decided, but probably not three of them.

Because he was, above everything else, a reasonable and very adaptable man, Nick took Tammy down to Baltimore, where they moved in with a dude named Jack, who had a wife who kept bees and a parrot that sang dirty songs. Tammy made Nick promise he would take her to Florida the following summer to see the alligators. He told her he could hardly wait. ■

Easyriders



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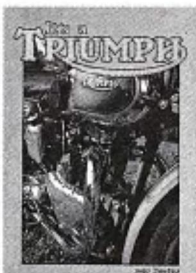
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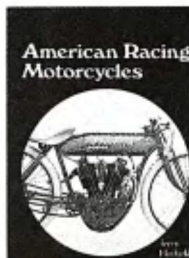
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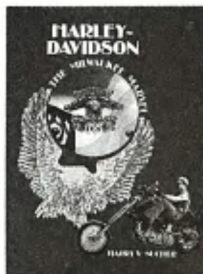
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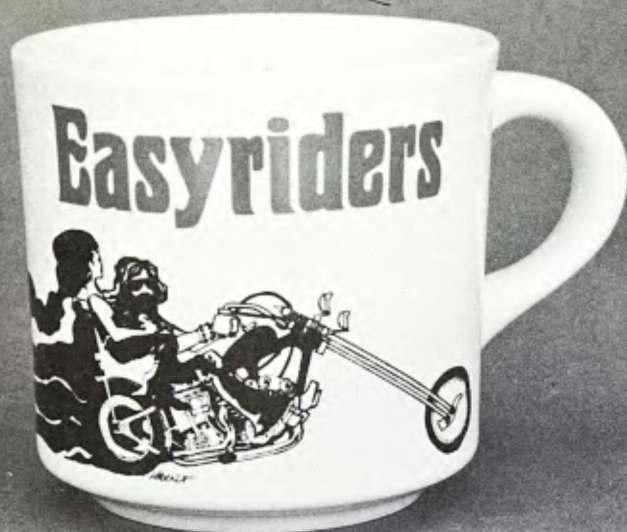
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The Real Inmate

Continued from page 38

We had a bitch of a hailstorm last week and I sure didn't want something as pretty as that to get all dented up. Got the livin' hell knocked out of me by a hailstorm doing it, too."

Tanker rubbed his freed wrists and looked at the deputy for a moment. "You mean to tell me that you ran out in the middle of a hailstorm just to throw a tarp over my bike?"

"Didn't seem to have much choice — it was either that or sit back and watch it get pounded into a moped."

Tanker shook his head in awe. There weren't many cops around like Eli, but there damn well should be. The dude was downright human under his badge. "How the hell did someone like you wind up bein' a cop?" he asked.

"Just lucky, I guess. I needed a job bad, and after hearing the ol' lady's mouth running steadily for three weeks, I was ready to take anything. So, here I am."

For a moment Tanker thought about the strange friendship that had developed between the two of them over the last few weeks. It was plain to Tanker that if he'd met this fellow about 15 years sooner, he could've made him into one hell of a biker, size notwithstanding. When the jail stove had broken down a few weeks ago and all the other inmates were eating cold cheese sandwiches three times a day, Eli had split his lunch with him. The little guy had class, whether he realized it or not.

Tanker pulled the tarp off and for the first time in almost three months, he looked upon the form of his one true love — a 1974 Shovel. The one thing that would never run out on a

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"His room is starting to smell. Maybe we should tell him there's no such thing as the dingleberry fairy."



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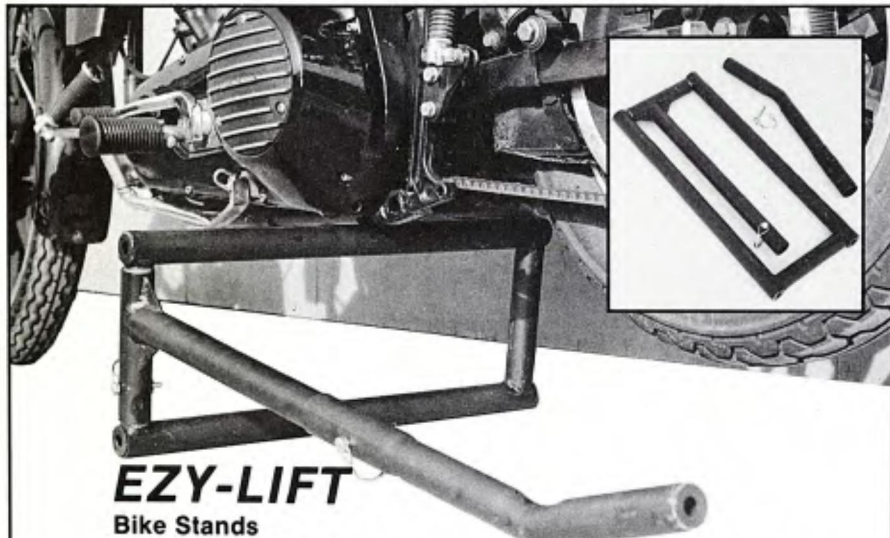
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ZIP _____

man. As he started a quick inspection of the bike for loose spokes, or nuts, or whatnot, Tanker relived in his mind for the millionth time the sequence of events that had led to his being a "guest" in the Graybar Hotel.

The note on the door from his ol' lady Squeaky, saying, "So long, asshole. I've found someone else." The cleaned-out apartment he'd found when he kicked in the door (the first time the cunt had cleaned the place in six months). The ride to a nearby biker bar to drown his sorrows. The impressive stack of drained beer pitchers he'd collected in a drastically short amount of time. The bartender telling him that it was closing time, that he didn't care if Tanker wasn't finished drinking. The four cops who'd showed up after Tanker had told the bartender to go jump up his asshole. And the public-drunk beef that had quickly escalated to assault on an officer and resisting arrest. They'd taken him away in handcuffs, but at least one of the cops had probably been off active duty for about three weeks. Leastways, that was how long it usually took for the swelling to go down on a broken nose. The judge had given him 90 days, but Tanker had gotten five days off for good behavior.

"Well," said Tanker, as he swung his leg up over the bike and prepared to fire her up, "I guess I'll see you around. Don't forget what I said about staying in touch. I know a couple of dudes who'd love to meet you. It's not often we get to meet a cop with class."

Eli grinned at him and said, "Thanks. I just might take you up on that. You know, whether you know it or not, I envy you."

Easyriders



"I told you before, I'm not interested in what you've learned in your gymnastics class."

From the Editors of
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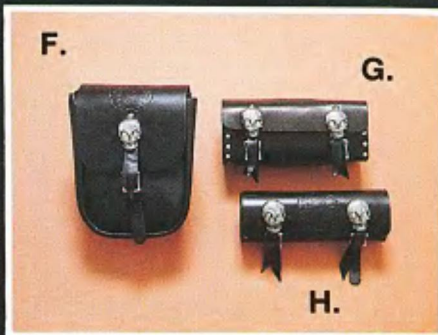
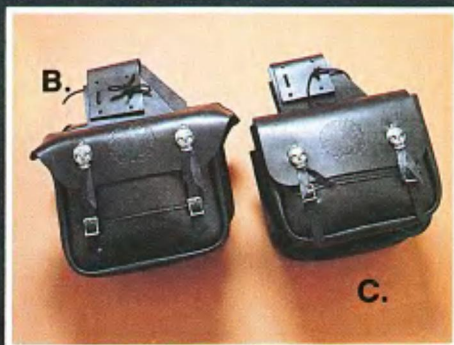
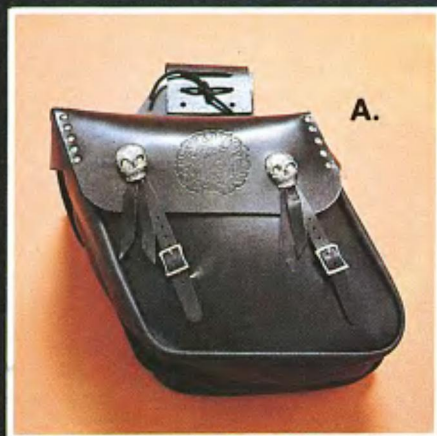
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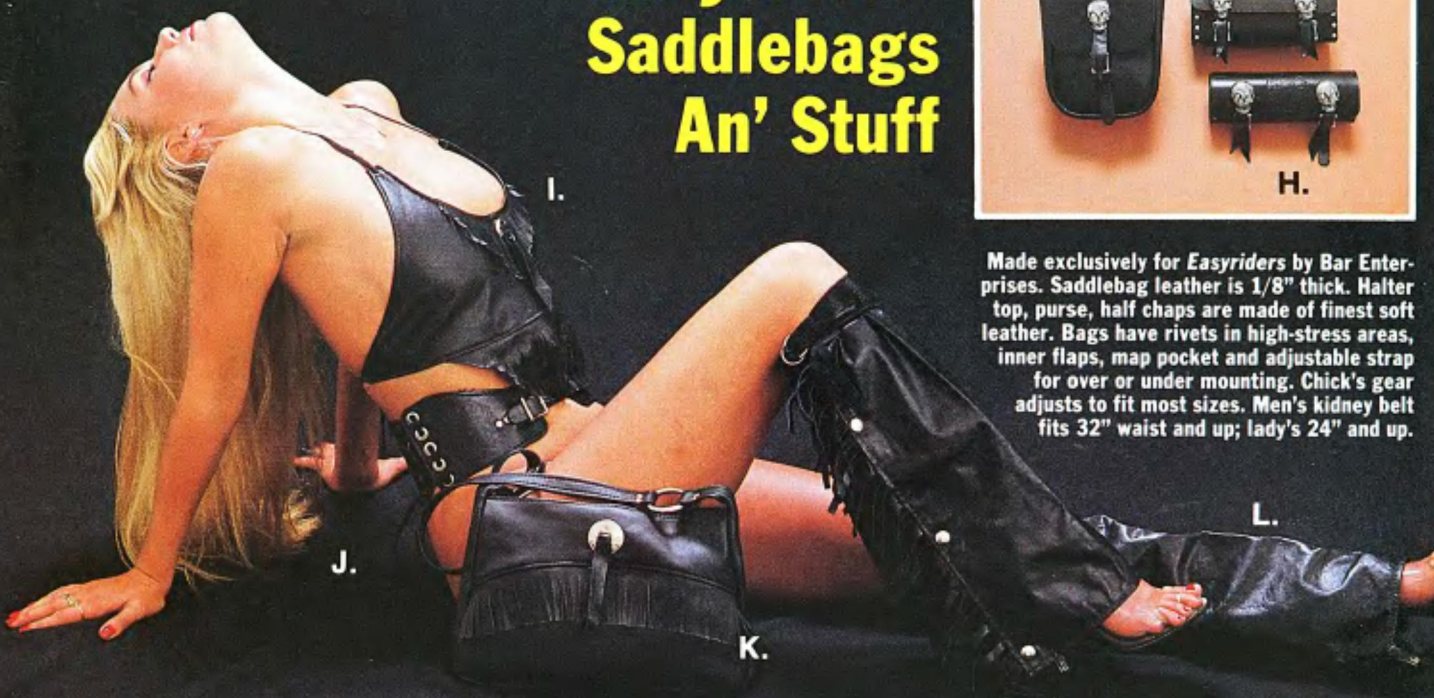
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The remark stopped Tanker cold. He looked over at the peace officer as if to be sure that he'd heard him right. "Did you say that you envy me?" he asked in disbelief. "I got no job, no home, damn little money, and yet you say you *envy* me? Man, I think you better put in for some time off. Your head is starting to go soft on ya."

Eli's eyes suddenly seemed to grow older, and he shook his head a bit woefully as he said, "No, man, you got it all backwards. Look at me — I've got almost 20 years of service in with the force, on a job I hate. But I can't quit when I'm so close to retirement. I've got an ol' lady, a bitch I was dumb enough to knock up when I was in high school, and I couldn't stand her then. I've got the respect of the community and the church and it all sucks. If I thought it would work, I'd knock your ass off that bike and pin this badge on you. Then I'd ride off into the sunset before you knew what hit you. You're the one whose head is going soft, man."

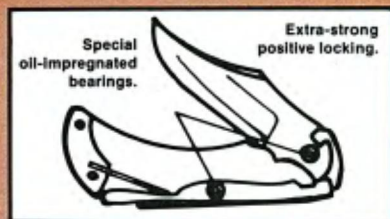
"Now the gate's that way and the guard already has orders to let you out. I'm more of a prisoner here than those guys back there in their cells. You got it all, pal — you're free." Eli turned and walked back into the guard shack.

Tanker stood there for a moment, thinking about what his small friend had said. Then he smiled to himself as he realized that Eli was right. As he started to pop the clutch, a shadow passed between him and the hot noonday sun. He looked up and saw an eagle as it wheeled and soared alone in the sky. With a full grin, he engaged the clutch and roared off toward the main gate — and the open road. ■



"It ain't what you think, Mr. Forsite. A snake bit me and your daughter is suckin' out the poison."

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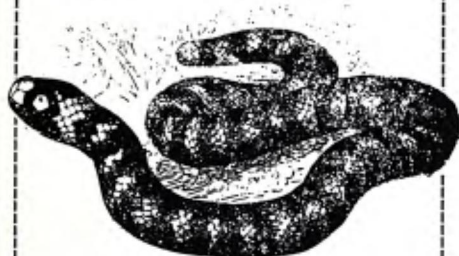
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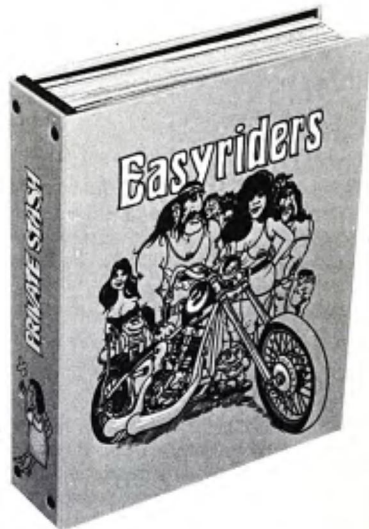
Lockdown

Continued from page 76

a multiple-choice answer, all of which are correct. Overzealous prosecutions, crackdowns on crime, new state administrations, legislators looking for votes by riding the coattails of convicts. The biggest noise comes from the hysteria created by politicians, who voice their opinions to a gullible media, which in turn perpetuates the hysteria by carrying the "law and order" banner without investigating the hidden reasons behind the hue and cry. In consequence, tougher sentencing bills are introduced and passed, swelling prison populations, while the same politicians who voted on those measures fail to pass the necessary attendant bills that would directly address the issue of prison violence brought on by overcrowding. Greater prison populations require increased inmate services; i.e., more sanitation facilities, larger dining halls and visiting rooms, more jobs, meaningful vocational and educational programs, and the list of needs goes on.

The attitude seems to be lock 'em up and forget 'em. This is unrealistic in view of the fact that approximately 97 percent of all incarcerated inmates will eventually be released. When killings and assaults occur, some prison administrators and politicians can be heard saying, "Fine, let 'em kill each other off." But lest they forget, inmates' brothers, sisters, wives, parents and friends are part of the voting public. If they ever get organized, they'll form a powerful voting block deserving more consideration than they currently receive.

Prison goals have changed dramatically since the first prison was established in Pennsylvania back in the late 1600s. At first, prisons were used for the sole purpose of penance, hence the term "penitentiary." Prisoners were placed in tiny cubicles and



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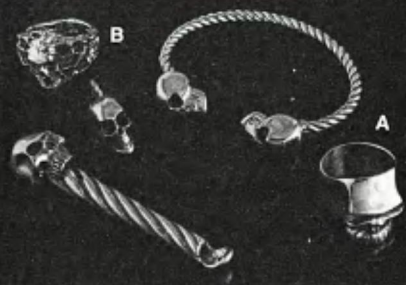
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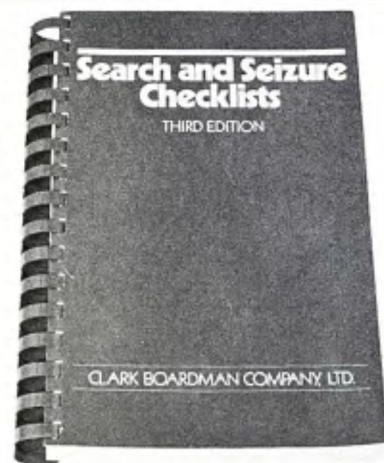
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left to contemplate their wrongdoing
while weaving cotton and wool. A
hundred years later prison "reform"
led to the "lockstep and silent" sys-
tems, featuring one hot meal a day
and total boredom, a practice that cost
the taxpayers a lot of money with no
return on their investment.

Eventually, officials decided to work
convicts by renting them out as labor-
ers. A lot of escapes happened as a
result. One memorable escape
occurred in the town of Folsom, Cali-
fornia, back in the 1880s. A solitary
guard was taking a work crew to town
from the prison when a Chinese pris-
oner decided to make his bid for free-
dom. The guard couldn't leave his
remaining wards on board the work
wagon to chase down this escapee, so
he continued to the work site. On his
return to the prison, distressed about
the escape, he saw a Chinese walking
along the road and snatched him up
to replace the escaped prisoner. What
the hell — one Chinese looks like
another and the count was right when
he got back.

Since those times, theories have
changed — time and again. We've all
seen various types of sentences tried
and changed: the indeterminate sen-
tence, the determinate sentence, the
day-for-day sentence. We've seen strict
work programs and psychiatric pro-
grams. Some of them worked. Many
didn't. Some weren't given a chance to
succeed and were scrapped without a
decent trial. Public hysteria compli-
cated progressive programs and parol-
ing officials wanted to cinch their job
security. Administrative egos were at
stake — and the inmates suffered, as
did the taxpaying public.

It would be fair to draw the conclu-
sion that in many states, educational
budgets suffer from funds diverted to
correctional-budget demands. Reports
from Texas say that the correctional
budget in that state is *larger* than the
educational budget. But then again,
prisons are usually a state's largest
civil-service employer. When weighed
in the balance, education vs. relatively
low-cost mass employment, which is
bound to be the loser?

Speaking on the subject of human
incarceration, George Bernard Shaw
once stated, "Imprisonment as it
exists today is a worse crime than any
of those committed by its victims. . ."
More recently, Dr. David Greenberg, in
his book *The Problems of Prisons*,
noted " . . . conditions in public zoos
are often superior to those of many
jails." Two years ago, Ruth Rushen,
former director of the California pris-
on system, said that she had taken a
veterinarian friend for a tour of a state
prison, about which he later said, "If I
put one of my most docile animals in
one of those cells for a month, he
would emerge insane." That's one hell
of an indictment.

An often-used prison expression is,
"The walls are to keep the public out
as well as to keep the prisoners in," a
statement supporting the theory that
the public knows little or nothing

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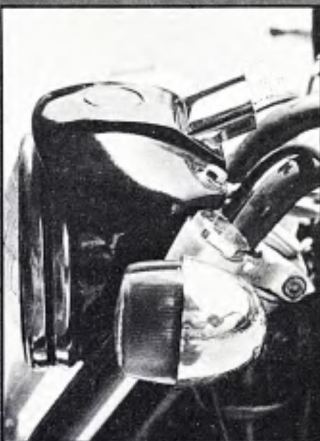
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about prisons and their covert operations. Prison officials don't want the public (and in some cases, judges and politicians) to know too much about prison politics. It might shock what passes as their moral conscience and, admittedly, could well endanger many progressive programs. On the other hand, the public probably doesn't want to know about the inmate who had cockroaches in his skull after being treated for a head injury, or the prisoner who died undergoing surgery for an ingrown toenail, or the inmate who refused surgery for a growth on his neck and was placed in a psychiatric ward until he submitted to surgery, only to die two weeks later of cancer. Likewise, it's less disturbing to remain ignorant of the prisoner who was stabbed, but not so seriously that he was unable to call his wife to tell her what had happened and to assure her that he was going to be fine. He died within two hours of making that call — a doctor had removed the tubes in his chest and left him flat on his back, alone, in a cell. Or how about the San Quentin doctor who was fired for making public statements that the prison hospital needed better-equipped medical facilities? Nope, none of this information serves the public good. It's best kept under wraps, so we won't mention it.

The parole system must also share the blame for present overcrowded conditions. Thousands of people are returned to prison for failing to report a change in their jobs, for having a drink in public (or at times, merely in their homes), for failing to report their legitimate income, for breaking curfew or even for getting a speeding ticket. These parole violators are returned to prison at an astronomical expense to the public coffers, and in the final analysis, a parole-violation term, which can range from 30 days to a year or more, serves absolutely no purpose. We're talking simple miscon-

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duct here, not criminal behavior nor even victimless crime.

The cause-and-effect factors in prison overcrowding and the long shadow of violence cast by such overcrowding is difficult to fully comprehend. Some facts about the situation, however, are crystal-clear.

The country needs prisons, and no sane man or woman will ever deny it — not even those who are serving time. Those who are locked down merely want to see saner methods of imprisonment employed; hopefully, ones that work better than the present system.

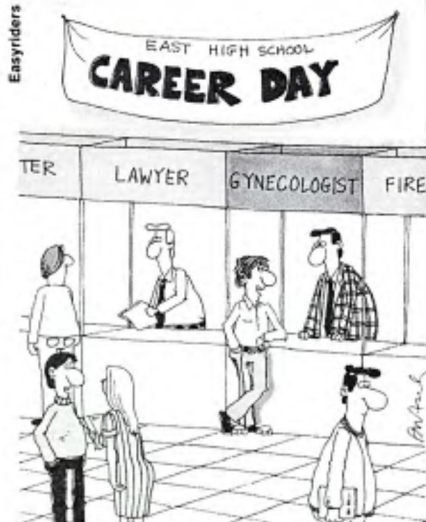
The prisons of the United States need administrators who are innovative and willing to take a chance on a human being, unafraid that a falling rate of recidivism will endanger their job security.

Prison officials need to take meaningful steps to prepare prisoners to take their place in society and live in harmony — and quit sending people out with hate and bitterness in their souls, much of which was created within the prison system.

The public needs to be educated about prisons and debriefed from the hysteria created by politicians manipulating the media.

Such measures would not, of course, be a hundred percent effective in terminating all the ills of imprisonment. But even a partial success would be far preferable to our current methods of dealing with those who've been found guilty of criminal offenses, those who will emerge from inside the walls not only no better able to handle their lives in a lawful manner than when they first went in, but actually more conversant and at ease with a criminal lifestyle than they were prior to conviction. Wouldn't even a modicum of success at turning some of these blighted lives around be worth the cost? Locked down or free, we'd all share the benefits. ■

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"So, how's the future in cunts?"

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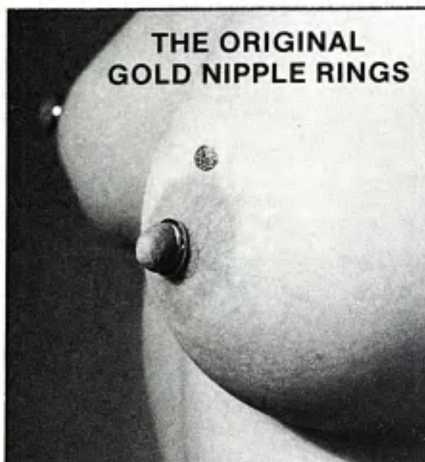
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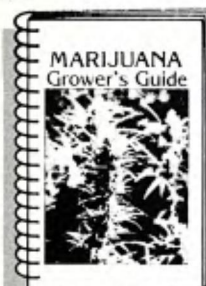
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Downtime

Continued from page 78

persona of Rusty Smith. The Saddle-Tramps are his band, fellow convicts at Soledad's South Facility. George says he can relax easier onstage when he goes into his wild Rusty phase. Then, when he steps offstage, it's back to being plain ol' George, a man makin' the most of his situation by stayin' busy within the prison's confines. I learned a helluva lot by talkin' to George over the phone, and, George, I want to thank you for that.

Whereas Vern McKee's album is a twelve-inch consumed with the bitterness of being downed, Davidson is not totally preoccupied by his surroundings, though it's pretty hard to leave them out. You have to reflect your life, you know.



GEORGE L. DAVIDSON

George's life began in Olive Hill, Kentucky, hometown of Tom T. Hall. His dad was a preacher, his mom a piano teacher. Together, they imbued him with a musical background and a tough-as-knuckles upbringing that taught him he didn't want to stay there. He headed for the big lights of El Lay long ago and there he got mixed up with the wrong crowd, becoming experienced in the art of armed robbery. Then it was off to the penitentiary. Since then, he's managed to keep his head above water by getting involved in prison activities, such as editing the facility's newspaper, the *Soledad Star News*. It helped him become aware that he'd always been a "square peg," that he couldn't live a drone-like existence and, say, go to a factory to work all day. He was creative and he was just realizing it.

George has created his own album — actually, a tape cassette — that's amazingly professional, despite the hindrance of being done solely in the joint, using state-owned equipment that was acquired by the Arts In Corrections Program for use by different institutions throughout the state.

On *Make Good Music*, George is backed by his former cellie and collaborator Curtis Kingham (since

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released) on guitar, and Gary Martin on drums. The ten-tune tape will give you an idea of how one man views the world from the inside out. The songs are all homespun originals, and include "Three Squares," about habitual criminals who feel more at home behind walls than outside them; "Western Sunsets" dealing with life on the installment plan; and "Can't Take The Beer Out Of Country-Fried Music," about the commercialism of current country music. Also on side one is "Gonna Open Your Door (Say Adios For The Last Time)," about a bitch who's been snakin' around.

Side two has "All Make Believe," about the dreams in a relationship that didn't pan out to expectations. "The Speckled Bird" (not to be confused with the Roy Acuff gospel classic of almost the same name) is about eating uppers and driving cross-country (the open road is a favorite theme of George's).

Then there is a straight-out ballad called "The Cowboy Song," about an occurrence that could've taken place in the Ol' West. There's also "God Needed An Angel," written for an inmate whose dad lost his wife. And finally, "Never Could Dance (But I Sure Could Rock 'n' Roll)," about his own youth, when dancing was out, for religious reasons, in the South. The ten tunes make for a good time of listening.

For George, music is therapy. He plans on continuing his career, whether inside or out, no matter what, and would like to become a "voice for the disenfranchised." In addition to appearing at prison shows, he's also been on a radio show, performing with his band for KUSP, a Santa Cruz, California, station.

He's already had some mighty good fortune in that he met his ol' lady, Ellen Davidson, formerly Smith (accounting for the Smith in Rusty Smith), through his music. The dude has come a long way, and hopefully he has a long, bright future in front of him.

If you're interested in purchasing a copy of the cassette, mail \$8 per tape (he'll take care of the shipping and handling fees) to Joint Venture, Box 7202, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

By the way, George does all his own artwork and packaging. We used one of his illustrations for "Lockdown" in *Easyriders* 127 (January 1984). We knew nothing of his musical talent at that time. Happily, we do now. ■

Easyriders



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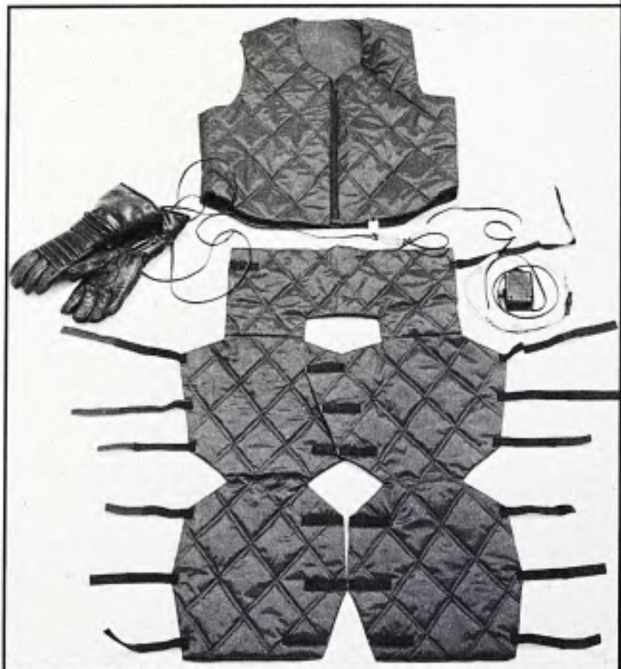
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Two Wheel Tale

JD & Me

by Bill Imor

It was six o'clock on one of those sultry San Jose nights. Feeling crazy as usual, I decided to get about half-lit, so upon drinking three six-packs and cleaning the remaining few lines off the mirror, I jumped on ol' No. Seven and headed for Das Gausthaus, a homey-type bar that regularly had all sorts of tits, big and small, and tit freaks hanging out there. About half-way down the expressway, I spotted Vic's house with what appeared to be five or six women running around packing Vic's Chevy panel. Fuck the bar, I thought, it's always there.

Three rights, a left, and a mile of back-track straightaway later, I pulled into Vic's garage. God fuckin' damn! It looked like heaven — six ladies were scurrying around "unpacking" the panel. I cut the life support on Number Seven, and a few introductions later, Big Sharon yelled, "Well, girls, the permanent men moved out, and we did say we were gonna turn out the first man who rode in!" Immediately, the beer and lines I'd consumed earlier went to work. Waa-hoo! A night to remember! Can't rape the willing, ya know. Suddenly, I felt thirsty. "Hey, Sharon, ya gotta beer in there?"

"No, I have some wine, though." Fuck, wine ain't no good. "I'll be right back." Have to have a beer. Fifteen minutes later, I pulled back into Vic's garage. Before I could put the kickstand down, this cute blonde gal with a cast on one arm and grease up to her tits asked, "Well, where's the beer?" Unzipping my jacket, I pulled out a litre of Old Number Seven and we began to get loaded.

After half a litre, the women got together and decided that the nice polite scooter tramp who'd arrived earlier had left for parts unknown, and now they had this animal runnin' around without his leash or license. So they threw me and JD out.

That's when the real shit hit the

Solution to puzzle on page 51.

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fuckin' fan. I rolled my '51 pan to the curb — step one completed. Okay, now for step two: put down the kickstand. Musta been way too high, 'cause I didn't see ol' JD standin' on the right side, holding onto his half of the apehangers. He said, "Okay, the kickstand's down," and leaned the bike in his direction. Naturally, I held onto my side, debating with myself. When did Harley-Davy start puttin' kickstands on the right side? By the time I realized it was only JD fuckin' with my mind, there I was, lying on the primary side with my foot in the chain, and my left arm hangin' over the rearview mirror.

Well, fuck it. Round one goes to the bike. Pick the bike up. Okay, now we're cookin'. Both feet on the ground. You fuckin' whore — think you can get away with that, do ya? A size-eleven boot to the kickstand sent it back into riding position. That'll teach ya, bitch! Mad as hell, I lean the bitch onto the kickstand, but then, about halfway down, I remember that awful boot I'd delivered to it. This time the bitch pins me.

Two out of three falls to the pan. I pick her up again, rubber side down, and back her up against the curb, kickstand down. Right on. With a couple of primer kicks, ignition on, the bitch roars to life. Far fucking out. Guess I ain't too loaded, after all. Heading for home now, I'm cursing JD. Holy shit, left turn coming up! Back off the throttle stop, brake just a taste, lean a little. Fuck, the road's alive! Some asphalt monster's jumped up and taken himself a bit of my railroad-spike shifter side foot peg, with the grip of a pit bull that won't let go.

Well, shit, fall number three, by unanimous decision, goes to the '51 pan sporting chrome barrels. Okay, back on the kickstand once again. Middle of the street. Let's see now — five, maybe six miles back to the homestead. Fuck it! How far is it back to Vic's house? Let's see, four, maybe five driveways. On the lawn in front of Vic's house, I've made it.

Thirty minutes later, Vic looks out the front door. "You back again? Well, hell, you can't sleep out there." Vic comes outta the house, picks up the pan, and rolls her into the garage, parking my pan next to her shovel. She locks up the garage, turns to me and says, "Let's get you to bed." One hell of a lady, that Vicki! Yessiree, a night I'll never forget, but then again, some of it I can't remember. ■



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Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20X, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (139)

Lovely lady, 27, 5'7", 130 lbs. Doin' time, need to know there are still good people out there. One is the loneliest number. Need a righteous ol' man. Marilyn Hergonson 160150, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024. (138)

Panhead Don: Happy birthday, 12/12. Love you big bunches and am proud to be your ol' lady. Leather and lace forever. Winkle. (138)

Attention, ladies: w/m, 39, long brown hair, 6'11", 190 lbs., blue eyes, rock 'n' roller, slammed in prison. Looking for a good ol' lady, 18-40, for possible future marriage (kids okay). Been in prison 15 years, out in 2 years. That special lady is out there, so write! Ronald Leach, B-26973, Box 689, CTF/C, A-314, Soledad, CA 93960. (138)

W/m, lonely and blue. Would like to hear from anyone, even you. Tom Kimmer 50611, Box 999, FCF, Canon City, CO 81212. (138)

Letters remailed and forwarded. \$1, plus postage. Dave, Box 596, Pinson, AL 35126. (138)

Chiya: Happy anniversary, and many more. Thanks for giving my life new meaning and purpose. You're my magic. FTW. We'll soon be together. I love you, babe, always and forever. Your husband, Phoenix. (138)

Two downed bros need to hear from some foxy ladies. Write us. Photos appreciated. Bill Bell 113133, A-II-51, and James Brock, MHU 103500, KCI, 4344 Broad River Rd., Columbia, SC 29210.

Wanted: Reasonably attractive woman (age/kids don't matter). Be serious and pretty, and I'll answer. W/m, 35, down since '80. Be out in 11/86. Roger Bray 86010, WKFC, Rt. 2, Fredonia, KY 42411. (138)

Scotter had to go when I came to this hellhole, but now, with only one year to go, the blood is startin' to flow again. Help this "Road Dog" get back on the road. Need 74 motor and tranny. Bucks are tight, so let's make the price right. Send year, model and description to Daniel Struwing 101221, Box 1056, DeQuincy, LA 70633. (138)

Soon-to-be-released 23-year-old, tired of being locked up. Looking for serious-minded lady; age unimportant, pic appreciated. John, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (138)

Surviving: Staying alive. Military techniques for basic survival. Send \$7 to JAM, 2407-B Hornet Drive, Lemoore, CA 93245. (138)

White male, 29, looking for female relationship. Kids welcome. Come on, gals, I'm free as a bird. All letters answered. Write or visit. Bob, 529 W. Plum, Thorn- town, IN 46071. (138)

Blockhead Nick: Merry Christmas, sweetheart, and happy second anniversary, December 30. Kisses, Mama and Cassie. (138)

Angel: We have a '61 panhead bagger that needs a tune-up. Please call and leave message and phone number. Hurry, it's important! Love ya, Rufus, Andie, and Big Rufus in Skokie. (138)

Crippled man, left arm gone. Jewish, 22 1/2 kilos overweight, short-cocked. No tobacco and no bar whores. Smokes reefer. The easiest way to domestic tranquility is to: feed me, fuck me, suck on my cock, and keep my clothes embroidered and mended. Digs Harley trikes. Loyalty a must. Correspond and photos. Senor Don Humberto Einstein, 303 S.E. Neptune Ave. Lincoln City, OR 97367. (138)

Lonely bro, 31, down till '86. Need sincere one-man woman who has outgrown games. Age, looks, unimportant. Perry Kinsey 039228, Box 1100, Avon Park, FL 33825-1100. (138)

Ron (R.G.) and Joanne Gilland: It's been a long time since Sacramento. Took a 15 to life to get me outta the bottle. Let me hear from you. Ed Lawrence, Box B34859, Florence, AZ 85232. (138)

"Experience is what you get when you don't get what you wanted." This is my experience: locked down, lost in time warp, must establish communication with earth female through letters and photos. Steve Greener, Box 57/177-674, Marion, OH 43302. (138)

Robert (Bob): Happy everythang! XO, Kebby. (138)

Stoney: Just want to tell you that I love you very much! Merry Christmas from your loving wife in Norway. Bones.

I want to contact a lost bro and my daughters. Bro: "Raggs," aka Gregg Arthur Kemple, worked at Stainless Steel, last seen 1978-79, Arleta-Pacoima, California. Daughters: Jamie LeAnn Tucker, last seen 1979-80, Apple Valley-Victoria, California; and Robin Ann Wilson, last seen Gorman-Frazier Park, California. Please contact me either c/o Roy Wilson, 10343 Sahara 14M, San Antonio, TX 78216; or Bob "Stoney" Wilson, Box 3, APO, N.Y. 09085. With love from Norway. Stoney.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mike Grenville, please contact Bob Grenville, 1523 Espanola, Holly Hill, FL 32017. (138)

Lots of crabs talk 'bout the wind; few are the righteous who ride it till their end. Lookin' for that woman who can sure nuff be, that rare li' sweetie who'll ride behind this righteous one when I'm free. Lester J. Meddy 084847-P2N10, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (138)

Two downed sled pilots, 27 and 29, draggin' iron and swingin' steel. Searchin' for ladies, 18-35, to write and ease the time! Will answer all. Donald "Pathfinder" Harrell 368167, and Shannon "Stranger" Davis 302443, Ellis Unit II, C2-108, Huntsville, TX 77340. (138)

Fancy Space (Jacqueline Wizelman) and Cajun (Brenda Higgins): contact Vito Bandido, Pagan's MC, right away. Urgent. Franklin Vito Frank 07495-054, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959. (138)

Chip: I'll always love you for forever and a day. Your ol' lady Fancy. (138)

Wanted: Photos of tattooed ladies. Will pay \$10 for B&W; \$25 for color. Private collector. Send photos to Doc Lowery, Box 70, White Marsh, MD 21162. (138)

Male, 26, blond, 5'9", needs visits and mail from financially secure women, 18-30. Send pictures. All letters will be answered. Ken Rupprecht, C-76588, Box 3535-1005, Norco, CA 91760. (138)

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)

Down West Virginia bro whose wife and seven-year-old son were recently run down by a cager would appreciate hearing from people in the free world. Please write and help me get past this great loss. Dave Dudley, B97801, CTF-C, Y-210, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689. (138G)

Incarcerated white male, 6'2" tall, 200 pounds, 32 years old, seeking meaningful relationship with women into life, love, realism, and one man. All correspondence answered. Picture exchange and honest communication welcome. Please, no phonies or heavy dopers. Please do not exclude yourself because of looks or age. I'm seeking honest communication and respect — period. Douglas H. Hyson, Box 779-160271, Marquette, MI 49855. (138)

Florida beach living for the right lady. I'm looking for a good-lookin', clean, good-cookin', good-lovin' woman. No smoker, doper, or drinker. Send photo with each letter. Please, no incarcerated persons. Tom, 404 1st Street, Indian Rocks Beach, FL 33535. (141)

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 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.

Dominant w/m, 30 years old, seeks submissive, exhibitionist females for kinky correspondence. Scott Riley 062982, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Battlin' with the Dragon that blocks my way from this cave, dealin' with this void of nowhere. Searchin' fer that Phantom-Babe, whose pedigree is that breed that's rare. When this battle is through, in leather pouch I'll deliver the Dragon's bloody balls to you. That Phantom-Babe who'll watch with me the sun explode, fiery rollin' thunder open the road, moon burst stardust particles stream the beam, into the curves, leavin' sparks where we lean. Always believin' the wind will blow, not givin' a fuck 'bout anything. FTW. Big John Streeter 023667, FSP, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (138)

Quiet, laid-back, 26-year-old w/m, 6'4", hazel eyes, brown hair, is looking for a pretty, slender w/f, 5'6" to 5'8", 24 to 26 years old. One kid okay. Must be 100% honest and open, and not into game-playing or drugs or alcohol abuse, but one who enjoys life. Prefer Philadelphia, Pa., area but relocators are welcome. Send resume and recent flick to J.R., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (138)

Original Nazi relics and weapons for sale. Send \$1 and SASE for list to Gary M. Johnson, Box 6446, Thousand Oaks, CA 91359. (138)

W/m, 23, 5'11", 175 lbs., brown hair, moustache, green eyes, caged and very lonely. Five down and a few to go. Would deeply appreciate companionship from sincere, good-humored lady. Tony Davis, C-25049, #3279, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (138)

Karl: Left New Zealand September 3. Contact me at (602) 247-5565 (Phoenix), or (317) 736-9022 (Indianapolis). Have a party to fin. Homeboy. (138)

Mature, straight biker seeking special lady, 30-40 years old, to ride and live with me. I will provide. Must be about 5' and 95 lbs., with no kids or ties. Permanent, caring relationship. East Coast. Pix exchanged first letter. Scooter, Box 442, Enfield, CT 06082.

Sandi: This year will be better. Happy 20. I love you. Chris. (138)

Romantic mountain man is seeking sweetie-pies from Sacramento, Reno, Bay Area, Santa Rosa, Chico, and other nearby areas. Steve (916) 541-1674. Don't be shy. No collect calls. (139)

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 Kalenberg, 3125 19th Street, Suite 297, Bakersfield, CA 93301. Women prisoners welcome. (142)

Annette: You can contact Redeye Doug at 6781 54th Ave. N., St. Petersburg, FL 33709. (138)

Matt: Happy birthday, babe (10/28/59). I'll always love you. Turtle. (138)

Foxy ladies who are sincere, loving, and sexy, write sincere guy doing time. W/m, 30, 150 lbs., 5'7", blond and blue. Steve Snow, C-03581, Box A4182, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (139)

Merry Xmas, Diane and Jenny Dziadkowiec! The two who make this three easy. You're my winning pair and I love you both! Roger. (138)

Attention, all ladies: Three Aryan bros, out in '85, need letters and pictures from serious-minded ladies. Write today! Steve Whitt 96572, Jerry Morgan 94393, and Bill Ford 101282, LCRP, Rt. 1 Box 330, Tiptonville, TN 38079. (138)

Tattoo fans: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free each month. Send SASE to Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Reaper: I'm proud to be your ol' lady; renewable in thirty years. Popcorn. (138)

Ladies: Locked down and lost bro who hasn't seen the sun shine and a pretty smile in a long time. Looking for sincere ladies to open those gates again for me. So, come on, send a kate and some pix my way. Marriage a possibility. Chuck "Outlaw" Nichols 79-B-1610, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011-0149. (138)

"Grizzly Adams" type country boy/inmate looking for girls to correspond with. Quiet and down-to-earth guy who wants to live a serious life when freed. Eugene "Grizzly" Allen, Box 713, St. Albans, VT 05478. (138)

Daniel (Shooter): Happy birthday. Love ya forever. Your Leo Lady. (138)

Biker rings. Why pay big bucks when you can have the same thing cast in solid Herculon? Unbreakable; sizes 6-13. Suggested retail, \$20; yours now, postage-paid, only \$15. Soon available, catalog of all 18 rings in stock. Send cash or money order to Biker Rings, Box 8428, Calabasas, CA 91302. (150)

Would love to hear from any lady who'd care enough to help brighten my days some with letters and photos. I'll answer all who write. I'm 26, 5'9", 180 lbs., with dark hair and eyes. Donald Miller 072458-R3, 3876 Evans Rd., Box 50, Polk City, FL 33868. (138)

Caveman: Happy birthday (12/3) to the best of man a woman could ask for. I will always love you. Rose. (138)

Big-balled stud from Big Apple seeks a miraculous mutha for fun, games and long rides. Send photo and needs. Wildman Steve, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (138)

Good ol' lady needed by poor, dirty, ugly old biker. I need someone who is tired of partying and games. If you're sentimental, romantic, like C&W music, mountains, deserts, Disneyland, and desolate beaches — and aren't fat — write quick. I need you. If you've got kids, all the better. I need them, too. Send picture and phone number. Earl Quinn, Box 14603, Las Vegas, NV 89114. (138)

W/m, German, wants to marry an American or Canadian lady for getting my immigration permit. Kids OK. Family-minded ladies, please write M. Schroeder, PLK Nr. 050523, B-6200, Wiesbaden, W. Germany. (138)

Ladies, 18-35: Handsome, secure, w/m, 24, brown hair, baby-blue eyes, 6', 175 lbs., Pisces, seeks sincere and very affectionate lady for love, marriage, and children. Been serving a four-year term with two more left to do. All letters (if any) will be answered. Send photo if possible. I will send one in return. John O'Shaughnessy, 780 Kimball Ave., Yonkers, NY 10704. (138)

Have bike, will travel: Biker (civilian) in 2D Inf. Div., area Korea, has panhead for long-term. Looking for a biker chick who knows the deal. Will travel from DMZ to Pusan. My DEROS: August '85. Tony Duplantier, LAO-K, Camp Red Cloud, APO San Francisco, CA 96358. (138)

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)

Tattoos by Lou. 475 Hay Street, downtown Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 843-1222. (138)

I'm 32 years old and I'm still a looker. I'm a hard-working woman and I'm not looking for a free ride. What I am looking for is a financially independent ol' man who would really like to help me bring my 13-year-old son up to be a righteous man. This is a package deal. We love Harleys, horses and 4-wheel-drive, just for a starting point. Sharon, Box 210302, Columbia, SC 29221. (138)

W/m, part-Indian, 5'9", 165 lbs., brown hair and eyes, 30 years old. Out in five months to year. Looking for permanent relationship with working woman who's serious and needs lots of love, lust, and devotion from hard-working man. Tall or a shorty, 20-40, native American or partially crippled. Kids OK. Past means nothing. Send picture, get one back. Patrick Brassell 131869, BCU #25, Troutville, VA 24175. (138)

Two dirty white boys looking to be adopted. Release, last of '85. Need a home, but no place to go! And we ain't just a bullshittin'! Reid Greene and Larry Collen, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845. (138)

W/m, 26, 6'2", 210 lbs., easygoing, loves the outdoors, loves kids, looking for someone to share the future with. Photo for photo. Ladies, 18-35, reply to Paul, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (138)

Swap meets: October 28 and December 16, Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. November 25, K.C. Trade Mart, Kansas City, Mo. (138)

Billy Lackey: Happy birthday, 10/7. Lots of love and kisses. You're still #1. Debbie. (138)

Swingers want biker tramps for kinky action nationwide. Call Sherri or Bob anytime, 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (138)

Merry Christmas to y'all! I love you. Shirley. (138)

San Francisco Motorcycle Club was organized in 1904. Can anyone inform us of an older continuously-operating club in the United States? SFMC, 2194 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA. (415) 863-1930. (138)

W/m, blond hair, blue eyes, 26, would like to hear from all you lonely ladies. Please send photo. Will answer all. Michael P. Clougherty 111091, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (138)

W/m, 45, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks mature female for correspondence. Please send photo. Age no difference. Donald Smith 25774, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (138)

John Jay: Yes, I am Blu's baby. Yes, I believe you. Tail Bait calling Snub Nose. May our Sunshine R.I.P. (138)

W/m, 30's, wants correspondence from sincere, unattached females. Inmates welcome. Make the best out of these holidays. Reply to R.A., Box 16161, San Francisco, CA 94116. (138)

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. (138)

Cinderella: Lucky Lady and I need you. Ride with me forever. Now I know love is real. Thumper. (138)

UK's finest tattoo equipment! Send \$7 for catalog to Tattoo Factory International, Box 60, Wervershoof, Holland. (138)

Ladies: John is 27 and wants to develop serious future plans with right woman when he paroled in March. Bob is 35, will parole in August '86, and desires exchange of ideas, photos, and development of friendship with woman desiring same. All letters answered. John C. and Bob, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (138)

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)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices! Illustrated literature. \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-Z, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (138)

Egyptian: Miss you, love you. Keep your chin up. Thor. (138)

Lonely bro, w/m, 6'1", 190 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, from So. Calif., needs correspondence from fine young ladies to help this bro pass his time faster. I've got until December of 1985. Send photo. James "Tin Man" McDonald, C-46512, Box 500, Chino, CA 91710. (138)

Seasoned, attractive bro is getting real lonely in here. Besides, I have a hell of a story to tell the right lady between 20 and 40. Write to H.L. Warthen, Box C27604, Repress, CA 95671. (138G)

Frog: We celebrate this special birthday with love and joy. May you always ride free. Have a year of champagne, kites, and many miles on the road. I'm proud to share it all. YAMD, Katy. (138)

S. Florida biker, 25, 5'11", 145 lbs., tired of the plastic people. Seeks very warm-hearted, nice-bodied, very real biker lady. No hardcores please! No albies or heavy druggers. Serious-minded women only. Last Christmas was a lonely one. You and me can make it different. Send pic and a letter; include phone number. Will answer all possible. BIKE, c/o 1623 N.W. 15th Terrace, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33311. (138)

Dear Margie (Or is it Baby?): I love you as best I can when I'm home. I love and miss you a lot when I'm gone. I hope our love is good and strong enough to last through these six months I'm gone. Three down, three to go! Happy 8th anniversary. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. I'll love you always, Margie. Always yours, Animal. (138)

For sale: 22 Supercycles; 41 Iron Horses, including first issue; 123 Easyriders, including first issue. \$350. For more info, write B.W., Box 264, Canyon City, OR 97820. (138)

Richard: Happy birthday, October 22. Many years to us. You're number one to me. Love, Debbie. (138)

Easyriders, Iron Horse collection. All mint. \$140. Scott, Washington, D.C. (202) 646-0536. (138)

Need to hear from all women interested (looks unimportant), 20-48, from Contra Costa County, Calif., area. Need a woman and somewhere to call home. One-woman w/m, 6'1", 23, 190 lbs., brown/hazel. Parole in December '84. Photos, one for one. Jeff Jones, C-62596, D-4907, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130. (138)

To my Port Huron family who taught me well, gave their hearts, and spoiled me as to settling for anything less — the time, miles, and life separate our bones, you're but a heartbeat away. Pegleg (Stella). (138)

Easyriders collection. Selling collection of issues starting with number 20, April '74. Many issues no longer available. Many in Easyriders binders. Highest offer takes. Reply to Collection, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (138)

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)

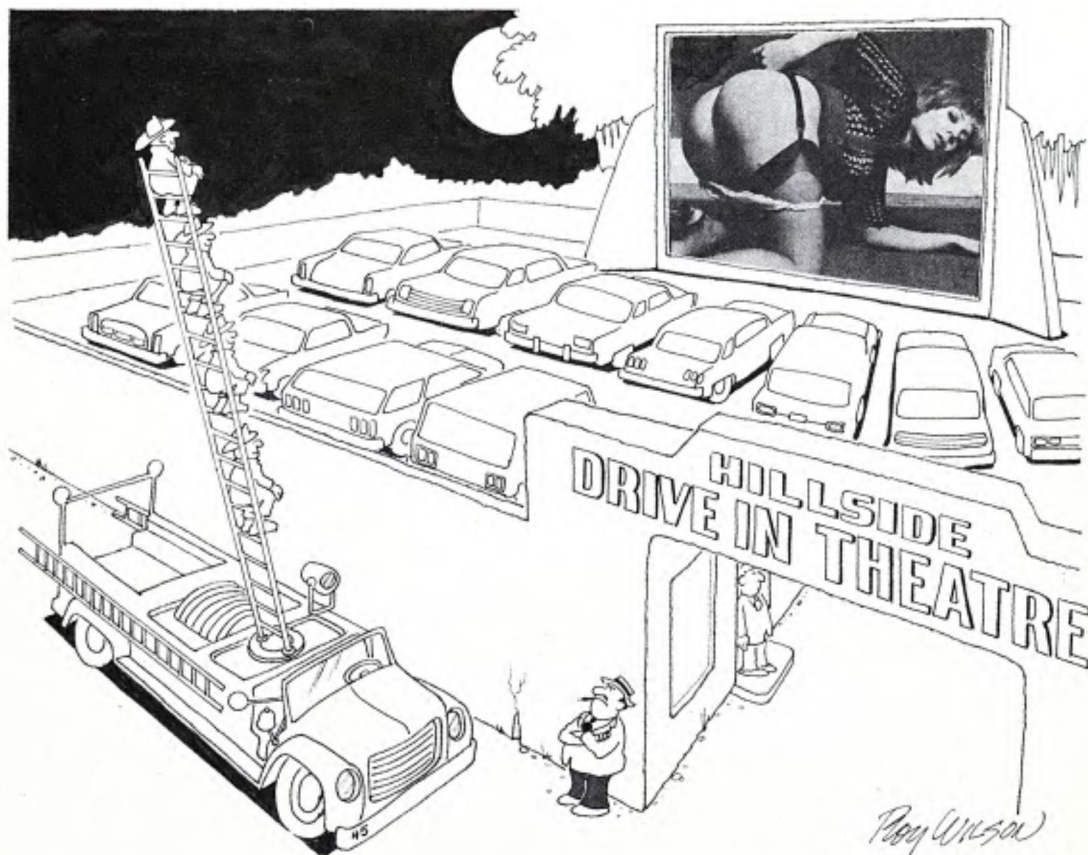
Wanted: Beautiful, intelligent, big-busted, young slave girl for permanent relationship. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846. (138)

Professional tattooing handbook. Illustrations, diagrams, valuable tips, trade secrets, expert instruction, tattooed-women photos. 71 pages, \$21.45. Tattooer, Box 242-X, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (138)

Ex-radical biker, 30 years old, now born again into Christ. Still enjoys his Harley and wants to share life with encouraging Christian lady. Scott, Box 1482, Lucerne, CA 95458. (138)

Robyn: You liked the helmet thing. Try this: "I love you!" Pat. (138)

Untraceable mail forwarding. \$1, plus postage. Gray, Box 596, Pinson, AL 35126. (140)



58

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59

1. Screw Housework; 2. My Body Is An Outlaw It's Wanted All Over Town; 3. I'm In Heat; 4. I'm An Easy Rider; 5. I Love To Boogie; 6. If It Smells Good Eat It; 7. I'm Eatable; 9. Lookin' For 10 Pounds Of Swinging Meat; 12. Do It To It; 13. I Love To Putt, Suck & Fuck; 14. Liquor Up Front Poker In The Rear; 15. Harley Riders Wanted Inquire Within; 16. I'm His Because He Gives Good Face; 17. Motorcycle Mama; 18. Show Me Your Dick; 19. Hot & Juicy; 20. No Putt No Butt; 21. Harley Riders Ol' Ladies Do Everything Better & Look Better Doin' It; 22. I'm Equipped With Genuine Harley Tits & Ass-Made Of Proper Materials Made To Shake Perfectly-Guaranteed Satisfaction; 23. You Touch My Tits I'll Bust Your Balls; 24. A Man's Place Is On My Face; 25. Don't Ask Me I'm Just A Dumb Cunt; 26. Love Me Till I Scream; 27. Boy — I'd Sure Like To Touch Those (with artwork); 28. Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw; 29. I Don't Have A Drinking Problem I Drink, I Get Drunk, I Fall Down, No Problem;

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

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

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

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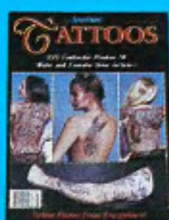


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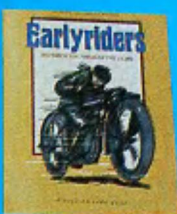
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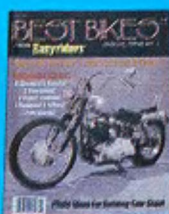
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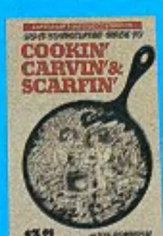


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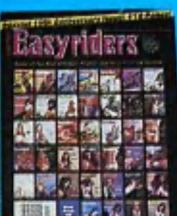
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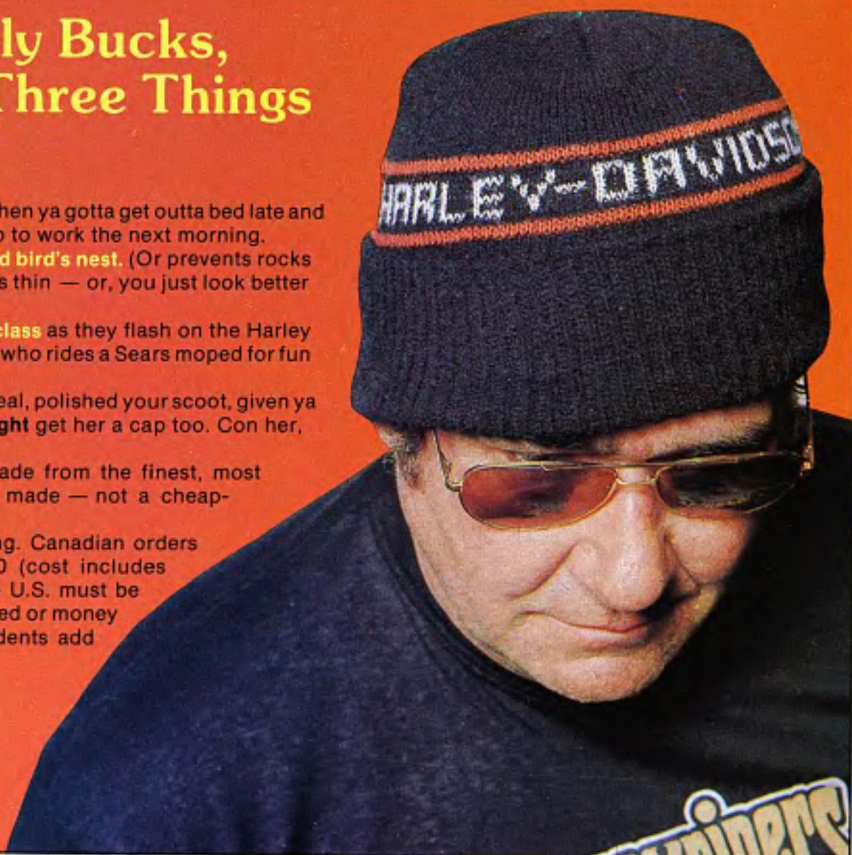
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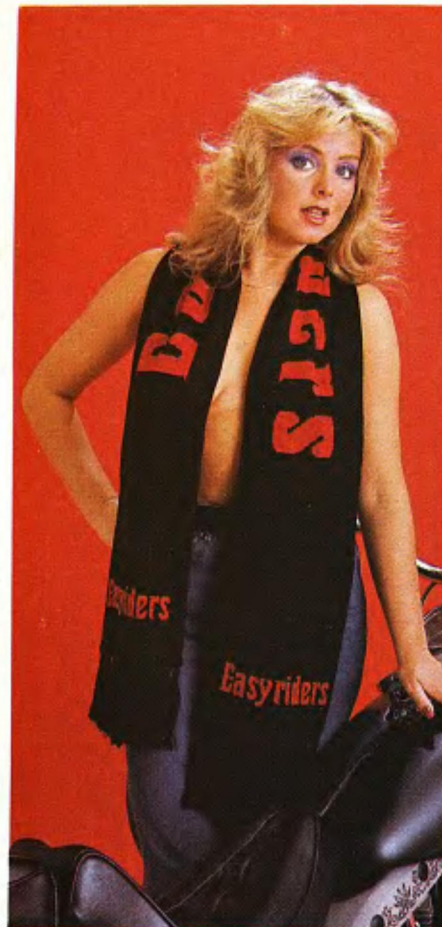


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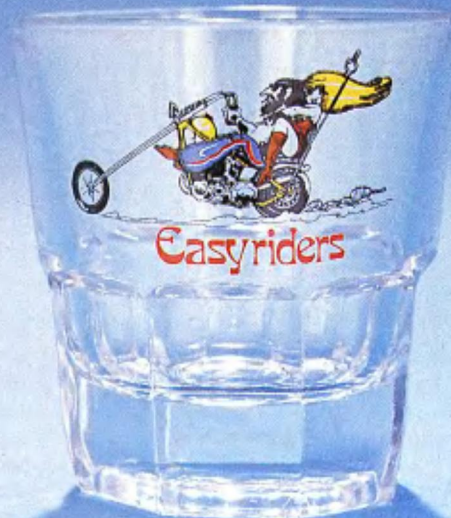
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Two-Wheel Tale

Thoughts Out The Window

by Kit Stebbins

It's true — dirty dishes multiply in the sink when you leave 'em overnight. The really greasy ones have twins. That bastard of an ol' man! Leavin' me yesterday an' no word since. The bed was empty an' freezin' cold last night. Didn't matter much. Didn't spend a lot of time there, anyway. What with pacin' the floor an' cruisin' town checkin' all the bars lookin' for the fucker, I didn't spend much time sleepin'. Maybe he's in jail. God, I hope he's not lyin' in a ditch somewhere with his arms an' legs all broke up!

I guess I gotta give the guy some slack. Things have been pretty tough lately. He's been outta work for months. We're doin' okay on the unemployment, but things could be better. I know he hates not havin' the bucks for us to get a little crazy once in a while. But it's not his fault. He's on the road lookin' for work every day, he checks the paper every night, an' he's applied for every job he's qualified for an' even some he's not. It's not like he's a lowlife, sittin' on his ass drinkin' beer an' watchin' TV all day. He's really been tryin'. It's so damn depressin' to hear him say, "No luck, baby," every night. I try to make him feel better. "We're not starvin'," I tell him. "Things'll get better." Even my fuckin' fantastic blowjobs don't make him happy anymore. The kid still makes him happy, though. Yeah, he loves that baby. Wants him to have everything he didn't have when he was a kid. I feel it in my heart when he holds that baby up, lookin' into his eyes real serious an' tells him, "I'm doin' everything I can for ya. Things just haven't been goin' so good for me lately. But it'll get better."

Well, damn! Look who's comin' down the road. The ol' knuckle don't look too bad, so I guess he didn't spend the night in a ditch. I oughta chew his ass up one side an' down the other. Leavin' an' not tellin' me where he was goin'. Didn't even call to let me know where he was! Kept me up all night worryin'! He's prob'ly hungry; hasn't had nothin' to eat since yesterday. I bet he's cold an' sore from ridin' all night. Better get a hot bath runnin'. Damn him. I really want to yell an' bitch — he had me so worried! Still, if ya know what's good for ya, girl, you'll put some beans on the stove, grab a cold one, an' meet him at the door with a smile on your face.

"Hi, baby. Feelin' better?" ■

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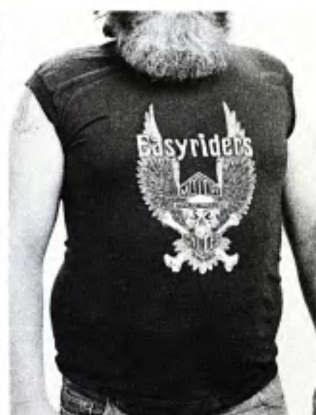


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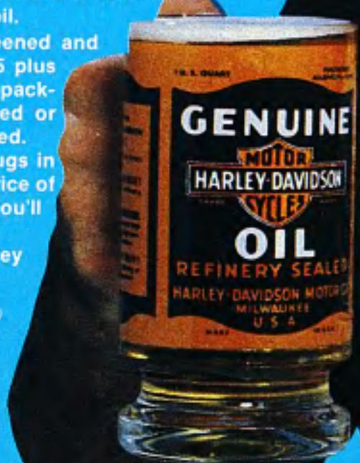
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Two-Wheel Tale

The One Who Won

by Fat Odin

The story starts and ends in Nevada, near Reno. This particular incident happened in the fall of 1980, on an UMRON (that's United Motorcycle Riders of Nevada) function. UMRON is our political arm in Nevada, like MMA or ABATE.

The main character in this story was called Terrible Peter. He was a big man physically and had long, shaggy hair to go with his, long shaggy beard. But let me run a few things past you first, before getting into the meat of this here tale.

Pete was born and raised in Reno, but when he was older he moved to Los Angeles where he was well-loved by a lot of folks because he was such a stand-up dude, a man with a lot of heart. He rode a 500 Honda when he was about 19 or 20 — not just a store-bought Honda, but a custom-made piece of art, molded and painted by himself, with a trick front end. We kinda lost track of each other for a while, but as the years passed, we'd run into each other occasionally — at parties, bars, and bike runs. I remember thinking at the time that although he was riding a Honda, it wouldn't be very long before we would see him on a Harley. Sure enough, a few years later he was up on a Sportster.

One night at the old Galaxy Bar, in an area of L.A. County we call Dog Patch, cops were busting the place 'cause they didn't want bikers in their town. (Thinking back on it now, it was more like a few cops taking their bad attitudes out on some people they thought were defenseless or some such shit as that. Maybe they caught a biker fucking their ol' lady — who knows?) Okay, so the cops are in the bar and they have Pete on a traffic warrant or some such Mickey Mouse bullshit. Now, Pete just couldn't keep his mouth shut, particularly when he thought he was right. He was jacking his jaws at them, figuring, "What the fuck, I'm going to jail anyway," and they were giving his shit right back to him. As this one cop starts to lock the bracelets on Pete, he said, "Fuck it!" and downs the cop's shit. Two of the other cops jump in and he downs *their* shit. Then about six or seven cops jump in and finally they get the cuffs on him, and take him to jail. He's out the next day after paying the original traffic ticket or whatever it was, but now he's got a few more beefs riding in the courts. Anyway, in the end, all he had to pay for was some

uniforms — and promise to never hit a cop again. He also got some probation to go with his fine. The cops couldn't forget though, and he stayed out of that part of town for a while.

After a few years he decided that he wanted to start over. He was tired of living in a big city, so he got married, moved back to Reno and opened up a bike shop. He was a likeable man, and owning a bike shop made him even more popular. Just about everytime he entered a local bike show he'd come home with a trophy. He was so popular that he was elected Sergeant of Arms for UMRON (remember them?), even when he was in jail.

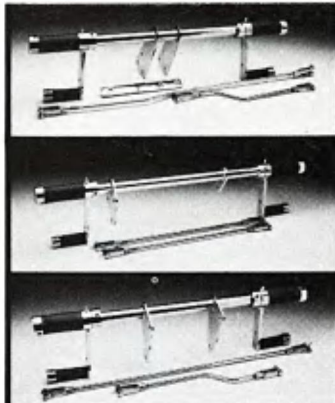
Now, to get back to the UMRON run that fall. At the run the brothers were competing to see who could jump their bikes the farthest coming off a ramp. One of the Honda riders had it all but sewed up. That's when Pete told himself, "Shit, no Honda rider is going to beat a Harley rider." (You know how it is, don't you? And if you have to ask, you don't need to know!) Anyway, Pete had paid his dues many times over on a Honda, then a Sportster, then a pan, a shovelhead, and back to his favorite, a stretched-out Sporty. He beat the other rider — by all of about six inches. That's all it took, but in doing so, he flattened both of his tires and rims. Imagine this, the motor was still running, but the bike wasn't moving one inch without a truck! (If you don't believe me, then take a ride to Reno or Dog Patch and ask around.)

I'm not writing this 'cause that was his main claim to fame. The people who knew him knew that he believed in brotherhood and was basically a good man. You could feel it just by being around him.

Pete's gone now; gone but not forgotten. We still think of him and talk about him quite a bit. We love ya, brother. Ride free in Harley Heaven. ■



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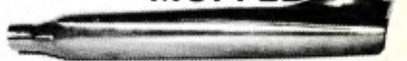
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