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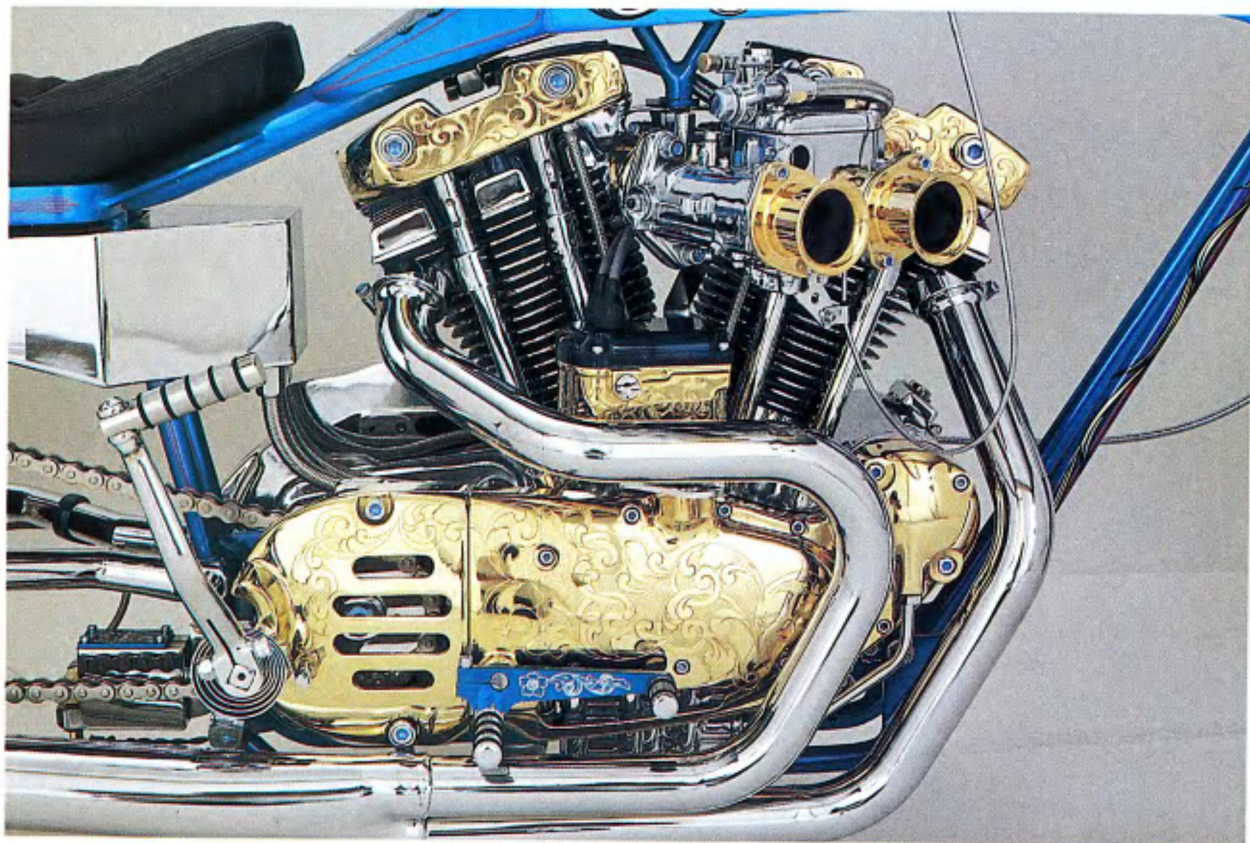
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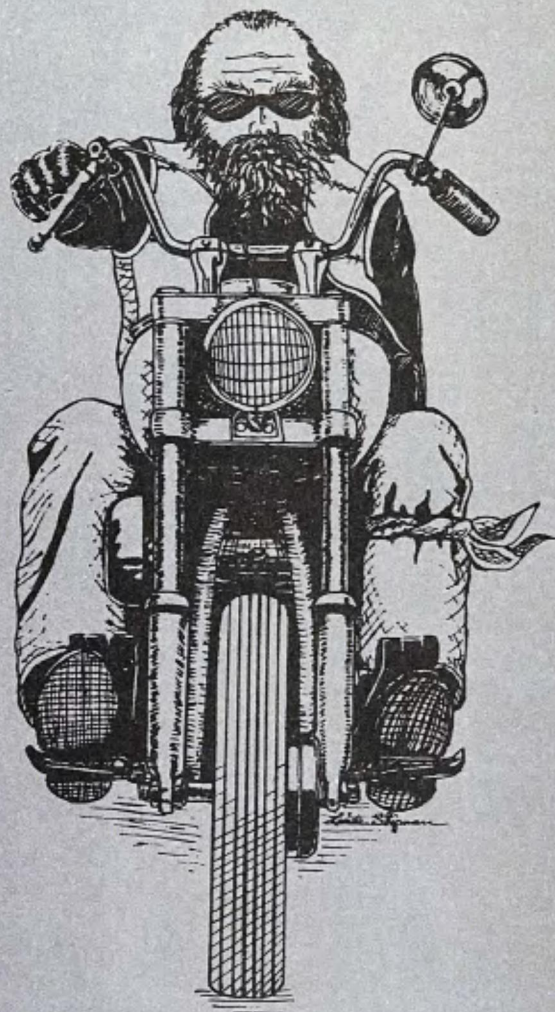
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Easyriders magazine ISSN 0046-0990 Number 139, January, 1985. Vol. 15. *Easyriders* is published monthly by Paisano Publications, Inc., with corporate offices at 28210 Dorothy Drive, Agoura, California 91301. (818) 889-8740. Editorial mailing address is Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (818) 889-8740. Second Class Postage paid at Agoura, California 91301 and at additional offices. Copyright© 1984 by Paisano Publications, Inc. Nothing may be reproduced without the prior written permission of the publisher. Anything to do with editorial contents, letters to the editors, poison pen letters, threats of violence, love letters, dirty pictures, propositions, porno literature, stash money, goodies, and editorial contributions should be sent to this address. All rights in letters sent to *Easyriders* will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to *Easyriders'* unrestricted right to edit and comment editorially. Good photographs, art, and manuscripts are welcomed, but they must be exclusive. All contributions must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope. Although we will try our damndest to take care of unsolicited material, *Easyriders* magazine cannot be responsible for damage to same in mails nor does it assume responsibility for return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts. Subscriptions: All correspondence regarding subscriptions or subscription complaints and changes of address must be addressed to Monica Stewart, *Easyriders* Subscription Department, Box 2404, Boulder, CO 80321. (818) 889-8740. One year, \$18; two years, \$35 in the U.S. and its possessions. All foreign and Canadian orders, add \$6 per year. Single copy, \$2.50. Postmaster: Forms 3579. Return to Box 1050, Agoura, CA 91301. Advertising: *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



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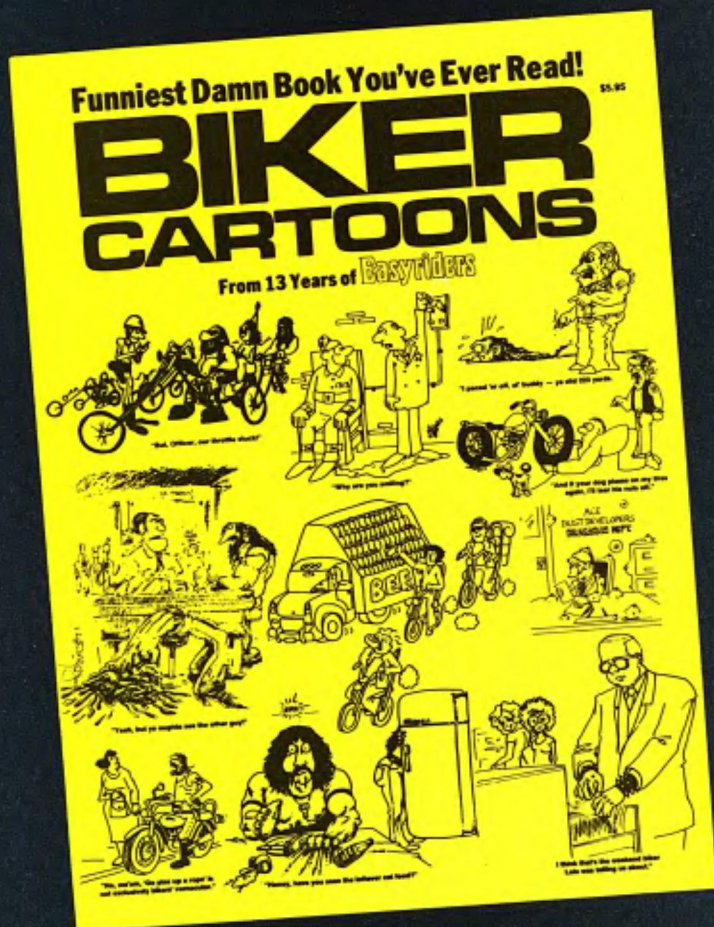
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Cover photo of Sue by Pete Chiodo



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As a result of all the hardtails I've ridden, starting in the eleventh grade (the same year I was kicked out of school for drinking on the school grounds), I slipped two disks in my lower back. It had been bothering me for the last year or so, and recently I said enough is enough. I went to the doc and he discovered the problem. After the operation I fell to the floor twice (none of those fuckin' bed pans for me), but the doc was amazed at my rapid recovery. Two weeks after being released from the hospital I started using a cane, driving my cage and getting head. One week after that I got approval to come back to this firetrap for half days. So that's the reason there's no Spider column this issue. I'm sure all of you will understand. Fuck this bein' sick shit. See ya later.
-Spider

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Whatdafuck!

□ How can these jerks write in ("Choppershopper," October '84) and actually expect to find a chick who's clean, doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, and doesn't dope it up? Whatdafuck would she be doing reading this rag?
"Desperado" Rawlings
Sylmar, Calif.

Answers to Whittinton

□ A brother? (Ha, ha, ha!) Timothy Whittinton, you are an asshole!

After several years of observing, interviewing, and researching the psychologically abnormal behavior of assholes, I and several associates have concluded that 100 percent of you pack a dick up your ass!

Wolf's Ol' Lady
San Antonio, Tex.

□ Whatdafuck! In answer to the fag from Toronto, Ontario, about biker chicks being crab-infested sleetzies, he must have got his crank stuck in the hose of a vacuum cleaner while riding upside down on his BMW.

Susan J. Gawlak
Idaho Springs, Colo.

□ Sounds to me as though you think the world and women owe you a free ride!

J.J.
Riverside, Calif.

□ As an experienced psychologist, I detect that as a child you probably had your first tricycle race with your younger sister which caused you to pretty much look like a pansy.

An Educated Biker
Richboro, Pa.

□ You are the one with a head problem, asshole.

A Biker's Ol' Lady
Flint, Mich.

Going Wrong Way

□ Was just goin' over the November '84 issue for about the twelfth time when I noticed something mighty peculiar. Those fuckers at the British Bike Bash are all riding down the wrong fuck-

in' side of the road. Limey bikes are great, but they sure do have strange riding habits.

Big Jim
Blair, S.C.

■ It's a little confusing — even walking.

British Bikers

□ I just want to tell these British Harley riders thanks for a great time. They know how to party hard and ride hard. Just wish I could have made it to Brighton.

Mad Marvin
Marysville, Calif.

Michigan Insurance

□ To all Michigan bikers: Check your insurance to find out what you are covered for in an accident.

Just had a car make a left turn in front of my Hog. He got the ticket; I got a wrecked scooter.

I was told that bikes were taken off Michigan's no-fault insurance. If a bike hits a car and does damage, the car can come back on the bike insurance. If a car hits a bike without full coverage, the rider had better have some bucks because he can't go back on the car insurance.

If you live in Michigan, you should have full coverage or be related to W.K. Kellogg.

Hag
Battle Creek, Mich.

What To Do?

□ What the hell's going on with the legal system here in Florida? It is my understanding that as of two or three years ago, you no longer had to have insurance to ride a scooter in Florida.

Anyway, I recently lost my driver's license because I laid my scooter down with no damage done to me, my bike, or property. But I was charged with careless driving and also lost my driver's license for not having insurance. So how is it that you can be charged with something that you don't have to have in the first place? I can understand the careless driving charge in a way, but this other bullshit is beyond me! I would appre-

ciate any help on this matter or words to the wise.

John Arnett
Gainesville, Fla.

On Insurance

□ In "Soap Box" (November '84), you talk about insurance rip-offs. I can relate to that shit.

I went to an insurance company (forgot which one — Farmers, I think) when I bought my new 1980 fatbob. I had a loan through Morris Plan and my down-payment on insurance. Three weeks after I picked up my scooter I got a letter saying that my insurance was being raised from \$600 a year to \$1200 a year. I called my agent and immediately cancelled my policy. I told him to send me my change from the down-payment. Never got it. Moved out of the area, so never collected in blood either.

After Morris Plan heard about it, they just insured me with their insurance. It cost me \$50 a month more on my loan.

An alarm and .357 have been the best insurance that bikers ever had anyway.

Bill
Squaw Valley, Calif.

Ask Mutha

□ Ask Mutha what she douches with.

Barbara
Scio, N.Y.

Drano.

Likes Girl

□ I think that gal in the November '84 spread is a knockout and I'd love to fire my heat-seeking moisture missile at her.

Tiny
Decatur, Ind.

Likes Story

□ I just finished reading "The Biker And The Baby" (September '84) and want to compliment Jerry Childress on a well-written story and also on his righteous style of showing that bikers are human and have feelings. When I think of it, who else

would have had the balls to do what Clay did?

Panama Red
Green Bay, Wis.

Oil Filter

□ In reference to "The Greaser" in a recent issue and M. Goodacre (March '84), I used a Fram PH2870A on my 1980 FLT for two years and experienced a lot of oil leakage out of the breather tube. Then I tried a Fram PH966B and it works great. No more oil in the tube. I've used these for 7000 miles.

Animal
Franklinville, N.Y.

Likes Covers

□ This past year had to be your best year for cover girls! I fell in love so many times when I turned the postage page to look at the cover, starting back in June '83 with "Ode to Reality." Then there was "Dutch Treat" in October, Maile, the Hawaiian honey, followed by Wild Amber from Canada. But now you outdid yourselves. When I saw the cover for July (Tina), my eyeballs fell out. It took me two weeks before I realized she was sitting on a nice shovel.

Coyote Karl
Sacramento, Calif.

Likes Fiction

□ Just thought I'd write to compliment Silver on "Mad Dog's Revenge" (October '84). It's a great story. I know it's true, because I went through the same thing.

T.C. Lovin
Hutchinson, Kan.

□ All I can say is, "Right-fuckin'-on!" Give Silver the whole fuckin' raisin pie for "Mad Dog's Revenge."

Red
Jamestown, Ohio

Biker's Widow

□ I read "A Biker's Widow Carries On" (September '84) and can understand her frustration. The pain must be almost unbearable. As they say, "Chin up, kid." I hope everything works out okay. Give 'em hell!

Eve
Harrogate, England

Fight On!

□ This is for all the brothers and sisters locked up in a penal institution who are not allowed to receive *Easyriders* because of censorship.

The only time any reading

material can be censored or restricted is if it would present a clear danger of prison discipline or security. These people are violating your First Amendment right of the Constitution (Seale vs. Manson, 326 F. Supp. 1375, 1382). You should file a writ of Mandamus in federal court challenging the prison's restrictions (28 U.S.C. & 1361). The best thing is for you to get a lawyer to represent your case, since the courts listen to arguments that have legal representation quicker than they listen to cases where prisoners file on their own behalf. Two places you can write for legal assistance are: The National Prison Project of the ACLU Foundation, Suite 1031, 1346 Connecticut Ave. N.W., Washington, DC 20036, and the local American Civil Liberties Union in your state.

In the 1970s a federal district court in New York ruled that the Black Panthers could receive the activist paper *Panther News*, so why can't righteous bikers receive a mag that lets them know what's happenin' in their own environment? If you really want the rag, stop bitchin' and start filin'.

Good luck.

Freack
Chattahoochee, Fla.

Solari Words

☐ In reply to M.E. Turner's acerbic retort regarding Solari's use of the vernacular in his article of May 1984, I'd like to voice these thoughts.

Even though I feel that a lot of us, intelligent individuals that we are, do possess the ability to carry on a "proper" conversation, we choose to emphasize our thoughts and feelings with a rousing profanity or two.

Therefore, I believe you can kiss my ass, cocksucker.

Spacey
Inglewood, Calif.

Tattoo Patterns

☐ To John Holbrook of Michigan City, Indiana (and anyone who's interested), in answer to his letter in "Wordmonger" (July '82) concerning custom patterns: I'm a prisoner in the Arkansas Department of Corrections and need some help myself. I have the patterns, but don't have a large enough market here.

I've been doing tat work

and patterns for over 15 years. I will do all sizes, both original and copies, for all who wish to reply. For information, please send an SASE. F.L. Koonce 73795 Box 500-16 Bks. Grady, AR 71644

Biker Bars

☐ Hey, I moved to northeastern Pennsylvania four months ago and there's nary a tattoo in sight (besides my own). Can anyone tell me where the biker bars are around here?

Maureen
Honesdale, Pa.

■ Maybe our readers can.

A Thank You

☐ Thank you very much for your involvement and support of the Easter Seal Society Harley-Davidson giveaway. The event raised over \$10,000 for disabled South Dakotans. It ranks as one of the top fund-raisers this year.

Karen Trana of Custer is now the proud owner of the motorcycle. Her name was drawn on August 11 during the Sturgis Motorcycle Rally.

On behalf of the Easter Seal Society and its board of directors, I would like to extend a gracious thank you. The success of this project would not have been possible without the support shown by yourselves and others across the state.

Scott Henneman
Special Event Coordinator

Hurrah, Angels

☐ A big "tits up" to the Hells Angel, George Christie, who put in his miles carrying the Olympic torch. I saw it all on the news and it was certainly a show of his patriotism to America and an asset to the 1984 Olympics. After all, Hells Angels are Americans, ya know!

Allison
Columbia, Tenn.

☐ First, my heartfelt and long-awaited congratulations to George Christie. Ya done good, George! Looks like Ventura has what San Francisco and L.A. just wish they had.

Pritch
Irving, Tex.

A Few Questions

☐ I've got a question or two about your article "Ridin' Out" (November '84). The

story was a damn good one, and I'm always glad to hear of someone getting out of the can.

The questions I have are: How did the bros in that penitentiary get that motorcycle association started? And how in the hell did they get their bikes on the inside?

Any information you guys can come up with would be appreciated, so that instead of spending all my time figuring out how to escape, I can spend the time with my only friend, my bike.

Phillip Brown
Columbia, S.C.

■ Washington State Prison allows inmates to work on scooters.

Helmet Idea

☐ Helmets are still mandatory in Nevada, and we have suffered through another 110-degree summer.

Here is a new idea to help repeal the helmet laws throughout the United States. Every time you stop your bike at a red light you take off your helmet! After the light turns green, you start putting it back on. It may only take a few seconds, but it will seem like a long delay to the cagers behind you. It will also remind you how good it feels to have the damn thing off.

Dave Dupell
Las Vegas, Nev.

Why? Why?

☐ I am licensed by the state to carry a weapon, concealed or otherwise, freely about the state. If I become drunk and start popping caps at the bushes, thereby killing or injuring someone behind said bushes, I would be tried, convicted and sentenced so fast that I'd be in jail before my girl knew I'd be late for dinner.

Why, then, can a motorist who is licensed by the state to drive freely about the state and who becomes drunk and runs down a motorcycle, killing or injuring the rider, not also be held responsible for his actions and be tried, convicted, and sentenced for his actions?

Anything that requires a license to be done, whether it is lawyering, doctoring, plumbing, or any other pastime, takes those who are licensed to do that pastime to be professionals and holds

them accountable for their actions with no excuses accepted. Yet the states continually permit those they have loosed upon the roads under license to go unpunished when they fail to act "professionally."

In effect, the states are saying that the license they issue is worthless and the drivers can do as they damn well please. Go ahead, run down that scooter. After all, who expects you to look for oncoming traffic before you make that left? Obviously not the state.

Sniper
Naugatuck, Conn.

Wake Up!

☐ After speaking with three members of the Indiana ABATE group who were in North Carolina, and one who was in Indiana, all agreed that Illinois ABATE had better get up and get busy to try to prevent another repeal of our precious "no helmet" law. There have been too many "accidents" involving riders in our fair city alone, and I'm sure other cities and towns, as well, all across Illinois this year, regardless of whether it was the rider's fault or the cager's fault. Wake up, folks! This is election year! I understand that in Cook County some nerd by the name of Howard Brookins, Rep. of the 36th District, is introducing a mandatory helmet law.

Panama Red
Decatur, Ill.

Wants Info

☐ Does anyone out there know anything about the bike show in Kansas City, Kansas? I believe it's supposed to be the first or second weekend in February of '85. I would appreciate any information on exact location, dates, fees, etc., that anyone can provide.

Thanks for the help.

Connie
1415 N. 33rd St.
Omaha, NE 68131

Lost Jacket

☐ I've got a few words I'd like to lay on an unknown biker who attended the Northern California Harley Dealers' Ride to the Redwoods this June 23 and 24. Figured this would be the best way to do it. If he's a biker, chances are he reads your mag.

When I got to the camp-

SCALE SALE



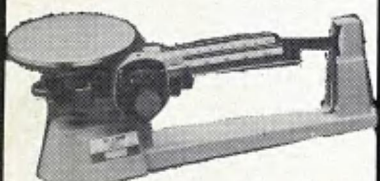
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ground, I untied my pack roll to get some stuff out of it. Through my own stupidity, I forgot to retie everything and lost my faithful old Bates leather jacket while riding to my own campsite. Well, to make a long story short, someone in that crowd of bikers found my jacket, and I want to tell him a couple of things. First of all, "Thanks." Second, "Thanks again" for turning in my jacket to the Kiwanis Club booth. The jacket meant a lot to me and I really appreciate what you did. I owe you one.

T.W. "Tee-Dub" Field
Orland, Calif.

Robinson

More than once I found myself completely hooked on a cartoon of Robinson's, trying to find the little shit that blew my shit away once I found it.

Hal, there are none like you and there never will be. Your art has definitely made an impact. Ride free.

O.C.
APO, Germany

Golden Herb

The advice about eating Golden Seal herb in the September '84 issue is not a terrific idea.

I'm a trained herbalist. Golden Seal is a very valuable medicinal plant, but the alkaloids hydrastine and hydrastinine found in the plant are eliminated very slowly from the body. Taken in large dosages over an extended period of time, it can dangerously overstimulate the nervous system. As it is a natural antibiotic (one of the best), eating Golden Seal "like candy" is like munching on penicillin for a snack. Incidentally, in large dosages, it can cause spontaneous abortion.

The safe dosage of Golden Seal is 1/2 teaspoon boiled in one pint of water to be taken one cup a day, the maximum not to exceed one week's usage.

Michele
Staten Island, N.Y.

Hey, You're Right

Right fuckin' on, Wormy! We dudes out here in Southern California couldn't agree with you more. Someone should put Boy George out of his/her/its misery. But you should also add to this list: Michael fuckin' Jack-Off, Thompson Twinks, Jesse Jack-Me-Offson and the rest

of those lowlives. They give us bikers a hard time and then let morons like these be idolized. It ain't fuckin' fair! Whatever happened to real music? Are we bikers the only ones who are civilized enough to listen to real rock 'n' roll? What happened to groups like CCR, the Beatles, Lynyrd Skynyrd, David Allen Coe, and the Grateful Dead? Do they get massive media hype and put up on a fuckin' pedestal to be idolized? Not only no, but fuck no! It turns my stomach to hear my niece being in love (?) with some fag-type like Michael. I won't allow my kids to listen to that shit.

I say, "Bikers unite and wipe this shit off the face of the earth!"

Clyde
Port Hueneme, Calif.

How To Find Book

This is in response to B.B. Bomblowmanstone's question in the October issue.

The best way to acquire a copy of *Freewheelin' Frank*, by Frank Reynolds (secretary of the 'Frisco chapter of the Hells Angeles in the 1960s), would be to go to the Santa Monica branch library located on Ocean Park Blvd. in Santa Monica, California. Back in 1977, I lived up the street and checked out the book. (Whether I returned it, I don't rightly recall.) Anyway, it was a better account of outlaw life in the sixties than ol' Shark Hunter ever wrote. Also, every library in the U.S. carries reference books for authors and book titles where you might be able to discover the publisher and the publisher's address.

Good luck.

Billy Woolverton
Michigan City, Ind.

More Confusion

Seems there's a snitch in Daytona. I wouldn't want anyone to confuse that dude with me. My name is Mr. Tramp and although I tattoo at Daytona, Sturgis, etc., I wasn't even at Daytona this year. This Mr. Tramp, who's from Fayetteville, North Carolina, was in Philly at a tattoo convention at that time. So, don't confuse me with a bum.

Mr. Tramp
Fayetteville, N.C.

Why?

Who do you guys think you're foolin' by inkin' in

shades and long hair on some dudes on your staff who don't have 'em in some of your other photos?

John Danielson
Indianola, Iowa

They don't know who's lookin' for 'em.

Think About It

When you're on a run, you realize that a power far greater than we are put everything together for us. We have also learned that everyone (all animals) work seven days a week, except for *homo sapiens* (humans), in order to survive.

We have also learned that we are not all equal in money, riding skills, physical powers, ability to make the girls, and on and on.

Then what is equality? Equality is: "Government should treat all people the same, regardless who they are or what they do."

Think about this! If you like it, start telling your friends and maybe we can change our nation for the better.

Duke of Paducah
Big Spring, Tex.

A Philatelist

I could use some help from my bros and sisters out there. I am into philately when I'm not in the wind or in the sack (it sounds kinky, but it's just stamp collecting) and am having some trouble getting stamps. So, if any of you have any old (or new) kites lying around (especially from other countries), I'd dig it if you'd tear the envelope and send the used stamps to me rather than throwing them away. Hell, send the whole damned envelope if you want to!

Professor
2029 Georgetown
Waukegan, IL 60085

Russian History

Here's an article I came across in the Soviet newspaper *Pravda* (I've translated it into English). I know all you Harley riders will be stunned and intimidated by the "huge dimensions" of the machine described here. And don't ignore the Goliath-like engine on this monster: 500 cubic centimeters in four cylinders! And, golly, they've been makin' bikes for 50 years! Wowee!

Once again, American history, design, and reality have stomped the Soviets into the dust.

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"The 50th anniversary of the beginning of industrial production of 'IZH' motorcycles was observed in the capital of Udmurtiya.

"In the ensuing years, almost 7,000,000 high-speed machines have been manufactured. The first Soviet motorcycle is preserved in a museum. Its huge dimensions are astonishing: it weighs 300 kilograms [a little over 661 lbs.].

"Since then, tens of models have come into being in Izhevsk, where preparations are under way for the production of the 'Planeta-4,' which displaces 500cc's."

Ken Weaver
Tucson, Ariz.

Wall To Wall

□ I've got so many *Easyriders* that if there was a paper shortage, I could wipe my ass for 100 years or more.

Dave Mann is one hell of an artist. His drawings make great wallpaper for the den or family room or even the garage. It's wall-to-wall Dave Mann centerspreads, my Harley, and an added attraction, my electric chair that I made from spare parts — and believe me, it works. It will charge up all your dead cells. Here's an open invitation for anyone who wants to sit in my chair to charge up their dead cells, especially your staff.

Electro Bro
Taylor, Mich.

What Goes Around...

□ In response to "Mad As Hell" in Pasadena, Texas, this ought to make you smile. This guy I used to live with (about three years ago) had an active case of herpes and didn't tell me. I ended up with a very serious case myself. It hurt so bad when I pissed that I stopped eating and drinking to avoid going to the bathroom. Well, I got a bladder infection and a kidney infection and ended up in the hospital with a high fever and was otherwise sick as hell. The doctor told me that I had contracted genital herpes.

When I got out of the hospital, I confronted the asshole with the fact that he gave me herpes. All he had to say was, "So?" Well, three months later I got my chance for revenge. I knew I was having another attack so I got the asshole all excited and horny. Then I told him I would fuck only if he'd eat me first. Well,

he did, and a few days later he had sores all over his chin, cheeks, and nose, and he had to shave his beard off. Now he not only gets recurrences on his cock, he also gets it on his face. Revenge is sweet.

Vindicated
Huntsville, Tex.

Life Without

□ I'm a long-time cover-to-cover reader of *Easyriders*. Over the years I've seen some sexy, some foxy, and some just plain pretty sweeties grace your pages.

But your October '84 cover girl ("A Chick Who's Been Around") is without a doubt the most desirable darlin' I've ever laid my lookers on.

I'm at Folsom doin' "Life Without," and when I feasted on her features, the lady sure as fuck reminded me of what it is that I'm doin' life without.

William Stephens
Represa, Calif.

Helmet Idea

□ Hey, I think I just might've come up with a way to get the lid law trashed! Start wearing them all the time and smile a lot while you're at it. After a while the old assholes will think the helmets give off some sort of intoxicating fumes and start prohibiting their sales.

Gourdless Harry
Andersen AFB, Guam

Shit In The Trash

□ Recently, while doing a short stretch in the New Orleans jail, I was working in the kitchen, and while pokin' through some trash that came out of administration offices, I found a shitload of computer print-out sheets from the police computer. Most were notices of stolen property and "wanted" notices, but there was also a request for information that I thought you might find interesting. 1984 is here, Big Brother!

"Request nationwide broadcast. [from] S.C. Law Enforcement Division, Columbia, S.C., May 18, 1984.

To all state police, highway patrol, also Royal Canadian Police: Request you advise this agency of information concerning any motorcycle gang members from your jurisdiction making a mandatory or gang-sponsored trip to Myrtle Beach, S.C., this weekend. Particularly in-

terested in members of Hells Angels and Pagan (sic) motorcycle clubs. Also, please advise this agency of any information, if any, indicating there will be violent confrontations between Hells Angels and Pagan motorcycle club members. Information would be appreciated ASAP. Chief J.P. Strom."

H-Man
Hershey, Pa.

Censorship

□ I've been reading *Easyriders* since '71. As a rule, I always read from the front till I'm done (except for the April issue), and "Wordmonger" always makes my day or fucks it up.

This bullshit with the Department of Corrections banning *Easyriders* from certain institutions is a crock. I'm sending a centerfold from a scum mag called *Live*. A friend of mine gave it to me and said that the slam he was in could have shit like this to read, but couldn't have *Easyriders*. I bet you don't get pictures like this every day.

Roscoe Rat
Cookeville, Tenn.

■ The picture shows a semi-nude biker lying face up on a Harley, with a nude woman sitting on top of him — screaming in ecstasy while she takes the pork.

Banned Again

□ I've got a bitch about Indianapolis, Indiana, where I live. The Bible-thumping assholes have pulled your rag out of the Village Pantry convenience stores and have decided to put it alongside *Club*, *High Society*, and other such rags. That someone might ogle one of your tame girly features and be so moved as to commit or even contemplate rape is just plain ridiculous. Until something is done, here's my check for a subscription.

D.J. Showalter
Indianapolis, Ind.

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

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You Get the Tools You Need for a Fast Start

We send you the special cycle tools and test instruments you need...yours to use during training...yours to keep in your action-packed career. You actually learn by doing—with the tools in your hands.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record. And be sure to check with the motorcycle repair shops in your area!

Everything is explained in easy-to-understand language, complete with drawings, diagrams and photographs. You'll learn engine design, carburetion, electrical systems...as well as how to adjust and repair frame, wheels, shocks, transmissions, valves, everything you want to know from routine maintenance to a major overhaul.

Work Out of Your Home!



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

Motorcycle Sales Means Profits for Repairmen

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

Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics

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

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

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



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Start Your Own Cycle Repair Business

Your future as a motorcycle mechanic is in your own hands. You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles for friends and neighbors—or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own motorcycle repair business.

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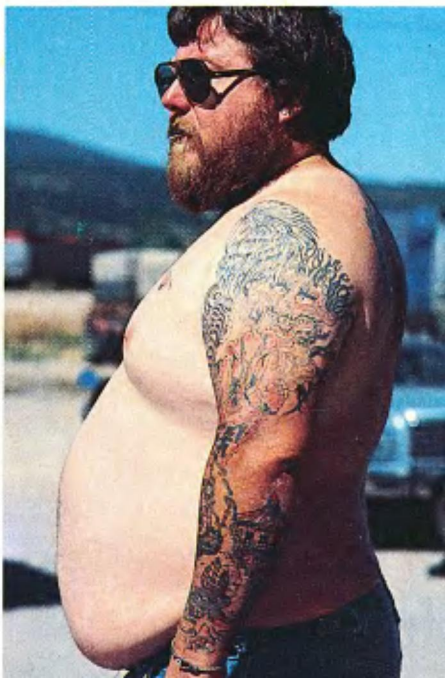
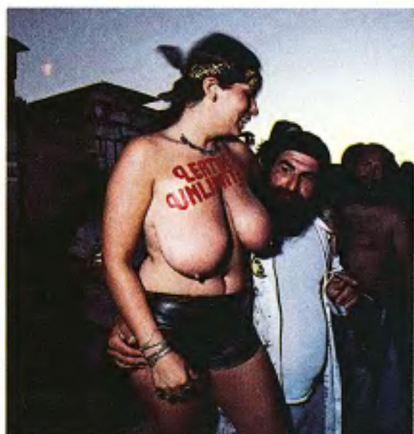
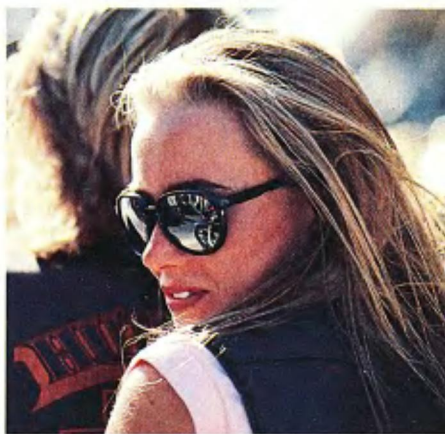
STURGIS

Neither day nor night, nor Yuppies nor Yuppies, could stay these bikers from having one hell of a good time.

Just about everybody in America seemed to be motoring to some convention or other this past summer.

The Republicans had theirs in Dallas, while the Democrats convened in San Francisco. The athletes of the free world held their confab in Los Angeles and those of the communist bloc congregated in Bulgaria and a few other similar swingin' spots.

Our summer convention, of course, was held at Sturgis, South Dakota, as it has been

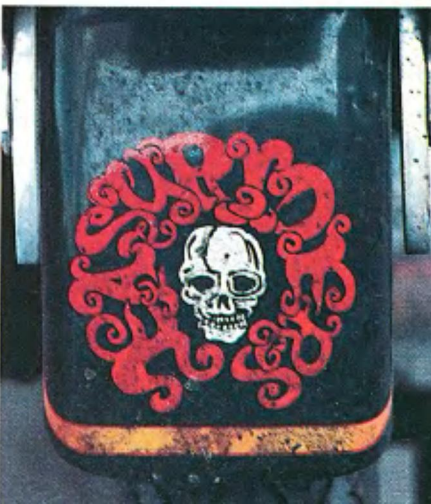
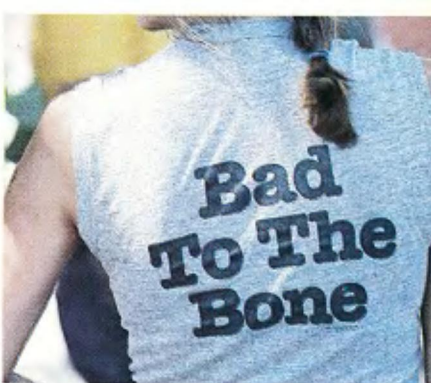
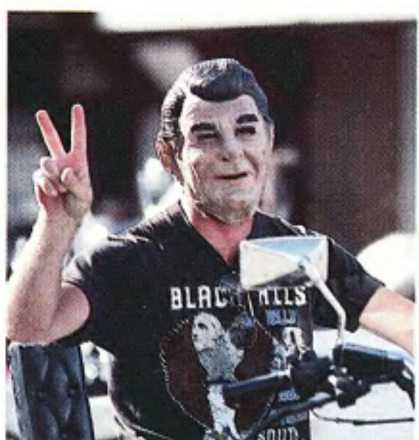
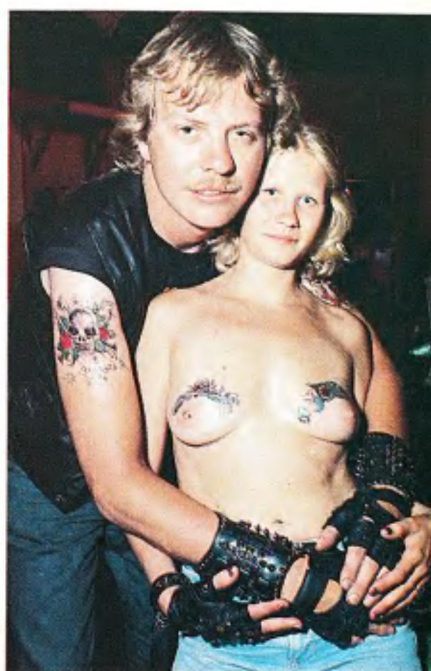
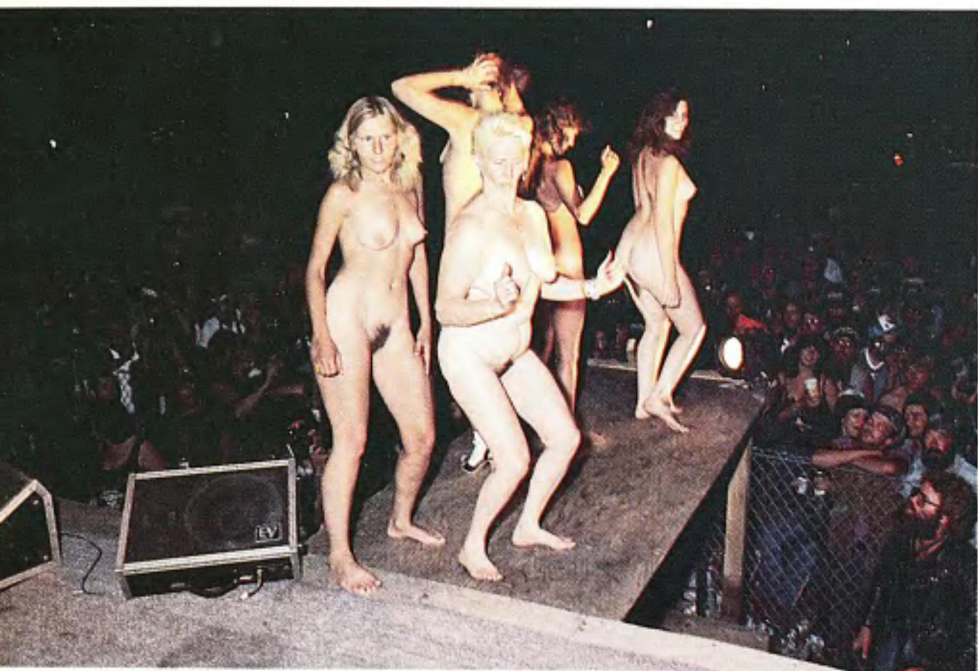
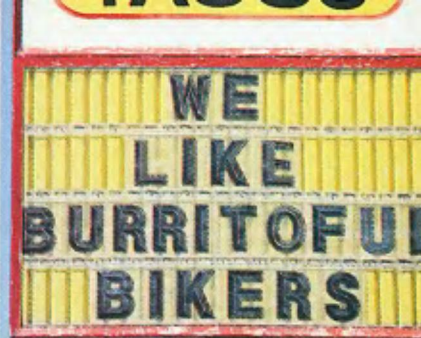


STURGIS

for over 40 years. It differed from all the other conventions in several key ways. For one thing, we didn't nominate any candidates to run things for us. Unlike straights, bikers don't have to be told what to do; we're generally

smart enough to figure it out for ourselves. Also, we didn't award any gold medals, though there was the usual amount of pretty racing trophies and not-so-attractive traffic citations handed out to winners in various legal and illegal events.

Following in the great tradition of the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago, the fathers of our host city

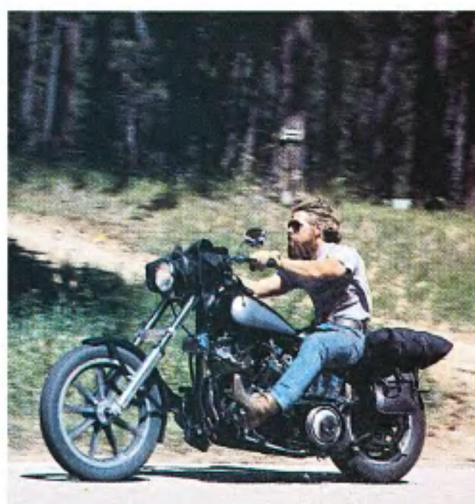
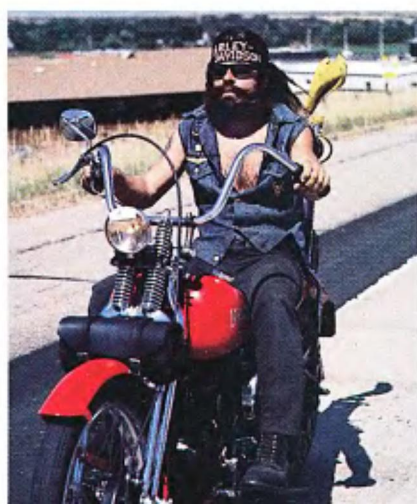
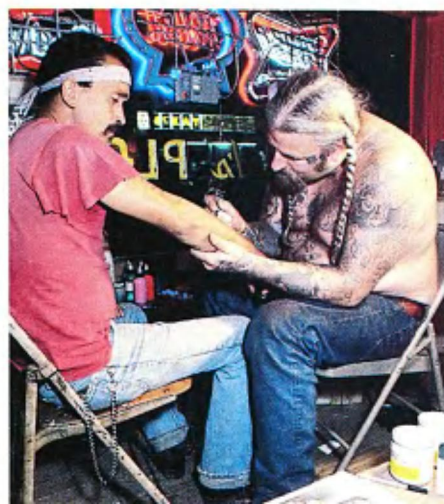
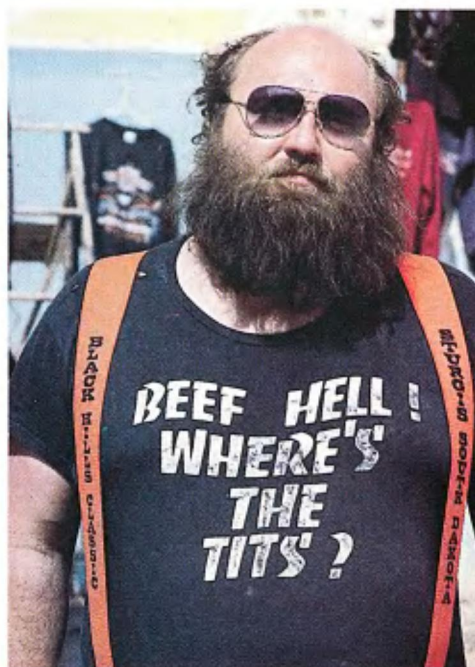
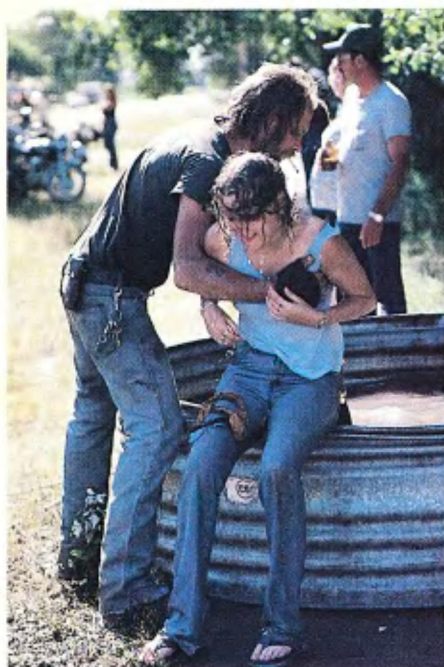


once again banned sleeping and camping in the park this year. Probably they were just afraid that some Yippies would show up with a TV-camera crew and start doin' gross and disgusting things like burning draft cards, bras, and American Express travelers' checks.

Actually, I think the Sturgis city fathers are scared of shadows if they

think Yippies are gonna show up and start procreatin' all over City Park. As far as I can tell, and I spent my last 10 minutes on the crapper researchin' the subject, just about all the Yippies left are so old they long ago hitchhiked out to the Old Assholes Home.

So Yippies were definitely a no-show at Sturgis this year. On the other hand, we did get a couple of

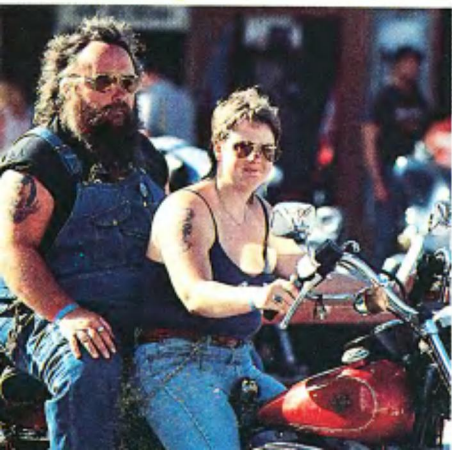
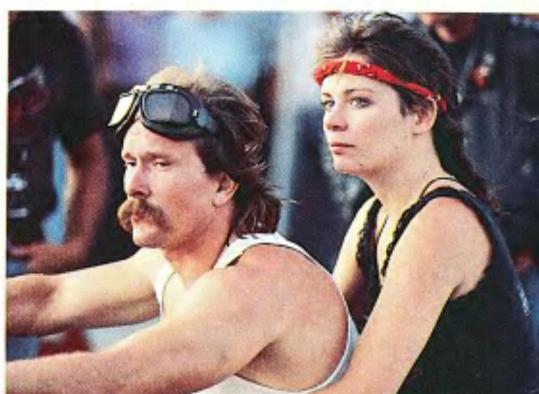
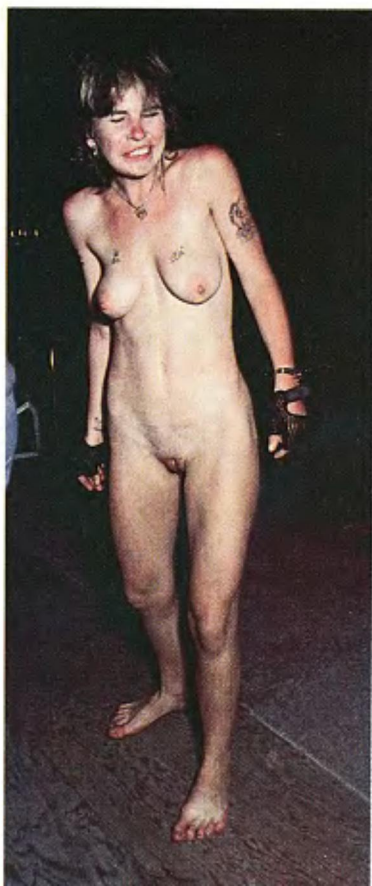


STURGIS

Yuppies. They rolled through in a Winnebago about 2 a.m. one morning. Despite being a little unsteady on the ol' trotters at that hour, I knew my duty and was prepared to do it. However, when I knocked on the Winnebago door (usin' a length of

case-hardened) to ask for an interview on the hopes, aspirations, and sex lives of Young Upwardly Mobile faggots, they didn't answer.

I checked it out through one of the picture windows and they were in there and awake, so I gave 'em a friendly wave. Instead of wavin' back, they all bolted toward the back and started scramblin' about. Maybe I shoulda put down the chain before I



waved at the tight-assed wimpy fuckers.

Fuck 'em, I say, if they can't take a joke. What do people who spend their lives wobbling down the asphalt in a motorized crypt have to say that would be interesting to us, anyway?

What *was* interesting at Sturgis this year was the scenery. Either that starkly beautiful Badlands country was even more gorgeous than usual this year, or the bros and sisters



STURGIS

managed to keep their eyes open a lot wider, 'cause a lot more people than normal took advantage of the various back-country runs or just headed off solo to enjoy the hills.

Every convention, of course, has its wild and crazy partiers. As it's been

for the past couple of years, much of the heavy party action was a bit out of town at the Buffalo Chip picnic area. And though I didn't see a soul with a lampshade on his head, there *were* a couple of dudes with chicks' panties pulled over the old major face hole, plus a whole lot more with chicks themselves occupying that same position.

All in all, Sturgis '84 was the kind



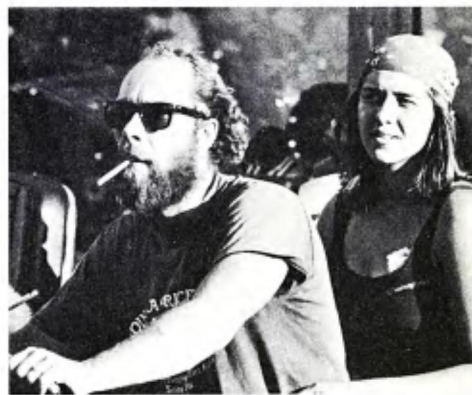
Photos by Mike Lichter



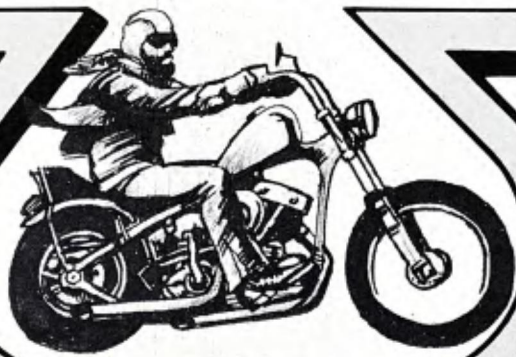
of convention that all those other conventioners who were sweatin' in some poorly air-conditioned hall, or busting their guts running marathons, probably wished they had gone to.

And even better, unlike the politicians and the jocks, who have to wait through four big ones for their next meeting, we get to do it all over again this coming summer.

—Perfesser Prune



NIGHT TRAVELERS



The men stood huddled together beside the road like sheep. They stamped their feet and flailed their arms. Snowflakes fell on them and on the hot engines and exhausts of their motorcycles, and a single nebulous cloud surrounded the bikers as one — steam rising.

Omar squatted beside his Harley in the failing light. Now and then he urged softly, "Come on," to the oil that oozed sludge-like out of the yellow can and strung downward into his half-round tank.

Occasionally, the bike engines made ominous crackling sounds as the metal cooled off.

No single dark spot marred the landscape. No familiar building, tree, or rock remained untouched by the cold, or was recognizable under the blanket of snow. A vast sweep of white covered everything.

"C'mon, for crissakes," Lurch begged. "I'm freezin' my balls off out here."

"I told you we should have stopped back there at that gas station to ask directions. I could have changed my oil then and we wouldn't be out here lost and freezin' to death," Omar said, without looking up. "We took a wrong turn," he added calmly, sorry for his I-told-you-so attitude. He tried to coax the oil out of the can by touching it with his finger. The oil continued to flow at its obstinate speed, like thick amber glue. "This storm has screwed up everybody. I think we should have turned about ten or twelve miles back, but it doesn't matter. We'll find another road somewhere up ahead."

"If we don't freeze to death first," Lurch retorted.

Attila brushed the frost and icicles from his moustache and beard. He wound his neck scarf up around his face so that only his eyes showed through frosted goggles. He made a gurgling sound,

motioning with his head for his friends to speed things up. Attila hadn't made any other sound since the Cong slug had destroyed his vocal cords, but he managed to make himself understood well enough. He slapped his gloved hands together and pointed along the road, aiming

along his finger, as if through a gun sight.

"That's it," Omar said, standing up. He gave the empty can a toss, and it disappeared in the powdery snow beside the road. The falling snowflakes became larger and more numerous, and their downward angle increased as a wind began to blow. Each man fired up his engine, and they rode on, side by side, following the road by instinct alone, for it was now buried beneath a foot of powder. The snow curled away from their front wheels as — resembling a trio of subchasers — they plowed ahead into the white sea and the growing darkness.

In an hour the wind increased, and with it, the volume of snow that was coming down. The snow piled up on their headlights and chests and faces, so that they rode most of the time with one hand on the throttle and the other brushing at their goggles in order to maintain vision. Their journey of mercy had turned into a battle for survival. Each man realized the danger that now faced them, alone and lost in the blizzard. Each man held down the panic that struggled to rise within him.

Two days ago they had received word that one of their brothers had been killed in an accident in New York City. As friends, they'd gathered and collected several hundred dollars and a few simple toys for his widow and baby. But now what had begun as a nice winter ride to brighten the woman's Christmas had turned into a nightmare.

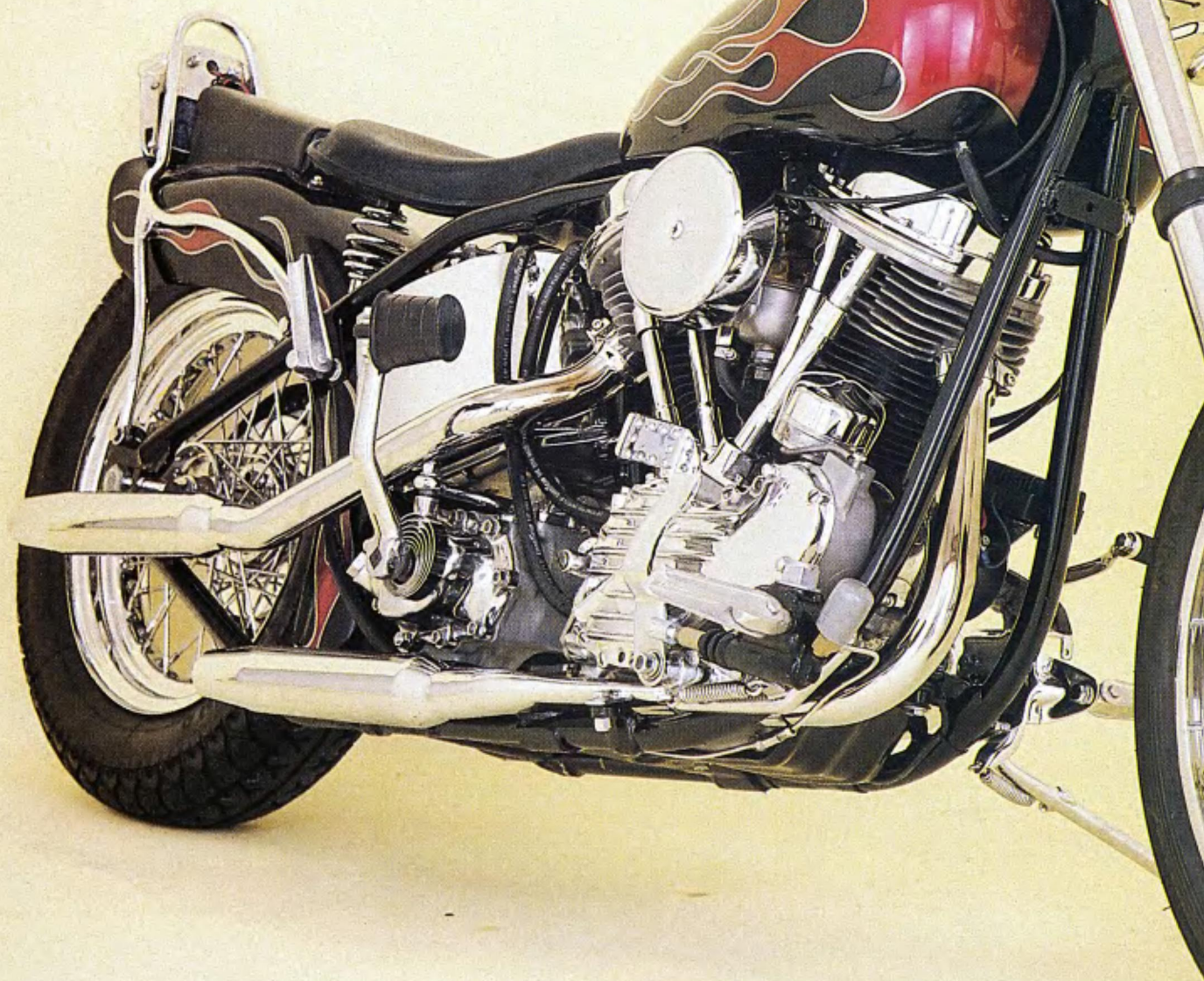
The going became more

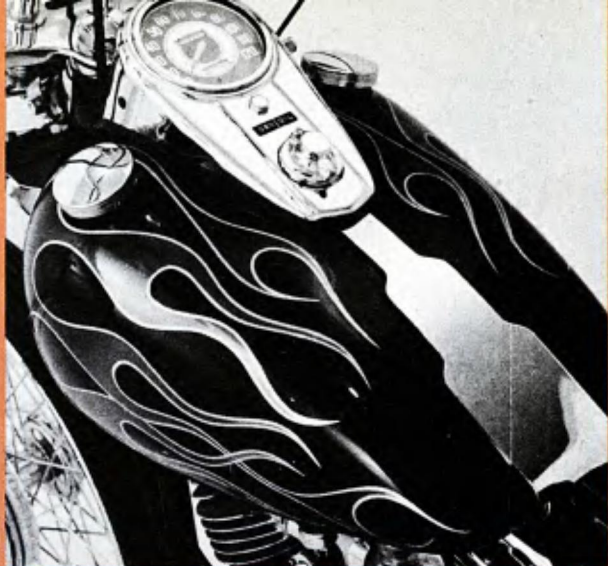
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By Charles Gray



The Express's Express

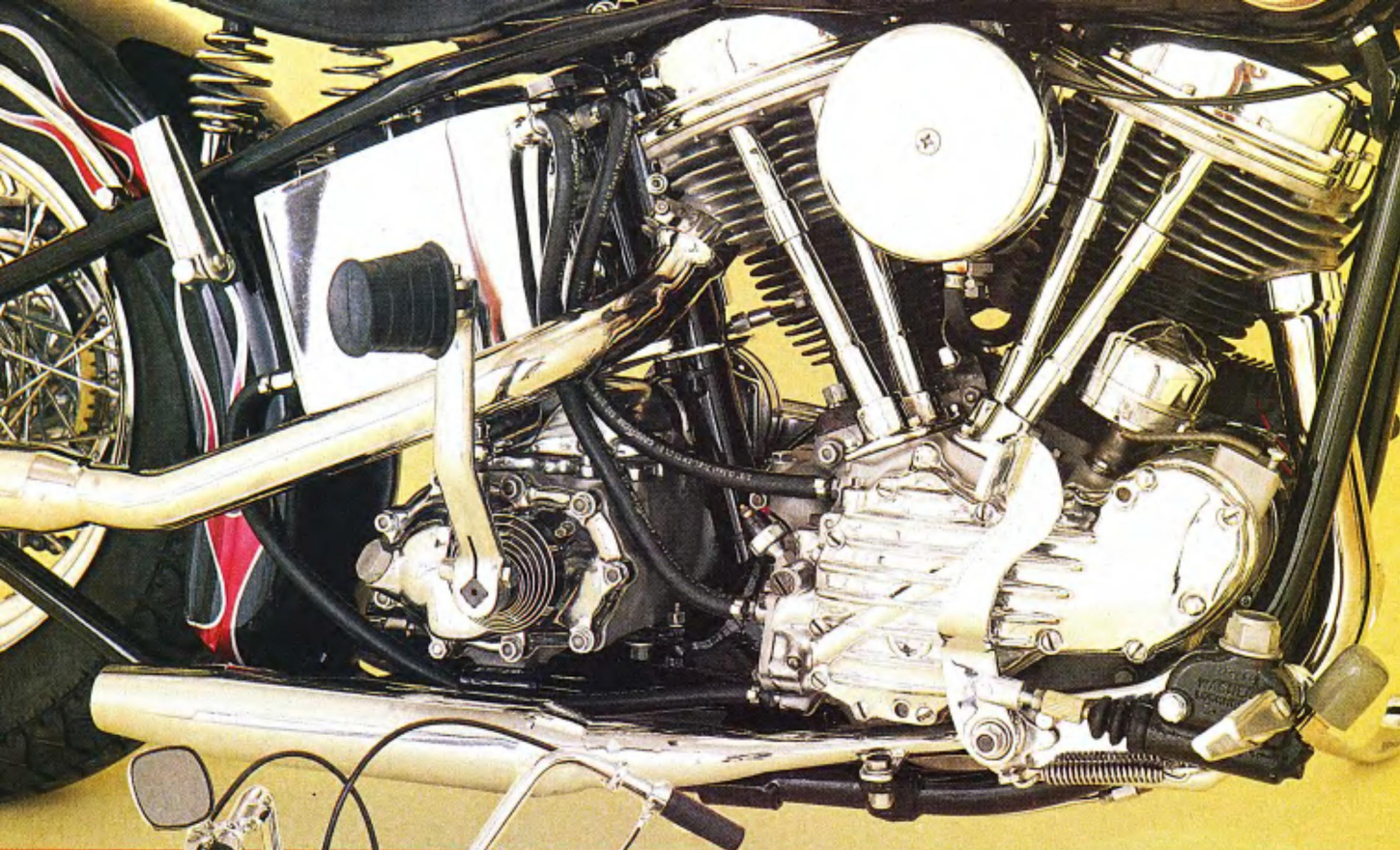




Bikes can come together in the strangest of ways. Nearly everyone has his own story of how they put their masterpiece together. Darren Long is no different. Only his circumstances are a little out of the ordinary. See, Darren is a professional football player, a tight end with the Los Angeles Express of the United States Football League.

He was drivin' his cage down the street one day when he had a blowout. The place he took it to just happened to be located behind Michael's Motorcycle Works, a shop in the San Fernando Valley. While waiting for a patch job, Darren moseyed into the bike establishment for a look-see. While checking the scoots he got into a conversation with the shop owner, Michael. Now Michael didn't know this guy from Adam, just another potential customer, deserving of his time. As they rapped, Darren began getting the itch. He laid out his plans for a ride he'd like, a six-over front end, upsweep pipes, lowered and stretched. A monstrosity. Something like the generic chopper in citizens' minds. But unlike citizens, Darren was able to hear another side of the story. Michael deprogrammed him. Representing a more practical version, explaining the benefits of a rigid, with the wide-glide front end, and a panhead power plant. Something that would putt comfortably, look great and provide years of ridability.

So the cage that took a dump becomes the X factor in starting this pan's

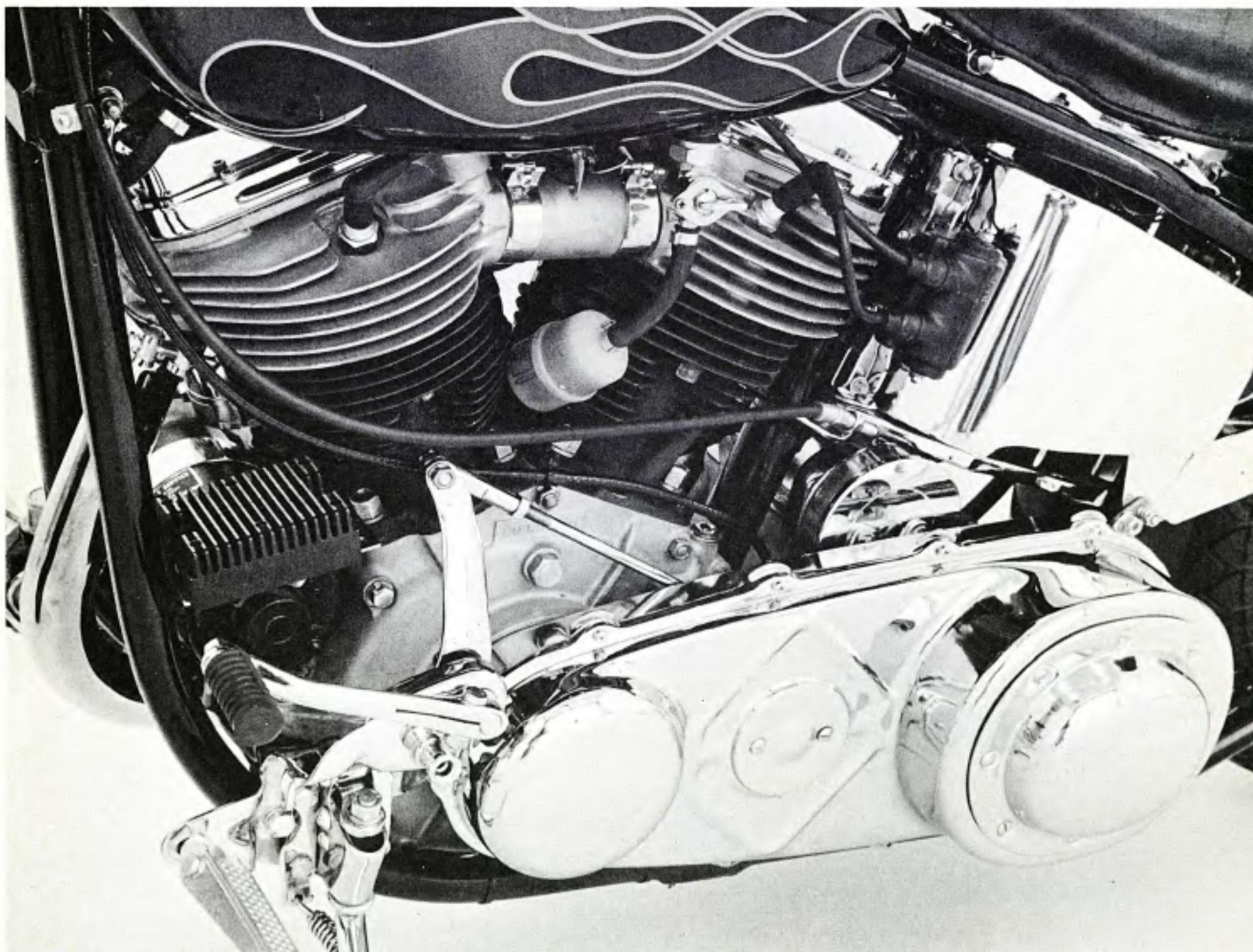


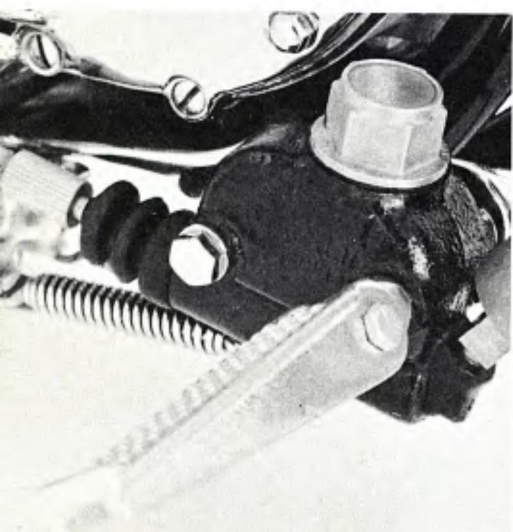
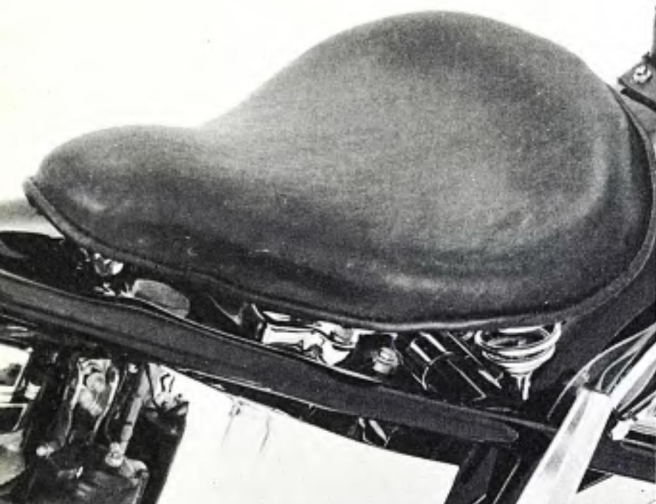


game plan. It's a plan that was carried out to a T by the quarterback, Michael. And how often can ya be happy about a flat tire? Darren is one bro who is pleased with the final score.

Darren was raised in Exeter, California, a fly speck on the map in the San Joaquin Valley, at the base of the Sequoias. It's one of the country's biggest agricultural areas, but they also raise football players and bikers along with the cotton, cattle and alfalfa. We've featured many sleds from that general area, so ya know they've got their ridin' thing together tight up there. It's also Madman Kelly's hometown (no place is perfect).

Darren is giving something back to his community now that the football season is over, (remember it's spring football for the USFL). He is a coach for the Exeter High School varsity





Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Darren Long		City: Exeter, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Michael's MC Works		Year: '65/'48	
Year and make: 1948 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: swingarm/rigid section	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: New Zealand Mike		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: gussets	
Chroming by: Supreme		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1948		Risers: Santee	
Model: FL		Fender(s): cut fatbob	
Rebuilder: Michael's MC Works		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Gary Bang	
Lower end: Michael's MC Works		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: Michael's MC Works		Rear pegs: Anderson	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: New Zealand Mike	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbob	
Heads: stock		Oil tank: Santee/wraparound	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: H-D Paughco	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: K Model reproduction	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissybar: Alias Smith & Gibbs	
Pipes: modified/Santee		Height: 8 in.	
Muffler(s): Santee		Material: 9/16 round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1948		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: stock		Builder: Michael's MC Works	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 Belt		Special features: turned legs	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Kevin Von Burns		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Kevin Von Burns		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: juice
Special paint: flames/pinstripe by Bob Moon			
Other special modifications: Check them out.			

team. This past summer was the first one in years he'd been able to enjoy without having to report to two-a-day practices in the sweltering heat. Instead, he cut loose on his new scooter, takin' long rides into the national forest area of the Sequoias, and burnin' up the two-laners around the farms. Beats wind sprints.

So now when the Express quarterback tells Darren to "Go

long, Long," he'd better crank up that million-dollar arm 'cause he'll need every bit of it to catch his tight end's Catseye taillight. And when Darren goes over the middle for a bone-crunchin' catch in heavy traffic, he'll have the horses to hold on. Heavy horses supplied by Milwaukee iron. By the way, Long used to play for that other great team in Wisconsin, the Packers.

—Loudmouth

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

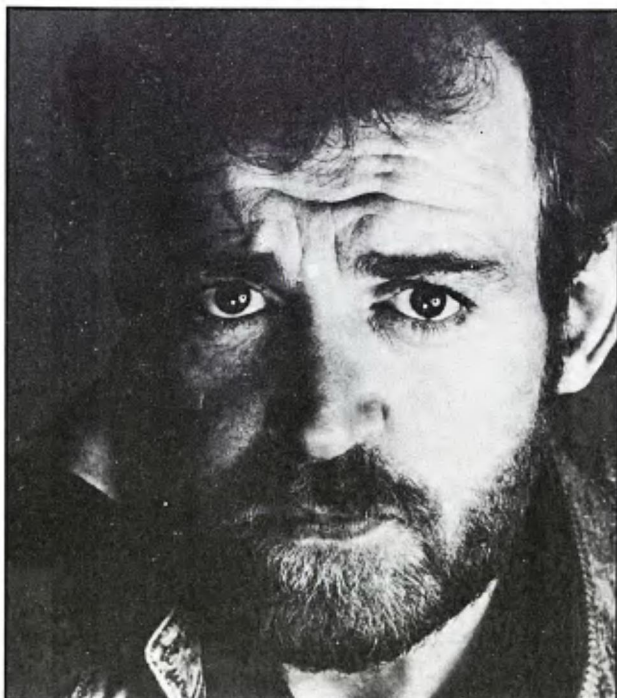
Never Could Toe the Mark/Waylon Jennings: Twenty-five years ago this past February, Waylon Jennings came close to winding up as an obscure footnote to rock history — as the “other guy” who died in the plane crash that killed Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper. But when the B.B. came down with the flu and asked Waylon to give up his seat on that doomed plane, Waylon, bein’ such a nice guy and all, agreed. They say nice guys finish last, but you couldn’t prove it by Waylon.

Never Could Toe the Mark is a real bear of an album, full of high spirits and fun and sex, and laced with barbed and bawdy humor. For me, however, the real surprise was the 30-minute video that showcases this album. Produced for the pay-TV service Cinemax, this video is one you won’t want to miss if you should get the chance to see it.

In the video’s frame story, Jennings goes to see his psychiatrist. Waylon stretches out on the couch while his shrink, played with a quiet, demented intensity by actor Robert Duvall, asks him tangled questions about his life and his music. The idea may sound weird, but it works on the screen; actually, it more than works — it’s inspired and hilarious. Periodically, Jennings nods off in the middle of a question, snoring loudly while the scene dissolves from the shrink’s office to scenes from the tale told by the songs on the album. This is the story of a young gal who runs off to the city and the guy she treats like shit in the process. The song “Settin’ Me Up” details that familiar paranoia — somebody’s gettin’ ready to play you for a sucker: *Settin’ me*



WAYLON JENNINGS



JOE COCKER

*up, just to put me down/
Makin’ me out just to be
your clown/Settin’ me up,
just to put me down/You
better clean it up, baby,
stop your messin’ around.*

Whoever cast the actress to play the girl really knew what he was doing. She’s a sassy and trim redhead, a girl who’s just turned into a woman, and a tastier little dick-stiffener you won’t find in a coon’s age, whatever that means. She’s pretty — not beautiful, just pretty — and she oozes sex from every randy pore. From the mocking pout of her crimson lips to the swagger of her provocative walk, she’s the perfect sluttette. One look at her and you somehow know that this little doxy is a wet dream come true, an anything-goes package of energetic nastiness.

But don’t let your dick override your brain, ace, ‘cause she’s learning how much fun it is to get some sucker to fall for her state-of-the-art snatch, then drop him like a used snot-rag when his money runs out: *Now she left the cradle when she learned to crawl/ Her mama on the front porch when she walked off/Headed for the city in a pair of high-heeled shoes/ And if she’ll leave her mama, son, she’ll surely leave you.*

The video highlights several tunes from the record, including “Whatever Gets You Through the Night” and “Where Would I Be (Without You).” The real capper, though, comes when the shrink points out to Waylon that their time is up. As he’s leaving the office, Waylon pauses at the door to glance back at the doctor. The camera cuts to Duvall, who looks up from studying his notes to ask, “Is anything the matter?”

Cut back to the door — only the guy standing there now is Johnny Cash, dressed exactly like Waylon. “No,” Cash deadpans, “I think we’re making progress.”

Continued on page 117



Big Nick's Belligerent Subscription Offer

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

'Tis the season to work my butt off and Spider ain't makin' it a damn bit easier. Last month he said I had to offer you some kind of a deal — in the spirit of Christmas. "Screw 'em," sez I. "I'll fill their rank, stinkin' socks with busted pistons and rusty chains." "Not a chance," Spider replies, lookin' pissed. "Give 'em a deal on subscriptions and make it good." I don't like it, but I do it. I mean, it just don't pay to thwart Spider. Shit, he might send Mutha over to jump my weary bones Christmas morning. How'd you like to have *that* land on you after you'd been bouncin' around on some rigid-framed sled all night? Is Spider grateful? Hell, no. Now he says that since this issue goes on sale before Christmas, I gotta offer ya the same deal again. It pains me, but here it is. Just send us \$17 for *your* subscription (\$13 off the newsstand price), and I'll sell ya as many *gift* subscriptions as ya want for only \$16 each. If ya want, I'll even include a gift card in yer name. So, there. Fuck ya and have a Merry Christmas. (Between the brats on my route and Spider's bright ideas, I sure as hell won't.)

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1984 EASYRIDERS SWEEPSTAKES WINNERS

Spider said, "Give away \$100,000 worth of the good stuff," and so we have. If you're one of the lucky winners, you've already been notified and your prize is on the way. If you missed out this time, don't sweat it. Spider's just weird enough that he's bound to give you another shot at it one of these issues.



SWEEPS WINNER

Greg Walling
Springfield, OR

GRAND PRIZE WINNER

Ricardo E. Delgado
Omaha, NE

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

Walter-John Schlebusch
McDonald, PA

SECOND PRIZE WINNERS

Dean Demanlow

Colstrip, MT

Eugene T. Carver III

Center Ossipee, NH

Renee Cullins

Pasadena, MD

Chuck Daniel

Winsted, CT

Chris Barone

Bedford, OH

THIRD PRIZE — CHOPPER JACKETS

Shawn M. Farrell

Griffith, IN

Donald Woodstrom

Grand Forks, ND

Frank L. Britt

Monongahela, PA

Rod Thompson

Fl. Collins, CO

Paul Thompson

Wyoming, MN

Wesley E. Lively

Beale AFB, CA

Ransom D. Royal, Sr.

Rural Hall, NC

Susan King

Oklahoma City, OK

Earle Allen, Jr.

Newark, CA

Charles A. Smith

Leeds, AL

Deirdre Molloy

Sunnyvale, CA

Michael J. Brasher

Tucson, AZ

Michael Newman

Riviera, AZ

Billy M. Montgomery

Osceola, AR

Robert Tadych

West Allis, WI

Don Stock

Petersburg, MI

Nathan W. Harper

Bremerton, WA

Timothy L. Armstrong

APO San Francisco, CA

Leroy Valley

Aurora, MN

Steve Miller

Houston, TX

Lee Jacoby

Belgium, WI

Ernest Mendoza

Milwaukee, WI

Speedy Stone

Maiden, NC

Edward J. Henne

Torrance, CA

Mitzi Johnson

Virginia Beach, VA

Terry Brant

New Berlin, WI

F.C. Hancock, Jr.

Easton, MD

Alan Lien

Fergus Falls, MN

Anne Blount

Moraga, CA

Joe Yeggy

Las Vegas, NV

Tim Norwick

Baltimore, MD

Diane Thelen

Houston, TX

Tina M. Clark

Peoria, IL

Mike Waller

Mandan, ND

Tim Mulready

Chubbuck, ID

Rodney Baughman

Bay Springs, MS

Stg. 1 D. Rivera

Pearl Harbor, HI

Justin Webster

Eagle, CO

Wade P. Fruge

Franklin, LA

Kenny Pheatt

Fairview, OK

Stu Mousseau

Pine Ridge, SD

Anthony P. Scotton

Indianapolis, IN

Donald Tanner

Mason City, IA

James R. Coulter

Deer Park, MD

Marvin Loachridge

Oakley, MI

Richard Lynn Harbaugh

Sough Gate, CA

Robert W. Campbell

Roseburg, OR

Tom Brown

York, PA

Larry Cole

South Haven, MI

Mike Rubino

Redmond, WA

FOURTH PRIZE — CHAPS

Helen Forbes

Florham Park, NJ

Tim Peterson

Aberdeen, SD

Rebel

Jamul, CA

Dale M. Stewart

Houston, TX

Rod Cameron

Boyertown, PA

Fred C. Larsen

Bellingham, WA

Robert Eason

San Francisco, CA

Gary A. Guy

Lebanon, NH

Terry C. Dalporto

St. Helena, CA

Mark J. Barnes

El Dorado, CO

Mark A. Headrick

Hampton, VA

Ella A. Meeks

Hampton, VA

James H. Johnson

Bel Aton, MD

Scott D. Francols

Quantico, VA

Charles S. Hershner

Windsor, PA

Daniel Clay Murphy

Monroe, NC

Dorothy Cordova

Idaho Falls, ID

Zach Harbit

Wilton, IA

William Holland

Crows Landing, CA

Chuck McGahee

Valdosta, GA

Ronald Roberts

Flint, MI

Beatrice L. Magos

Sacramento, CA

Scott Hamilton

Stamford, CT

Marty Brockway

Salem, OR

David Rybolt

Hugo, CO

Steve Barry

Ponca City, OK

A. Eric Lafko

Rockaway, NJ

Roland E. Cash

Sheffield Lake, OH

Mr. & Mrs. Sam Kolesar

Long Beach, CA

Smokey Sheehy

Grove City, OH

John Ramirez

Beecher, IL

Clayton Koffski

McHenry, IL

Lori Carlin

Sulphur, LA

Steve Roberts

Middletown, CA

Marshall Harmon

Santee, CA

Thomas R. Lawlor

Windsor Locks, CT

Russ Hoffman

Bridgeton, ME

Teah Webster

McConnellsville, OH

Dean M. Helgens

Monticello, IA

Stephen L. Aldrich

Glenwood Springs, CO

Jeff Nye

Carey, OH

Donald G. Norman

Alton, IA

Kenneth W. Dean

Marbury, MD

Hugh Johnson

Paramount, CA

Jack Gilray

Troy, MI

Bruno Nedergard

Ravensdale, WA

FIFTH PRIZE — HOG BANKS/\$100 GIFT CERTIFICATES

Michael C. Cotrell

San Pablo, CA

Steve W. Nelson

Petersburg, VA

Daniel Vine

New London, CT

Clyde Williams

Lodi, CA

Kevin Murphy

San Diego, CA

Bob Simard

Lawrence, MA

John P. Halpin, Jr.

Meriden, CT

Paul Hatfield

Belvidere, IL

Bob Ackerman

Simi Valley, CA

Brenda Ottinger

Boaz, AL

Jan McArthur

Odessa, TX

Earl R. Reichard

Paramus, NJ

Kenneth C. Beekman

Trenton, NJ

Paul Ralnone

Oakville, CT

J.L. Ortelg

Yakima, WA

Gary Hamneck

Marbury, MD

Brian K. Illig

Clovis, NM

Wm. Hayes

Cutoff, LA

Jim White

Brooklyn Park, MN

Richard R. Ciccarella

Lyndhurst, NJ

Frank P. Nunes III

E. Providence, RI

Roger E. Marx

Fond du Lac, WI

Steven James Garner

Chino, CA

Sam A. Ziemann

Bremerton, WA

Marlin E. Frenkel

Round Lake Beach, IL

David Holman

Salinas, CA

Michael Bryant

Phoenix, AZ

Jeff Brockman

Salinas, CA

Alan Bakke

Honolulu, HI

Randell D. McDullitt

Easton, OH

Vicent Darden

Savannah, GA

Bud Raniewski

Cicero, IL

James Allen Hampton

Clinton, TN

Joe Lubert

Warren, MI

Danny R. Butler

Willoughby, OH

Wes Swank

Otley, IA

John Sutherland

Nashville, TN

Robert Slatok

N. Huntington, PA

Sweet Sue

There's more than one way to feed a hungry chick, especially if there are a couple of bikers standing around.

Whaddya mean, she's hungry? This is a photo studio, not a pizza joint. See any golden arches around here? Hear anybody screamin', 'Where's the beef?' What we got here is lights, camera, and action — no ham, eggs, an' toast!"

As always, Madman was being his usual sarcastic self. Which, I guess, is a good thing, since if he didn't have sarcasm, he wouldn't have anything at all except his undernourished 67-lb. body and his depraved-beyond-redemption mind.

Still, it wasn't like Sue had demanded a 12-course banquet served by naked muscle-builders with 14-inch cranks. All she'd said was, "Does anybody here have a donut or a candy bar or some other kind of munchy?"

Now, as it happens, I do have something that falls squarely in



the middle of the "some other kind of munchy" category. But Spider's 11th-through-25th commandment is, "Though shalt not rip off a piece until after the photo session is over," so I discretely left my munchy zipped up in my pants.

Suddenly I heard a loud crash and some cursing behind me. It was Madman, and he was pickin' himself up from the middle of a pile of rubble. "What the hell are you doin'?" I asked. "Lookin' for a place to take a nap? Try crawlin' into an egg carton — that should be about the right size."

He zapped me a dirty look. "Naw, it's the bananas. I stashed 'em in one of these empty boxes somewhere."

"Bananas? What bananas?" I asked. The dude had obviously decided to trade bein' sarcastic for being nuts.

"Remember when Spider decided that my growth was stunted because I didn't have enough potassium in my fuckin' system? He went out and got me a big motherin' stalk of bananas — they're real high in potassium, he says — and told me I had to eat 'em, or else."

All the while he was talkin', he was still rootin' around. "The thing is," he went





on, "I hate bananas, and besides, these were so green they'd make ya puke just lookin' at 'em. So I stashed 'em in here, figurin' Spider'd never see 'em. Hell, they've gotta be ripe now. Ah, hah!"

Madman dipped his paw into a box and up came an obviously ripe, bright yellow banana. "Here ya go, cutie," he said, tossin' it to Sue. "This oughtta take care of that old empty feelin'." He paused, but I just knew there had to be

more. "At," he added, "one end of ya or the other."

Madman's a fast little devil, but Sue'd have caught him if she hadn't slipped (on the peel, natch) and slid right into my arms. That's another story, though. If ya see Spider, remind him that Confusion say, "The only good commandment's a broken commandment."

—Butcher

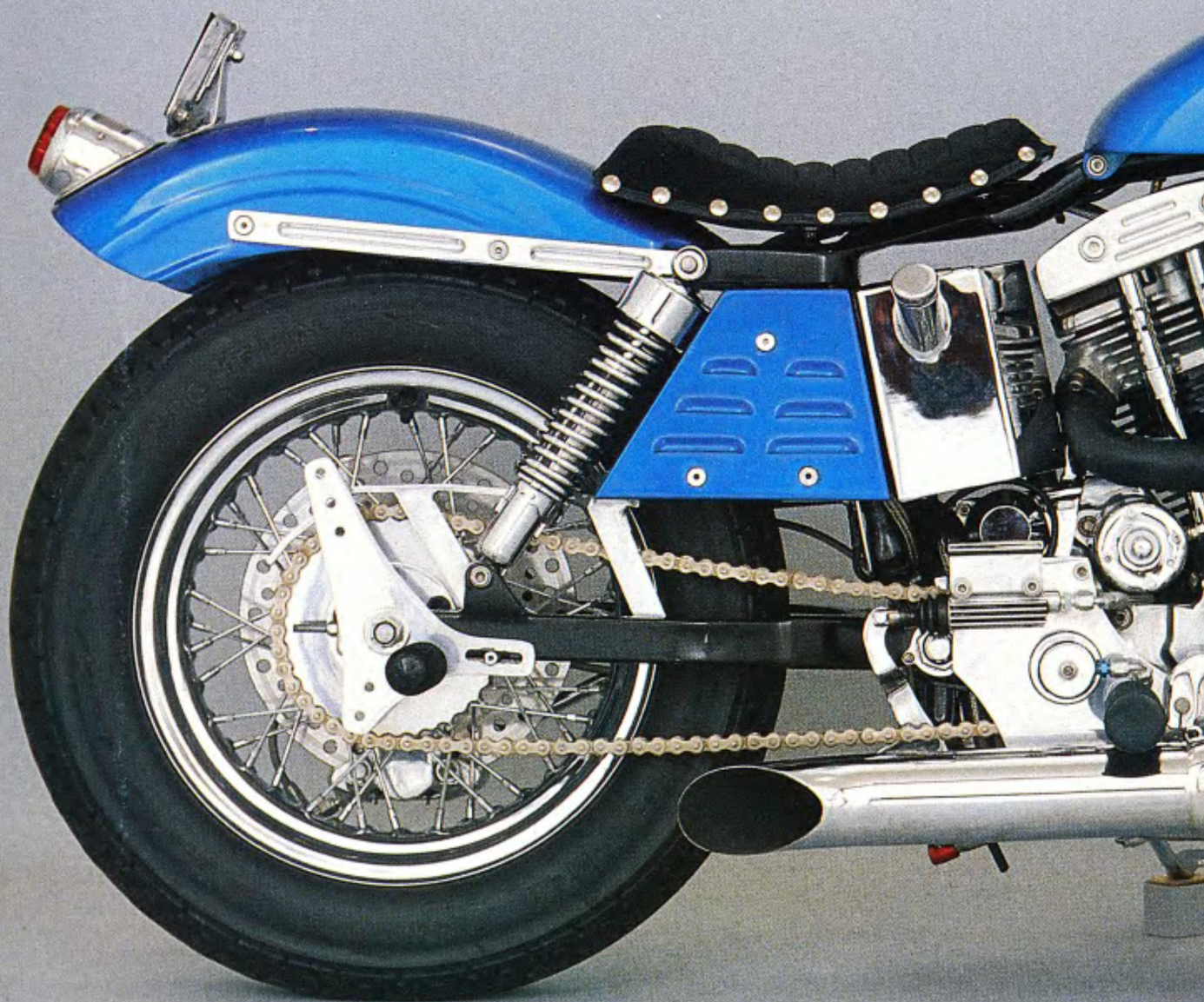




Photos by Pete Chioldo

TRIAL RUN

Some dudes build their bikes for show and don't dare ride 'em till after the trophies are awarded. This bro figures just the opposite.



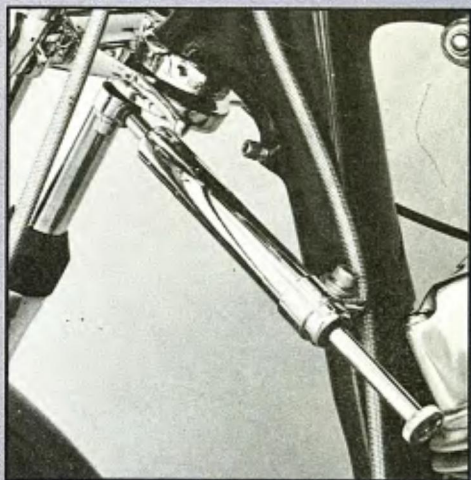
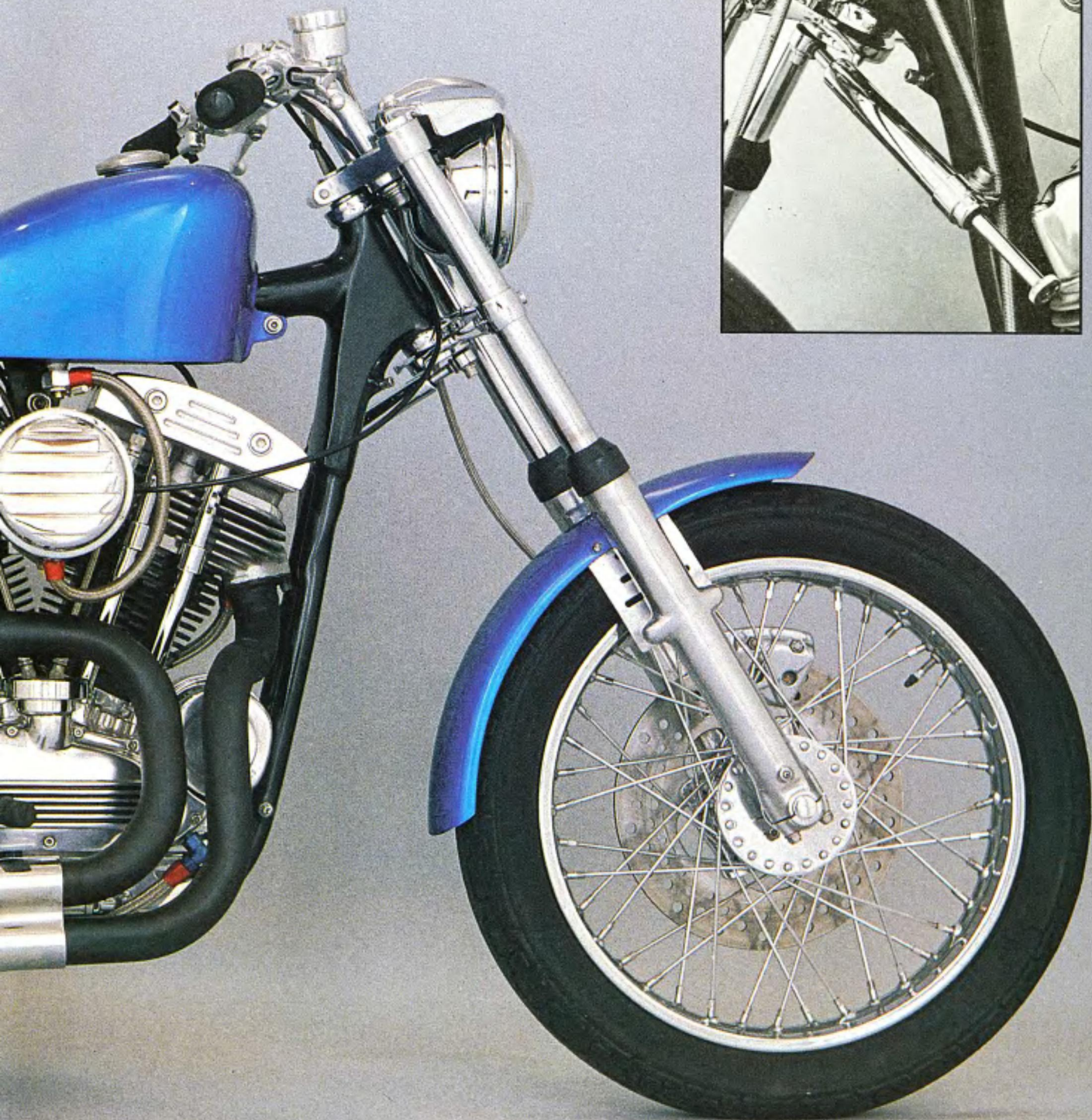
Waymond Walkem is a bike builder. Spell that builder with a capital "B" — as in, not a bike "assembler." Waymond believes that there is more to creating a good ride than ordering a bunch of custom parts from suppliers and using wrenches and a torch to put them together. What Waymond most likes to do is figure out ways to make stock Harley parts do things the folks back in Milwaukee never dreamed of.

Then, after he's perfected some righteous bit of gear, he incorporates it into the bikes he builds for his bros.

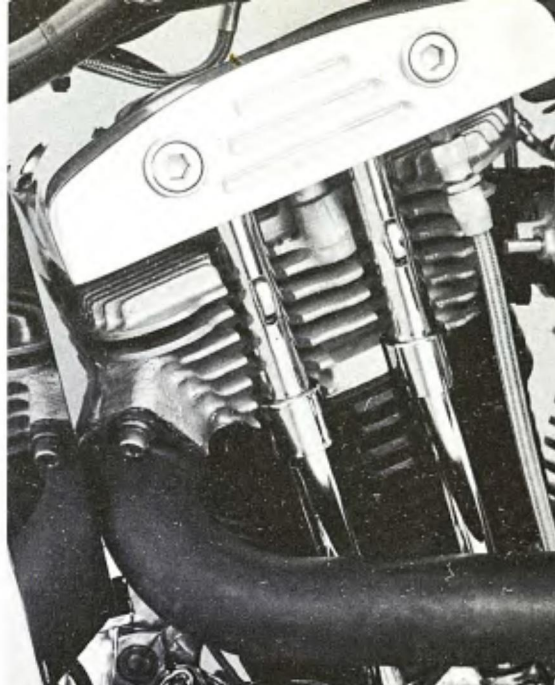
"I don't like to put anything into a bike I build for someone else until I know it works," Waymond says. "That's why I took this bike on a 10,000-mile run right after I got done building it. It's got a couple of new systems I'd like to start using, but I had to make sure they would motor down the road without any problems."

Among the trick bits Waymond developed for this ride are an electronic ignition system, combining the bottom of a '65 early style H-D distributor with late-model factory electronics, and a hydraulic clutch set-up using parts from late-model Big Twins.

"I wanted to be able to get the new Harley ignition parts to work on this bike so I could finally disprove that old saying about Sporties — you







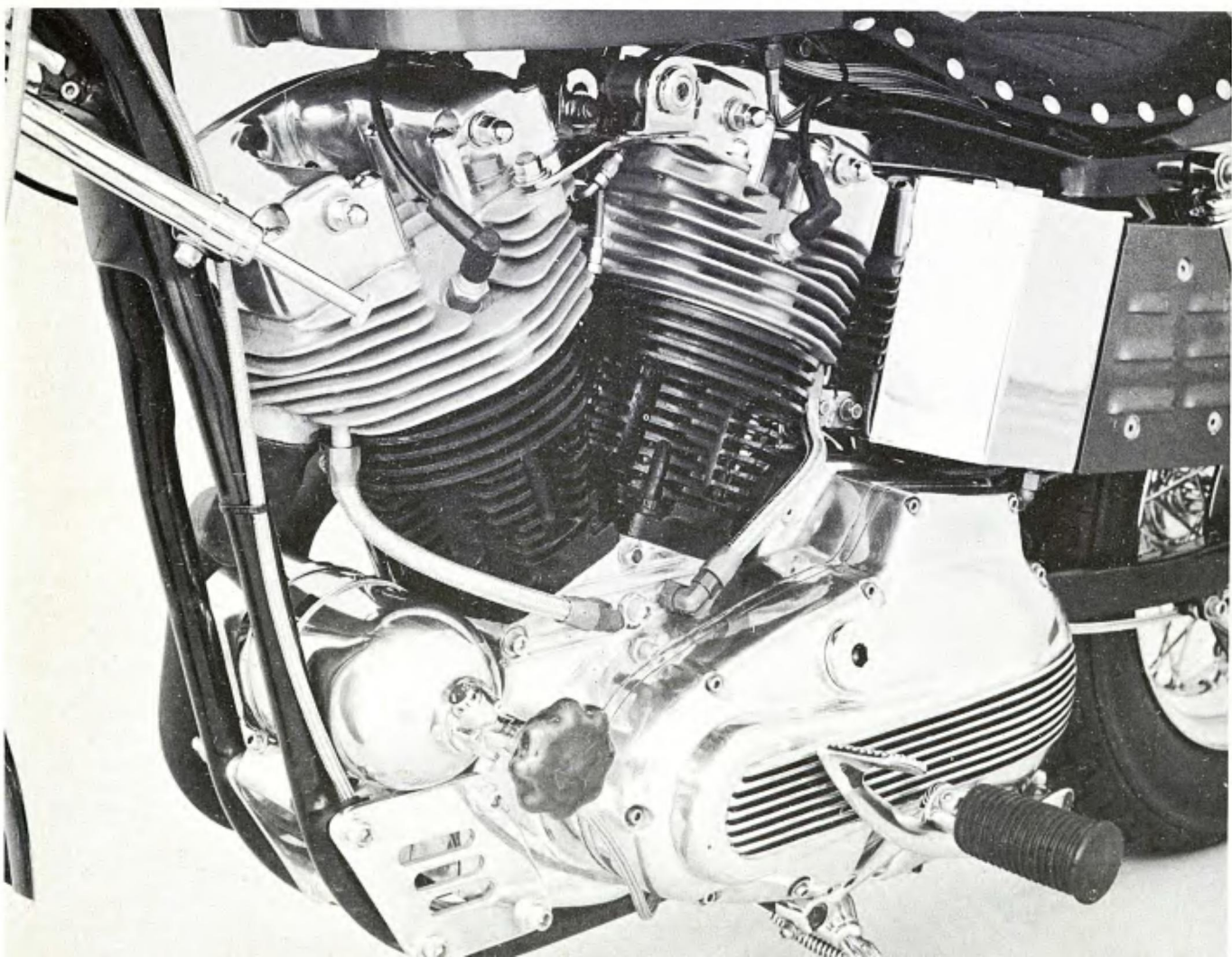
know, 'Every time you go for a long ride on a Sporty, you get home with your generator light on.' As far as the hydraulic clutch goes, some bros won't want it 'cause you lose the kick starter, but not that many people want to kick-start an 86-in. Sportster anyway."

To test his latest creation, Waymond took off on a six-week, 10,000-mile rumble from his Ontario home to the New Orleans World's Fair, returning via Texas, Las Vegas, L.A., and Oregon.

"The bike worked great," he says. "Really, the only problem I had with it

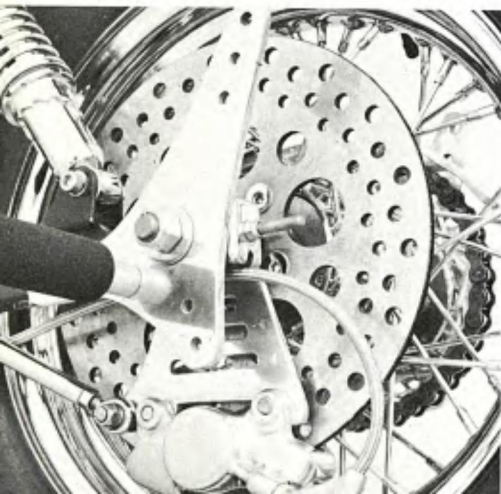
happened a few days before I left when I got loaded and rode it through a barbed wire fence. The bike was really devastated; the tank and front end were bent, the linkages were all screwed up, and the exhaust system was knocked clean off.

"I wasn't in such hot shape myself,





Photos by Pete Chiodo



but a bunch of friends pitched in and we got everything back to perfect in a few days. Everything except the pipes. Those had been my pride and joy. I'd designed and built 'em myself, and had sent them back to the chrome shop four times to get 'em 110 percent right without a single high spot or bubble. There was no time to get 'em rechromed and still take off when I had to, so I cried a little bit, picked up a can of black spray

paint and let 'em have it.

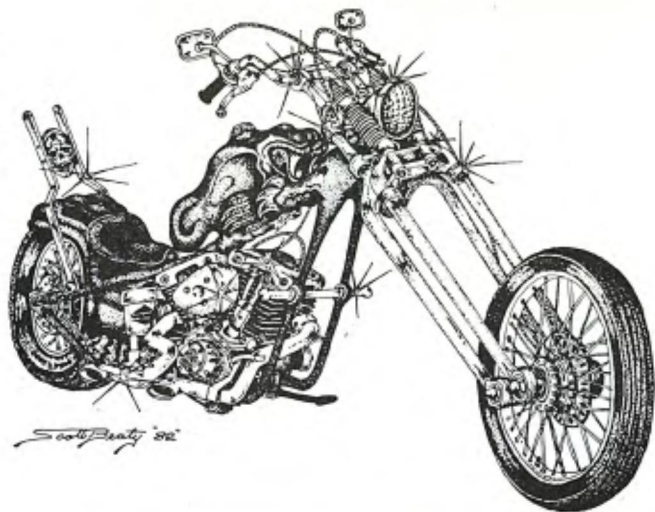
"What I'm gonna do now is repaint the bike into something a little wilder and get it ready to enter in the spring bike shows. I know a lot of people would say I'm crazy to have ridden something I intended to be a show bike on a cross-country trip before putting it on display, but I believe a bike shouldn't be entered in a contest until it's been proven on the road."

—Butcher

Owner: Waymond Walkem		City: Norval, Ontario	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1974	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: H-D/Walkem's	
Model: Shovster		Type: modified stock	
Value: are you kidding?		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: raised top frame member	
Chroming by: Plating Master		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag with inside controls	
Year: 1974		Risers: Low Rider	
Model: Shovster		Fender(s): custom/fatbob modified	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: electronic/custom distrib.		Taillight: old style	
Displacement: 86 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: 4% S&S/Carrillo Rods		Front pegs: H-D modified	
Balancing: Walkem's		Rear pegs: Kosman with rear controls	
Pistons: 3 7/16 S&S		Electrics: custom	
Cases: reinforced		Gas tank: King Sportster	
Heads: '74 heads/Trock cyclinders		Oil tank: Drag Specialties	
Cam(s): Andrews 550 lift		Oil system: modified pump/lines and fittings	
Lifters: lightened solids		Primary cover: modified for '74 alt.	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: fiberglass	
Air cleaner: custom		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: homemade		Height: stock	
Muffler(s): Drag Specialties		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: mod. to accept '74 alt.		Type: H-D	
Year: 1970/Andrews gears		Extension: 1 in. under	
Shifting: modified linkage		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: stainless hardware	
Trans sprocket: 17		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 38		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Terry Swan		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Newf		Rim width: 3.25 in.	Rim width: WM5
Color: regal blue over silver		Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: candy apple		Brake: H-D	Brake: Lockheed
Special paint: heat-resistant tremclad frame			

Other special modifications: Nitrous oxide, alternator behind clutch hub, hydraulic clutch, aluminum brackets and mounts. Thanks to Mary, Joe, Terry, Brian (Newf), Steve and Art.

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Wrong Reason

If you now own a bike, or are thinking about getting one for "transportation" or "image," those are poor reasons to ride. You won't find out what motorcycling is about unless you get off your butt and plan a ride, or vacation by yourself or with a friend (if you're scared of the dark!).

—Len Creed
Canadian Biker

H-D Pajamas

Associating the Harley-Davidson name with everyday household items, for example, helps promote an Americana image that is acceptable to the general public. Can you imagine Harley-Davidson replacing Bugs Bunny and Mickey Mouse on kids' school supplies, wallpaper and pajamas? And why not? Trademark licensing provides an open door to such a future.

—Hot Bike

Chain-Belt Shaft

A chain-driven bike is probably a hardcore sport machine or a dirt bike; a shaft-driven one is most likely a touring bike or a cruiser; and if it uses a belt, it's either a Harley-Davidson or a Kawasaki commuter bike.

—Steve Anderson
Cycle World

Less Than 1%

It is an undeniable fact that Harley-Davidson and outlaw motorcycle gangs are often equated. It is, however, also an undeniable fact that "outlaws" who happen to ride machines with H-D engines represent far less than 1% of all motorcycle riders.

—Paul Essendorf
Northeast Riding

Nerve Bikes

Walk into a bank and ask for a loan to buy some surplus canisters of nerve gas and you'll at least be allowed to fill out the application; but let them know that the money is for a bike, and as often as not, you'll get aimed toward the door and told that "We don't make motorcycle loans." Drive up to the entrance of a posh hotel in a \$700 Chevy and someone in a uniform will open your door and greet you with a "Good evening, sir." Do the same thing on a \$7000 BMW and the greeting you're most likely to get is a gruff, "You can't park that thing here, pal."

—Paul Dean
Cycle World

The Old Secret

Herein lies the secret of Old World Craftsmanship — the buyer's standard of living must be enormously higher than the craftsmen's. In the long run this won't work in a truly democratic society, and it also creates impossible economics. If the producers can't afford to buy their own products, there is no large market.

—Kevin Cameron
Cycle

Righteous Machos

Can it be that all the so-called Righteous Bros who wear the bike image and read the comic-book bike mags are no more Motorcycle Riders than the man in the moon, and only cling to our lifestyle as a source of Macho Identity?

What ever happened to the Real Men who jammed 1000s of miles to make Sturgis?

As far as we can see, Real

Bikers are diminishing because the usual roar of cycles rumbling up and down Sturgis streets was somewhat subdued due to lack of attendance.

What's wrong with the Biker of today anyway? Has he grown soft with today's modern conveniences?

—Steve Iorio
Supercycle

Bearable and Right

But I finally figured the FXRT's place in the grand scheme is to make 60mph not only bearable but somehow right. At that speed, the bike falls into a satisfying rhythm, and all's right with the world. And lest you think making 60 palatable is a small feat, let me assure you it isn't. In fact, it was completely beyond the bikes that generated the two tickets pinned to my wall.

—Larry Works
Cycle Guide

Mars Bikes

If NASA was as competitive as the motorcycle market, we would be on Mars by now. The new machinery that comes out each successive year displays advances worthy of the raves they receive.

But consider this point: Is the technological marvel of 1980 or 1982 so hideously deformed by its outdated features that one would feel compelled to "trade up" to a new model?

—Motorcycle Industry Shopper

One Day More

It's called "fix the damn thing," and is played with much swearing and knuckle-busting. This part of the game usually takes

from fifteen minutes to all day, depending on the make of bike and year of construction. If it's a chopper, add one day for nut-tightening and adjusting.

—Biker Lifestyle

15-Year Seethe

You see, I've spent 15 years of journalistic life promoting the sport of motorcycling and the safety of the vehicle which makes it possible, when ridden sensibly. And when I see that good will dissolve in the dust of some imbecile splitting traffic at 70mph, feet on the passenger pegs of his Interceptor to make it look as if equipped with rear sets; or wheel-standing his Ninja through an otherwise placid Sunday afternoon park, I have a tendency to seethe.

—Motorcycle Product News

They're Everywhere

Sitting in McDonalds a few hundred miles from Missoula, Montana, it was easy to tell some big Beemer event was about to happen. A wide-eyed Harley rider burst through the door and exclaimed, "My Gawd, have you seen all the BMWs on the Interstate? They're thick as flies! And look at the parking lot — it's full of 'em!"

—Road Rider

Stated Specifically

In America apparently, unless you specifically state in bold capital letters that your appliance is not designed for use on any part of the anatomy, you can be sued if somebody tries it on their hemorrhoids (say). I tried the vacuum effect on my tongue with the result that I can no longer whistle.

—Super Bike

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 December 30th. We'll print the winner in the April issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #139 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — **Joyce**, the third monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Jeannie, Sherri, and Peggy Sue.

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 _____

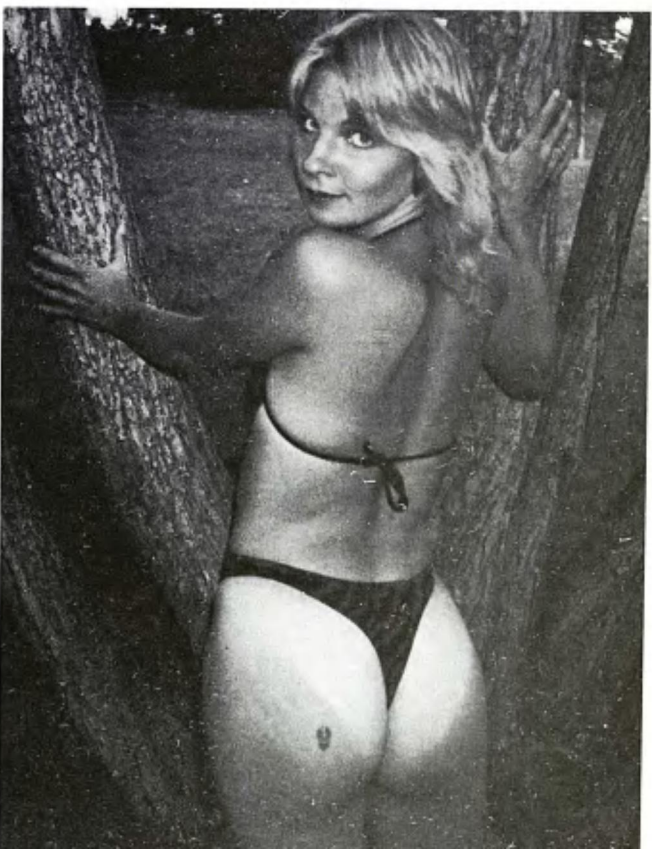
Address _____

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.





JUDY

APRIL



LEANNE



Sometimes when you're off by yourself, just thinkin' about how to slap together yer next ride, ya can really get off on a tangent.

Larry Machado designed his scooter in his own way. Instead of layin' out the likeness on paper or tracing it on the ground, he simply stalked the yard to come up with the needed parts and slapped 'em together. And when we say "yard," we mean the confined yard of the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo.

Larry spied some dead and decayed rodent's bones that were doin' nothin' more than rotting in the central California sun. Larry would have them become the basis of his own rodent cycle. A bonemobile, if you will. A seventy-four incher that measures 7½ by 4½ inches.

With the use of gopher, rat, cat, mouse and other road-kill items, as well as



Photos by Kim Pet

Bone Shaker

Ex-con's art is a head twister

some chips of abalone, Larry pieced together one of the most unusual scooter-art items we've seen. And we ain't alone in our appreciation. In the 1982 Prison Arts Project competition, Bone Shaker took first place in the Folk Art category. The bone art was voted the number one piece to be purchased for a permanent collection of prison art. It has been on display at Sacramento in a statewide exhibit, and is currently resting its bones at the Prison Arts project's home office in Santa Cruz, California.

Now, for the good news: Larry Machado has since been released and can now do some handcrafting on metal (instead of marrow) for the real thing. —Scar



Experts tell court that helmets can kill

"Wearing a helmet is dangerous, actually dangerous," engineer Donald Fisher testified in a Winnipeg, Canada, courtroom recently. "I'll put my professional integrity on the line (in saying that) wearing a helmet increases the chances of a rider being involved in an accident."

Fisher's testimony came during a trial testing the legality of Manitoba's mandatory helmet law, and the mechanical engineer and research associate at the University of Manitoba had impressive statistics to support his claim.

Among the scientific data Fisher entered as evidence in the case were studies showing that: Helmets increase the temperature of a user's head more than three times as much as a wool cap; helmets trap two-thirds of the head's heat without allowing it to dissipate; and helmets reduce side vision by almost 15 feet in each direction.

Other studies, Fisher testified, prove that riders wearing full coverage lids have their ability to hear reduced by a full 90 percent and that plastic face shields on helmets distort sun and vehicle headlights to produce a vision-impairing

sunburst effect that can blind riders to oncoming hazards.

In other expert testimony at the trial, a New York physician, Dr. Alexander MacKenzie, said that a lid's weight can cause serious injuries to the brain, neck or spinal column.

MacKenzie also noted that although there are slightly fewer fatalities per thousand registered motorcycles in states with helmet laws, there were also, during a five-year period, 4836 more injuries in those states. The conclusion is inevitable, MacKenzie said, that the added fatigue and discomfort caused by helmets was responsible for a great number of those nearly 5000 "extra" accidents.

The legal challenge to the Manitoba law is being mounted by two bikers who deliberately got themselves busted to set up a test case. Their case is based on the so-called "security of the person" provision of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. The bikers contend that if they can prove that wearing helmets constitutes a hazard to their security, the law will have to be rescinded.

No decision in the case had been rendered by presstime.

Easynews

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

Biking couple used as living targets

'How do you tell a five-year-old her dad was shot dead?'

According to New York police, an unknown cager and his passenger "played cat and mouse" with a brother and his wife before gunning the bro down a few blocks from his Brooklyn home.

Witnesses told police that Dennis Moran, 29, and his wife Aleen, 25, were riding their scooter down the Belt Parkway when a blue BMW with New Jersey plates began following them. According to Aleen Moran, the BMW — which contained two Oriental males — began to close on the bike at high speed, backing off just an instant before colliding with it.

Deciding he'd had enough of this bullshit, Moran exited the Parkway, but the BMW continued to tailgate him. Moran drove to his house and let his wife off.

"The car followed them home," Aleen Moran's brother told police. "Dennis dropped my sister off at the house and then went back outside to see what the problem was. The car was still there with the driver and passenger in it. Dennis got on his bike, drove off. The BMW followed."

Luring the cagers away from his home, Moran drove about half a mile to the intersection of Modoc Ave. and Post Court

before parking his bike and walking back to confront his pursuers.

"He got off his bike, went over to the car and they opened fire," police Sgt. Raymond Pucci said in his report. Firing from inside their cage, the assassins hit Moran with at least two slugs — one in the groin and the other in the left shoulder — before slamming their German cage into gear and racing away from the scene.

"It's such a senseless thing," Aleen Moran's brother told reporters, adding that his sister was still in shock and that the couple's daughter Katrina had yet to be told that she no longer had a daddy.

"How do you tell a five-year-old that her father is dead?" he kept repeating as the long day turned into night with no arrests, no suspects, no action, no nothing except a dead biker and a broken family.

And sometimes they use us as targets while being aided and abetted by cops

A 16-year-old bike rider in Tunnelton, West Virginia, was allegedly shot at and wounded recently by a civilian who was improperly being chauffeured around by two "volunteer" police officers.

Civilians with guns driving around with "volunteer" cops? What the hell is going on down there? Are they rerunning "Death Valley Days"? Have they seen one too many crappy Dirty Harry movies? This story has more questions than answers, but the bottom line is: A biker, little more than a kid really, was blasted out of his saddle for no reason other than, perhaps, the John-Wayne-complex of a dude wavin' a Buntline special.

According to police Cpl. Ronald Crites, bike rider Frank Wolfe was shot in the face by a civilian riding with two "volunteer" police officers outside the Tunnelton city limits.

"My understanding is that the pursuit was for speeding and started in Tunnelton," Crites said. It ended outside the city when Wolfe was shot.

"The civilian-type person shot in the direction of the motorcycle," Crites reported. The civilian, Crites added, later said he "did not mean to shoot the rider."

Meanwhile, Tunnelton Mayor Steve Shaffer said the civilian shouldn't have been in the car in the first place; he had ordered the volunteers not to give any rides.

Why, then, have these dudes, as of our presstime, not been charged or disciplined? Why, if the "gunman" is only a police groupie and not a cop, has he not been charged? I've got it — they're not doing Dirty Harry or John Wayne. It's actually wannabe Dan Ackroyds and Bill Murrays playing "Unofficial Police" with real bullets and lives.

Local rag tells it like it is (for a change)

A situation a police official has called "highly unusual" has occurred in Redlands (California).

Monday evening, police said, a man was driving east in his pickup truck when he made a left turn on Lincoln Avenue, striking a westbound motorcycle head-on. A few hours later, the motorcyclist died.

The truck driver was booked at the city jail for investigation of felony drunken driving following the accident, a charge that was upgraded to include murder after the cyclist died.

The police then were surprised when, in a late-night call, Superior Court Judge Rex Cranmer ordered the suspect freed on his own recognizance.

Cranmer, later told the victim had

died and the complaint to be sought against the defendant would be upgraded to include murder charges, said he still wanted the driver freed.

Cranmer said he ordered police to free the man after considering the "seriousness of the offense, probability of his appearing in Redlands Municipal Court (later) Tuesday morning, and there (was) no apparent danger to the community."

The judge added the man was "from 'old' Redlands people, a family here at least 60 years. He is a city employee with no prior criminal record. I saw no reason for bail and ordered the release."

Police Capt. Lewis Nelson said he was surprised at Cranmer's instructions, "considering the gravity of (drunken)

driving incidents these days and the public's strong feelings (about them)."

Lt. Bill Caronna said, "It's highly unusual for a judge to order an O.R. (release on own recognizance) in any instance. I can't recall it's happening here before without the (prisoner) being transported to the county jail."

The situation is a perplexing one. Justice should be evenhanded, whether one comes from one of a community's "old" families or not.

We hope this is not an indication there is more than one standard of justice in Redlands: one for "good" people and one for people who are beyond any social pale.

— editorial in the *San Bernardino (California) Sun*

If bug bites were dollars, we'd all be rich

Cops accuse bikers of bein' 'millionaires'

The Canadian Association of Chiefs of Police has charged that some bikers, specifically members of the British Columbia Chapter of the Hells Angels, are actually millionaires who use sophisticated electronic snooping equipment to spy on the cops.

Fortunately, chapter President Rick Ciarniello was not on his scooter when he heard the news, because it is certifiably impossible to keep a scooter on the road and roll on the ground with laughter at the same time. After recovering from the laugh attack, however, Ciarniello labeled the charge "a fairy tale" and went back to work — as a bike mechanic, not a stock manipulator, international financier, or big-time TV mogul.

The majority of the charges are contained in a report issued by the Association — a federally funded group of federal, provincial and local police agencies. Among other things, it accuses bike clubs of "bugging" cops electronically and stealing their precious body fluids by having hookers infiltrate the cops' favorite watering holes (or becoming the cops' favorite watering holes).

According to the report, "millionaire" bikers "insulate" themselves from prosecution for drug-and-dame dealing by using their "wealth" to buy "high-calibre legal protection."

Ciarniello was not impressed with the findings.

"They put out this propa-

ganda just to justify whatever they want to do to us," he said. "Sure, there have been some Hells Angels convicted of crimes, but that was as individuals, not as Hells Angels. The same thing goes for longshoremen and Rotarians."

"The truth is, we are a group of people who like motorcycles. It's so simple that nobody can grasp it."

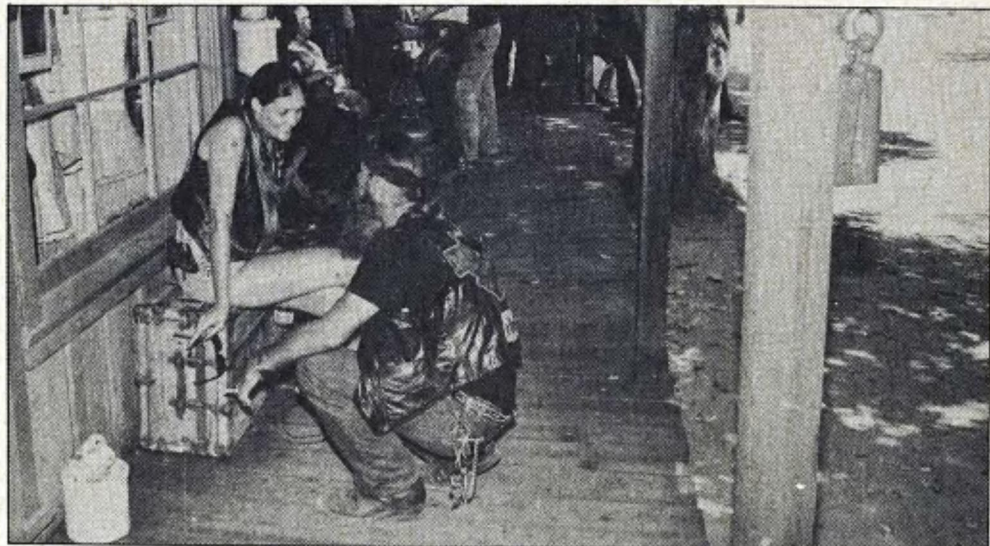
Coincidentally with the release of the police chiefs' report, Ontario Provincial Po-

lice czar Archie Ferguson told a hastily called press conference that some bikers wear three-piece suits, drive big cars and live in expensive houses. Asked by a reporter to name some of these "high-on-the-hog" Hog riders, Ferguson said he didn't know the names of any and told the press to talk to the Royal Canadian Mounties about it. Not surprisingly, a RCMP spokesman said they couldn't identify any, either.

But not to fear, Commis-

sioner Ferguson, we're gonna help ya. What ya said was really true. Many bikers do wear three-piece suits — T-shirts, leather pants and a denim vest. And a lot of them do drive "big" cars. Them 1950s and '60s full-size American pickups are pretty hefty.

And, hell, yes, we all know bikers who live in extremely "expensive" homes — prison construction costs are incredibly out of line these days, ain't they, Ferguson?



Don't panic, he's not cracked his gourd — No, the bro in the picture ain't poppin' the question or anything like that. He's simply tryin' to get a tit's-eye view of the honey outside the "barber shop." The occasion was the annual Nuggets MC party held at a re-created frontier town somewhere between Yuma, Arizona, and El Cajon, Calif. In the past the club's annual run was out to Death Valley. But this year they decided to do something different. In addition to girl-gazin', the entertainment included a damn good shoot-'em-up show by a troupe of make-believe cowboys.

Photos by Roo

Massive police raid mars Aussies' camp-out

Twenty cops raid biker camp and find no drugs, no weapons

Over twenty cops from three Australian cities, strung out in a convoy of eight vehicles, recently descended upon a biker camp in order to harass and, they thought, arrest approximately 10 to 15 patchholders enjoying their vacation at the campground.

According to witnesses, the cops tore the campground apart looking for drugs, weapons, or whatever other incriminating shit they could find, but came away empty-handed. They did, however, arrest two of the bikers on charges that they had taken part in a brawl at a hotel the night before.

The incident began on a hot Friday night outside the York Hotel in York. Because the weekend in question was the first weekend of the York Film Festival, the town was jam-packed with tourists, only a small number of whom were bikers.

Shortly after 11 p.m., the hotel management assigned an off-duty cop working security for them to shadow the few bikers who were visiting the hotel. He immediately contacted city police and demanded that two officers come over to help him in his arduous task.

What apparently happened next was that a couple of the bikers objected to being shadowed as if they were The "God-father" back from Sicily for a visit. Here was a situation where York was filled with tourists raising hell and two members of the police force (as it turned out later, they were the only cops on duty that night) were breathing down the necks of a couple of bikers quietly going about the business of enjoying themselves without bothering anyone else about anything.

Eventually, tempers frayed, words were exchanged and a shoving match broke out. The result? A smashed window in a butcher shop and a few cuts and scratches all around.

After it was over, the cops withdrew to their station, the bikers rode away from the hotel, and the whole thing seemed destined to be quickly forgotten.

By the next morning, however, the cops had decided that they had suffered the greatest defeat sustained by the forces of law and order since Custer bought it at the Battle of the

Little Big Horn. They immediately decided on revenge.

Not knowing exactly who the bikers they had tangled with the night before were, or where they had gone, the cops assembled their posse and decided to raid a Gypsy Jokers' camp located on private property about three miles east of York.

In making their big move, the cops, of course, totally ignored a couple of very pertinent facts. First, the Jokers had been visiting the area each summer for a number of

years without having any trouble at all and, second, there had not been a single complaint about them, from any local hotel or shopkeepers.

Nevertheless, the police invasion force mounted its attack with stunning precision. As the eight-vehicle armada approached the site, three cars carrying about ten officers made a dash for the center of the camp to establish a quick beachhead. Three other vehicles peeled off and hid out in the bushes in case reserves

were needed, and the officers in the last two cages scrambled out and climbed some nearby hills to take control of the perimeter.

According to newsmen who arrived on the scene a bit later, the supposedly "conquered" bikers were drinking beer and laughing while the daring police commandos just got more and more frustrated as the mountains of drugs, dildos and God only knows what else they expected to find refused to turn up.

Bikers score bigwig breakthrough as MAG makes points with politicians

In a major change of policy, the British Department of Transport recently agreed to a meeting with representatives of the Motorcycle Action Group, Great Britain's largest and most influential bikers' rights organization.

"This was the first meeting between MAG and the department, and represents a significant breakthrough," a MAG spokesman said. "The whole gamut of motorcycling legislation was discussed at the meeting, held primarily to enable the two sides to gauge their respective attitudes."

One of the most important revelations at the meeting was the discovery that comments and complaints from bikers do have an effect on some government policies.

According to the MAG spokesman, "The department admitted that they had dropped plans to introduce day running lamps, daytime headlight use, and highly conspicuous clothing as compulsory measures, largely as a result of the substantial literary campaign waged by MAG."

"The MAG representatives were told that the

department's studies had found no conclusive evidence that daytime headlight use and conspicuous clothing materially affected accident statistics. Nonetheless, the letter-writing campaign played a substantial role in the formation of the department's policy. One board member told the MAG people, 'You can count that as a victory for yourselves.'"

Of course, every silver lining has a cloud — especially if the sky you're lookin' at is a political one. And the bad news at the meeting concerned two pretty heavy issues: helmets and noise.

"The department made it clear that tougher noise regulations were on the way," MAG noted. "One member of the department team actually stated that he thought the BMW flat twins as used by our police force was a loud motorcycle. On the helmet issue it was made apparent that no conclusive evidence exists to indicate that the helmet law has had any favorable effect on accident statistics, but, despite that, there are no plans to lift the lids."

Cager's game kills 2 bikers; he goes free

When I was a kid, we called bombing our old man's cage down the wrong side of the street "playing GB" — as in Great Britain.

Recently, a San Antonio, Texas, cager playing the same game rammed an oncoming bike so hard the biker and his passenger were thrown onto the pickup's hood, bounced off and landed in a ditch 100 feet away.

The bikers were killed; the cager was treated at a hospital and released. No charges were filed, but if ya point yer nose the right way, you can pick up the stench of this "San Antonio Rose" clear to the Canadian border.



Photo by Roo

On-course chopper — One of the contestants in the All-World Chopper Race storms down the track at the Inland Motor Speedway in San Bernardino, Calif. For the fifth year in a row, the chopper finals were the highlight of Fan Appreciation Night at the Speedway and, for the second year in a row, a bro named Dexter took first on a 61-inch pan. Like they say, never give up on them old scooters.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,2}	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ^{1,4}	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	No ¹¹
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	No	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	No	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	No	Yes	No	No
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 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 Tommy "Cowboy" White had been hit with a four-year term. So his bros in the Pagans planned a big going-away party. But the cops convinced a judge to order Cowboy locked up immediately. They just can't stand bikers havin' fun. . . A Wichita, Kansas, biker was awarded \$900,000 for injuries sustained when he was hit by a left-turning cage. "It's about time that a motorcyclist got a fair break," his lawyer said. "Almost every jury has so much prejudice against motorcycles that they never win." . . More than 3800 bikes from as far as Texas rumbled into Colebrook, New Hampshire, recently for that small rural community's eighth annual "Blessing of the Bikes."

A 68-year-old cager in Taylorville, Illinois, was cited for failure to yield the right-of-way when he left-turned in front of a biker and killed him. The coroner's jury, however, ruled the death accidental. Why? A police officer testified the old codger's turn was "perfectly" legal. Huh? . . Remember the 16-year-old punk who was arrested for pitching a chunk of concrete off a highway overpass and blinding a biker? He was convicted, but managed to wrangle a new trial before he was sentenced . . Now, comes Punk, Part II: After five weeks of intense suffering, the biker finally died . . In the encyclopedia of American history, there is an honored volume devoted to the exploits of vigilantes, groups of men who did what was right and necessary when the so-called law refused to. It may be getting time to reopen that dusty volume.

This may be the worst thing to have struck Kansas since the tornado that lofted Dorothy to Oz. A newly formed organization is billing itself as the "Kansas Head Injury Association" and the main item of business on their agenda is, you guessed it, reinstating a mandatory helmet law . . Since you answered that last question so easily, we'll give you another one. What do you think Don Grommer, criminal intelligence coordinator for the South Dakota State Police, and one of his agents were doing in Sturgis last August? Damn, you're bright. You guessed it again. They were observing so-called "known criminals" attending the Black Hills Classic. In other words, they were writing down the license numbers off bikes and circulating them to other cop shops throughout the country . . Add Sturgis. Postmistress Cherrie Miller, on her own initiative, designed and put into use a special postmark commemorating the 1984 Classic. If one of you generous bros would drop us a kite bearing it, we'll print it for the rest of the world to see . . Add postmistress. If my bills came delivered by someone named "Cherrie," I wouldn't mind 'em as much.

Connecticut riders are now required to show proof of liability insurance in order to get their bikes registered . . And finally: Doff your cap for a moment, brothers and sisters. California finally has its first-ever lid law. So far the law applies only to passengers under the age of 15½, but the sponsor, Assemblycreature Doris Allen, has vowed to try to bucket us all eventually.

Hawaiian GIs get reamed by their CO

Never kid yourself into thinking that the fact that you are ready to fight and die for freedom entitles you to have any.

This message was rammed home to bikin' members of the 25th Infantry Division stationed in Hawaii when their commanding officer, Major General Claude Kicklighter, threatened to prosecute any GIs in his command if they were caught riding a bike without wearing a helmet — on or off the base.

Following are excerpts from Kicklighter's "General Order Regarding the Wear of Motorcycle Helmets Off-Post:

1. The purpose of this general order is to set forth standards of conduct for military personnel assigned or attached to the 25th Infantry Division concerning the wear of motorcycle helmets off-post.

2. During the last three years, eight Division soldiers have been seriously injured or died as a result of motorcycle accidents. Four of the soldiers were not wearing helmets while riding their motorcycles off-post.

3. Repeated studies have proven that motorcycle accidents are usually the fault of automobile drivers rather than motorcycle drivers. Motor-

clists are less protected than automobile drivers and normally suffer more severe injuries when involved in an accident. Head injuries are the most common cause of motorcycle fatalities. For this reason, all personnel driving or riding as a passenger on a motorcycle, motor scooter, or similar motorized vehicle on-post are required to wear a properly fastened helmet.

4. Motorcycle helmets have been proven to prevent fatal head injuries when worn, yet the state of Hawaii does not require drivers or passengers of motorcycles who are 18 years or older to wear helmets off-post. For this reason, pursuant to this letter, I am ordering all soldiers in the 25th Infantry Division subject to my authority as General Courts-Martial Convening Authority to wear a safety helmet whenever and wherever they either operate or ride on a motorcycle, motor scooter, or similar motorized vehicle. The helmet will be properly fastened under the chin and meet the standards of one of the following:

- a. The Shell (sic) Memorial Foundation.
- b. The ANSI Z90.1-1971.
- c. Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard Number 218.

5. Violations of the provisions of this order provide a basis for disciplinary action under the Uniform Code of Military Justice for personnel subject to its provisions. Violations of this order may be prosecuted under Article 92, or other appropriate Articles of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, and administrative action may be taken in accordance with applicable directives.

A quick reading of the above manifesto tells you more than you'll ever want to know about the military mind. For one thing, General Kicklighter conveniently ignores the fact that

just as many serious injuries were suffered by soldiers wearing helmets as by those who weren't. Also, in contravention of U.S. traditions of civilian control over the law, the generalissimo assumes he is better qualified to judge what's best for bikers on Hawaiian highways than that state's legislature. And, if all that wasn't enough, he also makes the outrageous statement that "Motorcycle helmets have been proven to prevent fatal head injuries," which they most certainly have not. Maybe somebody ought to show him the "helmet facts" printed below.

A helmet law fact kit

Nineteen hundred eighty-five is almost upon us, and with it, new legislative sessions for lawmakers throughout the United States. Those of you living in states with mandatory helmet laws will be renewing the battle to win your freedom of choice. The rest of us have to fight to keep our freedom. Here, from ABATE of Georgia, is a list of helmet facts every lawmaker should be made aware of.

- State accident statistics verified by the AMA and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation show that Iowa, Wisconsin, South Dakota and Kansas are the four safest states to ride in. None of them mandates lids for adults.
- The federal Department of Transportation has admitted that no helmet on the market can reject impact stress above 13 miles per hour.
- In one DOT test, 90% of all helmets tested were defective.
- A study by the University of Utah Speech and Hearing Clinic found helmets restrict hearing and distort sound direction, thus creating confusion.
- The American College of Surgeons says that improperly taking a lid off an injured person may cause paralysis.
- Dr. D. M. Kuland of Rhode Island Hospital reports that a concussion with no fracture can be caused by a helmet and lead to massive internal head swelling.
- In 1980, states with helmet laws had 9.59 deaths per 10,000 bike registrations. States without such laws had 9.20 deaths per 10,000 registrations.
- Rhode Island had a 166.7% increase in bike-related fatalities after putting its 1971 helmet law into effect.
- Automobile drivers and passengers suffer a far greater number of head injuries than bikers, but no one is suggesting they should be forced to wear helmets.
- Serious and/or fatal neck injuries in New York state increased by 75% during their helmet law's first year.
- In New Jersey, deaths soared 340% after a lid law passed.
- Temperatures can reach 130 degrees inside a helmet.
- Bikers voluntarily use helmets 60% of the time anyway; cagers only use seatbelts 10% of the time.
- A study by the Utah Highway Safety Department showed helmet usage does not significantly affect the severity of head injuries.
- The State of Kansas Health and Environment Department reported that it could find no evidence of increased motorcycle fatalities after repeal of helmet laws.
- Testing at the University of Technology in Sothenberg, Sweden, established that helmets slide only two thousandths of a second before grabbing. Such sudden stopping of the helmet twists the head and may cause the brain to move inside the skull, rupturing arteries and causing permanent brain damage.

Harley wins industry praise for hi-tech production lines

Harley-Davidson's brand-new "materials-as-needed" approach to building bikes is winning the company much praise from others in the manufacturing community.

Formerly considered a blacksmith shop in the age of automation, Harley is showing the world that you don't have to eat fish heads and rice to operate an assembly line in an efficient and innovative manner.

That doesn't mean, of course, that we can't learn a thing or two from the sushi-and-soy-sauce set. Harley executives freely admit that the MAN system they've developed is an improved version of the Japanese Kanban method of inventory management and quality control.

As we told you before, the MAN system relies on strict coordination between Harley parts suppliers and in-house parts-and-accessory-building departments to insure that every bit and piece required to build a bike arrives at the right place on the assembly line at

just the right time. Production is scheduled so that the part required may be in construction at the same moment the bike it will go on is moving down the line. At exactly the right time and place, they meet up for assembly.

Using flow-processing instead of the old batch-processing (building a bunch of shit and storing it) method, H-D has been able to dramatically reduce setup times. Making gas tanks, for example, used to require four weeks of retooling. Now it takes two days.

A highly complimentary article in the trade magazine *Material Handling Engineering* noted that the MAN system enabled Harley to reduce its break-even point by 32%, cut its investment in inventory from \$23 million to \$8½ million and, most important to bikers, produce a better product. Warranty claims have dropped substantially and a dealer quality audit found a 24% decrease in bike defects.

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'm not nervous — I think I'm sitting on an ants' nest!"

The bro, surprised to see foxy Tina in the bar alone without her ever-present ol' man, approached her and said, "Hey, Ti! Where's that overgrown ape of a better half?" "He's in the hospital," she responded vaguely. "I'm sorry to hear that," said the bro. "What happened?" "Oh, it's his knee — I found a blonde on it!"

—Tony
Syracuse, N.Y.

Two bikers were sitting around on their scoots just passing time. Bored, one said to the other, "Hey, why don't we make it over to the cat-house?"

His bro replied, "What the hell for? I got more than I can handle at home."

"Great," responded the other, "then let's go over to your house."

—Nails
Simi Valley, Calif.

The young but dim-witted couple were seeing the family doctor. "We've been trying to have a baby for weeks now," the young bride told him, "and nothing's happening."

"What position are you in when your ejaculation occurs?" the physician asked the husband.

"What's ejaculation?" the young man asked.

"Well, uh, that's your climax," the doctor informed him.

"Oh, you mean when I shoot that white sticky stuff," the husband said. "Marybeth says that stuff is icky, so I shoot it into the sink before we fuck."

—Joanna
San Diego, Calif.



"They're both belt-driven."

The young biker took a blind date to an amusement park, where they went for a ride on the ferris wheel. The ride completed, she seemed rather bored. "What do you like to do?" he asked.

"I wanna be weighed," she said. So the young man took her over to the weight guesser. "One-twelve," said the man and his scale proved he was absolutely right. Next, the couple rode the roller coaster. After that, the biker asked the chick what else she'd like to do. I wanna get weighed, she said.

I really latched onto a dud tonight, thought the young biker. Using the excuse that he had a bad headache, he took the girl home. The girl's mother was surprised to see her home so early and asked, "What's wrong, dear, didn't you have a nice time tonight?"

"Wousy," said the girl.

—Rusty
Hamilton, Mo.

He sat at his dying wife's bedside and her voice was little more than a whisper. "Joe, darling," she breathed, "I have some things to confess before I go. I'm the one who took \$10,000 from your bank account and spent it on a fling with your best friend Charlie. It was I who forced your mistress out of town. And I'm the one who reported you to the authorities for tax evasion."

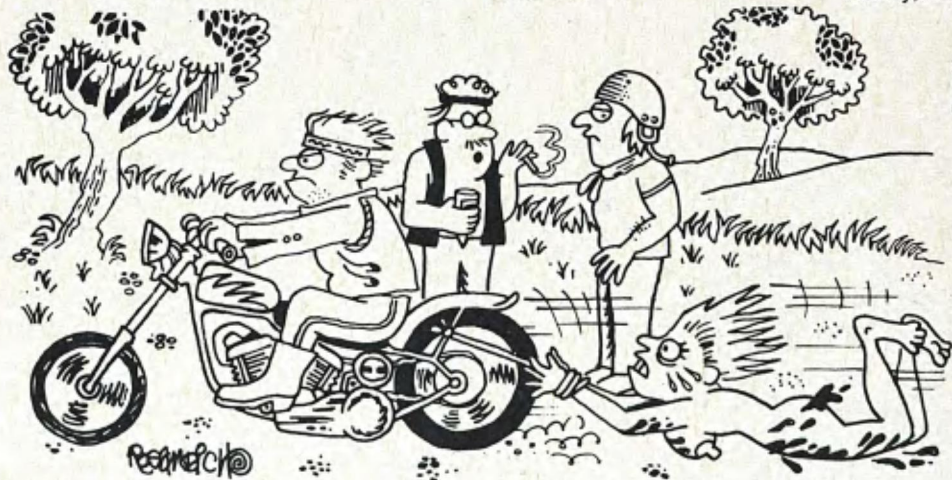
"That's quite all right, babe," Joe assured her. "I'm the one who poisoned you."

—Campy
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

The warden confronted his men in disgust. "So you let that convict escape!" he thundered. "Did you cover all the exits as I ordered?"

"Yes, sir!" blurted one of the guards. "But we think he must have left by one of the entrances."

—A.M.C.
Albany, N.Y.



"Oh, it's nothing, he always does that when some broad won't give head."

The first man on Mars came upon a beautiful innocent Martian girl stirring a pot. "Hello, I'm from Earth," he said. "What are you doing?"

Continuing to stir, she said, "I'm making a baby."

After a few more minutes of stirring, out popped a healthy pink baby boy. Seeing this, the man said, "We don't do it quite that way on Earth."

"Really?" she replied innocently. "How do you do it?" The man removed her clothes and proceeded to show her. When he stopped, she asked, "Where's the baby?"

"That, my dear," he replied, "takes nine months."

"Then why did you stop stirring?" she asked.

—Fred
Huntsville, Tex.

The well-stacked redhead stormed into police headquarters and shouted at the desk sergeant that a man had grabbed and raped her while she was walking through the park.

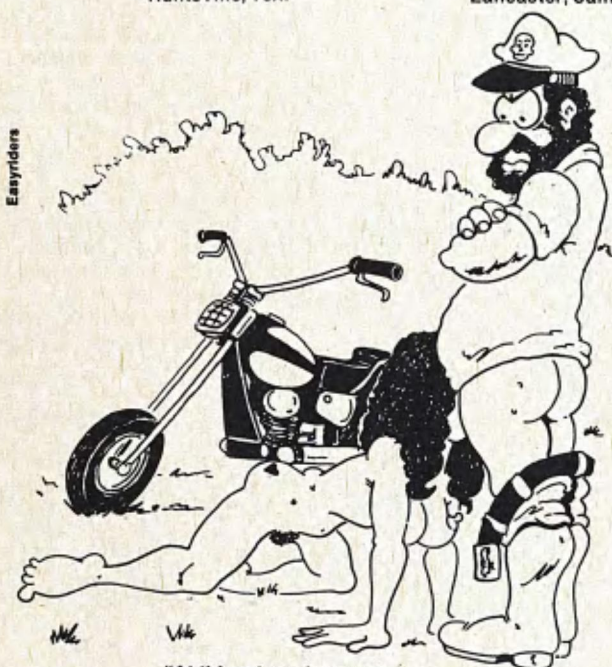
"What did he look like?" the desk sergeant asked.

"I really don't know," the girl replied.

"Lady, it's the middle of the afternoon on a clear, sunny day," the sergeant said in exasperation. "How could a man grab and rape you without you seeing what he looked like?"

"Well," the readhead answered, "for one thing, I always close my eyes when I'm being fucked!"

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.



"At this rate we're never gonna make it to California."

A biker ordered a drink on an airplane. When it was served, he nudged the passenger sitting next to him and said, "Hey, buddy, check this out! An ice cube with a hole in it."

"That's not too unusual, my friend," stated the other man. "I married one!"

—Krazy
Circle Pines, Minn.

Fast Frank sauntered over to this succulent honey in the mall parking lot and said, "How 'bout a kiss?"

"Sir, I have scruples!"

"That's okay," Fast Frank replied. "I've been vaccinated."

—Big Bob
Bangor, Me.

A scooter tramp made the acquaintance of a sweet young thing in a bar who accepted his invitation to go over to his pad. After a few drinks, the tramp suggested retiring to the bedroom and the lady was more than willing. Soon they were going at it hot and heavy. Right in the middle of everything, he stopped dead and said, "Hey, you don't have herpes, do you?"

"Hell, no! Why the fuck would you ask me a stupid question like that?"

"What a relief!" replied the tramp. "The last chick didn't tell me until it was too fuckin' late!"

—Stop
Cape May, N.J.



"We're lucky. Usually it's a double knot, and both boots!"

Two local parish wags, Maggie and Annie, were standing across the street from the local "house of ill repute." Along came a minister. After looking north, south, east and west, he dashed inside the house. "Did you see that, Annie?" exclaimed Maggie.

"That I did, Maggie, that I did!" Annie replied.

A while later, along came a rabbi who repeated the minister's ritual and dashed inside. Maggie said, "Annie, did you see that?"

Again, Annie replied, "That I did, that I did!" Soon a priest came along and dashed right in. Once more Maggie inquired, "Did you see that, Annie?"

Annie replied, "That I did! And all I can say is that some poor soul in there must be in dire straits to be calling for a priest!"

—Chas. G. O'Donnell
Inglewood, Calif.

This dude is downed in the slammer. He calls his ol' lady and says, "Baby, promise me that you'll have me cremated if anything happens to me."

She answers, "Yeah, all right — but why do you want to be cremated?"

"Because, dummy, I want you to put my ashes in your douche bag and run me through one last time."

—Dirty Dinges
Tucson, Ariz.

Eight-year-old Freddy and six-year-old Mindy were playing in their big sister's closet as she entertained her boyfriend. After much panting and moaning, their sister said, "Oh, John, you're in where no man has ever been before."

Turning to Mindy, Freddy said, "Wow, he must be fucking her in the ass!"

—Bill P.
Ft. Madison, Iowa



"You call, 'Hey, bitch, wanna fuck?' foreplay?"

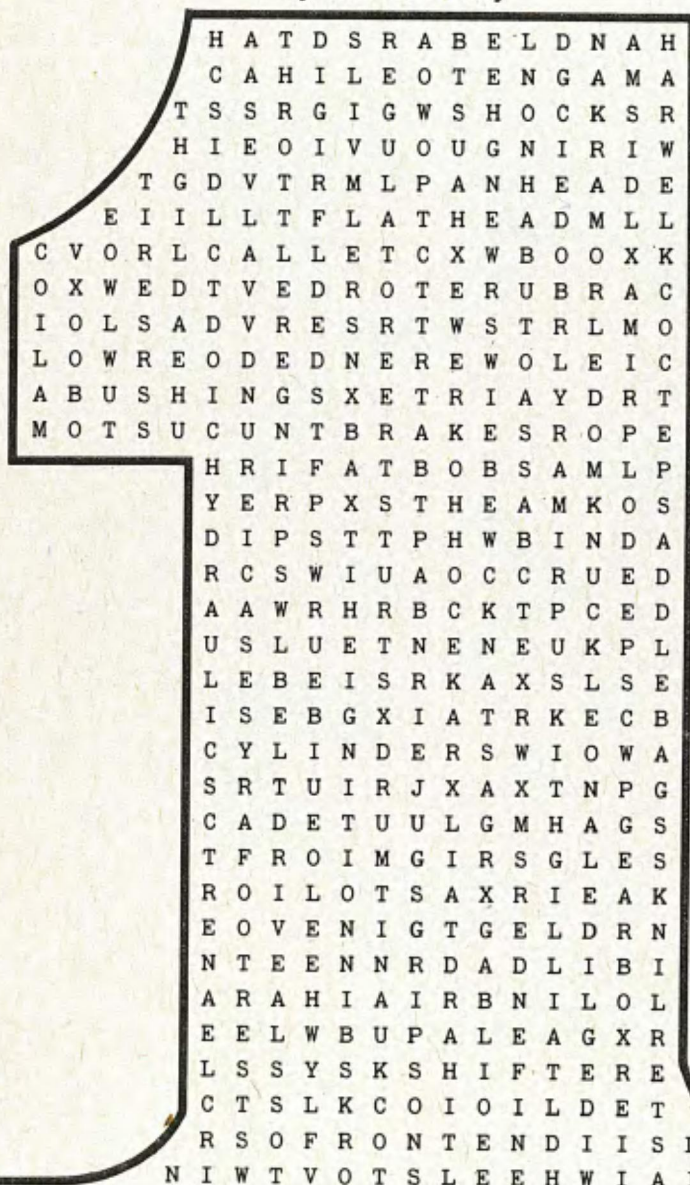
Numero Uno

Here's a Number One word search puzzle for ya! I was just spacin' out while polishin' the ol' man's scooter and started thinkin' about how intricate Hogs are. Then I went in, had a cold one and rolled one, and read your rag while the ol' man went for a putt. As I was doin' the puzzle in that issue, I flashed on this idea.

All the words listed below are hidden somewhere in the big Harley 1. They may read forward, backward, diagonally, or any other way you can draw a straight line. To make it a bit harder, some words may overlap and letters may be used more than once — or not at all. Have fun; the solution is on page 109.

by Bear's Ol' Lady

Air Cleaner
Bearings
Belt Drive
Brakes
Bushings
Carburetor
Cases
Clutch
Coil
Custom
Cylinders
Disc
Drum
Engine
Exhaust
Fatbobs
Fenders
Flathead
Flywheel
Footrests
Forks
Frame
Front End
Gas Tank
Gearbox
Grips
Handlebars
Hardtail
Headlight
Hubs
Hydraulics
Ignition
Jugs
Kicker
K Model



Knuckle
Lower End
Low Rider
Magneto
Master Link
Mousetrap
Oil Bag
Panhead
Petcock
Primary
Pushrods
Rake
Regulator
Rigid
Risers
Saddlebags
Shifter
Shocks
Shovel
Sissybar
Speedo
Spokes
Springer
Stock
Struts
Swingarm
Taillight
Throttle
Tires
Valves
V-Twin
Wheels
Wide Glide
Wiring

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



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.



Feds tell bikers to take (unleaded) gas

If you read this rag — even if you just mostly look at the pictures — the odds are good that you ride a motorcycle, almost certainly a Harley-Davidson. Unless you're one of that lucky handful of Harley riders running a bike with the new Evolution in it, our government wants to make it illegal for you to ride your bike without lurching its engine well before its scheduled time for rebuilding.

That's right. We said *our* government, not the Japs' government, or the Russkies' government, or the government of Mars. *Our* government, the one you and I elected to take care of us. Well, let me tell you, bros, they're *really* taking care of us this time.

And not only us. If you own any sort of cage built before 1975, a four-stroke power lawn-mower, a VW-powered lightweight airplane, an Olds or Chevy or similar-powered ski boat, a gasoline-powered generator or just about any gasoline-powered gadget other than a late-model automobile, the government, *our* government, is readying a suppository with your name on it.

If you think that's a lot of suppositories, you're right. It's millions. Harley-Davidson officials estimate that around 500,000 — 11 years' worth of production, if you want to look at it that way — Hogs would be adversely affected by this planned government action. Add to that all the British, Italian, and German bikes trolling around the U.S. Throw in the handful of Indi-

ans still running, and, yeah, add on all but the most recent years' output of rice grinders. You'll get well over a million bikes. Add all the other stuff, the estimated 30 million pre-1975 cages still on the road, the tractors, the boats, etc., etc., and you've got the biggest mass enema in the history of the world.

What's this enema composed of? Unleaded gas, that's what. Under a current proposal, the Environmental Protection Agency wants to reduce the amount of lead refiners are allowed to add to leaded gas by 91 percent as of 1986. Specifically, EPA wants to cut the amount of lead allowed from the current 1.1-grams-per-gallon, to 0.1 grams per gallon in '86, and to zero at some later time (by the way, even the current Evolution engines can't handle the zero-lead gas).

The reason unleaded gas is poison to engines not designed for it is simple: Lead acts as a lubricant for the valves and valve seats. To quote Harley Vice-President Mark Tuttle's testimony before the EPA, gas with less than 0.3 grams of lead per gallon will cause "significant seat valve erosion, resulting in reduced valve seat pressure and catastrophic gut-tering of the valve seat." Indeed, sources at Harley tell us that if you drive around on no-lead for a while, you stand a good chance of having a valve seize up in its guide. And that's in Hogs. Older cages and other gas-powered gear need at least 0.7 grams-per-gallon to avoid the same broken-down fate.

And what is the reason for this Draconian measure? For one, Detroit wants it passed and wants it passed bad. The "cage Caesars" want those 30-million-plus older cars off the road and replaced with new cages. (Item: GM says the average sticker price of a 1985 cage will be \$13,000.)

And then there are the oil companies. You've probably noticed that unleaded gas costs around ten cents a gallon more than leaded gas, even though it costs only a fraction of a cent per gallon more to refine. There's a simple reason for that. The owners of late-model cages are forced by law to buy unleaded gas. The big oil companies would like to see everyone forced to buy it.

Hedging their bets, they've already announced that the higher grade crude oil and production changes needed to make the 0.1 gram-per-gallon leaded gas will cost them so much that the pump price for it will be higher than that of the existing unleaded. The price tag just for the higher-priced gas, *not including* the cost of all those damaged engines, is estimated to be \$3 billion a year — out of our pockets.

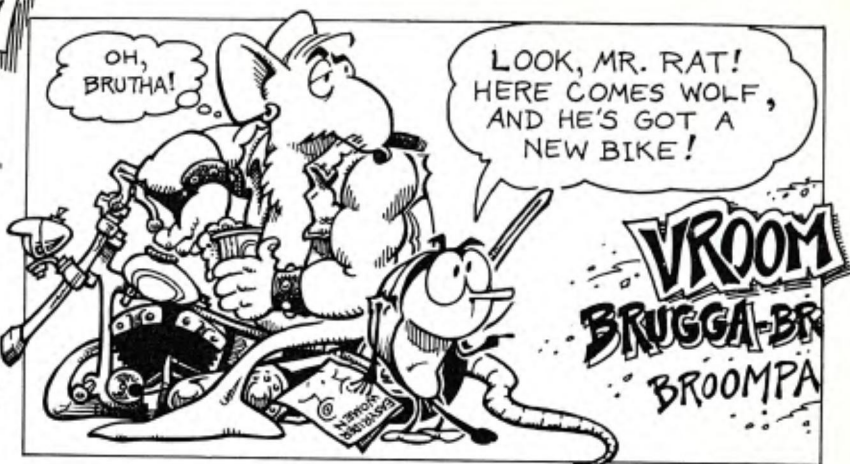
That's what it's all about, Alfie: m-o-n-e-y. No matter what you read in the papers (you'd be amazed how many of your tax dollars fascist bureaus like the EPA spend on buying reporters and spreading propaganda), the bottom line is the bottom line. More profits for the fat cats. More executive offers for EPA officials

Continued on page 121

STREET RATS

FEATURING

FATRAT MOLE



DOWNED BRO RIDES AGAIN

Paul, the man who rides, owns, and built the machine that's dazzlin' yer orbs on these pages, is a bro like you and me. He's into partyin', puttin' and profilin' for a good woman — and not necessarily in that order. He curses the bad weather that sometimes keeps all of us in on a weekend, and he's out cruisin' with the best of us when the skies finally clear.

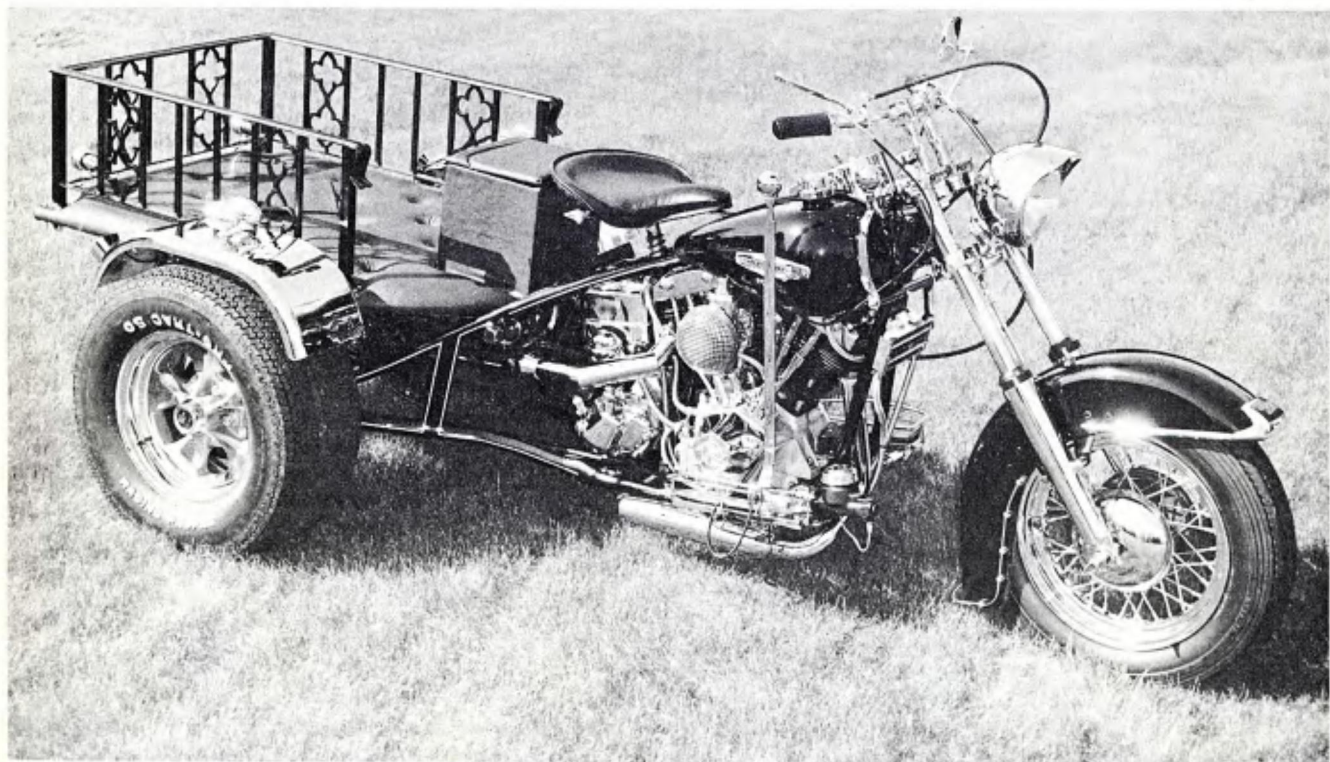
But in one small way Paul is different. Not too long ago he was in a motorcycle accident and lost the use of both his legs and partial use of one arm. Even as he lay in his hospital bed, Paul knew he wanted to ride again. And during the time of his recovery and therapy, his mind was racing ahead, full of plans for a powerful, shovelhead-propelled, hand-controlled trike. In a surprisingly short time, Paul was back with his bros and the big three-wheeler began to take shape in his basement apartment.

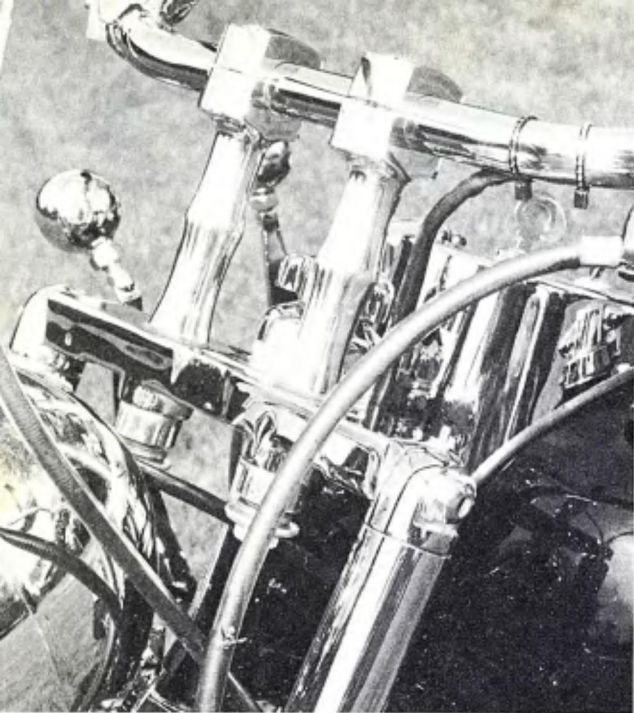
It wasn't easy at first tryin' to build a machine, chasin' parts, and twirlin' wrenches, when a lesser man would have settled for sittin' back and

watchin' the world go by. As anyone who's ever put together a big-twin-powered trike knows, there aren't any easy-to-assemble kits, factory-made parts, or bolt-up plans for splicing a 74 front to a Servicar rear. It takes a lotta ingenuity, intuition and heliarc welding.

What's more, because the trike had to be operated primarily through hand controls, there were a number of special parts and linkages that had to be designed and made from scratch. For example, gear changin' is carried out with a hand shifter connected to a ratchet lid to prevent over-selection. The rear brake is also hand-actuated, through a lever linked to a dual Chrysler master cylinder.

Fortunately, in addition to his own energy and patience, Paul had a lot of dedicated friends, from Massachusetts to Texas, who pitched in to help. The first year it was up, he drove the trike in primer and bare metal to get used to it and sort out all the mechanicals. This year he finished the detailin', which includes candy pearl lacquer and





Photos by Jake

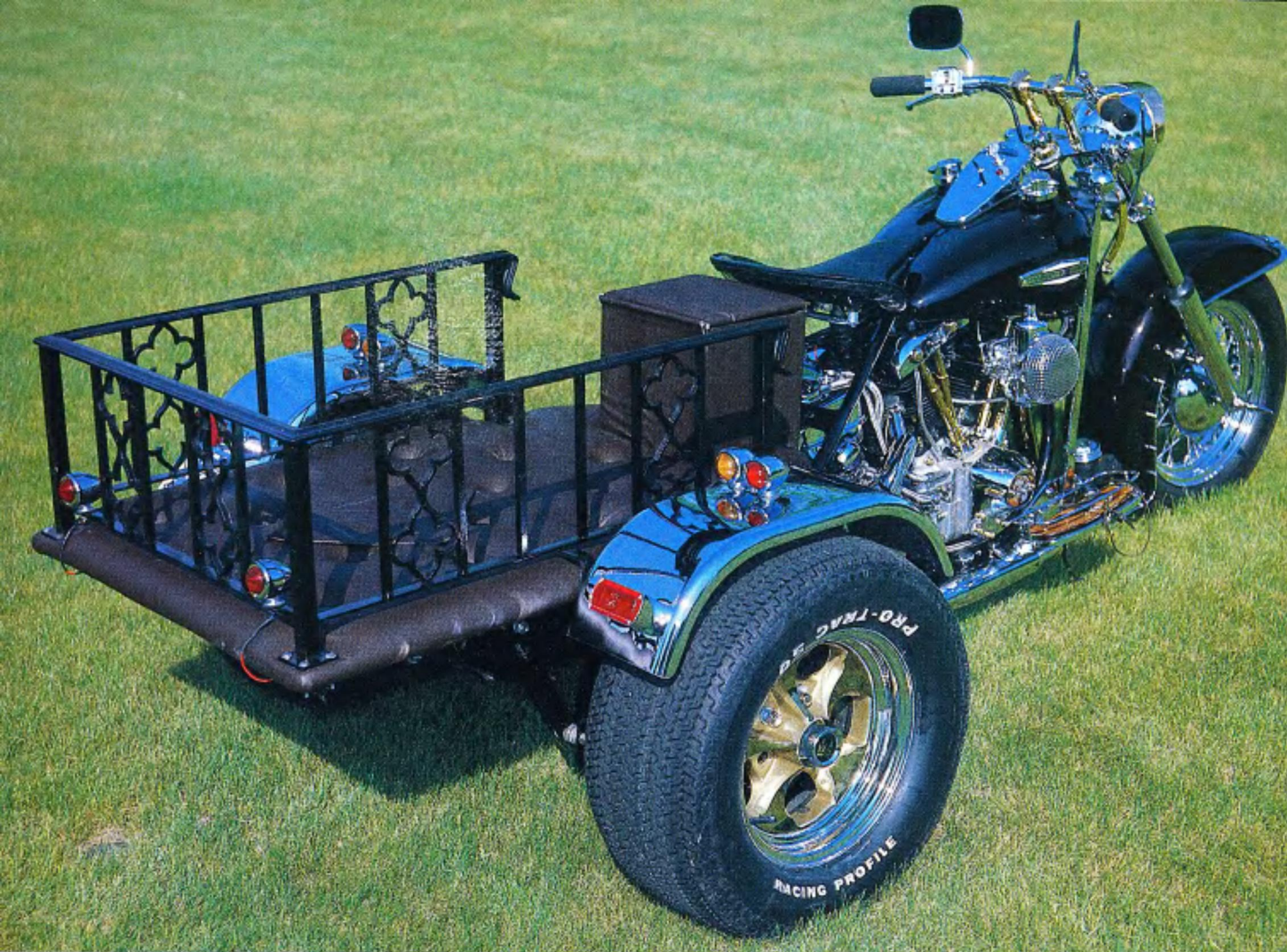


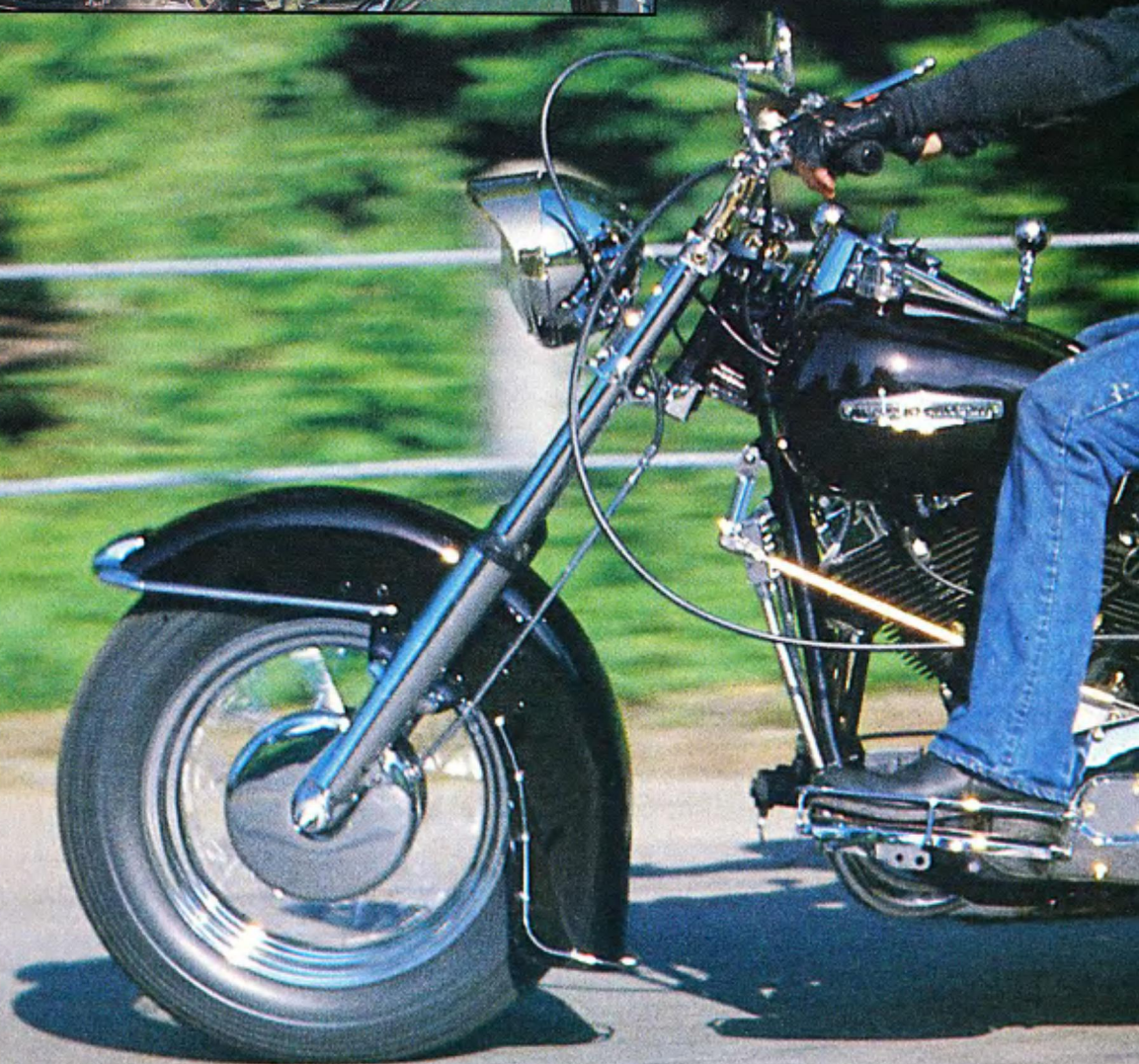
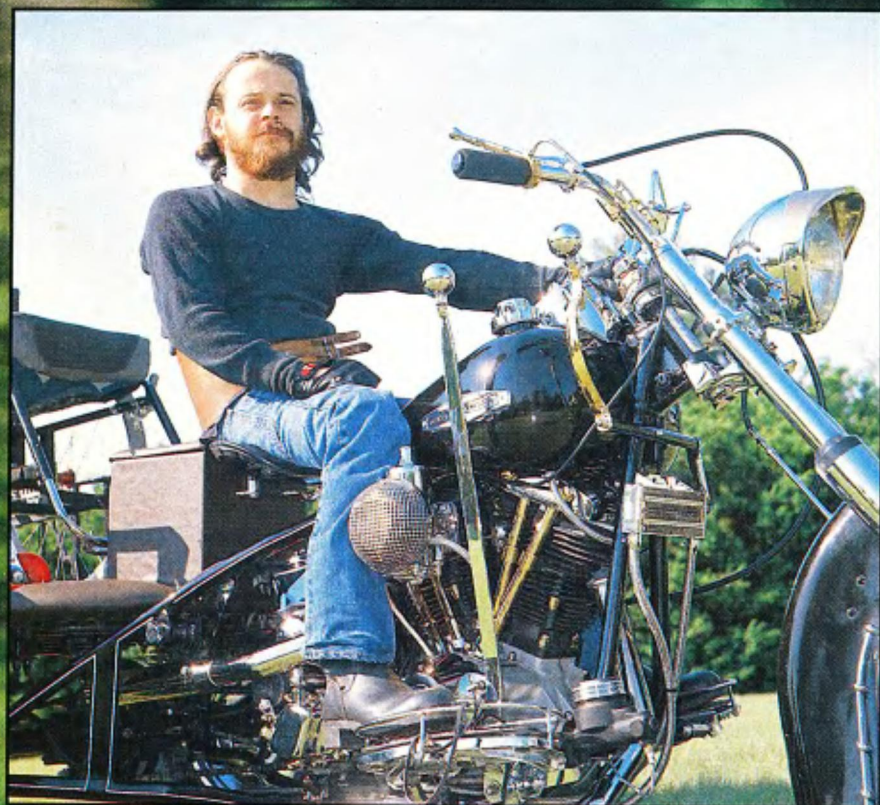
Owner: Paul		City: Watertown, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/C&D 'Cycle		Year: 1955	
Year and make: all kinds, H-D		Builder: Bud's MC Shop	
Model: trike		Type: trike	
Value: priceless		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner and friends		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: rear susp./Eric's Auto	
Chroming by: Waltham Industrial		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1977		Risers: Colony	
Model: Shovel		Fender(s): FLH/4-in. flat	
Rebuilder: Harry's Machine		Headlight: early pan	
Ignition: battery/coil		Taillight: Knight light	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: special dash	
Lower end: Harry's Machine		Front pegs: foot boards/Col. Hines	
Balancing: Lindskog, Bedford		Rear pegs: trike cage/G. Samagian	
Pistons: TRW		Electrics: Rich Gasha	
Cases: bead blasted		Gas tank: 5-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: Harry's Machine		Oil tank: wide fill	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: oil cooler/braided lines	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: late model/eagle derby	
Carb(s): S.U. Eliminator		Seat: early model pan	
Air cleaner: Rivera Engineering		Sissybar: battery box/bench seat	
Pipes: Fubar		Height: as needed	
Muffler(s): hardly		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: stock, rebuilt		Type: variable rake glide	
Year: unknown		Extension: 4 in.	
Shifting: tank shift/Dave Hobday		Builder: Bud's MC/Austin, Tex.	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3		Special features: adjustable trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: Servicar		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 14 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: Servicar
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM5	Rim width: 8-in. K.
Color: root-beer-pearl/candy		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: G50-14
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: H-D
Special paint: Imron, striping by owner			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to all my friends and Ark Welding.			

striping, by himself, and made a high-performance, eighteen-pound wheelchair that's carried in the trike bed. Additionally, it's no small achievement that Paul has developed arm strength great enough to enable him to get on and off the trike, to and from a wheelchair, without assistance.

So the next time ya think life has dealt you a swift one to the cojones, remember this bro who went down, came up fightin', and is riding again. All it takes is a few good bros around you and the spirit to make the best of what ya got.

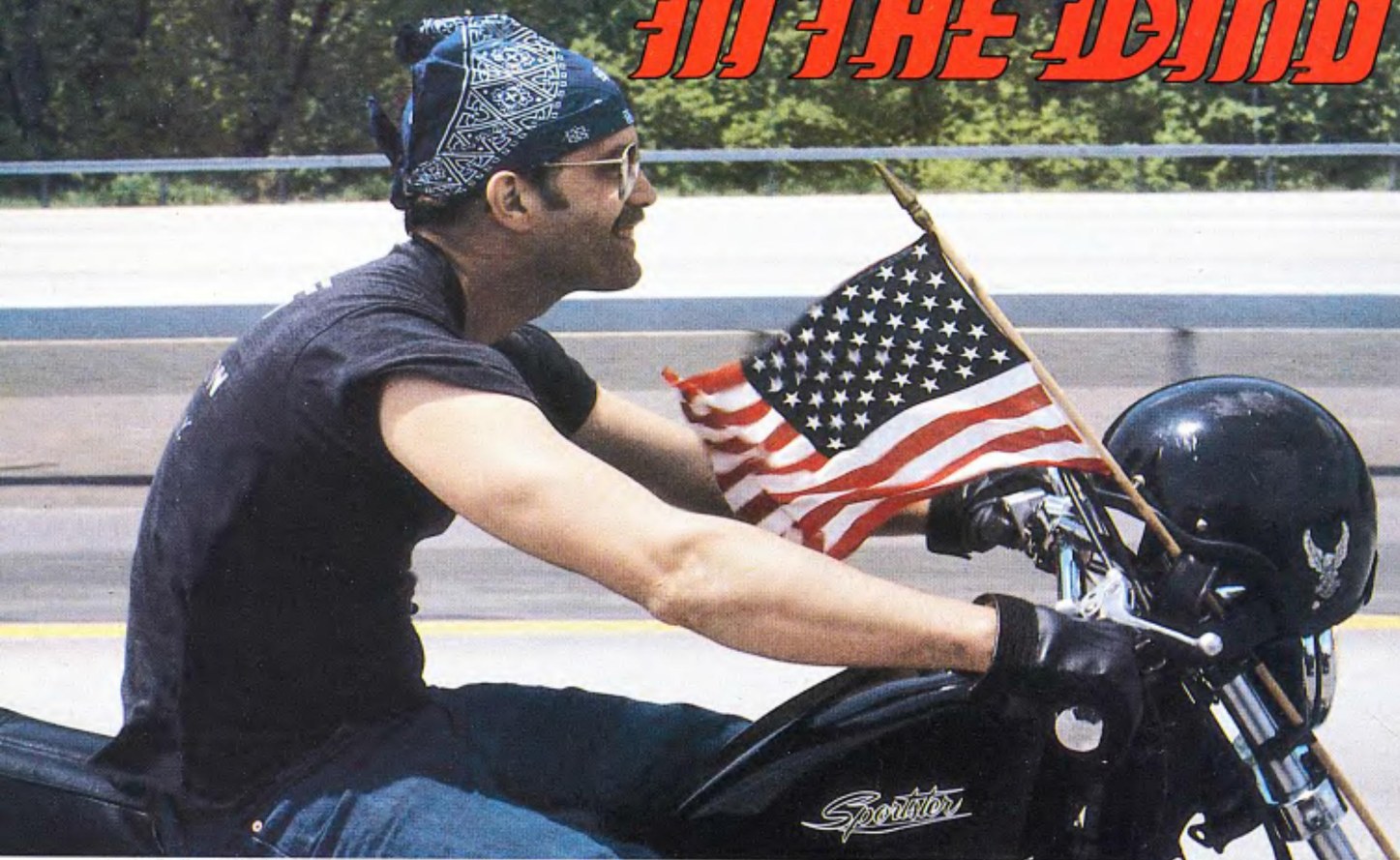
—Jake







IN THE WIND



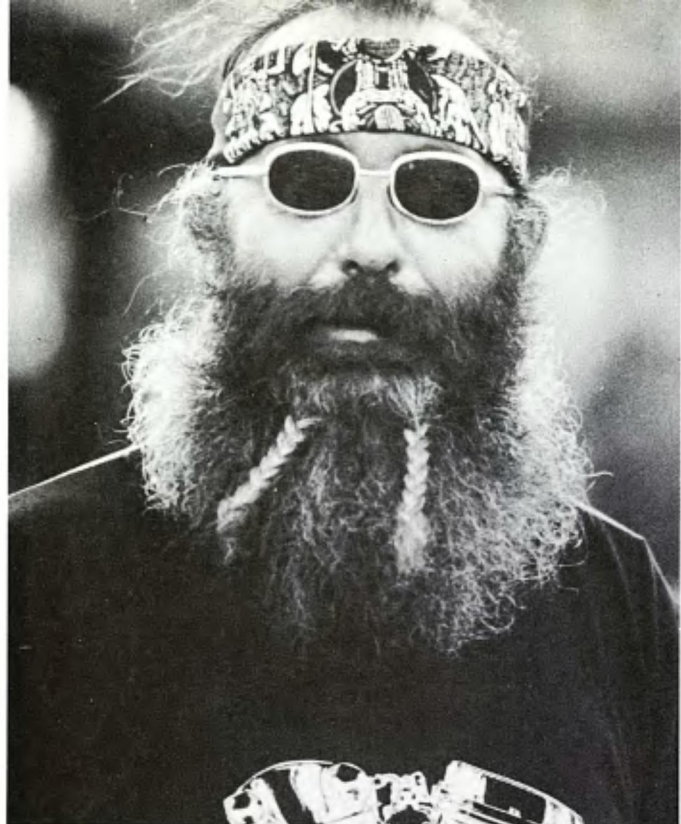
—from S. Danz, Latham, N.Y.



—from Breeze, Kalamazoo, Mich.



—from Michael Fehr, Kent, Ohio



—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.

—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



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 Jeff Booth, Long Branch, N.J.



WASHINGTON

—from Bob Henig, Wheaton, Md.



—from Wiley Fox, Kansas City, Kan.



BRANDED

Flyin' free and feelin' fine,
ain't got much, but what I got is mine.
Streakin' on my panhead may be all I know;
that's enough, it gets me higher
than the finest blow.

Red Rock Canyon, the Smokies, or the Blue,
they're my home, though they may be
just scenery to you.

You ever sleep in Redwoods, starin' at the stars
through their branches?
Or spend a day in Iowa, cross-cuttin'
endless ranches?

It may sound like a boast — it is in a way.
I once ran the coast — did it in one day.
Kidneys searing, backbone weary —

even the pain feels fine.
Hypnotized by the spinning spokes — leavin'
friendly miles behind.

Slip-slidin' in an' out of towns, gettin'
off on all the frowns.

City folk may think I'm funny. Way I see it,
they're the clowns.

Maybe someday I'll settle down,
find me an old lady more mellow than
that highway sound.

She'll have to understand I'm like a
sailor on the land.

Open roads and poundin' pistons are in my
heart like a brand.

by The Vagrant



CYCLE CLUB, SOCIABILITY RUN, TO BALTIMORE MD. OCTOBER, 31, 1915.

Photo continued on next page →

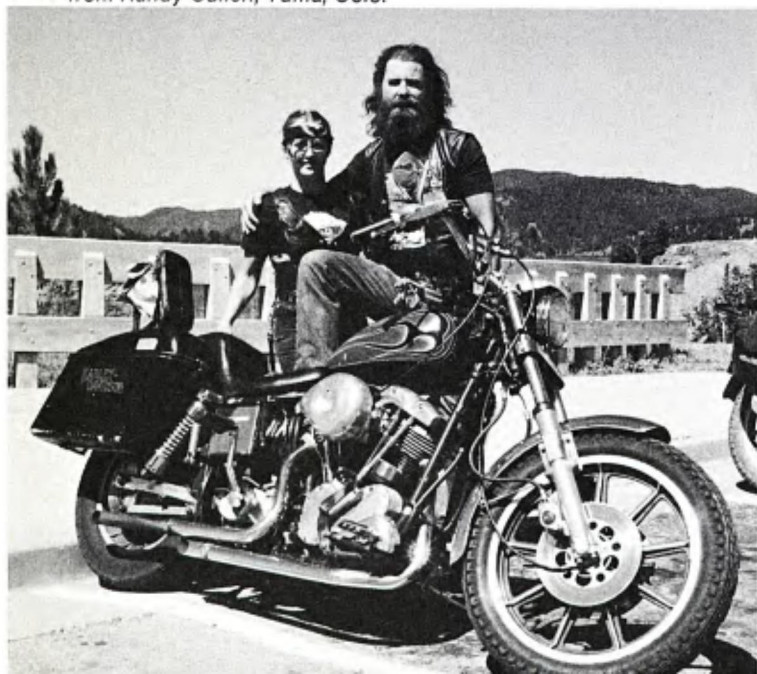
—from Cyclops, Franklin, N.H.



—from T. Kelsey, Newport Beach, Calif.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



—from Wallace Hanger, APG, Md.





(Copies available by sending \$30, plus \$2 for postage and handling, to Bob's Used Parts, 1800 Dewey Rd., Wheaton, MD 20906.)



—from Ajax, Bemidji, Minn.



—from Jerry Cleeton, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

—from Cyclops, Keene, N.H.



—from Weege, Lacomia, N.H.





—from Robert Lachowski, Erie, Pa.

—from Tom Moss, Zephyr Cove, Nev.





Mel's Version

Some people just can't be content until they've taken a pretty good thing and made it even better.

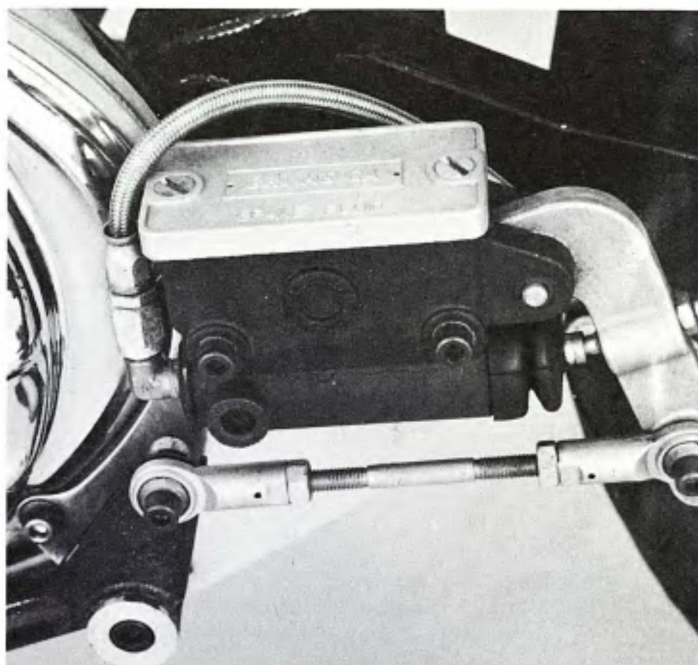
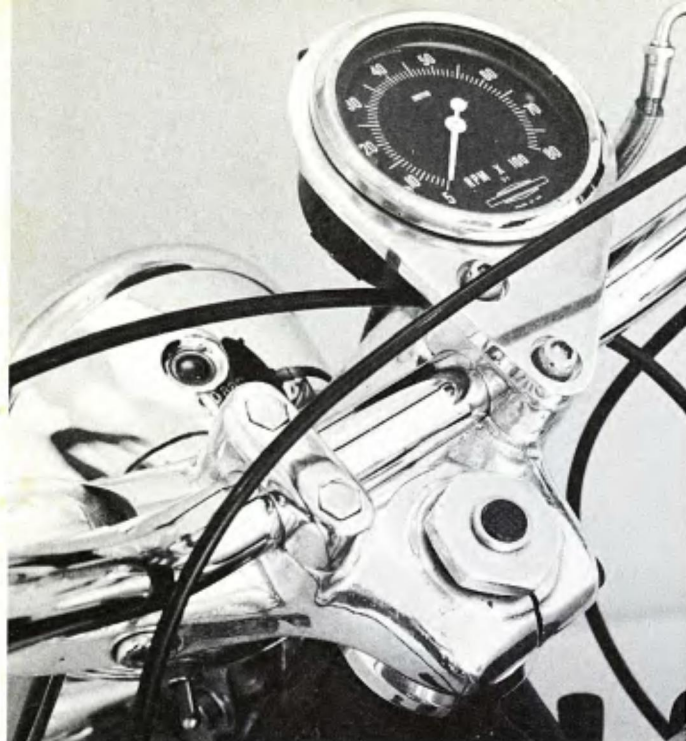
"They shoulda done this; they shoulda done that." "This should be chrome; that would look a hell of a lot better in black." "It needs another gear." "Why didn't they use belt drive?"

Bitch, bitch, bitch. You do it, I do it, we all do it. Every time Harley-Davidson comes out with a new model, we all say how great it is, "except. . ." Then we spend a half hour talkin' about exactly how the factory

shoulda/woulda done it, if only they were as smart as we are.

The phenomena is called second-guessing, or Monday-morning quarter-backing, and it's an old American tradition. Harley





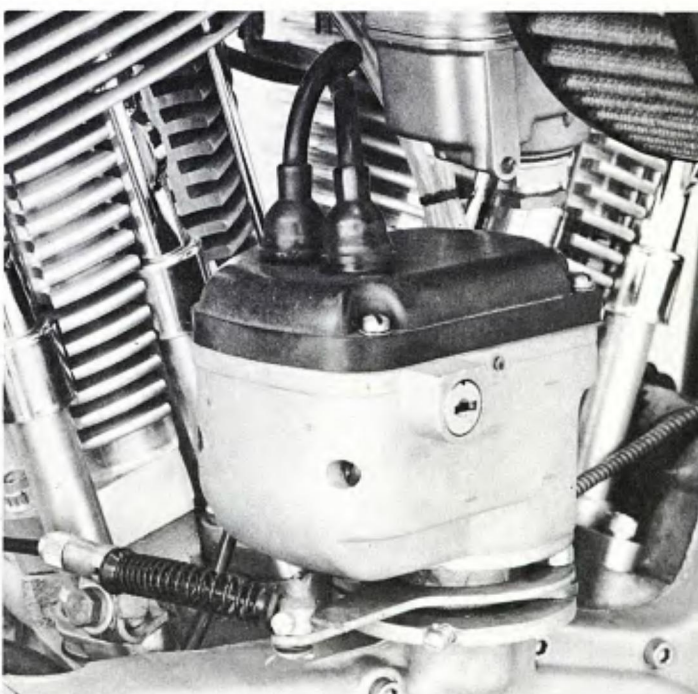
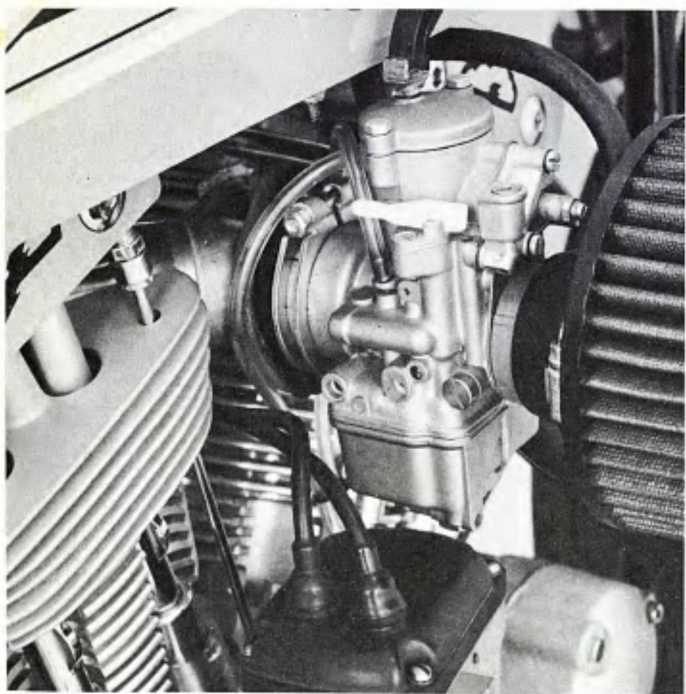
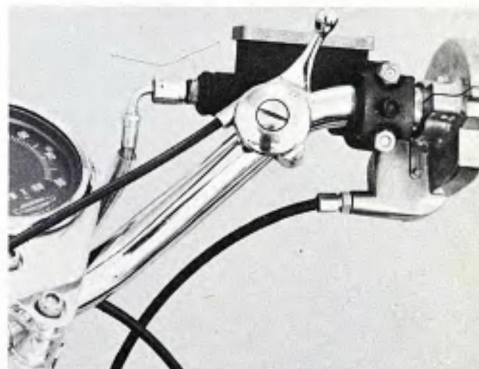
riders have been doin' it since around 1910.

Thing is that for most of us, it's just talk — pure and simple. We run our mouths and then we either ride what the company's designed for us or we scrap their ideas altogether and build ourselves a completely unique custom.

Not Mel Orner. Mel and

his buddy, master builder Steve Allstaedt, specialize in building bikes to look and run the way they think Harley oughta have done it.

For example, the last one of Mel's bikes we featured was his vision of the Anniversary Model Sturgis. In Mel's concept, the hi-tech mechanics of the Sturgis, in





keeping with the historic anniversary theme, were built into a bike that looked like an old panhead.

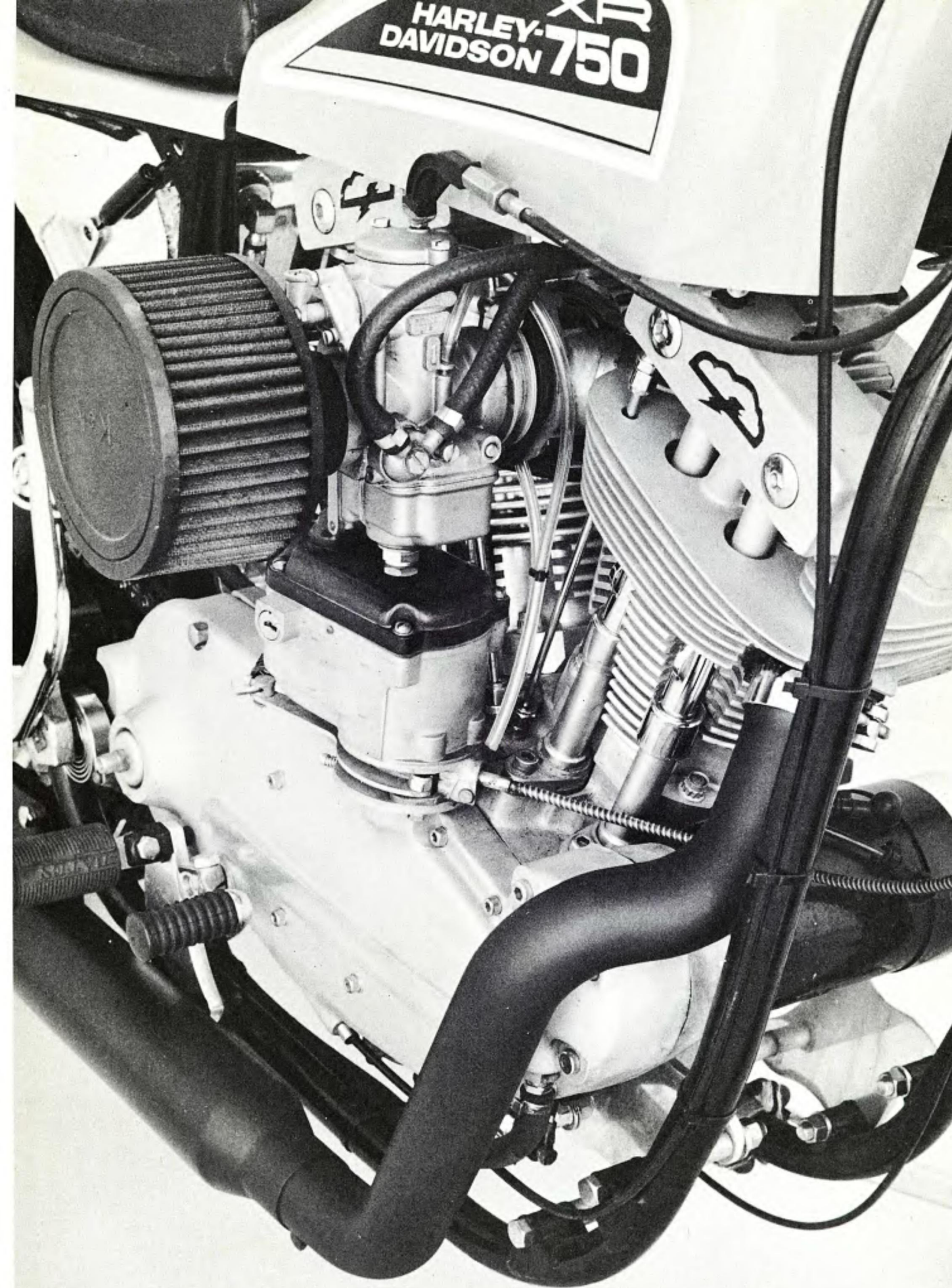
The bike you're looking at now is Mel's concept of what the Harley XR-1000 should be.

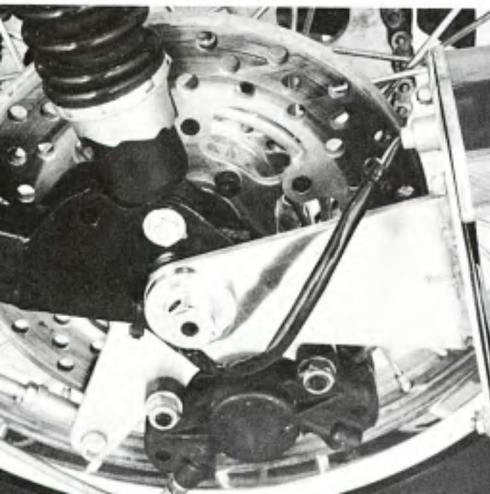
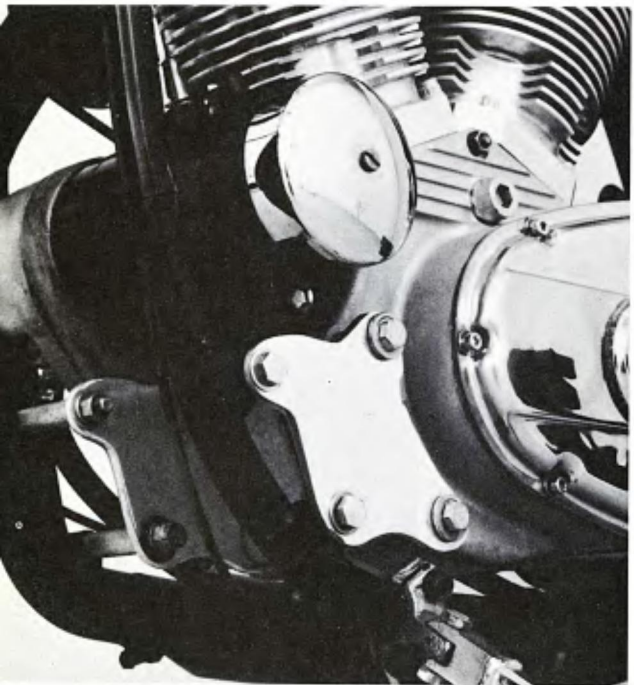
"This is what Harley-Davidson should have built when they decided to release a street version of a race bike," he says. "An 1100cc Sportster that's a racing bike modified for use on the street instead of a street bike that is souped up to resemble a racing bike."

Maybe so, maybe not.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON XR 750





Owner: Mel Ortner		City: Ojai, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1978	
Year and make: 1973 H-D		Builder: Mert Lawwill	
Model: XR-750		Type: flat track	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Steve Allstaedt		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: molded	
Chroming by: Valley Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: flat track	
Year: 1973		Risers: none	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): Grand Prix Plastics	
Rebuilder: all new parts		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: custom	
Displacement: 1100 cc		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Bates/custom	
Balancing: Steve Allstaedt		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: J.E. standard		Electrics: generator	
Cases: 1973 Sportster		Gas tank: Grand Prix Plastics	
Heads: Thunderheads		Oil tank: XR-750	
Cam(s): Thunder cams		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Dell'Orto		Seat: XR-750	
Air cleaner: K&N		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: Thunder headers		Height: hidden fender braces	
Muffler(s): Strader		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews close ratio		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1984		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Ceriani	
Engine sprocket: 34		Special features: polished	
Trans sprocket: 20		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 42		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: frame only		Hub: Barnes	Hub: Barnes
Painter: Steve Allstaedt		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM4
Color: XR H-D orange		Tire: K391	Tire: K391
Type: Ditzler enamel		Brake: Grimeca	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: none			
Other special modifications: handmade aluminum cylinders from billet, oil-pressure light in steering stem nut.			

There are a lot of things two craftsmen like Mel and Steve can do in a shop that can't be duplicated on an assembly line. And ya can imagine what Harley would have to charge for a bike that took them six months to assemble.

Still, there's no doubt that Mel has created an incredibly clean-looking race-bred

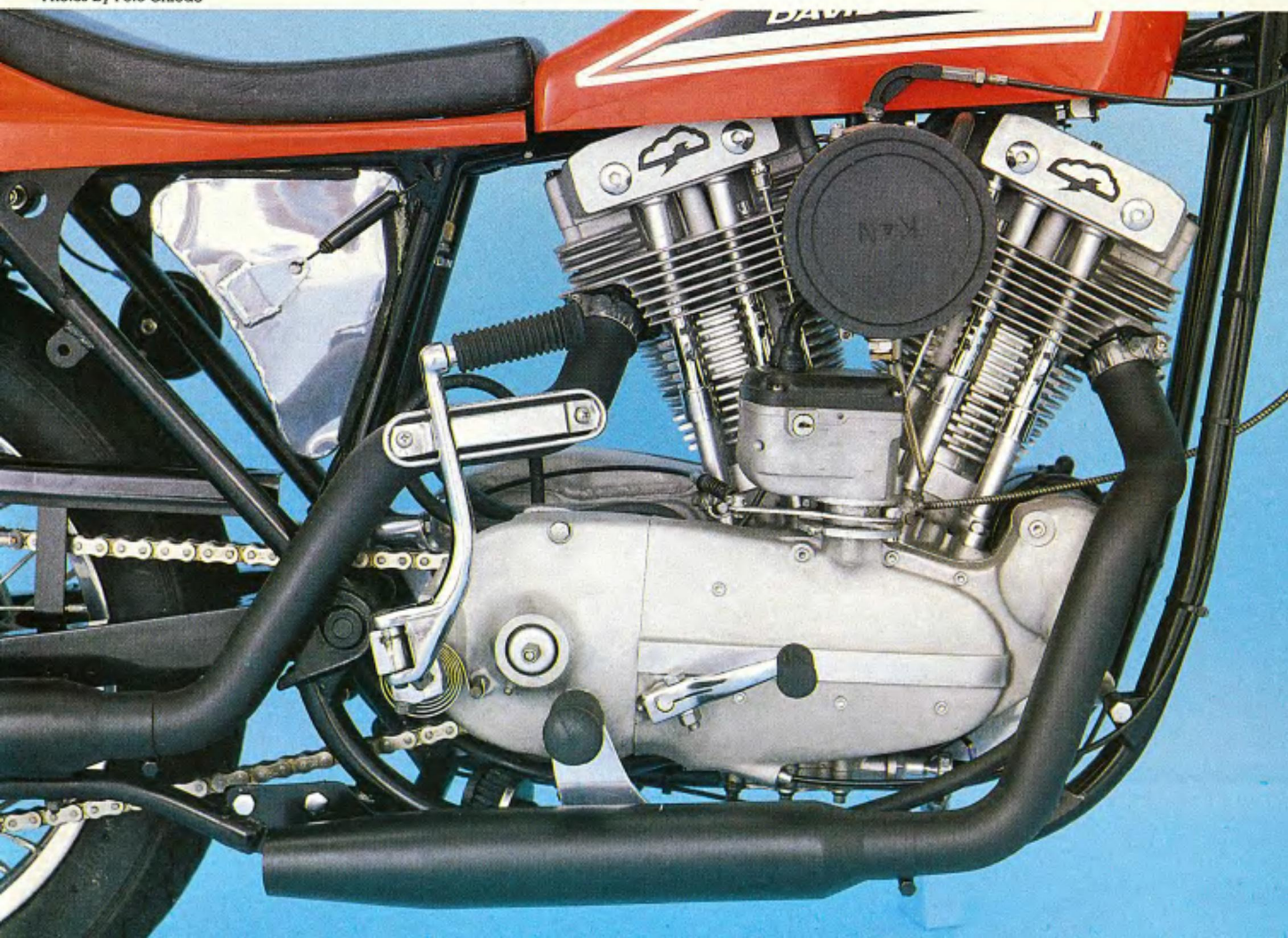
scooter that looks like it's tearing around a dirt track curve even when it's standing still.

And that, bros, is no small accomplishment, whether it's done by a couple of hundred welders and assemblers at the factory, or two or three bros in the back of somebody's shop.

—Butcher



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Improve the Function Enhance the Form.



Outer Primary Cover

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

FX 1970-82 (except FXB & FXR)

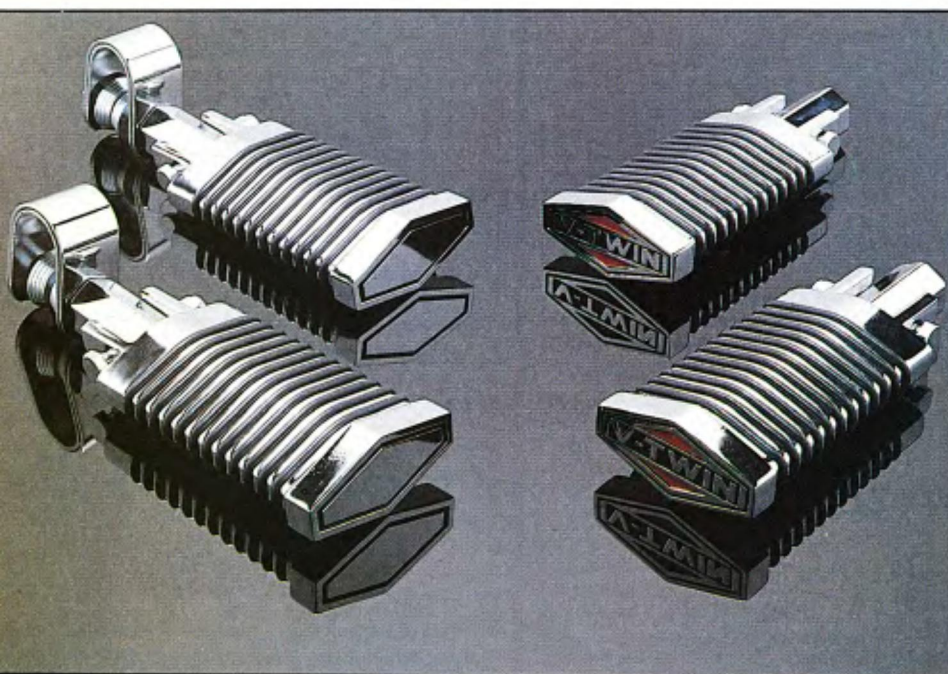
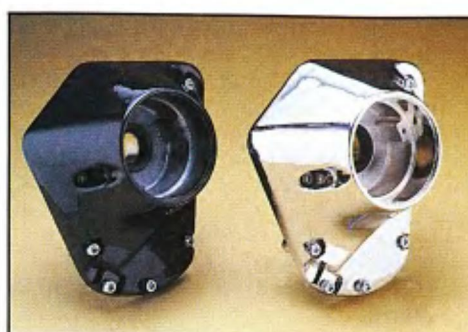
#100 Chrome \$98.00

#101 Black \$88.00

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

#102 Chrome \$98.00

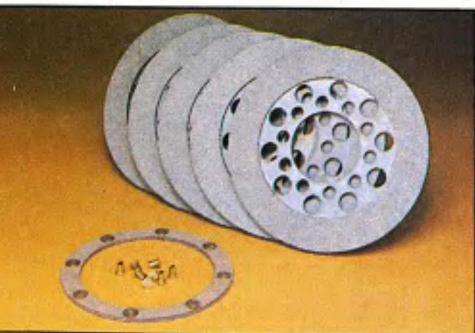
#103 Black \$88.00



Black Diamond™ Footpegs

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

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



Soft Touch™ Grips

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

#104 \$17.00

Big Twin Clutch Set

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

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

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

Nose Cone Gear Cover

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

1973-83 end oiling

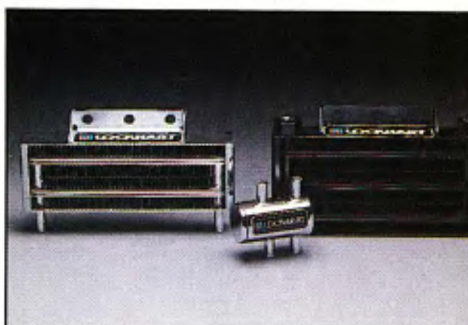
#115 Chrome \$80.00

#116 Black \$66.00

1970-early 73 side oiling

#117 Chrome \$80.00

#118 Black \$66.00



Lockhart "700" Oil Cooler Kit

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

#119 \$115.00

Lockhart "500" Oil Cooler Kit

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

Sportster/Superglide

#120 Chrome \$110.00

#121 Black \$90.00

Electraglide

#122 Chrome \$120.00

#123 Black \$100.00

Thermostat Bypass Valve

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

#124 Chrome \$45.00

#125 Black \$40.00

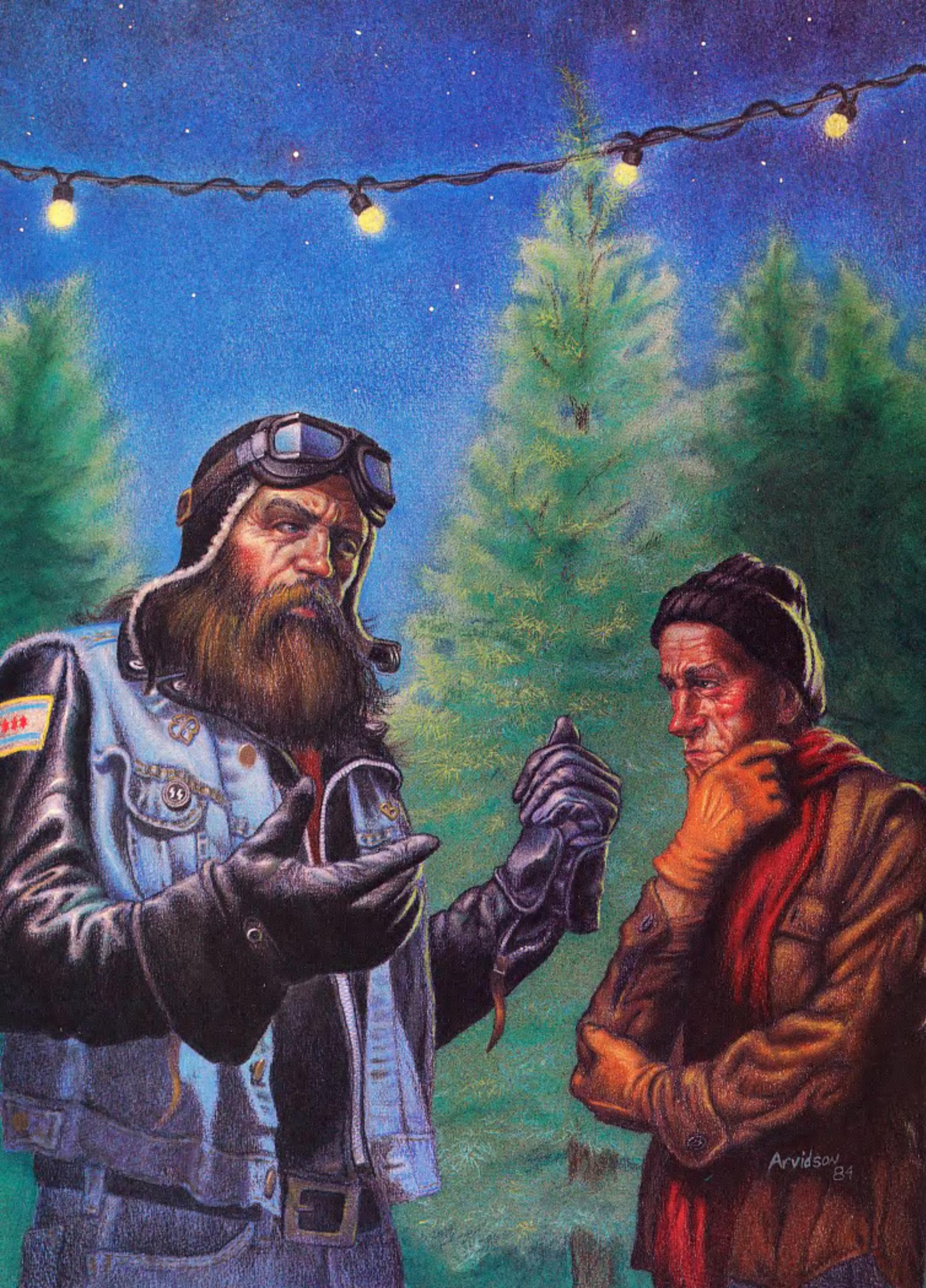


A set of complete brake caliper units for all Harley models with dual disc front ends 1977-83 (except FLT). These models include the XLCR 1977-78; XL 1979-83 and FX 1977-83. Each caliper is complete with brake pads, caliper pins, bushings and a piece of anti-rattle foam tape. Available chrome or with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

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.

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

GRAND TOTAL



Arvidson
84

The GROUCH

by Joe Umbarger

The Beaver Pond was already crowded on Christmas Eve, and it was only noon or so. Some broad with sagging everything, calling herself Candy Nights, was doing her thing in the pit. Not many were paying her much attention — Candy Nights had seen better days. Grouch was making some rather rude comments about her, as was his usual habit with the pit dancers, but she pretended not to hear. Triumph Johnny was pawing some female at the next table while trying to engage her in great philosophical theory. I had just ordered another round for the three of us and started to stretch my legs a little farther under the table when the front door burst open and in walked Pauline.

I knew we were in trouble. For one thing, Pauline looked as drunk as usual, which was never a good sign, and for another thing, we were supposed to be out looking for a damn Christmas tree, which, so far, we hadn't done.

"Well, did you find one?" Pauline bellowed beerily.

Everybody in the bar turned their attention to the door. Even Candy stopped shaking long enough to stare. She looked a little frightened, which was understandable: Pauline stands six feet tall, and is built like a linebacker with 40-inch tits.

"No!" Johnny shot back, a little pissed at being interrupted during his moves on the chick he'd been pawing.

"Well, get off your asses and go find one!" Pauline drowned out the juke box with her booming, drunken voice.

"Aw, we couldn't find one, so just shut your mouth," Grouch rumbled

at her between gulps from the pitcher, beer dripping down his massive beard. Grouch can talk to Pauline like that — he stands six-six and is built like a gorilla.

"Dammit, you promised!" Boozy tears were beginning to rim Pauline's bloodshot eyes. If there's anything worse than a drunken Pauline

"Finally, in a voice that could have been fabricated from cold steel, he said, 'Fifteen bucks.'"

on a rampage, it's a drunken Pauline on a crying jag. I knew somebody had better think of something before she got ugly.

It had been Pauline's idea for a tree in the first place, but all the ol' ladies had gone for it, right off. A tree that they could decorate, with presents under it for everybody Christmas morning. Me, Grouch, and Johnny had been elected to find one. It was an obvious choice between that or watching the rugrats for the ol' ladies while they went out and found one.

But the weather, which had been kind of shitty for the last couple of weeks, had taken a turn, and it had been a warm, sunny day. When we weren't stopping at one bar or another for refreshments, we had just putted around town, only half-looking at the Christmas tree lots that adorned the city at this time of year.

"You promised," Pauline repeated. Her voice had softened, but still bounced off the walls of the

Beaver Pond like a rubber ball.

"Okay, Pauline," I said, trying to sound sincere, "we'll go back out and try to find a tree."

She brightened a little. "I'm going with you in the pickup. You can't pack a Christmas tree on your scoots, anyway."

I hadn't expected that. But what the fuck. We *had* promised.

Reluctantly, we got up and filed out the door behind Pauline. Outside, I was glad to see Sherri, Pauline's sister, behind the wheel of the pickup. At least we wouldn't have to worry about Pauline running over us.

Pauline got in the cab beside Sherri and poured a concoction she called a Death Wish — half cheap red wine and half Everclear — from a thermos into a plastic tumbler. We fired our sleds up and headed out.

The rest of the afternoon we spent prowling the tree lots in town — shit, there were a lot of them — with only one break for a beer. According to Pauline and Sherri, all of the trees were either too small, already too brown, or the wrong shape. Well, what did they expect, waiting until the day before Christmas?

It was starting to turn dark, and getting a bit chilly.

Suddenly, Pauline stuck her big-breasted torso out the window of the truck, and pointed across the cab to the other side of the street. "That's the one we want, right there!" she hollered.

Sherri shrieked the tires as she cut across three lanes of traffic into the parking area of the Christmas tree lot. We doubled back and parked

Continued on page 93

LOCKDOWN

by Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —Anatole France

If you're anywhere near a TV set next January 1, you'll likely get an eyeful or two of the Rose Bowl. You probably don't know it, but you've got something in common with over 200 of the spectators screaming their lungs out from their seats in the famous Pasadena, California, stadium.

The thing you have in common is that those 200 are, someday, going to wind up watching the game from your vantage point — behind bars. We don't know, of course, which members of that festive football crowd will wind up as jailbirds. How could we know? They don't know themselves, since what we are talking about is statistics, not crime.

Still, the fact remains that there are now a record-breaking 454,136 men, women and kids incarcerated somewhere in the U.S. That, according to the Justice Department, translates to one out of every 520 Americans — or over 200 people out of each annual Rose Bowl crowd.

Shit, the Justice Department's latest prison statistics break all kinds of records:

- Prison population has virtually doubled in the past ten years, a record rate of increase.
- Prison population since the mid-1970s has risen over nine times faster than the overall increase in the nation's population, a record disparity in that statistic.
- Under Ronald "Law-and-Order" Reagan, the number of federal prisoners has been increasing at almost twice the rate as the number of state prisoners, the first time in history that has happened.

This last statistic is more meaningful than most because it reflects society's, particularly right-wing Republican society's, preoccupation with locking up people solely because they chose to have different vices — in other words, live a different lifestyle — than the power brokers who pull the legal system's strings.

"What accounts for the increase in the federal prison population, in large measure, is a change in prosecutorial policy," Steven



Schlesinger, director of the Justice Department's Bureau of Justice Statistics, says. "The federal government is now prosecuting more drug offenders, they are going to prison in greater numbers, and they are staying for longer periods of time."

And yet the great majority of these so-called drug "offenders" are totally harmless users of relatively innocuous drugs like weed, crank, and tranquilizers; small-time dealers of those same types of drugs; and independent growers and sellers of the most harmless substance of all "recreational drugs" — good ol' weed.

By jailing practitioners of victimless crimes like the above-mentioned in record numbers, the government is not doing a thing to help protect the public from criminals who will actually hurt them, actually cause them to lose something, either property or blood.

What the Washington commissars are actually doing is sending a message. It goes like this: "When we want to get fucked up, we get stinking drunk. When you want to get fucked up, you do drugs. Either

become like us, live like us, and, yes, get fucked up on the same shit we do, or get the fuck into this cell."

On the record: We don't deny drugs can hurt people. So can cages. You don't see anyone in Washington throwing record numbers of cage drivers and cage dealers into prison.

Coupled with the record number of incarcerations are other reports that allege to show that the crime rate has started to drop in many categories. The law-and-order boys have been quick to seize on this news as "proof" that their policy of locking up everyone they don't like is working.

Not so, say experts such as Alvin Bronstein, director of the National Prison Project. The main reason for the drop in some categories of crime is the fact that the number of people in the 18-35 age group — the group which commits the greatest number of crimes — has been falling as the "baby boom" children of the 1950s become middle-aged.

Another reason for the apparent decrease in the crime rate is that police in many inner-city areas have given up on enforcing the law. (For many months in Los Angeles, for example, the police department would not investigate or take reports on any break-in or other theft in which the amount of loss was under \$300.) Well, shit, if the people who tote up the crimes are gonna close their eyes and pretend crimes aren't happening, you're gonna get a great-lookin' set of statistics. Of course, you'll still have the same number of broken heads and trashed apartments.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Adding Insult To Injury

A federal appeals court has ruled that it is constitutional for states to require some convicts to reimburse the states for the cost of having a public pretender "defend" them. The decision came in a North Carolina case in which a woman convicted of manslaughter was billed \$2026 for the services of her court-appointed attorney.

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VET VOICE

by Sarge

The world of Vietnam veterans' affairs is often like some kind of weird sea. And, because I accepted the job of reporting to my brothers on those affairs, I sometimes feel like the captain of a pretty rickety boat. Just when the surface of the waters appears smooth and calm, I find out there are all kinds of disturbances underneath. . .

As things stand at the time of this writing, about the best I can do for you is report on a few items and hope that my information is correct.

The first thing is what's going down with the old Agent Orange lawsuit and the settlement that came from it. If you recall, a few issues ago I told you that some of the attorneys and veterans involved in the suit were strongly against acceptance of the settlement and that many wanted to take the case back into court. Well, those feelings have not changed for many. However, right now, it appears that most of the groups involved are electing to take the money (and minor victory) and run, so to speak.

Therefore, the question for most vets is whether or not they have actually been included as claimants/plaintiffs in the case — in other words, whether they're down on paper somewhere as having filed as part of the lawsuit. Strange as it may seem, a lot of people out there have been sitting around for years thinking that just because they're Nam vets, they're automatically plaintiffs in the case. Uh. . . look here — if you didn't "sign up" for it somewhere along the way, nobody knows you, man.

If you have problems now and have had them for some time — and they pretty much appear to be attributable to Agent Orange — then you must be down on some legal eagle's list of clients in this thing, or you were never part of the suit. You could get left out in the cold. The only people that may not apply to will be those who develop problems later — they shouldn't be held responsible for not knowing what would befall them in the future and, by that logic, may be admitted to the settlement in time to come.

The next piece of information I have is that our federal Veterans Outreach Centers have been in jeop-

ardy for some time now. Certain elements in the government have been down on the usefulness and "cost effectiveness" of the centers for a long while. They have been pushing for elimination of the facilities altogether and recently almost got their way.

However, the centers have been given a reprieve. I don't know how long they will be permitted to remain open; nobody's talking. What it amounts to is the government is weighing the pros and cons of keeping them open. A decision will most likely be forthcoming in a very few months.

I'm not saying that these Outreach Centers are the best thing to come along since sliced bread — nor am I saying the opposite. It sounds like a copout, but, really, the value of these centers is hard to measure. It all depends on who you are and how you see them.

Some people claim, perhaps rightly so, that for the number of vets actually receiving help, the centers are too expensive to run. Also, much of the help offered vets is a duplication of effort — that is, the same vet could have gotten the same help elsewhere. The centers often act merely as a referral service. Say a vet's got a problem and doesn't know where to turn. He goes to the center and the counselors there turn him in the right direction; it's actually some other agency (VA, DAV, alcohol/drug abuse center, etc.) that provides the aid.

But you have to look at it from other standpoints, too: Does it really matter if the center people "only refer" a vet to someone else? Isn't the point that he *does* find the help he needs? Maybe the center is all he knows, or can think of at the moment — and he has to go *somewhere*. Then, too, all too many Vietnam vets refuse to go to places like the VA or traditional vets organizations because they don't trust the people there, feel they can't relate. Whether they can or can't isn't the question when some guy is on the verge of suicide or whatever. The main thing is that he talk to somebody. And if it's the vets at a vet center, hey, that might just be the thing needed.

I think some people in power are too quick to weigh dollars against

human lives. I say keep the damned centers open and make sure they're policed to insure they run correctly and have the proper staff. Even if each center saves only one vet a year, isn't that important?

The third item on my agenda is touchy. As a matter of fact, so is the fourth item. In both cases I have to do something I always hate doing — knocking somebody in our own ranks.

Item three is this: We Vietnam vets are close to seeing one of our own organizations finally being granted a charter by Congress. As you know, until now it's only been the big, traditional organizations that were treated to this special recognition. And, until very recently, our fellow veterans in those organizations were not very sympathetic to our problems. In fact, it wasn't too many years ago that Vietnam vets were not even all that welcome to join them.

What resulted was, of course, that Vietnam vets began forming their own organizations. Most died out or stayed so small that they hardly amount to much more than local clubs. However, some grew and came to have considerable influence in Washington, state capitals, and society as a whole. None of these organizations yet has anything near the voice of a DAV or American Legion or VFW, but they are capable of making our voices heard.

What makes those traditional organizations so relatively powerful is their large membership. And what got them that membership, for one thing, is their national chartering by Congress after the "Great War." Korean War vets, on the whole, are not that far removed in age and attitude from World War II vets; hence, they didn't really have a reason to form their own groups after their war. We, however, did find that necessary. We are a full generation distant from those Korean and WWII vets and our war was much differently conducted and looked upon.

Well, if we are going to have Vietnam veterans organizations that are strong, there will have to be Congressional charters involved. The time has apparently come.

As of June of this year, a bill passed the House of Representatives. It is HR

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Fork Her

Has this ever happened to you? Let's say ya have a 1973 or later narrow glide front end. And let's say the seals are shot and letting the fluid come out. After letting it go for a while ya finally decide your hemorrhoids would feel better if ya took care of the problem.

So you jack up your ride and take off the front wheel. Then ya drop one leg out of the triple clamps, put it on a table, and go to disassemble it. For the sake of this article, let's say you have never taken one of these babies apart before. You look it over and decide that it's just like the older wide ya had when ya was puttin' a pan.

Photo by Rip

Wrong. The hydraulic unit doesn't have an end unit that fits into the slider. In other words, when ya put your (metric) allen wrench inside the slider to take the tubes apart, all it does is spin. Well, don't panic, bro, there's nothing to it if you'll just take a few minutes and make yourself this simple tool for assembling and disassembling the hydraulic unit from the front end. What we have here is a piece of all-thread purchased at a hardware store. The length is determined by the length of the tubes on your scooter. The end of the all-thread is slotted so it will fit inside the hydraulic unit.

The hydraulic unit has a roll pin that the slot on the all-thread straddles, holding the unit as you back off the allen-hold on the other end of the unit. I welded a broken shock stud to the other end of the all-thread, but any piece of scrap will work just fine.

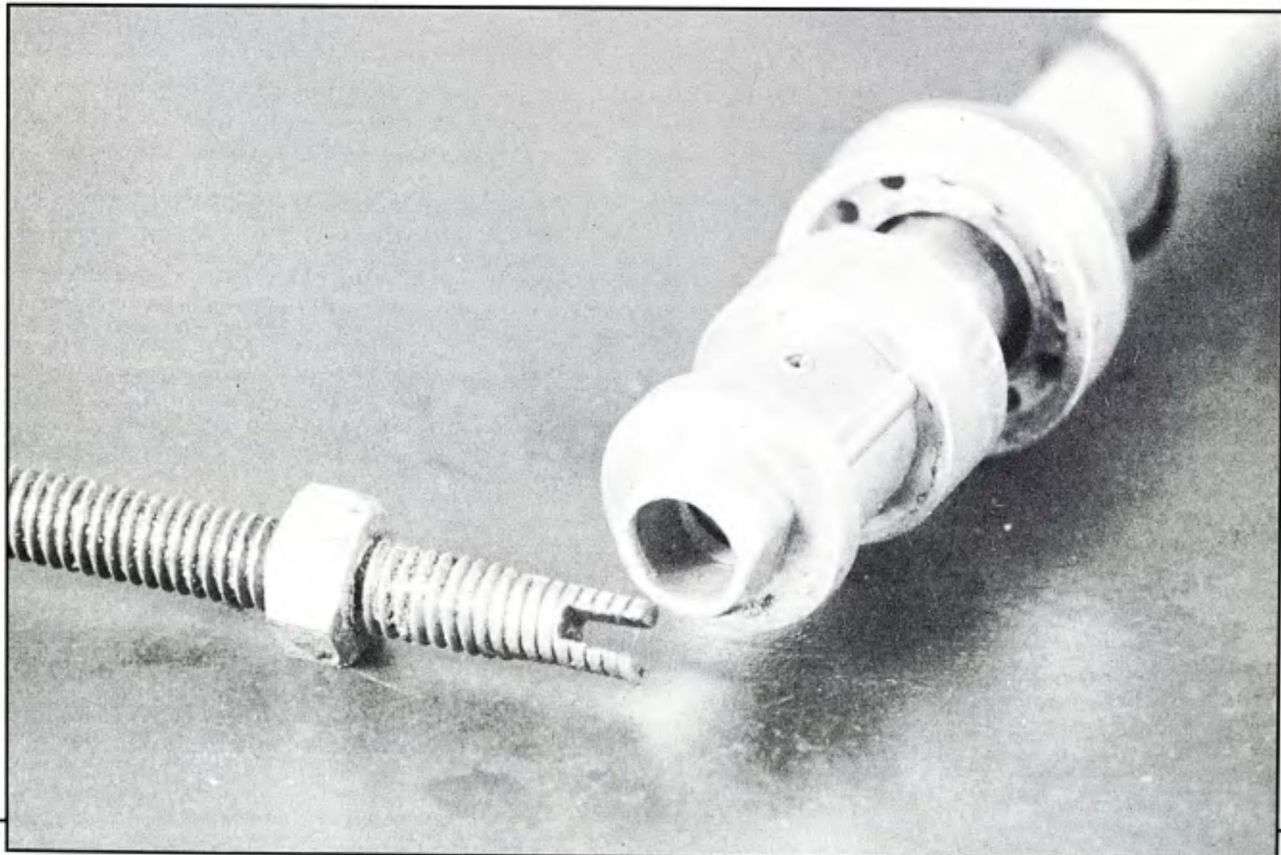
The all-thread comes 5/16" in diameter. Take a file and grind it down a bit so it's skinnier and easier to get into the hydraulic unit. Cut the slot at least 1/4 inch deep and make it about 3/16 inch wide. If you have an old hydraulic unit lying around, use it to fit the all-thread.

Now, most all-thread is very soft. What you can do to make it a bit harder

is heat the end and then dip it into some water. Let it cool and then take a hacksaw to it. If you can see that it's cutting real easy, stop and heat it up again. Don't get it too hot or the end will drop off and you'll have to start all over. Of course, if you have a long piece of 5/16 round stock, use it instead, because it should be harder than the all-thread.

After cleaning up all the components and putting in a new seal, use your new tool to reassemble the front legs. Put in 6 oz. of Harley type B fluid. Try it — you'll like it and your butt will thank you.

—Rip



Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

⚡ Unexpected changes on the job have your nuts in a sweat. Worse yet, you're in for a string of bum fucks and put-downs. Partners are pissed, your pad's below par and you're prepared to panic. Best pack up and head for more peaceful pastures till things peter out. This month leaves you feeling lower than a case of athlete's foot and limper than a used hot dog!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ This month the emphasis is on communication and copulation. In other words, if you blab too much, you'll get fucked. Watch your verbosity (look it up) and don't sign your name to any shit. Garbled messages have you copping to things you didn't do and places you ain't been. Play it safe — look yourself in the head.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ A large case of the lazies leaves you lax, but doesn't linger past mid-month, when you gain a second wind and become a real stinker. The meanies take over where the lazies left off and you give everyone a raft of shit, plus playing games with their patience. Lighten up. Or have you forgotten — paybacks are a muthafucker?

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ You're a shrewd operator during this period and should put the pinch on the right people. Mentally, you're way ahead of your group, but physically you're pooped. Latch onto some nap time and gobble vitamins. Recruit the ol' lady and rugrats for runners, or let your fingers do the walking for a change. Save your strength for a scuffle between the sheets.

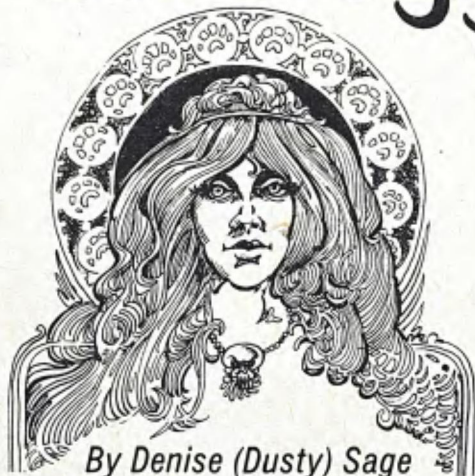
Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Between low blows on the job and being under pressure in general, you're in the mood to kick ass. Push comes to shove if you don't hold your load a while longer. Put a stop to ass-kissing, or develop terminal chapped lips. If the situation is outta hand and a shine-on is "Mission Impossible," best boogie before you beat the meat off someone's mug!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Don't let this goody go to your head. Getting overconfident could shitcan the right results. Lightweight favors polish off an old debt and result in a shiny new image. You can easily come up with

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Capricorn

If any sign has the edge on obnoxious self-indulgence, it's Capricorn. They take themselves so seriously that most of 'em have at least a mild case of tunnel vision, so don't try to give a Cappy advice (especially if unasked), 'cause he already has all the answers.

Capricorns appear to be low-key, but inside the wheels are always turning in the direction of those who can do something for 'em. And you'd best believe they have the patience to back their drive. They may seem to give up, but in reality, they're just taking a different approach.

It takes more than a boot in the butt to rile a Capricorn, whose main objective is to be in full control at all times. If you do decide to piss one off, pick on his relatives, don't pick up the check, ask for a loan, or worse yet, take your sweet time to pay back a previous loan while dishing out lame excuses. But remember, once you've alienated Capricorn, you won't get a second chance — not even to blow the hash marks off his shorts.

In the rack, Capricorn most enjoys sex while licking dirty money, and often

keeps his loose change in the crack of his ass. For foreplay, he balances his checkbook(s) and runs a credit check on any and all possibly permanent pieces. An occasional Cappy even stuffs his mattress with Monopoly money and tattoos dollar signs on his kneecaps.

Famous past and present Capricorns include: Aristotle Onassis, Howard Hughes, Al Capone, George Burns, Rod Serling, Soupy Sales, Humphrey Bogart, plus Janis Joplin, David Bowie, Joan Baez, Elvis Presley, Diane Keaton, Dyan Cannon, and Richard Nixon (who?).

Capricorns are vulnerable to knee injuries, arthritis, and ringing in their ears, and are highly allergic to being broke. If they weren't such shitheads and would learn to laugh at life more, they'd be healthier.

Self-preservation is the name of their game and if you're their buddy, they'll look out for your ass, too (as long as you let 'em hold your wallet). Seriously, they make very loyal friends — they have to, because they themselves have so few pals and most of those are bankers.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ An overabundance of semen has your balls overloading your brain, and you're hit below the belt with a hard-

ening that boggles your concentration. Let all the heavy bullshit slide and flow with the fucks. You can pick up the loose ends next month, when you dust off your dick and get down to some serious mental calisthenics.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ This month has ya a tad dewy-eyed over the past. Best put a damper on it for now. Direct contact with a previous source of information is anything but reliable and could land your ass in trouble — like in over your head. Rely on your own judgement to bail your buns out, if you read this too late. Mind your own business!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ This one has more ups and downs than a pharmacist. You're busier than a termite in a wooden dick and you're working yourself into serious health problems, unless you slow down. Don't be such an extremist (either you work your ass off or ya don't do shit)! Try to keep things to a low roar. Returning a favor now will boost your credit with a partner later.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Happy birthday, heartless! Right now you have a tendency to shoot your wad at work, while you neglect home base. This could lead to a better position later, and a horny ol' lady now. Look after your interests and make a night deposit between the sheets, before she chews up your shorts, puts a crimp in your crank, and craps in your lunch bucket.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Don't throw in the towel on a sniveling sidekick. Listening and taking a heavy look-see could put a handle on needed help. Partners recognize your worth and single you out — don't let 'em down. On the other hand, don't neglect biz at home base, either. Keep a hold on some handy cash for an unexpected foul-up with your machine at month's end.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Time for either a heavy-duty rap session or a rap upside the head (unless it's still up your ass). Don't fool around with a potentially combustible and possibly illegal situation. This month is a real eye-opener for wheeler-dealers who try to compete with the big guys. Keep your nose clean now or you'll pay the price.

any needed charm without ruffling a hair on your ass. Use this one to tie up loose ends. Save new projects and major decisions till May, if possible.

Male Call

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

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

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

W/m, 25, brown over green, 180 lbs., 6'2". Likes to laugh, love and laze around. Ladies, write. Kent Kloster 34210, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66053.

Two downed white boys, Steve (22) and James (26), stuck in "Prison Arizona." Want scribes and flicks from foxy females, singles only. Ragrats cool. Steve Smith 46482-18-C-1, and James "Hoss" Siler 45409-18-B-17; Box 3200, Santa Cruz Unit, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Two w/f being held captive by alligators in uniforms in the Florida Everglades. No freedom in sight; how about sharing some with us in scribes and good vibes? Photos will receive photos. Tina Honeycutt 151004 (Floridian), and D.K. Kuhns 151337 (Californian); Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Two white bros sincere and seriously looking for good-hearted, strong-minded women to write with the possibility of starting a permanent relationship. Greg Cook, SQSP, Box 04193, and Martin B. Johnson, Box 09210, Tamal, CA 94974.

Three white convicts want to hear from the ladies; will answer all letters. Robert Stacy, EF-152602, GSP L-2, 15/2, Bobby A. Sanders, EF-146069, GSP L-2-7/1 and Ricky Gentry, EF-148197, GSP L-2, 5/1; Star Route, Reidsville, GA 30499.

Three down peckerwoods need to hear from you fine little ladies out there who've got your act together and don't play games with brothers behind bars. Ray "Rosch" Ramero (age 25), Box C-61900, Jim Wright (age 35), Box C-74011, and Robert "Little Man" Chitwood (age 21), Box C-76693; Tamal, CA 94974.

California pup in need of smut letters and visits. 5'10", 170 lbs., light brown hair, brown eyes, 26. Paroling January '85. Dudley Keebler 264253, Star Rt. Box 999, Yacolt, WA 98675.

Help! California Aryan sisters trapped in a dust bowl full of tadpoles! Seems some folks think, "Out of sight, out of mind." Yeah, well, come on with some sunshine. Debi Christenson and Angel Seay, Box 3400, Goodyear, AZ 85338. No prison mail allowed.

Lonesome white knight, 22, 5'9", 175 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, Scorpio. Need some female touch to make a bro's mind work proper, so help out a bro, you foxes. H. Oliver 83A4321, Unit 21A-1, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508.

Young Sagittarian stud, 20, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown and brown, rising January '86. In need of some woman, 19-30, with biking, kinky sex, and partying all over the U.S.A. on her mind. Dan "Black Star" Goodavage 161517, Rt. 3 Box 3333, HED, B-22-B, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Lonely w/m, photographer/writer/H-D rider with nine months to go. Scribes and flicks for show-n-tell. (Caution, little girls: Beware this heavy-hung Frenchman.) C'Leo "Mr. French" Peavey 353934, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

To Phoenix Bird Sherrie, wherever you might be: You were right, you gave me something I'll never forget. I'm down with 11 years and wish I could hear from you. Jack Rawlings, Box 1717, Goldsboro, NC 27530.

Wanted: Men. Positions available for right ones. Tall, blonde Lisa Sklar 167241, small, brunette Jeannine Clark 156074, and medium-build Linda Dennis 168317; Box 910, Ypsilanti, MI 48197.

I would like to hear from some beautiful ladies. Blond hair, 22, Virgo, hazel-green eyes, 5'9", 151 lbs., been down for five years. All answered. Carl Pederson 35748, B-352, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Lonely bro on death row seeks letters and photos from sisters who care enough not to let a bro go to that big MC in the sky by way of a pig's hand. Patrick E. Trimble, Box 900, CP-6, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Down but still kickin' it. Four white tramps, ages between 24 and 30, in need of letters and pix from caring, fine ladies. C/o Gordon Oechel 84-158002A, Box 2952, 222 W. "C" St., San Diego, CA 92112.

W/m from Houston, but I got caught wrong, here in Alabama. I sure need a few letters from a few friendly ladies to cheer me on. I'm 31 now; was 27 when I first got here, and have a few more to go. Mike Sellers 127822, Box 37, Atmore, AL 36503.

W/m, 24, dark black hair, blue eyes, 155 lbs. I'm looking for a one-man woman who's 18-30 and would like to travel and have a good time. Ringo Lowlie, Rt. 1 Box 157-M, Milford, IN 46542.

W/m, 6'1½", 24, black hair, brown eyes, would like to hear from foxy females. Have 7 years to do. Need help. Vincent Sabbatis 176-818, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

W/m Alaskan, down for two more, would like to hear from ladies. I am 33, 6', 175 lbs., brown hair and beard. Write if you think you would dig living in Alaska part-time, California part-time. Thomas Nelson, Box 103155, Anchorage, AK 99510.

Mexican, 30, 5'8", 157 lbs., brown hair and eyes. I love rock 'n' roll, writing poetry, playing music, and I party anytime I get the chance. All letters will be answered. Steve L. Hernandez, Box 41-8030, Michigan City, IN 46360.

W/m from Maryland, 23, 6'1", 175 lbs., blond and blue, considered nice-looking. Looking for a warm woman. Kids okay. Age no difference. SASE would help. Bruce A. Wagner 139159, BCC, Box 430, Dillwyn, VA 23936.

Attention, split-tails: Here's the chance of a lifetime to shell your own "P-Nut." I'm a 100% stand-up biker bro. Need correspondence. Norman "P-Nut" Whistleman 148424, Box 700, Jessup, MD 20794.

They said it right when they named this the Blue Grass State. This lonely and blue w/m digs music and I'm building my body just for you. Bobby Goley 87334, KSR, LaGrange, KY 40032.

Down and lonely white boy needs to hear from you righteous ladies. Come on, sweeties, have a heart. Send this honky a few lines. Will answer all. Darryl Blankenship 128-894, Box 56, Lebanon, OH 45036.

Two w/m bros stuck in TDC. C'mon, chicks, send us some kites and pix. Richard "Pig" Arnold 330752 (25, 5'11½", 200 lbs., dark hair, hazel eyes), and Dwight "Trashman" Marshall 359762 (32, 5'7", 150 lbs., salt and pepper hair, green eyes); Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

Fun-loving, free-spirited country cowboy, 33, 130 lbs., ocean-blue eyes, brown hair, 5'9". Been locked down four years. Ralph "Pokey" Wheeler 313858, Rt. 1 Box 150, Coffield Unit M-107, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

W/m, 33, down in Kentucky. Needs letters from serious, righteous ladies. T. "Soup" Campbell 31301, NPTC Dorm #6, Burgin, KY 40310.

Oklahoma biker, 36, divorced, 5'10", 165 lbs., light brown hair, hazel eyes, looking for honest, sincere lady, 35-38. Photo, if possible, and please, no head games. Larry Kindrix 95561, Magnolia 4, Angola, LA 70712.

Peckerwood, 37 years old, 6', 190 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, beard, wants serious of lady. Age and looks unimportant. Skip Hanrahan, C-88669, Box 705, SA232, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

White biker, 24, doin' jail time. I'm a tattoo artist, carnival worker. Love to party. Tom "Spider" Wigington, 620-H-St., 4-N-9, Sacramento, CA 95814.

Woman wanted: No fatties, no fakes, no frauds, no phonies. I parole in '85 and I'm single. If you fit the criteria, write/photo. R.M. Gdwer, C-16060, 6375-X, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Two w/m bros, 28 and 20, doing time but not forever. Would like to hear from chicks and would appreciate pictures. Don Erhardt 166182, and Rich Hubbard 165245, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

I am a 26-year-old w/f, 5'3", 100 lbs., blonde and blue, interested in correspondence from all over the world, but can't receive mail from prisoners. Sandra Matthews 133853, MBCC, Admin. Bldg. East 12, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

White bro, 6'1", 180 lbs., brown and blue, searchin' for that special babe to lighten the load. Everybody needs somebody — I'm no exception. Chuck "Outlaw" Nichols 79-B-1610, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Big biker from Big Apple, 1½er, downed by feds for 9, looking for letters and pix. Hope to be out soon. Paul Cancro 02307-018, Box 1000, Lewisburg, PA 17837.

W/m, 27, looking for a sexy lady, 18-30, especially redheads, but any worthy fox will do. I'm 5'11", handsome and horny. Scott Allen Drotz 879823, 3950 Tiger Bay Rd., TC1, E-219-A, Daytona Beach, FL 32014.

Aries, w/m, 24, 5'9", 148 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, down with four years — around 1½ years to go. Would like foxy lady, 18-30, to write. Michael Lowry 102561, Rt. 1 Box 8, Melena, OK 73741.

New York outlaw would like to hear from ladies, 20-35. I'm 180 lbs., 5'10", black hair, brown eyes, and a good build. Cesar "Rico" Gomez 84-A-4596, Box F, Downstate 3-B-34, Fishkill, NY 12524.

W/m, 27 years old, blond, blue eyes, kicking around a case of the sad, sad blues. Need me a pretty little mama to use as my wings to set me free. Sheldon F. Duncan, B-90744, Box 600, X-261, Tracy, CA 95376.

Two lonely peckerwoods, one 5'6", 150 lbs., the other 6'3", 200 lbs., getting ready to check out of the Graybar Hotel soon. Lookin' for ladies to communicate with when we're stompin' the concrete once again. Bill "The Gremlin" Quinn, C-13794, and Tom "Ghost" Oglesby, C-21455; Box 107-CCI, Tehachapi, CA 93561.

Attention, all you split-tails: Downed white bro needs kites and flicks from righteous of ladies. Tell me what makes your boat float, so we may sail around the world together! James "Styz" Sturman 13064, Box 400, Rawlins, WY 82301.

Two downed white tramps, marriage-minded, both looking for good, solid w/f with her shit together. If you can't hang, don't rattle our cage. Photos, please. Michael "Chops" Taylor, B-78312, and Craig "Caveman" Turner, C-21393; Box 689, C-306, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Sun Girl, where are you? This Indian is in prison and has lost his shadow. I wait for your sign. Let me know who you are. Don "Injun" Phillips 163-696, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

S.O.S. W/m would like to hear from any woman out there between 25 and 40 who would like to get to know me. I am 5'9", 180 lbs., with black hair and brown eyes. Send photos and letters to Vito "Crazy Doc" Biondi 79144, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Downed 1½er, blond hair, blue eyes, 19, prospect for Forgotten Few, five-to-life, three down. Please write, any and all. Will respond. Keep me from going crazy! Forrest Welch, Box C-33894, Reppas, CA 95671.

Good-looking w/m, 24, 5'11" 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, needs letters from ladies who enjoy sex and firm relationships. Out in '85. Just write and I'm all yours. Gary V. Bullard 179-064, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Downed bro, in for five years, should be out by '85, but for now could use the letters. Michael Darwin 58704-A, FLCI, Box 147, Foxlake, WI 53933.

California bro, down in Idaho, needs scribes from ladies. David Myera, Box 14, Unit 11, Boise, ID 83707.

Righteous, clear-eyed and wise Indian lady stranded inside this concrete cage. Wants, needs, to hear from righteous and good people, but can't receive mail from prisoners. Mitzi Smith 136963, Admin. Bldg. Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

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 **Elmer "The Fudd" Turner**, 1/18/84. They can never take away anything from you now, bro! You'll always ride in our memories. Your bro, and Animal, VP, The Erie Riders MC, Sandusky, Ohio.

In memory of **"Booger Red."** Ya had it going, bro, just played too hard. This year's rebuild on the Harley is dedicated to you, bro. Later — in biker heaven or wherever bikers go. TR.

In memory of **Dona Heller**, who went down 5/4/84 on her scooter. You were a true wife, sister, and friend. We miss you and will all meet you in Harley Heaven soon, so be lookin' for us. Love, your husband Art, Harold, Anita, Bob, Sharon, Flatty, and friends from Phoenix. FTW.

In loving memory of **Charles "Chico" Burken**. You rode hard and partied hard all your life before going to Harley Heaven in May '84. You can relax now and ride free forever. Your bro and sisters miss you in Mississippi.

In memory of **Mark "Matt" Ritch**, 9/2/83. Some cager had your number in his foot. It was close, but somehow I survived what you didn't, and your love for life will always remain in my soul. Until we ride together again, love, your bro Eric.

In memory of **Mike Lunsford**, a good and solid bro who took a bad ride. You can ride easy, bro, 'cause Troy lived. On behalf of the bros and sisters, I bid you farewell. You'll live forever in our hearts. Your bro, Dirty White Boy.

In loving memory and honor of **John "Liquid J.D."**, a panhead rider by choice, a fisherman by trade, lost at sea, 5/8/84. You'll always be with us till we ride together again. Love and miss you. Annie, Afro, Maria, Felix, Timmy and everyone in Mass., Fla., and Calif. who knew you. Ride and sail free.

In memory of **Michael L. Dean**, 6/24/84. You rode hard, died fast, and rode it out till the end. We'll ride together again. I will always love you. Laura.

In memory of **Wade "W.W.W." Wyck**, 3/3/84, of Cypress, Texas. We'll always remember him as a partyin' dude who rode free and died hard. We'll all see ya in Harley Heaven one day. Your brothers from Cypress.

In memory of the woman I loved, **Sherlene Joanne Patton**, 6/30/51-5/22/84. You wanted that last ride so bad and now it goes on forever. Why that citizen hit us, I will always wonder. You know you were forever loved, forever free, and forever with me. Love, Jim.

In memory of a true bro, **Tyke**. You loved to ride and were on her until the end. You lived the phrase "Ride to live, live to ride," to the fullest. Here's to all of the wonderful memories you left me. All my love, your sis Skeeter, K.C., Mo.

Beloved bro, **Robert Hale "The Richmond Dago" Herbst**, 11/23/43-6/28/84, a righteous 15'er and patch wearer. The "bird cagers" and cops couldn't get him, but cancer did. His family and friends in Washington and California will always remember our bro as the teddy bear with grizzly tendencies who loved us as we loved him. "The Texas Animal," li'l sis Bette, wife Ronnie, and kids Alicia and Caleb.

In memory of **"The Chopper,"** who loved to get in the wind. We loved her and will miss her until we're there! Big 'Un and the Wellington Gang, Anniston, Ala.

In loving memory of **Danny L. Lawson**, 7/14/84. He rode hard and partied hearty. He was loved by all and will be missed much. He will ride again someday in Harley Heaven. Love, your brothers and sisters, Greg, Peanuts, Steve, Tina, and Berry.

In respectful memory of **Gary Miller**, 4/27/84; who on that day forbade society's interference in his passage to serenity, as he did in life. He to me, I to you, "To thy own self be true." Brett Erick, family, Pagan's MC, and associates, Pottstown, Pa.

In memory of **David Keizer**, of Thomaston and Rockland, Maine, a scruffy ol' scooter tramp who loved his bike and a whole lot more. We'll catch ya in the wind, Dave. GBNF. Tex and the guys in Nova Scotia.

In memory of **John E. Tennhill, Sr.**, 1919-1984. Words cannot express how much we all miss you. Ride free and easy in Harley Heaven, Pops!

Why did you leave us so soon, **Dominick Amorelli**? Didn't even get a chance to say goodbye. The memories you left will always bring smiles to us. Your San Diego bros send their love. Love and all, Pat.

In memory of **Charles "Reb" Ambrose**, 12/19/80. Rode hard, died young; gone but not forgotten. Deads Bros MC and NN MC. Consho, Deadeys, and Monk.

In memory of **Don Miller**, 7/5/84, a true brother in the saddle. You are free now and will always ride with us in our hearts. Gonna miss ya. Jim, Larry, Steve, and Dave.

In loving memory of **Randy DePover**, who was killed by an old cager, 9/31/83 — never made it through the day of his birthday. The best ol' man a woman who's thinking of you always could have. Sadly missed by your family, friends, and especially me. Love ya, BJ.

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

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

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

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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V-Twins 27 Hamilton, Oyster Bay
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Ace Chopping Co. 87 Brown St., Johnson City
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Brooklyn Performance Cycle 6924 Ave. D, Brooklyn
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon

NORTH CAROLINA

Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
Perry's Motorcycle Service 102 Garrett St., Fayetteville
Gene Lummus Motorcycle Parts 6051 Yadkin Road,
Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham

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The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

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Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
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Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus

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Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
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WASHINGTON

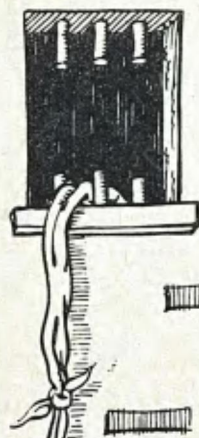
74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston

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

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Low Down

I have a real, no-bullshit problem. I love to eat my ol' lady's cunt and kiss on her tits, but when I ask her to go down and give me good head, she says she can't.

She only digs it when she's drunk. How can I get her to give me head when she's straight?

Gopher
Tulsa, Okla.

- Shoot yer crank up with Jack Daniel's.

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



The Hole Truth

Everyone writes sayin' how damn ugly you are and how bad that hole of yours smells, but my bro tells me you are the second-finest lady he has ever laid eyes on. He says if he didn't have the first finest as his ol' lady, he would eat a mile of your Levi's to see what they cover. Tell me, are you bullshittin' everyone so Spider can have all that delicious pussy for himself, or is my bro sick in the thought factory?

Kiser
Lucasville, Ohio

- Both.

Not Exactly

Is there a light at the end of your tunnel?

Big Dick
Gardnerville, Nev.

- More heat than light.

Ratty Poem

My ol' man is a biker;
he sure loves his Hog.
He guzzles Budweiser
and scarfs like a dog.

He is mean as hell,
let me tell you that.
It's no damn wonder
that his name is Rat.

He looks sorta like Spider
and smells like a skunk.

So stay out of his way
when he's mad and drunk.

'Cause he's bad to the bone
and just don't give a shit.
If you push him too far,
you'll get your throat slit.

So don't fuck with his Harley,
his pit bull, or me.
If you think this is bullshit,
just try it and see.

When Rat gets pissed off,
his eyes glow red.
And once I was sure
I saw horns on his head.

He goes crazy, in fact,
and he's mean to the core.
If you ever fuck with him,
you won't anymore.

In the wind, on the Harley,
it's the highway to hell.
'Cause we're usually blitzed,
but it's just as well.

For I love my Rat,
and I will forever.
When the time comes to die,
I hope we die together.

When Rat wants some lovin',
he's a demon in heat.
It's like two wild animals
when our bodies meet.

Rat's a dynamite lover;
to me he's the best.
It's like havin' a Harley —
fuck the rest!

Rat is common bike trash,
and I'm like a wild cat.
When we fight it's a sight,
because I'm "Lady Rat."
Lady Rat
Columbia, Tenn.

- Ya ain't Longfeller, but yer poem will pass. Was it real hard to write it with that dick up yer ass?

Down and Out

My ol' lady's been givin' me good head for eight years now, so I can't complain too much. It does piss me off that the chick doesn't know what's good for her, though. She spits my jizz right out after I get my rocks off. What do I have to do to get her to swallow it?

Animal
Marks Point, Australia

- Loosen her flea collar a notch or two.

Wedding Bell Blues

I'm planning on getting cemented to this squeeze whom I've had a lot of good times with, both on and off

my bike. She loves hanging onto my balls while we're toolin' down the highway and I figger that's as good a reason to get hitched as any other.

The problem is that some of her family members don't understand my idea for the ceremony. I picture the scoot between us at the altar and everyone in attendance wearing the best suits ever made — H-D shirts of various types. How about some help before I tell them all to get fucked.

Munchkin
Lakehurst, N.J.

- They're probably pissed 'cause you're lettin' the bitch stand next to the scoot instead of behind it where she belongs.

Semi Spy

My ol' man drives a rig over the road to pay for the beer and the bills. Sometimes I get the feeling that he's checkin' the oil level of more things than his truck. It's not like I'm lackin' in gettin' any — he's a regular animal when he comes home — but I'm still suspicious. How can I find out if he's got any chicks on the road?

Curious
Somewhere, Nevada

- Hide a voice-activated tape recorder in the sleeper. If the tape contains phrases like "Suck it harder," or "Take it all the way," he's probably got 'em.

Tight And Dry

When you and Spider are in the wind and it starts to rain, how do you keep that gash dry?

K.B.
Green Bay, Wis.

- I plug my hole with Spider's roll.

What's Normal?

I know you're not normal, but I'd like to know what your first words as a baby were.

Howard the Mouth
Brooklyn, N.Y.

- Fuck off.

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

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until
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it.**

Night Travelers

Continued from page 18

difficult. Each man noticed the lugging of his engine and the increased difficulty in handling as the wind and snow and the deathly cold increased. They had no idea where they were, other than that they were somewhere in Pennsylvania, between the western border and New York City, far to the east. Time had long ago lost its meaning or importance. They had seen nothing but white for hours. The whiteness was beneath them, above them, around them. It covered them in smothering, freezing layers, and vertigo set in.

Without warning, Attila went down. The trio was moving ahead, keeping one another within peripheral view, when Attila began to slide sideways. He lost traction and moved away, turning into the wind. He fought for control, turning the front wheel into the slide as a dirt-tracker would do. A foot came up, his body curved into a U-shape, and he went down soundlessly, both he and his motorcycle disappearing under the snow and continuing to move forward, mole-fashion, with only an elongated hump above to show his progress below. To avoid running him down, Lurch and Omar laid their bikes down, too. They slid along the road like ducks on an icy pond.

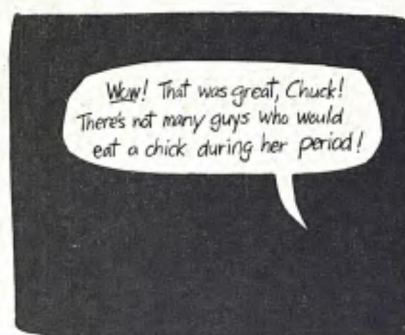
When they had recovered from the suddenness of the event, they helped one another right their machines and then they stood grouped together once again, near the foot of a long upgrade.

"There's a light up there," Omar said, pointing. "Up high. See it?"

In the darkness a distant light could be seen, even through the density of the falling snow. The light illuminated a ramshackle building near the top of the hill ahead. Shelter.

With hopes for survival raised, the travelers fired up their engines, and, slipping and sliding, they managed to ride the half-mile or more up the steep incline of the road. They turned off, taking a chance that beneath the snow lay a solid path, and rode clumsily toward the building.

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REASON # 76



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The place was not as big as they had presumed it to be. The light which illuminated it in its entirety came from a high pole nearby, apparently, for it beamed down from above. The building itself was a small barn — not much more than a cattle shed of sorts. Whatever it was, it would afford them warmth and protection from the killing cold and wind.

While Attila held Lurch's bike upright, the huge bearded man bent and cleared away the snow that blocked the door. He strained against the weight of piled-up snow and frozen metal hinges and swung the door open far enough for them to push their bikes inside the dirt-floored rustic building.

"Let's get up a fire — quick!" Omar said. Using the glow from his headlight, he found several small sticks and some longer boards, which he shattered over his knee. He stacked them cowboy-style.

Attila added a handful of dry straw and touched a match to it, while Lurch raked away litter as insurance against a fire that might rob them of their newfound shelter.

The fire grew. The warmth from it was instantaneous. After a moment, off came water-soaked gloves and damp scarves and jackets with patches of solid ice still clinging to them. Yellow light danced on the walls and roof, and the sound of the storm outside was obliterated by the crackling of the fire.

"We ain't gonna make New York," Lurch said, grimly.

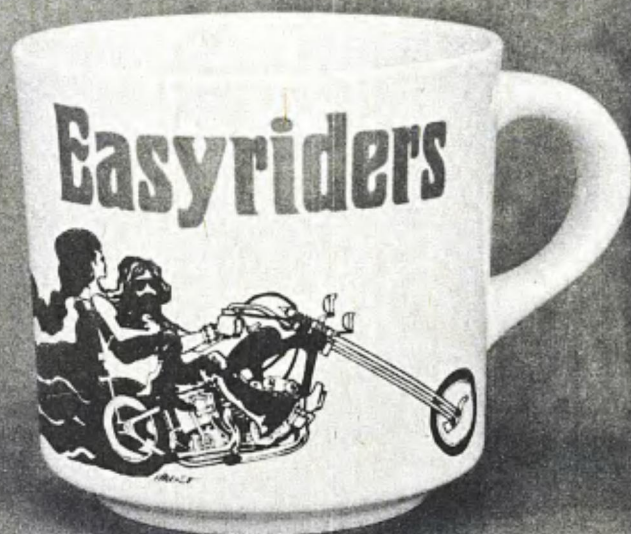
"Not tonight, we ain't, anyway," Omar agreed. Attila grinned, his pretty, government-issue teeth glistening in the light from the fire. He shook his hands, fingers pointing downward, to show how happy he was that they had shaken away the danger of the storm, and his grin was infectious. They all smiled. Omar took a bottle of Jack Daniel's from his leather saddlebag. "Antifreeze," he said, holding it up against the light. "Now, let's get warm *inside*."

By the light of the fire they could see two horse stalls at the rear of the small barn. Tools and farm implements hung on nails along the walls, and near the door by which they had entered, a veritable junkyard of used and broken equipment lay scattered about. Lurch found a large aluminum kettle hanging on a nail. He filled it with snow from outside the door, and using some parts from a broken harrow, he fashioned a sort of rack over the fire, upon which he placed the kettle to heat.

"I've got some instant coffee in my gear," he said. "We can have hot coffee to help us stay warm, too."

While he was doing this, Attila strolled away from the fire and looked into the stalls at the rear. Omar heard him clap his hands and looked up. Attila was motioning for him to come and see what he had found.

Huddled in a corner of one stall, half covered with straw and looking utterly



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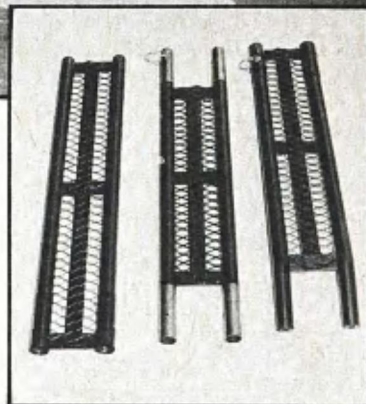
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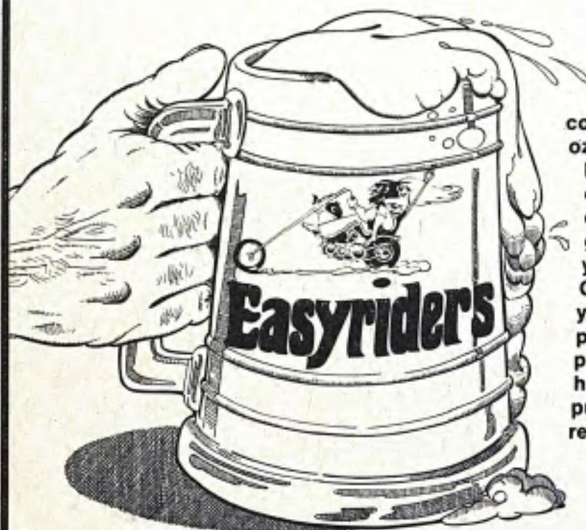
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terrified, lay a young woman. She appeared to be in her late teens or early twenties, and she was pregnant. "What the fuck are you doin' here?" Omar asked in amazement. He tried to get the girl to rise by taking her hand, but she drew back from him, her face contorting. She put the back of her hand to her mouth and began to weep softly. "C'mon, honey, we ain't gonna hurt ya. Come over here by the fire and get warm, for crissakes."

Instead of rising, the girl suddenly curled up into a ball, both hands grasping her huge belly, and cried out in pain through clenched teeth. Attila knelt down beside her, one hand going to her forehead, the other to her stomach. He remained still for a moment, then looked up at Omar with a pained expression on his face.

"Oh, no!" Omar said, incredulously. "You gotta be shittin' me." He backed away from the stall, keeping his eyes on Attila. The latter pointed down at the girl's swollen stomach, then at his wrist, as if indicating the time.

"Oh, my God," Lurch said, leaning over the side of the stall to have a look. "She's gonna have her kid right now."

"OK," Omar said. "Just don't get excited. Attila here was a medic in 'Nam. He knows what to do." He turned to Attila. "Tell me you know what to do, bro. If you don't, I'm gonna shit right here."

Attila grinned and dusted his hands together, smiling and nodding. He left the girl and went to the fire, where the kettle of water was now boiling vigorously. He opened his Buck knife and dropped it into the water. Next, he sought out and found some twine hanging on a nail. He dropped that into the boiling water, too. Some cotton sacks lay in a corner. He picked them up and shook them until they no longer released billows of dust. These he folded neatly and hung over the edge of the stall. Omar and Lurch watched his every move, fascinated by his apparent expertise.

"You just take it easy, babe," Omar reassured the girl. "This here dude has been through medical trainin'. Don't you worry none."

Easyriders



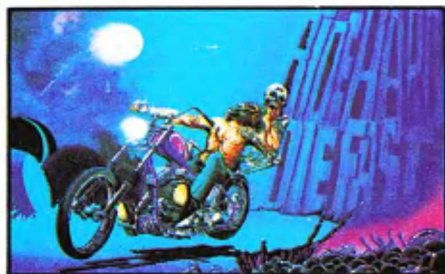
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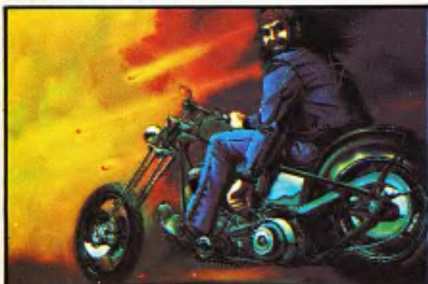
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



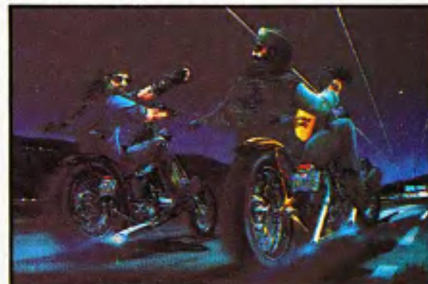
M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



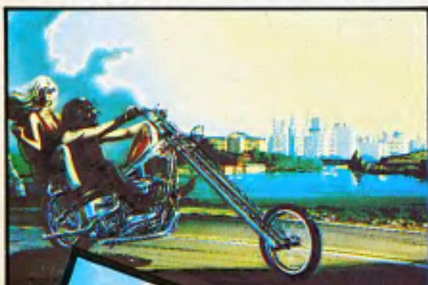
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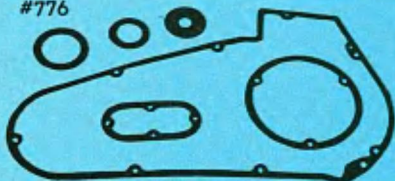
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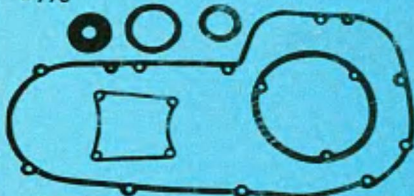
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#M-16 See Previous Page

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"How the fuck did you get here in the first place?" Lurch asked. "How come you ain't home with your ol' man? Or your mama an' daddy?"

"I don't know who the father is," the girl whispered, "and my parents threw me out of the house when I came home to ask for help. I was trying to hitchhike to Chicago, to be with friends, when I got caught in the storm. I stopped at a motel this morning, but the manager wouldn't let me stay. He said someone like me would give the place a bad name." She began to cry again. Now and then her sobs were punctuated by gasps, and she convulsed in spasms as her labor pains increased in intensity.

Attila motioned his bros away, tapping himself on the chest with an index finger to indicate that he could handle the situation. He pointed at the fire, then made a flat-handed smoothing motion.

Lurch and Omar returned to the fire and sat down. They piled on more wood, bringing up the flames and illuminating the interior of the barn even brighter than before.

The girl lay silent for a while and then she began to cry out. At first, her cries were mere sobs, but these increased in volume until her screams were ear-shattering. When each spasm stopped, she could be heard gasping. "Oh, God!" she cried out. "Oh, God, why have you done this to me?"

After what seemed like hours, the girl began to make a different sound. Her cries came closer together now, barely ending before another began, and then they were piled one atop the other in an endless crescendo of agony. Attila clapped his hands and motioned for his friends to bring the items from the boiling kettle. Lurch brought kettle and all and placed it within his friend's reach.

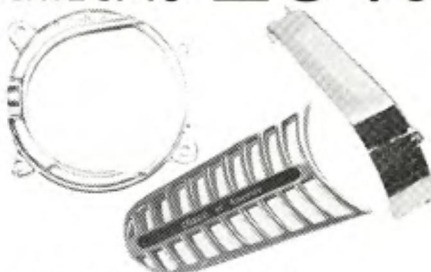
Omar knelt down with the girl's head between his knees and placed his hands on her shoulders, as he was directed to do by Attila. The latter remained on his knees on the straw, between the writhing girl's legs. Her pubis seemed distended and enlarged, her hips wide and flat.



"Miss? Miss? How much did you say you charged for anal sex?"

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Omar felt the girl straining to rise up. He pressed her shoulders down, squeezing his knees together to stop the wild thrashing of her head. He watched in amazement as a giant bubble appeared between her legs. It grew larger and larger, and began to take on the shape of a wrinkled, fuzzy ball, beneath which a face emerged. The face was monkey-like and caked with multicolored, clear slime.

As the head emerged, Attila, grinning broadly and making those grunting sounds Omar and Lurch had come to recognize as laughter, placed both hands on either side of the baby's head, and gave a gentle tug.

The baby came out with a rush. It was like the stopper being pulled from a bottle of rancid catsup, for behind the child came a sudden wave of watery fluid filled with blood, jelly, and all sorts of disgusting effluvia. Lurch turned his head and puked a single great stream that spattered the nearest wall. And then he turned back bravely, gagging a bit, but smiling through it all, not wanting to miss the action.

The Buck knife and twine were used by Attila to finalize the arrival of the baby boy. The tied umbilicus was fastened down with a facial tissue from the mother's purse and a bit of duct tape from Omar's saddlebag.

Attila wrapped the baby in the cotton sacks after bathing it carefully with warm water. A half-used can of Watkin's Cow Teat Balm, found on a corner shelf, served as skin treatment before he placed the baby at his mother's breast. He covered the mother and child with the blanket from his bedroll, and a moment later both were sleeping soundly.

"The storm's stopped," Lurch announced, as Omar shook himself awake. Attila rose and hurried to the mother's side. She still lay sleeping, the baby nursing strongly. He smiled at his partners and made the OK sign with his fingers.

"What the fuck we gonna do about her?" Lurch asked.

"We'll get on down the road and tell someone where she is. Maybe the cops or the fire department or somebody. They'll come and get her. We sure as shit can't take her with us, and I ain't stayin' here any longer." He dug into the bag tied on his sissybar and took out a Raggedy Ann doll. In the pocket of the doll's apron, he tucked a couple of twenty-dollar bills, then placed the doll next to the baby.

Lurch forced open the barn door. They rolled their bikes outside, kicking away the drifted snow until there was room enough to start the engines. Closing the door behind them, they rode down to where the outline of the main road could be seen. From there, they turned east again, and at a lonely crossroads they stopped.

"Christ, look at that!" Lurch said.

"What?" Omar asked. He turned his head left and right, squinting against the reflection of the early morning sun on the snow.



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"That, dammit!" Lurch said, pointing, his arm sweeping around in an arc that took in the panorama that lay before them.

No sharp outline was to be seen. Snow covered everything like bright whipped cream poured from a bowl. Buildings and trees were great, smooth dumplings, one indiscernible from the other. A smooth strip of snow that wound off into the distance proved to be the highway, buried under a foot of snow. They sat on their bikes at the top of the rise, feet resting calf-deep in the fine powder. It was as if they were travelers lost on some foreign desert plain. Nothing disturbed the silence or the setting. No object moved, no towering structure lent itself to recognition or design.

"Where the fuck are we?" Lurch asked plaintively.

"In Pennsylvania," Omar answered. It sounded so stupid that Lurch laughed aloud.

"I know we're in Pennsylvania," he said. He put a stub of a cigar between his teeth and commenced chewing on it. "But where in Pennsylvania? Climb up and dust the snow off that sign." He pointed to a sign beside the road that was covered with snow. Omar pushed his bike over and leaned it against the sign post, then carefully climbed up onto the seat of his motorcycle so that he could reach overhead and brush away the driven snow. While he was doing this, Lurch turned to Attila. "Man, are we dumb," he said. "We forgot to find out what that chick's name is."

Attila shook his head negatively, smiling. He held up a hand and in simple sign language spelled out the letters m-a-r-y.

"Hey, look at this, for crissakes," Omar called. They both looked. The sign was now free of snow, and they could read, in small letters, "Pennsylvania Department of Roads," and in much larger ones, "Bethlehem." ■



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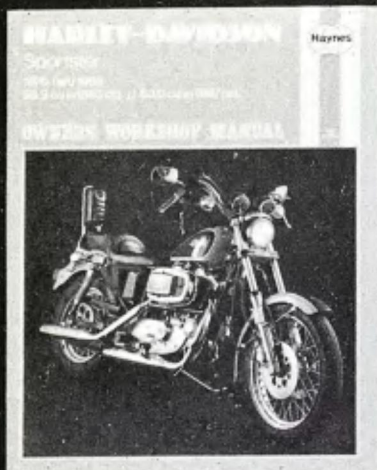
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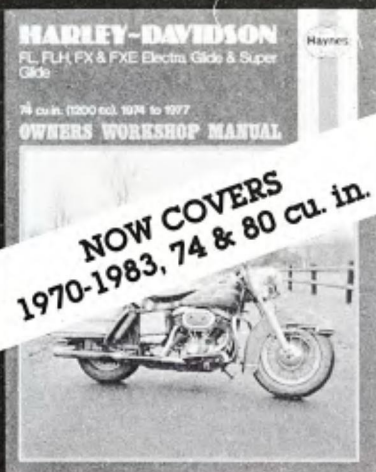
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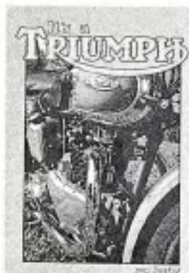
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Lockdown

Continued from page 76

Waiting For Reaper

Grimly keeping pace with every other part of the nation's penal system, inmate population on death rows across America soared 13 percent during 1983.

According to the Justice Department, 1202 people were waiting to be executed at the end of 1983, up from 1063 at the end of 1982.

During 1983, five people were executed, 252 were sentenced to die, and 113 (included the five executed) were taken off death row. Also during '83, Massachusetts enacted a death penalty law, becoming the 38th state to do so.

Many experts expected the number of executions to be substantially higher in '84 (as of this writing, in early September, there have been nine) as a number of long-time residents on the row finally run out of appeals.

Your Witness

A federal court has ruled that an inmate defending himself in a disciplinary hearing *does not* have the right to force witnesses to appear unless the penalty for the infraction is severe enough to result in lost good time.

The ruling came in a case where a Missouri inmate, Gary White, claimed that his constitutional rights had been violated because prison authorities would not order two inmate witnesses to testify at White's disciplinary hearing.

According to the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, the maximum sentence for White's alleged infraction was 10 days confinement and would not have affected his accumulated good time. Therefore, the court ruled, White had no right to compel the witnesses to testify in his behalf. ■

Easyriders



The Grouch

Continued from page 75

the scoots beside the pickup.

The tree that they had picked out was a seven-foot monster, wide at the base, but it was straight, and not too dried out yet, and I guess as Christmas trees go, it was a good one.

The old man who ran the lot was one of the toughest old dudes I'd ever seen. He must have been seventy or eighty years old if he was a day, and his eyes were two black coals staring out of a face that could have been tanned leather. He didn't seem intimidated by the bikes or the cutoffs, so we strolled up to him.

"How much?" Grouch inquired, indicating the tall evergreen. Grouch was always straight to the point.

The old man stood there, staring at us for a moment, glancing back toward the scooters a couple of times. One cheek was bulging from a wad of tobacco. Finally, in a voice that could have been fabricated from cold steel, he said, "Fifteen bucks."

The three of us went through our pockets. Then we went to the truck. It was unanimous. Due to our numerous beer breaks earlier in the day, we didn't have more than about seven dollars and some change between us.

"Shit!" screamed Pauline.

"Maybe you can trade something for it," offered Sherri.

Grouch, Johnny, and me sauntered back over to where the old man stood like a granite headstone.

"We only got five bucks," I began dickering right away. "Maybe we could trade something in exchange for the other ten."

"Like what?" the old man asked flatly. His face remained thoroughly expressionless.

We stamped around for a moment, trying to think. Johnny's face indicated that he had an idea, and he fished in a cutoff pocket until he pulled out a joint. He extended it toward the old man.

"A little weed?" Johnny asked expectantly, his face beaming.

If it were possible, the old man's coal-black eyes got a little harder. He spat a glob of brown juice out to the side. "Don't do nothin' like that," he muttered in that steely voice. His tone sounded dangerous.

Johnny's face went pale, and his smile faded. "Oh, right," he said, casually tossing the joint back over his shoulder. "Neither do we. Heh, heh. Just, uh, thought I'd ask."

We all stood there for a moment. "How about some whiskey?" Grouch growled. "Jack Daniel's. I got it in my saddlebag." He started to turn toward the bikes to get it.

"Don't drink, neither," the old man stated tonelessly.

"Well, what then?" Grouch was becoming impatient.

The old man shrugged. "What else you got to trade?" he said in that same voice.



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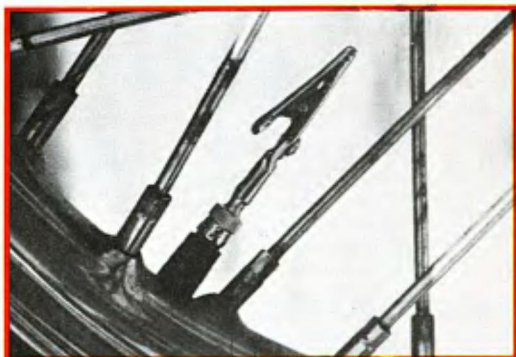
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It started to snow.

We stood there at an impasse. It seemed evident that he was willing to trade for the tree, but what did he want? The three of us milled about, while the old man stood there staring at us, that leathery face remaining as unreadable as ever.

"Hey, what's the old geezer want?" Pauline was leaning out the window of the pickup, leering our way. "Tell him if he can get it up, I'll give him a piece for it!" She slouched back inside the pickup, cackling loudly to herself while she poured another drink from the thermos. Sherri had both hands on the steering wheel, staring out the window away from us, trying not to look embarrassed.

If the old man heard her, which I'm sure he did, he didn't show any sign of it. I noticed him look toward the scooters. The first time I hadn't thought anything about it, but now, once more, he cast another almost imperceptible glance toward where the three scoots were parked. As crazy as it seemed, I thought had it.

"You want a ride on a Harley?" I asked confidentially.

He spat another brownish glob onto the snow. "Never did care for them machines myself. Too loud. And they're dangerous." These last words were spoken with conviction.

I was at a loss. Finally deciding the old coot was just crazy and didn't really want to trade at all, I dejectedly started back toward where the scoots were parked. Grouch and Johnny followed my lead.

"My grandson likes them, though," the old man said after we'd taken no more than three or four steps away.

"Your grandson?" I asked, turning, making sure I'd heard him right.

"Timmy," the old man said. His voice softened a little at this. Whether his eyes did or not, I didn't notice. "Six years old. His dad — my only boy — died last year. His biggest dream in life is to ride on a Harley-Davidson motorsickle, I reckon."

While we stood there, waiting, it began to snow a little harder. The temperature had already dropped down into the low forties.



"Ruthie! I hope you realize you're blowing your diet!"

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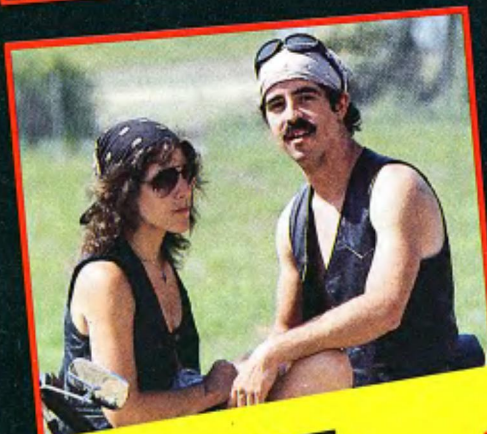
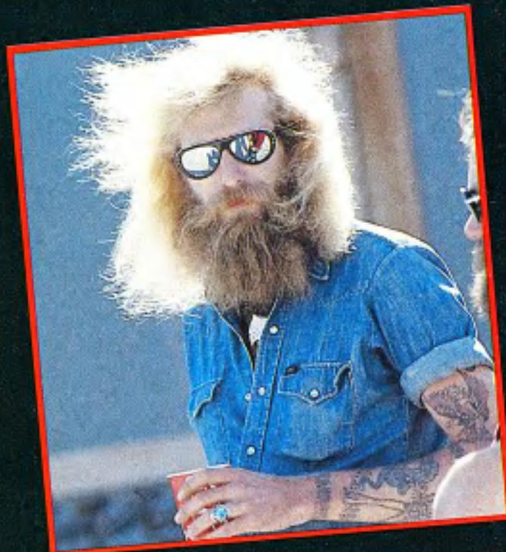
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"If one of you was to promise to come around tomorrow sometime — Christmas Day, you know — and give little Timmy a ride on your motor-sickle. . . " he paused, more for effect, I thought, than to spit more tobacco juice out. . . then you can just take the tree right now, even steven."

The snow was getting heavier. "I'll do it," I blurted out. What the fuck, I'd chauffeur the little nose-picker around the block a couple of times and he'd be happy.

Grouch turned a stare of disbelief toward me, his lower jaw hanging nearly slack.

The old man's leathery face seemed to almost crack as the corners of his mouth approximated a smile. He wrote down directions to his place for me while Grouch and Johnny got the tree and loaded it into the bed of the idling pickup.

"Just one more thing," the old man said, handing me the piece of paper with the directions on it. His glance darted toward the pickup. "Don't bring the bimbo." He said the words matter-of-factly, without any noticeable emotion to them.

"That's sure a deal," I told him. The old face cracked open a little wider. We shook hands and I turned away. I wanted to get out of the snow and get warm again.

"What did you have to trade?" Pauline's raucous voice brayed.

"You wouldn't believe it," I heard Grouch rumble darkly.

At the Christmas party that night, as everyone sat around the giant gaudily trimmed tree, Grouch stuck a fat reefer toward me. I traded him for the bottle of Jack Black that I was holding.

"Why the hell did you do it?" he asked me in his usual gruff manner.

I just shrugged. "We got the tree, didn't we, bro?"

He took a hit from the bottle, staring intently at me the whole time. Finally he said, "Tomorrow, everybody's gonna be nice and warm, partyin' their butts off, and you're gonna be runnin' around in the snow giving kiddie rides on your scooter."



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"So, it makes me a Santa Claus!" I snapped at him. I didn't care for his current attitude at all, but was trying to be careful enough not to let it show.

"No," he growled, "it makes you a dumbshit." With that, he took back the joint without returning the bottle of Jack and stomped off.

I let out a deep sigh. I knew Grouch was right, but I decided to go ahead and keep the deal that I'd made with the old man the first thing tomorrow — Christmas morning.

It continued to snow throughout the night, and Christmas morning found the streets covered with a crusty inch or so, but at least it was on dry pavement. I detached myself from the tangle of female flesh I found myself engulfed in, and stumbled, yawning, out the front door, where I was met by Triumph Johnny and three others. They sat straddling their respective scoots, waiting patiently.

"What are you fuckers doing here?" I asked in surprise.

Johnny shrugged. "I just thought I'd tag along, just to see what the deal was."

"Yeah," somebody else agreed, adding, "what the hell, I ain't never rode in the snow before."

I brushed the excess snowfall from the tarp that covered my mount, tossed it on the ground, and began the process of kicking a cold engine over on a cold morning. Just as the five sleds were fired up and we prepared to leave, Grouch came sliding around the corner, plowing a deep, wide furrow of snow as he ground to a halt in the middle of the front yard.

"After that speech last night," I sneered at him, "you're coming, too?"

"You're gonna need backup out there," Grouch growled, "when some citizen gets uptight and calls the cops on you for kidnapping the little shit."

I gave a short laugh, but I didn't think Grouch was trying to be funny.

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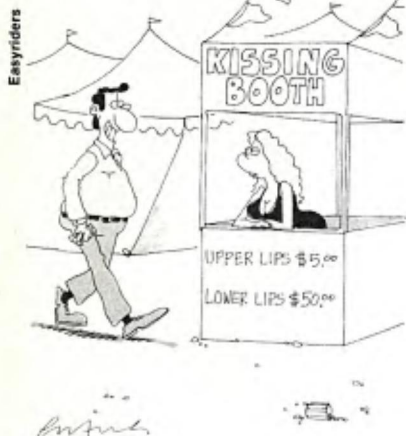
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arrived at the place. The old man was sitting on the front porch, waiting. Beside him sat a slender young boy in a wheelchair. He was dressed in a black stocking cap, parka, jeans, and little pullover rubber boots. A wool blanket was draped across his lap.

As we pulled into the yard and lined up facing the two of them there on the porch, the boy's eyes brightened. His pale face burst into a wide smile and he raised a small, clenched fist toward us.

"I knew you would come!" he shouted joyfully.

Little Timmy was introduced to everyone, and then things went quiet, for a moment.

"You wanna see my room?" Timmy asked breathlessly. "I got lots of stuff in there!"

I glanced at the old man, who hadn't said a word so far. He didn't seem like he'd mind, but although it wasn't snowing at the moment, there was a chill in the air. "Sure," I answered the boy. He turned and wheeled inside, unaided by anyone. He even got the screen door open himself, throwing it wide, so that he could push himself in before it slammed.

Timmy's room was small. But like he said, he had a lot of stuff in there. You couldn't tell what the walls looked like from all the pictures tacked onto them. Most of them were bike pictures — snapshots, magazine pages, and some that looked like he himself had attempted to draw someone riding a cycle.

"That's my dad," he pointed to one of the photos. It showed a man in his late twenties, perhaps, standing beside an old 45-incher. "And that one. . ." There was another photo of the same guy, caught in the act of waving toward the camera as he rode past. "And that one. . ." There was a shot of two men riding opposite each other in a motordrome — the old circus "Wall of Death" attraction. The wheelchair bound youngster indicated several other shots of his dad — pictures of him racing and riding — sometimes with Timmy's mother riding behind him.

"They both got killed on my dad's motorcycle by a car," Timmy said suddenly, his expression turning inward. "They said the guy who hit them was drunk."

He paused for a moment. At first, I thought he was going to start crying, but he took a couple of deep breaths and then continued talking. His voice was only slightly broken. "Dad was always going to take me for a ride on his motorcycle, but he never did. He was busy a lot. He said he was going to buy me my own motorcycle someday, too." He looked down at his legs for just a split second. "I guess I'd never be able to ride one by myself, anyway."

On a shelf against the far wall were plastic scale models of motorcycles. Some were finished; a few looked to be about half-done. Timmy brightened

up suddenly as he pointed to them. "I did 'em myself," the lad boasted proudly. "It's hard, boy. It takes a long time to get it right."

I caught a glimpse of Grouch standing just inside the door to the room. He was taking it all in, letting his gaze cross the walls, glancing at Timmy now and then, but I could tell that his eyes were seeing something different than mine. Abruptly he turned, muttering something that could have been "S'cuse me," or "Bullshit," and stomped from the room and then the house. I heard his shovel blast the air outside as he pulled out.

Oh, well, what else would one expect of Grouch? I decided it was time for Timmy's ride.

I had changed my mind about "around the block a couple of times," though. Carefully, I lifted him from his chair and sat him directly in front of me, right behind the tank. We took off, and I let the pan roam down the snow-covered dirt road, turning, finally, onto a county line road, then, after a little while, doubling back. Timmy's thin arms were straight out in front of him. He couldn't reach the bars, but his little right wrist twisted as though he was handling the throttle, anyway.

He suddenly turned that bright face back and up to me, and laughed. "This is the best day I ever had!" he exclaimed. I almost regretted it when we ended our ride of about twenty minutes or so, pulling up into the front yard again. I felt a bit guilty, too. *Should've made it longer*, I told myself. I didn't have to worry about that, as it turned out.

Johnny had his Triumph twin fired up as we approached the porch, and as I lifted Timmy down, Johnny's arms lifted him up to the other bike. Then he took off down the same path I had taken.

The old man was still sitting quietly on the porch. His face didn't betray any emotion, but those coal-black eyes

had a glint to them that I took to mean things were going all right.

When Johnny got back, the next one in line fired up his engine, and except for one break inside for some coffee for us and hot chocolate for Timmy, the boy must have been "on the road" for three hours. Everyone there wanted to give him a ride, just as soon as he was through with the one before it.

Just as we were about to leave, I heard the thunder of Grouch's shovelhead in the distance. He rounded a curve below us, and came to a bouncing halt at the porch.

"Don't I get a turn to give the little guy a ride?" he roared. It was impossible to read Grouch's expression. No one questioned his motives. Timmy, delighted with one more ride, was swung into Grouch's grip, and they took off down the road, Timmy's laughter barely audible above the engine's exhaust. The rest of us declined the old man's offer of more coffee. He was silent, staring at us for a moment, before he said, "If you want to smoke that devil weed, or take a drink of liquor, I don't care if you do — just don't let Timmy see it." We told him we appreciated it, and dove into our saddlebags.

An hour went by. Then another hour. I could tell the old man was worrying. I was beginning to get a bit edgy myself. I doubted that there had been a crackup. Grouch is about the best rider I've ever seen. Probably a flat tire or somesuch. We were talking it over among ourselves to maybe organize a search party when an engine noise assaulted our ears from below the curve.

It wasn't Grouch and Timmy. It was a pickup truck with Ace Welding painted on the side. The truck pulled up into the yard, and two men got out.

"Is there some kid named Timmy livin' here?" one asked. We said there was. The two of them nodded and threw back the tarp that covered the

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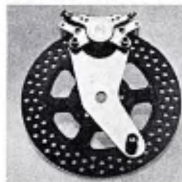
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LIL RIDER



rear of the truck, revealing a miniature trike, complete with lights, pull-backs, gas tank, electric start, and hand controls.

Ignoring our gawking stares, the guys unloaded it from the truck, told us everything had already been paid for, and drove off.

A few moments later, Grouch's shovel roared up from the other direction, and he pulled up near the porch and cut the ignition.

"That really was a great ride!" Timmy shrilled exuberantly, "Thanks a lot, Myron!"

Myron? Myron? My ears did a double take. Nobody called Grouch by his real name. Even Grouch's mother called him Grouch. The bearded giant shot a look toward us that said we had best not mention it, then turned his attention back to Timmy.

"You're welcome, little bro." Takin' the boy in his arms as he swung easily off the bike, Grouch sat him back in his wheelchair, then jerked a thumb toward where we were all standing in a semicircle concealing the trike.

"You know, kid," he said to Timmy, "I got me a sneakin' suspicion these clowns are hidin' somethin' from us. Move away!" he shouted at us.

Suddenly Timmy saw the trike. His mouth dropped like he was lookin' at a dream. He wheeled himself through the snow to its side, and without asking or waiting for any help, pulled

himself out of the chair and onto the seat of the small three-wheeler. There were even a pair of pegs for Timmy's feet.

"Can I ride it now?" Timmy asked breathlessly, and without waiting for an answer, found the key that was already in the ignition, and turned it. Grouch, squatting beside the trike, showed Timmy where each of the controls were, and what they did. Within seconds, he was zooming around the yard on the little trike as if he'd been born to it.

"Look, Grandpa!" Timmy's face was beaming.

The old man's face wasn't. He just stared at Timmy on the trike, as though those coal-black eyes were really seeing the past — or perhaps, the future. Then he took a deep breath and said, "I ain't seen the boy this happy in a long time. I reckon I'm indebted."

Grouch dismissed him with a wave of his hand and a soft growl. "Aw, hell, to tell the truth, I ain't had this good a time in a while myself."

We were getting ready to leave. Timmy was back in his wheelchair, sitting on the porch beside the old man. Suddenly, his eyes grew big and



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he began waving his hands in the air wildly. "Wait a minute," he called, and wheeled himself into the house, the screen door slamming behind him. In a couple of seconds he was back, holding one of the small plastic models that had been sitting on the shelf in his room. He extended it toward Grouch. "It's a shovelhead, just like yours, Myron," the boy informed him. Grouch took the model and placed it carefully in the pocket of his cutoff. I could have sworn I saw the man's eyes mist over, but it could have just been from the stiff, cold breeze that had come up, I suppose.

"You know," Grouch said, after a conspicuous silence, "the dude who owns the welding shop owed me a favor and I knew he had this old riding mower that could be turned into a nice little trike by usin' some imagination."

He stroked his beard and seemed lost in thought for an instant. "Kinda hard to get him to do it on Christmas Day, though, but I appealed to his holiday spirit and he got right on it. Came out pretty good. It's got a 2½-horse Briggs and Stratton in it — genuine Milwaukee iron."

"Still, it was a rush job, so maybe I'd better come out here every few days or so and make sure that trike is working okay."

"That'd be great, Myron," Timmy exclaimed, then added fervently, "Merry Christmas!"

With that, the six of us waved goodbye to the boy and the old man, and pulled out for home.

Later, at the Beaver Pond, seeing that Grouch was in a somewhat mellow mood, I asked him the thing that had been nagging at me all afternoon. "Why'd you do it, Grouch? What changed your mind about the whole idea?"

He just looked at me for a moment, saying nothing, then faced away from me. I knew better than to push, whether he was in a good mood or not, so I just stayed quiet. He swallowed some beer and wiped his mouth and beard with a bare arm. "Y'know that little boy's room?" he growled suddenly. "Different faces on the pictures, but it could have been my own room when I was about his age. His story could have been my story, almost. I guess I was just giving the little feller and me both a break I never had when I was a kid."

"And you know," he added a moment later, "I feel a lot calmer inside now. I'm a really different person because of it."

The jukebox came on, and a very small-breasted nude dancer began gyrating in the pit to the music.

"Get that bitch outta here and give us somebody with tits!" Grouch belted loudly, killing the half-full pitcher of beer that was on our table with a couple of loud gulps.

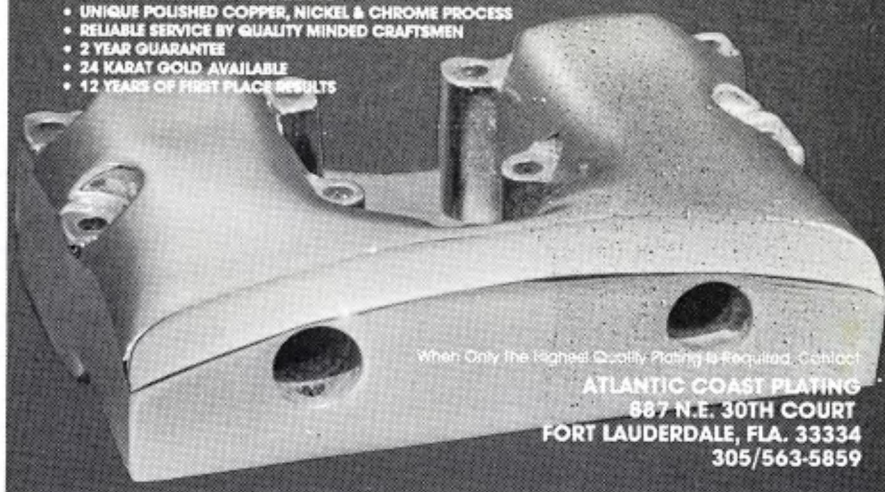
I ordered another round.

Some people don't ever change, regardless of how different they get. ■

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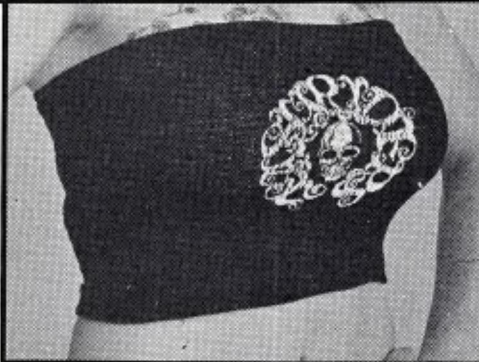


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Vet Voice

Continued from page 77

4772 and provides for the issuance of a national charter to the Vietnam Veterans Of America. The bill has gone to the Senate. If passed there, it will become law and we will have our first Congressionally chartered Vietnam vets organization.

I suppose I might say that's great news and leave it at that. But...

When HR 4772 was introduced into the House, a Pennsylvania congressman, Frank Harrison, introduced a companion bill, HR 3949. This bill simply would have provided for another 'Nam vets group — The Veterans Of The Vietnam War — to also receive a national charter. The bill was held back by the House Judiciary Subcommittee and only the VVoA's bill went forward.

So why am I concerned? Basically, because I don't feel it is to our advantage and in our best interests to have only one Congressionally chartered Vietnam vets organization to "choose from." It would be like Congress saying, "OK, we'll charter only the VFW and that's it." Fine. . .maybe. But what if you tend to dislike the VFW and disagree with its stated interests and policies? Wouldn't it be better if you also could join the DAV and the American Legion and the AMVETS? Or choose whichever one or two most suits the way you feel and think? Yet you'd be stuck, because only the VFW would have the clout you need.

On most issues, the VFW, DAV, American Legion, etc., tend to agree and there really isn't all that much difference between one or the other. A lot of men — veterans of WWI to Vietnam — belong to more than one of these organizations. They have a choice and they make use of it.

Putting the VVoA up on this kind of pedestal is tantamount to suppressing the other major Vietnam veterans organizations — and maybe, eventually, their efforts. The VVoA and the VVNW differ in structure and what they do. But they've both earned the right to a national charter. And others may be coming along that it would be good to have nationally recognized.

The VVoA, in and of itself, is probably a good group. From the letters I've received from many VVoA members, I'd have to say they were definitely brothers. However, and this is a personal opinion, I don't think much of the majority of the VVoA's top leaders. I especially can't abide VVoA President Bobby Muller.

As brethren of that conflict, you and I have strong opinions on the Vietnam War. Some of us are former staunch supporters of the war effort, some came home to demonstrate against it, and some joined the silent majority. Those were very rough times for the entire country. And within our own ranks as vets, we were, and still are, divided in opinion about the right-

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ness and wrongness of the war, how it was conducted, etc., etc.

But regardless of how we once felt, and what we once did in support of our opinions, we are, today, held together by an important bond: We need to solve the problems of the vet as he exists with them today. There's Agent Orange. And there's Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder. There are the problems of incarcerated vets and guarding their rights, the attainment and preservation of our veterans' rights, the continuing fight to insure Vietnam vets are honored and remembered as well as the veterans of other wars. There's the struggle to get our men back into society and put them in their rightful places. And there are the POW/MIAs.

What we can't be concerned with is something so cheap and petty as trying to impress on the public our private opinions of right or wrong in Vietnam. For crissakes, the fucking war ended — we pulled out as many demanded we should. The Vietnamese lost against the communists. It's a new geopolitical situation. What good does it do anybody now to recreate the climate of the sixties?

Often, it seems, that is what Bobby tries to do. He's a former member of the VVAW (Vietnam Veterans Against the War), as are, allegedly, his right-hand men. And that's all right by me — I never said that a leader of a Vietnam vets organization necessarily had to be a supporter of the war. But it appears to me that many of the things he's been doing and saying in recent years only tend to paint an image of his organization as little more than a bunch of disgruntled war protesters still living in the past. This, I fear, detracts from the main purpose of a valid Vietnam vets organ-



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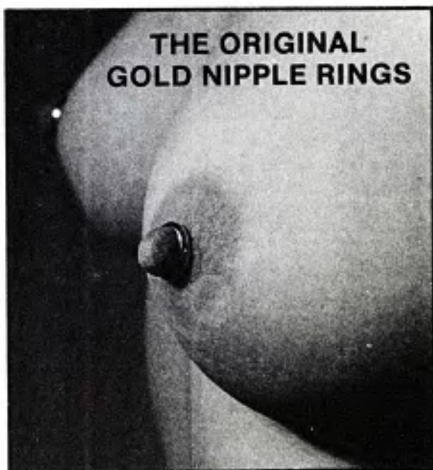
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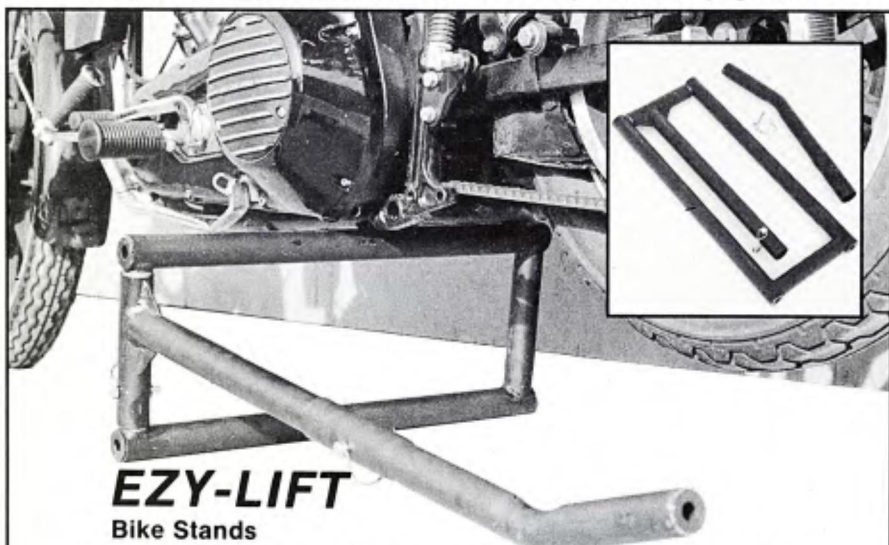
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ization: to solve the problems of its members today. We should be rectifying the problems we have stemming from the war. We should be protesting our treatment after the war. I don't think we should still be protesting the war itself. That's history; our problems are current.

Bobby claims that all our men still listed as MIA/POW are certainly dead and asks why the Vietnamese would, after so long, have any reason to hold them. He has publicly referred to Jane Fonda as "being what an American citizen is all about." Of course, he referred to her taking a strong stand for what she believed in, but I feel that all too many people only hear the name and make the wrong associations. Bob, although head of an organization that is supposed to be service-oriented, once stated he thought there should be no pensions for vets, calling them a "vestige of the days before you had the Social Security programs."

Probably most of you are aware of the VVoA leadership's trips to Vietnam, where they were supposed to be getting information on our POW/MIAs. I feel that Bob and his entourage were duped and used as propaganda tools by a former enemy that still seeks money and other aid from this country. No matter how honest he was being and how sincere his words, expressing "an immediate sense of respect... for the man" while standing before Ho Chi Minh's tomb in December of '81, it's the kind of thing that a leader of Vietnam vets should think twice about.

Whether you're apt to agree with Bobby Muller, despise him, or feel neutral about him, your opinion is actually the point. If his organization is the only one federally chartered, you'd better like his style — 'cause that's your only choice.

There's a lot good you can say for the VVoA, but also a lot good you could say for the VVnW and some other orgs. Things are just too shaky for Vietnam vets to be faced with only

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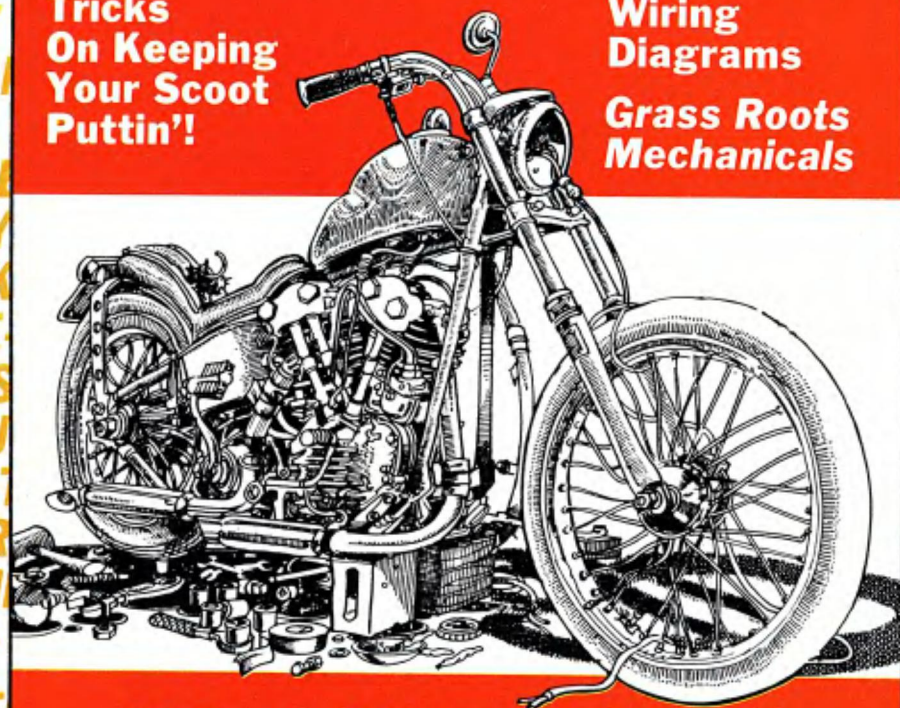
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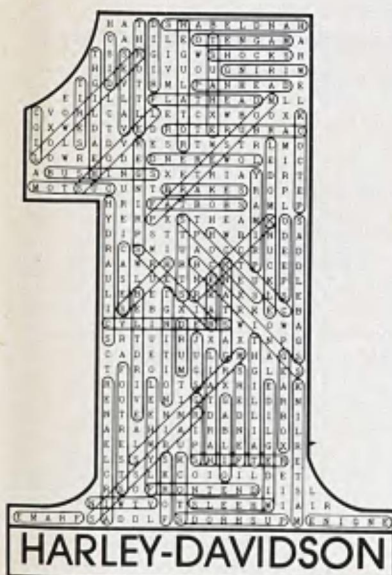
one organization receiving the benefits of a Congressional charter.

Now, my fourth item. I still think that the National League Of Families is an organization vitally needed to get a final accounting of our men. But, once again, questionable leadership seems to be rearing its ugly head. Based on a letter from a bro, I've done some checking and it seems that Ann Mills Griffiths, executive director of the NLF, has had her leadership and intents come into doubt recently. I can't get a line, as yet, on exactly what the problem is — if there is any — but Griffiths' job was, allegedly, on the line not too long ago. The league pays her a tidy \$40,000 a year or so, and there seems to be some question as to whether she has been misusing the NLF's influence. Not that anyone has accused her of embezzling or anything like that, it just seems that the league, or some members of the league, may have believed she was possibly working a little too cooperatively with the U.S. government and may have been helping the government to conceal evidence of live sightings of our men.

If you've heard such rumors, I'd like to ask that you wait for some solid evidence before withdrawing your support for the league. Maybe Griffiths has done nothing wrong, but even if she has, it may be no reason to stop supporting an organization that is mostly comprised of fine people dedicated to solving this problem of a final accounting.

While I'm at it, there's another organization on POW/MIAs that may be worth your support. This is The National Forget-Me-Not Association For POWs/MIAs, Box 1023, St. Petersburg, FL 33743. I've checked with a good source and the bro tells me he and his organization have dealt with these people and they're righteous. ■

Solution to puzzle on page 50.



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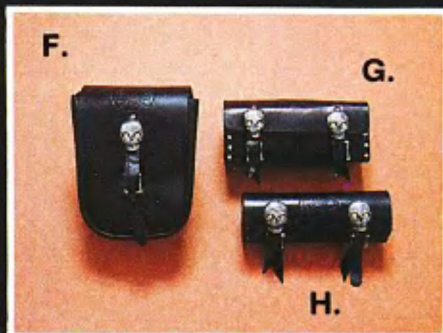
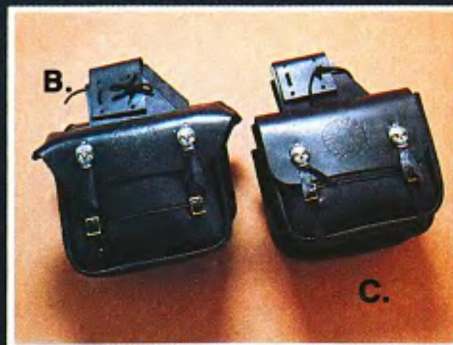
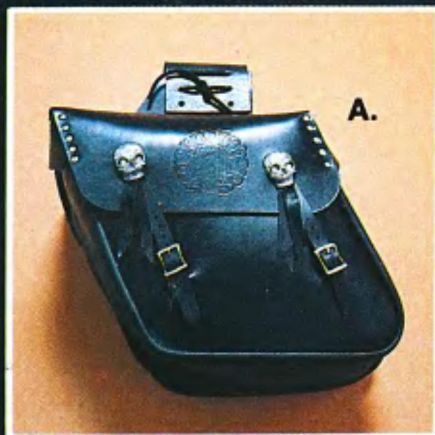
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Park, FL 34290. (813) 546-6553. (149)

SEATS

Mustang MC Products, Terryville, CT
06786-0029. (203) 582-9633. (140)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546-W. 69th Street, Chicago,
IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (149)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E.
22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711.
(602) 747-7304. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (143)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo
Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107.
(806) 374-8760. (149)

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree,
Balch Springs, TX 75180.
(214) 286-5351. (149)

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals, \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment* This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 100-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

Become a legally ordained minister. The certificate of ordination is granted for life, legal in all states, and the minister is entitled to perform all ministerial services, such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, and the conduct of church meetings. He is entitled to all the privileges and considerations usually granted a minister. For wallet-size ordination credentials and 8 1/2" x 11" wall ministerial credential, send \$10 to Rev. Dave, Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.

Florida beach living for the right lady. I'm looking for a good-looking, 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)

Looking for someone to get next to? Someone to put smiles on your face? Well, you can stop looking, you have found her. I'm 5'1", 100 lbs., 30 years old, blonde hair, blue eyes. Been down five months, got one penny left. Sorry, no mail from other prisoners. Vickie Brooks 602339, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024. (139)

Care for some sex? Good, we have both male and female (penpals) — 400 total in "Friends" (113 photos). Send \$2 to Box 3582-K, Seattle, WA 98124. (139)

Bruce: I'm downtown again, bro. Seems The Man don't understand us any more out here than back there. Lost my putt, too. I need to get hold of Zeak, bro. Could ya send me his address? I'll get back to ya, bro. Send it to me c/o Laura Vribert, 7849 Shorehaven Ave., Newark, CA 94560. Skynryd. (139)

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).

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1984. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyriders readers. Buy where the pros and pros buy and you can't go wrong. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc.

Downed Pagan 19er would like letters and flicks from ladies. Looking for serious relationship. Albert "Wop 19" Troiano 161285, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, MD 21202. (139)

Lonely bro in need of letters and flicks from you righteous ladies out there. It's not easy in here, it's worse without hearing from someone who cares. Norman Whistleman 148424, Box 700, Jessup, MD 20794. (139)

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. (151)

Gerald Shad Hultgren, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, phone Carolyn at (209) 957-7154 — collect. (139)

I need to hear from a fine lady. Doug Coupland, Box 3100, Goodyear, AZ 85338. Letter and photo gets same.

Swap meets: November 25, January 13, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo.; December 16, Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City, Okla. (139)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20X, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (139)

Make my Christmas. N.J. lady biker can't find her man. Must be biker over 30, free, white, very tall, well-built, strong, brave, rugged (inwardly tender), financially secure, very affectionate. Lady is very tall, righteous, loyal, high-spirited, temperamental, financially secure, very affectionate. I want the right man. No subs will do. I don't care a rat's butt about women's lib, but use it to my advantage. My western mountain hero should send picture and letter to VMC, Box 7453, E. Rutherford, NJ 07073. (139)

Lowrider: Happy anniversary, 12/21/84, and Merry Christmas! Feels so good to be home again! Love ya, Rowdy. (139)

Single gentleman, 32, 180 lbs., 6', is looking for Aryan brunette lady for long-term. No bikers. If you are in prison but right, I will wait for you. Photo, please. Zygfyrd, Box 6709, Chicago, IL 60680. (139)

Been down for over ten years. 36-year-old country boy from big D. Fell in Mississippi mud, but done kicked most of it off. Could use a few pointers in learning how to smile again. I've still got the heart to sing the blues. Could go free any day now, but expect to max out by end of year. Any of you ladies got any suggestions for a hard-timing cowboy? Shoot me a kite. Kent Boles 36336, U/27, Parchman, MS 38738. (139)

Snake hunters manual. How to trap, tan, cook, make bone jewelry, belts, hatbands, etc. If it crawls, you can use it. Guaranteed. Order today! \$3.95 cash, check or money order. M. Castonguay, Box 54, Lake Mills, WI 53551. (139)

White male, 36, single, brown hair, brown eyes, 5'10", 173 lbs., Scorpio, financially secure, would like to meet and correspond with a lady who has a big heart, full of love and understanding. Age unimportant. Will be getting out in less than four months. Love to travel and have a good time. Robert J. Schemmel, N-22870, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62996. (139)

BPT, CT: Hoping for a blizzard on the 23rd. Happy birthday, Wolfie! Love, Y.O.L. (139)

Dennis McDermott: Please come home soon. Miss you and need to see you. I love you always. Sandi. (139)

Joe: Happy birthday, 1/16/45. Please don't shoot your hog. Love you. Tiny. (139)

Handsome male, 5'10", living the good life in Germany. My household lacks nothing but a female servant to do the cleaning and be treated like a sex object. If you are less than 33, of slender to medium build, submissive, and want a real change, send a letter and photo. If you are what I want, I will send for you — all expenses paid. Long hair and pierced ears preferred. Write to Fuchsbergstr 33, Walsbittel 2851, West Germany. (139)

Two w/m been down for two, with two to go. We're here in the blue looking for lovely ladies to help us through. David Reed (23), N-07658, and Rick Casten (23), N-27644, Rt. 1 Box 97, Cave-In Rock, IL 62919. (139)

Good Irish lad, 36, 5'11", blue eyes, blond. Down two, thirteen left. Need good lady, 20-60. Need love, not bullshit. Send picture; I'll do the same. Michael J. Donohue 83-A-5594, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (139)

Cinderella: Lucky Lady and I need you. Ride with me forever. Now I know love is real. Thumper.

Sex! Money! Learn how to star in XXX films. Call Darlene Dawn, 1-312-274-9600. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (141)

Oral/anal sex and much more! Call Kristy at The Love Club to contact that special woman. 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (141)

W/m, 30, good-looking, 6', 185 lbs., blue, brown, looking for that special lady. Picture helpful. Mike Corona, C-62806, Box A-8384, San Luis, Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (139)

To CCB in Tennessee: Baby, I can't forget you. Sure would love to hear from you. I'm at home, waiting on a letter, or note, or anything. Please write or call. (704) 864-2047. Cj Rogers, 1718 Trexler St., Gastonia, NC 28052. (139)

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)

Two Aryan barbarians locked in a box. Looking for witches with fire-ball butts and hearts full of hell to send us mail. David Dawson and Robert Hanulik, Box 500, DCC, Smyrna, DE 19977. (139)

Downed w/m, 25, lookin' for ladies with heart. Only nine months to go. Write: Kevin Gray, Box C-47190, Represa, CA 95671. (139)

Dawn: Happy birthday, 1/14/85. It takes a very special lady to hold onto someone like me, but you have and I know it ain't easy. So, remember: To me, you're the best. John Cox. (139)

Photograph and interview attractive ladies at your place or theirs. Make extra money. Details, \$2. Special Services, Box 210-ER, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302. (139)

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. (139)

Earthgasms, my wonderful man: Happy birthday on December 1. You are my life, my world, and my everything! I love you more than anything and am proud to be "your loving woman." (139)

Female companion wanted. Travel the U.S.A. all year round. Must be able to read and understand road maps. Healthy, attractive, loves sex, freedom, rock 'n' roll and has no commitments. Martin, 1-201-363-0868. Box 1221, Lakewood, NJ 08701. (139)

23-year-old Australian biker needs loving woman. Widray Mullett 173-293, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. (139)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc. Flathead 80, 74, 45, solo and trike, panhead, shovelhead, K Model, and Sportster parts. 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. Phone (901) 276-6443, 10:30 a.m.-5 p.m., Tuesday-Saturday. (140)

Oil-field widow needs motorcyclist in local area for occasional companionship. Intelligent, honesty, running Harley, extremely important. I'm white, 29, an experienced backseat cruiser. Worth a stamp to check it out! Send letter, photo to: Thistle, Box 1142, Gray, LA 70359. (139)

Beer — make yer own! Save big bucks, guaranteed! Send \$3 for recipe to Zoner and Spinner Publications, 24223 Avenue 14, Madera, CA 93637. (139)

Steve: You're down now. It won't be forever. I will be here. I love you. Tara. (139)

Vietnam vet with four kids needs your support, letters. No VA bread, and major problems. Will answer all letters. Send pix, ladies. 5'11", 165 lbs., blond, blue eyes, great guy. Ron Conn, Box A, Atascadero, CA 93423. (140)

All I wanna do is make good music! Help downed bro make it. Rusty Smith and the Saddle Tramps, reviewed in "Downtime" (December '84). To order tape, send \$8 to George L. Davidson, c/o Box 7202, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. (139)

Attention, ladies! Look no further! Two Aryan 18ers doin' time in the not so great Lone Star State, locked up, lonely, and alone, far away from home. Spread a lil' sunshine and cheer. Send kites from far and near. Looking for sincere and honest chicks willing to trade letters and pix. Prefer those interested in the finer things of life, like putting, partying and whatever comes natural. Apply to: T. "Y" Eugene Jones 359563, 26, 6'2", 201 lbs., brown hair and green eyes; and Tim L. Miller 352121, 32, 6'2", 195 lbs., auburn hair, blue eyes. Route 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. You should have written yesterday! (139)

California Harley man wants a true, upstanding, head-together, shit-together, good-hearted, straight-talking Harley woman who knows a good man when she has one and can keep him satisfied. I'm 35, slender, muscular bod, 5'11", 165 lbs., non-outlaw free rider. Brown hair, cool blue eyes, USMC 'Nam vet, good job, no kids, strong, easy-going, liked and respected. Lost my woman on the road. Want a long-haired, firm-titted, slender ol' lady, 18-40, who can hold her own, ride easy, knows her head, been around some, can make good coffee and steamin' love, roll a decent doobie, wrench and housemouse a little, isn't an alky or drug monster, and stands by her man. Keeps his rod well-lubed, digs country living, Hog-riding, weekend partying (can work), hard lovin' and a solid relationship with her man. Been around enough to dig that? No scams — heard 'em all. Moving to S.F. Bay area in late '85, so get it in gear with a scribe and flick to Tom Randall, c/o 14938 1/2 Ventura Blvd. #249, Van Nuys, CA 91403. (139)

W/m would like to hear from ladies between the ages of 18 and 25. I'm 20, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown hair and green eyes. Lance Davidson, Box 1701, APO NY 09021. (139)

B.F.F.B.: Bucky, how's the view on the other side of the walls? Missed your birthday, but didn't forget it (4/28). Box 1106, Crawfordville, FL 32327. (139)

Attention, all bikers living in or around Duval County, Florida: You're all invited to attend Wolfgang's 5th annual Toys for Tots motorcycle run. Meet on Sunday, December 16, at 10 a.m. on Coastline Drive, behind Jacksonville City Hall. "Donations of one new toy per rider." Trophies and gift certificates to be given away. Entertainment by "Liz" Rose and the Silver Creek Band, also Southland Express. Refreshments available, hotdogs and Cokes, also T-shirts. All proceeds and toys will go to the Hubbard House Children's Program. For more information, call (904) 778-0941 or 398-8528. (139)

Anxious to locate Chris Halkovetz who used to live in Norfolk, Virginia (First-view/Seaview Avenue). Please have her write immediately. Very important. Richard Spotts, R-4297, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (139)

Biker lost license to pigs. Looking for girl with own crib to crash with while getting driver's license, tags, and title to Harley. Will share expenses or do handyman work. Va.-D.C.-Maryland area. Write to Spanish Fly, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (139)

Is there no love in this world? Lonely 27-year-old Harley rider would like to write/meet righteous lady in the California/Nevada area who can love, enjoy biker and the "country." Write "Ghost Riding," 3953 Carol Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (139)

White man, 28, 5'11", 175 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, a Taurean without ties. Been down two years; less than two left. Woke up this morning and realized it makes no sense trying to make it alone. Interested in finding a one-man woman who takes pride in herself, her man, and lifestyle. No head games, alky or coke freaks. Age, race, no barrier. You know who you are, so if your search hasn't ended, drop a line. Write Edd Bower, Box A, Thomaston, ME 04861. (139)

I'm a 26-year-old w/m who's looking for a good woman, from 18 to 40, for a serious relationship. I'm 5'7" tall, 143 lbs., with brown hair and green eyes. I'm not a biker, but I'm far from square. I'll be home in one year nine months with a B.A. in L.A. I don't need money or packages, just you. Artie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (139)

Biker, mellow, honest, sincere, college background, seeks female correspondence. Bob Bowman, Box 791, Safford, AZ 85546. (139)

Dirty: Happy birthday, December 6th. Best friend anybody could ever ask for. Forever. Stache. (139)

Gator: Because you know me as you do, my moods, my thoughts, my feelings, too! I hope you'll know at least a part of the love for you within my heart. Happy birthday, 11/1. Love a million, Lady. (139)

Attention: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Maurre (Mo) Branch. Please inform her that she no longer has the right (legal or otherwise) to dirty my name! Paul Branch (aka "Tattoo Paul" 19er). (139)

Tattoo fans: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free each month. Send SASE to Tattoo World, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. (149)

Arizona ladies: I'm a downed bro doing a standstill in Louisiana. I'm a native of Tucson. I'll be in the wind again March of '85. Looking for old and new friends to correspond with until I touch down in Tucson in '85. Pix appreciated. I'm 21, 6'1", 185 lbs. Write to Robert "Campbell" Hoover, LSP 95654, Camp H, Unit 2, Angola, LA 70712. (139)

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)

Man down! Non-biker white male, 32, seeks correspondence to help maintain his sanity in this #@% zoo. Istvan Szonyi, Box A-5223, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (139)

Doc: Despite previous hassles, I love you more than life itself. Come home. Kids, I and Crisco awaits. Love, Vikache. (139)

W/m, 42, 5'8", 155 lbs., with Harley, seeks lady for riding and good times in the southwestern desert. No heavies or game players. Jerry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (139)

Beeg and Floyd, 2/24/52. Hope you both have a happy birthday this time around. Even though Beeg is younger, you're both good people in my eyes. Love, a friend. (139)

W/m brother down. We need help to get petition up to get Randy "Tattoo" James out of Florida prison. Tattoo's ladies, Bit, B.J., and Taylor, Box 3, Marston, NC 28363. (144)

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)

Pauli "Crazy Lady" Redmen: Better days ahead, babe; hang tough. Remember the machine. Tripper. (139)

Due to the recent untimely death of Gary "Rocketman" Gabelich (former holder of the World Land Speed Record, 1970-1983), we here at High Gear MC Machine Shop wanted to do something meaningful in honor of a good man, and our good friend. We've made some special memorial buttons and a trust fund has been established for Gary's son, Guy. Please send your donation along with a SASE to Buttons, c/o High Gear Motorcycle Shop, 1552 W. Willow Street, Long Beach, CA 90810. (139)

Tattooing outfit: professional electric machine, voltage reducer, inks, designs, \$102.50. 17 different inks, \$18.95. 360 popular designs, \$21.95. 500 needles, \$10.50. Steele, Box 242-A, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (139)

Dancer: Happy birthday and first anniversary, babe! I love you, forever. Wolf. (139)

Ladies: W/m, 21, brown eyes, brown hair, nice physical build, wishing for correspondence and possibility of relationship. Photos appreciated. Will answer all letters. Phillip Gilbert, CMC C-75783, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0003. (139)

White male, 21 years old, 6', 190 lbs. Parole in '85. Need to hear from ladies, 18-40. Will answer all letters. Mike O'Meara 119-829, Box 56, Lebanon, OH 45036. (139)

Attention, all Aussie females: Will be visiting "down under" soon. Would like to find someone to see the sights and have some good times with. Write soon. L.D. Smith, Box 2008, Reno, NV 89505. U.S.A. (139)

Dennis S.: We share too many of the same dreams. I'm holding you to your promise. Zona. (139)

Lou's Tattoos, 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, N.C. 28301. (919) 483-1222. T-shirts for sale, \$10. Postage paid. State size, male or female. Tiger fighting cobra on Harley logo. (139)

Pot grower's transplanting instructions. Ground to containers, 6" to 6' plants. \$5 cash, plus SASE, or \$6.95 m.o. K.N., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (139)

Rick: I love you and always will. I want the whole world to know. Rick and Julie — December 3, 1983. (139)

Short timer. The summer of '85. 23, 6'2", long hair and tacked back. Send photo and SASE for fast reply. Tim Woodman, C-36456, Box 600, C-109, Tracy, CA 95376. (139)

Judi P., Elk Grove, California: Letter came after deadline. Please write again. J.W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (139)

A true confidante wanted by m/inmate, 28. No contact with outside world. Needs a friend. Will answer all. Lee Rodgers 74-297, LCF, Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802. (139)

Wanted: one slightly used w/m between the ages of 35-40. It would be nice if you are tall, dark and handsome, but not necessary. Would prefer someone who's kind, patient, considerate and understanding, but I'm willing to tolerate occasional temper tantrums, moodiness and stubbornness. Must live in Florida. No, I will not relocate and won't pay to have you relocate here. Don't mind motorcycles, but more interested in you than your bike. Not interested in clubbers. Prisoners can write, but expect only a penpal relationship. You can decide for yourself if I'm gorgeous once things are going. Angel S., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (139)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20X, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (139)

So. Maine lady, 28, 5'4", 125 lbs., blonde, blue. Looking for Harley rider, 28-40, for lasting, serious, honest, loving relationship. Love kids (got one), wind in my hair, outdoors, mellow life (but sometimes getting crazy). I need someone to take care of me; in return, I'll take care of you! Am willing to relocate! Send letter/pic to Cee, Box 80, Springvale, ME 04083. (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. (139)

Notice: To all real people. The Bear got his foot caught in a Florida trap. Need some scribes from some stand-up ol' ladies with heart. No bullshit or game players needed and who would help free the bear. Michael Kosak 071820, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (139)

White female, 25, 135 lbs., 5'7", wants one-woman man for lasting relationship. No heavy dopers or bums. Send pic for same. Breezy, Box 60326, Oklahoma City, OK 73118. (139)

Sherman: Hope we can go deer hunting soon. I'll always love you. (Come together.) Chrissy. (139)

Happy birthday, Sam. Sorry I'm late. Thanks for thinking of me. Nomad Dad. (139)

Downed biker, 34, out in '85. Looking for sincere lady for honest, lasting relationship. Will answer all. Dave Balmon, Box 10451, San Antonio, TX 78210. (139)

Girl-woman with good example of maybe very secret tattooing to help a writer researching a book featuring way-out but elegant beauty extremes, jeweled, multi-pierced ears and nose, etc., in sophisticated forms. Reply in strict confidence to Johnny Lee, 2 Labelia Ct., Blackburn North 3130, Australia. (139)

Wanted: Una chicana, morena and bonita, 18-28, kids okay, sincere-minded, playful, young at heart. Looking for a one-man woman, a loving and meaningful relationship, maybe marriage. No head games, lazies, addicts or alkyies. Slim, 5'10", 160 lbs., 24, long brown hair, hard-working Harley rider. Not a club member. Semi-quiet and easygoing and good-hearted. Send picture and description of yourself. John Anthony, 2322-C Observation, San Antonio, TX 78227. (139)

Daniel (Shooter): Happy birthday. Love ya forever. Your Leo Lady. (139)

Reaper: I'm proud to be your ol' lady; renewable in thirty years. Popcorn. (139)

W/m needs mail from anyone, but most of all, I need a lady. Billy Baker 137126 Box 37, Holman Station, AL 36503-0037.

Righteous white brother, 22, caged, in need of scribes and flicks from some sincere brothers and sisters and hard-bellied sweeties. Will answer all. Just a few words from the free side is worth a million. Robert "Sir Nasty" O'Neal 38278, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Marc: Congratulations on A.M.I.! You're the best! I love you so much, "green eyes." Forever, your stubborn ol' lady, Monique.

Sexy, charming 26-year-old white boy who's gonna be down for a while, looking for that special lady out there. Must have strong mind and be full of love — no head games. Permanent relationship. Ladies 18 and over. Send pictures. Richard Eastman, C-81650, Box 689, X-102, CTF-C, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

W/m, 25, good-looking, gentle man, interested in meeting serious-minded females, 20 to 40, for the purpose of possible marriage. Irving Furia, 83-A-2117, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Thank you, Hells Angels, for giving us the privilege of hosting your International World Run. Andy and I are very grateful and hope to see you all again. You all are welcome anytime. Love ya, Shirley and Andy Novicky.

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)

White male, 27, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, looking for sincere and honest women for friendship and possible relationship. Only one year left on a six. All letters answered. Michael Horton 367102, Rt. 2, Jester III, Richmond, TX 77469.

UK's finest tattoo equipment! Send \$7 for catalog to Tattoo Factory International, Box 60, Wervershoof, Holland.

Loner, from the South, down doing ten years, no family. Would like to hear from some of you foxy ladies, 20 to 30, out there. Homely and/or ruggats OK. I will be 26 this year. Roy Clark, EF-169180, 2825 County Farm Rd, Athens, GA 30601.

Hey, Dad, I know you're out there somewhere in Colorado. I hate this fucking state and I would like to hear from you. Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Jack Eiselstein, please contact me. John Eiselstein, 1311 S. 11th, Sunnyside, WA 98944. 837-6517.

Lonely lady, w/f, 130 lbs., brown eyes and hair, doing three years. Gina Gott 2179, D2-57, CCC, Chillicothe, MO 64601.

Steve Hill: Last known vicinity, Hanau, Germany. May be in Indiana/Ohio. Please contact Jane Aratara, 1103 Sonoma Ave. Apt. #6, Seaside, CA 93955. (408) 242-2388.

White male, 40, in prison, needs letters from girls, all ages. Send pictures. James McLain, Box 100, Jean, NV 89026.

47-yr.-old, short-time white prisoner would like female pen pals. Richard J. Smith 23948, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

If you like tattoos, you'll love the 44-page magazine "Tattoo Historian." Special offer: sample copy, \$4. First 5 issues, \$15. Airmail overseas, \$18. Money orders preferred. Tattoo Art Museum, 30 Seventh Street, San Francisco, CA 94103. (139)

Two w/m, both 23, been down for two, with two to go. We're looking for lovely ladies to help us through. David Reed, N-07658, and Rick Casten, N-27644, Rt. 1 Box 97, Cave-In Rock, IL 62919.

I would love to meet people who read *Easyriders*, from the States and all over the world. I am 22, once lived in the USA (Knoxville, Ill.), and long to go back next year. Lucia Helena Tuccori, Av. Caxingui 230-Bulanta-05579, Sao Paulo, Brazil. Phone 210-7012.

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To Judi K., from Don H.: No matter where, babe, I've already made my mind up — you're going to be mine.

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Miser: Poppey got fucked in South Seas. Your hello would help get his dick out of the dirt. Write him at Box 12244, Tallahassee, FL 32317. (139)

Boots: Life just ain't the same without you, babe. I love you and miss you. Come back soon. Bob Zimmerman.

Lonely bro, 26, 5'10", 16 months till release. Needs letters and pix from ladies who care. Need someone to start relationship and ride off into the sunset with. Answer pix first. Douglas Longcor 28278, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995. (139)

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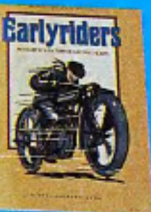
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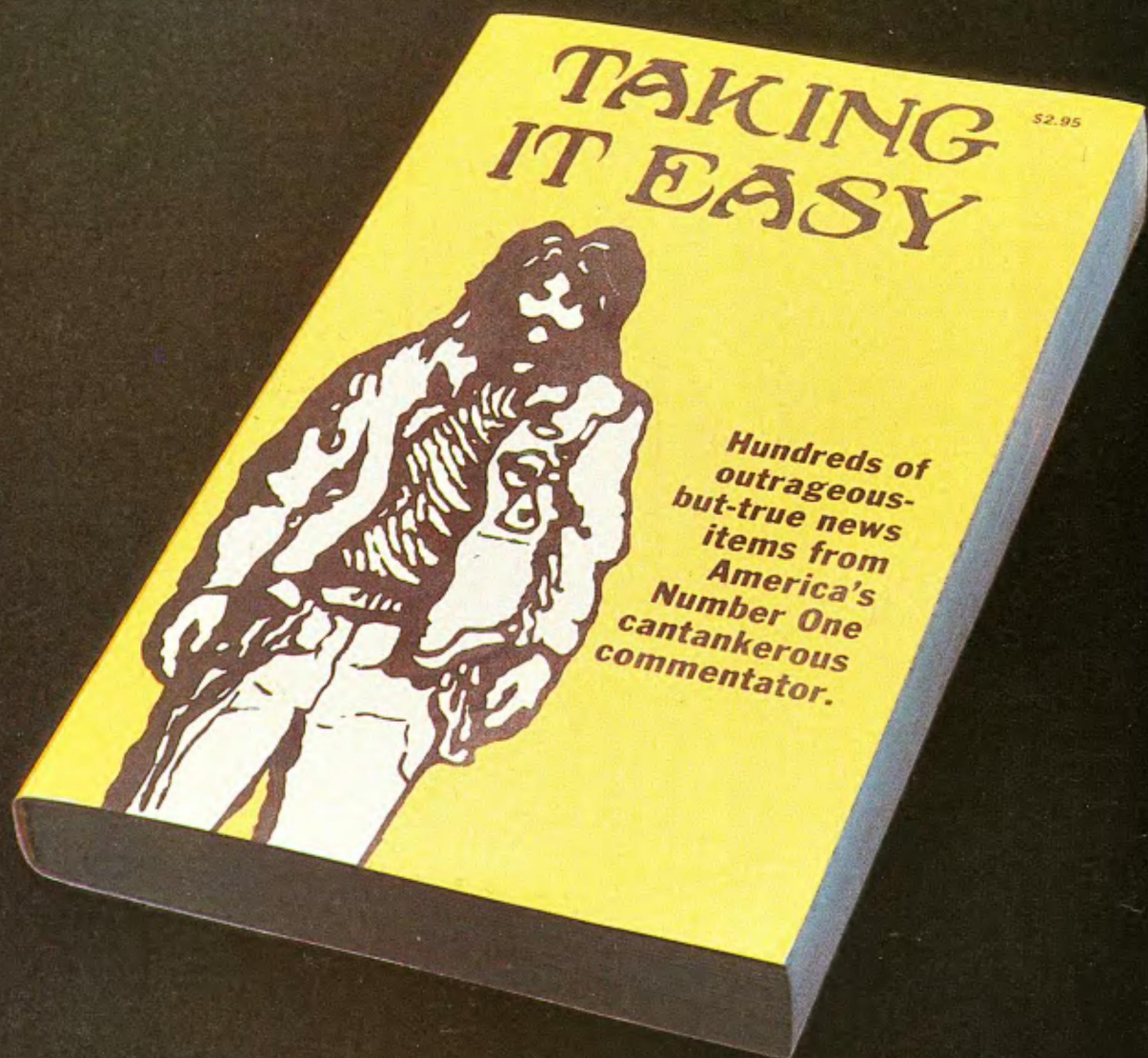
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Downtime

Continued from page 25

I feel much better."

"You look better," Duvall replies, and the video ends on this wry twist.

One thing for sure, you can't say that ol' Waylon takes himself too seriously. After all, his number came up 25 years ago, and by all rights he ought to be nothin' today but bones in a box. So, if you're a fan of Jennings's distinctive hybrid of rock and country, I can't think of a better way to celebrate the fact that he's still above ground than by grabbin' yourself a copy of **Never Could Toe the Mark**.

Civilized Man/Joe Cocker: This year marks not only the 25th anniversary of the plane crash that took the life of Buddy Holly, but also the 15th anniversary of that fondly remembered convention of the acid-for-lunch bunch, Woodstock.

In "American Pie," the naive but heartfelt tribute to that magic time when rock was young, Don McLean referred to Holly's passing as "the day the music died." Hardly. Holly was so far ahead of his time, so in touch with the raw core of rhythm and blues, that his music lives on, apparently ageless. There's hardly a rock or country performer under the age of 50 who can deny being influenced by the kid from Lubbock, either directly, like his friend Waylon Jennings, or indirectly through groups like the Stones, the Beatles, and so forth.

On the other hand, Woodstock, which seemed to symbolize a lot at the time (but so did almost everything, as I recall — maybe it was the drugs), didn't usher in the new age after all, and its anniversary signifies little more than a chance for aging flower children to get misty-eyed with hippie nostalgia. From a performer's point of view, being at Woodstock turned out to be the musical equivalent to having your picture on the cover of *Sports Illustrated* — a guaranteed jinx. Most of the acts appearing at Woodstock have disbanded, died, or limp on as little more than rock antiques, living off the hits of the past.

Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin are long gone to that big crash pad in the sky. Sly Stone, once on his way to becoming a premier performer and heir to Phil Spector as Production Wizard, wound up a victim of his own coke-inflated ego, forgotten by his former fans. Crosby, Stills, and Nash — always overrated, but a Big



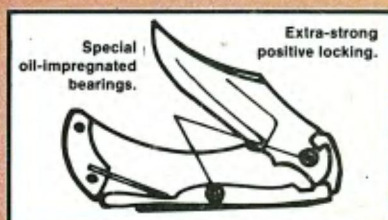
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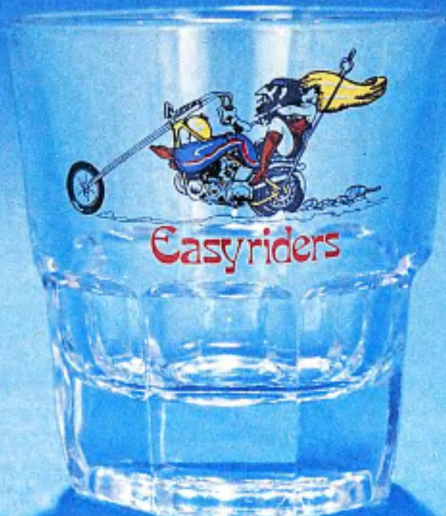
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Deal at the time — now paddle around the backwaters of rock, unable to focus their talents or keep from going bald. Ten Years After, Country Joe and the Fish, Sha-Na-Na... the list of victims goes on and on.

Oddly, one of the few survivors of Woodstock is a long shot. Joe Cocker, who just a few years ago seemed determined to send his career into a terminal tailspin and perhaps drink himself to death while he was at it, is back full-bore and knockin' 'em dead. Joe sucked 'em up, shook off the demon, and has his career rolling again, which is great news, since he has one of the most distinctive, expressive voices in music.

Civilized Man is Cocker's first album since his 1982 release, **Sheffield Steel**, and it's nothing short of primo, as strong as an 80-incher in top gear, as rich as a deep, hand-rubbed lacquer, custom paint job.

Leading off side one is the title cut, a stand-out among a collection of excellent tunes. Cocker sings like a raging bull and the song sizzles with a sinister undertone, a nervous edge of violence. Joe sings of being royally fucked over by a gal who then has the nerve to come back hurtin', lookin' for a friend. Cocker rocks out and runs it down for her: Look, bitch, you better wake up to the facts. It's only 'cause I'm a nice guy that I don't rip off your arms and use 'em to beat your tits to mush. *You made me need you, need you so bad/Fool to believe you, you made me so mad/Now you're runnin' 'round lookin' for some sympathy/ But you know as well as I that's just history/You're lucky I'm a civilized man.*

There's an in-control, assured quality to Cocker's work on this record, as evidenced by his tackling the old Drifters' hit, "There Goes My Baby." Covering a classic like this one is risky and takes nerve, but Joe brings it off flawlessly. Also noteworthy is the tune's production, for which Gary Katz gets the credit. Strangely, each side of the album has a different producer. Katz's tasteful efforts give side one an edge over side two, where Stewart Levine's production is a bit overblown in places. By the way **Civilized Man** features outstanding musicians throughout — Jim Horn on alto sax, Jim Keltner on drums, and Steve Lukather on guitar (really kicking ass), to name only a few.

Fine arrangements, excellent production, top-notch sidemen, and Cocker's knockout vocals — what the fuck more could ya want? ■

Easyriders

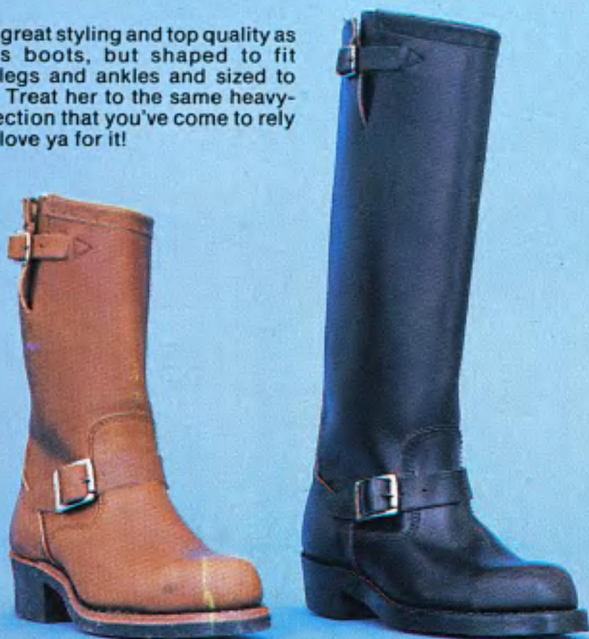


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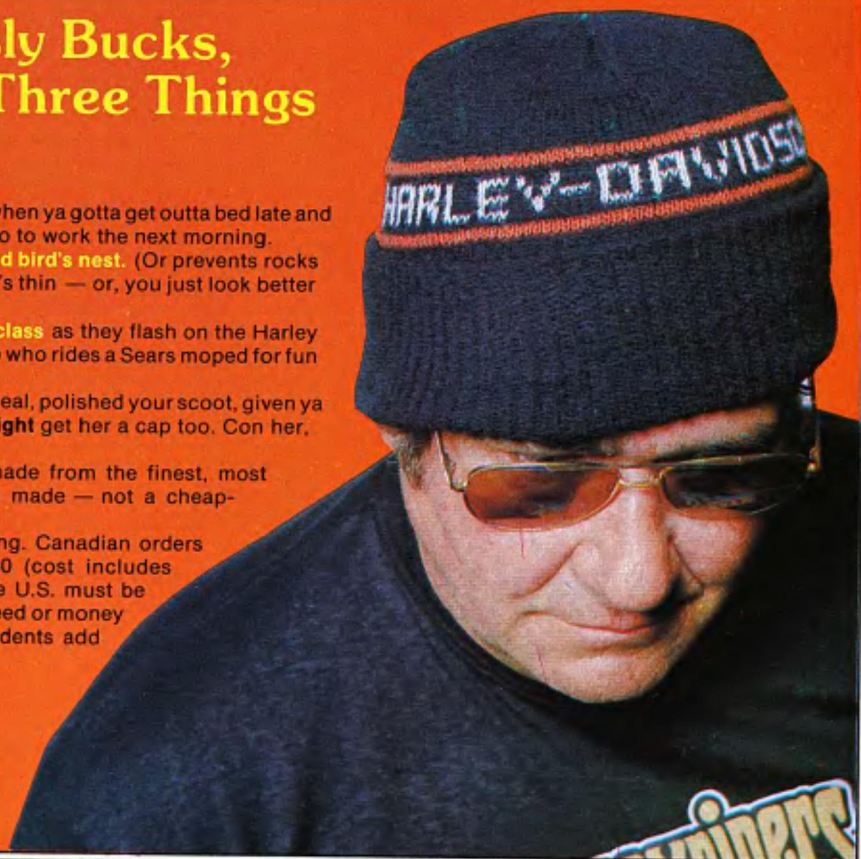
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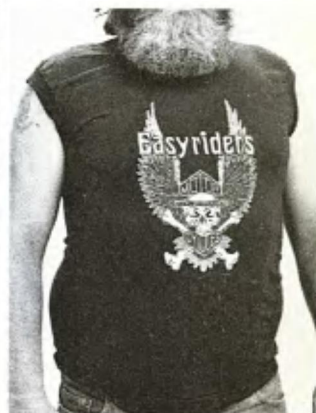
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Soap Box

Continued from page 51

when they retire. More fiscal rape of the taxpayers.

The EPA, of course, isn't copping to anything. As far as they're concerned, we've got to get the lead out, because if we don't, terrible, terrible things are going to happen.

The only problem is, the EPA can't seem to figure out exactly what kind of terrible, terrible things to scare us with.

A few years ago, when the EPA first started pushing to reduce the lead level in gasoline, the excuse they gave was typical bureaucratic reasoning. Almost 13 percent of those people driving cars with catalytic converters, the EPA claimed, picking a number out of a hat (13 always sounds evil), were using leaded gas to save money. Therefore, the EPA said, we have to eliminate leaded gas to bring these dreadful criminals into line.

If you're real, real old, you'll recognize that line at once. They used it back in the early 1900s. Some people get drunk and neglect their families, went the logic back then. Therefore, we ought to ban alcoholic beverages in order to cure them. The result was Prohibition, another stunning success for the bureaucrats. (The folks at the EPA would have loved Prohibition — they keep trying to reenact it in regard to more and more substances.)

Well, that line was greeted with a big yawn. If you think it's such a crime for people to try to save a few bucks, arrest the fuckers. Just leave the rest of us alone.

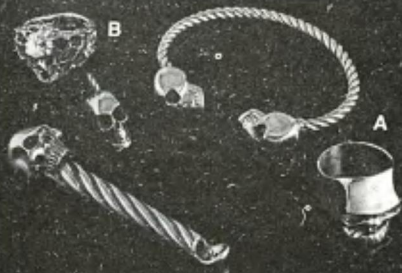
So the EPA went away, licked their wounds for a while, and came back with a new approach. This time they flooded the nation with propaganda claiming that lead in gasoline was turning us into a nation of vegetables, poisoning mothers and deforming unborn babies. Lead in gasoline, the EPA seemed to be saying, was the biggest threat to human life since the invention of the hydrogen bomb.

Think we're exaggerating? Read this; it's the lead (that's the first sentence, dummy) of an Associated Press story distributed to thousands of newspapers all over the world. It was spoon-fed to some reporter by an EPA public-relations hack and the reporter was either too dumb or too lazy to



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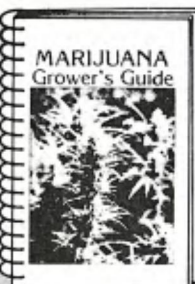
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check out whether or not it was true before he wrote his story. The story begins: "The Environmental Protection Agency on Monday proposed a 91 percent reduction of lead in gasoline by 1986, under a plan which officials said could save 50,000 children from brain damage in just two years."

The story goes on to quote EPA administrator William Ruckelshaus as saying, "The evidence is overwhelming that lead from all sources is a threat to public health... especially for pregnant women and young children."

No one denies that lead poisoning is a problem. The question is whether lead emissions from exhaust systems contribute to that problem and the answer is no.

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Furthermore, geographic studies have shown that high rates of lead in the blood systems of children occur exactly where you'd expect to find them: in older sections of East Coast cities where many apartments are still covered with peeling, lead-based paints, and in some rural areas where extensive usage of lead plumbing pipes have caused significant amounts of lead to leach into the water table. Areas of the country which are relatively uncontaminated by these factors have populations that are relatively uncontaminated by lead — regardless of the amount of leaded gas used in the vicinity.

Or, to quote Dr. Lloyd Humphreys, an internationally respected expert in neurobehavior who has served as an adviser to the EPA, "If a decision to decrease leaded gasoline were to depend on present data concerning lead and intelligence, I could not support a change."

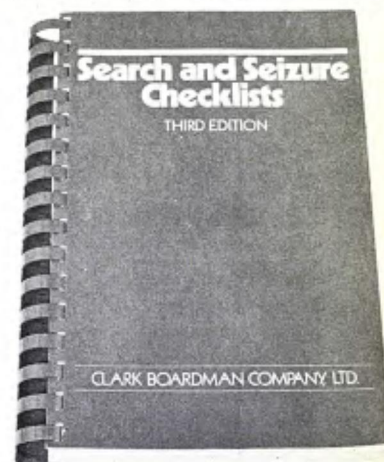
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"All I asked for was
a beer with a little head."

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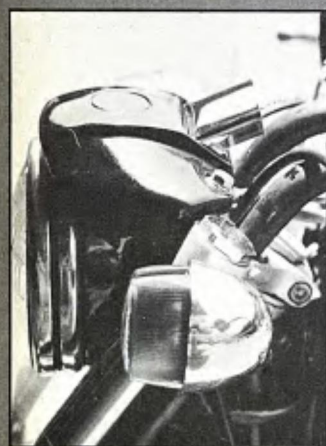


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the research firm of Turner, Mason has determined that reducing the amount of lead in gasoline from 1.1 gram-per-gallon to 0.1 gram-per-gallon will cause the aromatic content of gasoline (primarily benzene, a known cancer-causing substance) to increase by 55 percent.

Studies done on the emissions of catalytic-converter-equipped cars running lead-free gas have already shown that these aromatics do expel carcinogens into the atmosphere. The effect of running the same substances through non-catalyst-equipped vehicles is expected to be much worse, resulting in eye irritations and increased photochemical smog, as well as a higher risk of cancer.

Strange, ain't it? Isn't getting rid of smog, eye irritants, and cancer what the EPA was created to do? Oh, well, there are many forms of perversion and they aren't all nice sexy ones.

Ultimately, it comes down to what should we do? Should we try to stop the bullshit, or should we just start saving up the \$400-\$500 bucks the engineers at Harley estimate it will cost to refinish our valve seats with the same stuff used in the Evolution?

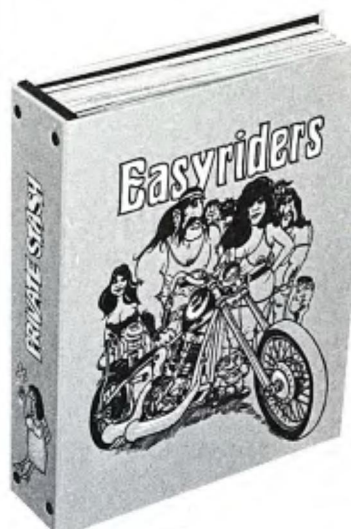
Everybody else who's been fighting this thing — antique car clubs, the Ethyl Corporation (they make the lead), the American Motorcyclists Association, etc. — has advised people to pitch their bitch directly to the EPA. And that's not a bad idea. Send your letter to: EPA, Public Information Office, 401 M St. Southwest, Washington, DC 20460.

However, it seems to me that protesting to the EPA is kind of ignoring the real problem. For all their high-and-mighty attitudes and very real powers, the EPA is still a bunch of hired lackeys, who exist so that the President and members of Congress can pretend not to be responsible for the feds repressing citizens.

If, and it seems likely, this thing passes and we wind up shelling out an extra \$3 billion a year for gas, our elected officials will, you can bet, assume no responsibility. "It's all the fault of those EPA bureaucrats," they'll fume. "Reelect me — I'll fix 'em."

Well, Mr. President, Mr./Mrs./Miss/Ms. Congresspersons, we've heard that one before. Those bureaucrats at the EPA aren't *our* bureaucrats; we had no say in their selection. They're *your* bureaucrats. You hired them and inflicted them on us. You can all afford new cages, or new Evolution-engined bikes. Most of us have to keep riding what we've got. You could put a stop to this madness with a phone call; we'd have to stage the second American Revolution. Therefore, why not, just this once, suck in your gut, take some action, and stop this thing? Why not, just this one time, give us a break? Lord knows, between your travel and staff allowances, as well as the automatic tax shelter you established a few years ago, you've given yourselves enough breaks already.

— Trampo



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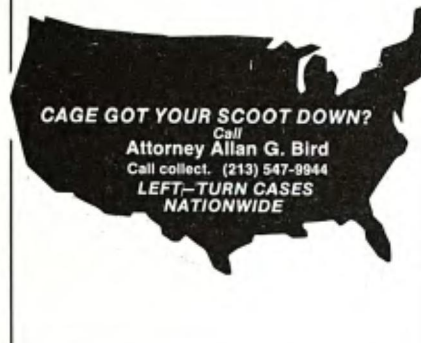
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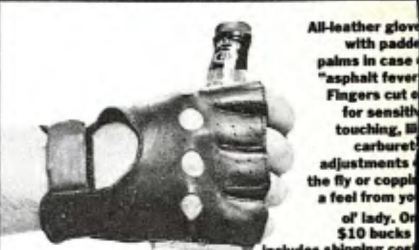
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This is an exciting new line of leather apparel. Bullskins™ are tough enough to meet the demands of the rugged American biker, yet fashionable enough to suit anyone's taste. Bullskin™ leathers are constructed of premium-selected, range-toughened steerhides. 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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