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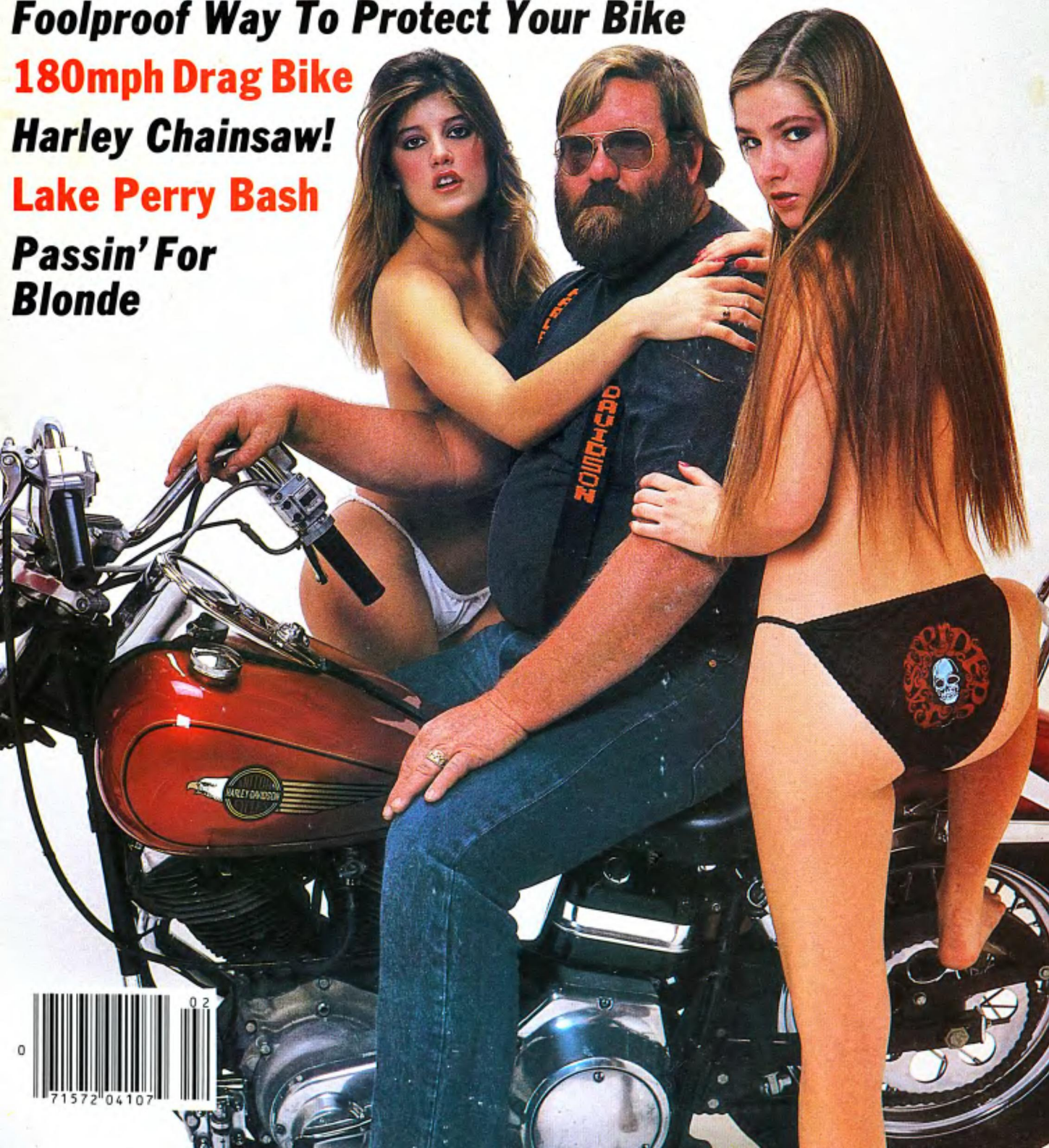
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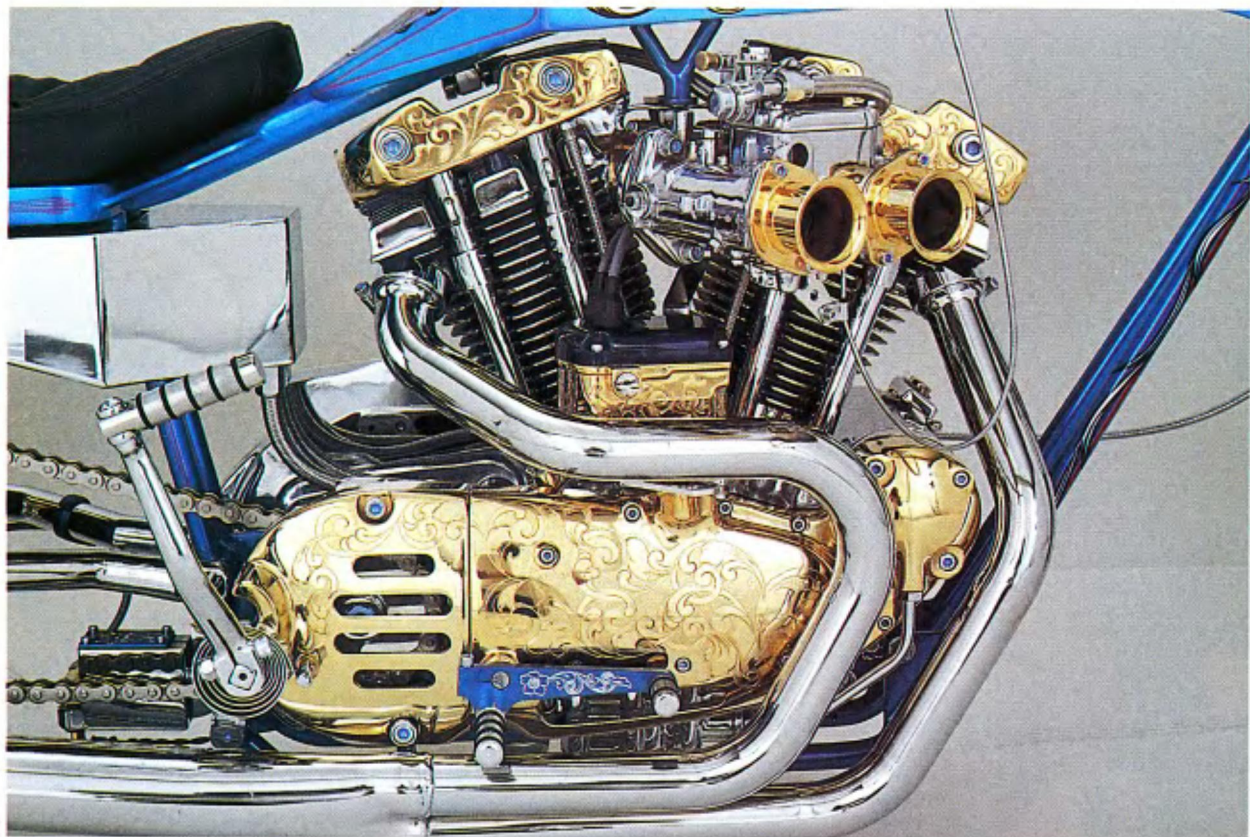
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Easyriders

Spider's feeling great, so watch out	5
Readers take advantage of free speech	6
Take in ABATE's blowout at Lake Perry	10
Snatchin' snippets from other bike mags	18
Take care of two jobs with one chain	19
Timber! It's a tree-cuttin' H-D saw	22
Another heart-rendering love story — Barf	24
More great sleds from our readers	28
He's rounding up some gash for cash	32
Bro Warren is knee-deep in poontang	34
Four more biker babes want your vote	40
Bomber rocks with the Ghosts and Hagar	42
Biker club down; Doc for lid ban — Easynews	43
Here are the foulest jokes we could find	48
Tough puzzle that'll strain yer brain	50
Solari offers advice to collegians	51
180mph just isn't fast enough for him	52
Makin' tracks with our people — In The Wind	58
Live rip-off defense for a super shovel	66
A chance to win one of the last FLHSs	70
They just took a putt to the "Twilight Zone"	74
Creating a better prison climate with art	76
Sarge remembers our Canadian allies	77
Bikers Bulletin Board — find those parts	111
If ya want it, you can find it here	112



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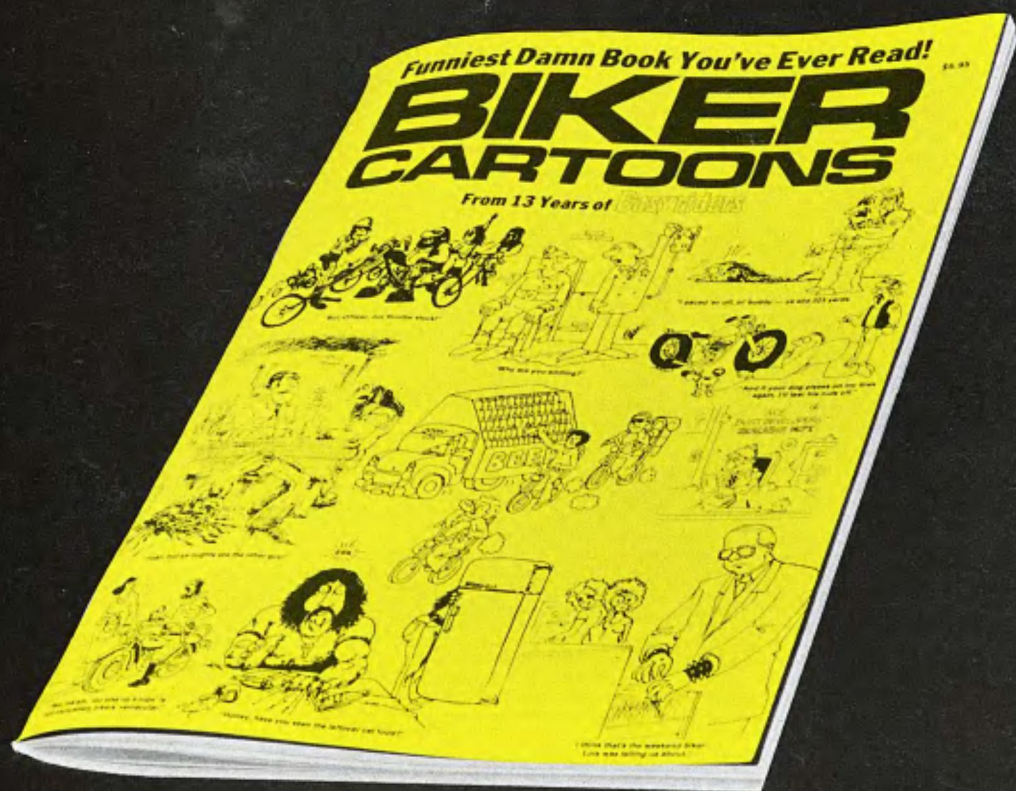
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 29th.

Cover photo of Suzy, Kathryn, and Warren by Pete Chiodo



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Watch out! Here I am, feeling better than I've felt in over two years. I've been told that I'm my ol' gnarly self again and to get sick again—fast!

How about the bitch, who, when told her snatch stunk so he wasn't having any, took his last three bucks and shot him in the nuts? (Guess she figured if she couldn't get any, no one else would.)

Did you hear about the dude who strapped a stick of dynamite to a rabbit and then let it go, just for fun and games? But wait! The fuckin' rabbit ran toward a rabbit hole right under his car! You guessed it! It blew his car, along with rabbit guts, to hell and gone.

Dipshit Dept.: While telephoning a bomb threat to the police, for some reason the man dozed off. The police traced the number, ran out, and found the clown sound asleep with the phone receiver dangling between his legs. (Musta been some good shit.)

She got rear-ended by a cage. So what's the big deal? Well, she was on a horse, and subsequently got a ticket from the police for not having a taillight. Wonder where she'd put it. Probably in the horse's ass. She wasn't hurt, but the car was damaged and the horse went to horse heaven.

At a meeting of the National Conference on Men and Masculinity, the speaker was complaining about men. She said many men have gone to ridiculous extremes trying to be sensitive to women—so much so that they've turned into spineless wimps. She said dating bikers was preferable, because at least bikers know where they want to eat. (You got it, baby; now spread your legs.)

If you drink bourbon, watch out! You might turn into a broad—with tits and all. It seems that bourbon is loaded with female hormones. You could lose the hair on your face and sprout tits. They didn't say what would happen to your crank, though. It'll probably go into the dirt.

In New York City they have 70 guys going around scooping up dog shit in order to keep the sidewalks clear of dog dumps, and guess what? They drive around on the job on 250cc Yamahas. (Figures.)

The broad went to the doctor to get a Pap smear, but instead of a cold Popsicle stick, she felt a warm tongue inside her box. There was the doc with his tongue inside her, pounding his meat at the same time. Why he thought he'd get away with it, I'll never know. Maybe he thought she'd dig it, but she wanted some foreplay before anyone or anything dived in her. (Who can figure 'em out?)

Another dipshit of the month: He thought he'd steal a little gas, but while syphoning it, he forgot he shouldn't smoke a cigarette at the same time. You got it—he blew the shit outta the truck he was attempting to steal the gas from.

Hey, how about the broad who spit 12' 5 1/4"? Pretty good, but she was beat out by a dude who spit 20' 11" in a spitting contest in West Virginia.

He had a bellyache so he went to the doc, who found a 44-lb. tumor in his stomach. He knew that gas from those burritos couldn't be the cause.

He was sentenced to five days for reckless driving. While being taken to the jail, he pulled some pot out of his pants and asked the bailiff to get rid of it for him. The narcs came upon the scene at this point and you know the rest. Damn! Some guys must play with themselves too much. Something is wrong. Some people sure aren't too tightly wrapped.

Did you know that Islamic scholars in Pakistan have announced that men without beards are sinners? To shave one's beard is a sin, to persistently do so is a major sin, and I guess the next step is to be circumcised—at the base of your joint. (Misery, misery, misery.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Once again *Easyriders* will be in Daytona for Bike Week. We want to line up scooters for the mag. Therefore, if you're going to Daytona for Bike Week '85 and would like the staff to consider your sled for a feature, please send some well-lit, in-focus color snapshots of it to *Daytona Bikes*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. We'll get back to you as soon as the staff gets straight enough to decide what's hot and what's not. Until then, ride safe.

Tina

□ I thought Tina in the July '84 issue was enough to give the dead a hardon.

Thumper
Summerville, S.C.

Likes Chiodo

□ Just like to let you know how much I enjoy seeing Pete Chiodo's work month after month. Like to give praise where praise is deserved while he's alive, kicking and well.

Pat Randle
Orlando, Fla.

Who said that about him?

A Goof

□ Your November '84 issue has a story called "Ridin' Out." Good story except it's about a bro in jail coming out on his knucklehead. So what do you fuckheads have in the picture? A fucking shovel!

Hip
Lancaster, Pa.

Thanks, Bro

□ I just picked up the November '84 issue of your rag and was flippin' through it when I came to the story "Ridin' Out" by W.E. Engelhardt. It brought a tear to my eye. I know how it felt coming out of a Texas prison and finally getting my face in the wind again.

I think Engelhardt deserves a whole raisin pie, not just a slice. I raise a cup of mud and say thanks, bro. At least someone is thinking about us.

Crazy Cajun
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Triumph Feature

□ I enjoyed your feature on

the Triumph in November's issue. Though I've read your magazine for years, I don't own a Harley.

There are many magazines for Jap bikes (*Cycle*, etc.), but British and Italian iron get left out in the cold. I'm sure many readers besides myself would enjoy features on these bikes, especially if they were put together as well as the Triumph in November's issue.

I enjoy Harleys, but variety will only help our cause and sport by uniting many types of riders.

J. Posner
Burbank, Calif.

□ In November's issue ya featured a Limey. Tarantula's right — that's one bad scoot. Throughout scooter history Triumph, BSA, Norton, etc., have held world records; in my youth they held as much respect as any Harley on the street.

I got Harley in the blood, but there's some Limey soul in there, too!

Orphan
Dallas, Tex.

□ I noticed that you put the Triumph on the back of the Dave Mann art so we couldn't tear it out. Let's not make a habit of this.

B.C. Mowery
Verona, Ky.

□ You nuts deserve a massive slice of raisin pie for that fine spread on the Triumph. That is exactly the way a Triumph chopper should look. I've owned Triumphs since 1971 and I love 'em. Now don't get me wrong. H-Ds are great, but for me, I want 390

lbs. of snortin' vertical twin and a twisting mountain road.

Limey Lover
New Haven, Conn.

□ I'm not going to give you any shit about your November '84 issue in which you feature a Triumph. Just don't do it all the time.

Jim Serie
Oregon City, Ore.

□ Long live Triumph! Anyone who gives ya shit about that beauty in your November '84 rag is a douche bag. My ol' man and I dig Harleys, but our first love is our custom '71 650 Triumph. She's lean and mean.

Fritz's Ol' Lady
Osceola, Ind.

□ Right fuckin' on! It's about time you folks realized British quality. You couldn't possibly imagine how relieved I was when I picked up the November '84 issue and found that you folks aren't assholes, after all.

I'm not saying Harley isn't #1, but for a fact, I'll bet any Harley owner has earned just a little more respect for British Triumph after this fine piece of art that Paul Sullo has created.

Right now, I've got another Canadian winter during which I'll park my custom Trumpet in the living room and make those modifications I tend to think of when my bike is laid up. After this feature I now have a vision.

A piece of raisin pie is in the mail. Right-fuckin'-on!

Dave Stevenson
Hamilton, Ontario

□ Hey, you crazy assholes, in regard to giving you any shit about showing a Triumph in your November '84 issue, we think it's about time you recognized a machine that is one of only five makes that really sounds like a motorcycle.

Fuck! There's no mistaking the whining of a rice grinder, so you know none of them are in that five.

Here's a take for you!

Crazy Charlie
Ludington, Mich.

□ I know, just like the article stated, you'll be catching a shitload of criticism over your Trumpet feature, but here's a contrasting compliment. Sullo's got damn fine taste and so do you. I just hope my '67 Tiger looks anywhere near as good when I finish fucking with it. "Harley's best — Triumph's next — fuck the rest."

Triumph Mike
Staunton, Va.

■ Anyone who has been around motorcycling since the early days recognizes the Triumph bike as the mean and strong mutha it is.

Another Opinion

□ You said in more than one issue that your rag was for Harleys only. That turned out to be like "Black is beautiful," "The check's in the mail," and "I won't come in your mouth!"

It's just an idea, but maybe next month you could put Aunt Jemima on the cover in a leather jacket and put John "The Wad" Holmes in a three- or four-page layout for the ol' ladies and start an Ol' Man of The Month contest.

Mutha's pussy stinks, but I'll go suck it 'cause it don't stink as bad as a Triumph in *Easyriders*.

The Stroh's Man
Canton, Ohio

Wind #17

□ Why would you want to ruin a good format? If I want to read stories or look at professional models like you have in *In The Wind* #17, I can get other mags.

Candid is cool.

Bill Dean
St. Paul, Minn.

□ What's with all the print in *In The Wind* #17? Get it out! We buy *Easyriders* for your wonderful words of wit. I've picked up all but the first *In The Wind* magazines and will not buy any more should this verbal abuse continue. Should I start a petition?

Edward
San Francisco, Calif.

Ventura Prez

□ Just a few lines to let you know that I think the article in

the November '84 issue on the Hells Angel carrying the Olympic torch is fuckin' great. I hope this proves to people that Hells Angels are people, too!

Tigress of Ocala
Ocala, Fla.

☐ I don't know who on your staff to curse out ("Hells Angels Torch Run," November '84).

Here we have the event of the century, the Olympics, the best of this world giving their fuckin' all. The whole U.S. of fuckin' A. is watchin' our best strut their stuff.

And a biker, not a Hells Angel, a biker, gets to carry the torch, but he's carrying it for every one of us, especially those of us down, who no way, shape, or form could be there.

All those years and finally the world is watching us proudly as we strut our stuff, but there's not a picture of our bro accepting the torch and proudly passing it on to the next. There's just one flick (I gotta give you a little due, but not much, asshole), one page, that's it. Just one stinkin' page is all we get?

Yer mama pulled a train when you were conceived.

Wildman
Trenton, N.J.

☐ George, the guy holding the torch in the picture, is the prez of the Ventura, California, chapter of the Hells Angels. It's a last-minute shot, as we had to get it in just before goin' to press. So fuck off — seen any publicity elsewhere or as soon?

☐ Just received my November issue and was glad to see some (very little, really) recognition go to the Hells Angels' Ventura president, George Christie. Way to go, George. The only problem is there wasn't enough *Easyriders* coverage. We heard of the run before it happened and didn't expect any television coverage. Well, the TV was no letdown, because we got what was expected — nothing.

Weezer
Jefferson, S.C.

☐ It happened just as we were goin' to press. We did our best — George is a long-time friend.

Paper Costs

☐ As a paper mill worker and a biker, I was insulted by your

claim that labor was the reason that the price of your rag went up. Paper mill workers have to make a living, too. Big business keeps all the profits while the workers slave for a few bucks. If I didn't make the wages that I do, I couldn't keep my scooter on the road or buy your rag.

If you don't like the price of paper, send up smoke signals. Of course, then you'd probably bitch about the cost of firewood.

Personally, I would hate to work for *Easyriders*, because the staff that does all the work probably makes only minimum wage.

K. Sowell
Mobile, Ala.

☐ Fuck you. If anyone's earning too much bread, it's your bosses (we didn't say mill workers). If paper costs 75 percent of a printing bill, the bread must be going somewhere — we're the ones shoveling out monthly. In fact, the paper companies raised the price 8 percent since our editorial. No chance of a job with us, Sowell. Rufus already has the job.

Likes Silver

☐ Who is Silver who wrote "Crazy Charlie" (November '84)? Where did he ever come up with that story?

Krazy
Tombstone, Ariz.

☐ Silver is really creative while in the can, but once he gets out, he goes all to hell — too much pussy, I guess.

Harley Beer

☐ In your October '84 issue there was a question on Harley-Davidson brew. The supply in Sturgis, S.D., at the rally was abundant. I haven't found any, but I do know it was manufactured by Pabst Brewing Co.

George The Animal
Gillette, Wyo.

☐ As far as we know, it was a Harley-Davidson promotion only for Sturgis.

Ezy-Lift

☐ About three weeks ago I got so sick of roundin' up bros and bustin' my balls just to adjust my chain or change a tire that I broke down and sent a money order to you guys in California for an Ezy-Lift jack stand. Ezy enough, right? Wrong! When I mailed the money order, I mailed the

whole thing. It wasn't until I dropped it in the box (that's letter in the mailbox) that I realized I didn't keep the fuckin' receipt. To top it off, the cat at the bank tells me there's no way to prove it was cashed without the number, which I didn't have either. Now, I ain't sayin' you guys would rip me off, but you gotta admit it was a good opportunity. Well, after weeks of sweatin' and thinkin' someone was gettin' high on my hard-earned scratch, who rings the bell in a neat brown suit? You know it! UPS!

The jack is fuckin' outta sight. I think it's the best investment I made in the scooter since replacing the brake pads.

E. Bongalo
Waterbury, Conn.

Against T-Shirt

☐ I'm gonna tell you the same thing I told the people down at D.A.M.M. headquarters. Don't you know what ads are in this fuckin' rag? On page 126 in the August '84 issue there's an ad from Drunks Against Mad Mothers. You stupid fuckers complain about drunks killing the brothers on the road and then you run this fuckin' ad.

Donna Sanders
Walnut, Calif.

☐ We don't claim to be anyone's mother.

☐ I'm down, doin' short time. I picked up your rag hopin' it would bring me back to life a little and what the fuck do I find in the "General Store" ads? Drunks Against Mad Mothers. You fuckin' assholes! Our children, brothers, and sisters are being killed hourly by fuckin' drunk cage drivers. Show some heart. Get that fuckin' ad out of your rag.

C.L.D.
Frontera, Calif.

☐ See above answer.

Insurance Rip-Offs

☐ I'd like to add my comments in reference to "Rip-Off Insurance Companies" in your November '84 issue.

The column sure hit home with me. I own a 1982 Low Rider and was happy paying a reasonable(?) fee with my agent until just a month ago when I got my renewal. My bill had gone up \$200 a year without even a claim ever put against my policy. I called my

agent the next day and he said his company raised the premiums on Harleys only because of the problems with them, plus "Our company in fact lowered the rates on the Japanese machines." I called my ol' man's agent, and for triple the coverage, got a price \$150 lower than what I was originally paying. I think the insurance companies, especially my old company, are discriminating against Harley-Davidsons, and I'd like to see if anyone else has had the same problems. How can one company charge megabucks for crap coverage (minimum) and another one be exceptionally reasonable for triple the coverage? I'd like to hear from other bikers about their insurance problems.

XTASEA
Waukegan, Ill.

☐ Who'd steal a Honda?

☐ To Denny Roberts ("Soap Box," November '84) and to other bros who have been ripped off on bike insurance: I thought I was going to have to pay out-of-sight bucks for insurance on my '85 FXRT, name \$985 a year. So I looked around and found that if I joined the AMA for 20 bucks a year, I could get "AMA/Cycle-Guard" insurance. I called 1-800-638-8760, extension "AMA." They gave me an agent's number close by. The insurance quote that I got was unbelievable — I about shit myself. \$320 a year for the same fucking insurance. The name of the company is Criterion Insurance Co., out of Washington, D.C. Give 'em a try.

O.D. Jones
Columbus, Ohio

Somebody Goofed

☐ In reference to "Dirty Words" (October '84), why in the name of whatever is "screwing" used twice in the puzzle and only marked once on the answer, while "cunt" is used twice and marked twice on the answer sheet?

Did someone fuck up or are you guys smoking too much shit again?

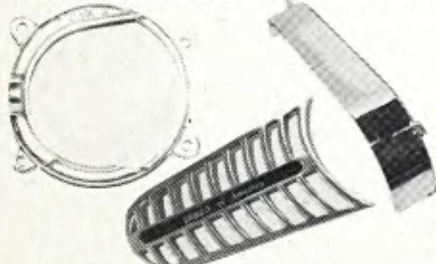
Hawkeye
Oroville, Calif.

☐ You guessed it.

☐ You bros give George Grenke a pat on the back for me. This is one of the first puzzles I've seen that is possible to complete. In fact, the

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words "screwing" and "cunt" were in there twice. Guess we all know what ol' George had on his mind when he made up the puzzle.

Beer Belly
Georgetown, Del.

Care Of A Biker

☐ "The Care And Feeding of Your Pet Biker" by Red (November '84) is the perfect manual for all the dumb cunts who write in asking how to keep their Harley-ridin' ol' man. You should make a public-service pamphlet out of it. I'll even help distribute them.

I "lost" my ol' man to a younger slut. But I'm an asshole and have too much pride to go crawlin' back. And everyone knows that the ol' man won't give — not so much as a primary chain link! Ex-Ol' Lady Perrin, Tex.

A Word of Thanks

☐ Just wanted to say thanks to Gary and Kevin at K & B Harley-Davidson in Vista, California, for all the help and for answering all my dumb questions while I was rebuilding my top end. Give 'em a big slice of raisin pie.

Bob Parker
Sacramento, Calif.

Obviously Pissed Off

☐ I just finished reading the December '84 issue and felt I should express my opinion about your classified section, especially ads from so-called locked down bikers. I've had experience with bikers, both inside and outside, and the truth should be known.

I am 25, 5'6", weigh 123 lbs., and have never had any problems attracting men, except those claiming to be tough bikers. My ex-boyfriend was a member of a bike gang on the East Coast. His friends talked tough, wore tattoos, claimed sexual prowess, and all the other traits. In reality, my ex was a big-bellied, beer-guzzling homosexual and was unable to carry out the sex act except through oral means.

He went to prison, and I have learned that he became the "cell block whore," putting out to anyone who had a quarter. He finally went on self-protection lockup to keep his "Daddy" from killing him.

I recently saw his name in one of your classified ads, wanting women to correspond and seeking someone to settle down with when

he got out.

I think everyone should know that what they will be getting is a case of AIDS, herpes, or who knows what else. Most bikers and convicts don't know the meaning of love and have more pussy than I have.

Linda
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Burned At H-D

☐ I'm drag-ass tired of all the bullshit double-talk coming from within the Harley-Davidson Motor Co. That big friendly smile up front and the royal corporate shaft in the ass. Well, it looks like the fuckin' fence-sitters have finally jumped off the fence. They've put in writing what we've known for a long time. Check out this letter I got from Harley-Davidson when I wrote to them bitchin' about the new Harley-Davidson dealer in Spokane. The letter was written and signed by Claud Jinks, district sales manager, Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc.:

"In response to your letter of May 26, 1984, I would say that you are in no position to comment on our dealer in Spokane or anywhere else. When contacted, some of the references you listed classified you as 'A total loser (sic)!' and 'Someone to stay a 1000 (sic) miles away from.' You have no idea what Mr. Latus' financial position is, nor what his investment is. Clearly, you tried to con him into giving you a job and were rejected, and now you are seeking revenge in some way.

"As far as your concern for the Motor Co., our concern is that we continue to attract to our dealerships people who are unkempt in appearance, semi-literate, and who are generally offensive to society on the whole. Thus I would recommend that you concern yourself with what you have influence over, and let us make decisions (sic) regarding our dealer network.

Preacher
Spokane, Wash.

Whatdafuck Day

☐ Heard Whatdafuck Day comes in September. Well, have you assholes made up your minds on the date? The 23rd is my day — my birthday, that is. So until I hear a

date for Whatdafuck Day, I guess I'll celebrate both days together.

Hollywood
Richmond, Va.

■ It's the 26th, Mother Superior's birthday — how else could I remember the date of her birthday? Why do you think Whatdafuck Day was created?

From New Zealand

☐ Easyriders gets here late, sells out real fast, and often comes to hand only through loans from bros, so this might strike you as being a bit dated. However, I'd say that no biker worthy of the handle could read an article like the one concerning NBC's "Knight Rider" ("Easynews," June '84) and not have a fuckin' seizure. Everything you said about the show, the network, and Grant Tinker is heartily endorsed.

Fatt Bob
Christchurch, New Zealand

Leather Skirt

☐ I just received the December 1984 issue of Easyriders. On page 33 there is an ad for Harley Leathers (right after "Dirty Jeff's Flathead" and right before "Gettin' Sticky").

The girl in the ad is wearing a black leather mini-skirt with zipper pockets and zippers up the sides. The skirt's really bitchin' and my man thinks it's really sexy. Does Harley make this skirt? I need to know where I can find it.

Can you help me?

Andi Oster
Eagan, Minn.

■ Contact Mike Keefe, Advertising Manager, Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., 3700 W. Juneau Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

Good Calendar

☐ My compliments to you. I just flipped to September on my Easyriders calendar and found that you were thoughtful enough to include Rosh Hashana on it.

Hartless
Lakeville, Conn.

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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We show you how to start in spare time at home—or if you'd rather, get the knowledge you need to apply for a job working for someone else.

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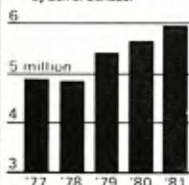
Your Future is in Your Own Hands—You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business.

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Registered motorcycles in the U.S.A. Source: Stat. Abs. of U.S.A. prepared by Bur. of Census.

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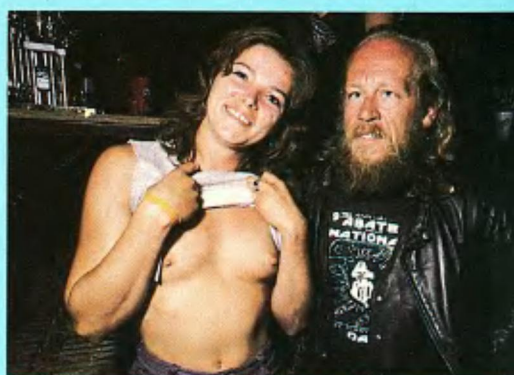
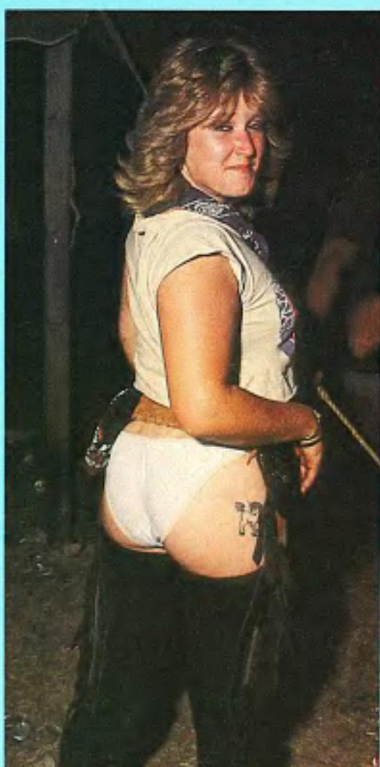
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ABATE Meet at Lake Perry

They call the Annual National ABATE Party a reunion and that's exact

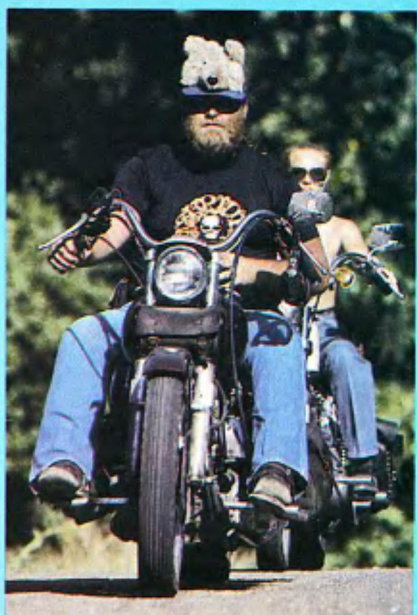
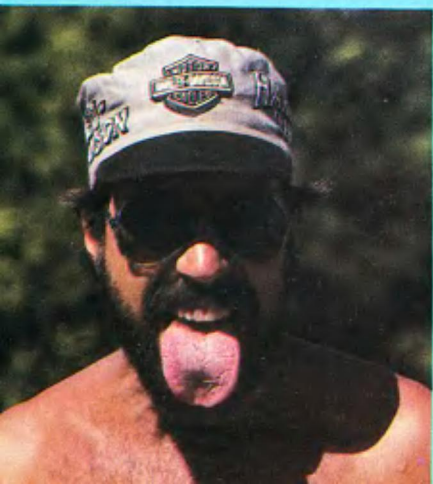
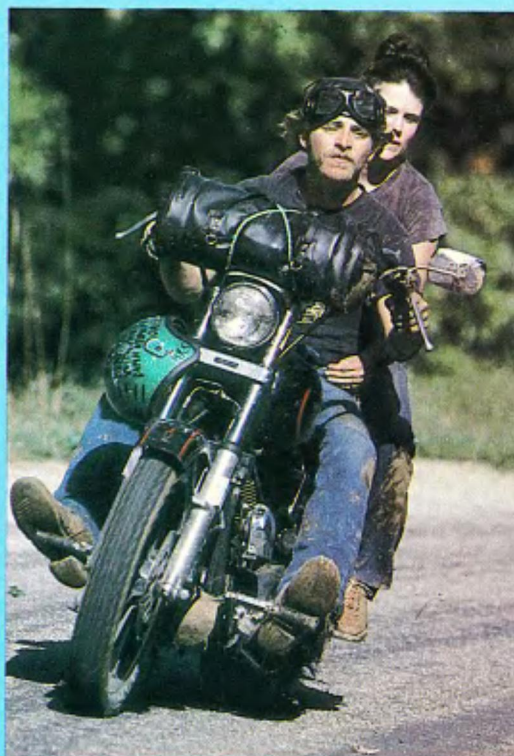


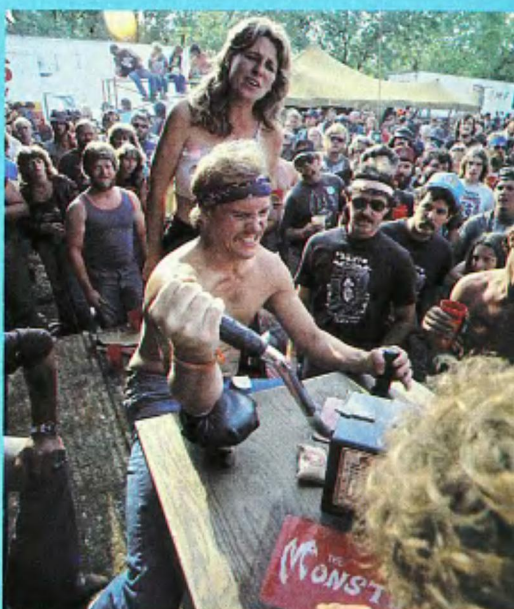
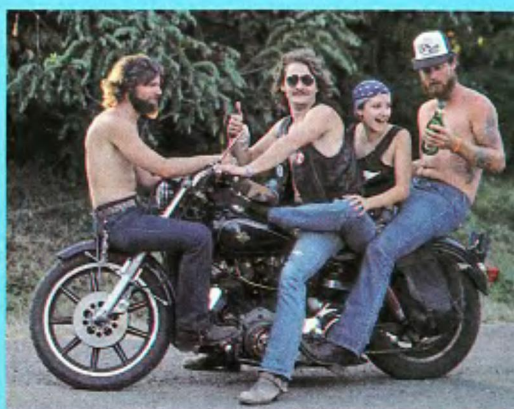
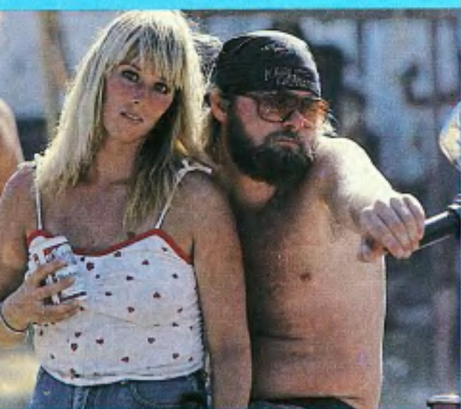
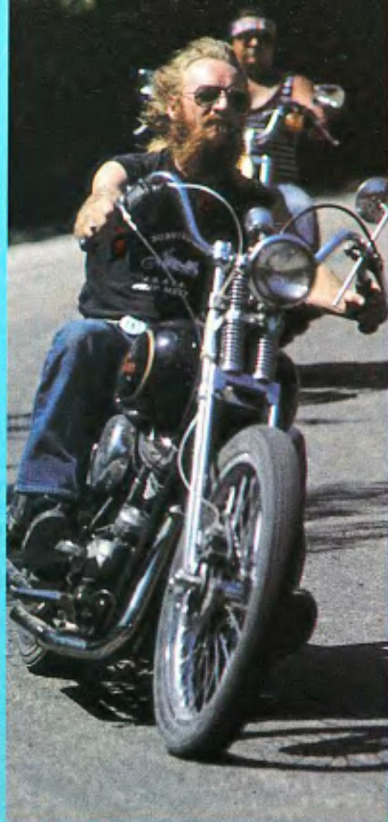
Of all the big national runs held every year, the Annual National ABATE Party at Lake Perry, Kansas, is just about the only one 100 percent by the biker, for the biker, and of the biker. Not to take anything

away from other runs, but facts are facts. Daytona started as a race event and still draws a large number of racer-only types. And Sturgis, in addition to its racing heritage, also draws a double helping of touring riders.



what it is — old friends getting together for maybe the only time all year.





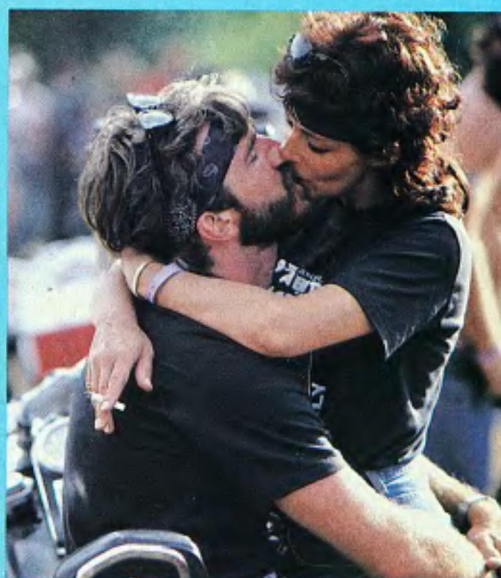
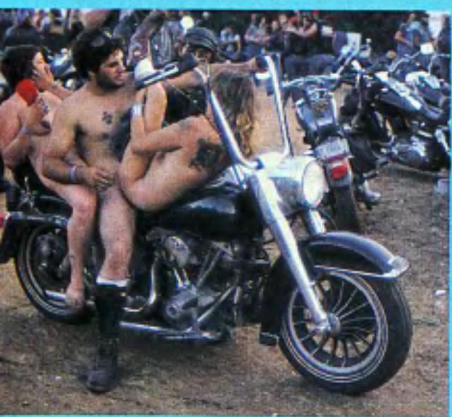
Lake Perry

Lake Perry, on the other hand, is 100 percent wild and woolly bikers. Another major difference between this event and the other biggies is that all the action

takes place in one area — bros and sisters aren't scattered about over a bunch of different campsites.

Since it's a boogie-to-the-bone biker bash, there are a few things about the Lake Perry party you can count on every year. One is the wild rockin' and rollin'. The





ABATE folks seem to round up more ass-kickin' bands than anybody else, and the bands always seem to play louder and longer than at any other event.

Now, I'm not sayin' you could actually rock around the clock for the entire three days, but ya could've

rocked till four or five every morning, and because of the large number of groups, ya could've done it without pausing for breaks and setups.

Naturally, Lake Perry wouldn't be Lake Perry without a flood of bouncin' bike-broad boobs. The



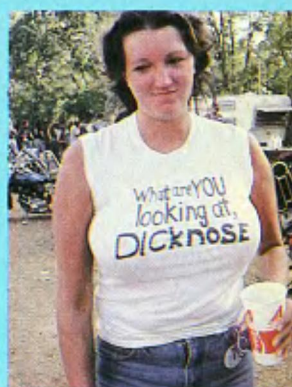
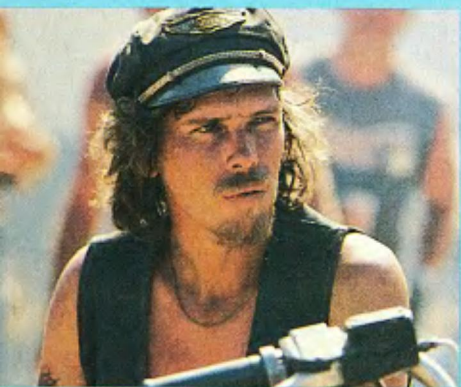
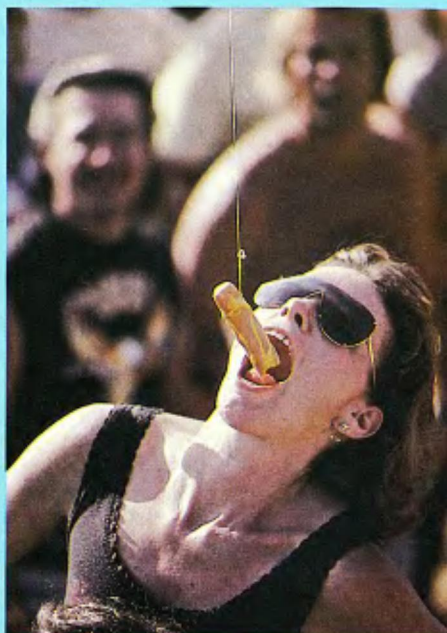
Lake Perry

judges had so many tits to test this year that they had to run two separate contests. Awwwww.

Among the other events

of interest to those sober enough to see and/or participate in were arm-wrestlin' contests, tattoo contests, field events, and after the torrential rains Saturday night, informal slippin'-in-the-mud contests.

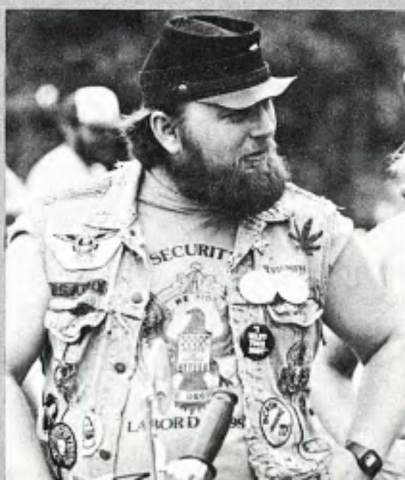
Surprisingly enough for



Kansas, the country around Lake Perry is real beautiful, so a lot of bros and sisters spent at least one day soakin' up the scenery from the saddle. That part of the country was in the middle of a record heat wave (at least until the rains came),

so skinny-dippin' (beer-belly dippin' for most of the dudes) in the lake was also real popular.

One really good thing I'd like to mention is that the ABATE folks didn't allow any cages to get near the campground. A turnoff was



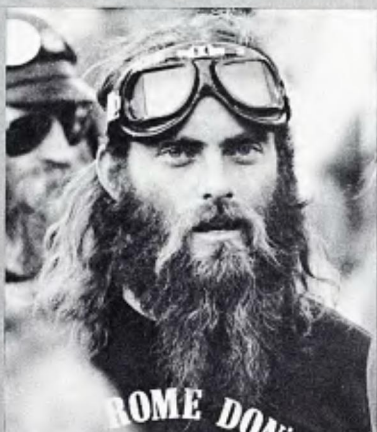


Lake Perry

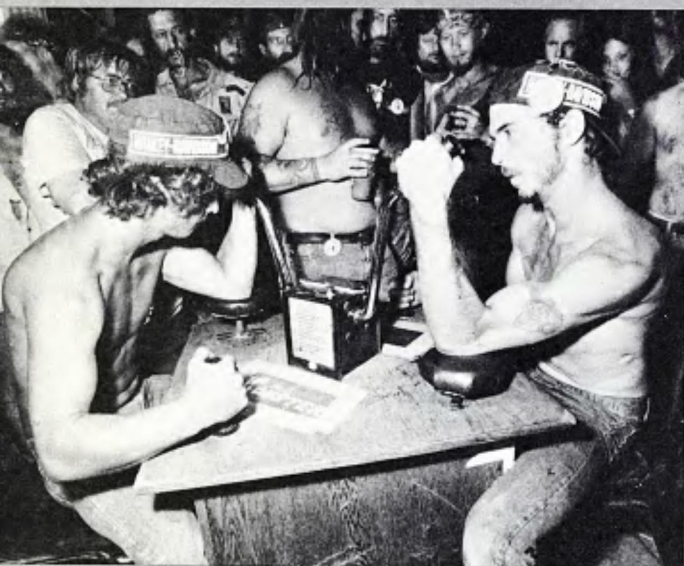
set up on the road leading in and a "shuttle" (a farm tractor pulling a flatbed trailer) was provided to ferry in camping and party gear. The lack of cages

and pickups not only improved the scenery around the campsites by 8000 percent, but it also made it possible for ya to get righteously fucked up without havin' to worry about some clown cuttin' yer chain, wrestlin' yer bike





Photos by Mike Lichter



onto a truck, and drivin' out. And that, as they say, was that. Monday came and we packed up our hangovers and hit the road. As ya'd expect, there were a lot of different goodbyes exchanged. Although there were plenty

of shouts of, "Catch ya at Daytona," and "See ya at Sturgis next summer," the most common parting sentiment seemed to be this one, "Ride safe, bro. We'll see ya in '85, same time, same place."

—Boulder Camera



Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

We Got It

Right, have you got that? Let's run over it once again. You brake hard to avoid a cat, say, and this big hand thing that is gripping your naughty bits and the surrounding areas, whizzes you up and over your custom-painted tank on two small, and doubtless chromed, rails. As that happens, a thing like a thick air bed suddenly inflates in front of you — obscuring your vision and giving you such a shock that you fall off anyway.

—Isaiah Fartwell
Back Street Heros

Nostalgic Crowds

But still, the rain didn't dampen the spirits et cetera of the crowd. . . indeed, they seemed to stay clear of the spirits, since the staggering drunks much in evidence last year were nowhere to be seen. Shame, really; I was looking forward to a repeat performance from the "Show us yer tits" crowd. Nothing like a bit of nostalgia.

—Australian
Motorcycle News

Timid Riders

Suspect the worst for a moment. Sidecars *must* be for timid people, folks afraid of tipping over; besides, most sidehackers qualify for Social Security. Yeah, and they're probably folks who chickened out after a scary experience on a solo machine.

—Riley Tharp
Cycle

Teeth Spitting

Clunk, grind and crunch are sometimes all-too-familiar sounds associated with worn, abused or misused

motorcycle transmissions. A balky tranny, spitting gear teeth at you, can undermine one's peace of mind, not to mention forward locomotion.

—Hot Bike

Compulsive Regulars

And because most Harley riders are, for one reason or another, compulsive tinkers, the fact that the bike generally demands more routine maintenance than Japanese machines do is not a liability in their opinion; it's an asset, for it virtually guarantees that they'll get close to their bikes at regular intervals.

—Paul Dean
Cycle World

The Only One

There can be little doubt that the select group of individuals who choose to cover their miles on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle make up the most tightly knit subculture in our cycling community. Within this body of true enthusiasts, one will find individuals from all walks of life. Doctors, welders, lawyers, electricians, nurses, and heaven help us, even politicians have found a common bond in the only true American motorcycle.

—Bob Clark
—Hot Bike

Durable Tinkering

And as far as durability is concerned, Harleys once were far superior to the Japanese bikes in that respect, but no more; Harleys wear out just as soon as the better Japanese bikes do, if not sooner, and need more tinkering along the way.

—Paul Dean
Cycle World

Explain Why

The Sportster can't be so easily explained, but to those who've ridden one, it needn't be. The mid-sixties XLCH is to motorcycling what a hooker's come-on is to romance: crude, rude and unmistakable. The 55-cubic-inch "Competition Hot" XLs were intended to be the meanest machines on two wheels, and at the time they were.

—Jim Miller
Cycle Guide

Theme

I was stomping around in the garage trying to find bungies and air gauges and things hidden in the monstrous, chaotic mess that exists in there. (The interior of my garage has been compared — justifiably — to the local dump. The only difference is that most of the junk in my garage is motorcycle oriented. . . it's sort of a theme dump.)

—Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

Minor Weirdness

The dozens of relatively minor flaws and bits of engineering weirdness built into the Tour Guide make it impossible for me to get along with the bike on a long-term basis. I don't mind a short ride on the Harley, but a big tour is way out of the question for me.

—Jeff Karr
Motorcyclist

No Fun

Nobody knows all there is to know about motorcycles. . . or about periwinkle sap for that matter. The more most folks think they know, the less they know than they

think they do. And most of the time, those who claim great knowledge are either lying about it, or aren't much fun to ride with.

—Road Rider

Deliberate Salute

I deliberately waved to one and all, but very few bothered to return the friendly signal. A few Harley chopper freaks gave me the "Italian Salute" but it was done in an amusing way. Those who overtook me — on Harleys or fast Japanese multis — put on a little show for my benefit. The choppers showered me with wasted carbon particles and sound-barrier noises, while the Oriental Expresses zoomed around me as if I was a fireplug with wheels!

—Jack Mercer
Northeast Riding

Truck and Freeway Test

The rollbar test, a key complaint of motorcycle helmet makers in the Snell 1980 standard, will be replaced by a single blow from an angle-iron, simulating a motorcyclist's collision with a truck body or freeway center-divider support.

—Bob Jackson
Motorcycle Product News

Pounds Quasi

John Williams, an unheralded and underrated guy who's lived on the frustrating edge of *being there*, promptly goes out and pounds on Lucifer's Hammer, the quasi-factory 1000cc Harley-Davidson BOTT bike ridden by Gene Church, and wins an event riddled by red flags and restarts.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

**ANOTHER
WAY TO
PROTECT
YOUR BIKE**



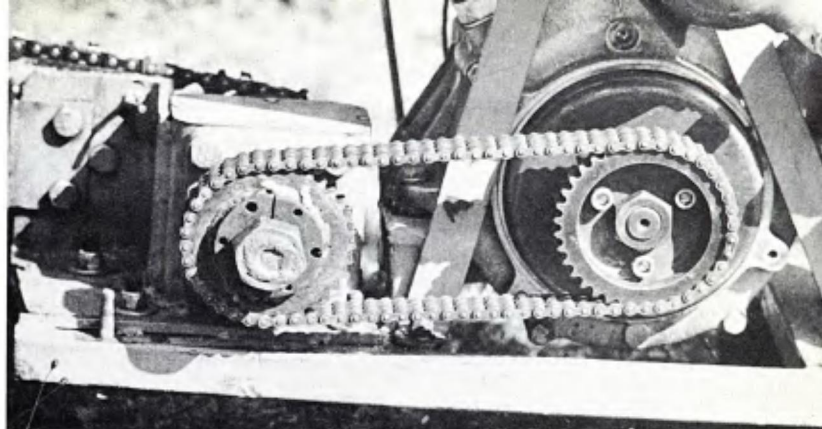
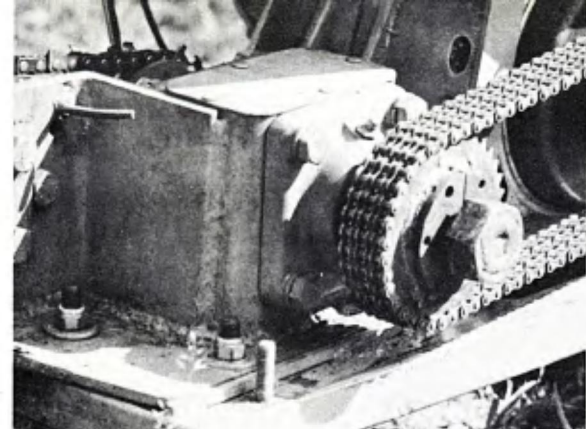






Photos from Bill Lewis





LOG HOG

Maybe legendary lumberjack Paul Bunyan could have manhandled this 275-horsepower, Harley-powered trunk slicer by himself, but under normal circumstances it takes two husky timber tamers to keep it sawin' away.

Built by Port Angeles, Washington, bro Bill Lewis, the Log Hog is a 96-inch early shovel (complete with nitrous oxide setup) mated to a custom-designed chain saw. Operated by Lewis and his partner Rob Betz, the Log Hog can eat its way through a 27" hunk of fallen timber in 2.4 to 3.5 seconds, while running on a mixture of gas and alcohol.

Since getting the Log Hog up and running, Lewis and Betz have entered it in numerous logging shows throughout the Northwest,

generally coming in either first or second in the two-man "hot saw" competition. And, in case you're wondering, the only machine that beats 'em is a 630-pound monster called the "Heavy Chevy."

On the boards, or through 'em, a Harley will always give ya a good race.

Built around a small-block Chevrolet engine, the Heavy Chevy currently holds the world record for a 27-inch cut at 1.9 seconds.

"That's the only saw that can beat us," Lewis says. "We are also the only ones who can beat them. Everybody else is running snowmobile

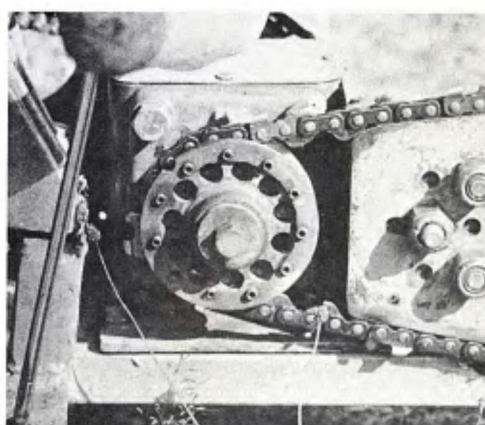
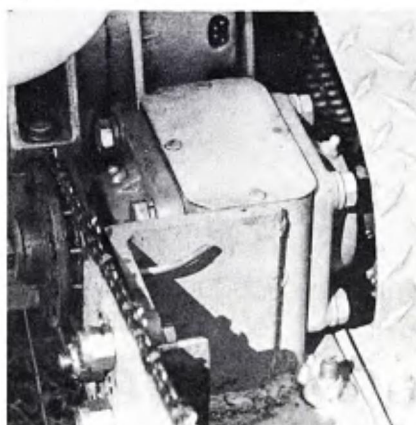
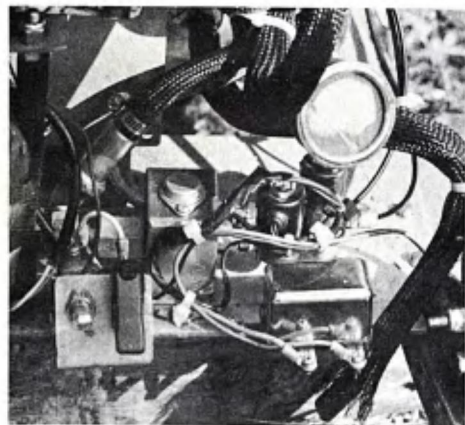
engines on their saws."

Campaigning such exotic equipment in logging shows is neither easy nor cheap. The Log Hog cost over \$7000 to build and required hundreds of design and construction hours before it was ready to chomp its first tree.

Even refilling the custom chain — which is required after every three or four cuts — takes 25 to 30 hours. The cost of traveling to and entering the various shows runs about \$6000 a season, Lewis says, and is partially covered by sponsors such as Owl Cycles, Rainier Beer, Cascade Timber, and Mason Lumber. The rest of the bucks are put up by Lewis and a few buddies who have invested in the project.

And, so far, the fruits of victory feed

Continued on page 89



BARF

The bro's name was Barf. Barf would eat anything. Dead or alive, cooked or raw, kosher or not. A staple of his diet was road-kill stew, made with whatever ingredients he found run over on the highway when he was out riding. For dessert he often scrounged in the dumpster behind a bakery not far from his hovel. And he ate bugs sometimes — just plucked them out of the air and chowed down. As a result of his dietary habits, Barf had bad breath. It was so bad it tarnished chrome. Once an anonymous bro slipped him a bottle of mouthwash in a paper bag, in hopes that he'd take the hint and do something about himself, but Barf chugged it to wash down a hunk of limberger cheese he was eating at the time and went on about his business.

In addition to his breath problem, Barf was so ugly he stopped clocks and made little babies cry. When he rode by a pet shop, puppies began to howl and birds fell from their perches. On one occasion, an old lady dropped dead in her tracks at mere sight of him coming down the street and he took a fall for involuntary manslaughter. But a jailhouse lawyer won him an appeal on the grounds that the dead broad'd had a bad heart, and the cons in his cellblock chipped in to raise money for his appeal bond because he was so ugly he fucked up their TV reception.

Barf's social life was the pits. Girls generally broke into dry heaves at ten to twelve paces away. Strong women could usually halve that distance, but then they'd spot his warts and invariably falter. Needless to say, Barf never got any pussy. He was awfully unhappy about the situation, but aside from paying his money and taking his chances with grab-bag whores, he didn't know what to do about it.

Continued on page 84

by Jody Via





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Keep The Guana Off Yer Gourd With A Free Biker Cap

Scrapin' dried bird shit off yer golden dome ain't no fun. Neither is gluin' yer ears back together after the delicate little bastards have shattered from the cold. Spider sympathizes — he's been there (he's also been some other places where even a boxcar full of hats wouldn't save ya). That's why he's offering, for a limited time, to give away one of these high-class *Easyriders* watch caps FREE with every subscription. That's right. For only \$18 (a full 12 bucks off the newsstand price), you get the next twelve big issues of *Easyriders* and a biker cap. But wait, there's more! Act now and we'll throw in one of our world-famous decals. We'll even cover the cost of yer mailin' in yer order — just use the handy postage-paid envelope stickin' out between pages 102 an' 103. (And you can extend your present subscription.)

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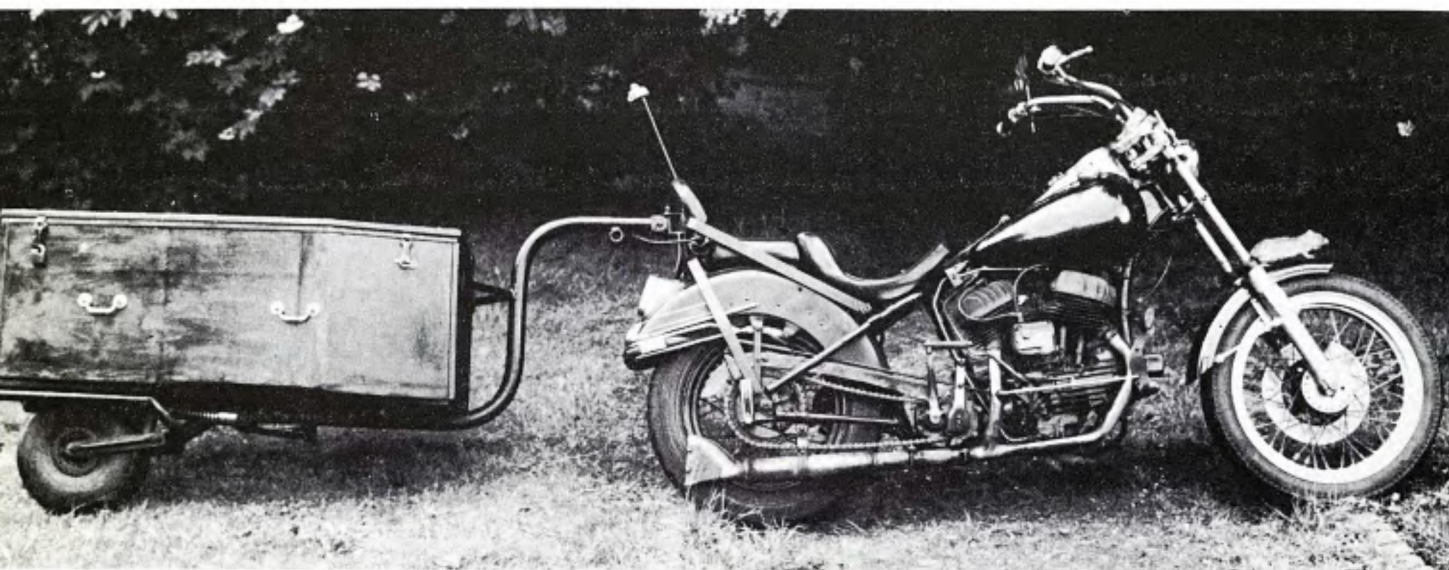
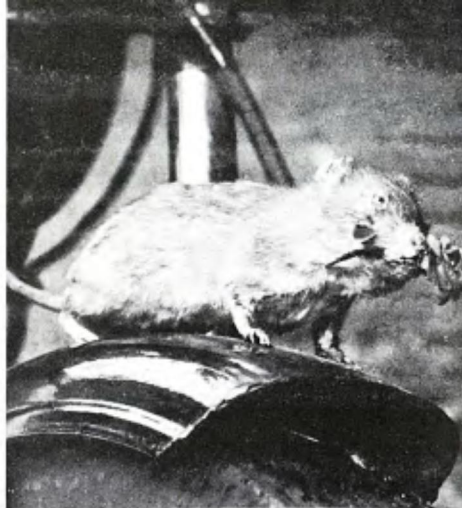
MULE AN HIS OL' LADY



READERS' RIDES



It's the middle of winter just about everywhere, but spectacular scooters have a way of shinin' just as bright in the cold winter sun as in the hot summer one. Here are two bikes that prove it.



Ted van der Velden, Elst, Netherlands
45 flathead rat

No tellin' what you're liable to run into while puttin' the lowlands of the Netherlands. Might be a kid with his thumb in a dyke, or even the Reckless Rat.

Ted van der Velden built his Harley in the mode of whatever fits, try it. Hal Robinson woulda loved this 45 flathead. So does Willie G. He awarded it first place in the SuperRally '84 rat bike class at Brighton, England, last summer.

The scoot features its own coffin trailer mounted on a one-wheeled base frame with a helicopter's nose wheel, a Super Glide front end, a stuffed rat with a rose in its mouth for class, a Morris magneto, and a primary belt drive.

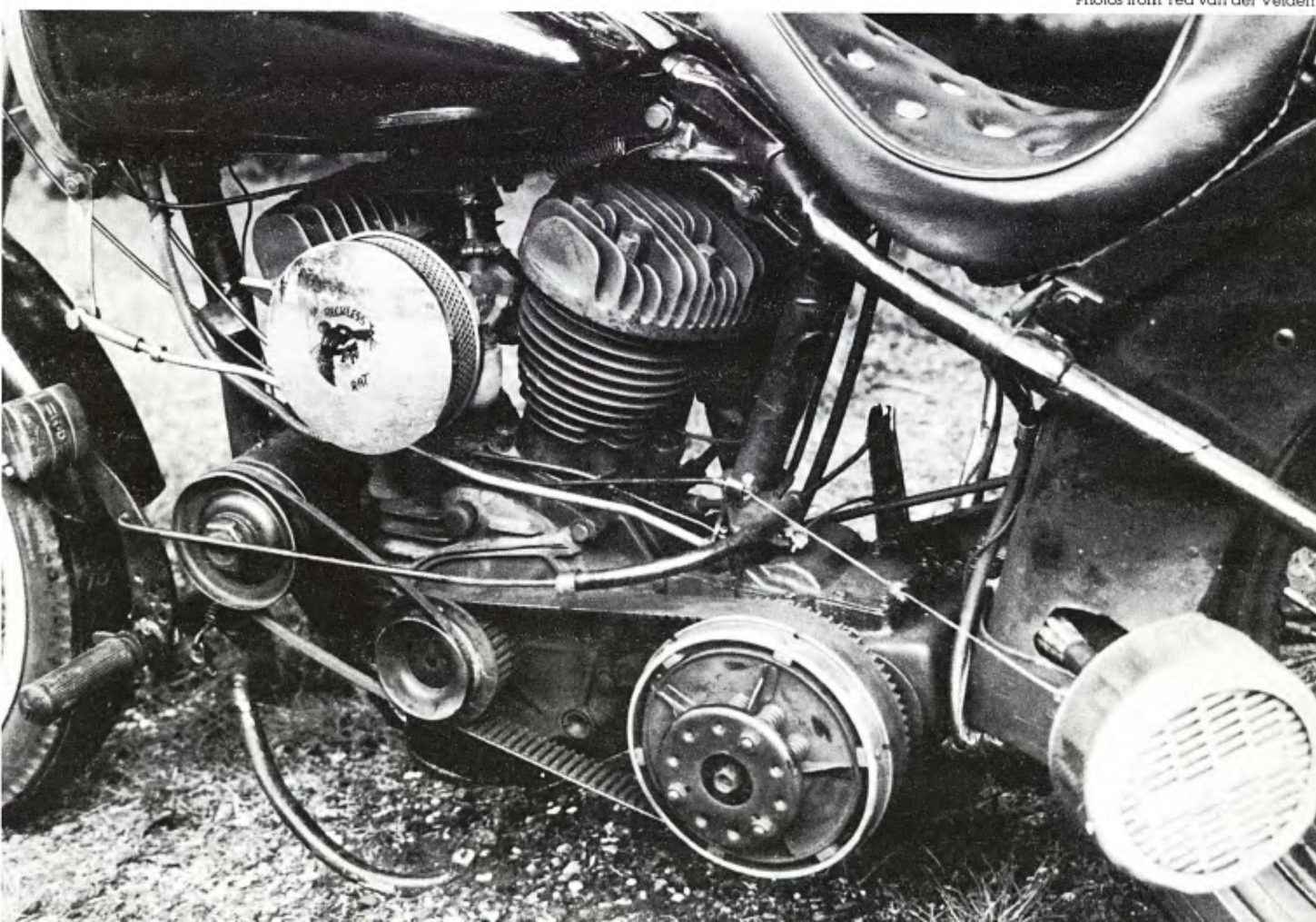
Yumpin' yiminy, ya just *never* know what you'll find in the Netherlands, yaa?

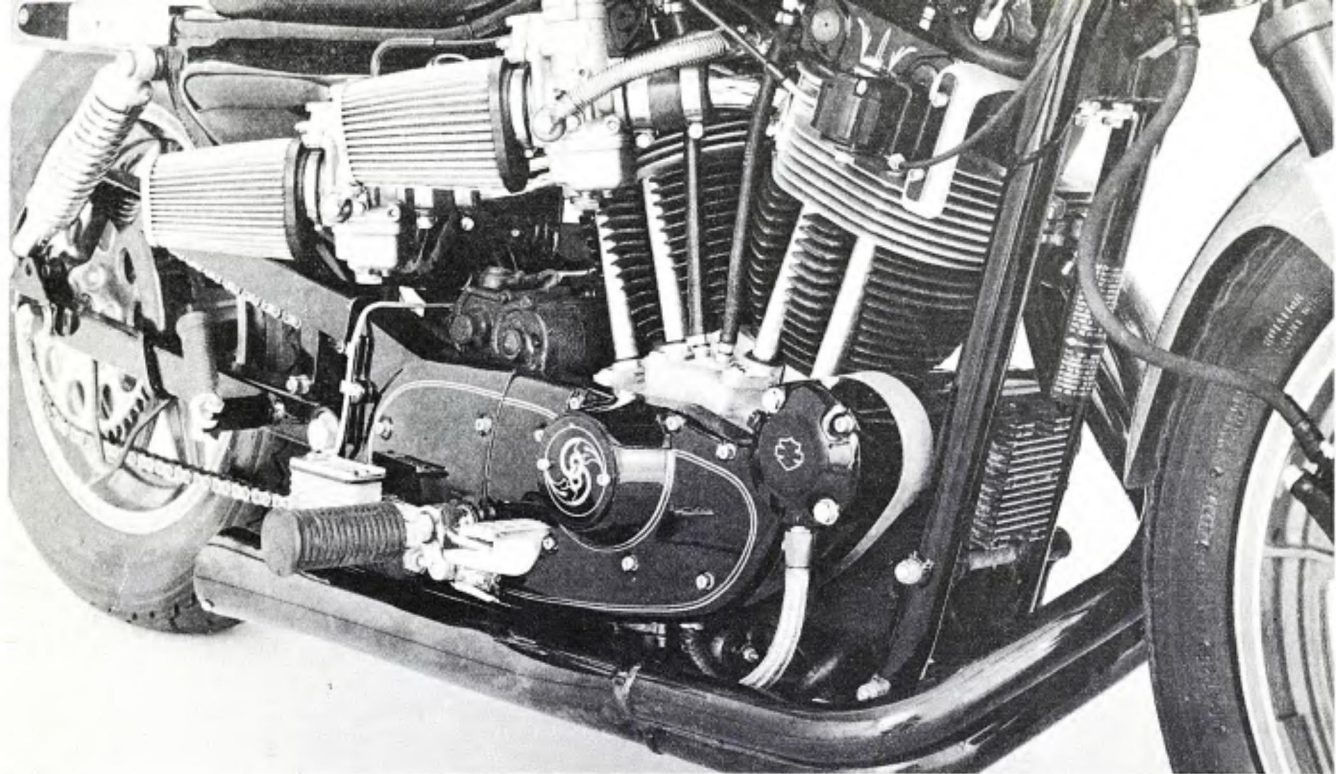
—Rags





Photos from Ted van der Velden



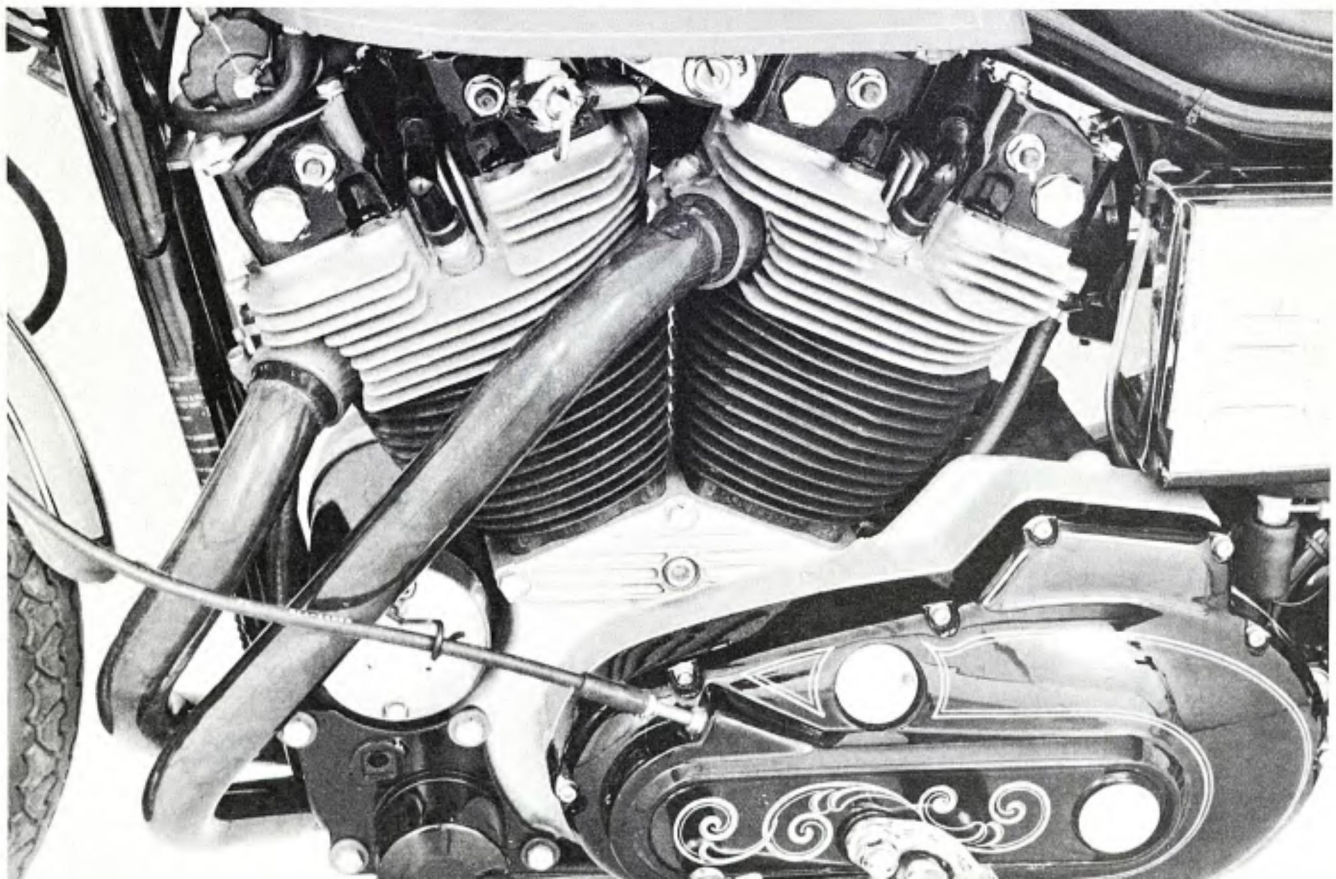


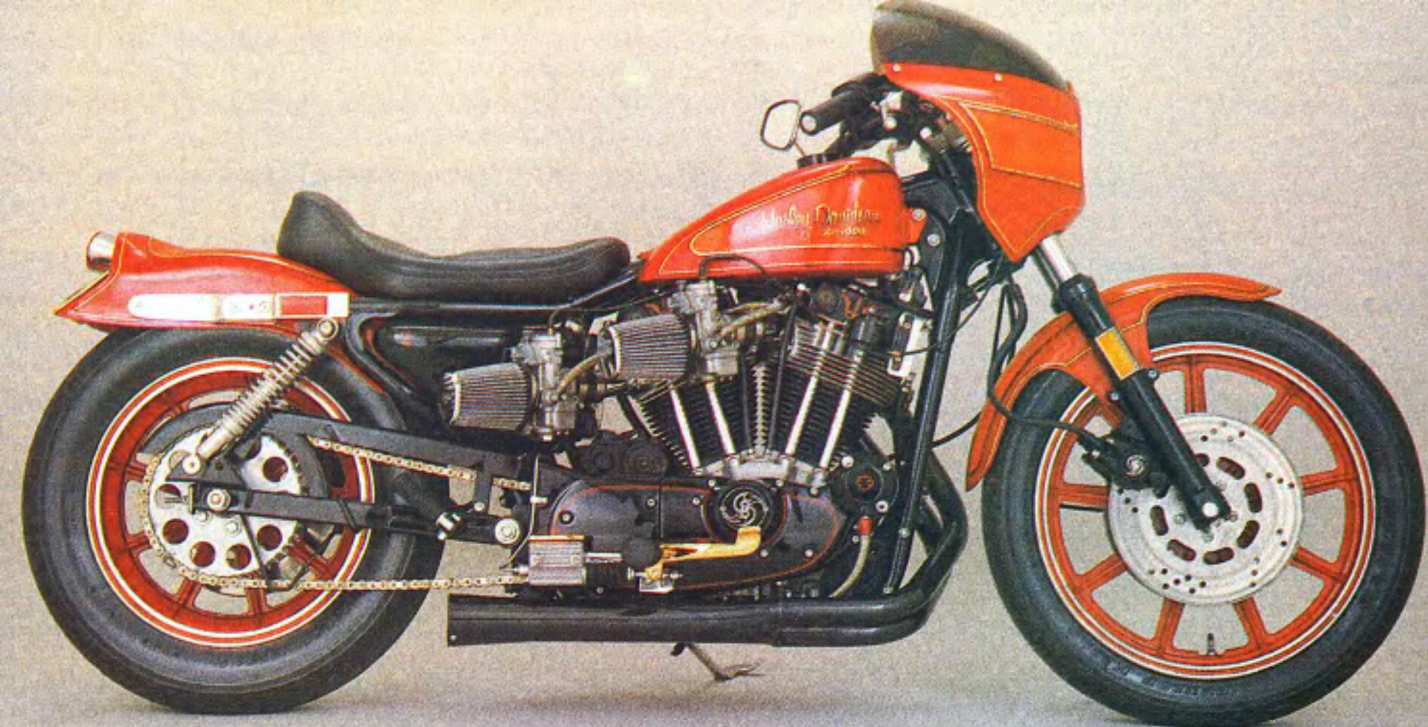
**Clyde Fessler, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
1983 XR-1000**

READERS' **RIDES**



Ever wonder what happens to those hand-built, lovingly assembled factory prototypes from which the production bikes available to you and me are derived? Well, if it's a Harley prototype, chances are one of the company's owner-managers (bike fiends all), will snap it up for use as a personal ride. At least that's what happened to this prototype XR-1000. As soon as its days on the test tracks were over, H-D general sales manager Clyde Fessler bought it from the company, packed it off to Arlen Ness for some customizing, and began profilin' it, everywhere from Milwaukee to Daytona.





Photos by Pete Chiodo





TEMPORARY SHIPMENT

By Piston

My trouble is I've got a rich man's mind in a poor man's life. This means that while I like most people, I love all money.

Harleys, of course, are my religion.

I was meditating on all that when the shop boss peered into my work bay where I was unhurriedly probing the greasy innards of a panhead with a screwdriver, knowing that sooner or later my natural-born wrench's intuition would find the bike's illness.

"Nooner Jones!" barked the boss. "Phone!"

Following fatso to his tiny cluttered office, I put the phone to my ear. Calmly, I reasoned it had to be one of three types: the mouthy slut I'd thrown outta my cave a week earlier; my ex-probation officer, armed with something rotten, like maybe I hadn't completed probation and still had a month to go; or fate itself, in some human form, beckoning me toward sudden lust, riches, or death. "Yeah?" I cautiously inquired of the black, oily mouthpiece.

"Nooner?" responded a vaguely familiar voice.

"He's on Mars, corruptin' alien lifeforms, but I'll take the message, man."

"I recognize your voice, asshole. This is your old cellmate, Scammer Pratt."

Continued on page 90

Arvidson 84

Warren's Harem

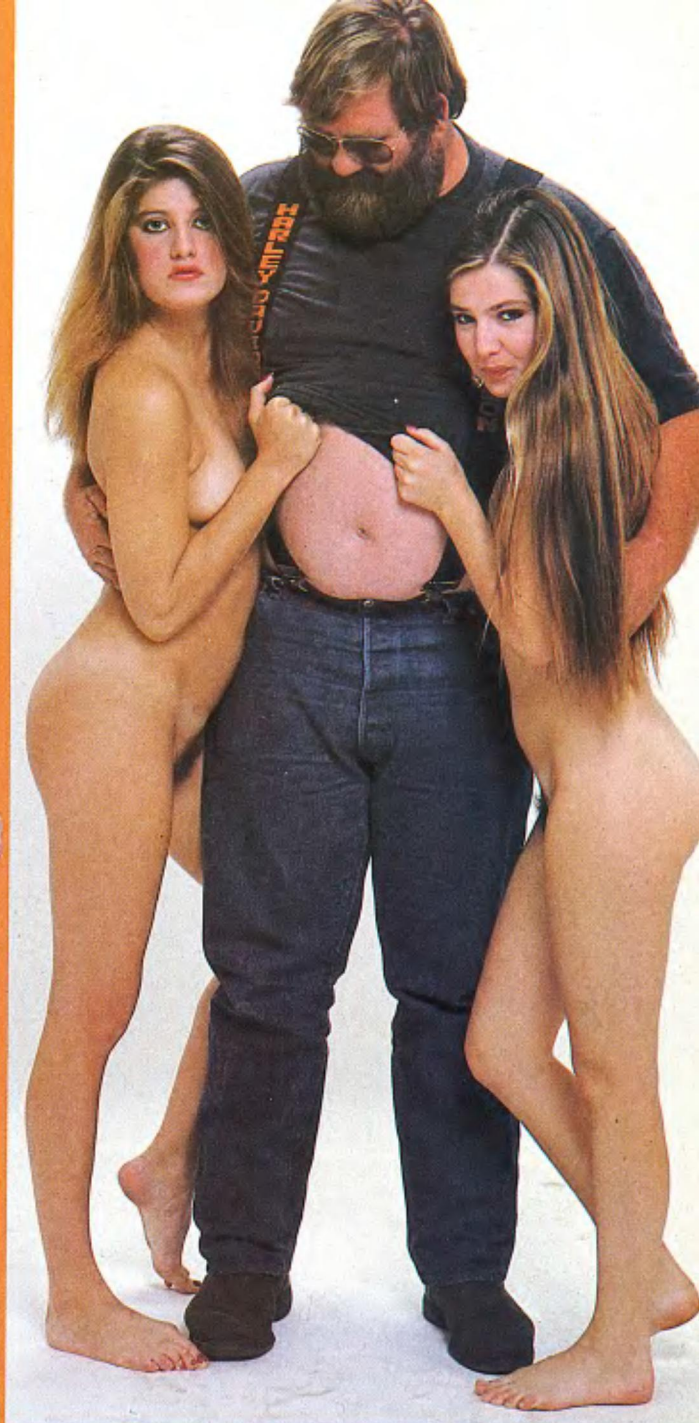
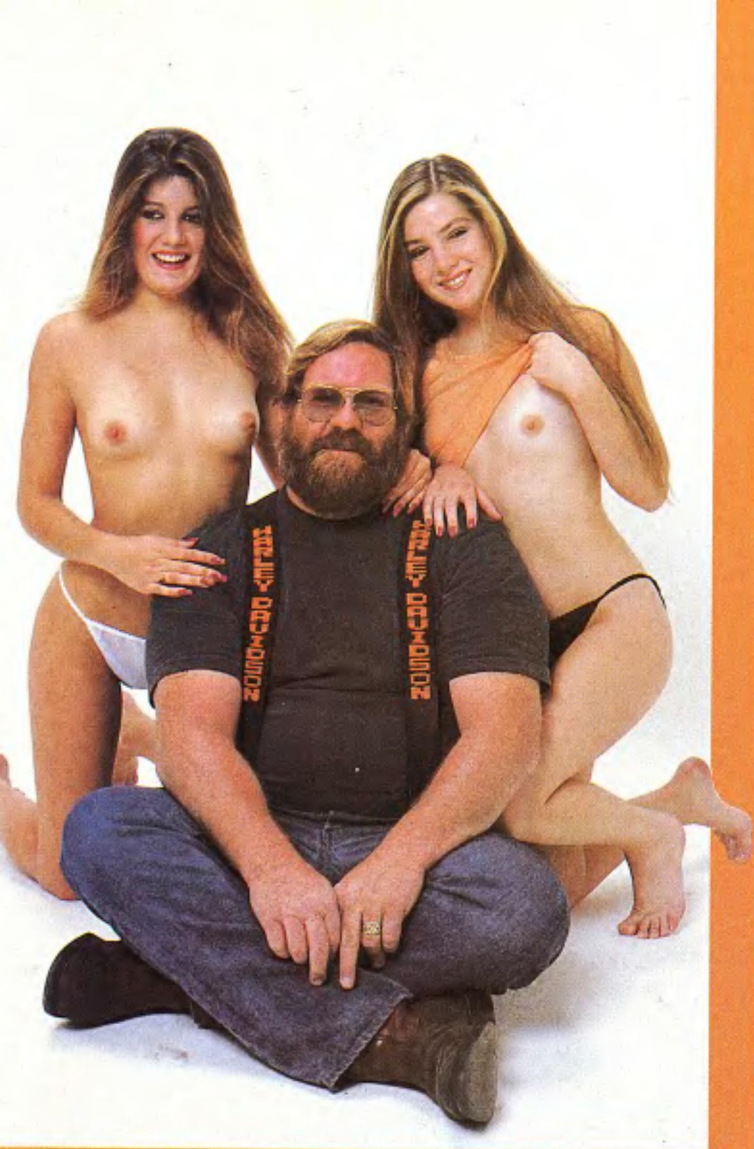
When this big guy tells the chicks not to fight 'cause there's enough to go around, he's not just whistlin' "Born To Be Wild."

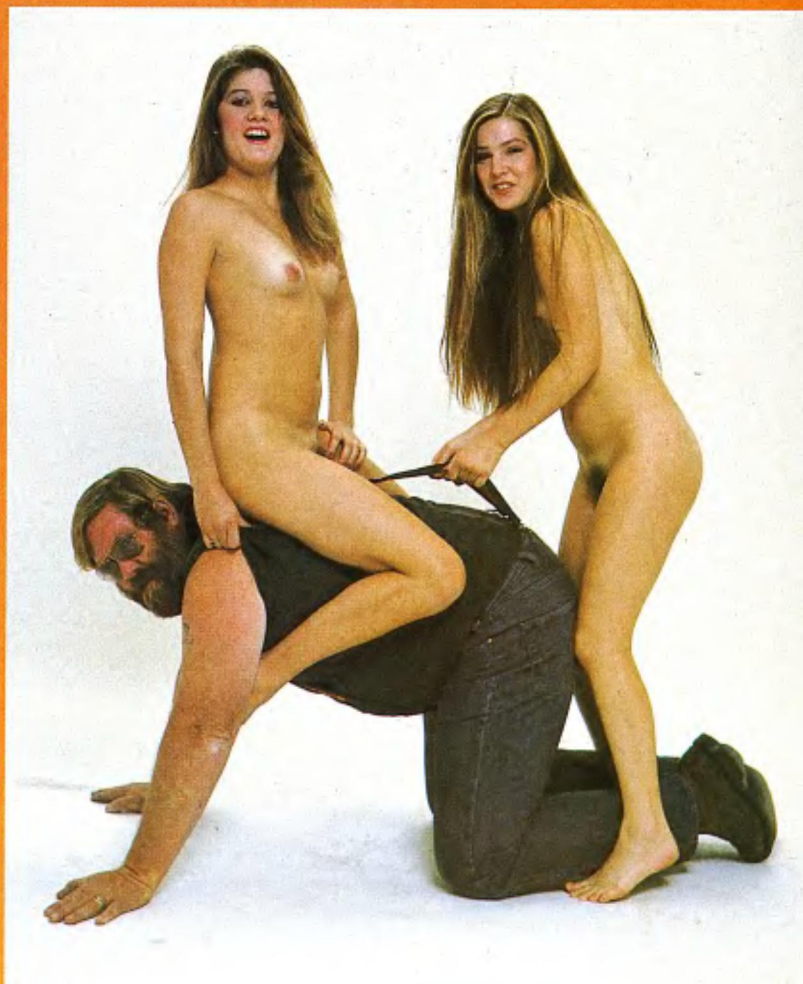
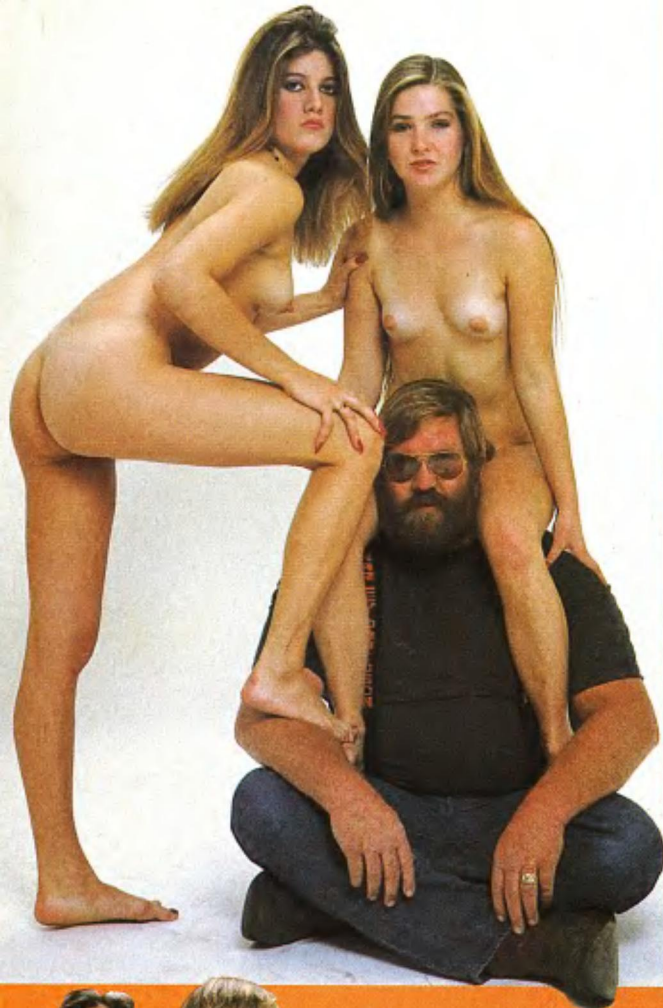
We all get tired of it. Tired of havin' two chicks fightin' over which one of them's gonna get to go home with us (or, in Madman's case, which one is gonna get to *not* go home with us).

The screaming and cursing, the ripped clothes, the pulled hair — it all gets old pretty damn fast. And, after ya claim the winner, what have you got? Some bruised, bloody, shiner-sportin' Susie who immediately wants ya to head downtown and buy her a bunch of new threads to replace the ones that got torn while she was fighting for ya (like somebody asked her to, right?).

While I wouldn't suggest walkin' up to 6'4" Warren and calling him a pacifist (unless you're nursing a "Grade A" death wish), the fact is that he'd rather make love than war, or, at least, he'd rather fuck than







watch somebody else fight.

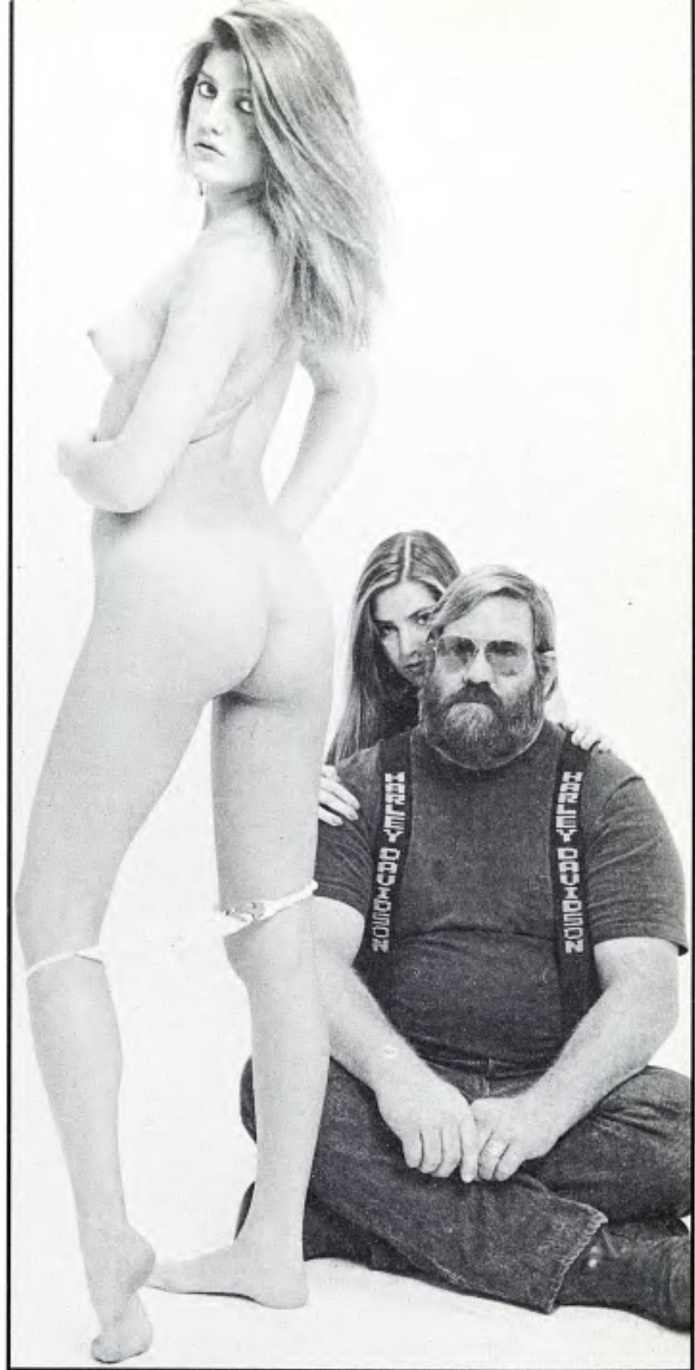
"I figure that it's a lot more fun for me if all those crazy biker foxes are throwing all that excess energy at me, instead of using it to claw each other's faces to ribbons.

"'Hell,' I tell 'em when they start coming on to me and getting hostile to each other, 'there's more than enough of me to go around. Why don't ya both relax and climb on this horny biker's double-damn-sized lap?'"

From our observations, Warren's method works. More often than not, he winds up gettin' screwed, blued, and lip-tattooed by both chicks, and the chicks wind up so sleepy and satisfied that they can't even remember bein' pissed at each other. (It also reduces the amount of broken glass and smashed furniture at the biker bars 'round here.)

Of course, every ride has its flip-flop and every silver





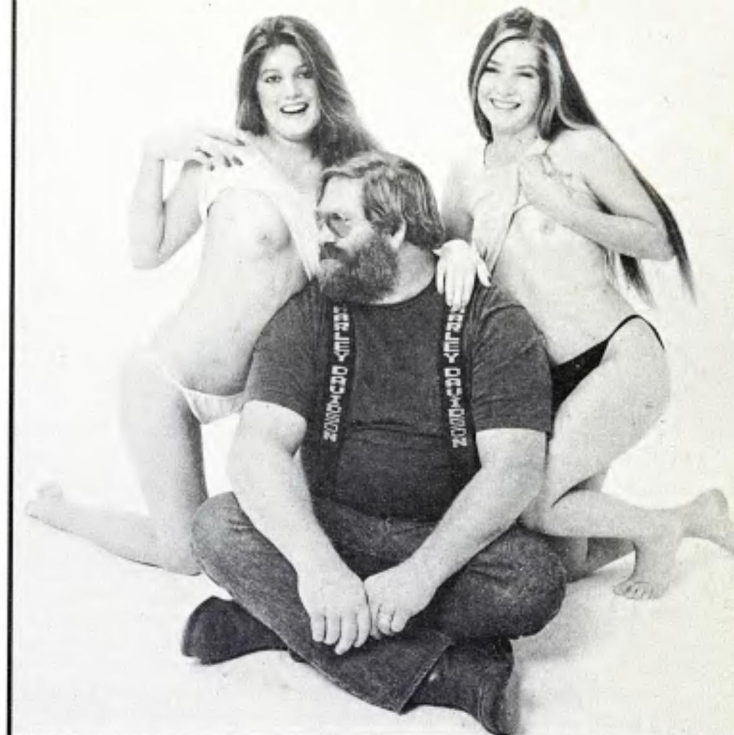
lining is shrouded by a cloud. Warren's "clouds" floated through the tavern door about two months after he'd perfected his two-chick system. And believe me, these weren't little light, fluffy clouds, but B-I-G, heavy, gray, mean-lookin', ready-for-business ones. Seems Spider'd gotten a bit tired of hearin' Warren braggin' on how he'd tamed all the local chicks by taking 'em on two at a time, so in his own inimitable way he decided to do somethin' about it.

Ya shoulda seen Warren's mug when Mutha and her sister slurped through them swingin' doors, pointed their scabby fingers at him and said, "You! We want yer ass!"

—Butcher



Photos by Pete Chiodo



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 January 30th. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #140 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — **Becky**, the fourth monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Dee, Shelly, and Cindy.

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

140

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.

SILKY SAM





PAMELA

CHERI



SHIRLEY

DOWNTIME

By Bomber



GREG ANTON & IRV ROSENBERG



The Ghosts/Playing in the Heart of Gold Band:

First there's the squeak of handlebars being straightened, a primary kick, and then with a pop, a grunt, and a roar, you're off. Down the road with the Ghosts playing in the Heart of Gold Band. Does the second half of that name ring any bells? If so, you're a certifiable Grateful Dead Head.

The Ghosts were a loose group of good dudes and gals who played the bar scene in Northern California from 1979 to 1981. Led by Greg Anton and Irv Rosenberg, two Harley riders, they were joined by Keith and Donna Godchaux after they left the Grateful Dead for personal reasons — basically, to spend more time raising their kids — in '79. Keith and Donna didn't always make every gig, however, so there were always others who filled in. The revolving door of musicians in the Heart of Gold Band featured Steve Kimock, a hot guitar player, David McKay on bass, Mark Adler on

piano, Dexter LeBlanc on bass, and Greta Rose on vocals. The band rolled happily along until tragedy struck — a cage crash claimed Keith's life. After that, there were two and then three versions of this band that really just wanted to have a good time and see where it would take them. They may have the chance now.

The name, for those unknowing souls, comes from the Grateful Dead song "Scarlet Begonias": *Strangers stopping strangers just to shake their hand/Everybody's playing in the heart of gold band.*

In one vein, the record is a tribute to Keith's magical way with the keyboards; it's a commemorative album for a band that's no longer in existence. But once the music is down on the tracks, it is — forever. Witness Jimi Hendrix, Buddy Holly, Janis, and Lynyrd Skynyrd, to name just a few. And the music on this record, for which you'll have to search high and low or send away, is definitely

worth your time. It's also a great showcase for some folks who either haven't been heard from in a long time, or virtually never were heard of outside of the Bay Area.

Side one is a souped-up studio effort, featuring one version of the band, the second version, called the Ghosts. When the needle hits the vinyl, you'll embark on a putt with the first tune, "Ride Out." Written by Irv Rosenberg over a tidy eight years, with help from Greg Anton, it's a spirited piece about getting away from a hassle with the ol' lady with a soothing putt: *See the clouds fly by, hear the noise of the cry of the road/ Feel the wind in my eye, make my blues go by, so I'm told/Gotta ride out.* They recorded the song in a neighborhood with Rosenberg's wife, Susan, engineering the bike sounds. They put microphones on the bikes and cleared the block for the afternoon. On guitar is John Cippollina — a name from way back if you were

into the Quicksilver Messenger Service a million years ago. Cippollina, whose brother is a member of Huey Lewis and The News, adds his own unique sway-bar tremolo style to the record and his guitar is hot. So are the scooter sounds. On the back cover of the album, credit is given to Rosenberg's '49 pan and Greg Anton's '71 shovel-head, as well as to Dave Cort and his 850 Norton. One of 'em had to be the falsetto. From what we heard, Rosenberg let his pipes do the talking, then split, not to be seen for quite a spell.

The rest of super-clean side one follows with "Built For Comfort;" no, not about a ride on a Harley dresser, but about a chick. Reasonable enough. It was written by Anton, who is the one constant

Continued on page 122

Court tells bikers: You bend over an' touch yer toes, and we'll show ya where the leather and denim goes

In one of the most outrageous decisions ever to toss fascist dung on the corpse of the U.S. Constitution, California's 1st District Court of Appeal has upheld the conviction of a bike passenger arrested on drug charges after having been body-searched following a traffic violation.

The incident began way back in April 1981, when two San Jose plainclothes narcs pulled over a bike that had allegedly run a stop sign. The cops patted the unidentified biker down and, after finding nothing illegal, body-searched his passenger, turning up, they claimed, a baggie full of speed. The passenger, Kara Koenig, was convicted and sentenced to six months on the drug charge. She appealed, claiming that the search was illegal.

Koenig's appeal, on its face, appeared to be pretty solid. Under California law, cops are allowed to "pat down" (body search) minor traffic violators only if they have reason to believe the suspect is armed.

According to the cops, the *biker's clothing* — a leather jacket, jeans, boots, and a Harley belt buckle — was more than enough reason for them to assume he was armed and dangerous.

Shockingly, two out of three members of the appeals court

agreed. "Upon viewing the manner of dress (of the biker), it was reasonable for the officers to suspect that he may have been a member of a motorcycle gang and may have been carrying a firearm," Justice James Scott wrote in the majority decision.

The lone dissenter, Justice Clinton White, showed that at least one person on the bench remembered what country he was living in.

"I think the thousands of perfectly reasonable law-abiding citizens who own and ride motorcycles — including those who ride Harley-Davidson choppers — in just such clothing would be justifiably shocked to learn that by doing so, they give the police reason to believe that they are carrying deadly weapons," White wrote in his dissent.

Overlooked entirely, apparently, was the fact that the cops had even less justification for searching Koenig than they did for searching the bike rider. Koenig, after all, not only gave them no reason to believe she was armed, she hadn't even committed any traffic offense — unless, of course, some right-wing court in the land of fruits and nuts has decided that passengers are as responsible for moving violations as drivers.

EASYnews

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

Oregon prison bike club bites the dust

The Screaming Eagles Motorcycle Workshop is no more. One of the oldest biker clubs behind bars, the Screaming Eagles Workshop was established in the aftermath of a 1968 riot at the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem. The main purpose of the club was to build and race show and drag bikes, using inmate labor and parts and supplies from outside donors. In addition to being the only prison club allowed to build, show, and race bikes in competition, the Eagles also sponsored an annual prison bike show, ball games, toy runs and other charity events.

Despite the surface accomplishments of the club, however, problems, like hidden icebergs, seemed to lurk not far below the placid waterline. In disbanding the Workshop, prison administrators cited the finding of ammunition in the yard during the 1984 bike show, an assault on an inmate by two members of the Eagles' Executive Board, and the smuggling in of drugs by club officers.

Typical prison bullshit? Maybe. But the Screaming Eagles may have been afflicted by much more serious problems than a few breeches of discipline. In the following letter, Bob Rice, former secretary and business agent of the Eagles, claims that it was the club, not The Man, that fucked up. We weren't there at the time all this went down, so we can't swear to the truth of either the prison administrator's or Rice's assertions. We do feel, however, that what happened at the Oregon State Penitentiary is something everyone trying to build a bike club behind bars should pay attention to. Here's what Rice has to say about his club's demise.

As past secretary and business agent for the club, I have a few things to say. This club had potential which was partially destroyed by the attitude that we had something "coming" from bros, friends, businesses, and clubs on the streets.

Pettiness, smut, know-it-all, holier-than-thou dispositions were indicative of the downfall from the beginning, an' chasin' the crank bag and tokin' became the priority and was the first order of busi-

ness of every day. Less than one third of the club ever owned or rode a motorcycle on the streets.

To those of you out there who donated parts, time, money and support, who haven't even been told thank you, I would like to say thanks from the heart. Without you, this would never have gotten as far as it did and I, for one, appreciate you, your help and your concern.

To you ignorant sons of bitches who

fucked this up for everyone here, you know there is no one as anti-establishment and against authority and the administration as I am. This was not the act of authority against bikers — it was you wannabe, bag-chasin' bad asses who fucked it up and it is your fuckin' fault!

You forget you were in the fuckin' penitentiary, or what? Maybe someday you will grow up, realize what brotherhood is all about, and snap to the fact that the bag isn't the most important thing around and that no one owes you a fuckin' thing.

It's too late for this club, but it's never too late to learn. Maybe it will help others.

This needs to be said and I accept full responsibility for saying it. These irresponsible wannabe fuckheads fucked up the do-dah!

— R.L. Rice

Town not liable for cop

The cop was called to the tavern and ordered the drunken patron to leave. He watched the man stagger to his pickup and drive off. Not surprisingly, the drunk hit something — a bike. The severely injured passenger sued the cop's employer, the town of Forks, Wash., for negligence.

The verdict? Forks was ruled "immune" from liability.

Anybody surprised?

Connecticut bikers fight bar owners' bias

Liquor board urged to lift ticket of taverns that ban motorcycle garb

Longtime biker rights activist Robert "Rev. Kaiser" Hershberger, founder and minister of the Manchester Mission Church of Bikers, has taken his campaign to force New England gin mills to recognize the civil rights of motorcyclists to the Connecticut Liquor Control Commission.

Accompanied by about 25 brothers and sisters, the Rev. Kaiser presented the commission with a list of proposed rules designed to prevent bar owners from discriminating against bikers because of their dress, mode of transportation, or media reputation.

"The biker is the victim," Rev. Kaiser told

the commission during a public hearing on his proposals, "of the imagination of the Hollywood writer." From the days of the 1950s biker exploitation flick "The Wild One" to today's frequent depictions of bikers as sex-crazed goons, bikers have been unfairly slandered by Hollywood, the reverend pointed out.

Both Kaiser and other witnesses at the hearing noted that in actual fact bikers are active in many charity drives, generally keep to themselves, and are less rowdy than many rabid, beer-fueled football and baseball fans.

Kaiser, who has been arrested numerous times for defying tavern rules prohibiting patrons from wearing leathers or other biker garb, showed the commission a state department of motor vehicles handbook that recommended motorcycle

riders wear leather clothing for protection and noted that steel studs in jackets make them more visible at night.

Bikers don't dress the way they do to "scare college kids" he said, while passing around a business card bearing what he calls "The American Biker's Creed."

"May we stand united against the oppressions confronting us with spirit, will and determination as our forefathers once did when founding a great nation," the creed, in part, reads. "We are one of the last symbols of America's freedom."

As of this writing, the liquor commission has not acted on Rev. Kaiser's proposals to forbid bar owners from using dress codes to discriminate against customers and to require bar owners to allow biker riders to park in any regular parking space in their lots.

Mickey Apple: Biking's daring young girl on the wall

The daring young girl roaring round and round the wall of death without touching the bars is 80 now. The days of the motordrome and the county fairs, the circuit from Florida across the U.S.A. and into Canada, the 50 or 60 or 70 shows a day, now live only in her memories.

Yet the light still sparkles in her eyes and the beauty that once awed crowds from coast to coast is still evident in her face. Mickey Apple — the "One and Only Mickey Apple," as she was billed in those long-ago barnstorming days — is still sharp as a tack, her mind as clear and crisp as the air above some long-since-paved-over Midwestern fairground.

Mickey's life in the saddle began, as it does for so many scooter ladies, with a case of love at first sight. The place was the county fair in Wausau, Wisconsin. The time was June 1921 — Mickey's 17th summer — and the love object was a motorcycle daredevil named Thurston Apple.

A lot, over the years, has been made of the pilots of the fledgling Army Air Corps in the First World War. Of how many of them fell in love with the high and mighty and couldn't readjust to civilian life. Of how they scraped together a few bucks to buy a surplus Jenny and became barnstormers or daredevils, or, a few years later, the first mail pilots.

Thurston Apple had a similar experience in the "Great War." The Nashville, Tennessee, native had been a motorcycle dispatch rider and discovered that he couldn't get bikes out of his blood after being mustered out. So he built himself a plank cylinder with a viewing stand above it and began entertaining at fairs, riding high on the walls of his giant barrel while the crowds gawked.

"The fair was in Wausau for a week," Mickey says of her first encounter with the man who was to become her husband, teacher, and daredevil riding partner. "He was staying at a small hotel operated by parents of a friend of mine. I used to help them sometimes, waiting tables. So while he was there, I got to talk to him a lot.

"The next week his troupe of daredevils appeared in Marshville. I had some relatives there, so I went and visited. When the show moved on the week after that, I went with him."

Mickey started her career as a motorcycle daredevil packing behind Thurston Apple as he careened round and round the vertical walls of the motordrome. Before long she was on her own, learning her dangerous new trade in front of a thousand staring eyes.

"You start on the floor," she recalls. "There is a starting track. The more you get up (the wall), the more speed it takes. If you're going to do it, it's just as easy to try it before an audience. There was no other time to try it."

"You start off taking your hands off just a little, then more... you control the machine with your knees. When I finally rode the wall without hands, I thought I had done something. Then I learned to throw a leg over the handlebar with my arms extended over my head."

As anybody who has ever lived out on the road can tell you, tearing down a show, moving it, and setting it up again on a daily, or at best, weekly, basis is tough. Still when you're young, in love, and work-in' at what you want to do, it's worth it.

"We were young," Mickey says. "We enjoyed the travel. I particularly enjoyed the small towns. The people were so friendly. I guess they appreciated a rare opportunity to be entertained."

"We lived in a trailer and the day always began with a good breakfast, because we didn't know when we would be able to stop for a meal. Some of those fairs opened at 8 a.m. and didn't close until midnight."

"I've sat on my motorcycle deathly tired a lot of those times wondering why those people didn't go home. Those country people like to stay late."

Indeed, they did. On July 4, 1946, at Stearns, Kentucky, so many stayed so late, Mickey did a record-breaking 72 performances on the wall. "Those people just kept coming out of those hills on those coal trains; you couldn't disappoint 'em."

Yeah, the hours were long, but the money was OK — "Steaks in the summer and stew in the winter," Mickey says — and the daredevilin' damsel stayed remarkably free from injury despite the hazardous nature of her calling.

"I had a few scratches over the years," she recalls, "but I was 40 years old before I had a bad accident and I don't call it a bad one. It was in Cynthiana, Kentucky. I simply went over the top. The motorcycle couldn't go over the top, there were cables to prevent that. But I went over and landed in a fat man's lap."

"He seemed flattered. It got him a lot of attention. I came out of it with a broken arm. It went in a cast and I kept riding. I rode with my cast across my chest when I was on the wall. When I was ready to come down, I had to take the good arm and place the cast hand on the bars. I needed that hand for balance to come down."

Thurston Apple, unfortunately, was not as lucky as his wife. A dirt-track racer during the off-season, he got tangled up in a multi-bike crash at Cumberland Park Raceway in Nashville in 1925.

"Some other rider's machine landed on him," Mickey says. "It badly burned his left arm and he was never able to use it again. He was in the hospital for months."

When Thurston recovered, he and Mickey took the motordrome back on tour — with Thurston as the manager and Mickey as the star attraction. Sadly, Thurston Apple was never able to ride the motordrome's wall again.

"Before I met him," Mickey says, glancing backward in time at the 17-year-old girl who scandalized Wausau, Wisconsin, by running away with the young man on the huge motorcycle, "I didn't like motorcycles. I considered them noisy things. But they were his life."

So, like so many other women who fall in love with wheelmen, she made it her own. Looking back on it now from a distance of over 60 years, you get the feeling that Mickey Apple — the One and Only Mickey Apple — wouldn't have traded that life for anything.

ABATE winning new friends in Indiana

I live on the Gatesville road between 135 and Carl Brummet's Drag Strip. Just about all of ABATE's 3000 motorcycles passed my house (on the way to the Bean Blossom, Indiana, run) in 1983 and 1984.

Not one person out of all those people caused us a minute's worry. They waved at a "couple of old ducks" sitting out in the yard and went on their way.

Most tourists use our front lawn as a dumping ground. They throw out cans, bottles, garbage and all sorts of litter.

ABATE passed by here three days — and didn't so much as throw out a gum wrapper. The people in Bean Blossom were shocked and angry at the "county mounties." We think you were treated miserably. We think your constitutional rights to "peaceful assembly" were severely violated!

Our sheriff's department is noted for "hassling" people. They have lawsuits

against them right now — as I write this letter. I urge ABATE to file a suit against them. Your members are American citizens and their rights were violated! This is a free country — and it will remain free until we cease fighting back against insults such as this.

You are welcome to come here next year. In fact, I will have signs on my lawn saying "Welcome ABATE."

— from an open letter to ABATE in the Brown County (Indiana) *Democrat*

Maybe, baby

"Reactionaries may find male earrings frivolous, but historians say there were sound reasons for the fad when it began centuries ago. Trend setters like King Tut wore them to keep evil spirits from entering through the holes in their heads. Caesar wore one. If he bought it for good luck, he got stuck. Blackbeard the pirate wore one because his pockets were so full he had nowhere else to put it . . . The main reason I have not pierced an ear, of course, is because I think any guy wearing an earring looks like a jerk. Unless he's sitting on a Harley." — Steve Weller, Buffalo (N.Y.) *News*

Lead phase-out update: AMA predicts changing gas will cost bike riders a ton

As you probably already know (Soap Box, ER #139), the Environmental Protection Agency has proposed regulations requiring that the lead content of "leaded" gas be reduced to almost zilch — .1 of a gram per gallon.

When the plan was first announced by the EPA, we knew it would be an expensive boondoggle, but we didn't know exactly how expensive.

Now, thanks to the American Motorcyclists Association, we have a much better idea. According to a study presented to the EPA by the AMA, "Owners of Harley-Davidson, European, and vintage motorcycles could be faced with engine-rebuild costs totaling nearly \$590 million."

And remember, that's \$590 million just for engine overhauls. That doesn't include the expense of buying the new, lower-than-low leaded gas, which is expected to cost at least ten cents a gallon more than today's leaded fuel.

The AMA's estimates are based on a conservative forecast that 50 percent of the two million "at risk" engines on the road will suffer serious damage due to lack of lead for valve lubrication. Included in this engine population are Harleys, pre-1979 BMWs, almost all British and Italian bikes, pre-1974 Japanese bikes and an estimated one million vintage cycles.

In issuing its study, the AMA noted that the EPA did not even test motorcycles when determining its new minimum lead-level specifications. Motorcycles, the AMA pointed out, with their usually

higher-revving, air-cooled engines, may suffer valve failure sooner than the cages the EPA did study. The AMA also charged that the EPA underestimated by 8 percent the number of motorcycles that would be affected by the agency's lead decision.

California's Iron Duke kills rider education bill

California Governor George Deukmejian has vetoed legislation establishing a self-funding motorcycle rider education program.

The legislation, Assembly Bill 2489, introduced by Rep. Dick Floyd, would have brought a self-sustaining, structured rider education program to the nation's most populous motorcycle state.

The program, which had the support of virtually all the biker groups in the state, would have been funded by a \$2 increase in registration fees and administered by a special commission established by the legislation.

According to the American Motorcyclist Association, enactment of the measure would have been a "benchmark" for motorcycle safety by making rider education available to a total of 53 percent of the nation's motorcycle owners. Currently, 18 states have similar laws.

Former Golden State Governor Jerry Brown vetoed a similar bill in 1980. The state now has the dubious distinction of suffering rider-ed vetoes by both Democratic and Republican governors.

Bikers remember disabled veterans

Hundreds of bikers from throughout Florida recently took part in a combination food-and-blood run to benefit Disabled American Veterans Chapter 40 in Ft. Lauderdale.

"We needed this food desperately," said Walter Rekuc, a spokesman for the DAV. "Our food cupboard was practically bare."

The run was the brainchild of Art Robertson, a DAV member and an officer in the southeast chapter of ABATE of Florida.

"We wanted to help as much as we could," Robertson said after the run, which began at the Golden Glades Interchange in Miami and proceeded down Ft. Lauderdale's Sunrise Boulevard to the DAV post. "We had one guy who brought 18 chickens."

The food donations, which covered two long tables in the back of the DAV hall and filled several freezers in a storage area, will be used in the DAV post's food program. First started about a year ago, the food program attempts to aid needy vets by providing them with as much as \$300 in cash and food.

According to Paul Rose, the DAV post commander, the program has so far helped about 75 vets, most of whom have been referred to the DAV by the Veterans' Administration Hospital in Oakland Park.

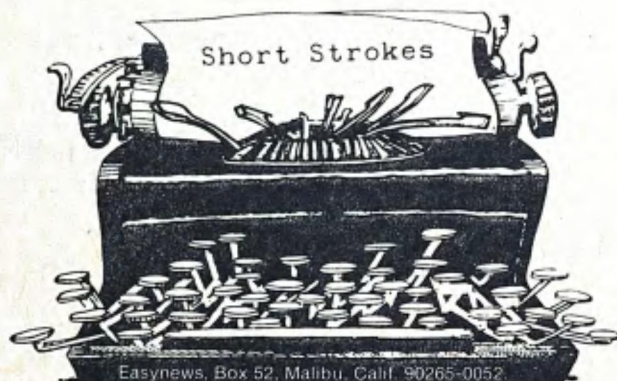
"This is fantastic," Rose said of the bikers' contributions. "This was an emergency and they really came through. I'm really touched."

Only half done with their day's quota of good works, the bikers left the DAV post and proceeded to Markham Park where a mass blood donation was held.

All in all, it was a very good day for ABATE of Florida, for the former freedom fighters of the DAV, and for whoever's life may someday be saved by a pint or two of all-American biker blood.

Press coverage was good, with one paper beginning its account this way: "Evil, wicked, mean and nasty," proclaimed the black T-shirt worn by one woman. But the riders who came rumbling and roaring down Sunrise Boulevard straddling huge, chopped-down versions of Harley-Davidson motorcycles . . . all had their hearts in the right place."

Now if only some of that good feeling could be carried over to ABATE's attempt to repeal the Florida lid law, we'd all be in great shape.



The 1984 session of the Rhode Island legislature adjourned, praise the lord, without enacting any of a bushful of restrictive motorcycle laws. Among the bills not passed were ones requiring helmets for everyone on a bike, one requiring helmets for all bikers under 20 years old, and one establishing super-high fines for repeat offenders of any helmet law... And in Georgia the state legislature adjourned without acting on a bill creating vanity license plates for bikes. Based on some of the dumb shit we've seen on personalized cage plates, we're not so sure that isn't a bill better left for dead, along with the proposed Rhode Island helmet laws.

A Caldwell, Idaho, woman drove her pickup through a stop sign and wasted a biker. Canyon County Magistrate Marvin Cherin tapped her wrist with a sentence more fit for a princess than a killer — 100 hours' worth of sweeping floors down at the court house. Oh, yeah, Law 'n' Order Cherin also lifted her driver's license for 180 days — except for driving to and from work, to and from the doctor's, and wherever she needs to go for quote family needs unquote. Now let's see, it shouldn't take more than an hour to figure out somewhere she can't legally drive to.

The Free Brotherhood Church of King George, Virginia, has scheduled motorcycle swap meets for Feb. 10 at Expoland in Fishersville, Virginia, and Feb. 24 at the National Guard Armory in Winchester, Virginia. For more info, write 'em at Box 381, King George, VA 22485... A federal jury has awarded a Woodlawn, Maryland, man \$3.8 million for losing his left arm in a 1978 bike crash. The jury ruled that the accident was caused by a defective steering system on the plaintiff's Kawasaki, thus making the giant Japanese corporation liable for damages. Kawasaki's attorneys had contended that the accident had actually been caused by a flat tire.

Four hundred leather-clad bikers recently staged a super-successful toy run in Des Moines, Iowa. "These are good solid toys, and these people have good hearts," said Norbert Norpel, executive secretary of St. Vincent de Paul's. Norpel said the bros' gifts more than doubled the number of toys collected in the group's '84 Toys for Tots drive... And finally: General Motors has been bombarding the press with handouts touting the benefits of "a major change" in the design of its mid-sized engines, hydraulic valve lifters with roller-type cam followers. Seems the engineering double-domes at GM have discovered that this bold new technological leap into the future will cut friction and save gas. The honchos at Ford, impressed by the GM findings, are reportedly going to add roller lifters to some of their engines later this year. As you know, we'd be the last folks on earth to belittle the earth-shattering scientific achievements of \$130,000-a-year cage designers but, wouldn't ya know it, Harley-Davidson has been using hydraulic lifters with roller-type cam followers for 30 years.

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	Yes ²	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	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
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.

Kiwi bikers fight insurance assholes

As in many countries, including the United States, bikers in New Zealand are finding it more and more difficult — in some cases impossible — to purchase insurance for their H-Ds and Triumphs.

But, unlike those of us in other lands, they are beginning to think seriously about doing something to rectify the situation.

"We are looking at following the lead of a similar organiza-

tion in Australia by setting up our own insurance company," Lee Hurley of the New Zealand Bikers' Rights Organization says. "Realistically, this would not be for a couple of years, but such a firm would be viable once we get 6000 members."

The move toward self-insurance was triggered by continuous complaints about problems BRO members were having with insurance firms.

"We found most companies were not interested in selling bike insurance at any price," Hurley said. "Others would

only consider it if the motorcyclist would put all his other insurance in their hands.

"When we pointed out this was unfair on a teenage biker who would not have a house or other similar items needing insurance, the companies replied that they would expect the biker's parents' insurance business," Hurley said. "A few companies offer motorbike insurance to anyone who walks off the street, but you pay through the nose for it."

Hurley also noted that insuring a Harley in New Zea-

land currently costs around \$2000 — when you can find a company that will cover one.

Trevor Roberts, a spokesman for the New Zealand Insurance Council, replied to the BRO charges by contending that there are good reasons for the insurance companies to discriminate against bikers the way they do.

"Bikes are at a high risk," Roberts said. "And insurance companies tend to dissociate themselves from the sort of business which is unlikely to show a good return."

Ignorant public can be counted on to blame the biker

On August 14, 1984, my nephew was killed on Airport Highway in front of Valleywood (in Swanton, Ohio). He was driving his motorcycle. The accident was not his fault.

I wanted to tell the people of Swanton this because everyone that spoke to us, heard people say they heard the motorcycle was at fault.

Wouldn't you just know it, just because he rode a bike, people blame him.

I want all of you to know that I used to think bikers were bad, but I have seen and talked to many and now ride a motorcycle myself. You meet some of the nicest people on motorcycles. Just because they don't wear fancy clothes and wear their hair long is no reason to condemn them.

I'm sure many of you observed the funeral Sunday morning. I want to say I was proud to have the bikers in the funeral procession. Many of these bikers didn't know Mark, but they wanted to show their respect and let us — the family — know they shared our grief. Our family would like to thank all the men and women who came on their bikes to show their respect and sympathy.

The motorcycle driver is not always at fault. Drivers of cars say they can't see us. I feel that's a cop-out. If people in cars paid more attention to the road, they would see the bikes.

Wake up, people. Be alert and watch when you drive. Maybe you should get on a bike one time. Try it, you might like it.

— from a letter to the editor of the Swanton Enterprise



Repair a cycle? Heavens, no!

The fella used to run a gas station on Old Tappan Road in Old Tappan, New Jersey. Then, sometime in the mid-seventies, he, like so many other independent station owners, became a victim of the big oil companies' greed and lost his franchise to a company-owned shop. So, having a good reputation as a wrench, he spent the next nine years or so with his gas pumps turned off and his entire business devoted to repairing cages. Nobody, except possibly the occasional stranger who drove in looking for gas and couldn't find any, complained.

Well, time, as it has a way of doing, passed. The garageman is now ready to retire and he intends to hand over the operation of the shop to his two sons, who are also mechanics. All of a sudden, the shop's neighbors are up in arms, hiring lawyers, and demanding that the city rezone the area to make it illegal to operate a garage there. Why? One of the owner's two sons, it seems, is a certified motorcycle mechanic and the "good" citizens of Old Tappan are afraid he may someday fix a bike on the premises.

"What we have is a gasoline station in the middle of a residential district," bleats Mayor Edward Gallagher. "We must think of the residents." We agree. Give the residents what they really need. Turn the damned garage into a full-service funny farm.

A bike-bashin' cager gets stiff term in prison

Coos Bay, Oregon, cager has been given a sentence of four to 25 years in prison for an assault on a biker and his ol' lady.

Coos County Circuit Judge Richard Barron imposed the sentence on Michael Bruce Leavy, after Leavy was found guilty of using his car as a battering ram in an attempt to force the couple's bike off the roadway.

Officially, Leavy was convicted of one count of attempted murder, two counts of second-degree assault, and one count of felony hit-and-run driving.

According to testimony at the trial, Leavy's victims sustained severe injuries from the ramming but were not permanently disabled.

Lids give 'false sense of security,' doc says

A noted New Jersey doctor has found that football helmets create many of the same problems for wearers that so-called motorcycle safety helmets do.

"The helmet does nothing to protect the spine," Dr. Abbott J. Krieger, chief of neurosurgery at New Jersey Medical School in Newark, says.

"The football helmet gives the football player a false sense of security — that by wearing the helmet he's impervious to injury," Krieger says.

Clearly, the same can be true of bike riders, particularly the young and inexperienced ones who comprise the majority of riders involved in crashes. Maybe if they weren't cruising around feeling invincible in their plastic gourd covers, they'd be a little more cautious — and live a whole lot longer.

Note: The writer's nephew was killed by a cage driven by the wife of an Ohio state trooper. At this writing, the case is "under investigation."

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.

The unfaithful wife had just finished giving her boyfriend the screwing of his life and had the favor returned. Just as she was lighting a cigarette, the phone rang. A brief conversation ensued and then she said, "Okay, honey. Bye."

"Your husband?" asked her lover.

"Yes," said the wife, giggling. "He said he'll be home late tonight. He's playing poker with you and a few of the other guys."

—Mary Elderfield
Evansville, Ind.

The citizen walked into a bar. When asked why he hadn't been in for a month, he replied, "I found a biker bar where they call out a number and if you're on that stool, you go in the back room and get fucked!"

Surprised, the bartender asked, "Have you ever won?"

"No," said the citizen, "but my wife won five times!"

—Bang-Bang
Baltimore, Md.

This biker walks into the tavern shit house to take a dump. After he was in there for a while, there was a knock at the door. "Who's there?" yelled the biker.

"It's Fritz and I've got the shirts," came the reply.

From behind the door, the biker yelled back, "That's tough! I'm Jones and I'm not giving up the throne!"

—John Snyder
Salem, Ore.

A long-married wife told her husband that he should experiment with eating her pussy, because she'd heard it was a thrilling experience. The husband, who'd never heard of such a thing, went manfully to the task. The taste wasn't bad, but he found the smell overpowering. Suddenly the wife orgasmed and simultaneously emitted a tremendous fart.

"Thank God," sighed the husband, "for a breath of fresh air!"

—Half-Track
Concord, Calif.



"Of course I won't lose respect for ya — provided you're any good."

The convict made a long-planned escape. Immediately, bulletins were sent out to all media and the police. The con managed to sneak his way into his own apartment building and rang the bell. His wife answered the door, glared at him, and demanded, "Where have you been? You escaped four hours ago!"

—O. Espada
Midway, Tex.

A broad went to a sperm bank to receive artificial insemination. The doctor had her take her clothes off, then he laid her on the table and began fucking her. "What the hell are you doing?" yelled the broad.

"Well," said the doc, "we ran out of the artificial stuff, so I'm gonna have to give you what's on tap."

—Dennis
Cranston, R.I.



"Stella, remember that ticket I bought for the policeman's ball? Well, I won!"

Jerry, in Dallas on business, picked up a lovely girl in the hotel bar and took her up to his room. After a few drinks, the girl sat on his lap. "Would you like to hug me?" she asked.

"Sure," said Jerry, pulling her close.

"And would you like to kiss me?" she asked.

"Of course," replied Jerry, planting a long kiss on her lips.

"Okay, honey," she continued, "brace yourself, 'cause here comes the fifty-dollar question!"

—G. Cleveland
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Realty For Sale: Young woman wishes to sell choice spot at bottom of gentle slope. Built about 20 years ago by young couple. In excellent condition. Years of lush shrubbery completely covers front view. Excellent chance for young man with stiff up-front capital and driving ambition. Have given away over \$2000 worth of holdings before realizing it could be sold. Can be seen any evening after 7 p.m. Come early. Satisfaction guaranteed.

—Nails
Simi Valley, Calif.



"It's a head light, baby."



"Is this gonna hurt?"

Two bikers sat next to each other at a bar. One noticed that the other would occasionally pass his middle finger under his nose and say, "Ahhh, Mary!"

Finally the first biker asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm just sniffing my girlfriend's pussy juice from our last night of lovemaking," answered the second biker.

The first looked at him a second and then passed his entire arm under his nose. Taking a huge whiff, he then shouted, "Ahhh, Susie!"

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

The non-churchgoer's ol' lady persuaded him to attend services on a hot summer Sunday. He was ignorant of the various rituals involved and his ol' lady seemed to be constantly whispering, "Stand up," "Sit down," "Kneel," "Stand up," "Sit." Perspiring from all the activity, he took out his handkerchief to mop his brow and then laid it on his lap to dry. Seeing this, his ol' lady leaned over and whispered, "Is your fly open?"

"No," he replied testily. "Should it be?"

—Joey
Otey, Tex.

Three secretaries were talking about a guy each had dated during the past few weeks.

The first said, "He thinks he's pretty sophisticated, so I decided to teach him a lesson. When I went to his room I found his condoms lying on the table. I stuffed them into one of his socks so he couldn't find them and, boy, did that cramp his style!"

The second girl said, "I thought that a sock was a peculiar place to keep rubbers. But I really took care of him. Since it was my period, I didn't worry about getting laid, but I did take the rubbers and puncture each one before I put them back in a drawer where he could find them."

The third secretary fainted.

—Axle's ol' lady
Rockaway, NY

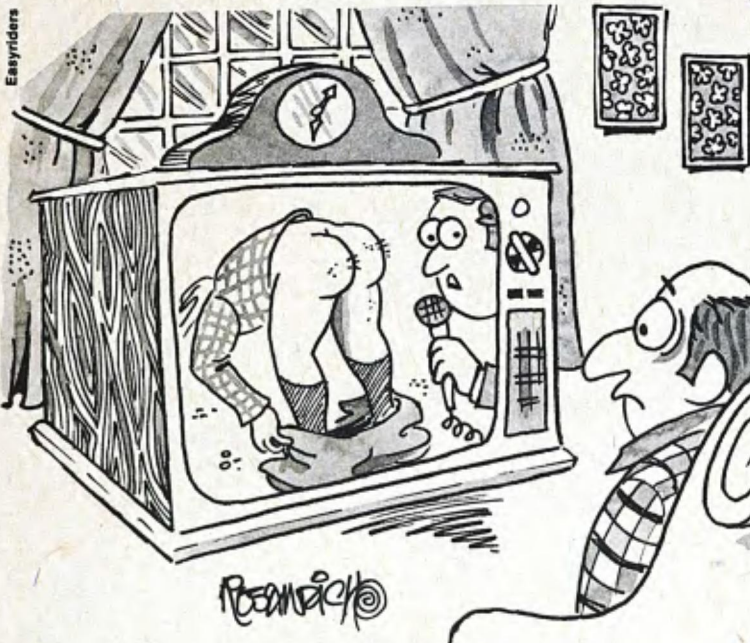
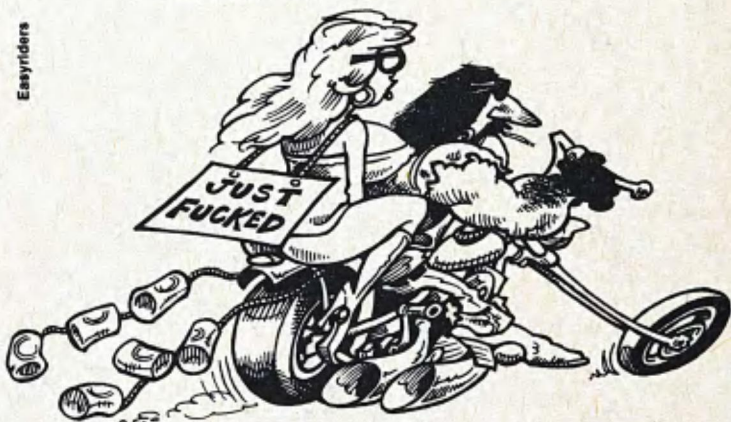
After an especially grim divorce, the woman married an acquaintance of her former husband. One day the two men met on the street and the ex sarcastically asked, "How do you like getting second-hand pussy?"

The new husband replied, "I like it just fine once I get past that small used part right in the front!"

—Lambert Meyer
Larkspur, Calif.

As the curtain came down on the main attraction, the PTA president stepped to the microphone and announced, "I'm terribly sorry about what you just saw, but we had naturally assumed that 'Susan and Her Educated Beaver' would be a children's animal act."

—Fast Grace
Hartford, Conn.



"And that was a reply to a recent Channel 2 editorial."

"It must be terrible to be lame," the woman remarked as she dropped a quarter into the beggar's hat.

"It sure is, lady," he agreed. "But wouldn't it be worse to be blind?" she asked.

"Much worse," replied the beggar. "People kept giving me slugs when I was blind."

—Biker Chuck
Denver, Colo.

A little girl walked into the bathroom, saw her father in the shower, and ran to her mother screaming, "Mommy, Mommy! Daddy has a big ugly worm hanging out of his weewee!"

Mother said gently, "That's not a worm, sweetheart. That's a part of your daddy's body and it's a very important part. If your daddy didn't have one of those, you wouldn't be here. And, come to think of it, neither would I!"

—Liz Cooper
El Sobrante, Calif.

BRAIN PAN CHECK

by Gregg Miller

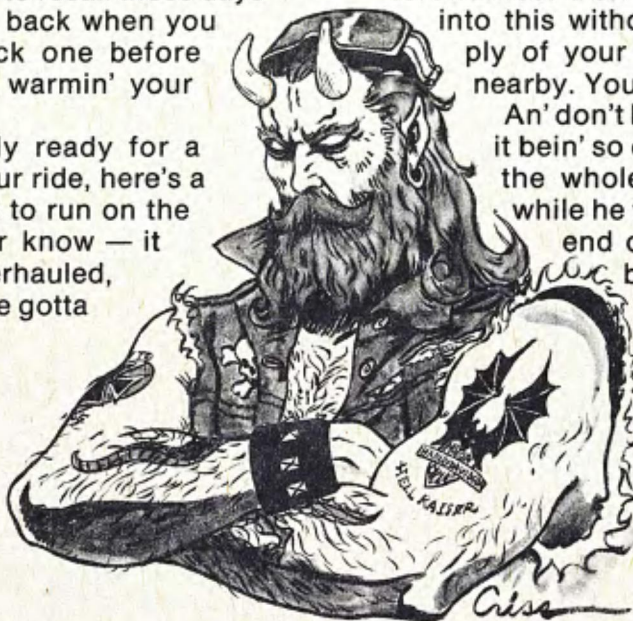
Well, bros, here we are, deep into the hibernation season. The nights have gotten so damn long — not that there's anything wrong with *that* — that it's hard to recall those days just a few short months back when you could knock off a quick one before breakfast with sunlight warmin' your bare, humping ass.

Since you're probably ready for a break in tearin' down your ride, here's a little maintenance check to run on the ol' brain pan. (Ya never know — it just might need to be overhauled, too.) Bein' up front, we've gotta

tell ya that we've thrown a couple of curves into this one — legit, mind ya, but sorta mind-bending all the same. So consider yourself forewarned. Don't even think about gettin' into this without having an ample supply of your favorite antifreeze settin' nearby. You're gonna need it.

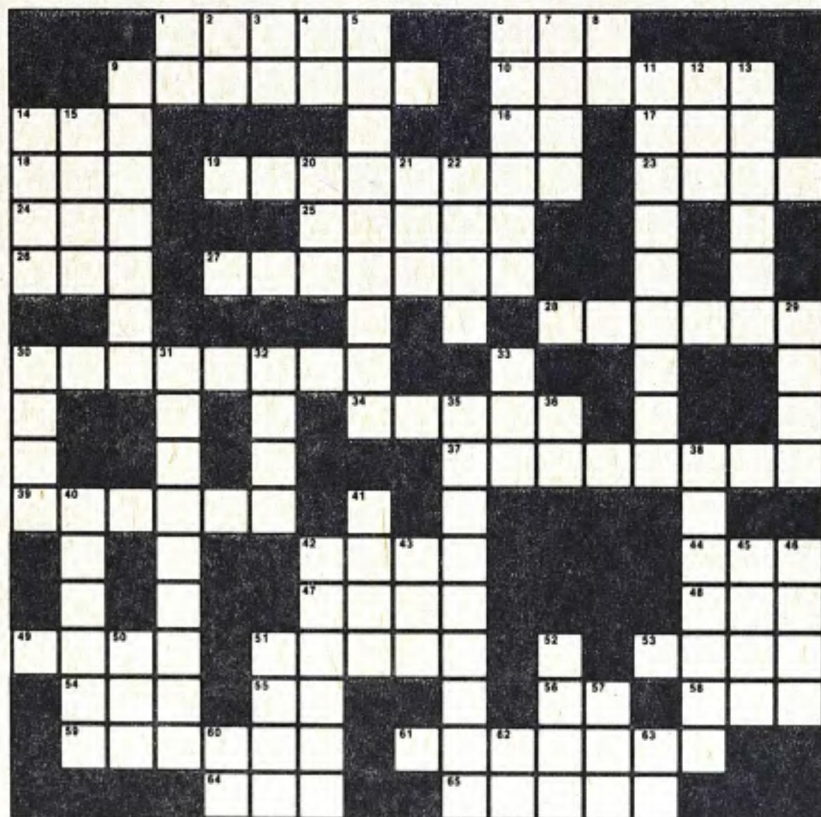
An' don't be snivelin' to Spider about it bein' so difficult, either. *He* worked the whole thing (and got it right) while he was trying to decide which end of Mutha he'd rather poke before goin' to lunch!

Solution on page 89.



ACROSS

1. essential body fluid
6. "Vet Voice" rank (abbr.)
9. lodger
10. sexual curse of the '80s
14. compass direction (init.)
16. elevated train (abbr.)
17. America
18. it is (abbr.)
19. buddies in business
23. damn fast planes
24. sewer dweller
25. angel's instrument (two words)
26. tidal movement
27. Florida run site
28. wind again
30. Nestles drink for rugrats (two words)
34. Italian noodles
37. put off till later
39. electrical receptacle
42. Ride to _____
44. sticky stuff
47. won by single stroke
48. theater sign
49. morgue table
51. sugary
53. bird's eye _____
54. ER image (init.)
55. legendary ball player _____ Cobb
56. outside area (init.)
58. the (German)
59. small toe
61. weariness
64. paddle
65. form of ass-fault



DOWN

1. movie's "10"
2. Los Angeles
3. either
4. overdose
5. tiger pit
6. Himalayan guide
7. sets up
8. "Big Stick" president (init.)
9. odds-on favorite
11. hair-ple topping
12. curved letter
13. ringed planet
14. father
15. wound
20. sunbeam
21. North Atlantic Organization (abbr.)
22. sea eagle
29. challenge
30. snake noise
31. What's that hangin' out of your cape, Batman?
32. cannot (abbr.)
33. power takeoff (abbr.)
35. radar zone
36. 2/3 of ass
38. out of doors
40. egg dish
41. Mickey & Minnie
42. mouthpiece
43. engine configuration
45. locale
46. aisles
50. You _____ what you eat.
51. Society To Observe Ants (abbr.)
52. dirt
57. ripen
60. _____ be or not to be...
62. Pacific plant used for roofs, grass skirts, and getting high.
63. _____ Army



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.



Students approve stockpiling suicide pills in referendum

Reprinted from the Los Angeles Herald Examiner

PROVIDENCE, R.I. (AP) — A referendum urging Brown University to stockpile suicide pills for use in case of a nuclear war has been approved by the school's undergraduates, student government officials announced yesterday.

The non-binding proposal was approved by a 60-40 margin, 1,044 to 687, in balloting that brought out voters in droves.

"We've got the whole campus thinking again about nuclear issues," said Jason Salzman, a junior from Denver and a leader of the referendum. "We have succeeded here at Brown by equating suicide and nuclear war and making people realize that the nuclear threat demands that we look at our whole value system and our lives differently."

Brown President Howard R. Swearer said the university would not stockpile the cyanide pills at the school's health center, as called for in the referendum. The measure stipulates that the pills would be dispensed to students who choose suicide over death by nuclear fallout in the event of a war.

"The mission of the university is to affirm life and work constructively to improve it," Swearer said. But he said the university does recognize the referendum's "serious purpose" of "dramatizing the danger of nuclear war."

"Such an idea is a complete antithesis of why universities exist," said Robert Reichley, vice president for university relations. "We are totally opposed to the notion of suicide as an alternative to anything."

Reichley said school officials have "very grave concerns" about the way the referendum has "been catapulted around the world."

Salzman said fear of a nuclear holocaust is what drove 1,900 students — three times the usual voter turnout and more than one-third of the undergraduate population — to the polls for the two-day election.

Why Wait? Take 'Em Now!

A majority (1044-687) of the students at Brown University in Rhode Island have approved stockpiling cyanide pills to use to commit suicide should they live through a nuclear attack. If some way could be found to induce mass hypnosis on these people, such as waving a protest sign bearing a catchy slogan of some sort before them, it might be possible to convince them that such an attack has *already* taken place, encouraging them to all kill themselves *before* the fact.

Actions such as their referendum actually bring closer the threat of nuclear attack, just for the enjoyment the world would experience watching a thousand assholes commit suicide. If they were to kill themselves early, it might even postpone nuclear war, due to the good feeling generated in everyone's heart from knowing they were no longer alive.

I say to them, "Why wait? Nuclear war is inevitable, my friends. Take your pills now. Don't suffer through the blast and fallout and physical rotting, my brothers and sisters of the earth. TAKE THEM NOW! TAKE THEM NOW!"

(All chant:) TAKE THEM NOW!

TAKE THEM NOW!

WHY WAIT? TAKE THEM NOW!

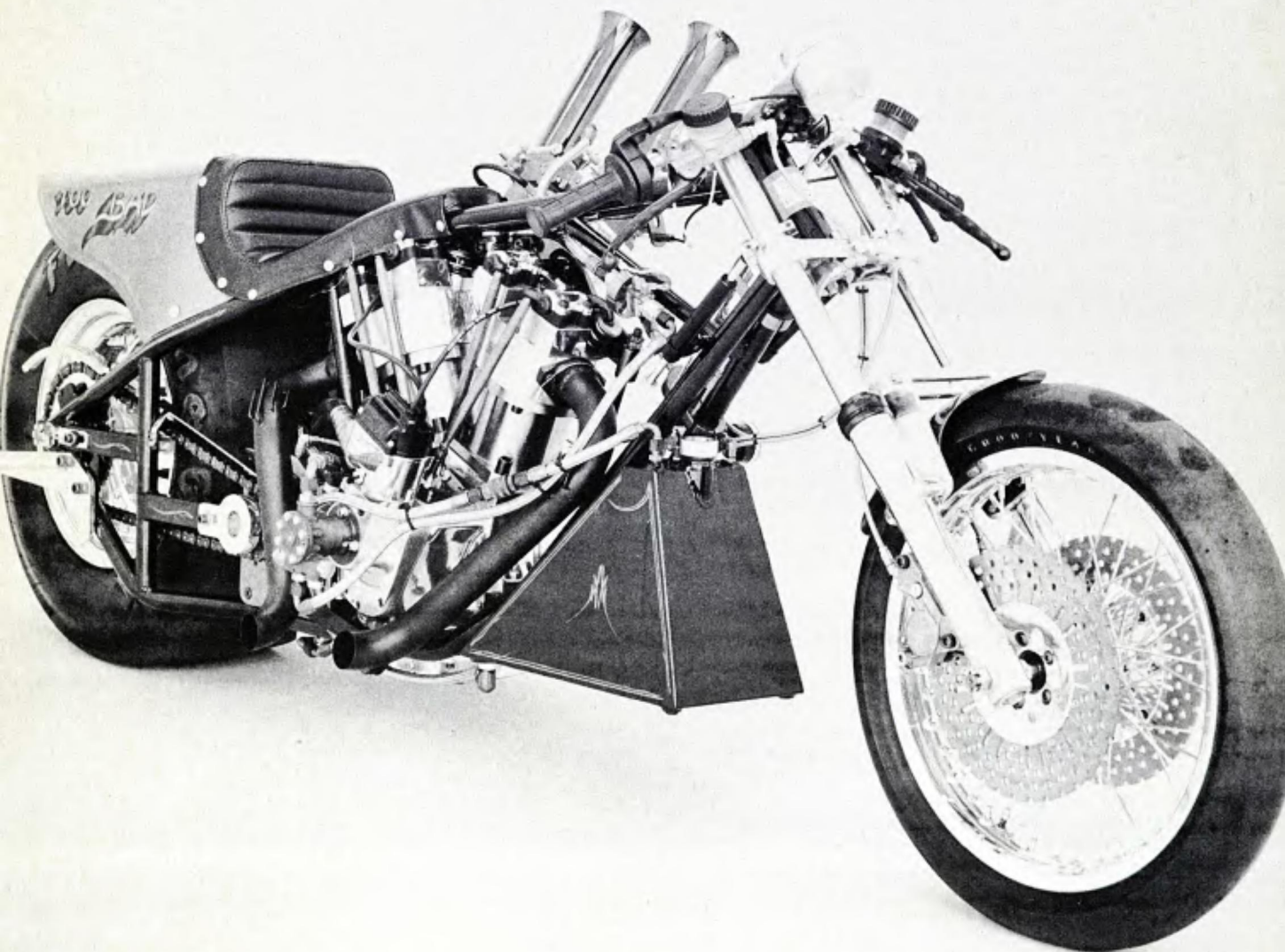
—J.J. Solari

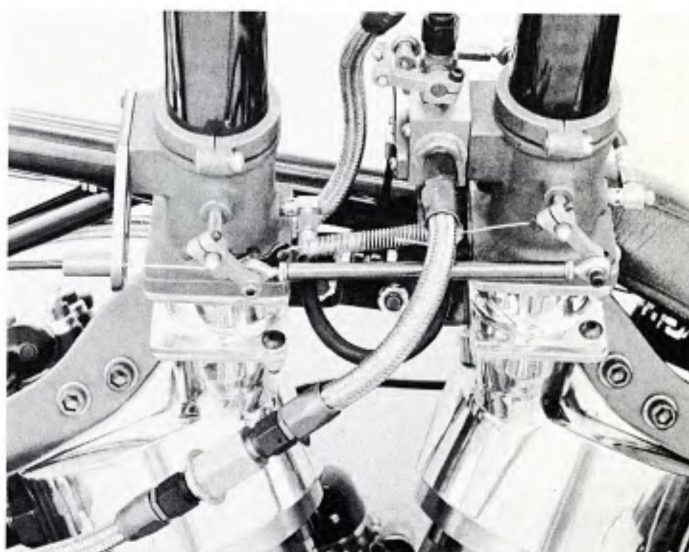
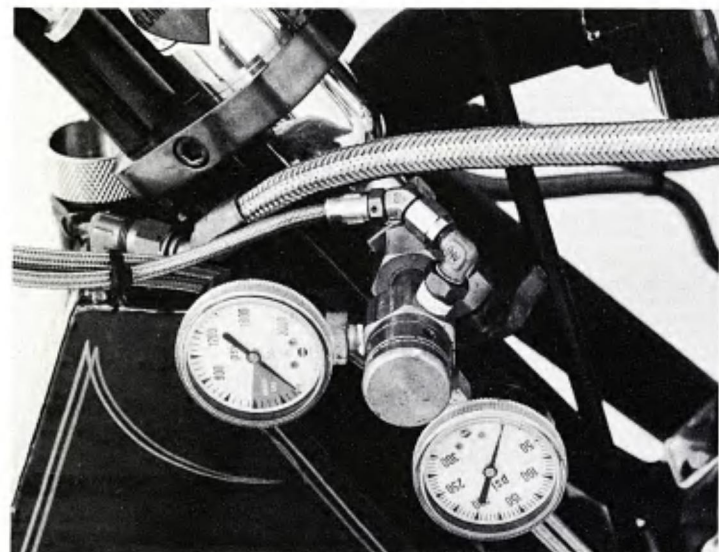
AIN'T NO DRAG

"My last drag bike was *only* 93 cubes," Ed said, as he walked us around the newly completed drag-strip screamer you see on these pages. "It was fast enough for its size, but I

***Ed's motto is "Big
toys for big boys"
and his new ride
certainly proves it.***

was lookin' for something a little faster and bigger. One day it occurred to me that I didn't really want something just a *little* faster and bigger, I wanted something a whole lot faster and bigger. So I

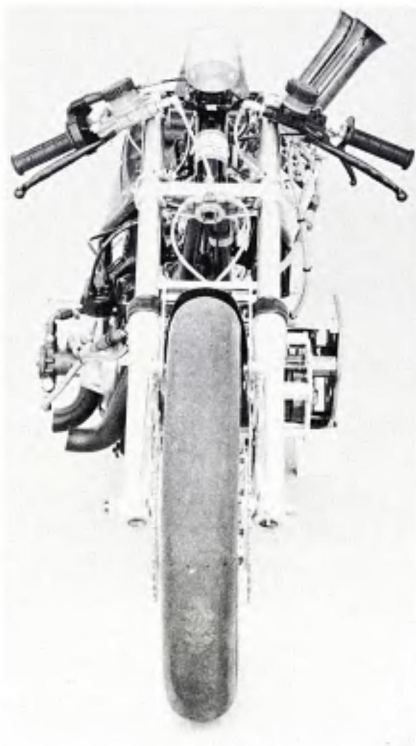




jumped into it with both feet and started buildin' this scooter here."

As you can see from the pictures and the chart, there's a lot more to this racer than just bein' big and fast. Ed and the bros who worked on the bike with him wanted, in their words, to "improve on what everybody else was doing, to find out what was breaking on their bikes and build those parts so they wouldn't break on ours."

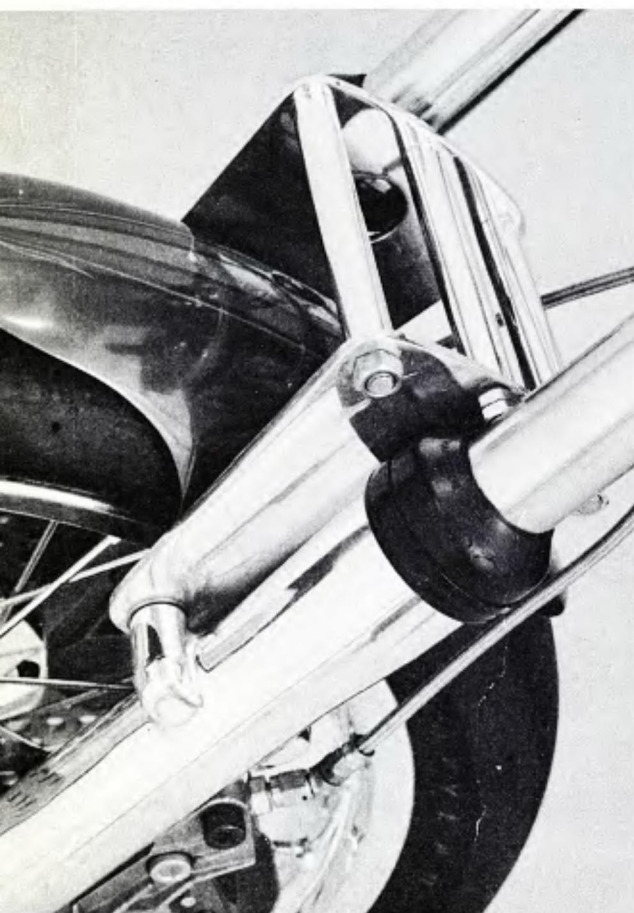
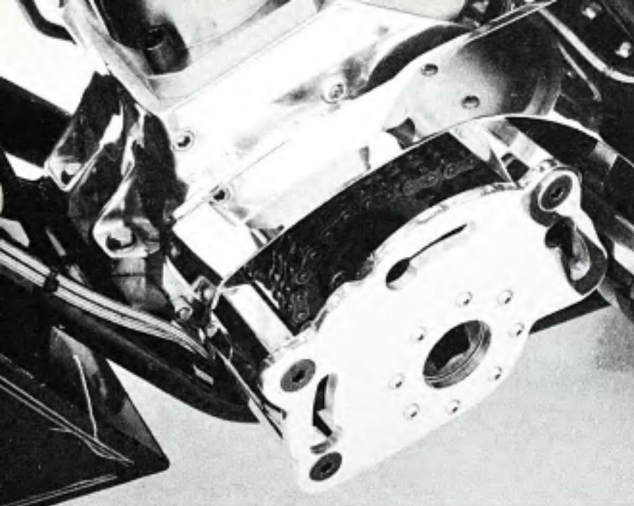
The lengths Ed went to in his quest for reliability would be impressive by NASA's standards,



let alone the average bike builder's.

The bike is loaded with super-strong titanium and most of the other parts are either heat-treated, stress-relieved high-grade chrom-moly, or aircraft-grade aluminum. Ed took no shortcuts in his drive for speed and strength.

Speaking of speed, although the bike hadn't been run in competition at the time we took these pictures, initial testing indicated that 180mph through the traps is well within its reach. And, in case that ain't fast enough, Ed's already mak-



Owner: Ed Moore		City: Fremont, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1982	
Year and make: 1982		Builder: owner	
Model: drag bike		Type: drag	
Value: no idea, lost track		Rake: some	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: a little	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: all 4130 Chromoly	
Chroming by: none		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: clip-ons	
Year: 1982		Risers: none	
Model: built from scratch		Fender(s): owner	
Rebuilder: owner/ARP Machine		Headlight: none	
Ignition: single-fire magneto		Taillight: none	
Displacement: 144 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D tach	
Lower end: S&S wheels, extra-heavy		Front pegs: none	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: stainless-steel	
Pistons: Aries, top-coated C-MAG		Electrics: enough to run	
Cases: Harmon		Gas tank: 6061 aluminum	
Heads: Hemi, "D" shaped ports		Oil tank: 1½-qt.	
Cam(s): Andrews/660 L, 220 dur.		Oil system: total loss	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: stainless-steel	
Carb(s): Hilborne fuel injection		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: none	
Pipes: 2 in./owner		Height: none	
Muffler(s): none		Material: none	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: B&J two-speed		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1982		Extension: none	
Shifting: air shifter		Builder: Marzocchi	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: 38mm tubes	
Trans sprocket: 15		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 36		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: none		Hub: Barnes	Hub: owner
Painter: Oakland Anodizing		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: 10.5 in.
Color: black and red		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Firestone
Type: tough		Brake: Brembo	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: Pinstriping and lettering by Tom Lewis, San Leandro			
Other special modifications: Thanks to Hose Unlimited, Bob's Metal Polishing, Urethane Powder Coatings, Elmhurst Anodizers, Snap-On Tools.			

in' plans to improve on this ultra-hi-tech design.

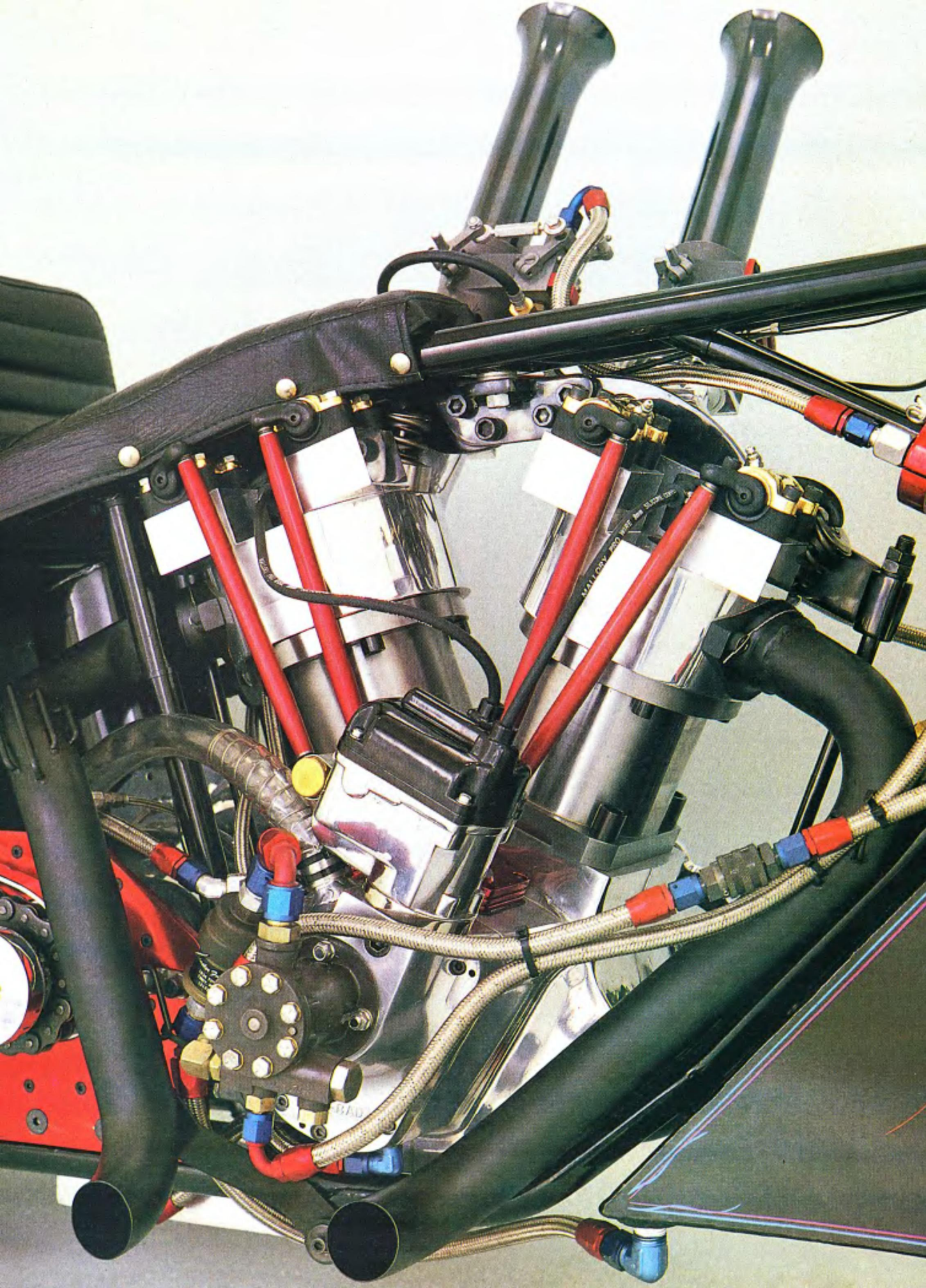
"Yeah, I'm buildin' another bike just like this one right now," he admitted.

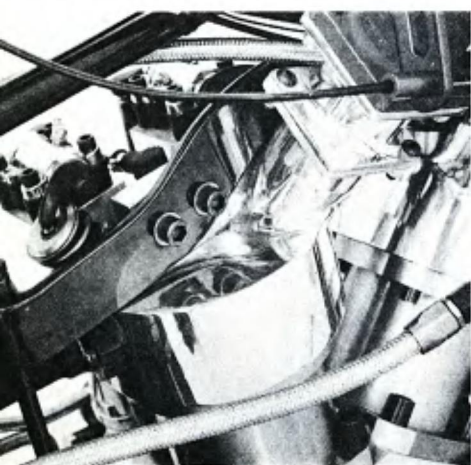
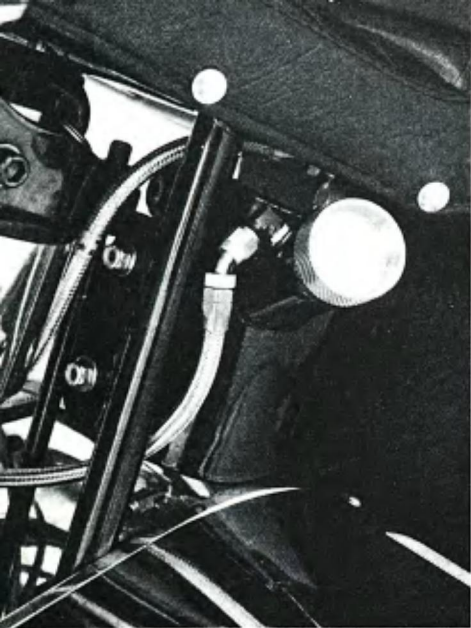
"But why another bike just like it? Whaddya gonna do with two that are exactly the same?"

"Well, maybe they ain't exactly the same," Ed

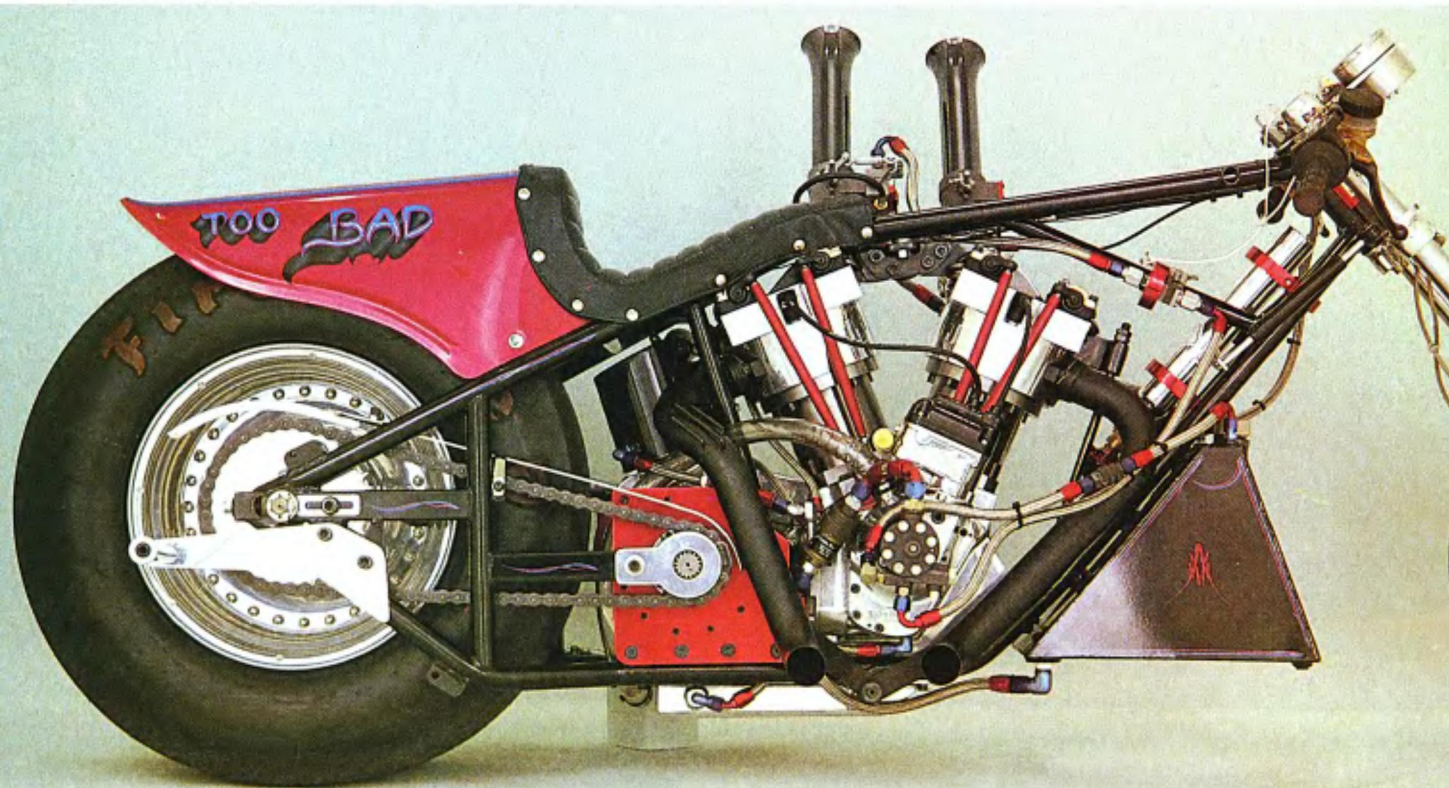
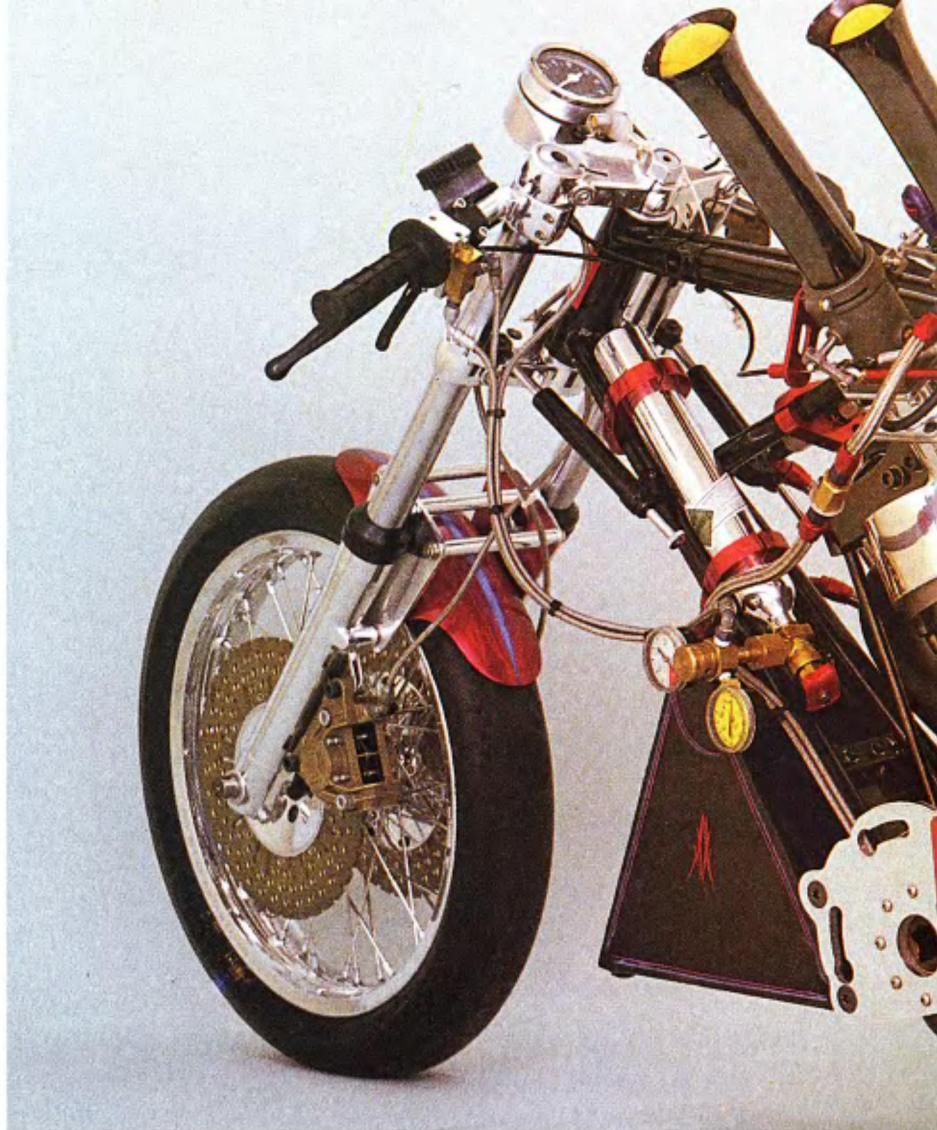
replied. "See, the new one's gonna run on straight alcohol. That means we can run the engine with more compression and get even more speed out of it.

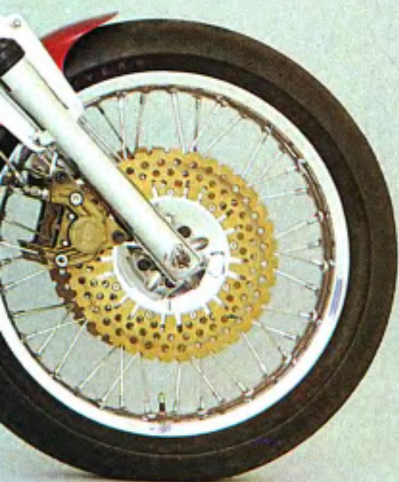
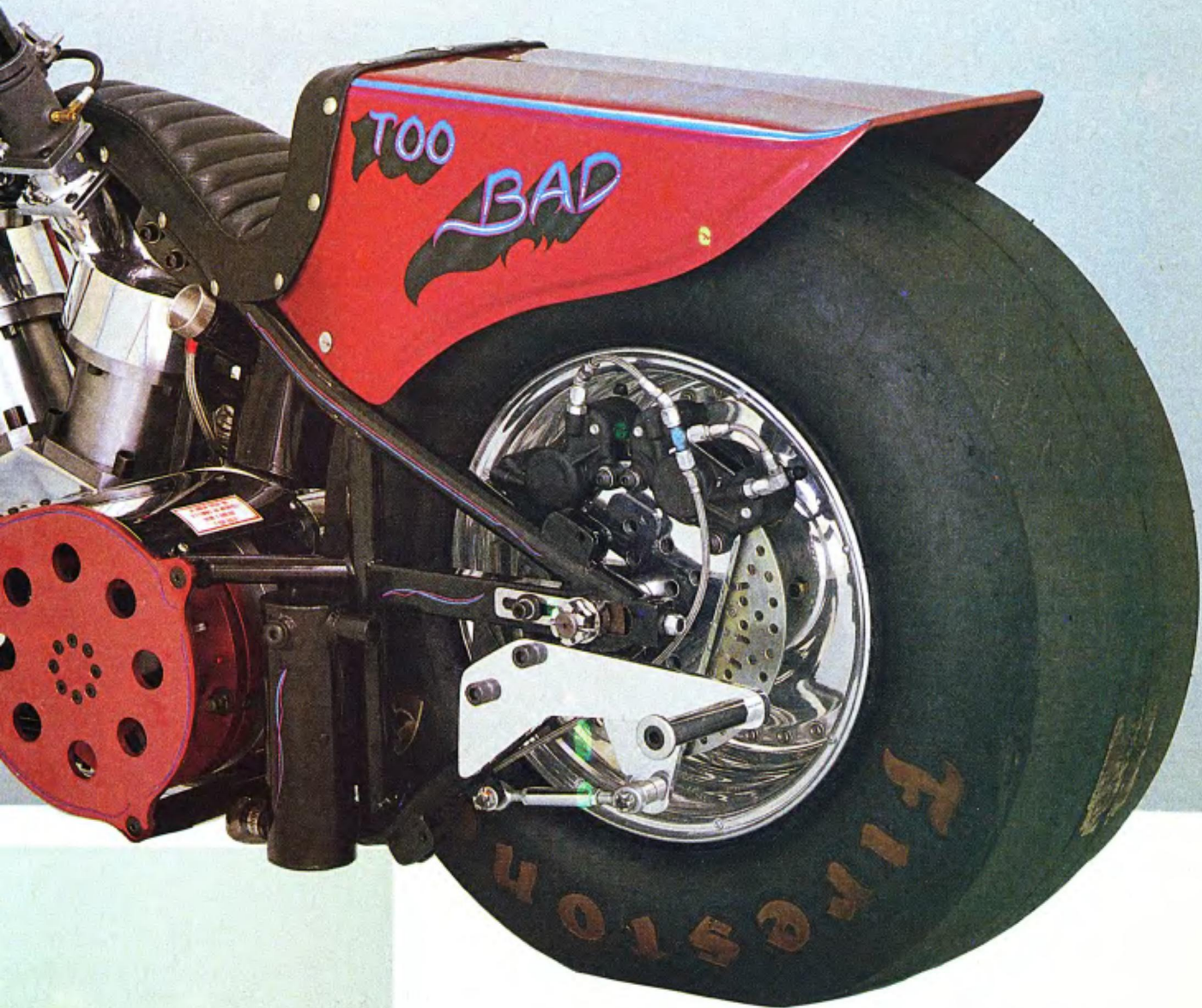
"How much more is hard to say, since we haven't even run this one very hard yet, but the





Photos by Pete Chiodo





alky bike should definitely be faster."

"It's funny," I told Spider after I wheeled back to the office following the shooting. "I have to scream and beg my old rat into clatterin' up to 70 so I can swing past a cage, and Ed is calmly talking about buildin' a new scooter to top his 180mph ride. Some guys

just don't know when to quit, when to leave well enough alone."

"Damn good thing, too," Spider replied. "If everybody was a it's-good-enough-the-way-it-is asshole like you, we'd probably still be livin' in caves and eatin' our steaks with the hooves still attached."

—Grape

IN THE WIND



—from *Flash*, On the road



—from *Mike, Kent, England*



—from *Tasty*, Sturgis, S.D.

—from *Somebody*, Cruisin' da beach



—from *Wild Turkey*, In the sticks





—from *The Bird*, Lake Havasu City, Ariz.



—from *Chico*, Hopewell, Va.

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 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—from *Cyclops*, Keene, N.H.



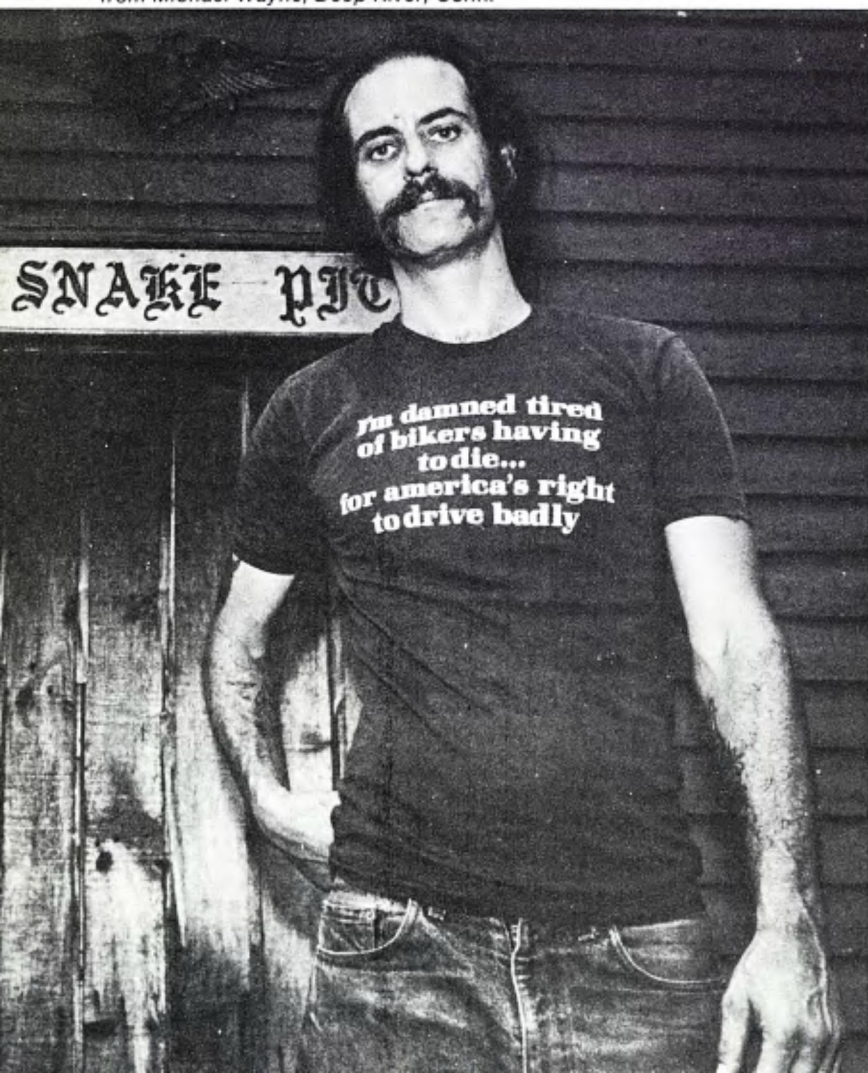


—from Michael Wayne, Deep River, Conn.

—from Larry Kopp, Paris, France



—from Larry Kopp, Paris, France



—from Arline Callahan, Levittown, N.Y.

—from Guppy, Dallas, Tex.





—from *Tune-Up and Juke*, Granada Hills, Calif.

—from *Kim Peterson*, Malibu, Calif.



—from *Ed and Jim*, Gratenwohr, Germany





—from R. Cornelson, Richmond, Ky.

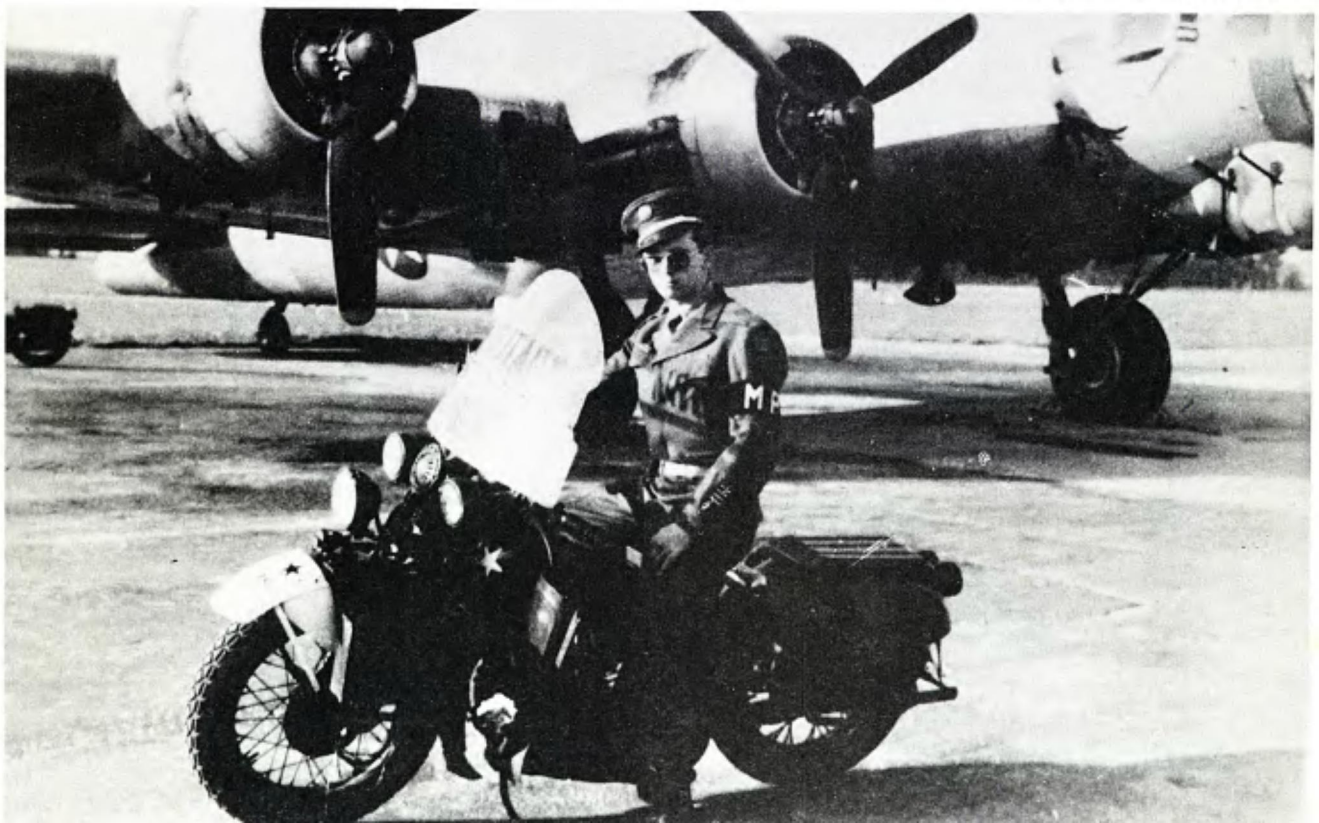


—from James Perry, Carney's Point, N.J.



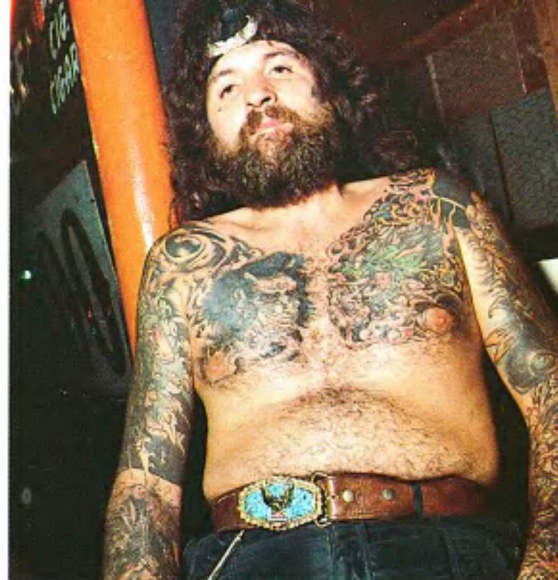
—from Miss'n Texas, S.D.

—from Steve Smith, W. Palm Beach, Fla.

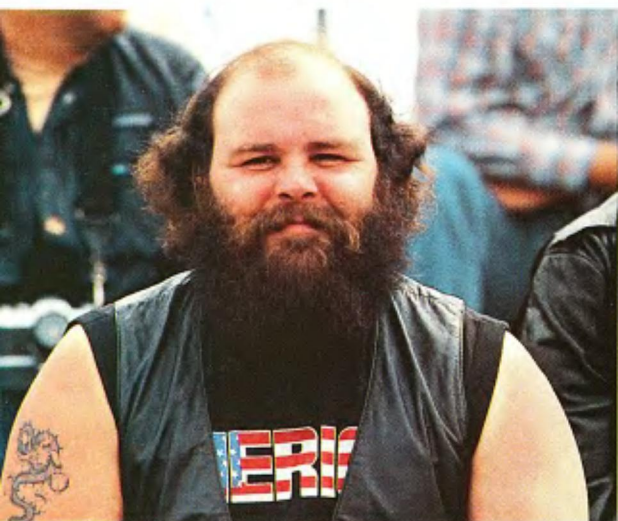




—from Michael Lichter, Boulder, Colo.



—from Spark, Daytona Beach, Fla.



—from The Boulder Flash, Harley Heaven

—from Sonny Dukes, Kings Beach, Calif.



—from Her Ol' Man, Somewhereville



—from Popper, Daytona Beach, Fla.



—from Scooter Joe, On the road





CENTRAL
SAT
JAM NITE

THE COMEDY
STORE

76

NUDE

SCHWAB'S

LARRABEE'S

FEBRUARY

NEVADA 9957

OREGON 1964

CAL 7213

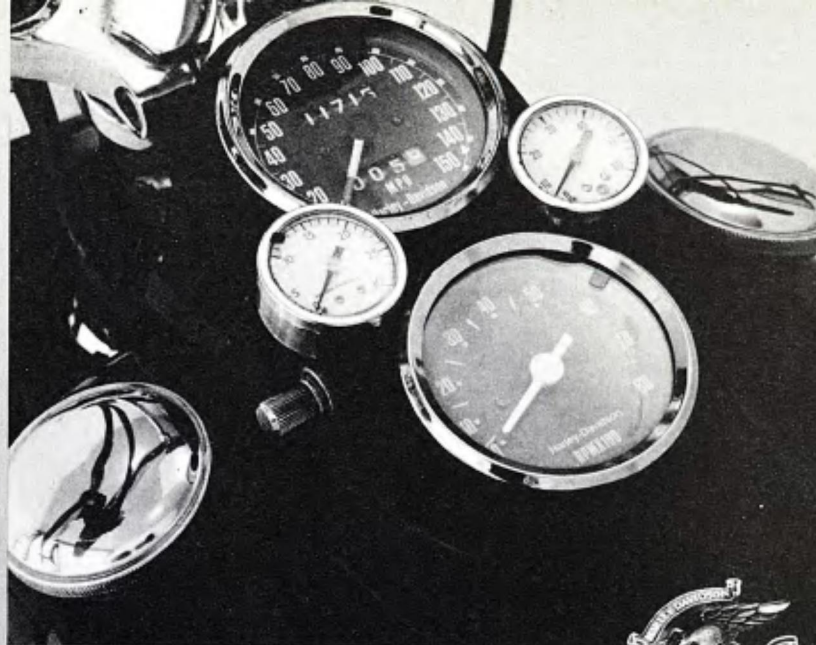
ANN



Bob's Wild Ride

His bike's got its own pussy protector





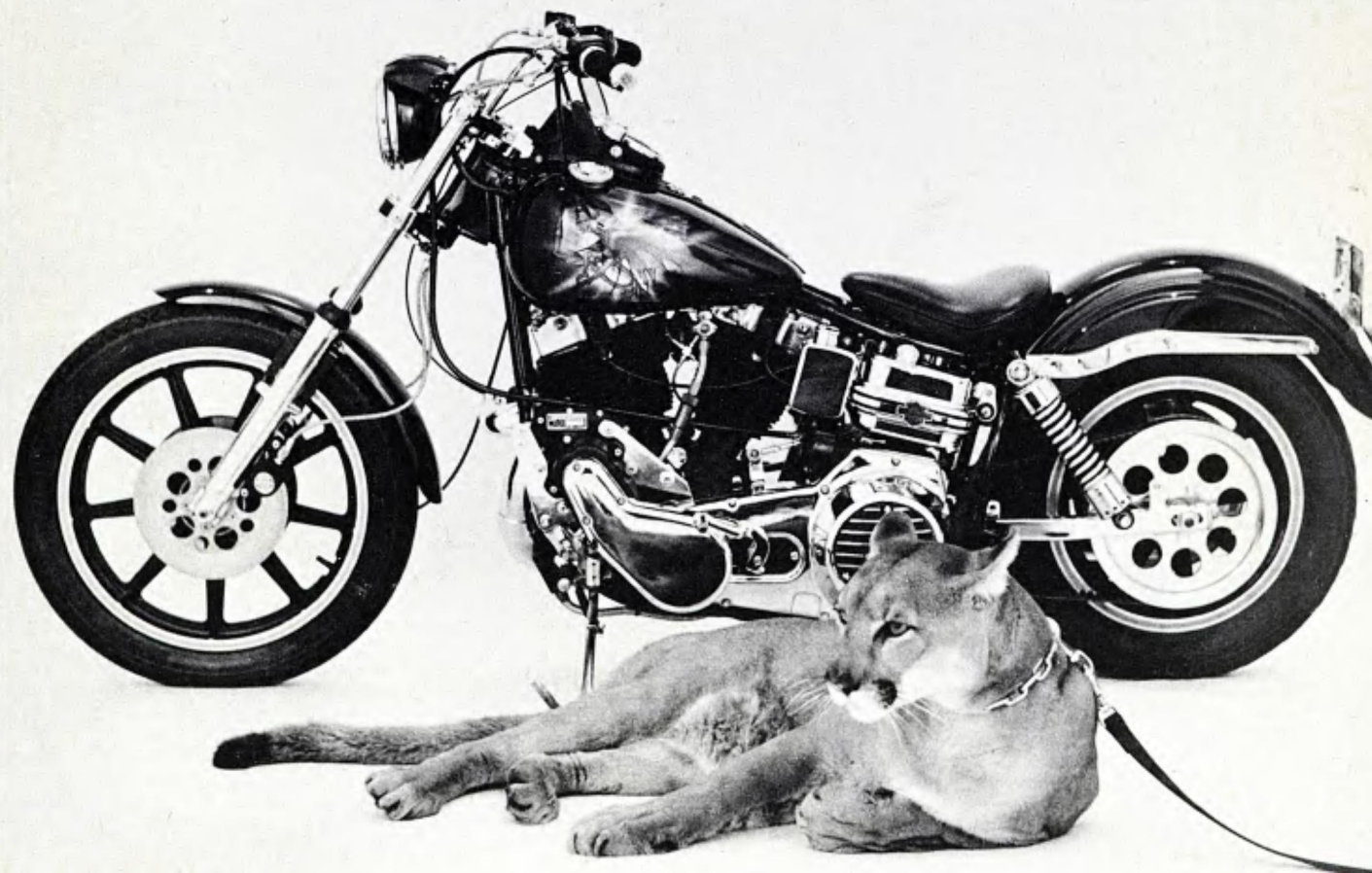
“Well, would ya look at what the cat dragged in!” That’s probably what Bob Wirth’s ol’ lady rings at him when Max leads Bob home in the pre-dawn hours attached to the leash he’s been consigned to for the evening. That’s after ridin’ all over hell’s half-acre in a sidecar attached to this bad muthafucker of a motorcycle.

Max is the pussy. The cat. The

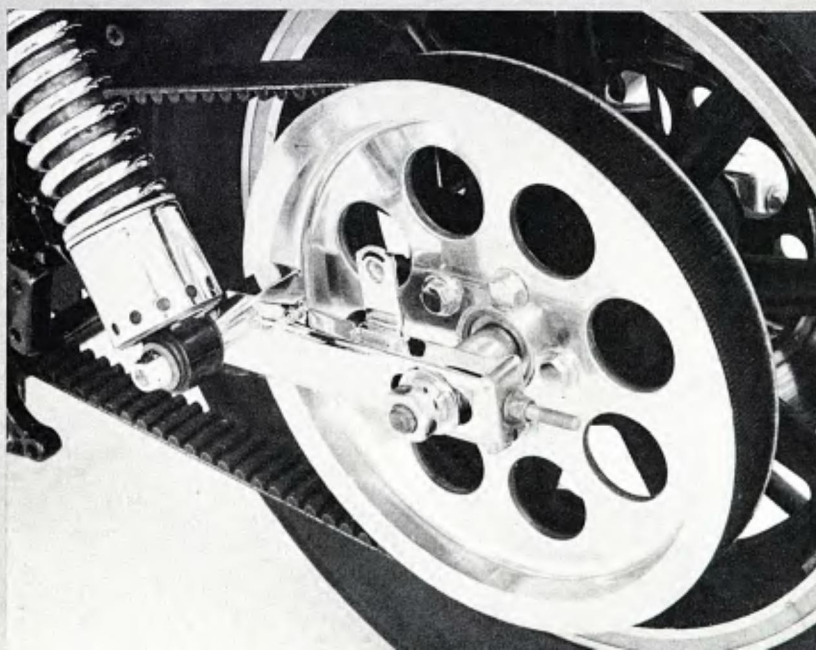
mountain lion that’s been a biker nearly all its purrin’ lifetime. First he was a hangaround down at Pomona (California) Harley-Davidson, then he got sent to Cat Prison when he was spotted by the rollers. (Hell, he was just mindin’ the mint.) He was released on his own recognition in seven months when Bob finally got the paper work together. (Had to get the neigh-

bors’ permission or some such shit.) Now he (that’s Bob) says that he’s got (legally) the only mountain lion in a residential area in the Southern Cal area.

With a sled like Bob’s, ya need all the protection ya can get, though Bob’s big enough to handle anything that he comes across, ‘cept maybe his pet. He says it’s a real bitch gettin’ the 140-pound Max into the sidecar



he's added to this super-charged, fully blown 1981 Sturgis and likens maneuvering the puttin' pussy to "stickin' a wild house cat in a power mower's grass catcher." Those big paws put the clamps on him as he straddles the solo seat ready to fire up 88 inches' worth of Harley iron. He knows who the boss is.



Owner: Bob Wirth		City: Upland, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1981	
Year and make: 1981 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Sturgis		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: factory	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: stock	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: lowered rear, molded	
Chroming by: Chrome Masters		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: stock	
Year: 1981		Risers: 2 in.	
Model: FXB		Fender(s): Sporty front, H-D rear	
Rebuilder: Unauthorized H-D		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: H-D		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 88 cu.in.		Speedo: 150mph	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: H-D/owner	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: 1976 ported		Oil tank: chromed	
Cam(s): S&S		Oil system: beefed-up pump	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: modified for blower	
Carb(s): S&S Super/Drouin blower		Seat: solo	
Air cleaner: dry element		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Fubar double wall		Height: about 2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1981		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: H-D belt		Special features: turned lower legs	
Trans sprocket: H-D belt		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: H-D belt		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Jim Beck/Ernie's Art Works		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: enamel		Brake: dual disc	Brake: FLT
Special paint: Ernie's Art Works			
Other special modifications: Powder-coated frame. Special thanks to Sam Kleinow of Unauthorized H-D and Pomona Valley H-D.			

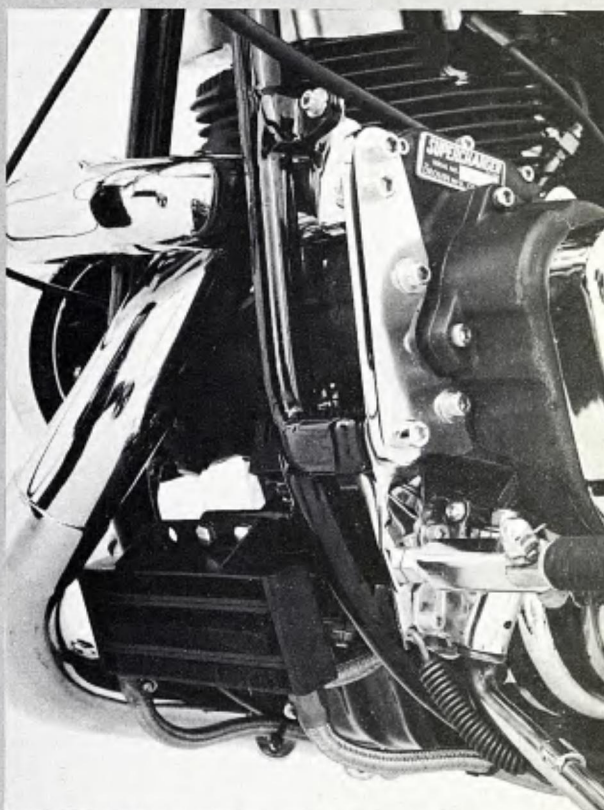
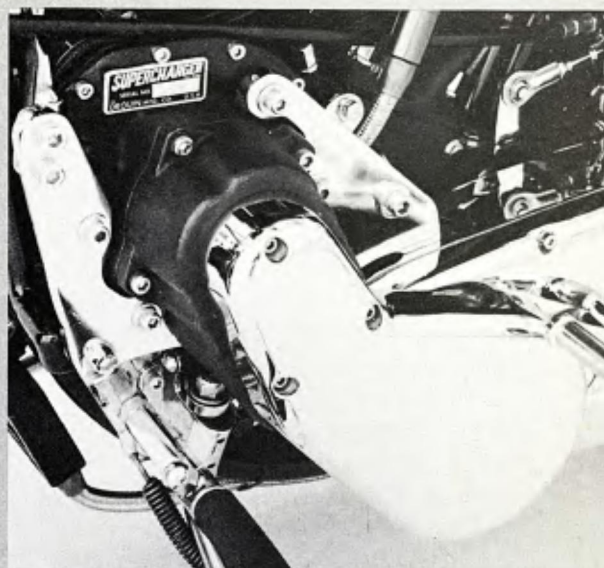
(Whatever you say, kitty. . .)

Since rebuilding the sled, after the original engine got him down the road some 26,000 miles, he's had remarkably fewer tickets. Puzzled, he was asked, "Why's that?" Simple — now he can outrun the heat.

After a valve let go and aced the piston on the freeway while he was coming back from San Diego, Bob decided he was goin' big-time speed, not to

mention the comfort and class that oozes from every nut and bolt on the bike. "It's a lot stronger now. Hell, I could ride to Sturgis today."

Yeah, and with the extra 12-pound boost outta that blower it wouldn't take a week to sail into them thar Black Hills, either. Plus, havin' Max the cat ridin' shotgun, ya wouldn't have to sweat eatin' road kill — just let the kitty do some huntin'. —Ram Pan



Photos by Pete Chiodo

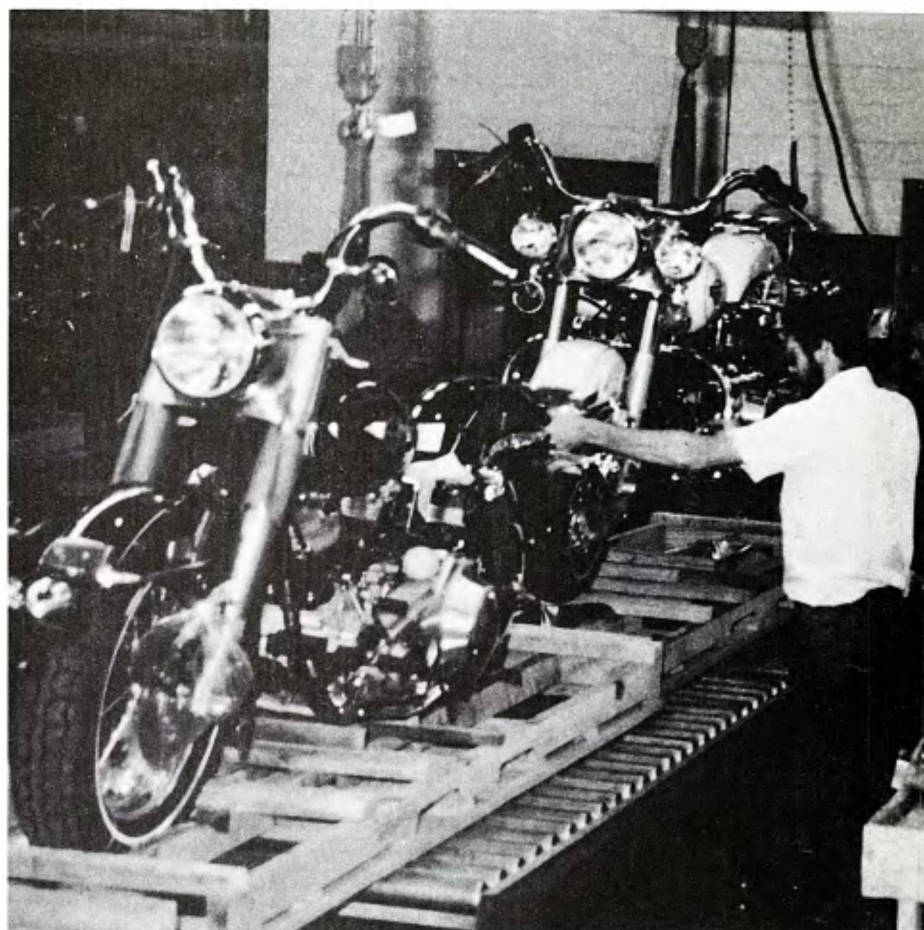


THIS HISTORIC HAR

From 1966 to 1984, the Harley-Davidson shovelhead — in both 74-inch and 80-inch configurations — was the unquestioned ruler of the motorcycle realm. Well over 300,000 shovel-powered bikes rolled off the Harley assembly lines during those 18 years — dressers and tourers and low riders, most driven by a chain, some driven by a belt.

But it's now 1985 and the shovel has been permanently assigned to the Harley Hall of Fame. As of this model year, all Big Twins are now being equipped with the new Evolution engine. To celebrate the "retirement" of its historic shovelhead, the Harley-Davidson factory decided to produce a limited edition of 500 1984 shovelhead-engined FLHS Sport Glides. The bike in these pictures is the last one — the very last shovelhead Sport Glide that will ever be built and it can be YOURS.

Pardon us for bragging ("It ain't bragging if it's true," Spider always says), but we think this is the greatest contest ever put on by any bike rag, including this one. For one thing, the prize is literally priceless. In addition to the bike, the winner will get a factory-issued *certificate of authenticity* attesting to the fact that this is the last FLHS ever produced. How do you put a price on a one-of-a-kind collector's bike like this? How much more will it be worth in ten years or twenty? We want YOU



Last of the line: Harley-Davidson employees prepare to crate up the last-ever FLHS

to have it. Here's how:

At last count there were 12 lovely mouses scampering about the list of clowns who put out *Easyriders*. (You'll find that list about two-thirds of the way down on page 3 of every issue.) To win the FLHS, all ya gotta do is guess the *total combined distance* those 12 chicks can spit. (You may note in this issue's Spider column that a girl spit over 12 feet!) Before ya start guessin' though, be sure to read the rest of the

rules below. Meanwhile, here's a hint: The only one of the bimbos who uses a tabbacky plug is — you guessed it — Miraculous Mutha.

RULES: Winner will be the person who comes closest to guessing the total combined distance the female staff members of *Easyriders* can spit in feet and inches. Each entry must include a 25-word-or-less statement of why you want to win the FLHS. These statements will be used to deter-

LEY CAN BE YOURS



hovelhead prior to shipping it to *Easyriders* and, later, to one of our readers — maybe YOU.

mine the winner in case of a tie and the judges' decision will be final. No snivelin' allowed.

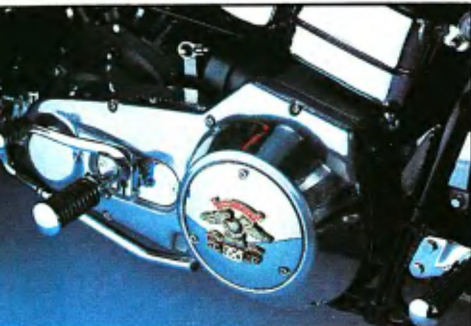
To make it fair for bros without a lot of bread for postage, we will accept a *maximum* of two entries per person. Anyone attempting to stuff the entry box with more entries than that will be disqualified. All entries must be on a postcard or the *back* of a sealed envelope. (The mouses are too busy practicin' hacking clams to rip into a ton of mail, so all entries

that must be opened will be used to line the cuspidors, as will any entries from employees of Paisano Publications or their families.)

Send your entries to FLHS Contest, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Remember to include your name and address, your guess on the spittin' distance, and a brief statement of why you want to win. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, March 1, 1985.



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)

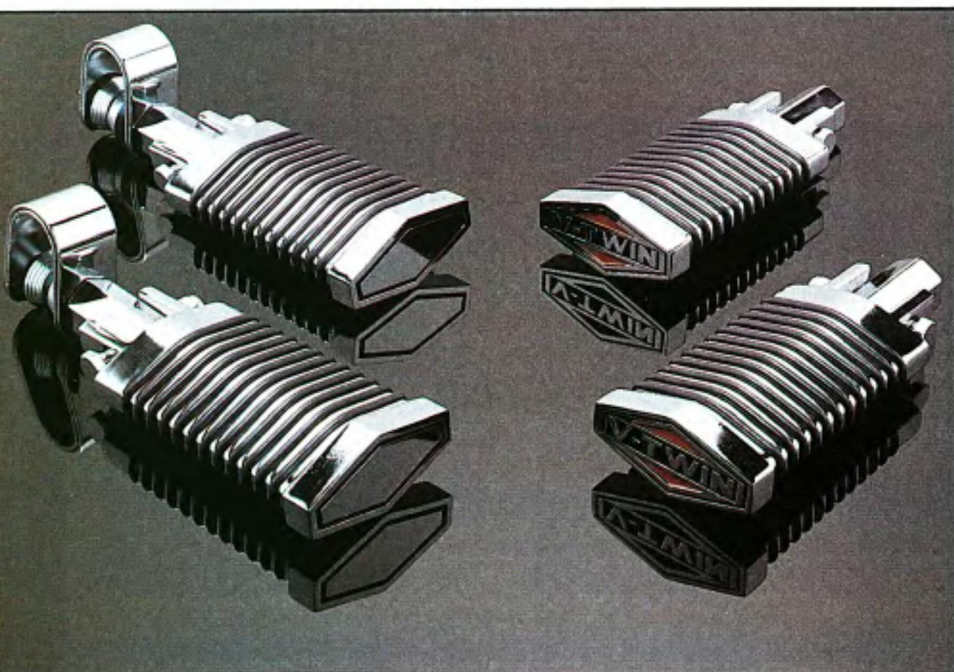
#100 Chrome \$98.00

#101 Black \$88.00

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

#102 Chrome \$98.00

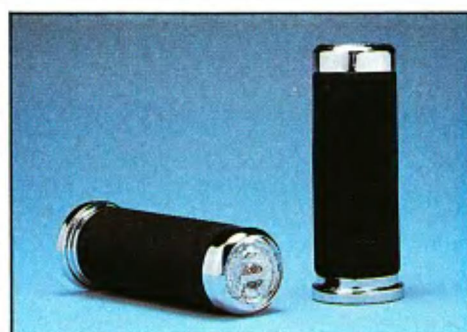
#103 Black \$88.00



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.

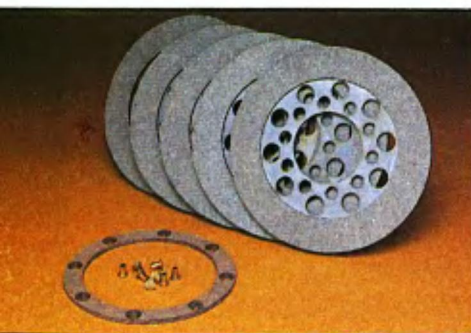
#104 \$17.00

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

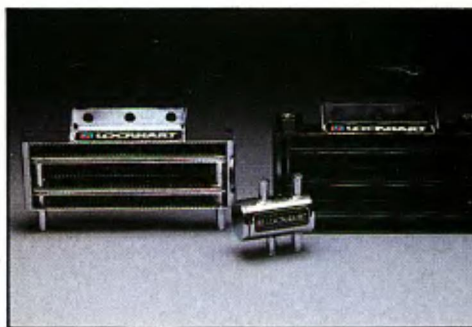
#115 Chrome \$80.00

#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

GRAND TOTAL



TIME LAPSE

by CHARLES GRAY

Tony finished wiping off the leatherette windscreen and stepped back to admire his work. The isinglass windshield would serve as a protection from the wind during the day and he could see over the top of it for night driving.

The Chief looked great. He had tightened every nut and bolt on it, cleaned and checked the magneto, and adjusted the drive chain. A new belt on the generator drive would assure them of lights during the trip.

He and his pals, along with some of their girls and Madge, were going to ride west from Baltimore, then south to traverse the entire length of the Blue Ridge Mountains. After that, they would head east to Richmond, and after a night's rest, return to Baltimore and home.

It was too bad, he thought, that he had to take Madge along with him. She used to enjoy these long rides and just being with him, but lately she complained all the time.

She griped about the jump seat rubbing against her legs and about him leaning back against her too hard. She griped because his feet took up most of the room on the floorboards and she nagged because he wouldn't stop at the right motor courts along the way.

He pushed the motorcycle forward until it dropped, then, bending over, he lifted the stand up and snapped it in place in the catch under the rear fender. Madge came out of the house and entered the garage. She wasn't talking to him again. Good! He watched as she lifted the studded leather flap of the saddlebag and crammed in soap and towels. She put several five-cent Powerhouse candy bars in, covering them with a Liberty magazine. In the other saddlebag, she put two triangular-shaped bottles of Delaware Punch — her favorite — a tube of Ipana toothpaste, and the celluloid toothbrush container. To hold them down she added his and her pajamas.

"I'm ready," she announced, straightening up, her face grim. She was still mad because he'd offered her money to go visit her mother in D.C., but she wouldn't go. He knew her reason for not going was because she was afraid he might enjoy himself too

much without her. He shook his head and frowned.

He pushed open the wooden garage doors and wheeled the motorcycle outside where he kicked it over a few times. The engine chugged once or twice, then roared into life, the generator singing with a high-pitched whine over the engine sound.

Tony folded down the jump seat and straddled it, and Madge got on behind him, wriggling around, deliberately nudging him forward so she could have more room. Christ, dames could be irritating. Riding out of the driveway onto the street, Tony nearly collided with

an old man driving a Willys. The wrinkled-face old fart shouted something and shook his fist. The trip was getting off to a great start.

They rode into town and Tony pulled to a stop at the curb in front of Mickey's Place, where several other motorcycles waited at the curb. He saw Bob's J.D. and Richard's Henderson. Richard had

painted the cast-aluminum tank and had the name relettered in gold, and he had added a flared tip to the exhaust pipe that looked swell. Dan's 101 Scout was parked next to the Henderson, and on the other side was a Harley L-head. Tony and Madge went inside.

A couple of gals sat at a table in the corner, and Madge went over and joined them. Her frown changed to a bright smile the moment they stepped inside. That was always typical of Madge.

Tony recognized Bob's new girlfriend. He'd told all the guys about her, how he'd met her in the dime store while he was having a tonic. She'd let him feel her up on their first date and that was a good sign. When she agreed to go with him on the ride down through the mountains, it began to look like a sure thing. At least she didn't bring her mother along. The new girl had a sweet, heart-shaped face, and her hair was in a snood, just like Madge's, to keep it from blowing around. Madge wore a purple one because she said it looked good with her blonde hair. Tony hated the color.

It was still early, so they hung around drinking beer for a while, and Richard and another guy played snooker while the girls gabbed.

Continued on page 102

"He and his pals, along with some of their girls and Madge, were going to ride west from Baltimore, then south to traverse the entire length of the Blue Ridge Mountains."

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

Man, the old saw goes, does not live by bread alone, which means kinda the same thing as "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Even some of the toughest wardens and penologists admit that the only way to have any hope of rehabilitating inmates is to give them something to do to keep them from going stir-crazy. That's why lockups have boxing matches and softball teams, prison newspapers, and other forms of recreational activity designed to provide some alternative to staring at the cold iron bars.

Other forms of prison programs are intended to provide inmates with some kind of skill that can be used on a straight job. The theory is that if a dude isn't unemployed, he won't need to steal. Well, that's a great theory, but we all know that 90 percent of gettin' and keepin' a job doesn't have a damn thing to do with what ya can do. There are thousands of skilled mechanics, drivers, salesmen, computer operators, cooks, and even a stripper or two, stumblin' around the free world lookin' for jobs that just don't come through.

For the past couple of years, the State of California has been sponsoring a program that not only provides prisoners with recreational activity, but also enables them to pick up skills they may be able to use to earn some bread on their own, without having to rely on finding a job and sucking up to a boss.

It's called the Arts-in-Corrections program and it is currently operating in 12 of California's penal institutions, including San Quentin and Soledad.

The range of programs offered varies from institution to institution, of course, but the variety is awesome. Among the available "arts" are: drawing, painting, ceramics, acting, music, jewelry-making, writing, sculpting, woodworking, leather-



Photo by Ellen Davidson

working, stained-glass coloring, still photography, and videotaping.

Using money specifically appropriated by the state legislature, the Arts-in-Corrections program now employs six full-time artists as instructors and also draws heavily on contract help from such groups as the L.A. Theatre Works, the William James Association, and local college art departments.

During its first 18 months of official operation, the program had over 200 different instructors (40 of them inmates) provide over 14,000 hours of training to nearly 3000 inmates.

"Access to arts skills and materials has provided an opportunity for inmates to learn and experience and be rewarded for individual responsibility," program director Bill Cleveland says. "The products — paintings, craft items, even music — produced by inmates often provide them an opportunity to contribute to the communities and families to which they will eventually return. For the men and women who spend an average of two to three years as wards of the state, these attributes are essential to their eventual reintegration into society."

Though statistical data on the results of the program is still limited, all indicators point to it being a total

success. Art shows at which prisoners were allowed to sell their works have been held at several institutions, at least one program participant has recorded a record album ("Downtime," ER #138), and a huge exhibit (six floors' worth) of prison art was staged at the State Capitol building in Sacramento, California.

Reviewing the latter show, the *Sacramento Union* praised the "impressive level of competence in virtually all of the works on view" and the obvious "commitment" the inmate artists brought to their work.

The Arts-in-Corrections program has also drawn rave reviews from individuals and groups that are usually a lot harder to impress than your average art critic. For example, the American Correctional Association, a trade group representing prison wardens and guards, did a study that showed that disciplinary incidents at the 12 participating institutions were 54 to 100 percent lower among inmates involved in the arts program than among those not participating.

Former director of the California DOC, Ruth Rushen, asserts that the program not only doesn't waste taxpayers' money, it actually saves it. "If we weigh the money we spend having inmates work with pottery, photography, or music (about \$400,000 last year) against what it costs us to fix the broken windows and the toilets they tear out, the programs pay off," Rushen says.

Perhaps the best evaluation of the success of the Arts-in-Corrections program so far comes from Lawrence Brewster, a San Jose State University professor who works as a consultant for the state DOC.

"At one men's facility there was a 75 percent reduction in disciplinary incidents among inmates who were involved in the AIC program and had previously re-

Continued on page 116

VET VOICE

by Sarge

I had been in-country in 'Nam only three days when this wild-eyed SFC walked up to my group and began a rambling dissertation:

Look here, gentlemen, Charlie ain't none too scared of the damn ARVN, ya know? Except for the South Viet Rangers an' such, Charlie works hisself up an appetite for breakfast jus' by kickin' a few dozen ARVN asses.

But I overheard one VC prisoner tell interrogators what Charlie thinks o' the rest of us fightin' over here. This guy says the VC cadre always tell their recruits, "Now, you watch out for them Aussies. Fuck with them and they'll come into the jungle after ya with their guns ablazin' until they get ya! And ya gotta watch them damn ROKs — them crazy sonsabitches'll stick a knife in their teeth and crawl in after ya any night, any place! But it's the Americans ya really don't fuck with! They jus' stand back, call in the planes and artillery, and blow the whole fuckin' jungle out from under ya!" Then the sergeant cocked his beanie and walked away.

So what's this little story got to do with the price of condoms in Louisiana? Nothing. But at the time it did remind me of one very important thing: We Americans weren't the only ones fighting in that war.

Even today, I can't forget the Aussies, the ROKs, even a couple of New Zealanders — medics who literally took their lives in their hands to come out to us in a very heavily mined and booby-trapped area to try to save the lives of five of our group who'd stepped on a bad one. (Yeah, one mine nailed five men.)

Go to any meeting of a Vietnam vets group and you'll hear the stories and the reminiscences. First, it's the "who-had-it-the-worst?" routine — Army or Marines? Who was tougher? Green Berets, SEALs, Marine Recon — or the Aussies or the ROKs or...? What about MACV/SOG? Mike Force? Recon platoon of the Mike Force? The roadrunner teams? On and on and on.

You hear of LRRPs, POWs, Omega Project, Delta Project, and all the nationalities: Americans, Australians, Vietnamese, Montagnard, New Zealanders, French, Koreans. But how about our neighbors to the north? Do you ever hear mention of

Canadians? Shamefully not, or only rarely, if your meeting is taking place in the U.S. And that's fucked.

We tend to forget — assuming we ever knew — that approximately 40,000 brave Canadians legally crossed the border to join the U.S. armed forces, mostly the Army and Marines. They didn't have to do it. It wasn't a Canadian war and they weren't being drafted. These brothers — and brothers they are — volunteered.

Army or Marine Infantry, it's entirely likely that the guy next to you, pinned down right beside you in that stinking, bloody rice paddy, was from Canada. He wore the same uniform and ducked the same rounds. He covered your butt just as you covered his.

In all probability, he ate, drank, and breathed some Agent Orange with you, and later came home to the same disregard and abuse as you. Today he may suffer from the same Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder you do. And if he's a "tripwire vet," the only difference between him and similarly afflicted American vets is that he's probably living alone and wild in the Canadian boonies instead of here in ours.

Those are the similarities — and they make us brothers. Now, here are the unpalatable differences. In the last few years, American Vietnam vets have gotten together. We're making progress on the Agent Orange front. PTSD has been recognized and is being dealt with. We have vet centers and the DAV, and we can join Vietnam veterans groups, as well as be admitted to — even welcomed into — the American Legion, the VFW, etc., etc. Many of our countrymen have finally become supportive of us. We have a monument in Washington (no matter our individual opinions of it) and we're drawing disabilities and pensions and getting VA bennies. Our situation is certainly nowhere near rosy, but things have most assuredly improved over what they were 10 or 15 years ago. Now, how about our Canadian bros?

Frankly, they're almost alone. Practically no one has given a damn about them. Most of them are more "lost" than we American 'Nam vets.

When you view the names on that black monolith in Washington, you assume that they're the names of

fellow Americans. Most are. But the Canadians who died in 'Nam are listed there also. They have no monument in their own country; instead, their families and fellow Canadians must go to our capital to see homage paid them. (And the names of Canada's dead aren't even given any distinction of nationality on the monument.)

As for the living, while we American vets are permitted to join the American Legion, its equivalent up north, the Royal Canadian Legion, refuses to recognize our brothers and they aren't allowed to join that organization. The same goes for the Canadian VFW. Although the American Legion has about a dozen posts in their Department of Canada, our Canadian brothers are apparently reluctant to become members. (Perhaps they figure, "Hey, I joined the American armed forces and look what the hell happened to me.")

One thing our bros in Canada probably don't realize is that there's a reciprocal agreement between their country and ours for the treatment of war veterans. Simply put, Canadians will treat our men there and we will treat their men here.

Canadian vets: You are entitled, legally, to the same benefits in the United States as your American brothers. (At present, there are only two exceptions to this: VA-backed housing assistance and modifications on motor vehicles for paraplegics.) You are also entitled, no matter what some counselor may have told you, to disability and compensation. I urge you to look into all these things and get what you've earned. I will warn you, however, that there is a special bunch of bureaucratic nonsense attached to the processing of "Non-U.S. Nationals" which could delay the approval of your application. And, regrettably, it's also possible that you could run into certain situations in which there is a U.S. residency requirement. However, you won't know until you've tried, so why not go for it?

The place to start is by contacting your Department of Veterans' Affairs, Foreign Countries' Operations. Obtain the address and/or phone number of the Ottawa office and specifically, I suggest you contact Ms. Violet Parnanzone, if possible.

Continued on page 118

EAT PUSSY?
THAT'S
CANNIBALISTIC

PHHHT!

STREET RATS

HARRUMPH!
GETTIN' LOW.
I BETTER GAS
IT UP.

LAST
CHANCE
GAS

I'M
HORNY

BOY!!
SERVICE!

SNAP

Boy?

WHERE'S
THE BEEF?

PLOOMF

SNATCH
BARS

HAIR
PIES

FILL 'ER
UP, BOY.

I MEANT THE
GAS TANK!

CHECK YER
OIL,
DICKLIP?

THIS IS
WHAT I CALL
FULLSERVICE.

I LIKE
SELF-SERVE.

EAT ME
AGAIN,
HONEY!

NO WAY! YER
PUSSY-JUICE
KEEPS PUTTING
OUT MY CIGAR.

MY STARTER
IS UNDER
THE HOOD.

MINE
TOO?

RUB
RUB

AMERICA-LOVE
OR ELSE
THANK TO MADMAN KELLY

DUFFY

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ This month your ass is up for grabs. Everyone wants a piece and you put out till you're pooped. Telltale cumstains stick to your womb broom, causing friction between the sheets and giving your ol' lady diarrhea of the mouth. Best bet now is to sit on her face while you soak up a six-pack, leaving her to tickle your anus with her flapping lips. (Offer her some Chapstick.)

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Time is right for clearing up a smelly situation at home base. For starters, stick your finger up your ol' lady's peep hole and give her the taste-test, then fill her douche bag with Janitor in a Drum. If this fails, make her sleep with her ass draped out the bedroom window and hope for a hurricane. Remember, toilet paper can save you an unexpected trip to the laundromat.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Standing in the unemployment line can get damned boring. Try sanding the venereal warts off the head of your dick; it'll give you something to do with your hands and keep you from smoking too many coffin nails. If you're still working for a living, grab your crank and take a coffee break. Show the boss you can hold your own when you want to. Ignore professional jealousies.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Do something different for once in your life. Try chewing your food (those chunks are hard to puke up!), tell El Bosso where to stick it, and give him a helping hand. Try smoking after sex instead of during it. Find out why your ol' lady is buying wieners by the case, since you haven't had a fuck-in' hot dog in months. Be generous to your bros for a change — let 'em borrow your library card from Sing-Sing.

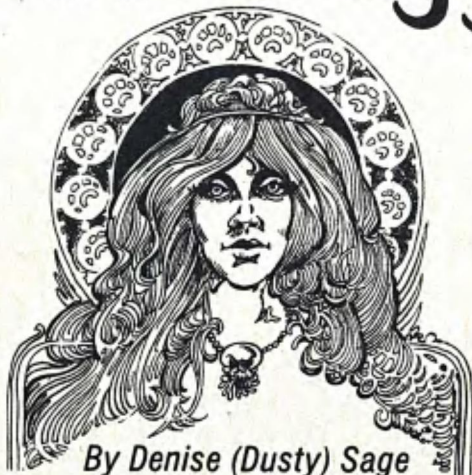
Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Before you mix business with pleasure, better memorize the herpes hotline. Afterwards have your meat inspected. Also, getting wasted and barfing on the boss could send you back to square one. Try holding your mud for a change or lose out on an important promotion. If you're fucking the boss's daughter, it's A-OK, but don't blow it with his bed mate.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Seems you've gotten a tad loose lately. Maybe your potty

Asstrology



Astrological Profile For Aquarius

Aquariuses are legendary for being so wacko that they don't know their asses from a hole in the ground. It sort of figures, then, that they spend too much time on the toilet and fingerprint with their stools. (Would you believe brown is their favorite color?)

Aquariuses love casual sex. However, they could care less if their partners climax or not, because they figure it's those who come first who count. Some actually prefer sex with themselves — but only on a full stomach. As for their other personal habits, Aquariuses often hide Tootsie Rolls in their dirty socks and sleep with their eyes open. More often than not, happiness to an Aquarius is never having to take a bath. Female Aquariuses would rather change their ol' man's oil than their own sanitary napkins.

Some famous Aquariuses, past and present, include: W.C. Fields, Benny Hill, Jules Verne, Yoko Ono, Burt Reynolds, John Travolta, Alice Cooper, Christie Brinkley, Steve Reeves, Paul Newman.

Aquariuses are original, lazy, eccentric, and usually

hide under the table when the waiter brings the tab. Most majored in recess and summer vacations, which makes them excellent at vocations that require sleeping on the job and talking with their mouths full.

Healthwise, Aquariuses are susceptible to circulation problems (from lack of movement) and varicose veins are their best friends. Your older Aquariuses have a tendency to fall down and piss their pants. Likewise, hardening of the tongue has been known to keep them down. Otherwise, they're extremely healthy — until they reach the age of two. After that they should wear rubber pants at all times.

Aquariuses make loyal friends and will always tell the truth — especially when you catch 'em in a lie. They are highly entertaining at parties and most are adept at playing several different tunes from a funnel up their kazoo. They aren't gonna change for nobody and they don't mind saying so. If you're masochistic (and mentally deficient), grab onto one — you've met your match.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ A touch of the biker blues gives you a long face and a matching set of balls. Seems your ol' lady's perpetual headache, period, and numerous other excuses has made salt-peter your mainstay. Best check this situation out fast,

'cause no nookie will drive ya nuts. Time for some undercover work. Are those your skid marks or are they someone else's pecker prints?

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ You're in another one of your infamous temper-tantrum phases. Don't expect everyone to kiss your ass just 'cause you're on the rag. This fit could blow up in your face if you aren't careful. Remember that little dudes can play rough, too, so look out for a low blow. Worse yet, your attitude could get you some time alone, looking through ye olde vertical alloy, and begging for bail.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ The urge to splurge on what appears to be a real deal should be nixed now. Underhanded vibes sound a warning of "Buyer, beware." The ladies you luck out with now shouldn't have been let out without a leash. (Get 'em in bed and they'll roll over and play dead.) Take my advice — stick to the pussycat who purrs in your own pad.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Your recent lucky streak has struck out! Stash your cash for emergency repairs — it's back to El Cheapo again. (Sorry, but just because you're a great farter, it doesn't make you a fun date.) Cut back on unimportant items, such as: deodorant, toothpaste, ass-wipe, soap, shampoo, and chocolate-covered toadstools. That way, you can afford the basics — like booze and drugs.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ This birthday takes a big bite outta your budget and leaves you with nothing except a wet dream and a soggy mattress. Take the advice for Capricorn and find a practical solution: (Toss out those expensive Odor Eaters; instead, try crushed nachos in your boots). Brush with your ol' lady's douche bag (Water Piks are too costly), try wiping on burnt toast (before you eat it).

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This one is weird. Someone swipes your collection of dirty socks and holds your pet snail for ransom. Some other asshole puts oatmeal in your radiator, but forgets the sugar and raisins. The hair around your ass starts coming out in handfuls and you begin to wonder about your brand of underwear. Before long, you'll discover a colony of critters living in your left nostril. Help!

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of fifteen bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And, remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

ALABAMA

Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika
Custom Cycle H-D 116 Noble St., Anniston

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

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

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycle 21426 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

Moonshine Cycle 720 W. Olive Ave. Unit B, Porterville
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Taft Cycle Supplies 103 "B" Street, Taft
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
American-Made Motorcycle Co. 4125 Franklin Blvd.,
Sacramento

Racer's II 8721 Garden Grove Blvd., Garden Grove
Dick's Cycle 9110 E. Artesia Blvd., Bellflower
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Accessories 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
David's Harley 3021 Madison Ave., San Diego
C&W Trikes 843 E. Lacey Blvd., Hanford
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Vibrators Unlimited 605 E. Main St., Barstow
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell

COLORADO

D & C Enterprises 725 Pitkin, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway,
Englewood
Klinzmann Cycle 804 S. Ash, Yuma

CONNECTICUT

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

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 84, Ft. Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80,
Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 5210 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy.,
Ft. Pierce
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
American Cycle Supply 5503 Broadway, West Palm Beach
Peace Chief Sound Center 6805 14th St. W., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.),
New Smyrna Beach
Custom Choppers 4405 N. Renellie Dr., Tampa
C&D Custom Cycles 1801 S. Orange Blossom Tr., Orlando

GEORGIA

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

Big John's Cycles 7964 N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Mell Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS

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

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1001 S. Elizabeth, Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw

IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Frame Technology, Inc. 230 N. 4th, Carlisle

KANSAS

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

KENTUCKY

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

LOUISIANA

Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville
MDO Modern Cycle 15879 Redland Rd., Rockville

MASSACHUSETTS

Chlp's Custom Equipment Depot Street, Palmer

MICHIGAN

Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 35891 Gratiot Ave., Mt. Clemens
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron

MINNESOTA

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

MISSOURI

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

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
H-D of Trenton, Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1968 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Shore Area Cycle Works 1359 Rt. 9, Lakewood

NEW MEXICO

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

NEW YORK

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

Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
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 8924 Ave. D, Brooklyn
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk Cycle 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 Yaddin Road,
Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1006 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

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

OKLAHOMA

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

PENNSYLVANIA

Cycladelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parrisville
Sled Shed 5 W. Main St., Fleetwood
Jim Dennis Enterprises 4603 Lancaster Ave., Philadelphia

SOUTH CAROLINA

Southeastern Choppers 108 Bluff Ave., N. Augusta
Doug's H-D 2790 Pamplico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston

TENNESSEE

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

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1308 N. Meford Drive, Lufkin
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco
Trip Cycle 3823 Ave. S., Galveston
Roll Your Own H-D 2006 W. Erwin, Tyler
Cheta's 404 W. 7th Ave., Corsicana

VERMONT

Big Bikes Rt. 14, Woodbury

VIRGINIA

Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Dell Hwy. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg

WASHINGTON

74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

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

WISCONSIN

Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
Sauk-Prairie H-D Hwy. 12, Sauk City
Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowish
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Dr., Green Bay

Never Enough

I'm the type of guy who can't get enough pussy to eat. I love to taste that sweet pussy juice. But tell me, how can I eat the pussy of the woman I'd most like to dine on — you?

Bear
Michigan City, Ind.

- I only serve it marinated in Spider juice.

One Life To Live

I'm doing time in a Texas prison and stand to be cut loose pretty soon. My ol' lady has written to me only eight times in two years, even though I write to her twice a week regardless of anything.

In all eight letters I've received, she says she loves me and she's gonna wait for my release. I really don't believe her, because she doesn't have anything to say about what I tell her in my letters.

I don't know whether to start making plans for just myself, or making plans for us. What do you think?

Little Mule
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

- It's yer life, so make plans for you to live it. If she wants to tag along for the ride, so much the better.

Sweat Sweeper

A couple of weeks ago, a few of us ol' ladies were out in the thin, hot Oklahoma weather and got to wondering about something. Why hasn't somebody come up with a deodorant for tits?

Have you ever had beads of sweat racing to your belly button? You sit there wondering which one will get to your crotch first.

We figure that with jugs like yours, you might have a solution, or we could get real kinky if you knew someone in the Patent Office.

Hot Drippin's
Cushing, Okla.

- There is a product to remove sweat from your tits — it's called tongue.

Beach, Beach, Beach

I'm in the Navy and live by the beach. What I want to know is, what the fuck has gotten into the heads of women today?

The ones who walk the strip around here think they're the most wonderful

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



creations the universe has ever put together. I'll take an old-fashioned biker broad like yourself over these fake bitches any day. As far as I'm concerned, they aren't half as good as a pimple on your flea-ridden, dead-fish-smellin' snatch.

Sniffin' Sailor
Virginia Beach, Va.

- What can I say? When you're right, you're right.

Why Not?

I'm 25 years old, weigh 285 lbs., have tits that hang to my waist and a snatch that's been stretched wide by too many tramps, trains, and ankle biters. You'd think my problem would be gettin' and

keepin' a righteous bro, but it's not. My ol' man is a stone-fox biker who loves every inch and pound of me and is always willing to feed his crank into all those places we girls like to have it.

My problem is that I worship him and the bike he rides on, but he won't ever let me clean and shine it up for him. I don't mind admittin' that it makes me feel kind of weird to be the only biker ol' lady in the world who doesn't get to wash her ol' man's scooter. What the hell do you think the problem is?

Flabby Francie
Portland, Ore.

- Maybe he don't want a pig polishing his Hog.

Deadeye Daddy

Help! I'm 16, 5'9", weigh 105 lbs., and have brown hair and brown eyes. I love Harleys and have been packing on them since I was 12. I live with my dad, who has legal custody of me. Dad said that if he ever caught me with a biker, he would shoot him.

Fortunately, my mom lives only two miles away and she gave me a key to her apartment and told me to go there if I ever needed a place to bring a guy for the night.

I've been seeing a biker ever since I was 13. He's married, but he comes and sees me every day. I love this dude so much I can't even say it. Should I go on seeing him or give up on bikers till I'm 18 and on my own?

Legs
Denver, Colo.

- Sounds to me like you should set up a blind date between yer old man (father-type) and yer boyfriend's ol' lady (wife-type).

Vicious Chippy

I like gettin' head as much as the next bro, but this chick I picked up last week left me with the outlines of her lips and teeth all over my body. I've been hangin' out, afraid to go home until they disappear, but they're not showin' any signs of fadin' away. I'm broke, busted, and disgusted, and need to hit my pad. The question is, what do I tell my ol' lady?

All Gummed-Up
Nyack, N.Y.

- Tell 'er ya got loaded and decided to have a few tattoos laid on yer skin.

Back Door Boogaloo

My ol' lady's sister and I have been fooling around for a couple of months, but I've always been careful to butt-fuck her instead of pussy-fuck her. Now she says she's pregnant and that she's sure it's from me. Is this possible?

Worried Biker
Tucson, Ariz.

- Sure. Ain't you ever met a rugrat who was a little shit?

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. ■

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 **Marc J. Higgins**, 1959-1984. Mr. Personality was certainly unique. He touched all with his soul and is loved abundantly by all. In the wind forever. Craft and skill and oneness. The Kids.

In memory of **Bill "Wild Willie" Glen**. They say you're not dead as long as people remember. I remember, bro. Sunshine Kid.

In memory of **"Wild Bill" Moyer**, 9/12/81, hit from behind by a drunk asshole in a cage. Also, **T.R.**, 11/82, and **Stanley L. "Tony" McClintock**, 10/17/83, shot by a punk who let a patch get to his head. Wild Bill, T.R., and Stan, ride free, brothers. From Rodent 19er, Wheelers MC 13, West Middlesex, Penn.

In memory of **Michael "Bluefoot" Simmons**, 6/26/84. A brother who left way too soon. Gone with the wind, out with the moon. Cager problem again. What a Hermano. In our minds and hearts always. See you in Harley Heaven. Pres. Eh. Woody, Beer Banditos MC, Stringtown, Texas.

Lots of memories. **"Pan Head" Ed Cagle**, gone July 31, 1984. 220,000 volts instead of something in the wind. See you later, bro. Lumpy and Renee.

In memory of **William "Carl" Lance**, Richmond, Calif. Our Carl's riding high right now. He's left us all behind. To understand or reason how, is far beyond our mind. We're doing the best we can. We know you wouldn't dig all this fuss, but we loved you, Carl, my man, Miss you, bro! Keep the engine revving. Brandi and family, Bristol, Penn.

In loving memory of **Albert Medina**, 8/7/84. You lived and partied hard and you will never be forgotten. From all your bros. Bear, David, Rookie, Jerry, Frank, Joe, Butch and Junebug. We miss you, bro. Fresno, Calif.

In loving memory of **Roderic Maynes**, 6/30/59-7/18/84, who did more in twenty-five years than most people do in a lifetime. Next year your bike will be back on the road and we'll remember you always, forever young on your Harley. Renee, Maria and Nick.

In memory of **Dave "Red" Jostad**, 7/20/84. You were a true bro. You rode a long, hard life and you'll always be missed. Love, Little Bo, Mutt, Dog, Jas, Scooby, and Jim.

In memory of **Bob Murphy**, devoted son, brother, husband, father and friend. You were always there with the answers and always willing to help. You made it seem so simple. Joe Rebman.

In memory of **Milton "Dad" Lett's**, died 7/22/84 at Folsom Prison, doing life for killing a man who cheated him in a pool game. When asked why, he said, "It wasn't the money, it was the principle." He will always be remembered and respected. Rest in peace, Dad. Patches.

On July 7, 1984, I lost my partner, **Jeffrey Joseph "Joe" Snook**. Always one to defend the underdog, no matter what. He saw a man trying to kill his ex-wife, so he jumped in and took a 6-in. blade through the heart. She escaped; the man poured gas on Joe and burned him. Double J.

In memory of **Gerry "Midge" Taylor**, **Connie "Cuddles" Gravel** and **John "Red" Bleaney**, two bros and a sister gone but never forgotten. With us forever. Digger/Ernie, BRO, Ontario.

In memory of **Brother John**, lost 5/2/84. El Paso finally got too hot. MLF/FML. Kiddo and Vicki, Juneau, Alaska.

In memory of brother **Wayne E. Burleigh**. We put your initials in that tree for all to see, because, bro, you were the best. We'll take care of Katt for you. Love, Mike, Clem, Hog, Mary, Linda, Ole Man, Joan, Bev, Mell and Barry, and Carolyn.

In tribute to **James Cox**, 2/27/38-5/26/84. Jim left us while ridin'. Missed by all who knew him. His bros and sisters from Oregon.

In loving memory of **Johnny "Chico" Ellis**, 4/22/65-7/17/84. That cage took you way before your time, but you're now and forever my little brother. Till we meet again, rest in peace. Your big bro and Nancy.

In memory of **Merril "Maggot" Green**, 6/20/84, gone but never forgotten. May there be Harleys in heaven, bro, so we can ride together. Your friends.

In memory of **James "Moon" Feldman**, who crashed on his bike at the age of 19. Moon was a helluva partier and a cool dude to know. He loved music and concerts, and was liked and loved by all. Live on, Moon, you are free. Love, R. Haggerty, and your Winchester friends.

In loving memory of **Farmer John**, 4/7/84, who rode an old '47 Indian Chief. It was a sad April 7 when you left me and went to Indian Heaven. You're free now. Love you, your ol' lady.

In memory of **Chuck Henry, Sr.**, 4/7/84. You were my best friend, Dad. Ya partied hardy and had more heart than anybody. Till we meet again on the highway in the sky, I love you, Dad. Your son, Scooter Chuck Henry, Jr.

In never-ending memory of **Clifford "Cliff" Frost**, 6/14/52-4/21/84. There's not a day any of us will ever forget a brother like you. You put some things in our hearts and lives that can never be replaced and your life will go on through all of us — in spirit and in mind. Your brothers and sisters in Florida.

58

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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 Fat; 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 56; 41. An Eleven Is A 10 That Swallows; 42. Too Drunk To Fuck; 43. I Might Not Always Be Right But I'm Never Wrong; 44. God Forgives, Bikers Don't; 45. I Don't Want To Be Like You Or Look Like You, So Stay Out Of My Face; 46. Thrill A Biker, Drive Naked; 47. I Know What You're Thinking Let's Try It; 48. Sex Is Better Than Drugs With The Right Pusher; 49. Too Much Sex Still Ain't Enough (with artwork); 50. No Teenie Weenies (with artwork); 51. I Love Tits; 52. I Love Head; 53. I Love Long Legs; 54. I Love It Wet; 55. I Love Tight Asses; 56. I Love To Fart; 57. Biker's Candy Store (shop shirt).

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*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.

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. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

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. Send \$14 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. 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, 23, looking for sexy, attractive woman, 18-27, for a permanent relationship or marriage. Please send photos and stamps. 27 months to max. Ronnie Hoots, Box 428, Newland, NC 28657.

French-speaking w/m, 20, doing time in Canada. Would like to hear from French-speaking women 18-24, in the U.S. I'm good-looking, 6'3", 200 lbs. Send photo with letter to Bob Larocque, Box 280, Bath, Ont., Canada K0H 1G0.

33-year-old w/m, down but not out! Come on, any of you ladies out there know anything about tree climbing? I got a tree branch you can hang on! Write R.J. "Tree" Foster, C35240, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

Downed white boy from So. Calif. would like to hear from ladies 18 and up. Send flicks. I'm 21, 5'11", 195 lbs., get out this year. Ron Crawford, C73441, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-600.

Ladies! Three good bikers need to hear from you all. We'll answer all. Send photos — any kind to blow our minds. Kenny Goss 80A-1414, Anthony Tamilio 77B-1245, and Joseph Finger 82A-6293. Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

W/m, 36, 6'2", brown hair, 180 lbs. of lean-mean meat. Looking for a good woman to count on and vice versa. Jimmy "Lucky" Reachard 96990-131, Box 888, M Unit, Ashland, KY 41101.

W/m, 5'10", brown hair and eyes. Tramp doing time would love to hear from the female tramps out there. Send flick. Dave Wingo Eisenhauer 168015, LCF, Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802.

Young woman, bright, friendly, fine, frisky and fun, doing time in this Sunshine State hell in Florida, seeks a man for friendship, affection and lots of other kinky things! All scribes will be answered. G. Jackson 160306, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

What does it take to get ladies to write? W/m, 20, 5'11", 177 lbs., blond hair, green eyes, and very lonely. Photos nice, but not necessary. Will answer all. George A. O'Toole III, Box 8273, Cranston, RI 02920.

So. Cal. biker busted in Oklahoma. Down for a deuce and need a little encouragement from anyone, anywhere. Fred Eastman 138378, Box 97 T.B. #2, McAlester, OK 74502.

Lonesome white knight, 22, 5'9", 175 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, Scorpio, needs some female touch to make a bro's mind work properly. Harry Oliver 83A4321, Unit 21A-I, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508.

W/m, 34, doing a big one. Need to hear from all ladies and bros. Will answer all mail. Everett Boice, 137 No. Court St., Talladega, AL 35160.

All ladies: I'm 28, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'8" and 160 lbs. Make me happy by writing. I'll answer all. Ken Holmes 178330, Box 4571, LCF, Lima, OH 45802.

W/m, 28, 6'4", 175 lbs., kind of man you'd find in northern Europe around 1500 BC. James "Blade" Diez, Box 16, Lovelady TX 75851.

Leathers taken. Sportster repossessed. Violation of probation. Damn, I'm in a mess. W/m, 5'9", 165 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes. 6 months left. Flicks available. Jeff Rowbotham, A084171, Box 699, Sneads, FL 32460.

Three downed bros in Texas, doing some hard time. James "Big Jim" Craig 373925-Dorm 3; Pete Oman 372301-Dorm 5; Billy McKinney 367673-Dorm 5. Wynne Unit, Rt. 1 Box 1, Huntsville, TX 77349.

Downed scooter trash, 31, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for serious correspondence with together people. Robert Falterman 83A8115, Box 367-Annex, Dannemora, NY 12929.

Lonely scooter tramp down doing time at Folsom. Would like correspondence and flicks from any good-hearted chicks. Kenneth "Patches" Ciancio, Box C76557, Repress, CA 95671.

White knight, 6'1", 180 lbs., seeks female companionship. Out in July '85. Looking for a sweet girl to settle down and make a life with. Tim Birmingham, Box B-43606, Florence, AZ 85232.

To all bros, sisters, sleazes and acquaintances: downed bro in Louisiana in need of letters to keep mind in the gutter and wind. All letters answered. Thomas L. Williams 231395, 2800 Gravier St., CLU No. 7th, New Orleans, LA 70119.

W/f, 25, from Tulsa. Doin' a little time, so somebody lay me a line. Love to hear from any and all. Andria Tinsley 138553, MBCC, Box 11492, E/H/U, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

W/m, 22 down till '86. Into sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and Harley-Davidsons. Would like to hear from all you ladies out there. Send letters and revealing photos. Kenny Roberts 109511, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

W/m, 29 yrs. old, 5'8", 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for sincere and caring ladies any age, for lasting relationship. Will answer all that write. Larry D. Cross, A018461, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

Tattoo artist, 29, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, looking for righteous female. No gamers. "Pan Head" Pete Loness 150393, Box 539, 6 Hall, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Tramp, slammed and mistreated. Will be up again soon. Need a friend, ladies. Bill Brandtatt, C05039, Box A-E (3111-X), CMC, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0003.

W/m, 39, blond hair, green eyes, 5'7", 145 lbs. Been down 4 years with two more to go. It's lonely as hell, ladies. I'm in need of a good-hearted woman. Dan Scullen 162-758, 15802 St. Rt. 104, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

Free: '80 Low Rider to w/f who will take care of this bro from Texas while in Colo. joint. 33, blond, blue eyes, 225 lbs., 6'1" of 100% outlaw. Out in 12 months. Doug Gordon 48234, Box 999, Canyon City, CO 81212.

Roses are red, violets are blue. I need some kites and so do you. W/f, 28, and great. If you've got a heart, you'll fit the part. W/m only, 25? Diana M. Brown, 951 Lowgap Rd., Ukiah, CA 95482.

Wanted: Dirty, insincere gal for meaningless relationship. Photo nice, SASE a must. M.D. Wood 29086, ISF, Dorm 6, Greencastle, IN 46135.

W/f, 23, down for a dime. Doing some hard and lonely time. Would sure like to hear from some true bros. Linda Rutland 134162, MBCC, E/H/U, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

W/m, 6'1", 195 lbs., red hair, brown eyes. I'm down and lookin' for a lady who wants to write. Send photos and you'll get photos with reply. Tom Triggs 39955, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

W/m, 26, doing 4 flat on 10. Discharge 1st of '88. Looking for serious-minded lady, 20-40. Larry Harlow 374432, J-III, Rt. 2, Richmond, TX 77469.

W/m, 34, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown eyes and hair. Ex-wildman who's mellowed some. Photo gets same. Keith Parks, C25276, Rm. 5115, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Two bros down in the "Hoosier" in need of your kites and flicks. We're both white, been down the road, single. All answered and thanks. Steve Mack 4553-4 and Tex Mills 31246-2, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064.

Calif. bro would like to hear from women, 21-35. I'm 30, 6'3", 225 lbs., brown hair and blue eyes. Jerry Orth, C42647, Box 2000, J-155-U, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Lonely biker doing county time, needs to hear from a sincere lady. Will answer all. Dave Balmon, Box 10451, San Antonio, TX, 78210.

W/m, 36, 5'11", 180 lbs., ex-Marine, Vietnam vet (but lovable), non-smoking, natural-food-and-exercise conscious, blond hair, blue eyes. Daniel Forsyth Jagers 910232 (F-54), Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Aquarius, 28, 5'7 1/2", 158 lbs., looking for a lady friend. Out in about 12 months. Charlie Ousley 120929, Box 37, Holman Station, AL 36503-0037.

If gypsy soul burns in your breast, so fierce and true all failed your test; if you would stand with a Warrior King, toss your lace into the ring. Larry Neel, 2605 State St., Salem OR 97310.

I'm a 29-year-old white outlaw out of Calif. 5'10", 180 lbs., blond hair, green eyes. I'm looking for a lady to write. Cliff E. Clary 359664, J-III, Route 2, Richmond, TX 77469.

Two downed N.Y. bros, getting short. Would like kites from any warm, sensitive ladies in the western N.Y. area. "Frenchy" Cohan 82C642, and Mark Shadle 82B1081, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

31 years old, locked down in Texas. A letter from the heart and mind of a sweet female would do wonders for this aching soul. Joe Albrecht 273405, Rt. 4 Box 1100, Rosharon, TX 77583.

W/m, 6 ft., 150 lbs., Gemini, 22, brown eyes and hair, downed for murder. Can't receive any scribes from other joints. Crazy Jake Woodrow, A018044, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

W/m, 34, blond hair, blue eyes, 6'1", 190 lbs., two years left, maybe less. Looking for a sincere, lasting relationship to carry on to the street. Send letters and photos to Harry Ramey, N-33276, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995.

Lonely prisoner needs to hear from friendly ladies. Write and send pictures to Jim Aguilar 15121, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

Downed bro, 21, 6'8", 260 lbs., with 2 in and 18 to go, seeks sincere, honest woman, 18 to 45. Photos will be greatly appreciated. John Sims, Oahu Prison, 2199 Kamehameha Hwy., Honolulu, HA 96819.

Two downed Aryan 1%ers would like to hear from chicks who know in their hearts that they love outlaws. Van Hammett (29), and William Murray (30). Rt. 1, Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

W/m, 29, 5'8", 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for sincere and caring ladies any age. Larry D. Cross, A018461, Box 7, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

Righteous biker from NYC, 6'3", 200 lbs., long brown hair and beard, blue eyes, 7 tattoos and an earring. French/Italian. Jimmy "Madhatter" Moley 79A3844, CCF-Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929.

Down biker doing it all. 27 yrs. old, 6'4", 250 lbs., looking for a few kites and some flicks to keep me going. Dennis "Wookie" Danaher 82A3586, Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929.

W/m, scooter trash, 25, 5'8", 175 lbs., down on Death Row, need to hear from you chicks. Please send pix (nude, if possible). Ex 755, Robert "Frenchy" Drew, G-13-3-21, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, TX 77343.

Would like to correspond with a biker lady. I'm a w/m, 28, 6', 170 lbs., with hazel-green eyes. Robert J. Davis C78534, CMC, Box A.E. Room 8137, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Down and out bro needs some hot and wild cooze to bring this time along faster. My name sounds foreign, but when I'm in the wind, my ass is on a H-D. Abdullah M. Ben Hamid 081397, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

I am 5'10", 180 lbs., 28, and looking for someone willing to help make today's dreams tomorrow's reality. Please send photos. Hobbies: dancing, singing, and enjoying every bit of my woman's needs. Joe White 82-A1315, Box 149 Attica, NY 14011.

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it.

Barf

Continued from page 25

He'd tried getting in shape as a means of attracting chicks, but that hadn't worked out worth a shit. He got a job at a health spa, figuring to tune up the ol' bod and make some bucks at the same time, but his first day there he got busted in the locker room for chewing the crotches out of womens' sweatpants. He wouldn't have gone to jail for it — the sheriff wasn't inclined to arrest Barf any oftener than he absolutely had to, because he didn't want to look at him either — but with everybody including the mayor's wife screaming at the top of their lungs, there was no alternative. The mayor's wife, a member at the spa, was the one who discovered Barf *in flagrante*, as it were.

Barf got solitary, like always. He was so ugly none of the other prisoners would cell with him. A jailhouse lawyer filed a writ arguing that incarceration in the same slammer with Barf constituted cruel and unusual punishment for the rest of the inmates, but the writ was denied by a hardcase judge. To pass time while he was in the clink, Barf placed a lonely hearts ad in a magazine. Nobody responded though, so he forgot about it, drank a lot of water, and walked slow. Finally, on the day he was sprung, a single letter came for him — but he stuffed it in his pocket unread when the trustee passing out mail tipped him off that he was going to be released before supper. The guys in the bullpen had taken up a collection from a sleeping drunk and paid his fine so they wouldn't have to eat swill out of the same scullery with him any longer.

A few days later, hunkered down for a roadside dump with his jeans around his ankles, Barf ran across the letter again while looking for something to wipe his ass with. He finally read it then. He ate the stamp too, just for luck. And it brought him some, or brought him something anyway, because the next thing he knew, he was head-over-hardon in lust and carrying on a lonely-hearts love affair, complete with smelly letters. As the relationship deepened, there were exchanges of intimate body hair between Barf and his belusted. The smut grew steamier. By the time they reached the point of signing their scribes with sniff 'n' lick spots, he was raring to meet his passionate pen-mate. To actually see her, touch her, stand her on her head and lick her like an ice cream cone. The longing was almost more than Barf could stand. A rendezvous was set up for as soon as possible. Travel arrangements were made.

As the date of their meeting neared, Barf became a near-total basket case. Aquiver with horny anticipation, he jittered and twitched and scratched himself until he broke out in a rash.

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Then his hemorrhoids started acting up. The pain in his ass caused a tic to develop in his cheek, and a boil sprouted on the end of his nose.

When the eagerly awaited day finally dawned, Barf checked himself out in a mirror and conceded that he wasn't looking his best. But, he figured realistically, his best wasn't better enough to matter that much of a difference anyway, so he sprayed under both sleeves with deodorant, took a whiff and called it good, and went to pick up his new sweetie.

Barf's dick was harder than Chinese arithmetic as he swept out the cockpit of his sidecar prior to leaving, simply from imagining the ass that would soon be sitting in it. Halfway there, he had to pull off behind a billboard at the very thought of her pootling in his sidehack. He was so horny his boil came to a head. Before he reached his destination he stopped and jerked off again in a gas station crapper to keep from having a premature ejaculation when he kissed her hello.

As soon as they got back to town, Barf stopped at the bar where his bro hung out to announce his imminent nuptials and pick up provisions for the honeymoon trip, which was scheduled to begin as soon as the bartender rang up a twelve-pack and brought his change.

Snerly, Barf's closest bro, congratulated him effusively. "Congrats, bro! Congrats! Where is this ding. . .uh, new missus of yours? When do we get to meet her?"

"Whenever you want to. Just go to the door and say hello. She's outside with my bike," Barf said.

"Aha!" Snerly beamed approvingly. "Starting her off on the right foot by teaching her basic security methods. That's good!"

"Naw, it ain't that. It's just a hassle putting her leg back on," Barf replied.

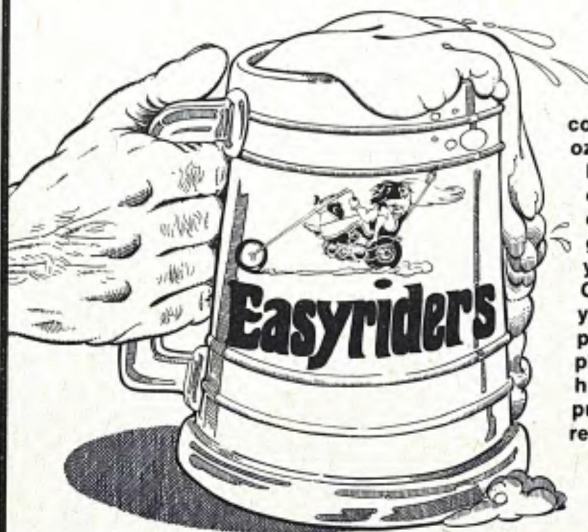
Snerly looked at him. "Her leg?"

"Uh-huh. She's got an artificial leg from being run over by a train," Barf explained. "It won't bend at the right angle for her to sit in the sidecar, so before she gets in she has to take it off, and when she gets out she puts it back on. It wasn't worth going to the trouble just for a beer stop, that's why I didn't bring her in."



"It's time for a wrench cocktail."

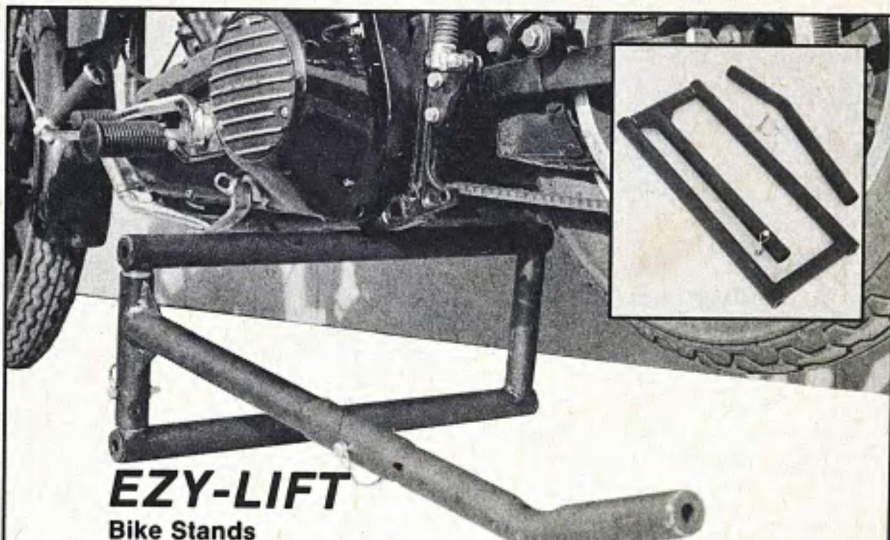
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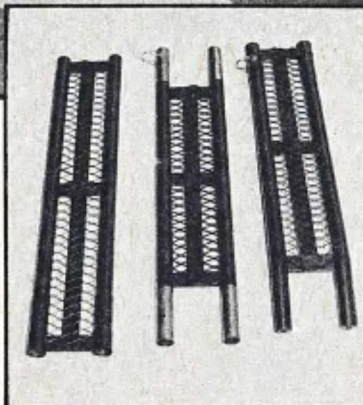
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Take To The Air



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



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

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

Both spots are on two-inch videotape, as used by every TV station in the country, and come in a special shipping container. To order, send a check or money order for \$16 per tape (be sure to specify whether you want #1 or #2) to **Easyriders Bike Commercial**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052. We pay postage in the U.S.

"Wow, I'm sorry, man! What a bummer!" Snerly commiserated.

Barf shrugged off the sympathy. "Oh, I dunno. I figure she's only half as likely to run off this way." He got a speculative expression. "Maybe less than that if I drill a hole through her ankle and chain the leg to my sled at night. Whaddya think?"

"Sounds like a good idea," Snerly agreed. "That way she can't use it for a club to beat you over the head with when you start snoring."

Barf snorted like he was gargling thunderstorms. "No sweat. She can't hear a thing when she turns off her hearing aid."

"What? She has a hearing aid, too?"

"Yeah, but that's nothing. There's a whole box of spare parts strapped on the luggage carrier with her leg," Barf boasted.

"Spares, huh? It sounds like you made a pretty good deal, bro. Congratulations again!" Snerly clapped Barf on the back, and Barf, overcome by the sheer joy of the occasion, farted. You can imagine the stench. Or maybe you can't. You're better off not thinking about it at all.

"You'd better plan on busting her good leg, too, if you want her to stick around after you lay one of those bad boys on her!" Snerly gasped when he finished choking.

"No sweat. She can't smell shit. She doesn't have a nose," Barf said.

Snerly eyeballed him again. "No nose," he echoed blankly.

"From the train dragging her. But the way she parts her hair it ain't hardly noticeable. Well, bro, I gotta go. See you later!" Barf tucked his twelve-pack under one arm and got up from the barstool.

"Yeah, later. Say, bro, lemme ask you something before you split," Snerly said, frowning puzzledly.

"Sure, go ahead," Barf invited as he picked up his change.

"Well, no offense, but you're *real* ugly, you know?"

"Yeah, I know it. Was that your question?" Barf asked, pocketing his change.

"No, that ain't it. What I was wondering was, uh... well, even if your new squeeze is a basket case herself, you're still a gruesome sight to behold. Don't looking at your mug turn her stomach?"

"Naw," Barf said as he headed for the door. "She's blind, too." ■

Easyriders



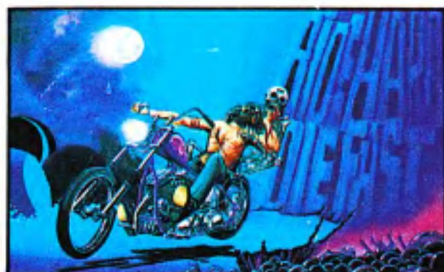
"Not now, damn it! I said my bike needed a head job."

DAVE MANN

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



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"



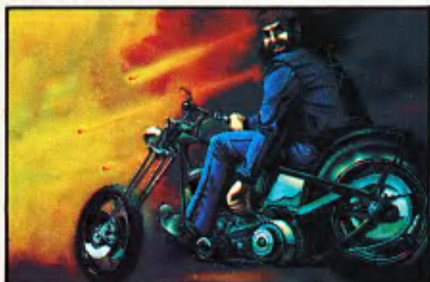
M-7 "RUN HEAT"



M-13 "WON'T START"



M-6 "APEHANGER DAYS"



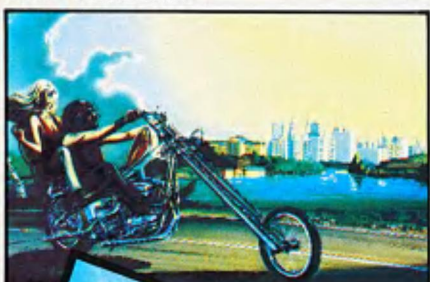
M-10 "STARBURST"



M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"

\$5 each

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M-1 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



M-11 "EASYRIDER FOREVER"

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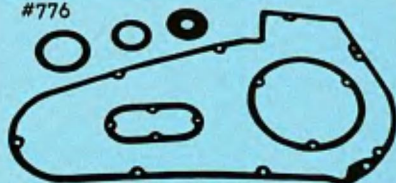
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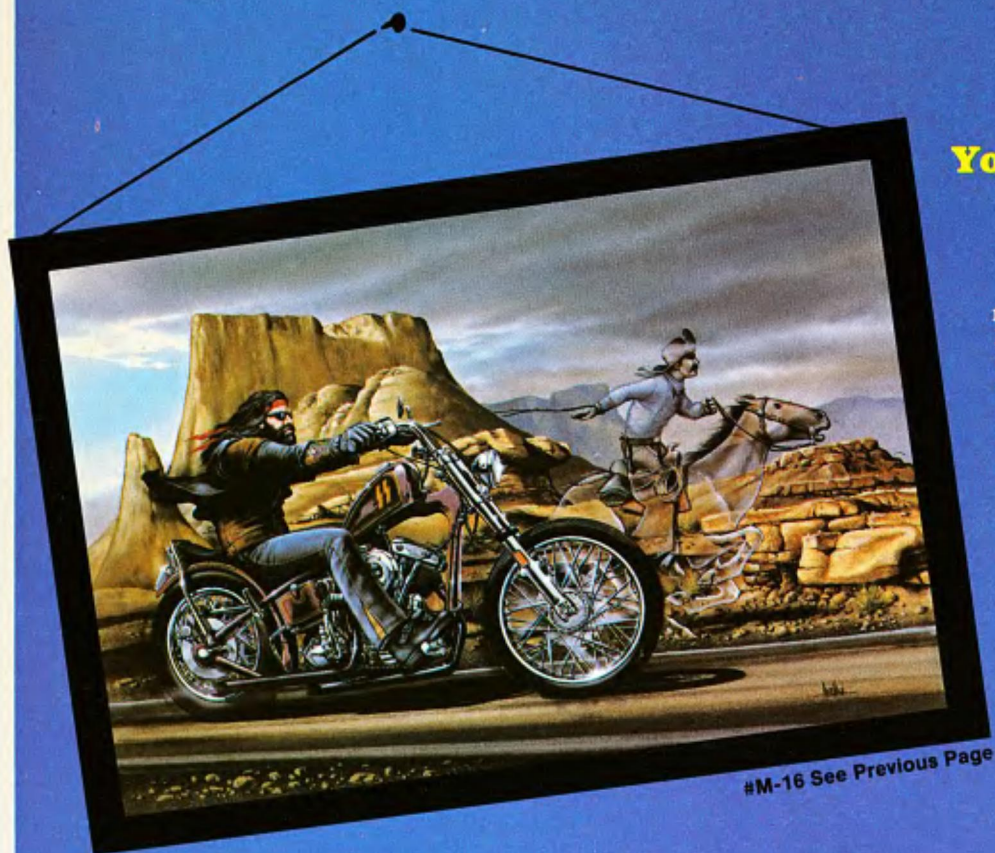
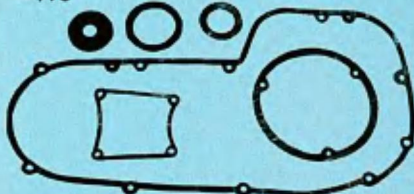
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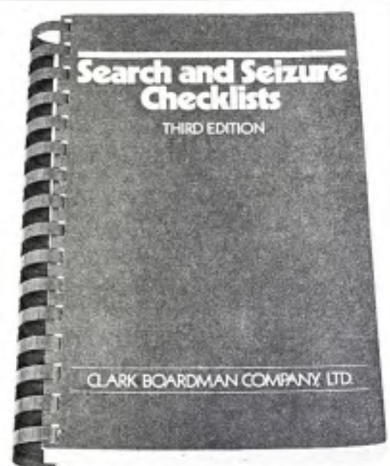
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#M-16 See Previous Page

**EVER FIND YOURSELF ASKING,
"CAN THE COPS DO THAT TO ME?"
KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!**



Knowing the difference between a "bad" bust and a legal bust can help keep you out of prison and on your bike. **SEARCH AND SEIZURE CHECKLISTS** is a no-nonsense, complete and up-to-date handbook giving the rules that cops must follow in order to legally justify a search. **CHECKLISTS** also details the important legal precedents — mostly U.S. Supreme Court decisions — that affect those rules. Information is organized by major search-and-seizure situations for easy access. Send \$25.00 for each book ordered. Postage will be paid in the U.S. No foreign orders. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

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H-D Chainsaw

Continued from page 23

only the competitors' egos, not their pockets.

"The problem is that running these saws is kinda like an outlaw deal," Lewis says. "The Association of Lumber Sports Unlimited hot saw class is open only to one-man, one-cylinder saws, so we aren't eligible for officially sanctioned wins and prize money."

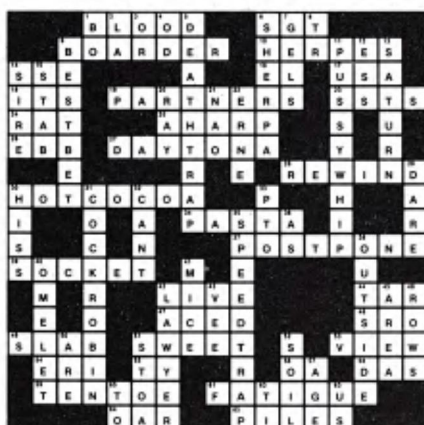
"A few of the shows do put up some prize money for our competition, but it's nothing like what we'd get as a recognized class. Our hope is to convince the association that people want to come out and see these big guys rip through the logs. If we can do that, they'll establish a super unlimited class for us."

"Speaking of coming out, the first event of the '85 season will be the famous Demming Log Show in Demming, Washington, the second weekend in June. We're planning a bunch of changes in the Log Hog — including taking it up to 118 cu. in. displacement — and by the end of the season we expect to have Harley-Davidson right back where it belongs, in the number one position."

—Grape

Puzzle Solution

(Puzzle on page 50)



Easyriders



"Go, baby, go! Don't stop now!"

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Travel with the good feelin' of knowin' your clutch and brake cable ain't gonna crap out — where there ain't a Harley dealer within two days of hard ridin'. Get these new Lifetime Cables (TM) and the only thing ya gotta worry about is where your next piece or gallon of gas is coming from.

Cable is 1/8" diameter, 7 x 19 (seven strands of 19 wires each strand) galvanized carbon steel — preformed and prelubed, thus eliminating stretching and lubing. It has a minimum breaking strength of 2000 lbs. We use coil-wound outer housing with a nylon inner sleeve to prevent cable abrasion. All of the end fittings are pneumatically swaged and pull-tested to 500 lbs. This insures no slippage and negates the possibility of heat damage. The 7 x 19 cable design is for super flexibility. It can be used in areas of bending and flexing without causing any damage, or wear.

It is a fact that all stock and replacement clutch cables are made utilizing the 1 x 19 (1 strand of 19 wires). We use 7 x 19, not 1 x 19 — and we won't break! This is the first flexible cable that will not break due to flexing, bending or kinks.

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OSSP	\$22.00
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PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025, AGOURA, CALIF. 91301

Temporary . . .

Continued from page 33

Bingo! Type number three.
"What's happenin'?" I said indifferently. Scammer hasn't been one of my favorite sleazes in a long, long time. He has a nasty habit of pulling others into his own stupid disasters. When Scammer fucks up, everybody who's made the mistake of knowing him fucks up. And I knew him from as far back as 'Nam, where he got several people on *our side* killed. Putting me in a damn cell was authentic punishment. Doing a dime with Scammer for a celly was the sadistic finger of a hostile fate.

"Gonna make ya rich, bro. Easiest money ya ever skated into, see?"

"Uh-huh, uh-huh," I uh-huhed, feigning patience.

"Meet me at Cowboy's Corral. I'll be there, marinatin' myself in suds and waitin' on ya. I'm not shittin' ya. This could be some very big cash."

"When did you turn shitkicker?" I demanded, recalling that he rode a knuckle for years, had been bounced from one of the most famous outlaw clubs and possessed a hatred for red-necks that even I envied.

"Gotta have total privacy," he mumbled evasively.

"In a fuckin' overcrowded shitkicker bar? Are you crazy?"

"Gotta be sure no damn bikers overhear what I'm gonna strap on ya, that's all. You wanna make ten grand or more without sweatin' drop one — meet me!" Then he promptly hung up. Nobody can sink the hook any better than Scammer does.

I replaced the phone onto its cradle, noting the soured expression on the bossface glaring at me. He's another dipshit I'd sell to the fucking gypsies at a loss, just for drill. An ex-dealer in cages who despises scoots and those who ride them but is addicted to the steady flow of profit they provide.

"Yesterday's turds didn't quite make it out?" I asked cordially.

"Fuck your calls!" he bellowed. "Find a phone elsewhere!"

I sighed. After eleven crappy weeks of working for this shithead, I knew there wasn't going to be a twelfth week. It's a very familiar feeling. I've quit more good-paying jobs than most guys my age have found yet.

"Find a wrench elsewhere, fatso," I chirped, walking in unemployed, impoverished dignity straight to where my own shovelhead leaned on its stand — and I swear to Christ that bike *knew* it had happened again.

The Cowboy's Corral was jam-packed, even at three in the afternoon. Their women were dressed a tad more modestly than ours, but were every bit as foxy. I strolled directly to the booth where Scammer, who looks more like a weasel than weasels do, sat hunched over a whole pitcher of beer, glowering at the shitkickers

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at the bar, on the dance floor, and all around us.

"You look like a damn fairy in that cowboy hat," Scammer said with a toothy smirk.

I slid into the booth opposite him, nudging his foot deliberately. "Wore it for the same chickenshit reason you're sportin' them gaudy, fuckin' effeminate Western boots with their precious pointy little toes and cunnin' high heels, shorty. Survival in a hostile atmosphere. It accounts for this plain black T-shirt and the fact that my machine is parked a block distant, chained to a flagpole."

Grinning, he shoved the pitcher at me and I gulped down several mouthfuls of tepid brew.

"Tried phonin' ya a second time," Scammer said, chuckling. "Your boss said he had to fire ya."

I shrugged. Anybody who knows me, knows I've never been fired in my entire life. That was this fool's main trouble. He only *thought* he knew me.

"Look, I didn't come in here to listen to Mickey Gilley bleatin' his tonsils out." I watched the shapely little brunette who was headed our way, balancing two more pitchers without slopping a drop. "I'd like to hear about that easy money."

We waited until Miss Grits 'n' Boobs had dumped the pitchers onto the table and gone away, skillfully wagging her pert round bottom at us.

"You don't like glasses?" I observed.

"Man, I think *big!* Always have.

Always will." He slurped suds noisily.

"That's why I'm based in Messco now.

Got a fine, wealthy Messkin partner,

too. I mean, loot's comin' at us like it

was hot for our bank accounts,

y'know? Thinkin' big done it, every

step of the way."

I belched my compliments.

"Now that you're unemployed again,

you *need* this deal." Scammer's crafty

little eyes flickered appraisingly.

"Actually, it's gonna be just as easy as

I told ya it would. Might require a little

time, but absolutely no effort at all.

Not for a stud like you."

"Stud like me?" I echoed.

"Picked you the minute Alonzo

clued me to the fact that our big

planned project needed as many

genuine blonde broads as we can

acquire. Figgered a cocksman like ol'

Nooner could probably deliver enough

real blonde dolls to earn himself a

Easyriders

Rob

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damn fortune — at two grand for each and every truly golden-haired little lady who's willin' to climb aboard the company bus."

"Okay, you and Alonzo are in the market for imported whorehouse talent," I said evenly.

"Only real blondes."

"Why?"

"Them raunchy Messkin customers don't see many blondes. Not the for-real kind. Plenty of bleached brunettes who look like bleached brunettes. Damn few bona fide blondies. The plan is to stock our chain with authentic, natural blonde ginch, see?" A greedy glaze seeped over his beady eyeballs. "Havin' the right stuff will triple prices. With the low overhead we already got, we're gonna be terribly rich bastards."

"I thought Mexico City was a thrivin' metropolis — wall-to-wall, curb-to-curb with cathouses."

Scammer winked. "It sure as hell is, bro. That's why we're operatin' out in the boonies. In the fuckin' jungles, man. Out where the super-horny Indios ain't hardly seen a blonde-framed twat, much less paid to hump one of them!"

I guffawed appreciatively. "Now, that's cool! Blonde hustlers for a backcountry trade. I still don't dig the necessity for real blondes though."

Scammer sighed. "Bleachers get lazy in that hot, humid country down there. Get careless. First thing ya know, some blonde-maddened repeat customer finds himself staring into a cunt that's surrounded by dark roots — and business goes to immediate hell. Having natural blondes would keep the whole operation safely and profitably hummin', gruntin', and pantin' along."

"It figures," I admitted.

"You still hangin' around with that bunch who bounced me outta the club?" His expression was intense.

I nodded. "I still got a few friends."

"Muthas weren't content to hang a bum rap on me. Had to burn my colors that I suffered so hard to earn. Then they broke both my legs and arms. Left me ruined for life where you bikers are concerned. I get chills now, just hearin' the sound of a sled."

I said nothing, burying my beak in the cold beer.

"Give ya a bonus of five bills on top the two grand for each biker

Easyriders



"Ever since our fourth child, Howard, it seems like the magic is gone from our sex life."

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lady ya talk into enjoyin' a free vacation in exotic Messico," he offered with elaborate casualness.

Instantly, I got a big picture of me going around, soliciting biker women who would likely never again be seen this side of the border. The picture in my head unreel further, showing me — five-eleven in my Nastyfeet, weighing one-sixty, dripping wet with anxiety perspiration — surrounded by giant patches wanting to know when their dumbfuck dollies were coming back, where they had gone, and why I was involved with their property in the first fucking place.

"How can ya sweat like that in this refrigerated air?" Scammer mused, staring at my damp forehead.

"It's just an ugly habit I picked up in a damned police action somewhere."

"Well, I'd really like to have as many biker broads as possible. They make great whores. And you're the dude, Nooner, who can sell 'em on the notion of a bus ride south to romance and adventure. Right?"

Twisting together a toke, I lit up — thoughtfully smoking and offering him a hit while I studied the lardy, dangerous fucker. As usual, he was putting somebody else right between the ball and the bat. Right in the damn mangling middle. Typical Scammer action. Less actual malice than stupidity, but just as lethal as if he'd handed me a lighted stick of dynamite to hold in my teeth until it blew my brains in all directions. At that moment I knew I was going to try for some of his juicy rates and I had a fuzzy idea of exactly how it could be safely, sanely accomplished.

"Granted that virgins would be harder to find than real blondes," I said finally. "Even so, twenty-five hundred dollars per pussy is a fancy price to pay."

"We're solvent enough to handle it." Scammer's rodent-like features went hard with wariness. "Them dolls will yield that much and a helluva lot more over a ten-year period. We're thinkin' way ahead, see? We got the muscle, the sites, and all the local politicos in our back pockets. There's one more point I gotta make, though."

"Make it," I invited, snubbing out the roach.

"I wanna see each and every cunt — to satisfy myself it's genuinely blonde — before they board our bus."

"Anything else?" I asked. He pondered the question carefully, shook his balding head and smiled sweetly. I shuddered inwardly. That angelic smile alone had undone good men, creating trust where trust was deadly.

"I'll need something up front," I said. "Bein' unemployed and all."

His wallet appeared. He fished a thick wad of bills from it, handing them to me folded in his fist. "How long will it take?"

"I'll need a month at least," I told him. "How many does this company bus hold, anyway?"

ADD CLASS TO YOUR PAD!

Here are two fine clocks to decorate that pad of yours. Both clocks are in color and are 11" square.

The **Easyriders** clock on the right is our famous logo. The Dave Mann clock below features his famous artwork.

These clocks are battery-operated (one AA battery required). They come individually packaged for easy reshipping. So add some

class to your pad, den, kitchen, or wherever you may want to meditate on the time of day. They're only \$30 (price includes postage and handling in the U.S.) Canada, add \$4. Foreign, add \$13. (Batteries not included.)

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Bike Bag

Here's a weather-proof bag to strap to your bike and carry around with you when necessary. Carry your dirty skivvies in it, or a blanket, booze, extra shirt, wrenches, oil, munchies, or all of 'em at once! We're sure you'll have your own ideas of how to use this heavy-duty, black 17" x 9½" bag (with an orange-and-white **Easyriders** logo).

It's yours for only \$8, postage paid. Be the first on your block to get one and prove to everyone that you're not as dumb as you look. Get yours today! Canada, add \$3; foreign, add \$9. California residents, add 6% tax.



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NASTY FEET

Easyriders

NOTHING COMES CLOSE!

There's legs and there's L-e-g-s. L-e-g-s will stop a beer-drinkin' bro at 300 paces; legs won't get a second glance from a horny convict. The same's true of boots. There's boots and there's **NASTY FEET**. **NASTY FEET** are the undisputed kings of the road, meticulously handcrafted by Chippewa out of specially treated

leather for the uppers, and heavy-duty hardware for the soles, heels and shanks. **NASTY FEET** are available in a humongous selection of sizes, color and styles — from steel-toed engineer and lace-ups to flashy western types. Why settle for less? **NASTY FEET**. Nothing comes close. . . unless you say so!

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Style _____ Size _____ Width _____

Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only.
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Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 10-12 Weeks All other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
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C	\$102.00	\$122.00
D	\$102.00	\$122.00
E	\$112.00	\$132.00
F	\$112.00	\$132.00
H	In Stock Sizes Only — 8 1/2, 9, 9 1/2, 10, 10 1/2, 11, 11 1/2 12 \$103.00 D Width Only	

Boots run in men's sizes — see women's boot ad
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.

"Fifty, sixty, besides the driver and escorts. You deliver more than that, there'll be as many buses as the — uh, ahem — little tourists need."

"Naturally," I replied, getting out of the booth. "Where do I reach you?"

"You don't. I have your home phone number. I'll call you."

Outside, standing beside my unchained scooter, I counted the cash Scammer had given me for an advance. One thousand, seven hundred. A glow of relief and hope surged through me. If I did this deed right, I'd never again have to work for anyone except feisty, independent Nooner in his very own, beautifully stocked motorcycle repair shop.

Like me, gangling Carny and thickset Butcher were loners who rode solo most of the time. Drifters who'd stayed in touch with me over the years, they'd helped me whenever I needed help, just as I'd helped them whenever they'd asked for backup.

"I want you to start huntin' and collectin' the bitchiest, spiciest and dingiest women ya can find. Absolutely none who have kids. Stay away from married ones. Don't lure any away from their dudes. What I'm after are all the single, childless female kooks, between twenty-one and forty-one, ya can get."

Carny whistled softly. "I *knew* ya was a sex fiend, Nooner, but I never figured ya could —"

"Bring them straight to Maurine's trailer park — preferably zonked outta their itty-bitty minds."

"You turmin' Mormon or somethin', Noon?" asked Butcher.

"I'm shellin' out a yard for every broad ya find and sweet-talk into takin' an all-expense-paid trip to glamorous, romantic Mexico. Two yards for every doll who has at least one tattoo on her bod — somewhere."

"Shit, fer that kinda money," said Carny, "I'll join the damn church you're startin', man!"

"Amen!" Butcher rumbled hoarsely.

"They gotta be foxy?" Carny asked.

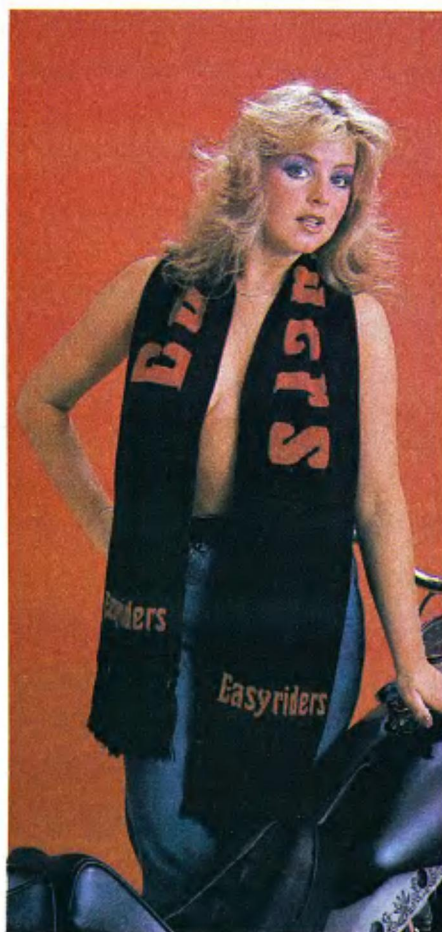
"Nope. Not that I want uglies, though. Just do the best ya can. Waitresses, junkies, hustlers, tramps — whatever has a distinct female shape and comes willingly. No forced snatches. Got that? No kidnappin' or abductin' the bitches after they've passed out."



We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini bottoms. Available in badass black or virgin white; please indicate **Easyriders** logo or **Easyriders** Bun Huggers imprint; medium or large size. To order, send **\$4.95** to Easyriders Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. (Sorry, not returnable.)

U.S.A. & Canada, add 75¢ for postage & handling. Foreign add \$4.00 U.S. funds only. (California residents, add 6% sales tax.)

BUN HUGGERS



FOR COLD RIDIN' WEATHER!

A custom-designed, knitted scarf for warm ridin' anywhere. It's 6 feet long and 7 1/4 in. wide — long enough to put around your throat twice and have enough left over to protect your (or her) chest. It's black and orange (what else?) and costs only

\$13.00 plus postage and handling (\$1.00 in the continental U.S.; \$2.00 to Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and APO/FPO; and \$3.00 foreign, uninsured).

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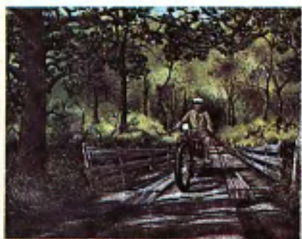
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They are printed on high quality, heavy paper. Mailed to you in sturdy mailing tubes. Each print is guaranteed to be only one of three hundred and to be personally signed — Dave Mann's signature is not printed.

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A. 29" x 24"



B. 30" x 23 1/2"



C. 29" x 24"

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A Mind Boggling Bandanna!

Are ya ready? Here's a large (approximately 27" x 26") bandanna — large enough to wear as a band to keep your hair in place while riding. Your ol' lady can wear one for the same reason or to hide the fact that her hair's a mess. Or you could use it as a wipe cloth — whatever you're wipin' — sweat, water, oil, blood, cum, you name it. It has *Easyriders* emblems all over it in bright orange — a must for a stone biker (or stoned).

For one bandanna, send \$5.00 plus postage (75¢ in U.S. and Canada, and \$2.00 for foreign orders).

Order three bandannas and you get a break — send \$12.00 plus postage (\$2.00 in U.S. and Canada, and \$4.00 for foreign orders). (U.S. funds only.)

Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301



"Gawd! A free-will fuck-faith yet! Kin I be one of the deacons, Nooner?" Butcher pleaded.

"You just find willing broads and earn yourself some good money."

"Ya don't hafta pay us," Carny said stiffly.

"The hell I don't! I'm gonna come outta this thing richer than both of ya. No freebies. Cash on the line for each and every woman ya bring to Maurine's. Preferably after dark, when possible."

"Two bills fer ones with tattoos, huh?" Carny's slitted eyes gleamed in his tanned, gauntly bearded face. "Hey, I know of half a dozen aging club mamas who were dumped loose, but they're scattered here and there across five states."

"Rent a van," I said calmly. "I'll pick up all the rental, gas and food costs. These mamas — you're sure they're no longer club-connected private property?"

"Naw, they're like *free*, man."

"How old?"

"Hell, maybe forty — forty-five."

"Still lookers? Still kinda cute and horny?"

"Like they invented it, bro!"

I sighed, convinced. Carny's a real choosy man. "Go round 'em up then. And anything else ya can add to the load on the return trip."

I watched both of them thunder away like madmen on a world-saving crusade. Then I putted over to my old sweetie Maurine's place, beyond the city limits where rurality began. She ran a beauty shop out of her own mobile home and rented out the other two dozen battered excuses for housing in her trailer park.

She stood in the doorway of her shop, having heard my machine approaching. Her expression was cool and slightly aloof but not hostile as I clomped up the wooden stairs.

"Long time, no see," I murmured, grinning engagingly.

"No shit?" Her tone was decidedly cold. What we'd had going had been deeper and more real than most — physically and emotionally.

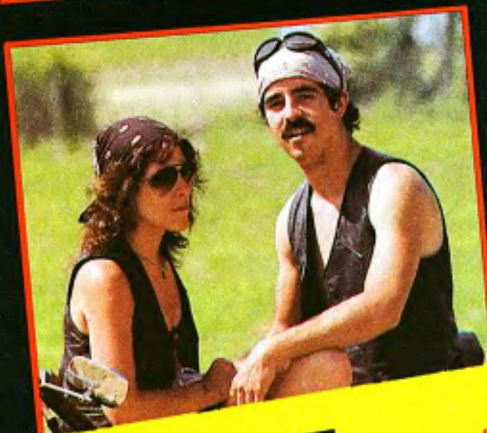
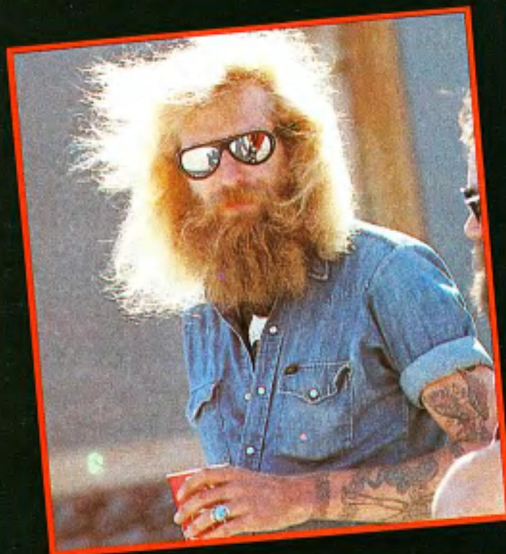
"How're things going?" I asked as she led me toward a dinette table



"I don't give a rotten ass-fuck about reading that report now, Fenwick!"

Easyriders[®]

1985 CALENDAR



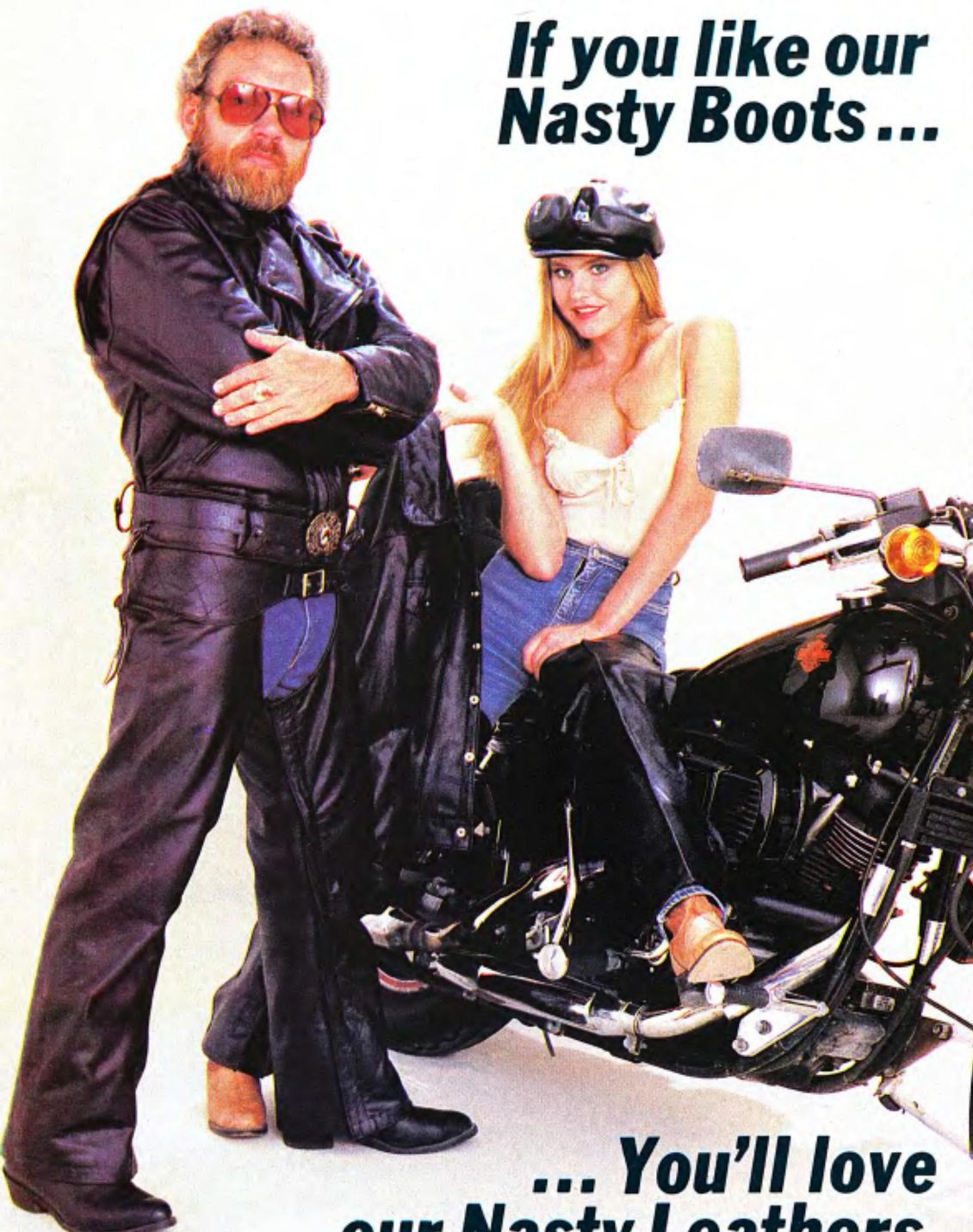
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Our 1985 calendar has 75 color photos to make the months slip by and maybe remind you of Mother's Day or a birthday you don't want to forget.

The calendar shows bikers enjoying the good times derived from owning a bike.
Order your copy today and give all your friends one for Christmas — only \$3.00 each and we pay all postage. (Not available on newsstands in Canada.)
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If you like our Nasty Boots...



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We proudly present the NASTY jacket and NASTY chaps. Made best, for the best. Sleek-fitting, macho statements of who you are and what you believe. The jacket is fully lined and leather reinforced at every wear point. A biker-sized brass zipper glides easily in all temperatures and a huge flap keeps out the weather. The chaps are also lined and have oversized, fully covered nylon zippers. They feature double-leather uppers, a large, tough elastic insert, triple stitching in all high-stress areas, and a double buckle for added security and comfort. NASTY Leathers, for the travelin' man who wants it all.

Use order blank and postpaid envelope between pages 102 & 103.



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Hidden folds give when you lean for the bars. Snap-off fur collar is included.



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Built-in kidney support; forget those old clumsy, uncomfortable kidney belts.

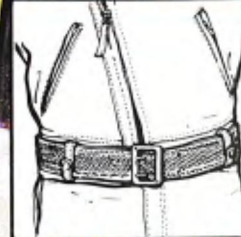


WIND & WINE PROOF

Leather-laced ties ensure perfect before- and after-dinner fit, keep wind out.

EXTRA MACHO

Optional Sam Browne-type diamond-pattern belt, \$30, including belt loops.



NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

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- ☐ Jacket \$195.00 ☐ With optional belt \$225.00
☐ Chaps \$160.00 Waist _____

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Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard Exp. date _____
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Name _____ Size _____
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 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
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U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-50. Allow four weeks for personal checks and eight weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to Easyriders. California residents, add 6% tax.

where two beers waited, already popped open.

"Shop biz is slower than frozen molasses." Her face relaxed, the embittered expression softening. "Fuckin' renters. Damn near burnin' down my units. Fightin' around the clock. Never on time with the rent money. Or worse, burnin' me for it by sneakin' away at night."

"I wanna take you away with me," I said bluntly. "I ain't never likely to be completely faithful to ya, hon, but maybe half-a-loaf of an asshole who likes you and will be a dependable partner is better than tryin' to hack it solo."

"I don't need charity. Not yet," she said proudly.

"Ain't offerin' charity. I'm offerin' partnership, which is my way of askin' for another chance to be your man. You know I can't beg. Never could. Never will. I just happen to believe we make a rare team, you and me — take it or leave it."

"I read you. Gimme time to think about it. I sense there's a price to all this."

Swallowing suds, I grinned at her. "You're right. Partners or a hired beautician, I gotta have a horde of pussyhairs bleached. I mean, made to look and feel like genuine, natural blonde pubic down."

"My God, Nooner!" she laughed.

"What the hell are you up to now?"

I carefully, slowly, detailed exactly what I was doing and why I was doing it. She listened, her tense expression gradually melting.

"It doesn't bother your conscience?" she asked.

"Most of those broads will get away. They're not gonna be young, helpless innocents. Most of 'em will be meaner than Scammer and twice as smart, once they know the score. He'll have hellcats on his hands and I know that jerk — he scares easily."

"All right, I'll dye beavers for ya, then, partner."

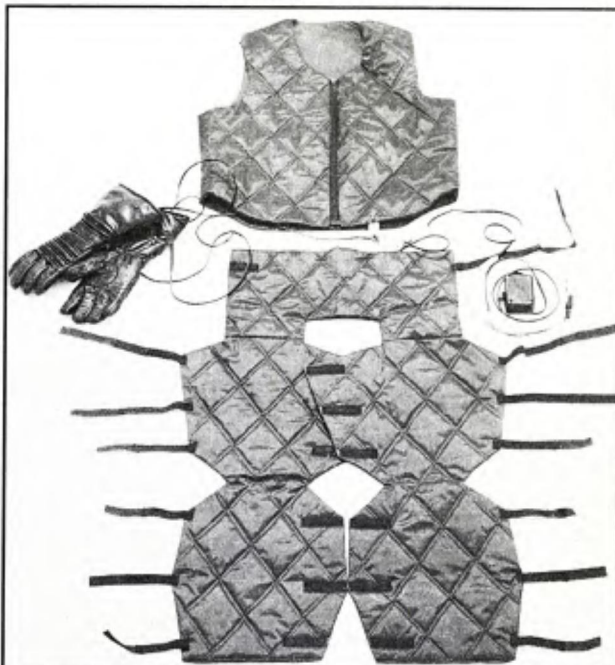
"My job will be keepin' Scammer busy with chitchat until I know he's

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Turn all your riding clothes into all-weather, electric-heated gear with 'Lectric Vests and Chaps from Nasty Weather. Our made-in-America chaps and vests have many big advantages over traditional electric suits.

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'LECTRIC VEST — Urethane windproofed and reversible for two levels of heat. Form-fitting in sizes 36-48. Weighs just 8 oz. and installs easily. Regular model has on-off switch; deluxe model includes auto thermostat.

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'LECTRIC GLOVES — Keep yer hands tit-squeezin' warm all winter. No installation; plugs right into 'Lectric Vest.

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MUST HAVE
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measure around chest just under armpits.

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measure from crotch to ankle

Prices above include cost of postage. Make all payments in U.S. funds.

Visa and M/C welcome. Include card number, expiration date, and signature.

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

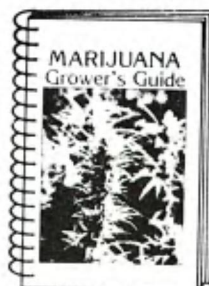
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MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE

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

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The Bestselling



Easyriders

SCOOTER BOOKS

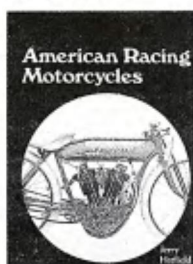
The Bike That Wouldn't Die!



Triumph's obituary has been written uncounted times, but the famous British cycles keep rising from the dead. From the old single-thumpers to the state-of-the-art triples, here's the whole story in a picture-packed hardcover book. **\$19.95**

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Board tracks, dirt tracks, miles, half-miles, speedways, etc. You name it, and if bikes ever raced it, it's covered in this handsome, chock-full-of-photos volume. From the post-World War I Harley-Indian duels to current times, a fascinating saga of fast bikes and them who rode 'em. **\$22.95**



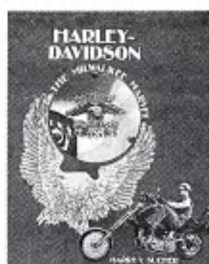
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The Milwaukee Marvel!

Over 280 hardcover pages, crammed full of Harley facts, pictures and folklore. If you love your Hog, you've gotta have this complete history of H-D and the bikes that made it famous. **\$22.95**



Please indicate book(s) ordered.

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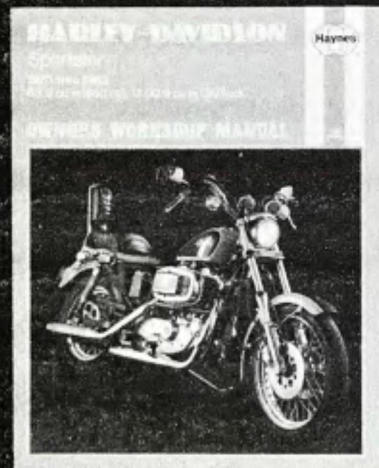
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NEW

Do It Right!

You're gonna bust yer knuckles working on yer scooter anyway, so why not get the job done right? These complete, clearly illustrated workshop manuals will show you the easy, step-by-step way to keep yer Hog on the road where it belongs. Available now for all Sporties through '83 and FL, FLH, FX and FXE models through '77.



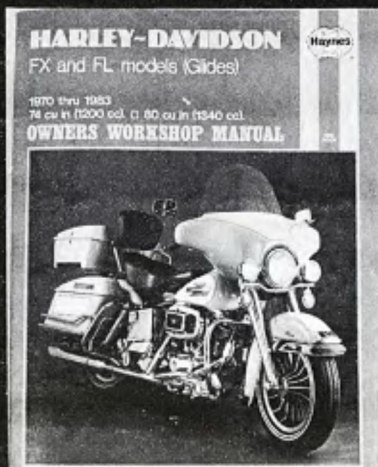
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1970 thru 1983
53.9 cu in (883 cc) □ 60.9 (997)

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got enough special formula in his gut to affect his vision, putting it slightly outta focus so your masterful bleach-jobs look like the real thing."

"What if he brings muscle?"

"He will. You just serve them iced tea, too. After a while — when Scammer starts checkin' out public hair — his whole crew will feel like they need glasses. Trust me. I had expert help with the formula. There won't be any bad scenes, because Thorazine is an integral element to the specialty of this house."

"Any idea where we end up, rich and independent?"

"Somewhere in the best part of South America, with the classiest beauty shop and motorcycle dealership the area ever boasted. Knowin' Scammer, he'll think I split for Canada, Australia or China."

Her laughter tinkled like wind-chimes in a breeze.

"Let's get our own personal partying and snoozin' done in the next few days," I suggested. "Because soon we'll be babysittin' a mob of space cadets stashed in all those rental units out there. It's gonna keep us — all four of us — too damned busy to think or do much of anything else."

"Except, maybe, lookin' forward to South America," she said, smiling wickedly as she came around the table — unbuttoning her blouse and unzipping my pants.

Just how Maurine ever bullshitted all 133 of those crazy ladies into letting her bleach their box-fuzz is something that may always be a mystery because she laughingly refuses to tell me and she might keep it a secret forever. The thing is, they did, she did, and it worked beautifully.

Scammer determinedly examined all of them, including fifteen who actually were real blondes.

The nine stonefaced Indians he brought with him were no real trouble. Not unless you can count the candidates they kept humping whenever they got the chance (while Scammer was peering at pussies), as being trouble. If anything, all that action calmed the bimbos' hysterical excitement at heading for distant, mysterious Mexico.

Of course, gallons of the iced tea — laced with the dandy formula designed by a chemically savvy patch who only charged a grand for it — did help keep everyone mellow. Everyone except Carny, Butcher, Maurine, and me.

By the time the three buses were loaded, it was nearly midnight and the whole crowd was gettin' a zombie-like look to them.

Scammer sat blinking and rubbing his eyes as I finished counting the money in the satchels. Precisely \$319,300, \$25,000 of which the fifty tattooed chicks had earned for me, unaware of their skin art's enhanced value to me if not them.

HARLEE IRON

"The Best Prices
in the United States"



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Part # HI-35

A real must - fits any bike's plug wires to light up the night. Sugg. \$24.95

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Big Twin Kick Start Kit

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"Jesus, my fuckin' eyes have never bothered me this much before."

Scammer complained wearily.

"It's probably the strain of lookin' at all those damn twats, man," I assured him, knowing the belladonna portion of the special formula would wear off before the rest of it did. "Even medics never see that much cooze in a single day, y'know."

"Got a point there, Nooner."

He studied the thick sheaf of signed contracts before shoving them into his attache case. "Nice doin' business with you. More foxes in that shipment than I expected. Knew ya were the right talent scout for this job. Maybe we can do it again next year."

"Absoshittinglutely," I lied enthusiastically, feeling even more safe now that Maurine and I had shifted our destination from South America to an ultra-luxurious neighborhood in South Africa where there was much less chance of Scammer or Alonzo ever finding us — or our bodyguards, Butcher and Carny.

We shook hands and he went stumbling toward the loaded, waiting buses. Boarding one, he vanished from sight. Moments later all three of the ponderous vehicles lumbered away from the trailer park, a property that Maurine had already sold.

Going into the bedroom, I looked briefly at Maurine sprawled exhaustedly across our bed. That's some lady, I reminded myself. Couldn't have done it without her.

Loud snoring, sounding like a blend between a strangling whale and an alien spaceship, came from the other bedroom where Carny and Butcher slept.

Getting a cold can of beer, I stepped onto the porch. Sipping the chilly suds, I gazed contentedly up at the clear, starry sky. It was over. It had worked. For once, Scammer hadn't hurt somebody else.

If the believers are right, I'll probably become a permanent resident of hell. On the other hand, if the pagans are right — I may luck out and just be reborn as a bug in my next life.

Whatever. I'm happy with my current nice fresh start in this life. ■



"I just tied Lucy's tubes and fucked her."

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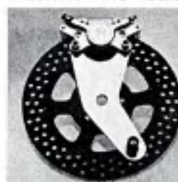
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SERVICE MANUALS AND PARTS BOOKS

Time Lapse

Continued from page 75

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Question & Answer		10.00	12.00	18.00		
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(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		

F.  **SERVICE BULLETINS**
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(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar	15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models	15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models	15.00	17.00	23.00		
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G.  **SHOP DOPE II**
"How cold it was this morning." So begins a 1935 memo from H-D to dealers. Vol. 2 covers '33-'36; filled with solid service tips and trivia.

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

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

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Madge glared at Tony once in a while, and she gave him an especially nasty look when Bob's new girlfriend went by on her way to the powder room. Tony said something to the girl that made her giggle, and when she came back past him a while later, he pinched her trim little bottom.

Madge saw him do it. She jumped up and threw a glass ashtray at Tony, but it missed by a mile and went out through a window, shattering one of the small corner panes of glass.

"All right, you bums," the bartender said, pointing at the door. "On your way. No more rough stuff in here." Mickey only sounded tough. He had replaced a lot of those little glass panes, and he was a pretty swell guy who never got really mad at anyone.

Madge apologized to him while everyone else went outside and stood around on the sidewalk, laughing and joking and discussing the ride they were about to embark on. When Madge finally came out, everyone began kicking over their engines. Bob gave the tank-top oil pump a half a dozen strokes before he pulled away from the curb, and later, when they were all riding beside one another in pairs, Tony watched as Bob showed his new girl how to reach around him and pump oil into the engine. Pretty clever, he thought, getting her to do it, since she almost had to put her hand in his crotch to get hold of the pump handle because of the jockey seat.

As Tony expected, it wasn't long before Madge nudged him and informed him she had to go pee-pee. He waved at the others, tossing his thumb in Madge's direction, and slowed down, indicating for them to keep going and he'd catch up. They all waved, laughing as they did so, and Richard held up his index finger and wagged it at them, which made Madge shout, "Oh, you!" and blush.

"Hurry up, dammit," Tony urged. "You always do this. You have to piss every ten miles." He was worried about the weather. The day had started out sunny, but now the sky was as bleak as sour milk.

Madge's faced darkened. She whirled toward him as she was about to step behind a bush. "Don't you dare use that kind of language around me! Not even when we're alone. I won't stand for it." There were tears of humiliation in her eyes.

"All I said was piss," Tony protested. She went into the bushes and when she was out of sight, Tony said in a barely audible tone, "Shit, piss, fuck, asshole!"

When Madge reemerged from the bushes and climbed on behind Tony, he accelerated off the shoulder of the road onto the asphalt, giving it the gun. They were going almost sixty miles an hour when they entered the first of the sweeping turns,



speeding to catch up with the others. Madge wanted to complain about the high speed, but she was too terrified. She hung on for dear life.

"Jesus!" Tony said, brushing at his clothes as he walked along the road through the mist. "That was exciting." He paused for a moment and stomped his feet, first one and then the other, watching as bits of glass, like sequins falling from a dancer's costume — or the tiny parts of a shattered rainbow — fell from his trouser legs onto the dark pavement. He couldn't help chuckling as he continued along the road, squinting into the darkness ahead. A low mist was flowing up out of the borrow ditch alongside the road and beginning to hide the dark asphalt. He squinted ahead for some recognizable landmark.

His hands had stopped trembling now and his gut was loosening up, ridding itself of the tightness that had cramped him, suddenly, a moment before. Or was it just a moment? He felt disappointment as the excitement in him subsided. He had so thoroughly enjoyed it. Enjoyed what? Oh, yes, he remembered, vaguely. The accident. He could see the Chevrolet coming toward him again. It was one of those two-tone green cabriolet models, and a guy about college-age was driving. The girl beside him was doing something, and they were both looking down into his lap, laughing.

Madge! Where the hell was Madge? She was sitting in the tall green grass beside the road back there, leaning against a little tree, smiling, the last time he remembered seeing her. Now where was she? He looked around, but when he turned to see what was up ahead, he forgot all about her.

He was going camping somewhere. Oh, yeah, down in the Blue Ridge Mountains with his friends. He was leaning the Indian Chief far over in a turn, the side of his foot dragging the asphalt where his boot hung over the edge of the floorboard, when the little Chevrolet came around the turn, drifting across the center line of the road.

Tony tried to see into the distance, but his vision was limited by the swirling mist that rose about his feet and ankles. It came up all around him.



"But how did you know it looks like my wife's cunt?"

103



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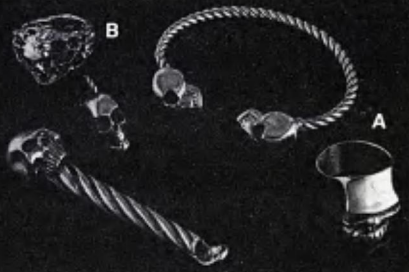
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turning everything silvery, then gray. "Halloo!" he called. "Anyone around?"

"Right behind you, guy," a man's voice answered.

Tony stopped walking, and a young man came out of the mist to catch up with him. His face seemed somewhat familiar, yet strange, and that in itself was an enigma.

"I heard your voice, and then you called, but I couldn't see you. This darned mist. Wonder where it came from," the stranger said. "My name's Harold. Had a little accident back there on the road."

"Yeah?" Tony said. "Oh, yeah! I remember now. You were in a green Chevrolet. You okey-doke?"

"Sure. Why not?" Tony didn't know why not. They walked along in silence for a while.

"I had my wife with me, I think," Tony said. His memory came and went, flashing on and off like the lantern slides of Alaska he'd seen once, at assembly, in high school. He thought back, trying to stop the fleeting motion of the passing scenes, but they continued to go past in a blur.

"This is getting me nowhere," he announced, and turned around to start walking back in the direction from which he had come.

"Wait!" the other said, but Tony ignored him.

At a spot along the way, the mist thinned out a little and he saw some marks on the pavement. Pieces of glass were strewn across the road, and the guardrail was bent down, as if a truck or something had bumped into it. Lucky for the driver, he thought. That's a deep canyon.

The forest rose up from hidden depths across from the twisted rail. Tall green grass and some trees grew right down to the roadside. A woman's purple hairnet hung on a bush. He didn't like that color at all. He kept on walking, going downhill, his heels jarring. Night rapidly wormed its way up the canyon, devouring the light.

Cars went by, but they were going very fast. Faster than Tony had ever seen — and there were so many of them. Up ahead was Mickey's Place. How had he gotten here so quickly? The sign was lighted, and it looked swell. Mickey must have had it done as a surprise for everyone. And the broken windowpane was already replaced. Mickey had even painted the place and added new signs to the front of the building — Heineken and Michelob, whatever that meant. Fast worker, that Mickey. Tony decided he would offer to pay for the broken glass, but knowing Mickey, he knew the money wouldn't be accepted. Mickey was a brick!

Tony pushed open the door and went in. A stranger was standing behind the bar, and when he asked where Mickey was, the bartender scrunched up his face and scowled at him. Several of the customers turned to stare at him, their eyebrows raised.

"Let me have an Eastside," Tony

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said, shrugging his shoulders. He plopped down on a stool. It had been a long walk and he felt worn out.

"What the fuck is an Eastside, Jack?" the bartender wanted to know.

"You know — a western beer. Say, what is this?" Tony flinched at the word the bartender had used. Nobody said that in public. A young lady sitting down the bar a ways laughed and spilled some of her beer down the front of her dress.

"Motherfucker!" she said, jumping up and brushing the moisture with her hands. Everyone in the place heard her, and they laughed.

"Get yer pussy wet, Sadie?" a voice asked, and there followed guffaws.

Tony got off the stool and went outside. Something was definitely wrong here. He didn't want to be around people like that.

He looked up and down the street. Even the lights and colors were different from this morning. And those cars — what the heck were they? He remembered seeing models of cars like that at the New York World's Fair, and now here they were in Baltimore.

A single light came down the boulevard. It appeared to be a motorcycle. Maybe it would stop at Mickey's. He stepped to the curb and started to wave, but the motorcycle went on past, making a strange, deep-throated humming sound, and Tony noticed that it had four exhaust pipes side by side, coming out of the front of the engine. The rider was wearing some kind of football hat, too. Tony turned and ran down the street toward home.

At the corner of his street, someone had put up a new building. It was all glass and lights and bore a sign: 7-11. There were short, squat, metal boxes with hoses attached out in front, but they couldn't be gasoline pumps. Gasoline pumps were tall, and they had a glass reservoir on top so you could see you weren't being cheated.

Tony was still running when a black-and-white car pulled up onto the sidewalk in front of him and a policeman got out. "What are you runnin' from, fuckhead?" the officer demanded. What language!

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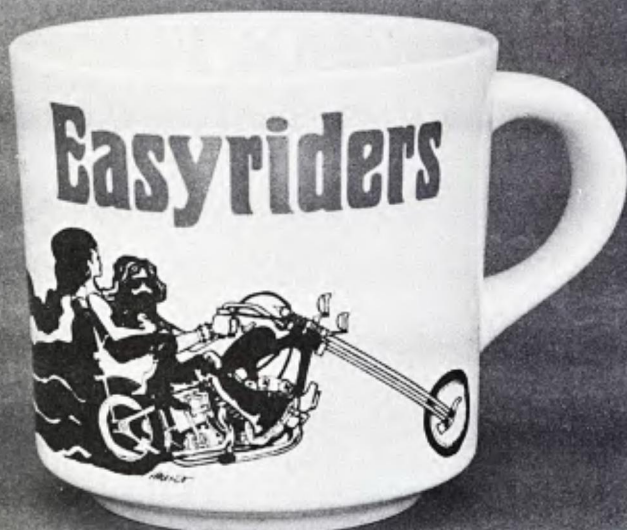


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"I'm going home," Tony answered. "Jesus! What's going on here? I just left, and now everything's changed. Who are you? Where am I?"

The cop grabbed Tony's arm and shined a light in his eyes.

"Open your eyes. What's yer name?"

"Tony. Tony Righetti."

"Oh, yeah? Where ya live?"

"Right down there — down the street."

"How old are you, Tony?"

"23," Tony answered.

"What's yer birthday?"

"March 20, 1912."

"Hey, Charlie," the cop yelled over his shoulder. "This here fucker is 73 years old."

"No," Tony objected. "You heard me wrong. 23. I'm 23. It's 1935 and I'm 23. This year I'm 23."

He broke and ran. Behind him, he heard the cop shout. Doors slammed and tires screeched on pavement. He ducked through a yard, ran down the alley, and when he came to the end of the block, he circled around and ran back up the street and onto his front porch, his heart pounding.

The first thing he noticed was that someone had stolen the swing off the porch, but that didn't matter right now. He pounded on the door. Somebody was inside. Madge! She had beat him home. The lights were on and he could hear music.

The door opened and a large man stood there, glaring at him. "What you want, mu'fuggah?"

"My house — what are you doing in my house?"

"Your house?" The man drew back his arm and doubled his fist. Tony stared at him as a paralytic left alone in a burning building might watch the fire. Then he turned and ran as the police car skidded to a stop in front of the place. He ran down the street, past the corner where the 7-11 store stood, past Mickey's Place, and he kept on running until he was going



"You cops sure have a strange sense of foreplay!"

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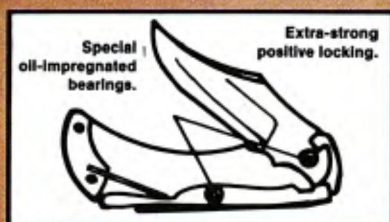
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up the canyon again, with the mist swirling around his feet.

Tony ran and ran and ran, and all the while he searched his mind for things, any one of which might help him to remember what had happened, what was going on. He remembered going to the matinee to see Tarzan, and Buck Rogers, and Betty Boop. He remembered the RKO-Pathe Newsreel, the C.C.C., the Oklahoma Dust Bowl, Kick-The-Can, Run-Sheep-Run, Fibber McGee and Molly, Pick And Pat, the detectives, Inspector Post and the prizes you could send for, and Bobby and Betty and Their Seven-League Boots and how he wished he was wearing them now. He thought about the motorcycle with the four exhaust pipes and the crazy name on the tank — *Honda*. It was all so perplexing. The cars were all streamlined and none of them had running boards.

The road got lighter up ahead, and he saw Madge sitting by the tree. Two people were standing beside her. They were the couple Tony remembered seeing in the green Chevrolet.

"We've been waiting for you," Madge said. She was smiling, and she seemed as pretty to Tony as when he'd first met her in high school, when they'd started going steady. She took his hand in hers, laced her fingers through his, and the two couples began walking in the direction of the silvery glow.

"You tried going back, didn't you?" the young man asked. "We tried, too. It can't be done. Minutes are years now. We knew you'd be back — that's why we waited."

They continued along the road. The throbbing inside Tony's head gradually subsided and went away, and when they passed the collapsed guard-rail and looked down into the canyon at the pile of rubble that lay there — the two-toned Chevrolet and the bright blue motorcycle — he felt a little angry at the stupidity of death, but the feeling passed quickly. ■

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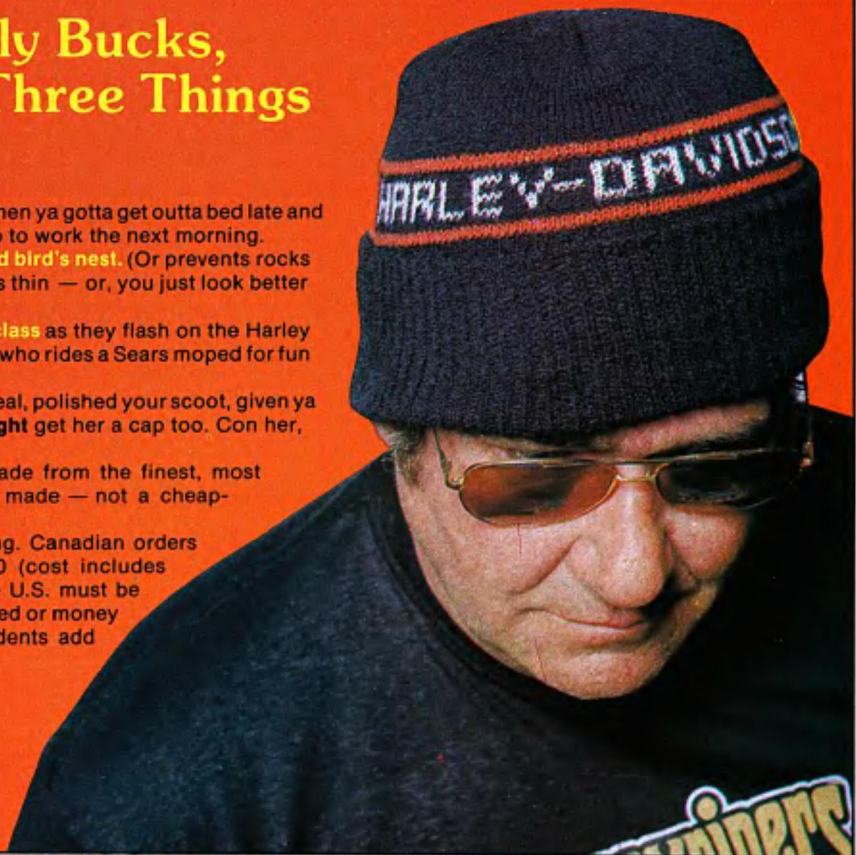
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Florida beach living for the right lady. I'm looking for a good-looking, clean, good-cookin', good-lovin' woman. No smoker, doper, or drinker. Send photo with each letter. Please, no incarcerated persons. Tom, 404 1st Street, Indian Rocks Beach, FL 33535. (141)

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)

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)

W/m, 27, 6'1", good job, likes kids, looking for lady who's willing to convert to religion of Odin and Thor. Wyatt Kaldenberg, 3125 19th Street, Suite 297, Bakersfield, CA 93301. Women prisoners welcome. (142)

Cal: Maybe Diego Garcia wasn't such a bad place after all. Candace. (140)

Tattoo fans, artists and shops: Get the Tattoo World Newsletter free. Send SASE to Tattoo World News, 15537 Cabrito Rd., Van Nuys, CA 91406. Air-mail overseas, \$2. (151)

Skip: I haven't forgotten who helped me get the scooter together after that first winter teardown and who fixed all my mess-ups. From deep within, I say "Thank you." By the way, you're not getting older — just better, if possible. Happy birthday on the 11th. Thankful Lady. (140)

White, 26, but not free. But soon will be. This tramp's been down for 3 1/2 years and will be hitting the bricks soon. Need some fine white ladies to brighten up my darkest days. Prison ladies welcome to write, also. Send pictures and letters to David "Luckie" Burns, Box 208, SDHC, Indian Springs, NV 89070. (140)

Wanted: Gal, 18-28, to take care of apartment and good-looking, easygoing, working guy, 24. Share "sun and fun" Florida living. You should be honest, pretty, slender, open-minded, willing to please. Be appreciated! Photo. Jeff Hovis, 1204 N. 17th Ave., Hollywood, FL 33020. (140)

Steve Stenek wants to know if he has any friends out there. Has lived in N.Y., Michigan, Indiana, Florida, and Vietnam ('71-'72). Write me, Billy D'Angelo, Bruce Taft, and Tom Miller. Steve Stenek, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (140)

"Frisco" from Fresno and "Crazy" from Indiana: Please contact me (Leaky Louis's wife). Sunshine has been closed forever. This town will never be the same. Germ and I have lost our "sunshine." We will only be here a short while. Contact me immediately! George Lewis (Mrs. Sunshine), 14043 Palmdale Rd., Victorville, CA 92392-0001. (140)

Photograph and interview attractive ladies at your place or theirs. Make extra money. Details, \$2. Special Services, Box 210-ER, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302. (140)

White death-row inmate wants to hear from women with old-time heart. Thomas Tittle, Box B-50140, Florence, AZ 85232. (140)

Whiskeys, wines. Naturally fermented. Over 75 recipes and starter kit, \$5. Vito, Rt. 2, N.Y. Mills, MN 55667. (140)

Po-Boy Driggers: Happy birthday (1/26). Take care. Paula and Gator. (140)

Happy birthday, "Eyes," 11/14/84. We've been together for a year now, 11/17/84. Hope we have many more to come. I love you. Your woman always, Barb. (140)

Wanted: Easyriders issue #7. In The Wind #1. Send offer. Dean Bystrom, 1548 East 2nd St., Milan, IL 61264. (140)

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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)

Easygoin', intelligent dude, 29, 6'5", 245 lbs., blond hair, green eyes, with a righteous love in my heart to give to the right lady. Want to hear from all you serious-minded, affectionate, lovable and intelligent ladies. Write and share a smile. Alan Stasinski 82A0173, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821. (140)

Nude photos wanted of sexy chicks. Let me put you in my photo album and fantasize about you. Write letters, also. Donnie Adams, BCFC, Rt. 2 Box 75, Pineville, KY 40977. (140)

Why not? I'm in need of a "better half." I've been locked down since 1979, so there's no one left. (I broke a man's legs when he raped a friend). I'll be released on parole 9/8/85. I'm on a work-release program, so I'll save a little. It's not going to be enough, though. I want to buy a piece of land and build a home. That's going to take team work, ladies, so no deadbeats, addicts, drunks, tramps, dogs or hogs need apply. Children are fine. I'm looking for someone, 20-40, who's healthy. I'm 6'1 1/2", 212 lbs., brown and blue, born 1/6/54. I run, pump iron and work. I'm handsome enough. I love life and a good laugh. A positive attitude is the key with me. So take care, ladies, 'cause one of you is taking care of a part of me. Send picture and I'll do the same. Write Carl T. Riley, Jr. 39522, Box 146, Fordland, MO 65652. (140)

Les S: Happy 29th b'day, 12/4/84! I've been thinking of you and hope everything's fine. Call me sometime. Lindy, Tucson, Ariz. (140)

Small but strong w/m trucker, 5'9", 150 lbs., 25, rides shovel. Healthy, bright, spiritual, passionate country boy loves steam locomotives, wilderness, Harleys. Like to meet similar women. Clean lungs preferred! Will trade letters and/or pix. Tim, W. 700 Main, Pullman, WA 99163. (140)

Aryan male from Florida, 27, 5'7", 155 lbs., muscular, in need of a sincere ol' lady. Photos, please. No Lookie-Lou's. If you're for real, write Russ Trunzo, C-07660, A-2394, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (140)

NYC area. Pretty brunette, 37, 5'5", slim, quiet, artistic, sweet, sophisticated. Seeks conservative biker, 35-47, definitely successful, slim, handsome, fun, witty, really good person. No drugs, smoke, or alcohol. Box 594, Nutley, NJ 07110. (140)

W/m, 30, 5'6 1/2", 170 lbs., blond and blue, doin' five in Arizona, out 11/24/85. Need letters/flicks from nasty, kinky, corrupt ladies, white or Chicana. Richard Carlo 46759, Box 4000-R, Fort Grant, AZ 86463. (140G)

Fine, funky, outlaw man looking for young woman w/same. Bi's cool. Getting out first part of '85 and want right woman to make up for lost time with. Pix a must with first letter; exchanged. Jerry Williams, C-84871, Box 608, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (140)

29-year-old male wants female, age 18-38, 5'3" or less, cute and small for pen pal. I'm in a California prison. Send picture and letter to Frank Napoles, C-72874, 8261, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (140)

Pamela Sue Grothe: Chi Town or ? South Side biker trash is looking for Honey Pie. Wish you'd told me you were in trouble. I'da helped out. My feelings are the same. Please contact me. Let me know how and where you are. Don't worry, I won't hurt you! Corn State has an open door. You needn't worry about work; it's not necessary. All is cool with Hubbard, Tex. 'n' co. Love ya! Joseph, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (140)

Downed Bozo, hot-blooded Italian, looking for sincere lady to share dreams, visits, smiles. Vinnie Debari 75B1094, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458. (140)

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For sale: one lonely broken heart. Needs repair. W/m, 29, good-looking, excellent build, 5'10", 165 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, out in '85. Might relocate to California. Need sincere, foxy woman, 18-35, to start all over with. Will exchange photos. No games. Michael Leavay 83A594 (943), Box G, Wallkill, NY 12589. (140)

Dave Nickerson, 1957-1984, rode rice, but thought H-D. A real bro to a lot of folks. When I catch up we'll have a Kool-Aid and some air, then laugh about Nova Scotia. DOK & Sam. (140)

Down and broke Papago Indian bro, 24, doing time in Soledad prison, would like to hear from American Indian girls. Send flick. Joe Granillo, C-74838, CTF-C, E-Wing 216, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960. (140G)

Need some thoroughbred white women to correspond with. I am a white brother who has been through hell in this prison where mongrels are the administration. I'm 28, 5'10", reddish-blond hair, blue eyes. Don't play games, and ask for same. Randy "Teardrop" Johns, Box 123328, C-1, Reidsville, GA 30499. (140)

Wanted: one good-looking lady, 20-30, who loves Harleys and wants a better life. Must be willing to relocate. Please send letters and revealing photos to Bruce Densmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, ME 04092. (140G)

Downed white bro needs good loving from serious-minded, foxy female. I will be out in March '85. I am 26 years old, 6'2", 200 lbs., well-hung and full of fun. John I. Heath, C-27673, Box 608, Dorm-2, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (140)

Cash paid for motorcycle toys. Photo of toys helpful; no models or homemades. Toys, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

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. (140)

Help! "Pokey" Delphia Fay Smith, or anyone knowing her whereabouts, please contact me. Oregon home and Harley waiting. Out in '85. Five years is a long time, but still need answers. If love died, tell me. Steven Christopher Walters, C-23343, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696. (140)

Lady K: You make the grass grow, rivers flow, the birds sing and most of all, my world turn. I love you with all my heart. I want you in the wind with me forever. We both know that's what we want. '85 or '86 is meant to be ours. "Top." (141)

Incarcerated gentleman, light-skinned, 35, 6', 189 lbs., seeking lady (no fannies) for correspondence, possibly romance. All letters answered. Photo desired. Rodney Taylor 802243, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10605. (140)

KAJD: A mover, a groover, a winder, a grinder, my sweet spot finder, he's an all-nighter. Jesus, he's a sweet-petered Ghost. The Wench is waiting. (140)

Renaissance man, 6'2", 190 lbs., lookin' for a mate over 25. Nuf said. Scribes with flicks answered first. "Hurricane," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (140)

W/m, 25 years old, brown hair and eyes, 6'1", 190 lbs., lonely, would like mail and flicks from sincere lady. Possible relationship. Joe Ruisinger 348453, Rt. 1 Box 150, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. (140)

Looking for something different? Does corresponding with fast-living, good-timing men interest you? This is not your run-of-the-mill lonely want ad. We're searching for serious-minded, mature ladies to help us make the best of a bad situation. No con games here! Thomas Castle 102867, and Kenneth Trahan 96965, Magnolia 3, Angola, LA 70712. Both w/m! (140)

Lone eagle, tired of flying solo. W/m, 40, 5'7", 155 lbs., good job, stable, fun-loving, seeks short, cuddly, warm-hearted w/f, 25-35, to ride, drink, rock with and love. No druggies or slobs. Dave, Box 92, Dunn Loring, VA 22027. (140)

Thomas J. Hoffman: Christmas is love (naked) sharing (sweet-branded coffees between chilly sheets); giving (face). Ending and beginning a happy new year! Cheers! I love you, darling. Sandi. (140)

Wanted: Female, 18-30, race unimportant, no junkies. Must like fun, travel, music, money, cars, bikes, adventure, and a lot more good shit. If you're bright, attractive, and willing to relocate to the Midwest in '85, I'd like to hear from you. Write (and send photo, if you can) for more info. The Saint, c/o Box 288147-C, Chicago, IL 60628. (140)

In memory of Murph. You may have passed on, but you'll always live in our minds. Your bros in Ft. Lauderdale, FL. 9/22/84. (140)

W/f, 130 lbs., been down for a couple of years with one left to go. Need to hear from a sincere and understanding man. Rebecca Needham 390677, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024. (140G)

Danny G. from the mad city: I'm out now and waiting for your call. Blake. (319) 556-3404. (140)

Love needed. Soon-to-discharge inmate seeks that one special lady. I don't play games and don't expect any. White male, college grad, love kids. Larry Kindrix 95561, Magnolia #4, Angola, LA 70712. (140)

Filthy Phil: To the righteous ol' man who stole my heart. You're a special one. Can't understand why anyone ever let you get away. Loving you is the best thing that ever happened to me. Hey, babe, good luck with your new m/c shop in Jkn., Miss. Gues who? (140)

Attn: New club - Southern Rider of Lone Elm, Oklahoma. Patch: Skull with top hat; MC in eyes. Any conflicts, contact John "Sidewalk" Woods, Box 531, Lebanon, OK 73440. (140)

Disabled biker, applied for Social Security, but don't qualify. Needs help. Please send \$5.50 money order donation to F.L. Shipley, Box 550453, Atlanta, GA 30355-2953, and I'll send you my famous Texas tittle twister. Your lady will love them. Thank you. Not asking for a hand-out, just a chance for a new start! (140)

Free me! Blew my shovel up big-time. Selling hoard of original outlaw-biker movie posters, stills, etc. "Easy Rider," "The Wild Ones," "Glory Stompers," many others. Send \$5 for list with stills and 11" x 14" color examples. Thank. Stan Martin, 2331 E St., San Diego, CA 92102. (140)

For sale: 1984 FXST Harley-Davidson softail, candy-red. Extras, sissybar, chrome and four-year warranty. Phone: (615) 297-2344 or Box 15, St. Marys, IA 50241. (140)

Man passing through was trapped in Tennessee. Would like to correspond with caring, helpful lady. If that's you, write Frank Knight, Station A, Nashville, TN 37203. (140)

Pennsylvania: Five in, five to go. Furloughs shortly. White male, 31, good-looking. Has permanent spot for sincere lady. Photo! Jimmy, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (140)

From the wall, looking for mail from all, 24 years old, 5'8", 164 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, Scorpio. Looking to walk on appeal. Write Liberato "Conan" Bermudez 83-A-0125, D-40-21, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (140)

Downed bro, 26, blond hair, blue eyes, 6', 185 lbs., would like to hear from a warm-hearted woman, age not important. All letters answered. Gary Weber 82C349, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (140)

1948 Indian, original and complete. Runs good. \$4000. Toledo. (419) 536-8623. (140)

W/m, single, 28, 6', 175 lbs., long, wavy blond hair, light blue eyes. Looking for an ol' lady with heart who isn't afraid of excitement or danger in the fast lane. White girls only. Only few months left! Steve Owen, C-49478, Box A-6207X, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (140)

Steve, alias Red Beard: Somebody loves ya, baby! Call or write. Will unite. Jezee. (140)

Forty-year-old Odiniist and retired 19er coming out soon! Need one special lady for life's long ride. Russell Pearce 080974, Box 159-655, Lowell, FL 32863. (140)

Motorcycle mechanic: Train at home for exciting career working with motorcycles. Tools and test instruments included. Send for free details! Motorcycle Repair School, Dept. EUCC4, 925 Oak St., Scranton, PA 18508. (140)

Candye Kane, 42DD. Seeing is believing. Send \$2 for your own personal picture and letter. Candye, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 134, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (150)

W/m wants kinky girls from Australia to send flicks and letters. Let's get something started. Big Red, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

Woody: Happy birthday, 11/21/55. It's not possible to love you more tomorrow than I already do today. Will you marry me? Linda Lee. (140)

Remove tattoos. No scars. Send \$2 and SASE to: Box 1279, Lake Cowichan, B.C., Canada V0R 2G0. (140)

Swinging w/m Scorpio biker, 32, long blond hair, beard, 5'11", 155 lbs., with steady, honest job. I'm building a home in the country. Looking for uninhibited ladies to 40, if their head is on tight. Not into heavy drugs or heavy alcohol. If you're clean and into lasting long, write for more details. Letters with photos get answered first. Skip, Box 369, Jennings, OK 74038. (140)

Ohio pit bull pups, \$100 each. (614) 537-4717. Adults, occasionally. Thomas, 917 Daniels St., Toronto, OH 43964. (140)

Long way from home and all alone. I'm 21, w/m, 5'9", 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Warm and sensitive and don't play games. Need companionship and understanding. Don't bother writing if you're not sincere. Stacy Waltman 46472, Unit 23, Parchman, MS 38738. (140)

Bike Week motel and hotel listings. Send \$1 and a SASE to Pan Head Mike. Box 1806, Casselberry, FL 32707. (140)

Missy: If that is you in the March '84 issue (page 58), drop me a line. Bill Kadel, Box 2478, Palmer, AK 99645. (140)

Rooster: Happy 24th birthday to the best lay a girl could have. Love ya, Lyn. (140)

Just want to say "Thanks, Traci," for helping me with my scooter when she was down and for them fuckin' great times we spent together. You're the best girl. "Call." Sipes, Baltimore, Md. (140)

McGill, K.J.: Maybe our roads will cross Daytona '85. Merry Christmas and happy new year. Shotgun Willie. (140)

Lori and Cindy: Write me. I need a friend. Don Hawley, C88245, Box 705-WB238, Soledad, CA 93960-0705. (140)

Swedish Harley rider, 5'9", blond and slim, wants mail from serious-minded, fun-loving woman, 18-35. Planning third trip to U.S. in '85. Going coast-to-coast with bike and/or van. Consider building future in U.S. based on own business. If you look for active, changing life based on love and faithfulness, or just want friend in Sweden, write Jan Ek, Box 12024, 600 12 Norrköping, Sweden. Pix, please. (140)

Arrested! Now what? You need this booklet. By former probation officers. \$2. Alternative Sentencing, 2165 San Diego Ave. #207K, San Diego, CA 92110. (140)

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)

Chicano Lively nut, 31, 5'7", 185 lbs., doing hard, lonely time, needs to hear from sweet, sincere ladies to correspond with and possible visits. Herbert "Easy Money" Diaz, Box C-86543, Tamal, CA 94974. (140)

Attention: Last chance. Yeah, I am sick, so why don't you sick bitches kick me down and give this sick young blood some moral support? I'm just a dirty ol' white bro stuck off into the "gut" bucket of the world. Dave Youngblood, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102. (140G)

Kyle Zane Himmelberger, born September 2, 1984. Future bro, soon to be in the wind. Watch out, world! (140G)

Two lonely w/m bros, down in the desert hell of Arizona, looking for sincere, righteous, loving, savvy ladies, 18-30, for letters, photos, visits and lasting relationships. Will answer all who send photos. Phil Simmons (age 31), and Phil "Hotrod" Matthews (age 35), Box 3100-10, Goodyear, AZ 85338. Happy holidays. (140)

Happy birthday, Biker Ed! From your woman and little ones with all our love. (140)

White male would appreciate hearing from all you ladies out there who care about a man's feelings. Pictures appreciated. John Heppding 163291, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (140)

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)

Untraceable mail forwarding. \$1, plus postage. Gray, Box 596, Pinson, AL 35126. (140)

Kath: Happy 23. Come back where you belong. All your candy's waiting, like my scooter. Call. Love ya, Spence. (140)

Rick: Happy birthday to the only man in my life. You're the best! Wanna fool around? Love ya. Mary Ann. (140)

Would like to hear from honest, attractive lady for sincere relationship. All letters answered; photo for photo. Manuel Henriques MMI, USS Enterprise (CVN-65), DC HAB 41, FPO San Francisco, CA 96636-2810. (140)

Sharp wall hanging with Harley-Davidson letters set on Harley wings in Old English-style calligraphy. Hand painted in prison by two broke convicts. Only \$4. Johnny Malone, EF-119611, 4745-F Buford Highway, Chamblee, GA 30341. (140)

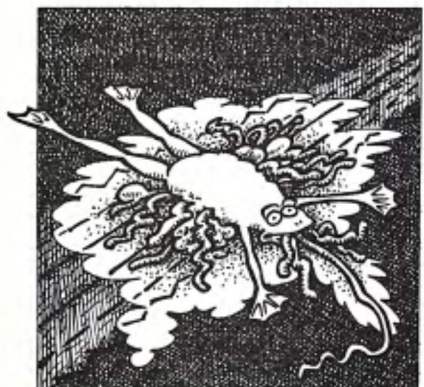
Hey, bros: We need new strains of grass for MC garden. The Boozers, Box 166, Bernieres, QC G0S 1C0. (140)

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 bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (140)



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CAN YOU IDENTIFY
THE FOLLOWING
WILDLIFE COMMON-
LY SEEN ON OUR
ROADS & HIGHWAYS?



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



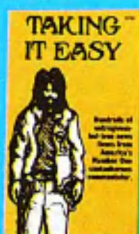
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Use order blank
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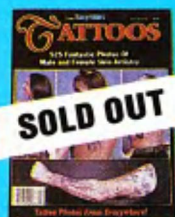


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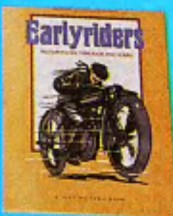
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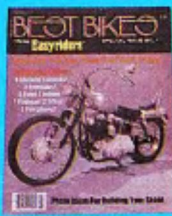
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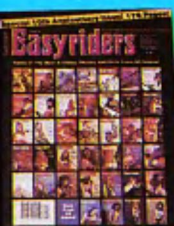
The late Hal Robinson's unique view of his world — and yours. Gross, but still great. Printed on top-grade paper to highlight the details in the drawings. \$6.



Over 220 biker-tested recipes for everything from cow nuts to raisin pie. Lavishly illustrated by Hal Robinson. \$4.



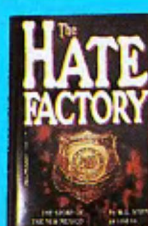
Here she is, her riotous majesty. Mutha tells it like it is, with her no-holds-barred advice. Complete with illustrations by Hal Robinson. \$3.



The best articles, photos, girls and bikes from the first 95 historical (or hysterical, take your pick) issues of the world's best bike rag, *Easyriders*. \$3.



Another classic from our back pages. All the stuff you complained about us not getting in the first Anniversary Issue. \$3.



A true, eyewitness account of the New Mexico penitentiary riot that left 33 men dead. Must reading for those who care about our bros locked down in prison. \$3.

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Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

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Lockdown

Continued from page 76

ceived disciplinary action," Brewster reported. "At another facility there was an 80.6 percent reduction.

"In twelve years of program evaluation, I have never experienced a more inspiring program."

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Another Freedom Gone

The Colorado Supreme Court has ruled that a person can no longer use force to resist being arrested, even if the bust itself and the cops' actions in carrying it out are all illegal.

A citizen has, the court said, "no right to use or threaten to use physical force against a police officer who is making an arrest, even if the arrest is unlawful, so long as the officer is acting under color of his official authority and is not using excessive force."

Under English common law, the basis of much American statutory law, an officer attempting to illegally arrest someone was assumed to forfeit his status as a government agent and could be resisted in the same way you would resist being mugged by any other goon.

In the Colorado decision, however, which followed similar rulings in Alaska and California, the court decided that time had run out for the ancient right to resist.

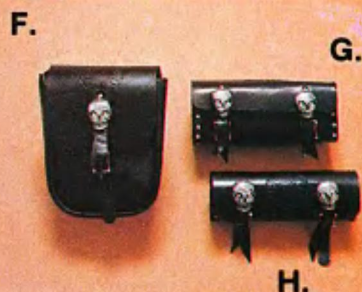
"The right to reasonable bail, court-appointed counsel, and early judicial determination of probable cause following arrest lessen the impact of an unlawful arrest," the court ruled, adding the legality of the arrest should be determined in court and "not through a trial by battle in the streets."

Newsletter Available

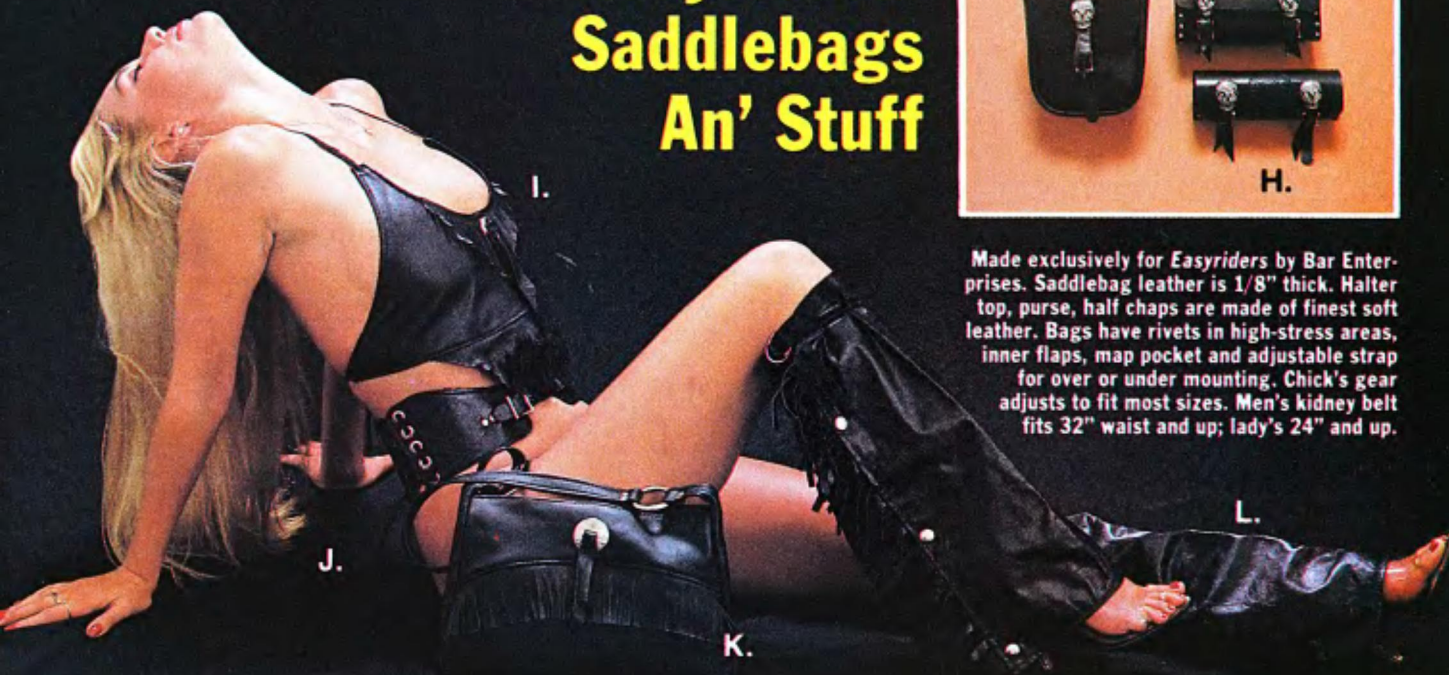
The Journal, a four-times-a-year newsletter about developments in the prisoner rights movement is now being published by the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Subscriptions to the new publication are \$15 a year for those outside the walls and \$2 a year for inmates. To subscribe, or for more information, write to the National Prison Project Journal, 1346 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20036.





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- ☐ (K) Leather Purse @ \$49.00
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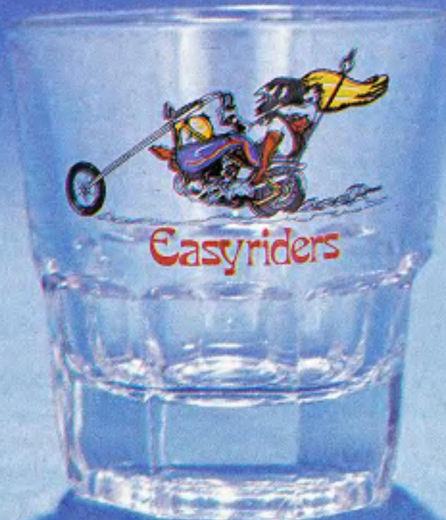
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TAKE A SHOT

Show some class when you're downin' that tasty shot of Jack Black or Turkey. Hefty three-shot size — no candyass — features art by Hal Robinson. Why not order two? They're just perfect for when your tight bro drops by for some get-down, shoot-'em-back drink-in'. Send check or money order for \$4.50 per glass to Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. Please Add 50¢ postage in U.S. Canadian orders, add \$3; all other foreign, add \$5.



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Vet Voice

Continued from page 77

Michael Corcoran, National Service Officer, Disabled American Veterans, in White River Junction, Vermont, might also be able to help you. Further, he has helped to establish an outreach center in Montreal, so you might want to query him on that, as well.

Lastly, bros, consider dropping in on one of the American Legion posts in Canada. Their service officers could steer you right. Hell, if enough of you men start swelling the ranks of the Canadian Department of the American Legion, maybe the damned Royal Canadian Legion might just wake up and do what's right. (I say "right" according to my own opinion. Since Ottawa was so "humanitarian" as to allow many of our draft-resisters — both those true to their convictions and those who were little more than bug-outs — to live freely in your country, then, certainly, your countrymen in the RCL could exhibit some semblance of morality, too.)

In any event, my American brothers and I salute you. We also say, "Thank you." And we hope that justice prevails for you as much as we wish it for ourselves.

In the next issue, I hope to review a new book entitled *Tiger the LURP Dog*. But for this issue, I just have to review a series of books known as *The Vietnam Experience*.

The series is put out by the Boston Publishing Co. In conjunction with Time/Life Books, Inc. The president/publisher of Boston Publishing, Bob George, is himself a Vietnam vet and saw a need for a comprehensive, objective look at the war, something that would tell it like it really was, while also providing an accurate and detailed history.

As a subscriber for the past year and a half, I've so far had the opportunity to enjoy eight volumes from the series. The handsome set lacks only



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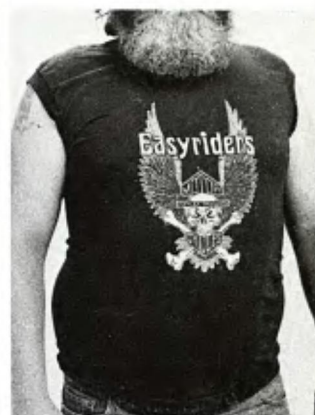
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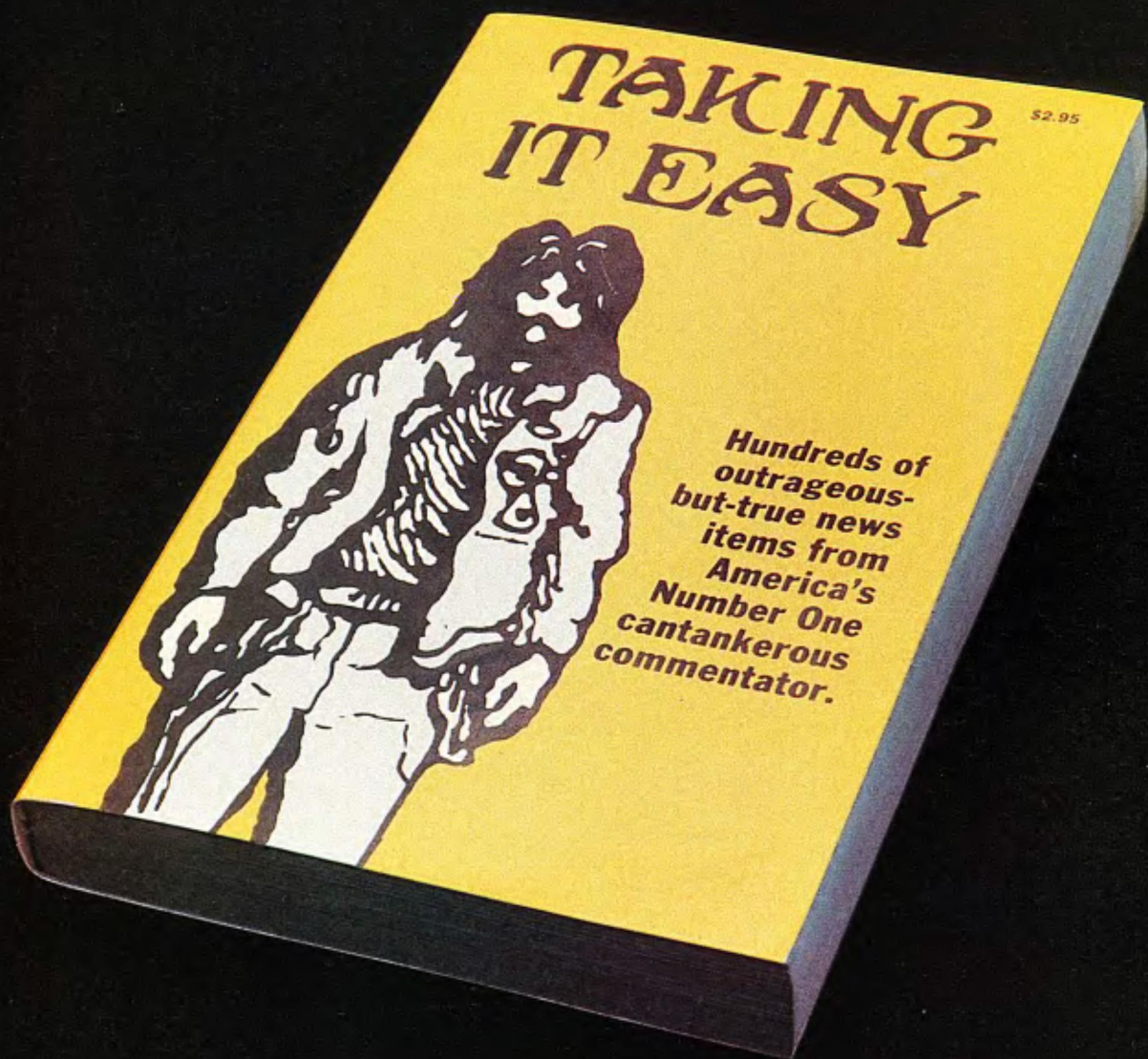
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HEY, YOU!



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

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

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one characteristic that Time/Life books are famous for: many and exceptional color photos and illustrations. However, the black-and-white photography is excellent and includes many photos obviously obtained from combatants rather than professional photojournalists. The series is especially noted for its accurate, detailed accounting of the events of the war and its clear, easy-to-read style.

Each volume is devoted to a specific aspect or period of the Vietnam War. To give you an idea of the topics covered, these are the titles I already have in my collection: *Setting the Stage*, *America takes Over*, *Raising the Stakes*, *Passing the Torch*, *Fighting for Time*, *South Vietnam on Trial*, *Thunder from Above*, and *Combat Photographer*.

Although I saw the outstanding PBS documentary, "VIETNAM: A Television History," and bought Stanley Karnow's excellent companion book to that series, *Vietnam: A History*, I must recommend *The Vietnam Experience* series of volumes as a happy medium between those two. If you haven't caught the toll-free number on the tube, write for subscription info to: The Boston Publishing Co., Attention: Circulation Manager, 314 Dartmouth Street, Boston, MA 02116. As a subscriber, you'll receive a new book approximately every other month and the cost, including postage, is right around \$17 per shipment. I think they're well worth it.

In conclusion, a lot of you are still writing me for the address(es) of the Vietnam Vets MC. Since they have about 32 chapters all around the U.S., here are addresses for both coasts and the Midwest:

VIETNAM VETS MC, c/o Wizard,
Box 3334, Tustin, CA 92681.

VIETNAM VETS MC, c/o Animal,
Rt. 3, Kewaunee, WI 54216.

VIETNAM VETS MC, c/o Frenchie,
Box 5948, Pittsburgh, PA 15210. ■



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Downtime

Continued from page 42

throughout all phases of this project, and who is shown in the photo with his shovel. Greg is the drummer, and it was his tapes from the Heart of Gold Band that eventually became side two. Anyway, Anton and Don Gaynor, an exceptional guitarist in the mold of Jerry Garcia (no slight), bring a tightness to the occasion that makes ya want to keep re-cueing the record.

"House Of Wax" is next, a fun, free, and loose tune about a dude who's "in love with the lady from the house of wax. She looks real good and I write her off of my income tax." Gaynor wrote it and displays excellent taste on his lead. It sort of reminds and has the feel of Little Feat and Lowell George's slide guitar.



SAMMY HAGAR

In fact, the whole record brings back memories of sounds gone by. At one point, the carefree spirit of the Airplane — er, Starship — is there; other moments render the feeling of a Grateful Dead jam. Just your basic Frisco Bay Area blues and rock.

Side two is a historical one, chronicling live performances by the Heart of Gold Band. There are four tunes, running around five minutes each, starting with Dylan's "Solid Rock," featuring a great vocal by Donna and Greta singing, "Won't let go and I can't let go." It's got a good heavy sound, somewhat reminiscent of Deep Purple's "Hush." It must've had 'em goin' bonkers on the dance floor.

Frankly, the side is hurt by flawed technicals. It's not like they were holding the tape recorder under a table, but it still isn't clear as a bell. Whad-

dya expect in a partyin' bar? A rendition of "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" wraps the side up and has to be looked at as the symbolic bearer of bad tidings to come — it wasn't long afterward that Keith ate it. Who could've known how close he was to the doorstep?

After his untimely demise, the Heart of Gold Band went kaput. Anton tried to keep the band going, but there were changes in the offing. Donna decided to do more spiritual music instead of rock, and married David McKay, the bassist. Steve Kimock went on to start his own new group, Zero. Anton persevered, and with the backing of his friends (forty are listed under "Also Starring" on the back of the album jacket), has a fine remembrance of good times gone by that's worth picking up on.

If you'd like a copy, send \$10 to Whirled Records, Box 246, Lagunitas, CA 94938.

Sammy Hagar/VOA: The Red Rocker is back on track. In all his high-voltage, bust-down-the-walls glory, Hagar's music has, for the most part, always been pure stomping power, through and through. Great for that first thing in the morning waker-upper. Melodic coffee.

Sammy's latest, **VOA** (Voice Of America), is his eleventh contribution to the world of brain-vibratin' rock and roll. And it's one of his best. Certainly the best of his three studio efforts for his new record company, Geffen Records. **VOA** goes about its business in a much sharper way than 1981's **Standing Hampton**, a hard-on of a record, anyway.

Whether or not it will stand the test of time, matching his early Capitol releases, such as **Nine On A Ten Scale**, **Red**, or **Musical Chairs**, with their nonstop pounding pleasures is hard to tell. Probably will, though, considering his new record company seems willing to back him with publicity and grueling tours.

Sammy Hagar knows all about the hard knocks of makin' it. Born in Monterey, California, his family moved south to Fontana when he was four. Fontana was, and to a degree still is, a tough steel town, famous (or infamous) for its bad, choking air (due to the mills), oppressive heat, and its place in history as the birthplace of the Hells Angels. A good old-fashioned American town, Hagar describes it thusly, "That town was so tough, the sun had second thoughts about rising."

His dad was a boxer, and young Sam thought he might like punchin' it out for a living. But his life took a drastic U-turn when he saw Elvis Presley on TV. "I was overwhelmed with this burning desire to be a rock and roller. Plus, it didn't look like that hard of work," he admits.

Hagar paid his dues playin' the bar circuit in San Berdo before relocating himself to the San Francisco Bay Area, where he got a break by becoming the singer for guitarist Ronnie

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Montrose. They did two albums of raw, creative energy before calling it quits. That was just a short decade ago. Back when I had hair.

A sense of intensity has always been a main ingredient in Hagar's music, as well as a perception of public conscience. This was displayed early on his *Musical Chairs* record with "Someone Out there," about space invaders before "Star Wars" made it the rage, and "Things Are Gonna Be Alright," regarding a renewed uplifting of the public's spirit with the election of President Peanut.

This time around, VOA takes aim at the commies in the title tune. He blasts the federal speed (Or is it slow?) limit law with "I Can't Drive 55." I'm sure most of us scooter tramps can relate to this one, which is gettin' air-play. There's also some howling about a redneck friend of Sammy's who gets his dick in the dirt, as well as his own anthem, "Rock Is In My Blood," plus a tune, about *deja vu*, "Swept Away," that's kinda boring. And let's not forget the popster-type tune, "Two Sides Of Love," that'll probably make the teeny-boppers faint. Hagar says it's his best effort yet.

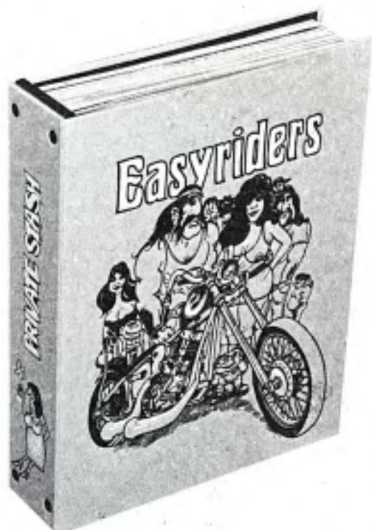
For me, it picks me up, though it doesn't have the spontaneity of his early works. One wonders how long a dude can bark at the top of his lungs and still be fresh.

Sammy and his crew, drummer David Lauser, keyboard player Jessi Helms, and longtime constants, guitarist Gary Pihl and bassist Bill "Electric" Church, pack the power and are currently on a tour of the world that'll take 'em through the summer of 1985, delivering the word of The Voice. Just keeping with that good old-fashioned work ethic of earnin' what they get. For the most part, you'll like the results. ■



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