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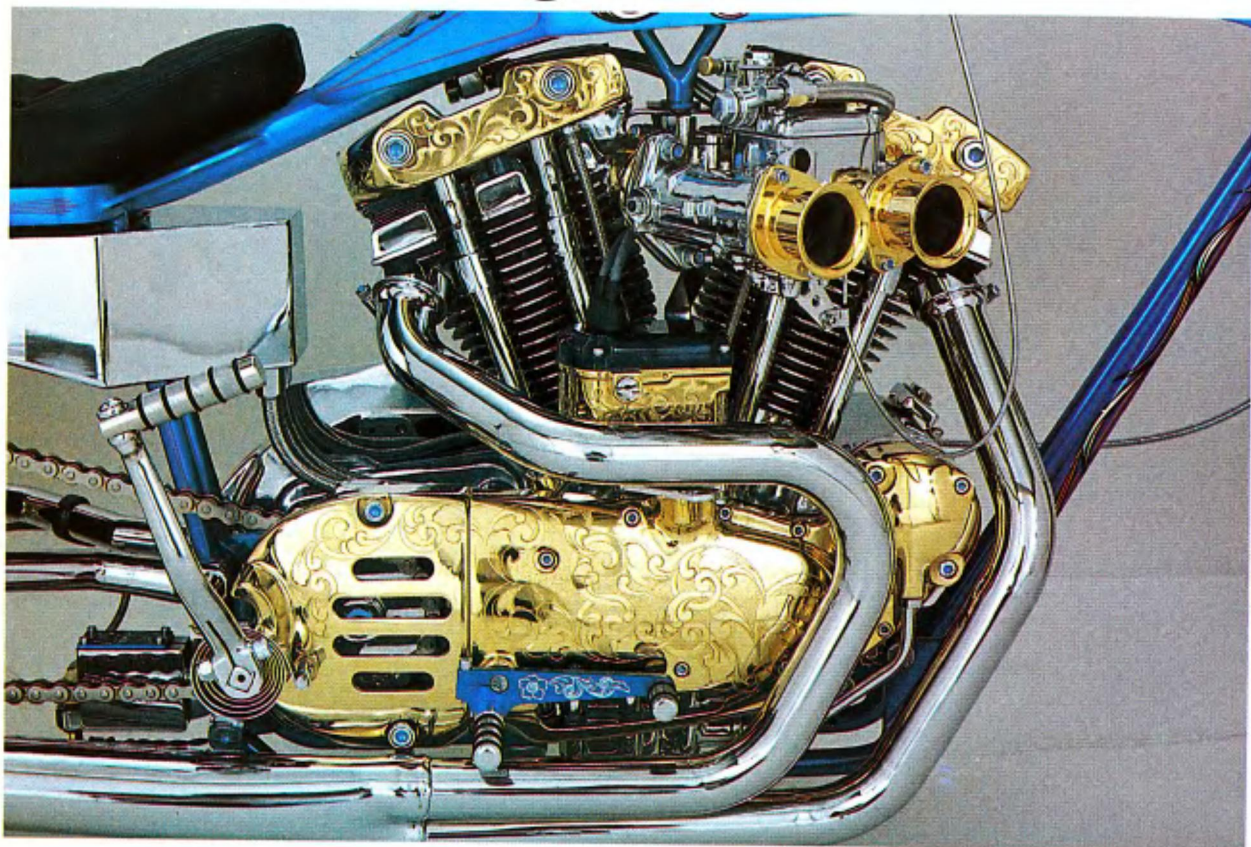
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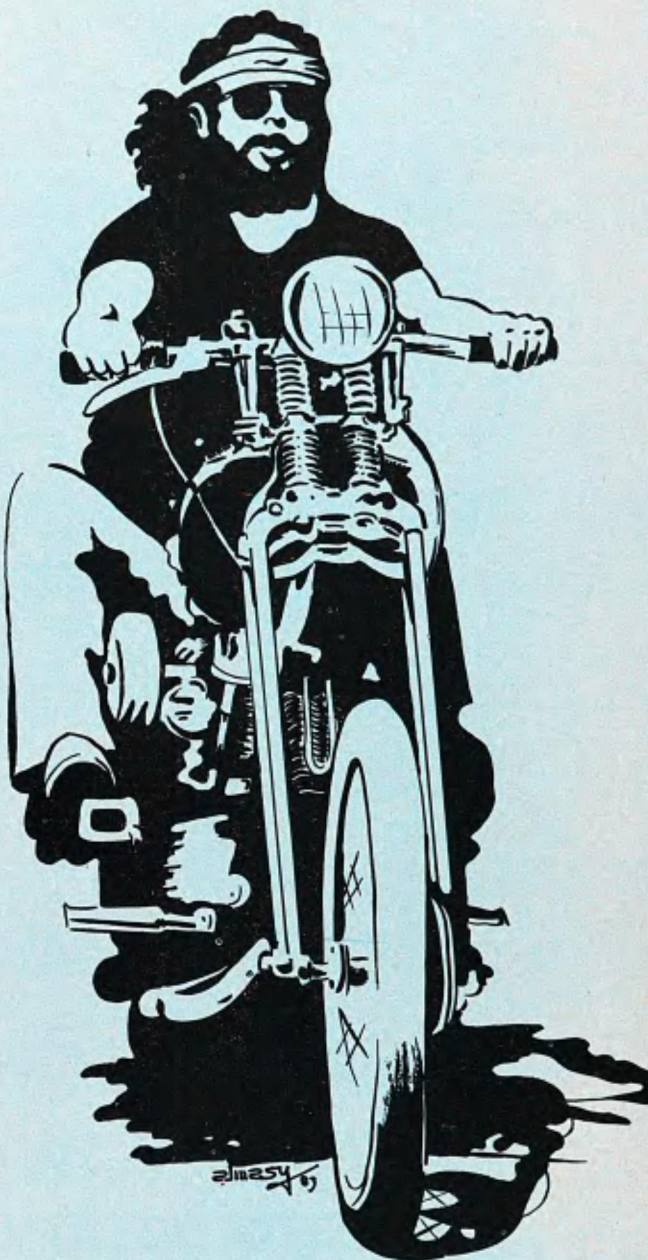
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Easyriders

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale February 26th.

Cover photo of Karen by Billy Tinney





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You've heard about pigeon shit from the sky, but get this: The dog was barking at the postman, just carrying on and making an asshole of himself. The postman wasn't concerned because the dog was safely on the second floor. You got it! The dog jumped from the second floor and tore a chunk out of the postman's ass as he went flying past. Now, the flying dog's owner is being sued—so much for second-story dogs.

He-wanted-to-die file: He put a pillow under his head on the kitchen floor and shot himself once in the chest. Nothing. He shot himself again. Still nothing happened, although the gun was held against his chest each time. It did smart as the shell sailed in, but he was still breathing after each shot. Well, he thought, shit, I need more. So he emptied the fuckin' gun in his chest. After the fifth shot he finally bled to death. So much for trying to kill yourself with a small caliber gun—why he didn't French-kiss the gun's barrel as it fired, I'll never know.

Watch out! It's coming as sure as shit stinks. Now they've developed something that looks like a hat band. When it's put around your gourd, it emits certain signals that show if you've downed any dope or drunk any alcohol. It's bound to be the heat's latest toy, so watch it.

You-wins-some-and-you-loses-some dept.: He was picked up by the police for beating a woman and shovin' it to her twice, but she dropped the charge before the trial was held. She'd thought it over and remembered that being fucked twice wasn't all that bad—in fact, it was so good she decided to marry the guy. Guess she musta got hooked on his meat loaf!

Shit, what's this world coming to? You remember my reporting to you about this con who wanted to wear diapers in prison? Well, a judge just ruled that he was not to wear diapers while in prison—I guess for his own protection. Shit, can't a guy do anything any more?

Wonders-never-cease file: The Hells Angel lost a thumb and had put it in a jar in his club house. The police broke in and took it, thinking it must be from a recent victim of the club. Well, the Angel's finally getting it back. The police fingerprinted it, confirming that it did indeed belong to the club brother and now, months and months later, they've finally released the jar

and the pickled thumb to its rightful owner. Don't ask—he's too big to be asking him what he gets from a pickled thumb. Maybe he just likes freaking people out. Whatdafuck.

Hang on to your nuts, men. In Germany they've just developed the first "Environment Motorcycle" for cleaning city sidewalks of dog shit. It has a hydraulic-grip device that picks up dog turds and puts them into a tank on the side of the bike. But get this—once inside the tank, the dog turds are converted into fuel for the bike, which looks like a Yamagouchi (they all look alike to me). Anyway, it figures.

They were kiddin' around when three chicks thought it'd be funny to give a fourth chick an enema. They held her down and stuck the plug up her brown eye. She had a shit fit—literally—and sued them each for \$200 for playing around with her rear end. I guess that means she'd say "no" to having some righteous anal sex with a guy. Bummer.

Now, here's a gripping story you'll find hard to believe: A 15-year-old chick in a state school for girls was allegedly raped when caught with cigarettes and even worse contraband. Besides the smokes, she was also caught with a copy of Easyriders! Gasp! The rape charge was dropped. Who'd ever think a state official would plug an innocent little girl? But giving the little girl a pack of cigs and—gasp—a copy of Easyriders to read? Shit, that's worth the death penalty or at least a two-year suspension. They said Easyriders features scantily clad women who often wear leather garments. Show me where, please. A chick in leather really freaks me out! (I can't wait. Pound, pound, pound!)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Mann Carpet

☐ I'm a Marine on board the USS Inchon over in the Mediterranean. While we were in Istanbul, Turkey, I saw something that blew my fucking mind!

I was standing around fleet landing, just bullshitting, and this greasy little Turk flashed a wall tapestry at me. What freaked me out was that it was a Dave Mann center-spread — the one with the Pony Express rider. In about two minutes I talked the vendor down to \$4 and walked away with both the tapestry and a big shit-eating grin.

Just goes to show ya that you guys are famous all over the fucking world!

The Rat
USS Inchworm

Tech Tip

☐ When I was a small boy, my father called me into the kitchen where he was sitting at the table with two glasses in front of him. He told me that he was about to give me a lesson in life. I watched closely as he filled one glass with water and the other with whiskey.

He then took a matchbox from his pocket and extracted a small green worm which he dropped into the water where it wiggled around and had a grand time. Then he took it from the water and dropped it into the whiskey. The poor thing flinched as it hit the whiskey and it immediately stiffened, turned a pale shade of gray, and died.

Studying my face carefully, my dad said, "Son, I hope you understand what I've just shown you, and that you'll always remember it."

That was many years ago, but I still drink a little whiskey every day, just so I won't have worms.

Jake
Rocky Ford, Colo.

■ Right on, Jake!

Nearly Shit

☐ I still can't believe this.

The other day I got a call at work from a dude I'd ridden with this past summer.

He said he'd just gotten a new job, but was short on transportation, and "would I mind" if we traded (even up) his non-running Sportster for my running Honda 750. I nearly shit!

Several days later, with the help of my tightest buddy, we discovered a worn main shaft was keeping the Sporty down.

Soon I'll be riding a nearly new H-D. What a fuckin' trip! Freaked
Chattanooga, Tenn.

■ Even an old Sporty is better than what you had.

Who's He?

☐ Ain't no one but you can break up the argument, so please settle the beef once and for all. I've got a bet with the ol' lady for some "head" on this. Who's the dude with the band on page 50 of the November '84 issue — the big dude on the left, playin' the guitar, and wearin' glasses?

The ol' lady says it's her brother, Rick Atkinson, an L.A. musician. Their mom says it isn't him (and his own mother should know). But I go along with the ol' lady on this one. I say it's Rick, too.

So, who loses face and who's gotta give up some face? I don't give a fuck — I can't lose any way the cut goes!

Sam
Angola, La.

■ You both lose. It's the guitarist for Canned Heat — not Rick Atkinson.

Insurance Help

☐ Just got November's issue and had to help the bro who wrote about that insurance ripoff. I've got two Hogs, an '83 FXWG and an '84 FLT (for keepin' my fat ass comfy on a trip). I pay \$243 for the dresser and \$210 for the Wide Glide, full coverage (cept passenger), for a whole year. That's \$453 per year for two

almost new Harleys. The company is Universal Underwriter, 5115 Oak, Kansas City, MO 64112.

Big E
Yarmouth, Me.

Fan Mail

☐ George Christie, president of the Hells Angels of Ventura, is the best-looking person I've ever seen.

Francine Brisson
Montreal, Quebec

■ All his prospects think so, too!

Likes The Fox

☐ The female who graces the cover of the November '84 issue can be called nothing but a beautiful fox. I wish I could've been the bike's seat she sat on during the shoot.

If Madman continues to find sexy honeys like her, Spider will be mellow for some time.

Wantsumto
Patchogue, N.Y.

■ I wish something would mellow him — he's as mean as cat shit.

☐ I couldn't help but notice the girl on your November cover — she looks exactly like me! The bikers of Hobbs couldn't help but notice the resemblance also.

Sue Miller
Hobbs, N.M.

■ If you look like her, send us a pic. Maybe we can use you in the mag, too.

Rice Burners

☐ I've got a bone to pick with you! A lot of us simple-minded folks can't get up the bucks to buy a Harley-fucking-Davidson. You know there are some nice-looking rice grinders putting around here in the South, so why don't you get off your asses and put some pictures of them in your rag?

Trippie Girl
Beaufort, S.C.

■ Don't hold your breath — we specialize in Harleys.

Connecticut Bikers

☐ I'd like to use your mag to inform all Connecticut bros who aren't already aware of it that on October 1, 1984, a law went into effect that requires all motorcycles to have insurance. Needless to say, this sucks.

Now I have two choices. Ride without and face a \$500 fine or bring a tube of K-Y down to the DMV when I register the scooter.

Pissed Off
Waterbury, Conn.

Bad Bike

☐ Praise, praise, praise! No shit, Dirty Jeff's flattie on pages 28 and 29 is one fuckin' bad "U" model.

Zeke
Trenton, N.J.

What?

☐ To the shitheads from Modesto, California: People from Tampa Bay are proud people, so fuck off.

Dan
Valrico, Fla.

Don't Like Triumphs

☐ Hey, no disrespect to Paul Sullo, but what the fuck is this Limey bike doing in my *Easyriders*? Although the scooter's very attractive, I don't like to spend hard-earned money looking at a non-Harley.

Scooter Barn
Conshohocken, Pa.

An Answer

☐ Some people are probably going to complain about you guys featuring a British bike, but I don't think anyone can deny that it's a super-looking cycle.

T.P. Arsenault
Fonthill, Ontario

☐ I look forward to seeing more British bikes. You know just as well as we do that they're good bikes, too. You all deserve another piece of raisin pie for that.

Sonny
La Crosse, Wis.

■ Watch that raisin pie shit, Sonny.

Bravo!

☐ I'm not putting down H-D, but I ride a '68 Trump and I think you should put Trumps in your mag more often.

R.R.G.
Lewiston, Me.

Likes Us

☐ I've read *Easyriders* since

water was invented. And being locked down, I've seen the effect that one copy can cause.

Everything in prison costs. Joints cost five "decks" (packs of cigarettes.) It's rumored that a man's life can be had for a "blue bag" of coffee. Clean clothes cost. A different cell costs. A better job costs. But *Easyriders*, among the bros, is free.

The few who can afford a subscription pass the rag on — they're not hoarded, they're shared. They become dog-eared and worn, but never mutilated. Open a copy on the cell run, you got visitors; open a copy in the yard, you got a crowd. The issue don't matter; the year don't matter. What does matter is that it's *Easyriders*.

Nite Owl
Huntsville, Tex.

Boffer or Boffee?

□ We really enjoyed your "Dirty Words" puzzle in the October issue, but we'd like you to contact George Grenke and ask him what the hell "boffing," "cooter," and "pies" mean. Please! We don't know who's the boffer and who's the boffee. And do we boff with our cooters or with our pies?

Scott and Sally Cairns
Dallas, Tex.

Is Accurate

□ Having worked with the prison system over the past few years, I know what a complicated issue overcrowding is. I just wanted to let you know that "Lock-down" (December '84) states the issue clearly and accurately. I'm giving copies to everyone I work with and to friends who can use the education.

Ellen
San Jose, Calif.

□ In response to "Lock-down" (December '84): I'm an inmate in Oakland's North County Jail, and I've recently heard that beginning January 1, 1985, parole boards will be cutting time by thirds instead of halves to solve the overcrowding problem. That means that with work time, you'll do a third of your sentence instead of a half. This will apply to all inmates, whether sentenced before or after the law is passed, so there should be a nice surprise rolling around for lots of guys who already have a

third of their time in.

Baby Huey
Oakland, Calif.

Michigan Helmet Law

□ Please help our situation in Michigan. HB 4817 (a measure to repeal the helmet law) has been dormant since July 5, 1983! The state's trying to scrap this repeal by just waiting it out. If we don't act or show some kind of concern in some way soon, we're screwed. If we don't fight for our rights, how the hell can we honestly sit back and bitch about wearing helmets? That's exactly what they want us to do — just sit back and take their bullshit.

Michigan bros and sisters, write your congressman in Lansing, the governor, anyone who has anything to do with House Bill 4817. If you'd all write just one letter per person, imagine how it would add up. Maybe that would show them we've had it. Come on, people, let's get movin' before it's too late.

Mr. Zee
Vicksburg, Mich.

A Beef

□ The reason I'm flying this kite to y'all is this: In your September '84 issue you ran an ad for a Robert "Rebel" Seifred requesting that all Vikings MC chapters contact him. He claimed to be the national vice president of the club. This is all lies! I'm a warlord for the club and have done time with the international president of the club. He informs me that this Robert Seifred is not the vice president. The fuckin' punk doesn't even have his colors. And worst of all, he rides a fuckin' Kawasaki!

Jeff "Rev" Helbock
Attica, N.Y.

Likes Article

□ I've just finished reading the story "Ridin' Out" in your November issue, and I think it's just great! I got goosebumps from reading it. Even though I've never been in prison, it felt great to read something like that!

Brandy
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

A Word Of Thanks

□ I want to say a big thanks for "Male Call." I started writing a downed brother whose name was in the August '83 issue. Well, we fell in love and plan to be married January 1, 1985 (his birthday), at the

California prison he's locked down in. He won't get paroled until April '86, but this Oklahoma girl wants to say thanks to "Male Call" for getting me and my future ol' man together.

Phyllis Jones
El Reno, Okla.

Chosen Few

□ In your November '84 issue I saw the letter from Henrick Christensen of Jutland, Denmark, who's lookin' for addresses of the Chosen Few chapters from different countries. His address wasn't complete, so I hope you can send our address to him. We're the Swiss chapter of the Chosen Few (middle Europe) and our contact address is Box 562, 8037 Zurich, Switzerland.

Kudi
Zurich, Switzerland

Wants Some Help

□ This is to all single bikers from Iowa to California: Two sisters are planning to be in the wind next summer and need places to party, crash, earn money, etc. Anyone interested in helping us out, please write. We'll do anything once (twice if we like it).

Dusty and Toot
Box 202
North Liberty, IA 52317

Reply To Pissed Off

□ My ol' man and I had the same problem, but down the road from the Valencia Lounge is Bill & Esse's. Everyone is welcome there. It's a good place to unwind and get down to the business of drinking. It may be small and out of the way, but it's worth it.

A word of warning: Stay away from the "T" Bar in Herman.

Keith and Lynn
Kodiak, Alaska

There They Go Again

□ Just got your January issue in my mailbox. Until recently I'd been getting your rag at the local "inconvenience" store (along with some vino to help make it through your articles), but here in the Cincinnati area they've quit carrying it in most places. In fact, about two weeks ago there was some trash in the paper about our civic guardians trying to get the liquor control people to take away the beer permits of any place that sold *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, or (ta

da!) *Easyriders*. (The liquor people responded that they'd tried that before and taken such a beating in the courts that they weren't real interested in the matter again. Naturally, that didn't stop our fearless DA from tooting on his meat whistle a few more times).

So I, like D.J. Showalter ("Wordmonger" January '83) am now a subscriber, which isn't the end of the world, of course, but I still have to make a separate trip for the vino. It really cracks me up when the excuses they use are things like the magazines promote crime. Yet the crime rate here isn't any less now than in Dayton, 48 miles up the pike, complete with live burlesque shows and adult book stores. Oh, well.

Lizard
Silverton, Ohio

Wind #17

□ I've been reading *Easyriders* for a long time and all I have to say is right fuckin' on. In *The Wind* #17 is as righteous as you can get.

Stiff
Deadman's Bay,
Newfoundland

Hey, Guys, Look Here!

□ I'm a Swedish chick who spent some time in the States. I loved every minute of it, but unfortunately something came up and I had to go back to Sweden. Why don't you all drop me a line or two to help me pass the time while I'm fixing to come back?

By the way, Cherokee ("Wordmonger, July '84), my friend and I both have big tits and we're proud of it. No one has ever complained about it, especially not American men! So you just go screw yourself, okay?

Oh, I almost forgot, I want to say something to my friend Pia: "Jag vill ha mer! Vi far ut och jagar! OK?"

Jannika Rolander
Kongahallagatan 46A
44238 Kungälv
Sweden

■ Be prepared for a lot of mail, Jannika. Nothing beats Nordic women for tits.

Spider's Harem

□ Tell Spider to send some of his women my way. I could handle a few more.

Road Runner
Houston, Tex.

■ He already takes up all

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their spare moments and then some.

Reply To "An Opinion"

□ Regarding the "An Opinion" letter (September '84): I have a high-class respectable job. I love riding, drugs, sex, and whiskey, and I've served a short prison sentence. I (and many others) resent being called "crab-infested, sleazy, drug-burned rats." You sound like you should be riding a Honda 250. Donna C. Rotorua, New Zealand

□ We've all met female bikers, and as usual with any group, there are bad ones (usually stuck-up BMW passengers). But "crab-infested, sleazy, drug-burned rats" is fucked, Timothy! U.F.O. Shelby, Mont.

Some Good Info

□ In reply to "What To Do" ("Wordmonger," January '85): You should write the Bureau of Financial Responsibility, Kirkman Building, 2900 Apalachee Parkway, Tallahassee, FL 32301, or call them at (904) 488-7135.

Explain that you were involved in an accident on your bike and that the Florida law only requires that four-wheeled (and more) vehicles carry insurance. They'll send you a Notice of Clearance. Dan Gavagni Miami, Fla.

Troubles, Troubles

□ The other day I picked up the November '84 issue of your rag and was mesmerized by the feature girl — so much so that my Sportster kicked back and dislocated my knee. I pushed my bike seven blocks on one good knee, but I'd push it all the way to California to get near those hypnotic blue eyes! The only thing that got me real mad in this chain of events was that I didn't even get her name — so tell me, please!

Tony Toronto, Ontario

■ Sporties are known for "Sportster legs." Her name is Maggie.

The Hate Factory

□ Just got a word to say about a book you've got advertised in your rag called *The Hate Factory*. I just finished reading it and it's a

great fuckin' book! A few of your bros should check this one out. Man, it really makes you think about what some of our bros go through.

Mike, Jr. Houston, Minn.

Harley Rendezvous

□ Just read your coverage of the Harley Rendezvous in upstate New York (October '84). I was there and had one hell of a great weekend. In spite of all the bullshit from the surrounding towns that opposed that weekend, everything went smoothly. We proved once again that bikers are real people, too.

So to all who were there, I wish you all the smoke and raisin pie you can handle.

Lenny Staten Island, N.Y.

Pretty Sick

□ You know, I'm getting pretty fuckin' sick of this stupid fuckin' attitude that some men have (especially you, Bill Grush). They think women have it made. We women get to stay home every day, cook, clean, watch the old boob tube, and otherwise don't do very fuckin' much of anything.

Wrong, Spot! Maybe some women are content to stay home and do this routine every day, but not me. Don't get me wrong. The housework still gets done, but I have better things to do with my time than run up and down my cellar stairs like a fuckin' rat on a treadmill, wondering whether the new cold-water detergent gets my whites as white as the hot-water stuff does.

I'm working on a BA degree in habilitative sciences right now so my ol' man and I can someday afford soft shit paper.

Hats off to real people who don't have their minds poisoned by this role-playing bullshit. I am who I am and my ol' man is who he is. I bust my butt every day, as does he. Maybe in a year or so I'll be able to buy him the ride I want (a full dresser), but for now he's content with just riding me (and he's pretty fuckin' good at it, too).

Billie Strattonville, Pa.

■ You sure he wants a garbage barge, Billie?

Korean Adventure

□ All I've got to say is you

guys are fuckin' all right.

Right now I'm doin' 12 months in Korea, drivin' a 67-ton tank and four of those months are already behind me. The only thing keeping me from takin' an overdose and doin' myself in is your rag and my girl back home (in that order).

Oh, one more thing: Muth gives me a hardon.

The Spitz Korea

■ She'd put you in the dirt if you ever saw her.

Needs Help

□ I live near Antwerp, Belgium, and I presently own an FLH and a Duo Glide. My wife has a Super Glide. I'm interested in building a trike like the ones you featured in your July 1980 issue on pages 20-23. I already have a 302 cu.in. Ford engine, and an automatic transmission, and I'll be using a Jag rear end.

The big problem is with the other components of the trike. Could you please publish my address so someone can help me?

Marc Tack
Kardinaal Cardijnlaan #13
St. Antonius-Zoersel,
Belgium 2160

What?

□ My ol' man bought his bike a couple of years ago — a '66 FLH. He's always out and about on it. When I ask him where he's going and what he's doing, he tells me, "Fuck off, bitch. My bike is my partner and the wind is my brother."

What does he mean?

Barbara Rock Lansing, Mich.

■ That you should shut your trap.

Help!

□ I'm contemplating building a bike using a 215-inch Rover V-8 engine. Could you please publish my name and address with this request for anyone who has built a V-8 solo bike to contact me? My experience with specials is limited and maybe a bro could help me out.

Bro Snatch
89, Dover Road
Folkestone
Kent. CT20.1JZ.
Great Britain

Reply To Schmidt

□ In response to S. Schmidt (December '84): I happen to

dig Cougar Mellencamp, but I don't claim to be any "big fan" of his (or anyone else's, for that matter). However, reading Austin Animal's scribes, I was rolling on my ass with laughter by the time I finished.

It's evident that Schmidt has all the sense of humor of a nun in a topless bar. I can only conclude that in light of this, he should skip right past Spider's column, the cum-stained fuck.

White Rabbit
Hicksville, N.Y.

Thank You, Bros

□ Just thinking about my best "high" this past summer: I was with my bro, Dave, on a last-minute trip to Sturgis. We'd gotten 700 miles under our butts and were passin' everything in sight. It was hotter than hell itself and we were still 90 long miles from Sturgis. I pulled out to pass this little green Toyota pickup and the driver held out two cold Budweisers for a couple of bros in the wind. Fuckin' fantastic!

So here's another "thank you" to the bro in the truck.

Doc
Owatonna, Minn.

Do I Pay?

□ Hey, I've got a question. I'm stationed out here in California for Uncle Sam. Does that mean I have to pay that 6 percent bullshit on shit I order out of your rag?

Steve Lashua
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

■ Yep. Pendleton is still in California and the bullshit is called taxes. The governor has to eat, ya know.

Whatdafuck Day

□ Doesn't the military recognize Sept. 26? I'm here at MCRD, San Diego, training to be one of Uncle Sam's misguided children, and I expected a day off or something. Whatdafuck Day passed just like gas — it stunk! Print this and if enough of us jarheads get together, maybe they'll make it a federal holiday by next year. Whatdafuck!

Garland
San Diego, Calif.

A Beef

□ While doing time in Patuxent Institution (the only prison in all of Maryland that's supposed to cure you psychologically — har, har), I

thought I'd get a motorcycle club organized on the outside, so that when I got out I'd have some riding buddies. Somehow the Patuxent administration got wind of this, thought it was a white power movement, and got bent all out of shape.

They confiscated 63 copies of *Easyriders* for reasons known only to themselves, put me on administrative segregation, and then shipped me out to the Maryland Correctional Institute in Hagerstown. As for the magazines, I eventually got 36 returned. The rest I'm beat for.

Because of the move, I ended up getting fucked all around. Now, there isn't a shadow of a doubt that they were wrong, so I'd like to stick it to them good, using their own court system.

The Gypsy Viking
Hagerstown, Md.

Harley Is Best

□ How many 1947 rice burners do you see on the street? Okay, so they didn't have any back then. How many '71 rice burners do you see? None. I wonder why. If Harley is so bad, how come there are so many around and how come they have the greatest resale value?

"T"
West Germany

Roller Derby

□ Why is it you did such a righteous photo spread on the "Bay Bomber" (December '84) and then fucked up the works about the sport of roller derby? Although the Bay Area Bombers were the premier team in roller derby, the game was not invented in San Francisco. Roller derby was invented in the '30s in Chicago. It folded during WWII, but was revived during the post-war era on the West Coast. There's a roller derby league now, but it isn't like the old days.

Mr. Bill
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Skull Gas Tank

□ In your August '84 issue, page 33, you have a skull tank illustrating your pictorial on H-D tanks.

Before I get on that subject, I'd like to thank Michael, Billy, Kim, and Charone for the hours of camera work. I also enjoyed Zeph's words on the meaning of tanks to brothers and sisters everywhere.

The main reason I'm writing is regarding that skull tank. One of our early ridin' bros, T.J. Mickey, gave me that tank just before he died of cancer about five years ago. Mickey's real name was Jack Carter, and he lived the life of Harley brotherhood all the way. The tank was originally made for his bike in the Marlon Brando film "The Wild Ones." It seems the guy who made it for the studio had once been to a motorcycle race in England and seen guys filling bike tanks using funnels, so he thought everyone used jerry cans and funnels to fill their bikes. Hence, the Triumph oil-filler cap on the tank.

Anyway, I had the tank hangin' on the wall at Insane Wayne's shop in Santee, and some punk named Sal (now deceased) broke in and stole it and a lot of other parts and things. I figured that was the last we'd ever see of my tank. Where it went after that, only Allah knows for sure. You can imagine how surprised I was when I saw the tank in such a position of honor in *Easyriders*.

I'd like to close by saying, sure, I'd like to have it back, but I'm sure it means a lot to the guy who has it on his bike and I thought he ought to know his tank's proud history.

Flash
San Diego, Calif.

ABATE Of Wisconsin

□ This letter is in protest of an article in your July '84 issue. In this article you referred to Florida's helmet run during Bike Week as "the largest helmet protest run in history."

First of all, we support Florida's attempts to have their helmet law repealed. But let's not forget the organizations which have, in the past, built the groundwork for the many states that are still battling this ridiculous law.

In 1977 ABATE of Wisconsin and the Better Bikers Association had a helmet protest in Madison, Wisconsin, which brought together 35,000 motorcycles—50,000 bikers. This peaceful, unified effort of motorcyclists was enough to show our legislators that we will not stand for this forced legislation regarding Wisconsin's bikers. Since the repeal, the BBA has been discontinued; however, ABATE of Wisconsin remains

strong, fighting any anti-biker legislation, and we have been successful.

Again, we support ABATE of Florida's battle, but to ignore 50,000 bikers participating in this historic moment would be an insult to their efforts. I would also like to encourage all motorcyclists to attend these helmet protests, whether in their own state or neighboring states. Records are made to be broken and this is one I would like to see shattered by Florida or any other state.

ABATE of Wisconsin
Milwaukee, Wis.

Goin' To Holland

□ I'm planning a trip to Holland and would like to meet some bikers I can party with. I was hoping you could print my address so that I could get some letters from some bros over there.

Mike Wesselmann
807 Center Street
New Ulm, MN 56073

Prison Project

□ Concerning the "Get Smart" Prisoner Education Project in the October '84 issue: I wrote the address mentioned. Today I got a response. The address is different. For those in prison, the following address is what's happening: Chris St. John, Prisoner Education Project, Antioch School of Law, 1624 Crescent Place N.W., Washington, DC 20009.

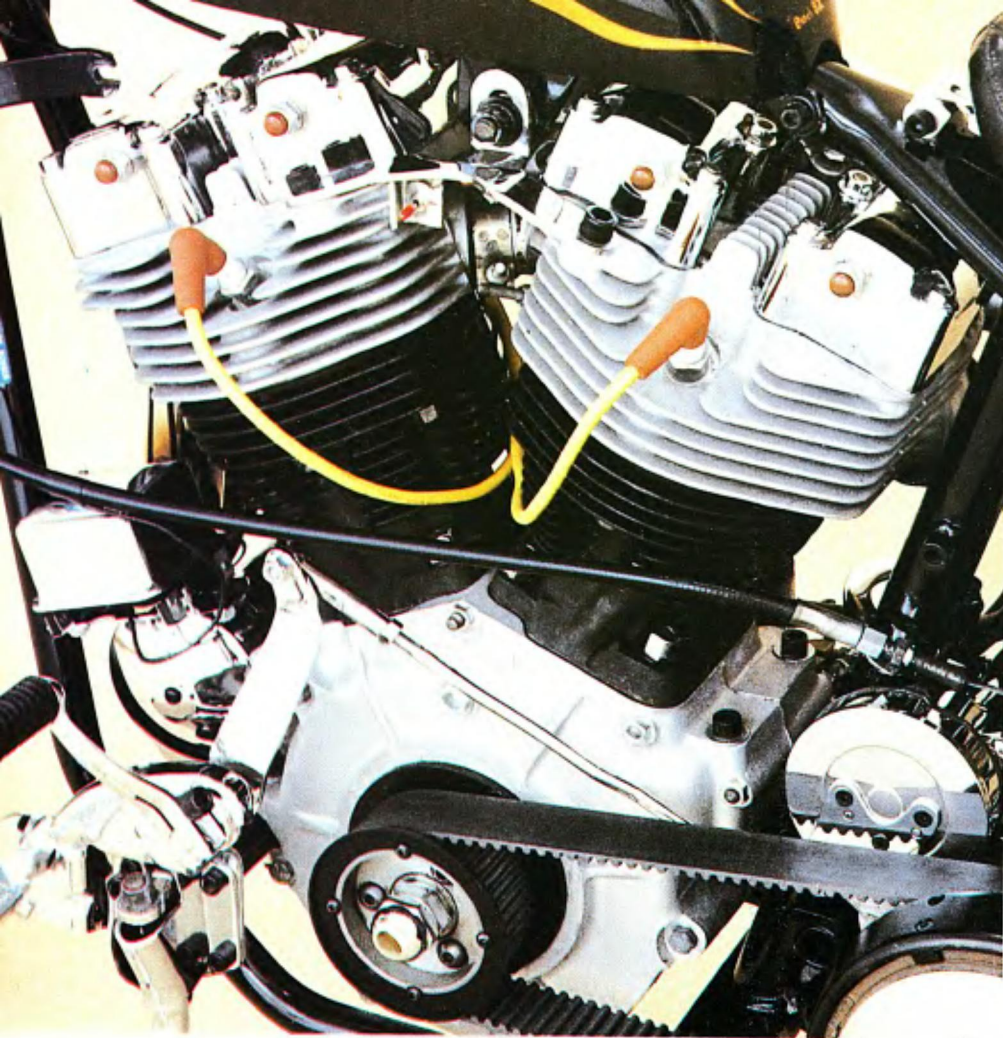
Jack Moore
Cross City, Fla.

Time For Changes

□ Recently, while planning for a vacation, I ran into a problem. I went down to the local H-D and Kawasaki dealer to purchase a front-brake master cylinder kit. The owner's daughter, who's in charge of the parts department, tried to help me. She looked up the part number and brought me the package. I spent \$26 on the kit, then took it to a cheaper shop to have the work done.

The mechanic checked the part and told me it was the kit for the rear. I took it back to exchange it. The girl at the H-D shop said it was missing a small cir-clip. Finally, the mechanic at the other shop called to verify that I was telling the truth. By this time, the old, senile-acting owner jumped in, telling me how my kind is always trying to get

Continued on page 104



THE SHOVELHEAD

After coexisting for a year or so with the blockhead, the shovelhead has passed quietly on to the factory and its dealers' parts bins. At the end of its run, the shovel had survived for 18 years (1966-1984), one year longer than its predecessor the panhead (1948-1965), and seven years longer than the knucklehead (1936-1947).

During its first two years of production, the shovel sported a late-model panhead lower end fitted with the new top end, the latter featuring huge valves, a bolt-held exhaust, a Y-type manifold, and removable rocker arm assemblies. Throughout 1966, the shovelhead engine came teamed with new carbure-

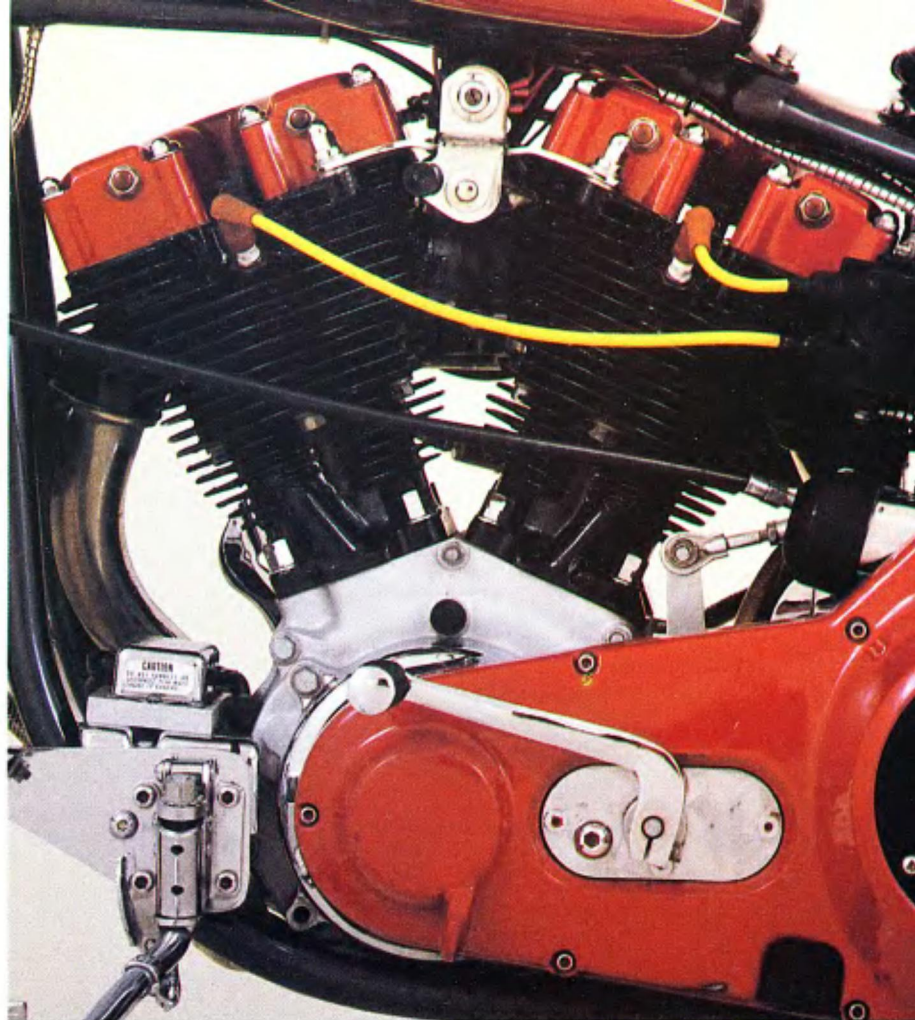
tor design by Linkert — a side-bowl version of the tried-and-true carb that had carried countless H-D riders in the past.

The following year, however, saw the Linkert replaced by the biggest pain in the butt to ever supply gas to a Big Twin — the Tillotson, a monster that H-D riders were forced to endure until 1970 (the same year the factory gave us the alternator lower end). The Tillotson was, pure and simple, either an up or a down carburetor. When it was right, you swore by it, but get a little dirt in the fuel system and you swore at it — vehemently — as it poured gas all over the right-hand side of your bike. From 1971-1975, the shovelhead wore Bendix — a work-

horse that's probably seen more retrofit to H-D's other models than any other carb ever made.

And finally, last but certainly not least, came the Keihin, fitted on all Big Twins from 1976 right on up to the last shovel to roll off the line in 1984. Since the year it was introduced, the Keihin's gone through perhaps as many as a dozen internal and external modifications, mainly because of ever-more-demanding EPA smog-reduction requirements. In addition to proving itself highly adaptable, the Keihin's basic reliability has also made it a survivor, keeping it part of the factory package right into the blockhead era.

During the shovelhead years, the Big Twin underwent more



YEARS

After 18 Years, It's Adios To An Old Friend

technological advances than during any other previous model period in the factory's history. Over the nearly two-decade span of time, Harley brought out alternators, electronic ignitions, air forks, and anti-dive front ends, to name but a few of those changes and improvements.

One of the foremost reasons behind the vast number of changes was money. To be precise, AMF's money — lots and lots of AMF's money. Although at first AMF had quality-control problems, within a couple of years of taking over the factory in 1969, they brought out the Super Glide. After that, came the Low Rider, then the Fatbob, and while they were still on the roll, these were followed by the Wide

Glide. Consequently, today we have rubber-mounted engines, five-speed trannies, and rear belts — all pioneered on shovelheads.

And now we've arrived at the final chapter. After working hard at stud for eighteen solid years, the shovel has been put out to pasture. And as it came in, so it's gone. Originally available as a dresser, it seems particularly fitting that the last two production runs at York were also dressers.

The next-to-last run turned out 500 FLHS models, the sport dresser: no bags, no windscreen, pegs instead of boards. (By the way, *Easyriders* is giving away the very last FLHS to roll off the assembly line; see *Easyriders*

#140.) The final factory run using shovel power plants produced FLHXs — special-edition Electra Glides, numbering only 1250 units.

The shovelhead years came to an end in June 1984, with the last bike made going on display at the Rodney C. Gott Museum, there on the grounds of H-D's York, Pennsylvania, assembly plant. Retired it may well be, but it's not too likely that the shovelhead will ever be forgotten. Hell, I imagine that if we could look into the next century, we'd see one or two grand old shovels still keeping on keeping on. That's the nature of the beast that gave us eighteen years of mighty fine riding.

—Wrench

GO, BIG RED

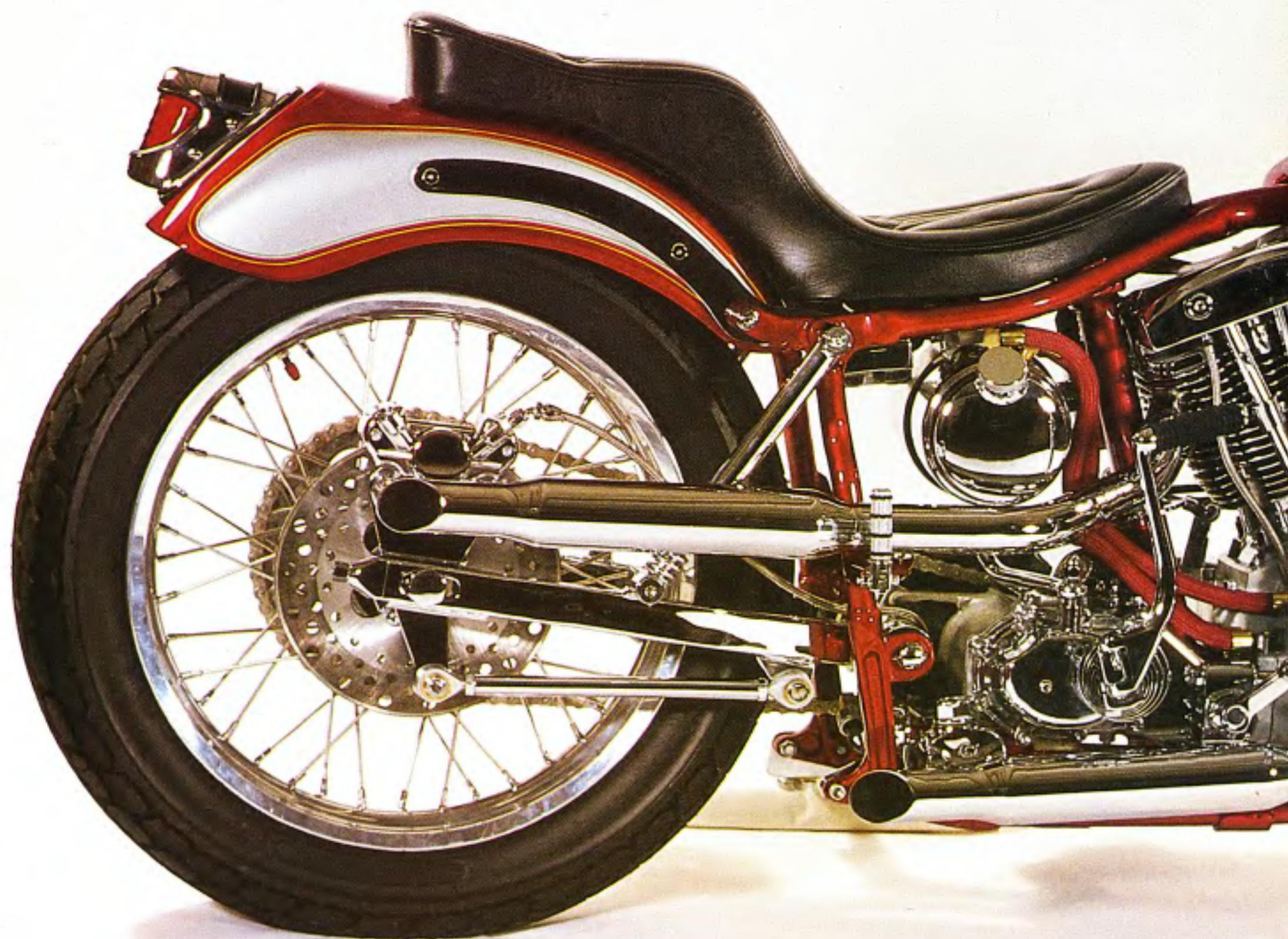
Bill Gardner doesn't build bikes to make a buck. He builds only when, and if, the spirit moves him to create. The result has been a relatively small number of primo rides, each a little better than the last, and a lot better than most everybody else's.

When it comes to Midwest college football powerhouses, the Cornhuskers of the University of Nebraska are, year in and year out, one of the perennial favorites. Known as "Big Red"

because of their uniform colors, the team has some of the most rabid fans in the nation. Wherever they play, there always seems to be as many 'Husker fans screamin' "Go, Big Red!" as there are fans root-root-rootin' for the

home team. And you'll see the same message — Go, Big Red — on bumper stickers 'round the country.

No surprise then, that master machinist Bill Gardner of Omaha decided to paint his latest creation the official



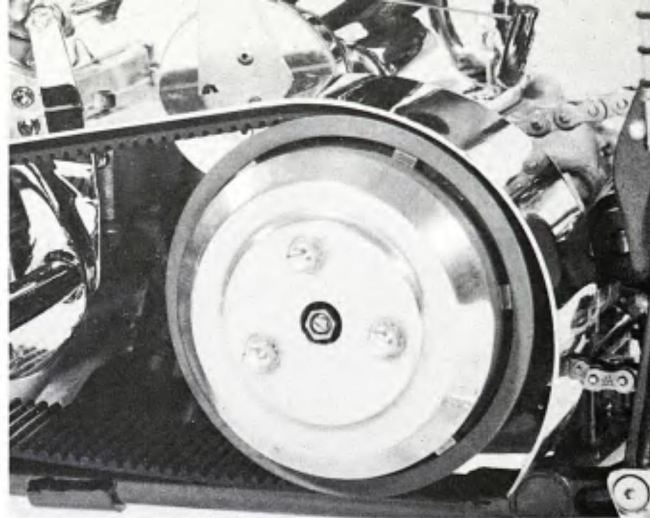


color of Nebraska football fanatics everywhere — eye-searing, brilliant red.

Bill, who began building bikes as a hobby with a 30-inch AJS back in 1953 when he was all of 15, grew up to become one of the most





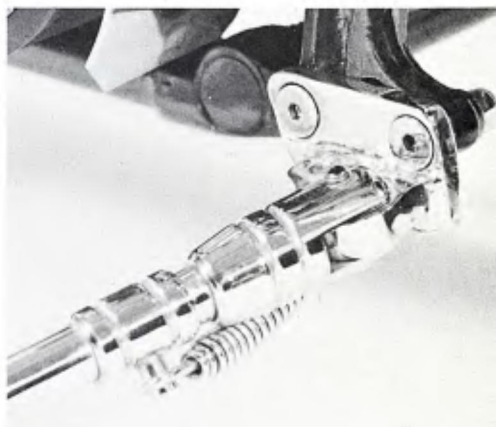


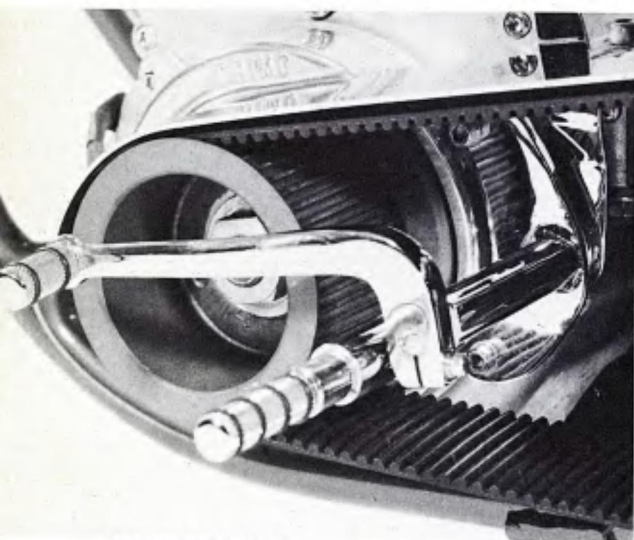
sought-after machinists in the country. In addition to cranking out home-built cycles on a leisurely build-'em-when-you've-got-the-inspiration schedule, he also supplies custom parts to a number of top after-market parts suppliers, such as Phase Three.

Despite this success — and the industry's obvious high regard for his work —

Bill remains modest about his bikes, sounding a lot like a Big Red football coach trying to avoid rubbing salt into the wounds of his opponents after a particularly good season.

About this stunner, for example, Bill will only say, "It surprised me. I never thought it would turn out this good or this dependable. It just runs and runs at what-





Photos by Bill Gardner



Owner: Bill Gardner		City: Omaha, Neb.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1984 H-D		Builder: owner/H-D	
Model: Big Twin		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$8500		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: a little	
Time: two months		Other alterations: front section	
Chroming by: Industrial Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: one off, owner	
Year: 1984		Risers: part of bars	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): glass, owner	
Rebuilder: Fred Jansen		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points		Taillight: beehive	
Displacement: 86 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S 4 1/2 wheels		Front pegs: SB&F	
Balancing: Fred Jansen		Rear pegs: SB&F	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: Voltpak	
Cases: Delkon		Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal. H-D	
Heads: ported by Jansen		Oil tank: 4-qt., owner	
Cam(s): Leineweber RE-J2		Oil system: tight	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Primo belt guard	
Carb(s): Rivera SU		Seat: Danny Grey	
Air cleaner: Rivera		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: handmade		Height: about 2 in.	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: smooth		Type: springer	
Year: 1984		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner; one off	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 19 in.
Molding: Dan De Foil		Hub: Hallcraft	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dave Huxhold		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM6
Color: apple red and silver		Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: candy		Brake: none	Brake: owner
Special paint: striping by Richard Victor			
Other special modifications: Shock struts by SB&F; fender rails by owner.			

ever speed you're brave enough to fly it."

Meanwhile, again like a football coach but this time one who always has to have part of his mind on how he's gonna replace a graduating superstar, Bill's already planning his next All-American project.

"It's going to be a nitrous-oxide-fired, turbo-charged

Sporty," he says. "And believe me, it's gonna be fast."

From what I've seen of Bill's work, I've got no doubts on that score. It kinda makes me glad I'm not an opposing coach trying to devise a successful defense against this Cornhusker's potent lineup of hot-looking, rapid-runnin' Harley-Davidsons.

—Butcher



I'm scooting through this lush green farming valley thinking of Willie Nelson singin' "Whiskey River." It's gonna run dry for me pretty soon, along with the gas tank on my scoot, 'cause I'm out of money. And the credit card I took when I left my ol' lady will soon have a "Stop Charges" on it, if it don't already. And some asshole in a gas station somewhere will try to take it away from me. I've been using it now for almost three months. Three months back pay for all the misery I put up with towards the end with that woman.

I scoot into this horse's ass town and find the employment office. They don't like the looks of me, I can tell. Fuck 'em! I just wanna work and earn some money to take me a little ways farther down the road.

"There isn't much work around," this bumhole says, not even gettin' up from his desk to come to the counter. "Exceptin' farm work," he adds.

He figgers, I guess, that I ain't gonna want farm work, and I'll move on out real quick before I terrorize the town virgin.

"Farm work's OK with me," I say.

"You registered?" he asks.

"I just rode into town," I say.

He gives me a look that I oughta give him a mouthful of knuckles for. Then he goes away, takes his fucking time, and comes back shovin' a piece of paper at me.

"Here. Try this man. He's lookin' for hired help."

I don't know where the place is from squat, but I'll be shot and pissed on if I'll ask him. Outside I stop this old-timer who looks like he's decent, and it turns out he is. I ask him about the address, and he tells me, then we talk about bikes. He looks over my scoot. Turns out he used to ride an Indian Scout many years ago, and had a Harley once, too. Though he ain't ridden for years it's still in his heart and the wind's in his hair.

"Damn!" he says, "Damn! Makes me wanna buy another. I'm seventy-three, whaddya think, sonny?"

"Pops," I tell him, "you ain't never too old."

"Fuck, ain't it the truth," he says, and walks away cackling. "I could do with one of 'em biker mamas, too," he calls back. Old fart's got more juice in him than a dozen suit-and-tie boys.

The farmer I'm seeing about work has a real fancy place. Lots of land. Everything painted white: house, barn, storage sheds. Milk cows in the fields. I don't think I got much hope of getting on with him. Soon as he sees me putt into his yard, he's gonna decide he

don't want no biker hanging 'round his place. The old-timer in town who gave me directions had said, "He's a Dutchman. Lots of Dutchmen around here. All of 'em farmers, and all of 'em religious as hell, sonny. Don't be disappointed if he don't hire ya."

But I got to give it a try anyway, so I ride into the yard, put the scoot on the stand and walk up to the back door. I wish my clothes were a little cleaner, and looked a little better, but I've been on the road for two weeks straight and I really need this job. It's lunch time and the farmer himself comes to the door. He's a giant!

"Yah?" he asks.

"You need a hired man," I say, "an' I'm lookin' for work."

He looks me up and down, and I figger this is it. He's gonna tell me he's already hired someone, or he don't need no one anymore. But instead of that he says, "You hongry?"

"Yeah, I guess I am."

"Come in and take your shoes off," he says.

So I slip out of my boots, wishing I had some socks without holes in the toes. We walk through a back porch with everything neat and tidy and clean into a kitchen that's as big as the whole house me and my ex-ol' lady shared — only it don't have a 20-foot Kotex box in the corner to remind me she's on the rag.

His family's eating lunch in the kitchen. Nobody's ever spilled anything on this fuckin' floor that wasn't wiped up before it even hit.

"My name's Pete," he says. "Dis iss my wife."

His wife's sitting at the table with two daughters. Holy shit! This is real farm beauty! These daughters have been fed on milk and honey. And apples, too, just for their cheeks. God, they look so clean and healthy they make my ex-ol' lady look like Scrung the manure-girl! One is maybe 16, the other 14. He introduces them: Hildy, the oldest, and Trinka.

"You vant to vash up?" he asks, and leads me to a bathroom just off the kitchen. When I come out there's a place for me at the table. My plate is loaded with sausages, potatoes and green beans. Christ, a feed fit for a king! And warm buns from the oven. I eat like a man going to the chair, while they talk and ask me questions: Where am I from? Do I like their valley? Are my folks still alive? I lie about most of it. How can you tell folks that most of your life you've had to dip for shit? That when you were in the slam you got an ol' lady, but when you come out and start living with her, it don't work out, because all she

Continued from page 84

IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF BROS

By Tubby Smithson



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.

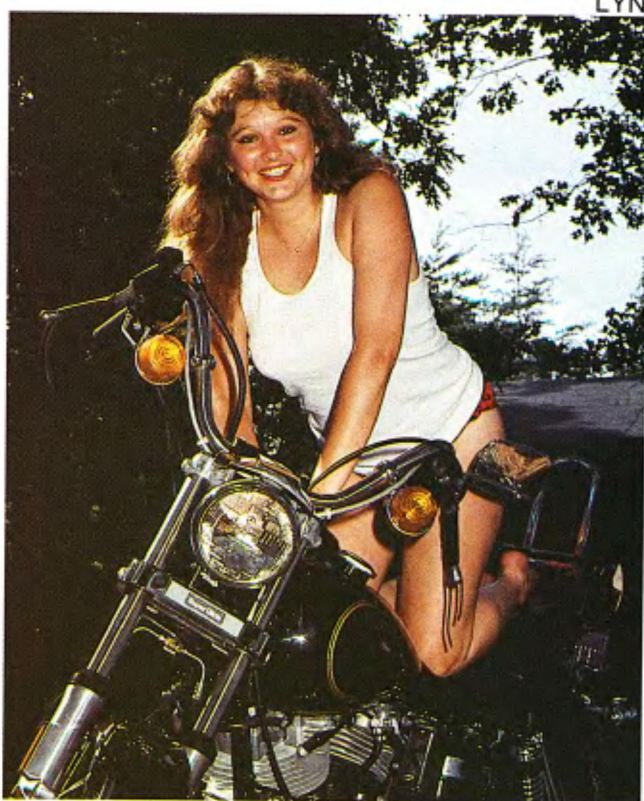
All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch 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 February 28th. We'll print the winner in the June issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #141 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



Here she is, folks — **Diana Mae**, the fifth monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Tigger, Diana P., and Phyll.



LYN

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

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 keep 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.

141



ROSE



SANDRA



KIM



JERI

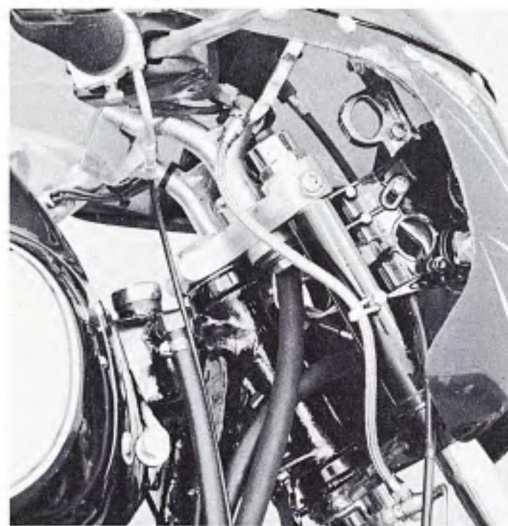
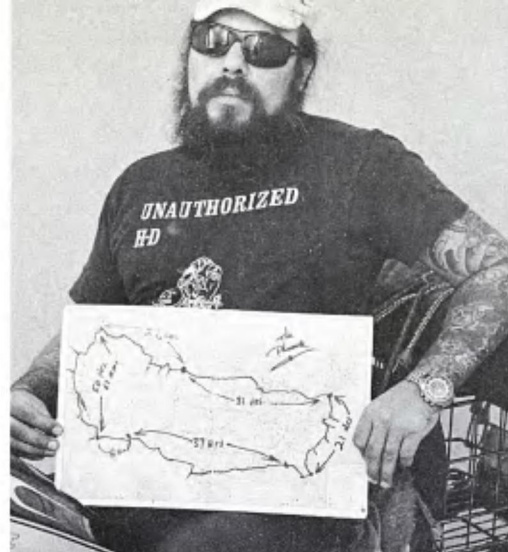


"I just rode the dog shit out of it," said Pharoah, after he and his back-shop scooter finished one of the meanest, most torturous, grueling, tests of man and machine found on this continent or anywhere else — The Iron Butt Trans-American Road Rally.

Pharoah's ride started when Brother Duce turned him on to an ad for the event.

Reading the ad, Pharoah's first thought was that "It was going to be a balls-to-the-wall type of race." But after calling the promoter, he found it was actually going to be a road rally, whatever that meant. Pharoah said he would've prepared a turbo-powered Harley if it had been a race to see who could get to point B from point A the fastest. As it was, he had his sled geared to go in the 140mph range should it be necessary and he told me that he "seldom went less than 115mph." He has the traffic tickets to prove it.

He also found out that



once the race had started tires couldn't be changed without costing a rider 250 points — thereby making it almost impossible to win. Because the participants also had to have stock gas tanks, Pharoah chose the FLT model since it holds 5.2 gallons.

Pharoah never did get a copy of the rules for the rally; all he received in the mail was a waiver to hold the promoter blameless in case of an accident, which is standard practice. Originally, \$26,000 was to go to the winner, but as it turned out, the total received by Iron Butt riders was \$5000 — split four ways — and contingency gifts (tires, tubes, goggles, helmets, etc.) from a few manufacturers. Nothing like the real thing, but maybe next year someone will have their shit together and come up with more cash for the toughest of the tough Iron Butts.

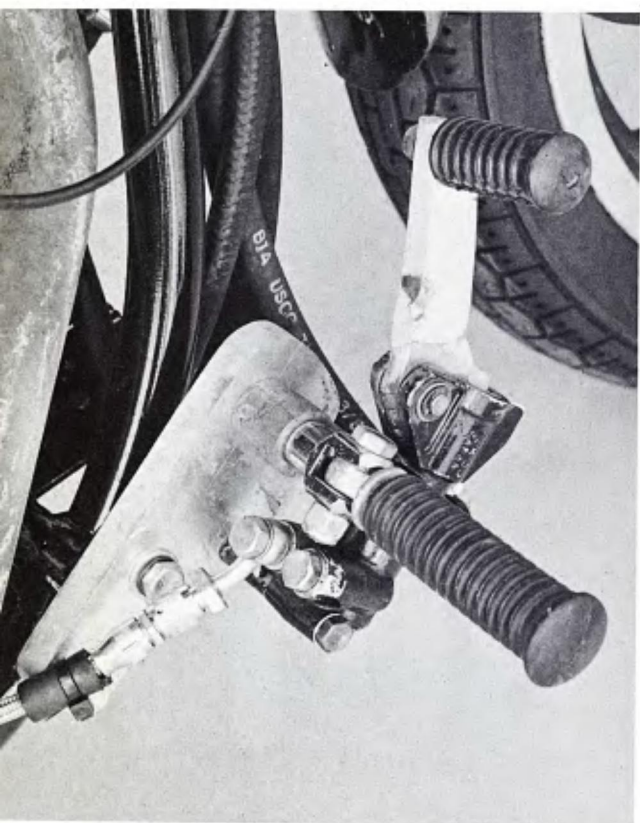
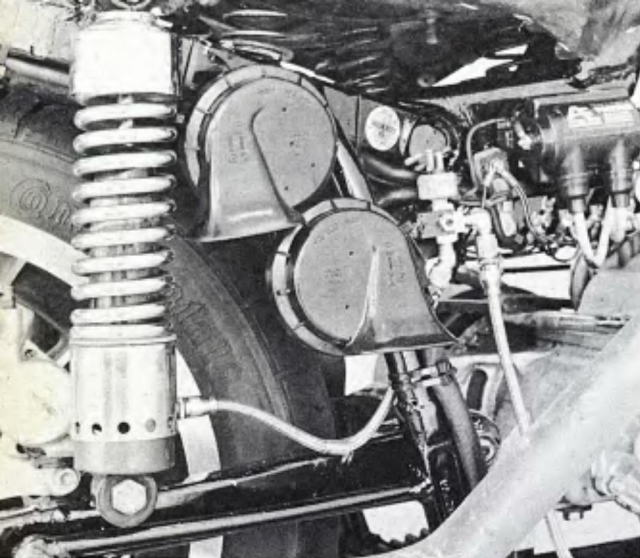
Imagine, if you will, what it took to travel 8400 miles in ten days. There are those of

TOUGH BUTT

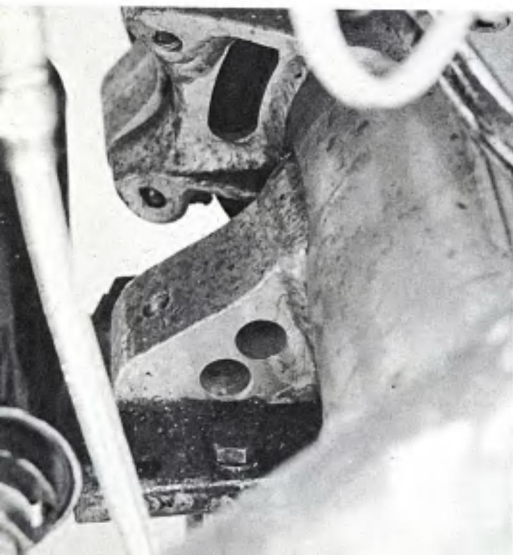
by Ripper

Photos from Pharoah





Photos by Pete Chiodo



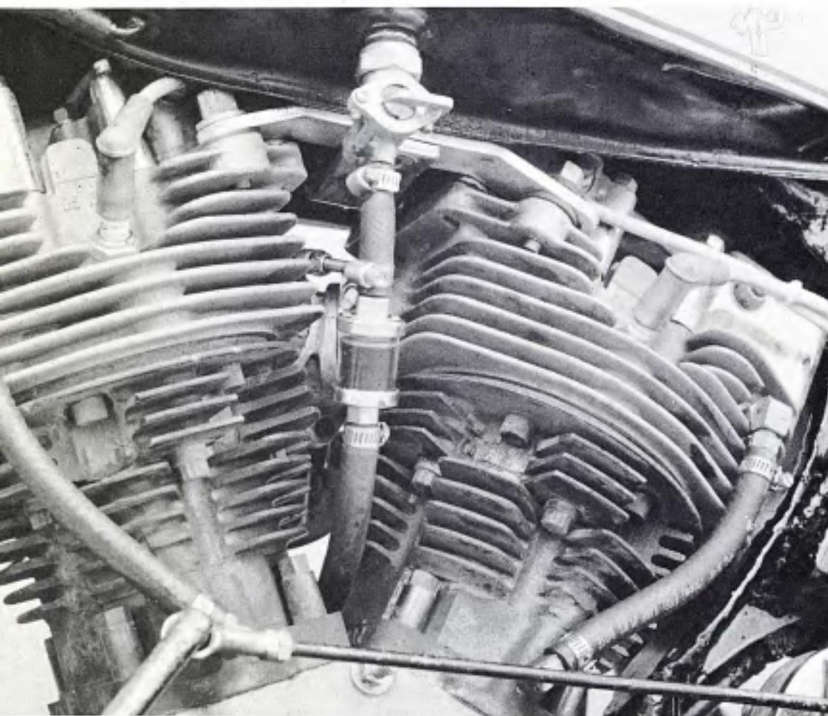
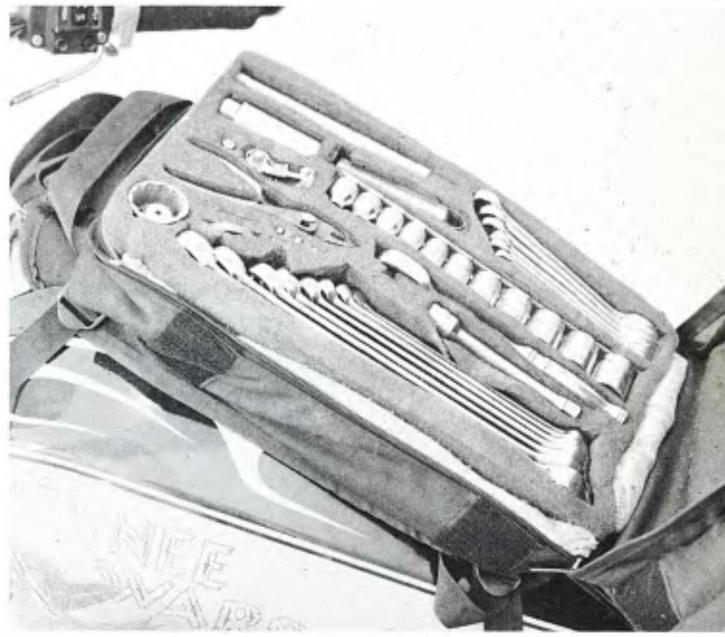
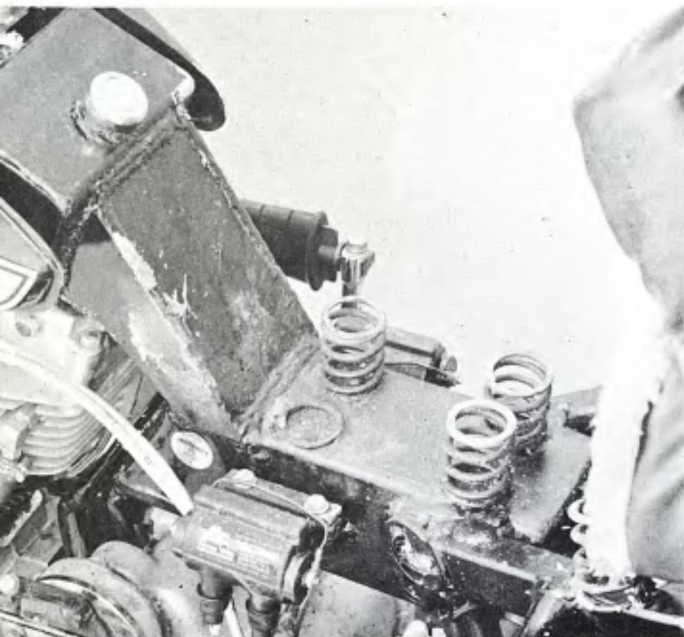
you who are probably saying, "So what? The Cannonball Rally is run in seven days." Okay, but on the Cannonball, there can be several drivers for any one car, truck, van or what have you. One man/one machine is the truest test of any race there ever was — it's the Super Bowl of racing. There's simply no comparison to the Iron Butt

Trans-American Race.

But, whoa — let me back up a bit. Pharoah said he hopes none of his friends or customers got too pissed off because he refused to work on anyone's bike for a month before the contest. Since he owns Unauthorized Harley in Mesa, Arizona, and has a frame jig, he thought he'd build himself a cafe-racer

Owner: Unauthorized H-D		City: Mesa, Ariz.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1968 before mods	
Year and make: 1972 H-D		Builder: H-D/owner	
Model: Road Machine		Type: squishy tail	
Value: \$20,000		Rake: 31 degrees	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 30 days		Other alterations: oil tank in frame	
Chroming by: here and there		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1972		Risers: 6 in.	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): H-D	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: 7-in., 55/100 halogen	
Ignition: points, 4 plugs		Taillight: adequate	
Displacement: 98 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D/120mph	
Lower end: 4½-in. wheels		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: 3½-in. plus .070		Electrics: Voltpak	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 5.2-gal. FLT	
Heads: owner; 10 head bolts each		Oil tank: 7-qt.; owner	
Cam(s): 525 lift		Oil system: spin-on filter	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S&S two-throat		Seat: Naomi	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: milk crate modified	
Pipes: 40-in. straight		Height: 10½ in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 16 gauge by ¼ wire	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: late gears in early box		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1972		Extension: 1½ in. under stock	
Shifting: hand, slap stick		Builder: Showa	
Engine sprocket: belt, 27 teeth		Special features: hydraulic steering damper	
Trans sprocket: belt, 36 teeth		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: belt, 66 teeth		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Iggy		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Iggy		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: black, yellow, orange		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: Imron		Brake: H-D disc	Brake: Grimeca D/A
Special paint: artwork by Magilla			

Other special modifications: Fairing, swingarm shortened with axle moved up and back, raised kickstand, trans raised one inch, remote reservoir master cylinder.



type of scoot. That, along with researching and developing the proper gear ratio, took up most of his time. In fact, he stayed up three days straight before he was supposed to be on the starting line in Montgomeryville, Pennsylvania. He said he was still welding tabs and brackets on the bike just before leaving Mesa. He also had to borrow money from relatives in order to get

to the start line, 'cause he knew he'd be stopped and arrested, and he had to have enough money to cover bail for the tickets he'd be getting. Eventually, he received nine tickets to the tune of about \$1000, and in so doing, figures he must have outrun maybe a dozen highway patrol units throughout the country. An additional accomplishment along these

same lines was the melting down of two imported bikes that tried to stay up with his hard charger. It wasn't all fun and games, though. He dropped his bike a few times due to exhaustion and he had to stop many times to catch 10 or 15 minutes of rest. Often he wouldn't even get off the scooter before heading out again.

He didn't

Continued on page 91



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Remember This: Here's A Second Chance To Get One Free!

Spider always says, "If ya snooze, ya lose," but even he was surprised at how popular our biker bags were when we gave 'em away a couple of months back. Here's another chance to grab one of these these well-built, waterproof, 9" x 17" carryalls. The last batch flew outta here so fast, you'd have sworn that Mutha had just broken a gale-force wind, but now that we've finally gotten another shipment, Spider says, "Give 'em away, just like before." So here's the deal: Just send us \$18 — \$12 off the newsstand price — and we'll send you the next 12 big issues of **Easyriders** and a free biker bag. But ya better act now — don't snooze through yer second chance to get bagged for free!

One summer night almost twenty years ago I was in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in a friend's garage, squattin' next to my cantankerous Sportster and wondering if I'd ever make it home to Texas. The transmission had locked up just as I was about to start the last leg of my trip and I was in a foul mood. With grease up to my elbows, filthy engine oil matting my hair, my sweat-saturated shirt sticking to my back, and a swarm of bayou mosquitoes enveloping my head, I guzzled beer to fight my hangover and tinkered with the worn-out gears while cursing the Harley gods that had cruelly abandoned me without the right tools or the money to buy parts. It had been a great trip till then — I'd had my brains fucked out by a couple of bayou bitches and had been stuffed with so much gumbo that I was convinced a crawdad or two was still clawing around inside my booze-soured stomach.

Cutting through the steam-bath atmosphere of the garage was an old radio tuned to XERF, the 500,000-watt weirdness-blasters broadcasting from Mexico just across the Texas border. To this day, the most vivid memory of that trip isn't the fine, slow-talking pussy I had enjoyed or the miles of riding through the dense green countryside. Nope, what I remember best is Wolfman Jack, like a tent preacher who's gobbled a handful of biphedamine-20s, ranting and raving all through the night, saying shit like, "I'm gonna lay your brains on the floor right about now, baby," and hustling his own mail-order masterpiece album, **Wolfman Jack Live at the Peppermint Lounge in Bossier City, Louisiana**. Like a fool, I never sent off the "three-dollah, ninety-eight cents, cash; check or money order" to get that record, but I'm happy to say that a couple of new releases brought back a flood

DOWNTIME

BY THE AUSTIN ANIMAL



Marcia Ball

of humid Louisiana memories and reminded me just how important that state has been in the history of rock 'n' roll, a tradition maintained by the artist reviewed below.

Soulful Dress/Marcia Ball: For years and years now, Marcia Ball has been one of the best-kept secrets of the Austin music scene. She's been knocking 'em dead playing the "crawfish circuit" throughout east Texas and Louisiana, while remaining pretty much unknown outside that area. Now, however, she's made a major breakthrough by signing with Rounder Records, an outfit whose development of other artists gives rise to the hope

that they won't treat her with the record-'em-and-dump-'em idiot mentality that often characterizes the bigger labels.

Because there was no hospital in her hometown of Vinton, Louisiana, Ball was born in Orange, Texas, just across the state line. She grew up listening to performers like Fats Domino, Joe Tex, Wilson Pickett, and Irma Thomas, the New Orleans-based rhythm-and-blues singer whom she credits as being her primary vocal influence. About twelve years ago she drifted into the Austin music scene. There she and her band, Freda and the Fire-dogs, packed the clubs and beer joints with the same

bizarre mixture of dopers and rednecks that would soon make Willie Nelson a maverick superstar.

The drinking age in Louisiana used to be lower than it was in Texas, and as a result, a lot of suck-'em-down-and-boogie booze halls grew up along the roads just across the border in rough-and-ready towns like Vinton and Bossier City. Each weekend an influx of thirsty, underage hard-dicks would descend on these places to guzzle hard liquor, dance, paw the whores who worked the trucker trade during the week, and see if they could drive their drunken way home without leaving their guts spread along some isolated stretch of state highway. Coming out of that funk-and-fuck background, Marcia Ball learned her music the hard way, by singing no-shit rhythm and blues and playing to the toughest audiences this side of a holding tank in the county jail.

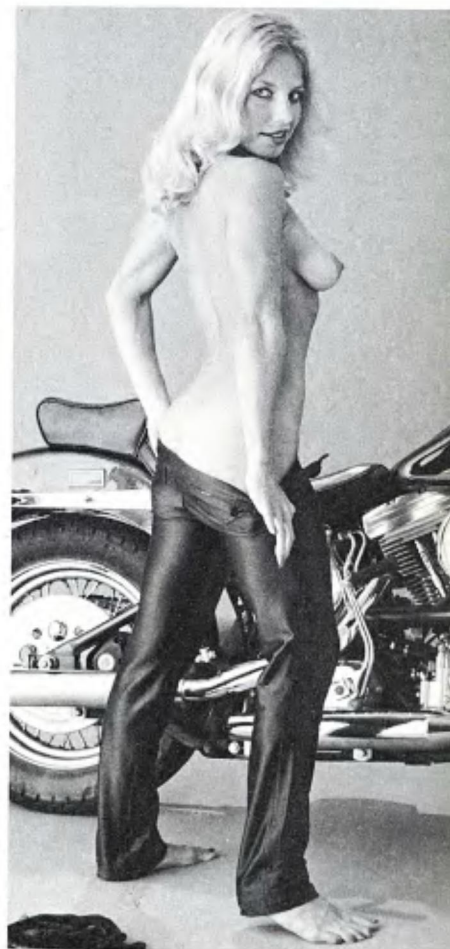
Soulful Dress is a fine showcase for Marcia's remarkable talent. The title tune is a cocky rocker, the anthem of a gal who's dressin' up in her best fuck-me dress, ready to turn the guys to shit and have herself one helluva time. She pays tribute to Chuck Berry with her own kickass rocker, "Eugene," just one of several unpretentious roots-of-the-blues rockers on this primo album.

A lanky six-footer with sexy magnetism that shows through in every note she sings, Marcia Ball is a singer to keep your eye on. And that won't be hard to do when you get a look at the cover of this album — Marcia in the dress of the album's title, a slinky, slit-up-the-leg teaser that makes you want to grab some gumbo and howl at the moon. If you like the best in undiluted rock and blues sung by a gal who's paid her dues and come back for more, grab this record, and have a howlin' good time.

WOMEN ARE STRANGE



Photos by Pete Chiodo



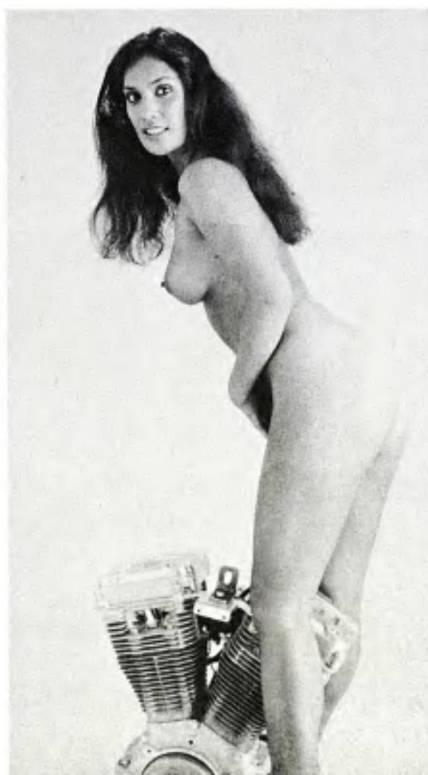
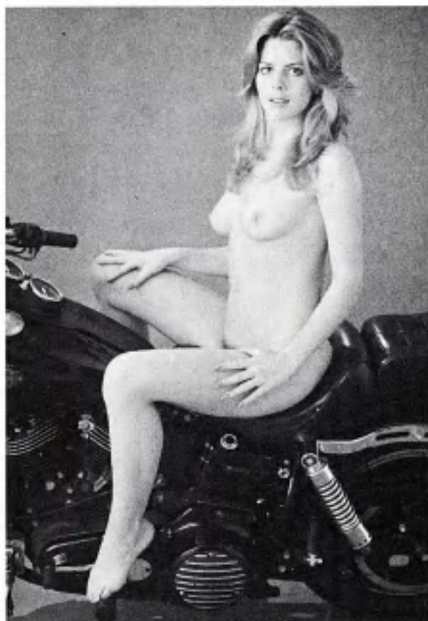
ANIMALS •

Some are pretty, some are ugly, some are young, some are old, but to our house slime-o-cologist Dr. Twatburger they're all nothin' but lazy, money-hungry, no-account sluts.

Before comin' to any conclusions about this here article, both male an' female readers should be aware of some important facts: males who don't like Doc Twatburger criticizin' women should be subscribin' to *Reader's Digest* or *Boy's Life*, an' women who don't care for my kind of writin' can stuff it. If anyone in this world knows more about women than the ol' Doc, I'd like to meet him — or her — an' that includes any butch-types who might pick up this rag to get some ideas about how to treat a woman. Butches got pussies, too, an' if they ever had a good lay, they probably would never turn back.

Some women are pretty, some are ugly, some are young, some are old, some are fat, an' some are thin. But all women are vain, an' they're all extremely sensitive to criticism, whether they show it or not. When criticized, they have a way of gettin' back at ya. They complain about havin' a headache, they get on the rag just when you've got a weekend party planned, or they deliberately avoid takin' the Pill so they'll get pregnant an' fuck up your savings plan for that new Harley-Davidson. Women have no sense of humor when it concerns themselves, an' they all react out loud. They scream an' bitch an' complain, but it's just to get attention. Fuck 'em or paste 'em in the chops — that's the kind of attention they're lookin' for in the first place. Women like to be *manhandled*.

Biker women, I must admit, are just a little bit better than your ordinary run-of-the-mill broads, simply 'cause most of 'em know where they stand in the peckin' order of the membership. They keep their mouths shut when they're



around their ol' man an' his partners, they stay out of the way an' don't interrupt, they bring him a brew when he snaps his fingers, an' they have the uncanny ability to notice a tiny flyspeck on the paint job of his bike an' wipe it off before the ol' man puts the bad-eye on 'em. Or feeds 'em a knuckle sandwich.

Biker women don't often fuck up when it comes to knowin' how to act in male company. With them, a man an' his bike come first.

Another good thing about 'em is they have a long, free stride that makes 'em look tall an' slim an' proud. They still maintain that healthy-lookin', free-spirited American girls' walk.

Women who give dirty looks to bikers when they pass, or who ignore 'em when spoken to, or who haven't ever worn a tit-top an' Levi's an' hung onto a real man while flyin' down the freeway on a bike, are nothin' but ordinary Bozos. Take a look at 'em sometime. They stuff their feet into shoes so tight that they totter along like unreconstructed Vietnamese hookers. Either that, or they wobble down the sidewalk in thick-soled shoes that give the impression the wearer is either club-footed or has just stomped through a corral full of wet cow shit.

Biker women may have brains, but they keep 'em hidden. They pretend they ain't smart at all. That's what makes 'em so damned good. Their man comes first. Period. If it just

Continued on page 95

ON THAT

by John Paul Tracy

Ignacio waited in his pickup until the enormous gringo with the red beard and ponytail finally left the house. It was a long wait, nearly two hours longer than he had expected. On the seat next to him sat a grocery bag and the remains of his dinner: two empty long necks, torn packages of barbecued potato chips, a half-eaten burrito. He didn't want to move because of the gringo's dogs. A step outside would have set them yelping and howling. They didn't seem to mind him, though, as long as he stayed inside the truck. Stupid animals.

Around eleven a red truck came hauling ass down the rutted asphalt road and stopped in front of the house. Three people jumped out, went inside, and emerged a few minutes later with the gringo. They all got into the truck and Ignacio watched with some relief as the truck sped off again, into the night.

He waited another five minutes, the beer in his bladder a painful ache, and then finally climbed down gratefully to the ground. His back to the wind, he pissed cheerfully onto the road. Whistling, he headed toward the house, casually carrying the grocery sack in which he'd stuffed his tools: a crowbar, a .22 long-barreled revolver, and ten pounds of hamburger.

Damned lucky about the house — except for the fence company, it was the only thing for miles. Behind it there were the vast acres of an army missile range; in front of it the lights of El

Paso and Juarez twinkled, twenty miles distant.

The front door was easy. Ignacio used the crowbar on it, not trying to be subtle. The dogs started up again and he was ready for them, but when he wrenched the door open, their barking continued. They were in the garage. All the better. In the kitchen, he paused, fished around in the refrigerator, and found a beer.

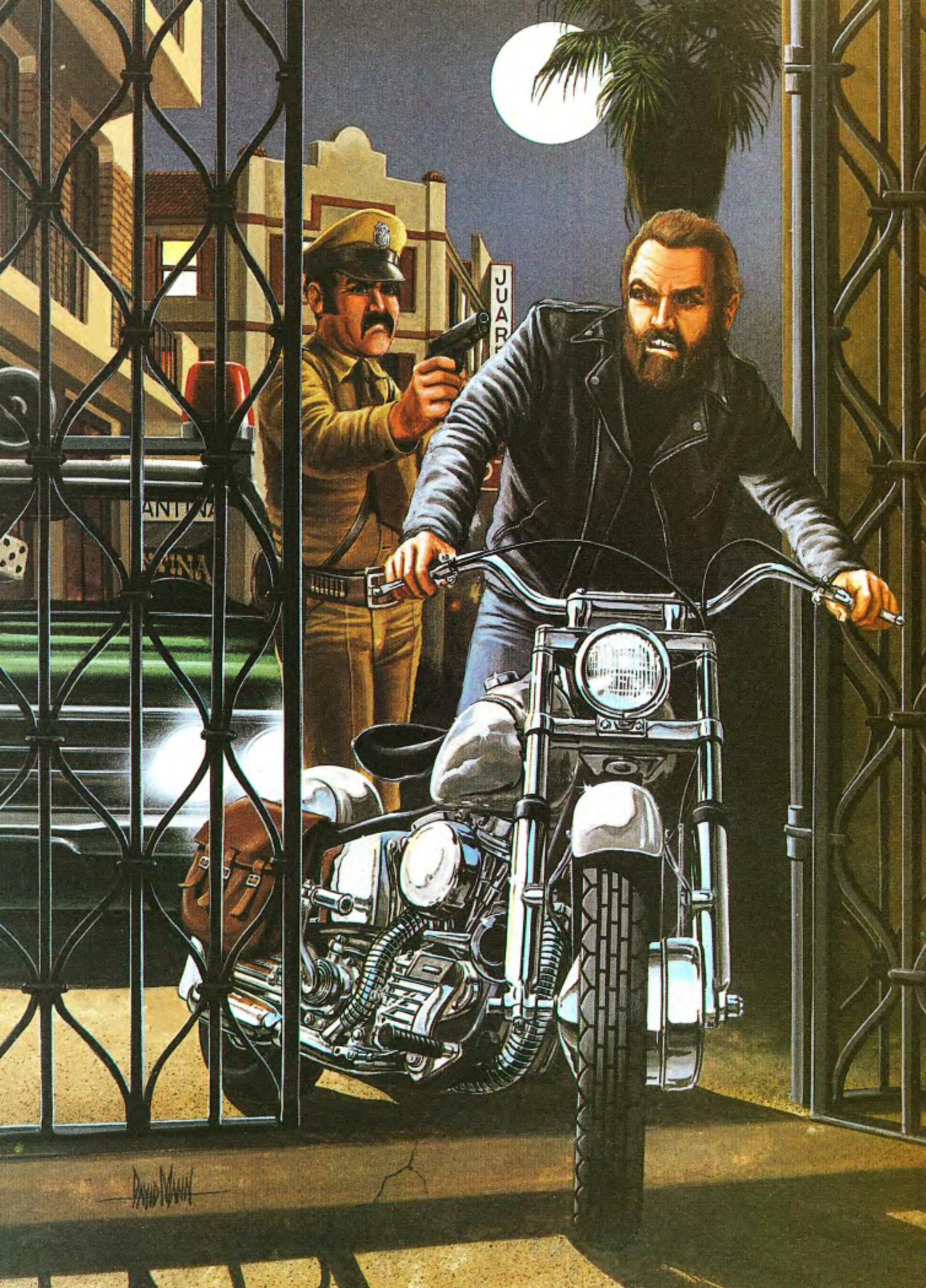
The door to the garage, as he expected, was double-locked. As he worked at it, splintering the heavy wood in the frame as he tore the padlock and then the door loose, he got his first sight of the dogs — rows of teeth that hurled themselves again and again at the opening. Using the crowbar, he widened a hole and calmly pushed balls of hamburger through it. The barking slowed, replaced by the frenzied sounds of snapping and swallowing. The dogs grew quieter.

Sighing, he finished the beer and glanced at his watch. Half an hour. It was taking too damned long. Pushing a kitchen chair in front of him, Ignacio cracked the door to the garage. A dark shape hurtled out of the darkness. He shot it. Again he cracked open the door, keeping the chair between him and the opening. Another shape, another shot. He flipped the light, opened the door wide.

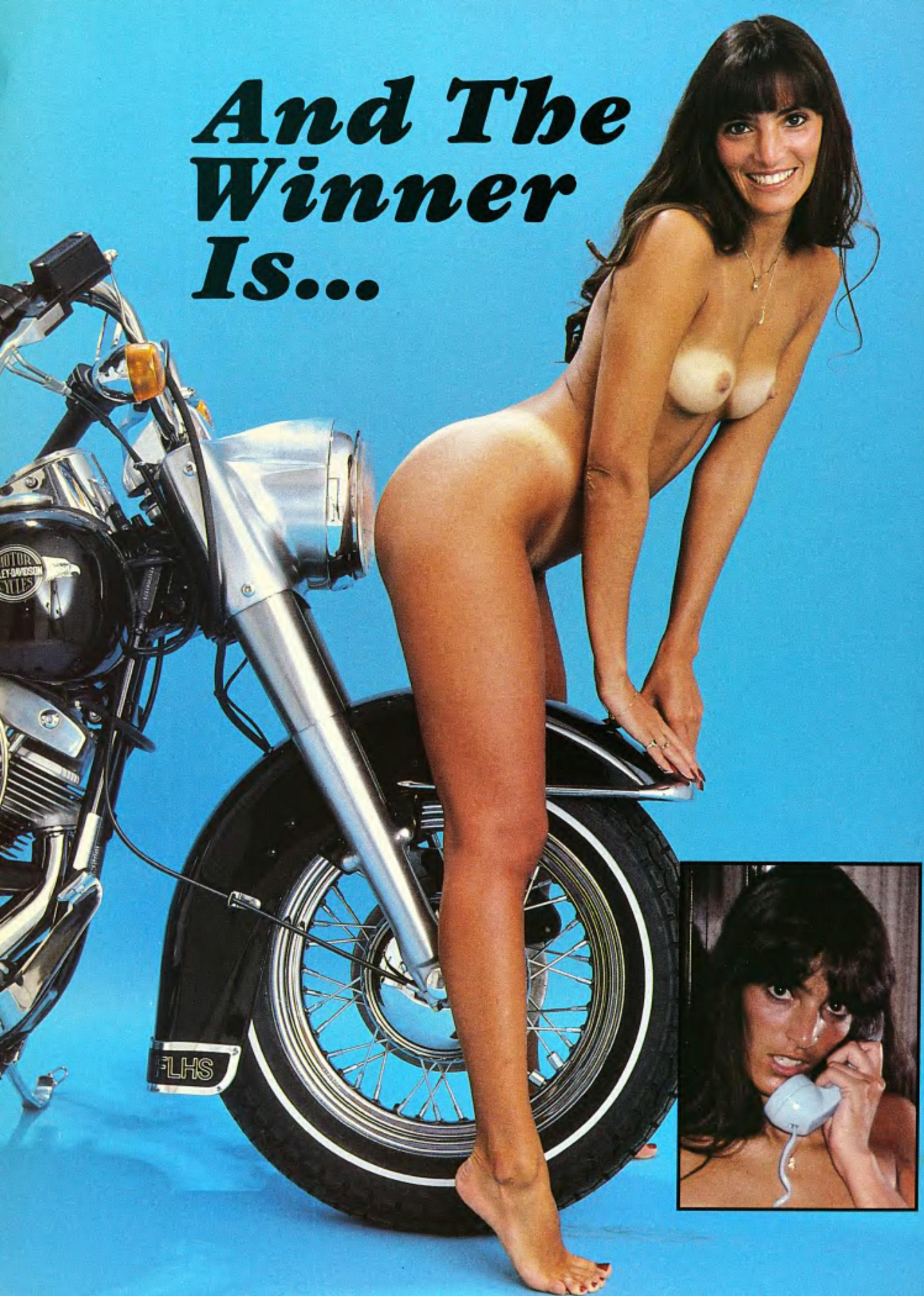
Neither dog was dead, but both lay immobile, their fangs drawn back in frozen, growling rictuses. Dobermans. "Sorry, doggies," he said. He shot them both in the head.

Continued on page 105

OTHER SIDE



***And The
Winner
Is...***



Our Sixth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year is as well-traveled as some of the bros who voted for her.

Born and partly raised on the West Coast, our newly crowned Ol' Lady of the Year moved to rural Missouri at the age of 13, where she grew into womanhood wishing for a Prince Charming to show up and carry her away from her family's small farm in the Ozark Mountains.

Unlike the wistful girls in all those fairy tales, however, Sue didn't go for the bit about hopping on the back of Prince Charming's great white charger and riding off to live happily ever after in some walled-off castle surrounded by a moat. As far as Sue was concerned, that kind of life sounded as dreary as farm living. She wanted a life full of bright lights, good times, and parties that went on till dawn — of the second or third day.

Eventually, of course, Sue found her Prince Charming, and as luck would have it, his charger was a stallion from Milwaukee, foaled by Harley out of Davidson. Since her prince had no more intention of retiring to a secluded palace than Sue did, it was off to Colorado, where, to quote Willie Nelson, "The bright lights of Denver were shinin' like diamonds, like ten thousand jewels in the sky."

Taking to big city biker life like Donald





Duck to a movie screen, Sue soon discovered that female bodies were good for a whole lot of things besides carryin' buckets of slops to the pigs and sweepin' out barns. Encouraged by her ol' man and his bros, she began dancin' and soon became one of the most popular topless performers in the Denver area.

She became so popular, in fact, that when the bros at one local hot spot voted on which chick should represent them in the Ol' Lady Of The Year Contest, Sue was the hands-down favorite.

So, while we congratulate Sue on winning the annual award, we also congratulate those Denver bros who recognized her potential and persuaded her to enter the contest. You got great eyes, men, as proven by the thousands upon thousands of winning votes your candidate received from around the world.

Just one thing, though — don't get too excited about it all. 'Cause while you get to share in the congratulations, Sue gets the whole thousand bucks, every penny of it.

—The Editors

More photos on next page







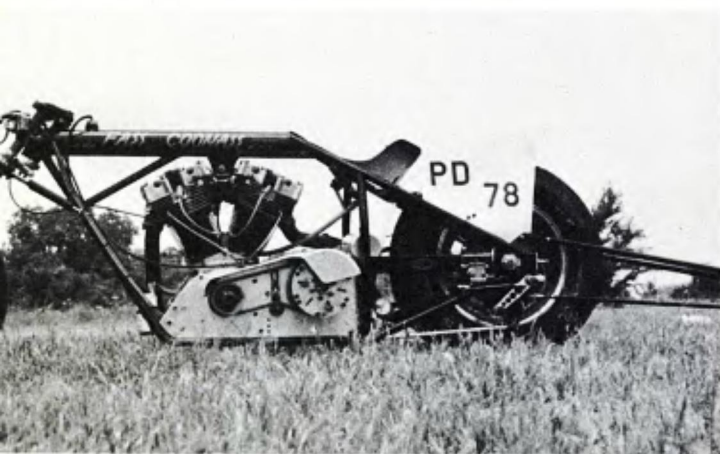
Photos by Pete Chiodo





FLYIN' AT FORT WORTH

For six years these bros have been provin' that when it comes to blastin' down a dragstrip, Harleys are the only (or at least the best) way to fly.



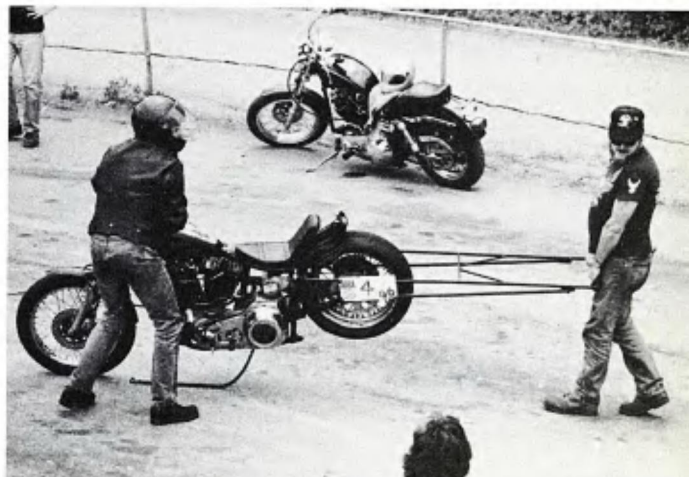
It's doubtful that Art Davidson and Bill Harley ever heard of drag racing, much less built bikes for the drags. Like the other pioneers in the early days of bikin', Davidson and Harley primarily designed their bikes to provide a reliable, economical alternative to both horse-and-buggy and the horseless carriage.

Still, because men have been known to challenge each other's ability to go fast since the days of the Roman chariots (and possibly before), a considerable amount of attention was also paid to producing ever-lower lap times in round-and-round type racing.

But drag racing? Never! Or at least not until current times, when the Space Age has seen the descendents of Art and Bill's genius becoming the stars of an increasing number of dragstrip events from coast to coast.

One of the earliest — if not the first — of such events is





FORT WORTH

the Annual Hog Rally, sponsored by the folks from the *Texas Scooter Times*.

1984's rally, the sixth annual event, was held at the Kennedale Dragstrip, a 1/8-mile track in Fort Worth. As you can see from the pictures, the crowd was enthusiastic, the competition was intense, and the titties were in bloom.

Hot scooter pilots from all over the East Coast and Midwest (as well as "every digger in Texas," according to one organizer) traveled to the strip to contest the action in several different categories: Street Chops,

Jockey-Shift, and Nitrous-Oxide.

Since this event is the granddaddy of just about all Harley drags, all the riders and mechanics were stoked to the max and shootin' the works in tryin' for a trophy. The runnin' was so close that only .34 of one second separated the top *eight* qualifiers in the nitro class. When all the dust had settled, however, it was a little yellow Sportster from Nashville that took the top honors, with pilot Ray Lafayette running it down the track in 5.86 in its final run.

Held over a two-day period, the Sixth Annual Hog Rally was the biggest and best yet. And if the quality of the racing and the enthusiasm of the spectators are any guide, the seventh annual event (date and location of which had not been set at press time) will be even bigger and better.

—Butcher



Photos by Paul Ortner



BIKER MAKES HARLEY EAGLE COME ALIVE

by John Henry



Photos by Faison Jordan

The Harley eagle has never looked more alive than the way it stands — proud and free — on a redwood burl carved by biker Jerry Johnson. Inspired by more than 25 years of riding Harleys, Jerry sculpts pieces of art to glorify and enshrine the Harley tradition.

When he's not riding his 1976 Sportster up and down the north coast of California, he works at his home where the redwoods meet the sea near Crescent City. Two huge, mean sonuvabitch pit bulls make sure no one disturbs him and his ol' lady on those

rainy winter nights — or any other time, for that matter.

While Jerry's an artist himself, Rick Evans provided the custom wine-red star-burst paint job on his bike. There are also real-life and fantasy scenes engraved on metal parts all over the bike.

Jerry started wood carving six years ago. "Some drunk dude came to me and said he'd teach me how to wood carve," Jerry remembers. "After watching him work on a couple of eagles, I whipped one out faster and better than anything he could do."

From that start, Jerry went

on to carve dogs, falcons, ducks, gun stocks, Indians, statues of people from photographs and even a series of whales. In his hands, any hunting knife, chainsaw or chisel becomes an instrument for bringing wood to life.

To make a Harley eagle like the one shown, Jerry just grabs a slab of redwood burl and attacks it with one of three Stihl chainsaws. Saw dust and wood chips fly in the air like the sparks from a hard skid on pavement. (Jerry sometimes uses a cane to get around and doesn't talk about the

Continued on page 97

H-D riders sweep three Battle of Twins titles

After a long season of hard racing, a trio of Harley riders stood alone atop the championship heap following the concluding Battle of the Twins event of 1984, held in Daytona during the early part of November.

The overall first place in the BOTT series was snagged by Will Roeder (right) who, riding an XR-1000, won the stock class by amassing more points than any other rider in any Battle of the Twins division for the entire season.

Roeder, whose father George is the Harley-Davidson dealer in Monroeville, Ohio, thus earned the right to fly the Number One plate in the 1985 BOTT series.

Gene Church (center) riding for the Harley Owners Group in the Grand Prix class, finished second overall to Roeder aboard "Lucifer's Hammer," which was prepared by Don Tilley of Statesville, North Carolina.

Dave McClure (left) won the Battle of the Twins Heavyweight Modified class aboard an XR-1000.

Congratulations, men, ya done good.



EASYnews

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

Nevada judge smashes helmet law

Landmark ruling may become binding on state's lower courts

It would have been easier, not to mention cheaper, for Sam Marber to pay the 15 bucks. It was, as these things go, a fairly light fine for having his skid lid strapped to his bike instead of his skull. Sam, however, believed he shouldn't have to wear the damn thing at all, so he instructed his lawyer (also a bike rider) to file an appeal. Now, thanks to Sam's gutting it out, Silver State bikers may be closer to getting their hair back in the wind than at any time since the state adopted its mandatory helmet law.

Ruling on the appeal shortly before Thanksgiving, District Judge Donald Mosley gave Nevada bikers something besides their turkeys to be thankful for when he declared the Nevada lid law an unconstitutional violation of an individual's free choice and "an improper exercise of the police power in that motorcyclists are singled out."

"There is," Mosley said in his ruling, "a lack of showing of a compelling public interest which would justify the infringement that the law represents upon the individual's right of free choice."

In later interviews with the press, the gutsy jurist was even more blunt in his criticism of the lid law and the mentality behind it.

"A person's right to be left alone is sacred. That's what we came over to this country for — to be left alone." — Nevada District Judge Donald Mosley

"This may seem to be a small matter," Mosley said, "but it's important to the people affected. That makes it important to me."

"A person's right to be left alone is sacred. That's what we came over to this country for — to be left alone."

Mosley also noted that the same kind of logic that supports mandatory helmet laws could be used to justify such things as outlawing cigarettes and making cagers wear brain buckets as well as seat belts.

"You have to wonder what's next," he added.

Meanwhile, defendant Marber and his attorney, James Crockett, Jr., were

According to Crockett, Mosley's decision, if unchallenged in the Nevada Supreme Court, should form a precedent that state justice and municipal courts will have to follow.

He also said that he intends to seek an injunction prohibiting state law enforcement agencies from writing helmet law citations.

A few words of caution: As this is being written (late November, 1984), the district attorney for Clark County, Nevada, has not yet decided whether he will appeal Mosley's ruling. To the best of our knowledge, the Nevada State Police and local police forces are still enforcing the lid law and traffic court judges in most jurisdictions are still convicting riders cited under it. We will be updating the situation, but in the meantime, use your gourd and check out conditions with the locals before converting your lid into a cactus planter.

Carolina town posts 'bikers keep out' sign

Maggie Valley bigwigs pressure landowners who rented site of rally

Despite the fact that a September 1984 bike rally was held without major incident or conflict between bikers and locals, the governing board of Maggie Valley, North Carolina, has formally asked two out-of-state landowners not to rent their property to the state H-D Dealers Association for their 1985 event.

The board's decision was made under severe pressure from a local religious "leader" and the local police chief.

Presenting a petition in which 600 people objected to the bikers visiting Maggie Valley, Rev. Davis Plemmons of the First Baptist Church told the board that at least 90 percent of the area's residents want bikers kept out.

"If anything falls in the future or if anything happens in the future, the blood will be off our hands," Rev. Plemmons said, presumably referring to the pious mitts of his 600 faithful. "Of course, [the blood] will be on the hands of the town council."

"Are the business people so dollar-oriented that they're willing to have this type of thing in the future, even at the

expense of people who live here?" Plemmons pleaded. "Is (sic) dollars more important than lives?"

In his presentation to the board, Plemmons declined to elaborate on his prurient obsession with blood and death, nor did the non-dollar-oriented reverend reveal how long it's been since he conducted a service without taking up a collection.

Similarly suspect testimony came from Maggie Valley Police Chief I.C. Sutton, who claimed that a law enforcement task force assembled to police the '84 rally was forced to "look the other way" at violations of the law.

Sutton did not identify the villains who made the task force — which was composed of the Maggie Valley police force, Heywood County sheriff's deputies and troopers from the N.C. Highway Patrol — "look the other way," nor did he say what horrendous weapons they used to subdue the forces of law and order.

The police chief did eventually admit, however, that he had officially received a grand total of three, count 'em, one, two, three, complaints from area residents —

a very low number in this resort area — during the entire weekend.

Despite the board's eventual decision in their favor, the anti-biker bigots were not unopposed during the meeting.

"This is a pretty personal thing to me, when somebody stands up and says we're not desirable," area biker Steve Beck told the governing board. "These people are some of the friendliest people you're ever going to meet, if you'd just open up and give them a chance."

And a local merchant, Don Bowles, seemed equally unimpressed with the bloody handwringing of Rev. Plemmons and his supporters, saying that the town shouldn't try to tell anyone, even bikers, how to take care of their own business.

"If I run a business — and I don't care if it's a motel, a restaurant or a house of prostitution — I'm going to run my business the way I want my business run," Bowles noted.

He would, Bowles said, have spoken up sooner, except "I've been so doggone busy just counting the \$8.47 that I took in from the motorcyclists."

Manitoba bikers lose round one of lid law test case

Chief Provincial Judge Harold Gyles has ruled against two bikers who are attempting to prove that Manitoba's mandatory helmet law violates the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

In their legal defense the bikers, Donald Fisher and John Prest, contended that helmets are a contributing factor in many accidents and can increase the severity of neck injuries. Because the buckets are so potentially harmful, their attorneys said, the lid law violates Section 7 of the charter, which invalidates any law that violates a person's safety or security.

In rejecting this argument, Gyles described scientific evidence proving helmets a safety hazard as "tenuous."

"I do not believe... such limited or tenuous factors constitute a measurable breach of the accused's right to security of the person," he said.

The bikers were given a reprimand but were not fined for the lid law violation.

"Our clients are people trying to improve traffic safety," one of their lawyers said. "They believe in their cause and the judge recognized that."

And how much do they really believe in their cause?

At least enough to take the case to the Manitoba Court of Appeal and, if necessary, the Supreme Court of Canada.

Says Don, "We've got the time, we've got the money, we've got the determination."

Judges decide steel combat helmet meets requirements of Florida lid law

Jim "Pig Bait" Page figures that if the United States government thought a steel combat helmet was good enough to protect his gourd while jockeying helicopters, the state of Florida should consider it good enough to shield his skull while on his Harley.

And, somewhat amazingly, judges in five of his seven helmet cases have so far agreed with him and found him not guilty.

In acquitting Pig Bait, most judges have followed the logic of Pinellas County Judge William Blackwood, who ruled that "Under the current statute, administrative lists, and lack of published lists, a motorcycle rider is left in considerable doubt as to what is or is not a proper helmet."

Needless to say, the Florida Highway Patrol, which claims it has a list of state-approved helmets which its troopers consult before writing a citation for improper cranial covering, is not much impressed by Pig Bait's success in court.

"The judge can throw it out as long as he wants to," a FHP spokesman said. "The law is weak... but we'll still enforce it as long as it's on the books."

But wait, there's more. "After the police confiscated my GI helmet to use as evidence during my last trial," Pig Bait told *Easyriders*, "I purchased a DOT-approved helmet at K mart to use until I got my metal one back."

"I removed all the labels, including the DOT sticker, before I started wearing it. The next day I was stopped by a sheriff's deputy. He said he was in the courtroom when I appeared on a helmet ticket and he wanted to make sure that the one I was wearing was really DOT-approved."

"He inspected the helmet, handed it back to me, and said, 'Yeah, that's DOT-approved; it's got foam in it.'"

Law professor testifies against Tennessee lid law

Appearing before a subcommittee of the Tennessee House of Representatives, a Vanderbilt University law professor recently testified in favor of repealing the state's mandatory helmet law.

"My guess is helmets certainly save lives in some instances and do not save lives in others," Professor Larry Soderquist told the subcommittee. "The answer here is preventing accidents. You will not be watering down safety by doing away with mandatory helmet laws."

Soderquist, who also summarized the major reasons why helmets can become a safety hazard (reduced vision and hear-

ing, increased fatigue, etc.), urged the panel to repeal the helmet law and substitute safety courses for novice cyclists.

Asked whether helmets could be redesigned to eliminate weight, vision, and hearing problems, Soderquist said, "I just don't think there is much that can be done in that respect. The best helmet in the world can't protect you over a few miles an hour."

Soderquist's comments came during public hearings on the Tennessee helmet law. Most of the opposition to repeal came from medical and cop lobbies. The panel's final report was not ready at press time.

Laconia founder Frank 'Fritzie' Baer succumbs at age 81

Franks P. "Fritzie" Baer, whose life in motorcycling spanned over 60 years, is dead. Fittingly, Baer's death occurred at a nursing home in Weirs Beach, New Hampshire, a tiny community he helped make famous through his efforts to establish the Laconia Classic in the nearby community of Laconia.

Baer, who first started riding when he was in his teens and motorcycling was in its infancy, was a well-known hill-climber in the '20s. He became an Indian factory rider in 1931 and also operated the Indian dealership at the factory wigwam in Springfield, Massachusetts.

While affiliated with Indian, he founded Roamers MC and became an official of the New England Motorcycle Dealers Association. It was in this latter capacity that Fritzie worked to bring the New England Motorcycle Gypsy Tour and Race to Laconia in 1938, after several years at Orchard Beach, Maine, and Keene, New Hampshire.

Though prominent as a hillclimber and longtime AMA racing competition referee, Fritzie was best known to most old-time bikers as the "man in the red hat" who announced major bike races at tracks from New England to Daytona.

Baer left Indian in 1949 and moved to Laconia to become manager of the Belknap Recreation Area. He is survived by his wife, four sons, a daughter, 18 grandchildren and 11 great-grandchildren.

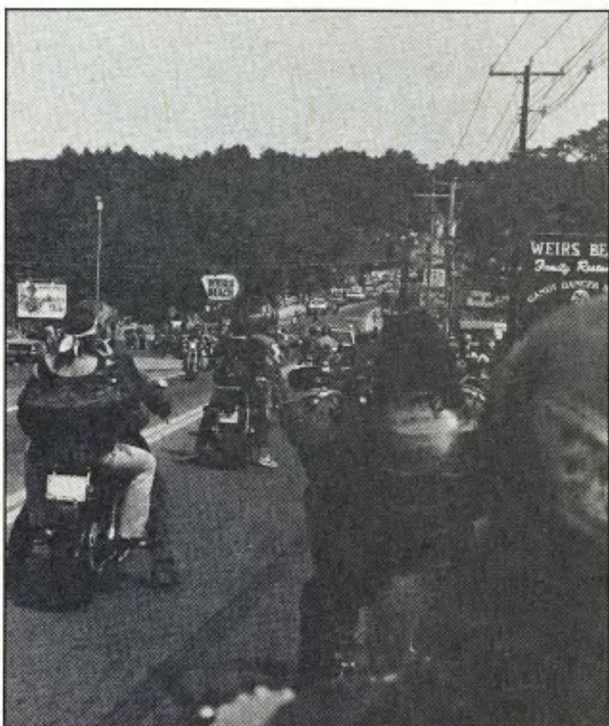


Photo by Weege

Fritzie Baer's legacy lives on as hordes of bros and their ladies enter Weirs Beach during the Laconia run.

Lid-free Minnesota a much safer place to ride

Now hear this! Now hear this! In 1976, the last year the state of Minnesota had a mandatory helmet law, there were 56 fatalities statewide by the end of the summer riding season. During this same period of time during 1984, there were only 57 fatalities — despite a huge increase of 65 percent in the number of licensed bike riders and 9 percent in the number of registered motorcycles.

Translated into English, this means that there are now 1650 bike riders in Minnesota for every 1000 bike riders who were there in 1976. Yet the number of fatalities is virtually the same. Had the percentage of deaths-per-thousand-bikers stayed unchanged since that mandatory-helmet-law year, about 81 deaths would have occurred during '84. Inevitable conclusion? Minnesota bikers are currently not only as safe as they were under their legally required brain buckets, they are more safe.

According to Paul Tschida, commissioner of the Minnesota Department of Public Safety, the decrease in the fatality rate is due to improved training of new riders, more suc-

cessful campaigns to make cagers aware of motorcycles, and tougher requirements for passing the bike license test.

"Minnesota motorcyclists have helped make this possible," Tschida says. "Through added fees for motorcycle endorsements and renewals, we have improved license testing and rider education, and have also mounted motorcycle-safe-

ty publicity campaigns, such as last summer's 'Use your front brake or break your front' campaign.

"With the continued crack-down on drunk driving, and with more skilled motorcyclists and more aware motorists who take that second look for the less-visible cyclist, we can continue to reduce the number of Minnesotans killed

and injured in motorcycle accidents each year," Tschida added, while detailin' the stats.

Right on. And if more states would start taking the Minnesota view instead of concerning themselves solely with keeping bikers riding around encased in a plastic cloud, we could reduce the number of motorcyclists killed and injured everywhere.

Senior citizen points Hog toward open road

"I love to ride," says 79-year-old John Stawicki. "I like to go places, I like the fresh air, and with a cycle I can go as slow as I want or as fast as I want, so long as I don't get arrested. I usually take it easy, though sometimes when I feel like it, I'll open it up."

Stawicki, a self-described motorcycle addict since his teens, recently created a bit of a stir in his hometown of North Tonawanda, New York, when he bought himself a new Harley and decided to set out on a long-distance putt.

First, the local newspaper got hold of the story and then some local busybodies decided that Stawicki, who is hard of hearing and has arthritis of the spine, shouldn't be driving at all — let alone riding a bike.

Fortunately the state bureaucracy for once, came to the aid of a biker under fire. A hearing test, a state Department of Motor Vehicles official told the whiners, is not a requirement for a motorcycle license. Driving ability, he added, is more than 95 percent based on vision, and Mr.

Stawicki can see just fine, if you please.

As for the arthritis, Stawicki himself has the answer to that one. "All it does is make it harder for me to swing onto the saddle," he says.

Stawicki, a widower with two adult children, was backed by his family during the dispute.

"I'm all for it," John Stawicki, Jr., said. "It's his money, it's something he's worked for all his life, and he's a good rider."

Meanwhile, John Stawicki, Sr., had an even more rational answer to his critics.

"I enjoy riding," he said. "So that's what I'll do."

Carolina bros back lid law?

For what may be the first time in history, a group of bikers has staged a rally in support of a state helmet law.

According to an ABATE of South Carolina spokesman, the run to the Lancaster City Hall was designed to "show our support of the law as it is now." Under that law, riders 21 and over do not have to wear a lid.



Remember George Burcham? He's the guy who was driving the pickup that ran down five Toronto-area bikers (*Easyriders* #138) walking back to a campsite last July. After a lengthy period of nose-picking, Canadian authorities have to come to the conclusion that Burcham might — just maybe, you understand — have done something wrong. He's been charged with three counts of criminal negligence causing death and one count of criminal negligence causing bodily harm. Three people were killed and two seriously injured in the so-called accident . . . **A Superior Court jury** in California has ordered American Honda to pay an L.A. rider \$1.3 million. The jury found defective steering gear responsible for the dude going out of control and busting up his bod on a freeway divider. The dude's ol' lady was awarded \$100,000 for loss of his "services."

So-What-Else-Is-New Dept: A study in New Zealand blames cagers for the deaths of most fatally injured bikers in that country. The research showed "most motorcycle accidents occur when a vehicle turns into the path of a motorcycle" . . . **Three years after being asked by Harley-Davidson** to do so, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has given preliminary approval to the use of modulating headlights on bikes. The modulator, which varies the brightness of the bulb from full on to very dim about four times a second, is said to make bikes more visible during daylight hours. Under the proposed NHTSA standard, modulators would be legal only if they incorporate a system to make them inoperative at night. . . . **Over 203,000 visitors** attended the 16th International Bicycle and Motorcycle Exhibition held recently in Cologne, West Germany.

Ford Motor Credit Corporation will now finance some Harley-Davidson models for 48 months instead of 36 . . . **ABATE of Sioux Falls**, South Dakota, will hold its 5th Annual Swap Meet on March 16 and 17 at the Sioux Falls Ramada Inn Convention Center. For more info, write ABATE at Box 864, Sioux Falls, SD 57101, or call (605) 334-2295 . . . **Over 600 bikers** took part in a recent toy run sponsored by the Connecticut Motorcycle Riders Association. Some righteous rock an' roll, rib-stickin' food, and far-out field events awaited participants at the run site.

And finally: The biker had been charged with doing 52 in a 35mph zone and decided to fight the ticket. Appearing in Pinellas County (Florida) traffic court, he copped to doing 52 but contended that he was merely keeping up with traffic. The judge asked how he'd gotten along with the officer who stopped him and the biker admitted he'd cussed the dude out some, adding, "But that's not my fault, either, your honor. I can only give the respect that's given to me. You'd be the same way, too, if you're any kind of a man." The sentence? Ten hours of community service and writing a letter of apology to the cop. "Will I get one from him?" asked the biker. "No," intoned the judge.

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 ⁶
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

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

Winds of change dust H-D executive suite

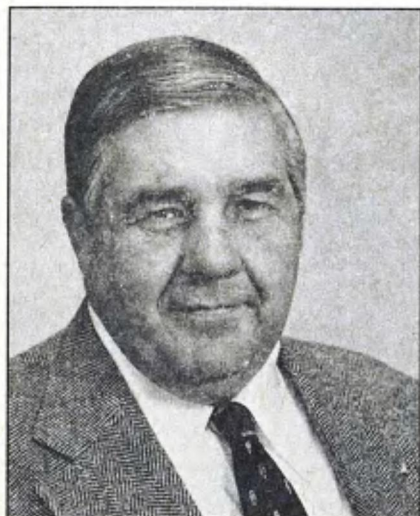
One of the men most responsible for spiriting Harley-Davidson away from "Big Daddy" AMF and restoring it to profitability, Charles K. Thompson, has left the company he helped set free.

Thompson, president and chief operating officer, was unable to continue in his post for reasons of health, according to a statement by Chairman of the Board Vaughn Beals.

Thompson, 52, joined H-D as national sales manager in 1969 after three years as an independent Hog dealer in Louisville, Kentucky. In 1974, he was named vice president of marketing and in 1977, vice president and general manager of the firm's parts and accessories division.

After helping engineer H-D's resurrection as an independent company in 1981, Thompson assumed the president's post and helped lead Harley from the days of annual losses and obsolete techniques into the current era of profits and state-of-the-art materials-as-needed production.

During his career at Harley, Thompson held many key posts in the biking world, including that of vice chairman of the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and membership on the governor of Wisconsin's Motorcycle Safety Committee.



Charlie Thompson
Dressed to meet the bankers

In other key personnel changes, Harley-Davidson has announced that Mark Tuttle will replace Jeffrey Bleustein as head of the motorcycle engineering department. Tuttle, a graduate of the Northwestern

University Technological Institute, has been with H-D for over 14 years, most recently as chief engineer for motorcycle development and engineering. Prior to that, he served in a variety of engineering positions, mainly in the areas of development and testing.

Tuttle's competition experience covers dirt track racing, ice racing, and enduros, and he takes pride in being a year-round rider — arriving at the factory on his bike regardless of the snow and ice being tossed around by Milwaukee's winter winds. Oh, yeah, his ol' lady Karen also rides a Harley — a converted former police special, at that.

Former motorcycle engineering department head, Jeff Bleustein has been transferred to Harley-Davidson's recently acquired subsidiary, Trihawk, Inc., a maker of specialty three-wheelers, with headquarters in California.

New Vancouver bikers' organization offers aid to injured scooter pilots

A new bikers' group dedicated to helping downed bros and sisters get back on their feet has been started in Vancouver, British Columbia.

Called the Vancouver Association for Injured Motorcyclists (AIM), the non-profit organization's goal is "to become actively involved in the rehabilitation of accident victims by providing guidance and counseling from other experienced members and/or victims."

According to a spokesman for the group, counseling efforts will focus on dealing with the legal, vocational and moral consequences of being injured.

"If a victim is unable to return to his present occupation," a spokesman said, "AIM has access to institutions and facilities for the purpose of education and rehabilitation. Lawyers in the membership give legal counsel and support."

"Funding for AIM," the group says, "is supported by recreational functions, donations, and the riding public. Directors, regional representatives, and members serve the association on a volunteer basis and receive no payment for their services."

The fee for membership is \$10 a calendar year and entitles members to vote on future policy decisions and officer candidates. Members will also receive a membership card and a quarterly newsletter notifying them of AIM activities and programs, a spokesman said.

"This is not a club," the spokesman stressed, "but an organized cause for something that has affected us all and has been badly needed for years. We urge you to voice your thoughts and participate."

To join, get more information, or "voice your thoughts," contact the Association for Injured Motorcyclists, 4587 Union Street, Burnaby, B.C., Canada V5C 2X9.



NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK — Three students at the Motorcycle Mechanics Institute receive a brief lecture before tearing down a Harley engine as part of their course. In a recent move designed to increase the number of properly trained Hog mechanics available to dealers, H-D has arranged to have the Phoenix, Arizona-based MMI offer factory-authorized training in servicing Harleys. H-D has provided the Institute with special tools, bikes and engines for the training, and factory personnel will be consulting with MMI instructors on a weekly basis. "MMI's instructors are factory-trained on all changes each year in Milwaukee," a Harley spokesman said. "We feel this arrangement with MMI dovetails nicely with our many manufacturing and engineering improvements, and helps to assure improved service quality and rider satisfaction."

Passin' Gas

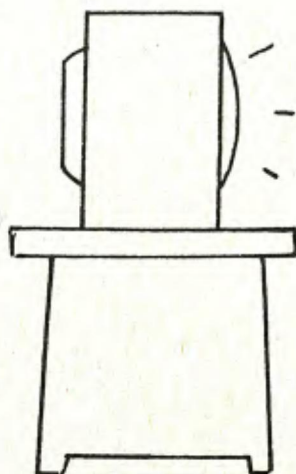
Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? 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.

Why do women get cramps?
Because they deserve them.

—Knucklehead Mike
San Diego, Calif.

Do you know when a woman is ready to have an orgasm? Who cares!

—Dirty Larry
Omaha, Neb.



"Ladies, do you smell worse than a skunk with diarrhea? Then try Playright Deodorant Tampons!"

A biker came home sporting a pair of boots he'd just spent \$150 for. He had anticipated admiring comments from his ol' lady, but she didn't even appear to notice that he had them on. Somewhat pissed off, he waited until she was in bed later on, and then marched into the bedroom, stark naked except for the fancy footwear. "It's about time you paid some attention to what my prick is pointing at," he announced, striking a pose.

Looking down at the new boots, she shrugged and muttered, "Too bad you didn't buy a hat."

—38-24-36
Las Vegas, Nev.

A Harley dealer was attending a convention in Texas. He'd brought his wife along, but he wanted to fuck one of them long-legged Texas girls. So he left his wife in the hotel room and went down to the bar. He offered the first great-looking girl he saw \$20 for a screw. She just laughed, saying she never took less than \$100. Pissed off, he went back to his room and stuck it to the ol' lady.

The next morning, while they were checking out, the girl came by, looked at the wife, then at the guy, and said, "See what you get for \$20?"

—Co
Van Nuys, Calif.

"I was married twice," explained the man to his newly discovered drinking companion. "And I'll never marry again. My first wife died after eating poison mushrooms and my second died of a fractured skull."

"That's a shame," offered the friend. "How did that happen?"

"She wouldn't eat her mushrooms."

—McDuff
Lancaster, Calif.

A little boy walked into the kitchen, saw his mother making a cake and announced, "I'll be playing in my room for the next two hours. I sure would like a piece of that cake when I'm finished." Later, when his mother brought him a piece of cooled cake, the boy exclaimed, "Golly, it worked!" Puzzled, his mother asked what he meant. He explained, "Daddy said that in order to get a piece around here, you have to spend a couple of hours for play!"

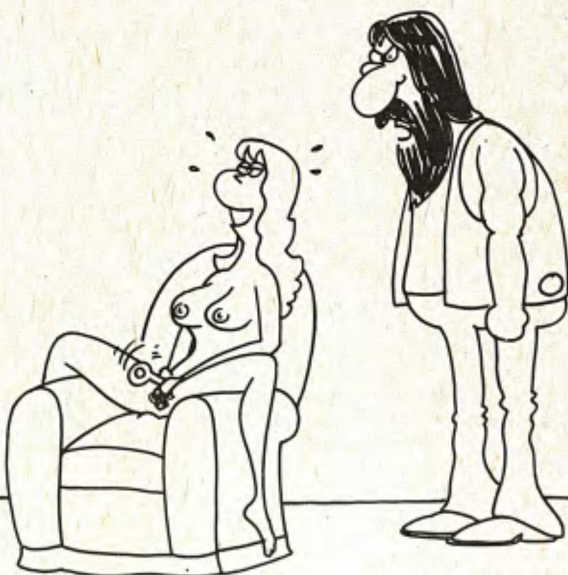
—Lonnie Kaufman
Atwood, Ill.

Two bikers were walking home from the bar and discussing their ol' ladies' spending habits. "Man," one finally exclaimed, "I don't understand how women can spend so much money. Take my ol' lady. I mean, she don't drink, she don't smoke weed, and she's got her own pussy!"

—Bad Girl
Reno, Nev.



"It was the number of a Dallas Cowboy's tight end."



"Is that my piston, Marge?"

"Hi, sixty-four!" called the girl from the sidewalk in response to a boy's wave from a passing bike. A few minutes later, a second boy honked his horn and she yelled back, "Hi, seventy-two!"

"What's that mean?" asked her female friend.

"It's my special code," answered the first girl. "The guy who waved has got six inches and can make it four times a night, while the guy who honked has got seven inches, but can make it only twice."

Just then, another fellow klaxoned past, and the second girl called, "Hi, Johnnie Walker!"

"I know him," said the first girl in some surprise. "That was Don Martin. Johnnie Walker's a liquor!"

"Honey," exclaimed her friend, "now you've broken my code!"

—Klassy Lassy
Macon, Ga.

Easyriders



"Look, I don't mind you being a little kinky, but..."

The biker's dictionary defines *conversation piece* as a girl who likes to talk while she's being fucked.

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

The Williams were suitably unhappy when their first child was born with no ears, and their best friends, the Cranes, were well aware of this. Preparing for their first visit to see the newborn, Mrs. Crane reminded her husband that at all costs he should avoid any reference to the baby's defect.

In no time at all both couples found themselves cooing over the crib. "Look at those arms," said Mrs. Crane. "He's really going to be able to throw a ball. And with those legs, he could be a sprinter. Say, how're his eyes?"

"Terrific," said the proud mother.

"They better be," blurted Mr. Crane. "He'll never be able to wear glasses!"

—Rover
Shelby, Tenn.

The best thing God created was a pussy. The worst thing he did was put a woman in charge of it.

—Wild Bill
Lake Tahoe, Calif.

Easyriders



"I realize how much you want to join our ball club, Mr. Flanders, but our team already has a pitcher's mound."

A disheveled, unshaven man, apparently suffering a hangover, bought a newspaper and then boarded a train. He proceeded to a seat next to a priest. After going along a ways, the man turned to the priest and asked, "Father, what causes arthritis?"

The priest thought he'd teach the fellow a lesson, so he said, "It's caused by excessive drink, carousing around all night with immoral women and separation from the church."

"Oh," said the man.

After a while the priest felt some remorse for having berated the man so harshly. He turned to him, apologized, and asked, "Just what is your problem, my son?"

The man replied, "I don't have any problem, Father. It just says here in the paper that the Pope has arthritis."

—Charles O'Donnell
Inglewood, Calif.

While the old grad was visiting his son in a coed residence hall, the lad told him graphic stories about a celebrated campus stud who happened to occupy the adjoining room. The father kept shaking his head in smiling disbelief until small sounds making their way through the wall built up into a series of intense female moans. "By God, you're right!" exclaimed the father. "That fellow must really be putting it to some girl!"

"No, no, Dad," said the son.

"At this point, he's just showing it to her."

—Henry
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Rugrat: "Mama, where do babies come from?"
Mama: "From the stork."

Rugrat: "But, Mama, who fucks the stork?"

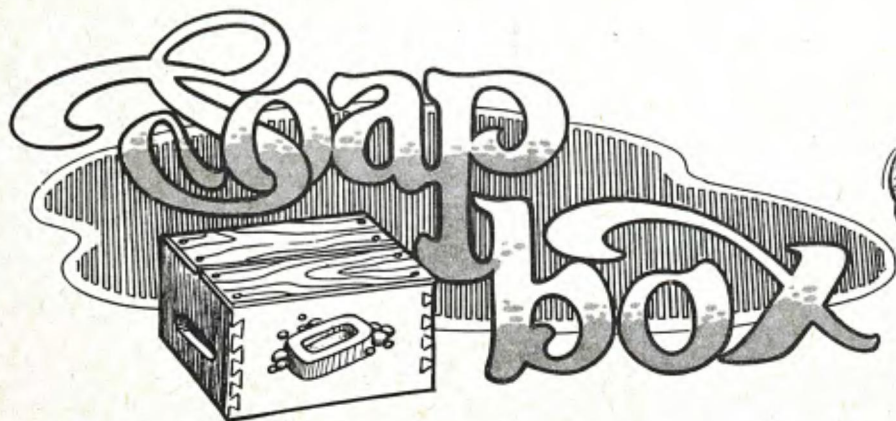
—G.R.
San Diego, Calif.



"Lady, I guarantee this will get you off."



"Just ignore him and let's get it on."



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.



Turning the Tables on Seagrams and friends

THE BIKER (*Motorcyclis leatheris*)



The Biker's habit of beating up innocent people and wreaking havoc wherever it goes makes this species repulsive to many. Yet it is only carrying out the role in life for which it was created. Its large size, offensive odor, and lack of intelligence make it the ultimate troublemaker. And its leather jacket, pants, and boots leave it almost impervious to the punching, scratching, or biting of its victims. Once common throughout the United States, the Biker is now rarely seen except in roadside hot spots. There it can be found swinging its chain playfully or performing acrobatic feats on its noisy, brightly polished motorcycle.

FIELD MARKS:

Broken nose and a large number of tattoos, especially on forearms, shoulders, and back. Often one ear and several fingers are missing. Bikers not of the *Helmet-wearing* variety are easily identified by large number of squashed bugs in teeth and hair and on face.

SIZE:

Six to seven feet, with an arm span of approximately 78 inches.

HABITS:

Prone to attention-getting antics. Seldom tips. Keeps wallet—generally the size of a woman's handbag and attached to belt by a heavy metal chain—in back pocket. Excellent fighter.

HABITAT:

Mainly roughneck bars and garages.

NEST:

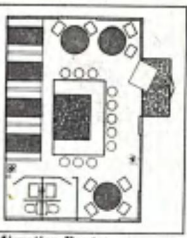
The seat of a 1200 cc Harley-Davidson motorcycle.

FOOD:

"Shooters," "silver bullets," any other drinks that sound like some form of weaponry.

SONG:

Loud, piercing whistle.



Migration Route

Are you in the habit of beating up innocent people?

Do you smell rank?

Are you stupid?

Can you be easily identified by the large number of squashed bugs in your teeth and hair, on your face?

Is your wallet the size of a chick's purse?

When you chow down, do you stiff the waitress?

Do you wreak havoc wherever you go?

If your answer to most of those questions is "Shit, no!" you can't really be a biker—at least not in the eyes of the editors of a pimp rag called *Tables*.

Demonstrating a lamentable absence of Christian tolerance and seasonal good will, *Tables*—which purports to be a trade journal for "restaurant servers" (waiters and waitresses in English)—devoted a large part of its Christmas issue to a supposedly satirical story entitled "A Field Guide to Customers."

Billed as "the first guide to identifying customers by type," the article claims to give "habits, sizes, speech patterns... everything you need to help you spot the worst ones before they spot you." Generally, "A Field Guide to Customers" is a pretty innocuous piece of fluff reminiscent of a high-school imitation of *National Lampoon*. A few easily recognizable barroom stereotypes ("The Big Spender," "The Underage Kid," etc.) are gently ridiculed with all the severity and hostility of a fly hitching a ride on an elephant's back. (Example: Continued on page 99)

Magnetic Screwdriver

Ever dropped a screw into your oil tank or down your carb while working on your bike? Ruined your whole day, right? Well, picture this. While riding with friends one day, one of them began experiencing a slipping clutch. We stopped so that he could adjust it. Being a little on the Gumby side, my friend dropped a derby cover screw down into the primary. Naturally, since we're talking full-dressed motorcycle, the primary cover wasn't going to just snap off — not with crossover pipe, boot board, etc., in the way. That's when I decided to display my magnetic

screwdriver trick.

"The first thing you need is a piece of electrical wire about two feet long. If no wire's at hand, you can rob a piece from a turn signal or some other non-essential accessory on your bike. Now, coil the wire tightly around the entire length of the screwdriver shank, leaving two or three inches extra at each end. During the next step of this procedure both the screwdriver and wire are going to get exceedingly hot, so use an old rag or gloves to protect your hands.

"Touch one end of the wire to the positive terminal of the battery, then the other

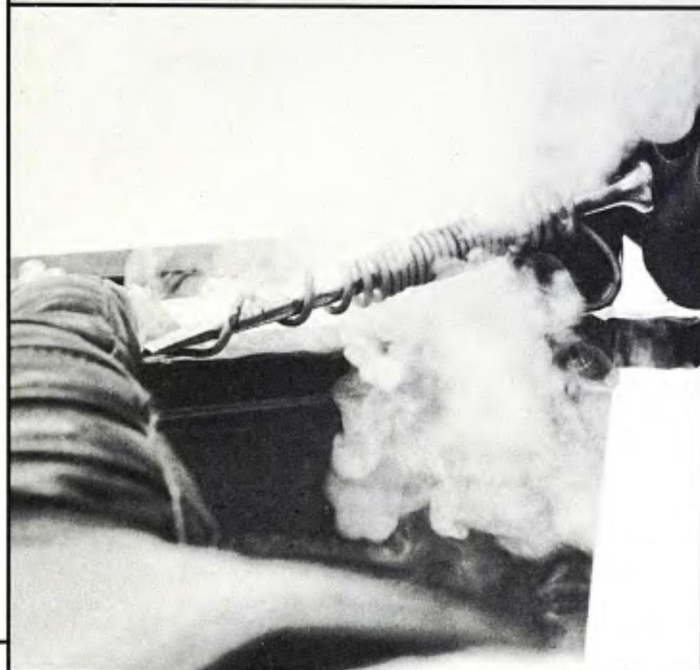
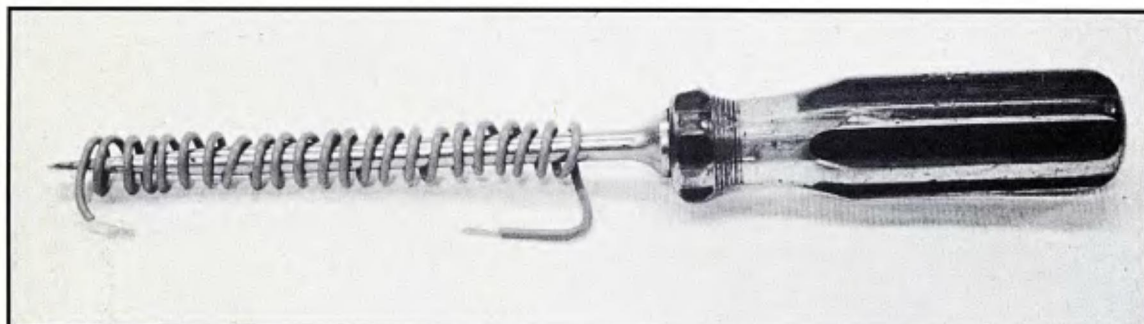
end to the negative terminal. Hold them there only long enough to smoke the plastic coating — approximately five seconds. After it cools, take the wire off and you'll have yourself a fairly strong magnetic screwdriver. Stick it down wherever it's needed and you'll be able to fish that screw right out."

That's the story as I heard it from Steve Allstaedt, a mechanic at Ventura H-D. For the sake of the accompanying photos, I removed the battery from a Low Rider and set it on a bench before putting this scheme to the acid test. The only hitch that occurred took place because of the buddy who'd

stopped by to hold the wire and screwdriver. He (who'll remain nameless) neglected to remove the wire when it started smoking, thereby burning the wire to cinders. Despite this, the thing still made one hell of a magnetized screwdriver, able to pick a putty knife up off the bench. In other words, it worked great.

One word of caution, though. If your bike has a late-model electronic ignition, disconnect the wires on the positive side of the battery before magnetizing your screwdriver. That way you'll avoid burning out your ignition module.

—Wrench

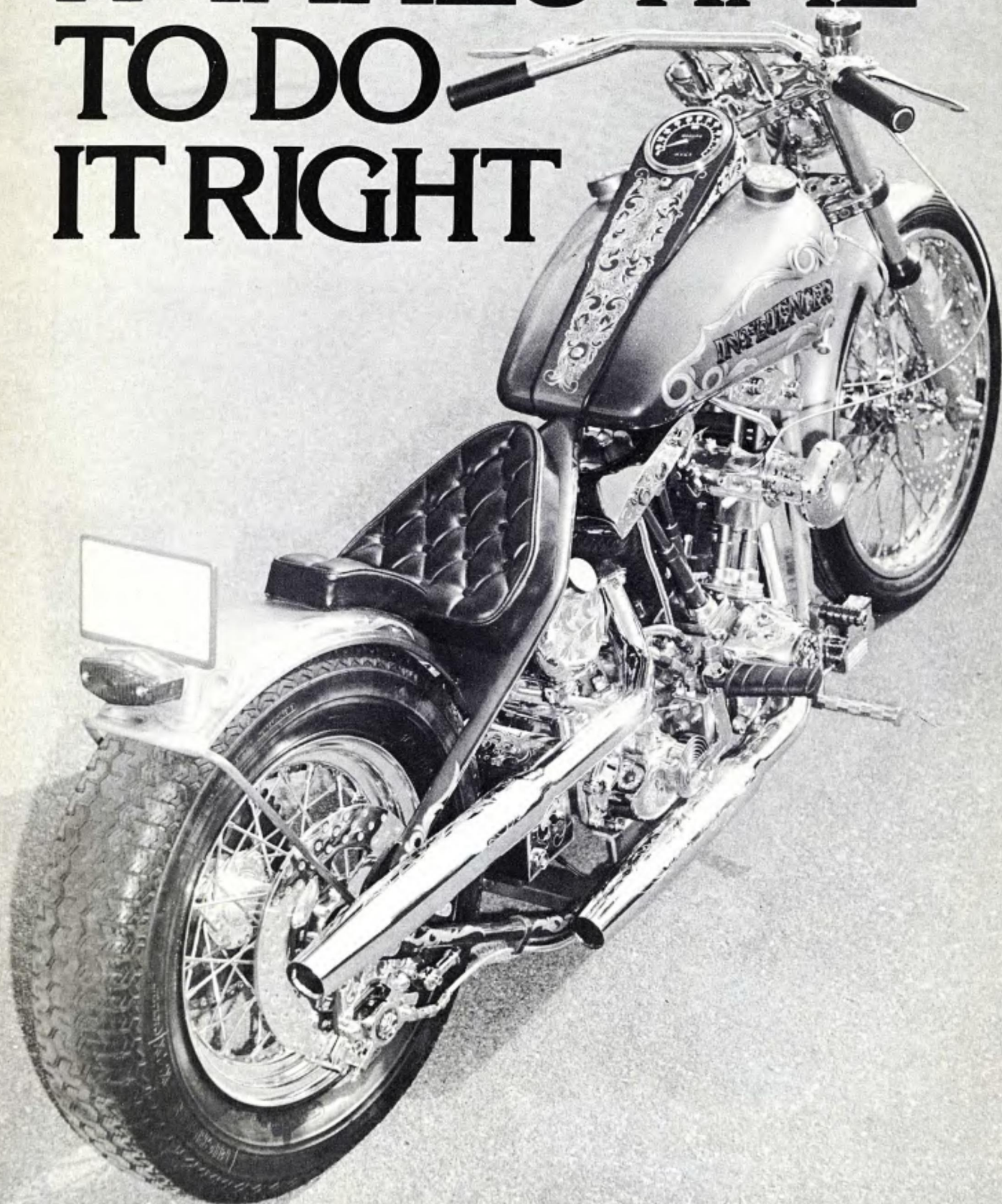


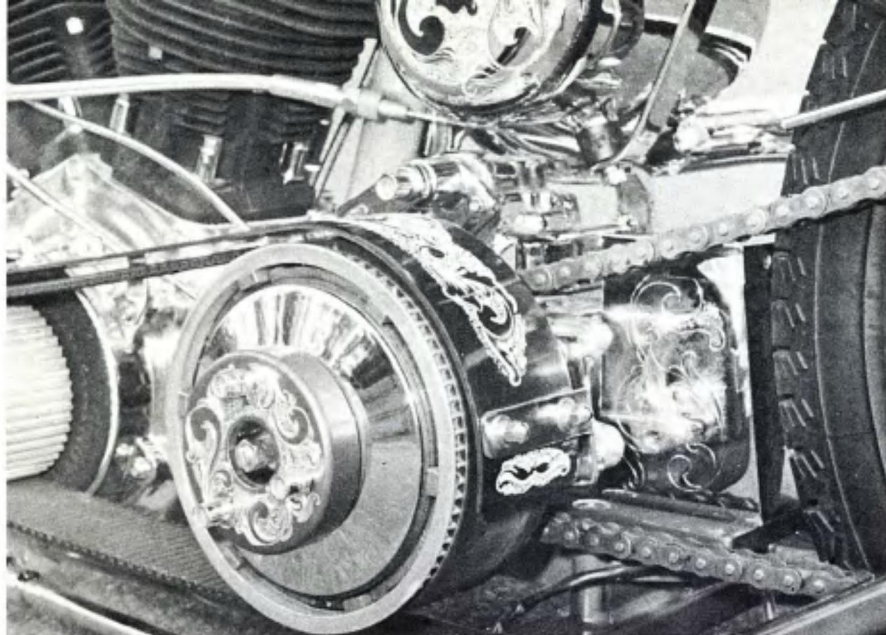
When I got to mounting the stainless tins on my adjustable Wide Glide, I ran into a slight problem. Couldn't find any short enough stainless bolts, which meant I had to buy long ones and hacksaw them. This, of course, usually plays hell with the threads (and your temper) where you make the cut. My dear ol' dad watched me fuck up three bolts before saying, "Why don't you put a nut on it, cut it, then dress off the end of the bolt with a hand file? It'll act as a die when you back it off over your cut." Sure as shit, the ol' man was right. Since then, I've used this trick a zillion times and it works on any thread. It not only saves a lotta trips to the hardware store, it's a lot cheaper than a set of dies when you're short of cash. Thanks, Dad, ya done me right.

—G. Besser

*Builders like these have been known to take 45 minutes
to cinch down one measly bolt.*

IT TAKES TIME TO DO IT RIGHT





There are some bros who build their bikes in a rush of black enamel, black electrical tape, and black 'n' blue, skinned knuckles. Then there are others who take a taste longer — but when it comes down to the last night before the big run to Laconia or Daytona or even Podunka, they trash-can their carefully laid plans in a blizzard of midnight oil.

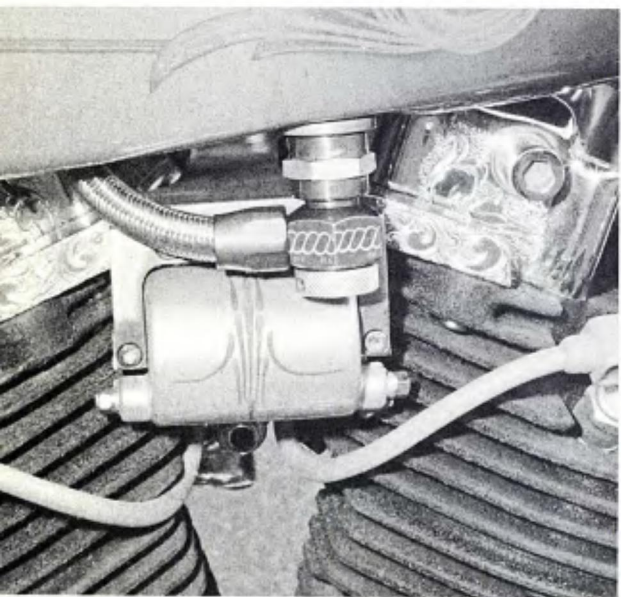
And finally, there are a few bros like Chuck, the owner of

the sled that's puttin' on these pages. Ya may call 'em picayune or perfectionists — but they take the time to do it right — and piss on the consequences. I mean, these people won't hurry, cut corners, or take shortcuts for nothin'. Not for a big run, a half-dressed honey waitin' in the bedroom, a Cruise missile bearin' down on their garage, or all the oil in Arabia.

Builders like these have been known to take 45 min-

utes to cinch down one measly bolt. But once it's in place, that bolt will never loosen, let go, or lop off at the head. 'Cause it ain't that these careful scoot builders work in slow motion, they just attend to details that the rest of us might let slide. For example, that 45-minute bolt would probably first have its threads chased to clean off any crap that might score the hole it was headed for. Next, it would likely be baked in the





Owner: Chuck Kenney		City: Hanson, Mass.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner, Cycle Fab		Year: new construction	
Year and make: 1979 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: police bike		Type: rigid	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly by: owner/Cycle Fab		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: steering damper	
Chroming by: South Shore Pltg.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag style	
Year: 1979		Risers: built into bars	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): welded to frame, owner	
Rebuilder: Jim Thompson		Headlight: quartz element	
Ignition: Andrews coil		Taillight: Lucas	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Drag Specialties	
Lower end: Thompson		Front pegs: stainless-steel	
Balancing: Thompson		Rear pegs: nope	
Pistons: 8.5 to 1		Electrics: battery box, owner	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: fatbobs with dash	
Heads: Manley valve train		Oil tank: 4-qt., Sifton spun	
Cam(s): Sifton		Oil system: Russel aircraft lines	
Lifters: hydraulics		Primary cover: shroud, Demoranville	
Carb(s): S&S GBL		Seat: leather, by Clyde's	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Cycle Shack		'Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): one-piece/pipes		Material: U.S. steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: glide	
Year: 1979		Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot, late model		Builder: owner/Kawasaki	
Engine sprocket: 21		Special features: special trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner, Cycle Fab		Hub: Kaw	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Dave Perewitz		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM3
Color: blues		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin radial
Type: candy acrylic lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: leaf and lettering by Roy Mason			
Other special modifications: Engraving by Cycle Fab; tubes and lifter stools by Dougherty; Pingel petcock; 3-in. belt drive; chain guard; rotor carriers.			

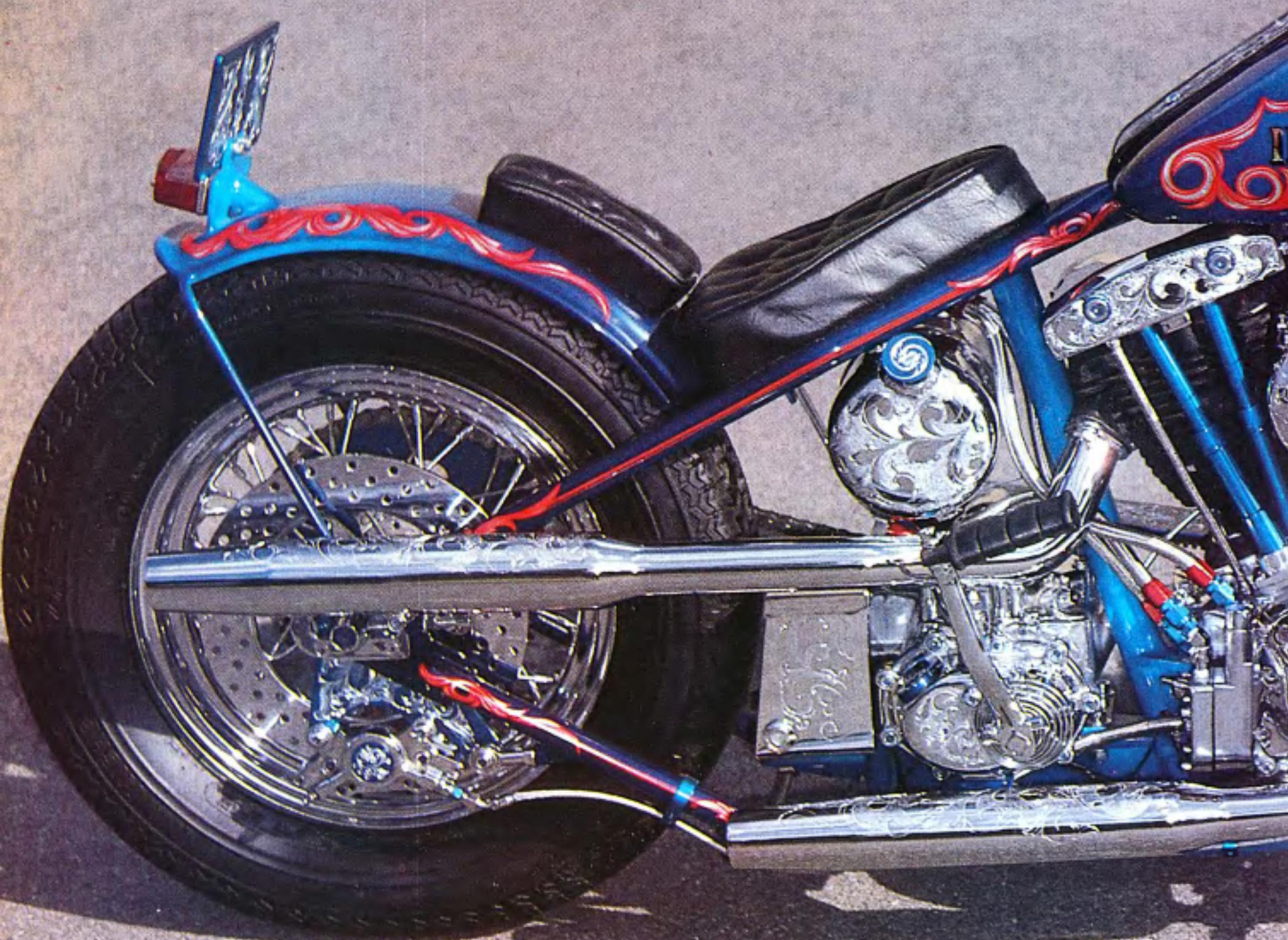
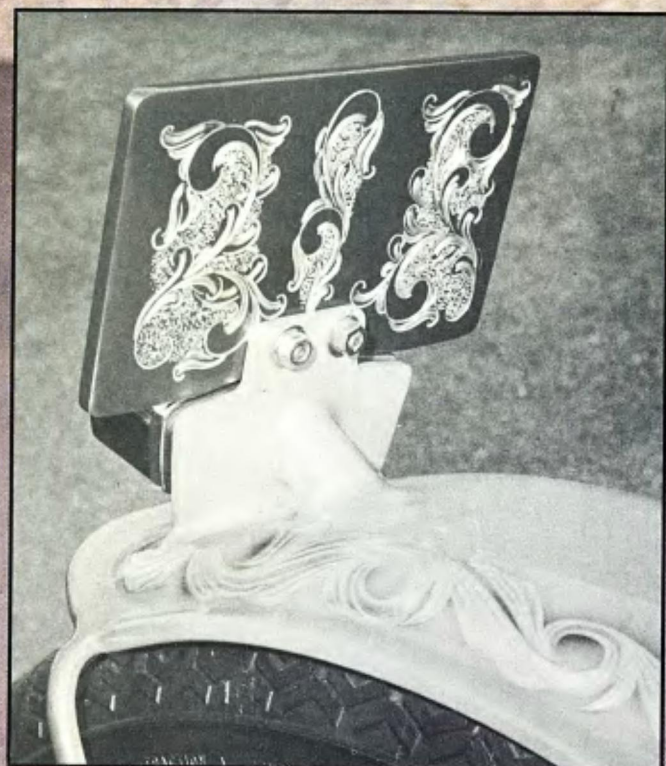
Photos by Jake

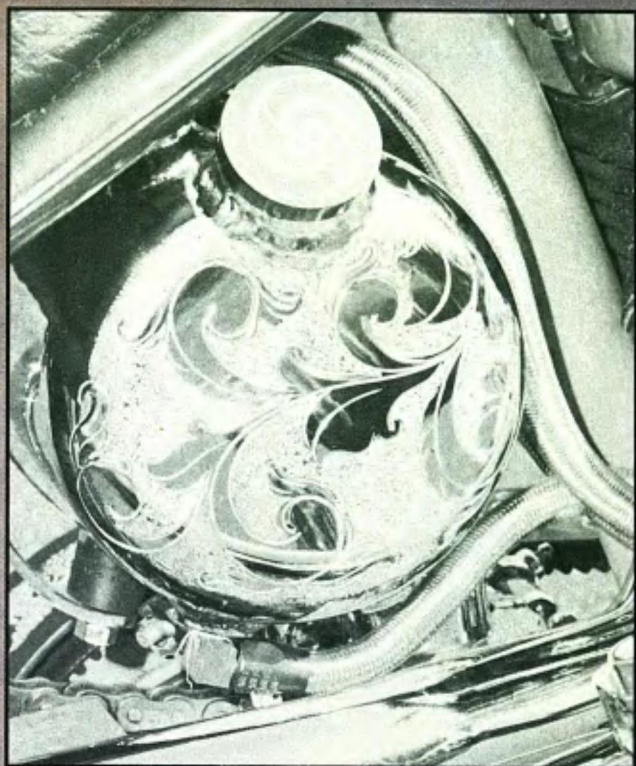
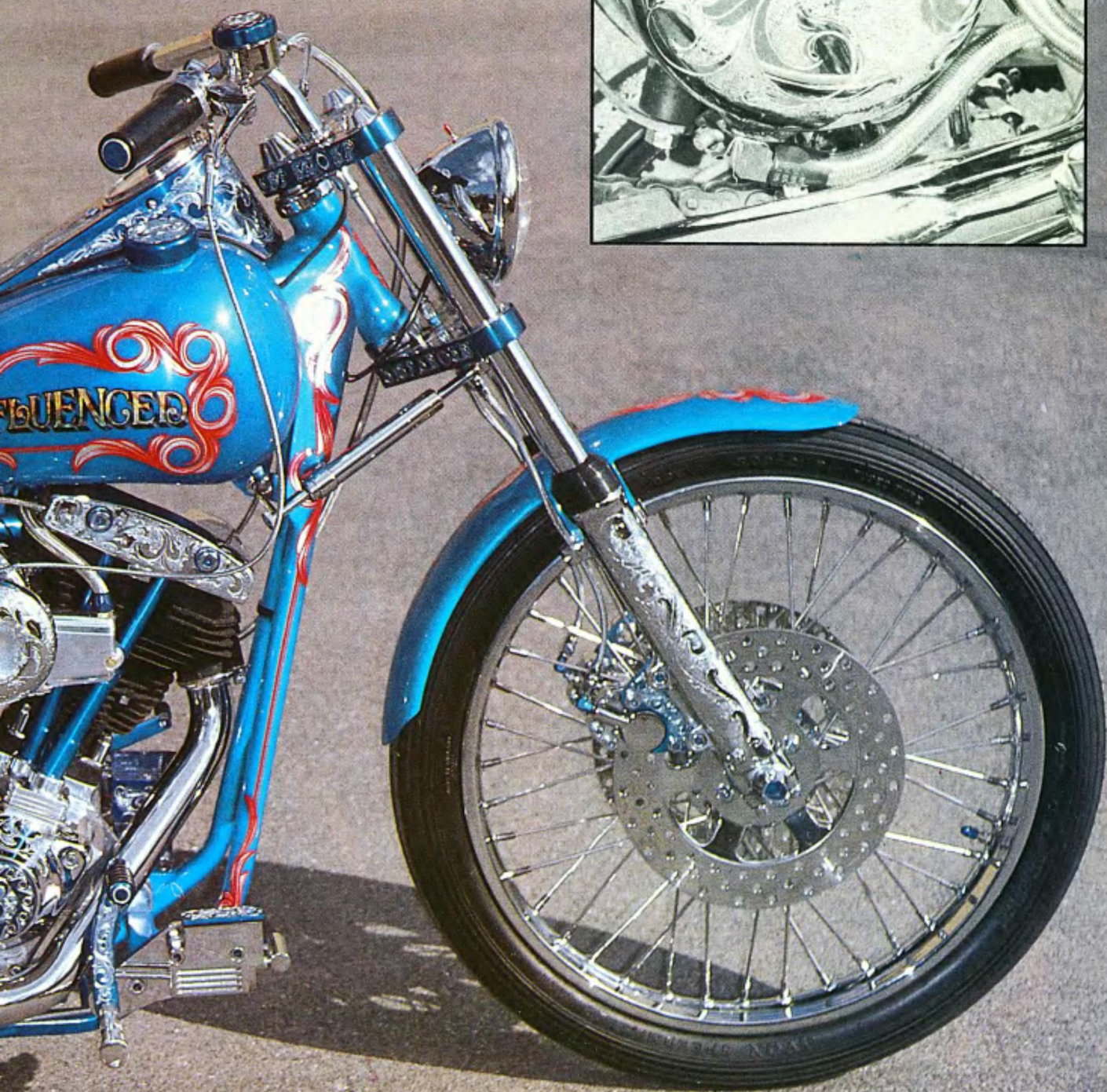
ol' lady's oven for a while to remove any hydrogen embrittlement left over from the chrome-plating process. Then its socket — where the chrome may not have taken — might be touched up with paint to prevent rust. Next, its mating threaded hole would be tapped to clean out any swill from plating, degreasing or sandblasting. Its threads would then get a

dose of anti-seize lubrication. Finally, that bolt would be carefully torqued down and maybe even secured with lockwire.

Now, maybe we lost you in that detailed list. But you don't have to wade through all those procedures to see the results. They're right here for all of you to eyeball. And I'd say that all the time and waiting was worth it! —Jake

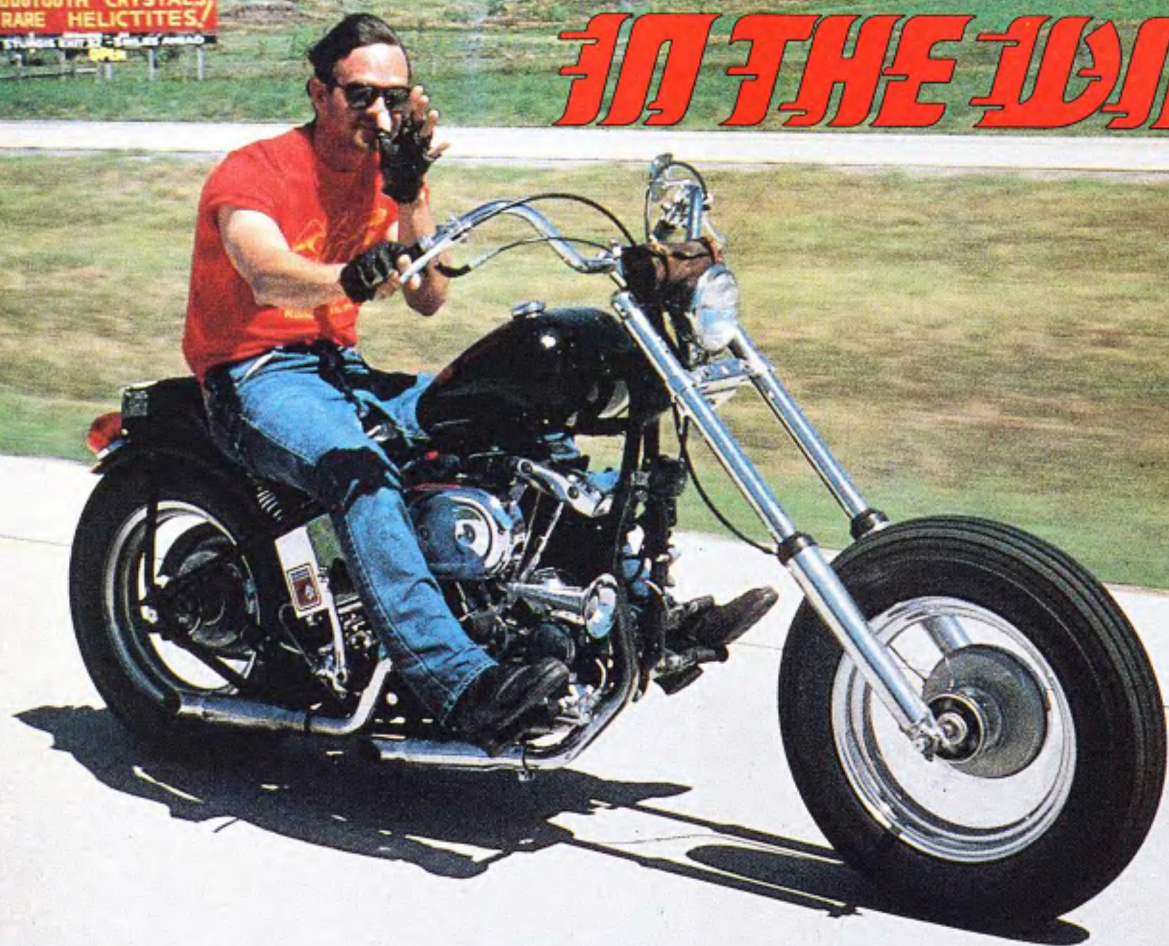






DON'T MISS
WONDERLAND CAVE
DOGTOTH CRYSTALS
RARE HELICTITES!

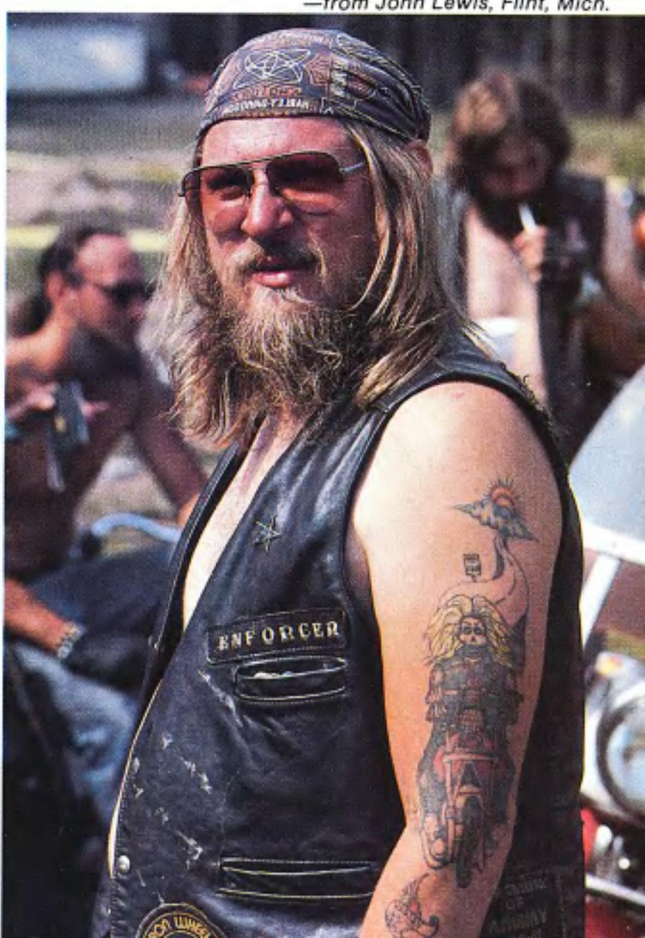
IN THE WIND



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.

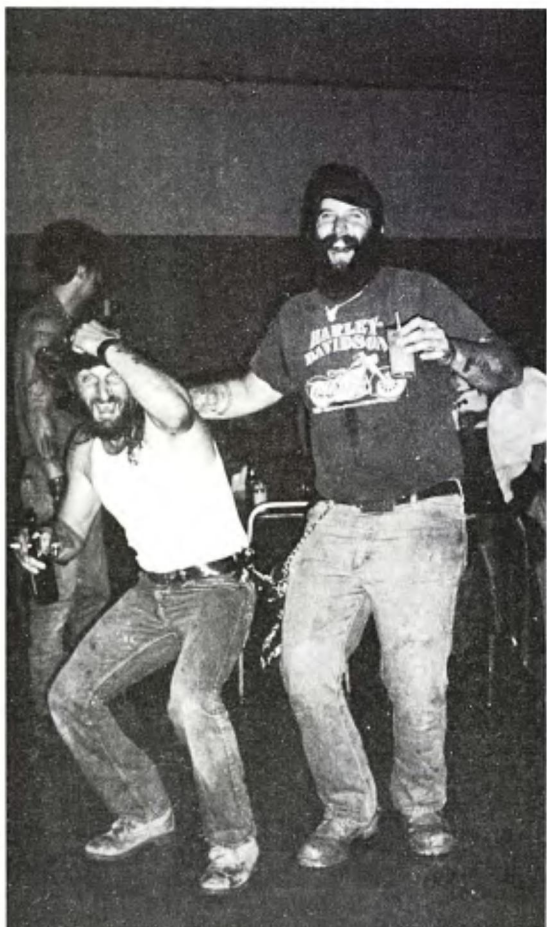


—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



—from Cyclops, Keene, N.H.

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



—from James Delaney, Jr., N. Weymouth, Mass.

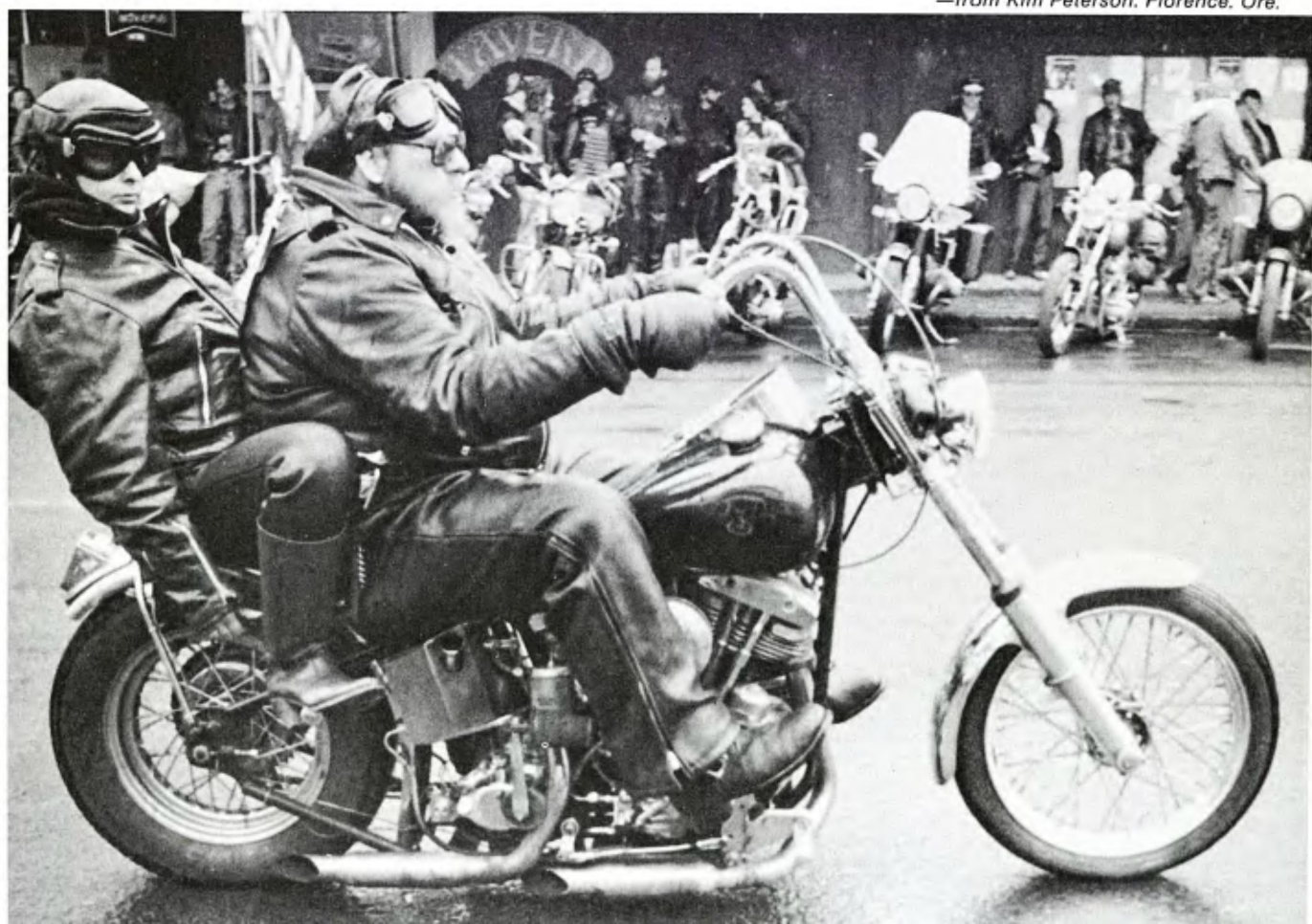


—from Michael Reddick, Apsley, Ontario



—from D. Dawson, *Rude Girlz*, M.C.

—from Kim Peterson, *Florence*, Ore.





—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Cyclops, Sebago Lake, Me.



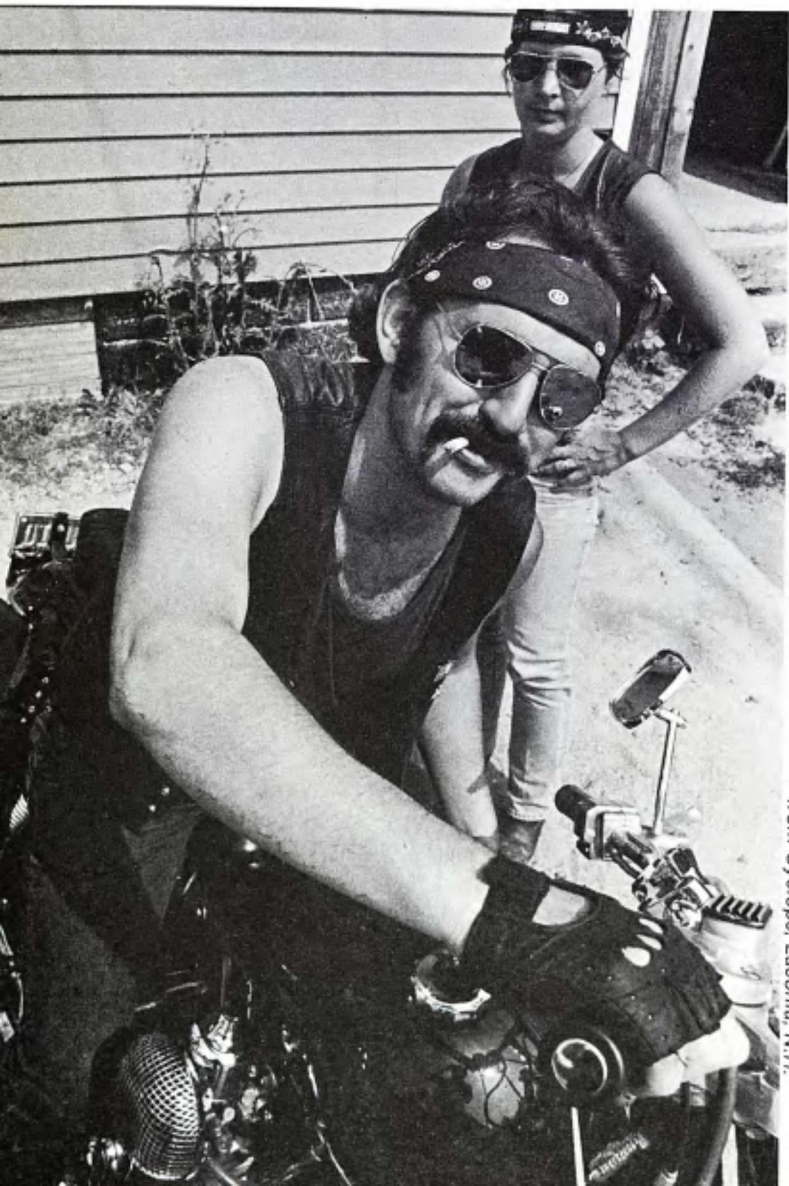
—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Patti Dudley, Willowick, Ohio



—from Kim Peterson, Simi Valley, Calif.



—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.



—from Kim Peterson, Malibu, Calif.



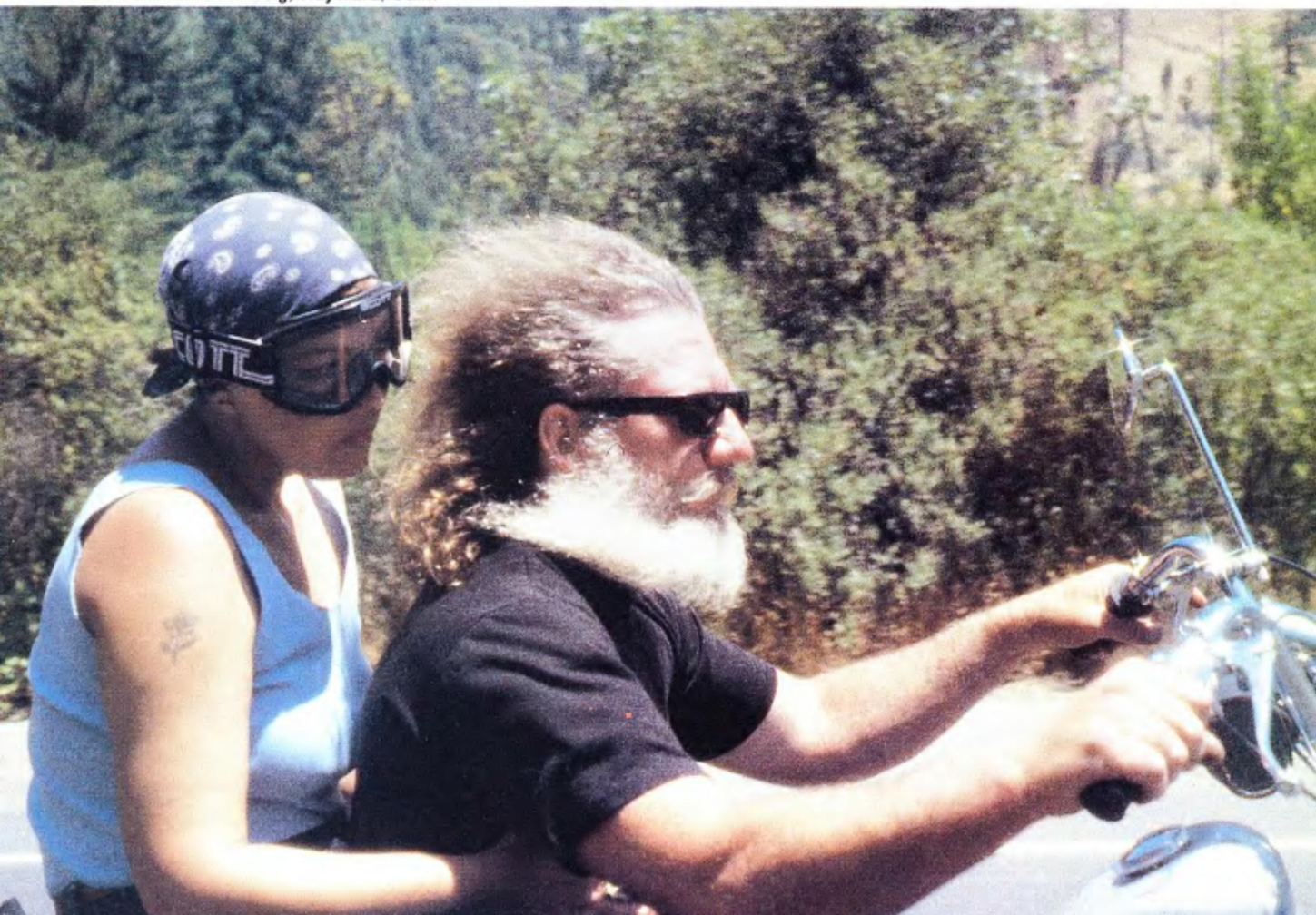


—from Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, Fla.



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.

—from Susanne Fleming, Hayward, Calif.





DAYTONA
WHEEL STAND
CONTEST

BOOT HILL
SALOON

MAIN STREET
SOUVENIRS





Simply Pretentious

What's a bro to do? Put yourself in Bob's boots. He's got the resources enabling him to build any kind of bike his puttin' heart desires. Does he buy a new stocker, strip it down and redo it? Hit a swap meet, pick up a box of bike bones, sort through the rubble and begin the long process of restoration? Or does he let his fingers do the walkin'? Call an old-time bike-buildin' friend, detail what he

wants, then kick back on the rocker and wait for the glorious day of completion?

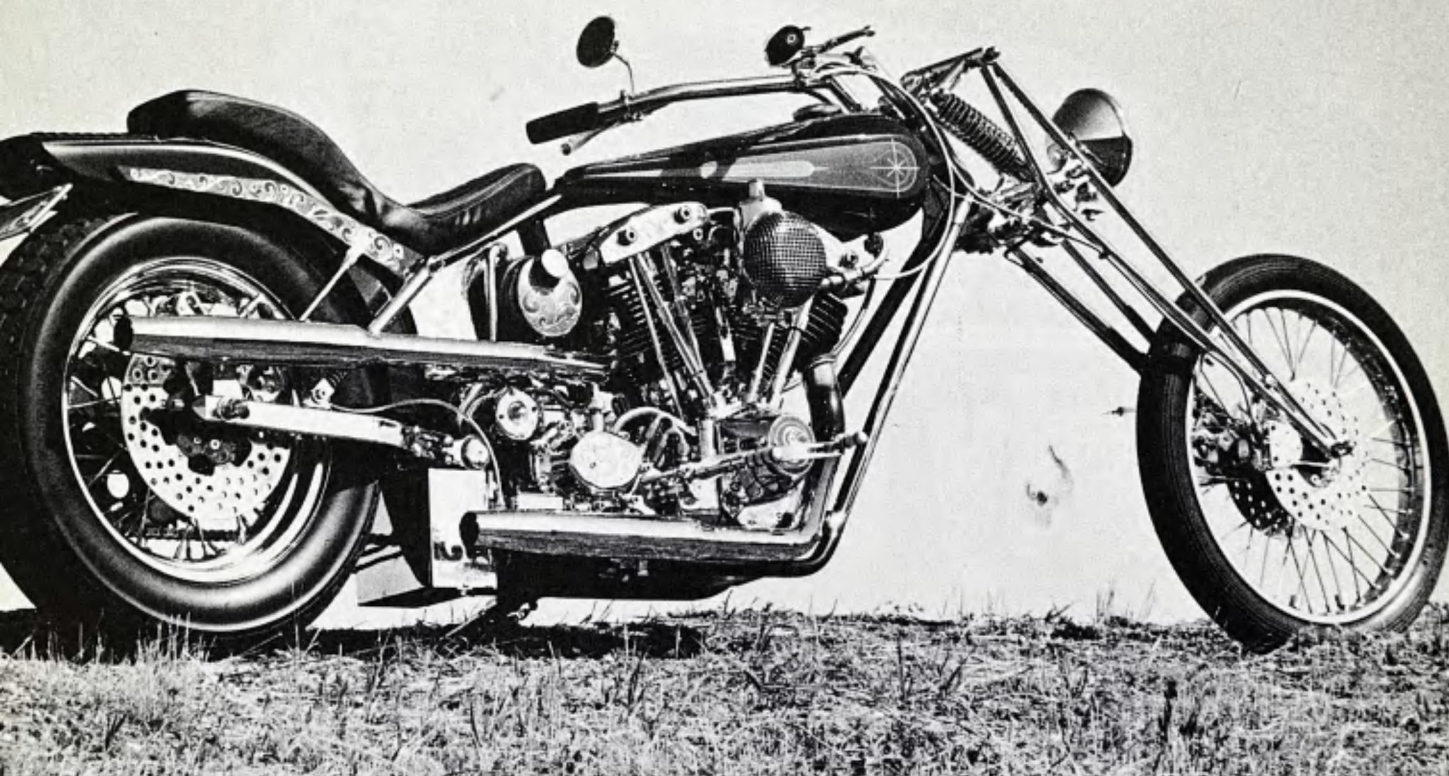
Bob Illingworth, from Minneapolis, Minnesota, was jammed up against this problem. If this is a problem, ya might be sayin', then give me a bushel of 'em. Usually you don't have any options, you just have one way to go — on your own. Scratching and scraping for every part. Nickel-and-diming

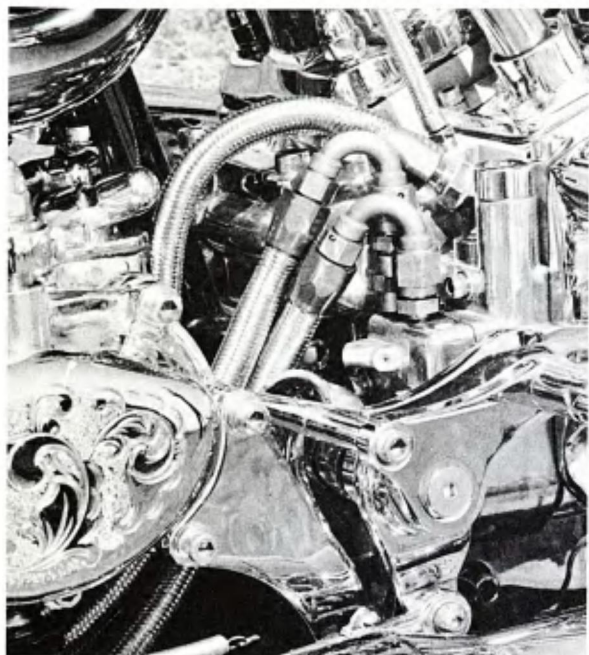
yourself to death.

Bob knew what he wanted, all right, but he doesn't brag about his own personal wrenchmanship. That's why, when he pared down his options, it was an open-and-shut case. Due to his high visibility among bikers as a dealer (he owns W.I.W. Kawasaki, and rides Harleys), he wanted an absolutely flashy ace. PR, ya know.

It had to look the best. Be



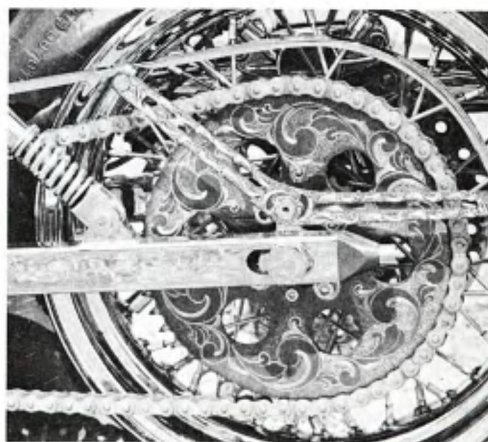




awesome in its speed and handling, but above all else, be totally safe and trusty. These were the ground rules Bob laid on his longtime friend, Don Smith. As co-owner of Smith Brothers and Fetrow, Inc., Don gave it his "Can do. Just don't rush me."

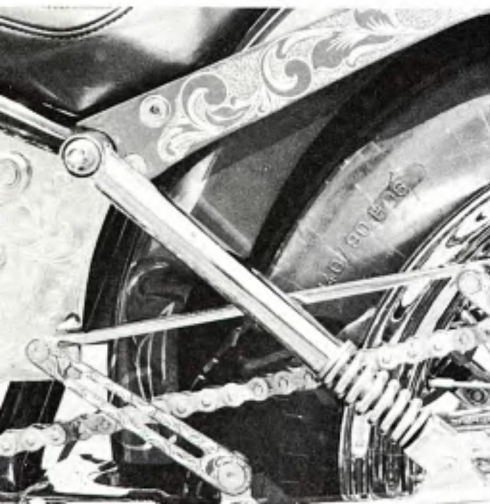
Two years later it was finished and ready for Sturgis. In the interim, Bob showed a lot of patience. But he wasn't just

kicked back in a hammock on the porch swatin' horseflies. Bob is a doer who takes the ball and moves it. For ten years he's been actively lobbying for the Minnesota Motorcycle Riders Association, one of the largest state groups in the nation. ("You could look it up," as Casey Stengel used to say.) Bob was instrumental in getting the Gopher State's helmet law dumped back in 1977 and abol-





Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Bob Illingworth		City: Minneapolis, Minn.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Smith Bros. & Fetrow		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1984 H-D		Builder: Smith Bros. & Fetrow	
Model: Big Twin		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$22,000		Rake: 48 degrees	
Assembly by: Donnie Smith		Stretch: 5 in.	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: gussets	
Chroming by: Ty's Metal Finishing		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Smith Bros. & Fetrow	
Year: 1979		Risers: with bars	
Model: shovel		Fender(s): 7 in.	
Rebuilder: Eagle MC Engineering		Headlight: Drag. Spec.	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: Catseye/Drag. Spec.	
Displacement: 84 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Smith Bros. & Fetrow	
Balancing: Eagle MC Engineering		Rear pegs: Smith Bros. & Fetrow	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: Mustang	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: Smith Bros. & Fetrow	
Heads: Eagle MC Engineering		Oil tank: Moon	
Cam(s): Sifton 475		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: S&S solids		Primary cover: reworked stock	
Carb(s): Rivera SU		Seat: Keith Nybo	
Air cleaner: Rivera		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Drag Spec. Pythons/SB&F		Height: varies	
Muffler(s): Drag. Spec. Pythons/SB&F		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: girder	
Year: 1979		Extension: 3 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Smith Bros. & Fetrow	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt drive		Special features: gold plating	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Sunshine Custom Studios		Hub: Sifton	Hub: Sifton
Painter: Sunshine's Kevin Winter		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: multi		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: candy from House of Kolor		Brake: Sifton	Brake: Grimeca
Special paint: striping by Dave Bell			
Other special modifications: Engraving from Cycle Fab, Brockton, Mass.; gold plating by Ty's; many thanks to Jenny for special paint touches.			

ishing no-fault insurance for bikes in '78, as well as continuing to fight the bureaucrats everytime they bring the bills back.

He believes that "Education and training works; mandated laws don't." Since the lid law went down in Minnesota, the state's had a significant drop in motorcycle-related fatalities. Hear that, Florida, and all you other skull-cap states?

This past summer Bob's completed jewel made her maiden run — to the Black Hills for the annual party, traversing 800 miles of hills in a week. The eye-grabber caused quite a stir and it was downright embarrassing for Bob to have to go through the story over and over. After all, it's just his simply pretentious view of the bikin' world. He's put 5000 miles on it as of this writing without a single hassle. Not one.

—Raider

HARLEY-DAVIDSON SERVI-CAR



FOR ALL-AROUND POLICE SERVICE

MORE and more police departments are using Harley-Davidson Servi-Cars to solve special traffic and enforcement problems. An officer on one of these all-purpose, "three-wheelers" can mark parked cars, check parking meters, and handle many other traffic details better and faster than by any other method.

And no other vehicle can match the Harley-Davidson Servi-Car for night patrol work, testing doors, and checking property — rushing an extra officer to scenes of trouble — escorting parades and funerals—mounting loud-speakers to broadcast safety messages—and many other police assignments day or night.

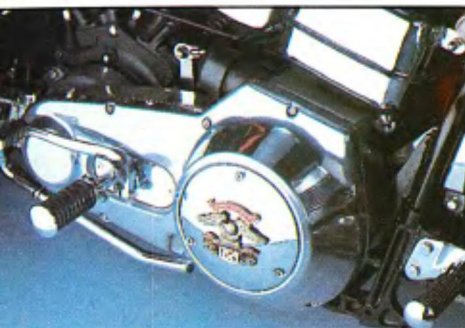


Radio-equipped Servi-Car used by Fond du Lac, Wis., Police Department.

★ Phone your Harley-Davidson Dealer to come over and give you full particulars. Write for list of cities using Servi-Cars.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Improve the Function Enhance the Form.



Outer Primary Cover

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

FX 1970-82 (except FXB & FXR)

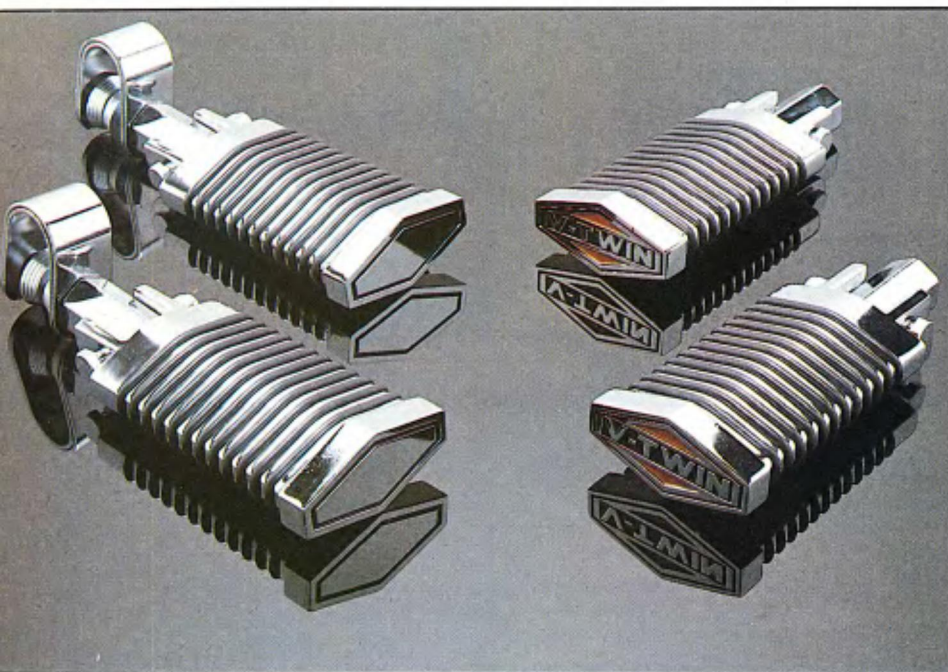
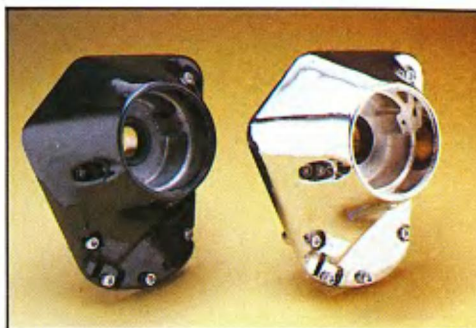
#100 Chrome \$98.00

#101 Black \$88.00

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

#102 Chrome \$98.00

#103 Black \$88.00



Black Diamond™ Footpegs

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

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



Soft Touch™ Grips

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

#104 \$17.00

Big Twin Clutch Set

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

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

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



Nose Cone Gear Cover

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

1973-83 end oiling

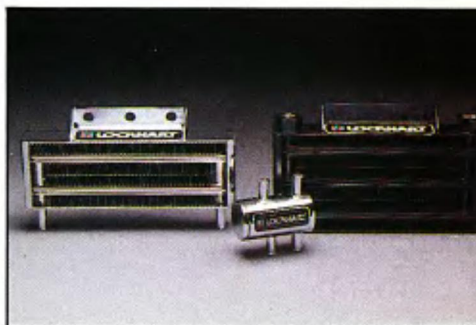
#115 Chrome \$80.00

#116 Black \$66.00

1970-early 73 side oiling

#117 Chrome \$80.00

#118 Black \$66.00



Lockhart "700" Oil Cooler Kit

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

#119 \$115.00

Lockhart "500" Oil Cooler Kit

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

Sportster/Superglide

#120 Chrome \$110.00

#121 Black \$90.00

Electraglide

#122 Chrome \$120.00

#123 Black \$100.00

Thermostat Bypass Valve

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

#124 Chrome \$45.00

#125 Black \$40.00

A PARTY OF BROS

by David Cowan

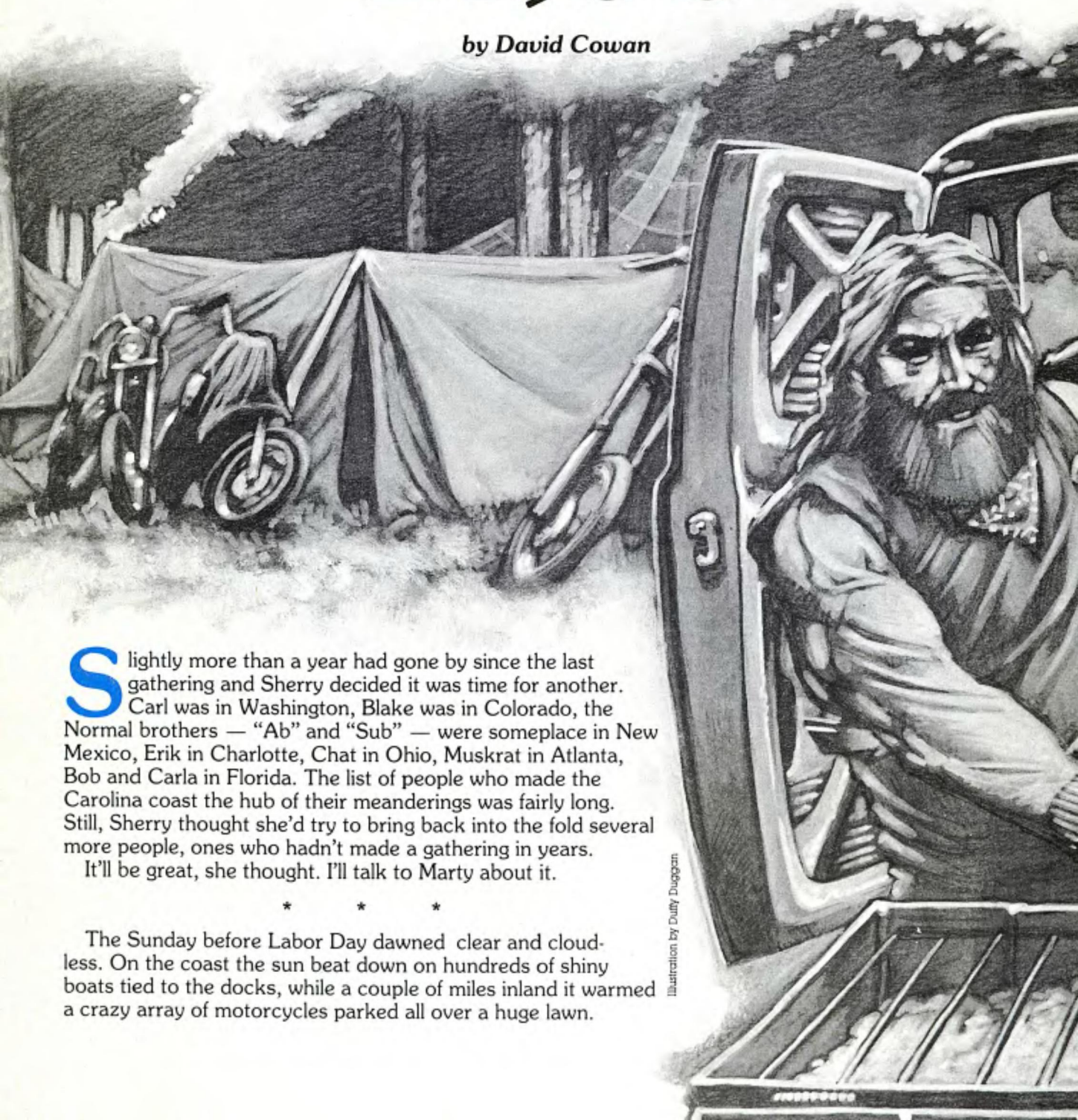
Slightly more than a year had gone by since the last gathering and Sherry decided it was time for another. Carl was in Washington, Blake was in Colorado, the Normal brothers — “Ab” and “Sub” — were someplace in New Mexico, Erik in Charlotte, Chat in Ohio, Muskrat in Atlanta, Bob and Carla in Florida. The list of people who made the Carolina coast the hub of their meanderings was fairly long. Still, Sherry thought she’d try to bring back into the fold several more people, ones who hadn’t made a gathering in years.

It’ll be great, she thought. I’ll talk to Marty about it.

* * *

The Sunday before Labor Day dawned clear and cloudless. On the coast the sun beat down on hundreds of shiny boats tied to the docks, while a couple of miles inland it warmed a crazy array of motorcycles parked all over a huge lawn.

Illustration by Duffy Duggan



Although there were some small tents scattered about, most of the people present were sacked out in sleeping bags around the yard.

Just about full daylight two haggard-looking men stepped out of the house onto the redwood deck. They walked across it and leaned against the railing, steaming cups of coffee in their hands.

Surveying the scene in his backyard, Marty's feelings ran somewhere between awe and disbelief. There were well over 70 Harleys parked there and people crashed all over. His gaze wandered to the large overflowing trash barrels. Aside from relatively common cans, like Budweiser and

Miller, he could pick out others, like Olympia, that had traveled clear across the country just to be consumed in his yard. What an honor!

"Blake, ol' bro," he said, "I think we better plan on organizing another dump run. Christ, that'll make three in two days. It's hard to believe that the party doesn't really start until today."

"How about we head down to the beach, instead? Maybe we can convince some sweet young clerk at the supermarket to sell us a six-pack."

At the first corner, they saw Sporty Porty and his Sportster coming their way. Whooping a greeting, Blake and Marty flicked

Continued on page 101



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

Like thieves in the night, or, perhaps more appropriately, like the star chambers they so obviously would like to establish, the members of the Congress of the United States used the chaos surrounding their adjournment to pass a new so-called anti-crime bill that effectively cancels 200 years' worth of constitutionally protected rights for people accused or convicted of crimes.

Among other things, the bill eliminates parole for federal prisoners, allows those accused — but not convicted — of crimes to be held in prison without bail, and decrees that thousands of helplessly crazy nut cases be thrown into general prison populations instead of being confined and treated in hospitals.

So desperate were our elected slimebags to avoid public scrutiny of this measure, they slipped it through the system as an amendment to the stop-gap spending bill that was passed instantly before Congress adjourned to get on with the more important business (to its members) of spending two or three months (while still on the public payroll, of course) kissing babies (and ass) in an attempt to get reelected.

In case you weren't following the last hectic days of the Congressional session very closely, here's a brief rundown of what happened.

The House and Senate could not agree on a budget for the coming fiscal year. Moreover, the President was insisting that he wouldn't sign any budget measure that wasn't pretty much to his liking. Adding urgency to the matter was the fact that the old fiscal year was rapidly drawing to a close. The government was, in fact, running out of money with which to operate. The President, in an attempt to intimidate Congress into passing a budget bill tailored to his desires, began furloughing government workers by the thousands, and federal agencies began shutting their doors. Finally, late on a Wednesday evening, Congress approved a stop-gap budget bill that would allow Uncle Sam to keep on throwing away our bread



Illustration by Joey Roberts

until a full-scale budget was passed.

Piggy-backed onto this stop-gap budget, camouflaged neat as can be, was the new so-called anti-crime bill. It's the most outrageous bit of underhanded law-making since Congress voted its members a massive tax deduction by disguising it as part of a bill giving federal aid to miners suffering black lung disease.

Naturally, not everyone sees this bill as the patently unconstitutional monstrosity it is. Attorney General William French Smith, for example, calls it "the most far-reaching and substantial reform of the federal criminal-justice system in our history."

We hate to quibble with the Attorney General, but we have to point out that he is at least partially wrong. That the crime bill is "substantial" and "far-reaching" is unquestionable, but its connection to anything that can accurately be called a "justice system" is nonexistent.

Looking at the details, we find that the bill would, for the first time

in U.S. history (except during wartime), allow pretrial detention without bail if the suspect is considered by a judge to be a "danger to the community."

Note especially that there is no requirement for the Justice Department to prove this "danger." The provision allows for total judicial discretion. A decent, Constitution-respecting federal judge might never invoke it at all, while a right-wing justice might apply it to everyone who doesn't fit his idea of what solid citizens should look like — people like bikers, for example.

Just as serious is the bill's provisions for abolishing parole. While sentences under the new law could be reduced by 15 percent for good behavior, the possibility for parole is eliminated. An additional stab in the back for existing prisoners makes the parole provisions somewhat retroactive, with the parole system for current inmates to be phased out within five years. This means that if you plea-bargained a sentence of, say, 10 to 15 years, with the promise of a possible parole after seven or eight, you've been royally fucked.

And, just to make things even tougher, the bill authorizes the establishment of a presidential commission (and you know how liberal *they're* going to be) to create guidelines setting the minimum sentences allowed for certain types of crimes. Judges who try to show some common sense, or just plain mercy, by sentencing a defendant to a lesser term would be forced to explain in writing why they'd crossed Big Brother.

In regard to insanity tests, the burden of proof has been shifted from the prosecution to the defense. In other words, the prosecution no longer has to prove the suspect is sane — the suspect has to prove he's nuts. But, since most real nuts are firmly convinced they're as normal as Ron and Nancy Reagan, how are they going to accomplish that?

According to American Civil Liberties Union legislative counsel Barry Lynn, the insanity provision

Continued on page 103

Latest Stuff On The Agent Orange Settlement And Other News Flashes Of Interest

Chief Judge Jack B. Weinstein, U.S. District Court in Brooklyn — who, you'll recall, inherited the dubious honor of presiding over the Agent Orange lawsuit from Chief Judge Pratt — has "tentatively" approved the \$180-million lawsuit settlement. "Tentatively" because the judge has decided that while the settlement is fair enough, it's still the job of the court to help the veterans come up with a just and reasonable plan for the actual distribution and use of the funds. It's estimated that this might take until mid-1985 to accomplish, and until then, there won't be any final judicial seal of approval on the settlement.

Judge Weinstein, when announcing his decision, made a few comments on both the lawsuit and the settlement. If you remember, the chemical companies employed at least a two-pronged defense during the pretrial. They maintained first that there is, as yet, no solid evidence that their herbicides are responsible for the illnesses suffered by Vietnam veterans and others. Second, they claimed that it was the federal government's responsibility to properly employ the herbicides. The companies' position was that they were merely producing a product according to the government's stated requirements, that they had no part in the decision of where and how to use the product, let alone determining the amounts to be used. (This is known as the "government contract defense.")

Judge Weinstein made it clear that he felt this latter defense would have been a very strong one, a "powerful" one, if the case had gone to trial. In addition, he mentioned a point of law that would have seriously jeopardized our side's chances of winning: It is a standard requirement in product-liability claims that the plaintiff be able to prove that a specific company's product caused specific damage. The judge therefore believes that since there isn't yet proof of dioxin being the agent that caused our illnesses, and since it would be practically

impossible to identify which company's herbicides caused which veterans' ailments, the vet-plaintiffs are much better off taking the settlement.

While he was at it, the judge also took a shot at Uncle Sam. First, he stated that both White House aides and Defense Department officials knew that dioxin posed health hazards, but didn't advise the President against the Pentagon's decision to increase the use of the herbicides. Secondly, he declared that the federal government has the "ultimate responsibility" to take care of afflicted vets and their families and urged that "the nation's obligation" to us and our families be fulfilled.

While I'm on the subject of Agent O, I want to tell you again that Sarge is not, I say *not*, in the business of mailing out Agent Orange information. Since I'm still getting requests for it, I know some of you bros are either new to *ER* or missed the previous issues in which I gave you the name and address of the appropriate organization to contact. Take note this time, please: **Vietnam Veterans Agent Orange Victims, Inc.**, 93 Prospect St., Stamford, CT 06902.

Don't forget to enclose a buck or two to cover their costs. These guys are nonprofit, have been in the battle since jumpstreet, and donations are still always greatly needed.

Incarcerated Bros Dept.

Our brothers in captivity have not been forgotten, nor are they sitting still for injustice any longer. Two major Vietnam veterans organizations are (and have been) getting heavily into looking out for those of you in prison and helping you organize yourselves. The Vietnam Veterans Of America has already established some chapters within the high walls around the country and their people have been going inside to meet with 'Nam vets for worthwhile head-to-head sessions. The Veterans Of The Vietnam War, another good organization, is

also trying to form chapters for vets in lockdown. If you want to organize for the defense of your rights by forming a chapter of the VVnW, write **Veterans Of The Vietnam War, Inc.**, Attn: Incarcerated Vets Dept., 2090 Bald Mountain Road, Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702.

Just request their information packet on starting an incarcerated vets chapter and tell them how many membership application forms you need. The VVnW doesn't require payment of dues from members in prison and provides them their bimonthly newsletter free.

Honorable Mention Dept.

And now it's time to confer an honorary brotherhood and express public thanks to a very special *Easysiders* reader — Lars Landsell of Sweden. Lars has written me several times to express his concern and support for Vietnam vets. Recently, he went a step further, sending me some hard-earned bread to be used "to help those men." His 150 *Sverige Kronor* amounted to about \$15 in U.S. currency, but the real point is that this man has put an awful lot of Americans to shame with his generosity. He's a citizen of Sweden — Vietnam and its aftermath needn't be any of his concern. Yet he cares deeply and has backed up his words with the grease that gets things done. How many Americans can claim a similar act of support for their brothers? In fact, how many of us have parted with a coin lately to help *any* cause?

Thank you, Lars, most sincerely. After exchanging your Crowns, I sent a check for the equivalent amount to The National League of Families in your name. In case anyone else could care to join our Swedish friend in helping to get an account of our missing brothers, the full address is **The National League Of families Of American Prisoners And Missing In Southeast Asia**, 1608 K St. NW, Washington, DC 20006.

Okay, that's it for this mission. ■

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Insulated Security

By all means, ride warm and comfortable. But beware that by making ourselves insulated and isolated, we run the risk of succumbing to a false sense of security. The pleasures of motorcycling include feeling the wind in our face and the rush of motion across our limbs. If we don't feel the wind and the rush of motion, we may begin to believe that we're safely tucked inside a car. In that case, we might as well be.

—Paul Essensfeld
Northeast Riding

Many Diversions

Many people get the diversion they need by cultivating relatively passive hobbies — cooking, sewing, gardening, reading, painting and so on. Others prefer activities that provide more action or offer physical challenges, things like hunting, fishing, boating, flying, exercising or any of a countless number of ball-type games.

And some ride motorcycles.
—Paul Dean
Cycle World

Crude, Atavistic and Sub Par

To my mind, Harleys were inexcusably crude, great atavistic brutes that rattled your eyes loose with vibration and sub-par suspension compliance. In short, they were precisely the kind of motorcycles I could easily live without.

—Charles Everitt
Cycle Guide

Profitable Percent

Another person pointed out, "Harley-Davidson runs

its operation on the idea of 25 percent profit on bikes, 40 percent on accessories, and 50 percent on parts, and that's the way to run a profitable dealership."

—Bill Stermer
Motorcycle
Industry Shopper

Yama-Hog

The bike, based on the 75-degree V-twin Virago motor, is festooned with Harley-like details, including a small headlight, staggered "shot-gun" right-side-only exhausts and a large and highly polished square-shaped air-cleaner cover placed Harley-fashion on the right side between the two cylinder heads. The cover even follows recent Harley practice in carrying a prominent "1000" sticker.

—Australasian
Motorcycle News



Reciprocating Attitudes

Attitudes are also reciprocal. Positive attitudes spread and reciprocate, just as negative attitudes spread and reciprocate.

"You get what you give," rather than "You get what you take." If you give "good," you'll get "good." If you give

"bad," you'll get "bad."
"Courtesy is contagious."

Motorcycle
Industry Shopper

Nothing New

For Harley-Davidson, a small company still encumbered with debt and working away from its old nothing-new reputation, the strategy must involve even more conservative variations on the V-twin theme, while the water-cooled V-four Nova engine development project eases closer to completion, and the recently acquired Trihawk tests the shallow marketing waters for a possible street-going three-wheeler revolution.

—Cycle

New Rules

Imagine what the sign above Harley-Davidson's factory door might read if new management had not embraced radical changes in the mid-seventies. It might read, "Tokyo Universal Thimble and Bobbin Company." Picture their advertising slogans: "Real Steel Bobbins," "Thimbles. By The People. For The People," "More Than A Thimble." Or maybe, "The New Bobbins. Sew One."

—Buzz Buzzelli
The Enthusiast

Growing Panic

On the RT Patti and I were riding, the vapor lock occurred out in the middle of the Nevada desert at high noon with 110-degree temperatures. One of those "Why-me-Lord?" pulse-risers. I set the bike on the sidestand, opened the fuel cap and — inspired by grow-

ing panic — pounded on the side of the tank with my fist. This resulted in a string of bubbles rising up from the fuel pump location. After this bit of high-tech mechanics, the bike started right up and ran all the way to Missoula and back without incident. It was the first time in my riding history I've ever had to burp my motorcycle.

—Bob Carpenter
Road Rider

Melting Rubber

Doing a healthy burn-out, or warming up the wheels for a good hook-up is fairly simple. All that is needed is pressure on the brake pedal, turn on the front wheel line-lock, then peg the tachometer up to 8000rpm in third gear. That should melt some rubber, and you're ready for the starting line.

—Hot Bike

Blue-Nosed Fun

"Fun" seems unlikely as the compelling reason for Harley-Davidson to reach out from blue-nosed Milwaukee to the land of hot tubs and total-body tans to acquire Trihawk, a small-scale concern producing less than 100 vehicles a year.

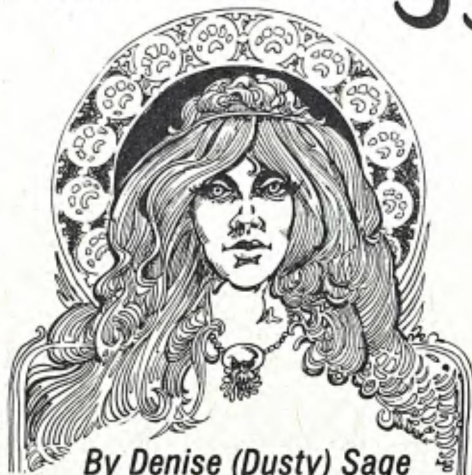
—Cycle

Modest Standards

Part of the Harley's good road manners undoubtedly are due to its modest horsepower output. And it's true: The FXRT's V² Evolution engine generates only middleweight-level peak horsepower by today's performance standards.

—Charles Everitt
Cycle Guide

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Pisces

The sign of Pisces covers a broad spectrum of rank character traits, from obnoxious to gross. To begin with, all Pisces are crybabies — and whiners who throw up a lot. Some are so shy that they won't screw with the lights on, but the rest insist on darkness for doin' it because they know they're just plain u-g-l-y with their shoes off. (Most Piscean feet resemble a nest of hemorrhoids about to take flight.) Nonetheless, Pisces can be fun companions as long as you keep a good supply of room deodorizer handy.

One thing in Pisces' favor is their creativity and artistic talents. They often excel in original tank designs, unusual color schemes, interesting logos, and photography featuring kaleidoscopic effects. Another wholesome Piscean quality is that they're always hot to trot, and why not, since they also possess the ability to keep an erection for hours. The only problem is that they often

blow their nose and ejaculate simultaneously. (Yes, it's true — Pisces do prefer sex while French-kissing a worn-out tennis shoe, but they're generally more than willing to share.)

Some famous Pisces are: Michael Caine, George Harrison, Peter Fonda, Jackie Gleason, Jim Backus, Carl Reiner, John Garfield, Mickey Spillane, and Karen Carpenter (who, unfortunately, threw up a lot).

Pisces are susceptible to sprained ankles, ingrown toenails, toe jam, feet that smell like death warmed over, and balding armpits that are also ingrown. Besides those maladies, Pisces are prone to moss between their nether cheeks from never changing their underwear. Even their bunions have bunions!

Don't underestimate Pisces, however. They'll be there when it counts to back you up, bail you out, and bring you cheer. Maybe Pisces aren't very realistic or mature, but they make up for it with loyalty.

sandwiches. Cut loose a smelly one to show your gratitude. These little signs of appreciation always bring quick results, not to mention a tear to the eye. Hanging it in her ass will have the same effect and last longer. Remember, it's the little things that count — unless yours is big.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ This one is weird! You could end up with a real case —

like vaginal itch of the earlobes, or become excited at the sight of a plucked chicken, or discover you enjoy the sounds of diarrhea. You might even discover your alter ego and change your name to Rumbleforeskin. By the end of the month a rare strain of jock itch proves you're ambidextrous.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Your sex life borders on the deformed, degenerate, and

disgusting — in other words, you're a normal biker. You're so horny this month, you'd fight flies off it in order to fuck it! You can't even be trusted near liver — nor left alone with a rubber ducky. You start to enjoy using a rectal thermometer and hanging out in porno bakeries, so you can check out the hot buns with cream in the center. Get fucked fast!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ On a bummer? Feel like puttin' your meat in a grinder? Are your nuts dragging between your kneecaps? Although for some this is normal, what you have is a bonafide case of the "biker blues." The only cure is nothing less than a weekend putt before you start to trip over your tongue and tear out your hair. Whatda-fuck, take a whole week off unless you want your dick to start developing worry warts.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Problems are erupting like pimples in puberty, but these are twice as messy. It comes to a head at home base and puts the squeeze on your petty cash. A lotta minor repairs drain your patience and put you in the mood to kick ass. Hang in there and roll with the punches; it's your turn to snivel and watch the world turn to crap. (What — again?) Go out and get drunk — but put someone else in charge of getting your ass home.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ If you're still trying to recuperate from last month, forget it. You're in for more of the same. Don't let a temporary cash shortage spoil your party — rip off your ol' lady or your rugrats. Show 'em what a badass you can be. Borrow from your in-laws, hock your toilet seat, enjoy yourself at everyone else's expense. Afterward, develop amnesia (or have your name changed).

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Happy birthday, even though its gonna be the drizzlin' shits. You may well remember this birthday as the asswipe of your life, if not the royal flush. If at all possible, hibernate through it. Otherwise, buy a case of Preparation H (for the side effects) and be sure to wear a name tag — preferably someone else's. Seriously, try to have a good time even though you'll probably be in a wheelchair before it's over.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ This one reeks of foul play (or should that be balls?). Someone takes a cheap shot that draws a crowd and blows your cover, leaving you as flat as a summer nutsack. Tail-between-your-legs tactics should be nixed. This one deserves your best ball-bustin' bullshit-counterattack. Otherwise, let your fingers do the walking — right upside his head — and then backtrack!

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ This month you spend a lotta time with your mug hung over the crapper, coughing up curds (must be someone you ate). Your bod is a tad beat and bent outta shape from pig-outs, parties and pussy. Lighten up or spend time between the sheets and the shits, having weird flashbacks of all those suds you've been soaking up. Put a lid on it before your lick hits the waterline.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ What starts out as a buzz ends up a blackout. It could be some bad shit in your stash — buyer, beware! Either that, or your partner's medication fucks up your body chemistry. (Find your own legal source and script.) Otherwise, encounters of the worst kind are grabbing at your gonads and bending your brain. Play it safe now; party only with people you trust.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Before you get down on a tight partner, be sure you have all the facts. Misunderstanding is on the agenda this month. Put an end to chickenshit gossip, especially if it's under the influence of pussy. Don't let a flying fuck screw you up. This particularly applies to heavy decisions. Put 'em on hold till a later date. Think twice and keep your fly zipped.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ You're too busy this month to take a good dump, let alone count your butt-biscuits or find out if your ol' lady still melts in your hand (or your mouth). If you hustle, you can horn in on a big handout from El Bosso via a fat bonus. You may be too pooped to poke, but at least you'll have the paycheck to prove it. Better put an out-of-order sign on your crank.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Lucky you, you finally get a decent piece of ass to go with those peanut-butter-and-jelly

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
H-D of Clanton 1210 7th St. S., Clanton

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
For Hawg's Only 5754 E. Speedway, Tucson
Night Riders 609 E. Indian School Rd., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
J&R Chopper 602 1/2 Broadway, Van Buren

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
Racer's II 8721 Garden Grove Blvd., Garden Grove
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 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
A&A 4358 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba

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

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 1861 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 8th 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 8906 14th St., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW 40th St. (Bird Rd.),
Miami
C&D Custom Cycles 1801 S. Orange Blossom Tr., Orlando
The Motorcycle Stop 33 NE 79th St., Miami

GEORGIA

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

Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B 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 Meil Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6668 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

INDIANA

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

IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Countryside Cycle Service Hwy. 150 North, Hazleton

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
Jim's Custom Cycle Virgie

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
Chet Hall Enterprise 15032 E. Nine Mile Rd., E. Detroit

MINNESOTA

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

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI

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

NEW JERSEY

Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
H-D of Trenton, Inc. 1079 S. Broad, Trenton
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
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 John Ave., Baldwin
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Brooklyn Performance Cycle 8924 Ave. D, Brooklyn
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon

NORTH CAROLINA

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

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
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Cycle Masters 136 S. Cherry St., Marysville
Southwest Cycle 2718 Airport Hwy., Toledo

OKLAHOMA

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

PENNSYLVANIA

Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parrisville

SOUTH CAROLINA

Doug's H-D 2790 Pamlico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 1957 Belgrade Ave., Charleston

TENNESSEE

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

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killen
Andy's MC Sales 1505 E. Lancaster St., Fort Worth
The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Meford Drive, Lufkin
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco
Trip Cycle 3823 Ave. S., Galveston
Cheta's 4575 W. Hwy. 31, 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
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond

WASHINGTON

74' Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston

WEST VIRGINIA

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

WISCONSIN

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., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond
H-D of Green Bay, Inc. 727 Memorial Dr., Green Bay

Fallin' Out

I was talkin' to a bro the other day and he told me that you had a snapper that was an absolute wonder, so I'll ask you for the actual facts. Is it really true that it's a wonder that your guts don't fall out of your snatch?

Sic Ric
Elmira, N.Y.

- No, but I'm always surprised that Spider's don't slide out more often.

What An Odor

Dudes are always complaining about pussy smelling like fish, but I can bet they've never fucked one. I'll guarantee you'll never find a fish that smells like this pussy.

Julie
Cushing, Okla.

- Except mine — it smells like dead fish.

Wrong Attitude

Earlier this year my ol' man found out a good friend of his was doin' time. He asked me to write to him because he is almost illiterate and couldn't do it himself. In the process our letters became secret and we fell in love.

We'd only seen each other a few times before he was sent away. He is an independent biker and won't see his freedom till late '85. I don't want my ol' man to discover my relationship with my secret pen pal because I am afraid of losing my security. So I asked my sweetheart to stop writing and I feel awful.

This is the second time I've done this and the last time he wrote me back and expressed how hurt he was. Everytime I think about him my whole body hurts and my heart feels like it's gonna break. Did I do the right thing? I don't think "Dear Abby" would really understand, so please take me seriously.

Sweet Lady
Dayton, Ohio

- Any bitch that hung up on her so-called security has no business comin' on to some poor downed biker.

It's Up To You

We're wondering if you could help a couple of sisters out. We're stuck out in the middle of the Indian Ocean for 90 days with not one

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



decent biker to even look at.

The ship's store ran out of batteries and now we're on water hours, so we can't even take a cold shower anymore. We heard that in our next port the native men are all hung like hamsters so that's no help.

If we can't borrow Spider for some group therapy, can you at least give us some suggestions to tide us over till we hit the States?

Hornied-out Squidettes
Somewhere At Sea

- There are several ways to handle it.

Simple Equation

I'm a single, young female and I love to be put across big, strong laps and spanked. How do I find the perfect biker for me?

Brat
Deer Park, Calif.

- Measure the size of the right hand from the end of the

longest finger to the wrist and multiply that by the length of the crank and divide by four. Add twice the diameter of the crank (that's the distance around it) and multiply by how far the subject can push his tongue beyond his lips (and yours). Divide the result by the engine size of his Hog (in cubic inches) and you've got your answer.

Some Game

Why don't you have a knock-up-the-ol'-lady contest? It would be something new and exciting. Maybe you could talk to Spider and get things on the roll. It might be fun.

The Coke
Homestead, Pa.

- I'd prefer an infect-the-ol'-man contest.

Well Hung

Eighteen-hole Mary was a sight in her prime and hard to look at through all of the

slime. Her gash was a canyon and smelled like shit; even the animals strayed from her pit. But lookin' at you, Mutha, was surely a breeze, 'cause when I got done with you, I was hangin' from the trees.

C.C. Psycho
Bellefonte, Pa.

- By the balls or by the neck?

I Believe It

You ain't gonna believe this. Yesterday my ol' man went down on me and came up with a shocked look on his face. He said he found a hunk of toilet paper in there and now he has sworn off 34% (half of 69).

I am considerably upset about this. I mean, what could be on that little scrap of paper that ain't already in my puss? By the way he acted, you would think I had herpes.

I miss his thick, hot, wet tongue probing my clit terribly. What should I do?

Missing 34%
Northridge, Ohio

- Switch to a softer brand of t.p. so he don't have to worry about getting paper cuts on his tongue.

Point Of Pride

I've been fucking my dog Susie for the past two years and she just gave birth. I am happy to say that I am the proud father of three male and three female shepherd pups with human heads. What do you think of that?

K.W.
Richmond, Va.

- You might be the only father in the world who doesn't have trouble getting his rugrats to clean out the cat box.

Tell Him Yourself

I had this bro named Lon O'Dell, but I think he's kinda pissed off at me. Would you tell him not to be pissed at me any longer?

Smith
Kremmling, Colo.

- Tell him to eat your skivvies — and move on to a Harley rider — they're lovers.

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 **Gary Stewart**, who rode for the last time on earth 9/16/84. We will never forget our memories we shared. Peace be with you. Wes, Nicky & friends.

In memory of **Lester "Puzz" Ryland**, 8/27/84. Your love and memories will always be in my heart, no matter what happens. Love you a lot and miss the hell out of you. I wish things could have been different. Ride hard and free in Harley Heaven. Love, Snake Lady.

To the memory of **Bobby Jones**: You tried to gain your freedom and lost. But now you are eternally free. We'll miss you here and forever damn that guard for shooting. Ride the wind, Bobby, in peace. SSMC, PMC.

In loving memory of **Mack H. Luecke**, who died much too soon, doing what he loved: riding down that highway. We can't have beautiful memories that they can't take away from us. God, we miss you, but we will see you again. Love, Mom, sisters, brother, niece, nephews, aunt, uncle, and all your friends.

In memory of **William C. Wagenschutz**, 2/28/55 to 7/2/84. You will be truly missed by many. Skeeter, Rob, Jean, Jack, The Black Sheep, all the boys in the band, all your ballpark buddies, just isn't room to list 'em all. We love ya, buddy!

To the brothers of Florissant, Missouri, who rode with my brother **Bill Thorpe** all those years: I want to say thanks for the great send off and all the devoted years you called him brother. He loved you all as you loved him. Let God make all your runs good ones. Your brother, Ronn Davis.

In memory of **Jack Maddock**, cut down in his prime by a cager. Sadly missed by all who knew him. "Big Ware."

In memory of **Randall "Raz" Scott Coulter**. On 2/7/84 in Orangeville, Ontario, a tree jumped in front of Raz and his H-D. He died on what he loved and lived for. The parties and women we shared, I'll never forget. Stephen "Kent" Hunter.

In memory of **Eastman**, 5/30/84. Killed by a punk. Shogun 15er, ITCOB, Sons of Silence, Kentucky chapter.

In memory of **Eddie Farrell**, a guy who would give you the shirt off his back. You were always looking out for your brothers. We miss you. All your friends in West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

In tribute to **Wayne T. "Space" Giles** of New Milford, N.J., 6/30/60-6/30/84, a bro lost on his favorite Triumph solo with his ol' lady right behind him. Reid, Scott, Moe, Lynn, Pat and Dave.

In memory of **Roxanne**. Two years have passed and still at least once a day the thought of you passes through our minds. In loving memory, Richard, Lisa, Donkey, and Moose.

Robert "Electric Bob" Richter, 5/1/48-7/16/84, broke on through to the other side. Marie Lenn, Janet Planet and Leather Bear.

In loving memory of **William Robert "Crazy Willy" Cosgall**, who left us suddenly on 7/14/84. He was a bro who was true to the end; he drove a Harley and had fun with his friends. Rest in peace, Crazy Willy. From all your true bros, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

In memory of **Jim "Blue Truck" Recker**, 9/13/42-7/4/84. A better brother we've never had nor ever will. So much more than a friend. Ride free with the spirit as you always did. We love you. Steve and Lynda, Morgan Hill, California.

In loving memory of **Gary "Aardvark" Russo**. Like the hero fresh from the fight, you were the best. Your children will always know you, and I will never forget you. Love, Shell.

In memory of **Michael R. Kadlec**. Killed by a hit-and-run, driver, 7/8/84. May you FTW in peace now.

In memory of **Allen Richards**, 3/23/84. There was never a moment so precious that he would not sacrifice it for his brothers or family. To those of you who didn't know him, he is lost forever. But to those of us who did, he will live on for an eternity. We love you and miss you, Al. From Connie, family, and your everlasting brothers.

In loving memory of **Kenneth "Ed" Wyant**, called away while ridin', gone only in body. We'll soon meet again! All your bros and sisters in LaFayette and Logansport, Indiana.

In memory of **Dale "Roach" and Terry "Wilbert" Killen**, 9/14/84 and 9/20/84, ages 23 and 24. Crashed through a bridge in a borrowed Jap cage. Wilbert, you should have known that a car couldn't take that curve like your Sportster. Had to try it anyway, didn't ya? Ed, Jeff, Joe, and all your brothers and sisters in Maryland and Delaware.

In loving memory of my ol' man and my best friend, **Michael P. Rafferty**, who rode hard and died free, 9/8/84. We were together that day, as our hearts will always be. Everyone misses you. I'll always love you forever and ever. Your ol' lady Kelly and all of our friends. Tucson, Arizona.

In memory of **"Grandpa" Leroy Owen**, who died 9/8/84. A brother who loved to ride fast and fearless, he went the way he would have wanted. You will always be remembered with love and respect for what you believed in. Jess "Night Owl" Johnson and your fellow bros, Vancouver, Washington.

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1. Screw Housework; 2. My Body Is An Outlaw It's Wanted All Over Town; 3. I'm In Heat; 4. I'm An Easy Rider; 5. I Love To Boogie; 6. If It Smells Good Eat It; 7. I'm Eatable; 9. Lookin' For 10 Pounds Of Swinging Meat; 12. Do It To It; 13. I Love To Putt, Suck & Fuck; 14. Liquor Up Front Poker In The Rear; 15. Harley Riders Wanted Inquire Within; 16. I'm His Because He Gives Good Face; 17. Motorcycle Mama; 18. Show Me Your Dick; 19. Hot & Juicy; 20. No Putt No Butt; 21. Harley Riders Ol' Ladies Do Everything Better & Look Better Doin' It; 22. I'm Equipped With Genuine Harley Tits & Ass-Made Of Proper Materials Made To Shake Perfectly-Guaranteed Satisfaction; 23. You Touch My Tits I'll Bust Your Balls; 24. A Man's Place Is On My Face; 25. Don't Ask Me I'm Just A Dumb Cunt; 26. Love Me Till I Scream; 27. Boy — I'd Sure Like To Touch Those (with artwork); 28. Why Don't We Get Drunk And Screw; 29. I Don't Have A Drinking Problem I Drink, I Get Drunk, I Fall Down, No Problem;

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

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

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

Male Call

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

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

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

Share the wind on my '50 pan. W/m, 28, brown hair, hazel eyes, needs good ol' lady — serious only. Out in '86. Photo appreciated; will answer all. Barry J. Blizzard, Box R, Buena Vista, CO 81211.

Down with time, out in '86. W/m, 20, brown hair, hazel eyes, needs good lady, 18-27, to keep me up. Patrick Bracken, Box R, Buena Vista, CO 81211.

Virgo, 26, out of Houston with a lot of snap. Up for parole in Nov. '85. Please write. Will answer all. Gals in prison are most welcomed. Michael "Gypsy Mike" Jackson 372068, Ramsey Unit. Rt. 4 Box 1300, Rosharon TX 77583.

W/m would like to hear from ladies any age, but no head games. Mine has been bent enough already. Looking for honest, sincere ladies to write. Stephen J.E. Kemp 048538, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 19, 6', 170 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Into recreation, good times and sincere ladies. Down on my luck and could use some companionship. John Bowles, Edmonton Max., Box 2290, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5J 3H7.

Texas white boy, 26, busted two years ago over in Germany, 6'1", 190 lbs., with brown hair and eyes. I've got one more year to do. Please send pix for top priority. David "Cookie" Jarvis 453418149, Drawer A, Fort Leavenworth, KS 66027.

Help! Ladies and anyone who gives a shit, letters and pictures would sure help. Please write and let me know there is still a world and love out there. I will answer every letter I get. "Crazy Dave" Coleman 7452, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Professional C&W musician into putts and Low Riders. Searching for a good one-man woman in need of TLC. Age, race, religion, children, no barriers. Elven Henderson 42777, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310.

Help! One hell-raising, earth-shaking Italian, 24, and 165 lbs. of flawless dynamite, looking for that one special babe to settle him down. No BS! Brian "Thumper" Vileta 233017, A-29, Box 578, Crestview, FL 32536.

W/m, 38, blond hair, hazel eyes, 6'3", would like letters and pix from ladies who want a clean "dirty old man." "Dillard" "Dum Dum" Eigel 92333, BCC, 3111 Spurr Rd., Lexington, KY 40511.

I'm lonely and honest. Will answer all letters from chicks. I am 28, and my release date is the end of '85. Brian Single, 170 Hoof St., Grafton, 2460, NSW, Australia.

W/m would like female correspondence. More, if possible. Mike Calvelli, C86831, B4259, CMC, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

W/m, young, healthy, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'8", 165 lbs. One-woman man for the right woman. Into scooters and camping, southern rock, good country living, kids and good times. Out late '85. Daniel "Patches" Magee 82368, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m, 22, 6 ft., 147 lbs., blond with blue eyes. Been down for 7½ years and still have until Sept. '85. Need a lady with a heart. Delphie "Renegade" Patten 34110, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

W/m outlaw, 33+, 155 lbs., 5'10", with blond/brown hair, blue/green eyes. One more to go and then looking to the East or Canada. Ladies, 25-35, I've got the \$ to go out of my way. Don Lidren 128109, Box 1000 Annex, Steilacoom, WA 98388.

100% w/m, 32, 5'5", blond hair, eyes of blue. Will answer all mail. Send flicks if possible. John A. Beilhes, C75057, Box 705, CTF-N, Soledad, CA 93690-0705.

White bro, 30, down but not out. Got the finest-looking panhead in the Midwest and would like to find some righteous lady for that P-pad, on my release. Tom "Sundown" Shaw, DOC 22056, Dorm #3, ISF, Box 76, Greencastle, IN 46135.

Downed Calif. bro, 27, 6'4", 200 lbs., 2 years to go in redneck country. Seeking letters and pix from sweet ladies, 25-30, in western states. George "Crow" Mott 070792, PO 1100, Box 1224, Avon Park, FL 33825-1100.

38-year-old w/m biker, soon out of prison, wants righteous old lady, 18-35. Robert Sanders 77455-012, Box 4000, Springfield, MO 65802.

W/m, 28, 5'10", 135 lbs., down for years to come, needs a friendly face. Desperate for visits and letters or whatever. Larry Howard, 38845-066, Box 4000, Springfield, MO 65802.

White bro, down, needs scribes from righteous ladies. Age no matter. Looks — what's that? Lester J. "The Mick" Meddy 084847, FSP, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Are there any foxy ladies out there who'll write this lonely white man a righteous letter and send some flicks? Also, all you old Cavemen MC members, please write me. James "Shorty High-pockets" Carter, Box A, Atascadero, CA 93423.

34, white, and proud of it, 5'11" 155 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Been down 6 light. Want to correspond with something tight, in the hurry sense of the word. D.J. Harvey 297949, Rt. 4 Box 1500, Angleton, TX 77515.

Southern bro doin' time for The Man in Florida needs letters and visits from ladies. Send photos. Charles Lee "Gums" Clark, C023194, F-93, Box 500, Olustee, FL 32072.

Two white boys from Calif. stuck off in the middle of this fucking corn field in Missouri. Both out in the next few years and looking for long-hearted bitches from around here and home. Bill Hackler and Rick Larue, Box 7.3-C-825, Moberly, MO 65270.

Four down and two to go. Looking for some companionship from ladies. W/m, 30, wants letters and flicks David Lee Smith 86186, KSR, Dorm #2, LaGrange, KY 40032.

Proud w/m tramp needs kites and flicks from righteous ladies. No head games. Jeff "The Breeze" Pecor 085012, 3950 Tiger Bay Rd., E-117-B, Daytona Beach, FL 32014.

W/m needs flicks and kites from free fine ladies. 1½er, paroles in 16 months. Will answer any and all, tall or small. John "Jesus" Mussen, N-04389, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

W/m, waiting for some letters and photos from ladies, 18 to 30. I'm 6'1", 225 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and beard. Sky King Grizz, Box 352, Park Rapids, MN 56470.

One w/m and one Tsimshian Indian doing time up in the last frontier. We need pretty ladies to bring us back down. Anthony "Mel" Jones, lonely Scorpio, age 30, 5'9", 170 lbs., brown eyes, long brown hair and beard, and Eddie "Huck" Huckleberry, age 22, 6', 180 lbs. Box 8880, Ketchikan, AL 99901.

Good-looking, well-built, 5'11", 150 lb., w/m, age 31. Doing some time, looking for crazy but serious-minded lady to start over again with. Alan P. Kubiak, c/o Kubiaks, 8360 Dines Rd., Novelby, OH 44072.

Two downed sisters looking for some down-to-earth bros for letters and whatever happens next. Karen Johnson, M1435 (blonde hair, green eyes, 5'4", 124 lbs.), and Jackie Pope 1152 (brown hair, brown eyes, 5'5", 126 lbs.). Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

Two white bros on a never ending quest to locate a few righteous, level-headed, strong-hearted ladies. Corey "Crank" Schoening, P6797 and T. "Rocker" Kronk, Y2789, Box 99901, Pittsburgh, PA 15233.

W/m, 23, 180 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes, looking for sincere ladies to correspond with, to help me past these last 2½ yrs. Photo is optional. Michael Nicholson, K7467, Drawer K, Dallas, PA 18612-0286.

Two white bros down in hillbilly land would like to hear from honeys out there. Your pix get ours. Michael "Popcorn" Crabtree 154995, and Craig "Rabbi" Aarons 164571, MCTC, Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagertown, MD 21740.

The tramp is down. I need a wicked badass woman. I'm 34 and crazy, 6 ft., 190 lbs., ugly. Steve Long, C4124-171626, 650 E. Madison St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

Florida bro, 30, down in Virginia needs tender words and sweet pictures. Don't waste time, drop me a line. I need to know what I've been missing! Wes "Crow" Jones 117885, Rt. #4 Box 191, Stafford, VA 22654.

Lonely biker, 33, doing a year and looking for a righteous lady to share good times with in '85. Dave Bauman 4150, Box 10451, San Antonio, TX 78210.

W/m, brown hair, blue eyes, 5', 160 lbs., down 16 years, out of home state. I would be willing to correspond with anyone. Please send pix. No letters will go unanswered. Scott Lenz 127896, SCC, Capron, VA 23829.

Pa. lifer would like to write and meet ladies, 18-45. W/m, 29, 5'7", 140 lbs., black hair and beard, brown eyes. David McGowan, M4580, Drawer K, Dallas, PA 18612.

Help! Downed w/m, 23, needs letters from sweet ladies. Gene Woodham, C67944, Box 0705, LB 222, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

Doing time in Missouri. 6'6", 230 lbs., would like to hear from any of you foxy ladies, 18-35. Send photos if possible. John Long 046929, KCHC, 919 Oak St., Kansas City, MO 64106.

W/m, 23, 185 lbs., down since '78. Play guitar, rock 'n' roll only. Need some letters and flicks from you chicks. Todd "T.J." Shenkyr 149195, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Honest, no-bullshittin' tramp looking for an honest, no-bullshittin' ol' lady. Someone who can hold her own in titty contest. James "Eldorado" Fay 42020, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963.

33-yr-old w/m from San Francisco, 6'5", size 13 feet. Big feet, big? Will answer all. R.J. "Tree" Foster, C35240, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696-2000.

Notice: The "Bear" got his foot caught in a Florida trap. Need scribes from some real stand-up ol' ladies. Mike Kosek 071820, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Engle without his wings needs a pretty, sweet, young, fine thang to get me up off this down. Sheldon F. Duncan, B90744-X261, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

High-spirited, crazy and wild, down-and-out sister really needs some cheering up. I am 24, dark brown hair and blue eyes. No inmate mail will be delivered. Roberta L. Atchison 133109, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

Faithful scooter rider since '72 doing time with 5 to go. Ladies, take heart and write so that I know there is someone out there who cares. Ernie "Flash" Morgan 29679, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

Two w/m looking for correspondence with 120-pounds-or-less chick. That's right, and if you're good-looking, that's going to help, too. Bob Brown 33050, and Michael Dawes 33010, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Down, lonely and blue, could use a letter from a lady like you! Dirty white boy, 5'8", 155 lbs., tacked but not tattered. Rod "Sloh" Hewitt, Box C53311, Tamal, CA 94974.

Wild and crazy, party animal-biker downed for the first time. 26, 6', 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, part-time model. Will answer all. Photos appreciated. "Cal" Calkins 87383, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963-0351.

Lonely w/m, 29, 160 lbs., 5'8", out in spring of '85, wants to hear from affectionate and understanding ladies. Corey Cooper 208053-3, Box B, Anamosa, IA 52205.

White warrior, 25, 6', 180 lbs., red hair, hazel eyes, Irish, French & Finnish 1½er would like to hear from ladies, 18-40. Due to hit the bricks in '85. Lenny Lindewall 83-A-752, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Downed scooter tramp in for six, out in '86. I'm a 24-yr-old, blond-haired, blue-eyed rebel who needs some lines from righteous ladies. Age don't matter. J.D. "Rebel" Kirker 01833-068, FCI, Otisville, NY 10963.

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Takes All Kinds

Continued from page 18

wants is this and that, an' scootin' ain't really her first love.

They're not being nosy, they're just trying to make me feel at home. While we're having coffee after the meal, Pete tells me they're religious, and that they don't swear, don't drink, and don't smoke. What I do in my own place is up to me, but to please not do it anywhere else on the farm. OK by me. He tells me how much he pays. On top of this I get free room and board, and Sundays everybody rests, except for the milking. They're being fair to me, so I tell Pete straight up that I'll only be staying for a couple of months to get a little stake before I move on.

Later, in the yard, he looks over my scooter. Hildy and Trinka come out, and in their pleasant Dutch accents ask me all kinds of questions about it.

Above one of the machinery and work sheds there's two little rooms been fixed up especially for a hired man. Good clean place. Dry. A place to park my scooter just below. There's a sofa, coffee pot, and clothes closet. And a soft bed. What else could I ask for? No TV. The farmer has a religion that don't believe in TV, movies, dances or modern music. OK, that's his business.

Then Pete gives me fifty bucks as an advance against my wages, and tells me to go into town and get some work clothes. "Rubber boots you need for sure," he says, "and overalls."

In town they got this little general store that sells overalls, rubber boots, anti-freeze, condoms, deodorant, shovels, you name it. The scooter's outside so's I can keep an eye on it while I'm looking.

The clerk's a little bald-headed wimp. Half a man. He pretends he's cleaning his fingernails, but all the time he's watching me so's I don't steal any of his fucking precious merchandise. But he can't look me in the eye. Him and the asshole at the employment office could be brothers.

I look out the window and see three girls peering at my scooter. They ain't very old; maybe fourteen, fifteen. Outta school for lunch hour, I guess, or just goofin' off. Anyways, they're pouring over the scooter. They ain't doin' no harm, so I keep shopping, then pay for my stuff and leave.

The girls see me coming and grin. They ain't afraid to look a real man in the face. They can tell, even at their early age, a real man from some balding little wimp who's gonna spend his life behind some fucking counter.

"Hi," I say.

"Hi," they chorus, like birds.

"Is this yours?" one of 'em asks.

"Yeah."

"Take us for ride?"

"Not today," I say. "Maybe some other time." I mean, I got no intention of ever giving any of them a ride. That's all I need, some trouble with some little nymphet, and I'm back in

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ZANGOBANGO

P.O. Box 146, Hermosa Beach, CA. 90254

the slam doing hard time.

"Aw, come on," one of 'em begs.

"Nope. Sorry."

I begin bungeeing my package onto the back of the bike.

"Just a short one?" the one with the oversize tits asks.

I shake my head.

By now I'm on the bike, and ready to kick it into action.

Big tits grabs my arm. I look at her. In her eyes I can see she'll do anything if I take her for a ride.

"No," I say with finality.

"Shit!"

I check for traffic, and just before I pull away, I think I see the wimp inside the store on the phone.

About five minutes later I'm sure of it, because a big blue-and-white with the fuckin' twinkling lights pulls me over. Out jumps a fat slob already unloosening the flap on his holster like I'm Public Enemy Number One.

It's hassle time. He wants to see my license, know where I'm from, what I'm doing, where I'm going. I tell him I'm working on a farm, and he wants to know for who, and when I started.

"I'm gonna be checkin' that out, boy," he says.

I'd like to shove everything I got right into his blubbery belly, but I hold back, thinking of the slam and hard time again.

"Stay outta town," he says. "We got a nice town here, we don't want bums or bikers around. Get my meanin'?"

"Yeah," I grunt finally, "I hear ya."

Things go along pretty good for a while. I'm working hard, eatin' real good, ridin' my scooter in the spare hours, taking Hildy and Trinko for short rides. Hildy especially loves it, and I can tell by the way she hangs onto me and tucks her body into my back that the two of us could make a real good pair. But I hang off on starting something with her even if my balls are blue and her panties could be wrung out after them rides.

Then one day I'm coming back from the fields on the tractor, and in the yard is the fuckin' cop's car. Beer Guts is standing there, one hand on his holster, talking to Pete. The cop starts toward me and Pete stays behind.

"Are you keepin' yerself clean, boy?" he asks.

I don't bother answering — I ain't no fuckin' boy. I think, this time, slam or no slam, if he goes too far he's had.

Easyriders



"I'd like to go back as Bo Derek's douche bag."

HandiHeat

THE HANDWARMER THAT RUNS ON AIR



INGREDIENTS

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

HEAT SOURCE

Oxidation reaction

TEMPERATURE

130-140 degrees Fahrenheit

INSTRUCTIONS

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

LASTS OVER 16 HOURS

SPECIAL FEATURES

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

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HANDIHEAT

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



EZY-
LOAD

...with

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

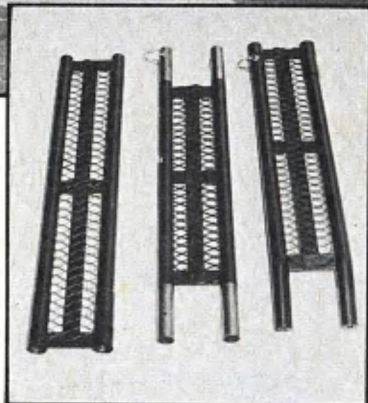
Unique three-piece, 8-foot-long, made-in-America ramp assemblies and disassembles in seconds for easy storage behind a pickup seat or on a trailer. Easily supports heavyweights, including full-dress Harleys. Exclusive round-rail guides for tires, expanded metal floor for traction, non-slip cleats on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

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Send check to: EZY-LOAD

Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

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



THIS DAMN
THING SHOULD
COVER MY ASS
FOR A WHILE



IN GIVING HIM DAY ☐ HINT
IN BIRTHDAY ☐ FLAG DAY
IN DAY ☐ CHRISTMAS DAY
DAY ☐ FATHER'S DAY
IN CHRISTMAS ☐ MOTHER'S
DAY ☐ ELECTION DAY
DAY ☐ VICTORY DAY
BIRTHDAY ☐ DOOMSDAY
DAY ☐ ST. PATRICK'S DAY
BIRTHDAY ☐ LABOR DAY
US DAY ☐ WASHINGTON DAY
BIRTHDAY ☐ HAWAII DAY
DAY ☐ TRICK-OR-TREAT
DAY ☐ HALLOWEEN
DAY ☐ CAROLING
DAY ☐ GET WELL
DAY ☐ MOVIE DAY
DAY ☐ WEDDING DAY
DAY ☐ RAGE DAY
DAY ☐ SNOW DAY
DAY ☐ THUNDER
DAY ☐ WIND DAY
DAY ☐ RAIN DAY
DAY ☐ SUNNY DAY

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

one piece!



Dirty All-Occasion Cards

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

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

We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — no shit. They're so rank we can't show them all in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing, Mother's Day, Father's Day, etc. cards. Remember, you've been warned. You get 12 different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$5.95.

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

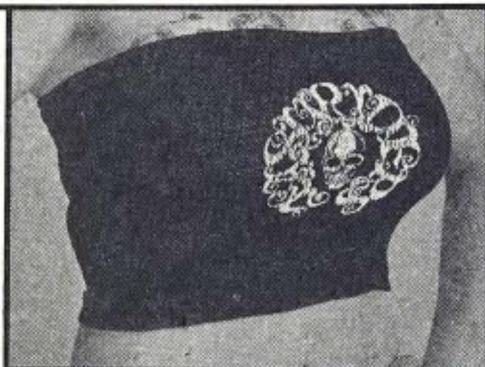
I also state that my age is _____ (you must be 18 years of age or older to order these cards.) U.S. orders postage paid. Canadian orders add \$1.00 for each set. Foreign orders add \$3.00 for each set. All payments in U.S. funds only. CA res. add 6% sales tax.

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

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

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



Mail To:
Easyriders TUBE TOPS
P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

Circle Color desired BLACK or RED

Qty	U.S.	Canada	Foreign	Total
	\$7.95	\$9.95	\$11.95	
Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling. Foreign orders shipped air mail. Please make payable in U.S. funds only. Thank you.				Sub Total \$
				Calif. Tax. 6% \$
				Total \$

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____

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

"I got a couple a questions for you, boy."

"Yeah? About what, boy?"

He gives me a look like murder, but Pete is still standing off to one side, watching. "Where was you," the cop asks, "last night?"

"I was here all night. I never left the place."

"What was you doin'?"

What an asshole. "I'm a hired man, for crissakes. I do chores, help with the milking, spread shit, plow fields."

"What time did you get finished?"

"Including supper, around nine."

Beer Guts looks at Pete, then gets in his car, and tears off. Pete tells me that two girls was picked up the night before around eight o'clock and one of them was raped. Of course the cops figgered it had to be me, even though the asshole who did it was driving a pickup and didn't have a beard.

Sometime after midnight, I'm roused by some noise I can't quite make out. Pete's German shepherd Gretchen is barking her head off. I get up, look out my window, and see what looks like a pickup parked down near the end of the driveway. Then it hits me like wet slops — my scoot! Jesus, somebody's underneath me in the shed at my scoot!

I'm into my pants and boots like a flash and downstairs to the shed. It's dark, but I sense somebody there, and I start moving cautiously toward the light switch.

Before I get very far somebody gives me an awful slam right in the kidneys. Christ! It's the worst blow I ever took in my life, and I've taken some. Before I fall all the way down, another boot hits me right in the guts. My lungs are on fire. I can't suck no air in. There's three of them, I figger, and they're after me, not the scoot.

I manage to grab hold of the workbench long enough to lash out with my own boot. No idea where I hit, but I hear a shriek of pain. Now someone lets me have it with something solid that catches me on the shoulder. Good thing all this farm work has toughened me up, or I'd be gone forever.

Then them bright florescents flicker on, lighting up the place like a noon-

Easyriders



"I think I have heartburn. Tommy stuck his lollipop up where the sun doesn't shine."

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"



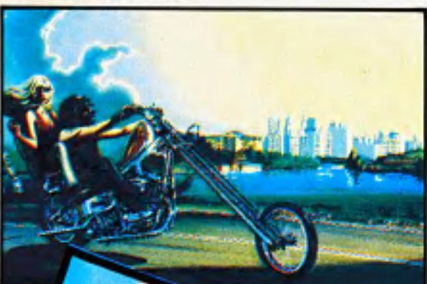
M-10 "STARBURST"



M-12 "COUNTRY STYLE"



M-9 "HOLLYWEED"



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\$5 each

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



M-1 "IN THE WIND ON FRIDAY NIGHT"



M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"



M-11 "EASYRIDERS FOREVER"

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@ \$5.00 each. Four for \$16.00

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

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All posters shipped in wrinkle-free heavy mailing tube.

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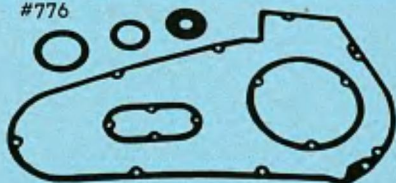
Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, Calif. 90630

Completely owned and operated by scooter people.

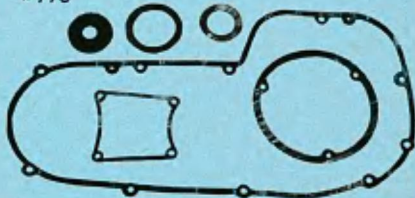
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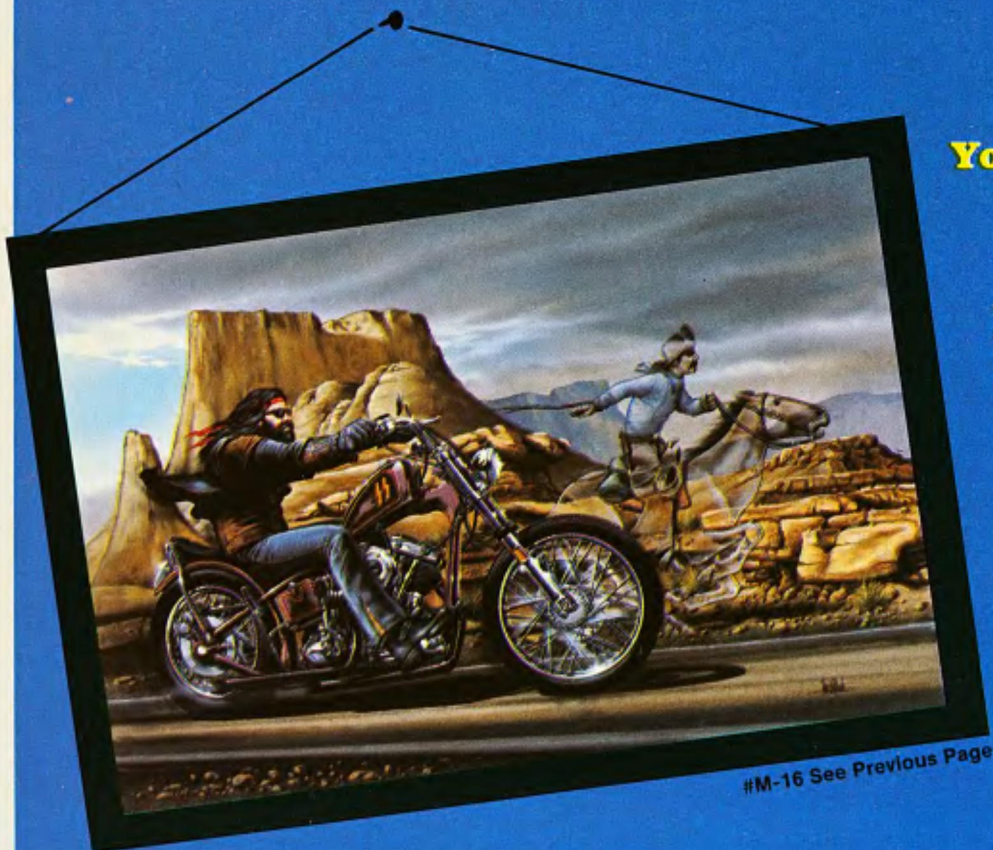
#778



**You asked for it —
here it is!**

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

Paisano Products
Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301



#M-16 See Previous Page

day sun. Pete stands in the doorway, holding a shotgun in his hands. His face is twisted with anger, and I know he'll use the gun if he has to.

Through the fog in my head I see there's four of them, not three. Two I've seen before and Pete later tells me the other two are kin of the girl who got raped. My shoulder and side are on fire from the blow with the length of rebar and my back throbs like someone is going to town on my kidneys with a blowtorch. But I see the guy I kicked, and he's doubled over, holding his balls.

"You men are trespassin'," Pete says. Watching the guy holding his balls makes me feel a little better.

"Takes four men to come and beat one man?" Pete asks.

None of them says anything.

"I could shoot. Say I caught you stealin'."

Still nothing.

"Maybe let my dog loose."

No answer. They're shuffling around, kinda looking everywhere but at Pete and me.

"I never figgered you for dis kinda ting, Benny," Pete says, looking at the wimp from the general store.

"I knew you were gutless, but I never thought you'd be sneakin' 'round in de night with an iron bar." Pete spits on the floor. "I von't be dealin' with you no more. Nor any of your friends, either."

By now my head is clearing.

"You boys like to fight dis man, one by one?" Pete asks.

"Come on, Pete," one says. "We was just having some fun."

"Four guys on one man, dat's fun?" "Jesus!"

"You swear on my farm again, you get a knee shot off!" Pete swings the gun towards him. "So none of you boys got de guts to fight dis hired man a mine, one at a time? No, I didn't tink so."

Nothing is said for maybe a couple of minutes. "Get him up off de floor," Pete says finally, pointing the gun at the one I'd kicked in the nuts. "An' den get outta here."

Wimp and the clown from the employment office help the guy up.



"A nice place like this and no 'A-1' sauce?"

The Finest in Cyclewear
Since 1913

Schott
New York, NY 10001

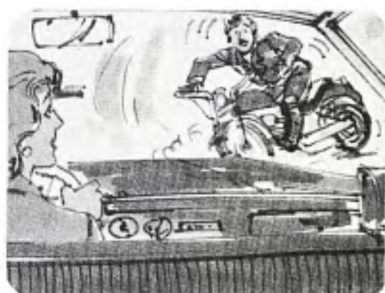
Schott and Perfecto
cycle jackets are
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Take To The Air



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

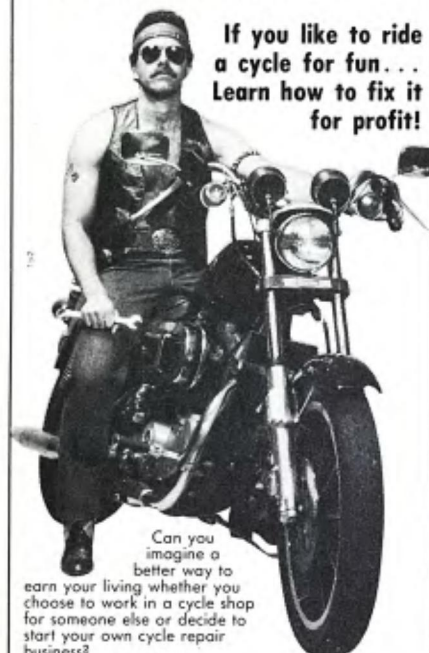


Watch Out For Bikers:
how cycle/cage accidents...
and why.

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.

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better way to
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They all move cautiously past Pete
and out into the darkness of the
night. Pete following them.

"Get de steel bar, son," Pete calls to
me. Then to them, he says, "You can
walk home. Leave de pickup."

"Aw, Pete, man..."

"You walk!" Pete says.

I come up beside him with the bar.
"You hokay?" he asks.

"Yeah," I say, "I'm OK, Pete."

"Let Gretchen loose," Pete says.

The four of them realize then what's
going to happen. "Not the dog, Pete!"

I'm already on my way. Gretchen is
straining at her chain.

I hear Pete say, "Now you take your
crippled friend dere, an' you better
start runnin'."

"What about my truck, Pete?" the
wimp from the general store whines.

"You come back for it tomorrow,
hokay, Benny? She'll be parked out
by the side of the road waitin' for
you. Let 'er loose, son," he calls.

I fumble with the collar and Gret-
chen hurtles into the darkness like a
cannonball, snapping and snarling. I
hear someone scream, and the oth-
ers are swearing and groaning as
they run. Further on there's another
shriek. Pete and I stand there listen-
ing, then Pete turns to me and says,
"I'm goin' back to bed. But iff I was
you, I'd take dat steel bar, and drive
dat truck down de road a ways." He
touches my arm. "I wouldn't want any
glass an' stuff near my place."

I know what he means. I drive
down the road about half a mile, and
when I get out, Gretchen's there
looking happy and tired. I pat her
head and she rubs up against me.
"Stand back now, girl," I say, "I don't
want you to get hit."

Then I trash that fucking pickup
something awful. When I'm done
Gretchen and me walk back home,
mutually content with the fruits
of our labors.

I sleep like a log, and when the
alarm goes off at five I automatically
jump right out of bed. There's a

knock at my door and Hildy walks in.

I scramble back under the blankets,
but Hildy's had a good look at Big-
fellow nestled down with his two
round partners. Her face reddens.

"Dad says you stay in bed," she says,
smiling. "Get up later. Me an' Trink
will help dis morning."

"Naw," I say, "I can get up. It's OK."

"No," she says, "you know Pop. What
he says, you haf to do."

It's hard — in more ways than one.
Her luscious tits poke through her
light blouse and her jeans are caught
up at the crotch so I can see her
crease. Jesus!

"You got nice muscles," she says.

God, if she's as hot as I am... "Hildy,
you better leave," I say.

She looks at me, disappointed.

"Yeah, hokay, I'll leave," she says
softly and goes.

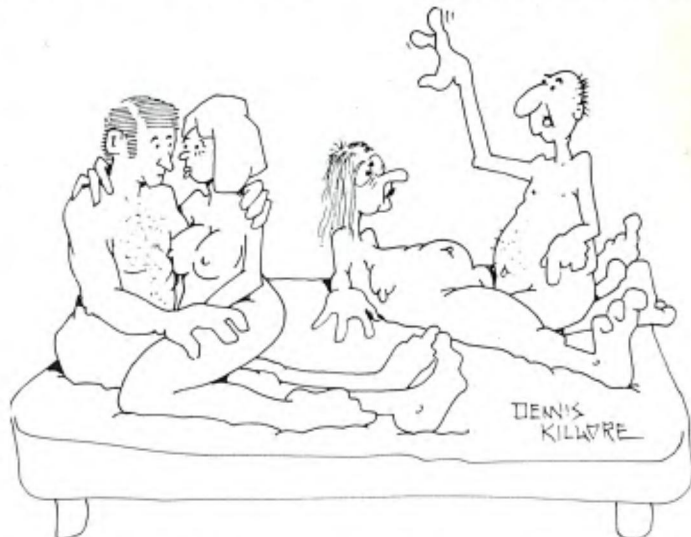
A month later I'm on the road again.
This time with some jingle in my
pocket. Even a little extra Pete's given
me as a bonus. He's tried talkin' me
into staying. "It's in my blood," I
tell him, "Movin' around. I just gotta
move on, Pete."

We shake hands and I'm gone. He
doesn't understand, and I'm sorry for
that. He's a man who doesn't need to
wander; all he wants, he's already got.

To be sure, part of my reasons for
leaving have to do with wanderlust.
But a big part of my leaving is Hildy. If
I stay, I know we're gonna end up
fucking. We both want it too bad to
not do it. And I can't do that to
Pete. He's a man with his own rules
that he lives by, same as me, and I
respect him for that.

The first day I scooted into his
farmyard and he accepted me with my
long hair, and beard, and tattoos, so,
too, I accepted him, and the way he
wants to live and raise his children. If
me and Hildy started something, it
would break his heart. Even though
he doesn't ride a scooter and probably
never will, he's still a bro in the truest
sense of the word — and you don't
betray a bro. Leastways, I don't. ■

Easyriders



"All in favor of switching partners, say aye!"

Tough Butt

Continued from page 25

have time to fiberglass the milk crate or have a cover made for it. Some of the other contestants at the starting line were ribbing him about it and taking bets that he wouldn't finish the race. "I told them that they could get a good view of the crate when I passed them." Pharoah was probably the only one laughing when he kept his word. "The milk crate is both functional and practical, making a good backrest, and it holds all of my cold and wet riding gear." It's definitely a mind-fuck — just ask the competitors who saw it flash by them.

The other racers included Canadian and American transcontinental record holders and factory-backed pros with bikes imported from Germany and Japan. None were cheap floor models. They were expensive special-order numbers, built for the road. Incidentally, one of the guys later told Pharoah these bikes were loaded up in trucks after the race to be taken to labs for disassembly and study.

The ten riders were comprised of nine Americans, plus the Canadian national champ. All are good men, the best of friends, and are looking forward to competing against each other again. The only other Harley in the race was ridden by David D. Mallet, a reporter for *Cycle Guide*. He rode a Softail and did very well.

Pharoah said that when he ran up behind one of the Iron Butt riders he'd wait till he could blast past, then he'd slow down to see if they could stay up with him. Then he'd gradually increase his speed until they gave up. He tried to cook their engines in the old cat-and-mouse game. What a barrier. It would be demoralizing to lesser men, but these dudes are hardcore racers with many miles in the saddle on highly tuned vehicles.

Pharoah said that he used different tactics on sports cars and hot rods. He would push them up to high speeds, letting them stay in front, and slipstreaming them while they picked up the traffic tickets. They had to feel like suckers as Pharoah got away time after time. Much thought goes into long riding at very high speeds. You have to think and see way ahead, which is a real brain drain and definitely not for the amateur wannabe. (Living near flat desert country like Mesa has its advantages — what's that old adage? Nothing beats experience.) The race covered 27 states, from Pennsylvania to Seattle, then south to San Diego, then east to Daytona, and finally back north up to Montgomeryville.

Check it out — Pharoah rode 31 hours straight to Spearfish, South Dakota, before taking a break. He was the last one to leave the starting line and he'd passed every other rider by the time they'd reached the end of the Indiana Turnpike.

After checking in at Seattle, he stayed with friends where he didn't get much rest 'cause they had a party going on. The ride down the West Coast was dry but he had to hassle the Labor Day weekend traffic. Arriving at Santa Barbara, California, after riding down the Coast Highway, he dropped his bike in front of a moped shop and broke the kick starter. There were some dudes kicked back in front of the place when he deposited his sled on the road and they helped him right his bike. Wouldn't you know it, they even found a kick-starter shaft inside the shop. The chances of that happening have to be a million-to-one.

The bag on the gas tank has a clear plastic lid for maps, but just as important were the tools Pharoah carried with him in that bag — Harley wood-ruff keys, oil pump keys, snap rings, clips — all those hard-to-find items he might've needed. Turned out that all

Easyriders



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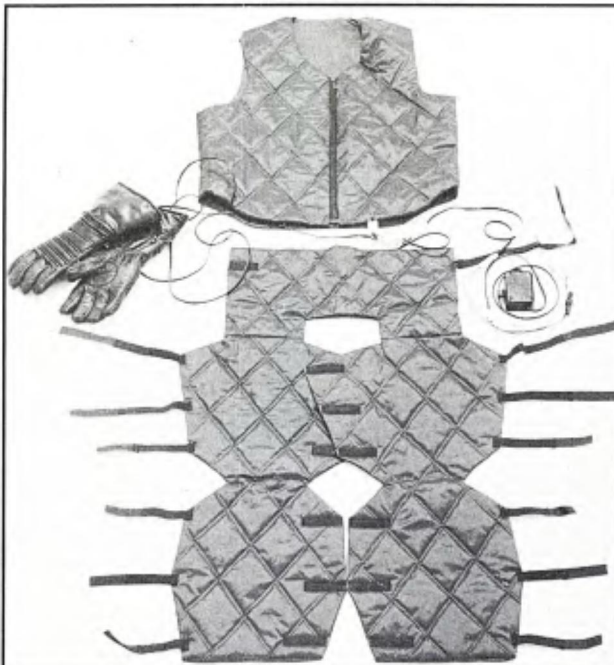
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Turn all your riding clothes into all-weather, electric-heated gear with 'Lectric Vests and Chaps from Nasty Weather. Our made-in-America chaps and vests have many big advantages over traditional electric suits.

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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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PAISANO PRODUCTS, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, 91301

Letter Item(s)	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
A) 'Lectric Vest-Switch Cord		81.00	83.00	91.00		
B) 'Lectric Vest-Thermostat		100.00	102.00	110.00		
C) 'Lectric Chaps		71.00	73.00	81.00		
D) 'Lectric Gloves		71.00	73.00	81.00		

Must have
CHEST SIZE _____
measure around chest just under armpits.

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GLOVE SIZE: S, M, L, XL _____
INSEAM LENGTH _____
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.

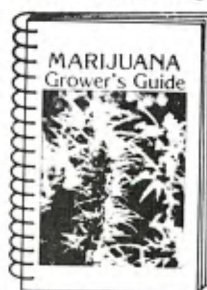
Sub Total	\$
Calif. tax 6%	\$
Total	\$

Name _____
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The Bestselling



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he used was a 1/2-inch box-end wrench to remove the kicker cover in Santa Barbara. On anything larger, he used his teeth. According to Pharoah, "Harleys will run all day at speeds. The only reason Harleys ever fuck up is because of the people who work on them."

After checking in at San Diego, he headed for Mesa and some much-needed rest. The trip took him longer than it normally would have because his body was beat and he had to stop many times before reaching his destination — his own fuckin' bed and shitter.

From Mesa to Tallahassee, Florida, he made his best time and got so far ahead of the pack that he was in Tallahassee a full 24 hours before reporting to the checkpoint at Daytona. Going up the East Coast he hit cold nasty rain and ultra-high winds from a hurricane parked near Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

You're probably wondering who did win this race. All that can be said at this writing is that the race organization wasn't handled very well and Pharoah was given sixth place. The result is under protest and the outcome depends on who made the rules and how they're interpreted.

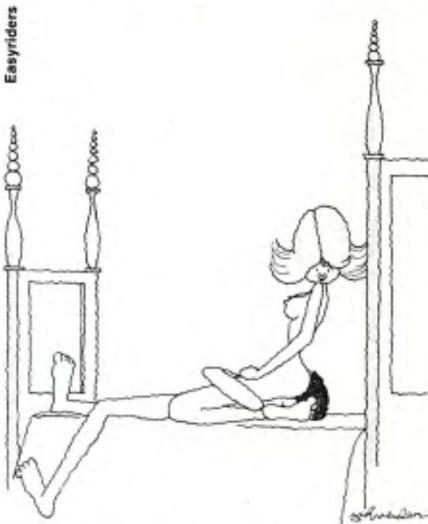
Still, Pharoah learned a lot of lessons — mostly about himself — on this tour. Things like how much he could take. Things about will power, inner strength, hallucinations. Things only a person doing what he did can learn, and learn the hard way.

So, when and if they ever have another race like this one, the other riders had better get out of the way, 'cause Pharoah will be coming through — like a bullet.

In any case, he showed his true class after the race was over, when the participants were receiving their trophies on stage — Pharoah mooned the crowd.

Right on, brother! Show 'em what a real "iron butt" looks like — hairy balls and all. ■

Easyriders



"No, I weigh more than 105. Guess again."

If you like our Nasty Boots...



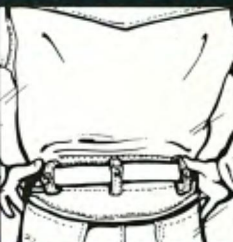
... You'll love our Nasty Leathers

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.



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



PROTECTION

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



WIND & WINE PROOF

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

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



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Easyriders

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☐ Jacket \$195.00 ☐ With optional belt \$225.00

☐ Chaps \$160.00 Waist _____

Please check method of payment.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard Exp. date _____

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Name _____ Size _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____ Phone (day) _____

U.S., add \$5 per jacket for postage and handling. APO/FPO, add \$10 per jacket. No foreign orders. Jackets run in men's sizes only; women order accordingly. Sizes range from 34-50. Allow four weeks for personal checks and eight weeks for delivery. Make checks payable to **Easyriders**. California residents, add 6% tax.



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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Add \$4.00 per pair for postage & handling — Inside U.S. only.

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International orders shipped airmail insured — add \$40.00 per pair.

Name _____

Address _____

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Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents, add 6%.

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 D Width Only
A	\$ 92.00
B	\$ 92.00
C	\$102.00
D	\$102.00
E	\$112.00
F	\$112.00
	In Stock Sizes 8 1/2 9 9 1/2 10 10 1/2 11 11 1/2 12 D Width Only
H	\$103.00

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

Women Are Strange

Continued from page 29

happens that she's smarter than he is, she keeps her mouth shut an' assists him in lookin' smarter than everybody else around. She does it without lettin' him know she's doin' it — understand?

Women would like us men to think there's somethin' mysterious about 'em. Well, they're about as mysterious as a glass of water. Television an' advertisin' has robbed 'em of all the little tricks they once used on men. Smelly snatches are disguised with fragrant creams an' sprays; fingernails are glued on an' they're strong enough to scrape the paint off a '32 Ford. Hair dyes are used so often that most broads can't remember what color hair they were born with, an' the office girls with big tits you see walkin' down the boulevard are so full of plastic you could stab 'em in the chest with an ice pick an' not draw blood.

Women are supposed to be the weaker sex, but are they really? They're generally tougher than men, an' that's why they *should* do all the work. Let 'em have their fuckin' equal rights when they're off workin' an' earnin' money for that new bike you want, but when they come home an' mix with the bros, they better be quiet an' submissive.

It should be considered a privilege for a woman to support a man. Women eat less, weigh less, consume less oxygen, an' they're regarded as resistant to noise, radiation, monotony, pain, loneliness, heat, cold, an' heart disease. Men die like flies, but women live on an' on. Somethin' in their chemistry gives 'em the ability to live long after a dude has taken his last putt down the turnpike. It's the broad who gets to hang around an' sell all his Harley parts an' give his bike to her new lover, so a dude's gotta get the most mileage out of her while he's still able to.

Now, I'm not particularly fond of those little slant-eyed fuckers from the Far East, but they've got the right idea about how to handle women an' we could all take some lessons from 'em.

Easyriders



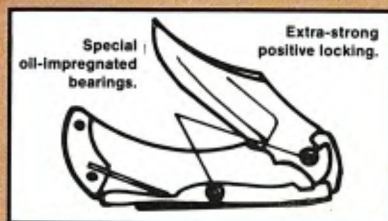
Handmade American Knives



#R9E



#R9



#R8

Price includes
full-grain sheath.

The best folding knife you'll ever own. Custom made for *Easyriders* by Rigid Knives. Every knife features: Made-In-America quality • Lifetime warranty • Oil-impregnated blade and rocker bearings • *Easyriders* laser-engraved on the stock • Positive locking device • Contoured South American hardwood handle • Solid brass bolsters • Semi-hollow ground • 440 surgical stainless steel blade • Full-grain leather sheath.

#R9E — The Engraved Apache Folder. Top of the line. Solid brass one-piece bolsters with engraving and antiqued handle. Blade, 3 3/4"; length, 8 3/4"; wt., 9 oz. \$125, U.S.; \$129, Canada; \$137, all other foreign.

#R9 — Apache Folder. Exactly the same as above, without the engraving on the bolsters. \$59, U.S.; \$63, Canada; \$71, all other foreign.

#R8 — Caribou. Same quality features as the Apache in a sheath knife. Weight balanced in the handle for perfect feel. Blade, 5"; length, 9 7/8"; wt., 10 oz. \$75, U.S.; \$79, Canada; \$87, all other foreign.

All prices include postage. To order, send check or money order payable in U.S. funds to Paisano Publishing, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. California residents, add 6% sales tax. Visa and Mastercard welcome. Include card number, expiration date, and signature.

I.R.S. Ltd.



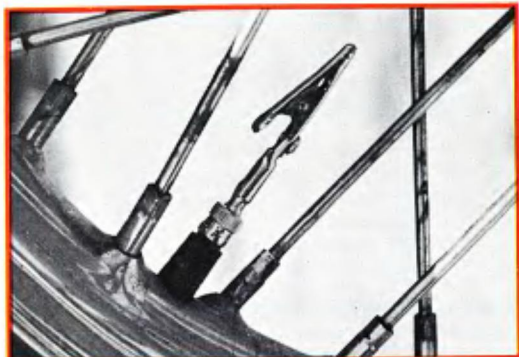
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Distinctive Biker Accessories.

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Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
B	Lighter cover	\$ 6.50	\$ 6.75	\$ 7.25		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$11.25	\$12.50		\$	\$
E	Ashtray	\$ 4.25	\$ 4.75	\$ 6.50		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 3.75	\$ 4.25		\$	\$
G	D. Mann patch	\$ 6.50	\$ 6.75	\$ 7.25		\$	\$

Prices listed above include cost of postage and insurance fees for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped air mail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, thank you. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Name _____ City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____
 Address _____
 Sub Total \$ _____
 Calif. Tax 6% \$ _____
 Total \$ _____

When the ol' man comes home from work, or from ridin' his Kawsuckie to the National Runt Convention, the woman doesn't let the kids holler, an' she has a nice supper waitin' on the table. She doesn't march in no demonstrations or spend the day bitchin' to the other wives about what a prick her ol' man is. She stays home an' keeps the house clean, the rugrats fed, an' her mouth shut. That's the way it oughta be.

There is such a thing as abnormal women, who pop up once in a while. Men are always talkin' about 'em, wishin' they could find one, but the truth is not exactly what men suspect. The reality of shackin' up with or marryin' a nymphomaniac can be downright hazardous to a guy's health an' welfare.

First off, these broads are so strongly sexed that they want to — no, they need to — have a good fuckin' every single night an' sometimes a couple of times durin' the day, if they can talk the ol' man into comin' home for lunch. When they make love, it isn't just one piece of ass they're after. These broads want to keep the action goin' for a while, so three or four times at a shot is their average diet. You can go to sleep, you can pretend that you're dead, but that won't matter. She'll keep on tryin' to stimulate you by playin' with your dork, givin' it some friendly kisses, or lyin' on top of you. If you wake up an' can't get it up, she's goin' to insist that you diddle her with your finger. Nymphos have a limitless ability for sex, but each orgasm creates an appetite for more. Get one of these an' you can expect to be awakened several times a night.

This all sounds pretty wonderful, an' dudes who think they're hot stuff in bed brag about what they'd do with a genuine nymphomaniac, but when the time comes for performance, they have a surprise in store for 'em. Beggin' 'em to ease off or take tranquilizers or see a doctor just pisses 'em off, so if you find one, give her a try an' then turn her out down at the clubhouse. That's what most broads are for, anyway, just like I said at the beginning of this piece. ■



"It happens everytime he has to make an alimony payment!"

Harley Eagle

Continued from page 42

copper bracelet on his wrist.) With those initial cuts, the Harley eagle emerges from the wood. His skilled use of chisels brings out the fine details. He finally wipes it down with oil to make the eagle glisten in the sun, leaping out from the striking redwood burl.

"The first burl I carved got ripped off at a fair where I had it on display. Some dude cut a big hole in the side of the building at night and made off with the eagle. That sucker was heavy," Jerry laughs. "I hope he got a hernia." Jerry refused an offer of \$2500 for the eagle in these pictures. "I like it too much myself. But I do carve others for sale or trade to fellow bikers."

He calls himself a redneck from North Carolina who came to California by way of Camp Pendleton and the Marines. He spent 10 years on the beach in Venice and Malibu, sometimes as a lineman for the phone company, and always with a Harley. He now calls Crescent City home, as he prefers the tension-free lifestyle of riding and fishing and carving and just appreciating the simpler pleasures with his ol' lady.

"The only thing that pisses me off is the rain up here. I can't ride my bike when the road is all slicked up," Jerry says. But he found a way to get around the problem when he bought a 36-foot Tahiti ketch. "I'm going to kick back and sail the South Pacific all winter long, hopping from island to island, trading my artwork for the things I need."

Almost everything comes alive in Jerry's hands: his Sportster on the road, people and animals in his wood carvings, his sail boat on the open sea, and his ol' lady whenever he gets close. Yes, indeed — after almost 45 years among us, Jerry Johnson has really found the good life. He's not about to trade it for anything. ■



"Honest, officer, I'm a U.S. government spy and I'm just practicing."

Finest Quality

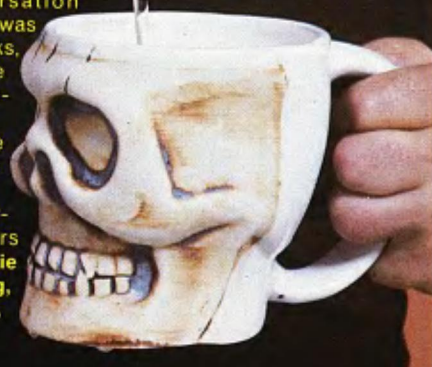
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A Mind Boggling Bandanna!

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
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For A Few Measly Bucks, This Cap Does Three Things For Ya!

1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.
2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest.** (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)
3. **Keeps people rememberin' you've got class** as they flash on the Harley name on the cap and know you're no wimp who rides a Sears moped for fun and games.

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scooter, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

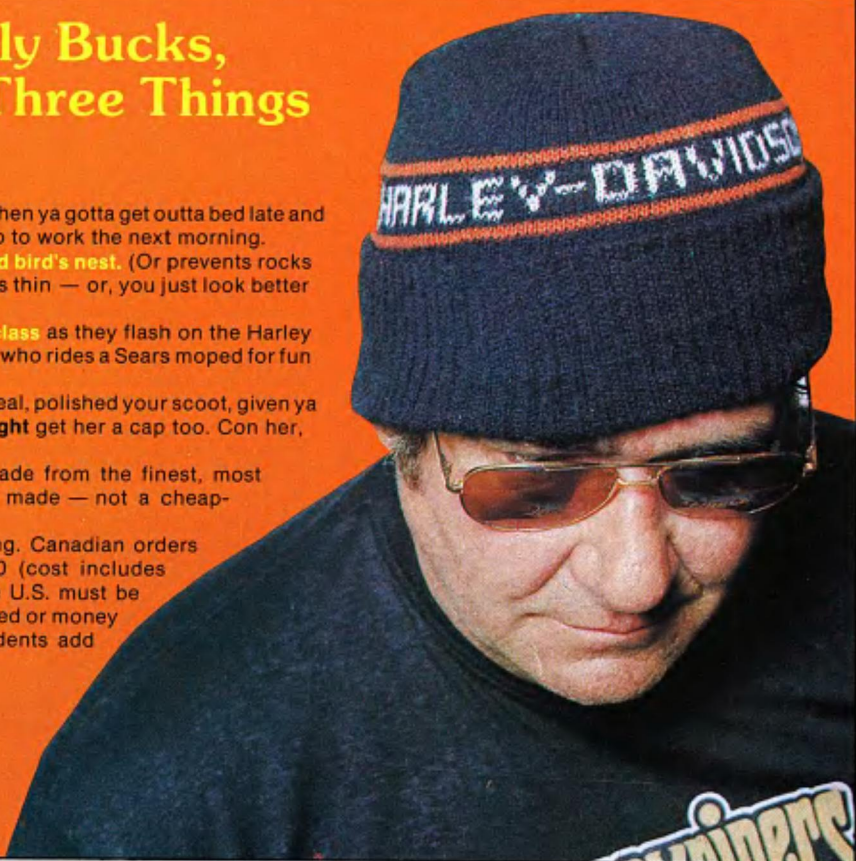
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Only \$6.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Canadian orders send \$7.50. Foreign orders send \$12.50 (cost includes postage outside U.S.) Orders outside the U.S. must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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No more uneven pressure plate.

Superflex springs included.

No more broken clutch studs.

No more clutch hub walk (a proven feature with over eight years of service).

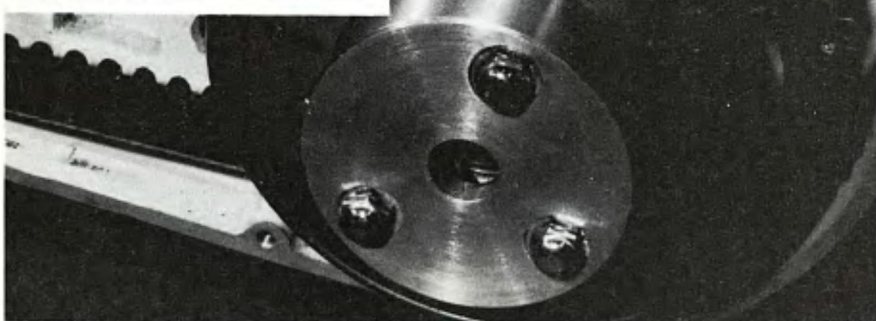
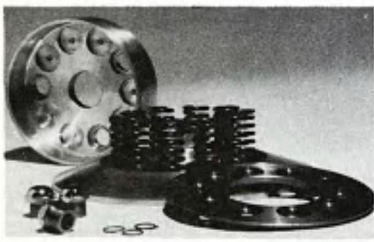
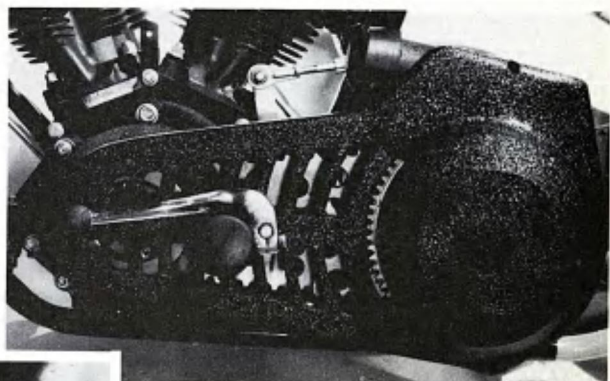
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Soap Box

Continued from page 50

Big Spenders have "golden tans, even in winter.")

Gentle ridicule is *Tables'* treatment of all the chosen "types" except for bikers. Unlike the other characterizations in the magazine, "The Biker" is slandered for his allegedly "offensive odor, lack of intelligence, broken nose, missing ears and fingers, attention-getting antics" and brutality. Among other things, *Tables* describes bikers as "ultimate troublemakers" who are "repulsive to many."

Unlike biker exploitation flicks and TV shows, which reach a large enough audience to pose a real hazard to bikers putting down the highway at the mercy of fired-up rednecks in cages, the vomit being served up by *Tables* doesn't really hurt anyone. Sure, some "server" who's retarded enough to read and believe this shit might give a few of us the cold shoulder at a greasy-spoon truck stop. But we're used to that anyway. The fact is that we're more than big enough to handle anything that a toilet sheet like *Tables* dishes out. The question is, why should we have to? The answer is, we shouldn't.

Which brings us to the educational section of this piece. Today, students, you're going to learn a bit — just a little bit — about the magazine business and a little bit more about the science of economics. To start with, there are several different kinds of magazines. Consumer rags, like *Easyriders*, *Playboy* and *Good Housekeeping*, make their bread by selling magazines to people who want them and advertising to people who want to reach those readers.

Trade magazines, on the other hand, are very often distributed free of charge to various members of a given industry — such as doctors, mechanics, hair dressers, etc. The publishers

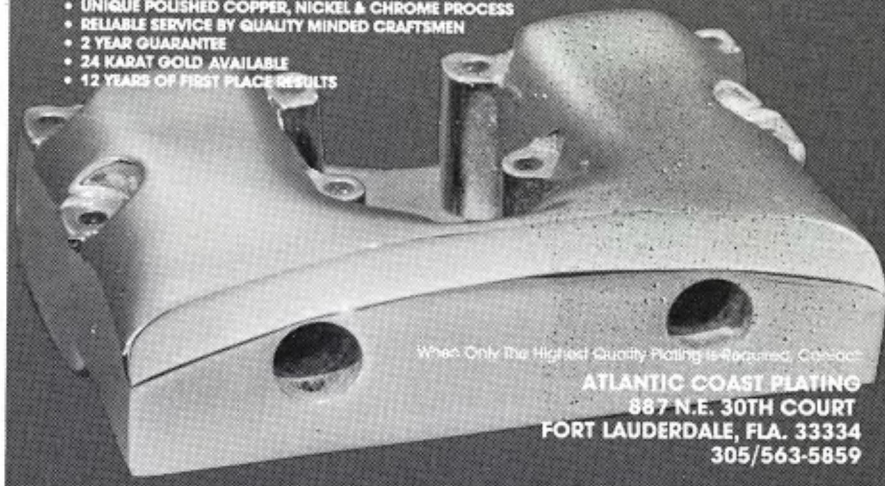


"They're silk. You ate my last pair of candy pants last night."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Question & Answer		10.00	12.00	18.00		
(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1926-35 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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F.  **SERVICE BULLETINS**
A tremendous find for Harley history buffs. Factory service bulletins to dealers from 1917-1926. For fixing anti-ques or great reading.

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
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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		
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(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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G.  **SHOP DOPE II**
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Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
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(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
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Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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					Sub Total	\$
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					Total	\$

H.  **SHOP DOPE III**
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(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		
Parts		USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
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of these magazines make their money solely from advertising — advertising that can generally be sold at a premium rate to companies that make products aimed specifically at members of the target group.

Chances are that most "servers" who find a copy of *Tables* unexpectedly stuffed in their mailbox think they are getting one of these trade magazines — an advertiser-supported publication devoted to the food-service business, one without any vested interest in promoting one particular product or line of products.

Well, brothers and sisters, they're wrong. *Tables* is a whole different type of magazine — a pimp magazine. Published by the 13-30 Corporation, a Knoxville Tennessee, firm specializing in such propaganda organs, *Tables* does not get any of its revenue from either sales of the magazine or advertising on the free and open market. Oh, it makes its money from selling advertising, all right, but all the advertising is sold to just one firm.

Like a whore who turns down a trick because she's already agreed to be some other John's all-night mama, *Tables* magazine won't accept advertising from you or me — or even from the manufacturers of products like Miller beer or Heinz ketchup. Simply put, *Tables* sports a big "property of" patch right across its editorial ass and that patch belongs to Joseph Seagrams and Sons, the huge international liquor distiller and importer. (Edgar Bronfman, Chairman of the Board, Seagram's Corp., 375 Park Ave., New York, NY 10152, is who you write to if you feel like investing a stamp in telling them what you think of their portrayal of bikers.)

Seagrams is such a giant among liquor wholesalers that it would be impossible for us to list all the labels they lurk behind. Chances are, however, that if you've ever imbibed anything stronger than mother's milk, you have, at one time or another, choked down something bearing their marque. Among the more common products made, imported and or distributed by Seagram's are: Chevas Regal, Seagram's Seven, Seagram's Extra Dry Gin, Leroux liqueurs, Myer's Rum, Eagle Rare Bourbon, Seagram's Imported Vodka, Royal Salute Scotch, Seagram's VO, Glenlivet Scotch and Captain Morgan Spiced Rum.

If you, like me, follow the old tried-and-true philosophy of "Hate me, hate my money," you might want to consider washing the bugs out of your foul-smelling mouth with potables from some other company. You might even, if some ignorant barkeep tries to sell you, say, a shooter of Eagle Rare as a "better" version (or so Seagram's claims) of Wild Turkey, choose to stuff your bucks back into that woman's purse-sized wallet you carry and take your trade elsewhere.

That is, after all, the best way to turn the tables on *Tables*. Lesson over. Class dismissed.

—Trampo

A Party of Bros

Continued from page 75

off their chokes, dropped into first gear and started for the highway. Marty in the lead.

Two hours later four bikes returned, going real slow, with the red Super Glide ahead of Blake makin' a horrible noise. The harsh clatter of a badly overheated engine was accompanied by the definite sucking noise that signals a valve that's only half there.

Several people roused themselves from their sleeping bags to see what the commotion was about and Sherry appeared on the front porch in an old terrycloth bathrobe.

"Muskkrat!" she exclaimed. "Where the hell have you been? I been worried sick about you. What's wrong?" Muskkrat caught her at the bottom of the porch steps in a big hug which she gleefully returned.

"I'm fine," he said. "But the bike started goin' south about a hundred miles ago. It's been real bad for the last twenty. The rest of the guys tell me it's a burned valve, I just have to figure out what I'm gonna do about it."

"Forget it," Sherry said with simple logic. "Just put it out of your mind. We've got enough talent at this here gathering to solve any problem. Come on inside and we'll see if we can't find ya somethin' or someone to eat."

"You guys don't know the whole deal," Muskkrat said miserably. "I've had some job trouble lately. If I'm not there Tuesday morning, I'm fucked."

"Okay, man," said Sporty Porty. "I've got an idea about the parts. Depends on what you need. A guy you don't know named Jeff is on his way. He's trying to get a shop off the ground in Swansboro and might be able to help ya out. Shit, if he's got what we need, I'm sure he'll open up."

"Great!" said Blake. "As soon as we get some breakfast, I'll start tearing her down. Don't look so glum, Muskkrat, everybody here is family and every-

body'll help. Like Sherry said, with all this talent, you can't go wrong."

It was almost noon before breakfast was over and Blake was just cracking the head bolts loose on Muskkrat's bike when Al and John appeared to lend a hand. With the front head off, they set about popping the valves out. It turned out to be an unnecessary task, because as soon as the rear head was off everyone could see the melted exhaust valve.

"We're going to need a valve and that's for sure," John announced.

"What about other damage?" inquired Al, looking straight at Muskkrat. "Somebody said you rode it 150 miles like this."

"Yeah, it was actin' weird for that long, but it didn't start to really sound off till twenty miles out, maybe twenty-five," replied Muskkrat.

"I watched it all the way in from the intersection of 24," Blake said. "It was makin' a hell of a racket, but there was no smoke or anything. I think the rest of it's okay, so there's no point in makin' our parts problem worse by unseating the rings."

"Uh, you guys don't know me," interrupted a stranger's voice from the rear of the throng around the bike, "but Porty said I might be able to help out back here. My name's Jeff. I've got a small shop about fifteen miles south. If it'll help make the decision, I've got valves, guides and gaskets. I don't have rings, though."

"Right on, brother," said John. "How soon can you get back here with an exhaust valve and gaskets? The guide seems okay."

"Quick as I can; see ya later."

"Al, how are we going to cut a new valve seat when neither of us can get to a valve grinder?" John asked.

"Ain't no other way but by hand."

"Fuckin' great! We'd only be here for days. Guess we might as well wait until Tuesday and do it on the machine. Fuck, we don't even have any grinding compound."

"Well, I've been thinking about that. This may sound crazy and it's gonna



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take a lotta time, but toothpaste would do it and it wouldn't tear anything up. Shit, five, six hours by hand and we could grind that new seat."

"You really think I want to spend the entire day twisting a valve?"

"That's up to you, man. Word is that Muskrat has to be back in Atlanta by Tuesday a.m. C'mon, it won't be that bad. We can spell each other and still have a good time."

"Yeah, right. Fuck. Okay, bring on the Crest. Muskrat, you cocksucker, if I run out of beer doin' this, I'll chase you right into the fuckin' ocean."

In spite of their earlier talk about breaks, from the time Jeff got back with the valve, John and Al sat cross-legged, opposite each other on a blanket, and turned the valve. Muskrat and the others kept the beer supply constant and occasionally asked how things were going. Blake cleaned all the parts, arranging everything for reassembly, and then went off to join the party. Well into the night the two men sat there, working and talking quietly, pausing occasionally to examine their progress.

Meanwhile, the party raged around them. Friendships were reaffirmed. Several romances started. An entire pig was consumed, and several people went off to find some chickens to cook. Marty took top honors in wrestling chicks to a naked fall. The North Carolina State Patrol paid a visit and left after handing out several invitations to a party of their own. All in all, it was a great finale to a crazy week.

About ten-thirty, John and Al declared their part of the project complete. The party swallowed them up joyfully. Sherry found Blake sleeping quietly under the redwood deck, and after he downed two cups of Irish Coffee and inhaled the contents of a "Beauty," he said, "All right! Now I'm ready to wench. Oops, better make that wrench!"

The red Super Glide barked to life and quickly settled into a steady idle just as the clock read one a.m. A huge crowd gathered around it, raised a cheer, and then, incredibly, the party picked up energy. ■



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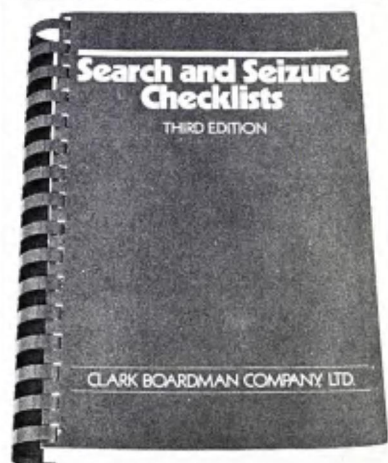
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Lockdown

Continued from page 76

section of the new law "means that people who did not know what they were doing are more likely to be sent to prison than to a hospital, and they will be no better prepared to deal with the world when they get out than when they went in."

There is, of course, much more to this bill — very little of it good news. About the only worthwhile item is the creation of a \$100 million fund to compensate crime victims. That's reasonable and long overdue. After all, if some elderly widow gets her head laid open and her Social Security check ripped off because the cops paid to protect her were too busy hassling bikers at a bar or speeders on the Interstate to be bothered, that person should at least get some money from somewhere.

The rest of the provisions are all the pits. Among them: \$80 million in federal aid for local law enforcement (the LEAA comes back from the dead); increased sentences for drug offenders; and a mandatory 15-to-life sentence for so-called career criminals — criminals who have had three or more robbery or burglary convictions in state courts.

It's important to remember that most provisions of this bill apply only to persons accused of federal offenses. The question is, if these star chamber provisions are found constitutional on a federal level, how long will it be before various states pass their own versions? ■

Easyriders

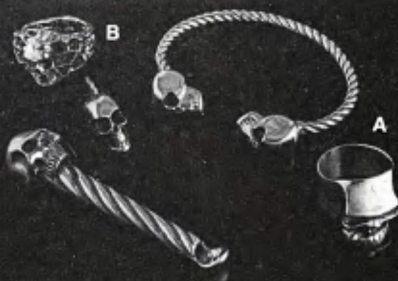


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Continued from page 30

It had been a good night's work.

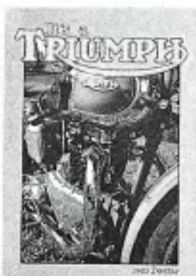
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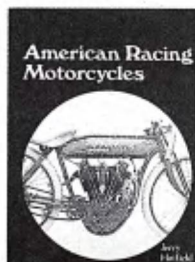
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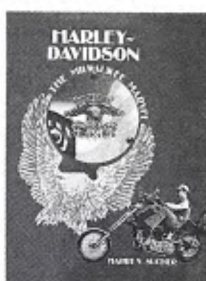
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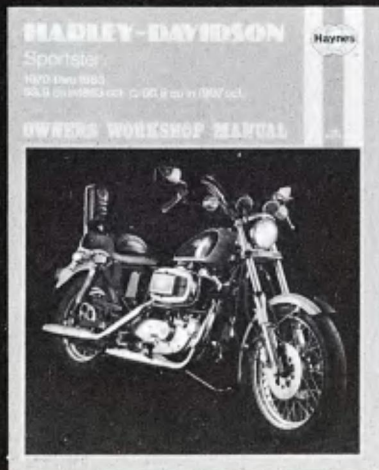
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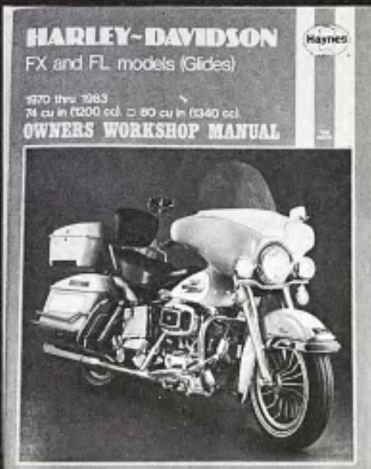
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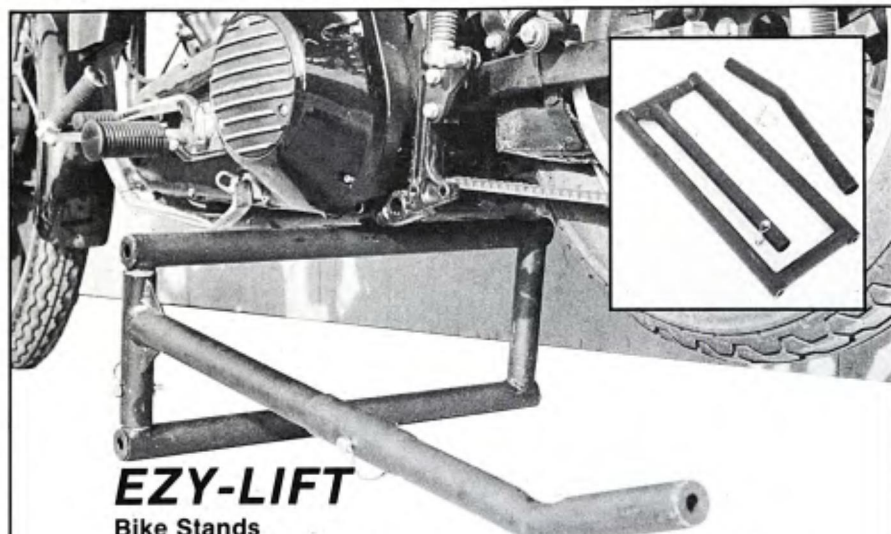
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Order your EZY-LIFT bike stand today! Just send a check or money order to EZY-LIFT, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. California residents, add 6% sales tax. (Dealer inquiries invited.) \$35.00 each. Add \$5.00 for US shipping • \$19.50 APO-FPO Hawaii, Alaska. Shipped 1st class insured • \$18.50 Canadian orders shipped air insured. No foreign orders. TOTAL ENCLOSED \$

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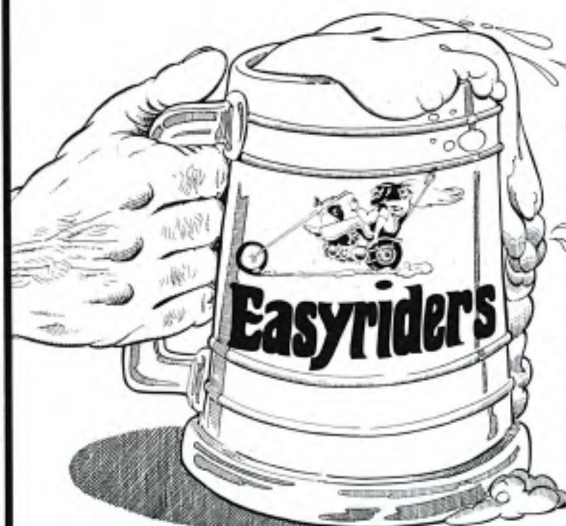
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BEER MUG



Beer mugs are beer mugs — but this one is different — it's amber-colored (beer-colored). It's big (holds 16 oz.) and has our famous liver-quiverin' magazine emblem on it. Show some class, boggle your friends' gourds, tell your ol' lady you'd like this mug in your Christmas stocking — or you'd just like to have it period. Costs only \$7.50 plus \$1.50 for postage and handling. Or you can purchase a set of four at a reduced price of \$24.95 plus \$5.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$6.05 over the single-mug price.)

Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

Please add \$3.50 for orders going to Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, APO/FPO for air mail insured postage. Foreign order add \$7.75 for air mail postage (uninsured).

sharing with the cops before rejecting the idea. Beyond taking his report of the break-in, they'd done absolutely zip about the crime itself. Why should he give them any more information that they would simply file away and forget about? Fuck 'em.

Carlson knew Frenchy slightly, more by reputation than anything else. A tiny, quiet guy who sometimes played bass for a rock and roll band, he made a living working as a mechanic in his own bike shop in Juarez. An ex-boxer, he was mean as shit, but quietly so, a loner of sorts who crossed back and forth between Mexico and the U.S. like a native of both.

Frenchy tossed back the brew when it finally came, and then, coughing, lit a cigarette. "Worst thing in the world, when you have a cold, is a cigarette," he said. "Your bike, by the way, is across the border in Juarez."

"How did you manage to find it?"

"I could lie and say that I'd heard about your reward, spent three days detecting, and finally turned it up. But I saw it by accident in somebody's yard. It's been repainted, but it's yours all right. Looks like a sixty-year-old faggot bought it and fixed it up."

"Who did it?"

"Before you head off to kill their asses, I'd better warn you about what you're gonna be dealing with. Two brothers named Martinez have it. They're from a rich ranching family and they're connected, like in the big time, so be careful. They've got relatives all over, from the national police to the mayor's office to customs."

"What the fuck would they steal my motorcycle for?"

"I don't think they stole anything. They aren't the sort. They probably knew someone who knew somebody, and when your bike went up for sale, they bought it as a joke."

"You have an address?"

"Sure. Here's my number in Juarez, and underneath it is the address where the bike is. If you get it back, give me a call. I could use the \$200."

The address Frenchy gave him didn't take long to find, which was bad. Unlike rich folks in Texas, who hide up in the hills, the rich in Juarez live right in the center of town. The house sat three blocks away from Juarez Avenue, six blocks from the downtown, a four-floor monstrosity separated from the street by a low wall and a yellow, trampled patch of grass. The backyard was hidden from street view by a much higher wall which proved to have an iron-gated entry to the alley. Peering through the wrought-iron filigree, Carlson saw the motorcycle. For a moment, he had his doubts. The paintwork, the intricate detailing were gone — someone had given it a quick coat of white paint. The seat was different and there were front and back fenders — even saddlebags. But a second glance told him that maybe Frenchy was right. The frame was the same, the chrome work identical.

A gardener toiling nearby happened to glance up and look Carlson straight in the eye. Instinctively, the biker jumped back from sight. The gardener's expression altered, slight curiosity giving way to keen interest.

"Damn it!" Carlson cursed softly. Hoisting his long legs over the top, Carlson cleared the wall and landed in a heavy heap on the other side.

He tensed, listening. The silence reassured him — there were no dogs in the household. Shivering slightly, he wondered why the yard was so dark. A soft wind rustled through nearby trees as he studied the shadowy shape of the house. The only light showing came from a small window on the top floor.

When his eyes had fully adjusted to the darkness, he saw the bike. Staying as low as possible, he crept toward it, the scuffling sounds of his boots sounding almost deafeningly loud in his ears. Up close, he couldn't be sure until he slipped a hand underneath and felt around. His initials were still there, engraved into the frame, followed by his license number. The bike had been rebuilt by a pro, but quickly.

Carlson looked up. Shit, the upstairs light had just gone out. Trying to move quickly, he fit his key into the lock. Christ! They hadn't bothered to change the ignition. He put up the kickstand, trying desperately not to trip over anything and headed toward the back gate. It was closed with an old-fashioned bolt.

Was that a car he heard coming? He froze. Headlights swung down the alleyway, followed by the sounds of a car door opening and then footsteps. Then silence.

Carlson waited, not daring to move. No sound. No footsteps. He heaved the bike forward, his heart thumping wildly. He shot open the bolt. The gate creaked as it swung open. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up.

Fuck it. He pushed the bike through the opening, down off the bricks into the alley. Lights went on behind him, illuminating everything in the backyard. "Shit!" Carlson said aloud, pushing harder.



"I never dreamed playing the organ could be so much fun."

ADD CLASS TO YOUR PAD!

Here are two fine acrylic 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 quartz movement (one AA battery required). They come individually packaged for easy reshaping.

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.)

Send \$30, plus shipping costs, to Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. California residents, add 6% tax.



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 9 1/2" 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.



Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

CAP IT WITH THIS

A top-quality **Easyriders** baseball cap to add some class to that nobby gourd of yours. Each cap contains a two-color **Easyriders** patch right on the front, is made of the finest materials, and adjusts to fit every skull. To get one, just tell us whether you want the **summer hat** (netted back) or the **winter hat** (solid fabric) and send \$8 to **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. We pay postage in U.S. and Canada; other countries, enclose \$2 extra for postage. U.S. funds only.

A humongous-sized beer mug that holds 16 ozs., yet is authentic enough to be on display when not in use.

A perfect reproduction of the old original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black, and white — exactly like the original.

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A different gift. Silkscreened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of

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Either way — it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Canadian orders add \$3.50 per mug, Foreign orders add \$13.00 per mug, for postage and handling. All payments outside the U.S. must be payable in U.S. funds. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



PAISANO PRODUCTS
BOX 1025
AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301



"Buenas noches," a voice said. Carlson looked up, right into the barrel of the biggest .45 he'd ever seen. "No se mueva, señor," the cop went on. "You are under arrest."

He had been in jail for three days and nights without a chance to see or call anyone. After he'd been taken to the station and gone through the preliminaries of booking, a sergeant had come in and asked him questions in Spanish. Carlson shook his head to show that he didn't understand, and the policeman went away. Since then no one had come to visit, except one morning early when he awoke and found a photographer busily taking pictures of him.

Finally, late on the third day, six guards appeared — with a ball bat.

"I need to make a phone call," Carlson said quietly. "Telefono."

"Sure, buddy," the guard with the baseball bat said.

They handcuffed him and led him gingerly down the corridor.

Two locked doors later, they came into a courtyard.

"What the fuck!" Carlson said. "Telefono, dammit."

"Haircut time, señor. We have problems with the bugs. Don't want you to have problems with the bugs."

"You ain't touching my hair," Carlson said, backing up. "You got no right touching my hair."

Carlson never saw the baseball bat. It came so fast. Whistling out from behind him, it smashed into his stomach. He doubled over. Someone pulled his head up by the hair.

"Fuck you!" Carlson said.

"Sorry you feel that way, señor. But we insist that you cut the hair."

This time he saw the fist coming, from the man in front of him, a short, squat sergeant. It didn't travel far, but the man knew how to punch. Carlson rolled to deflect the punch, but it still caught him in the eye. Carlson felt the skin around it pull and tear, and almost instantly the eye closed. He felt, rather than saw, most of the rest of the punches. They came slowly, for effect, most of them into his already bruised midsection.

Just as the blows began to stop hurting, the sergeant pulled his head up again by the hair. "Hair cut and a

Continued on page 116

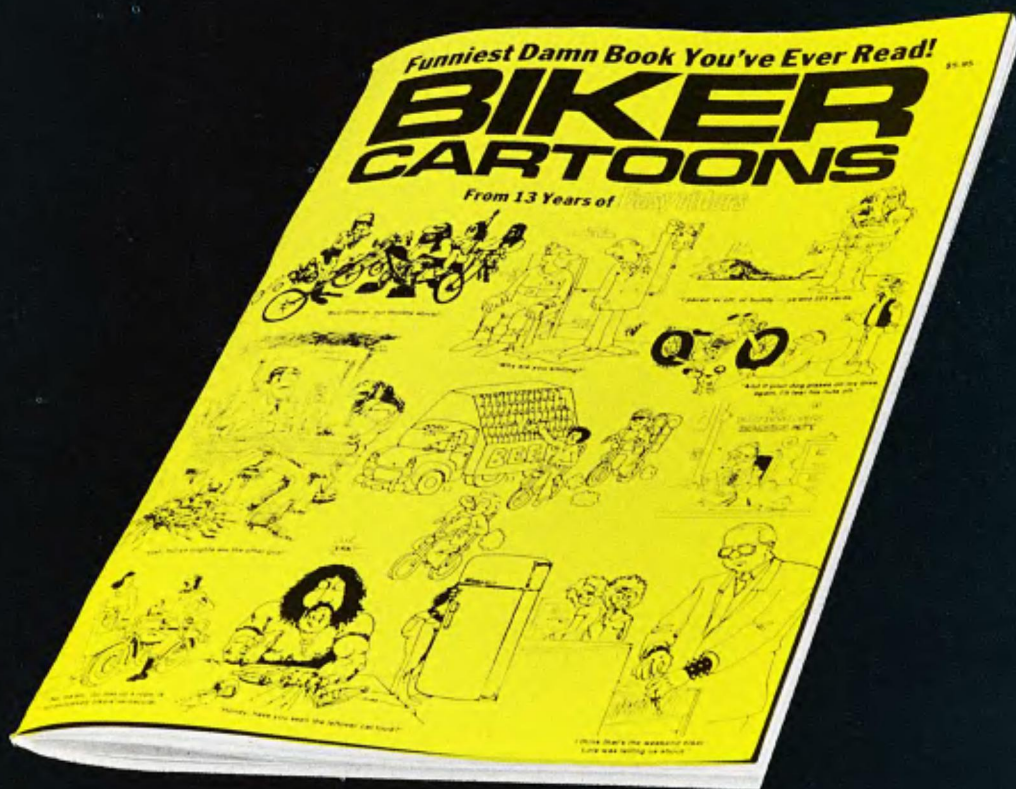
Easyriders



"You will stop smoking. . . you will find alternative forms of oral gratification. . . you will unzip my pants. . ."

Easyriders

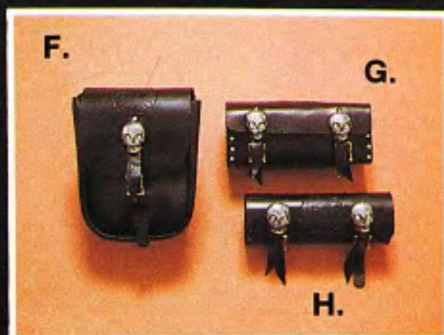
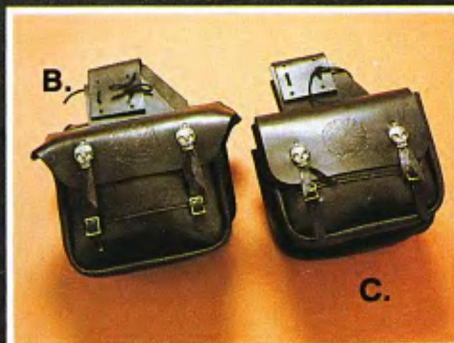
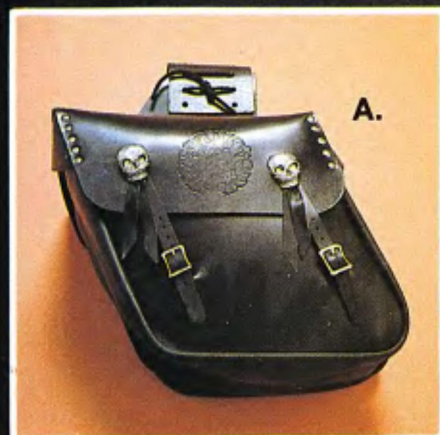
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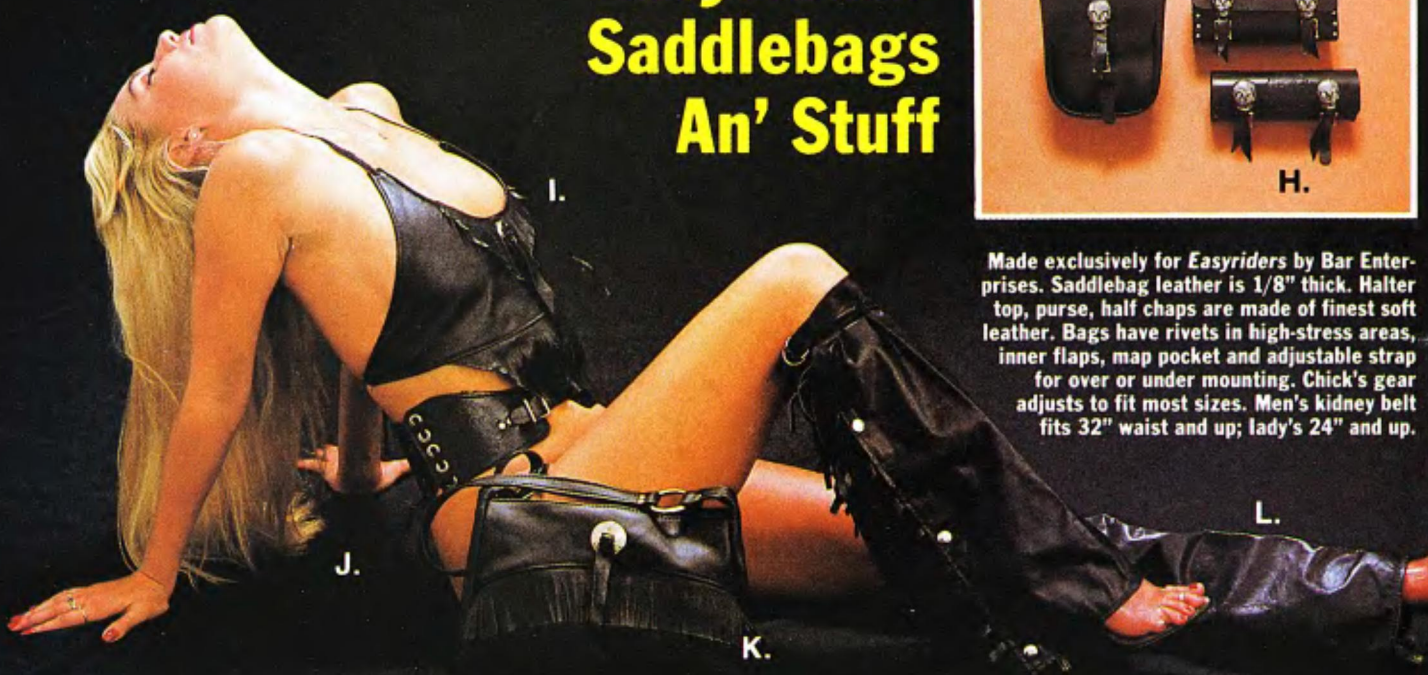
160 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ "x11" pages of cartoons
(jillions of 'em) from over 13
years of *Easyriders* — ya know
how funny they've been.



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Easyriders' Saddlebags An' Stuff



Made exclusively for Easyriders by Bar Enterprises. Saddlebag leather is 1/8" thick. Halter top, purse, half chaps are made of finest soft leather. Bags have rivets in high-stress areas, inner flaps, map pocket and adjustable strap for over or under mounting. Chick's gear adjusts to fit most sizes. Men's kidney belt fits 32" waist and up; lady's 24" and up.

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available for \$180. Or, for \$300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only \$25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

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Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (146)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319.
(616) 636-8200. (143)

David Sarafan, Inc., P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley,
NY 10977. (914) 356-1080. (152)

CATALOGS

Jammer's Handbook, \$3.95, 27771 Avenue
Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (149)

Piggy Malone's, \$1, Box 10073, Berkeley, CA
94709. (415) 843-7777. (149)

Steamboat Enter., Box 7232, San Diego,
CA 92107. (149)

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Truett & Osborn Cycle, 3345 E. 31st Street So.,
Wichita, KS 67216. (316) 682-4781. (151)

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Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103
Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960.
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Larsen Leathers, Box 33, Riner, VA 24149.
(703) 382-4668. (143)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E.,
Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

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Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103
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Forman Harley-Davidson, 115 N. Main St.,
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Frisco Choppers (new/used H-D parts

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CA 94103. (415) 864-4242. (149)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E.,
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Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093
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MN 55102. (612) 224-3818. (149)

Departure Bike Works, Inc. 3091-3093
Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224.
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PAINT

RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825
Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA
91748. (818) 336-3822. (149)

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Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St.,
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Jammer Cycle (800) 423-2633 (outside
of California); (800) 453-9651
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Parts Galore, Inc., 5921 Middlebelt,
Garden City, MI 48135.
(313) 522-7903. (149)

Pinellas Custom Cycle, Box 284, Pinellas
Park, FL 34290. (813) 546-6553. (149)

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The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago,
IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (149)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E.
22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711.
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Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

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Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

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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)

W/m, 27, 6'1", good job, likes kids, looking for lady who's willing to convert to religion of Odin and Thor. Wyatt Kaldenberg, 3125 19th Street, Suite 297, Bakersfield, CA 93301. Women prisoners welcome. (142)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (151)

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)

Cash paid for motorcycle toys. Photo of toys helpful; no models or homemades. Toys, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

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)

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)

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!

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)

Female wanted: I'm a single, white male, 5'10" tall, 200 lbs., 45 years old. I'm very gentle, kind, warm and extremely affectionate. I live in New York City and have many attributes that would appeal to a young female. I am also in possession of Aladdin's lamp. If you rub my lamp the right way, I'm sure the genie in the lamp will grant you a special wish. If you're in need of a friend who knows how to treat a lady, contact Aladdin, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (141)

Two extremely lonely w/m prisoners without a friend in the world need to hear from a couple of sincere women who enjoy being appreciated. Dino Baiardi 73301; and Dave Bove 75183, Drawer N, Trenton, NJ 08625. (141)

Back issues Easyriders: Send SASE for list and price. Keith, 562 Markham #B, Vacaville, CA 95688. (141)

White male, 33, 5'10", brown hair, blue eyes. Would like to meet single chick with head together for good times, a meaningful relationship, and to share cycle seat. Send letters, pictures and phone number to "Harley," 346 S. Water #2, Idaho Falls, ID 83401. (141)

24-year-old Aryan artist, 5'8", 155 lbs., blond and blue, tats 'n' talent, down in Eastern N.Y. Searchin' for honest, sincere 'n' loving lady for heavy relationship. Free in '88; parole in '86. For correspondence form, send postcard to Phoenix, Box 178, Mayfield, NY 12117. (141)

California peckerwood, 26, 5'8", 175 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, looking for the right lady for marriage. Send flick with letter; will answer all. Out 8/12/85. Mark Ballard, C-27996/5392, Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (141)

W/m brother down. We need help to get petition up to get Randy "Tattoo" James out of Florida prison. Tattoos ladies, Bit, B.J., and Taylor, Box 3, Marston, NC 28363. (144)

Sex! Money! Learn how to star in XXX films. Call Darlene Dawn, 1-312-274-9600. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (141)

Oral/anal sex and much more! Call Kristy at The Love Club to contact that special woman. 1-312-262-9800. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (141)

I am a 39-year-old white male, 6', 180 lbs., and I've been down for the last 17 years. I've been fighting my conviction and it now looks as if I stand a chance to become a free citizen. In view of this, I am very much interested in corresponding with a woman who would be interested in getting to know someone who just wants to enjoy life and be close to one person. Floyd Sprute 117180, HVMF, 3201 Bemis Rd., Ypsilanti, MI 48197. (141)

Tattoo Billy (Green) is down for two years on dope beef in Bumfuck, Alaska. Looking for pretty ladies and old friends to write to. I'm 5'9", long brown hair, brown eyes, 185 lbs., tattoo artist from Riverside, Calif. Send letters and pictures to Tattoo Billy Green, Box 8880, Ketchikan, AK 99901. (141)

Tattoo supplies, catalog, \$3. Professional Tattoo Supply, Box 1374, Mt. Vernon, NY 10551. (143)

Harley collector/dealer award. 1983 FXSB, bronze/gold. Still in crate; only one test mile. Limited edition — only 56 manufactured. David, 5636 Springvalley Rd. 21-C, Dallas, TX 75240. (141)

Is there a bro out there in the States willing to swap his Harley for my immaculate oil-in-frame 650 Bonneville, plus some cash? Would also pay for flight over here. L. Hammond, 4 Russell Place, St. Peters, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. (141)

Handsome swm, 6' 3", 205 lbs., strong, masculine, 40s, looks and acts much younger, "little boyish" still. Swedish descent, lots of thick brown hair, bluish eyes, sophisticated, educated, good dresser, distinguished-looking executive. Vasectomy safe, kinky, particular and pernickity. Living on a true "Fantasy Island" on a plantation, on a golf course. 100 yards to beautiful beach and ocean. Enjoy smoke, drinking, all sports, getting tan all over, romantic evenings, togetherness, music, reading, TV, chess, traveling, animals, children, candlelight dinners, quiet and exciting times. Seeking younger (18-36) female counterpart — a "swinging" bi-slut, showoff exhibitionist for my voyeurism. Attractive to gorgeous, an "11", sensuous, slim well-proportioned body, fun-loving with sense of adventure, submissive, putting husband and home first, a true man's woman, to love, pamper and spoil me. Must be versatile, intelligent, domestic, a great cook, open-minded, liberal, sedulous and hedonistic. Object: swinging friendship, possibly marriage, eternal bliss. Please be sincere, meaningful and totally honest. Photos, phone, full description, fantasies and disclosures with long, horny, loving letter. Thanks. F.B., Box 6493, Hilton Head Island, SC 29938. (141)

Professional tattooing handbook; trade secrets, valuable tips, tattooed women's photos, removing formulas, expert instruction. Illustrated, 72 pages, \$24.95. Tattooer, Box 242-C, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (141)

The thorns of a rose are as precious as the blossom; they both require gentle care. Maybe you're one of those women who have the insight to understand, but do you have the heart to reach out? W/m, 30, Sagittarius. "Louie" Briendel 81-A-2313, Box B, CCF, Dannemora, NY 12929. (141)

Two white weight lifters trapped in temporary hell. Need love, letters and pix from righteous chicks. Marty "Mad Man" Simmons 83-A-2481, 26, blond hair, blue eyes, 6'2", 180 lbs.; and Fred "Buddy" Tietjen 83-A-5537, brown hair, green eyes, 5'8", 170 lbs. Box B, Dannemora, NY 12929. (141)

Good-looking w/m needs letters of friendship from sincere, caring women. Send picture. Steve Helmick 32402, Box 791, Safford, AZ 85548. (141)

Bud: It's been one year now since my body has felt the passion I had with you. No one can fill the emptiness in my heart that's been there since you left. I just wanted you to know I'll love you till I die. I live each day with the memories of making love all night and how you taught me about freedom. I hope someday our lives will meet again. I'd ride with you to hell if it meant being by your side. Call me: (412) 353-1945. This message is to Dave "Bud" Miller, Brownsville, Pa., one of a kind. (141)

Brown and hazel, 6', 190-lb. tramp wants letters and pix from good-hearted ladies, sisters who are into bikin', camp-in', livin', lovin', partyn' and more puttin'. Steve "Moondog" Collins 30901, Dorm 8-C, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391. (141)

Bultana: Happy anniversary. May the rest of our life be spent in the wind, fuckin', suckin', and lovin'! Your Molester. (141)

Hard-working, financially secure, independent Harley rider seeks free and easy, uninhibited, open-minded lady. Box 250, San Francisco, CA 94101. (141)

Teresa Sue Dunning Greenwood: Tess, I've not heard from you in quite a while. Was it something I said, something I did, or was it something I didn't say or do? Just write and let me know you're okay. "George," c/o Terry E. "Y" Jones, Rt. #1 Box 150, Bivins, TX 75555. (141)

21-year-old bro needs lady, 18-25, for a lasting relationship, to share good times with. I'm into the Grateful Dead, country music, traveling and Nikki (my rigid Sportster). All letters answered. Looks unimportant; I need your heart more. Please send letters/photos. Keith Meadows, Rt. 3 Sweetwater Rd., Douglasville, GA 30134. (141)

1984 Harley Beer — 250 cases for sale. Sell any amount or all. Make offer. Daytona Beach, Fla. (904) 253-0330, ask for Tommy. (141)

Older mwm likes to meet sensuous chicks, the younger the better. Write and I'll send you \$1 for postage. Mike Taylor, Box 927, San Rafael, CA. (141)

White male, 31, doing time and lonely! Will answer all letters. Looks and age unimportant. Richard H. Dean 170279, Rt. #3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (141)

Biker rings! My new sterling-silver ring catalog. Over 50 original designs. Lowest prices. Skulls, demons, Vikings, Harley, warriors. \$2. David L. Andrea, 1001 82nd St., Suite 108, Kenosha, WI 53140. (141)

Huck says, "See our advertisement this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment®." We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. If it's better, we'll build it. "Spaulding" — the first name in tattooing. "You can cuss me but not my equipment." (150)

Five-foot-eight with eyes of gold, got a freedom fire burnin' in my soul. Want to pack behind a man of pride, who's into adventure and living life. W/f, 31, Taurus, sun-streaked brown hair, gold eyes, lonesome for a lover's arms at night, for eyes that connect in the day. For that song only a Harley sings. Seger says it best, "Roll, roll me away, won't you roll me away tonight. I too am lost, I feel double-crossed, and I'm sick of what's wrong and what's right." Love music, the country, fresh air, earthy accents, the rain, a thunderstorm, sunshine, water, life, laughing, lustful, hot, imaginative, meaningful sex. Into sharing, trust, honesty. Looking for someone real, a man who loves being in the wind as much as me. Who can share rough roads with the smooth. A man of his own character who knows what he wants and needs and who he is. Who has heart and soul. Who is semi-crazy but mostly responsible. Emotionally, financially and legally together. Someone who likes to cuddle and wants to share some life. If you're him, please reply. Letters with recent pic receive same. Carol, 6702 North St., Nacogdoches, TX 75961. (141)

Hey, Cliff! Just to let you know we all miss ya and love ya. Like you said, "Only time," so RR for the "party" in July '85. Love, SLLs & RRLs. (141G)

Choya: Your eyes reflect my own soul back to me, but I'll never be able to get enough. I held you such a short time, it seems like a breath. Can't capture elusive magic, and you are still the magic, soul-mate, heart-friend. Life will never be really full without you, but I promised myself velvet chains. To the freedom CAS. (141)

For sale: 1964 "45" Harley trike, needs valves. Lower end overhauled, chopped. Northern Calif. Evenings: (916) 824-2096. (141)

Wanted: Attractive, totally submissive slave girl. Answer with a letter explaining how you intend to serve and please me. Include full-length nude photo of yourself and also a closeup of your face. K. Reed, 533 Barlow, Wichita, KS 67207. (143)

Biker's jewelry; catalog, \$1. Refundable. Samkie 2833 Meramec, St. Louis, MO 63118. (141)

Lonely prisoner seeks serious, open-minded lady who shares love of beach life. Native Californian, w/m, raised in Hawaii, 20, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair and soft brown eyes. Please send picture. Charlie Curry, C76046-2120, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (141)

Death row convict about H-Ds, weapons, white survival. Valhalla awaits! Jasper McMurtrey, Box B-43391, Florence, AZ 85232. (141)

W/m, 26, 18 mos. to go, needs letters from hot and sincere ladies who want a permanent relationship. Dennis Frazier, Box 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57117-0911. (141)

Oriental ladies seeking lasting friendships! Photos, details, \$1. Transcor(Z), Box 2321, Manila, Philippines 2801. (141)

W/f, 5'1", 23, dark hair/eyes, nice bod. Wants good-lookin', sincere, honest, East Coast man, 25-33, I'm special. Kites with flicks answered first. No games. Little Queen, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (141)

W/m, 35, 136 lbs., long brown hair, honest, loving, gentle, stubborn, Scorpio. Motorcycle injury, government check. Harley trike, dogs and own country place. Need good woman, lover, companion, partner, good-looking, slim, intelligent, loyal and big-hearted. A back-rubber, not a back-stabber. No games, pills, deadbeats or bullshit. Ron, Box 38B Rt. 1, Pall Mall, TN 38577. (141)

Wanted: Beautiful, intelligent, big-busted young slave girl for permanent relationship. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (141)

J.R.: I love you and hope you're well. D-Day is March 23. Hoping for a "he." Loving you, T.A.H. (141)

Easyriders back issues, #13(June '73) to present. 99% complete. 130 issues, \$100 takes all. Contact Mike at (412) 835-6469. (141)

W/m, 36, soon to raise from the slammer. Free thinker and serious scammer. Opportunity for the right lady having stand-up qualities. Exchange flicks and notes. Mickey Gore 264679, Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, TX 75851. (141)

Colorado biker, w/m, 22, 6'2", 175 lbs., seeks foxy scooter lady, 18-25, for serious lasting relationship. Photo for photo. W.R. Lasater, Jr., Box O, Lake City, CO. (141)

W/m, age 28, seeks female companion, age approximately 18-28, for campaigning a nitro-fuel Harley for the 1985 season. Only experience needed is in keeping up appearance of bike and owner. Must be willing to relocate. Kids welcome. Would consider air fare for out-of-country inquiries. Send picture and general information to T.L., 605 S. Orange St., Sturgis, MI 49091. (141)

Lonely w/m, 6', 175 lbs., 28, blond hair, blue eyes. I'm getting out in '85. Looking for a good lady to write me; age doesn't matter. Will write to all. Ron Talmage, C-86835, Box 617, Jamestown, CA 95327. (141)

Short w/m, blue eyes, Harley rider, seeks warm-hearted lady, prefer 25-35. Must like kids and serious riding. No dopers, thieves or space cases. Personality more important than looks or age. Must relocate to Texas. Ambitious to work together. Christian-type okay. Send pic; will answer with same. Mike P., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (141)

Wanted: Beautiful, intelligent, big-busted young slave girl for lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Road, Milan, OH 44846. (141)

For sale: 1968 H-D engine, 88 cubic inch, C grind, head work, fast, best of everything, fresh shop rebuild, not yet fired, with title. Megabucks invested, sell \$1800 — need bread. Also available: transmission, primaries, electric starter, belt drive, S & S carb, frame. Will deliver within 500 miles of Oklahoma City. T. Oas, Box 1475, Wewoka, OK 74884. (141)

In memory of Billy Larsen, 3/17/48 to 11/3/83. Loved and not forgotten. May you be in the wind riding high. Sadly missed, Love, Sahara Tiffany and John. (141)

Sex! Money! Learn how to star in XXX-rated films. Call Darlene Dawn, 1-312-274-9600, Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (143)

Red warrior, 19, would like to hear from some of you Indian ladies out there. Send photos, letters. Rod Shakespeare, FCJ, Lander, WY 82520. All will be answered. (141)

Laid-back Virginia mountain man, 28, looking for that special lady to share the good times with the bad, into Harleys and country living, settled down, good job. Kids okay. Photos, please. Bandit, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (141)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices. Save 50% or more. Illustrated literature, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-C, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (141)

Divorced, horny w/m, 5'8", 190 lbs., needs calls, hot flicks. (615) 745-4997, T. Gunter, 349 Vol. Dr., Athens TN 37303. (141)

Tattoo is trying to reach Harley D. If you see this, please write Rt. 1 Box 154-B, Lexington, NC 27292. (141G)

Hey, ladies, are you lonely, bored, have nothing to do? Then drop us a line 'cause we're just like you. That's right, two white bros with nothing to do but sit back and wait for sweet letters from you. Ed Arnold 101879, and Rick Morey 58741, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (141)

Calling all females, 18-39: Very lonely biker, 6' 4", 250 lbs., 39, long blond hair, blue eyes, needs loving, too (will be paroled in '85). Will answer all letters, Carlton Pettit 73409, SSCF, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314. (141)

Florida bro, downed till '86. Like someone to write; pictures and visits, if possible. Larry "Freebird" Nace, K7973, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17013. (141)

Handicapped bro needs Harley trike with 74 or 80. Richard "Hook" Engleman, Rt. 2 Box 590-AA, East Jordan, MI 49727. (616) 536-2832. (143)

Bright Eyes in Ottawa: Thanks for the toast. Jody Via. (141)

S.A.: Happy 25th birthday (January 23) and happy third anniversary. I love you very much. These past three years have been the best (and worst) of times. The years following will be just as wonderful. Love, S.H. P.S.: Shithound loves you, too. (141)

Down bro needs sisters to write kites to. Doing time in SQ; be back in the wind at the end of the summer of '85. Would like a good ol' lady who likes riding and partying. I'm from Northern California — Grass Valley area. If you can, send this bro some flicks. Big Bob Parks, Box C-91124, SQ Ranch, Tamal, CA 94974. (141)

Down bro from Fresno looking for letters and flicks from some of you ladies. I'm a 26-year-old white boy with blond hair and blue eyes, 6', 170 lbs., medium build. William F. Caldwell, Box C-32355, Tamal, CA 94974. (141G)

Convict, w/m, 37, 6 ft., 170 lbs., light brown hair, hazel eyes. They call me Star Rider. I'm looking for a mature woman who has been through the mill and wants a special man. If you hurts and mistakes in life have given you a higher awareness and understanding of life, as they have me, then write me. December '85 date. Steve Young 054567, FSP, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (141)

A true 1%er, 40, doing time till the sun don't shine, needs ladies w/with their shit together. Could be good all the way around. Will answer all, so check it out! Budd Pelletier 39017-066, Box 1000, Lewisburg, PA 17837. (141G)

If anyone knows where Linda Blackburn of San Ramon, California, can be found, please ask her to write Allan Schiff 358022, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX. I miss her very much. (141G)

Proud Canadian, down for short time, needs sweet foxy lady to write me and send photo. 21 yrs. old, 6'1", blond, blue eyes, 210 lbs. Rob Trippel, Drawer "O", Burnaby, B.C., Canada V5H-3N4. (141G)

Anyone knowing where Chris Ward can be reached, please have him contact Colombe. He comes from the Fort Peck Reservation and was doing time in Gatesville, Texas, but was supposed to go to Montana last year. Chris, baby. I'd love to hear from you. Love you always. Colombe, your sweet loving angel. (141G)

Erica: I wish I hadn't backed out and run from you. I need you and your presence bad. I can't blame you for hating me; it was my fault. Please write me at the following address: AIC Chris P. Lamp, PSC Box 4508, APO NY 09123 (Spangdahlem AB, Germany). If you don't write, I'll know you don't want me back. Just so you'll know, you'll always be my sunshine and I still love ya. (141G)

Mark: Even if I'm downed and out, you drive three hours to come see me. You're my #1. Love, Marcia F., Waterloo, IA. (141)

Saint, vice president of Freebird Nomads MC: Contact me immediately through Sister "T". The Pres, Ray Ray, NSP. (141G)

Madman: Happy birthday. Love, your ol' lady and rugrats. (141G)

Uncle Muck: Fuck those doctors and all their noise! You'll be able to walk again — hell, we've gotta ride together some more. Get better, please. Uncle Bones, Hooter, Sandy, and Company. (141G)

Untraceable mail forwarding, \$1, plus postage. Reliable. Ken Hein, Rt. 2, Mineral Point, WI 53565. (141)

Two serious white convicts, not depressed or lonely. Wish friendship with local females. If you're about business, fire a kite. If you're looking for love, answer another ad. Chuck Stotts 82093, Box 220, Stringtown, OK 74569. (141)

A good man doing time needs a good woman to write to. Please be sincere. O.G. Trichell 52565-097, Dorm D, FCI, Box 7, San Pedro, CA 90731. (141)

Swap meets — December 16, Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City; January 13, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Mo.; February 17, Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. (816) 228-5811. (141)

White death-row inmate wants to hear from women with old-time heart. Thomas Tittle, Box B-50140, Florence, AZ 85232. (140)

W/m, 43, getting out April '85, going to Denver. Need loving ol' lady/sidekick: hookers, dancers, outlaws, witches, hook women, working girls. Fuckability, suckability, lustability, dependability, necessary. Basil "Gypsy" Mathes 50845, Box 999, Canon City, CO 81212. (141)

Farmer: To the best ol' man I've ever had. Happy 25th birthday, 12/8/59. I love ya. Love always, Babes. (141)

Attention, Ft. Smith, Arkansas: Family-type scooter couple with Sportster will locate there in May '85. Not after sex or money, just friendship, so write, scooter people. Texas ABATE members. Robert & Belinda Hodge, Rt. #1 Box 12A9, Diboll, TX 75841. (141)

Photograph and interview attractive ladies at your place or theirs. Make extra money. Details, \$2. Special Services, Box 210-ER, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302. (141)

30-year-old w/m, 6', 195 lbs., tattooed down and fine. Looking for females who aren't afraid to take a walk on the wild side. Northern California preferred. Parole soon. Richard Falkenthal, C-27755-A-256-L, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95696. (141)

W/m, 42, 5' 7", brown/green, own home in Southern Mass. Good job, kids, FLH ('82). Looking for that right lady, 25-40. No heavies, drunks, or drugs. Photo first letter. Mike T., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (141)

Dearest lady: Lonely, unmarried, affectionate, 28-year-old solo biker needs you desperately. "For life without love isn't living, but merely existing, less than alive." RPK, 3953 Carol, Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (141)

Bird: You keep me smilin' all day through. You cheer me up when I feel blue. Everything would be nothing if I didn't have you. We are one, and will stay one together, forever. I love you always! Your Li'l Huzzy. (141)

Debbie Poulson: Been trying to locate and get in touch with you. Jack P. Kenney 370807, Ramsey 1, TDC, Rt. #4 Box 1100, Rosharon, TX 77583. (141G)

Margaret: Michael and I need to hear from you! I hold no grudges. Butterflies are free. Please respond. Mom's office is a safe address. Jerry. (141G)

The cat needs a kitten. Short-timer. No games. Go-for-broke, take-care-of-things man, 6'1", 195 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 22. Rad cartoonist, sportsman, free spirit. Looking for you, lady. Chris "The Cat" Peterson, C-61843 (C) 3123-X, CMC-Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (141G)

Thanks, Kathy. You're one in a million, and you and this black bitch are what makes me right. (141G)

David Kurowski (Big Bike Shop, Green Bay, Wis.): Hey, bro, hurry up and get better. We need people like you out there and we wish you all the best. Jackie and all your friends. (141)

Happy 30th birthday, Rytis. You fill my days with joy and my nights with warmth and love. We'll be in the wind, side by side, for many birthdays to come. As mylieu tave. Your lovin' ol' lady, Sporty Lor. (141G)

Want to buy: a Hog or pan; prefer custom built. Also, diamond tank and twist forks. Please send pix and prices to Rick Liotonne, Box 942, Norwich, CT 06360-0942. (141G)

Hey, Pineapple: I heard you're down, but don't know where. Fly me a kite! Mark, 201 Yale Ave., Ventura, CA 93003. (141G)

Two white bros down and looking for letters from ladies with heart. Drew Pierce, C-08152, 27, tacked back, and Govie Tolman, B-10970, 36, blue eyes. CMC-3339, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (141)

Lonely as can be, looking for a woman to ride with me, it could be you, write me and see. W/m, 5'8", 150 lbs., 30, brown/brown, full beard. Doing time, will be out summer of '85. Want a woman from Va., Md., or D.C. (or willing to relocate to Va. before I come home). Photo for photo. No drunks, heavy dopers, or liars; looking for an ol' lady who could become a wife for life! Laurence Hargrave 157385, CLF, Box 395, Sykesville, MD 21784. (141)

I'm sitting here reading maps and checking routes. No more dreaming, I'm traveling across country this spring. I'm leaving May 15, 1985, for a year and I need some help from bikers across the country. I would like places to sleep, meals, work. I ride a 1972 Sportster. Midnight, Box 406 Whitestore Rd., Norwich, NY 13815. (141)

Ladies: w/m, 32, 5'11", 155 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, in search of a sincere, one-man woman, 22 to 32, who wants a good solid relationship. Must be willing to relocate to Virginia. No game players, heavy dopers or alcoholics. All replies with good description or pictures answered. Wayne, 2166 White Marsh Rd., Suffolk, VA 23434. (141)

I'm looking for my love. Jeff, if you're reading this, please write me, c/o Peggy. I love you and miss you. Lost your phone number; will write you if you give me address. You're the only biker for me. Misty, Albuquerque, N.M. (141G)

For sale: totally American, handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (141)

Ron Bertrand: Write or call me collect. Same address. Maggie Sly. (806) 379-6497. (141)

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. (141)

Cash paid for motorcycle toys. Photo helpful, no models or homemades. M. Nelson, Box 1303, Laguna Beach, CA 92652. (141)

Bob, Ytram, and Evad: S, F, P, C, S, MF, G, S, W, B, C! Happy civilianhood — I smoke um bomber in yer honor, mang! Smokin' Homer T. (141)

Down and lonely. C'mon, ladies! Write and send pictures. Will answer all. Dave Proulx, Box 466, Gardener, MA 01440. (141)

Warm-hearted, gentle people inspire more than they realize. Happy birthday, Fat Sam, December 6. Becky. (141)

Prisoner, 45, wants to meet lonely, mature, financially secure woman. Robert Sheley, Box 037726, Starke, FL 32091. (141)

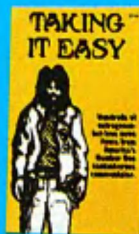
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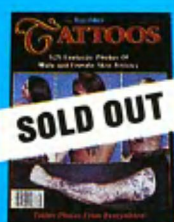


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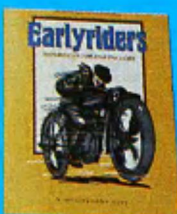
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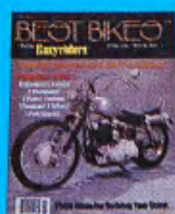
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On That Other Side

Continued from page 108

shave, I think," he said.

They handcuffed him to a seat and another inmate gave him an army cut. First the beard, and then his ponytail fell to a buzzing electric hair trimmer.

Ten minutes later, they led him into the front office and sat him down at a desk. The sergeant brought him an envelope with his things in it. Carlson went through the envelope. His things were all there, including his watch and twenty dollars.

"You are free to go," the sergeant said. "Someone paid your fine."

Carlson stumbled outside.

"Jesus Pete," a familiar voice said. "What the fuck happened to you?" It was Frenchy. "I paid your fine. Cost me another \$200. I sure as fuck hope you get your bike back now, or I'll never see my money. Come on."

Frenchy took him to a cafe down the street where Carlson ordered dinner and then staggered to the bathroom. The face that looked back at him out of the mirror showed that his eye was dangerously swollen. He checked over his midsection. Nothing seemed to be broken.

Back at the table, he eyed Frenchy suspiciously. "How the hell did you find out I was in jail?"

"My wife saw you in the newspaper. You were in the Martinez brothers' backyard when their brother-in-law happened to come over to visit. Wrong place, wrong time, man. Here, take a look," Frenchy said.

A black-and-white picture with a splashy Spanish headline next to it showed Carlson squinting into the camera from his cell. "What does *ladron* mean?" Carlson asked.

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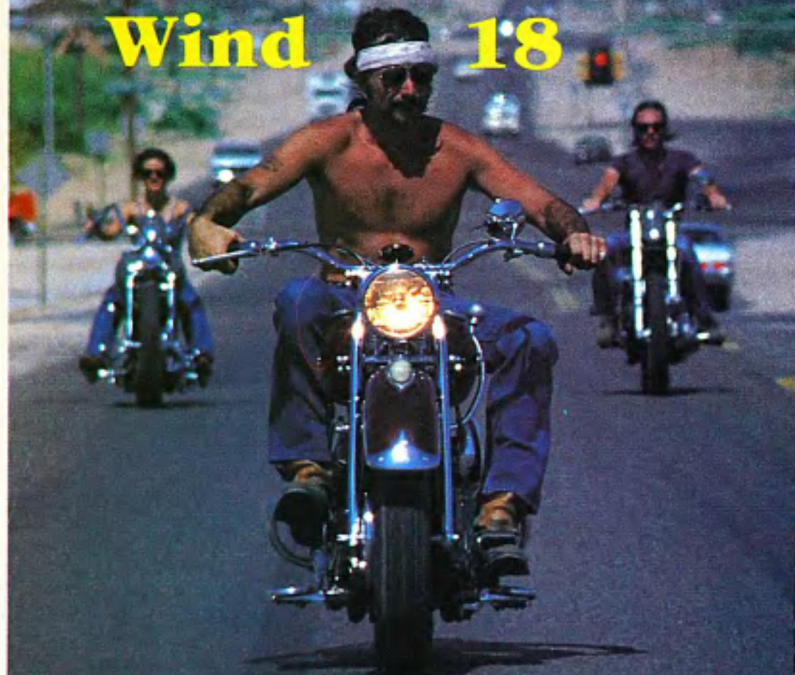
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Wind 18



Another Liver Quiverin' Issue Comin' Right At Ya!

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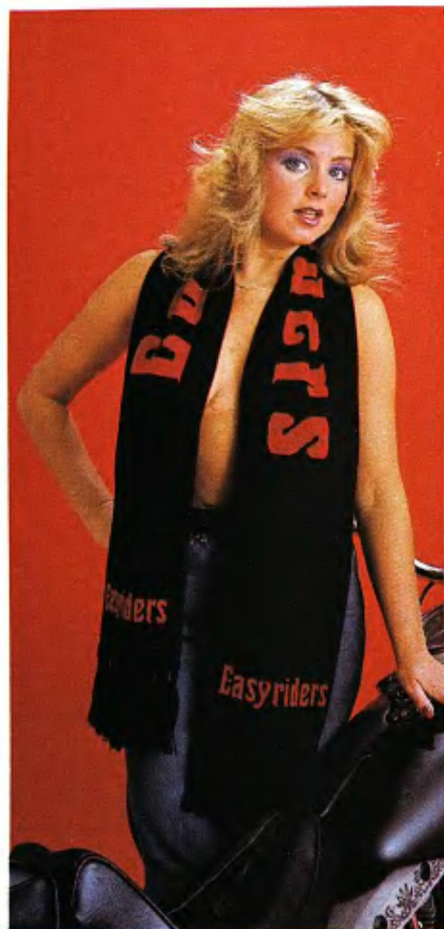
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When the food came, Carlson ate like a starved man. It was the first meal he had eaten since his arrest.

For the next few days, Carlson stayed in bed. When he felt better, he went to a doctor who checked him out, nodded sagely when Carlson told him how it had happened, and told him it was nothing that a little rest wouldn't fix.

On the way back home he bought himself a slingshot — a good one with a wrist strap and ball bearings for ammunition. He spent the next day in the desert behind his house, practicing with beer bottles until he was good enough to hit 9 out of 10 from 30 yards.

It took another week for his eye to heal up and for his ribs to stop aching. During that time, he paid a visit to U.S. Customs one night. The officer in charge greeted him with a friendly, "Howdy. What can I do for you?"

"I have a problem and I could use some advice," Carlson said. "Somebody stole something that I own — a bike — and I'd like to get it back. I know who stole it and where it is — in Juarez. I'd like to steal it back."

"You got papers for this bike?" the man asked.

"Ownership, registration, insurance — everything," Carlson said.

"Well, buddy, here's my card. Hope you get it back. And off the record, you give me a call if you have any trouble bringing it back across the border."

The bike was where it had been previously. Only now six spotlights illuminated the yard like a movie set. Quickly, Carlson walked down the alley toward the setting sun. A short distance away, he turned and casually flicked four steel balls in the direction of the lights. Two of them went out, the tinkle of breaking glass lost in the sounds of passing traffic.

For the next three hours, staying a half hour or so in different bars, Carlson alternately drank beer and returned to the alleyway to bombard

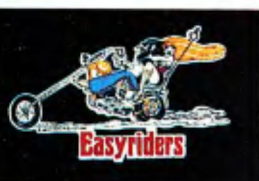


"Just offhand, I'd say that Sir Lancelot's bought the farm."

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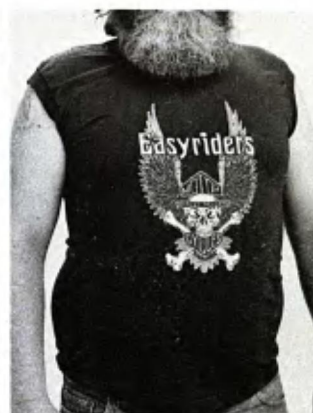
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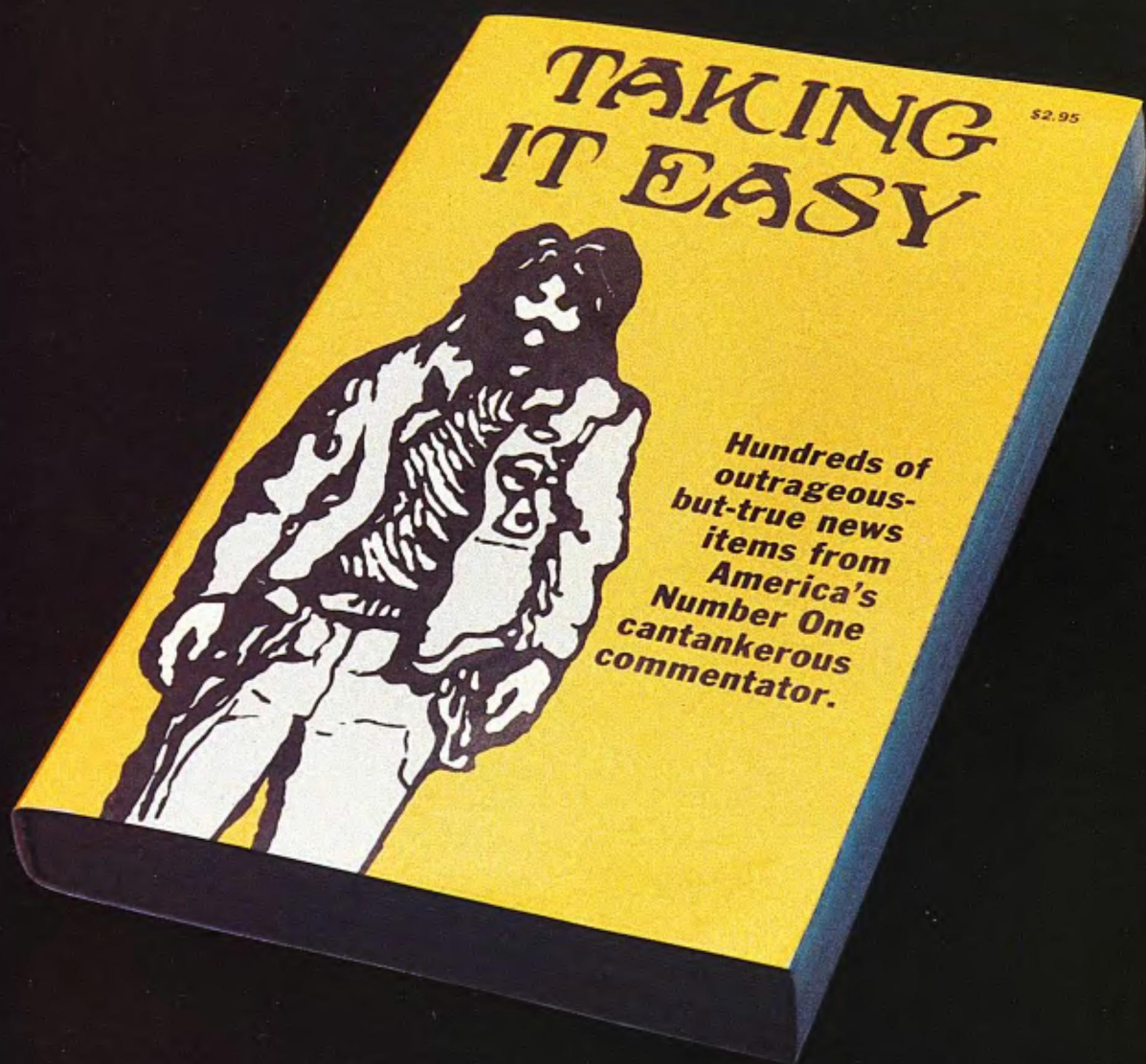
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the lights. Then he went home.

The next night the lights were back on. Carlson reprised the previous night, flicking out the flicks in only two quick passes. He skipped a night, returned again, and this time got the lights in one pass.

The next night, when he came back, the lights were as he'd left them — out. Someone had finally tired of his little game. Carlson found a quiet, out-of-the-way bar and drank a few beers. Twice he slipped out to observe the house from the street. Each time he satisfied himself that there were no police guarding it before leaving for another bar. At two a.m. he left the bar he'd been in since midnight.

The streets were now deserted as he strolled down the sidewalk. He paused briefly in front of the house, set two bottles down by the gate, and strolled on. A few blocks away he went into yet another bar, ordered a plate of food and washed it down with a beer.

At three a.m. he quietly paid his tab and left.

* * *

His second time over the wall was easier than the first. Carlson dropped quietly into the darkened backyard and checked to see that the bike was still there. They hadn't even bothered to chain it. Quietly, he opened the back gate, closed it behind him, and moved down the alley into the street.

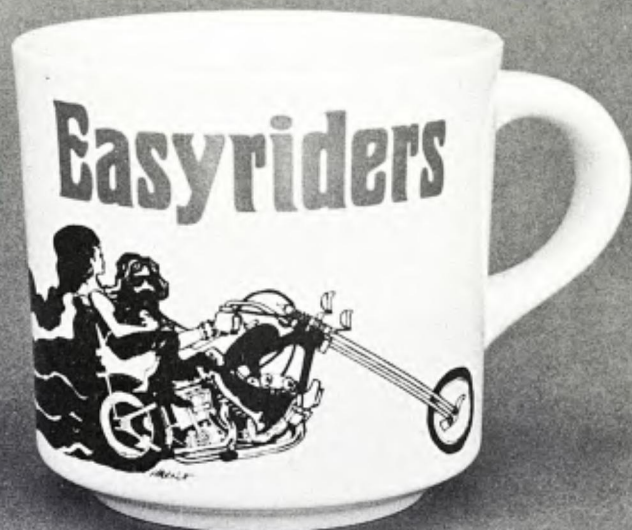
For five minutes he waited across from the house. A police car passed and he tensed, but it was just cruising and soon it disappeared down the street. The house was dark. Carlson lit a cigarette and smoked it. When it was nearly out, he crossed the street. For a long moment he stood at the gate, and then bent down, touching the lit cigarette to the two bottles. One lit quickly — the open bottle of kerosene. The other he had left closed. Kerosene and gasoline.

Carlson wasted no time. He sprinted in long loping strides down the side street and into the alleyway.

BOOOOOOM!



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The gasoline had gone off. By then he was in the back gate. He inserted the key and tromped the starter. With his second kick, the engine caught, sounding as ragged as it always did after a long rest.

He rode it through the gate, ducking and scraping the sides as he bumped it into the alley. Behind him all four floors in the house lit up. Carlson headed down the alley, cleared the turn and moved into a back street.

Within minutes, he'd arrived safely at the bridge. Mexico was behind him and Texas was coming up fast.

Less than a hundred yards from customs, he stopped.

It had just been too damned easy. Reluctantly, he turned the bike around and headed back into Mexico.

"Chinga tu madre! What the fuck are you doing calling me at 4 o'clock in the morning, you sorry fucker?" Frenchy demanded.

"Sorry," Carlson said. "I need the use of your shop for a few hours."

"Call me in the morning."

"Can't. I got my bike back tonight and I know I've got cops looking for me. There's no other place to go."

"OK. You know where it is. See you in half an hour."

It had to be there somewhere. When Frenchy got to the shop, Carlson wheeled the bike in and began disassembling it. The seat and the gas tank seemed clean, but nonetheless he pulled them off. He poured out the gas, tapped the tank. Nothing. He deflated both tires. Nothing.

"Shit, now I have to take the whole damned thing completely apart."

"You sure are a suspicious son of a bitch. What the fuck are you looking for?" Frenchy asked, yawning sleepily.

"Whatever the fuck it is they put on the bike."

He found it stuffed into the front forks, twin packages of white powder weighing about half a pound apiece.

"Think you can get me these guy's phone numbers?" Carlson asked.

Frenchy nodded, his dark eyes wide awake now. "Shouldn't be too hard."

Saturday morning the traffic was stacked six lanes across and nearly a mile back on the bridge. Waves of exhaust fumes made the 105-degree temperature seem even hotter and the stalled Caddy, its hood lifted as if it



"They're not Siamese twins —
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was seeking a cool breeze, didn't contribute anything positive to the situation. Inside the car, the older of the Martinez brothers sat impassively in the backseat, dragging at a cigarette.

The driver turned. "Should we leave? He said he was gonna be here five minutes ago."

"No, dammit, stay. Turn up the air conditioner," Martinez said.

There was a face in the window, a little boy pretending to clean the glass with a dirty rag. The driver waved him away angrily. "Beat it, kid. Get the fuck out of here." To his boss, he said,

"He ain't gonna come."

"He'll come," Martinez snapped.

A face appeared on the driver's side just as suddenly as the door jerked open and the driver found himself out on the pavement, a giant arm around his throat, while a hand rifled his pockets and extracted his pistol.

Carlson held the gun low. "Take a hike. Vayate. Get the fuck out of here, comprende?"

"Go, Jorge," Martinez said.

Carlson used the electric switch to roll down the back window. "Hi. Just in case you have anybody out there looking for me. I have somebody nearby, too. And we're here in no man's land."

"Say what you have to say," Martinez replied, straightening his tie.

"Hurry up. It's very hot."

"I want \$2000 cash, like I told you on the phone, and the name of the son of a bitch who stole my bike. Then you get your package back."

"OK. Show me the package."

"The money."

Martinez passed him an envelope. Carlson threw a paper bag onto the front seat.

"The name is on the inside," Martinez said.

Carlson leaned in, his hand busy beneath the undercarriage of the car as he stared hard at Martinez.

"There's an ounce missing. A little gift, you might say. The rest is all there."

"Let us hope you haven't slighted me, Mr. Carlson," Martinez said.

"I wouldn't dream of it. So long,

asshole." Carlson ducked back and darted through the thick packs of honking cars.

A few minutes later, he was in a taxi on the American side, on his way home.

Two o'clock in the morning and the tall redhead was telling him to fuck off. Ignacio sighed and took one last quick trip to the bathroom. Time to head home. He'd try again tomorrow.

Three weeks of celebration had worn thin. The tools and stereo had brought him no more than two hundred dollars, but the motorcycle had brought him one thousand, cash. Ignacio paid his bill with a flourish, like a rich man, as the redhead gave him one last bitch look, her smeary lips holding a cigarette from the pack he had stupidly bought for her.

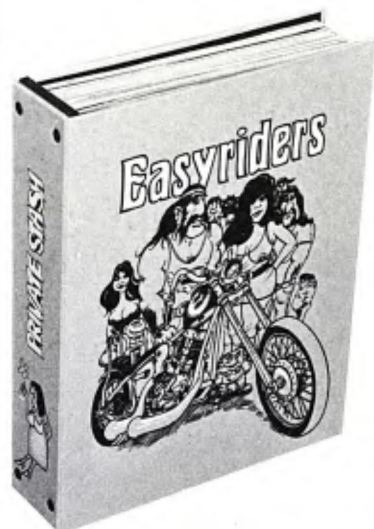
Outside, the street was empty. He headed for his truck. Fucking women, he said to himself, always trying to fuck you around.

Something whistled out of the darkness and exploded against his knee. A savage second blow, one that landed with a sharp crack of breaking bone connected with his other knee. He turned as he fell, and saw a face, a stranger's face, connected to a tall redheaded — gringo! In that last stunned, drunken moment, before the lights went out, he realized with astonishment that he *knew* the gringo.

At home, Carlson set his final move in play. It took him all of approximately five minutes to reach an understanding with the border patrol. He used the name of the U.S. Customs section chief who'd given him his business card.

The Cadillac had to cross the border sometime. When it did, the small, dirty package that Carlson had stuck to its undercarriage would almost assuredly still be there. It didn't bother him exceptionally much that the Martinez brothers would probably beat the rap.

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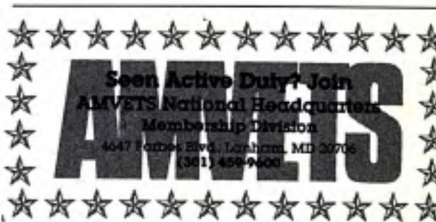
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