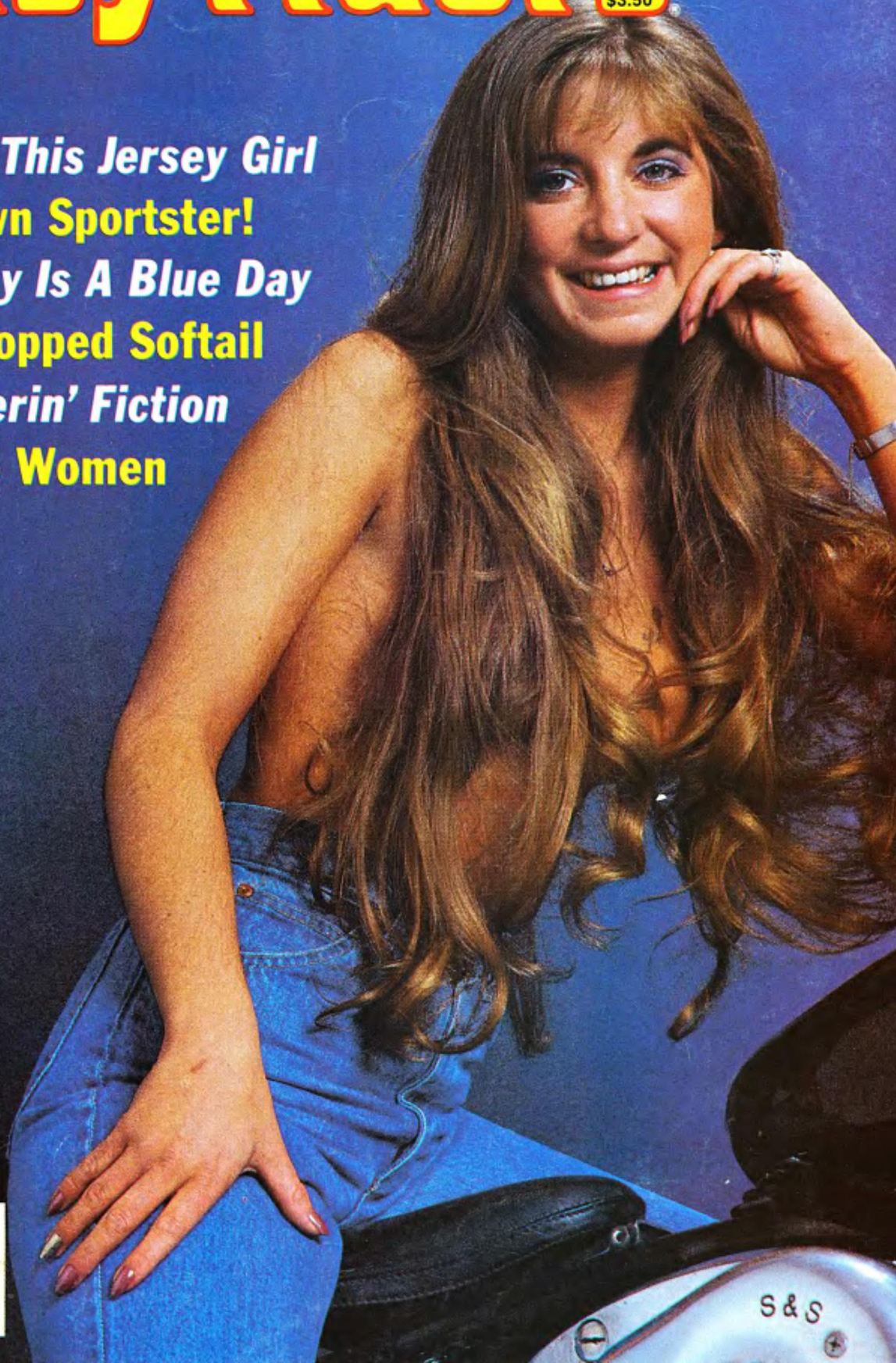


Easyriders

\$3.50

May 1985

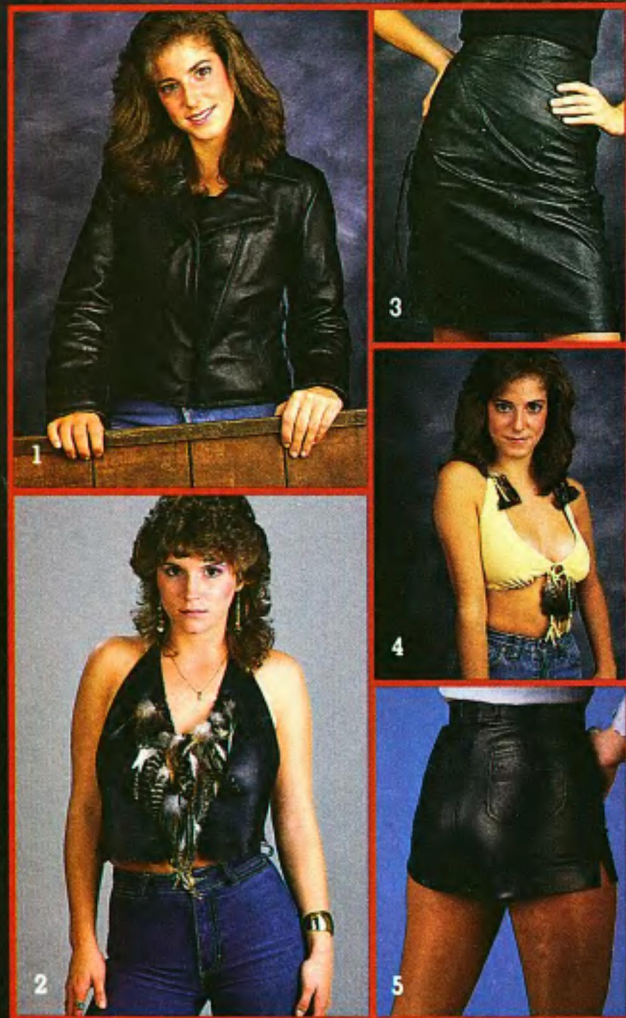
Check Out This Jersey Girl
Super Blown Sportster!
Why Sunday Is A Blue Day
Custom Chopped Softail
Liver-Quiverin' Fiction
Motorcycle Women



S&S

A NEW BREED

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BULLSKINS



CUSTOM CHROME

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The Lady Bullskin™ line features a full range of quality leather, produced especially for women. Lady Bullskin™ leather apparel offers the woman a selection of leather products which look good and fit well. Our garments are manufactured from the most supple leather and chamois available. In the past, women have been limited to the styles manufactured for men, and had to adapt the smaller sizes to their figures. Lady Bullskin leather accessories are not only designed for women, but are cut and tailored for women, not scaled-down versions of men's garments.

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These styles and many more are available exclusively through Authorized Custom Chrome™ Dealers worldwide.

Easyriders

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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale April 25th.

Cover photo of Cady by Pete Chiodo





The House of Seagram

375 PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10152

PRESIDENT

February 5, 1985

An open letter to the Motorcycle Riding Community

Okay. I think we get the idea. TABLES blew it.

If we hadn't known it already, the letters you wrote us made the point.

The references to bikers in the TABLES satire were meant to be funny, but obviously a lot of you found them insulting instead. You won't get any argument from us.

It was an honest attempt at humor, and it missed.

To those who found it unfair, heavy-handed and tasteless, we apologize.

Sincerely,



Edgar Bronfman, Jr.
President
The House of Seagram

Oh, no, say it isn't so. She came home and found her ol' man poking a chick. She got so pissed that she went outside the house and shot his Hog five times with a .357 magnum. He pistol-whipped her gourd to impress her—you don't do things like that—just before the police got there. (Shit, he coulda at least shot the broad. Whatdafuck.)

Women-can-get-pissed dept.: He hurt her once too often so when he went to sleep she dropped a bowling ball (!) on his gourd. Since she wanted to be sure he croaked (he did), she dropped it on his head several times. (This just proves that you must make certain she goes to sleep first—she might do anything after you're asleep.)

It was dark so she didn't think it strange that her husband would just lay on her and fuck the shit out of her—until her 'husband' got up and crawled out of the bedroom window. Jumping out of bed with a swollen vulva, she found her real husband had been asleep in another room all the time. It wasn't a bad fuck, so now she wants to know who did it. (It musta been a biker to think of such a sneaky thing.)

She had a gut ache which had kept her in bed over three years. The doc said she had a cyst and that she had to go to the hospital. But to get her out of the house they had to knock down a wall. They removed the cyst—it was a big mutha—over 250 pounds! (She weighed over 600 pounds before the cyst was removed.)

Can you believe the feds are spending \$114,000 to find out why mothers prefer wash-and-wear clothes? (I wish I had a few bucks to piss away.)

At last—a use for motorcycle helmets. This dog was always yapping at him and makin' an asshole of himself. So he took his helmet and konked the dog hard on the gourd—snuffing it.

He caught two years in the slammer for it. But fuck it—it was worth it. He got so pissed at a broad who bothered him that he cut off her long hair (which ran below her waist) and then put hair remover all over her head. (Don't sass him or he might remove your pubic hair the next time.)

Or how about the dude who got so hacked at the chick who'd just broken off with him that he went out to the kitchen, heated a coat hanger, and branded his initials on her leg so she'd never forget him.

Bummer. Word is just out that you won't be able to buy any love potion (gasp!) over the counter any longer—or at least one that works. I didn't know they sold such things, but for a real aphrodisiac that works you have to have a prescription. (Oh, Doc, I wanna talk with you. . .)

His son stole two cubes of sugar and the father wanted to teach him that sugar was bad for his teeth (I guess), so he grabbed a pair of pliers and yanked two of his 6-year-old son's teeth out right there on the spot. He's expected to catch a well-deserved three years for the deed. (They were baby teeth—what the hell.)

Women-are-weird dept.: A 24-year-old woman kept her lover nearby—in fact, real nearby—by locking him up in her closet. Only she forgot to feed him regularly—shit, how could anyone remember that? She never had a dog or a cat, so she forgot about feeding him for several weeks and didn't get around to him until he started to smell a little gamey. She only got a six-to-twelve sentence—I guess he was a biker. (Shit, he was probably gonna get killed on his bike anyway.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

A Little Early

What's up with you fuckers out there? I was checkin' out the February '85 issue and spied the FLHS contest — nice! But when will you freaks announce when I win the sled? Ya got my two guesses already. Deadline for entries is March 1, correct? I need a new scooter to putt outta this hole in '87.

Bugs "Redbird" Moran
Marion, Ohio

Got your letter in January — so cool down.

Shovel Winner

I know this is a little premature, but I want to extend my thoughts to whoever wins the last FLHS. You have to know how fortunate you are to own such an indescribable classic that so many will only dream about.

I only regret that more could not share the experience of the feeling you'll get from owning that last Harley shovel. Congratulations!
Mad Mike
Funkstown, Md.

Hot Daddy

This is an open letter to the hot daddy in the picture on page 47 of the March '85 issue (the sweet-lookin' guy on the right with the moustache): Darlin', you can give me a lube job and overhaul my ass anytime!

Thunder Thighs
Albuquerque, N.M.

Long Way Away

Here I am in a country where it's summer all the time. But after only 26 miles, my Sporty broke down and the closest parts shop is across the Atlantic!

W.J.
West Indies

Kickass Time

In response to "That's Cold" (October '84) and "Another Bitch" (August '84), we thought we'd let you beat-off fuckers in Iceland and on The Rock know that we bros here in the Philippines are having a kickass time partying our asses off and fucking

our brains out. Eat your hearts out, you worthless muthas.

Grumpy
FPO, San Francisco

Thanks

Much thanks for the upbeat review of my tape "All I Wanna Do Is Make Good Music" in the December '84 issue.

While I sure as hell can't predict the future, I am going to keep on with my music, come hell or high water. It's good to know that there are good people out there who believe in helping (not kicking) a man when he's down.

Here's looking forward to the day when the Tramps and I can jam these tunes live for you all out there on the streets.

I will rise again!
Rusty Smith
aka George L. Davidson
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Go Topless

I'm all for the ERA. Why can't women go topless as we men do? I think the law is unfair to all the ladies out there! Anyone agree?

Colorado Cruiser
Commerce City, Colo.

Harley's Best

Until you ride a Harley-Davidson, you haven't ridden a motorcycle.

Jay H. Poole, M.D.
Johnstown, Pa.

No shit.

Makes Nipples Hard

To the big, good-looking man featured on page 58, bottom left corner, January '85 issue: Hey, bro, yes, you, the one flashing a tit. I think I love you. You look like my favorite food. I'd like to suck your tit and more. Makes my nipples hard and my pussy wet. I'm going crazy.

Sweet Wine
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Let Us Know

Just thought I'd let ya know that I'm getting pretty damn sick of this macho bullshit that women are only good for cookin', cleanin',

and fuckin'. I'll have you know that I can roll, too.

Poo's Ol' Lady
Walla, Walla, Wash.

When you finish rollin' the joints, get me a cold beer and polish the scooter.

An Idea

I have an idea. People should take the seeds from their pot and not throw them in the garbage. Instead, they should throw them out the car window when driving down the road, or when they are hunting or fishing throw them in a field or out by the river bed or lake shore.

I feel if everyone spreads their seeds, there will be a lot more pot growing, and if it's growing all over, it would have to be made legal.

Big Fred Minnesota
Minn.

Male Mag

I'm sure I speak for a lot of the ol' ladies out there as well as for myself. I'd rather see a nude man standing by those great-looking bikes, not a woman.

Donia
Minden, La.

You'll have to buy a cock magazine like *Playgirl*. Easyriders is for males with chicks lookin' in.

Harley Riders Profile

After reading the letter written by Claude Jinks (District Sales Manager, Harley-Davidson Motor Co.) to Preacher in the February '85 issue, I really got pissed off at the way the company talks out its ass and mouth at the same time without realizing that either one is in motion. Claude was distressed that the people who frequent H-D dealerships are normally "unkempt in appearance, semiliterate, and generally offensive to society." Bullshit! An article dated December 23, 1984, appeared in the *Harrisburg Sunday Patriot*, saying that according to a recent survey performed by R.L. Polk for Harley-Davidson's manager of corporate affairs,

Robert H. Klein, today's Harley rider is more likely to be a doctor, lawyer, or other high-income individual. Who else but they can afford to buy a new Harley or repair parts?

Warren Atkins
Chambersburg, Pa.

She's Pissed

I know you guys are just waiting for some dumb bitch like me to write complaining about Dr. Twatburger's article in the March '85 issue. Well, you got it, assholes.

The only fuckin' thing that makes me as stupid as you jerks say is that I paid my hard-earned cash for your trashy rag.

I can put up with your demeaning jokes and letters, but when you condone beating your ol' lady, I gotta get pissed. If you are lucky enough to be with a good woman who loves you and respects you, why in the hell would you want to hurt her? Maybe you never had a good woman. Probably not. I certainly wouldn't mess with fuck-ups like you. But even a woman who isn't that great doesn't deserve to be hit. I can only hope that all of your ol' ladies leave your stupid fuckin' asses now.

Mars
Baltimore, Md.

Can't ya take a joke? Gimme a kiss.

I tip my hat to ol' Doc Twatburger. He's got women down pat.

After a fucked-up year because of a lowlife cunt, my new motto is "Fuck 'em and chuck 'em."

The Indiana Kid
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Wants Advice

On behalf of all the bikers at H.M. Prison in Grafton, Australia, we are organizing a Bikers Behind Bars chapter here. Hopefully, we will be able to achieve improved conditions for all bros as well as for other inmates in this complex. If all goes well, in time we might be able to push for a workshop inside the jail,

but before we can do this we have to impress upon the authorities of this jail that we are serious. We're hoping you will print this and maybe we can get back some correspondence from other committees, giving us some ideas on approaching the above. All information will be greatly appreciated.

Jim "Rabbit" Vandergan
Grafton Jail
Grafton, N.S.W. 2460;
Australia

Tattoo Removal

□ I came to jail when I was 17 and now I'm 23. Since then I've gotten a lot of "jailhouse tattoos" and they were done by an amateur. Now I'm sorry I ever got them. What I need to know is if there's any such thing as "tattoo removal."

Fred Duges
Hagerstown, Md.

■ I don't know, but I'll ask if any of the readers know.

Tech Tip

□ The old magnetic screw-driver tech tip (March '85) is as old as I am. But when I read the lower portion of the page, I realized how much a lot of people don't understand.

Jim Krutz
Twilight Hollow, Pa.

Question For Dave Mann

□ Hey, Dave, I just received your poster (#M16). It's beautiful, as all your art is. But here's the question. How the fuck does a ghost throw a shadow?

Bernie
Campbell River, B.C.

Julienne Fries

□ I've been pretty broke lately and ain't been able to work on my scooter. Hell, the damn thing's been in the kitchen so long I'm beginning to think it's an appliance for choppin', dicin', and slicin'. Why, just the other day I caught the ol' lady tryin' to make julienne fries on it (whatever those are).

'RT' Triska
San Diego, Calif.

Likes Fiction

□ I just read the story "Time Lapse" by Charles Gray. It was fuckin' all right.

Dee
Houston, Tex.

Same Chick?

□ Are you assholes trying to make fools of us? I'm talking

about Sue (January '85). Either this chick died, got reborn, and changed her name, or you're trying to fuck us up. She had a different name in January '83. I mean, she can give me head any time, but give me a break.

Luger
Albuquerque, N.M.

■ You need a break — or some new shades.

Found!

□ This is for Janee and Roxanne: I can't begin to express the joy my partner and I felt when reading your ad in *Easysiders* looking for me and him. Your days of searching are over. So write back soon and let us know y'all still want us.

Martin "Boxer" Gordon
Box 1000
Lun, KS 66048

Hit By The Law

□ It was still fairly light out, my lights work well and all — I mean, like, whatdafuck? Is this for real? Out of nowhere this fuckhead actually took an unsafe, illegal left turn in front of me with no signal. Then the fuckhead actually got out of his car and had the balls to say, "I didn't see you!" Honest! And dig it — he didn't get no fuckin' ticket or nothin'. But me? You guessed it. I got the fuckin' ticket — no fuckin' insurance! What a bitch.

And the fuckhead who hit me was a Bernalillo County (N.M.) sheriff.

Dutch
Albuquerque, N.M.

Still Okay

□ It's 1:00 a.m. and I'm unwindin' with some Crown Royal after a brisk ride home along the coast. Thought I'd let you fuckers know you're still okay!

Oz
Vista, Calif.

■ We're better the more wasted you get!

A Poem

□ Hildi's heinie,
Butt-fuck delight.
Ears is wrong (Nov. '84);
Solari right.

His words specific,
her ass terrific.
A righteous rear
with no compare.

It really is no mystery
why Bach, Rembrandt, Van

Gogh agree
her heinie's pure sweet
poetry,
and I'd let Hildi shit on me.

Dumbrinski
Albany, N.Y.

About Sideways Broads

□ You talk about being an American bike rag with only American scooters. But a few months ago I saw this splittail in the ol' lady contest, and from the little bit of the bike I can see, it's Jap/scrap. And now an ad in "Chopper-shopper" for Jap sluts (they "make wonderful wives"). So what the fuck! Stop this shit now and raisin pie will be in the mail.

Animal
San Francisco, Calif.

■ We can't speak for what broads do, but their bodies look good anywhere.

Karma

□ I'm not a preacher or nothin', but I do maintain a lesson of the Golden Rule or what some folks call karma.

So if any one of you reading this rag ever start experiencing a bad run of luck, I might suggest you just treat your brothers and sisters the same as you figure you deserve to be treated.

Cowboy
San Diego, Calif.

A Message

□ To Dangerous Dan (March '85 issue) from Dudley, N.D.: I don't know where Dudley is, but the "Scooter Shak" is in Mandan on the Strip. Ross is sure to help you out — if he can.

Jeanie Freeman
Bismarck, N.D.

Needs Advice

□ What I need to know is how can a bro beat these damned urinalyses? If anyone could give me a few answers, I'm sure it would help keep a lot of people from going back behind those fuckin' walls. It would be greatly appreciated.

Randy
Eudora, Kan.

Vagabond Bitches

□ Sure, there are a lot of vagabond bitches who take up with bikers 'cause they ain't got nothin' but crabs and scabbies to offer, but then there are a lot of ol' ladies like me who took the biker lifestyle because society and the American

dream are a bunch of shit. We have families and clean homes and our bills are paid (sometimes).

A Biker's Ol' Lady
Houston, Tex.

Advice

□ I urge all riders in any states that still have lid laws to see your local ABATE representative and sign up or put up with those hot, uncomfortable, view-restricting lids.

Carl "Heavy-Duty" Axthelm
Detroit, Mich.

A Question

□ In your December '84 issue there is an advertisement for leathers. The girl in the ad is wearing a black leather mini-skirt with zipper pockets. Could you tell me if they come in men's sizes? Also, would it be okay to wear one when I'm riding my chopped Honda?

Randy Dyck
Killarney, Manitoba

Telling My Rugrats

□ I've been riding on Harleys since my father lifted me onto his gas tank, told me to hold onto the handlebars, and never let go. I was barely old enough to walk. But what I remember most of all was that feeling I got when my pop was puttin' down the road and would wave to other dudes on their bikes and they would respectfully wave back.

Today when I ride my own Harley, even if I'm just puttin' to fill up, when I see another Harley, I wave, but rarely do I get a reply.

Where the fuck were some of you people raised? Japan? Let's keep that old feeling alive. What the hell will I tell my own rugrats?

Tim Bollinger
Brigantine, N.J.

Lid Law

□ Got a question for some of the old tramps out there from California. Was there ever a lid law back in the '50s and '60s, even just for those under 18? I don't think so. Isn't that why *Easysiders* got started on the West Coast?

Sunshine
Bakersfield, Calif.

■ Never a lid law in the land of fruits and nuts.

Need A Favor

□ I have a problem. I collect motorcycle gang patches

Yes, we have XXL

ASK
FOR
#004



S-M
L-XL
XXL

ASK
FOR
#007



S-M
L-XL
XXL

ASK
FOR
#013



S-M
L-XL
XXL

ASK
FOR
#019



S-M
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like Hells Angels. I'm 16, have my own scooter, love to putt around a lot, and would really like it if you would help and send me some patches.

D. Ray Afsheer
Sierra Blanca, Tex.

■ You don't know what trouble is until you wear a club's patch while you're not a member of the club.

Fucked Ego

□ Just sittin' here checkin' out the March '85 rag, and I saw that some asshole ("An Opinion," Sept. '84) has gotten some babes righteously upset. This dude obviously ain't ever been down doing a stretch, otherwise he would have a lot more respect for some upstanding biker chicks! He was probably thrown out by some babe who wanted a real bikin' man and that was his way of soothing a fucked-up ego.

Andrew Messer 341248
Beto 1 Unit, Box 128,
Tenn. Colony, TX
75861-0129

A Note

□ Just a little note for Denise "Dusty" Sage: your description of a Capricorn sucks and you're full of shit.

P. Prenatt
Dunkirk, N.Y.

Why 3000 Miles Away?

□ You've shown your true colors, running your mouth over 3000 miles away through a magazine.

How could any tampons be so proud?

"Modesto Mike" Perry
Soledad, Calif.

□ Give me an equal chance at this punk! In regard to Dan from Valrico, Florida, you ain't about nothin', bud! If you're so fuckin' proud, why ain't you talkin' that shit in Modesto? I'm sure there's plenty in Modesto who will show ya.

Modesto Steve
Soledad, Calif.

A Book

□ Having read of B.B. Bomb-lowmanstone's search for a copy of *Freewheelin' Frank* by Frank Reynolds in the October '84 issue and Billy Woolverton's advice on finding it in the January '85 issue, I've come up with an easier way to get ahold of it.

I've got a copy of the book. If the one B.B. is looking for is a blue-covered paperback,

which is by Frank Reynolds as told to Michael McClure, published by New English Library, then I've got the book he wants. It's slightly scarred but nothing is missing.

If B.B. still needs a copy, I'll be willing to part with mine. All he's got to do is get in touch with me over here in rainy England.

Hope I can help.

Karen Davies
Stroud Ct.
Langfords
Minchinhampton
Stroud, Gloucestershire
England

A Biker

□ People think because you don't have a bike you're not a biker. But when a biker needs help, I stop. That's a true biker.

Brian McDonald
Marlin, Pa.

■ Well, your heart's there anyway.

A Jap Bike Rider

□ There's one thing I must say to you and your readers. You and they are always puttin' down people who ride Jap crap. Well, here's something to think about.

Over the last few years money has been a problem for me. So I must spend what I do have carefully. Therefore, if I want to be in the wind (which I do), I must buy what I can afford (Jap crap).

I presently own a KZ 750 Kawasaki which I bought as a basket case for \$200. Another \$200 and an insurance deal and it was on the road again. But not the same as before. This time it was part of me. Many hours went into it, rebuilding old parts and making some new ones. Most of the bike was built by me 'cause there was no money to buy new parts. So I begged for old parts and made what I couldn't steal. The bike cost me \$400. Tell me where to get a Harley for that and I'll buy it on the spot. My heart and soul is in that bike and I've been riding long enough and have had my share of spills to pay my dues, so get off my back. I'm just as much of a biker as you or anyone else.

Rogie
Toronto, Ontario

Missing Bro

□ Was reading your January '85 issue and came across a name, John Arnett. If this is

the John I know who came from Cincinnati, Ohio, we were over in 'Nam together from '68 to '70 with the 192nd Assault Helicopter Unit — Tiger Sharks — Polecats. Please, bro, give me a call.

Dale (Gunner)
(419) 691-2606
Northwood, Ohio

Beer

□ I have two cases of Harley beer from the Sturgis run. If you would like to get some, contact me.

D. "Oakie Dave" Weaver
6604 18th St.
Rio Linda, CA 95673
(916) 991-1077

Poor Loser

□ Just entered your contest for the FLHS. A few years ago we had a contest, too, to see who could spit the longest distance. Well, the loser had to take his or her clothes off and walk home — 1-2 blocks. Get this: This dude lost and with no backtalkin' or bitchin', he walked half a block to his mommy's and returned with a .44 mag. He shot the dude in front of us twice in the chest, killing him — what a mess. He got five years.

Wolf Man
Slab Fork, W.Va.

Hey, Tubby

□ After reading your March '85 issue, I have to say it was fucking great, especially the story called "It Takes All Kinds of Bros" by Tubby Smithson. Tubby, have you lost any kin lately? That's my last name, too. I don't know if we're related or not, but if you see this, please fly me a kite.

James Smithson 092701
Box 628
Lake Butler, FL 32054

A Goof!

□ In the March '85 issue, page 31, Dave Mann has one fine piece of work as always. But I think he fucked up on this one. The fucking cop is holding what appears to be a .45 auto but carrying either .38 or .357 rounds on his belt. Let's hope the gun is loaded with them.

Mike
Brockton, Mass.

Likes Article

□ I just got my March '85 issue. The article by Dr. Twat-burger ("Women Are Strange Animals") sure as fuck said it right. It got me thinkin' of the lyrics to most all the tunes on the new Johnny Winter tape

("Guitar Slinger"). Winter says it like it is, too. Winter and Twatburger should pull together and come up with more righteous tunes and articles for yer mag. They both say it like it is.

The Nomad
Canon City, Colo.

Baseball Cards

☐ I'm writing for my friends in prison (Jackson, N.C.). They want to know if there's anyone out there who would like to trade baseball cards dating back to 1942 for cash or other valuables. The need for cash is important. Send your bids to me.

Charles Nelson
Rt. 1 Box 36
Jackson NC 27845

If You Want A Harley

☐ If you want a Harley, you can always find one in your price range, no matter what it is. I bought a '56 pan for \$1500 and it was runnin'.

Little Bill
Lufkin, Tex.

A Typo

☐ In regard to the January '85 issue, you fucked up. Engine isn't spelled ignine. Get your heads out of your asses. It's startin' to stink.

Hardon
Reidsburg, Pa.

☐ That's Mutha's box you smell.

Why Not?

☐ In all the years I've been buying your rag, 85 percent of your centerspreads are always pictured horizontal. Why? Don't you know how to draw vertical art?

Electro Bro
Taylor, Mich.

☐ No reason, so watch future mags.

No Justice

☐ Last April I was caught in the act of mixing it up with a cager on the old Rt. 66. At least that's the way it's turning out. Actually, the cager made a left turn into the side of me, severing my right leg just above the knee.

Since that time I've tried repeatedly to get financial aid from Social Security, state disability, and Medi-Cal, much to no avail. I even tried the district attorney's office under the Victims of Violent Crimes Act, but you guessed it — nothing!

I'm now being sued for

approximately \$20,000 in doctor and hospital bills — and here I sit with a big zero for an income. What can I do?

By the way, I'm still on crutches, as they want in excess of \$2000 for the prosthesis that I've been fitted for (might as well be \$2,000,000). What's a biker to do?

Glenn Husted
18377 Ash St.
Bloomington, CA 92316

Lost Her Man

☐ When I was about 16 or 17, I came across an *Easyrider* magazine. Hell, I almost wore the damned thing out reading it so much. I started writing to a guy named Scott Shaffer whose name and address I found in "Male Call." We exchanged letters, photos and such. Then my dad and I got into a big fight. He burned it all — Scott's address, his pictures, your rag, and all the letters. I hitched back to Pennsylvania afterwards, but there was no way for me to get in touch with Scott to explain everything.

Please help me find him. If there is anyone with information about Scott, please write.

JoAnna M. Emigh
Box 58
Rockhill Furnace, PA 17249

Spider's Birthday

☐ At last! My search may finally be over. When I got the '85 *Easyrider* calendar, I found that Spider and I have the same birthday: March 25. Imagine my elation. They told me my twin brother was eaten by hogs soon after birth. I never really believed that story and knew someday I'd find my long-lost bro.

Zipper
Racine, Wis.

☐ They puked him up — he'd gag a maggot!

Down On Trumps

☐ In all the years I've been buying and reading your fine rag, I've never had the urge or reason to write you, but you really let me down in your March '85 issue when you had the balls to print that picture on page 61. It was a guy riding a Triumph. Who is this dude? Kim Peterson's brother?

I don't know how you people roll in California, but where I come from in New Jersey, we don't play that shit. People who ride "chopped Trumpets" stay off the streets and out of the

alleys in fear for their lives.

If you're hard up for pictures, I'll have the ol' lady send you some that all your readers can relate to.

Big Jim
Dallas, Pa.

☐ We're familiar with Trumps and have no beef.

Chick Needs Help

☐ I've been reading *Easyrider* for about two years now. I have a problem and hope you or some of the bros can help me. I'm an 18-year-old female and love bikes. I don't own my own scooter yet but am saving for one.

Recently, I moved from Canada to England. This is my problem. Can anyone tell me if there are any biker bars or Harley dealerships in Milton Keynes, Bucks, or around the area?

Julie
Bucks, England

☐ Contact *Back Street Heroes* Magazine, P.O. Box 28, Altrincham, Cheshire. WA15 8SH, England.

A Gooner?

☐ Did you ever try to fuck a Gooner? It rates about as high as their bikes.

(Zombo) Tim
Okinawa, Japan

He Got An IZH

☐ In reference to Ken Weaver's letter on Russian history (January '85): My friend is going back to Poland and is shipping to me his "IZH" motorcycle that's been sitting in his garage for the past ten years. The price is right. I only have to pay for the shipping after it gets here. He says it's a 1964 two-cylinder, 375cc with a sidehack. If there is anyone who knows where to get spare parts, service manuals, and any related info, drop me a line.

John Stasic
87-18 30th Ave.
Jackson Heights, NY 11370

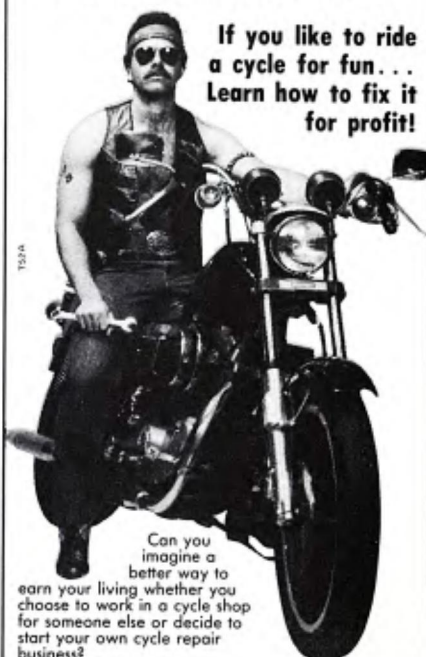
☐ Think you should check around Poland.

A Case Of The Uglys

☐ I hate to tell you this, but y'all got a bad case of the uglys these days! I've been readin' your mag for quite a few years now and phewww! These latest photos in the last couple of months' issues have some ugly-lookin' peo-

Continued on page 128

Learn Motorcycle Repair TRAIN AT HOME TO BE A MOTORCYCLE MECHANIC



If you like to ride
a cycle for fun...
Learn how to fix it
for profit!

Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you choose to work in a cycle shop for someone else or decide to start your own cycle repair business?

Now, thanks to North American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or your job. Experts show you step-by-step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

CYCLES ARE BIG BUSINESS...AND SO IS FIXING THEM!

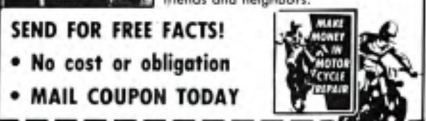
There are more than 5 million cycles registered in the U.S. today. Plus an estimated million more dirt bikes. And they all need maintenance. To find out how our graduates have done, send for results of survey showing employment success of our graduates.

Special Cycle Tools and Test Instruments included to start you fast! Wrenches, sockets, impact screwdriver, timing light, electrical test instruments, compression gauge, vacuum gauge, degree wheel, ignition wrench set, and much, much more! Yours to use during your training...and yours to keep in your action-packed career as a motorcycle mechanic.



You'll Be the Center of Attraction in Your Circle of Friends...

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



SEND FOR FREE FACTS!

• No cost or obligation
• MAIL COUPON TODAY

North American School of Motorcycle Repair
925 Oak Street, Dept. EU035, Scranton, PA 18508

Push FREE color brochure and full information on how I can learn Motorcycle Repair at home in spare time. No salesman will visit.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
Phone No. (____) _____

To buy a Harley, you have to want a Harley. You have to understand the difference between the commonplace motorcycles and the uncommon Harley. The difference between bikes that everyone has and the motorcycles everyone wants.

That's what 37,000

riders knew when they turned out to test ride the new Harleys last year.

For some, it was the first time they ever rode a Harley. For others, it was the first time they ever rode a Harley quite like this. Many bought new Harleys right on the spot. Others got on their

Hondas, Yamahas, Kawasakis and Suzukis and tried to get the Harleys off their minds.

The new FXST Softail is one motorcycle they could not forget.

Styled after the Harley hardtails of the past, the Softail combines the latest Harley



THE MOTORCYCLE YOU INTRODUCES THE B

technology with timeless Harley appeal.

With the big 80-cubic inch V² Evolution™ engine it gets 10% more horsepower and 15% more torque than the classic Shovelhead engine. Yet it is as oil-tight and reliable as any motorcycle is expected to be.

Two horizontally mounted gas-shocks, hidden under the frame, give it the authentic hardtail look of the past with one of today's most sophisticated rides.

With an upswept, bobbed rear fender, unique rear swing arm assembly, chrome rear fender braces, forward foot controls, a custom-style, chromeplated horseshoe oil tank and a twin Fat Bob® fuel tank with special custom graphics, it is the motorcycle that proves you can have it all. The only

question, then, is "How?"

A motorcycle that has it all may not be all that easy to find, let alone buy. It's the reason, no doubt, that this is not the kind of motorcycle you see parked outside every local video arcade.

But that is the rare quality that a Harley-Davidson® possesses. Pride in ownership, unsurpassed.

For 37,000 riders at the Harley SuperRideSM last year, riding a Harley meant wanting one. And wanting one meant figuring how to get it.

New 48-Month Financing.

For you, the best way may be the 48-month financing now available to qualified buyers, on amounts of \$5,000 or more, through your participating Harley dealer.

But the best way to start is to talk to your

Harley-Davidson dealer. He'll show you all the latest ways to achieve the motorcycle you really want at the kind of money you can really afford.

He'll show you why it's not only the best motorcycle to buy, it's also the best time to buy it.

Send me more information and show me how to have that Harley.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Current cycle: _____

_____ CC: _____

Send to: Harley-Davidson
P.O. Box 653,
Milwaukee, WI 53201

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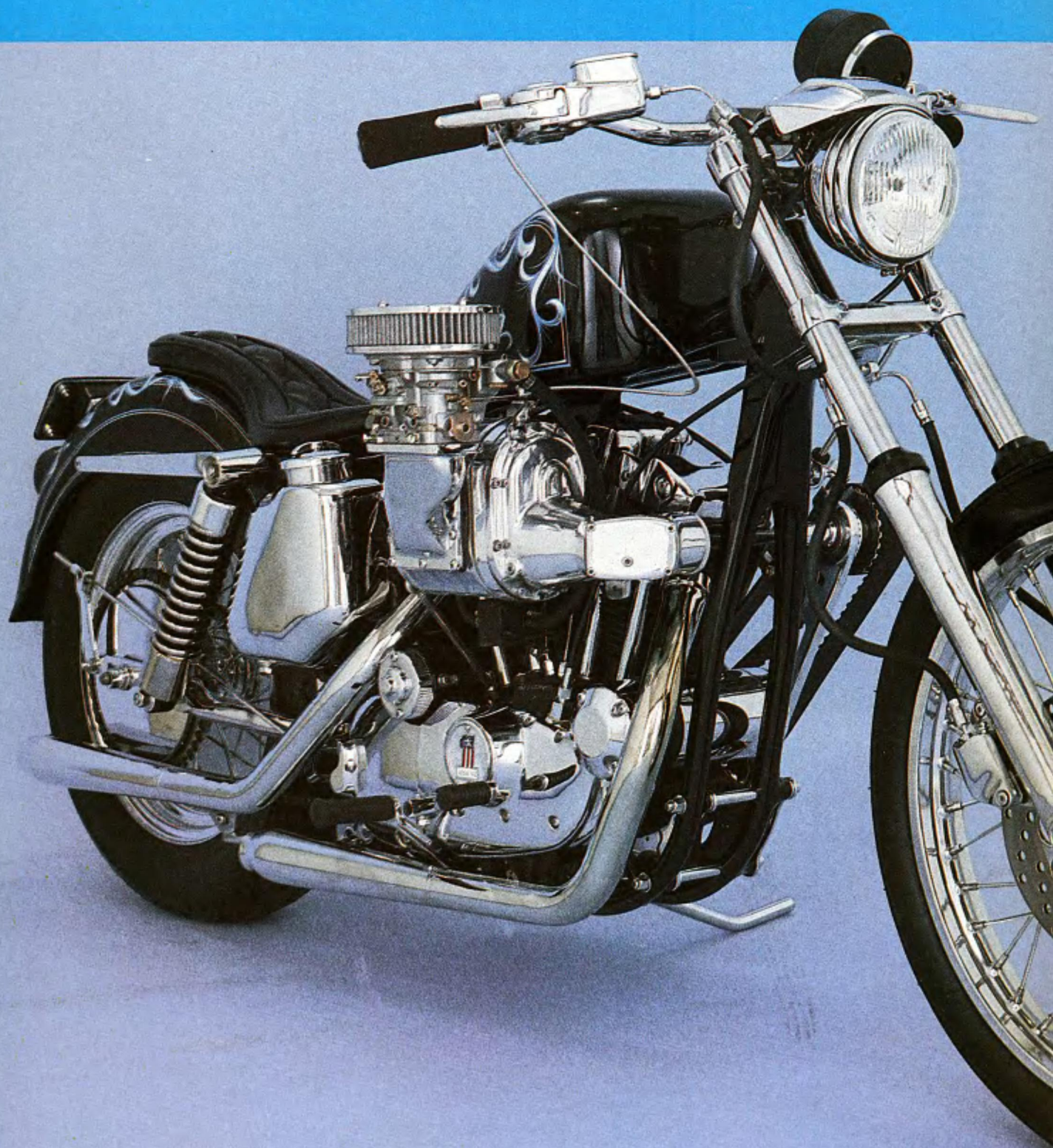


THE NEW HARLEYS
RIDE ONE™

WANT IN THE WORST WAY BEST WAY TO GET ONE.

A BLOW JOB

They call the owner "Shake 'n' Bake" because he specializes in heavy-hung Sportsters that can really cook.



“Why build a stroker?” Jim asked, looking over the pile of parts that will soon come together to be the even hotter brother of the righteous scooter you see on these pages. “Sure, a stroker will give ya speed, but it’ll match that with grief.

“Now this bike will give ya the same speed and run

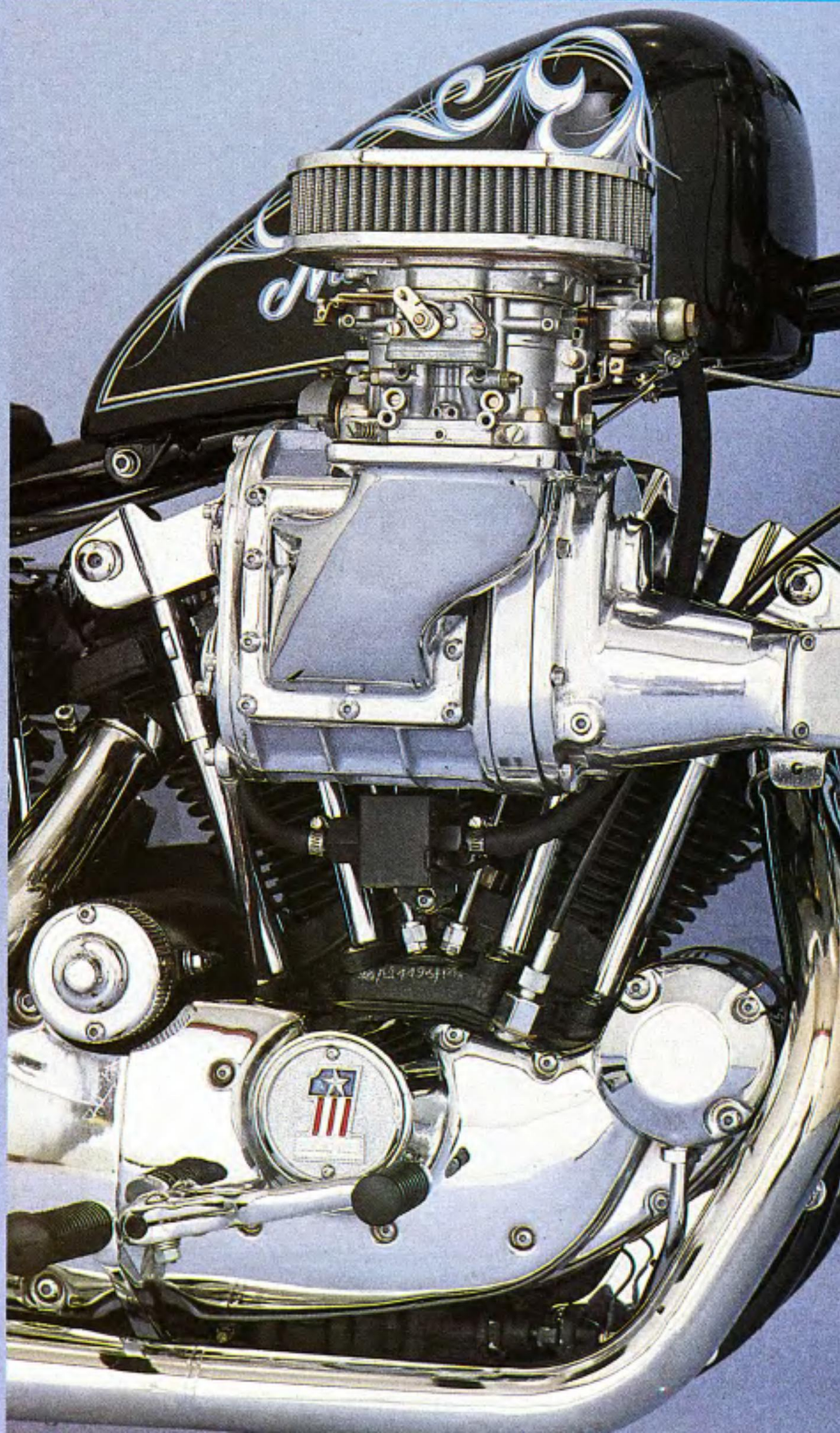
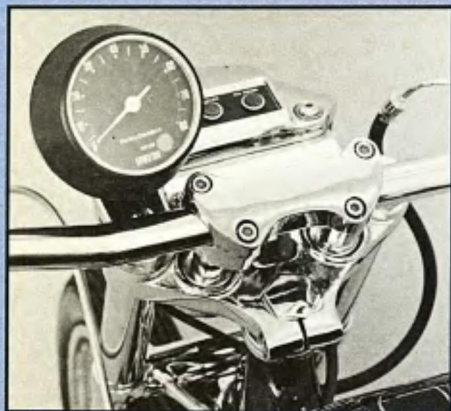
forever. The Magnuson Supercharger is absolutely bullet-proof. In fact, the whole bike is damn near bullet-proof. That’s why I call it ‘Maytag,’ ‘cause it’ll run forever.”

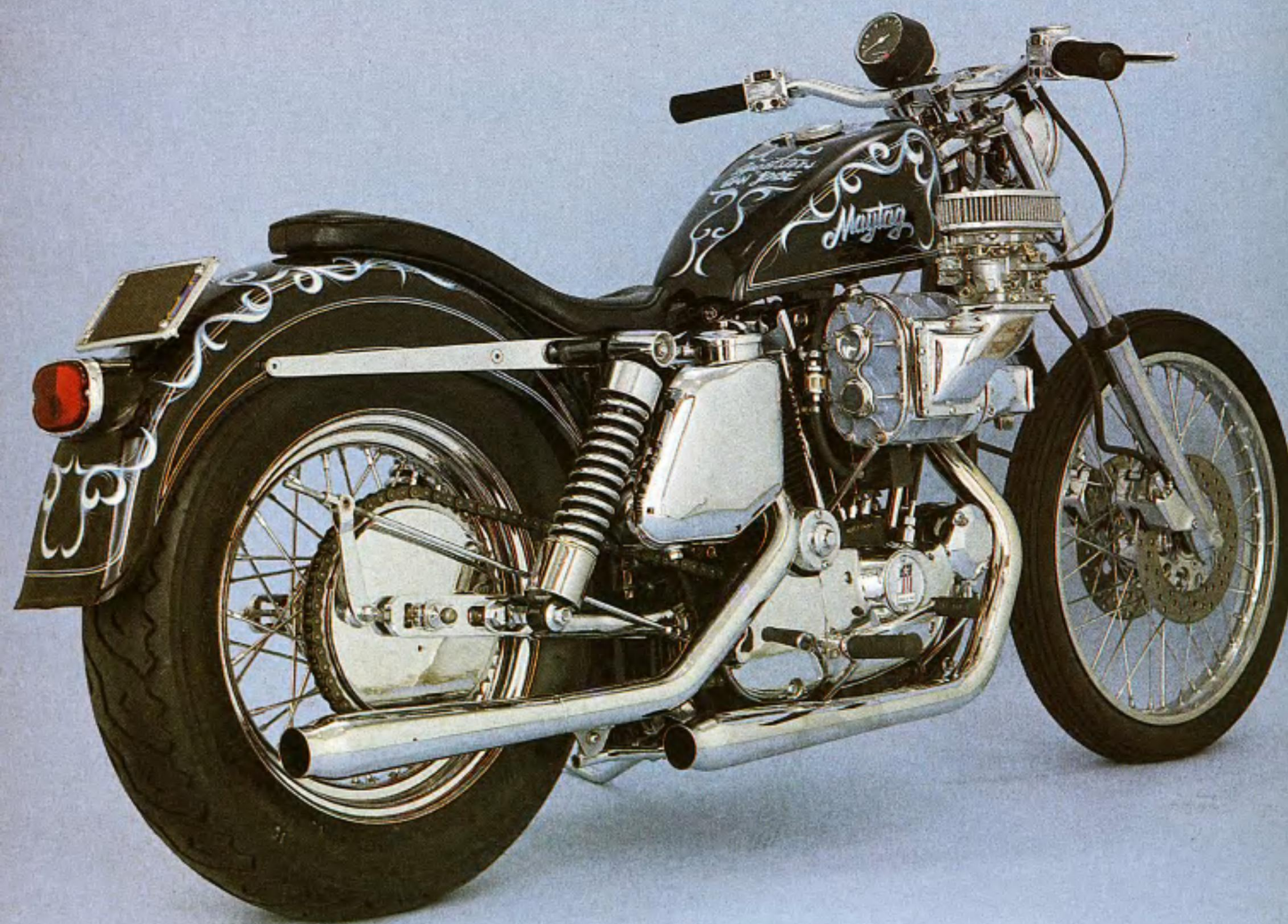
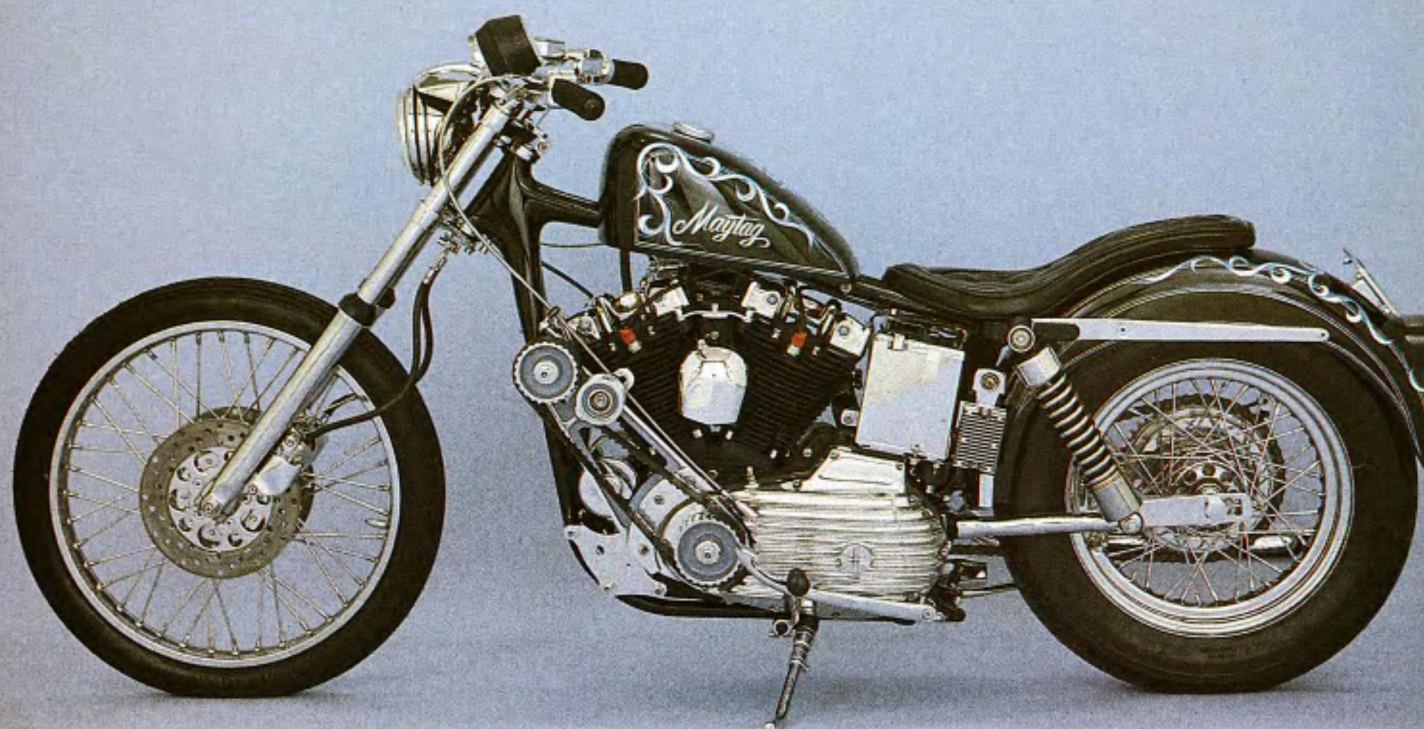
Well, we’ve never heard of anything on wheels — bike, cage, unicycle, pushcart — that didn’t fuck up once in a while, but Jim can be excused

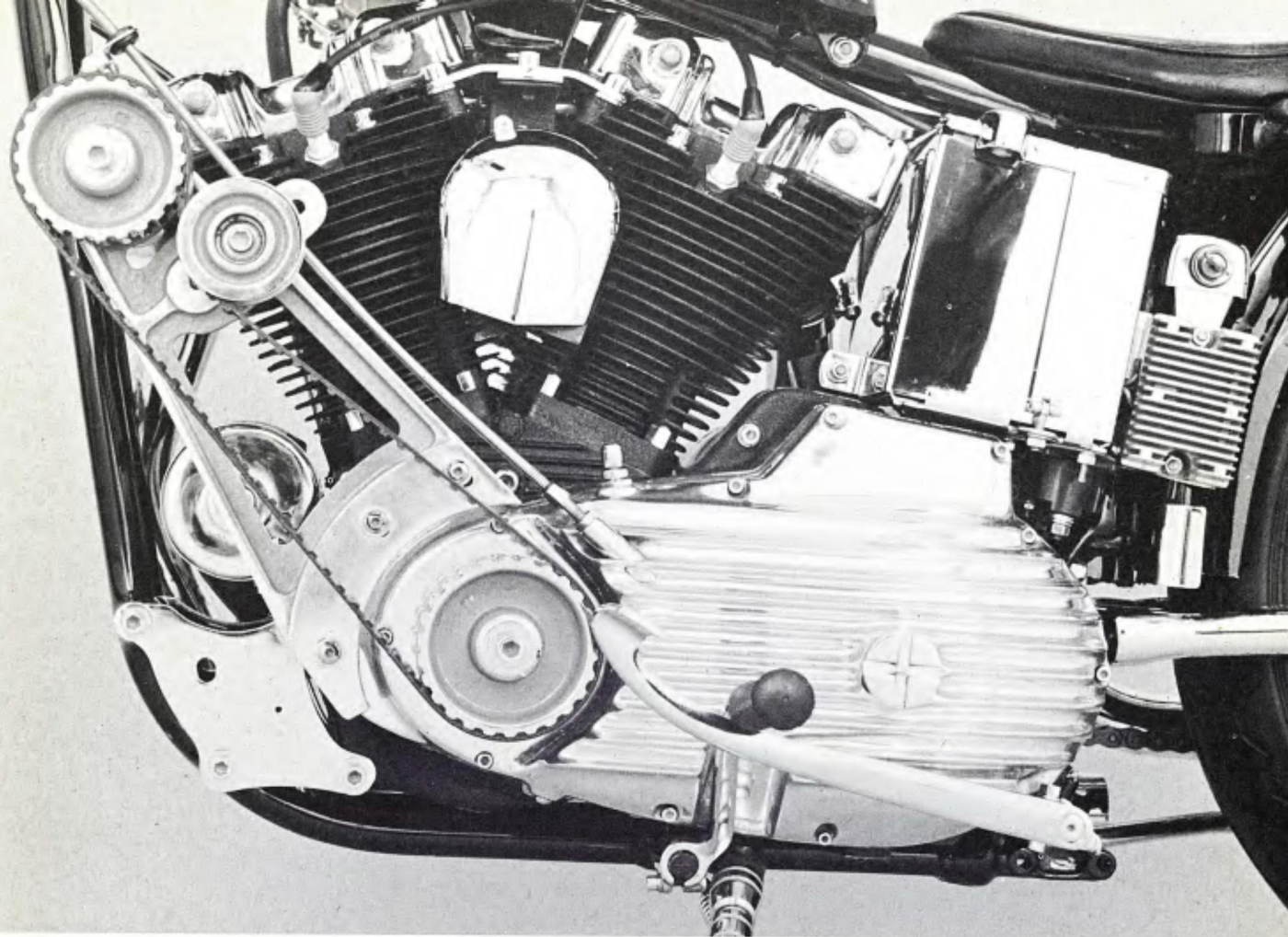
his braggin’ because Maytag is about as close to rock-solid as it’s possible to build a motorcycle.

Everything on it is heavy-duty; every component is tried and proven, and every bolt was turned by an experienced wrench with pride in his work.

Even the finish on the paint



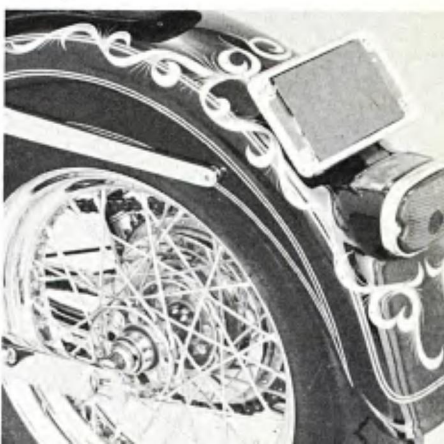
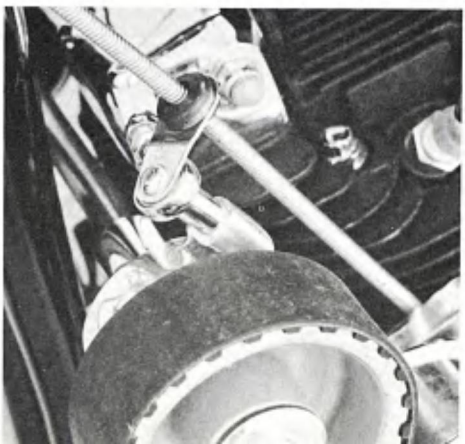
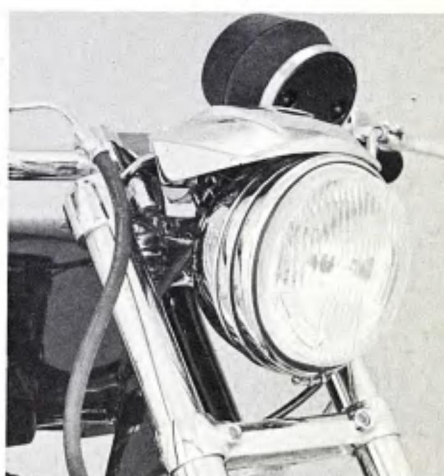


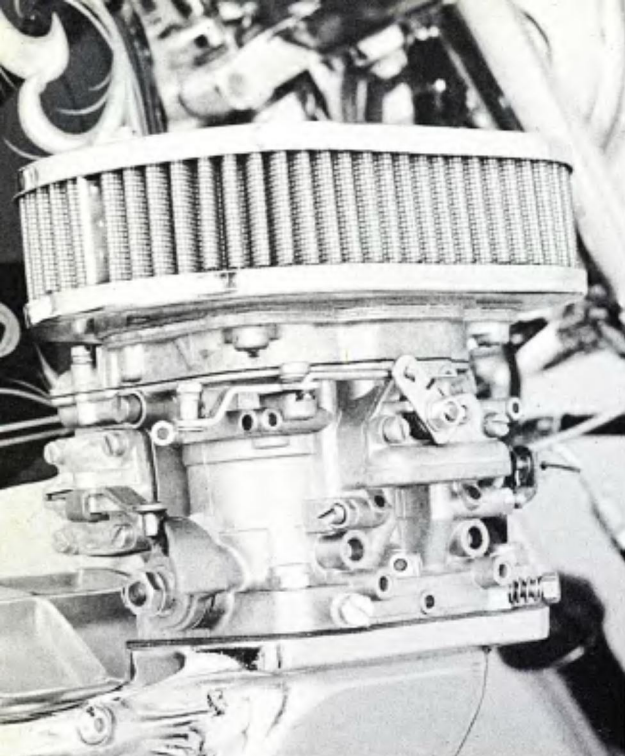


is, to use one of Jim's favorite terms, "bullet-proof." Instead of using the more standard type of Imron coating over the lacquer, painter James Flop came up with something called Deltron that allegedly dries hard as epoxy.

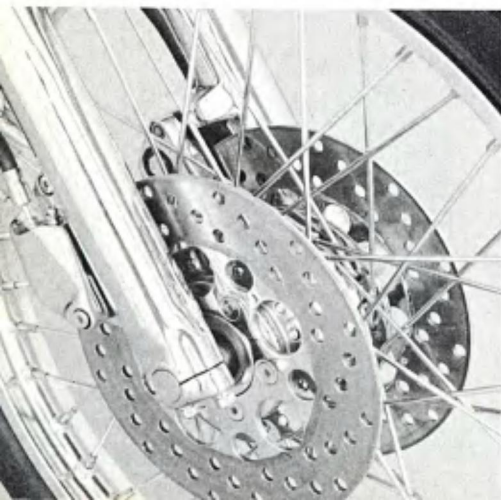
Allegedly? Fuck that. If the man says it dries hard as epoxy, it dries hard as epoxy, as Jim found out before the bike was even off the shop floor.

"I was doing some last-minute work about three days before it was finished and decided to put some sealer in the tanks," Jim recalls. "Naturally, as you'd expect at the worst possible time, some of the shit spilled all over the tank. Now, I've seen that stuff eat through finish as if it was a blowtorch and I didn't have the damndest idea what to do. I was afraid that if I wiped it off, the paint would





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Jim "Shake 'n' Bake" Miraglia		City: San Jose, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner/Puccio Welding		Year: 1974	
Year and make: 1974 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: XLH		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$7500		Rake: 1/2 in./Puccio Welding	
Assembly by: Roger Reed		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: trimmed	
Chroming by: Valley Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: CCI	
Year: 1974		Risers: Sportster	
Model: XLH		Fender(s): one-piece fiberglass	
Rebuilder: Sportsters of San Jose		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: '53 Chevy panel truck	
Displacement: 61 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D tachometer	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: handmade	
Balancing: Sportsters of San Jose		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: CCI		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: Sportster		Gas tank: CCI King	
Heads: stainless-steel valves		Oil tank: XLH	
Cam(s): PB+ (racer)		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: roller		Primary cover: Magnuson	
Carb(s): Magnuson/40mm Weber		Seat: Sportsters of San Jose	
Air cleaner: K&N oval		Sissybar: fender rails	
Pipes: Pipe Lyne		Height: aporox. 1 1/2 in.	
Muffler(s): battle megaphones		Material: Milwaukee steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Barnett clutch		Type: Sportster	
Year: 1974 stock gears		Extension: none	
Shifting: right foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: factory		Special features: shaved legs	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: James Flop/J-D Body Shop		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 3 1/2 in.
Color: black		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: Deltron over lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: lettering and leaf by Horst			
Other special modifications: Drilled disc; thanks to Mike McKillip, Duncan Keller, Roger Reed, Ken Puccio.			

come with it — that kind of shit, you know?

"So I get on the phone to Flop and he ain't excited at all. He says, 'Ignore it; it'll dry.' And he was right. The tank sealer dried down to a powder and when I wiped the powder off there wasn't a mark on the damn paint. I've never seen anything like it."

Of course, if you think he'd be satisfied with a bullet-proof

scoot, you don't know ol' Shake 'n' Bake. Remember that pile of scooter parts we said were destined to become Maytag's hotter brother? Jim's wrenchin' away on those parts even as I pound out this scribe. The bike's gonna be another 61-inch Sporty, natch, but this time it's gonna have a bigger blower and fuel injection and. . .

—Trampo

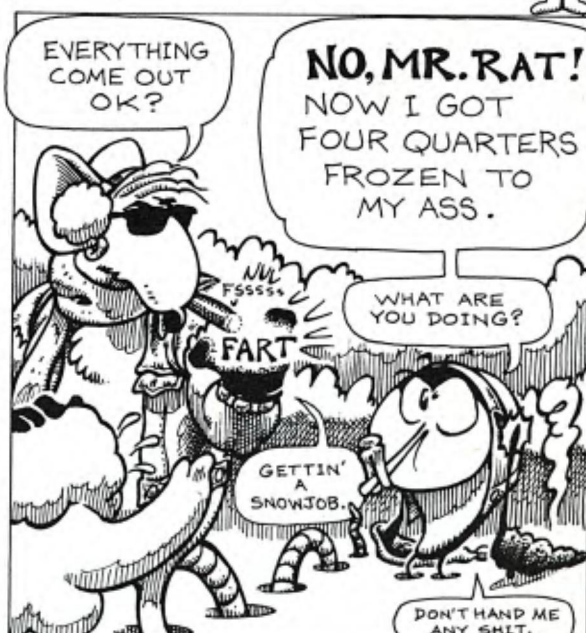
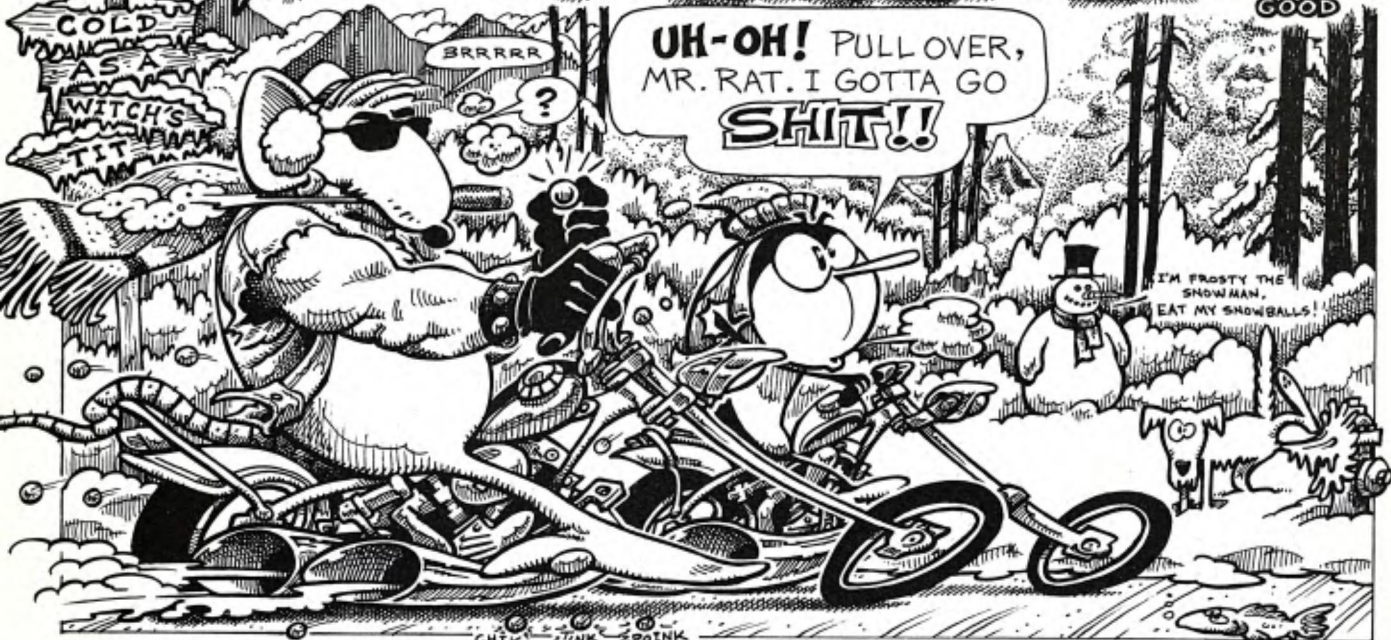
DEFROST MY
ICEBOX,
BIG BOY

FSSSS

FEED ME



STREET RATS



24-Hour Shortcut

By Ed Vaughn

It was almost dark by the time I made the farm house. I'd left my bike chained to the fence, back a ways. I knew a couple of weedy guys with a cutter and a small truck could rip out my heart and sell it for parts before you could sing the lyrics to "Tequila," but I had no choice. It just wouldn't start and I didn't have either the tools or the light to work on it there.

My leg was in agony where I'd slid on it. There was blood, too. I could feel it squishing in my boots. My pants stuck in places. I limped just far enough for the dogs to set up their racket. Farmyard doorbells. I stopped. I was about fifty yards from the house, a two-story monster with a widow's walk that would take you about halfway to Tibet.

The dogs came in close, yapping and snarling. The front door opened and two men stepped out. The light was almost gone, and the shotgun in the taller one's hands didn't look friendly.

"Do somethin' for ya?" the tall one called out. He might have been fifty or so. The chest was still thick, stomach given to paunch, but the legs had gone chicken-thin.

"My bike's down. Hoped I could use your phone," I called back. I stepped forward, winced as my leg faltered, and had to hop to keep my balance. The dogs began barking again. My head ached from the sound. I smiled. Or tried to.

"No phone!"

I took another step. "Look —" The dogs moved in, quick. I froze. "Hey, could you call off these hounds of yours? I just wanna talk."

"Reba, Hezekiah. Heel!"

The two slunk off, sulky, tails down, like they'd lost something tasty. I limped forward until I was about twenty feet from the porch.

"Far enough," the one wielding the shotgun said, real deep and solemn.

"My sled's back a couple of —"

"Sled? You don't look like Santa Claus to me," the young one with freckles said and laughed like someone had said something funny.

The old man hit him a sharp, quick blow with the back of one hand.

"Manners, Caleb!"

"I was run off the road," I said, "a couple of miles back. My bike's torn up some. I chained it to your fence. I thought maybe you — someone — could truck it someplace. Nearest town, maybe."

"Hayfield's 'bout thirty miles. And the garage's closed this time of night."

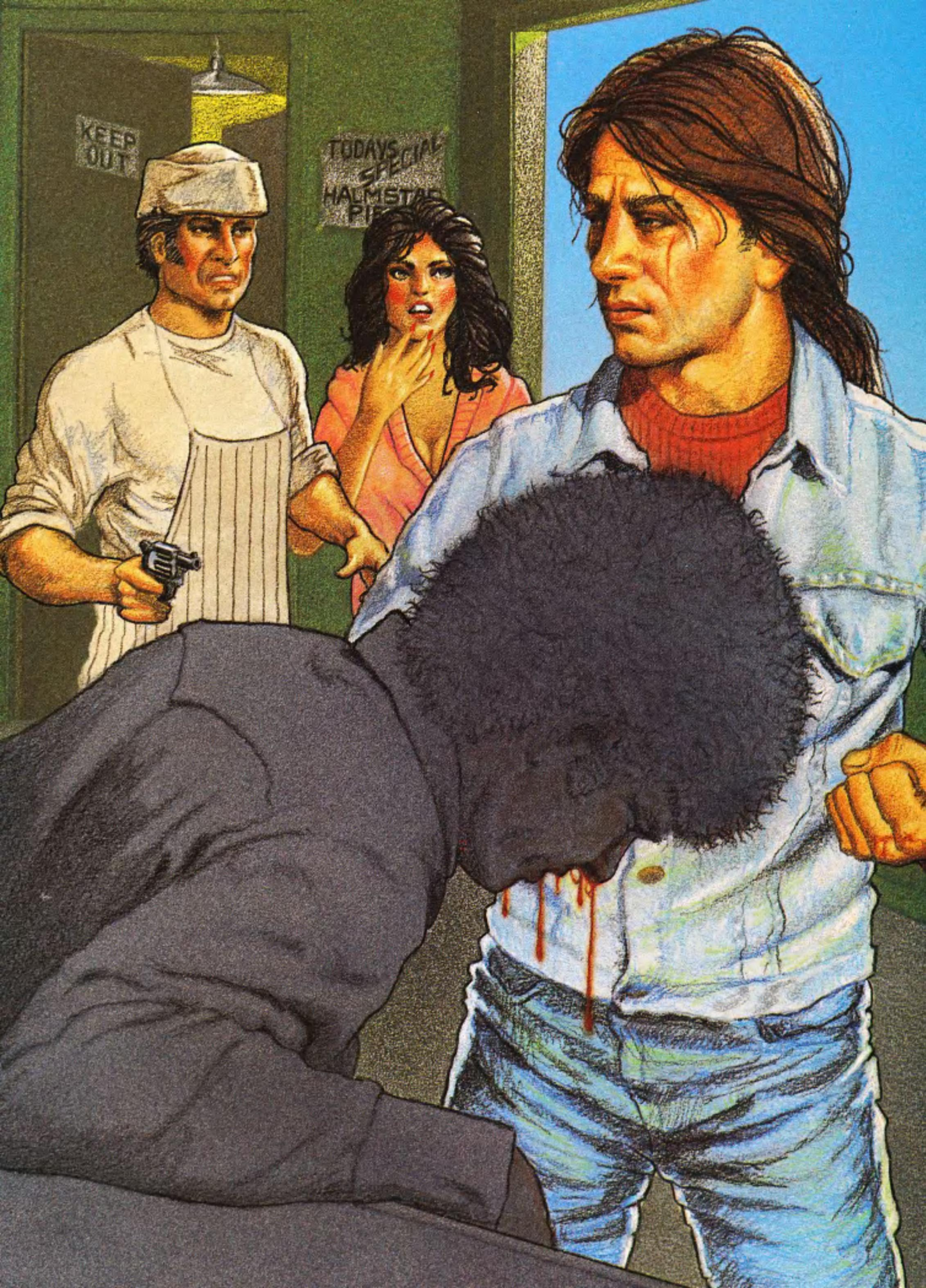
"Great. Just fine. Okay. Could you maybe bring it back here, you know, till morning? I got a lot of money tied up in that machine."

"We're simple folk, mister. Not beholdin' to no man."

I got the hint. "I'll pay. I've got money."

"Not the point," the old man

Continued on page 88



TRUSTY



**This bike
hangs around
better than
most bitches.**



You guys know what it's like. You've been through a dozen sleds, but there's still that one that ya hold the dearest. The one scooter that ya wouldn't trade, even for a taste test on some sweet virgin's hot snatch.

Through all the domestic wars, battles with the ol' lady, etc., when you're down and out, or on top of the world, she's always thunderin' under ya. The two of you just can't be parted.

Cecil knows the feeling. That's why he and his bike have been, and are, inseparable. Since 1969 when he first acquired her as a straight panhead, and down through the years, through all the changes an owner's seen fit to administer to her, she's still





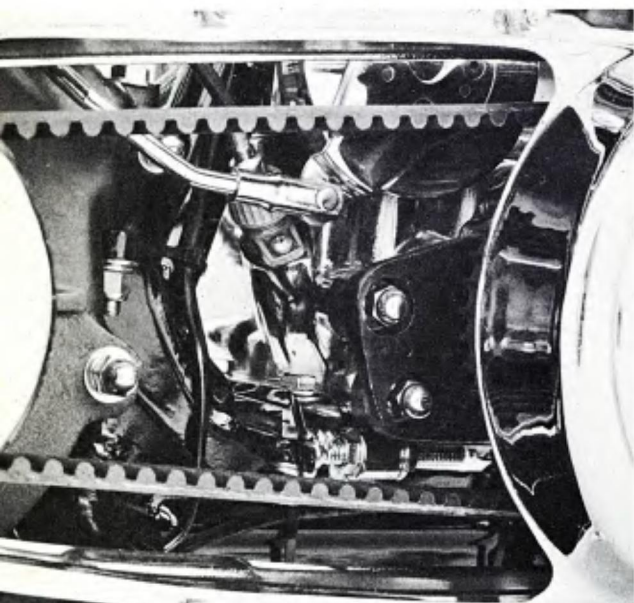
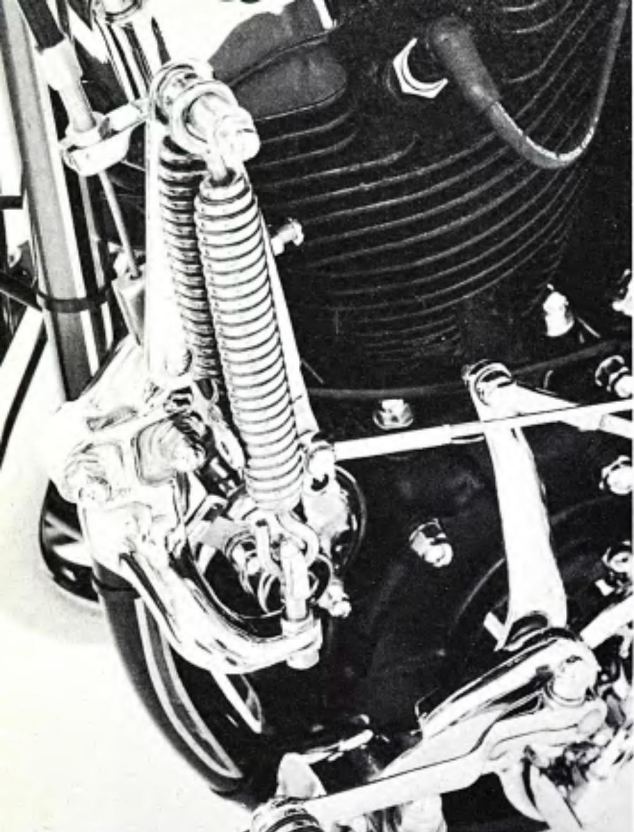


purrin' along.

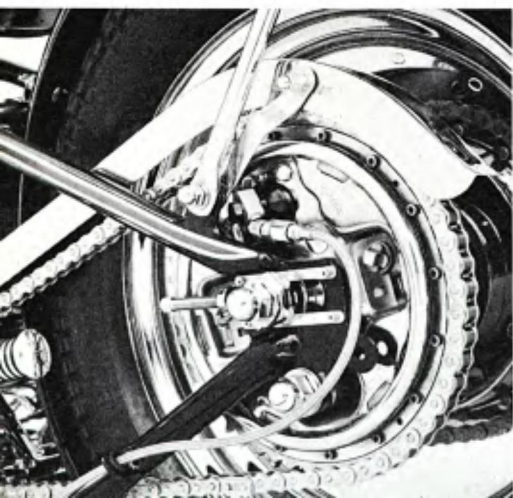
She's stayed with him better than most bitches. From when Cecil first picked her up in L.A., and then immediately moved out to Vegas, where he made it as an electrician, then a car painter. Pretty soon he was doin' bro's' bikes on the side as a hobby. Not long after that he nixed the straight work and began concentrating on makin' a livin' paintin' and buildin' custom Harleys, opening up his own shop, Custom Cycle Accessories, there in "Lost Wages."

Since the early seventies Cecil's built many bikes, lots of times starting a project fully intending to keep the finished product for himself, then relenting when an offer too good to refuse came along.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owner: Cecil		City: Las Vegas, Nev.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1965	
Year and make: 1955 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: swingarm	
Value: too much		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 2½ years		Other alterations: weld on hardtail	
Chroming by: Louie, Steve and Willy		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Holy Banana	
Year: 1955		Risers: H-D	
Model: FL		Fender(s): f: 4 in., r: 5-in. flared	
Rebuilder: owner/Jose		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: '65 electrics		Taillight: M/C pussy	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: factory		Front pegs: gold Sundance	
Balancing: Hank the Crank		Rear pegs: modified trans mounts	
Pistons: low compression		Electrics: '65/solid-state	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: 2.8-gal. Paughco	
Heads: 450 plus lift kit		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): A grind		Oil system: H.E.S. pump cover	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: cut-up	
Carb(s): S.U.		Seat: solo with P-pad	
Air cleaner: S.U.		Sissybar: homemade	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: 30 in.	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: ½ round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: chromed		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1965		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: stock		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3		Special features: gold boot covers	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Jammer	Hub: Jammer
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: candy red over gold		Tire: IRC	Tire: Continental
Type: acrylic enamel		Brake: drum	Brake: hydraulic
Special paint: scallops			
Other special modifications: Air-conditioned primary cover.			

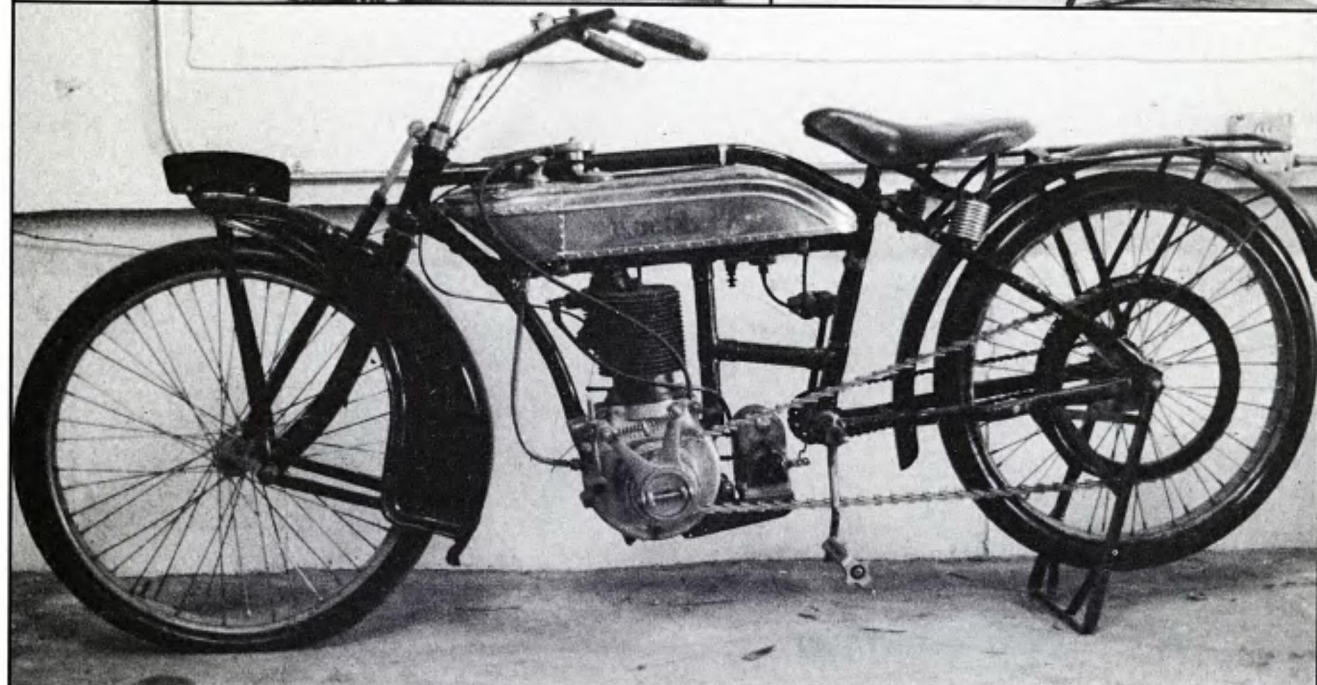
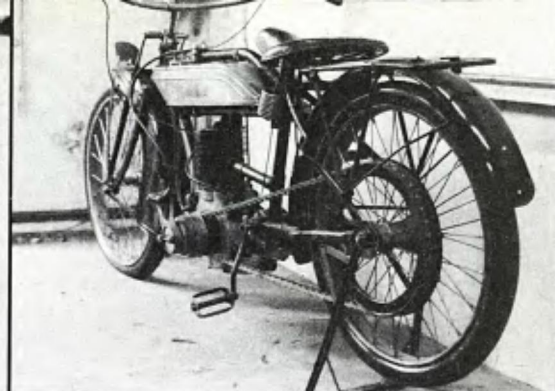
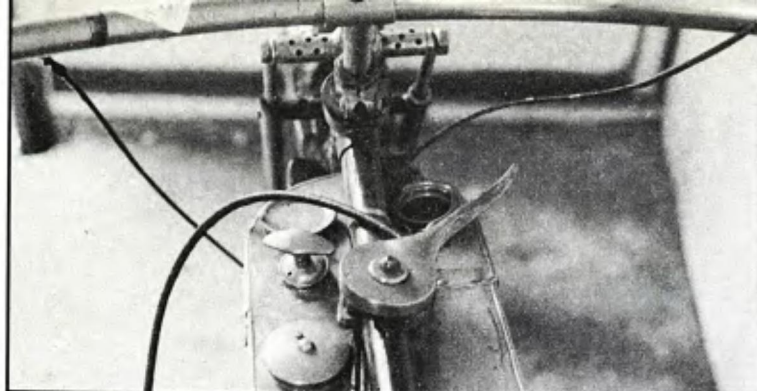
But not Trusty, his pretty sensible machine — she never leaves. It's iron that's familiar to Cecil. He knows every curve, nut and bolt on it like his own hands.

She's a tough runner, too. Cecil's ridden her up to Sturgis a few times, and put her in custom shows, calling her "Pretty Sensible." The shovel top/pan bottom configuration may not last long, though. Every three or four years he tears her down for a rebuild, and next time he'd like to put a pan top on her, like, as he waxes

nostalgic with rose-colored glasses, she used to be. "I wish I'da never replaced that old, original '55 head on 'er." Sorry, Cecil, but hindsight is almost always 20/20 vision.

You can bet that no matter what ends up on the barrels, this bike will always be with its proud owner. Even though and despite the 110- to 115-degree boilers in the desert that reduce a lot of once-proud motorcycles to piles of parts in baskets due to fried top ends.

—Buster



Photos by Albert Drake

It may come as a surprise to some to learn that the oldest internal-combustion motorcycle still in existence is an owner-assembled scooter. It's a 1902 Fafnir, and it proves that even way back then, if you wanted a bike that was built right, you had to do it yourself.

By 1902, Georg Benz of Darmstadt, Germany, had owned several motorcycles and had been dissatisfied with all of them. They were unreliable, slow, and short-lived. Then he heard about the Fafnir, whose engine enjoyed a reputation for speed and endurance, and he decided to give it a shot. He bought an engine from the Fafnir company, built a frame of his own design, and purchased wheels, tires, fork, seat, gas tank and fenders from various makers — just like folks are doing today.

The Fafnir is a single-cylinder, four-stroke engine, of eighty millimeters, with an alloy lower end and a cast-iron barrel. The finish is extremely good, with nice castings, and in general it resembles a contemporary one-lunger except for the external chain that drives the Marrell magneto and the hand-

pumped pressure oiling system.

Pedals, like those on a moped, are used to start the engine, and drive is via a centrifugal-clutch, variable-pitch pulley and a link belt that turns the large sprocket on the back wheel. The tires are 26 x 2 1/2 (Firestones, at present).

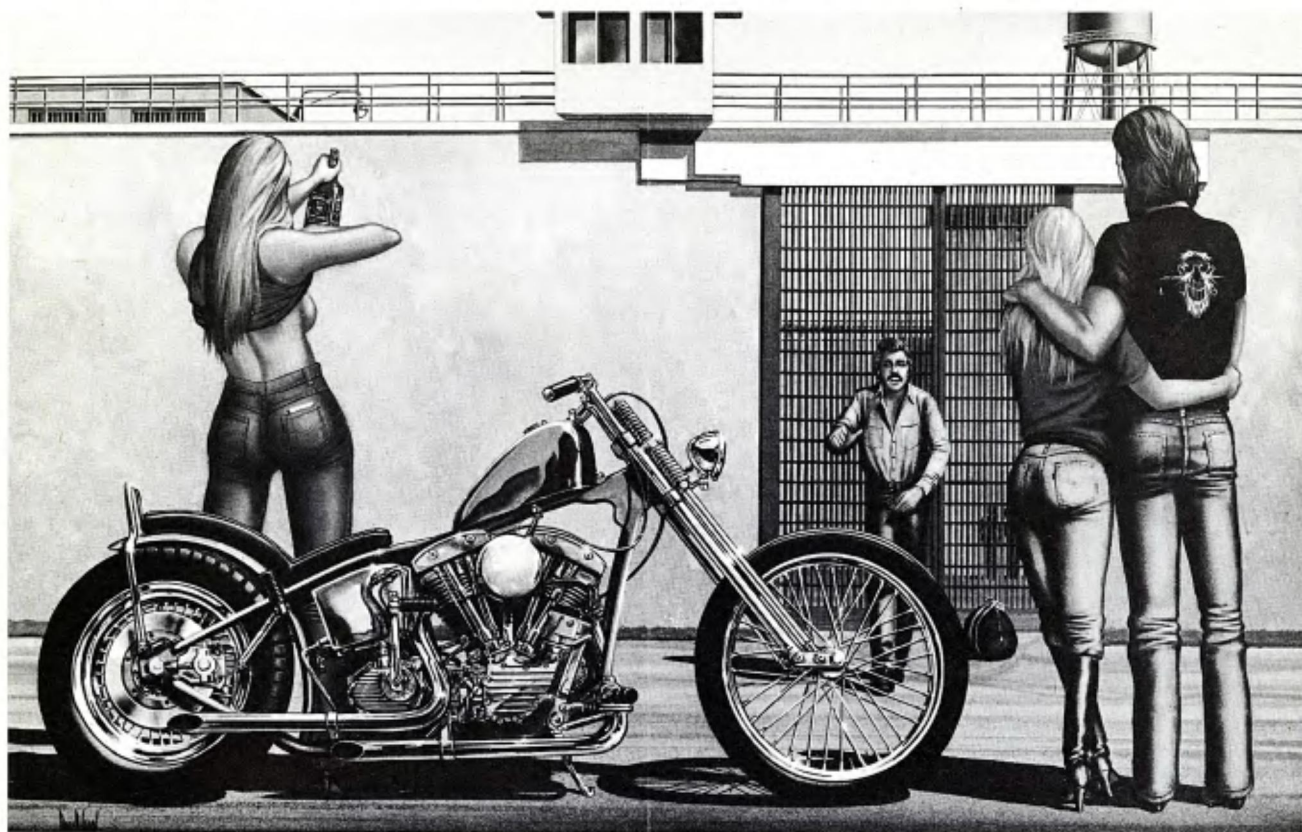
The bike is nicely finished, with a shapely Koehler gas tank, Wittkop saddle, and skirted front fender. As might be expected, it has many cast parts, mostly of nickel or plated brass. The handlebar grips and control knobs are made of hardwood.

What did a guy do with a neat scooter back in the early days of this century? More or less what a guy in that position does today — he rode it. In 1929, when Georg Benz gave the bike to the Henry Ford Museum, he said that he had used the motorcycle for touring trips arranged by German sports clubs in honor of their nation's president, Prince Heinrich of Prussia. "As bearer of the staffette from Strasbourg to Darmstadt," he recalled, "I went 220 kilometers in five and a half hours, then quite a good time."

—Albert Drake

1902 FAFNIR

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Just about every biker who's ever aimed a 21-inch down the asphalt knows — either personally or through a bro — the joy of check-out time at the ol' Graybar Hotel. Some time ago, Dave Mann captured that feeling in what has become one of the most popular center-folds in *Easyriders'* history. Now you can get a full-color 30"x20" (about twice the size it ran in the mag) poster of "Prison Release" free with a money-saving subscription to *Easyriders*. Just send us \$22 (a savings of \$13.40 off the newsstand price) and we'll send you the next twelve issues and your Dave Mann poster. If you want to save still more, send us \$39 and we'll send you the poster and the next 24 issues — a big \$31.80 savings. Either way, you best act now — supplies of the posters are strictly limited.



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.

The Evils Of Feminism

by Homes

They finally did it. Some of the great feminist groups have finally succeeded in driving a few of my favorite tits 'n' ass beauty pageants off TV. They said the shows exploited women, or some such other shit.

It didn't surprise me none. Pissed me off more than anything else. Not that I really get my rocks off watchin' some cunt parade around in a \$500 swimsuit, ya understand. No, what bugs me is all this discrimination shit they keep tryin' to force into my head.

Think about it, man. . .er, woman . . . fuck, shit, piss. . . *person!* This whole sex thing is way out of hand. I've heard the anti-sexers scream about shit as dumb as Donald Duck not havin' any pants on — like what duck does? Then they went to work combing through school libraries, ferreting out all the "naughty" books with sex in 'em. School days over? Not to slight graduates and dropouts, they also tried to get everybody to cancel their subs to "girlie" magazines. I guess we all got a bellyful of the anti-porn groups.

And now we've got the latest craze — the sexual abuse of children, battered wives, and rape/sexual assault. Don't get me wrong, I'm not condoning the severity of those crimes by any means. What grabs me by the short-and-curlies is how they keep portraying men as the only evil-doers. Oh, those nasty men! Shame on them. After all, ol' Miss

Skunkfuck would never molest five-year-old Johnny or six-year-old Ellen, right? Mrs. Fartball wouldn't possibly abuse her ol' man. Goodness, no. No woman could rape a grown man. No fuckin' way, not even at gunpoint!

Far be it for me to say that all men are saints, and I mean, *far* from it. I was molested as a child by a male family member and I was raped a few years later by a grown man. My point is that these women bitch and moan about equality and discrimination, while others complain about sex on the tube and dirty magazines at the 7-11, and both groups always make out the male gender to be the enemy.

How many times after the dust settles over a divorce settlement has the chick come up either rich or close to it? How often does the opposite happen? Ha-ha-ha! Only in yer wettest dreams, bro. And don't give me that shit about the ol' man being the breadwinner. Not with so many families havin' both wife and husband workin' and generally coppin' about the same pay. Even if the ol' man does make more, why the fuck should that entitle her to half or more of everything?

You think that's fair? Fuck fair. I'll give you an example of "fair." Where I was raised in the Midwest, a woman with, say, \$100,000 in the bank under her own name, got to keep every penny of it after a divorce. The ol' man, if he was in the

same situation, would've had to fork over half of the hundred thou. Fair? You bet. About as fair as what they've done to the tube (you knew we'd eventually get back to that, didn't ya?)

Seems that they outlawed tobacco commercials 'cause smokin' ain't good for you. And you don't see any hard liquor commercials, either, because way back when, the TV industry and the government decided that sort of advertising wasn't in good taste on a family-oriented medium that went into people's homes.

But how about this? You ever wonder why they don't advertise rubbers on TV? They don't cause cancer or rot your liver. Nope, they do something that's possibly even more heinous — they go on an erect penis. One of them nasty *male* organs. Douche, tampons, and Maxi-Pads are all right, though. It's perfectly okay for kids to get introduced to the concept of being on the rag from the idiot box, but don't let the little suckers find out how to either keep from gettin' knocked up or knockin' up somebody else. And for God's sake, don't let 'em find out about something that could keep 'em from coppin' a dose of the clap. If they knew that, those easily influenced little scalawags might take it into their pointy heads to engage in — horrors! — sexual activities.

Speaking for my- *Continued on page 126*

MONSTER MOU

"Dufuss came roarin' into the garage, locked 'em up, and sent us all scramblin' as he slid into the poker table we had been sittin' around."

We had just finished putting a new springer on the Weasel's ride and were sittin' around swillin' some vintage Cucamonga, admiring the job, when Dufuss came roarin' into the garage, locked 'em up, and sent us all scramblin' as he slid into the poker table we had been sittin' around. As Dufe dismounted, Weasel caught him behind the left ear with an empty beer can fired from his perch on top of the workbench.

"Hey, man," Roach scowled, "if you ever come into my place like that again, I'll stomp a mud hole in yer ass an' then stomp it dry! You got that?"

Making Dufe understand wasn't an easy chore, even though he was only an arm's length away, looking straight into Roach's eyes an' hangin' on every word. His most immediate response was, "Huh?" (See, ol' Dufuss came by his handle honestly. . .)

"You guys want to see somethin'?" He was pulling a yellow slip of paper from his Levi's and waving it in the air as he came struttin' over to where we had set up the table again. Plopping the paper down, he gingerly rubbed a spot behind his left ear. "What the hell!" he said in bafflement. "Who's throwin' shit?" Then he hooked his thumbs in his belt and struck his best John Wayne pose to await the reading of his bulletin. But the group's conversation went on as though he wasn't even in the room. After several minutes of being totally ignored, he started to grunt and point.

Finally Dave grabbed the thing and read it. "You're shittin' me!" he said. "This has got to be some kinda joke."

"The OSP don't joke," said Dufe.

"Okay, okay, for chrissake!" Roach snapped, "What's the big deal?"

"It says here on

Continued on page 97

by Gregg Miller



NT

us all scramblin'



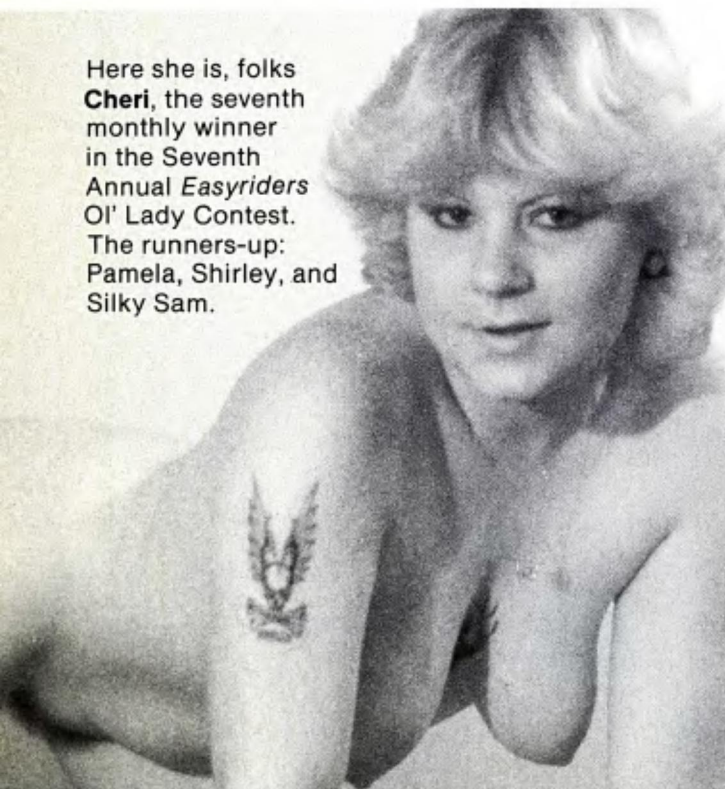
Ol' Lady Contest

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 April 30th. We'll print the winner in the August issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #143 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks **Cheri**, the seventh monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Pamela, Shirley, and Silky Sam.



DEANNA

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

143

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.



MELANIE

HEIDI



NANCY





DOIN' IT IN THE DIRT

**They've always said us bikers are a dirty bunch,
now our "chariot races" prove it.**

It's a dirty, grimy job, as the sayin' goes, but somebody's gotta do it. What's that, ya say? Swabbin' the shitter? Cleanin' up oil leaks on the floor? Or maybe tossin' out the ol' lady's used rags?

Nope. Somethin' that's much more fun. It's the kind of thing where the soil buildup is more than skin deep. Right to the bone. Yeah, ya won't be gettin' your whites whiter, but if these photos ain't lyin', you'll have a ball doin' it.

You'll love bein' dragged around at the total mercy of the pilot at the





controls of the thundering iron. It's sorta like water-skiing, or tobogganing, except you're bein' dragged through mouth-gaggin' powder-like dirt instead of dazzlin' the dollies on shore with the one-ski technique.

Tire pulls are obviously becoming the rage at runs everywhere, from Michigan to California (where these shots are from). The main thing to remember is to keep your yap shut and your goggles on. Otherwise, you're gonna be in need of dental floss, and your pearly whites will be muddy brown. And your eyeballs

will be caked with loose dirt.

The way to do this crowd-pleasin' scooter stunt is to have the bike get a slow rollin' start. If the bike starts from a dead stop, the rear wheel will just spin, but with a little momentum built up, the rider can jerk open the throttle and go for a ball-bustin', rooster-tail hole shot as the draggee holds on for dear life to the rope-secured tire. After a few times around the camp, you'll be more than ready to be thrown in the lake.

—Buster



Photos by Linda Barbour



JERSEY GIRL

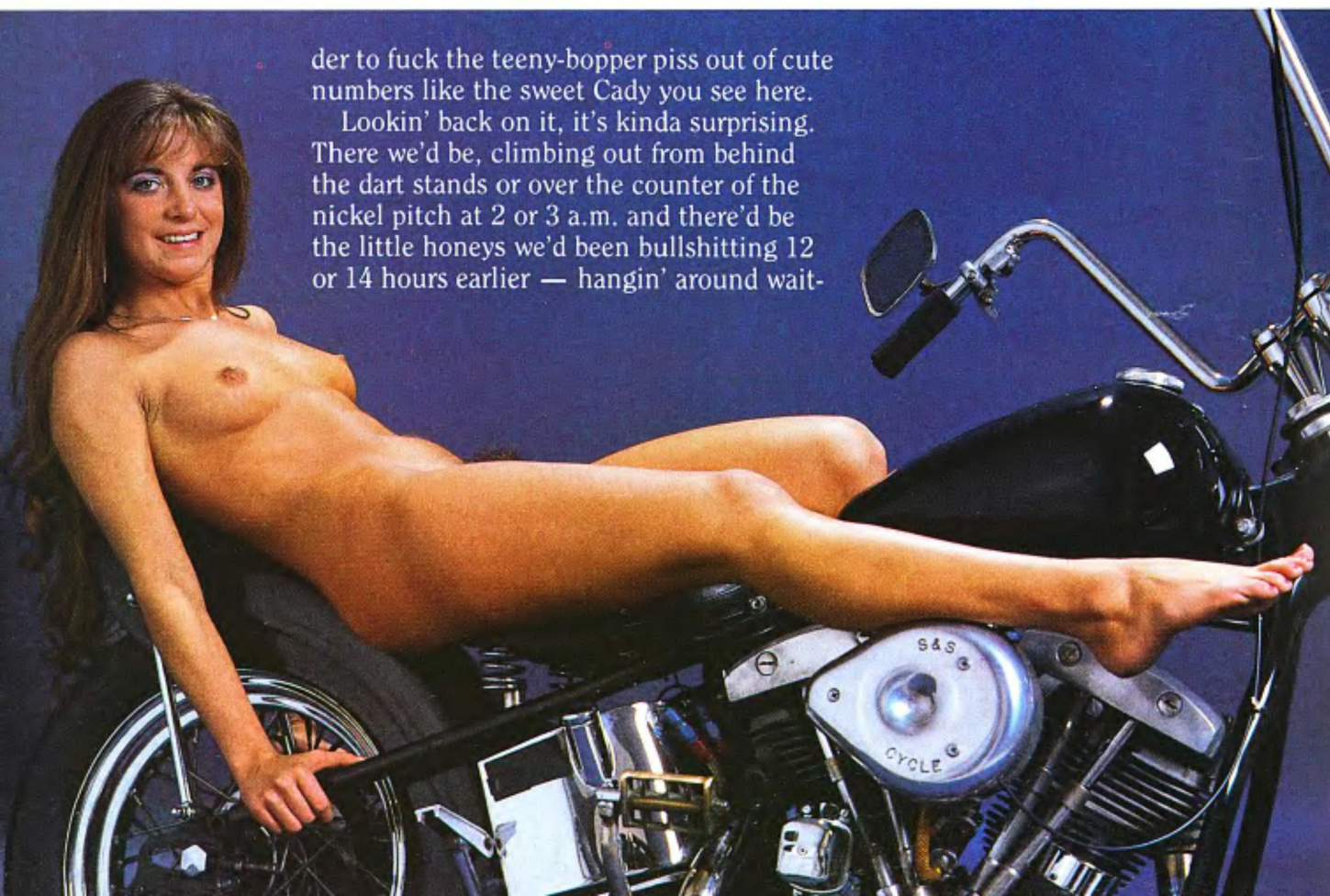
*"Tonight I'm gonna take that ride, cross the river to the Jersey side. Take my baby to the carnival and I'll take her on all the rides. . . ."**

You can get a decent piece of ass just about anywhere if ya look hard enough. You can buy a good Hog in every corner of the world (at least the free world) if ya got enough bucks. But you can't get a truly righteous pizza — a real honest-to-God tomato pie that leaves a scab on the roof of yer mouth for three days — outside of New Jersey.

Back in the days before Bruce Springsteen (not to be confused with Cousin Bruce the obnoxious deejay who is most definitely from New York, *not* New Jersey) made the area synonymous with such other widely acclaimed watering holes as the Stork Club and La Costa, Jersey shore boardwalks were places you'd crawl un-







der to fuck the teeny-bopper piss out of cute numbers like the sweet Cady you see here.

Lookin' back on it, it's kinda surprising. There we'd be, climbing out from behind the dart stands or over the counter of the nickel pitch at 2 or 3 a.m. and there'd be the little honeys we'd been bullshitting 12 or 14 hours earlier — hangin' around wait-



Photos by Pete Chioldo





in', just like they'd promised they would.

Wonder where the hell all their mommy dearests thought their little "what's-a-virgins" were at that hour. And what did mommy think they were doin'? Hot news flash, Ma (probably Grandma by now): They were dopin' and drinkin' and gettin' their pretty pussies pounded full of sand and semen.

And though it's been a fair number of years since "The Boss" and I used to stagger up the stairs into Asbury Park High School (I always wondered why the fuck the word "STRIVE" was engraved over the door, since the fuckin' stairs weren't *that* high), I'll bet



the chickies and the punks are doin' it still — coupling after closing amidst the butts, bottles and used bone-covers that make the under-the-boardwalk area such a bonanza for beachcombers.

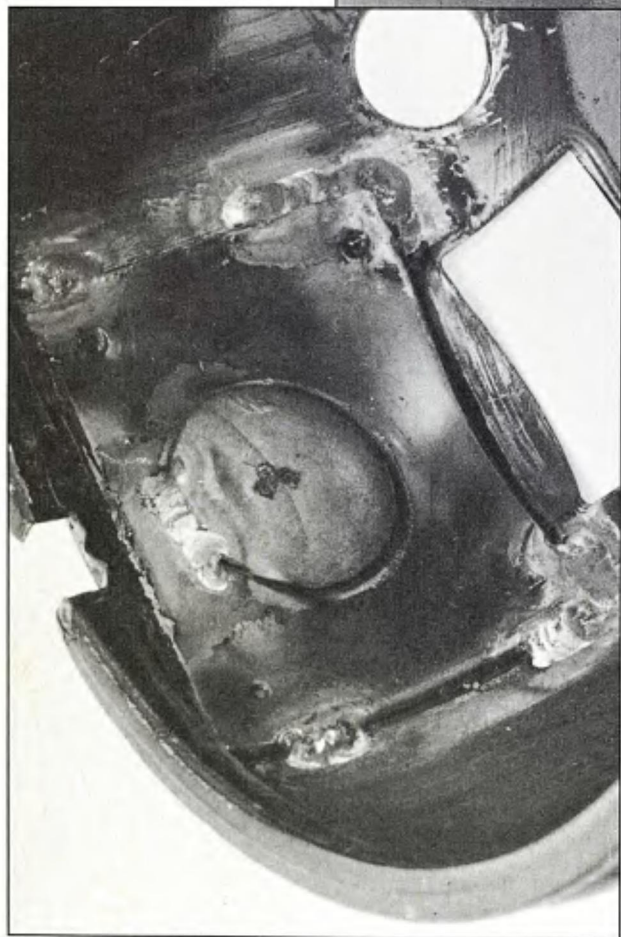
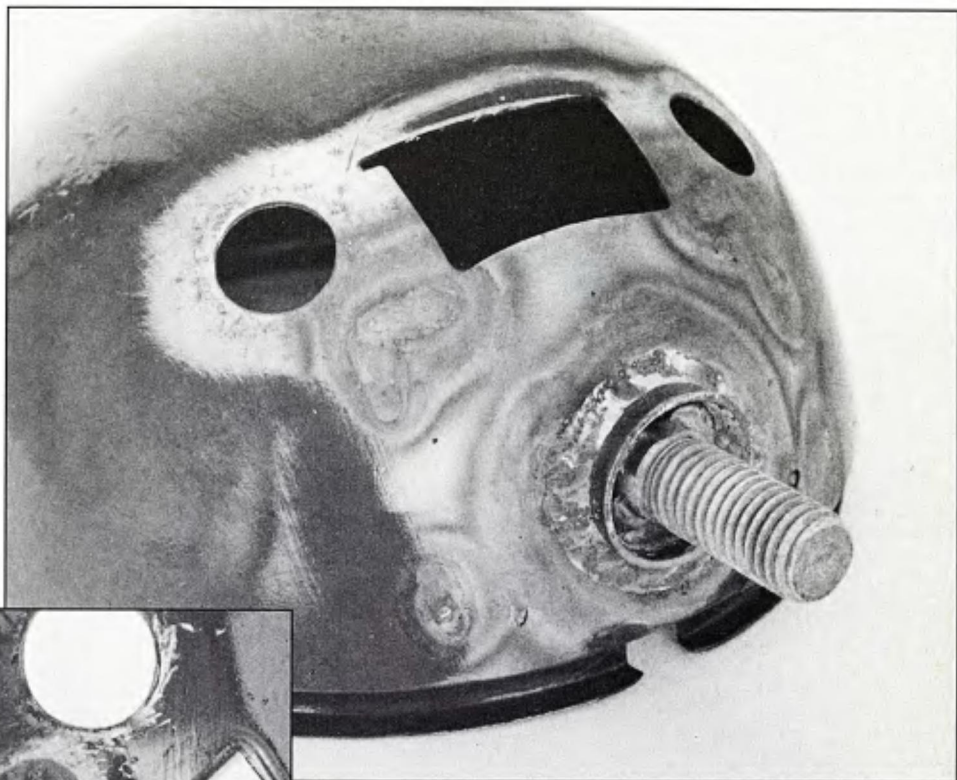
Yeah, it was a hell of a free-and-easy way to grow up. Guess that's why so many of us dudes became bikers and so many of the chicks like Cady — who flew out here from the East on her own dime just to pose for us — grew up to be scooter trash. To paraphrase Tom Waits, "down at the shore everything's all right, you and your baby and your BIKE on a Saturday night. . ." —Butcher

**Jersey Girl © copyright Tom Waits.*

Fix It First

Don't fix it till it breaks. Sounds simple enough to me, but then again, I'm always simple-minded. One thing does puzzle me, though. Do you fix it when it starts to break or wait until the damn thing falls off? In the case of this headlight bucket, it was fixed before it fell off, while it was merely on its way south.

These buckets are infamous for vibrating apart around the mounting bolt and the factory assembly leaves something to be desired. For instance, inside the bucket there's a reinforce-



ing plate, approximately 1 1/4" by 2 1/4". It's spot-welded on each corner to the bucket and there's a carriage bolt running through the plate and the bucket for the headlight shield mount. Once the carriage bolt is in place, an adjustment collar is slid over it from outside the bucket, and a special die is used to cut the square corners off the bolt and mash them down to retain the collar.

While this may look good on paper, it just doesn't hold up that well on the road. Fixing the headlight bucket itself is fairly easy. First you weld the existing cracks in the bucket and then you braze the reinforcing plate and carriage bolt inside the bucket before brazing the adjustment

collar on the outside, as shown in the photos.

But I've saved the best part for last. Removing the headlight bucket from the bike is an extreme pain in the butt. And once the damn thing is removed, it looks like every wire on the entire bike starts and stops inside it. With patience and a wiring diagram — and perhaps a chemically induced sense of calm — the job can be completed in the course of one very long afternoon. However, one can't help thinking how much better it would be if the necessity of doing it never occurred. And you can take it from me — thoughts along those lines don't make the time involved fly by any faster.

—Wrench

NEVER ON SUNDAY

by
Hog Jaws Hamilton



I never much gave a damn about local laws designed to regulate the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages until Sunday, August 14, 1977. It was then that one of those asinine "blue laws," around since the Puritans settled in New England, really pissed me off.

Until that day, the worst inconvenience ever caused me by a Sunday-closing ordinance was too much company from bros who knew that I'd laid in an ample supply for the weekend. And that could be handled in a variety of ways, such as buying a case of dirt-cheap, horse-piss, off-brand beer and serving it lukewarm, while keeping the good stuff for myself. What the uptight types did on Sunday was their own affair. I just took a few simple precautions and scarcely knew that anyone was even trying to regulate my social life.

Then came August 14, 1977. It was a beautiful summer afternoon, and I'd finally persuaded Donna, a big-titted 9.7 I'd been drooling over for months, to take a little ride on my scooter. A librarian, she wasn't into bikes, but she seemed willing to explore the lifestyle on that occasion, at least to the extent of situating her well-rounded ass on the passenger facilities of my Sportster.

It was a warm-breeze-in-the-face situation for about an hour, then I spotted low-hanging dark clouds moving in on a long front from the east. Probably the best thing I could've hoped for would have been a deserted hayloft, where 9.7 and I could have gone and discussed the poetry of Chaucer as the rain pitter-patted on the roof, but no such facility was in sight. As the clouds approached, the air cooled perceptibly, and the rumble of approaching thunder began to challenge the soothing sounds of the engine. Then a sign appeared alongside the road. Drawing nearer, we savored welcome words which read, "Kelly's Water Hole." H₂O would soon be in ample supply; however, the sign stood in front of a modest structure where beverages better suited to quenching the thirst of bikers were served.

Never on Sunday, though. County ordinance, I discovered later. The place was locked up tighter than Lady Guinevere's chastity belt. There wasn't even a roof overhang to shelter us. As the first big drops rapidly evolved into a downpour, I gave vent to dark mutterings concerning people who make it their business to dictate how others must observe the first day of the week.

You couldn't have hog-tied Donna to a motorcycle again afterward. Besides getting soaked and otherwise made uncomfortable, she caught one of those damnable summer colds. Everytime I saw her after that she greeted me with all the warmth of a refrigerated mackerel sandwich. Hell, I'd have been pissed if it'd just happened to me while I was by myself, but when a dipshit Sunday-closing ordinance made me



strike out with the best-looking thing I'd had on the back of my scoot since the last time I got busted for statutory rape, that was just too damned much!

How in the shit, I wondered, do such stupid-assed laws ever get on the books? Looking back, it wasn't too hard to figure out. They shoved Prohibition up the public's ass in 1919. That required two-thirds of both houses of Congress to initiate, and ratification by three-fourths of the state legislatures to become law. Even our current women's libbers couldn't do that with their ERA bullshit — though they didn't miss by much. Despite an overwhelming majority of Americans who thought it was a crock of shit, Prohibition got passed for the simple reason that lawmakers are easily intimidated by pressure groups, especially "prestige" pressure groups trying to eradicate sin. Small wonder then that a Sunday-closing law had been passed in some jerkwater county out in the middle of nowhere.

A lot of goofy laws have been passed in this country in a little over 200 years. Some of them, typically blue laws, are holdovers from colonial times. Looking into the matter, I found liquor laws to be among the most spaced-out departures from reality that ever got put on paper, even if you factor in the efforts of our best science-fiction writers. The underlying principle seems to be harassment of the poor sonuvabitch who wants a drink; never mind how you do it, whether it makes any sense, or if it even pretends to serve a useful purpose, just do it.

Quite some years ago, for example, a medium-sized Southern city had what might be considered the ultimate ordinance dealing with the consumption of alcoholic beverages. In addition to Sunday closing, the law in this municipality specified that bars had to close promptly at midnight — unless

they had "entertainment," in which case they could stay open until 1:30 a.m. They could not, however, sell beer after midnight, only mixed drinks. But it was all right to "buy ahead" on your beer before then; the bartender would even keep it in the cooler for you.

The definition of "entertainment" was rather loose — anything in the way of live music would suffice. A lot of old winos with minimal musical abilities were thus enabled to earn themselves free drinks and perhaps a few bucks, too, simply by dint of a thoroughly ludicrous set of regulations.

By the way, you could leave the city limits and drink until 3:00 a.m., even beer, and even if there was no token wino to caress a keyboard.

Sundays are especially noted for attracting laws restricting the activities of drinkers. In the lack-of-logic department, you'll go a long way trying to top ordinances, once fairly common, which allow on-premises consumption of alcoholic beverages on Sunday but prohibit take-out sales. Of course, such regulations merely mean that people have to sit in a bar and get shitfaced *before* they drive home, so God help you if you encounter one of these folks while out on your scoot.

Who's behind such stupidity? From the days of the Puritans through Prohibition and up to the present, it has been an otherwise-divergent aggregation of dogooders whom I might characterize as being "religious fanatics," were I not such a tactful fellow.

Since this religiously-oriented coalition has been almost solely responsible for the promotion and enactment of Sunday-closing laws and restrictions, it brings up an interesting question: Do these laws constitute the establishment of religion?

The First Amendment to

Continued on page 130

HOG PARTS

So you think you know your Hog? After all those hours in the saddle and night-long sessions with the wrenches, how could you *not* know it? Don't be too confident. Just because you know where to find the carb on your bike doesn't mean that you know where to find the pistons in this puzzle. (How's that again?) Pulling the pipes out of a chroming vat are one thing; extracting the lifters from this word search is

another. (Does this make any sense at all?) Still, you may be man enough to do it. Buried somewhere in this block of messed-up letters are the motorcycle parts listed below. They can be found vertically, horizontally, backwards or diagonally, but they all read in a straight line. Find them all in less time than it takes to kill a six-pack and you can rate yourself an A-1 pencil-and-paper mechanic.

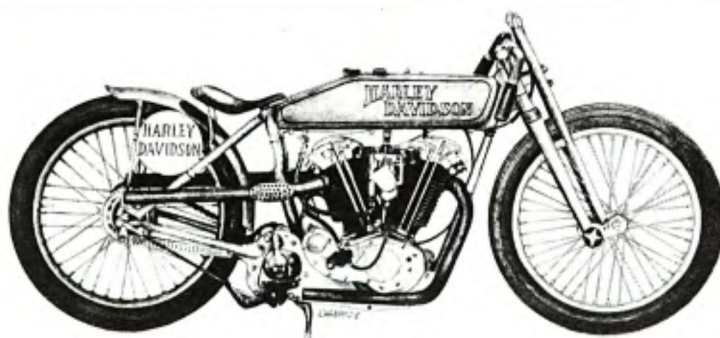
—Boots

HOGS AND THE PARTS THAT MAKE THEM GO

by J.J. Cuellar

AIR CLEANER	E D I L G E D I W I L D I C G B F E D S T E K S A G C B A G
BALANCED	X P W O Y N B R R M V K O H H S A M K R G V H A I D C B A E
BARRELS	R V S U T L I F T E R S S H U L V R U W W X X A E B B C U N
BELT DRIVE	Y B U K T S A P O C U T A L F I O I R P H G G R F E L B D E
BLUEPRINTED	L A M L T P N P O P P R M R A F W S O E T F U E V S U T W R
CARBURETOR	A L Y P S D A C E B D E A X D U Y N B E L T D R I V E X D A
CHAIN DRIVE	E A I N F N K R B T G N H E K I D H M K G S L L K M P F N T
CLUTCH	M N N Y H H G X A V W P D V A U I Y T R S C R F P T R O Y O
EIGHTY INCHES	S C E E G L I I T O W N Y F F E K G T B K P M D S N I P E R
ELECTRA GLIDE	F E A L I R L M A R E X B I C E D G H R O I D L B U N V O C
EXTENDED FORKS	O D K D N F U S E T L R K H G H D F N E O L A C M B T W A X
FUEL FILTER	D P E R R T S T X V T U M V K N U C K L E H E A D W E X N Y
GASKETS	D C C A Y S S E H C N I R U O F Y T N E V E S M T B D S A N
GENERATOR	V E M A F T R G O H K I L K G L O B M X N Y S R O R P O R P
HARDTAIL FRAME	B E B A R R Y P X O T E N G A M C W F V W R H A V U P T I S
KNUCKLEHEAD	X C W O D O S E T F I G H H B E I D K A O L O G U M C S N M
LIFTERS	A A P Z C P Y K X M W V R S S U W T S T Y R V N E P T T L O
MAGNETO	Y S C D I S E H E I G H T Y I N C H E S C D E I H O F H K R
MAG WHEELS	B B D R E G V V L F O O V G T H X R A I B K L W N L I R M E
PANHEAD	X U E E F T I S R N N P R U P M U R D T F I H S O G N O D T
PISTONS	V W W N O X R L Y E F A B B X B S C O D L E E H F E G T H L
POINT COVER	U T R A S P D R T G V C P W R T O P N M M I A L F K I T B I
POINTS	U V V E N W N A H X E O A A V Y R A N B K C D G D D C L E F
PRIMARY COVER	T L S L K M I K I I H D C Y G U E D I L G A R T C E L E A L
SEVENTY-FOUR INCHES	M R O C S L A P T R V L X T B S E T H U L V O W S X V C F E
SHIFT DRUM	I H K R L M H N G P U W F A N D E G D K C N B R A U Y A X U
SHORTY DUALS	I H N I L K C L O T U M Y N C I F O I P M R P S T T W B Y F
SHOVELHEAD	G F G A E B D X C W C U S T N I O P B L A H X G W D V L U B
SPORTSTER	F H D S L E E H W G A M S N P P N P R I M A R Y C O V E R Y
SUPER GLIDE	T E G C H A I Y K V L T M R O O R M S K T I U F V E W C X A
SWINGARM	
THROTTLE CABLE	
TOMBSTONE TAILLIGHT	
WIDE GLIDE	
WRIST PINS	

SOLUTION ON PAGE 126



Don't faint — here's an honest local newspaper—

Once again the law in Connecticut has seemed to ask, "What's somebody else's death between friends?" For once again a court has declared itself ready to forget the criminal act that killed somebody.

It happened last week in Manchester Superior Court. A 69-year-old Manchester man was given the special probation known as "accelerated rehabilitation" on a charge of negligent homicide. Police say the man was driving the car that struck and fatally injured a 36-year-old Bolton man (riding a bike) on Highland Street in Manchester last May.

The defendant has not been punished in any way. In fact, he hasn't even been asked to plead to the charge, and the special probation he has received will lead to the erasure of the records of the charge in two years.

So why should the police have bothered to arrest the man? Indeed, why does Connecticut bother having police and laws against negligent homicide, or anything else for that matter, when such violations can be discarded this way?

There is already enough discretion in law enforcement. And here it may seem worse, that favoritism toward the elderly and prejudice against motorcyclists may have been at work.

Punishment is usually arguable. But the law owes society a formal finding of responsibility in serious charges and a permanent record of their disposition. Repeal of "accelerated rehabilitation," at least where injury or death is involved, becomes more urgent every day.

— editorial in the Manchester (Conn.) Journal Inquirer

Easynews

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

'His face pressed to the concrete, a bullet through his heart'

Cop cleared in shooting death of biker

After two trials, the first ending in a hung jury, a Baltimore police officer has been acquitted of manslaughter in the death of a biker who was shot through the heart during an altercation.

Officer Daniel J. Shanahan, who was off-duty at the time of the shooting, contended that he fired only after the biker had, in the words of Shanahan's attorney, hit him with "sledgehammer blows" as he sat in his car. Shanahan also contended that the biker, B. L. Lancaster, pulled a knife on him, but prosecutors contended that Lancaster's knife was never removed from its sheath during the incident.

According to testimony at Shanahan's trial, Lancaster was riding a Harley north on Baltimore's Harford Road when he dropped his goggles and made an apparently illegal U-turn to retrieve them. Arriving on the scene from the south, Shanahan, out of uniform and driving his civilian car, pulled around two cars that had stopped to let Lancaster make his turn, reportedly coming close to cutting Lancaster off in the process.

Lancaster then followed Shanahan to a nearby auto supply store where the two men, Shanahan sitting in his car and Lancaster on his bike, engaged in a shouting match over whose bad driving had caused their near-accident.

"After 20 to 30 seconds," Asst. State's Attorney Phillip Dantes told the jury, "Lancaster's face was pressed to the warm concrete, a bullet through his heart."

"We're here because Mr. Shanahan was licensed to carry a .38-caliber revolver off-duty and to use good judgment before he shot it," Dantes said. "Did he use too much force? Did he act unreasonably when he fired that .38?"

The defense's version was considerably different. According to Shanahan's testimony before a grand jury, he first shot the biker in the arm after Lancaster "pulled the knife partly out of the sheath." Shanahan said he was frightened and

fired to gain "control of the situation."

After Lancaster was shot in the arm, Shanahan — who later quit after being reinstated to his post — said, "The knife came out of the sheath." Apparently out of his car by this time, Shanahan said he thought he "was going to be stabbed" and fired again, puncturing Lancaster's heart.

Dantes claimed, however, that Lancaster never drew his knife and that Shanahan's version of the killing was "an effort to cover up his actions."

THE CONGRESSMAN AND THE BIKERS — U.S. Rep. Ed Zachau (R-Los Altos, Calif.) gets some words of advice at a recent meeting of the MMA. Zachau told about 100 bikers — including some patchholders from two clubs — that he believes bikers' rights should be protected and that there is no need for a new national crime bill when everything targeted by it is already covered by previously existing laws.

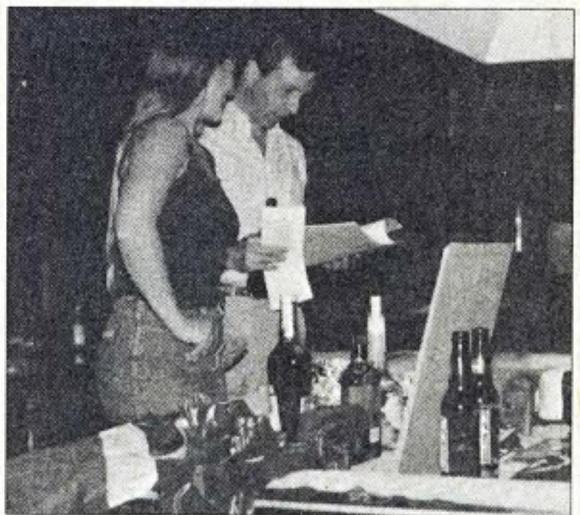


Photo by Linda Barbour

Nation's rotting highways can bust yer balls

AMA survey finds 4-million-mile system hazardous to bikers' health

The American Motorcyclist Association puts the question this way: What's four million miles long, would cost over \$3 trillion to replace, and may be hazardous to your health? The answer: the nation's highway system.

According to a survey of a specially picked high-mileage cross-section of its members, many of "the nation's roadways are falling into disrepair and state highway departments don't seem to take motorcycles into account when designing or maintaining roads."

Of the respondents to the survey, 93 percent said that they had personally encountered a dangerous or life-threatening situation caused by a road hazard.

"Most of these hazards," the AMA reported, "were encountered on primary two-lane highways [36%], followed closely by interstate highways [35%]. Secondary roads were the site of 29 percent.

"With the numbers this close," the AMA notes, "it's impossible to say one type of road is more dangerous than another."

Topping the top-ten list of roadway threats to a biker's life, liberty and pursuit of happiness was, obviously, "the other driver." That was followed by oil spots, loose gravel or sand, road debris, potholes, rain grooves, rain-slick roads, scarified pavement, bridge decking, and faulty or missing traffic signals.

In addition to considering the results of its own survey, the AMA blended the results of several outside studies into its report on road hazards.

The most significant of these, a study of the causes of 900 motorcycle accidents in California, was authored by James Ouellet. According to the AMA, the Ouellet study shows that "poor road conditions, surface irregularities, and undulations" cause many bikes to become unstable.

Ouellet also found that some of the most lethal roadway hazards for bikers are the W-shaped Armco-type barriers and chain-link fences erected to keep cages on the roadway. Solid concrete barriers are much less likely to kill bikers who run into them because they have a shallow angle of impact and their surface is smooth and continuous, Ouellet found.

"If a reduction in the motorcycle death toll is to be achieved, the evolution of the highway design and barrier systems must take into account the special requirements... of motorcycle riders," he said.

Having completed the first step of its road hazard project, the AMA is now working on a program "to aid riders in addressing the hazards they encounter" by developing a guide giving instructions on how to negotiate with state and local officials to correct roadway problems. We'll let you know as soon as it's ready.

Bikers and cops gather to bury a unique rider

A fellow cop described him best. "I used to call him El Gato, the cat, 'cause that's what he was. That's the guy with nine lives and he lived every one of them. He was a legend."

Live them he did — from the jungles of Vietnam to the wild scooter nights with his bros; from the store where he single-handedly stopped six armed robbers to the Springfield, Mass., bar where he took his own life, maybe while playing Russian

roulette to tempt the fates one more time.

A lot of cops ride Harleys in their off-duty hours, but it's hard to imagine one actually being a biker. Yet, Frankie Howe managed to cross that line. He wore his hair long and his diamond earring proudly as a symbol of how he lived, not as a narc's disguise or a detective's cover.

Actually, that kind of shit was something Frankie refused to do, despite the ease with which his hard-riding, hard-drinking lifestyle could have been used to suck in the gullible. No, Frankie spent his time on the force as a uniformed officer — earring and all — because he felt that was one way he could see that all us outsiders got a little bit of the justice usually reserved for the big shots.

He was also capable, for that matter, of giving the big shots a taste of life in the poor people's lane — like the time he ticketed all the cars illegally parked outside the Springfield Civic Center one night when the mayor was hosting a big shindig inside. Getting wind of the citations, the mayor ran outside and personally ripped the tickets off all the windshields. But public opinion made him

back down and the tickets eventually had to be paid by the bigwigs.

Talking to the dudes he ran with, you get the picture of someone who rode, perhaps, just a little bit wilder than the average biker and not always with the best of luck on his side. Three times in the past four years or so he'd gone down with serious injuries and none of the crashes were his own fault. The most severe occurred in 1981 when a drunken cager rammed him from behind. Frankie suffered a fractured skull and severe neck injuries. When two passing emergency technicians found him he was unconscious and drowning on his own blood. According to his rescuers, within a few more minutes he would have been dead.

Frankie leaves a widow, two young kids, and a memories — fresh in the minds of all who knew him, cops and bikers alike — of a unique individual who was afraid of virtually nothing and laughed at 'most everything.

To some folks, even the funeral seemed like one of his more grim jokes. Said his widow, "I almost expected him to sit up and say, 'Gotcha!'"

Chick rider gets \$12 million off CHiPpies

The California Highway Patrol has agreed to a \$12 million out-of-court settlement with a 20-year-old woman whose motorcycle was hit by a car during a high-speed chase down a Southern California freeway.

Trudy Dehner, who was 17 at the time of the accident, lost an arm and was scarred over 20 percent of her body after going down under the cage and being dragged for 300 feet.

According to her attorney, the accident was "a difficult and complex case precipitated by a negligent action of a CHP officer attempting to arrest a speeding car by crossing all lanes of a crowded freeway.

"No attempt was made to slow the flow of traffic or to give regard to motorists on the freeway," he added. According to witnesses, the accident occurred when the police officer cut the bike off and it was hit from the rear by a drunken cager who could not stop in time to avoid running over the motorcycle.

According to the settlement, Dehner will receive \$850,000 in cash now and will be paid monthly benefits for the rest of her life or until the \$12 million is paid.

It is believed to be one of, if not the, largest such payout ever agreed to by the CHP.



**REPEAL THE NATIONAL
SPEED LIMIT**

AMERICAN MOTORCYCLIST ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 6114
Westerville, Ohio 43081

SPEED STICKERS — In line with its recent decision to challenge the national speed limit, the AMA has issued two stickers urging the measure's repeal. One is 2½x3½ inches for your bike's fender and the other is 3x11 for the ol' lady's cage. To get a set, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the AMA Government Relations Dept., Box 6114, Westerville, OH 43081.

Doctor debunks helmet safety myth

Finds accident rates much higher in states with lid laws

A study by Dr. Alexander R. Mackenzie, past president of the Motorcycling Doctors Association, statistically proves that mandatory helmet laws do not significantly lower motorcycle fatality rates and do dramatically increase the rate of motorcycle accidents.

In fact, the noted doctor states, "Society probably incurs a greater financial burden by compelling motorcyclists to wear a helmet" than it does paying for the medical care of those who don't wear one. Dr. Mackenzie also notes that between 1966 and 1976 virtually every state in the union except California had been blackmailed by the federal government into passing some sort of mandatory lid law. In May 1976, however,

President Gerald Ford signed a bill making it illegal for the Dept. of Transportation to withhold highway safety grants from states without bucket requirements. Since that time about 30 states have repealed their mandatory helmet laws.

"In view of the dire predictions of what would happen to motorcyclists if they rode without helmets, it is of interest," Mackenzie says, "to measure the effects of the change."

And the effects are startling. A five-year (1977-1982) comparison between helmet states and non-helmet states shows that there were 35,562 accidents and 880 fatalities per million-motorcycles-registered in the helmet-law states and 30,727 accidents and 887 fatalities per million registra-

tions in the free states. That means your chance of having an accident is 15.74 greater in a helmet law state and your chance of having a fatal accident is only 0.8 percent less.

"Expressed another way," Mackenzie says, "each additional death in the repeal states is balanced against 691 additional accidents in the mandatory helmet states."

Where it's at

"I'm not sayin' nothin.' It's a bum rap. I feel that if the courts railroad a person, they should let the man wear a hard hat. And if they don't allow Harleys in heaven, I'll ride mine in hell."

— A Marshall, Indiana, bro upon his conviction as a so-called habitual offender because he had two (count 'em, two) priors over the past twenty years.

'First and always, I will remain free'

I am what you, the general public, refers to as a "biker," and endure the persecution and prosecution that go along with having a beard, hair to my shoulders, and riding an American-made motorcycle.

I am not here to support or condone the actions of a few, who give us as a whole, the reputation of a group hell-bent on a never-ending path of rape, pillage, and plunder. Rather, I would like to share with you a few of the ideals bikers carry.

Bikers as a whole embody a deep-seated spirit of freedom not held by most Americans these days. It is the freedom of choice, such as whether or not to wear a helmet, the freedom felt answering the beckoning call of an open road, the freedom to go where you want, when you want, and how you want. We are not satisfied with the status quo. Things can always be better and usually turn out worse, but we doggedly pursue our lifestyle.

The eagle that represents our country, and symbolizes the spirit thereof, is found quite often on patches, T-shirts, and of course on our bikes. Why? Because we're proud of what it represents and not ashamed to make a statement to society and the whole world proclaiming it. Yes, we're loud and proud, and for a good reason. We live in, as a song you should all certainly be familiar with puts it, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

To be a biker you must be uncompromising to the utmost point of practicality and a little beyond. Whether in or out of traffic, you must be brave enough to face people who feel sure Attila the Hun, Jack the Ripper, Adolf Hitler and their likenesses make up your family tree and drive vehicles five times and upwards the combined weight of you and your machine. Do you get my drift?

Bikers share a bond of trust and brotherhood that comes from riding together. I'm not about to jeopardize my physical well-being by riding next to someone I don't trust or feel can't handle himself in a panic situation, thus leaving me hospitalized or worse as a result.

We have a willingness to help one another, whether it is a part for a "bro" who is down on his luck or bucks, a place to stay for a while, or just a helping hand, it doesn't matter to us. If your brother is in need, you help him 'cause you know beyond the shadow of a doubt he'll do the same for you when needed. How

many Yamahondazuki riders do you know who'd do the same?

If you see someone you think is a biker, look at his back. Ninety-nine times out of 100 he'll have on a shirt that carries the name of the dealership or cycle repair shop he helps support with his hard-earned dough. We support the local and national economies whenever possible, and without a doubt much more than we get credit for. When we do something right, no one remembers. When we do wrong, no one forgets!

As for the black leather jackets we seem to be so famous for wearing, let me say that this is not a cosmetic piece of wearing apparel. The ones that wear them for looks are nothing more than sidewalk-commando-want-to-be-biker-type image punks. A good jacket costs \$150 and up. I wear mine because it is very warm in cool weather, deflects flying debris encountered in my travels, and most importantly, it saves many layers of skin and meat from being ground off your body in the event you have to lay it down and slide to save your butt, or make an error in judgment and drop it on your own. I wear heavy leather steel-toed boots for similar reasons when riding.

Motorcycling is exhilarating and very rewarding to the true enthusiasts, but can deal you a harsh piece of consequence for a simple mistake. It will teach you how to survive by your wits, ingenuity and intuitions.

Another thing common to us is a great amount of pride. If you don't think I'm proud of the 1955 Harley that I have built, ridden, rebuilt and ridden again, you are badly mistaken. I know every nut and bolt on it, and most of them within it, as well as its capabilities and limitations. I have spent untold hours as a labor of love keeping up that old iron horse and have no regrets for doing so. Just in case you're wondering: yes, I am willing and able to do serious bodily harm to anyone trying to damage or steal my most prized possession.

But most of all, I'm proud of what I am. First and always, I will remain an individual, free to enjoy life as I choose, unwilling to compromise my values, and proud and brave enough to defend them. I think America needs more bikers, instead of the apathetic do-nothing society of planned obsolescent junk this once great and proud nation has become.

May you ride long and hard, and die free.

— Redbone, from the Willard (Ohio) Junction



The Massachusetts Appeals Court has upheld the murder convictions of that Billerica, Mass., father-and-son team who ran a biker off the road and beat him to death while he was lying unconscious. John Griffin and his son Michael are doing life in the state prison at Norfolk . . . **A 75-year-old man** in Bridgeton, N.J., has been sentenced to nine months in jail for driving drunk and killing a bro. Cager Charles Wood, who had a prior drunken-driving conviction, will be eligible for parole in 120 days. . . **The New Mexico Health and Environment Dept.** has made ramming a mandatory helmet law through the legislature its Number 1 priority for 1985.

The Lehigh Valley Chapter of ABATE of Pa. will hold its second annual swap meet May 5 at the Trexlertown Fire Co. in Trexlertown. For facts, call (215) 345-0170. . . **The Modified Motorcycle Assoc.** will hold a "frog jump for bikers, by bikers" on May 17, 18, and 19. Site is the Blue Oak Campground at Lake Don Pedro. To find out more, call (916) 442-4727 or fly a kite to 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. . . **The Quinte Region Chapter** of the Bikers Rights Organization is putting on a swap meet and bike show May 4 and 5 at the Dick Ellis Arena, Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

Pat-On-The-Back Dept.: A recent issue of the *Sidecarist* had some kind words about our "Soap Box" on unleaded gas. "In the midst of a noticeable lack of interest from the (other) newsstand motorcycle magazines in the EPA's proposal to eliminate . . . lead in gasoline comes a well-researched article on the subject in *Easyriders* . . . 'Feds tell bikers to take (unleaded) gas' was researched and written over a couple of months by ER editor Frank Kaisler and another staffer." Golly, and here we thought that the only thing Frank knew about gas was how to emit it . . . **Harley-Davidson** has reached tentative agreement with three union locals at their plants in Milwaukee and Tomahawk, Wis. The contracts would have expired at the end of March.

Yet another military brass hat has decided that he is George S. Patton reincarnate. Lt. Gen. W. F. Ulmer, Jr., base commander of Ft. Hood in Texas, has ordered all the men (and chicks, too) under his command to "wear properly fastened safety helmets and eye protection devices *whenever* and *wherever* they operate or ride upon a motorcycle." Which translates to on and off base, GI Joe . . . **And finally:** Biker Michael J. Betts is now the proud possessor of a bonafide "story to tell his grandchildren." Betts was riding his scooter through a campground in California City, Calif., when he was *run over by an airplane*. Seems this dude and his daughter had landed in the public campground, had a picnic with friends and were just taking off when Betts putted by. Betts, who was knocked off his scooter by the plane's right wing, had some fractured ribs and contusions. Now, as Paul Harvey would say, here's the rest of the story: The Piper Turbo Arrow was *demolished*, totalled, wasted. Maybe Betts is related to that famous Man of Steel. . .

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 ^{1,3}	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	No	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 10, ² Under 18, ³ Required even if bike has windscreen, ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized, ⁵ Lights on if bike is made after 1977, ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph, ⁷ Bikes of 1970 or newer, ⁸ If over 21, ⁹ Except drivers under 17 and passengers, ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights, ¹¹ Passengers must wear helmets, ¹² Passengers under 15 must wear helmets, ¹³ Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Screamin' Eagle says club down, not out

Back in issue number 140 (February 1985), we ran the news that the Screaming Eagles Motorcycle Workshop at the Oregon State Penitentiary at Salem had been ordered to disband by prison authorities.

We also published a letter by Screaming Eagle secretary Bob Rice in which he flung a number of inflammatory accusations at his former bros. Among other things, Rice charged that the club was outlawed because a bunch "of irresponsible wannabe fuckheads" joined up and made "chasin' the crank bag and tokin' the first order of business of every day."

Since publishing Rice's letter, we have received a number of responses from other former officers and members of the Screaming Eagles Workshop who allege that ex-Secretary Rice managed to get into the club under false pretenses and was "hiding out" in the prison's protective custody unit since even before the club was disbanded.

As we said when we ran Rice's letter, we weren't there when the shit went down and we can't swear to the truth of anybody's version of what happened to the Screaming Eagles. All we can do is print what the guys who were there say happened, you'll have to make your own decision whom to believe. So, in answer to Bob Rice, here follows a letter from ex-Screaming Eagle Sgt. At Arms Randy "The Bum" Hibdon.

Just so we can get the record right, I'll run down to you what's happened with Screaming Eagles Motorcycle Workshop. We are down, but not out, never out!

It's true that during the '84 Bike Show one .38-caliber shell was found in the area where the show was held, and two days later another one was turned in by some inmate.

Now it's really funny that this came down just as the joint was getting a new warden who just happens to hate bikers.

Yes, it's true that our Prez is in the hole for assault and our Treasurer for watching and not stopping it. But in prison life sometimes you have to fight, and that's all it was — a fist fight, nothing more. Our Prez got two and a half years in the hole and our Treas. 18 months. A hell of a lot more time than anyone else gets for fighting in here. Does that tell you anything? And, yes, our V.P. and hobbyshop man went down for allegedly conspiring to smuggle drugs both are doing a year in the hole. The administrators say that some time in '84 these two bros had drugs and/or sold drugs and/or caused drugs to be smuggled in, but that was testimony by the same wannabe that got beaten up. I mean, what the fuck, if that don't sound like revenge, what does? All four of the busted members are taking their cases to court and we have no doubt that they'll all win.

As for citizen R.L. Rice, the anti-establishment and anti-authority, Mr. Bad Biker, if he was all that and whatever else he'd like to be, why did he P.C. (protective custody) and transfer to the little joint? That's right the "R" stands for Rat and Rapo.

Need I say more?

No, you all haven't heard the last of S.E.M.W. We will get back up, and to all those brothers and sisters who have stood and stand beside us, our heart-filled thanks go out to you.

'Twas The Season

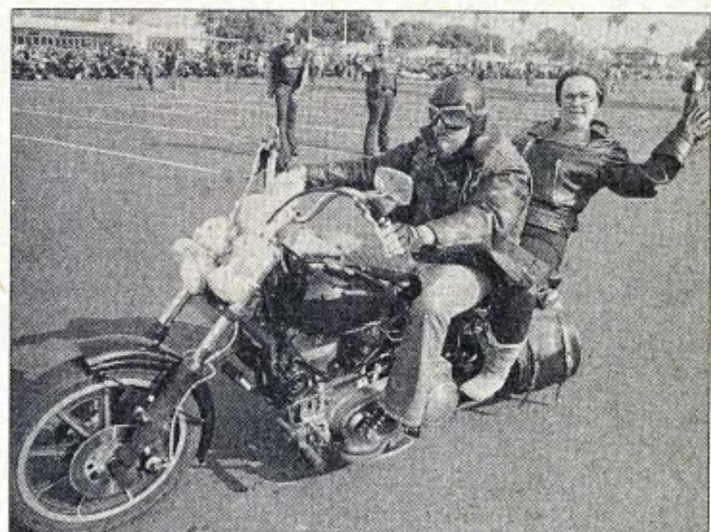
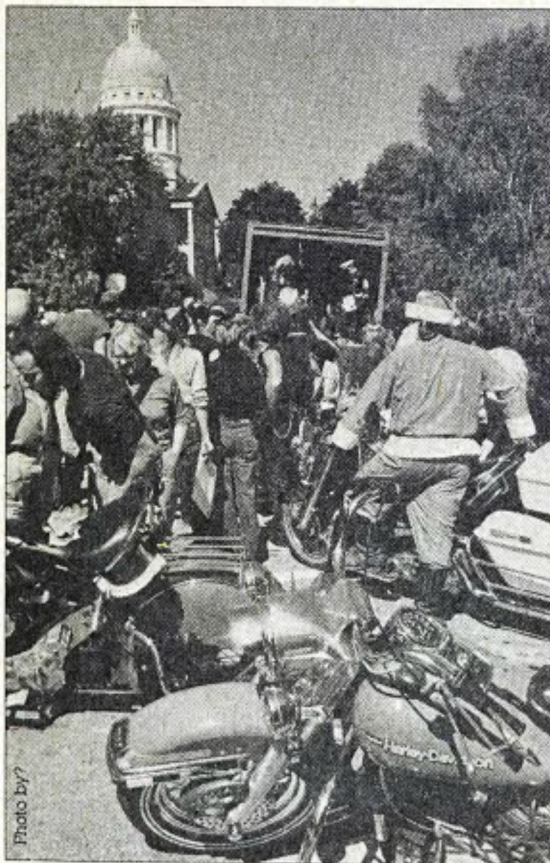


Photo by Kim Peterson

The toy run season is over and we'd like to tip our hats (biker caps, not skid lids) to those who did so much to help unfortunate kids last Christmas. We can't cover the hundreds of toy runs held worldwide, but here are a few samples of us bikers at our very best. At left, Bangor, Maine; below top, L.A., Calif.; below bottom, Chesapeake, Virginia.

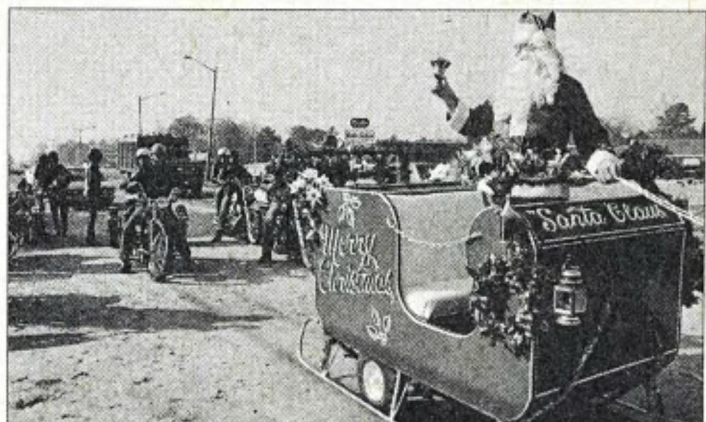


Photo from T.R. Vanhorne

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.



Easyriders

"If the mouse trap doesn't work, I'll call an exterminator."

A sweet young thing marries an old man for his money. On their wedding night she jumps into bed and he holds up five fingers.

"Oh, honey," she said with delight, "does that mean five times?"

"No, you pick one out."

—Gretta
Kempton, Germany

An old biker sat alone in a bar. When an attractive young woman came in and sat down near him he tried immediately to put the make on her. After several feeble attempts to take her home, she turned him down saying, "Oh, leave me alone. You're too old for any action."

The old biker replied, "Look, Toots, I may be too old to cut the cake, but I'm not too old to lick the frosting."

—M.M.
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

A father was shopping in a department store with his small daughter when the little girl suddenly pulled on his coat sleeve and said, "Daddy, I gotta go."

"In a few minutes, dear," the father replied.

"I gotta go *now*," the little girl insisted in a very loud voice.

To avoid a scene, a saleslady stepped forward and said, "That's all right, sir, I'll take her."

The saleslady and the little girl hurried off hand in hand. When they returned, the father asked his daughter, "Did you thank the nice lady for being so kind?"

"Why should I thank her?" retorted the little girl, as loud as before. "She had to piss, too."

—Klassy Lassy
Macon, Ga.



"Why did I ban Easyriders? See her? That's my wife!"

The mailman was about to retire and was walking his route for the last time. He reached the first house and the lady there gave him \$20 as a going away gift. The lady at the next house, gave him another \$20 as a going away gift. At the third house, the woman took him inside, laid him, and gave him a dollar. Curious, the mailman asked her why she'd given him a dollar and mentioned that everyone else was giving him \$20's.

"Well," said the woman, "I talked to my husband about what we should give you as a going away gift, and he said, 'Fuck 'im — give him a dollar!'"

—R.C.
Fresno, Calif.

One morning little Danny came running into the house crying, "Mama, Mama, I hurt my finger."

Mama said, "Let me kiss it and make it better."

A few minutes later, little Danny came running into the house again, crying, "Mama, Mama, I skinned my knee."

Again, Mama said, "Let me kiss it and make it better."

A while later, little Danny came running into the house, crying, "Mama, Mama, I hurt my peter. Please kiss it and make it better!"

Mama said, "You're getting more like your father every day!"

—Danny
Huntsville, Tex.



Easyriders

"It doesn't look like a taco to me."



A young Russian visited his folks the day after his wedding. His father took him aside and asked, "How did things go last night?"

"Pretty good, Pop," he said. "The way she was acting, I think I could have fucked her."

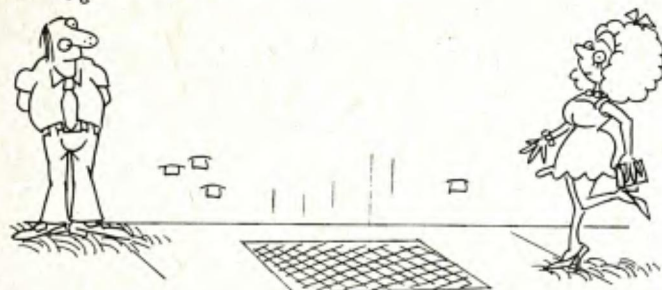
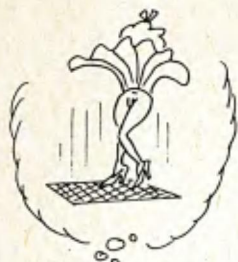
—Coke
Carson City, Nev.

One night the frigid ol' lady came home with her clothes all ripped apart. She told her ol' man that a cop had stopped her and then sexually assaulted her. "That's too bad, dear," said the bro, "but knowing you, it wasn't a moving violation."

—B.B.J.
Simi Valley, Calif.

A bro was getting real romantic with a girl he'd just met. "Oh, my sweet," he whispered, "I'll kiss your lovely nose, I'll kiss your beautiful breasts, I'll kiss your little belly button, I'll kiss your fuzzy pussy." Just as he was about to go down on the chick, she let out a fart. "Quiet, my jealous one," the bro said. "You're next!"

—Little Steve
New York, N.Y.



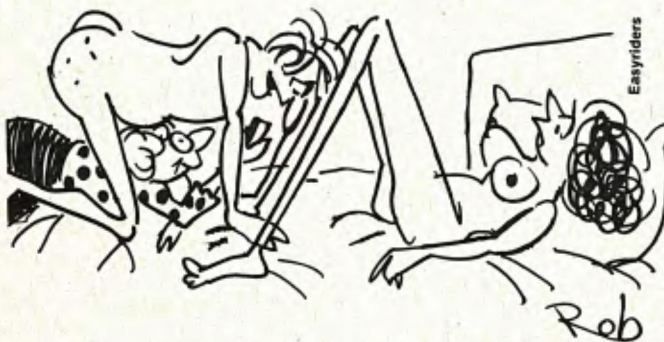
A newly arrived Russian diplomat went to the movies, bought a ticket, and walked in to see the film. A minute later he reappeared at the box office and purchased another ticket. Then a few minutes after that he came back and asked for yet another. "What's the problem?" asked the cashier. "I've already sold you two tickets."

"I know," said the Russian, "but every time I try to get in, the guy at the door takes 'em and tears 'em up."

—Albert Cox
Maury, N.C.

A Russian was recently convicted by a Soviet court for calling the minister of transportation a fool. He got 20 years in Siberia — five for slander and 15 years for revealing a state secret.

—Professor Whiteshoes
Trenton, N.J.



"Please, Mom, I never forget to wear my rubbers!"

Two babies were sleeping in their crib when the little girl woke up screaming, "Rape! Rape!" at the top of her voice.

Her twin brother woke up, looked over at her sleepily, and said, "Shut the fuck up — you're laying on your damn pacifier!"

—Cooter
Odessa, Tex.



"Aw, quit complaining! We saved the best part."

The Avon lady, alone in an elevator, ripped off a real paint-peeler. She quickly opened her sample case, pulled out a can of pine-scented air freshener and sprayed it around. About that time the elevator stopped and a biker stepped in. "What the fuck is that smell?" he asked.

Proud of her Avon products, she replied, "What do you think it is?"

After taking a big whiff, the biker responded, "It smells like someone shit on a Christmas tree!"

—On the run
Somewhere, Mont.

"Would you believe it, George," a biker said to a close bro, "my four-year-old son knocked up his babysitter."

"A four-year-old boy? Why, that's impossible!"

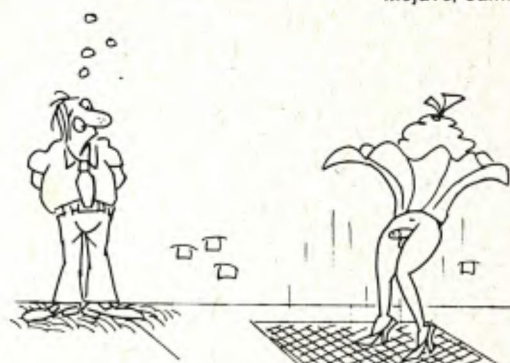
"Not at all. The little sonuvabitch punctured all my condoms with a pin."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

"The trouble with Fred," commented the attractive model to her roommate, "is that once he starts kissing you, he never knows where to stop."

"That's funny," said her friend. "The last time I went out with him, he found a great place."

—Roadrunner
San Antonio, Tex.



A DOWN BRO'S SAD SONG

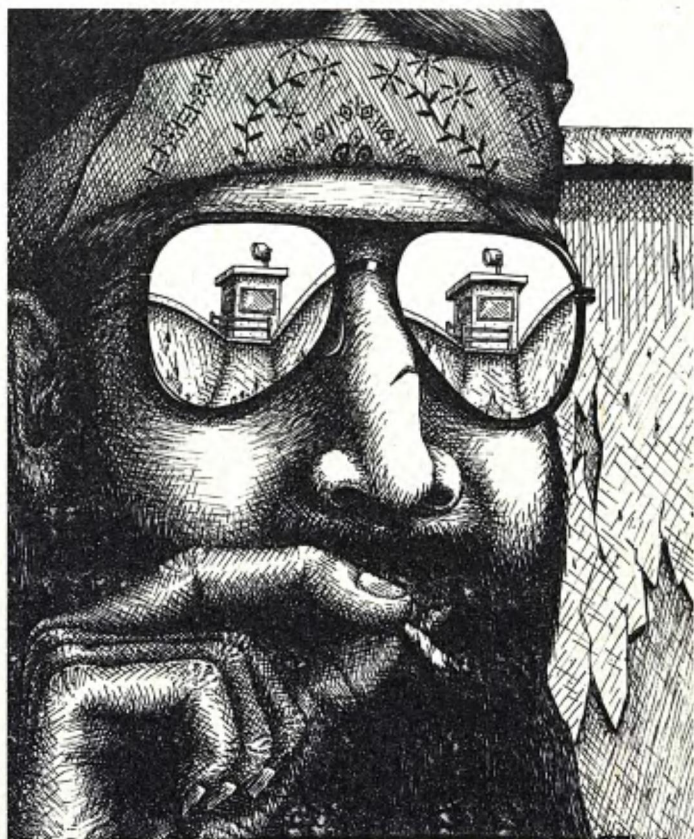


Illustration by Tim Rhoades

To you, bitch, you dirty sleaze,
I have something to tell you, so listen up, please.
I was your man and you were my honey,
but the friendship we had went no further than money.
I almost thought our love was real —
then I got busted and you were the squeal.
When we got picked up, I kept my mouth shut,
but you had to talk, you cheap little slut.
The law made you a deal and this was the plan,
you signed a statement and turned in your man.
You told the whole story to the police:
You stayed in the car while I did the geese.
Then the cops told you that you could go free;
they had who they wanted behind lock and key.
You got out of the precinct — boy, how you ran,
but I was booked and sent to the can.
I saw the judge and he set a high bail;
I couldn't swing it, I stayed in jail.
I was strung out; everyday was the same.
I was the loser in a very dear game.
I spent nine months in jail and never even knew

the reason for that was actually you.
I was told of a witness who'd seen the whole deal,
that's when I figured that you were the squeal.
It took me a while to see the light;
when I finally did, I knew I was right.
Once I knew that I couldn't go free,
I talked to the judge and copped a plea.
I hope that someday your conscience clears;
because of you, bitch, I'm doing four years.
Everyday that I'm here, you'll be on my mind;
the thought I'll be thinking won't be so kind.
So don't you go thinking your troubles departed,
as a matter of fact, they're not even started.
So, sleaze, I give this message to you —
your payment's expected, the interest is due.
Now, before I end this so-called melody,
I want you to know of one last felony.
When I'm free and my punishment's done,
the first thing I'll do is get a new gun.
You've broken my heart and fucked with my head;
my promise to you is soon you'll be dead.

—Ape



Mipaculous Mutha Tells All

Matter Of Timing

I've been locked up so long I'm startin' to wonder what pussy feels like. I wonder if I'll go nuts when I get out? What do ya think I can do to keep that from happening?

Baby Huey
Cheshire, Conn.

- Go nuts *before* ya get out.

Two Out Of Three

Is it true that your cunt is so big Spider uses it as his private hot tub? I bet he splashes on your fish juice like aftershave.

Cowboy
Concord, Calif.

- He uses it to lubricate his Hog. What the fuck is private?

Tech Tip

I've had this problem bothering me over the last number of years and I figure that you must be the only one who can help me with it.

Is there a proper way to wipe one's ass? It seems some of the women I know wipe their asses sitting down, and others wipe their asses standing up. What would you say is the proper way to do it?

Stubbles
Trail, B.C.

P.S. Don't Cabbage Patch dolls suck?

- You answered yer own question. Start with the ugly, slant-eyed doll's mug and pull it through from front to back.

He Says What?

I'm down with eight on ten and have been pounding the pud heavy now for a year. This prison freak wants to give me a little head. Is it cool or would I be a fool? I mean, it walks and talks like a girl — it even calls me daddy! A mouth is a mouth, but I can't help thinkin' about what's hanging between its legs.

Wrong Way
Shelton, Wash.

- I checked with Spider and he said to keep yer crank clear of *anything* that calls you daddy.

Who's Dull?

I'm sittin' in this shithole wondering what you really look like. Boredom is a wonderful thing.

Van
Vacaville, Calif.



- So is my snatch.

Leatherneck Blues

I'm a Marine stuck in Okinawa, Japland. If you think your cunt smells like a dead man's asshole, you should sniff some of these bitches. I'll bet that some of these whores would make your crabs and scabs be fit for a king. Besides having to suffer with the rank pussy here, I'm also stuck hearing these rice burners buzzing around.

I thought maybe if you came over here and started blowing cunt farts everywhere the Japs would leave. If not, I may have to drop some napalm to clear the air.

A Yank In Oki
Okinawa, Japan

- I didn't know crabs like rice. Maybe I ought to add some to my diet and give the little critters a treat.

Persian Passion

If you were a Persian princess, would you rather have your pretty pink panties punched by the pulsating penis of a Persian prince or have your big boobs battered and bruised by a big-balled,

blue-balled, bold Bulgarian bastard?

Or, you could always come over here. It's been a while since these two down-but-not-out Aussies had anything like you.

Stick and Gil
C.V. Prison, Australia

- Who wears or wants panties?

What's In A Name

I know this girl in Norfolk, Virginia. Her nickname is "Boobs Magoo" and she is a fine-lookin' girl. She would probably make me a real good ol' lady, and on top of that, she says she loves me. But, considering my luck with women, it will probably fuck up like it always has in the past.

She has sandy-blonde hair, a nice shape, and a righteous pair of tits. She's also one of the best lays I've ever had. What I want from you is some solid advice on how to avoid losing her. Help me. I need it bad!

Thumper
NWS Yorktown

- Fuck her blind.

Dream On, Bro

A while back I caught a short stretch for some petty little bullshit. My ol' lady said she would stick by me. She visited me twice and wrote a couple of times and then quit both the visiting and the writing.

I'm lookin' for the right way and the right words to tell her thanks for the whole lot of nothin' she's done for me. I also want to tell her to kiss my ass, fuck off for good, and to have my shit packed when I get out in a couple of months. How should I say it?

One Mad Sumbitch
Winston-Salem, N.C.

- Have yer shit packed in a couple o' months? You must be the prison jester. She probably had yer shit sold and hauled away before yer side of the bed was cool.

Another Crank Query

I got my first Hog when I was 18 and all I did was ride, get fucked up, and be wild. But now I'm in prison where I can't do any of them things and the one I miss most is fuckin'. Now all I can do is jack off, but I've jacked my dick so much my hand is loose and I can't switch hands because I miss strokes. I won't fuck with punks, so what do I do now?

Mobman
Wahenta, Fla.

- Be thankful yer hand got loose before yer crank fell off.

No Can Do

It's feeding time in this dungeon and as I gag on this so-called peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, I wonder if you'd collect your toe jam in jars to send to prisoners in institutions.

Inmate
Passaic Co. Jail, N.J.

- Sorry, but it's considered contraband. Guess the screws figure you could use it to melt the bars.

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. ■

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

It's always easier to shine it on, to say "Fuck it. What's the use of fighting? The man's got me in this cage, and whatever shit he pulls, there's nothin' I can do about it."

When the turds hit the propeller, when you've been fucked over, physically and/or mentally, there's always the temptation to take your lumps and avoid the grief of trying to get some justice. After all, how often do inmates with legitimate gripes get any kind of relief in court? To be honest, not often. But sometimes the guys inside the cages do win a few, and when they do, it makes things a little bit more humane for all the bros who take a fall after them. And, just as important, they can also pick up a nice couple of bucks to ease their own way back into the free world.

To prove it, here are a few examples of cases inmates won in 1984.

A North Carolina prisoner got into a dispute with a guard over a cup of coffee and, reaching through the bars of his cell, shoved the screw's shoulder. The screw, a lieutenant, responded by breaking out a fire hose and blasting the inmate on the head and neck while some of his brother guards pumped tear gas into the cell.

When they were sure the inmate was helpless, they entered his cell and beat the shit out of him.

The inmate proceeded to sue the warden, the state director of prisons and the state secretary of corrections, all of whom defended the suit by claiming that they could not be held liable for the overreaction of one or more of their employees to a particular incident.

Though the First Circuit Court of Appeals agreed that supervisors and administrators cannot be held responsible for the misconduct of a guard when they had no advance warning that the misconduct was going to occur, it still affirmed a lower court award of \$32,500 to the inmate.

Why? Because the evidence indicated that the use of high-pressure hoses on inmates in one-man cells



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

was an almost regular occurrence at that prison, and that such practice could cause severe injuries.

Said the court of the three defendants' responsibility to protect inmates in their institutions from this sort of treatment, "It is inconceivable that an administrator with direct statutory responsibility for proscribing the operating rules of the prison system would be unaware of a practice as rampant and as widely approved of as the use of water hoses against securely confined inmates."

Then there was the case of the Waukesha, Wisconsin, county jail inmate who got a little angry and started shouting threats at guards from inside his locked cell.

At one point he started twirling an unidentified object, wrapped in a towel, over his head and three guards were ordered to go into his cell and grab the towel.

Carrying out their assignment, one of the guards used a six-cell flashlight and another wrapped a set of ankle chains around his fist. Entering the cell, the guard with the ankle chains slugged the inmate

while the dude with the flashlight cracked him on the skull at least three times.

Awarding the prisoner \$2000, the court ruled that "This amount of force, in a situation where there was no threat to the life of a guard or another inmate, was completely unjustified." In fact, the court added that "While it might be justifiable for an officer to carry a weapon if he were required to enter a cell alone to subdue a prisoner who possessed a weapon, the court does not believe it was necessary in this case where three guards were entering the cell."

In another case, two inmates at the Missouri Training Center for Men got tired of fighting off the faggots and sued the center's superintendent for failing to protect them from sexual assaults.

Considering the case, a U.S. circuit court judge found that of more than 300 sexual assaults reported over a three-year period, the superintendent had referred only ten to the local district attorney for investigation and prosecution.

The court also found that the superintendent had no policy for repairing defective cell locks and that guards were deliberately stationed where they would not be aware of most in-cell sexual assaults.

In finding for the inmates, the court ruled that the superintendent had ignored the inmates' constitutional right to be safe from attack. At this writing, a monetary award to the inmates has not yet been determined.

Sometimes, of course, The Man's desire to throw his weight around is felt by a prisoner's loved ones just as much as it is by the prisoner. For easily understood reasons, those loved ones — afraid of losing the pitifully few visitation rights they have — rarely fight back. Maybe they should.

A Massachusetts sheriff ordered all visitors to his jail — including infants — strip-searched regardless of whether they were making contact or non-contact visits.

After being

Continued on page 109

Two-Wheel Tale

Sarah's Sidehack

by Mike J. McCann

I found the old steel-bodied Harley hack in Brooklyn, of all places. It was stashed in a corner of this dude's garage and, save for accumulated dust, it was as clean as his ad had claimed.

"\$875 takes 'er," said the urbanized bro. "I just have to strip the mounts off my scooter and she's yours."

I reached for my billfold, knowing better than to attempt an alternate offer. "I'll come back in the morning with a van," I said.

"A sidecar?" blurted my ol' lady when I tactfully dropped the news of my purchase during supper.

"Sarah's only five months old! Don't you think you're rushing things?"

"Well," I began, "I always told you that I intended for us to be a riding family. I'm just not the station-wagon type. Used hacks are few and hard to come by, so I couldn't pass this deal up. Besides, it's gonna take a while for me to get this tub into the shape I want."

"Oh, you mean it'll be ready about the time Sarah starts school," Cindy said knowingly. "Well, that's okay, then."

In the next few weeks, the rework-

ing of that '59 hack became something of an obsession with me. A righteous shop owner and longtime friend named Dennis offered me the use of his facilities to properly situate a systematic approach to my project. The day that I arrived and commenced my assault on the hack's musty interior, he aborted work on a few paying projects to throw in with my efforts and start the outer bodywork.

Time blurred and passed. After about 10 straight days of countless brews, varied tones of carpeting, foam-stuffed reupholstery, a few more brews for stamina, nearly two full gallons of bondo, wiring for a running light and stereo, still more brew for no good reason, some paint magic from an airbrush and gun, the machining of a tapered, threaded axle to accommodate a mag and a few final chugs of Milwaukee's finest suds, we stepped back from the newly refurbished hack and said: "Fuck it! It's done!"

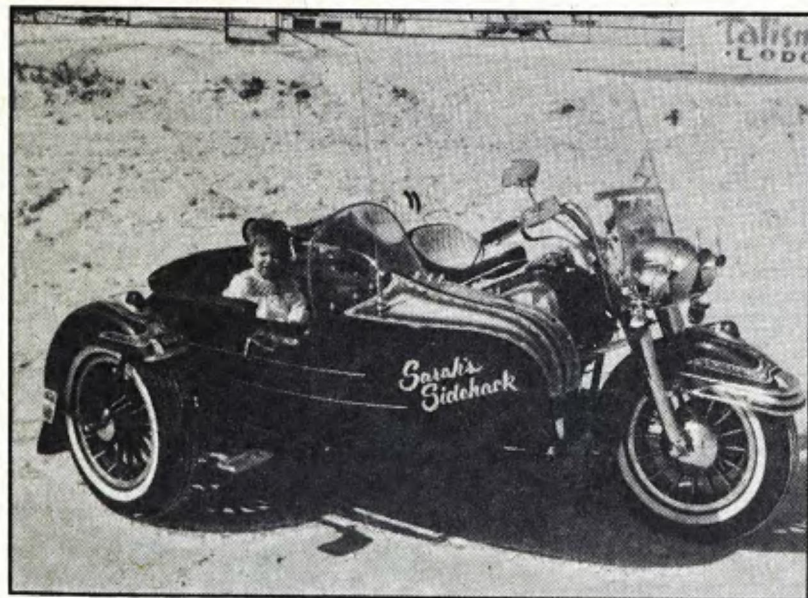
I was rolling my sidehack combo toward the street when Dennis offered me some words of advice. "You've been riding a long time, Mike. But hackin's a totally different story. It's all forced steering. No

more leaning into turns. Do yourself a favor and find some backroads to practice on for a while."

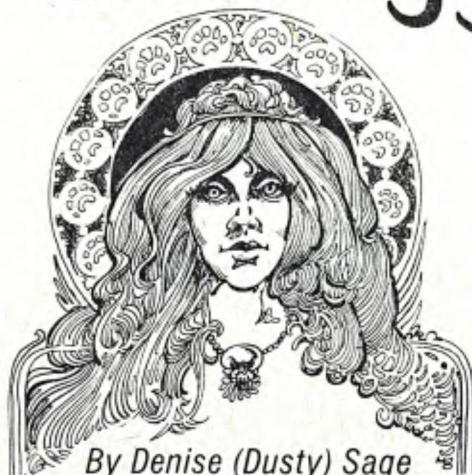
"Practice? Fuck practice!" I snorted arrogantly. "Route 109's as good a road to learn on as any." The bustling four-laner in question was right in front of us. I started my bike and disregarding Dennis' swaying head, I spied an opening in the traffic flow, kicked 'er into gear and thundered away.

Right. I should have listened to the damned know-it-all!

Having nearly ten years and 70,000 miles of two-wheeled travel under one's belt makes a rider rigidly instinctual and resistant to instantaneous changes in riding techniques. As my mount leaned to one side while traveling the downgrade of the shop's concrete driveway, instinct made me lean toward the other side to counter an impending fall that, realistically, simply could not occur. The consequence put me into an aimless, broad-spanned U-turn through four full lanes of traffic. On the final leg of the U, it was necessary to lock the brakes before striking the curb in front of Dennis' shop. It was hard to ignore his throaty *Continued on page 119*



Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage
Astrological Profile For Taurus

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☾ Behind-the-scenes bull-shit has your balls in an uproar. Nix on any open confrontations (like dotting the clown's eye). Use some sneaky tactics of your own instead. Fight fire with fire and burn the bum. Don't let this one slide, or you'll run the risk of getting your testicles twisted a second time. A private meeting with a tight partner proves profitable, but it may require mucho patience. Hang in there.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

☾ Happy birthday! Hang on to what's yours and go for everything else. This month brings an extra-big bulge in your britches and plenty of places to put it (like knotholes, a jelly jar, your mother-in-law's mouth, a neighbor's asshole, maybe your ol' lady's armpit). If you're itching to switch jobs, though, think twice. Then stick in your head, wiggle your ears and see how it feels before quitting that old reliable.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

☾ This month catches you with a constipated cash flow and it's gonna take more than Ex-Lax to unplug the problem. You may have to cut off a partnership that's pooped out and left you holding the mess, which could mean making a decision that puts your dick in the dirt for a while. Later, stick to the reaming and forget the scheming. It's time to regroup.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

☾ This month's hardon is one big headache. First you hump yourself into a hernia, hook your nuts on a hangnail, and slip it into the wrong hole (ripping the skin on the head of your dick). Worse yet, you can't get no satisfaction because of some recent weird medication. If you do get it up, you can't get it off without the aid of a milking machine and a case of Vaseline!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

☾ Time to take notice of the recent dribble in your drawers. Unless it's just leftovers from a wet dream, get your dong down to the doctor on the double. A rubber-gloved finger up the reararoom will tell the tale. (It also smells!) Don't neglect your recreational region now or the next piece of ass will stir up more than a stink. Look before you leap or you'll find you've been left limp to use your crank for a dipstick.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

☾ This is not the time to blab till your lips are limp or to let your schemes leak out. Put a lid on major decisions until midmonth when it will be prime time to contact VIPs and close deals. Then you can tie a can to hassles and head trips, and hang in for the home stretch. Play your cards right and you can come out a winner for a lot less effort than it usually takes.

and juicy — especially when he drops a pastrami sandwich all over you.

Some famous Tauruses, past and present, are: Lee Majors, Ann-Margaret, Candice Bergen, Willie Nelson, Rick Nelson, Barbra Streisand, Glen Campbell, W. Randolph Hearst, and Shirley Temple.

Tauruses are susceptible to strep throat, laryngitis, swollen gonads, and money signs between their toes. As they mature, some of 'em crap their pants whenever they cough and fart when they laugh.

Taurus makes a compassionate mate and a down-to-earth buddy who'll always tell it like it is. He'll also bail you out with a buck or two (so what if he charges interest?), feed your face, cheer you up, and balance your checkbook (for a minimal fee, of course). It's not that he's stingy, he's merely frugal. If you're looking for a bargain, take along a Taurus. He knows quality and won't let you settle for second-best of anything.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

☾ Get your buns out of a bind by not beating around the bush. Don't underestimate your experience, charm, and plain ol' guts. Get your act together and perform for the proper people. Not only will you earn applause, but extra bucks to boot. So get your gonads goin' in the right direction. The effort will grab ya some unexpected goodies.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

☾ Don't head over without checking to see who's behind you this month. Someone thinks you're a real turkey, so watch out or you'll find yourself getting stuffed with a boot to the butt. Truth is, someone else fucked up and you're left holding the bag. Wise up fast. Find a clever way out and roll with the punches, if you can, while trying to keep your nuts out of a sling.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

☾ You sure could use some heavyweight oil to help you slide through this one. Forgotten citations and misplaced receipts come back to fuck with ya. Rummage through the mess in ye olde garage, etc., then set yourself straight red-tape-wise. If you don't, this will turn out to be as irritating as sand in your Vaseline or a colony of crabs on your crank. Aside from that, however, this will be a real ho-hummer.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

☾ For once, it's advisable to take advice from your relatives without fear of getting the shaft. Listen up on an offer that can add up to a bigger bankroll in the future (especially if it pertains to property). You supply the brains and someone else will provide the bucks. Keep your fly zipped long enough to clench this juicy deal, don't forget to read the fine print, and good luck!

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

☾ Looks like your ol' bod is ready to take a real nosedive. Are ya spending more time on the crapper than usual? Been noticing strange lumps in your stools? Taking longer to reload between bangs? Are your nuts hanging down to your knees? Best take inventory on the last time you had yourself a good nod and woke up without a hangover. Maybe you should sleep through that second piece of hair pie.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

☾ Someone who tickles your testicles will now become a cling-on between your cheeks, causing a whole rash of problems later. Pussies play games, too, and this one isn't going to play fair — she's out to home-stead your horn. Don't be too softhearted and fall for the old tears-and-runny-nose routine. Otherwise, it's just your average party-hearty, putt-your-pants-off sorta month.

Centerfield/John Fogerty: About nine years ago Fogerty vanished into the woodwork. That he was no longer a part of the rock scene wasn't exactly big news. Even before he turned up missing in action, Creedence Clearwater Revival (among the worst band names of all time) had begun to bark and sputter like a Sportster with a burned valve. Their 1972 album, **Mardi Gras**, was a stinkburger of spectacular proportions and the band was put to sleep by a merciful vet in Bakersfield, California, later that year.

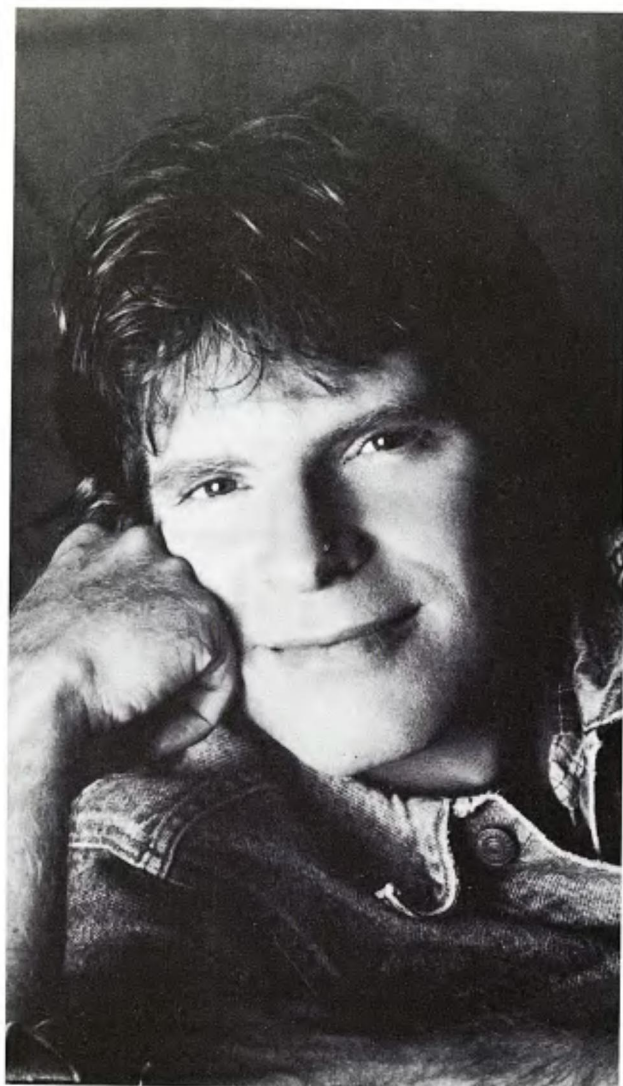
Oh, don't get me wrong. I'm a Creedence fan — or was, anyway. To tell the truth, their stuff hasn't aged real well for me. A lot of it sounds kinda forced and hokey when I hear it on the radio. I'm probably pissin' off all you Fogerty jock-sniffers by sayin' this, which means the mag will get a bunch of letters callin' me an obnoxious, shit-for-brains asshole.

I might as well rile a few more zealots by saying that for me, hearing Creedence today somehow reminds me of the whole putrid, stuck-in-the-sixties media jackoff. I'm talkin' about bullshit movies like "The Big Chill" and its potbellied nostalgia. Or stale musical remakes like the Honey-drippers' "Sea of Love," a tune with all the nostalgic charm of a used rubber you tossed out the car window after porkin' some hairy-legged fat broad in 1969. That was the year Creedence Crudwater broke big with "Proud Mary," now an old wheezebag of a tune, recorded by everybody from Wayne Newton to Menudo.

When **Centerfield** showed up in the mail, I approached it with mixed feelings. The idea of hearing Fogerty after all that time was intriguing, I had to admit. But not having heard a note out of him for so long, I halfway expected the album to be an attempt to get back on the charts by exhuming the rotted corpse

DOWNTIME

BY THE AUSTIN ANIMAL



John Fogerty

of Clarence Crapwater.

Well, here and there in **Centerfield** you'll run into the cadaver's moldy aroma, but it's a damn good album and Fogerty has come roarin' back with some kickass rockers that he wrote, played, recorded, and produced himself. I guess if you want something done right...

The hit from the album is, of course, "The Old Man Down The Road," a tune that sounds like CCR at its best. Indeed, it sounds so much like the group that

when I first heard it I couldn't shake the feeling that Fogerty was doing a remake of some tune on one of the group's albums. I just couldn't recall which one. Anyway, the tune's a toe-tapper and a neck-snapper, recalling Dale Hawkins' "Susie Q," Quicksilver's version of Bo Diddley's "Who Do You Love," and stuff like that.

Other solid cuts on side one include "Rock And Roll Girls" and "Big Train (From Memphis)." The first is an unpretentious rocker with a

great sax break and Fogerty's infectious and funny half-yodel. The second tune is a tribute to Elvis and the power of his early hits like "Mystery Train." Fogerty captures the characteristic echo and the lean sound of Sun Records, where Elvis recorded before he was King.

Side two's highlights are the title cut and "I Can't Help Myself," a good-spirited tune that evokes the edgy adrenaline feeling you have when you know something big or weird is about to happen. "Centerfield" is my favorite track, a truly inspired, exuberant tune about baseball and feelin' great because you know you can cut it in the game. But the tune could just as well be describing the way you feel on a warm spring Saturday with your bike gleamin' beneath new wax, a full tank, money in your pocket, and your ol' lady looking like a million bucks. Like Fogerty says, "Put me in, coach. I'm ready to play today."

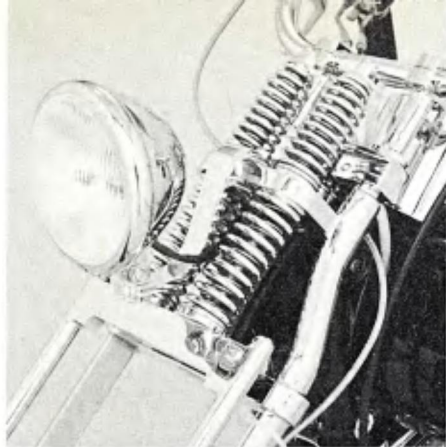
There are a few clinkers on the album. I had to open the windows for a breath of fresh air after hearing Fogerty struggle to be socially relevant in the tedious "I Saw It On TV." Another tune, "Searchlight," gropes to say something profound but can't figure out what. I hate to think what Randy Newman could do with this kind of material if he decided to parody Fogerty like he did ELO on his **Born Again** album. And finally, "Zanz Kant Danz," a tune about a little pig who's a pickpocket, is just plain stupid. Send donations to the office of your local "Help John Fogerty Sober Up And Cut The Crap Foundation."

Centerfield isn't exactly the ass-puckering masterpiece some of the reviews have made it out to be, but it's better than having your balls smashed to jelly with a sledgehammer. On the other hand, having your nuts mushed doesn't generally cost seven bucks. ■

RIDE OF A LIFETIME

When a rider of three decades' standing tells you a certain bike is the best scooter he's ever been on, it ain't a bad idea to pay some attention.





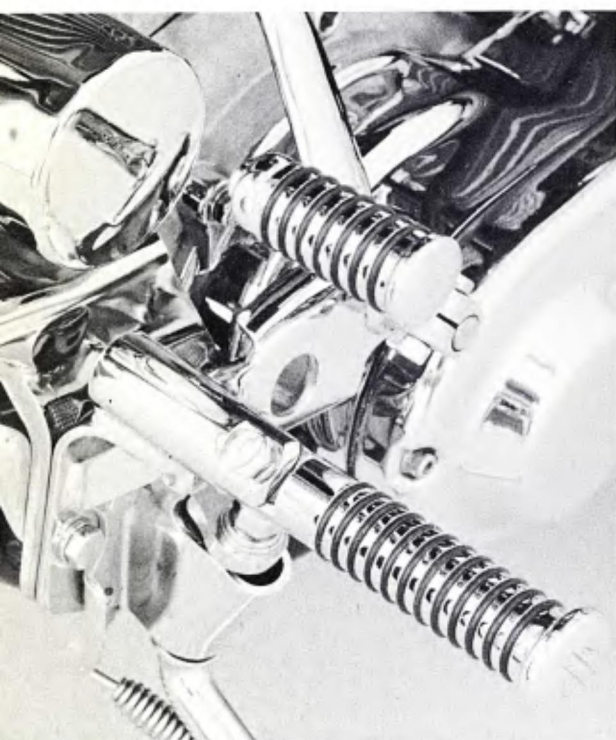
While it isn't exactly accurate to say that Harvey Lew wheeled out of his mother's womb riding a Harley, he did get his first taste of life on two wheels at a very early age, and since then it seems like he's hardly ever been able to get enough.

That first taste, incidentally, was 30 years and a lot of

Hogs — all rigids except for one swingarm — ago. And, like most of us who've been in the life for a while, Harvey was pretty sure he knew what he wanted in a new ride before he went out to get it.

"My last bike was a custom panhead," he says. "When I decided I wanted to replace it, I went out looking for a bare-bones rigid I could have

built to my design. Then one of my buddies told me that Harley was putting their new engine into this Softail frame. It sounded like a great idea so I went to the dealer and ordered one, sight unseen. A few weeks later it came in, I rode it away from the shop, and it was great. But I knew what style bike I wanted, so I rode right to the Rock 'n' Roll



Photos by Pete Chiodo



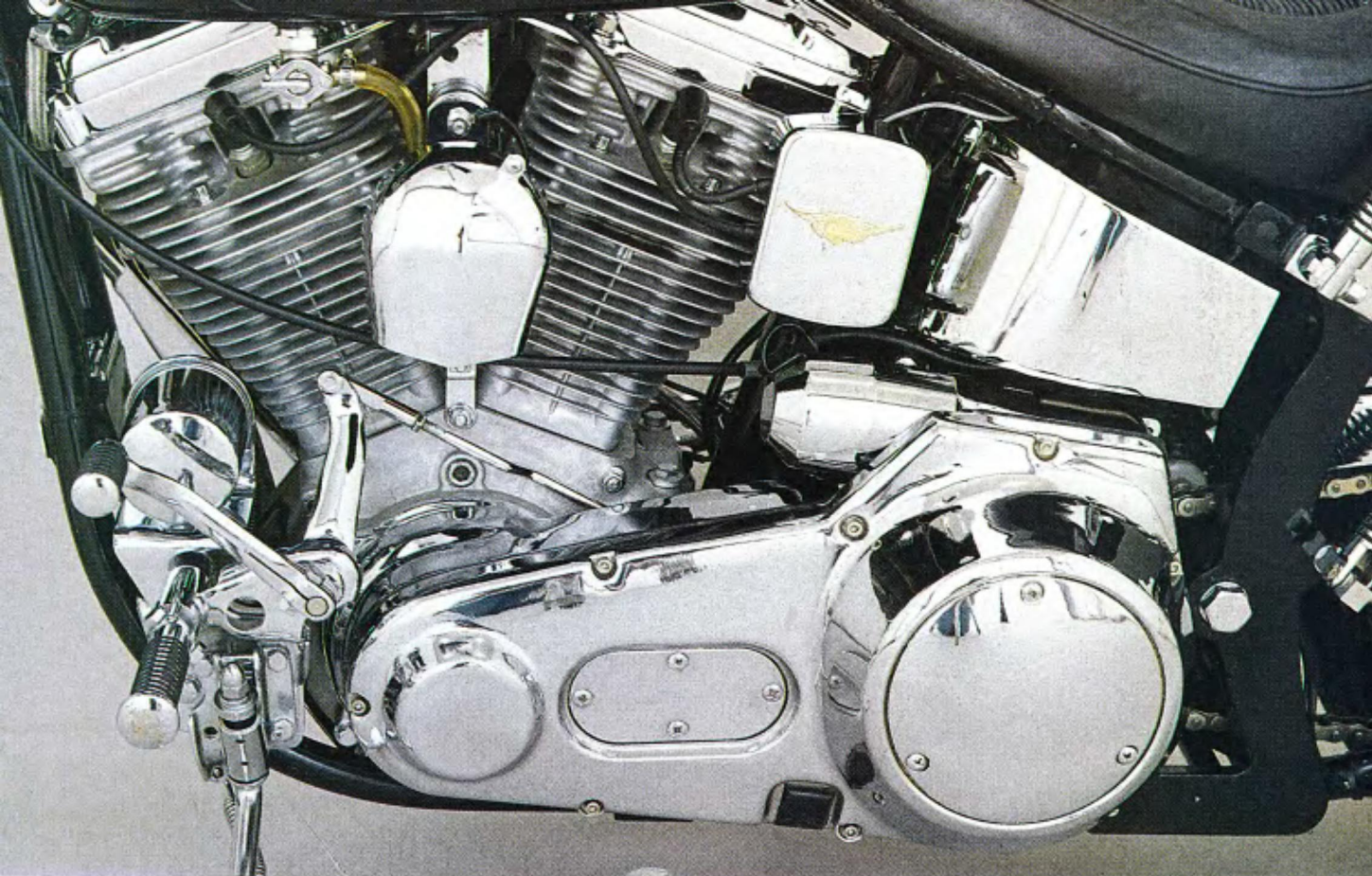
Owner: Harvey and Teri Lew		City: Rolling Hills Estates, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Rock & Roll Enter.		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1984 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Softail		Type: Softail	
Value: \$25,000		Rake: 4 degrees over	
Assembly by: Rock & Roll/K. Dealy		Stretch: 1½ in.	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: stop and signal lights	
Chroming by: Model & Paramount		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: pullbacks/internal wiring	
Year: 1984		Risers: 3½-in. custom	
Model: Evolution		Fender(s): cut fatbob/inlaid taillight	
Rebuilder: Bob Mast/Bob Pymn		Headlight: 100-watt halogen	
Ignition: electronic		Taillight: custom-mounted	
Displacement: 1340cc		Speedo: tach instead	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Bob Mast		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: stock		Electrics: high-output alternator	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 5-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: Screaming Eagle		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): Screaming Eagle		Oil system: braided steel	
Lifters: hydraulics		Primary cover: factory	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: modified	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: Rock & Roll/tool pouch	
Pipes: custom straight pipes		Height: 14 in.	
Muffler(s): chicken wire		Material: ½-in. hex stock	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: wide glide springer	
Year: 1984		Extension: 9 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: custom light bracket	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: Rock & Roll		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: H-D
Painter: Prestige Too/M. Cordora		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black with blue Murano		Tire: IBC	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: H-D juice
Special paint: striping by McGoo			
Other special modifications: Engraving design by Teri Lew.			

Enterprises shop where Kevin (the top kick over there) and I had been working over the plans. A hundred miles after it left the factory crate, this Softail was torn down to the nuts and bolts."

All together, what with locating parts and getting stuff painted and all, the bike was down about seven months. but, Harvey says, the wait was

well worth it.

"It runs stupendously," Harvey says of his custom Softail after more than a solid year in the saddle. "I've never ridden a bike that ran this well. I've always ridden rigids, except for this one swingarm, and I'm used to either a stiff straight ride or a softer but not as precise ride. This damn bike runs solid *and* true."





Of course, everybody loves their own bike. If they didn't, they wouldn't be riding it, right? Harvey, however, has got more than his own opinion to back up his bragging.

He's loaned his bike to a lot of his bros for "test" rides, and just about all of them have been blown away by its combination of speed, handling, and looks.

In fact, Harvey says, four of his buddies have since gone out and bought Softails of their own. How's that for a convincing sales pitch?

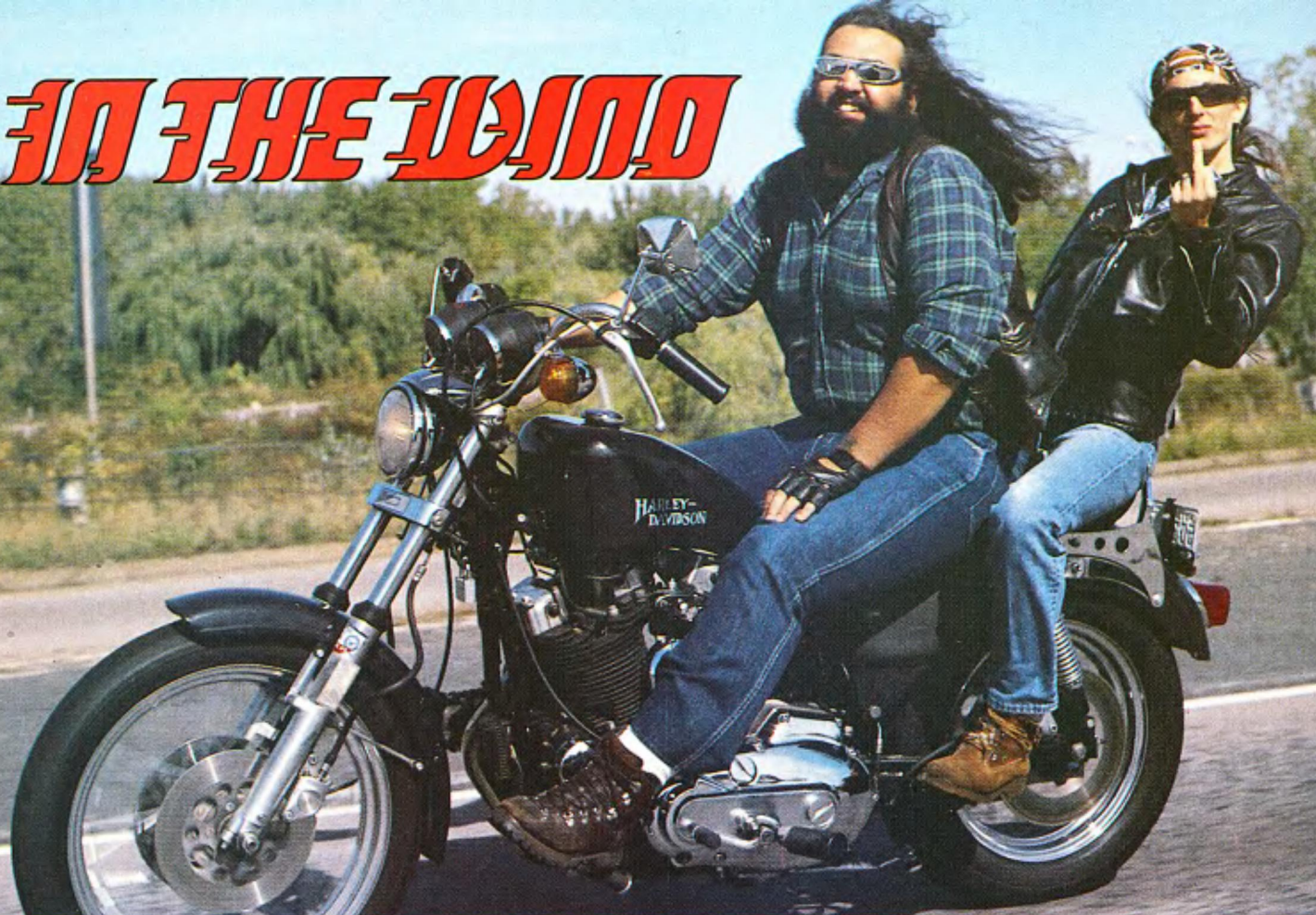
—Grape



Photos by Pete Chiodo



IN THE WIND



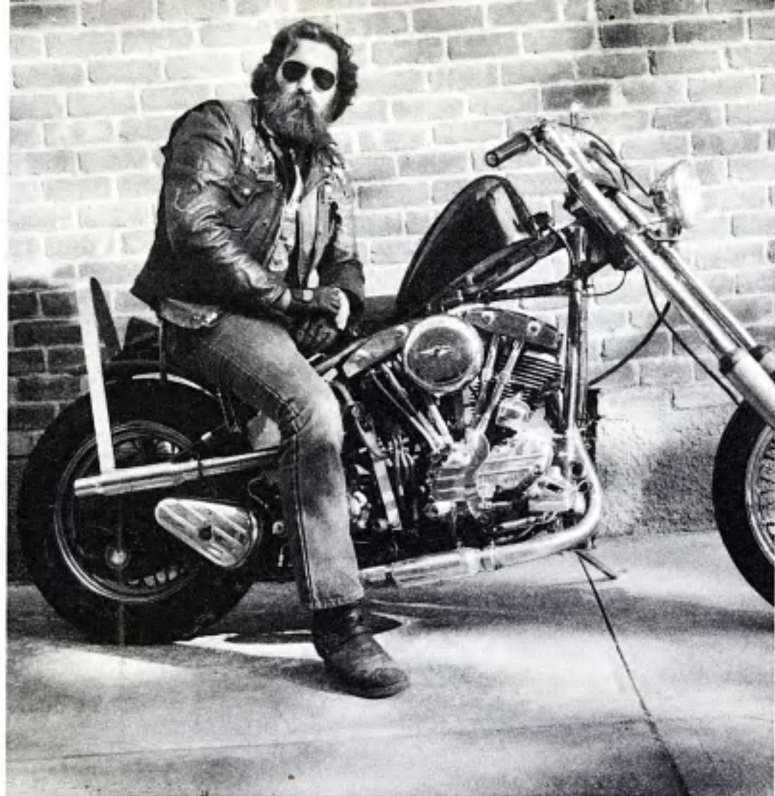
—from Byron and Meg, E. Hartford, Conn.

—from Picture Pat Randle, Orlando, Fla.



—from Sue Donofrio, Bridgeport, Conn.





—from Cousin Lisa, N.M.



—from Bear and Shar, Vancouver, Wash.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—from Barry Cooney, West Linn, Ore.





—from Ray Senn, Spartanburg, S. C.



—from Kim Peterson, Florence, Ore.

—from A bro, On the road





—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

—from Barry Cooney, West Linn, Ore.



—from Cyclops, Bridgewater, Mass.



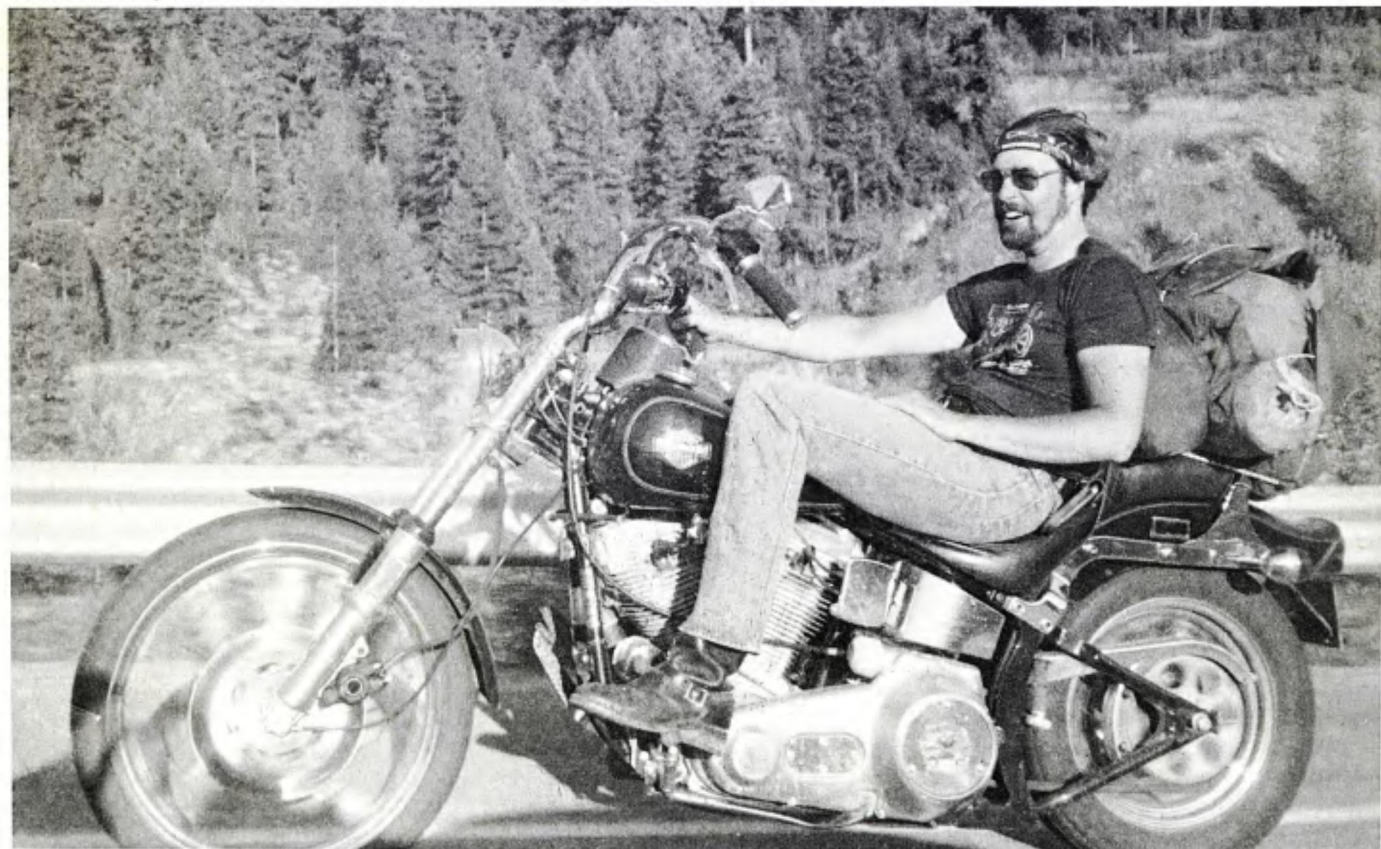
—from Jerry Davenport, S. Beloit, Ill.





—from Dan Yagos, Coaldale, Alberta

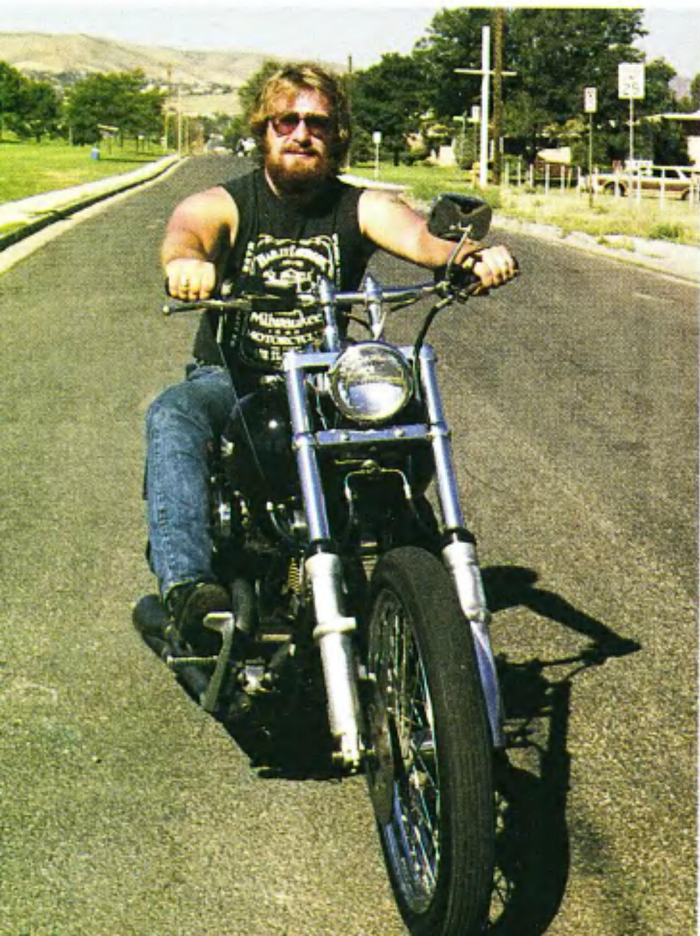
—from J. Miller, Sun Valley, Calif.



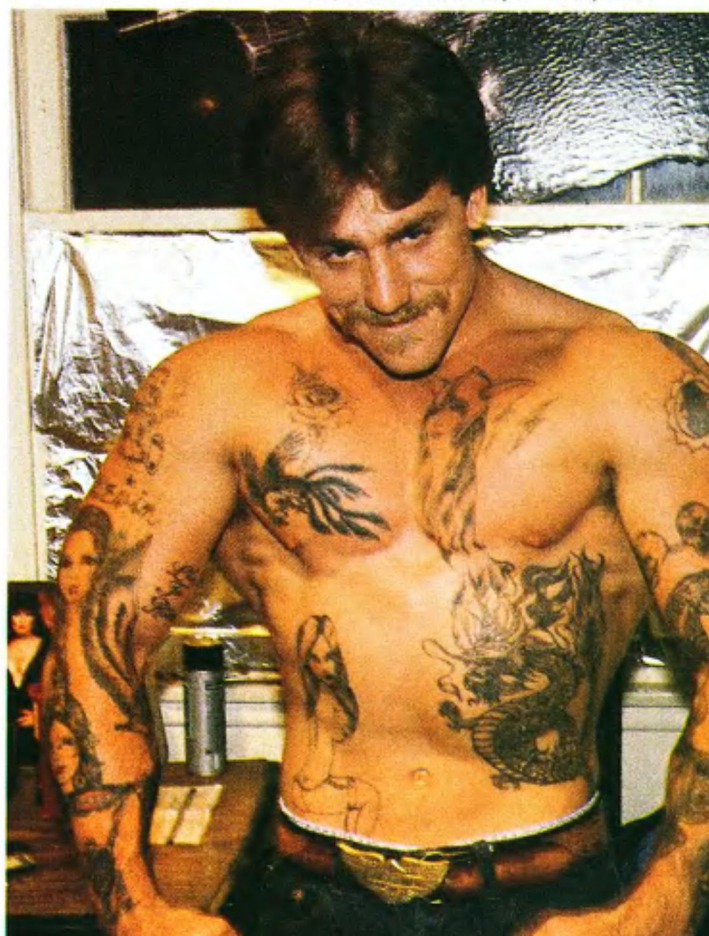


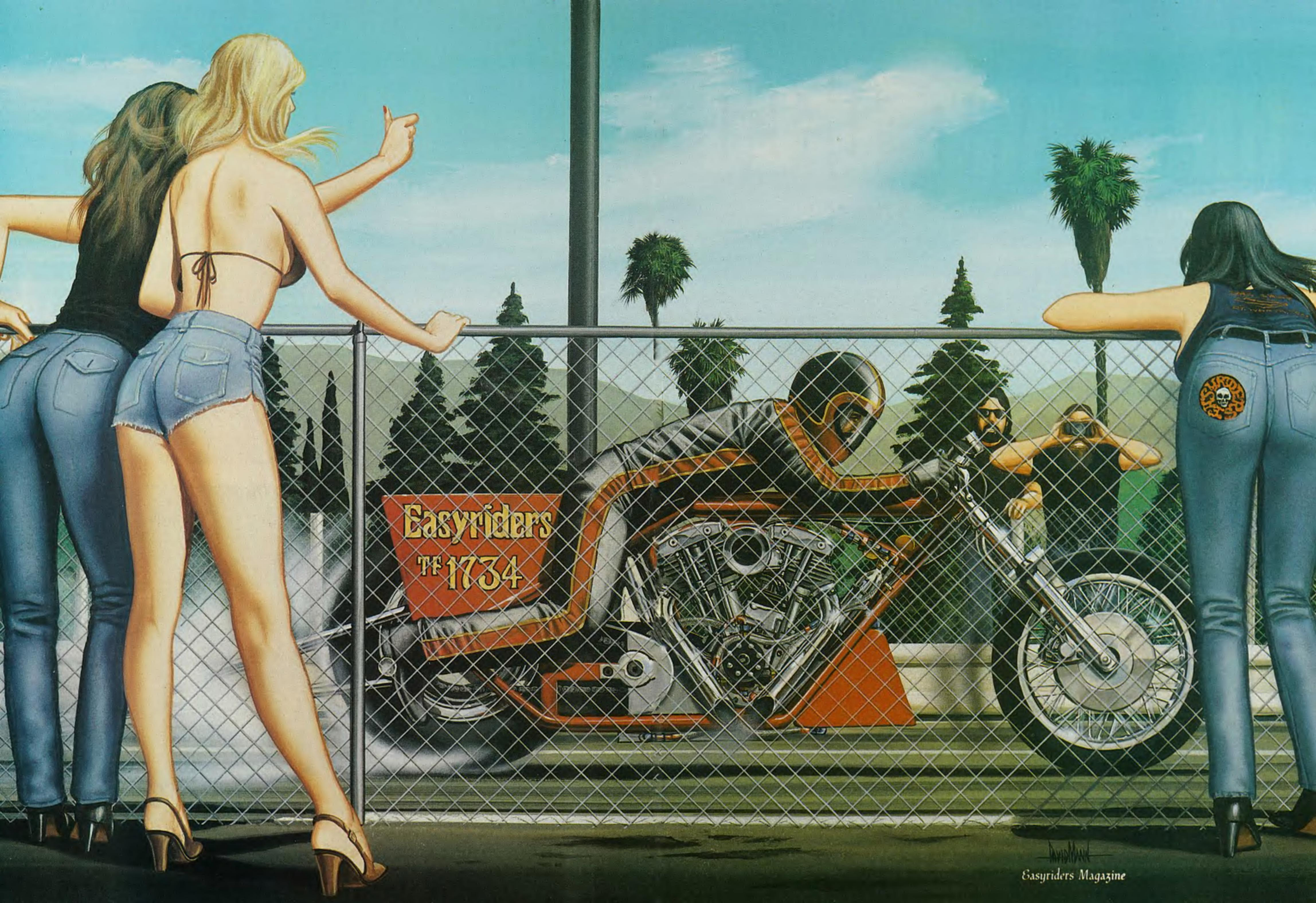
—from Crazy Nick, Tucson, Ariz.

—from Kevin Mermis, Whittier, Calif.



—from Mad Doctor, Gary, Ind.





BIKER ART - DECO

The owner won't let his ULH rot in a museum.

One look at the dude wearin' the loud Hawaiian shirt, standin' beside his bike, might give ya the idea we got ourselves a motorcycle *moke* (native Hawaiian), straight from the land of buds, babes and waves. But you're wrong. While there

are, no doubt, plenty of scooter pilots over in our fiftieth state commandeering Harleys on jungle island roads, this unbelievably impeccable 1940 ULH eighty-inch flathead comes direct to you via a barn in rural New York.

It was picked up about

five years ago as a dead soldier by a buyer for a motorcycle museum who saw it as an art piece of the period. As you can see, it needed a lot of work just to get it back to the basics of bein' a running motorcycle, much less a museum piece that future generations





would ogle with envy.

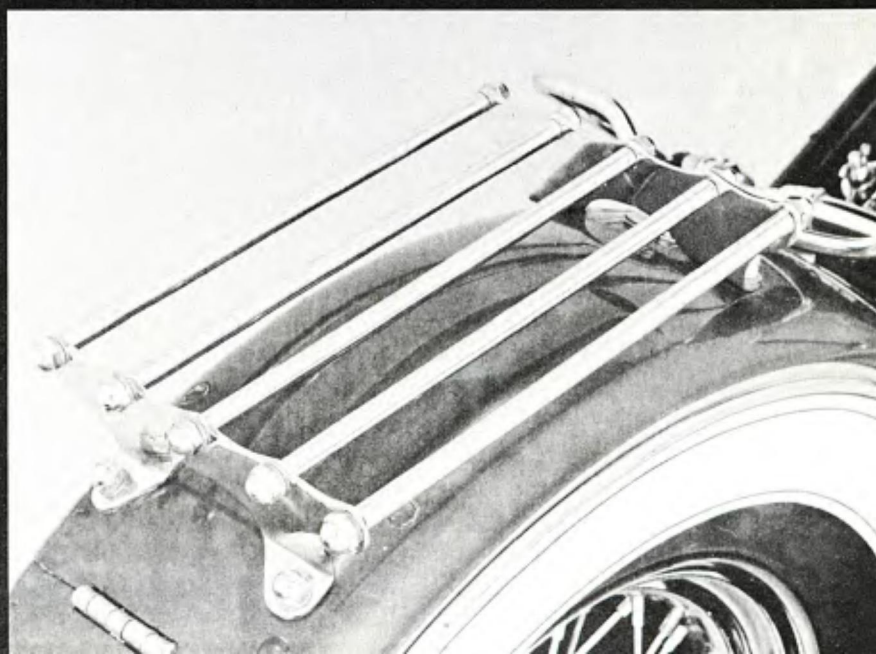
John Messina decided he had to have her after one look at Paul Wheeler's shop where Wheeler was doin' the fix-it bit. Like a lot of dudes who get a hankerin' for a girl, he was ready to wait till hell froze over to take her home. Well, far as we know, hell's still hot, the world's still

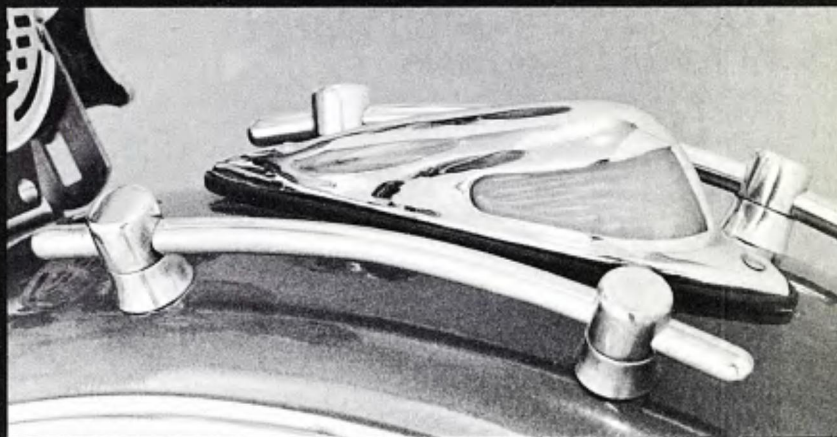
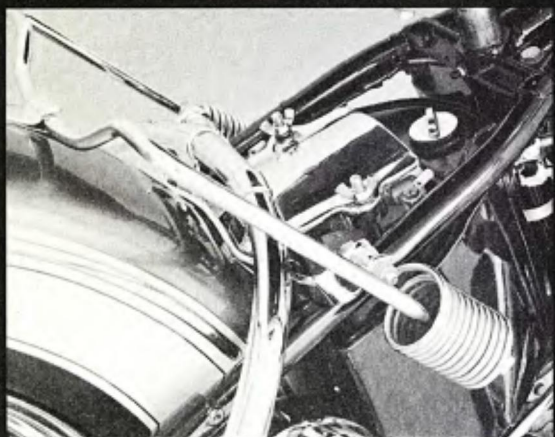
round, America's number one, and the good guy gets the girl at the end of the battle. Just like in those Gene Autry movies of the thirties and forties.

The owner made use of the age-old barter system on the renovation project. It netted Wheeler a revised and greatly enhanced backyard from Messina,

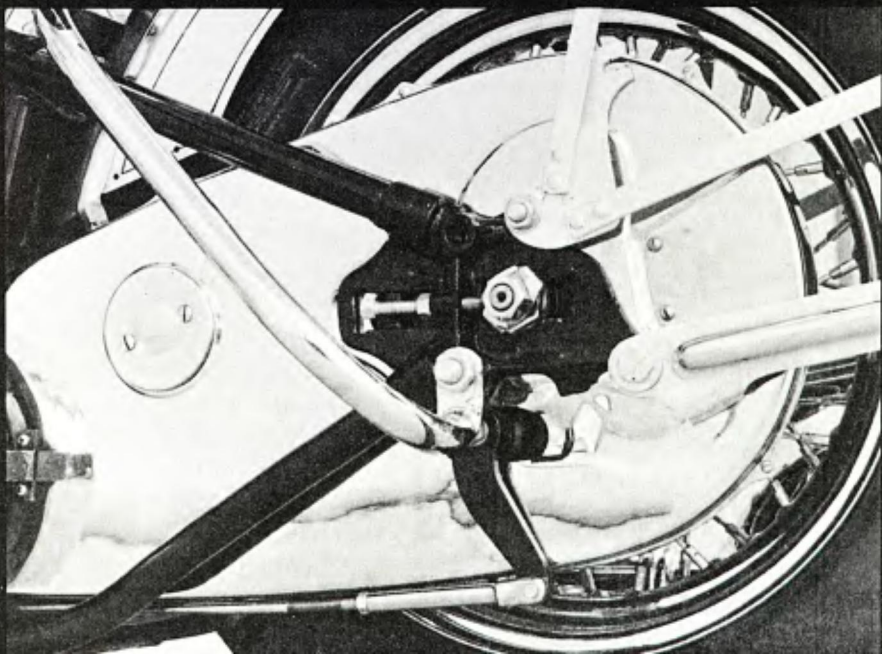
who's a landscape designer. And, of course, John got the jewel in front of you. Pretty good deal, huh?

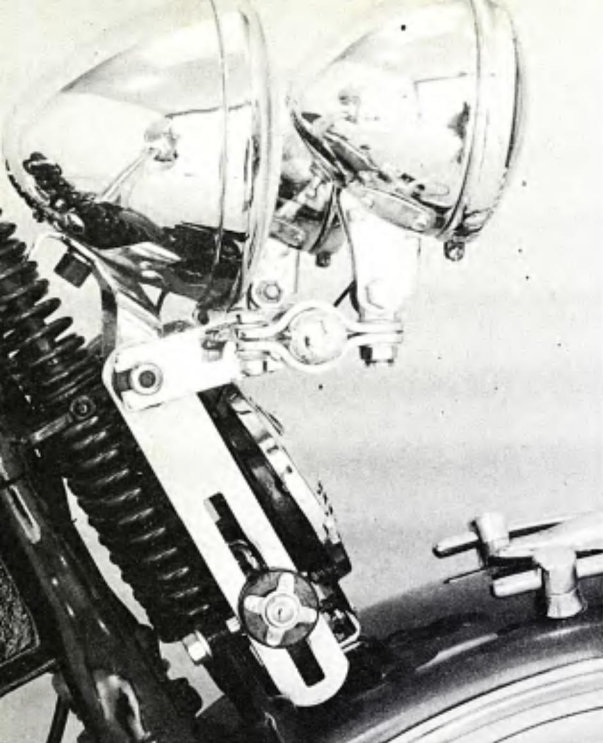
1940 was a bellwether year for Harley-Davidson. They not only had more different H-D models out at the time than they do now, but they were leading the pack with innovations that





included the marketing of their bikes since they had many aftermarket accessories that were optional. Trick items, such as a spot lamp bar that additional lights could be connected to. A combination odometer/speedometer to tell the rider how far, as well as how fast, he was going. Internal cables for manual spark and retard. Three- and four-speed transmissions (depending on your preference), large balloon tires and rims, aluminum





Owner: John Messina		City: Agoura, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Harley-Davidson		Year: 1940	
Year and make: 1940 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: ULH		Type: rigid	
Value: \$8500		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Paul Wheeler		Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year 8 months		Other alterations: welds checked	
Chroming by: Paughco		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: single unit/internal cables	
Year: 1940		Risers: none	
Model: ULH		Fender(s): H-D	
Rebuilder: Williams Motors		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: stock	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: 1940	
Lower end: Williams Motors		Front pegs: footboards	
Balancing: factory specs.		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: new		Electrics: 6-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: fatbobs	
Heads: optional aluminum heads		Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: steel lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: tin	
Carb(s): M-58 Linkert		Seat: Don Hoffman	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: original		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): quiet		Material: strap steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: 4-speed		Type: springer	
Year: 1940		Extension: none	
Shifting: gate shift		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: 3½ in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Color: brown flake/opaque cream		Tire: Super Eagle	Tire: Super Eagle
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: striping by Bob Moon			
Other special modifications: Accessory chain guard and fender guards, special thanks to Don Hoffman, Placentia, California.			

heads for better cooling, rear finned fender bumpers, accessory buddy seats and five-bar racks for loading stuff on easier. To say nothing of the optional manual dampener on the springer front end, the running light on the front fender, and, on deluxe models, fender chrome strips. They were giving the riders what they wanted,

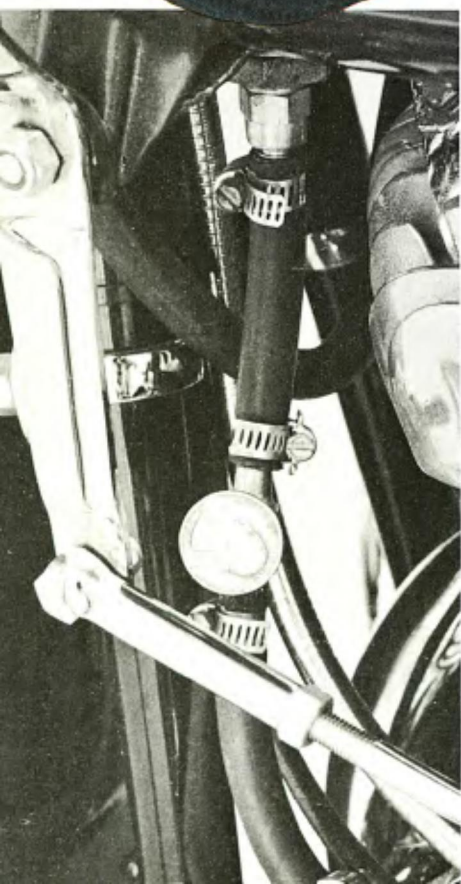
just like they're trying to do today with their rider-conscious improvements.

This old dog looks pretty healthy now, wouldn't ya say? Done up tits by a builder who cares and an owner with more than a touch of pride in what he rides. And instead of gathering dust in a museum, it's now one for the road.

—Loudmouth



Photos by Pete Chiodo



DOG FOOD

by Slick

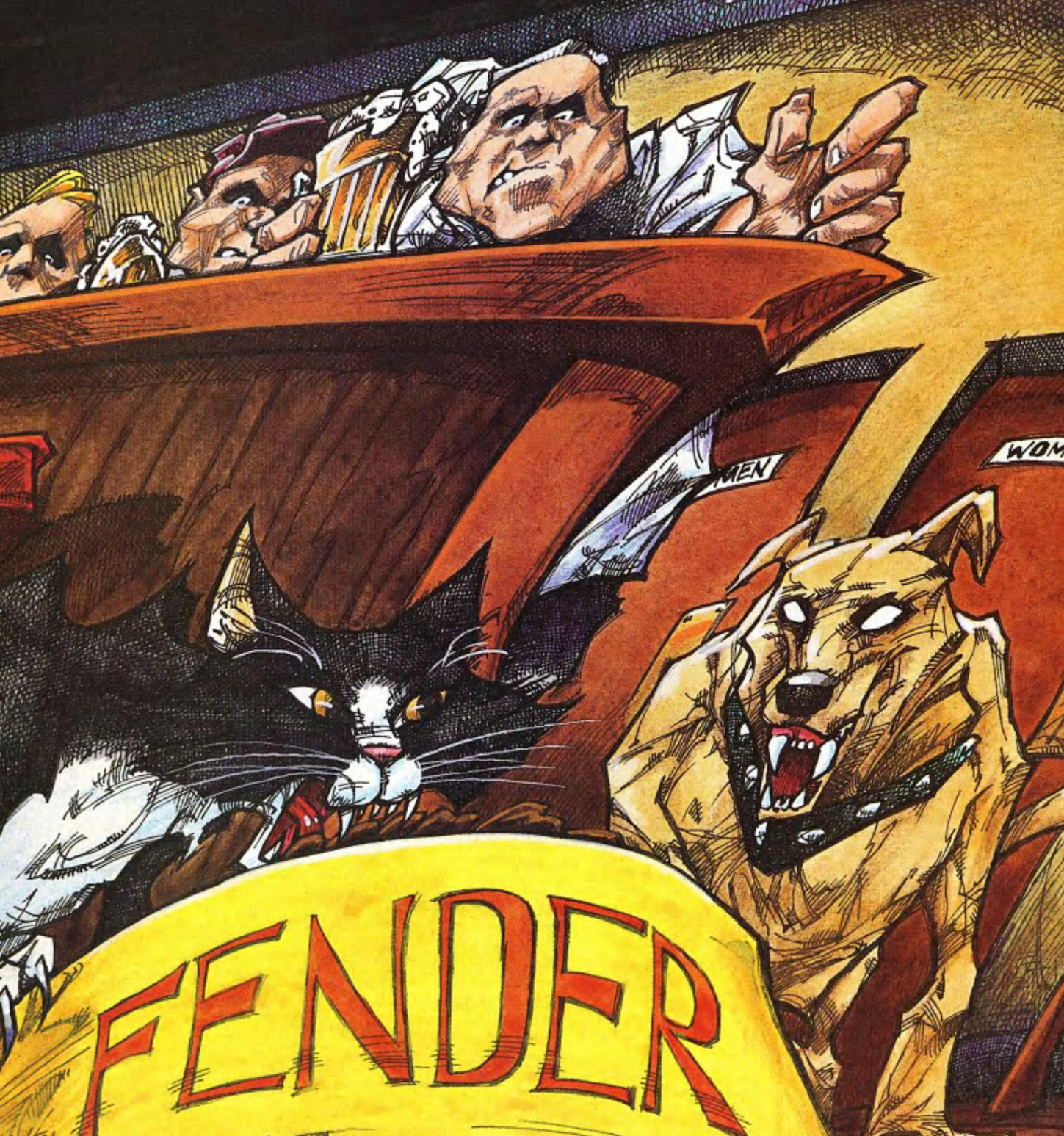


You can't get more than a ration of shit out of a cat on a good day. They're the most cantankerous creatures man ever claimed to have domesticated. They'll eat your chow, then shit in your shoes. They split for weeks at a time, and just

when you figure you're rid of them for good, they show up like nothing's happened, looking for a handout. They'll crap in the most out-of-the-way place, and laugh at you while you try to figure out where the stink's coming from. I don't like cats, so I don't

know what came over me when I saw this dipshit feline hanging by a single claw from a branch extending way out over the edge of Diablo Gorge. What he was doing out there only he and his complete lack of good sense knew for sure. *Continued on page 120*

"— the biggest dog I'd ever seen. He was over in a corner staring in total disbelief at this dumbshit cat who was buried up to its ears in his dish."





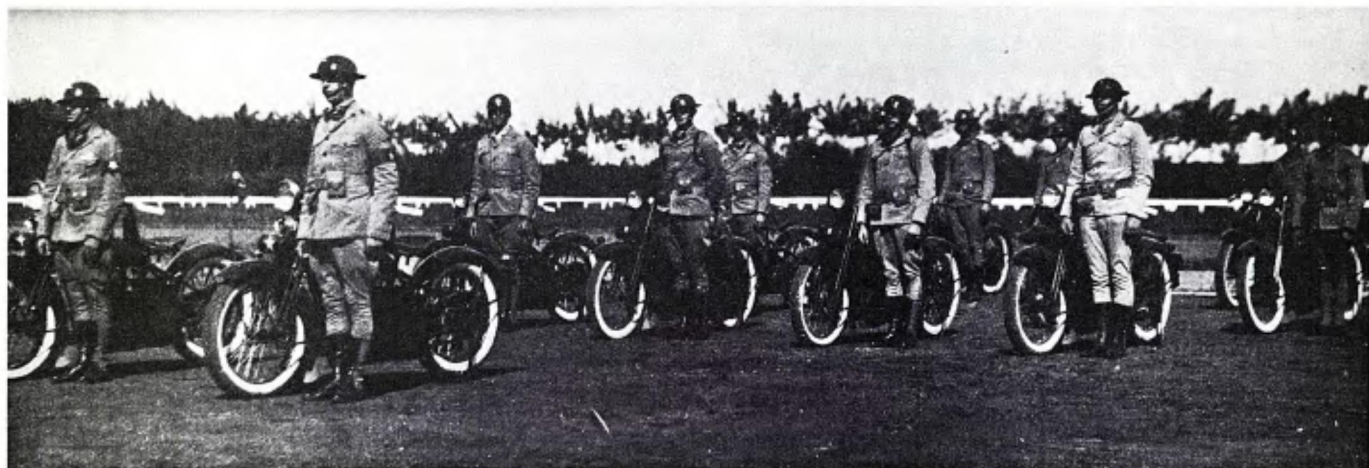
THE MOTORCYCLE THAT WON THE WAR

*By Jack M. Sands
Official U.S.
Army photographs*

The motorcycle show is crowded with flashy, multicolored, gold- and chrome-plated, highly customized sleds representing beaucoup bucks, countless hours of preparation, and almost unlimited imagination. In that rich mix of rainbow hues and gleaming metal, the young man in the olive-drab T-shirt stands out like someone's poor country cousin. What's that on his shirt, though? A closer look reveals another unique-looking scoot, along with the message "Harley-Davidson WLA — The Motorcycle That Won The War." Ahhhh. Holding firm against the press of the crowd, your eyes sweep the display area, cued now to find one bike in particular. And there it is — meticulously restored and proudly on display — the grand old war horse itself.

During WWII, Harley-Davidson made 88,000 motorcycles for the U.S. and her Allies, while Indian contributed 42,000 machines to the war effort. Of these, however, the WLA was by far the most popular, not to mention the model with the greatest production run. The 575-lb. machine with its 45 cubic inch V-Twin,





L-head engine was nearly indestructible. Military accessories included a weapon scabbard, ammo box, oil-bath air cleaner, and blackout lights. It had a kickstarter, three-speed tranny, foot clutch, and left-hand-operated shift lever. A true hardtail, the only shocks on the rear were under the seat.

Another unusual Army mount built by Harley from late '41 to mid-'43 was the 42XA, a shaft-drive L-head bike designed solely for use in desert terrain. Due to the fact that Rommel took a powder shortly before 1942 began, demand for the XAs was limited and only about 1000 were ever built.

That the company's wartime efforts were appreciated was established in 1943 and 1945 when H-D won the coveted Army-Navy "E" awards, signifying the excellence of their production quality and on-time delivery.

Harley historian David Wright has noted that H-D also provided such vital and unique wartime services as taking apart, analyzing and reassembling a Russian scooter for Army intelligence.

Army riders were trained to spin the machines, so they would lay down on

the left crashbars. Soldiers could then reach across, draw their weapon from the leather scabbard affixed to the right fork and fire from a prone position, using the motorcycle as a barricade. Depending upon the armament assigned to individual units, the weapons were either Thompson submachine guns, M-1 Garand rifles, or M-1 carbines.

Although other branches of the military also requisitioned a limited number of these motorcycles, their primary use was confined to the Army where they served as mounts for convoy escorts, military police patrols, and couriers — who were oftentimes bearing highly classified and extremely vital data. At the war's conclusion, they continued to see duty for quite some time in the mop-up operations, particularly in those areas where so much destruction had occurred that they were the most viable way of getting around.

Today's Army is said to be evaluating the use of lightweight imports for messenger service in the field, but there's no way those "wannabes" can ever surmount the honor and prestige won by our sturdy WWII Harley-Davidsons.



Unseen Ways You

Out on the street the dangers ya face are almost too numerous to count. Automobile an' truck drivers who skid around corners. Who drive up the wrong side of the street, or tail-gate your bike when you're out for a harmless putt. Paranoid cops with real guns that shoot real bullets durin' not-so-real situations of danger. Angry citizens who think the biker is suspect in ever imaginable crime simply 'cause he's different, so they force him off the road, throw cans an' broken bottles at him, or curse him as they go by. Emergency room doctors an' personnel who, when a biker is carried in on a stretcher, let him wait until last 'cause they believe all those wild stories about bikers an' don't feel they're worth savin'.

It's dangerous out there on the street, but what can ya do? Stay home? Sit in an easy chair beside the fire, reminiscin' about the "good ol' days" of ridin' your scooter? It's a lot safer behind closed doors in your own house, ain't it? Sorry — guess again.

At a recent convention in San Francisco, indoor pollution was discussed an' studied. It was made pretty clear that stayin' home is probably more dangerous than goin' out an' facin' the dangers of open society. For example, many homes an' apartment houses still contain items made with asbestos, a potent carcinogen. That's the Big C — cancer! Once you get it, you're fucked because Cancer is a one-way street. Asbestos is found in ceilin' tiles, wall insulation, ironin' boards, hair driers, toasters, waffle irons, electric coffee-makers an' fry pans — even extension cords.

How about lead? It's found in paints, as well as in bullets, an' either one of those items can kill ya.

Lead rots your brain an' eventually either drives ya crazy or eats ya up. It's also inhaled right out of the atmosphere 'cause carbon monoxide from cars is loaded with it, an' carbon monoxide itself is a killer found wherever gas appliances are present.

Did ya ever use a can of spray paint, or some of that spray-can insect killer to eradicate either the cockroaches under your sink or those giant mosquitoes that eat their way through your rottin' screens in the summer? Those spray cans contain tuloene, stuff that melts your lung an' kidney tissues.

Certain bacteria floatin' around in the air in chemical particulates, such as from air-conditionin' systems or fumes wafted to ya from the slaughterhouse district, garbage dump, or your ol' lady's snatch, transmit things like measles, flu, an' Legionnaires' disease.

For you scuzzy bastards who don't know what it is, deodorants are things ya spray your armpits an' your ol' lady's crotch with to make 'em smell better. But while you and yours are smelling great, deodorants burn up your respiratory system, clog the pores, an' coat your absorbent tissues so that ya die of a form of suffocation like emphysema.

Formaldehyde isn't found in just San Miguel beer or the embalmin' room of your local mortuary. It's also

found in buildin' construction, insulation, particle board, plywood, carpet adhesives, home furniture, an' some cleanin' fluids. It irritates the eyes, nose, an' throat, an' worse yet, it causes cancer.

Pesticides, whether they're the spray-can variety, powder, or the kind ya shoot out of one of those hand-pump cans, are all bad contaminants of the environment. They can completely destroy

By Dr. Twatburger



Can Be Snuffed!

the central nervous system. If ya inhale too much of the shit, ya wind up lookin' like that cockroach ya just found in yer pizza.

The only air-conditionin' my old man was familiar with was that which occurred when Mom took a swing at 'im with the fryin' pan — an' missed. But there are other kinds that circulate air throughout the house or motel you're shackin' up in. They put out somethin' called air ions, an' these are complicated by synthetic fabrics. They make ya nervous, anxious, sleepless, an' can give ya a worse headache than two quarts of Mexican Gold or an upside-down blowjob.

Radon is "a heavy radioactive stable gaseous element formed by the disintegration of radium." It comes from minerals an' gives ya lung cancer, like from the tobacco smoke ya inhaled from somebody else's cigarette. Don't ask me how the fuck it got in your house — it's just there. Maybe it came in under the door, through the window, or out of some of those ratholes in the wall. Your ol' lady coulda farted it, for all I know.

Plastic pipe chemicals are toxic in decay. A few years back, architects an' builders decided they could save a bundle if they stopped usin' iron an' copper pipes an' used PVC an' other plastic shit instead. Now they know that as the stuff deteriorates, cancer-causin' chemicals are leached out into your drinkin' water an' the air you breathe. Kinda late, ain't it? Every fuckin' house in the country has plastic pipes these days.

Gasoline fumes can make ya vomit. No shit, right? So can too

much Jack Daniel's, Ripple, or standin' downwind from my partner's wife. Just the same, people have been known to die from pukin'. They choke on big lumps they didn't chew too thoroughly when they first ingested them. Bits of corn an' carrot can get caught in the respiratory system, or ya can bust a blood vessel from the dry heaves. (The worst thing ya can do is puke in your ol' lady's box, then choke to death tryin' to suck the stuff back out.)

“. . .stayin' home is probably more dangerous than goin' out an' facin' the dangers of open society.”

Microwave ovens (like the one ya stole from in front of that appliance store last month) can give ya eye cataracts. Also, if ya use a paper towel to absorb spills, an' it gets caught in the door when the oven's on, some of the radioactivity can leak out an' sterilize ya. Or give ya a case of death by cancer of the balls.

Artificial lightin' — florescent bulbs, colored lights, black lights, etc. — can cause stresses that lead to a nervous breakdown, so if ya find yourself screamin' at the ol' lady an' kids in a high-pitched voice, or actin' like some broad on the rag, you've been standin' under the artificial light too long. An' those flashin' lights that go on an' off when the stereo is bangin' out weird rock music —

look out! They can stimulate epileptic seizures, even if you've never had one before.

Continual high-volume noise, like that from your stereo which you use to drown out the sound of the ol' lady screechin' at the kids, or the kids bawlin' for somethin' to eat when ya need the money for beer, can seriously fuck up your hearin'. It can also raise your blood pressure higher than the sight of a naked fourteen-year-old chick.

Ya might note that no mention has been made here regardin' the dangers of smokin' tobacco, chewin' a plug of Day's Work, or fillin' your lip with Copenhagen. We've all gotten tired of hearin' about that shit. What this article is about is the death stuff that sneaks up on ya that nobody tells ya about. The way manufacturers an' contractors kill ya, knowingly, an' yet don't give ya any warnin'.

We can always stop smokin' or chewin' tobacco, or snortin' strange substances, but we can't deliberately stop breathin' in an' out, or livin' in man-made structures that are death-traps for unsuspectin' citizens.

All over America we see these groups of nerd-lookin' fuckers carryin' signs protestin' the killin' of seals an' whales, otters, baboons, dogs, cats, an' other critters. But what the fuck about us?

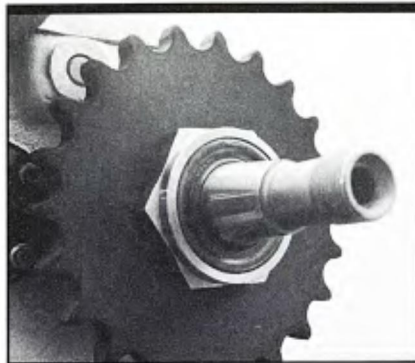
Goin' out on the street durin' the day or night is dangerous, but at least ya can look around an' see the danger, feel its presence, an' take evasive action. It's a hard fact to swallow, knowin' that when we walk into our own pad, we've unwittingly stepped into a death chamber. ■

PARTS BOX



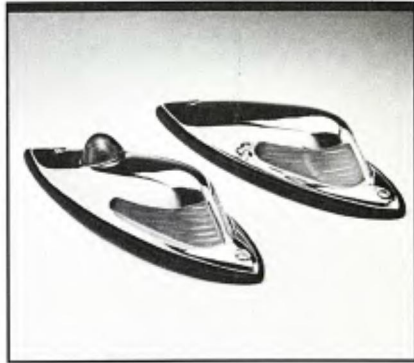
CUSHION PEGS

New cushion pegs with H-D bar and shield end caps, which are adjustable, allowing the shield to be rotated to remain parallel to the ground. Pegs are covered with a replaceable polypropylene sleeve, were designed to match the cushion grips and soon-to-be-released cushion levers, and replace the stock footrests. The suggested retail price is \$24.95 per pair for the rider pegs and \$22.50 per pair for the passenger pegs. Available only from Harley-Davidson dealers.



SUPER NUT

The brand-new design of the Super Nut improves the sealing of the transmission sprocket to the mainshaft, keeps oil off belt drives, and replaces the original sprocket nut on all 74s and 80s. You can buy yourself a Super Nut, designed and manufactured by Harley engine builders, for \$15.95, plus \$3 for handling, from H-D Express, 184 E. Sunnyside Ave., Campbell, CA 95008. Or for more info, call 'em at (408) 866-1683.



CHOICE REPRODUCTION FENDER LIGHTS

We all know what a bitch trying to find original parts can be, but now there's a solution to the problem of replacing early-style H-D fender lights. These accurate reproductions of the original items feature beautiful chrome plate and authentic frosted white lenses. Both the front fender lamp and the sidecar fender lamp (with a red dome lens) fit '39-'48 models. Custom Chrome, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037. (408) 778-0500.

STRUTLESS FENDER

It couldn't be simpler. Just unbolt your stock fender and fender struts and bolt this strutless beauty on. The internally welded struts are strong enough to carry a passenger's weight, and to enhance the clean, lean look, the taillight bracket is welded right into the fender. Any swing-arm seat will fit, and all spacers and bolts are supplied, along with instructions. Available for \$139, plus \$10 shipping, from M. Bernstein, 878 Longview Ave., No. Woodmere, NY 11581.



VALVES & VALVE-GUIDE ASSEMBLY

New from the folks at Drag Specialties are these valves and valve-guide assemblies for all '48-'84 pans, shovels, and blockheads. Made from a special iron alloy developed in Drag's own lab, each guide is marked as to proper size and functions. The molded DuPont elastomer seal makes it compatible with unleaded gas, reduces oil consumption, and eliminates bent valves due to sticking. The set also includes stress-proof lower spring collar, valve spring shims, moly lube, and complete instructions. Call your local Drag Specialties dealer or their toll-free number: (800) 292-2204. (In Minnesota, call (800) 292-7974.)



CARB & MANIFOLD ADAPTOR KIT

Rivera Engineering has a new kit on the market for Evolution engines, featuring an SU carb with a new-design manifold adaptor that bolts directly to the stock manifold. Each kit has two chromed brackets, one for leveling and one for support, as well as an extra spacer block, push-pull throttle assembly, standard hardware, and mounting and tuning instructions. For more info, contact Rivera Engineering, 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606, or give 'em a call at (213) 693-4273 or (213) 692-8944.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Stupidly Limp Gimbals

Underneath the police uniform is an Evolution Harley that works decently. It turns, stops and goes, competently and quickly. But once the mandatory Ponch and Jon hardware is in place, the machine is transformed into a sloppy-handling traffic menace. The police requirements seem specifically engineered to isolate the rider from the bike. Everything the rider touches is rubber-mounted, limply sprung, gimbaled or just stupidly positioned. Simple maneuvers are challenging, and minor traffic surprises become close brushes with death.

—Jeff Karr
Motorcyclist

Marvelous Sound

Our nervous systems don't seem to respond well to loud or disagreeable sounds, especially over the long haul. (The word noise is taken from the Latin, *nausea*.) The choice, at least for me, between a long ride with earplugs, good fairing and "quiet" helmet or doing without those amenities, is like choosing between a round of golf or 10 rounds with Marvin Hagler. The latter is sure to leave me feeling less than marvelous.

—T.J. Rafferty
Cycle Guide

Gut-Jarring Style

No one claims the Softail is a functionally superior piece of rear suspension design; it's there to be different, as a matter of style and fashion. How long will it be before someone decides to call Harley's bluff, take a running leap at the past, and build a real gut-jarring, back-

wrenching, head-rattling hardtail? V-Twin-powered, of course. In those soft gray boardrooms who would care if such a thing were a technological backstep? The burning questions would be: Will it sell? Is there an audience for authentic, heroic, he-man misery?

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

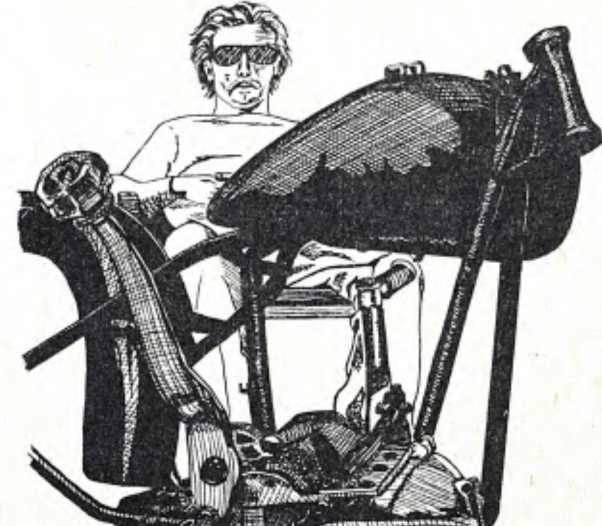
Disposable Character

The bottom line is, and now we get to bikes, that the modern concept of motorcycling includes disposability as an integral, and necessary, part of the whole program. To make more money, you must sell new bikes every year. Either you make a better machine every year, or you design in planned obsolescence, or a combination thereof. Make it plastic, make it cheaper, make it disposable, keep consumerism up, and, this writer thinks, character down. After all, who would want to pass on a plastic razor or throwaway bike? And there's the rub: we've sacrificed that elusive thing called "character."

—Paul Garson
Hot Bike

Strong Weakness

Under the siren, the crash bars, the flashing lights and the bouncing seat, the FXRP is a smooth, though noisy, Evolution-engined Harley, with all the strengths and weaknesses inherent in the machine. The gearbox is a clunker, compared to the standard set by the best Japanese bikes; the engine is not powerful, but it will pull from 2000rpm without much protest. If you fill the black-and-white fatbob tank with low, test, however, be prepared to



hear a symphony of pinging when the engine's under heavy load.

—Motorcyclist

Horsepower Scourge

To hear some people tell it, today's greatest threat to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is not nuclear war. Not inflation or crime. Not famine or poverty. Nope, to them, the scourge of mankind is that old demon horsepower: and any vehicle that has lots of it obviously is an instrument of the devil. Do away with anything that makes enough power to get out of its own way, they tell us, and the streets will be safe for us all once again.

—Paul Dean
Cycle World

Not Enough

The pack, looking for all the world like a warm-up lap of a Superbike race, waved as they passed him giving an autograph to one of California's finest.

He said later that he queried the officer as to why he wasn't out there ticketing this reckless crowd, all crouched over thundering engines, toes balanced on rear-set pegs, obviously intent on mayhem and exceeding the double nickel.

"Don't have enough tickets," replied the policeman.

—Clement Salvadori
Road Rider

Trickled Down Shortcomings

But the cruiser class is now populated by bikes that aren't so strictly limited in performance, bikes that perform admirably well outside the cruiser's domain. Included in that list are several

Harley-Davidsons, such as last year's FXRS. Since 1981, Harley has made major improvements in its FL- and FX-series bikes — rubber engine mounts, belt drives and last year's Evolution engine — but none of those changes has trickled down to the XL models. In fact, those improvements might well be the major factor underscoring the Sportster's shortcomings. It isn't how far motorcycling has come in the last 28 years; it's how far Harley-Davidson has come in the last four.

—Cycle Guide

One-Choice Logic

Assuming function is your guiding Armco marker, then the Softail becomes a monumental extravagance. You could buy equal or superior function for one-third the price of the Softail, and have more than one choice. The Softail offers abundant evidence that many American motorcyclists use other kinds of logic to determine value. Appearance, texture, style, and sound are all part of it.

—Cycle

Squat And Fat

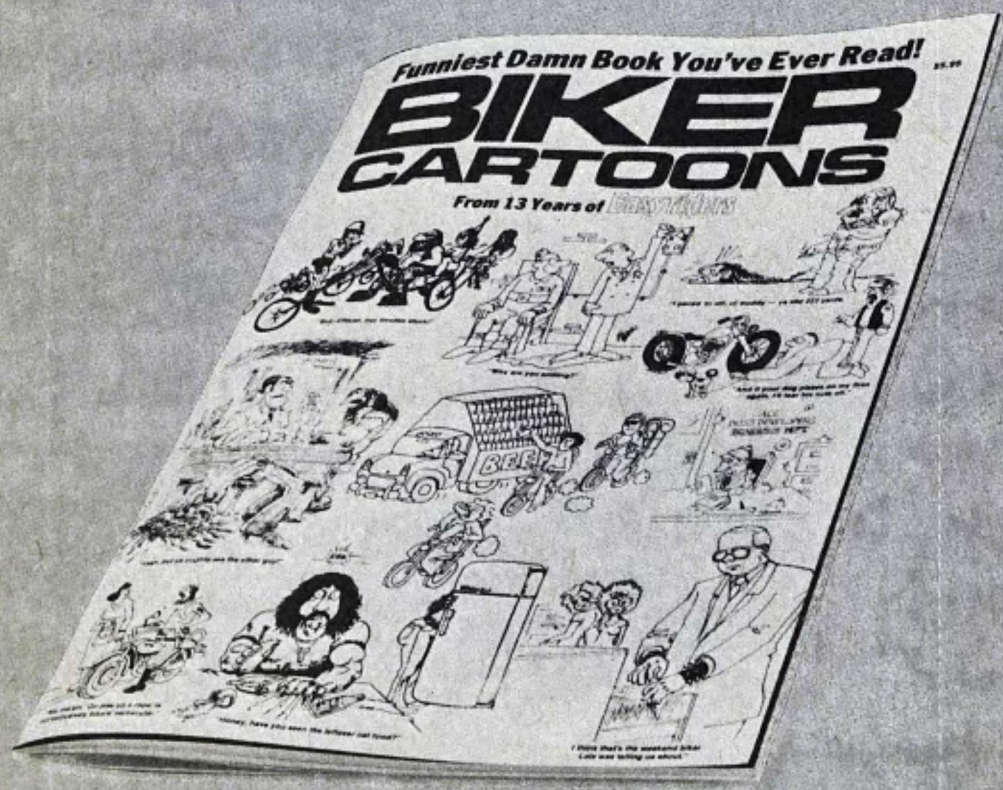
So here's the Arrest-Me Red spaceship selling like sunburn ointment at a nudist camp. Why?

Because a bunch of American riders are finally over their Marlon Brando complexes, that's why. Because we are willing to let motorcycles be a teeny bit different now. Because we now figure, collectively, that it's OK to own a bike with some swoopy bodywork, squat, fat tires, and altered mass relationships.

—Cycle Guide

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You got it — just make a purchase of twenty 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 Rider 609 E. Indian School Rd., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
J&R Chopper 602 1/2 Broadway, Van Buren
Bob's Quality Motorcycle Acc. Rt. 7 Box 349-A, Hot Springs

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
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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
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Accessories 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
David's Harley 3021 Madison Ave., San Diego
C&W Trikes 843 E. Lacey Blvd., Hanford
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Vibrators Unlimited 605 E. Main St., Barstow
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
AAA 4358 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
T&T Cycle 12040 Western Ave., Garden Grove

COLORADO

D & C Enterprises 725 Pithin, 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

CONNECTICUT

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

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St.,
Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Florida Cycle & Chopper 2216 S. Federal Hwy., US 1, 1 blk.
north of S.R. 64, Ft. Lauderdale
Miller's Custom Parts 1883 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 6806 14th St. W., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.),
Miami
The Motorcycle Shop 33 NE 79th St., Miami

GEORGIA

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

Big John's Cycles 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 Mell Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS

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Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Villa Park H-D 305 E. North Ave., Villa Park
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete

INDIANA

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

IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs

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

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Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur
Iron Horse Corral 1211 S. 2nd St., Monroe

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Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville

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

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.

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Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
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Atlantic County Harley 1986 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Shore Area Cycle Works 1359 Rt. 9, Lakewood
H-D of Ocean County 642 Ocean Rd., Point Pleasant
H-D of Trenton 1079 S. Broad, Trenton

NEW MEXICO

Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque
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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
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
Superior 74 Parts 183 New York Ave., Huntington

NORTH CAROLINA

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

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The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

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Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
Cycle Village Riverside Dr. at Main, Clarksville

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The Harley Shop Inc. 412 N. High St., Longview
Snake's Harley-Davidson 1306 N. Meford Drive, Lufkin
Cheta & Co. 4575 W. Hwy. 31, Corsicana

VIRGINIA

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Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deli Hwy. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
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St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$18 for 12 issues, a saving of half over the newsstand price. Send \$18 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Northern gal, 30, tall, single, and attractive needs your company. Down for a little while. SASE will help. J. Cie McCrary, 2800 Gravier St., Flr. 3, Quad 2, New Orleans, LA 70119.

Lonely peckerwood, 21, 5'9", 150 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, needs to hear from sincere ladies. Will answer all. Darrel Durbin 36154, Box 1568, B-2 #234, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

W/m, 36, locked down for another 2-4, looking for a righteous New England woman, 18-40, to help me do this time by writing and visiting, then ride and party by my side. Rugs welcome. Richard Duhamel, SECC W-36814, 10 Administration Rd., Bridgewater, MA 02324.

Down on death row. I want girls to write to me quick and send the pictures pronto, too. I am 24, rich and willing. Johnny Anderson 732, Ellis I/J-21, Huntsville, TX 77343.

W/m, gets out in '86 has good heart, and is looking for sincere lady to call his own. If you're the one, write, please. Gary Bear Howard 75201-011, Box 7, G-Unit, FCI, San Pedro, CA 90731.

Aryan 19er, 22, brown hair and eyes, 5'7", 140 lbs., doing time in the not-so-great Lone Star State. Would like to correspond with any and all members of the opposite sex (especially incarcerated ones). Ronald "Sundown" Gillespie 333404, Box 128, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861.

W/m, 23, 6'2", 200 lbs., out early in '86. Seeking letters and a possible relationship with the right lady. Love kids, dogs, and moonlit puts. Mike Biller, K7243, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

Attention, ladies! Two crazy white bros, 21 and 23, down and needin' some scribes and flicks from good-lookin' ladies who are sincere. Will answer all letters. Barry Nomismith, K7520, and Mykol Shivelhood, K5715, Box A, Bellefonte, PA 16823.

Two white bros down in Nebraska need letters from young ladies in our area. Will answer all. No games. Straight-ahead chicks only. Lynn Parsons 35620, and Jack Bixler 33613, Box 2500, Lincoln, NE 68502.

Three extremely attractive and lonely white bitches doing county jail time need to hear from you bros out there. We'll answer all, so help! Sandy Sullivan, Cindy Cole, and Eileen Welton. Box 1108, Denver, CO 80201.

W/m, 33, outlaw, needs letters and pix from sexy ladies. Will answer all. Paul Baughman 117748, PCI, Q2B-206, Rt. 3 Box 430, Pelzer, SC 29669.

Been down 4 years and badly need some correspondence, companionship, and a little reality from a biker lady. I'm 6'2", blond and blue, 180 lbs., and used to be a fashion designer. Looking for something real — no games, no plastic relationships. James "Hondo" Rogers, B85775, Box 686, CTF-C (C-310), Soledad, CA 93960.

Downed bro, 5'6", 140 lbs., brown wavy hair, blue eyes, with year or less to go, looking for a full-bodied woman to ride behind me and stand beside me when I get home. Write soon, send photo, and we can start getting close. Wheeler Davis 35847, Box 3200, Goodyear, AZ 85338.

Downed bro, 25, 5'10", 165 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, doing 6 with 2 more to serve. Would like to receive letters/pix from nice, sweet ladies. Will answer all. Michel "Tom" Tompkins, 1364 Block 8, Inst. Cowansville, CP 5000, Quebec, Canada J2K 3N7.

Dirty white boy in a cage looking for all ye pretty young foxes to make me day. All answered and ye picture would be fine. Leonard "Skynyrd" Allen 83B1887, MCF, Box 216 River Road, Marcy, NY 13403-0216.

Tired of hassles and head games? Well, this unlucky w/m is down for a few and needs to hear from ladies who are sincere and care. I have brown hair, hazel eyes, weigh 195 lbs., and am 6'. Wesley "Big Guns" Aliff 371860, Box 16, Lovelady, TX.

Male, 29, incarcerated, soon to be released. Seeking correspondence from honest, sincere, together young middle-aged females, leading toward friendship/relationship and marriage. Send photo s/r. Alonzo Day, Box B-72826, Tamal, CA 94974. (143G)

Subscription to *Easyriders* sent to sexy pen pal ladies, 20 to 40. I'm 5'7", 197 lbs., dark hair, hazel eyes, an all-nighter, half-Indian, and my putt is a '48 Chief. The Indian, Indian Valley Ranch, Smithville, WV 26178.

Lonely karate instructor, 30, 5'8", Sagittarius, 158 lbs., seeks correspondence and photos. Guy Isley 75A-730, 135 State St., Box 618, Auburn, NY 13024-9000.

Two w/m down and waiting to hear from you sweet young (or old) things. How about some pix, too? Don "Ghost" Casper 69699, and Pat "Bear" Reardon 78689, SSC 2, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314.

Prisoner, 30, 5'8", 155 lbs., college grad from NYC, former Harley store manager, seeks caring female visitors. Ronald Davidson 76A1166, Elmira Prison, Elmira, NY 14902.

W/m, 30, lonely in Folsom Prison. Seeking sincere good ol' lady for correspondence, visiting and possible marriage. Will answer all. Ted Karsai, Box B64295, Represa, CA 95671.

Looky here: w/bro getting out soon. In need of a sincere, righteous honey with a heart. Mike Running 121890, Box B, St. Cloud, MN 56301.

W/m, 6'4", blue eyes, 200 lbs., salt 'n' pepper hair and a dirty mind. Need to hear from some big-chested ladies. Drop me a line and send pix of your sweet self. I need someone who needs someone. L. Neuman 46424, OSP, 2605 State St., Salem, OR 97310.

Two white California bros doing time in a honky-tonk prison. All ladies who can write, please do so and send pix. Will answer all. Michael Woods 165-002, and Harold Ballard 177-389, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

Downed in Kansas since June 1968; hopefully, may rise this summer. W/m, 35, Gemini, 6'4", 203 lbs., long brown hair, and psychedelic eyes. Looking for a righteous lady to relate to, with no head games. Interested? D. Mark DeWitt 20054, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Good-looking bro, 5'11", 180 lbs., down on a death sentence, but appeals looking good. Would appreciate correspondence from all, 18-70, looks not important. Answer each letter same day, and photos really appreciated. Earl Barts 10341-17, Central Prison/Death Row, 1300 Western Blvd., Raleigh, NC 27606.

W/m, 28, doin' time, seeks righteous ladies to correspond with. Answer all. Randy "Bear" Rotta, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963-0351.

Cell partners trapped in hell need letters and pix. We aren't into burstin' bubbles — both are well-educated and have good rap. If there are at least two good gals left who have lonely hearts, drop us a line, so we can put smiles back on our faces and in our hearts. B.J. Farrington 378970, and Robert Humphries 371590, Box 16-Eastham, Lovelady, TX 75851.

W/m, 28, 180 lbs., inmate with a big nose. Want to correspond with ladies. Please send photos. Shahram Ruff, Box 428, Newland, NC 28657.

Young w/m tramp, 24, 5'10", 175 lbs., brown hair and shit-green eyes, needs some good reading from foxes out there in the free world. I'm honest and down-to-earth and need letters from same. Ronald Johnson 092541, Box 500, Olustee, FL 32072.

Halfway-house bound and need luscious woman with own apartment who's accessible by phone. I'm 29, long brownish-blond hair, blue eyes. Don't let shyness prevent you from placing a stiff instrument in your hand and scribbling me a short letter. Pix for pix. T. Frank Smith 32437-E, HD 1D-17, Box 128, Old Eddyville, KY 42038-0128.

My nights are lonely and blue — even my old cell is painted blue. Would like to hear from some nice lady to help me get rid of some of the blue. No hard drugs or booze. Affection and lust a must! Paul R. Peterson 00771, 3901 Klein Blvd., F-Unit, Lompoc, CA 93436. (143G)

So. Calif. w/m, 29, 5'9", 180 lbs., long blond hair, blue eyes, and tacked back, looking for something honest, sincere and interested in visits for the "head" of a gangster man, free in '86. (No Polaroids.) Rick Collins, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89201. (143G)

Down and out w/m, 34, looking for scribes from some non-game-playing ladies, 18-57. I'd like to have all of you hot, sexy ladies on the back of my bike. Will answer all with pictures first. R.D. Mull, Box 518, Zephyrhills, FL 33599.

Hey, you hot, sexy lady, why don't you help out a bro with some mail? I'm doing a 5-to-20 and need some addresses, so if you have friends who'd like to write, please tell 'em about me. Shawn "Stoney" Campbell, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Lonely outlaw, 31, blond hair, blue eyes, 6', 180 lbs., and single, wants to correspond with lovely lady and ultimately share beautiful times with me on the back of my scooter. Paul Brinkman 179-833, OCI, Box 209, 11781 St. Rt. 762, Orient, OH 43146.

Lonely Chiricahua Apache outlaw, black hair, brown eyes, 5'11", 175 lbs. 28, well-built and free-spirited, desires and seeks sexy female tail to share good and high times and fantasies with through correspondence till I'm back in the wind. Horse Samaniego 179-597, OCI, Box 209, 11781 St. Rt. 762, Orient, OH 43146.

You gals, take pen in hand and get it together. Two lonely white bros, one from St. Louis and the other from Kansas City, now doing hard time, want to hear from you. Send flicks. Randy Renner 41968, and Larry Frazee 38904, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Lonely w/m, 23, with no family or friends in USA. Grew up traveling around the world, and really need serious-minded lady who can help me feel like I have a home. 6'2", 185 lbs., dark brown hair and eyes. Scott Bannington 716317, Box 1449, F-123, Homestead, FL 33090-1449.

Downed bro with few months to go needs honest ladies to place a light at the end of the tunnel. I'm 32, brown hair and eyes, 5'10", 150 lbs. Would you share a minute of life? I'll give you my heart in return. Ralph "Shotgun" Boykin 150-071, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

California w/m down in federal joint needs correspondence from concerned young ladies. Ray Hunt 78649-012, Box 1000, A Unit, Sandstone, MN 55072.

Down and without, but have strong and open heart. Young w/m, 22, 5'7", 175 lbs., long blond hair, tattooed, needs sincere woman who might want to pick me up when I rise to write to. Please send pix with letter. Tim Hardesty, C42293, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m, 24, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'11", medium build, 180 lbs., with few months left. Looking for an available lady to have a relationship with now and when I get out. S. Murray, C69835, Box 2000, Vacaville, CA 95466.

Death row prisoner, w/m, 38, been down 8 years, and would like to correspond with anyone. Jim Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, AZ 85232. (144G)

W/m, 6', 195 lbs., red hair, green eyes, lonely, and need mail very badly. Can accept mail from anywhere and anyone. Charles C. Hunt, Jr., BCFC, Rt. 2 Box 75, Pineville, KY 40977.

The system said I needed a 42-yr. membership to their "lonely hearts" club. W/m, 26, 5'11", brown and blue, have 5 1/2 years in already and looking for righteous, optimistic w/f, 18-40, for friendship and other possibilities. Barry A. Nix, Box 10-2100, Anchorage, AK 99510.

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 loving memory of **Walter F. Wescott**, 10/12/83, the best father a man could ask for. The memories of you make me laugh and cry, leaving me to wonder why you had to leave so soon. Your brothers, sisters, and family will never forget you. R.I.P. Your son David.

In loving memory of **Michael J. Kupiec**. Ride free in Harley Heaven. We all love and miss you. Rest easy. Your friends and family.

In memory of **Timmy Theriot**, 9/25/81, and **Glenn LeBlanc**, 6/22/82. We miss them, but we know we'll be together someday. Toad, Kim, Wilson, Pumpkin, White Bean and brothers and sisters down Bayou Lafourche Larose.

In memory of **Roxanne "Rock" Johnson**, 6/26/57-6/26/84, the best sister anyone could ever have. You're free now and we hope you're riding the panhead you dreamed of and wanted so much. Bonni, Flash, Poo and Amber, and all the bros and sisters in South Carolina who love you.

J-Boy, we love you and miss you. See ya in Willowby. Wen, Tim, Eric, Michelle, Albert, Jennifer, Danny, Ho Ho, J.D., and the rest of the gang.

In loving memory of **Jim "Igor" Whone**. You were just reborn into this world and we were all robbed of the chance to share it with you. Your memory will be with us through eternity. You are missed and loved. Your ol' lady Patty, and all your bros and sisters in Tucson.

In loving memory of **Randall "Snake" Nelson**, gunned down 8/26/84 in his own home by one he thought he could trust. Randy, only you know who did it. Maybe you and God can do some tracking and take care of things from where you are. Peace be with you. Dean and the brothers of eastside Milwaukee, and Lana.

In loving memory of my **Sonny**, the love of my life. Someday we'll be together. I'll deeply love and miss you forever. No one will ever take your place. Your "Texas Rose," Little Bit.

In memory of **Walter "Dutch" Daczyk**, 6/10/27-11/22/79, a man of great pride and wisdom who knew how to live the good life. Your sons, Darrow (Poncho) and Dale (Floyd) Daczyk. We're still in the wind.

In memory of **Milde**, 7/84. I wonder why sweet guys have to die. I know he's flying through the sky and he was a brother to you and I. Fans of New Berlin.

On a Harley Low Rider he rode high and low; his ambition and dreams were always to go. On his Harley he rode to his death — May God's love and protection be always on his breath. In memory of **Derlin "Derweed" Thompson**, 6/26/84. Love always, family and friends.

In memory of **Mike Dean**, 6/24/84. It's hard to imagine your smiling face will no longer be — only in our memories. Rest easy, bro. We'll see you someday and speak of old times we shared. Your friends Mike and Talon, and friends from Devils Elbow.

In loving memory of **Andy Denton**, 10/7/51-8/11/84. You lived hard and fast and died the same — beneath 18 wheels turning left. Ride free and safe, babe, in Harley Heaven. I'll climb on behind someday. Until then, you'll remain in our hearts forever. The Reifer Bros., and your wife and son, Alta and Joshua.

In memory of **Matt "Son" Albright**, 9/16/84. You weren't with us long, but you taught us a love for life and freedom. Stay in the wind, party hearty, and ride free. We miss you. Cindy, "Dad," and Penny.

In memory of **Phil**, 9/8/84. You were a great friend who will never be forgotten. Ride free. Sadly missed by Chris.

In tribute to a fellow bro, **Mike Hendricks**, who passed on recently. He was truly a Harley man who liked to put it in the wind. Sadly missed by all. Bros from Whitesville area, West Virginia.

In loving memory of my ol' man **Gary D. Palmer**, of Liberal, Kansas, whose life was taken from me and our son 10/8/82. You're missed by those who knew you. Thanks for being there to ease life for me in your special way. I will always remember and love you forever. Cathy Palmer and son Casey.

In loving memory of **Dale Gavette**. You lived hard and died free. You are always loved and remembered in my heart. Caroline.

In memory of **Joe Stricklin**, who left us 7/28/84. Joe rode with us for many years as a real friend and true bro before he was laid to rest in Sterling, Illinois. John, Denny, Phil, Bob, Rollie, Al, Brett, Marv, Gordie, Maurie, Tom, T.J., and Dave. May God be with you, Joe. Ride on!

In memory of **Greg Leach**, lost 5/23/84 while in the wind. You'll never be forgotten, brother. Danny, Ronnie, Eddie, James, and Pop and Mom Jarvis.

In loving memory of **Katrina "Little Bird" Bennett**, 6/19/83. You went with us to all the runs and at meetings you never complained. You touched the souls of many in your brief life. Watch over us now, baby. We will meet again. Daddy, Momma, Onna and ABATE of Jackson.

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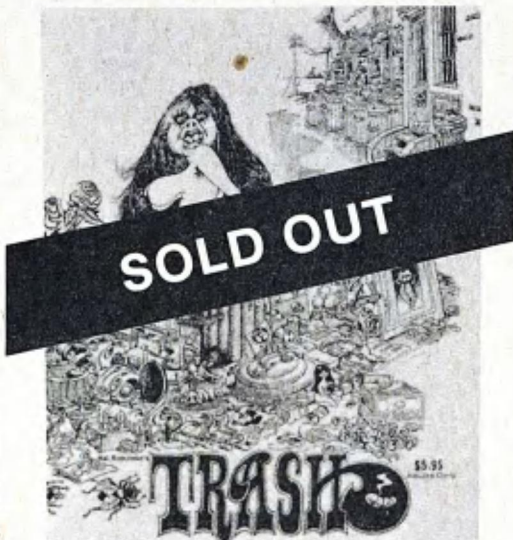
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24-Hour Shortcut

Continued from page 18

said. "We keep by the Good Book here. You musta heard of the Bible."

I thought about that. There are times when honesty is the only policy. Like when you're face-to-face with a twelve-gauge.

"I was raised in the church," I said. "Don't look like you been there in a spell."

"Things change."

"What things?"

"The war for one."

My leg was screaming at me, flashes of deep muscle hurt playing peek-a-boo with the Huey thudda-thud of my heart, hammering spikes into my head. Sweat was raining into my eyes. Sounds were telescoping, loud-soft.

"Mind if I sit?" I found I was going to, anyhow.

"You all right?" the old man shouted from Tibet.

"Terrific," I whispered into a starless night.

* * *

When I woke, a nurse was wrapping my leg where the shrapnel had. . . I shook my head to try separating memory from right now.

"Awake?" the chick asked. "My name's Rebecca. What's yours?"

"I, yeah, how's my bike?"

"Your leg is fine. I dug out a few pebbles and covered the cuts. It'll hurt for a spell, but it should be fine in a few days." She smiled, all bright and perky.

"My bike, where is it?"

"Pa thinks you mighta got a concussion, so you really should take it easy for a while. Noticed some scars when I was tending to you. Were you in a war? Pa says —"

"My bike! Where is it?"

"No need to shout. It's in the barn. Pa and Caleb went and fetched it. I ain't seen it, but Pa says it'll be just fine, with a little work. I washed your pants. They should be dry right soon. Were you in the war?" She smiled again. Bucky Beaver's little sister, Becky.

I lay back down. "Yeah, I was in the war." I tugged the blanket back around my leg.

"There's soup if you want it. And if you can make it, there's a bath down the hall. We even got us a shower now, since last fall."

"Thanks, just soup."

"You're welcome." Another smile. An entire army of Moonies couldn't have done it better. She was definitely beginning to get on my nerves.

"What did you do in the war?"

"I killed people. Could I have that soup now?"

"Really? Did you kill a lot of them?" Then, without missing a beat, "This place is so dingy boring. Nothing ever happens. Every day it's the same thing: cooking, washing, sewing, cleaning. You've been places, seen

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things. Tell me what it's like, riding from town to town, seeing sights, meeting new people. What do you do for fun? You use drugs? Is it fun? Probably drink, too, don't ya? Pa don't allow alcohol around here. Says it's sinful. I tried some stuff Floyd brought by once but I didn't like it. Tasted sour, made my face pucker up. Floyd says I got a cute face. He's sweet on me. He's nice, but not so's you'd want to marry, least ways not till you been a few places and done a few things. It was awful stuff. You like alcohol?"

And on. And on. Without a breath. This broad was dingier than Sunday mornings in Rome.

I flushed the toilet and finished toweling myself off. The bandages hadn't come loose, so I couldn't tell how badly I'd been hurt. But I'd seen enough wounds to know it wasn't nice. The leg was stiffening up and I had trouble pulling my pants over it.

The shower had blocked out all other sounds, but now I could hear the girl. She was talking to someone. I couldn't make out the words, but her voice was growing louder. I tucked my shirt in and headed for the kitchen.

Rebecca was standing at the sink, splashing water and suds, shoulders tucked in tight. The guy standing next to her, a puffball with blond hair, was having trouble finding a place for his hands. He'd stuff them in his jeans' pockets, shuffle his shitkickers and bring them out again. He'd lay one on her shoulder and she'd shrug it off. Back into his pockets. Shuffle.

"Floyd, stop that!"

"Aw, c'mon, Becky. What're you so sore about? I told you it was only a joke."

"Some joke. He could have been killed! Take your hands off me."

"We didn't mean for him to get hurt. Just put a hoo-rah on him. No big deal. Anyway, he's only a danged ol' biker, so what are you so sore about? Besides, you said yourself he's okay."

"No thanks to you. You didn't even stop. And if Pa ever finds out it was Caleb with you in that truck — well! Caleb's gonna get himself into a peck of trouble, that's all. Hands off, Floyd!"

"Aw, Becky. Why do you treat me so miserable all time? You know I love you, I always have."



"It's not bad enough that he was peeping, but when I took my robe off he threw up on the window!"

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"Oh, what do you know, Floyd? You've never been farther away from home than Twin Forks. Anyway, if you really loved me, you wouldn't come around here all the time stinking of liquor."

"I just made a quick stop at the Hayrick."

"Yeah, like you do every afternoon, gettin' sauced with no-accounts."

"Hey, that ain't true. I only had me a couple of snorts."

"Pigs snort, Floyd. Get them hands off me or I'll scream."

"Aw, Becky. . ."

"Paaaaaaaa!" she shrieked.

Floyd was backing up as I came forward. We collided in mid-kitchen. He was about my size, but all that fluffed-out blond hair made him look taller. He whirled.

I don't know if it was because he was startled or frightened or just plain stupid — probably all three — but he swung at me. The kind of overhand right that Kenny Norton pulverized Duane Bobick with. I stepped inside it and chopped him hard with an uppercut. He dropped like a pig in a slaughterhouse.

And that's how we stood when the old man slammed through the back door, shotgun leveled. Floyd on the floor, me standing over him, and Rebecca balanced against the sink, hands soaping her face.

"You. Out." He wagged the twelve-gauge sideways.

"It weren't him, Pa. It was Floyd. He's been drinkin' again. This one was just helpin' out."

The gun nodded downward. "You sure, girl?"

"Course I'm sure, Pa. Floyd's being foolish again, trying to court me."

"Floyd Hicks, git your hide outta my house!"

Floyd crawled off the floor, shaking his head, looking puzzled.

"I —"

"Save it, boy. Can't behave, don't come callin'." The old man slammed the door. "All right. Finish your chores, girl." He turned to me. "Floyd's just rambunctious. When your sickle's fixed, leave."

The old man stayed in the house with the girl and I was glad of that since I half-expected Floyd to be waiting for me outside. But he wasn't. The sky was blacker than used year-old fifty-weight with flakes of aluminum mixed in. The air had lost little of the day's heat. It was still slow and thick, like smoke in a closed room. It occurred to me that I'd misplaced at least 24 hours.

There were lights on in the barn. The place reeked of cow shit and feed, but what really made my stomach rise was the sight of my bike. I thought I was going to be sick. It leaned awkwardly against the far wall. The handlebars were twisted and bent and the front fender was mashed tight against the front wheel. All of the

paint I had lovingly applied by hand over uncounted hours had been scraped down to bare metal. The fatbobs — the fatbobs were crushed in on the one side and the left peg lay on the seat where someone had casually set it.

I leaned against one of the stalls. My breath was coming in short, ragged gasps, as if I'd just been slugged in the stomach. I felt faint. This was too much to take in. I moved away, my mind whirling, building toward an anger that you could power jet turbines with.

I remembered Floyd's face. I remembered the truck and the sun and then it all flooded back.

They had come at me out of the sun. It had been late afternoon, the tailings of a long, lazy day. A day of rambolin' and rumblin', of sun and sweat and suds and miles and miles of wind-wallopin', flat open road.

I was about two hundred miles from home and decided to take a shortcut. The map showed the road in blue, meaning paved. Which it was, for about ten miles. Then it suddenly turned to dust.

Ahead of me the sun was sweeping into the earth, all fat and orange like the end of some gigantic cigarette, boring straight into my eyes. The road was black in the orange light and straight as a Baptist's intentions. I was trying to shade my eyes from the glare when I caught a flicker of movement in front of me.

I twisted the bars hard, ripping out of the road dust, skidded across a scrappy patch of grass that was tucked between the road and a barbed-wire fence that ran like a ruler beside it. Then I hit something, a bouquet of clover or something, and I went down. I bounced and slipped and slid and tore up enough turf to outfit a small golf course.

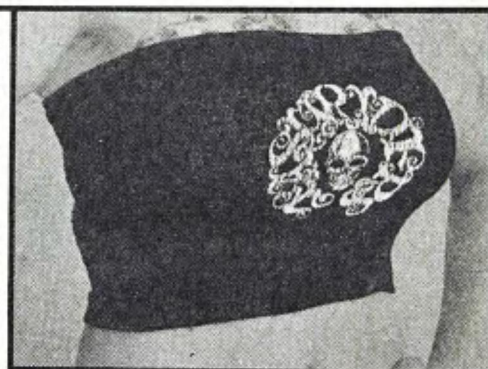
Yet through it all I felt as if I was packed in jelly, watching it happen to someone else, at long distance. Somehow it wasn't real. Everything had slowed down, real s-l-o-o-o-w. And I watched as an old truck crept by, a filthy red Harvester. Two farm boys were in the cab. One had freckles and a grin straight off a box of corn flakes. The other, the driver, was older, smirky, with a head of blond hair like a fall dandelion.



"You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait till he gets a hardon."

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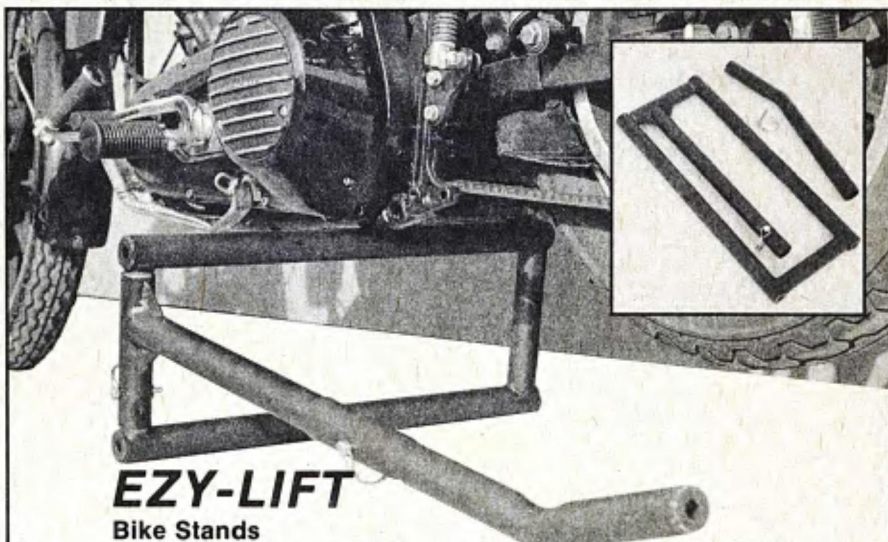
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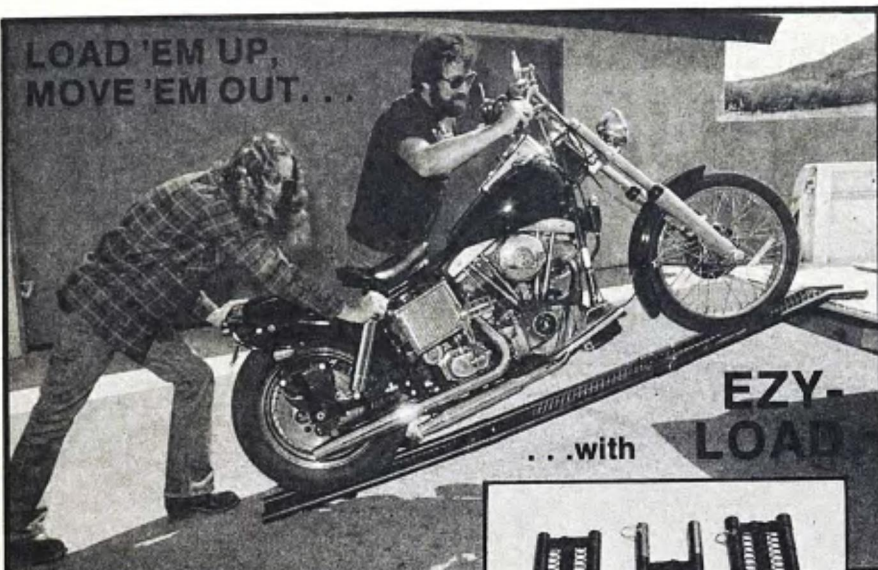
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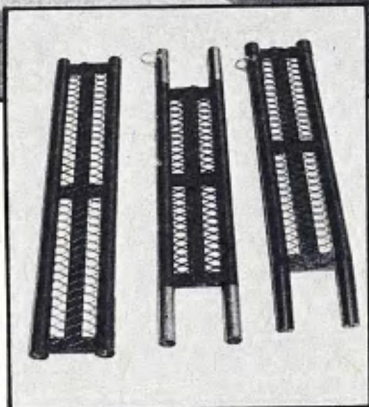
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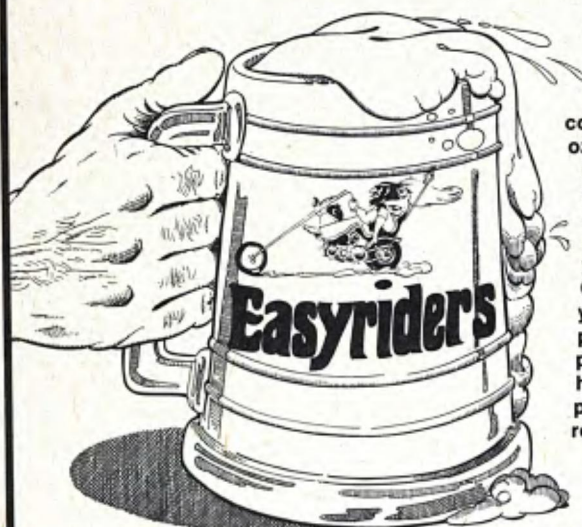
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They were both laughing.

Then it broke. I had come to a jolting halt, choking on their dust. Now I came back to a warm barn that tasted of bile and smelled of shit. All I could think of was how my bike looked and the insolent way the driver had smirked. Someone was going to pay, I swore. And I knew exactly who that someone was. I'd show him a hoo-rah.

All I had to do was figure out how.

I finished work on my bike late in the afternoon. I would have been done sooner, but Rebecca had started pestering me early. First she brought coffee and talked. She told me that Pa and Caleb had gone to Twin Forks. And would probably be gone the entire day, she hinted broadly. Something to do with grain shipments. Then it was lemonade. And talk. A couple of sandwiches, followed by more jabber. Lemonade again, lots of lemonade. It was hot. Blather, blather, blather. The farm was so boring. Pa was a tyrant. Floyd was an insensitive clod, she wasn't appreciated, the hours were too long, the work too hard, she had nothing nice to wear, she never went anywhere.

By the time she got around to it, I was almost weeping into my twelfth lemonade.

"When you go, can I go with you?"

"Any time you're ready," I said, because I finally had an idea.

"Now?" She dashed to the house and came back lugging a small, green duffle bag. She tucked herself in behind me, a snug, warm little package, wrapping her arms around me hard.

The panhead growled a throaty rumble as we started out, familiar and welcome. By the time we had gone three miles the road was pavement again. I let it open up. The wind felt relaxing, good on my face, tossing my hair. I was alive again, glowing inside. Everything was perfect. The road, the sun, the machine chugging along gloriously beneath me, a girl wrapped around me. Everything.

Except one. Rebecca couldn't keep her mouth shut.

"Oh, this feels so good! It's a little bit scary, but I love the way you drive, leaning down to take corners and stuff. Pa don't cotton to motorcycles. Says they're a foolishness. Can't haul nothing with 'em. Can't pull nothing either. A waste he calls 'em. Is it always like this? I mean, does it always affect you, you know, in your, uh, stomach like this?"

Mile after mile, question after question. Till I got to thinking that running head-on into a semi wasn't such a bad way to go. A big one, twin silver stacks gleaming, eighteen wheels rolling flat-out. Quick. Nudge the bars a mite. Slam! Then blessed silence.

While I was pondering the benefits of peace and quiet, we rolled past a dusty roadside truck stop, the Hayrick. There were two pickups

parked in the gravel lot, one a rusty-looking Harvester. I turned and headed back, feeling a laugh building at the back of my throat.

"Where we going?"

"Coffee," I said.

She recognized the truck, but didn't say anything. She wanted to sit in a booth. I slapped her ass onto a counter stool. Dandelion was on the other side of the counter, about thirty feet away, holding a beer by the neck, taking short swallows, like he was trying to make it last. Rebecca kept her back to him.

"Two beers," I told the waitress. No point in postponing the fun.

"I thought you wanted coffee,"

Rebecca said.

"Shut up!"

I took one of the long-neck bottles and shoved the other one at her. I took a long, cold swallow. It burned and tickled just fine. I took another swallow, then belched.

Rebecca made a face like a tarantula had just asked her for a kiss.

"Drink it."

"I don't want it." Her voice was small, timid.

"I don't much give a shit what you want. Drink it!"

Floyd was hunched forward now, interested, listening hard. He wasn't ready yet, but soon.

"No," she whispered.

"You wanna go places, do things, have experiences. Well, here's one for you. Drink your damn beer!"

"I don't like beer," she whined.

Floyd was standing now, leaning forward over the counter, trying to hear what she was saying.

"Who gives a shit? Either drink it yourself or I'll pour it down your damn throat!"

She looked like she was about to cry; her face crumpled like a wet paper bag.

"Drink it, you dumb bitch!"

That did it! Here came the cavalry. Floyd was making his move, powering his way around the counter.

"Leave her alone!"

"Well, well. If it ain't my old pal, Floyd. How you doin', shithead?"

"You heard me. Leave her alone."

"Fuck off or I'll make you eat that bottle you're holding."

"Oh, yeah?"

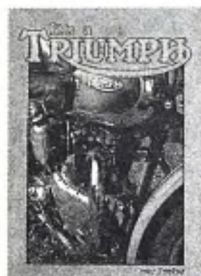
I took another swallow of beer and belched. "Yeah."



"That'll teach ya not to piss on my tires!"

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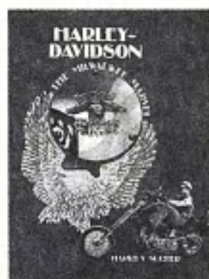
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He hesitated. Then his eyes focused on something behind me. He grinned. "You and who else?" he demanded.

I started to turn, but someone grabbed me and Floyd made his move. He threw the same overhand right. The dummy never learned. I ducked and caught it on the shoulder, brought my boot back and cracked someone in the shinbone. A quick turn and I cracked the guy with an elbow in the mouth. He stumbled and crashed into a booth.

Floyd was flailing away at my back. He caught me with a painful shot to the left kidney. I ducked another right, spun and backhanded him. He slugged me in the chest. I brought up a real right and slammed it into his gut. He woofed as he lost air and his balance, stumbling into the counter. Then the other guy climbed onto my back and grabbed me by the throat.

"All right, hold it right there, fuckers!"

The cook had come out from the back, holding a .38 snubby and looking meaner than Idi Amin with hemorrhoids. Everyone froze.

I smiled at the cook and gave the guy behind me an elbow in the guts to convince him to let go of my throat.

"You assholes wanna kill each other, fine. Do it outside," the cook growled.

There were no takers. I was the only one who walked out, leaving a buck on the counter to cover the beers.

The sun was draining into the earth, all fat and red like the end of a monstrous cigarette, when I fired up the panhead. I could see Rebecca and Floyd through the windows. She was hanging all over Floyd, mouth flapping. I couldn't hear the words, but I knew what she was saying. "Oh, Floyd, you're so big and strong and brave and I'm sorry I said all them nasty things to you. Forgive me?"

And Floyd would, of course, lower his head, scuff his boot a little, and say, "Shucks, Becky. 'Tweren't nothin'."

I laughed to myself as I rode into the sun. You poor dumb bastard. I thought. You're going to have to listen to that stupid bitch for the rest of your life. She'll drive you nuts. I just broke your balls and you think you're a hero.

Hoo-rah yourself, Floyd.



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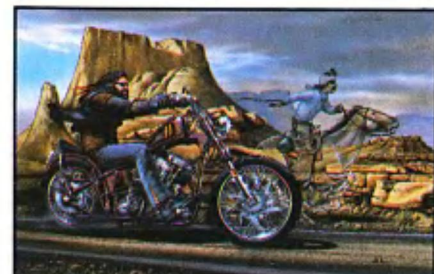
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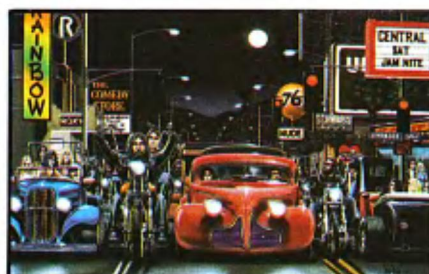
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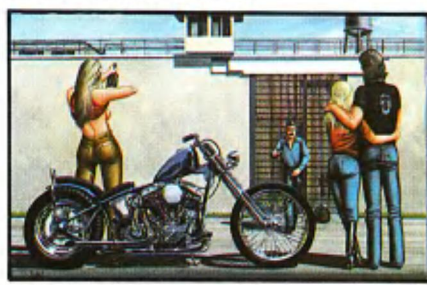
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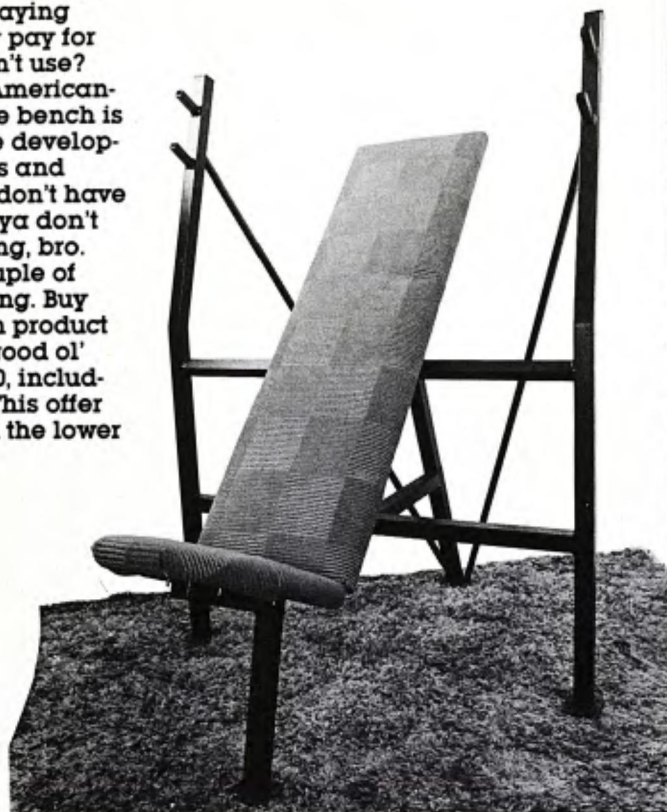
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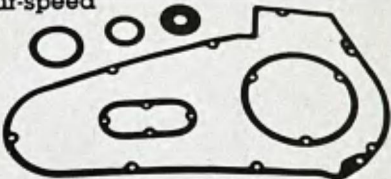
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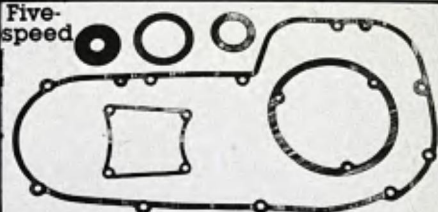
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#M-17 See Previous Page

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Monster Mount

Continued from page 28

this speedin' ticket that ol' Dufuss was nailed for doing a hunnard 'n' six on that oil-sloppin' knuck of his."

"Oh, shit, we'll never hear the end of this one," Cliff moaned.

Dufuss was in all his glory now, casually leaning on his seedy-lookin' sled, trying his damndest to look nonchalant, which, as with most things he tried, didn't work.

"Yeah," Dufe beamed, "when one of you boys break the big one-double-o, be sure and let me know, and maybe I'll let you ride in my shadow."

"Just who the hell ya callin' boy, dipshit?" boomed a voice from the back room. This inquiry seemed to strike Dufe like an icicle through the heart. His eyes lost all their luster as they shot us a silent message that said "How come ya didn't tell me he was here?"

"I-I-I was just gassin' with you guys," Dufe stuttered. "Come on, guys. Damn, you know there's only one true tonner around here and that's the Giant! I know it, and so does everyone else — right?"

Nobody around the table was paying any attention to this snivelin', not because we didn't give a shit, which we didn't, but because he was talking more to the voice in the back room than to us.

The Giant was as feared and revered locally as Dufuss was razed and ridiculed. Nobody knew where the big man had come from and only a few — a very select few — knew what his real name was. He got close to no one, could outdrink anyone alive, and knock hell out of any five guys at once.

At six-nine and 340 lbs., he was easily recognized, if not for his overall appearance, then for his physical prowess. More than once he'd been known to heft his sled or one of ours into his pickup — from the side. He hung out at Roach's 'cause he was a half-decent wrench and a damn fine hand when it came to throwin' a fine bead. If he wasn't puttin', workin' or at the garage, he was alone, either at Ruby's or the El Rancho.

But above all the other accolades, the one most troubling Dufe at the

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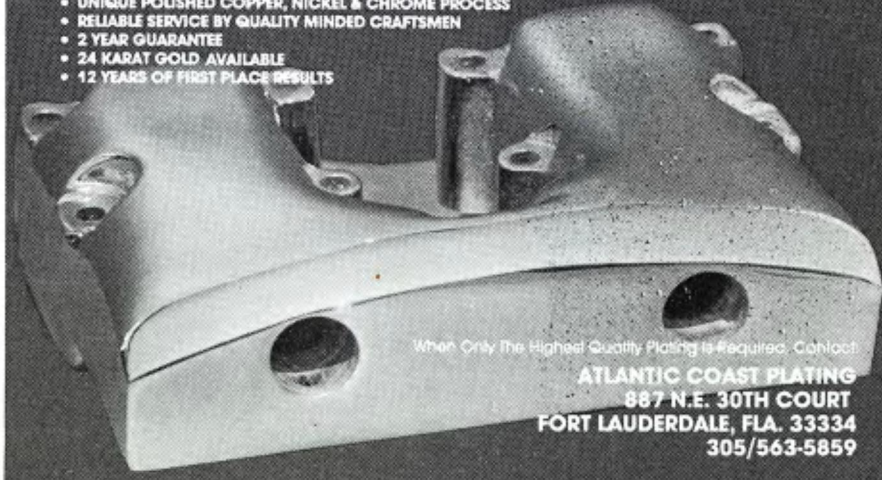
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moment was that the Giant had piloted one nasty-assed sled to triple figures, not once but three different times, and each run faster than the last. Little did we realize, as Giant made his way from the shop to the driveway, that Dufuss was cookin' up a coup to dethrone the man-mountain and take him down a peg or two.

Giant rarely made small talk, unless he had somethin' specific to say. Today, he'd apparently already said it. He mounted his shovel and disappeared down the drive. No sooner had the sound of his rumblin' pipes died away than Dufe regained his big-shot pose, strolled over to the table and snatched the ticket up. He mumbled somethin' under his breath, and with a look that identified him as someone who had either just had a revelation or was about to slide into a coma, he stuffed the ticket into his pocket and left without another word.

Little was seen or heard from him for the next couple of months and we wondered what the problem was, since he'd previously written many a check with his mouth that his ass couldn't cash, and always came right back in a couple of days, never staying away this long. He'd been seen around town, coming and going, but that was the extent of it.

We all had our own ideas concerning his mysterious absence. Roach figured that the browbeatin' he'd gotten from the Giant was one too many an' broke his spirit. Cliff, on the other hand, came up with something pretty logical; he thought that the ticket had given him enough points to have his license pulled and that he was lying low to try an' beat the heat. Weasel didn't give a shit-in-a-handbag and Dave thought that going 106 really gave Dufe a large case of bike-fright, 'cause he hadn't been seen ridin' since that day, only herdin' his cage. Nobody bothered to ask Giant what he thought and he didn't volunteer his opinion.

It was almost ten weeks to the day when Dufuss showed up again, drivin' his old Chevy. As usual, he came strollin' into Roach's as if he owned the place, grabbed a brew from the fridge and cowboy-mounted the chair next to Dave. Everybody looked him over silently, checking for burr holes in his scalp or any kind of physical clue that might help explain his voluntary absence of late.

Dufuss just sat there with a big shit-eatin' grin on his face, and finally a careful cross-examination began — tactfully, so as not to convey any real interest.

Weasel was the first to speak. "Where the hell ya been, asshole?" "Huh?" Dufe replied.

"He said, 'Where — the — hell — ya — been — A-S-S-H-O-L-E?'" Cliff repeated Weasel's question.

"Oh! I've been workin' on a new sled that's gonna make you guys ea —"

At that moment we knew his absence had changed Dufe. Instead of

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runnin' off at the mouth like he always had before, he glanced all around the garage, his head looking like it was on a swivel. Then he went to the door of the back room and casually peered inside. He was still carefully lookin' over the premises when the Weasel asked, "Make us guys 'ea'? What the hell is 'ea'?"

"Don't bother the man," Roach said. "He's lookin' for somethin' — ain't that right, Dufe?"

"Huh?" Dufe replied, as he double-checked the parkin' lot next door.

"Take five," Roach advised him. "He ain't here."

Dufe had been payin' his usual amount of attention, but when he heard that the Giant wasn't around, his body sagged with visible relief.

"Yessiree," Dufe said, now strutting back to his seat. "You guys are gonna eat your words when I unleash my new beast."

"Okay, big shot," Dave said, calling him on it. "Quit jackin' your jaws and let's get a look at it."

"When it's finished, guys, when it's finished. That'll be by the end of the week at the latest. I just have to put on a few finishing touches. Right now I gotta split, 'cause Pig Bresson is coming out to my place to do some letterin'. Tell ya what, you guys meet me 'bout seven o'clock Sunday mornin' at the old airport and I'll give y'all a real show." And with that he was gone.

"That clown's got more brass than a Kansas City fire engine," Roach remarked.

"I don't know," Dave said, rubbin' his chin. "He's sure not the same guy he was a couple of months ago. He just might have somethin' this time."

"Well, either way," Cliff pointed out, "Sunday mornin's gonna tell the story."

"Yeah," the Weasel chimed in, "let's spread the word and make a real production outta this. We'll get a bunch of folks out there to see the Dufe in all his glory, so that when he fucks up, he'll make such a colossal ass of himself that he'll have to change his name and leave the country."

"Man, that's cold," Roach chided him. "Real cold."

"Hey," Weasel snapped, "I didn't hype this thing! It was all Dufe's own idea, some sorta warped vengeance trip aimed at the big man. And speaking of the big man, I wonder what Giant's gonna be doin' Sunday 'bout 7 a.m."

"Christ, I hope ol' Dufe ain't changed enough to try to make an ass outta the Giant," Dave said.

"Well, we ain't had us a dynamite wake around here since Jinx went one-on-one with that steel-hauler out on the Route Thirty underpass a couple of years back," Weasel smirked.

"It's gettin' a little too thick in here," Cliff cut in. "What say we slide over to Ruby's for some grub? You guys seen that new babe Ruby hired?"

"You mean the one with the peanut butt?" Dave asked.

"You mean the one who makes my tongue hard just lookin' at her?" demanded Roach.

"Guess you've seen her, all right," Cliff laughed. "Hey, Weasel, ya okay, man? Ya look like you're a million miles away."

"I'm okay," Weasel said. "I was just tryin' to figure out how much coin Dufe's ol' lady's gonna ask for that ratty knuck of his when he's gone. You guys wanna go together and buy that ol' scooter?"

The next couple of days dragged by, but Sunday mornin' finally arrived. At a quarter to seven Dufe came motorin' down the access road in his old Chevy, pullin' a trailer with somethin' on it under a tarp. I don't think he was ready for what he saw. The place looked like a county fair. About the only thing missing was a ferris wheel. See, we'd invited a bunch of folks and those folks had invited some other folks and so on — thus there were about 150 assorted sleepy, hung-over people on hand for Dufe's big moment.

Dufe was shakin' a little when he pulled him outta his cage to unveil his masterpiece. As the crowd clustered around the trailer, he got even shakier. Several times he opened his



"Honest, officer, I just didn't see the damn thing!"

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mouth to speak, but only low guttural noises emerged. Sweat began trickling down his face and his eyes lost their color.

Seein' this, Dave came to his rescue by jumping up on the trunk of the Chevy and starting to do his best carnival barker impersonation. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have here with us today this man, who, at great personal risk to no one at all, made it here to allow us to be the first to gaze upon his creation — something that'll undoubtedly revolutionize nothin'! So, without further delay, I give you the man of the hour — him!"

Dufe was still stammerin' and twitching, so Cliff and Dave grabbed the tarp and ripped it off the trailer, causing Dufe to lose his footing and topple to the ground. The crowd was galvanized by the sight uncovered before them. They all drew back a couple of steps, *ahhing* in unison. The broad who'd come with Bish even blew her lunch, as if on cue. But whether it was the sight she beheld, or a hard night of partyin' that caused it, it was irrelevant. The statement simply had to be made.

Cliff was dumbstruck; Dave had to look at his feet to keep from laughin' aloud; Weasel, well, he was handlin' it with his usual aplomb — rollin' around on the ground laughin' like a maniac. And Dufuss? He was out cold, having apparently bashed his gourd on the Chevy's bumper when he fell off the trailer.

While Roach climbed aboard the trailer to give the thing a closer look, Cliff and Weasel got Dufe up on the trunk of the Chevy to try to revive him, so he could get his show on the road. From the way things were shapin' up, it looked as though everyone was set on makin' a day of it.

The thing itself, was a sight, to say the least. Dufe had definitely built himself a machine capable of takin' the speed title away from the Giant, all right, but the real question on everyone's mind was if he was goin' to be stupid enough to try riding the thing. About the only details that could be identified right off the bat were the two rear tires. They were the wide, low-profile racin' type, with a lot of the



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C. 29" x 24 1/2"

tread gone, probably scrounged from one of the local dealers. The engine, however, was somethin' else — a Chevy 327, high-performance, with dual Holley carbs, and a stock GM tranny with a big, ugly shifter, made from what seemed to be an old piece of rebar that had been bent to conform to the shape of the seat and its mounting brackets. The frame and rear end were from the same Chevy as the engine. They were narrowed and gusseted and adapted to the glide front end, which had been altered to accept the front tire from an old Farm-all tractor, with the down tubes slugged so there was no suspension on the front end. The steering was a single pullback that stretched from the neck over the carbs and then flared to each hand; the brake, accelerator, and clutch were all pedals; and the only engine modification was the fan blades — they'd been shortened to miss hitting the radiator stuffed in front of them.

The seating was really plush. A bucket seat had been mounted over the battery and there was a roll bar behind it for safety as well as support. Behind that was the pony keg that held the fuel. The entire thing — except for the engine, which was fire-engine red — had been painted with several coats of Harley black and across the keg in bold, scarlet letters were the words *GIANT KILLER*.

When Weasel saw the name, he looked at Cliff and asked, "You think there's much use in bringin' this clown around?"

"Whaddya mean?"

"I mean that if Giant sees that," Weasel said, pointing to the keg, "it ain't gonna hurt Dufe half as bad bein' killed while he's unconscious as it would if he was jus' standin' there, defenseless-like. Ain't that true?"

"I don't know, man. Shit — at least if he was conscious, he could maybe talk his way out of it like he usually

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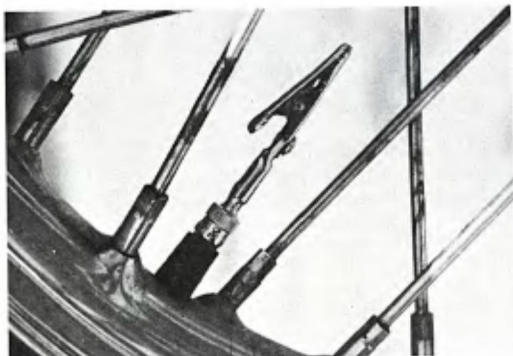
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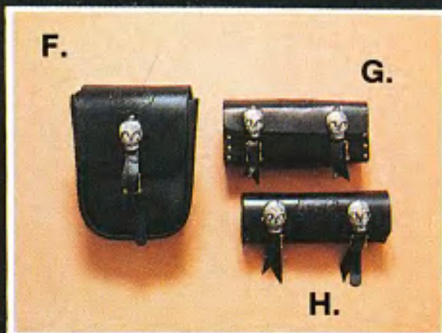
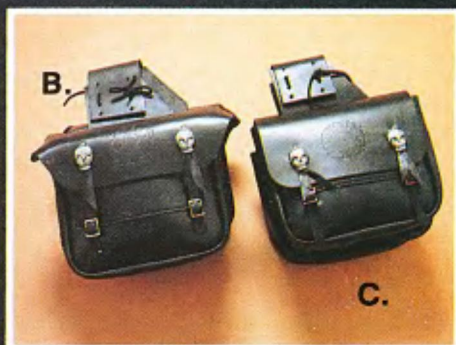
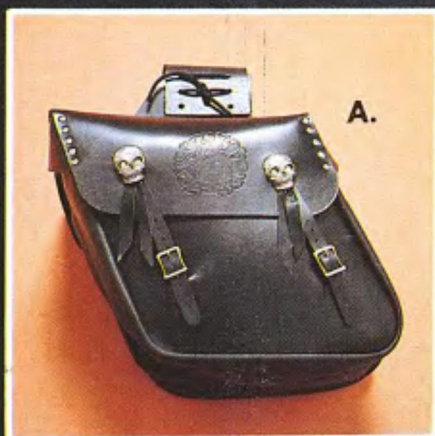
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does. But what's the big deal?" he added. "The Giant ain't even here."

"Well, it's only a matter of time before he shows," Dave said as he walked up.

"Let's decide *before* then," Cliff suggested.

"Maybe ol' Dufuss here will have a chance to die like a warrior on that abortion of his instead of like some old dog when Giant kicks him to death," Weasel remarked.

"K-k-kick wh-who to d-d-death?" Dufe asked, shaking his head in an effort to clear it.

"You, asshole," Weasel growled. "When Giant sees that shit ya got scrawled on that thing over there. You got a death wish or somethin'?"

"No," Dufe responded. "See, the way I got it figured, if I beat his speed and get my ass kicked for it, then he'll look like a fool. So I win either way."

"Man, how in the hell can anyone deal with logic like that?" Weasel snorted in disgust.

"Okay, shit-fer-brains," Cliff demanded, "what if you don't beat his speed?"

"Then maybe I can get the hell outta here before he can get at me."

"Real bright," Weasel said. "Somebody gimme a wrench. I'm gonna knock you out again, you asshole. At least that way I won't have to listen to you shit through your lips."

"What the hell are you doin' now?" Dave asked Dufuss.

"I gotta get this machine unloaded and over to the end of the runway."

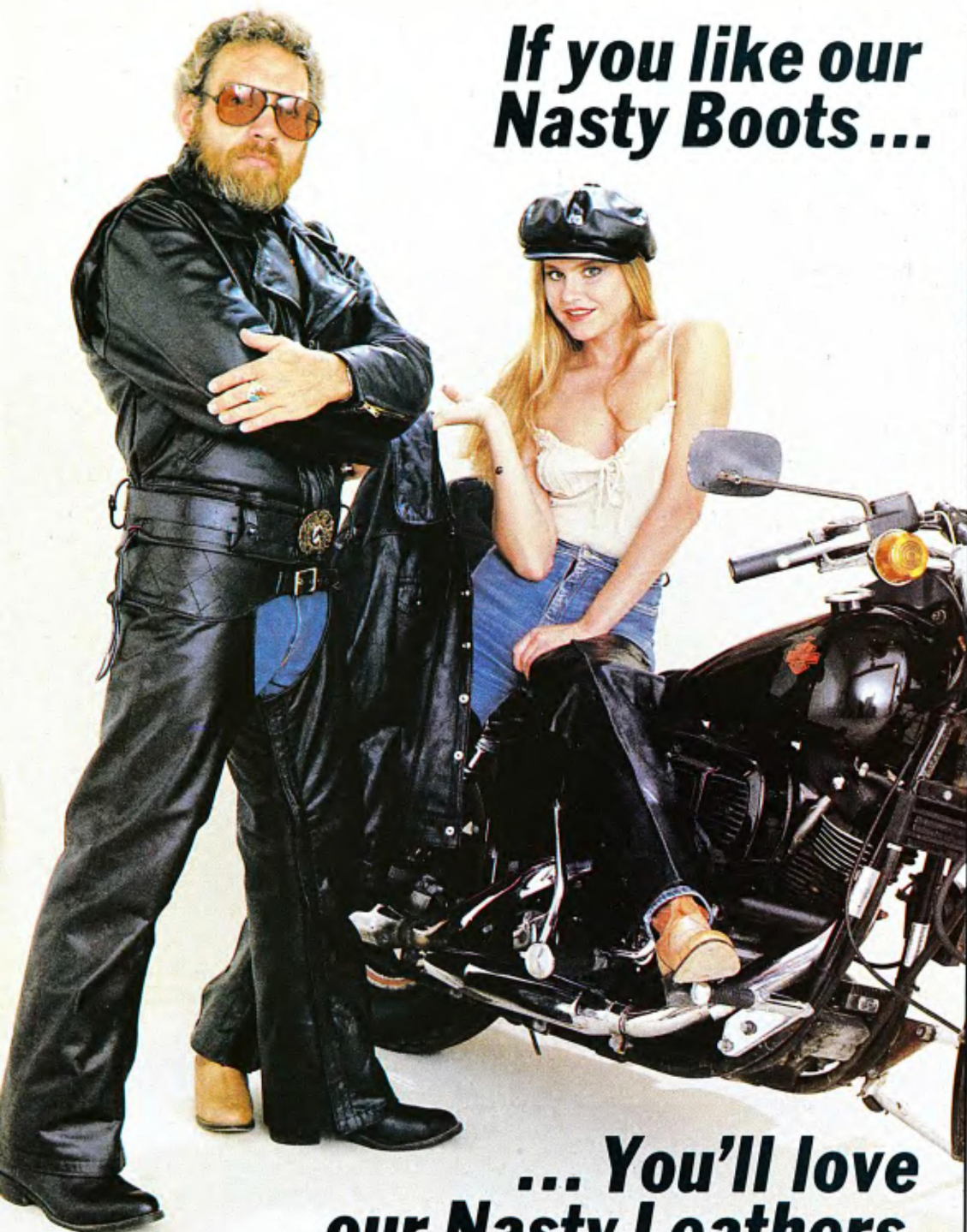
"Look, Einstein," Weasel suggested, "why don't ya drive it over and unload it there?"

Obediently, Dufe headed for the driver's seat of the Chevy. Dave and Cliff immediately took off in different directions to alert the crowd. By the time Dufuss rolled the thing off the trailer, spectators were already jockeying for position along the entire length of the old runway. While Cliff and Weasel helped position the thing, Dufe prepared for the moment of truth and Dave and Roach made their way to the finish line, a measured quarter-mile away.



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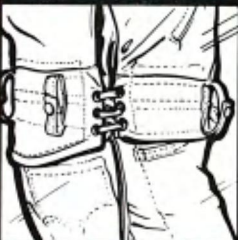
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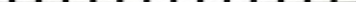
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Dufe seemed together enough; a little tight-lipped perhaps, and the color had faded from his eyes again, but he zipped his jacket and pulled on his gloves without hesitation. He did appear, however, to be searchin' the crowd for a particular ominous shape. At length, he shrugged, then he reached over and flipped a toggle switch. After a couple of pumps of the accelerator, he pushed the starter button. The resultin' noise was deafenin' as orange-and-blue flames danced around the flared openings of the pipes leading straight from the manifold.

Taking a deep breath, Dufuss climbed aboard the thing, but in doin' so, he accidentally stepped on the accelerator — it sounded as though NASA had just fired a moon shot. After Dufe climbed back down from atop the roll bar and settled into the seat, he adjusted his goggles and signaled that he was ready. Cliff raised his arm and looked down the runway to see that Roach and Dave were ready, too.

What took place next happened in mere seconds. Cliff dropped his arm. Dufe stomped on the accelerator, and the noise was terrible. Gray smoke and flames engulfed the end of the runway, then a black-and-red blur emerged from the cloud. The roar from the crowd had just begun when Roach flagged his arm and it was all over.

Dufe managed to slap the kill switch, but when he applied the brakes, the thing refused to slow — and the end of the pavement was closin' fast. He applied his full weight to the pedal, and as the front wheel dropped off the pavement, the brakes locked. Since they were on the rear wheels only, the thing sorta went sideways, and when it finally stopped it had dug up a nice furrow, piling up about a foot of dirt at the wheel.

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of life right off. Dufe was breathin' and his eyes were workin', but he wasn't moving. They were still lookin' at him when Cliff and Weasel came hustling up and helped pry his hands from the grips. Shakin' like a leaf, with absolutely no color to him, he just sat there.

About the eightieth time the question "Are you okay?" was put to him, Dufe regained some of his faculties. He pulled his goggles off, tossed them on the ground along with his gloves, turned to Dave, and said, "Phamf glimp wuaf?" Then he pulled his upper lip back down from over his left ear, and after a couple of slugs of Jack Black, he gave a full account of his historic ride.

"When I cleared the smoke, I went to take a breath and the wind forced my mouth open. My cheeks filled with air and began beatin' against my ears like toy balloons in a gale, and I had such a grip on the bars that the white from my knuckles was showin' through my gloves. When the damn thing wouldn't slow, I decided to bail out before it ran into the trees, but the grass stopped it and I think I pissed myself."

Just then Bish elbowed his way through the crowd and announced that the Giant's record had been broken by 12mph. Upon hearin' this, Dufe grinned triumphantly and reached for the Jack again. When Bish revealed the news to the crowd, they all started to cheer for the new tonner, but suddenly they stopped and began to move back. There, in the newly made opening, astride his sled, sat the Giant. Dufuss got funny-lookin' again and the Weasel grabbed Cliff and Dave and started to retreat.

"What're ya doin'?" Cliff demanded.

"I'm tryin' to get ya outta here before we get pieces of Dufe all over us!" Weasel hissed.

"Hey!"

At the sound of Giant's booming voice, everyone froze. Weasel nudged Dufe and said, "He wants ya!"

"No, not him — you!" Giant growled.

"M-m-me?" Weasel stammered.

"What do you want me for?"

"Cause," Giant said, pointin' to Dufe, "it don't look like *he* can walk."

"Okay," Weasel said weakly. He shuffled over to the Giant, and from where Dufe was sittin', he could see the Giant talkin' and Weasel noddin' his head in agreement. Finally Weasel returned as the Giant kicked his ride and rode off.

"Well, what did he say?" Cliff asked.

"Yeah, what'd he say?" Dufe echoed.

"He said that if he ever sees those words again, there's goin' to be h-e-l-l to pay, and as far as he's concerned, Dufe is no more —"

"Oh, shit!" Dufe moaned. "I'm a dead man!"

"You gonna let me finish, or what?"

Weasel snapped. "From now on the Giant says you're gonna be called *Speed*."

"Huh?" Speed said. ■

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Lockdown

Continued from page 52

stripped and fondled by a matron on three separate occasions, a woman visiting her inmate brother had enough and sued both the sheriff and the county.

According to a U.S. District Court, the sheriff's blanket strip-search order was unconstitutional. Further, the sheriff should have known such a search policy was illegal because the courts have repeatedly said so. Still further, the county is liable for damages because the sheriff is its employee.

The award? \$150,000 for emotional stress, \$27,000 for future medical costs. Like we said, sometimes it pays to fight back.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

Getting It Together

The Prisoners' Awareness Committee of Erie, Pennsylvania, is in the process of setting up shop at 666 Tacoma Rd. Suite 6-B, Erie, PA 16511. According to spokesman Richard Drzewiecki, the group is made up of ex-inmates, present inmates, and their friends and relations. A full range of services for those incarcerated and their families is planned.

Turnabout Is Fair Play

Tired of having some screw's finger probing around your balls and ass? Turns out the screws in New York are tired of the same thing.

So tired of it, in fact, that their union sued the governor and several department of corrections officials, claiming that strip and body-cavity searches of guards violates their constitutional rights.

The court said that in the future the state must have "reasonable" suspicion that a guard is smuggling contraband before giving him the old cold-digit-up-the-ass treatment.



"What are you complaining about?
I'm the one who has to hang around
the waiting room all night."



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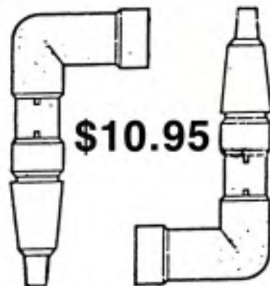
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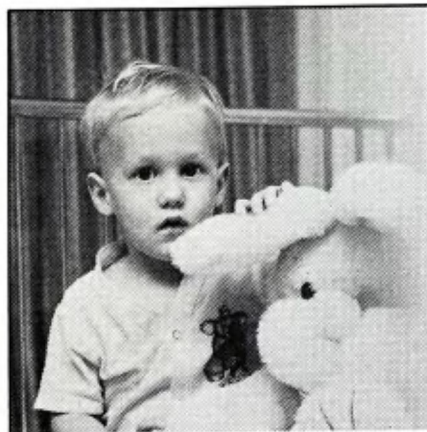
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Two-Wheel Tales

Heat On A Cold Winter Night

by The Mad Bomber

Bein' in the Army can have its advantages, but who the hell except a recruiter can think of too many of 'em? Sure, it paid for my sled and the goodies to customize it, but that was also the reason I was out on that cold, frozen November night on two wheels.

I'd traveled that backstretch of twisting, old military road hundreds of times, and even though the posted speed limit was 35 (whatever in hell that means), I was rollin' my usual 65+. Then it hit me. You know — that tingle down the spine and the buzz in the head. (No, not that one. A different kind of buzz.) Naturally, I could've probably slowed down in time to avoid a ticket, but passin' in review wasn't a real favorite of mine. Especially for some MP.

His name was Stone, one of the military's finest. Just ask him and he'd tell you that nobody ever got away from him. Slicker than snot on a plate-glass window, that one. Trying to hide his olive-drab van in the lighted section of the road, behind some halfassed trees that had lost their leaves a month earlier.

I was reasonably certain that he didn't know that backstretch of road once it turned into county property, and even if he did, he didn't know it like the fool who traveled it at almost 80mph every day. When I came around the turn at 70, sure as shit, there he was. By the time he sat the radar gun down and started to pull onto the road, I was outta my downshift from third, reachin' 110, and feelin' like the baddest mutha who ever straddled two wheels.

Topping the hill where federal property became county property, I could feel the front wheel leave the pavement. Onto the long straightaway I headed, the frost biting my face and the heat on my ass. A buried needle and a badass curve made me slow down to 90. Even though I'd never taken the damn thing at more than 60, there was a lot at stake here — much more than life or a citation.

I was laughin' most of the way. No lights in my mirror and an adrenalin buzz unlike any other I'd ever

felt. I could almost feel the ol' lady's thighs wrapped around me, movin' at 500rpms. Toppin' the hill where the city limits begin, a hundred yards from my driveway, I saw a local cop, his cruiser's lights flashin', waiting for a train to go by on the tracks that separate my side of town from his. You know, sometimes it really pays to live on the "other side of the tracks." I tore up the driveway toward the back of the house, doin' one hell of a wheelie as I went. Runnin' outta driveway and tryin' to stop put me down on the lawn, but there was no damage to either me or my wheels.

Well, MP Stone, I'm the one who got away and I believe I'll have to do it again sometime. One of the best fucks I've ever given or received came about as a result of that adrenalin buzz. Now, if I could just buy that shit by the gram. . .

Gettin' Unraveled

by Earl Alexander

Id stopped in at the local watering hole for just one cold beer about three hours earlier, but, as usual, one thing had led to another, so I was still there when my ex-ol' lady came in. On this particular night we hadn't been together for quite a while and she was looking especially fine. She had on a pair of those wraparound, through-the-crotch, tie-around-the-waist-type pants that are slit all the way to the waist on the outside, and her skimpy halter top barely covered her nipples. When she invited me home with her, I didn't have to think twice.

She decided to leave her cage at the bar and ride on the scooter with me, so there we were, three-quarters drunk, rolling down this back street doing about 40mph, when all of a sudden my back wheel locked up. Like to have surprised the shit out of me. We skidded to a stop and I

Continued on page 116



Rob

Easyriders

Bikers Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,300,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are

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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Attractive women wanted to learn jewelry business — must be single and able to travel. S.A. Koz, Box 8, Brunswick, NC 28424. (143)

W/m, 22, 5'11", 155 lbs., very lonely! Four down and four to go. Need sincere woman, 22-35, looking for permanent relationship and lots of love. No head games. Looks unimportant. Send photo. John Langlais 91427, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (143)

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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)

W/m, 36, 6', 240 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for So. Calif. white lady, 18-30, who is trim and tall, with a lot of heart, to ride and share the good things in life with. Must be one-man woman, loyal and sincere. Answer all letters with photo. Write R.W., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

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!

W/m, 37, 6'3", 230 lbs., blue eyes, beard, living on Canada's West Coast, enjoys Harley, boat, good times. Looking for slim lady, about 5'3", 18-26, who likes large frequency loving, natural highs, who's clean and looking for a great relationship. P.B., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Tattoo supplies, catalog, \$3. Professional Tattoo Supply, Box 1374, Mt. Vernon, NY 10551. (143)

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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)

Penny: The knee is ready; when's the rematch? Tom S., Phoenix, Ariz. Call "new listings." (144)

Native Australian women: W/m, good-looking, 6', 170 lbs., brown and brown. Coming to the Land Down Under to spend some time. Would like letter and picture and phone number from all beautiful, single women, 20-40 years of age, to look up and share your time. Will answer all. Rick Barton, 155 W. Jason #21, Leucadia, CA 92024. (145)

Ladies: Here's an easygoin' bro who's been chained down and put away to collect dust for a while. If you're a sincere, fun-lovin', positive-thinkin' woman, then pick up yer pen and help ease this lonely pain. Karl Reeves, EF-115994, GSP, Reidsville, GA 30499. (144)

Ladies: W/m, 24, 150 lbs., long brown hair, 4 yrs. to release. Need wife; settle for a friend. Tired of games that lead to nowhere. Looking for someone special and sincere. Henry Godo, 83A6781, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821. (143)

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W/m brother down. We need help to get petition up to get Randy "Tattoo" James out of Florida prison. Tattoo's ladies, Bit, B.J., and Taylor, Box 3, Marston, NC 28363. (144)

Rogue is doing four years in a Florida prison on a gun charge. Anyone wanting or needing to contact him, can John Herlihy 906440, P.O. Drawer 1072, Mail # MN176, Arcadia, FL 33821. (143)

Attractive older guy loves going down. Wants to meet chick who'd let him. Any age, shape, size, if you can just lay back and enjoy it. M.T., Box 927, San Rafael, CA 94912. (144)

Rat: Okay, man, remember July 1981, Gorham, N.H.? You're up there somewhere and I want you bad. I stood on Rt. 2 hitchhiking, going east. My eyes are big, my skin is black, I wore a pink head tie. You know who you are. Write to me with a photo. I love you, babe. Mojo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (144)

Hi, Ted. Love, JuJu. (143)

Scott: Happy birthday, 3/16/85. We love you. Tweek & Thumper. (143)

Detain evildoers and teach harmony, organization leaders. Destroyer, eliminator, annihilator, teacher, harmony/cosmic bleeder, silhouetted ent, green gladiator, death angels, contact your downed ninja brother, Paul "Batman" Roberts, Box 3025, Lake Charles, LA 70601. (143)

Two w/m, down and kinda out. All ladies write; will answer all. Please send photo if available. Bo Huff 88807, and Wayne Bowman 74094. Box 6, LLC, LaGrange, KY 40031. (143)

Riders worldwide: Fire us a list of your favorite hangouts and shops that welcome long-riders, or make your ol' lady do it. Include addresses. Also send any poop you have on local points of interest, swap meets, runs, or parties scheduled in 1985-86, including dates and directions. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope and we'll let you in on our plans which could affect you! Send ASAP to Token Tom, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Off The Wall: Happy birthday (March 29). The "rain" will never fall on your dreams — guaranteed. Love, Miki, Charmin' and the Boys. (143)

Attention all bearded brothers of Broward! New prospect has joined your ranks. Born 11/25/84. Derek Taylor Ramsay. (143)

Young w/m needs letters from loving ladies anywhere. Ron Bishop, Box B-35804, Florence, AZ 85232. (143)

W/m, 36, 6'2", 180 lbs. Looking for good lady, one-one relationship. No heavy drugs; good health. Doing Western states bike vacation this summer, need companion. Trade pix. Dusty K., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Two white scooter tramps down for a spell in the dungeons of hell. Need some sweet kind letters & pix from you fine ladies out there with your heads and shit together — no broads who play head games. Write to Tim "Toker" Korp, P-5176, and Rick "Freebird" Spotts, R-4297, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (143)

W/m, 41, 5'8", 165 lbs., single, brown hair, blue eyes, self-employed, needs attractive, house-mouse-type lady for lasting, serious, honest, loving relationship. Jim, Box 12062, Green Bay, WI 54307. (143)

Steve, C-53581: Darling, it's close! Love you always, your Sunshine! (143)

Bob: To my best friend, my lover, and my life. Happy 30th (4/23/55) birthday! Live long and prosper. And have a nice day! Crystal. (143)

Are you female, single, ambitious, adventuresome? Enjoy outdoors, music, dancing, pool-shooting, beaches, weekend rides? Single working male, West Coast, tattoo artist on the side, needs helper, model, partner, lover, life companion. Age and looks unimportant; good nature, cleanliness essential. Your kids maybe. No hard drugs. If ready to share work and play, learn tattoo art and be tattooed, too, write Leo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Hard-working farmer, financially secure, 27, 6'2", 170 lbs., would like to meet lady who enjoys the outdoors and riding. Robert, Rt. 2 Box 2548A, Kennewick, WA 99336. (143)

Kentucky bros and gals: I'm a Yankee-born GI and I'll be heading your way June '85 after three long years in Germany. I sure would like to experience some Southern hospitality, especially from some tight all-American pussy who would like to be packed around on my Wide Glide while introducing me to some good-hearted party people. Although I'll be based at Ft. Campbell, I want to spend my off-duty time with brothers who, like me, know the 13ers' creed and live it. Sgt. Gypsy Kristan, Zedernweg 44, 7500 Karlsruhe 31. (Letters will be forwarded to me from this address until mid-August.) (143)

Kentucky bros and gals! My ol' man will be in your area June '85. I sure hope you all will take good care of him. He's been a good brother to the bikers here in Germany and one hell of a heartbreaker (until I temporarily tamed him). Bros, he'll be loyal to you — give him the same justice. Gals, he's the best man who could ever crawl between your sheets — keep him warm until I get there to reclaim my prize. Gypsy, I love you. Meet lots of people, ride long, play hard, and keep on the lookout for me. I'll forward your mail until mid-August. Athena. (143)

Last call for Mr. Tramp's T-shirts, \$13.50 each. c/o Lou's Tattoo's, 475 Hay St., Fayetteville, NC 28301. 919-483-1222. (143)

Sherman: Still loving, needing and wanting you. You mean more to me now than ever. Your Chrissy. (143)

Attention, everyone who has done time before or fought the system: I'm in need. They had me once before but couldn't get me right. But now that my funds are exhausted, they're trying again! If I don't get some assistance soon, it will be downtime forever. Would like to hear from all and anyone who is down on the law for research: law students; paralegals; pro se; jailhouse lawyers, or anyone who can lend a down bro a hand with legal books, stamps, envelopes, or money orders to cover these expenses I can't handle any longer. So at your next party, pass the hat — it's a worthy cause! Address all correspondence and money orders to: Joe Hosna, St. Louis City Jail, 124 S. 14th Street, St. Louis, MO 63103. Looking forward to hearing from all concerned who can help a bro's last hope to win or lose for life! Hey, I'm Mimi, Joe's ol' lady, and we really need all the help you guys and dolls can give. Otherwise, I know I'll never have my ol' man on these streets with me and the kids again. So drop a line to me at the house, dolls, because I need all the moral support your hearts have. Mimi Hosna, Box 394, St. Ann, MO 63074.

Huck says, "See our advertisement in this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment." We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got tuba-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)

Kidney belts designed and made by biker who had back surgery. Guaranteed to keep you riding longer more comfortably. \$85. Also, chastity belts, \$45; and Texas titie twisters, \$5.50. Send money order and waist size, specify brown or black to: F.L. Shipley, Box 2964, Humble, TX 77347. American-made! (143)

I hope to get out in '87; letters would change this hell into heaven. Come on, show me you care; I've got blue eyes and blond hair. W/m, 26, 5'8". Gary P. Price, P-3848, Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652. (143)

I asked a saint to do for me. This is my way of saying thank you, St. Jude, for prayers answered. You've got to give a little when you take a little. Ride safe y'all who know me. Feather. (143)

Bobby Joe and Shortstory: You're the two men I loved the most. Always will. Keep a smile for me. Kareen. (143)

"How to Get the Job You Want" by Dan Ostram. Surviving in today's job market. \$2.95. K.R. Publications, 956 11th St., Worthington, MN 56187. (143)

Brass bullet stash box, 2 3/4" long, in a two-tone finish that looks exactly like a real bullet. Unscrew the top and your stash rests in a plastic-lined interior. \$5.50, plus \$2.50 insured shipping. Bosworth Marketing, Box 184, Pompton Lakes, NJ 07442. (143)

Timber wolves and wolf-hybrids. I breed the largest timber wolves in captivity together and to the finest-quality German shepherds from Europe to bring you the best fucking animal you can buy for any purpose. 100% guaranteed. Information, \$3; with T-shirt, \$11. "O! Dog" Trey, Box 1697, Frederick, MD 21701. 301-694-6386. (143)

Cammie Lusk (bodybuilder-weight lifter): Contact A. Aschheim 79A2932, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. Very important. Anyone knowing current address, phone number, and where Cammie Lusk works out, please contact above address. Thank you. (143)

To Mike "Bird": The picnics and card games aren't the same. Been too long since we've heard from you. Last we heard, you were down in Texas. If possible, contact "The Twins" (Laurie and Renee Stevenson), c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Lynette M.: Keep writing from the UK. Love, Rich. USA. (143)

First issue of *Colors* magazine — \$1 each. First issue of *Easyriders* magazine — \$50 each. Send money order (only); name and address to A. Aschheim 79A2932, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (143)

Blond, blue eyes, kind of shy, lonely, in prison for 7 yrs. Would like to hear from nice girl for meaningful relationship. Will answer all with photo. Al Aschheim 79A2932, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (143)

W/m, 35, 5'7", 150 lbs., traveling tattoo artist, would like to hear from all ladies. Photos answered first. Richard Perdomo 52126, FCF, Box 999, Canon City, CO 81212. (143)

Will buy Harley parts. Mr. Coyote, Box 700101, San Jose, CA 95170. (143)

Photos wanted of foxy ladies on crutches, including amputees. Will buy/swap. Jim, Box 214, Syracuse, NY 13206. (143)

W/m, 28, 5'10", 150 lbs., was incarcerated six calendars, been out two. Seeking compatible female. Terry, Rt. 1 Box 153, Mineral Wells, TX 76067. (143)

Billy-Bob: Jacksonville is too damn far away from Hawaii! When we are together again, you can watch all the Dallas games you want without me bitching. Love you, want you, need you. Rainbow. XXOX. (143)

Two w/m doing time in Folsom would like to hear from ladies, 18-35. Friendship and marriage-minded. Please send photo. Will answer all. Robert Grieb, Box C-19746, and Terry Carpenter, Box C-85150. Repressa, CA 95671. (143)

W/m, 23, 6', 160 lbs., black hair, blue eyes, Libra. Down for GTA/bank robbery. Looking for sincere hot and nasty-minded ladies to write to, etc. No games; I've had enough. I'll answer all; a pic gets one back. Robert Forgey, C81922-5391, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0001. (143)

Two white bros want letters and flicks from women everywhere. Want sexy ladies to hook up with for the future, but will answer all letters we get. Dan Holland, C-50971, and Phil LaPointe, A-83069, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764. (143)

Swap meets: April 14, Oklahoma Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City; April 28, K.C. Trade Mart, K.C., Missouri. (143)

Attention, ladies: relationship, possibly marriage. W/m, 43, brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'11", 190 lbs. Lonely, blue and incarcerated. Would love to hear from lady who would care enough to help brighten my days. Quiet and down-to-earth guy who wants to live a serious life. Arthur Springer 20651, Box 30, K-6, Pendleton, IN 46064. (143)

Hey, big bad Sugar Bear: Where the hell are you? You promised me a ticket '83-'84 show, then disappeared! Still looking for you. Please drop a line. Love, Ilene Resnick Bard, Annandale, NY 12504. (143)

Help! Very lonely biker, 29, been down 5 years and desperately in need of letters, pictures, visits, anything! Will answer all. Ernest "Gunner" Garza 48079, Box 600, Canon City, CO 81212. (143)

I'm a down white scooter tramp doing time in this backass Indiana. In need of letters from all you fine ladies out there. I will write all who write me. Send a flick and you'll get one back. I'm 31, with long brown hair and hazel eyes, 158 lbs., 5'9". Write to Sam "Lucky" Catrabane 27296, Box 30, 0-1 Dorm, Pendleton, IN 46064. (143)

W/m, 29, 5'10", 160 lbs., green eyes, brown hair. Me and my Harley are i.s.o. one pretty and slender one-man Harley woman, 22-28, who knows what it means to be a biker's of lady. Washington, D.C. area only. Send pic and letter to Bob, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Big man, 6'4", 270 lbs., age 32, built like *Easyriders* cover man "Warren" (February '85, issue #140). I'm free and looking for a free woman or a woman soon to be free or who can parole to me. I'm easygoing, understanding, and guarantee to please my woman. Women should be 18-40; tall, short, skinny, chubby, no matter. Tom, Box 16671, Baltimore, MD 21221. (143)

Real bullet key rings. Most popular calibers. \$3.95 each; 3 for \$10. Bullet, 147 Zion C-4, Hartford, CT 06106. (143)

One-of-a-kind leathers: chaps, halters, vests, etc. Send SASE to Calamity Jane, 124 H. Blossom Hill Rd. #334, San Jose, CA 95123. (143)

Convict, scooter tramp, doing time deep in the mountains, would like to receive some erotic correspondence from sensuous ladies to help me keep my face in the wind. Photos appreciated. A.R. "Silver" Murff 147657, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740-9539. (143)

Wanted: beautiful, intelligent, big-busted young slave girl for lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (143)

S.W. Chicagoland only: Clean-cut single w/m seeking to contact/join group of practicing satanists. Also seeking slender w/f interested in satanic magic/witchcraft to join forces with. Photo requested/returned. Harlie, Box 290, Clarendon Hills, IL 60514. (143)

Easyriders — most every copy since late '75. 98% still with paper cover. Approx. 107 mags. Best offer. Mike Johnson, Rt. 1 Box 343, Farmington, MO 63640. (143)

Downed, 100% hardcore, don't give-a-fuck scooter tramp out in '86. Blond hair, blue eyes, 23, 5'7", 170 lbs. Would like to hear from honeys who'll help pass this time with some nasty words and flicks! Will answer all letters that include pix. Michael Sipes 174108, MCI-H, Rt. 3 Box 200, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (143)

Build a safe, cheap, and clean solar water heater. Send \$5 for plans to C.R. Mole, Box 115, Hampton, SC 29924. (143)

My longtime lady just split with my best friend. Boy, do I feel funny! W/m, 43", 195 lbs., good-looking, biker/weight lifter, seeks correspondence, photos from sweet, understanding ladies over 21. No cigarette smokers or heavy-duty dopers or boozers. Doug, Box 9704, Savannah, GA 31412. (143)

Candii Cannon: Contact Dave, Box 220, Windsor, PA 17366. Need your address — sorry! (143)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (143)

Patsy: Never meant for none of this to happen; I wanted you forever. Know that I am very sorry. My heart will ache everyday over this. I sincerely love you — always, baby. Tim. (143)

W/m, 33 yrs. old, 5'7", 150 lbs., looking for a righteous lady to settle with once and for all. Been down 6 years, with 6 months to go. No head games. Will answer all. Leonard E. Prince III 39696, ACTC-T-Santa Rita, 10000 S. Wilmont Rd., Tucson, AZ 85777. (143)

W/m, 37, 6', 195 lbs., divorced, Harley rider, party-hearty sexual swinger seeks an uninhibited swinging lady. Foxy, young, slim, petite and bisexual are all plus signs. Possible permanent position for the right one. Tom Egan, 1855 Campground Rd., Wellsville, OH 43968. (143)

Drive women crazy. Detailed report. Her internal "magic spot" every man can reach. New information. \$3 to Brook, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

W/m, 29, doing time, seeks correspondence or visits from stand-up ladies around the Virginia area. No head games played from either party. Will answer all those with photo first. Write Herb Dettmer 123119, PCC, State Farm, VA 23160. (143)

Rindy: Happy 31st. Your loving guys, Fran and little Stevie. (143)

Hard-working w/m biker, 33, b/b, 6', 155 lbs., financially secure, college-educated, outdoorsman, hedonist and frugal. Looking for a lady who can relocate for long-term relationship. Lady will be domestic, have class, like parties and traveling. She'll be creative and unreserved in our bed. One child okay. Heavyweights, alikes, junkies, free-loaders, save your paper. Doug Hickincamp, Rt. 8 Airport Rd., Elizabethtown, KY 42701. (143)

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All I wanna do is make good music! Help downed bro make it. Rusty Smith and the Saddle Tramps, reviewed in "Downtime" (December '84). To order tape, send \$8 to George L. Davidson, Box 7202, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. (143)

So. Cal. tramp, slammed down in Ohio since 1980, up for parole August! Need one good woman to come home to, someone for real in caring! Vic Henning 159-903, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. (143)

For sale: 1984 FXST Harley-Davidson Softail, candy-red, extras, sissybar, chrome and four-year warranty. Phone (515) 297-2344, or write Box 15, St. Marys, IA 50241. (143)

Harley rider looking for that w/f fox who knows how to take care of her guy. No heavy drugs or drunks. Age is not important. Strong sex drive a must, and a love to ride and party are also a requirement. I'm 45, with long ZZ Top beard and a good sense of humor, 205 lbs., and ride a jockey shift. Photo, please! Phil, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

Lonely and blue, lady, I need you. Could really dig letters and flicks from sweet and foxy chicks. Steve Apostoleides 153567, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740. (143)

Downed Hispanic artist, 33, 5'7", 170 lbs., would like to hear from sincere, attractive, down-to-earth young ladies for possible serious relationship. Flicks get quicker response. William Maisonet 84A2507, 250 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, NY 10507. (143)

W/m, 30, 6'1", 185 lbs., doing time. Would like attractive lady, 20-40, to write my blues away. Would appreciate mail and pictures. Jack "Doc" Fuller 10620, Box 76, Greencastle, IN 46135-0076. (143)

"Notes 19er" is on the make for one scooter trash honey with class who is willing to write and visit while burning her soul into mine for eternity. I'm a member of the Pagans MC, 36, w/m, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown eyes, with full brown beard and many tattoos. Oscar "Notes" Rezek 152544, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, MD 21202. (143)

Hi, Blondie: Want a home in the country? 5'7" 36 yrs. young. Write Jammer, Box 35, Tajique, NM 87057. (143)

Home in Marysville, Utah, for sale: Newly remodeled 2-bdrm. home with stone fireplace on secluded 3/4 acre with lots of shade trees. Large workshop/studio. Sacrifice at \$35,000. Paul Goldfarb, Box 55, Marysville, UT 84750. (143G)

In The Joint: You'll be out soon enough, bro. Your bike is here waiting for you to ride it in the wind. I'll surprise you with the rebuilding I did to it. Just kick back and think about where we're going to take our cruise with our Harleys. See you out here soon, Nut Job. Your bro in V.S., New York, Perry. (143G)

Robin: Hi, babe, I'm down now, but will be out soon. I love you and miss you very much. Just want to wish you a happy anniversary April 19. I love you. Your husband Ray. (143G)

Looking for special lady who's into witchcraft, a little evil with nerve, good-looking, loyal, sincere, faithful, one who'd relocate, no limits on loving or doing for each other, would be of lady/wife/friend/partner. Letters with photo answered. Reply to Stonehenge, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (143)

All bitches, tramps, and babes into minis and leather: Two white bros in need of letters and pix. Fantasies, lies, threats and propositions — all welcome. One year to go, so come on with it. Cliff "Thor" Stine 378326 (22, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond and blue), and Andrew "Pirate" Messer 341248 (24, 6", 180 lbs., brown and blue). Beto I Unit, Box 128, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861-0129. (143)

Handsome and healthy w/m, 24, 6'2", 185 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes. Would like to hear from all you lovely white ladies out there. I like 'em short and slim. Relationship possible. Chains cut in 1986. Robert King, C-07521, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (143)

W.S.M.F.: Holdin' it high, with love and respect to my bros Steamer, Sundance, Joker and Weed, Thor. (143)

W/m, 40, 5'8", 165 lbs., desires lasting relationship with sincere, slim-to-medium-build woman, 21-35. No kids or needle freaks. Must love to travel. Send pic for same. Gene Tester, 1732 NW 37th, Oklahoma City, OK 73118. (143)

Notice: Jerri Mauntain in Florida prison, or anyone who knows her, tell her to write Spirit. Leave her son's address. The joint won't let my mail go through. (143)

Beautiful, decent, English-speaking Filipinas want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Photo, details, \$1. PAL, 20X, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (143)

Kidney belt and back support designed and made by biker who had back surgery. Guaranteed to keep you riding longer. Specify color (brown or black), send waist size and money order for \$85 to F.L. Shipley, Box 2964, Humble, TX 77347. Will be sent by UPS. (143)

Have hard tongue, will travel. 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, tattooed. Will be out soon. Tim Williamson 136918, Star Rt. Box 70, Hodgen, OK 74939. (143G)

Mistress wanted: 20-40. Send pic with script to the Indian, Indian Valley Ranch, Smithville, WV 26178. (143G)

K.D. (Albuquerque, N.M.): I'm down again, kitten; don't have your number anymore. If you still need me, write. Bill LaLanne 104424, Main Prison-Oak 4, Angola, LA 70712. I love you. (143G)

S.F.-area Crazy George, Bad Mike and John: Thanks, brothers, for being there when I was in need. Your brother always, Grass Valley Big Bob, Box C-91124, Tamal, CA 94974. Take care; stay in the wind. I am in S.Q. Be seeing you in August '85. (143G)

"Arkansas"/Kathy: If you have a daughter named Angel and a bro named Craig, get a hold of me ASAP! Craig Cline 04478-059, Box 1000, Oxford, WI 53952. (143G)

Whatdafuck, Darlene, don't you feel you have fucked me over enough? I'm tired of your bullshit. Get off your ass and send me my stuff I asked for. If you don't, your ass is mine as soon as I get out. Ziggy (inside the walls). (143G)

Wanted: Anyone knowing the whereabouts or address of Gloria Jean Gaddis, nickname "Pud," please contact me. Gloria left Michigan City, Indiana, late 1977. I haven't seen her since, though my heart has never forgotten her. She has a sister named Teresa and a brother named Allen. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of these people, please contact me. Craig L. Klopenstine 574383, Box 518-100, Zephyrhills, FL 34283-0518, or 66527 Klinger Lk. Rd., Sturgis, MI 49091. (143G)

W/m, 31, Scorpio, desires correspondence from some ladies who will make some dreams come true. No head games. Pix appreciated. Darrell C. Hilbourn 154781, Rt. 3 Box 2000, MCIH, Hagers-town, MD 21740. (143G)

Roo's Von Himmler at stud. Purple ribbon American Pit Bull Terrier, U.K.C.-registered. Large, with heart to match his size. Brindle and white. \$250 stud fee. Himmler, Box 294, Cypress, CA 90630. (143G)

Tattoo artists and fans: Huck Spaulding says thanks again to all you great people who supported Spaulding & Rogers Mfg. during 1984. We're your #1 tattoo supplier and you are our #1 Easyriders readers. Buy where the bros and pros buy and you can't go wrong Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. (143G)

Candy-O: Babe, I get out 6/25/86 and would sure like to get back together and let it be me and you in the wind forever. Heard about Mike's leg (bummer). Drop me a line. Ol' Hammer-Bang, Fairbanks, Alaska. (143G)

We've been down for 7 years, with relief due in '85. Country boys who need to remember what good lovin' is all about, but we're not running a school. Paul Galloway 43233, and James Miller 44301. Unit 25, Parchman, MS 38738. (143G)

Would like to hear from some wild, kinky older women. I'm 24, 5'11", 195 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, tattooed. Been down 3 1/2 on a 10-yr. jolt, parole first of '86. Dave "Caveman" Guth 117272, Star Rt. Box 70, Hodgson, OK 74939. (143G)

I'm looking for a fine lady, 18-40, who won't play games or do me wrong. Must be mature, single, kids okay. I'm 25, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'10", 165 lbs. I'm looking at a few years, so please write. Keith Houston, Box 607, NSP, Carson City, NV 89701. (143G)

Finest Quality, Handcrafted Bone-China Beer Mug. Heavy! (Weights two pounds!) It's Big! (Holds one quart.)

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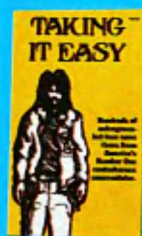
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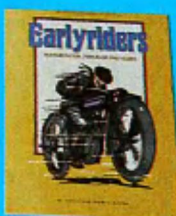
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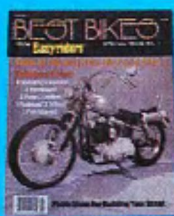
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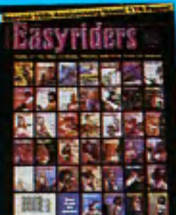
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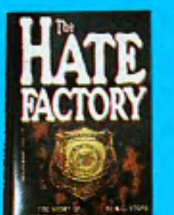
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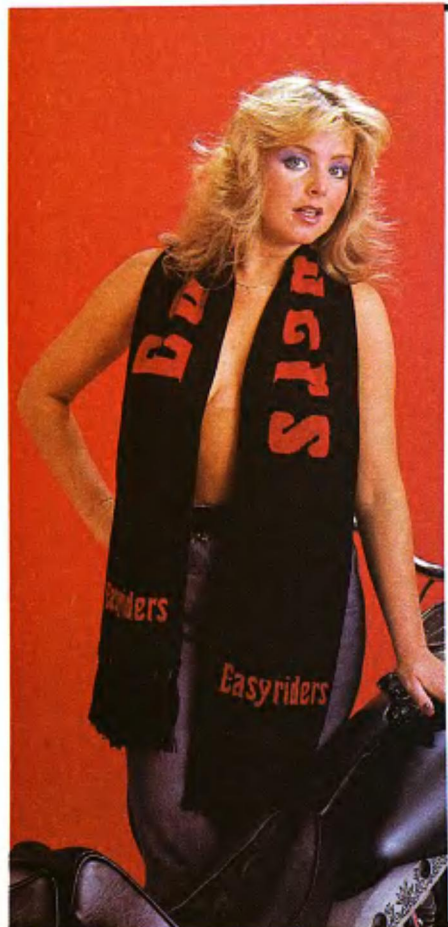
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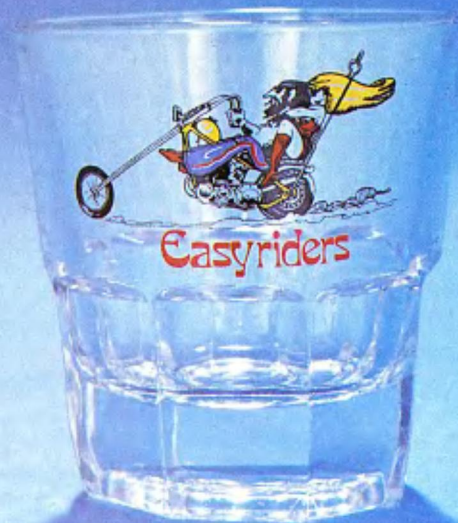
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Two-Wheel Tales

Continued from page 110

turned to see what the hell had happened, feeling pretty good about not dumping us. That's when I nearly fell off the bike. Jan was sitting there behind me bare-ass naked from the tits down! She'd gotten her spiffy little tie-and-wrap pants caught in my rear chain and it had just snatched 'em clean off her.

As soon as I got through rollin' in the street laughin', I got out my Buck and attempted to dig what was left of her pants out of the sprocket. Meanwhile, Jan was runnin' around freaking out when the first car to come along turned out to be none other than a black-and-white. Naturally, the cop was full of stupid questions, like "What's going on here, folks?"

I just kept on fucking with the chain, trying to ignore both him and the fact that he was undoubtedly going to haul my ass off for drunk driving on a suspended license and her ass off for exposing it in public. But then, bless her, Jan really pulled her shit together. First she told him that she'd appreciate it if he'd turn off the spotlight he had pointed at her, and then she informed him that if he was any kind of gentleman at all, he'd leave us to take care of our little problem in private.

I don't know if he was flustered or what. Maybe he simply *was* a gentleman. In any case, he turned off the spotlight, put his cage in "drive" and drove off — without running a check on my plates, without asking to see my license, without getting close enough to observe that I'd had a few. I couldn't believe it, but that didn't stop me from digging the rest of the material out of the sprocket in jig time so Jan and I could also get gone.

Did we carry through on our original intentions once we got to her place? Well, I can be a gentleman, too. Since she professed to be freezing, I kept her bare ass warm until sometime around noon. ■



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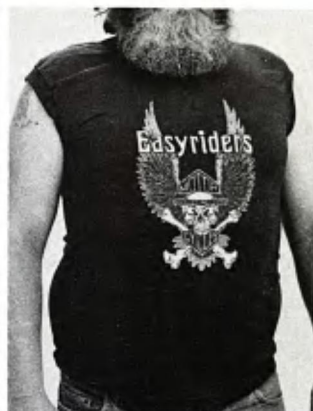
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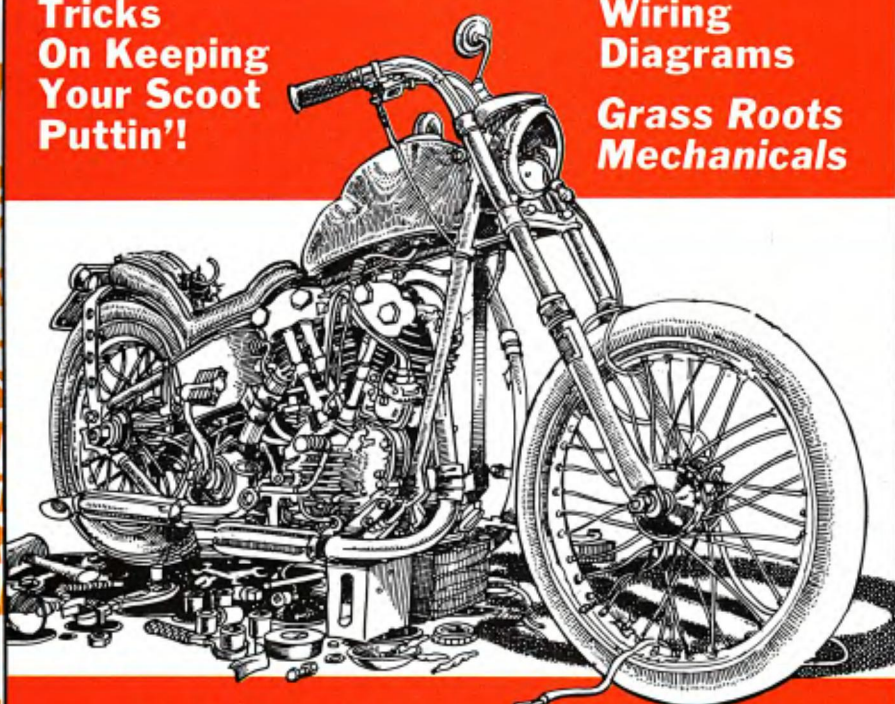
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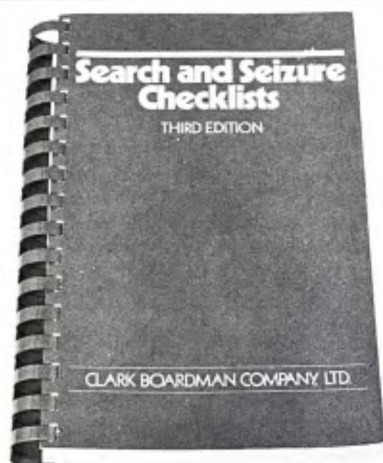
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Two-Wheel Tale

Continued from page 53

laughter that was drowning out the traffic noise.

Quickly I dismounted, yanked the awkward rig backwards several yards, remounted and attempted a second, more dignified, departure. Proceeding north, I crisscrossed the roadway like a lurch on the run from DTs. I repeatedly flashed appreciative smiles toward wide-eyed cage drivers who executed some really dazzling maneuvers in their attempts to avoid striking me. A few, of course, blew their horns and waved their fists and these I would have offered a hand signal of my own, had I not been grasping the bars with such desperate fervor. A few blocks later, I swung into a maze of narrow backroads and there I practiced. An hour afterward, I returned to Route 109 and rolled that rig due north without a waver.

That night, I was seated in the garage, sipping an icy beer and studying my newly acquired sidehack setup. I liked the attractive lines of the older model tubs and it seemed to add a massive, classic dignity to my old dependable Hawg. I thought of the countless hours of work rushed into the rig and smiled as I reviewed my embarrassing attempt to get her home earlier in the day. Was it all worth it? I wondered.

Just then the door swung open and my ol' lady entered, toting a priceless package in her arms. She approached the sidecar and carefully lowered Sarah into its plushly padded seat. When she stepped away, I noticed my daughter's T-shirt: "My Daddy Rides a Harley." Sarah seemed to settle back comfortably into the rig, then she raised her eyes toward mine and beamed a toothless smile.

Then I knew that it really was worth it all. ■



"I'll say this for you, Freddy.
You've got a lot of balls."

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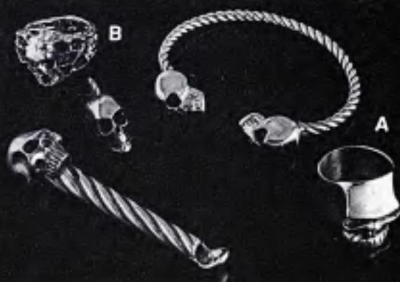
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Dog Food

Continued from page 77

I shoulda taken a stick and pried him loose so he could fall. He'd probably have been better off. But I didn't.

I foolishly risked my own hide reaching out from the bridge abutment with nothing but 3000 feet of free space for support to pluck him away from sure death. The ungrateful sonuvabitch rewarded me for my trouble by hissing at me like I had the plague when I finally got near him and scratching the shit outta my arm when I managed to grab onto him. At that point I had half a notion to heave him into the abyss just to see if he could land on his feet from that far up. But I didn't. Instead, I merely dropped him to the ground, figuring I'd done my annual good deed for dumb creatures, and decided to get the hell away before someone saw me with him and thought we were together.

I fired up the Harley, sure the noise would chase him off, but he just sat where he'd landed, licking himself. He couldn't have shown more disdain if he'd raised his tail and pissed in my direction. I kicked the bike into gear and took off down the road, puzzling over my uncharacteristic benevolence. Somehow, it sorta figured that I'd chosen to waste it on such an ungrateful piece of shit.

However, it was a nice day and the scenery couldn't have been better for puttin' down the road. I musta rode for two hours without seeing another soul, which was fine with me since I don't mix too well with most forms of the human creature. But nothing is permanent and eventually I came to a wide spot in the road containing only the barest elements of civilization — a gas station and a tavern. I decided the lure of a beer was more pressing than

the Harley's need for gas. I parked next to a beat-up old Chevy pickup.

The joint was poorly lit and it took a few seconds before I could see anything, but I figured it was a friendly place because I could hear some guy laughing. Three dudes at a corner of the bar had half a pitcher of beer surrounded and were staring and pointing through a thick pallor of blue smoke at something on the floor. It was that fucking cat. Somehow he'd gotten to the tavern just ahead of me, and like the first time I'd laid eyes on him, he was once more in deep shit.

He was chowing down outta the biggest dog-food dish I'd ever seen and it took me only a second to spy the dish's rightful owner — the biggest dog I'd ever seen. He was over in a corner staring in total disbelief at this dumbshit cat who was buried up to its ears in his dish. One chomp from that sucker and kitty was gonna be just so much history.

One of the clowns at the bar, wearing about 100 pounds of excess blubber, now noticed me and spoke up. "Hey, grease ball! That your pussy over there tempting fate?"

Well, it may have been a week or two since I'd been in a real rain locker, but there really wasn't any grease to speak of on my Levi's and only my real close friends enjoy the privilege of ragging me about the way I look. Seemed like I was gonna have to get acquainted with this asshole the hard way. "Nope," I said. "That pussy is free for the taking. If you think your wife over there in the corner won't mind, I'll introduce you."

Fatso was halfway off of his stool when the dog let out a growl that shook the place to the rafters. Fatso sat back down and smiled. "I'll take care of you in a minute, after Fender there takes care of that hunk of dog food you drug in with you," he said.



"I blame your mother — she didn't
make you eat your vegetables."

For his part, Dog Food seemed to be thoroughly unimpressed with Fender's macho vocalizing, which evidently upset Fender's sensibilities. He lumbered to his feet and charged the cat. Now, I want the record to show that my attitude about cats remains unchanged. They aren't fit to share a fire with. But Dog Food put a maneuver on the mutt that would've made John Riggins proud. There ol' Fender was, comin' on strong, intent on catastrophic dismemberment when the cat laid down and rolled over, exposing four feet just chock-full of claws. Fender couldn't stop in time, though he did try. When he slid into the cat, all goggle-eyed and almost audibly moaning, "Ohhhh, shit!" the cat firmly attached himself to Fender's muzzle. The dog leapt in the air, spun around a couple of times, and then with a howl that musta scared the shit outta every termite from here to Mars, he lit outta the bar like the devil himself had a grip on him.

I could've been in real big trouble myself at that point because I was laughing so hard I damn near fell off my stool. Fatso, however, wasn't even grinning. Staring at me like I'd just said "Shit!" in front of the Pope, he announced, "That's the best damn coon dog for miles around that your cat's got ahold of there, son. Anything happens to him, you're gonna be answering to a whole lot of people." It was sorta hard to make out the words, his teeth were clenched so tight.

When I'd recovered enough to speak, I said, "It's not my cat. And anyway, I can't imagine anyone being upset about a mutt that can't handle an underweight alley cat. What's the matter with him? He got worms or something?"

Fatso wasn't taking this none too easy. His face had turned beet-red and his fists were clinching and unclenching like he was warming up for a cow-milking contest. Just when I figured he was about to make his big move, the bartender threw the business end of a sawed-off shotgun onto the bar. "Not today, boys," he said. "I ain't trying to collect damages from no scooter tramp, and you Farnsworths haven't paid me from the last time you busted the place up. You all wanna rumble, do it outside."

So Fatso's name was Farnsworth and the two seedy-looking pukes with him were relatives. Well, Farnsworth would soon know the difference between a cat and a pussy. I ordered a big bowl of chili and a schooner of beer, enjoying them both while Farnsworth glared at me balefully over the top of his suds. I smiled at him occasionally just to let him know that I hadn't forgotten about him. When he finished his beer, he and his kin left the place. I hoped I hadn't seen the last of him.

The bartender went over to the window and began staring out of it, watching the grass grow, no doubt. "Hey, Cowboy," he said finally.

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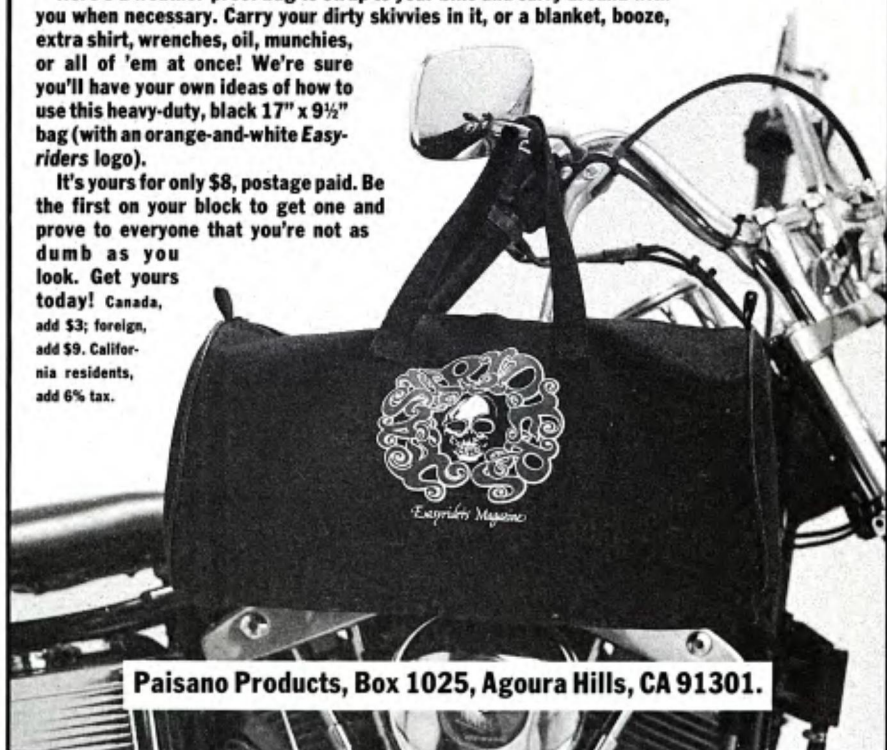
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Since the window was closed and I was the only one in the place, I decided he was talking to me. "That your scooter outside?"

"Yeah. What of it?" I asked, a certain apprehension rising from the pit of my stomach.

"The Farnsworths just loaded it into the back of their pickup. I reckon by the time you get out to their place, they'll have it all broke down and sold for scrap. Too bad. Looks like it was a real nice bike." He grinned at me sardonically.

I got off the barstool and walked over to him. "Which of those hunks of shit out there is your car, Fuckface?" I asked, my face close enough to his to smell the rancid stench of his breath. For an instant he looked like he wasn't going to answer me. I didn't particularly like his attitude, so I grabbed his throat and squeezed it until his breath came in short, raspy grunts. "Your car, asshole. You were about to tell me which one was yours and where the keys to it are." There's just no substitute for the gentle art of persuasion.

"Over there!" he rasped. "The green Dodge." He held up the keys with a shaking hand.

"Thank you," I said. "Remind me to tell my friends what a friendly place you have here." I still had a firm grasp on his throat, and his face was taking on the bluish tinge normally associated with heart-attack victims. "By the way, where did you say the Farnsworths live?" He pointed down the road in the same direction I'd come from. Now I let go of his throat and he collapsed on the floor in front of me. Stepping over him, I happened to kick him in the nuts. "Oops — sorry," I said. Since I had other things on my mind, it didn't bother me too much

that he didn't have the courtesy to tell me goodbye or anything.

The Dodge was quick and it wasn't long before I was sitting at the end of a long gravel driveway watching the Farnsworths try to off-load the Harley from their pickup. I decided I needed some sort of equalizer. Too bad I hadn't thought to lift the sawed-off from the bar, but maybe there was a tire iron or something in the Dodge that I could use. I looked in the backseat, and I'll be damned if that useless fucking cat wasn't sitting there on the floor, hissing at me like we were old friends or lovers. Since there was nothing else around resembling a weapon, he'd have to do. I scooped him up and stuffed him into the front of my jacket, zipping it up so that he was sorta flattened against me. He made a rumbling sound low in his throat, but for reasons unknown, refrained from shredding my chest to ribbons. I gave him a moment to reconsider, and when he evinced no objections to the set-up, I eased the cage into gear.

The Farnsworths were preoccupied with the task they'd set themselves. I pulled the Dodge up real casual-like behind the pickup and got out. "You got about five seconds to get your fucking hands off my bike," I said, squashing the cat down a little further into my jacket so he wouldn't move before I wanted him to.

Fatso looked me over and started laughing. "Well, well," he said. "Seems like you're even dumber than you look. What makes you think this machine is yours? Ain't you never heard that possession is nine points of the law?"

"Does that mean that when I get done kicking the fuck out of you and your half-wit brothers that your farm belongs to me?" I asked.



"Why can't you just moan or groan like everybody else when you get off?"

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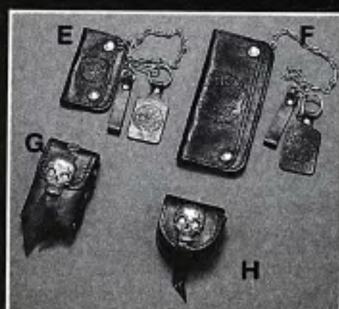
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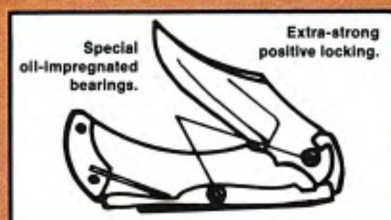
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Fatso's face drained of color and the two skinny Farnsworths just stood there, looking like scared toothpicks. Fatso reached for a crowbar that was lying in the back of his pickup. I yanked the cat out of my jacket and pitched it at the nearest face, which happened to belong to one of the skinny dickheads. The cat was plenty pissed and he landed feet-first, scratching and biting and growling like some sort of demon straight from hell. The other dickhead jumped in to help, and for a second it looked like he was going to succeed in pulling the cat off, but that's when good ol' Fender materialized and got into the act. Going for the cat, he knocked the whole pile of them into a yowling heap on the ground. That left Fatso and me.

Fatso took a big wide swipe at my head with the crowbar. I easily sidestepped it and kicked him in the ass as he went by me, sending him ungracefully sprawling in the gravel. Then I jumped on the middle of his back with both knees, knocking the wind from his bloated body. He lay there working his mouth like a freshly landed trout, struggling to get his breath back. I relieved him of the crowbar and turned to meet the other two Farnsworths, sure they'd figured out by now how to disengage themselves from the cat.

I wasn't disappointed. They were charging at me with all the ferocity of a pair of maddened Chihuahuas. I caught one of 'em with the toe of my boot, scoring a direct hit on his kneecap. He went down like a safe had fallen on his head. I was just lining up to rearrange the dentures of his sidekick when the fucking cat decided the time had come to repay me for all my past kindnesses to him. He did this by climbing right up my back to my head. Naturally, ol' Fender was right behind him. Now it was my turn to go



"I'd like this shade of pink."

down like a ton of bricks.

The cat was pretty quick to decide I was no place to hide after all, so he took off once again with the dog in hot pursuit. I rolled to my left and came up under the bumper of the pickup. The one uninjured Farnsworth ran up, probably planning to grab my legs and pull me out. I grabbed onto the bumper and swung my feet up hard, catching him square in the balls. I've never heard an elephant fart, but I'd bet money that the noise Farnsworth made sounded just like one as the wind went outta him, along with all his fight.

They were a sorry sight. Fatso, laying on the ground still gasping for breath, the second Farnsworth laying on the ground grasping his knee, and the last one laying on the ground holding onto his nuts, groaning pitifully. The boys had been so nice to me, it didn't seem right to leave without repaying them somehow. I found some rope behind the seat of their truck and dragged them all over to a nice fat oak tree, which I very tightly secured them to.

Then I went looking for the cat. He proved easy enough to find. All I had to do was follow the sound of Fender's fevered barking. Sure enough, there was the cat, up a tree again, with his canine playmate leaping stupidly in the air in a futile attempt to get at him. I gave the dog a boot that sent him skittering far enough away for me to reach up and grab the cat. "Come here, Dog Food," I said. "I've got a real special treat lined up for ya."

Holding him way above my head, with Fender dancing around me and drooling like I was holding a USDA choice steak, I made my way back to the Farnsworths who were all quite alert now and watching me closely. I couldn't help but smile. "I seem to recall hearing some mention back in the bar of your interest in getting some of this pussy," I said. "And being the man I am, I just can't go off knowing how horny you are without doing something about it. So here's your pussy and I hope it's everything you wanted."

I grabbed Fatso's belt and pulled his pants away from his bloated belly. Then, teasing Fender to make sure he hadn't lost interest, I shoved the cat down into Fatso's pants and jumped back out of the way.

I wasn't sure if the dog was gonna accidentally rip Fatso's nuts off in a frantic attempt to get at the cat, or if the cat was just scratching the shit out of them in his mad attempt to escape the bashing and biting of the dog. Whatever, Fatso and the dog and the cat were all singing a symphony of pain and agony that was, well, a kind of music to my ears.

I fired up the Harley, and with a quick look back to make sure that the fucking cat wasn't following me, took off down the road. Such a nice day, and now it was turning into an even nicer evening.



NEW

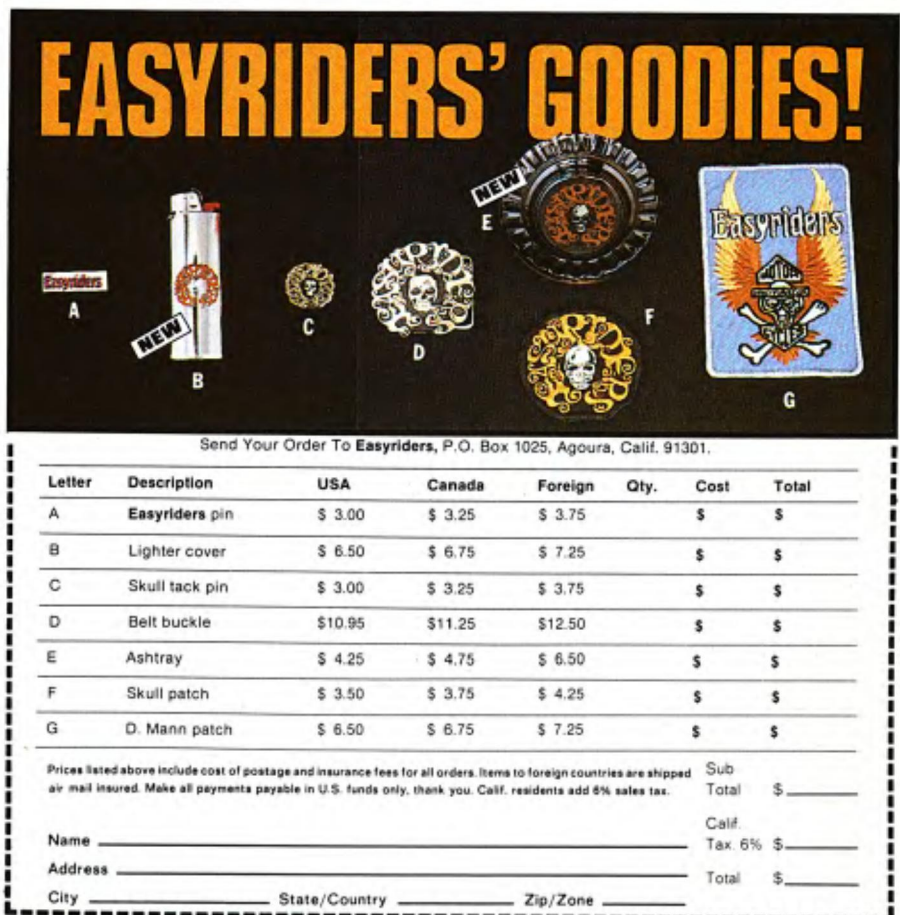
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Easyriders
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We all know biker chicks have the best butts around. Now you can cover those cute cheeks with something you'll be proud to have her in, showing where the moon shines — **Easyriders** bikini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

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BUN HUGGERS

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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.

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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).

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Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301



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.

Besides being used as a beer mug, we've seen 'em used as book ends, pencil holders, flower vases, or just with the handle turned so that it looks like a glass can of Harley oil.

A different gift. Silkscreened and individually handled. \$7.25 plus \$1.75 for postage and safe packing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money immediately refunded.

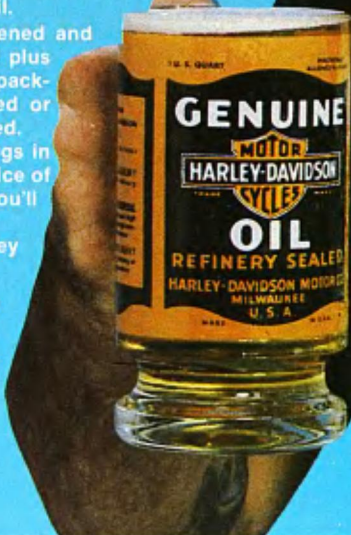
You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of

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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.

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Soap Box

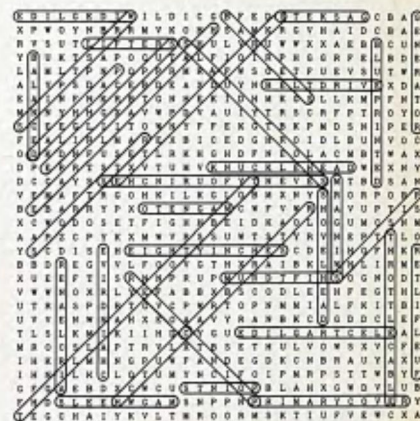
Continued from page 27

self, and I'd imagine most other men, once I learned what a hardon was for. I damn sure wanted to check it out to see if it did what it was supposed to, and no stupid fuckin' TV commercial could've changed my mind about it. But ya know, the dumbest part of all is that it just might have saved me from pissin' razor blades.

After reading all this, a person might conclude that I'm a woman-hater or something. Quite the contrary. I love a good woman — any good woman. They ain't always easy to find, but they're always worth the search. It's just that whenever I come across the slogan "You've come a long way, baby," it always makes me wish that you ladies all knew where the hell you're going. ■

Solution To Puzzle

Puzzle Found On Page 42



"My advice is either give up your one-armed girlfriend or have her get rid of the hook."

BOOTS FOR WOMEN WHO RIDE

Watch for new-style
women's boot coming soon.



Close-out price: 11" \$65.00
17" \$75.00

1460 Black
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1463 Black
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1463: NOT AVAILABLE	

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Another Liver Quiverin' Issue Comin' Right At Ya!

In The Wind #18, a great new photo collection of bikes, women, partyin', more women, drinkin', and a bunch more women. Wind #18 has something for everybody. If your local newsstand has sold out, no sweat — you can buy this collectors' item directly from us. Don't miss out on the remaining previous issues of In The Wind: issues #1 and #2 are already sold out, so don't wait until they're all gone — make it easy on yourself and fill out the coupon below.

Item(s)	U.S.A.	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
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In The Wind #6	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #7	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #8	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #9	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #10	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #11	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #12	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #13	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #14	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #15	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
In The Wind #16	\$4.00	\$5.00	\$8.25			
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Sub-total
6% Calif. tax
Total

Send Your Order To: In The Wind, c/o Easyriders
Box 1025, Agoura Hills, California 91301

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Country _____

Zip/Zone _____

Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

ple in them. I'm not really that prejudiced, but it's saggy tits, beer bellies, and ugly mugs every page I turn. Like, gag me with a spoon.

Beautiful Barb
Champaign, Ill.

Back Cure

☐ Tell Spider the best therapy for back surgery is getting head 23 hours a day. Hell, he needs the other hour to eat.

Myron
Hartland, Vt.

■ Spider takes more time to eat. His food is women — any women between the ages of eight and eighty.

How Come?

☐ How come when you guys finally show a clit (pg. 14, January '85 issue), it's attached to the skuzziest bitch.

Buzzsaw Bill
Nashville, Tenn.

■ You wins some and you loses some.

A Punk

☐ My girlfriend reads *Easyriders* religiously, something

I'm sure none of your employees understand, or for that matter, much of your audience you so dearly cater to. Your lack of intelligence (sic) and schooling forces me to compose this letter.

I am leaving the word american not capitalized because it does not really deserve more respect if this country is going to continue the production of Harley-Davidsons.

I drive a Japanese-made 1974 Yamaha RD 350 and I race american-made (sic) bikes on the street and on an oval track. My RD wins out every time in the quater (sic) mile and in the turns. To put one's love and life down is akin to telling you that I like the way your wife makes love to me every day. I am sure that if you knew the fact that I am, shall we say, a punk rocker with blue hair, you would probably not appreciate (sic) it at all. So I think I deserve an apology for your put-downs of other motorcycles! I would like now to lower myself to your level temporarily and say that American ingenuity sucks.

Other than your lack of intelligence (sic), your English grammar is atrocious. Perhaps you and your readers

should return to grammar school and begin schooling over again, then perhaps you might be able to write intelligent (sic) articles.

Perhaps you should be a little more open-minded and include other types of motorcycles in your magazine, such as Yamaha, Suzuki, Triumph, Kawasaki, BMW, and Moto-Guzzi. These cycles have much ingenuity that Harley-Davidson seems to lack.

Just a note before ending this letter. My girlfriend likes Harley-Davidsons and Hondas and does not like my cafe-racing RD.

Joshua A.
Eureka, Calif.

■ Eat my shorts, you fuckin' puke. I don't know why your chick doesn't dump your worthless ass.

No Shit?

☐ I got your January '85 issue and flipped it open to page 50 (the puzzle). The first word I found was cunt.

A Yank
Japan

■ No shit?

Better Head

☐ Like most people, I've

made some ridiculous New Year's resolutions, but these I'm gonna keep: 1) Stop being such a lush; 2) stop giving my ol' man hell before he punches my lights out; and 3) give better head.

Yeddie
Paoli, Ind.

Raisin Pie

☐ In many of your excellent articles, raisin pie is often mentioned. I've heard of raisin wine, road apples, beaver, a box lunch at the Y, hair pie, and cow pies, but I'll be the first to admit I'm really at a loss with raisin pie. Is it a prison term that we straights wouldn't know about?

Ed Hausafus
Eagle Creek, Ore.

■ Raisin pie is raisin pie. It's good and is given to the staff — when they're good (which isn't often).

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

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1. **Keeps your gourd warm**, like on nights when ya gotta get outta bed late and putt home to get some sleep in order to go to work the next morning.

2. **Keeps your hair from becomin' a tangled bird's nest**. (Or prevents rocks from bouncin' off that spot where the hair's thin — or, you just look better hidin' half your head.)

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

Remember, after she's fixed ya a great meal, polished your scooter, given ya head, rolled you a doobie, tell her you **might** get her a cap too. Con her, man, con her.

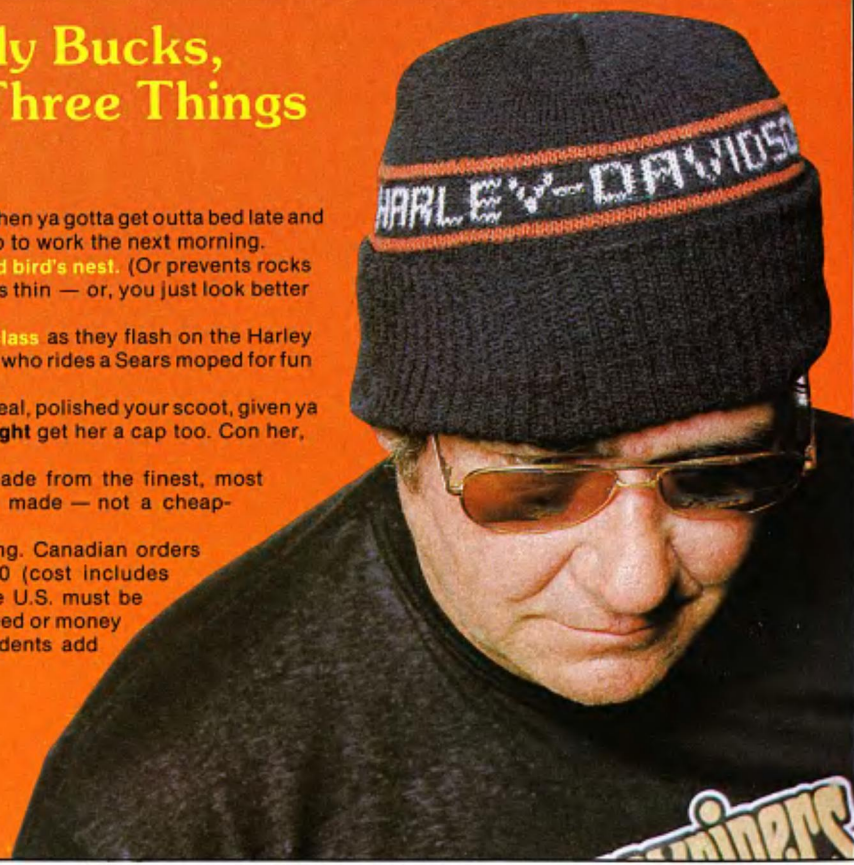
As with all Righteous Products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made — not a cheap-ass import.

Only \$6.50 plus 75¢ postage and handling. Canadian orders send \$7.50. Foreign orders send \$12.50 (cost includes postage outside U.S.) Orders outside the U.S. must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



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We are bikers just like you. We ride on the products we sell. Our aim is to please. Our prices are competitive (very), though we do not try to compete against inferior products. You will find that all of our parts are of top-notch quality. PLEASE CALL 1-916-824-5809 ANYTIME to order or for information.

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Old dresser-style hinged fender. Manufactured to exact specifications for easy installation. Adds class. How many times have you admired one? We left it without a taillight cutout so you can use your choice of taillight. This fender, when it can even be found, sells for a lot more than \$99.95. Fits all 74" & 80" frames, '58-'83. FX models must use FL struts.

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A. Get even, ideal clutch action by using this new hub with five adjustable studs that allow you to fine-tune adjustments with ultimate precision. Fits 61", 74", and 80" Big Twins; replaces OEM 37551-41.

Includes: Clutch hub with studs and nuts; friction disc with rivets; bearing retainer with bearings; bearing retainer plate and special five-finger pressure plate.

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B. Regular 3-Finger Hub:

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Our primary covers have the best-looking chrome of anyone's. Stronger than stock. Has a built-in starter shaft bearing.

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Chromed
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without caps

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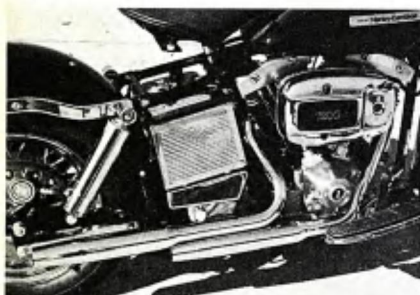
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To Last



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Pro-Comp™ Stroker Kits are developed on the drag strip to unleash the ultimate horsepower from your Big Twin motor on the street. All our Pro-Comp™ parts are designed with the street and touring riders' needs in mind. The Pro-Comp™ stroker flywheels are balanced and lightened to specifications we have found to provide the best all-around street and touring performance. These balanced flywheels are cast from the highest quality "Ductile Nodular" material, with the lowest porosity level of today's space-age metals. The kits also include a set of special-design thrust washers for precise connecting-rod fitment and a large-taper sprocket shaft that is keyed to the flywheel for maximum strength. An OEM-style pinion shaft, 3-hole crank pin, and all necessary keys, lock nuts, lock washers, and screws are also included. These flywheels will increase your 74" motor to 84 inches or your 80" motor to 86 inches.

Without Rods: 20-300* 1958-64/20-301* 1965-69/20-302* 1970-82 — \$249.95

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★ NEW ★ Hidden mounting.



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Amaze your friends. Show Mom why you can't mount a sissybar. Show everyone you're cleaning up your act. Mounting nuts are welded inside the strut.

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WHAT A BEAR!



You're trying to find the pictures of the perfect pan that was featured in *Easyriders* a while back and you discover you no longer have that issue. There's only one way to non-profanely describe the situation: what a bear. Avoid those unbearable incidents. Get your collection completed by ordering back issues from the list below. Your mailman will bear them to you pronto.

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Send \$3.00 for each copy of *Easyriders*. U.S. orders postage paid; Canadian orders, please add \$2.50 for each issue ordered; all other foreign, please add \$3.75 for each issue ordered.

I have enclosed a total of \$ _____

Mail to:
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Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Money orders must be payable in U.S. funds. Please print to avoid errors. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax.

Never On Sunday

Continued from page 41

the Constitution of the United States has this to say on the subject: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." For most of this century, the courts have ruled that the Fourteenth Amendment extends this limitation, initially addressed specifically to Congress, to legislative bodies at all levels of government. Most states, including the one I was in on August 14, 1977, have similar provisions in their individual constitutions.

This non-establishment concept has been taken so far as to prohibit even a moment's silence in the classroom at the beginning of a school day, on the presumption that some kid might seize upon this opportunity to offer up a prayer that he make it through the day without getting mugged. Federal judges have likewise made it a criminal offense for teachers to tell kids that their ancestors didn't shit from tree limbs, because that might accommodate a view of human origins which is religious in nature.

If a public policy which merely offers individuals a fleeting opportunity to engage in a totally private religious exercise can be held to violate the constitutional principle of separation of church and state, then how in the fuck do laws which enshrine specific, narrowly drawn religious views of certain individuals, while ignoring the views of others, manage to stay on the books?

If your answer to that question has anything to do with these aforementioned prestige pressure groups, have a container of your favorite suds on ol' Hog Jaws.

Blue laws amount to the enforcement of religious views because of the way in which they address two things: Sunday and alcohol. Prohibition was a seven-day-a-week proposition. It was as religiously motivated as are the Sunday-sales ordinances which have survived in its wake, but initially a limp-dick argument could be made to the effect that the 18th Amendment was inspired by public health-and-safety considerations, even though in the final analysis Prohibition left more people blind, dead, and otherwise fucked up from drinking than any other 13-year period in American history. Sunday-closing laws, on the other hand, exist without any regard for public health and safety. After all, they're in effect only one day out of the week — or roughly 14 percent of the time. The rest of the week, it's business as usual. That leaves the religious preferences of influential individuals and groups as the only possible motivation behind such laws.

For years, most churches called Sunday the "Sabbath," and some still do. With the advancement of literacy in America, however, this altogether

inaccurate premise (the Biblical Sabbath as observed in Old Testament times was reckoned from sundown on Friday to sundown on Saturday — there is no New Testament equivalent) has been modified to the extent that Sunday is no longer called the Sabbath, but is still treated as such. Here's what the Bible actually says on the subject: "One man esteemeth one day above another; another esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind" (Romans 14:5). Sounds like the Apostle Paul was saying that this sort of thing ought to be optional doesn't it?

It is this "Sunday Sabbath" concept which, though discredited, is still very much alive that keeps pressure on lawmakers to restrict trade on Sundays. At one time, all commerce in many American cities shut down on that day of the week. Remnants of these antiquated ordinances can still be found in certain areas to this day, but none are more widespread than those pertaining to the purchase of alcoholic beverages.

According to the Bible, alcoholic beverages were worthy of being used as sacrifices (Deuteronomy 14:26), commended for their ability to induce good feelings (Psalms 104:15), and recommended for medicinal purposes (I Timothy 5:23). Even church officials, while admonished to exercise discretion in the use of schnapps, are not asked to abstain altogether (I Timothy 3:8). Want a graphic description of a wine hangover? Read Proverbs 23:29-35.

While the blanket objection to alcohol as a beverage is not Biblical, it is nonetheless religious. Its advocates include Islamic fundamentalists (who haven't succeeded in closing many bars in this country) and mainstream American churches running the theological gauntlet from "fundamentalist" to "liberal." If this sounds like an unholy alliance, please bear in mind that bootleggers and pillars of the church voted together for years in support of ordinances designed to prohibit or restrict the legal sale of alcoholic beverages. And while bootlegging booze has pretty much gone the way of Bonnie and Clyde, the religious coalition is still alive and well.

The religious merits of the issue are not the problem, of course. The religious nature of the issue is, however. When you combine the two objectives — the sanctification of Sunday and its special dedication by means of restricting or prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages on that particular day of the week — we can hardly escape the conclusion that any ordinance which imparts the force of law to these united concepts amounts to the establishment of religion in defiance of the First Amendment.

As a footnote, I still live within reasonable puttin' distance of Kelly's Water Hole. While it's too late to rekindle a spark with Donna (she married a professor of English litera-

ture and moved out of the area), I still stop off at Kelly's on Sundays every now and then. There are three reasons why I do this. (1) I promised Kelly that I wouldn't wear my T-shirt which says "Khomeini Eats Shit" (says he agrees, but it's a family bar); (2) Donna's younger sister Dolly (9.8) likes the atmosphere; and (3) obviously, Kelly's is now open on Sundays. The local blue laws bit the dust (would you believe it?) on the basis of a survey conducted by the state highway patrol which disclosed that the county was racking up a disproportionate number of DWI arrests on Sundays because of locals who were making 50- to 100-mile round trips to obtain their hearts' desire in more enlightened communities.

Even as such practical considerations are coming to the attention of lawmakers who remain oblivious to constitutional principles, it might be asked why such a crass infringement on the separation of church and state has never been effectively challenged in the courts. It's like this: People who can afford to file the necessary lawsuits and pursue them all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court buy expensive booze in wholesale lots and have social secretaries planning their weekends, so they never run out. They do their away-from-home drinking at the residences of friends in similar circumstances, or at exclusive private clubs which are not subject to the regulations which affect neighborhood bars and the common people who frequent them.

Neither are there any well-organized and highly visible groups lobbying and filing suit for reform. It doesn't

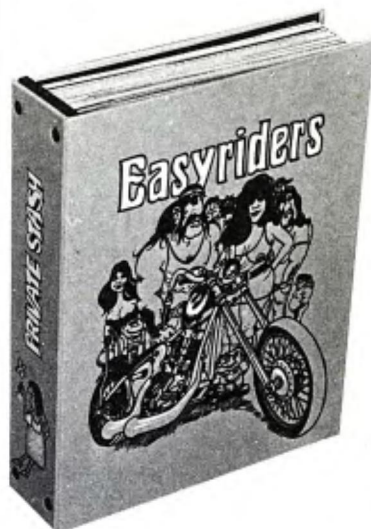
seem to concern the liquor and brewing industries a great deal, but perhaps it should. Blue laws contribute to the practice of driving with a snoot full, which gives these industries a bad name and encourages the passage of drunk-driving laws so strict that they could put a lot of highway roadhouse hangouts out of business, thus cutting into the suppliers' profits seven days a week instead of just the one they now suffer.

Hopefully, the First Amendment will prevail in the end and Sunday closing will go the way of Prohibition. Meanwhile, you could write your congressman, quoting him the first statement made in the Bill of Rights, but chances are he knows where to get a lot more than booze on Sunday, not to mention every other day of the week, so don't expect it to do too much good. We must understand that our lawmakers consider the Constitution to be a very noble document, but it simply wouldn't do for religious pressure groups to get the idea that it's being used to champion the cause of sin.

If the laws are still blue where you live, there may yet be hope, but for the time being your best bet is to remember what they told you just before you got kicked out of the Boy Scouts for eating too many Brownies: Be prepared! While it's still Saturday, collect your ol' lady's paycheck, tell your bros you'll be making a solo run to Lake Tahoe, and lay in an ample supply for the weekend, bearing in mind that if you wake up on Sunday with the dry heaves, nobody in Washington really gives a shit if you don't get anything to wash them down before Monday. ■



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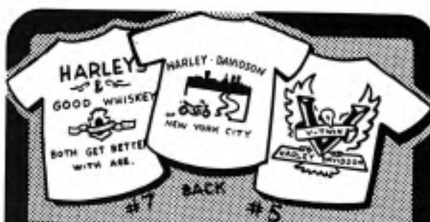


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