

145
Easyriders

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Easyriders

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July 1985

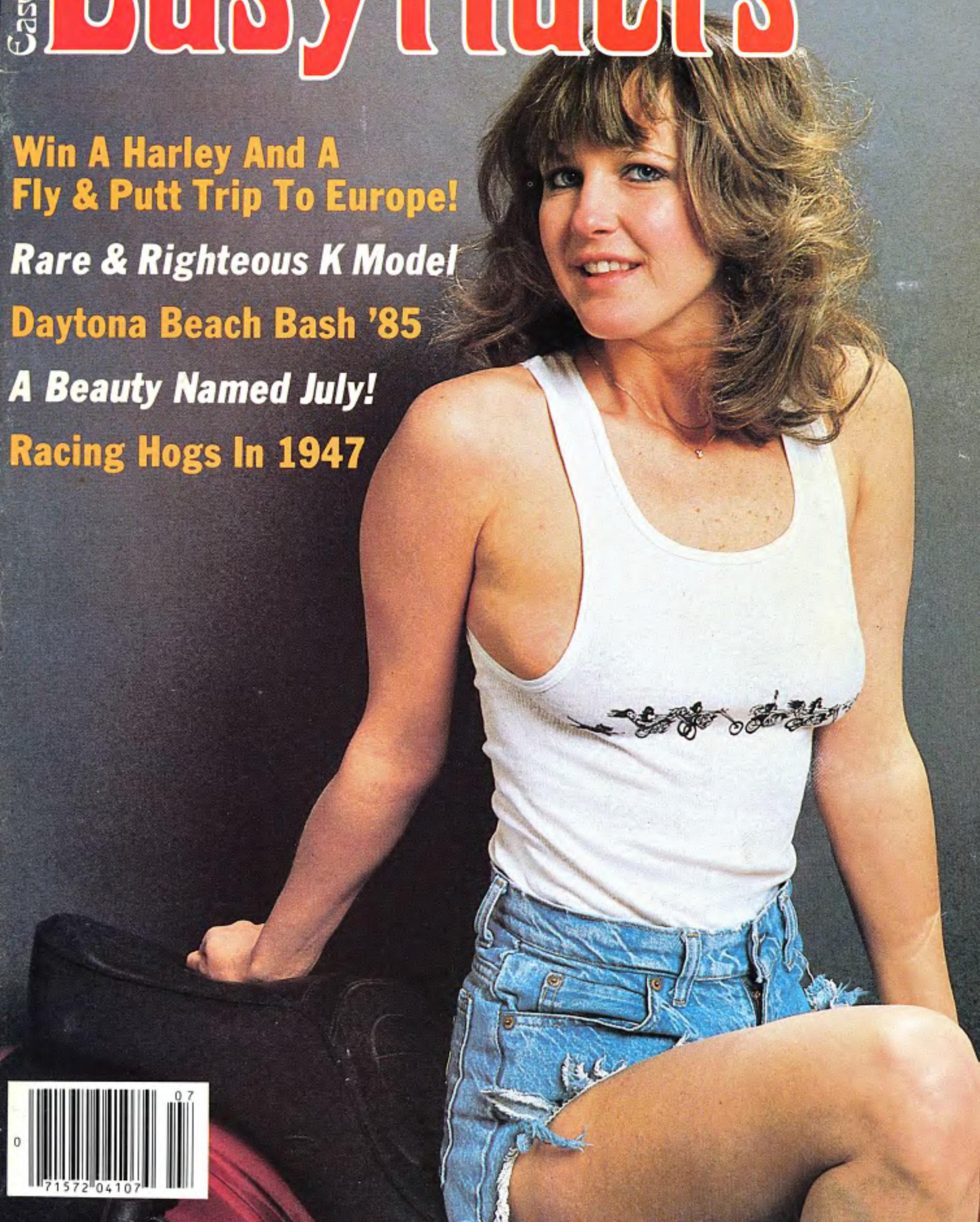
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Easyriders

Spider tells 'em as he sees 'em	5
Readers vent their spleen and steam	6
Sun shines bright on the bros in Daytona	10
Payin' respect on a cross-country ride	18
He built it, she rides it, they love it	20
The fix is in on greased justice	25
Gettin' a hold on our weird handles	26
<i>Easyriders</i> Fly and Putt Sweepstakes!	34
Biking women looking for your vote	36
Wild, hairball Hog race from 1947	38
Gotta tell 'em for their own good	40
No shit, bike made of 5800 matches	42
All the news under the scooter sun	43
Analyzing different forms of PTSD	48
The slow-grinding wheels of the law	49
Cleanin' out the old oil bag	55
A new ass is torn for two spuds	56
Crossed over from stock to custom	57
Lettin' it hang out — In The Wind	62
Ill Phil's Sporty is disaster on D.C.	70
Founding Fathers shoulda known July	76
Bikers Bulletin Board	111
Requests, demands and ol' lady want-ads	112



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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 27th.

Cover photo of July by Pete Chiodo





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Little Marvel is about the size of a cassette tape.

Hey, you guys in the Ohio State Reformatory, I shit my pants when I got that card. Never saw so many names on one card—ever. Thanks a helluva lot. (Now I gotta clean myself up—not my act—my pants!)

What's this world coming to? First, it's broads bitching because some male co-workers merely said some things to 'em and now we have a guy spending 10 days in the slammer for kissing a woman without her consent. No feelies, no pats on the ass—no nothing—just a kiss (and not a French kiss, either). Just a platonic smooch like you'd give your dog.

Now there's a doc in Canada saying people in cages should wear helmets while on dangerous highways. Hell, I can go him one better—stay in bed. If you don't drive, there's no danger at all. (Think how many dog and cat lives would be saved.)

A doctor just revealed that people with large noses have larger brains. I wonder what a large joint means—that your brain slipped?

Dumb-shit-of-the-month—takes a shit. He burglarized a home and when he finished, he stopped on the front lawn to take a shit. When he pulled down his pants to squat, unbeknownst to him his wallet fell out on the lawn. He left it there for the police (with his driver's license inside).

You know about being able to request a last meal just before being executed. Well, get this last meal given to a 398-lb. prisoner in Georgia: roast stuffed turkey, Peking duck, saddle of moose with hot Cumberland sauce, deep-fat-fried scallops, New Orleans shrimp, baked pigs' feet, eggs poached in wine, avocado salad, German honey bars with homemade chocolate-chip ice cream, and three six-packs of sixteen-ounce Colt 45 malt liquor. (Belch!)

He propositioned this girl. She agreed and went to where he lived. They had sex and then she munched on his joint. Big deal? Well, yes—you see, she had had sex before, but she was only 10 years old and he was 12! Can you remember when many girls saved their cherry for marriage, or at least till they were 13?

Another use for helmets from a Kawasaki brochure: 'Do you know the single biggest cause of eye injuries is bungee cords? To prevent this, simply wear your helmet whenever you're fastening luggage to your bike.'

A new police toy is coming—guys on probation will have an electronic transmitter strapped on them to allow the police to pinpoint them at any given moment. A probation officer will periodically check to see if the device has been tampered with (it'll start there and pretty soon we or our bikes will have to wear them—for our own good, of course).

Well, I've seen plastered friends and I even got my dog Rufus wasted a time or two, but I've never heard of drunken birds. No, not broads, but actual fowls. Specifically, robins. They ate fermented berries, got drunk on them, and flew right into cars on a nearby highway—by the hundreds. The boozed-up birds even caused a multi-car accident. (Someone should put up a bird sign saying, 'Drink, but don't fly.')

Many of us have had our driver's licenses taken away from us at times. It's a bummer (especially when caught driving without it after it's been suspended), but no one ever got as pissed about it as this guy. His driver's license was suspended 10 years (!). He felt the punishment ruined his life and reputation, so he's suing the state for \$5,764,609,563,143,700.48. That's 5 quadrillion, 764 trillion, 609 billion, 563 million, 143 thousand, 700 dollars and 48 cents—larger than the national debt—now, that's pissed!

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Blue-Haired Punk

□ In reply to Punk (May '85): You blue-haired asshole. The word American is always capitalized.

Johnny Mac
Savannah, Ga.

□ Why don't you and some of your "punker" friends come out to New Hampshire for a few days for the races at Loudon? You can repeat your letter over the PA system at the track. Leave your girlfriend downstairs, and we'll show her the difference between "Harley" and "Honda." Mister Magoo
Manchester, N.H.

□ Your girlfriend gives good head, but you're better. Trine
Riverside, Calif.

□ His lady ought to dump his dog-faced ass and find someone to ride with who has some class and a H-D under him.

T. Bear
Alma, Mich.

□ If you're ever in Massachusetts, give me a ring so I can stick my size-12 boot up your fucking ass.

Quick Karl
Springfield, Mass.

□ When you grow up, maybe, just maybe, you'll understand what a real American is all about.

Willie B.
Providence, R.I.

□ Hey, faggot, intelligence is spelled i-n-t-e-l-l-i-g-e-n-c-e, not i-n-t-e-l-e-g-e-n-c-e.

Troglodyte
Jessup, Md.

□ How can the rider of a Yamaha RD 350 accuse the staff and readers of *Easyriders* of being unintelligent and uneducated when he can't even spell the word intelligent correctly? After four years of college, two degrees, and seven years of *Easyriders*, I don't need some

punk with blue hair telling me anything, so fuck off, Joshua. Dolly Kohn
Condon, Ore.

□ Look, you little maggot, you should thank God you live in a country where you can have blue hair.

E. Rose
Washington, D.C.

□ How many rice grinders do you see today like the vintage Harleys? None.

Gonzo
Chrisney, Ind.

□ The little cum-gargling faggot is probably waiting to read some feedback so he has something to pound his pud to.

J. Wright
San Bernardino, Calif.

□ When you dyed your hair blue, some of the dye must've leaked into your brain.

Angel
Weaverville, Calif.

□ I coulda shit when I saw this pissant's address was in California.

Hog-riding American
Yuba City, Calif.

□ Your girlfriend doesn't have much class if she's stuck with a puke like you.

Randy Chew
Vacaville, Calif.

□ In answer to your reply, the reason his "chick" doesn't drop his smelly ass is she probably looks like she gang-bangs with gorillas and probably couldn't do any better than "puke."

J.B.
Sacramento, Calif.

□ That slimy, ignorant asshole ruined my day.

Ken Stiverson
Attica, N.Y.

□ Fuck you, you cum-gurgling dickhead. You could suck-start a Cummings diesel.

Charlie and Denise
Severna Park, Md.

□ Everyone and his fuckin' brother knows *Easyriders* is about Harley-Davidson motorcycles and the people who ride them. If he doesn't like the magazine, he doesn't have to read it. That's the type of choice you get as an American.

T.K.
Southboro, Mass.

□ I'd like to ask him to send me his address so I can personally stomp his ass into the ground!

Mike Ellsworth
Monroe, Wash.

□ Why don't you crawl back into the ass you crawled out of?

Christine
W. Monroe, La.

□ I'm sorry I read that maggot-infested bucket of horse-shit from some AIDS-infected, herpes-covered, rice-grinding, slimy abortion with the moniker of Joshua A. (aka Asshole) in the May '85 issue.

Elmer Lee Ward, Jr.
Colorado City, Tex.

Looking For Brother

□ I'm asking those in the West Coast area, namely around San Bernardino, to help me contact my oldest brother concerning our father's death. My brother goes by the name "Dirty Dago." Last word was that he was riding with the HAMC. Anyone knowing him, please ask him to contact me. I appreciate any help from the bros.

John M. Civella 353639
Rt. 11 Ellis 1
Huntsville, TX 77343

Brief Letter

□ Some magazines deserve a letter; some don't. Yours does; here's mine.

Ron Neuberger
Hazen, N.D.

Thanks

□ We would like to thank the people who showed up and made the First Annual Sturgis Toy Run a success. And

we would like to thank the two police officers who provided us with an escort through Sturgis.

We also would like to announce that our upcoming run will be September 7, 1985, 3-D Parking Lot, east edge of Sturgis on U.S. 12, 2 p.m., party to follow the run with plenty of camping. This is in Sturgis, Michigan, not South Dakota.

Bear
Sturgis, Mich.

Face It

□ Let's face it, the more of us there are fighting against lid laws and other attempts by Big Brother to control our freedom of choice, the better the chance we have of winning. I don't care if a vote for a representative who'll fight for our rights comes from someone who rides a Harley, a Honda, a Triumph, or a Moto Guzzi.

Jim Keel
Hutchinson, Kan.

Club Name Taken

□ In response to Huey in Lebanon, Ohio (April '85): Sorry to say, but there is a club named Road Rebels. We are located in Wisconsin and have been going under the name Road Rebels since 1962 when the club was first formed — and we are still going strong.

Road Rebels MC
Casco, Wis.

Tat Removal

□ In response to Fred Duges, concerning tattoo removal (May '85): There's one way that I know of to remove tattoos. I work for a dermatologist (skin doc) and we use a process called dermabrasion. This consists of using a diamond-studded grinding wheel at high speed to peel off successive layers of skin. This is not 100 percent effective, but sometimes can be used satisfactorily.

The problem with jailhouse tats is that they're usually done with a single needle, so the ink is implanted to varying depths as opposed to tats done with a tattoo gun where the ink is usually of a pretty even depth.

Since dermabrasion only allows you to go to a certain depth (otherwise scarring becomes a problem), you may be left with spots of ink too deep to remove.

Mo
Valley Springs, Calif.

□ There's a lot of crap advertised out there that guarantees to rot your flesh (and the tat) right off, but what follows are the only safe and medically approved methods.

1. Rub rock salt on it or have a tattooist go over the design with a heavy-duty saline solution. Yes, it hurts, but it does work, though leaving some scars. Needs several applications.

2. Dermabrasion. This is where your dermatologist takes a grinding wheel and grinds it off. Not as bad as it sounds, but leaves a lot of scars, too.

3. Cryosurgery. This is where the dermatologist drops liquid nitrogen onto the skin, which causes frostbite that will cause the tattoo to slough off. Not too painful, but won't work on really deep tattoos.

4. Applications of acids. Only under a doctor's direction. It just eats a hole in you. A lot of scarring.

5. The "French Method." Not as much fun as it sounds. It's a combination of the grinding wheel and the acids. You can just imagine the scars this baby leaves.

6. Excision. Surgical removal of the tattooed skin, covered with a new flap of skin. Works best on loose skin areas, like the belly.

7. Covering with a skin graft.

8. Laser surgery. The best, the easiest, and leaves the least scarring. Sometimes almost impossible to see. Very expensive.

As a professional tattooist, however, I recommend visiting your local artist and talking to him about having the work covered over with new designs. Virtually anything can be covered over by a professional, and some of the work is really outstanding in its color and quality.

If the tattooist says he can cover it with flesh tones, he's full of shit, and you'll feel really dumb when the old black comes back through it in a few weeks.

Show pride in your hide. Think ink.

Lizard
Silverton, Ohio

□ I've been a tattoo artist for 16 years. I organized and ran six world tattoo conventions, ran the North American Tattoo Club for four years, and have done tattoo work for plastic surgeons. So I know

what I'm talking about.

There is only one way to remove a tattoo and that is by a doctor. They can cut it out, stitching the sides back together, or use dermabrasion or salibration, sanding it off with sandpaper or salt. All medical methods of removal will leave a scar.

You do have an alternative to removal and that is the cover-up. Another tattoo can be placed over the original, and, depending on the artist, you may never know what kind of trash was there originally.

I might add that tattooing flesh-colored pigment over an old tattoo to cover it will not work. The darker tattoo will show through the flesh color.

Dave "Gramps" Yurkew, Sr.
Minneapolis, Minn.

□ My suggestion to Fred *et al.* is to go to a professional and get a cover-up. You'd be surprised what real artists can do to cover up mistakes. Ulysses "Use" Bellon
Oakland, Calif.

□ You can cover it with a professional tattoo which you like and can be proud of. But if you choose this, remember it is permanent. You should look around and think about it first.

Michelle, A Tattooist
Marion, Ohio

A Piercing Problem

□ Are there any nipple-pierced chicks out there who can give me information on where I can get my nips done professionally? I'm in the San Gabriel, California, area and I can't seem to find a place that will do them for me.

Lady Rose
San Dimas, Calif.

Utterly Amazed

□ I'm utterly amazed when I see that your rag makes it into maximum-security "correctional facilities" while it's banned from the military base of Diego Garcia.

A Marine
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Show Your Tits

□ On Sunday, March 3, a few of us here at Baker Correctional were flashing our FTW signs to passing tramps as we watched them through the fences. A bro and his ol' lady (on a white FL) passed and waved. A few minutes later they passed back,

headed where they came from. About five minutes later here they came with five more scoots, and just as they passed the gun tower, the ol' lady on the FL gave us a shot of the first real tits I've seen in over two long years. I just wanted to thank y'all for making our day. Even though it made us all a little "road sick," we felt it was a totally righteous show of some real brotherly class. Ride free!

Spot, Dr. Gonzo, and Lizard
Olustee, Fla.

A Reply

□ This is an open letter to Thunder Thighs (May '85): The "hot daddy" in the picture on page 47 of the March '85 issue (the sweet-lookin' guy on the right with the moustache) keeps too busy givin' me lube jobs and over-haulin' my ass to fuck with you.

Lightning Lips
Pocahontas, Ark.

Great Joke

□ Great April Fool's joke (April '85). Here I was looking to find some foxy-looking lady on the cover and found Mutha's sister instead. Yecch!

Patches
York, Neb.

□ Hey, it's about time you start puttin' big mamas in our rag. We big babies are lovable and squeezable. Our men don't have to worry about breakin' us. We just bounce back.

Bad Barb
Simpsonville, S.C.

□ I'm glad your magazine finally showed some class and featured a decent-looking lady for a change.

Guy Russo
Bonsall, Calif.

□ I mean, I haven't seen that much class since I last looked at my '54 pan.

Don Crites
Spokane, Wash.

□ I'm a female and have been buying your mag for a very long time — around nine years or so. And I have never bought one I was ashamed to show to anyone. I have to keep the April issue turned over, cover down.

D. Byers
Dallas, Tex.

□ Chiodo's chick was just perfect. If I could find one like

that, I would eat her every day. Hefty mamas are the best.

Bob
Waianae, Hawaii

□ Okay, you assholes. Don't you think you've taken this April Fool's bit a bit too far?

D.J.
New Port Richey, Fla.

□ Marry a fat tattooed woman and you'll have heat in the winter, shade in the summer, and moving pictures year round.

Bear
Kailua, Hawaii

□ I ain't never seen a slob as fat and ugly as that walfūs clone on and in the April issue.

Puss
Austin, Tex.

□ You'd have to roll her around in flour to find the wet spot to fuck her.

G.J. IV
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

□ You must have really been hurtin' to feature Mutha as your April girl, even though she appears to be everything a bro could want. But I'm curious as to why you removed her anchor tattoo.

Sea Dog
Portland, Ore.

□ I thought y'all had some class. A 400-lb. bag of lard with a crab-infested snatch and tits that droop to its knees is definitely disgusting! Even my poor dog cried.

I can do better than that and I look like a rat!

The Rat
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

□ April being the month you fuckers normally choose to fuck with our minds, I ain't surprised that the feature bitch was fat enough to give Mutha a run for her money.

Wild Bill
Lomita, Calif.

□ I just picked up your fuckin' April Fool's issue and thought that the pic of the end-of-the-world-hunger-solution oinker on the cover was pretty funny. When I started browsing, I realized that this was a huge fuckin' joke — on me. I was all set for some real bone-raising beauties. After I laid out a four-foot rail and let out a two-foot blood-stained dung, I finished reading. I sure the

fuck hope you pig-fuckers don't make this an annual fuck-up. Damn, I mean, if I wanna see these kinda beached whales, I'll buy a copy of *Popular Pig Farming*. But I gotta hand it to ol' Pete, 'cause he must be awfully patient to look through all those rolls for two weeks just to get to them piss lips.

Fuzznuts
Austin, Tex.

□ I always wondered what Miss Piggy looked like naked. You sonuvabitches better get your head bolts tightened.

Leg Hold
Cherry Point, N.C.

□ It's about time you guys got off your butts and put a decent cunt in.

Fred "The Whopper" Walton
Sanbornville, N.H.

□ This is the worst fuckin' April Fool's joke ever played on me. When I saw this 400-lb. blimp queen, my asshole puckered up so bad that it's gonna take two of Pete's "Hog Haulers" to pop it back out.

Puss Man
Austin, Tex.

□ April Fool's jokes are great, but maybe some people are thinking you take shit too far. You got that chick because all you had to do was give her a couple of boxes of Twinkies and a six-pack of beer.

Ron SESCO
Ashtabula, Ohio

■ And a joint.

Likes Knit Cap

□ Raisin pie for all of you responsible for the free-knit-cap-with-subscription offer! Received mine in the mail today and just couldn't believe it. A high-quality, thick-knit and warm-as-hell stocking cap. Big enough to fit the largest of "fat heads" and just the thing for these cold Iowa winters.

Mark Frederiksen
McClelland, Iowa

Are You A Cop?

□ Last week this Portland newspaper heading caught my eyes (even as nasty as they feel from the inside).

U.S. Agent Infiltrated
Biker Club

An unidentified agent infiltrated the Whatcom County Bandidos and was elected an officer in the group, traveling around the country in an attempt to learn more about the

club's dealings.

Eleven people including a Canadian were roused from bed and arrested in Bellingham and Whatcom County early Thursday, capping as many as 90 arrests in eight states!

The arrests were part of a 2½-year investigation that covered eight states. The FBI referred to the clubs involved as the "Big Four," meaning the Hells Angels, the Outlaws, the Pagans, and the Bandidos.

Others were arrested in Everett and Puyallup and a man was arrested in South Dakota on an indictment issued by Washington State authorities.

My question is, do we ask everyone we meet, "Are you connected with the police in any way?" What else can we do?

The Gearhead
Battle Ground, Wash.

■ Someone got a little loose.

Whaat?

□ What the fuck is going on at your joint? I ordered five back issues of *In The Wind* on March 5. This morning, March 14, UPS dropped 'em off. What is this excellent service bullshit? I expected to wait at least four to six weeks for my mags. Did you start paying the help or something?

Bill Turner
Los Angeles, Calif.

■ Raisin pie does wonders.

Dave's Centerfolds

□ Concerning the April '85 "Wordmonger" letter about Dave Mann's centerspread that the writer didn't like, I thought it was funny as shit! In fact, I put it up in my shop as soon as I ripped it out of the mag. There are a few things you fucked up on here, pal. We bikers think of some funny shit sometimes, and we often do funny shit sometimes, too — Dave Mann included, I'm sure. Now, this girl being hung upside down gets ya pissed, eh? Maybe she did ask for it! It doesn't matter. That's none of your business. Mann can draw whatever he wants — he's an artist. Now, here is where you really fucked up! Your so-called Chilean flag isn't a fuckin' Chilean flag, asshole. It's the flag of the state of Texas in the U.S. (Right, Dave?)

The Lank
Alpine, Tex.

□ For the reader's information, the Dave Mann centerspread was great. I thought the Texas (not Chilean) flag added class.

Steve
Abilene, Tex.

□ The April '85 centerspread was nice. In my early days I had a lot of Roth posters. Had Pig Pen, Animal, and some H/A posters. The only one I have left, besides Chocolate George's funeral, is Satan Slaves MC. Thanks for the flashback.

Do Dah Dave
Red Eye MC, Ida.

□ I've always loved Dave's stuff. But this one I'll give to my dog to use.

Dee (Cherokee Smith)
Merrellville, Ind.

■ Well, we all had to start somewhere.

Edible Panties

□ *Easyriders* is like edible panties — the best stuff is inside.

Hank Jondis
St. Thomas, Ontario

More On Twatburger

□ This is in response to Dr. Twatburger's "Women Are Strange Animals" in the March '85 issue. That fuckin' asshole wouldn't know a real woman from a fuckin' plastic blow-up fuck doll! The whole article was a bunch of bullshit.

Twatburger's whole attitude toward women is that of a butt-fuckin' fag. Most women aren't like that at all. And we usually have good reasons when we bitch at our men — they usually ask for it.

Rebel and Snatch
Williamsport, Pa.

■ If we didn't believe you, we should just ask you, right?

□ I'd like to shoot you in the balls, asshole. Not all bikers are the same nor are all ol' ladies the same. Some get pushed around and some don't. The ones who do are stupid for not standing up for themselves. Women are one of God's special creations. Without us, men would be nothing. We are not dogs to grovel at one's feet nor to be kicked in the ass. We are people, too. We have feelings, opinions, ideas. I think you're disgusting and chauvinistic.

Sweet Pea
Fruitland, Ida.

□ If you're going to say shit about us, go to a George, Mike, Bill, or Henry for your nighttime enjoyment — or do you already?

Dana Ashberry
Austin, Tex.

□ You're a fucking shithead. I'm a 19-year-old private detective and making more money than my ol' man. I'm a genuine nymphomaniac and my ol' man has to ask for a break before I'll stop. He's 32 years old and lives with an ol' lady. He spends all his non-working time with me, and his money goes in my pocket so I can manage our money while his ol' lady at home pays his bills with her money. I'm a real body builder, and a couple of times I had to pull shitheads like you off of him. He makes the payments on my Harley and doesn't get to putt on it till he satisfies me first. All his bros love me and think of me as a bro because I watch their backs and hold my ground. I love my ol' man and respect him. However, what I want comes first.

Kandi
Philadelphia, Pa.

■ Sounds like he's pussy-whipped.

Hopes

□ I hope you're stranded in the desert with a can of unleaded gas and a thirsty stroker.

The Kid
La Mirada, Calif.

Sneaky

□ We need your help. To all who live free and ride free, another blow has come down. HB250 in New Mexico was slipped by without much notice. This bill requires all motorcycle riders to wear helmets as of July 1, 1985. This was sneaky — to amend an already-passed bill without letting the people who ride know. It passed 41 to 19.

If we don't hurry, there won't be a way to change the new requirement.

Let's write our elected officials and tell them we think HB250 stinks!

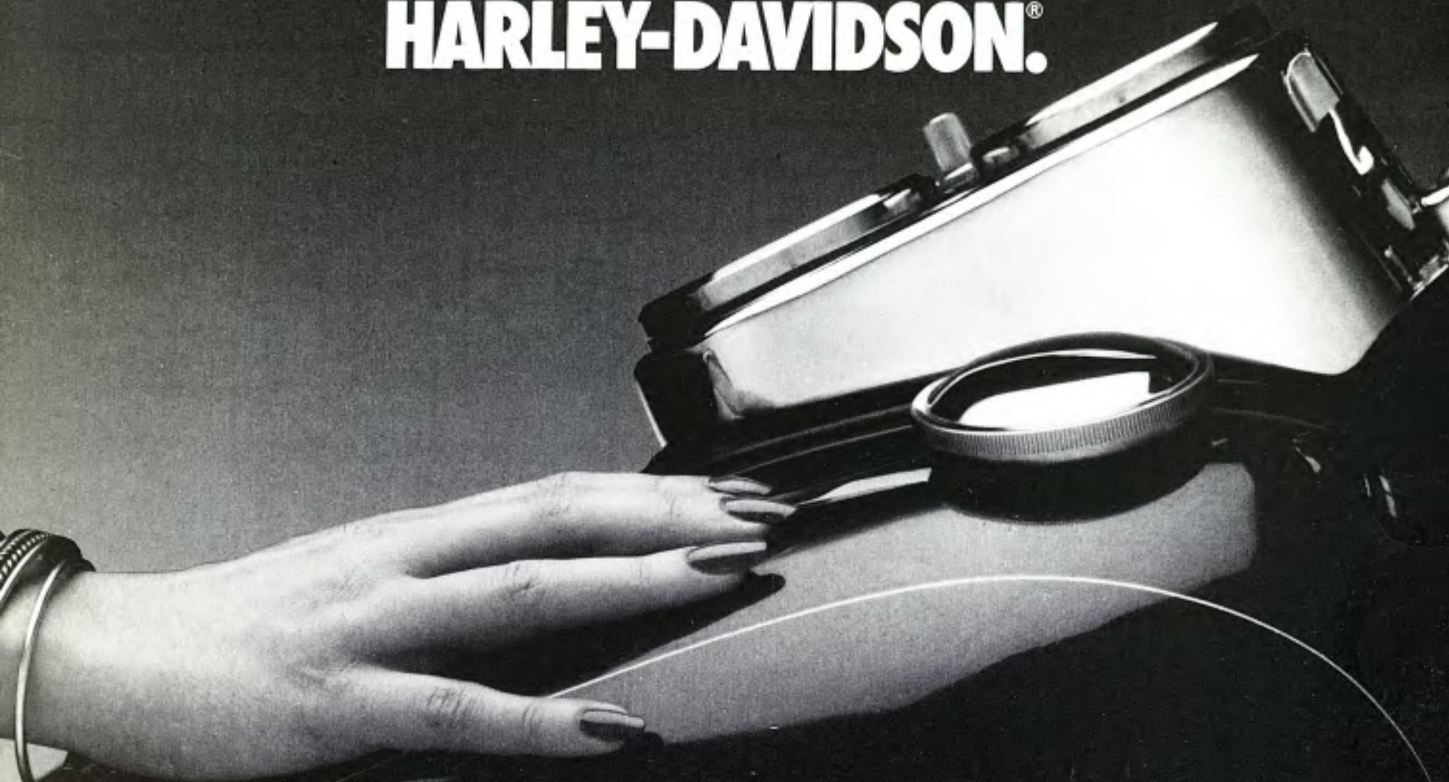
Angry Riders in Organ
Organ, N.M.

Check This

□ Check this shit out. Here in the Philippines there are all kinds of flatheads, 45s and 80s. I'm talking original condition, left over here after the war, plus a few other various models that were brought

Continued on page 96

INTRODUCING EAGLE IRON® FROM HARLEY-DAVIDSON®.

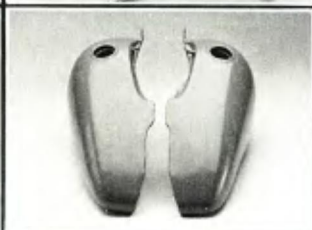
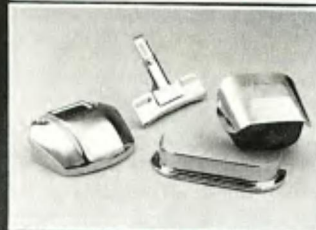
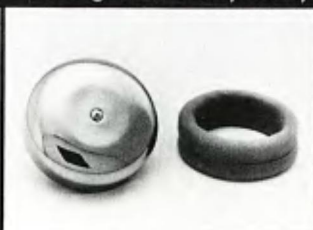


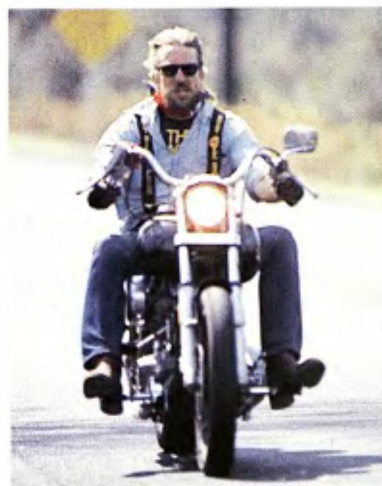
QUALITY FOR LESS.

If you want the best, nothing but Harley-Davidson's original equipment parts and accessories will do for you. But if you're looking for a competitively priced alternative, a cut above what the other guys have to offer, you owe it to yourself to check out the Eagle Iron line. Eagle Iron parts and accessories

are engineered by Harley-Davidson to fit properly and are available only at authorized Harley-Davidson dealerships.

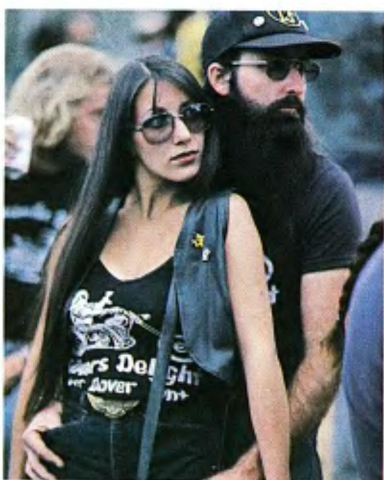
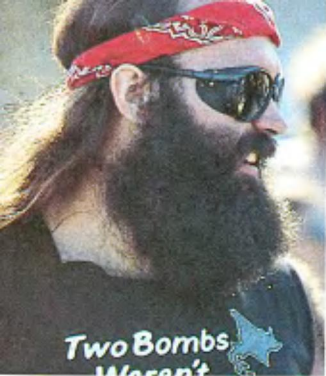
But if you're looking for parts and accessories that are better than the aftermarket alternatives, competitively priced and guaranteed by Harley-Davidson, Eagle Iron is for you.





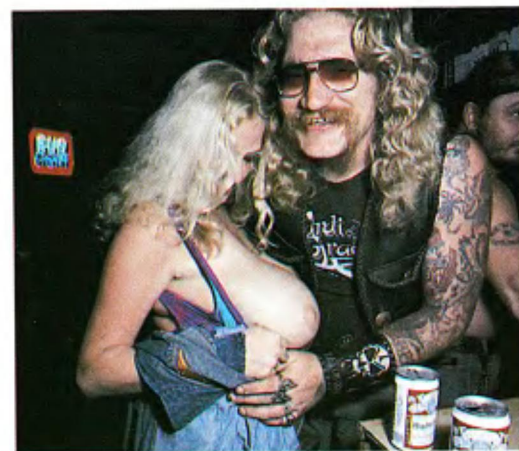
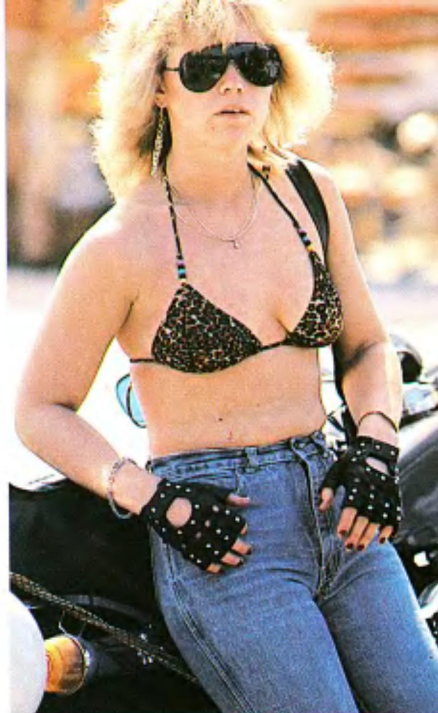
DAYTONA BEACH BASH '85

Lack of rain made Bike Week '85 a lot drier than usual, but thanks to the heroic efforts of brewers and barkeeps, none of us went thirsty.

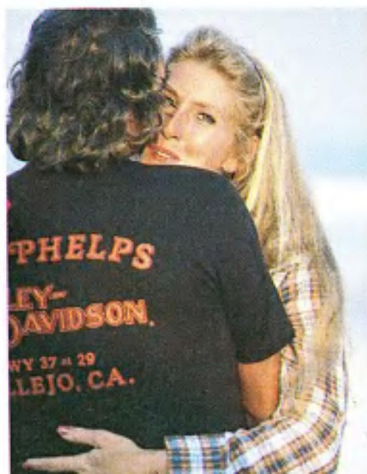


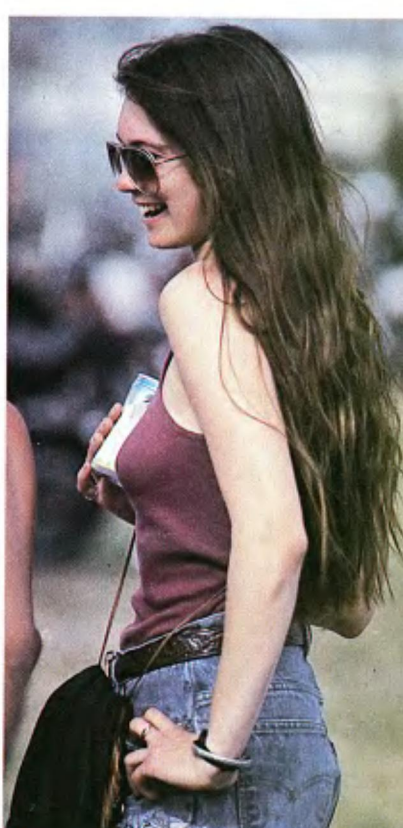
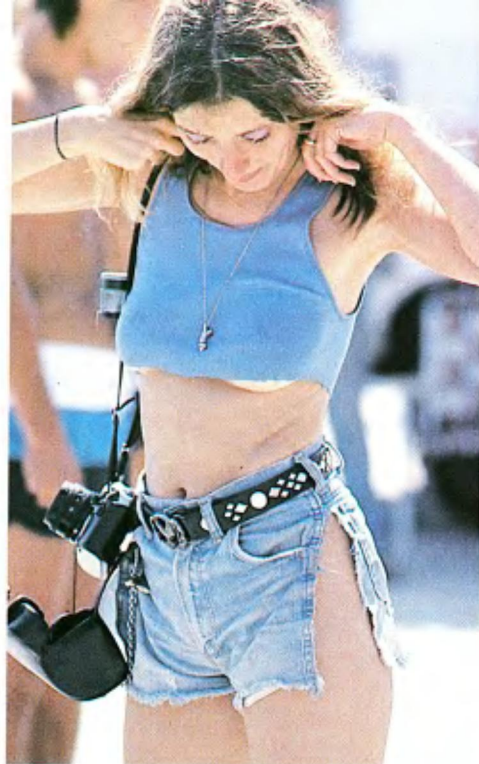
It's gettin' to be a stone drag writin' about Daytona after the party's over and we've all — including yours truly — gone home to try to recover. Of course, writin' about it while it's going on is absofuckinglutely impossible.

I tried it once — never again. I mean, it just can't be done. First off, there's the air. Ya can't just breathe the stuff and go on about your business because it's cracklin' with so much energy and vibes that you'd have to be dead to be immune to it. And the sounds — raw, rumbling pipes, laughter, squeals of excitement, rock 'n' roll music, rubber peelin' on pavement. Ya can't even go to sleep for fear of missin' something, so there ain't no way in hell you can ignore the mammoth party goin' on just to



DAYTONA BEACH BASH '85



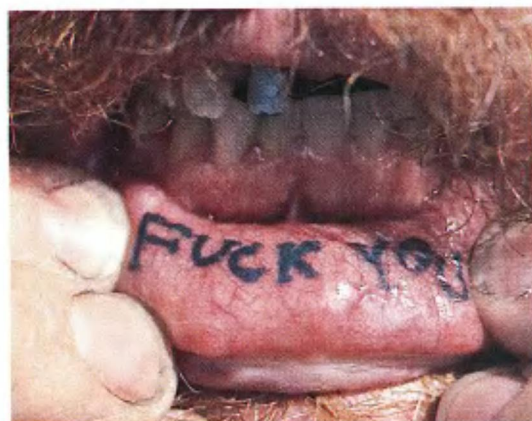
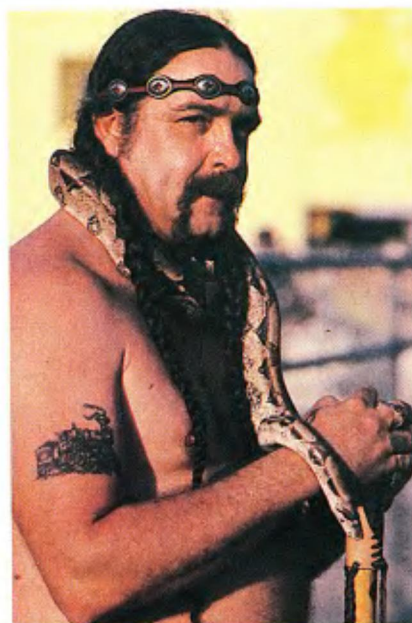


scribble a few words. Ear plugs? Forget it.

"Look, shithead," Spider growled, "I brought ya along so's ya could carry out your assignment to get the story, not get loaded and have a good time and party your fuckin' brains out. That's what I'm here for! So get it — and get it right." Yeah, sure, I remember him sayin' that just before he disappeared, but what the hell was I supposed to do about



all the acres and acres of gorgeous female flesh that kept revealing itself right in front of me? I mean, for the first time in years, it didn't rain during the entire week, so every honey in town could and did strip down to her scanties (and frequently less) to catch the rays. And we're not talkin' about just our own scooter sweeties. Those college bimbos may not have much between the head handles, but that don't



DAYTONA BEACH BASH '85

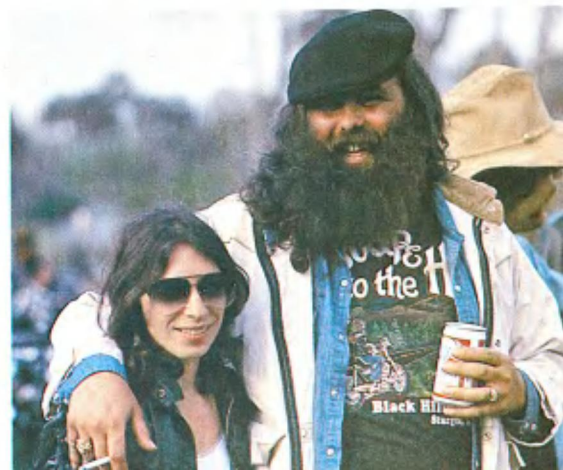
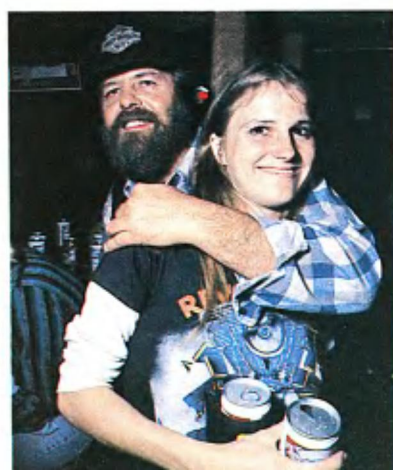
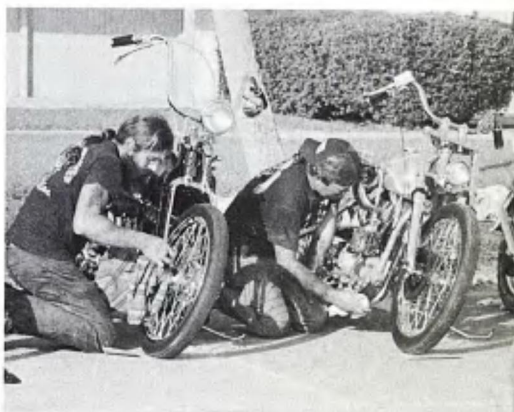
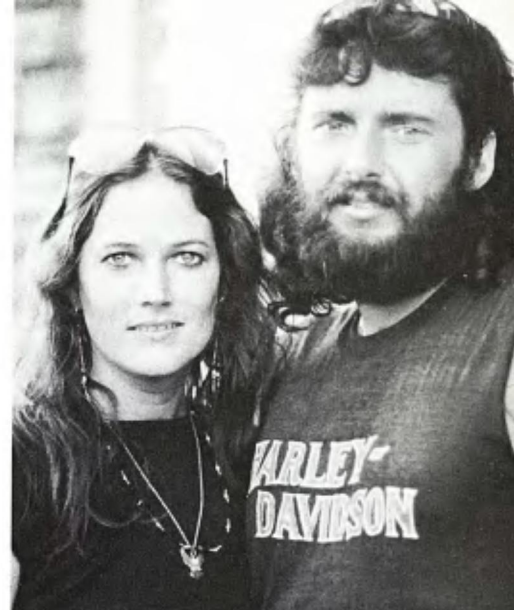




Photo by Kevin White



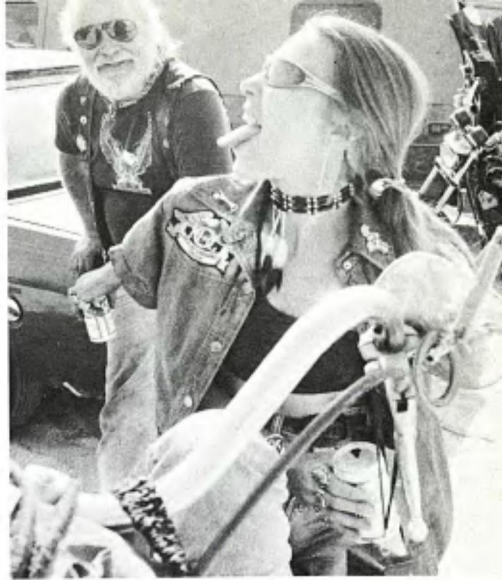
mean that some of 'em aren't worth lookin' at, if ya know what I mean.

So, whatdafuck, I did what I had to do. (I didn't sign on here as a saint, Spider). From the Boot Hill Saloon to the sandy strands, I mingled and mixed and partied and got fucked up — and I wish I was doin' it still.

As always, Daytona offered something for everyone who was there: the Battle of the Big Twins race for competition freaks (dominated by

H-D, natch); the beach for sun-and-bun burnouts; bars for the thirsty types; and enough tits — thank you, Lord, for such balmy weather — to satisfy even the most obsessive lung freak. In fact, as an added bonus, for those who wanted to temporarily feel like a movie star, at the sound of the copper chopper, you could even stagger outta the Boot Hill and find yourself bathed in a mighty, hovering spotlight.

Now, as ya all know, it's long been a tradition at Bike Week to take a short putt outta town to the famous Cabbage Patch Bar, and the corollary tradition has been that an occasional "mine am faster than yours" contest has been staged (sometimes leading to certain sums of money changing hands — gaspl) down the surrounding country roads. A more recent tradition has been the interest of some police officers in

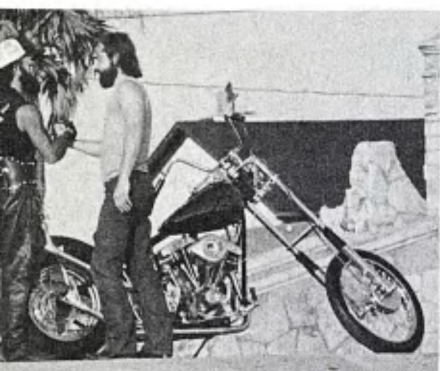
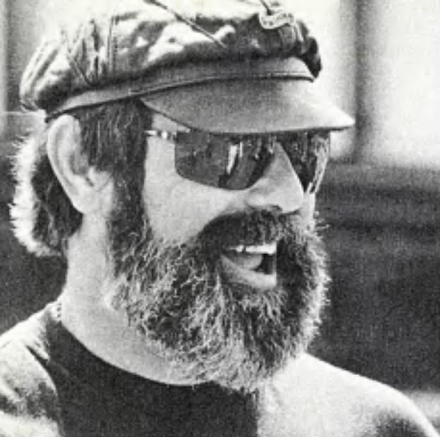


Photos by Michael Lichter, Rick Gatt, Jim Shaffer, and Frank



DAYTONA BEACH BASH '85





these affairs. Well, this year, someone had the bright idea of taking the action off the roads and into the actual cabbage patches out that way.

Hey, it didn't fool the cops none; I mean, they were still around, but they never carried through on an earlier threat to shut the races down entirely. Ya ever smelled rotting cabbages from up close? Man, they smell like — never mind, I don't wanna piss Spider off by talkin'

about his main squeeze — but anyhow, the scooters tearing through those bumpy fields, grinding the cabbages into coleslaw, generated such enthusiasm among the participants and the watchers that it just might become a regular, organized event. Reminded me of the good old days when we used to have the sand drags — before the 11th Street Drags replaced 'em. It was a genuine down-home type of thing.

So, now, as the saying goes, the party's over. Hell, even my hangover is receding. I could get real bummed out about it (the end of the party, not the end of my hangover) except for a few dozen good reasons not to: all the rest of the runs and parties and events that are on the calendar for this year. '85 is alive, bros, and so are we — let the good times roll!

—Trampo

DUST IN THE WIND

Dustoff and I went to 'Nam together in 1969, "young, dumb and full of cum," as the old saying went. By the time we returned to "the World" in 1970 and got separated from the Marine Corps, we realized we didn't have very much in common with people our own age, or hardly anyone else for that matter. So we both bought a Harley and hit the highways.

Over the next five years we rode through almost every state in the country. There were nights we'd ride four or five hundred miles, enjoying the cool evening air, the power of the big 74s surging through the rigid frames, the roar of the drag pipes reverberating throughout the quiet countryside we were passing through, and the exhilaration of complete freedom. At other times, when we'd met some good people, we might go only five miles in a month's time. We'd just kick back, do a little partying, and groove on whatever lifestyle they had in that particular part of the country.

By the end of the fifth year of our nomadic life, we headed back toward the San Diego area. Once there, Dustoff and I started going separate ways to a degree. I moved in with a chick who had a small house down in Chula Vista, got a half-assed job that provided enough money for gas, oil, food, and some of the rent. Dustoff did more or less the same thing, but he continued to live in San Diego. We still got together to party on weekends and occasionally made a run up the coast or out into the desert, but as the years slipped by we realized that to a certain extent we'd fit ourselves back into a segment of mainstream American life.

Then, after almost ten years of drawing a minimum-wage paycheck on Friday and waking up on Monday broke, Dustoff and I hit the road for one more good long run across America. The first night we only made it to the other side of El Centro where we camped out for the night in the desert. Dustoff had always had a passion for the hot, dry days and sweet, cool nights of Southern California. Continuing east the next day on Interstate 10, we cut off onto the old two-lane highway that ran parallel to it so we could go through the small

towns that the superhighway had bypassed. Bypassed while simultaneously depriving them of their economic livelihood, leaving them to wither and die in the beautiful southwest. Dustoff had always said, "Man, we go through the towns to meet the people and see how they live. If you've seen one Howard Johnson's on an Interstate, you've seen 'em all. Whether it's in California or West Virginia, there ain't a nickel's worth of difference to 'em, but you can't find enchiladas and salsa in New England like the kind you get in a little 'Ma and Pa' cafe in small-town Arizona, New Mexico or Texas. And you sure can't get a good rap from some chick working in a chain diner on the Interstate, because all she's thinking about is her tired feet and how much you're going to tip her. Plus, after she takes one look at a couple of scooter tramps like us, she figures she ain't got nothin' comin', anyway, so why bother making conversation."

"But the folks you meet in those cafes, bars, and gas stations that they own and work in 16 hours a day, just trying to keep their heads above water, are showing you what they're really about. You can see what they really are, not what someone in a corporate office 2000 miles away says they should be. No plastic smiles and cute little uniforms, just the real thing. That's how to get an idea of what different parts of this country are all about."

We traveled further east and got into Texas, passing through Del Rio, San Antonio, and Houston. As we were approaching the Louisiana state line, I caught myself reminiscing about the way Dustoff had acquired his name. When we'd been in 'Nam he'd always hated the firebases we'd return to after being out in the bush for two or three weeks and the shit duty we'd pull at 'em, like filling sandbags, digging latrines and standing guard duty. Once, on our way back in to one, we were about forty miles out when Dustoff "slipped" and fell full-length into the stagnant water of a rice paddy we'd been crossing. He started screaming, "My back, my back! I can't move my legs!" Well, Dustoff being so damn big

Continued on page 88

By Michael Riley

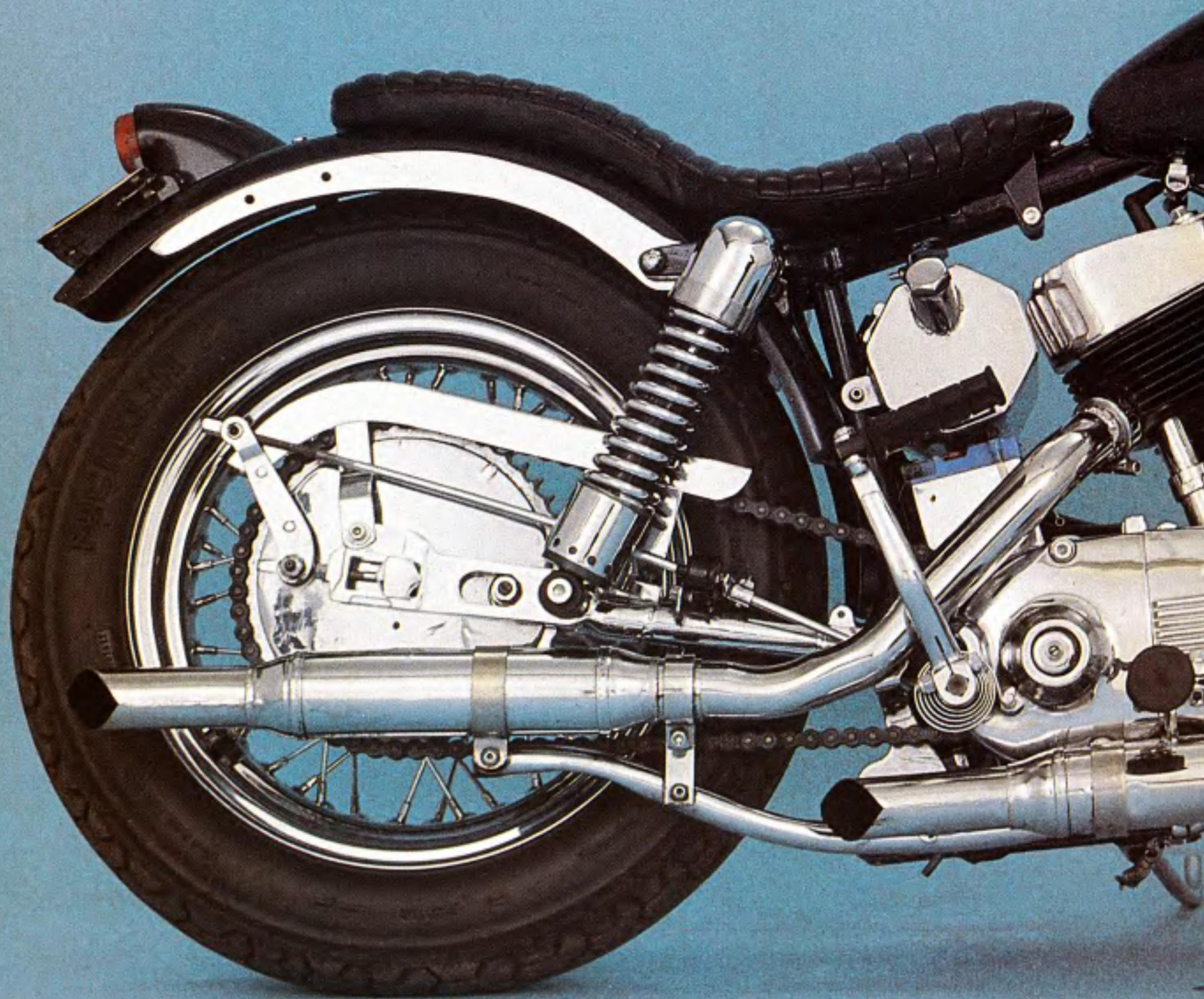
"...we didn't have very much in common with people
our own age. ...So we both bought a Harley and
hit the highways."



Arvidsson
-85-

MARIE'S k

Her ol' man's childhood dream is realized.



Ever notice how when someone tells you ya can't do something, you work ten times harder to do it? It may not take hold for quite a while, but you keep plugging away, your goal firmly established, concerns and consequences be damned.

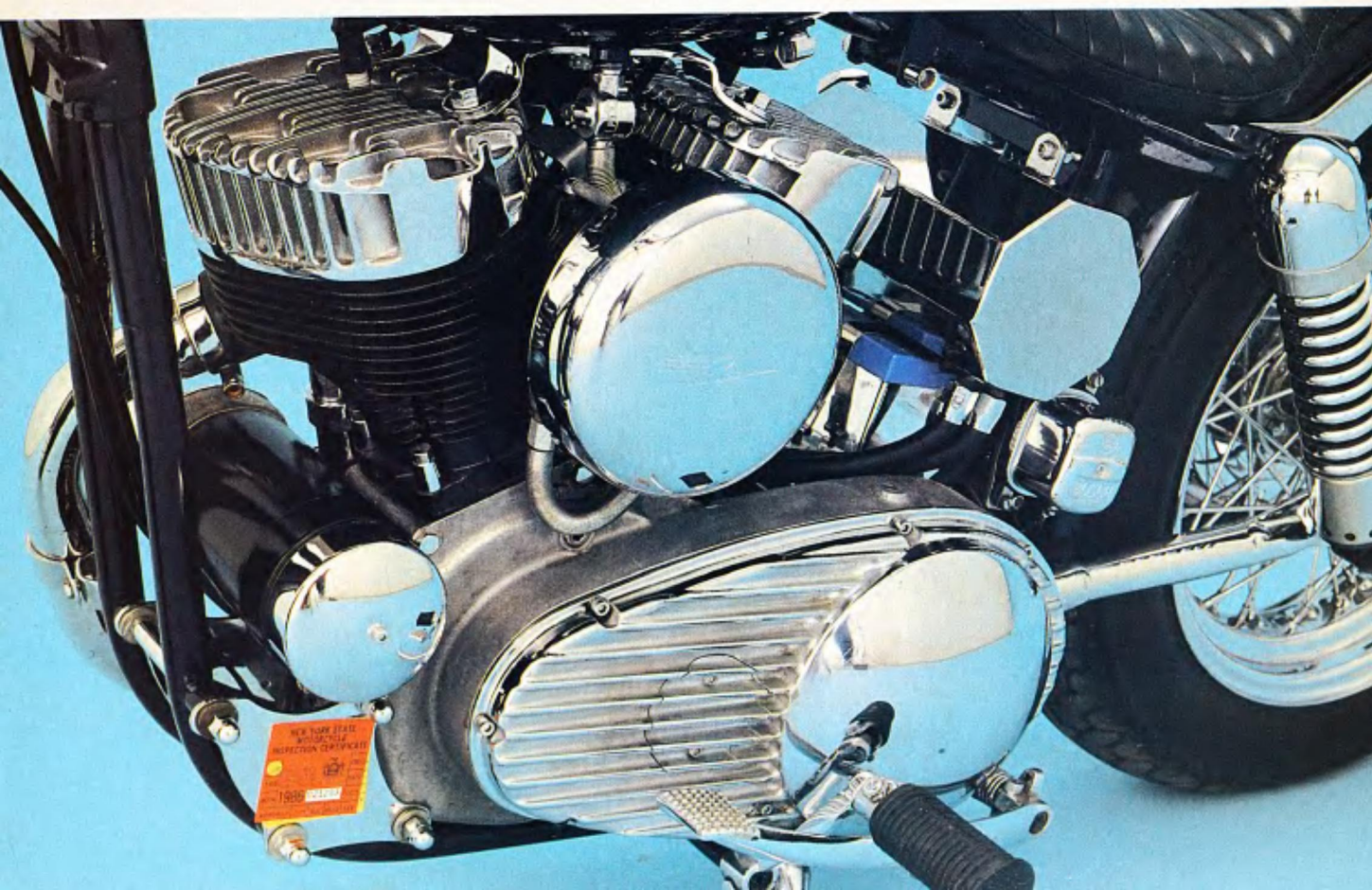
Skeeter Todd's late dad coulda told ya all about the old axiom,

"What you resist persists." See, about 20 years ago, when Skeet was just a youngun', he desired nothing as much or more than a Harley-Davidson K Model. His dad gave it an unconditional thumbs down. We imagine his father (a scooter pilot himself) stating, as he stuck his finger in Skeet's chest, "No way, son. You're not gonna get on one of

those crazy K Models and kill yourself while you're livin' under my roof. You're stayin' on that dependable knuck."

Well, that burning desire has turned up many years later in the form of the slick K you see before you. Skeeter went from being turned down on his request to becoming an admired wrench with







a flair for bringing out the best in his bikes — all Sportsters.

One of his finest creations has been the fabrication (from a serious basket case) of a K Model, which he built, with the bare minimum of an engine found at a swap meet and with extra cash he got as a bonus from his construction job, as a class sled his wife Marie loves and rides.

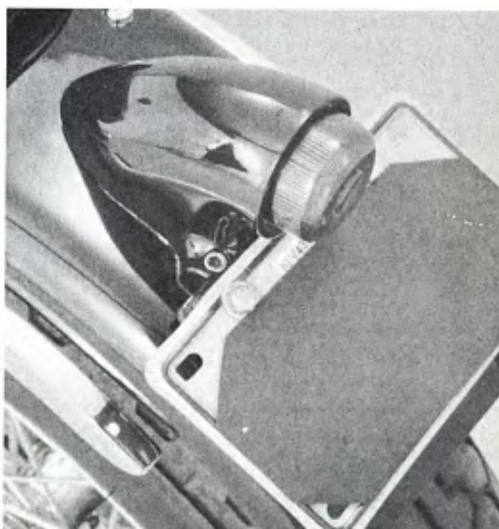
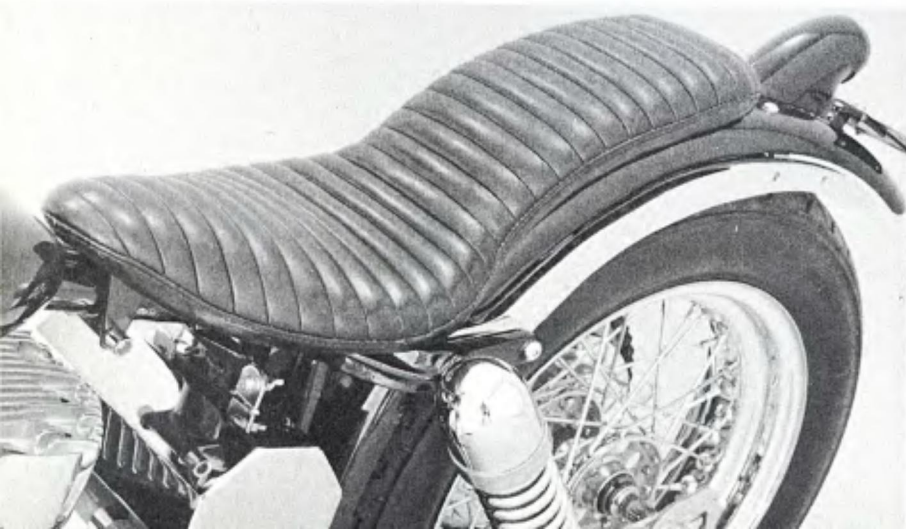
This bike isn't of stock vintage. It's frame came from a Volusia

County swap meet in Daytona and other parts were acquired from a swap at Keene, New Hampshire. It's been up for five years now, although two years ago it was fixed to this final version.

A little background on the classic K Model for y'all. This sturdy little runner was a follow-up and an update to the 45, which led to the longest-running line of Harleys ever produced by the company from

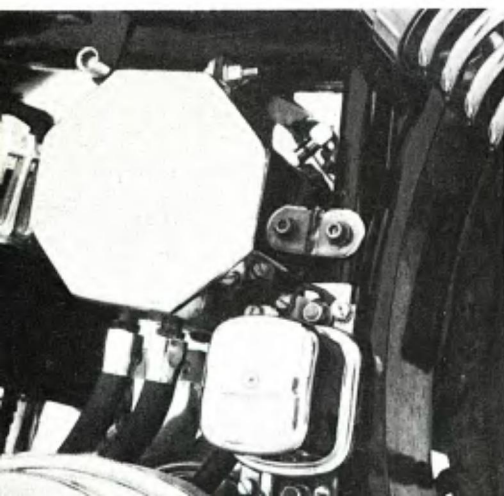
Wisconsin, the Sportster. The first year of manufacture was 1952, and for the first year and a half of production they were 45 cubic inches. They were the hottest thing from Harley in the Eisenhower '50s, and were in direct competition with Triumphs as well as Vincents for the smaller-yet-quicker market.

At 55 cubic inches, they came in four model types: the original stock K; the KH (Marie's model), a hotter





Photos by Pete Chiodo



street version with a souped-up cam for better performance; the KR, Harley's flat track racer; and the KR-TT, the factory's TT racing machine. (They dominated in racing; check out the past winners.) Always unit construction, with the trans and engine as one, they were a pain in the butt to take apart if you had to work on the trans 'cause you had to split the cases — up until the glorious day they installed the

"Door," which allowed easier servicing of the trans without splitting the engine cases.

If all that ain't enough, Elvis Presley himself is pictured on the cover of the May 1956 *Enthusiast* magazine, Harley's house organ, portrayed as "the hottest singing star on wax," sitting astride his "favorite motorcycle." K Models and Elvis are still classics, if ya ask us.

—Pan Man

Owner: Marie Todd		City: Maryland, N.Y.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Skeeter Todd		Year: 1966	
Year and make: 1954 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: KH		Type: XLCH	
Value: not for sale		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Skeeter Todd		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: internal fork stops	
Chroming by: Swirns (N.J.)		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: K&N	
Year: 1954		Risers: none	
Model: KH		Fender(s): glass cafe/6-in. flat	
Rebuilder: Skeeter Todd		Headlight: XLCH	
Ignition: auto advance		Taillight: old	
Displacement: 55 cu.in.		Speedo: 2 1/2-in. accessory	
Lower end: S&S rods		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: .050 over		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: modified Mustang	
Heads: flat		Oil tank: hex/3-qt.	
Cam(s): KK		Oil system: XL	
Lifters: XLH		Primary cover: cast aluminum	
Carb(s): Linkert		Seat: Bates/leather	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: handmade		Height: curved	
Muffler(s): 1966 XLCH		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: cases cut to fit		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1977		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Ceriani	
Engine sprocket: 35		Special features: Timken bearings	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: full drum	Hub: XL
Painter: Kram/Cross Country Colors		Rim width: 2 1/2 in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: blue candy/black pearl base		Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer/poly. top coat		Brake: drum	Brake: '66 XLCH
Special paint: artwork by Kram			
Other special modifications: Machine work by Wild Willie; special thanks to the people at Utica (N.Y.) Harley-Davidson.			



Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

Waiting For My Day In Court

(An American Institution)

By Ronald Maybusher

"My day in court." What a catchy phrase. It has such an honest ring to it. And it used to have meaning in America. . . a long, long time ago. Before the greased palms and fast money took hold of this nation's politicians.

The United States Supreme Court recently did an about-face in a decision regarding an inmate on death row. The high court decreed that if a murder-trial jury recommended a life sentence for a convicted murderer, the trial judge could invoke his own "discretion," override that recommendation, and sentence the offender to death.

The whole concept of the United States Constitution fundamentally opposes overriding jury recommendations and the denial of community say-so in matters relevant to everyday community life, etc. But the "Reagan Court" didn't care; it just snatched another individual right from our citizenry.

One constitutional amendment after another has fallen by the wayside in domino fashion. There's no longer any guarantee of fairness or impartiality in our courtrooms. No longer are the scales of justice evenly weighted, nor can Mr. and Mrs. America be guaranteed of once-sound constitutional rights in the everchanging fast currents of our judicial systems.

Taking from the hands of concerned citizens (jurors) the ultimate fate of a convicted murderer and placing it solely in the hands of the trial court judge is most certainly a step backward and completely away from the concepts of a sound governing constitution. Should such judge harbor a hidden dislike or prejudice toward the defendant, that defendant is a sure bet for execution.

In other cases, a trial judge may have had access to additional evidence not permitted by law to be introduced to a trial jury, but the law didn't necessarily preclude the trial judge from deriving any prejudicial effect from this tainted material. Our jury system is a farce when such judicial manipulation is utilized.

To be tried by a jury of one's peers is a basic right of all defendants, including those accused of murder. To be tried and judged by one's peers doesn't mean by the judge, but by the citizenry of a given county, a body of concerned citizens who are confronted with the facts of a case and supposedly decide its outcome on the merits of those facts.

"Waiting for my day in court" is just about the most meaningless phrase in America today. The days of fair and impartial litigation in our courtrooms and judicial system are gone forever. Political clout and

financial resources seem to be the only viable assets a criminal defendant currently has in the United States.

Let's take a look at several recent events. In Tampa, Florida, two judges were recently relieved of their judgeships for allegedly manipulating cases involving bribery and "friendship" connections. In Palm Beach County, a federal district court judge was tried for case-fixing (later acquitted). In Cook County, Illinois, police officers, judges, court clerks, and a wide assortment of "reputable" politicians were indicted for alleged bribery and case-fixing, from misdemeanor traffic violations to armed-robbery cases.

There has always been graft and behind-the-scenes deals in high places, but never before has it reached the plateau that it has today. In fact, some politicians, court clerks, lawyers, prosecutors, and judges handle bribes and fix cases as if licensed by the county to do so.

"The fix is in." "Did you grease (bribe) the right guy?" "The prosecutor is in our pocket." "The judge is in our pocket." "Did you get to the judge?" "The prosecutor is 'our' friend." "I play golf with him." "I'm having lunch with the judge today." On and on it goes. These are words common in many courtrooms, courthouses and

Continued on page 93

What's In a NAME?

Most names tagged on ya say something about your personality. Something ya did once or for some obvious reason. You're stuck with it and your bros ain't gonna call ya nothin' different (although they may add a few four-letter adjectives). But it's your handle. After livin' in 12 states and traveling through most of the others, I've partied with a lot of scooter people, many of whom after so many years and beers start looking very much alike.

Common names usually have something hung in front of 'em: Crazy John or Dirty Dick. You can bet they did something once to earn it. Ask 'em if you want. They'll probably drop their pants and show ya. Now I ain't gonna name off all you fuckers out there, 'cause you constitute an endless list. I'm just gonna detail some of the more common (or uncommon) handles that come to mind.

How about **Bear**? Usually 270 lbs., 6'3", a full beard, a little quieter than the others. Sitting back in the corner — kind of a cheerful sort. Probably got a .44 Bulldog in his back pocket. Rides a shovel.



BEAR

What do you think will happen if a couple of clubs get together with two dudes who are both named **Horse**? They'll be standing off to the side punching each other in the arm for a couple of hours until they get bored with it.

You ever met a **Burn-Out**? I've met three. You'll find them all over. It could be because he burnt out on his scooter. More than likely it was his brain, though. Usually the first to burn out at a party and the first to get everybody up the next morning to start partying again. A very amusing dude, creating lots of laughs. He'll always take a dare and an extra hit of whatever is going around.

How about **Diamond Jim (D.J.)**? If you want to know where your chick is, look for D.J. He'll be over in the corner of the bar at a table with four or five chicks sitting around him and he's talking things they want to hear. You've probably met him. Nice clothes, cherry scooter, don't drink as much as the other bros, and always has something up his sleeve. He could be a guy with rings on his fingers and a custom pool stick. Always hustling.

Seems like every club has got to have an **Animal**.

Many a weak stomach has chucked up when he starts gross-in' people out for fun. Somebody throw him in the river. Give him a bar of soap and a bottle of A-200. Sure is a lot of fun to party with, though. He's got a whole new set of Craftsman tools where ya take in a broken socket and get a new replacement, free.



ANIMAL

Caveman — now there's a character. You know. Two feet of frizzy hair and a beard. A little loud and a lot of fun. No job, and his bike is probably a rat.

Duh, did ya ever know a **Moose**? Quit kickin' it. You'll fuck something else up.

Dog was always a scrapper. It's a good thing he didn't meet Horse. We'd have to rebuild the club house. And Bear would have to get up out of his chair and convince them to break it up.

I knew a **Doc** several years ago. He was usually back in the bathroom with a couple of chicks. "Hey, man, get out of the john! Somebody's really gotta take a shit." Out they'd come, sniffin' and grinnin'.

I've met a couple of guys named **Harley**. How can you go wrong with a name like that? You'll find Harley and Stroker in the back with the tranny torn apart.

Stroker — probably got a punched-out Sporty. If you want to know all the latest bike specs, just ask him.

Gabby — full beard, high-spirited. "Will ya shut up? Nobody's listening to you, anyway. You're soundin' like an ol' lady I once had."



GABBY

I've met a couple of **Freddies** in my travels, too. Just stay out of the way, will ya? Unless it's **Fast Freddie**. Then you'll wonder where he is.

How about **Weasel**? I've met more than one. These guys will prospect for five years or more. Don't ask Weasel to do *anything* for ya. Nine out of ten times he'll fuck it up. You know the kind of people who like to get fucked up just for attention? He'll be sitting in the bar the following day laughing himself sick with Burn-Out.

Tramp is a fun-loving guy. He needs to clean up his act and get a job, but so do we all. He just retired when he was 16 and no one ever told him the stan-

dards of society (whatever that means). Somehow, this guy's always got a righteous ride.

Pig Pen — probably Tramp's brother. With a handle like that, ya gotta be a lot of fun to party with. You'll find Pig Pen with Burn-Out and Weasel off somewhere creating havoc on some citizen.

Joker — probably rides a trike. He's the kinda guy who'd put tape on the cat's feet and watch it walk around shaking its legs. Don't let Joker get with Burn-Out, Weasel, Caveman and Animal all at one party. Guarantee ya the roof will fall in.

Pops or Pappy — usually somebody's father. Everybody likes Pops. He's always cheerful and the guys like draggin' him around to parties. Most of the time this guy ain't got a scooter, just a place out in the country where all the bikers go and shoot up a junk cage in the back pasture.

Ludie — hell of a nice guy. If he'd just quit drivin' his car through the living room, he wouldn't have to work so hard and then maybe he'd have time to fix his scooter. Try speed for a change, will ya?

Bandit — with a handle like that, ya can't trust him unless you're close and that's hard to get. He'd ride anything with four strokes. This guy is usually on the run or in the Big House.

I knew a **Slick** once; didn't trust him much at first because of his shifty attitude. He carried five knives and bragged a lot on how he could use 'em. He turned out to be a pussycat after we slipped him some acid one night in the club house. Slick usually has a pretty decent ride.

Slippery — now here's a character. Not as violent as Slick. Turn your back and he's out the back door — probably with your ol' lady. If you're going to a swap meet, take Slippery and Slick along and give 'em a shopping list.

Tripper — this guy doesn't stick around long enough to get to know real well. Speed, acid, lots of riding. If there's a concert or a party within 100 miles, he's gone.

Spike is usually a big dude and in some kind of trouble. He and Moose might be found throwing citizens around in a bar, but only 'cause Spike and Moose picked some guy's quarters off the pool table and the asshole had the balls to say something.

That reminds me of **Scruffer**. He's usually a small, fast guy. Kind of wired and into whatever's going on. Rides a Sporty. He's like **Bugger, Mouse, Shorty, Rocky, and Critter**. These guys are on the small side, but don't underestimate them. Them wiry little fuckers party hardy. Usually damn good mechanics who ride knuckles.

Pee Wee is usually a chick's name, unless it's

belongs to a big dude on an 80-incher.

I heard of a biker named **Lucifer** once. That would be too much to live up to. My guess is he's in prison. Probably too much speed and too many Stones albums. My sympathies.

Tiny. Well, not really. He fits in with Moose, Horse, and Pee Wee. I'd sure hate to have these guys pissed off at me. They can start their scooters with one hand.

Peg Leg, Cyclops, Stubby, Scarface, Baldy, — all self-descriptive with various personalities.

How about **Strange**? I met one. For real, man. His bros didn't tag that name on him; it was his father's Christian name. He was, too.

I've never met a **Goofy**. There's probably one out there somewhere. Unless Slick done him in.

Spacy — I've never met a dude named Spacy, but I've known a lot of chicks who were. **Schizo, Neurotic, Leaky**. Neurotic will usually get turned out. For good.

I knew a chick named **Little Bit** a few miles back. Short little thing. Don't say she can't start your scooter. She'll be gone on it for about four hours having the time of her life while you're pullin' your hair out worrying.

Ever meet a chick named **Angel**? Bet ya she ain't. A chick like this has gotta be a dancer and she keeps her ol' man busy thumping on heads.

And then, of course, there's **Spider**. If you think I'm gonna touch that one, you're crazy. Mutha's got that one wrapped up in *her* web.

So, boys and girls, if ya got a name that's hard to live up to, ya shouldn't have taken reds the night they named ya. You're stuck with it now.

J.R.

(not from Dallas)



CYCLOPS



BANDIT



Illustrations by Duffy Duggan

As The Twig Is Bent

*Bernie's been buildin' beautiful bikes for 15 years because he's "never been able to get over that high of rolling something pretty out. . .in the spring."
Now his son's got the fever, too.*

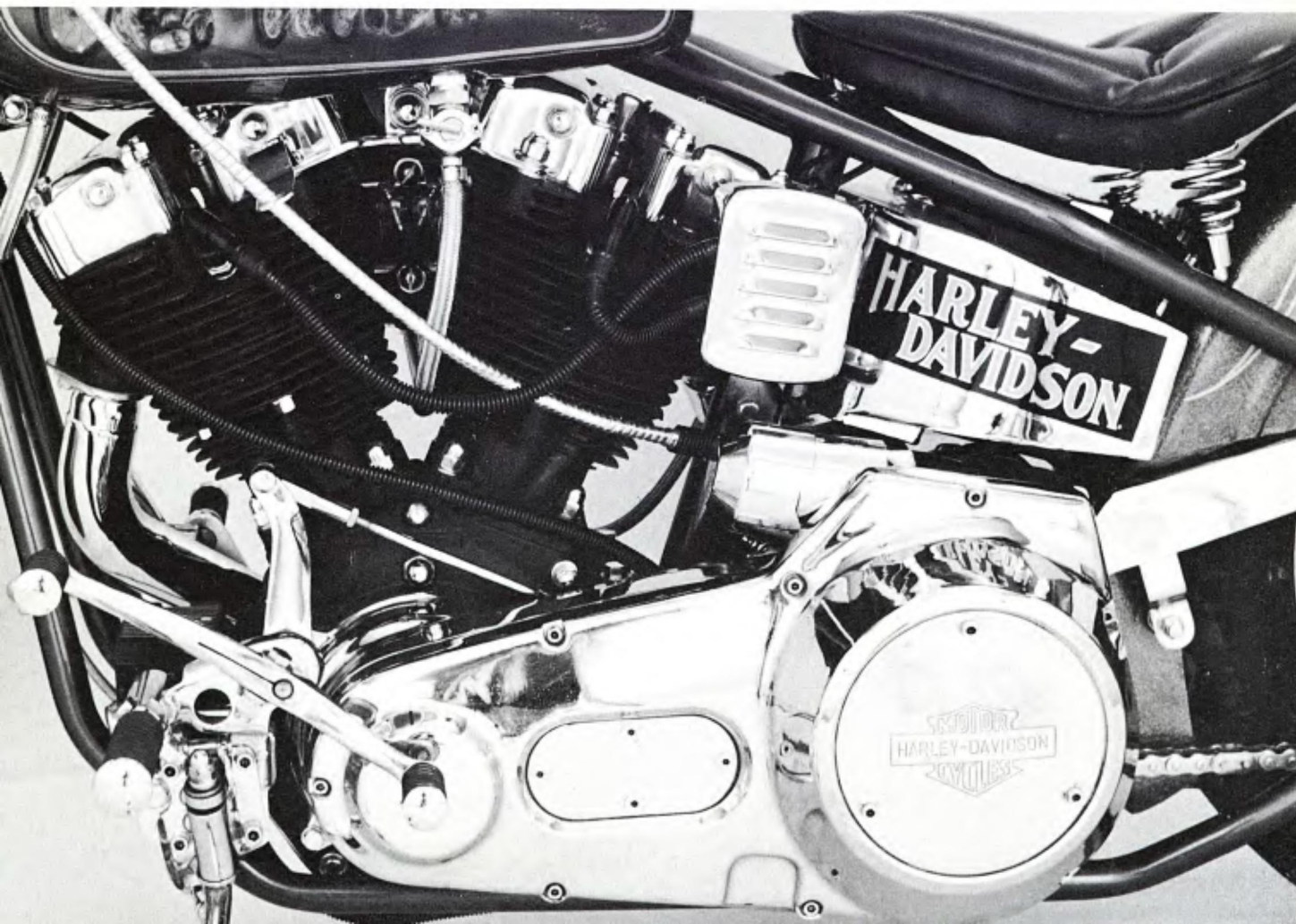
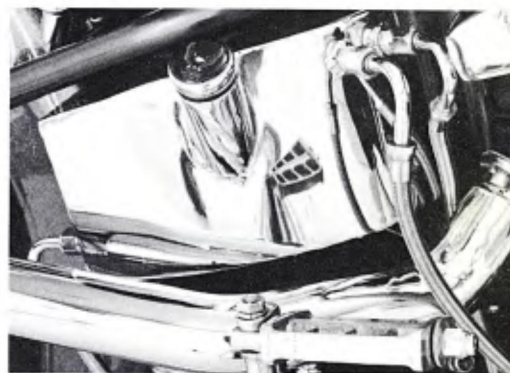


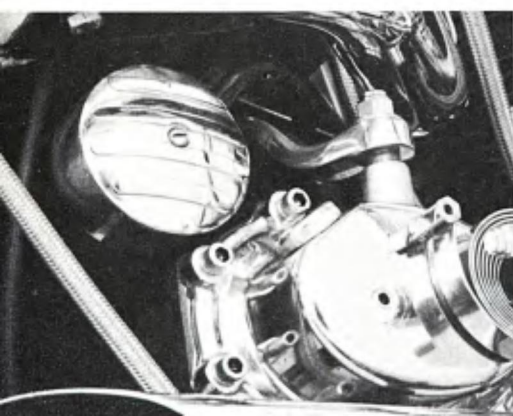
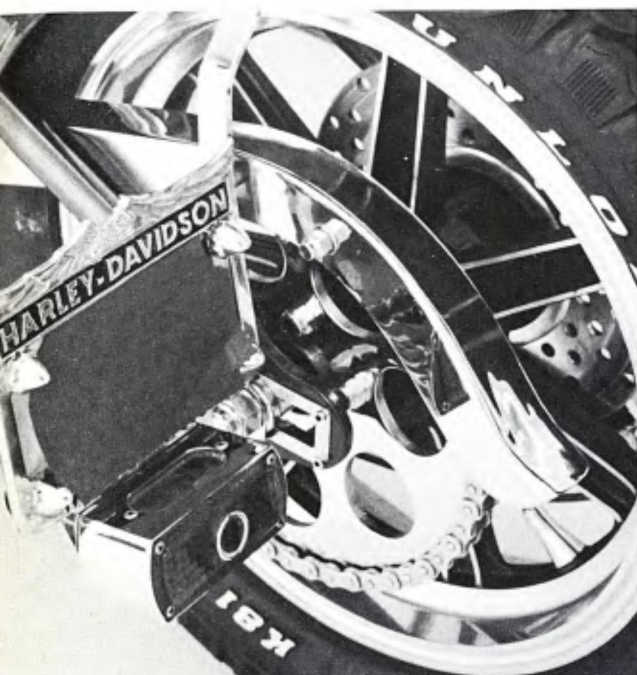


"I brought this bike down from the north right after Christmas," Bernie recalls. "It was a rigid-frame rat bike, but I could see it had potential. The problem was getting it done in time for Bike Week.

"The only way to do it was to get my boy involved in it and it turned out to be terrific. I mean, the little guy just hung in there

and hung in there. I'd come home from work and he'd have the drills plugged in and the wrenches lined up in the order I'd need 'em. He's only 14, but he'd hang in there till two or three in the morning and then get up and go to school. 'Course he was almost suspended for dozing off in class a couple of times, but we got the bike done and now he's so turned on that I





Owner: Bernie Tatro, Jr.		City: Edgewater, Fla.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1970 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: shovelhead		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner and son		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: molded	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: apes	
Year: 1970		Risers: H-D	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): R: Paughco; F: Triumph	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points and coil		Taillight: box with the blue dot	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: Drag Spec.	
Balancing: yeah		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: wiring through frame	
Cases: wrinkle finish		Gas tank: 3-gal. bobs	
Heads: ported and polished		Oil tank: Jammer	
Cam(s): .475 lift/Sifton		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S&S Super		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Jammer shotgun		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): ha-ha		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: wrinkle finish		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1983		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 21		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 52		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Lester	Hub: Lester
Painter: owner		Rim width: 4½ in.	Rim width: 4½ in.
Color: candy brandywine over flake		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: metal flake		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: cleared in RM 2K clear; murals by Jim Riccio, in Holly Hill.			
Other special modifications: striping by John's Art & Sign, Hinsdale, N.H.			

can tell he'll be building his own rides by the time he's 17 or 18."

In the meantime, though, Bernie's kid is gonna get lots of practice at the fine art of customizing motorcycles. Almost before the last Daytona Bike Week echo had faded from the scene, Bernie and son were already busted-knuckle-

deep in two new projects — the first "a '50s-style far-out fatbob Sportster" for the numero uno woman in their lives, their ol' lady (sure it sounds odd, but the fact is that Mrs. Tatro is Big Bernie's ol' lady and Little Bernie's old lady); and the second, a more conventionally chopped Sporty that they're



Photos by Pete Chiodo







building just for the hell of it.

"You know," Bernie says, "I've never done any of this as a business. For 15 years I've been building and riding beautiful bikes just for the fun of it. It's like therapy. I think it comes from years of living up north where those winters are all eight months long. I've never been able to get over that high of rolling something pretty out of the garage into the first sunlit spring day.

"The strange thing is that since I've been down here in Florida where you can ride most of the year, I'm still like the old firehouse dog when he hears the bell. Come winter, even though it's a warm sunny winter instead of a cold, snowy one, and I still get itchy to begin building something to ride the following spring."

Not being doctors, we don't have the slightest idea what kind of disease causes Bernie's itching. But just looking at the pictures of this bike proves that the itch is good for him. And just talking to 14-year-old Bernie Tatro III for five minutes tells you that it's hereditary.

—Boomer

Easyriders

EUROPEAN FLY & PUTT

Sweepstakes

Win a Trip to Europe & a 1986 Softail, or a 1986 FXRS or Other Great Prizes!

How'd you like to blast through Europe and come home to a brand-new 1986 Harley-Davidson Softail? You will, if you're the winner of the 1985 *Easyriders* European Fly & Putt Sweepstakes. As the Sweepstakes winner, you'll receive round-trip airfare to Frankfurt, Germany, for two, two-week use of a Harley courtesy of the Harley Owners Group Fly-and-Ride Program and \$2000 in cash. Best of all, you'll receive a 1986 Softail of your own after you arrive home. And that's only the beginning. We're also giving away

a 1986 Harley FXRS, plus \$1000 cash as a Grand Prize, ten \$500 Custom Chrome gift certificates as First Prizes, twenty \$100 Brown's Plating gift certificates as Second Prizes and 100 *Easyriders* T-shirts as Third Prizes. And, to give everyone a chance to come out a winner, you can also use your Sweepstakes entry blank to start or extend your *Easyriders* subscription at up to 47% off the newsstand price. Don't miss the chance to win the trip and the bike of a lifetime. Enter today!

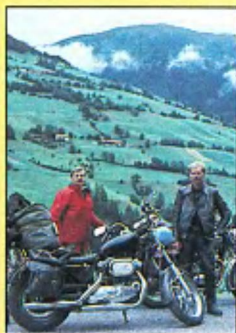
You and your ol' lady (or a friend) could be on that flight to Frankfurt, Germany, with \$2000 in your jeans and a Harley waiting for you when you land — and a brand-new Softail bein' built in Milwaukee just for you when you return.* Why delay? Enter today! And while you're at it, take advantage of our great subscription offer.

**SUBSCRIBE
NOW & SAVE!**

Save up to 47% on *Easyriders*, the world's first and best biker rag, with our special Sweepstakes subscription offer! See coupon for details.

SWEEPSTAKES PRIZE

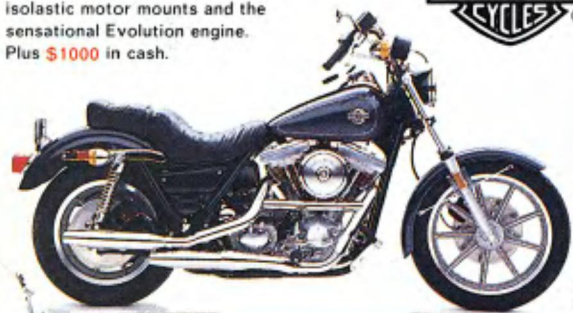
Round-trip airfare to Frankfurt, Germany, for two. \$2000 cash spending money. Free use of a Harley-Davidson for two weeks, courtesy of the Harley Owners Group Fly-and-Ride Program. And a 1986 H-D Softail when you return to the States.



GRAND PRIZE

A 1986 Harley-Davidson FXRS

with 5-speed transmission, isolastic motor mounts and the sensational Evolution engine. Plus \$1000 in cash.



10 FIRST PRIZES

\$500 gift certificates from

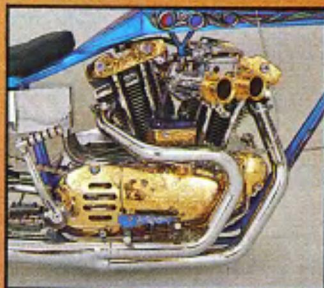
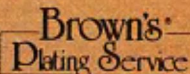
Custom Chrome, one of America's largest and best suppliers of bike parts and accessories. From tailpipes to leather caps, you can get it from Custom Chrome.



20 SECOND PRIZES

\$100 gift certificates from Brown's Plating

Coast-to-coast and around the world, Brown's is known as the place to go for the best in chrome or gold plating.



100 THIRD PRIZES

Genuine made-in-America Easyriders T-shirts

They won't cover your ass — unless you're shorter than our four-foot-tall Southern Mouse — but they will make your chest look better than it ever has before.



OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES

1. Use the enclosed subscription coupon and envelope, or print your name, address, zip code and telephone number on a 3" x 5" piece of paper. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to *EASYRIDERS EUROPEAN FLY & PUTT SWEEPSTAKES*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. Entry blank must be legibly completed in full to be valid and entries must be received no later than August 16, 1985, to be eligible for the drawing. *EASYRIDERS* assumes no responsibility for lost, misdirected or late mail.
2. All prizes will be awarded. Prizes are not redeemable for cash. No substitution of prizes permitted. You may win one of a total of 132 prizes — one Sweepstakes Prize, one Grand Prize, 10 First Prizes, 20 Second Prizes and 100 Third Prizes. Total retail value is approximately \$29,600.
3. Winners will be selected by random drawing from all entries received, by Davis Professional Corporation, an independent certified public accountant organization whose decisions will be final. Prize winners will be notified by mail within 90 days of the contest closing date, August 16, 1985. Prizes must be claimed within thirty days of notification, or winners are subject to forfeiture, in which case a substitute winner will be selected. Winner of the trip to Europe will have one year from date of notification to take trip. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
4. Sweepstakes is open to all residents of the U.S. age 18 and over, except employees of Paisano Publications, Inc. and their families, its affiliated companies, and advertising and promotion agencies. Sweepstakes is void outside of the U.S. (except APO/FPO addresses) and wherever prohibited, or restricted by law. ALL FEDERAL, STATE AND LOCAL TAXES ON PRIZES, IF ANY, ARE THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WINNERS. Winners of motorcycles are responsible for appropriate sales and use tax, dealer registration fee, and any other taxes or fees applicable.
5. Winner may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility, release and indemnification. All entries received become the property of Paisano Publications, Inc. and none will be returned. Winners grant to Paisano Publications, Inc. and its agencies the right to use their names and likenesses for advertising and promotional purposes.
6. For a list of major prize winners, send a separate, stamped self-addressed envelope to Paisano Publications, Inc., Sweepstakes Winners List, Box 1050, Agoura, CA 91301.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO WIN.

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY FORM

Offer expires August 16, 1985

If you wanna win one of those prizes, simply check the appropriate boxes below, fill out the necessary information and mail today! *Easyriders* European Fly & Putt Sweepstakes, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322.

- ☐ YES! Enter my name in the European Fly & Putt Sweepstakes and start my subscription to *Easyriders*.
☐ One year for \$22 — save \$1.12 per copy off newsstand price.
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My order is ☐ New ☐ Extension

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T-shirt Size: S M L XL

*You can take the trip when you want to — up to a year from when you win.



LORNA

KATHLEEN



SHELLY

PIPER



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 June 30th. We'll print the winner in the October issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #145 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Honey**, the ninth monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Tami Sue, Sonya Kaye, and Sheila.



SANDRA

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

145

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.



The time: late fall, 1947. World War II is over, you're bored as shit, and sometimes putting from small town to small town around Tennessee and doing bike stunts at Abandoned Airfield #21 just outside Memphis ain't enough to relieve the tedium.

The solution? For these bros in the Memphis Motorcycle Club and their ol' ladies it's a scooter

race from Memphis to Vicksburg, Mississippi.

"But not just an ordinary race," someone said. "Let's make it through the woods, along the river levee, over logs, through bushes and across whatever cottonmouth-snake-filled creek we can find. Then let's make it really interesting by having numbered checkpoints along the way. Only we'll hide them in the tops of trees or in

RACING BIKES 38



Photos by Bill Harrison



the middle of the biggest damn blackberry patch in Mississippi."

So you hit the road (trail, actually). You've got your plugs covered with Vaseline or your ol' lady's nail polish, and you're carrying a good stout piece of rope to pull 900 lbs. of Hog out of a mud hole or up a slippery hill. Halfway to Vicksburg you find you've missed a checkpoint. Do you

turn around and find it? Or do you press on and hope the rest of guys missed it, too?

Suddenly, right before your eyes, appears 300 lbs. of pissed-off wild boar. As it tries to make with your scooter, you mentally say sayonara to any hope of winning the prize money. But what the hell, barbecued razorback ain't so bad either.

—Bill Harrison

YEARS AGO

From Memphis
to Ol' Miss. . .

HOW DO YA TELL A BROAD SHE STINKS?

**“. . .What if I told you your ‘dessert’ smells like baby shit?
What would you say. . .”**

“Hey, bro! What happened to ya? Where do I sign?”
Man, I was getting tired of this shit. All day long a steady stream of visitors with the same smirking inquiries: “How do ya feel?” and “Where do I sign?” You’d think there was a sign over my door that said, “Immortalize yourself by writing your name on my cast. Come one, come all.”

Tomorrow couldn’t come fast enough. The leg was set and cast and the only reason I was still in the hospital was because of the mandatory 24-hour stay for accident victims. Still, I guess I shouldn’t come down so hard on the bros. After all, they were coming around to see how I was doing. Smilin’ Jac was a little mad when I told him to put away his Buck and use a ball-point to “carve” his name. Other than that, though, I guess I’d have to say things weren’t too bad.

(Sniff, sniff.) We knew who this was. My sweet little nemesis of last night. I felt the bed sheet rise — my dork was on the move.

The unknown face stuck its head around the door. “Hi ya, Skinner. How’s my ‘almost?’” she said with a giggle.

“Doin’ great, sweet thing. But I got this awful itch.” I indicated Mr. Dork the tent-maker.

Her eyes locked on his display as she pushed the door shut. Coming around the bed, she flipped the sheet and laid a few loving strokes on him. “Hey, Skinner, when

am I gonna get a chance to sit on him?” she asked, lowering her well-educated lips around my dork.

“Soon, honey child. Soon.”

Conversation ended at this point, her with her mouth full and me with my mind full. I still had the same “problem” with her as I’d had last night. Her and Mr. Dork were getting along just fine, but my mind drifted back. . .

* * *

She smelled like a fish factory an’ it wasn’t on account of us being near the ocean. She was just this side of shocked when I told her to go disinfect her snatch because I didn’t think a plain washin’ would do.

“Hey, listen now,” I said. “I’m no prude, but when you wanna suck an’ fuck, ya don’t wanna have to get out the ol’ Buck an’ scrape the crust off it, do ya?”

For some strange reason, she seemed surprised. “Don’t ya like the smell?”

“Look, kid, remember when those steaks we had were barbecuin’? An’ you said how the smell of ‘em cookin’ was drivin’ ya crazy? You said you couldn’t remember when the last time was that you felt so hungry.”

“So what?”

“Well, the smell of meat cookin’ turned ya on, didn’t it? You liked the smell, right?”

“So what?”

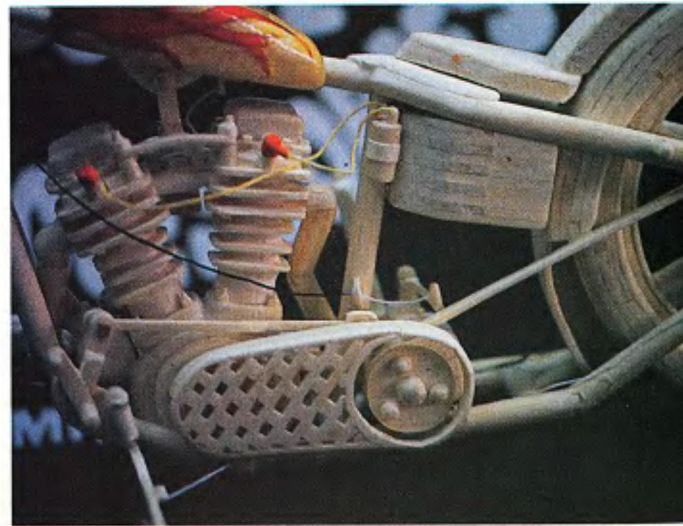
I could see that this

Continued on page 91

By Slam



MATCHSTICK I·N·G·E·N·U·I·T·Y



Photos by Steve Grissen

Bein' that he's doin' a stretch in Britain's Windsongreen Prison, it's easy to see were Leslie "Trike Man" Nash got the time to put together this matchstick pan-head. The question is, where the fuck did he get all the matchsticks, like about 5800 of them?

Speaking of matchsticks, just about everything on the bike, from the wheels to the remov-

able battery inside the oil tank, is made out of the little wooden sticks.

The girder works (courtesy of a ball-point pen spring), the kick pedal swings out, the arm swings down, the clutch spins, and all the control levers are operational.

Among the other moving parts are the shift linkage, the spark-plug boots (which come off),

and the seat, which swings up.

Lookin' at what Trike Man's accomplished with just a lot of patience and a bunch of matchsticks has to give you new appreciation for the talents of some of our unfortunately downed bros. I mean, this guy's a real craftsman. Imagine what he could have done with a hacksaw or a shovel.

—Grape

Biker rescues cagers who ran him down

A Clarksville, Tennessee biker who recently fell victim to a left-turning cage, crawled up off the asphalt and, disregarding his own injuries, pulled both occupants of the flaming vehicle to safety.

According to police, William Seay, 19, was riding his 1975 Harley southbound on U.S. 79 when a northbound pickup truck driven by Charlene Thomas turned in front of him.

Seay attempted to stop, but when he saw that was impossible, laid the bike down and slid under the pickup. Either because of the friction or because it came in contact with part of the truck's hot exhaust system, the bike immediately burst into flames which soon engulfed

and ignited the pickup truck as well.

Coming to his senses after sliding off the burning bike and out from under the truck, Seay saw that both occupants of the now-burning vehicle — Thomas

of the truck burned up completely."

Seay was later hospitalized with abrasions, bruises, and some swelling. Neither Thomas nor her granddaughter suffered any injuries in the accident.

Every year thousands of bikers perform some kind of public service, be it something as easy as giving blood or as tough as saving children from flaming trucks or defending America in a war. Yet this aspect of biker life is still totally ignored by the rabid anti-biker media. Now even the pinheads who doodle out comic books have climbed on the let's-shit-on-the-biker bandwagon. Check out the crap in the lower right corner.

and her five-year-old granddaughter — were still trapped inside. Seay ran back to the vehicle and managed to drag the pair to safety right before, in the words of state patrolman Maurice Hooper, "The interior

At presstime the mishap was still "under investigation" and no citations had been issued. However, Hobbs said, Thomas did tell investigators that she (all together now) never even saw the biker.

Easynews

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

Feds carry out threat to slash gas lead levels

Despite massive protests by owners of motorcycles, older cars, boats, and recreational vehicles, the Environmental Protection Agency has followed through on its threat to drastically cut the lead content of so-called leaded gas.

Beginning July 1, refiners must cut lead levels from the current maximum of 1.1 grams-per-gallon to .5 gram-per-gallon. On January 1 of next year the maximum will drop to .1 gram-per-gallon.

According to engine experts, .1 gram-per gallon of lead does not provide sufficient lubrication properties to enable any engine not designed to run on lead-free gas to operate without damage to its valves and valve guides. This includes all non-Evolution-engined Harleys, most European bikes and Jap bikes built prior to the mid-'70s. It also includes about 30 million pre-1975 cages still on the road.

In fact, the American Motorcyclist Association reports, this poorly conceived measure may cost bike riders alone up to \$500 million in otherwise unnecessary repair costs. And that ain't the half of it. Greedy oil barons, using the need to change over as an excuse, are expected to hike gas prices to the tune of about \$3 billion a year ("Soapbox", *Easyriders* #139).

The EPA hopes to ban all lead in 1988, thereby fucking even Evolution-era Hogs.

Even G.I. Joe's tossin' turds at us



MARVEL OR DRIVEL — Not content to let the TV, movie and newspaper hacks monopolize the market on exploiting biker stereotypes, the comic book makers have also jumped into the fray. Check out this panel from the Marvel (their name for it, not ours) comic *G.I. Joe*. First, the bikers get pissed at the kids for not being scared, then they set the family cage on fire. Lord have mercy, next thing ya know they'll be drawin' bikers fuckin' Lois Lane in the ass while Superman is out washing and Simonizing his cage.



A law that would squeeze adult New Mexico riders back into skid lids was recently approved by a subcommittee of the state house of representatives ... **Tennessee appears** to be another one of those states where bikers' lives ain't worth much. A cager was charged with attempted murder for *intentionally* running down a biker and the judge lowered his bail from \$15,000 to \$1000 ... **An 11-year-old boy** was riding an off-road bike on the street and cut off a motorcyclist. The biker suffered permanent injuries and was awarded \$124,000 by a jury. The judge, however, refused to find the kid's parents liable for anything and told the biker he would have to wait till the kid turned 18 and then try to collect. It happened in Hamilton, Ohio. Anyone else smell something bad comin' from that direction?

Harley-Davidson is planning to move its newly acquired Tri-Hawk three-wheeler division from California to Milwaukee ... **Speaking of Milwaukee**, the Wisconsin Department of Transportation recently started a Motorcycle Safety Awards program to honor individuals, dealers, companies and biker organizations for their contributions to keepin' us all alive. Awards will be given in six categories, with three winners to be selected by the DOT and three by the public ... **Occasionally, you can** fight city hall and win. A biker in Kalamazoo, Michigan, sued the state claiming that an improperly maintained traffic intersection contributed to a collision during which he suffered permanent brain damage. He was awarded \$1.98 million.

It happens everywhere, not just in America. A new Zealand cager was recently fined \$500 and had his license lifted for killing a biker. At the time of the rainy-day collision, the cager was operating a vehicle with only one of its four brakes working, both front tires bald and one windshield wiper non-functional. The cager told the court he knew his brakes were shot and that he tried to avoid hitting the biker by using his handbrake. I guess he got off so easy 'cause of that 'E' for effort ... **A new ABATE chapter** has been formed in northeast Louisiana. For information, write them at Box 1731, West Monroe, LA 71294, or call (318) 397-1745.

Mandatory helmet bills have been introduced into the legislatures of both Texas and Maine ... **The first policeman killed** on-duty in Honolulu since 1979 was motorcycle Officer David W. Parker, who died when his scooter rammed a cow ... **And finally:** Newspaper columnist Bob Wiemer reports that an unnamed Japanese bike maker is planning a new model fully equipped with *factory air conditioning*. Lest you think this is a joke, Wiemer notes that some rice grinders are already equipped with such exotic embellishments as fender compasses that transmit readings to a liquid crystal display on the dash and on-board computers that update the bike's average speed every 26 seconds. (But does it tell ya how far to the next piss stop?)

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

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

¹ Under 19, ² Under 18, ³ Required even if bike has windscreen, ⁴ Helmet must be re-certified, ⁶ Lights on if bike is made after 1977, ⁷ Required for speeds above 35 mph, ⁸ Bikes of 1970 or newer, ⁹ If over 21, ¹⁰ Except drivers under 17 and passengers, ¹¹ Certain cities may require lights, ¹² Passengers must wear helmets, ¹³ Passengers under 15 1/2 must wear helmets, * 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.

1985 Harley Rendezvous a big 'maybe'

East Coast bikers planning to attend the famed Harley Rendezvous this June may have as many as three (or as few as zero) such events to choose from. At this writing, late March, three different groups formerly associated with the Rendezvous are claiming that they will stage biker blasts in upstate New York, but which will come off is anybody's guess.

The problems began last August after it was discovered that the '84 Rendezvous wound up about \$70,000 in the red. This prompted Daniel "Kemp" O'Connell, a former officer of Harley-Rendezvous, Inc., to sue his father, Rendezvous founder and promoter J. Daniel O'Connell, over alleged irregularities in the company's operation.

Among other things, Kemp charges his father with failure to issue stock in the corporation, mismanagement of funds and records, and improperly trying to remove him from his corporate post. After studying the suit, a state supreme court justice decided that the corporation could not function properly with the two principal owners suing each other and put the firm into receivership.

According to the receivers, who are working with the younger O'Connell, the Rendezvous will go on as scheduled, June 21, 22, and 23 at the same Duaneburg, N.Y., site as last year. Except that the former owners of that site are reportedly trying to foreclose and the city has rezoned the parcel, known as the Indian Lookout Country Club, to make it illegal for commercial events to be held there.

Kemp O'Connell, however, says he has made peace with the former property owners by paying off some debts and has applied to have the site rezoned. At press-time, the Duaneburg town clerk said she had "heard" the promoters were "going to apply" for a variance, but had not yet done so. And despite their assurances, the receivers admit to plans to hold the event "somewhere else if we have to."

Daniel O'Connell, meanwhile, has also been busy. He's currently suing the town of Duaneburg over what he calls the "illegal" rezoning of the country club site and he vows to hold his own competing rally the same weekend as the Rendezvous.

"My rally will be open to all mature American motorcyclists," the elder O'Connell says. "I've been selling tickets since January and the people who have sent their money don't even know where the event is yet. I won't say where because I don't feel like having a pack of lawyers breathing down my neck, but it won't be Duaneburg."

Probably not, especially in view of a letter he sent the Duaneburg Town Board. In it, O'Connell claimed that the officials had "legally stolen a \$250,000 investment from me."

"Personally, I see no advantage," O'Connell wrote the board, "to exposing such a nice group of motorcyclists to a community of bigots, bombers, arsonists, rapists and corrupt officials who make up the law as they go along."

The current operators of O'Connell's former firm, meanwhile, apparently see little advantage to competing with his ghost. They've filed a second lawsuit against O'Connell, whom they claim is still on the Rendezvous' corporate board, charging that he has "breached his duties to Harley Rendezvous, Inc. by forming a separate corporation to compete with his own corporation."

Like the Unknown Soldier, what will happen with all this is known but to God. However, in case you aren't confused enough already, dig this. A bunch of disgruntled former Rendezvous employees, some of whom say they were never paid for '84's event, has announced they will hold their own blow-out, the American Motorcycle Jamboree, beginning June 7 in nearby Gansevoort, N.Y..

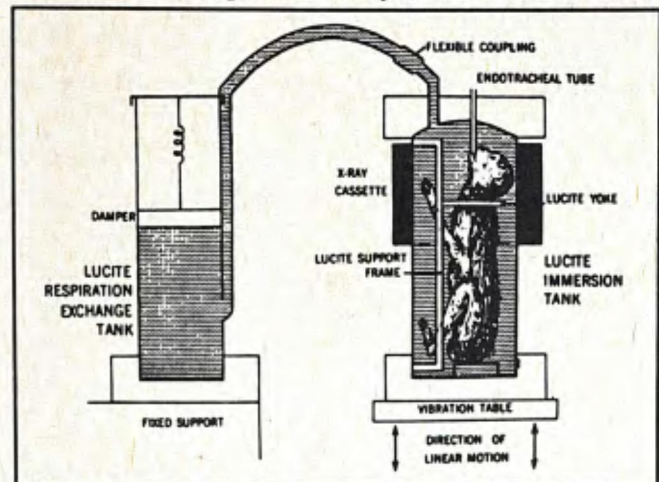
How scientists 'prove' lids really work

Dead monkeys tell no tales at University of Pennsylvania torture chamber

Having spent 15 years and millions of the taxpayers' dollars on studying head injuries, you'd think that Thomas Gennarelli and his staff at the University of Pennsylvania head-trauma lab would be experts at figuring what causes bikers to buy the farm when their head center-punches a cage and whether or not a so-called safety helmet could actually help save some lives.

Yes, you'd think they'd be experts, and maybe they are, but based on shocking evidence uncovered by People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, Box 42516, Washington, DC 20015, you really have to wonder whether the UP studies, and others like them, have any validity or whether they are simply a sadistic way of staying on the federal funding gravy train while simultaneously misleading thousands and thousands of people about what will and will not cause fatal cracks in their craniums.

Check out this diagram, for example. It shows one of the UP



experiments in which a monkey is harnessed into a water-filled tank and forced to breathe through a tube in his throat. The tank is then rocked back and forth violently until the monkey begins to

suffer brain damage. At some point, presumably, the "experiment" is repeated with the monkey in a lid and the results are compared.

Our question is, what does it prove? How often does someone ride a bike underwater with their head in a vise? Or even drive a car or a space shuttle that way?

But wait, as they say on late-night TV commercials, there's more. The purpose of all this expensive cruelty is allegedly to show what happens to the brain when subjected to a certain precise amount of trauma and how the reaction differs when a helmet is worn. Yet, as shown on the videotapes obtained by PETA, the UP researchers are so careless and imprecise in their procedures that whatever results they get are probably meaningless.

Take one example from the tapes. A baboon has his head glued into a metal helmet, his ankles and wrists are strapped to a table and the whole shebang is thrust forward at a 60-degree angle with a force of 1000 G's (forces as low as 15 G's have been known to kill people). Supposedly, this action precisely simulates some kind of vehicle crash and opening up the monkey's head afterward will show the researchers what happened.

Except that before they can perform surgery on the poor beast's gourd they have to get that metal skid lid off it. Which they proceed to do... by smashing it off the still living, unanesthetized baboon with a hammer.

"After taking ten years to develop equipment designed to deliver precise injury, experimenters now add an unknown variable. They inflict multiple, inexact blows to the freshly damaged brain by using a hammer and screwdriver to remove the helmet," a PETA spokesman notes. "According to scientists in the field, these blows can invalidate the results of the experiment and interfere with intra-cranial pressure measurements vital to this experiment."

"Some animals receive up to 160 hammer blows at a time, yet the delivery of these extra blows is not revealed in the researchers' grant applications nor in their published reports."

So the next time you're stuck in some helmet-law state, sweating in a lid as you strain to see and hear, you might want to remember what Thomas Langfitt, the principal investigator at the UP Head-Injury Clinic, told the Philadelphia Inquirer last May 31.

"We treat the baboon," Herr Doktor Langfitt said, "the way we would treat human beings."

Montana bikers fight to keep wind in hair

Montana bikers jammed a legislative hearing room in Helena recently to protest against the passage of a bill to require all riders and passengers in the state to don lids.

Present to support the ban on bareheaded riding was the usual unholy alliance of politicians, doctors and law enforcement officials.

Arrayed against them were ordinary riders, motorcycle experts and freedom-of-choice advocates.

According to the sponsor of the helmet bill (HB357), Rep. Jerry Hisbet, the primary purpose of the helmet law would be to save the taxpayers money. Hisbet alleged that a mandatory helmet law would reduce the cost of emergency room treatment, decrease the expense of long-term hospital care, lower the price of rehabilitation therapy, and cause a drop in insurance premiums.

Despite these claims, supporters of the helmet law were unable to cite a single case where a state's enactment of a helmet law had resulted, in hospitals lowering their rates or insurance companies their premiums.

Nor were the supporters able to answer the queries of such pro-choice advocates as Dal Smith, who asked why cagers are not required to wear helmets, since many more cagers than bikers annually suffer head injuries. Surely, Smith indicated, all those injured cagers would also benefit from the cut-rate medical care and insurance coverage that's supposed to go with mandatory helmet use.

At presstime the battle over whether adults will have to wear helmets in Montana (riders under 18 are already lidded under existing law) was still undecided.

Killin' riders no felony to Potato (head) State jury

"It's just what we wanted," crowed defense attorney Roger Peven after getting his client off with two misdemeanor vehicular homicide convictions in the deaths of a biker and his passenger.

Peven had reason to crow. On Mother's Day, 1984, in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, his client, Perry Bisher, had a head-on collision with a bike ridden by James Heitsuman, 24. Heitsuman was killed instantly; his passenger, Cory Lloyd, 23, died two days later.

According to the police report, Bisher's headlights were not working at the time of the accident and Bisher had a blood-alcohol level of .13, about one-third above the

level considered legally drunk.

Based on this evidence, prosecutors charged Bisher with felony vehicular manslaughter (which carries a seven-year maximum term), but the jury, after hearing Bisher admit to knowing that his headlights were defective (the accident happened about one hour after sunset) and to drinking five beers before the accident, rejected the felony charge and found him guilty only of misdemeanors.

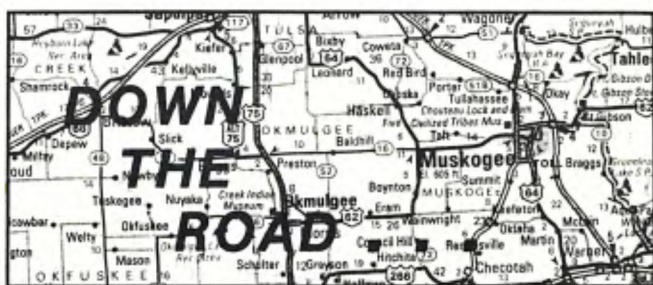
"The verdict," said prosecuting attorney Bob Burton in what is so far the biggest understatement of 1985, "is disappointing. It's especially disappointing to the families of the victims."

California OKs tough insurance law

Beginning July 1, all California drivers, including bike riders, will be required, upon demand, to furnish police officers the name and policy number of their liability insurance carrier.

Failure to produce the insurance info (or proof that the driver has given the state Department of Motor Vehicles a bond or cash deposit in lieu of insurance) will be an offense punishable by fines of \$100 to \$250 and suspension of the offender's license.

Interestingly, no on-the-scene attempt will be made to check if the info is actually true. In fact, the state is only going to verify about one percent of it. If that sounds like good odds, be advised that any of those one-percenters (Is that how they fixed on one percent? Nah, bureaucrats have no sense of humor) found to have lied will get up to six months' jail time and a \$5000 fine.



Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have your club or organization's event listed, get the information to us at least three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication. If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool.

MAY

May 26 — MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND SPRING RUN FOR FUN in Brady, Nebraska. Sponsored by ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln NE 68503.

JUNE

June 2 — ISLE OF MAN ROAD RACE, June 2-8, Isle of Man, Great Britain.

June 2 — SWAP MEET, Antioch Fairgrounds, Antioch, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

June 7 — THREE-DAY AMERICAN MOTORCYCLE JAMBOREE at the Care Away Travel Park, Gansevoort, New York. (518) 893-2273 or (518) 346-0521.

June 8 — RIDE FOR SIGHT, Two-day run begins in Truro, Nova Scotia, Canada. Sponsored by BRO. (902) 827-4338.

June 8 — TWO-DAY PIG ROAST at Camp Wishon, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

June 8 — THREE-DAY SWAP MEET AND PARTY, Harley Hill, E. Liverpool, Ohio. For info, call (216) 733-3048 or (216) 784-6793.

June 10 — SWAP MEET, Arapahoe County Fairgrounds, Littleton, Colorado. For info, call Howell's House of Harley, (303) 922-2419.

June 10-16 — LACONIA CLASSIC, throughout Laconia and Weirs Beach, New Hampshire, area. Big races are the weekend of the 15th at nearby Bryar Motorsport Park in Loudon.

June 12 — THREE-DAY PARTS-A-RAMA SWAP MEET at the Butler County Fairgrounds, Butler, Pennsylvania. For info, call (412) 366-7154.

June 23 — SWAP MEET, Ventura Fairgrounds, Ventura, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

June 28 — THREE-DAY SWAP MEET and party at 4952 Tannerville Rd., 2½ miles northeast of Orrville, Ohio. Sponsored by Packrats MC. (216) 682-7927.

June 29 — THREE-DAY POKER and tattoo run in Kentville, Nova Scotia, Canada. Sponsored by BRO. (902) 827-4338.

JULY

July 4 — HARLEY JAM AND PARADE from Tingley Beach to the New Mexico State Fairgrounds in Albuquerque, N.M. For info, call Vetter Cycle. (505) 344-2424.

July 5 — TWO-DAY HELMET PROTEST in Edmonton, Calgary, Canada. Sponsored by BRO. Box 139, Saughnessy, Alberta, Canada T0K 2A0. (403) 381-4920.

July 6 — HARLEY DRAGS, First Annual Iowa Hog Rally, Humboldt County Dragway, Humboldt, Iowa. HDRA-sanctioned. Weekend-long ABATE party next to track. For info, call (712) 262-8910.

July 12 — WEEKEND '85, Three days of "song, party, brew and swap meeting" somewhere in Rhode Island. Sponsored by the Rhode Island Motorcycle Assoc. (401) 943-1535.

July 14 — SUMMER BASH at Holy Ghost Park, Shelton, Connecticut. Sponsored by the Connecticut Motorcycle Riders Assoc., 86 Broad St., New Britain, CT 06051.

AMA says 55mph battle is speeding up

A new report by the American Motorcyclist Association offers some hope to those of us who are tired of being caught between carbonizing up our engines by running at ridiculously low speeds or spending a lot of time and bucks dealing with speeding tickets.

According to the AMA, the impetus to junk the double-nickel law paradoxically germinated in a National Research Council report praising the 55mph standard as "one of the most effective highway-safety policies ever adopted."

Despite its glowing conclusions, the AMA says, that report "provided clear evidence that the costs of the 55mph limit on up to 31,500 miles of Interstates outweigh the safety and fuel-saving benefits, especially in Western states."

Since that report, the AMA notes, significant pressure to repeal or modify the double-nickel has been evident. A few examples are:

- A Feb. 21 U.S. House of Representatives subcommittee meeting at which witness after witness, including a dozen congressmen, called for an end to absolute federal control over highway speed limits.
- The introduction of two bills in the House and one in the Senate to give states

the option of a 65 or 70mph speed limit on uncongested rural highways.

— State legislative proposals in California, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, New York, Oklahoma, Washington, West Virginia and Wyoming asking Congress to increase the limit on some roads.

— Bills calling for lower penalties for speeding have been introduced in the legislatures of at least seven states.

On a national level, the most significant happening is the introduction of the three Congressional bills cited above. The first, House Bill 693, would allow states to apply to the federal Dept. of Transportation for speed limits of up to 65mph on rural

Interstates. The second house measure, Bill 1163, would permit speeds of up to 70mph on any highway outside "traffic-congested" areas. The Senate proposal, Bill 329, would permit a maximum speed of 65mph outside urban areas with populations of 50,000 or more.

Letters backing the House bills should go to Rep. James Howard, Chairman, Public Works and Transportation Committee, 2245 Rayburn House Office Building, Washington, DC 20515. Support for the Senate bill should go to Sen. John Danforth, Chairman, Commerce, Science and Transportation Committee, 497 Senate Office Building, Washington, DC 20510.

Crusadin' Rev. Kaiser wins another bar-ban battle

Robert "Rev. Kaiser" Hershberger, whose lengthy fight against anti-biker discrimination by bar and restaurant owners has frequently been in the news, has won another round in his battle to make Connecticut more hospitable for two-wheeled travelers.

A superior court judge has ruled that the state Commission on Human Rights and Opportunities acted illegally in refusing to investigate Kaiser's complaint that he was refused service at a cafe solely because he was wearing biker leathers. After Kaiser refused to leave the cafe, the police were summoned and he was arrested on trespass charges.

According to Kaiser's attorney, the superior court ruling means that the human rights commission will now be compelled to investigate the case and determine if his client was actually discriminated against. If it determines that he was, the cafe owner could face criminal charges and/or the loss of his liquor license.

Fifty years of Harley Stunt Ridin'

The Victor McLaglen Motorcycle Corps recently celebrated their Golden Anniversary with a birthday bash highlighted by the remembrances of dozens of former Corps members, several of whom had been part of the original group back in the mid-1930s.

World-famous for their stunt-riding skills, the Corp has thrilled crowds from coast-to-coast and beyond with their precision formations, motorcycle pyramids, Roman riding (one man riding two bikes), slow circles, and other stunts. Members of the Corp, which was named for its early sponsor the late actor Victor McLaglen, are responsible for buying and maintaining their own bikes and many of them practi-

cally live in the saddle — working in bike shops or as funeral escorts during the day, practicing their stunt riding in the evening, and performing in parades or other shows on the weekends and holidays.

One of the high points of the birthday party was the presentation of a commemorative plaque and clock from the Harley-Davidson company. As the Harley rep said, 50 years is a long time and the fact that during those five decades every Corps member has ridden a Harley in every event says something about loyalty — and also the ability of the Milwaukee Big Twins to handle slow-speed precision work as well as fast puttin' down the highway.



This trophy was only awarded once — the McLaglen Corps won it.



The 1984 edition of the Victor McLaglen Motorcycle Corps displaying one of the formations that has made the group famous.

In the last installment of this series, we defined PTSD and discussed its symptoms. If you've followed me this far, you probably already have some idea as to whether or not you have PTSD. If you're displaying any of the symptoms, you should already be setting up counseling sessions at the VA — it can be a very, very long haul on the road back to recovery and the sooner you start, the better. If you still have doubts about and/or still shy away from the VA and professional aid, this segment should help convince you of the reality of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorders and, perhaps, alleviate some of your concerns about counseling. We'll now address the questions of who is most likely to suffer from PTSD, why, and how psychologists determine whether or not and to what degree you may suffer from the condition.

There are many different reasons why vets present themselves at the VA to be counseled for possible PTSD. Sometimes a vet gets into trouble with the law and his lawyer seeks a diagnosis of PTSD as part of the vet's defense. Sometimes family, spouse, friends, or even an employer put pressure on the vet because his behavior is seen as dangerous to them and/or himself. Some vets show up of their own accord purely because they can see they have problems and desire help for themselves. And then there are the many who — occasionally with, but most often without, real problems — are just looking for a handout and go to the VA in the hopes of coming away with a monthly pension.

Of those who go for counseling and help, many rapidly become disenchanted with the system. The most common complaint goes something like this: "I've been seeing this shrink for months now. I know I have problems from the war, but all this guy wants to talk about is my childhood, my relationships, my employment history — stuff like that. He never wants to talk much about 'Nam.'" Frequently, the upshot is that the vet decides to quit therapy; he's convinced his doctor is incompetent and he's unwilling to try again with someone else.

I can empathize with vets who feel

that way — it's entirely understandable. After all, you have nightmares associated with combat, cry over dead friends, feel naked without a gun, can't hold a job, drink too much, can't sleep... everything seems related to 'Nam. So it's only natural to expect to start talking about Vietnam right off. When this doesn't happen, it seems reasonable to assume that the doctor doesn't relate to your problem and quit.

But this is a wrong move and the wrong attitude, no matter how understandable. Basically, it stems from a lack of knowledge of what the doctor has to do. His first job is to weed out those who are not legitimately suffering problems — the guys looking for the bucks. Dr. Goodwin, in the DAV's book on PTSD, puts it this way: "When a veteran appears in an interview wanting something from us other than treatment, there is a manipulative flavor to the interview. I am then immediately alerted that issues other than post-traumatic stress may be involved."

To anyone who disagrees with this procedure, let me point out that there are a very limited number of psychologists available and each one has only so many hours a day to devote to ailing vets. Wouldn't you rather that brothers who really need help get it? That time isn't wasted on those with no problems?

Further, the psychologist has to look at every patient as an entire person, not just as a vet. The reason is simple. Not every vet who presents himself for counseling is suffering from PTSD. Some are actually suffering from other psychological disorders, often schizophrenia. The course of therapy depends on the nature of the ailment and it's up to the doctor to identify the specific problems. To do that, he must study you in depth, *all* of you, not just your wartime experiences. If you suffer, say, from schizophrenia, but are treated for PTSD, the therapy probably won't do you any good.

Schizophrenia is not uncommon and it's often initially mistaken for PTSD. For instance, decreased productivity, certain kinds of amnesia, and hallucinations are common to both disorders. On the other hand, many aspects of each disorder are

completely different; some are even complete opposites. If medication is called for in either case, it has to be the right kind. The need for distinguishing correctly between the two disorders is very clear when it comes down to medication: schizophrenics respond well to drugs known as phenothiazines, but these drugs have little effect on PTSD sufferers. Conversely, tricyclic antidepressants work very well on PTSD sufferers, but have no effect at all on schizophrenics.

Of course, there are many, many other personality disorders a vet or any other human being can be suffering from. They may even exist in *addition* to PTSD. There are psychologists within the system who don't relate particularly well to 'Nam vets, but most are trying to do the difficult job they have. The vet has to remain patient and cooperative and let the doctor do what he is trained for.

At this point, let's assume you've stuck with it and worked in harmony with the psychologist. You've both reached the point at which he knows enough about you to eliminate other disorders, so he now also suspects PTSD. However, he still has more determinations to make. Most psychologists employ a system of classification as to your veteran status. These classifications are: non-veterans, VEVs (Vietnam Era Veterans — those who served during the Vietnam period, but who did not serve in 'Nam), and VVs (Vietnam Veterans). VVs are further subdivided into those who were exposed to combat and those who weren't — namely, combat VVs and non-combat VVs. Of course, all this is easy; you know right now in which classification you belong. Either you were in service or you weren't, you went to 'Nam or you didn't, you saw combat or you saw none.

The purpose of such classifying is simply to determine the likelihood of your suffering from PTSD. At one time, there was much controversy over what, to us, seems simple: Are combat vets more likely to have PTSD than other vets? The answer today is, without a doubt, yes. And the more combat you were exposed to, the more

Continued on page 98

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

There's an old motto that goes "The wheels of justice grind slowly but infinitely fine." When it comes to justice in prisons, however, the wheels frequently grind e-x-t-r-e-m-e-l-y slowly and then, at a certain crucial point, stop altogether.

Strangely enough, or not so strangely, those wheels always seem to come to a shuddering halt at just about the same place. The place where all the years of fighting for better conditions are supposed to start paying off for the overcrowded, poorly fed, medically untreated inmates.

The scenario is simple. Prisoners are sleeping three or four to a cell intended for one or two. Many sleep on the floor, some curled up next to the john. A lawsuit is filed... five or six or seven years later, the department of corrections is ordered to clean up its act. The department appeals, stalls, blusters. Finally a plan is agreed to by all parties: the DOC, the inmates' lawyers, and the court. Certain changes *will* be made, conditions *will* be improved.

And that's it. That's where the wheels of justice stop completely. The weeks, months, and even years roll by and nothing happens. A court has ruled that conditions should be improved, the DOC has even agreed to the improvements. But still nothing happens. How come?

The main reason is because some judges who have ruled in favor of inmate suits have been remarkably unwilling to take punitive action against officials ignoring those rulings.

It's not that they don't have the power — they do. If conditions merit, a federal judge may order a special receiver to take over from the warden and run the joint (or the entire state prison system) until it has been brought into compliance. Judges can also order a certain number of prisoners to be given early releases in order to reduce the inmate population to an acceptable level. In cases where prison condi-

tions are so bad as to make an institution flat-out unfit for habitation, a judge can even order that prison closed down and its inmates transferred to constitutionally compliant institutions — even if it results in the state having to pay some other jurisdiction to house them.

As an ultimate weapon, judges can find state and county officials in contempt of court for *willfully* refusing to comply with court-



ordered prison improvements. The penalties for such contempt can be just about as severe as the judge wishes to make them. The defendants can be fined for *each* day that they continue to ignore the court order, or, in a punishment that truly fits the crime, they can be sentenced to jail time.

Given these potent remedies, why then does it seem, in so many cases, that little is done even after a case is decided in the inmates' favor?

For one thing, nobody expects a department of corrections to wave a magic wand and upgrade an entire

system overnight. Most judges are willing to bend over backwards to accommodate officials if those officials can show that they are *attempting* to improve things. The fact that their "attempts" are actually accomplishing nothing is often overlooked.

Also, prison reform isn't a very popular idea with many Americans. When a corrections boss appears before a court and says "Your honor, we wanted to end double- and triple-celling, but the voters turned down our request for a bond issue to build a new prison." It takes a very courageous judge indeed to say, "Okay, open the gate and start lettin' the cons out until you've got one bunk for every man."

If you don't think it's hard for a judge to say something like that, you've probably forgotten that all judges are either elected by the people or politically appointed to their office.

Don't get the idea we're suggesting you forget about pushing every legitimate grievance to the legal limit. We're not. Many improvements in conditions have come about under court order, and even the losing cases serve as a reminder to The Man that there are some limits on the ways in which he can warehouse his human inventory. What we're trying to do is remind you that winning a case may just be round one of the fight. If you're going to get anywhere, you'd best be prepared to keep on slugging till the last echo of the final bell has disappeared into the ozone.

NEWS, KITES AND DECISIONS

California Concedes

After 12 fuckin' long years, the state of California has agreed to end involuntary double-celling of maximum-security inmates at Soledad Prison.

The action came not only 12 years after the original lawsuit against the practice was filed, but a full two years after a U.S. district judge ordered correc-

Continued on page 94

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

"I consider your putting tartar sauce on it a personal insult!"

One night a man was very drunk in a restaurant. He staggered to the restroom to take a piss. Whipping his prick out as he went through the door, he accidentally went into the ladies' room, surprising a woman who was sitting on the john.

"This is for ladies!" she shrieked.

The drunk waved his prick at her and shouted, "So is this!"

—Ms. W.
Gary, Ind.

Two bros are in a park checking out this chick sitting on a bench. All of a sudden, she opens her legs and they see a patch of black. "I'll bet you \$10 that black patch is her panties," says one bro to the other.

"I'll bet you \$10 that it's pubic hair," says the other bro. So they paid a little boy 25¢ to go take a closer look.

The little boy comes back and says, "You're both wrong. It's flies."

—Richie
Sacramento, Calif.

Dear bros: This letter was started by bikers like yourself in hopes of bringing relief to other overworked and underfucked bros. Unlike most chain letters, this one don't cost nothin'. Just send a copy of this letter to five of your biker friends who are as overworked and underfucked as you are. Then bundle up your floozy or house mouse and send her to the bro whose name appears at the top of the list, adding your name at the bottom of the list. When your name comes to the top of the list, you'll receive 16,877 floozies and one of them is bound to be a helluva lot better than the one you already have. *Do not break the chain!* (One bro broke the chain and got his own ol' lady back.) Have faith. At this writing, a bro of mine has already received 184 broads. They buried him yesterday. It took three undertakers to get the smile off his face and two days to get his joint to lie down so they could close the lid.

—Your bro
Anywhere, USA

Three little kids were skipping school one day in a park. Prowling through the bushes, they came upon a couple getting it on.

"Look," whispered the accountant's son, "the man and the lady are wrestling."

"No, stupid," said the policeman's son. "They're not wrestling, they're fucking."

"Yeah," observed the biker's son. "And not very well, either."

—Pete Gonigam
Winston-Salem, N.C.

The startled woman woke up in the middle of the night to find her drunken husband trying to stuff an aspirin down her throat. "What are you doing?" she choked.

"Whaddya think I'm doing?" he blustered. "I'm giving you an aspirin."

"Why?" she asked. "I don't have a headache."

"Good," he said. "Then let's fuck!"

—Motormouth
Norman, Okla.



"First I thought she was just frigid, but she was dead!"

Easyriders

The biker's ol' lady wasn't the smartest thing in existence, so he proceeded to teach her how to improve her memory by repeating things to be remembered over and over and over. One day, while hanging his latest Dave Mann poster, he told her to get a nail.

"Get a nail, get a nail, get a nail," she repeated as she went to the garage for a nail.

He yelled after her to also bring in the hammer.

"Get a hammer, get a hammer, get a hammer," she said as she went out the door.

The biker was hanging the poster when he missed the nail and smashed his thumb. "Oh, fuck!" he screamed in pain. The biker's ol' lady ran out of the room screaming, "Get the bag, get the bag, get the bag."

—M.D.F.
McClelland, Iowa

A bro and his ol' lady were listening to a rock 'n' roll station when interference from another frequency put a religious station on the air. "Listen, people," they heard the radio preacher say, "I can heal you, I can heal you. Just reach out and touch the radio and you will be healed."

Becky, the bro's ol' lady, said to herself, "Hmmm, I wonder if he can heal my body." She put her hand on the radio and she was healed.

Then the bro said, "Damn! I wonder if he can heal my body." He put one hand down his pants and reached out for the radio with the other.

Becky watched what he was doin' and yelled, "Damn, he said he can heal, not raise the dead!"

—C.J.
W.V.



"For efficiency's sake, Miss Bower, as long as you're on your knees, why don't you give me a blowjob?"



"I think maybe she could be had."

For much of Saturday afternoon the youngster had been tearing in and out of the house, tootling madly on a whistle as he played at directing traffic. Finally his mother could take no more of it and screamed, "Do that one more time, Billy, and I'll blow your damn whistle for you!"

"That goes to prove it, Blanche," remarked her husband, looking up from a wrestling program on TV. "I've always said you treat the kid better than you do me."

—Biker Chuck
Denver, Colo.



"My ol' lady ran off with my best friend and boy, do I miss him!"

The two old ladies were residents of a rest home. Vera Jones, who'd just arrived, inquired, "What do you do for excitement around here?"

"Well," said Mildred, "we play checkers, watch television, knit, and watch the young folks."

"How terribly boring!" exclaimed Vera. "But I have an idea that might shake this place up a bit. I think I'll streak the recreation hall." So saying, she took off her clothes and raced by two old geezers playing checkers.

The first old man asked his opponent, "Wasn't that Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes," replied the other old man, "but what the hell was she wearing?"

"I don't know, but whatever it was, it sure needs ironing!"

—Crazy Dan
Emmaus, Pa.

Three elderly men had been riding the city bus for several weeks when one of them decided that introductions were in order. "We have been on this bus for months and I feel we should get to know each other," said the scruffier of the three.

The gentleman wearing the three-piece suit said, "I'm Donald Jackson, retired judge. I have two sons; one is a lawyer and the other a doctor."

The next gentleman, also in a business suit, said, "I'm Thomas Gray, retired judge. I also have two sons, one is a dentist and the other a senator."

They both stared at the scruffy man, waiting for him to introduce himself. He paused for a moment and then stated proudly, "I'm Tom Brown, retired biker. I have two sons, both illegitimate and both judges!"

—F.T., Jr.
Lawton, Okla.



"Only last week you used to love my ass, Rodney."

Two dogs were watching some kids break-dancing when one said to the other, "You know, bro, if that was us, they'd worm our asses."

—Wheeler
Jefferson, S.C.

A man applying for work in a Florida lemon grove seemed rather well-educated for such a job. "Look, Mac," said the foreman, "have you actually had experience picking lemons?"

"I certainly have," replied the applicant. "I've been divorced four times."

—Rattler
Sonora, Tex.

A 10-year-old boy was accused of getting a teenage girl pregnant. The mother of the child pleaded with the judge that her son couldn't possibly have done such a thing. Unzipping his fly and taking his little penis in her hand, she said, "See, your Honor. Look how tiny it is. He couldn't possibly have —"

"Mother, please!" the boy whispered with some urgency. "If you don't stop squeezing it, we're gonna lose the case for sure!"

—A Mom
Detroit, Mich.

A busload of mutes was returning from a skiing trip when their bus broke down in front of a bar. After the driver discovered it would take a few hours to get the bus fixed, he suggested that everyone go on inside the bar to wait. In order to facilitate matters, the driver told the bartender, "When they want a glass of beer, they'll hold up one finger. When they hold up two fingers, it means they want a small pitcher. And if they hold up a clenched fist, it means they want a large pitcher."

The mutes then began drinking up a storm. An hour and a half later the bartender noticed that some of them were sitting back with their mouths open and their arms outstretched. He wondered what they meant, but since the bus driver was outside, he decided to just ignore them. A short while later, however, he looked around and discovered that all of the mutes had their mouths open and their arms outstretched. Upset, he ran out to the bus driver.

"Oh, damn!" cried the driver in exasperation. "I'll never get them to leave now that you've got them singing!"

—T.J.
Warsaw, Mo.



"My compliments to the wine steward."

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



It Works, It Works

I found a biker man who's a biker lady's dream, but I have one problem with him. How in hell's name do I keep him awake for seconds? The first time is dynamite, but I get hungry for seconds just a few minutes later. What do I do? I'm desperate! Two or three times a day just don't make it.

Bear's Ol' Lady
Marysville, Calif.

● Ripe old chili farts usually wake 'em right up. Are you sure he's a biker? He doesn't sound like one to me.

Truth Or Consequences

I'm 23 and have been married five years and have two kids. My ol' lady has always been as faithful as any woman can be. Recently, I got put in the pen for 15 years and she said that she would wait for me. After I got locked up, she started fucking everything that had a dick, even my little brother. Now she has the nerve to tell me I'm still

the best she's ever had. What's the deal? Is she telling the truth or was she thinking of someone else when she said that?

TAF
Moberly, Mo.

● She was checking out if you were the best. How would she ever know unless she road-tested a couple of hundred other guys?

Spring-Loaded

What I don't need is a picture of a stiff like you. What I do need is to know what the hell a "queen-sized box spring" is.

Dr. Mess
Toronto, Canada

● It's the gizmo that puts the snap in a snappin' pussy.

Hairy Issue

Recently my ol' man got his thick mane of brown hair chopped into what I call a "farmboy" cut. His excuse was "I had to do it for my job,"

but I know his boss and I'm sure this isn't the case.

Why would a damn good-looking dude mutilate himself unnecessarily? I'd hate to think that he is "conforming" to society — ugh! What can I do to get him to grow it back? I'm too hot to cut him off. Please help.

Snowbird
Painesville, Ohio

● It'll grow back faster if ya wash his hair or his face in pussy juice three times a day.

Birth Of A Legend

Is it true that your real name, the one on your birth certificate, is "The Dog That Wouldn't Die?" Also, I heard that when you were born the doctor told your mother and father, "Step back so I can beat it with a stick and kill it."

Jawbone
Rock Springs, Wyo.

● There wasn't no sawbones within a hundred miles of that rock I was under.

Pride And Joy

What does your mother think of you? Is she just as big and nasty as you are?

K.L.
El Toro, Calif.

● Bigger and nastier and she figures she trained me good.

Needles And Pins

This isn't your usual letter. I really need help and I really need it now.

I'm not new — actually, I'm 29 — but I am new to bein' a biker's ol' lady. I fell in love with this big-cocked, road-jammin', ass-kicking biker and that was that. What can I say?

Whenever I ride on his Harley it feels like there's a thousand needles pricking my back and legs — and there's only a couple of places where I like to get pricked.

It gets so bad that I feel like tearing the skin off my body to make it stop. I can't ride very far and I'm in tears by the time we stop. I'm real embarrassed by this and feel like a drag.

Please help. This isn't something I can take to my real mother.

Itchy Star
St. George, Utah

● Tell him to start packin' ya on the bike instead of towin' ya behind it.

Hot Time

I've been locked down for four years, have three more to go, and it's gettin' so that I would even fuck your ratty-smellin' ass if it was available.

Please tell me if there's any way to get clean after doin' that raunchy deed.

Hardup Jim
Salem, Ore.

● Dippin' your dork in battery acid might help.

Why Not?

I'd like you to put somethin' straight for me. I know an inmate who sucks dicks for packs of cigs. He keeps sayin' that he's not gay, that suckin' dicks is just his hustle. Do you think this is possible?

Missouri George
Soledad, Calif.

● Why not? I suck all kinds of dicks and I ain't gay.

Whatdafuck?

In reference to one of your answers regarding the "simple equation," you defined diameter as the distance around the crank. I submit to you that this particular item is, in fact, girth, circumference, perimeter, cinch, or, in your case, corpulence.

The aforementioned diameter is more accurately defined as the distance across the head of the crank. Just this one time I will acquit you of your demeaning usage of the English language.

I hope that you acquired the acrimony of this epithet.

The Wadd
Prudhoe Bay, Alaska

● If yer crank was as big as yer vocabulary, you'd be workin' as a jackass in a Tijuana raunch club.

Man In Need

I need to find some cock-sucking women. Where should I look?

B.P.
Bastrop, Tex.

● There are some women at the office here who'll help out a friend in need.

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. ■

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

First, the good news — there ain't any. Now the bad — you're so accident-prone this month that it's dangerous to bend over and wipe your ass. Don't take chances. Hire someone to lend a hand or get a big dog and paint a face on your ass. Buy yourself some bumper guards and a parachute, then stumble safely through this one.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

Right now the grass looks greener on the other side. Question is, the other side of what? Just remember — ya can't smoke it, ya can't eat it, and ya can't fuck it, so what the hell good is it? By the last week of this one, you'll be back in the driver's seat and calling the shots. Until then, it's gonna be the shits. Be patient and don't go off either half-cocked or half-crocked. Be prepared.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

Make sure your tongue isn't wagging at both ends and in all the wrong places. Otherwise, some crap you'd rather have buried is gonna raise quite a stink. This warning includes getting wasted and giving out your phone number to the wrong piece of ass, 'cause she'll haunt your homestead and give your ol' lady quite an axe to grind with you. Wise up.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

Time to blow out another birthday! You can have your piece and eat it, too. Your booty will come gift-wrapped in used ass-wipe, but whatda-fuck! Ream the kinks outta your machine by cornholin' your muffler, but let 'er cool off first. Be sure to take time out to assist a tight partner from your past with a much needed bail-out. Aside from that, happy birthday, stud.

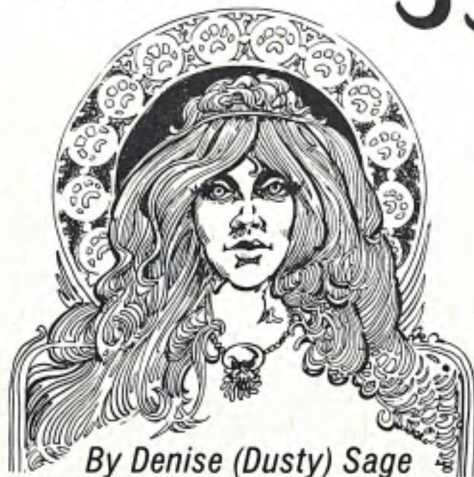
Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

You're much better off boozing it up at home this month, because outside party-time is currently much overrated (too many hangovers, handouts, and has-beens). Pass out in your own place where it's safer. Wrap your ol' lady's flaps around your ears, take a deep breath, and hide out for a while. It's time to take a rain check from fair-weather friends who party while you play.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

Get off your buns and into some heavy wrenching before you have to turn your ol' lady

Asstrology



Astrological Profile For Cancer

Cancer is a like a barometer, constantly changing, often from moody to an oversensitive sniveler when he doesn't get his way. Problem is, Cancer isn't always sure what the fuck he wants. Whatever it is, though, you can be sure he won't want it after he gets it. Fickle mutha, ain't he?

For the most part, Cancers are cuddly, but they shit their pants when ya squeeze 'em 'cause most Cancers have trouble with their poopchutes from frequent pigging out. Some Cancer turds would make a logger happy, and calling Cancer a big asshole won't necessarily insult him — he'll just think you're sympathizing with him over his physical condition.

One thing in Cancer's favor is his sense of humor (Mel Brooks, Gilda Radner, Dan Rowan, Red Skelton and Milton Berle). They're also good with the bucks (John D. Rockefeller), quick to advise (Ann Landers), daring (Richard Petty and Manolete), sexy (Sylvester Stallone), and are usually

good hummers (Linda Ronstadt, Kris Kristofferson, Ringo Starr, and Paul Anka).

Sexually, Cancer is turned on by hugging an enema bag and by having his crank crunched. Actually, he's a hot fuck if you don't mind sliding around on shit-stained sheets and if you can get behind his idea of foreplay — sharing a box of Ex-Lax. (Cancer aims to please his bed partner's fancy, so feel free to request your favorite flavor.)

Poor Cancer is prone to stomach troubles; he farts and belches his way to and from the dinner table and should always keep extra ass-wipe in his lunch bucket. Having a good BM is a real rarity; he generally fluctuates between the drizzling shits and having to stick dynamite between his ass cheeks.

Don't get me wrong, though. Cancer does have his good side. He is loyal, fun to be with, and generous with everything except his Porta-potty (which doubles as a helmet).

into a rickshaw driver and have her drag your machine everywhere. The concept may sound kinky, but you'd have to give her a ton of uppers to get her into third gear (which isn't to say that her mouth doesn't already exceed the speed

limit). Better get busy or you're gonna wind up with a bucket of bolts and sore feet.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

Time to separate your brains from your balls long enough to shoot your best shot

with the big shits. Rubbing rumps with the right rears will bring you royalties later. If your ol' lady starts yellin' for more meat, throw her a package of wieners and let her give herself a gang bang. Keep your mind on the money this month.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Kick back, recharge your batteries, and evaluate recent fuck-ups. Things are gonna get scary if ya don't straighten out a situation real soon. You may need legal advice on this one, or at least some heavy-duty back-up. Remember, don't overestimate yourself. Two heads are better than one and this time it wouldn't hurt to have three!

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

Get your act together! Stop your daydreaming and diddling your life away. There's a vacant space between your ears, and hole-hopping has your knob worn smooth and your foreskin frazzled. If you keep up your current strenuous pace of flyin' fucks, you'll wind up with joint lag. Time to start mixing some business in with pleasure.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

This month is crammed with minor mind-fucks, like partners pissing in your brew or takin' a dump in your boots (after you snooze, you lose). Everyone has a turn, and this time it's yours. You've been left to slide for too long and you're way overdue. So don't get your balls in an uproar — it's just others' way of showing their affection.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

Someone you least expect will steer you into an ideal position (no, get your mind off sex). Paybacks for past favors will give you the needed foothold. Behind-the-scenes action brings out the best in ya, but may require extra bucks. So step into your sneakers, put the pinch on the rugrats' piggy bank, then walk softly and carry a big purse!

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

Maybe you enjoy having your head up your ass (at least that way ya know when shit's comin' down), but it's time to check out the situation from another angle. Keep your eyes open for an opportunity to get ahead at your job. Someone else's loss can be your gain if you're ready from having a quick look-see. Be alert!

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Corporate Chopping

An 11th-hour scheme to raise money through dealer T-shirt sales is all that saved the '85 factory racing team from the budgetary chopping block. Corporate spokesmen deny it, but Harley's top brass had made a firm decision late last year to drop the racing program completely.

—Cycle World

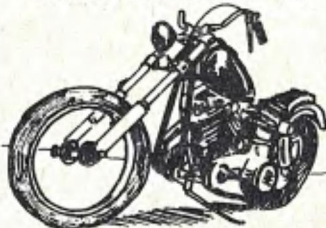
H-D Scuttles Dirt Team

Even Randy Goss, the man who had ridden Harleys throughout his professional expert career, decided to jump the ship before it sank, and signed to crew aboard a privateer Honda team created by former world cham-

waiting pickup truck. Cunning Meridan engineers, early in the development of the marque, added a design feature to make this kind of theft more difficult. Secret orifices from which oil leaks profusely were placed all over the motorcycle's engine. These work to make the whole machine slippery and more difficult for the thieves to pick up. These orifices also help to keep the dust down in the garage, as well; a fact overlooked by carpenters in the motorcycle press who continually make reference to the Triumph's penchant for "leaking oil" (which isn't a problem at all).

—Canadian Biker

the two-wheeled marvel. Back in 1895, a couple of Germans, Gottlieb Daimler and Wil-



helm Maybach, unveiled a half-horsepower four-stroke gasoline-powered motorrad that got things going for the world of motorcycling, although the ungainly looking chitty-chittybangbang machine sported a pair of trainer wheels to keep it upright.

—Paul Garson
Hot Bike

H-D, Essence Of Life

People tend to feel comfortable with things they recognize, and a Harley-Davidson at large and on the prowl is about as familiar to the American public as the Marlboro Man corraling a stallion on the back cover of *Life* magazine. It is this essence that other motorcycle manufacturers attempt to capture, and one need not be a student of motor culture to appreciate similarities between the Harley and its competitors.

—Motorcycle

Inadvertent Image

Inadvertently I'd created my Harley image and the next thing I knew, those readers had made it a requirement. In their collective minds it was okay for me to ride other brands on long tests and such — but, only as long as: one, I continued to own a Harley (which was okay with me); two, they got to aim their awful jokes at

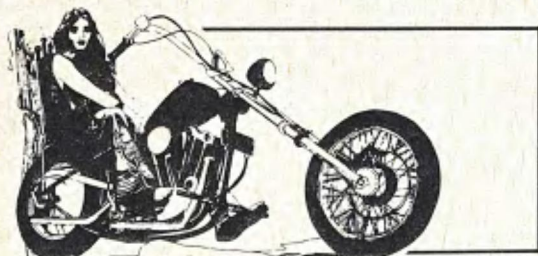
me, my bike and H-D in general; and three, I went along with the gag by remarking about the same subjects. I won't quote any of my tongue-in-cheek H-D wisecracks here, considering the company name on my new business cards.

—Roger Hull
The Enthusiast

Lest We Forget

Don't forget, television is the same medium that has maligned motorcycling in some of the most ludicrous ways imaginable. Where else would you see hordes of outlaw dirt-bikers roaming the desert and killing crotchety old miners? Or Hells Angels clones who rape and pillage after storming into town on small-bore Japanese street bikes? If screenwriters are going to crucify motorcycling in public, they could at least get it right.

—Paul Dean
Cycle World



pion road-racer Freddie Spencer. Goss said, "When we got within a month of the season openers in the Houston Astrodome, and I still didn't have anything firm on Harley's plans, I felt I had to make the move." Goss' decision all but confirmed the rumor that Team Harley had been scuttled by corporate management. Eulogies were written, and talk focused on what dirt-track life would be like without Harley-Davidson.

—Cycle Guide

A Time-Honored Theft

A time-honored alternative method for theft calls for two partners-in-crime, who bodily lift the Triumph into a

Grateful Nostalgia

So here is our 1985 XLH, with rigid-mounted, 45-degree iron engine displacing 61 cubes, a four-speed box, single disc up front. Nostalgia ain't cheap — at \$4900, the Sportster outprices every machine here by nearly \$500. It arrived fitted with two Harley accessories: an FXR-type "wrinkle" seat, and a Screamin' Eagle fork brace. The road made us grateful for both.

—Cycle

Upbeat Birthday

On a more upbeat note, 1985 also ushers in the 100th Anniversary of the Motorcycle!

Yep, it's a big birthday for



Shoehorned Roadster

But one look at the Eliminator shoots that new-era theory all to hell, because all I can see is an H-D XLS Roadster with a Ninja motor shoe-horned in. It seems that Kawasaki just used a different Harley as a role model, and I'm left with the question, "What's new?"

—Jim Miller
Cycle Guide

Douche Her Out

The best thing ya can do for your bike is to keep clean oil in her. Oil needs to be changed frequently and the oil filter should be changed whenever the old oil is being evicted, otherwise the old shitty filter oil will contaminate the fresh stuff.

Bear in mind that the engine holds five or six ounces that you can't do anything about without a lot of hassle. By that, I mean you could take off the return line, start the bike and pump out the dirty oil that's in the crankcase, but you'll never get all of it out because of residual adherence to various parts inside the engine. So before you get started, make sure you have fresh clean oil in the system to push out the old crud.

It's also a good idea to douche out the oil bag periodically. My old Harley manual says to clean the bag with every other oil change and to change

the oil itself at 2000-mile intervals. (Hey, quit snivelin' — it ain't *that* big a deal.)

Now, here's a tip from brother Chuck Cardinal of Muscoy, California, that may help you bros who live in colder regions of the country, particularly when it's time to service your scoots come spring. After draining the oil tank, Chuck removes the oil line going to F (feed line) on his shovelhead oil pump. He then fills up a plastic bottle with kerosene and puts the end of the feed line into a clear, clean bottle to

catch the sludge and accumulated settlement.

In this cleaning operation he uses a plastic bottle that's previously held gear oil because the spout is small and pointed, enabling him to direct the stream of pressure to the corners of the bag when squeezing the bottle. A word of caution here: The bottle holding the solvent should be a soft plastic, because most solvents will eat the shit outta hard plastic. One that's previously contained a petroleum product works best.

Chuck says that when he's short on bucks, he

uses gasoline or fuel from a camping store in place of kerosene (diesel will do the trick, too), and that no matter what you use, you should allow sufficient time for the solvent to evaporate before putting in the clean oil. If you've got compressed air handy, you've really got it made, particularly in terms of blowing the crud outta the oil tank filter assembly.

While we're on the subject of air, if you've got it, take off the other oil lines and blow them out, and check the ends of the rubber to see if they need to be trimmed or perhaps even replaced. Remember, though, when you tuck them back in around the seat post, don't let them touch the exhaust pipe — route them so they have plenty of room.

Oh, yeah, one last item: Don't forget to check your oil tank drain plug before starting up your bike.

—Rip



Photo by Rip

Real Live/Bob Dylan:

Ordinarily, I steer clear of squabbling in print with other writers. I particularly dislike getting into a dispute with Bomber, the guy who generally writes this column when I don't. Bomber's a stand-up bro with a heart as big as a Hog, and I sure hope he doesn't take offense when I say he's got shit for brains and wouldn't know a good tune if it jumped up his ass and shot off a .45.

I wouldn't have undertaken the odious chore of jumping in Bomber's shit if he had only let sleeping dogs lie. But, nooo. In his review of Julian Lennon in last month's issue, he felt called upon to sneer at "artistic over-analyzers like the Austin Animal, Grape, and a certain Office Mouse" because we don't share his admiration for this no-talent Beatlebrat. Now I'm pissed.

"Artistic over-analyzer," huh? Well, try this analysis: Julian Kewpiedoll is a pasty-faced geek who looks like he lives with pillbugs under a brick in the cellar. I wish he'd stayed there. Unfortunately, he's slithered up to the light and recorded a pussyass album of music so fucking lame that it makes the stuff wafting out of the speakers in a supermarket sound like B.B. King by comparison.

Ever run into music that just made you want to bash the singer in the teeth with a crescent wrench? Ever come across an entertainer so obnoxious that you disliked him on a cellular level? Ever taken one look at a guy and wanted to cut off his face with a rusty linoleum knife and toss it to the dog?

Well, that's how I feel about Julian Lennon. You want my opinion, **Valotte** is a turd-bucket collection of no-balls rock from a dildo fuckface who should be sacked up in a Glad Bag and sent out with the Japanese Current.

Another thing that gripes my ass about this Julian Lennon business is the fact

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal



BOB DYLAN

that it's generating yet more of that sentimental shit about his father. I mean, it's about time they stopped gettin' all choked up and blurred around the edges when they hear the sacred name of John Lennon, one of rock's most overrated figures, a man responsible for more empty, tiresome tunes than anyone I can think of except Paul McCartney and Barry Manilow.

I'm sorry, but it's about time someone blew the whistle on John Lennon, whom Bomber has the nerve to call the "heart and soul of the rock community." This said about a fucking *foreigner*, mind you, in the very country that fucking *invented* rock and roll. This said about a man who brought us such immortal tunes as "(Forgive Me) My Little Flower Princess" (I don't make 'em up, pal; that's the actual title). This said about a man who gave us enough sticky goosh-I-love-you-Yoko tunes to make a pig barf his guts

out. "Heart and soul"? Gimme a break — Lennon wasn't even the gall bladder of rock and roll.

I feel downright embarrassed for Bomber. I mean, talk about a hard-rock fan — shit, the harder the better for ol' Bomberoo. I've spent many an hour in his den having my brains cooked like meatloaf in a microwave by AC/DC, Pink Floyd, and a thousand others played at teeth-rattling volume. Not exactly my kind of music, but it was undeniably loaded with raw power, like Bomber himself. That's why I just can't understand how he can come to the defense of Julian Dosuck's wimp rock. I feel let down — it's as if Hulk Hogan suddenly endorsed Richard Simmons.

If you ask me, Julian Suckbutt hails from the same "Watchin' the Wheels" school of music as his dad. You know, the I-was-sitting-around-with-my-thumb-up-my-ass-so-I-thought-I'd-write-a-song-

even-though-I-don't-have-a-fucking-thing-to-say school. Let's face it, "Valotte" sounds like music composed by a pinhead on Thorazine, a shoo-in for the Turd-Tune Hall of Fame.

Bomber tells us that Julian had to overcome the burden of the Lennon name in order to get anyone to sign him to a label. Tough break, Ju, being the son of one of the most celebrated and wealthy figures in pop music. Julian's had the same trouble getting a career started that Hank Williams, Jr. ran into. And Rob Reiner and Peter Fonda and Marvis Frazier — the latter every bit as great a boxer as Julian is a musician. And if the Lennon name was such a handicap, how come he didn't make up a stage name like Eddie Grunt or Danny Disco? Hell, you think Billy Idol, everybody's favorite Cabbage Patch Nazi, is really named Billy?

I guess we'll be forced to listen to the whining of this miserable Limey crapass bastard for years to come. Right now, he's nothing but a zit on the face of rock, and there's always the hope that we'll wake up in the morning and he'll be gone. But I have this gut-level fear that rock and roll may be coming down with a bad case of acne.

If there's any hope, it's bikers. It boils down to this: Real men don't eat quiche and real bikers don't like wimp rock. Julian Lennon's pussyass jingles would get booed off the stage at a flower show, and if he played a swap meet or a keg party, there wouldn't be enough left of the leper-skinned little dork to send home in a used rubber.

I love Bomber like a brother and he'll probably think I'm Mean Mr. Mustard for treatin' his boys like beatup Woolco lawn furniture. But he'll forgive me, and in 20 or 30 years he'll live all this down and can try to rebuild his shattered life.

Oh, yeah, the Dylan album? Not bad. ■

Little Orphan Knuckle

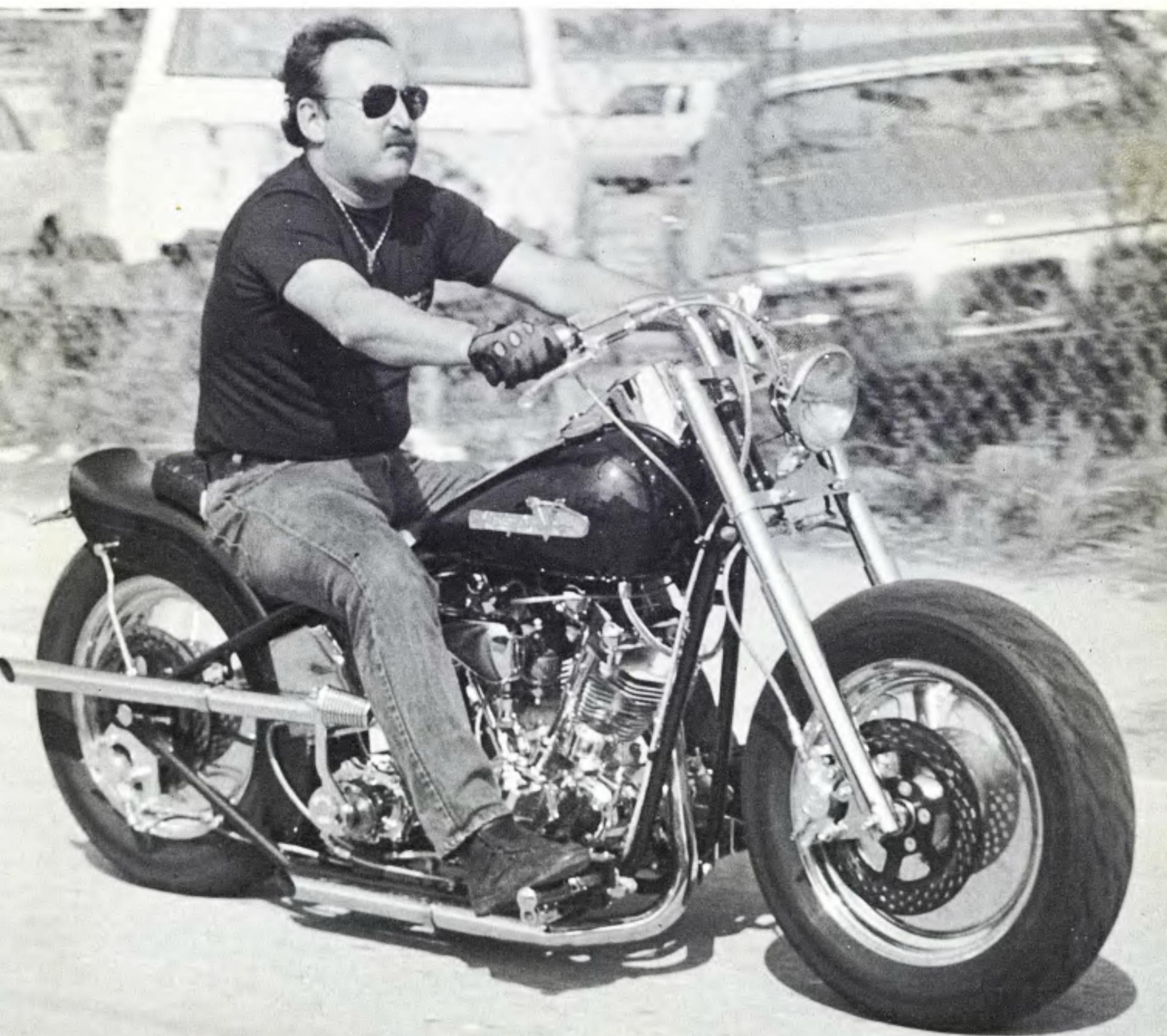
It takes a strong man to pass a poor lonely Harley engine setting in a corner and not want to do something with it.

Tommy'd be the last person to deny it; he thinks the dudes at the factory knew what they were doin' all along, particularly in the old days.



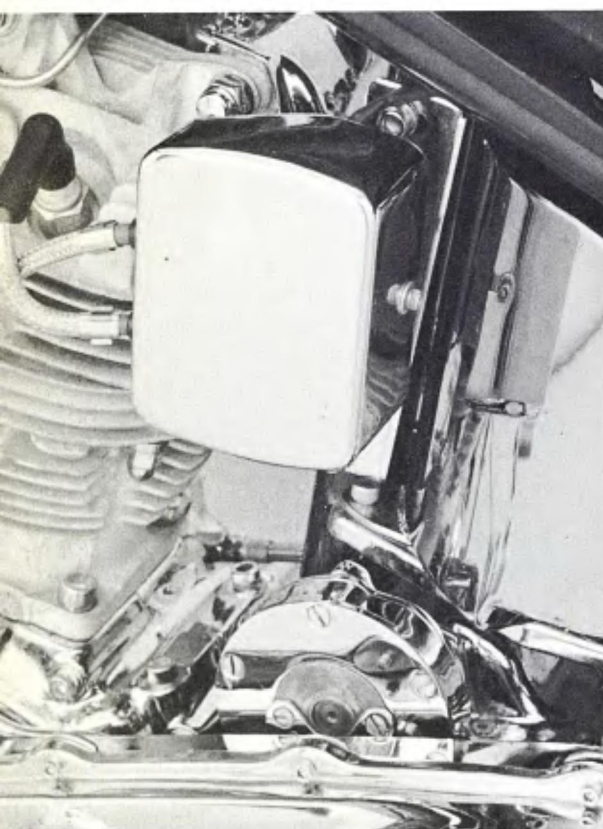
"It's no secret," he admits. "I like restoring bikes to stock, particularly the old ones. I've got a '52 K Model that's stock and an original red, white and blue '71 Super Glide night train. And I just sold my stock '51 panhead to a Swiss biker who saw it during Bike Week and wanted to take it back to Switzerland."

Now don't wear out yer thumbs rubbin' your eyes, or





Photos by Pete Chiodo



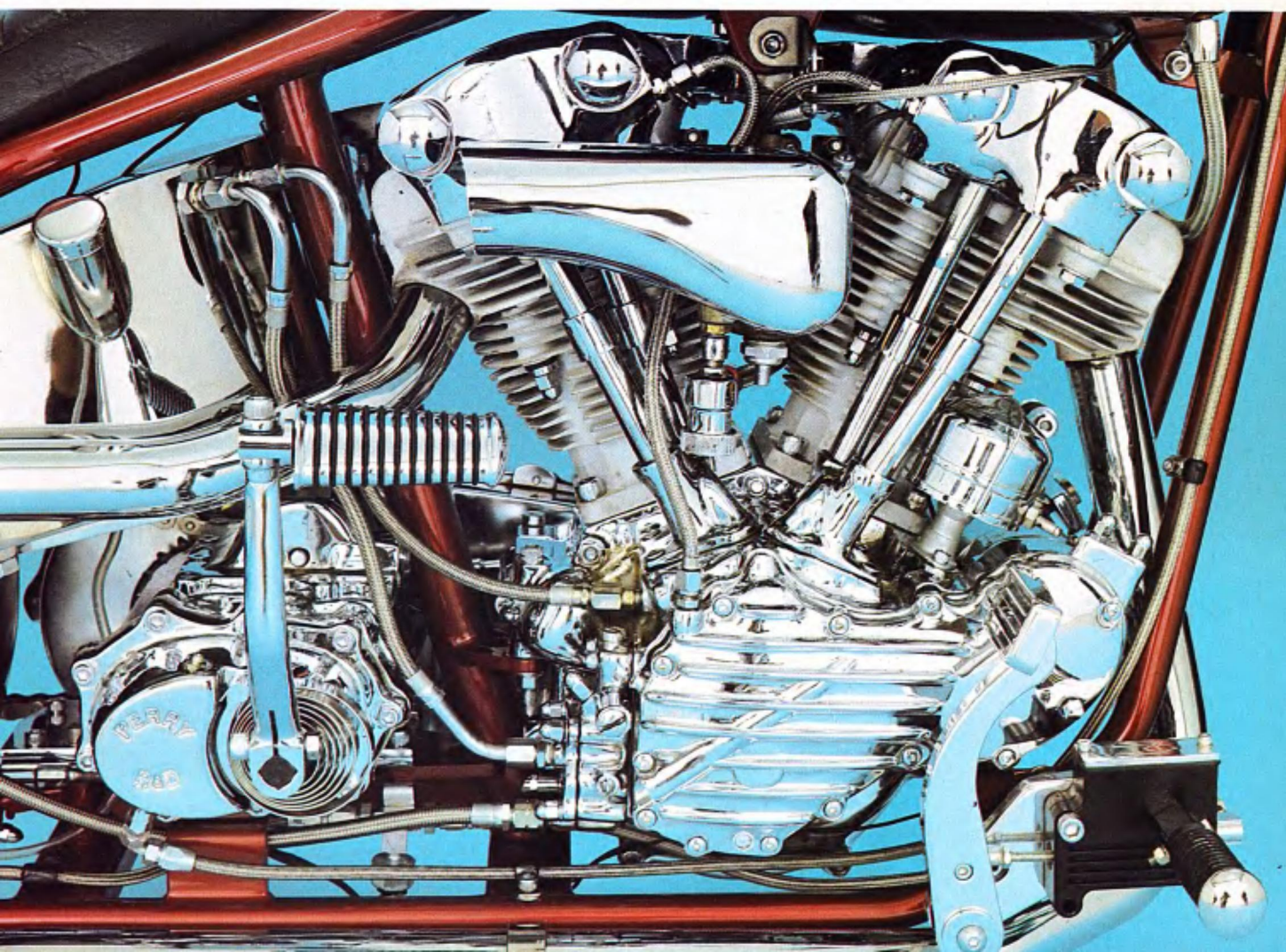
Owner: Tommy Too High		City: Daytona Beach, Fla.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Magnum Cycles		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1947 H-D		Builder: Jammer	
Model: knucklehead		Type: rigid	
Value: too much		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Magnum Cycles		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 12 months		Other alterations: fork stops	
Chroming by: Atlantic Coast Pltg.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: pullback drag	
Year: 1947		Risers: 4 in.	
Model: knucklehead		Fender(s): fatbob/C.C.I.	
Rebuilder: Magnum Cycles		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points		Taillight: Catseye	
Displacement: 61 cu.in.		Speedo: Ted's Cycle	
Lower end: H-D		Front pegs: O-ring	
Balancing: Magnum Cycles		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: two		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: chrome-plated		Gas tank: Nempco fatbobs	
Heads: almost cherry		Oil tank: wraparound	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Linkert M35TP		Seat: C.C.I.	
Air cleaner: Paughco cover		Sissybar: fender braces	
Pipes: Paughco 40 in. shotgun		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: chrome case		Type: custom wide glide	
Year: 1947		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Ted's Cycle	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: turned down legs	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Bob Parker		Hub: Mitchell	Hub: Mitchell
Painter: John Miskell		Rim width: WM5	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy-apple purple		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: House of Color urethane		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Other special modifications: Perry Research hydraulic clutch; heads and barrels aluminum sprayed by Atlas Welding.			

waste your time kiting Spider to tell him we fucked up *again* and ran pictures of the wrong bike with the right story or the wrong story with the right bike, or whatever. We *know* that the scooter in these pictures ain't a stock '47 knucklehead. Not only do we know it, Tommy knows it, too. What we got here, as you can see, is a bona

fide custom chopper that happens to belong to a dyed-in-the-wool stock bike rider. How it happened is simple, real simple — say, as simple as wakin' up with a hangover and discovering you're married.

It all started with that 1951 pan that Tommy recently got done crating up for its trip to Switzerland. "I bought this '51

pan to restore," he explains, "and there was this '47 knuck engine in it. So I pulled it out and got a '51 panhead to put in its place. I never intended to do anything with the '47 mill, but after awhile I couldn't stand seeing it just setting there. So I figured what the hell, you've got a spare Harley engine, you better find something to put it in.



"Unfortunately, I couldn't find a stock frame for it, or at least I couldn't find one at any price I could afford, so a couple of us decided to see if we could make something different out of it."

Just looking at the pictures will tell you that Tommy and his bros sure made something out of the bike from a cosmetic sense, but that's only half the story.

"I've been riding the hell out



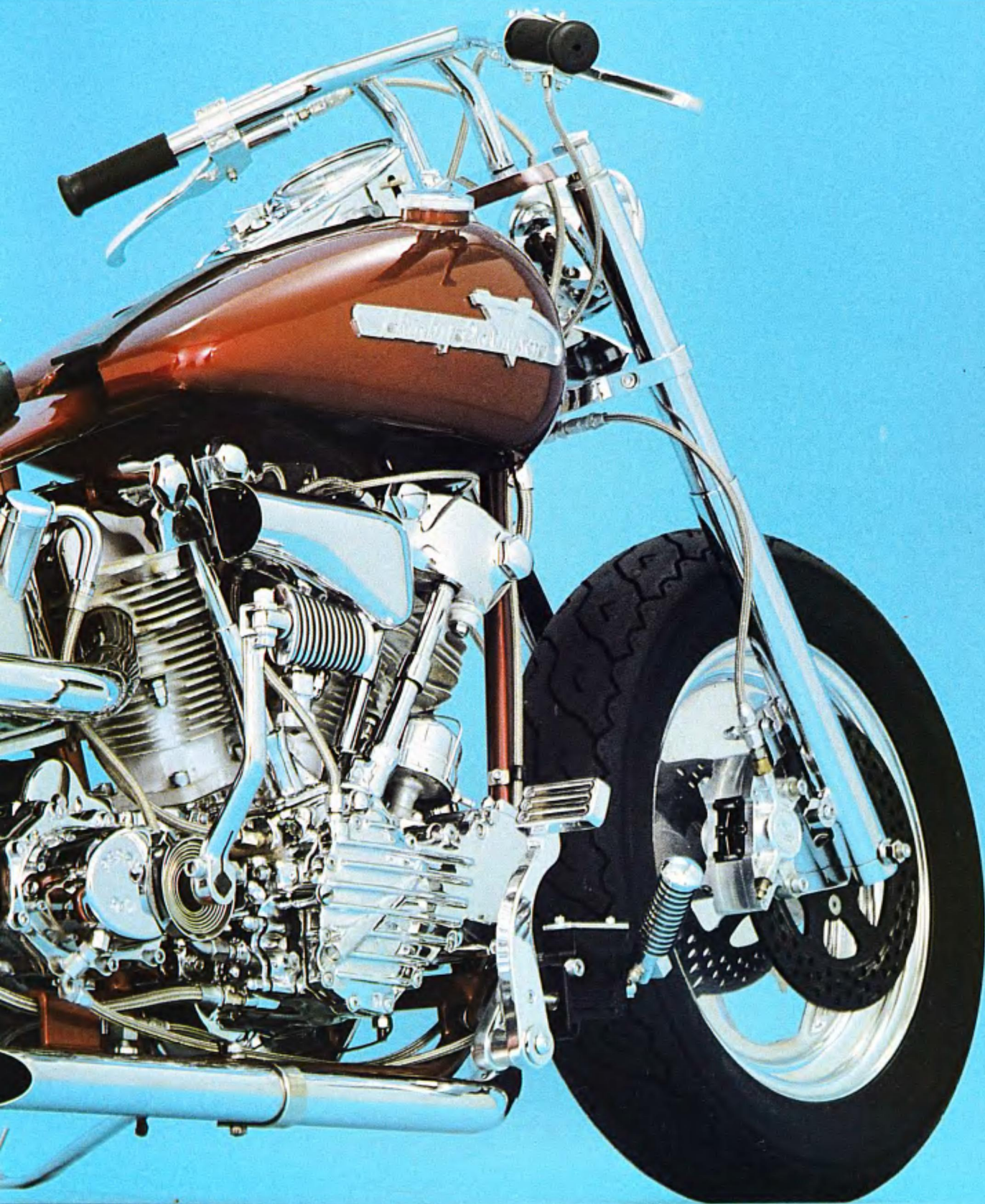
of this bike since we shot the pictures," Tommy says, "and it's fantastic. It's the first bike I ever rode with a hydraulic clutch and I'm finding I really like that a lot. Also, that stock 1947 mill just keeps putting

down the road nice and easy without ever missing a stroke, and that big front tire really handles well.

"Everything considered, putting this bike together the way we did was one of the luckiest

accidents I ever had. In fact, the guys and me have already started getting our heads together to decide what kind of custom we want to put together for Bike Week '86."

—Butcher



IN THE WIND



—from Coyote Brebner, Marquette, Mich.



—from Scott, Baltimore, Md.



—from Dennis Bruski, Rapid City, S.D.



—from *Dirty Ernie*, Lincoln, Neb.

—from *Jwud Berg*, Holland



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

—from *Cyclops*, Keene, N.H.

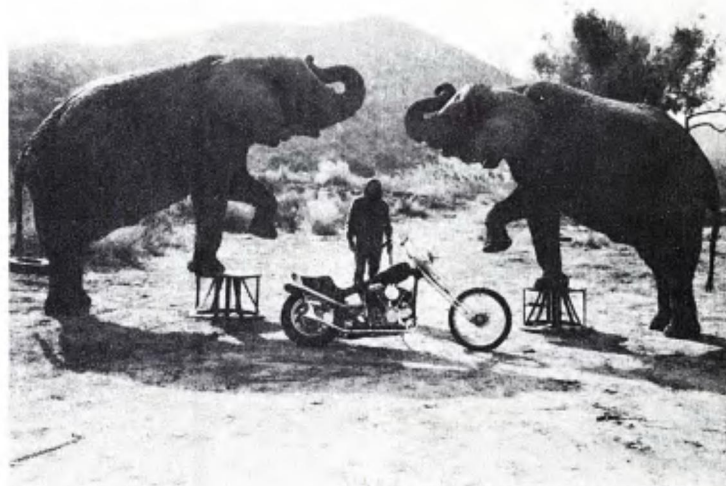




—from *The Brick*, Gold Beach, Ore.



—from Jerri Estes, Danbury, Neb.



—from Chris Gallucci, Acton, Calif.



—from Ed Piaszek, Edgewater, Fla.





—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

—from Kim Peterson, Oakland, Calif.



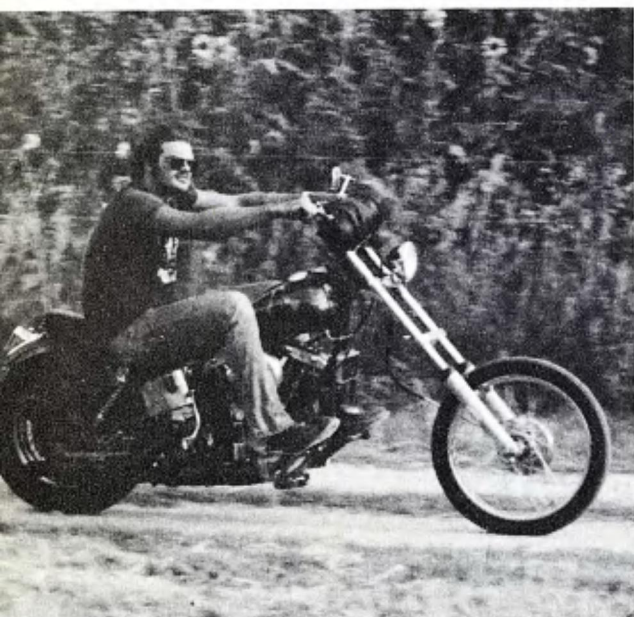
—from Rip, Yucaipa, Calif.





—from Rocko, Earling, Iowa

—from Mel Sumrell, New Bern, N.C.



—from Dirty Ernie, Lincoln, Neb.



—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.



—from Flatfoot, Saxonburg, Pa.

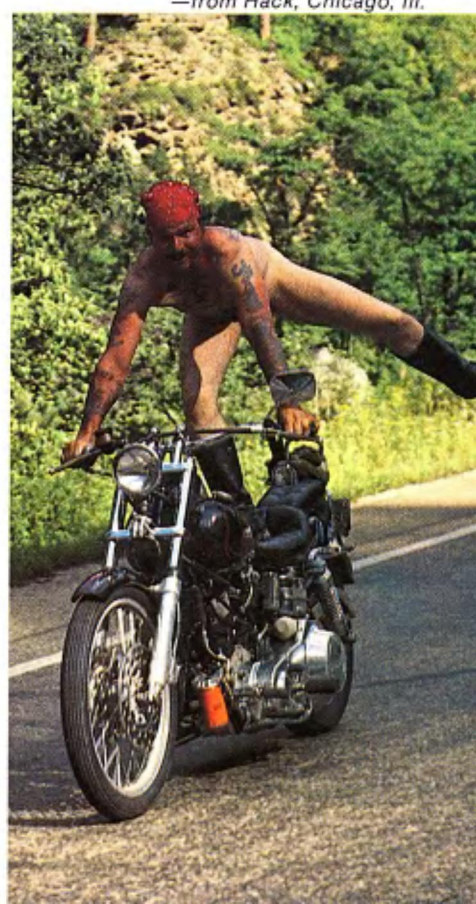




—from R.A. Robinson, Elkhorn, Neb.



—from Mad Doctor, Houston, Tex.



—from Hack, Chicago, Ill.



ILL PHIL'S NIGHT RIDER

When you're into racin', it's all about gas, throttle, and brakes.



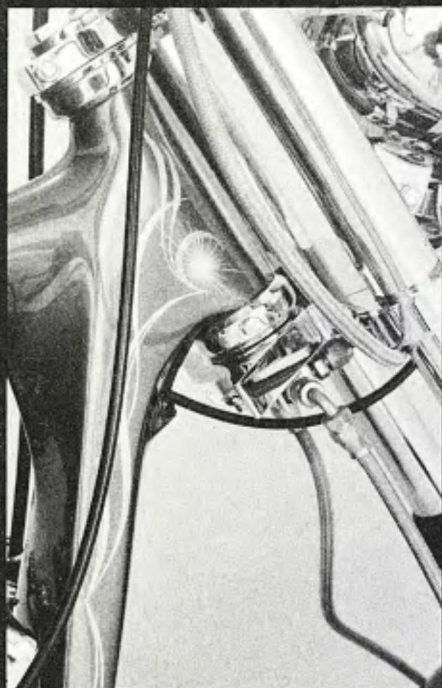
It's late on a Wednesday night. "Just about midnight," as the Standells say in their tune "Dirty Water," and no matter where you are around the country, from the hot asphalt of Green Spot Rd. in Berdoo (California) to County Road B-20 (Sugar Beet Rd.) outside of Mason City, Iowa, clear on back to the suburban-fringe streets of

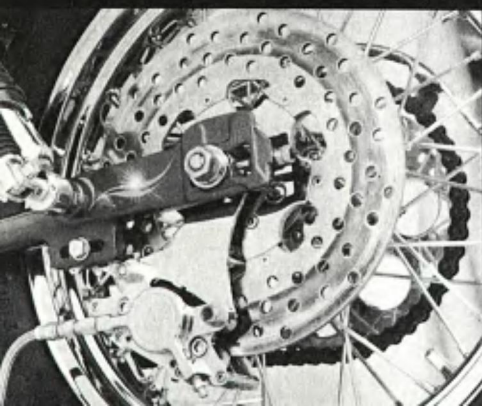
Washington, D.C., there are bets bein' put down with an ironclad handshake for pinks.

Brothers from as far away as Van Nuys Blvd. to Eleventh St. in Daytona are testing themselves and their machines. Putting their asses on the line. Goin' all-out to beat the competition. It's for high stakes — lots of times higher than we really have —

all because someone said their bike is faster.

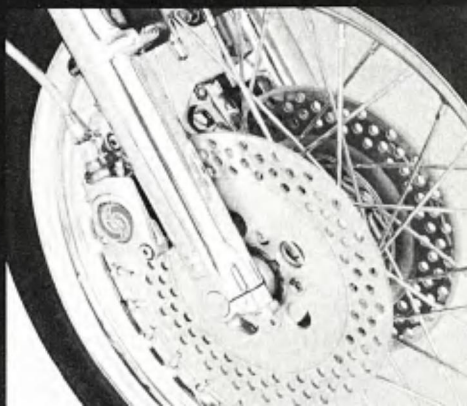
Most of the brothers and sisters are cruisin' their town, hanging out at the drive-in (believe it or not, Americans still do this), checkin' out each others' scooters. Time passes, and so do the cops on their rounds, and meanwhile, two dudes seal their deal and quietly pair off to go to the

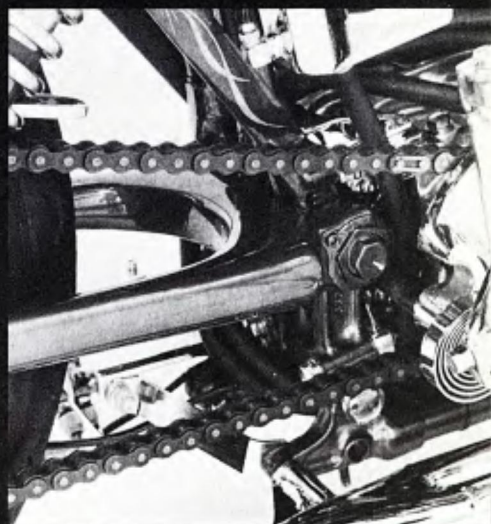
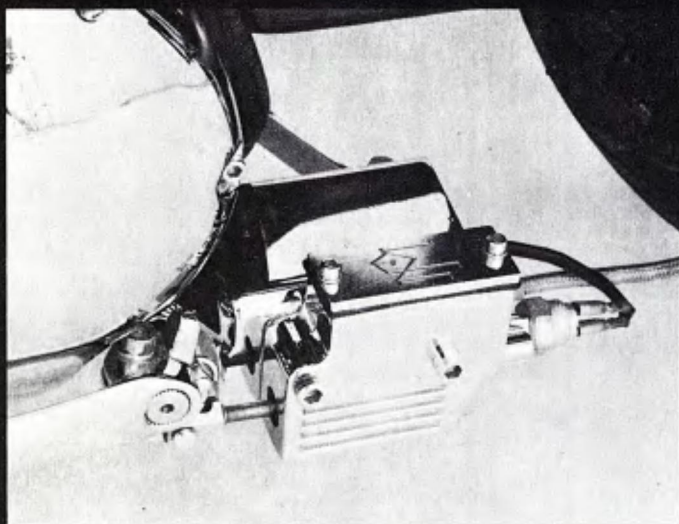
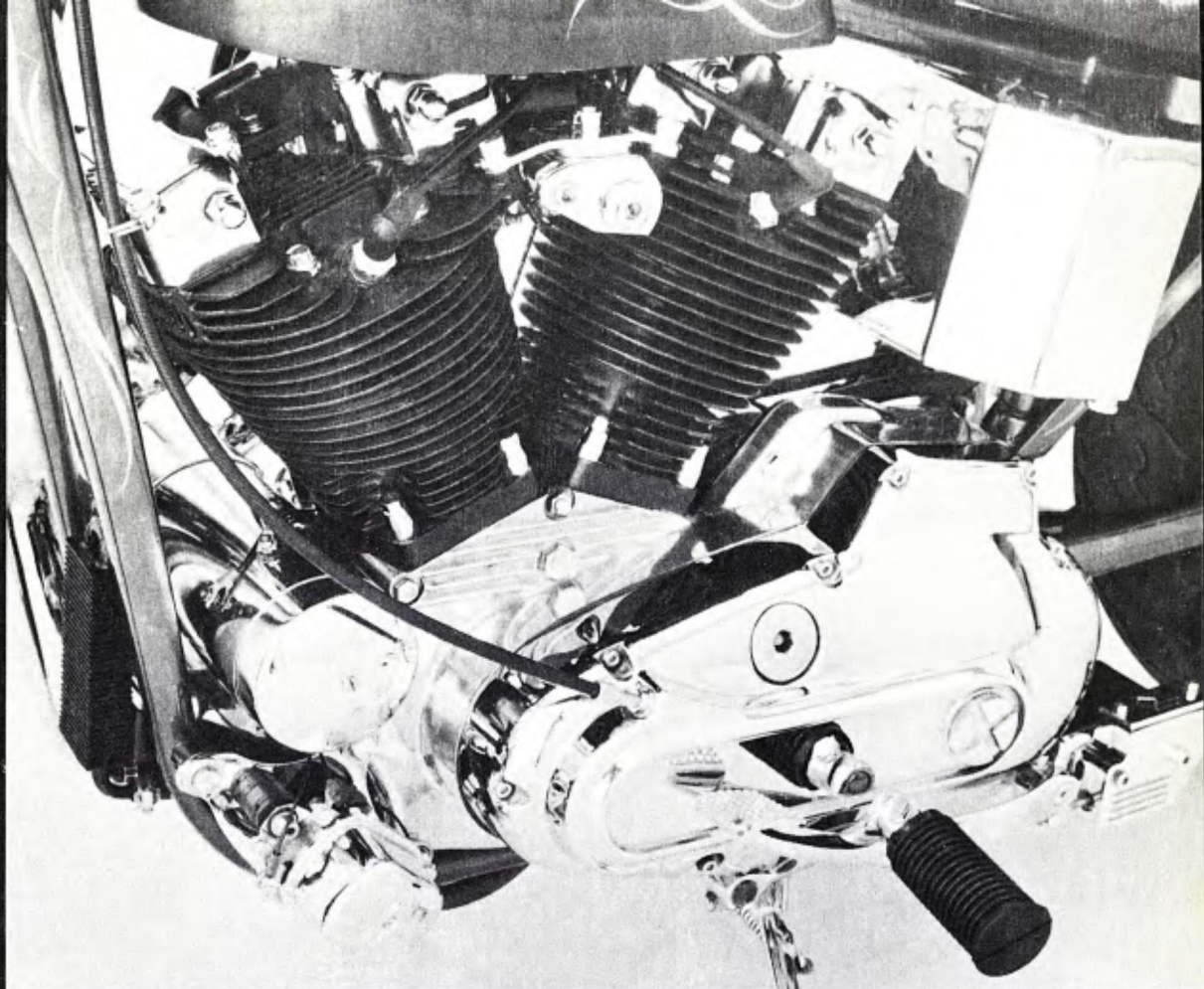




most desolate spot around, where they'll settle a score on who's the baddest, fastest buck around.

Ill Phil has had plenty of little scenes like the one outlined above go down. Usually on the winning end. And it's always been on his first and only 'sickle, this blasting Sportster from our



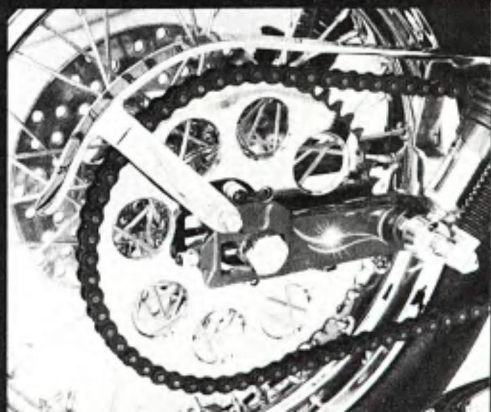


nation's capital, though not always as dolled up as it is here — that comes from his share of wins at the Wednesday night grudge races. Strictly unsanctioned, illegal racin' that's as much a part of our heritage as Babe Ruth piggin' out on hot dogs and then smashin' a

game-winnin' homer Ya gotta put up or shut up in this sport.

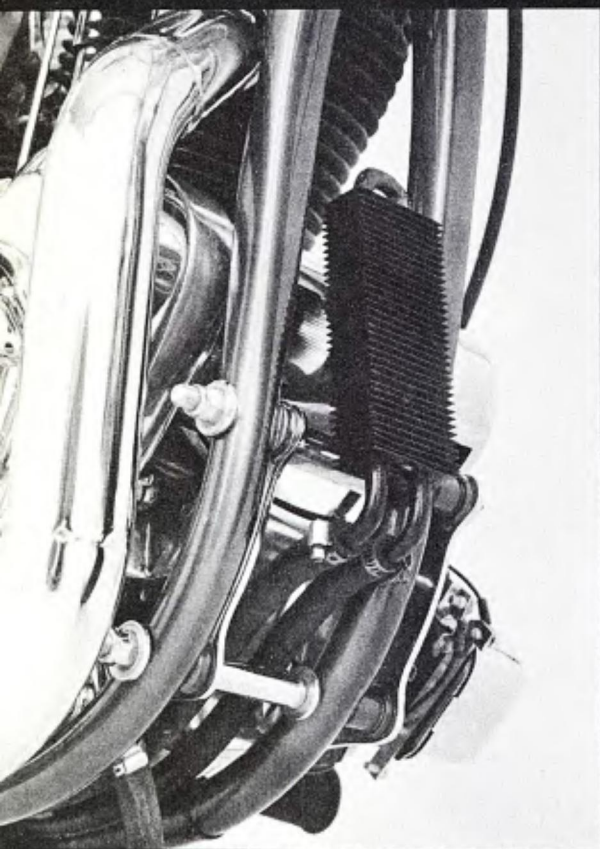
As Ill Phil says (and it's emblazoned on his gas tank), in his native Chesapeake nasal twang, "When you're ridin' with me, you're flirtin' with disaster. Rock an' roll, baby."

Phil rocked right down to his





Photos by Pete Chiodo

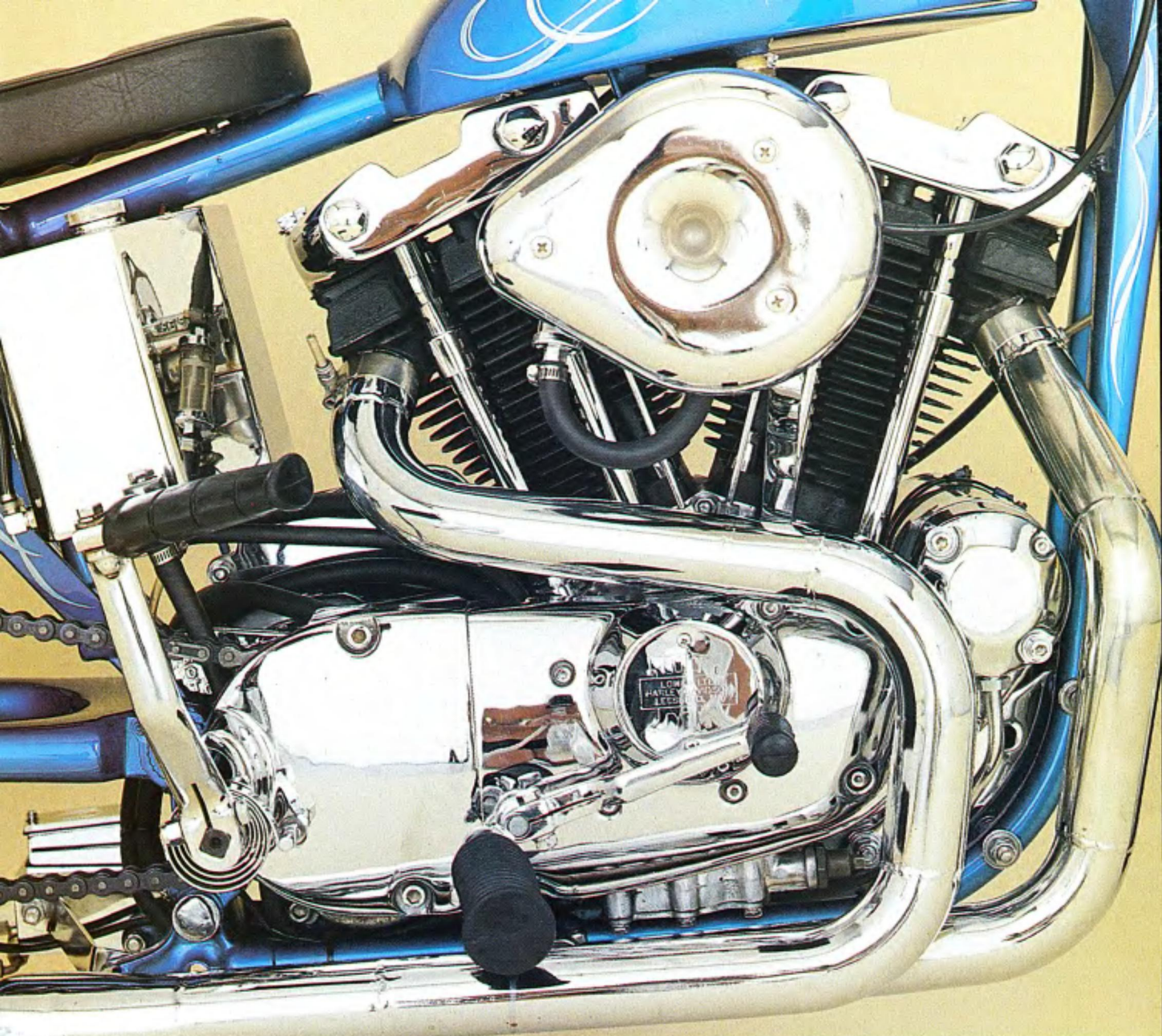


butt one night last year in front of the watchful eyes of his friends, "the sick pups" from Baltimore. He'd attempted a hole shot of a burnout when the next thing he knew was that his ass was sittin' a mite low, like on the rear wheel itself when the rear end took a shit. Lotsa laughs all around.

He took it with a good sense of humor and set about to rebuild his beauty. He did all his own work, except on the lower end which was handled by the knowledgeable hands of Gene Miller. He sent the wheels to Buchanan's for a new lace-up, balancing, and nipple job.

Each year Phil does something or other to improve "Disaster." This year it was more extensive. It all has to do with gas, throttle, and brakes, and after all the touch-ups, this time around he'll find himself once again the center of attention in the local street-racin' circles. —Rags

Owner: Phillip F. Epling III		City: East Pines, Md.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Gene Miller		Year: 1973	
Year and make: 1973 H-D		Builder: owner	
Model: XLCH		Type: swingarm	
Value: 0		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: 3-in. ext. swingarm	
Chroming by: Model Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: H-D	
Year: 1973		Risers: H-D	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): R: dresser; F: H-D	
Rebuilder: Butch Brinkman		Headlight: Gary Bang	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: 1972 Sportster	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: S&S		Rear pegs: H-D	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: Cycle Spec.	
Heads: Manley valves and springs		Oil tank: Arlen Ness	
Cam(s): Andrews		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: H-D		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Doug's Upholstery	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Gebler header		Height: 2 in.	
Muffler(s): none		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: glide	
Year: 1973		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: custom trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Gene/Butch/Rick		Hub: H-D	Hub: Sifton
Painter: Rick Houchens		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: Oriental Blue		Tire: Continental	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: House of Color; artwork by Shorty's.			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to Gene, Butch, and Rick.			



A Girl Named July

Did ya ever notice that not too many chicks are named after months of the year? Sure, there are always a few Aprils and Junes humpin' their way through life, but how often have ya ever met a surrounded cavity named December or January?

Well, let me introduce ya to this month's sexy scooter snatch, July, a perfect name and a perfect lady to grace this issue.









Now, I ain't saying that all them revolutionaries decided to go out and whip King George's ass for the right to have a pulse-raisin' little heartbreaker like July crawl all over a Harley without any clothes on.

Obviously, they couldn't have been fighting for that — Harleys hadn't been invented in 1776. On the other hand, had any of those other-wise farsighted dudes who wrote the Declaration of Independence thought about it, I'm sure they would have included somethin' appropriate to the topic in that document. You know, somethin' like guaranteein' the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of horny quim for the P-pad" or "to this end we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our big-titted mamas."

But Jefferson and Franklin and their freedom-loving bros didn't know about motorcycles, or, most likely, about girls like July.

It actually remained for a guy named John Stewart, a balladeer plying his trade about 200 years after the Revolution, to sum up everything that needs to be said about July, and about all the bikin' sisters who make ridin' a straight line so tough when they lean forward from the sissybar and start gettin'





Photos by Pete Chioldo



busy with their hands and lips. As Stewart put it:
 And I can't hold my eyes on the white
 line out before me,
 When your hand is on my collar and
 you're talkin' in my ear.
 And I have been around with a gypsy
 girl named Shannon, daughter
 of the devil.
 Ain't it strange that I should mention
 that to you?
 I haven't thought of her for years.
 July, you're a woman, more than
 anyone I've ever known.*

Amen, and a happy Independence Day,
 bros. If ya really want to celebrate it with fire-
 works, go out and find somebody like July to
 help ya light up the night.

—Butcher

*©John Stewart, Great Montana Pub. Corp.

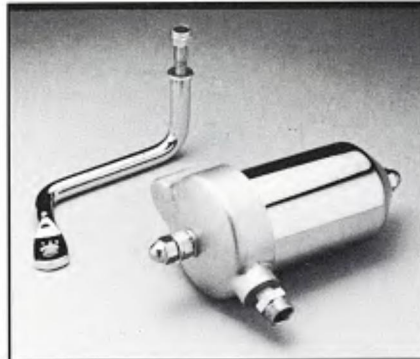


PARTS BOX



OPEN-BELT HOUSING

All right, why put it off any longer? This cast-aluminum electric-starter housing for open-belt-drive Big Twins can be bolted up to any 1965-1984 four-speed tranny, factory or after-market. It comes with both bearings (main and starter shaft — you've gotta use a 1970 or later starter shaft, though), cover, and cover-mounting bolts. It's from H.E.S., PN 100-38, and retails for just about a yard. H.E.S., Dept. ER, Box 66294, Los Angeles, CA 90066.



CHROME & SATIN FINISH FILTER KIT

Got a 1940-1984 Big Twin? Custom Chrome's got an OEM-style filter kit that'll knock your socks off. This choice reproduction features a polished and lacquered housing with chrome-plated tank and brackets. Their brackets cover '40-'57 rigs and '58-'84 four-speeds (except FXSTs). The assembly can also be combined with their OEM-repro steel oil line or steel braided oil line kits. For more info, write CCI, Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



H-D SCREAMIN' EAGLE™ CARB & AIR CLEANER KIT

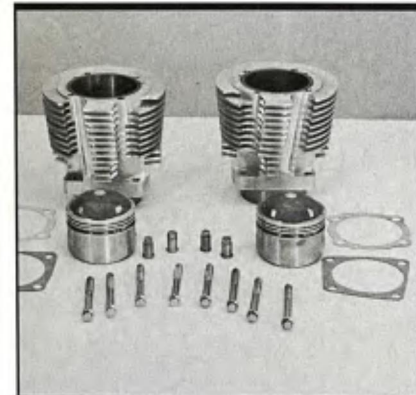
This one's right from the factory, so break out the bread and get ready for improved overall performance from your stock (or modified) shovel or Evolution. The carb features a large radiused inlet, 40mm venturi for high air flow, and the fuel metering system is dyno-tuned. The kit includes carb, manifold adaptor, air cleaner (with a specially designed back plate), air cleaner cover, jets, and hardware. Suggested retail is \$184.95. Look for it at authorized H-D dealers.

SOLID STEEL PADLOCKS

American Lock Company, utilizing a locking system that they developed in-house and which has since become the standard of the National Crime Prevention Institute, has a complete lineup of theft-squelching padlocks. They're available with five- and six-pin tumblers, tubular seven-pin cylinders, and ten-blade tumblers in a variety of shackle sizes and lengths. Their Series 700 and 5000 also feature unlimited key changes, including master and grand master keying. If you're serious about lockin' it up, contact American Lock, Dept. ER, 3400 W. Exchange Rd., Crete, IL 60417.



American's Rugged Individualists Locks



BIG BORE JUGS

You won't have to deal with head bolt relocation or head boring if you get your Sporty (late 1973-present) these 2024 t4 billet aluminum cylinders from Bonneville Engineering. The low-compression jugs feature forged pistons, inside oilers, stock cylinder base location, and are lighter and cool better than stock. Write Bonneville, Dept. ER, at Box 4841, Huachuca City, AZ 85616, or give 'em a call at (602) 456-9050.

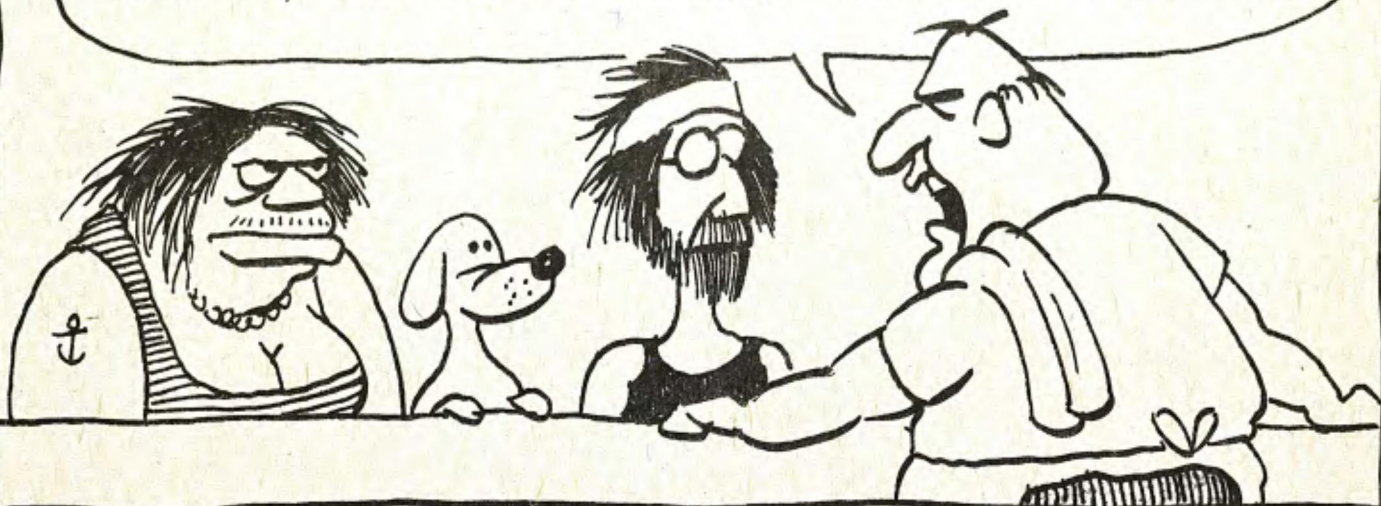
ON-ROAD FOG & DRIVING LIGHTS

These state-of-the-art lights from Lucas feature a unique design incorporating a stepped homofocal reflector that provides brilliant central intensity and also extra light at wide angles. Part of the "20-20" range of products, they feature a special DMC plastic technology that enables the lamps to maintain reflector accuracy even under extreme temperatures and specially treated glass lenses that permit vision to a greater distance than conventional lights. Highway-approved in all 50 states, look for them at your favorite dealer's, or contact Lucas Industries, Inc., Dept. ER, 5500 New King St., Troy, MI 48098. (313) 879-1920.



Man's Best Friend

SORRY, WE DON'T ALLOW ANIMALS IN HERE.



WE WON'T BE LONG, EMMA.



Stoner's Crossword

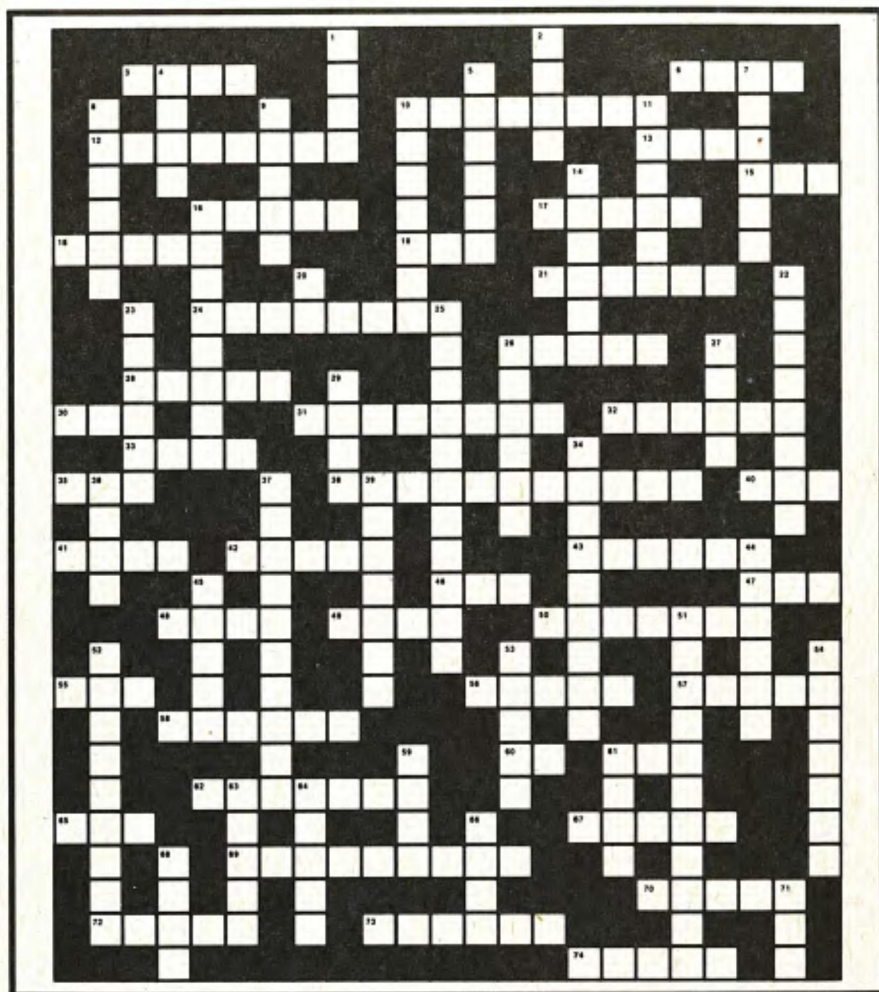
By Monica Marks

ACROSS

3. Downers will make your reflexes _____.
6. A gram of hash is usually in this shape.
10. What someone might do if they have a bad trip. (2 words)
12. Hooked on a drug.
13. Someone who utilizes something is a _____.
15. To crash out.
16. Something that goes well with any buzz (not a drug).
17. How you feel when you haven't gotten enough sleep.
18. "Up in _____" (a Cheech & Chong movie).
19. Sight organ.
21. Physical characteristic most common among speed freaks.
24. What you might experience if you stand up too fast. (2 words)
26. All hyped up.
28. Consume mass quantities of edible material.
30. Take a _____ off the joint.
31. Physical characteristic of fine weed.
32. Slang term for describing someone whose head is in the clouds.
33. It isn't _____ to quit a bad habit.
35. Not happy.
38. Extremely colorful visuals.
40. Some good pot will kick your _____.
41. Under the influence of mind-altering substances.
42. A smoking utensil.
43. Drug peddler.
46. To get too wired is to over-_____.
47. Consume.
48. Chop me a _____, will ya?
49. Single, small dose of nose candy.
50. One type of cutter.
55. What an irresponsible drug addict has a difficult time keeping: a _____.
56. The needle and the _____.
57. Where's Bob? "He's over _____."
58. Hallucinogenic visions.
60. Speed brings you _____.
61. Beatles song: "I Need A _____, 'Cause I'm Goin' Down."
62. Angel dust.
65. What you could put in a bong to cool the smoke.
67. Color of those potent little "Beauties" (amphetamines).
69. Fragrant stash.
70. Chemical used to free-base.
72. Opium flower.
73. What the Caterpillar smoked in *Alice In Wonderland*.
74. If it alters your mind, it changes your _____.

DOWN

1. Cannabis.
2. Cola (slang for cocaine).
4. Slang for a particular downer known as an aphrodisiac.



5. Hallucinogenic type of "buttons."
7. Ripped off.
8. Origin of that potent red weed.
9. The stuff you save for yourself.
10. You used to get four of these @ \$10/oz. in early '70s.
11. To make someone sexually aroused. (2 words)
14. Johnny Slash sounds like a good name for a _____.
16. What they used to call cross-tops. (2 words)
20. A Freudian term representing the core of the unconscious.
22. Exceeding the recommended dosage.
23. Caught by The Man.
25. To see things that aren't really there.
26. Stoned to the max.
27. A bad habit is also known as a _____.
29. Beatles song.
34. One of many names given to a type of LSD. (2 words)
36. Street talk for LSD.
37. Fictional town where all the drug users would live. (2 words)
39. Slang term for those little "magic umbrellas."
44. Old word for joint.
45. A _____ is someone who's under-aged.
51. Under the influence of alcohol.
52. Utensil used for smoking the last of a joint.
53. Used to be smoked in "dens."
54. "Straight" state of mind.
59. Slang for cocaine.
61. What you do to a Snow Seal before you can fill it.
63. How a pipe tastes if it hasn't been cleaned lately.
64. Heroin. (slang)
66. Maximum height of your buzz.
68. Needle user. (slang)
71. To converse.

Solution on page 107

FREE EASYRIDERS!

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.

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A Tribute To Brothers Lost



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

In memory of **Timmy Meeske**, 9/27/62-10/29/84. He may have had his life cut short but the time he was with us was spent in the wind and partying. He was a true brother of the wind, always living in the fast lane. You will always be remembered by all your bros and sisters at NR MC. Ride free and safe forever.

In memory of **Popeye and Hopple**. The date has gone by, but your souls are still with us. When the Saints go rolling in, there will be another party. Saints, Alabama.

This is in memory of a righteous lady, **Tammy Howard**, who was snuffed by her own husband. You knew the lifestyle, babe, but gave it all up for him. Now he took it all for good. Missed by a friend from way back, Rick "Freebird" Spotts.

A tribute to a brother cut off before his prime, **James Littlefield**, 11/2/84, age 15 and cut down by a cage. Ride proud in heaven, little brother. Bob and Sue Seymour.

On a fine summer day they went out for a ride; nothing could match that feeling inside. Both puttin' along for just a good time, not knowing for one it was the end of the line. Here's to you, **Paul Levasure**, you were great. On your first H-D you met your fate. Our memories we hang onto, for on and on we'll always remember ya, now that you're gone. Tim Tremblay.

In memory of our dearest friend, **Wallace K. Johnston**, 3/3/57-9/16/84. They say the good die young but you left us too soon. You were a real Harley man. We love you a lot and will always remember you in our hearts. The "O" has your Harley and will ride in memory of you. Love, always, Mike and Joan, Staten Island, New York.

In memory of **Gary "Bandit" Bonner**. We love you and miss you a lot, even through all the shit. That's the past and the good memories will always linger on. Some day we'll catch up and the partyin' will continue. Till then, bro, ride free. Love, Maddog, Cub, and J.C.

Ray A. "The Rag" Gonzalez, we miss you here in Tampa, but you will always ride with us in our hearts. Love ya, bro, Nick, Angie and all the rest from the Grub Shanty.

In unending memory of **Tim Ringo Golt** of Palmdale, California. We miss you, bro. I can see you in the beauty of nature here up north. Be at peace and enjoy your free ride. Dianna Banana and Gonzo Golt.

In memory of **Ernie "Tumbleweed" Wright**, gone but not forgotten. We loved you and we'll miss you, but we'll ride together again someday. Farewell till then, bro, Frenché and Codejine.

In memory of **Randy "General" Custer**, 11/24/83, from Columbia, Pennsylvania, a good friend to some, a brother to all. You will always ride with us in our hearts. Mark and Karen.

In loving memory of **Steve "Shark" Snyder**, 1/9/50-6/8/84, hit and killed by a cage. Your memory brings happiness to every heart that knew you. Love forever, Mike, Brandie, L.A. Paper Box Co., and many friends.

In loving memory of **Mitch "Moses" Dean**, 7/12/47 to 8/23/84. Though death separated our bodies, our love will never die. I'll be strong like you, Mitch, a survivor. I miss you, my love, and all your bros and family love and miss you. Thanks for our special memories. Carol.

In memory of **Thad Fisher**, who rode hard, lived hard and died hard. You left us just one day before your birthday. We know you left the only way you would have it — free, high, and in the wind. You will always live in our hearts. Kat.

In loving memory of **Benjamin Jay Wachs**, 11/12/84, known as "Bun." We had a lot of wonderful memories in 10 short months. It's hard to write this now — he only died this morning — but he's in Harley Heaven now. Love always, Jodie.

In loving memory of **Robert "Bub" Villarreal**, out of sight but never out of mind. All who knew you will never forget you. If what they say is true, all your bros will be partying with you soon. All our love, your bro Jim B., friends, and family in San Jose, California.

In memory of **Harold "Heavy" Follensbe**, 12/5/82, pushed off this earth by a damn cage. He died too young, but free. Mark, Tiny, Beau, Pete, Ted, the Tramp, and all of us who knew and loved you miss ya. Our memories will never fade. Rest easy, bro. You took a piece of us with you.

In memory of **Walter Busch**, 12/8/84. You're gone but not forgotten. Hope you're riding high on that Sporty in the sky. Roach and friends.

In special loving memory of **Mark Hobbes**, 10/15/57-4/29/84. You took a part of me with you that night. It keeps me close to you, and baby, what you gave me can never be taken away. It keeps me strong and safe until we meet again. I'll love you forever. Christy.

In constant loving memory of **John Stewart**. You've been gone six years now. The pain is still here, because something inside me died along with you. May the Buffalo who stuck you rot in eternal hell, for I'm living in hell missing you. Crazy Woman.

CLASSIC BOOKS FROM EASYRIDERS

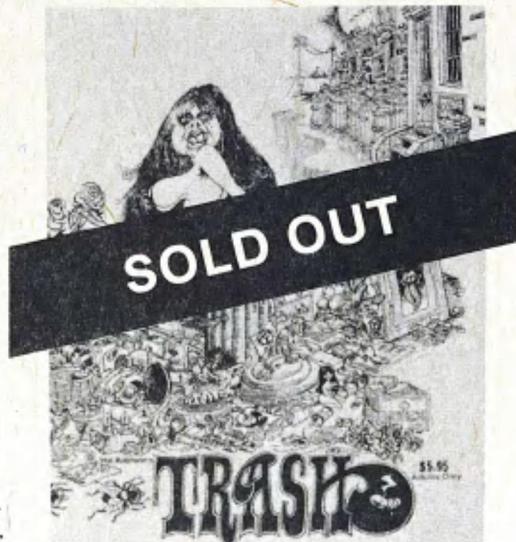
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For 12 years, Hal's often gross, sometimes insulting, usually outrageous, but always hilarious art highlighted *Easyriders*. Add some of Hal's best to your bikin' library with these great books. Postage and handling: For each book — U.S., add

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220 biker-tested recipes, illustrated in Robinson's unique way. A visual (and culinary) feast. \$4.



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She's a tramp, but she's our tramp and Hal always did her proud. Mutha's best, \$3.

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 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.

W/m lonely biker gypsy looking for a lady with a heart, a lady who says what she means and means what she says. I'm into long rides, sunsets, unicorns, and playing rock 'n' roll. Randy "Stryker" Spain 128177, Star Rt. Box 70, Hodgens, OK 74939.

Bro in need: Scooter tramp doing 52 yrs. Want a TV so I can stay in touch with reality. Can you spare a buck or two to help me out? Need a total of \$103. (money order only). Would also dig kites and flicks from anybody. "Big Frank" Bowman, Box C70244, Tamal, CA 94974.

W/m, 26, blond hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with females who enjoy the finer things in life. Due to get out soon. Send pix and letters to Rick "Speedy" Poley, Box 9561, Wilmington, DE 19809.

American Indian-Irish, 24, 5'8", 140 lbs., green eyes, brown hair, nice to look at, solid, honest, and real. Expect same from you ladies for correspondence and possible visits. Flick for flick. James S. McChan 43927, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Young w/m, good-natured, not bad to look at, would love to hear from all you kinky, crazy chicks to help wipe out this time. Berry Jameson, C88511, Represa, CA 95671.

Prisoner with a pen needs playful pretties to tease and please. W/m, 25, 6', 180 lbs., blond, goateed. Bill "Wishbone" Schroff, Box 103155, Anchorage, AK 99510.

W/m, 22, 6', 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, beard. Down for 7, 2 1/2 to go. Wife left, took all I had, including my '55 pan. Need to hear from righteous ladies, 21-25, especially those in N.Y. (for visits). Michael Taylor 84C186, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011.

Downed tattooist, 5'9", 165 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, looking for a sincere, together lady, 18-30, for correspondence, visits and possible get-togethers upon release in mid-'85. Lee Chamberlain Z-175B, 801 Butler Pike, Mercer, PA 16137.

Lonely w/m, 46, 6', 185 lbs., dark blue eyes, brown hair. Been in prison 10 years. Divorced, no family, no ties, need mail bad. Looking for sincere pan pals only. Excell White 511, Ellis Unit G-15, Huntsville, TX 77343.

W/m, 33, brown hair, blue eyes, 6', 165 lbs., looking good, out real soon. Need pretty, lusty, intelligent, sincere, for-real lady, any age, who has heart enough to share life to the max. Must enjoy Harleys, music, animals, the outdoors, and be willing to relocate. Rick Bradley 157-251, LCF, Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802.

W/m, 27, 6'5", 205 lbs., brown eyes and hair, parole 7/86. Come on, all you fine ladies, this lonely biker wants to hear from you, no matter where you are on this planet. Send flicks. Michael "Mad Mike" McKay 89402-024A, Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072.

White California-born dog, 29, 5'9", 190 lbs., blond hair, and blue eyes. If you're between 23-35, like to ride, love, and party, I need to hear from you. Flicks, if possible but not a must. Ron Smith 02774-031-A, Box 1000, FCI, Sandstone, MN 55072.

Two Aryan outlaws seek letters and nude photos from bi females interested in serious relationships. Blondes and reds, 18-30, no fatties. Jerry Reed 134767, and Greg Crewe 136582, JRCC D-4, State Farm, VA 23160.

Upper N.Y. state biker (Albany) would like to correspond with females, 20-30. Last Christmas was real lonely and I have one more left behind these bars. Drop a kite and brighten my day. Dan Weidman 50069, Box 791, Safford, AZ 85546.

Lonely biker, 27, blond hair, hazel eyes, 5'11", 185 lbs., needs an ol' lady who's marriage-minded and willing to take care of me. No fakes, frauds or phonies. Let's start with a letter and photo and take it from there. This ain't Alpha Beta, but tell a friend! Richard "Peck" Lumpkin, C-93663, DVI West 130, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Downed white boy, 6', black hair, brown eyes, 190 lbs., looking for sexy ladies to correspond with. All letters will be answered. Send flicks. Wayne Boucher 150537, Box 539, CMCC, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Wayward Warrior down, but not for the count. 6'4", 220 lbs., green eyes, brown hair, 1 1/2 year tacked down. Need lady to help keep the blues away. Johnny Moss 78311, Box 500, Grady, AR 71644.

Lonely prisoner, 39, could use letters from females, 18-55, out there in free land. Women with young kids okay. Please send pic. Daniel McFadden, A014149, 700 Conley Lake Rd., Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

Heathen Aryan male, chained and caged, needs some correspondence from one and all, young and old, to keep his spirit alive while surviving the mental and emotional torture of the dungeons. Michael Malinowski 84-A-5568, Box F, 3-D-10, Fiskill, NY 12524.

Aryan artist, 24, 5'8", 155 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, tats and talent, parole in spring of '86. Searchin' for honest, loving lady for heavy relationship. For correspondence authorization form, send postcard to "Phoenix," Box 178, Mayfield, NY 12117.

Caucasian male, 22, 5'8", 175 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes, doing time the hard way, without a friendly word from anyone in the free world. Just under 10 months till parole board. Love to party and live the good life. Mike Fraunfelder, Box 57-171641, Marion, OH 43302.

W/m, 26, 5'7", 150 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, relationship-minded, looking for lady who understands what it's like being down. My ex-ol' lady and my family didn't. Send pix, quick! M. Brown 44777, Box 70, Golden, CO 80401.

Jackpot! White super tramp, 23, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown on brown. Any sweet sexy sluts out there got the nerve to send this live wire a kite? "Johnny Rotten" Shide 68096, TSP, Drawer N, Trenton, NY 08562.

Are you interested in bringing some sunshine into a dull existence? If so, take your pick. Gary "Rebel" Brown 77626-012 (w/m, 30, 6'), and Eli Ghete 02547-135 (w/m, 35, 6'3"), have had 4 Harleys and gonna get another in '87. Unit F, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436.

White bro, 26, blond hair, blue eyes, 6', 180 lbs., lonely and need to hear from some fine ladies. Could use some pictures also. I get out this year. Danny Randolph 37136, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

White outlaw, 24, out in '86, brown hair and eyes, 5'11", needs mail from ladies. Roger Amos, Box C-25410, Tamal, CA 94974.

W/m, 28, 5'11", 160 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, self-silent outlaw, seeking letters from wild, crazy or easygoing ladies, any age, any condition any location. I should be out in less than a year. Joe Tucker 374342, Wynne Unit, Huntsville, TX 77349.

Two w/m, both 24, both free in '85, and both looking for that special lady to come out to. Write and send pictures and we'll do the same. Michael Howe 376287, and John Schrader 351452, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Are you looking for someone that ain't about no bullshit? It's me you're looking for. If your shit's together and you have the class to be a true tramp and total outlaw to society, then it's you I'm waiting to hear from. Franklin Vito Frank 07495-054, Box 1000, Marion, IL 62959.

White downed brother on "Reaper Row" needs some help from serious-minded lady with a caring heart. Flick for flick. All kites answered. Age unimportant. What's in your heart is. Gus Bassett 071745, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Good-looking outlaw, 32, with 2 years to go, is looking for exceptional ladies who will write and consider a lasting relationship. Photos appreciated. Manuel Talavera, C85742, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Three scooter tramps, all very handsome, down on prison farm need letters from sweet ladies. Harold St. John 74086 (age 38); Jerry Reynolds 82879 (age 20); and Rick Dunkel 82793. Tucker Unit, Tucker, AR 72168.

Downed biker, 6', 185 lbs., dirty-blond hair, hazel eyes, looking for serious correspondence from lovely ladies. I'm getting out in '85. Keith "The Breeze" Hellriegel 94876, Box 500, Bordentown, NJ 08505.

Lonely w/m, 25, 5'4", 140 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Write me, please. Charlie Young, EF-120108, GSP, Reidsville, GA 30499.

If you've ever felt compelled to help someone who's obviously in need, then listen up. W/m, 24, 6', long blond hair, tattooed, green eyes, lonely, wants level-headed woman to visit from Washington state area. Scott Dillon 631566, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

Down and blue hiker, 25, looking for special lady to share dreams. Only 3 months to go. Ladies, drop a few lines and let's ride the wind together. Tim "Dusty" Flener 13132, ISR, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064.

W/m, brown hair, green eyes, 5'10", 180 lbs., been down 6 yrs. Need letters from some of you sexy ladies out there. I'm in the hole and your letters sure would make these days and nights go by sweet as rain. Earl Burnett 46691, Unit 29-G-Bldg., Parchman, MS 38738.

W/m, 24, 6', 175 lbs., light brown hair, blue eyes, moustache. Country boy, out in '85, looking for a good-looking female, 19-30. I love all outdoor sports, warm and romantic nights, giving gifts and flowers to my lady. Dan "Teddy Bear" Tovrea 47177, 2605 State St. Salem, OR 97310.

W/m, downed till '86. Brown hair, blue eyes, still full of heart, looking for a lady to match. All you thrill-seekers stay home; I don't need the hassles. If you're sincere and want to write, visit, and maybe more, send letters and recent pic to Tom Wallace 128-817, Box 56, Lebanon, OH 45036.

Blue-eyed blond, strong stud would love to hear from some hot young breeder stock. If your box is up to par and your mind is on time, send pictures, address, and a few lines of entertainment to Brian Rutkowski, Box 500 E-71, Olustee, FL 32072. No freaks, fags or rejects.

Hey, all you sweet mamas out there, fly these three crazy, dirty white boys a line. 18 to 18,000, it makes no difference so long as you're a fox. John "Boss Hog" Hargrove 87857; Bill "Wild Bill" Galasyn 109993; and Jimi "Pink Floyd" Pocius 120090. Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

White bro, 24, 5'11", 175 lbs., less than a year to go. Would like to hear from some kind-hearted ladies. Maybe you can putt along in '85. Send pix. Chris "Rabbit" Hosler 83-A-6118, B-R113, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10562.

Like to hear from ladies and exchange pix. 5'11", 180 lbs. of pure Dago, 19 yrs. young but not dumb. Out in early '86. Orsino "Bear" Iacovone 128-953, Box 788, Mansfield, OH 44901.

What's the deal? Me and my bro have been trying for months to get some lines out of you ladies. How 'bout taking them fingers off them clits and start pushing those Bics? We need to know that someone out there gives a shit. Roy Tyree 109562, and Herbert Simpson 134686. VSP, Box 27264, Richmond, VA 23261.

W/m, 25, 5'9", 185 lbs., blue eyes, dark brown hair, easy to look at. I street in '94 and need some help with years in between. Will answer all ladies who write. Gary "Bush" Reeves 75618, Box 600 CCF, Unit G-3, Canon City, CO 81212.

W/m, 36, 5'11", 180 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, down but will rise again. Thomas W. Moore 96143, Holman Unit, Homan 37, Attmore, AL 36503.

W/m, 28, down for a bit, would like to hear from you sweet, loving ladies out there. Keep me sane, so we can enjoy the good times when I get out. All answered; pix appreciated. Ed Zubay 14538, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391.

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Dust In The Wind

Continued from page 18

(he weighed about 250 back then), the CO decided it would be wiser to call a chopper down to fly him out to an aid station than to try having him carried on in to the base. A couple of days before we were scheduled to go back into the bush again, a chopper loaded with supplies came in and Dustoff got off it with a big grin on his mug.

After he'd laid down the same stunt three or four more times, the nature of his "injuries" always varying but always occurring 30 or 40 miles out from the base we were returning to, he started getting called Dustoff, because that's what the choppers that evacuated wounded or injured personnel were called. While most grunts out in the bush may have considered laying down a stunt once or twice to get sent back to the firebase, no one had ever heard of anyone going through the changes that Dustoff did just to avoid going back to one. Thinking about it now, I had to smile. Dustoff had been such an ass-kicking grunt that he could hump 40 miles in a day's time, go through a firefight the same evening, try to find something worth fucking in a vil if one was close by, and then go out and sit out all night on ambush. He just couldn't hack filling sandbags, that's all.

On through Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama we rode, stopping at places we'd visited and enjoyed years earlier, occasionally experiencing the joys of running into people we'd met previously, sharing with them the highs and lows the intervening years had brought to all of us. The temporary sorrow each time we pushed on, leaving our friends behind us again as we moved on down the road, was always soon replaced by a certain optimism that travel lends wayfarers on sleds.

Crossing Georgia, we rode into South Carolina, intending to stop at Parris Island, where we'd gone through boot camp, just to see it once more. But even after I explained who we were, they still wouldn't let us on the base. I guess we didn't look the same to 'em. We headed on north, camping out on a beautiful Carolina beach that night. Listening to the pounding surf, I laughed as I recalled



"Yes, I suppose I could outfit him with a vibrating penis."

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long-ago days when Dustoff and I had had Parris Island DIs grinding our noses into Carolina sand. Then a sadness came over me as I thought of how we weren't even welcome for a visit that would be courteously accorded to any citizen, even ones who hadn't been in the Corps or 'Nam.

It was while we rode through Virginia, headed for Washington, D.C., that I began to understand that Dustoff and I could never recapture the same old memories from years gone by, that all we could do was experience new and different ones. When we arrived in D.C. we went to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial and read every name on that black wall. More than a few belonged to bros we had known. They'd never ridden a Harley with us, but they'd been damn good men, men who'd died while they were boys, men who'd never straddled a big Hog, never gotten to see America like Dustoff and I had seen it, tasted it, felt it, and enjoyed it. We'd been privileged to savor what they had died for. They may not have ridden bikes with us, but they'd ridden their M-16s, M-17s, M-60s, and M-79s, covering our asses, straight down the highway we were all riding back then, without making any detours or turning around.

We continued north, bypassing the Big Apple, but going through some fantastic rural areas in New York, and then on up to Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. When we came back down we skirted the Great Lakes of Ontario, Erie and Michigan, and headed due west to some of our favorite country, the Colorado Rockies. One night, about 10,000 feet above sea level, looking at the majestic snow-covered peaks that surrounded us, I hunched down next to Dustoff and blew into my cold hands in a futile effort to warm them. I tried to absorb, drink in, commit to memory, all the incredible beauty and overpowering strength of those soaring pinnacles, but they were so big, so awesome, I couldn't begin to digest even a fraction of them. The only sound to be heard was the rumbling of my shovel (which I'd left idling in neutral because she was such a hard-starting bitch in cold weather) and the constant muted roar of the wind through the valleys and peaks. "Damn, this is too much, Dustoff. The Rockies never change, do they, man?" I fell silent again, my spoken words seeming as out of place as a Steppenwolf tune in a cathedral.

As we continued westward it stayed cold and we started to run into snow flurries. For the most part, they were nothing we couldn't ride through. By the time we got across the salt flats and most of Nevada, the snow was coming down hard enough to necessitate our laying over in Reno a few days until the roads were cleared enough so that we could get over the Sierra Nevada. Finally they were, and when we dropped on down from Donner Pass into California it felt good to be back in our home state again. We

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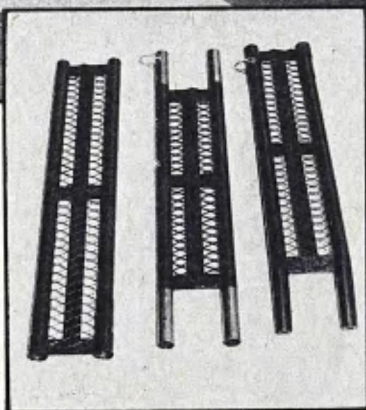
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sprinted on through Sacramento to the Bay Area and spent about a month in San Francisco because we knew a lot of people there. One warm morning we started out on the last leg of our run and ended up riding straight through to San Diego, stopping only for necessities.

When I pulled up in front of my house in Chula Vista, the ol' lady came running out to throw her arms around my neck and start kissing me before I'd even shut the shovel down. Eventually, she came up for air and said, "You're finally back!"

"Yeah," I replied, continuing to sit there for several minutes, thinking how it had been quite a while since Dustoff and I had sat in front of this particular run-down house. Now that the journey was over I realized how road-weary and emotionally exhausted I was. I got off the sled, untied my sleeping bag and carried it into the front room of the house where I laid it on the floor and rolled it open carefully as I'd done so many hundreds of times during the past eight months. I removed the urn that had been inside it and set it on the coffee table.

Anxiously, my ol' lady asked, "You all right?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said. "Everything is cool."

The urn contained the very smallest portions of what had been Dustoff. Whenever we'd be kicked back, mellowed out on some decent herb or half-wasted on beer, Dustoff used to tell me, "When I die, I want to be cremated and have my ashes thrown to the wind, so I'll always be able to be in all of the places I like, instead of being in a hole six feet down forever." It was almost as if he'd known that he wouldn't be around to collect his Social Security checks.

When a drunk had creamed him and his cherry pan nine months earlier, I figured I'd give Dustoff his wish, but with a little extra effort applied to it that I knew he would have appreciated — by him and me going on a last run together, leaving a little of him in places all over the country he loved so much. Even though America at times didn't seem to think too much of him, I knew that there was a lot of the country that realized full well he was one of her best. ■



"Damn thing doesn't work!"

How Do You Tell. . .

Continued from page 40

was gonna be one of those intellectual battles, so I tried to go real slow an' simple. Though she was definitely lacking in the "think department," she had some compensatory features in the "bod department." First, she had one of those bods that demanded to be looked at. She was long, lean an' mean, like my chopper, an' she dug the vibes comin' up through the seat.

Her frame was small-boned an' she weighed in at 115 fun-filled pounds. She was 34 across the chest an' bustin' out of her "C" cups. That might not sound like much, but when ya put those gorgeous mounts on a small chassis it was easy to see why they called her "Jugggggs." Her waist ya could circle with your hands and as far as her Deep South went, I would have called her "Bun Master." Man, they were just molded to fit human hands. Anyway, like I say, she had a butt that liked to putt, on an' off the scoot.

I still wasn't too sure what her face looked like. I couldn't pull my eyes away from her super bod long enough to see any farther north than her nipples.

There I was. Wantin' to go south an' die, but nearly tossin' my lunch at the thought of doin' it, because she thought "hygiene" was a fag's name.

"Listen real careful, sweet thing." I couldn't get my eyes any higher than her left nipple. (Did ya ever carry on a conversation with a nipple?) "Certain smells can turn a person on, right?"

"So what?"

Yeah. "Well, certain smells can also turn a person off, right?"

"So what?"

Oh, boy. Ya see, man, I had to go real slow and easy on account of I didn't want this bird to walk. (Walk? Fly! Whatever.) Not right at this particular time, anyway. The distant future could take care of itself. It was the near future I was concerned about since it was near enough to touch.

"Okay," I said. "You tell me some smells you don't like."

"Like what?"

"Like anything. There must be something you don't like the smell of." This was gettin' ridiculous.

"Uh... (She had me holdin' my breath. Come on, dough-head, think!) Baby shit."

"Huh?"

She said, "Baby shit. I don't like the smell of baby shit."

Well, now we were gettin' somewhere. "Okay. Do ya like suckin' my dork?"

"You bet."

Bless her little heart. "Okay, then." Step two comin' up. "If my dork smelled like baby shit, would ya still like suckin' on it?"

"Are you crazy? No fuckin' way! Whaddya think I am? Some kinda furbert?"

"That's 'pervert'." Holy fuckin' fish

Kolder Holder

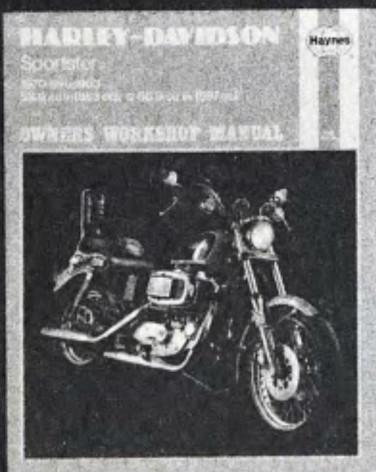


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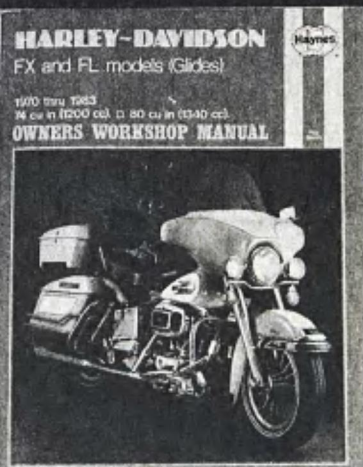
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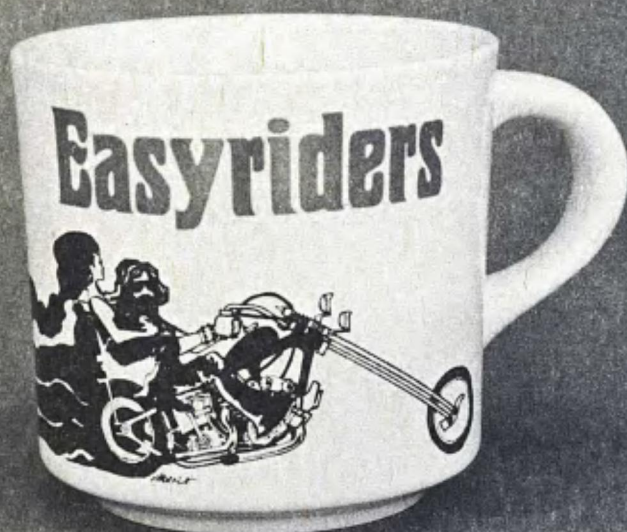
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fry. "And no, I don't think you're some kinda pervert. All I'm tryin' to do is explain that I like the smell of a nice clean pussy. Understand?"

"So what? I like cats, too."

I musta looked funny standin' there with my mouth hangin' open like that. She started gigglin'. So my opened mouth rearranged itself into a big grin. I figured she was puttin' me on.

"Now," she said, "are you gonna stand there talkin' about cats or are ya gonna eat my 'dessert'?"

Dessert? Dessert? She wasn't puttin' me on! I took a quick look south to see what color her hair was. (I don't have to tell ya, do I?) Dessert? Dessert! Okay, we'd use her lingo. "What if I told you your 'dessert' smells like baby shit? What would you say?"

"Hey, man, that's your bag. If you like the smell of baby shit, help yourself." She smiled (I think). My visual attention had switched to her right nipple.

"But I don't like baby shit!" I screamed. I was startin' to come apart. (Get a hold of yourself, man). The poundin' in my head was startin' to match the poundin' of the waves on the beach. Waves? Beach? Ocean? W-a-t-e-r! (Oh, thank you, God!) "Come on, sweet thing. I got a great idea." I picked her up and carried her toward the end of the little boat jetty. I was wearin' nothin' but a big shit-eatin' grin that was gettin' bigger by the minute. It wasn't the only thing gettin' bigger, either.

"Where we goin'?"

"Did ya ever do it in the water?"

My shit-eatin' grin was spreadin' to her face (I think).

"Why not?" she said with a giggle.

I reached the end of the jetty an' with her in my arms an' my eyes on that gorgeous bod, we stepped off into the air.

When I get outta the hospital, I'm gonna kill the sonuvabitch who parked that fuckin' rowboat there. I'm gonna kill him. I'm just gonna flat-out kill him. ■



"That's no excuse for being late for work! You'll just have to scoot faster!"

Soap Box

Continued from page 25

lawyers' offices in this country. Whether it's "fixing" someone on a zoning board, liquor licensing board, or on a felony or misdemeanor criminal case, it works the same.

This is not to say that every lawyer, judge, and politician can be bought, but you better believe there are many throughout our system who walk around with grease money in their pockets.

ABSCAM was poetry in motion. Watergate was a joke. The pardon of Richard M. Nixon was the biggest farce ever perpetrated before the eyes of the American public. But we stood for it. We let it take place.

In California, Theodore Stresleski, a man who spent 19 years unsuccessfully seeking a mathematics PhD at Stanford University, killed his academic adviser in 1978, stating that the killing was in protest against Stanford's handling of graduate students. Most people might call it outright premeditated murder, and yet this man is about to be freed (if he hasn't been already) after serving less than six years inside prison walls.

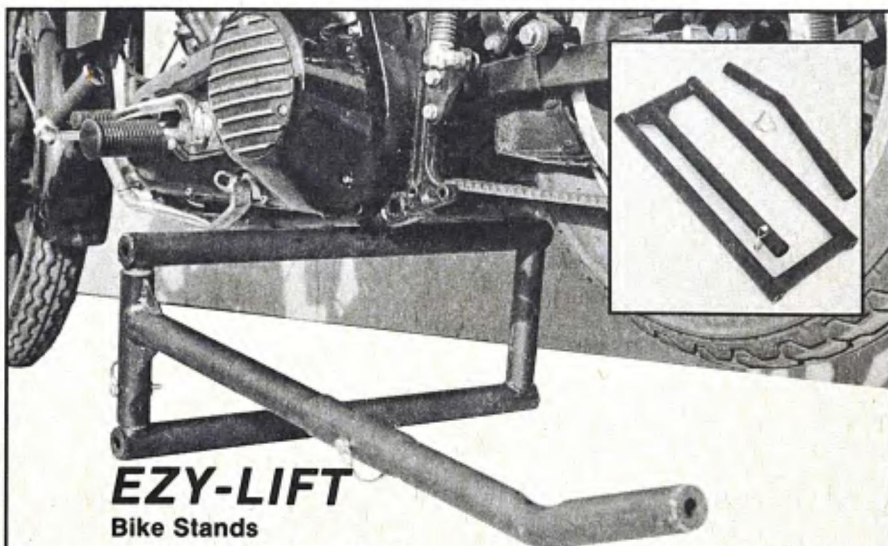
Again in California, Dan White, convicted of gunning down San Francisco's mayor and a city supervisor, was made to serve only a five-year prison term, while people convicted of such lesser things as marijuana sales are subjected to much lengthier prison terms. The difference? Political clout.

In Orange County, Florida, a county commissioner was convicted of murdering his wife and given a five-year prison term, serving less than three years before being released by the Florida Parole and Probation Commission. More political clout.

The killing, in this instance, was beyond all doubt a premeditated act if for no other reason than that he purposely went out and borrowed a friend's gun to do the deed. What the court in this case was thinking about during the trial is a question I'm sure many are asking.

There are right and wrong ways of doing everything in life, whether it's building a bridge, assembling a vehicle or trying a criminal case in court. There are also shortcuts to everything, but shortchanging the indigent and politically weak is not the intention of our constitutional guidelines and amendments.

For many, the days of civil and criminal justice are over. No longer can one expect to enter a courtroom and be certain of being treated fairly and justly simply because he or she is an American citizen. In large part, only the rich and politically well-connected are assured this constitutional protection and the safeguards derived therefrom. If you're looking for "your day in court," I hope you're well-heeled and know somebody with political connections. Otherwise, you're probably going to be out of luck. ■



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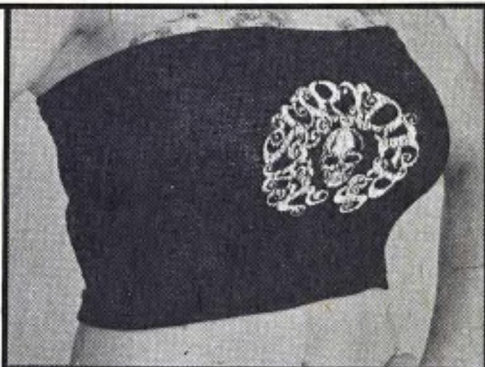
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Lockdown

Continued from page 49

tions officials to end the practice and — coincidentally? — on the eve of a federal contempt-of-court hearing.

The new agreement approved by the judge gave officials 60 days to end double-celling arrangements that violated the original court order or face renewed contempt proceedings.

As far as we're concerned, it all goes to prove the old adage ya can't stop a motorcycle by draggin' yer foot, but ya sure can slow down a court order.

Kansas Chapter

Some downed bros at the Kansas State Penitentiary have organized a chapter of the Brotherhood of Incarcerated Bikers (BOIB) and would like to hear from similar groups or independent locked-down bikers. Kites should go to Robert Derry 8341, KSP, Box 2X2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Paradise With Bars

"Charming" and "picturesque" are not normally words used to describe our nation's correctional facilities, but that's how the Ohio Film Bureau described the abandoned and wretchedly antiquated Allegheny County Jail in a *Hollywood Reporter* ad designed to lure producers making films with a prison locale to the Buckeye State. "A charming, picturesque prison for rent," the ad said, of the 100-year-old lockup, "with such amenities as 900 empty cells with a breathtaking view of the death row wing and a slightly used electric chair."

Powder Kegs

Is another prison bloodbath — similar to the ones at Attica and New Mexico — brewing? The American Civil Liberties Union thinks so. In a recent report, the National Prison Project of the ACLU notes that the many studies of prison violence undertaken since the 1972 Attica "riot" shocked the nation have all come to the same general conclusion: The major cause of just about all big prison disturbances is overcrowding and unconstitutional conditions.

And, the ACLU notes, there are currently 34 states, plus the District of Columbia and the Virgin Islands, that are operating their penal systems under court orders to reduce overcrowding and/or alleviate other unconstitutional conditions. ■



"The gals said ya was gonna name yer bike after me."

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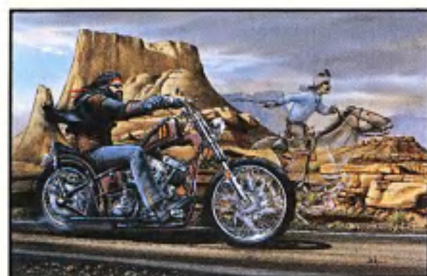
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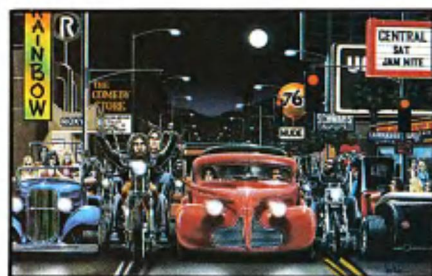
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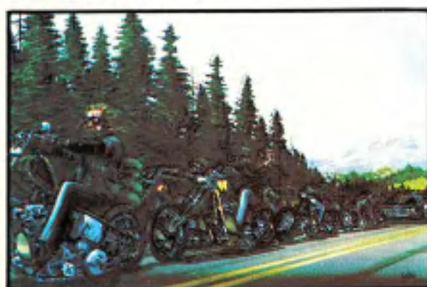
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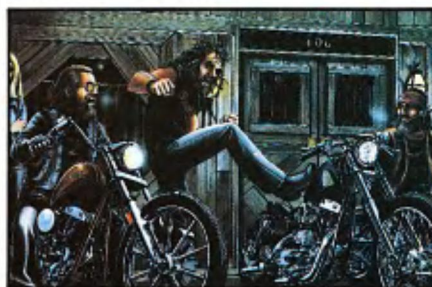
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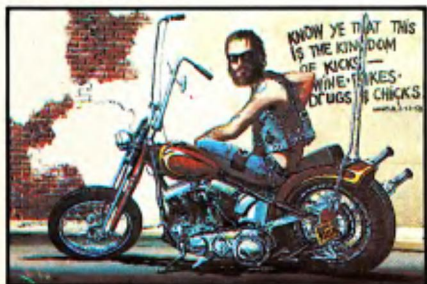
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 8

over through the years. Most can be had relatively cheaply.

This place is like paradise to visit. Of course, it ain't the U.S.A., so it's not a place to live — even though I'll be here to '88. Come on over and check it out if you get the chance.

Wildman
APO San Francisco, Calif.

To Big Jim

□ Triumphs may not be made in the U.S.A., but those scooters still have a lot of soul. So fuck you, Big Jim, and give the bros who ride "chopped Trumpets" as much respect as you would expect from them.

Mitch
Gilman, Ill.

□ In response to Big Jim (May '85): I don't know where in Jersey he comes from, but he's full of rat shit.

I ride an '82 shovelhead and a Triumph 750 Hurricane. For years I rode an 850 Norton. I gotta admit there's no comparison to the Hog, but

when I rode to swap meets or biker bars, I always got respect from dudes who rode Harleys. English scoots were side by side with H-Ds until '73 when BSA died, then '75 when Norton died, and until '78 when Triumph bit the big one. They passed into history along with others because of the shit coming over from the Orient.

Wildman
Little Falls, N.J.

Urine Test

□ This is for Randy, the bro who wants the advice on how to beat the urinalysis tests.

My ol' man says that drinking white vinegar just before the test works. Also, put a little bit of table salt in your pocket to put in the little bottle.

He's had about nine of the "tests" and has aced every one.

Caretaker's Ol' Lady
Casper, Wyo.

□ During the late '70s in San Diego, I had the misfortune of being on heroin and probation at the same time and was tested once a month. Twenty-four hours before

being tested, I consumed huge amounts of liquids and Golden Seal, a foul-tasting black substance acquired in drugstores. I would take four or five horse caps during the period before I went in. I always made it through the tests — maybe it will work for others.

Jefferis
St. Paul, Minn.

No Thieves

□ In answer to Rogie, the Jap bike rider from Toronto (May '85), talking that he can't afford a Harley: good! One sentence in his letter said, "So I begged for old parts and made what I couldn't steal." He can stay on his fuckin' Jap shit. We don't need any fuckin' thieves down here to fuck up someone's hard work and money that goes into a scooter just to have some punk thief come and rip it off.

The Couv
Houston, Tex.

Hurrah For Rock 'n' Roll

□ This is in response to Jim from Fresno, California, and "A Bro" from Collinsville, Virginia (April '85): Dead-

head, indeed! Thank God for rock 'n' roll. Harley's rock 'n' roll — that's an American dream. Picture this: Bruce Springsteen, John Cougar, and Bob Seger on a Harley — right on! But can you see Conway Twitty or Merle Haggard on one? Ha! No way! So here's to AC/DC, Bruce Springsteen, John Cougar — all the good rock 'n' rollers. Rock 'n' roll, fuckers — forever.

Beth
Paragould, Ark.

Helmets for Animals

□ Let's pass a helmet law for cage drivers with pets in their laps. Don't want the poor little things to get hurt!

Shovelhead Ed
Marysville, Calif.

What Happened?

□ In the March '85 issue an *Easyriders* Biker Bash was mentioned. Any more info?

Peri Baker
Oakland, Calif.

■ The location for the Bash fell through, but we're going to have one as soon as we get our shit together.

Continued on page 119

ANOTHER GREAT "HANG-UP" FROM DAVE MANN

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#M-17 See Previous Page

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02	T-Bomb.....	640 firecrackers	5.50	24 pol	99.90
03	T-Bomb.....	1280 firecrackers	9.40	12 pol	99.90
04	T-Bomb.....	2000 firecrackers	16.80	8 pol	99.10
05	Black Cat.....	480 firecrackers	5.10	32 pol	115.90
06	Black Cat.....	1600 firecrackers	15.90	10 pol	129.90
07	M-60.....	Box of 72 firecrackers	M-00	20 boxes	239.00

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09	8-Ball Chinese Candle.....	1 doz.	6.00
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12	Tank wireport	1 doz.	5.50
13	Beehive	4 each	6.00
14	Booby Traps	1 doz. boxes	2.50
15	Happy Lamps	1 doz.	8.90
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17	Red Rat Chaser wireport	144 pieces	7.50
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19	#8 Gold Black Cat Sparklers	1 doz. boxes \$ 3.50
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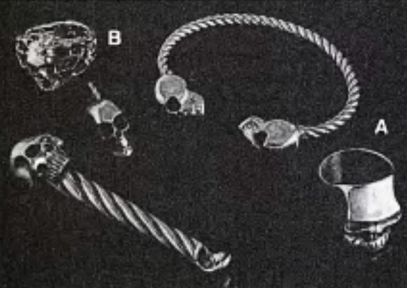
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Vet Voice

Continued from page 48

likely you are to have PTSD; in fact, the more combat, often the greater the severity of the disorders. As Dr. Goodwin states, "One proven predictor of the intensity of the disruptive symptoms is the extent to which the veteran was exposed to actual combat." Which merely confirms what plain common sense told the rest of us long ago.

Much of my information for this series came from a huge (five volumes with two appendices) compendium entitled *Legacies Of Vietnam: Comparative Adjustment of Veterans and Their Peers*. This four-inch-thick study was done for the VA by The Center for Policy Research, Inc., NYC, and copyrighted March 1981. Five noted psychologists participated in the research: Drs. Egendorf (himself a Vietnam vet), Kadushin, Laufer, Rothbart, and Sloan. Henceforth, when quoting I'll just refer to the study as *Legacies*.

Combat — and the degree to which it was experienced — is, then, the prime factor in the diagnosis of PTSD and its severity. Dr. Goodwin states, "In developing a diagnosis of PTSD, chronic and/or delayed, it is particularly important to be empathetic to the horrors of the combat situation. Many veterans have struggled endlessly to suppress these feelings, in part because of the refusal of society to even acknowledge their existence."

Many of us who saw heavy and prolonged combat never got it out of our systems like our World War II and other brothers. Veterans and citizens of those eras have assumed we must be weaker if we saw the same or similar hardships and fell prey to the disturbances we have while they didn't. The fact is that we came home to a vastly different climate and many of



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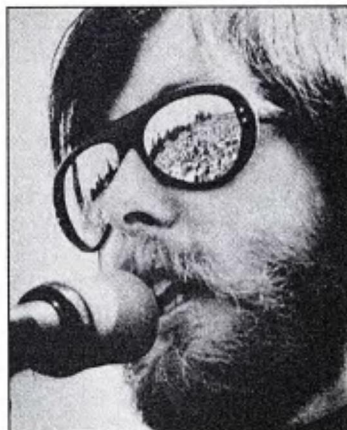
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us were forced to survive by burying our emotions for over a decade. We often went from battlefield to Main Street in a mere 48 hours, whereas our older brethren had the distinct and recognized advantage of long months on troopships, sharing their experiences with others who'd seen the same thing. Then, upon return, America was in love with these heroes and gave them every benefit and support. On the other hand, we found it difficult to obtain our benefits. (And the benefits were less adequate than those of previous wars/eras.)

According to Goodwin, "When the [Vietnam] veteran finally returned home, his fantasy about his DEROS date was replaced by a rather harsh reality. As previously stated, WWII vets took weeks, sometimes months, to return home with their buddies. Vietnam vets returned home alone. Many made the transition in less than 36 hours. Most made it in under a week. The civilian population of the WWII era had been treated to movies about the struggles of readjustment for veterans (i.e., 'The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit,' 'Pride of the Marines,' etc.) to prepare them to help the veteran. The civilian population of the Vietnam era was treated to the horrors of the war on the six o'clock news. They were tired and numb to the whole experience. . . some were even fighting mad. . . WWII veterans came home to victory parades. Vietnam veterans witnessed antiwar marches and protests. For WWII veterans, resort hotels were taken over and made into redistribution centers to which veterans could bring their

wives and devote two weeks to the initial homecoming. For Vietnam veterans, there were screaming antiwar crowds and locked military bases where they processed back into civilian life in two or three days."

Anyone with any sense of fairness can see how this drastic difference would contribute to psychological disorders and to a definite lack of re-adjustment. All men and women who served in Vietnam came home to this terrible disillusionment. But your psychologist also understands today that the very nature of our war contributed to the severity of the trauma suffered by Vietnam vets and that combat — especially heavy combat — worsens the condition even further.

In *Stresses Of War: The Example of Vietnam*, by Arthur Blank, there is this description of how Vietnam stacks up against other wars, which should help you understand why you are in the position you're in.

I. Stresses Typical for All Wars:

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- Special stresses of the combat situation:
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 - Authoritarian organization
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 - Immersion in an extraordinarily poor Third World society
 - Chaos and confusion
- III. Psychological Stresses Secondary to the General Political Character of the War**
- Experience of absurd waste
 - Government deceit and misjudgment
 - Massive national conflict
 - Defeat

The above is fairly self-explanatory. You can see how the nature of the Vietnam War contributed to the greater severity of combat stress. And this also shows you that psychologists today know much more about our war and its effects on veterans than they did a few years ago (and more than you've probably assumed they do). Even more important, the list clearly shows how much more severe conditions were for those who actually participated in the fighting. Psychologists are very aware of this, too, and you may expect that they will be better able than ever to empathize with your experiences. A vet should not need to explain as much as he once might have.

This is especially important for the veteran of heavy combat, who is least likely to want to recall bad experiences. It will take much time, in most cases, to develop proper rapport — the

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trust that is needed — with the psychologist. As Joel Osler Brende, MD, said in *Combined Group Therapy for Vietnam Veterans*: "Even though every combat soldier has been traumatized and harbors the residual effects of that trauma within him, he will be unable to disclose his pain until the right circumstances allow it, and then only gradually."

Therefore, determining the degree of combat a vet has seen not only helps the psychologist become aware of the degree of probability that the vet is suffering PTSD, but it helps him design his approach in dealing with that vet and in helping him deal with his war experiences. The probability of PTSD, the severity of it, and the method of analysis that will be used all hang on the distinction between VEVs, VVs with low combat, VVs with high combat, and VVs with no combat experience.

Of course, your service history will immediately tell the doctor if you're a VV. But some sort of scale had to be developed to help him gauge the degree of actual combat to which each vet was exposed. What I am about to disclose is something very, very few vets are aware exists.

It is called "The 13-Point Combat Scale," a set of 10 test questions designed to determine the extent of combat experiences, prepared by Drs. Mark Gallop, Robert Laufer, and Thomas Yager. A maximum of fourteen points may be scored on the test, but it's called the "13-point scale" due to the fact that it's unlikely one would score a full 14. When it was being tested, no veteran in the samples scored more than 13 points. (This is because it would be necessary for a vet to have been in both the artillery and another combat arms, especially the infantry, in order to have all of the experiences.)

When you take this test yourself, be sure to answer honestly. Don't try to heighten or lower your score. It's important that you come out on the scale exactly where you belong. All

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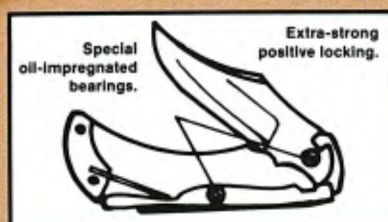
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that's required is a "yes" or "no" answer to each of the 10 questions. (Each question is given a certain numerical value — it's "weight.") Just check off each question to which you must answer "yes" and then add up the points for all affirmative answers at the end.

THE 13-POINT COMBAT SCALE

Combat Experiences:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Served in an artillery unit which fired on the enemy | 1 |
| 2. Flew over Vietnam in an aircraft | 1 |
| 3. Was stationed at a forward observation post | 1 |
| 4. Received incoming fire | 1 |
| 5. Encountered mines and boobytraps | 1 |
| 6. Received sniper or sapper fire | 1 |
| 7. Unit patrol was ambushed | 2 |
| 8. Engaged VC in a fire-fight and/or engaged NVA in a firefight | 2 |
| 9. Saw Americans killed and/or saw Vietnamese killed | 2 |
| 10. Was wounded | 2 |

(maximum score: 14)

If you answered "no" to all questions, you are rated at "0" and are, of course, classified as a non-combat Vietnam veteran. A rating of 1-6 places the veteran in "low combat" and a rating of 7-14 puts the vet in "high combat."

I want to caution every bro who takes this test one more time: This isn't a test of how "well" you did in Nam. A zero to low score isn't supposed to make you feel guilty and a higher score isn't supposed to make you either proud or exceptionally worried. The test is only a tool of psychology.

It is true that the higher a vet places on the scale, the greater the probability he is suffering from, or will suffer



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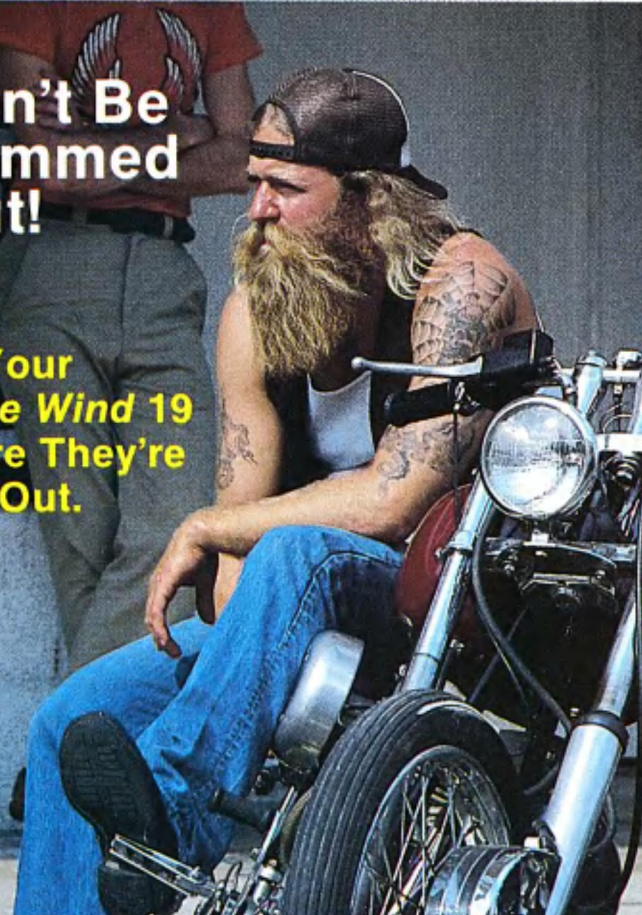
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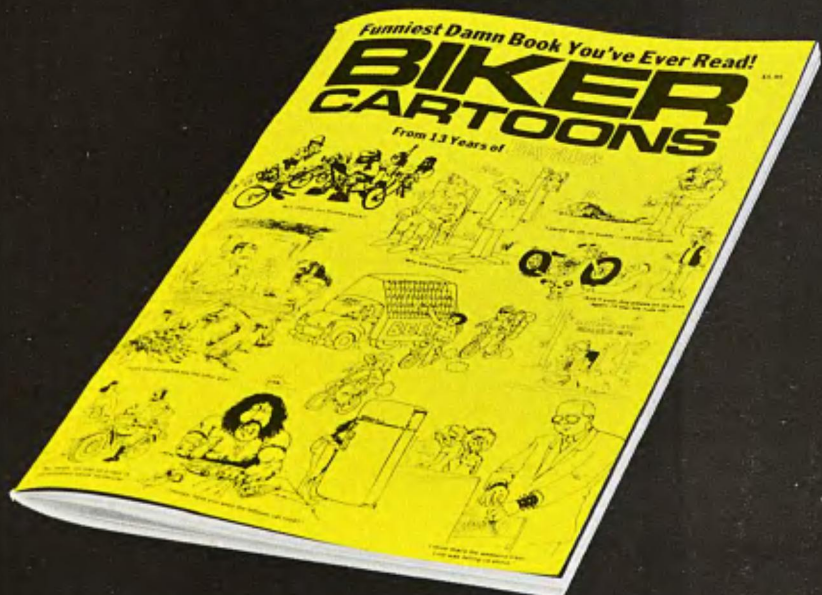


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from, PTSD. It is also true that the higher the score, the greater may be the severity of his disorders. But it isn't all that pat and neat.

There are some indications that veterans scoring in the "low combat" group may be better adjusted than either "high combat" or non-combat vets. In *Legacies*, a study of arrests shows that, of men of the same age group, 24 percent of high-combat vets and 17 percent of Vietnam Era Vets were arrested after service, while only 10 percent of the low-combat group were arrested. Even non-vets were arrested more as a group (14 percent).

The phenomenon has also been reported of vets who went to Nam, but who saw no combat, coming home with more guilt feelings than those who'd seen combat. This occurs in some non-combat vets because they feel they "didn't do their part."

Even more surprising is the phenomenon of some former protestors and draft-evaders today feeling some guilt over not having served. Some even admit to admiration for those who went to Vietnam. An example comes from Myra MacPherson's excellent book, *Long Time Passing: Vietnam & the Haunted Generation*. She reports on one individual who evaded induction by inhaling canvas dust to revive a childhood case of bronchial asthma. Now, years later, he is haunted by ambivalence: "...as I survey my friends and acquaintances who have served, I notice something disturbing that makes me want to rethink the issue. To put it bluntly, they have something we haven't got. It is, to be sure, somewhat vague, but nonetheless real, and can be embraced under several headings: realism, discipline, masculinity (kind of a dirty word these days), resilience, tenacity, resourcefulness. . . I'm not at all sure that they didn't turn out to be better men, in the best sense of the word."

Combat vs. noncombat, high vs. low — there is much more that remains to be discussed before this series can be complete. In Part Four, we'll do just that. ■

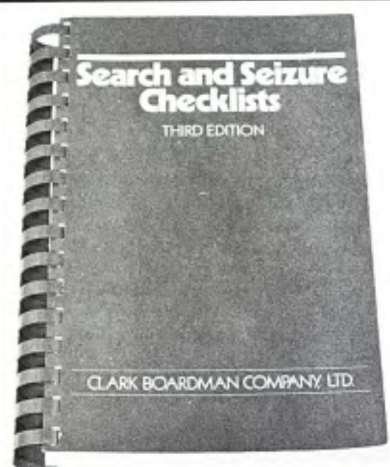
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Puzzle found on page 84



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Two-Wheel Tale

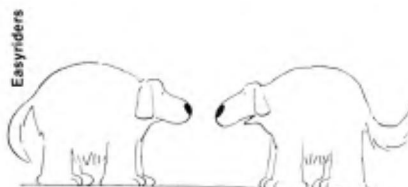
That's The Breaks by Cherokee

So, it's late at night, see, 'cause I had to put in my regular, full day of work before I could set off on this miserable errand, and now I'm truckin' down I-15 with my fuckin' sled in the back, 'cause the bitch took a shit on me halfway between nowhere and nowhere else. About the same time that I notice I've got a drunk up ahead of me (or someone who's gettin' a little head and ain't got his mind on the nothin' but), I remember my fuckin' bucket — specifically, I remember that I tossed the sonuvabitch off into the weeds when the bike shut down and I never got around to goin' after it. Well, that's 75 bucks I'm never gonna see again and the real pisser is that the only reason I laid out the bread in the first fuckin' place was on account of the doc tellin' me that if I was gonna run through the mountains in January with an ear infection that I sure as shit oughta cover 'em (my ears, that is). Okay, so now I'm pissed.

Don't know what the hell is wrong with the scooter, do know that I'll get less than five hours of sleep before I've gotta get up and put my nose back on the grindstone (if I ever get home), and now there's this lousy drunk in front of me, weaving his cage from lane to lane like some big fat, chunky needle stitching a design on the night. Hey, ordinarily I'd have been past his ass a long, long ways back, but pullin' uphill in a loaded pickup don't exactly make for jack-rabbit driving. Just as I start to wonder where to pull off to the side and light up the J that I brought along for in case things got as bad as it seemed likely — or at least possible — they might, two loud stereophonic VAROOOOOOOMS fly past me, one on each side.

I flash on the fact they're a pair of CHP bike boys just as they catch up

Continued on page 110



"Smell any good assholes lately?"

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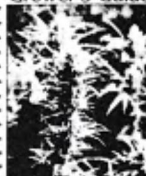
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The Bestselling

MARIJUANA GROWER'S GUIDE

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

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PLEASE READ!

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.

"OLD-STYLE" HINGED FENDER



**Can you believe
it? \$99⁹⁵**

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.

ORDER BELOW

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Another one of those products we have seen advertised for less than we pay for them. Our kit is designed to add a kickstarter to your 4-speed tranny. The kicker cover is reinforced and the kicker arm is chrome, not polished. Our kit includes ALL OF THE PARTS NEEDED TO CONVERT. Does your bargain brand?

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without caps

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Our pipes are American-made and of ONE-PIECE construction. No welds. Has a concealed mount. The chrome is superb. These are not cheap pipes.

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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.

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1985 Harley-Davidson Softail (FXST)

Win This Motorcycle

Fourth Annual Harley Davidson Giveaway

Second Prize: His and Hers Black Hills Gold Harley Davidson Rings. (Donated by Stamper Black Hills Gold Co. of Rapid City, SD)

Someone will win this 1985 Harley-Davidson Softail (FXST) or the pair of His and Hers Black Hills Gold Harley Davidson rings. It could be you! DRAWING TO BE AUGUST 10, 1985 at 5:00 p.m. at the Sturgis, SD City Auditorium. NEED NOT BE PRESENT TO WIN! All proceeds will go to Easter Seals. (Endorsed by Easter Seal Society, South Dakota Affiliate.)

To enter, just fill out the coupon below and enclose with your \$2.00 donation. You may enter as many

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All entries must be received by July 31, 1985. Void where prohibited by law.

Mail entries to: Fourth Annual Harley Davidson Giveaway, P.O. Box 7539, Rapid City, SD 57709.

For name of winner, send self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ ZIP _____
Phone _____

Fourth Annual Harley Davidson Giveaway
P.O. Box 7539
Rapid City, SD 57709



Please do your part for Easter Seals and have a chance to win a 1985 Harley-Davidson Softail (FXST).

Advertising has been donated.

with the drunk and I'm glad that a pair of "our own" — I mean, the fuckers are on Harleys, ain't they? — are gonna pull this shitass over. But, nooooo. They go into his lane to do their split-up around his fuckin' Fairlane, and the cock-sucker just sorta weaves on over to within a little RCH of the one on the left, but they don't connect, and the cops don't even slow down, and they sure don't pull the asshole over. Those turkeys. Ya hear all this crud on TV and ya read it in the papers about how things are toughening up all over for drunks on wheels and these two bozos are hellbent on breaking the world land-speed record and fuck everything else. Well, hell, I guess I can relate to that, too.

But, God, I'm tired of driving, tired of hearing the same five songs on the radio broken up by 10-minute clusters of commercials and then back to samo-samo. The light mist has turned into rain, so add another 45 minutes to the length of time it's gonna take me to get to my house. Might as well not even bother goin' to bed, but there's only one other thing I can think of to do to kill the time before I have to go to work and I know the ol' lady ain't gonna go for that at this hour. Shit. The sled'll probably be in the shop until hell freezes over judging from the amount of work they had back there the last time I looked. Feels like this ear infection is filling up my entire skull now. Just gotta keep tellin' myself it's the altitude, that once I get down to the flatlands everything will be okay. Those beans I took three — or was it more like six? — hours ago don't seem to be doin' shit for me. Guess maybe I oughta adjust my attitude: just wish I knew how. Damn bike. What I'd really like to do right now is run this whole rig right over the side with a brick on the accelerator and sit up here smokin' that J. watchin' the whole fuckin' mess burn up. Good thing I'm a Harley dealer or I believe I'd actually do it. Thing is, with an entire showroom full of scoots, how bad can things ever really be? ■

Easyriders



"Well, I did ask you if you wanted to smoke a joint."

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.

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS

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David Sarafan, Inc., P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977. (914) 356-1080. (152)

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Call or write for H-D catalog. (616) 636-8200. (155)

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British Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (146)

Euro-Cycle Imports, 1925 N. MacArthur, Oklahoma City, OK 73217. (800) 527-5544. Inside Oklahoma, (405) 787-3440. (149)

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Marine Engineering and Machining, Inc. 709 E. Adele St., Anaheim, CA 92805. (714) 776-4830. (156)

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Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250 + pages) & T-shirt, \$9.95. 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (149)

Piggy Malone's, \$1, Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 843-7777. (149)

Steamboat Enter., Box 7232, San Diego, CA 92107. (149)

H-D 45" Restoration Co., \$2. Box 12843, Albany, NY 12212. (518) 459-5012. We ship COD. (154)

Brodeur's Wheel Service, free. 777 S. Washington St., No. Attleboro, MA 02760. (617) 699-2148. (148)

Sides Line Sunglasses, free. Box 1238, Jackson, CA 95642. (149)

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The Shop, 2546 W. 69th St., Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (150)

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Truett & Osborn Cycle, 3345 E. 31st Street So., Wichita, KS 67216. (316) 682-4781. (151)

Majestic Motor Co., Box 161 Rt. 10, Bath, NY 14810. (607) 776-9353. (145)

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Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (149)

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Brooks Leathers, 14511 W. 11 Mile Road, Oak Park, MI 48237. (800) 662-3615. (149)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (149)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adell, WI 53001-0230. (414) 994-4013. (149)

Forman Harley-Davidson, 115 N. Main St., Stillwater, OK 74074. (405) 377-0045. (149)

Brown's Plating, Route #5 Box 534, Paducah, KY 42001-9040. (502) 554-1146. (153)

Frisco Choppers (new/used H-D parts bought/sold) 375 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. (415) 864-4242. (149)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

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Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (149)

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RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825 Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA 91748. (818) 336-3822. (149)

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Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (149)

Jammer Cycle (800) 423-2633 (outside of Calif.); (800) 453-9651 (Calif. only). (149)

Parts Galore, Inc., 5921 Middlebelt, Garden City, MI 48135. (313) 522-7903. (149)

Pinellas Custom Cycle, Box 284, Pinellas Park, FL 34290. (813) 546-6553. (149)

Andrews Products, 5212 N. Shapland Ave., Rosemont, IL 60018. (312) 992-4014. (153)

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The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (149)

SPEEDOMETERS

Paramount Speedometer, 8845 Alondra Blvd., Paramount, CA 90723. (213) 630-9753. (148)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (155)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (149)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgment. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment® This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

W/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., age 39. Seeking correspondence from all sincere ladies. Will answer all. John Chioimino 84A0311, GMCF, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (145)

W/m wants kinky girls from Australia to send flicks and letters. Let's get something started. Big Red, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

W/m, 32, 6'2", 200 lbs., brown and blue. T. Rich 86427, Camp A-D-1, Angola, LA 70712. Flicks get one back; all answered. (144)

Candy Kane, 42DD. Seeing is believing. Send \$3 for your own personal picture and letter. Candy, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 134, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (150)

Star hub salvation: Convert your trashed Star hub to Timken bearings and it will last forever. For more info, send SASE to Bruce Rester, Box 5100, Phoenix, AZ 85010. (145)

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)

Saddlebags, \$59; vests, \$44; chaps, \$79; jackets & pants, \$84. Many other American-made leather products at super prices. Free catalog. Spiders Den, Box 69, Karns City, PA 16042. (146)

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)

Larsen Leathers. New/used cycle gear; free catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. 1-703-382-4668. (154)

Confidential Virginia remaining address. Ty, 300 Plume St., Norfolk, VA 23510. (145)

Tattoo machines, \$75 up. Chromed quality. Send \$2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (155)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium, 3747 W. 63rd St., Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 582-4500. (147)

For Sale: Approximately 110 issues of *Easyriders*, complete 1978 through present, plus assorted previous issues. Also, some *In The Wind*, calendars, et cetera. \$175 postpaid. Write first to reserve. L&S, Box 1202, Beltsville, MD 20705. (145)

Bill: Happy birthday on the big 4th. You've made me happier beyond my wildest dreams. I'll love you always. Your Cornbread. (145)

Two white righteous brothers locked away in hell. Need letters and possible visits from ladies in the free world. Write to James Landy and Wayman Harris, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845. (145)

Latin w/m, 39, 145 lbs., 5'7", needs correspondence with sincere lady. Photo exchange, etc. Raul Rivera 84A1534, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (145)

Cory: Happy birthday to my ol' man, 6/8/85. You're the best, babe. I love you. Li'l Donna. (145)

Retired Iron Horseman "Tricky Mick" is locked down again and would love to get letters and pictures from any scooter people. Please write James Hall 93187, NPTC Dorm #1, Box 479, Burgin, KY 40310. (145)

Professional tattooing handbook. Diagrams, trade secrets, valuable tips, removing formulas, expert instruction, illustrated. 72 pages, \$22.95. Tattooer, Box 242-F, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (145)

Crash: Well, you've made it to the ripe ol' age of 31. Still haven't changed my mind. You're the greatest. Happy 31st birthday, with all my love. Love ya. Tiny Tits. (145)

McGill K.J.: Happy birthday, bro, 6/1. Sorry I missed you in Daytona '85. If '84 wasn't your year for your Harley, '85 could be. Call me collect at (303) 778-7147 after 7 p.m. Shotgun Willie. (146)

Did you have all the facts when you crucified me? You're acting like Toma's principal at school. There are always two sides. You're easier to replace than do this. I love you. Arthur J. Baker, of Corbin, Ky., get it together or color me gone. Betty of Lordsburg, N.M. 88045.

Candyman: December 28, 1984, was the beginning of our new life together. I love you with all my heart. Noontime. (145)

Attention, ladies: Handsome Libra, body builder, 27, 5'7", 159 lbs., seeks affectionate, warm-hearted, understanding lady, 23-50, for love, marriage and children. Freedom in '87. Miguel Oviedo 80A1555, A-2, WCF, Attica, NY 14011-0501. (145)

Need some cash, selling stash. H-Ds, 1917 and up, some pans and knuckles and side cars. Ohio. (216) 823-6917.

September 20: George, happy 24th birthday, babe. You're the best man ever to come in my life! I love you with all my heart, body and soul. Dorthy.

Chicks: Let me photograph you skinny-dipping in a mountain stream. Call Steve, (916) 541-1674, or send photo/phone number to Box 10403, Zephyr Cove, NV 89448. (145)

I'm looking for my special woman. She is approximately 5'2", 120 lbs., 30, shapely, smart, fun, gourmet in the kitchen, where in bed, lady on the street, likes to laugh, ride, boat, and would relocate to Florida. Send pix with letter to John, 637 Childre Avenue, Titusville, FL 32796. (145)

Death row prisoner, 38, been down eight years, would like to hear from anyone. Jim Jeffers, Box B-38604, Florence, AZ 85232. (145)

Northern California biker looking for the right woman. Country life on the Coast. Must be willing to work. Letters with pictures answered first; get same. Greasy Mike, Box 565, Little River, CA 95456. (145)

W/m, 32, good-looking, 6' tall, 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Looking for that special lady. Write to James A. Leach 153-703, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069. (145)

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. (145)

Lonely w/m prisoner without friends needs woman with heart who wants to be appreciated. Ron Moynihan 69753, TSP, Trenton, NJ 08625. (145)

Lonely, would appreciate letters from any and all ladies. Age, looks unimportant; pictures appreciated. Will answer same day Larry Giles 152-854, MCI, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

W/m, 6', 200 lbs., 'Nam vet, oilfield worker, full-time biker, young 30s, wants good ol' lady with plenty of heart. One rugrat okay. Will care well for both. My home's in Texas and you gotta like the country. I took a chance — now it's your turn. Letter with photo to Tex, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265.

Women In The Wind MC (Toledo/Chicago) is interested in hearing from lady bikers to possibly start new chapters across USA or world. Box 8392, Toledo, OH 43605. (145)

Moe: I've worked with you, I've partied with you, and so far I've got no complaints. See you this summer. Your blood bro Whiskey. (145)

Chicagoland easyriders: Summer's here. White, tall, good-looking brunette, 34, easygoing but not easy, someone you would be proud to have on your bike. Looking for a good-looking, intelligent, employed, single biker for riding, races, runs, or just a little small talk over a six-pack. I'm a good, as yet undiscovered, lady. Photo letters answered first. Please include telephone and address. I'm not a mooch — I pay my own way, so nobody's in the trick bag. Happy ride! "Lady," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

Biker rings, \$14.95. Sterling silver. Choose from 37 styles. \$1 for catalog. I.S.I., Box 2251, Sandy, UT 84091. (145)

Close-out. Fingerless studded leather gloves, \$9.95. I.S.I., Box 2251, Sandy, UT 84091. (145)

Wanted: Woman under 30 who has it and flaunts it. Leos and Scorpios need not reply. I'm 5'8", 165 lbs., drink, smoke, party, and ride a lot. Financially independent, semi-retired at 40. One trustworthy, dependable split-tail could have lasting relationship with one-woman man. Send picture for one. "Crazyman," 1732 N.W. 37th, Oklahoma City, OK 73118. (145)

Active Huns want to contact inactive Huns in USA and Canada. Write Krockidile, c/o Huns, Box 382, Westland, PA 15378. (145)

W/m, 34, long brown hair/beard, tattooed bro, patchholder, needs no-bullshit sister of the wind for ol' lady. No games, just good times. I'm slightly used, but good ol' man material. Photo with first kite. John Coopwood, Box 8354, Tyler, TX 75711. (145)

Indian side car, highest offer. \$1.50 for photo. Tony Hatcher, 490 Norfolk Ave., Bristol, VA 24201. (145)

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. (145)

Top quality 1 1/2" and 1 3/4" leather belts (5/16" thick). Available in black and brown. 30"-48", \$10.50; 50"-72" \$12.50. M.o. or c.c. in U.S. funds. Satisfaction guaranteed! (\$5 extra outside continental U.S.) Custom Leather Works, 810 Court St., Pekin, IL 61654. (145)

Tired of being tracked? Drop the ex or the bill collectors a line and tell them you're working the oil patch in Wyoming. For a buck, I'll email it from here so it's got the postmark to prove you've skipped town. Jim Armstrong, Box 2561, Gillette, WY 82716. (145)

Verdict: H.D. Crouse, an innocent man convicted without evidence in Tazewell County, Virginia, 1/31/85, of a crime that never occurred. TRH, have you no conscience? The truth will be known! (145)

Rags: Still trying to keep in touch; this is the last place I know of to look for you. Are you still out there? If so, please call (817) 625-7654. I miss my home lots. Love ya and take good care. B.B. (145)

W/m, 31, 5'3", 150 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, beard and moustache. Need letters from ladies over 18 for pen pal or ol' lady. No fatties, no kids. Ken Bunce-2, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (145)

Down bro doing time. Need some babes to write. Write soon — going nuts! W/m, 23, brown hair and eyes, 150 lbs. Tony Note 84A4282, Box 168, Watertown, NY 13601-0168. (145)

W/m, 41, needs female companionship via letters. Will answer all! Al Martino 82A4610, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821.

"Learn Tattooing A-Z." Secrets from internationally renowned tattooist Token Tom. Illustrated. Money-back guarantee! \$10. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (145)

Two w/m down and longing to hear from any of you good-hearted ladies. Will trade flicks. No head games. Cesare Simonelli 74339, and Don Casper 69699. SSCP-2, Box 150, Delmont, NJ 08314.

W/m, 33, 5'9", 200 lbs., out in '87. Would like letters and photos from ladies, 18-40. Will answer all. Hootsie Morgan 89461, Star Rt. Box 70, Hodgen, OK 74939. (145)

Tattoo power controls, from \$50. Send \$1 for particulars to Tattoo Techniques, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (145)

Klem: Caught your eye, huh! Please don't shut me out. I'm trying; please work with me. Hope you get Rare Bear on the road so you can take me for a ride. How about to Frisco? We had some good times back there. Love, Lo. (145)

Stock 1979 Low Rider, custom engine work, lots of chroming. \$3000 cash only — firm! Samuel "Panther" Webb, Rt. 5 Box 296B, Martinsville, VA 24112. (145)

Lookin' for one relaxed, slim, affectionate, sincere female, around age 29. I'm 6', 175 lbs., Italian, a Cancer, ridin' a '74. Good sense of humor; look good enough not to scare ya. Ready to stick with right lady. Vinnie. (312) 342-5010. (145)

Young male death row inmate would like to hear from any females. Steve James, Box B-46150, Florence, AZ 85232. (146)

Tattoo inks, bright colors. Tattoo designs, \$1 per sheet. Send \$1 for brochures to Britt, Box 33, Alexis, NC 28006. (156)

Downed Pagan. Been in for five years, need donations for trial transcript, legal fees and a pair of sneakers. Send postal money orders to Nick Barnett 157369, Maryland Penitentiary, Baltimore, MD 21202. (145)

Wanted: Strong, exhibitionistic, slightly freaky, direct woman who can appreciate wants and needs of man who's been down seven years (with a couple more left). I'm 5'11", 175 lbs., into iron. Downed pilot willing to give you your mile-high and red wings through the mail. John Garfield, C05782, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376. (145)

Flying Dutchman, NYC: We were pen pals in '82. Eastern College-Camp Georgetown. Are you in the Bronx? I'm in Manhattan. Let's meet. IDA, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (145)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (151)

W/m, 6', 30, 195 lbs., brown hair and eyes, Ohio biker. Need foxy biker lady, 18 to 30, 100-125 lbs., for on and off the road relationship. Must be into sex, bikes, partying, and taking care of the ol' man and scooter. No head games. Must be loyal. Send close-up picture of face and revealing picture of body, plus letter with phone number to Brando, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (145)

I want a black-haired, good-looking, well-built, mature, dedicated woman. Chuck Zehring, K6567B, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17111. (145)

Down w/m wants woman, any age, anywhere, who wants to be kept and supported. Be out soon. Financially, I am very secure. Terry Morrand, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (145)

Tattooing — lots o' fun. Huge profits possible! Easy to learn. Exciting details, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-G, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (145)

Down biker and lonely as hell. Six in, two to go. Would like to meet sincere, lonely biker woman, 18 to 35, to help ease this pain. Please, no games. I'm 6', 200 lbs., long brown hair, brown eyes, age 33. Will exchange photos. Larry Cashelle 79A2246, Box G, Walkkill, NY 12589. (145)

Three downed scooter tramps in need of correspondence with females. Soon to be free. Jerry McMahon 101569 (30, 6'2", 195 lbs., brown hair and eyes). Phillip Prince 101556 (20, 6'1", 195 lbs., brown hair and eyes). Rick Ardeneaux 107514 (28, 5'6", 155 lbs., brown hair and eyes). Mailing address: WCI, Snow II, Rt. 2 Box 500, Angie, LA 70426. (145)

Rhonda: Been looking for you. I want to talk. Get in touch! Bob Hougen 571-49-0392, Bco. 1/327 INF., Ft. Campbell, KY 42223. (145)

It's like this: We're two dudes locked away until '86 and we're looking for the right ladies to have a welcome back party that will last a lifetime. We're financially well off; will be interested in relocating if possible. No subject too heavy or simple. Send us pictures and we'll return the same. One Indian and one w/m will answer all. Jeffery Lee 315051, and Rod S. Johnson 375688, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583. (145)

Male prisoner, 44, needs sexy letters from gals, or gals who need to know that somebody cares for them. Eddie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265. (145)

W/m, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond hair and blue eyes, forgotten about. Looking for letters and flicks from sincere ladies. Due to be released to northern Ind. area in early '86. David Havad 01151-027, Box 1000, Marion Camp, Marion, IL 62959. (145)

W/m Colombian bro, 32, 5'7", 135 lbs., would like to hear from you ladies to help make this last two years a little easier. Age not important. Alirio Orduna 84-A-4844, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (145)

Dale Seib: I love you. Call me. Pat Sims. (145)

Snake: Whatever happens, remember how we loved. The past year of sexual and emotional highs has been the best fuckin' (pun intended) year of my life. You will always be a part of my heart if not my life (hopefully both, you asshole). Lizard. (145)

'77 Triumph Silver Jubilee 750cc. 9000 original miles, never ridden in wet. Garaged in beach area, so needs paint and chrome. \$1600. Bertus, 1340 N. Hacienda, La Puente, CA 91744. Telephone (818) 917-6171. (145)

Tattoo manual in English. A must for every tattoo artist. Limited edition. All tattoo secrets and techniques described. Don't miss it! Send \$29 to Custom Tatoo, Box 60, Wervershoof, Holland. (145)

My master: 7/22/83 (still glad I went South with you). You gave me the best times of my life and though we had some rough times, we never really had any bad times. I know you can't tether an Eagle. Wherever you are, you are the one and only, Babe. All my love, Your Guardian Angel. (145)

Intelligent, good-humored, handsome, innocent saint seeking correspondence and friendship from female. Write Darrell Calhoun 51751, Box 600 B-3, Canyon City, CO 81212. (145)

Lonely, incarcerated male, 5'11", 185 lbs., attractive, understanding, compassionate, seeking letters from any serious-minded woman. Race not important. Will answer all. If possible, send photos. Ken Gaston 77C591, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (145)

Swap meets, May 19 and June 23, Hi-Way 40 Drive-In, Kansas City, Mo. June 30 at State Fairgrounds, Oklahoma City. (145)

Two w/m need correspondence from ladies to combat prison blues. Age no problem. Long-lasting relationship possible. Kids okay. Send photos, please. Will answer all. Donald De Forge 23224 (34, 6'2", 195 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes), and David Smith 26575 (33, 5'11", 145 lbs., light brown hair, blue eyes). Box 100, Somers, CT 06071. (145)

Good-looking 34-year-old w/m, getting out of prison soon and looking for a sincere and honest lady, preferably from California unless willing to relocate. No games. Kids okay. Richard McCray, C39332, Box 441, Chino, CA 91710. (145)

Mellow white biker couple, 30s. He: 5'11", long blond hair and beard, 155 lbs. She: 5'4", 118 lbs., reddish-brown hair. Looking for couples and girls to party and ride with. Also looking for female live-in for disabled ol' lady. We're building a home in the country with hot tub. Please, no rugrats or moochers. Letters with photo answered first. Skip, Box 369, Jennings, OK 74038. (145)

Ladies: Looking for a change? A new life and country living? My heart's been broken, but the pieces are all there waiting to be tenderly put back together. I'm a sensitive, warm but strong 26-yr-old country boy searching for an open-hearted, sincere, good-looking lady. No older than 30, no heavy drug users, and no mothers, please. A wondrous life awaits us both, and a chance for a new life for a special girl wanting to start over. Please include a recent photo and a phone number where you can be reached. Will answer all replies personally and return photo if it doesn't work out. A new life in the rural Midwest can be found right here! Oz, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

Ladies: Missouri w/m, 30, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, decent-looking, employed, a Leo. I'm honest, sincere, caring, and enjoy children. In search of a good, warm-hearted, understanding, open-minded woman, slim to average build, who enjoys partying, music, fun times, togetherness, and living life to the fullest extent — sometimes getting a little crazy. Looks not as important as inner beauty. Prefer someone who is willing to relocate. Sincere only; no head games needed. Please send photo with letter; all correspondence will be answered. Incarcerated women are welcome to write. If you are looking for someone who will treat you right, give me a try. We will never know if we were meant for each other if you don't! What have you got to lose? Write "Ace," c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

Huck says, "See our advertisement this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment." We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. If it's better, we'll build it. "Spaulding" — the first name in tattooing. "You can cuss me but not my equipment." (150)

W/m, 24, 180 lbs., light brown hair, hazel eyes, been down five years, wishes to meet Christian ladies. Write Jim Lawhead, CMC B-3398, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (145)

Down and depressed w/m, 35, needs lady who'll write and send pictures to adorn these bleak gray walls. Interests include kids, dogs, camping and photography. Age, looks secondary. Pictures, please. Ben Blondet 356499, Rt. 4 Box 1300, Rosharon, TX 77583. (145)

Pot-grower's transplanting instructions. Ground-to-containers, 6" to 6' plants. \$5 cash, plus SASE, or \$6.95 m.o. K.N., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

Five acres near Berkley Springs, W. Va. Middle of nowhere, road's good, gentle slope. \$7500. If you gotta call collect, don't call. (301) 799-7817 between 7-9 p.m. (145)

W/m, 42, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, sincere, quiet, down-to-earth. Interested in meeting sincere woman. Age and looks unimportant. No games, please. Richard P. Rigwood 63A0135, IM 1684 Box G, Walkkill, NY 12589. (145)

Lawyer (jailhouse-type) seeking communication, help to sell my ceramics and leathercrafts. Been fighting the system for some years now, got a few more to go, and need some good people behind me. I'm even willing to donate an organ (i.e. kidney, lung) for funds to help me pay my legal expenses and start a new life. My crafts are all handmade and I sell them to support myself and legal expenses. I'm not looking for a handout, just one chance for a new start with a loving lady or caring family. I'm 30 yrs. old, 6'2", weigh 200 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair. All correspondence answered. Douglas H. Hyson, KCF-160271, Kincheloe AFB, Michigan 49788-1911. (145)

Solo West Coast biker, Harley rider, 28, affectionate, unattached and lonely, wishes to write/meet righteous lady within 500 miles who'd enjoy biking, weekend camping, and mutual good feelings. I value love, trust, and truth above all else. Am searching desperately for girl (age unimportant) who shares my belief. Write "The California Ghost Rider," 3953 Carol Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (145)

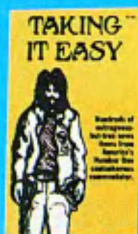
Wanted: Attractive pecker-packer, 35-45, by tall, trim, good-looking ex-biker, 50, turned successful businessman. I'd really like to get married, but love sex too much to make a faithful hubby. To match me, I need an ol' lady who has the same insatiable craving for variety as I have. If you dig one-nighters, pick-ups, swinging and swapping, let's love each other doing it all. The more the better! I'll give you good home in the sun, security, care, and the easy life. Booze and limited drugs okay. Pro experience great. Prison ladies welcome if walking soon. Barry Berner, Box 567, Miami, FL 33133. (146)

Bob Shaw: Long time — how ya been? How's the family? Drop me a line. Mike S., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (145)

Cold Katy in Canada: Please get ahold of me. "Harley," 346 S. Water #2, Idaho Falls, ID 83401. (145)

W/m, 26, "The Italian Stallion," down and needs to hear from all you females out there in the field to correspond with for serious relationship. Answer all letters. Jimmy Caijaza 72887, Drawer N, Trenton, NJ 08265. (145)

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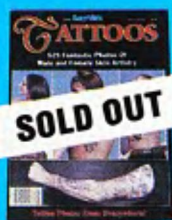


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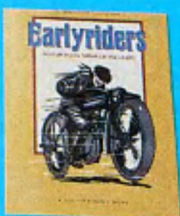
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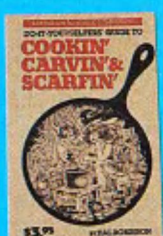


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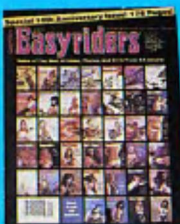
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Two-Wheel Tale Partyin' Hearty

by Poncho

On hot summer evenings, a group of us like to get together with a keg or a couple of cases and drink ourselves blind. This party was to be no exception. We decided to go to a friend's campsite where there was a small stream for swimming. On the bikes we jumped, got someone to bring us a keg or two in the back of the pickup, and about 35 of us started to party. After a few hours of smoking, swimming, drinking, smoking, swimming, drinking, we thought we might do a little tooling around.

Most of us were too out of it to hold a bike up, much less ride on out of the campsite, but being the fool that I am, I decided I just had to prove I could handle my booze, a bike and myself on a ride of some length. Calling the rest of the group pussies and slackers, I jumped on the bike and sped off. Needless to say, the wind in my face did very little to sober me up. It just made my eyes harder to open. Furthermore, I soon realized that I couldn't handle the sled worth shit, let alone like I'd thought I could. So I turned back toward the campsite, and being a born show-off, I really flogged that baby coming down the dirt road past the party site. Then I saw it — a two-inch cable stretched across the end of the road.

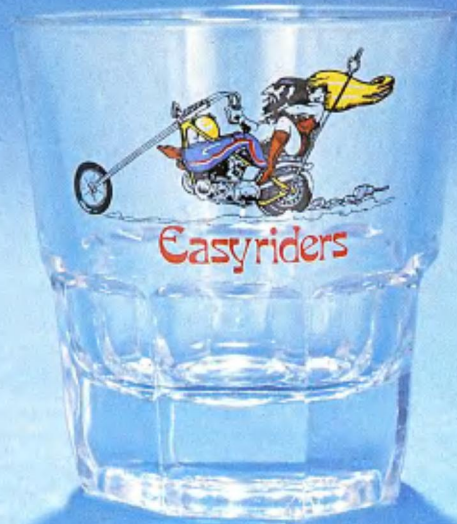
It takes longer to tell what went through my mind than it does to describe what actually happened. I knew if I kept on at my current speed the cable would catch me at the Adam's apple and remove my head, so I concluded the only thing to do was to try to lay the bike down.



"It gives me a warm feeling to give to somebody who's down on his luck."

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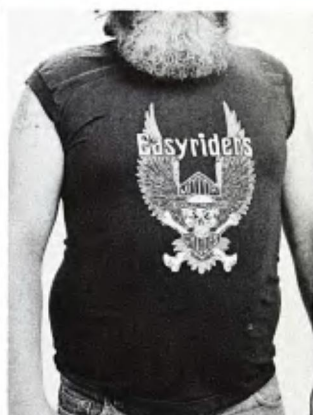
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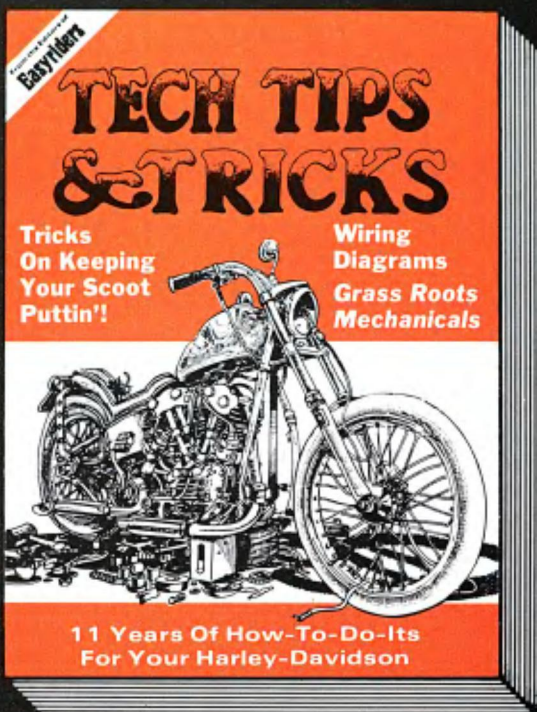
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Here it is — at last! Included in this manual are over 100 of our best tech tips from 11 years of *Easyriders* features. They are tips you can do yourself, devised by scooter tramps who have tested and used the — facts only a hard-ridin' veteran of the road can relate to — from actual and proven methods. Tips ranging from knucklehead oil control, to why you need 21 inches. Hundreds of graphs, charts and examples from over 11 years of publishing this popular feature.

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C. 29" x 24 1/2"

I tried but the bitch wouldn't go down or else I couldn't muster the strength necessary to put her down. The only other possible means of escape was to stand up on the pegs. So that's what I did. The cable caught me across the chest and upper left arm, leaving a dandy burn and a nice indentation on my biceps, but at least I saved my head. Of course, the bike and I parted company at that point and within seconds there was a resounding splash in the nearby stream when the bike entered the water.

My "friends" said they'd heard me and the bike go screaming past the campsite and then there was only silence. They were all afraid to come look for me, or so they said (I suspect they were really too busy having a good time). They claimed they were sure they'd find me strewn about the roadway, cut in half by the cable! Needless to say, when I reappeared in their midst everyone looked surprised as hell to see me whole. When I told them what had happened, the first question was "What about the bike?" Thanks, "friends"! I guess they could see that I was as normal as usual, which isn't too normal.

Well, this King Shit definitely learned the hard way not to try any more fancy stunts like that. And I suppose I don't have to tell you that my friend would never let me ride his Sporty again. He said I was too irresponsible! Imagine that. I'm still carrying around a dent in my arm from his fucking motorcycle and he has the gall to tell me it was my fault! Some people. . .



"Hey, Mom! Mary Jane gave me her pussy today!"

Wordmonger

Continued from page 96

Good Ridin'

Any clubs out there looking for a great ride, cheap booze, redneck women, and hassles from the local cops? Well, the good places to ride are hard to find, but a little dirt-ball town has it

Rocky Mount, Virginia, 20 miles south of Roanoke and right on the Virginia Parkway, is the place. The Parkway is the best fucking riding anywhere in the U.S.A.

If you're looking for heaven, this is it. Great riding, sleep cheats, and easy men. It's biker heaven.

The Virginian
Greensboro, N.C.

Short Story

What the hell do you and your goofballs think you're going to do to us? In your April '85 issue, you printed "A Biker's Tale" by Donald Towne. It's a terrific story — what there is of it. What the hell happened to the rest?

P.A.W.
Salmo, British Columbia

You guys fucked up! In April '85 issue you sort of told a story entitled "A Biker's Tale" by D. Towne. The illustration was good, and the story sounded good, but I never got to finish it. If you're going to run a story, do it right or at least finish it.

Smoke
American Fork, Utah

That was the finish. Maybe the art department got carried away illustrating such a short story, but that's what I get for just one slice of pie for a week's work. The story was a joke — it was out that one biker takes three busloads of cops. That's fair — whatdafuck!

Sex Began

Just wanted to tell ya that your story "How Did Sex Begin?" was great. My neighbors musta thought I was losing it, 'cause I laughed fuckin' hard.

The Snake
Chicago, Ill.

From New Zealand

Just a note from a dedicated overseas reader. My ol' man and I are from New Zealand. Our bros are dedicated to your magazine just as much as your bros, even if we

have to pay \$5 (New Zealand currency) a month to read the dirty ol' rag and pay up to \$15,000 for a Harley-Davidson, 'cause the government-types don't ride 'em themselves.

Sam
Northland, New Zealand

Down here in New Zealand there are more and more females riding British and American bikes — hardly ever saw that five years ago.

Peta
Auckland, New Zealand

A Goof

You fucking assholes! The rear brake on the '74 blown Sporty (May '85) is a drum. Can't you stop partying long enough to type four letters?

Bonzo
Oxford, Conn.

We're a little loose at times.

K Models

Whatever happened to all the K Models they made? I haven't seen one since I was pulled over by a pair of them back in '54.

Would also like to see other English bikes. I've got two myself. I rode one in Hollister and "The Rape of Riverside."

Rick Blanc, Sr.
Hacienda, Calif.

See K Model in this issue.

Complainin'

Why in the fuck did you guys sell *Iron Horse* to those scumbags who now publish it? I've been reading both this rag and *Iron Horse* for about five years and am highly disappointed in that rag.

Scumbag
Otis, Me.

We had to sell it because of the last recession.

Good People

A few days before Bike Week '85 I was on my way to Ft. Lauderdale when the alternator on my '70 FLH took a shit (north of Daytona).

I'd like to thank the guys at Robison H-D in Daytona for getting me back on the road so thoroughly and quickly. I like knowing there's good people around.

Timothy "Kemo" Keenan
Holland Patent, N.Y.

A Comment

Just wanted to write with a quick note of thanks in response to my subscription

renewal request. I guess maybe someone out there really does read the mail that comes in with the checks.

The Pitts
Tucson, Ariz.

Our office mice have their shit together.

Likes Article

In regard to Bomber's article on Don Henley, I'd just like to say it was some really righteous shit! As an Eagles fan from way back, I was kinda bummed out when they broke up. But after hearing "All She Wants To Do Is Dance," I realized that even without Glenn, Don, Joe, and Tim to back him up, Henley's still coming on strong.

So, I'd like to say to Don Henley that if he ever wants to get some sweet raisin pie, he should come up to Connecticut and I'll show him how it's really done.

Squeaky
Danielson, Conn.

25,000 Bucks?

Thought I'd drop a line or twenty to you concerning the May '85 feature on Harvey Lew's custom Softail.

The way I figure it (from the spec sheet), there ain't no damn way there's \$25,000 in the bike. Unless, of course, he paid \$15,000 for the stock bike and then had all his custom parts cast in platinum for \$10,000.

Please tell me that the value is a misprint, 'cause for \$25,000 the scooter oughta wake ya up in the morning, brew your coffee, and start all by itself. A blowjob shouldn't be outta the question, either.

No offense, Harvey, but I coulda built about five fine-running' Hogs for \$25,000. They wouldn't be '84 models, but what the hell!

Bugs
Garland, Tex.

He set the price. Who are we to change it? I've tried to convince this chick it would cost her only six blowjobs to go for a putt, but n-o-o-o, she figures it's too much — and I figure I'm giving her a break.

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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Two-Wheel Tale Snake

by Lee Cole

The thermometer in the garage
read 115 degrees the day me
and Homeboy decided to get out of
Phoenix and I patted myself on the
back for finally putting that oil
cooler on my Sporty. Our destina-
tion was a place a little ways up
north called Oak Creek where we
figured it might be just a little
bit cooler.

We got there about three in the
afternoon and it was still hotter
than hell, so we just parked our
scoots and jumped on into the
water. After I'd cooled down some I
noticed all the tourists checking us
out. I wasn't too surprised, because
Homeboy is one of those guys people
just have to get a second look at, no
matter where we go.

He's a big sumblitch, about six-
three, and he weighs about 230 lbs.
The fucker's got tattoos everywhere
ya can see, and a few where ya can't.
And to top it off, he shaves his head
to the point where it shines. Now all
that ain't too unusual to you and
me, but to the average citizen he
looks like one real bad hombre who
wouldn't back down from the devil
himself. Shit, even I'd never
been able to think of anything that
would scare him. Until today.

See, we'd found us a spot
upstream a ways where the water
ran over these slimy rocks and

Continued on page 129



"Okay, okay, pretend it's tuna
surprise, but eat it!"



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Two-Wheel Tale

Gettin' Laid

by S.R. "Duke" Buckley

Me and my bro are a couple of good ol' boys who also happen to be native Texans. Such bein' the case, we every now and then feel it our duty to scoot into Dallas and check out the beavers there. Usually the way it goes down is that after a few drinks we get bounced from Wellington's for wearing T-shirts, talking nasty and harassing the barmaids. So Bush and I will turn-key and hit crank, then cruise a few blocks to our favorite flophouse, The Beggars Club. Don't let the name fool ya — most of the dudes and chicks there are real disco ducks. Now, we two ain't really a bad lot, but we're the only riders who ever show up in the place and nobody screws with us there. I mean, even though we ain't mean, ya sure as hell can't tell it from the way we dress. So after we pass some time there and Bush gets tired of losing pool games and having to buy the beer and pay the table, we get down to business and go rustle us up some cuties. With our reps we tend to get some choice cuts and the disco dudes with 'em always just sorta fade away.

One night, though, we just plain struck out right from the start. Since it was such a dud evening, we just drank and drank and drank some more. By closing time, we had to load each other onto our scoots, and then Bush started ragging me about being too meticulous. He didn't like the way I was putting on my gloves just so, and then my goggles before checking my oil, and then sittin' sidesaddle and pissin' in the parking lot. Meanwhile, I thought he was being an asshole for burning half a gallon of gas revvin' his pan.

Eventually, we pulled out of the driveway, side by side, just in time to have a city cop tail us to the first light. Well, you've probably heard this one so often it ain't funny, but Bush don't put his clods down and we've got this damn cop cage on our butts. They don't call me "Duke" for nothing; occasionally, I really feel the need to go in style. So I just gave a right-turn signal and booked, yellin', "Catch ya later, Bush!" I mean, what the hell. Ain't no sense in two of us goin' to jail just because one of us has fucked up. Besides, how could I bail him out if I was locked up, too? Apparently, though, the cop



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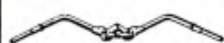
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"BIKER"

thought it was real funny, so ol' Bush just got up and scooted off. He caught up with me on the highway near Irving Stadium, and sure enough, he was cursing a blue streak.

While we were in Irving, we decided to cruise into this apartment complex to check it out. Some asshole had washed his cage late that evening, leaving the driveway a mite on the wet side, and since I was in the lead, I was the natural choice to make a perfect three-point out of the situation. Bush managed to stop guffawing long enough to ask me if I was all right and I'd just informed him that I wasn't when this broad came wheelin' up and nearly ran me over. Some women sure are bitches. She leaned out the window and said, not "I'm sorry," but "Would you please get out of my way?"

Aw, shit. I crawled and drug ol' Blue with me, just on account of I got respect. Ya know how it is when someone's lookin' at ya through pretty blue eyes and has a set of mouth-waterin' tits standing out at attention, and her foot's on the accelerator, and one hand's on the shift and the other's on the steerin' wheel, and the whole shootin' match is aimed right for your fuckin' head — well, you've just gotta have some respect. As her taillights disappeared into the night, it came to my attention that my right knee had swollen up to the size of a canteloupe.

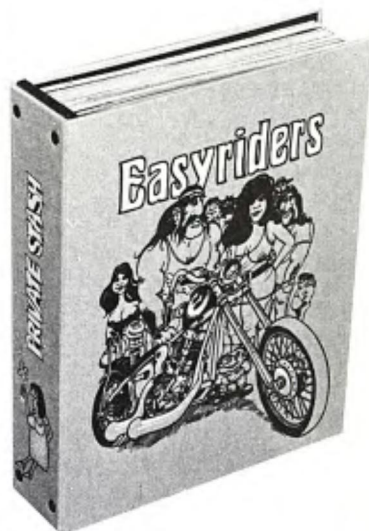
Bush and I looked at each other and came to a mutual conclusion that it was time to head for the barn. We'd both "gotten laid," all right, but it sure wasn't anything we'd be braggin' about in the future. ■

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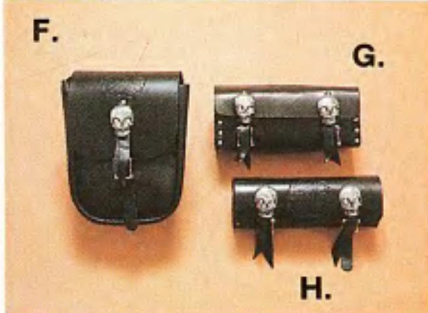
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NO SHIT! WHADDYA COLLECTED SO FAR?

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Two-Wheel Tale

Runnin' Hot

by Earl Alexander

It was a three-day-long Fourth-of-July run and party, fairly small by Northern California standards, with only 75-100 bikes. After the first couple of days of heavy partying, someone got the bright idea of winding things up over at King's Beach at Lake Tahoe and naturally, no one objected. So off we went in all our glory, pipes roaring, ol' ladies packin' behind, and everyone in high spirits. Along the way, of course, we made the traditional stops at every establishment we saw that had a Budweiser sign in the window. We weren't exactly making real good time, but then, that wasn't really the point of the exercise.

Getting ready to leave one of our stops, I discovered my pan had a fouled plug. No big deal — I told everyone to go on ahead, that I'd catch up in a few minutes. When they'd all pulled out there was another guy still there having a hard time getting his hot-rod stroker Sporty started. Since I had an extra set of plugs in my tool kit, I was ready to roll about the same time the other guy finally got his Sporty going. We left simultaneously in pursuit of the pack. Can't say exactly how it happened, but almost before I knew it, me and this asshole were in a full-fledged speed contest going down this winding mountain road. In no time at all, we'd caught up with the herd, but the guy didn't let off a bit, and me being a 74"-or-more fan from way back when, I wasn't about to let him show me up.

So we both kept 'em screwed on, passing and threading our way through the throng. Just as I'd passed the lead rider, doin' well over 100, we went into a curve and I saw a car coming. I immediately let off and all the back pressure proceeded to blow my rear pipe loose which then hit my gas line and burned the fucker right in two. All of a sudden there I was, hauling ass with the whole pack right behind and a fire roaring up between my legs. Soon as I realized what was happening, I started waving 'em back, trying to let 'em know I was about to try one hell of a panic stop.

As ringed out as I was at that point, I'll never know how, but I managed to do everything right. I laid on both the front and rear brakes, reached down to close off

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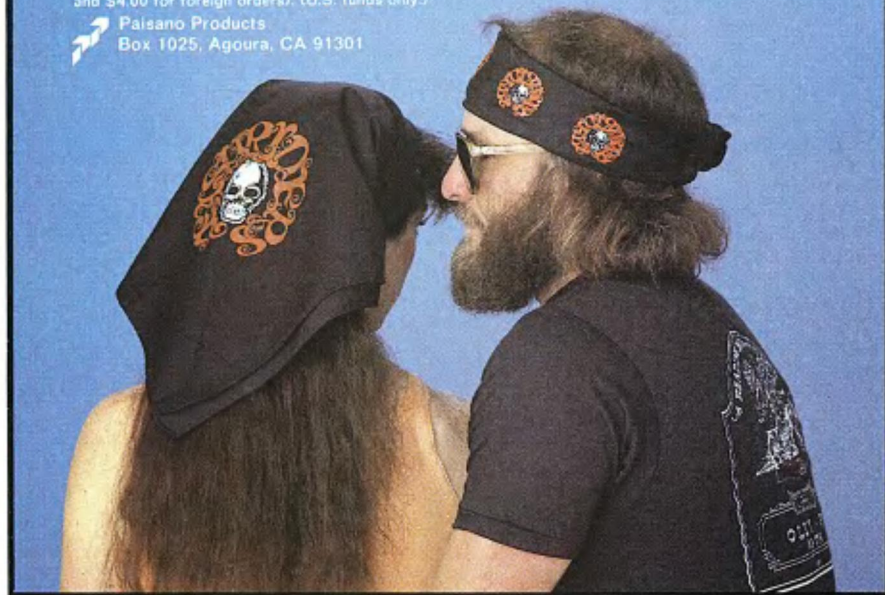
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the choke and turned off the gas — all while I was still screamin' to a stop. Nearly before I stopped moving, I had the stand down and me and the ol' lady were throwin' dirt on the fire. That's about the time somebody ran up to help try to smother the flames with his leather vest and managed to knock the fuckin' bike over. Well, to say the very least, that totally fucked everything up. Gas spilled from the tank and the whole thing was flaming. Everyone began backing off and yelling, "Get away before she blows!"

No, no, I wasn't going for that one. I reached into the flames, grabbed the bars, picked it up and practically heaved it out of the pool of burning gas. There were so many people around at that point that we came near to fucking burying it six feet under right on the spot.

After a short breather, I dug it back up and discovered that the only real damage — besides the paint which I can't even bring myself to describe — was to the wiring and a clutch lever and handlebar riser that had gotten broken when she was knocked over. While I pulled the carb off and took it apart to clean the shit out of it and repaired the wing, one of the bros rode off to get the riser welded and find a new clutch lever. Somehow, he managed to do both despite the fact that it was Sunday, and within a few hours we were all back on the road again. I was looking forward to having a few words with the guy on the Sporty once we reached our destination, but you know something? That sucker just slid off slicker than owl shit somewhere along the way. Well, naturally, I was pissed — especially lookin' at what was left of the pan's paint — but I ain't crazy, and it wasn't too long before I realized that he hadn't exactly held a gun to my head to get me to race him.

But I still wouldn't mind talkin' it over with him — know what I mean? ■

Easyriders

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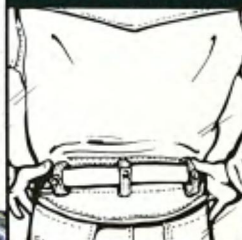
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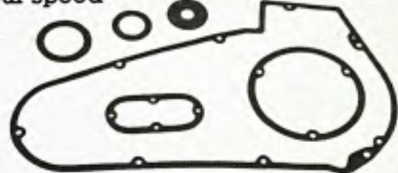
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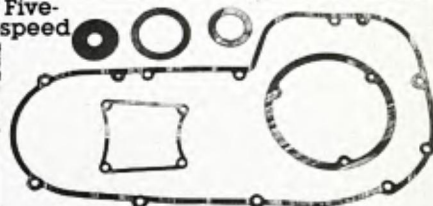
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Two-Wheel Tale

Continued from page 120

created a kinda natural jacuzzi. After we worked our way over the rocks, we parked our asses in the whirlpool and opened a couple of cold brews. We were sittin' there all stretched out, enjoyin' the cool, rushing water, when all of the sudden Homeboy let out with a fuckin' high-pitched scream that damn near shattered my eardrums. I looked over just in time to see him fling away a dead little six-inch garter snake.

Next thing I knew, he was on his feet screamin', "Snake! Snake!" and lookin' like a fuckin' madman. I hadn't said nothin' yet, but when he started tryin' to run across them slimy rocks I just totally lost control and began laughin' so hard I almost drowned. When he heard me laughin' at him he came floundering back at me to make sure I went under. By the time he caught up with me we were both out of the water and all fuckin' bruised and bloody from those fucking rocks. But I was still crackin' up. Homeboy grabbed me by the neck and started chokin' me, makin' me swear never to tell anyone he was afraid of snakes, and especially about what had just happened.

Well, ol' Homeboy's back in Indiana somewhere now, so I figure it's okay to tell a few people about it. Besides, I recently went out and bought myself a great big King snake for a pet — just in case Homeboy's learned to read. ■



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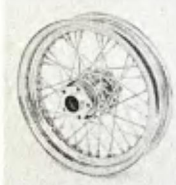
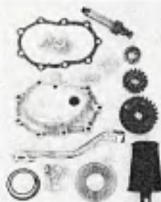
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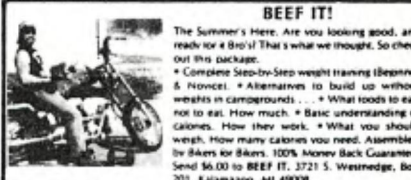


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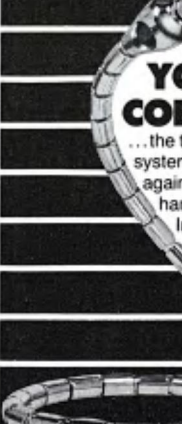
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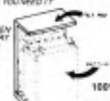
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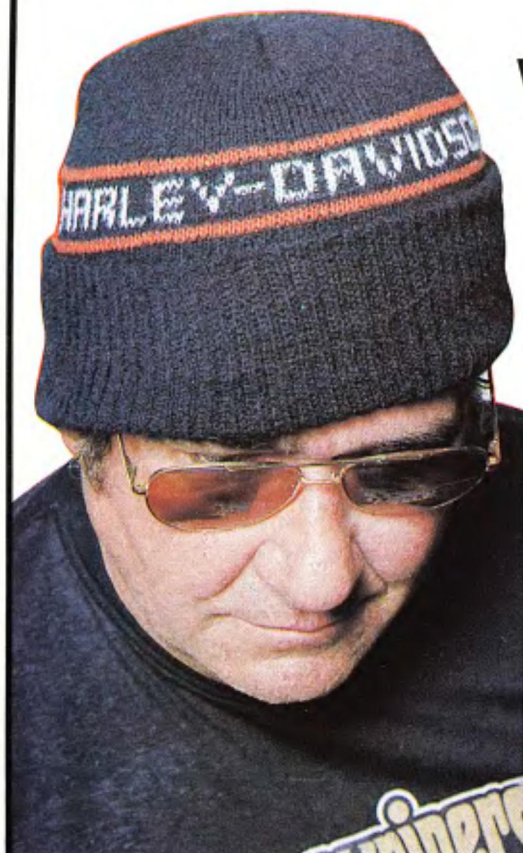
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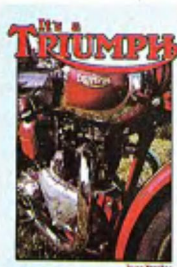
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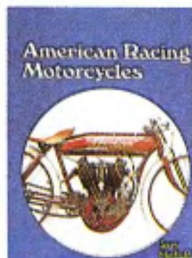
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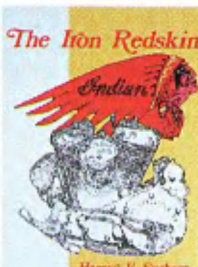
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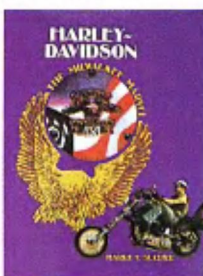
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