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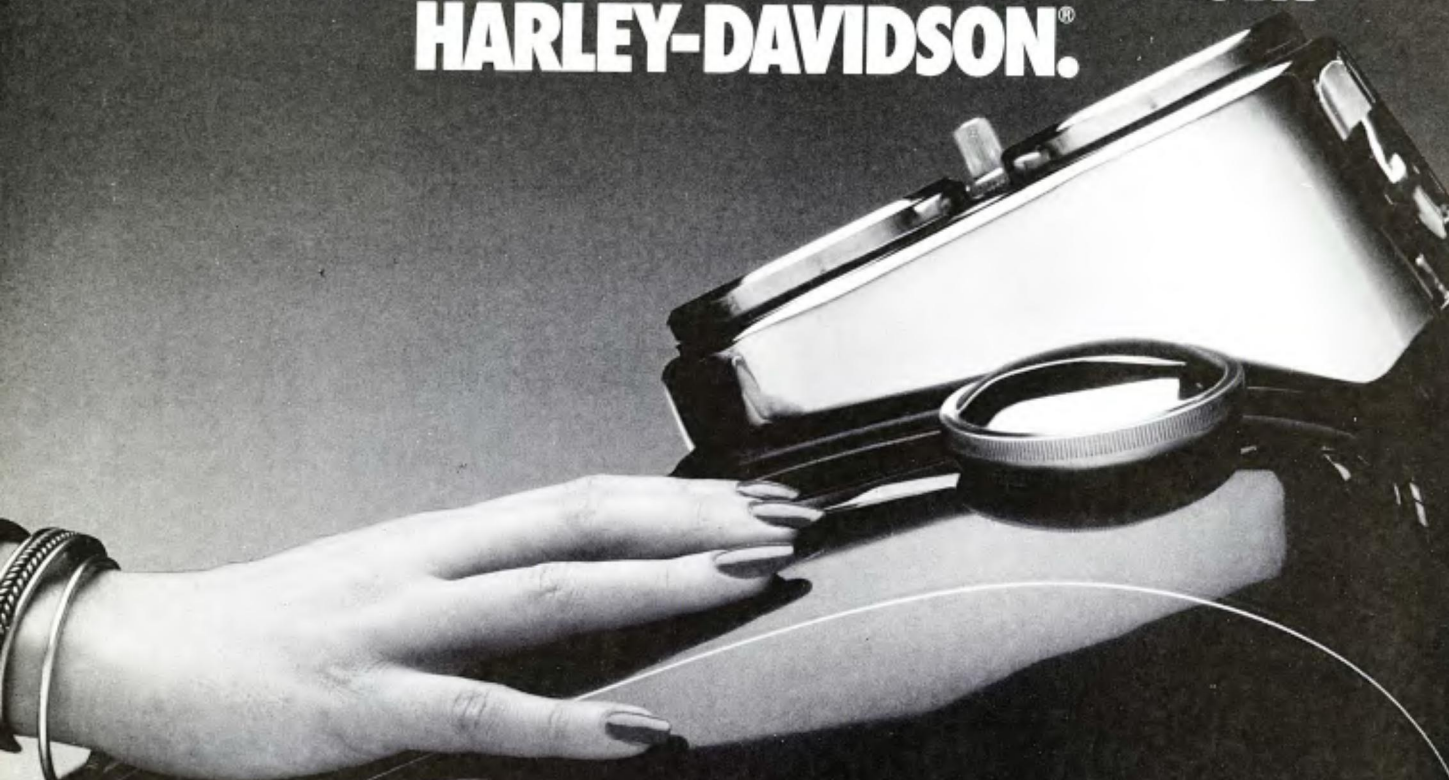
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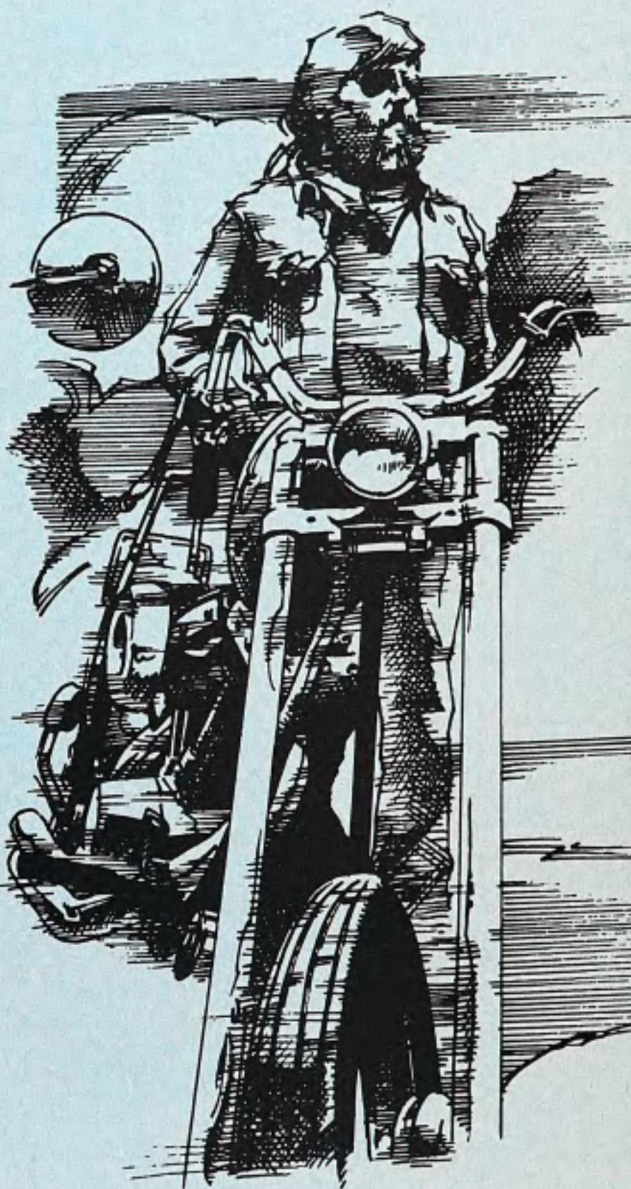
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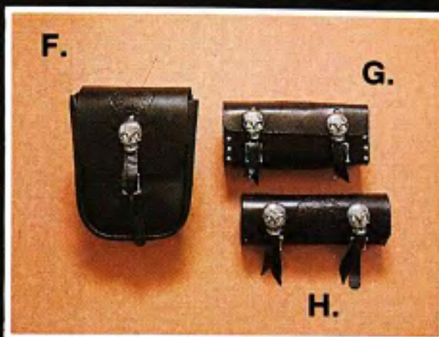
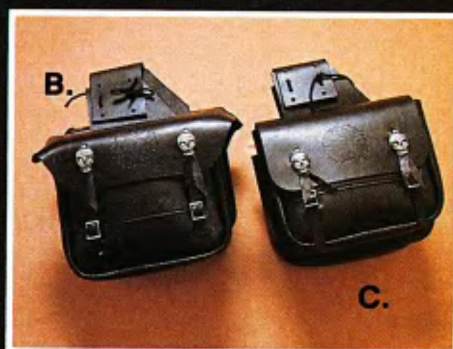
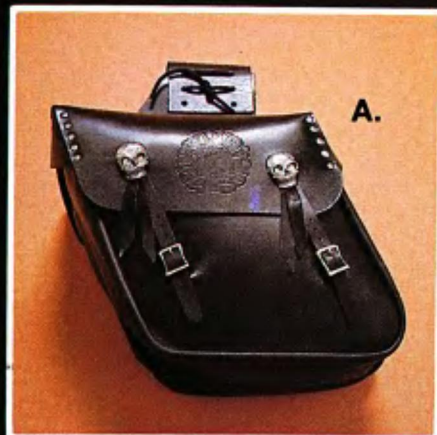


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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale July 27th.

Cover photo of Karen by Pete Chiodo





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add 6%

Total

We've got a lot of dipshits this month, so hang on.

The first dipshit is an 18-year-old guy who drank too much to drive and then thought he'd sop up the booze in his gut—now get this—by eating his shorts. He couldn't swallow them, however, and he was subsequently arrested for drunk driving—but at least his breath didn't smell like booze.

He held up a chick and told her he'd let her go if she'd agree to meet him later when she got off work. She agreed and kept her word. She met him later—with the police.

Two cops were chasing a purse snatcher down the street on foot and couldn't catch him until a pedestrian jumped out from between two cars, held out his hand, pointed a finger, and shouted "Freeze!" just like he'd seen it done on TV. The snatcher froze and was snatched.

A chick decided to outrun the police when they tried to pull her over. She didn't get very far because she couldn't figure out how to get her car out of first gear!

The car was pulled over by police when it was observed to be weaving in traffic. Taking and passing a breathalyzer test, the driver exclaimed, "See, I told you I wasn't drunk. I just smoked a marijuana cigarette!" They busted his ass for driving under the influence.

Enough of that shit. A dude was picked up by the police because he was wandering down the street nude, holding his ol' lady's freshly severed head by the hair. Don't ask me why—shit, she probably farted while he was eating her box. How do I know?

Her apartment was broken into. She got pissed and chased the guy outta the apartment, over a fence, up an embankment, and into a parking lot where she jumped onto the hood of his car, hanging onto his windshield wipers as he swerved back and forth trying to knock her off. Failing to get rid of her, he slammed on his brakes, got outta the car, and split. Man, don't rile up a woman. There's no tellin' what they'll do.

Got rats in your area? (No, not your ol' lady—the four-legged kind.) Well, China has a reported 3 to 4 billion rats. To get rid of them they decided to eat them and even opened rat-meat restaurants—so much

for aiding your upset stomach, right? Right.

The National Research Council (aka the insurance lobby) claims that the 55mph speed limit law has saved 3000 lives and 167,000 barrels of oil a day. So why haven't insurance costs been lowered? I think it's all bullshit.

93-year-old Sadamichi Hirasawa is Japan's oldest death row convict. He's been on death row 37 years and maintains his innocence. He was convicted of killing 12—count them, 12—bank employees and stealing \$500. Who cares? I don't. I'm just reporting the news. Whatdafuck.

Remember the item where a guy got into her bedroom, fucked the shit outta her, and then climbed out the bedroom window? Well, either it's the same guy or a copycat who did the same thing—fucked the shit outta a broad, then went out the bedroom window. However, this time the window was three floors up, and when he jumped, he landed on a concrete sidewalk below, breaking both his ankles.

The man was treated for rabies. Ho-hum, right? Well, wait. He was treated for rabies because of the raccoon he had just screwed the shit out of—it turned out to have rabies. Apparently, raccoons can transmit rabies through mucous membranes and juices created during a sexual act. (It was a tight fit, but it wigged something crazy.)

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Dress Right!

☐ Do you ever wonder about how stupid some people can be, or think that they can't be playin' with a full deck or are just a few bricks short of a load? I think that every time I see some yahoo on a pair of wheels wearin' nothin' but a pair of tennis shoes (or sandals) and shorts, zippin' in and out of traffic like a slalom course. And what's worse is when the lady in back, hangin' on, is dressed basically the same way.

My old man taught us to dress for the occasion — boots, jeans, leathers, etc. A helmet was optional after 18 years of age.

Now I live where there aren't lid laws, and I ride without one — my choice. But I'll never be without my gear. I just can't believe some people would even think of climbing up on their bikes dressed like that.

I know what hamburger looks like, hangin' in traction in a hospital bed. I'm a surgical tech and have seen a lot in 10 years. And I'll still go without a lid on a nice, day, but...
Snake
Missoula, Mont.

☐ You don't see many people like that on a Harley. It's usually dipshits on other bikes.

Handling

☐ I've got a great story that will give you an idea of how the CHP Harleys handle.

I was getting gas one Sunday afternoon and a young buck CHP motorcycle officer pulled up on his new Harley and asked if I was Tom Sailors, the guy who designed the FXRP. I said yes, and he said, "Let's talk." Seems that when the first two new Harleys were delivered to the CHP office, the senior officer grabbed one but no one else wanted the other, so they gave it to the rookie officer. He said he didn't want the dinosaur, but he had to take it. So he went up on Highway 280 with his buddy who was

on a new Kawasaki. The rookie had had a Kawasaki before and knew it couldn't take the sweepers at more than 85mph, as it got a little squirrely and pogoed a bit, but the Harley took them at 100mph and he felt like he could take his hands off the bars. When they went to the local Ricky Roadracer haven up in the mountains (Skyline Blvd.), he proceeded to leave the Kawasaki in the dust. Now they all want a Harley.

Just for your info, I'm an ex-cop (18 years) and I've only seen your magazine once. I thought it was disgusting trash... especially the pictures of the young, bare-breasted women with the tight little rounded derrieres and wanton looks in their eyes... absolutely disgusting rag... filthy... I would never ever subscribe to your type of smutty magazine and be forced to subject myself to viewing those young, beautiful ladies with the long soft hair... with those...

Tom Sailors
Belmont, Calif.

☐ Yeah, we know, Tom.

An Opinion

☐ I am an upstanding citizen in the service of my government, who, to my dismay, came upon an issue of your pig-shit magazine quite by accident. I find it difficult to believe there are really humans (and I use the word loosely) who live like the animals you picture in your piece of trash. Viewing the pictures of bearded, slimeball, scumbag slugs draped with bare-titted, rotten-crocheted gutter tramps made me puke.

Fuck you and all those greaseballs. What I find most pitiful is the fact that somewhere in their dark, depraved pasts, those illiterate, herpes-incubating sluts were once some mommy's little girl.

In conclusion, I am of the opinion that anyone who would dedicate a magazine

(again used loosely) to Harley-Davidson motorcycles eats shit and barks at the moon.

Mark Hess
Washington, D.C.

☐ Take a flying fuck at the moon, asshole eyes.

At It Again

☐ Well, folks, they're at it again in California. That's right, KTTV in Los Angeles aired an editorial aimed at collecting letters with the intention of going to Sacramento to lobby for a law prohibiting lane-splitting (we already have one) and one requiring — yep, you guessed it — helmets.

Sam Benson, the guy doing the editorial, quoted all the same tired statistics with little or no regard for facts. So write to Sam Benson, KTTV-TV, 5746 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, CA 90028. And remember, be intelligent and above all, be polite! If you can't be polite 'cause you're too pissed, have the ol' lady write the letter for you.

Bro Zoom
Ontario, Calif.

Spider's Back

☐ Just wanted to write and tell Spider that I'm damn glad he's better. Then again, I guess there ain't nothin' a little TLC from Mutha won't cure. Glad you're back in the wind, bro.

Rat
Gatesville, Tex.

☐ We're not — he's back and as shitty as ever.

Thunderhead

☐ I have a Sportster with a set of Thunderheads, but I don't have the manual with the specs for the heads. I would appreciate it if you could run this letter asking any readers with access to a Thunderhead manual to make a copy and send it to me.

Dennis Dungan
1220 W. 2nd Ave.
Cheyenne, WY 82001

"Vet Voice"

☐ I want to thank you for the column "Vet Voice." It has given me a lot of information and addresses of organizations that I have joined.

Your articles on PTSD are fantastic. You have helped our group of Vietnam vets, the Hill 411 Association, tenfold with info on topics such as PTSD and POW/MIAs.

Bill McNamara
Clay, N.Y.

Where? Where?

☐ Where do Curt Roscher and Bruce Brink (April '85) and others get those curly wires they use for their headlights? Also, where are those guys gettin' those colored spark-plug wires and boots?

Hot Dawg
Columbus, Wis.

☐ You can make those curly headlight wires yourself by taking regular electrical wire and wrapping it tightly around a pencil or small-diameter tube. The colored spark-plug wires are covered with Colorflex from Russell Performance Products, 20420 S. Susana, Carson, CA 90745.

Outstanding

☐ Damn, you guys are good. I put the subscription renewal in the mailbox. When the mailman came, he took that renewal and left an Easyriders. Outstanding!

Dave and Lou Ann
Los Lunas, N.M.

☐ A lot of people I talk to would like to rubbish your magazine 'cause they think it's a load of self-indulgent fantasy bullshit. Well, I'm no enemy of self-indulgence and I see nothing wrong with a little fantasy, but what's more important is that your heart's in the right place. The amount of space you give to the political stuff concerning the helmet battles and such-like indicates you have a genuine interest in the preservation of our lifestyle.

Ian Mutch
Ilford, Essex, England

April Cover — Again

☐ My ol' man brought the April '85 issue home today (he never misses one). When I saw the "big mama" in the photo layout, I all but puked. I never realized that being fat looked like that. I never saw myself as looking that way. At 5'2" and 170 lbs., I'm no

lightweight myself. But I never saw myself as being fat. Thanks to you, now I do. I'm changing the way I look as of now. I'm going on a diet. Thank you for showing me the light. I sure don't want to look like that.

Mrs. Julie Owens
Westville, S.C.

□ All right, I have a beef! It's the broad on the cover of your April '85 issue. It's not that she's fat (which she is), it's not that she's ugly (which she is), it's the fuckin' bra lines on her back and under her stink pit. You guys have a hell of a good photographer. Now give him something good to shoot or at least let the lines fade before you take the pictures. Tacky, tacky!

J. Newman
Penticton, B.C.

□ Great going and thanks a lot for the few pages you set aside to show us chubby-female lovers nude pics of Pete's big mama.

One PG-rated mag that I've got coming to my pad is *BBW* (*Big Beautiful Woman*). The reading is a lot of bullshit, but it's filled with models who have some meat on their bones.

Righteous Waster E.H.
Amsterdam, N.Y.

□ One of the reasons I'm into the biker lifestyle is that it expresses freedom of choice as an individual's right. Yet in your June '85 issue, Jeff Irvin, Bird, Gypsy, and R.K. bitched 'cause you ran a big mama in your April '85 issue. These assholes would probably be the first ones to mount a soap box when some bureaucrat infringed upon their rights, but they feel justified to tell "Chiodo's Chick" how much she should weigh. Isn't it her individual right to choose what size she wants to be? Who gave them the authority to judge a person on their appearance?

E.B.
LaVergne, Tenn.

□ I've read in the past about certain joints taking away *Easyriders* and wondered how the fuck they could do such shit. Now I know. They took mine Friday and said we could no longer get them because they were getting nasty. I tried to get the captain to look through my last 18 issues, and he said he had an

issue up front with a fat, nasty-looking chick sprawled out on a scooter. April edition, no doubt!

You guys really blew it this time.

B.J. Staley
Elmore, Ala.

□ You folks sure fucked up this time. Because of that blob in your April Fool's issue, all of us here in the Alabama DOC will no longer be able to receive your rag.

One of the higher-ups got ahold of that particular issue, and since he found Lisa's big bod disgusting, he decided that *Easyriders* wouldn't be in our best interests.

Paul Franklin
Elmore, Ala.

■ It's bullshit. What's a fat broad got to do with an unfair hack?

Hurrah For Trumps

□ In your May '85 issue, a guy named Big Jim was putting down Trumps.

I've been riding for quite a few years and have the scars to prove it. During those years I've owned a '65 45 flat-head two-wheeler, a '48 pan, and various other H-Ds, plus a few Trumps. So don't get me wrong. I dig the shit out of Hogs and plan on building another. I'm currently riding a custom '69 Bonneville due to HIWS (Hole In Wallet Syndrome) and have put more trouble-free miles on it than the '45 and pan both. I've ridden alongside 1%ers and have not lost respect because I ride a Trump.

Pissed
Fountain, Mich.

□ It's too bad your head has been up your ass so long that you've become a hemorrhoid yourself, Big Jim. Harleys and Triumphs go back a long way. Probably longer than you do, which accounts for your sounding like a punk.

Reber
Seattle, Wash.

□ Triumph has died many times in its 82-year history (1903-?) and has been revived every time. I am proud to own and ride the legendary Triumph. My bros who ride Hogs are proud to ride with me. Triumph, like Harley, is the last of a long line of righteous scooters, the survivors of many great motorcycles.

Elvin
Denver, Colo.

More On Piss Tests

□ In the Army I got nailed on one of those fuckin' piss tests and was put on the drug and alcohol rehabilitation program. I wanted to keep on snortin', so I asked around and found out that salt works just fine. I used to get a packet of salt, open it beforehand, and stuff it in my pants. I'd slip it in right while I was pissin'. Worked every time.

Wild Billy
Mauston, Wis.

□ A friend of mine had to take a urinalysis every day for three months. This is what he did, and it works only if you know you're going to take one. Suppose you're scheduled to take an afternoon test. That morning you get up and drink as big a glass of warm salt water as you can stomach, the warmer and the saltier, the better. Throughout the day take as many liquids as possible — water, soda, beer, etc. — and piss as much as you can. At lunch drink another big glass of warm salt water and don't smoke that day or the night before. Piss as much as possible just before you take the test. My friend failed only one test in three months. Why? Because he didn't know they were going to test him. He passed all the others.

Even if you merely suspect they're going to test you, it's worth a try.

Frank "Tattoo" Ames
Rome, N.Y.

□ I was in need of the same information, so I went to the best resource on the subject. The June '83 issue of *High Times* (pages 14 and 15) carries an article called "Salt of the Earth," explaining how to use salt to raise the pH level in the sample so that the test comes out in your favor.

If you need the info, send me a SASE and I'll send you a photocopy of the article. We gotta keep partyin', right?

Wizard
Box 2254
Ames, IA 50010

□ Well, bro, all you have to do is drink a tall glass of vinegar. It screws the test all up and makes it negative. It's kept me out of the joint so far.

Mark Seagull
Philadelphia, Pa.

Likes Us

□ Well, the May '85 issue is my kind of issue. First, a lady from New Jersey blessing the

cover. I moved here two years ago and the bikes, women, and scenery match the best to the found anywhere. Then the hilarious story "Dog Food," about a loner cat, among other things — I think most bikers could relate to the independent and free-wheeling attitude of most cats, if given a chance. Finally, "Sarah's Sidehack" reminds me of my own 2-year-old daughter whose independence, like my cat's, is not only encouraged but admired.

James
Parsippany, N.J.

Tattoo Removal

□ In reply to Fred Duges from Hagerstown (May '85): How about a Skil saw?

Jondis
St. Thomas, Ontario

□ I had some shit on my arm and removed the markings myself. Table salt, water, and peroxide is all that is needed. The human body has seven layers of skin. Salt and water the area and rub with your thumb till you rub six layers off. It's painful but well worth it. Peroxide the raw area, then re-salt 'cause as everyone knows, salt draws poison from the body. After three to four weeks, use vitamin E and the redness and scar are not noticeable.

Gerard R. Lanthier
Vancouver, B.C.

□ Are you ready for this? Lasers! Yup, that's right, bro, lasers! Medical technology has done it again. Light lasers. If you have warts, it will take them off, too. No shit. I bullshit you not. I don't lie to bros.

Cool Breeze
Hills Somers, N.Y.

□ I have removed three of my own and also some for bros. You take salt and lemon juice, mix in it together into a paste (not too thick). Make sure the area to be worked on is clean. Rub the paste mixture into the tattoo in a circular motion. Ya gotta do it hard so the skin comes off. (Burns like a muthafucker.) Leave the salt-and-lemon-juice mixture on your tattoo. When a scab forms on it, take the scab off.

Repeat the paste process again. Wait for the scab to develop, then take it off and repeat. You have to keep doing this for about 2½ weeks. You'll see your tattoo become-

ing lighter and lighter. When you see it the lightest, leave it alone to heal on its own. The scab will heal over it and you'll no longer have your tattoo.

I'm not bullshittin' about this — it works. I won't lie to you, it burns something terrible, but it works and it doesn't cost much at all for the salt and lemon juice.

Dusty
St. Petersburg, Fla.

□ Go to a good tattoo artist and have him cover the old tattoos with new and better ones.

Gypsy Queen
Midland, Mich.

□ I am enclosing a copy of an article from *Cosmopolitan*, November '84, by Ralph J. Fletcher, Jr., entitled "Could You Be a Tattooed Lady?" In it, various methods of tattoo removal are evaluated:

"... you can undo your tattoo. According to Manhattan dermatologist Frederick Fenig, a simple process called salabrasion is the best method, causing the least scarring. The design is abraded with salt and moist gauze, just to the point where the skin is reddened, but not bleeding. Pigment rises to the surface when the scab forms, and comes right out. After two or three treatments, all that should be visible is a slight difference in texture of the skin." Dr. Fenig cautions against trying this technique at home, since the possibility of infection does exist.

"Tattoos can also be surgically excised (you'll be left with a thin scar), and some dermatologists even use laser treatments, but these can be very painful and cause more obvious scarring."

A Tattooed Lady
Pursglove, W. Va.

Bad-Mouthing

□ Only thing I don't dig about your rag is that someone is always bad-mouthing the cops. Granted, some cops are assholes but so are some people who call themselves bikers. I've been wearing the badge for 12 years and in that time I've written one rider a ticket — a 15-year-old pulling wheelies in a parking lot on a 550 Honda with no driver's license. The judge dropped the charges. Within two months, the kid — riding the same bike — ate the back

end of an Olds which was stopped and signaling for a left turn. You can imagine the results.

I've got better things to do with my time than hassle someone because of hair length, clothes, or mode of transportation. There are enough violent criminals and rip-off artists to keep me busy without fuckin' with people.

Nasty Nave
Jonesborough, Tenn.

■ What little bad-mouthing there is, is aimed at the assholes.

A Thanks

□ I received the check for the picture of Walter Mays last week and thought I should write and let you know how much I appreciated your help in straightening things out. Also, the critique on the story I sent in. I realize it would have been a lot easier to just tell me it was not suitable and leave it at that. I suppose the chances of your ever coming to Illinois for anything important are pretty slim, but if you ever do, hang onto my address. What's mine is yours.

Bill Zawacki
La Salle, Ill.

A Fan

□ To all the staff at *Easyriders*:

I know ya don't like to brag;
And Mutha's tits don't sag;
Ya put out a damn good rag.
Loner
Ericson, Neb.

Comments On June Issue

□ I have a few comments and questions on the June '85 issue.

1. How come with all the knuckles around you have to show an Arlen Ness nosecone knuckle abortion? Sure, it's neat to see what can be done but not in a knuck issue.

2. Where do you find a carb cover for a Linkert like the one on that knuck?

3. Probably the best of all the knucks had Filina all over it. Now, I've got nothin' against her gorgeous bod (even though I'd like to), but you should've shown more of the knuck.

Oh, yeah, I just thought I'd give you a little word to the wise. Florida just passed a law saying that the cops can pull you over and search you and your vehicle if, in their

opinion, you look suspicious. Big Brother takes another step in removing our freedom.

Pappy
Mobile, Ala.

■ 1) The editor and Arlen are tight friends. 2) At the swap meet. 3) We liked her, too.

Austin Animal

□ Before you start downgrading John Fogerty's songs, I suggest you do more research. The song "Zanz Kant Danz" is about CCR's ex-manager, who had a nasty habit of dipping into the money made by the group.

The Bear
San Pedro, Calif.

□ If you want an ass-puckering masterpiece for seven dollars, buy a Wham! album. Pity the fool who doesn't like John Fogerty!

Corn Band
Southport, N.C.

□ I ain't believin' this shit. The Austin Animal should be taken out and shot.

Bennie McInnis
Ft. Ord, Calif.

Bike Week

□ Just got back from Bike Week in Daytona and let me tell you, it was fucking great. A word of thanks to all the bros for showing me such a good time.

Shorty
Starke, Fla.

□ Fer fuckin' shame. I swear, every year more and more bikers trailer their scoots to Daytona. Where are all the real bikers who ain't afraid of a little foul weather? From now on it won't be called Bike Week but Trailer Week, so chrome up those flatbeds, bros.

How did the *Easyriders* staff get to Daytona?

Paul
Warren, Pa.

■ We've trailed and ridden in the past, but this year we flew because of our editorial deadline.

Tampon?

□ Going through your May '85 issue and speaking of Spider's time of the month to rag, either I've been locked up too fuckin' long or I'm going crazy, 'cause I swear that the cunt on page 67 has a fuckin' tampon string hang-

ing out of her cunt. Am I going crazy or what? If this is a play of humor on your part, then the staff deserves a truckload of raisin pie!

William Burger
Vienna, Ill.

■ We inspected and it's a scratch on the color negative.

'Wordmonger' Fan

□ I hate to admit it, but "Wordmonger" has never been so funny. I mean, your responses are perfect.

Lady
Lake Hughes, Calif.

Cross-Shift

□ The article by Jack Sands brought back nice memories. My first Harley back in '48 was a WLA, but I never shifted with my left hand. The right-hand shifting was called "cross-shift" at that time.

Tom Sauvageau
Vaudreuil, Quebec

"Male Call"

□ Thanks to the August '84 "Male Call" and a hand from fate, I answered a downed Alabama bro's letter and met the finest outlaw scooter tramp ever.

Longing to be in the wind with my ol' man forever.

Li'l Nasty Sam
Dayton, Tex.

□ This letter is in reference to "Male Call." I wrote to a few bros, and thanks to you and your rag, I met a bro who turned out to be well worth my time. To all biker bitches who want to find some good scooter trash, I found my man in "Male Call."

Happy Freebird
Las Cruces, N.M.

□ I feel I need to voice myself on something and I'd really appreciate it if it's printed, not just for me but for all the great and not-so-great people inside and out of the prison walls.

Here's to "Male Call" and the ads for companionship that are put in and answered. Why the fuck does everyone have to be out for a con? I wrote an inmate for a year, then met and married him inside the prison. I married him with honesty in my heart and deep love for him, only to be shit on and rubbed in it. Then I learned two days after his release that I'm one of many. He has a long list of

Continued on page 101

EASYRIDERS

NASTY FEET

Introduces the first boots in the world as tough and as trick as your scooter!

- Better Boots!
- More Sizes!
- Faster Service!
- Exclusive Features!

For years, NASTY FEET — with their handcrafted American leather uppers, heavy-duty hardware, tough steel toes, and oil-resistant Neoprene soles — have been the undisputed kings of the road. Now we've made them even better by adding a fully cushioned insole, a cigarette-pack-sized stash pocket, a knife or tool holder, more sizes for you guys with funny feet, and a bigger inventory to allow same-day service.

Beware cheapo imitations, NASTY FEET outlast 'em all!

Built-in stash pocket: perfect for license, registration, credit cards, rubbers, etc. Built-in sheath: Fits pocketknife, wrench, screwdriver, or?

No More Waiting Weeks for Delivery! We Ship Fast!

Send your order today to: NASTY FEET, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

☐ check enclosed

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

☐ money order

Credit Card Number

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Expiration Date
(Must have.)

Mo.	Yr.
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Signature _____ Phone(day) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Add \$4 per pair for postage & handling (Continental U.S. only).
Add \$10 per pair for APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii.
International orders shipped airmail insured; add \$40 per pair.
Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. Calif. residents, add 6%.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK — IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

11" Black Boot (Not Shown) \$99 Circle Size

Medium Width (D) Only 8 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

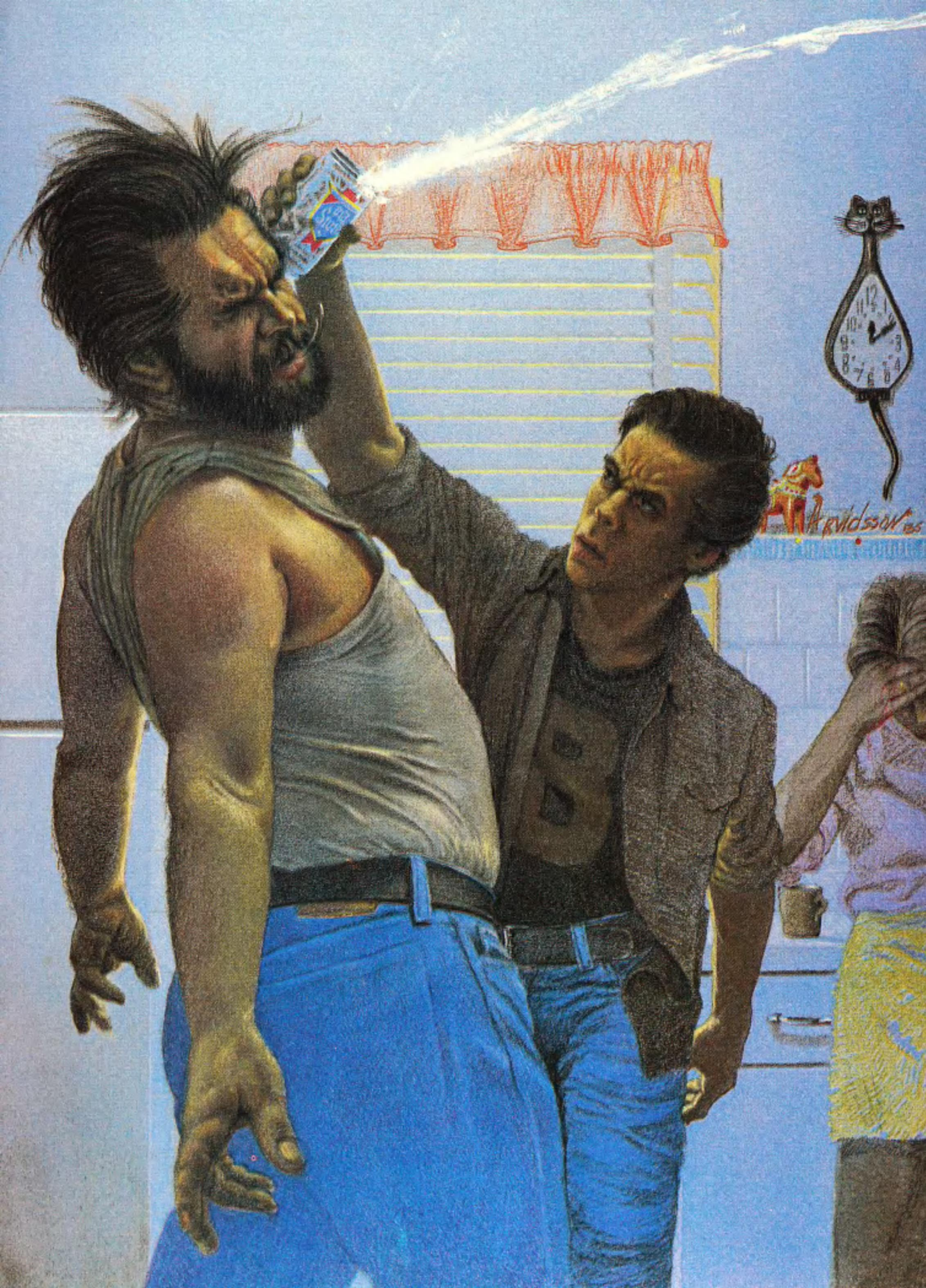
17" Black Boot (Shown Above) \$119 Circle Size

Narrow Width (A-B) 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 12

Medium Width (D) 8 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12

Wide Width (E-EE) 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 12

Boots are in men's sizes; see women's boot ad for women's sizes.
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead.



POP'S RIDE

**"The can burst and foam went everywhere.
But it brought him to his knees. . ."**

My sis phoned. "Pop's in the hospital," she said. "He's dying."

"Thanks for phoning," I said. I didn't care.

"Oh, Cal," she said. "Let bygones be bygones."

"How can I? You know the stuff he did."

"That was a long time ago, Cal. He's an old man now. You should forget it. Forgive."

"I got too good a memory," I said. "I swore I'd never forgive him. Or forget."

"Jesus," she muttered. She didn't swear much. Not like me. She and her executive husband and their two kids went to church every Sunday.

My sis lived six miles away. I saw her maybe once a year, and then not on purpose, but only accidentally in some shopping center, or at the take-out chicken place. My father lived eight miles away. I never saw him at all. I made a point of it.

"He asked for you, Cal."

"Bullshit, Lucy."

"No, Cal, it's true. He asked for you."

I could tell by the sound of her voice that it was true. But my old man asking for *me*? Next thing you know I'd be looking around in trees for flying pigs.

"He hasn't got long, Cal. He's goin' fast."

I knew what it was. Six months ago she'd phoned me to say that the old man had cancer. I didn't care then and I didn't care now.

"He's got tubes in him everywhere, Cal," she went on. "He's unconscious lots of times because they keep him doped up for the pain. But when he's awake, he asks about you. He remembers Mom."

"I'll bet he does, Lucy."

"No, Cal. He remembers her. He says he's sorry for the things he did to her. To us."

I snorted.

"Go an' see him, Cal. Before it's too late."

I was tired of hearing her whine at me, so just to get rid of her I said I would.

"Don't leave it too long," she said. "He hasn't got long."

I hung up and went to the fridge for a cold beer, stepping over the parts of my bikes scat-

tered all over the kitchen floor. The shed where I usually fixed things had been loaned to a bro, gone in the slam, to store his bike. Another bro, Bim, and me were breaking down two other bikes. Plus, trying to get my own back on the road again. Because of a shortage of room, things had kind of spilled over into the house. When my ol' lady Barb started complaining about the grease and oil on the lino, I told her to keep her trap shut.

"There's even some kinda cog fell down inside the toaster," she said.

"Yeah, well, it ain't gonna be there for long," I told her. "An' if you keep whinin' about it, there's gonna be a little cog shoved down inside *your* toaster!"

She laughed. She's a pretty good ol' lady. We've been living together now for three years and everything seems to go smoothly most times. Which is about all you can hope for.

"Well, thanks for gettin' me a beer, too," she said when I came into the living room with the cold one in my hand. I shoved aside the fatbobs that were leaning against the sofa and sat down.

"I thought you were goin' to work," I said.

"Yeah, I am."

"Well, you shouldn't drink when ya gotta work."

"At that pizza place they're all drunks who come in, anyway," she replied. "So if the help's drunk, too, who's gonna notice?"

I laughed. She went out and I heard her open the fridge and pop the top on a can. She came in sipping it. Wearing her tight cutoffs and a little kinda flowered rag affair just covering her titties. Nice titties she has, too. Not real big, but too much for one hand anyway. I felt stirrings of the horny beast in my pants.

"Feel like a little nookie?" I asked.

"Jesus, Cal, I gotta be ready for work in half an hour. I don't wanna be late."

"Time for a beer, huh, but no time for a hump?"

She laughed and made her way over to me, beer in one hand, undoing the button and zipper on her cutoffs with the other. I helped her. Undid that little thing

Continued on page 90

FROZEN THUNDER

He makes the best of the lousy weather in Montreal.

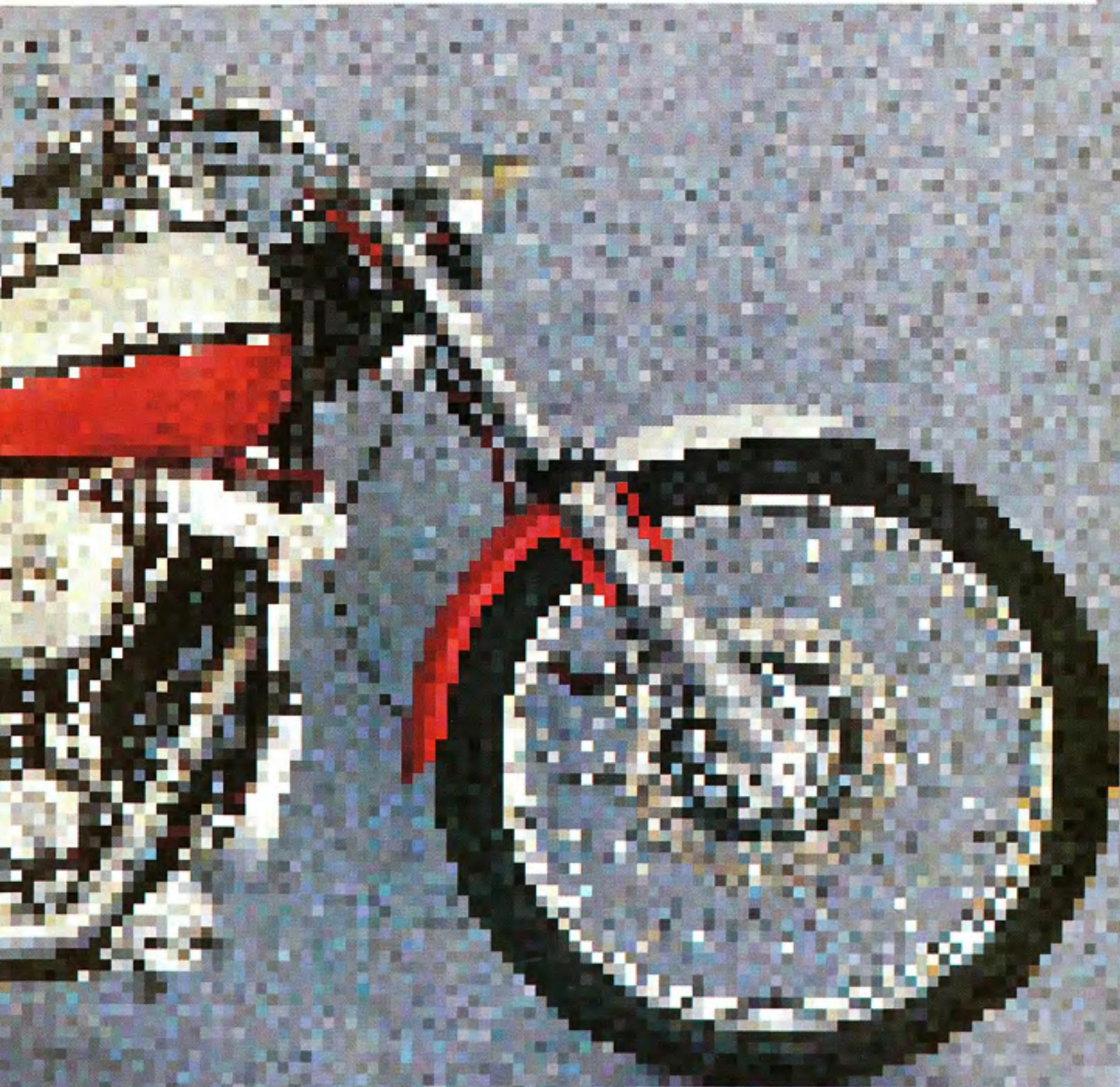


It's hotter'n blue blazes outside the tinted window. The sky is brown and the sun is high. I'm gagging down a Budweiser, tryin' to focus on one of the most dynamic-lookin' sleds we've seen. Nearly knocking over the beer on my light table, I shudder at the thought of what Spider would do to me upon seeing subsidized slides. It's not a pretty picture. Nothin' like the beautiful, colorful Softail laid out

in front of my charred eyes.

The night before was a heavy bender — an evening with the Grateful Dead always is — but it's now Monday morning and it's time to write a bike feature. With the refrain "Couldn't you try just a little bit harder? Couldn't you try just a little bit more?" echoing off the rafters of my brain, I decide to call up the Great White.

After half a dozen rings or







The bucketless biker owner dodging the Daytona cops . . . no risk is too high to get a good ridin' shot to show off his scooter



so, the phone is answered. An extremely distant "Haalloo" greets me, followed by clanking sounds in the background. After introductions, Jean Clouatre informs me that he's a little pressed for time. See, it's freezing in the little burg of Chateauguy (somewhere near Montreal, Canada) and Jean is trying to get his pipes unfrozen. I'm knocked out of my senses thinking about it. He says he hasn't had heat in two weeks, but he's hoping the thermometer will edge upwards to 45 degrees tomorrow. He's doing a remodel on his house, and the Rottweilers that he picked up in Daytona this year are beginning to look like they're fed up with this frozen shit. Ya don't wanna piss off a Rottweiler.

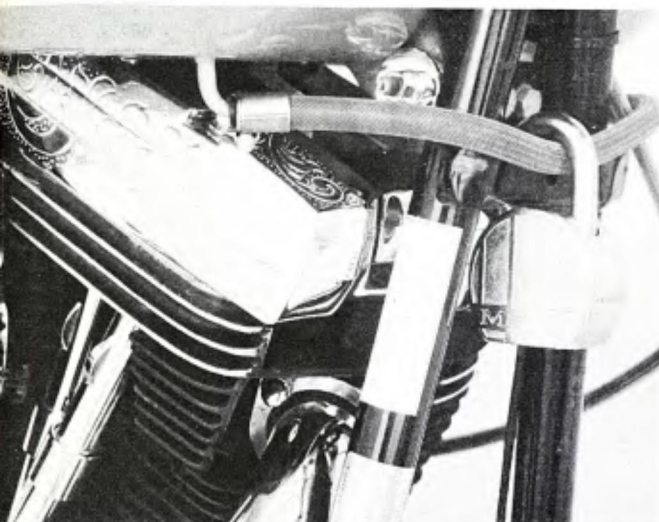
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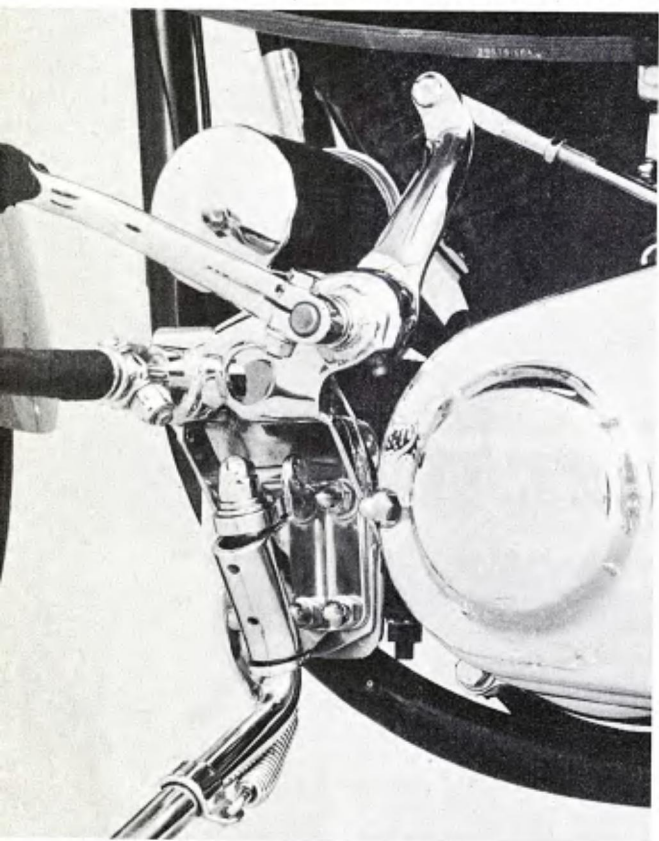
There was no machine work on this rail

utes, Jean forgets about his frozen pipes, busted-down house, and snarling dogs as he relaxes into a conversation about something a helluva lot more pleasant. Namely, his scooter and the rides he's been on with it in the past year since converting it from the original stock material.

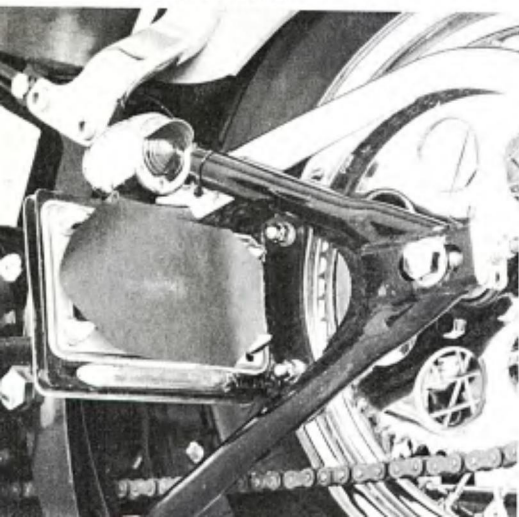
Jean spoke of putts he and his French-Canadian bros



No real chopper is complete without a good padlock



Photos by Pete Chiodo



had been on, of going to the St. Lawrence River and eating fish at their own special spot. Of 200-milers to New York for the Harley Rendezvous, and to Syracuse and Laconia for the races. Out to Canada's eastern seaboard of New Brunswick to eat lobster and girls — not necessarily in that order. Warms ya just thinkin' about it.

Made me think how lucky we are in California. Never worry about the weather, just jump on the bike and go. Up there ya gotta plan the shit out of every move ya make — even to go eat perch. Well, it makes it a little easier to be doing your five annual months of riding on a righteous sled like this one. It's better than eating crow. —Dead Head

Owner: Jean Cloutre		City: Chateaugay, Quebec	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1984 H-D		Builder: owner/H-D	
Model: Softail		Type: on the tail	
Value: \$20,000 Canadian		Rake: adjustable	
Assembly by: Moto Bellevue		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: rear adjustment	
Chroming by: G.G. Buffing		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Calif. tiller	
Year: 1984		Risers: on bars	
Model: blockhead		Fender(s): modified H-D	
Rebuilder: not yet		Headlight: H-D	
Ignition: electronic		Taillight: factory	
Displacement: 1340 cu. cent		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: very smooth		Front pegs: leather-covered	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: leather-covered	
Pistons: trick		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 5-gal.	
Heads: Evolution		Oil tank: horseshoe	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: factory	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: engraved	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: Drag Spec.	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: Cody	
Pipes: Mac's drag		Height: middle of back	
Muffler(s): none		Material: round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: not yet		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1984		Extension: cut 2 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: owner/H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: engraved	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Cody/Montreal		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: pearl-white/fire-red		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer		Brake: disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: illos by Cody			

Other special modifications: Moto Bellevue handled engraving. The crown on the rear fender alludes to Jean's nickname "The King." Thanks to Pierre "Yaou" Mitchell.

The first cleaning of the wound is the most painful, but also the most necessary. Boil a few cups of water and let cool to room temperature — this kills most of the germs in tap water. If



you have a solution called Betadine, it will disinfect the wound while cleaning. If you don't have Betadine, soap that isn't perfumed or deodorized will do.

First, take a clean washcloth and try to remove any gravel and grime from the wound. Next, take a pair of



scissors and trim the loose skin, if any. While cleaning the wound, there's no reason to scrub hard or really bear down on it, especially since most folks can't take the pain. Gently, clean one small area at a time. Some fresh bleeding will occur during cleaning, but bleeding is a sign of good circulation to the tissue.

Dressing the wound is the next step. There are several ways to go about this. An antibiotic, antibacterial ointment like Neosporin is the best. There are several other products on the market that are good, too. An ointment should be used to keep the wound moist. This prevents scabbing over, which can cause scarring of the tissue. (The ointments passed out for new tattoos can be used.)



You can either leave the wound open to the air or wrap it up in gauze. The object of wrapping the wound with gauze is to keep the medicine on the wound and decrease the pain. Also, road rash has the greatest chance of any "burn" to get infected with a variety of germs due to the way the injury was incurred.

It's important to wash the wound twice a day after the initial cleansing until the wound heals. Any drainage that continues after the first two or three days and that looks oozy or smells should be seen by a doctor. These



symptoms can indicate a need for stronger antibiotics than those commonly available over-the-counter and why take a chance on developing something *really* serious? In most cases of



simple road rash, however, you can expect the wound to be thoroughly healed in a week to a month.

Simple Road-Rash Treatment

by Nancy Nurse



A Capitol Rally

Nevada riders tell their legislators where they stand on the mandatory helmet law. Then, to make sure the politicians get their message, they tell 'em a second time.

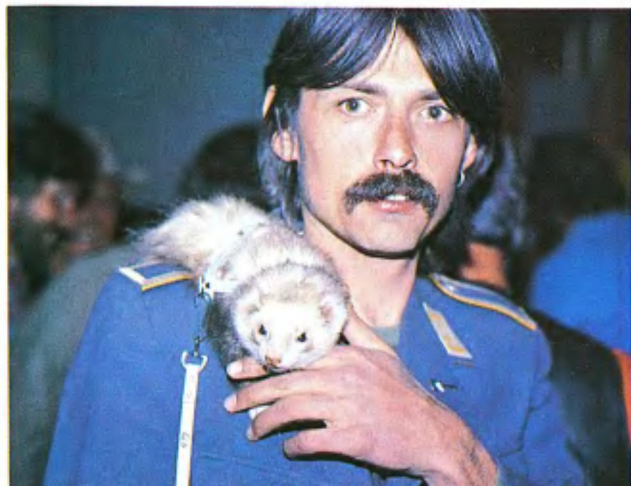
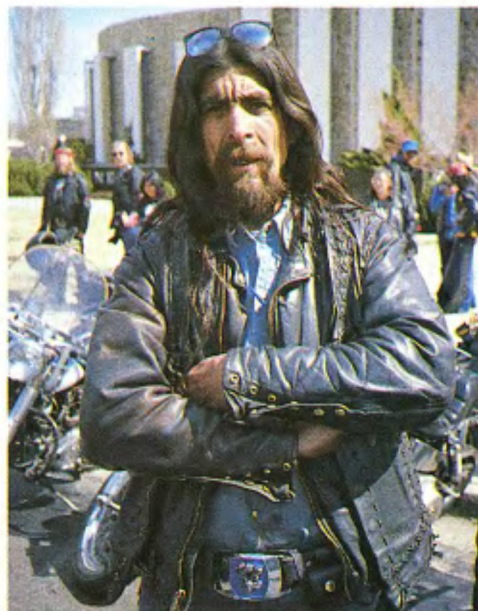




For some years now, Nevada has been the only western state to require skid lids for adult bike riders. As a result, Silver State riders have become more and more fed up with their second-class-citizen status.

This year they decided to show the legislature how they felt by holding not one but two helmet protest runs to the state Capitol on the same weekend.

Under the sponsorship of the United Motorcycle Riders of Nevada (UMRON), the crowd of bikers and ol' ladies was fully equipped with parade permits and shit like that. Thus, state and local cops had little choice but to provide an official escort for the run to Carson City. Of course, that didn't stop them from playing their little games, such as photographing every person and thing at least four times, and leading



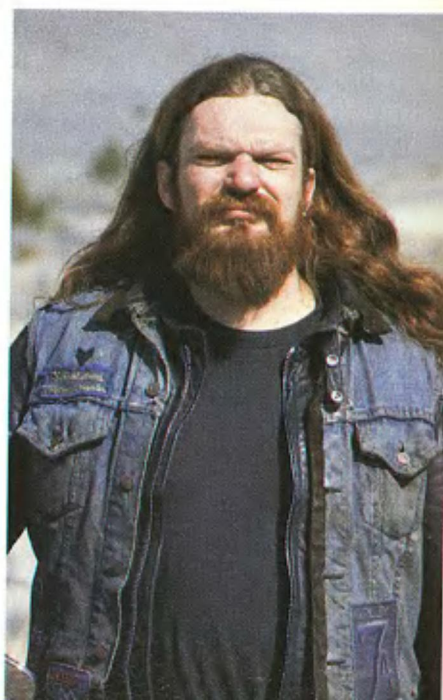
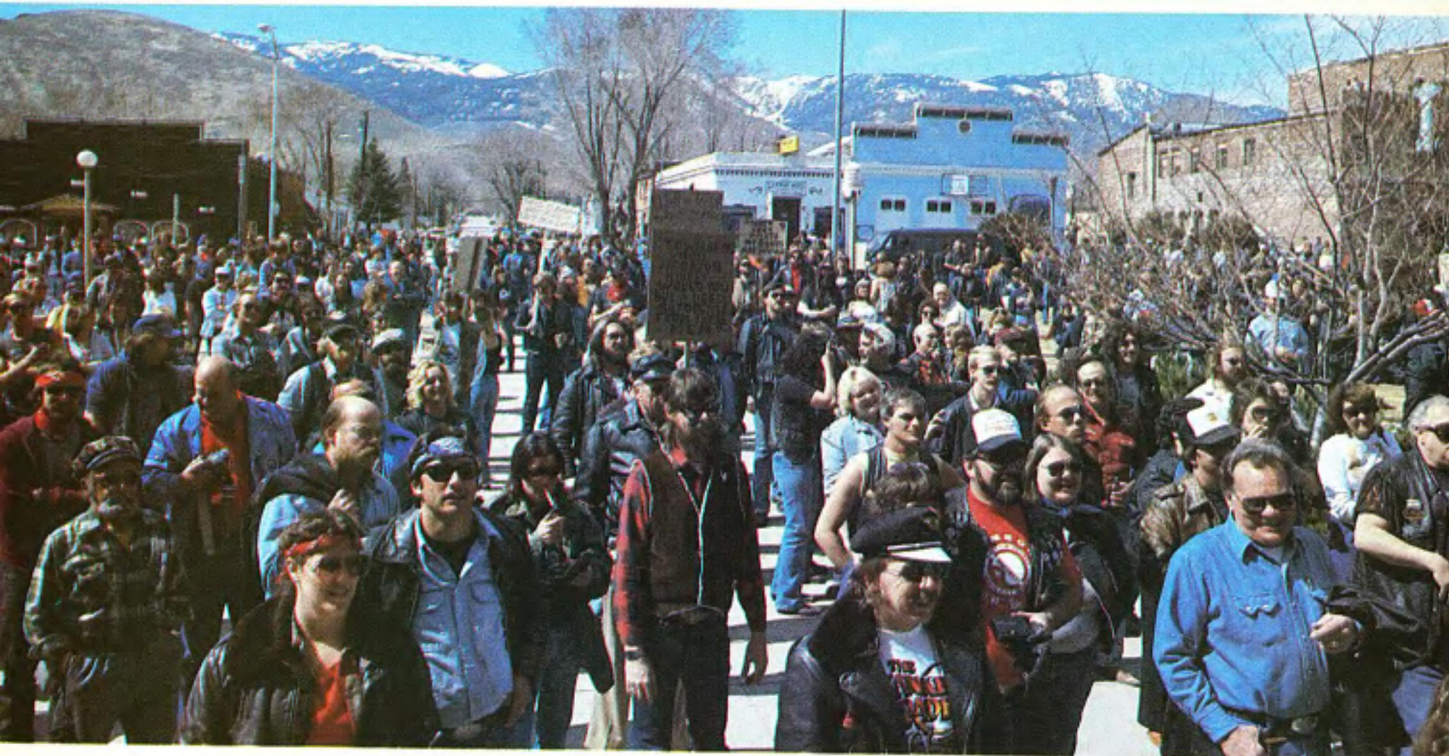
A Capitol Rally



the Sunday run so slowly that some bikes began to heat up.

Despite the petty harassment, both protests went off without a hitch. Flags, banners and signs waved in the breeze and speeches were made on the legislature's steps. Hell, some legislators even came out to speak against the helmet law and to listen to what we had to say — although their ranks weren't nearly as full as they should have been.

Meanwhile, back at UMRON headquarters, a run-down but roomy building called the Paradise Ball-





room, two bars were going full blast. One cranked out nothing but brew, the other just whiskey, and all proceeds went to help defray the cost of the runs.

One of the best things about the whole weekend was the way brothers and sisters from just about everywhere rallied to the support of fellow bikers still under the mandatory helmet law's heel. Despite evening temperatures down into the 20s, we found people there from as far away as Alaska and South Carolina.

ABATE of Washington was repre-

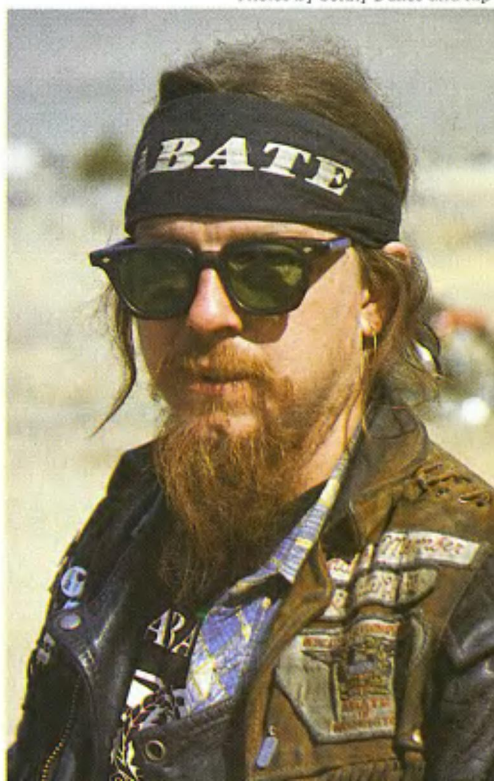
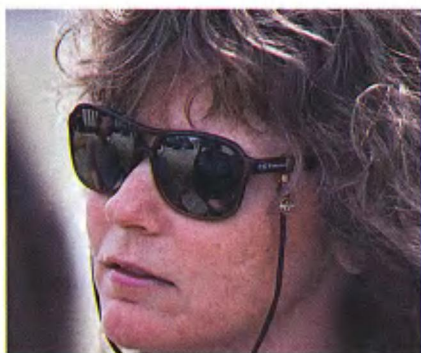
sented by a large contingent and the Modified Motorcycle Association, headquartered in Northern California, was there in force. In fact, we saw license plates from all over.

Topping it all off, the roast pig was excellent, beer was cold and women were friendly. The bands played till dawn. You can't ask for more than that. Thanks to the officers of UMRON for invitin' me and for takin' such good care of me and good luck to all of you in the fight against repression.

Bro Peter, this one's for you. R.I.P.

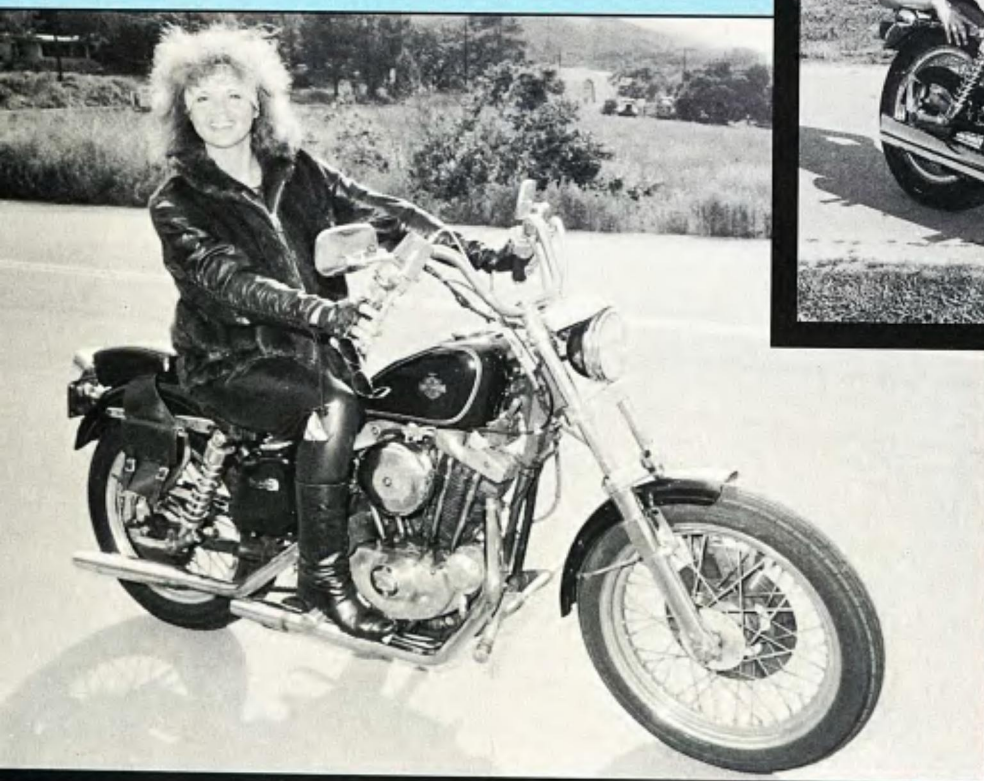


Photos by Sonny Dukes and Rip





Photos from Laurel's scrapbook



Photos on left by Kim Peterson

Stunt Ridin' Lady

Female rider makes riding her job.

by Pan Man

This bit began at a wedding in Boulder, Colorado, last spring. While guzzling at the bar with some bros, a friend, Shelly Abend, mentioned a woman stunt rider from Los Angeles named Laurel Rosenberg. When we said we didn't know her, Abend was stunned — us being a motorcycle magazine and Laurel's ride being a Harley. It was explained that though we're located near Hollywood, we aren't part of it. We checked it out. The following is a rundown of what we learned from getting together with our "fellow" Harley-Davidson enthusiast.

She describes herself as being "at home" on her currently black 1977 Sportster. The original owner and sole support of her bike, she declares she'll never part with it, though she looks forward to someday owning a chopped pan or a new blockhead. But for now, Laurel Rosenberg, an outgoing, attractive 26-year-old, 5'5", 120-pound, auburn-haired, brown-eyed bundle of energy loves living on her Sporty.

And live well she does, thanks in part to her bike. Laurel has been in the motion picture and television industry for nearly ten years, with hundreds of jobs behind her. Her work has evolved from being

strictly a stunt woman, without riding, to riding for the female stars in TV shows such as "CHiPs," "Starsky and Hutch," "The Rockford Files," "The Fall Guy," and a number of television pilots, to recently being out on the freeways and byways for "Ryker," "Simon and Simon," "Magnum, P.I.," and "The Love Boat," where she's had speaking roles and been a regular member of the cast.

She travels the world extensively, always clad in a T-shirt from one Harley dealer or another. She might be in the streets of Paris, France (where she says she once viewed a crowd looking on with keen interest at the Classic Edition Hog touring bike that had just rolled up in front of them), or at the Great Wall of China (running into Malcom Forbes and his Low Rider ridin' entourage), to riding the only Harley as a courier for ABC News at the '84 Olympics. Currently, she's cruising down the Nile River with "The Love Boat" crew, sporting an **Easyriders** T-shirt in front of the Sphinx.

All this — happiness on two wheels — because years ago a caring brother was patient enough to teach her how to ride. That was up in Portland, Oregon. The experience of first falling, then keeping the bike up and rolling, gave her an itch to ride that she's been scratching ever since.

The first bike she bought, a good-looking, chopped red Triumph, was ridden until the wheels

fell off. At that point she graduated up to the Sporty, buying it for its looks, style, and its deep, throaty pitch. Although she didn't purchase it with her career in mind, riding it to work everyday resulted in it becoming a useful tool for her to broaden the roles she was getting. Soon, offers started piling up.

She was the only cast member on "CHiPs" who actually rode a bike to the set. Pulling in alongside the rice-grinding cop bikes at the "honey wagons" (dressing rooms), she found herself regularly complimented by the crew and stars for having the classiest bike on the lot. Who could argue when the subject was heavy metal versus tin?

She's performed all manner of stunts, from hairball stuff in the dirt, including jumps and something where cables are attached to the bike's rear section to keep it from sailing, to simply riding through a scene, either solo or being chased by "cops." She's always in complete control and has never been injured, never even come close. Laurel laughingly says that actual street riding is way more dangerous than anything Hollywood can concoct. At least at the studio everyone is prepared, no matter how daring or demanding the director. (Let's not mention the Vic Morrow case). Anyway, everyone who rides knows the old saying, "No one can see ya and they're all out to get ya." She, too, rides defensively, aware of cagers' obliviousness to bikers. *Continued on page 89*

When Spider talks, we all listen. Why? Because he speaks loudly, and at least according to Miraculous Mutha, he carries a very big stick, indeed.



They first met down the California coast at Seal Beach — a couple of honey-hunting bikers surrounded by a sea of squares in the Irish bar. The conversation started, as it does so often, with the age-old question, "What are ya ridin'?" They were still rappin' about the merits of different Indians and Harleys — past, present, and maybe even future — 12 hours later when the bar closed.

"Ya know," the just-starting-to-get-gray-in-the-beard biker said to his companion with the long black hair as they sat on their bikes, conjuring up the will to kick them over, "I'm startin' up a magazine for bikers and by bikers, and I need a ramrod to keep the fuckers working on it from screwin' up. They're good hardcore bros, but they're used to stayin' up 36 hours straight to party and only work-in' when they have to. I need someone to help me keep them in line."

It wasn't too many weeks — or days, nobody really remembers for sure — later that the black-haired biker signed on as our resident fuck-up. And it was a good thing he did, otherwise we might never have even gotten the first issue out. He brought with him a couple of saddlebags full of some of the oddest shit anyone had ever seen — old, crumpled clippings, photos, books, scraps of paper, pictures of girls doin' anatomically impossible things — and an off-the-wall philosophy of life born of years on the road and coming from the poor side of town.

He also showed up wearing both a name and an attitude that were to go down in biker history. The attitude

RAPPIN' WITH SPIDER

was fuck the world, the name was Spider. His philosophy was "I ain't nobody's mother."

Now, for the first time ever, he's agreed to answer some of your questions about who he is and where his head is at. We asked Trampo, one of our gutsiest staff members, to lay the questions on him.

TRAMPO: Since you've finally agreed to answer some of the personal questions readers send in, let's start with one of the most common. When and why did you ever hook up with a living cesspool like Miraculous Mutha?

SPIDER: It was at Daytona one year. She oozed over to me and said "Fuck me or fight me." I took a close look at her, but decided it was too nice a day to fight.

T: What was your first ride?

S: It was an old rat Indian Chief, a 74-incher that musta had parts from about three different decades on her. I was in high school and most of my buddies called it a rolling junk heap. But, shit, I've always found there's a lot to be said for breaking in on a baling-wire-and-bubble-gum special that drops parts on the road after every bump — it teaches ya how to mount things back on.

T: I guess that was the beginning of your bike collection. Are you still doing it?

S: I haven't collected any bikes in the past four years. The last bike I purchased was a '31 Harley flat-tracker.

T: Do you still collect Harley memorabilia?

S: Oh, yeah, I'm a born pack rat. I still collect old Harley advertisements, photos, wrenches, anything that's Harley-Davidson.

T: What's your main ride right now?

S: A Wide Glide 80.

T: How 'bout that 96-incher you have parked outside your office?

S: That's a bike I bought from Armond's ol' lady after he was killed. Our managing editor at the time, Keith Ball, and I rode it a little over the years, but mainly we keep it in honor of Armond — who was with us in the early days — and we don't touch it anymore.

T: The office that Armond's bike is guarding isn't your first one, right? Didn't you once have a place called Spider's Hole or Spider's Room, something like that?

S: Yeah, it was a dimly lit cavern with cork on the walls to keep the sound down. It had two sofas and was really a party room. I have very fond memories of it.

T: Was that the room with the pool table?

S: No, that wasn't in the Spider Room. The pool table was in the magazine's first office and I have one in my office now. There was an icebox filled with beer next to it, and people waiting to see one of the editors could shoot pool while they waited.

T: Is it true that you used to augment your salary on that pool table?

S: I don't know that I'd go that far. But I did start shooting pool in high school and I once managed a pool hall. Over the years I got real good at snooker, so when I started playing eight-ball with those big pockets, it was a snap. We called it slop pool then — the big pockets you just had to slop 'em in.

T: What made you decide to cast your lot with *Easyriders*?

S: I appreciated the opportunity to be part of the first magazine, paper, book, movie or anything like that, to be put out by bikers, for bikers.

Ever since the very first clubs were organized, the media had been putting us down. Shit, they still do every chance they get. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to throw some weight on our side of the scales.

T: Good point. Why do you think so many straight people are so hostile to bikers?

S: The way the fucking media portrays us is one thing, but a lot of straights are also jealous of our freedom, of our women, of the fact that we are what they'd like to be 'cept they don't have the guts.

T: Speaking of freedom, you were one of the first people to really come out strong against mandatory helmet laws. What convinced you to take that stand?

S: It's my fuckin' gourd. The politicians got no more right to tell me I gotta cage my gourd than they do to tell me I gotta wear green on Thursday.

T: Were there a lot of professionals working on the magazine at the time you joined it?

S: The only professionals were Lou, Hal Robinson, and Frank Harding, the last two of whom have since died.

Harding was a walking encyclopedia. We used to say he could pick fly shit out of pepper. He spoke three languages — a bright sonuvabitch. He really helped the magazine get off the ground in the early days. Not too long after that, Keith Ball came on board. He was a big dude, about 6'4", just out of the Navy. He had long hair, a long beard, and lived in a pair of greasies — just the type of guy to fit in.

T: How about Robinson?

S: Surprisingly enough, Robinson was living in Seal Beach, too, and he contacted me after the first issue. When I picked up the mail, he had a cartoon on the envelope and I about flipped. We became immediate friends and were close buddies all the way up to his death.

T: You said something about Keith Ball's size. He wasn't the only big guy around that first office, was he? You're a pretty big turd yourself.

S: Believe it or not, I weighed 225 in high school, and over the years I shot up to 285. My second wife got me down to 240, and with all the good life at the magazine — crank and such — I'm now down to 210.

T: With such a big guy crackin' the whip, how come the mag sometimes has goofs in it?

S: We're human and fuck up just like everyone else does. Of course, we do party a little more, but whatdafuck.

T: Changing the subject some, what do you think is the biggest problem facing bikers today?

S: There are actually two. The first thing is, we gotta stop the cagers from killing off our brothers and sisters and driving away scot-free as if they'd run over a skunk or a jackrabbit. Whenever we get the chance, we gotta educate them to be aware that we're on the road and deserve to be, because we pay our taxes, too. When one of us does get snuffed by some blind or drunk asshole, we've got to get to that courtroom and let those elected district attorneys and judges who are supposed to be protecting the public know that we vote, that we have long memories, and that if they take the old "what the hell, it's only another dead biker" attitude, we're going to work our butts off to push them onto the unemployment rolls.

The second massive problem we face is having the government nickel-and-dime us to extinction with bullshit laws — helmets, headlights, handlebars, pegs, turn signals, exhaust pipes. It's like Uncle Sam has turned into Babysitter Sam. Now they're even hangin' catalytic converters on scooters and talkin' about things like mandatory crash bars and DayGlo-orange ridin' suits. The bureaucrats running the government think that the people who pay their salaries are babies who need some big brother to change their shitty pants for them. This is something else that we've got to use our political-power votes to fix.

T: What about your column "Taking

It Easy"? Where do you get all the weird shit you put in there?

S: I read three newspapers a day and the readers know I have a fetish for the absurd, so they send me newsclips from around the world. There's one thing about the column that a lot of people don't flash on. Mostly all the people who are gettin' fucked or fuckin' themselves in the most unbelievably stupid ways are cage-driving straights. There are an awful lot of dipshits out there.

T: One more thing about the column. Where did the illustration of you come from?

S: I was hanging around Frisco during the Haight-Ashbury days — you know, Owsley acid and all that good shit. I did a column on a Hells Angel who had died. He was very popular and went by the name of Chocolate George because of all the chocolate he ate. Later on, when I joined *Easyriders*, I felt the drawing of Chocolate George looked like me, so I've used it ever since.

T: What are a few of the other things you do besides the column? You direct all the girl photo sessions, right?

S: Not any more. It was a hell of a lot of fun, but after ten years it got kind of old, so Madman Kelly does it now. I still pick all the girls to be photographed, though.

T: How about the cartoons?

S: I guess I must be a sick sonuvabitch 'cause I've picked every one of them. I even did it when Robinson was with us.

T: Despite the fun times, running a rag like *Easyriders* has got to be a tough job. Do you find your work cuts into your riding and partying much, and how do you keep from being hassled because of who you are?

S: Actually, we keep it all fun because of the way we go about putting out the rag. I believe everyone should do his job when he feels like it — day or night or on weekends. There are day people and there are night people. People should do their work when they're at their best.

As far as people hangin' around me 'cause of who I am, I avoid that by keepin' a low profile when I'm with people I don't know. The thing is that people who should recognize me can, and those that I want to keep out of my face can't. You may have noticed that I've never put a photograph of myself in the rag. That's because when I party or go on runs I want to get ripped and have a good time, not talk about the rag.

T: You say that people who "should" recognize you, can. What does that mean?

S: There are tip-offs, certain tattoos that no one else has, a few things like that. The word's around where it matters.

T: What kind of tattoos would those be? Most tattoos aren't that unique.

S: I was getting unique tats when the only tattoos you knew were the

ones you were playing on the inside of your mama's belly. In other words, who else do you know who has a brown turd tattooed on 'em?

T: A turd? Where?

S: On my upper arm. There are others, but you gotta be a good-lookin' hardbelly to find 'em.

T: I'm glad you mentioned women. You've always got a ton of girlfriends, besides Mutha. What's the secret?

S: I've been fortunate in life and have always gotten along with women. I play the chauvinist, but I secretly really like them. All a woman has to do is keep her mouth shut and follow orders.

T: About that "getting along with women" bit, weren't you married a couple of times?

S: The first one didn't want me to start wearing a beard and I had to make a choice. You've probably noticed I've still got the beard. The second one and I argued too much. I already told you I can't stand a loud-mouthed chick, right? Anyhow, I learned a lot from those experiences and I signed a blood oath about it with two of my patchholder buddies.

T: What kind of oath?

S: If I ever decide to get hitched again, they were to shoot me in the ankles, blast my kneecaps off, and then shoot me in the balls.

T: Talking about marriage somehow reminds me that one of the most bitter controversies in the history of *Easyriders* has been the debate over the virtues of big tits versus little tits. Where do you stand?

S: All they gotta be is tits and I'll stand foursquare in the middle with a hand on one and my mouth wrapped around the other.

T: I thought you saved your gums to suck up some of that raisin pie you're always givin' the dudes who work for you. You know, there's been a lot of talk about how that's code for drugs or snatch or something else good and nasty.

S: Raisin pie is raisin pie. It all started in the county jail in grape country I was in once. They awarded you once a week with a slice of raisin pie if you were good, so I started rewarding the staff the same way.

A couple of years ago when Robinson was writing a cookbook, he asked me if he could include my recipe for raisin pie and I gave it to him. People still didn't believe that was all there was to it, even after the book came out.

T: Did you use raisin pie as a reward when you were training Rufus?

S: You can't train Rufus. He's just a big, shaggy, white-haired Samoyed reprobate with breath that could sear a steak and a heart as big as an Electric Blue. There ain't nothin' I can say about Rufe except that the dude who first said, "A man's best friend is his dog" must have known him before I did. Everybody loves him, especially chicks.

Continued on page 128

TIPS ON LIFE

*Coping with life in the screwed-up lane —
advice from an expert.*

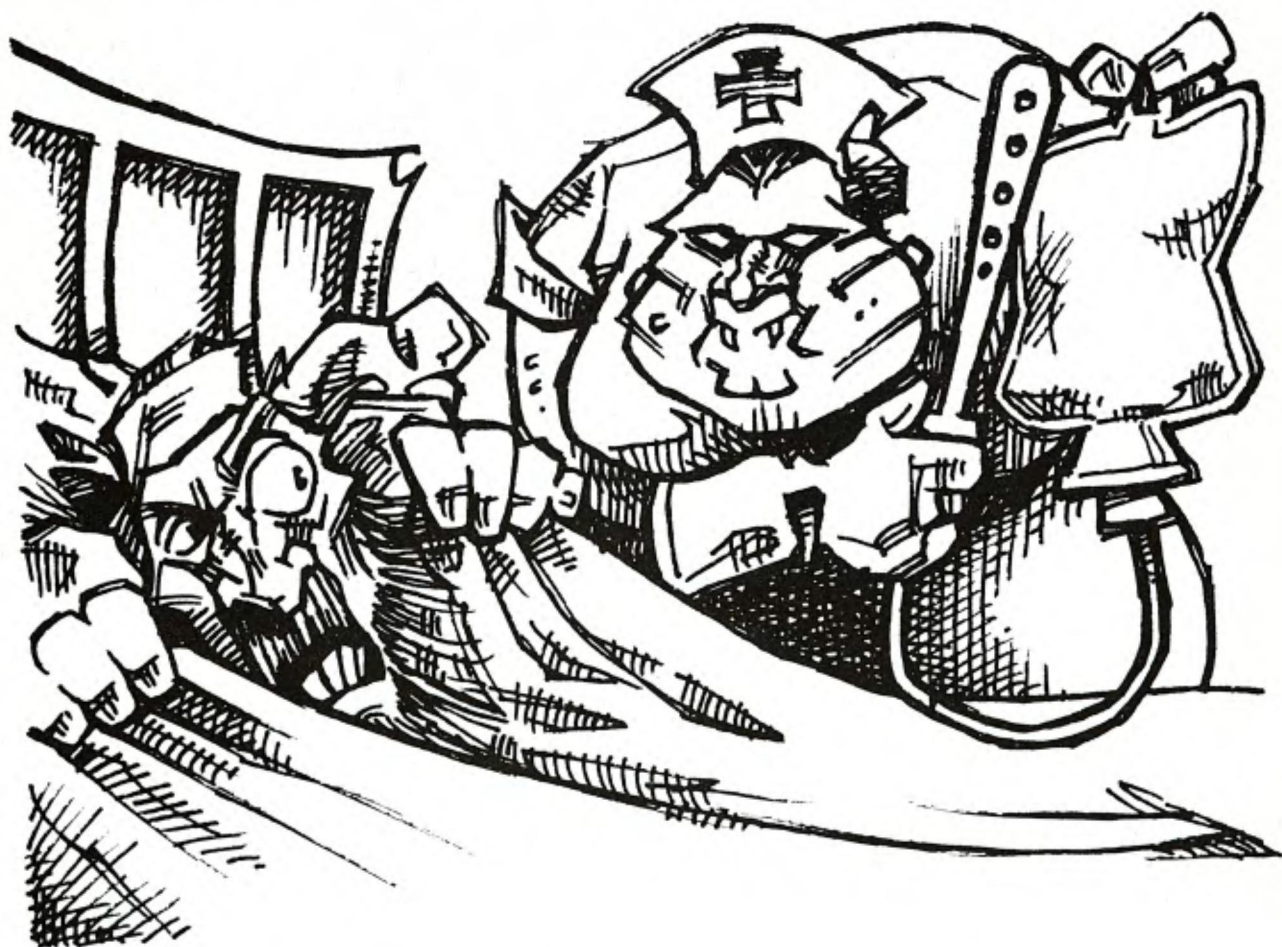
By John Watson

Cold Remedies

If you're one of those people who insist on buying over-the-counter "remedies" for your common cold, save your bread. Scientists have proven that they don't do any good, no matter what the ads for 'em say. Of course, since they don't do any real harm either, the FDA won't take 'em off the market.

If you can't afford the price of an office visit to the doctor — for what usually comes down to no more than having a nurse take your temperature and the doctor gag you with a tongue depressor before sending you on your way with a cheery, "You've just got a cold, so stay in bed and drink plenty of

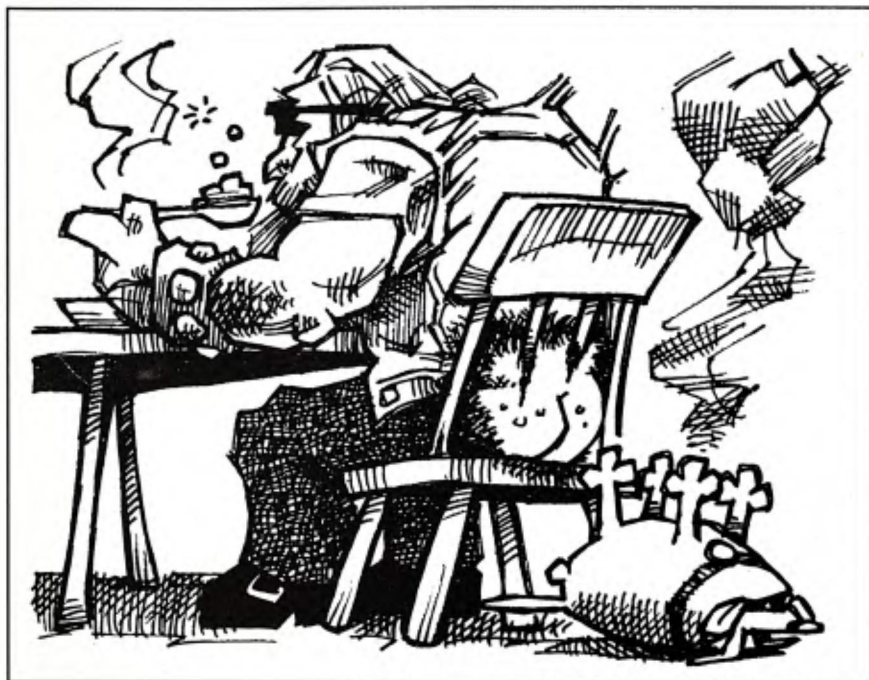
fluids" — try eating an onion or garlic sandwich. Mix up a cocktail of lemonade, butter, honey, and any kind of whiskey, heat the whole mess and drink it down. Chicken broth and chili peppers are a couple of other possibilities that work just as well as anything you see advertised on TV, too.



This Recipe's A Gas

Chop up half a pound of bacon and an onion. Put 'em in a pot with one large can of pork and beans. Add some garlic salt, a cup of dark brown sugar, and one tea-

spoon of powdered mustard. Mix it all together and bake it in a 300-degree oven for an hour and a half. You'll be safe for about two hours, but after that don't fart near any open flames.



Unfair Ticket? Fight It!

It's no fun getting a ticket — especially one you don't think you deserved. A recent book on the market will tell you exactly how to counter technical violations. I've used it, and it works. Written by an attorney named David Brown, the title is *Fight Your Ticket* (Nolo Press, 950 Parker St., Berkeley, CA 94710). The \$12.95 price is well worth the money, believe me.



Sex In California

Two deputy sheriffs in Norwalk, California, shot a man four times, which resulted in a very

serious case of death for the culprit. However, you can't really blame the lawmen. Their adversary was totally naked and unarmed at the time, but get this horrifying fact — he pointed his pecker at them!



Easy Removal

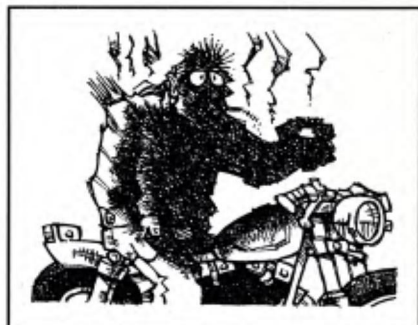
If you ever shear off one of those hollow spring pins used in engines for alignment, there's an easy way to remove the broken part. Wet some toilet paper and carefully fill the center hole to the top. Then, using a thin punch that just fits inside the diameter of the pin, smack it a couple of times with a

hammer. The wet paper will compress and push the pin up out of the hole without damaging your valuable part.



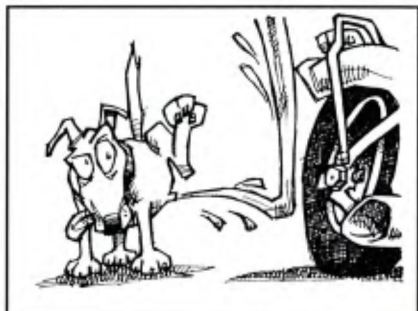
Fire Protection

Don't want your bike to burn up? Housewives have been using this "kitchen aid" for years. Since a fire extinguisher is heavy and bulky, why not fill an empty cigarette box with baking soda and tape it somewhere out of sight — but easy to get at — on your scooter? In the event of a fire, just bust that sucker open and sprinkle it over the flames.



Dogs

Do dogs piss on your motorcycle tires when your bike is parked outside? Have the ol' lady wipe down the rims with a cloth dipped in Pine-Sol. Your wheels will shine and the critters will keep their distance.



Illustrations by Duffy Duggan.

THE REAL TRADE WAR

If you've been around bikes long enough, you'll remember the phrase, "You meet the nicest people on a Honda." Horseshit. I remember when the first Jap bikes started showin' up here. Those of us who rode American or British bikes knew they looked and sounded funny, and we wondered if their owners could get 'em to last long enough to ride to a junkyard. Well, there isn't a British bike industry anymore, and Harley weathered out the storms from the other side of the Pacific, but only barely. What the hell is goin' on, anyway, and why are so many economists and politicians and bureaucrats trying to bullshit us into thinking it isn't a simple issue? The issue is real simple — it's American jobs. Those first cute little slogans from the Japs sound more and more like "Tora! Tora! Tora!"

The American steel industry is in some deep shit, there aren't any industries left in home electronics and cameras in this country, and I've got friends in machine-tooling and telecommunications who are losin' their jobs. And then some mealy-mouthed fool stands up in front of a TV camera and says it's 'cause the Japs are outproducin' us. We're told that the man-hour production in Japan is so much higher than it is here that we just can't compete. And how are we gonna know any different, since the Japs bust their asses keepin' our products — except for food and oil — out of Japan. Those two are somethin' they're glad to buy from us. Of course, the rich Japs love Harleys. They're real collector's items, even though Tokyo taxes the shit out of 'em.

If you watch the papers real close, you'll read about Jap companies gettin' sued over here for patent and copyright violations. Seems they like to buy up some of our stuff, get licensed to copy and sell it overseas,

then they dump it here and hurt the company that designed it in the first place. I haven't ever seen or heard anything that'd make me think the Japs are any good at creating new things. They just produce the hell out of everybody else's ideas and flood us with tons of their products.

Something you won't see in the newspapers is the fact that the Japs are usin' nice, shiny, new machines while we're trying to compete on equipment that goes back to the time when Bill Harley and Arthur Davidson sat down and talked about stickin' an engine into a bicycle frame. Washington won't remind us that it was American tax dollars that paid for those machines, startin' about forty years ago, right after we settled a little dis-

agreement with Tokyo called World War II. After it was over, there wasn't any industry left in Japan. It was bombed into nothin' after they threw a few bombs at us. Fifty years ago, we were sellin' 'em our scrap and they were turnin' it into aircraft carriers and bullets. Now, we sell 'em food and oil and they buy their iron and coal and aluminum and damn near everything else they need from outside that pissy-assed little group of islands. How can the American public be dumb enough to think that a country without any natural resources, thousands of miles away, can be so efficient on their own? They're gettin' subsidies and help from their own government, a government that doesn't have to worry

about a navy or an army or an air force. They've got American muscle behind 'em, and again, we're payin' the tab. Yeah, Washington tells us that they're paying about 1.1 billion dollars a year for military protection, and that we've gotta have those bases over there for our own protection. How come we didn't need those bases prior to World War II, when planes and ships couldn't go nearly as far or as fast as they can now?

Bikers seem to be about the only group in this country that sees what's goin' on. I see fools on their Jap stuff, and they go fast and they look shiny, but what happens when you spin a crank or a cam breaks, and you find out you can't get parts 'cause the dealers figure the model is gonna be out of production next year? You don't ride, that's what happens. That Oriental crotch-rocket sits around collectin' dust, and meanwhile, another American job or two was lost.

One thing the Japanese have on us, and something I respect, is patience. They have traditions that're hundreds of years old and they're willing to wait a generation or two to get what they want. We don't seem willing to look at it that way. Half a century ago, the Japanese decided they wanted to own a big part of the world and they gave it a helluva shot. They pushed their luck a little too far when they went after Pearl Harbor, but somehow, I don't think that old dream died out. They learned better than to come after our military bases, so now they're comin' after our jobs and our dinner tables — and they just might be patient enough to wait us out.

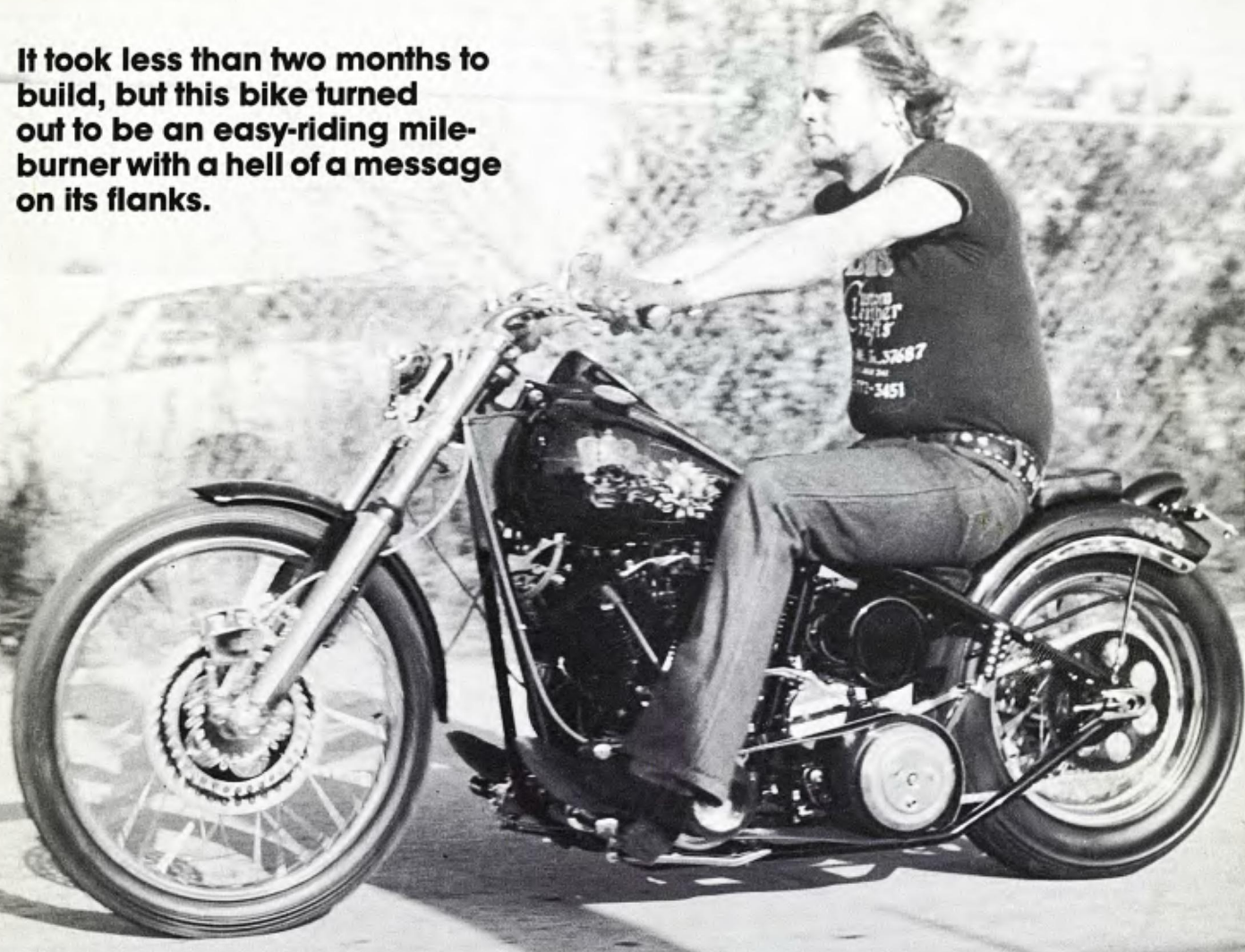
Remember when the Iranians had all those American hostages? The U.S. asked our allies to impose trade restrictions and economic pressure on those sneaky assholes. The British went along with us and the Canadians

Continued on page 130



By Donald J. Hunt

It took less than two months to build, but this bike turned out to be an easy-riding mile-burner with a hell of a message on its flanks.



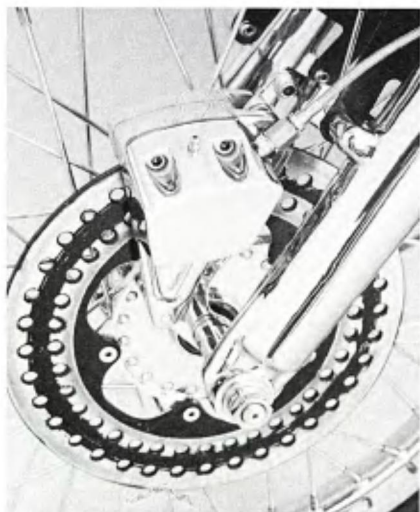
TENNESSEE STUD

They're generally large, those famous horses that they raise in the great border state of Tennessee.

Large and solid, yet graceful in their easy, unstrained gait that can rapidly cover vast amounts of territory with a minimum of apparent effort.

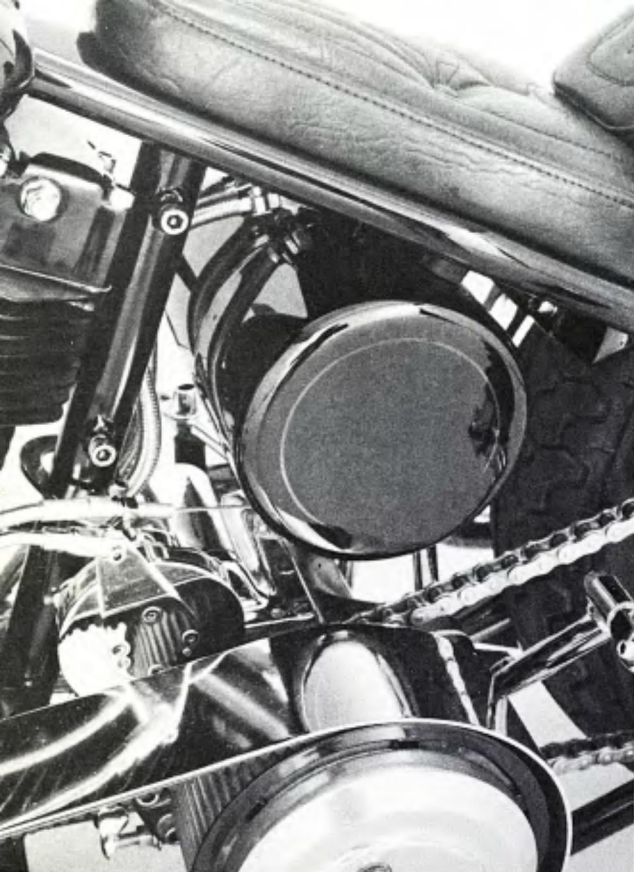
Like those Tennessee studs of equine fame, Dirty Bill Hampton's shovelhead can eat up the miles so easily that Bill often forgets to get tired and keeps on rolling long after he'd planned to pull over for some rest and eliminations.

Bored out to 94 cubes, the



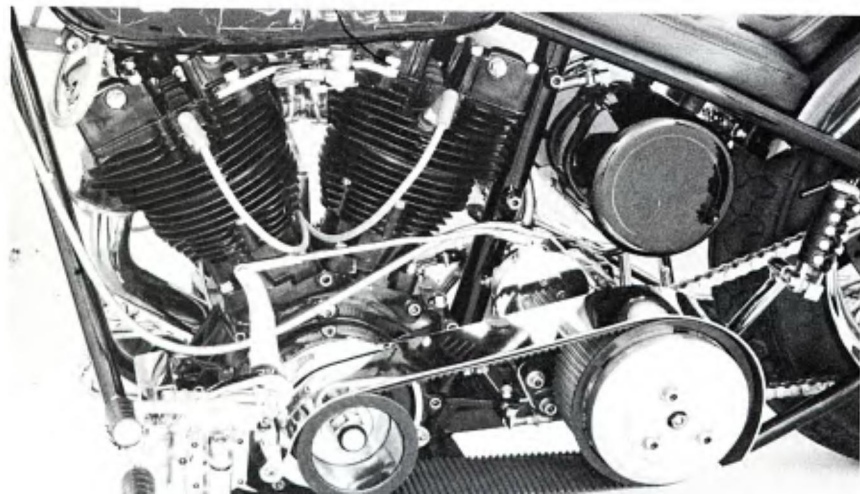
engine just loafs along with the speedo needle heading for space shuttle territory and the wind whistlin' "Dixie" past Bill and whatever lucky lady happens to be packin' behind him.

As you've noticed by now, the most striking thing about this scooter is the tank and fender art — a mural called, appropriately enough, "Equality." If, like me, you're one of those bros who still carries around fond memories of Dave Mann's old Grim Reaper paintings, nobody will have to tell you the meaning of Bill's tank art or the feelings that painter Teresa Crane put



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Screamin' from a two-throat Dell 'Orto



Owner: Dirty Bill Hampton		City: Roan Mt., Tenn.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Rick's Custom H-D		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1977 H-D		Builder: E-Z Go/Rick Doss	
Model: shovel		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: Rick Doss		Stretch: 2 in.	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: none needed	
Chroming by: Atlantic Coast Pltng.		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1977		Risers: Low Rider	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Rick Doss	
Rebuilder: Rick Ross		Headlight: etched	
Ignition: Morris Magneto		Taillight: who knows?	
Displacement: 94 cu.in.		Speedo: Drag Spec.	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: owner	
Balancing: Rick Ross		Rear pegs: owner	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: fatbobs	
Heads: Dave Mackie		Oil tank: round	
Cam(s): Leineweber		Oil system: dry sump	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: belt guard	
Carb(s): Dell 'Orto		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: velocity stacks		Sissybar: struts	
Pipes: drag		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: cold-rolled	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1977		Extension: none	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: H-D/Rick Ross	
Engine sprocket: belt		Special features: trees cleaned	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Rick Doss		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Teresa Crane		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM5
Color: candy purple/black pearl		Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer		Brake: H-D	Brake: Sebrelle
Special paint: Air brush mural of "Equality,"			
Other special modifications: Countersunk allen heads; dash; fender trim.			

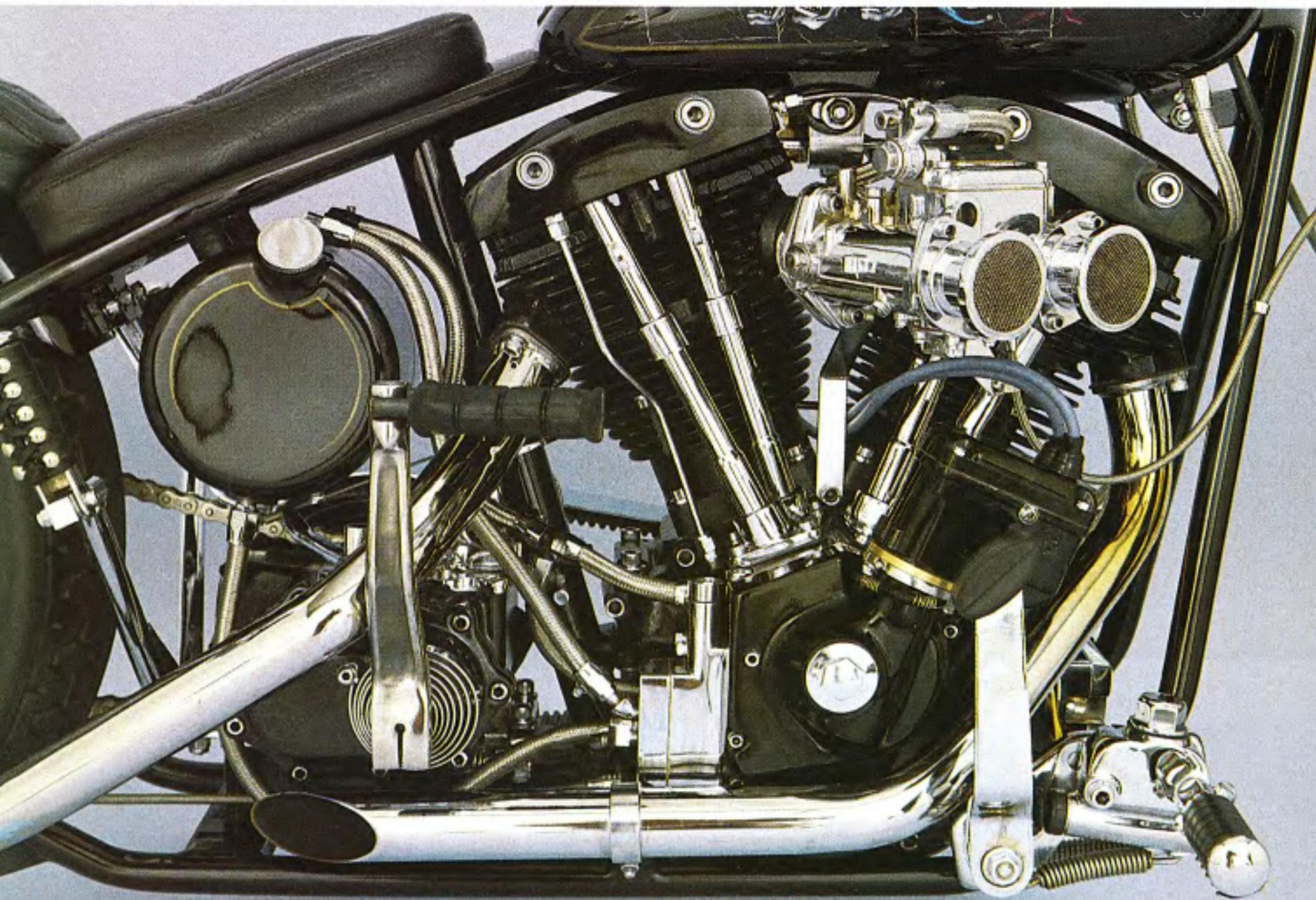
into it. Some things, especially the important ones, just speak for themselves.

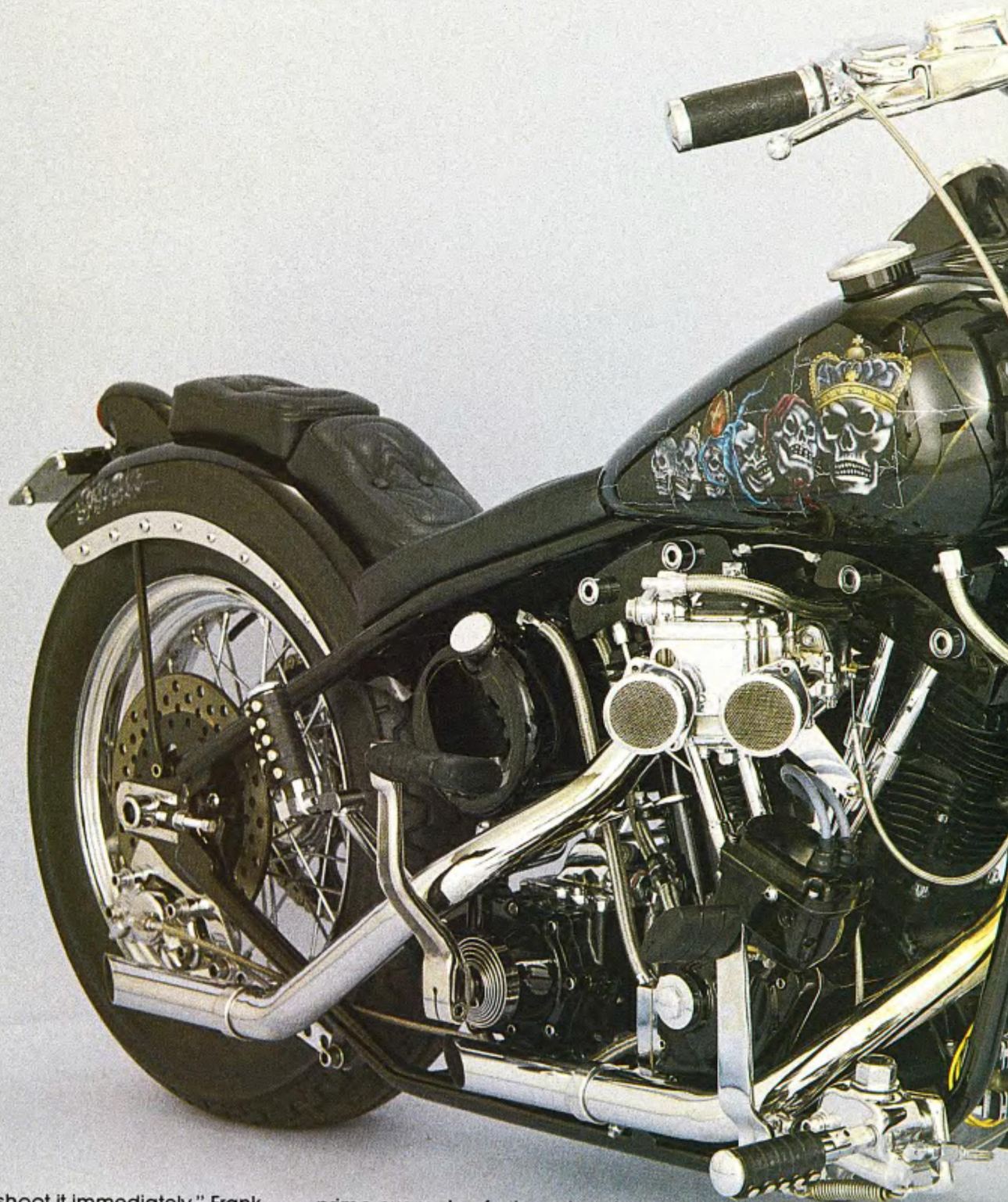
Encountering Bill and his scooter at Daytona, which is somewhat south of Bill's Tennessee mountain home, editor Frank and photo guru Pete were determined to shoot the bike before the first drop of bird shit went splat right between some poor skeleton's eyes.

"This bike was so hot we wanted to get it into the studio



Dirty Bill really digs this tank and fender art; he wears a copy of it tattooed on his back





and shoot it immediately," Frank remembers. "We don't run any bike that isn't a first-class, top-cabin example of some kind of definite bike style, but Dirty Bill's scooter is rare in that it exemplifies a certain type of bike mechanically and a certain type of biker philosophically.

"In other words, the bike is a

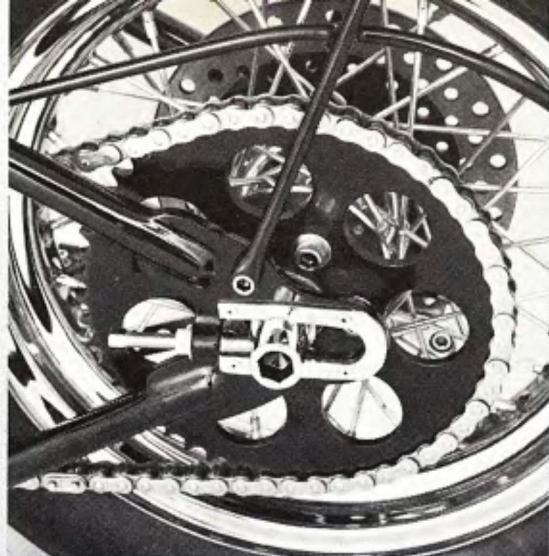
primo example of a bored and stroked, non-supercharged, high-speed cruiser, and it also tells everything about the 'Live hard, die fast' way of life so many of us lead."

All of which is perfectly true, of course, except that this motorcycle also has one other thing going for it — a direct link with

those other Tennessee mounts, the ones whose deserved fame establish this as a fitting 20th century descendent.

Paraphrasing the song, it's got the lines and it's got the blood, and there ain't never been a ride like the Tennessee stud.

—Grape



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!

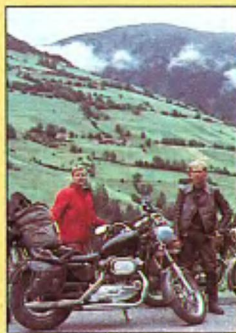
You and your ol' lady (or a friend) could be on that flight to Frankfurt, Germany, with \$2000 in your jeans and a Harley waiting for you when you land — and a brand-new Softail bein' built in Milwaukee just for you when you return. Why delay? Enter today! And while you're at it, take advantage of our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

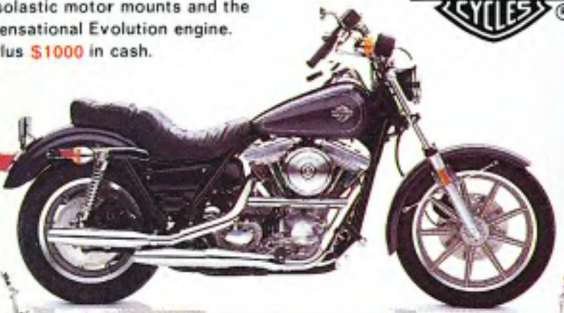
Round-trip airfare to Frankfurt, Germany, for two. \$2000 cash spending money. Free use of a Harley-Davidson for two weeks, courtesy of the Harley Owners Group Fly-and-Ride Program. And a 1986 H-D Softail when you return to the States.



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,

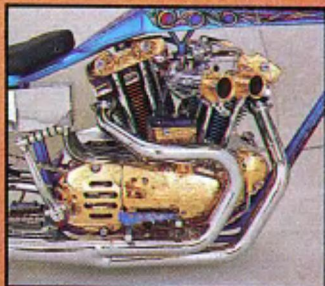
one of America's largest and best suppliers of bike parts and accessories. From tailpipes to leather caps, you can get it from Custom Chrome.



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.



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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.
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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.
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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.

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T-shirt Size: S

M

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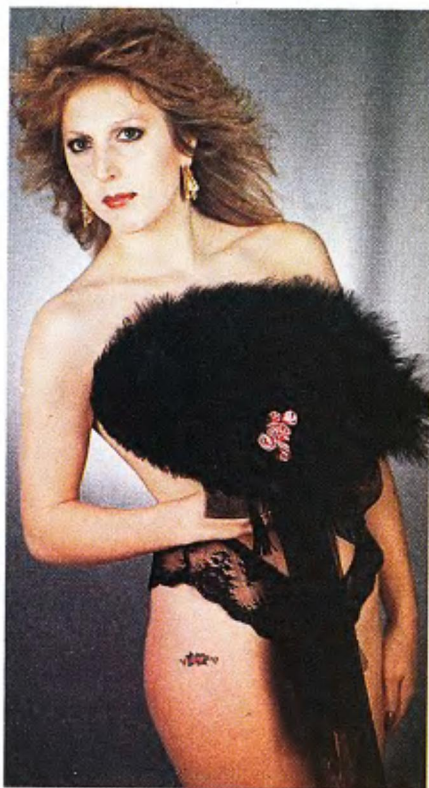
XL

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

Ol' Lady Contest



Here she is, folks — **Nancy**, the tenth monthly winner in the Seventh Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Melanie, Heidi, and Deanna.



LINDA



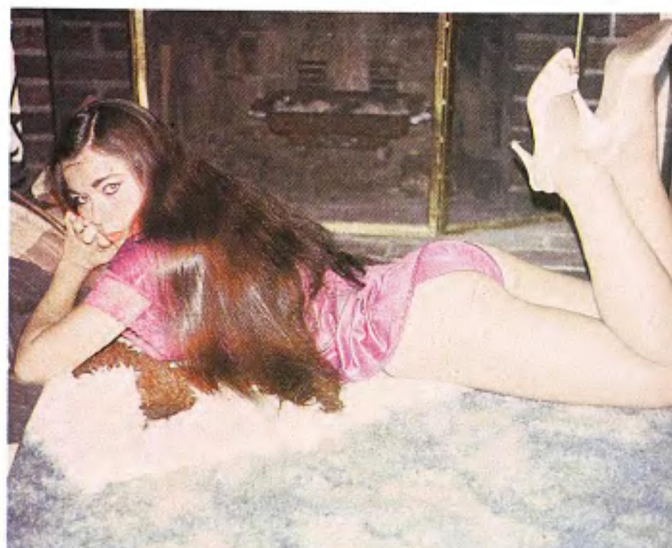
CINDY



PATRICIA



ROGANNE



COKIE



SONJA



KITTY

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 July 30th. We'll print the winner in the November issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #146 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.



SUE

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

146

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 _____ City _____ 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.

SPIKE'S PLACE

We parked our bikes out front. We always park them there. It's good advertising for the bar. Bikers hang out here. Spend their money. Good for business. Some local cops are afraid to come in the place. Spike's. Spike's Bar. Spike's Bar and Grill. Crab Flats, Oregon. Biker country.

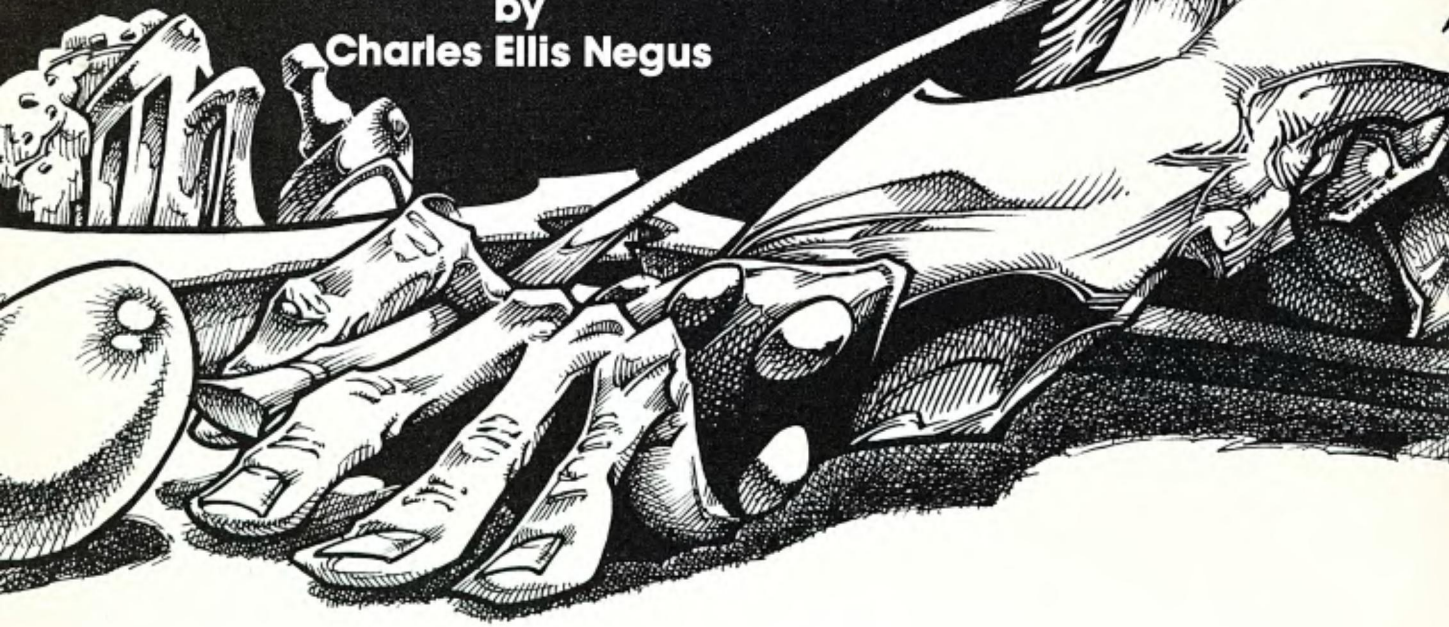
The sun reflects off my dirty, well-traveled Hog, finding a clean, polished portion of my chromed gas cover. I'm momentarily blinded by the light. But I don't need to see. I can find Spike's in the dark. I can smell Spike's magic aroma of beer and gas and oil and fish. There's nothing like it anywhere. Just follow your busted nose.

My sidekick Jeff has already gone inside. His nose isn't busted and he's not blinded by the sun. He's also not afraid to be alone. Especially with a woman. Jeff is sitting next to the only chick in the bar.

Spike brings them both a beer, takes the

Continued on page 102

by
Charles Ellis Negus





Grab Bag

Tech Tip

I'm gonna lay a double-whammy on you this month and give y'all some tech tips pertaining to cleaning and assembling. Though short and sweet, these little hints oughta ease some of the aggravations inherent to both building and restoring a ride to roadworthiness. And dig it — only one of 'em requires an investment of more than just your time. Let's knock that one off first.

Assembly Lube is insurance in a tube, available from most auto parts stores for \$3-\$5. You should use it on all bearing surfaces when assembling an engine or transmission. After replacing a bearing, bushing, shaft, or just about anything else, the most critical point in that part's life occurs at initial start-up when lubrication is most needed. Most manuals recommend assembly with motor oil, which is fine if the engine or tranny is going into service right away. However, if you're building a scooter part by part, and, say, the engine was done first, so that it winds up setting around waiting on chrome or paint, the time span between assembly and start-up allows the oil to run off the internal bearing surfaces right up to the moment when movement activates the oil pressure. Assembly Lube, on the other hand, is designed to stay on those surfaces until adequate oil pressure or an oil bath forces it out — at which point it mixes with the oil in the system.

For those of you who've had a 74 oil pump

off to fix a keyway or a leaky gasket, this is great shit. When reassembling the oil pump body to the crankcases, a couple of dabs of Assembly Lube on the oil pump gears and shaft will stay put, unlike motor oil which continuously drips down the gasket surface, wiping out the sealant on the oil pump body gasket so that it leaks forever — or at least until you do it right.

A word to the wise: Don't mistake Assembly Lube for wheel bearing grease. Once Assembly Lube gets hot, it breaks down into a liquid that won't do shit for wheel bearings.

Okay, moving right along to the subject of cleaning. Before you have any engine or transmission parts plated or anodized, remember to remove all gasket material from any mounting surfaces. Contrary to popular belief, the chrome plater's stripping tanks do *not* remove every foreign particle from the pieces to be plated. Instead, what the stripping tank will do is etch the outline of any gasket material left on a

mating surface — making it hell to remove and harder to seal the second time around.

One alternative to chrome plating is glass beading, something that nine times out of ten will remove all foreign material from a metal surface. Trouble is, it leaves behind small grit that gets in everywhere, and I mean, everywhere. Every last iota of grit must be removed before assembly and that includes threaded holes. On most H-D engines and transies, there are some oddball threads, particularly the 1/4-24 thread of the lifter block, oil pump, timing cover, trans top, and mainshaft ball-bearing retaining-plate screws. The best way to clean the grit out of these threaded holes is to run a tap through the hole while it's dry and then blow it out with compressed air. A less expensive way to go at it is to make your own clean-out tap using a hex-head lifter-block screw with some grooves cut down its length by use of either a file or a grinding wheel. The grooves provide a chan-

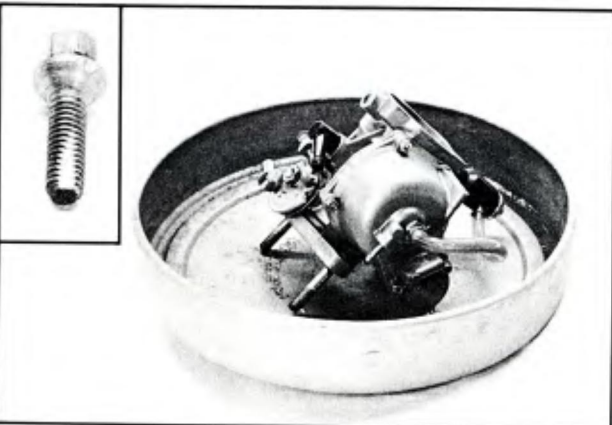
nel for the grit that's been loosened from the threads, enabling it to flow out as the screw is turned into the hole. Needless to say, this procedure should be done when the threads are dry or you'll find that moisture has allowed the grit to get pushed down to the bottom of the hole, making it all the more difficult to get out.

Now, how about those of you who'd like to clean grit out of oil passageways? No problem. A small-caliber gun-cleaning brush works wonders.

Sharp eyes are a definite asset in regard to this next tip, which has to do with converting some door-slammer's loss into your gain. That's right — I'm talking hubcaps here. They make swell bench-top cleaning trays or small drain pans for when you jerk your oil pump or change the trans oil. They can even be held under your cannister-type Harley oil filter at changing time. One of the best things about hubcaps — in addition to their availability along every stretch of roadway in America — is their nearly infinite variety of shapes and sizes. The one in the photo holds over a quart of liquid, is quite stable because of its flat bottom, and comes from a late-model Ford van — meaning that at four per vehicle, it's not outside the realm of possibility that you may encounter at least one of its three "littermates" some day.

Well, that's my word allotment for this month.

—Wrench





BATTLE OF THE TWINS

No matter how ya try, there's no way to avoid having yer eyeballs irritated by the sight of the latest ricecycles from the land of the Risin' Dung. And chances are, that orient express settin' next to you at the stoplight is being ridden by some acne-scarred punk runnin' his mouth about how much faster his plastic sewing machine is than any piece of Milwaukee Iron.

There are two things ya can do in a situation like that. You can teach him the error of his ways with yer fist. Or ya can shut his mouth with facts. Fact: in 1985, tired old supposedly low-tech Harley-Davidson made a clean sweep of all four classes in Daytona's Battle of the Twins. That's right — they won 'em all and here are some pictures of them doin' it.

Pretty, ain't they? Must be almost as nice as the ones they took from the *Enola Gay*. —Butcher



Photos by Don Bok

Clockwise from top left, Harley-Davidson standard-bearers Will Roeder, Dave McClure, Rog Sears, Gene Church, Kenneth Davis, and Roger Reiman.



A Rare Collection

What you see here is as historic a group of motorcycles as you'll ever have a chance to feast your eyes on.

Why "historic"? Because each and every one represents the last of its breed, the end of a chapter in the long history of Harley-Davidson.

The oldest of the four is a side-valve-engined VL. Built in 1936, it was one of the last of its kind to roll off the assembly line before the factory converted to production of knuckleheads. The knuck in this collection tells a similar story: It's a '47, one of the last to be built before the introduction of the panhead. And the pan? Well, this one's a '65, and if you'll recall, the shovelhead was introduced in 1966. But the '65 panhead is a "last of" for yet another reason: It was one of the last bikes produced while H-D was still a privately held company, owned lock, stock, and milling machines by the families of the founders. Had you been playing the stock market in 1965, you see, you could have, for the first time in history, bought shares in the new, publicly owned

Harley-Davidson Company.

The shovelhead in the picture is a '69, also a "last of." "Not so," you say, "the shovel didn't cease production until 1985." True, but '69 was the last year for the generator-equipped version and the old-style engine cases. More significantly, the merger between H-D and AMF took place in 1969; this shovel was one of the last Hogs to be built by a free, independent Harley-Davidson for 12 long years.

If you're like us, you'll be happy to learn that these bikes aren't some rich dude's toys. They're the property of a biker named Dave Royal who claims he "can only afford bikes by wheelin' and dealin'." He also busts his own knuckles doin' the restorations and he rides the shovel "to work almost every day and the others on the weekends."

—Butcher

Photo by Rip



EASYnews

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

Cowardly cagers rape dead bikers

It's becoming all too common. A dead or dying biker, surrounded by people "trying to help," winds up losing his identity papers, sometimes even his scooter or everything he owns, to some lowlife scum who wasn't man enough to ask the biker for the time of day while he was still riding tall in the saddle.

In one of the few such cases where the ghouls perpetrating these rip-offs have been caught, a Denver couple, Lynda K. Burrows and Joseph Busenburg, have been sentenced to prison terms of two years and four years, respectively, for ripping off a biker who died in a wreck.

According to evidence at their trials, Busenburg and Burrows stopped at the accident scene and told witnesses they were "friends" of the fallen biker, Clemens Gizynski. While ministering to their gravely injured "friend," police report, the couple managed to skate away with all Gizynski's ID — and his house keys.

Two days after the accident, county sheriff's deputies found the pair removing all the possessions from Gizynski's home. Upon being questioned, they said that they were the biker's friends and said that Gizynski's "brother" in Illinois had

asked them to put the stuff into storage.

"The deputies were suspicious," Deputy District Attorney Dennis Brown told the court, but because Busenburg and Burrows had all of Gizynski's papers and a receipt for a storage locker, "they didn't quite know what to do."

Fortunately for the cause of decency and justice, they figured they had to do something and eventually managed to contact Gizynski's real brother who testified he'd never heard of the two thieves.

A subsequent search of Busenburg's home found — surprise, surprise, as Spider would say — Gizynski's stereo playing up a storm, his paintings on the walls, and his carpets on the floor.

In a gruesome sidelight, paramedics who attempted to save Gizynski's life spotted Burrows and Busenburg at the site of another bike wreck about two hours after Gizynski went down. According to the cops, only the fact that the paramedics recognized them may have prevented the devious duo from pulling the same scam twice in one day.

In a similar case, Patricia Huey, widow of Edgewater, Florida, biker John Doyle Huey, was still hoping, at press time, for

the return of the personal effects taken off her dying ol' man by a Ghoul Samaritan.

"I want the papers that were in his wallet — it's all I'll ever have of him," says Patricia Huey, adding that she would ask no questions of whoever returned them.

According to other people at the scene of John Huey's accident, a man who claimed to be a paramedic took the black, zippered wallet from Huey's pocket and removed a gold chain from around his neck while allegedly giving the biker first aid.

The man was described as 40 to 45 years old, very thin, about 6' 5" tall, with slightly graying dark hair. He was wearing brown glasses, a brown suede cowboy hat, jeans and a plaid shirt. He drove away from the scene in an older-model car shortly after the official rescue workers arrived on the accident scene.

Unlike the Denver case, the police have so far been unable to solve the theft. On the other hand, they aren't the only ones looking for the perpetrator. Huey's biker bros have circulated the dude's description and are combing the beaches and Everglades for him.

"It would be better," said one, "if he mailed the papers before we find him."

Special Olympics brass 'confiscate' donation

'First came the run, then came the runaround,' George Christie says

It was billed as an opportunity to honor America and help the needy. For \$3000 a person could carry the Olympic torch for one kilometer on its trip across the U.S.A. And, Olympic officials promised, the person carrying the torch could designate what charity he wanted his \$3000 to go to.

One of the first groups to take advantage of this unique chance to take part in a bit of American history and do some good for the less fortunate was the Ventura, California, chapter of the Hells Angels. The bros ponied up their three grand, designated chapter Prez George Christie to be their torch bearer, and said they wanted their donation to help mentally retarded kids.

They soon received several letters from people in the small city of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. The writers were involved

in the Special Olympics sports program for handicapped kids and wanted to thank the Angels for their interest.

The Pottstown Special Olympics chapter was far from being the most affluent in the country ("We're a really poor local," its chairwoman says. "We get very few people out to meets. It's very sad") and the Angels soon notified the Torch Run organizers to send their \$3000 to Pottstown.

Six months later, the handicapped kids of Pottstown were still waiting and George Christie was spending hours calling Special Olympics National Headquarters trying to find out why the money hadn't arrived.

Finally, he got a letter from Special Olympics board chairman Eunice Shriver (President Kennedy's sister) telling him that the Torch Run people had never notified her office

that the money was to go to Pottstown. It had, she said, been split up between "national headquarters" and some California chapters.

Torch Run officials, however, claimed that their records showed half the money had gone to the Pennsylvania state Special Olympics and the other half to the national headquarters, a version of the story backed by the head of the Pennsylvania headquarters who said he had the \$1500 and was "going to sit tight on it."

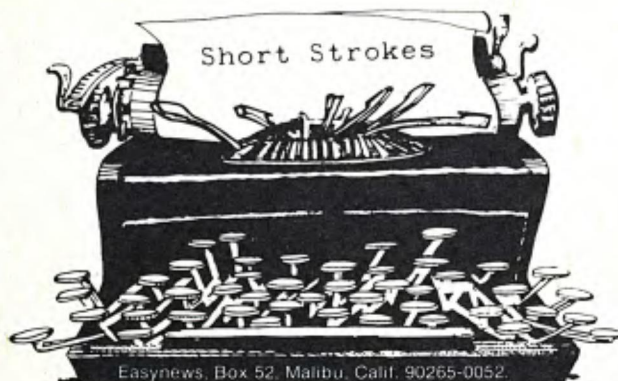
The Angels, however, were not sitting tight. In addition to pushing for the bucks to go to the proper place, they were dipping into their jeans to buy the kids in Pottstown uniform jackets in time for their opening event of the 1985 season.

"Retarded children is an area that people don't want to deal with," Christie says, ex-

plaining the chapter's position. "It's like the Hells Angels. They know we're there. They don't understand and they don't want to deal with us."

Which reminds us of another area people "don't want to deal with" — the so-called charities that annually rake in billions of dollars in donations. Who are the people running these outfits and how much are they paid? Why does so much of the money get no further than "national headquarters" and what is it spent on? And, most important, who looks after the interests of the alleged beneficiaries of these often self-serving groups? The lame, the blind, the deaf, "Jerry's kids," the starving masses of other lands — are we helping them with our bucks or aiding in their exploitation?

Maybe they all need a friendly Angel to keep things legit.



Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

ABATE of Douglas County, Oregon, is doing it again. Their annual biker-art calendar contest, that is. Only original artwork (no photocopies or tracings) will be considered and 8 1/2" by 11" black-and-white drawings on white paper are preferred. All entries must be received by Aug. 1. Mail yours to Art Contest, ABATE of Douglas County, Box 61, Roseburg, OR 97470. **A mandatory helmet law** proposal in Colorado died in committee, thanks to effective lobbying by several rider associations. . . . **A Monroe, Michigan, man** will serve 10 months to two years in prison for driving his pickup over four bikes and killing two bikers. The court rejected his attorney's contention that he wasn't drunk but only suffering from an illness that caused him to "black out" behind the wheel of his cage.

April 20 to May 20 was Motorcycle Awareness Month in Iowa, while Wisconsin Gov. Anthony Earl — perhaps more traditional than his counterpart in Iowa — proclaimed the calendar month of April as Motorcycle Awareness Month in his state. . . . **A helmet repeal bill** failed to pass the Georgia legislature in 1985, but remains alive in committee and will be automatically reconsidered in the 1986 session. . . . Calling all Pennsylvania-area Vietnam vets: A Lehigh Valley Chapter of the Vietnam Veterans Motorcycle Club is now being formed. For more info, call Gary at (215) 257-4213.

It's not news to bikers, but a study by the Minnesota Department of Public Safety has found that two-thirds of all bike-cage collisions are caused by cage driver error. The most common contributing factor was failure to yield the right-of-way. . . . **The Pennsylvania Superior Court** recently rejected an appeal by a biker convicted of violating the state lid law. The court said the bucket bill was "reasonable" . . . **Talk about "reasonable."** A 91-year-old coot left-turned a biker to death in Windsor, Ontario, last October. After getting him to sign a statement admitting responsibility in the death, the authorities lifted the codger's license for one year. Reasonable — right, your honor? . . . **Now, a few more words about that 91-year-old** who killed the biker. His one-year license suspension was made retroactive to December, which is when a police officer first confiscated it after the old-timer wiped out seven parked cars in a grocery store parking lot. Did someone say the word "reasonable"? Better pay up your life insurance premium. The geriatric gear-grinder's probably back on the road again by now. . . . **All together now, let's hear it** — R-E-A-S-O-N-A-B-L-E. Aw, right.

And finally: A survey conducted for Harley-Davidson claims that Hog riders have more education, make more money and hold better jobs than riders of Jap junk. The survey also claims that less than 1 percent of all riders are badass-type scooter tramps. So what if we're not "one-percenters" no more? We'll just call ourselves "less-than-one-percenters." The club keeps gettin' more exclusive. If you think that's too bad, go test-drive a Honda.

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,2}	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No ^{1,3}	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ^{1,4}	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	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. 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 6-Required for speeds above 35 mph. 7-Bikes of 1970 or newer. 8-If over 21. 9-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 10-Certain cities may require lights. 11-Passengers must wear helmets. 12-Passengers under 15 must wear helmets. *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.

Rider wins \$2,500,000 from rice builder

A former New Jersey resident who was severely burned in a 1974 accident has been awarded about \$2,500,000 in a structured settlement worked out between his attorneys and the Honda Motor Car Company of Japan.

The settlement was achieved despite the fact that the Japanese firm used a series of legal technicalities to stall the case for over six and a half years and forced the plaintiff to take his appeal for just compensation for his injuries all the way to the United States Supreme Court.

The story began in October, 1974, when the gas cap on Walter P. Coons' Honda cycle broke and the spewed fuel caused the bike to explode. Four years later, in 1978, Coons received a factory recall notice for the gas cap used on his bike. Aware, for the first time, that a design or manufacturing defect may have been responsible for the burns he had suffered over 55 percent of his body, Coons filed suit against both Honda of Japan and its American distributor.

In their defense, Honda argued that the suit was invalid because it was filed after New Jersey's two-year statute of limitations on personal injury cases had expired. Ruling on that defense, a Middlesex County judge agreed to dismiss American Honda from the case but order-

ed the suit against Honda of Japan to proceed because the statute of limitations did not apply to suits against unregistered foreign corporations.

By the time this ruling came, however, the New Jersey Supreme Court had expanded the two-year statute of limitations to include certain multi-national foreign corporations like Honda. Grabbing at this change in the law, Honda of Japan again

tried to get the case dropped as being out-of-date but the state supreme court ruled that the expansion in the statute did not apply to cases already pending at the time the law changed. As tenacious as their countrymen who periodically turn up in the Philippine jungles still fighting World War II, Honda appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court which, in January of this year, agreed to let the suit proceed.

Man who killed 2 riders given \$67,000

The county commissioners of Noble County, Indiana, have voted to pay \$67,000 to a man who sued them to recover wages he lost when he was fired from his job after being incarcerated for killing a biker and his wife.

Harold Smith, who had been sentenced to a work-furlough program at the Noble County Jail after being convicted on two counts of causing a death, sued the county sheriff's department for \$250,000 after he was found guilty of violating jail rules and was transferred to a state institution as a full-time inmate.

In his suit, Smith, who was intoxicated when his cage rammed the motorcycle of Bob and Geneva Rogers, claimed that his constitutional rights had been violated during the hearing at which he was convicted of breaking the jail regulations.

A circuit court judge, while admitting that Smith was guilty of rule-breaking, ruled the hearing unconstitutional and awarded Smith \$75,000 — \$19,000 of it for lost wages.

In deciding to settle with Smith for \$67,000 instead of appealing the decision, most of the commissioners cited matters of "practicality" and the "great expense" involved in an appeal. But, to give credit where credit is due, one member of the panel refused to go along with the deal and voted for his principles instead of his pocketbook.

"I think it's a moral question," the lone dissenter, Commissioner Barry Fox, told the rest of the board. "Are we going to pay a man convicted of killing two people, or have the court order us to do so and threaten us with jail first?"

Bikers in the media: The news ain't good

No one can ever claim that we don't get more than our share of ink in the nation's newspapers and magazines. The coverage may range from hostile to offensive, but brother, there sure is a lot of it. In the past month four particularly moldy mutterings by muttonhead media-types have crossed the barrel that passes for the *Easynews* desk. Here they are — in all their rotten glory and categorized by type.

FASCISTIC

"No God-given or constitutional right exists that says motorcyclists or moped riders cannot be required to wear helmets. For that matter, no such right says trafficways must be available to these vehicles. There is nothing to stop the state from barring motorcycles . . . from streets and highways." — *the Lincoln (Nebraska) Journal*

SICKENING

"Almost any motorcycle can kill somebody, but this one can terrorize whole neighborhoods. It blasts iron gates off their hinges, leaps tall trucks at a single bound and can even do backward somersaults . . .

The series ("Street Hawk") may encourage dopes to ride motorcycles too fast, which will help cut down on the dope population."

— Robert MacKenzie in *TV Guide*

JUST PLAIN DUMB

"Webster said the arrests and searches (were made) in an effort to crack down on the clandestine manufacture and distribution of controlled substances commonly referred to as methamphetamine or speed.

"Banditos themselves allegedly often refer to the drug as 'crank,' derived from the practice of storing the contraband in the crankcases of their motorcycles." — *Rocky Mountain News*

CRIMINAL

"Let's do this favor for the rest of society in an orderly way. Here's what I suggest, in no particular order of effectiveness, for forcing motorcycles off the road. 1) Make a left turn into a motorcycle's path . . . This can be particularly delightful. Motorcycles, you see, have a terrible time stopping quickly — unless someone puts the passenger side of his car in the bike's path.

2) Change lanes at the last second, without using a turn signal, naturally, to create all kind of havoc for the unsuspecting biker. Swerving, trembling and cussing usually follow.

3) Bump into a motorcycle ever so gently in a crowded parking lot — I've yet to see one with a 5mph bumper. Since most motorcyclists carry just personal injury insurance, even a small amount of damage can lay a bike up for weeks."

— Mark Tosh, *Montgomery (Maryland) Journal*

Bank ordered to pay \$1.25 million to biker

In a complicated action that illustrates how clever legal strategy can sometimes bring big results for bikers injured in wrecks, a Florida bro and his wife have won a \$1.25 million judgment against the bank which financed the cager's automobile.

The suit was based on an accident in which the biker was rammed broadside by a car driven by a drunken cager. As a result of the collision, the biker suffered multiple skull fractures, brain lacerations, a busted-up face and a broken leg. Six surgical operations later, he was better but still suffering from partial (and permanent) paralysis on his left side.

Naturally, the biker filed suit against the cager, charging that his being drunk and failing to yield the right-of-way caused the accident. During the early stages of the suit (the *discovery* stage, in lawyer talk), it was revealed that the cager's stepfather was on the title as co-owner of the car but had not taken out any liability insurance because the bank financing the auto had told him that he would have no liability if he simply separated his name and his stepson's name on the title with the word "or."

The biker's attorney then struck a deal with the stepfather in which the stepfather agreed to sue the bank on the biker's behalf if the biker did not pursue a separate action against the stepfather.

In ruling on the case, the jury decided that the bank officer had indeed lied to the stepfather in telling him that he could somehow evade liability for a vehicle he half-owned by juggling the names on the title. Consequently, the bank was ordered to pay the biker \$1 million and his wife \$250,000 (for loss of *consortium*).

The moral of the story? Watch out for drunken cagers. It ain't worth wearin' a fucked-up body and head for the rest of your life — not even for a million-plus bucks. However, if you should happen to become a victim, study the angles and get someone who really has his shit together to represent you. This case would probably have brought no more than \$20,000 or \$30,000 to the biker if someone hadn't been sharp enough to figure a way to add the bank to the list of defendants.

Michigan cops lose assault case

A biker accused of trying to run over a Milburg, Michigan, police officer with his scooter was acquitted recently when his attorney produced evidence that what actually happened was that the cops jumped his client and beat him with their flashlights.

The cops had been chasing a biker for speeding when he lost them in an orchard outside of town. One of the cops was searching the orchard on foot (or maybe just takin' a whiz) when he was allegedly almost run over by the speeding biker. Some time later, the cops found this other bike rider near the orchard and, operating on the theory that one bro is as good as another, beat the shit out of him and charged him with felonious assault.

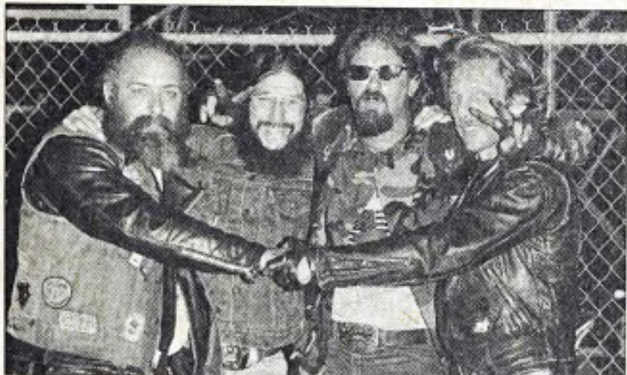
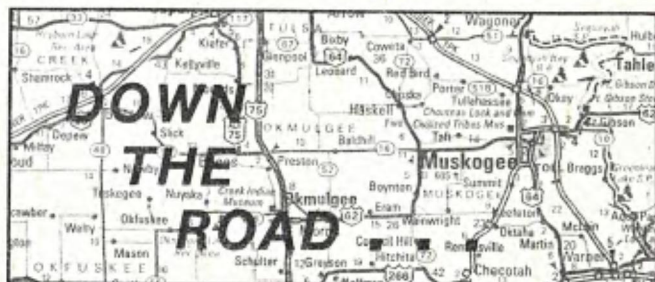


Photo by Roo

KEEPERS OF THE FAITH — Helping preserve the balls-to-the-wall racing tradition that Harley first established in the teen years of the century are, left to right, Bear, Dexter, Dan, and David, finalists in the 1984 World Championship Chopper Race (won by Dexter for the second year in a row) and favorites in this year's seventh annual running of the event, set for September 18 at the Inland Motor Speedway in San Bernardino, California.



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.

JULY

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

July 5-7 — TRINITY LAKES (CALIF.) SCENIC RUN, Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

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

July 6 — HELMET PROTEST, centering on Edmonton, Alberta. For info, write Helmet Fight, Box 139, Shaughnessy, Alberta, Canada T0K 2A0.

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 12-14 — SEVENTH ANNUAL BIKER BASH, sponsored by the Northwest Iowa Motorcycle Enthusiasts. Proceeds to benefit ABATE of Iowa. For info, write Goat Roper, 319 4th Ave., Sibley, IA 51249.

July 13-14 — FIFTH ANNUAL BRITISH and European Motorcycle Rally at Jaycees Campground in Plymouth, Wisconsin. Sledgehammer, match, and gasoline to be provided for sacrificial rizer. British Biker Coop, 1308 N. 22nd St., Milwaukee, WI 53205.

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

July 20 — BLOOD RUN, sponsored by V-Twin Riders MC of Romeoville, Illinois. For details, write V-Twin Riders, 313 Hickory, Romeoville, IL 60441.

July 27 — TWO-DAY TOY RUN and party at South Shore, Nova Scotia, British Columbia. Sponsored by BRO. (902) 827-4338.

AUGUST

August 4 — SWAP MEET, Cow Palace, San Francisco, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

August 4-10 — BLACK HILLS MOTORCYCLE CLASSIC, Sturgis, South Dakota. Races, scenic tours, nearby camping, bros and sisters from everywhere.

August 9-11 — RUN TO THE REDWOODS in Northern California. Sponsored by MMA, 2202 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818 (916) 442-4727.

August 24 — POKER RUN to benefit the March of Dimes, Camp Rotawans, Drums, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Pa., High Mountain Chapter, Box 2241, Hazleton, PA 18201. Held in conjunction with weekend rally, August 23-25.

SEPTEMBER

September 7 — TOY RUN to benefit American Legion-U.S. Marine Corps "Toys For Tots" program. Three-D store parking lot, Sturgis, Michigan. For info, write Bear, Box 7073, Sturgis, MI 49091. (616) 651-9268.

September 8 — SWAP MEET, County Fairgrounds, Antioch, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

Find The Parks

Here we are, smack-dab in the middle of summer again. If you don't have the itch to strap yer bedroll onto yer sled and just ride on outta yer driveway and get close to some beautiful American scenery, you've been standin' out in the sun too long.

Just run yer eyes over the names of these state and national parks. Don't it make ya wanna dig up yer map book, shake the mothballs outta yer sleeping bag, and hit the road? Well, before ya go tearing off down the highway, let's see if you can find these places on paper first. Buried within this word search puzzle are the names of 33 parks. Some read forward, some read backward, and some even read diagonally, but all of 'em are in a straight line regardless of direction.

To help ya out a mite, we've included the names of the states where these parks are located, but the state names DON'T appear in the puzzle — unless we're more fucked up than we think we are.

Verify yer answers with the solution on page 127. If ya got 'em all right, check yer oil and get going. If not, ya better see if ya can figure out how to get across town before ya consider tackling a longer trip.

Good luck and we hope we get to see y'all out there on the road with us.

by Gregg Miller

ARCHES (Utah)
BAXTER (Maine)
BIG BEND (Texas)
BOONESBOROUGH (Kentucky)
BRYCE (Utah)
CANYONLANDS (Utah)
CASCADES (Washington)
CHADRON (Nebraska)
CHEAHA (Alabama)
CRATER LAKE (Oregon)
CUSTER (S. Dakota)
DEVILS LAKE (Wisconsin)
EVERGLADES (Florida)
FAYETTE (Michigan)
GLACIER (Montana)
GRAND CANYON (Arizona)
GRAND TETON (Wyoming)
GRANDVIEW (W. Virginia)
GREAT SMOKY (N. Carolina & Tennessee)
LAKE OF THE OZARKS (Missouri)
MT. RAINIER (Washington)
OKEFENOKEE (Georgia)
ROCKY MOUNTAIN (Colorado)
SHAWNEE (Ohio)
SHENANDOAH (Virginia)
SITKA (Alaska)
SUNAPEE (New Hampshire)
THEODORE ROOSEVELT (N. Dakota)
VOYAGEURS (Minnesota)
WHARTON (New Jersey)
YELLOWSTONE (Wyoming)
YOSEMITE (California)
ZION (Utah)

E	S	R	U	E	G	A	Y	O	V	T	D	M	A	G	L	A	C	I	E	R
T	K	L	N	R	L	E	K	A	L	S	L	I	V	E	D	I	E	V	T	G
X	R	S	A	O	A	S	D	N	A	L	N	O	Y	N	A	C	E	N	T	R
A	A	L	Y	C	R	A	T	E	R	L	A	K	E	T	O	R	P	A	E	E
B	Z	I	O	K	E	F	E	N	O	K	E	E	H	I	G	L	A	R	Y	A
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E	H	D	M	I	T	O	E	R	L	D	S	D	K	E	L	S	S	E	I	N
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T	K	D	N	H	H	B	I	A	G	B	E	N	B	A	R	I	C	A	L	C
I	A	O	E	S	A	V	E	S	O	O	R	A	O	M	L	O	V	M	H	D
S	L	R	E	A	Y	R	O	C	K	I	X	C	O	U	T	I	E	A	O	N
E	A	E	C	H	G	E	T	S	L	T	D	U	N	S	A	C	D	R	T	A
D	N	R	G	N	T	I	A	O	E	D	N	R	E	I	Y	R	M	E	I	R
A	S	O	Z	R	A	K	S	R	N	T	C	U	S	R	O	C	T	A	L	G
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W	E	I	V	D	N	A	R	G	N	Y	O	N	D	N	A	R	G	Z	I	O

I swear, if I hear Madonna one more time I'm gonna get on the subway and Goetzify everyone on it into a subway sandwich. This broad is taking me to the limits of my sanity with her miserable state-of-the-art whine.

"Material, material, I am a material girl." Shut the fuck up, cunt. I can just see having this chick back me up in a high-stakes pool game. Whoever offered her the most "material" would be stickin' me in the back. And off she'd trot with her material man.

Hell, she ain't even the worst. That's how bad things are gettin' on the airwaves. Madonna is merely typical of the rot we get to listen to on the Top 40 station that's currently being pumped through our office halls via that obnoxious "speaker in every ceiling" construction design that's been implemented nationwide.* (Here it's better known as Spider's bullhorn system). The bros around the office would rather hear Mutha in a feeding frenzy than crap like Phil Collins doing "One More Night."

It gets to the point where, at the end of a long day of hearing complaints, enduring the latest indignity, being stuck in a shoebox office and force-fed Madonna and her ilk 18 times in a nine-hour period, ya just wanna crank up the scooter and put about a hundred miles under your belt before seeing or talking to another human. Of course, when you do stop for a cold one, the first tune to thud into your ears is colorful Cyndi Lauper, turnin' ya green just thinkin' about her baby talk.

That's why a couple of the bros and I came up with a great idea whose time has definitely arrived: K-Dead (and our eastern affiliate, WDED). This would be an all-dead-guy/gal radio station. Every tune played would be from croaked

DOWNTIME

By Ben Doverdahl

(with help from Boomer and Billy)

musicians who obviously had a terrible vision of the future and cashed their chips in before they had to get stuck hearing Wham! indefinitely.

The station we propose is for people who want to hear good music. And it'll be strictly from people who have checked out. For instance, the deejays will be Alan Freed, Murray The K, and B. Mitchell Reed — three guys who knew what rock was about. Since their departure there's been a vacant lot in the guts of radio. Just to give ya a sharper idea of where we're goin', you'll be rockin' around the clock with Elvis Presley, Bill Haley, Buddy Holly, Hank Williams, Sr., and Jackie Wilson — who's brain-dead and that's close enough for us. In fact, now that I flash on it, he did die.

We're gonna play the hits and non-hits from Janis, Jim Morrison, Phil Ochs, and John Lennon (solo stuff only). If ya want Beatles, we'll play the Hamburg Beatles with Stu Sutcliffe, the original bass player. Rockin' out of cemeteries all around the world will be such luminary names as Mike Bloomfield on his beautiful, get-down guitar, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and those other downed fly-boys Richie Valens and the Big Bopper. In addition to featuring all styles of rock, we'll also give plenty of airtime to country and western and soul. The real soul. Stuff ya never hear nowadays with Ashford and Simpson, Lionel Ritchie, and Billy Ocean and his "Caribbean Queen" cloggin' up the digital display. We'll have classics from

Otis Redding, Sam Cooke, Tammy Tyrell, Marvin Gaye, Tony Williams leading the Platters, Clyde McPhatter, Johnny Ace, Frankie Lyman, Muddy Waters, Freddie King, Bob Marley, and Mary Wilson with The Supremes. That's soul, baby.

In the country field, ya gotta get into Tex Ritter, Jim Reeves, Marty Robbins, Johnny Horton singin' about the "Battle of New Orleans," maybe followed by Steve Goodman with his "City Of New Orleans" (especially when the Super Bowl is played down there). Of course, in the summer baseball months, particularly in the Chicago area, Goodman's voice will ring out the Cubs' theme song, the title of which I can't remember at the moment. Also in the country-western swing mode, we'll be cueing up Ernest Tubbs, Bob Wills, and Little Willie John doing the original "Fever." We'll wrap up our Sunday night shows with John Wayne talking about "America The Beautiful."

We can't forget about the lighter side of life (death?), so you'll be hearing from Lenny Bruce, Freddie Prinze, John Belushi, Andy Kaufman, Alan Sherman ("Hello, maather; hello, faather"), and David Seville with the fabulous Alvin and The Chipmunks.

See, the dead put on a good show because they know there's no tomorrow. Our Hereafter Broadcasting Company will bring the biggies out of Rock 'n' Roll Heaven. If ya want some old rockers, we've got Bobby Darin with "Mack The Knife," the Bobby Fuller

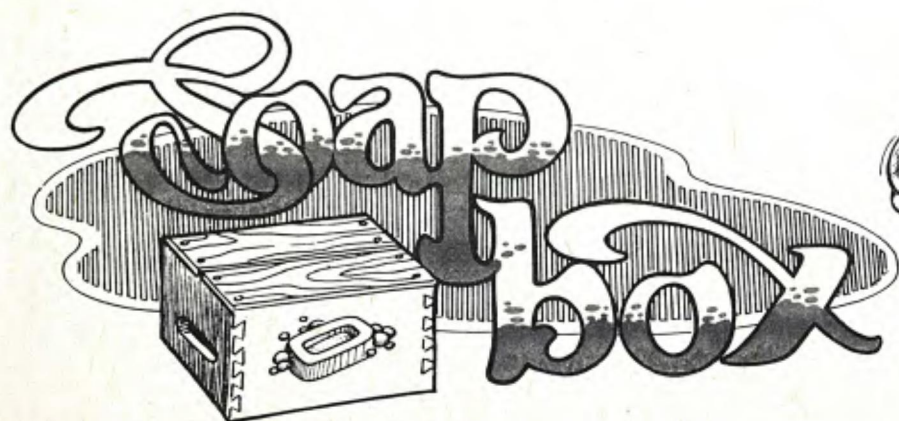
Four, Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, and Jerry Lee Lewis. The Killer himself, because we figure he's had enough go down around him and it hasn't been for lack of trying that he's still here.

For a little more recent material (not Madonna's), we'll play Cass Elliot ("...no one's getting fat 'cept Mama Cass"), Alan Wilson and Bear with Canned Heat, Jim Croce, Marc Bolin, the Stones (though only tunes with Brian Jones), ditto for the Beach Boys with Dennis Wilson, and The Pretenders, with my old pals Pete Farndon and James Honeyman-Scott. For solid drum solos, it'll be Keith Moon and John Bonham, late of The Who and Led Zeppelin respectively.

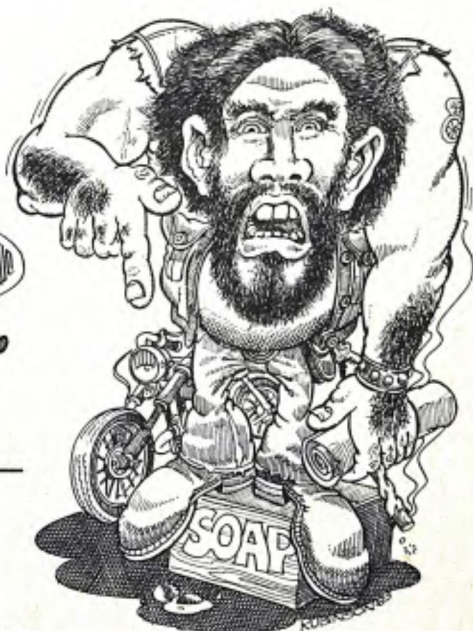
Of course, we couldn't go on the air without Hendrix. Jimi will be opening things with his rendition of the national anthem, followed by "Voodoo Child." Chicago (the group) gets in for Terry Kath, as does the Duane Allman-Barry Oakley version of the Allman Brothers, and Little Feat with Lowell George. This last band might have made it anyway, since for all intents and purposes, they've croaked, too. Gram Parsons won't be forgotten and the Grateful Dead will be staples because of their right-on attitude (reflected in their name), to say nothing of lost Deadsters Pigpen and Keith Godchaux. Hell, occasionally we'll even toss in Sid Vicious and the Sex Pistols.

Wherever these dead bros and sisters are now, they're lucky they didn't live long enough to see the Thalidomide babies of rock 'n' roll take the stage. For which they must all be the truly grateful dead.

**The speaker in the ceiling has just recently been ventilated with a forty-five — Editors.*



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.



Legal Kidnapping

by Bob Thompson

Like many of my brothers, I evolved from the rat race of life in suburbia. My version included keeping up with the Jones, mortgage payments, car payments, an ornery wife and two young boys.

Following that, I had six years of freedom and the things that single life offers. Then I met and married the finest lady I've ever run across.

Now, after the best two years of my life, my "ex" decides that my sons, now 13 and 15, don't want to talk to me or see me. She and her new husband — who makes the big bucks — slap adoption papers on me, claiming abandonment. Following a legal battle, the judge decides the stepfather doesn't need my permission to adopt my kids. Why? It isn't a question of support payments, because after several years of same, my ex-wife petitioned the courts to drop my payments, stating that her new husband was certainly able to cover all expenses.

Is it because my income is meager, my lifestyle nonconforming? Is it my motorcycle? My beard?

Obviously, I feel that I am being persecuted by association and stereotyping in spite of the fact that I wear none of the trappings of your TV biker. Notice I say "TV biker,"

because Hollywood's conception of what we are is in no way near to what we really are. I have no earring, no tattoo, no colors — shoot, I can't even afford a leather jacket. However, my outward appearance would lead the redneck conservatives among us to believe that I am indeed one of those bad, ornery, downright nasty video villains, a TV biker.

The fact that my children are being brought up as redneck conservatives is out of my control. But what gives the court and their now-legal parents the right to keep me from seeing or talking to them? What possible corruption could be forced on two young men by a casual meeting with their father? How can the court deprive me of access to my own kids? Freedom of speech, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — what a colossal joke.

Clear-cut evidence was offered by my legal counsel, showing interference and intimidation of the boys by their mother to discourage them from contact with me. I've heard all the pat and phony phrases I need — "in their best interests" and "a mother's natural concern." I'm not a drug addict or an alcoholic and I've never been to jail. My only crime is in being myself and

living my life as I please.

I feel betrayed by the system I must live by, the system that's supposedly just and fair and therefore gives one no reason to take matters into his own hands. What bullshit.

Who's better prepared to offer children insight about the cruel world they face: a couple whose operating premise is "He who dies with the most toys wins," or a man who knows the facts of the real world and can offer, out of his experience, a clue or two on how to survive in it?

The fact that in several years they'll be free of this court-ordered dictatorship doesn't console me. Having missed seeing them grow up in their most formative years and now being refused the simple courtesy of access to them is certainly not any sort of solace.

The only thing that gives me hope is that I recently discovered that my father wasn't really the son of a bitch my mother portrayed him to be. Perhaps in a few years my boys will realize that good men and bad men are separated, by those who judge them, on the basis of outward appearance and the lack of materialism rather than for who and what they really are. ■

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.



Dennis

"Gotcha!"

Did you hear about Ronald Reagan's new fast-food outlet? It only serves right wings and assholes.

—Popeye
Boulder, Nev.

Why is a clit like the Antarctica? Most men know it's there, but few of 'em really care.

—Li'l Foot
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

What do you call a broad who can suck a golf ball through 50 feet of garden hose? Darling!

—Randy
Winnetka, Ill.

What's the difference between a famous TV actress and the Titanic? Only 1500 went down on the Titanic.

—Triker
New Orleans, La.



"Uh, perhaps you'd better let me clarify that last demand."

After a few years of marriage, why is your ol' lady like an exercycle? You get on and start pumping but don't make any progress.

—Madman
U.S.A.

The Los Angeles Rams are going to change the name of their team to the Anaheim Tampons and Linda Lovelace will be their new quarterback. . . she might blow a few, but she won't choke on the big ones!

—Pappy
Sun Valley, Ida.

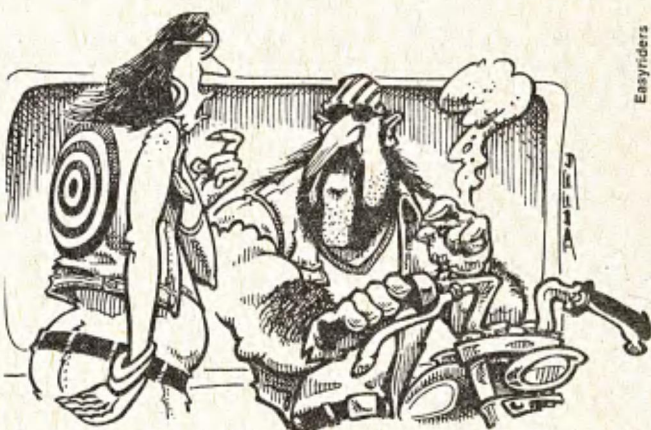
Why is AIDS a miracle? It's the only thing that can change a fruit into a vegetable.

—Herb
Ft. Collins, Colo.

The substitute teacher introduced herself to the class. "My name is Miss Prussy," she said. "That's like pussycat with an 'R.'" The next morning she began class by asking if anyone remembered her name.

"Sure," volunteered Johnny. "You're Miss Crunt."

—T.J.
Wooster, Ohio



"... About this new cutoff you say all the ol' ladies are wearing. . ."

A biker came upon his best bro sitting in a bar looking forlorn. "What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Oh, last night I met the most beautiful chick in the world and we got along so well that I think she must be the one and only I've been looking for. But the problem is I got so fucked up I can't remember whether she said she had TB or VD. What should I do?"

"Well, that's simple," replied his friend. "If she coughs, fuck her."

—Big G
Las Vegas, Nev.

What has 100 balls and fucks rabbits? A shotgun.

—Oilfield
Rock Springs, Wyo.

A wino wove his way into a coffee shop and asked a man sitting at the counter if he would like a free steak, baked potato with sour cream, broccoli, apple pie a la mode, and coffee with cream and sugar.

"Hey, that sounds all right," was the answer.

"Okay," said the wino, leaning over and throwing up on him.

—Sick Fred
Wilmington, Del.



"Any other statements you'd like to make before I pass sentence?"

While visiting her uncle's farm, the 16-year-old sex-pot came upon her 14-year-old cousin playing with himself behind the barn. "You know, there's something better you can do with that thing, Claude," she purred. "Let's go up in the hayloft."

Once there the girl whipped off her jeans, positioned herself and the boy, and instructed him, "Now push it in." He did and then the girl said, "Now pull it almost all the way out." When the boy had complied, she said, "Now push it all the way in again!"

"Make up your mind, Cousin!" snapped Claude. "I've still got plenty of chores to do."

—Easy Fred
Gallup, N.M.



"Fuck it! Let's just pay the duty on it."

A dynamite-looking broad went into a bar one afternoon and ordered a Bud. After drinking it she passed out, at which point the few dudes who were in the place took her into the back room and had at her. Word got around and the next day there were a dozen guys in the place. She came in, ordered a Bud, drank it and passed out again. The dozen dudes then took her into the back and fucked her. On the third day, there were twice as many guys in the place when she came in and ordered her usual and then passed out.

On the fourth day, however, she returned to the bar and ordered a Coors. Immediately, fifty guys groaned aloud. The bartender said, "But you always drink Bud!"

"I decided to change," the chick said, "because Bud makes my cunt hurt."

—G. Miller
Shreve, Ohio

The little kid was driving his mother crazy, so she finally said, "Go across the street and watch the men building that house. Maybe you'll learn something."

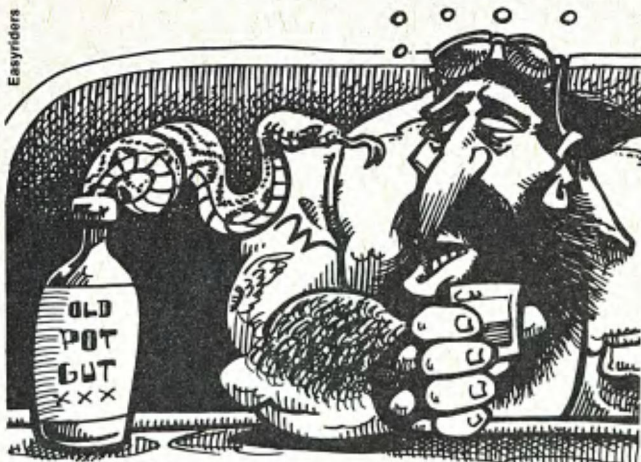
He came back a while later and she asked him if he'd learned anything. "Yeah," he said. "First, ya put the damn door up, and then when the sonuvabitch don't fit, ya take the cocksucker down. Then ya take a cunt hair off each side and put the fucker back up."

"Young man," his mother said sternly, "your father is going to hear of this!" Accordingly, when the kid's father came home, she had the lad repeat his carpentry lesson.

His father was appalled. "Raymond," he yelled, "go get me a switch!"

"Fuck you," little Raymond replied. "That's the electrician's job."

—Butch
Newbury Park, Calif.



"Bout time you showed up."



"All right! All right!
I'm impressed!"

Little Tommy walked in on his mother while she was taking a bath. Embarrassed, he then ran into the living room where his father was watching TV. "Dad, what's that thing between Mommy's legs?" he asked.

"Go ask your mother," said his father. "It belongs to her."

So Tommy ran back into the bathroom and asked. Later on, his father inquired what his mother had told him. "She said it was her sugar bowl," the little boy replied.

"Yep," said his father thoughtfully, "that's about the size of it."

—Ape Bates
Cameron, Mo.

A Hollywood streetwalker propositioned a guy at a crosswalk. "I'm sorry," he said. "All I've got on me is five bucks." She took the five and led the guy into a dark alley where she allowed him to take a look at her pussy.

He used his cigarette lighter to see better in the dark, complimenting the whore on her magnificent bush. "Can I ask you a personal question?" he asked.

"Sure, go ahead."

"Can you really piss through all that hair?"

"Yeah," said the girl.

"Then you'd better start now, because you're on fire!"

—Rover
Shelby, Tenn.



"Oops!"

A dude joined the French Foreign Legion and found himself stationed in one of the most remote forts in the desert. After a few weeks had gone by, he took one of the lifers aside and asked what the rest of the men did for a good time. "We use a camel," was the reply.

The dude was thoroughly revolted and immediately turned his thoughts elsewhere, but as time went on, he found himself getting hornier and hornier until he could think of little else. In desperation, he finally accepted the fact that the camel was the only thing available, so one night he sneaked out to the camel pen. As luck would have it, the old-timer happened by and saw him standing up on a packing crate, screwing the beast. "What the hell are you doing?" he called out.

Somewhat puzzled by a question about the obvious, the dude said, "I thought you told me you used the camel for a good time."

"Yes, that's true, but usually we just ride him into town."

—Waco
Staten Island, N.Y.

VET VOICE

by Sarge

PTSD: Vietnam's Haunting Souvenir Part Four

Desist from thrusting out reasoning from your mind because of its disconcerting novelty. Weigh it, rather, with a discerning judgment. Then, if it seems to you true, give in. If it is false, gird yourself to oppose it.
—Lucretius

In the beginning of this four-part series, I made some very serious errors in my calculations of Vietnam vet suicides. Many readers caught my mistake and rightfully (although not always righteously) called me on them. Though I came up with these figures in conjunction with a college professor of statistics, the responsibility lies totally with me — and I want to both apologize and set the record straight.

Because the professor and I experienced a communications problem, the numbers I gave you are wrong. Rather than again go into a lot of arithmetic, suffice it to say that the basic error was this: We assumed that the general population and the Viet vet population were equal numerically, thus coming up with the erroneous calculation that 1 1/3 vets die to each non-vet American, making the figures given for 'Nam vet deaths approximately 40 times what they actually are. So, for simplicity's sake, please divide by 40 to determine a more accurate figure.

Again, I apologize for the wrong info. I hope my mistake won't affect the credibility of either the rest of the series or of "Vet Voice" as a whole. However, if credibility has been lost, good service to the brotherhood via the column is impossible. If you feel that "Vet Voice," as written by me, can no longer be relied upon, you should make that known to the editors. We'll then endeavor to locate another author for the column, down the road. As I see it, proper service to the brothers and sisters is the only concern of "Vet Voice." Since credibility is crucial to this service, make your feelings known. It's your duty.

Hunter." It was hard to watch the movie, but I white-knuckled it through. The sound of helicopters and the realistic battle scenes were disturbing, but not as disturbing as the metaphor of Russian roulette used to symbolize the constant stresses of combat in Vietnam. I was reminded of the guerrilla nature of the war, especially of the continued and heavy use of mines and booby traps by the enemy. The movie brought up more memories and overwhelming emotions than I could handle. At the end of the movie, I was unable to talk. As I walked out, I hoped that someone would jostle me or some kid usher would tell me to go out a different exit than I intended so I could express my rage at him. I wanted to hit someone.

"When my wife and I arrived at the car I got in the passenger side, knowing full well I couldn't drive, and cried deeply and uncontrollably. All I could say was 'Those poor fucking kids' over and over again between my sobs. My wife made an excellent therapeutic intervention by taking me to a loud bar and buying me a taco and a beer. We talked. It helped, but I remained confused about being so completely overwhelmed by such a multitude of emotions."

The above quotation is taken from the introduction to chapter two of the DAV's manual, *Post-traumatic Stress Disorders of the Vietnam Veteran*. It is highly appropriate for the beginning of the last installment of this series, because in only two short paragraphs its author states many of the aspects of PTSD we have already covered or will cover.

The date cited in the quotation shows that reaction to the stresses of war may, indeed, be delayed. Further, such a reaction was brought on by some very common stimuli: the sound of choppers, the realism of the battle scenes (and their sounds), the symbolic depiction of the guerrilla nature of the war. And we can see in the reaction itself what should by now be very familiar: a sense of rage, unmanageable emotions, a catharsis of weeping, probable survivor guilt ("Those poor fucking kids"), and a temporary loss of ability to function

(couldn't drive).

We can also see some things we haven't discussed yet: conversation which acts as therapy... and the importance of an ol' lady who is very supportive.

But let me ask you a question now. What kind of guy wrote what I quoted? What's he like? What's his background? What image of him do you have?

We know he's a 'Nam combat vet, but beyond that everything else is left to the imagination. What you imagine him to be depends on who you are. Most would probably assume he's an "average" guy. Some would call up their own special idea of the "typical" Vietnam veteran — whatever that might be.

As it happens, the man who suffered this episode of PTSD is hardly average. He's Tom Williams, Psy. D. In addition to holding a doctorate in psychology, he attended the U.S. Naval Academy for four years and served his country for another eleven as a Marine infantry officer. He saw two tours of action in 'Nam. He's been married, divorced, and remarried. He obtained his master's degree, worked in mental health for five years, and then went for his doctorate.

There are two lessons to be learned from this brief bit of biographical data. The first is that no matter who or what you are, whether below average, average, or exceptional, you can be subject to PTSD. The second is that your background and life — before, during, and after 'Nam — have an influence on your susceptibility to PTSD and, if you suffer from it, its severity. All of this must be taken into consideration by your doctor; he needs to know the *whole* you, so expect all of your life to be covered.

In the last issue I gave you the "13-Point Combat Scale" that your psychologist will probably use to determine the degree to which you experienced combat. I want to say again that by itself the scale is only an indicator of how much combat you've seen. It doesn't come anywhere near telling the psychologist your whole story. You should also understand that you may not actually sit down and take this test on paper. Over a period of time the doctor will usually

Continued on page 116

"... [in the winter] of 1979, I was overcome by a wave of poor judgment and saw the movie "The Deer

Asstrology

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ If you aren't into spending a lot of time between the sheets and the shits, be careful of what and who goes into your mug. Worse than barf breath, you're liable to crash on the trash you scarf now. Also, you'd best do less dealing and more wheeling this month — unless you like the sound of "Here comes de judge."

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ This month your mind is slicker than a glass ass and you're ripe to voice some gripes. Give the lame ya work for a good look-see at what he stands to lose if he doesn't lay out more loot. Who cares if you're anti-citizen? Don't let that put you on the short end of the paycheck. Grab your balls and run with 'em.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Your usual cast-iron gut takes a dive into the crapper this month. Next time you get the midnight munchies, think twice before scarfing the chili your ol' lady cooked three weeks ago. Ditto for the doggy din-din. Otherwise, you'll be too busy passin' gas and checkin' out the lumps in your logs to even get laid.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Sorry, but your sex life is on the rag right now. Just when you're about to pounce on some pussy, your zipper will jam. Solve that crisis and you'll discover you're too wasted to find the right hole — right after you prematurely ejaculate behind her knee. By the end of the month, you'll consider it a treat to beat your meat.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Happy b'day, Leo. A tight partner surprises your ass by paying back a long-forgotten loan with interest (some primo stash). Your ol' lady gifts you with a copy of *The Muffdivers' Manual* after thoughtfully underlining the whole thing. Your doc hands you a 'script for hemorrhoid ointment and your rugrat eats it. Just another average birthday.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Believe it or not, it's time to cut your ol' lady some slack, but don't ask me why. Give her a second helping of pecker for polishing up your scoot and shaking the shit outta your shorts. Afterwards, you can party with partners and fuck around without catching a big lip at home base.



by Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Leo

Leo is the show-off of the zodiac. He'll do anything to get attention, even if it means eating a booger or standing on his head until his nose bleeds. Leo has an overblown ego and if he can't be the main attraction, forget it. He won't settle for less without sniveling.

Leo is definitely a hot fuck — mainly because he won't screw without a spotlight. Afterwards, Leo stands erect with his dick dripping, waiting for applause. Ask for his autograph and he'll give you sloppy seconds in the sack, then sign his name in pecker tracks.

Leo is extremely loyal and can show real class if ya ever need some back-up. In addition, he's generous to a fault and should never be allowed to have a credit card in his possession (blowing bread is another of his attention-grabbing trips). Leo loathes ingratitude and expects to have his ass kissed — preferably in public — in return for anything that bears even the slightest resemblance to a favor.

Some famous Leos of the past and present are: Mick Jagger, Mae West, Robert Redford, Dustin Hoffman, Ray Bradbury, Lucille Ball, Dom DeLouise, Alfred Hitchcock, and Robert DeNiro, plus half the other folks in show biz. (Stands to reason, since Leos have such an affinity for putting themselves in the public eye.)

Leo's constitution is generally strong and he has great recuperative powers. However, he's prone to heart ailments, back injuries, and breath that smells like a chicken's asshole (Leo's lips look the same way when he whistles). Older Leos often suffer circulation problems and "ego elbow" as a result of patting themselves on the back so frequently.

Leos make such loyal friends that they're worth the skinned knees you'll get from kneeling, the sore hands from clapping, and the chapped lips from ass-kissing. Besides, Leo is real easy to keep. Just pat him on the head and throw him a compliment or two on a regular basis — like once an hour or so.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ If the past couple of months has left ya with a matched set of saggin' balls, this one should round things out. It's a ball-busting time to get in touch with longtime bros, especially those at a distance. Leave your bucket-butt at home (unless she's fronting the funds) and just get your ass in the wind for a while. Enjoy.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ This month brings some problems involving your job to a head. Think twice before shining on some undercover advice — this dude's for real and not just blowing hot air out his ass. Behind-the-scenes help puts ya in the driver's seat, so use it to your advantage now or you'll be crying in your brew later.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Yours is the sign that's part-horse and part-man (most of your ladies can testify to the horse part). Too bad the best you can do this month is bray like a jackass over one fuck-up after another. Everyone's hot on your ass and ya can't get away with shit.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ You're coming into a lucky streak! Head for Las Vegas, the track, or enter the "Count The Crabs on The Rubber Pussy" contest at your local porn shop. In other words, try your luck while it's hot. (This doesn't mean you should blow your whole wad, 'cause you aren't *that* hot.) Go ahead and take a chance.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ This is your chance to get your balls in an uproar and get away with it — mainly because you're right. Speak your piece, then shine it on, or scrounge up enough bucks to get crocked and forget the whole fucking thing. Cheer yourself up by having your ol' lady entertain you with pussy farts — just hold your nose and chuckle. Don't stay mad.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ You're gonna coast through this month like a champ. Most likely, you're gonna be turned onto some good shit that'll curl the hairs on your ass (if they aren't curled already). Having a buzz and a hardon keeps ya wearin' a shit-eating grin (with the breath to match). The only fly in the pie is a prune-breasted nympho ya can't get rid of.



MIAMI BEACH BLOW-UP

The infamous hardguy, Mack Ballson, crusades against hostile hotel inequities.

The .44 automag hungrily gulped another tight clip of 240-grain boat-tail slugs as Mack Ballson sprang from the roof of the hotel in a perfect full-gainer layout. As the hardman boomeranged through the air, the big bore bucked nine times, spewing forth a scythe of seething savagery.

The first to take a hit was the cabana boy. A molten missile traveling 1640 feet per second pinned him through the neck to a saffron chaise lounge. He flapped wildly, like a speared carp, his severed jugular climaxing crimson jism.

Next, Ballson drew a quick bead on the bald meat-butcher known as Leo. Astrologically mislabeled this day, the lion died like a squirrel, upchucking eighteen ounces of inferior sirloin and a quarter-pound of fancy walnuts.

With 1455 lbs. of muzzle power, the next two blasts smashed into the maitre d' and sommelier like sledgehammers wielded by Arnold Schwarzenegger. That pair of puffed breastbones collapsed like hollow eggshells. Gore from their blackened hearts tainted telltale greenbacks.

The night manager spied Ballson as he was midway through his dive. From an

upside-down position, the series C automag spat sullen fire. Guilt flooded the worm's face a nanosecond before his lying lips were sucked into a crude channel cut through his cerebellum, a mental organ that would never again forget a wake-up call.

The bell captain peered through the plate glass that separated the pool area from the lobby. A flash of pencil flame forecast fast death. Glass needles stitched the bell captain like a substitute substandard Louis Vuitton three-suiter.

A silver and blue Silver Cloud screamed around the hotel's horseshoe drive. Mack Ballson squeezed out a deadly dagger that assassinated the front right Pirelli radial. The Rolls rolled right and burst into flames. The doorman locked inside cooked in a high-octane blaze. A fitting epitaph.

The bartender and cocktail waitress received final invitations from the magazine. Hot lead ripped through the bubbles of the outdoor Jacuzzi, nailing the pair of them together in a sordid shudder. Two incompetent corpses slipped down into a strawberry fizz, never to delay or dilute a patron's pleasure again.

Mack Ballson came

Continued on page 123

by Banning K. Lary

YOU WIN, BILL

Fuck prolonging the suspense. Bill Thomas of Whittier, California, you've won the very last shovel-head-engined FLHS Sport Glide — a bike you can ride now and treasure forever as a one-of-a-kind historical artifact.

Not only is this the most unique prize we've offered in ten-plus years of off-the-wall contests, but the competition was just about the closest ever.

In addition to Bill, four other readers correctly guessed that the mighty mouses on our staff could hack a gob of spit a total distance of 124 feet, 8 inches. Faced with a five-way tie regarding the spittin' part of the contest, we went into the tie-breaker phase — having Spider judge which tied contestant's 25-word-or-less statement sounded most deserving. But they were all right-on so we stuck the five entries in one of our tote bags and had movie stunt girl and full-time Harley rider Laurel Rosenberg, an impartial observer who was here to be interviewed (see page 22), pull out the winning card — Bill Thomas's. Runners-up were Rick Sanders (Hermosa Beach, Calif.), Vic Hamilton (Philippi, W. Va.), Pat Fasiczka (McKeesport, Pa.), and Mary Lilly (Jefferson City, Mo.).

Well, Bill, looks like ya owe our gal Laurel some kind of thanks, but don't offer her the chance to race for pinks — ya don't want to lose that new shovel while it's still brand-new.

—Editors



Harley-ridin' stunt girl Laurel picks a winner. See more of her on page 22.

Photo by Kim Peterson

BRAD'S SPORTY

The only mystery is how he found time to build it.

After busing people around all day, it's nice to be able to get your hands off a round steering wheel and a gearshift ball, and swing a leg across your bike.

I mean, servicing people is a great occupation. Gettin' ol' ladies, kids, tramps and whoever else can afford the fare to their destinations safely has got to have its own rewards. But I'll bet ya there's no finer time for Brad Bauer than when he gets done

with his duty (driving The Bus in Greeley, Colorado), then comes in, punches out at the time clock, and mounts his motorcycle for the putt home to get some of that upstream beer they've got in the Rockies. (God knows they won't drink none of that downstream stuff up there in Adolph's land.)

When Brad isn't drivin' folks around town in the Blue Bird, from six-thirty in the morning till six-thirty

at night, he might be found installing glass in cars and buildings and when he's done wrapping all that up, ya might be able to catch him gettin' some wind. Maybe rollin' into a sunshine daydream up at Sunshine Canyon outside of Boulder. Who says bikers don't work?

Brad and his brothers Willie and Jeff at A Righteous Ride in Greeley combined on this project, one that saw a complete transformation for a



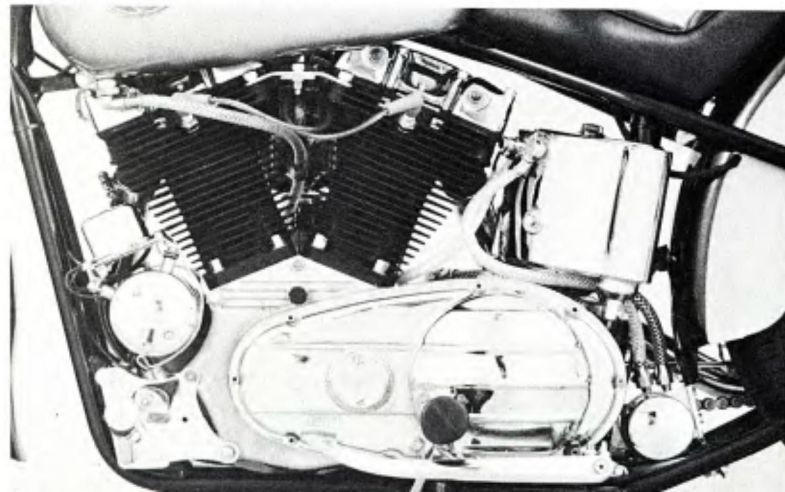


Brad's a hell of a leathersmith



Photos by Mike Lichner

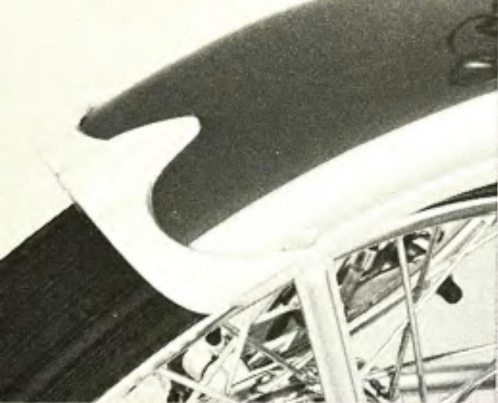
Sporty brake: It looks original but it ain't



Owner: Brad Bauer		City: Greeley, Colo.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1966 H-D		Builder: Paughco	
Model: XLCH		Type: hardtail	
Value: \$6000		Rake: none	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: strong	
Chroming by: Brown's Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: owner	
Year: 1966		Risers: dog bones	
Model: XLCH		Fender(s): Hummer (F); 45 (R)	
Rebuilder: A Righteous Ride		Headlight: quartz halogen	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 55 cu.in.		Speedo: cat eye	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: nothin' special		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: .060 over		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: bead-blasted		Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal.	
Heads: ported		Oil tank: Sportster	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: slight leak	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: stock Sporty	
Carb(s): S&S		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: S&S		Sissybar: luggage rack	
Pipes: 2-in. drag		Height: a couple of inches	
Muffler(s): baffles		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: 45 springer	
Year: 1966		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: 74 rockers	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: WM1	Rim width: WM4
Color: two-tone blue		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Goodyear
Type: lacquer		Brake: drum	Brake: drum
Special paint: urethane clear			
Other special modifications: Special thanks to Jeff and Willie at A Righteous Ride.			

once-simple Sportster. The way it went down was like this: It was sittin' in the shop window, left there by a brother from the East who wanted to sell it. Brad checked it, liked it, subsequently bought it, then decided to tear it down, adding a Paughco rigid frame to the fatbob tanks and Sporty guts. It provided an immediate change, a tough look that made sense, i.e. more gas in the tanks, less time having to pull out of the wind





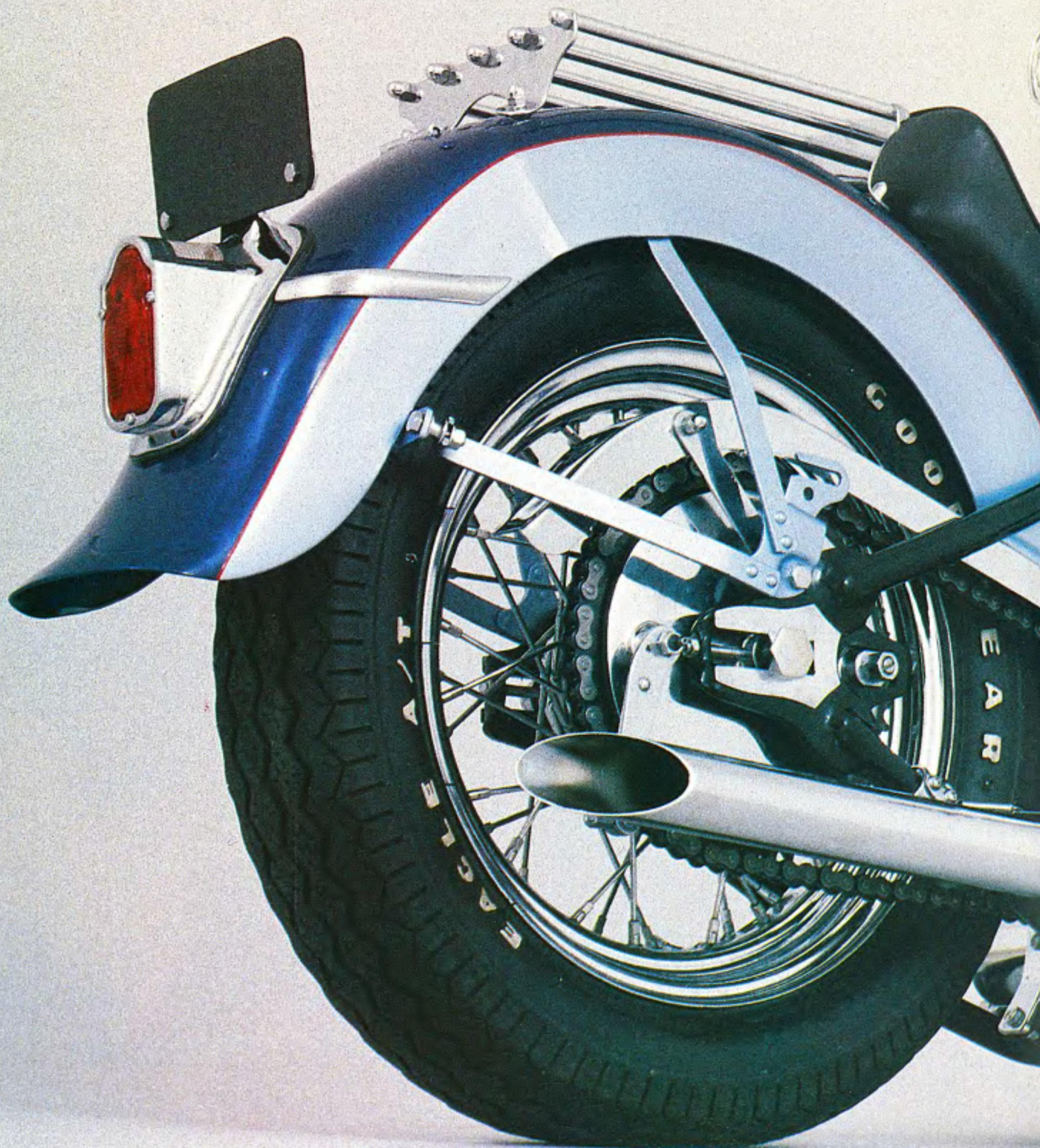
and up to the premium pump.

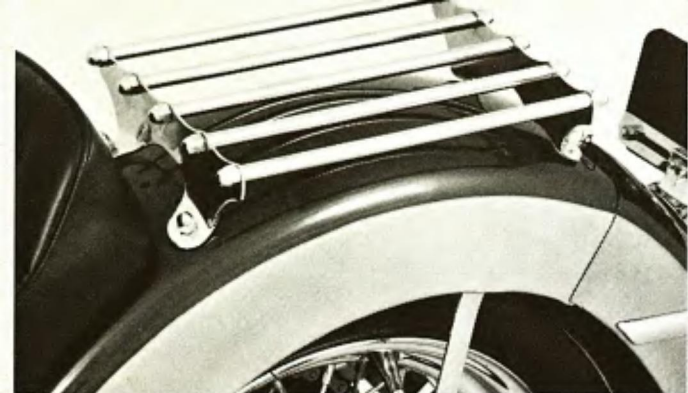
Brad's got a sheaf of parts layin' around, particularly Sprint and Hummer collectibles, but he also had an old 45 rear fender soakin' up dust in the summer and snow in the winter, so he bolted that on the tail section and voila — a unique Harley-Davidson. The old parts that were taken from the original setup were

quickly put to use by Willie's brother, so once again everything gets used, everybody's happy.

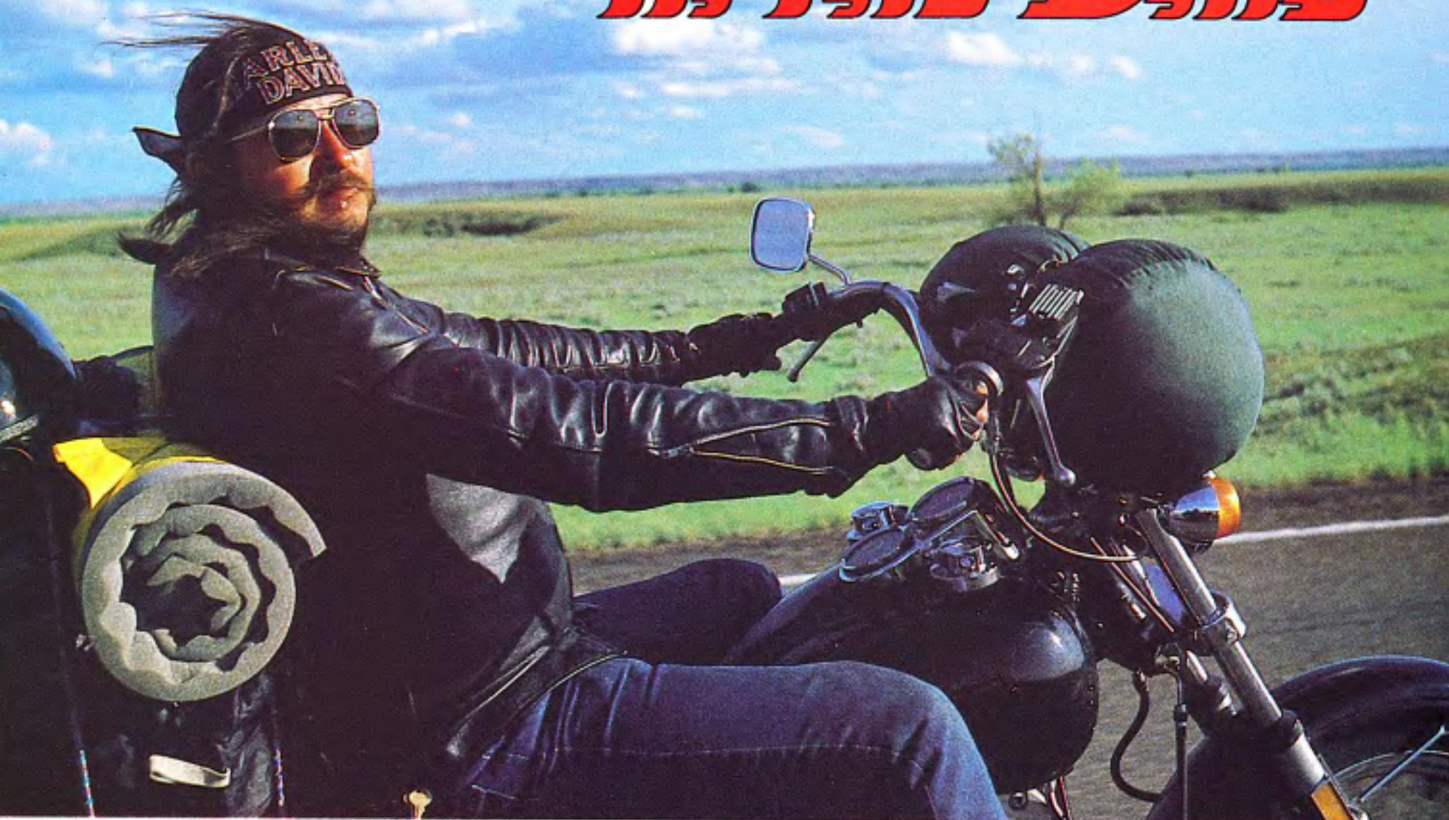
Aside from the boundless energy Brad has in supply, he's also a talented artist. He did the leather work on the tank cover, as well as the paint and molding. Great job, brother. Here's a downstreamer to ya.

—Buster





IN THE WIND

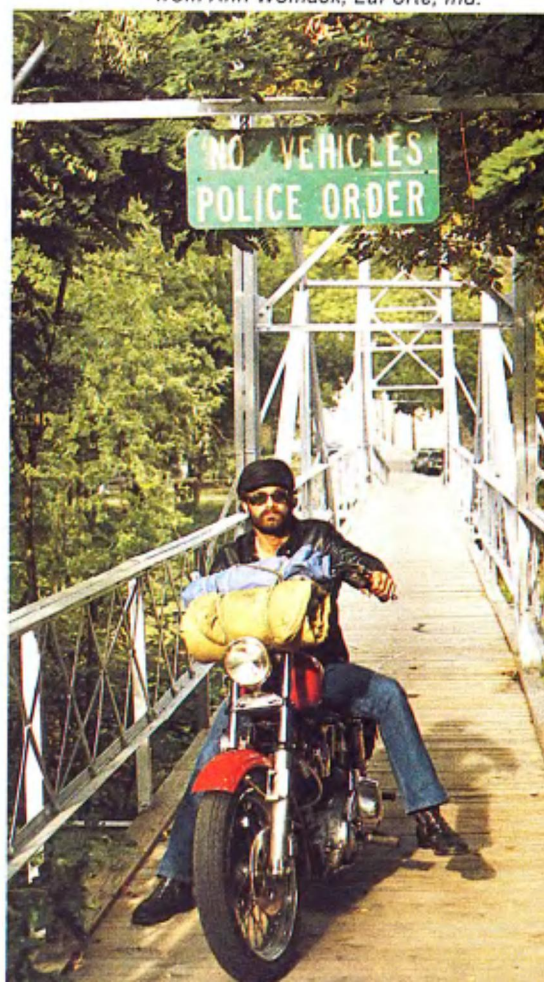


—from Coyote Brebner, Marquette, Mich.



—from Hans Jansson, Hagfors, Sweden

—from Ann Womack, LaPorte, Ind.





—from Bennett Hart, Westford, Mass.

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 Monk Dufour, Livermore Falls, Maine



—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.

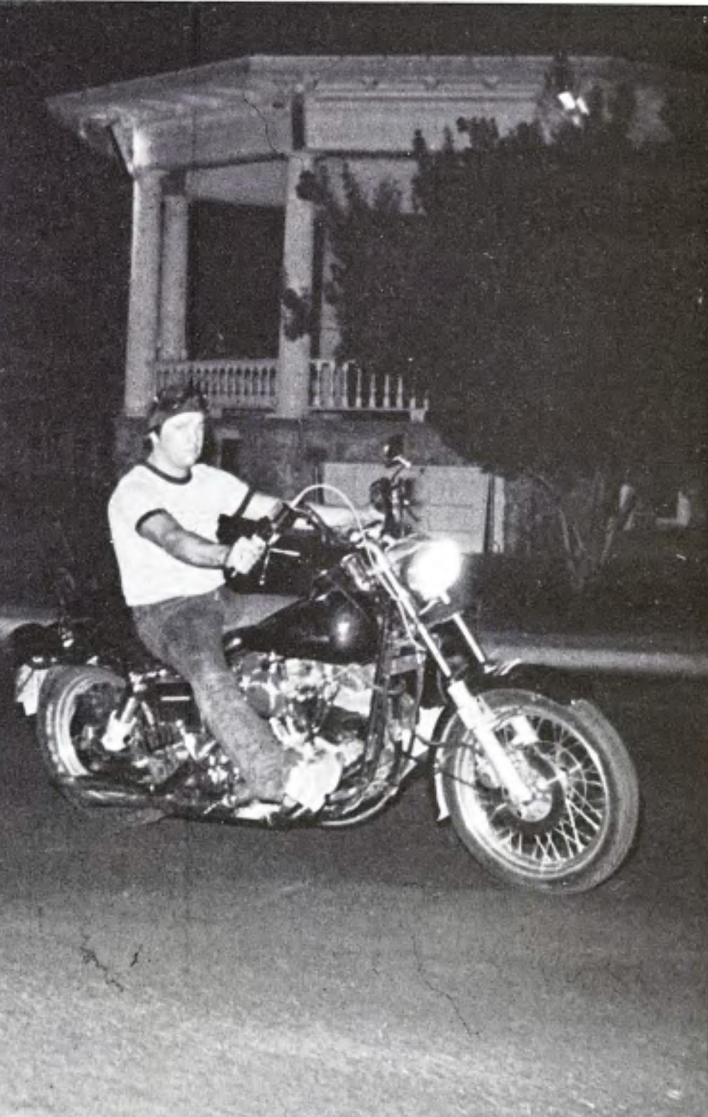




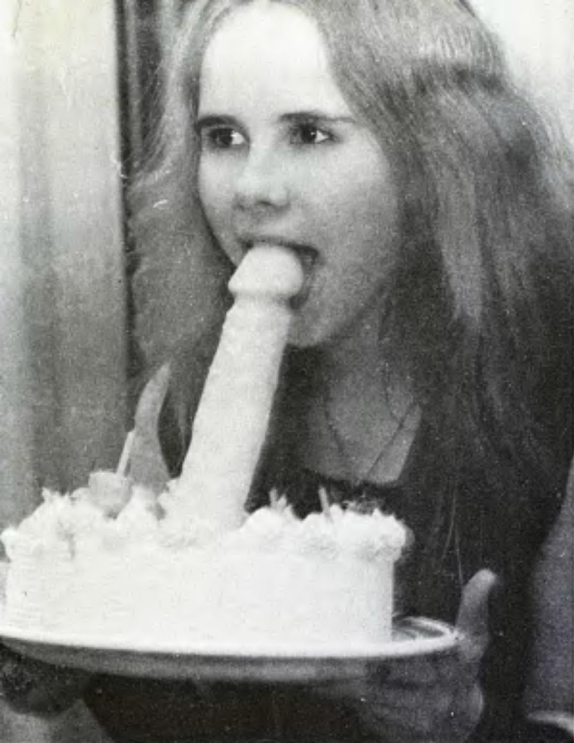
—from Mr. T. Bogalusa, La.



—from Dino, Melrose, Iowa



—from Max, New Braunfels, Tex.



—from Big Red, Brooklyn, N.Y.

—from Cyclops, Keene, N.H.

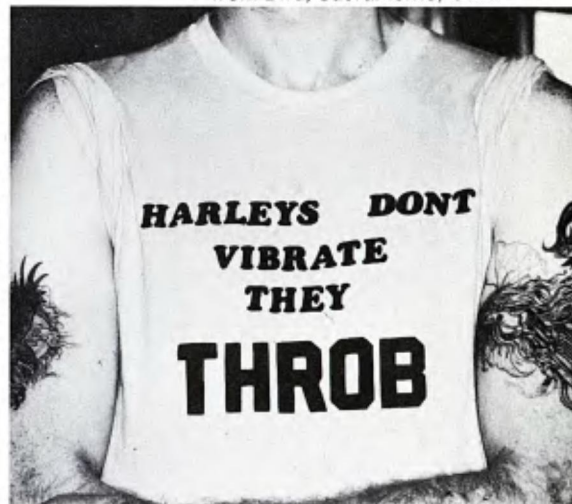


—from Bird, Sacramento, Calif.



—from Kim Peterson, Gold Beach, Ore.

—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.

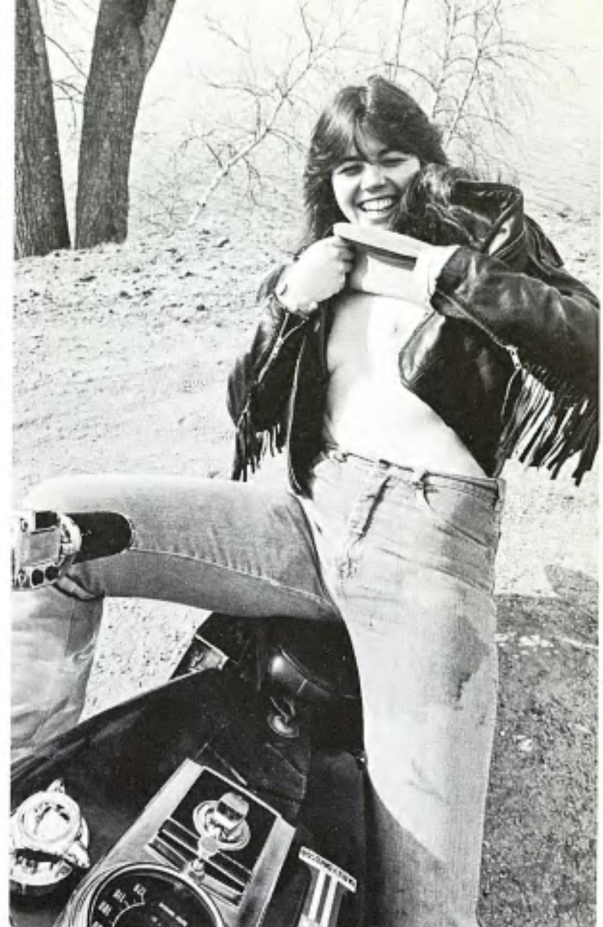


—from Dave Vital, Oakland, Calif.





—from Greg Buccì, Blythe, Calif.



—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.





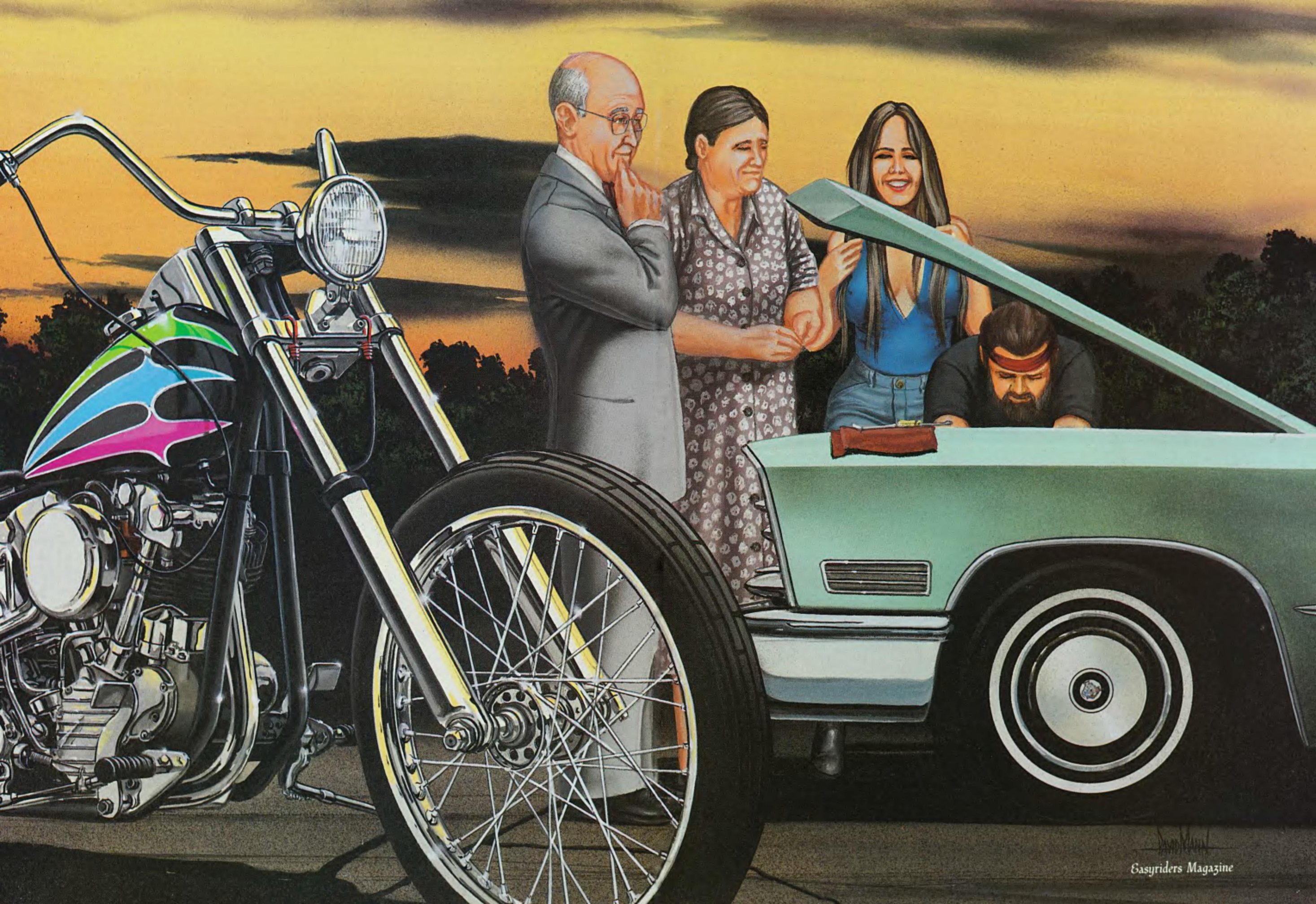
—from Mike Dorcik, Biloxi, Miss.



—from Michael Dungan, Garden City, Kan.



—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.



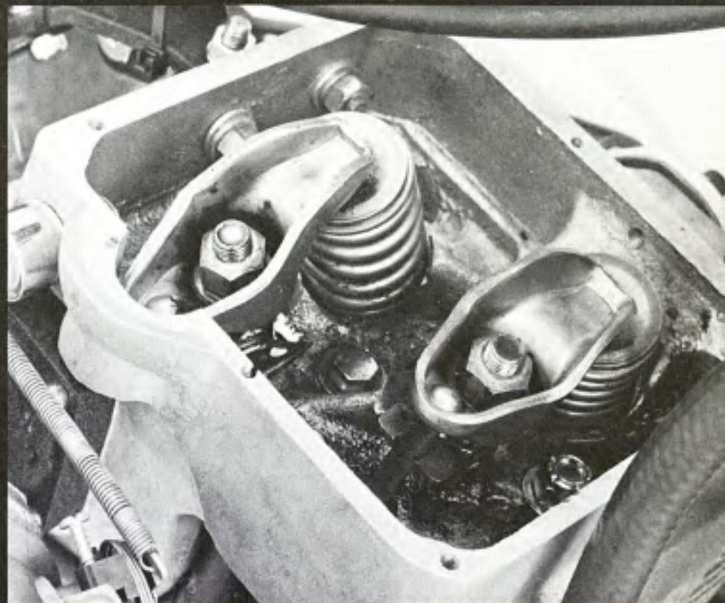
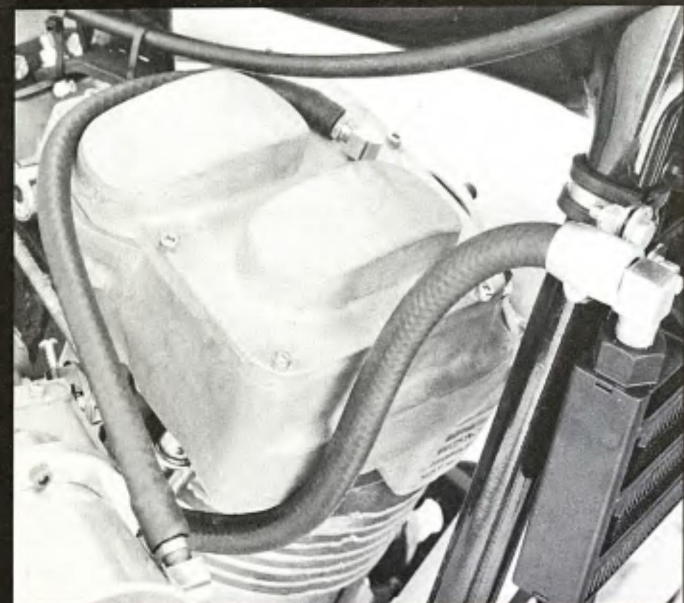
JUST MAKE IT RUN

Here's a motorcycle powered by the two most famous horsepower mongers in history — the Harley 74 and the Chevrolet 454.

Consider it a superbike. A motorcycle that combines the best features of a Big Twin Harley and a big-bore Chevy. Built by the same horsepower-crazed head that conjured up the famous four-cylinder Hog, the bike before you is the first scooter to successfully mate cage and scooter parts in a way that can be reproduced by any biker with a reasonable number of bucks and decent skill as a wrench.

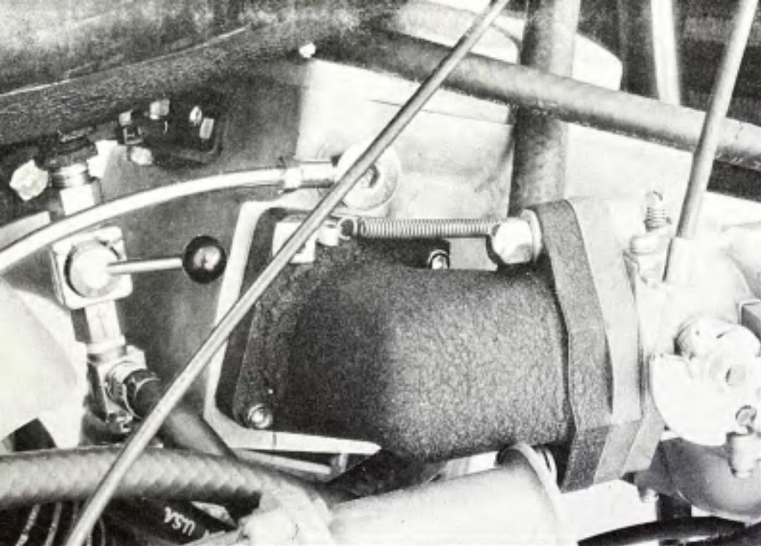
"The reason Larry Sexton (the mill's designer) went with the big-block Chevy is weight," bike owner Kenny Lyon says. "With a V-Twin, low piston weight is very important in controlling vibration. The heavier the piston, the more out of balance the engine's gonna be. The 454 Chevy uses a flat piston instead of the domed piston the smaller blocks do. You eliminate a lot of weight that way. In fact, Harley





Check out the genuine made-in-Detroit Chevy valve train





Pistons (left to right): stock H-D, S & S, 454 Chevrolet

did the same thing when they went to a flat piston in the blockhead."

According to Lyon, his American Big Block* is the largest aftermarket engine kit that will fit every Harley frame from panhead days right up through the Evolution era. Though the basic kit is 120 cubes, it can, for those brave or foolish enough, be bored out to a full 163 cubic inches.

"All the lower end parts are either Harley or modified Harley, while the top end parts are all Chevy or modified Chevy," Lyon says. "Originally, Larry had used some other pieces, like a VW breather, but he redesigned all that out of it, because it was unacceptable to Harley riders and because it forced bike builders to go to five or six different suppliers to get what was necessary to finish the kit."

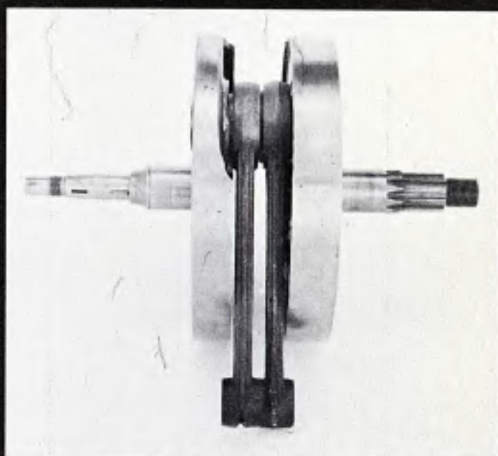
Though upwards of half a dozen

American Big Block engine kits have already been delivered to customers, no two are exactly alike.

"The internal parts are all interchangeable," Kenny says, "but Larry keeps making changes to improve either the reliability or the appearance. This bike of mine, for example, is already obsolete because Larry has come up with a new head pattern that has the cylinder studs enclosed to eliminate expansion differences caused by having them open to air flow. Now Larry's working on a way to make the exterior of the castings look better."

"Personally, I think it'll be about a year or two before he's satisfied enough to start building them all the same."

In the meantime, Kenny, who first became familiar with Larry's work back in 1978 when Larry built some special one-of-a-kind

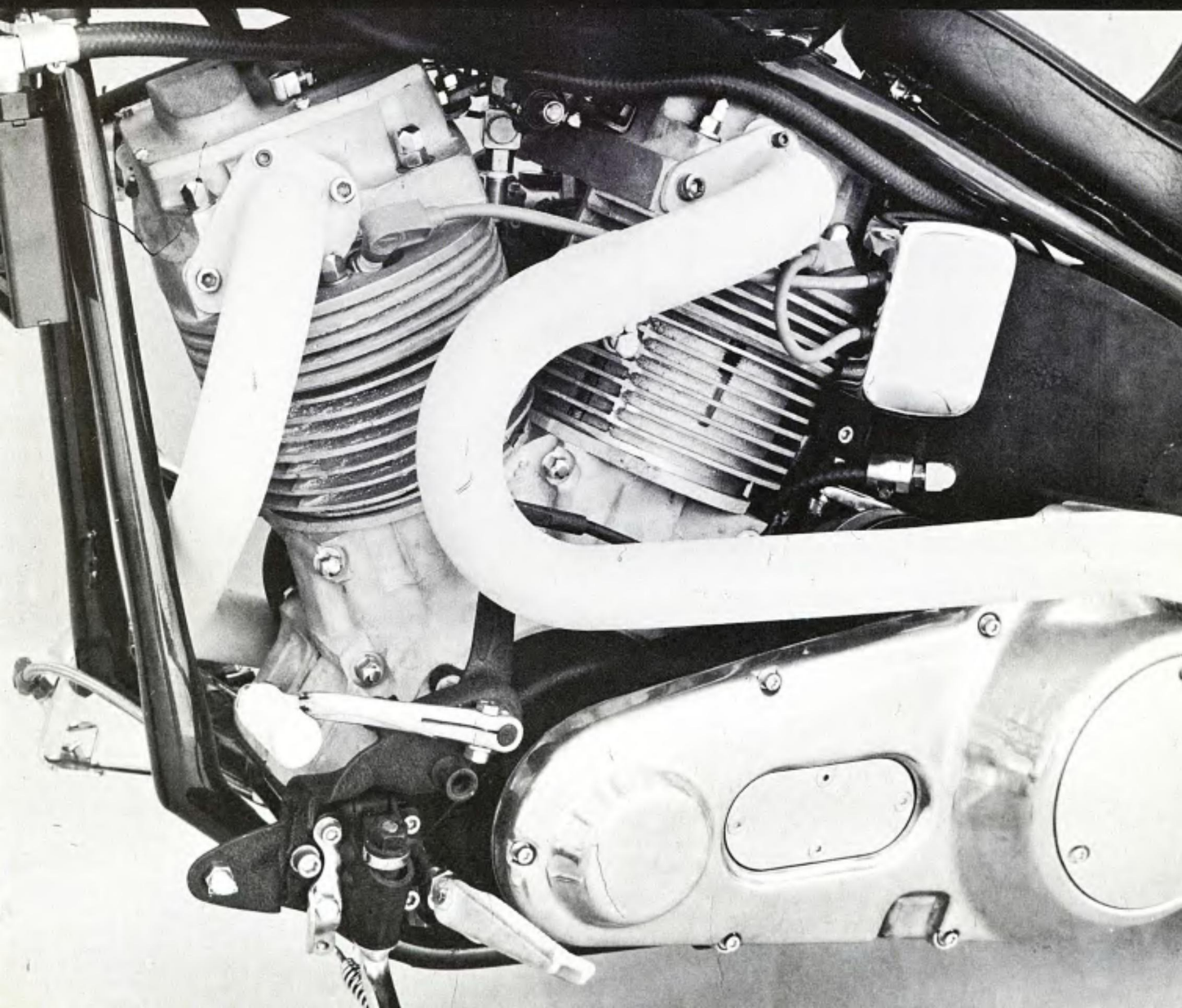
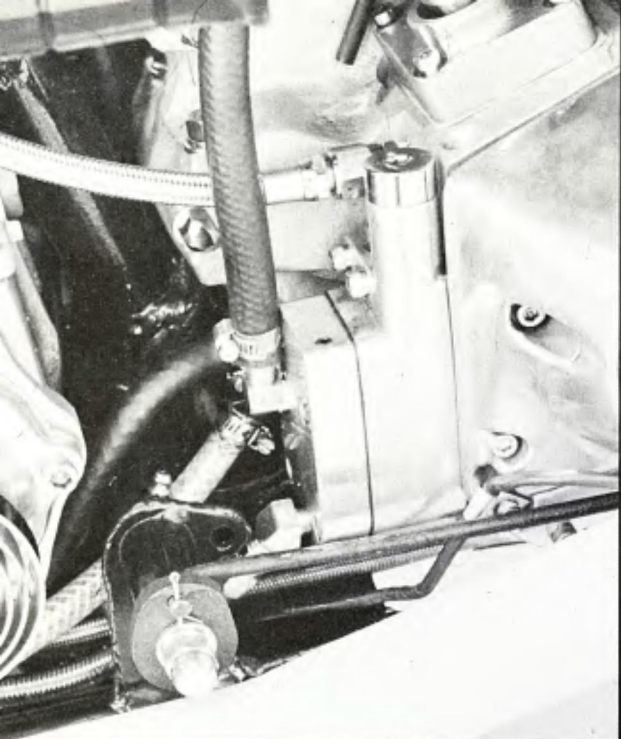


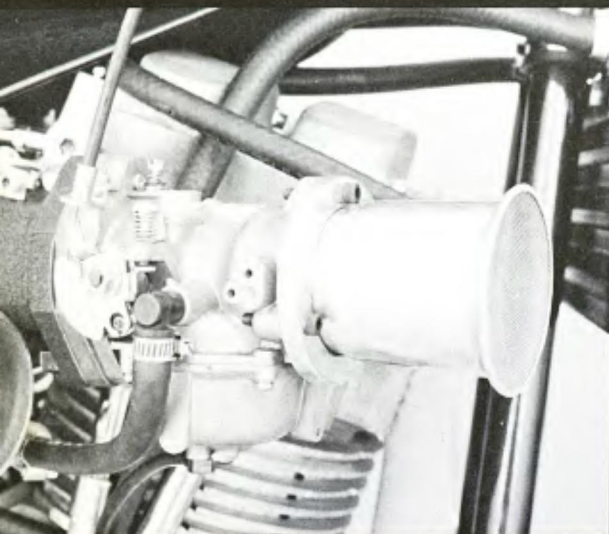
Two male Harley rods



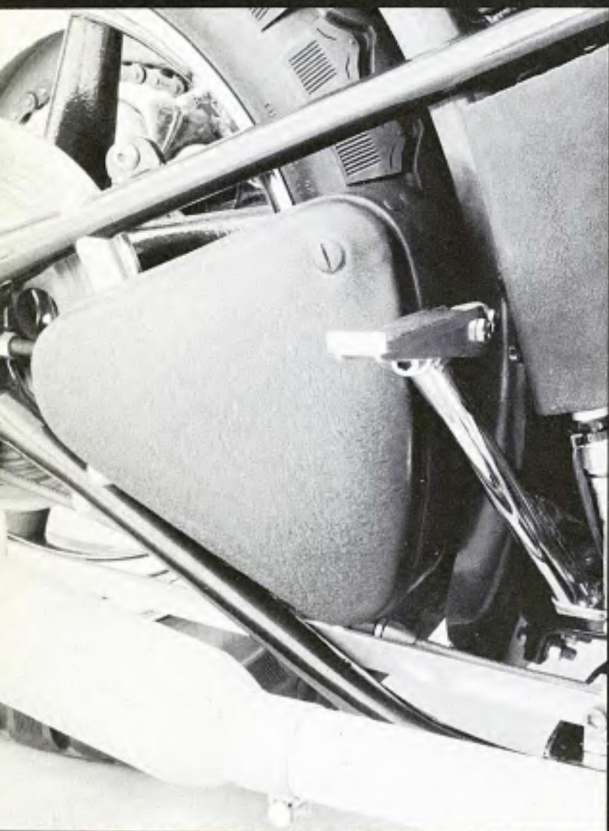
Note the H-D/Chevy hybrid pushrod







The Keihin carb came off a Sporty



Vintage Trumpet toolbox adds a Limey touch



Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owner: Kenny Lyon		City: Torrance, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: 1955	
Year and make: 1940		Builder: H-D	
Model: H-D/Chevy big block		Type: rigid	
Value: best offer		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner/Tut Bennett		Stretch: none	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: wiring thru frame	
Chroming by: Supreme Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Cyclemoore (Mich.)	
Year: 1976/1985		Risers: 4-in. steel/alum. caps	
Model: American Big Block		Fender(s): 6-in. flat (R); 3-in. custom (F)	
Rebuilder: H.E.S./ Cal Products		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Sumax ign. wire		Taillight: Barnett	
Displacement: 120 cu.in.		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: 80 in./2 male rods		Front pegs: Anderson	
Balancing: Bonneville Engineering		Rear pegs: H.E.S.	
Pistons: Chevy 454/4¼ bore		Electrics: Voltpak 12-volt	
Cases: Cal Products		Gas tank: 4-gal. Paughco	
Heads: Cal Products		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): Sifton 475 XR pattern		Oil system: H.E.S. pump cover	
Lifters: Dudley's solids		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Keihin/Jeff Ripp		Seat: Bar Enterprises	
Air cleaner: stacks		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Jardine/G.T. coating		Height: 28 in.	
Muffler(s): Jardine/G.T. coating		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Clyde Moore		Type: glide	
Year: 1984 Cal Case/Rodan		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: "Bullshifter"/AAA		Builder: H.E.S.	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: Dew trees	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Holliday's/Bob Alford		Hub: Avenger	Hub: Avenger
Painter: Lil' D/Bobby Scott		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: 3 shades of Midnight Blue		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: Imron		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: tank art by Jerri, Prescott, Arizona.			
Other special modifications: Head port design by Steve Martin; Gardner Wescott fasteners; Milmeyer kick arm; Heliarc by Bruce Morton; Triumph tool box from John Moreland. Special thanks to: JT, Danny L., Jim Jones, Rick Needles, Mac, Shelly, Sue, Jim Maching, Robert Ashley, Terry Smith, Bartel's H-D, Bob Taylor's H-D Repair, Guardian Tire Sealant, Holliday's, Ultron Oil, Barnett T&E.			

steel engine cases for a Harley-powered Bonneville racer Kenny was working on, will continue to enjoy his unique Har-O-Let.

"For me," he says, "the best thing about this project was the number of people who came up to me and Larry and offered us

parts and help to get it on the road.

"They all said, 'It's such a great idea, we don't care if we get any publicity or anything for it, just make it run!'"

*For more information on American Big Block kits, write to Larry Sexton, Cal Products, Rt. 2 Box 414, E. Jordan, MI 49727.

WE'RE BOTH WAITING

By Peg Cartwright



His Sporty was sounding good today. Why not? Me and his scoot have been down this road more than a hundred times. We know every twist, turn, and pebble by heart.

I pull into the same dumpy gas station and the attendant recognizes me. "Kinda early today, huh?" I look overhead at the cloudy sky and think to myself that I better beat ass. I answer in a nod. Just making adjustments, I've wrenched the old Hog there a few times in the past.

I've been on the road for a couple of hours. Now there's only a few miles left to go. I turn onto the dirt road that's just a mile long, the worst mile I have to travel. I reach the huge iron gates and pull through them, looking for a shady spot to park.

I'm early today. Other women are sitting, staring, and waiting — the same as me. Kids are clinging to their moms and some have ventured to the toy box to examine the situation. I see a couple of familiar faces and nod my hello at them.

The door opens. He sees me and musters a smile that covers his face. We embrace with a moment of deep loving silence. He steps back, looks at me and says, "I see you managed to get the new clutch in."

That almost hurts. After years of wrenching on his ride, I know the thing intimately. I see the gleam in his eyes then and playfully slug him.

We sit. I see his expression change as he takes to minutely searching the floor with his eyes. In a soft voice he says, "I haven't heard from the board yet and it's been almost a month."

His grip tightens around my hands as we both share a moment's silence, praying for a good decision and soon.

The moment passes. We go on with idle chitchat. Soon our visit is over. We embrace and then look at each other with

Continued on page 126

DANCIN' DOLLY

“Where the fuck are the broads?” Those of us privileged to hear the big turd (aka Spider) bellow — and that includes everyone over a radius of three counties — automatically hit the floor and crawled under whatever was handy. Spider doesn't like to be kept waiting; I mean, he *really* dislikes it intensely.

“Dammit, Madman,” Bomber's anxious stage-whisper drifted across the still-echoing reverberations from The Mighty One, “where in the hell are the women you promised him?”

“One woman!” retorted Madman, rolling himself up into an even smaller ball of quaking servitude and propelling himself further back into the stacks of back issues. “I never told him there was gonna be more than one.”

“Ohhhh, shit!” This chorused moan is the only thing everyone on the staff has ever said simultaneously, except for the time Mutha broke wind during one of our





annual earthquake-evacuation drills. See, we were all in Spider's office waiting for him to count down from three to one so we could grab up his valuables and haul ass outside with 'em when Mutha cut a real killer. Naturally, everyone snatched up whatever object was closest to hand and slammed it up against their nose. Unfortunately, Grape chose to use a typewriter. The results were spectacular. And very colorful. Afterward it was hard to determine who'd passed out from the aroma and who'd gone under at the sight of all that blood.

Anyhow, at the sound of this current group lamentation, Boomer snapped to. "What's the bimbo's name?" he demanded.

"Dolly," said Madman.

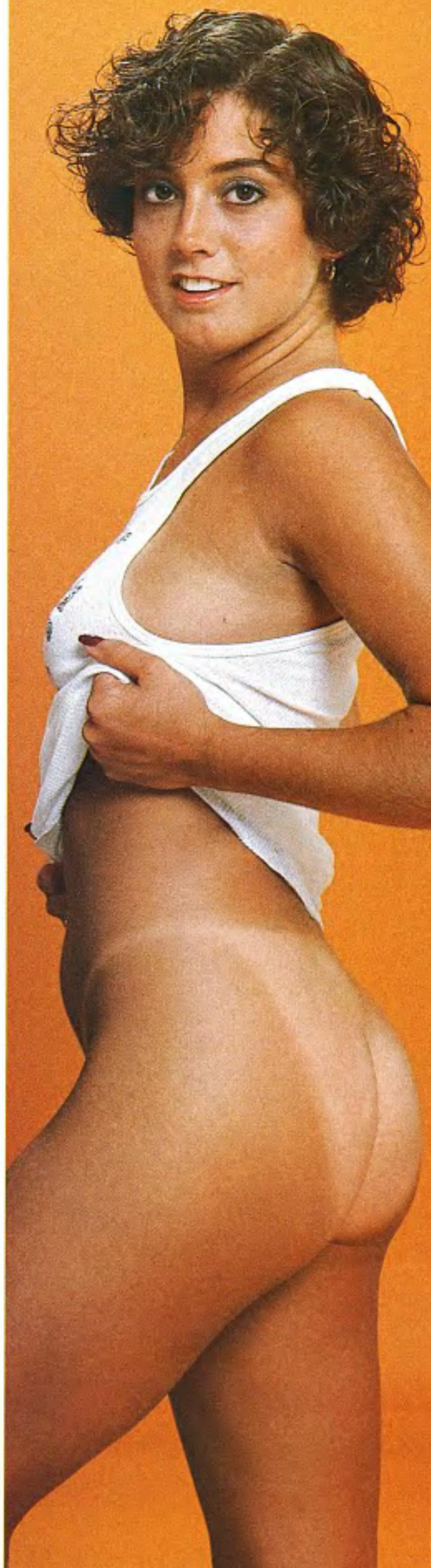
"Grape, you asshole," Boomer said, "didn't you answer the phone and take a message from some chick named Dolly?"

Grape thought it over and decided it was true. "Yeah, she said she'd be an hour late. I think she's dancin'."

"Of course, she's dancin', you toad — that's what she does for a living," Madman muttered.

"Hey, no problem," Boomer said. "Ya know how much Spider digs on dancers, so just go tell him that she'll be here after she gets off work."

"Madman!" This angry roar from the turd set the walls to shaking. "Get your ass in here!"







Photos by Pete Chiodo

"I ain't goin' in there," Madman hissed, oozing panic out of every scrawny pore. "You tell him."

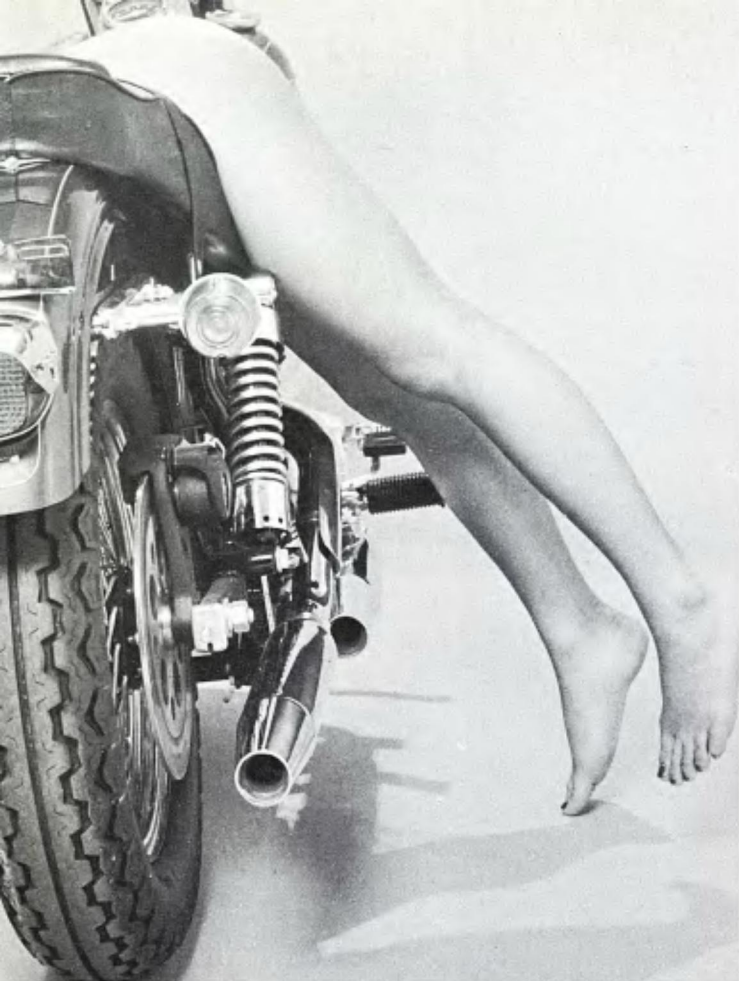
Manfully, Boomer accepted the challenge. Slugging down a shot of courage from one of Grape's open bottles of rotgut, he shuddered violently and then set off in Spider's direction. (Common belief has it that he was trying to impress one of the office mouses, but that seems questionable since he was pushing a chair ahead of him as he went.) There was the faint sound of a knock on Spider's door, followed by a "WHAT?" that nearly broke the sound barrier.

The next few moments were filled with dead silence, then a mysterious and awful noise started up from that dread place where Boomer had gone. We began rummaging around for loose change, taking up a collection for his hospital costs. The sound escalated, decibel by awful decibel. Just when our fund-raising effort reached the high-water mark of \$5.36 and two fillings that had been vibrated loose by the cacophony assaulting our ears, Boomer reappeared in our midst. He looked stunned.

"Well?" someone asked as everyone scrambled to retrieve their contributions.







"She's here," Boomer announced. "She came in right as I was explainin' the situation. She took that chair I had, sat down in it, told him her working name is Disco Dolly, and asked what she could do for him. It was terrible."

"What'd he do?" demanded Madman, clearly horrified by the possibilities.

"He started humming so she could dance for him. That's what that noise is."

"What about the photos?"

"Well, he whistled a few bars of 'Manana' as I was leavin' . . ."

—Trampo



PARTS BOX

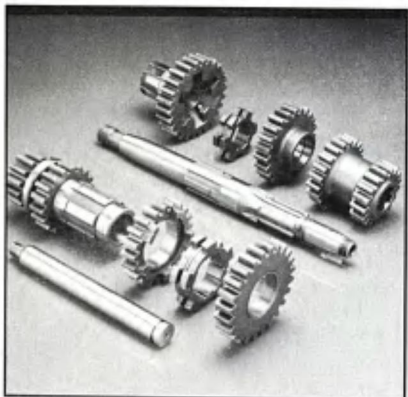


HYDRAULIC CLUTCH

Cure those snapped-cable blues with this hydraulic clutch setup for Big Twin 4-speeds, featuring a 5/8"-bore master cylinder computer-machined from 7075 aluminum billet and polished. Mfr. recommends using pre-'75 heavy-duty throwout bearing, but it'll work on newer oil slingers, too. Plated socket-head cap screws, 6'3" of braided-steel line and all fittings inc. in this \$250 kit designed by a biker and made in America. Available from On The Run Ent., Inc., Dept. ER, Box 1472, Norfolk, NE 68701.

CLOSE-RATIO GEAR SET

Wanna show your Hawg how much ya care? Prove your devotion with a set of these matched close-ratio gears. They fit 1936-80 Big Twins and each set includes proper gears, shifter clutches, mainshaft, countershaft, countershaft bearings, and necessary snap rings. Gear faces are ground and honed; gear sides are ground and polished. All components meet JIS Standard 9310. Available in 2.44 and 2.60 sets for approximately \$600 from better accessory dealers nationwide. (Hey, it's only money, so stop clutching your heart.) Get more details from Custom Chrome Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037. Or call (408) 778-0500.



BRAKE PEDAL ASSEMBLY

The only thing better than being on the roll is being able to stop just like that whenever desire or necessity dictates. This strong heavy-duty brake pedal assembly is made of billet aluminum, polished to a fine shine, and assembled with a brass bushing and anti-rattle spring. The master cylinder is a cast unit with a durable thermal-coated black finish, available in both 5/8" and 3/4" bore. Brake pedal assembly and master cylinder retails from \$155. For more info and a catalog of hi-tech brake components, systems and wheels, contact Performance Machine, Inc., Dept. ER, 15520 Illinois Ave., Box 927, Paramount, CA 90723. Or call (213) 634-6532.



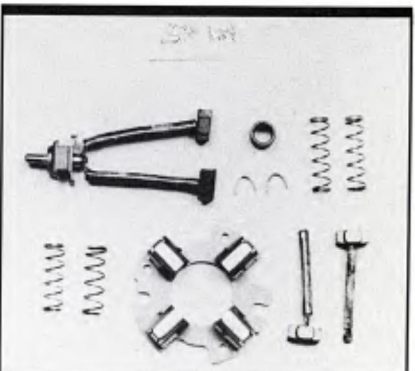
SHIFTER PLATE

Isn't it about time to replace that old beat-up piece of shit? Paughco has a triple-chrome-plated 9-gauge number that'll add to your pride in your ride — and it's American-made, too. To obtain their 1985 catalog of new/replacement parts and accessories (\$3) or more info, contact Paughco, Inc., Dept. ER, Box 3390, Carson City, NV 89702-3390.



ROCKET FUEL

With high-octane pumps scarcely more than a memory and engine ping an everyday reminder of your engine's withdrawal symptoms, ya need something to counteract the piss-poor performance ya get from today's gasoline. Rocket Fuel's been used in everything from Harleys to drag boats to chainsaw log-cutting competitions. A one-oz. tube treats 2-5 gallons of pump puke; a 16-oz. can will convert 30 gallons. Special six-tube pack now available for \$7.50. Get it from your local dealer or order direct from Cal Products Co., Dept. ER, Rt. 2 Box 414, East Jordan, MI 49727.



STARTER REPAIR KIT

Nowadays, if your starter goes bad, ya can't always be sure of finding a new one — especially since Prestolite's discontinued manufacturing some of their 3-inch starter motors. What to do? Simple. Get yourself a repair kit. Available in two-brush and four-brush sets complete with brush holder, springs, clips, and bushing from Arco Auto & Marine Products, Inc., Dept. ER, 3921 Navy Blvd., Pensacola, FL 32507. Outside Florida, call 'em toll-free at (800) 722-2720. Inside Florida, the number is (904) 455-5476.

LOCKSMAN

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

Almost exactly 209 years ago, a group of men performed a criminal act of rebellion against their government by issuing the Declaration of Independence. After years of warfare they prevailed and, in due course, many of these same men joined with others and drew up the Constitution of the United States.

Because they had been revolutionaries themselves, they understood quite well that the time might come when certain citizens of their new republic would also want to rebel. Foreseeing this, they included several constitutional admonitions on the subject.

The Whiskey Rebellion, which flared up almost before the ink on the Constitution was dry, proved the Founding Fathers' acuity in this matter, but it wasn't until the Civil War that the fabric of the nation was severely tested by rebellion.

During the Reconstruction Period immediately after that war, Congress decided that certain additions and changes to the Constitution were necessary. One of the most widely known of these is the 14th Amendment, which extended the right to vote to former slaves. What is less well known is the fact that the framers of the 14th Amendment, with the recently concluded War Between The States heavy on their minds, included in the Amendment a provision giving the individual states the right to prohibit persons taking part in "rebellion or other crime" from voting. Clearly, given the tone of the overall amendment and the linking of the two words "other crime" to the act of rebellion, that phrase was meant to give the states the power to disenfranchise those who had committed some treasonous or other disloyal act. Despite the obvious intent of the authors to so limit the use of this provision, the Supreme Court has, as recently as 1974, consistently ruled that the 14th Amendment gives states the right to prohibit anyone who has committed any felony from ever voting again —

a clear violation of the principle that a person who serves a prison term has "paid his debt to society" and is therefore once again entitled to live as a free citizen.

Currently only three states — Massachusetts, Utah and Vermont — do not automatically disenfranchise citizens convicted of various felonies and only about half the states provide for automatic restoration of voting rights after com-



Illustration by Jody Roberts

pletion of the conviction-prison-parole cycle.

Requirements for getting back the right to vote in other states vary; some require a pardon by the governor, a few demand a vote by the state legislature. But in all cases, the process is difficult, arbitrary and almost impossible for a person who hasn't the funds to go out and hire some high-priced legal talent. An example: In Virginia, according to a study by the American Civil Liberties Union, all convicted felons are automatically stripped of their right to vote and it can only be re-

stored by order of the governor. Out of approximately 3000 felons released from Virginia prisons every year, only about 200 are ever able to regain polling privileges.

Loss of the right to vote, the ACLU notes "is an inconsistent, excessive and disproportionate punishment. The blanket imposition of the loss of basic civil rights clearly has no legal merit nor does it meet any community need, while it severely hinders efforts by ex-offenders to reconstruct their lives."

What the ACLU does not point out is that not only is disenfranchisement an "excessive" punishment, but it also, in many states, amounts to a form of life sentence that makes no sense in a system where the overt punishments for routine felonies can often be a few months' downtime or outright parole.

NEWS, KITES, AND DECISIONS

Prison Sites

After a number of delays, the Justice Department is finally starting to make surplus federal property available for use as prison facilities.

Under the program, which was instigated as part of President Reagan's Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984, state and local governments will be able to obtain the property at no cost by signing a contract stating that the property will never be used for anything except the incarceration or rehabilitation of convicts.

Though the program does offer some hope that jurisdictions with severe overcrowding problems and lack of funding may be able to obtain new facilities faster than otherwise, some experts fear that the surplus federal sites — abandoned military bases, etc. — might be in even worse shape than current institutions.

Trouble In Texas

It won't come as a surprise to the majority of "guests" of the Texas Department of Corrections, but a recently released

Continued on page 127

Queer Problem

I have a problem. My ol' lady hates Harleys and Easyriders. I buy the mag each month and she throws it out while I'm at work. She said that if I buy a Harley she's gonna hit the pike. Everything I own is in her name. What should I do?

No Fuckin' Harley
Waynesboro, Pa.

- Take some Kleenex out of yer purse and wipe the tears from yer eyes before yer mascara starts to run.

Somethin' Stinks

My ol' lady farts every time I eat her. She says she can't help it, but I think she does it to make me gag. Could it be caused by my fuckin' her brown-eye too many times?

Ranger Rick
Medina, Ohio

- Maybe it's an editorial comment on yer performance.

Scent of Trouble

I've seen all kinds of people, but the one thing I can't understand is why some people just love to stink. You know, the kind of people who see water and run like hell hoping it won't get on them.

I mean, I know I'm not Mr. Clean, but I do wash my nut-sack three or four times a week and try to keep my ass from stinking.

These other fuckheads act like they get off on their own smell and making others smell them. Do you think it's some kind of a potion for keeping fags away or what?

Howie
Tell City, Ind.

- You oughta keep yer nose away from them sweaty scooter seats.

Hit Me Where?

When that first spurt of Spider's sperm hit you in the back of the throat, what did you do? Did you a) want to spit it out? b) Hold it in your mouth and savor the taste? c) Gag it on down until it was lubricating your anal canal? d) All of the above?

Outlaw
Lockdown, U.S.A.

- The first shot actually hit somewhere past my left tonsil and the only thing ticklin' the back of my throat was his hair.

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Instant Protection

I got a problem only you can solve. See, I work the graveyard shift at this shitty mom-and-pop convenience store and I'm fuckin' worried about getting shot during a robbery. I can't afford a bullet-proof vest, so how about sending me your picture? I figure your face is so ugly it would definitely stop a clock and slow down a bullet.

P.W.
Vale, N.C.

- Fuck a rope, asshole.

Change Partners

I'm locked up, I'm sad, I'm mad, I'm lonely, I'm crazy, I'm frustrated. No matter what I

try, I can't get out of the rut I'm in. I've tried reading, I've tried writing, I've even tried whacking my pud ten times a day, but had to quit when my right arm got sore. Nothing seems to cheer me up. Since you've got all the answers, what should I do?

Professor
Norwalk, Calif.

- Alternate with yer left hand.

Sleepy Time Gal

The other day I was reading about some secret Filipino techniques for givin' head and I decided to try them on my ol' man. To maximize his enjoyment of the

whole enchilada, I decided to begin with the ever-popular squeeze technique.

First, I started lightly squeezing his balls to build up the semen reserve and keep him from shooting off until he was really ready, until after he'd had the best head ever.

I was really getting into it when I began to see stars. Next thing I remember is seein' my ol' man's face and him sayin', "Are you okay?" What in the hell happened? I'm thinking. Did he come, or didn't he?

Later, my ol' man told me it was really great until I passed out. He says he felt my mouth try to close and that when he lifted me off of him my lips were blue. Somehow I think I almost bit the big one (in more ways than one) while giving head.

Is this normal? Can you give me some advice on how to avoid it happening in the future? At least I succeeded in one thing: He didn't come right away.

Coke
Norfolk, Va.

- Maybe he should stop usin' ether to kill his crabs.

Price Of Relief

I was just sittin' here watching some TV bullshit about drugs. Accordin' to this shit program, redneck rich people never do drugs. What do you think? Do poor folks do more drugs than rich ones?

Miss Piss-Poor Druggie
Valdese, N.C.

- You believe that shit? If you do, then you believe he won't come in your mouth when he says he won't.

As Grows The Corn

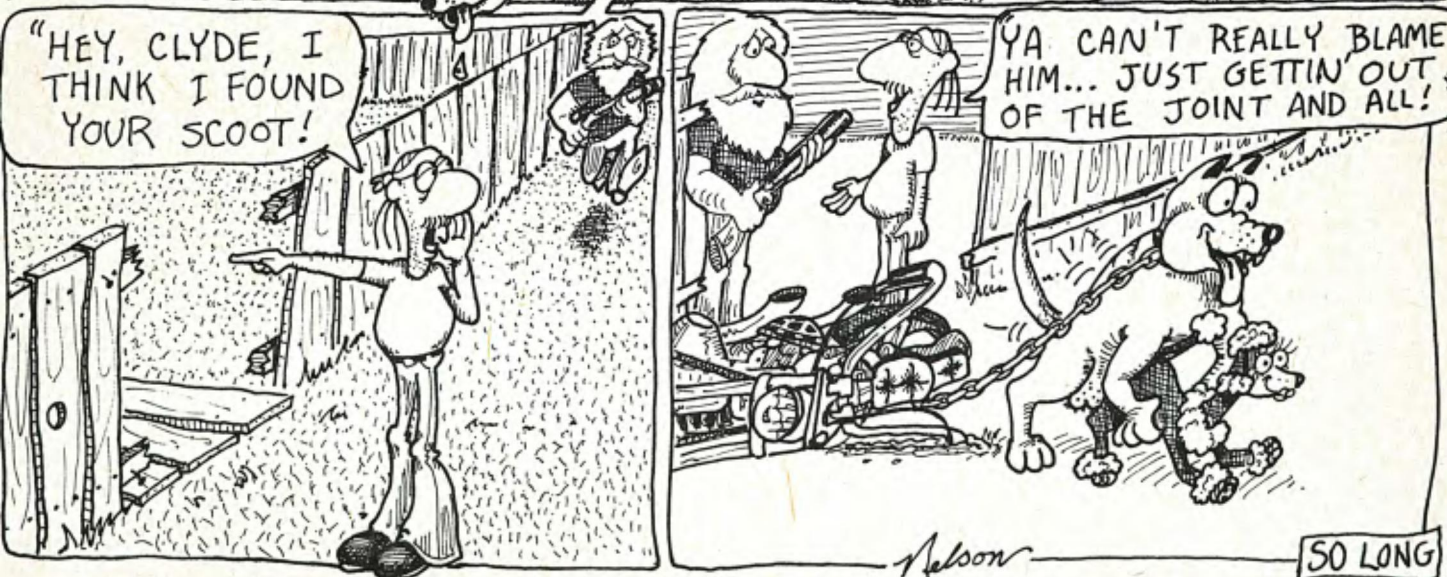
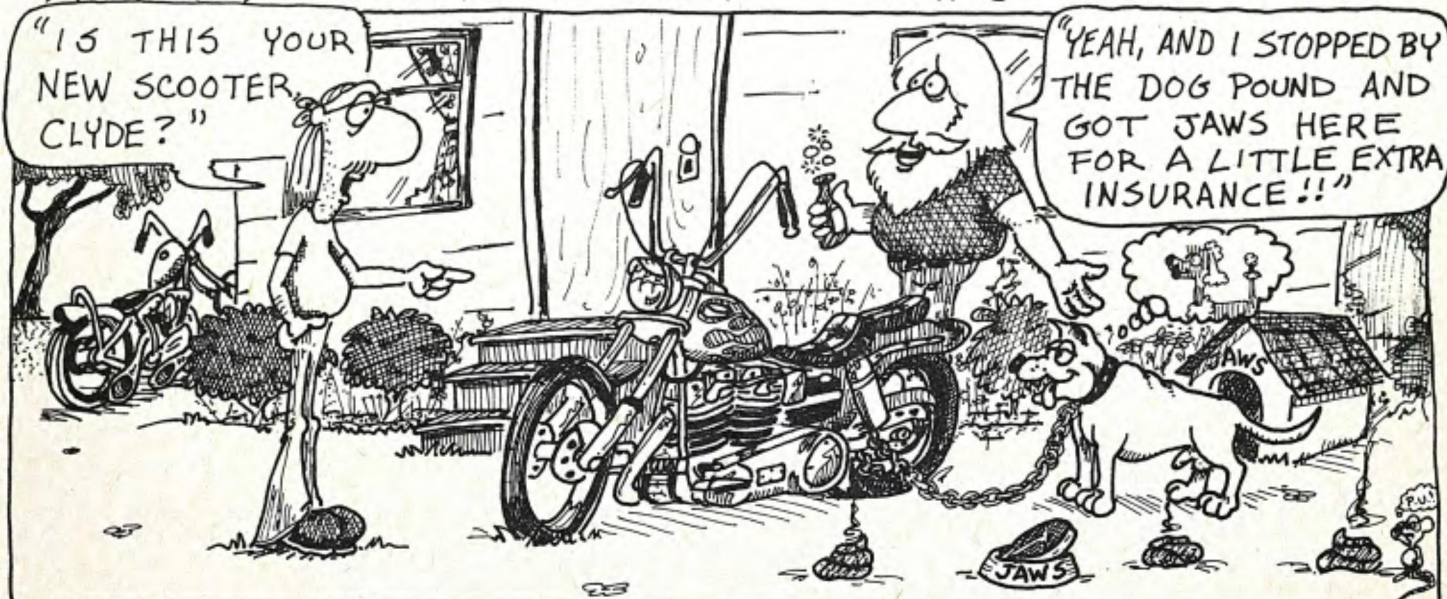
How come you talk like a man, bark like a dog, fuck like the devil, smell like a sewer, look like a drunk and act like a derelict?

Skunk
Portland, Ore.

- Guess I was just raised right.

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. ■

WIDE GLIDE CLYDE and HIS NEW RIDE
★ STARRING **IT'S A DOG'S LIFE**
★ IN:
★ FEATURING: PANHEAD PETE and JAWS



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.

Hey, ladies. Good news! We're three good-lookin' white bros for ya, down in the county jail and hoping to be out this year. Lookin' for some good-hearted chicks to help us through this last stretch. Eddie "Outlaw" Galvin, Scott Eddington, and Craig C. Coumbes. 840 Albany Shaker Rd., Albany, NY 12211.

Two crazy w/m down and out. Need letters from sincere ladies. No bullshit. Send pictures. Steve Hensley 43534, and Richard Thomas 149277. Box 539, CMCC, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Two short-time w/m bros want kites from unattached females in this state. Age and looks don't matter. James "Popeye" Maxwell 12485, and Richard "Snake" Wojtkun 11431, Box 1, Dorm 11, Huttonsville, WV 26273. Sorry, no prison kites!

W/m, 27, 5'11", 180 lbs., wishes to write and receive mail from that warm, caring, special woman who's looking for me. I have 3 years to do and need some help. Please write and send photo, too, if possible. David Aldridge 03674-039, Box 1000 D-Unit, Sandstone, MN 55072.

All you kinky female fuck-freaks, write Larry Lynch, A-11056, Box 1048, Jacksonville, IL 62651.

Doing 17 long ones. I'm 19, brown hair and eyes, 5'11", 160 lbs., looking for ladies anywhere to drop me a line. All will be answered. Send pictures. Phil Jordan, Box A, Thomaston, ME 04861.

Down w/m, 24, 5'7", 155 lbs., with dirty-blond hair and green eyes. I need scribes from a woman who's sincere and wants an ol' man ready to see life for what it is and make the best of it. So, come on and write the golden Greek. Timothy Daratsakis 84A6090, B-Block-V-407, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10562.

W/m, veteran outlaw, 25, doing time and it's about complete. Looking for ladies of all ages who have plenty of heart and would enjoy writing, visiting and photos of a warm, wonderful bro who's sincerely looking for companions. All letters answered. James "Cocaine" Cain, 130398, B-3-5, Box 56, Elmore, AL 36025.

Attention, ladies: Two lonely w/m with a bit of time to do would really like to hear from some of that sweet meat. The only qualification you must have is heart. All letters get a reply. Scooter Stern, C17108, and Larry "Shorty" Mead, C49240, Box 617, Jamestown, CA 95327.

Two white tramps, down, lonely and blue. Looking for Harley-lovin' ladies to help us make it through this year we've got left to do. Stephen "Too Small" Stetson, C89868; and Steven Borland, C92723, Box 617, Jamestown, CA 95327.

Fighting the count! Need kites and flicks from strong-hearted, sensually expressive lady. Dan Routly 076205, Box 747 (S-2-S-17), Starke, FL 32091.

I seek a princess with love in thy heart; there's marriage and romance that shall last and never part. W/m, 27, 6', 170 lbs., reddish-brown hair and brown eyes, gymnast. Pix for pix. Shane Audrey Naomi 9254-C-13-75, 3405 Deer Park Dr. S.E., Salem, OR 97310.

Help! Lonely scooter artist down for 2-15. Need scribes from some righteous ladies to lift my spirits — especially ladies from Toledo. Pix appreciated; all letters answered. Jack "Tramp" Faunce 125-185, Box 56, Lebanon, OH 45036.

Downed bro, white, 34, 5'11", 200 lbs., parolin' soon, looking for sincere, together lady for a meaningful, lasting relationship. Not lookin' for any games. Only serious-minded need reply. Will answer all. Rick Sterzick, C09493, Box 705-SB-125, Soledad, CA 93960.

White convict, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'11", slender build, beard, 100% hill-billy, looking for some hot letters to help pass this time. Maybe even build a decent relationship for the day I'm free. Age and looks unimportant. Will answer all; those with photos first. Garnett DeVore 87698, Box 479 D-3-UL, NTC, Burgin, KY 40310.

W/m, 5'9", 180 lbs., 30, brown hair and eyes, under lock and key, wondering if there are any lonely ladies who could find it in their hearts to send a true, no-bullshit biker a few lines. Joseph Brackett, BCC, Box 297, Brooklyn, CT 06234.

W/m, 45, 5'10", slim, doing life for murder, would like to hear from gal who is on my wavelength and would like to write to me. I like to travel and meet people, learn their languages. I speak some Spanish. All letters answered. Patrick Kearney, B88913, Box 8101, Rm. 2211, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Lonely, lonely lady far away from home would like to hear from some bros out there interested in a real wind-snapper. Sorry, no prisoners. I'm 5'5", 125 lbs., 36-25-37. Let's ride with the wind. Doris Jean Bennett 98879, Box 11492, MBCC, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

Guys: Lonely gal, 5'2", 105 lbs., 34-23-35. Please write to ease the loneliness. No prisoners. Audrey Gage 99130, Box 11492, MBCC, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

Flowers don't bloom where it's cold and gray, so send some sweet smiles to brighten my day. W/f, 28, 5'3", 110 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Letters with photos answered first. Michelle "Rosebud" Oder 649914, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

W/m, 22, 5'6", blond-brown hair, blue eyes, 140 lbs., doing time in the blue grass. Love to hear from all ladies whether you're blind, crippled or just crazy. Pix for pix, kites for kites. Maybe we can get something really wonderful going. Kenny Clark, Rt. 2 Box 75, Pineville, KY 40977.

Five downed w/m are looking for a few ladies. We've been down for a few years and it's kind of lonely in here. If possible, send pictures. We will answer all. Michael L. Lee 90269; Kenneth G. "Snuffy" Bohnert 91323; Roy "Nasty" Shaver 90998; Paul Butler 94389; and George "Graveyard" Balla 89437. YRCC, Box 11401-RIC, Yardville, NJ 08620.

Lonely w/m, 5'7", 150 lbs., blue eyes, blond hair, looking for anyone, 18-30, to help me get through my first "bit." Send kites and flicks; will answer all. Steve Beutel 31355-G, Box 127, ITC, Plainfield, IN 46168.

Two kinky, wild, and crazy white sisters sharing a cell would like scribes and flicks from righteous bros inside or out to keep our lustful memories going strong. Laura Morelli (5'2", 105 lbs., dark brown hair and eyes), and Janice Smith (5'4", 120 lbs., dark red hair and blue-green eyes). CCIN, 199 W. Main St., Niantic, CT 06357.

Long and lean lady down for a while. Need some male. Lori Jobe 128766, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

Cute 27-yr.-old white female, sexually in my prime. Lonesome, good-hearted, doing nine years of time. I'll be free before '86; I feel too old for any more tricks. Have seen the wild life and heard the sound; I want a gentleman to settle me down. Peggy Jones, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136.

Canadian dude, white, 23, 6'1", 195 lbs., blue eyes and brown hair, weight lifter, down 4, 1 to go. Looking for correspondence from ladies any age, blind, crippled or crazy. All answered. John Field, Box 22, Kingston, Ontario, Canada K7L 4V7.

I'm not looking for games or asking for money. All I need is correspondence from humans of the opposite sex, any age. Please share and I'll care. I'm 24 and have been down a long time. Richard Lucas 84-12621, 8215 Torresdale Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19136.

Attention: Ladies, 25-35. White scooter tramp, 36, doin' life, needs mail, flicks, and visits. Rugrats okay. Marriage-minded ladies, hurry up and write. Larry White, B73344, Box 705, SA-305, Soledad, CA 93960-0705.

Eastern outlaw lookin' for some sweet, slim, foxy lady to sit on my face and fuck till she bleeds. All letters and pix will be appreciated and answered. W/m, 23, 6', 180 lbs., long sun-blond hair. All I need is cunt. Richard Tiglio, Y3299, Box A, Bellefonte, PA 16823.

Young man doing the best he can is looking for a lady who's white and willing to write. Paul Taylor, C82925-1014, Box 2210, Susanville, CA 96130.

Lonesome w/m, 21, 6'6", and fairly good-looking. Institutionalized for 4 years and would like lovely ladies of all ages to write and send photos. Jeff Schadt, RPC (P), Box 3000, Abbotsford, British Columbia, Canada V2S 4P4.

Fuck all the dumb shit, this outlaw needs some fe-mail. I'm white and looking for a good broad. Paul D. Brown, Box C-87961, Repressa, CA 95671.

Downed w/m from the big SFV, 23, 5'6" and buffed, doin' time in this rats' nest. Out in a year or so. Would love to hear from some righteous single lady tramps who could possibly get serious. Could you be the one? No fannies or uglies! Mike "Cowboy" Shannon, C93811, Dorm 4/17, Box 3535, Norco, CA 91760.

Libra, philosopher, pussy-eatin', fun-lovin' Aryan due to rise in late '85, seeks scribes from for-real women. No need-less commitments, just honest, open communications. Christopher Estep 172065, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699.

Animal is down and out for a few, but still wild and ain't tamed yet. Fuck you all! Animal Bettis 45962, 2A-348, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 34, 5'10", 180 lbs., long brown hair, looking for a woman who'll visit and help me do this time. Parole in less than 2 yrs. No blimps, please, just a white woman who knows what she's about and wants to help a downed bro. Future plans are open. Rugrats welcome. Could get serious with right woman. Send flick, if possible. I'll do same. W. "Nasty" Nascimento, W38827, MCIW, Box 100, So. Wapole, MA 02071.

W/m, 5'9", 165 lbs., 52, incarcerated for past 34 years. Want real friends to write to and get to know. Weight, religion and looks are no problem; just be yourself. Looking for the right lady to settle down with. Please enclose SASE. Jimmy Gino 62740, KCF, Box 171, Kincheloe AFB, MI 49788-1911.

White bro, 5'7", 150 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, need letters from sincere ladies. No bullshit. I'm serious. Elli Tomms 15077, A-331, Box 250, Draper, UT 84020.

An eagle with steel as my perch. W/m, 28, 6', brown hair and eyes, 160 lbs., on death row. Lonely for sexy, loving ladies; need pix, letters, visita. Write me yesterday. William T. Boliek CP-30, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

White male, 45, 6', 170 lbs., would like women 30 or older to write me. I will answer all letters. Virgil Lovergine, Box C-06559, Repressa, CA 95671.

White male, brown hair and eyes, beard, 5'11", 185 lbs., lost all contact with family and friends, would appreciate correspondence. Robert Jones, 330 S. Casino Center, Las Vegas, NV 89101.

Ladies: w/m, 180 lbs., 5'10", green eyes, brown hair, sincere in heart and feelings, would like to hear from a lady, 20-40, who likes to write. No head games; life in here is hard enough. Race, religion, and kids no problem. Peter G. Cook 175441, Box 4571, Lima, OH 45802.

Sincere, attractive w/m, 184 lbs., 6', brown hair, green eyes, lean build, would like to correspond with intelligent ladies, 25-40. I'm 22 and will answer all. L.J. Adams 40180, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

Lonely scooter tramp, 34, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair, blue-eyed Scorpio. Have panhead, own home. Financially secure. Approximately year left. Seeking correspondence from serious-minded ladies, any age, anywhere. Photo, please. Robert "Tommy" Larsen 00720, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Lonely w/m, 26, 5'10", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes. Release in early '86. Need to hear from you ladies. Looks don't matter; it's what's on the inside that counts. Michael "Josh" Owens 17013, Box 607, NSP, Carson City, NV 89701.

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 **Bob Ranallo**, 3/29/85. Only the good die young, my brother. We all live with a little bit of agony in our lives, but that agony is overcome by knowing we've brought meaning and happiness to others because our lives have touched. Now we share the agony you kept from us. Rest in peace; you'll always live in our hearts. T-Bob of California, and all your bros and sisters who cared.

In memory of my brother, **Jerry Hook**, 1/31/61-3/12/85, taken down on his '46 knuckle by a cager who didn't have the balls to stick around and help him out. I love you, bro. I'll rebuild your dream and I'll have it shown the way you wanted. You'll always be with me, free and in the wind. Jeffrey L. Hook, Fort Madison, Iowa.

In memory of **Youngblood**, 8/3/83, a righteous bro who was killed in a fight. He partied hard and was always on the move. We love you and we'll see you in Harley Heaven. Crazy Ray and the bros, Scorpion's MC, Bronx, New York.

In memory of **Wild Billy Brewer**. It's been almost two years since ya been gone, bro. It was a sad night when that cager sent ya to Harley Heaven. We love and miss ya. Stay free and remember; your place and beer mug is still in Daytona every year, bro. Missed much by all your bros and family. Rolling Thunder.

In loving memory of **David "Butch" Merchant**, 2/10/46-1/11/85. You were born 100 years too late and you died 100 years too soon but our love for you will never die. We love you just as much in death as we did in life and hope you finally found your peace. Meet you on the dark side of the moon. Your ol' lady Sharon, son Dustin, your dog Max, and all your family.

In loving memory of **Leroy Emsign**, 1/3/85, FCMC, a man who left us too soon, but left his mark with us all forever. You lived hard and died hard. May you rest in peace in Harley Heaven. You'll be with us always in our hearts. Love, your ol' lady and friend Cindy. Canton, Ohio.

In memory of **John "Critic" Traver** who made his last ride 12/15/83. Sorry it took so long to get to ya, but the memories we shared will always be on time. Take hell over, dude, cuz you've got friends coming to stay. Sic Ric, Grave-digger Dave, Carl, and friends.

In memory of **Dennis Ray Fox**, 2/19/61-1/7/85. From here to eternity, somewhere in time, you will forevermore be mine... some other place, some other time. Your ol' lady Rosebud.

In loving memory of **James Russell "Flyin' Eagle" Bedard, Jr.**, 2/24/50-1/1/85. Died in a gun-cleaning accident New Year's morning. We all love and miss you. Fly like an Eagle, darling. Your loving ol' lady Strawberry.

In loving memory of **David E. "Dave" Hammrich**. Not a day goes by that you and Moms don't cross my mind. The times I rode with y'all I'll never forget. Our differences never mattered, anyway. Ride free, bro. Beattie, Parchman, Mississippi.

To an up-front lady, **Jane E.M. Paulsen**. My honey, ride free in Harley Heaven and wait for me. No more pain or grief, just happy with the wind in our faces. I love you. Paul, Milton, Vermont.

In memory of **Cleveland**. He — whose life was the definition of "hardcore biker" — and his panhead roam the highways in Hog Heaven. He is gone but definitely not forgotten. Later, till we meet again, Little Ernie.

In loving memory of **Luke Patterson**, 12/4/84. Damn that redneck. You'll live in my heart forever. I love you, Your ol' lady Misty.

In loving memory of **Jim "Charlie Manson" Matton**, 5/82, a true friend and bro. Thanks for the good times and special memories on the '58 pan. See ya someday in Harley Heaven. Love and miss ya, Dixie Lee Kendall, Houston, Texas.

In loving memory of **George Simpkins**, taken with a gun in January '85. He rode hard while he was here and we know he's riding hard and free now. See you one day in Harley Heaven. Ride free forever. We love and miss you, but you're in our hearts. Your family, all your bros and sisters, Martin Co., Kentucky.

In memory of **Scott Alan Dewey** who had to bail out 9/18/84. We all miss you and you'll ride with us forever. "Be not sad for the price of peace is mine." We love you. Your Minneapolis bros, Mark, Tom, Cowboy, Jeff, Tim and Ben.

In memory of **Billie B.**, 6/8/79, and all other 19er Outlaws. Missed and loved by your brothers and family; gone but not forgotten. J.J. 19er, L.L., B.B.T., Mom, West Penn., Pitts.

In loving memory of **Don K. Berry**, 12/15/40-2/3/85, the best friend and lover I could have had. You left us too soon, but I know now that you couldn't stand the pressures anymore. I will always remember the good times in the wind. I miss you so very much but know you're in a better place now. Your wife Olga M. Aguilar, friends, family, and bros all over the U.S.

In memory of **Alan Kubiak**, 8/13/84. To the many who wrote him in his last days, thanks. Your mail would have meant so much to him. God bless you all.

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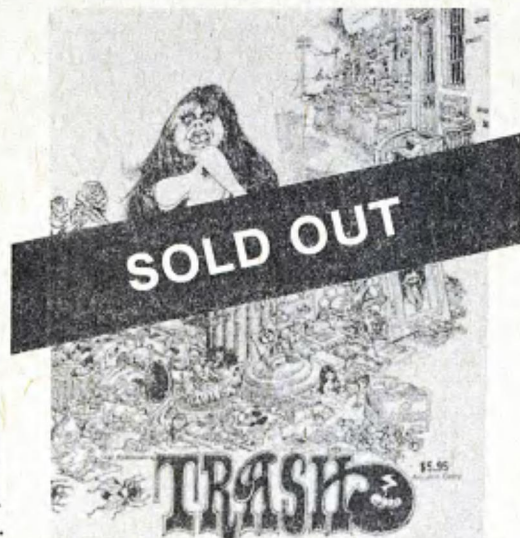
For 12 years, Hal's often gross, sometimes insulting, usually outrageous but always hilarious art highlighted *Easyriders*. Add some of Hal's best to your bikin' library with these great books. Postage paid in the U.S. Canada, add \$2; other for-

eign, add \$5. Calif. residents, add 6% sales tax. U.S. funds only.

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



Robinson's 144-page tribute to life in the gross-out lane. Shock straights, split a gut with your bros with this great book. \$6.



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

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Willie's Customs 1904 Pepperell Pkwy., Opelika

ALASKA

House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA

Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson
Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Night Rider 609 E. Indian School Rd., Phoenix
Desert Custom Cycle 2737 W. Virginia Ave., Phoenix

ARKANSAS

Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
Ben's H-D 723 W. Hillsboro St., El Dorado

CALIFORNIA

H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Puff 'N' Stuff 4051 Foothill Blvd., Oakland
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
Auburn Harley-Davidson 590 Grass Valley Rd., Auburn
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Road Rider MC Accessories 2897 Monterey Rd., San Jose
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
David's Harley 3021 Madison Ave., San Diego
C&W Trikes 843 E. Lacey Blvd., Hanford
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
Vibrators Unlimited 605 E. Main St., Barstow
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 4358 Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Sons of Logan 68508 Hwy. 111 Unit 2, Cathedral City
Right Arm MC & Machine 936 W. Del Norte St., Eureka
Harley Nostalgia of Oceanside 226 Via Del Monte, Oceanside

COLORADO

D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction
H-D of Colorado Springs 211 W. Arvada, Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Dragon Man Cycle Shop 1200 Dragon Man Dr., Colorado Springs
Hawg Wild 4315 S. Lincoln Ave., Loveland
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

CONNECTICUT

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

DELAWARE

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

FLORIDA

H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
Terton Inc. dba H-D of Ft. Pierce 1915 Old Dixie Hwy., Ft. Pierce
H-D Engineering, Inc. 13123 N. Florida Ave., Tampa
Peace Chief Sound Center 6806 14th St. W., Bradenton
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
Bustin Chops 5780 SW 25th St. Day #3, Hollywood
Classic Cycle Supply 4824 U.S. 92 E., Lakeland
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa

GEORGIA

Big John's Cycles Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro

Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Harley-Davidson North Metro 465 Pat Meli Rd., Smyrna

ILLINOIS

Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Jobbe's Custom Cycle 1334 Main St., Crete
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine
Kalbo's MC Clinic, Inc. 2303 Lockport Rd., Lockport

INDIANA

Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw

IOWA

Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS

Newton Cycle Shop, Inc. 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton

KENTUCKY

Danville Harley-Davidson 735 Maple Ave., Danville
Jim's Custom Cycle Virgie
Casey's Custom Cycles Rt. 1 Box 489, Clay City

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

MAINE

Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND

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Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 5016 Cook Rd., Beltsville
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis

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Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
Chet Hall Enterprise 15032 E. Nine Mile Rd., E. Detroit
Sport Cycle 1800 Broadway, Bay City

MISSISSIPPI

Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI

County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Millwaukee Inc. 1769 N. Florissant Rd., St. Louis Co.
Don's Cycle Parts 8554 St. Charles Rock Rd., Charlack

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Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dover
Heavy Weights USA, Inc. 1765 Lakewood, Toms River
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Shore Area Cycle Works 1359 Rt. 9, Lakewood
H-D of Ocean County 642 Ocean Rd., Point Pleasant
H-D of Trenton 1079 S. Broad, Trenton

NEW MEXICO

Vetter Cycle Repair 5450 Edith N.E., Albuquerque
New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque

NEW YORK

Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches

Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
H-D of New York 40-01 Northern Blvd., Long Island
V-Twins 27 Hamilton, Oyster Bay
Rolling Thunder Cycles, Inc. 189 Main St., Hempstead
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Superior 74 Parts 183 New York Ave., Huntington
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin

NORTH CAROLINA

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

NORTH DAKOTA

The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO

Freedom Harley-Davidson Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Southwest Cycle 2718 Airport Hwy., Toledo
Mr. T's Cycle Parts 5907 Center Rd., Valley City

OKLAHOMA

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

PENNSYLVANIA

Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Paryville
Moe's H-D Specialties 117 Pine St., Catasauqua
Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
New Hope Harley 129 S. Main St., New Hope

SOUTH CAROLINA

Doug's H-D 2790 Pamlico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston

TENNESSEE

Pappy Custom Chopper Parts 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown
Cookeville H-D Inc. 39 W. Spring St., Cookeville

TEXAS

American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
East Bay American MC 112 E. Ennis Ave., Ennis
Texas Custom Motorcycles 1415 Franklin, Waco

VIRGINIA

Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Joker's Wild Motorcycle Deli Hwy. 17 & I-95, Fredericksburg
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
Mountain Iron Rt. 3, Stuart

WASHINGTON

74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston
Tumble Weed Customs 1001 Summit St.-Unit 3, Aberdeen

WEST VIRGINIA

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

WISCONSIN

Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond

Stunt Ridin' Lady

Continued from page 23

In her personal life, the lady will take off on a thousand-miler at the drop of a hat. It might be a rally like the Antelope 800, or the California 1000 (which is usually more like 2000 miles), or on a weekender with some friends. Or she may decide to putt up the coast, or out to the desert, or into the mountains. The whole world is hers when the pipes are crackling clean in the wind.

Independent in all ways, Laurel doesn't belong to any stunt performers' union (getting all her jobs on her own), she doesn't fly a patch, and she prefers to ride by herself, rarely packing anyone. It's unknown how many miles she racks up per year since there isn't a speedo or similar gauges to distract from her riding pleasure, but you can be guaranteed her dependable Sportster sees daily action, whether it's being filmed or not.

In the eight years she's owned it, Laurel has done a facelift on it four times, making changes in the paint as well as the construction. Though she doesn't consider herself handy with the tools, she makes do until she has time in her schedule to get to a shop. When a bike and its owner are con-

stantly called upon to be on location somewhere, it's tough to have half of that partnership in a downtime period.

The woman has a good grip on life, understanding exactly why, at times, a man has to be by himself on his bike. She feels the same way, as must all women who ride. It's the basic freedom of being yourself by yourself, just you and your pride and joy, taking in the world at 60mph (or whatever).

She doesn't encounter static from male riders and implores everyone who doesn't ride yet (women) to "just do it," as well as urging men who ride to teach their women how.

When there's a need for a female motorcycle rider, word-of-mouth around the studios is to call Laurel. She's known as someone who takes care of business, whose mode of transportation just happens to be a Harley. Involved in filming the recent biker motion picture "Mask," her scenes wound up on the cutting room floor, victims of the movie's running time. Laurel says she was plenty embarrassed when, after telling her friends to watch for her, she discovered she'd been cut from the picture.

She's confident that the success of "Mask" with the public at large will be an impetus for future flicks to show a more human, realistic view of bikers as a whole. But like Westerns, with

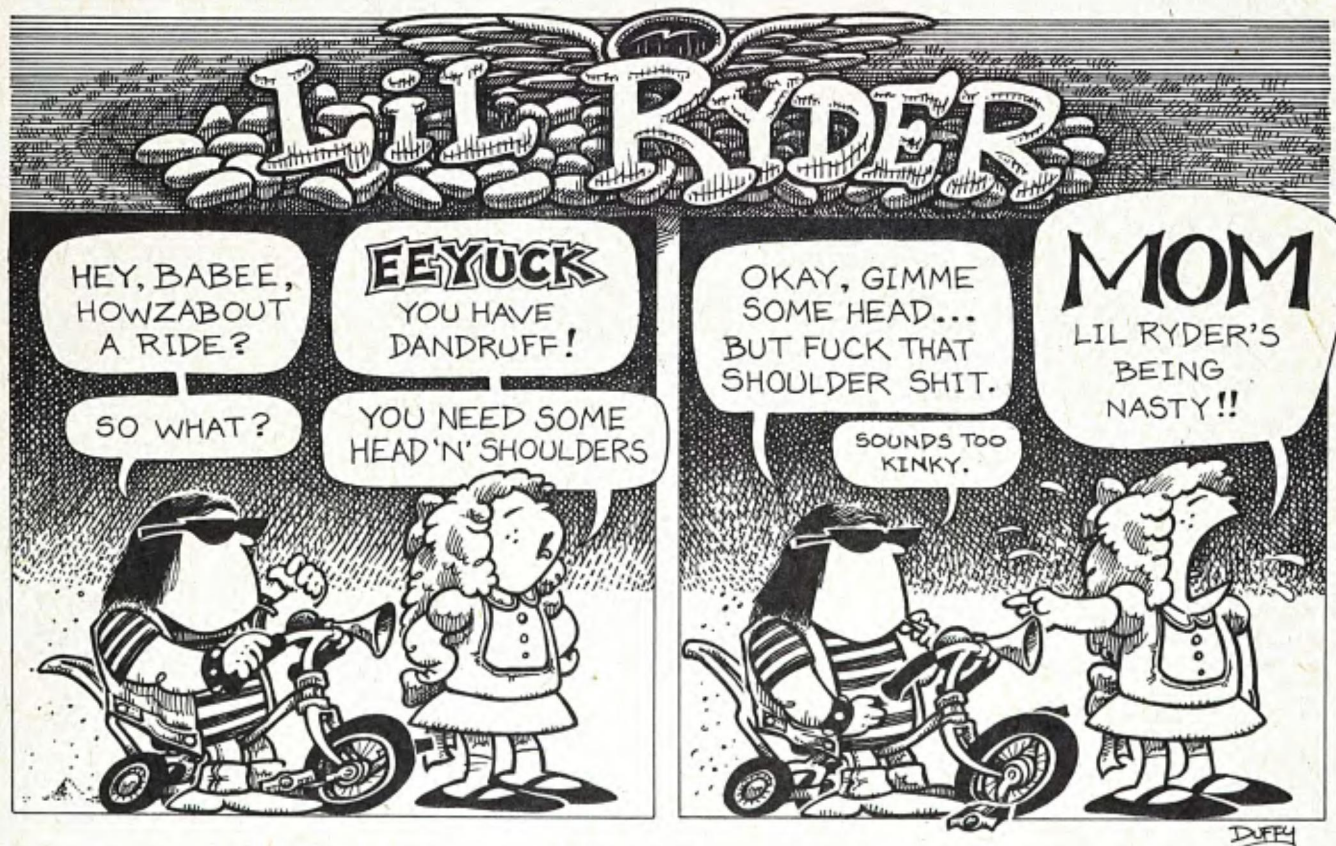
their biased portrayal of Indians and one-dimensional "black hats," it'll be hard to shake the bad biker image.

After all, Laurel reasons, "Look how long it took them to get the Indians out of the bad-guy roles. With the success of 'Mask,' I think you'll be seeing more and more of real-life situations, with real-life people."

There couldn't be anyone more "real-life" to be involved in those projects than Laurel. This past May she appeared in a television pilot movie, "Streets of Malice," in which she played a biker's ol' lady. The dude has just been released from prison and is out to set the record straight. You may have caught it. That's real.

Laurel is a definite devotee of H-D iron. She spreads the word wherever she goes, from stopping an early morning shoot in Japan long enough to check out a Harley in the distance to writing a Harley-Davidson commercial that she intends to place before the right people in the company. Loosely based on E.F. Hutton's pitch, Laurel's version shows some gala occasion like a ticker tape parade down Broadway coming to a halt, with everyone shutting up when someone says, "Shhhh, it's a Harley."

She's got class, beauty, and a strong love for her Sportster. That makes her okay in my book. ■



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State _____ Zip _____

(U.S. funds only. Thank you.)

Pop's Ride

Continued from page 11

she had across her tits and watched them swing down towards me like a couple of little melons. She put the beer down long enough to undo my pants and let the purple soldier show himself. Then she sat on him.

There's this kinda game we play, see? We pretend like nothing's happening, that we're just having a conversation. She sits on my dick and I play with her tittles, and we drink beer and make talk like nothing's going on.

"How long them fatbobs gonna be lying around here?"

"Forever, woman."

"Oil cans all over the counter in the kitchen?"

"Forever."

"You got Harley parts all over the floor."

"I'm a Harley man."

"You left a wrench on the bread the other day. Squashed the loaf all to hell."

"That was Bim who did that."

All the while she's moving up and down on my dork, and we're sipping beer like nothing else is happening.

"You tell Bim to watch where he's putting his damn wrench."

Finally we can't stand it anymore, we're damn near crazy. I throw my beer can in the corner and she flings hers down. She starts moving like the devil on top of me and I just can't get enough of her. I wish my pole had another ten inches, so I could get more of it in. Before we know it, it's over, and I've got two nice boobies lying against my face, and we're both breathing like elephants that ran a mile.

"Jesus, Cal!" She pulls away. "I got about five minutes maybe to get to work now."

"This's more fun."

"Come on, Cal, let me up. I gotta go. If I lose this job, we're up shit creek."

I let her up, and she makes a run for the bedroom, nearly tripping over the front wheel of a bike I put against the end of the sofa.

I can hear her in the bedroom getting her working clothes on. I'm sitting there wishing I could go to sleep for maybe about ten minutes. Looking down at the little limp soldier who's done his job well and should now be put away. There's too many things going through my head.

"Are you gonna go see your dad, Cal?" she calls from the bedroom.

"I dunno," I tell her. "I don't really give too much of a fuck about the old bastard."

She doesn't say anything. She won't nag even if she thinks I might be wrong. If I ask her, she'll tell me what she thinks, but she'll let me alone to work it out for myself. That's why we get along; that's why we've stayed together when a lot of my bros and their ol' ladies have gone beans up.

"Naw, I don't think so," I say aloud,

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more to myself than to her. But she's heard. She's out of the bedroom now, all dressed up in her pizza uniform, carrying her purse in one hand, digging in it with the other for the pickup keys.

"Naw, I won't go see him," I say again.

She comes over and kisses me. Grabs the little soldier in one hand as she bends down and says after the kiss, "Time to put him away. Cal. Don't leave him out all night."

We laugh and she's on her way out the screen door. A few seconds later I hear the pickup groan and cough. Then it starts. She lets it warm up for maybe a second, and I hear the crunch of gravel as she backs out of the driveway.

It's hot. It's gonna be a sticky evening. An' my scoot's laid up. And the other scoots we're fixing, me and Bim, aren't ready to go yet by a long shot. Maybe another day and mine'll be ready to ride. The last part's coming in on UPS, hopefully tomorrow, and depending on that I could be in the wind by the next day.

I get another beer from the fridge and think of my old man. He's dying. Something I wanted him to do years ago when I was just a little pecker and he used to pound on me — and my mother. He pounded on her, too, till she died. Not from the pounding, but from a heart attack one day when I was seventeen. She was too young to die. Too young to have a heart attack. She was only 43, but that sonuvabitch made her old before her time.

Most of it was about money. The old turd-face never had enough money. He'd work for a while, earn good money, then have a fight with the foreman, and the next thing you knew he had his lunchpail in one hand and his tools in the other, and he was coming home. Unemployed again. Unemployment is something you got to reckon with, everybody has it, but somehow he always blamed my mother.

"It ain't my fault you can't keep your big mouth shut," my mom'd say.

"You better keep your big mouth shut!" he'd holler.

"Don't come in here and start in on me," she'd tell him, "just because



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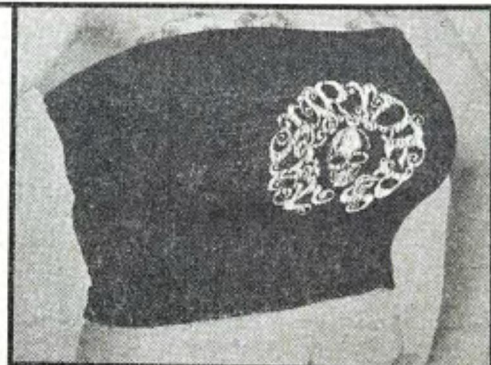
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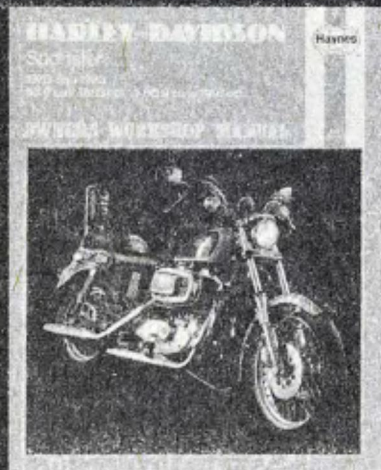
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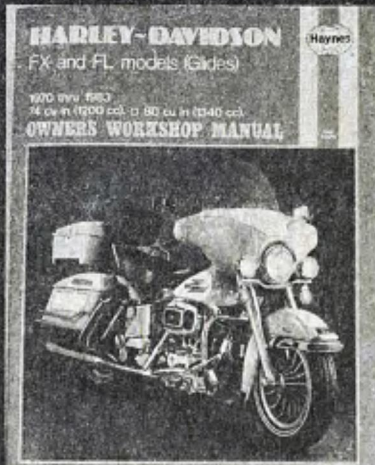
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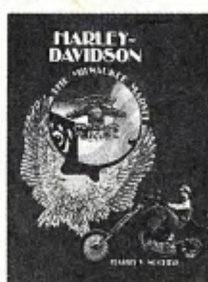
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you're such an asshole to work with!" She was a feisty lady. But he'd hit her. Whop! "Oh, sure, you asshole, pound on me!" she'd yell. "Does it make you feel good?"

Zap! He'd hit her again. She didn't deserve it. But she'd never knuckle under. Damn, she had bigger balls than he did. She'd zap him back if she got the chance, but she was a pretty small woman and he was a lot bigger than she was.

When I was sixteen and he was hitting on her, I took a full beer can and smashed it up against the side of his head. The can burst and foam went everywhere. But it brought him to his knees, and he went all whirly eyed. He held himself up by the edge of the kitchen table and made gagging sounds. Blood poured out of the cut over his ear where I'd slammed him.

My mom looked at me dumbfounded, and poor Lucy took off running for her bedroom, crying.

"You prick!" I shouted into his face. "You sonuvabitch! You ever hit her again, I'll kill you!"

I meant it. He probably could have taken me. I was pretty big for sixteen, but he was a man in his forties who'd worked on construction all his life. Though he was going a little soft in the belly, he still had plenty of terror left in him. But the beer can upside of his head had stunned him, and he kinda just gazed at me, his eyes glassy, his mouth chewing air. The blood was soaking into the collar and shoulder of his shirt. If he'd have died right there in front of my eyes, I wouldn't have cared. I even thought about giving him another clout to finish him off.

The only thing I could ever thank him for was my love of scoots. He started that. He was a biker. When he came home from the war, he and a bunch of his friends had a club for a while, till they sort of drifted apart. And he wasn't a bad guy then. My mom told me when they were first married he was a good man. Oh, sure, he was strict and he was tough, but he didn't go around beating on women for no reason at all. He never laid a mean hand on her, she said, in those days. Then Lucy was born; she was his pride and joy. When I came along, I was second-best, but that was okay. He was still good to us and my mom. The shit didn't start until I was



"At the beep, please leave your message."

about seven. I never knew why. I'd ask Mom and sometimes Lucy, but they didn't have an answer. My mom's only explanation was that the old bugger was getting older and couldn't handle it. That and the fact that there never seemed to be enough money in those times to look after a wife and two growing kids. He couldn't make the best of it.

But he started me on bikes. He had an old Harley-Davidson, a big sucker. I remember. A tourer. It looked about as big as a Clydesdale horse to me when I first saw it. He'd take me for rides on it in the evenings when he came home from work and had filled his belly and was feeling good. I remember sitting on that big seat, proud as hell as my old man ferried me around the neighborhood. All my friends — well, all their fathers did was pick their noses and watch TV or water their fucking lawns.

There were other bikes, too. He traded them in, bought new ones. He had an Indian Chief once, but he didn't like it as well as the Harleys.

He could've been a good dad. We could've been more than pop and son. We could've been bros.

The night I slugged him with the beer can, I took off. And I never went back again when he was home. It wasn't that I was afraid of him. It was just that I couldn't live with the asshole anymore. If I ever saw his face again, I knew I'd want to mash it with another beer can. I checked with my mom all the time to see how she and Lucy were doing. She wanted me to come back home, but I couldn't. I found a job helping out an oil distributor and I dropped off a little money with her every payday so she could buy something for herself.

"He hittin' on you anymore?" I'd ask.

"No," she'd say. "He's stopped."

I figured she was telling the truth, but to make sure she wasn't saying it just so's I wouldn't come back and kill him, I checked with Lucy. She told me the same thing: the old man was keeping his hands to himself.

Then maybe a year later, just after my 17th birthday, Mom had a heart attack. They didn't even get her to the hospital; she died in the ambulance on the way. I saw the old man at the funeral, but I didn't speak to him and he steered clear of me.

So now my sis phones to tell me he's dying, and I think I don't really care. Let him die. But something keeps nagging at me just the same. Maybe I should go and see him. Maybe just to see him suffering for once.

I'm still thinking about it after midnight when Barb gets home.

"You awake, honey?" she asks.

"Fuckin' can't sleep."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know."

She does, though, and she knows enough to let me alone, to let me work it out for myself.

Next morning comes and it's hotter

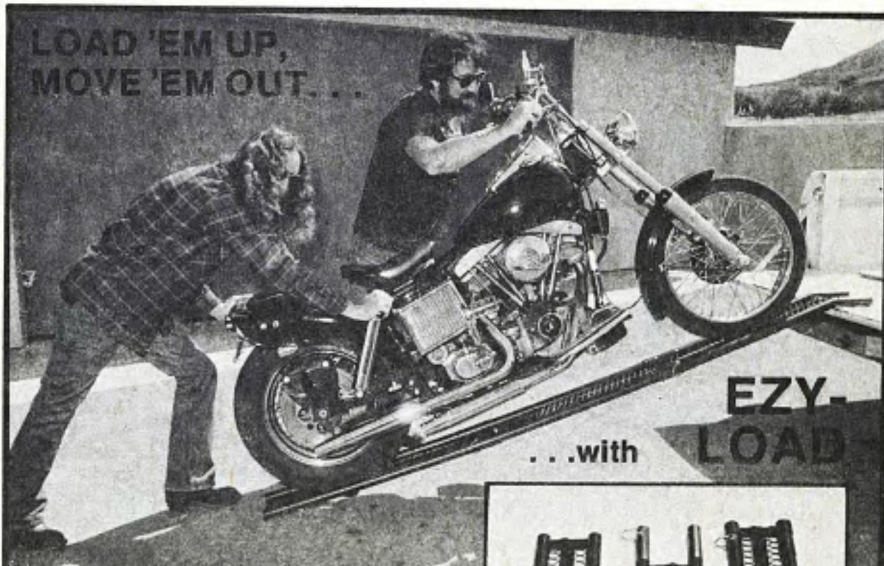
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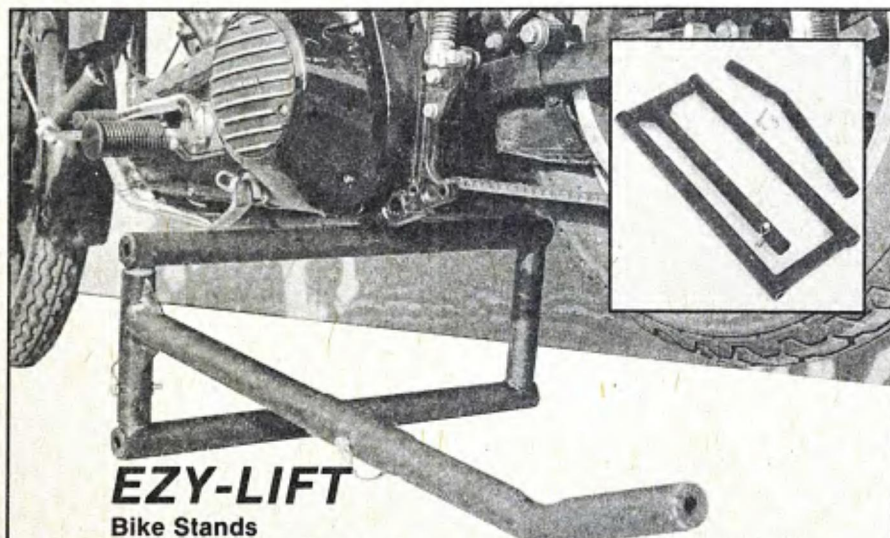
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than the devil's asshole. A big boiling sucker of a sun, and the bed sheets are all twisted to hell where I've been tossing and turning all night. I get up and let Barb sleep. It's Saturday. She works again tonight and it'll be a bitch for her if this heat keeps up. They got no air conditioning at the pizza place.

Bim lives a block away, so I drop over to his place and together we drive down to UPS to see if the part came in. It has and we head right back to get my scooter moving. By evening me and him are out riding, trying to cool off. We do a short stint up this canyon road not far out of town, keeping an eye out for the cops. They love this section of road on warm evenings. But it's so hot tonight that they must all be cooling their asses in their air-conditioned offices. We don't see any of 'em and the ride is good. It's been so long since I've traveled on my own scooter with a good bro like Bim that it gives me a high just riding. If I ever had to give it up, I'd just as soon let the worms take over.

Back at the house Barb has gone to work and Bim and me and another bro, Mule, sit out in the back drinking cold ones. It's gotten dark. Something comes over me. I feel so good, so mellow. I decide what the hell, tomorrow I'll drop by the hospital, say goodbye and good riddance to the old dickhead.

So that's what I do. Next day, just after lunch, I ride down to the hospital. It's so hot in the parking lot that I've gotta put down a little hunk of wood under the stand so it don't sink out of sight in the asphalt. Lucy and her husband are visiting the old man, too. There's three other old people in the same room and they don't look too good. Lucy looks at me and smiles; her husband just nods. He doesn't care for me much and I figure a mortgage officer is just another rat dressed up in a tie and suit.

When Lucy steps back from the bed so I can move in, I ain't prepared for what I see. The old man sure has had the life sucked out of him. He looks like he's already dead for chrissakes, like I'm already about two days too late. There's a tube in his arm and another up his nose. His eyes are sunken and his hair is mostly gone. Lucy sees me staring. Her husband moves away from me like I'm Mr. Herpes, or something worse.



"We already tried mouth-to-mouth, so if this doesn't revive her, nothing will."

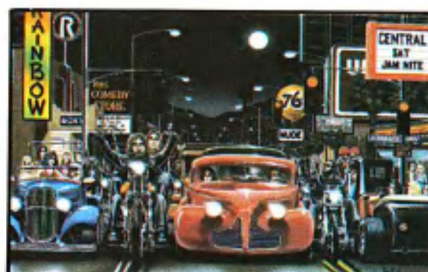
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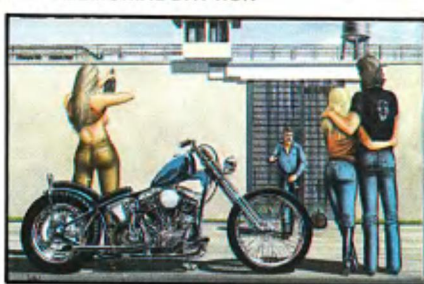
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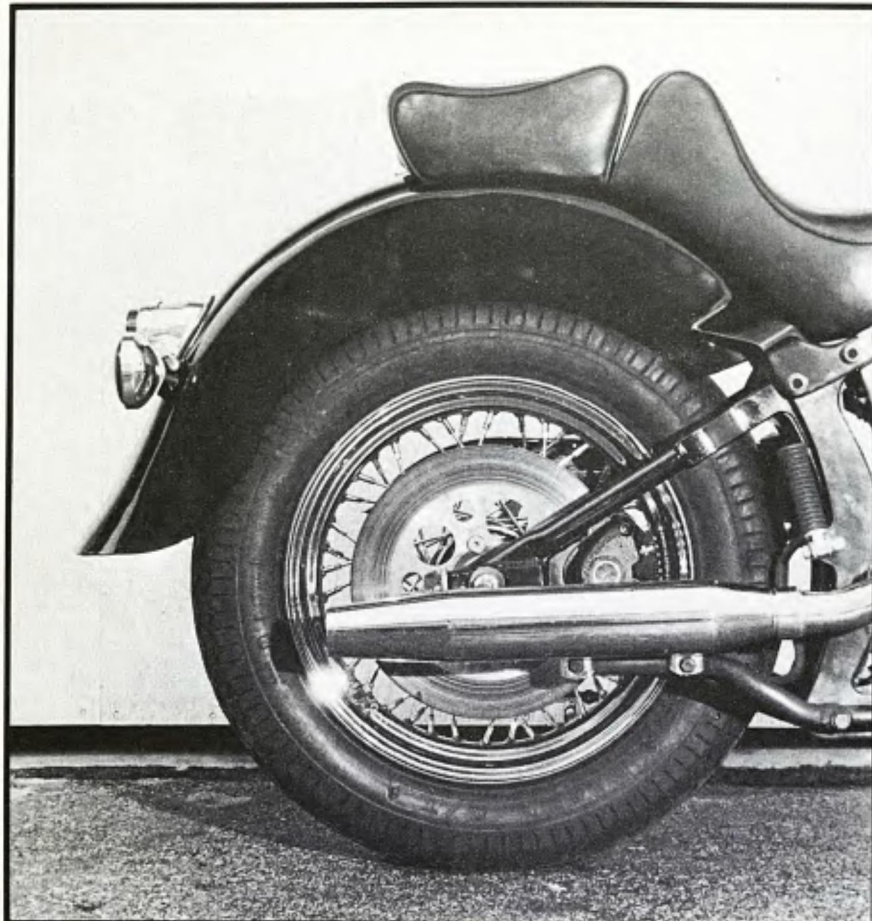
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#M-17 See Previous Page

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invited.

"He's lost most of his hair 'cause of the chemotherapy," Lucy says.

"Yeah," I mutter. I didn't know what else to say. Lucy looks at me and I look at the old man.

"Is he sleepin'?" I ask.

"Yeah," she says. "He kinda dropped off while we were talkin' to him. We're gonna go now. You stay. He'll wake up again soon and you can visit."

They leave and I sit in the chair beside the old man's bed, just looking at him, wondering what the hell we're gonna say to each other when he wakes up. Maybe he won't wake up at all and I can just leave in a few minutes, then tell Lucy when she phones, which she's bound to do, that yeah, I'd had a nice visit with the old coot.

The other three people in the room look positively doomed. One's got a visitor, his wife, I guess, 'cause she's crying and holding his hand. Dying is the shits, I think, especially like this, old and filled with cancer, or knocked down by a stroke or something, so you just gotta lay there till the end. There's nothing no one can do for you and nothing you can do for yourself.

The old man stirs. I look at him. His eyes flutter open. Shit, I think, he don't even know who I am. But he knows. It takes him a minute maybe to get enough spit in his mouth to speak.

"Cal," he says.

I don't know whether it's a question or not, but I say, "Yeah, it's Cal."

"It's been a long . . . time." He seems to be real short of breath.

I nod. "Yeah."

"I'm sorry. . ." he starts. "Sorry. . . son. . ."

I figure he's gonna say he's sorry for all the shit he heaped on us over the years. I don't want to hear it. And I realize I didn't want to see him this way, either. I start thinking of the times when I was a little kid, riding around on the back of that big Harley with him. I really don't want to think about that, either. I want to think about all the sour stuff, so I won't feel sorry the old fart's dying.



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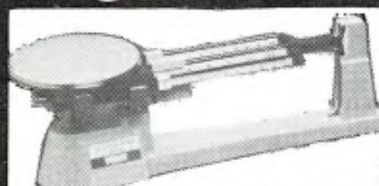
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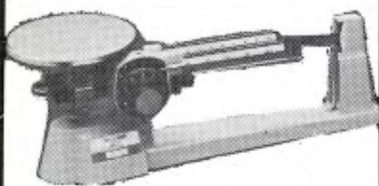
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"Christ!" I say. "For chrissakes, don't apologize!"

We're quiet then for a time. He keeps his eyes open, just kind of looking up at the ceiling. A nurse comes in and checks his tubes, then asks him how he is. "No pain?" she inquires.

He shakes his head and she leaves. Kind of a nice-looking chick, all done up in a nice white uniform, with good legs and a nice set of toots.

"You still . . . ride . . . Cal?" he asks. The effort it takes is obvious.

I look down at him. "Yeah, I still ride."

"I ain't . . . been . . . on a bike . . ." He stops and shuts his eyes. I think maybe he's gone to the land of nod again. That'd be okay with me, because then I wouldn't have to talk to him anymore. I'm gonna be leaving soon anyway. I'll get on the scoot and head up the canyon. Drive the fuzzy shadows out of my mind and the picture of him laying there helpless, dying, too.

But he's just taking in more wind to speak again.

" . . . for a long, long time," he says.

"Yeah, well . . ." I shrug.

"I'm dying," he says.

I nod. "I know. Lucy told me."

"I don't wanna . . . die . . . in here."

At first I think he's just said he doesn't wanna die. Then I realize he's said "in here."

"You don't have much choice, far as I can see," I say.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Got your . . . bike with ya?"

"Yeah."

"Take me . . . for . . . a ride?"

I figure for sure now his biscuits aren't all done.

He tries to sit up. It takes everything he has, but he does it. Jesus H., he's one tough old fart. Mean and miserable, but he damn sure isn't a wimp.

"Get me . . . outta here," he croaks.

"Pull this crap . . . outta my nose . . . my arm." He stops again, wheezing for air.

"Take me out . . . an' take me . . ."

I wait.

" . . . for a ride. Let me die in . . . the wind! For the love of Jesus."

I think about it. Shit, nobody needs this. To die in a stifling hospital room that stinks of disinfectant and piss and poop from three days before. Tubes stuck up your nose, in your arms, listening to the guys in the other beds wheezing and sucking their last.

"I'm . . . gonna die anyways," he says.

"Take me . . . on your bike."

"Pop," I say and stop. Jesus, I haven't called him Pop since using his head to open that beer can.

"If I die . . . behind you . . . okay.

Otherwise . . ." He's holding himself erect in the bed by sheer willpower. " . . . just take me into . . . the country somewheres . . . an' put me down . . . on the grass."

I wait.

"Let me . . . die . . . outside," he says.

I hate to watch it, but that tough old



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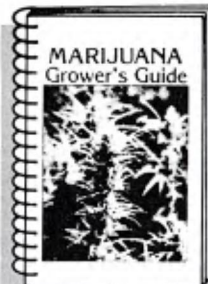
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booger pulls the tubes out of himself, then swings skinny legs over the edge of the bed. The woman who's visiting her ol' man is watching.

"You shouldn't oughta do that," she says.

"Mind... your own... damn business!" he spits at her.

He motions me toward the wardrobe closet opposite his bed and I know what he wants. By the time I get his clothes to him, he's out of his hospital gown. God, he's scrawny! All the beer and beef he's put away over the years has melted down to just bones and cock now. I help him dress, thinking he's gonna faint or just drop dead right there. But he keeps himself on his feet — through sheer guts. I'm not sure I don't still hate him, but I've gotta give him an A for balls.

Somebody shouts at us as we're waiting for the elevator. "Hold on there!" Or "Hold it there!" or something. But the doors slide open and I get him inside and they close again before anybody can do anything.

I get him out the main doors downstairs and over to the parking lot, all the time expecting to hear some doctors or nurses shouting at us. Or security people giving chase. It doesn't happen, though.

He smiles like a guy having a wet dream when he sees the scooter. But I have to lift him up and put him on it. He weighs about as much as a dried-out sparrow. I have a sissybar, and between my belt and a couple of bungee cords, I get the old sucker tied down so he can't roll off onto the pavement.

He's still grinning like a dog picking shit outta long grass and muttering under his breath, "Damn! Damn!"

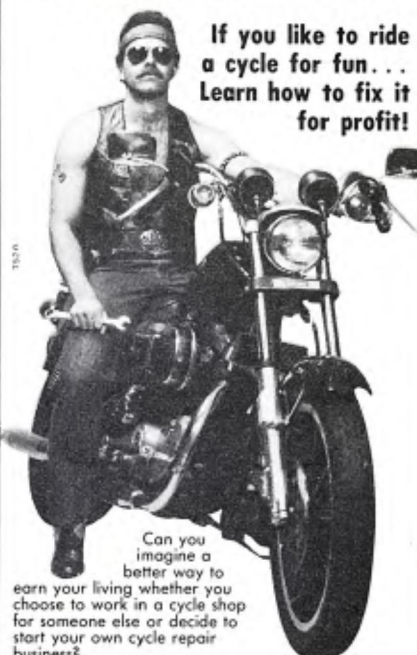
I kick like hell to get the fucker going and can't for what seems like a couple of hours. All the time I'm expecting to see a posse come hellbent out of the hospital after us. Finally it roars and snarls, and then

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He reaches for me when we take the first corner and kind of hangs onto my shirt. I'm damn glad I've tied him down. Otherwise, he'd be gone for sure. He's sorta flopping around behind me, but the old dick's doing the best he can and it ain't too bad.

I'm heading for the canyon like a Christian after a lost wallet. Damn if Pop isn't cackling behind me, happier'n a flea on a new dog. I rip her open on the straight sections, of which there aren't many, and I lean that sucker over till metal scrapes. Fuck the cops. If they're waiting, let them wait. They'll have to have burning kerosene on their asses to catch me today!

We nearly buy it at one point when the old man wobbles in a curve. I have to strain my shit through a sieve trying to keep the scoot from hitting the guard rail and taking us both off to where the eagles fly. But I get her back on the path to good health — at least for me.

I guess it's just after that that I suddenly know he's gone. Something about his weight behind me, I guess. I can't say how I know it for sure, but I do. He's dead. We've hit the other end of the canyon and I pull off the road into some trees where there's a little grassy spot. I put the stand down and get off the bike.

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"Pop," I say softly. "Bro."

It's all I can think of to say. ■



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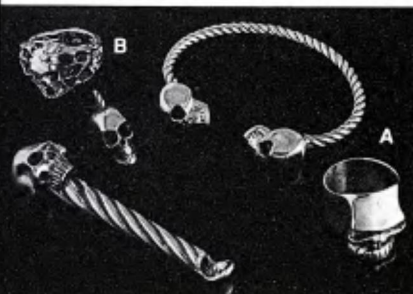
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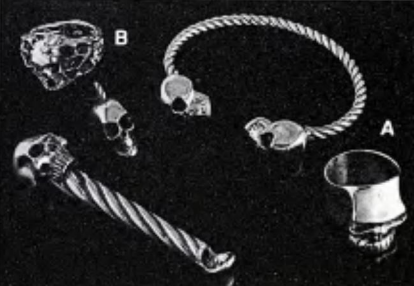
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Wordmonger

Continued from page 8

emales who send money orders for his drugs and booze and each is thinking they are his sunshine.

Sandra Brown
Russell Point, Ohio

There are sleazes, but they're not all sleazes — try again.

A Hazard

Enjoyed Doc Twatbur-
ner's article on hazards in
the home (May '85), but he
missed a good one on for-
maldehyde. Any respectable
wrench or machinist has
wiped a can or two of hand
cleaner from the shop on oc-
casions. Check out the label
the next time you clean up
after an all-nighter in the gar-
age (with the scooter, I mean,
not the neighbor's wife). If it
burns open cuts like an ad-
vanced stage of clap, it's
probably full of formalde-
hyde, especially the green
hit that smells like a French
whore and looks like ad-
vanced clap.

Pat Callahan
Santa Monica, Calif.

Class Ride

Just wanted to say thanks
for finally putting a stock flat-
tie (and a damn fine one, at
that) in your May issue. I ride
what you call a garbage barge
(near-stock dresser). I don't
go fast, but I go with class.
And I ain't putting down any-
one else's ride. You know
what we say: Let those who
ride decide their ride. It's just
nice to see your own style in
print every once in a while.
Thanks.

Someone
Dike, Iowa

Hey, Pervert

To the guy who isn't satis-
fied with *Easyriders'* twat
shots: Hey, Sparky of Dago,
you must not look at them
very good. I can wack my wil-
le and goose a load of whale
spuds every time I see a mink
in every issue. Thanks, *Easy-
riders*, for that feeling.
Brent "Double Dick" Arthur
Decatur, Ga.

Biker Cock

In response to your an-
swer to "Male Mag" (May '85):
I totally agree with Donia
about seeing a nude man
standing by a bike and you
say we have to buy a cock
magazine like *Playgirl*. Well,

maybe that's not the kind of
man we ol' ladies want to see
nude. You shithheads say
Easyriders is for males. Well,
why does it say "Entertain-
ment for Adult Bikers" on the
cover? We ol' ladies are
adults too, honey. You piss
me off, you fucking jerks.

Crazie Ladie
Mays Landing, N.J.

We're always ready for
some private showings to
chicks.

Answer to Feminist

In response to Disap-
pointed who wrote the letter
entitled "A Feminist Point of
View" (June '85): It's too bad
you've never been sure
enough of yourself to stand
on your own. This feminist
bandwagon you're on gives
truly strong women a bad
rap. If you had the self-re-
spect you claim to have, you
wouldn't need it! There is a
big difference between real
independence and self-pro-
claimed liberation. My guess
is your being turned off by
bikers isn't the case — it's
that you don't have what it
takes to turn on a man with a
V-Twin (let alone ride or work
on your own).

Women like you piss me off
more than the easily domi-
nated ones, as you call them.
At least they don't claim to be
what they're not.

A Northside Lady
Minneapolis, Minn.

Response To Grumpy

In response to "Kickass
Time" (May '85) from Grum-
py: I know exactly what you're
talkin' about, bro. I was in the
Philippines in '84. You gotta
remember, the fuckheads
who ain't been there ain't
gonna know what the fuck
you're talkin' about. Only we
bros know — we lived it!
Even pictures can't tell the
whole story. I myself fucked
33 women in seven days.
What a fuckin' porno flick it
would have been. Fuck The
Rock!

Augie
PFO San Francisco, Calif.

Home Girl

This is for Homes who
wrote "The Evils of Femin-
ism" ("Soap Box" May '85): In
your article you take femi-
nism to task over several
points while pointing to dis-
crimination of men by
women. You'd be surprised
to know that under a different
title your article would be a
good argument for the ERA!

You might be delighted to
learn that feminists also de-
plore the alimony laws and
wish them repealed, and that
feminists agree that divorced
fathers deserve fair treatment
in child-custody cases. In
fact, feminists are pleased to
see today's men showing so
much more interest in their
children. You might be inter-
ested to know that feminists
do not blame men for all of
the injustice women receive.
The ERA was defeated by
women (not men) such as
Phyllis Schlafly, who warned
that the ERA would remove
all the special considerations
that women now receive,
such as alimony, job-place
regulations, and exemption
from the draft.

Feminists do not, as a rule,
criticize "soft porn" such as
Playboy or *Playgirl* or even
Easyriders. We do dislike the
more violent, degrading por-
no that portrays women as
helpless but willing rape vic-
tims. (As a rape victim your-
self, you reject the myth that
the victim asks for or enjoys
the rape.) As for the myth that
only men are aggressors,
feminists are well aware that
husbands are frequently vic-
tims of domestic violence
and that boys as well as girls
may be victims of child abuse.
Certainly, you are aware of
the now-famous day-school
rape case in Southern Cali-
fornia where six women and
one man are on trial for child
molestation!

Your other point about the
advertising of douches, etc.,
on TV deserves a reply. Like
most people, feminists are
displeased with the current
advertising mania but proba-
bly for reasons different from
yours. We are annoyed by
these companies' propaga-
nda that the natural function
of a woman's body and sexu-
ality are somehow "dirty" or
"nasty" and that women need
sprays, scented tampons,
and perfumed douches (as
well as padded bras, control-
top pantyhose, menstrual
tranquilizers, etc.) to keep us
from offending. And most
feminists appreciate men's
responsibility during sex to
avoid disease and to protect
their partners from unwanted
pregnancy. If more men be-
lieved in using condoms,
more women would not have
to rely on dangerous IUDs
and hormone pills!

Homes, you don't sound as
if you're really against femi-
nism. It seems you would like

Continued on page 107

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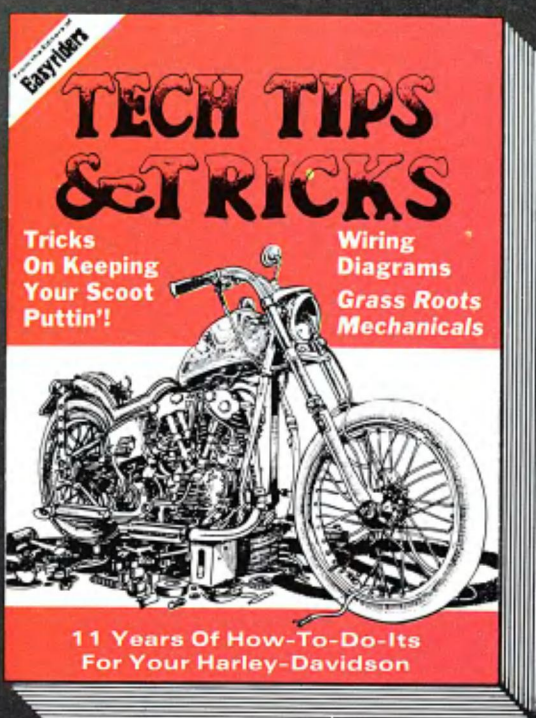
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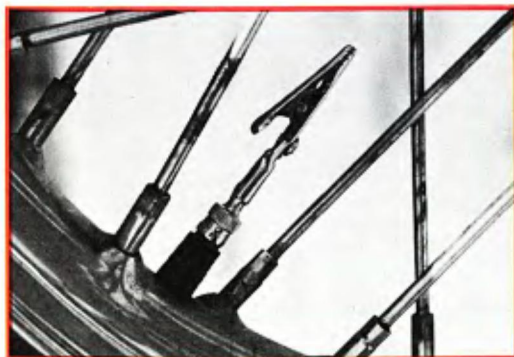
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Spike's Place

Continued from page 38

chick's money, and then walks over to greet me and ask, "What can I do for you, Ace?" That's before he adds, "What the hell happened to your eyes? They look like you can't see shit out of 'em. What are you on? Some kind of new drug?"

"Give me a break, Spike," I plead, wondering why I bother to ask. Spike's a great person. He's totally tolerant of anybody as long as they act polite and keep their hands off of his ol' lady. He only hates two things. One is cops. He doesn't like it when they park outside his place with their blinking lights on. He's also a horrible cook. Spike really hates cooking.

And his beer has an unusual taste. Something like warm, stale piss.

There's nobody else in the bar except me and Jeff and the chick and Spike. I can hear Jeff talking to the chick. He wants to give her a total body massage on the pool table. The chick doesn't want to take her clothes off in front of Spike. Spike's ol' lady would be upset. She doesn't allow anybody on her pool table. "Just balls," she tells everybody, adding, "Not your asses, you dumb fucks. Get off my fucking pool table." Obviously, the chick knew all the house rules. Jeff was an asshole for even suggesting it.

But Spike will serve anyone — even if they are assholes.

Jeff is now explaining to the chick about how much blood it takes to make his erection real, real hard. She giggles, moves a little closer, and whispers something in his ear. I can't hear what because Spike has just dropped some dirty aluminum pans in his dirty kitchen. *Clang, crash, clunk, ding, thud.*

"Fuck it!" yells Spike. "Cocksuckers, pig-fuckers, sons of whores, assholes, cunt-face dirty place! Jesus, why me? Why today?" I can hear him picking up the mess. I wonder if he'll wash them today. I laugh. I won't eat here. Once is enough. All of a sudden Spike



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reappears from behind the Dutch doors, a smile all over his face and a double-shot of Jack Daniel's in his greasy hand. "Here's to drunken freedom," he says and downs the shot in one easy gulp. Aaahhh! He goes back into his kitchen, singing a dirty song. Something about Chinese women and their sexual freedoms. In a couple of seconds he yells out, "Hey, someone play some music!"

Jeff and the chick stroll over to the jukebox. Jeff likes almost all music. Except he hates Frank Sinatra. I think he's nuts. But he's letting her choose the music while he's massaging her back. Jeff knows most of the pressure points that hurt. The chick squeals, "Ouch! Don't hurt me. Just be nice. No pain, I don't like pain." Jeff hurts. He says it's fucked-up energy. Something all balled up that he's just releasing to go somewhere else and hurt you. I always regret his back rubs. They're more like attacks.

The chick likes Hank Williams and Prince. She also likes Jeff. I just heard her tell him so.

Jeff is now massaging her breasts. Underneath her sweatshirt. Jeff has magic hands. They connect to his hardon. But the chick has magic hands of her own. Jeff starts moaning and groaning. She's found the connection.

I need a distraction from these two perverts. Musk ox. That's it, she smells like a musk ox in heat. Jeff smells like beer, gas, grease, oil, and something like a slightly fishy afterbreath. They both look pretty hungry for each other. Jeff always has an appetite for a "hungry" woman. He says he can spot 'em a mile away. "The real hungry ones," he says, "smell different. Real different. Like a musk ox in heat." Jeff's totally open-minded about kinky sex. Any sex, in fact, except "turd sucking." He's especially particular to blowjobs. "The protein's good for 'em," was what he said when I asked him how they felt about swallowing his beer-contaminated sperm.

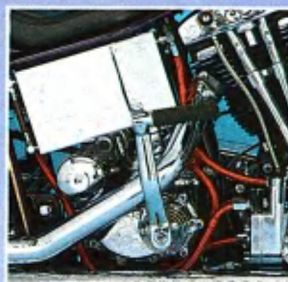
Hungry — Christ, that's the fur-



"Got any tissue paper?"

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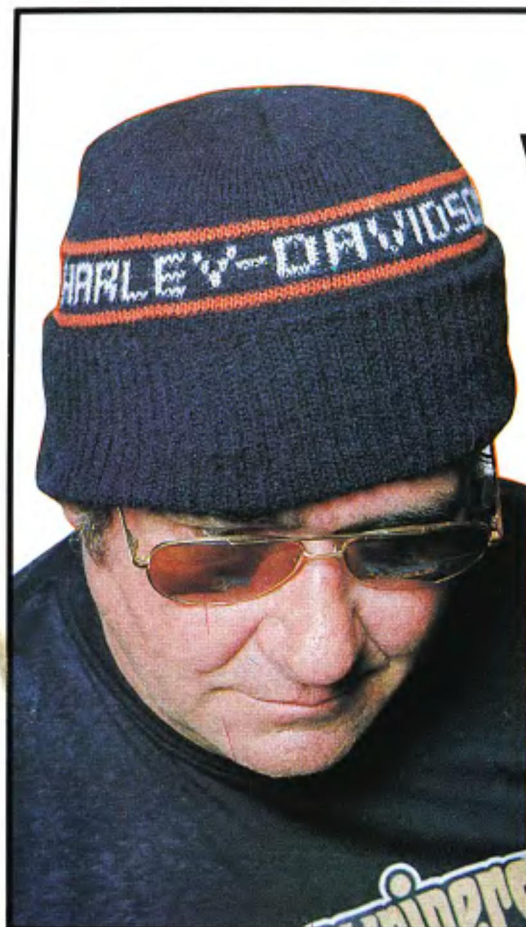
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theft thing from my mind. Pool's what's there instead. There's the pool table in front of me. Decision time. Distraction needed.

Spike's pool table is nowhere near being level.

Nothing is level in Oregon. Especially Spike's place. It's sinking toward the ocean. Slowly, but not so slow that the pool table couldn't be leveled once in a while — like yearly, maybe? Spike just don't give a shit about his ol' lady's pool table. He long ago gave up trying to keep people from sitting on the cushions, rocking the legs, even moving it to make room for some dancing, rock 'n' roll, having a good time. His ol' lady don't drink. But she does play a mean game of pool.

Only Jeff, the chick, and Spike are available to play with. Spike's ol' lady is out of town. I'm not even gonna disturb Jeff because he doesn't play pool. He only plays with women — any kind, any place. It's his favorite pastime. And Spike? Shit. Spike won't play with anyone except his ol' lady, and she whips his ass all the time. I mean, all the time. She's good. Plus, she likes to bank. I love women who can bank.

But right now I've just got myself to play with.

I've done it before. For hours and hours when I was a teenager. I've always enjoyed playing with myself. Eight ball, straight pool, three-rail billiards, bottle pool. Never nine ball, though. I don't like to gamble.

I need some change. I still don't want to disturb Jeff. The chick's hands are in his pockets, so I suppose I could ask her for a quarter, but I think I'll ask Spike instead. "Hey, Spike! Can I get some change? I need some quarters for your pool table and all I've got are bills."

"Bills. You want to talk about bills? I got fucking bills coming out of my asshole! Bills — who needs 'em?" Spike yells from his dirty kitchen.

Patience. I know Spike would sell his dog for two bits. It's just a matter of time until he's got a second or two.

Continued on page 108

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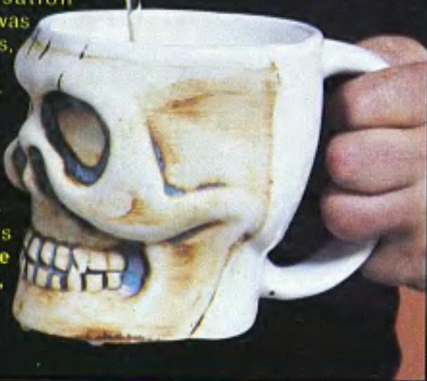
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"Is that some new kind of perfumed 'feminine' spray or have you been using a dill pickle again?"

Wordmonger

Continued from page 101

to see real equality in the laws for both women and men. Remember, the buzz word in feminism is "sisterhood," and the male counterpart to "sister" is "brother." Think of the rights you would want for your sister or daughter or wife. That's feminism. Men are not our enemies. Men are our beloved fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, and friends. Feminism is not a threat to you or to any other real man.

Feminist Sister
and Homegirl
Nassau, Bahamas

☐ I just read your May '85 issue and "Soap Box" caught my eye.

I myself have no use for the ERA or whatever. If some of these women would take a good look at how hard their ol' men work for 'em, they wouldn't have a bitch.

I was raised this way: My husband is the man of the house. And I respect him for it. He works hard! Not for

himself only, but for me, too. I'm proud of him. Everyone else can think what they want. My ol' man is the king of this palace and I'm here to keep him happy. I still have my own freedom, but I make sure he's taken care of first. I like it this way.

I'm happy!

The Mrs.
Tucson, Ariz.

Likes Cover Girl

☐ For years I have wondered what Seger's girl in "Night Moves" must look like. "She was a black-haired beauty with big dark eyes and points all her own, sitting way up high, way up firm and high." Naturally, the *Easyriders* staff could find her. I salute you and Jasae (June '85).

Graham
Glen Burnie, Md.

Best Girl

☐ Thought I'd let you bums know that I have been reading *Easyriders* now for 10 years and just wanted to say that I've looked over all the chicks featured in the past issues real good.

But the one in the May '85

issue, pages 34 through 38, is the best one yet.

Sundance Kid
Appalachia, Va.

☐ You noticed, too? And to think she came to us to be in the mag.

A Toast

☐ I just wanted to raise my first Bud of the night in a toast to all of you. You're all doin' a fuckin' A-1 job.

George Turphy
Greenwich, Conn.

Spider's Knuckle

☐ Spider's knuckle in the June '85 issue reflects exceptional beauty in more than one way.

Both builder and photographer deserve a large piece of raisin pie.

Skip "Caveman" Clifford
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Women's Softball

☐ A special thanks to George at Belmont Harley-Davidson, St. Paul, for sponsoring a women's softball team.

Alison Fly
St. Paul, Minn.

Likes Bag

☐ I just got back from my first Bike Week at Daytona and it was fantastic!

But the best thing happened to me when I got home and found a large package from you guys in my mailbox. I rushed in to open it and sure enough, it was an *Easyriders* tote bag just like I asked for when I sent in to renew my subscription.

So what I'm trying to say is thanks. You guys came through. That's a really decent bag, too. It should hold enough of my shit for a weekend run or just an over-nighter.

Payroll
Muskegon, Mich.

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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Spike's Place

Continued from page 106

Spike is a martyr about giving change. Actually, he's a martyr about a lot of things. He doesn't like to give you a clean glass if you already have a dirty one. He doesn't give a shit if you like cold beer. But Spike loves money. He just hates giving it away.

So I trade him, dollar for dollar. I also have to ask him for another beer, because Spike isn't real attentive to his customer's needs. "All ya gotta do is ask." That's what he'll tell ya. He's glad to take your money. It's the American way.

I look over at Jeff and wonder if he ever gets tired of fooling around with any woman who'll put up with his bullshit hardon stories and massage gigs. "Energy is no problem, Ace. Don't think about it. Just do it. It's natural. It's simple." At least that was his rap when I asked him about his seemingly insatiable lust. The guy's just amazing. He never seems to be tired, run down, or out of control. Calm and collected. But his pool game stinks. He breaks like a fucking faggot. I'd rather play alone.

My quarter won't go in the machine. I want to kick the mother. But Spike's ol' lady would have my ass in a sling if she ever found out. I'm sure that the chick Jeff is with knows Spike's wife. She'd tell her and get me in a world of shit and then I'd have to "have a little discussion" with her. Spike notices my dilemma, comes around the bar, and pushes in my quarter. The noise of balls clicking drowns out the chick's moans and groans.

The more I listen to this chick, the more I'm willing to bet that good ol' Jeff will be exiting real soon, taking the chick, leaving me here to guard the bikes. I don't mind. Besides, I haven't even gotten my quarter's worth from the pool table.

"You two lovebirds want a refill?" asks Spike.

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"Not unless you're buying," the chick says.

Spike never buys anybody a drink. Not even his ol' lady. He doesn't answer the chick. Instead, he asks me if I need another. I tell him I'm fine, so he goes back into his kitchen. He's cleaning the stove. His ol' lady told him how to do it.

"If you want something, just yell, I'll be here in the back," Spike calls from behind the beer-plastered wall. I just barely hear him. I'm finally racking my balls. Noisy little job. Ivory hits slate. Whang, click.

"Are you gonna play by your cute little lonesome?" The chick's come up for air, but she don't look like she's ready for a serious game of billiards. She looks fucked up — real fucked up. Jeff tolerates all kinds of women. He likes all kinds. Well, almost all. He does have one slight hang-up. Midgets. He's afraid he's "too big" for their little itty-bitty bodies. This chick's not small. Close, though. She missed it by about four inches.

"I think I'll play with myself, if you don't really mind," I say, not that it matters. She's not paying any attention to me anyhow. All her attention is going to Jeff. Jeff's taking off his pants. I break. Nothing goes down except Jeff's britches. The next shot is mine. I don't think I can lose. Jeff might need help, though. The chick's grabbed his dick in a death lock.

Actually, Jeff looks like he needs help right away.

Spike's nowhere in sight. He's absorbed in his cleaning chores. He won't come out unless he can make some money. He hates to waste his energy breaking up fights and brawls and family quarrels. He just lets nature take her toll.

In this instance, Jeff's future sexual life could be the toll. The problem is simple — he's making it too easy for the chick to grab his dick. It's still hard. Jesus, I don't know how he does it. "Hey, I can always keep it hard. No problem. I don't even care if they break the damn thing." That's what he used to say, all right.

I think the chick's *trying* to break it. Into little pieces, in fact. Apparently, Jeff thinks so, too. He's starting to get upset. I can tell, because his dick's going limp. Nature's finally taken her course. Jeff never goes limp unless he's provoked or pissed off. He's both right now. His dick's shrunk so much, so fast, that the chick lets go of it like it's a dead lizard.

Spike appears from the kitchen, asks if anybody needs anything, doesn't get an answer, and disappears again. He was just checking to make sure everybody was all right. He's sorta like having an extra mother around.

Jeff's pants are back up by the time Spike's gone. The chick's asking him about weird sexual encounters. Jeff's not listening to her at all. "I'm sorry if I hurt you. But you said I could squeeze the shit out of it," she says.

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Over 160 pages of factory service info for 1940-1947 twins. Inc. troubleshooting chart, detailed index, and scores of diagrams and photos.

L.  **SPARE PARTS '26**
Factory parts book for '22-'26. Photos, parts codes and prices. You can't get a new carb for \$13.50 anymore, but you can get this book.

D.  **H-D 45" & SERVICAR**
Complete service information for civilian models from 1940-1952. Detailed assembly drawings and factory parts lists galore.

M.  **SPARE PARTS '35**
Harley dealers catalog of spares for '26-'35. Prices, part nos., and photos of stock and accessory parts — even cop and hack stuff.

E.  **K MODEL**
K Model parts are hard to find. Make sure you're getting what you really need with our K Model parts manual.

Service Manuals	Qty.	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(A) Question & Answer		10.00	12.00	18.00		
(B) Panhead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(C) 1940-47 Knucklehead		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(D) 1940-52 45 & ServiCar		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(E) K-Model		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(F) Service Bulletins		20.00	22.00	28.00		
(G) Shop Dope II		15.00	17.00	23.00		
(H) Shop Dope III		15.00	17.00	23.00		

F.  **SERVICE BULLETINS**
A tremendous find for Harley history buffs. Factory service bulletins to dealers from 1917-1926. For fixing antiques or great reading.

Parts	USA	Can.	For.	Cost	Total
(I) 1936-48 Big Twin	15.00	17.00	23.00		
(J) 1940-50 45 & ServiCar	15.00	17.00	23.00		
(K) 1949-57 All models	15.00	17.00	23.00		
(L) 1922-26 All models	15.00	17.00	23.00		
(M) 1926-35 All models	15.00	17.00	23.00		

G.  **SHOP DOPE II**
"How cold it was this morning." So begins a 1935 memo from H-D to dealers. Vol. 2 covers '33-'36; filled with solid service tips and trivia.

Sub Total	Cost	Total
\$	\$	\$
\$	\$	\$
\$	\$	\$

H.  **SHOP DOPE III**
Harley factory service updates from '41-'56. Updated maintenance and repair procedures that may be missing from service manuals.

Prices listed above include cost of postage and handling for all orders. Items to foreign countries are shipped airmail insured. Make all payments payable in U.S. funds only, please. Call residents, add 6% sales tax. Dealer inquiries invited. VISA/MC welcome. You must include card number, expiration date and signature.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

I.  **BIG TWIN PARTS**
Complete parts lists for the years 1936-1948. 148 pages, exploded-view diagrams and parts no. cross-index. Factory kits also listed.

PAISANO PRODUCTS
Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301

I start to concentrate on my game, trying to remember whose turn it is, trying to find the cue. Spike only leaves out one cue at a time. "You guys just break heads with 'em. No one bothers to fix 'em after they're broken. The less cues I leave out, the less of 'em get smashed. One cue at a time is all one person needs." This is his basic one-cue-at-a-time philosophy. Spike's always trying to simplify his life. This rule might have been his first step.

Spike's cue tips are elk hide. The best. Tough stuff, that elk hide. I bet Jeff wishes his dick was that tough.

So does the chick. I can hear her making fun of Jeff's "problem." Jeff doesn't seem to think it's very funny. He never makes fun about his private parts. He doesn't even have a name for his wiener. "Don't need a name, it's got a brain." That's what he told me. Just recently, in fact. Now he's telling the chick to beat it. She grabs her remaining warm-piss-tasting beer, picks up her purse, and wanders down the bar, close to where I'm about to take my second shot.

She parks her butt right in my line of fire. With her legs spread wide open, wantonly unlady-like, right in my face. It's quite a distraction, to say the least. I try to find another ball to shoot. Something in the other direction. Away from Ms. Full Beaver. But there's nothing except weird banks, double-combinations, and kiss shots over there. I've gotta take my first choice. Plus, you should never change your mind — that's biker superstition.

I miss. She laughs. Spike coughs. Jeff's silent. But only for a second. "Let's get the fuck outta here," he says.

"Okay by me," I answer. So we do. Just jump on our bikes and split. The chick may still be there for all we know. Same's true for Spike. We're on the road again. That's where we belong. Boys and their toys, loving the smell of exhaust fumes and the wind in our faces.

"Fuck that bitch!" Jeff screams as we ride toward the sunset.

"Better use someone else's dick," I reply.

Spike's place — what a trip. We always feel welcome. We always come back. Varoom! Varoom!



"Of course, he can smell fear. You just shit your pants."

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

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351. (149)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

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)

BLUE DOTS

JMP Performance Center, 11549 St. Charles Rock Road, St. Louis, MO 63044. Order toll-free (800) 325-1113. (151)

BRITISH MC PARTS & ACCESSORIES

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)

BRONZE FORKS — MEDIUM GLIDE BY

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

CATALOGS

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)

HM Parts & Accessories, \$1, Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (157)

COATING

Olympic Powder Coatings, 2320 Vineyard Ave., Escondido, CA 92025. (619) 745-3322. (151)

CYLINDER BORING

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

ENGINES

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)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692. (149)

FORKS

Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (149)

HARLEYS, USED, BOUGHT/SOLD

Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (153)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

Big Bore Engineering, 16325½ Piuma, Cerritos, CA 90701. (213) 402-0725. (149)

IGNITIONS

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

LEATHERS

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)

MOTOR REBUILDING

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

OBSOLETE PARTS

Belmont Harley-Davidson, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 224-3818. (149)

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

PAINT

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

Paint By Frank, Lyons, IL 60534. (312) 447-6149. (157)

PARTS & ACCESSORIES

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)

SHOCKS

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)

Vietnam Vets Khaki T-shirts (4-color screen, \$9.50). 301 N. Cedar, Abingdon, IL 61410. (We pay UPS.) (148)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., \$10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S,M,L, or XL) (151)

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: After this issue we will no longer accept lonely hearts ads. This space is practically given away to help bikers who want to sell parts, send messages to people, or just place general classified ads. But we're not a lonely hearts magazine. This means no more ads seeking one-night stands, lifetime commitments, house mooses, an occasional fuck, kinky companions, or anything else of this nature.

— Spider

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.

Tattoo studio in Hawaii for sale. Established. Lease, \$400/month; live upstairs. Will consider training. \$15,000/negotiable. Banzai Tattoo, 94-358 Depot Rd., Waipahu, HI 96797. (146)

Looking for Paul Casey in N.Y. Brian, Biggs, Billy. We last rode together in '89, up at the farm in N.J. Do you have your blue panhead? Still got my '57 Sporty. Drop me a line and let's ride. Rick Snyder, Box 402, Somerset, N.J. 08880. (146)

Attractive older guy loves going down. Wants to meet chick who'd let him. Any age, shape, size, if you can just lay back and enjoy it. Mike Taylor, Box 927, San Rafael, CA 94912. (146)

Forty-year-old 1%er looking for red-headed ol' lady, 18-24. Send photo. Cory, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (146)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Georgia prisoner James E. Lowery, EF 137762, once assigned to F-125 at Coastal CI, please contact Shel, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Have message for him from concerned friend. (147)

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)

W/f, 26, 5'1", 115 lbs., long brown hair, doing time way down here in the swamps. Need to be rescued by you! If you are over 35, have a heart, and are looking for the real deal, then you're the one. Prisoners' mail unauthorized. Send pix and letters to Tina Shepherd 160407, Box 8540, H-4, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024. (146)

Downed white boy, 27, 5'9", 160 lbs., light brown hair, hazel eyes, wants to hear from cute white girls under 30, for lasting relationship. Love children and marriage. No head game. Answer all letters with photos first. Steven Pellegrini, Box C-76824, Represa, CA 95671. (146)

Lonely Chicano seeks middle-aged woman for endless relationship! Paul Rodriguez 364518, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583. (146)

W/m, 30, needs some rap from the free world. Been down five and need a letter quick. Allen "Red" McKillips 158-566, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0079. (146G)

Convict, w/m, 30, 5'11", 175 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes. I'm looking for a mature woman who has been through the mill and wants a special man. Looks and age unimportant; what's in your heart is. If you hurts and mistakes in life have given you a higher awareness and understanding of life, as they have me, then write me. Michael Ramadano 076828, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (146)

Tattooing outfits. Professional, electric. Lowest prices! You assemble; save 25%. Exciting details, \$2. Bargain Tattoo Kits, Box 242-H, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (146)

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)

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)

As secretary of the Longriders MC-PMB, I'd like to know if any other club goes by this name, and if so, how long they've been in existence. Any information would be greatly appreciated. J.R. "Wizard" Thompson 610, Ellis (I) G-13, 3-11, Huntsville, TX 77343. (146G)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium, 3747 W. 63rd St., Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 582-4500. (147)

Looking for Michael "Crucifier" Levi. Last seen January '84 in Van Nuys. Miss your blue eyes, laugh, and strong arms. Please contact Beth Hughson, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (148)

Tired of caring? Join Pha-Kit and receive a T-shirt and membership card stating: Pha Kit — An organization and attitude of members who, having encountered repeated failures in various endeavors such as simple tasks, self-improvement, financial gain, and attempting to get laid, have declared Pha-Kit. T-shirts are black with white print; specify size (s,m,l, or xl). Also receive a high-quality Pha-Kit bumper sticker with each order. Send \$14.95 to Pha-Kit, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (148)

If you love your Hawg, show it on the back of your cage. "God bless my Hawg" bumper sticker; red, white and blue on high-quality vinyl. \$2 each or two for \$3.50. Send cash, check or m.o. to Stickers, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (148)

Laura: I always thought I'd fucked up by losing you. Then, suddenly, there you were. I still carry the poem you wrote me in my wallet. Write me. Stephan "Boz" Hazlett, 207 E. 40th #8, Boise, ID 83714. (146G)

Where da fuck ya at? Like to have any info leading to the finding or whereabouts of my pa, William Roger Cranford, last heard of in Baytown, Texas. Rod T. Cranford, Box 577, Olivehurst, CA 95961. (146G)

All you bros in Mobile, Alabama: I was born and raised around Mobile, but left at age 17 for the Navy. Now living in Southern California and would like to hear from y'all. Will answer all mail. Joe, 9186 Valencia St., Spring Valley, CA 92077. (146G)

Lookin' desperately for Toby "Lion" Cole. If anyone knows how to reach him, please let me know. Toby, if you read this, I love ya, but Mom still hates ya, so if ya write to me, and I pray you do, just sign it "Lion." Kris "Lioness" Steinkopf, 4110 Whitman Ave. N. #7, Seattle, WA 98103. (146G)

We're sweet and lovable, but very much alone. We're in need of a friend to call our very own. Please write Gloria Jablonski 491427, Box 147-242, and Patricia Peacock 277996, Box 147-317, Lowell, FL 32663. (146G)

Inmates: Non-recording stereo cassette players available. Contact The Conaid Company, 2725 Atlanta Dr., Wheaton, MD 20906. (146)

One fine foxy woman, 18-30. One who can relate to an old-fashioned, enduring, unique relationship. One who can be honest, trustworthy, healthy, compatible, romantic, intimate, adventurous, ambitious, educated. One who enjoys country living, moonlight, putts, calisthenics, gardening, hot, lustful, imaginative sex, partying, camping, hunting, fishing. One who has mutual interests, expectations, attractions and dreams. Handsome biker, 30, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, virile, Libra. Interests include panheads, photography, Apple 2E, 4x4s, K-9s, martial arts. Easygoing, great personality, heart, sense of humor, slightly shy, responsible. Will answer all replies. "Scooter" Sam Berry, Box 15, Roans Prairie, TX 77875. (512) 293-2924. (146)

I need letters. Richard Sickowski, N03071, Box 500, Hillsboro, IL 62049. (146)

Candy Kane, 42DD. Seeing is believ- ing. Send \$3 for your own personal picture and letter. Candy, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 134, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (150)

Paco: I love you, forever and always. Kathi. (146)

House mouse wanted. You cook and clean a little and we will go and do more than you have ever done. "Crazyman," 1732 NW 37th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73118. (146)

Lonely death row prisoner, 38, down eight years, would like to correspond with anyone. Jim Jeffers, Box B38604, Florence, AZ 85232. (146)

Downed w/m, gets out in '86, has a good heart. Looking for a sincere lady to call his own. Write if you're the one. Gary "Bear" Howard 75201-011, G-Unit, FCI, Box 7, San Pedro, CA 90731. (146)

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. (146)

W/m, 32. I have brown hair, hazel eyes, am 5'9" and 215 lbs. I'm the one who had the song the moves, the one with the right eye and it's not that bad. I'm looking for a woman, 18-40, I will relocate. Send photos, too. Bill Osterdyk, 2021 14th St., Menominee, MI 49858. (146)

Bert: Where the fuck are ya? Remember Parkrow, William and Fanshawe? Send me a kite so I can ride out this summer. Hank Jondis, Box 114, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada. (146)

Looking for East Coast 1%er, club member, big as a bear, with heart to match, who wants a down-to-earth country girl who's loyal, dependable, sincere. Should be 30+, 275 lbs.+. No phonies, cheats, or liars. Debbie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (146)

Wanted: One free woman. Must enjoy riding bikes or have one. Enjoy a free and easy, laid-back lifestyle. Experienced preferred, but not necessary. Apply in writing, with phone number, to Harley, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (146)

W/f, 25, looking for someone special. If you're that someone, write Kathi, Box 1447, Jacksonville, TX 75766. (146)

Flash: To the best ol' lady I ever had. Happy 30th birthday, 4/22/85. I love ya always and forever. J.R. (146)

Lonely rider, 35, 5'6", 140 lbs., brown hair and moustache, green eyes. Looking for a special small lady who enjoys camping, fishing, water-skiing and H-D riding. No airheads or heavy druggers. A rugrat okay. I am Arizona-state-employed and have Harley, car, boat and trailer, and plenty of TLC for the right ol' lady. Send letters and photos to Rider Don, 611 S. 97th St., Mesa, AZ 85208. (146)

Easyriders, #26-97. Best offer. Eskimo, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (146)

Peckerwood going to Sturgis, would like to hear from people along the way. I am single, so if you ladies want to get to know me and have some fun, write to Box 242, Gig Harbor, WA 98335. (146)

Mark, Crystal Springs, Mississippi: Loved sharing Nova campsite 211 with you all. Linda, Waltham, Mass. (146)

Ladies: Let me fill your life with beauty and happiness. Please write Randy Wilde, 11900 Barryknoll #203, Houston, TX 77024. (146)

Happy birthday, Kelly. Next year's will be a lot better, because we'll be together. Love, Bunny. (146)

Down bro, 19, 6', 180 lbs., brown eyes and long brown hair. Looking for sincere, scooter-loving, Northern California featherwood for an ol' lady (18-80, blind, crippled or crazy, as long as above requirements are met), to help me get through my last 2 1/2 years. Johnny "Blade" Hennessy, Box C73268, Represa, CA 95671. (146)

Cannabis seeds, 1/2 lb., approximately 8000 seeds. A lil' Elmer's spill on seeds, let dry, add shellac and you got one damn fuckin' nice bucket (gas tank, etc.). Use your imagination for the many purposes you can put them to. Sold for display purposes only. Only \$9.95, plus \$1.50 extra for shipping. Python Enterprises, Box 1804, Garden City South, NY 11530. (146)

Pops: It's been a while since we've been together. I just want you to know that no matter how many years are between us I'll never stop loving you! Happy birthday, 5/4. Love, Kitten. (146)

Oral/anal sex and more! Call Kristy at The Love Club to contact special women. (312) 262-9800 until 4 a.m. Box 59238-ER, Chicago, IL 60659. (148)

Sex! Money! Learn how to star in XXX films. Call Darlene Dawn at (312) 274-9600. Box 345-ER, Kenilworth, IL 60043. (148)

The myth of the biker riding free isn't always what it's built up to be, for always having been alone, never having true love known. A lonely Harley rider, 28, is looking for a sincere California lady to love passionately! Must enjoy affection, biking, the mountains and intimacy. Write "The Lone Biker," 3953 Carol Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (146)

For sale: 1946 EL knucklehead with matching 1946 side car. Like-new condition, with all original accessories and trim that's complete in every detail. Motor has + .005" new old stock pistons, with complete overhaul by H-D shop (top and bottom end). Three-speed with reverse transmission has been rebuilt. New paint and chrome. Original leather saddlebags, original side car tools, and spare wheel mounted on rear. There is nothing missing and this is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to find a knucklehead of this quality. \$15,000 cash. Will consider partial trade. (205) 945-8699. (146)

Want to get high? Build your own helicopter with any 500cc or larger motorcycle engine. This is not a gyrocopter. For more information, send \$2 to Ace Bartholomew, Rt. 1 Box 400, Jay, OK 74346. (146)

W/m, 32, brown eyes, black hair, 180 lbs., 5'10". I look at myself as an ace among jacks; ladies, I'm not braggin', I'm just stating the facts. I like big ladies, I like 'em small. Write me a hundred letters and I'll answer them all. Louis Ayendes 013571, PSP, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (146)

Hey! If anyone knows of Joanne and Tracy Hopper, let a bro know! I'm down and out here in the RMC can. William H. 094136, Lake Butler, FL 32054. (146G)

Dakota land, \$200; houses, \$2500. Photos, maps, details, \$2. Box 1152ER, Sioux Falls, SD 57101. (146)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of any of the following, have them contact Dave Wyder, c/o White Lightning, Box 6143, McLean, VA 22106. George Zane or Gary Oeser (Atlantic City), Meredith Moyer (Jump School), Charly Schroeder (Rahway), Richard the Lionhearted (Angola), Ben McAllister, Sam Bowers and Tiny Knowlton (Arizona.) (146)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Linda Covington, please write Robert Brozovich, Box B50212, Florence, AZ 85232. (146)

W/m, 30, convict, 6', 200 lbs., brown hair and brown eyes. Power lifter. Tramp. Looking for hardcore woman, 25-35, who can hold her mud and who has a big heart. Good future for right babe. No fats or dopers. Mass./N.H. line. Thirty months left. Minimum-security prison. Good visits, furloughs. Pix get pix. Write Onie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (146)

Rastis: Happy first anniversary. Wish you were here. Love always. Margaret. (146)

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)

Pan cylinder heads, knucklehead cylinder, New manufacture. Mike Brown, Box 89, Draper, UT 84020. (146)

W/m, 29, 5'10", 185 lbs., brown hair and eyes, well-built. Out September '85. Seeks long-lasting relationship with stable one-man woman, who's 18-7, 5'7" plus (but not a must), and into staying healthy like myself. No head games, no hard drugs. Sincere woman only! Steve Barr, C58385, Box 3535, D-5-B-60, Norco, CA 91760. (146)

120 Easyriders, 8 Supercycle, 20 Biker Lifestyle mags. First \$200 takes all. Phone (507) 847-2915. (146)

Dick Gronkie, Omaha, Nebraska, USMC 2/26, Vietnam 1969-70: Contact Bob Kinsley. (201) 462-5312. (146)

Two bros need ladies to write. Will answer all; pictures first. Barry Bennett 72428, and Ken Greene 73283. VRU, Box 7450, Trenton, NJ 08628. (146)

Attention, ladies: W/m, 34, 6'2", 180 lbs. Safe, dependable and independent. Owns 1984 Harley. Seeks female for runs, et cetera. Kids okay. Reply to "Slim," Box 18181, Irvine, CA 92713-8181. (146)

Southern California w/m, 30, Italian, 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Doing time and in the wind October '85. I am single and seeking a righteous woman to correspond with and/or a possible permanent relationship. Photo exchange. Joe "Dago" Broggio, C80091, Box 3535-3164, Norco, CA 91760. (146)

Ski: I'll love you and Skeeter till the wheels fall off! Miss you! Y.E.L.L. (146)

W/m, 33, would like letters, photos from ladies, 20-35. Willard Harrold 110359, Box 220, Hominy, OK 74035. (146)

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)

Good-lookin' white biker, 32, 6'3", 190 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, with good job, home, Harley, who is somewhat idealistic, but responsible and financially secure. Seeks slim, attractive lady, 27-37, for permanent relationship. Full of lovin', livin', hard work and scootin'. Honesty and sincerity a must. Should be willing to relocate and be content to live a small-town, easygoing lifestyle. No kids, drunks, or letters from lockdowns! Be for real or be gone; no time for bullshit! Letters with pix given first consideration. "L.T.", Box 56, Haven, KS 67543. (146)

Lone grey wolf, no longer running with the pack, seeks attractive, submissive bitch to share den and Harley; cub acceptable. Loyalty and honesty expected and returned. No luses or hard dopers! Photo required; phone, if possible. Deacon, 5151 N. Kain Ave. #129, Tucson, AZ 85705. (146)

Bill "Killer" Kelly: I hear you are somewhere in the Florida penal system. Where the hell are you? Please write. Any help would be greatly appreciated; this downed bro needs a friend. Schmuidd, Box 336, Oakview, CA 93022. (146)

I've heard from Flakettes and Turkettes. Are there any real women in the SF Bay Area? Guy Williams, Box C35148, Tamal, CA 94974-0001. (146)

Bandanna shirts. Cheap and easy! Instructions, \$1. Bandanna, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (147)

W/m, 39, down, is looking for one righteous lady who knows what she wants and what she is about. No game players, dope fiends or head-trippers. One lady to share a life of puttin', partyin', lovin' and livin' in those mountains. I know what I'm about. If you do, drop a kite. Flick and sayin' it like it is, a must. Owned and ridden a Harley since 1962 and out in less than a year. J.J. Clady, C37689, 5-59, Box 608, Tehachapi, CA 93561. (146)

Mail receiving-forwarding services. Zeke, 300 Plume St., Norfolk, VA 23510. (148)

Lady Lee V.: Miss U! Anyone knowing whereabouts of same, please contact "Doby" 70366, Box F-1, Leesberg, NJ 08327. (146)

Wanted: Young southern gal, 18-25, who wishes to relocate East. Looks not a major factor, but being sincere and honest is very important. She must like riding, partying, have a good head and be 100% devoted to her man and home. I'm a lonely w/m, 24, 5'11", husky Italian, Virgo. I live in Jersey, have a good job and am very much a one-woman man who knows how to treat a lady. Is there a sweet southern honey out there for me? Send photo and letter to Joe, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (147)

W/m, 50, lonely, down and out, seeks correspondence for love, friendship, and communication. Letters, photos. Promise to answer all sincere replies. Be out in '88 or maybe sooner. Ernest Maglisco, P3478, Box A, Bellefonte, PA 16823. (146)

Steve Brown, C53581, Soledad, California: Married you 1/24/85. You promised the others were cons, me your only love. Released 3/11, drunk and down the road the 14th, so where does that leave a good woman? Lost and alone. Why, Steve? One good man is all I want. Where is he? Are there any anywhere? Sandra Brown, Box 521, Russell Point, OH 43348. (146)

Ex-Green Beret Ranger, w/m, 28, 6'2 1/2", 230 lbs., solid, trim, dark brown curly hair, hazel eyes, clean-cut, beard, romantic, educated. Hiking, camping, fishing, art, photography, bikes, music, concerts, living off the land on weekends. Attend bike shows and races in Florida, Virginia Beach, Maryland, New York, and Washington. Should be out soon. Enclose stamp and sexy photo. William L. Church 139047, Box 27264, Richmond, VA 23261. (146)

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)

Attention, ladies of Maine and New England: Want one good-looking lady, 21-30. Living and riding solo sucks. Send pictures and phone number, too! Write today to Bruce Densmore, 502 Main St., Westbrook, ME 04092. (146G)

Riders, worldwide: Fire us a list of your favorite hangouts and shops that welcome long-riders, or make your ol' lady do it. Include addresses. Also, send any poop you have on local points of interest, swap meets, runs or parties scheduled in 1985-86, including dates and directions. Include stamped, self-addressed envelope and we'll let you in on our plans which could affect you! Send ASAP to Token Tom, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (146)

To the secretary with the long straight hair and wiggle in her walk who worked in the Skyviews at Rusk State Hospital: You said "pretty books" but I never found out how you knew about them. It's been three years since I left that dump and Houston didn't turn out much better. I'd like to get in touch with you, but I don't know how. If you care, write to me. Ed, Box 442, E. Freetown, MA 02717. (146)

To the friends I left in Johnstown, N.Y.: I miss you. To the rest of ya, fuck you very much. The Midget. (146)

Mike: Just needed to tell you again how much I love you and how proud I am to be your wife (hopefully this is the August issue.) You make life beautiful and really worth living. Let's always "keep 'em green" — you know what I mean. All my love always. Lisa ("Bandit"). (146)

Pam: What a beating for two little kids! Jan and Shawn miss you terribly. So does your dad. Regardless of what's happened, your family still loves you. Including myself. That will never change. Mark. (146)

Jami: Write or call Robert Reed, 219 South Archer, San Angelo, TX 76903. (915) 653-4348. (146)

Ol' lady wanted for w/m, 208 lbs., 6'4", hard-working, financially secure. Country living. Must be cleanly, trusting, and like to travel. Send photo to RR 3 Box 446, Shelbyville, IN 46176. (146)

W/m, 42, 6'4", 200 lbs., down and looking for that special lady to help build future with. If you are 18-40, sincere, open-minded, and want to write or visit, we can go from there. Marriage is possible. All letters answered. Will send photo. Tomas Shepherd, C10515-6312, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (146)

"Learn Tattooing, A-Z" Secrets from internationally renowned tattooist, Token Tom. Illustrated and guaranteed! Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (146)

Lonely heart, w/m, 26, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, single. Looking for sincere lady to help get through these last few years. No head games. Kids okay. Correspondence, possible relationship. Send flicks for quick reply. Mitchell Shobert, Box C40522, SA 337, Box 705, CTF-N, Soledad, CA 93960-0705. (146G)

Tattoo machines, \$75 up. Chromed quality. Send \$2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (155)

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, car 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)

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.

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.

Larsen Leathers. New/used cycle gear; free catalog. Box 33, Riner, VA 24149. 1-703-382-4668. (154)

Looking for *Easyriders*? We need numbers 1, 2, 4-13, 17-19, 25, 27-29, and 31. Please write S. and R. Norris, 23 Hampden Rd., Mt. Barker, South Australia; 5251. (146G)

Old issues of *Easyriders* ('72-'77), *Choppers* ('70-'73), *Jammers Handbook* and *Big Bike*. Send SASE for price list or call (608) 238-2103. Rose Richards, 5410 Park Way, Madison, WI 53705. (146)

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.

Bill: Happy birthday on the big 4th. You've made me happier beyond my wildest dreams. I'll love you always. Your Cornbread.

Two white righteous brothers locked away in hell. Need letters and possible visits from ladies in the free world. Write to James Lundy and Wayman Harris, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

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.

Cold Katy in Canada: Please get ahold of me. "Harley," 346 S. Water #2, Idaho Falls, ID 83401.

Jeff "Mad Dog" Maddox: C'mon, man, write me. We still got some partyin' to do before we die or get married or something. Hash, 30 Maryland Ave., Freeport, NY 11520. (146G)

Parts wanted: '31-'35 H-D '31 VL headlamp (4901-31); '28-'40 H-D hand-brake lever (4149-28); '29-'34 H-D ammeter (4580-29); '30-'36 H-D '74' & '80' front brake shackle (4129-30); '36-'39 H-D '45' left horn bracket (4850-36); '31-'36 H-D '45' & '74' VL ride control (11250-30); '28-'29 H-D H Model tappet, adjustable (200-28 or 200-28A); '28-'29 H-D H Model tappet roller (208-28); H-D H Model tappet roller pin (214-28); '42 H-D XA forks and engine skid plate; '12-'29 H-D Twin Bosch magneto. M.F. Egan's Vintage Motorcycle, Box 738, Los Alamitos, CA 90720. (146)

1920-50 X-rated smokers on both VHS and Beta. Order either Vol. 1 or Vol. 2 for \$59.95. Get both for just \$79.90. Cash or money order only (no checks). Order today from Video, Box 2118, Gary, IN 46409. (146)

Wanted: naughty lady. Send your picture, prefer white meat mostly. Write to "Far Away Jack," J.L. Buckley 107114, WCC, H-2-A, Box 351, Haynesville, LA 71038. (146)

Tattoo supplies, catalog, \$3. Professional Tattoo Supply, Box 1374, Mt. Vernon, NY 10551. (150)

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.

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.

W/m, 41, needs female companionship via letters. Will answer all! Al Martino 82A4610, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821.

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.

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.

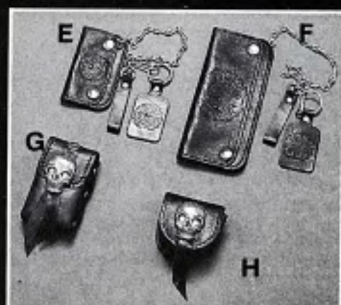
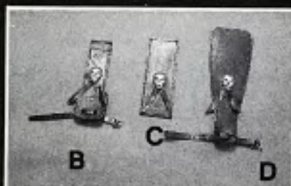
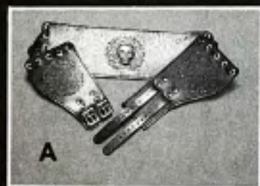
Crash: Well, you've made it to the ripe ol' age of 31. Still haven't changed my mind. You're the greatest. Happy 31st birthday, with all my love. Love ya. Tiny Tits.

W/m, 5'11", 175 lbs., age 39. Seeking correspondence from all sincere ladies. Will answer all. John Chiominto 84A0311, GMCF, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051.

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.

Lonely w/m prisoner without friends needs woman with heart who wants to be appreciated. Ron Moynihan 69753, TSP, Trenton, NJ 08625.

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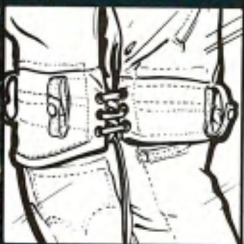
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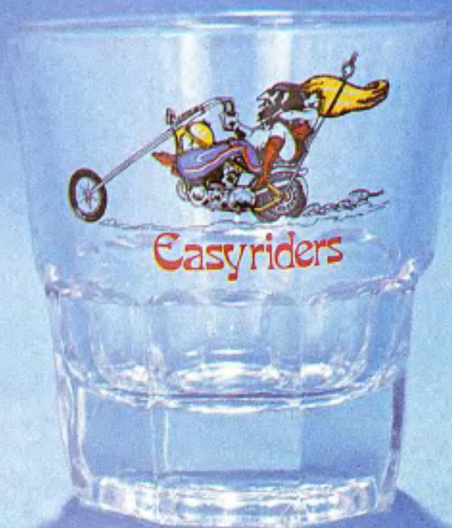
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Vet Volve

Continued from page 52

just work in one of the questions here and another one there as you and he talk. Nearly all vets who've gone for counseling in recent years have taken the test without even knowing it.

Another test you'll take is called the MMPI, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. This one you will take on paper. It is a highly reliable test that consists of a couple of hundred questions designed to very accurately measure certain specific aspects of personality. The results, for a start, will essentially tell your doctor how stable you are.

Any personality problems indicated by this test will first have to be judged as to their validity. If found to be valid, they will then be scrutinized further to determine whether they existed in you before you went to war or whether they're a consequence of war or stem from later life experiences.

Every vet a psychologist sees, then, is reasonably unique: different childhood and family background, different ethnic groups with any special problems or advantages that may entail, different war experiences and levels of exposure to combat, and different aftermaths and homecomings — all these add up to something different for each individual. And each and every element must be taken into consideration.

I stress this point over and over because this is where most vets begin to lose faith in counseling. The vet sees his sessions as not getting down to the nitty-gritty; there's too much conversation about things other than 'Nam. By now, however, this series should have shown you how extremely complex the situation is and it should also help you understand why you need to be patient. Each of us is different — and must be measured differently.

Again, a major distinction among us is whether we saw combat. Page 43, Volume One, of *Legacies* says, "Our findings demonstrate that Viet vets



"I murdered thirteen sumo wrestlers with my bare hands. What are you in for?"

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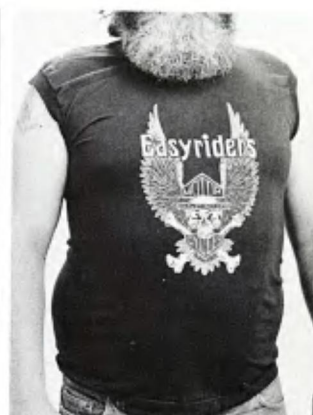
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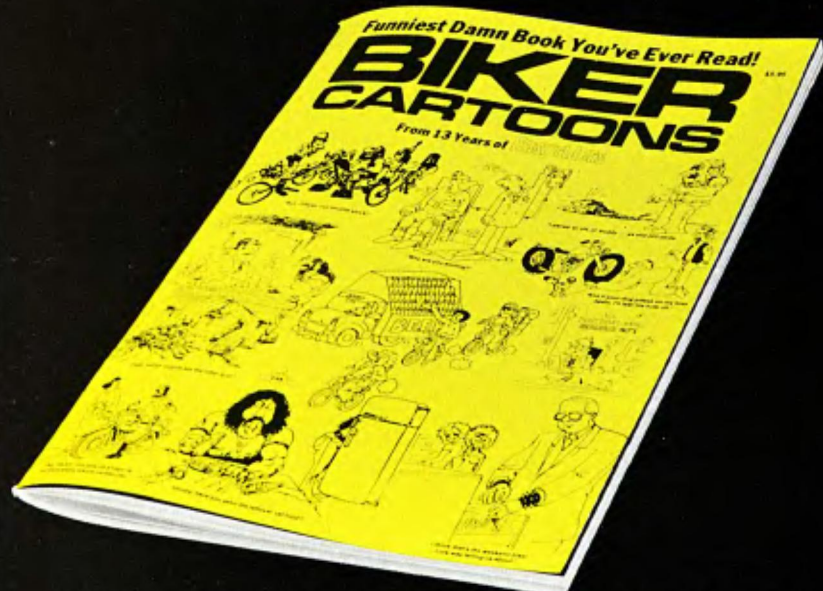
Letter	Description	USA	Canada	Foreign	Qty.	Cost	Total
A	Easyriders pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
B	Lighter cover	\$ 6.50	\$ 6.75	\$ 7.25		\$	\$
C	Skull tack pin	\$ 3.00	\$ 3.25	\$ 3.75		\$	\$
D	Belt buckle	\$10.95	\$11.25	\$12.50		\$	\$
E	Ashtray	\$ 4.25	\$ 4.75	\$ 6.50		\$	\$
F	Skull patch	\$ 3.50	\$ 3.75	\$ 4.25		\$	\$
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exposed to combat generally feel the war had a profound effect on their lives. A significant minority report that the war had a negative psychological effect. Of the majority who feel the war had a positive effect on their lives (a maturing effect, for example), many still emphasize traumatic wartime experiences. Most important, we find that combat vets continue to have significantly more psychological and behavioral difficulties than Vietnam Era Vets, Vietnam Vets not exposed to combat, or non-veterans."

So, there again is the difference between the 'Nam combat vet and vets of other categories. Psychology is confirming our own observations. Most of us know from experience that there are distinct differences between combat and all other types of vets (and non-vets). Combat vets are often more serious, more intense. They place greater weight on the things that happen in life. Additionally, when problems arise, as in PTSD, those problems are more severe. Overall, as you move among non-vets and vets, you'll actually see these differences. The more given vets relate experiences closer and closer to combat, and experiences of more and more combat, the less of a "starry-eyed" person you'll perceive. You and I know that members of each of the categories can and must be dealt with differently. Your psychologist knows this, too.

The category to which one belongs also affects one's remembrances of military life. From *Legacies* (page 30, Vol. I) again: VEVs recall service primarily in terms of pleasant experience (78.8 percent), while 70 percent of Vietnam veterans recall the negative primarily, especially combat, and "the greater the involvement in combat, the more likely memories of battle would be cited." The same source further states that "only one-quarter of Vietnam vets believe the war had little or no effect on them. Vietnam veterans not involved in combat are much more likely to make this assessment."

At this point, then, the rule seems really simple: The more combat, the more problems. However, it's time to consider that that is only valid as a generality. In fact, because of factors other than combat itself, it is possible for a high-combat vet to come away from the war with only as many, or possibly even fewer, problems — of equal or a less severe nature — than some vets who saw much less or even zero action.

One of the prime factors at work here is, quite simply, how much personal stability you had *before* your wartime experiences. In short, the less stable you were to begin with, the less it took in 'Nam to affect you severely.

As stated in *Legacies* (Page 47, Vol. I), "Men from the most stable families are likely to develop stress reactions in response to heavy combat. Men from average families are more likely to develop stress reactions after expo-

sure to even low amounts of combat. Men from the least stable families may develop stress reactions simply in response to daily life stressors; exposure to combat does not greatly affect their level of stress reaction."

This makes it very clear why a psychologist delves so deeply into your family background and childhood, even though you think he should be talking about Nam. It's entirely possible for one man to be as "stressed out" from life on Main Street as another man is from going to war. The kind of family life and childhood you had has

a lot to do with how "prepared" for stress you are. In general, the better this background, the more prepared you were to meet stress when you left home. Therefore, your psychologist will have to take both factors — family stability and level of combat experience — into account when trying to determine your level of stress reaction.

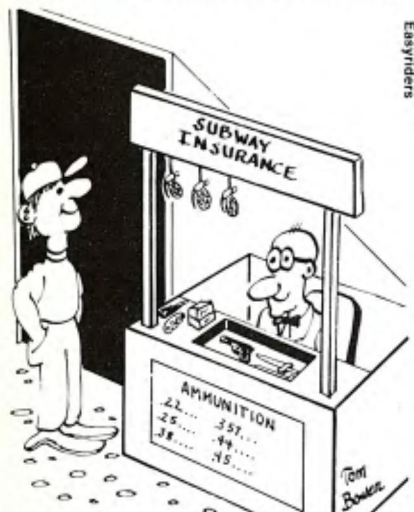
Still, even if you were one of those least prepared to face wartime stresses, in order for you to develop a stress reaction, you had to encounter enough trauma — that is, your own personal limit. A lot of Vietnam veterans who were only prepared to face lower amounts of stress survived the war purely because they held jobs in Vietnam that did not take them to their limits. Combat vets are often bitter about this, to the extent of holding "rear-echelon people" in contempt.

We had a "class system" within a class system" of sorts: Those who got out of the war were the "haves," and those who fought, the "have-nots." We have-nots then further classified ourselves, resulting in combat soldiers feeling like, I suppose you could say, the "have-even-less's."

Although misery may love company, it's a good thing that many of those who served in non-combat capacities were never fully tested. Otherwise, as we can see, PTSD would be much more rampant and the roll call of sufferers would be much longer.

Legacies (page 48, Vol. IV) states, "We have found consistently that men who were sent to Vietnam, but not involved in any combat at all, score lower on the Stress Scales than any other men in our sample. This holds true regardless of race, most levels of family stability, and parental class. We reason that such men found clerical and bureaucratic positions well removed from the possibility of being subjected to hostile fire. In their terms — though not perhaps in the terms of the military — they were a 'success.' Further, when they compared their distress to that of other men they knew in Vietnam, they had to judge themselves as being much better off. Similar findings with respect to 'relative deprivation' were reported in the classic study of World War II troops in *The American Soldier* (Stouffer, et al, 1949)."

This explains another thing that has troubled Vietnam vets as a group. It has been pointed out, unfairly as we can now see, that even some of our troops who had the "good jobs" came home with problems and that, hence, as a generation, we must be weaker. The truth is that Vietnam's front lines were nothing like WWII's. They were much less distinct and our "rear-echelon personnel" were more than a bit less in the rear than their WWII counterparts. Thus, a clerk, cook, artilleryman, etc. of WWII vintage is less



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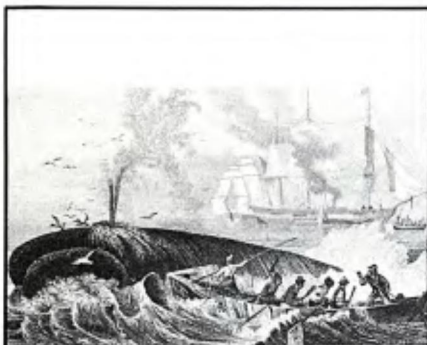
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able to understand and identify with the added dangers and stresses faced by his Vietnam War brother.

A phenomenon common to both wars, though, is that of the extremely intense stress experienced by certain people whose jobs were in the rear. I'm talking of the doctors, nurses, hospital corpsmen, and others who were constantly subjected to the product of the battlefield — broken and torn bodies, horribly altered lives. This unique group did not have to fight, lived in relative comfort, but still became prime candidates for severe PTSD. They were spared most of the fear and deprivation, but paid for that by having to face, perhaps in just one month, ten times the blood and gore a combat soldier or Marine would encounter during an entire tour in the field.

So, now my job here is nearly done. We've got a definition for PTSD and a list of symptoms. We know who is most likely to suffer from the disorders and why. The only thing remaining is to discuss what can be done for victims of PTSD.

The primary thing to do, if you are showing indications of PTSD, is to seek proper counseling. You now know what to expect and you have an understanding of what a psychologist needs to do in going about diagnosis. But what of the "cure"?

Frankly, much of the cure comes about during the diagnostic sessions. As you and the doctor delve into the problems, your background and your experiences, you'll find yourself facing and bringing out in the open — perhaps for the very first time — both the nature and the causes of the disorders in you. This in itself will bring about some relief, because a large part of the problem is that these things have been kept buried deep within you. In essence, you'll be starting to free them — and by that, yourself.

And, in the act of sharing the problems and experiences with another understanding human being, you'll also experience the kind of therapy that was denied you on your return home. Instead of continuing to hide your feelings, you'll be able to express them. Instead of rejection, you'll receive some acceptance. Instead of ridicule, you'll experience caring concern.



"He's not ridin' that way to go fast. He's ridin' that way 'cause he's got hemorrhoids."

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Consider this. It seems at first contrary to common sense, but the fact is that those who were severely wounded and disabled in Vietnam tend to suffer much less from PTSD. The reason?

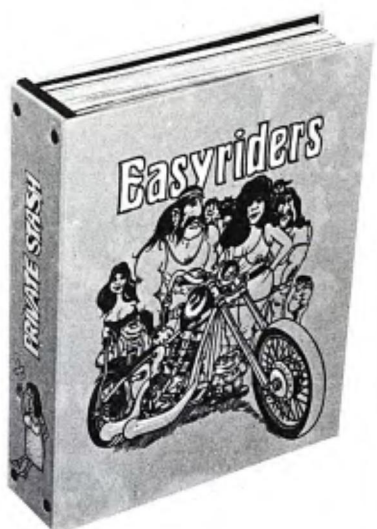
These men received proper care immediately after their trauma by virtue of their being wounded.

Dr. Goodwin, in the DAV's PTSD manual, reported: "It is important to note an interesting trend. . . It has only been on rare occasions that we have interviewed significantly disabled veterans, suffering the loss of a limb or another wound that required months or even years of hospitalization. . . We have concluded that significant numbers of severely disabled veterans received much more comprehensive care after their combat experiences. In particular, this included close emotional support from other veterans in the hospital wards regarding their own combat experiences. This, in turn, helped the seriously disabled veterans find some final resolution of their feelings about Vietnam. It also included a more empathetic understanding of the physically wounded veteran by the VA, which had learned about wounds and their concomitant psychological problems in WWII. Subsequent support and training to help these veterans to readjust to their losses was also provided. The veteran who was not seriously physically wounded had no such resources, hence the apparently smaller incidence of post-traumatic stress, chronic and/or delayed, in severely disabled veterans of Vietnam."

Through counseling and therapy you'll be paving the road to being better able to relate to people in general, which in turn will allow for emotional support from others that you may not now have. If it's true that no man is an island, it's equally true that no man should have to try to exist as one.

Spousal support — support by one's lady — is especially important. It is expressed this way in *Legacies* (Page 53, Vol. I): "Married vets are generally better off than unmarried, but studies show it is not just being married, but the kind of support from a spouse

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that helps. . . Married men with little spouse support were worse off than men who were not married at all."

Another source of support is that which comes from fellow Vietnam veterans. In associating with them, you'll gain that "shipboard sharing of the war experiences" that WWII brethren had and we did not. Associating with 'Nam vets at gatherings and/or at meetings of their organizations will help. Too, your psychologist — when you are ready — will most likely introduce you into a "rap group." The benefits of association will be intensified because you'll now not only share with other vets, but you'll share with vets who are all there because of the same special problems.

Depending on your unique situation, medication and/or some time in the hospital may be necessary. However, in most cases, treatment for PTSD is administered on an outpatient basis and without medicine.

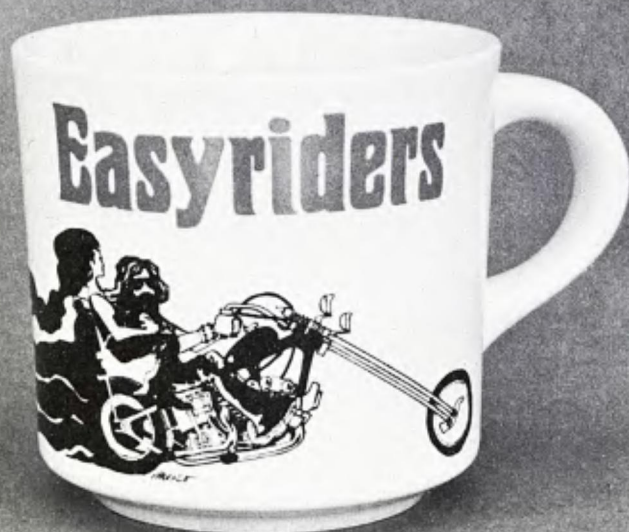
If this series has provided you with greater understanding and knowledge, if it's helped you to take that first step, then we've reduced some bad statistics. Even reducing them by just one will do.

Let me leave you with these words from a bro who was there, who came back to live and express the pain that's at the core of PTSD.

'Nam/January '68/the Tet
When I left,

morals and patriotism
were in front of me.
When I arrived,
fear was surrounding me —
of my comrades
or the Cong
I couldn't tell.
My compassion dissolved
as my hatred grew.
When I came back to this world,
I could tell no one what I knew.
That my hatred was growing still
for all my comrades' useless
deaths in hell —
and for myself, stripped naked,
with no one to tell.

—Gerald Gores



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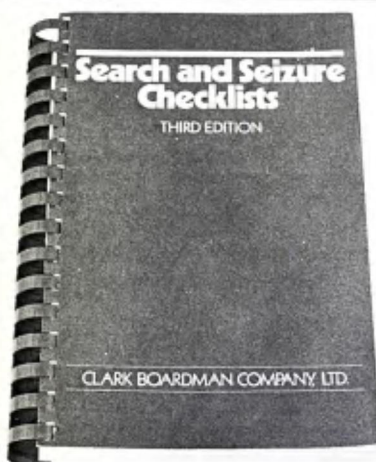
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Miami Beach. . .

Continued from page 55

down on the tip of the three-meter board and rode it up, converting his momentum into a double-somersault with a full twist. This gave him a chance to stash the stainless steel "flesh-shredder" in his hip holster and withdraw three incendiary grenades and two four-oz. packets of plastique.

The hardguy hit the flagstone running. A long mahogany bar ran the length of one side of the polygonal pool — a good place for a little fireworks. He inserted triggered time fuses into the plastique and slapped the two clumps alongside the ice machine, then ran for the building.

Someone on the balcony of the owner's penthouse screamed an alarm in guttural Spanish. Ballson answered by lobbing up the three pineapples, pulling the pins with his teeth.

The scene exploded.

A thundercloud of smoke and debris billowed out from what was left of the penthouse. Scraps of a blue-and-white tropical print fabric floated down among little chunks of PVC furniture. The air was tinted by a mist of blood and weak rum tonic.

The daylight warrior reached the door to the spa to find the steel lever rigid in his hand. He took a quick step back and launched a judo kick into the lock. The wood made a sharp cry as it was sheared from its hinges.

Ballson glared at the obsolete exercise equipment and then strode quickly across the fluffed carpet, a floor covering that had never supported an aerobic dance class. An overmuscled attendant regressed to adolescence before the angry stranger.

"This gym is right out of the 1950s," the tough guy growled.

"But —" the dinosaur began.

"Shut up!" Ballson ordered. He reinforced his statement with a hard straight jab to the youngster's solar plexus. The brute gagged and dropped to his knees, dry-heaving behind a stack of monogrammed towels.

"You need some work on a Roman chair," said the self-appointed equalizer. He left the gym through a door that led into the rear of a garish dining room.

After one glance, Mack Ballson decided to seek out the decorator. The double-doors to the kitchen burst open. Two waiters, unctuous Latinos, came out carrying silver trays laden with iced melon.

They saw Ballson. Ballson saw them. Reaction on both sides was spontaneous.

The waiters hurtled the trays of iced melon and made a move for the door.

But the big guy had already withdrawn the Beretta. As Ballson went into a neat forward roll, the Beretta bucked. One waiter's head exploded like an overripe casaba. The silver trays and slices of melon fell harmlessly on the thick shag. The gun

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bucked again. A 9mm parabellum three-round burst slammed the second waiter backward. The front of his white ruffled shirt rapidly grew red — hemoglobin red.

The equalizer's ears picked up the sound of broasting squab. He pulled the pins on a pair of concussion grenades and tossed them through the double-doors. It was his own kind of insurance policy.

The big guy sprinted through the Tiki Lounge and into a wide hallway lined with heavy mirrors. At the far end, a door opened. The hotel detective had been roused from an excellent Swedish massage. He wore a thick terrycloth towel and held a .38 bull-nose that spoke flying lead.

Ballson dove into a recessed doorway. The wall behind him disintegrated in a shower of sharp silver shards.

This was a task for the Ingram machine pistol.

Ice-blue eyes squinted as a cold finger closed around the steel trigger. The 30-round magazine emptied in 1.45 seconds, silenced by the MAC suppressor to subsonic level.

The fire flame flashed brilliantly. Ballson swept a tiny arc and the walls collapsed around the verminous thug, reflecting his abrupt decapitation into infinity. His vital fluids soaked invisibly into the burgundy carpet.

The seasoned combat man took the first corridor left and exited into a square courtyard bordered with manicured azalea hedges.

El Gordo, the fat man, sat with the girl at a wrought-iron table composed of interlocking fleur-de-lis. They were sipping espresso from Wedgwood demitasse. A huge plate of coconut mini-cakes laced with chocolate adorned the table beside a bowl of pink hibiscus.

The hardguy paused for a second, drawing on a sixth sense. A thick vein throbbed wildly across his forehead. "You betrayed me, fat man." His voice was granite.

"A simple misunderstanding, senior." A handkerchief dabbed at a rivulet sprung about his fleshy double-chin.



"He finished the wheel and now he's working on the vibrating butt plug."

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"I was promised a suite with an ocean view. I was stuck in an efficiency with a fold-out bed."

"You may have my penthouse, senior."

"Too late for that. Also, the stone crabs were small and overcooked."

"I'll telephone the kitchen." Mack Ballson sneered. "Don't bother. You'll get no answer."

El Gordo's upper lip became Vernal Falls.

"Couple more things — your drinks are watered down, your wine has gone to vinegar, and the service is below poor. Your doorman steals gas, the bellman rips off luggage. And there's too much chlorine in the pool. You're overpriced, Gordo."

The hotel owner cringed, wishing he were in Barranquilla.

The big man moved in like a cat and threw the garrote around the thick neck he despised. He tightened the noose, leaving just enough room for the fat man's last words to escape.

"Please. No, please! You can have the cabana boy!"

"Fool!" Ballson snapped his muscled wrists outward like a pair of hedge clippers.

El Gordo's eyes bulged out like billiard balls. His tongue protruded sickly, as if attached to a slaughtered cow. In the final act of a foul life, the fat man made a mess of his expensive linen trousers.

"Oooh!" The girl stood up. "Take me out of here."

Mack Ballson measured her in a glance. Twenty-six, about five-eight, with a firm disciplined build, dark shoulder-length hair and blazing dark eyes.

"He made me sit with him and eat those." She pointed to the coconut cakes. "At least 350 calories apiece."

She was his kind of woman. "I recommend Nautilus equipment," the warrior said. "They've got a nice setup at the El Morocco."

The girl stepped close to him. "Kiss me, dammit."

He obliged her. Deeply. In perfect understanding.

Then Mack Ballson turned and passed through an opening in the hedge. In seconds the throaty roar of his V-twin pipes echoed loudly in the eternally slumbering silence of the carnage he'd left behind, marking his passage toward home. ■

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We're Both Waiting

Continued from page 75

sadness, even knowing we'll see each other soon. I drift back through the gate with the board heavily on my mind, mount his putt, and head for home.

It all started late one October evening a few years back. We'd partied all day and late into the night before drifting off to get some shut-eye. The clubhouse was tucked back in the tules and the only noise from outside was an occasional bullfrog or a farm dog barking at the wind. All was quiet until about four in the morning. Then a commotion woke everybody up. The bros all grabbed their pants and boots and ran outside to see what was happening. I stayed put.

Loud shouts erupted and then I heard gunshots. It was all so confusing. Afterward I found out what had happened. Seems that two guys were staging a practical joke with the bikes, but the bros failed to see any humor in it. The two "pranksters" wound up getting shot, though neither died, and my ol' man got picked up for it — it was his gun that had been fired.

I visit him for a few hours every week. A lot has happened over the years. I've seen men and their ladies come and go. Most end up coming back because their home life wasn't what they'd hoped it would be.

I think I've been the only one faithful to her man all these years. I've shared everything with him just as though he'd been with me. Once or twice I've done a couple of things that he's disagreed with and I've had to learn not to do those things again. He's trusted me all this time, yet I know his feelings are vulnerable so I've never given him a reason to doubt me.

One time, though, we both let our imaginations carry us away and we built ourselves a gap. I'd gone on a run with some of the old gang. Forgetting to tell him about it beforehand and not showing up or writing, he presumed I'd left him. It took a while for the hurt and worry to leave him, for things to return to normal. Now I know that he's the one in prison and I have a life to live with that fact always in front of me. For all practical purposes, I've put myself in the joint with him, because that's where I belong — with him.

The old clubhouse remains the same. The bros always ask me how he is and sometimes they even ride with me to see him. They've got their own lives to lead, but they've made a place for me in them.

It's been five years now. We're really hoping he'll be out soon. Things have changed and I know I have another job ahead of me. He's the strong-willed, intelligent type who thinks he can handle almost anything. But under all that he needs me. And so I'll be there. . . just like I've always been. ■

Lockdown

Continued from page 83

study has revealed "an overt threat to health" at many TDC institutions.

According to the report, virtually all the prisons in the system had leaky roofs, substandard wiring, unhealthy air circulation and were infested with rats and insects.

Toilets were often clogged up or leaking, showers were covered with grunge, and, in at least one instance, raw sewage was found leaking onto the food in a prison kitchen.

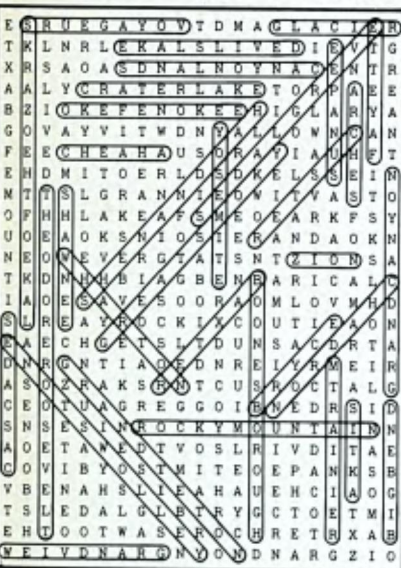
Despite being under court order to upgrade the system to constitutionally acceptable limits, the report claims conditions at TDC "continue to deteriorate on a daily basis" and are "an overt threat to health."

Now comes the shocker. The study that revealed these barbaric conditions was not done by a prisoner rights group or under a court order. It was conducted and paid for by the TDC and the office of the Texas attorney general.

It'll be instructive to see if the fact that even their own experts admit that conditions are as bad as indicated in *Ruiz v. Estelle* causes state officials to stop dragging their feet in living up to the terms of that decision. ■

Puzzle Solution

Puzzle on page 47



"Maybe so, but has anybody ever found your 'G' spot with his tongue?"

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

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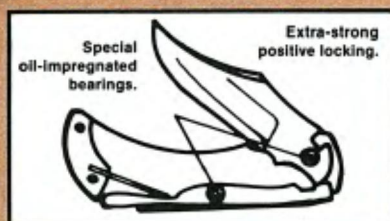
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Rappin' With Spider

Continued from page 25

T: A lot of bros have pretty interesting stories about how they got their nicknames. How'd you pick up the handle Spider?

S: That ain't too interesting. The fact is, the hairy little bastards used to scare the shit out of me when I was a kid.

T: That reminds me, an old friend of yours told me that spiders aren't the only things that gave you a pantload. Wasn't there this fight once where you got flipped through the air and hit the ground so hard you shit your pants?

S: The guy I was tangling with was a Marine judo instructor and I didn't know it. That was the only time I've ever literally had the shit knocked out of me.

T: That wasn't the only problem you've ever had with stuff flying through the air, though, was it? How 'bout the time you lost some manuscripts off the top of your cage?

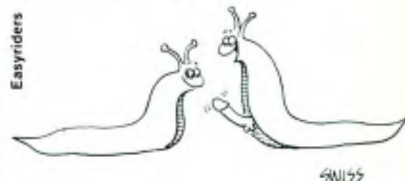
S: I was leaving the office one night and had a whole stack of stories to read at home. Before opening the cage door, I set the stack of manuscripts on the roof. By the time I got the door open, I'd forgotten all about them, so I took off down the street with a shitload of manuscripts hangin' on for dear life. What can I say? They lost their grip and spread out all over the street, the weeds, the cowshit (the office was in the country at that time), all over everywhere. The next morning I rounded up the office mouses and we walked miles, pickin' up everything we could find. Believe it or not, we got every page but one.

T: That sounds like quite a trip. Was it the funniest thing that's happened to you since you joined the magazine?

S: Not really. I got just a bit wasted one night before setting out for a pig roast. That wouldn't have been too serious, except I was the one who was supposed to bring the pig, which I'd already bought at a butcher shop and had strapped on my bike when I took off. But, cops bein' cops, the pig and I were pulled over for driving under the influence. We both wound up bein' taken into custody and hauled to the jail ward at the hospital for blood tests. There were a bunch of bikers who went hungry that night.

T: Hungry. Right. Can I go grab some grub now?

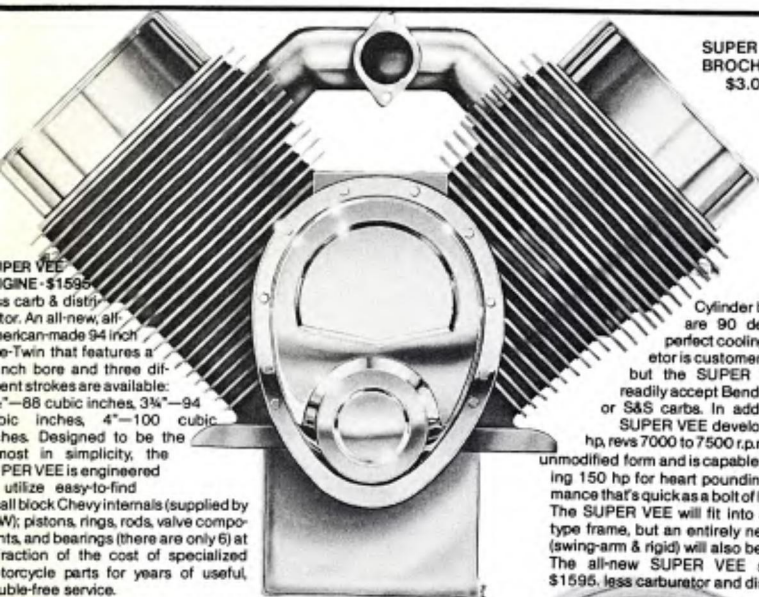
S: Grab some *what*? You just spent your lunch hour talking to me. Get yer ass back to work. ■



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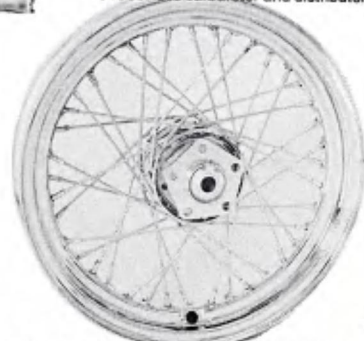
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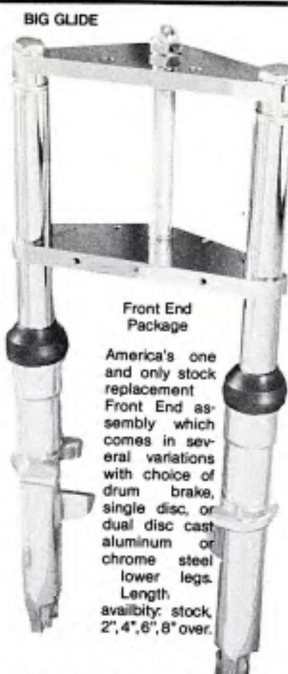
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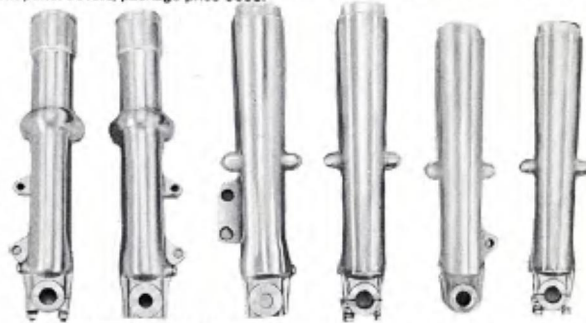


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Real Trade War

Continued from page 28

even smuggled out some Americans who got lucky. That's how allies treat each other, but the Land of the Rising Sun made it clear that they were concerned with their own asses first, so it was business as usual with the Ayatollah. You or I treat our bros that way, we're likely to be walkin' around talkin' out the backs of our heads. Real bros — and real allies — don't shit on each other like that.

When Reagan slapped the tariff on Jap bikes, I was hopin' it was at least a warning that we weren't gonna let 'em ride right over us anymore. 'Course, the tariff hurt Suzuki and Yamaha more than it helped Harley. Milwaukee iron is still comin' out not because of the tariff, but because a lot of us don't wanna see a great American tradition get flushed down the drain along with a lot of fish guts and rice hulls. Now, Reagan is askin' 'em, "Please, Mr. Honda and Mr. Mitsubishi, don't sell us so many of your products — it's hurtin' us." If I were to hear any of my bros snivelin' like that, I'd be ashamed to ride with 'em. When somethin' like that happens to bikers, the message is more like, "Enough! Quit fuckin' with us or you're gonna find out what a payback is." What would happen if Reagan sent 'em a note that said if they don't quit floodin' us with their shit and trying to drive American companies out of business, we'll have to pull our planes and ships out of Japan? Before the Japs could decide whether to shit or go blind, the Red Chinese and the Russians would be arguin' about who gets which island.

I don't know about you, but I'm willin' to ride just about anything except Jap shit. And I can live with my old Brownie camera, my dusty old Victor radio, Zenith TV, and anything else so long as it doesn't say, "Made in Japan." One good thing about this country is that when you realize the fools in Washington aren't gonna do anything, you still get to vote with your checkbook. If enough of us did it, the message would be real clear. And come wintertime, when the Japs are cold and hungry, let 'em eat their rice-burnin' bikes. Maybe it's past time that our own government learned something from one-percenters: You can't find a better friend than a biker and you sure as hell couldn't make a worse enemy. ■

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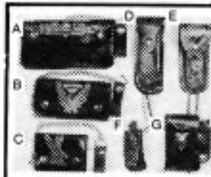
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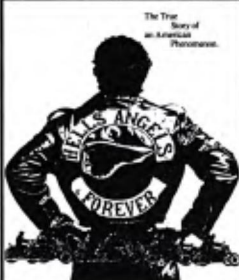
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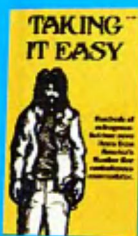
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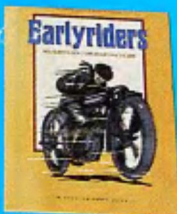
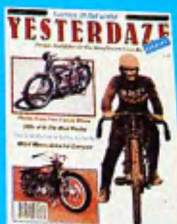
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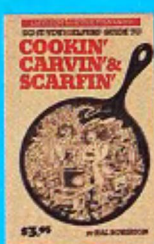


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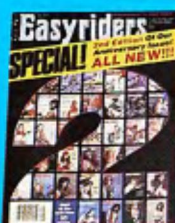
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