

Easyriders®

Judge Is Against Helmets

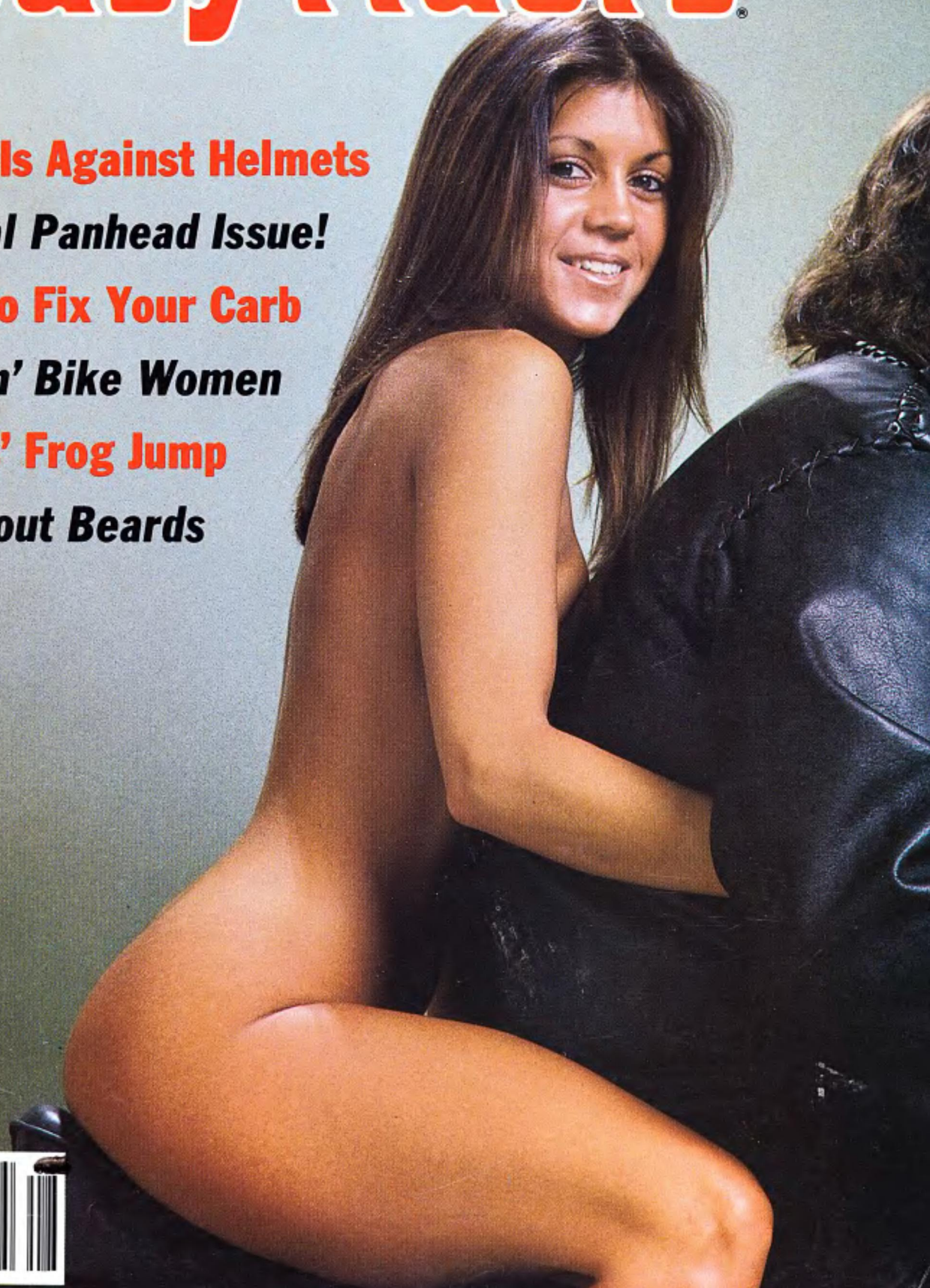
Special Panhead Issue!

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Bitchin' Bike Women

Bikers' Frog Jump

All About Beards





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Easyriders

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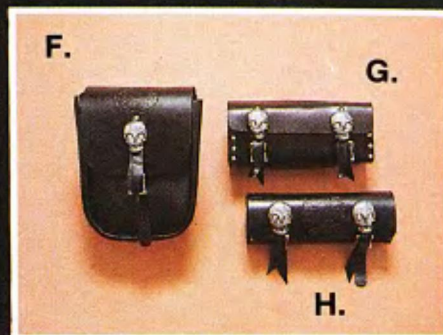
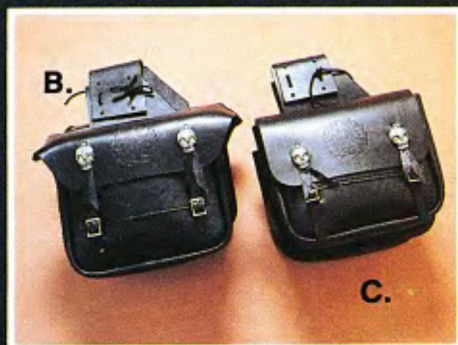
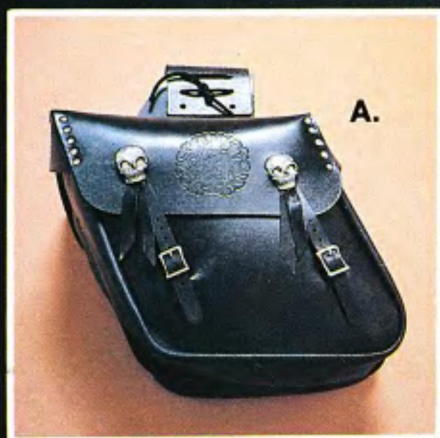


Audited Paid

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

Cover photo of Peggy by Pete Chiodo





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- ☐ (J1) Men's Kidney Belt (not shown) @ \$45.00
- ☐ (K) Leather Purse @ \$49.00
- ☐ (L) Ladies Half-Chaps @ \$45.00
- ☐ (L1) Mens Half-Chaps (not shown) @ \$45.00

Sub-Total

Ca. Res

add 6%

Total

Can you believe this shit? He bought a quarter of a gram of coke and wanted to inject it. But he needed a syringe, so he stopped a suspicious-looking couple on the street and asked them if they'd sell him a syringe. I know, I know, where in hell were they gonna get a syringe all of a sudden—from their inside pockets or where? But wait! They had one! (So they said.) It turned out (believe it or not) they were undercover vice officers and they busted his ass.

I know you'll believe this one. Everyone knows that left-turning assholes are blind. Well, get this. He was pulled over because he was weaving all over the fuckin' street. It turned out he was blind! Flat-ass blind! He was trying to get home because the woman he was with (and who normally directed his driving) was drunker than he was. So to hell with bikers, cats, dogs, or anything else that got in his way—he was gonna get home.

How about the woman whose husband had croaked two weeks earlier. She didn't know what to do because she didn't want to pay any bread gettin' rid of his ass. So she decided to grind him away. She tied his carcass to the back of her car and started down the highway. But 4000 feet down the highway, the pile of flesh (her husband) ground loose. The heat found what was left, identified it from the teeth, and busted her ass for mutilation of a body.

Man, women are weird when they get pissed. She killed her roommate, dumped her in a bathtub, carved her up, put the pieces in a pot and cooked them. Then she called a friend and told him she was cookin' some meat and wanted to know if he wanted to come over and eat some. (Don't trust a broad.)

A man was in the back of a police car. The chick cop was taking him to the police station. Almost there, she heard moans of ecstasy and heavy breathing. Wondering what was going on, she stopped and opened the back door. There he was, whacking off so frantically he was rocking the patrol car. (The news report didn't say if she helped him finish or not.)

She had just gotten out of the can after serving 11 months for selling pot. She got busted only three months later for the same thing. Big deal, right? But wait. This broad was 84 years old. She told the police she had done it for some firewood, because it was cold outside. She's warmer now—in the can.

Shit, I never get in on anything like this. They wanted some men between 30 and 70 who were willing to drink themselves into oblivion. Drinks were free, plus the volunteers were paid \$100. It's the usual case of the feds wasting money, this time to see what the effects of drinking yourself blind have on your breathing after you pass out. (I don't know about you, but I snore.)

Four prisoners didn't like the slop they were getting to eat in jail, so to protest against it—now get this—they actually took a needle and thread and sewed their mouths shut! (Man, that had to have been bad food.)

You know the NHTSA people—the ones who brought you the helmet law and the 55mph speed limit. Well, now they want states to have uniform laws to determine if a driver is fucked up or juiced. It seems that a sober person's eyes follow an object smoothly from side to side when it's held in front of them, while a fucked-up driver's eyes don't smoothly follow the object—they jerk across. And if they jerk, you are assumed to be drunk or on something. It's called the Horizontal Gaze Nystagmus test and it'll hold up in court.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Warning!

Just in case you bros out there aren't hip to this, you'd best take warning. Your chances of going across the Delaware Memorial Bridge into Salem County, Salem, New Jersey, U.S. Route 40, Carneys Point, without being stopped and harassed are very slim. The piece of road between Delaware Memorial Bridge and the New Jersey toll booth is now nicknamed "Cocaine Alley." All interested bros should change routes.

George Preston
Franklin, N.H.

Insurance Coverage

I just received my insurance on my '72 FLH. Full coverage for one year is \$370 through State Farm in Los Angeles, California. My agent is Don Hallaren in Los Angeles. So, bros, give State Farm a call. These are the best rates I've ever gotten. I hope all can benefit from this.
Paul "Thumper" Wilson
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Here We Go Again

Well, bros, someone in the Illinois House Transportation Committee yesterday got the House to place "under study" mandatory helmets again. His name is Rep. Howard Brookins (Dem.) and he's from — where else? — Chicago.

The bill, hereafter referred to as H122 (Hemorrhoid 122), will not come up for a vote this session, meaning now is the time to act! Get those letters to the House in Springfield and to that guy in Chicago. (As you remember, a similar bill was struck down as unconstitutional in 1969, but that was then.)

If anyone wants to write, I'd appreciate it. Write to House Transportation Committee, Springfield, IL 62706.

T-Bird
Allenville, Ill.

Fell In Lust

I've got a little bone to pick with you. I'm Sweetwine from

Pittsburgh. I wrote a letter to a very nice-looking guy featured in your rag, trying to maybe meet or eat him, and you guys didn't print the complete letter. You only picked out the smut and juice and ignored the desiring-to-meet-him part. When I saw this guy, I fell in lust. I've been so very hot waiting for a reply, and I was so very disappointed that you didn't fully express my needs.

Sweetwine
c/o The Stork's Shop
Allison Park, Pa.

That shop you work at probably scared the shit out of him.

A Reply

To Sweetwine: Thanks for the letter about my picture. If you send me your address and a picture, I'll write and let you know if you make my nipples (and anything else) hard.

Bear
Sturgis, Mich.

A Tip

Just a note to active-duty vets. If you are trying to cope with the "mental movies," nightmares, fear of sleep, distrust of dumbshit officers, or if you need to drink yourself to sleep, don't go to military channels. Your career will end and you'll join me in a nut ward. Go to your local vet center. They've got good people who care. You'll hurt and suffer hell for a few weeks, but then the nightmares will fade, the memories will come less often. It works. Needless to say, this goes for civilian Viet vet bros, as well.

SFC Robert G. Scott
San Francisco, Calif.

Doorknobs

After I read The Indiana Kid's motto of "Fuck 'em and chuck 'em" (May '85), I felt like I should send in a system that helped me put women back in perspective. A while back I had a chick fuck me over, and it fucked up my

head pretty good. A friend of mine said, "Lighten up. Don't you know that women are like doorknobs? Everyone gets a turn." It helped me look at things in a better light. I've expanded on this concept a little, so it now goes like this: 65% — ordinary doorknobs; 20% — revolving doors, 5% — doors that lead to trouble; 8% — decent doors.

That leaves 2%. That group cannot be classified as doorknobs because they're truly righteous ladies. The key to the whole deal is to know what kind of door you get a hold of.

Well, that's all I'm gonna say except that any members of the 8% or 2% group, please feel free to get in touch with me.

Thanks for letting me air my briches.

Linwood
Florence, S.C.

Complaint

I'm the mother of a teenage son who is stupid enough to buy your magazine. Not only is it disgusting to read and see, but your pictures are just like the characters I see riding motorcycles. I hope these bikers will be outlawed soon.

I am writing to Washington, D.C., to seek some action against your type of magazine and many others in the same intelligence group.

Distressed and
Concerned Mother
W. Nassau, N.Y.

Why don't you watch your children more? This mag is for people 18 and over and those who want to read it. So go back to whatever you're readin' and leave us alone.

Fuck You

I've listened to all the bitching and moaning that all you guys do about rednecks fucking with you. Well, you're worse than all those rednecks in all those country bars.

You complain that nobody

understands you just because you're a biker. Every guy out there in a cage is out to get you just because you're dressed differently than he is and you're on two wheels. Well, I ride a ricer (I know, fuck you, too), and I have to put up with the same bullshit from them, but what's worse is that I have to put up with it from you, too.

There are some of us who are bikers at heart who just don't have eight or ten thousand to put out for a motorcycle, so we ride what we can afford.

If I were riding a Harley and some dude on a ricer waved, I'd wave back. If he was broken down, I'd stop to help, and if I were down and he stopped, I'd appreciate the help. So, come on and give us a fucking break. We may not be riding Harleys, but at least we're riding.

You complain that you're treated like second-class citizens. Well, that must make us third-class citizens, because we aren't accepted by you.

If this pisses someone off, too fucking bad, but for those of you who use your heads for something besides a place to hang your hat, give a little thought to what I've said. If not, fuck you.

Cadillac Jack
Kansas City, Kan.

Harley people are not necessarily the sort to wave at someone. Maybe a nod of the head, but never a wave.

Response

In response to "Big Jim" (May '85): You sure as shit have your fuckin' head up your ass. I've been ridin' scoots most of my life, and not just Harleys (even though they'll always be my first love). Some of my best bikes have been Triumphs and Nortons. I've been as proud to straddle one of them as any of my Harleys.

It sounds to me as though you're a full-fledged wannabe.

Mouse
FPO Seattle, Wash.

If riding a Harley can give a man a fucked attitude like yours, I'll keep my Trump.

Mike
Gardena, Calif.

They ruined a good asshole when they put teeth in your mouth. You call yourself

a biker. Man, you're just a single-minded dipshit.

Bob
Bristol, England

☐ I've owned a chopped Triumph for 13 years and have ridden it all over New Jersey and the U.S.A. And, asshole, no one has ever made me fear for my life or my Trump.

T.J.W.
Harveys Lake, Pa.

☐ As for me, if riding an H-D means I gotta think like this asshole, then I'm staying with Triumph!

Capt. Drift
Gainesville, Ga.

Impressive Ad

☐ We were sitting around smokin' a hooter and watching the tube when we saw an impressive advertisement for Kodak film. This righteous commercial featured a guy cruisin' cross-country on a packed Sporty to the tune of one of those catchy "pro-American" songs. As he travels from town to town, all the folks he encounters are open, friendly, smiling people, and the commercial is an impressive and positive view of motorcyclists. But most encouraging of all was the fact that Kodak, another American tradition, featured an American-made Harley-fuckin'-Davidson.

You can say thanks to Kodak by writing Eastman Kodak, 343 State, Rochester, NY 14650.

The Great White
Buffalo, Red Dog
& Bobbi W. Yum
Costa Mesa, Calif.

☐ After all the bad publicity about bikers, the following companies should be commended for portraying Harleys/bikers in a very good light. Check out these commercials and ads: Kentucky Fried Chicken (TV), GMC (mag ad), Kodak film (TV), and the American Cancer Society (TV).

CB
Waco, Tex.

☐ I couldn't believe my eyes. I was watching TV the other night when this commercial for Kodak film came on. The commercial showed this guy at a distance, riding a motorcycle across America, seeing the sights and the people. I was grimacing in pain, anticipating a close-up of a rice burner. But wait, no, not Jap

crap, instead it was a Harley-Davidson Sportster. Needless to say, I was happy to see a commercial with an H-D in it.

Harry "Doc" Kersten
Mobile, Ala.

☐ Kudos to Kodak for their "In Search of America" commercial which features a guy on a Harley riding cross-country, snapping portraits of picturesque citizens. Check it out.

Sha-Na-Na
Lambertville, Mich.

☐ Thumbs up to the Kodak company for their new commercial.

Roach
Andover, Ohio

"Mask"

☐ For people who get sick and tired of seeing movies with the Hollywood stereotype of "vicious bikers" raping, pillaging, plundering, and generally terrorizing the average citizen, go see "Mask."

This is one of the most powerful movies I've ever seen. It's so good and has so much story content that one tends to forget the fact that "bikers" play a major role in the entire movie.

The movie shows bikers as real, compassionate humans who can overlook a person's outside and see deeper into what's inside — a rare first.

It's also a Hollywood first. No plastic bikers with wigs, fake tattoos, and cheap Jap choppers. These guys are so real that they all ride Big Twin Harleys and are constantly shown working on and maintaining their bikes in the background scenes.

Hog
Nampa, Ida.

☐ I just saw the movie "Mask" and was impressed. Finally someone had the brains to make a flick that portrays bikers as real human beings and not a bunch of mindless pea-brains like Hollywood would have Joe Civilian believe. Hats off to this kid who only wanted to build his own ride and make a run across Europe but died before he got his chance.

This movie is a true story and needs to be seen by those who look upon our kind as a lower form of society. I encourage all my bros to turn out in numbers and support our lifestyle. I salute

Rocky Dennis; he had real courage!

Sailor
Brigantine, N.J.

☐ As you know, *Easyriders* appears in it, as well as our posters, beer mugs, etc. It's a good movie.

☐ Went and saw a good flick called "Mask." It showed how our lifestyle really is and didn't run us down like other movies do. Showed us to be caring, good people. Maybe Hollywood got tired of us bitchin'.

Picture Pat
Orlando, Fla.

☐ Last night I went to a sneak preview of a new motion picture called "Mask." It stars Cher as the real-life biker lady, Rusty Dennis, and Eric Stolz as her son Rocky who was born with a genetic disorder that disfigured him and caused his death at the age of 16.

This is the first major flick I've ever seen where bikers are depicted as real people, more or less normal folks who happen to live in an unorthodox manner. The scenes were real, the bikes were authentic Harleys, and the acting was superb! Matter of fact, a copy of *Easyriders* made a cameo appearance in one of the scenes.

I won't go into the story, 'cause when the word spreads, you're gonna see it anyway. But I've got to say that the movie got to me. It made me think of how we H-D enthusiasts seem to choose charitable events geared to helping kids most of the time.

I think it's because we are all really kids ourselves. Our ideas of partyin' and open affection for one another and our "outrageous" vehicles and untamed mode of attire scream out to the world that we won't give up the joys that belong to the young merely because someone's clock says that we must change.

The movie reaffirmed to me the fact that we must live the way we live and work with the equipment that God gave to us and never give up our pursuits.

Maurice F. Jordan
Wilmette, Ill.

Knuck Issue

☐ I am a proud owner of a '47 knuckle 74 and damn proud to have it by my side. It has

gotten me through more than one bad time.

The tribute you finally did for all us knuckleheads out here in the world was bitchin'. And not only by showing your kindness to our hearts with a special knucklehead issue, but also by including a layout on Steve McQueen's collection. I had the rare opportunity to work with Sam Pierce in Steve's shop just before Sam went to Indian Heaven. He was one hell of a smart man. A lot of knowledge is now gone. But legends tend to live on and on and on.

Knucklehead Zach
Oxnard, Calif.

Leatherwork

☐ If any brothers or sisters are going to be in the Omak, Washington, area, stop in at the Omak Shoe repair shop. It is run by Donn and Teddy Stephens who were once members of the Pasadena Motorcycle Club in the late '40s and early '50s. They can make or fix just about anything made of leather. Real quality work.

Ralph
Boise, Ida.

Austin Animal

☐ I might be a Beatles fan, but I still don't like Julian Lennon's music. So don't think I'm a Lennon fan raggin' on ya, Animal — I'm a Dylan fan raggin' on ya. What in the hell kind of a review is, "Oh, yeah, the Dylan album? Not bad." Whatdafuck. I was really disappointed. But then again, Dylan's got a new album ("Real Live"), his picture is in the July issue of *Easyriders*, and you didn't say anything bad about one of my heroes. But it would have been nice to read a longer review.

Li'l Bro
Chicago, Ill.

☐ Longer than a sentence?

Twatburger

☐ Regarding Twatburger: I don't wish cancer on anyone, even an egotistical male chauvinist person like yourself. I therefore wish you both a speedy and a full recovery.

There are benefits to your illness. I see it has affected your mind. Extending your sympathy to all women who undergo the embarrassment of vaginal examinations by male doctors was the nicest thing you've ever said with

regard to females! I don't suppose this is a new trend for the Twatburg, is it?

Marla
Toronto, Ontario

□ "Charles Gray's Hospital Trip" is going in my file of "Important Articles."

Please tell Charles Gray (aka Twatburger) there is an Arizona nurse in his corner.

Nancy E. Rice, RN
Benson, Ariz.

Black Leather Jackets

□ The "Soap Box" column by Hulk (June '85) hit the nail right on the head. So some jerks in the motorcycle industry are now asking that we stop wearing black leather jackets because it creates a bad image. Tough shit! All I can say is that the only time I'll give up mine is when they pry it out of my cold, dead hands.

Dick "Vermont
Outcast" Blum
Herkimer, N.Y.

Club Name

□ This is in reply to the bro who asked about the name "The Sorcerers" as a club name in your June issue.

It's okay to use the name "The Sorcerers" as long as it isn't associated with our club, Satan's Sorcerers MC.
Stoney
Baltimore, Md.

Steel Termites

□ I loved Ness's "End of the Line" in the June '85 issue. I have a special empathy for this bike, since mine is a '76 FXE that's got over 800 holes drilled in every non-stressed, non-fluid-containing component (obviously, a holey bike). Only problem is, I've been dubbed "Holes" by all the guys at H-D of Atlanta. Every time I walk in they all start making blowing-wind noises as I catch assorted shit about steel termites and being able to get more weight off by drilling holes in the tank. Now that I'm in such good company, I've got the last laugh.

Holes
Atlanta, Ga.

"Fall Guy"

□ I'm sittin' here on my rack and my rap says, "Look." What did I see? Some "terrible bikers" tearing this kid's kite apart and then smashing the hell out of some college kid's car with hammers, axes, and crowbars that I guess

they carry in their pockets. And where do I see this? All on the wonderful TV series "The Fall Guy."

Ever wonder why Joe Blow Citizen is terrified and calls the heat when he sees scooter people in town?

Beattle
Parchman, Miss.

□ For those who caught "The Fall Guy" on TV: I don't know about you, but my ol' man and I are totally pissed off. They had a gang of so-called "bikers" where a biker bitch walked up to a little boy and tore up his kite. Now I've been a bikin' bitch for a long time and never in my life have I seen anything so cruel. When will these so-called Hollywood big shots quit exploiting bikers and our lifestyle?

Bear's Ol' Lady Honey
Lakeland, Fla.

□ It's too bad that we have to put up with this kind of crap. By owning a Harley we inherit a reputation and it's exploded beyond all reality. It pisses me off!

Dan The Hammer
Milton, Ontario

Redbone

□ This is to Redbone (page 45, May '85): Of all the letters and stories about people in our lifestyle, that letter says it all. I'm not very good with words, but I like the way you put yours together. Excellent, fantastic, and all those other words like that are for you.

Thanks for putting the words on paper.

Cheshire Cat
San Diego, Calif.

□ I just wanted to say that Redbone's bit from the Willard (Ohio) *Junction* ("Easy-News," May '85) was one righteous and articulately expressed piece of literature. It clearly explained the feelings of pride and freedom that fill the hearts of bikers everywhere and goes to prove that anyone who believes bikers are semi-literate or inarticulate is a narrow-minded asshole. Again, praise for Redbone.

Phoenix
Somewhere

'Nam Vets

□ Ever since I read Sarge's column in the April '85 issue, I've spent a lot of time forming a response in my mind.

I know there are many

people out there who can't quite believe the depths of despondency that a lot of 'Nam vets reach. Well, I can tell you from experience that Sarge wasn't bullshittin' or using scare tactics when he related the feelings of a lot of brothers.

There's nothing that will make you a believer like sitting across a table from the man you love, seeing his hand shake so damn bad that he can barely light a cigarette. And then you look in his eyes and you feel sick because those eyes show the hurt and fear of a wild animal dying in a trap. Or how about waking up because the whole bed is shaking and there's a sound coming from your man like the Reaper's come to call?

Oh, yes, my friends, things like that will make you believe that PTSD is a very real and serious problem that must not be ignored. These men need love, support, and understanding from everyone close to them. Please take heed of what a buddy or a lover who's a vet has to say. Listen to them, cry with them, give them the support they need before someone you love becomes one of the statistics.

Samantha
Portsmouth, Va.

Cure-All

□ In response to Pat Clingan (June '85): I've got a much better "cure-all" than raw, fuckin' garlic cloves, and with this elixer you don't even have to get out of the sack. Just keep a bottle of aspirin and a stash quart of your favorite booze within reaching distance from your bed. When you wake up and feel like someone shit in your mouth and put your head in a vise, just pop a few "extra-strength" and down a few shots. It's a guaranteed remedy and it sure beats eatin' raw garlic cloves and downin' two bottles of fuckin' Perrier water.

Reiny
Queens, N.Y.

Don't Know How

□ Just got finished with the June issue after reading the article on gettin' hitched. That sparked a memory in the back of my head.

You all remember the letters from all the up-tight cunts whining about the way we treat our women (or at least the way some of us do)?

Well, they should read the Bible, Book of Ephesians, 5:22-24 (New Testament).

My sister had that read at her wedding, but, brothers, before you say right on, read verses 25-28.

Some of us do know how to treat our women. It's just a case of respect for respect. But don't try to chain us down with John Q. Citizen's lifestyle. It won't work and you'll only get hurt, ladies.

Patches
York, Neb.

Too Much

□ I rarely write anyone about anything. However, the little woman wearing the leather vest with the zippers, lower left corner of the two-page, full-color, all-female spread in *In The Wind* #19 was too much to ignore. I'm extending an open invitation for a free ride to you (the chick, not you fuckers). You can even choose the mode of transport. It's babes like you who cause respectable young men like me to go to war. So get this one while you can. Bye-bye.

Stuart "Jammin"
Bogue, USMC
Jacksonville, N.C.

A Lesson

□ This is in response to Gearhead (July '85): I don't know if every state is like this, but in Connecticut it doesn't do any good to ask someone you suspect is a pig if he or she is in any way connected with federal, state, or local police. I found out the hard way two years after selling some acid to an undercover pig. He didn't have to tell me and he didn't, but he did help me cop a six-year, all-expense-paid mandatory vacation. Check the general statutes for your area — and good luck.

Jimi the Acid Freak
Somers, Conn.

Steve McQueen

□ In the June '85 article about Steve McQueen's antique scoots, is that Steve himself or a stunt man doing that jump over the barbed wire (from the movie "The Great Escape") in the upper right corner of page 19?

I got a case riding on the answer. A friend of mine says it's a stunt man. I say it's McQueen. Hurry up and tell me. I'm getting thirsty!

Jonathon E.
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Steve was a helluva bike rider — but the movie bosses nixed him doing the jump in favor of Bud Ekins.

Liked It

□ Just got the July '85 issue and read "Dust In The Wind." Beautiful fuckin' story. Hell of a twist at the end. Brought lots of tears and lots of memories. Thanks, Michael Riley, and you, *Easyriders*, for printing it.

Li'l John Young
Bethesda, Md.

□ Just wanted to say that "Dust In The Wind" was one of the best stories I've read. Give Michael Riley an extra piece of raisin pie.

Tom
Panama City, Panama

Help!

□ Hey, folks, I'm in need of some help from your readers.

Does anyone know the whereabouts of one Butch Kamil? He pulled time in Indiana in the '60s, should be 43 years old, and may be living in Oklahoma. He's my father.

James R. Little 066435
Union C.1.
Box 221 (F-35)
Raiford, FL 32083

Whatdafuck?

□ Speakin' of whatdafuck, I figured you'd like to know that it's kin to whodafuck, wheredafuck, whydafuck, whendafuck, and howdafuck. Put that in yer smoke and pipe it.

Crazy Red
Somewhere

Lost Bike

□ For the guy from New York who "lost" his Hog during Bike Week at Daytona Beach in 1979 or 1980: The Super Glide is still there, alive and well, with a white paint job, but the same seat (H-D) and sissybar. Find Kevin for more information.

Go For It
San Diego, Calif.

A Wish

□ I've only one thing to say to Dr. Twatburger on his article "Women Are Strange Animals": May the next kind lady you lay have a guillotine for a snapper!

Serena Fiegert
Nightcliff, Australia

Club Name

□ I'm writing for a bunch of bros who are presently get-

ting a club started.

The hardest part is deciding on a name, and I'd like to know if "Sins of Man" is being held by any club. Our first choice was "Dying Breed," but from what I hear, it's in use. What's the poop on these two names?

Roach
Cheshire, Conn.

A Lot Of Mail

□ This is to personally thank all the righteous brothers who answered my ad in the June '85 "Choppershopper." I received so much mail that there's no way I can answer all of it, so I wanted to let you all know how much I really appreciate it.

Wolf Eyes
Turlock, Calif.

Spider's Bike

□ We'd like to know how you took pictures of Spider's scooter if it got ripped. Were they taken before, or what? Let us stoned muthas down here know so as to help our twisted heads. Did Spider catch him and get right, or what?

The Shot Gun and Bros
Thomasville, Ga.

■ Not yet, but he says he has a long memory. The pix were shot before it ever hit the road.

Shop Worker

□ In response to "A Fuck-Up" (June '85): I'm an experienced shop worker who thinks that Caveman and your article "Log Hog" are both fucked up. I've worked in a machine shop and can file a chain to cut ironwood in 15 to 20 minutes tops.

L.F.K.
Sidney, N.Y.

Address

□ I'd like to know if anyone has heard of an electrical engineering company named Ortoff. If so, I need an address for them.

Steven Kenyon 48023
ACTC-Rincon
10000 S. Wilmot
Tucson, AZ 85777

Another Goof

□ This is to Mike (May '85): Back off Mann's shit. If you check, you'll find that more than one company makes .45-style pistols in .38 or .357 cal. Colt Gov't Model MK IV (.38 Super), Colt Combat Commander auto (.38 Super), Coonan .357 Mag., Detonics

auto (.38 Super), Eagle .357 Mag., Randall Service Mod. (.38 Super), Sig-Sauer P-220 DA (.38 Super), and Thompson 1911A1 Auto (.38 Super). Pick one — then shut the fuck up!

Airdale
Minot AFB, N.D.

Recipe

□ You won't publish one of my flicks, so maybe I can turn you on to a righteous recipe.

1 lb. hamburger
(more or less)
1/2 head cabbage (cut up)

2 or more potatoes
(cut or sliced)
Cook altogether or separately and then mix. Add salt, pepper, other seasonings to suit your taste. (I myself like a little crushed, hot red pepper.) Serves two.

Try it — you'll like it, baby! Super for a cookout.

Catdassing
Valparaiso, Ind.

"Vet Voice"

□ I was sitting here sipping on a brew and reading my ol' man's June issue of *Easyriders* when I came to "Vet Voice." Just thought I'd write to give Sarge a pat on the back.

My ol' man is in the Ft. Meade VA hospital at Sturgis, suffering from PTSD, so I was very interested in the article. I've read the DAV booklet by Dr. Jim Goodwyn and found it very eye-opening. Copies can be obtained from a local service officer (no charge) and I would suggest it for any ol' lady of a Vietnam vet.

Rick's Ol' Lady
Valentine, Neb.

Sweet Blonde

□ In your June issue you featured Spider's knuckle. What I'd like to know is whether or not that sweet-looking blonde reflecting in the chrome work is Miraculous Mutha. I say with tits like that it's gotta be, but one of my partners here says that I'm fulla shit. Who's right?

Oilcan
Seneca Falls, N.Y.

■ That was just one of his way-back-when honeys.

Month Ahead

□ What is this shit? It's April

Continued on page 97

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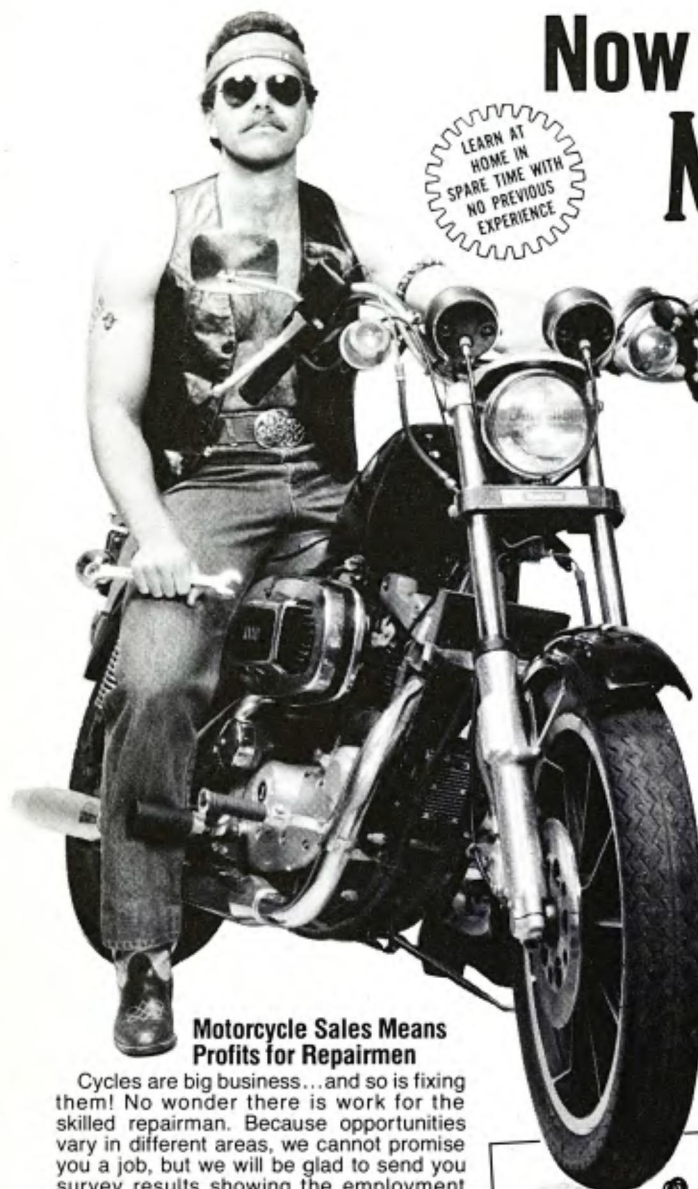
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Has your bike ever been out of action waiting for needed repairs? Some shops don't have enough mechanics on hand to take care of everyone as fast as they would like. Opportunities vary from place to place, but the sale of hundreds of thousands of motorcycles a year in the U.S. insures a continuing need for motorcycle maintenance.

More Girls—More Bikes Each Year

If you've been riding your bike for fun the past few years, you can see for yourself that more and more girls are taking up the sport. And this means more bikes every year...and more bikes mean more motorcycle repairs. So get in on the action...get in on the fun—start making money as a motorcycle mechanic. Rush post-paid card for free facts—full information.

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

Experts show you what to do, how to do it... guide you every step of the way to become a skilled motorcycle mechanic.

If you like to ride a bike for fun...learn how to fix it for profit! Can you imagine a better way to earn your living whether you work in a cycle shop for somebody else or start your own cycle repair business. Now, thanks to North American, there's a fast, easy way to get training at home in your spare time. No need to quit school or job. Experts show you step by step everything from minor tune-ups to major overhauls.

You Get the Tools You Need for a Fast Start

We send you the special cycle tools and test instruments you need...yours to use during training...yours to keep in your action-packed career. You actually learn by doing—with the tools in your hands.

Graduation from this course does not insure that you will get a job. To find out how our graduates have done, send for our job placement record. And be sure to check with the motorcycle repair shops in your area!

Everything is explained in easy-to-understand language, complete with drawings, diagrams and photographs. You'll learn engine design, carburetion, electrical systems...as well as how to adjust and repair frame, wheels, shocks, transmissions, valves, everything you want to know from routine maintenance to a major overhaul.

Work Out of Your Home!



It's easy to get started once you qualify as a motorcycle mechanic. Just let your friends and neighbors know you're ready to repair cycles in spare time—or if you'd rather, get a full time job at a motorcycle shop or dealer.



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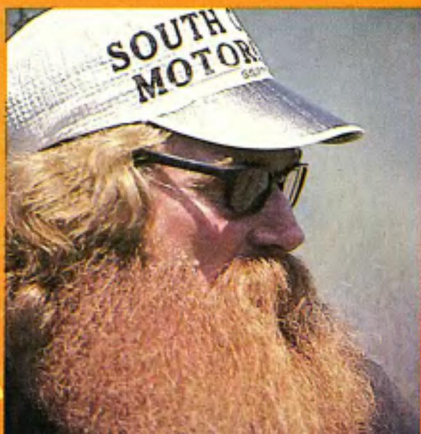
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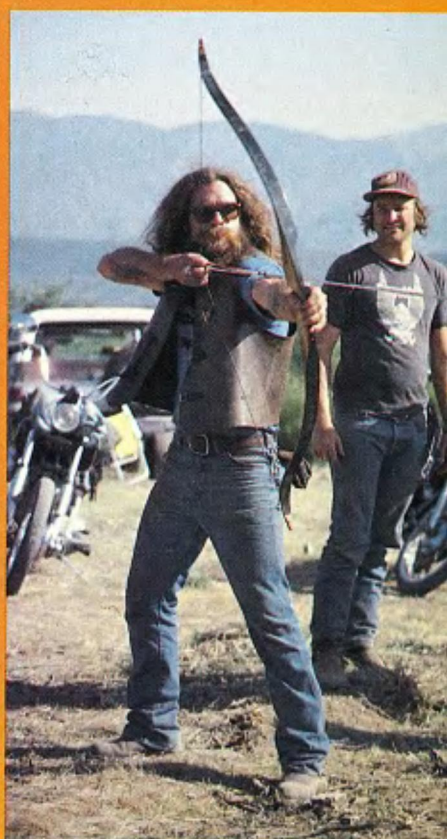
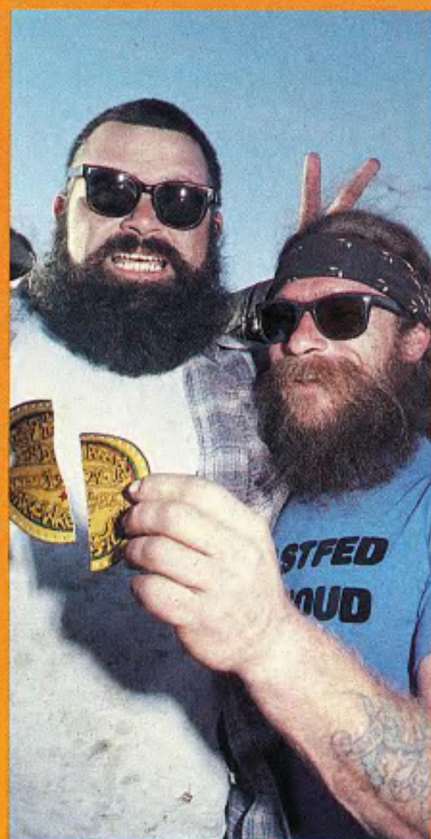
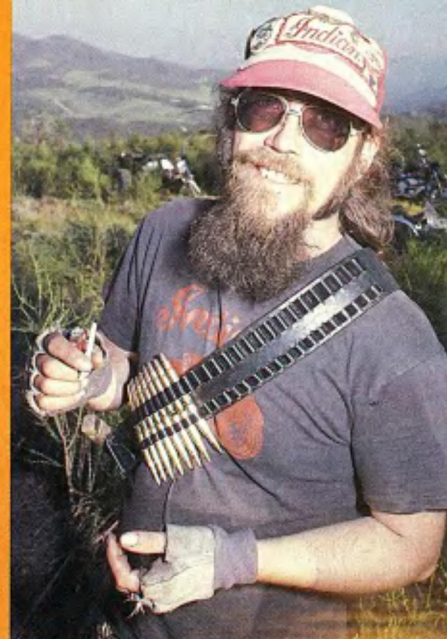
"Somebody helps ya out and it's called 'I owe ya one, bro.' The days and months pass by and it becomes 'I owe all the brothers and sisters.' What I do to keep on top of it is throw the April Fool's Fool-Around. I set up the fun an' games and trophies — and tell 'em, 'Go for it.'"



Go for it, indeed. What Wino didn't say is that his annual get-together is a kind of "earthy Olympics," where the "fun and games" revolve around throwing knives and tomahawks and firing off ancient black-powder sidearms that might be just as likely to explode in your hand as hit the target.

It's a loose affair ("The camp-site's over there," Wino says, pointing toward some shrubs, "and the bar's over there," with a gesture at some chaparral) that lasts for a week and seems to pick up momentum as it goes along. There ain't a fuckin' man-made thing out there on the former Indian land where Wino sets up his shindig. Whatever



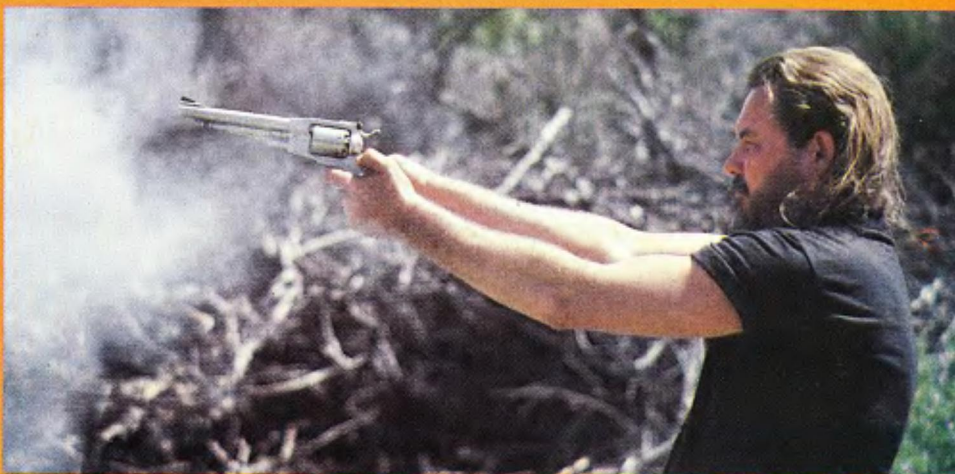
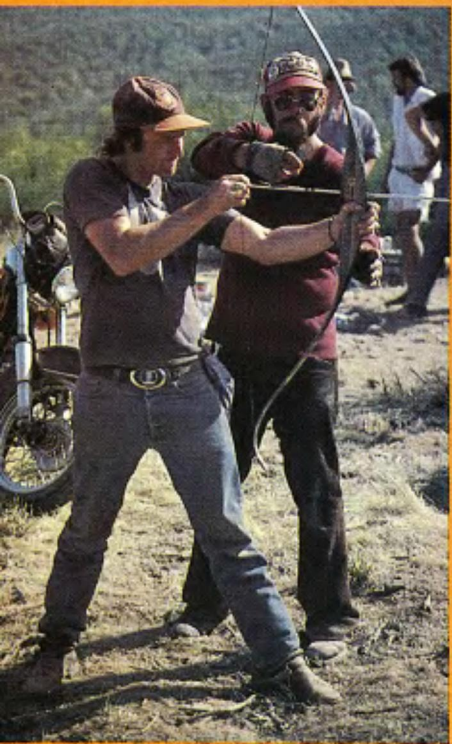
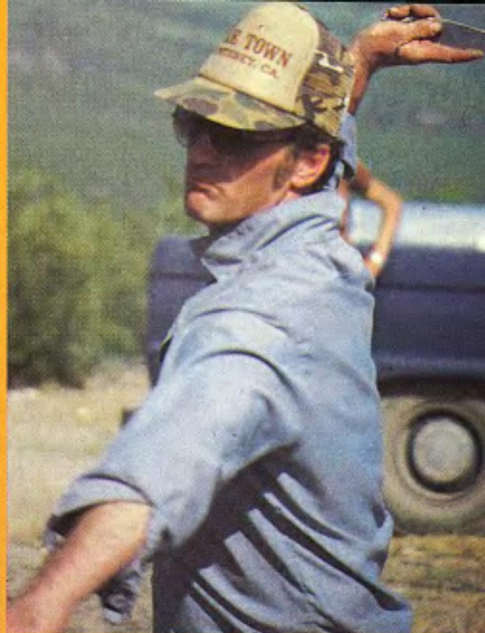
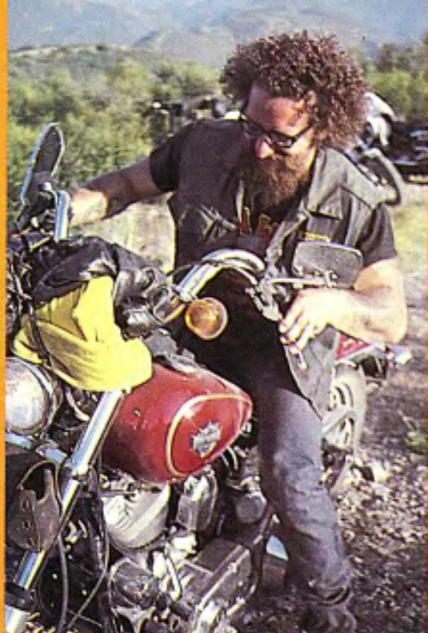
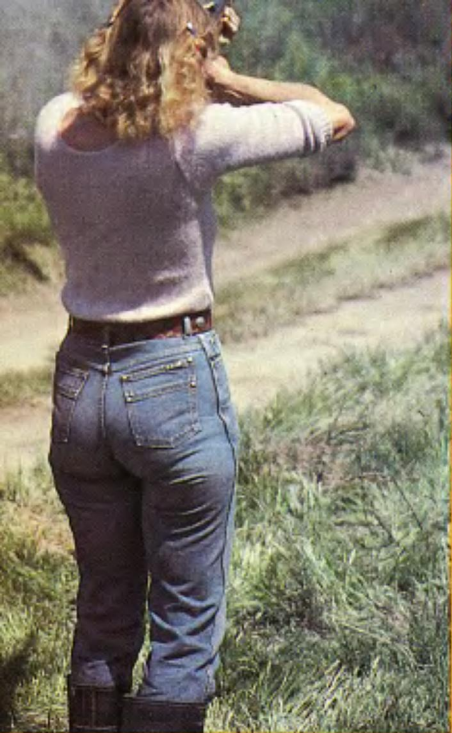


happens is what you make happen. And, boy, did we.

Some of us, in fact, started gettin' weird before we even arrived at the Northern California site. Billy Beacham, for example. He was gonna putt in from Mississippi, but his scoot went in the shop. Saddle up the ol' gray dog? Bullshit. He hitchhiked in — and still made it on time. Lonesome Joe had it even

harder. Coming up from SoCal, he crashed his Hog while eyeballin' a Santa Barbara chick in a sports car!

It's hard to trophy friends at a fun party, but since Wino had bought some awards they had to be given away. Fast Jack swept the field in the black-powder pistol shoot and won back the perpetual high-point trophy previously held by Buffalo Frank.

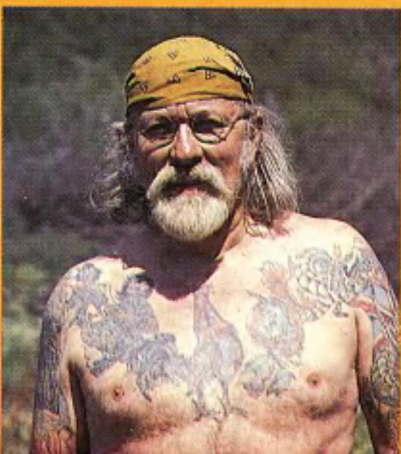


Photos by Kim Peterson, Wino Joe and Rusty Dalton



Meanwhile, Buffalo Frank's ol' lady got her name added to Wino Joe's perpetual trophy for her outstanding efforts in the black powder competition. Keep your musket loaded, baby.

What it was, was the kind of laid-back party where nobody eats their guts out worrying about details. "You just get up in the morning and say, 'Let it take place,' right?" someone



asked Wino the first night. The assessment was so accurate that Joe fell down laughin' in agreement.

Whatever their individual reasons, the annual April Fool's Fool-Around is one event Wino Joe's big extended family always looks forward to. Next year will mark shoot-out number ten — that ain't a bad run for anybody's annual hoorah.

—Bomber



TRAFFIC REPORT

by J.D.

"No, you gotta hold it like this, an' then snap yer wrist when ya toss it." Jason threw the Frisbee to little Joe, who made a futile grab at it with both hands, eyes closed. Patiently, Jason explained that it would be easier to catch if Joe kept his eyes open. The five-year-old nodded solemnly, then threw the saucer in a wobbly arc five feet over his head.

Upstairs inside their second-story flat, Diane smiled as she watched Jason and her young son playing. She chuckled as another one of Joe's throws went wide, causing Jason to run into a parked car as he chased it. Returning to the kitchen, she thought about the changes she and Joe had gone through since she'd met Jason. Today was his birthday, and Diane and Joe had planned a little surprise for him. She opened the oven and checked the roast beef, Jason's favorite. Then she went into the living room and turned down the volume on the TV. Digging through a pile of records, she selected a Doors album and put it on the turntable. Dinner would be ready soon.

Outside in the street, Jason had discovered a method of persuading Joe to keep his eyes open while catching the Frisbee. "Look," he said, digging into his pocket for a handful of loose change. "I'll give ya a nickel every time ya catch the damn thing, okay? But," he added, "ya gotta give me one back every time ya close yer eyes. Got it?" With this new incentive offered to him, Joe suddenly displayed remarkable athletic ability as he hauled in throw after throw, pausing after each catch to collect his reward and place it carefully in the breast pocket of his jean jacket with the Harley eagle on the back.

Jason had just reached into his pocket for yet another nickel when the dark green GTO lurched crazily out of the self-service gas station across the street and rounded the corner, tires smoking. Little Joe didn't even have time to see the careening vehicle as first his shoulders and then his small blonde head crashed into the grille of the accelerating car. The nose of the bumper plowed into the eagle on his jacket and threw him forward on his face. The car continued forward and Jason's stomach turned over as he saw Joe's broken body tumble out from beneath the right rear wheel. The driver downshifted, hit the gas, and screamed around the corner to the expressway ramp.

Inside the car, Kevin gripped the dashboard with

both hands and stared as bits of the little boy's head slid slowly up the windshield. "Jesus Christ!" he screamed. "Jesus Christ! What the fuck —"

"Shut up!" yelled Al, cutting across all three lanes and passing a group of slow-moving cars. "Fuckin' shut up an' quit jumpin' all over, will ya?"

Jason, his hand still in his pocket, stared at little Joe. The Frisbee slowly rolled in smaller and smaller circles and finally wobbled to a stop in front of what was left of the little boy. The kid was dead. For a moment, Jason couldn't move his thick legs. He stood there

frozen with horror and disbelief until the lady attendant from the gas station ran out of her glass booth screaming, clutching her face in her hands. Now Jason felt an old familiar sensation in his head. It was something he hadn't experienced in some time. He turned and stumbled toward the house, falling once and gouging his hands on the

street gravel. As the pain penetrated his arms, he found his voice. "Shut up!" he screamed at the hysterical woman. "Just shut up!"

He broke into a tottering run, his heavy legs shaking beneath him. Joe was dead. No use going to him. Got to move out. Can't go back. Got to move. . . he staggered into his parked scooter and it tumbled to the pavement with him. He grunted as his jaw grazed the sidewalk, but now the fall shook him out of his daze and he began to think. Scrambling to his feet, he heaved the bike upright. Pushing it down the driveway, he turned the key, jumped onto the solo seat, and rolled to the bottom of the drive. When he hit the street, he kicked the shifter up into second and dropped the clutch. The bike lurched and wobbled across the street before it thundered to life.

As he headed up the freeway on-ramp, Jason kicked the shifter again and the front wheel slowly glided up from the pavement. Hunching forward to maintain control of his surging pan, Jason tried to picture his quarry. All he knew was that there two men in the car. He didn't know that before they'd run down Joe they had robbed the gas station, nor did he know that they were armed with sawed-off 12-gauges. Reasoning that they would stay on the freeway for a while to get as far away from the scene as quickly as possible, Jason pulled across all three lanes, shifted into fourth, and nailed it down the emergency shoulder, just inches away from the concrete dividing wall. Blasting past startled executives returning home in the rush-hour

Continued on page 85

THE SENSUOUS BEARD

BY COYOTE

This article is dedicated to those people — men and women alike — who refuse to believe that bearded bikers (or anyone with a beard) have a sexual edge over bald-faced men.

Some women hate beards, especially on their husbands or men whom they think are going to one day make love to them. The reason for this hatred isn't at all clear, but the most obvious explanation is that they've undoubtedly never been made love to by a bearded man. This is somewhat similar to people claiming they don't like fish when they've never even tasted seafood. On the other hand, one frequently hears a woman say, "Kissing a man without a beard is like eating spaghetti without sauce." That woman knows what she's talking about!

Some women just plain don't like beards and their attitude toward bearded men will never change. Of course, there are also some women who don't like eyeglasses, red hair, three-piece suits, or guys who wear grungy Levi's. Fortunately, other women have more refined tastes.

It's a fact: Wherever your face goes, your beard goes with it. Fact number two: A woman's skin is much more sensitive than a man's. The combination of these two factors will always evoke at least one of three reactions from a woman: (1) you'll tickle her; (2) you'll scratch or irritate her skin; (3) you'll cause an odd sensation which she's never before experienced — one she'll either hate or love. In most cases, once she tries it, she loves it.

Naturally, there are bound to be contradictions. Your



beard may scratch her in one place, tickle her in another, and aid in bringing her to a rather sensational climax in yet another. The general reaction among the fairer sex, following an experience with a bearded man, is, "Wow! I've never felt anything like *that* before." From then on, you'll know what to do.

Beards are a sort of aphrodisiac, after all, and believe it or not, the presence or absence of women have an effect on the growth of a man's beard. A man living in an area where there are no women to be found at all, will discover that his beard grows slowly. This was proven not long ago by a young scientist who spent some time isolated on a desert island. He found the phenomenon so interesting that upon his return to society he published a scientific paper titled, "Effects of Sexual Activity on Beard Growth in Man" (*Nature Magazine*, 5/30/70).

"During the past two years I have had to spend periods of several weeks on a remote island in comparative isolation. In these conditions I noticed that my beard growth diminished, but the day before I was due to leave the island it increased again, to reach unusually high rates during the first day or two on the mainland. Intrigued by these initial observations, I have carried out a more detailed study and have come to the conclusion that the stimulus for increased beard growth is related to the resumption of sexual activity."

If contemporary thought on the subject doesn't carry much weight with ya, Shakespeare wrote, "He that hath a

beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man." Putting it another way, the Talmud states, "The glory of a face is its beard."

Now you know why real women — that is, the ones who belong to the motorcycle fraternity — hang around bikers who have large beards. They can be bald-headed and without a hair on their chest, but if they've got a beard it's an indication that the dude's libido is in top condition.

It isn't too difficult to understand why early man wore a beard. He had only two choices when it came to getting the hair off his face — he could pull it out or burn it off. Neither method is one that would exactly bring joy to the face of the individual involved.

In the ancient Mesopotamian civilizations, a lot of attention was given to beards. The Persians and Assyrians resorted to dyes, and they, along with the Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Medians, devoted many hours to oiling, curling, plaiting, and decorating their beards, often with gold thread, dust, and beads. The beard was an emblem of position, as well as manhood. Only slaves and lowlives had hairless faces, and pulling on a man's beard was just like signing a death warrant for the puller.

According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, shaving didn't come along until about 454 B.C., at least for the general public. It was around then that a group of Greek Sicilian barbers came to the mainland from Sicily and made shaving popular, which seems to indicate that the Italians did, indeed, invent the traditional barber shop.

From the 7th to the 11th century, Christian leaders advocated shaving for everyone, but when the Crusades began, the knights, like soldiers everywhere, felt no need to maintain the amenities of fashion while in the field. Beards remained popular for the next 500 years. When the king of France went bald, all his male subjects shaved their hair off so they wouldn't insult the king and get their hair neatly trimmed at collar height — everything above that mark going with it.

Beards remained unpopular until an American politician came along and made a significant contribution to American history. His name was Burnside. He was bald as a billiard ball, but he had bushy hair along the sides of his face that hung like a wreath beneath his nose. He rose to the rank of general, and because he was a hero, all the men began growing beards just like his. Somehow, over the years, his name got turned around, resulting in the term for his popular style of whiskers being changed to *sideburns*. During the Abraham Lincoln years, nearly all men wore beards. Napoleon III had a beard, as did George Armstrong Custer, Buffalo Bill Cody, and the Emperor of Austria, Franz Joseph.

About 80 percent of the English language comes from Anglo-Saxon, or Germanic, languages. This etymology covers most parts of the body, including the beard. The fancy names for all of the private parts of the body are based on Latin, but some of those swell four-letter words that we all use can be directly related to German. Beard is another word attributable to Germanic sources; the German word for beard is *bart*. In French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese, the word for beard is a variation of the Latin *barba*.

Greeks called beards *pogon*. Anyone who studies beards or

writes about them, then, is a *pogonologist*, and if someone accuses you of committing *pogonotomy*, don't kill him. He isn't insulting you — all he's doing is commenting that you've shaved recently.

Moustache (or mustache, as it's often spelled), is also of Greek origin and can be traced back to the word *mustakhos*, meaning upper lip. Regarding moustaches, the Spanish have immortalized upper-lip adornment with the following proverb: "A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt."

Don't think that bikers with beards are the only ones to encounter flak for running around with hair on their faces. A tombstone in Leominster, Massachusetts, bears the inscription, "Persecuted for growing the beard." Yes, it was once a criminal offense punishable by death.

One of the early Popes, Francis I, is credited with popularizing the beard during the 16th century. He started a trend that lasted for approximately a hundred years. It seems Francis I was at a Christmas party where everybody got wasted on wine and other shit and started tossing snowballs at one another. One of the guests was extra fucked up. He

sent a hot coal flying that caromed off the Pope's noggin, setting his hair on fire and causing severe disfigurement to his face. He grew a beard to hide the scars and all his subjects followed his example. Henry VIII, not to be outdone by a bloody Pope, grew one also, and the beard regained popularity in England.

The Bible has a few things to say about beards. In fact, the Scripture specifically prohibits shaving: "They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard, nor make any cuttings in their flesh (Leviticus 19:27). Many Orthodox Jews use depilatories or electric razors so they won't cut themselves and thus go against the Bible. Additionally, II Samuel 10:4 and Isaiah 50:6 relate that the beard was considered to be a highly personal facet of one's life, and as such, subject to slurs and/or mutilation that could thoroughly disgrace the wearer.

Some famous beards adorned the faces of William and Andrew Smith (the cough drop brothers), Frederick I, King of Prussia, and Commander Edward Whitehead, chairman of the board of Schweppes, USA, Ltd. A young lady once asked him whether women objected to kissing a bearded man. Whitehead replied, "My dear, no one minds going through a little foliage to get to a picnic."

From the time a boy starts shaving until the time he craps out as an old man, he'll most likely dispose of some nine yards of whiskers and expend roughly 3350 hours shaving. One dude who presumably had better things to do with his time was Hans Steininger, of Austria, whose beard measured over eight feet long. Still, maybe he should've shaved. One day he tripped over his beard, plummeted down a flight of stairs, and was killed in the process. (Notwithstanding this, don't you think that if God had wanted man to have a hairless chin, he would have given him one?)

Nowadays, men with beards are still subjected to insults and discrimination on all sides. Such prejudice must be recognized for what it is and dealt with politely but firmly. A man's only reason for growing a beard should be that he wants to do so. He should never joke

Continued on page 98

"The man with the beard definitely has the edge over the naked-faced man."

PAYDAY BIKE

All Bob Phillips wanted was a "clean, neat, functional" scooter. Why, then, did it take close to five years for his dream to come true?

Hard to imagine this low-ridin' pan was once a full-blown radical chopper — extended springer, coffin tank, apehangers and all — but it was, until 1980, when owner Bob Phillips "got tired of that little tank" and tore it completely down.

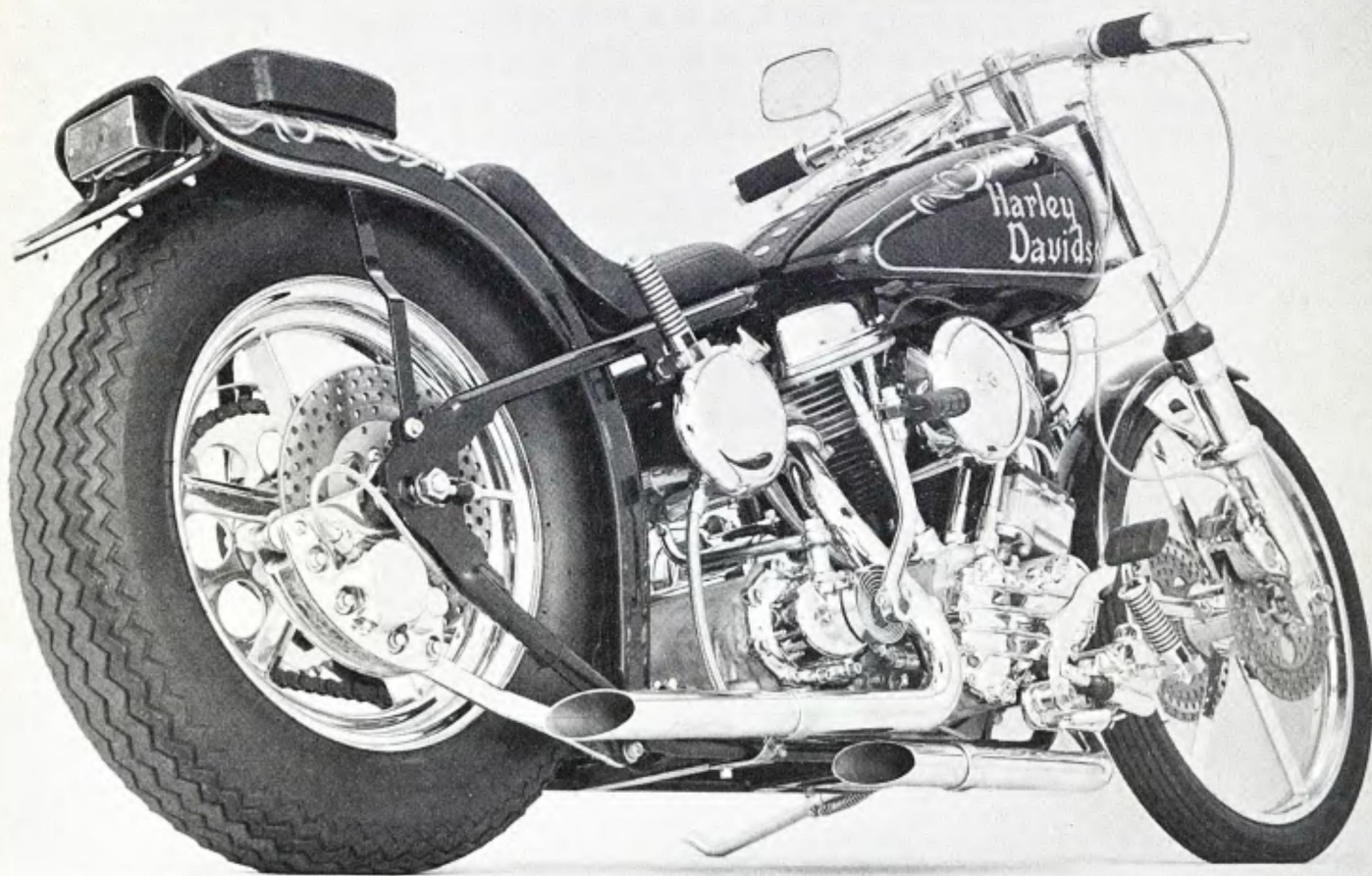
"I sold the tank, the front end, and the frame," Bob recalls, "then every payday I'd go down to the Harley shop or a swap meet and get some other part that I wanted to use in the rebuild. I couldn't afford to do it all at once and I didn't

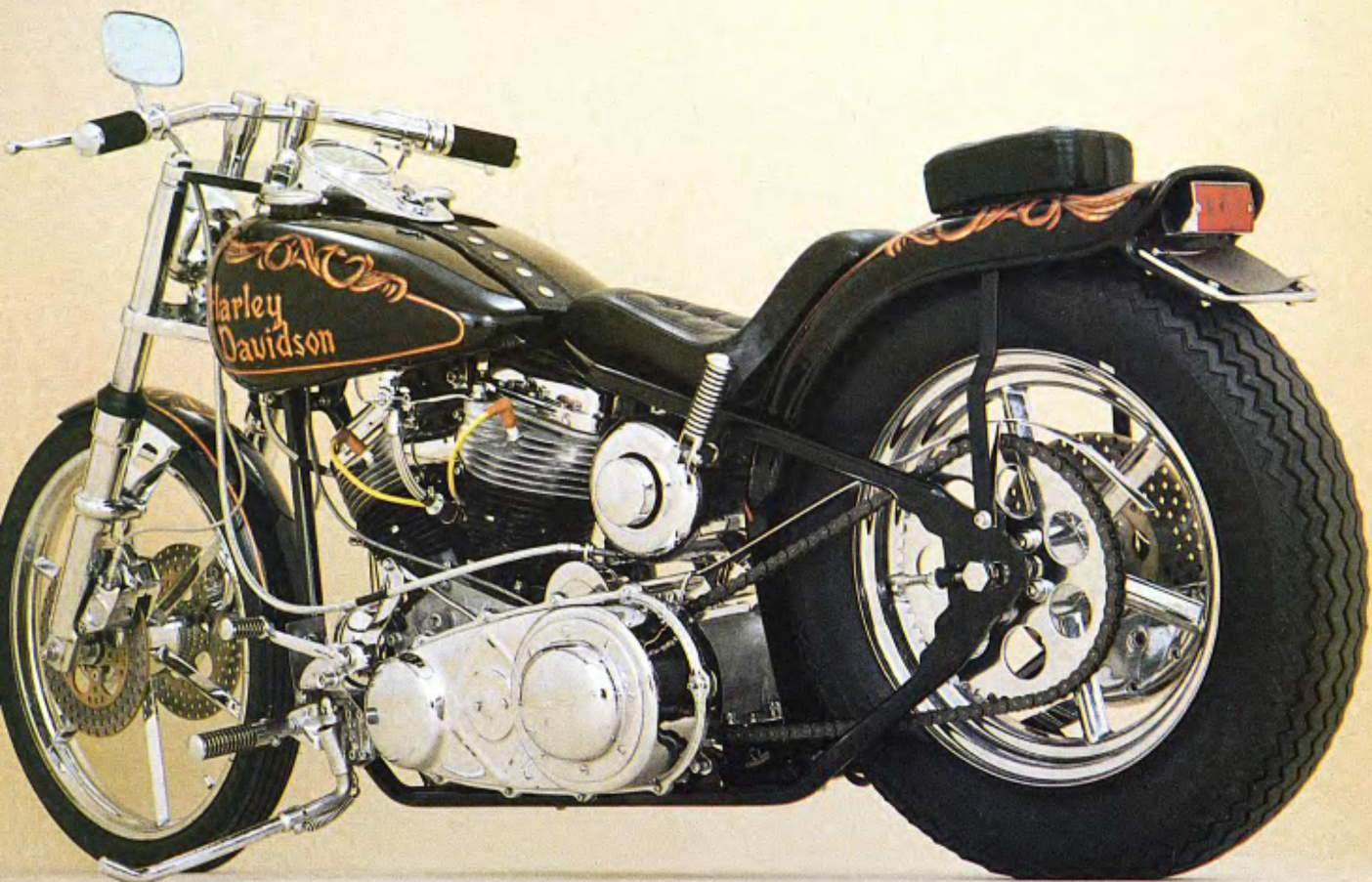


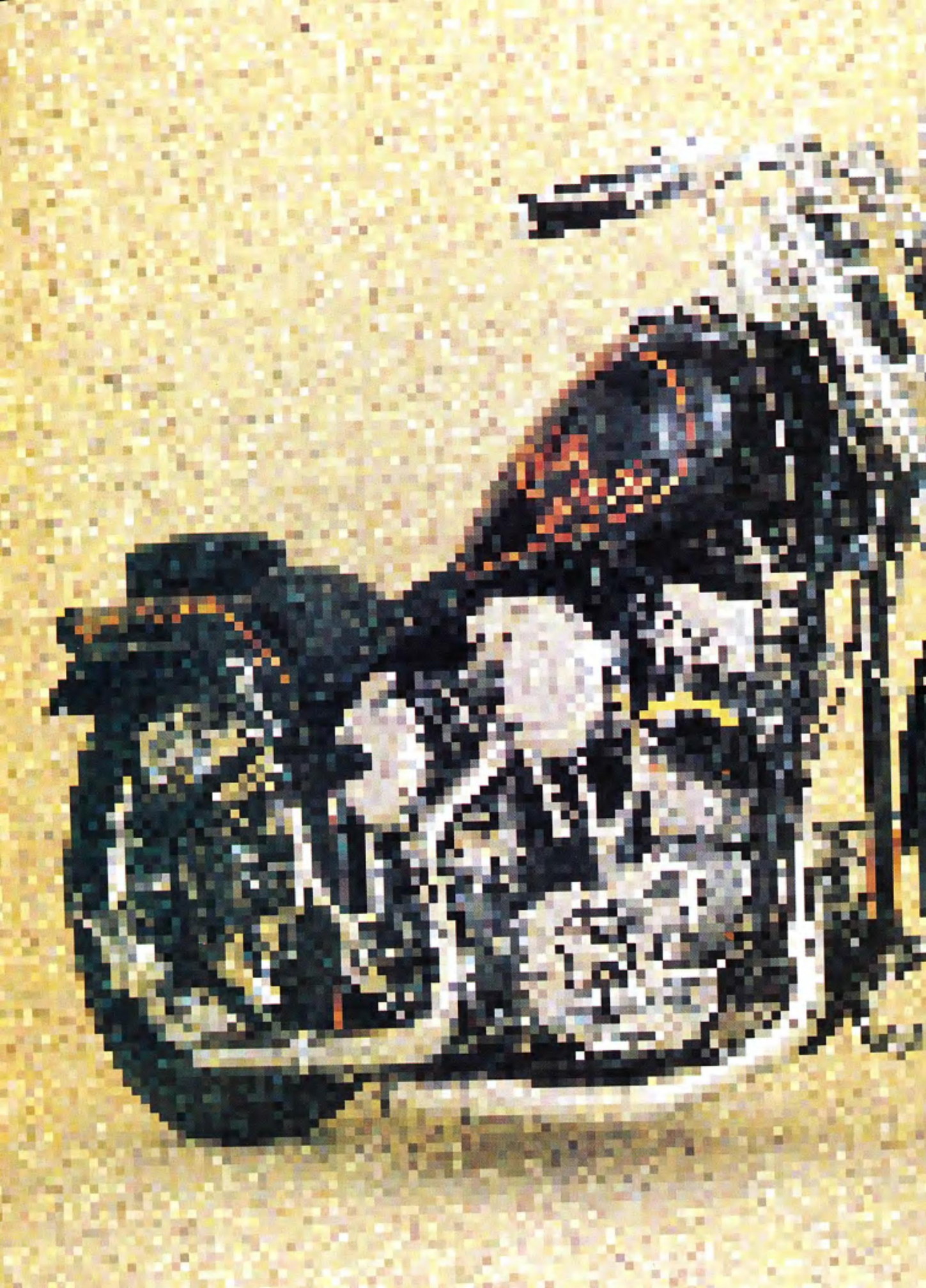
want to start building until I had everything together."

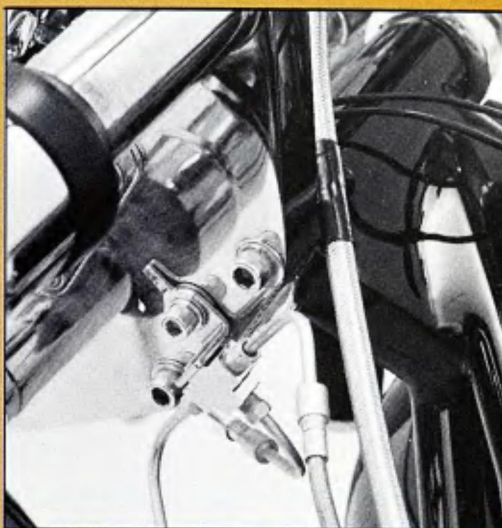
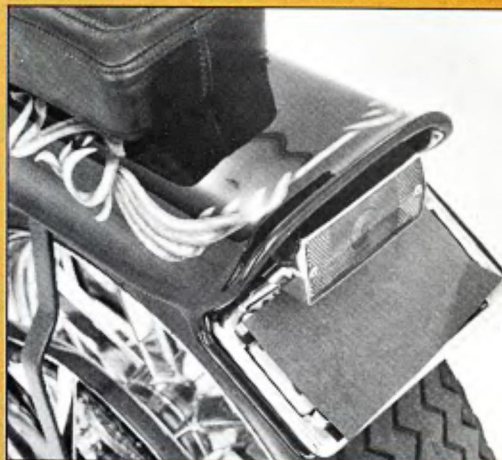
Finally the day came when Bob had all his parts gathered. He bolted his new front end and frame together, mounted a bunch of other stuff, and sent the bike to a shop in North Carolina to get the necessary engine rebuilding, welding, painting, and final assembly done.

At least that's what he thought he was gonna get — what he actually received, however, was a hard lesson in passing time. Weeks and months went by without word of progress on









his project. Finally, after a whole year had been ripped from the calendar of life, the shop owner returned one of Bob's calls. No, he wasn't calling to tell Bob his bike was finished. It seems he'd finally figured out that he "didn't have time" to handle the job and he wanted Bob to pick up the scooter.

"The parts were still in the same boxes I'd left them in," Bob says with a little shudder. "I hauled everything back home and decided to have a talk with Rick Doss because I'd really admired some bikes of his that I'd seen at swap meets."

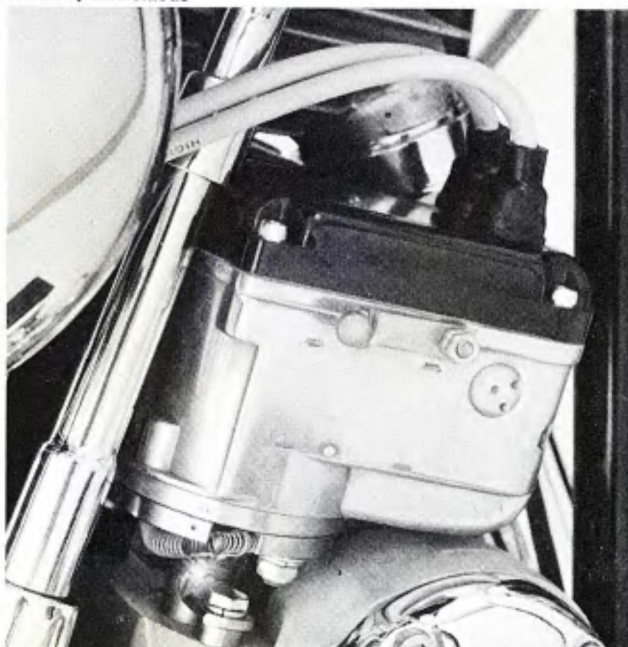
"Rick understood what I wanted — a clean, neat, functional, ridin' machine where everything looked like it was designed to go together. You know, the chrome matching the paint, and the seat matching the frame, stuff like that."



Owner: Robert Phillips		City: Gaffney, S.C.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Rick's Custom H-Ds		Year: 1984	
Year and make: 1954 H-D		Builder: Santee	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: a lot		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Rick Doss		Stretch: none	
Time: 1 year		Other alterations: cleaned	
Chroming by: Atlantic Coast Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1954		Risers: Low Rider	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): Rick Doss	
Rebuilder: Rick Doss		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: CCI	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: CCI	
Lower end: Rick Doss		Front pegs: Drag Spec.	
Balancing: Rick Doss		Rear pegs: Drag Spec.	
Pistons: H-D		Electrics: clean	
Cases: legal/bead blasted		Gas tank: 5-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: new valves and guides		Oil tank: 5-qt. aluminum	
Cam(s): FLH		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Paughco	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: Drag Spec.	
Air cleaner: H-D		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Paughco drag		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): never		Material: strap steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: wide glide	
Year: 1954		Extension: none	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Rick Doss	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: custom trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Rick Doss		Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Painter: Teresa Crane		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: black		Tire: Goodyear	Tire: Arco
Type: lacquer and Imron		Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: gold leafing			



Photos by Pete Chiodo



Like I say, Rick understood the idea from the gate, but he told me straight out that he had all the jobs he could handle for four or five months.

"I just said, 'Listen, I've been waiting goin' on four years already. I can wait another four or five months to get it done right.'

"So five months later, Rick started workin' on it and every month or two he'd call and tell me what he'd done and we'd

get together and plan out the next steps.

"In November of 1984 he called me and said, 'Be at the Charlotte Swap Meet this weekend. I got a surprise for you!'

"I got to the meet and there it was, all registered and ready to go.

"So that's why I say it took almost five years to build this bike. It required a lot of patience, but, man, was it worth it."

—Butcher



VERDICT

"The Court finds that the statute prohibiting the operation of a motorcycle on a highway unless protective headgear is worn is an unlawful invasion of individual rights; it bears no real and substantial relation to public health, safety, morals or general welfare; it is beyond the police power of the state; it is an unconstitutional infringement on the individual's rights to privacy; and it denies the motorcyclist the liberty guaranteed under State and Federal Constitutions."

Righteous words, and brave ones, too. They were written by Nevada District Judge Donald Mosley in a decision dismissing the case against a Nevada biker accused of breaking the Silver State's mandatory helmet law. As many of you know, Nevada is not, by a slot-machine long shot, the most friendly state of the union for bikers to ride through. Not only does the state have — and vigorously enforce — helmet and eye-protection laws, they also have such arcane anti-bike bits of legis-

lation as a law that makes it illegal for you to remove even one hand from the bars (even if you're just switching on the auxiliary tank) while riding.

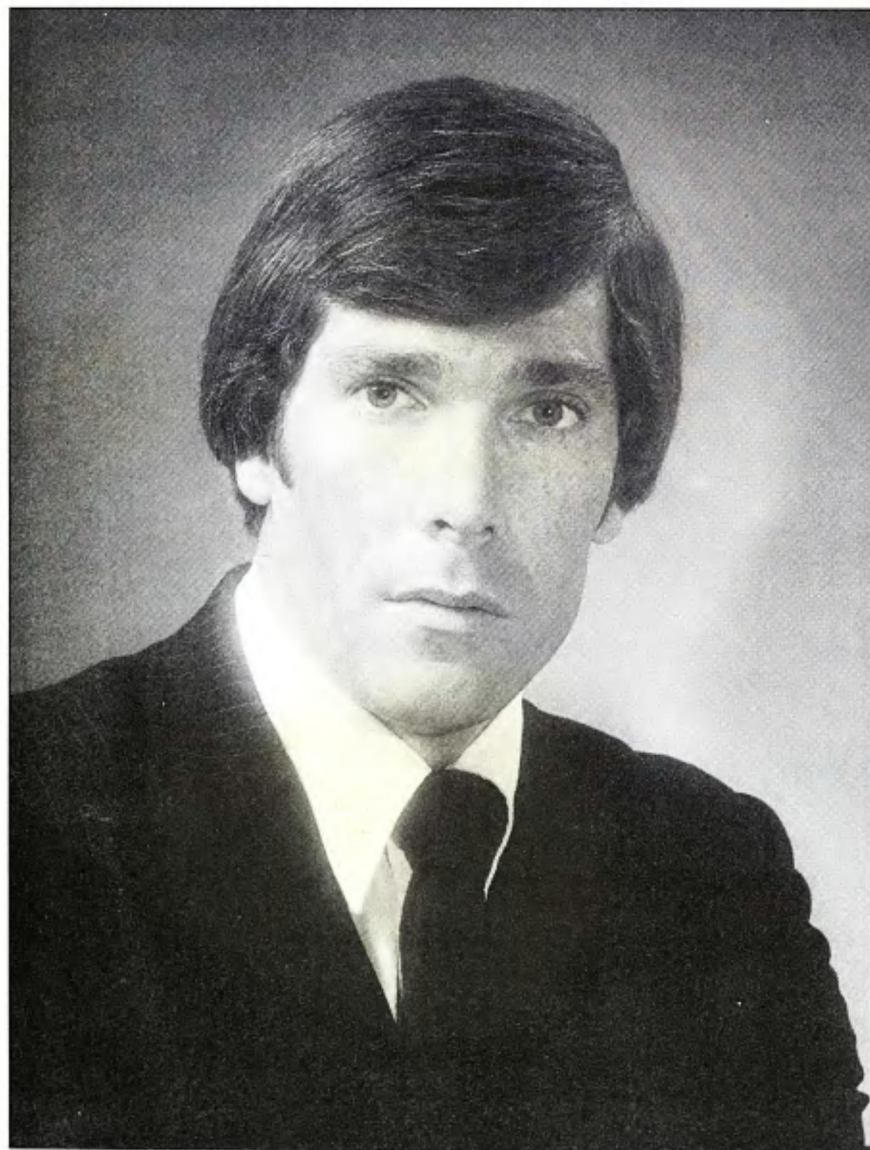
Because of this anti-biker attitude, Nevada has been for some years the only state on the West Coast that requires adult riders to wear helmets. It was against this background that Judge Mosley issued his precedent-shattering decision earlier this year (for a summary of the legal precedents cited in his ruling, see page 44).

As a district court ruling, Mosley's decision is only one rung from the top of Nevada's judicial ladder, the state supreme court. If the Nevada supreme court decides to uphold his decision (it may have issued a ruling by the time you read this), the long battle will be over — the Nevada helmet law will be dead unless and until the state legislature can come up with a new one that passes the constitutional tests Mosley has set down. If the state supreme court overrules Mosley, we will, unfortunately, have to fight on.

Judge Mosley is 50 years old and has, he says, been riding a bike "all my life." Because his decision has such potential importance in the continuing fight against laws that discriminate against motorcycle riders and because his comments while delivering his ruling were so eloquent on the subject of individual liberty ("Easynews," ER #141), we asked him for some informal opinions on helmet laws and other matters of interest to bikers.

EASYRIDERS: Why do state legislatures and the federal government seem to want to move in and infringe upon areas where people are perfectly capable of making their own decisions?

MOSLEY: Essentially you have two motivations. One is the do-gooder attitude, a mentality that thinks they have to do things for other people. You see that with the PTA, for instance, which is a big proponent of the helmet law here in Nevada. They seem to think they have to protect 45-year-old people from themselves. I don't know that their



Judge Mosley

FOR FREEDOM

motives are bad, but they're certainly misguided.

And secondly, there's the motivation of money. You have the insurance companies, who are convinced that the helmet law is going to save them money. And that's why they're a great proponent of it.

E: We recently carried a story about a helmet protest at the state capital in Carson City. Is there any chance for a repeal measure to pass

ule is up there, but I would think that by the end of summer we should know something.

E: What kind of reaction have you had to your decision?

M: Well, I've been inundated with positive responses. Of course, that's understandable. People don't tend to write and tell me they don't care for my decisions. Or when they do, they don't sign it.

E: Money aside, why do the propo-

and all those diseases.

You could go on forever. But people don't understand that, generally speaking.

E: You could use that argument to outlaw almost anything.

M: That's my point. You could go on forever. And the reason, of course, that they're getting away with it on the helmet laws is because we're talking about a minority, a small number of

"I think the problem with the public at large is that they don't understand. They don't ride motorcycles, most of them. They don't understand, first of all, that the helmet is no guarantee of safety."

the legislature this year?

M: Unfortunately, the second helmet (repeal) bill introduced in this session was killed just a few days ago. I think this is the fifth year it's been introduced and failed. It's been introduced at every session [the Nevada legislature meets every other year] since the inception of the law back around 1971 and it's failed each time.

E: Why do you think that is?

M: It's not, I don't think, because the people are informed and they've made a decision on it. It's political gyrations that kill it in committees and whatnot — political action prompted by powerful people who have their own motives.

E: Given that the legislature has failed to act on repeal this year, the best hope for Nevada riders seems to be if your decision declaring the helmet law unconstitutional is upheld by the state supreme court.

What is the status of that right now?

M: The supreme court was requested to issue a stay to all the district courts in the state, in essence ordering them to refuse to enforce the helmet law while the appeal was pending. And that was denied. But, along with their denial, they did agree to hear oral arguments the thirteenth of June, so they expedited it in a sense.

E: Does that mean that we should have a decision sometime this summer?

M: I don't know what their sched-

nents of mandatory helmet laws find it so easy to manipulate public opinion in their favor?

M: I think the problem with the public at large is that they don't understand. They don't ride motorcycles, most of them. They don't understand, first of all, that the helmet is no guarantee of safety. In fact, it's arguable that it's a detriment [to safety].

The general public perceives the helmet law as a good thing because it saves lives or mitigates an injury and they think that's good. It's a very simplistic attitude, because they don't have any knowledge of what transpires riding a bike. And so you have that to combat.

E: So the biggest problem for bikers is winning the public-relations battle?

M: Absolutely. You ask the average little old lady on the street what she thinks about someone riding a motorcycle without a helmet and she says, "Oh, well, that's dangerous and we shouldn't allow that." That's as far as her thinking goes. She doesn't realize that if all the legal arguments and police hours are extended to protect a person against himself, then there's no end to it. That if I don't like you smoking cigarettes, then I can say you can't do it for the same reasons they use in arguing for helmet laws — that it's detrimental to your health, that society is going to pick up the bills for the treatment of emphysema

people, relatively speaking.

The difference between that and mandatory seat-belt laws [such as these in effect in New York] is that the seat-belt laws affect a lot of people, everyone who drives a car. I think out West they'd have a hard time getting that one on.

E: What do you think about the federally mandated 55mph speed limit and the way it was forced down the states' throats?

M: I'm not particularly in favor of it, but it is different from the helmet issue because it involves other people. Whatever the speed limit is, it should be set by the state. [The current system] is extortion. The [55mph limit] came about the same way the helmet law did. It was initiated by the federal government who said that if you don't pass a mandatory helmet law by a certain time we're going to jerk your [highway building] funds. That, to me, is a form of extortion. But it's something typically perpetrated by the federal government on the states.

E: One final question, your Honor. Where do Nevada bikers go if the state supreme court overrules your decision?

M: They could take the case to the federal circuit court or the Supreme Court of the nation. That remains to be seen. But I assume we're going to see a bill in the legislature from now on until [the bikers] win it, because I know that the people out there are very determined. ■



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

Spider always says, "If ya snooze, ya lose," but even he was surprised at how popular our biker bags were when we gave 'em away a couple of months back. Here's another chance to grab one of these well-built, water-proof, 9" x 17" carryalls. The last batch flew outta here so fast you'd have sworn that Mutha had just broken a gale-force wind, but now that we've finally gotten another shipment, Spider says, "Give 'em away, just like before." So here's the deal: Just send us \$22 — \$13.40 off the newsstand price — and we'll send you the next 12 big issues of **Easyriders** and a free biker bag. But ya better act now — don't snooze through yer second chance to get bagged for free!

Huge thunderheads made their way down the valley, moving slowly, heavily laden with rain and belchin' thunder as they approached. Occasionally, a jag of static electricity would illuminate the darkened sky. Jess watched the whole scenic display from his front porch; he'd viewed many a storm roll in from here and always marveled at nature's power.

The front porch was about the only redeeming virtue the shack that Jess called home really had. He'd decided to take the place mostly because of the view the porch offered. Yeah, he thought now, a lot of good times have gone down right on this here hunk of concrete.

Slowly his hand traveled to his vest pocket where two tightly rolled joints lay waiting. They'd been a present from a brother who'd stopped by earlier in the day. Not too many bros dropped by anymore, just the hardcore supporters. Oh, at first, right after the accident, a lot of brothers had brought encouragement. But as it became clear that Jess was getting no better, the stream of well-wishers had slowed to a mere trickle.

Jess extracted the plumpest joint and clenched one end in his teeth. Systematically, he then searched his person for a match, and finding the wooden firestick, lit up. He held the hit for a good long time. Upon releasing the thin wisp of smoke, he was greeted by a rush of cool, clean air that ran just ahead of the storm. "Ahhh," he sighed, "relief from the heat." Soon the house was enveloped by the storm. While raindrops as big as half-dollars beat out a rhythm on the tin roof of the porch, Jess sat contented, enjoying his newly acquired buzz and the brief coolness the storm brought to the valley.

In the morning only a few small puddles attested to the fact there'd been any rain. The molten-orange orb had again found its place in the pale blue sky and it seemed hell-bent on frying everything on the face of the earth.

Jess awoke early; a familiar recurring nightmare had kept him tossing all night. Sweating and feeling like

hammered shit, Jess righted himself on the edge of the bed, reviewing the demon that had invaded his sleep. The image was still agonizingly clear: that bastard car, the long squeal of locked brakes, the crunching of metal, and the awful sound of breaking bones. Even sleep offered no escape.

Positioning himself, Jess slid off the bed into the wheelchair. Lifting his feet into the footrests, he looked down in disgust at the damage. Sometimes, he'd wish out loud that he could restore his lifeless limbs with a magical incantation. Then reality would rear its ugly head, abruptly snapping him back to his senses.

At first they'd thought he might walk again. He couldn't figure out if they'd told him that just to keep him going or if it was because they'd really believed it was a possibility. Soon after the second round of surgery, though, they'd told him it was hopeless. He remembered the day the doctor had walked in, looked at him, and said flatly, "The damage to your spine is just too extensive." Then the asshole had turned on his heel and left. Nothing like getting hit with shit like that first thing in the morning. The words had stuck in Jess' mind like they'd been tattooed there. "Shit!" he muttered, slapping at the chair. "Shit."

Trying to shake off his frustrations, Jess wheeled himself out to the porch. For some peculiar reason, today he began to feel "decent" as he sat there looking over the small road that ran by his place and snaked into the valley. It remained empty for a long time, then the familiar roar of a scooter echoed out of the valley. Soon it came into view. Jess watched intensely, admiring the fluid motion of man and machine hugging each curve.

All too soon the rider passed and the road was still again. Jess leaned back into the chair, his mind filled with thoughts of riding, of the road. The urge to ride filled every fiber of his being. There has to be a way, he thought. The love which had been denied for so long, now broke through the wall of fear that had held Jess back.

Continued on page 122

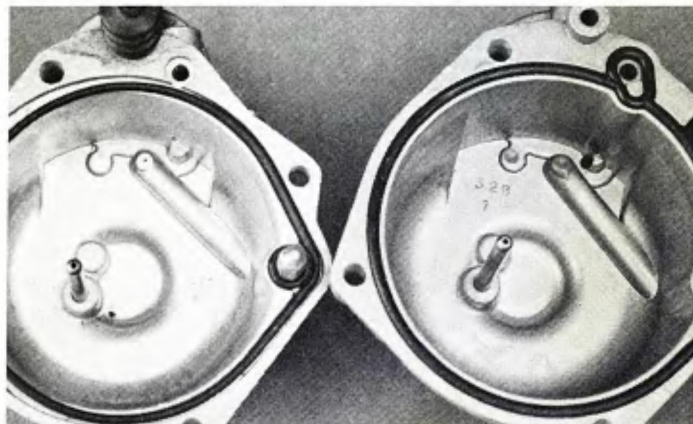
In The Wind

Mike "Hawk" Schultz

HOW TO UN-FUCK YOUR CARB

"Hey, bro, your right knee's on fire!"

By J.D. Chandler



Late-model shovel-heads backfire through their carbs. It can be embarrassin'. I mean, ya roll up beside a chick at a light and start hittin' on her. Just when she's breathin' heavy and about to park her cage and go for a putt on your scooter, a ball of fire rolls out of the velocity stack, burns your knee, stops the engine and — she's gone!

Maybe you don't know it, but some bureau-crapper in DC is laughin' his ass off just thinkin' about what he's done to you. The feds wanted clean air and they didn't care who they put out of business to get it. "Clean air" has cost the stock Sportster a couple of seconds in the quarter and burned the pants off a bunch of us.

Ya don't have to live with balls-o'-fire comin' out the wrong end of your 1980-or-later shovel's carb. It can be fixed — easy.

The backfiring, the slow warm-ups, and a lot of the lousy acceleration of late-model shovels and Sporties comes from

EPA carburetion. By the time Harley got the carb so that Uncle Sugar was satisfied, the fucker would barely pass gas. Like I said, though, you can fix that.

Harley can take some of the blame, too. They haven't had sense enough to look down the throat of their carbs to see if the accelerator pump feeds both jugs or just one. (It feeds just the rear one and you can fix that, too.)

If all this fixin' sounds like too much work, relax. You can do it inside of the time it'll take ya to sip your way through a six-pack.

First thing ya gotta do is take off the air cleaner and check out which way the accelerator pump jet is pointed. Turn the fuel on and open the throttle all the way. When you do that you'll see fuel squirt from the pump jet, through the carb and into the Y-manifold. If your carb is like every one of the fuckers I've worked with, all the gas from the pump jet will go into the rear cylinder. If ya haven't sucked down

too many suds to see straight, figure how much you'll have to turn the pump jet to make it point into the center of the manifold. The pump jet is pressed into the float bowl and can be turned with a small wrench. Later, when ya have the float bowl off, you'll be able to turn the jet until it's right.

Scrape the empties off yer bench and lay down a clean rag to put the carb parts on. (Yer ol' lady might have one she's been savin' to wear to her mother's.) Take the float bowl off an' pay attention to where the accelerator-pump operating rod goes at both ends. It ain't no big deal if you look at where it goes before you drop it on the floor.

With the bowl off, you can get to the pump jet that's pressed into it. Now's the time to turn it as much as you think it needs to go. If, when you check it out later, it isn't just right, you can re-aim it in a few minutes now that ya know how.

Accelerator Pump: Turn the bowl over.

Remove the piece bolted to the bottom of the float bowl. There'll be a rubber diaphragm and a coil spring under it. The spring goes between the diaphragm and the small part you just took off. You're gonna need the earlier version of this piece. Harley calls it "HOUSING, accelerator pump" and they give it part number 27364-76. It'll run ya under ten bucks and it replaces the piece of crap you got when you bought your scooter. Between this part and the changes you're about to make to the float bowl, you'll soon have a pre-EPA accelerator pump. Then when ya give yer Hog a boot in the butt, it'll move and not lay down on ya.

Now, turn the bowl back over so that you can look at its insides. See that little hole drilled on top of the accelerator-pump jet passage? That's part of the problem. That hole bleeds some of the pump's gas back into the bowl instead of getting it to the cylinders. You're gonna plug that fucker.

Before you mix a batch



Photos by J.D. Chondler

Jetting:

Once the pump is straightened out, it's time to do something about getting gas into yer engine the rest of the time. The main reason for the backfiring through the carb is that the idle jet is too lean and the mixture-screw adjustment has made it even leaner. Not only that, but the fuckers in DC made Harley cover the idle-mixture screw with a plug. We're gonna fix both those problems — right now.

At the top and back of the carb, next to the mounting flange, there's a cast lug with a plug of aluminum in it. The idle-mixture screw is under that plug. Using the same drill bit ya used to make a hole in the float bowl, drill through the soft aluminum plug. If you go too far, ya might fuck up the screw, so put a piece of tape around the drill an eighth of an inch up from the tip to act as a marker. Drill through the center of the plug until you touch it with the tape. You can use the shank end of the drill to pry the plug out and expose the mixture screw.

Turn the carb over so you can get to the jets. Take the rubber plug out of the hole that the idle jet screws into. Use a small slot-type screwdriver to unscrew the idle jet. There will be a number on the jet (say, 50, for instance). Go to your Harley dealer and buy the next size up (or, in this case, a 52). These jets aren't listed in any

one place and you might have to search through a couple of parts books to find what you need.

A lot of mechanics drill jets. That's a *second* choice because it ain't reliable. No two drilled holes are the same and it's easy as hell to make the one you have too big. If the jet's too big you can still get a good idle, but the off-idle response will suck. Your engine will load up and mileage will go completely to hell. Find the jet if you can. If you have to drill, get a drill bit that will just nick the hole and run it through with a pin vise instead of a drill motor.

Okay. You're almost done and it's time to put the carb together, get it on, and go out for another six-pack.

Put the new idle jet in and replace the rubber plug. Assemble the new pump jet housing onto the float bowl. Be sure that the spring is between the diaphragm and the pump jet housing, and that both the old and the new O-rings are in place.

Fit the float bowl to the carb body. You'll need to guide the accelerator-pump rod and its rubber boot into place as you install the float bowl. Check to see that the O-ring between the bowl and carb body is in its groove.

Be sure that the carb gasket (between the carb and manifold) is in good shape, or better yet, replace it. Before you bolt the carb on, run the mixture screw in until it bottoms (easy does it!)

and back it out one-and-a-half turns. Bolt the carb on and hook up the cables and gas line.

Turn on the gas and check for leaks (there won't be any, but it looks good to say it on paper). Now, fucker, turn the throttle and just watch what happens! Remember how much gas it squirted before? Pretty different now, huh?

While you're drownin' your engine (and if you're not too fucked up to see), check where the pump is pointin'. If the gas stream isn't hitting the middle of the manifold and splattering into both jugs, take the float bowl off and move the jet a little more.

Fit the air cleaner and warm up the engine. When she's warm, adjust the mixture screw so that if you turn it either way, the idle speed drops. Or, putting it another way: You want to adjust the mixture screw for maximum idle speed. If the idle gets too high while you're doin' this, back it down with the speed screw over the throttle cables. Don't take all day doin' this, because if the engine gets too hot you won't get the adjustment right. Anyway, you'll want to recheck the mixture screw after you ride a few miles — just to be sure.

You just ain't gonna fuckin' believe you've got the same bike when you're through. It won't belch fire, it'll pull away smooth, and you'll have to get used to grabbin' the bars when you roll 'er on. ■

of epoxy, though, drill a hole (as shown in the photo) to feed gas to the new pump housing. Use a small drill no more than 1/8" in diameter. Be sure that you center the hole in the dimple on the bottom of the bowl. An O-ring (P/N 27360-76 — you'll need one) must seat around this hole and if you use a big drill or wander too much, you can screw it up. It really ain't no big deal if ya pay a little attention.

Mix the epoxy and put a drop over the tiny hole drilled by the factory. I use JB Weld. It works and won't run off or into the hole before it sets up. Set the bowl aside for the epoxy to cure.

When you put the carb back together, you'll have an accelerator pump that'll deliver more than twice what it would before. Instead of re-fill-ing in three seconds through the wimpy hole you plugged, it'll do it faster that you can shut the throttle and get another run at it. Instead of bogging when you roll 'er on in top gear, yer scooter will haul ass!

Ol' Lady Contest

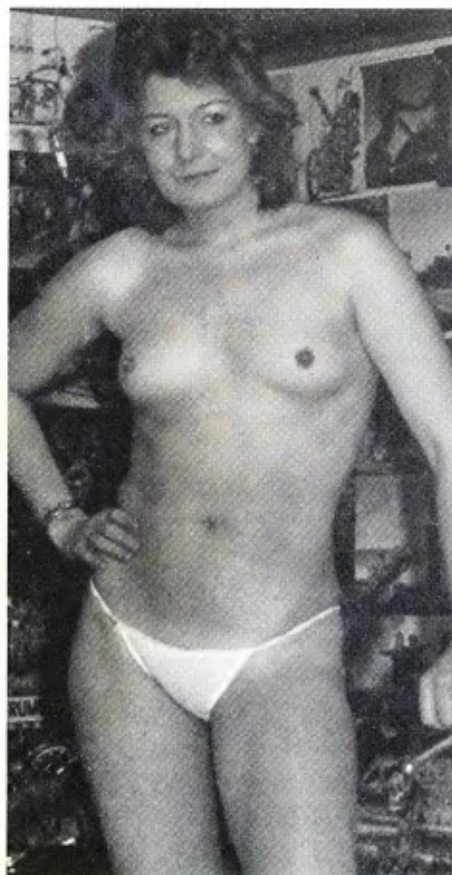
Here's another crop of cuties in our Eighth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1000 grand prize. Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100 and runners-up 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 August 30th. We'll print the winner in the December issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #147 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Cheryl**, the eleventh monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Deborah, Kat, and Lorraine.



TAMMY



BABSY

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

147

I hereby give *Easyriders* Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photograph of myself with or without using my name and to keep changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in

such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Name _____
 Model's Legal Signature _____
 I am _____ years of age, born _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone _____

Photographer _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a notarized model release will have to be disqualified.

All models must be 18 years of age or older.



FLASH



SUE



CHIYA



SANDRA



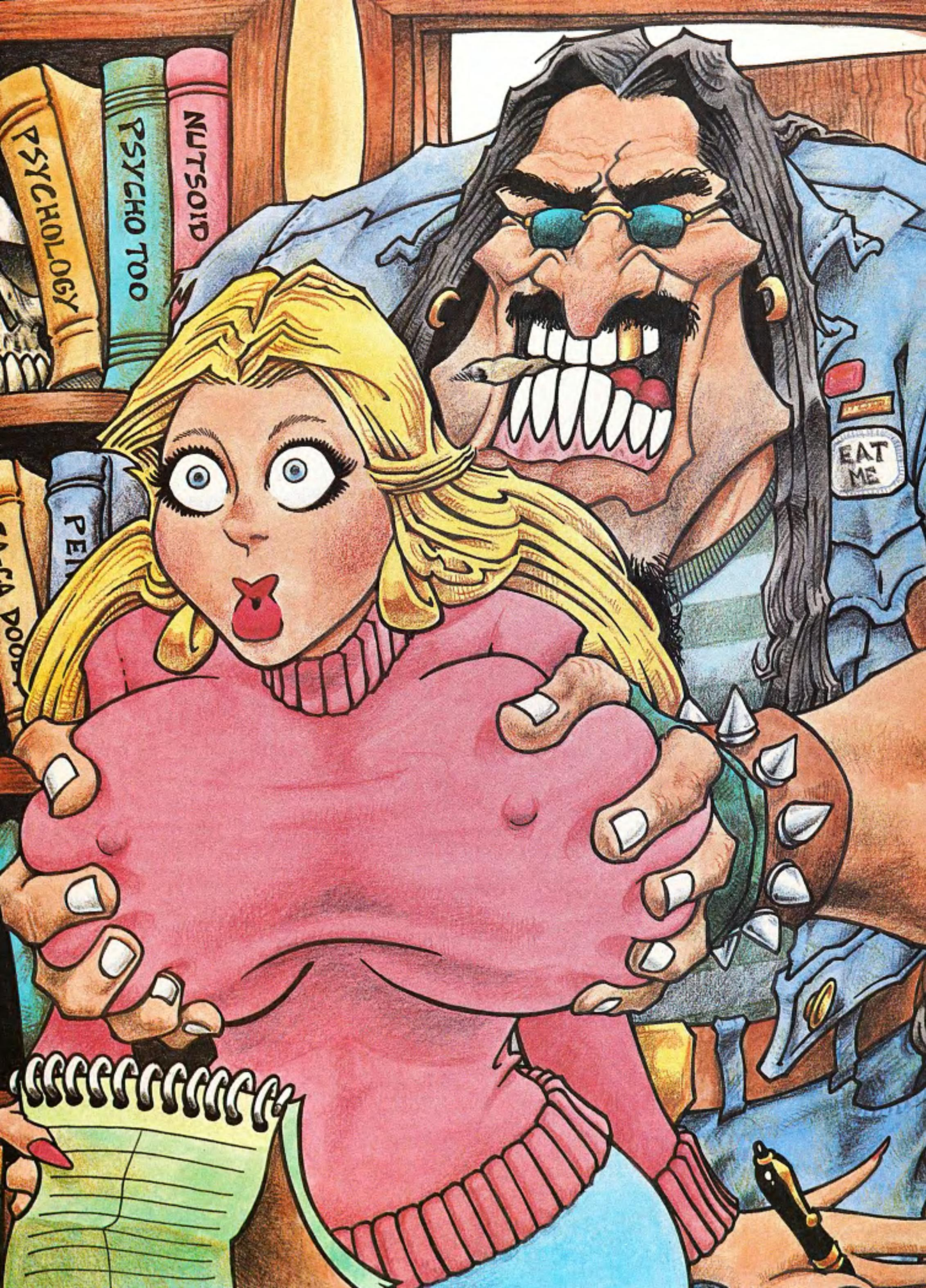
LEONORA



JACKIE SUE



MICHELE



Domed Ape Dogs

The chick was a psych major at a local college. She claimed to know a lot about head-shrinkin' and all that Freudian bullshit, but I was there to get something else shrunk. As soon as we walked into her pad, I made a grab for her tits.

“Now, wait a minute,” she said, backin’ away from me. “You agreed that if I invited you over, we’d just have a drink and talk.”

“To hell with that,” I said.

“What do you mean, to hell with that?”

“To hell with that! When you were invitin’ me over, your hand was in my damn pants, checkin’ out the size of my dong! So don’t try actin’ like you’re sweet sixteen and you’ve never been screwed, ‘cause I fuckin’ *know* better.”

She smiled. “Well, I had to find some way to get you over here for an interview. See, I’m writing my dissertation on social deviants and I thought a biker would make a good —”

Before she could finish insultin’ me, I knocked her flat. Me, a social deviant? Just the fuckin’ opposite, man! I never deviate from anything social, especially if it involves pot, pills, booze, or sex.

By the time she came to, I’d gone through every cupboard and drawer in her pad, lookin’ for something to smoke or snort. I figured that her bein’ a campus cunt, she’d have a little stash tucked away somewhere. But I didn’t find shit. This chick was as straight as the path of poop between my bed and the head after I’ve had too many burritos down at Tia Maria’s.

“What were you doing in my drawers?” she whined when she saw her lingerie strewn all over the floor.

“I haven’t been in your frigg’in drawers yet,” I said. “I thought I’d give you a break and wait till you came to.”

“You uncouth bastard! Do you know what I really think of you? I think you’re a latent homosexual and your motorcycle is nothing but a big phallic symbol on wheels.”

Well, that did it. I didn’t mind her callin’ me an uncouth bastard, or even a latent homo, since those are mild accusations compared to some things I’ve been labeled. But nobody gets away with callin’ my chopper names! Phallic symbol, my ass! My Hog is a lady all the way down to her nuts.

“I’ll show you a phallic symbol,” I said. “My fist comin’ at your face faster than a damn torpedo.”

A while later, when I was back at the Pour House — where I’d met the cock-teasing bitch — my friend Poco wanted to know if I’d scored.

“No,” I said flatly.

Poco looked incredulous, as if I’d just told him that his breath no longer smelled like a pile of used Pampers.

“Are you shittin’ me, man?”

“Would I shit my favorite turd, Poco?”

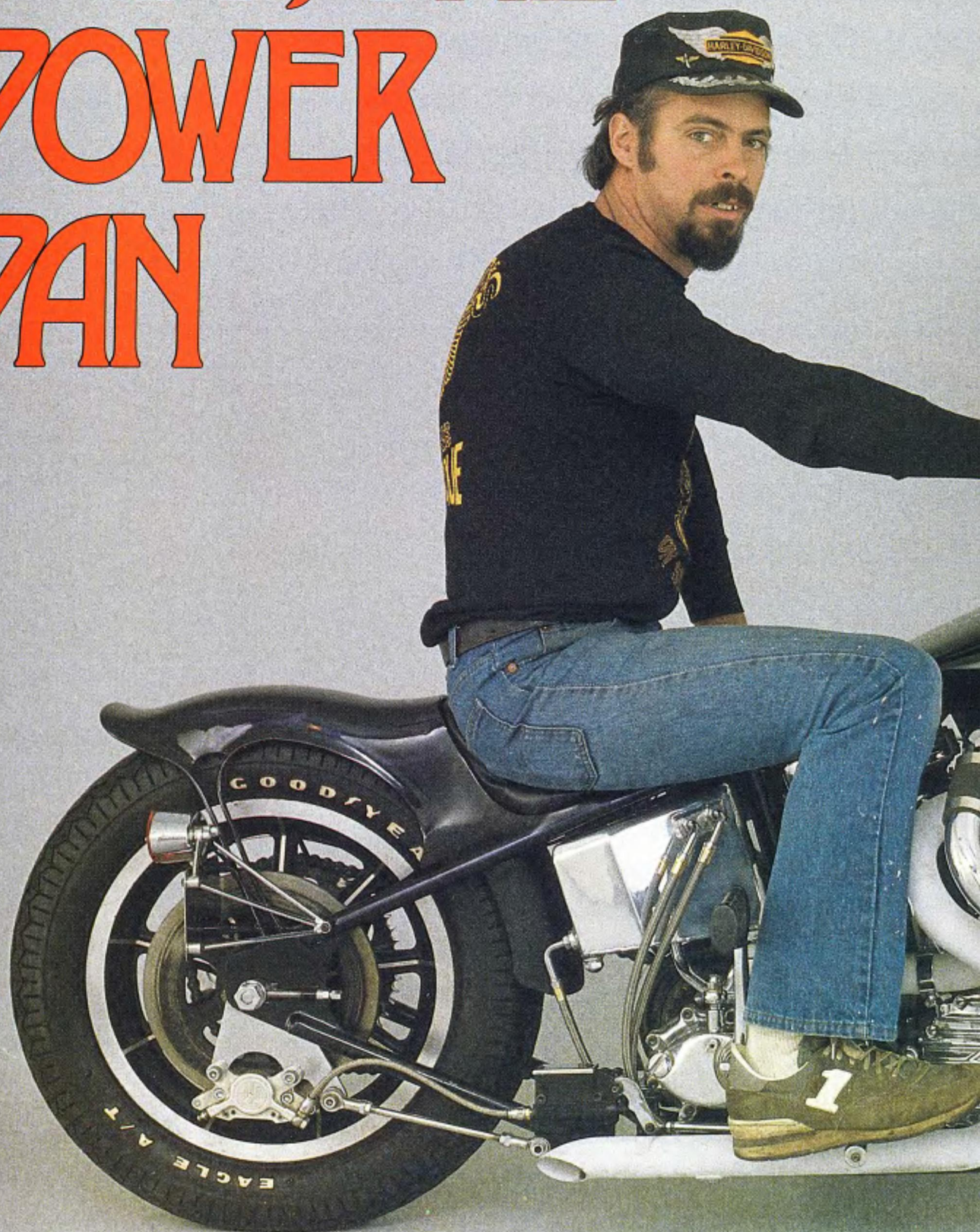
“But she was droolin’ over ya! What happened?”

After I told him, Poco started laughin’ so hard that his suds came out of his nose. For a minute, I thought he was gonna drown in a combination of beer and his own snot.

Continued on page 100

by Les Hotchkiss

PUFF, THE POWER PAIN

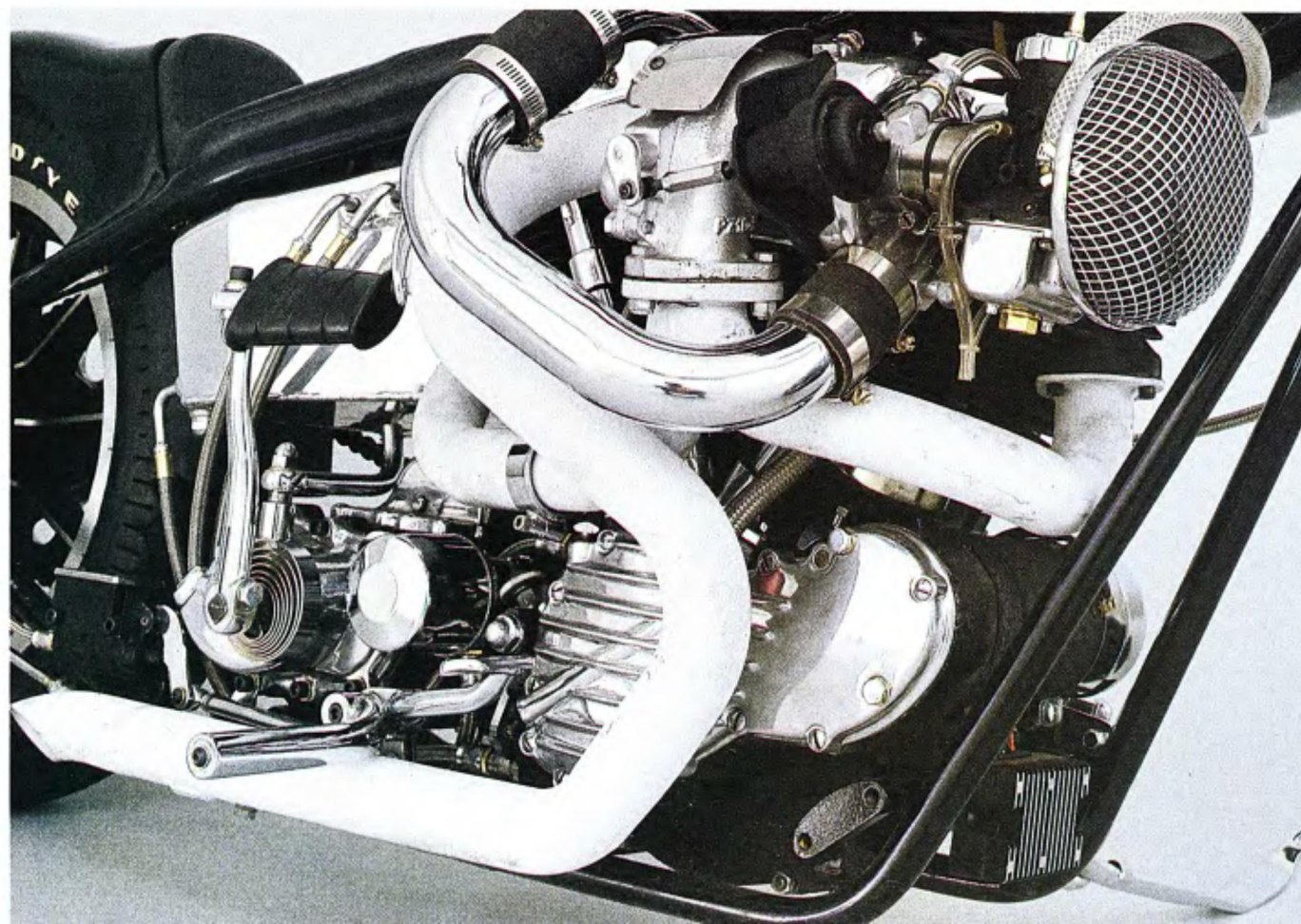




Before we get rolling along, talking about the power pan on these pages, I'd like to give owner Larry Rydberg, a transplanted New Yorker now happily ensconced in Albuquerque, New Mexico, a chance to say "Hey!" to all his friends back in his old stomping grounds. So, hidey-ho and away we go, Larry. Give a big wave to your bros back in New Amsterdam who didn't think you could make it on your own outside the Big Apple.

Now that's done, we can get down to business. Larry, owner and name behind Larry's Custom Cycle out in the wilds of Albuquerque, has been in business 12 adventurous years and it's taken him until now to build himself a ride. Yep — he was always too busy working on customers' scoots to get into one of his own. Sure, he had a stock '51 panhead that was cherry, but when you're a custom bike builder your customers like to see you on something a little more original than the factory's design.

That led to his goal of constructing a ride that would flat-out blow away the foreign competition on the streets. It would be a turbo-powered panhead. One that would work as well on a Harley as on an import. Something new, something old. He wanted those rice-grinder guys to shake in their boots when they found out what they'd just been demolished by. Rummaging around his shop, he dredged up



Owner: Larry Rydberg		City: Albuquerque, N.M.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Larry's Custom		Year: 1983	
Year and make: 1949 H-D		Builder: Lowe	
Model: panhead		Type: rigid	
Value: ?		Rake: 10 degrees	
Assembly by: owner/Doug/Bear/Jon		Stretch: 3 in. forward	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: many	
Chroming by: AAA/L.C.C./Bear		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: L.C.C.	
Year: 1949		Risers: L.C.C.	
Model: panhead		Fender(s): L.C.C.	
Rebuilder: L.C.C.		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: auto advance		Taillight: Jammer Cat's Eye	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: VDO	
Lower end: L.C.C.		Front pegs: L.C.C.	
Balancing: L.C.C.		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: TRW		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 3-gal. modified L.C.C.	
Heads: modified by L.C.C.		Oil tank: 4½-qt. by L.C.C.	
Cam(s): L.C.C. 61		Oil system: L.C.C. oil filter mt.	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: Phase III	
Carb(s): 38mm Mikuni		Seat: Sun Trails Upholstery	
Air cleaner: Drag Spec.		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: L.C.C. alum. spray-coated		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): I.H.I. Turbo		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: Low Rider	
Year: 1949		Extension: none	
Shifting: L.C.C.		Builder: L.C.C.	
Engine sprocket: 2-in. Primo belt		Special features: turned lower legs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: H-D mag	Hub: H-D mag
Painter: L.C.C.		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM5
Color: black pearl		Tire: Eagle AT	Tire: Eagle AT
Type: lacquer and Imron		Brake: H-D disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: flames			
Other special modifications: Turbo system by L.C.C.; special thanks to Fay Mulkey for tech advice; temper foam seat cushion.			

the oldest lower end he had — a '49 pan. Then he set to work with the helping hand and infinite wisdom of Fay Mulkey, a respected expert wrench who dabbles in computers, to figure correct combinations for horsepower. Having turboized his own '58 pan three years ago, Mulkey had the turbo knowledge Rydberg was looking for.

Though the bulk of the parts were close at hand — like the

frame that had been sitting around collecting dust and the 3½-gallon fatbobs that were eventually reduced by an inch at the top and bottom and stretched — some pieces, notably the Sporty fender with the flip tail on the rear, came from Walt and Charlie Pinkard. The Pinkards were Albuquerque's first dealers of Harley iron — back in 1934!

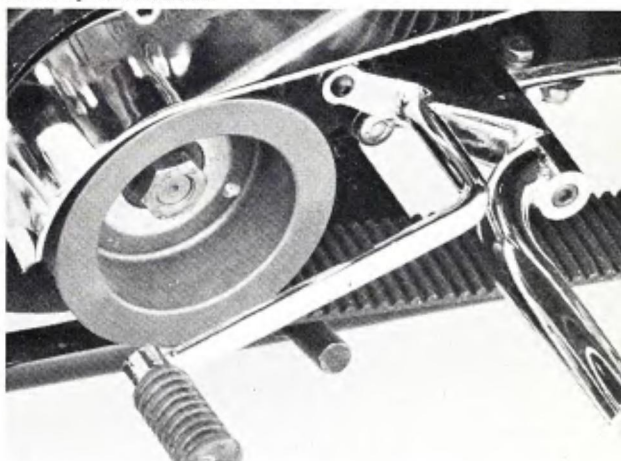
Inspired, assisted and fully

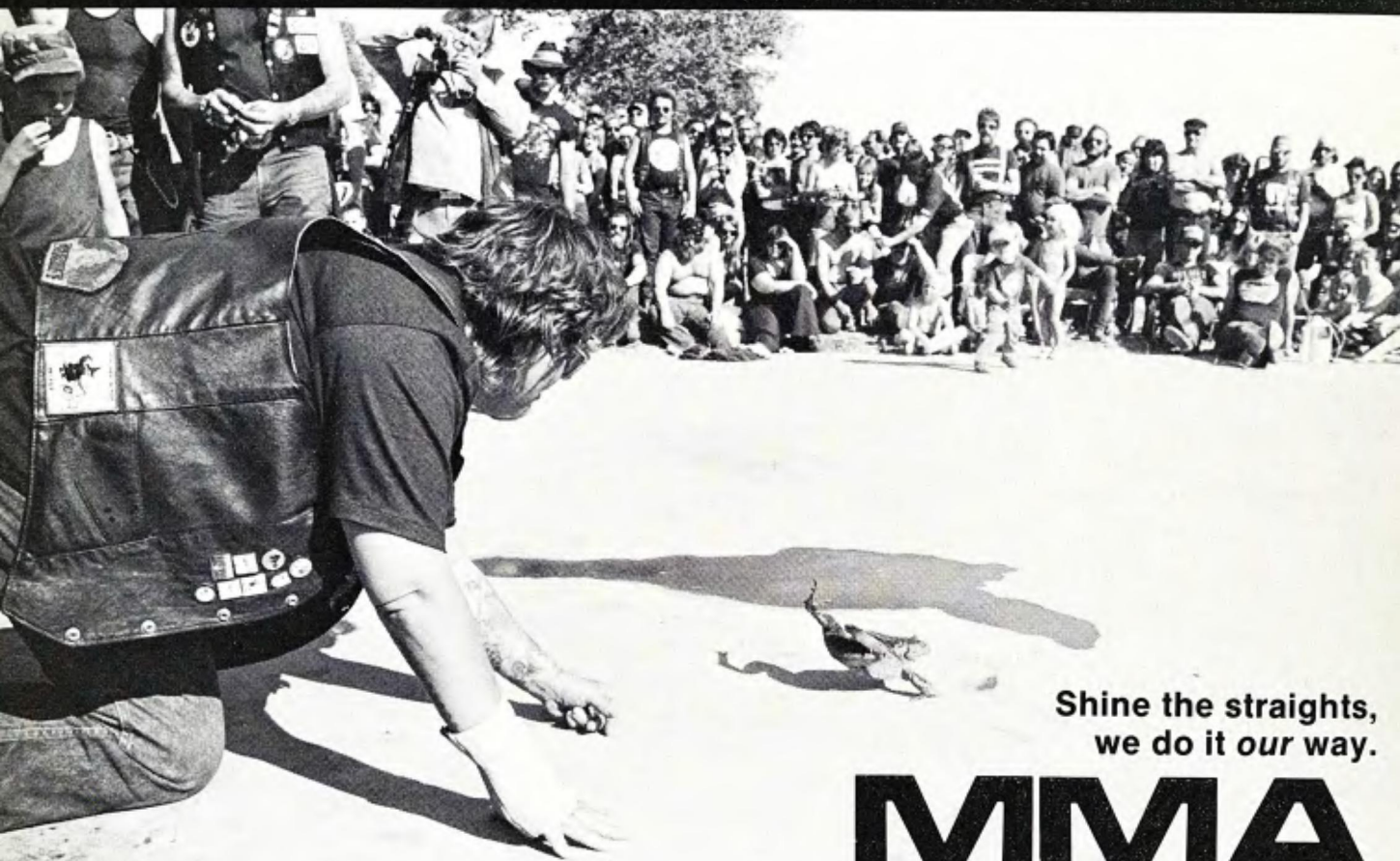
equipped, Larry also had one more thing going for him: the know-how acquired from working on another of his loves, vintage biplanes. Along with his hard-working counter lady Kathy (who's also his ol' lady), he's rebuilt a 1941 Stinson 10-A and says what he's learned from planes has helped him with bikes. It sure didn't hurt Puff any.

—Pan Man



Photos by Michael Lichter





Shine the straights,
we do it *our* way.

MMA FROG JUMPS

Mark Twain got off a Mississippi paddle-wheeler and headed for the Gold Country in California well over 100 years ago. There he found himself sharing the fresh air with some 50,000 other emigrants, all of them searching for "oro" and more than a few of them hardened tough guys who were one step away from the hoosegow back in St. Joe, St.

Louie, Philly, or some other Eastern mecca.

They came to make a fortune and eventually settled for being pioneers who formed a state. When they weren't panning for gold at Sutter Creek, Angel's Camp, Tuolumne, Chinese Camp, or any of the dozens of hot spots in the Mother Lode, they had themselves a high time jumping frogs. From these com-





petitions came Twain's (Samuel Clemens) classic story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County." Some of those tough miners' descendants must be bikers. Man, do they celebrate!

These days they're still holding the Frog Jump contest — the official, sanctioned one — in Angel's Camp. But down the road a piece on Highway 49 at

Lake Don Pedro is where the real, get-down partyin' action is — at the event set aside for our people to enjoy a good time without hassles from the straights.

Since the police had been down on bikers attending the family event, with the result being that we were fillin' up their local pokeys, bikers had decided to give up the idea of going to





the Calaveras County Frog Jumps. Then the Modified Motorcycle Association stepped in to pull up the slack by staging their own Frog Jump competitions.

While the official world's record wasn't close to being caught (it's safe at 21'1½" by stud frog Weird Harold), this year's winning jump was measured at 97 inches in a total of three leaps. This was the third year for the MMA event and by the looks of things, it'll continue to be an annual affair. Nobody gets uptight about the fuckin' frogs, unlike the Angel's Camp

jumps where the frogs are probably on steroids and doing blood doping and swapping to get those valuable extra inches. At this camp, it's purely fun. Hell, those guys pulled over on the side of the road by burbling creeks are likely to be getting their own last-minute hopeful competitors, though one bro confessed he'd had his frog in training for three years.

The chow was plentiful and so was the beer, beer, and more beer — at a measly 75¢ a can. Both were served all night to compliment the entertainment provided by five rockin' groups,





Photos by Kim Peterson and Rip



headlined by the Tommy Crank Band. Early Sunday morning the peaceful, quiet air was bludgeoned by the sounds of the Crank Band's lead singer who obviously hadn't had enough fun and didn't want anyone gettin' any extra sleep. In true raving maniac fashion, he had the happy campers rollin' out of their sleeping bags by dawn.

The women? Yeah, there was a shitload of 'em. Ya can't say enough about the little darlin's, though some mention should be made of the Gold Dust Twins who made it a rock-hard exciting time for more than one bro.

—Festus



BILL'S BIG WIN

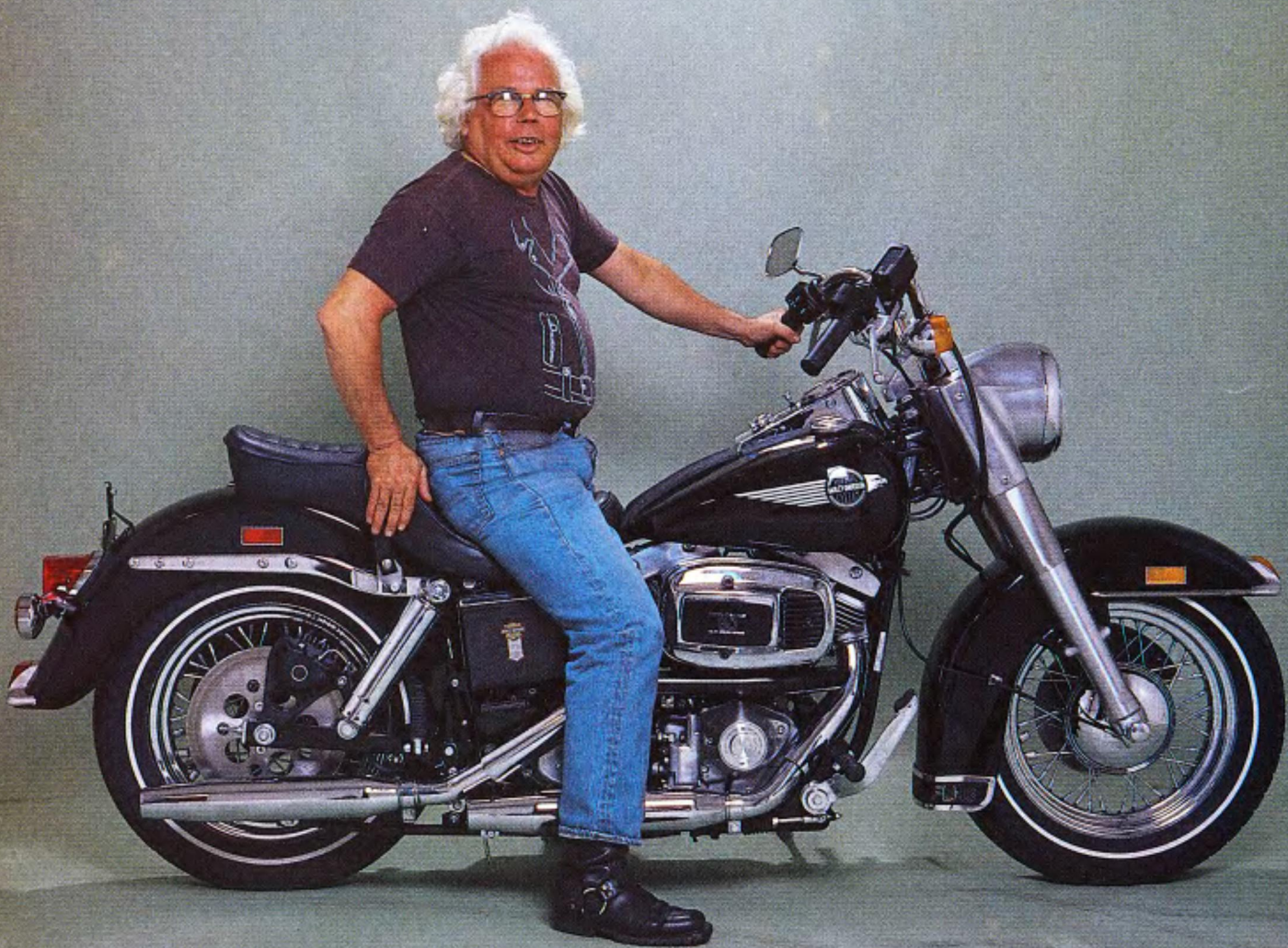


Photo by Pete Chiodo

"I work in a darkroom, so I practiced spitting in there," Bill Thomas says, describing the training regimen that enabled him to successfully calculate how far our female flunkies could fling face fluid.

"I took the best distance I could spit, multiplied it by the 12 chicks on the staff, and added ten feet because I figured those girls could spit better than I could."

While Bill's calculations may have been somewhat less scientific than those NASA uses to launch the space shuttle, they sure worked. His guess was right on the nose, and after a tie-breaking drawing (*Easyriders* #146), he was awarded the end-of-the-line shovelhead you see him on here.

In many ways, it couldn't have happened to a more deserving bro. Bill has had a couple of Hogs — including a '78 equipped with a sidehack — ripped off recently and he was without wheels ("They were stealing them faster than I could pay for them," he says) at the time of the contest. Now, thanks to spit and luck, he's got one of the finest rides a man can own.

LATE FLASH: After returning from a 600-mile weekend break-in run on his new Harley, Bill Thomas was reported to be bustin' his ass in the backyard, pouring a concrete slab with an oversized eyebolt embedded in it. Wonder what he plans to chain up. . .

—Butcher

Bike shop closing a really 'dirty' trick

South Milwaukee, Wisconsin, bikers got a little bad news last April 1. One of the area's few bike shops, MCC Motorcycle Parts, was apparently closing up and moving to the town of Cudahy. In its place, the sign in the window said, would soon open Uncle Bill's Adult Book Store.

But if the news that an old business was dying and a new one was being born at 1235 Milwaukee Ave. dismayed area bikers, it practically caused apoplexy among neighborhood non-bikers. The reason, of course, was the nature of the new business moving into the store. Faced with having a bunch of sunken-eyed geeks in trenchcoats hanging around the shop, the neighbors decided that those "loud motorcycles" really weren't so noisy after all. By the time Mayor Chester Grobschmidt got to his office the phones were goin' nuts.

"I don't know anything about it," the mayor assured callers. "The building inspector doesn't have any request for an occupancy permit by a new tenant. About two years ago, we

successfully stopped a massage parlor from moving into the same location. We will see that nothing like this happens."

Grobschmidt immediately ordered a police stakeout of the area. Officers were to watch the premises until bike shop owner Mike Karbowski — who had a regular job and opened only in the late afternoons and evenings — showed up. They were also to seal the door of the premises as soon as Karbowski moved his gear out and post a notice ordering any new tenant to contact the city before attempting to move in.

Karbowski arrived at 4:30 p.m. and found cops, the mayor, and the building inspector waiting. "Give me a half hour to get my shit together," was about all he would say.

Since no law had been broken, the over-anxious officials had no choice but to continue waiting. Promptly at five o'clock they noticed Karbowski tacking two new signs up in his window. The first said, "April Fool Joke" and the second, "Gotcha, South Milwaukee."

Easynews

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

AMHF seeks site for motorcycle museum

Eighteen months after its creation at Daytona 1984, the American Motorcycle Heritage Foundation has begun a country-wide search for a site on which to locate its proposed national motorcycle museum and archives.

According to Ed Youngblood, president of the American Motorcyclist Association (the AMHF's parent group), the purpose of the museum will be to "call attention to the important role that the motorcycle has played since the turn of the century."

"At that time," Youngblood notes, "this simple yet swift form of personal transportation so captivated designers that more than 150 domestic brands of motorcycles appeared in America prior to 1920."

According to Youngblood, AMHF directors have already considered several sites for the museum, but have not yet found one that meets all five major requirements for the project.

Those requirements are:

- The site should allow for a 50,000-square-foot ground-level structure with additional land adequate for ample parking and attractive landscaping.
- The site should be free of any zoning or utility encumbrances, and should be in an attractive setting rather than an industrial region.
- The site should be easily accessible, preferably within close proximity of a major interstate highway.
- The site should preferably be located near other major tourist attractions.
- The site should not combine the

motorcycle museum and other facilities or attractions in such a way that the museum is overshadowed. For example, it should not be an adjunct to a major automobile collection. It should stand on its own as a tribute to motorcycling.

In describing the type of motorcycle history the museum will commemorate, Youngblood noted the important contributions early police scooters made in "patrolling the nation's burgeoning highway system" and their "pivotal role in reconnaissance and communication during two world wars."

"The history of motorcycle sport is also rich and exciting," Youngblood said.

Drunks testify to help one of their own stay free

Add this group to the top of your shit list: Alcoholics Anonymous. Heeding an impassioned plea by three members of that dismal den of allegedly dried-out drunkards, a Virginia judge agreed not to sentence a crooked cager to a lengthy prison term for losing control of his van and killing a bike rider — despite the fact that the cager had two prior drunken driving and two prior public drunkenness convictions.

The cager, Claiborne Morris, Jr., of Virginia Beach, Virginia, joined the AA's legion of besotted losers shortly after killing Chief Petty Officer Kenneth Crowell while driving with a blood-alcohol level over twice the legal limit.

At his sentencing hearing, Morris brought three of his AA runnin' bros who urged Judge H. Calvin Spain not to imprison Morris when AA could do him so much more good.

Morris' attorney, Stuart R. Gordon, also added some gems of insane reasoning to the proceedings. His client, Gordon declared, was not at fault. The real guilty party in Crowell's death, Gordon contended, was "all of society." Besides, he added, incarceration wouldn't solve his client's problems with alcohol. (Question: Do the taxpayers who pay for the court system know that criminal trials are held to help out the perpetrators?)

Agreeing with these bizarre bits of logic, Spain said, "Putting a man in jail and drying him out may keep him sober, but does not contribute to his changing his behavior."

That having such a man locked up may indeed contribute to some poor soul not being killed was apparently irrelevant to Justice (gag) Spain.

Excerpts from Nevada helmet law decision

The following are excerpts from the Eighth Judicial District Court of Nevada's decision ruling that state's mandatory helmet law unconstitutional. The decision is mainly based upon the 9th and 14th Amendments to the U.S. Constitution, and the arguments and precedents cited may be useful to other riders fighting helmet laws in court. For an interview with the judge who issued this ruling, see page 24. But remember, at this writing state and local Nevada police are still enforcing the helmet law pending a state supreme court decision.

Section 1 of Amendment XIV to the Constitution of the United States reads as follows:

"All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The defendant argues that it is not a proper function of the police power to protect the individual from his own acts absent a material effect on the public at large. This court agrees.

"An individual is free to do whatever he pleases, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of his neighbor or of society, and no government — State or Federal — has been ceded the authority to interfere with that freedom."

People vs. Sinclair, 387 Mich. 91, 133, 194 N.W.2d 878, 896 (1972) (T.G. Kavanagh dissenting)

The proper function of the Legislature does not include the duty of the government to protect an individual from himself. Although the protective headgear requirement of the statute may be beneficial, it is nonetheless an unconstitutional infringement on the personal right to liberty that an individual has to decide what steps to take in order to preserve his own safety as long as he does not harm others in the process.

The Court in *People vs. Fries*, 42 Ill 2d 446, 447, 250 N.E. 2d 149, 150 (1969) addressed this same issue:

"Appellant argues that the statute in issue is unduly restrictive upon the individual freedom for a motorcyclist to choose to wear or to not wear a helmet. The essence of this argument is that the statute is intended only to secure the safety of the wearer of the headgear in the event of an accident, and if it is directed toward the safety of the individual rather than the safety of the public, then the statute is beyond the authority of the legislature acting under its police power."

The Court recognizes that a large discretion is necessarily vested in the legislature to determine not only what the interests of the public require, but what measures are necessary for the protection of such interests.

"It is elementary that the legislature is the primary judge of the propriety of police measures and that the courts will not presume to substitute their judgment or wisdom for that of the legislative body. This, of course, is as it should be; the courts should not replace the legislative discretion regarding necessity or expediency of a police regulation with their own opinions as to the desirability of such measure. However, the question of whether or not a given statute or ordinance is within the police power is a matter of law to be determined by the court. This is to say, no regulation which inhibits or restricts human conduct is valid unless it bears a real and substantial relation to the public health, safety, morals or general welfare. The determination of whether or not such relationship exists is a judicial function, as is the determination of whether or not a given police measure meets the requirement of reasonableness." *State vs. Betts*, 252 N.E.2d 866, 869 (1969)

The Nevada legislature has not taken on the responsibility themselves in repealing NRS 486.231 [the mandatory helmet law] as 24 other states have done since 1972 in recognizing that the helmet provisions of the statute deprive the motorcyclist of an individual liberty without promoting a purpose beneficial to the general public. The Defendant points out in his Motion to Dismiss that Nevada is the only state west of the Mississippi

River that requires all motorcyclists to wear helmets. Forty-five states adopted helmet laws between 1967 and 1972 due to the federal government's effort to tie the receipt of federal highway funds with adopting the helmet law.

"However, between 1972 and the present there has been an almost complete reversal of that earlier trend. Since 1972, only Montana, Mississippi and Rhode Island have adopted helmet laws. During that same period, 24 states, including Montana and Rhode Island, have either repealed their helmet laws or amended them to make this applicable only to minors."

William H. May, *National ABATE Report: Helmets in Court: Status and Effect of Motorcycle Helmet Laws*

The second ground used by the defendant in arguing that NRS 486.231 is unconstitutional is based on the allegation that the helmet statute violates the Equal Protection Clause of section one of the 14th Amendment. He contends that the statute denies him equal protection in that it applies only to motorcyclists.

It would appear that an unreasonable classification has been made between drivers of all other vehicles and motorcyclists. The Nevada legislature has singled out motorcyclists only and decided to protect this class of individual from potential head injury. If the reduction of head injuries is the goal of the legislature, there is no rational basis for demanding a safety precaution for the motorcyclist only. Conversely, if self-protection is the goal of the legislature, then there is no reason to limit self-protection to motorcyclists only. A motorist should then be required to wear seat belts or helmets.

In order for the motorcyclist to be afforded equal protection of the laws, he cannot be singled out by the legislature . . .

"We conclude the ordinance also denied Plaintiffs the equal protection of laws in that it imposes undue restrictions on one class of the motoring public without any salutary effect to the public at large."

Betts, supra at 871

The Ninth Amendment

In 1965, the United States Supreme Court decided an issue involving the individual's right of free choice versus the State's interest in enacting a Connecticut statute which made the use of contraceptives a criminal offense *Griswold vs. State of Connecticut*, 381 U.S. 479, 85 S. Ct 1678 (1965).

In *Griswold*, referring to the Ninth Amendment to the United States Constitution, Justice Goldberg, in his concurring opinion, pointed out that the use of contraceptives by the individual is a private right of the individual free from State coercion and control. Justice Goldberg equated this right with "the right to be let alone."

"The makers of our Constitution . . . sought to protect Americans and their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions and their sensations. They conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone — the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men . . ."

Griswold, supra at 494

"Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasion of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding." *Olmstead vs. U.S.*, 277 US 438, 478, 479, 48 X. Ct 564, 572 (1928) (Justice Brandies dissenting)

The Ninth Amendment is the foundation for that right which was identified in the *Griswold* case as probably the most important right that each of us has: "the right to be let alone."

NRS 486.231 denied Defendant his constitutional "right to be let alone." This statute has no relation to public health, welfare, and safety of the individual. The 14th Amendment taken in conjunction with other amendments establishes the concept of a "zone of privacy." The Ninth Amendment limits the government's power by the many unenumerated rights of the people. The right of an individual to conduct his or her own affairs as long as those actions do not injure other members of society is one of these unenumerated rights protected by the "zone of privacy." NRS 486.231 deprives the individual of that right. This statute is unconstitutional . . .

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

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

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 5-Lights on if bike is made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35 mph. 8-Bikes of 1970 or newer. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15½ 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.



The tunnel linking Detroit, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario, has once again been closed to motorcycles. According to honchos at the private company that owns the tube, their insurance carrier threatened to raise the rates from \$80,000 a year to \$200,000 a year if bikes were permitted to continue using it. The tunnel was originally declared off limits for bikes in 1984, but the great number of protests raised caused the operators to back down and allow scooter jockeys through during daytime hours . . . **The West German Red Cross has started** using Harley FXRPs to patrol certain sections of that nation's famous Autobahn system. The bikes are equipped with CB radios and carry a kit crammed with emergency medical supplies.

The American Motorcyclist Association and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation are both asking their members and other concerned riders to urge the governor of California to okay legislation that would establish a self-funded rider education program in the country's most densely motorcycled state. Send your opinion to The Honorable George Deukmejian, Governor, State Capitol Building, Sacramento, CA 95814 . . . **A federal judge in Dallas** has ruled that *Easyriders* "does not even begin to compare to the sleaze and unmitigated raunch of hard-core skin magazines like *Hustler*." Sorry, yer Honor, guess we'll just have to try harder. Despite the fact that he even went so far as to call *Easyriders'* sexual content "insignificant compared to what people see on television" — Does that mean the Carson show is ready for Mutha? — Judge Jerry Buchmeyer upheld a Dallas County regulation preventing jail inmates from receiving the rag. . . **Not to beat this story to death**, but Buchmeyer, in a footnote to his decision, also sneveled that the February 1982 issue had an "extremely disappointing" number of tit shots and contained "four wasted pages of fully clothed bimbos." Hey, judge, how 'bout givin' us a break? Last time we checked the calendar, February was right in the middle of winter.

Bikers in Pismo Beach, California, recently planned a parking blockade to protest a new ordinance that discriminates against bikers attempting to park near one of their favorite watering holes — Harry's Cocktail Lounge. Under the ordinance, special lines were painted on the 60 downtown parking spaces closest to Harry's. Bikes are required to park within the lines and if more than one bike occupies each space every bike not within the lines will be ticketed. The protesters were to attempt to legally occupy as many downtown spaces as possible in an attempt to blockade the area and keep cagers out. . . **And finally:** A new club has begun issuing patches in Yakima, Washington. Called the *Bureaucratic Bikers*, the club accepts as prospects anyone who works for any level of the government. The club has no rules or bylaws because, says founder Al Brown, "We don't want too much organization." The Bureaucratic Bikers patch? A piece of red tape, wouldn't ya know.

EPA continuing to tell bike riders to take gas

In a recent meeting arranged by the American Motorcyclist Association, bike riders were given the opportunity to tell officials of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency how cuts in the amount of lead allowed in leaded gas would cause irreversible valve and valve-train damage to well over 80 percent of all bikes currently on the road.

The results of the face-to-face confrontation left much to be desired, however, as EPA officials made it plain they intend to continue hacking away at the amount of lead allowed in gasoline.

Under current regulations, the EPA, on July 1 of this year, dropped the amount of lead allowed in so-called leaded gas from 1.1 grams per gallon to .5 gram per gallon. They will lower it all the way to .1 gram beginning January 1, 1986.

According to the AMA, EPA lead project director Richard Kozlowski has "made it clear that the agency's goal is zero lead," possibly as early as January 1, 1988.

"The only way leaded fuel will remain available is for concerned citizens to write to the EPA and their congressmen," the AMA says. "Though the EPA is certain that under a lead ban gasoline additives would be available for engines requiring the valve-lubricating properties of lead, the agency does not regulate such aftermarket additives and cannot guarantee whether they would be safe or effective."

"We might be getting some kind of snake oil," commented Ducati Club spokesman Walt Hoverson of such additives. "An engine seizure due to improper additives would be devastating."

According to AMA spokesman Gary Winn, between 45 and 60 million gallons of leaded gas are used annually by the 750,000 to 2 million existing motorcycles — ranging from antiques to some current models — designed to burn leaded gas.

"We only want to assure motorcyclists who bought such a motorcycle that they can get many years of service from these machines, and that owners are not endangered by the EPA plans or by gasoline additives."

At this writing, the EPA has yet to set a deadline for public comments on its proposed 1988 lead ban, and the AMA urges motorcyclists to take advantage of the comment period by writing in opposition to a complete removal of gasoline lead. Letters should be addressed to: Docket EN-84-05, Central Docket Section (LE-131), EPA, 401 M St. SW, Washington, D.C. 20460.

Cops live it up on our taxes while bleating anti-biker lies

Time to celebrate, citizens of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, the Eastern Motorcycle Gang Investigative Training Seminar is coming to your town and it will be bringing lots of cops with their pockets full of the taxpayers' hard-earned bucks.

Begun in 1982, the so-called training seminars have been held annually to give hundreds of East Coast American and Canadian lawmen the chance to take a free junket to one or another posh convention resort.

For 1985, the lucky city was Myrtle Beach and, as usual, the announcement that the cop circus was coming to town was accompanied by reams of publicity flack designed to portray biking as the most destructive scourge to hit the earth since the Flood receded and left Noah high and dry.

For example, one local newspaper led its story of the upcoming convention with this classy description of our way of life: *The violent, mobile underworld of North American bikers*... No, that wasn't from an editorial. It opened a so-called news story.

Well, what the fuck, the turkey who wrote it probably eats shit a lot (on what hick-town newspapers pay, that's all employees can afford to eat — take it from one who knows) and jumped at the chance to scarf a free Jumbo Jack courtesy of the cop who fed (pardon the pun) him that line.

The part that stings is that the cop got to put the tab from the Jack in the Box on his seminar expense account, and you and I had to pay for it.



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. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

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 5-11 — FOURTH ANNUAL BEAR BUTTE biker bash. on Highway 34 about 4 miles east of Sturgis, S.D. Live music nightly, Ms. Biker contest, camping.

August 9-11 — RUN TO THE REDWOODS in Northern California. Sponsored by MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

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

August 31-September 2 — NATIONAL ABATE PARTY to be held at Lake Perry, Kansas. Tenth annual event features camping, field events, etc.

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.

September 14-15 — WINDY CREEK RUN. Sponsored by ABATE of Douglas County, Oregon. For info, write ABATE of Oregon, Box 4504, Portland, OR 97208.

September 18 — WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP CHOPPER RACES. Inland Motor Speedway, San Bernardino, California.

OCTOBER

October 19 — SWAP MEET at New Oxford Social Club Pavilion, New Oxford, Pennsylvania. Sponsored by ABATE of Pa., Mason-Dixon Chapter. For info, call (717) 359-5421, or write 'em at 436 Conewago Dr., East Berlin, PA 17316.

October 20 — BIKER FLEA MARKET at Slab City Motor Company in Bethel, Maine. For info, call (207) 824-2028.

October 25 — SWAP MEET at Greene County Fairgrounds, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. For info, call (412) 627-5859.

October 27 — SWAP MEET and bike show, Metrolina Fairgrounds, Charlotte, North Carolina. For info, call (704) 536-8535.

NOVEMBER

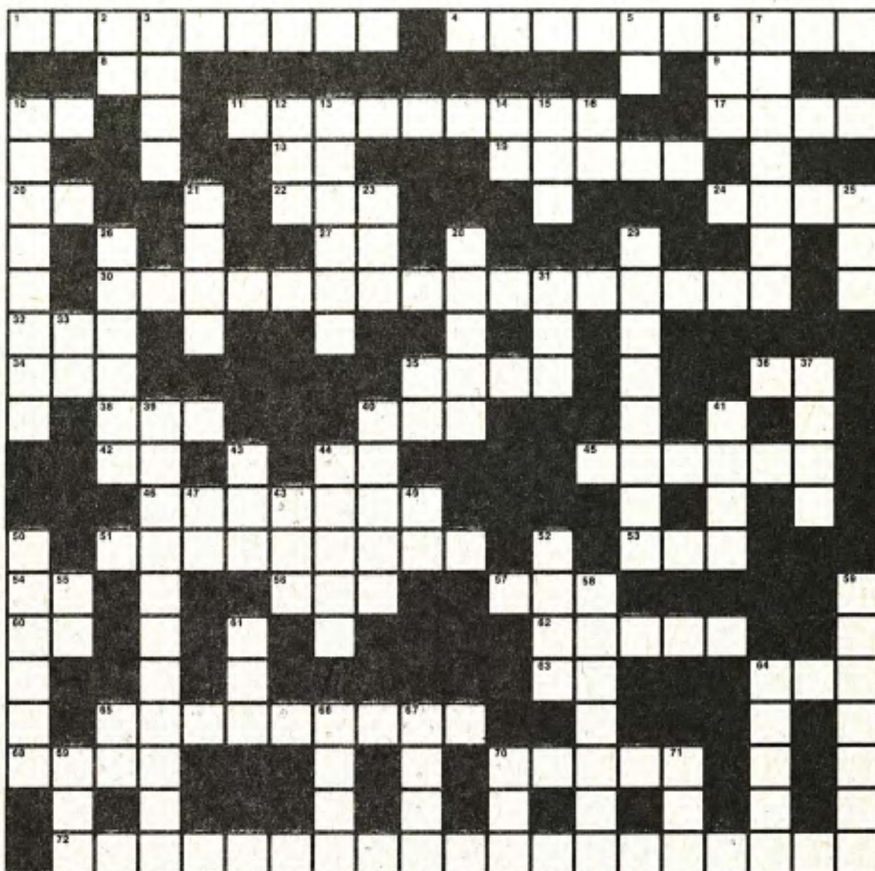
November 2-4 — 100th ANNIVERSARY OF MOTORCYCLING RALLY. Phillip Island Motor Racing Circuit, Phillip Island, Victoria, Australia. For info, write 100th Anniversary, Box 242, Churchill, Victoria, 3842; Australia.

ROAD HAZARDS

by Cherokee

ACROSS:

- 1). They say it never strikes the same place twice. Don't bet on it.
- 4). Bad places to be exceeding the speed limit.
- 8). Self-help group for people with drinking problem. (abbr.)
- 9). American Nabisco. (init.)
- 10). Ohio. (abbr.)
- 11). Gales (two words).
- 17). What Smoky the Bear didn't like.
- 18). County road. (abbr.)
- 19). Greyhound and Trailways own shit-loads of 'em.
- 20). Los Angeles. (abbr.)
- 22). To scarf.
- 24). Form of precipitation that can ruin a baseball game and the polish on your scooter.
- 27). Forty years ago the Allies celebrated Victory in Europe Day, commonly called _ _ Day.
- 30). Peterbills and Macks (two words).
- 32). Two famous people were denied room in one nearly 2000 years ago.
- 34). California Conservation Corps. (abbr.)
- 35). Better on the beach than blowing across the road.
- 36). Famous horse who had his own TV show. "Mr. _____."
- 38). Energy Management Program. (init.)
- 40). Male offspring.
- 42). Pronounced same as "sew."
- 44). Alabama. (abbr.)
- 45). Fucked-up drivers "under the influence."
- 46). Constructions that span rivers.
- 51). Chunks of rubber most frequently shed by 18-wheelers.
- 53). What you're always afraid the chick down the road with her thumb out will look like up close.
- 54). Louisiana. (abbr.)
- 56). Epoxy has to _____ up.
- 57). Nervous facial twitch that can occur after a close call.
- 60). Beast of burden, usually worked as part of team.
- 62). "Picture machines" used by cops.
- 63). Transcendental meditation. (abbr.)
- 64). Opaque mist.
- 65). State or county employees whose task is to keep roads passable (two words).
- 68). Shaft of smoker's pipe.
- 70). These have been known to jump right out in the path of loaded bikers.
- 72). General classification for all the crap that winds up littering roadways (two words).



DOWN:

- 2). Georgia. (abbr.)
- 3). Icy chunks of falling matter.
- 5). Delaware. (abbr.)
- 6). Royal Air Force. (init.)
- 7). Dead or alive, shouldn't ever be on the road.
- 10). Especially slippery right after it starts to rain.
- 12). Better in Margaritas than on the road.
- 13). Broken-up rock.
- 14). New Brunswick. (abbr.)
- 15). Explosive that fails to detonate.
- 16). Shortstop. (abbr.)
- 21). All of 'em have six legs.
- 23). Golfers set their balls on it (weird, huh?).
- 25). New old stock. (init.)
- 26). Frequently made of barbed wire; always inconvenient when encountered.
- 28). Foreign multi-passenger vehicle; apparent top speed of 47mph.
- 29). Term for deaf, dumb, blind and slow senior citizens.
- 31). The conclusion.
- 33). North Carolina. (abbr.)
- 35). South. (abbr.)
- 37). Airborne dirt.
- 39). Bulky, self-contained house on wheels; frequently found on narrow mountain roads.
- 40). Icy, stinging form of precipitation.
- 41). Comes in flakes and drifts (also rocks and lines).
- 43). Spider's meatless treat.
- 44). To be in accord.
- 47). Railroad. (abbr.)
- 48). Alkies' ailment.
- 49). South America. (init.)
- 50). Lotta water; in deserts they're called flash _____.
- 52). Soil.
- 55). Paul Bunyon had one.
- 58). Pickup conversions.
- 59). Pedestrians playing (exercising) in the street.
- 61). Wet dirt.
- 64). High body temperature.
- 66). Fishermen use rod and _____.
- 67). To tell of impending danger.
- 69). Male cat.
- 70). Total number in a pair.
- 71). Feminine name; also legal action.

Solution on page 114.

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.



"...and I quit my last job because those sonuvabitches said I had a bad attitude!"

The little girl came in sobbing, "Mommy, I pricked my finger on the rose bush. Please dip it in apple cider and make it better."

"You mean iodine, don't you, honey?" asked her mother.

"No, Mommy," said the little girl. "Big sister says that whenever she gets a prick in her hand, she sticks it in cider."

—Natty Oscar
Princeton, N.J.



A guy sitting on a park bench saw two hearses coming his way. Behind them was a bro walking a Doberman, and behind *them* was a procession of scooter tramps that stretched for blocks and blocks.

The guy on the bench was curious, so he walked up to the bro and asked him what was goin' on. The bro replied, "The first hearse is carryin' my mother-in-law and my ol' lady's in the second."

Now the man's curiosity was really aroused, so he asked what had happened.

"My dog killed them," answered the bro.

The guy looked down at the dog, then back at the bro and asked, "Can I borrow him?"

Pointing over his shoulder, the bro said, "Get in line!"

—H. Bob
Mankato, Minn.



"You see, Mother? There it is, right there in Emily Post... It is considered impolite for the mother of the bride to fart during the groom's recitation of his vows."

A man checked into a hotel room and the first thing he noticed was that the toilet had three buttons on one side of the tank. Sitting right down, the man proceeded to take a shit. After he was through, he pressed the first button, which had AW stamped on it. Immediately, he felt something soft wiping his ass. "Oh, now I see," he said aloud. Next he pressed the second button, the one labeled AP. At that something began powdering his ass. "Wow, great!" the man said. Eagerly, he pressed the last button which was marked ATR.

The next thing he knew he was waking up in a hospital bed. Totally mystified he rang for a nurse and when she appeared, he asked, "What the fuck does ATR stand for?"

"Automatic tampon remover," she said, "and by the way, your balls are on the nightstand!"

—Uncle Sam
Cranston, R.I.



"See how I shut her up?"

A blind man was hungry, so he sat down at the table and asked his wife what there was for dinner. His horny wife thought for a while and then took off all her clothes. She climbed on the table, spread her legs, and pushed her pussy close to his face. "Oh, no," said the blind husband, "not fish again."

—Skull
Boulder City, Nev.



"Look at it this way — she don't eat, give me any shit, spend money, bitch, and, man, can she fuck!"

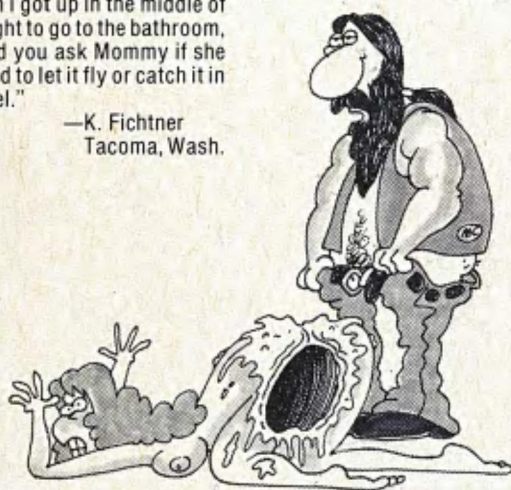


"That damn biker found the hole in the wall."

Johnny came to the breakfast table one morning and asked his parents if they'd caught the bird that had been in their bedroom the previous night. His puzzled parents were at a complete loss. "What bird?" Johnny's father asked.

"Well, Dad," Johnny said, "When I got up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom, I heard you ask Mommy if she wanted to let it fly or catch it in a towel."

—K. Fichtner
Tacoma, Wash.



"Thanks, I needed that."

Little Joey came home all excited and told his mother, "I just got my first piece of pussy!" Not happy about what she'd heard, she sent him to his room and assured him she'd be telling his father what he'd said.

The following morning, in the kitchen, Joey's father questioned him about the remark he'd made and asked the boy if it was true. "Yes," replied the lad.

"No, no! Not with that!" screamed Joey's mother when she saw Joey's dad reach for the frying pan.

"Relax," said her ol' man, "I'm not gonna hit him, I'm gonna cook him some eggs and bacon. After all, he can't fuck on cornflakes."

—L. Robbins
Brockton, Mass.

A woman always had to nag her skinflint spouse into giving her enough money for food. One night she asked, "Could you just give me an extra \$10 so I can buy a roast?"

Her husband pulled a ten from his pocket, held it up to the mirror and said, "See the money in the mirror? That's yours. And this is mine," he added, putting the ten-spot back in his pocket.

The next evening he came home to find the table set for a king. There were steaks, roast turkey, pork chops, the works. "Where did you get the money to pay for all this?" he yelled at his ol' lady.

She took him to the mirror, pulled up her dress and said, "See that pussy in the mirror? That's yours. The other one belongs to the butcher."

—Lizard
Massena, N.Y.



"Let me put it this way — if I shoved an icicle up her, it wouldn't melt."

A sort of spacy-looking dude spent all day trying to get a train to Connecticut. He boarded four different trains only to find that each was the wrong one. When the fifth train pulled into the station, he said to himself, "Man, this has got to be it." He boarded the train and sat down next to a young minister. After a while the minister looked over at the scraggly-looking dude and said, "Brother, my heart goes out to you, 'cause you seem to be on the hot rails to hell."

"No shit!" cried the dude. "Well, I'll be fucked! I'm on the wrong sonuvabitching train again!"

—The Unknown Soldier
Newport, R.I.

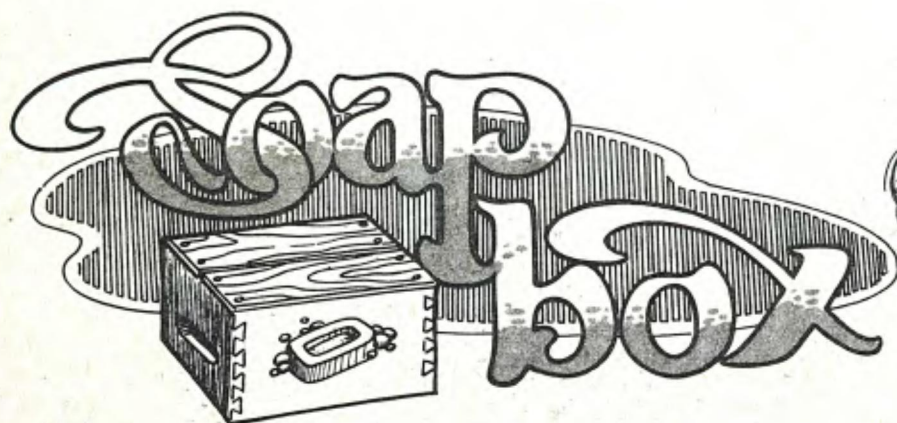
Three sisters all got married on the same day and decided to save money by spending their wedding night at their parents' house. Their mother stayed up all night listening in case the girls had any problems. All she heard was some laughing from her first daughter and crying from her second daughter. Her third daughter was silent.

The next morning she asked them what happened. The first girl said, "I always laugh when something tickles me." The second girl said, "I always cry when something hurts me." The third daughter said, "I never talk with my mouth full!"

—Jimbo
Camp Hill, Pa.



"Hey, Butch, I think she was just yawning."



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.



Welcome to Warsaw West

We've all seen it time and time again. Russian tanks and armored personnel carriers flickering across the boob tube as they roll through the streets of some little country like Hungary or Czechoslovakia.

"Fuckin' commie bastards," we'd say. "Thank God that could never happen here."

Scratch that "never," brothers and sisters — it not only can happen here, it is happening here. Armored vehicles are rolling through the streets of Los Angeles and other American cities, and they're being used against innocent American citizens. In at least one case, a tank-type vehicle has already been used against American bikers.

It started in Los Angeles, where the security honchos at last year's Olympics decided to outfit an armored personnel carrier with a huge battering ram. It was to be used in the event terrorists kidnapped any athletes and then holed up in some fortified local hideout.

Unfortunately for the sidewalk commandos in the L.A. Police Department, the only "terrorist" action at the Olympics occurred when one of their officers planted a bomb on a foreign athletes' team bus so that he could later "discover" it and earn himself some brownie points.

In other words, Police Chief Darryl Gates was frustrated in his attempt to become a bush-league George Patton.

Gates, however, is a resourceful man and it didn't take him long to figure out that the difference between a search warrant and a search-and-destroy warrant is a mere ten letters and two hyphens.

So, instead of putting the ram in mothballs after the Olympics, Gates decided to hang onto it and use it to parade his crack troops through the streets of Los Angeles in that most holy of all right-wing holy wars — the crusade against drug abuse.

The ram, Gates said, would become the police department's prime weapon in moving against "rock houses" — residential-area homes that were alleged to be serving as distribution points for cocaine dealers.

According to the police, these rock houses are so heavily barricaded that standard methods of getting in and searching them won't work. The only way to get the job done, the cops say, is to smash down a wall with the ram and send the SWAT team running in after it.

That's the cops' story — one side of the tale. On the other side are the facts: In four or five months of use, the LAPD ram has yet to pulverize a single obvious rock house. Despite the use of the ram, cocaine is still readily available on the streets of L.A. and prices have not been rising as they would if the paramilitary police approach was in any way crimping the distributors' style.

In actual operation, the first incident of the police using the ram was typical. Accompanied by an army of newsmen (the LAPD is nothing if not public-relations conscious), the device was noisily and slowly driven through the streets to the location of the supposed rock house. Officers driving the vehicle took aim and crashed the ram through the wall of the house, then quickly shifted into reverse, dragging a lot of the wreckage back out with them. A squadron of SWAT members, sub-machine guns at the ready, stormed through the gaping hole and forced everyone inside to "assume the position."

The only small problem was that the people in the house — men, women, and some kids — didn't seem to have anything to do with the drug business. There was no coke, no paraphernalia, no nothing, except, maybe, a tiny misdemeanor's worth of weed. The coke dealers, it seems, had moved out a while earlier.

Continued on page 107



DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal



The Beat Farmers

Tales of the New West/The Beat Farmers: This album came in over the transom and languished in the "New Shit To Be Listened To — Maybe" pile for a couple of months before I finally broke down and played it. Indeed, it might have sat there collecting dust indefinitely if the more hyped releases hadn't been so lackluster lately. The past few months have provided slim pickin's unless you like the twat-rock of Madonna or the fruity beat of Wham! or the... well, you get the idea.

Anyway, out of desperation I shredded the shrink-wrap on **Tales of the New West**, expecting the worst. These days it seems like every time four or five nosepickers get up the scratch to buy a couple of guitars and a set of drums, it's just a month or two before they've dumped an album on an unsuspecting public. Anyway, the Beat Farmers cut this LP for Rhino Records, the outfit that in the past has stuck with novelty stuff — performers like Gefilte Joe and the Fish doing Jewish r & b or Freddie Blassie crooning "Pencil-Neck Geek." I've gotten lotsa laughs out

of Rhino-released recordings, mind you, but I naturally assumed the Beat Farmers had a gimmick, and I wasn't really in the mood for gimmicks.

Well, I'm here to tell ya the Beat Farmers are about as free of gimmicks as you could ask for. **Tales of the New West** cuts through the phony stench of current pop music like a door flung wide after Tiny lets one of his patented burritos-and-beerfarts.

There's a natural tendency to try to describe a band in terms of other groups, so I could tell you you'll hear a little flavor of Van Morrison here, a little hint of Bruce Springsteen there, with a smattering of Creedence Clearwater and Merle Haggard thrown in for good measure. But that's not too helpful, really, and it's unfair to the band, because... well, I guess another music critic summed it up when he wrote, "The Beat Farmers are bizarre, crude, and defy any rational description, yet above all they're one hell of a band."

That's no shit, bro. If you get the chance to see these guys, catch 'em now while they're raw and rough and fun, 'cause they're too good

to stay unknown. They're rock-solid musicians, led by dual guitarists/vocalists Jerry Raney and Buddy Blue, with Country Dick driving the group with impeccable drum licks and beer-laced vocals, and bass player Rolle Dexter thumping out the beat like a finely tuned 74.

The result is definitive bar band music — unpretentious rock and roll for the beer and sawdust crowd, and fuck ya if ya can't take a joke. In a "serious" (as much as these boys ever get) vein, there are tunes like "Lonesome Hound," whose lyrics are bound to hit a nerve in any biker's heart: *Now I'm racin' down the highway from a devil I can't see/I know he's right behind me but he'll never catch up to me/Well, his fire burns my neck, he's tryin' to run me to the ground/But this ol' boy's too fast, he'll never catch this lonesome hound/And I know there ain't nothin' that can tame this lonesome hound.*

Don't get the idea these guys fret about cranking out "significant" lyrics and musical profundities, though. Bruce Springsteen seems to be turning into

pop star/social worker and I for one would like to hear a little less about the fucking factories and wasted high-school dreams and a little more about screwing and fighting and fucking up and all the fun stuff rock used to specialize in before the Ban-Lon wimps and lipstick Nazis took over.

But I digress — I was talkin' about rock's apparently dwindling sense of humor. If you like a laugh with your blues, check out the Farmers doing "Happy Boy" (the only tune I can recall that features a beer gargle on the vocal) or "California Kid," the hilarious saga of a gunslinger. Or give a listen to "Lost Weekend." Its chronicle of booze's revenge is funny and dead-on at the same time: *I'm prayin' to the porcelain god, I'm down on my knees/Said, "I'll swear off if you'll only help me please"/And as my guts run down the drain, I sing one last refrain/"I'll never find another lost weekend."*

This album is a solid bet — no-bullshit rock and roll, lots of fun, and at no extra charge Rhino includes the group's sendup version of the old Farmer's Almanac, including home remedies for such common ailments as plowfoot: "After removing plow, soak foot in steaming cow dung until tender. Wrap with a warm flour tortilla."

When you think you're gonna blow breakfast if you hear one more Lionel Ritchie tune, when you swear you're gonna go get your Browning and dispense a little 9mm justice if you're subjected to another Empty Vee bullshit video, grab your copy of **Tales of the New West** and drop it on the turntable. The results are amazing — and it saves you havin' to sop up the puke or replace the ol' bullet-riddled Trinitron.

If your local record robber-baron doesn't stock this one, drop a card in the mail to Rhino Records, 1201 Olympic Blvd., Santa Monica, CA 90404.

DIRTY JACK

Well, we finally made it to California, I remember thinking as we rode through the agriculture checkpoint outside of Needles. The old pan ran damn good, taking into account the fact that the bitch was over 30 years old. But that's not really uncommon. What's hard to believe is that I did the work on it myself and it still runs. "Go west, young man, go west." Wasn't it Horace Greeley who said that, or was it Horrace Hornblower? One of them old-time dudes. In any event, someone said it. Who gives a good fuck? Me and Stinky had finally made it to the coast.

Stinky, he's my sidekick, my homeboy. Shit, I've known him since the fifth grade when he and his widowed mother moved into our hometown of Ocean Springs, Mississippi. It's a Gulf town and a damn fine one. Uncle Otis owns the local Hog shop and he practically raised me and Carrol. That's Stinky's real name, but he prefers to be called Stinky for obvious reasons. (I don't know too many

people who like their given names. Of course, there are those few who don't give a big rat's ass. I fall into that last category.) Naturally, Carrol doesn't really stink, but given a good bowl of chili beans he can rip off some loud and smelly farts.

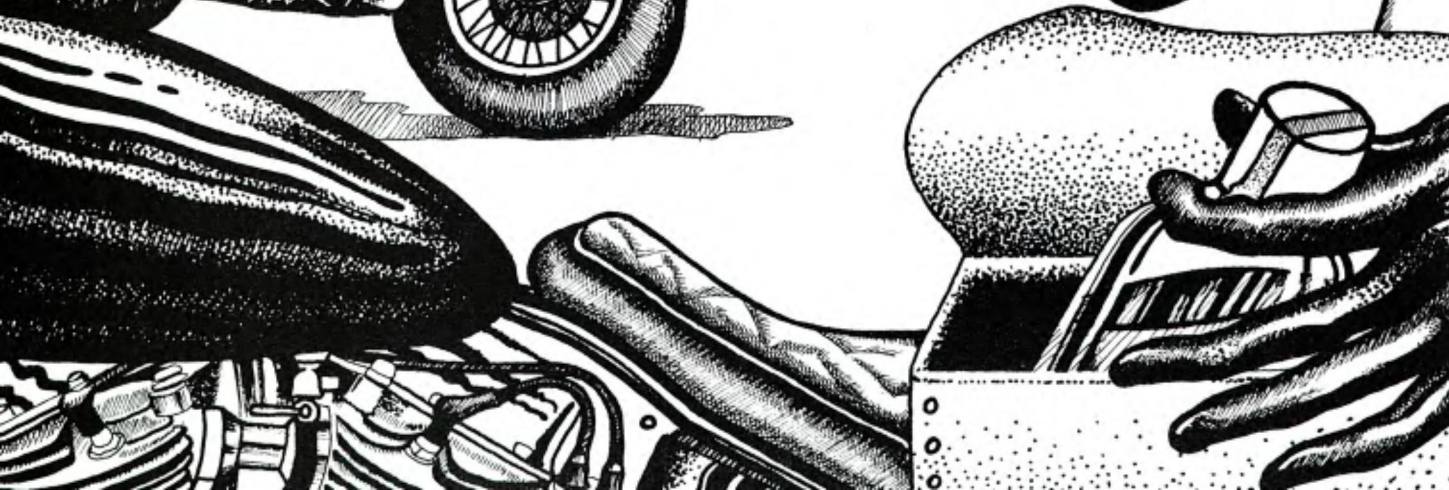
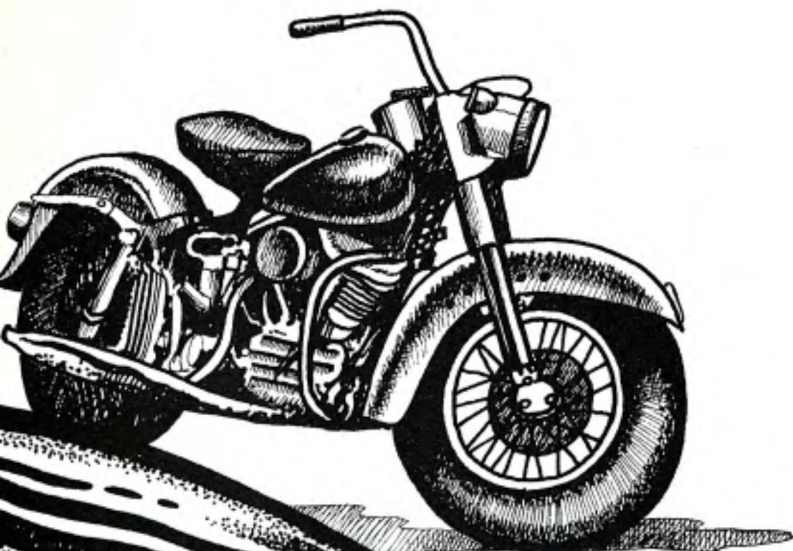
Anyway, me and Stinky had hung out around the bike shop it seems like forever. Otis is my father's brother and one hell of a mechanic. He used to get in my shit 'cause I couldn't get my wrenching down like brother Stinky. I can still hear him saying, "Merle, you've got to learn a trade, son. You just can't go through life partying your ass off all the time." 'Course, Uncle Otis said a lot of things.

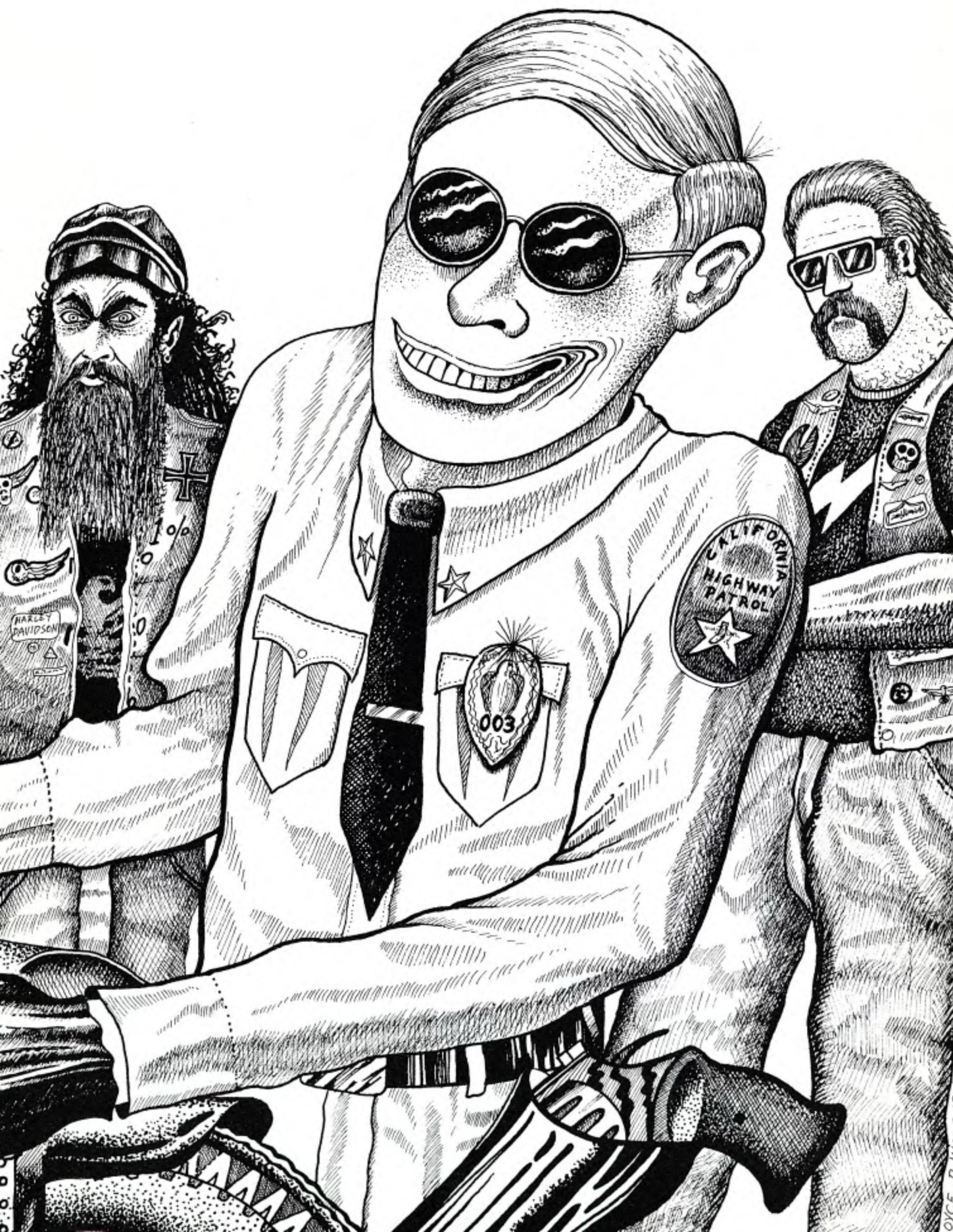
And I had a lot of time to think about it, being stuck in the Laguna Beach, California, jailhouse.

My mind drifted off to the Nationals — the Gator Nationals — in Gainesville, Florida, last year. We'd trailered the shop's project bike there and entered it in the altered fuel class. Boy, Harleys sure run good on nitro. The bitch was loud and

Continued on page 115

BY SHORTY







LONG LIVE THE KING

The British bike industry may be largely dead, but British bikers like John Reed still know how to wrench together one tough motorcycle.

The British bike industry is dead and gone, make no mistake about it. In spite of a whole lot of promises from a whole lot of people, there'll be no return to the golden age of large-scale motorcycle production in England.

Sad maybe, but what's gone is gone. The best we can do is tip our hats to the glorious names of the past and give them the decent burial they deserve.

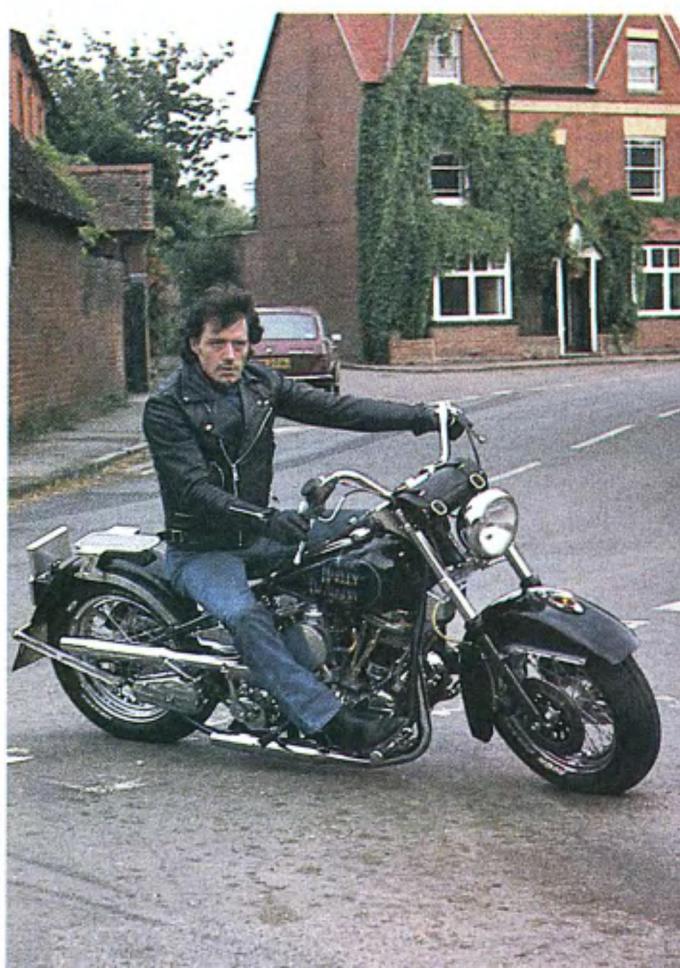
But while the factories may have disappeared, the same tradition of British craftsmanship that built those classics is still very much alive and kicking. Just like thatched cottages and fish 'n' chips, part of Britain's fabric is the average Englishman's deep-seated belief in fine engineering and handcrafted assembly. It must be in their blood. Give a Limey a file, a saw, a hammer, and a few wrenches and he'll be out in the back-

yard night after night building something beautiful. Something that has more class than the Japs with all their resources could come up with in a million years.

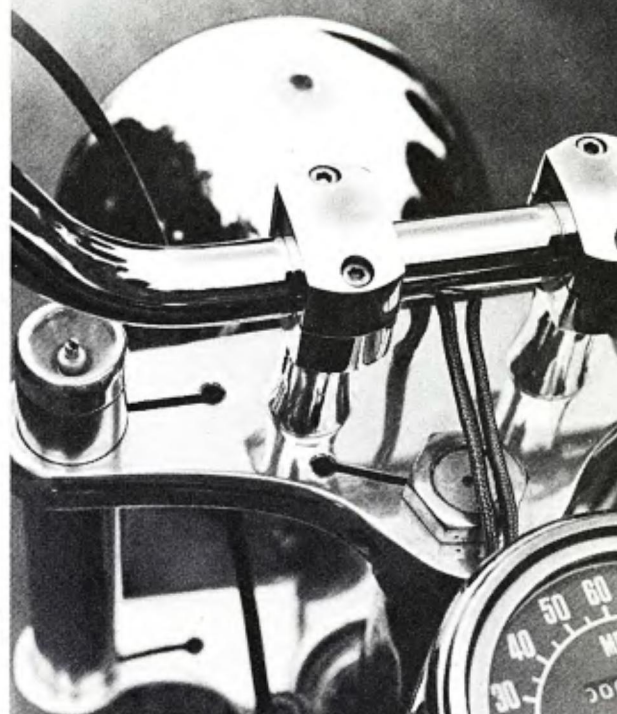
Like many British builders and tinkerers, John Reed had spent a lifetime working on the fine British screamers that we here in the States came to know and love in the '40s, '50s, and '60s.

By the '80s, though, John was getting just a bit tired of

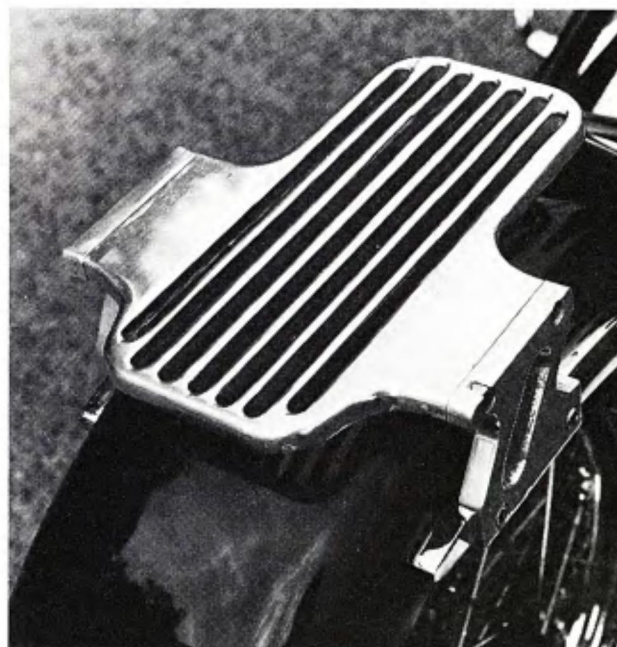




Owner: John Reed		City: Oxford, England	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner		Year: ?	
Year and make: 1962 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: personal		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 months		Other alterations: none	
Chroming by: Abbey Gates		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: buckhorn	
Year: 1962		Risers: 2 in.	
Model: FL		Fender(s): Zodiac (F); owner (R)	
Rebuilder: Steve Stewart		Headlight: Zodiac	
Ignition: points and condenser		Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Sundance	
Balancing: Steve Stewart		Rear pegs: Sundance	
Pistons: Zodiac		Electrics: owner	
Cases: stock		Gas tank: £ fatbobs	
Heads: yes		Oil tank: Santee	
Cam(s): Andrews B grind		Oil system: Goodrich lines	
Lifters: H-D		Primary cover: diamond	
Carb(s): modified S.U.		Seat: owner	
Air cleaner: Zodiac		Sissybar: pack rack	
Pipes: Cycle Shack		Height: a couple of inches	
Muffler(s): one per pipe		Material: aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: teles.	
Year: 1962		Extension: none	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner/Yamaha	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: handmade trees	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 16 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Honda	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 4 in.
Color: black		Tire: Avon	Tire: Avon
Type: acrylic		Brake: Yamaha	Brake: juice
Special paint: Stu Garland			
Other special modifications: Handmade rear stand, license plate, inlet manifold, etc., etc.			



Photos from John Reed



expending all his talents on "antiques," bikes with no connection to the world of today. Faced with the choice of "turning Japanese" or "buying American," John discovered there was really no choice. When it came to putting something together for him to swing his leg across and ride, the best

option was Milwaukee iron.

Being British, John, of course, wouldn't go for one of the new hi-tech Hogs with belt drive or an Evolution engine. Instead, he settled on a classy 1962 FL with a fairly stock 74-incher, and slowly and lovingly transformed it into the one man's ride pictured here.

Yes, it's true that the glorious old kings of the British road — the Triumphs, BSAs, Nortons, Ariels, Vincents and Broughs — are no more. But in the face of their own exhausted royal bloodlines, many British bikers have discovered a worthy successor, a king named Harley-Davidson. —Maz

IN THE WIND



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.



—from Rip, Prado Park, Calif.



—from Rip, Palmdale, Calif.



—from Robert Hegge, Hazelton, Mo.

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

—from G.P., Bonner Springs, Kan.

—from S.G. Pratap, Suva, Fiji



—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.





—from Dave Young, Darien, Conn.



—from Smitty, West Chester, Pa.



—from David Piette, Woonsocket, R.I.



—from Tracy and Jeff, Boulder, Colo.



—from Sniper, Naugatuck, Conn.



—from Brian's Hawg Shop, International Falls, Minn.

—from Savage Williamson, Denton, Tex.

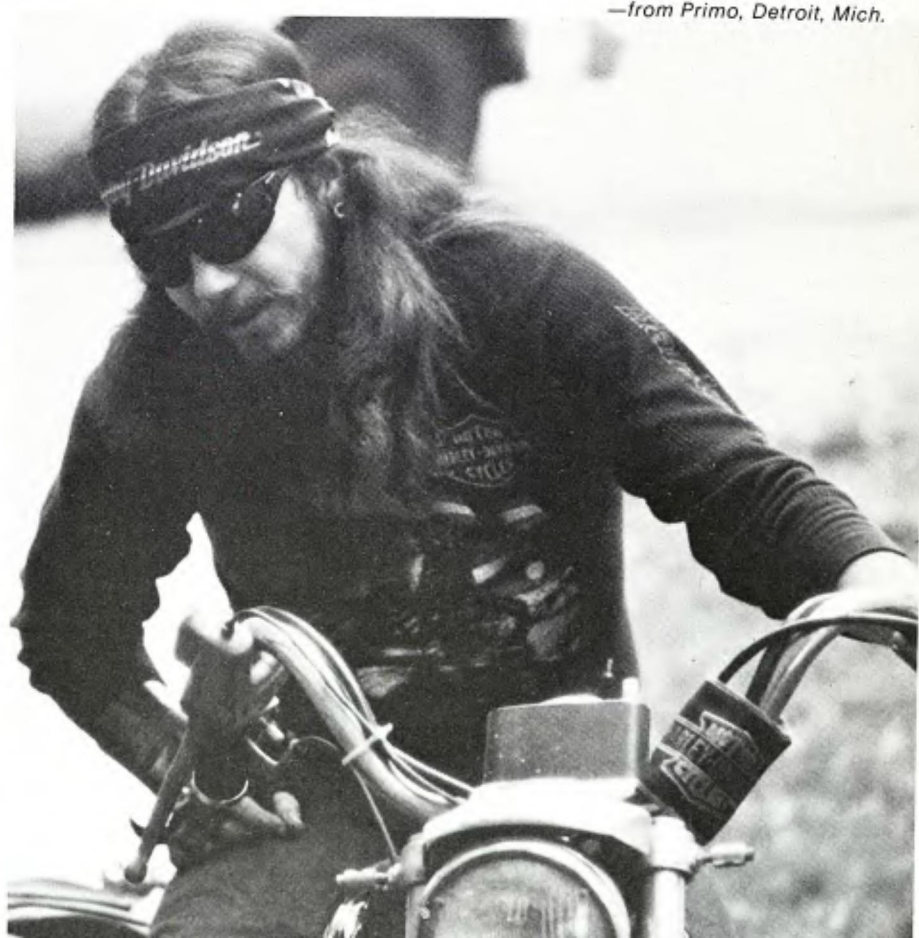




—from Robert Hegge, Hazelton, Mo.



—from Weird Mike, Miami, Fla.



—from Primo, Detroit, Mich.



—from Kim Peterson, Long Beach, Calif.

—from Rip, Prado Park, Calif.



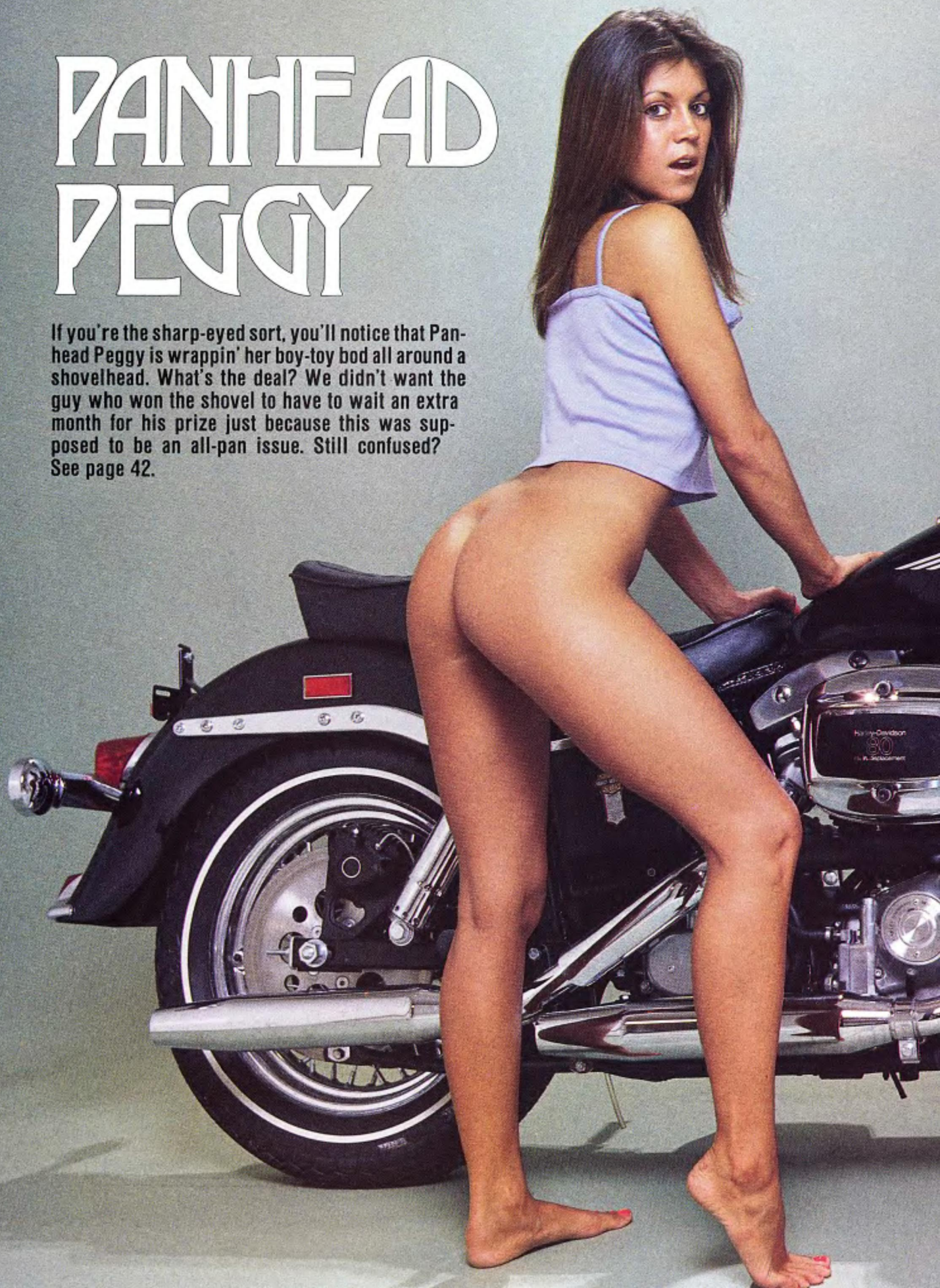
—from Jerry Ferrin, Tucson, Ariz.





PANHEAD PEGGY

If you're the sharp-eyed sort, you'll notice that Pan-head Peggy is wrappin' her boy-toy bod all around a shovelhead. What's the deal? We didn't want the guy who won the shovel to have to wait an extra month for his prize just because this was supposed to be an all-pan issue. Still confused? See page 42.





Ever notice as you were Puttin',
flyin' high and thinkin' 'bout nothin',
exactly how many bikin' things you see
that start off with the letter "P"?

There are Panheads, of course, without a doubt,
mouth-waterin' scooters to make you shout.
And second comes Pussy, I'm sure you'll agree;
without them snatches, where would we be?

There's Putting and Pukin' and Profiling,
and Packin', Paradin' an' stoppin' to Piss.
For many, unfortunately, there's also Prison,
where you Pound yer Pud as freedom you miss.

And who could forget P-pads and Pillows,
both great Places for Poontang to Perch.
And, yes, we even have us some Preachers
who bless our bikes just like in church.

And always we have girls like Peggy
who Posed for these Pictures just for you.
Beautiful young flesh to be bounced on
(though sometimes they're called Jane or Sue).

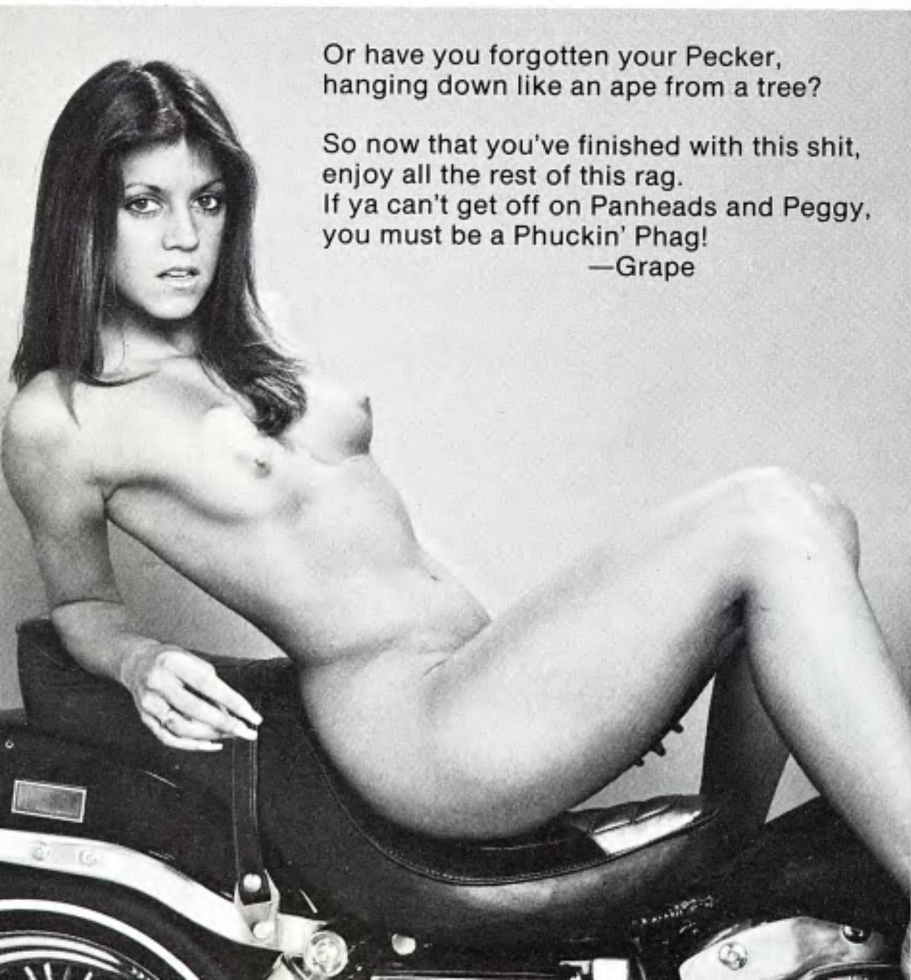
Now, don't think we've run out of bike things
that start with the great letter "P."







Photos by Pete Chioldo



Or have you forgotten your Pecker,
hanging down like an ape from a tree?

So now that you've finished with this shit,
enjoy all the rest of this rag.
If ya can't get off on Panheads and Peggy,
you must be a Phuckin' Phag!

—Grape



READERS' RIDES



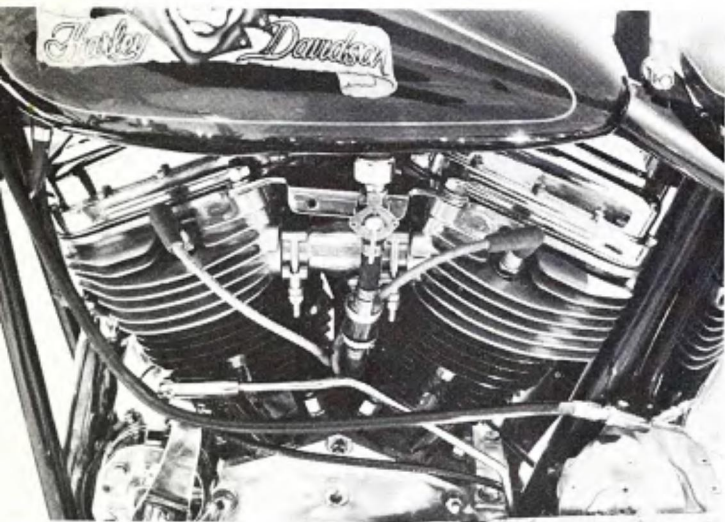
With primo ridin' weather just about everywhere, all the dazzlin' scooters are out of the garage and profilin' down the free-ways. Some of the best are bein' straddled by class bros who spend their outhouse time readin' this rag. Here are five of 'em.



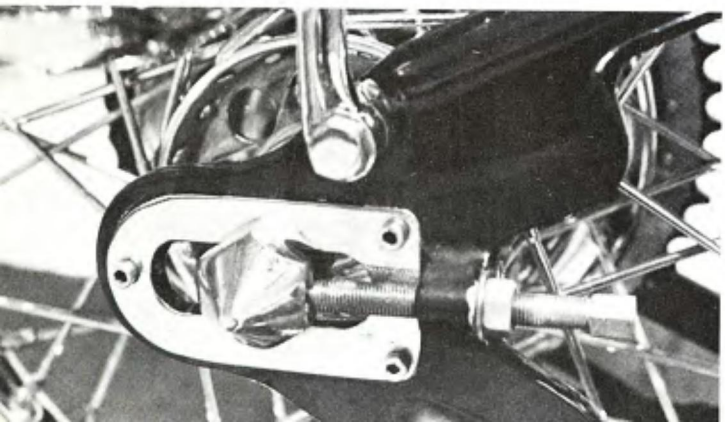
**Richard Maloney, Melbourne, Australia
'49 FL**

As ya may have heard, buyin' a new Hog in Australia is a lot like buying a new house in the US of A — 30 years of payments and ya might actually own it. Richard Maloney had wanted an H-D for years but couldn't afford it at local prices. Finally, after scrimpin' and savin', he accumulated enough scratch to get over to America, pick up a fine '49 panhead mill, and ship it (and himself) back home. Completely rebuilt with a made-in-the-outback frame and a running gear ordered over the phone from a shop in Portland, Oregon, the bike turned into the wild ride displayed here. A lot of hassle to get it together over two continents? Sure. Worth it? You bet!

— Trampo

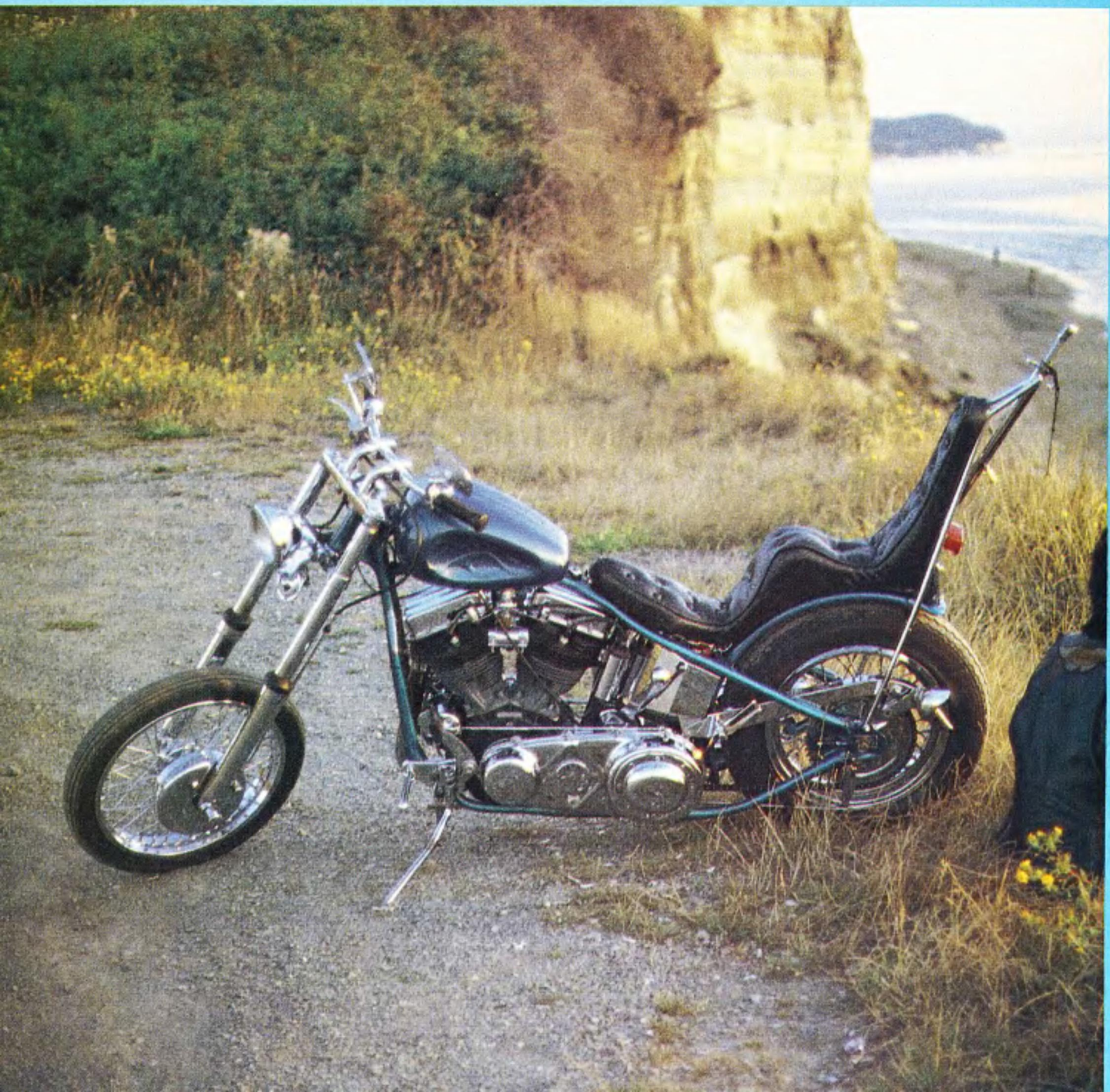


Photos by Richard Maloney





READERS'
RIDES



**Daryl Terado, Whidbey Island, Wash.
'51 FL**

It's a good thing that the beauty of a well-built pan shines through no matter what the circumstances, because there isn't too much sky-blue ridin' weather up at Whidbey Island, Washington — which is where Daryl, the owner of this super scooter, is servin' his Navy time. Never no mind, though, Daryl's photographer buddy McGee managed to be on hand the one day when it wasn't pouring and he made the most of it. Hope you enjoy the pictures as much as Daryl enjoyed the dry-pavement ride.

—Brick



Photos by M. McGee



MORE ON SNAKE BITES



We've been known to fuck up now and then. Well, it looks like we did in the June 1985 issue. Thinking entirely on your behalf, we printed a bit on snake bites. But the author musta looked in an old reference book, for some of his material was out of date. Maybe he was goin' on what his granddad handed down to his father — anyway, he (and we) fucked up. Here's the straight skinny if a snake sinks its fangs into ya.

— Editors

Ya done it now. While enjoying the June '85 issue and getting a good laugh, I read Mike Thayers' article on "Surviving A Serpent's Bite." Ya done fucked up, kids.

Okay, I realize ya goof on a regular basis, but this one takes the damn cake. Ya must've gotten your information from some half-assed movie or a first aid manual from 1800.

Today, the methods of handling snakebites in the wild are a damn sight safer than what Mike Thayer tells us. First, let's assume that the bite victim (you, not the snake) doesn't have his handy-dandy snake-bite kit from when he was in the Boy Scouts. After all, we are going to be ready for the worst.

So, anyway, no snakebite kit. You now have no suction cup to place on the bite. The effectiveness of these cups is in dispute, anyway. Clyde Peeling (who knows a hell of a lot more about snakes than either of us do, being a certified herpetologist and all) says these cups don't really apply enough suction to do much good, and while using them, valuable getting-your-ass-to-the-hospital-time can be wasted. So forget the suction cups.

Next, we are instructed to pull out the trusty Buck knife and cut an X between the fang marks. Wrong again, children. Doctors will now tell you that cutting the site of the bite is almost as dangerous as the snake's

venom. If you're like me, you use your knife for all sorts of shit — cutting your food, fingernails, toenails, split-ended hoses, picking your teeth, opening cans, and God knows what else. Now, I doubt that you sterilize your blade every time you use it. I sure don't. And by sterilize, I don't mean just washing it. I mean, dousing the thing in rubbing alcohol or boiling it in pure water for 20 minutes. There ain't no damn way to know what might be livin' on the metal, pollutin' the edge. You're gonna go and purposely cut yourself with *that*? I know you're probably thinkin' it don't matter, that the bite will kill you before any germs on the blade can. More than likely, you're right. But don't think those little bugs can't start gangrene in that bitten limb of yours. You don't *want* to be on a wooden leg forever, do ya? Also, depending on where ya were bitten and your knowledge of anatomy (how long ya been in medical school, bro?), ya might end up cutting the wrong thing, providing ya with the fun of bleedin' to death or making the limb useless. Suppose ya cut a tendon in your left ankle — how're ya gonna work the shifter on the sled to get your dyin' carcass to the hospital? Ya stand a better chance of fucking yourself up with that blade than ya do of helpin' matters.

Next, Mike's article tells us to apply a tourniquet between the wound and the heart. Actually, it would be smarter to grab some of that ice ya been using to cool off the beer and pack it around the bitten area. If ya gotta travel, stuff the ice up your pant leg and tie it shut with your shoestring at the ankle. If the bite is elsewhere, put the ice in your shirt (or whatever) and tie the bundle to the bitten area. The cold constricts the capillaries in the flesh, slowing the blood flow. The longer it takes the poison to reach your important

parts, the better your chances of survival. If ya got no ice, a tourniquet is better than nothin', but make the thing out of a piece of cloth (your shirt, socks, shorts, whatever) because such thick material will make it harder to actually stop your circulation.

Now, if help can come to you, *sit* down and don't move any more than necessary. Keep cool, bro — ya ain't gonna die.

If you have to go where the help is, let someone else do all the work — even if it means lettin' the ol' lady drive the scooter. If you black out behind the bars, it's death for ya both.

The key to surviving a snakebite is to keep calm. Don't do a damn thing more than ya got to. Don't get excited; it just makes your blood pump faster and gets ya dead sooner. Remember that snakes are used to injecting enough venom to kill critters no bigger than a house cat. The more over 100 lbs. ya weigh, the better your chances of makin' it through. So be cool. This'll be one to impress your kid sister's girlfriends with when you're out of the hospital.

I'd hate to see one of us survive all the bullshit we face and then get killed because we don't know how to handle ourselves in an emergency.

—Grizzly

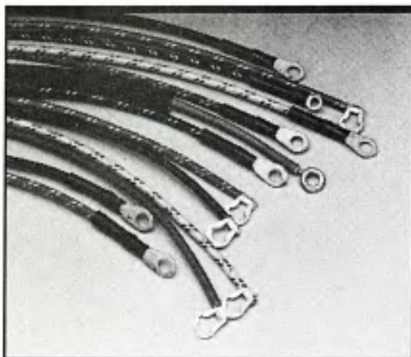
Harrisburg, Pa.

The article in the June '85 issue, "Surviving A Serpent's Bite," was all fuckin' right, but there were a few bits of fucked-up info in it.

The article says that you should apply a tourniquet above the wound and loosen it every 10 minutes for 90 seconds. This is bullshit! You should use a *constricting band* above the wound. That means you oughta be able to stick two fingers under the band so you don't stop all the blood flow. Also, you don't fuckin' loosen the damn thing. If you do, this aids in pumpin' the

Continued on page 103

PARTS BOX



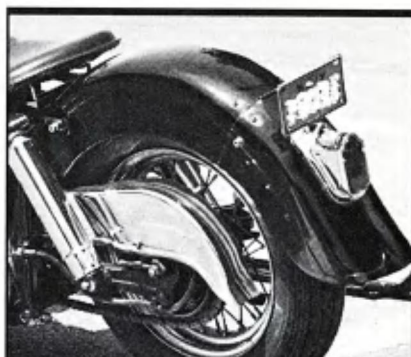
WIRING HARNESS

If your Harley's wiring harness has seen better days, Custom Chrome's got the answer — as usual. Their harnesses are cloth-wrapped, color-coded duplicates of the original wiring loom, and all wire ends have been pre-attached. If you've got a 1948-57, 1958-64, or 1965-69 Big Twin, Custom Chrome's got a harness for it. Get the lowdown from Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



FRAME

Contemplating a frame change? Don't do it until you've checked out Paughco's new 5-speed rigid frame, available for both Evolution and shovelhead engines, with varied stretch and rate combinations, with or without fatbob mounts. For more info, or to order their \$3 catalog, contact Paughco, Inc., Dept. ER, Box 3390, Carson City, NV 89702-3390. (And you thought the only thing going in Carson City was the state slammer!)

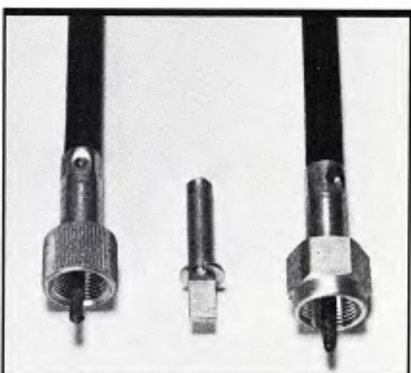
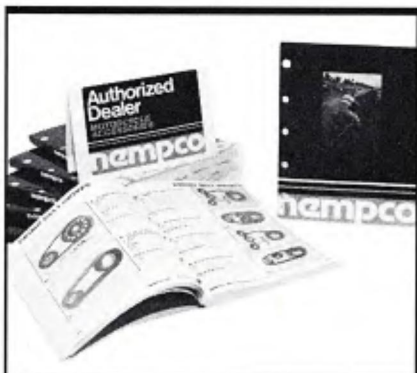


FENDER

Bernstein's got a strutless dresser fender that can be yours for only \$169, plus a \$10 shipping charge. This baby bolts right on, has internally welded struts, is strong enough to carry a rear passenger, and the hinged section works. Comes primed and ready to paint, so give Mike Bernstein a call at (516) 791-5171 to find out how he wants the money delivered — you know, small bills, money order, cashier's check, whatever.

CATALOG

Now that the year's half over, how about getting a copy of the 1985 NEMPCO catalog before it's out of date? This edition has been redesigned to emphasize performance and replacement parts for H-Ds, NEMPCO's specialty, and features an expanded Twin Power™ product line, as well as a comprehensive H-D cross-reference list, and both a quick-reference and a complete index, not to mention over 500 new products. Call NEMPCO toll-free at (800) 343-9687 (inside Massachusetts, 1-800-242-0271), or write NEMPCO, Inc., Dept. ER, Box H, Foxboro, MA 02035.



CABLES

In addition to their high-performance, nylon-lined control cables, Barnett Tool & Engineering has recently developed their own line of tach and speedo cables for H-Ds and most British bikes. All Barnett cables feature casings constructed from hard-drawn spring wire, with fittings, ferrules, and adjusters machined from brass, aluminum, and stainless steel. Got a modified sled? No problem. Cables can be ordered in custom lengths. Complete 1985 Barnett catalog of cables, clutches, and disc brake pads available for \$3. For more info, write Barnett Tool & Engineering, Dept. ER, Box 2826, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670. Or call (213) 941-1284.

HANDLEBARS

Special scoots need special bars and this outfit can supply anything from rider-proven styles to one-of-a-kind customs to antique reproductions. All bars are triple-plated over polished American steel, available in 1" or 7/8", and have handles long enough to trim. Order one or 1000; the manufacturer guarantees satisfaction. Ask Evel Knievel — he ordered five custom bars for his stunt bikes. The specs for custom orders can be in the form of models, drawings, photos, or old bars. Prices on production bars start at \$15. For more info, contact California Designs, Dept. ER, Box 3035, Lakewood, CA 90711-3035.



Last month's column wrapped up my four-part series on PTSD, and now that it's complete, I'd like to discuss the feedback I've been receiving. Regrettably, it just hasn't been possible for me to personally answer all of you who've written with problems, questions, or comments. But perhaps here I can address the issues you've raised, while simultaneously sharing with everyone the feelings you have expressed.

On the subject of my erroneous arithmetic: Apparently, quite a few of you were awake and paying attention in school, thereby cinching math. The majority of your letters were pretty matter-of-fact, some were quite polite, and only two were downright nasty.

The bro who was nicest about the whole affair is P. Russo of Edmonton, Alberta, a righteous dude who wrote solely to put my mind at rest — by affirming that the numbers of Viet vet suicides are less than I'd originally calculated.

The nastiest letter came from a sister and I want to use her style to make a point. The Sarge can take it on the chin when he's wrong as well as anybody. But when you feel you have to write and call me stupid just to boost your own ego — which seemed the main reason the "lady" wrote, since she kept referring to her special inability to "put up with" such "idiotic mistakes," etc. — then, please, just send your abusive asswipe to "Wordmonger." That way you'll get your self-serving crap in print and I can devote my time to people who either want to help or who need help.

Coincidentally — perhaps the stars are having a funky effect on people of the female persuasion lately — the only other negative response to the series also came from a sister. She wrote to say that my columns have been "pissing [her] off lately." She'd gotten the impression that I was saying all WWI and WWII vets had had it really terrific and didn't suffer from their wars. She cited both her grandfather and father as among those who were severely torn up by their service, including an instance of suicide attributable to combat memories.

I'm afraid this reader saw only what she wanted to see and read more into what was written than there actually was. I never said that combatants of those wars had it *easy* or came home with *no* problems. I was simply trying to impart the professionals' opinions as to why, on the whole, proportionately more 'Nam vets suffer PTSD, and to a greater degree, than did or do vets of our other wars.

I've already explained that doughboys suffered their share of "shell shock" and GIs of WWII "battle fatigue." There was also "operational exhaustion" during Korea. Combat affects all its unfortunate participants — in every war. Additionally, not every 'Nam vet got the shaft when he came home and, likewise, not every WWII vet received a rousing welcome upon his return. Besides talking different proportions here, we're also talking different atmospheres, types of homecoming, types of combat.

I know of Vietnam vets who've really made out on account of their having gone to 'Nam — people who mightn't otherwise have amounted to much. I also know of WWII vets who got a royal screwing instead of a royal welcome. One, for example, took eight slugs from a German machine gun in his leg and hip. Somehow, it never got on his records and so he never got VA treatment or a disability. He never even got his Purple Heart. This WWII vet could captain the boat full of Nam vets who got the wienie — they're all limping through life ignored by the system that sent them out to be maimed in the first place.

Still, go back and read the statistics; read of the differing natures of our wars and homecomings, of the differing political and social climates. You should then understand why *proportionately more* combat veterans of Vietnam are and have been suffering more stress reactions than their older brethren. But that does *not* say "all."

The majority of responses to the series came from incarcerated vets — especially those who need VA help for PTSD and/or legal assistance in getting a review of their offenses with regard to PTSD as a

contributory factor. Unfortunately, in most cases, I've been unable to do much for these bros. All too many are being denied access to the VA by their prison administrations, and legal assistance and case reviews are areas totally out of my hands. In specific instances I've been able to be of specific help, but, for the majority of you, all I can do is recommend associating yourself with one or more of the three organizations that may best be able to assist you with your problems.

The DAV (Disabled American Veterans) has proven to be a frequently effective go-between with the VA and various prison administrations. Additionally, the VVA (Vietnam Veterans of America) has established several prison chapters and has likewise been instrumental in getting some inmates their rights via agreements hammered out with the controlling administrations. An "Incarcerated Vets Program" has been established by the VVnW (Veterans of the Vietnam War, Inc.), specifically devoted to the cause of veterans' rights for bros in lockdown. *Easyriders* has published these groups' addresses several times in the past. If you don't have access to our back issues, or if you need info about any vets' organization, see your counselor. Any group you get in touch with will most likely be able to provide you with the addresses of other vet organizations.

Many of you requested more info on PTSD, my series aside. Well, I have good news, I think. A new book has just been published which may be of real help. It's called *VIETNAM VETERANS: The Road to Recovery* and was authored by two of the finest authorities in the field, Drs. Joel Osler Brende and Erwin Randolph Parson. (You may recall from my series that their work was drawn on heavily for the big *Legacies* study commissioned by the VA.) The 300-page book is available from Plenum Publishing Corp., 233 Spring St., New York, NY 10013 for \$17.95 (no postage or handling on prepaid orders). For credit card orders, call toll-free: (800) 221-9360.

The following two letters are representative of a great many responses to the PTSD series.

I am writing to Continued on page 104

LOCKSMAN

By Boomer

U.S. Senator Arlen Specter has reintroduced a bill that would require the federal government to spend one percent of its budget on so-called crime-fighting measures.

Under the Pennsylvania Republican's plan, Uncle Sam would be required to pony up this one percent amount for at least the next ten years, with the intention of cutting violent crime by at least 50 percent on federal, state, and local levels.

Since part of the bill specifies that some of the loot be spent on correctional programs, it's well worth the effort for those of you on the inside to take a close look at it.

Let's start with the basic numbers. Even in these deficit-trimming times, one percent of the federal budget equals approximately 10 billion a year — making for a total of \$100 billion by the end of the proposed ten-year period. Think about that for a second. One hundred billion bucks. The last time the Census Bureau counted noses, they found there were approximately 230,000,000 men, women, and children in the country. Simple arithmetic shows us that Sen. Specter is proposing to spend \$400 per citizen to cut major crime by 50 percent.

That don't sound too heavy until you consider that most of those people will never be charged with a serious crime. So let's look at it another way. Nobody, of course, really knows how many violent crimes are committed each year. Some are never reported, some are plea-bargained down, and a lot of what the bean-counters tote up as violent crimes are really no more violent than a biker getting busted for "assault" or "resisting arrest" because some cop didn't like his face during a routine traffic stop. So the numbers are imprecise, but approximately 100,000 so-called violent offenders were locked up last year. Since the government, in its infinite wisdom, figures that only four out of every 10 violent offenders go to prison, the total number of known violent offenders is 250,000.

If three out of four violent crimes are never reported or the perpetrators aren't caught, you've got a total of a million offenders (there are many, more offenses, of course, since the average rapist or armed robber doesn't quit at just one).



Okay, that's a million offenders a year for ten years. That should equal ten million offenders. (I'm totally lost already, how 'bout you guys?) Now, let's divide that ten million into the total expenditure of \$100 billion. Looks like Senator Specter is proposing to spend \$10,000 for each violent offender he nabs. Except that he hopes to collar only 50 percent — half — of them. That raises the ante to \$20,000 apiece. Would you agree not to bop somebody on the gourd for *twenty grand*? Probably so, but I doubt you'll get the chance. Senator Specter has other things planned for all that money.

What Senator Specter wants to do with that \$10 billion a year (an amount that's approximately 92 percent more than is currently being spent on the criminal justice system) is build four new federal prisons and four new federal work camps for each of the ten years. \$1¼ billion a year would be divided up

among the states to be used for their new prisons, and roughly \$700 million a year would be given to the states to use for better prisoner classification and training programs.

Other significant amounts would go toward putting more cops in the nation's schools, organizing "neighborhood watch" programs among civilians, and beefing up the federal government's ability to track down fugitives.

As you can see, the Specter plan (which stalled in committee last year) would require a tremendous commitment of money from a country in such dire straits that the president insists we have no choice but to cheat our old folks of a big hunk of the Social Security benefits they've been shelling out for all their working lives.

It's equally apparent that the Specter bill is heavy on the idea of building new cages (the senator has reportedly said that "short sentences" are the main problem caused by prison overcrowding) and light on any new ideas about how to prevent crime.

All in all, his bill seems designed to create massive amounts of power for those "entrusted" with spending the big bucks, while doing little to restore the word "justice" to our criminal system and nothing toward providing a way to get the tens of thousands of inmates who never really belonged behind bars in the first place back into the mainstream of productive society.

NEWS, KITES, AND DECISIONS

One For Spider

This bit really belongs in Spider's mail sack, but we're gonna rip him off for it. This dude in Kentucky decided he was missing something between his legs — actually, it was more like he decided he had something he didn't want down there, so he decided to go for a sex change.

Before attendin' to the prickly problem of his protrudin' pecker, however, he resolved to buy himself a pair of tits — which he did by commencing a

Continued on page 114

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Virgo

Virgo's main objective in life is to gripe and point out other people's flaws, failures, and fuck-ups. Being an absolutely perfect asshole gives Virgo enough superiority to detail everyone's errors but his own. He even criticizes while copulating.

If you bag a Virgo into bed, he'll bitch until you're ready to barf (and never miss a stroke). Don't misunderstand. Virgos are plenty sexy between the sheets — as long as you wear earplugs. Take my advice, the best way to get a thrill off Virgo is to sit on his face or clamp his tongue to his lower lip with your handy-dandy roach clip and then get on with the humping.

Virgos are practical, punctual, and pushovers for pharmaceuticals. (Offer Virgo your last hit of Preparation H and he'll never leave ya!) Virgos spend as much time popping pills as they do pounding their puds. They're classic hypochondriacs who are totally obsessed with their imagined aches and ills. The best way to blow Virgo's mind is to take away his

stool softener and sneeze in his face. If ya really want to do him dirt, borrow his copy of *Recreational Drugs* and don't return it.

Some famous Virgos, past and present, are: Henry Ford (he made it with four wheels), Jesse James (he made it with four legs), Peter Falk (he made it with one eye), and Peter Sellers (he made it with a panther). Other Virgos include Robert Blake, Raquel Welch, Tuesday Weld, Sophia Loren, Sean Connery, and two Buddies — Holly and Hackett.

Virgos believe they're susceptible to everything from colds to crotch rot, but in reality they're most prone to nervous stomach, chapped lips (from all that carping), and ring around the poophute.

Virgos are reliable buddies who hang in when the going gets rough. They'll help you with mechanical problems, feed you pills, take your temperature (just bend over), and tell you every single time you're wrong. Value 'em — these perfectionists are extremely particular about those they call friend or lover.

tell. Do yourself a favor — get a muzzle or learn to mumble. Invite a few choice friends over to help ya clean out your medicine cabinet. Enjoy.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

★ This month moves along

with all the speed of a dead snail — like it's a real drag. You're too bored to get a hardon and too petered out to party. A b-a-d case of the blahs has ya by the balls. The only exercise ya feel strong enough to undertake consists of a

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☿ Your hidden talents surprise ya this month and you have some ball-bustin' brain power to back ya up. Give your rod a rest (try just one weekend), and take the time to look up past partners. At least one bro will turn you on to welcome news about a cash payback that's long overdue. Take advantage of this extra-good one.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Tighten up at home base by putting a freeze on funds. Stick to what you know for a fact and don't try to fake folks out, otherwise you'll come up way short. Attend to some mind-boggling details you've been avoiding lately. Time to flush friends out instead of wiping with their IOUs. Use your best toilet-mouth approach, combined with a good, swift kick.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ A rare case of nostalgia grabs ya by the nuts this month and ya long for the old folks at home. Get out your old snot rags and let loose a tear or two. Take time out to rub rumps with your relatives. Beef up your best bullshit and lay it on 'em. Make a great impression, then drop your drawers and give yourself a handshake.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ You feel the urge to splurge on some cheap thrills. Fuck that — you ain't got a pot to piss in or a window to toss it out of. Wave the world a wet kiss or two, sponge off your in-laws, rip off your rugrats, or do like the rest of us and go into debt. Don't just sit there while everyone else parties — get out and raise hell!

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ This is a month of mixed blessings. You've got one foot in the door and the other in your mouth, more pussy than you can partake of and a bad case of jock itch. Your mind is in high gear with a shitload of heavy-duty rap, but you come down with laryngitis. By the end of this one, you'll be ready to twist your dog's nuts off just to relieve your tension.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Happy b'day! Party your pants off (unless ya happen to be in the pokey and cursed with a cute poophute). Get loose, throw up on yourself, then share. Stick your nose in some nookie, then smell and

few underpowered farts, a lightweight belch, and shaking the piss off your pecker.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Looks like home base is loaded right now. You'd best check yourself if you're sneaking around, because it seems that first, second, and third are about to compare notes. Which, if I've gotta spell it out for ya, means that you're gonna strike out completely when they catch the score. Up till now your batting average has had ya off base, so watch what you're catching. Remember, it's a long run home — especially with your pants down.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Your nerves and your nuts are all in a knot this month. Your ol' lady's on the rag in more ways than one. Some between-the-sheets promises are only empty cum stains and have ya runnin' for a cover-up. Find a safe hole to stash your goodies in before your balls burst. Those do-it-yourself kits won't do it right now.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Lucky you, this month's better than a super-good dump (with the same amount of paperwork involved). You'll be relieved when you wipe yourself clean of past obligations. Opportunities abound for earning extra cash and increased security. (This applies to those who are prepared to hustle ass.) Don't forget, if ya snooze, ya lose.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Give yourself a well-earned vacation, even if it's just a kicked-back weekend. Bustin' your balls at work without any playtime will take its toll on you Aquariuses faster than usual this year. The planet Jupiter in your sign now (and all year) says you should give yourself more slack time than you normally do. It's a good time for trying your luck, too. Be good to yourself.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Watch out! Up until the 15th, something fishy could raise a really big stink down at El Jobbo. Combining work with play will either give you an ace up your sleeve or a sleeve up your ass. Take only calculated risks, think twice, and then sleep on it (or with it). Confusion during this period can give you whiplash from trying to figure out which end is up.

Biker's Digest



Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

Big Shim Missing

You see, the Harley-Davidson FXRT, otherwise known as the Sport Glide, costs ten thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars. A big number when you write it like that. A big number if you write it like this: \$10,250. Which means that to own one, you need to be loaded — successful. Or have a shim missing.

—Guy Allen
Australian Motor Cycle News

Genteel Buckboard

At the ripe old age of 28, Harley-Davidson's XLH Sportster could be considered the grande dame of street cruisers. Yet there's one area in which the Sportster remains decidedly unrefined: The buckboard accommodations provided by the ultra-stiff rear suspension and wafer-thin saddle make the XLH less than genteel.

—Jim Miller
Cycle Guide

Conservative Anonymity

It's just that the Shadow is, when compared to its competition, conservative — too much so for our tastes. And out on Main Street, being too conservative can translate into anonymity. Remember, the Shadow is going up against the likes of Harley's Gee-that's-what-a-motorcycle-should-look-like Softail and the almost-irresistible Virago 1000. That's tough competition.

—Cycle World

Talking Bikes

Once in a great while I run into someone riding an old Indian or a Triumph or a Norton or a Vincent. These people I can talk to. I've been there. I even understand Lucas. I manage to get along fairly well with Yamaha owners if they have Virago twins. I don't do so well talk-

ing Gold Wing or any other form of Honda. I also don't talk much Suzuki or Kawasaki. Being normal, I don't even bother speaking to anyone on a MotoGuzzi or a BMW. They talk only to each other and God.

—Ed Robinson
Hot Bike

Fossil Mechanic

As a kid, hooked on technology and performance, I regarded Harleys as a sort of mechanical fossil. They seemed antiquated by comparison to the foreign bikes, especially the Japanese. I felt the same way about American cars, until I bought a Ford van and learned to love it because of its ability to tirelessly consume American Interstate highways while loaded to the roof with my racing motorcycles.

—Art Friedman
Motorcyclist

Irretrievable Quality

You can never win back that first kiss, that first love, that first motorcycle ride. It's all gone, irretrievable, left to be raised and reconstructed by memory. But facing that Harley brought it all back home again. It was strangely friendly and intimidating at the same time. Mechanically, the VL appeared to be on its very last legs; still, it had a simple, burly, peasant quality that suggested it would still be around in 2036 to give another green recruit a run for his money.

—Chris Hodenfield
Cycle

What A Show

A "show of solidarity" — i.e., a couple thousand bearded yahoos in the cutoffs and chains — may accomplish a pullback in legislative plans. But typically this will only be temporary. Once the Mongol hordes have withdrawn, the legislators will

come out of hiding, have a good chuckle about all the "weirdos" they stirred up, then they'll go ahead with business as usual. Happens every time.

—Bob Carpenter
Road Rider

Rubber-Mounted Vibration

The engine's twin-crankpin design, which uses 45 degrees of crankpin offset, results in more vibration than is felt with any of the other Japanese V-twins, but far less than a Harley without a rubber-mounted engine. On one of the two Intruders I sampled, vibration through the seat was slightly annoying, but the other Intruder seat buzzed less.

—Steve Anderson
Cycle World

Existing Faults

The FXRS still has its faults. The brakes, while they may be exactly what most Harley riders want, are still too stiff and unyielding for me; a pair of Brembo calipers might do the trick. The motor doesn't rev high enough, though Minton tells me relief is only a carb, cam and pipe away. The chassis isn't high enough off the ground; a change in pipes, and maybe taller rear shocks, would help here. The forks are a bit too whippy; maybe I could adapt some bigger tubes and sliders and have some triple clamps machined to accept them. Come to think of it, there isn't a whole lot of the bike that I wouldn't change — and that would make it pretty tough to sign a check for what would be, for me, a kit bike with some of the pieces missing. I like the fact that the FXRS exists for those who need it, but I'm afraid I'm just not one.

—Dexter Ford
Motorcyclist

Two Steps Back

We question whether Japanese companies founded on strong engineering principles will ever fathom a customer's desire for a vibration-laden, four-speed engine when a smooth-running five-speed can be just as easily substituted. Harley-Davidson is willing to yield to just such a compromise. This year H-D gave the Wide Glide the new Evolution engine, a powerplant already equipped with a five-speed trans and rubber engine mounts. Consumer demand, however, dictated two backward steps: a four-speed gearbox and rigid engine mounting — big concessions for tradition's sake.

—Cycle

Primitive Art

If a Harley were a work of art — which many people consider it to be — it would fall into the school of American Primitive; Grandma Moses and Grant Wood would have ridden Harleys. It's not trying to be fancy, it's not trying to be slick.

—Clement Salvadori
Road Rider

More And Less

In some ways, however, it resembles that archetypical big American touring rig, the Harley-Davidson Electra Glide. The Suzuki's huge, 1360cc V-4 has a very Harley-like powerband, pulling incredibly hard from engine speeds just above idle, and it has a similar V-engine rumble. The Cavalcade's engine, however, is both more and less than a Harley — more in power and torque, less in vibration and roughness. If the Cavalcade's engine resembles a Harley V-Twin, it's a Harley engine experienced through layers of rubber and insulation.

—Steve Anderson
Cycle World

Whale From Wales

I ain't nice either, but the scene here ain't conducive to Mutha-emulation. For instance, last week I hit bet-winning form in a bikers' bar. Stoned again, I bared my butt, bulged out the bronze eye, and dropped a brown 'un four feet into a beer glass. Crack shot! (Yeah, I know you coulda done it in the wind.) Then I flashed a tit. Result? Fuckin' authority stomped all over me and threw me out, tits an' all, on a lifetime ban.

So I'm U.S.-bound this fall and I'll be lookin' for the best grease-caked pig's gristle, but I need to know with which U.S. bros' outfit does a long-limbed, good-lookin', sweet-fartin', wet-sexin', shit-kinky, arse-guzzlin' biker girl (22) get her unsprung 38s pulled best?

Kinky
Cardiff, Wales

- You'll find out.

Long Problem

You sweet meat, I have a big problem. I'm down for five years. I already did 15 months, and with good time I'll be out in 15 more. My big problem is that I've been pulling my pud for all 15 months and the more I pull it, the more it grows. I know it's going to drag on the ground by the time I get out. What should I do then?

Frenchie
Alexandria, La.

- Use it as club or a whip or use it to chain up yer scooter.

Still A Kid

When I was 14 and I asked my father for a Harley, he said to wait till I was 16. Now I'm 17 and I've worked four different jobs in those three years to come close to getting a used Sportster. You know what he said when I told him about it? He said that if I got it, he'd throw me out of the house.

S.Z.
Bronx, N.Y.

- Fuck him — hold him to his word. A Sporty will attract women and you could live with one of them.

Uncommon Proposal

My favorite squeeze and I were at our favorite tavern when she got down on her knees and asked me if she

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



could marry my ass. Well! She does ride her own scooter, and her legs do start off with her feet and go all the way up to heaven, and she can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch (if she puts her mouth to it). Besides, how can a bro say no to a split-tail who has the class to ask like that?

The problem is, we want to do the wedding right. And we need your help in the "biker etiquette" department. Like what kind of beer to serve, which T-shirt is best, when should the bridesmaids show their tits, etc., etc., etc.

We knew that Gloria Vanderbilt and Ann Landers wouldn't have the lack of refinement to answer these questions like you would.

Stephen D.
Olympia, Wash.

- Check out the June 1985 rag for an article telling ya everything ya need to know 'bout biker weddings.

Cut The Crap

I'm a pretty cool dude, but I have a problem. I've got plenty of ol' ladies, but every time we start to fuck I can't get it even halfway in. All of them say it's too big. They like to lick it, but the minute I stick it in they have a seizure — before I have enough time to get my rocks off. Please help me.

Redhead
Muskegon, Mich.

- Come to L.A. I've got some holes for it.

It's All Relative

I think you might be my mother-in-law. You see, I'm married to this cunt who's a dead ringer for your daughter.

Everything about her is just like you. She has thick fuzzy hair down to the middle of her back, a big fat nose, small eyes, big lips, great big sloppy tits, blackheads and zits all over her ass, and her

cunt — wow, is it huge!

One day when I was going to suck the scabs loose on her snatch, a fly came and landed on it. Hey, I'm no pig, so I tried to scare the fucker away, but he was dead. No shit, he was dead.

Do you think my wife is your daughter?

Big Lugo
Tracy, Calif.

- It can't be her. She's livin' with Spider's dog right now.

Nothin' But Da Truth

I just wanted you to tell me if the things that I've been hearing about you are true.

They say that your hole is so big that they had an expedition to raise the Titanic out of your gorge and everyone had to wear gas masks because of the stench. Is that right?

Oats
Canon City, Colo.

- I'm a three-way broad — which hole do they mean?

Loud Gift

Me and my best bro live next door to each other, so, for his birthday, I sent my ol' lady over to spend the night with him as his present.

The thing is, she spent the whole night moaning and yelling so loud that I couldn't sleep. She never makes any noise at all when I fuck her, so what the hell do you think she was doin' with him?

Ballpeen
Gary, Ind.

- Probably not callin' for help.

Ounce Of Prevention

Lately, my ol' man's been sayin' that I've turned into a double-bagger. How 'bout a picture of you so I can glue your mug on the second bag? Then maybe he'll quit makin' me wear a Kroger bag to bed.

Steve's Ol' Lady
Granite City, Ill.

- Careful, he'll throw rocks at you if he thinks he's in bed with me.

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. ■

THE RETURN OF RED RIDER

OOOOH! LOOKIT ALL THESE HUNK BIKERS! SUCH BIG BULGES. SUCH LONG FRONT ENDS. OOOOH, THEY'RE ALL SOOOO ROUGH N' TOUGH.



ROUGH N' TOUGH,
MY ASS!!!

THE NEXT
BIKER I SEE,
I'M GONNA
KICK HIS
ASS!!!

I'LL SHOW YOU
ROUGH N' TOUGH!



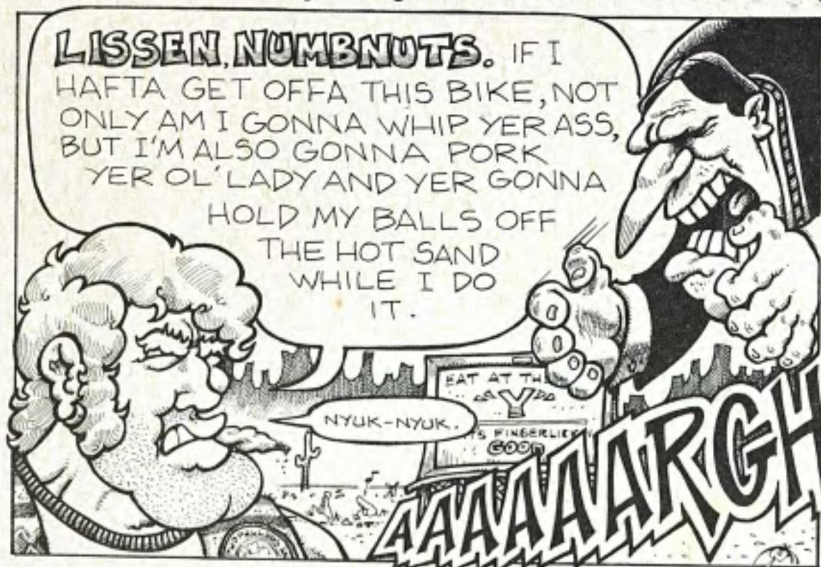
C'MON, BOY! LET'S SEE
HOW ROUGH N' TOUGH
YOU ARE!!!!

WHADAFUCK.

I'LL MOIDER YA.
I KNOW DUNG FU,
THE ORIENTAL ART OF
SHIT-KICKING.

LATER

ROUGH AN' TOUGH,
MY ASS! DIDJA HEAR 'IM
SCREAM WHEN I
DROPPED HIS BALLS
ON THE SAND?



Male Call

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

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

W/m, 25, 5'8", 140 lbs., blue eyes, light red hair, 3 yrs. to go. Would like to hear from serious lady; interested in financial partnership in '88. Billy Travis 13371, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

White scooter tramp, 27, 6'2", 180 lbs., needs letters and pix from righteous women. All letters answered. E. "Spider" Van Aelst 5994, Box 700, Jessup, MD 20794.

Wild-eyed Southern boy needs kites from bros and sisters who care and who still believe in freedom and brotherhood of the road. Dale Falkner 110430 G-3-C, Box 280, Odenville, AL 35120.

Ladies: Begin with a vision (me) and hold it fast. Reality passes, but great dreams last. W/m, 25, blue eyes and reddish-blond hair. Write and send photos. Brian Pledger, Box C-23642, San Quentin, CA 94974.

W/m, 26, 6', 200 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, doing 15 flat for beating an asshole to death. I want to hear what's still happening in the free world. Madison 118333, Box 100, Somers, CT 06071.

Chicks: Get off the dicks, pick up your Bics, and send flicks. Bill Kash, P4571, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

Strong-hearted Italian, 30, seeks attractive, secure, loving female for lasting relationship and commitment. Should be open-minded, sexually uninhibited, with high sex drive. I'm expressive, romantic, understanding, a one-woman man. Jailed for forgery, but in love I'm for real! Kenny T. Pignone 82D207, Box 367, Dannemora, NY 12929.

Two w/m Outlaw Warriors need righteous bitches! They locked up our bodies, but not our minds or spirits. We're wild, crazy, good-looking and fun, so write and be amazed. J.S. McCormick (blond, 180 lbs. and intelligent), Box 42498; and L.D. DeYoung Brown (150 lbs., terrorist), Box 42165, Florence, AZ 85232.

Three white bros locked down. Take your pick. Bro #1 (T.A. Heffel): scooter tramp, 30, an animal. Bro #2 ("Resident") C-3, Rm. 15: disbarred lawyer, 38, on the rebound. Bro #3 (J.J. Ellis): ex-military intelligence officer, 30, retired. Box 238, Oregon, WI 53575.

Lonely biker, w/m, 6', black hair, green eyes. Foxy ladies, write and send pictures. Del Adair 131083, Box 548, JHCC, Lexington, OK 73051.

Biker needs letters and pictures from foxy ladies. Gary R. Phillips 117662, Box 548, JHCC, Lexington, OK 73051.

I'm not an artist but I need some ladies to pass this time. Northern California w/m, 29, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'9". Danny Osborn, C068158, FSP N.3.S.15, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

Scooter tramp, 37, needs some good people to correspond with. Down for 5 with 120 to go. Long brown hair, beard, 5'7", 180 lbs., Of ladies, please send flicks and write. Who knows, maybe someday this tramp will get out. Donald Ray Jeffers, Sr., ADC 75604, Box 500, #3 Bks., Grady, AR 71644-0500.

Lived fast and free like there was no tomorrow. But this buck's got a few tomorrows left and could use letters and flicks to lift me from my sorrows of the ones lost. Don Scheinert, NNCC, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89702.

W/m, 32, down for a taste, seeks correspondence with ladies who got it together and need a man to make it complete. Need lady's help to hit the streets soon. Jeff Kass 13723, Box 208, Indian Springs, NV 89070.

Mexican bro, 20, in need of some correspondence. Send perfumed letters and pix. This is one dude with lots of rap and love on my mind. Will answer all. Juan Acosta 336181, Darrington Unit, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583.

Tramp w/m, 39, looking for kites from hard-bellies. Relationship with tight lady. Do me right now and I'll do you right later. No bullshit. Clint Crowell, C82223, Box 705 U-II, CTF-N, Soledad, CA 93960-0708.

All you honeys: I'd be doing fine if you'd drop me a line. Little Red needs your sweet letters. I'm 5'6", 155 lbs., with dark red hair. Jeff Schacherer 182-707, OCI, Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216.

W/m, down and lonely, 35, 6'3", 250 lbs., needs a good woman, 18-30, to write and ride back home to Oregon with in '86. Randy "Shotgun" Ackermann, HMCC, Box 600, Eagle River, AK 99577.

Downed bro, one to go on 3 years. Blond hair, blue eyes, 5'5", 160 lbs., good build, 25. Looking to hear from hard-riding ladies: want that one righteous ol' lady to share good times with. Answer those with flick first. Brad "Mad Dog" Gerke, EF 176873, MCI, Rt. 3 Box 3, Greenville, GA 30222.

Attention, pleasantly plump gangster ladies: I'm a bro in need of a gangster lady's TLC. I've been locked down 6 years, but I'm about to return to the world. Thomas Porter 22390, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

W/m, 6', 165 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, wants to meet ladies of any age. Ladies, write me now if you're interested in a real man. Now in Alabama, but not for long. Houston L. Dixon 107646, Box 56 A-3-13, Elmore, AL 36025.

W/m, doing hard time. Need to correspond with a sweet, sincere lady. Will be out in '86. Riccardo "Wapp" Morelli 156435, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

Ain't got no one or anything. Lookin' for an ol' lady willing to help me get on my feet when I get out. I am 26, 5'9", 170 lbs., and have 2 1/4 to go. Terry L. Gull, K7320, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

W/m, 24, lonely, 5'10", 160 lbs., wants correspondence with ladies, 18 and older, for friendship and possible long-term relationship with that special someone. Brown eyes, long dark brown hair. Been down a couple, out in '87. Lou Korjavi 162167, 777 W. Riverside Dr., Ionia, MI 48846.

Cold, lonely, and blue — need to hear from you. Young w/m, healthy, brown hair, blue eyes, needs a pretty, sweet young fine thang to warm my heart. Out '85. Ricky Tichenor, C49275, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

I don't believe there's a world beyond the front gate. Please write Frank Cusimano 83A6841, CCF, Box 367, Dannemora, NY 12929.

Hey, you fine foxes: Lucky needs to hear from ya and flicks are cool. Half-breed, 22, 6', 190 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, out 12/11/85. Love anything to do with Harley's, honeys, or partyin'. Bobby "Lucky" Keyes 180-117, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001.

Hawaiian bro, 5'11", 150 lbs., brown hair, black eyes, desires correspondence with sincere female. All letters answered. Felipe Deguzman, Oahu Prison, 2199 Kamehameha Hwy., Honolulu, HI 96819.

Downed bro, 24, with 2 yrs. left to go would like to hear from ladies, 18 to 50. Maybe get some relationship going. Long sandy-blond hair, hazel eyes, 5'11", 168 lbs. Bob Henthorne 35996, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Scooter bum, 19er, messed up in society so I'm doing a stretch with no one to pull the strings for a parole. Ladies, 18-49 1/2, write and send photos to "The Gypsy Prince." Let's talk. James A. Ragazinski 33485, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

SoCal of school G'ster, 27, needs help from special, royal young ladies. Got game? Style? Down? Great! Need mail and sexy pix to keep me alive and feeling. Stash waiting on release; soon. All mail answered. White Worlock, Robert Michael Shurgot 83940, Cummins, Box 500, Grady, AR 71603.

W/m, 27, 5'8", 145 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, would like to hear from some women out there. Age doesn't matter. Write now and save me from going crazy. Salvatore Baptiste 83A5619, ACF, Attica, NY 14011.

Downed w/m on Reaper Row would like letters and flicks from brothers and chicks to help pass this lonely time until I make it to Harley Heaven. Will answer all. Ernest "Bo" Busby 105788, Death Row A-2, LSP, Angola, LA 70712.

W/m, 22, on Death Row, needs females, 19-40, from all over to drop a few lines accompanied by photos to put a smile back on my face. All will be answered the same day received. John J. LeVasseur 131154, Box 500, Death Row, Boydton, VA 23917-0500.

W/m with 2 yrs. left would like to hear from foxy white lady, 18-40. I'm 35, 6'1", brown hair and blue eyes. All letters answered; outlaw ladies first. Ronald Martin 92768, Camp J Bass I, Angola, LA 70712.

Holland w/m down in federal joint needs letters. Will answer all. Please send pix. Ron VanderViis, FCI 17834-008, Talladega, AL 35160.

W/m, 20, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown curly hair, great eyes, doing time for a humbug crime. Need righteous women to write to me. Please write and send pix. Chris Gallagher, Y3420, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

This 40-year-old vintage outlaw is looking for correspondence and photos from a foxy lady to help me through this last year. Been down 7. Bob Hudson, 79-A-948, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821.

Sincere bro at the bottom of the pit, groping for a rope out! Jose Garcia 82-A-2333, 135 State St., Box 618, Auburn, NY 13021.

Two white tramps soon to return to the good life. Want pix and scribes from chicks with the heart to pick up pen and paper. Looks don't matter — just help our spirits to ride until it's a reality. Ben Brewer 94994, and Steve Hatch 107214, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

Looking for a good Harley woman to ride the open road with. W/m, 30, brown hair and eyes, full beard, 5'8", 160 lbs., rides a Sportster, doesn't fly a patch. No dope monsters, drunks, or game players. Coming home soon and ain't got time for bullshitters. Photo for photo. Laurence "Wizard" Hargrave 157385, BBCU, Box 537, Jessup, MD 20794.

Canadian bro, 23, 6', 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, black beard, just picked up an 18-mo. hole program for downing a C/O. Would appreciate letters from ladies in Sacramento area. Down 4 yrs. without a visit. Robert Gaetz, C49128, Represa, CA 95671.

Bro from Central Valley, 23, brown hair, hazel eyes, 180 lbs., doing a nickel and needs letters. All you 100% ladies, send photos. Will reply fast, so come on now, start writing. Ronald Jackson, C99724, CMF-S Facility II Bldg. 12-219, Box 4000, Vacaville, CA 95696-4000.

W/m, 27, out late '85 or early '86, would like to hear from white or Mexican broads. I'm no dog. Send a flick and so will I. Will answer all. Could be lookin' for place to relocate after I'm loose. Could it be your place, too? Robert "Lightnin'" Boldt 381110, Rt. 3 Box 300, Navasota, TX 77869.

W/m, 23, 5'9", 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes, would love to hear from bisexual women. I need some sexy pictures to keep my dick hard, so get off your ass and write. Robert J. Graham 33020, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

W/m, 37, 5'11", 190 lbs., blond on blue, Calif.-based French Canadian, doin' 7 for creative financing (bank robbery). Lookin' for that one scooter lady who's secure about herself. Surface aesthetics unimportant, but heart is! M.D. "Doc" Pinhey, C87630, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

Bro, 27, blond, blue eyes, looking for correspondence from some righteous ladies. All letters answered. Raymond H. Goforth 061631, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

This is an open appeal to petite, financially stable w/f, 18-30, in Alaska, Washington, Oregon and Nevada. 100% gypsy, good-looking, 30, sincere, marriage-minded, looking for a good lady to share my life, love and friendship. No trips or games. John K. Eason 14973, Box 208-SDCC, Indian Springs, NV 89070.

Crazy w/m, 6', 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, looking for letters and flicks from nasty girls, especially ladies in Midwest, for business as well as giggles and grins. Will answer all. Out in 2 and want a sweet wench to balance out my FXRS. Dan "Dago" Holland, C50971, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

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 **Walter Haskard**, 3/2/85, who died too soon and left so much behind. Hope you're at peace with yourself and riding in the wind forever. We love and miss you. JoAnne and sons.

In loving memory of **Alan George "Sleazy Rider" Auger**, 8/24/64-1/17/85, who died so that an accident victim might live. Alan was a great partner and the best bro a man could have. You hardly got to taste the wind, bro, but you're riding free now. Keep a space for me in Harley Heaven, so we can ride together again. Your bros Adam "Lobo," Travis, and all the bros from the 500 ONT Chapter of B.R.O.

In loving memory of **Robert O. Berg**, 7/4/76, the best friend a man could have. All of your friends and I will never forget you. Ride on, bro. Joe Schmidt-bauer and the rest of the Iron Range, Minnesota.

In memory of our brother, **Chris Bond**, 2/24/85. Chapter Oak MC, Connecticut. OFFO.



To the memory of **Chris Parsons**, downed in the line of duty, 3/14/85. He will be missed by all who knew and loved him. Keep 'em laughin' in Harley Heaven. From your brothers, Big Tim, Flyin' Hawaiian, Owen, and Shithouse. Very special love from Linda P.

In loving memory of **Pete Bobris**, 12/5/53-2/23/85, a typical Sagittarian. You left us too soon and we miss you so much. But we know you're at peace now, "just watching the moon hiding in the Desert Skies." Will always treasure the many happy memories and the love you left behind. Ride free, Pete! Love and peace, Debbie, Mike, Leah, and all your friends from "Eastside."

In loving memory of **Joseph "Peeshole" Douchette**, 2/9/32-10/29/84, a true 1%er to the end. You lived hard and died young, leaving us with a good memory of how life should be. You will be truly missed. We love you and your memory will be burned into our hearts. Fly, seagull, fly! Your ol' lady Karen and ragrats Gracie and Jacqueline.

In loving memory of **Dave Johnson**, 5/18/85. We want him to know that his brothers who loved him so much think of him every time we fire up our scoots. We'll remember him as a brother. From Gary, Tutt, Andy, Shelly Kaminski, Rob, and Sione Keli. The Frog Jump wasn't the same without you.

In memory of **Daniel Favretti**, September 75. Ten years since your departure on a one-way ticket with your wings. You haven't been replaced, buddy. Alain, Marc, Franck, Jacques, Jean-Jacques, and Bruno.

In memory of **James "Panhead" Wegner**, a Freedom rider who went down on his pan, 10/84. I prayed God would let us keep you, but He decided He needed your help in Harley Heaven. I know you're still with us, but it ain't the same. You are loved and missed by all who were lucky enough to know you.

In loving memory of **Brian "Red" Bogers**, 5/30/60-11/27/84, who lived hard and died young. I miss you so much, as does your family and many bros. Your memory will live on in my heart. Kat Bogers.

In memory of **Thomas "Tom Cat" Brantner**, taken out of the wind by a freak accident, 3/27/85. You were a great riding bro and friend to a lot of people. You will be greatly missed by both family and friends. Ride on forever, bro, we love you.

In memory of **Ed "Shane" Wyant**, 8/6/84, a true brother whose short life was ended by a semi that ran over him from behind. We will always remember you, bro. From your bro and sis, Spider and Cherokee. Logansport, Indiana.

In memory of **Shane Whitman**, 7/31/81, in Ottumwa, Iowa. You took a big piece of my heart with you on that last ride and until we're together again, you're painfully missed by your #1 lady. No one loved you like I do. Always and ever, Debra Lowrey.

In memory of **AB Mataya**, who left us 6/6/84. It's just not the same without you. Not a day goes by that we don't think of you. We love and miss you; you'll always be in our hearts. Ride free! Love, Butch and girls.

In memory of **Lester Max "Little Max" Rhoads III**, 3/19/82. Your memory will never die; I'll always remember us riding side by side. It's not your fault some asshole's bus took you down. When we meet in Harley Heaven someday, we'll ride again. Your bros, friends and family miss ya. Most of all, Big Brother, I miss ya and love ya. "Little Sister," Bill, Dad, and Scooter.

In loving memory of **Benny Wahl**, hit from behind by a cager, 8/11/84. You'll remain in the hearts of your family and friends forever. Stay in the wind and ride free, Ben. We love you. Robert "Smokey" Wahl.

In memory of **George Eaton**, 2/24/61-12/21/84. You're gone from our sight, but not from our minds. You brought a lot of laughter into our lives. Ride on forever; we'll miss you, bro. Couch and Company.

In memory of **James "Gumple" Gumph**, 8/19/44-1/5/85. Your scheme was always with the best. 3 wheels never got to take the test. The reminiscing with all the rest. Our dreams are #1 request. P.B. and the rest of the gang.

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Iron & Thunder Cycle Works 601 N. 40th Ave., Phoenix
Night Rider 609 E. Indian School Rd., Phoenix
Desert Custom Cycle 3575 W. Clarendon, Phoenix

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

CALIFORNIA

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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, Ventura
Pig Iron Enterprises 33328 Calimesa Blvd., Yucaipa
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 6910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
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 Oceania 226 Via Del Monte, Oceanside
Micah McCloskey's Custom Cycles 21428 Sherman Way,
Canoga Park

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.,
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Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.),
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Bustin Chops 5780 SW 25th St. Day #3, Hollywood
Classic Cycle Supply 4824 U.S. 92 E., Lakeland
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TNT Cycle Accessories 801 Navy Blvd., Pensacola

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Southern Cycle, Inc. 30 N. Ave. Hwy. 20, Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
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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
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Brandt's H-D Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Shop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie
Hurd's Cycle Supply Business 30 West, Warsaw

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Cycledelic Choppers 1147 Penn., Reading
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Traffic Report

Continued from page 15

traffic. Jason dodged broken mufflers
and other debris on the shoulder,
searching the thickening mass of cars
for the green GTO.

In the getaway car, Kevin still
gripped the dash tightly. "Man, what
did you run into that kid for?"
he moaned.

Al swerved in front of a semi. "I
couldn't stop!" he snapped. "Shut the
fuck up about it, will ya, and see how
much money we got!"

Kevin ignored the canvas money
bag lying on the floor at his feet. "Man,
they're gonna kill us for runnin'
down that kid..." He put his head in
his hands.

"Dammit," shouted Al. "they ain't
gonna catch us, see? So cut yer
snivelin' an' see how much we got." He
slowed down to meld with the traffic,
which was rapidly bunching up.
"We're just gonna slip in here an' drive
along with these people fer a little
while, an' then head out to the house.
The fuckers'll never be able to pick us
up in this mess." They topped a hill in
the midst of a group of cars, passing a
county sheriff taking radar from the
shoulder.

Above the highway, a local TV sta-
tion's helicopter was monitoring the
evening traffic flow. The pilot noticed
Jason streaking along the inside
shoulder and nudged the reporter
seated next to him. "Look at that fool
on the bike," he said.

The reporter leaned over. "Damn!"
he exclaimed. "That guy's really mov-
ing!" From their vantage point up in
the sky, pilot and reporter watched as
Jason neared the hill hiding the
parked radar cop. "Hah!" cackled the
reporter, switching to another chan-
nel on the police scanner. "This
should be interesting."

Jason topped the hill to find the
parked cruiser dead ahead. Braking as
hard as he dared, he swerved into the
traffic in front of the same semi that
Al had cut off earlier. The truck
stood on his air brakes and the truck
jackknifed, plowing aside several cars
before toppling over. Vehicle after ve-
hicle now slammed into the mess in a
massive chain collision. Up in the
helicopter, the reporter frantically
screamed, "Get a shot of that!" at his
cameraman.



"I don't know whose dog did it
and I don't want to know!"

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L.  **SPARE PARTS '26**
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His back tire skidding, Jason clicked down into third and cut back onto the shoulder. The sheriff took off after him, the rear end of his cruiser dropping down from the force of the acceleration.

Back at the gas station, the hysterical attendant was gesturing towards the on-ramp and crying about "a motorcycle and a car. . ." The city police officers who'd responded to the robbery call couldn't help but glance toward the intersection where a small broken body was being lifted into an ambulance. Shaking their heads, they turned back to the woman. What kind of car, they wanted to know. What sort of motorcycle? A green car, she sobbed, and a big motorcycle — a big, loud, red one. One of the cops radioed this information to the dispatcher.

Meanwhile, inside the house with the stereo blaring, Diane continued her dinner preparations, unaware of the carnage outside and unable to hear the special live report on the evening news: "This is Joe Whity of WBUL, Milwaukee's best news source, with a live news exclusive." The picture on the screen was an aerial shot of a figure on a motorcycle splitting lanes on the freeway. The reporter's voiceover continued: "Less than five minutes ago, this spectacular accident occurred on Interstate 94 just west of Highway 18." Abruptly, the picture changed to show the pileup around the overturned semi. "It appears that a motorcyclist, traveling at a high rate of speed, is now attempting to elude a Milwaukee County sheriff in heavy rush-hour traffic." There was a cut-away to another shot of Jason, this time with the sheriff behind him. "At this time we only know that the cyclist was involved in the start of that chain collision, involving at least nine cars and a semi. Motorists should avoid the area, if possible. Please stay tuned to WBUL for more live bulletins as we provide you with Milwaukee's best news coverage. For WBUL, this is Joe Whity."

On the freeway, Jason eased the burgundy pan over one lane, so that he was about six car lengths directly behind Kevin and Al. The cruiser, still on the shoulder, was abreast of him now, two lanes away, with its siren wailing. Other cars around them began slowing down as their drivers sought to get out of the way. Jason reached back into his saddlebag and



"Just fuck it, don't analyze it!"

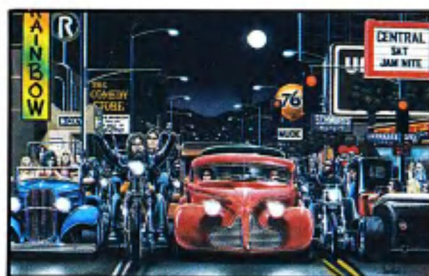
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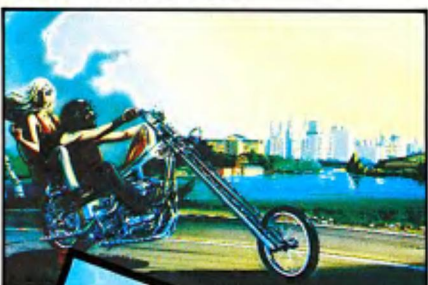
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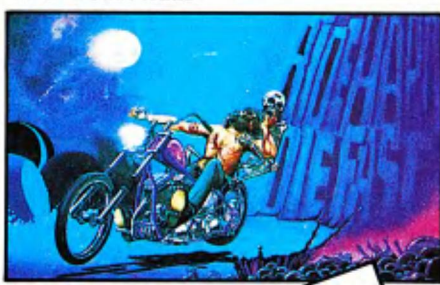
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#M-17 See Previous Page

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felt around for the Ruger Security Six .357 he carried. Locating the gun, and ignoring the cop, he pulled the magnum from the saddlebag and stuffed it in his belt. Seeing this, the sheriff immediately dropped back and grabbed at his radio mike.

Al glanced up into the mirror. Spying the white-and-orange Chevrolet with flashing lights coming up in the outside lane, he cried, "Shit! The fucker's right on our ass!"

"Over there!" yelled Kevin, pointing to an exit just ahead. Without looking, Al spun the wheel and cut toward it. Taken by surprise, Jason again locked up the rear wheel and then set a dicey diagonal course of his own through the maze of screeching, sliding, honking cars to follow them.

As Diane bent to look in the oven, the picture on the TV screen abruptly changed to an aerial view of the second accident, while an excited voice announced, "This is Joe Whity of WBUL with another live report from above I-94 in Waukesha County. Another massive chain-reaction pileup has just taken place below us as the speeding motorcyclist we told you about a few minutes ago continues to elude a pursuing police vehicle." A shot of the sheriff working his way around the tangled traffic jam appeared now as the voice continued. "WBUL has just learned that the fleeing motorcyclist is armed with a handgun and has apparently threatened the pursuing officer. An APB has been issued to all local and surrounding law enforcement agencies because it is believed that the motorcyclist was involved in the armed robbery of a southside gas station that left a young boy dead just moments before the chase began. The gunman has now left the Interstate and is currently headed north on Highway 83."

Kevin clutched at the headrest and looked back through the rear window. Jason was several car length's behind them. "We lost the cop," Kevin screamed, "but now some guy on a bike is after us!" Al looked up into the rearview and hit the brakes. The car skidded sideways and Kevin slammed against the dash. Having anticipated the maneuver, Jason easily bypassed the GTO. A hundred yards ahead of the car, he turned and stopped. Facing the car, he pulled the pistol from his belt and waited.

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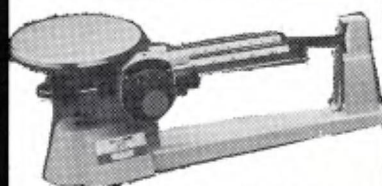
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SPECIAL

Al punched the gas and headed toward him. Jason waited as long as he could before he fired at the radiator. The shot was wide, knocking out a headlight instead. Jason gunned the scooter into the low roadside drainage ditch as the GTO roared past. Climbing back onto the highway, he headed after them, keeping his distance while trying to plan his next move. He knew this road well, and decided that his best shot would be at the sweeping curve coming up three miles ahead.

In the kitchen, Diane was decorating for the party. She spelled out "Happy Birthday" on the refrigerator door with Joe's magnetic alphabet letters and taped a picture he'd drawn above it. The crayon drawing showed Jason driving a chopper with the words **HARDLY-DAVSON** printed on the tank. The name **JASON** was printed on one side with an arrow pointing to the driver. Behind him sat a smaller figure with another arrow and the name **JOE**. Diane stood back, admiring her son's artwork and laughed quietly. Turning away, she looked at the kitchen table cluttered with tranny and clutch parts and sighed. Another one of Jason's "projects." Humming softly to the tune of "People Are Strange," she gathered the parts together and carefully wrapped them in an oily rag. On her way to the closet where Jason kept his tools, she passed by the inaudible TV where once again regular programming had been interrupted for coverage of the chase 25 miles away.

An aerial view showed the cruiser right on Jason's tail, while just ahead, the green GTO was throwing up a cloud of dust as Al zigzagged from shoulder to shoulder.

Caught between the two vehicles, Jason found that his planned ambush had instead turned into a deadly trap. With the curve coming up and the cruiser on top of him, he'd be lucky to make it through the bend. A loud, repetitive noise caused him to jerk his head up. It was the news helicopter, flying alongside with the cameraman hanging out the open door. More dust and gravel flew up into Jason's face, further obscuring the car ahead so that he couldn't see Kevin leaning out a rear window with his sawed-off. The road's edge began to curve.

Jason throttled back and dropped into third as the helicopter peeled off to avoid a stand of trees. Emerging from the cloud of dust, Jason saw Kevin and the gun. He cut across the road, just missing the GTO's rear bumper at the same time that Kevin fired. The double-aught buck flew past him, shattering the Chevy's windshield and catching the deputy squarely in the chest.

"I got the cop! Jesus Christ, I got the cop!" wailed Kevin. He crawled back into the front seat and stared at the shotgun in his sweaty hands. "Jesus Christ, I shot the cop!"

Exiting the sweeping curve, Al shifted again and headed up a gradual

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incline. "Get back there and get the other sonuvabitch!"

The knowledge that the GTO's occupants were armed caused Jason to reevaluate his strategy. Grasping the revolver in his left hand, he told himself to keep to the left. *Keep to the left, move in quick, then get the fuck back before that bastard can draw a bead on me.* His point of focus narrowed as he opened the throttle and roared up to the driver's side of the car.

"Shoot him! Dammit, shoot!" Al barked. Kevin swung around and aimed the shotgun through the rear window. Jason lifted the .357 and squeezed the trigger. Simultaneously, Al swerved the GTO sharply, trying to run him off the road. The slug hit the column between the windows. Now Jason tapped the rear brake and swung in directly behind them. He lined up the pistol as Kevin turned toward him. Looking directly into his terrified eyes, Jason fired.

Diane finished setting the table and turned the oven off. After mashing the potatoes and draining the vegetables, she spooned them into serving bowls on the table. Everything looks ready, she thought. She ran into the bedroom and dug a brightly wrapped box from the closet. Jason will just shit when he sees these new saddlebags, she thought.

The helicopter pilot watched with grudging admiration as Jason crept within range of his quarry. Gotta admit that sonuvabitch has balls, he thought. He felt a strange kinship with the crazy biker below him. He had no idea why Jason was pursuing the green car, but he understood now that the biker had been after it from the beginning.

"Damn! This footage is hot!" cackled the reporter. "This'll make network for sure. Get down closer, will ya? We don't want to miss this." The pilot looked at the reporter and laughed. He cut the stick sharply, putting the chopper in a spiral that sent the reporter sprawling backward into his seat.

The helicopter swinging in close stirred up a new dust storm. Jason looked up and saw the pilot was dead even with him, barely three feet from the ground. That fucker sure can fly, he thought. Resisting the urge to send a round toward the copter to back it off, Jason instead signaled with his



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hand. The pilot nodded. For a moment the two men looked at each other, then the pilot gave Jason a quick thumbs-up and lifted up and back.

"Get in there! Get closer, dammit! We don't wanna miss this," screeched the reporter.

The pilot continued on his new course. "I'll do my job, you do yours."

Jason relaxed for an instant before renewing his pursuit. Don't hurry it, he thought. Ride in and pick your shot. He closed to within a few yards and fired. Inside the car, the rearview exploded into tiny silver fragments. Cursing, Al reached into the back and groped around. Pushing Kevin's lifeless body aside, he located one of the shotguns. With it lying across his lap, he lifted his foot off the gas, allowing Jason to catch up.

Jason was almost on top of him when he realized what was happening. Just as he throttled back, he saw Al turn and lift the sawed-off. The shotgun was pointed toward the back window when Al fired. Jason ducked and swerved as the window exploded. Bits of flying glass stung his face and hands. Quickly, he swung around to the other side of the car. Before Al had a chance to twist toward him, he fired the pistol. As he squeezed the trigger, his front tire dropped off the edge of the road onto the shoulder. The bullet passed harmlessly through the GTO's roof, but the report shattered Al's left eardrum. Flinching, he swerved the car toward Jason.

Jason headed for the ditch. He hit it, went up the opposite bank, braked as hard as he could in the tall grass, and tried to ride it out. Wrestling to keep the front end straight, he hit a log and the bike stopped. Jason's legs slammed into the handlebars as the rear end came off the ground and swung around. Scoot and rider hung upended for an instant, then the bike fell over lazily on its right side in the muddy ditch.

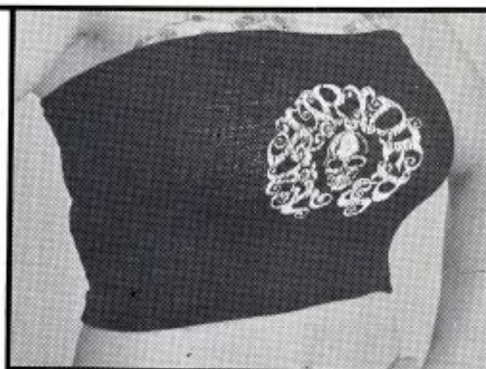
The helicopter circled once and swung back, the cameraman hanging down. As he lay with the ticking bike

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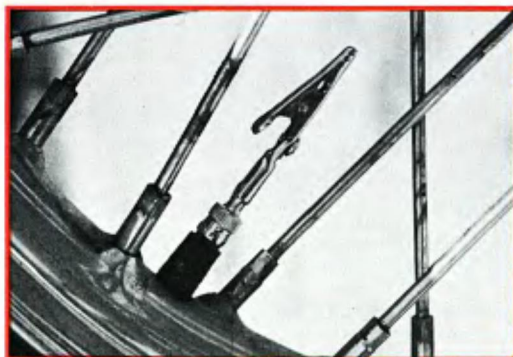
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on his leg. Jason was again tempted to shoot. He still held the gun in his left hand. One round left. He closed his eyes and caught his breath, then kicked himself out from under the scooter. His right knee was stiff, but not broken. He stuck the gun in his back pocket and crawled to his feet to hobble around the bike.

Driving on, his left ear oozing blood, Al looked in the side mirror and saw Jason go down. His ear throbbed horribly. He tossed the gun in the backseat and briefly wondered why Jason had been chasing Kevin and him.

Up in the helicopter, the reporter watched Jason struggling with his bike, then he looked toward the GTO disappearing in the distance. "Looks like he got away," he said. The pilot looked down at Jason. A smile crossed his face as he pushed the stick forward and the big bird lifted.

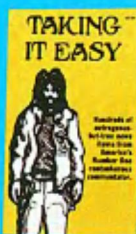
Jason examined the damaged pan. The air cleaner was crunched and full of mud, but the Linkert had held. He tore the cover off and let it drop. The bars were bent forward from the impact of his legs and the front brake cable was torn from the caliper. He pulled the cable off and twisted the mangled headlight from its bracket. The right tank was dented where it had landed on his knee. He dragged the log over and placed it under the kickstand. Holding the throttle wide open with bloody fingers, he tried kicking it over with his left leg, but the bike began to fall. He knelt down and leaned on the pedal with both hands. On the third shove, the hot pan coughed and kicked back.

Once on the highway, he rode slowly, testing the wet rear brake and checking the front end. The bent front rim bobbed slightly, and the bent bars forced him to lean forward, almost on the tanks. Working his smashed fingers, he took the gun from his pocket and stuck it in his right hand. He opened the throttle and kicked through the gears. The pan surged forward like a thoroughbred. One shot, he thought. Just one shot and with these fucked-up bars, I can't lean right. One shot. One shot from the left side.



"And what makes you think I'm loose?"

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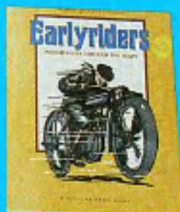
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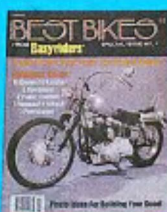
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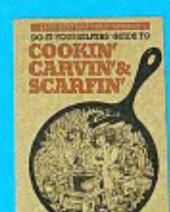


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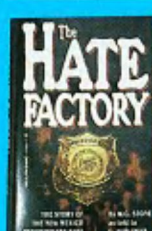
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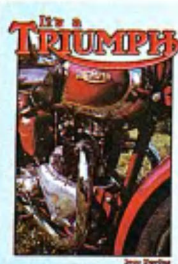
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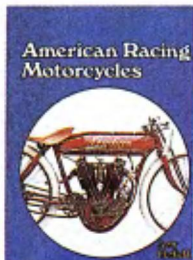
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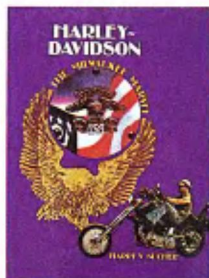
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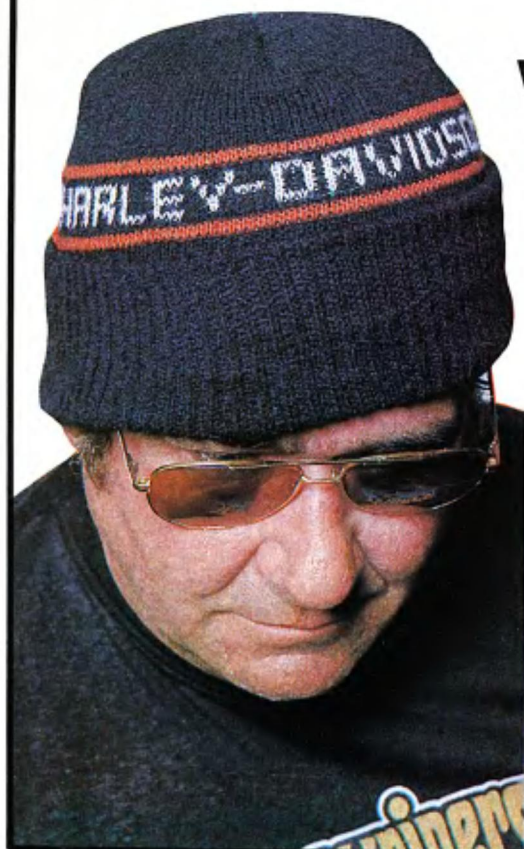
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The cameraman grabbed at the reporter and pointed behind them. Jason was cresting a small hill and closing on them, his image shimmering in the late afternoon sun. Up ahead, unaware that the contest was far from over, Al drove slowly, racked with skull-splitting pain from his ear. "I don't believe it!" the reporter shouted, watching Jason pass beneath them.

Hearing the thumping twin, Al looked around and saw Jason homing in on the right. "Fuck! That lousy sonuvabitch! He just won't give up!" He waited until Jason was almost even with him and then he swung hard to the right.

Jason had planned it perfectly. Coming up fast on the passenger side, he faked a push to the right. When Al swung the car in on him, he twisted the throttle and in one quick shove on the bars, swung around to the GTO's left side. Al swung back. There was no place for Jason to go. Waiting, waiting with inhuman steadfastness, Jason now extended his arm until his hand was inside the GTO's window. When the barrel touched Al's ear, he fired his last round. The car continued drifting, and GTO and pan left the road together.

The picture on the small black-and-white set showed a flaming, twisted motorcycle wrapped around a large tree. In the background, a green car lay on its side, steaming, one wheel slowly spinning. The reporter's voice was shaky: "There is speculation that the biker was a member of one of the local motorcycle gangs, although these reports have not been verified at this time. . . ." The camera angle shifted to show Jason's body lying beyond the tree, face down.

Holding her hair back with one hand, Diane walked through the living room, clicking off the TV without looking at it as she passed. The image of Jason and the mangled bike faded from the screen. She finished tying her ponytail, checked her face in the mirror, and went out on the balcony to call Jason and Joe. This was gonna be his best birthday yet, she was sure. ■



"Whaddya mean, 'so what?'"

Wordmonger

Continued from page 9

8, 1985, and here I'm getting my June '85 issue in the mail. I've been following your rag for years — in fact, if I find four more issues, I'll have a complete collection — and I notice that you're either ahead or behind. Can't you guys get your act together, or do you crazies party till you're broke?

Wild Bill
La Verne, Calif.

■ We're innocent this time — it's the newsstand system — all magazines are dated one month ahead. Don't ask us why — we're just wandering through life.

A Beef

□ Your ol' lady contest in the May '85 issue really fucked my simple mind. How the fuck are we supposed to pick between those chicks? Puttin' Nancy and Heidi in the same contest ain't right 'cause they're both fine enough to win. They make my knees weak, too!

Murf
New Rochelle, N.Y.

A Question

□ When I bought my '72 XLCH, I had all these turds on '72 Hondas, Kawasaki triples, and all kinds of expendable Jap machines telling me they could blow me off the road and why didn't I buy something fast. Well, I'm sittin' here now with a couple of beers, gettin' my '72 ready for another season of easy cruisin' and I just leaned back and thought, shit, when's the last time you saw a '72 Japper on the road? Probably in '72. 'Course, there is a downfall in ownin' a Harley. For 13 years I've been worryin' how to keep it from being stolen.

Dave
Hi-Nella, N.J.

Happy Birthday, Spider

□ Come on out to Indy and we'll party and ride all day, and as soon as we think you're ready, I'll suck yer dick raw. Sounds good to me! How 'bout it? Do you want to get sucked and fucked all night? Come on over and bring yer friends. There's plenty to go around.

Friends
Clinton, Ind.

■ We have some club

brothers in Indy and we might just do it — we'll call first.

□ Hey, Spider, you fuckin' douche bag! Got a raisin pie for ya. They finally came up with an artificial raisin pie with cream fuckin' filling. Get some for that beautiful fat-ass bitch, Mutha!

Mutt & Jeff
Yorktown, Va.

■ He said he wouldn't give her the sweat off his balls if she was dying from thirst.

Another Rip-Off

□ Back in the January issue I ran an ad looking for a girlfriend. I got lots of nice letters, but one really got to me. It was from a lady down for four in Florida. I wrote to her every day for three months. Her parole was imminent and she needed money for a bond to pay for out-of-state parole at \$20 per month for 18 months. I sent the money. Today I got a call from the prison. Bennie is Ben, a white male doing life. I'm no wimp, but I feel like crying. What gives anyone the right to fuck with another person's mind that way? By the way, the pris-

on is sending back the money. Anyone else out there writing to Bennie Botwinick? Don't send any money.

Dave
Dunn Loring, Va.

He Quits

□ Well, *Easyriders*, you've done it this time. I just bought my last issue of your rag and your competitors just got themselves another regular customer. I've been a regular buyer of *Easyriders* for the past four years, but I'm sick and tired of your slurs and put-downs against any bike that ain't a Harley.

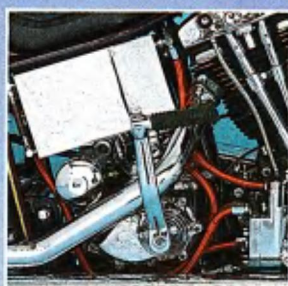
Bama
Lafayette, La.

■ There are others?

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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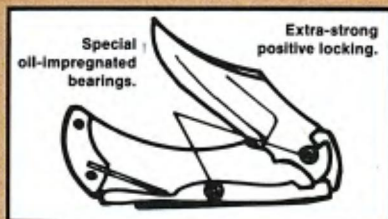
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The Sensuous Beard

Continued from page 17

about, make excuses, or apologize for his beard. Strength of character will, after all, win in the end.

In these days of women's libbers and the clamor for equal rights, men have only a few things they can call their very own (except for penises, which, according to Freud, women envy). Some men can't grow a beard. That's too bad, but they shouldn't let it bother them. Nonetheless, growing a beard is the only thing a man can do these days that a woman can't — unless she's a professional athlete or a weight lifter who takes steroids. Growing a beard is reserved for men with at least a semblance of fire in their blood, men with intestinal fortitude, men who feel a compulsion to tell the rest of the world to go fuck itself, and who are prepared to back up any challenges they either might make or have thrown in their general direction.

Not many men with beards can claim that women have told them they are "good-looking" or "handsome," or "attractive," but in recollection, nearly all bearded men can remember that at one time or another some sweet lady told him that he was "interesting." To be told by a woman that one is "interesting" is to receive the key to a number of wonderful opportunities.

Most women have experienced having a naked chin cradled in the curve of their neck when their partner gasped, "Ooof!" and underwent the pleasures — not to mention suffering the throes — of excruciating delight. Even more have fantasized about getting a little face from a bearded man, or wondered what that beard might feel like as it rubbed here and there in interesting places adjacent to erogenous zones. The man with the beard definitely has the edge over the naked-faced man.

Beards do, however, have a drawback or two and always have had in our society. When the cops are given the choice of arresting one of two men, one of whom wears a beard, you know right off who's going to the slammer. Walk into a bank sometime wearing shades, a beard, and a baseball cap to either deposit some money or withdraw some from your account of many years, and look at the frightened faces of the tellers and customers, and the wary gaze of the bank guard. Even if he knows you, he'll still eye you with suspicion.

A man with a beard, unless he's wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase, looks suspicious to the average citizen. The bearded one doesn't have to do anything to perpetuate such suspicion. People just naturally assume a bearded man to be a hippie, or a member of some weird religious sect, or a crook who's in disguise. People will believe what they want to believe, so there isn't any use in trying to convince them that you're just a

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regular guy who isn't going to suddenly go berserk and rob, shoot, or stab them.

Some while ago, I received a traffic ticket for speeding. I felt I didn't deserve it, so I decided to plead not guilty. Wearing a business suit and carrying a manila folder containing some notes and a couple of photographs of the intersection where I got the ticket, I entered the courthouse.

In the elevator, the operator said, "Good morning, Counselor." When I entered the courtroom, the bailiff nodded in a friendly manner. And when the judge took his place he looked directly at me and smiled.

After several people had stood before the judge, my name was called and I rose, ready to do verbal battle. The judge had my citation in his hand. He didn't give me the opportunity to say much, so I didn't have to lie when he asked, "Do you represent Mr. Gray?"

"Yes, I do," I answered. I wanted to pounce on him right then, raise hell, show him the photos proving that the police officer couldn't possibly see me commit a violation from where his car was parked around the corner and behind a truck.

"This doesn't look like it's important enough to even discuss," the judge said. He tossed the citation into the wastebasket and called for the next case on the docket. I walked.

I have, since then, had an opportunity to test out this strange phenomenon, having received over a five-year period three citations, including one "parker." Appearing on the moving violations. I wore a suit and carried a folder. On both occasions, the charges were dropped. For the parking ticket I wore my Levi's and a T-shirt with a well-known scooter logo on the front. The very same judge refused to acknowledge past recognition and fined me \$26 for parking my van twelve inches inside a red zone.

So, you see, beards can work both ways. With a suit and tie, they're a mark of distinction, whereas with Levi's they're apt to be a curse. In the presence of women, however, they're an aphrodisiac that makes up for all the trouble they bring. ■

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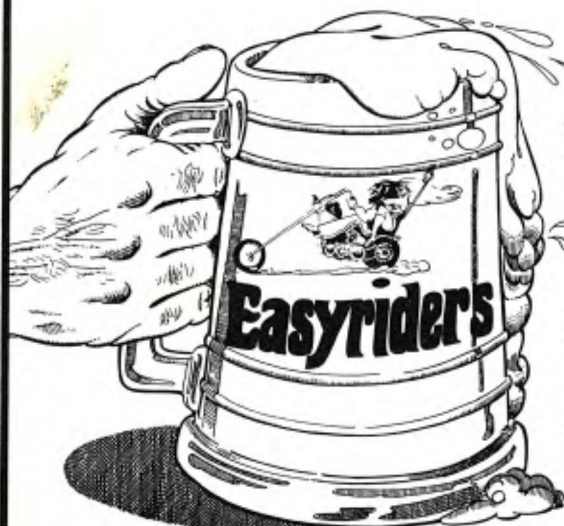
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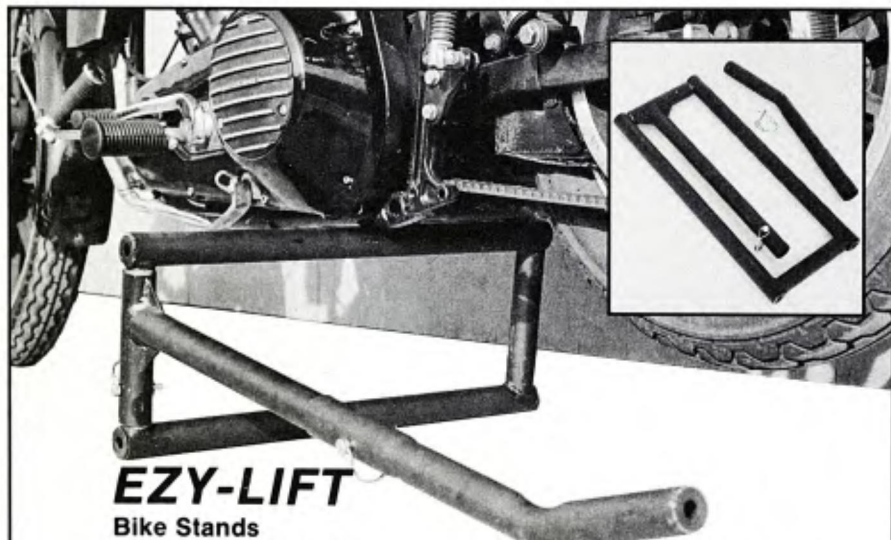
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Women Are Dogs

Continued from page 33

The night wasn't over yet, though. About 15 minutes later something else came walkin' in unescorted. Now to be perfectly honest, this one didn't exactly look like she'd just stepped out of a wet dream, but I was gettin' desperate. My ol' lady had been goin' through some changes lately and I didn't feel too comfortable about ballin' her anymore. As a matter of fact, I had a sneakin' suspicion that she was turnin' into a werewolf. Every time there was a full moon, she'd crawl around on all fours, beggin' for raw meat — and if I tried to screw her any way but doggy-style, she'd fuckin' growl! You can see why she was gettin' to be a turn-off, not to mention a possible threat to my health and well-being.

So like I said, this next chick was no prize, but at least her ears weren't sproutin' fur. Tryin' to be nice and polite, I offered to share a pitcher of beer with her before I asked her if she wanted to fuck. I was a little surprised at how readily she went for the idea. No coyness about the chick at all.

She had her own wheels, so I followed her on my scooter to a ratty-lookin' hotel on the outskirts of town. Right away, something told me that she didn't live there on a permanent basis. Maybe it was the fact that there was nothing in her room except a bed and a douche bag.

Sure enough, she was peddlin' her ass for 50 bucks. I told her to shove it. In the first place, she wasn't worth \$50 or anything close, and in the second place, I didn't like bein' conned.

"Aw, come on, I know you can afford it," she said, rubbin' my crotch.

Wonderin' how she'd look without any teeth, I asked, "Where's your pimp?" ready to punch his face in, too.

"I don't have a pimp." She smiled with pride. "I'm independent."

"Yeah? Well, how'd you like to be independent from your head?"



"Is it in yet? Or deep enough for ya? Say when!"

"Aw, don't get pissed. A girl's gotta make a buck. My ol' man ran off and left me with two squallin' brats, and I can't make enough bread by slingin' hash to take care of 'em."

"My heart's bleeding for ya."

"You mean we're not gonna do business?"

"Fuck, no. I don't believe in buyin' pussy. It oughta be free, like pissin' and shittin'."

Just to show her the depth of my conviction that I didn't owe her a living, I bounced her against the wall a few times, but even then the dumb cunt wouldn't give up. When I was walkin' out the door, she latched onto my leg and sank her teeth into my calf.

After that, I found myself entertainin' prurient thoughts about my ol' lady — until I saw a full moon risin' from behind some trees. A cold chill ran down my spine as I remembered the strange leer on her face earlier in the evening when she'd sat across from me at the table, devourin' a plate of raw hamburger. I decided to go back to the Pour House and push my rotten luck a little farther.

Rotten luck was right! Just as I was gettin' off my scooter, I was approached by the grossest thing I'd ever seen on two legs. She had thick, fleshy lips and about 5000 zits on her fat face. Man, I thought, this just ain't my night. I fought the urge to puke as she said, "Excuse me, may I ask you a question?"

For a second, I thought I'd stumbled onto another hooker, the ugliest one in history. But then I saw the black book in her hand and I realized she was a fuckin' Jesus freak. Some damn difference — they were all out to waste my time. But I gave her a nice shit-eatin' grin and said, "Sure, honey, what would ya like to know?"

"What's the most important thing in your life?" she asked, smilin' back.

I rubbed my chin. "Hmmm," I mused, "that's a tough one. Under normal circumstances, I'd say my chopper. . . but right now, I'm afraid my protuberant pecker's gonna pop through my pantaloons if I don't find a piece of pussy to pacify it. So I'd say

Easyriders



"It was a donor organ from the local zoo!"

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So, bros, that explains what I'm doin' here in this hospital bed with several chunks of flesh missin', to say nothing of a gnawed hand and mangled ear. Yeah, you guessed it — I went home for a little hair of the dog, a mistake which damn near cost me my balls. Goes to show what can happen when you've got a low tolerance for frustration. But at least I can look forward to gettin' out of here and bein' free again, which is more than my ol' lady can say. She's only in quarantine now, but even if she doesn't have rabies, I'm pretty sure the dog pound ain't gonna turn the bitch loose. ■



☐ REMIND: HOW DAY ☐ LAST
☐ WEEKDAY ☐ FLAG DAY
☐ WEEKDAY ☐ CHAIRMAN DAY
☐ DAY ☐ KENNEDY DAY
☐ CARROLLERS ☐ MASTER
☐ ☐ ELECTION DAY
☐ ON DAY ☐ VICTORY DAY
☐ RELEASE DAY ☐ DISMISSED
☐ DAY ☐ 15th ANN ☐ BIRTH
☐ BIRTHDAY ☐ ADDRESS DAY
☐ 15th DAY ☐ BIRTHDAY DAY
☐ WINDS ☐ 10th ANN BIRTH
☐ DAY ☐ BACK DAY
☐ 15th ANN ☐ MONDAY
☐ DAY ☐ ORIENTATION
☐ DAY ☐ 10th WELL-
☐ ☐ MIND DAY
☐ 15th ☐ ADDRESS DAY
☐ ☐ RACE DAY
☐ DAY ☐ 15th DAY
☐ 15th DAY ☐ TUESDAY
☐ 15th DAY ☐ 15th DAY
☐ 15th DAY ☐ 15th DAY
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...Snake Bite

Continued from page 74

venom into the blood system faster.

You don't carve an X over the fang marks, either. Every fuckin' medical book will tell ya not to. You can, if it's within the first 30 minutes, make a cut over each fang mark, parallel with each other. These should be no longer than 1/4 inch and no deeper than 1/4 inch.

The article says that alcohol and poison don't mix. Fuckin' right! That also includes tobacco, coffee, and drugs. Also, if ya do get a lip-lock with Jake, make sure you remove any rings, bracelets, and watches because of the swelling involved.

Ya put out a good rag, but sometimes ya need to research your shit.

—Doc Gibbs
Fayetteville, N.C.

Of the snakes native to North America, only two cause a high mortality rate when antivenin isn't used: the Mohave Rattler and the Coral Snake. Other U.S. snakes seldom inflict fatal bites, even if you don't get the serum.

A person should never cut an X on the bite to drain the poison. If you cut too deep, you damage muscle; not deep enough, and it does no good. Either way, you risk infection and tetanus. The thing to do these days is "freeze" the bite area to slow blood flow by constricting the blood vessels. This is done with a cheap little plastic sack full of blue fluid and a capsule. When you break the capsule with a smack of your fist, the bag turns into liquid ice for a couple of hours. (Tie it over the bite so that the bite is frozen.) This bag is cheaper than a tetanus shot and less painful, so if you spend time in snake country, invest a couple of lousy bucks and leave your Buck knife in the scabbard. Besides, what if you get bit on your dork while taking a crap? Ice it, don't slice it!

Take your time getting to the hospital. In this case, speed is more dangerous than the bite. Keep calm, enjoy the scenery, and don't smoke that J. either. Regardless of what you think, grass speeds the heart rate, not slows it, so it will speed the venom into your body. If ya take anything, take downers!

—James "Blade" Diez
Lovely, Tex.

Easyriders



"Thar she blows!"

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Vet Voice

Continued from page 76

you in response to your article about chronic-delayed PTSD. You hit the nail on the head in my case! I have all the symptoms you listed.

Back in late February, I finally realized that my life was not a so-called normal existence, so I called the VA in Cleveland, Ohio. They referred me to the closest facility, the VA hospital in Chillicothe. I went in for the initial screening very apprehensive. After that initial step and completing the screening, I felt better since I had taken that first step.

After the first visit, I was set up for some psychological tests and an interview in more depth. About two weeks later I received some medication — doxepin (50mg.) — a mood elevator that takes two weeks in the system to work. I've been on it six weeks now and feel much better.

The only problem is that after my third visit, my doctors informed me very sorrowfully that the administration had to let me go. They couldn't treat me any longer, even though they wanted to, because I made "too much money to be treated in a VA clinic."

I'm now being treated by a civilian clinic (MHC) in my hometown. The fee is \$55/hr., most of it paid by my insurance. I'm not bitching about the money — I'm upset about the way Uncle Sam continues to take care of his Viet vets. It's just like that debriefing we all got to "help" us "cope with civilian life" — HAH!

Is there anything you can do or anything you can tell me about how I can get back in the VA facility for treatment where I feel they are better able to handle my situation? and grandfather of seven thanks you tremendously. Keep up the good work.

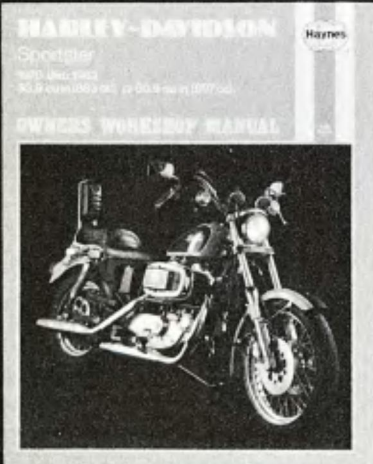
Earl
Logan, Ohio

Earl's an example of a bro who was willing to take advice — and benefited from doing so. Unfortunately, he's also an example of yet another 'Nam vet getting the bureaucratic runaround and wrong information. Take note, please, brothers and sisters: I called Earl to inform him that this concept of the VA being able to deny a bona

NEW

Do It Right!

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



• Sportsters •

1970 thru 1983

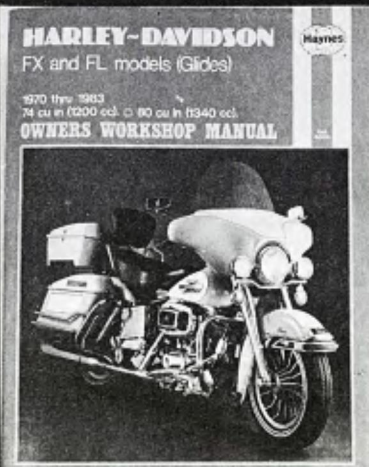
53.9 cu in (883 cc). □ 60.9 (997).

Paisano Products

Please
Indicate
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_____ Sportster @ \$10.50
_____ Big Twin @ \$10.50

Postage paid in the U.S. Canada, please add \$3 and other foreign, add \$7 postage for each book ordered. California residents, please add 6% sales tax.



• Big Twins •

Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301

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Address _____
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State _____ Zip _____



"Driving is a lot like sex, see? If you don't have it properly lubricated before you start, you ain't gonna drive it or fuck it for long!"

fide veteran of health care because of his having a decent or high income is called "fee-base treatment." However, it does not come into play for veterans with service-connected ailments — they cannot deny you free VA care. What Earl was told is sheer crap. In fact, in addition to free care, Earl is probably entitled to a *minimum* 10 percent disability pension. His PTSD condition was diagnosed by VA doctors and confirmed as service-connected; hence, all that is necessary now is for him to apply for that disability. The matter will go before an adjudication board, of course, but for the life of me, I can see no way it can be turned down. All the board will, or should, do is determine his percentage of disability. I advised Earl — and I advise you all, again — to join the DAV or American Legion to obtain help with these comp claims and/or any similar bureaucratic bullshit.

Now this letter:

I just finished reading your July '85 column. Thanks!

I'm an ex-Ranger and did two tours in 'Nam. Why two? Because I didn't think I was finished after the first one: I wanted to avenge the buddies I lost the first time.

I've never written to anyone about anything before, other than letters home, and that wasn't often. But I scored 13 on that PTSD test. Been married three times and mostly in jail since I've been home. I have few friends and ride my scooter mostly by myself. I do carry and sleep with my .45 auto.

I scribe to Easyriders just to read your column, mostly. It's the very first thing I look at when the mag comes in the mail. Whether you read this or not, I just wanted to thank you for doing such a good job.

I have not seen any professional shrinks, nor do I talk to anyone about how I feel or what I've been through. They wouldn't understand. It seems only you understand. God bless you for what you're doing. . .and keep at it.

[signed] A Fellow Combat Vet

A letter like that, brother, is worth more'n all the cheap-ass medals in the world to me, so I thank you for the special honor you've bestowed on me. I'll be personal with you — I also scored a 13 on the test, have few friends, and tell extremely few people the whole story on my 'Nam life. But, please consider something for me. I'm not the only one who can understand. There are others. Some are pros. Since I can't be there if and when you need someone like me to hear you out, please give some serious thought to talking to one of those pros at such a time.

Once again, thanks to all of you who've given me your feedback: the advice, the corrections, the compliments and the criticisms, the clippings, and your brotherhood. Here's hoping that four columns haven't been wasted space; that the series has been of benefit to many.

THE GREATEST MOTORCYCLE SONG EVER TOLD

"See the clouds fly by, hear the noise and the cry of the road.

Feel the wind in my eyes, Make my blues go by so I'm told.

GOTTA RIDE OUT"



"...ya want to keep recueing it . . ."

Bomber, **EASYRIDERS**

"propulsive . . . electrifying . . ."

GOLDEN ROAD

A new LP featuring former members of the **GRATEFUL DEAD** and **QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE**, together, playing a hard hitting, in the wind, biker tune. John Cipollina matches guitar licks with a '49 **PAN HEAD**.

To get this 9 song album including **"GOTTA RIDE OUT"** send \$10.00 (postage and handling included) to:

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THE HANDWARMER THAT RUNS ON AIR



INGREDIENTS

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

HEAT SOURCE

Oxidation reaction

TEMPERATURE

130-140 degrees Fahrenheit

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Remove heat pad from plastic bag
 2. Shake lightly
 3. Place heat pad in a pocket close to your body to insulate it from air circulation
- LASTS OVER 16 HOURS**

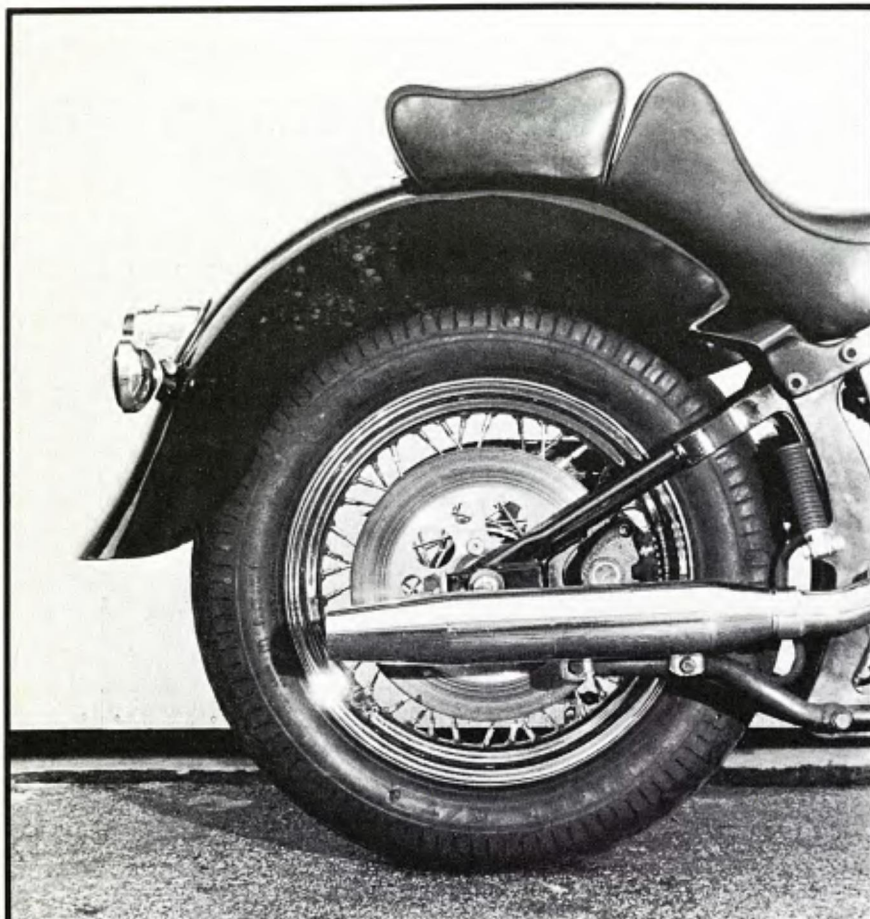
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DR. ROO FENDER

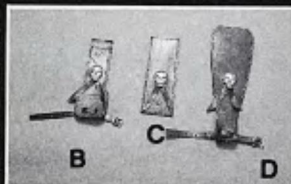
Dresser fender look-alike. Not the H-D brand but our own after-market model. Made to bolt on all Harley Softail FXST models. Functional and practical. Reduces air space between tire and fender. Lowers seating area. Keeps dirt off license plate and taillight. Taillight, license plate, and seat not included. This product and company in no way belong to the Harley-Davidson Motor Company. Rear fenders require some molding and paint. Made in California, U.S.A., by bikers. Strutless and original. \$198, postage included in all 50 states. Dealer inquiries welcome.



Order today from:
HIGH POCKETS
Box 294
Cypress, CA 90630

Completely owned and operated by
scooter people.

Easyriders Leather Stuff



Handcrafted from the finest American cowhide, all *Easyriders* leather stuff features an embossed logo. *Kidney belt* (A) is fully adjustable and available in both men's and ladies' sizes. *Tank covers* add a class touch to those fatbobs and come in long (D), short (B), and square (C) sizes. Tired of feelin' like you've got a sheet of plywood in your back pocket? *Easyriders* wallets (E & F) are made of soft hides that curve to fit your butt and come complete with

chain and key fob. Wrap your tabbacky in class with our custom *cigarette case* (G) and *snuff case* (H). Handsome leather *mud flap* (I) will keep the crud off your spine. One size fits most any fender.

PAISANO PRODUCTS, BOX 1025, AGOURA HILLS, CA 91301

- ____ (A) Men's Kidney Belt (32" up) . . . @ \$45.00 ____
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(not shown; 24" up) @ \$39.00 ____
- ____ (B) Short Tank Cover @ \$19.00 ____
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- ____ (E) Small Wallet @ \$14.00 ____
- ____ (F) Large Wallet @ \$18.00 ____
- ____ (G) Cigarette Case @ \$ 9.00 ____
- ____ (H) Snuff Case @ \$ 9.00 ____
- ____ (I) Mud Flap @ \$10.00 ____
- ____ Subtotal ____
- ____ Calif. Res., add 6% ____
- ____ Total ____

Please check
method of
payment:

- ☐ Personal Check
- ☐ Money Order
- ☐ Visa
- ☐ Mastercard

Credit Card Number

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Expiration Date

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Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Postage is paid on orders in the U.S. Canadian orders, add \$5, other foreign orders, add \$15. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

Soap Box

Continued from page 50

Like most folks on the wrong side of the tracks, they move often — and quietly.

But this doesn't bother the LAPD. And neither does the fact that the people whose walls they're caving in may be innocent citizens who have unknowingly rented a pad that at some previous time was once used as a rock house.

Naturally, Chief Gates (whose son was recently charged with attempting to rip off a pharmacy for drugs), has an answer for that one, too. The ram, he says, is necessary to keep his men from being gunned down while storming these notorious drug fortresses.

Well, maybe. But the fact is, the cumberson ram moves slowly through the city streets. Any big-time coke dealer with half a security system will know it's in his neighborhood long enough before it's ready to strike to have time to flush evidence, burn records, and ready his defenses.

When the ram does strike, it pushes through a wall, backs out pulling the wall with it, and a squad of SWAT team members then rushes in through the opening. Any killer drug dealers who are armed with automatics can merely stand across the room and blast away at will, as easily as if the cops had walked through the front door. Where's the safety factor?

Of course, that's all irrelevant. The fact is, the unquestioned fact is, that destroying someone's home in order to arrest them is delivering punishment without benefit of a trial or a legal finding of guilt. It is totally in violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution which says, "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated."

The amendment goes on to describe a legal search warrant as one "particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized." Do you see anything in that making it legal for the govern-



A Mind Boggling Bandanna!

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

For one bandanna, send \$5.00 plus postage (75¢ in U.S. and Canada, and \$2.00 for foreign orders). Order three bandannas and you get a break — send \$12.00 plus postage (\$2.00 in U.S. and Canada, and \$4.00 for foreign orders). (U.S. funds only.)

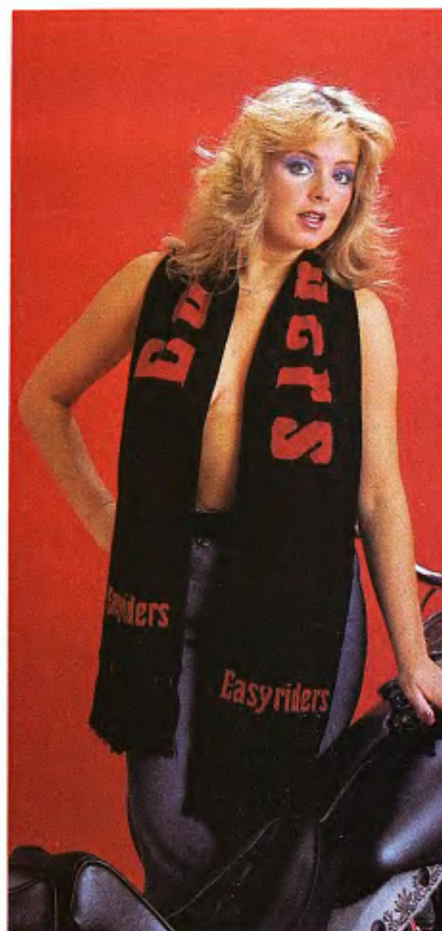
Paisano Products
Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301



CAP IT WITH THIS



A top-quality **Easyriders** baseball cap to add some class to that nobby gourd of yours. Each cap contains a two-color **Easyriders** patch right on the front, is made of the finest materials, and adjusts to fit every skull. To get one, just tell us whether you want the **summer hat** (netted back) or the **winter hat** (solid fabric) and send \$8 to **PAISANO PRODUCTS**, Box 1025, Agoura, CA 91301. We pay postage in U.S. and Canada; other countries, enclose \$2 extra for postage. U.S. funds only.



FOR THOSE COOL SUMMER NIGHTS

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

\$14, plus postage and handling (\$1 in the continental U.S.; \$2 to Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, and APO/FPO; and \$5 foreign, uninsured).

**Paisano Products
Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301**

ment to violate a person's right "to be secure" by destroying their home, with or without a warrant? Search? Yes. Seize? Yes. But destroy? Not under our Constitution.

Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment is even more specific. "No state shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." It's that simple. When Chief Gates and his minions smash peoples' homes with their battering ram, they're depriving those people of their property without due process. Those search warrants the cops carry in no way legally authorize destruction of property. The police are violating the Constitution and they should be locked up and put on trial.

Some of you might be asking what any of this has to do with you. A lot of people in Poland, Hungary, and other formerly free countries once asked that question and most were unlucky enough to live to find out. If that doesn't ring any bells with you, ask yourself this: Are the cops really going to limit the use of military hardware to drug busts, or are they soon going to break out the tanks whenever they go after a group they don't like — like a bunch of patchholders, for example?

Guess what. That question has already been answered. A similar armored ram was recently used to attack a Bandidos' clubhouse during a multi-state series of raids on those bros.

And if ya still don't care, why not sell your scooter and buy a one-way ticket to Russia or hijack a plane to Cuba? They want your type there. For the rest of us, Americans who love our country and Constitution and are filled with rage by what our two-bit mini-Stalins are doing to destroy it, there's only one reasonable choice of action. Let our elected officials know that Los Angeles and the rest of our cities aren't located behind the Iron Curtain and that we won't stand for living under martial law just because some power-mad cop in a uniform lusts to play with a bunch of expensive new war toys.

—Trampo

EASYRIDERS' GOODIES!



Send Your Order To Easyriders, P.O. Box 1025, Agoura, Calif. 91301.

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

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

Name _____ Sub Total \$ _____
 Address _____ Calif Tax 6% \$ _____
 City _____ State/Country _____ Zip/Zone _____ Total \$ _____



"Harold? He's out back playing with the dog!"

If you like our Nasty Boots...



... You'll love our Nasty Leathers

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



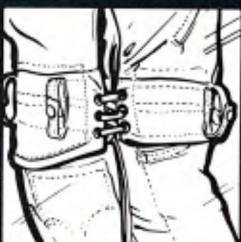
STYLE & COMFORT

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



PROTECTION

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



WIND & WINE PROOF

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

EXTRA MACHO

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



NASTY LEATHER

Easyriders

BOX 1025, AGOURA, CALIFORNIA 91301

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

Please check method of payment.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard Exp. date _____
☐ Money order # _____
Credit Card Number _____

Name _____ Size _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____ Phone (day) _____

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

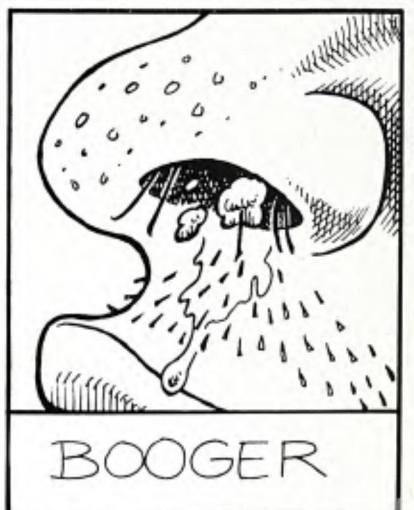
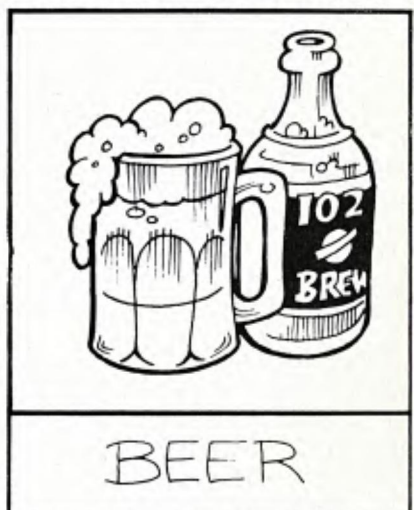
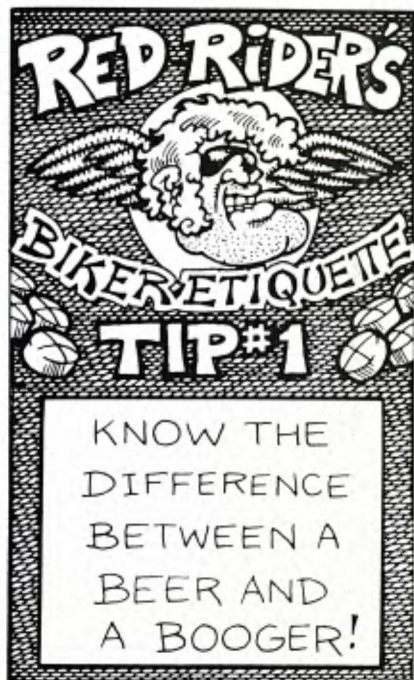
ADD CLASS TO YOUR PAD!

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

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

These clocks are battery-operated quartz movement (one AA battery required). They come individually packaged for easy reshipping. So add some class to your pad, den, kitchen, or wherever you may want to meditate on the time of day. They're only \$30 each (price includes postage and handling in the U.S.). Canada, add \$4. Foreign, add \$13. (Batteries not included.)

Send \$30 each, plus shipping costs, to Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301. California residents, add 6% tax.



HINT: ONE GOES ON THE TABLE — THE OTHER GOES UNDER IT.



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)

U.S.A. & Canada, add 75¢ for postage & handling. Foreign, add \$4. U.S. funds only. (California residents, add 6% sales tax.)

BUN HUGGERS

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)

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. (158)

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 Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada BOP 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (158)

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)

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

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

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

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

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

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

HM Parts & Accessories, \$1, Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (157)

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Olympic Powder Coatings, 2320 Vineyard Ave., Escondido, CA 92025. (619) 745-3322. (151)

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

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

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Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692. (149)

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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)

Custom Leather Works and Supply, 810 Court St., Pekin, IL 61554. (309) 353-7672. (152)

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)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc., 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. (152)

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: Easyriders 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 mouses, an occasional fuck, kinky companions, or anything else of this nature.

— Spider

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Young kid in Toronto, Canada, wants to learn about bikes — Harleys, of course! Would like to know if anyone in my area is building a bike and would give me the basics or the full knowledge. If anyone up here does decide to show the young runt, fly a kite my way. Derek Larocque, 75 Kerbar Rd., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1V 1G4. (147G)

Wanted: Back issues of *The Home Shop Machinist* magazine; Nov./Dec. '82, Jan./Feb. '83, Mar./Apr. '83, May/June '83, July/Aug. '83, Sept./Oct. '83 and Jan./Feb. '84. Will pay top dollar for clean issues. Please contact Frank Kaiser, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (147)

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. (147)

Bandanna shirts. Cheap and easy! Instructions, #1. Bandanna, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (147)

Looking for Bobby Kirner. Lost your address when I left Arizona about five years ago. Would desperately like to hear from you. Julie "Blondie" Pendergrass, Box 623, Broadway, NC 27505. (147G)

Johnny "Bam Bam" New, from Dongola, Illinois, or anyone who knows him, please contact me ASAP. Hey, bro, remember H.H.T. 4/7 Cav, 2nd D, "78-79" William "Ace" Blust II 91711, HCC, Box 174, F-6-B, St. Gabriel, LA 70776. (147G)

Frank M. Jackson (last known to be in Malibu, California), or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please contact me ASAP. It is very important. Gail Shaw, 2109 Marvel, Irving, TX 75061. (147G)

Flint arrowheads. Perfect for jewelry, dressing up your leathers or bike. Three for \$5 or seven for \$10. Cash or m.o. Overseas, add \$3. J.L. Gurley, 511 W. 18th, Ada, OK 74820. (154)

Riders, worldwide: Put your favorite non-hostile biker hangouts, shops, swap meets and annual parties on the map (for free) in our upcoming *Biker Travel Guide, 1985-1986*. Include addresses, dates, and directions. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope along and we'll send you a coupon good for \$5 off the book price when it's published. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (147)

Independent biker, 35, seeks uninhibited, open-minded lady to make Sturgis run. 537 Jones St. #9860, San Francisco, CA 94102. (147)

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)

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)

Make \$\$\$\$ while you learn. "Tattooing A-Z," by internationally known tattooist Token Tom. Illustrated. Money-back guarantee! \$10, plus \$2 postage. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (147)

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)

Ladies: Let me fill your life with beauty and happiness. Please write Randy Wilde, 11900 Barryknoll #203, Houston, TX 77024. (146)

Big John, Bones: Mail's busted! Plan? You're loved and missed, not forgotten. Here's to "meeting!" Get in touch! Jan, Sue (Jersey girls). (147)

Tom: Happy birthday (7/22/85) and many, many more! We love you so much. All our love, Diane, Michael, and Tommy III. (147)

Anyone in the Fremont area knowing the whereabouts of "Daddy Dick," "Squirrelly John" or "Jim Lyin," write "Dirty Harry," c/o Box 12445, SLO, CA 93406. (147)

Our finest handmade key chains. Rock-hard maple. Any name, nickname, bike. 9 letters max. \$5, postage paid in the U.S.A. (Add \$2.50 outside U.S.A.) Wooden Things, Box 8, Port Neches, TX 77651. (150)

For sale: totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (152)

Ronnie: I love you so damned much! Be my man — forever! Annie. (147)

Harley 45 not fast enough? Send \$7 for "45 Power," complete guide to more guts and speed, plus a free catalog of cams, carbs, big valves. KNS, Box 289, North Baldwin, NY 11510. (147)

Vikings were the original bikers. Their love of freedom, courage, brotherhood, and sense of adventure came from their religion: Odinism. Living the biker lifestyle is living the Viking lifestyle. We have no masters! For free info, send to Noremsmen, Box 2861, Glendale, AZ 85311. (147)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Thomas Phillip "Blondie" Williamson from N.C., or anyone knowing anything about him, please contact Leon W. Short, B45069, Room 6143X, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (147)

"No Fucking Helmets!" Boldly lettered on red bandanna/head band, with graphic picture of two helmets fucking. Send \$4 (no checks) to Concerned Motorcyclist of Tennessee, Box 210094, Nashville, TN 37221. Help us fight the helmet law in Tennessee. Send \$15 for membership and provocative newsletters. (147)

The "Brush" (also known as Joe Merrill) — has anyone seen him or know of his whereabouts? Joe is a custom painter and pin-striper. His son Joey would like to know about his father. Joey was born October 3, 1980, in Wichita Falls, Texas. Please write to Sharon Merrill, Box 279, Clifton, CO 81520. Any information would be helpful. (147)

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Daytona '85 Bike Week posters. Printed on heavy 14" x 19" stock. \$2. Add \$1 for shipping and mailing tube. Artwork by Riccio Customs Designs, 1512 State Ave., Holly Hill, FL 32017. (147)

Mail receiving-forwarding services. Zeke, 300 Plume St., Norfolk, VA 23510. (148)

Easyriders back issues: #1-117, #3 cut up, all others perfect. \$200 m.o. for all. Shipped C.O.D. Wizard, 539 S. Baltimore, Hastings, NE 68901. (147)

Hey, Tripper: I miss you a lot. Give me a buzz anytime. New number is (912) 742-8740. Love ya. T.R.D. (147)

Munk, Half-Pint, Kath, Clark, and all the bros in Scoblow, Neb., for helping me lay low. Locked down, but will be back. Your bro "Cookie." (147)

Sonny "Blinky" R-MC Cardiff: Your son needs to hear from you. We're moving out of state. Urgent. We'll wait to hear. Please call (619) 789-7298. 923 D St., Ramona. Love and concern, Sue. (147)

Gator: You're my confidante, companion and spouse who fills me with exotic emotion. Bonafidably (sincerely) yours, Lady. (147)

Scott Garrison: I have called every bike shop from Chicago to Denver. Please call me collect. Sandy. 673-6828. (148)

Jimmy Ray: Happy 37th birthday. You're not older, just better. Thinking of you on your day. Glenda, Betty, and J.D. (147)

Attention: Need to find someone who knows about an article titled "The Devil and Billy Markham." Was turned on to it in Huntsville. If anyone knows anything about this, please contact Jeri C. Long 119, 600 San Ildefonso Rd., Los Alamos, NM 87544. (147G)

Marie McShea (somewhere in New Jersey): I've been trying to get in touch with you for the last eight months. Your parents aren't being too helpful. I know you have my address, but how can I tell? If you read this, sit right down and send me a kite and an address where I can reach you. I have some urgent information to share with you. In case you're wondering, I do still love you and don't give a fuck who knows it. Clev. Tracy, California. (147G)

Randy: It's good to see you again! I seen your picture in "In The Wind," March '85. It's been four years since them partying days in Elgin. You're in the wind and I'm in the water. Drop me a line. Your bro, Lee Kark (FF1082), USS Elmer Montgomery, FPO Miami, FL 34092-1442. (147G)

"Save a Bro." I have three bros close to me. One died last July, just two weeks after my birthday; he's missed deeply. The second got busted 4/9/85 and he's lookin' at hard times. I'll never be partyin' with you again, Dutch, but I think of you every day while I'm ridin' free in this fucked-up world. As for the fucker who snatched on you, somewhere in time we'll meet again and bodybags are cheap. The third — you gotta get your shit together, J.D., because one of us has to make it! Get off that "junk" man. As for me, I was on top of the mountain again last night and I damn near fell off. As the world turns, my touch with reality keeps slippin' away. I remember the righteous memories we spent together. Electro Bro, Taylor, Michigan. (147)

Would anyone out there happen to know the whereabouts of Eugene Morrow? The last that was heard, he was in the Lucasville, Ohio, prison. His sons haven't seen him in 25 years and my husband would like to meet his father. Mrs. Morrow, Boundry St., Portsmouth, OH 45662. (147G)

Paco: I love you, forever and always. Kathi. (146)

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Lockdown

Continued from page 77

\$20,000 series of hormone treatments back in 1981. (For \$20,000 they must have been injectin' him with "mones" from some damn expensive whores.)

Somewhere along the line, the dude began forging checks (got to pay for them tits, right?). By the time the law caught up with him, he had a great set of tits but hadn't yet gotten around to havin' his original "problem" eliminated.

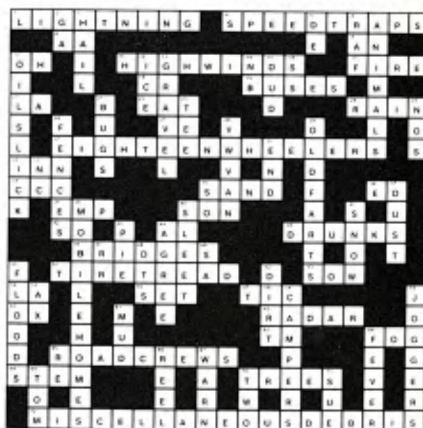
Kentucky officials apparently had little doubt over where to house their buxom (and also well-hung) charge. "If ya can piss standin' up," they said, "ya belong in the bad boys unit."

The inmate objected and appealed the decision, but lost when officials claimed that they just couldn't put a inmate with male sex organs in a women's prison. Finally a compromise of sorts was worked out and the dude (legally speaking, that is) was kept at the men's unit but transferred to a segregation cell.

We don't feel too bad for him, though. After all, he's got one thing no other dude in solitary has — a nice pair of boobs to play with. ■

Puzzle Solution

Puzzle found on page 47



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"I see you don't change your underwear very often. . ."

Dirty Jack

Continued from page 52

Stinky could make the rear tire smoke and run wildly. He has a way with motorcycles. You could say he was born with that in him. I mean, every motor he touches runs like a clock. We took our class that day.

But that was then and now is now.

It was late on a Friday afternoon when we decided to make it down to Tijuana, Mexico. It was only supposed to be a 2½-hour putt south of where we were living in north Long Beach. Maybe 110 miles total. We'd gotten paid earlier that day and we remembered hearing war stories about what a blast it was below the border. Dad and Uncle Otis had both joined the Corps together at the start of World War II, completing boot training at Camp Pendleton just a few miles south. When they had a few brews in 'em, they'd both start spinning yarns, including ones about the whores in T.J. taking on a donkey in a bar called the Blue Fox.

We were cruisin' south, down around San Onofre, on a section of the highway nicknamed Blood Alley when a state highway patrolman stopped us. We moved over off the road and killed our engines. He stayed in his car until he saw that we weren't going to try to get away. Then he got out and walked over to us, one hand near the butt of his pistol, the other carrying a ticket book. "You boys are kinda in a hurry, ain't ya?" he asked.

Stinky replied, "No, sir. I don't think we were speeding."

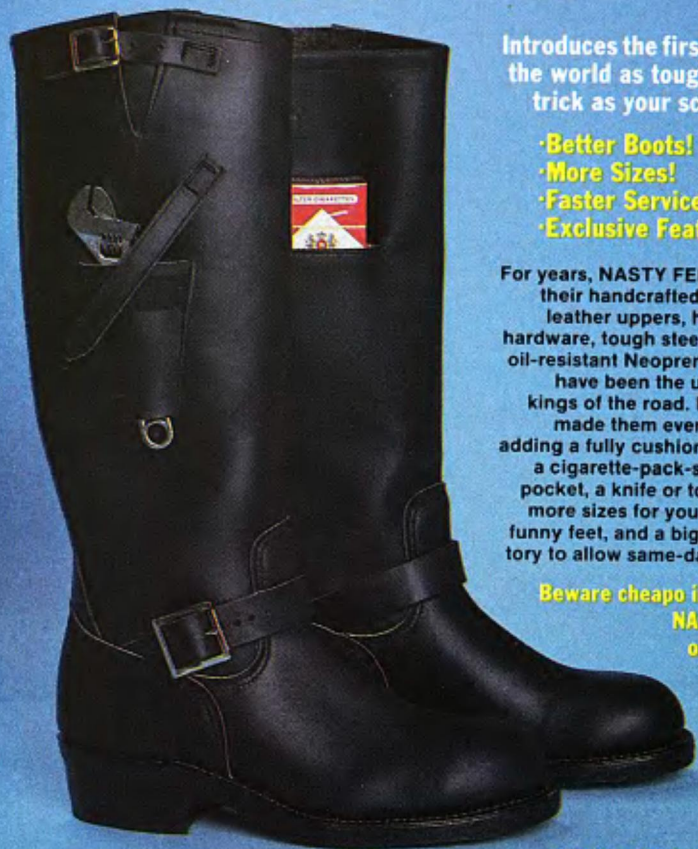
"I do — that's why I stopped ya," was his reply. He was a young, wimpy-looking man, barely old enough to shave. A baby face, with short black kidskin gloves stretched tightly over his thin bony fingers. A long-barreled .44 magnum was slung low on his hip. "Now get out your driver's licenses and registrations and be slow about it," he barked. "Remember, I want to see those hands move real slow." He took the paperwork and went back to his car. We heard some squalls and gibberish coming out of the speakers, but couldn't make anything out. After about ten minutes he came back.



"Will you do something about your fuckin' yeast infection?"

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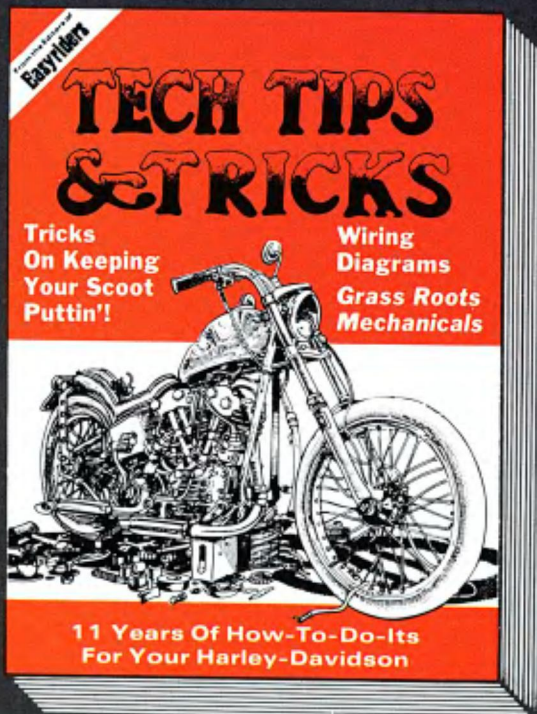
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"Are you boys working here in the state or are you passing through?" he asked. I told him that we were working in Orange County, that Carrol worked for Slim Karmes, the Harley dealer in Long Beach. Then he said, "The law reads that a person working in the state has ten days in which to change registration or be in violation. I'll have to write you both a ticket for speeding and failure to comply with the state law on registration."

Then he asked if we'd been drinking. "Yeah, at lunch I had a couple of beers, but that was six hours ago," I answered.

"Then you won't mind if I look in your saddlebags," he said. That's when I thought I'd shit my pants 'cause I knew I was dirty. The previous night I'd taken a short ride to the Pike, an amusement park near downtown Long Beach I'd picked up a honey there and one thing had led to another. After buying a pint of Black Jack to sip on, we'd ridden over to the Palos Verdes peninsula.

What was left of that pint was still in my saddlebags.

First, he looked in Carrol's bags. Carrol came out clean. Then he looked in mine and came up with the bottle.

"Oh, yeah," I said. "I forgot about that bottle, but as you can see, there's not much in it."

"There's enough here for the judge," he sneered.

That's when I blew it. I just couldn't help myself. I shoved the turd, and since he had both his hands full, he stumbled backwards tryin' to maintain his balance. Grabbing the bottle from him, I threw it — hard — over the barbed wire fence alongside the road. As soon as the ChiPpie caught his balance, he drew his gun. With a shaky hand and shakier voice, he blurted, "Hah! Got you now, fucker!"

Stinky was about twenty feet away and had seen the whole thing come down. Now he said, "What are you gonna do, pig? Shoot us both?"

"Freeze! Don't move. Both of you turn around and lay down on the side of the road."

We did as he ordered — face down in the dirt. What a bummer. Two minutes later another patrol car screeched to a halt about six inches from my head and out jumped a sergeant.



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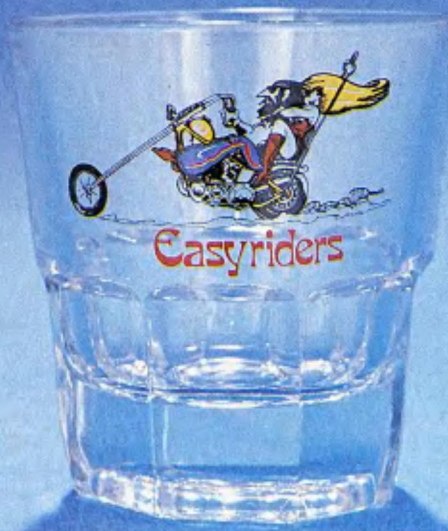
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The two of them went behind the first cop's cage. I could almost hear what they were saying, but all that really came through loud and clear was mumbling and an occasional burst of gleeful laughter from the sergeant. After a while, the novice cop told me to get up. By then it had gotten as dark as a black cat's asshole. The only light came from the cop cages and an occasional car going by on the highway. "The sarge says you're going to have to retrieve the evidence, Merle," growled the wimp, making my name sound as shitty as he could. The prick.

"Get over the fence, boy, and get that bottle. And don't even think about running, 'cause that would really make my day." Oh, shit, another Clint Eastwood fan.

Just as I went through the barbed wire fence, the moon showed up from behind some clouds. I spotted the bottle right away. There were several hundred more littering the landscape all around it. "I don't see any bottle here, sir," I called. "If you'll lend me your flashlight, though, maybe I can find it." I put a lot of acid and bitterness into the "sir" part, giving his shit right back to him. I could almost see and hear the gears turning in his pea-sized brain: "Should I give this animal my flashlight? After all, it's made from heavy aluminum and it would make a formidable weapon — a club, a poker." I could tell by the look on his face that he wasn't thrilled at the idea. But after looking at the sergeant and getting a nod of approval, he handed his six-cell flashlight over the fence to me.

I walked around kicking at the sand, burying my pint, picking up crusty old beer bottles, and saying, "I don't know where it is — I can't seem to find it."

After a while he got tired of my game and could see that I wasn't going to do his job for him. I was just fucking around and he knew it, so he told me to get back on his side of the fence. Whereupon, he promptly handcuffed me and threw me in the back of his squad car, remarking, "Wise-guy hick, you're gonna love it downtown. We have a special place for assholes like you, you hairball."



"I told ya to quit bitchin'."

by Kershaw



A close-up photograph of a combat-style knife. The handle is black, textured, and has a finger loop at the base. The blade is silver-colored metal with a drop-point tip. Engraved on the blade near the hilt is the text "SPECIAL AGENT". The knife is set against a blue background.

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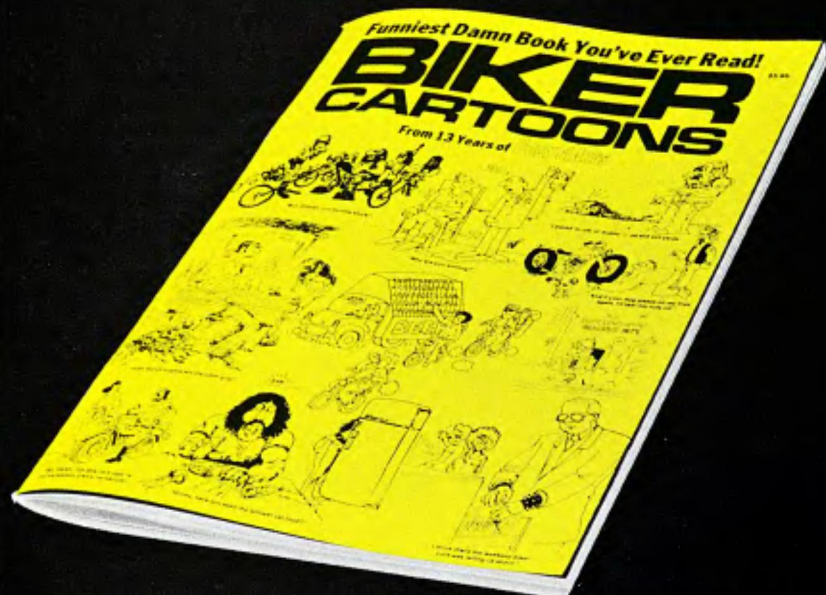
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Three days later that "special place" Junior was talking about still hadn't materialized. I had noticed, however, that there were sure a lot of fruits locked up. The boys on my construction job had previously warned me about Hollywood and all the tootie-fruties down in this neck of the woods. They hadn't been lying. All over the walls were handwritten scrolls about Frankie's love for Joe and it wasn't spelled J-o. Or, "For a good blowjob, call Greg," followed by a local telephone number.

That morning I got to go before the judge for arraignment to see what I was being charged with. They'd already had to let Stinky go because they didn't have anything on him. I knew he'd take care of things for me, like getting me a lawyer and making sure my scooter made it back to Long Beach. Sure enough, when they brought me into the courtroom, there was Stinky. Sitting next to him was a dude nattily dressed in a conservative Western suit, whom I took to be my lawyer.

Naturally, I couldn't talk to Carrol. All I could do was roll my eyes and shrug my shoulders. He winked and gave me the okay sign.

Eventually, the back door of the courtroom popped open and in strolled a highway patrol captain. He spotted the assistant DA and went over to him. I couldn't hear what they were talking about. All I could see was the flatfoot nodding his head. Then the DA went over to my lawyer and spoke with him.

Pretty soon the judge called for a short recess and headed back to his chambers. My lawyer and the deputy district attorney, along with the captain, followed him. After about ten or fifteen minutes, the judge returned and called my case up.

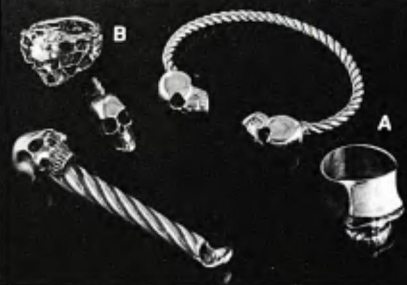
The judge started rattling off the charges — about five in all. Drinking and driving, speeding, resisting arrest, open container, no valid California vehicle registration, etc., etc. I was sure the bastards had me cold. Then he asked, "How do you plead?" I looked at my lawyer and he said, "Not guilty, your Honor, and we wish to go on with the arraignment." I didn't know what to do. I turned halfway

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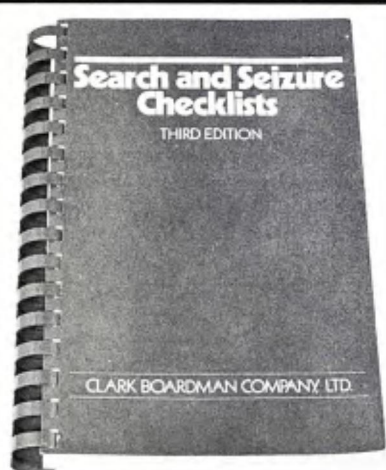
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around and looked at Stinky.

He smiled and winked at me. The highway patrolman wasn't anywhere to be seen. I felt a little better, but not much. Then the judge looked at the deputy DA, who was sitting at a table behind us, and said, "We'll have to have some testimony from the arresting officer. Will he step forward to be sworn in?"

For about 30 seconds nobody said anything — it's what a writer might call a pregnant pause. Then the deputy DA said, "Your Honor, Officer Cooper couldn't appear today. He was involved in a terrible accident over the weekend and he's currently in a coma at Laguna Hospital." Couldn't happen to a nicer person, I thought to myself.

Then the judge mumbled something in Latin. Sounded like hocus-pocus. He followed that by saying that he could see no other alternative than to set me free. I breathed a big sigh of relief as the handcuffs were taken off. Quickly, Stinky, the lawyer, and me walked out of the courtroom. Once we were outside in the parking lot, after retrieving my property, the lawyer asked me if I'd like to get some coffee.

Stinky and I followed him in the bike shop's pickup around the corner to a little restaurant. After the lawyer introduced himself as John A. Able, he ordered coffee all around and we started talking about what happened back in court. It came out that the rookie was trying to stop canyon-racing bikers near Blood Alley when he crashed his cage. It was a real tangled mess and it took over an hour to pull him out of the twisted, burning smash-up. He'd lost an enormous amount of blood and wasn't expected to live. Too bad, I thought. He's a miserable sonuvabitch and he deserves whatever the hell he gets. Of course, if he died, the bikers would be charged with murder and leaving the scene of an accident, but somehow, I just couldn't see that happening.

John told us that his father had ridden an Indian way back when and that it was still in the family because he'd inherited the bike when the old boy passed on. He said he rode it once in a while in local parades or on a sunny day with his wife, but mostly just on Sundays.

John also said that the arresting officer had something personal against bikers. He didn't know exactly what, but he thought it had to do with the cop's wife leaving him for a biker.

Everything had worked out well and since it was Monday and the bike shop was closed, we drove down to T.J. to see if Uncle Otis and Dad knew what they were talking about. The Blue Fox was still there.

Hey, I ain't copping to a thing. If you want to know, you'll have to go there yourself. But watch your ass when you're going through Laguna Beach 'cause that rookie cop mighta made it and he could be waiting — to take his revenge out on you.

Fuck that punk, anyway. ■

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In The Wind

Continued from page 27

"You bet your ass, there is!" he exclaimed exultantly.

Whoever said bikers aren't motivated either has shit for brains or has never known a biker hell-bent on rebuilding his ride. Two days of calls procured the parts, equipment, and manpower to begin the project. Saturday morning found men and parts in Jess' garage. Pulling the cover off his beloved shovel, Jess explained in detail what was to be done. For the next few hours all one could see were asses and elbows. Occasionally, a brother would get up to stretch or walk to the door to admire the day. Jess realized these dudes could be ridin' today. Each time a brother returned to his work, Jess felt blessed by having such good friends.

People looking for Jess during the next three months knew to check the garage, not the porch. He even ate there and occasionally slept there. He was consumed with his passion. For the first time in a long time, the man felt alive.

The intensity and attention to detail that Jess poured into his ride culminated late one August night. Jess wiped the sweat from his eyes and gazed at what had been a dream three months earlier. His eyes caressed each fluid line; every detail was scrutinized and a rush ripped through him that he thought had long since died. "Tomorrow," he whispered softly.

The sun had barely made the horizon when Jess was up having coffee on the porch. In his lap he cradled his leather. He'd retrieved it from under the bed where it lay since the day he'd come home in the chair.

The throbbing of scooters telegraphed the approach of his friends. Slipping on his jacket, he wheeled for the garage. Positioning himself next to the trike, he grasped the whipbacks and pulled himself onto the saddle. Sitting in the hole, Jess placed his feet onto the specially designed running boards. His hands raced over the bars, checking the hand controls.

"Well? Why don't you fire it up?" came a voice from the door.

"Yeah!" Jess said, his voice trembling with anticipation. "Yeah, let's get the hell out of here!" Turning the key, he hit the button and the shovel roared to life. The others scrambled for their machines and the early morning was filled with the voice of the Harley god.

The brilliance of the trike was fully appreciated as it glided out of the dim garage into the sunlight. Jess was the first out of the driveway, cornering slowly, and then rolling on down the road into the valley, an ever-widening grin illuminating his way.

There was thunder in the valley, yet no clouds blotted the sky. The man on the porch was missing. He was back in the wind.

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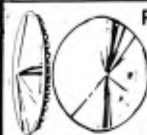
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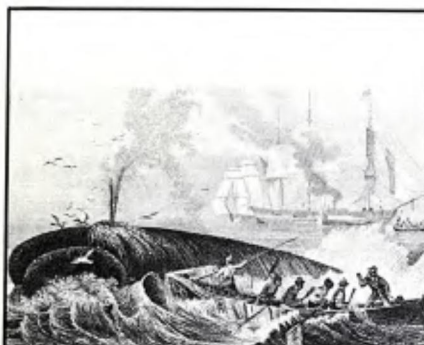
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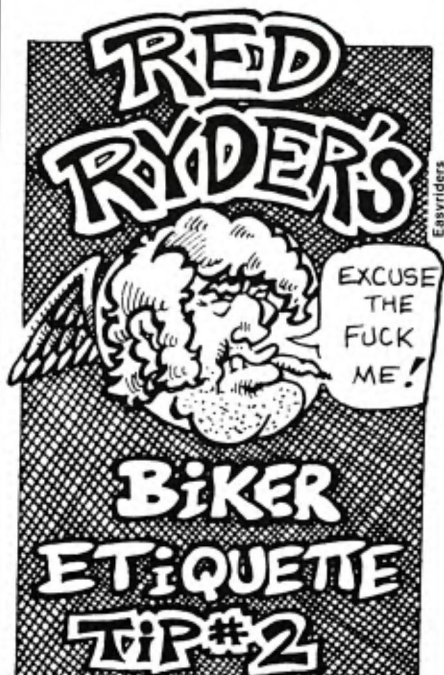
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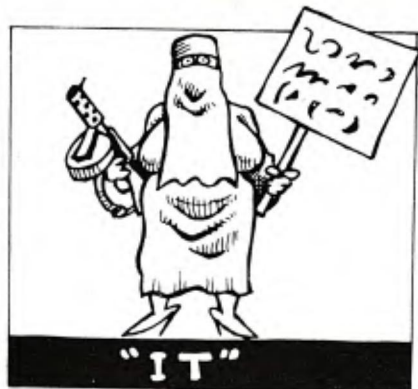
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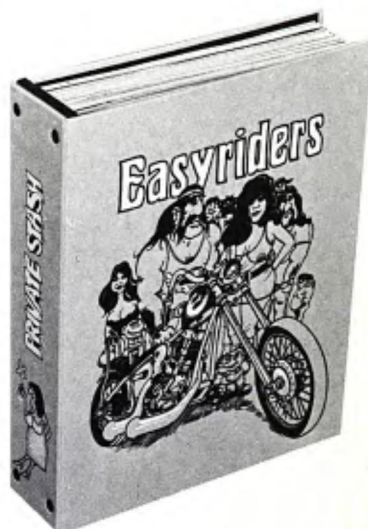
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