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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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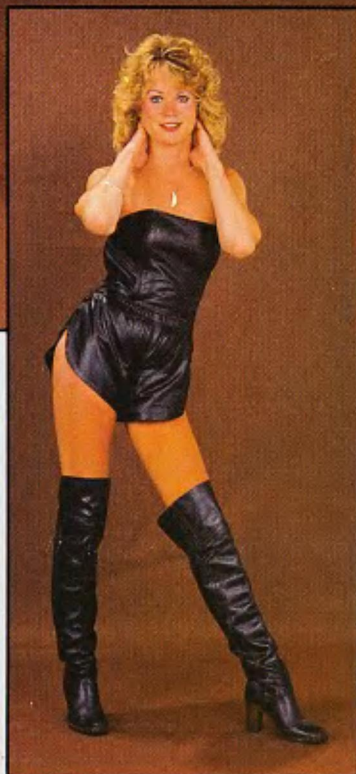
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale January 26th.

Cover photo of Billie by Pete Chiodo





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You're tough. Not every man with a hungry eye and a fast line gets to plant his boots under *your* bed. You demand two things of every dude you hop in the rack with — class and performance. It's the same with the threads you ride and party in — if you're a real biker chick, you demand the best. **Easy Lady Leathers** are designed to meet the highest standards of comfort, fit and durability. Every item is made in the U.S.A. of the finest American hides. If you've already corralled your biker, he'll love to show you off in these classy threads. If you're still hunting for your biker, become an *Easy Lady* and he's sure to find you right quick.

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Box 1025, Agoura, Hills, CA 91301

I found out more about the stewardess who fucked a guy in the airplane's shitter. She got loaded, fucked a friend in the jet's rear shitter, and later sat nude on a passenger's face (where was I?)—all this while the plane was flying over the ocean. She claims it's a bum beef and wants her job back—forget all the passengers who idly watched her fun and games.

There's a new game in cow country. When you buy goods in the store, you're given a number. The store's parking lot is divided into squares. Each square is numbered. Then they drive some cows in and if one of the cows shits in your square, you're the winner.

Is your ol' lady complaining about a sore neck or back? If the problem is a touch of arthritis, there's a cure. It's good ol' sex! Sexual activity promotes the release of cortisone by the adrenal glands, giving up to six hours of relief from pain. So fuck the shit outta her—for her own good!

This broad is suing the police department because they strip-searched her—a finger and a flashlight in every hole in her body. Ears, mouth, navel, twat, her brown eye—the whole enchilada. And you know what she was picked up for? Her dog's tags had expired! (Maybe the cop wanted a free show. I don't know.)

We've all had days when it seems nothin' goes right—right? Well, consider this 'bank robber' who approached a teller and found she didn't speak English. So he went to a second teller and she said, 'I'm a savings teller. I don't have any money.' He then went to a third teller and while he was waiting in line the heat busted his ass.

He went to bed, but he didn't follow my advice to let her fall asleep first. He nodded off, trusting his ol' lady to be there soon. She was! Just after he fell asleep, she poured flaming-hot oil all over his body, especially on his crank. He was snuffed and she shuffled off to jail.

He was looking for something strange and ran across a female—now get this—a goat! He shoved his dork to her, but was nabbed by the police for having intercourse with an animal. He didn't hurt the animal, but the police thought

there was some 'psychological' damage because the goat is goin' around sticking her butt up at every guy she sees (she'll have more of that).

So this guy was beating his meat on the beach right out in front of God and everyone. Three women—gasp!—complained. One even said he came on the sand and she had to walk (agh!) over his mess—he musta come in quarts. Now get this—he was a cop!

I've mentioned that this was coming in the past—well, it's here! In Albuquerque, New Mexico, they have electronic ankle bracelets to keep track of the comings and goings of parolees. So far, they've caught three violators for being out after-hours and sent them back to the slammer.

He was going to give a friend a tow. So he went somewhere to borrow a rope. While riding back on his bike he put the rope around his neck. Don't ask why (he was a young dirt-bike rider). But anyway, the rope got tangled in his sprocket and strangled his ass.

At a truck stop a broad went up to a plainclothes cop and offered to munch on his joint for some bread. He arrested her and took her to jail. There he had a female cop pat her down, but when the officer came to her crotch she grabbed a fist fulla nuts. Yep, she was a he. I guess you should grab her hair whenever a strange broad offers to suck on your bone. Shit, ya can't be sure of anything anymore.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Soledad Show

□ That Soledad Prison spread was excellent! Thanks for makin' my day — many of 'em!

Blue Baby
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Maz Fucked Up

□ In the October issue Maz said that next year's Super Rally will be in Holland. That's incorrect. In 1986 it will be in Denmark and in 1987 it will be in Holland, near a big fun park called Shetland Ponypark. Hope to see a lot of H-D bikers there.

Jan van Hoevelaak
H-D Club Nederland
The Netherlands

■ We hope to be there.

Why?

□ You can file this under "Further Examples of Totalitarian Treatment Towards Bikers." I'm locked down in TDC. This morning the bosses (guards) came around and roused my cell partner and me from our cell. Another shakedown, right? One of those things you come to expect as part of prison life. But no, the boss goes straight to my Dave Mann posters and tears them down. I asked him why and as he was throwing them away, he replied, "They're a fire hazard."

Fire hazard? I've got to question that when my cell partner's Garfield poster and college class list are left taped to the wall! Or is Dave Mann flammable and Garfield not?

Jazz Vires
Huntsville, Tex.

Oldest Club?

□ We've just heard that there are some righteous brothers out West who want to know if there are any pre-1904 motorcycle clubs still in existence.

Well, here we are — The Yonkers Motorcycle Club from Yonkers, N.Y. We started in the late 1800s as Yonkers Bicycle Club and officially became Yonkers

Motorcycle Club in 1903, AMA #6.

A few things can change in 82 years, but through the history of the club the song remains the same. We love riding, partying, and Harley-Davidsons, of course.

Considering that a good majority of society would just as soon see all the bikers in the world wiped off the face of the earth (and we all know some have tried), we are proud to have been around for so long.

We'd like to call ourselves the oldest continuously active motorcycle club in the United States, so if there are any motorcycle clubs around that were established before 1903, drop a line to this rag.

YMC
Yonkers, N.Y.

Faith Restored

□ I want to say a special thanks to John "Pappy" Her-ring, for he's restored my faith in brotherhood. This bro answered an ad I had in *Easyriders* and I'm damn glad he did.

Pappy, who's been riding and wrenching Harleys longer than I am old, takes his time and answers in detail all the many dumb tech questions I ask. He's also given me advice and ideas on how to build my dream scooter. But what's better than that are the letters this bro writes. Through them, he brings dreams, hope, and happiness to a forgotten man. Thanks to Pappy, my time is easier to do.

So to all who know him, buy him a brew for me. If you don't know him, then you're missing something. Thanks again, Pappy.

Baron
Haynesville, La.

A Consensus

□ I'd like to re-inform you of the purpose of *Easyriders*. After taking a census of the situation (ie. What is woman's place in regard to your magazine?), the bros here at the Connecticut State Prison are of the following opinion:

Sure, tits and ass are great to look at, but the bottom line is that bitches should be seen and not heard unless spoken to.

After reading all the women's lib bullshit in "Wordmonger," we were beginning to wonder if we hadn't picked up *Cosmopolitan* or *House and Garden* by mistake. How the hell did these dumb bitches get access to stamps and envelopes to write this shit, anyway? And worse yet, why the fuck did you print it?

Easyriders was, is, and always will be, a man's magazine that reaches out to the "Adult Male Biker" and his way of life. We're tired of hearing all these sniveling, wannabe biker cunts crying in "our" rag. A real biker woman knows her place, when to speak, give head and spread her legs, and does it all without sniveling and having to be told. Come on, bros, get your shit together. Fuck the ERA.

We're all having nightmares about our favorite rag running douche and tampon ads in future issues. Fuck the dumb shit and get back to the basics that made *Easyriders* what it is today — number 1.

I know if you print this, a lot of sniveling bitches are gonna write in crying about our male chauvinistic ideas and attitudes. So we're gonna tell 'em ahead of time: Shut the fuck up because nobody's listening anyway.

Below the Belt,
One-eyed Jack,
Hanky Panky,
Mad Mat,
and Wildman Calca
Somers, Conn.

AIDS Cure

□ Re. the AIDS editorial: You really nailed that one — drove it right over the centerfold fence. Congratulations and right on!

Tex
Chatsworth, Calif.

□ I got my hands on the attached [following] and had to send it to you. Your articles

make me laugh and I wanted you to chuckle, too [editorial comments in *italics*]. From W.N.Y. AIDS Program, Box 38, Bidwell Sta., Buffalo, NY 14222; 881-AIDS.

"GUIDELINES FOR GAY LIVING AND LOVING: The risk of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases CAN BE REDUCED! You don't have to give up sex, but we do know that AIDS is passed on when body fluids or materials (semen, blood, urine, feces) (*shit*) are exchanged. We also know more partners equal more risk. We prepared these guidelines for Gay (*faggot*) life to help you reduce your risk and perhaps save your and your partner's (*the other faggot*) life.

LIMIT YOUR NUMBER OF DIFFERENT SEXUAL CONTACTS

Enjoy more time with fewer partners. Know your partner better.

SHOWER BEFORE AND AFTER SEX

Maintain good personal cleanliness. Shower together.

URINATE IMMEDIATELY AFTER SEX

AVOID INGESTION OF SEMEN, URINE AND FECAL (*shit*) MATTER

All of these secretions can transmit infections. No rimming, and be VERY sure there are no cuts on the mouth or penis in any oral encounter.

AVOID RECTAL RECREATION (*butt-fucking*)

No fisting or foreign objects because the rectal lining is one of the body's natural defenses against disease. (*No jamming your fist up his ass.*)

AVOID WATERSPORTS

Urine on unbroken skin is probably safe, but if it enters ANY opening (*ass or mouth*), there is risk.

DON'T USE CONTAMINATED LUBRICANTS

Use water-soluble lubricants dispensed from closed containers that cannot collect germs. Saliva is a body fluid, so avoid it to be safe.

AVOID DRUGS

Drugs impair your judgment. NEVER share needles.

WHAT YOU AND YOUR PARTNER CAN SHARE...

MUTUAL MASTURBATION

Virtually risk-free since no bodily fluids are exchanged.

KISSING

If there are no sores or cuts in the mouth or mouth area, kissing is virtually risk-free. Be careful, however, WHAT and WHERE you're kissing.

EROTIC GAMES

Enjoy!

USE CONDOMS

Use them particularly during rectal intercourse to protect against sexually transmitted diseases. Don't forget to use water-soluble lubricants.

FIND AND SHARE YOUR TIME WITH REGULAR PARTNERS

Anonymous sex is dangerous, but regular relationships tend to have the honesty you need to stay healthy.

REMEMBER...

AIDS CANNOT BE TRANSMITTED BY SOCIAL CONTACT, only by direct sexual contact. You're too valuable to be lost because a simple precautionary procedure (like putting on a condom) was "too much trouble." We don't have a cure, and we don't know when we'll have one. Caution and common sense are the best survival tools we have.

TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF AND YOUR PARTNERS. Know your body and do not hesitate to see your doctor (or call our AIDS HOTLINE for a referral) if you believe anything is out of the ordinary. You can always visit the VD Clinic, 95 Franklin St., Room 262, Buffalo (846-7687) for a hassle-free examination, at no charge; no appointment required. It's a good place to start."

Marxie
Hamburg, N.Y.

□ This is in response to Toe Jam's piece in "Soap Box" (November '85) about a sure cure for AIDS. I used to feel the same way. Now, however, I've changed my mind. Since I'm always looking for a way to make money in a relatively short period of time, an idea has come to me about how to use AIDS as a somewhat good investment.

What you do is find yourself some queer fucker who

has AIDS and get a nice, large life insurance policy on him, making yourself the beneficiary. Then just kick back and wait a few short years — most of these dudes are kicking off within two to three years of having been diagnosed as an AIDS victim. Later, when all your bros see you on a brand-new scooter, living in a fine home, and having the best drugs money can buy, you can tell them the Good Fairy gave it to you.

If any queers out there happen to somehow get a chance to read this and think my idea is a good one, and if they really want to help in some way and do their part to cure AIDS, why not try insuring yourself and making some medical research organization the beneficiary? Whatdafuck, someday they may find a cure.

Breed
Oxnard, Calif.

□ Hier iz mien sowlushun tu da butt fuckeez un da butt fuckorz: Vat ve du ist ta form up da rambutt brigade und arm dem wit greezee gunz und vil dem wit Ben Gay. Ah few good squartz up der poopechutz und dey vil bee singang ah deffawnt tune.

Froggy
Spanaway, Wash.

□ The law Toe Jam suggested passing to execute queers has been on the books since the time of Moses: *Leviticus 20:13*.

About a week ago there was an early morning news report on the radio (which was not repeated in subsequent broadcasts) that there were ten reported cases of AIDS in Florida and Georgia that had been transmitted by mosquitoes.

Hopefully, some of those mosquitoes will land on some of our "public servants" who treat queers as an endangered species.

Mike Brown
Draper, Utah

□ The November "Soap Box" sickened me and left me disillusioned.

For the record, I'm heterosexual (which I'm sure my wife and two sons can attest to). I'm 6'5" tall, own and ride a piece of Milwaukee thunder, and am not insecure about my manhood. You speak constantly in your rag about freedom of choice, no helmets, and the legalization of

mary jane. Isn't sexual preference one of those freedoms, or does *Easyriders* and the brotherhood of bikers subscribe to the very hypocrisy they purport to be against?

AIDS is a terrible disease which is now epidemic. It is not merely selective of the homosexual community. Babies have been born with it and heterosexuals have contracted it.

It's not a thing to joke about.

Hagar the Horrible
Somewhere

■ 76 percent of the people with AIDS are fags. Their contaminated blood is the cause of some kids getting it. Who was joking? It's a sure cure.

□ I'm writing to express my disgust with your recent editorial "At Last — A Sure Cure For AIDS." I'd imagined that such ideas could be found only in Nazi Germany. Why such hatred of gay men should exist is inexplicable unless you, your readers, and the writer of that editorial are too scared of your own feelings to recognize them. I hope you try to find help for yourselves. In the meantime, I'm contacting all known suppliers of your magazine in this area to stop selling such garbage.

Philip V. Hull
Berkeley, Calif.

□ "At Last — A Sure Cure For AIDS" was brought to my attention by the most recent (October) issue of *Coming Up*, one of the several gay/lesbian-oriented newspapers in the Bay Area.

The writer of that editorial is to be pitied — for him to expend such vast quantities of his energies on hatred is indeed sad. We are all to be pitied for the fact that we must share this planet with him. It was precisely his sort of maniacal hatred that inspired, among other things, the Holocaust. Other things so inspired that come immediately to mind are the continuing bloodbaths in Northern Ireland and the Middle East which lend great credence to that wise observation: Religion is not the answer — it's the problem.

Of course, religion is also at the root of homophobia. Christianity (so-called, even though it now has little to do

with many of Christ's personal teachings and apparent beliefs), Judaism, and Islam all rail at homosexuality — which is rather like railing at the rise and fall of the tides and the sun's habit of rising in the east and setting in the west. Homosexuality is virtually as old as the Garden of Eden and is as innate a pattern of behavior for a minority of the human species as is left-handedness. It is also as innate as is heterosexuality for the majority.

Intelligent and enlightened people know, understand, and appreciate all that, and are therefore quite capable of friendships with gay people. They also know that most gays aren't in the least interested in "recruiting" their straight friends and acquaintances and/or children. Of course, just as there are some straight men and women who attempt to seduce gay women and men and/or who force their sexual attentions upon children, there are also some gays who do likewise. Statistics, incidentally, indicate that straights are far more likely to make attempts at "jumping the fence" than gays.

I'm generally opposed to unsigned letters; however, I shall eschew appending my name to this one. Anyone who so wallows in truly sick hatred as the author of "At Last..." would surely be more than willing to "easy-ride" into The City and show the world how to perform a "penectomy" on a "faggot" such as I. (Or at least how to "Kill a Queer for Christ.")

Mr. X
San Francisco, Calif.

□ Thanks, *Easyriders*, for once again letting the world know that all bikers are ignorant shits. Since your rag is the first to mouth off about bikers getting a bad image, why the hell do you screw it up for us by printing garbage like "At Last — A Sure Cure For AIDS."

Just stick to motorcycles — what little you know about them — and don't go flappin' your jaws about something you don't know jack shit about!

Wingy,
Road Rat,
and the rest of the
Moving Violations MC
Boston, Mass.

■ Thank God.

Pecan Pie?

☐ You deserve a piece of pecan pie.

Tami L. Japink-Grimes
Phoenix, Ariz.

☐ We're raisin-pie eaters.

Likes Susie

☐ Been gettin' *Easyriders* since 1971. Little Susie in your November '85 issue is the best little bitch you've ever had.

Big Red
Livermore, Calif.

☐ If I ever get out of this pit and back on my sled, this tramp is looking for Susie's sister.

Tom "Easy" Inman
Menard, Ill.

☐ If you see Susie again, propose for me. I would give my left nut to have her for at least a year.

J. Finney
Wilmington, Calif.

☐ Being a precision machinist, I'm very concerned with accurate measurements. Noting the lack of such technical information regarding the fine frame pictured, I wish to assist in correcting the oversight.

Therefore, I offer, free of charge, any and all services that may be required in gathering this information. I'm also more than willing to go to any length necessary to obtain accurate and detailed statistics of every inch of this well-formed frame. I guarantee that every nook and cranny will receive my utmost attention.

Please contact me at the soonest opportunity, as I have no greater desire than to be of assistance by giving the closest possible inspection to the fine hardbelly frame featured in your November rag.

She looks almost as good as a hardtail. And I'll bet she feels better after a thousand-mile ride.

J.C.
Cave City, Ark.

☐ Could you please settle a bet between my friend and me? I say Susie is under the age of eighteen, but my friend claims that she must be at least eighteen to have appeared as she did.

Dan Chipman
Cleveland, Ohio

☐ Sorry, Dan, you lose.

Girls must be 18 years old in order to pose for photographs.

☐ I would drag my naked nuts across a football field of crushed glass just to get a sniff of the exhaust from the 1986 Softail that Susie's soft tail is on!

Shawn "Shot Gun" O'Brien
Lakeland, Fla.

☐ The female in your November '85 issue is one of the best yet. Great tit shots.

Tiny
Decatur, Ind.

Spider Love Letter

☐ Spider, here's a toast to you:

May bleeding piles distress you,
May corns adorn your feet,
May crabs as big as horseflies
Crawl on your balls and eat.
And when you're old and feeble,
A syphilitic wreck,
May your spine drop through your asshole
And break your fucking neck.

Rocky
Owosso, Mich.

What?

☐ What the hell does "Down-time" have to do with motorcycles? Why don't you jerks run a column called "Weight Room Etiquette"? No, ya better not because you wouldn't want to offend any of the righteous Aryan bro warriors.

Short, fat, bald
& no head games
Antioch, Calif.

Needs Manual

☐ I am looking for an owner's manual for a 1962 Duo Glide panhead. I went to the local H-D dealer, but they said they couldn't help me.

T. Tough
Box 1224
High Springs, FL 32643

Thiothixene

☐ Anyone who has personal knowledge of, or information about, other prisoners' experiences (deaths) involving a psychotropic medication called Navenne (thiothixene), please take note. We are presently involved in a federal civil suit in New Jersey in an attempt to discontinue the use of this drug on inmates. If you can testify about the tortures or dangers of Navenne, please send your statement

to the following address. Remember, it is testimony, so it must be notarized.

Robert Rainere 94739 G/3
Box 500
Bordentown, NJ 08505

A Good Samaritan

☐ Just got back from my Labor Day run up in northern Michigan and had to push my Harley about seven fucking miles with a rear flat tire and not a tool on me. I thought the weekend was going to be fucked from there on.

When I got off the freeway, some chick told me there was a John Deere & Harley-Davidson dealer about seven more miles down the road, so I started pushing some more, all the time thinking they were gone for the weekend. When I got there, they were open but not for service.

The place is called Saginaw Valley Motor Works, 2663 No. Euclid Ave., Bay City, Michigan. After I told the owner I was from Detroit and on my way up north and how far I'd pushed my bike, he told me to bring it around back. He did all the work, put a new tube in, and didn't even rape me though he had me by the balls. What I want to say is, if any bros are heading north on 75, stop in and say hi to some good fucking people, Kathy and Grige, at Saginaw Motor Works, Beaver Road exit. Thanks again.

Animal Muzz
Westland, Mich.

Deadheads

☐ I just finished reading the October issue and enjoyed every bit of it. And just when I thought it couldn't get any better, what did I find on the last page? "Still Truckin', The Grateful Dead Celebrates 20 Years On The Road." I also noticed a few Grateful Dead-related innuendos throughout your great mag, such as the article entitled "If Thunder Don't Get It, Lightning Will." This quote comes from a Dead song called "The Wheel": *The wheel is turning and you can't hold on. You can't speed it up and you can't slow it down. You can't go back and you can't stand still. If the thunder don't get ya, then the lightning will. Every time that wheel turns round, ya bound to cover just a little more ground...*

In the interview with George Christie, you asked

him if he felt like "the eyes of the world" — also a Dead song — were upon him.

Then, in "Bros Lost," China Doll remembers Blue; "China Doll" is yet another Dead song.

Well, hope I didn't bore you with this info. Maybe you already knew or maybe not, but whatever, I just wanted to send my thanks from a Grateful reader.

Christine London
Brighton, Mass.

☐ We have some Dead-heads on the staff.

How To Help Your Cause

☐ I'm the public service director and nighttime radio personality at Y-107, a contemporary hits radio station in Long Branch, New Jersey. Enclosed are two of our PSAs (public service announcements), one for cold ridin' weather and one for warm ridin'.

Our PSAs are in constant rotation; whoever's on the air reads them at their discretion. The fact that I'm a bike rider as well as the PSA director makes it easy for me to run such spots. I would hope that a brief letter from an organized club to the PSA director at other radio stations, requesting similar messages be put on the air, would prove beneficial to all of us who ride.

(Bolder bikers ride in bitter weather.) Some people ride their motorcycles all year long. If you drive, you should watch out for cycles... they're not as visible as cars, trucks, and buses, but they've got the same rights. Watch out for motorcycles... the roads will be safer for everyone. Something to seriously think about from Y-107.

And message number two: *With the warm weather you're going to see a lot more motorcycles on the road. If you drive, you should be aware that cycles are not as visible as other vehicles... but they do have the same rights. Think about it while you're driving... The cars, trucks, and buses are not the only things on the road. Watch out for motorcycles... the roads will be safer for everyone. Something to think about from Y-107.*

Schady Dan, Night Rocker
Long Branch, N.J.

English Couple

☐ We're an English couple

coming to America to look around in mid/late 1986 as a follow-up to a world trip. We'd like to hear from people into bikes (Harleys) and the lifestyle to visit them when we're there. We're not wannabes — we've been on two wheels for 17 years.

Please reply fast. We're leaving for our trip in November 1985, but late replies will be forwarded to us.

Bill and Rebecca
39 Garfield Rd.
Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk
NR 30 2JV
England

Cop Harley Rider

After reading many articles in your rag about cops giving "bikers" a hard time, I decided to write. I'm a cop who owns and rides a Harley whenever I get the chance. All cops are not the same. Some good, some bad — just like in any other profession. I don't give any "bikers" problems or hassle them, and I help them if they are broken down. Most people who break traffic laws get in trouble because of their mouth, not because of what they did. Give us a break — don't judge us as all being bad simply because we have on a uniform. A lot of people don't like us, but if we weren't around trying to keep the peace, America would be one hell of a place to live and raise a family.

Concerned Cop
Charlotte, N.C.

Club Names

A few brothers and I want to start a club. We've been locked down for quite some time. We've come up with the name "The Forbidden Ones." If anyone knows of a club using this name, please inform this rag.

Paul "Rat" Cota
Midway, Tex.

A number of my associates and I are in the process of forming a club and would like to make use of your publication in our search for a name. We'd like to use either "Freedom Fighters" or "Partisans."

L.J.
Boston, Mass.

We'd like to inform you that we've started a new motorcycle club called the "Rebel Skulls." Our colors are a rebel flag with a large skull, with three smaller

skulls inside the larger one in the center of the flag.

We'd like to know if there is now, or ever has been, another club with the same name, or one using the same colors as these.

Michael O' Riley
Hastings, Neb.

My bros and I are thinking of setting up a new club in the Wisconsin area and would like to know if the name "Rolling Thunder" is being used.

Milton Haskins, Jr.
Alma Center, Wis.

Pass the question around and give us an answer. Is there now, or was there ever, a club called the "Road Eagles"?

Brad "Red Beard" Antrim
Pendleton, Ind.

Just to avoid possible future static, I wanted to bring the matter of our club name, "Free & Easy National," to the attention of *Easyriders* readers. Our colors are an Egyptian scarab with a full set of wings, topped with a grinning skull between the wing tips.

We are a new club formed here in the joint. We have no intention of infringing on any other club or its activities.

Michael Meadows
Lancaster, Ohio

Some of my bros and I are thinking about starting a biker club. We've come up with a couple of names: "Rebels" and "Grenadiers." Is either of these names being used?

Oddball
Fresno, Calif.

A Fuck-Up

Okay, whatdafuck! Your September '85 issue was supposed to be a special pan issue, but whatdafuck do I see? The feature chick is posin' next to a shovel and the Dave Mann centerspread has three shovels in it. You should have had all pans like your knuck issue had all knucks.

No raisin pie for you guys.
Ken Foerster
Schaumburg, Ill.

We forgot to tell Dave. And who looks at a bike when a nude girl is in front of it?

AA

I'm a regular subscriber (in my husband's name) to

Easyriders, look forward to receiving it every month, and read it cover to cover. I usually agree with your views, but I take great exception to your slam against Alcoholics Anonymous in September's "Easynews" section ("Drunks testify to help one of their own stay free").

I'm with you in agreeing that the drunk cager should get more than a slap on the wrist for running down and killing a rider. I just don't think you should lump all AA members together because three of them testified in court on behalf of the cager. We motorcyclists don't like to be categorized as all being badasses because of a few bikers who are indeed low-lives, yet you're doing the same thing by putting down the whole AA organization. AA has helped the majority of those who faithfully attend their meetings, including my mother who is now in her fourth year of sobriety. She swears by AA. AA members are not all a bunch of "allegedly dried-out drunkards" or "besotted losers."

Let's practice what we preach and not lump everyone into the same category because of a few bad apples.

Jody Wilkinson
Ocean Shores, Wash.

We got carried away because another biker got snuffed — no slight intended toward AA and all the good they do.

I don't believe this shit. I'm readin' *Easyriders*, but I'm checkin' to see if Richard Nixon or some other asshole is your editor. I'm talkin' about the "Easynews" piece where you put Alcoholics Anonymous on your shit list. Hey, put the judge and the individuals involved down, but I'm sure AA as a group had nothing to do with this travesty of justice.

David "Bird Dog" Haussler
Redwood City, Calif.

There is a vast difference between being sober and dry and also a difference between drunkards and alcoholics. To dismiss AA as a "dismal den of dried-out drunkards" is a great injustice because if they want to quit and can't, AA is the only game in town.

Karen Stewart
Miami, Fla.

Just 'cause a judge fucked

up, that's no reason to get on our case. Get on his!

The General
San Jose, Calif.

Garry Smith Letters

We received so many letters in regard to Garry Smith's shit in the October issue that we're printing a few more in appreciation for all the hundreds we received.

—Monger

Doesn't he know the four funniest jokes in the world are Hahahonda, Suzuhooki, Yamahahaha, and Garry's favorite, Kawasahahaki? Like my ol' man says, "God invented rice burners to keep assholes (like Garry) off Harleys."

Chris and Stretch
San Francisco, Calif.

I would appreciate it, and so would some of my friends here at 29 Palms Marine Corps Base, if Garry would drop by.

Cpl. Mike Geiger
29 Palms, Calif.

My troublesome V-Twin has 119,000 miles on it and my '57 Buick could turn yer Mazda back into tuna cans. Gimme a chance.

Gunner
Taylor, Wis.

If you'll excuse me, I have to go to sleep so I can wake up and keep the country safe from communist assholes like you.

Pfc. B.W. Nielson
Long Beach, Calif.

Harleys have been around a lot longer than any Jap bike and will always be a part of American history.

Robert J. Stambaugh
Camp Hill, Pa.

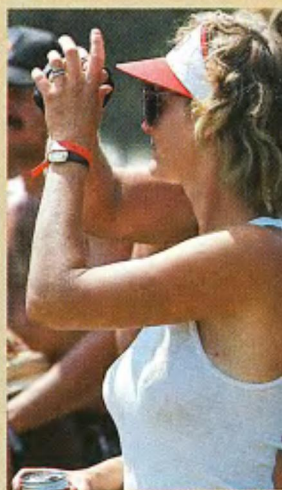
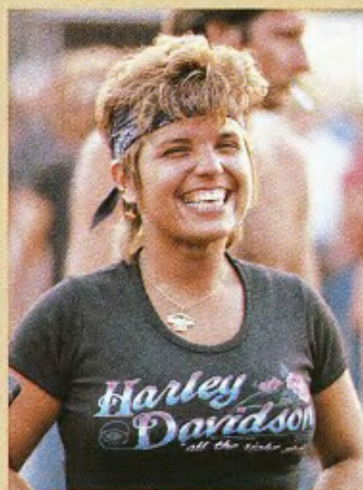
Garry, you sound like some yuppie-preppie Florida fuck-up.

Slick
Reading, Pa.

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. ■

ABATE of IOWA

1985 FREEDOM ROLLEY

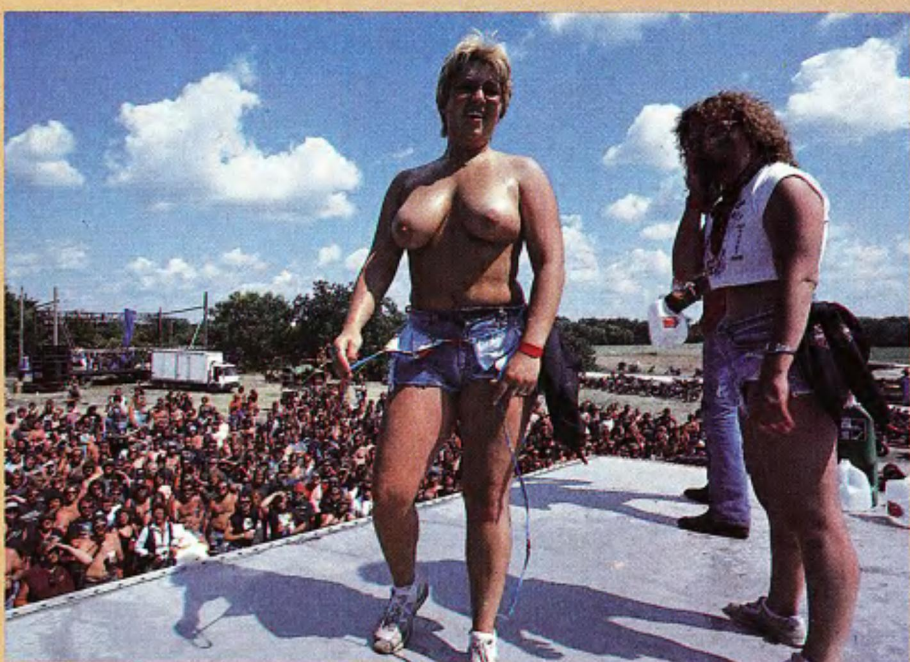
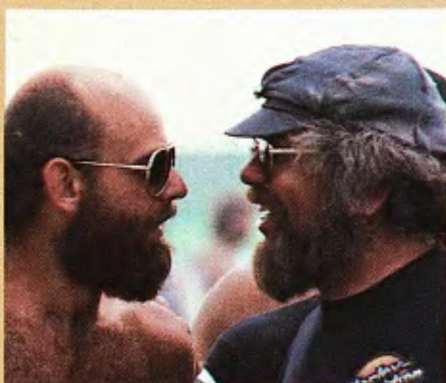


The Fourth of July festivities in Humboldt, Iowa, had everything except fireworks, but we were all having too much fun to notice.

The big motorcycles roared in from throughout the Midwest, intent on turning the tiny west Iowa town of Humboldt — for one weekend — into the Harley-Davidson capital of the universe.

Some came to race and some to watch, some came to



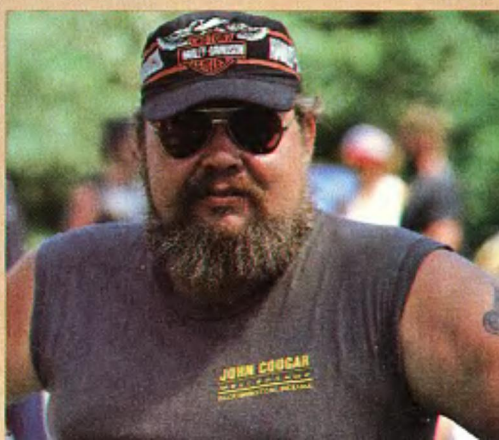


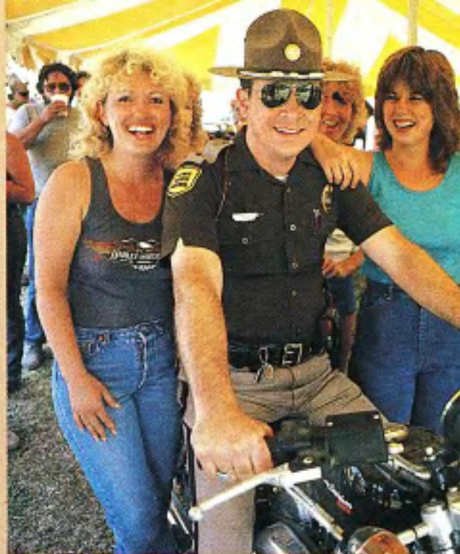
Life, Liberty and Fallin' Down In Iowa

guzzle beer and toast Independence Day, others showed up simply because it was some place to go where they could feel at home.

The only thing they all had

in common was the desire to party. And party we did. . . dancing to the classic rock 'n' roll of Steppenwolf, getting drunk and falling down in the gutters in a nearby town that shall best go nameless — why get one of the few cops who digs bikers in deep shit? — and hitting on the



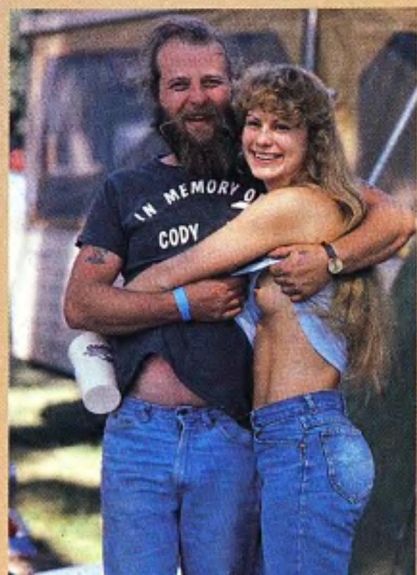


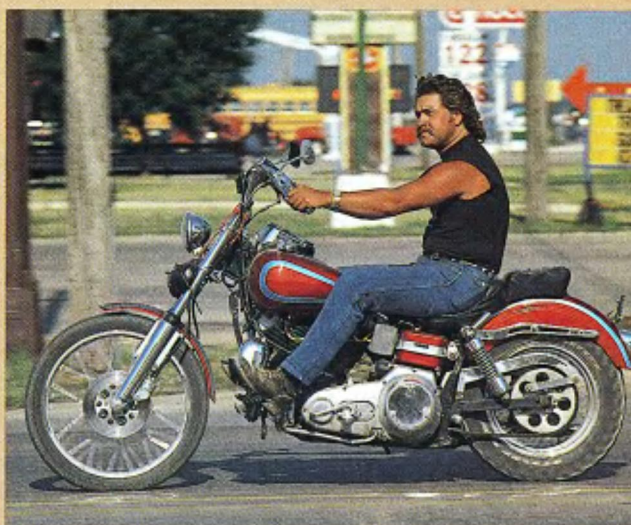
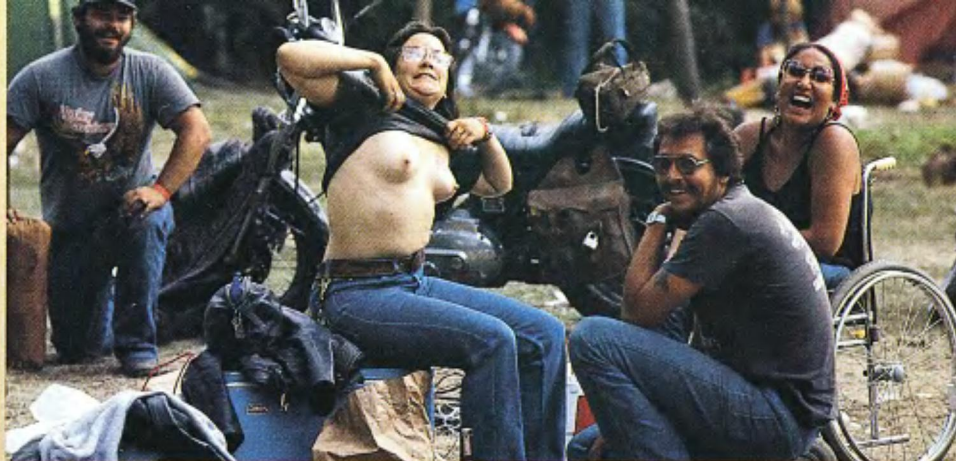
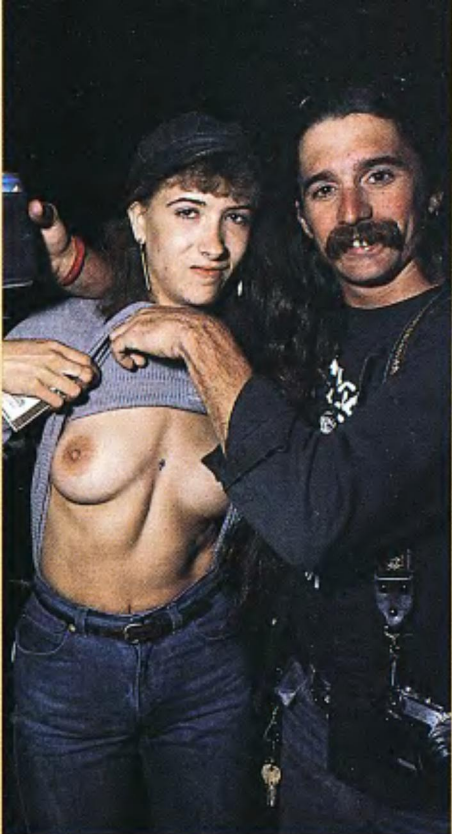
ABATE OF IOWA FREEDOM RALLY

fine farmers' daughters who were swingin' their stuff everywhere.

The occasion for all this good-timin' was the First Annual Iowa Harley Drags and ABATE of Iowa Party, and if that seems like a full mouthful of words, it's because it is.

One thing's for sure, the original organizers of the bash, the Harley Drag Racers Association, didn't have a





three-day-long balls-to-the-wall party in mind when they scheduled the Iowa races for the Fourth of July weekend. What they had in mind was a day of drag-racing everything from run-what-ya-brung street rats to high-tech top fuelers — the only restriction being that anybody trying to enter a non-Harley-engined racer would be run out of town pronto.

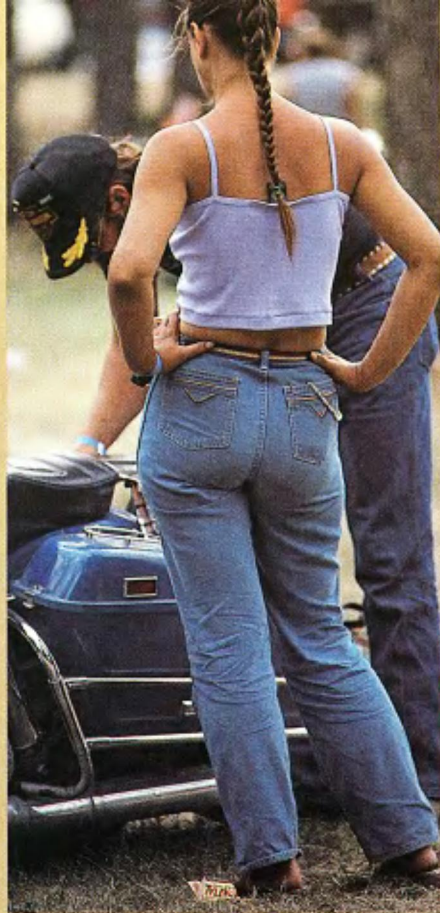
The whole picture changed

when the top kicks at ABATE of Iowa decided to offer all the brothers and sisters a double-barreled ration of celebration by piggybacking their annual party with the Hog races.

Come the big weekend, everything was ready — the race track in Humboldt, the ABATE campground a few miles away.

But though the cops were uptight in Humboldt, several





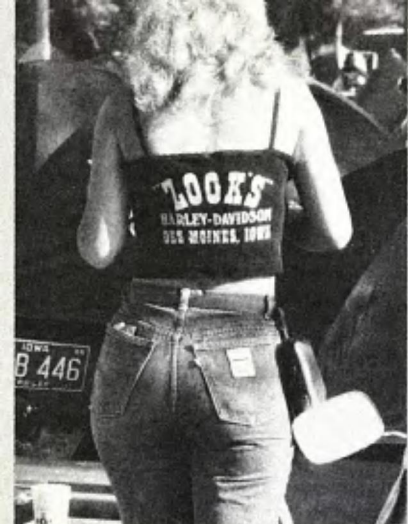
ABATE OF IOWA FREEDOM RALLY

other small towns in the area were happy to provide the weary bikers a respite from the heat.

One of them — a village with three or four bars and little else — was so hospitable that a shitload of bros who profiled over to it after the races one night didn't get back to the ABATE campground till way after dawn's early light.

Seems we wound up clos-





Photos by Mike Lichter



ing those three or four bars and moving the party right out onto Main Street, where we and a decent-sized percentage of the local populace sang and danced and generally hoorahed the area until we passed out.

And no, we still ain't gonna tell ya what town it was. What kind of no-class pussies do ya think we are? (It ain't hard to find, though. Just ask around.)

Altogether, spendin' the Fourth of July weekend gettin' down in Iowa turned out to be a perfect way to celebrate Independence Day — a holiday which, in case you've forgotten, exists to salute the right of all red-blooded Americans to life, liberty, and a comfortable place to fall down drunk . . . or was that life, liberty, loose shoes, tight snatch, and a warm place to shit? — Grape

Madman and JJ: Still Crazy After 10 Years



Madman Kelly doesn't live here anymore. After ten years as the most ragged at, cussed out, and overworked (if ya call being surrounded by naked hardbellies work) peon in the potato patch, Madman has retreated to a cave in northern Nevada to lick his wounds and chuckle over the thought of us trying to get Easyriders and In The Wind to press without him.

The main thing you've got to understand about Madman is that he's tough. Among other things, he's lived through enough natural and manmade disasters for any 100 other dudes — including a bout with polio that left him only one working arm and stole a couple of his internal organs. Tough son of a bitch that he is, though, he's spent half a lifetime proving doctors wrong. When he was a child, they said he'd be lucky to grow up and be able to walk. As a man, he's been known to bust the four-minute-mile in pursuit of a skirt. Madman the kid was expected by everyone but himself to go through life as a passenger, a spectator, too weak to survive the rough and tumble of life on twin cylinders. Madman the adult, a raging lunatic behind the bars of one of his trikes, seems to personify the phrase "Born to be Wild."

Still, time takes its toll on every body and the payoff comes quicker if the body in question has already been ravaged by nature. Several months ago Madman was discovered to have suffered a minor heart attack, though the sawbones couldn't say just when it had happened because Madman apparently kept on working right through it. With his lungs already operating

at less than 100 percent because of the polio, and his circulatory system showing signs that the years of wine, women, and gettin' stoned were catching up with him, the prescription was obvious: Get the fuck out of the smog belt and take it slower.

So, after ten years, Madman's officially gone to pasture, grazing on green felt-covered tables in the clear, clean air of northern Nevada.

It's hard to pinpoint exactly what Madman did around here; it might be easier to list the things he didn't have his one good hand in. Among other things, he edited the In The Wind magazines and Anniversary Specials, and he interviewed all the chicks who came around wanting to pose for Easyriders. He was in charge of the Ol' Lady Contest and responsible for making sure the Ol' Lady of the Year got to the photo studio before the horny staff got to her. And he also handled "special situations."

Special situations — the term might have been coined to describe JJ Solari. Solari, for those of you who just fell off the potato wagon yesterday, is a foul-mouthed former Mouseketeer whose sole mission in life seems to be writing things that will mortally offend everyone. Since bikers are a hard-to-gross-out bunch, he's never quite succeeded. But Solari classics like "No-Class Chick" (ER #29) and "Slime" (ER #60) have sure come close.

The thing about Solari is that he's as off-the-wall as his stories. Since he was the only person around weird enough to relate to JJ, Madman Kelly long ago became Easyriders unofficial ambassador to Solariland.

They've been tight bros ever since.

Before he took off, we asked Madman to tell us something about the changes he's seen in the last ten years — sort of like a debriefing before unleashing him upon an unsuspecting public. He suggested we bring in JJ and have them rehash the good old and new days together. Fortunately, JJ was temporarily absent from his customary 22,000-mile-high synchronous orbit above the equator and agreed to fall by.

What follows is a transcript of those portions of their conversation which can be printed without fear of lawsuits and prison sentences. The third man in the booth (as they say on "Monday Night Football"), is Trampo, whom Spider thought would add at least a semblance of sanity — hah! — to the proceedings.

JJ SOLARI: Do you mind if I spit into this jar while we talk?

MADMAN KELLY: Go ahead, spit on the fucking floor if you want.

JJ: Who's going to be in charge here? Am I going to be asking questions, or are we just going to keep talking until we've gotten to the nub of all the important issues of the day?

TRAMPO: First question is, why is Madman Kelly running out on all the bikers in America?

JJ: That's right, you're leaving.



This is a perfect time to have this conversation because you could just run Easyriders into the ground and there's not a fucking thing they can do about it.

MADMAN: Yeah, I could talk about all the girls I was promised and never got.

JJ: Why are you leaving?

MADMAN: Health reasons. I just

kept getting worse and the doctor said, "Listen, you better move to a different climate," and a different this and a different that. I cut my hair and my beard and I'm just gonna hide.

I've heard that a lot of other people want my job. But I think all they want to do is shoot the girls and smell the pussy.

TRAMPO: We could have a contest — win Madman's job.

MADMAN: That's it — great idea.

JJ: As far as I know, the only thing you do is you're in charge of payment to me, which comes in the form of all the T-shirts I can possibly wear simultaneously.

MADMAN: T-shirts are about all you get.

JJ: But what else do you do?

MADMAN: For the last five or six years, I've interviewed all the girls for the girl features — bringin' 'em into my office, gettin' their clothes off, checkin' 'em out for gross bodily scars, and takin' their pictures. Then Spider makes the final selection and I take the lucky chick down to the studio and pose her for Pete.

That's the roughest part of my job. 'Cause you have to go through 30 or 40 girls a day and it gets tiring.

JJ: I don't think you'll have any applicants trying to take that over. It's not the kind of job anyone would want.

TRAMPO: Yeah, going through 30 or 40 girls a day is tough. It might take at least 10 guys to replace you.

JJ: Before you disappear to wherever you're going, I wanted to continue our discussion about your idea for the personal ownership of jet aircraft for individual police initiatives throughout the world.

MADMAN: The thing is that we'd all be armed and could each police certain trouble spots.

JJ: I presume we're talking nuclear craft here. I'd certainly push for that.

MADMAN: Mach 3 rubberband attack-fighter bombers.

JJ: The aspect that interested me is that everyone wouldn't have to go. If somebody was sitting at home and they saw something on the news that pissed them off, they'd just go out in the garage, start the plane up, and take off. They wouldn't have to involve their neighbors. Fly over to Nicaragua, drop a few, fly home, and watch TV for the rest of the evening. The news would probably be better.

TRAMPO: Speaking of settling

scores, what did you think about the U.S. forcing down the Egyptian plane with the hijackers on it?

MADMAN: It just proves that my idea about the personal jet planes would work great. People like the Libyans and the Egyptians can't even fly well enough to retaliate.

JJ: They can land pretty good.

MADMAN: Only if they're given very detailed instructions.

JJ: We should've shot the plane down anyway.

MADMAN: What I like the best is that what's-his-name — the rug-head — said that the American they killed on the boat had a heart attack. . . that the old guy had a heart attack. And when they found his body there was a bullet in his

"You could put it in your hand and you could squeeze that stuff and it was actually like squeezing baby shit. You didn't even need a baby."

back and a bullet in his head. So he had a good heart attack. I had a little heart attack a few months ago, but they haven't dug any bullets out of my body yet.

TRAMPO: You're missing the point. The camel jockeys are just a few steps ahead of us in solving the problem of skyrocketing medical and insurance costs. Clearly, if we want to get a handle on these things, that's a good place to start — shoot everyone who's just had a heart attack. It's a hell of a lot cheaper than sticking them in intensive care.

MADMAN: Well, I understand that what happened was that the crippled guy bit one of the Shitty Muslims — or whatever they call themselves. If one of them said something to me, I'd probably bite him, too.

JJ: What'd he do, unstrap himself from the wheelchair and go running down the deck until he got one of them in tooth range?

MADMAN: Yeah, they picked on the strongest American, an old guy in a wheelchair, one of my own. I

really felt bad for him.

TRAMPO: What's the matter with those heathens? Didn't they see he had a handicapped parking sticker on his wheelchair?

JJ: They probably took one of the handicapped deck-chair spaces and he bitched at them, so they shot him.

TRAMPO: What pisses me off is that I go around to all these places and here are all these handicapped parking spaces and they're primo — right in front of the joint, so you can keep your eye on your scooter and all. And if I park in one, I get towed away, even though they're always empty. I mean, you crips never use your damn spaces, you just want to make everybody else walk from the ass-end of the parking lot. I think there should be some kind of fine, something should happen to you if you don't use your spaces. They're just going to waste.

JJ: Yeah, how come they're always empty? You people demand all these rights and then stay home.

TRAMPO: They should all be shot and dumped off a cruise ship. The Arabs have the right way of dealing with your kind, Kelly. If you're too crippled to ride a camel, they put you over the side.

MADMAN: I never thought of it that way.

TRAMPO: How about you, Kelly? Planning to go on any cruises after you clean out this pigsty you call an office?

MADMAN: You should have seen this office *before* I started cleaning it out. I've thrown away tons of shit.

JJ: Pictures?

MADMAN: Boxes of them. Pictures of naked women, mostly.

JJ: You could have sent them to me.

MADMAN: What would you want them for? They're all Polaroids.

JJ: I could use the back to write on.

MADMAN: They're Polaroids. You wouldn't have enough room to write on the back.

JJ: I could write underneath the picture and on the back. It would save me a lot of time looking for paper.

MADMAN: We can send you paper. From now on, instead of T-shirts we'll pay you in paper.

JJ: In the event I get a raise, are there any new T-shirts?

MADMAN: No new T-shirts, but we have toilet seats.

TRAMPO: And pillowcases!

JJ: You have toilet seats?

MADMAN: Just what every biker needs.

Continued on page 75

REUNION ON ICE

BY THE MAD POET

“Yeah. . .who is it?” I half-mumbled, trying to blink the sleep from my eyes, my head hurting from the harsh ringing of the phone next to the pillow. Dragging myself up from a sweaty dream, I could still taste the cheap booze and greasy chow from last night’s feed.

In the blackness there was silence on the line, then something like a choked cough, then, “Guy. . . did I wake you?” All of a sudden I was completely alert, sitting bolt-upright in bed, straining to hear that almost forgotten voice.

“Naw, I was just restin’ my eyes, sort of. You know.” Yeah, she knew — I’d never admit to being under, even if I was. “What’s on your mind, little one?” It came out softer than I’d intended, almost a whisper. The shape beneath the covers next to me stirred for a moment, then emitted a light snore.

Now there was an even longer silence, punctuated by the sound of a glass or bottle clinking against something in the background. “Guy. . . hey, I know it’s been. . . been awhile.”

Her words were slurred, but I could still pick out the barely restrained tones, almost as if —

“It’s been. . . oh, I said that already, didn’t I? How are you?”

“Oh, all right, same as usual.” Only half my attention was on my reply. In the back of my mind

other things whirled around.

“That’s nice.” Her voice got louder, “Remember. . . you said to call. . . call anytime, if I needed. . . needed anything. . .” Her voice trailed off again, drawing my ear closer to the phone.

“What’s up? Problems?”

There was a little laugh, biting-ly sarcastic. “Yeah, how’d you guess so quick?” Something thumped on the other end, followed by light scratching sounds. “Oops, dropped the fuckin’ receiver. You still there?”

“Uh-huh, somethin’ like that.” I twisted around to get a glimpse of the clock. Three something, it said.

“I can’t. . . can’t talk long. . . too tired to think. Could. . . would you come down here, Guy? Soon? Wouldn’t call if. . . if it wasn’t such a. . .”

Half an hour later I was stumbling around the kitchen. Scratching my beard, I searched my mind for some answers. No, not to her problems. It wouldn’t pay to guess about those.

Still, I’d forgotten one thing. Said I’d be there, but how? Peering through the parted curtains, I could make out the basket case that was my old Ford pickup. Its outline was half-hidden beneath the melting snow. Damn thing — cracked the block when it hit 20 below last month.

I kicked open the door to the shop. This spring’s scoot

was still a maze of parts spread out on a canvas tarp, rigid frame leaning up against the greasy workbench. No hope there. It was still missing rings and valve guides. Wait a minute, though. I picked my way through the mess to the far corner of the garage, then bent over to pull back a hunk of black plastic.

“Little piece of Limey rust,” that’s what the dude had called it before telling me to take it away along with the truck he’d laid on me to cover my work on his Glide. I stared in distaste at the dirty 250 BSA layin’ there like some kind of wounded animal, grimy tank flattened on one side, left-hand turn signals chewed down to nubs, the backrest shredded.

After I wheeled it out into the light, it looked even worse: tires almost flat, damn little tread left. Turning to plug in the air compressor, I caught sight of the ol’ lady standing in the doorway. “What do ya think you’re aimin’ to do there?”

“Go back to sleep, woman. I ain’t got time to explain it all nice and neat. Gotta take a little trip.” I was trying to find the air gauge in the mess on the workbench.

“But, Guy. . .” The bitch was whining already and it wasn’t even light out yet.

“But nothing! Just be quiet and go back to bed.”

I didn't really notice when she left since I was busy filling the tires. Mechanically, my hands kept working, checking things out, while my mind was miles away.

What had it been, a year or more? I couldn't recall exactly what she looked like, except that she was short with

big tits, but that voice — it was like a ghost that kept on haunting me from the past. No, that I'd never forget.

Nearly done, I dragged out a crusty battery from beneath the bench. The Beezer didn't have a magneto. I tied it into place with a hunk of inner tube, tightening down the

terminals. Hooking up the charger, I gave it a boost, not sure if it was completely dead.

Reaching for the shift to put it into neutral, I hit nothin' but air. I looked down. The damn shifter was broken clean off. Ten minutes later I had a bent hunk of rebar welded to the nub,

Continued on page 79

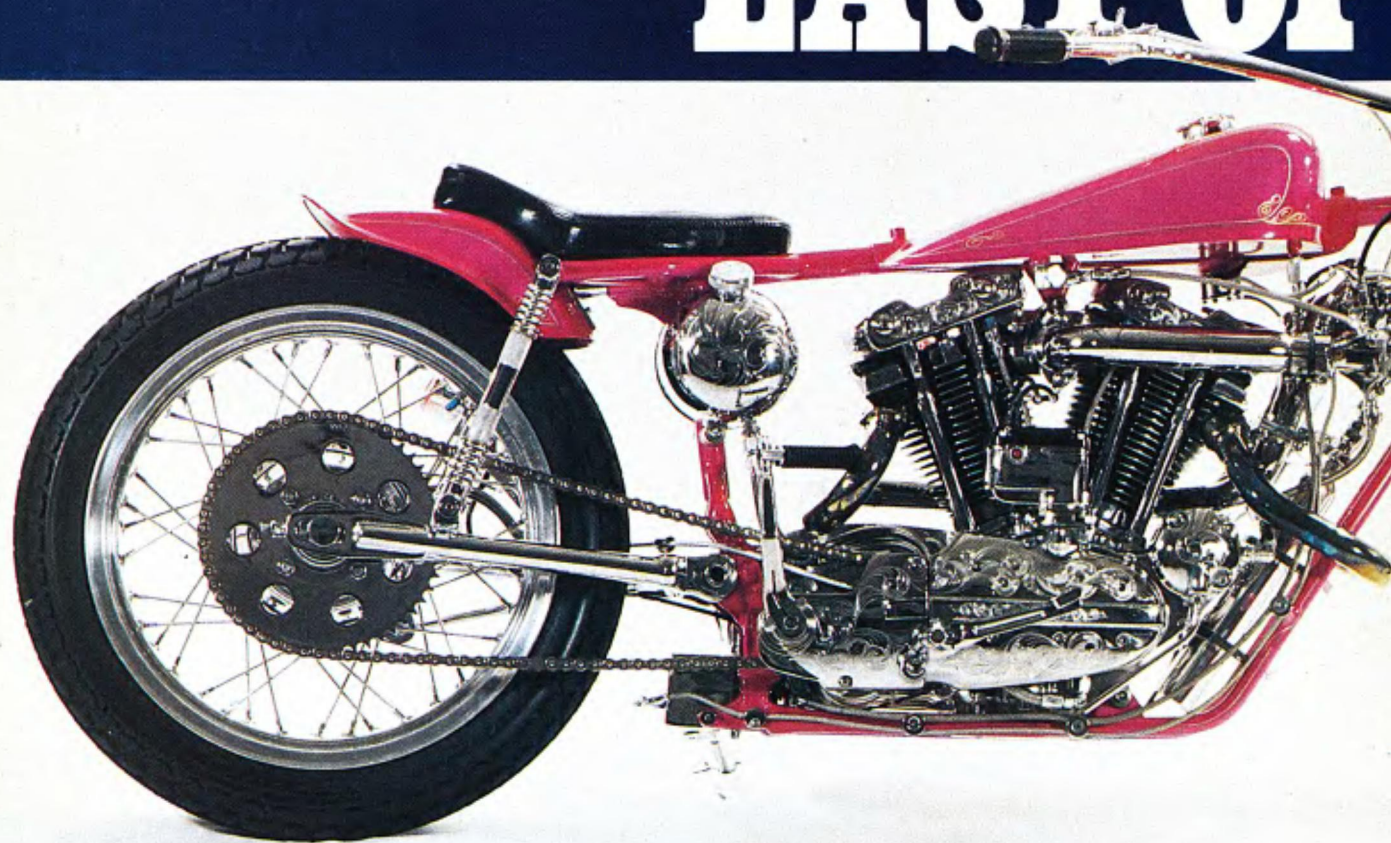
"Next thing I knew for sure, I was floundering around in a couple of feet of wet snow, numb aside from a sharp stabbing pain in the back of one leg."



David Mann



LAST OF





THE LINE



Bill Gardner wanted to build a tribute to the far-out radical choppers he's long loved, so he did. Enjoy it while you can.

"That's the last of them," Bill Gardner says, "my last effort at building this type of bike. Basically, it was a case of how far we could go with the super-extended type of bike that became popular in the San Francisco Bay Area in the early 1970s.

"I guess I just wanted to see how far I could carry that look and how many parts we could hand-make."

Though Bill lives out by the golden grain instead of the Golden Gate, he's followed the evolution of the radical chopper since its beginnings.

"That kind of bike was first developed by people like Arlen Ness and Ron Simms and a few more. It started out there in California and gradually became popular with a certain number of people all over the country.

"I hate to say it, but I think it's really kind of dead now. More people are just into ridability these days. They want a bike they can get on and ride anywhere. These are just really bar-to-bar bikes. You can't ride them seriously."

As an example of the kind of choppers more in vogue today, Bill points to a recently



completed dual-carb 90-inch panhead. It's got a Wide Glide front end and — saints alive, what are those things hangin' down the back? Great heavens, they're shock absorbers. Bill grins. "So it's not a rigid, but it sure does ride good."

Like the motorcycle fanatic he is, Bill's interest in bike building doesn't stop with creatures of the past and present. His next ride, currently in the planning stages, will stretch the boundaries of

high-tech all the way to — though hopefully not beyond — the breaking point.

"It's going to a five-speed Evolution prime mover mounted in a pre-Evolution frame," says Bill, who first started riding Hogs while in high school over 25 years ago.

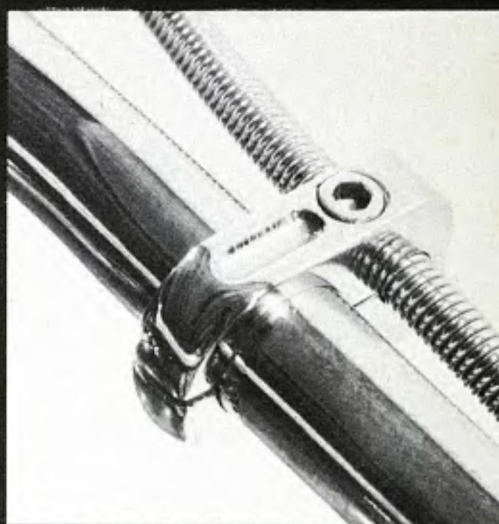
"We're going to go completely high-tech with it and use as many handmade aluminum parts as possible. I haven't completely decided on the suspension yet, but

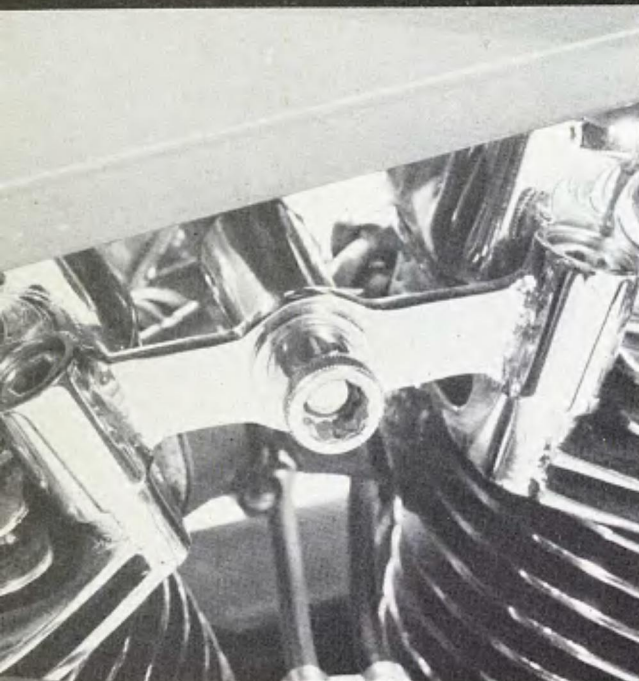


whatever it is, it's going to surprise a lot of people. If I were you, I wouldn't be too surprised to see it roaring around on a monoshock or something equally far out."

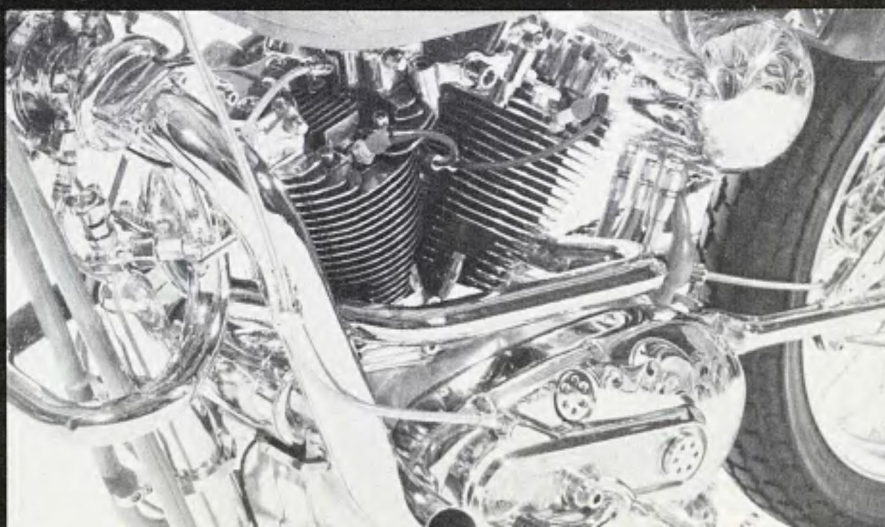
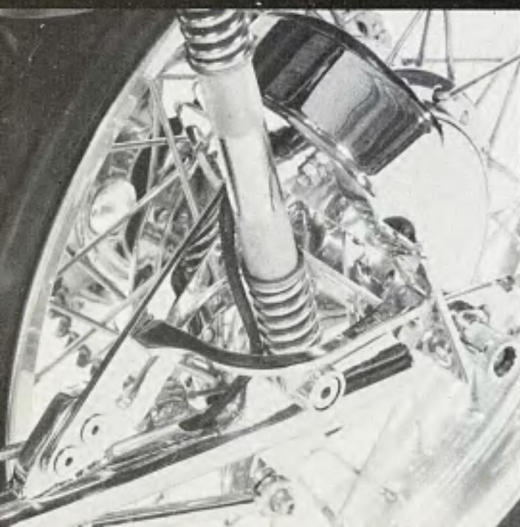
Whatever Bill comes up with, we're certain that it will be a spectacular addition to the fleet of road-burners he's decorated the Nebraska landscape with for the past eight years. So take that and shove it up your Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco.

—Butcher





Photos by Bill Gardner



Owner: Bill Gardner		City: Omaha, Neb.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Gardner's MC		Year: 1976	
Year and make: 1980 H-D		Builder: Gardner's MC	
Model: Sportster		Type: one of a kind	
Value: \$9500		Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly by: Gardner's MC		Stretch: 6 in.	
Time: 3 years		Other alterations: everything	
Chroming by: Industrial Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: handmade/owner	
Year: 1980		Risers: in bars	
Model: Sportster		Fender(s): handmade/owner	
Rebuilder: Fred Jansen		Headlight: small B	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: cat's-eye	
Displacement: 75 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: handmade/owner	
Balancing: Fred Jansen		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: Drag Spec. Reg.	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: handmade/owner	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: handmade/owner	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: works good	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: cut off	
Carb(s): Rivera SU		Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: Rivera SU		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: handmade/owner		Height: inside fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: rebuilt		Type: springer/one off	
Year: 1980		Extension: stock length	
Shifting: foot		Builder: owner	
Engine sprocket: 23		Special features: forged rockers	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 19 in.
Molding: Dave Huxhold		Hub: Ness	Hub: Honda
Painter: Dave Huxhold		Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM5
Color: red over pearl-white		Tire: Avon	Tire: Carlisle
Type: House of Color		Brake: none	Brake: Honda
Special paint: Dave Huxhold			
Other special modifications: Everything was modified			

European Fly & Putt Sweepstakes Winners

SWEEPS WINNER: Marty Akerman, Renton, Washington,
GRAND PRIZE WINNER: Sandy Carson, Ft. Madison, Iowa

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS — CUSTOM CHROME \$500 GIFT CERTIFICATES

Karen O'Bryant, Redlands, Calif.	Charles Griffith, Warren, Mich.
Kenneth W. Berlt, Cabot, Ark.	Edde Gant, Simi Valley, Calif.
Philip Montalbano, Ingleside, Ill.	Michael Thurber, San Jose, Calif.
David "Mad Dog" Zenke, Tucson, Ariz.	Bill Schwarz, Polson, Mont.
Gerald Elder, Blacksburg, Va.	Julie Burks, Regina, N.M.

SECOND PRIZE WINNERS — BROWN'S PLATING SERVICE \$100 GIFT CERTIFICATES

Bobby G. Goley, Louisville, Ky.	David Youngblood, Houston, Tex.
Ernie Winchester, Pawtucket, R.I.	Alan D. Barry, APO N.Y.
Dick Krause, Anaheim, Calif.	Richard Chapman, Altoona, Pa.
Karen K. Jacobs, Ingleside, Tex.	Charles DiSalvo, Hoffman Est., Ill.
Tony Parks, Pryor, Okla.	William F. Hein, San Diego, Calif.
Angela Boten, Oxford, Pa.	Mike Kulovitz, Clarendon Hills, Ill.
John Conley, Pittsburgh, Pa.	Larry Czarnecki, El Paso, Tex.
Timothy J. Owen, APO N.Y.	Michael C. Benko, Johnstown, Pa.
Roger Richards, Orlando, Fla.	Richard Kaminski, Boonton, N.J.
Cricket Faircloth, Winston-Salem, N.C.	Tim Baldwin, Whittier, Calif.

THIRD PRIZE WINNERS — EASYRIDERS T-SHIRTS

Milton L. Jones, Marion, Ohio
 Nelson Perron, Concord, N.H.
 Leonard Spillman, Frankfort, Ky.
 Michael Claridge, Merrimac, Mass.
 David A. White, Conroe, Tex.
 Mary A. Kirby Eau Claire, Wis.
 Jim Krause, Menomonie, Wis.
 George H. DeGarmo, Glassboro, N.J.
 Todd Shockley, Dallas, Tex.
 Rich Gilchrist, Watertown, Minn.
 John K. Shane, Albuquerque, N.M.
 Terry D. Paugh, Keyser, W. Va.
 James Kasmarzik, St. Jacob, Ill.
 Ken Hayden, Derby, N.Y.
 Phillip Stiles, Rock Springs, Wyo.
 Robert Scott, Fairfield, Pa.
 Freyja Forehand, Pocatello, Ida.
 Steven J. Binette, Bethel, Me.
 Al Schrum, High Ridge, Mo.
 Graydon Gray, Jr., Montello, Wis.
 Kathleen E. Suman, Kenton, Ohio
 Craig Smith, Southington, Conn.
 Jeff Covington, San Antonio, Tex.
 John Payne, Morgantown, W. Va.
 Royce E. Stockdall, Kansas City, Kan.
 Tim Burns, Liverpool, N.Y.
 Robert Coning, Orlando, Fla.
 Shirley Newcomb, Fall City, Wash.
 Sue Zona, Windgap, Pa.
 Bethnay McInnis, Ft. Campbell, Ky.
 John A. Mason, Hastings, Neb.
 Dana A. Robertson, Wahiawa, Hawaii
 Wm. L. Scholz, Dalton, Ohio
 Kent Stewart, Harrisburg, N.C.

Charles F. Denison III, Barstow, Calif.
 Robert J. Sidler, APO N.Y.
 Maria Kemple, Mission, Kan.
 Ricki Pomerleau, Augusta, Me.
 Darlene McPeak, Deming, N.M.
 Merrill L. Showers, Jr., New Columbia, Pa.
 Mike R. Brown, Albany, Ore.
 Kent A. Doss, Henderson, W. Va.
 Gary Pedersen, Rockaway, N.J.
 Brian West, Westville, Ind.
 Debi Payne, Morgantown, W. Va.
 Joan Defeo, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
 Jack R. Shelby, Ft. Stewart, Ga.
 Craig W. Brinker, Houston, Tex.
 Joseph A. Brown, Ellicott City, Md.
 Darleen Phenicle, Johnstown, Pa.
 Mont C. Miller, Cicero, Ill.
 Ed Crane, Groveland, Calif.
 Dale Hockley, Guernsey Wyo.
 Eric Brooks, Rapid City, S.D.
 Larry D. Taylor, Anchorage, Alaska
 Pat Flanagan, Bakersfield, Calif.
 Tim Blair, Ada, Minn.
 David W. Koene, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.
 David R. Cook, Cincinnati, Ohio
 William M. Bendik, Henderson, Nev.
 Terence M. Seban, Thompson, Ohio
 Becky Kuhn, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
 Mary Snider, San Pablo, Calif.
 Steve Cozad, Winter Haven, Fla.
 Ken Hafer, San Diego, Calif.
 Michael Konopka, Banning, Calif.
 John Edwinson, Marshalltown, Iowa
 Russ Stapleton, Lee's Summit, Mo.

Danny Fryberger, Kent, Ohio
 Cheryl A. Long, Maryland Hts., Mo.
 Steven P. Kalmerton, Oshkosh, Wis.
 Tom W. Gagnon, Gorham, N.H.
 Carol Hernandez, Richmond, Calif.
 Frank E. Eason, Buffalo, N.Y.
 Tom Turner, Willowick, Ohio
 Scott Kraft, Chicago, Ill.
 Jack C. Keyte, Oxnard, Calif.
 Michelle Schumacher, Sleepy Eye, Minn.
 Charles Simpson, San Jose, Calif.
 James R. Thomson, Rockland, Mass.
 David Kidwell, Colorado Springs, Colo.
 Joe Rousseau, Arlington, Tex.
 Ronald L. Mielke, Austin, Minn.
 Brian Brady, Sterling Hts., Mich.
 Allan Greig, Portland, Pa.
 Keith Weikel, Reading, Pa.
 Kevin Phenicle, Hollisopple, Pa.
 Johnny H. Sterling, New Orleans, La.
 Art Pearce, Maple Valley, Wash.
 Jeffrey J. Heffner, Reynoldsville, Pa.
 Jerry Morrison, South Gate, Calif.
 Mike Mitchell, Commerce City, Colo.
 George Bray, Godfrey, Ill.
 Rich Madden, Cathedral City, Calif.
 Brian E. Grimes, Edgewater, Md.
 Willie Claude White, Columbus, Ohio
 Paul E. Cillie, Pompano Beach, Fla.
 Dennis Sanders, Morgantown, W. Va.
 Mike Noren, Cambridge, Minn.
 John J. Jefferson, Chicago Pk., Calif.

NOTE TO ALL WINNERS WHO HAVEN'T RECEIVED THEIR PRIZE: If you've moved and not yet informed us of your new address, you have until Feb. 1, 1986, to claim your prize.

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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.

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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.

Motorcycle Sales Means Profits for Repairmen

Cycles are big business...and so is fixing them! No wonder there is work for the skilled repairman. Because opportunities vary in different areas, we cannot promise you a job, but we will be glad to send you survey results showing the employment success of our graduates.

Motorcycle Shops Employ Qualified Mechanics

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.



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Your future as a motorcycle mechanic is in your own hands. You can decide for yourself whether you want to work for someone else or get into your own cycle repair business. Start in your spare time repairing cycles for friends and neighbors—or get a job with a motorcycle shop! After you've been a working mechanic, you can decide whether you want to start your own motorcycle repair business.

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SUSIE REVISITED

Photos by Pete Chioldo



**OK, here are more shots
of Susie — now quit flooding us
with yer sticky letters**

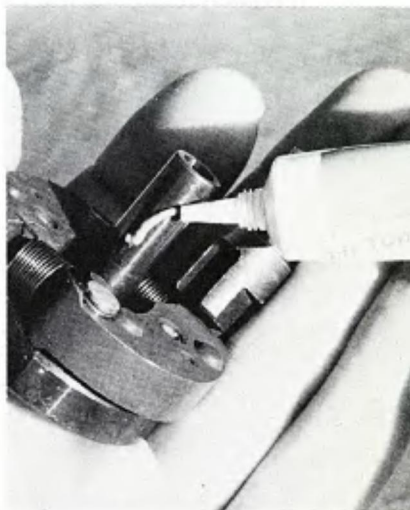
Apparently, you guys really liked Susie, the “hardbelly on a Sof-tail” we featured in issue number 149. In fact, the extra work had the mail mouse — who’s kinda cute even though she does give up more than a few inches to Susie in certain key places — draggin’ round with her tail ‘tween her legs (not an easy trick, since her buns are usually pretty firm). And then we got that official-lookin’ envelope from the post office . . . seems we’d herniated two of their finest and they were pissed. So do us a favor. Enjoy the pix, but keep your hornies to yourself. We ain’t got any more flicks and Spider ain’t about to give you (or anyone else) her number. So save the fuckin’ stamp, OK?



LUBE IT & MAKE IT LAST

Grease is okay, 'long as it's in the right places.

By J.D. Chandler



When parts vibrate they move, and if they're not bolted firmly together, they'll move against one another. Even the slightest relative movement will result in wear unless vibrating parts are kept apart by an oil or grease film. A dry-film lubricant applied between parts like the folding footpeg and the ignition lock shown in the first two photos will virtually eliminate wear between those parts and others like them. Harley's points cam grease will save that part and your money.

If the movin' parts of your bike don't touch, there won't be any wear — period. That's the idea behind grease an' oil. You prevent parts from wearin' by puttin' something slick between 'em. We all know that ya gotta change oil: the 70-weight in yer engine every couple of thousand miles an' the gearbox, too. What's easy to forget is that everything else that moves needs lubin', too.

For instance, ya may not think about a folding footpeg as bein' somethin' that moves other than when ya want it to. Fact is, them Harley power pulses make anything move that can. The rusty shit that creeps out from under the joint edges of the footpeg used to be footpeg metal — and if there'd been some lube in there, it would still be footpeg metal.

See, whenever most metal parts are rubbed

together, even by vibration, without there bein' any oil between 'em, they'll wear. A microscopic welding action occurs that'll stick two bare parts together an' then they'll get torn up as the parts continue to move an' the tiny welds are broken. Everytime this happens some of the movin' parts are worn away and turned into the rusty shit previously mentioned.

Oil or grease keeps the components of things like folding footpegs separated by a very thin film of lubricant so that the parts slide over one another instead of sticking and tearing. However, oil does more than lubricate. If it's the right stuff, it'll keep things from corrodin', too. British riders, for example, used to spray their new bikes with a mixture of wax and oil, similar to our Cosmoline. Their sleds didn't look like much that way, but after

a decade of bein' ridden every day in the rain, rust-free scoots could be found under the coating of oil that had been held on by the wax. Now, I admit that Cosmoline is ugly shit an' most of us couldn't hack smearin' it all over our scoots just to keep the smog off. That's okay, though, 'cause there are better ways to keep yer bike from wearin' its parts.

The ideal lube for most chassis parts will go on thin enough so that it'll get down inside without you having to take 'em apart. It should then thicken and form a grease that'll stay put. It'd be nice, too, if it wouldn't collect dirt. After all, the only thing worse than no oil is a mixture of oil and filth, because you can lap valves with that shit. Fortunately, there are a couple of products on the market that go on easy, do the job, and repel grime. You've all

seen LPS in auto parts stores and the occasional supermarket. Well, LPS-2 penetrates and then dries to a lubricating, rust-preventing film of waxy oil. Sure, it takes a few hours for all this to occur, but that doesn't mean ya can't ride yer scooter until it does. The other product that'll do the same thing, and do it faster (one minute), is 30-30 by Kal-Gard, which you'll find in motorcycle shops. Not only does 30-30 dry faster than LPS-2, but the manufacturer claims — surprise — that it's a better rust-preventative, too.

Both these lubes work real well on things like switches, fuel valves, an' parts that corrode easily, like scratched or unplated nuts and bolts. Ya don't want to squirt either one down a cable, though. Cables move a lot an' need to be lubed with somethin' that'll flow back in after it's pushed aside by a movin'

Tech Tip



Photos by J.D. Chandler

There is only one danger in using grease: If dirt gets in it, it'll be worse for yer bike's movin' parts than no grease at all. Keep it clean and in a sealed container, like a grease gun. There ain't been a bike greased to death yet, so use it — often.

part — in other words, oil. 30-30 won't handle high pressures in small areas, say, a clutch cable runnin' through a cable sheath an' tuggin' on a set of drag-race Barnett clutch springs. Put light oil in yer cables. Heavy oil causes too much drag and makes ya miss shifts an' such. Don't worry — light oil stays put well enough in cable usage.

Grease collects dirt, so it shouldn't be used out where dirt can get at it. It's true, you can lube yer clutch and brake levers with grease, but you'll have to take 'em apart or use a lotta contact cleaner everytime ya relube 'em, so you'd be much better off by using a setting chain lube. This means you should steer clear of those chain lubes that are nothing more than engine oil in a spray can. Go with Chain Kote or Bel-Ray. They both set up into a sticky grease that's slow to collect dirt and will wash

away the next time ya squirt some more at whatever it is you're tryin' to keep lubed.

Grease ain't nothin' but oil held in a gelatin-like matrix of metallic soap strands. Like the gelatin in Jell-O holds water, the metallic soap in grease holds the oil in place. Once ya know that, it's easy to see why some of yer scooter's parts are best served by grease. Parts that are located behind seals and aren't pressure-fed oil, like wheel bearings, get grease. It'll hold the lubricatin' oil in one place for a long time.

There are a lotta different greases to choose from. Most of the differences exist in the manufacturers' sales pitches. They'd like to convince ya that ya better use their particular product or yer teeth will fall out. In fact, though, some are better than others for most of the needs of the typical motorcycle.

Scoots just don't need exotic greases for their wheel bearings or anything else other than the rear chain. Plain ol' chassis grease will do.

All right, now that I've got ya with a can of 30-30 in one hand, chain lube in the other, and yer foot in a bucket of grease, let's talk about where to put 'em and when. Ya know how ya inevitably find rust an' corrosion when ya take out a bolt or an axle? That comes from washin' out the oil whenever ya clean yer scooter or ride in the rain. If you'll spray a coat of 30-30 over every bolt, nut, and axle when ya have 'em apart, you won't have any more rust or corrosion covertly taking over when you're not looking. Bolts an' nuts coated with this stuff will stay put, the lube won't make come apart, and when ya want to take 'em off, they won't be rusted in place.

Use 30-30 or LPS-2 to protect metal wherever there's a crack that soap, water, or air can get in. I even spray it into the joint between spokes and nipples so they won't rust and jam if I ever need to tension or remove one of 'em. Remember, both these lubes dry and stay put for a long time. Both products will keep hard-to-reach parts protected almost as if they'd been painted.

Now, don't let me give ya the idea that ya have to reach for the lube everytime ya park yer scooter. Ya can keep all yer scooter's movin' parts in good shape by simply givin' them a bit of atten-

tion each time ya drain the oil bag. If you're like me, ya drop the oil from yer scooter about every couple of thousand miles. Make it a routine to do some other lubing at the same time. While checkin' the cable adjustments, squirt some chain lube into the pivot areas of the levers and wipe away the excess with a rag. And be generous — ya want to wash the dirt out along with the old lube. Grab the can of 30-30 an' give the switches a shot, along with parts like yer foot-peg pivots and the seat plunger — anything that moves under the influence of those power pulses. Every other oil change ought to be accompanied by a cable lubin' (see "Tech Tip," ER #149).

If ya spend an hour or so lookin' for things on your scooter to lube, and if ya make it a regular habit, you'll be ahead in a couple of ways. First, just by lookin' you'll know — in detail — what sorta shape your bike is in and you'll be able to catch any problems before they catch you. Second, everything will work much better. Clutch, throttle, fuel valve, kick starter — they're all gonna work easily and smoothly. Intimate knowledge of your scooter's overall physical condition just can't be overrated. Imagine not having to wonder (at least not so much) if a weekend putt is gonna be trouble-free. Bein' in the wind is bitchin'. Knowin' you're gonna stay there is freedom.

THE TANGERINE SLED

By Terry The Pirate

Never being a joiner, I'd had my share of scrapes with the different clubs around town. The Outsiders and the Sons, especially. Nothing too serious, but I paint bikes for a living — *anyone's* bike. All you have to have is enough coupons. Half before and balance on delivery. And a case of cold ones usually gets me moving right away.

I work out of the garage behind my house, which is located on a couple of wooded acres. It's quiet, no neighbors to speak of, and usually peaceful. There's a tramp or two around most days, bending my ears, drinking my beer, slowing me down, but I don't discourage it. It's the way I advertise. Besides, I've burned a few with the worst of enemies in my shop. A good-looking ride can bring the meanest together, at least for a while.

This latest project was fairly unique. A brand-new FXST. I don't get many new ones to paint and this factory fucker had only 17 miles on it. It was the pride and joy of a guy named Rags. Emmet Ragsdale, actually, but everyone calls him Rags. Great big athletic sonuvabitch who's been the unofficial spokesman for the Sons for as long as I can remember. He talks slow, says each word very clearly, and looks menacing enough so that not too many folks ask him to repeat himself.

Rags isn't grotesque, or crude, or dirty — just big. He's a foreman for a contractor here in Indianapolis. Makes a good living, likes young girls, drinks *any* fucking thing, and I've seen him roll a doobie with just one huge hand. No shit. Not really a mean dude at all, just — you know. Let's just say you wouldn't want to push him.

I was to the point of applying the last seven coats of clear lacquer over brilliant Kandy Tangerine when Rags' bike was stolen. From my garage. "Oh, shit!" doesn't quite describe my feelings. Besides hoping the Outsiders hadn't been this stupid, I was somewhat concerned in regard to myself. A thing like this can ruin your fucking business.

Let me blueprint my operation. I live in a ranch-style house with a two-car garage 23 feet from the southwest wall of the house. The garage has no windows, two single overhead doors, and a sidewalk door, all of which I can see from any room in the southern half of my house, including my bedroom. There's an alarm on the garage, as well as on the

house, and I have a collie bitch who doesn't really like me, much less strangers. Jaws like a pair of vise-grips and teeth like ivory spikes. I gave her pups away too soon or something, 'cause she's been ill-tempered too long for it to be called a "mood." I feed her in the garage and lock her ass in there at night. Set the alarm and go about my nighttime pleasures. I always figured anybody who got past my alarm was just dessert for the dog. *Bon appetite, fucker.*

The night Rags' bike disappeared I was in Broad Ripple, a small village to the north of Indy, shooting 8-ball and drinking my fair share in a place called The Alley Cat. Having a good night out. Usually I pretty much stay with a job till it's done (or I am), but clear lacquer requires a long drying time every few coats. Besides, I was going to paint some stripes on the frame and pegs the next day and I needed a night out to settle the old nerves down a bit. I was pumped up. I'd been at the house for four days straight and the \$250 down I'd gotten from Rags was worrying my pocket some.

How's it go? Lucky in love, unlucky at cards? I made the money ball to the tune of \$40, but I had to ride the pan home alone. Drunk. Tired. I got home about 2 a.m., fell out in front of the stereo, and just managed to pull my boots off. I woke up to dead silence at 8:30. Everything I owned hurt like hell and I could *hear* my lips curl, but I was wide awake. There was no music coming from the Macintosh.

I walked to the fridge for a glass of juice and the light didn't come on. The OJ was semi-cool. I was feeling worse by the second. I splashed in a healthy dose of Smirnoff 100 and headed for the garage, hoping the vodka would pull down the cobwebs.

The collie was quiet and I could see by the way the handle was turned down on one of the overheads that it wasn't locked. My bike was chained to the back porch where it usually is when I'm too drunk to fuck with the dog. *Thank you, Lord.* I couldn't even remember rolling to a stop. I turned the hose on my head in the backyard and things cleared up plenty. I'm no bloody Sherlock Holmes, but I knew enough not to just rush into the garage. I switched off the alarm, unlocked the sidewalk

Continued on page 88



BILLIE'S BOOBIES

Most guys like sexy chicks any way they can get 'em. But around bikers there's always that vocal minority that can't seem to get rid of the idea that it's what's up front that counts.

Here we go again — big tits vs. small tits, mouthfuls vs. shovelfuls, rosebuds vs. watermelons. We'd hoped we were done with it: the letters, late-night calls, bein' pushed up against uncoun- ted walls during unnumbered parties. All because some bro thought his ol' lady's 44DDs were worth more than some other chick's 32As, or because some dude was sportin' a tat showing a set of small, ripe tits with the legend "Class, not mass."

Spider started it all, of course. Basically, that's most of what he does around here — he starts things. Only thing he does more is finish 'em. . .if you get my meaning. Anyway, it all started a long time ago when Spider decided to find out who was most popular: the Bulging Boob Brigade or the Itty-Bitty-Titty Club. He put a few comments on the subject in the rag and encouraged y'all





to respond. Well, it seems that just about every man in bikerdom had a definite opinion about the matter, and very few of 'em refrained from lettin' us know what it was.

And that was just the dudes. Once the chicks started chimin' in, we could've just devoted the entire issue to "Wordmonger." And not just one issue — the feedback went on for years. Just when we'd think the comments were tapering off, there'd be another stack of letters sayin', "I got the biggest knockers you've ever seen, an' my ol' man digs 'em pressing into his back, and no flat-chested bimbo could ever. . ."

Eventually, though, the firestorm stopped spewing towering flames and sorta dwindled down to smoldering





embers. Reaction here was unanimous: Thank God. And now this. "Y'know," Spider said last week, "I've been hearin' a lotta comments about us leavin' the most important shit outta the girl features — their vital statistics. I want to see those numbers included from now on."

So here it is. This is Billie and the tape says she's 34-24-34. That's right — she's only got a 34-inch bust. What's it to ya? On a little girl, 34Cs are something else!

—Butcher



Photos by Pete Chiodo





READERS' RIDES



Ol' Man Winter got ya tryin' to shake those snowcapped cobwebs outta yer head? We understand, so here's a little sweet inspiration for that teardown you've been gassin' about doin' in time for Daytona — three righteous sleds customized by bros who'd rather be ridin' than hibernating. Check 'em out. If ya still feel sluggish afterward, have the ol' lady pour ya a dose of cod liver oil.



Photos by Pete Chiodo

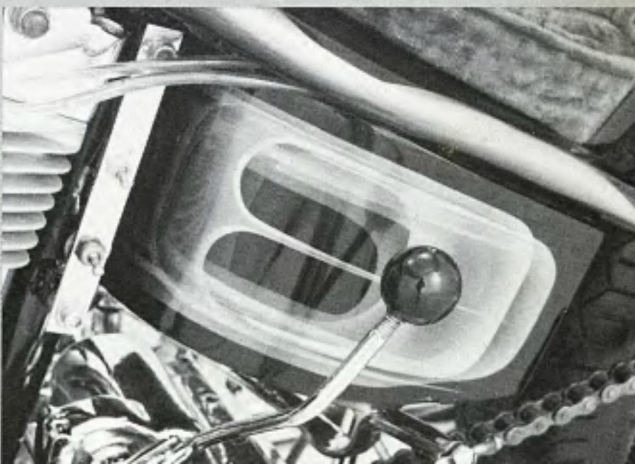


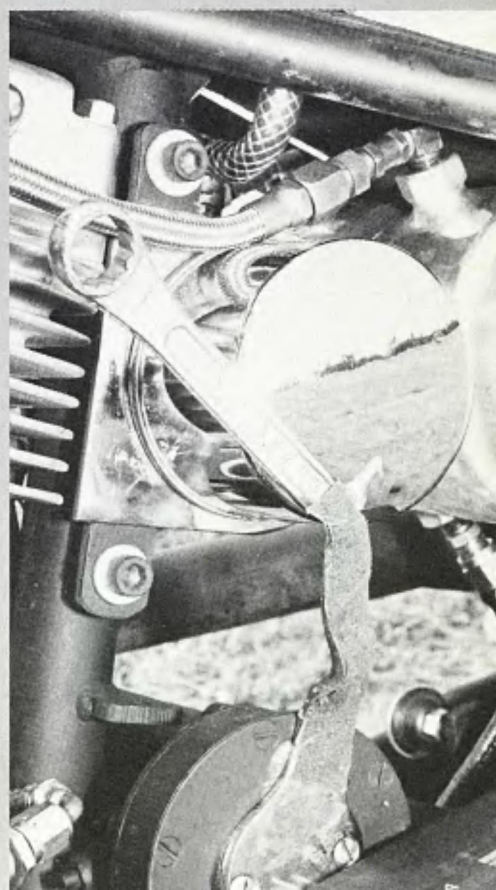
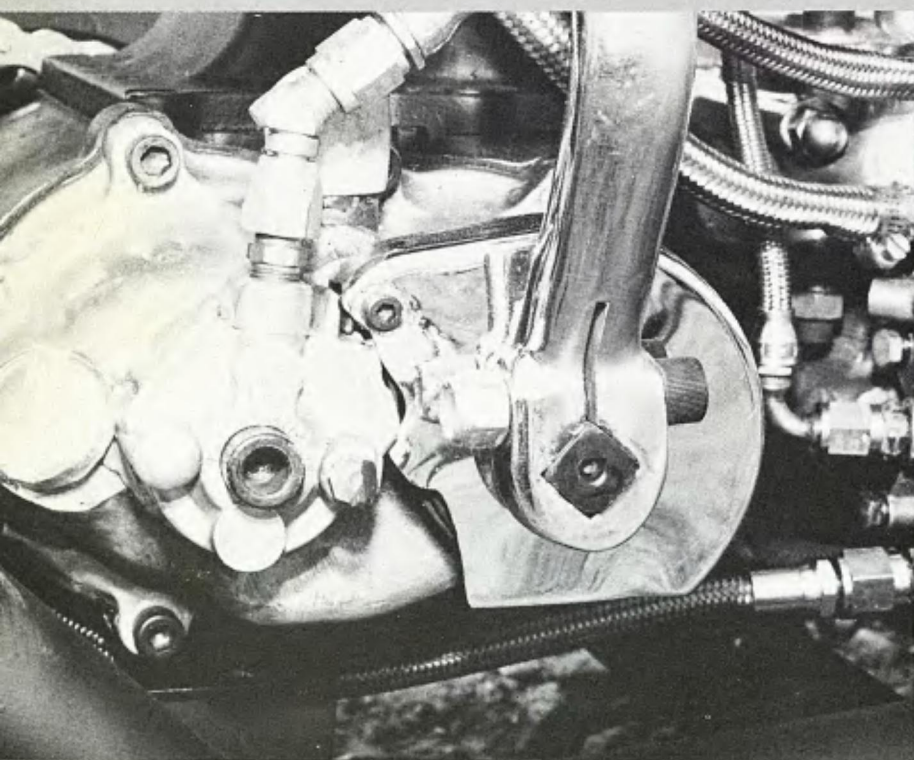
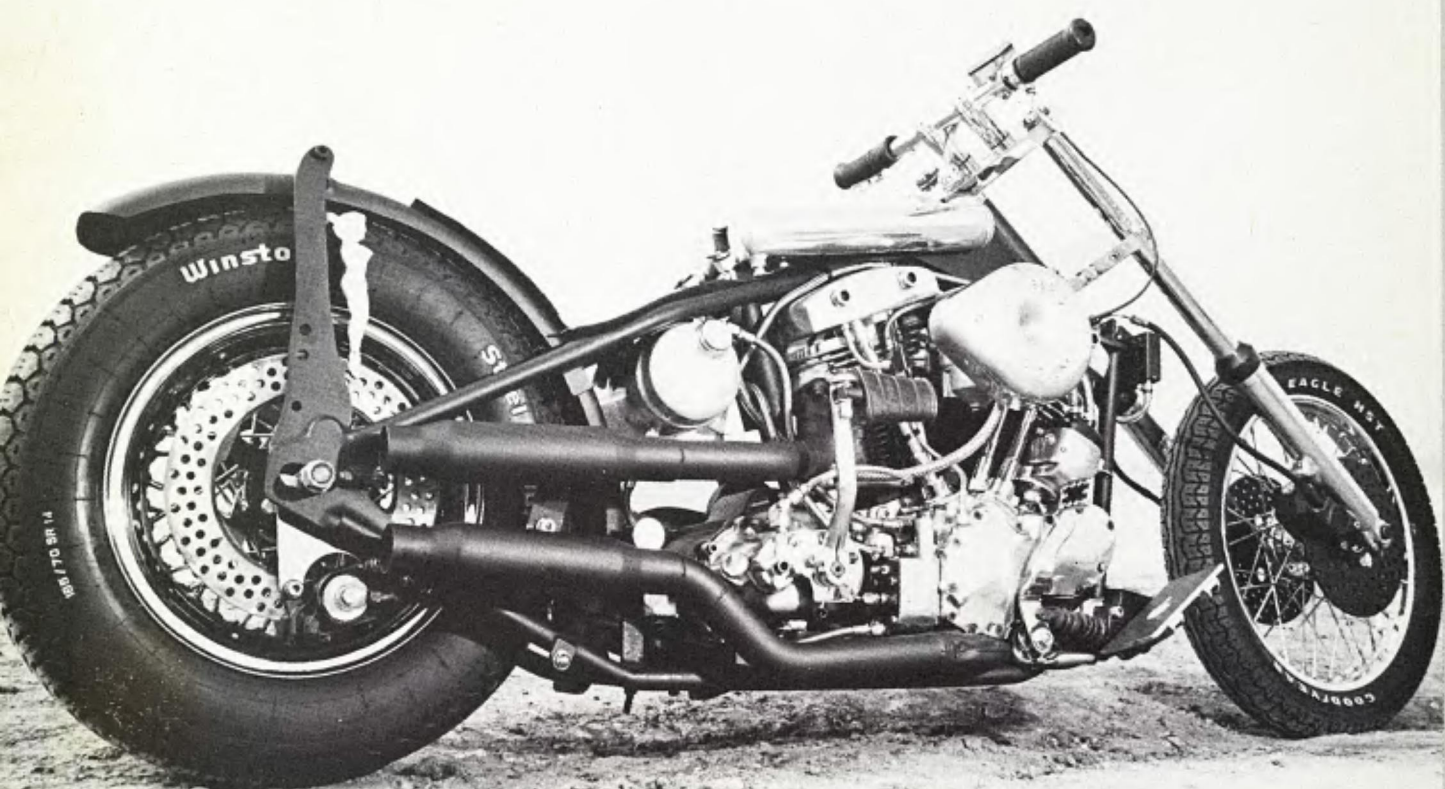
Butch Brinkman, Hyattsville, Maryland
1951 Harley-Davidson FL

Butch is a well-respected wrench and all-around good bro who's put his time and talents to work on more scooters than he can remember, but this '51 88-cubic-inch shovel top/pan bottom, with the original frame and tranny, is the cat's nuts for him. He's had it since 1967, and like a lot of guys who want to stay current with styles and keep their bikes looking good, he tears it down every two or three years for new trickery.

This past summer was its third consecutive year runnin' so he figures it's time for a rebuild this winter. Of course he'll do it all himself, with a hand from Gene Miller and paint by Rick Houchens. Then it'll be ready for those country roads and lake cruising that he likes so much. Anything beats that downtown D.C. rat race, 'specially on a rigid with a suicide.

—Buster







READERS' RIDES

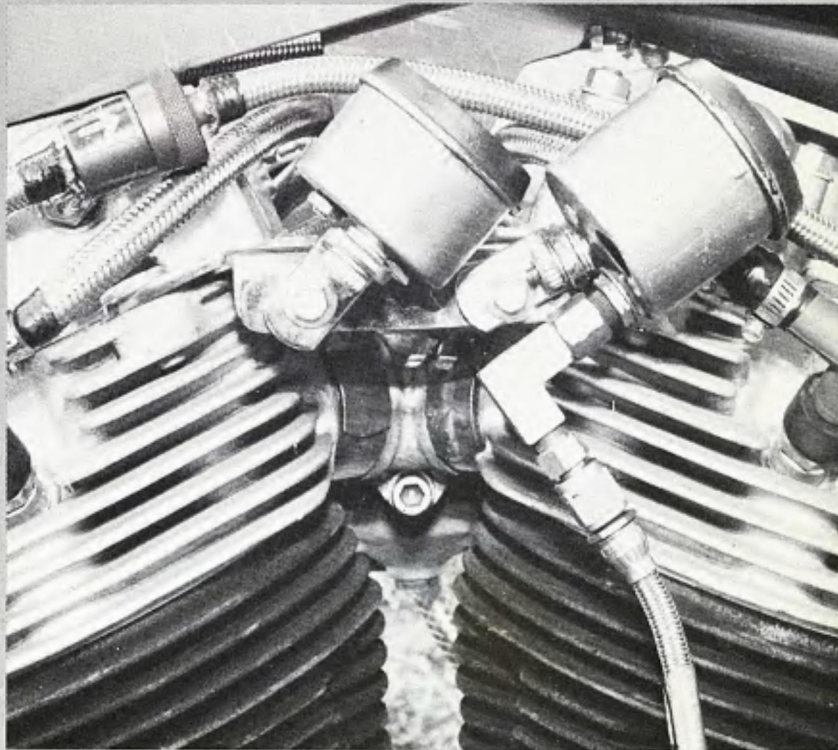
**Shorthand, North Long Bitch, California
1962 custom Harley-Davidson pan/shovel**

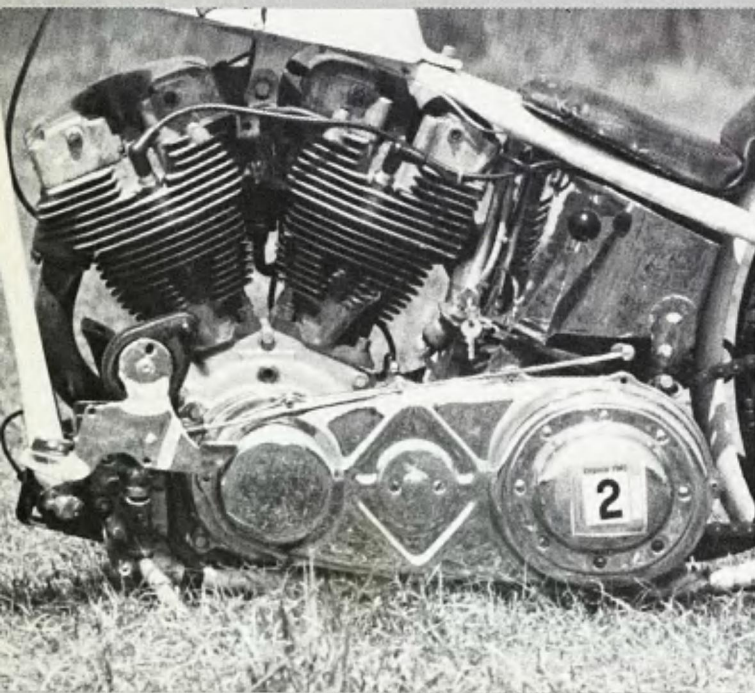
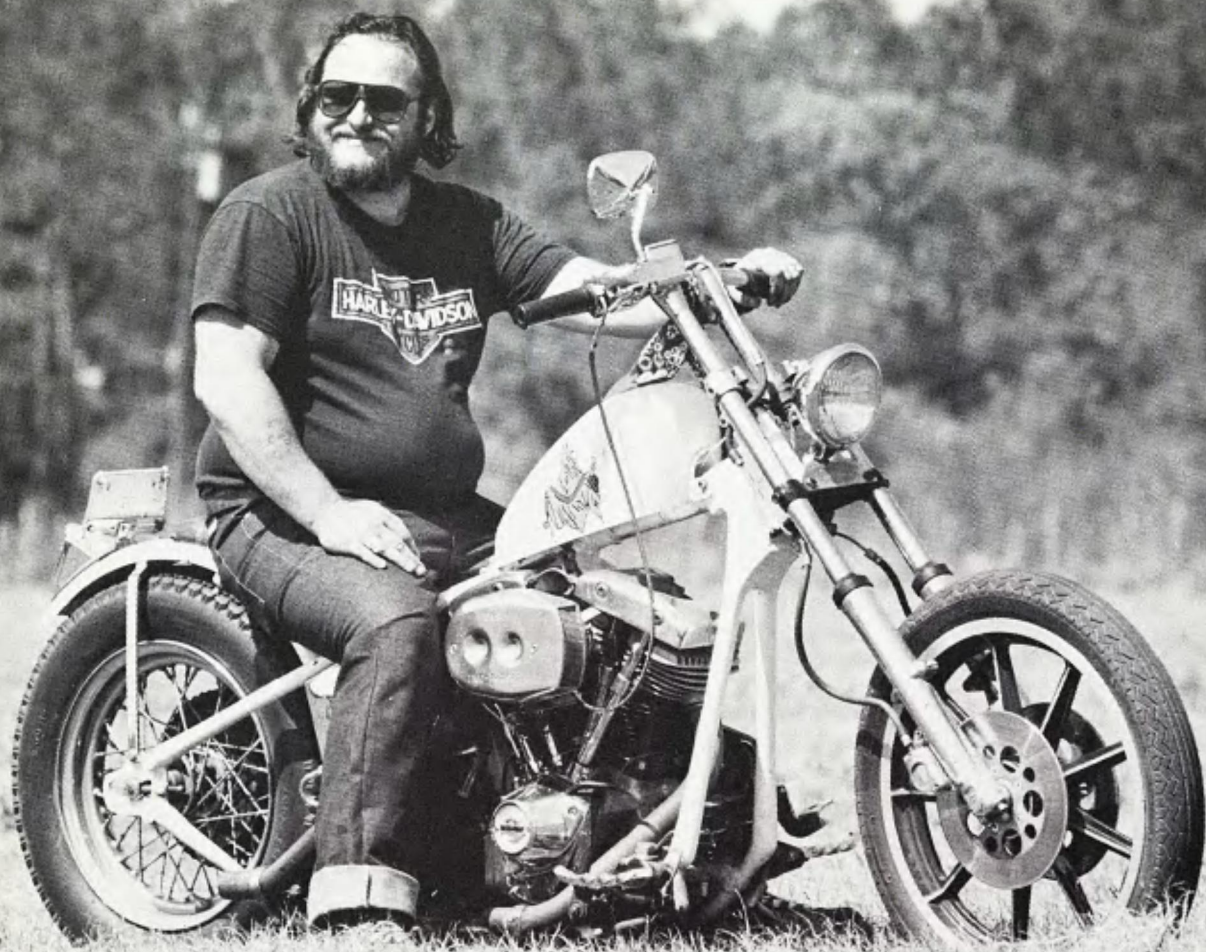
Shorthand ain't the kind of guy who's lookin' for a handout or any slack, and his motorcycle reflects that. For practicality, Shorthand has customized just about everything in sight: the stretched frame that Lewd Lloyd helped weld, VW bus hubs, boat-trailer rear fender, close-ratio gears, trans support block, hydraulic clutch, and flat-black spray-canned paint done by Insane Wayne.

All this helps Shorthand kick butt in local racing action, on both track and street, which he'll do at the drop of a bandanna. His favorite saying is, "Chrome don't get ya home," but his 94-inch rocket rider will sure put ya in the right direction.

—Raunchy Roo

Photos by Rip





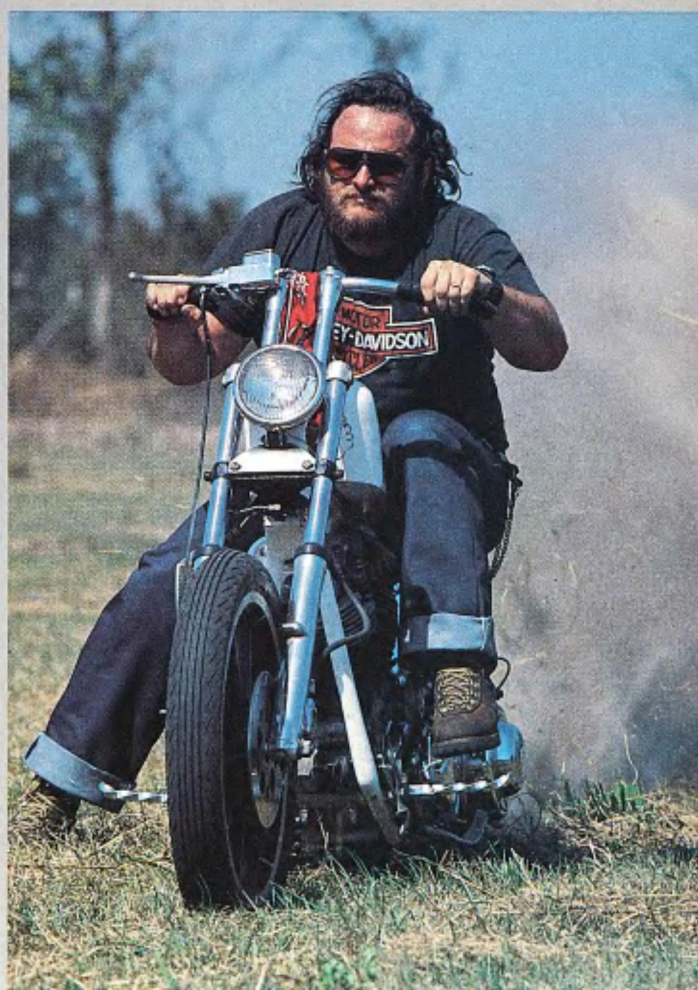
READERS' RIDES

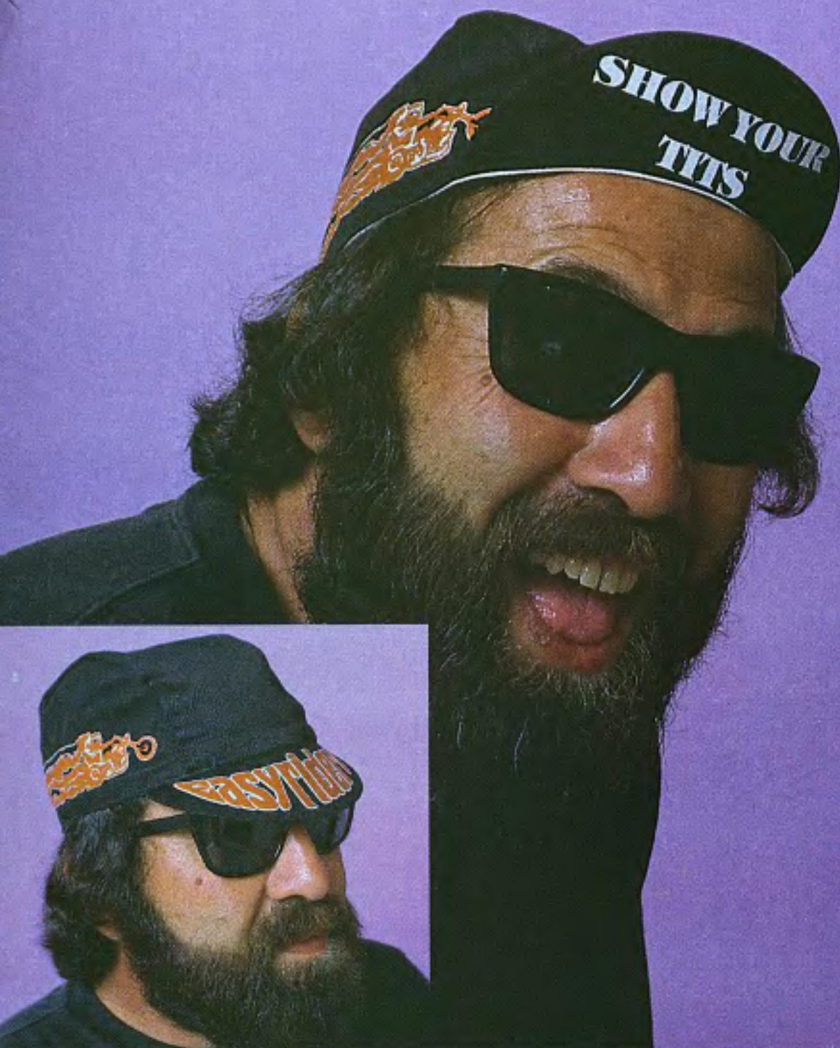
**Buck Jones, Mineral, Virginia
1972 Harley-Davidson shovelhead**

Buck, like most dudes, has had his ups and downs. Luckily, his down days are behind him now as he proudly profiles the streets of Mineral, Virginia (population 400), on his sleek street stroker. After his release from government bonds — a sorry state that forced him to sell his “pretty bike” for lawyer fees (which didn’t help his cause) — he scraped up enough green to pick up the various parts necessary to build a rat. Buck would like to thank and say hi to “all the good people who kept me going,” with special appreciation to Butch.

The shovel sits in a 1947 knucklehead frame, has a dual-throat S&S carb, a Harley front end, dual-disc front brakes, Andrews gears, and gets him about 40,000 miles a year, including a trip to Daytona where we met up with him behind the Cabbage Patch and photographed this beauty. All that and he still calls it the Virginia Rat. . . .

—Suds





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EASYnews

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

'Condemned' biker takes ride for life

All the times I was in the hospital, I saw people who I thought were probably going to be all right, but they just got tired and gave up and died. I saw a lot of other people who fought and fought and still died. It's the ones who didn't fight that got to me. I don't like to see people give up on life...

— Michael MacDougal, 31, and racing the Reaper

Think of dying young and you imagine riding your bike to glory or maybe stopping a bullet for your country. Think of dying young and you'd never imagine fate sentencing a man to death for something so minor, so usual, that it strains the mind to believe it could have happened. But happen it did.

Five years ago Michael MacDougal was a healthy 27-year-old serving in Uncle Sam's Army. While taking part in routine maneuvers, his Army backpack rubbed up against a mole and the friction caused the mole to silently, savagely take on a life of its own. Before Mike was even aware he had cancer, malignant melanoma was spreading throughout his body.

Endless rounds of treatments, hospital visits, and surgical procedures followed. Finally, in March 1985, the doctors cut what they believed to be the last of the cancer — a golfball-sized tumor — from one of Mike's lungs. Their optimism was short-lived.

"After they did that lung surgery, I was clear as far as the doctors were concerned," Mike recalls. "But five weeks later I started having seizures and I lost control of my right side. You figure from four to six weeks, from nothing to something, that's how quick it spreads."

"It ticked me off. The lung surgery didn't bother me that much, but the night I found out about the tumor on my brain, it ticked me off real bad."

Finding out about the brain tumor was about the only time during his long ordeal that Mike came close to breaking. A bro picked him up at the hospital and tried to take him home, but Mike refused to go. Instead he drifted, avoiding family and friends, and considering suicide.

"I couldn't face my family and tell them that I had a tumor on my brain and was gonna die," he says. "I had sworn that if they ever told me I had a tumor on my brain, I wouldn't let them touch me."

Fortunately, Mike found a doctor he trusted to help prolong his life and a cause he believed in enough to make those few extra weeks or months worth living for.

"This doctor made me mad enough to come back to the hospital," Mike says. "I talked to a neurosurgeon and he radiated so much confidence I couldn't do anything but come back and let them take it

*"And I won't be laughing
at the lies when I'm gone,
And I won't question how or
wonder why when I'm gone,
Can't live proud enough
to die when I'm gone,
So I guess I'll have to do it
while I'm here."*

— Phil Ochs

out. So far there hasn't been any recurrence... I still have the cancer, it's still there... When will it come back? Who knows?"

While recovering from his brain surgery, Mike became aware of the hospice movement, a group of people dedicated to, in the words of one official, "encouraging the terminally ill to live every day of their lives in the fullest manner possible."

Bikers enjoy 'wide-open' spaces

Attempting to discourage area bikers from patronizing a local watering hole called "No No's Saloon," the city fathers of Peru, Illinois, thought they had found a solution when they passed a law prohibiting more than one bike in any single downtown parking space.

What the fuck, they must have thought, bikers are cheap. If they have to put money in 20 meters for 20 motorcycles, they'll go elsewhere. Besides, they're lazy and having to walk a block or two after they park will be too much for them.

And as if that wasn't enough, the city slapped a two-hour maximum time limit on the parking spaces. Get heavily into pitching brew or woo and you could lose track of the time and get your bike towed.

Imagine the citizens' surprise then when they awoke one Saturday morning

So as soon as he was back on his scooter he embarked on a nationwide "ride for life" in which he and his Hog spread the word that, to quote Mike, "It matters how you live, not how you die."

Supported by sponsors from his hometown of Kerrville, Texas, Mike and a bro are, at this writing, touring the country and stopping at local hospice organizations to remind people that life is never over till it's over and it's worth fighting for.

"People tell me, 'Sorry to hear you're dying,' and I tell them, 'Hey, you're dying, too, if you want to look at it that way, so don't worry about me. When my number's up, it's up.'"

"He's a perfect example of what hospice tries to do for patients," Dallas Hospice official Ellen Elliston says. "Not everyone can make a trip like Michael's, so in a way, he's riding for all dying patients."

Meanwhile, Michael MacDougal rides on. Is he trying to outrun the Grim Reaper or merely ignore him until the inevitable harvest comes? Probably no one, not even Mike, knows the answer to that one. One thing is for sure, Mike well knows the bony, black-garbed figure riding behind him and he is not awed or afraid.

"He stays right behind me the whole time," Mike says, "but he's not gaining. I've shook that man's hand so many times. There's been a few times I've even punched him."

to find Harleys rumbling in from everywhere. Seems area bikers decided to get to town early and snag all the downtown spaces before the locals came into the area to do their shopping.

To make sure everything stayed legal, the bros were well-supplied with loose change for the parking meters, and a volunteer "time keeper" kept tabs on the hours, alerting everyone when it was time to move to a new space. Have you ever seen a town full of Hogs playing musical parking spaces? It's a fun sight.

Though two more such ride-ins have since been held, Peru officials have so far (as of our presstime) refused to lift the multi-cycle parking ban.

Says Peru Police Chief Roy White, "We're grateful for the money they give us by feeding the meters."

Florida bike dealers stab riders in the lid

You already know that Florida Governor Bob Graham unexpectedly vetoed a legislative bid that would've given adult riders in the Sunshine State freedom of choice in regard to helmets. The news — the shocker — is that Graham made his veto only after pro-helmet-law lobbying by the Florida Motorcycle Dealers Association.

Apparently, the profits dealers rake in from peddling plastic cranium covers means more to them than the rights and wishes of their customers... a fact that has not gone unnoticed by the chief backers of the helmet-law-repeal measure, ABATE of Florida.

"It has always been our aim to have a strong cooperative working relationship with the motorcycle businesses," ABATE spokesmen said, noting that many independent dealerships have been supportive of ABATE programs through the years. "However, we are concerned that we might be supporting businesses that are working against our cause."

"The Florida MC Dealers Association officers and their lobbyist in Tallahassee have been on the ABATE mailing list for years... They have been contacted several times by phone and mail for help in several legislative matters. We have never received a positive or assisting response... We have requested to be on the FMMA mailing list on a number of occasions. We never got a single reply."

The FMMA's perfidy came to light when a copy of the group's official publication, *The Cyclist*, somehow wound up in the hands of American Motorcyclist Association vice president Rob Raso, who forwarded it to ABATE.

Under the headline "FMMA Helps Veto No-Helmet Law," an article stated that "The 1985 Legislature managed to pass something a group of motorcycle riders has been seeking for years — a bill allowing riders 21 years of age or older to ride without helmets... Immediately upon adjournment of the Legislature, several FMMA members and officers organized a letter-writing campaign asking Governor Bob Graham to veto this unsafe bill. Those dealers who felt strongly about the issue contacted Graham on behalf of their businesses."

On "behalf of their businesses," indeed. No beating about the bush from the FMMA. We know what we're dealing with here, and the subject sure as shit ain't life and death — it's purely profit and loss.

That being the case, let us suggest this: The next time you are unfortunate enough to be involved in an accident and suffer a head injury while wearing a so-called safety helmet, don't just sue the company who made the piece of shit, sue also the dealer who sold it to you.

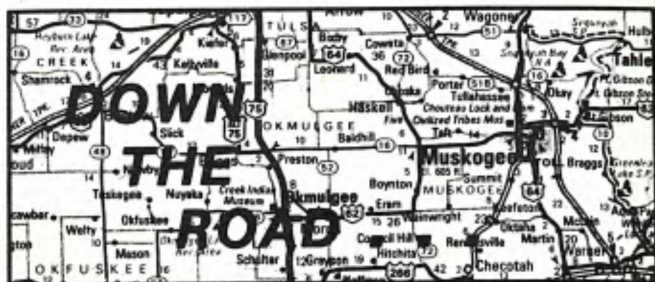
Meanwhile, you Florida bros should find out if the dealer you do business with is a member of the FMMA. If he is, and if you continue giving him your trade, you deserve to spend the rest of your life with your head in a fishbowl, so stop bitching about it.

Group adds 'heat' to helmet war

The battle against mandatory helmet laws in Australia has moved into a newer, more militant phase with the formation of the National Helmet Law Reform Organization — which has already added both heat and light to the debate with several mass helmet burnings at appropriate public locations.

NHLRO, which makes its position, as Richard Nixon used to say, perfectly clear, even down to the name on its newsletter, *Fighting Words*, advocates "widespread civil disobedience" as a major weapon in fighting unfair legislation. By the time the first issue of *Fighting Words* was issued, 40 members had already been booked for not wearing lids and one had been convicted and jailed.

"These men are criminals because of their determination to repeal compulsory-helmet-use legislation," NHLRO says. "They are all concerned, committed bikers prepared to go to jail for their right to decide whether or not to wear a helmet. For info, write NHLRO, Box 268, Armadale, Victoria, 3143; Australia."



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.

DECEMBER

December 14 — HOLIDAY BASH to benefit the Holy Family Institute. Sponsored by Allegheny Chapter, ABATE of Pennsylvania. For more info, write 'em at 410 S. Main St., Pittsburgh, PA 15220. Or call Linda at (412) 922-4852 or Jeff at (412) 457-8041.

December 14-15 — WHITE DROP RUN beginning at the Cameron Park Inn (Rm. 214), Cameron Park exit of Hwy. 50, 40 miles east of Sacramento, California. Run will cover at least 50 miles of snow-covered roads through the Sierras. Finishers will receive White Drop patch and pin. For info, write White Drop Run, Box 5761, Redwood City, CA 94063, or call (415) 856-9129.

December 15 — TOY RUN and bike parade sponsored by the Sun Riders MC in Tucson, Arizona. For info, call Santa at (602) 790-8112.

December 15 — EIGHTH ANNUAL HOG HEAVEN cycle party, 7254 SW 40th St., Miami, Florida. For info, call (305) 261-5002.

December 15 — TOY RUN. Third Annual ABATE of Florida Toy Run, coordinated by the Lightning Alley Chapter. For info, call Joann Bortz (305) 273-2484.

December 15 — SIXTH ANNUAL TOYS FOR TOTS RUN in Jacksonville, Florida. For info, call (904) 398-8528 or (904) 778-0941.

JANUARY

January 3-5 — INTERNATIONAL WORLD OF MOTORCYCLES bike show at the International Centre across from the airport in Toronto, Ontario. Dealers, show bikes, music, vendors and trophies.

January 4 — SECOND ANNUAL BIKE SHOW BASH at Bramalea Lion's Hall just across from the International World of Motorcycles show in Toronto. Sponsored by BRO. For info, write BRO, 125 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6N 3G9.

January 25-26 — EIGHTH ANNUAL COLORADO BIKE SHOW and swap meet at the Adams County Fairgrounds. For info, write Colorado MC Show and Swap, Box 15022, Como, CO 80432, or call (303) 836-2403.

January 26 — SWAP MEET at Campbell Hall, Pasadena, Texas. Door prizes and live music will be featured. For info, call (713) 991-0699.

January 31-Feb. 2 — BIKE SHOW at Kiel Auditorium in St. Louis, Missouri. Antiques, customs, and stockers welcome. Live entertainment. Special appearance by Dave Mann. For info, call (816) 452-8169.

FEBRUARY

February 2 — SWAP MEET at the Wayne County 4-H Fairgrounds, Richmond, Indiana. For info, call (317) 529-0964 or (317) 529-2972.

February 15-16 — BIKERS' RIGHTS SEMINAR at the Ramada Inn, Denver, Colorado. Sponsored by ABATE of Colorado for all bikers' rights activists west of the Mississippi. For more info, write Big John, Box 667, Sterling, CO 80751, or call (303) 522-2791.

Keystone State ABATE trys some sugar

After years of futilely trying to use logic, reason, and the Constitution in an attempt to end the dictatorship of the helmet law, Pennsylvania bikers recently decided that the time had come for a new approach to dealing with the legislature.

For their 1985 helmet-law protest run to the state Capitol in Harrisburg the bikers armed themselves with presents, as well as their usual arguments and pleas.

Acting on behalf of all Pennsylvania riders, ABATE presented the state with substantial contributions to the fund for restoring the Capitol and the fund for restoring the Pennsylvania monument at the Civil War battlefield in Gettysburg. Money for the donations had been given by bikers throughout the state.

"We did that because we're trying to become more politically active and at the same time trying to improve the image of motorcyclists," spokesman Charles Umbenhauer of ABATE said.

Pony Express bike ride to honor lady of liberty and enhance our image

A campaign to raise \$1,000,000 for the restoration of the Statue of Liberty is now under way.

According to organizers, the money collected during the fund drive will be carried from coast to coast by "pony express" relay teams of bikers who will pass the check to a new group of riders at each state border.

Riders for each leg of the relay will be selected by each state's organizing committee (at this writing, state ABATE chapters), though other bike groups might be involved by the time you read this.

In addition to raising money for the statue's restoration, the 1986 Pony Express Ride For Liberty is intended to create a greater awareness among cagers of the existence of bikes and their right to share the road, and to help offset the negative image of bikers propagated by media vultures scavenging for a quick dollar.

To get involved in the ride, contact your nearest ABATE chapter.

Ex-chief charged in death

A former police chief in Hominy, Oklahoma, has been charged with negligent homicide and leaving the scene of a fatal accident in connection with the death of a 17-year-old bike rider in Tulsa.

According to police, the ex-officer, Maurice Barnes, 60, ran down Alvy Graham from behind, stopped his car, and then drove on. Barnes was charged when police acting on a tip found a '82 Buick with front-end damage at his home.

The "negligent homicide" charge bit sounds potent, but is only a misdemeanor. The hit-and-run charge, is a felony.

Barnes also has been named as defendant in a \$2.75 million wrongful death suit filed by the victim's parents.

Though the thrust of last year's protest was somewhat different, the usual political lobbying was not neglected.

Bikers crowded the Capitol Rotunda to voice support for pending legislation that would repeal the helmet law for all riders over 18, and to denounce the 55mph speed limit, mandatory seat belt laws, and sky-high cycle insurance costs.

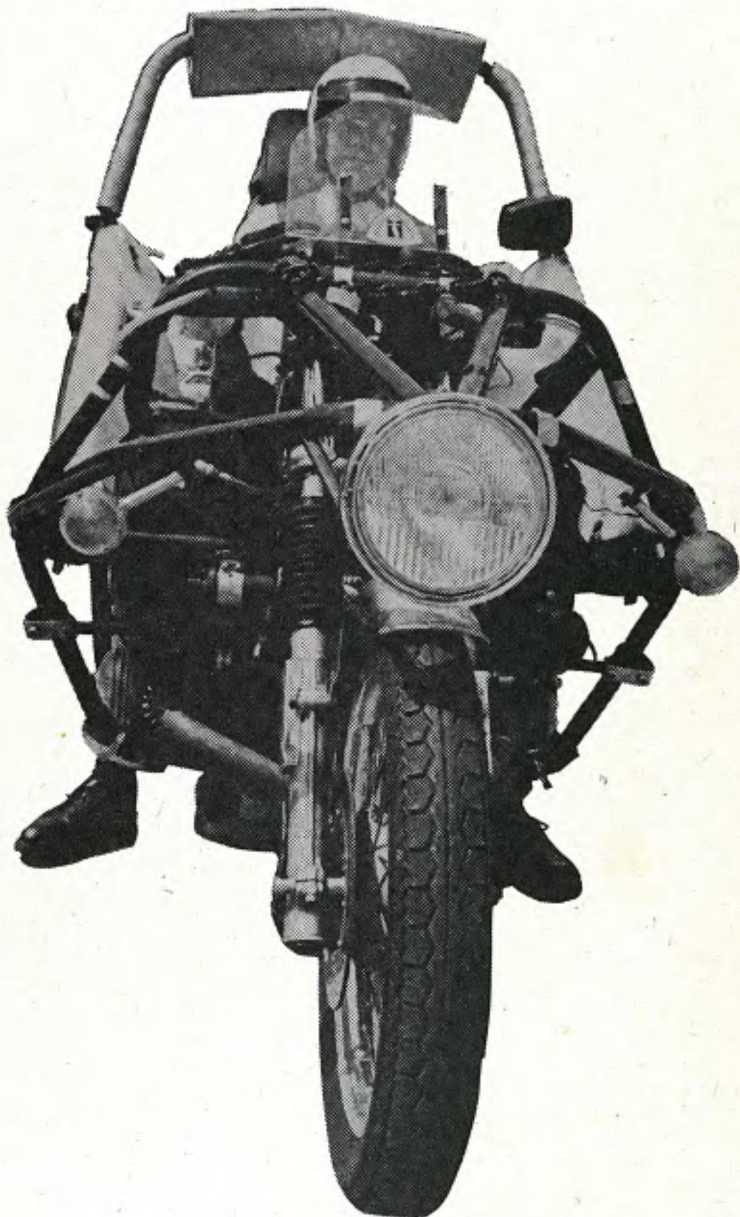
"Most states that have repealed their helmet laws found their fatalities went

down, not up," Umbenhauer told the legislators, noting that inexperienced riders are in 67 percent of all bike accidents.

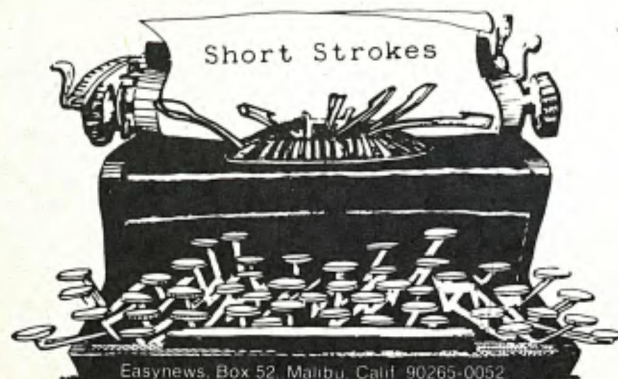
Also taking part in the protest were several other Keystone State bike clubs and many independent riders.

"Helmets don't make a safe rider," Greg Doll, president of the Pennsylvania chapter of the Vietnam Vets MC, said at the Capitol rally. "If anything, they give you a false sense of security."

Holy mackerel, Andy!



OUTCAGING THE CAGERS — If you look real carefully, you'll find a BMW R90S hidden somewhere underneath all the padding and plumbing. The invention (or abortion) of tinkerer Tad Winiecki, the so-called "Safercycle" features an anti-somersault front end and a padded restraint system. The Department of Transportation would probably like to see us all "riding" these things by next week, but we'd rather see it crash-tested first — preferably into one of GM Electro-Motor Division's larger diesel locomotives.



Think the flood of Oriental imports has cut the legs off the American motorcycle industry? In 1955, Germany contained 30 companies where Black Forest elves were cheerfully cobbling together scooters. Today they're down to two, BMW and Hercules (which has slashed production and may be about to raise the ranks of the defunct to 29) . . . **A federal judge has approved a settlement between Harley-Davidson and 190 workers who had charged H-D with alleged contract violations.**

Twenty-five bucks apiece, that's the going rate for bagging bikers in Abingdon, Virginia. Seems a 54-year-old rider and his wife were putting through over the Blue Ridge Parkway when they were downed by a cage driven by 67-year-old Wayne Calley of North Palm Beach, Florida. Calley was originally charged with reckless driving, but plea-bargained it down to careless driving. He appeared in U.S. Western District Court in Abingdon (the Parkway runs through federal property), and was fined \$50 . . . **About that \$25 fee for committing bikericide.** The name of the judge who assessed the \$50 fine somehow failed to appear in news reports of the sentencing. (Maybe he threatened to hold the reporters in contempt if they printed it.) If you know who the judge was, please drop us a line. We think he should get all the attention and publicity he deserves . . . **Best-Bumper-Sticker-Yet Dept.:** See a cager who killed and walked free; get a rope and find a tree.

A woman in Columbus, Ohio, ran a stop sign and pulled out in front of a motorcycle, causing the cycle to collide with her cage and the rider to be thrown over the bars and onto the pavement. Instead of stopping immediately, she kept going for a while. Being a good citizen, though, she eventually decided to return to the scene of the accident — backing over the biker's chest and killing him in the process. At presstime no charges had been filed . . . Like the bumper sticker any better now? How 'bout this? A 22-year-old biker was run down not once, but twice, by killer cagers in Jennings County, Indiana. The incident started when a group of bikers suddenly found themselves staring at a cage coming right toward them on their side of the road. Thankfully, most managed to make it into the ditches, but one scooter was struck head-on by the cage. Three other bikers raced out into the road to direct traffic around the fallen bro, but one car refused to stop and ran right over the scooter, dragging it 37 feet and killing the rider. The driver of the first cage has been charged with driving while intoxicated. The driver of the second cage was not charged with anything . . . **And finally:** Police Chief Michael Schertz of Iowa, Wisconsin, was royally pissed off when the town's only other officer was found in a local cemetery with two bullets in the back of his head. This is the bloody work of a motorcycle gang. Schertz told everyone who would listen. Now Schertz's in jail charged with committing the murder himself. Seems he didn't like the officer very much and had once said he might "slit his throat and be done with him."

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,12}	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No ¹³	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ^{1,4}	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 18. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be retractorized. ⁵ Lights on if bike is made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁷ Bikes of 1970 or newer. ⁸ If over 21. ⁹ Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹ Passengers must wear helmets. ¹² Passengers under 15 must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



STOP AIDS

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 two good bros, **Donald Ponders**, 6/23/85, and **Ralph Barna**, 6/12/85, who lost control of their scooters before they were even old enough to gain control of their lives — lives taken such a short time apart. Ride free, my friends. Your bro, Rick Hughes.

In memory of **Lawrence "Crazy Larry" Saylor**, 12/20/82. You always rode hard and fast and you went the way you wanted to go. Ride free in Harley Heaven. Your sister and bro in Peoria remember you. Steve "Chico" Bergeron.

With love and respect for BPM, **Bob Olson**, 5/27/56-9/20/85. You gave and made each day; you died hard and fast. You rode right into Paradise. Trying to live my life without you is the hardest thing I'll ever do. We'll ride together again one day. Till then, FTW.

In memory of **Mike "Saint" St. Andrew**, taken by a cage on 5/21/85. Those who knew him, knew him well; those who didn't can go to hell! Saint, you were one helluva good dude and street survivor. We'll meet again, bro. Party forever and ride on, free in Harley Heaven. Your bro from New York, Crutch and Willis J.

In loving memory of **Barry "Mountain Man" Taylor**, who fought off the Grim Reaper for over two years before going down in the last battle, 7/8/85. We love and miss you, but at least you're not suffering anymore. Wife Martha and friends.

In memory of **Gerald "Big Bear" Snider**, 11/25/51-11/27/84, gone but not forgotten. Your bike and memory live on while your spirit rides the wind. You're missed and loved. T.S.P., S.W., and J.W.

In memory of **Michael Hanley**, 7/4/85. How you touched our hearts. You were always there to make us laugh, no matter how fucked-up we were. Love ya, bro. Cyndie, Lynn, Hippo, and families, Riverside, California.

In memory of **Mark Edward Smarr**, 4/4/85. You didn't ride long, but you died hard and fast. Those of us whom you called friend miss you most. So the cager didn't stop, but we know you're in the wind in Hog heaven. Look for us, bud. Your bros, Leland "Junior" Sampson and Tim "Ace" Matlock, Cherry Point, North Carolina.

In memory of **"Screwdriver" and "Galahad,"** Pagans to the end. The Pagan Nation and Cutt Chapter remembers. From your brothers at the Cutt. We're strong as ever! Duke 15er, Jessup, Maryland.

In loving, lasting memory of a very special man, **Ronnie Buchanan**, 5/31/82, Memorial Day. We all miss you, Ronnie, your brothers and me. Till we meet again in Harley Heaven, the name of Ronnie Buchanan won't be forgotten. See ya later, babe. All our love, Sherry, your bros, and your family, Oildale, California.

In memory of **Keith Kramer**, lost in the wind 9/21/85 on his Super Glide. His love for his family, friends, and bike won't be forgotten. Ride hard and free, bro. Greg and Buddy, St. Charles, Missouri.

In memory of **Ted Young**, a true biker and genuine Central Oregonian. On May 14, 1985, you left us with all this beauty. Ride forever in our memories. Your friends and loving family.

In memory of **Chester T.M.**, who died in June of '79. I'll never forget you or what you taught me about bikers, and I know none of your brothers and sisters will, either. We just looked over some old photos from the club's 1st anniversary and had a real good laugh at some of your craziness. You'll always be missed and loved. From the "Sweetheart that 'Got 'Em'," Punkin, Dago & Bekki.

In loving memory of **Don "Sparky" Parr**, 4/9/84. We miss you so much, bro. God took you away from us much too soon. Wish He could've waited long enough to see your daughter "Li'l Spark" Courtney born. We can see you through her eyes and our memories will always be there. Love you. Jumpstart, Courtney, Gary, Annette, and everyone here in Louisiana.

In special memory of **Larry Ewers**, lost 8/30/85 in Springfield, Ohio, a bro who lived how he wanted — hard, fast, and in the wind. I was by you in life and I'll be by you in death. Remember the knife; I do and always will — bros on both sides. Shaw, Springfield, Ohio.

In memory of **Harry Saladin**. You can ride free now. Sadly missed by Doug and Sue.

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.



"I need a vaginal smear, Miss Moss. Would you mind scooting along on this glass table top?"

Jack and Jim went to the beach together one day. While Jack was out in the water he noticed that dozens of chicks were swarming around Jim, who was lying on the sand just catching some rays. Puzzled and more than a little jealous, Jack quickly returned to shore and approached his friend. "How come you've got all these women buzzing around you like flies?" he demanded. "What's your secret?"

Conspiratorially, Jim whispered, "Go get yourself a potato and stuff it in your pants if you want to get some honeys of your own."

A short time later, after following his friend's advice, Jack was disconsolate to find that he was still alone while Jim had more cuties around him than before. "All right, give me the straight dope now," Jack said when he'd fought his way through the throng of women surrounding Jim. "I did what you said, but so far not one chick has even looked at me!"

"Well, it would help if you put the potato in the front of your pants," Jim replied.

—Jane Frauendorfer
Albion, Neb.

"The other day," the woman said to the psychiatrist, "I happened to find my son and the girl from next door together, both naked, examining each other's bodies."

"That's not unusual," counseled the psychiatrist. "I wouldn't worry about it."

"But I am worried," insisted the woman, "and so is my son's wife!"

—B.C.
Davenport, Iowa



"Yeah, I'm looking for a little pussy, but you can't seriously expect me to believe that you have a little pussy!"

After suffering a heart attack, a man was advised by his doctor to take up some hobby that would enable him to relax and periodically escape the pressures of life. "Like what?" the man asked.

"Well, since you're going to be in Florida next week, why don't you look up a former patient of mine who has a rather unusual way of relaxing nowadays. Perhaps he can give you a few ideas," suggested the doctor.

Accordingly, when the man got to Florida he called upon the doctor's former patient and asked him what his hobby was. "I collect bees," the second man said.

"Where do you keep them?" "In my closet."

"Don't you get stung whenever you open the door?"

"Nah, I keep 'em in a jar with a lid on it."

"How can they live without any air?" demanded the beekeeper's visitor.

"Hey, fuck 'em — it's just a hobby!"

—Jake
San Rafael, Calif.

"I think I married a rabbit," complained a woman to her lawyer. "He no sooner mounts me than he shoots his load. I'm unsatisfied and I want a divorce."

After looking up the relevant law, the attorney said, "Ma'am, I'm sorry to say that in this state when the man is through, the woman is fucked."

—Lizard
Massena, N.Y.

A biker claimed that his dog was so smart that he could be given money and sent to the newsstand to buy a paper. The biker's bro, insisting on a demonstration, handed the mutt some money and the dog immediately trotted off down the street. When he still hadn't returned an hour later, the biker asked, "How much did you give him?"

"Five dollars," said his friend.

"Oh, that explains it," said the biker. "Whenever he's got enough money, he goes to a movie."

—Frank Malinoski
Jackson, Mich.



"That's what I hate about having an orgy at our place — cleaning up the cum stains."

A biker was putting along when two rednecks pulled a surprise left turn in front of him. Saved from disaster by his quick reflexes, the bro followed the pair and managed to get them to pull over and stop. Walking up to the driver's side of the pickup, he tapped on the window. "Yeah, buddy?" said the driver, rolling the window down. In response, the biker reached in and smacked the guy upside the head. Then he strolled over to the passenger side and tapped on that window. Sure enough, the second redneck rolled down the window and said the same thing. After he, too, had been smacked upside the head, he exclaimed, "What the hell did you do that for? I wasn't driving!"

"Well," said the biker, "that's for when you get down the road a ways and say, 'Boy, I sure wish he'd smacked me like that!'"

—Chuck "Lips" Cassell
Garner, N.C.



"Hi, Blondie!"

The old couple always slept in separate beds. One night, though, the old man was in need of some pussy and his voice was loving as he pleaded with the old lady to cross the room and join him. In the dark, the old lady stubbed her toe. "Oh, darling, are you okay?" the old man asked solicitously. "Let me kiss it better." Later, after a good screwing, the old lady was returning to her bed when she again stubbed her toe. She groaned and expected a concerned voice to soothe her. Instead, the old man snorted, "Why don't you pick up your feet, you lazy bitch?"

—Wolfman
Pasadena, Tex.



"Most blatant case of contempt of court I've ever seen."

A redneck went into the men's room to take a leak. While he was in there a biker came in. The redneck took one look at what the bro pulled out of his Levi's and exclaimed, "Man, I've never seen anything like that!"

Nonchalantly, the biker said, "My dick's 18 inches long, my balls weigh three pounds apiece, and my name's Ben Brown." Upon hearing this the redneck fainted dead away. After he'd revived the guy, the bro asked, "What the hell happened to ya?"

Weakly, the redneck replied, "What did you say just before I fainted?"

"My dick's 18 inches long, my balls weigh three pounds apiece, and my name's Ben Brown," repeated the mystified biker.

"Whew!" said the redneck. "I thought you said, 'Bend down!'"

—Drum Stick
Grundy Center, Iowa

A man went to see his doctor because he was having sexual problems with his ol' lady. After listening to his lament, the doctor said, "It sounds like a case of simple boredom. Let me tell you about a little game my wife and I used to play to spice up our sex life. My wife would sit at one end of the bed with her legs spread and I'd sit at the other. I'd throw grapes at her pussy and all the ones she caught I'd eat right out of her box. Then she'd throw donuts at me and munch every one of 'em that got caught on my dick."

The man got terribly excited and rushed to the phone to call his ol' lady. "Honey," he said, "our problems are solved. I'm on my way home now. Before I get there, though, I want you to go out and buy some Cheerios and a dozen cantaloupes!"

—Sandy Murrall
Cleveland, Ohio



"Judgin' by the puke everywhere and my broken leg, it must have been one hell of a party!"

A man selling strawberries door-to-door found himself facing an exceptionally attractive woman at one house along his route. After he'd showed her his wares, she told him she was quite interested and that he should bring the berries around to the back of the house. Just as he approached the door, it flew open and there stood the same woman, stark naked. At the sight of her, the man began weeping uncontrollably. "What's wrong?" she asked in consternation.

"Last month I lost my job, two weeks ago my wife left me, yesterday my house burned down, and now I'm gonna get fucked out of my strawberries!" sobbed the man.

—Nuttie Oscar
Princeton, N.J.



"I'd be upset, too, if I'd spent \$300 on a bottom-end rebuild, then dropped a 1/4-inch nut down it."

An old woman in the hills received a letter from her granddaughter who'd gone to the big city in search of her fortune. After puzzling over the letter a while, the old woman said to her husband, "Annie Mae seems to have gotten herself a job in something called a 'message parlor.'"

"Well, I reckon that must be a place where city folks can leave word for their neighbors and kin," commented her husband. "Does Annie Mae say how much she gets paid?"

"That's the part I just can't understand for the life of me," answered the old woman. "She says she gets \$35 for hand-delivered messages and \$60 if she blows it to 'em!"

—Mary Russell
Oliver Springs, Tenn.



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.



G!!★#!! INSURANCE

by Carl

Yo, bros, there I was, sitting around, contemplating how I was going to pay last month's bills, when I got to the one from the insurance company. Let me tell you something you already know — it was one big mother of a bill. My checkbook balance usually doesn't go high enough to pay such an amount in one fell swoop, so I had the insurance company break it up into smaller chunks for me. They were glad to do it.

Then I started to think about it — exactly *what* is insurance? The conclusions I came to were startling. From there I did some asking around, and you wouldn't believe the shit I came up with.

As you know, when you "buy" insurance, basically what you're doing is betting the outfit that's taking your money that: a) somebody is going to steal your property; b) the property is going to burn up, down, or otherwise get destroyed; c) some other type of "accident" is going to happen to it; or d) you're going to die. The insurance company is betting that a) through c) won't happen and that you don't have the balls to die on them. That, in itself, is a pretty fucked-up situation.

Okay, the bets are down, you're making the payments, and the insurance company is quietly holding its breath — right? Well, you're sure enough making the payments, but as for the bit about the insur-

ance company, don't count on it. Let me tell you what they're doing to brace their bet.

First and foremost, they put over legislation requiring *everyone* to have insurance. This ensures that any claim you make is a mere drop in the bucket compared to what they're raking in. Face it, the insurance company is taking your money and dropping it in some sort of high-yield account so they can pull down interest on it. If you can get enough people to make payments to you, and that account gets big enough, it'll reach the point where you can pay most claims out of the fucking interest. And meanwhile, the payments keep rolling in.

Once they have everybody paying them money, their next move is an attempt to further decrease the chances that they may have to shell out big bucks every now and then. How do they do that? Well, they try to massage the odds of that sucker they're insuring. It's simple enough. They go back to their friendly congressman and say, "Hey, pal, how about you hammerin' through a law that says everybody has to wear seat belts?" The congressman looks 'em in the eye and says, "Let's see some campaign contributions," the company man coughs up, and bingo, there's a law on the books that says everybody has to wear seat belts.

The law is there, you say, but not everybody obeys the law, right? Don't sweat it, bro — they make

allowances. In some states, if you're injured in an accident and you weren't wearing a seat belt, *the insurance company isn't required to pay off!* Now don't that frost your cookies? They claim that you didn't take every precaution available to protect yourself. More to the point, you didn't take every precaution available to protect *them*.

But wait a minute, you say. You pay them money every month so that if you get in a wreck, they'll pay off. Well, they're changing the rules so that you can't just survive being in a wreck but have to prove to them that you did everything possible to make their liability that much less. Even then, you'd better hope the case is cut-and-dried. If there's even the smallest chance that the question of fault is at issue, you're going to wait quite a while to get paid, and you'd better have a damn good mouthpiece to make sure you get paid at all.

Insurance carriers seem to know unlimited ways of being sleazy, something most of us discover only through sad experience. Take my case, for instance. Some stupid broad decided to miss a dog and hit me instead. Luckily, I was in my cage and not on my bike. As it was, the other driver hit my 1970 Ford Torino hard enough to knock it sideways seven feet — and a 1970 Torino is not a light car. Anyway, there were no apparent injuries, and lo and

Continued on page 111

The six-foot-three, 360-lb., heavily tacked, bearded, and burly man had earlier been a large cornfed kid, growing up in the bread basket of the world. You could sense he was a huge dude, even over the telephone. The husky voice was rappin' on the line because we'd decided to check into the reappearance of the "Singing Biker" of the mid-fifties, after getting some mail from the Lincoln, Nebraska, area last year about a biker who gave some knockout rock 'n' roll shows. Some investigating put us in touch with Bill Hall at Roto Records, and through him, his client Bobby Lowell.

Maybe he didn't realize it at the time, but Bobby was prepared for life as an outsider/loner at an early age when the half-Mexican, part-Russian, all-gangly kid was sent to a Catholic grammar school, even though he wasn't of, and didn't particularly care for, the imposed faith.

His closest friend at the time was a black kid — someone who felt even weirder, more singled out, and ostracized than even the young biker-to-be in the largely redneck town and times of Lincoln, circa 1940s and '50s. Yet being accepted by another misfit's family enhanced Bobby's musical future, as they used to get into hearing that white boy sing the blues — quite a sight in those days.

Laws being what they were then (driver's licenses given to 14-year-olds), Bobby Lowell was riding his own self-financed Indian Chief to school at age fourteen. Likewise, he began seriously singing rhythm-and-blues before the term was widely known by mainstream America.

All his young life there was music in his home. His dad Fred was a piano player and his uncle Stan played bass in the Johnny Jay orchestra in Lincoln. Around 1951 Bobby put his own first band together.

DOWNTIME

by Bomber



BOBBY LOWELL

Little Walter and Bill Haley and the Comets were making new sounds that appealed not only to Bobby but the entire youth of the nation. It was all new and spontaneous, this rock-and-roll stuff, plus the chicks loved it. What more reason than that to get into it?

A biker from the gate, Bobby's damn proud to have dedicated his life to iron ponies as well as music. Though the hot spots and places are different now, kids still about, hanging out listening to music, comparing notes on their latest vehicles, and chasing chicks. Even big kids like 48-year-old Bobby Lowell, who's still working on new math, tryin' to put 48 into 18.

It was this pre-"American Graffiti"-like life that the Rock-a-Boogie Boys and hundreds of other combos evolved from. Lowell's first band consisted of friends Jimmy Akin and Willy Vanover on guitars, Vern Boosinger on bass, Richard Ude as lyricist, and Bobby singing. All in their late teens and early twenties, they were managed by 17-

year-old Jim Anderson.

After four years of playing and practicing hard in basements, garages, clubs and at friend's parties, they were working on their first hit single. Written in 1955 and released in '56, "Um, Baby, Baby," shot right up the local and national charts, stopping at number 16. Both the hit and its B side, "What You Do To Me," received lots of airplay, particularly throughout the Midwest. Lowell became known as the Singing Biker, characterized and referred to as the Elvis of the Midwest, something that became a bone of contention to Lowell as time went on.

In 1955 Bobby Lowell appeared on a multiple sclerosis telethon with Ferlin Husky, Sonny James, Margaret Whiting, and Carl "Mr. Blue Suede Shoes" Perkins. Perkins even gave Bobby a few tips on songwriting, performing, and the like, advising him to write songs that people could "hum, whistle, or sing in a bathtub."

The telethon really launched Bobby, but the flight would be a short scorcher. Early on in his

career he developed the aforementioned attitude about Elvis and the inevitable style comparisons.

As Lowell became disenchanted with his press notices, and the "rivalry" heated up in his own head, he managed to get himself arrested on an indecent exposure charge when he satirized the hip shake and pelvic gyrations of The King. In those prudish times, record company execs frowned on such bad publicity. Then Bobby married a rich woman who tried to take the man out of the biker. The relationship quickly ended in divorce.

When the *Lincoln Star* ran an article on November 18, 1956, making it sound like Bobby was trying to imitate Elvis, the song of his career was about to drone out. In the article, the question was posed, "Does Lincoln have its own Elvis Presley?" Fuck, no, was Bobby's answer. The whole thing got him so pissed that he just cashed in his chips on the whole shebang, and after his divorce, joined the Army. Goodbye, Rock-a-Boogie Boys. In on the ground floor at rock's takeover of pop music, Bobby Lowell took one step and fell down the shaft instead of going up on the elevator.

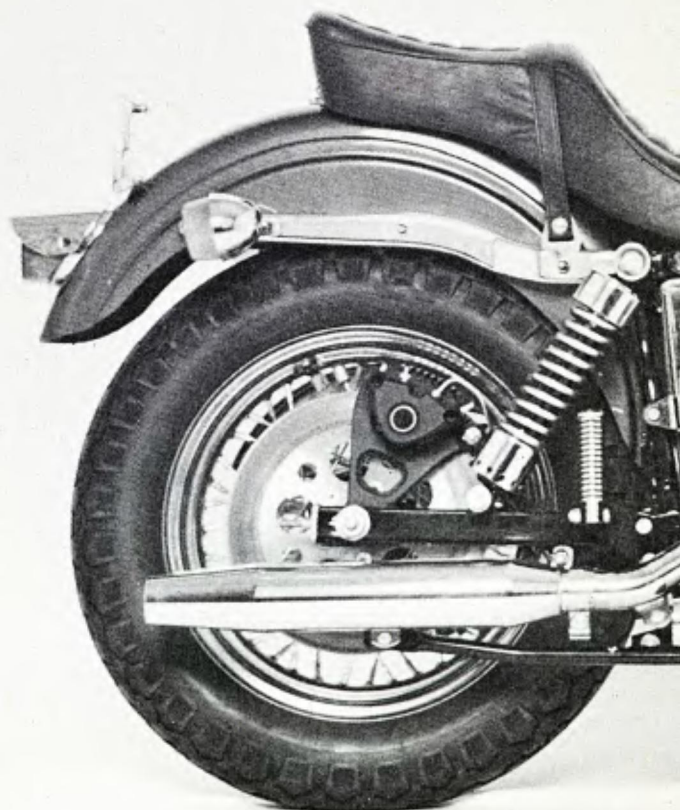
With his hitch out of the way, Bobby bought a 1942 Harley military 45 for \$270 at an auction at the White Sands missile base in New Mexico. The year was 1963. He rode that puppy throughout the Southwest, primarily in and around the Texas border town of El Paso and Ciudad Juarez. There he got into importing antiques and collectibles from Mexico, scrounging the countryside in areas where no white man was allowed (or lived to tell about it). Being 6'3" and 300 pounds helped, but so did being half-Mexican and speaking the language fluently.

During his Texas-Mexico border stretch, Bobby was raising and supporting a family. He married a full-blooded

Continued on page 84

WIN AN EAGLE IRON SUPER GLIDE ABSOLUTELY FREE

**THIS
BRAND-NEW
CUSTOM
SUPER GLIDE
COULD BE
YOURS**



Like you, we really dig custom bikes, but we also like to keep our scoots as pure H-D as possible. That's why, when we put together this brand-new custom shovelhead, we used all the Harley-Davidson Eagle Iron parts we could hang on it.

You've probably heard of Eagle Iron — that's what the brass at H-D calls their line of custom parts. What you may not know is that Harley's concept of what can be customized is a hell of a lot broader than you'd expect from a factory builder. Not only does Eagle Iron offer obvious stuff like tanks and fenders, they also catalog such utilitarian items as fork dust covers.

You're gonna be plumb amazed when you find out exactly how many Eagle Iron parts are on our Super Glide, but don't hold your breath waitin' for us to spill the beans, 'cause that's what this contest is all about. You guess the number of Eagle Iron parts on the

shovelhead and if your guess is closer to bein' on the money than anyone else's, you win it. It's that simple.

Just tell us (on the official entry blank bound between pages 42 and 43 or on a postcard) the number of Eagle Iron parts you think are on the bike, and in 25 words or less why you should win. Now, here's a real break for ya — ya DON'T have to itemize all the Eagle Iron parts, ya just have to guess how many of 'em there are. In case of a tie, the entry with the best 25-words-or-less statement will win. Judges' decision is final; void where prohibited by law; employees of Paisano Publishing get fucked as usual and can't enter the contest.

Deadline for entries is January 31, 1986, so eyeball the sled, figure out the number of custom parts, and get your entry in the mail pronto. Remember, an official entry blank is stashed between pages 42 and 43.



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 or color prints or color slides — no negatives. 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 January 30th. We'll print the winner in the May issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #152 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Tandy**, the third monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Amy, Gi, and Vonda.



DIANE



DONNA

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052

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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.



KAY



GLADYS ANN



RAIN FAWN



RHONDA



ANN



ROGANNE

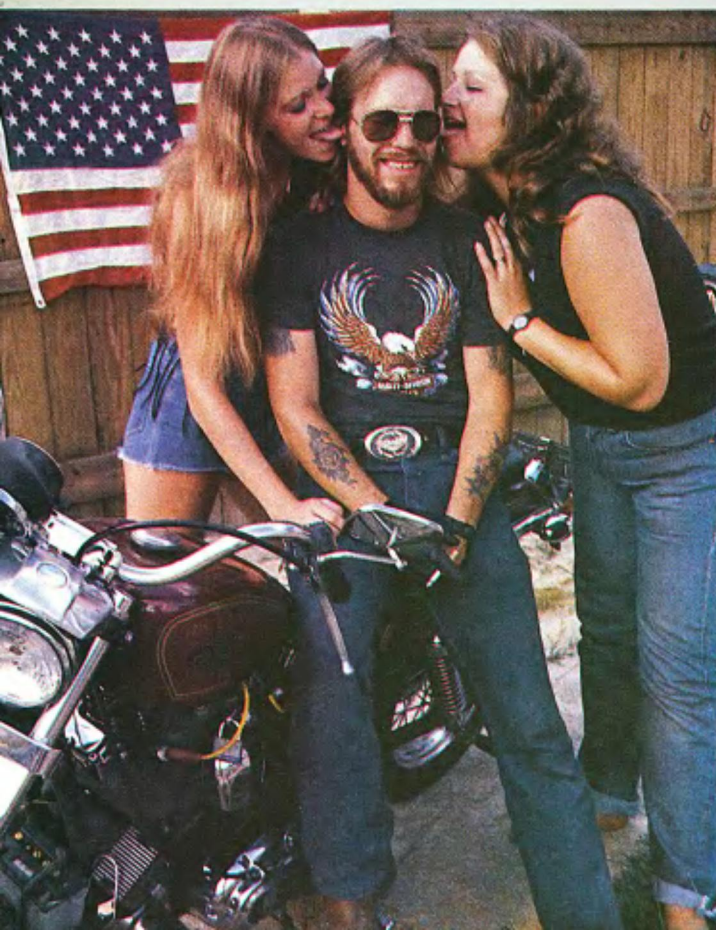
LITTLE RIVER



IN THE WIND



—from Greg Justice, Ashland, Ky.



—from The Breeze, Charleston, S.C.



—from Popcorn The Clown, Sparks, Nev.



—from Larry Schnakenberg, Lake Perry, Kan.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color 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 photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—from Cyclops, Weirs Beach, N.H.



—from Rip, Highland, Calif.



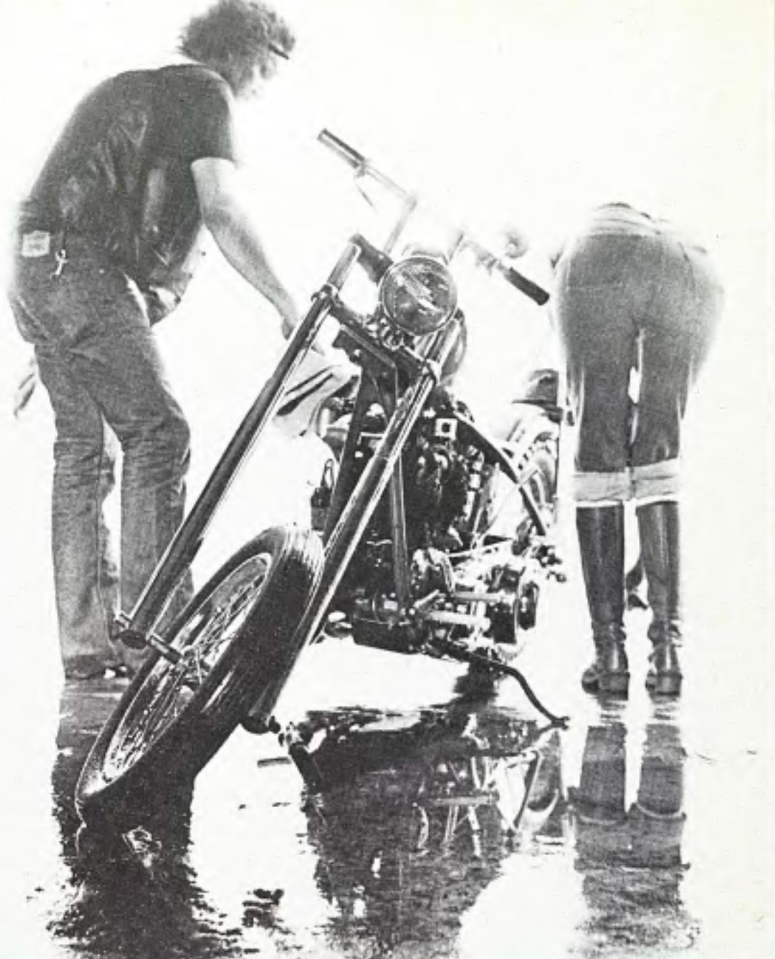
—from Michael Matthews, Daytona Beach, Fla.





—from Madman Rounds, Dayton, Ohio

—from Buck Lovell, On the road



—from Dirty Ernie, Neb.

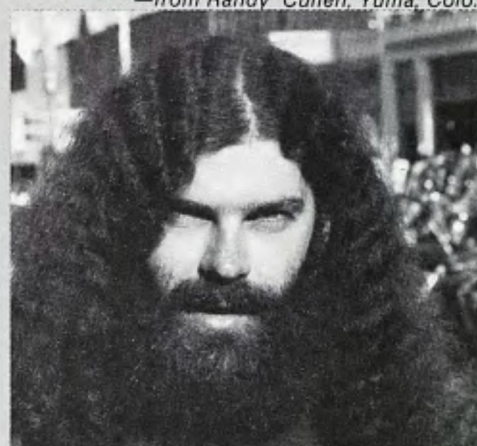
—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



—from Randy Cullen, Yuma, Colo.



—from Cyclops, Laconia, N.H.





—from Jim McDill, Newcastle, Wyo.

—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.

—from Buschwhacker, Yorba Linda, Calif.



—from Ben Satterwhite, Tennessee Ridge, Tenn.







THE YANK

By Damon Ace

My ol' lady Cindy always had a real good brain for trivia, so I didn't mind much when she bought a new dress to audition for a TV game show. She wound up getting on "Joker's Wild" for three programs and had to buy a new outfit for every show. It turned out to be a good investment. She wound up winning \$2200, a shit-load of macaroni-and-cheese, some cheap luggage, and a trip for two to England.

I gave a week's notice at the bar where I worked and chained up my rat in a friend's garage. Cindy packed her game-show dresses into her game-show luggage, along with about a trailer fulla other shit.

We almost missed the plane because of the going-away party. But we made it and when the big bird leveled off, a stewardess with a cart fulla booze came along and asked if we wanted anything to drink. "I'll have two Bloody Marys and a Bud, please. How 'bout you, Cindy. What are you gonna have?"

The stewardess stared at me like I'd whipped out my dick or something. I couldn't figure it out. I mean, I'd even said "please." Cindy had a beer and I thought about the stewardess some more. I'd never fucked on an airplane. Hell, the last time I was on one, I was with my parents.

I went to the back of the plane to get another beer from the stewardess, trying to come up with a way to be smooth with her. But she had other ideas. After she gave me the beer, she said, "My ol' man was a biker, but he went down two years ago. You ever fuck on an airplane?"

"Not lately," I lied. How could I be this lucky?

"Okay," she said, "I'll go into the lavatory and take off one leg of my pantyhose and then you come on in and fuck me real fast, okay?"

"No yelling and screaming, though," I said, thinking of Cindy a mere 10 rows away.

"This isn't like a motel," she said. "They can't kick you off an airplane."

I waited a minute and then tapped on the door. She put one hand on my belt and the other on herself. She throated me a couple times and then

told me to sit on the john. I did and she sat on my log. The bitch definitely knew how to fuck on a plane. She had me hold my hand over her mouth real tight so she wouldn't wake up the pilot. The whole scene only took a minute or two and I rinsed off in the sink.

When we opened the door, Cindy was standing right there and the other stewardesses were pretending not to notice. Shit. I'd gotten caught thinking with my mentally retarded dick again. I told my bathroom buddy that I'd be needing two more brews and walked past Cindy like it was the most natural thing in the world. Hell, it *is* the most natural thing in the world.

The next couple of hours passed real slow, but the brew helped and I figured it'd give ol' Cindy a chance to cool off. Wrong. She wouldn't even walk off the plane with me.

The airport seemed the same as the one in the States except that everyone had an English accent and I was about a head taller than everyone else. Cindy refused to stand by me while we waited for the luggage. My duffel bag came down the chute and I grabbed it. When Cindy's first piece of luggage came down, I reached for it, too. She grabbed it from me, furious. "Cool out," I said, "and let me help you with the fucking suitcases."

Putting on a fake English accent, she snapped, "I've never seen you before in my life. Leave me alone and stop trying to steal my bags." I just stood there for a second with my mouth open. I was getting more fish eyes than a deep-sea diver and for sure I wasn't on my own turf.

Once Cindy had collected her last bag, she turned and headed back into the terminal. "Hey," I hollered, "this way! Where the hell are you going?"

"America!" was all she said. She didn't even turn around to look at me.

"Look, dammit, we just got here and I ain't about to get back on that plane!" I yelled.

She glanced at me over her shoulder. "That's right, asshole — no airplane for you." Then she was gone. With my ticket home.

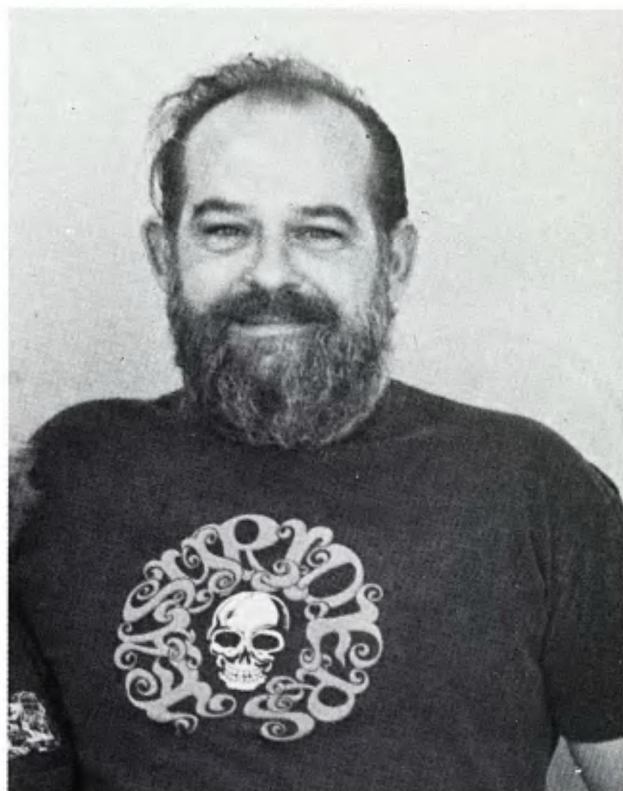
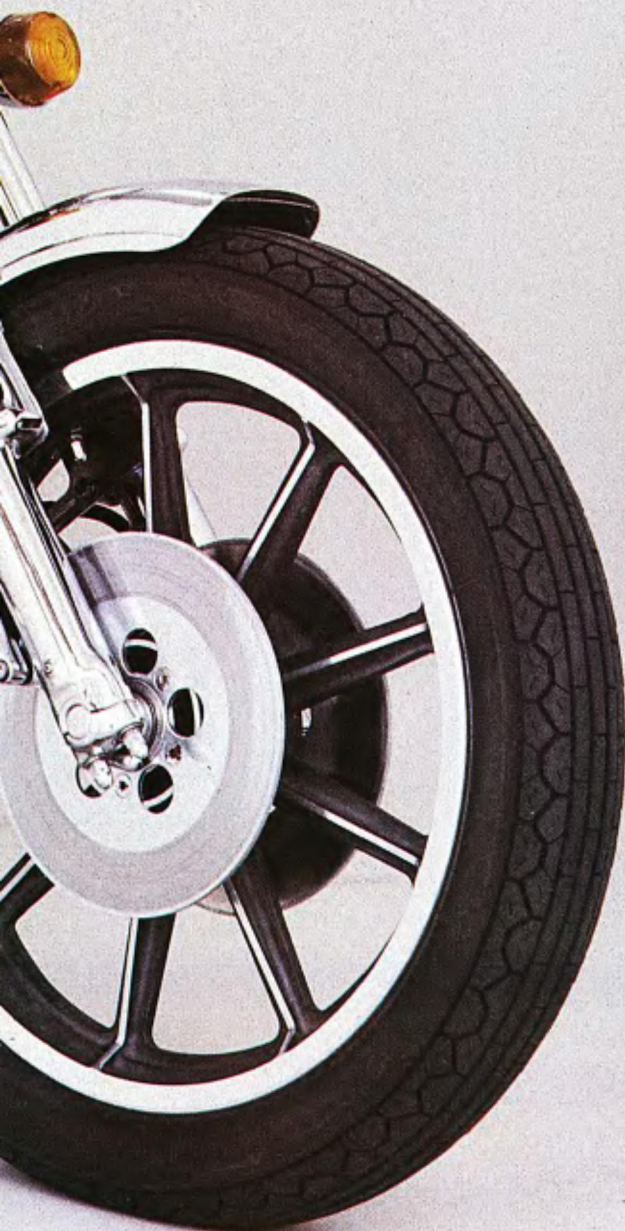
Continued on page 102

THIRTY YEARS A

Some straight answers
from a bro who really knows
what he's talking about.



BIKER



Dick DeRidder

What was your first bike? *An 80-inch flathead back in the mid-'50s.*

When did you become a bike builder? *I opened my first shop 24 years ago and it's been Harley-Davidsons all the way. I've never worked on anything else.*

Who's the girl in the pictures? *That's Sherrie, but be sure and get it right — she's not my wife, she's my girlfriend. I've got a wife somewhere, but that's not her. Sherrie and I have been together for a few years now.*

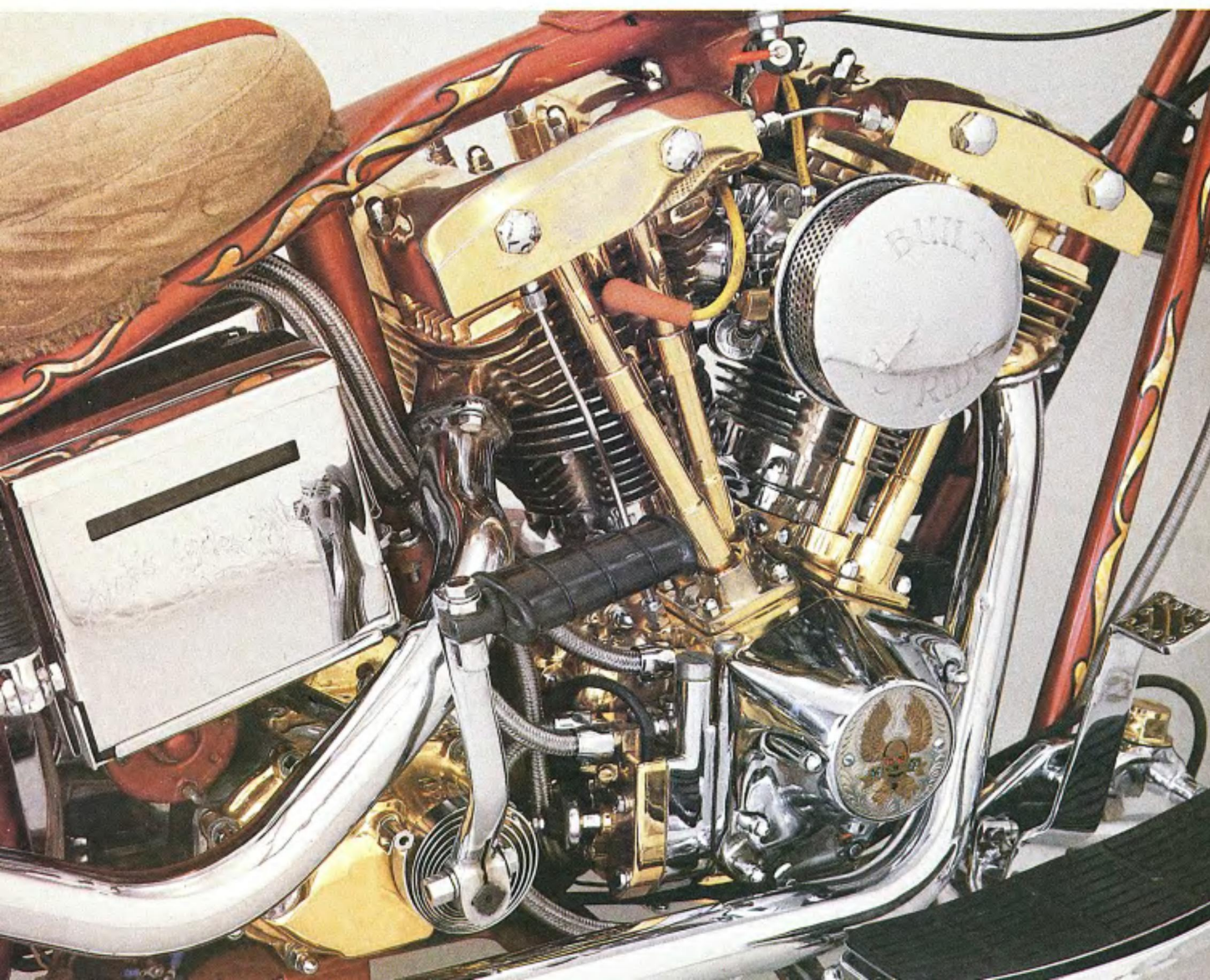
What kind of music do you like? *I'm afraid I'm not very musically inclined.*

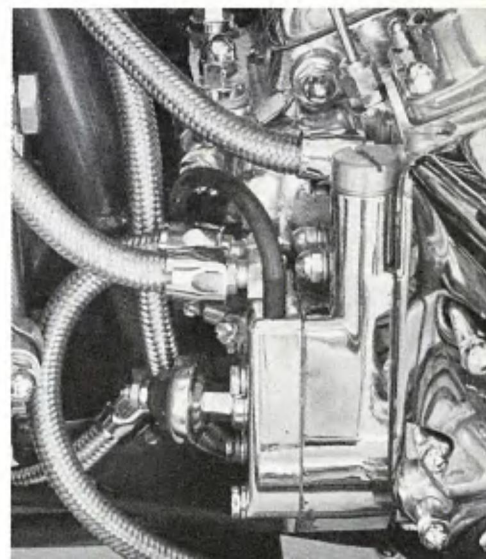
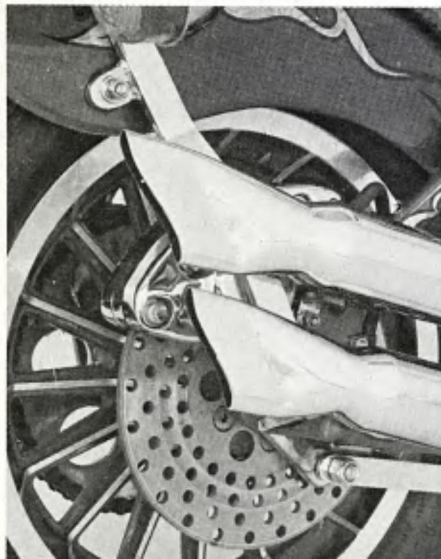
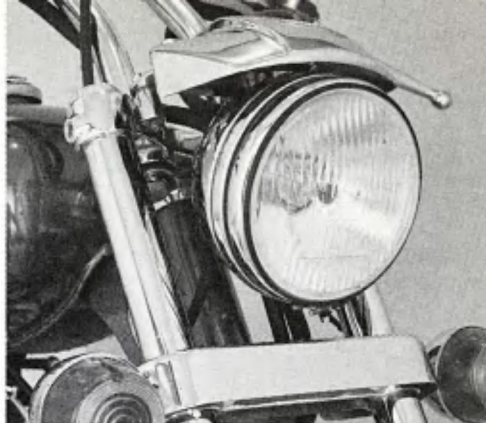
What other hobbies do you have? *Bikes are it.*

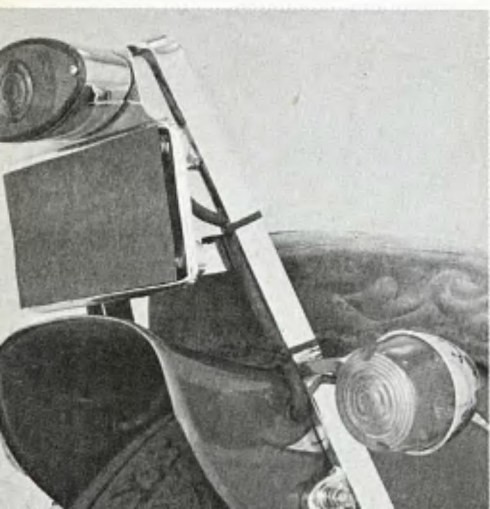
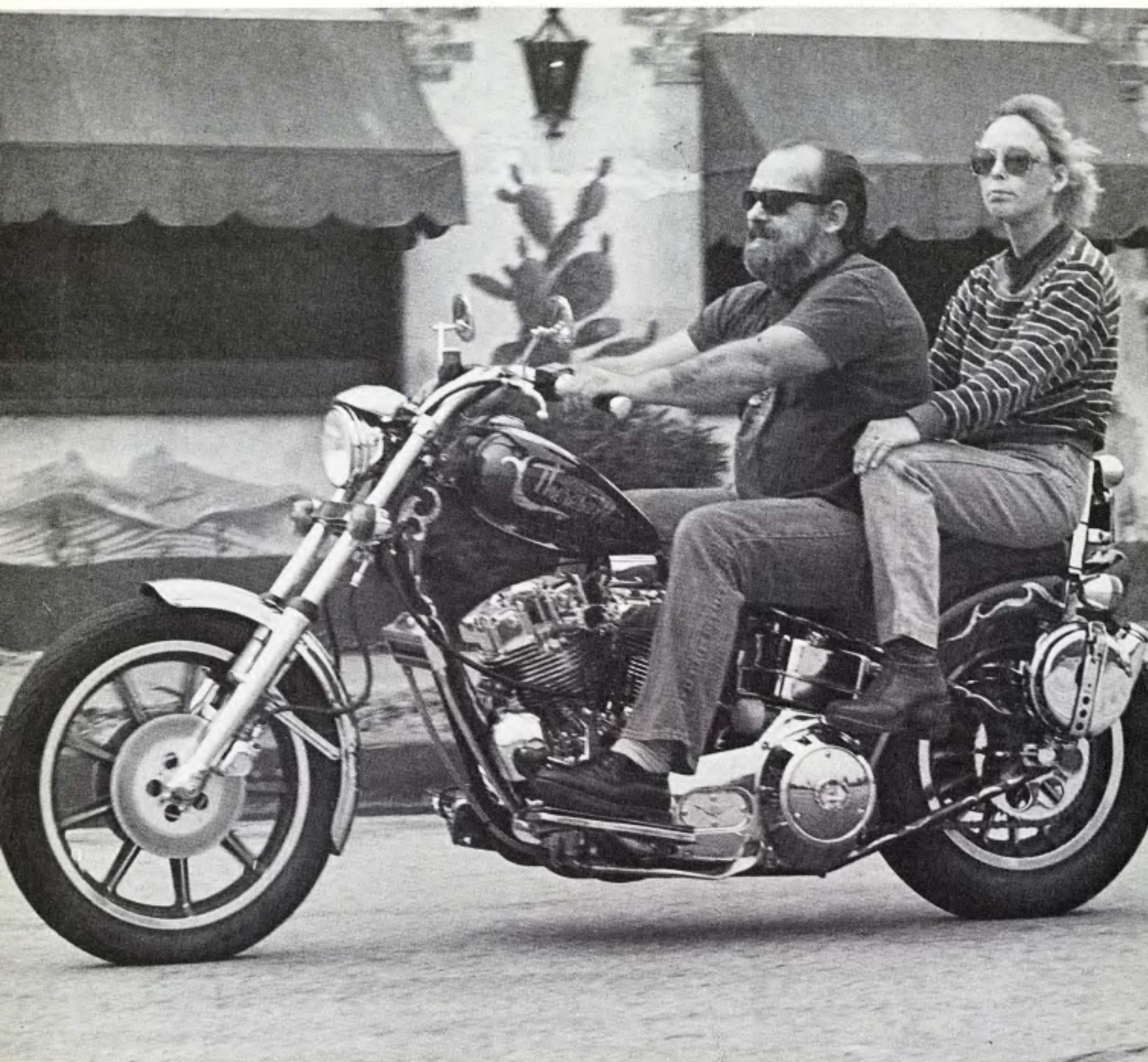
How about vices? *I've got all of them. Gambling, drinking, sex. . . you name it.*

What's your favorite brew? *Budweiser.*

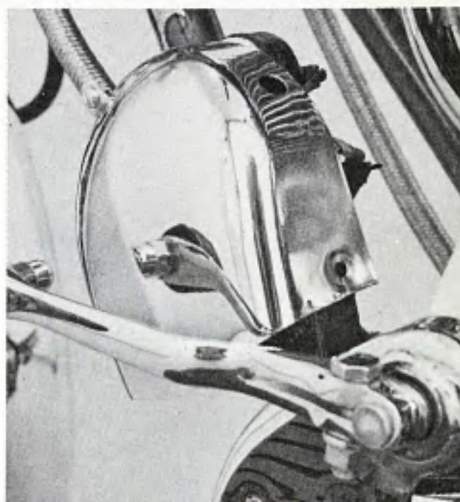
Do you spend a lot of time on your bike chasing those cold Buds down? *No, I like long-distance riding. I don't do very much of that tavern-to-tavern racing at all.*



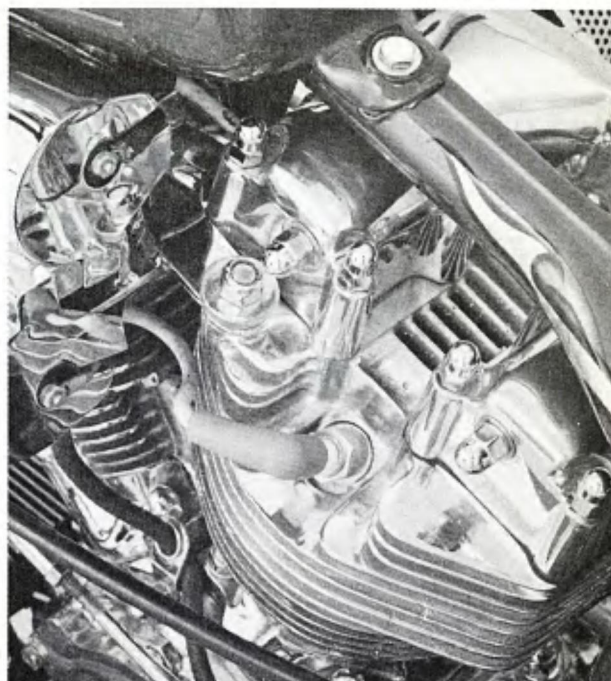




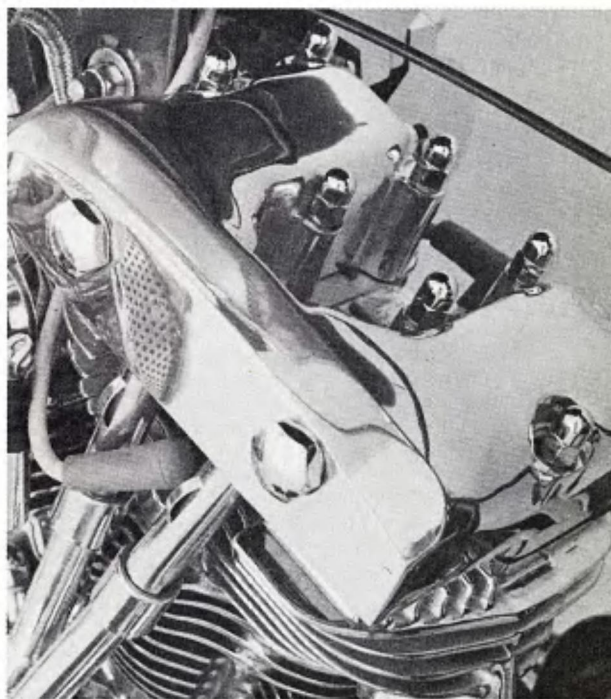
What's your next ride going to be? *I've got two beauties in front of my shop now. Both of them are gold and have double-belt drives. But those aren't really what I'm planning on riding next. I'm actually working on something right now that's really going to be different. Something that's got all kinds of things on it you don't normally see on a Harley, but I'm not ready to go into the details*



Owner: Dick DeRidder		City: Bellflower, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Dick's Cycles		Year: 1977	
Year and make: 1977 H-D		Builder: S&G	
Model: custom		Type: rigid	
Value: \$14,000		Rake: 5 degrees	
Assembly by: Dick's Cycles		Stretch: 6 in.	
Time: 11 months		Other alterations: new tabs	
Chroming by: M&J Show Chrome		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: "T" drag	
Year: 1977		Risers: in bars	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): Paughco	
Rebuilder: owner		Headlight: quartz	
Ignition: points and battery		Taillight: Paughco	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D footboards	
Balancing: owner		Rear pegs: H-D/Dick's Cycles	
Pistons: MC Supply		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D/lead-lined		Gas tank: Paughco	
Heads: dual plugs		Oil tank: H-D	
Cam(s): H-D		Oil system: H-D	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: H-D	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Eddie and son	
Air cleaner: Gary Bang		Sissybar: Dick's Cycles	
Pipes: Rock & Roll Ent.		Height: 6 in.	
Muffler(s): shorties		Material: 3/8" x 1" steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: late model		Type: narrow glide	
Year: 1977		Extension: 2 in.	
Shifting: 1 down/3 up		Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Super Max Belt		Special features: shaved legs	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Dogcatcher Tom		Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Dogcatcher Tom		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: Candy Apple Red		Tire: Continental	Tire: Continental
Type: lacquer		Brake: dual disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: 24K gold leaf			
Other special modifications: A bunch; engraving by Tattoo Mike.			

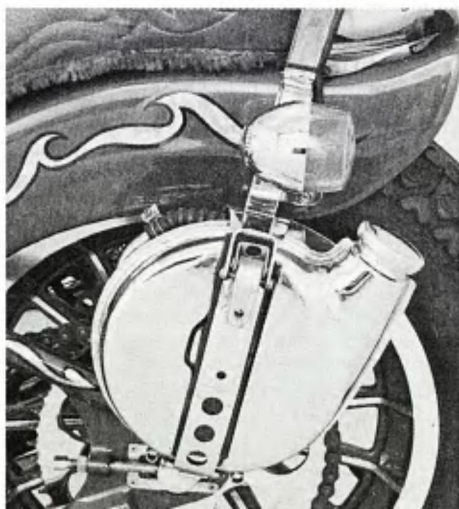


Photos by Pete Chiodo



before I'm through with it.

What was the weirdest thing that ever happened to you on a scooter? After close to 30 years as a biker and hundreds of runs, so many strange things have happened to me I can't even fix on one. It would be better to ask what weird things haven't happened to me on a scooter.

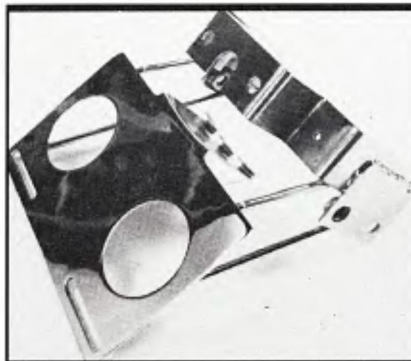


PARTS BOX



H-D FAIRING LOWERS

In consideration of sport touring, The Factory's now making fairing lowers for FXRTs. Made of tough, lightweight ABS, the lowers improve engine cooling by directing air flow over the cylinders and heads while affording riders protection from wind and the elements — things Milwaukee is also renowned for. Made to fit any Super Glide with or without an engine guard, prices vary according to paint color, with primer-coated sets about \$140. Find 'em exclusively at Hog dealers nationwide.



TAILLIGHT & LICENSE BRACKETS

Ya say ya want 'em and ya want 'em right now, as in yesterday, for a minimal outlay of your hard-earned cash? The folks at Jammer hear ya. Their stock replacement style bracket and license-plate assembly for fatbob swingarm fenders is made of heavy steel and they're ready to ship now. Available in black finish (74045) for \$21.95 and chrome finish (74055) for \$24.95. Order toll-free, any day, any time, by calling Jammer at 800-423-2633 (outside California) or 800-453-9651 (inside California).



DRAG OIL

Spectro Oils describes this product as a "state-of-the-art lubricant." They're talking about their new SAE 20 energy-efficient synthetic drag oil, the latest offering from a company that's been lubin' with the best of 'em for two decades. Made for reliability in all difficult lube areas, Spectro's Drag Oil reduces internal friction, increases speeds, extends camshaft life, and keeps on keepin' on even under extreme heat conditions. Look for it locally wherever you shop for parts and supplies.

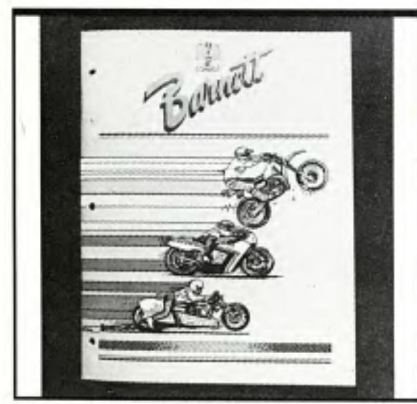
KICK STOP

Sometimes it's the little things that make all the difference. In answer to customer demand, H.E.S. has come through with — ta da! — an adjustable stop (P/N 100-34) to keep the kickstand outta the open-belt drive on your Big Twin. Made of cast aluminum, this sucker bolts to the lower frame rail behind the belt drive, and comes complete with allen bolts and rubber boot. To adjust, simply cut with a hacksaw and reattach boot. Bargain priced at \$16, plus \$2 for shipping, it's available from H.E.S. Performance Products, Dept. ER, Box 66294, Los Angeles, CA 90066.



THROTTLE AND CLUTCH GRIP SETS

Okay, all right, maybe chrome won't get ya home, but when it's put together with skin-soft natural rubber in the form of throttle and clutch grips, it's sure as shit not gonna stop ya from gettin' there. Sets fit all '76-'84 Harleys and feature chrome throttle-cable clamps with adjustment screw and spring. Available for both single and dual cable applications, the throttle clamps are also available separately for use with CCI's Soft Touch grip sets. Communicate your lust for these babies — oops, *pardon moi*, let's start over. For more info, contact Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.



CATALOG

Here's something to pore over while you're in the crapper doing some deep thinking about the next stage of your scoot's life: Barnett's 1985 catalog. Featuring a full line of parts and accessories from high-performance stuff to replacement parts to ultra-functional necessities, this is 80 pages of reading matter that's bound to stimulate those ol' creative processes (upstairs, that is). Once you've decided what all ya want, you'll find Barnett products available through dealers and accessory shops just about everywhere. To obtain catalog, send \$3 to Barnett Tool & Engineering, Dept. ER, Box 2826, Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670.

LOCKDOWN

By Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —Anatole France

Last month we reviewed, in part, the findings of the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation report *Time To Build? The Realities of Prison Construction*.

Simply put, the authors of the report concluded that prison overcrowding cannot be alleviated merely by adding more cells to a system, because enlarging prison capacity almost always causes judges to dole out more and longer prison terms.

The report also noted that the price of housing an inmate — when both direct and indirect costs are included — is much higher than correctional authorities generally acknowledge.

Although there have been many reports, studies, speeches, etc., stressing the futility of locking up ever-growing numbers of people as a crime-fighting measure, *Time To Build?* is unusual in that it also offers some fully researched, proven ways of lowering inmate populations and cutting corrections costs without causing any increase in crime.

According to the study, efforts to reduce prison populations should focus on two primary areas: alternative punishments to keep many offenders from being incarcerated in the first place, and reducing the time to be served of prisoners already locked down.

One of the most highly successful alternative sentences studied was intensive probation. Already in effect in a number of states (all in the East or South), intensive probation programs are generally used for convicts who have been sentenced to prison but who are found, after screening, to be minimum-security risks.

In one of the stricter programs, such convicts in Georgia are assigned to a special team of probation officers who meet with the inmate five times a week. The convict must also obey an evening curfew, perform some community service, and pay fines and/or restitution.

Compared to regular probation, the costs are high for both the state



Illustration by Mike Docherty

and the probationer. On the state's end, each team of probation officers is allowed a maximum of 25 "clients," and the whole program costs \$4.75 per day for each offender, as opposed to 75¢ a day for regular probation. As far as the probationer goes, regular probationers see their p.o. once a week at most and usually only once a month, and there are normally no curfews.

These costs, however, are still a tremendous saving over the price of imprisonment: Georgia saves almost \$20 a day and a prison-bed space for each person on intensive probation. And the convict? Well, curfews and daily probation visits are bad, but compared to the view through the bars, it's no contest.

Impressive evidence of the success of intensive probation has recently come from Texas — a state not noted for coddling desperados, either real or a figment of some red-neck sheriff's imagination.

In Texas, according to the McConnell Foundation report,

intensive probation has been used as an alternative sentence for violators of regular probation, previously targeted to be guests of the TDC (where they traditionally account for 43 percent of all admissions). Under the intensive probation plan, many of these offenders are placed under supervision about halfway between "normal" probation and Georgia's highly intensive system. Since beginning the program a few years ago, Texas officials have saved \$8.3 million in prison operating costs and eliminated the need for a new 2000-bed prison — a savings of another \$100 million or so. And the crime rate there hasn't risen a bit.

Other alternatives to imprisonment include restitution and community-service programs, work-release centers, drug-and-alcohol treatment centers, and increases in traditional probation programs. While we may never get the law-and-order crowd to admit it, the two things all these approaches to punishment-without-incarceration have in common is that they cost far, far less than keeping someone locked up and they don't result in any increase in crime rates.

Simply slowing down the rate at which new inmates are admitted to prisons, however, will not of itself eliminate the problem of overcrowding. In order to really solve this problem, inmates in U.S. prisons — who already serve average terms far in excess of prisoners of any other country in the so-called free world — must be discharged at a faster rate.

Some of the methods for that include emergency-release mechanisms, increased "good time," work-release programs, and expanded parole opportunities.

Of these methods, the one that has gotten the most publicity — and has the most immediate results — is the emergency-release plan, a scheme pioneered in Michigan and now in use in about eight other states.

The Michigan emergency-release plan is automatically triggered every time the state's

Continued on page 86

Visiting Nurse

Did one (or six) too many reds and sideswiped a pick-emup while trying to pilot my bitch pan across time — so who the hell don't fuck up sometimes?

Anyway, with my kicker leg in traction and these monkey bars hanging above my head there could be no better time for you to practice some chin-ups while my best friend Wilbur explores your glorious rosebud.

Don't let me down, because a nurse who's befriended me here promised she'd rip off a couple of chuck steaks for us to use as shim stock.

Gang Green
Birmingham, Ala.

■ Last time I was in a hospital they had to close the place down for two weeks and fumigate it.

Long Gone Cherry

I read your column every month and if you're everything I've read about over the years, I'd like to jump your bones and screw your brains out — if someone hasn't done it yet.

Fuckin' Admirer
Buckhannon, W.Va.

■ 'Fraid you're a bit late to cop my cherry, sonny, but I've got a zit or two you could bust.

Fatties Forever

Why do I love fat women? Hell, they're easy to fuck, easy to find in a crowd, and they're usually pretty damn good cooks, too. Gimme fat and jolly over skinny and bitchy any day!

The Thin Man
Hillsboro, Fla.

■ We're also more experienced in using our mouths.

Maryland Fairland

My buddy was about to enter the almighty — puke — world-famous Purple Moose Saloon on the boardwalk in Ocean City, Maryland, but they wouldn't let him in because he was wearing a Harley-Davidson T-shirt. The doorboy said no Harley shirts or leather jackets were allowed, but that you could get in with no shirt, or even with a bathing suit on.

I told him it was a queer bar, 'cause that's what I've always been told about them kind of places.

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



Was I right or wrong? It really doesn't matter to me whether I can get in or not, because I don't want one of their fuckin' purple T-shirts anyway.

Brother Bob
Waynesboro, Pa.

■ If yer bro ever does get into that bar, he'd best keep his butt hole tight against the wall.

Crash Landing

We're just sitting here off the coast of Lebanon beating our meat and thinking what it would be like to have your crab-infested, sick-smelling box on our faces.

We've also laid down some bets regarding your smelly

snatch. I say you can park one of these A-6s in it with the wings spread, but my buddies say the wings gotta be folded. Give us the straight scoop, which is it?

Air Frames
USS JFK, Lebanon

■ Makes no difference as long as the afterburner's on — I like a lot of thrust.

How To Satisfy

I once had an ol' lady whom I really tried to keep satisfied. I mean, I fucked her in every hole she had — her cunt, asshole, mouth, ear, etc. I even tied her up and put half an Alka-Seltzer on her clit. She got off on it, but told me to get Alka-Seltzer Plus

the next time. What else can I try?

Big Boogie
Butler, Tenn.

■ Ya know the old saying: Money out front beats Alka-Seltzer in the cunt.

Diggin' Out The Truth

Did ya ever notice how ya can't pick your nose worth shit after cuttin' your fingernails? I mean, like, when you're hittin' the groove and a nice three-incher comes sliding on out and you hold it up wondering what the fuck to do with it?

I used to chew them when I had my teeth, but when I tried to chow down a couple after I got my false choppers the thrill was gone. It was like fuckin' with a rubber. So now I just use 'em to stick paper in my windows so the sun don't fuck up my toadstool collection. No shit, boogers work better than epoxy. I'm building a model of a '50 panhead on top of my TV. It's all toothpicks and snot and I'm about half done. I'm tryin' to catch a head cold so I can finish it.

One tip I can give ya about snottin': Don't leave snot hanging in your beard overnight. You can wind up gluing your face shut.

Uncle Scrotty
Vacaville, Calif.

■ An ice pick is good substitute for fingernails.

Kiss Off

I smuggled an *Easyriders* into the county jail so I could trip on some stories. Just when I get to cookin' on some righteous readin' some tramp wants to borrow the rag or wants me to draw him this or that. Ever since I drew this right-on picture of a bitch ridin' a Hog, I can't seem to get the tramps off my back. I'd tell 'em to fuck off, but I'm a tramp, too, and we're a breed of our own.

How can I get rid of 'em without being rude?

T. Bone
County Jail, Ariz.

■ Tell 'em you and Rock Hudson used to be tight.

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. ■

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

The Cerebral Herd

The Motor Works represented a mixed metaphor not at all lost on Mac, who in his taciturn way reveled in the sociological extremes of his clientele. Mac bears the tattoos of what is popularly known as a misspent youth. He used to ride a Harley with the outlaw herd, but now he rides a Ducati with Hallwood fiberglass, and wears one of two T-shirts daily. Both are classics of commercial couture. One says, "I'd rather eat worms than ride a two-stroke," and the other, which delights the Ducati crowds, proclaims, "Ducati. The thinking man's Harley." The more cerebral 45-degree lads accept it as a backhanded compliment.

—Jeff Smith
Cycle Guide

Dumb Jetter

I'd been jettied all wrong, I figured out when I got home, and I'd pulled the classic dumb tuner's trick of cranking in too much advance. Never mind. Just like any racing, if running at the dry lakes is worth doing, it's worth doing badly. If only once.

—Allan Girdler
Cycle

Fastidious Master

The Master, clad in a spotless white coat, would not condescend to touch my machine until his assistants had entirely purified it from dirt. Then, before the admiring eyes of his apprentices, he fastidiously set to work, replacing the offending bearing without getting even a spot of oil on his jacket. He was immensely proud of BMWs and took it as a personal blow to his pride that mine should have failed me.

"It is like children, yah? You gif zem all ze best, und still sometimes zey go bad!"

—Cycle World

Where Did It Go?

Hold onto your twistgrips, the "chopper" is making a comeback. Rigid frames, molded fenders, peanut gas tanks, springer front ends. That's the scoop editor Tod Knuth brings back from his recent two-week rideaway. Would you believe the "nostalgia" look is back "in"? Well, if it brought poodle dresses and chopped Mercs back in style, why not the old chop look? Motorcycle styles run full cycle, rightly enough.

—Hot Bike



Burning Shorts

Not that summer doesn't also bake up a few moto-anoyances other than disgruntled drivers. Such as swinging your leg over a fried vinyl seat and remembering, just a tad late, that you're wearing shorts. Or when you're talking sweet to Sara down at the Tastee Freez, with your boots hooked jauntily on the passenger peg — until you notice the singed smell of your pant cuff disintegrating on the muffler. Or when you look in the mirror after a business meeting and find that you actually *do* have bugs in your teeth. Stuff like that.

—Cycle Guide



Double-Barrel Humor

It is hard to find humor looking down the barrel of a double-barreled sawed-off shotgun when you are surrounded by people who were your friends, and all of a sudden were deadly enemies. And all because some rumor was passing around.

—Bob Bitchin
Biker Lifestyle

No Big Wrong

There's nothing much wrong with the handling, especially considering the bulk of the machine, but the Harley designers have gone right over the top with the rubber mounting of the handlebars. At slower speeds in particular, the feeling of remoteness is nearly frightening. Pushing the bike around with the engine off is a fraught exercise; it's not exaggerating to say that there's a lag between levering the bars and the turning of the wheel. The grand sweep of the bars movement from lock to lock reminded me of those funny things Greek farmers drive, the motorised carts with the engine over the single front wheel and ten-foot-long poles running back to the driver by way of steering. Easy to drive until you come to a sharp corner, when it becomes necessary to jump off in order to gain full lock.

—Super Bike

Don't Mention It

Unless the year is 1987 and you are sitting in a dentist's waiting room or such, the odds are that you've just spent good money buying this magazine for a good read. So the last thing that you want is someone telling you what a slack bunch of sloths, two-wheeled or otherwise, you are. Well. It

wouldn't be right, would it? After all, there's a name for people who pay to be put upon — and I'm not going to be sadistic enough to mention it.

—Mike Holloway
Australian Motor Cycle News

Down to Knee-Level

Harley survived where others failed during tumultuous times in the past due to the fact that the company built a simple, reliable motorcycle that proved to be a good value for the money. After Indian closed in the '50s, Harley was without competition in the big-bore market as the British, Germans, and Italians focused on the 650cc and smaller range. Obviously, all that changed in 1969 with the onslaught of the Honda 750, the motorcycle that was destined to bankrupt the once mighty British motorcycle industry and bring Harley-Davidson to its knees.

—American Motorcyclist

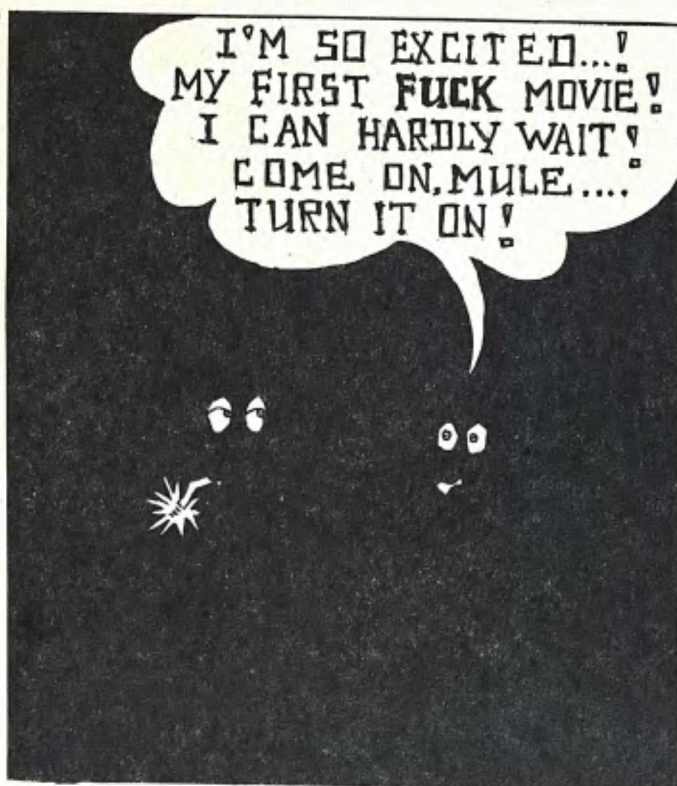
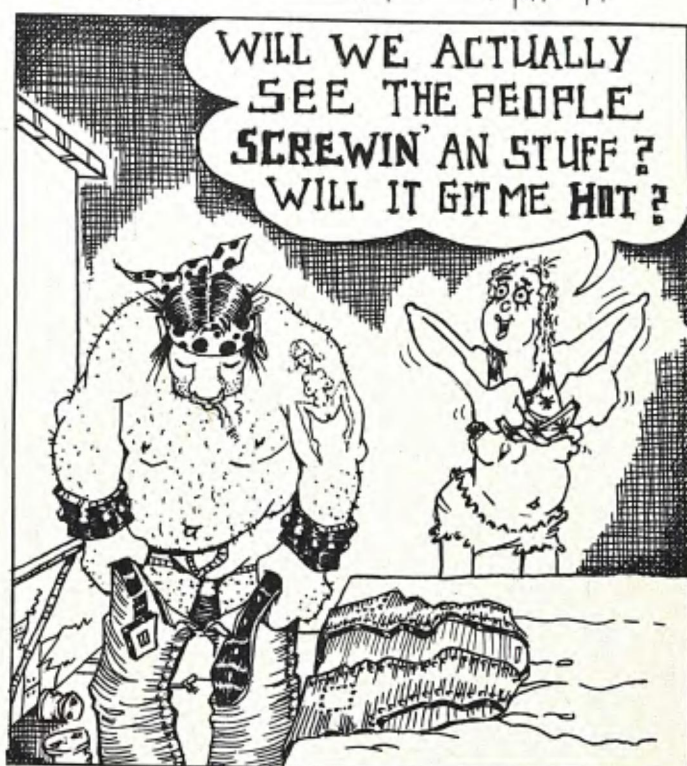
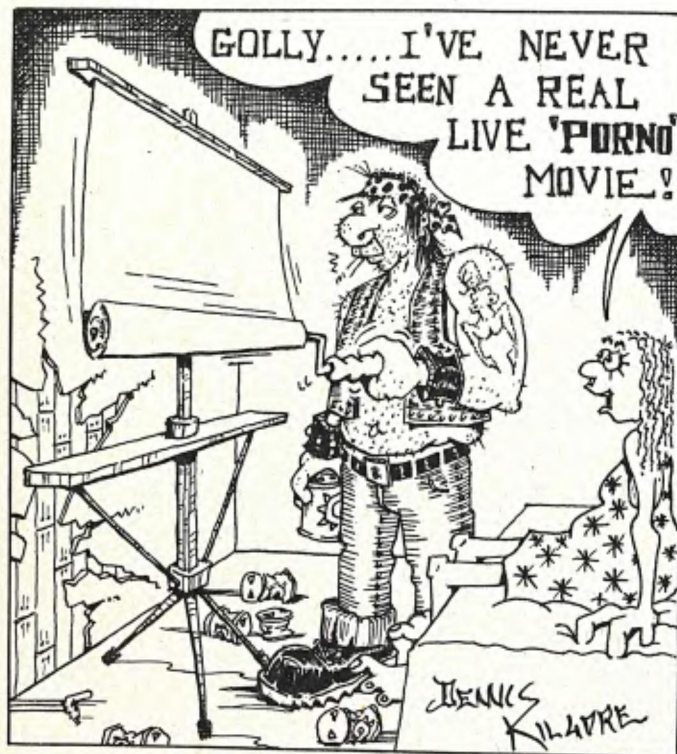
Inspired...

Really, of all the big-name motorcycles sold in the U.S., only Harley-Davidsons have much in the way of mystique going for them.

Italian bikes, on the other hand, are the most emotionally inspired, passionately crafted machines on two wheels. They also offer the most diverse range of personalities, with each model reflecting the temperament of the individual who designed it. Consequently, there is no such thing as the stereotypical "Italian" bike. An Italian designer creates only what his heart tells him to create, not what is indicated by studies.

—Cycle World

MULE AN HIS OL' LADY



Interview

Continued from page 17

JJ: How is the *Easyriders* toilet seat different from your average toilet seat? You don't have to pull up the top? You can just shit right on it and have it dissolve the shit when you're too fucked up to raise the lid?

MADMAN: It just leaves it there and since it's the same color you never have to worry about spots. You really have to have one in your house.

JJ: I don't have a toilet.

MADMAN: Carry it with you.

TRAMPO: Put some folding legs under it and use it as a potty seat.

JJ: Why don't you come out with a portable urinal?

MADMAN: I think our next product should be a douche bag. We could call it Ezy-Douche. We don't have anything good for women that they can use monthly.

JJ: Scented tampons with the *Easyriders* logo on them. Hangers for abortions, bent in the shape of an *Easyriders* skull.

TRAMPO: We could show a picture of Kelly performing an abortion with one and use the slogan "So Simple You Can Do It With One Hand."

MADMAN: One very developed hand. Anyway, what've you been up to, JJ?

JJ: Nothing.

MADMAN: Nothing?

JJ: There's nothing to do. Yesterday I had nothing to do, the day before I had nothing to do. Three days ago I did something, but I can't remember what. I don't think it was very interesting.

TRAMPO: Probably what Kelly's days are gonna be like after he's gone north.

MADMAN: I really feel bad about leaving. It's a great place to work. The first day I worked at *Easyriders* I went into work and asked for a week off.

JJ: What'd they say?

MADMAN: Yes, of course. But you gotta remember there was nobody there. Nobody went into the office in those days. It was interesting — I'd come in in the morning and sometimes I'd be the only person there for hours. People would call and I'd say I was the janitor and didn't know anything. Then the phone would ring and it would be Spider or Keith Ball or somebody and they'd say, "By the way, we're not open today," so I'd go home.

So I took a week's vacation and reported to work. I've never gotten another vacation since.

JJ: Was that at the old one-room office in Calabasas?

MADMAN: There was more than one room. We had two rooms at least.

JJ: There was one room. One room and a hall.

MADMAN: Yeah, but there were rooms off the hall.

JJ: You didn't even have a bathroom.

MADMAN: Not true, there was a bathroom. Right down at the end of the hall. You just never made it that far.

JJ: That wasn't a bathroom, it was the back door to the outside.

MADMAN: Well, that's what we used as a bathroom.

JJ: The thing I remember most about that office was having to crawl through, over, and around all those motorcycle parts, pool table pieces, and boxes full of rubbish just to get inside far enough to shut the door. Then you'd hit Spider's room and really begin to think you'd fallen asleep in a dumpster and been carted to the slag heap.

For some reason, thinking of those days puts me in mind of Slime. We should've sold Slime.

MADMAN: I want you to know that's my all-time favorite of all your stories. I bought some the very next day.

JJ: I'll bet it was everything I said it was.

MADMAN: It was. You could put it in your hand and you could squeeze that stuff and it was actually like squeezing baby shit. You didn't even need a baby.

It was great. You could stick it up your nose and walk into very expensive restaurants and people would just look at you and here's this green crap just running out your nose. You didn't even need to order dinner, you could eat someone else's while they were throwing up, and then just walk out.

JJ: I don't think they make Slime anymore.

MADMAN: No, now they make Silly Putty and stuff like that. It's not worth shit.

JJ: Come to think of it, they stopped making it right after that article came

out. I don't know if people were taking those suggestions seriously or not.

Speaking of stories, though, I really liked that one you collaborated with Duffy Duggan on ("Madman Kelly's Bargain Broad Lot," *ER* #130). It was not only entertaining, it was informative.

MADMAN: I got a lot of bad letters on it from girls who thought we were categorizing them as pieces of meat...

JJ: What's wrong with that?

MADMAN: ...which they are. They feel that they buy the magazine and we shouldn't downgrade them or something. But women are third place. First comes the motorcycle, then the dog, and then there's the woman.

JJ: That seems like a good formula for success, why change it?

MADMAN: It's been going on since God created man. There were animals before women. He didn't say, "Now I'll create woman and then I'll create animals." He made animals and then He made women.

JJ: That was on the sixth day and He was tired.

MADMAN: There's a good joke about it. God created two people on earth, then He called an angel and said, "Go down there and give one of them a cunt." When the angel got back, God asked, "Which one did you give the cunt to?" and the angel said, "The dumb one."

I'm not anti-women. I love women. But they could be a little more intelligent. . . (*The upstairs mouse enters with a handful of mail*). . . JJ, have you met Mary? Mary won't take off her clothes.

MOUSE: But he still lets me in his office.

MADMAN: Mary, this is JJ Solari. JJ, this is Mary.

MOUSE: Hi, nice to meet you.

Continued on page 109



"Yer ol' man's been in an accident, Rosie. Nothin' serious — an 18-wheeler ran him off the road. He's in surgery now — seems they couldn't get his foot outta the driver's ass. . ."

Asstrology



By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile For Aquarius

Aquarius is the lovable oddball of the zodiac. You'll never know exactly where he's coming from, but then, who really gives a shit? These weirdos drive the rest of us outta our minds, our underwear, and most of our money. Aquarius is quite open-minded about other people's trips, but he's a real shithead about his own plans. Moreover, he's not impressed by tradition, authority, or underarm deodorant, preferring to make his own rules as he goes along. It sorta figures then that Aquarius is an unusually artistic individual, one whose talents should be fully appreciated once you finally figure out what the fuck he's making.

Sexually, Aquarius is like basketball — all dribble and run. Actually, he's extremely hot in the sack if ya don't mind coffee enemas (another manifestation of his creative nature) and screwing someone with a hot-water bottle tied to his ass. Sexually selfish, Aquarius can sometimes be seen carrying a mirror into a sperm bank. On the positive side, Aquarius

generally doesn't hang around too long, because he's into doing his own thing. If you like your privacy, he'll make a great partner since he'll be gone most of the time.

Some famous Aquarii were and/or are: W.C. Fields, Yoko Ono, Jules Verne, Alice Cooper, Burt Reynolds, John Travolta, Farrah Fawcett, Paul Newman, and James Dean.

Aquarius is susceptible to circulation problems, varicose nose, hardening of the kneecaps, and weak ankles from wearing cleats to bed. Otherwise, he's quite strong and except for a little problem concerning foreskin curds, he's usually healthy as a horse.

Never try to tie down an Aquarius unless you're having sex (then use dirty pantyhose), because his middle name is freedom. That's really not a bad quality at all, particularly coupled with his loyalty and terrific sense of fair play. So value your Aquarius mate (if you can track him down) or buddy. He's a rare find (didn't I already say that?) and will always keep you fascinated, broke and amused.

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

♈ This month finds ya with a set of hangin' nuts — is there any other kind? — a limp knob, and a tired tongue. You're too pooped to pass gas and too wasted to wipe. Worse yet, one big b.m. and you're outta commission (hemorrhoids will have the same effect). Time to kick back and recharge your batteries before ya nod out in your next serving of nookie.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ The spotlight's focused on your ass this month, so get your act together. It's likely you can come up with a series of ball-bustin' bulletins to bail yourself outta recent burnout. Let Lady Luck lay a lip-lock on ya and latch onto some extra goodies from surprise sources. This one could set ya up for future funds if ya play your hand right. Get going!

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ This is a cycle of tit-tensing tension and some opposition from the big brass, plus a few piss-offs at home base. Putting it another way, this one is fucked! You may just need a jar of Vaseline and a good prescription in order to ease through this turkey. Keep a low profile, if possible, and paint a smile on your ass. If ya want to snivel, it's okay — it's your turn now.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Just when ya thought ya had your shit together, it hits the proverbial fan! Pleasing partners is pointless now and the pussy you're porking is a pain in the anal area. Don't let it put your dick in the dirt or fill your snotrag with snivels, though. It's other people's hang-ups that you're tripping over, so cut 'em loose, give 'em the boot, or both.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ If ya take care of biz now, you can easily collect long-overdue bucks, favors, and even a fuck or two. So quit fingering your dessert and get to the meat of the matter. Take time to do some fancy footwork on partners' heads or whatever else it takes to get results, then sit back to enjoy the benefits (and bruises).

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Relatives put a bug in your butt by nosing into your business. Perhaps shadow boxing upside their mugs will get your point across, but for sure, if ya

let the situation slide now, you're gonna need a referee later on. Don't pull any punches when you know you're in the right, otherwise you'll wind up holding the bag and needing a mouthpiece.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ The only thing ruffling the hair on your ass now is an occasional fart. You can slide through this one with a minimum of mishaps and a maximum of merrymaking. Grab

your party threads and fill your social calendar. Let a few brews blast through your bladder. Reward yourself with some between-the-sheets shenanigans and give your hand a rest.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ Find a few clever ways of saying "Fuck off!" and this month will be a breeze. Letting someone boggle your mind is simply not your style, so why start now? Get that foot outta your mouth and shove it up the ass of anyone who steps out of line. Watch out for sneaks and use your best frontal attack to cut 'em off at the pass.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Except for the drip in your drawers, stains in your shorts, shit on the sheets, holes in your pockets, and no place to plant your pecker, this is a pretty good month. Especially if you're in solitary confinement, still have your hand, and aren't afraid of the dark. Truthfully, you're in deep shit and I hope you make it through to the other side. You probably will if you keep your chin up.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ Time to take shorter strokes in the financial area. Before you jump on your bank book, check your resources — someone is holding out on you. Stifle that urge to splurge. Cut corners on items like bucks owed to relatives in lieu of necessities like booze, smokes, and parts for the scooter (plus a six-pack of heavy-duty ass-wipe for when the shit comes down).

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ Look out — your big birthday piece could turn out to be humble pie. Seems like your silver-tongued tactics are a bit rusty when you're in the wrong. What the hell, go ahead and cop to some of the recent shit you've stirred up. That doesn't mean you have to tell it all, though. Keep the really rotten duds a secret and enjoy a good birthday licking.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ This month is a real barf bag. The only thing good about it is the relief you'll get after it's gone. Maybe you should find a hole and hibernate (make sure it's got hair around it). Keep your nose and your pecker clean in legal-type situations. If ya find some tall (or at least good) grass, hide in it till your prospects are brighter. Learn to spell H-E-L-P.

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. Subscriptions and renewals of existing subscriptions are now available to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate of \$14 per year (offer doesn't include premiums available to subscribers paying regular rate). Send \$14 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.

Florida prisoners: According to The Man in Tallahassee, your mail won't be delivered if your address doesn't include not only your state-assigned number but also the name of the institution you're in and the number that institution has assigned you. If you don't give us that info, you're wasting your time, our time, and the time of those who'd like to correspond with you.

Fat-butted women: The Goose wants all you pistol-packing mamas who dig puttin', partyin', gettin' down, and don't mind showin' their stuff to write. Sagittarius, 33, brown hair and eyes, 5'11", 180 lbs. Dale Steven Horn 391188A, Rt. 4 Box 1500, Angleton, TX 77515.

If not you, maybe you've got a friend who wants to write a guy locked up for 9½ years who's forgotten what a woman feels like. Don't worry, I don't want no cash, just some mail to make this time better because I'm lonely. Eric Teen 77A370, E5-272, Drawer B, Stormville, NY 12582.

Harley mamas: Two w/m scooter tramps, out soon, looking for fine, fun-lovin' Harley honeys to get in the wind and get wild with. All letters and flicks will be appreciated — and answered. T. "Thunderbolt" Berry, Y141275; and A. "Caveman" Schram, Y137806, SYOC, Rt. 1 Box 19, Capron, VA 23829.

W/m, green eyes, brown hair, 5'11", 165 lbs., 23. Any of you nice ladies who don't see it as a lost cause to write a con, please send some letters. S. Hall, Box 1497, Bismarck, ND 58502.

Two tramps down in Arizona need mail and visits, if possible. Gary "Swede" Utley and Mike Rogers, ACTC-Santa Rita, 10000 S. Wilmont Rd., Tucson, AZ 85777.

Dirty white boy, 30, hard 170 lbs., 5'8", well-traveled, educated, into vintage bikes, wine, and rock. Seek experienced woman (age and shape no matter) for correspondence, visits and marriage(?). Rugrats okay; package comes with a five-year-old daughter. Home in 2 years. Ed "Ace" Lefrak 84A4140, SSCF, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10562.

W/m, 27, 6'1", 180 lbs., brown eyes, black hair, good-looking all-the-way scooter tramp, free in '87. Need to hear from stand-up scooter ladies. Write anything, but send sexy flicks. Will have scooter and long money waiting for the right broad to share with me. Robert Boldt 381110, Rt. 3 Box 300, Navasota, TX 77869.

W/m needs to hear from cunts who are interested in a real, live tramp. Brown hair and eyes, 165 lbs., like to ride and live hard. Please send pix. Kenneth Jaski 603786, Bevard Corr. Inst. E3-72, Box 340, Sharpes, FL 32959.

This w/m just turned 31 tonight, but is having a lousy time. I wish you ladies would write me a kite. Send me your line, make me feel fine. Edwin Hardy, Box 607, Carson, NV 89702.

Lookin' for that real woman who could be a karmic mate, one who would be partner, friend, confidante, lover, or dame. W/m, born 1/23/51, hazel eyes, light brown hair, 6'6", 245 lbs., full beard. Harry Berzups 73A1004, ECF, Box R, Napanoch, NY 12458.

Need a biker woman 'cause I'm prejudiced, you see. I'm a stand-up Italian, 32, 5'11", 180 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, into bikes and babes who ain't about that bullshit. James Tavanese 081111, Fla. State Prison U-2-N-5, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091-0747.

Lonely Latin-American looking for ladies anywhere to drop me a line. Looks and age unimportant; all correspondence will be answered. Enrique Garcia 092240, Fla. State Prison S-3-N-14, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

W/m, 25, lonely, seeking sincere, good ol' lady for correspondence. Visiting and possible marriage. Will answer all. Bobby Lee, Box C84864, Represa, CA 95671.

W/m, 31, 6'8", 243 lbs., blond hair, brown eyes, open-minded, caring, understanding, and compassionate. Seeks serious-minded mature female, 25-35, with good head on shoulders. No heavies. No head games wanted, none given. Curt G. Bergstedt C-16151, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600.

White bro, 33, in need of letters and flicks from chicks to help me make it through. Joe Shelton C-40228, CMC-East, Box 8101 (3109), San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Biker doing hard time needs letters and pictures from foxy ladies. Mark Cole 101891, Box 548, Lexington, OK 73051.

W/f, one blonde lovely, needs love and understanding. Would like to hear from understanding men. Billie Jean Edwards 151258, Broward Corr. Inst. 144, Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

W/m, 30, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown hair and eyes, Scorpio, college degree, wishes to correspond with anyone between 18 and 35. Send photo to get photo. All letters will be answered. J. Porter, EF-159997-CB, 7175 Manor Rd., Columbus, GA 31907.

Dutchman at Hotel San Quentin. All you fine twirling, twisting ladies, whip out your best stuff. No b.s.; all mail answered — letters with flicks first. Aesthetics no real biggy. Alex Van de Ven, Box C-88406, Tamal, CA 94964.

Two w/m need sweet women, 18 and older, to write. Earnest Klotz 38979 (6'2", 200 lbs., black hair and brown eyes); and Gregory A. Davis 37518 (6'1", 185 lbs., brown hair and eyes). Please send pix. KSIR, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

W/m, 31, 5'7", blond and blue, down 2 years, Ventura-bound Feb. '86. Would like to hear from ladies, 18-40, with fine looks, fine legs, fine attitude. Photos appreciated. Will answer all. Help make these last "halfway house" months fly. Charlie Ingram 150476, 919 Oak St., Kansas City, MO 64106.

Healthy w/m, 25, blue-green eyes, 5'8", brown hair and goatee, 160 lbs., tattooed down, seeks good-hearted lady. Out soon. W.W. Wyatt, Box C-15793, Represa, CA 95671.

W/m, 34, needs to hear from honest and open-minded kinky ladies for a serious relationship. Age and looks unimportant. Send flicks with letters. David Robertson, Box C-97227, San Quentin, CA 94974.

White boy, 19, 5'9", 157 lbs., needs some scribes and pix from ladies out runnin' around. Donny Warf 39970, B1-243, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504-1568.

Lonely white female, 27, 5'1", 110 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, July 18th Cancer, would like to meet new males. Lesa Love 109447, MBCC-EHU, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136. Not permitted to correspond with other prisoners.

Former successful sex scientist in need of lovin'. Good-looking 36-year-old seeks professional, adventurous female for challenging relationship. I'm 6' and 190 lbs. You're wealthy and looking for a great attorney to get me out. Steve H. Long 171626, 954 Forrest St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

Male, 24, 5'8", 160 lbs., brown hair, baby-blue eyes, out in '86. Looking for a for-real lady, 18-40, to hook up with. Will answer all. Jarvis Maxey 393539, 1500 State School Rd., Gatesville, TX 76598.

Young bro, 21, doing a 5-yr. bone, seeks correspondence from sincere, beautiful ladies. Love pleasantly plump babes, so get off that big ass and write. E. "Kiddo" Webb, Box C-33294, Tamal, CA 94964.

Scooter ladies: Lonely bro needs your letters and pix. Little over a year left to do. All will be answered, so please write soon. Robert Van Keuren 094908, Tomoka Corr. Inst. B-A-201, 3950 Tiger Bay Rd., Daytona Beach, FL 32014.

Busted and disgusted, down but never out. Rockin', rollin', and ridin' country boy lookin' for a tumbleweed bender and a sweet-spot finder. M.W. "Kentucky" Rowe, C76123, Box 4000, Vacaville, CA 95696.

Out in July '86. I'm not handsome, but I'm good-looking, 5'10", 170 lbs., black hair and brown eyes, a Gemini. Looking for a sweet, sincere lady, 18-36, to build a relationship with. Lloyd "Tee" Turner 046595, 5 Hall, Box 539, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Hard time is a bitch, especially without pix, letters, and visits from ladies who give a damn! W/m, tall, 170 lbs., long-haired and bearded, frank (moody), and honest. SASE, if possible. Shaun Emig-Cassidy 159973, 3201 Bemis Rd., Ypsilanti, MI 48197.

Lonely w/m would like to correspond with females, 18-30, for friendship, possible relationship. John Solomayer 065556, River Jct. Corr. Inst. G-63, Box 37, Chattahoochee, FL 32324.

W/m, 25, 5'10", 140 lbs., light brown hair, green eyes, down since '80, being released in May '86. Looking for that special lady, 25-40, who's a sincere one-man woman to come here and visit, if possible. Please send pix. Robert Clark 156219, Box 549, Jessup, MD 20794.

Lonely Aryan tramp has been down for 2 years. Will see freedom in early '86. Would like to hear from righteous sisters out there. Ricky Platt, N36358, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259.

S.W. bro, 30 plus, needs TLC and/or mama. Sincere. Will write all who are free. Need help! Donnie Harding 113359, Rt. 3 Box 3333, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

Two crazy, horny white bastards can't wait to taste freedom again. Letters from fine cunts would be nice. Flick for flick. Daryl Morse 83B2405 (6' 1½", 225 lbs., blond and blue), and Eric Oakley 83B1786 (6' 1", 200 lbs., blond and blue). Box 41 Rt. 1, Beaver Dams, NY 14812.

W/m, 26, 6'1", long brown hair, 11" long, looking for letters and visits from ladies to help pass last four months of this bit. Have some serious ridin' and partyin' to make up for, so if you're interested in sharing the ride, drop me a line. John D. Trout 136-750, Box 534, Jessup, MD 20794.

Lonely rider, 29, down for a while, black hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs. Housebroken, well-adjusted. Will answer all letters; trade flicks. Michael Kelley 27198, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360.

Help! W/m, 25, 6'3", 170 lbs., good-looking, half a year left to freedom and looking for the right lady to share it with. All letters answered same day; picture gets one back. Richard A. Smith A016248, 700 Conley Lake Rd., Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

W/m, 34, needs letters and pix. Joseph Molicha 84-A-6226, GMCF, Comstock, NY 12821-0051.

Lonely bro with 2½ years to go needs special lady to help him through. W/m, 28, 6'3", 240 lbs., brown and blue. Looks and age don't matter. You must be dependable, dedicated, and open to permanent relationship. Jeff Say, D-12579, B-3354, Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Dude, 22, 5'9", 140 lbs., hazel eyes, needs some sexy females to write a few lines. I like the outdoors and traveling. Out '86-'87. Wayne Gordon, R-4684, Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

W/m, 5'9", 21, long brown hair, brown eyes, 150 lbs., in search of a get-down, easygoing, non-game-playing, partying, free-spirited young lady, 18-35. Not long to go. Robbie Hammond 40365, Box 1568, Hutchinson, KS 67504.

Chicano bro from Dallas would like to hear from ladies. All letters highly appreciated and will be answered quickly. Eddie Huerta 288744; Pete Perales 328672; and Leonard Ortega 362654. Eastham Unit, Rt. 1 Box 16, Lovelady, TX 75851.

W/m, 29, 150 lbs., brown hair and eyes, looking for sincere lady for possible relationship. Please send pix with kite. Joe Russell 093957, Okaloosa Corr. Fac. B-5-U, Box 578, Crestview, FL 32536.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of twenty-five bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

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Reunion On Ice

Continued from page 19

managing the job without torching the garage.

To my surprise, on the third kick it fired, rattling the windows with the thudding of its straight pipe. After fiddling with the choke and throttle, it finally idled roughly on its own. I went back inside the house, digging around till I found my leathers and gloves. I hastily dressed, rummaging in the dresser for my stash and clip-on boot knife. I slipped the knife into the waistband at the middle of my back.

I wrapped up my roll of tools in the sleeping bag, then lashed it to the handlebars, leaving me enough room to sit on the cramped pad. Shoving the garage door to one side, I rolled the one-lunger outside into the chilly, foggy air, taking time to shut down the lights and padlock both the outside door and the one leading to the house. I really hated to leave things like that. The bitch might have the parts sold and be gone before I got back, for all I knew.

The feeble beam from the headlight picked out just the worst of the potholes. Rumbling with creaking springs over the rough surface, grabbing a handful of brake tryin' to slow for a sharp curve, I almost put myself over the bars. Shit, at least the front shoes were all there. Now I was bouncing along the main road with my legs spread wide to kick it back upright as I slid from side to side on the greasy shit.

Damn. Still February. Time to be cleaning parts and thinking about warmer days ahead, not to be out here dodging patches of sand and hunks of ice dropped from passing trucks. Hitting a somewhat clearer stretch, I let my mind wander again, memories crowding each other.

Looking back, it seemed like a drug-induced nightmare, those years together — and apart. Fighting, breaking up at least once a month, then coming home from a weekend-long party swacked out of my head

to find her sitting there like nothing had happened. Still, it was never dull. The pictures faded as I started sliding around corners too fast, almost putting it sideways in a patch of sand.

It was getting lighter out, but the fog and drizzle were getting thicker. Riding along, it was almost like being in the middle of a cloud, with all sounds muted in the chill, dank air. I pulled off my goggles. They were uselessly smeared and my eyes stung from the strain. I listened to the tiny engine rap, never missing a beat. Maybe in another 50 miles things would start looking familiar. She'd moved to a burg a little further down the road than our old hangout.

Yeah, same people, same beat-out shops and bars, just a new location. We'd split one last time and drifted, but never totally, apart. Every couple of months a kite would arrive in the mail. Strange. We hardly ever talked about today — just memories, things past.

Why did I even bother writing her back? I couldn't explain it. Maybe it was 'cause she was the only one who was as much a friend as one of my bros, though I didn't tell them that. They didn't understand the funny smile that always crossed my face when we were wasted and talkin' 'bout ol' ladies. She and I used to talk, really jaw, about important stuff. Bros, if you knew, it would bend your minds in a circle.

Up ahead the road bent to the right. Just as I leaned into the turn a cage came into sight goin' the other way. In slow-motion I watched as its back end broke loose on the slick surface and started sliding my way. Its rear fender clipped the front of the bike. The front wheel went up in the air and I slid straight for the ditch.

Next thing I knew for sure, I was floundering around in a couple of feet of wet snow, numb aside from a sharp stabbing pain in the back of one leg. The scooter had buried itself a few feet farther on and steam was rising off the hot engine. I was a little sore, but everything still worked right.

Even crusted in snow the wheels didn't look any worse than before. The



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

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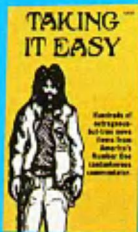
	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
A. Total no. copies printed (net press run)	649,261	607,652
B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	269,651	252,774
2. Mail subscriptions	77,352	73,813
C. Total paid circulation (sum of B1 and B2)	347,003	326,587
D. Free distribution by mail or other means, samples, complimentary and other free copies	1,776	1,819
E. Total distribution (sum of C and D)	348,779	328,406
F. Copies not distributed		
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2. Returns from news agents	294,459	274,401
G. Total (sum of E, F1 and F2 should equal net press run shown in A)	649,261	607,652

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Louis L. Kimzey, Editor.
For completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121, Postal Service Manual), 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."
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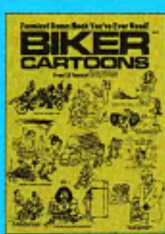


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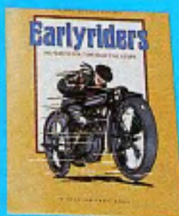
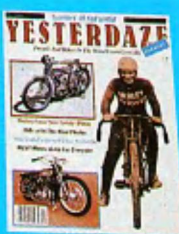
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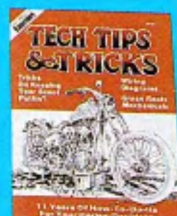
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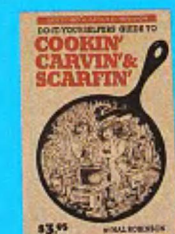


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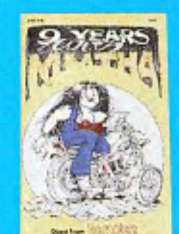
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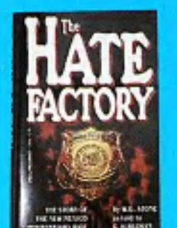
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bottom of the ditch had nearly melted clear, and I managed to roll the bike down there. It fired up again on the first kick. Shit, it had more lives than a cat. I felt new respect for it. A couple of hundred yards down I found a spot to get back up the bank and out on the road again.

Damn, this was almost fun, sliding around out here in the cold and wet. Especially after all winter of being cooped up with that whining... oh, well, at least business hadn't been too bad. Just a couple of hundred more for parts and some chroming, and I'd be set.

Up ahead I saw the mailbox she'd said to look for. Funny, the driveway looked like no one had been through there for weeks. There was only a ragged trail of footprints leading out to the mailbox and back. Dropping a couple of gears, I turned off the pavement, plowing through the slush, barely making it to the top of a hill that lay between the road and the house.

The engine missed erratically coming down the slope. A door opened on the porch and I saw her come out on the steps to watch my cautious descent. I gunned the bike crossing the yard and spun around in a tight circle, ending up a few feet from where she was standing. Unfortunately, my right leg gave out and the bike flopped over on top of me. Cussing under my breath, I tried to kick free, feeling that sharp pain again for a moment before she lifted up on the bars and I pulled my leg out.

"Well, I'm here," I said. "Hope you got breakfast on." I couldn't read the expression on her face as she turned to lead the way up the steps, but inside the house a giggle slipped out.

"Is that what you call making an entrance?" she quipped.

I didn't think it was all that funny. I watched her as she poured me a cup of coffee and I noticed there was only one jacket hanging on the wall.

"No, he's not here," she said. "He got picked up... let's see... must have been a couple of months ago. Cut up some dude who'd been ragging his ass 'bout jumping his ol' lady when he was out of town. They caught him down in the cities, I hear."

"Did he do it?"

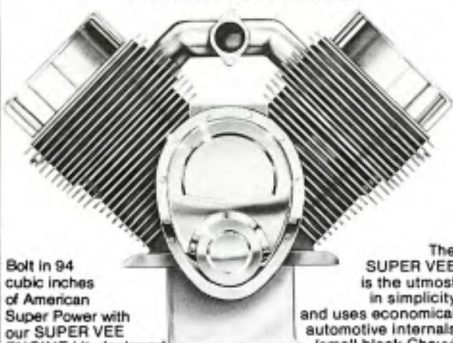
"Yeah. It wasn't the first time. You know how it is." We exchanged small talk over cakes and eggs, but she



"See? I told ya it don't look like no fish!"

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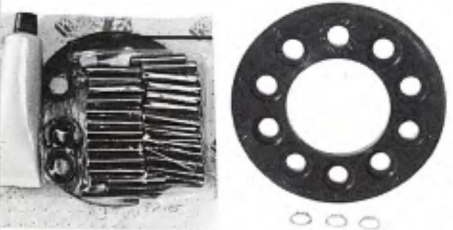
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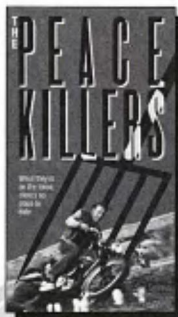
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never let on why she'd called. Finally, with breakfast over, I got serious, asking her what was up, no owl shit.

"Well, I got to thinkin' about pullin' up stakes, then last week I ran into one of the old gang. Anyway, he started tellin' me you were kind of down. Just had to call and find out for myself." She sounded kind of odd.

"What did ya find out?" Hell, just what had I said to her on the phone?

"Don't try to shit me and say you were doing great."

"No." What was the use? She was reading my mind again. She headed for the door, motioning for me to follow. We walked around the side of the house and she slid open the door to a large shed.

Inside, my eyes were slow to adjust to the dim light. Eventually, however, I saw it. There against the back wall was a bright red custom panhead.

"I got the title. He didn't want it picked up for back taxes on the house. It's got everything but someone to steer. We're a package deal, though — yours, if you're up to it." She turned and went back to the house, leaving me to think.

Back inside I headed for another cup of coffee, but she stopped me and said I should get out of my wet clothes. I was thinking over her crack about being "up to it," when she went sorta pale and pointed, directing my eyes to a vivid red splotch on the inside of my coveralls. Feeling around behind me, I unclipped the boot knife and brought it around to see that the stitching had ripped out of one side of the sheath.

Laying face down on her bed, I grimaced as she swabbed at the cut with some disinfectant before taping up the gash. After a moment or two, I said, "You know, there's got to be a point to all this."

"Like what?" She punctuated her words with a yank, pulling off a piece of tape that had gotten stuck wrong.

Rolling over on my side, I studied the big tits and elfin face, staring into her eyes for a minute. "Well, you know, this is kind of fitting. . . Like I always said, you're nothing but a little pain in the ass." I paused to catch her arm as she started to swing. "But . . . just maybe. . . I can live with that." Then we rolled off the bed and onto the floor, laughing. ■



"Whaddya mean? She's just obeying the sign behind you."

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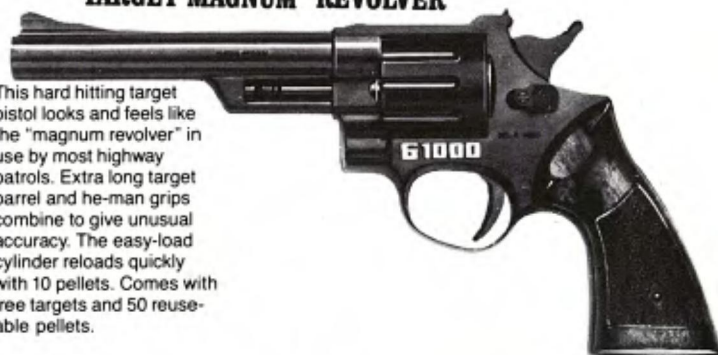
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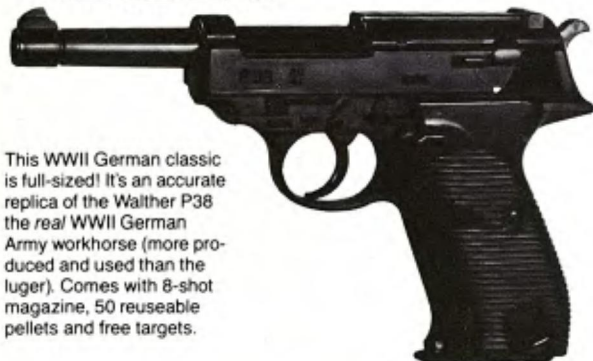
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Downtime

Mescalera Apache woman who bore him four children, put in a couple of years at El Paso Community College on a business major, and generally partied down with the Bandidos and other clubs in the area, all the while riding that military issue 45.

But life on a string became a strangling knot and never knowing from one minute to the next whether he was going to kill or be killed began to take its toll. As his innocence and trust in others diminished, Bobby decided to call it quits with his Indian wife.

He packed up his kids and headed north, back to Lincoln where he'd next try his hand at making a living as a tattooist. Meanwhile, life had marched on there, too. With his mother already dead of cancer, just three days before Bobby arrived home in Lincoln his father passed away. It was a staggering emotional low point, but Bobby got through it with the help of a handful of old, surviving friends — and lots of younger bikers, as well as the Tribesmen MC, who employed his services as a tattooist.

Then he got *the* phone call. By chance, Gail Anderson, head of Unlimited Productions in Council Bluffs, Iowa, had heard "Um, Baby, Baby." So, 27 years later, he was back in the studio, this time with a new band, The Wrecking Crew.

The band got together in January '85 through the help of Geno Kruger, Bobby's old ridin' partner from the fifties. Behind Bobby's deep, rich, Harley-thundering voice are Sean Benjamin and Butch Berman on guitars, Joe Gray on bass, Dave Robel on drums, and Jay Fremont on keyboards and synthesizers. Yeah, this band has a flair for the ol' get-down boogie-woogie and doo-wop, but it can also switch on the power and savagery of '80s heavy metal. Life, after all, has changed for everyone. Bobby's music isn't a rose-colored look back — it's a driving anthem of today's realities. No wonder that tunes like "Independence Day," "Racing With The Reaper," "Iron Pony," and "Ice Cold Heart" began to melt 'em at Lincoln clubs like the Zoo Bar, where bikers are welcome and a good time is had by all.

As of this writing, Bobby is preparing an album. **Bobby Lowell, Then And Now.** Still problems seem to hound him. The latest is that he can't find a major label to pick him up with a contract, because he's a biker, spelled B-I-K-E-R. And he won't back off from being himself. One record company wanted him to wear a cowboy hat and be somebody else (again), maybe a little bit like Charlie Daniels. Lowell nixed the idea. Currently, he's recording for his original label, Roto Records.

For more info on Bobby Lowell and his music, contact Roto Records, Box 254, Greenwood, NE 68366. ■

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Sugar and sass and a great piece of ass . . . that's what a biker girl's made of. On the P-pad or between the sheets, she's happiest when she's in motion — and damn, that girl sure knows the right moves. Our long-fringed, made-in-America Cowgirl jacket is the perfect gift for every free-spirited, born-in-America bit of scooter trash. Made of supple cowhide to accent — instead of conceal — her curves and moves, it features a zip-out pile lining for cold-weather riding and is a waist-and-hip-flattering 20 inches long. The *Easyriders* Cowgirl jacket — yesterday's quality and craftsmanship for the woman who's in the wind today.

E.



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BUN HUGGERS

Lockdown

Continued from page 71

prisons operate above capacity for more than 30 days. Immediately after the measure goes into effect, inmates' eligibility-for-parole dates are moved up by 90 days. In the two years since it went into effect, Michigan's emergency-release plan has been used five times without any evidence that the prisoners released 90 days early are any more likely to return to crime than those serving their full sentences.

The other methods for reducing the amount of time prisoners serve have not worked as well in recent years as many experts had hoped. For every state that's expanded "good time" and probation programs, there are others that have severely limited or even banned them.

Sometimes, in fact, attempts to keep more perpetrators of minor offenses on the streets have backfired. In Los Angeles County, California, for example, probation caseloads were allowed to soar to 300-plus offenders per p.o. The result, according to the *Time To Build?* study judges began sending even marginal offenders to prison because they felt that probation offered "no services or control."

The bottom line is that all the logic and evidence points to the conclusion that there are tens of thousands of people currently doing time who shouldn't be — not because it isn't good for them, but because it isn't good for the society that put them behind bars.

Man, particularly political man, is not a rational animal, however, and as long as there are elections to be won and speeches to be made, there's going to be a lot of "lock 'em up and throw away the keys" rhetoric coming out of the idiot-box news shows.

This being the case, the odds are that the old adage "Ride a bike, go to prison" is going to remain true for a hell of a lot of bikers at one time or another. Building adequate, constitutional institutions to house these unfortunates without bankrupting the taxpayers is a tough, but not impossible, task. We'll tell how next month. ■



"He's practicing lip reading."



M-18 After The Donkey Show

NEW!

There's hardly a guy who's been to Tijuana, Mexico, who hasn't heard of donkey shows. Back in the '40s and '50s there was a wild bar named the Blue Fox where anything went on. At times, bikes went right into the cafe, did a doughnut, and shot out the front door. It's been rumored that part of the floor show was a donkey fuckin' a chick — I guess it musta been true or why would Dave Mann change the name to the Blue Burro! (The rumor persists to this day.)



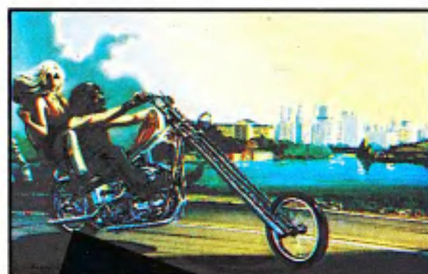
M-16 "GHOSTRIDERS"



M-7 "RUN HEAT"



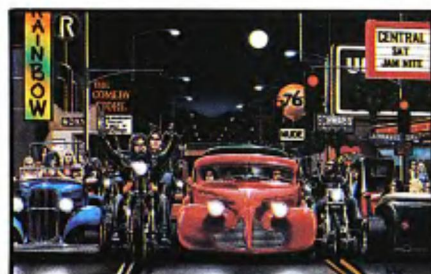
M-5 "RIDE HARD DIE FAST"



M-2 "FREEDOM OF THE ROAD"



M-17 "MEMORIAL DAY RUN"



M-14 "SUNSET BLVD."



M-8 "COMIN' AT YA"



M-15 "PRISON RELEASE"

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The Tangerine Sled

Continued from page 30

door, and stuck my head in to whistle for the dog. Nothing. Shit. I took out Uncle Henry and walked in. The fucking dog was gone, my compressor was gone, all three airbrushes were gone, and, of course, Rags' Softail.

I switched the alarm back on, leaving the door open. Nothing. No siren, no nothing. Shit. I followed the power line back to the pole and found my transformer two markers west. There, up at the top, was what could have easily been a squirrel fried to a fuse, except it wasn't. It was an oil-soaked shop rag which had been dragged across the fuse until it blew. The rope was still hanging halfway down the pole. With my head pounding, I climbed up and pulled the shop rag down. From my vantage point, I could see the dog lying in the field behind my house.

She was dead. Bled to death from what could have been an axe wound. Probably very similar to how I was going to look after Rags learned of his loss. I went back to the garage to look around some more and to pick up a shovel. Then I went in the house and called Power and Light. "No, I don't know what's wrong," I lied. *All I know is my fucking light's out in the refrigerator and I need a cold beer. Get your ass out here, lady, and fix it. Shit.* I hoped the dog had eaten some ass before she bought it and I kinda thought she had. I buried her a few feet from where she died.

The lock on the overhead had been pounded and turned. I'd seen a Trans-Am that'd had its column pounded out like this, but I'd never heard of a device like that being used on a door. It worked, though. I couldn't believe it didn't wake me up. Still, I had been pretty toasted. If they pounded out the lock before killing the power and my dog, I wouldn't have heard it above the music. The dog never made much noise. That's what had made her all the more dangerous. She was just a quiet biter. After burying her, I took a shower.

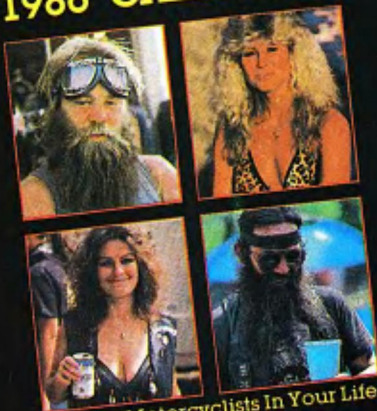
By the time I was clean the power company dude was putting away his tools. He was greasy and looked to be in a foul mood. Couldn't even get his cherry-picker back in where I'm located, had to climb the pole just like in the old days. Fuck him. We just



"You're lucky I caught you speeding before you hurt yourself!"

Get Your Act Together

Easyriders 1986 CALENDAR \$2.95



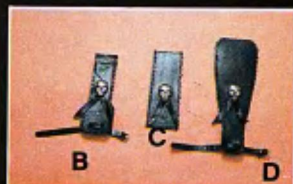
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T-Seats

Box 1025, Agoura Hills,
CA 91301



nodded at each other as I opened my second beer. It was 10:30 and I was feeling much clearer. By the time I was ready for my third beer it was even cold.

Well, Sherlock, what have you got here? Probable car thief, some electrical knowledge, carrying an axe, driving a truck (or van), maybe knows my drinking habits, and may know me real well. Hell, that narrowed things down considerably — to around a thousand people. I've painted a lot of bikes since I've lived here and there's been a blue million people around. One other real possibility was that there was a good chance the bastard responsible for my troubles was bitten by my dog. My garage looked like an operating room at rush hour. There was blood everywhere. I can't tell human blood from canine blood, but I didn't figure the dog had left red smears halfway up the wall in a couple of places.

After all this deductive reasoning I even considered the police. For about five seconds. I believe the heat in this town hang onto recovered property till no one's interested in it anymore and then they sell it at auction. I've never heard of anything ever being returned to anybody. Besides, I've got a record and the cops just wouldn't be too interested in helping me out. None of my possessions are insured and I couldn't very well call Rags and say, "Hey, man, your new scooter insured?" The only way I'd do that would be if my flight had just been called. This was Wednesday and I'd told Rags he could pick up the bike Saturday afternoon. I had three days. Instead of the Imperial storm troopers, I called the Lightbulb.

Lightbulb's real name is G.E. Landers. A very abstract and creative thinker. Rides a rat bike which never receives attention, but starts while mine is still trying to decide. I think sometimes I take too much care of my panhead. Especially around him. Anyway, he's a real character. He once rode to Newton, Kansas, on the rat, kidnapped his own daughter, and brought her back to Indy. He just sat her in front of him, put a rope around them both and shagged ass. We figure he made the right decision 'cause he never even heard from his ex.

He's pretty much a loner, so I figured I could share my problems with him and he'd keep it to himself.



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by
Milos Fortunato

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Maybe pick up on something I'd missed. I called and woke him up and he said he'd be out in an hour. I went to the garage to wash it down.

"Jesus Christ, son, you slaughter a cow in here?" The bucket I was using was a sight. And one door was still pretty bloody. I told Lightbulb my story.

"This isn't good, no shit," he said.

"Yeah, I know — and I've always been real proud of my security."

"Uh-huh. Well, I hope you're real proud of your new face when Rags is done rearranging it for you."

"I've tried to put that part of it out of my mind for the time being," I said. "You don't know whether his ride was insured or not, do you?"

"No idea, bud, no idea. You gotta cold beer?"

We drank a few. I showed him the fuse they blew, where I buried the dog, and where I planned to bury the person responsible. I was starting to get a buzz on and I was getting hotter by the swallow. Fortunately, Lightbulb produced a wildflower and we went into the house to ponder.

"You say the dog got one or more, right? My man, you may have just called the right person. I had to take the baby to the hospital in the middle of the night, when she woke up just burnin'. This was about 4:00."

"So?"

"So, two dudes came into emergency about 5:30, one of 'em covered with blood, rantin' and ravin' about how some dog ain't never bitin' nobody again."

"Were they wearing colors, man?"

"Nope, just wearin' lots of blood. One guy seemed okay, the other was chewed to shit."

"Think now. You ever seen them dudes before?"

"Nope, neither of 'em. I sat in the fucking hospital for quite a while, so I had plenty of time to check 'em out. One your size, one slightly larger."

"What's wrong with your daughter?"

"Who the fuck knows? They stuck a tube in her for a few hours, the fever broke, then I took her to my mom's and went home to bed."

"You got anything going tonight? Want to check some bars, maybe turn up something?"

"Shit, yeah. Let's just go now. I could use a sandwich and a cold beer."

I was feeling much better about my situation. We elected to take the Challenger to his house and pick up his 4WD. They'd seen my car and no doubt my bike. After we switched to his truck we headed for the Mousetrap.

We stayed there till after six. Hit the Bulldog, Alley Cat, Bill's, Bob's, Dollhouse, Dungeon, back to the Mousetrap and then called it a night. I was real down again by then. Real tired of turning around to look at people. And I was drunk again.

I woke up at ten, feeling lousy, and my mood was black. Lightbulb was sitting in the kitchen, drinking a screwdriver, and smiling so big I don't know what kept his nose from falling

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in. I wanted to kick him. Instead I got a cup of coffee and sat down.

"What the fuck you smiling at, asshole?" I asked.

"Hey, man, I've solved your fucking problems for you while you were sawing away," he said. "You sound like a Suzuki, you know that?"

"Fuck you."

"I'm serious, bro. I called my daughter's doctor. He's gonna check the hospital records for you and get a name and an address."

"No shit? You kidding?"

"No shit. I'm sitting here waiting for him to call back."

"Whew! Fucking far out! I owe the dude one, man."

"Yeah, well, he knows. His kids got a go-cart needs some names painted on it. Nothing fancy."

"No problem. The kids got their names already."

We waited for the phone to ring and finally it did. It was Jennifer. She'd left work early and how about a ride? Yeah, baby, I'll take you for a ride. I said I was tied up, but I'd get back to her later. I took a quick shower and we waited some more.

The good doctor called back at 12:15 with all our information. I promised to pick up the go-cart the next week and only have it overnight (if I didn't have to kinda leave town in a hurry). Now I wanted to concentrate on finding a Mr. Kent Geherty whose given address was less than ten minutes from my place. I went into the bedroom and got my Combat Commander while G.E. checked on his daughter.

We drove to the address we'd been given and cruised a bit. Fair-sized one-story house, fenced yard, and a garage off the alley. Padlocked. I was ready to kick in the front door, but was talked into parking just down the street and waiting. There was a bike in the backyard and a van in front, parked at the curb.

We'd had about two beers apiece when a girl and a dude came out the front and headed for the van. The girl

was small, but she was more or less helping the guy to the curb. His right arm was in a sling, the right side of his head was bandaged, and he wasn't walking real good. I decided the dog's grave deserved a marker of some sort.

Lightbulb wanted to follow them, which made sense. Rags' bike wasn't necessarily in their garage and maybe they'd lead us to it. We followed them to a liquor store, where the girl went in and came back out empty-handed. She walked up to the passenger side of the van and said something to my dog's last supper. He slowly got out and went in the store with her tagging along behind.

"Must be too young," G.E. said.

"Yep."

They came out with a twelve-pack, got in the van, and headed east on 62nd Street. We weren't far behind. They went to Broad Ripple Park, drove down to the boat launch area, and parked. I'd had enough. I told G.E. to pull up beside them and I got out. I stuck the .45 in Kent Geherty's face and told him we were gonna have a talk. The girl spilled Old Milwaukee down her T-shirt and the dude looked like someone caught in somebody else's nightmare.

"Kent, very slowly put both your hands on the dashboard. And don't even think about fucking with me 'cause I ain't in the mood."

"I can't, man! My arm's in a sling,"

"Take it out of the sling, fucker, or I'll do it for you!"

"All right, all right."

"Okay, little girl, I want you to get out of the van and go get in that pickup." She did. She was scared shitless.

"We're going to my house," I told Lightbulb. "You follow us. Make her lay on the floor and keep an eye on her."

I was flying — I'd just kidnapped two people! Christ. I drove the van and made the dude lean forward with his hands on the dash. He tried to bitch, but I convinced him that if I pulled the trigger it was going to make him deaf for the rest of his life. And the rest of his life wasn't going to amount to shit. I told him not to open his mouth again, drank one of his beers, and we got to my house with no problems. Lightbulb right behind me.

I made Kent get out, shook him down, kept \$14, and then we took him and the girl into the garage.

"She give you any trouble?" I asked.

"Naw. Cried all the way here, though. Says her boyfriend's got some 40-odd stitches in him."

"Ahhh. That's too fucking bad," I said. "All right, you two, I want both of you on the floor." She sat right down. He was having a little trouble, so I knocked him down.

G.E. went to their van and came back with their beer. And my air-brushes. The girl started to say something and Kent told her to shut up. I kicked his sore leg. Hard. Drew some blood through his jeans, too. Tough sonuvabitch. He just winced. The girl



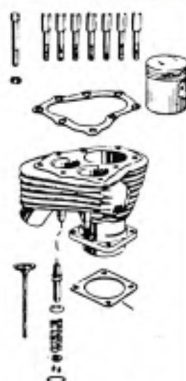
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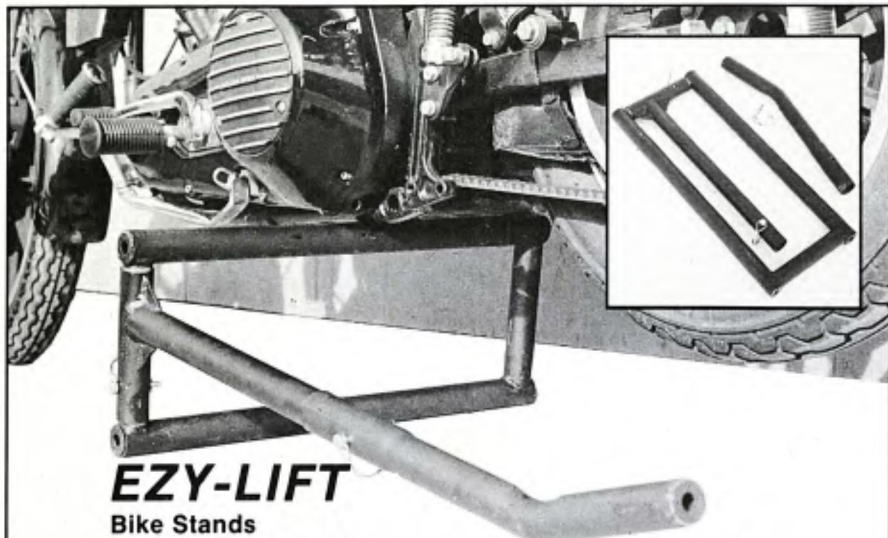
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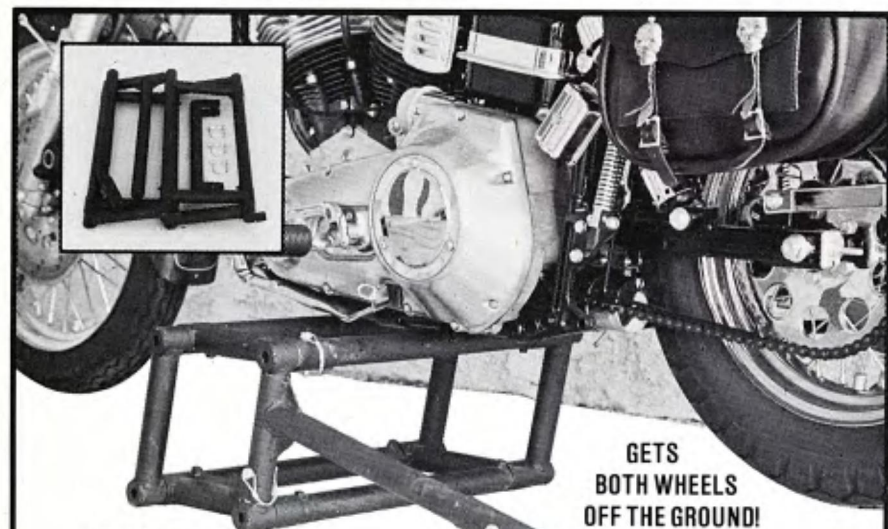
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was crying hard now. She was ready.

I told G.E. to keep an eye on our boy, maybe explain how bad his situation was. Then I told the girl to get up and led her into the house. I ordered her to wash her face, gave her a cigarette, and sat her down in the kitchen.

"You know why you're here?" I asked.

"Kent did something to you, didn't he?" Yeah, no shit.

"What's your name?"

"Cathy."

"Okay, Cathy, do you know what Kent did?"

"No."

"Well, you just sit and listen to me for a minute. Don't talk, just listen. When I'm done I'm going to ask you some questions and if you answer me, you're going to be all right. Lie to me or try to hustle me and I'm going to break you in half." I wanted to scare her — and I did.

"Your boyfriend stole a bike from me, plus some tools, and he killed my dog," I said. "I want the bike and the tools back." She frowned at the mention of the dog. Except for a healing black eye, she looked pretty good. And pretty young. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"You from around here?"

"No, I'm from California."

"Long ways from home, kid. Your boyfriend was with another dude when he ripped me off. Any idea who that might be?"

"Probably my brother Mike."

"Mike who?"

"Mike Casey," she whispered.

"Do you know where the motorcycle is, Cathy?" I was trying to sound bad, because I needed that fucking bike. "It's orange."

"No, I haven't seen it." I scowled at her. "Honest, I haven't. It could be in the garage, but I haven't been in there so I don't know!"

With her head hung down and her small shiner she looked like a little girl in way over her head. I didn't know who'd hit her, but I was sure I wasn't going to.

"Who gave you the black eye?"

"Mike," she said softly.

"Why?"

"I got drunk." Great. Nice people I was dealing with here.

"You want a beer?"

"Please, I sure do." I got her one.



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"Cathy, I gotta have that bike back. Will you go to the garage with me to have a look? Will you do that?"

"Will you hurt Kent?" Oh, no, I wouldn't think of it.

"I'll kill him if I don't get that bike back." I might, too.

"I don't want him hurt any more, please. He doesn't give a shit about me and right now I don't care too much for him, but your dog hurt him bad. I've never seen anybody that messed up. I'll help you if you don't hurt him any more, okay?"

"All right. You help me find the bike and I'll leave him alone," I lied. "Can we go now? Is there anybody there?"

"No, Mike's at work till five."

"Let's go."

I told G.E. what was going on and had him tie up our boy to cool out for a while. "With any luck," I said, "we'll be right back."

We took the van and were inside the garage in ten minutes. My compressor and hoses were there. Rags' sled wasn't. *Shit, shit, shit.*

"Do you know anyplace else they might have it?" I asked Cathy.

"God, no! They know a lot of bikers, though. You won't hurt him, will you? You promised!" She was crying again.

I was disgusted. We drove back to my place. I figured I might have to keep an eye on her from now on, too.

When we got back the boyfriend was crashed on the floor and Cathy showed no interest in going over to him to see how he was. We went into the kitchen where Lightbulb was drinking Wild Turkey and washing it down with the last of my beer.

"I got the compressor and hoses. No bike, though," I said.

"Figures. It's been a little easy so far. Too fucking easy."

"She's got no clues, either. They got lots of bros."

"Well, I gotta check on my kid, man. You okay here?"

"Yeah, no problem. Thanks for all the help."

"You got a couple of options, as I see it. You can make the dude talk, make the brother talk, tell him if he ever wants to see his sister again, blah, blah, blah, or you can call Rags. Let him work it out. He can't be too fucking mad since you've gone to some lengths here."

"I'll think about it. I don't know what to do at this point." And I didn't.

"I'm not real sure you'll get this guy to talk, short of killing him. Tough bastard. Never said a word."

"Okay, thanks. Give me a call later." *Call Rags, huh? I just might.*

I told the girl to stay in the kitchen and I went to check on the boyfriend. He was tied secure, still out, and looked to have some fever. And he'd pissed himself. Fuck him. I lifted an overhead and slid a coffee can under it so he'd get some air and then I went back into the house.

"Can I use the bathroom?" the girl asked.

"Sure. You want a shower? I can

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give you a shirt to wear if you'd like."
"Yeah, I could use a shower. You're not so bad, you know that?" Yeah, I know.

"I can be — if the mood strikes me. You can have free run of the house. Stay inside and away from the phone. I catch you fucking around and you'll find yourself tied up in the garage with your boyfriend. I mean it."

"I won't. I just want you to get your lousy bike back and then I'm going back home to Los Angeles."

"Your brother and this fucker ride with a club? Wear colors? You know, patches on their jackets?" I asked.

"No, I don't think so." Thank God. *Independents.*

While my guest was in the shower I called Jennifer, made my excuses, and started some spaghetti. I hadn't eaten all day and I was starving. The sauce was on low boil when Cathy reappeared and she volunteered to finish. *Sure, why not?* I fixed myself a vodka rocks and sat down at the table.

She had on a faded flannel shirt which hung down to her knees — almost. Cute little fucker. I wondered if she had anything else on and then forced my attention back to my more immediate problems. The longer it took to recover the bike, the more time it had to wind up in another state or in a couple of hundred different pieces. Then God help me.

I put some Creedence Clearwater on and we sat down to eat. No, I'm sorry, but until I get the bike, he don't eat. . . looks like we're in for stormy weather. . . looks like the end is coming soon. I said I'd take him some water after a while.

She'd made a salad, heated some bread, and we both ate like horses. It was seven by the time she'd cleaned up. I took some water to my new watch dog, told him I'd see him first light, and that I was going to ask the location of the bike and he'd do well to tell me. He didn't speak. He didn't look well. Not well at all. Tough shit.

I made a fresh drink and sat down on the couch. Cathy sat well away from me on the couch and was sound asleep in minutes. *Tough day, huh?* She didn't have anything else on. I took a shower, put on clean jeans, and went back to the living room to watch the tube. And the girl. I was asleep before I got to enjoy much of either one.



"But, officer, that damn modulating headlight got me all disoriented."

The fucking phone woke me at 10:45, about liked to jump out of my socks. G.E. wanted to know if everything was cool. Yep, sure thing. The girl never moved. She was asleep on her side with her bare ass pointing straight at me. I hung up the phone, picked her up, and took her to bed. By the time she tried to argue, it was way too late.

I was up, wide awake and dressed by 6:30. Felt great. Nerves had settled, I'd gotten my pipes cleaned, and I'd slept like a stiff. I poured a glass of juice and took it to the garage to check on my patient.

"You can end this right now, man. I just want the bike back and you can go," I said.

"I need to go to the hospital. I don't feel too fuckin' good."

"Where's the Softail? Keep jacking me around and you're gonna lay there until you lose that leg."

"I'll have to take you there."

"I'm ready," I said. "Where is it?"

About this time the chick wandered into the garage, her hair all fucked up, sleep in her eyes, and our boy lost it.

"You bitch! You fucking, slut-assed —"

"Get out of here, Cathy!" I yelled.

"Get back in the house!" She went.

"Fuck you, faggot!" Geherty said. "I ain't tellin' you nothin'!"

"Oh, that's real bright, bud. You gonna die for an 18-year-old piece of ass, that right?" She's kinda cute, but come on!

"Fuck you!"

I grabbed the bastard by his greasy fucking hair and he passed out on me before I got to him like I'd planned. I went into the house and called Emmet Ragsdale. Fuck 'em all. I'd had enough of this shit. I was brief. He said he would be right over.

Now I was ready to hit the girl. Black her other fucking eye for her. She was crying pretty seriously, so I let it go. I told her to get her ass dressed and shut the fuck up. She disappeared into the bedroom in a heartbeat.

When Rags showed up I told him the whole story, being careful to emphasize the shit I'd been through on his behalf. He took it real well. Kinda smiled at the end — if you could call it a smile. More of a twisted snarl, really. Anyway, he suggested that maybe the young lady and I might like to go away for a nice weekend and he'd look after the place for me. Yeah, sure, why not?

It took me a long time to pack saddlebags, the camel tent, bedroll, and canteen. About two minutes. We were camped deep in Brown County by four that afternoon. We swam, ate, drank wine, and fucked around for two whole days. I rested my gourd, caught up on lots of missed sleep, and was feeling mighty fine when we packed up and headed back to Indy Sunday around noon.

The drive and house were empty when we got there. The garage doors had locks on 'em the likes of which I'd never seen before, meaning I couldn't

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get in my own garage. I was on the verge of getting pissed off when a brand-new white 'Vette rolled into my drive, driven by one of the sexiest women I ever saw. She sorta unfolded out of the cage, wearing a too-short denim skirt and a cut-off Son's T-shirt. Stunning bitch. Blonde pony-tail down to her ass and even bare-foot, she was at least six feet tall.

"You Pirate?" she purred.

"Yep," was about all I could get out.

"Rags asked me to drop these off." She handed me six keys.

"To my garage, I hope." I wanted some of this one.

"Yes, and he said to apologize for any inconvenience."

"No problem." Anger was certainly beyond me now.

"Oh, I almost forgot! This is for you, too." She bent into the car as my tongue headed for my boots. *Nice fucking ass, honey, nice fucking ass.* She turned around and handed me an eight-pound ball of fuzz.

"What the hell is this?"

"It's a Rotweiler." All 700 carats of her perfect teeth were smiling at me. "He'll get very big and very loyal. They're one-man dogs, just like me."

The dog was trying to French me by then and I handed it to Cathy. He was a good-looking pup. I had to admit. Huge fucking feet.

"Rags said to tell you he appreciates all you did. He's very grateful."

"What happened after I left Friday?"

"I really couldn't say." I raised an eyebrow. "Really, I was just supposed to drop off the keys and the dog."

"Well, ask Rags to give me a shout. You want a beer?" *You want to get naked? You want to get married?*

"No, thanks. I gotta be on my way. You've got a nice place here — I like it."

"Thanks. Come back any time." I was trying not to slobber.

"I may." She smiled and folded back into the 'Vette.

"What's your name?" I asked as I closed her door and leaned down to look at her.

"Alice." She fired up the car and was gone.

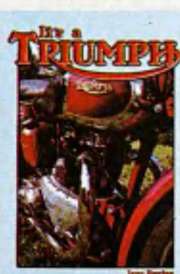
Cathy was busy with the pup, so I



"She tied me up, blew me, gave me a champagne enema and sat on my face for 3 1/2 hours. I was the happiest man in the world until I discovered the painful truth. It wasn't champagne, it was cold duck!"

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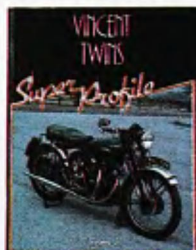
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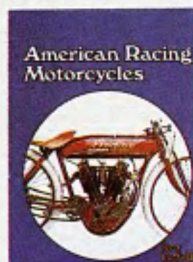
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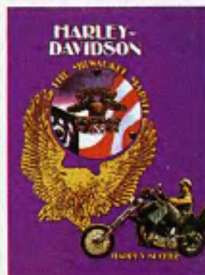
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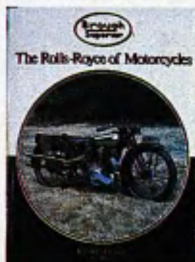
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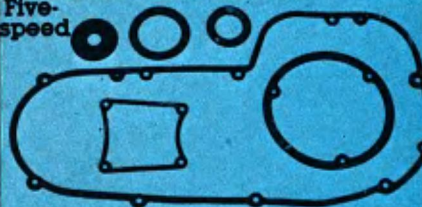
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decided to try the keys. The garage was spotless. All my tools were clean and hung up, the Challenger was parked where it's supposed to be, and there was Rags' bike, just setting there waiting to be finished. I had to take the tanks and fenders back off, but there didn't appear to be any damage. No blood, no body, no mess — it looked like nothing had ever taken place. I needed a beer.

Rags picked up the bike the following Thursday and all he said was that the guy had been very cooperative. We twisted one, drank a couple of beers, he said he was more than satisfied with the new shine, he paid me more than we'd agreed upon, and he left. I did find out that Alice is his sister and he suggested I install a 12-volt backup alarm.

What I heard happened was all hearsay that G.E. and I pieced together from several sources. Supposedly, Rags removed some of Kent Geherty's stitches with a pair of my pliers, at which point he decided to cooperate. They took the van and six riders to Greenfield to get the bike. A few broken bones were allegedly issued in this one garage, a couple of bikes and some tools changed ownership, a house got trashed, and then all was well. Everyone then pitched in to restore my garage to its usual gleaming condition and someone's uncle, a locksmith, put in the locks. Damn fine locks, too. Slide bars of quarter-inch steel and all.

I lettered the go-cart and was told I'd get some referrals. Good money for easy work — my favorite. The doctor's son is a born biker. I told him I'd go and watch him race sometime. Cathy hung around another week and finally headed back to L.A. She was all right, but I was glad she was gone. Said she'd write. I'm gettin' on with gettin' on; life's back to normal. Jennifer's pissed at me, I drink too much, smoke too much, and never seem to get enough sleep. The dog's eating me out of house and home and still doesn't have a name. Maybe Chubby. Still, he's okay. Has all the makings of a real fine dog. ■



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Continued from page 63

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When Sunday came, I hopped on the train and rode for half an hour along the Exe River. The fog was as thick as thirty-weight. I got off and began wandering down nowhere

streets. Everyone I asked about the Builders Arms either shrugged their shoulders or gave directions in accents too thick to understand. I was totally lost when I heard the faint sound of my kinda music. Homing in on it, I saw a sight that almost knocked me down. There in front of an old pub, under a dim streetlight, stood about two dozen cycles. Some were rice burners, but most were Dunstall-equipped Nortons. There were also a few Tritons — Norton featherbed frames with Triumph engines. In the middle was Stig's Vincent. The door opened and the music poured out into the fog. It was Eddie Cochran singing "C'mon Everybody!" I went inside.

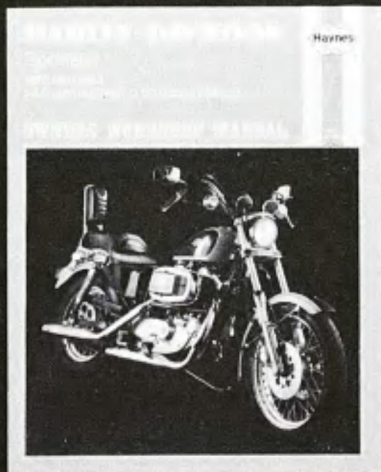
A lot of the guys were wearing colors. I couldn't help but grin. Stig was behind the bar and he gave me a free beer. Since it was too loud to talk, I sucked on the pint and let my bones sorta shake off the damp to the beat of the music. Everyone except Stig had been sizing me up, but I was so obviously happy to be there that I think they considered me one of them before the song was even over. They had two turntables set up to eliminate breaks between records and the guy spinning the discs had some powerful material to work with. His name was Skinner. He was about 35, a biker for life with the UBGB (United Bikers of Great Britain), and he loved that music as much as I did. We had ourselves a helluva time hollering trivia questions back and forth. Then he played his ace in the hole — a British piano player named Freddy "Fingers" Lee who pumps the box like Jerry Lee Lewis, wears a .45 while he plays, and occasionally removes his glass eye during a performance just as a gross-out.

After that I went there every Sunday night. Everybody took turns at being DJ and I discovered I had a good bunch of bros. Within four months, by dint of hard saving, I finally had enough money to buy an airplane ticket home. When I told the bros that the next week was gonna be my last with them, they were genuinely happy for me. I was gonna get to hop on my own ride again whenever I wanted and there wasn't a man among 'em who couldn't relate to that.

They really put together one hellacious farewell bash for The Yank. Despite the fact that the partying was wilder than ever, it finally got to be train time, though. Hugs went all around and I started for the door, but suddenly Skinner and Stig blocked my way. They said they wanted to buy



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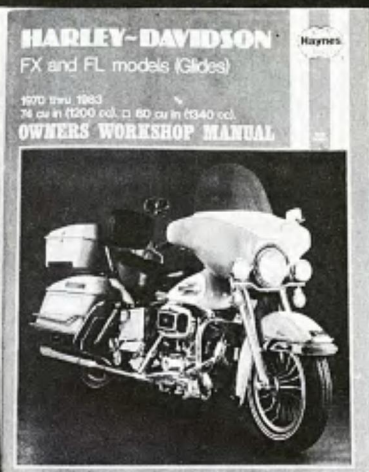
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me a few pints before closing and I knew I could kiss the train goodbye. Then Skinner handed me a ticket for a Freddy "Fingers" Lee concert in Bristol the following night. Since Bristol's about four hours away, apparently it was time for a road trip — I was being shanghaied.

Meanwhile, the barman was doing a chore that gets done in most English pubs on Sunday nights — cleaning the pipes. The plumbing gets disconnected from the beer barrels, then it's drained and flushed. This time, however, it all got drained into one-gallon plastic jugs, all mixed up together: beer, lager, ale, even hard cider. This was to be our "fuel" for the cold night ride ahead of us. Riding on the back of the Vincent, I felt like I'd been reborn.

By the time we hit Bristol it was early Monday morning and the city's decent folk were on their way to work. Their looks said it all — the Vikings had just landed. We were a noisy, drunk, and dirty bunch when we reached the house where several of the bros lived. Inside, the place looked like everyone regularly changed their oil on the living room carpet. A Doberman puppy was playing tug-of-war with a couch cushion and there was couch stuffing and puppy shit everywhere. Then there were the chicks. They were screaming. They were hungry. They were wired. They were pissed off. They wanted to know where the fuck we'd been. They wanted to know who the fuck I was. I introduced myself and then they started screaming again 'cause they had a crazy, fucking Yank in their midst.

There were five or six of these chicks — referred to as the slags — and every one of 'em was a wired up, little butt-twitching screamer. The leader was Skinner's girlfriend Gemma. She shook my hand just like a dude and smiled at me in a hungry sorta way as she told me that Skinner had promised to bring her back another puppy. When I said that the Dobie looked like all the puppy this particular household could handle, she launched into a speed-freak tirade directed at Skinner. "Why didn't you bring me a puppy?" she screeched. In a flash all the other slags chimed in. "Let's go to a pet store," Skinner yelled over the din. Yeah, back on the road again. The cycles were quiet compared to those chicks.

Ultimately, we wound up buying a gerbil because the gerbils were on

Continued on page 108



"Just because I have herpes doesn't mean I always have to be last!"

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Custom Leather Works and Supply, 810 Court St., Pekin, IL 61554. (309) 353-7672. (152)

Long Rider Leathers, custom & made-to-measure MC jackets & repair. Box 990, Morro Bay, CA 93442. (805) 772-8364. (153)

Leathers By Impulse, 135 Division St., Amsterdam, NY 12010. (518) 843-4568. (161)

Buzzy's \$89 American Leather Jacket Chop Shop, 407 Station St., Bridgeville, PA 15017. (412) 221-SHOP. (155)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (161)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adell, WI 53001-0230. (414) 994-4013. (161)

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

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (161)

MOTOR REBUILDING

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

OBSOLETE PARTS

Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

Cycle Parts Emporium, Box 281086, Memphis, TN 38128. (901) 353-0601. We ship C.O.D. (153)

PAINT

RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825 Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA 91748. (818) 336-3822. (161)

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. (161)

Andrews Products, 5212 N. Shapland Ave., Rosemont, IL 60018. (312) 992-4014. (153)

MC SERVICES

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc., 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. (901) 276-6443. (152)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (161)

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. (161)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., \$10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S, M, L, or XL.) (162)

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183. (602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (159)

Barnett Harley-Davidson, \$8.95, five-color. Shipped UPS, C.O.D. same day. 9505 Montana, El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (155)

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., \$10 each (state size: S, M, L, XL). Mailing address: Rt. 212 Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227. (161)

Richie's Rats Nest, free sheet. Box 370, Oceanside, NY 11572. (156)

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. **Easysiders** 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 **Easysiders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment. This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

Shaky Jake: Happy 37th, baby, Feb. 16, 1986. You've still got it. We love you. Babydoll and Shane. (152)

Announcing the arrival of Brandon John Dass on April 26, 1985. Eight pounds, one ounce of bouncing baby boy. His proud parents, Broderick and Sherri Dass. (152)

J.P.: Do what you wanna do, do what you can, do what you gotta do, but don't forget me. Suzanne. (152)

Zach and Maggie: How ya doin'? Get in touch. Bob and Kathy, MSO Seattle. (152)

Mr. Perez: I don't know what more I can do to prove how much "I love you." Miss Padilla. (152)

"Little Bit" (issue #89): Been 18 years and I still love you. Write me. Anyone knowing whereabouts, please forward message. "Little O" 132895, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204. (152)

Anyone in the Beaumont/Port Arthur, Texas, area: If you know Tommy (Greaser) who used to run Cherokee's MC Shop and live off of Adam St., would you ask him to get in touch with a good bro of his who's in prison? I'm Johnny Coley's nephew. Charles Wayne Wileman 382358, Pack II, Rt. 1 Box 1000, Navasota, TX 77868. (152G)

Tattooing equipment: colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (164)

To all you good people in Mammoth Lakes, Calif.: Bobby, Billy, Tim, Don, Kelly, and Frank, please get in touch with me. Lost your addresses. Want to come back for a visit and have some more good times with good-timing people. Sue Cell, 13 Carmello Dr., Edison, NJ 08817. (152G)

Curt Holter: Write home to Mother soon as possible at 2157 Inca Cr., Rapid City, SD 57701. Little Bro fell flat for a few years. (152G)

Benji, Ernie Barnes: Where the fuck are you? "Striker" "private joke." Douglas Taylor, 924 Lakewood Rd. N., Edmonton, Alta., Canada T6K 3X1. (403) 461-1087. (152)

David Lee Meredith: Happy birthday, honey. I'm sorry that things didn't work out for us the first time, and that it took the Pinellas County Jail to get us back together the second. I hope things will work out for us the second time around. I'm sure they will. You may be down now, but we'll be in the wind together soon. Once again, happy 40th. I love you and miss you very much. Your ol' lady Robin and the Girl Scout. (152)

Wanted: Early model Wide Glide. Reasonable price. Stock. Call (805) 583-0339. Ask for Ron. No collect calls. (152)

"Bad Bob" Bachus of Edison, N.J.: You didn't leave forwarding address. Thought we would be bros till the end. Guess not. Jack Tarasas, Long Beach. (152)

Harriet: The only girl in Dover Plains, N.Y., who rides her own Harley. (152)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of the following people, please contact me: Ann Farris (Miami), Julie Metz (Baltimore), Puddy Brown (Miami), Jimmy "Guitar" Tar (Tennessee/Miami), Bob Jasper (Little Rock), James Silver (Baltimore), Karen McIlvain (Jacksonville). Koz, Box 8, Brunswick, NC 28424. (152G)

Louis "Lewd" Locks: If you read this, I'd sure like to see or hear from you. Our letters missed each other around Feb. '82. We met through "Male Call." I'm down doing time again. Conni "Candi" Spitzer, 951 Low Gap Rd., Ukiah, CA 95482. (152G)

Scott Parrish of Kentucky: Call me, Larry Deerdoff, at (713) 674-1298. (152)

Anyone with info on the whereabouts of Frank Oliverri from Wilmington, Delaware, contact M. Kelley 27198, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. Very important! (152G)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Debbie Dougherty from Klamath Falls, Oregon, tell her to get in contact with L.I. Ricky B. Most important. Richard Gurule, Box C01957, Represa, CA 95671. (152G)

Tattoo power controls from \$50. Send \$2 for particulars to Tattoo Techniques, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (162)

I just recently completed a trip to Texas and I'd like to thank Willie and Sherry at Wheels in Bryan, Texas, for their hospitality and friendship. Thanks also to Marv, John, Steve, and Terry in Colby, Kansas, who helped to keep my bike on the road. Stan, Yorkton, Saskatchewan. (152G)

Happy birthday, Jim Bo Starling. Love ya always, Donna. (152G)

I'm looking for my dad, Dave Roach. He should be 45-46 years of age. My name is Sevette Rae Roach; my mom's name is Martha Rose Roach. I'd appreciate the help. Sevette Roach, 205 1/2 N. Hill, Apt. #2, Oceanside, CA 92054. (152G)

Rick Messervy from Adrian, Michigan: You shouldn't have covered your dirt by digging on me. Don't ya remember? It'll all come back to ya in the end. (152)

Bongo: I'm sure the new year will be full of good times and happiness, for I'll be spending it with the one I love. Elie. (152)

Help! Looking for a friend who is a member of the Pairadise Riders of Toronto, Ontario. I'm serving time right now. Please contact Mark "Mutt" Pember, Box 3003, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada S6V 6G1. (152G)

Looking for Repeat, who turned me on to the world of real brotherhood, and who might be in the Hancock County Hilton of Bay St. Louis, Miss. If you're the one, you gave me my handle in 1976. Remember Mars Foosball Hall in Dallas? Drop me a kite. Shawn Day 294948, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, TX 75861. (152G)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title Reverend. Send \$10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

Tattooing outfit: Electric machine (heavy-duty), power unit, voltage regulator, designs, inks, \$97. Free instructions. U-Assemble, Box 242-P, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (152)

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. (152)

Floyd S.: Why don't you call? (I know you can't write.) Same town, same phone. Whitson and Son. (152)

Women in the Wind MC now has five chapters (Toledo, Chicago and Rockford, Illinois, central Indiana, Washington, D.C.). Any lady riders interested in joining or starting new chapters, write Box 8392, Toledo, OH 43605. (No prisoners or dykes, please.) (152)

Bike Week. A Biker's Guide to Daytona Beach. Detailed maps and information, \$5. A Biker's Guide, Box 212 E, North Ridgeville, OH 44039. (153)

Mail receiving-forwarding services. Zeke, 300 Plume Street, Norfolk, VA 23510. (153)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title "Reverend." Send \$10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

For sale: 275 copies of *Easysiders* (April '72-present), *Iron Horse*, *In The Wind*, *Custom Bike*, etc. All for \$825 cash. (305) 859-4723. Orlando, Fla. (152)

Mail-order leathers designed by Juliet Wilson. Please send SASE and \$1 for catalog. Leathers, Box 922, Sisters, OR 97759. (152)

Tattoo machines, \$75 and up. Chromed quality. Send \$2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (156)

Kay-K: Gotta get in touch with ya, babe. Call me, (216) 222-1622, or drop a few to Red, 5876 Woodside Rd., Hanover, OH 44423. I need ya, lady! (152G)

T-Bird: Thanks for a great year, but I'm not on my way. The cost of love is dear, but to me you're worth a million! You've made me very happy and though we may not laugh every day, you'll always be my #1 man. Can you tolerate the growing pains to receive a lifetime of fringe benefits? T, I love you. Gypsy. (152)

Tired of caring? Join Pha-Kit and receive a T-shirt and membership card stating: Pha-Kit — An organization and attitude of members who, having encountered repeated failures in various endeavors such as simple tasks, self-improvement, financial gain, and attempting to get laid, have declared Pha-Kit. Associate membership: membership card and sticker, \$2.50. T-shirt, \$13. T-shirts are black with white print; specify size (s, m, l, xl). Also, receive a high-quality Pha-Kit bumper sticker with each order. Send \$14.95 to Pha-Kit, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (154)

Bob "Blue" Addison: Are you still alive? Let us know. Coonass. KCMO. (152)

Trying to locate Susan Bryans. The last time I saw her was in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1980. If she, or anybody who knows her, sees this, have her drop me a line. Richard Renaud, Box 373, Ponder, TX 76259. (152)

Egyptian: I miss chasing the car around the lakes. Mom's no fun. Take a shower, behave, and come home soon. Thor. (152)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (153)

Blond, blue-eyed devil, 6', 175 lbs., 31, about to shake loose the chains after 9 calendars in the swamps. Going back to the Southern California area and would like to have a sweet thing waiting. Got to be about something in all areas of life, or don't bother. I'm not lonely for conversation. Larren Gray 055122, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

Downed biker fixin' to hit the streets October '85. Over 400 Xeroxed tattoo patterns from originals, sell cheap! Send SASE for sample and price. Send to Biker, 2032 Westgate Apt. 1, Pekin, IL 61554.

Wanted: Will pay \$25 for September 1971 issue of *Playboy*, complete with "Feds & Heads" game. Respond to Al Sherman, 791 N. Olive, Ventura, CA 93001.

Waterproof fuse, extreme high quality. Sample and wholesale price list, \$1. Unlimited, Box 1378-ERI, Hermiston, OR 97838. (153)

Partnershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5 per ad for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

W/m, locked away in hell, needs correspondence from ladies. Age no big thing. Flicks would be nice. I'm 30, 6', 185 lbs., dark brown hair, ocean-blue eyes. Robert Van Dorn 81034, Box 316, Ft. Madison, IA 52627. (152)

White outlaw, 26, 5'9", 170 lbs., would like correspondence from women, 18-45. Skinny, fat, ugly, tall, doesn't matter — will write all. Flick for flick. John Tetz, Box C-43265, Reppa, CA 95671. (152)

Wanted: white ol' lady who needs meaningful relationship. No head games, please. Incarcerated w/m, 23, 5'10", 180 lbs., well-built, healthy, blue-eyed Libra, seeks relationship with lady with sincere need and understanding of a loner who took the wrong highway. I am honest and sincere and expect the same. Picture appreciated. Russell Yeager, Box 607, NSP, Carson City, NV 89701. (152)

Woman, 18-30: Send picture; be fair-looking. I'm good-looking, like partying, rock. All letters answered — pictures first. Mitcheff, N41789, 100 Hillcrest Rd., E. Moline, IL 61244. (152)

Lonely prisoner, 28, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'7", 155 lbs. Special. David Knatz 83A7727, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (152)

The Buck from Texas needs letters, photos, visits from ladies who care. Maybe even marriage. Walter Buchanan, D-06575, G-201, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960. (152)

Biker, w/m, 36, out by summer '86, seeks letters and pictures from females for possible serious relationship. I'm 5'8", 200 lbs., long brown hair and beard. Allan Wolczewski, 8885 S. 68th St., Box 32010, Franklin, WI 53132-0010. (152)

Wanted: Attractive, intelligent, big-busted young slave girl for lasting relationship. Photo a must. Anthony Vincent, 2417 Seminary Rd., Milan, OH 44846. (152)

Fantastic w/m, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., handsome, educated, creative, witty, understanding, have flick, in slam. Foxy lady, please write. I will answer all. Dave Todd 5034, Box 700, Jessup, MD 20794. (152)

W/m, con, 31, out in spring, 5'4", brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for secure, unattached, free-thinking mature woman who can show and knows how to treat a man. Bill "Cockroach" Bledsoe, C45317 (6361), Box 8101, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (152G)

W/m, 29, 5'11", 180 lbs., blue eyes, long brown hair, former Marine, two years college, now in prison. I've been alone and down for past 20 months. Need letters (pix appreciated) from loyal, sincere, and loving ladies. Billy Roy Howard 85698, KSP, Box 128, Eddyville, KY 42038. (152)

Sexy w/m, 22 years old, and very mature. Have been incarcerated a while; being released 6/20/86. Have plans, but need an older woman (25-50) for serious love and possible marriage. If interested, write and send photo. Roger Domroes, Box 2071, Wilton, NY 12666. Response with letter and photo guaranteed! (152)

One lonely coonass ("Scrap Iron") and one Texan ("Shady") forgot what it smells like. Need ladies to remind us with letters, pictures, beaver shots, phone numbers. Free 86 to 69 and other things. Desire permanent relationships. Ronnie Leggett 109733, and Grady Gwyn 96018, HCC, F6, Box 174, St. Gabriel, LA 70776. (152)

Downed biker brother, 36, from New York, locked up at Patton State Hospital doing time for somebody else's crime. Taking all letters, visits and phone calls (714) 862-8121 (ext. 7203). James "Trip" Brennan, 3102 E. Highland Ave., N13, Patton City, CA 92369. It's been a long time coming. Member of Viet Nam Vets MC Transcon. Top date 5/11/87. (152)

Attention, ladies: Two righteous w/m, college-educated, need correspondence from you ladies. No games. Tim: 26, 5'10", 195 lbs. Mike: 33, 5'9", 180 lbs. Photo guarantees response. Mike Black 176359, and Tim Smedley 154215. Box E, Jackson, MI 49204. (152)

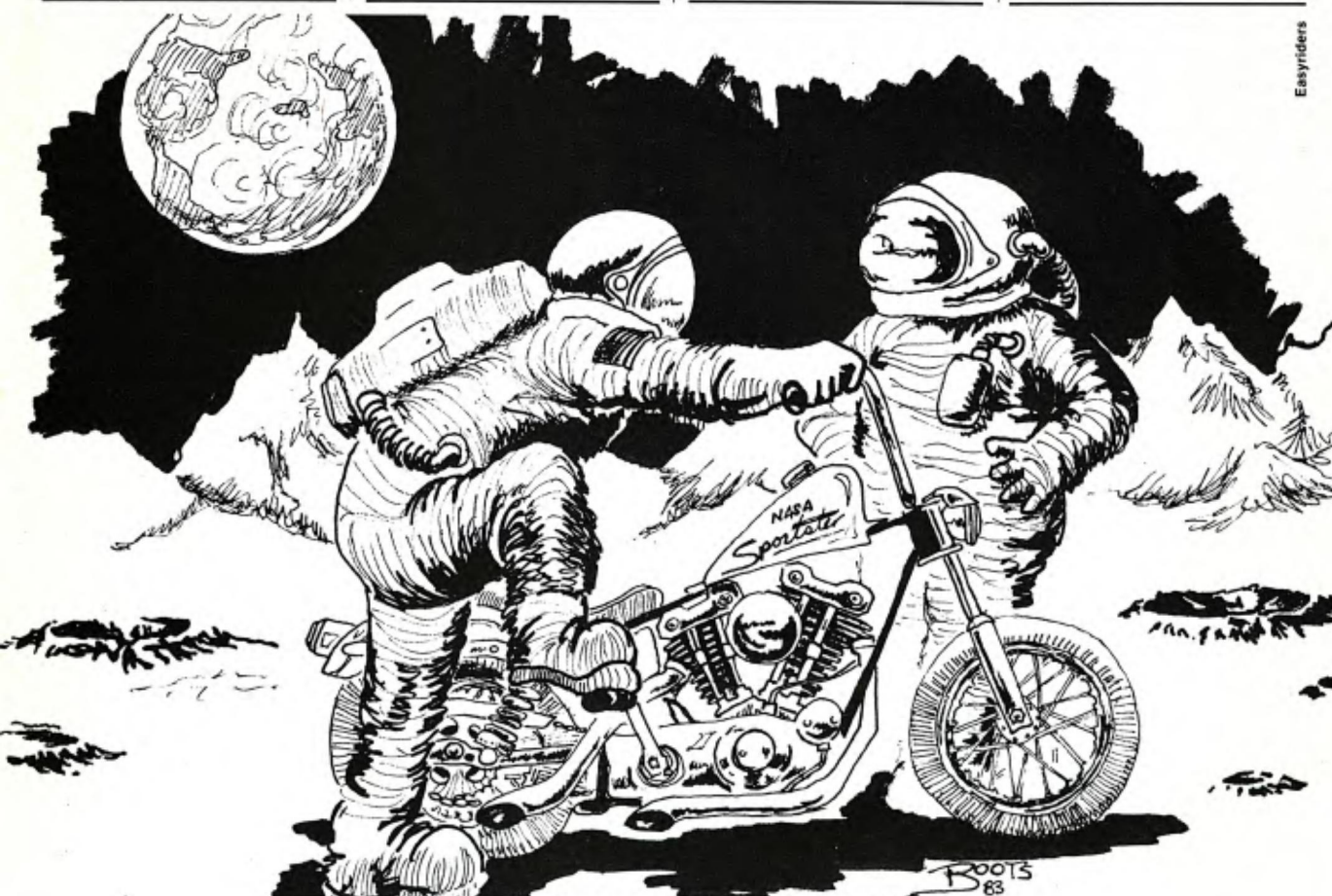
Wanted: Tall, heavy-set woman, must be white, age 25-50, must have her head together. No game players. Send pictures with first letter to get one back. As for me, I'm a w/m, 33, blond hair, green eyes. Duncan P. McKenzie 13790, 700 Conley Lake Rd., Deer Lodge, MT 59722. (152G)

Ladies from East or West Coast: I'm 5'9", 190 lbs., long brown hair, and hazel eyes. Tattoo artist looking for that special lady for an everlasting relationship; age don't matter. All letters will be answered. Please send photo in first letter and you'll get one of me in return. William A. Johnson, A-63710, Box 711, Menard, IL 62255. (152)

Italian stallion, age 36, seeking sincere and mature women to correspond to get serious. Paul Giordano 84A1986, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821. (152)

Two bright Irishmen need two bright lassies. We need love, not blarney. "Erin Go Braugh!" Richard Dunnigan 83A6032 (age 32), and Michael J. Donohue 83A5594 (age 37). Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (152)

Ladies: Texas biker, down and lonely, looking for kites and photos from righteous ladies to ease this manmade hell's loneliness. W/m, 30, 5'6", 170 lbs., brown hair and hazel eyes. Out soon. C.F. "Tex" Luther, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845. (152)



"Man's greatest leap forward and you can't start the fuckin' thing?"

GOURD WARMERS

Thick knit caps (we called 'em watch caps in the Navy) keep your gourd warm and your hair from looking like a fuckin' mess.

Made right here in the U.S.A. from the finest, most expensive materials available — not a cheap-ass import.

Show some class by lettin' the world know you're a biker with these quality head covers. Only \$6.50 each, plus 75¢ postage and handling. Please specify **EASYRIDERS** cap or Harley-Davidson cap and quantity desired. Canadian and APO/FPO, send \$7.50 per cap; other foreign, send \$12.50 per cap (prices include postage outside the U.S.A.). All orders must be paid in U.S. funds. Satisfaction is guaranteed. California residents, add 6% sales tax.

Paisano Products
Box 1025
Agoura, CA 91301

The Yank

Continued from page 104

sale — and dogs weren't. Refusing the hot deal we were offered on a cage, we told the guy to put the fucking thing in a bag.

Back at the house, Skinner handed Gemma the squirming bag. At first she was pissed that it didn't contain a puppy, but after a while she started talking to the little critter and the household began to calm down. Then the phone rang. Naturally, Gemma just had to answer it. She handed me the gerbil and the furry fucker immediately bit into the end of my finger. He wouldn't let go. My finger hurt like hell. I waved my hand, but he wouldn't budge. Finally I tapped him into the wall. He hit the floor. Dead as a door-nail. For a second, nobody moved. Then Gemma screamed and threw the phone at me. Now all the chicks were on me, screaming, and punching for my nuts.

It was definitely getaway time. Besides, the pubs were finally open.

The guys drank to the memory of the gerbil — and to my finger, which wouldn't stop bleeding. After a few pints I started getting sleepy, so I decided to hike back to the house and apologize to Gemma. Maybe afterward I could get a little shuteye. Everyone said I was nuts, but I figured it was worth a try.

Back at the shack Gemma acted like nothing had happened. She even got me a Band-Aid. Crazy chick. It was getting dark when Skinner woke me. All the slags had on their whore makeup and the bros were in their colors. It was gonna be some night.

A short putt brought us to the concert hall where we joined the throng of scooter tramps and "teddy boys" swilling down beer and eager for the show to start. It was like a pirates' convention. When "Fingers" Lee finally came out, he played like a madman for over three hours. During the course of the show, he humped the piano all the way across the stage. He pulled out his glass eye and banged it on the keyboard. He put the eye in his beer glass and drank it — then spit it out and crammed it back into the socket. During his last song he took out a chain saw and cut the piano in half. It was the only way to end the show.

Afterward, Stig said he'd take me back to Exeter. We all said our good-byes and Gemma slipped a note in my back pocket. I didn't read it until Stig had dropped me off. It said, "Damon, keep wandering in the world because part of us will always wander with you. Love, Gemma." She was crazy, but she had soul.

Flying over the Atlantic two days later I knew that I was gonna miss my bros in England. They smoothed out a rough time for a cycle tramp who was a long way from home and I'll never forget 'em. Cheers, bros. ■

FOR COLD RIDIN' WEATHER!

A custom-designed, knitted scarf for warm ridin' anywhere. It's 6 feet long and 7½ 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



Interview

Continued from page 75

MADMAN: Do you know who he is?

MOUSE: Uh-huh. (to JJ) Everybody knows you. You're a celebrity.

JJ: It's a great feeling.

MADMAN: Here are two old-timers sitting here and everybody knows us, but she still won't take her clothes off.

MOUSE: I'll talk to you guys later.

MADMAN: I wish I could get somebody in here to take their clothes off.

JJ: Women are amazing creatures. They can spend an unbelievable amount of money in an unreasonably short time.

TRAMPO: What other gifts do they have?

MADMAN: Spending money and causing a lot of grief and aggravation to the male population. I never met a woman who hasn't caused me great aggravation. They all do. They were born to cause aggravation, spend money, and give bad head.

JJ: What constitutes bad head?

MADMAN: Drawing blood, braces, falling asleep. I really, really love women, but they're still always fucked up. It's in their genes and between their legs.

JJ: The fact that you love women is evidenced by the way you define their shortcomings in the hopes that they'll improve themselves.

MADMAN: But they just don't.

JJ: How can they? They're women. By the way, how many toilet seats do you pay them for a photo session?

MADMAN: Four.

JJ: Do they come in the office naked, or do they get naked after they get here?

MADMAN: Right here. This is the sacred spot where they strip their clothes off.

JJ: How do you suggest to them that they get undressed?

MADMAN: I say, "Take your clothes off."

JJ: When they come in the building downstairs and ask for you, does the switchboard girl tell them they're going to have to take their clothes off?

MADMAN: No.

JJ: What do they tell them downstairs? Do they try and encourage them to come up here by telling them they won't have to take their clothes off?

MADMAN: Yes.

TRAMPO: Why did you get into riding trikes?

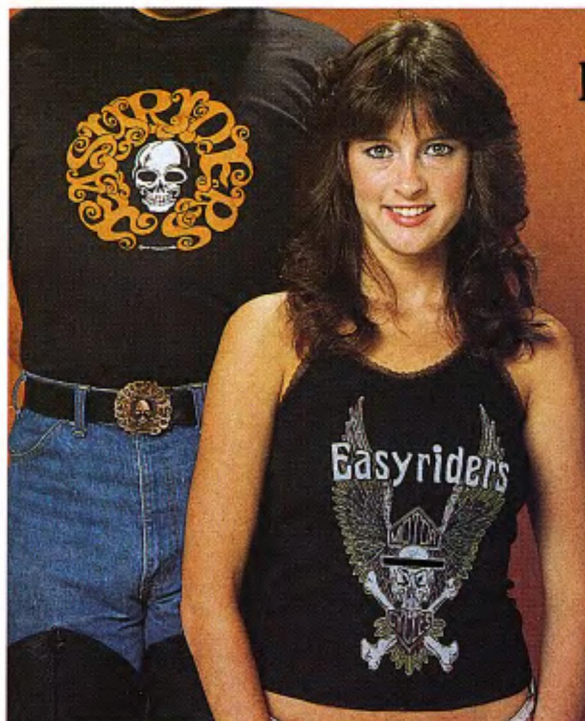


"You have to stop wearing such tight jeans. Your holes are fusing shut!"

Easyriders Shirts

**\$5.50 each
or
2 for \$9**

**T-shirts are heavy
100% cotton.
American-Made!**



Short-sleeve shirt available in S-M-L-XL. Ladies' tit top available in Med. or Lg. only. Both styles offer choice of two designs: A) SKULL and B) WINGS.

When ordering, please list each shirt separately by quantity desired, style (T-shirt or tit top), design, and size.

Postage and handling charges: U.S., add \$1.50 per order; Canada, add \$2; other foreign, add \$4. Checks and money orders must be payable in U.S. funds only. California residents, add 6% sales tax.

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YOU GOTTA SLEEP SOMETIME!

**\$6.95 each
or 2 for \$11.95**

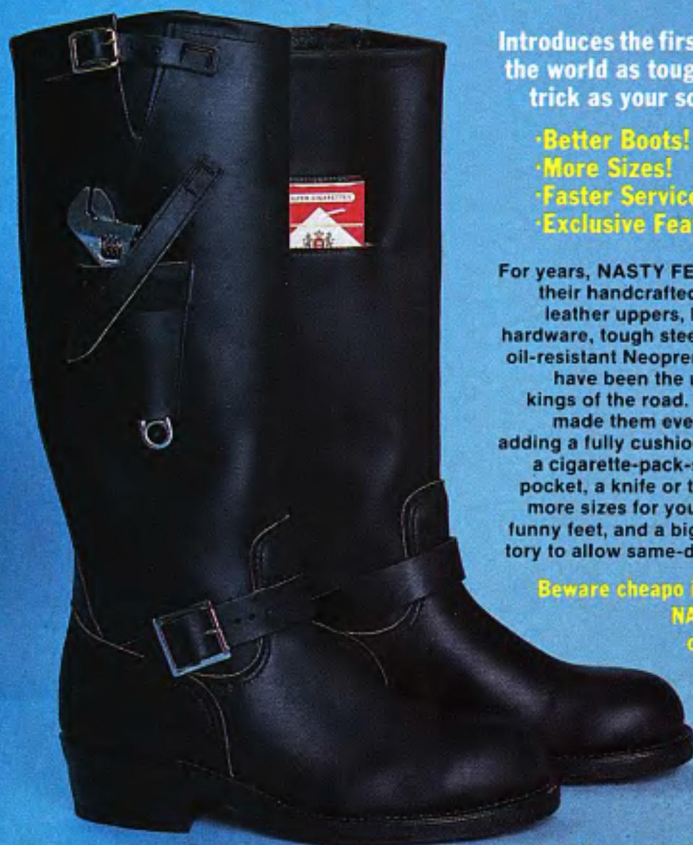


You can ride till ya drop and party till ya puke, but sooner or later, after 12 or 72 hours, that weary bod is gonna mutter, "Whoa, soldier! Time to pitch camp an' crash."

When that moment comes, why rest yer weary head on anything but the best? Lay yer cranium on this top-quality, American-made pillowcase and start counting Harleys instead of sheep. Only \$6.95 each or \$11.95 per pair.

Shipping charges: U.S. orders, add \$2 per order; Canada and APO/FPO, add \$3.50; other foreign, add \$6.50. U.S. funds only! VISA/MC orders must include card number, expiration date, and signature. To place credit card order by phone from outside Calif., call toll-free (800) 247-6246. Inside Calif., call (818) 889-8740. Calif. res., add 6% sales tax. Send order to: Paisano Products, Box 1025, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.

NASTY FEET



- Better Boots!
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Continued from page 50

Anyway, to get back to the subject at hand, the insurance companies try everything possible to tip the odds. First it was seat belts and helmets, then it was no-fault insurance, which more honestly should have been named no-win insurance. And all this time you thought it was the helmet companies pushing those lid laws, didn't you? They probably do have a piece of it, but I'd be willing



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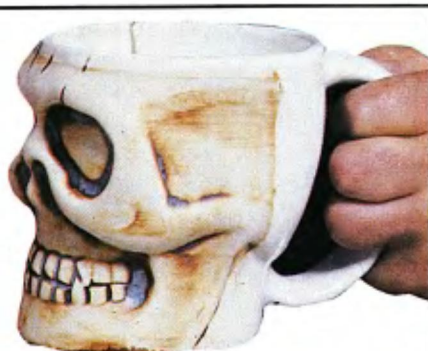
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to bet next month's insurance payment that the majority of the bucks behind lid-law legislation is from insurance companies.

But, you say, lids don't work. Well, they don't know that. They pay heavy bucks for studies conducted to determine the best ways of cutting down on their payoffs. If they get a report claiming that helmets reduce fatalities and severe injuries, that's what they go with. Another probable reason they favor helmets is like the caboose on a particular train of thought: Helmets help race car drivers, they help construction workers, so why shouldn't they help bikers? Here's another thought for you. Let's say the unlikely event occurs whereby a 68-year-old geezer whips a left turn in front of you in his Nova. The insurance company also knows what the likelihood is of this old fart left-turning some biker, so they try to reduce the amount they'll have to pay when it happens. To their minds, they reap a double benefit from mandated helmets. First, they reduce the possibility of bikers injuring themselves, and second, they reduce the amount they'll have to pay when one of their clients fucks you up. Either way, as long as they believe that helmets really make a difference in the amount they have to shell out, we're going to be fighting helmet laws.

Enough of this shit. Let's get away from the accident scenario and on to other things. Say your bike has an electrical short in it and burns to the ground between your legs. Thank God you're covered, right? Well, if your case goes like most I've seen, the insurance company is going to be screaming arson before they even look at your bike. If you're so much as half a payment behind, you'll need exceptionally good counsel to get even part of what's due you and you'd better plan on spending some time in getting it, too. The way they figure it, even if they have to pay off in the long run, they had the use of the money for the amount of time it took to get your case through court. Even if they have to pay the little extra that your lawyer has managed to get for you to cover part of his fees, they still come out ahead. Besides there's always the chance that their lawyer can convince a jury that you actually did a torch job, in which case they won't have to pay a dime.

Okay, what if your bike gets stolen? Once again, you'd better have a damn good story to tell the claims investigator when he shows up. If you don't, there's a good chance they'll accuse you of stashing it somewhere so you could try ripping them off, especially if you're behind on your payments or any of your other bills. Ideally, if your bike is stolen, you'll have been having lunch with your minister at the time. They'll try to cast a long shadow of doubt over you concerning your stability and your associates, they'll chat with your neighbors about your habits and visitors. They may try to run a

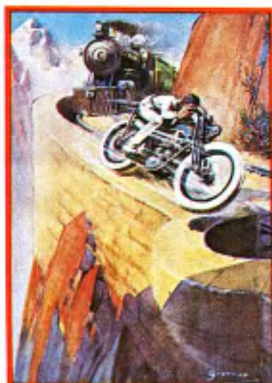
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dodge on you by claiming that you had one of your buddies rip it off for parts. Once again, the idea is to stall long enough to grind you down into accepting a less-than-fair settlement.

What about if you die? Then you've got no problem at all. The insurance company gets a copy of your death certificate and they print out a check. Simple as that. It's the only type of claim I've heard of yet where they actually pay off as promised. Oops, better check that. I forgot to say that you better die at least two years after taking out the policy. If you go before then, it's entirely possible they'll claim you offed yourself — no matter how ludicrously impossible the circumstances of your demise make this theory. I'm sure the only reason insurance companies ever pay so-called death benefits is because they haven't been able to figure out a way to claim you're not really dead, you're just faking it from that airtight box six feet under. . . .

To check out some theories of my own, I tried to find out such things as how claims are paid according to demographics. In other words, do various income levels and occupations have any discernible effect on claim payments? I was amazed — it seems that nobody keeps track of those statistics. I'm sure that particular claim is pure bullshit, but I couldn't wade through it. If you can, however, go for it. I think it would be interesting to find out how many claims filed by bikers are paid. I'm convinced the number wouldn't be tremendously large. It would also be interesting to know the ratio of premiums to the ratio of claims paid. That's where you're going to get your numbers. The fact that the insurance companies are regulated by individual states, not by the federal government, explains a few things right off the bat. Somebody once told me that state legislators are considerably cheaper than congressmen.

If you score this info, spread it around. Rest assured the insurance companies are going to come out all right, so don't worry about them. One consolation about all of this is that when you finally get fed up with it enough to drive your deuce-and-a-half through your congressman's house, his insurance company is going to jerk him around, too, though probably not as bad as they do you and me. You see, the majority of congressmen are lawyers and they have both the time and means to fuck with insurance companies that don't want to pay off on their obligations. (Know the difference between a dog getting run over and a lawyer getting run over? There are always skid marks when a dog is the victim!) ■

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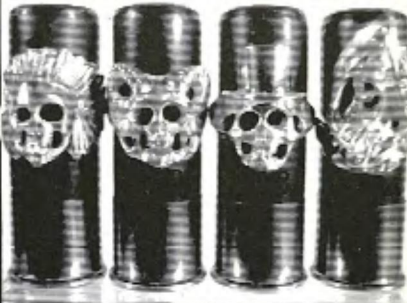
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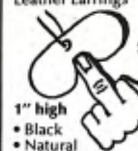
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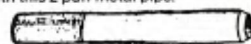
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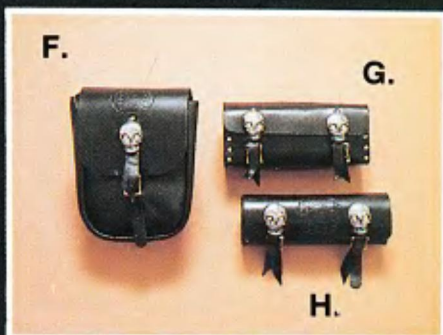
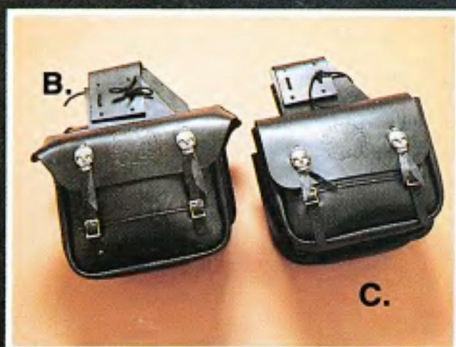
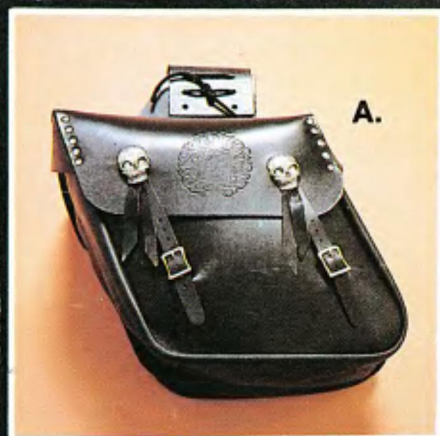


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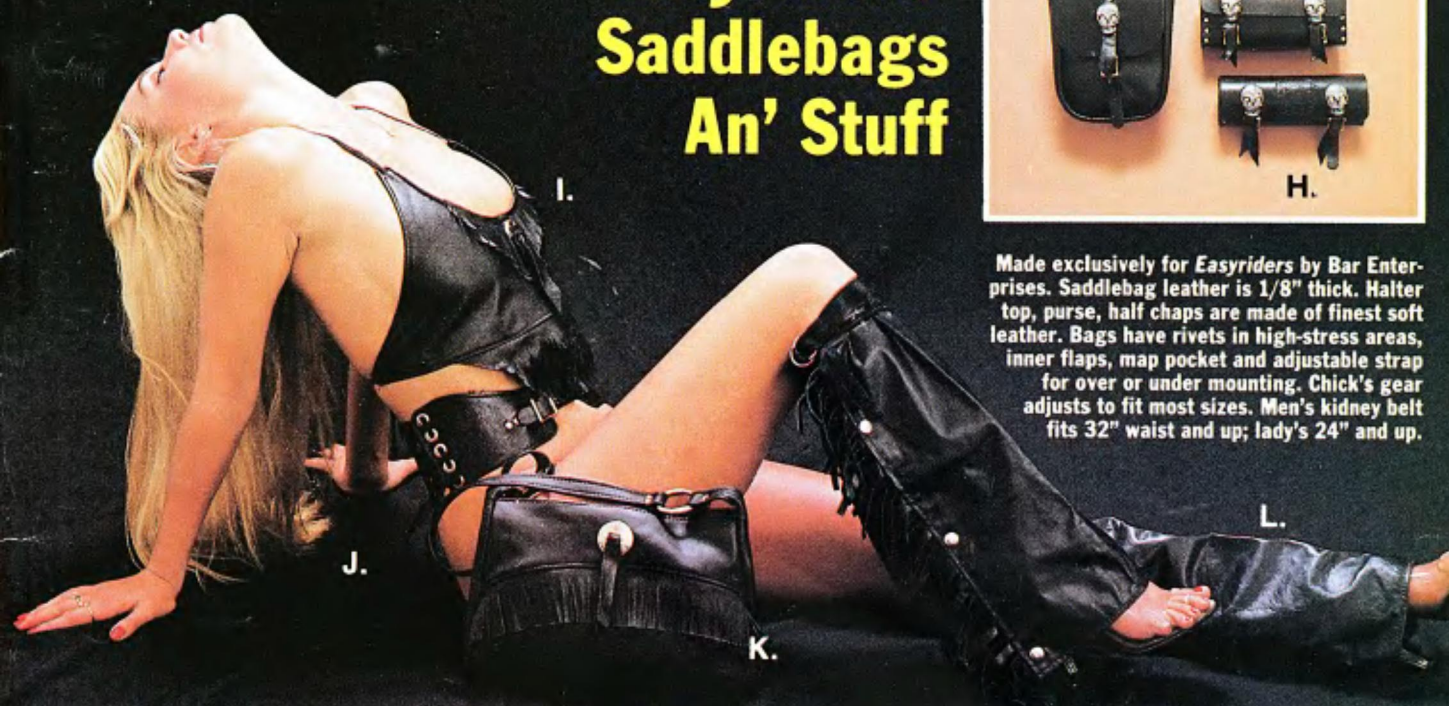
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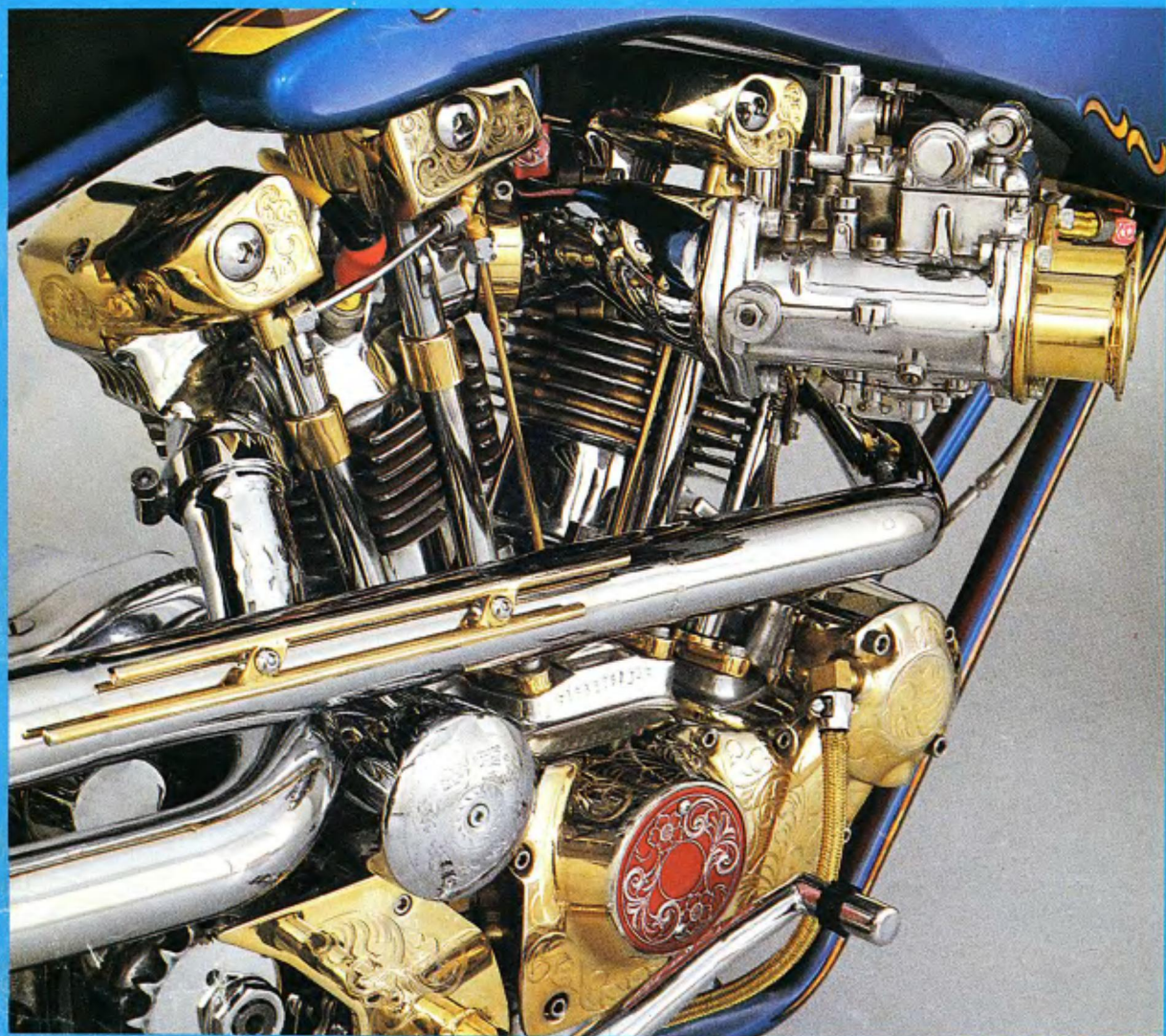
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Postage is paid on orders in the U.S. Canadian orders, add \$5 for items under \$100 and \$10 for items over \$100. Other foreign, add \$15 for orders under \$100 and \$45 for orders over \$100. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Personal-check orders over \$100 will be held for four weeks.

QTY.	ITEM	TOTAL
— (A)	Slant Saddlebags (5" x 12" x 13")	\$189.00
— (B)	Pony Express Bags (5"x13"x12")	\$175.00
— (C)	Large Cross-Country Bag (5"x13"x12")	\$169.00
— (D)	Oval Saddlebags (5"x12"x9")	\$107.00
— (E)	Super Oval Saddlebags (6"x14"x11")	\$169.00
— (F)	Sissybar Bag with Skull (4"x6"x9")	\$ 37.00
— (G)	Large Cycle Pouch w/ Skull (4"x11"x5")	\$ 37.00
— (H)	Cycle Pouch with Skull (3"x9"x3")	\$ 24.00
— (I)	Leather Halter Top	\$ 39.00
— (J)	Ladies' Kidney Belt	\$ 39.00
— (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

Subtotal
Calif. res.
add 6%
TOTAL

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