

Easyriders

90p

December, 1978

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How to Cook with Booze

Party Time in Sturgis

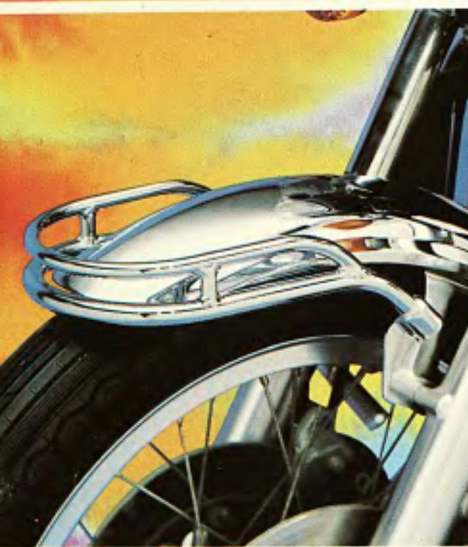
Bikin' in Poland (Really!)

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Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Number 66

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FTW

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COVER photo of Debbie by Ralph Hampton

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 28th.

Well, bros, Spider finally got off his ass and put together a 8½ x 11 book (on good paper so all the photos, drawings, artwork, whatever, can reproduce well) of motorcycle memorabilia. He's collected for the first time all the old-time advertisements ("1939 Harley \$215.00 fully equipped"), the old photos, the old fashions—the boots, caps, clubs, the post cards, the hill climbs—you name it, he's got it all in one gigantic book called **Earlyriders**. Here's a book any motorcycle bum, scooter tramp, or straight citizen would give his left nut for. It's yours for only \$2.25.

Thought you'd heard 'em all? Well, get this one. This holdup artist didn't have a gun, so in order to stick up a service station, he went inside, walked over to the cash register, and smeared dogshit all over the counter. He then informed the gas station attendant that if he didn't fork over all the cash, he was gonna get the rest of the bag of dogshit all over him. The dude got ninety bucks and split, leaving the sack of shit behind him. (I wonder how they determined it was dogshit.)

Good news for nail biters! A psychologist in Utah has discovered, while doing research on people who bite their fingernails, that 15 percent of us also bite our toenails. No one talks about biting his toenails "because most people feel that doing so is rare and abnormal practice." These folks should be relieved to find out that others secretly bite their toenails too. So come on outta the closet, toenail biters. (I've had a go at some chick's toes a time or two, but mine? Never!)

In case ya wanna get married cheap, go to Bangkok, Thailand. They just reduced the cost of a marriage license from five bucks to a measly nickel. (But really—is it worth a nickel?)

A man in Seattle went to the police and bitched about the fact that he had received 242 obscene phone calls—92 of 'em within a six-hour period. He also said that all the calls were from his ex-wife. Don't ask me why he answered the phone—nothin' surprises me anymore.

Need a right nut—or maybe a left one? Well, there's finally been a successful testicle transplant. The ball (donated to the patient by his brother) works so well

it can actually knock up a woman. You hardtail riders take note, 'cause ya might need this info someday.

Wanna sure way to get rid of cockroaches? All ya gotta do is feed 'em plain, ordinary baking soda. They dig it, but it causes gas. Roaches can't fart or belch, so they blow up—bang or boom—the roach is dead. The folks at Florida U. are the people who discovered that roaches can't fart or belch. Science marches on.

Hate to ruin your sleep, but 25 pounds of uranium—enough to build an atomic bomb—is missing from an Apollo, Pa., plant. They've lost more than 400 pounds of the stuff since 1968. Another example of our government's efficiency. I know, I know—mice broke into the storage area at night and ate it up—like what happens to pot that disappears from police stations.

Recently, a kid was born with two heads, but the freaked-out parents said later to that shit and had one of the heads removed. The decision was difficult, but they finally decided to cut off the fully-developed one growing outta the stomach.

Smuggler file: The latest smuggler busted was a dude who was arrested and fined \$1,200 for trying to smuggle 117 dozen condoms from Singapore into Malaysia. (Almost gross, hey?)

Government spending dept.: A \$97,000 grant was given to a scientist to go to Peru and study the whorehouses there. And how about the \$2 million they poured into a super-gadget-filled police car—which was never used?

Then there's that pigeon in Maryland that dive-bombed people so much they finally caught him and threw him into the slammer (dog pound). No, he didn't shit on people—he just swooped in low, sneaked up behind citizens, and flapped his wings on their heads, scaring the crap out of 'em. The local F.D., fearing the bird might do it to elderly people with heart conditions and scare them to death, decided to do the bird in. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Bad Brew

Trace back to your Jan., '77 issue and recheck that recipe for that pruno shit, 'cause a couple of us guys over here in Australia tried it and you assholes must be fuckin' crazy to drink shit like that. It tastes like camel's piss. And it makes ya shit through the eye of a needle at fifty yards!

Stewart
Batemans Bay, Australia

Schwinn V-Twin?

Schwinn (yes, bicycle) made a V-twin. Schwinn owned Excelsior Manufacturing & Supply Co. of Chicago. Between 1924 and 1931, they made a narrow-angle V-twin engine. It had overhead inlet valves, Schellor carburetor, a Splitdorf magneto, and separate dynamo lighting. The left side gear lever controlling the company's own three-speed box and the rocking pedal clutch operation were typical of American practice at the time. Two models were made, a 1000 cc and a 738 cc. Their general specifications differed only in the engine capacity. A mechanical oil pump was located above the clutch housing and a supplementary hand-pump fed directly to the crankcase. The machine carried the respectful name of the Super X (1925). I just wish I had one to show you guys what original really is.

Vincent Carvajal
Portland, Ore.

Bad Tattoo Kits

You are no doubt aware that the national press has recently been giving much publicity to the fact that there are a few people selling "Do-it-Yourself Tattoo Kits" to members of the general public.

Much publicity has been given to the fact that these kits are dangerous and should be kept out of the hands of the unskilled. Yet

if it were not for this very same press, the public would not be aware that these tattoo kits were available to them.

Our association has, over the past year, written to many magazines and newspaper editors, pointing out the dangers of these tattoo kits and asking that they not be advertised. Our group is a professional body of trained tattoo artists. We are against untrained people being let loose on the public with tattoo kits. This results in untold harm being done by the unskilled. We are also alarmed that the people who sell these kits are not even aware themselves what it is they are selling as tattoo pigments.

We of this association try to work in harmony with the various medical authorities and the departments of health. We are as alarmed as they are about the selling of these kits by get-rich-quick merchants.

Good tattooing equipment is made and sold by reliable companies who see to it that it does not fall into the hands of the unskilled. They do not need to advertise, and any person seeking to advertise such equipment is a danger to the general public—more so to the very young, who are unable to get tattooed properly because they aren't old enough. They resort to buying the cheap rubbish available from such sources.

T. Wrigley
European Tattoo Artists
Glasgow, Scotland

Mothers Know

I heard that a long time ago mothers used to wrap their daughters' nipples in soft yarn to make them rigid and push out. It's a fact—it works. See, our mothers do know everything.

Mountain Honey
Westfield, Mass.

Just thought I'd let you know that the article on tits in the Sept. issue was the best thing I've ever read. Why don't you send some of those nipple-loving guys down to Macon, Georgia? I've got a nice hard pair here just waiting for someone to grab hold of.

Just the thought of a nice warm mouth drives me out of my mind. Anyone care to help a poor girl out?

Sue
Macon, Ga.

What's your address?
What's your address?

The tit article proves "It's not what ya got, but how ya use 'em that counts." Small is beautiful, too. Try some of our good South Texas weed sometime. It's ass-kickin', cheap, and very plentiful! Anyone want to buy a ton?

Jenny
Harlingen, Texas

Being two girls of meager tits, we had always "felt" we'd "feel" more if we had more. At least now we know that the best men feel that a sign that says "hello" is better than two bags of Cream of Wheat. Thank you so much! I'll (we'll) never forget it—or let anyone else.

BLT (Best Little Tittie) &
P. J. Wetness
Hanover, Maine

Well, you started a new craze—we've been walking around pinchin' our tits. We've got 44's and nice nipples—just 'cause we're big doesn't mean we've got no nipples.

Crazy Linda Knuckle,
Evangelina & Company
San Jose, Calif.

All the guys I've ever been with told me I had nice tits. My nipples don't ever get hard unless they get cold or sucked on by some lovin' man. As hard

as I look at 'em, I can't see nuthin' wrong with 'em. On the cover of the same issue with the article you show a pretty face with no tits and, worse yet, no nipples. Any tit from pea size to watermelon size is totally worthless unless it bears a hard nipple. I say stick it up your ass.

Silver Dollar Nipples
South Jersey, N. J.

Right on! Ya finally stopped my ol' lady singin' the small-tit blues. She used to say, "Wish I had bigger tits. Mine look like tennis balls." I tell her it don't make no never mind, 'cause she's got ping-pong balls on top. Since your Sept., '78 rag, she ain't complainin' at all. Thanks.

Capt.
Fairfield, Calif.

A Joy

Your magazine is a true source of joy—even to a peaceful, country girl like me, although my ol' man and his brothers tease me for being a lightweight from the word go. I still blush when their talk gets rough. I can easily identify with the happy "in the wind" total release feelings I always get from riding—and your magazine has 'this feeling.

Sunni Renn
Atlanta, Ga.

A Warning

To all the ridin' bros: If we don't start getting together and stop fucking with each other, and go after those assholes who run this country, someday (not too far off) none of us will ride. I don't know about you, but it scares me.

A bro
Manchester, N. H.

Worth Readin'

I've been reading your worthless, no-class rag for five years. Imagine my fuckin' surprise when, in

IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT



The expensive cost of the dies has even amortized (paid off) and so now we can sell the best die-stamped buckles as cheap as the rip-off, rubber-mold cheapos that you see sold and advertised elsewhere.

We have the nitty-gritty detail that any comparison will bring out — ask anyone who owns one of ours — there is a difference — the others are cheap-ass copies of our original. (Satisfaction guaranteed.)

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Each buckle comes with 1 3/4"-wide belt, handmade from the finest cowhide we could find. A dark brown belt is sent with bronze buckle orders and a black belt is sent with all silver buckle orders—unless you request otherwise.

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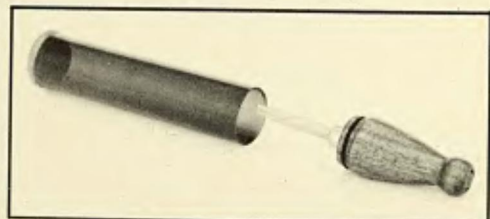
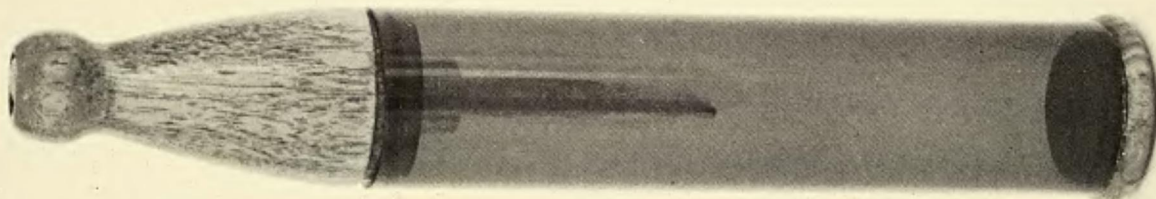
If you want only a buckle, just send \$6.95 and state whether you want a silver or bronze buckle. California residents add 6%.



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Cost is only \$9.00 each or \$17.00 per pair. Yup...you read it right. That's so cheap for real Gold or Silver I tried to get 'em to raise the price. I got told to shut-up an' just do my thing, that Bare Essentials wasn't rippin' off scoot folk. CA res. add 6% tax.

They'll even give you your bucks back immediately if you ain't satisfied. So order now and fill that hole in your ear with somethin' bitchin'.



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your Sept., '78 ish, you slipped in "lotsa good serious stuff." I mean, over 7 per cent of that issue was actually worth reading and thinking about, no matter how uncomfortable it was.

Seafarer
Ft. Collins, Colo.

Freedom of Information

□ Your recent article by John Watson, "What Do They Have On Ya?", in the Sept. **Easyriders** was a good idea. However, I think the author should have done a little more research before writing his piece. According to the article, you can obtain records from the local fuzz (Sheriff's Dept., City Police, etc.) under the Freedom of Information Act. Untrue, untrue. The following information is copied from a letter dated August 2, 1978. It comes from Barbara Ennis, Director, Freedom of Information Staff, Bureau of Public Affairs, Department of State, Washington, D.C.

"In reply to your letter of July 21 inquiring about the Freedom of Information Act, this applies only to agencies of the executive branch of the U.S. Government, i.e., the federal government. However, many individual states have passed laws applicable to their own states.

"If you are interested in documents produced by any agency of the federal government, you should write to that agency to request them. To find out what the position is in Minnesota or any other state, with regards to documents produced by the state, I suggest you write to the Secretary of State at the State Capitol (not to Washington, D.C.) to inquire."

The primary function of the FOIA is to allow the public to be able to obtain copies of documents produced by various agencies. This applies to personal records in addition to the rules, regulations, and operating procedures of these agencies.

The Privacy Act of 1974, 5 USC, 552a, also allows you to obtain your personal files, and in some ways is the better act to use. The details are too numerous to include in this letter, so I won't try. Under either act

you can expect most agencies to attempt to discourage your requests. Be ready to argue with them. It can be great fun.

From past experience, I believe it is best to make your request for documents under a combination of both acts.

John Griffin
Sandstone, Minn.

□ I sent for some info on me and the Santa Monica Attorney's Office said, "Since all states have agencies operating under different names, you may have to look them up individually in local directories. Arrest records held by your local sheriff's dept., for example, are now legally available to you, as are the records held by certain branches of local law enforcement agencies. SWAT teams may also keep a set of records that are now available to you under the act."

Well, the City of Santa Monica told me to get fucked—that the Freedom of Information Act doesn't cover municipal agencies. Check Section 551—you fuckin' failed to mention this partial Freedom of Information Act. Now they'll be wanting to find out why I want to know, thus checking me out even closer.

Jesse
Lawndale, Calif.

Road Rash Help

□ Your rag and the poem "Road Rash Blues" (Sept., '78) is right on. One day before I bought your rag, it happened to me. I went to the hospital and they did all the usual bullshit. They gave me a shot for pain, a pat on the ass, and said, "See you later." Now let me tell you that three days later I was climbing the wall, so I went back to get something to ease the hurt. The only thing the doc said was, "Sit in a warm tub and scrub the shit out of the wounds."

Let me tell you what really to do for that rash, bros. Go down to the drug store and buy a bottle of liquid vitamin E oil. You'll have to put it on three or four times a day. It won't sting or burn—instead, it will take the sting and burn out and will also heal it in half the time. No shit, it works. Just thought I'd pass

this along, 'cause gravel rash can be a bitch.

Flash
Bakersfield, Calif.

No Knives

□ Warning: The New Orleans heat on Bourbon St. will pick up knives that go on the belt. Seems no knives are allowed now, but just ask for a receipt so you can get it back when you leave town—and pray they don't lock you up for asking.

Pete the Bastard
Baton Rouge, La.

An Inventor

□ I was just sittin' here and had one hell of an idea. Why can't someone come up with an adaptor to run a bike on piss instead of gas? This would have to be one hell of a seller. They're trying to make gas out of chicken shit, so why not piss? Just think of the alcohol content it ought to have. On a good night, I'll bet it could be close to nitro. Just think of it—killin' two birds with one stone by being able to drink your favorite suds and fill your baby with go juice at the same time.

I sure hope someone gets to work on this soon. Meanwhile, I think I'll start pissin' in gallon jars. And speakin' of tanks overflowin', I'd better be finding those jars!

Bootlegger
Sturgis, Mich.

Think, Think

□ Think about this one: You got to make a friend for each mistake you don't want to make.

Rab
Yokota, Japan

■ I'm thinkin'—and tryin' to remember.

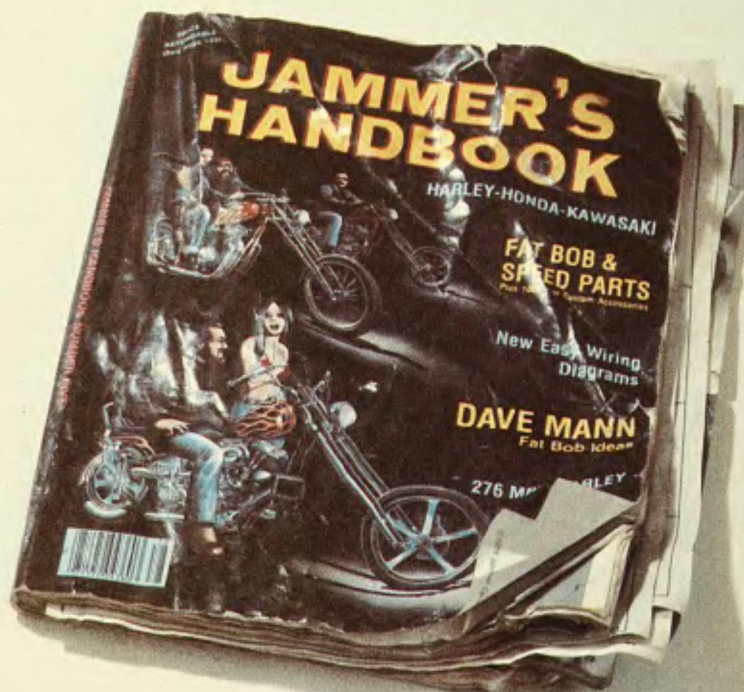
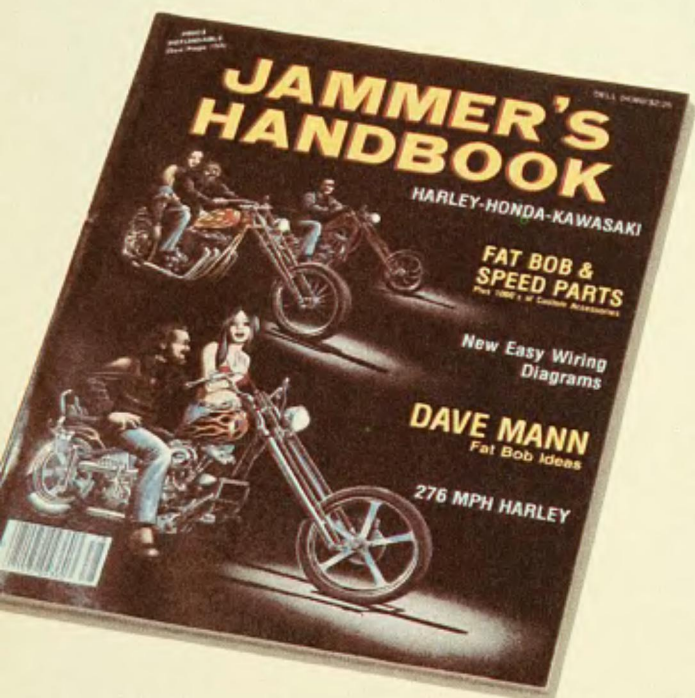
An Offer

We are two English bros and need a place to stay in any part of California for six to eight weeks in 1979. We still do an exchange holiday for anyone willing to help us and show us their scene.

Rob Robinson
89 Rugby Road
Leamington Spa
Warwickshire, England

Free Country

□ Right on to a "Free Country" (Aug., '78). I have



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been refused jobs and landlords have tried to kick me out because my red-neck neighbors didn't like my hair or beard. Fuck 'em. I pay my rent and what I look like is my business. What the hell is proper clothing? Fuck it—in a free country, you dress the way you like.

Wildman Barnes
Everett, Pa.

□ Regarding "Yes, This Is A Free Country," I completely agree with what was said. Although I'm not a biker's ol' lady, I get into reading **Easyriders**.

Since the beginning of the U.S., this country was declared to be the land of the free and the home of the brave. It was the country where people could come and get away from oppression, dictatorships, restrictions, and limitations. What's happened to this country? We're going backward instead of forward.

In my senior year at school, we read the book **1984**. It's about being ruled by a uni-government—Big Brother. Also, the Bible talks about a one-world government coming into being.

I think we, the people of the U.S., the taxpayers, and upholders of the Constitution, should wake up. Let's open our fuckin' eyes, splash some damn cold water on our faces, and realize what's happenin'! **1984** is on its way. I don't know about the rest of you fuckheads, but this is one bitch who doesn't like the way those bureaucratic hypocrites in the "free country" are putting restrictions and limitations on us. Freedom means being able to do what we please, when we please, where and how the fuck we please. Let's get off our lazy asses and kick those bureaucratic bastards right where we've been kissin' 'em—and vote.

Shortshit Sharon
New Castle, Pa.

Right-Handed Complex

□ I want to compliment you guys on the chick in your Sept. issue. However, her left tit is bigger than her right tit. Now this is not a put-down of the chick—but a put-down of her ol' man. He must have a thing about pulling on things with

his right hand—an obsession which he probably got from twisting the throttle on too many scoots. I know this shrink in Yreka, California who can cure this complex. He has an old Indian with a left-hand throttle in his garage, and he lets guys with this complex ride it a few months until they get squared away an' learn to pull on things with both hands equally.

This doc can also help the chick—he's got a thing about his left hand. He's a good doctor, but he's a little hard to catch because he does a lot of hitchhiking between Yreka and Santa Cruz, where he goes to ride the roller coaster.

Duncan Earl, Jr.
Merced, Calif.

About Time

□ Just got done reading your Aug., '78 issue and I want to say right fuckin' on—it's about time you showed a Sporty. There's a lot of righteous brothers riding Sporties who can fuck, smoke dope, and drink with the best of 'em. So let's see more Sporties.

Smitty
Iwakuni, Japan

Left Turn Signals

□ Hey, I ain't never written no letter to no rag before, but shit, I got something to say. I think all you bros everywhere should push for left turn signal lights at intersections. I personally never gave a rat's ass about

this shit till some half-wit in a cage made a left in front of me. It wouldn't have happened if they (da pigs?) had installed left turn signals. Now I know I ain't the only dumb shit who has played kissin' cousin with some Tinker Toy's front end. A lot of pain and down time could be eliminated if this precaution at intersections were the rule instead of the exception.

Wurm
Phoenix, Ariz.

An Apology

□ This is an open letter of apology to each and every one of you who took the time to write me. (My name was put in your mag without my knowledge or permission.)

We have a very strict supervisor here and he returned all the letters that came in for me. I also received a royal chewing for it.

I understand those of you who are in a joint and how much letters mean to you. If the situation or circumstances were different, I would write to each and every one as pen pals.

R. Taves
Portland, Ore.

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about their 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. ■



Easyriders

"Well, Shirley, I always knew you'd wind up marrying some asshole."

Biker's Digest



Everybody's to blame . . .

In the last analysis, *everybody* is to blame because you're getting shafted on your motorcycle insurance. The insurance industry is riddled with inefficiency. State governments and insurance commissions are notorious for graft and corruption. Most manufacturers are thus far insensitive to problems of theft protection and high performance. Riders figure the insurance company is just another amorphous arm of the all-powerful military-industrial complex that should be ripped off whenever they get the opportunity. The government has made the cost of machines go up and up with emissions and safety laws, while at the same time Congress may have increased fatalities by rescinding the mandatory helmet laws. Even the declining value of the dollar versus the Japanese yen and German mark has raised insurance premiums by raising the price of motorcycles. Nobody is to blame. Everybody is to blame. There's only one thing for sure. High as motorcycle insurance is, there's not a hell of a lot you can do about it.

—Cycle

Unfair competition . . .

The local police and highway patrol are all cruising around on Japanese bikes, writing tickets to take away more of our hard-earned money. I wonder if they accept payment of the fines in yen, or if dollars are still required. But the cops can't see the connection, now that some of them are facing layoffs.

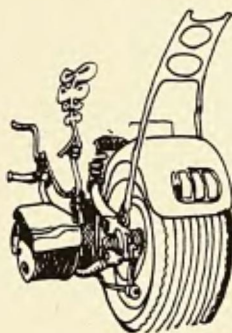
If this sounds like sour grapes from a sore loser, it's not. We can stand fair competition, but that's not the way the other side plays the game.

Their government does

everything it can to protect their industries. The combination of high tariffs and low number quotas make it almost impossible to import foreign motorcycles into Japan. So the Japanese rider has no choice but to buy one of their bikes.

At the same time, their government gives their manufacturers all kinds of special tax breaks so they can sell bikes in this country for less than they cost in Japan. I'm not blaming their manufacturers for taking advantage of the situation. That's just good business. But it's not good for us, and I'm not just talking about Harley-Davidson dealers, either.

—Jim Wismer
Custom Bike



Bowling Green beef . . .

There is no excuse for what happened at Bowling Green 1978. The good time that would have been enjoyed by 10,000 family-type fans and hundreds of racers was completely ruined by thousands of grungies . . . raping, killing, shouting four-letter words and urinating in the stands. Hundreds of family types who "hadn't missed a Bowling Green event in years" left vowing never to return. Next day's front page headline in the *Courier Journal* (Louisville, Ky.) gave all motor-

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags

cycle riders a black eye and implied that 1978 was the last year for the BG event. Oh, you can be sure that drag racers had nothing to do with what went on, but you can bet your butt that we're the ones who'll get hurt by the bad publicity. Mr. Garvin, Beech Bend Park and drag-strip owner, later announced on the local Bowling Green TV station that there would definitely not be a motorcycle drag race at Bowling Green next year.

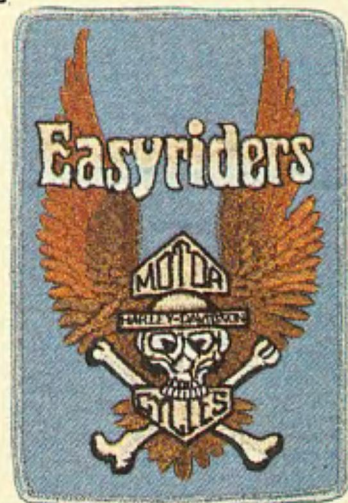
—International Drag
Bike Assn. News Letter

EPA criticized . . .

The Council on Wage and Price Stability has filed comments before EPA critical of its proposed approach to motorcycle noise control. The Council's comments in this filing are motivated by its concern with the overall strategy of noise control and regulation, according to a release from the Executive Office of the President. The motorcycle noise proposal would cost consumers at least an additional \$200 million per year. Yet, the Council feels that evidence exists indicating that the regulation will not achieve its desired objectives. Nor does the proposed regulation correctly balance consideration of costs and benefits to society.

Although the Council concentrated on EPA's motorcycle proposal as a case study, it also said that EPA's noise control regulations (now being considered or issued for a wide array of noise sources) are based on inadequate analysis of alternative noise control strategies. They are not likely to lessen noise in the least costly way, and the Council urged EPA to find cost-effective approaches in its overall noise program.

—Dealernews



Easyriders Patch

Here it is. Like everything else, it took seven years to get it together. But this patch is definitely worth it. It's 6 inches by 4 inches and we broke some skulls to get the colors just right.

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

Get one now, they're slippin' away quick: *Easyriders Patch*, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

**Large Enough
To Make Into
A Pants Pocket!**

California residents add 6% sales tax.

DANGEROUS GAME

By George Powers

Even without looking into the two-bit mirror the state harassed him into bolting to the bars, Jake Benson knew they were behind him. The sensation came with riding an unmuffled Sporty through a small town—that old feeling that they were out to get him. He could feel their staring, as if their gaze were boring right through his colors.

Probably CID, he guessed, letting the Harley lug a bit to keep the decibels down. Making a right turn they could use to illustrate a driving manual, he headed down 201, trying to make Clem's Bar before they pulled him over.

If he could reach Clem's, he might be able to hang on to his scooter. If not, they'd wrap a tow hook around the front rim and haul the chopped Sportster to an impound yard with the same care used to haul a quarter-ton of tuna off the docks.

The unmarked car hung back about a hundred yards. Jake kept the Harley at 50, resisting an urge to twist the wick and make the plainclothes boys earn their pay. Within two miles, he saw the neon in the window at Clem's. No way he'd drag her down now. They'd have to shoot a tire—and they just might.

The cops came sniffing his Hog's wheel, flashing the grill lights and then blipping the siren when Jake ignored them. When he finally looked into the mirror, he saw an arm sticking out the driver's side, waving wildly as if it were trying to flag a cab.

Two hundred yards to go and CID hit passing gear, pulling dead even with the Harley. Jake turned, flashed a toothy grin, and shouted "How-deel!" But the word was lost in the wind and the bike's roar.

A nattily dressed man in the passenger seat was yelling something to Jake, but lip reading isn't widely practiced by bikers. Jake just kept smiling—smiling and watching Clem's sign out of the corner of his eye. It was growing larger and larger.

Then the well-dressed dude opened his billfold and waved a gold shield out the window.

"Goddam polite fuckers. Maybe they'll even read me my rights," Jake said to himself as he readied to jam on the binders and veer into Clem's.

The unmarked flew right on by and then sent up dust and stones in a flying U-turn. By the time they pulled into Clem's dirt lot, Jake had the Harley on the stand and had gotten a message to Stateline, a bro he could depend on.

Jake had time only to glance at his friend, who was sitting in his usual spot at the end of the bar near the window. Stateline barely paused in raising his beer bottle, but the single glance he gave Jake was enough. Jake knew his Harley would be covered with a tarp and in a barn long before any tow hook showed up.

Everyone in Clem's pretended not to notice when the investigators leaped from their car and leveled .357 magnums at the young man with the long black hair. Jake wore a cowhide vest with a white eagle on the back. The bird clutched a bleeding skull in one black talon and a tangle of rattlesnakes in the other.

These were the club colors of the Mohawk Rulers, a name borrowed in part from a tribe of highly cannibalistic Indians who ruled their turf in the valleys with unparalleled ferocity 300 years ago. Their enemies called them a word that the white man wrote down in his language as sounding something like "Maquaas." Over the centuries it became Mohawk. It meant rattlesnake.

Not a word was said in Clem's as Jake's hands were cuffed behind him, but every detail was being observed. The cops stuffed him into the back seat and then the bigger of the CID men pulled Jake's stick from its leather scabbard mounted along the edge of the Harley's seat. This was the same stick, "soaked in motor oil so it won't crack, bend, or splinter," as the old saying goes, that had earned Jake Benson his fearsome reputation.

Two years before, Jake had made a lone run to see if his former ol' lady had changed her mind about the brotherhood of the Rulers and about the open road in general. It had been some time since he had made a "direct appeal to



—Continued on page 85

—Illustration by Duffy Duggan





PUTTIN' FOOLS OF STURGIS



The thing about Sturgis that sets it apart from other bike bashes is that it's so fuckin' spread out. You can never be sure of what's goin' on, or more specifically, what you're missin'. You can go blazin' out into some of the finest tree-covered lands anywhere on the egg. As bikes go snakin' along the Boulder Canyon road toward Lead-Deadwood, and the refurbished saloons such as the Old Style #10 (where Wild Bill Hickok got shot in the back), ya get a great fuckin' rush. But sometimes it's too much of a rush—like on the infamous Rainbow Curve. Christ, by the time we split on Sunday morn, five people had bought it on this one treacherous turn alone. Mostly

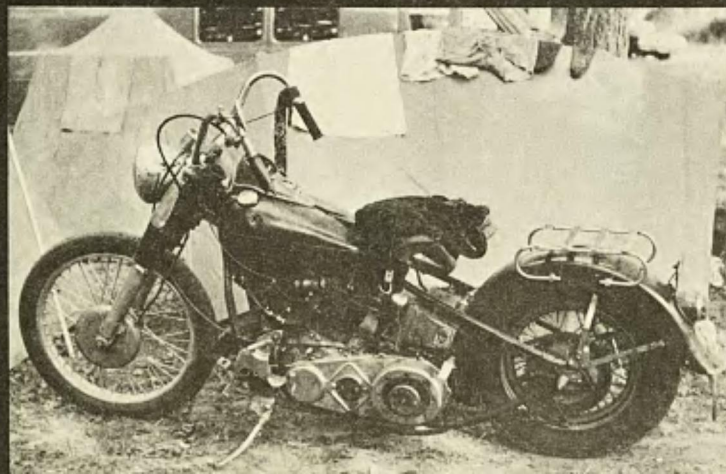
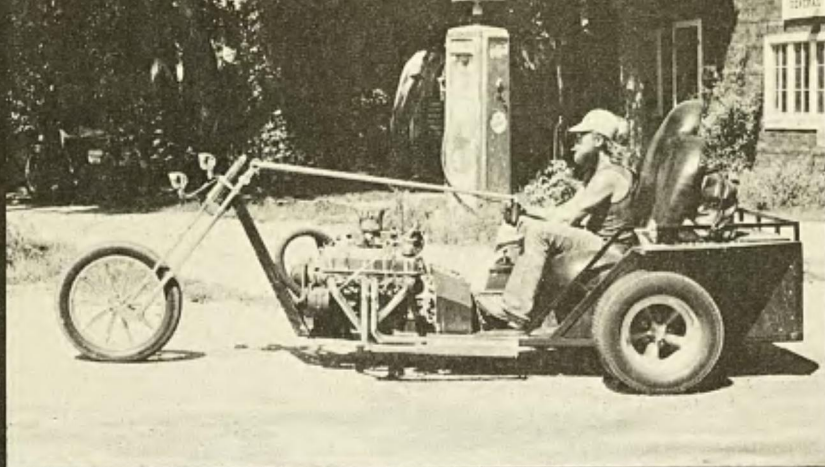
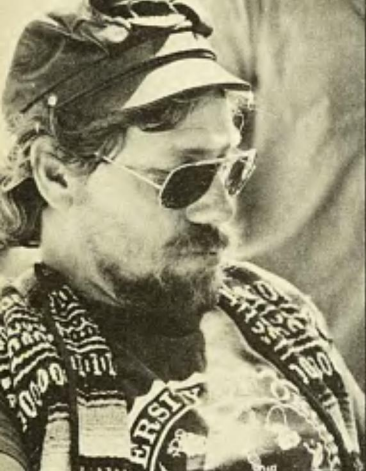
a case of mountain-curve fever.

There's a mindblower of a putt if ya head toward Spearfish Canyon on I-80. Just let the needle rip through the speedo, pointin' toward the Mt. Rushmore monument where those Presidents' faces are scratched into the rocks. Then back to the bars for a dozen or so cool ones.

Never ran into any hassles—with local citizens, bar proprietors, gas monkeys, cops, or any other mountain monsters. They've been holdin' this Black Hills Classic for 29 years now, and the townspeople seem to take the invasion of the lands pretty well. 'Course, they make a buck or two

One good thing about the trip

was that you could camp just about wherever you stopped or passed out. That's quite different from some gigantic runs where the promoters stick everyone in one confined space. At Sturgis, you can lay it down anywhere you fuckin' please. If you want to rough it, great—no one's gonna come lookin' for your tags, card, or any of that crap. The city fathers loaned out their park in Sturgis, which became home to thousands for the week. For a buck a day you had a righteous place to kick back, complete with shade, heads, showers, swimming pool, and a creek that ran through the center of camp. The creek was the scene of a biker wedding (for the week), and the source





Photos by Kim Peterson

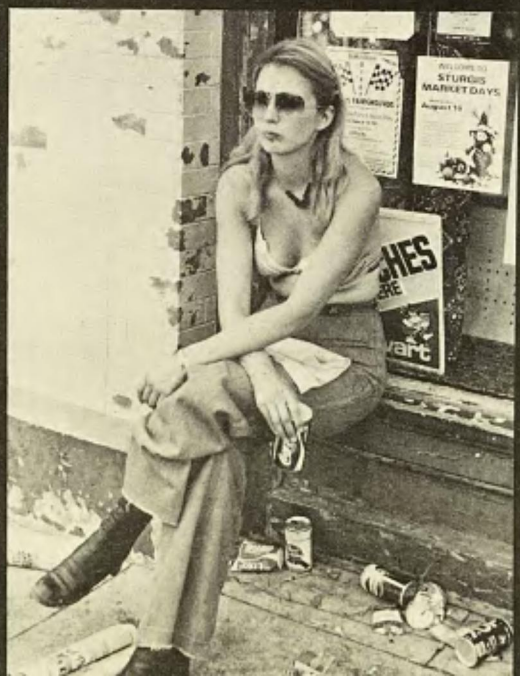


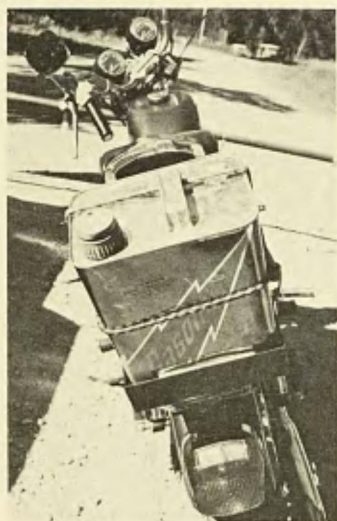
for bike washes and drinking water (upstream, please). Also it had a great cooling effect in the 100° heat.

Ran across people from all sorts of places, all walks of life, bonded together by one common thread—bikes. The main street in downtown Sturgis was stuffed full of bikes from Sunday to Sunday. A constant turnover of new people showed up, displayin' their machines, buyin' T-shirts, suckin' dry over half a dozen bars along the drag, and generally havin' the time of their lives.

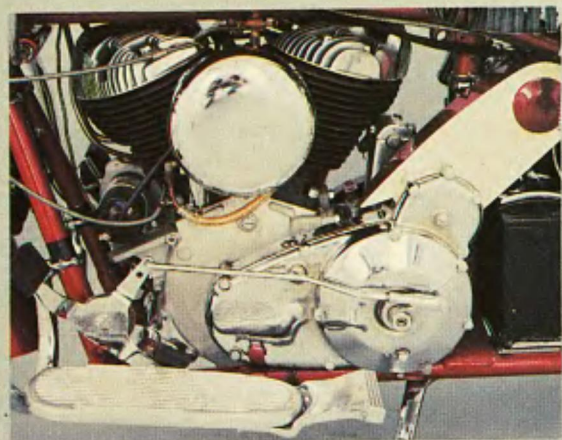
When the week finally started comin' to a close, my half-drained brain came to the conclusion that ya just can't beat runs such as Sturgis. It's still open and free and the people are too.

—The Cub



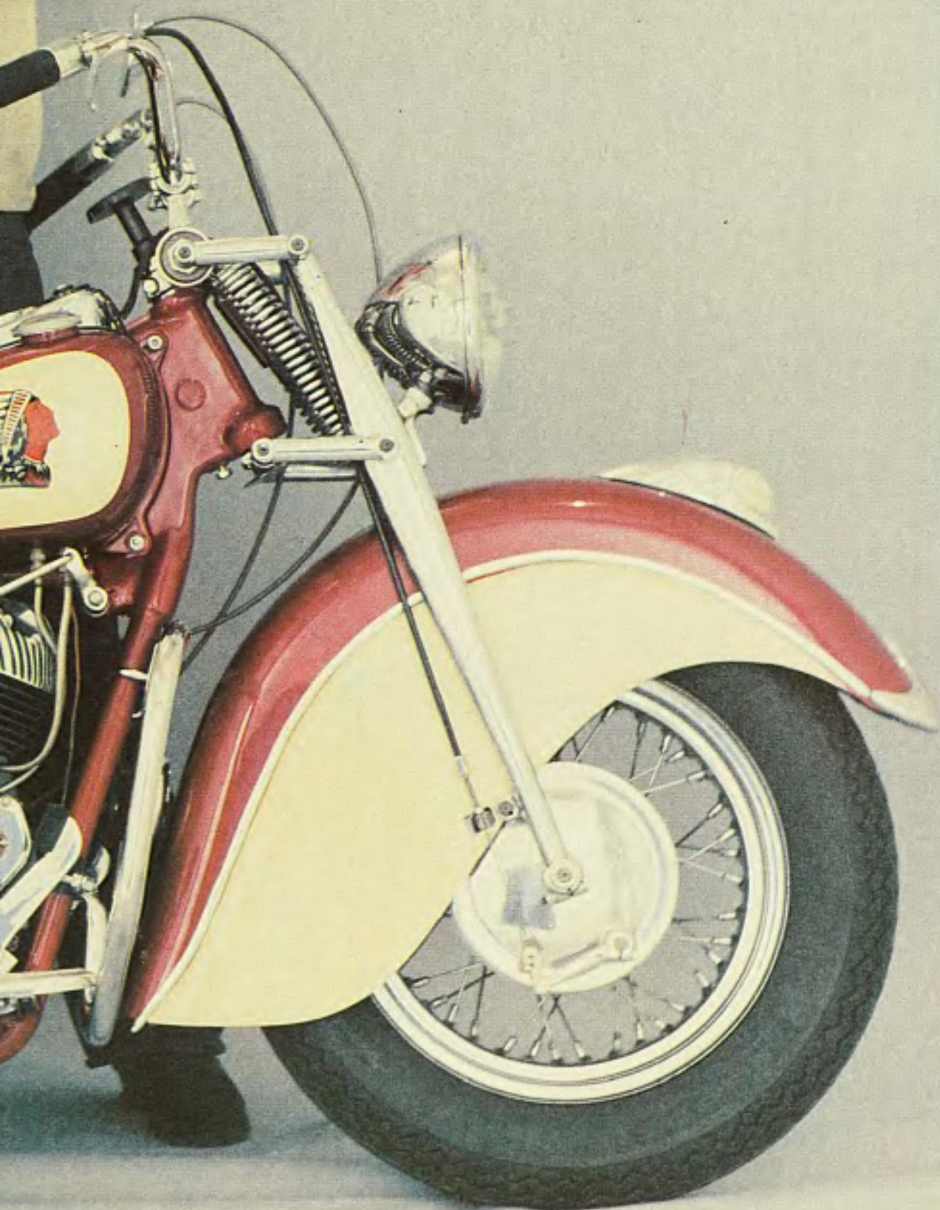






CHIEF

INDIAN VS. HARLEY—
WHO DID IT RIGHT?



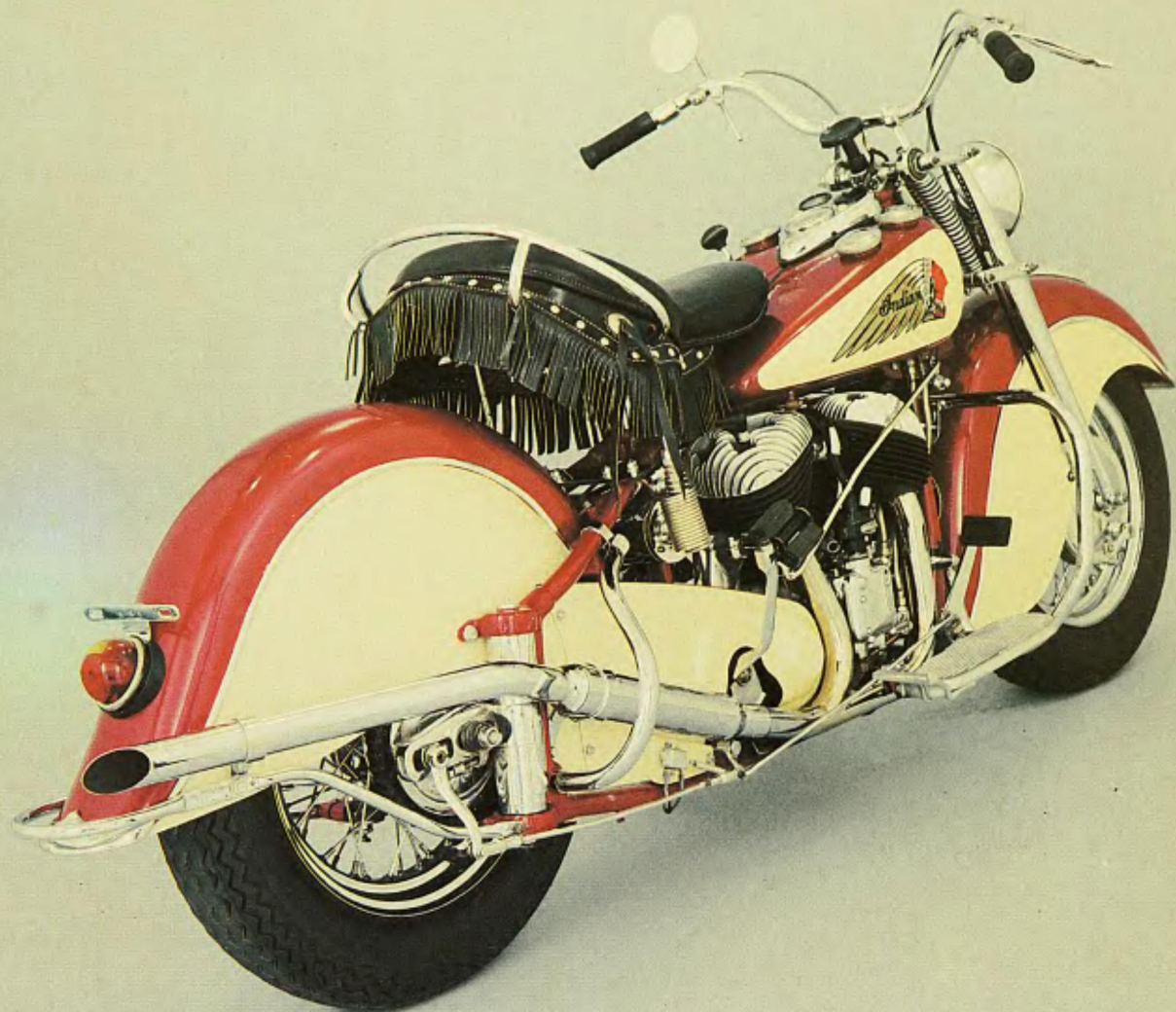
We all know which lasted longer. But Indian incorporated some ingenious, new-to-motorcycles devices on their bikes in the '30s and '40s. And Harley didn't take advantage of these oil-saving speedy mechanisms until the late '60s.

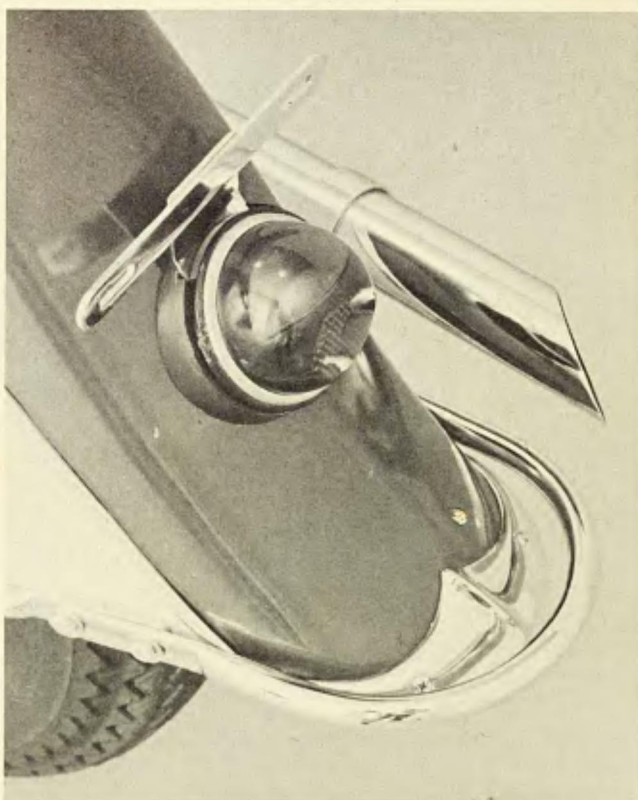
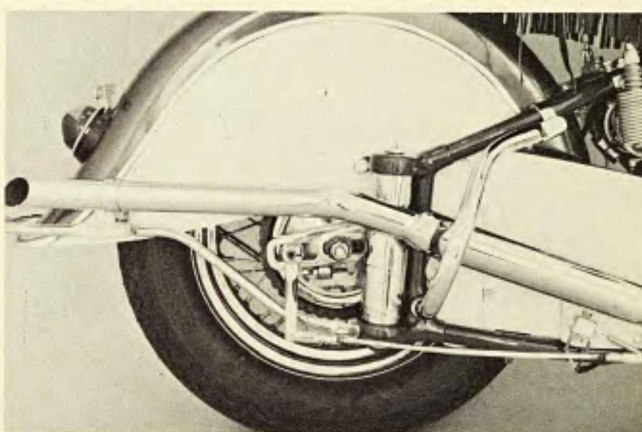
But the builder of this fine restored putt left the area chasin' his sweetie. And we crankpin-brained Harley-Davidson-raised freaks around here don't know the first spoke about Indians. We don't know what little doo-dads Indian had ahead of Harley. We don't have the slightest notion of the advantages Indian had over H-D—nor would we admit 'em if we did.

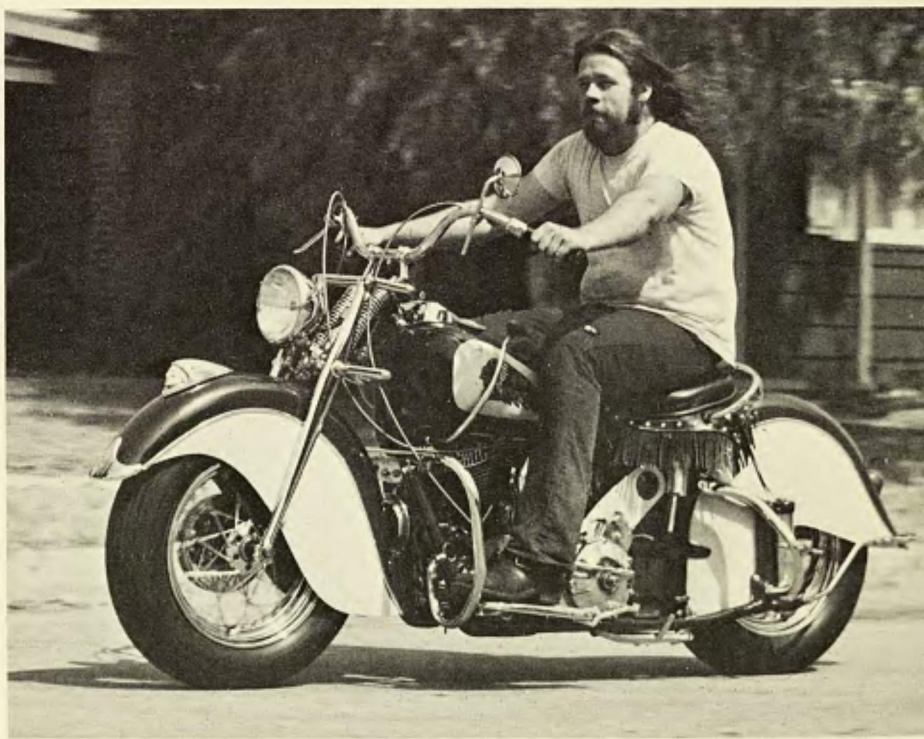
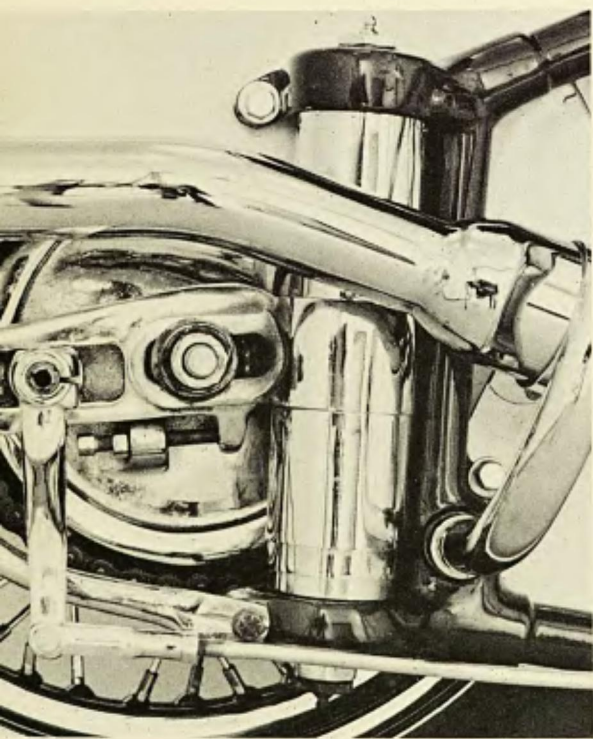
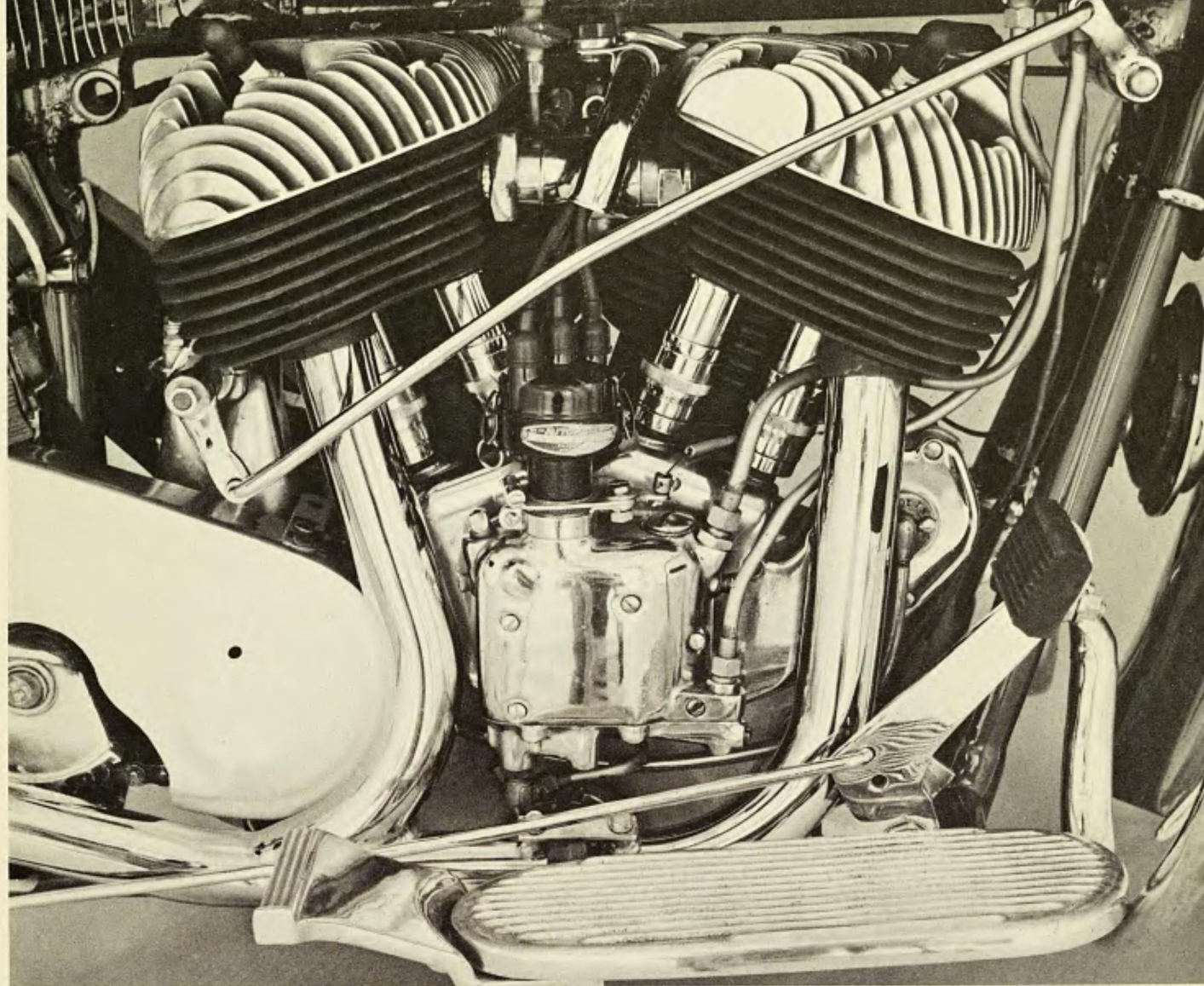
Oh, we're impressed with Indians and have a lot of respect for the detail and craftsmanship that went into them. And even though Indian had an enclosed primary twenty years before H-D, we can't overlook the fact that for years Indians were built with the tank shift on the right and the throttle on the left. That in itself is enough to keep a lotta people off 'em.

But all bullshit aside, Indians are classic V-twins. And here at the mag, we would like nothing better than to have some of the old manufacturers still around. It would be a long-lasting rush to putt with a Henderson, Pierce Arrow, Excelsior, or Yale. They lived a class life in the V-twin era.

—Wilburn Roach







Owners: Harold and Charlie **City:** Tujunga, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: Indian Orph.

Year and make: 1946 Indian

Model: Chief

Value: \$6,000

Assembly by: Charlie

Time: 1 year

Chroming by: Dan's Metal Pol.

Frame

Year: 1946

Builder: Indian

Type: plunger

Rake: stock

Stretch: none

Other alterations: original, dammit

Accessories

Engine

Year: 1946

Model: Chief

Rebuilder: owners

Ignition: distributor

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Lower end: stock

Balancing: owners

Pistons: Robbins

Cases: Indian

Heads: polished Indian

Cam: stock

Lifters: stock

Carb(s): Linkert

Air cleaner: stock

Pipes: stock

Muffler(s): stock

Bars: original

Risers: stock

Fender(s): Indian

Headlight: remade lamp face

Taillight: stock

Speedo: Indian

Front pegs: original

Rear pegs: none

Electrics: Delco regulator

Gas tank: 3 1/2 gal.

Oil tank: rt. hand tank 2 1/2 qt.

Oil system: dry sump

Primary cover: stock

Seat: double spring

Sissy bar: none

Height:

Material:

Transmission

Modifications: none

Year: 1946

Shifting: tank

Engine sprocket: stock

Trans sprocket: stock

Wheel sprocket: stock

Forks

Type: girder

Extension: none

Builder: Indian

Special features: the whole thing

Wheels

Front

Size: 16

Hub: Indian

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Carlisle

Brake: mech.

Rear

Size: 16

Hub: stock

Rim width: 5 in.

Tire: Arco

Brake: mech.

Painting

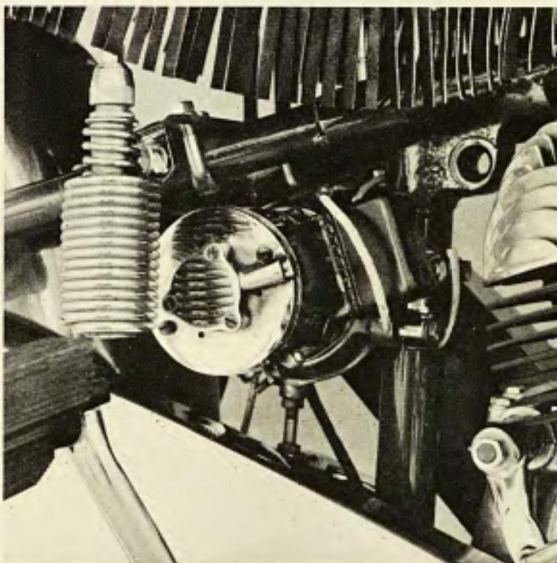
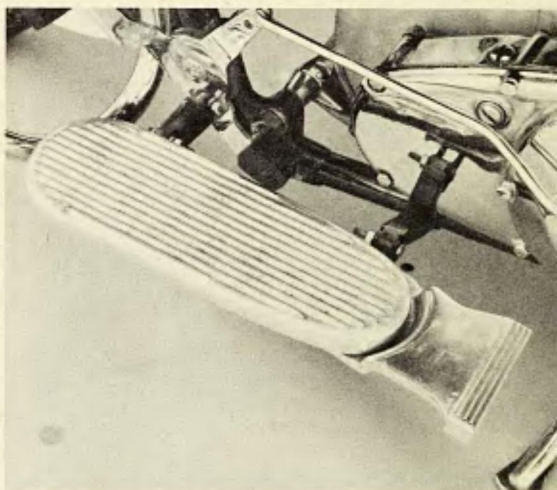
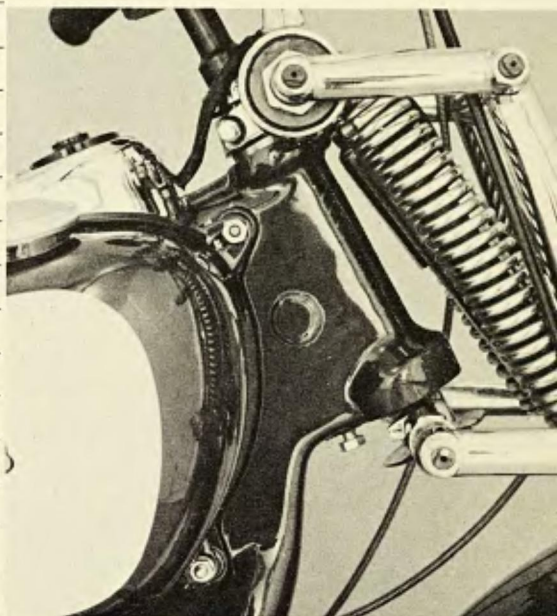
Molding: none

Painter: Willy Walker

Color: pearl maroon & cream

Type: '77 Chrysler

Special paint: Red toner, 1 qt. burgundy toner, red pearl & clear





The Saddest Story

By Rabbit

The whine of a well-tuned engine split the night air with a fury known only to Harleys. The cry could be heard for miles as the big knucklehead spit out the residue of high-octane fuel through shorty pipes, long since void of their baffles.

Slow Joe wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and searched the darkness for the truckstop. "Fuckin' lyin' assholes," he muttered aloud. "Shoulda known better than believe those fuckers."

The old man at the last gas station said that the truckstop was, "forty, maybe fifty miles down the road." But Slow Joe knew he'd gone better than sixty miles and he hadn't seen it yet. No sense checking on fuel—doing so wouldn't put any more gas in the tank. Instead, he continued to ride, attempting to ignore a bad case of cottonmouth from thirty or forty bennies too many.

His thought flooded in on him with a rush. His money was almost gone. So was his fuel. But at least he had a big supply of bennies to keep him awake.

"I gotta get to Oregon," he reminded himself aloud. "Man, I gotta get to Oregon!"

Pecos leaned back with a long sigh and pulled the tab from a fresh can of brew. "Think he'll find us up here, bro?" he asked.



Big Lurch thought about it. "Dunno. Maybe, maybe not." "Maybe he'll give up, huh?" Pecos didn't really believe the words even as he spoke them. Lurch confirmed his doubt.

"No fuckin' way! That fucker won't give up and you damn well know it!"

Pecos felt the nervousness build in his big gut, which then turned over with a gurgling rumble of excess acid. "He's crazy, bro. You know that? The dude ain't got a brain in his fuckin' head!"

Pecos leaned back with a vicious laugh as he picked up one of a matching set of .45s. Jerking back the slide, he sent a live round into the chamber. "Well, whatever. Let the dumb fucker come on to Oregon!"

The lights of the truckstop winked invitingly to Slow Joe and he heaved a sigh of relief as he brought the big bike to a halt next to the fuel pumps.

After removing his gloves, he forced a bare hand deep into the pocket of his dirty Levi's and extracted some change. He counted it slowly until he reached eighty-four cents, and he handed that to the attendant with another sigh. At least it was enough to refill the tank. The skinny dude took the money and stood there eyeing both bike and biker until the nozzle was returned to its place.

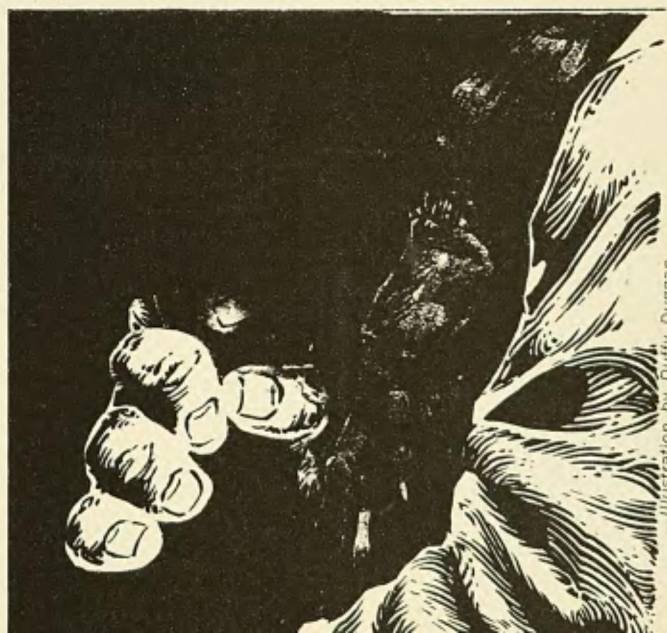
The pump jockey put the money in the outside box, locked it, and smiled, pleased that the biker hadn't run the dial over, in which case the attendant would have had to explain to his miserly-ass boss why his shift money was short.

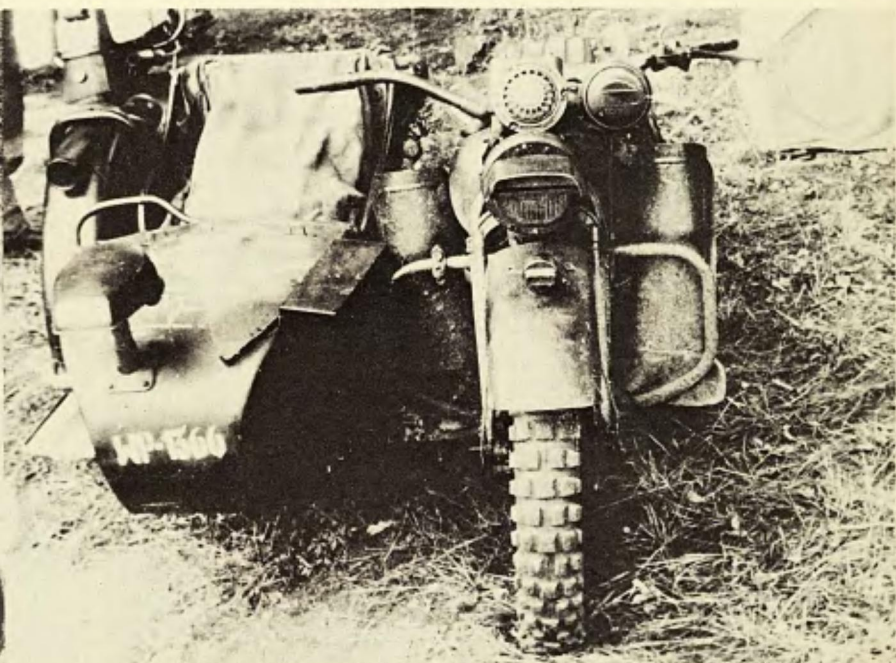
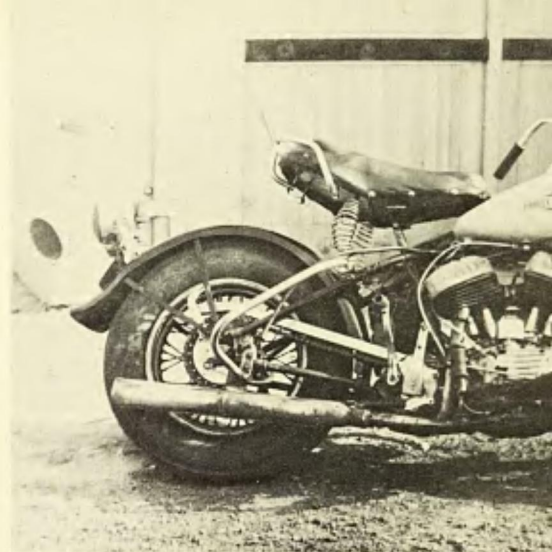
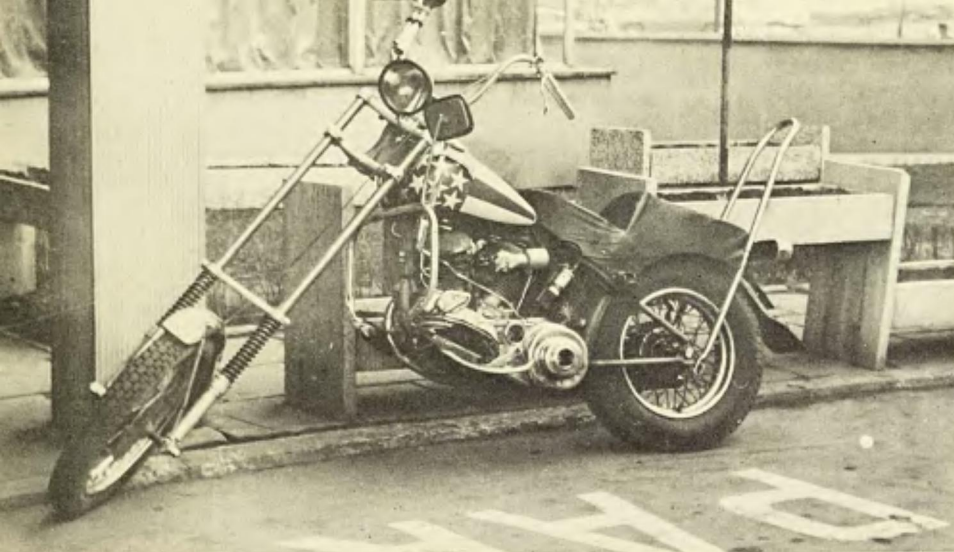
"Nice lookin' scooter, man," the attendant ventured.

Slow Joe looked at the name tag sewn over the dude's right pocket. "Yeah, thanks, George," he muttered.

The attendant stood there staring and wondering how the biker had come to the conclusion that his name was George. "George? Oh, yeah. The name tag. My name's Frank. I just borrowed this shirt."

Slow Joe nodded, and when he failed to say anything more, the gas jockey went on. "Been on the road long?"





Rebuilt WLA with all original restored equipment and sidecar. It has been used to tour 15,000 miles over Western Europe.

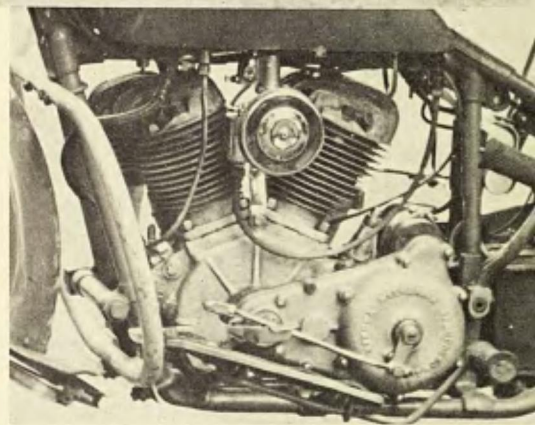
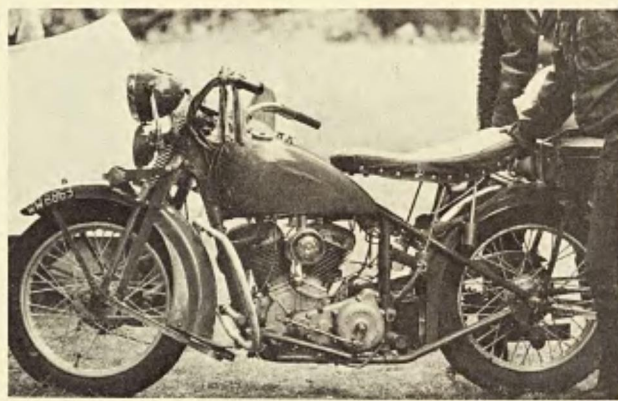
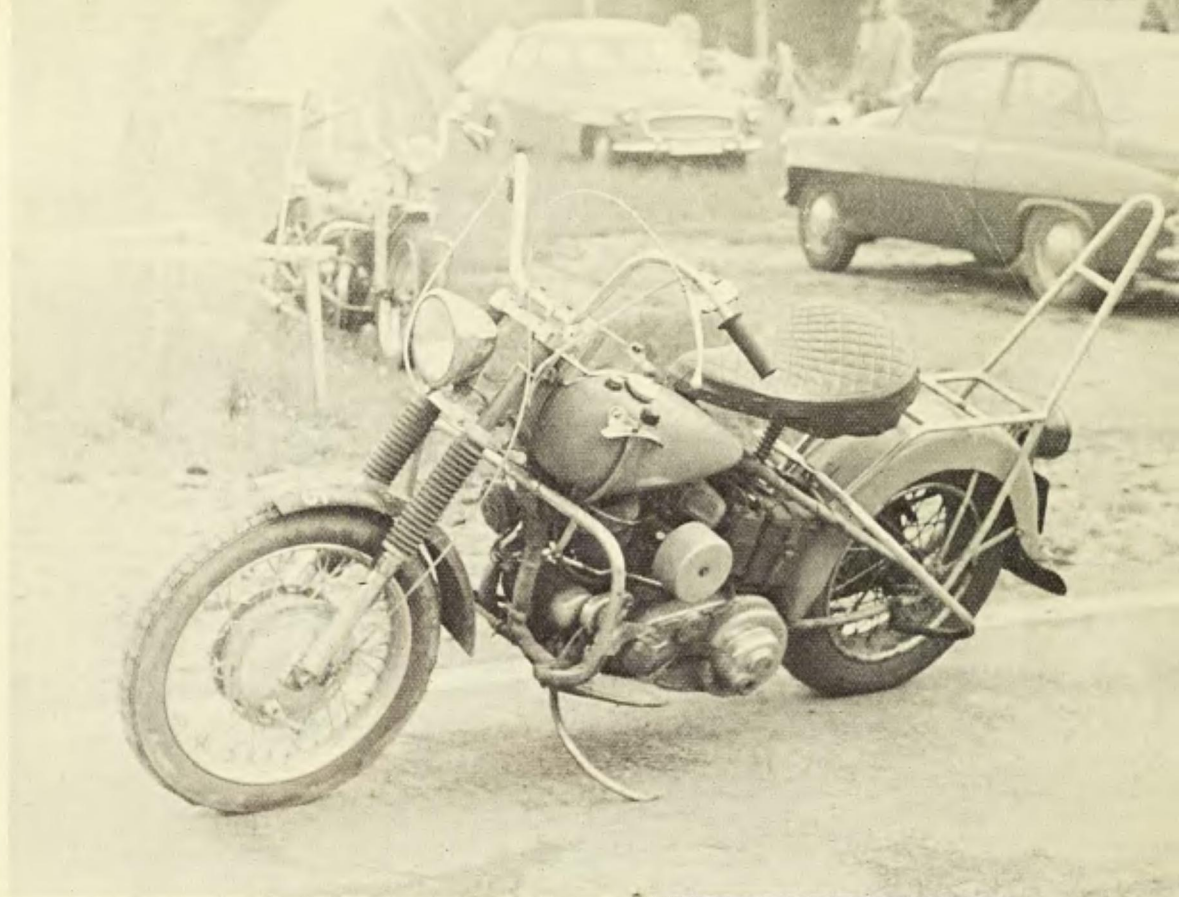
No Polish joke intended. Here you see photos of Polish bikes from three years ago—you know how the Polish mail system is. Anyway, here's an indication of what our Polish brothers are proud to ride, accompanied by a description of the Harley-Davidson scene in Poland, written by Andriej Duesentes.

Polish Harley

Nearly all Polish H-Ds are 45 flatheads, WLA types—the legacy of World War II. As far as I know, there are some people riding late H-Ds (once I saw a 74 panhead from Warsaw), but these bikes are really rare here, mostly because of their price. There are also some older bikes, like a D-model from the '30s in one picture.

Such older Harleys are rarely

rebuilt—they are treated as relics (which doesn't mean that they are not ridden by their owners). But the majority are WLA models. These bikes are usually bought rather cheaply from country people who have had them in their barns since the '40s and are very happy to discover that there is someone who is "stupid" enough to take "this rusted thing." Four or five years



Davidsons

ago, it was very easy to find a Harley this way. But now, if someone finds one in the country and buys it for very little money, he is considered very lucky. This, of course, is because the number of bikes standing in barns here and there has dwindled since 1945. The results are growing prices and increasing difficulty in finding H-Ds.

For the first post-war pur-

chasers, the main concern was to make the Harleys move. You can imagine how a bike looks after it has been lying in a barn for thirty years. At that time, there were no spare parts, no manuals, and people had to do everything on their own, using their own skills. But they finally rode the bikes. Perhaps they were not the nicest machines, but they really moved. After a

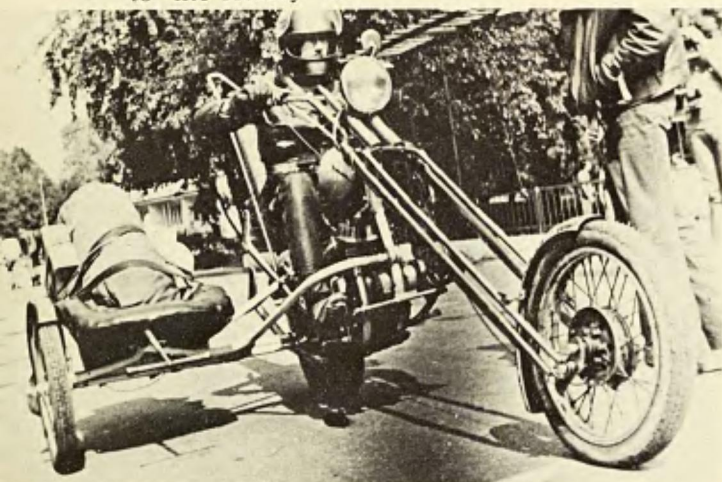
few years, H-D owners began to contact one another to exchange ideas and parts. The first club was organized in Warsaw.

Following the first H-D rally, many people started looking for Harleys, and many new H-D clubs appeared in different towns. They began communicating with West European clubs and started organizing international rallies. These attracted many people from different places in Europe who met, drank, talked, and partied. And that's what the situation looks like at present.

Some four years ago, people in



Two BMWs. In the middle, a Polish V-twin, 1000cc built in the 1930s—very similar to the Harley 45.

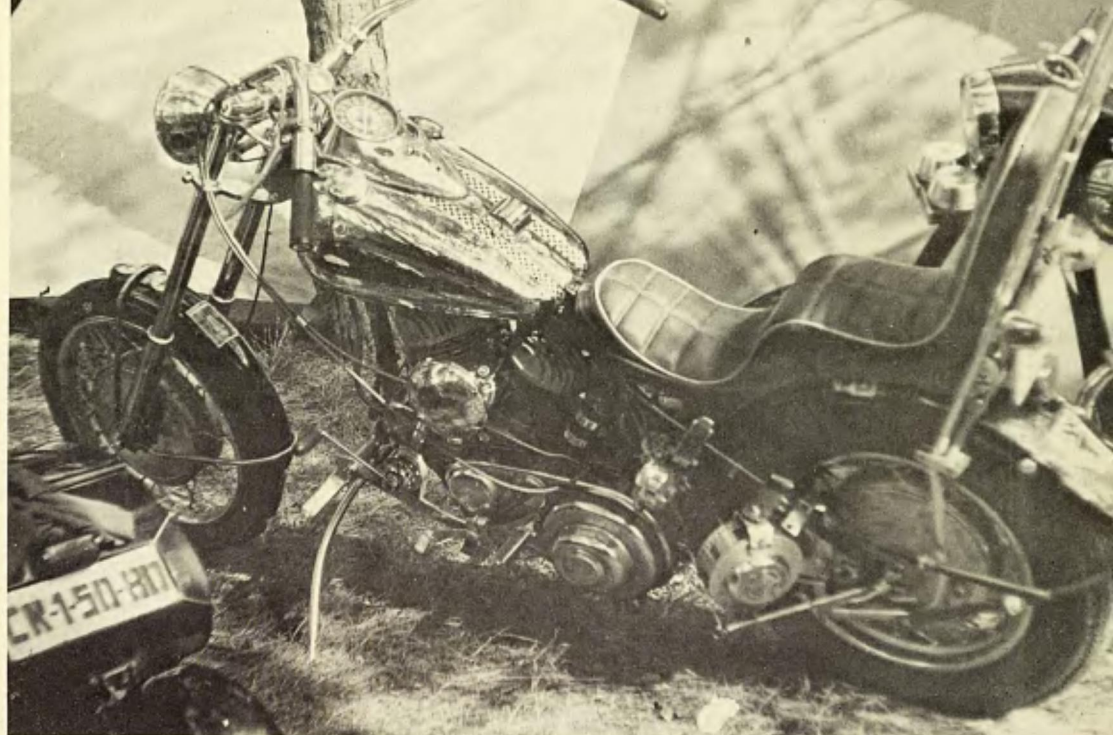


There are people in Poland who ride the whole year through—no matter what the weather.

Poland saw their first chopper and they must have liked it, because now there are many of them and the number is still growing. But one thing that is different here than in the U.S. is that Harleys are not produced in Poland, and just having a Harley means much more than having any half-mile-long, chopped bike in the U.S.A. This you must understand. That's why there are many guys who don't like the idea of a mere chopper and they try to make their WLAs look like Electra Glides. Or they try to be fortunate enough to ride

a Harley. Believe me, a Harley's appearance in the streets of Poland causes more of a sensation than any chopper in the streets of California, because such huge bikes have not been built in Poland since the war.

Many H-D owners spend almost all their time in the winter inside their garages, where they sometimes have a bed, TV, and hi-fi equipment with them while they work on their bikes. There are other owners who ride year-round—not because they don't have or can't afford a car, but because they want to ride. ■



WLA chopper. This bike is not Polish, but Czech.



45 trike built in Warsaw.



The Harley-Davidson rally poster hangs in front of a mountain shelter where we organized the winter rally "Mavia Sniezna," which means "Snow Mazy" and is the name of the mountain on which the shelter house was built. There were twenty of us there.



Space Filler vs. the Mud Wrestlers from Mars

Easyriders



"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me . . ."

Overheard at a plush mountain resort: "If God had intended Texans to ski, He would have made bullshit white."

—Cinde Killebrew
St. Gabriel, La.

Then there was the 90-year-old man who tried to seduce a 15-year-old girl and was charged with assault with a dead weapon.

—John Pfeiffer
Angola, Ind.

What do a biker and a condom with a hole in it have in common? You don't fuck with either one.

—Daisy James
Terrell, Texas

Crazy Charles, the used-bike dealer, was out to break all records with his "like new" models. A large sign in his window announced: A Blonde Free With Each Motorcycle.

A delighted young dude plunked down his cash and, hot with anticipation, drove his newly won blonde out in the country. He parked, gave her a couple of preliminary kisses, and whispered a suggestion in her ear.

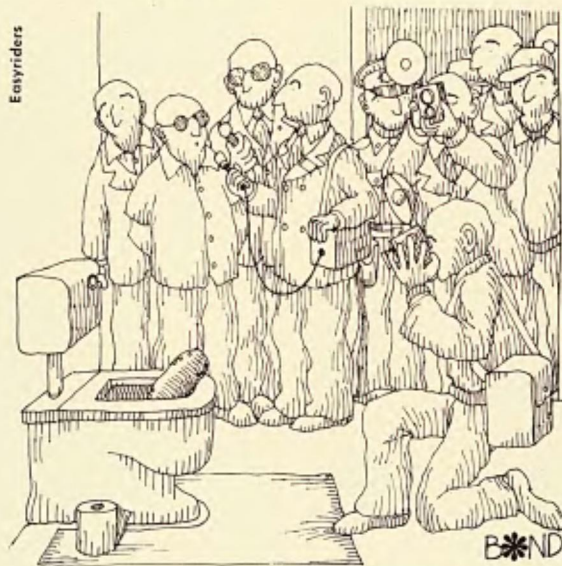
She shook her head, smiled, and said, "You got that when you bought the bike."

—Belinda Rogers
Syracuse, N.Y.

Then there was the attractive but not too bright girl who nearly ruined herself before discovering that what the doctor ordered was not, as she misunderstood, three hearty males a day.

—Hammerin' Hank
Jamestown, Calif.

Easyriders



"No . . . my biggest was in July of 1973."

B*ND

A bro was tooling across the desert when, in the distance, he spotted a small, round object on the ground. When he reached it, it turned out to be the head of a young girl, who was buried up to her neck in the sand.

"Oh, please," she begged, "save me! My husband buried me out here and left me to die."

"Why did he do that?" the bro asked.

"To punish me for being unfaithful," she answered, blushing.

"And if I save you," the biker asked, "what's in it for me?"

The girl looked at him without batting an eye. "Sand!"

—Taco
Tulsa, Okla.

Please, honey," pleaded the young dude, "if you'll only let me, I'll just put it in a little ways." So his date gave in, but temptation proved too much for the guy and he gradually went hilt-deep.

"Ooh," whispered the girl, "that feels nice! Now put it in all the way!"

"Absolutely not!" panted the quick-thinking dude. "A promise is a promise."

—Charlie Lester
Red Lodge, Mont.

The Harley Dictionary defines aircraft carrier as a stewardess with VD.

—Cinde Killebrew
St. Gabriel, La.

Easyriders



"That's right, Ferguson. This is the company retirement plan you've heard so much about."



"When I said, 'Everybody get his hands up,' I didn't mean you, too, you dumb prick!"



"Look you little asshole—for the last time, I'm not gonna cross the fucking street!"

"Forgive me, Father," the embarrassed bachelor told his confessor. "I made love to a beautiful young woman last night."

"That's terrible," the cleric groaned. "Was it Cynthia Walker?"

"Please don't ask me that," the fellow pleaded.

"Was it the Fullerton girl?" the man of the cloth prodded him.

"I don't want to answer," he insisted.

"Well, was it Linda Thockmorton?" the priest demanded.

"I simply refuse to tell you," the young man declared firmly.

"All right, my son," the cleric sighed. "For admitting your guilt, you are forgiven, but you'd better see me again next week."

Leaving the church, the dude met his best friend, who had waited for him outside. "How did your confession go?" the friend inquired.

"Not bad," the bachelor replied. "I got a week off and three new leads."

—Ben Lessing
King of Prussia, Pa.

Then there was the hip chick who got her kicks taking LSD with her birth control pills. She wants to take a trip—but not to Dr. Spock.

—Jim Brown
Reno, Nev.

"Doctor," said the man on the phone, "my son has scarlet fever."

"Yes, I know," replied the doctor. "I came by your house and treated him yesterday. Just keep him away from others in the house and—"

"But you don't understand," said the distraught parent. "He's kissed the maid!"

"Well, that's unfortunate. Now we'll probably have to quarantine her—"

"And, doctor, I'm afraid I've kissed the girl myself."

"This is getting complicated. That means you may have contracted the disease."

"Yes, and I've kissed my wife since then."

"Damn it!" exclaimed the doctor. "Now I'll catch it, too!"

—Jim Pastor
Des Moines, Iowa

A plain-lookin' co-ed home from school on summer vacation calmly confessed to her mother that she'd lost her virginity last semester. "How did it happen?" gasped the parent.

"Well, it wasn't easy," the girl admitted, "but three of my girl friends helped hold him down."

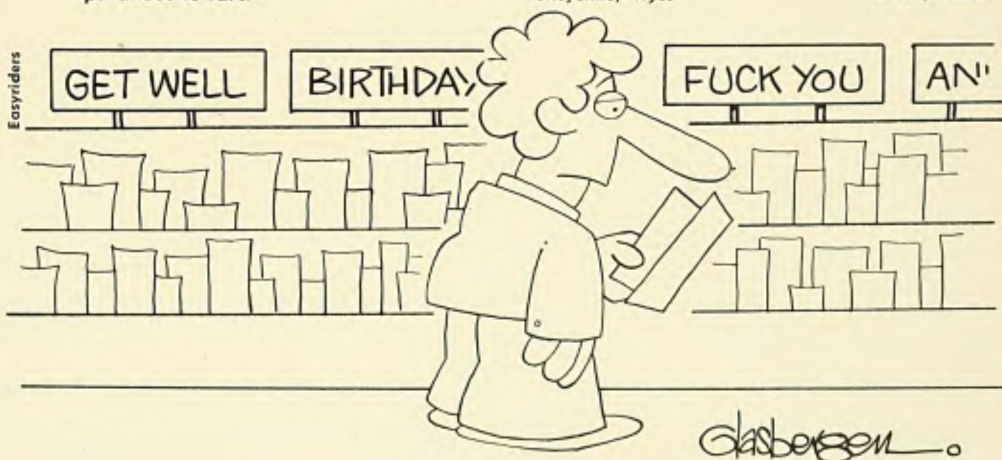
—Henry Leabo
Jamestown, Calif.

Easyriders



"Harry's good with animals—so far, he's taught the dog to scratch and the parakeet to fart."

Easyriders



During an argument about who had the prettier wife, one guy yelled, "Take away your ol' lady's legs, her tits, and her face, and what've ya got?"

"Your wife!" the other screamed.
—French-fried Fran
Van Nuys, Calif.

Easyriders



Call up

After trying to fix a flat tire during a snowstorm, the young man jumped back into the car with his chick and began rubbing his nearly frozen hands. "Let me warm them for you," she offered, placing them between her bare thighs.

When his fingers had thawed out, he rushed back to continue working on the tire, but he quickly returned again, complaining that his hands were numb with cold. As he reached under her skirt, she slid forward and whispered, "Darling, aren't your ears cold, too?"

—Bill Shorter
Cheyenne, Wyo.

"I'll have sex with you," the dancer told the biker, "only if you'll guarantee that lights will flash and bells will ring." So he fucked her on top of the pinball machine.

—Gary Wallace
McAlester, Okla.

A small biker walked into a bar for a brew one afternoon. After taking a sip, he said to the bartender, a burly giant of a man, "Hey, how'd ya like to hear a Polack joke?"

"Listen, shithead," the bartender said, "my name is Mike Polanski, and I'm Polish. That big dude standing behind you is my brother, Joseph, and he's Polish, and the other big dude next to him is our cousin, Voitek, and he's Polish."

The little biker looked around at the three men surrounding him. "Okay," he said. "I'll tell it slow."

—John Dowling
Kailua, Hawaii

SWEET DREAMS



Photos by Kim Peterson

Brian "Tejas" Fillingim has been etchin' and scratchin' on cow skulls since he was knee high to his mom (the coyote). But now that he has come of age, he no longer rides Gila monsters in Texas. Now he's astride a Hog and he's moved on to paint and airbrush work, leavin' the etchin' behind. He still scratches once in a while, though.

But cow skulls (and a gas tank now and then) are still his canvas—a canvas that's hard to come by. Every six months, he hitches a ride on the twenty-mule borax train, which takes him deep into the Mojave desert, where they halt the tired team just long enough for Tejas to climb off in the blinding heat. Cradling his air compressor, brushes, paints, a can of bondo—oh, and one

milk jug fulla water—he makes his way into the fiery desert. The mule drivers shake their heads in disbelief as they jostle the reins and continue their journey across the dusty desert to find more borax or do a TV series (never could figure that one out).

Dodging the pitfalls, the treacherous rattlers and jumping tarantulas, Tejas trudges through the dreary sands until he finds just the right cow skull. It's gotta be one not too deteriorated, and he usually finds it partially covered with sand, miles from civilization. Tejas, his mind whirling with ideas, then seeks a shelter where he can begin his work. But the toughest mountain to scale is still ahead.

Once he has found the shaded shelter, he hangs his canvas so

that just the right amount of orange evening sunlight streaks through the eye sockets of his victim. But once he's loaded his easel and palette with the necessary hues to complete his creation in the damn desert, another tough problem comes to mind—where the fuck to plug in the air compressor.

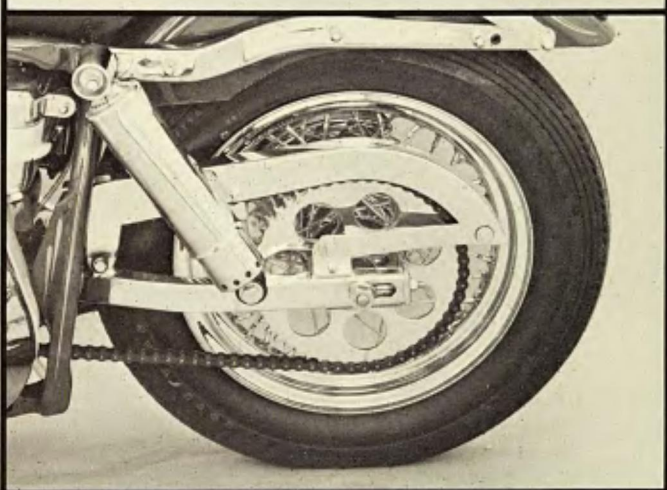
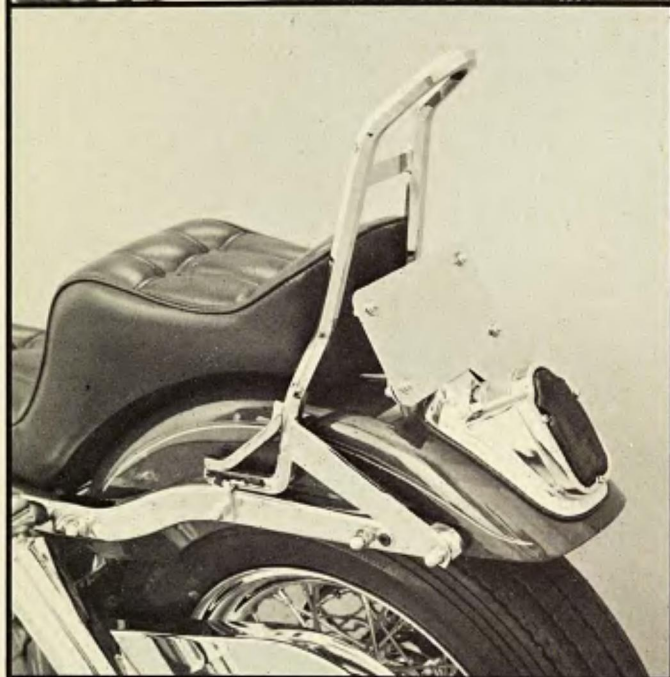
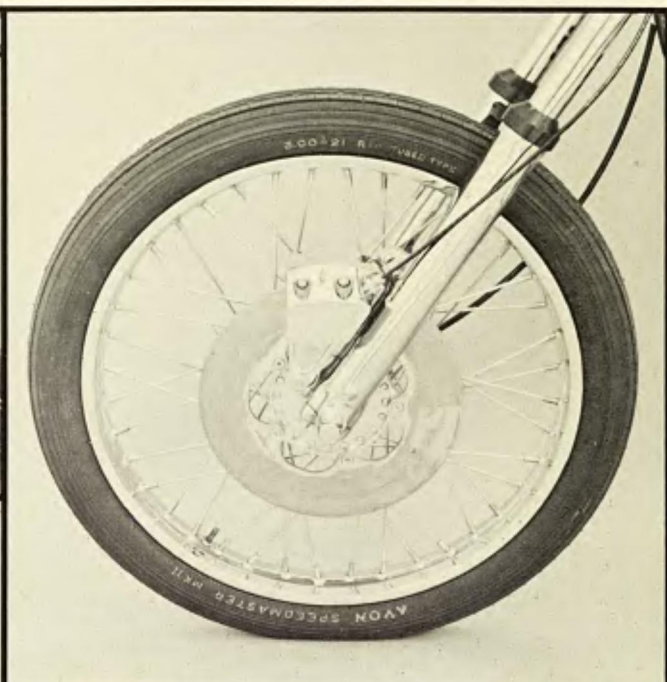
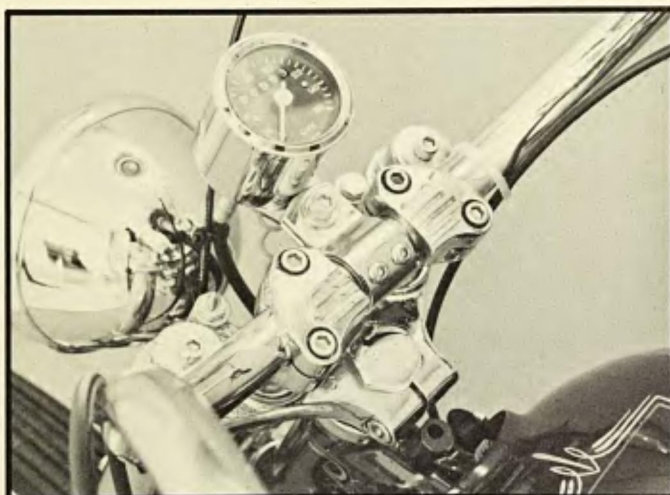
Three times this has happened, and three times he's walked back to civilization with the unpainted carcass to create in the comfort of his air-conditioned apartment. But even under those awkward conditions, he does a helluva job. The last time I saw Tejas, all he could mutter through his blistered lips as his sunburned eyeballs bulged from his scorched face was, "I'll never go back to that fucking desert!"

—Wilburn Roach

a fetish art form that can bend your mind







BIKE BUILDIN', PART III

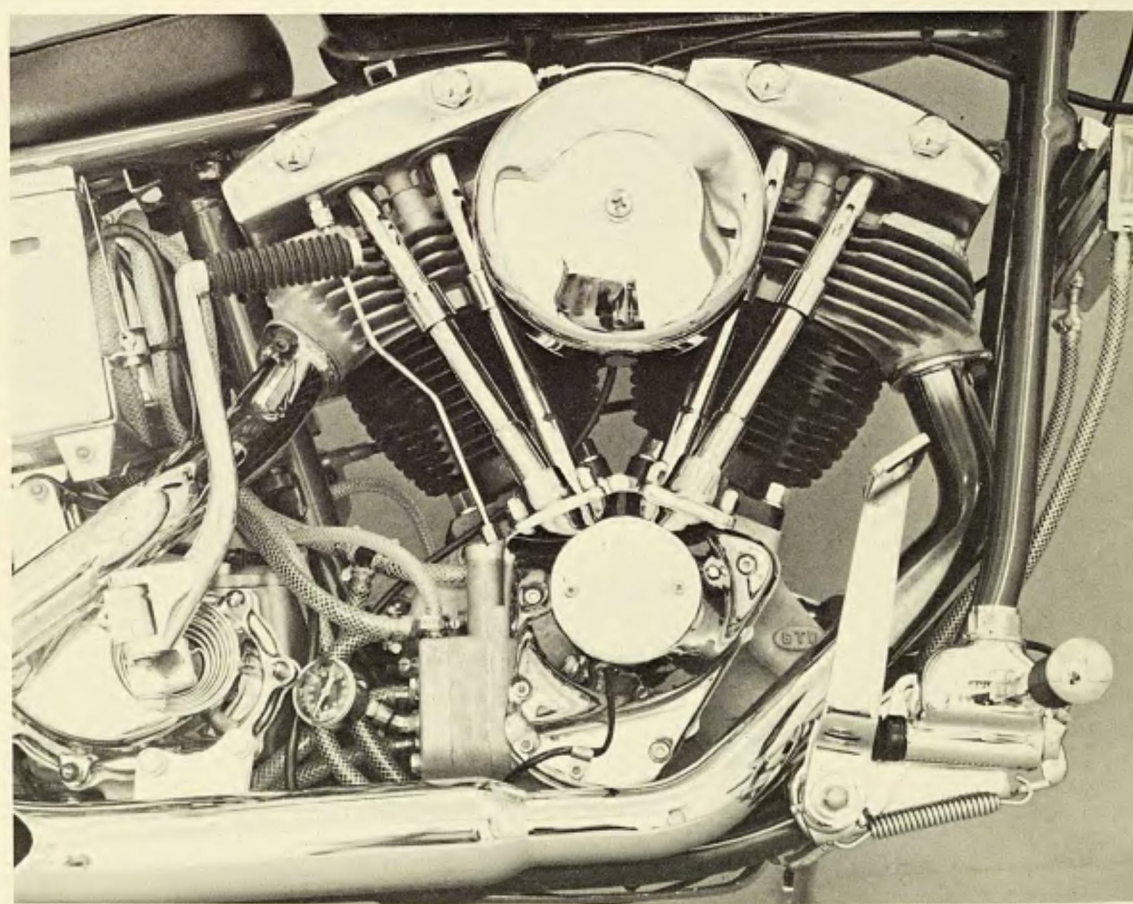
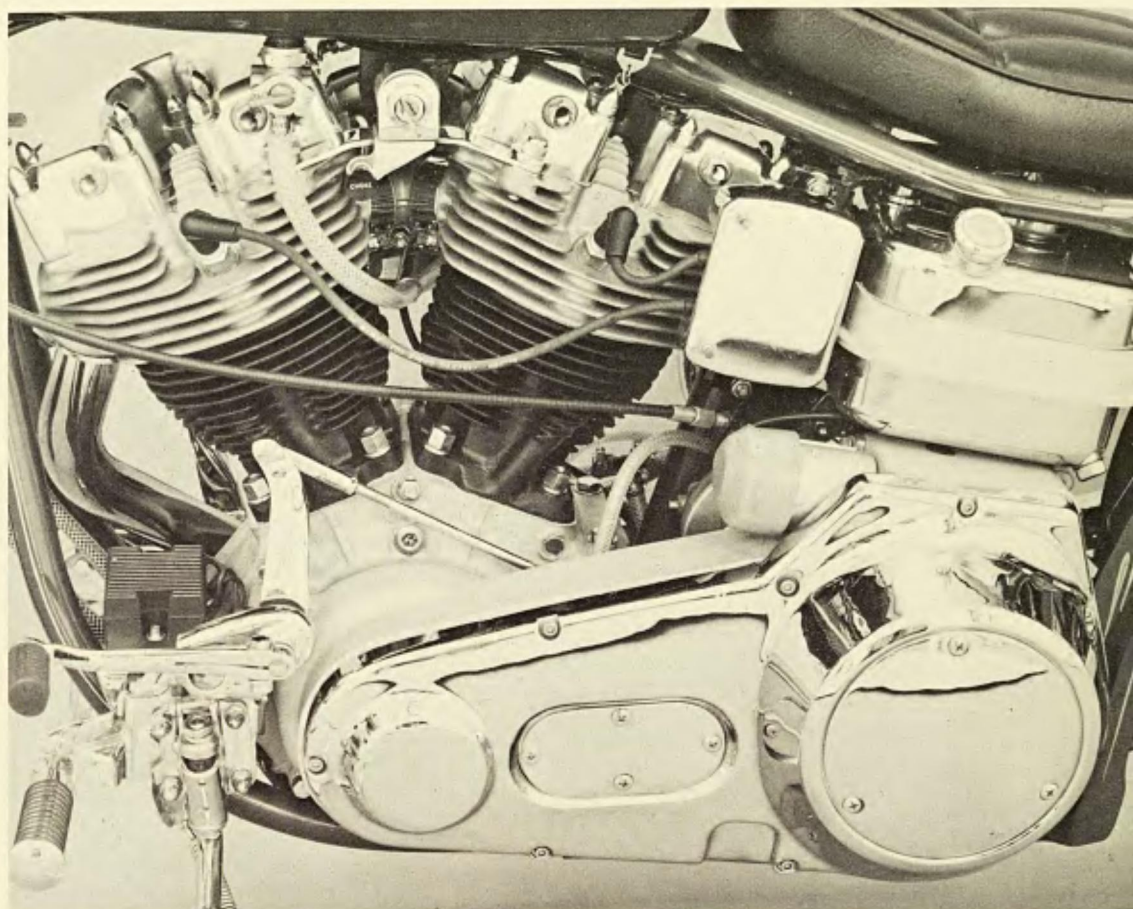
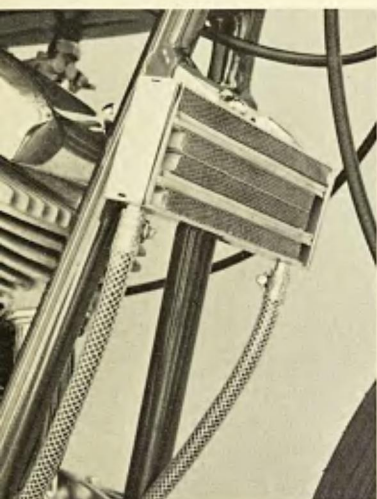
I don't know why I write this crap. Who the fuck reads it anyway? Ya wouldn't be gazin' at this crumpled, recycled shitpaper if ya didn't ride—right? But occasionally, we receive letters from bros askin' how to go about buildin' a putt with just a pocket fulla change. Well, nowadays a pocket fulla change won't get ya a fuckin' sparkplug—or even a gallon of petrol. So, ya might as well steal a ten-speed from a high school.

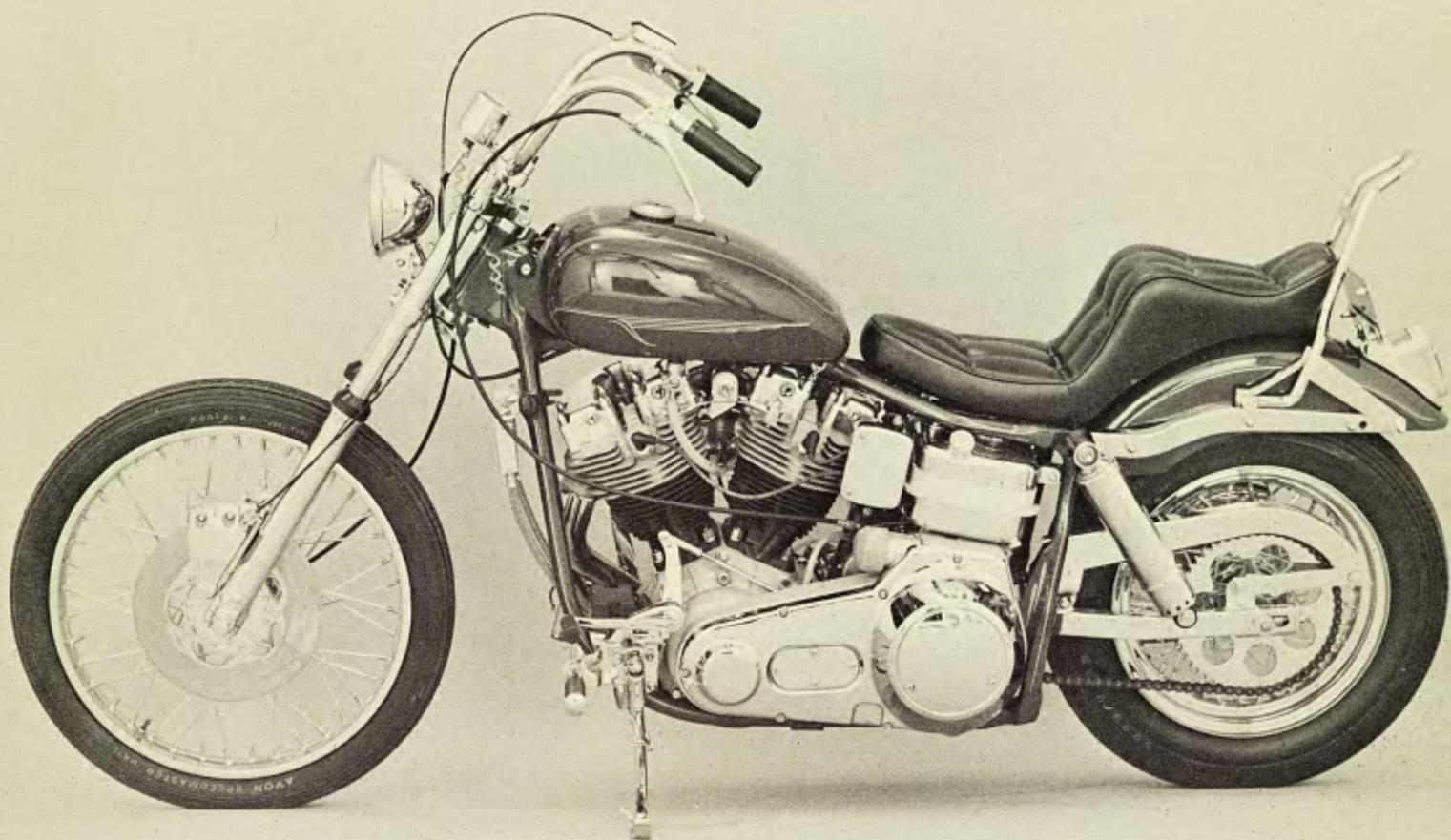
What happened to parts I and II? Never mind, here's another bunch of blithered suggestions.

But let's not get depressed or we'll end up usin' the change for a bottle of wine. And ya know where that leads. There are ways, though, of gettin' two wheels on the street without sellin' your folks' house (don't sell yer own), or borrowin' a set

of bolt cutters. And since there's no secret involved and people on this staff have actually succeeded in gettin' their mugs slapped by the wind this way, it must work. If this method works for this motley crew, it'll do the job for anyone. There's a catch, though—the method entails physical labor or the busted knuckle blues. Puttin' a motorcycle together usually does.

One means of economizing is through swap meets. That's the





approach Steve used to start buildin' this here scooter. If ya know the kind of bike you want to build, then start scorin' parts that will work on it or could be traded. Sometimes, you'll have to use what's available and wait for the part you want to show up. It's a gamblin' game of search, but in the end you may have built a good-runnin' sled for half the price the same style putt might sell for in a custom bike shop showroom. Another good point is that you'll know how well your bike is built. Considerin' some of our putts, that's not such a great point.

Another way to find a putt or piece one together is through classifieds. I used to buy a paper every day just for that little column of tiny motorcycle

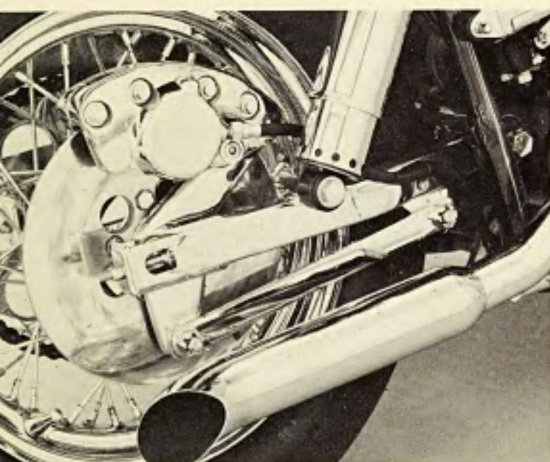
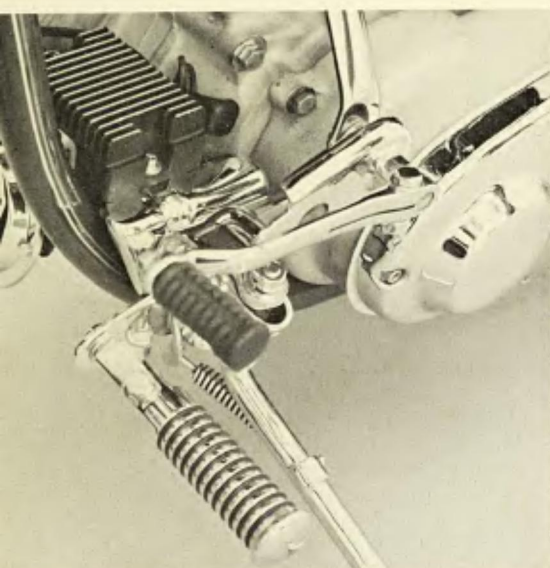
ads in the back—threw the rest of the damn paper away. But if you stay after those classifieds constantly, deals will emerge. Often, bros will just advertise junk parts, and they may be exactly the parts you need. Basket cases are ideal for the guy who has limited funds. When you check them out, mentally build a bike as you go through the boxes of dismantled parts. Also, once in a while an old man or someone who doesn't know a damn thing about the worth of a bike will sell a Hog for next to nothing. If you're on top of those classifieds, you may be the one to score a good runner for the price of a tank of gas—about three hundred bucks.

The last suggestion, before everyone nods out, is to take

advantage of police auctions. Call your local county and city police departments and confess to everything you've ever done—maybe they'll give ya one. But seriously, folks, find out how they get rid of used police bikes, then hit every auction you can. Depending on the number of people who show up, and whether any big-money dealers are in attendance, the prices may be good or bad. We've seen scoots go for as high as fourteen hundred for a four-year-old 74 and as low as three hundred—both were running bikes.

Everyone knows money is short nowadays. But if the highway is your home there are ways, with a little muscle and blood, for you to get home.

—Renegade



Owners: Steve Sciacca

City: Visalia, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner & BJ's shop

Year: 1966 FL

Year and make: 1978 H-D

Builder: H-D

Model: FLH

Type: swingarm

Value: \$4,500

Rake: 30°

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: none

Time: 6 months

Other alterations:

Chroming by: Valley Chrome

Accessories

Engine

Bars: pullbacks

Year: 1978

Risers: stock

Model: FLH

Fender(s): FLH front

Rebuilder: Galen

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: stock

Taillight: H-D tombstone

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: VDO

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: "O" ring

Balancing: factory

Rear pegs: none

Pistons: H-D

Electrics: electric start

Cases: S.T.D.

Gas tank: FXE

Heads: stock

Oil tank: H-D FLH

Cam: FLH

Oil system: stock

Lifters: hydraulic

Primary cover: chromed

Carb(s): Kehien

Seat: Paughco

Air cleaner: Paughco

Sissy bar: Gary Bang

Pipes: Fubar

Height: 12 inches

Muffler(s): Fubar

Material: hex

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: none

Type: FXE glide

Year: 1976

Extension: none

Shifting: ratchet top

Builder: H-D

Engine sprocket: 24

Special features: a lotta chrome

Trans sprocket: 22

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: owner

Hub: FXE

Hub: FLH

Painter: Galen

Rim width: 3 in.

Rim Width: 5 in.

Color: burgundy

Tire: Avon

Tire: Gdyl.

Type: lacquer, emron

Brake: disc

Brake: disc

Special paint: by Ruben

HOW TO ROLL A JOINT

① GRASP PAPER FIRMLY



② FILL WITH CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE



③ NOW YOU'RE READY



④ ROUND UP LARGE GROUP OF FRIENDS. OR SMALL GROUP OF LARGE FRIENDS (OPTIONAL)

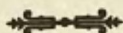


⑤

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posters are printed on
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M-9 "Hollyweed"



M-7 "Run Heat"



M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



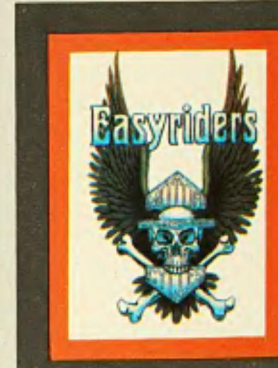
M-4 "One for the Road"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

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Legislation To Cut Legislation

Following is a letter written by Congressman Del Clawson from California. It was written to a bro who wanted to know how government agencies have the right to make so many rules, regulations, and standards—and why, once they've been legislated into existence, they cannot be controlled by our elected officials. Brother Bill Busch directed his comment to the recent EPA regs. The bill (HR 4901) Congressman Clawson refers to in his letter may be our lifesaver.

"Thank you for your recent letter. I appreciate knowing of your discontent with the EPA and in particular their proposals regarding regulations for motorcycles. There is

much concern with the role of the regulatory agencies of the federal government. Many people feel as you do—that such agencies have overstepped their authority in some areas—and are beginning to question the effects that some of the regulations may be having on the economy and environment.

"Because I believe that many of these federal agency rules and regulations often go beyond the intended legislative authority, thus interfering with individual rights and freedoms, I have again introduced legislation in this Congress which would create a method whereby Congress may prevent their adoption." ■

Stifle The People

All bros are urgently requested to write to their U.S. Senators, opposing S-2971, sponsored by Abraham Ribicoff (D-Conn.). Ribicoff's bill would cripple government relations operations. It would require any organization to register with the government and come under restrictive and tedious reporting procedures if it spends as little as \$5,000 in a three-month period soliciting its members to write the government on various issues. Ed Youngblood describes the bill as a "Federal Catch-22," pointing out that Congress has created a massive bureaucracy that calls for lengthy comment on end-

less proposed regulations, and now that same Congress wishes to penalize any organization that makes an effort to be responsive. In a letter of June 5 to Ribicoff, Youngblood said, "I abhor the trend that S-2971 represents. It is not enough that . . . Congress has abdicated so much of its authority to regulatory agencies that are very nearly unapproachable, but now it would appear that your bill would muffle further what democratic voice is left to the American citizen . . . as a member of an association."

—from AMA's Government Report

England's Light

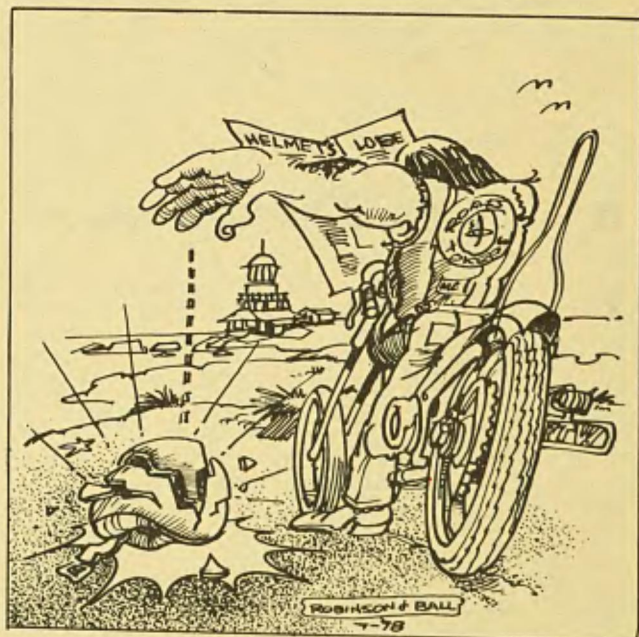
The British Motorcycle Federation has come out in opposition to mandatory daytime headlight use. Arguing against a legislative trend in the British Isles similar to what American motorcyclists have experienced over the last decade, BMF states: "Compulsory day-

time headlights could lead to a deterioration in driving standards with a consequential rise in accidents, because a motorist would no longer be looking for the oncoming motorcycle—only its headlight. And since a large percentage of accidents involving a motorcycle and another vehicle is attributable to the other driver, such a law would pass the onus of care from the guilty party to the victim."—from AMA's Government Report

Highway Defect Search

The New Jersey Office of Highway Safety is working with motorcycles on a new and very creative highway defect notification warning program. The plan will distribute

over 25,000 return post card questionnaires to state riders who will fill one out to notify the state of road hazards. We find it a most interesting idea, since motorcyclists are far more sensitive to highway defects than other vehicle operators.—from AMA's Government Report



Registered Coffin

Only in California would you find a motor home like this, but the owner, David Brannen, is dead serious about it.

He drives a '46 knuckle-head Harley-Davidson motorcycle with a long, brown coffin rigged to the back wheel.

At night he parks it in a friend's driveway, climbs under the royal-blue velvet bedspread inside the big box, shuts the lid, and goes to sleep.

Last week after Brannen and his friends hooked the coffin to the motorcycle, he registered it as a trailer with the Department of Motor Vehicles in West Covina.

"I don't really know if it's legal or not," said a perplexed DMV clerk.

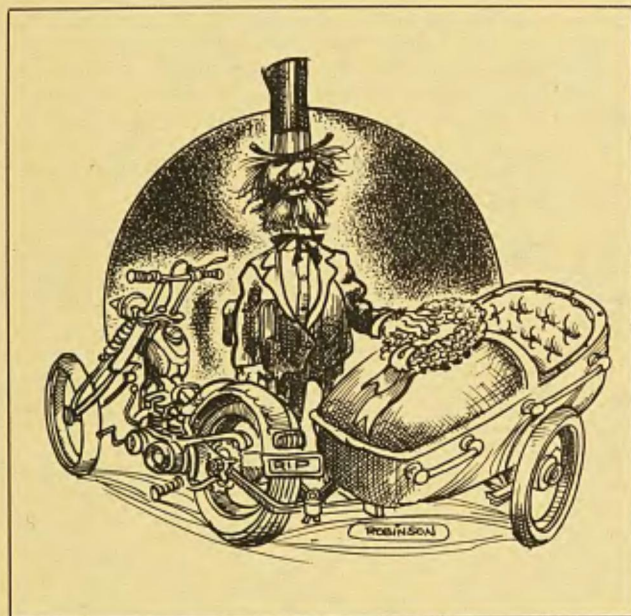
But his supervisor, Charlotte Glover, did know.

"There's no problem at all," she assured the bearded driver, although she admitted she had never seen anything quite like it before and hoped she never saw one again.

"I think it's weird," she said under her breath.

Just the same, she registered the coffin. "If it has wheels on it, and it's not self-propelled, we register it as a trailer," she explained, adding that the body type is a carrier.

— by Betty Goodwin



Bikers' Political Action Handbook

With 37 states electing governors and other legislators this November, AMA's GRD has begun to lay plans for grass roots impact in the various states. Cornerstone for the effort is a new publication entitled *A Biker's Political Action Handbook*. The 24-page publication contains detailed guidance on how to select a candidate, how to manage a campaign team, how to pro-

mote a candidate, how to conduct voter registration, and how to turn out maximum support on election day. The booklet will be distributed to all AMA clubs with a plea for motorcyclists to become politically active in the off-year elections. In addition to the nationwide program, GRD will select key states for concentrated effort—from the AMA's Government Report

Put The NHTSA In Its Place

Proposed U.S. legislation HR 8648 (Johnson Harsha) would radically affect the method of NHTSA's rule-making system. States would have a greater leeway to identify highway problems and seek remedies, without the sanctioning actions hanging over any state's head. This is due, as Brock

Adams, Secretary of Transportation, says, to the fact that such sanctions have "outlived their usefulness." In spite of this the bill would still severely sanction states that don't actively enforce the 55mph speed limit. Among other "key areas," according to the bill, due for continued vigilance by the NHTSA, are data collection and analysis and licensing.—from AMA's Government Report

Sidecars Fight With Tollway

Halcombe A. Kendall of Hsuburban Homewood has been carrying on one of those one-man campaigns against a government bureaucracy.

At issue is 15 cents.

For the last 18 months, Kendall has written hundreds of letters to the Illinois State Toll Highway Authority in quest of what he said were his rights—and his 15 cents. His campaign has tied up the authority's legal staff and management for countless hours. The Illinois attorney general's office and at least one state legislator also got involved.

The fight centered on how much people who own motorcycles with sidecars must pay to use the tollways. Kendall contended that they should have to pay only 30 cents while tollway officials insisted that some motorcycles with sidecars should pay 45 cents. For months, the tollway had its way.

The reason for the extra toll is that motorcycles with sidecars have three wheels, with the third on some sidecars set back or ahead of the other two wheels by a few inches. In effect, this constitutes a third axle, and because tolls are based on the number of axles, tollway officials argued, some sidecar owners had to pay 45 cents—the toll for three-axled vehicles—instead of 30 cents.

"A two-wheel cycle pays 30 cents. A three-wheel cycle like the police use pays 30 cents. A cycle

with sidecar wheels in line pays 30 cents. But a sidecar with an offset of just a few inches pays 45 cents," Kendall lamented.

"The tolls should be uniform. Instead, the driver of a motorcycle sidecar, which weighs 600 to 900 pounds, has to pay the same as a 10-wheel truck [with three axles]," he said.

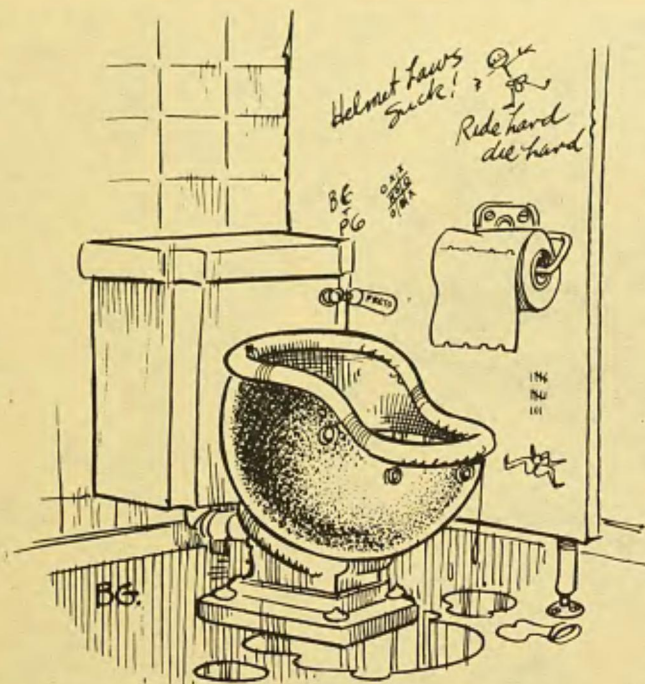
A tollway spokesman explained that the agency is required by state law to charge by the number of axles, which was considered to be the most equitable method. Classifying tolls by a vehicle's weight just was impractical, she added.

Kendall won over at least one state legislator, Rep. Richard F. Kelly, Jr. (D-Hazel Crest), who has introduced a bill that would require uniform rates for sidecars. "I just feel that the tolls should be fair and equitable," Kelly said.

However, the bill didn't appear to be going anywhere and Kendall called The Sun-Times. Only a few days after the newspaper called tollway officials to inquire about the problems, a memo was issued to tollway supervisors, ordering the uniform fare for sidecars immediately.

Another tollway spokesman said later that it really wasn't a big deal because there are only 50 motorcycles with sidecars registered in the state.

—by Dennis Byrne



Dump Motorcycles

The Treasury determined that Japanese motorcycles were being sold in the U.S. at prices lower than in Japan.

The finding could lead to antidumping duties on many of the motorcycles. Motorcycle imports from Japan totaled \$484 million last year.

The Treasury found that motorcycles made by Honda Motor Co. were being sold at prices 2.9% below those charged in the home market, Yamaha Motor Co.'s machines at about 19% below the home market, and Kawasaki Heavy Industries Ltd.'s at 7.3% below Japanese market prices.

The investigation was at the request of AMF Inc.'s Harley-Davidson Motor Co. unit, the sole U.S. motorcycle producer.

The Treasury exempted from the determination Suzuki Motor Co., the only other major Japanese motorcycle maker, because its "dumping margin" was only 0.3%.

The agency forwarded the case to the U.S. International Trade Commission, which must find that Harley-Davidson was

injured by the imports before duties can be imposed.

The Treasury tentatively determined in April that the motorcycles were being sold at "less than fair value," which normally means at prices below those in the home market or in third country markets. If anti-dumping duties are assessed, they will be retroactive to April 26.

If the duties were imposed, they would represent the most recent in a series of moves the government has adopted that have reduced imports from Japan. The U.S. has engineered an orderly marketing agreement, in essence a form of quota, to curb color television imports, set up a "trigger price" system to deter imports of cut-rate steel, and even persuaded the Japanese to agree to trim auto exports.

The Japanese trade surplus with the U.S., a massive \$6.32 billion for the first six months of 1978, is primarily responsible for the recent weakness of the dollar in relation to the yen.

The EPA —How Much Will It Cost Us?

A report by the Council on Wage and Price Stability from the Executive Office of the President gives some conclusions concerning the EPA's proposed motorcycle noise regulations. The basic conclusion is that part of the motorcycle noise problem is due to owner-

modified exhaust systems and not to noisy new motorcycles. Therefore, more emphasis should be placed on enforcement at the local level.

If the EPA were to adopt its proposed regulation, the costs imposed on society would far exceed any benefits. Therefore, EPA would consider the proposal inflationary in its present form.

The EPA should do a more careful analysis of alternative noise strategies to find ways to lessen noise in the least costly way.

Bad News Florida Law

SB 621 would loosen strict motorcycle noise limits that otherwise would be effective December 31, 1978. The effect (should SB 621 fail) would possibly be that no new motorcycles could be sold after that date. The 78 dB (A) rating would be loosened to a realistic 83 dB (A) rating, although limits for 1982, 1984, and 1985 would be unusually severe.—from AMA's Government Report

Bureaucrats Work Overtime

While Congress passed only 404 new laws in 1977, the bureaucrats wrote 7,568 new regulations. It costs the average American family \$2,000 per year just to see that these regulations are complied with. The Code of Federal Regulations now stands at 60,000 pages, 38 volumes. The bureaucracy issues 9,800 different forms, requiring 556 million responses per year.—from AMA's Government Report

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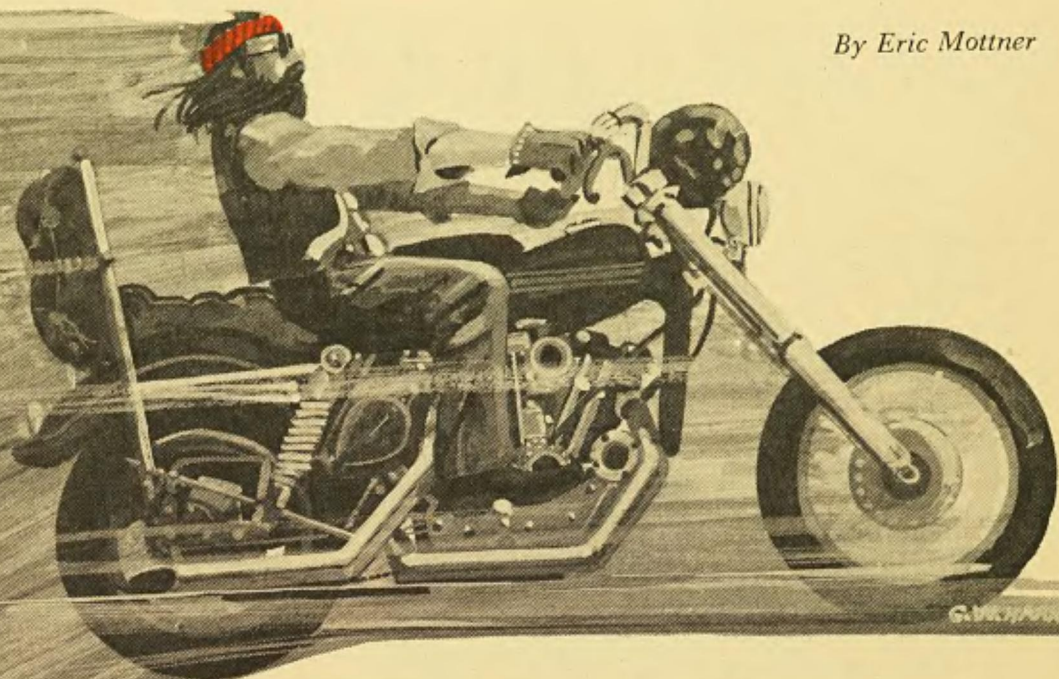
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Thanks for not giving up—We never will.





DEATH WINDS

He had discovered the ancient evil secret by accident. Now he alone possessed a power so deadly, so unspeakably hideous, that no one could stand against him. For the first time in his life he was free to ride—anywhere, any time he wanted.

Carl lifted the leather jacket from the chair and tossed it into the corner. He placed the steaming pot in front of him and reached for the spoon. *I must make sure I can recreate the mixture*, he thought.

He pondered the danger he faced as the wisps of steam rose from the bubbling mixture. The last few weeks seemed more like a dream than anything else he had experienced in life. Maybe he was dreaming now. Last month he had been flat broke and busted, waiting in a county jail in a little northern California town because he didn't have the money to post bail on a minor traffic charge. Then the lawyer had bailed him out and explained that he had been looking for him for almost three years, and that a great-grandfather had left him a small inheritance.

Carl had never known he had a

great-grandfather. His parents had never talked about relatives, and after they died in a motel fire during a vacation on the coast, he figured that he was the last of his family. For the last few years he had lived primarily on the road, doing manual labor when he stayed in a town, then moving on when the weather warmed or the job ended or the motorcycle was running so well that an afternoon ride just kept on going up the road. From the lawyer, Carl learned that his great-grandfather, also named Carl Svenson, had been a seaman on merchant ships sailing down the South American coast. He had piled up quite a bit of money from these voyages, although no one seemed to know exactly how he had done so. Some suggested that adventurers back then might have braved the jungles and even the high Andes searching for Inca treasures, or the

legendary lost emerald mines that had first been sought by the Spanish conquistadors. No one had ever found the fabled emeralds, or, if someone had, he hadn't lived to tell the world about it.

The will left by Carl Svenson carried a strange provision, apparently based on the old man's increasing eccentricity in his last days. No one, the provision stipulated, was to be told of the will, or the house and property he left until fifty years had passed after his death. The old man moved from his home on the Oregon coast to a small town in Iowa, and had lived there in obscurity the last years of his life. Each year, the law office had paid the taxes on the property, until finally the fifty years had run out, and then a junior law partner was sent to find Carl. The cash in the estate now amounted to only a few thousand dollars, much having

—Continued on page 105

DOWNTIME

by Tex Campbell

Stompin' in the sawdust with Willie: Willie Nelson is hot property these days. A few months back, he made the cover of *Rolling Stone*, followed soon thereafter by the cover of *Newsweek*, and during this same period the Prez himself quietly slipped in at a concert (along with the missus and about twenty Secret Service agents) to catch Willie in person. Well, speaking for myself, I'm glad for Willie, because he's fought his way up to the top, and in the process has given me and a lot of other people more pleasure than any other performer around. Back in the early '70s, when Nashville suits (the record company executives) were calling the shots and insisted on allowing other singers to clean up with hits of Willie's material, he told 'em to fuck off and headed home to Texas. But a few years have passed, and now when Willie says "Frog," the suits jump.

Though I was born and raised in Texas, I am a relatively recent fan of Willie Nelson. For a while, I knew him by name only—the guy who wrote some old favorites like "Crazy" and "Hello Walls" and "Night Life." But in 1973, when cuts from his new album, *Shotgun Willie*, began to receive airplay around Austin, I was an instant convert to stone, hardcore fan. This remarkable album was followed by two works of undeniable genius—*Phases and Stages* in 1974, and *Red Headed Stranger* in 1975. The latter, most everyone agrees, is Willie's masterpiece, a tightly woven fabric of songs (only a third of which Willie wrote) that unfold an absorbing narrative of love, betrayal, revenge, and death.

In the early '70s, I hung out with a motley collection of Harley riders in and around Austin, Willie's favorite stomping grounds. This group consisted of a great bunch of ne'er-do-wells who worked hard at not working, and took it easy the rest of the time. Whenever Willie was playing some local joint, we'd devote the day to crammin' our systems full of Mexican wacky weed (inexpensive street goods—these were the days before inflated pot prices and lids with bullshit South American pedigrees), tacos, jalapenos, and Lone Star beer. Then, around 8 p.m., when the Texas heat began to let up some, we'd stumble out to our bikes, fried to the gills and ready for a night of stompin' in the sawdust and cryin' in our beer with ol' Willie.

Those were memorable, if brief, rides—roaring through the



Photo by Scott Newton

streets with our guts aflame from salsa picante and our brains made null and void from Mexican colitas. We'd lock the bikes together in a dirt parking lot, stumble into the beer joint, and elbow our way through the throng. It was a rowdy crew: short-haired cowboys (owners of all those pickups outside—each with a gunrack and an "I'd Rather Be A Roper Than A Doper" bumpersticker); long-haired hippies (owners of all the post-psychedelic vans and battered VWs in the parking lot); local straights (insurance salesmen by day, country music fans by night). And, of course, us—a few representatives of that unkempt, weird subculture who rode motorcycles and who had No Visible Means of Support. Under ordinary circumstances, you take a diverse crowd like that, toss in case after case of brew, and you've got a powder-keg. The punch-out potential is off the meter.

But this was a special time and a special place. We—and everyone else in the densely packed club—drank our beer in peace and paid no attention to the heat, or our shirts sticking to our backs, or the unlikely collection of lifestyles around us. Bikers, kickers,

slicks, straights—all brought together in mutual admiration for this grizzled former Sunday school teacher who just happens to be the best damn songwriter/performer in America.

We'd stomp our feet and spill our beer in time to the fast tunes as we recognized our own lives: "Well, I gotta get drunk and I sure do dread it, 'Cause I know just what I'm gonna do. / Gonna spend my money, callin' everybody honey. / And wind up singin' the blues. / I'll spend my whole paycheck on some old wreck. / And brother I could name you a few. / Well, I gotta get drunk and I sure do dread it, 'Cause I know just what I'm gonna do." And on the slow ones, we'd grow still and stare at the wet rings our beer bottles left on the scarred wooden tables. Each of us would think about that woman, the special one who'd walked out one day and left us howling at the moon and wondering how we were going to live through the night: "If I'd only had one arm to hold you, / Better yet, if I'd had none at all, / Then I wouldn't have two arms that ache for you. / And there'd be one less memory to recall. / If I'd only had one ear to listen, / To the lies that you told to me, / Then I'd more closely resemble, / The half a man that you've made of me."

Each time I listen to Willie, I find myself newly amazed that Nashville had him pegged as a songwriter only and considered his singing an unmarketable commodity. Willie's material has been recorded by a preposterously diverse assortment of other singers—Perry Como, Aretha Franklin, Faron Young, Little Anthony and the Imperials (no shit), Patsy Cline, Lawrence Welk, Stevie Wonder, Ray Price, Eydie Gorme, Frank Sinatra, and Al Green, to name only a few. But no one does a tune like Willie himself, riding the emotions of his own lyrics with a characteristic understated power that defies description, using the pauses as skillfully as less gifted singers use the words themselves. Listen to Willie sing the resigned cynicism of "She's Not For You" or offer the weary hope of "Stay Away From Lonely Places" or proclaim the frightening necessity of love in "I'd Have To Be Crazy," and you'll know what I mean. Listen to him recount the awful progress of getting over a love: "Well, I've been feelin' a little bad, 'Cause I've been feelin' a little better, without you. / It's a little like rain, / But it's a lot like a sunny day. / And it's hard to explain, but the

sound of your name / Don't make music anymore. / And it's more the sound of a love that I lost one day."

I'll never forget the hot Texas nights that I caught Willie live. Willie kept everybody guessing where he was coming from. You might see him in the spring sporting a full, flame-colored beard, hair down to his ass, and wearing a gold earring. All the hippies in the joint would be convinced that ol' Willie (deep down in his heart, ya understand) was definitely on their side. But catch Willie three months later and he'd be indistinguishable (on the surface) from any of the cropped-hair, clean-shaven cowboys who always made up half the audience. Eventually, we all got it—Willie just refused to be caught up in all this horseshit about hair and clothes. (He wears snazzy blue running shoes on-stage these days.) Others could sit around with tight assholes about their hair as a symbol of their identity, but Willie didn't have the time. And perhaps that's what he projects most today in person, as a performer—a man at ease with himself, sure of who and what he is. The hair may come and go, but Willie, like the battered guitar he plays with such immaculate, authoritative style, remains the same. From me and all those scooter bums who know what I'm talking about—thanks, Willie.

Suggested Albums. It's hard to go wrong on a Willie Nelson album, but any collection would have to include *Phases and Stages*, his brilliant "theme" album of a crumbling marriage, seen from both the man's point of view and the woman's. Equally essential is *Red Headed Stranger*, an inspired album whose richness grows with each listening—even after three years. *Shotgun Willie*, while not altogether the equal of the first two, is a fine album and shouldn't be missed.

After those three albums, I'd recommend *The Sound In Your Mind*, an excellent album released in 1976. *Yesterday's Wine*, Willie's last effort before shucking Nashville, is an album of great strength and, like his tribute to Lefty Frizzell, *To Lefty From Willie*, rarely receives the admiration it deserves. The list could go on, but I'd suggest you check out *Stardust* and listen to Willie lay down some fine old standards in versions that give the songs new dimensions. ■

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Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Sagittarius

Most Sagittarians never grow up—they're just big kids. They say and do the most outrageous shit. Even Sagittarian rugrats come on strong enough to blow people's minds. For instance, one little Sag used his pecker to stir the punch at a church social. They later caught him checking out the preacher's daughter's beaver for bugs.

Sagittarians Frank Sinatra and his shadow, Sammy Davis, Jr., are both examples of the Sag tendency to run off at the mouth. They often blurt out whatever crosses their minds and let their mouths overload their asses, which is one reason they're short in the secret department.

Ya got to give 'em credit when it comes to tickling the old funny bone. They're not only humorous, but their wit is clever. Woody Allen, Flip Wilson, Dick Van Dyke, and Redd Foxx are all Sagittarians.

The Sagittarian may blab his balls off, but he's a faithful friend. He'd never dump his load on a partner who is down and out. He'll even throw a few punches for ya. Sagittarians are super-charged talkers who don't need the aid of uppers to bend ears. (Any Sag who does drop 'em better wear a muzzle.)

Because he's attracted to danger (he's a terrible showoff who'll accept any farout dare), the Sagittarian is often accident-prone. He is susceptible to injury of the hips. Other sensitive areas are the liver and hands. But he recuperates faster than most people. He also likes to pop pimples on complete strangers.

Although the Sagittarian is good at blowing his bread (along with a few broads), he's a lucky fucker when it comes to poker or the race track. He's not a poor loser, either.

Sagittarians can live almost out of a suitcase. Sagittarian Toulouse-Lautrec probably slept in

one and was born with travel stickers on his forehead (fore-skin?). The Sagittarian has itchy feet (along with occasional jock itch) and loves to get out on the highway and boogie.

The older Sagittarian biker still parties hearty and will bet on anything, even if it's guessing how many gray hairs there are on a sixty-year-old snatch. He is still throwing his bone to any going honey who'll gnaw on it.

Note to Women:

How to catch a Sagittarius? If you embarrass easily, forget it. He'll shock the shit out of the more sensitive slits. After he showers, orally blow dry him. Remember, he is basically honest. Even when he farts, he will cop to it, but offer a good medical reason. Lend him money to gamble with his bros, and don't snivel if he thinks you don't need it back. The Sagittarian hates pettiness. The only thing small he digs is pussy, so you better keep a can of alum handy.

the dough. It could be you have to combine a fuck with a buck. Just be glad your tail is built to wail, an' don't waste it.

Scorpio (October 23—November 21)

Lucky you! You're still basically in control, except for a tendency to be overly generous during the holidays. New Years may put your dick in the dirt. (Doesn't it always?) It's fairly certain your system can handle more than the average frying now. The only fly in your pie now is sneaking forbidden snatch. Horny you find it hard to resist and can usually carry it off. Not this month!

Sagittarius (November 22—December 20)

This is not gonna be the best birthday month you've had—in fact, you still have quite a few loose ends left over from last month. Go over any legal papers with a fine-tooth comb. You could discover some overlooked data. Just don't let all the minor problems boggle your brain. When your birthday comes around, let all that heavy bullshit slide. You need to unwind and get loose for a couple of days.

Capricorn (December 21—January 19)

You'll be a happy cappy as long as you guard your health now. Last month may have left you with a limp nut sack. Too much party time saps your strength an' leaves ya too drained even to duck your dong. Take some vitamins to perk up both you and your prong. Unless ya intend to spend part of the holiday season paying some sawbones a visit (plus a lot of bread), take my advice an' shape up!

Aquarius (January 20—February 18)

You may still be a taste short on cash, but bros are generous as hell now. You'll party your ass off most of the month for free. Don't be surprised, though, if you have a few hassles with your machine. If you do, a tight partner comes through with some spare parts. (How lucky can you get?) Best enjoy this period an' go for the gusto—you might not get this lucky for another year.

Pisces (February 19—March 20)

Well, ya' finally got away from that running sore that had her claws hanging on ya. But who says ya can't win 'em all? By now, you're snuggled in with a honey who appreciates you and shows it. Since you got rid of that veritable vegetable, you've got yourself a real victory garden. Plus, you're getting your shit together again. You're saving a lot of bucks by staying at home with some sweet fucks! ■

Aries (March 21—April 20)

There are some ugly rumors hanging heavy on your head now. Don't fuck around—wade right in an' clean 'em up. If ya have to kick a few asses, don't hesitate! Some dipshit is jealous of your position an' tries to take advantage of your pleasing personality. Let your fingers do the walking to solve this problem—like putting all five of 'em upside his mug.

Taurus (April 21—May 20)

There may be a shitload of mindfucks to contend with this month. Believe it or not, they won't ruffle a hair on your ass. Ya got some righteous assistance in the form of an ol' lady or a partner to see you through the blind spots. Besides, at least one horny honey would give her left tit to be your slave. If you're shopping for one, grab onto it. If ya got one, best let it slide.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

This month ya may get a taste dewy-eyed (yes, you!) over past relationships. It could just be a

partner or partners you grew up with. Maybe some hot box comes back to burn ya. Either way, you could find yourself longing to get in the wind an' renew the relationship. Avoid the holiday rush an' book early. This is a real gonad-grabbing time to travel. Go for it!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Except for an aggravated anus at home base (I don't mean hemorrhoids), you can easily handle this month. Just keep that old eagle eye of yours peeled at work. You have a great chance to step into some fuckup's job. Let those redneck lames be the losers, 'cause you can benefit by their ball-bustin' mistakes. You can lock your horns with all the right people now, including some munchable names!

Leo (July 22—August 21)

Shit! You're busier than a temite with a seven-course dinner. You hardly have time for all those incredible edibles. You may have to pass on part of the snatch now. Besides working your nuts

to a frazzle, there's a surge in your generosity. You're into a lot of favor-returning with tight bros. You may have a lot of heavy-duty wrenching to pay back, but you'll party heavy along with it.

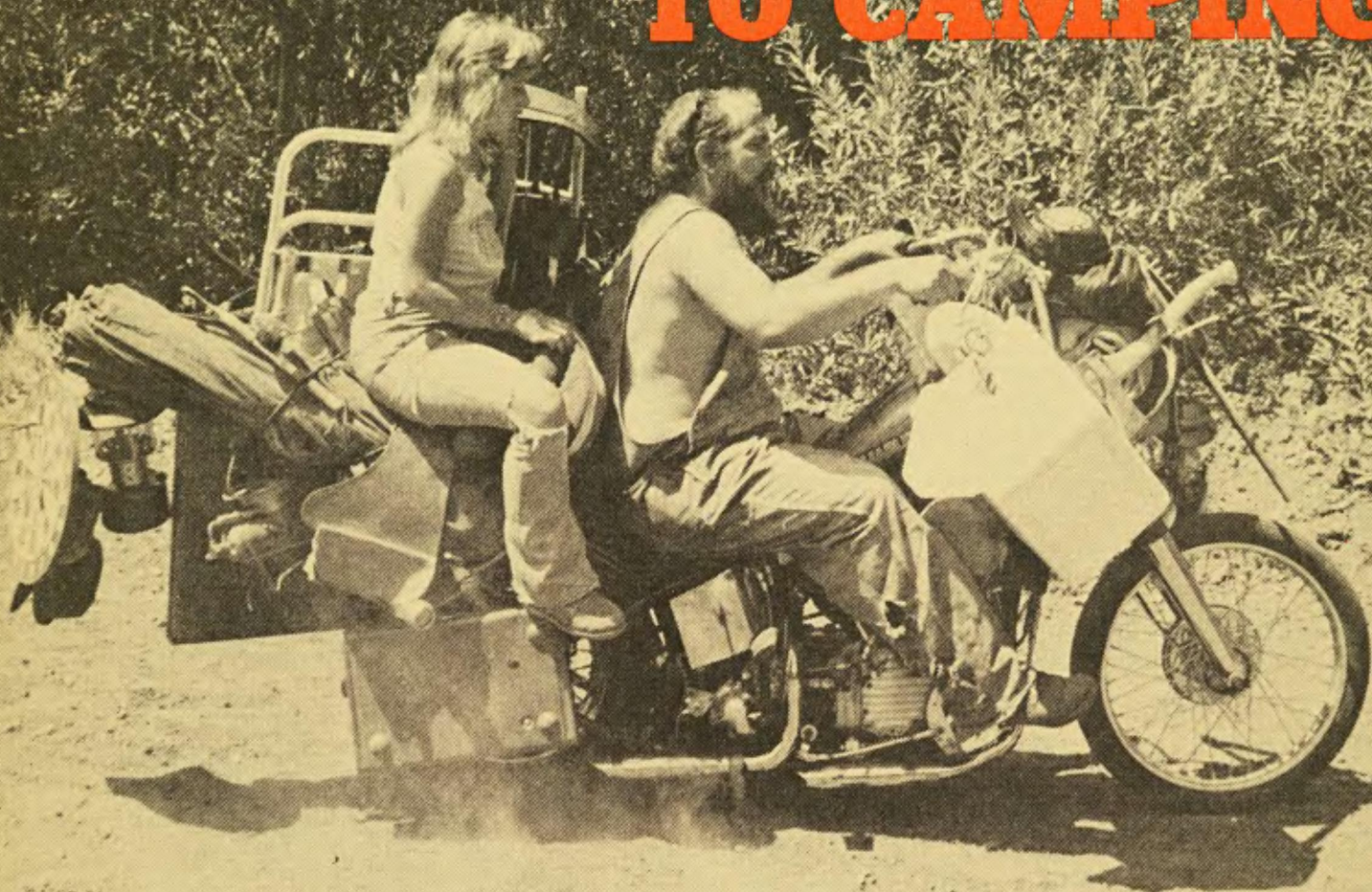
Virgo (August 22—September 21)

This is one holiday season you will long remember. Someone lays a surprise on ya that blows you away! Might be a long-needed part for your scooter you've been hinting around for. Be extra flexible in relations with partners now. One of 'em will confront you with a bad problem. Remember, "I don't want to get involved" is a piss-poor excuse. Bread loaned out now is gonna come back doubled.

Libra (September 22—October 22)

You Libras have more ups and downs than a pharmacist. You might be having second thoughts about a project you're into. Let your decision about it slide a while. Use this month to get your machine ready for a long haul next spring, even if you have to get some dippy dame to front ya

EASYRIDERS GUIDE TO CAMPING



Tell Winnebago to stuff it

Ever strike out across the plains to party for a weekend—only to run into a traffic jam composed entirely of tinfoil and two-by-four RVs? They sway all over the road as if they were dirigibles with duals. Or as if their drivers were three sheets to the wind.

They're bullshit. But before we say some crap and have Winnebago breathin' down our necks, we better move on. Anyway, we decided to prove to any bros who have their eyes on a 40,000-buck GMC Extravaganza that

you lose if you shell out for it. Besides, everything needed to camp in style **can** be packed onto any well-built (aren't they all?) 74. We proved it.

Although we've got to admit that Tiny's sweetie fell off the bike several times—and in one instance we gave up packin' her and issued her a skateboard—we were determined to pull the broad. Had to have her along—who was gonna set up camp, if she didn't?

We packed a few spare items: two lanterns, two stoves, two

darts for the dart board, even two bottles of peppermint schnapps. One we drank watchin' Christie set up camp—she knocked every goddam thing over twice. The entire blithering expedition was something of a Marx Brothers film.

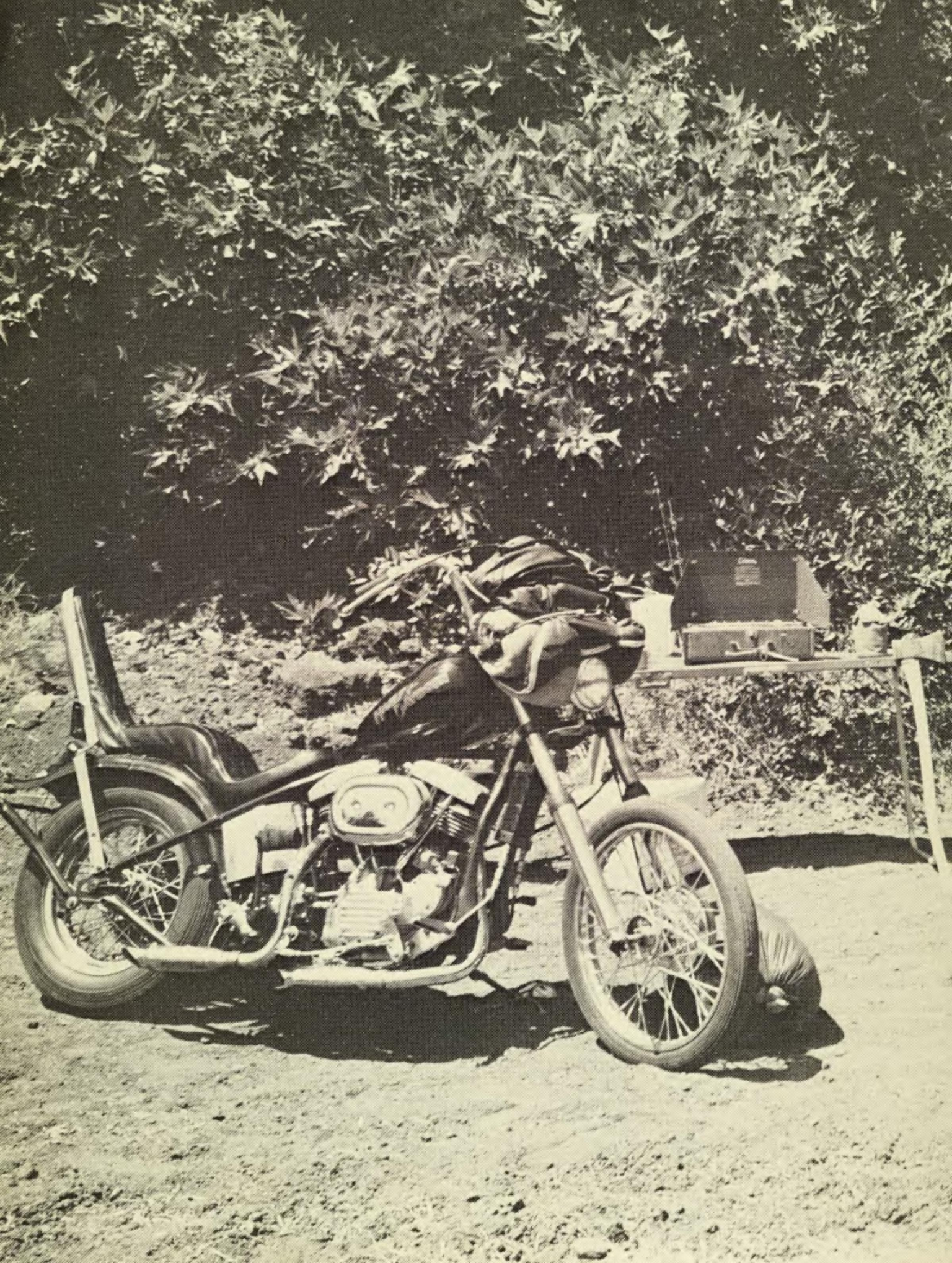
So, if ya got campers, wives, tents, rugrats, mobile homes, aunts, and uncles on the brain, forget 'em. Leave all the snivelers at home. You can pack a Hilton hotel room on yer scooter and go anywhere. And it's a... well, mostly a challenge doin' it.

—Snake

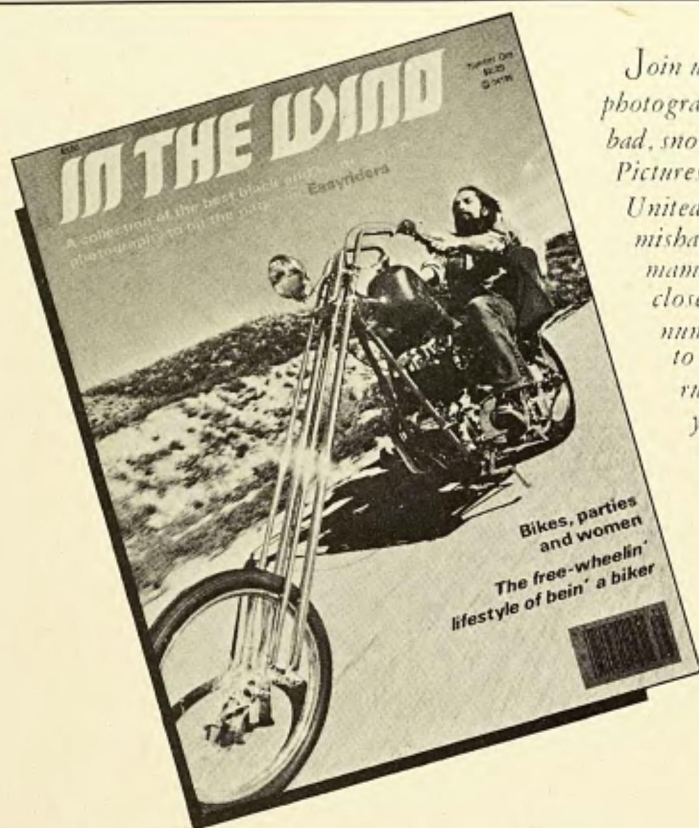


Photos by Kim Peterson









Join us on a trip through nine years of *In The Wind* photography. Through every season—good weather and bad, snow, rain, and the intense Daytona summer sun. Pictures from garages, bike shops, and bars all over the United States and the world, depicting everything from mishaps to melees, from mayhem to maliciousness, from mamas to what it's all about—*motorcycles*. Look closely at a lifestyle loved and lived by good people too numerous to mention. Study each flick and you're sure to spot a party you attended, one of your bros, or a run that brings back outlandish memories. Compare your bike with bikes on the roads all the way from the west coast to Europe. And the chicks—well, nothing needs to be said. Without them, we wouldn't jam as we do to get to parties.

A collage of sample photos from bros' scrapbooks across the country. *In The Wind* photos are proof that being a biker is one of the last free lifestyles around. We may be nuts but we have a helluva good time.

\$2.50

Copies may be purchased by sending \$2.50 for each copy to Paisano Publications, Inc., Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

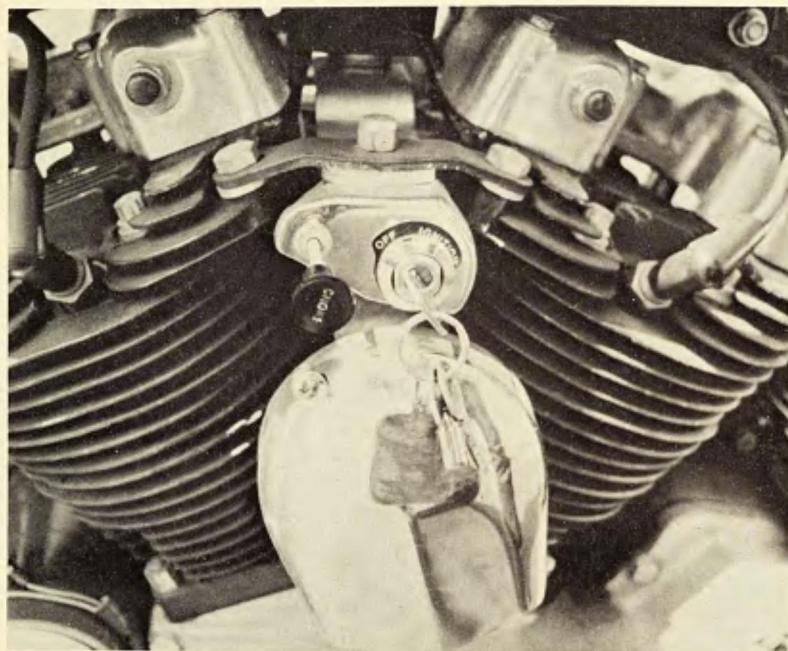
IRON HORSE

**Watch for it
on newsstands everywhere**

Coming soon

Tech Tip

KEYS AND VINEGAR



It's a fuckin' bummer to have to carry forty jagged objects around in your pocket to secure every little dipshit thing you own. There are locks now on everything—from clasps on purses to padlocks on shoes. Man, it's ridiculous—if you don't have a lock through your nose, someone's gonna snatch your snout.

Recently, we received a letter concerning the keys on Harleys. Seems a bro, Jon Worhul, stumbled out of the local dive to catch some sleazy bastard about to ride away on his H-D. After all the physical shit went down, Jon discovered that the dude hadn't hot-wired his bike. He'd just inserted another H-D key (with identical numbers) into the ignition switch and proceeded to do his thing.

Jon was baffled beyond words. But he ran down the terrifying tale to his bro, Roach, when Roach showed up in the bar. Bummed, they compared keys. You got it—they matched. Immediately, they started an extensive investigation amongst the local scooter people. They discovered a '69 Sportster, a '70 Sportster, a '72 Sportster, a '76 Super Glide, and two more H-Ds at a swap meet, all with the same keys. All the bikes would fire with the same key—unreal.

Jon took the expensive AMF product out of his machine and pitched it in a river, replacing it with a VW ignition switch, which installed without any hassle. It may not keep people from snatchin' his putt, but at least they just can't take possession as if they owned it. It's bad enough to have to lock every goddam thing, but to lock something with a key that isn't worth a damn is dangerous, because it gives you a false sense of security.

Shit, I almost forgot. Gramps wrote and told us that white vinegar cleans exhaust pipes. We tried it on hot pipes (as he instructed), and it worked. But only on my front pipe. It didn't faze the rear one. Still, ya might give it a try.

—Weed



—from Doc Bergner, Harrods Creek, Ky.

IN THE WIND



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



—from Avery Warden, Milpitas, Calif.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.



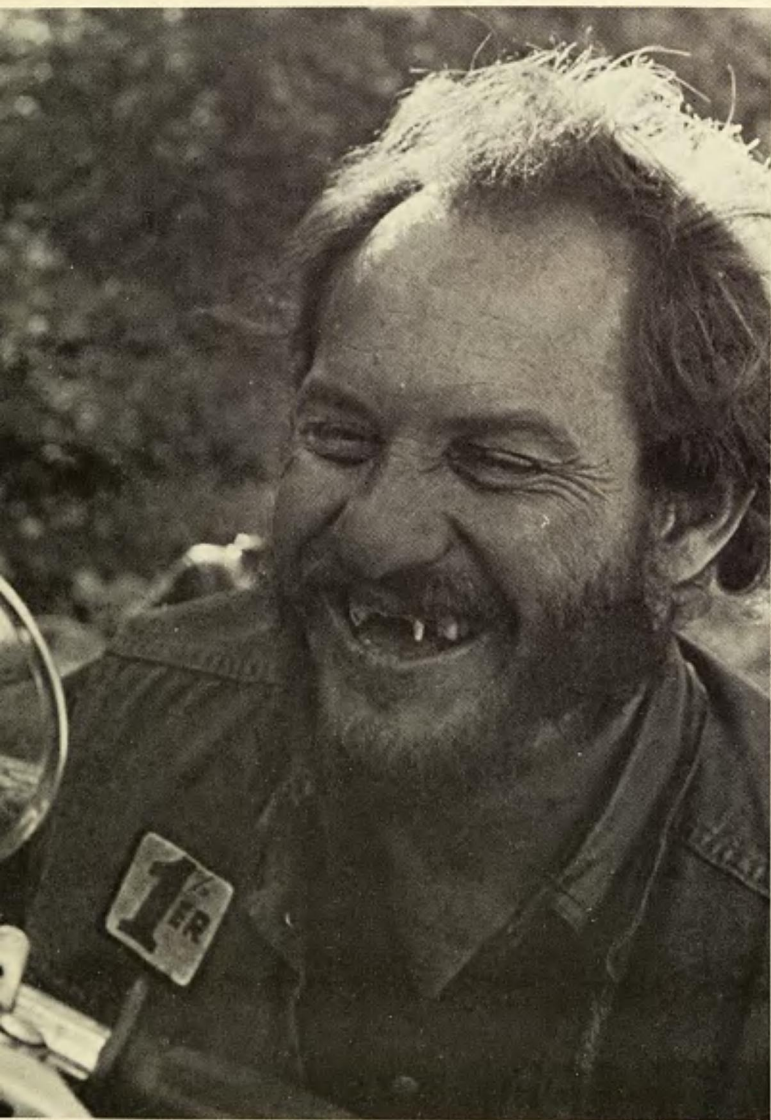
—from Edward Terry, Jeffersonville, Ind.



—from J. J., Cincinnati, Ohio



—from Gregory George, Goshen, N. Y.



—from Jeffrey Webb, Salisbury, Md.



—from Gary Kellams, Decatur, Ill.





—from Kaye Hambrook, Spokane, Wash.





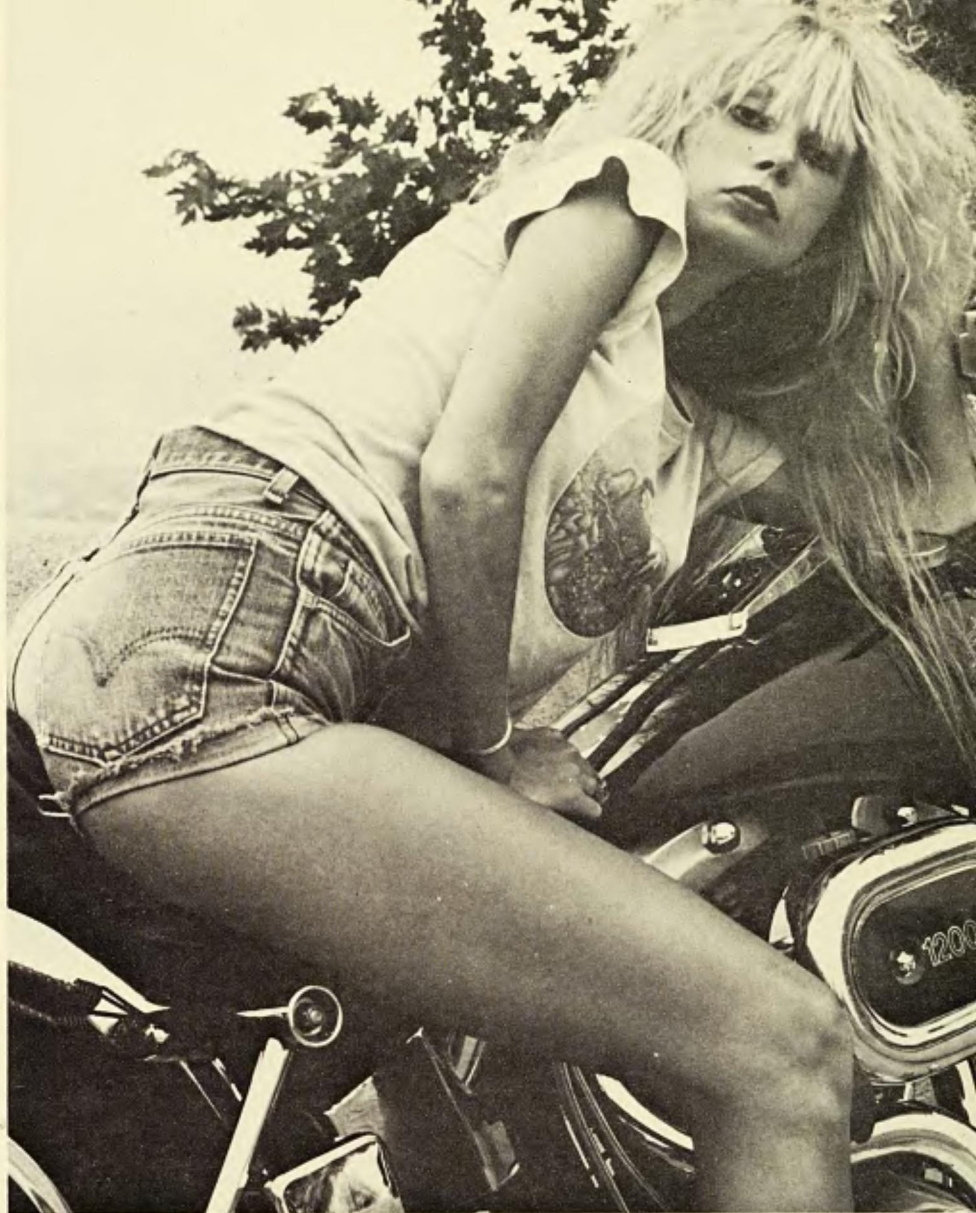
—from Ned Smith, Utica, N. Y.



—from Cathy Boettger, Alberta, Canada



—from Ma Ma "J"



—from Gary Zearott, Wheeling, W. Va.



—from RAP, Collinsville, Ill.



—from Dave, Calabasas, Calif.



—from Rap, Collinsville, Ill.



—from Cattish, Brookfield, Ill.



—from S. Whitehead, Atlanta, Ga.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.



—from Ronald Janes, Houston, Tex.



—from Doug Leneten, Nova Scotia, Canada



—from R. Trout, Redmond, Ore.



—from Linda Robbis, Hollywood, Fla.

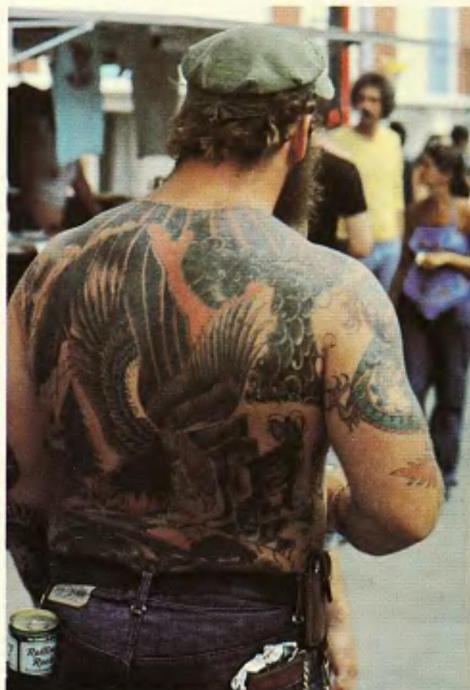




—from Robert Bennis, Teaneck, N.J.



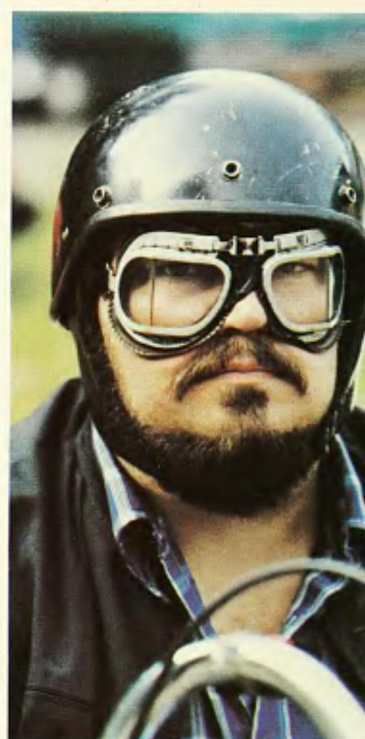
—from Richard Oliver, Greensboro, Pa.



—from Brian Blauser, Athens, Ohio

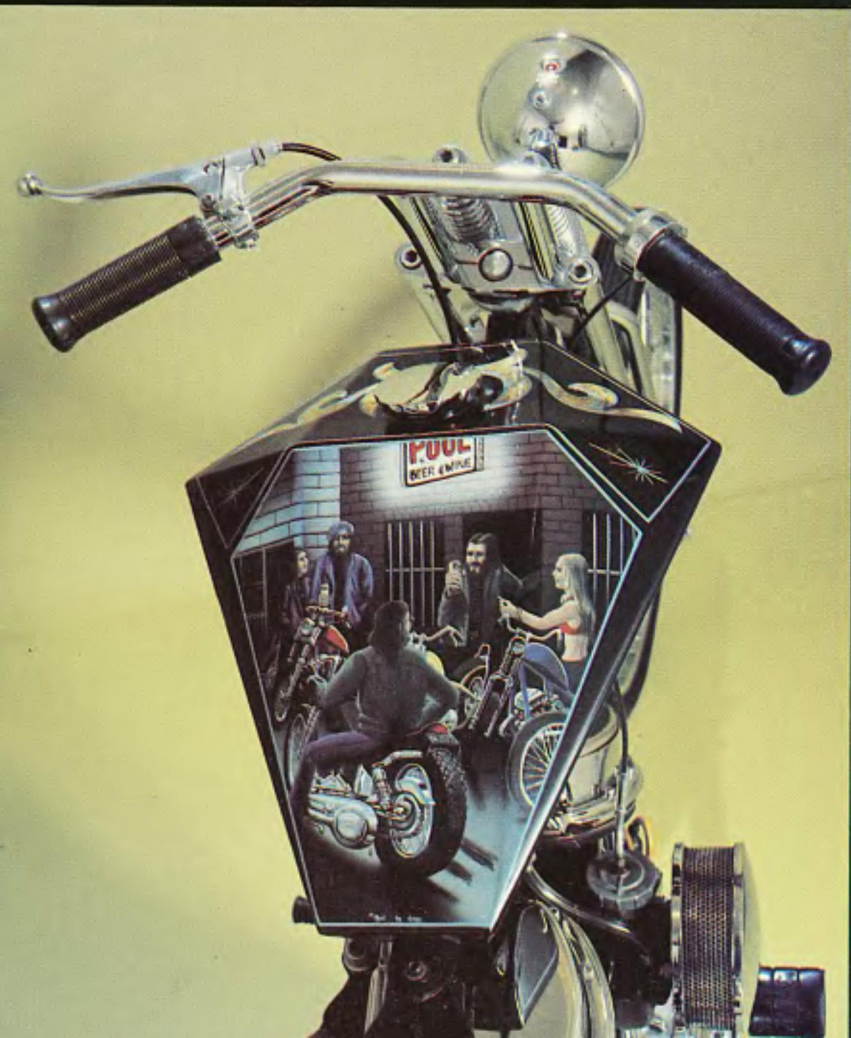


—from Scott Christy, Jacksonville, Fla.



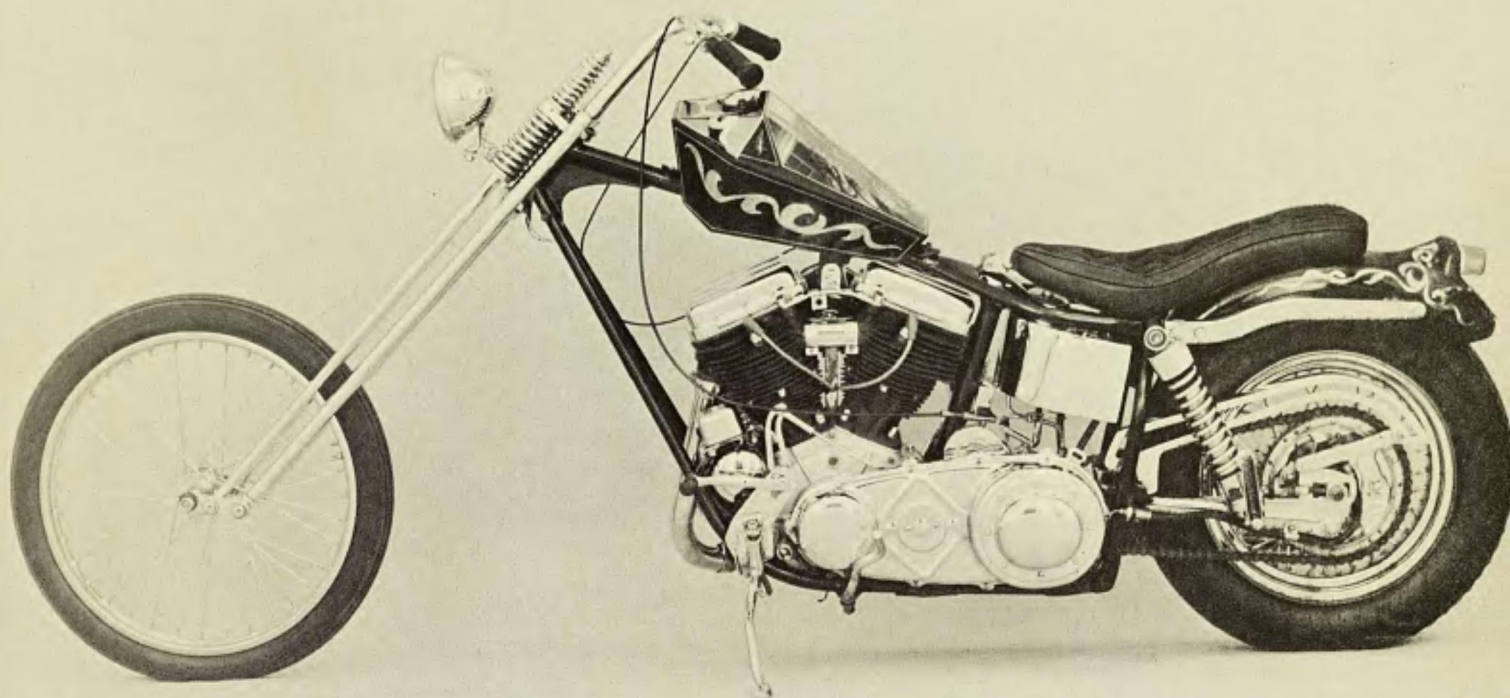
—from J. Bremmer, Harborsprings, Mi





USED BIKE

And the
blues that go
along with it

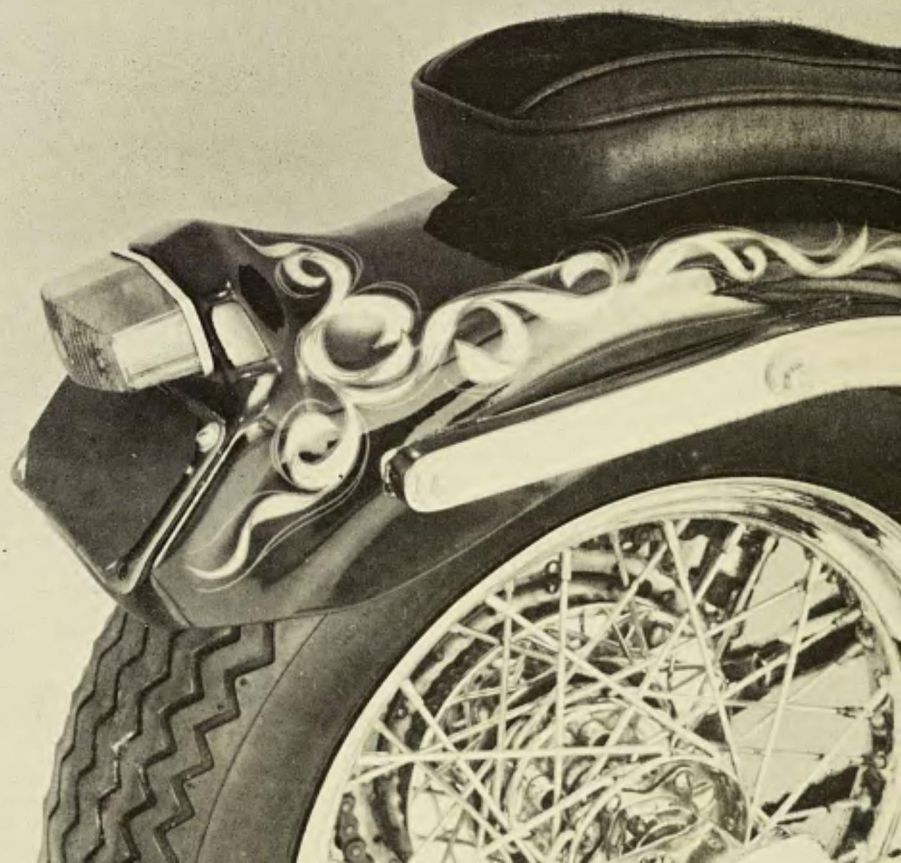


How many times have ya driven a hundred miles to look at a bike? The owner told ya the engine and trans were just rebuilt by the slickest wrench ever to beat rod races out with a hammer. And when ya got there, the engine wouldn't turn over.

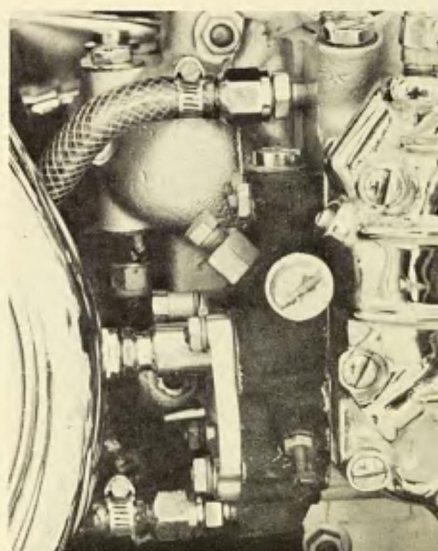
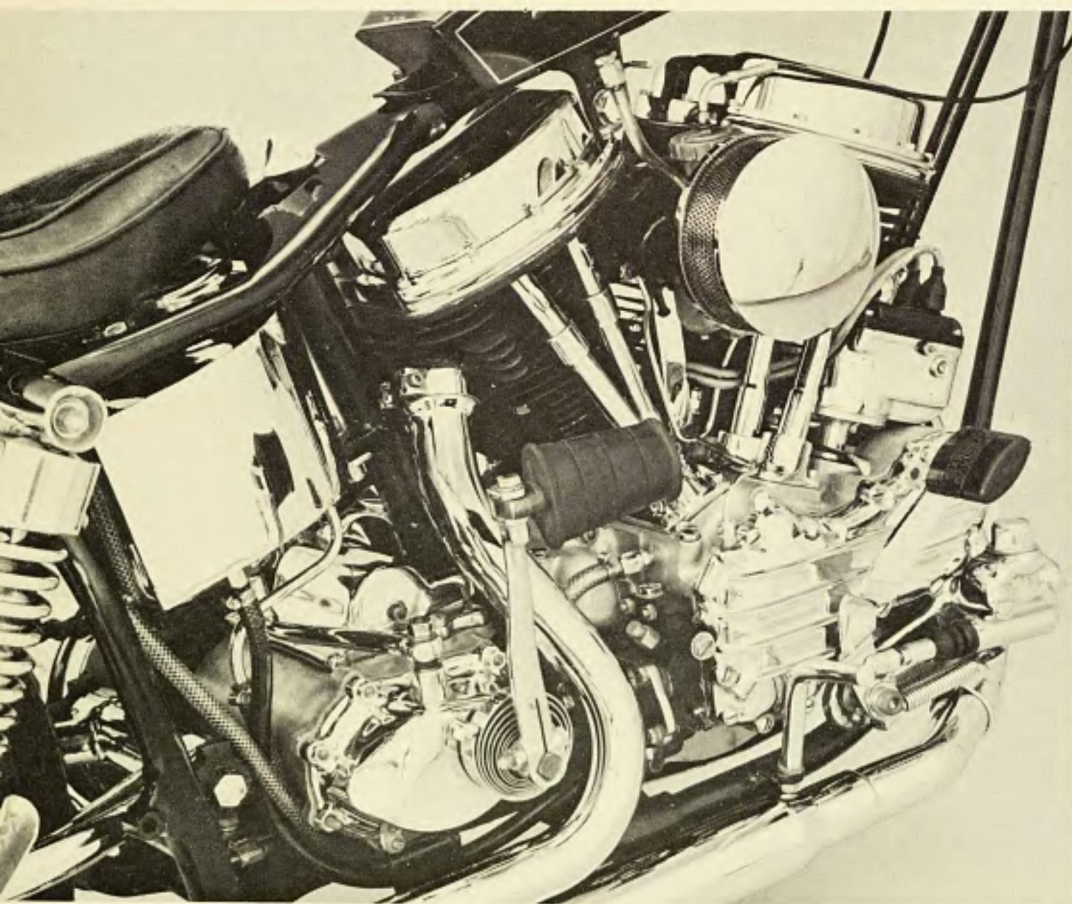
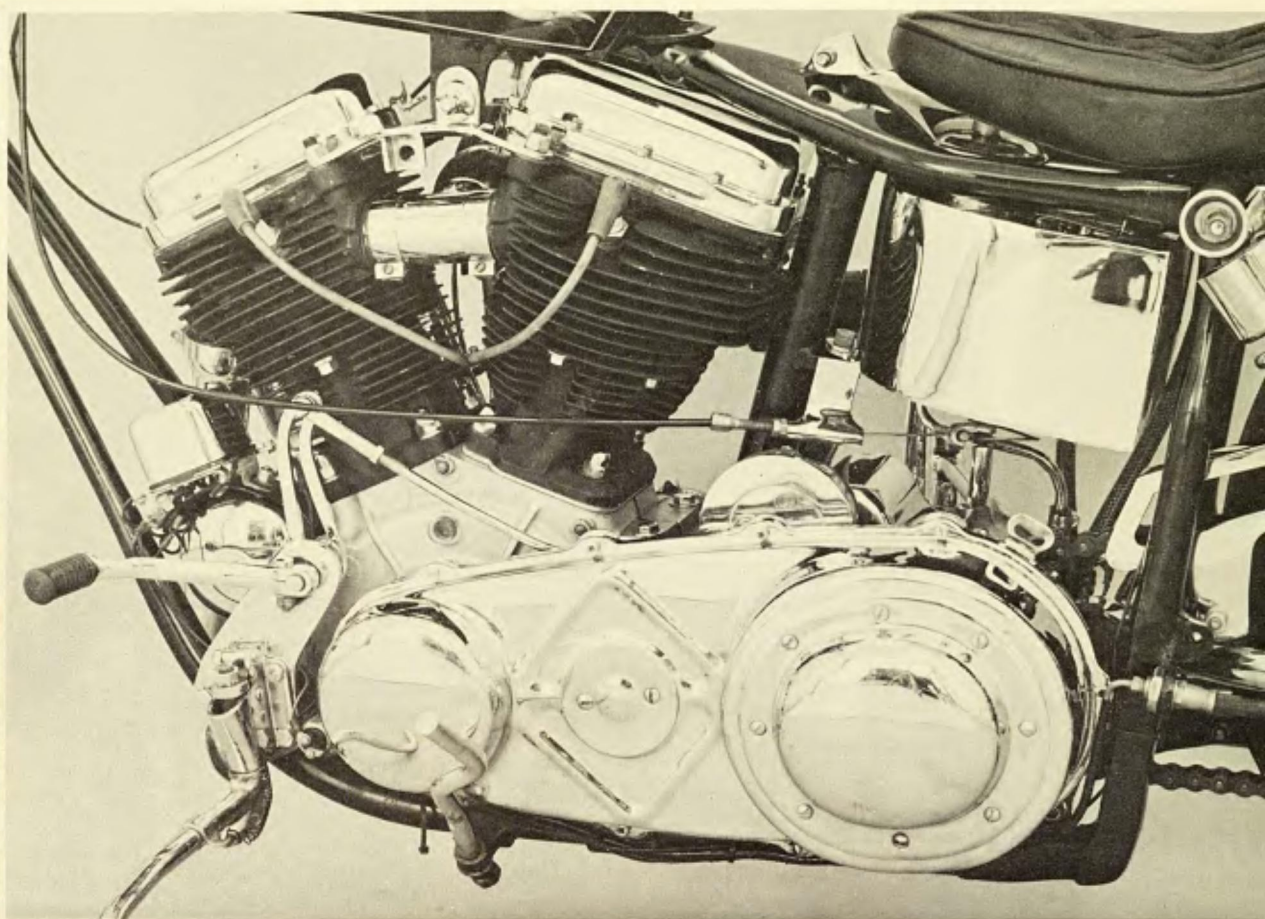
"It's da timing," the owner raps.

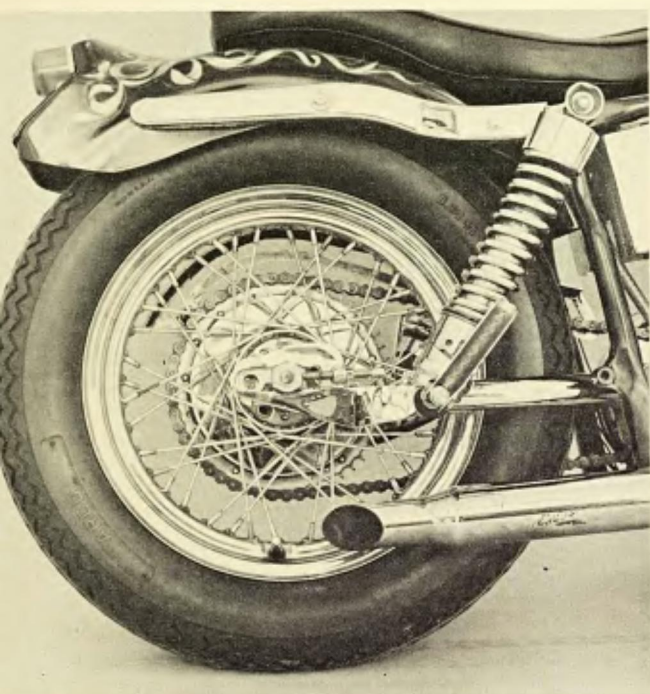
You guessed it. Something as head twistin' as losin' a kicker pedal offa Sportster happened to Bill, the owner of this sweet pan-head. He bought the pan after fighting Triumphs for years. Yeah, he thought he bought a bike that he could ride till the snow melted off the Poles. (You and I know better.)

Shее-it, in the first week, the pan developed a bad case of the munchies and ate the piston rings. The barrels were a mere .010 over when he took it apart, meaning that it may have been cleaned out only once since 1959. Finally, it was ready. Bill had it bored to

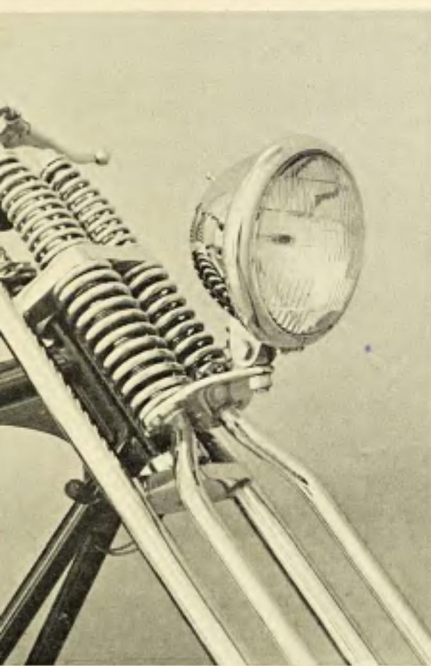
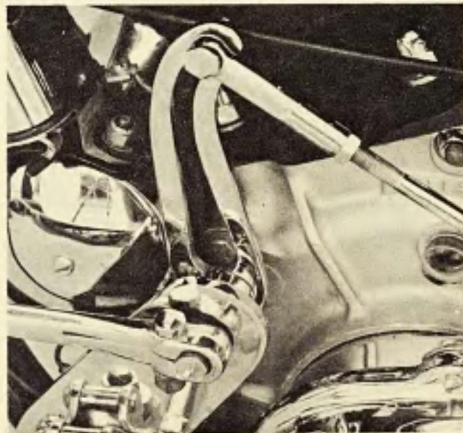


USED BIKE





Photos by Pete Chiodo



.030 over and replaced the guides and valves.

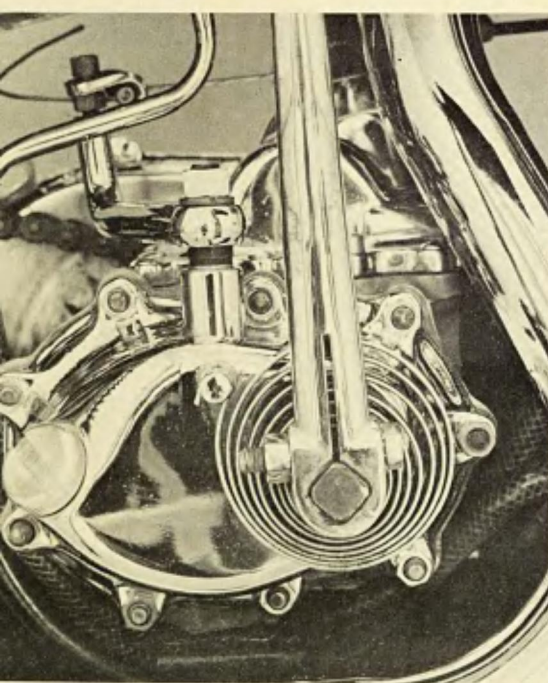
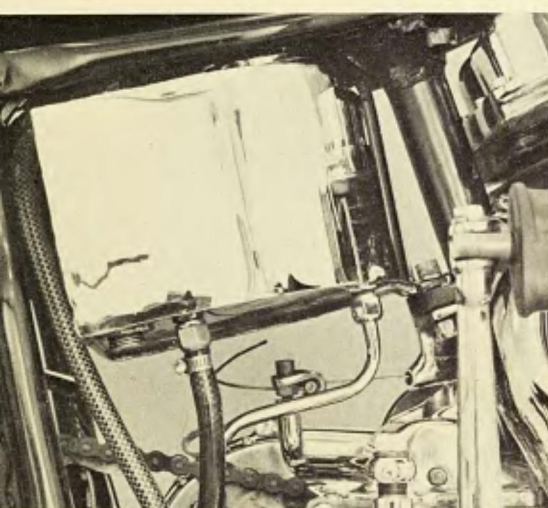
Again he thought he'd have smooth sailin' from then on—only to be surprised less than a thousand miles down the road. The shock was a bummer—a terrible squeaking noise penetrating the thick, steel cylinder walls. A wristpin keeper had come loose and proceeded to gouge a deep trail in the cylinder wall. Distressed, he bored the barrel to .060 over and got back on the road—but not for long. Suddenly, he was confronted with a loss of compression—air was escaping from the rear cylinder. The previous owner had installed a 61-inch, panhead barrel—which is about an eighth of an inch short-

er than a 74 barrel—on the rear cylinder hole.

Ya can imagine Bill's attitude. He didn't give up on his running breakdown, though—he just had the complete engine and trans rebuilt, all the way from the bolts that hold 'em in place on up. While the guts were bein' straightened out, Bill rebuilt the chassis, painted, and replaced every moving part right down to the cotter keys.

Now, if anything breaks while he's on the road in the middle of noplac, with some sweet young thing hangin' on, I'd sure hate to be in the first beer joint he comes to—on foot.

—Weed



Owners: William Bryant

City: El Sobrante, Calif.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1959

Year and make: 1959

Builder: H-D & Arlen Ness

Model: FL

Type: swingarm

Value: \$5,000

Rake: who knows?

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 10 in. longer than stock

Time: 1 year

Other alterations: Super Glide shocks

Chroming by: Haws Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: 10 in. over

Year: 1959

Risers: none

Model: panhead

Fender(s): H-D & Arlen Ness

Rebuilder: H-D Cycle

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: Joe Hunt

Taillight: Bates

Displacement: 74 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: stock

Front pegs: stock

Balancing: H-D Cycle

Rear pegs: stock

Pistons: A.R.T.

Electrics: 12v gen. & reg.

Cases: stock

Gas tank: diamond

Heads: outside oiler

Oil tank: 5 qt.

Cam: Sifton 412

Oil system: weird

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: stock

Carb(s): McCooney

Seat: Cobra

Air cleaner: Paughco

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Paughco

Height:

Muffler(s): Paughco

Material:

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: Late FX parts

Type: narrow springer

Year: 1959

Extension: 6 inches

Shifting: ratchet top

Builder: Arlen Ness

Engine sprocket: 22

Special features:

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels:

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front

Rear

Painting

Size: 21

Size: 16

Molding: very little

Hub: spool

Hub: stock

Painter: Horst

Rim width: 2.5 in.

Rim width: 5 in.

Color: black

Tire: Avon

Tire: Arco

Type: lacquer

Brake: none

Brake: juice

Special paint: gold leaf by Horst

Joint Hassle

I'm in the joint and my hand don't do the trick. Now my ol' lady won't give me head on visiting day 'cause she's afraid The Man will see her. What's the solution?

R. Mowan
Ionia, Mich.

● Tell her to suck or you'll do another fifteen for wastin' her.

Oral Hygiene

With all the fuckin' and suckin' you do, do you ever brush your teeth or take a douche?

Crazy Pete Sciодо
San Berdo, Calif.

● Sure—do you?

Separation Problem

I picked up a bitch downtown a week ago and took her to my pad. We fucked for about an hour, and I got stuck inside her. Now we can't get apart. What can I do?

Scatterbrain Bob
Detroit, Mich.

● Get married or go to the pound.

An Asshole

I'm twenty-nine years old and I've never had a piece of ass. Every time I get around a chick, I make an asshole of myself. What can I do?

Weird Arnie
Homer, Alaska

● Next time, make a prick of yourself.

Baked Cake

I baked a cake with your picture on top, and, believe it or not, my ol' man ate the whole thing by himself.

Debra Sutton
Parma Hts., Ohio

● Why not?

Women's Prison

I'm writing about a problem we have here in the women's prison. There is a girl in our unit and she has to be the nastiest bitch you have ever seen. Her pussy smells like decayed catfish and her armpits smell like a raunched-out pair of underwear 'cause she never takes care of herself. We told her that she stinks and that she's nasty, but she won't try to improve herself. The girls at Camp Holten

● Get your face outta her armpit and let her rot.

Panhead Lover

I have a 1959 panhead that's just your style. I'd like to pick you up and take you away with me and keep you all to myself, because I know I could make you happy. My bro tells me I'm crazy, but I'm serious about this. I'll do anything to make you happy.

Raymond Leeds
Boise, Idaho

● So does everyone else.

Givin' Snake Head

I can't get any chicks to give me head since I had my cock tattooed. I had it tattooed to look like a snake's head. My cock is part of the body, and the tail winds up onto my belly, and when chicks see it, they scream and jump outta bed, and won't come back. Now what the fuck do I do? I can't have the tattoo removed.

Bob Morton
Rochester N.Y.

● Find a female snake.

Groovy Lookers

You sure do have a lot of groovy-looking dudes working for the magazine, if that's them in your T-shirt ad. Do you make it with all of them

at a time or all at once? If I come to California, will you let me party down with your private herd of men, or do you keep 'em for yourself?

Lacey Short
Mobile, Ala.

● You ask a lotta questions—you work for the FBI?

In Australia

Does your cunt really have big teeth like an Australian white shark, or is that just a rumor so the bloody Yanks can keep you exclusively theirs?

Lefty
Brotherhood M.C.
Melbourne, Australia

● It has large fangs for anyone who isn't into freedom.

Old Dude

I'm dating this twenty-year-old dude who is really inexperienced in every field. He can't fuck and he shies away from oral sex. When we screw he's just on and off, and I'm still lying there horny as ever. Should I teach him and risk screwing up his ego? Should I drop him for someone more experienced? Please answer without giving me any bullshit.

L. W.
Palm Beach, Fla.

● Drop him.

Rim Job

What the hell is a "rim job"? My ol' man asked me to give him one the other night while we were in bed, and I didn't want to get up and go out in the cold garage to polish his bike wheels and I told him so. He laughed so hard he almost puked and wouldn't tell me why. Now, every time I ask him what it means, he starts all over again.

Dorothy Frisbey
Gallup, N.M.

● Polish his asshole.

Out Partying

What can I do to get my lover to take me riding on his moped with him? We've been together for four years, and he's never taken me with him when he goes out partying with the boys. I love him very much and want to be with him, but he says my presence would embarrass him. What can I do?

Charles Cuming
Hollywood, Calif.

● Buy a Harley. Then you'll be embarrassed to be with him.

Women's Lib

As a bona fide member of Women's Lib, I've come to the conclusion that you are nothing but a traitor to our cause. You constantly pander to the male ego, and you certainly mutilated your womanhood by submitting to egotistical males whose chauvinistic attitudes have caused the brutalization of womanhood. Before I would submit to the male ego, I would let my Great Dane screw me. I do anyway, but whatdafuck!

Julie Collier
Boston, Mass.

● So do I—isn't it great?

Good Douche

Can you recommend a good douche? I tried all them purty-smellin' additives ya put in douche water, but my snatch still stinks like a Russian army sock at the end of a forty-mile hike. I even tried usin' Lysol but man, that stuff burns like hell. Are ya supposed to dilute it? I used it straight outta the bottle an' couldn't fuck for three days.

Jody Wilenski
Little Rock, Ark.

● I recommend a saliva-coated stiff tongue.

MIRACULOUS MUTHA TELLS ALL



—Send your problems or questions home to Mutha, c/o EASYRIDERS, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

Leaving Time

By Joyce Fair



The restlessness woke Rambler when the dawn was still a thin gray line on the horizon. He lay studying the ceiling, reluctant to leave the drowsy warmth of the covers.

She lay with her back to him, breathing softly—slow and even. He watched the blankets' gentle rise and fall as she slept. Stretching out one broad hand, he traced the curve of her body and then changed his mind, slowly, carefully lowering his arm to the bed. He couldn't risk waking her, not this time, not today. The rugged lines of his face softened a little with affection for the slight figure lying next to him.

Had it really been so long since the first warm winds of spring had blown him north?

The first time he'd ever seen her, she had been hitch hiking along a back road, the bright new grass dancing around her bare ankles, the wind playing in her long black hair. When he pulled the big knucklehead over, she mounted lightly, easily, without a word, and curled against his back as if she belonged there. And when he turned in the narrow, tree-shaded dusty lane that led back to her little cottage of a house, it seemed almost like coming home.

Her name was May. Rambler called her Sunshine. He loved to lift her off her feet and whirl her around till her hair streamed out behind her and the laughter bubbled out of her like the music of a brook.

Rambler didn't know what kind of magic she had, but for once in his nomad's life, he felt happy and at peace, content to stay for a while in her little corner of the world.

Spring slipped into summer—warm, chrome-bright Harley-Davidson days. Flying down country roads dappled sunlight and shade, the big bike rumbled like a summer thunderstorm,

disturbing the roadside grass in the fury of their passing. The daylight hours ran together in a happy blur. Sunset often found them sitting in the field behind her tiny house with a small fire and the Harley for company.

Rambler remembered one evening when May stood and stretched, then, in the same fluid motion, she had peeled off her T-shirt. Giggling, she pulled it down over Rambler's head. Before he could get it off, she had shucked her Levi's. Laughing, she ran like a young deer in the long meadow grass and wild flowers.

Rambler had kicked off his boots and run barefoot through the grass trying to take her by surprise. But she had been watching him from the corner of her eyes and when he almost had her she squealed and fled. They played a crazy game of tag, till at last Rambler got close enough to encircle her waist with one brawny arm. She struggled in a mock effort to free herself. He turned her around to face him and picked her up, his arms locked behind her thighs, her hips against his chest. She kicked from her knees and pounded her small fists against his broad bare back, squealing as he carried her like a sack of potatoes back to the fire. She pulled his hair.

Laughing, he nipped her belly, and suddenly was aware of her. Her slight weight against him, the warmth and softness of her skin, the sight, sound, smell, and taste of her overwhelmed him. He felt dizzy. He rubbed his face against the softness of her flat belly. She gasped slightly and curled her fingers in his hair, pulling his head closer.

Rambler closed his eyes and let her slowly slide down the length of his body, enjoying the feel of the curves in her flesh.

She locked her slim legs around his waist, and clung to his shoulders with

her arms. Whimpering, she nuzzled his neck, nipping with urgency at his ears, neck and shoulders.

Her hips rose to meet him and, trembling, he sank into the wet heat of her body. She moaned and sobbed little animal noises into his chest. She bucked against him, grinding her hips, clutching at his back, pulling him in deeper, urging him on till red lightning flashed behind his eyes and the stars fell around him, leaving them slippery with sweat and drained.

Then, somehow, summer faded. The sky, seared by August's heat, burned blue as the knucklehead's pipes. The cicadas' singing in the drooping trees sounded the death rattle in summer's throat.

September came. The birds flocked and disappeared. Squirrels began gathering nuts in a frenzy. The meadow went dry and yellow. The wildflowers faded and died. October brought brisker breezes and the first frost. The leaves fell into a rustling carpet. It was time for moving on to warmer climes.

One restless night, Rambler heard the wild geese crying in the windswept sky. He had gone to the window, a lump tightening his throat, and watched them pass across the face of a fat yellow pumpkin of a moon. Old feelings were stirring. When at last he turned from the window to return to bed, May was watching him with a knowing look on her gentle face and with big frightened eyes.

Now he was longing for warm winds in his hair, sand, and the sound of the ocean running to the shore.

Already he had tried twice to slip away, but always he waited a bit too long, missed his timing, or stopped for one last longing look or to brush her cheek with a goodbye kiss. She had always wakened, and though she never uttered a word nor made a move to stop him, those great violet eyes haunted him, held him captive.

But not now, not this time. Resolutely, he slipped from bed, trying to keep it from squeaking. He gathered up his clothes and suddenly froze when some loose change rolled out across the bare wood floor. She didn't stir.

Rambler padded out of the bedroom as noiselessly as he could. He dressed hurriedly in the chilly living room, except for his boots. He couldn't risk clumping her awake. He put a log on the embers in the fireplace so the house would be warm when she got up.

Shrugging into his leather jacket, he pulled the bedroll out from behind her couch, where it had gathered dust all spring and summer. Boots under one arm, bedroll under the other, he headed for the door.

He stood in the doorway in the cold gray light of near dawn, his breath a white mist in the sharp, late autumn air. For a moment, he faltered, wanting to return to the dark quiet of the house and the warmth of her body next to him. But he steeled himself against the thought and shut the door behind him.

He headed grimly for the woodshed that served as shelter for the knucklehead. The door creaked and popped loudly and he winced at the noise. A

little brown mouse scurried out of his way as he backed the bike outside.

He didn't dare fire up the big bike so near the cabin, so he began to push it toward the highway down the leaf-strewn road.

By the time the sun was up and May stirring, he would be on his way southward. He thought of her waking up to find him gone. She'd sit there with the blankets clutched around her knees, those incredible violet eyes brimming with unshed tears.

Setting his jaw hard, he kept pushing. He knew he could never handle the confining snow and cold and not being able to fire up the Harley or feel the sun hot on his back for months at a time. The pull of the south where the geese were wisely heading now was too strong. No, if he stayed, he'd snap—and maybe even take it out on his Sunshine. That thought hurt worse than leaving her behind.

He reached the main road and fired the Harley. As he sat letting the engine warm, a thought came to him. Maybe she would go with him. They could come back in the spring. Why hadn't he thought of it before! What a dumb-ass he was!

Rambler coasted eagerly back down the drive and left the bike idling. He leaped on the porch and burst through the door.

The fire was cold in the hearth. The windows had all been locked. Anxiously, he raced to the bedroom. The bed was made. Smooth, neat—and empty. He searched the house frantically. Nobody. The back door was locked. What was this? She never locked doors. It inhibited her sense of freedom. He ran out the front door, slamming it shut behind. He went as far as their meadow, breathlessly calling her name before he could let himself believe she was gone.

Heavy-hearted, he walked back to the bike. Angry at himself, he gunned it, breaking the back tire loose and fishtailing wildly in the dirt. Damned if he wasn't always screwing himself out of a good thing. By the time he reached the main road, he had resigned himself to a lonely solo trip south.

The dawn broke dreary and gray, black raggedy clouds chased each other across a chilled sky. The grass was dead and beaten down. Rambler felt cold and empty.

He cruised at half throttle. As he rounded a bend in the road, he saw a small figure standing hunched against the wind, alone and forlorn.

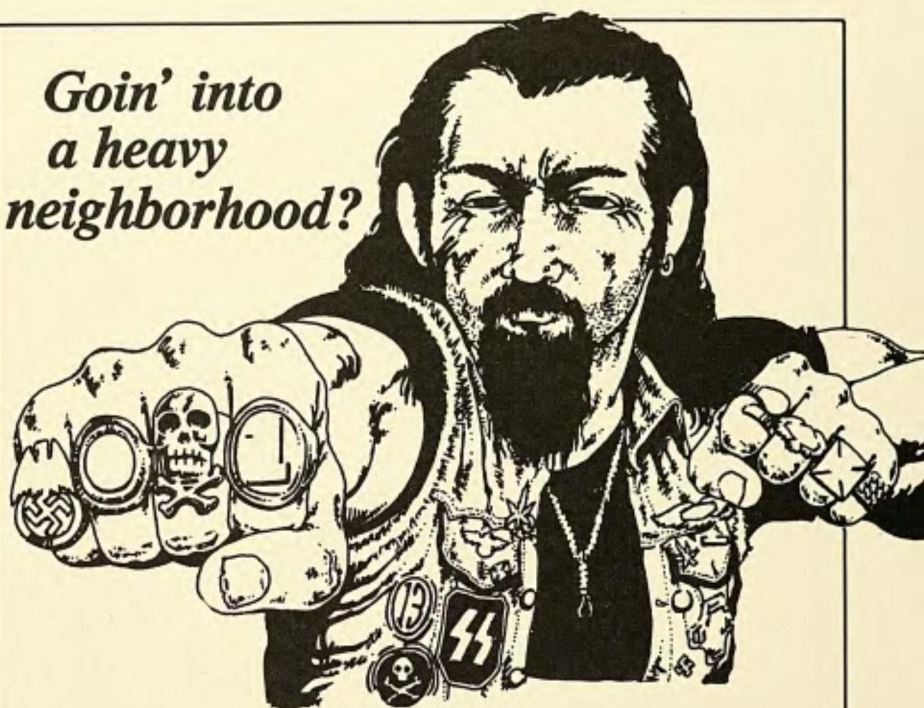
He almost laid the bike down as he skidded to a stop and stared in disbelief.

The cold wind tossed her raven hair wildly, dry leaves skittered around her booted feet. One gloved hand was thrust into her sheepskin-lined leather jacket, the other thumbed him down.

May walked to him and touched his face. Her violet eyes smiled at him. Without a word, she picked up a bed-roll and strapped it to the sissy bar. She lit a cigarette and placed it between his lips.

Still smiling, she climbed up behind and, putting her arms around Rambler's waist, she curled against his back as if she belonged there. ■

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Saddest Story

—Continued from page 27

"Yeah, sixteen hours or more."

George-Frank shuffled his feet nervously and tried to think of some way to stall the big biker until Maryann showed. Boy, he thought, if only she could see me talkin' to a scooter tramp on a bitchin' Hog, then she'd really take notice!

He began imagining what he'd tell Maryann. "Yeah, babe," he'd tell her, "the dude's a personal friend of mine. He stopped in to see how I was doin' and if I wanted to join their club."

Slow Joe's words interrupted his daydreams. "How much they charge for coffee in there?" he asked.

"Huh?"

"Coffee," Joe repeated. "How much is it in there?" The attendant's gaze followed Joe's finger and found it to be pointing to the restaurant next to the station.

"Coffee? Oh. It's, uh, fifty cents a cup. Fifty-three with tax."

Joe counted out the rest of his change and found himself nine cents short. Replacing the forty-four cents in his pocket, he reached for the ignition key.

George-Frank realized that his hopes for Maryann seeing him with the biker were about to go up in smoke. He put a hand on Joe's arm and almost stumbled over himself getting the next words out of his mouth. "Wait! I mean, hold it a minute, will ya?"

Slow Joe flexed iron muscles tight in reaction to the sudden outburst. The attendant jerked his hand away.

"Look, uh, buddy . . . I mean, you look like you're, uh, kinda down on your luck. Well, I, uh, I'm gonna be takin' a break in a minute and I'd be more than glad to buy you a cuppa coffee."

Joe looked at the dude and a slow grin crossed his face. "That sounds good to me, Frank. I think I'll take you up on that offer."

Frank let out a yell. "Hey, George! Take over for me, will ya? Me and my partner are goin' for coffee!"

Slow Joe flinched at the "me and my partner" shit, but decided to let it slide. He turned to see another attendant emerging from the office.

"Sure, Frank, go ahead."

Joe couldn't help noticing that the one called George had a name

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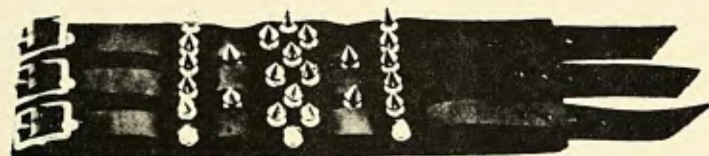
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tag over his right pocket that read Frank. Stupid clowns, he thought, and fought down an urge to say it aloud.

Slow Joe locked the knucklehead down in front of the restaurant and waited while George-Frank yelled to Frank-George.

"Hey, George! If Maryann comes in, tell'er I'm over here with a biker friend of mine!"

Wearily, Slow Joe wondered if all this shit was worth a fuckin' cup of coffee.

* * *

Pecos downed the last of his beer and crushed the can between his massive paws. Lurch, his nerves on edge, spun around quickly and yelled. "Knock it off, you dumb fucker! I got enough to worry about without all that shit!"

Fortunately for Lurch, Big Pecos was slow to anger. Ignoring Lurch's outburst, he tossed the empty can behind the sofa with a flip of his wrist. "Why yell at me, Lurch? It was your idea to call Slow Joe and let him know where we was. In fact, this whole damn trip was your idea!"

Lurch's voice was quieter when he spoke again. He was fully aware of his brother's size and gave it the respect it demanded. "Yeah, well, it was time, ya know? It was time."

Pecos nodded his huge head in agreement. "Hey, bro?"

"Yeah?"

"You gonna do it? Or do you



Now another has bitten the dust. In addition to issues number 1,2,3,4,5, 6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15,16,26 and 31, we are now sold out of issues 17, 18,19,25,27,28,29,30,32, and 35. If you don't want to miss out on the remaining issues that are still available, you'd better get your ass in gear. Some dudes are already advertising and offering their left nut for the immortal, leg-wettin' early issues.

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want me to?"

"Don't matter," muttered Lurch.
"Either one of us—just so long as
it gets done."

The waitress set the coffee in
front of Frank and Slow Joe with
a questioning look on her face.
"That be all?"

Frank nodded, and Joe headed for
the restroom to drop a few more
bennies. On his return, he overheard
the waitress talking rapidly to
Frank. "None of 'em good for nuth-
in'. Just usin' you for free coffee
and—"

She broke off in mid-sentence
when she caught sight of Joe return-
ing. Slowly, she walked to the other
end of the counter and began a
whispered conversation with a lone
trucker who sat bent over a cup of
steaming liquid.

Except for the four of them, the
restaurant was empty. The big
trucker went to the jukebox and
dropped a coin, then punched sev-
eral buttons. After a few clicks and
whirrs, the record player began
pumping out the sound of Merle
Haggard singing "Green, Green
Grass of Home." Silence fell over
the four people as Merle hit the
final line, "As they lay me 'neath
the green, green grass of home."

"How long you been a biker?"

Slow Joe answered Frank's ques-
tion without looking up. "I'm not a
biker."

"What? But . . . but . . . you ride!"

I mean, you're dressed like a . . ."
His voice faltered and he could see
his daydreams of Maryann, the
story of undying friendship with
the scooter tramp—everything—be-
ing smashed to the ground.

He stared at Slow Joe with un-
believing eyes as he waited for some
explanation. When Joe finally did
speak, his voice was even sadder
than that of Merle Haggard.

"I'm not a real biker, man. It's a
long story."

But George-Frank was not about
to be put off so easily. After all,
hadn't he pulled the biker from the
very grip of poverty? Hadn't he
brought him in from the cold?
Didn't that warrant some explana-
tion? And Maryann? What about
Maryann? The very thought pro-
duced a sinking feeling in his heart
and he got bold.

"Well, tell me, man!"

Joe caught the interested look on
the trucker's face and noticed that
the waitress too had cocked her
head a bit. Slowly, he began talk-



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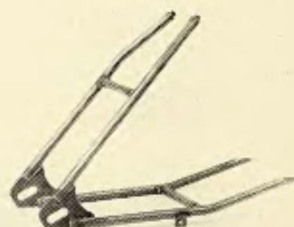


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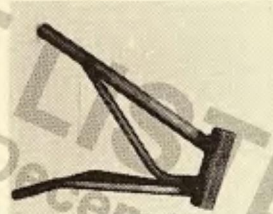
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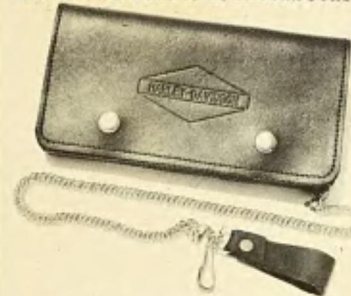
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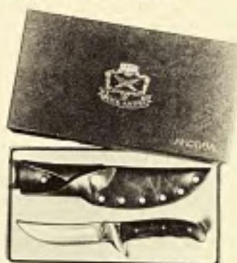
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Made from thick Latigo leather, this wallet is 3 inches by 4 inches, compact, for a dude who doesn't like to carry much, for the ol' lady or for credit cards. It can be stamped with the Harley-Davidson, Live to Ride, or the I.R.S. lion at no extra charge.

This wallet goes for **\$6.85** plus 75c postage and handling.

It has three pouches, including one with a heavy canvas zipper. It's made from thick cowhide, put together with strong stitching, and comes with a double-link safety chain. We'll also brand the Harley-Davidson, Ride to Live, or I.R.S. lion into it—no charge. The complete wallet is only **\$12.95** plus \$1.00 postage and handling.



ing. His voice was almost a whisper, but it was intense and full of emotion.

"It happened a few years back. I married a girl who was a friend of this biker dude. I didn't know one end of a bike from the other, back then. I was working in a print shop. Making good money too."

Joe lifted his eyes from his coffee, aware that he now had the full attention of all three people in the cafe. He lowered his eyes back to his coffee and continued his story.

"One day, these biker dudes, they tell me I can make lots of money, printin' up fake registrations for bikes, you know. So I go along with it, so I can buy extra things for my kids and my ol' lady. Anyway, I do this for a year or so, then I decide to quit. I go to the bikers and I tell 'em from now on, I'm out. They get pissed off. They threaten me and my wife and my kids. I tell 'em I ain't afraid of scooter trash."

Slow Joe stopped and took a long pull from his cup of coffee. The waitress, fascinated by his narrative in spite of herself, quickly refilled it from the pot behind her. With a wave of his hand, Joe continued.

"Then I figure it's best if I leave. Me and my family, we move to another house. But it ain't no good. They find us."

The big trucker moved closer so as not to miss a single word.

"They find us. There must have been twenty or thirty of 'em. All around the house. Yellin' and cussin' and all like that. A cop car drove past and the bikers left. I figured that was the end of it, that they wouldn't bother us no more, so we all went to bed. That's when it happened."

Joe rubbed his hands over his eyes, as if trying to erase the thought that had lodged itself deep



"I warned him over and over again. 'Lee Roy,' I said, 'one of these days you're going to light one of those farts and your asshole's going to inhale.'"

Easyriders



Cooking With Booze

By Mary Booth

You don't have to be a gourmet chef to prepare a mouth-waterin' dish usin' your favorite beverage. No, I ain't talkin' about pourin' booze on your ol' lady's snatch. If you can cook food without burnin' it all to hell (of course, no one's perfect), you can cook with wine and brandy. If you happen to be one of the 1%ers who burns water, there's a couple recipes below that don't even require any cookin'—just fixin'. Surprise yer ol' man with a classy meal fit for a king and prove to him that you're not as dumb as he thinks you are.

When it's mealtime, don't forget to dress up the ol' table or floor (if that's your favorite place to eat) with a lighted candle or two—unless ya decide to be brave and serve your meal during the afternoon, when he can see the shit he's eatin'. Candle stubs in empty booze bottles will do the trick. After all, ya don't want him to think ya did somethin' wrong and are tryin' to be nice to him on purpose.

If ya get frustrated durin' the preparation of the meal, a couple gulps from the bottle oughta keep ya happy, long as ya save enough to fix the recipe with. Cheers, and happy eatin'! After eatin' and drinkin' your special concoctions, your ol' man might even be loaded enough to surprise ya with his own special "concoction."

Classyass Melon

Take a cantaloupe and cut it in half. Scoop out the seeds. Fill hollows with sliced, sugared strawberries. Pour four tablespoons white wine over each half. Serves two.

Happy Pot Roast with Mushroom Wine Sauce

- 1 1/4 lb. chuck roast (rolled up and tied)
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1/2 lb. sliced mushrooms (canned)
- 1 cup dry red wine
- 1 cup canned beef broth
- vegetable oil
- salt and pepper

Salt and pepper roast to taste. Place oil in a large pot or dutch oven, just enough to cover bottom of pot. Put onion in oil and brown. Add meat, wine, and beef broth. Bring to boil, lower heat, and cover pot. Simmer, being sure to turn meat several times during the two and a half hours of cooking. Remove meat. Boil sauce for five minutes without cover. Add mushrooms, simmer for five minutes. Use sauce over meat or vegetables. Serves eight.

Misty Mulled Wine

- 1 bottle red wine
- 1 tablespoon honey
- 1 cinnamon stick

Pour wine into a very large saucepan. Add the honey and stir to blend, over very low temperature. Add cinnamon stick. Stir constantly until mixture boils. Remove from stove. Serve very warm.

Spaghetti Sauce (makes six cups)

- 2 tablespoons olive oil (or vegetable oil)
 - 1 medium onion, minced
 - 1 1/2 lbs. hamburger
 - 2 teaspoons salt
 - 1 teaspoon each: basil, thyme, rosemary
 - 2 teaspoons oregano, crumbled
 - 1 can (1 lb., 1 oz.) whole tomatoes, sliced
 - 2 (6 oz.) cans tomato paste
 - 1 cup water
 - 1/2 cup dry red wine
 - 1/4 cup grated parmesan cheese
- Heat oil in a large saucepan. Sauté onion until soft. Add meat, breaking

into small pieces. Cook until done. Stir in all the other ingredients, except for the wine and cheese. Bring to boil, lower heat, then simmer for about 40 minutes, or until mixture becomes thick. Add wine and parmesan cheese, simmer for five minutes, then cool a little before serving. Serve over cooked spaghetti or macaroni.

Sassyass Hamburgers in Wine Sauce

- 2 lbs. hamburger
 - 8 tablespoons red wine
 - salt and pepper
 - 6 hamburger buns, split and toasted
- Shape meat into six patties. Salt and pepper them to taste. Cook in a frying pan until done, turning each patty once. When all patties are cooked, place them on a dish and keep them warm. Add wine to pan drippings, blend well, place hamburger on a toasted bun half. Pour wine sauce over each patty. Place top of bun on each burger and serve. Feeds three to six people, dependin' on how hungry ya are.

Intoxicated Steak in Sherry Sauce

- 2 lbs. round steak
 - 2/3 cup soy sauce
 - 1/2 cup sherry
 - 1/2 medium onion, diced
- Combine last three ingredients in large roasting pan. Add steak. Marinate for three hours, in refrigerator, turning meat every half hour. Place meat and marinating mixture in a large frying pan. Cook on both sides until done. Cut steak into four servings.

Peachass In Brandy

Slice three fresh, medium-sized peaches into wedges. Put two cups water and 1/4 cup brandy in saucepan. Add peach slices. Cook over medium heat until it boils. Remove from heat. Add 1/2 cup sugar, stir well. Chill in refrigerator. Serve when cold. Makes two to three servings.

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 which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of our brothers **Cowboy Bob, Greg, and Shorty**. Fuckers, fighters, motorsickleriders. Diablos M/C, coast-to-coast.

In memory of **Craig Regner**, a righteous dude who went down one Sunday afternoon. We'll party again someday. Keep on jammin'. Chuck and Galby, Lemoore, Calif.

In memory of **Jim Reedy**, boy wonder. Until we ride together again. Rick, John B., John C., Gary, and Heidi. New Hampshire.

In memory of **Sundowner Don**, from the Sundowners M/C. S.F.V.

In memory of **Jerry McManus**, a bro snuffed by some motherfucker with a gun. One of the best brothers anyone could ever have. Ray, Roy and Mickey, Starkville, Miss.

In memory of **Kenny**, a biker who never got his chance to finish his Harley. We miss you, little bro. Brad Hardin.

In memory of **Billy John, "Porterville Bill"**, who died at the hands of a cowardly punk with a knife. Eddie, Patsy, Leon, and your brothers every where.

In memory of **"Bear"**, a number one biker and friend, now riding on the endless highway. Raice, Sydney, Australia.

In memory of **"Ho"** and **"Mother"**. We won't forget you, Randy "Blue" Lackey.

In memory of **"Blackie"**, one hell of a good bro. We're thinkin' of ya. Tate, Domino, Camino Jammers M/C, and all your bros.

In memory of **Fain E. "Sancho" Davenport, Jr.**, Road Knights M/C from someone who loved him.

In memory of a brother lost. **"Johnny Skeleton"**, from his Arapaho brothers.

In remembrance of **Joe Cruz**, from Barbara E., Oakland, Calif.

In memory of **"Lucky" Bob Burke**, who lived hard and died fast—much too fast. You're in my heart forever, Mariene.

In memory of my ol' man, **Ronnie Miller**, of Bristol, Pa. He rode fast, loved hard, and died too young. From Debbie.

In memory of **"Viking"**, president of Satan's Bros M/C, Midwest. He went down and out like a true biker. Beaver, Josh, and Zack.

In memory of **Dennis E. "Denny" Dunn**, a long-time brother who could always be counted on. His memory rides with us. Dave, Survivors M/C.

In memory of **Greg Patrick**, a biker and a lifelong friend. Gone, but not forgotten. Ronnie, Connecticut.

In memory of **Gary "Moon" Mumma**, a bro we lost too soon. Dan "Wildman" Whitmer, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

In memory of **"Dirty Sally" LoCoff**, the most righteous mama I ever packed. I trust you're in a better world. My eternal love, Buffalo.

In memory of **Steve Hamilton**. You'll always be with us and we'll love you forever. Cathy and daughter Stefany.

In memory of **"Grump"**, who was a great guy, and was loved by all. They can't kill you again, Peggy and Jimbo, Manchester, New Hampshire.

In memory of **Greene McLeod**. You're still with us. Bro—your spirit and ours are united. We are brothers, we are one. Your friends in Sydney, Australia.

Male Call

As you know, we give free copies of **Easysiders** to all prison libraries. This allows as many prisoners as possible to read each copy. We get many requests for individual free subscriptions which are impossible to grant; it would be too costly. But we will now sell subs at a reduced cost for people in prisons. All you have to do is send \$7.50 for twelve issues. \$7.50 saving over newsstand price) to Prison Subs Dept., **Easysiders Magazine**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Note: some prisons have restricted correspondence lists. If you are unable to receive mail except from those people specified on a restricted list, it is a waste of your time and that of the people who write to you after reading your ad in **Male Call**. Please make sure you will be able to receive the mail you solicit before requesting space in this column.

Ex-biker looking for love. Race is no stopper. Henry Seward, Rt. 1, Box 22, SCCA, Capron, Va. 23829.

Bro in the slammer wants to hear from warm, loving chicks. L. Andrew #72-C-0203, Box D. Albion, N.Y. 14411.

I need a lady to help my lonely blues. Harley Potter #15534, Box 800, Ontario, Calif. 91716.

Biker who enjoys booze, broads, and smoke wants to correspond with foxy chicks. Delbert Stidge #78-C-134, Box 51, D-22, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Lonely bro would like letters and photos from chicks. Mike Brayfield #32044, Box 7, 3-C-804, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Write to this righteous dude who's finished partying for a while but who needs letters from partying chicks. J. L. Haynes #C-10960, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

21-yr.-old dude is all alone. If you are too, write to me. John Dell #B-8546, Box AE-1319, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I need girls to write to me, girls who like the wild life. Lots of fun promised when I get out. Claude Williams #108-918, FCC, WHU, State Farm, Va. 23160.

I want to write to sincere young ladies who would like to be loved by sincere young man. Harold Davis #40871-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

I'm 5' 8" with dark blond hair, and I need to write to a sweet girl. Clyde Parker #54039, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Looking for sincere lady to help me readjust my life to the street. Robert Belterton #B-86399, KL-59-A, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93567.

True beauty is on the inside. Looks are no stopper, so write and send me your photo. Leroy Sweat, Rt. 2, Box 607, Palmyra, Va. 22963.

32-yr.-old biker wishes to hear from and write to any female, 18-20. All letters will be answered. John Russell #10674, B. Box 97, Stewart, Nevada 89437.

Lonely male needs letters from lonely female. 26 yrs. old. Walter Jarvis #77-A-4698, Box 149, Attica, N.Y. 14011. C-31-39.

I'm doing ten years and I need your letters now, ladies. John Shonemaker #063984, H-94, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Doing time and need your mail. Foxy ladies, send pictures and letters. Jim Frank #B-90355, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

My freedom is taken away, but my biker spirit lives on. Send letters and flicks to ease my time. Glenn Cowell #24675, Box 7, Deer Lodge, Mont. 59722.

I'm down and out, without my scooter, so drop a letter in the old mail chute. Steve Gray #20169-148, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Lonely bro needs gorgeous creature to ease his time. Sincere chicks, send flicks. David Fahsholtz, Box B-45335, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Let me get to know you so I can write you a love song. David Wilson #39246-115-5U, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Wanted: any hot mama who'll write. Roger Lee #26876, Stillwater, Minn. 55082.

Together tramp, down three years without letters, needs to hear from someone. Glen Ritchie #051631, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I need some foxy mamas to write to this bummed-out and lonely bro. Andy Brender #062672, Mail #063, Dr. 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

32-yr.-old con needs letters from chicks. Al Wall #51424, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Almost time to come home, and there's no lady waitin' for me. Victor Maurus, Box B-75704, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Send me some of your dirty love. Scooter bum needs scribes from freaky chicks, 16 to 60, with good head and heart. Rick Shoemaker #54506, Box 100, Bushers, Conn. 06071.

I'm down and out, so young and old, please drop me a few lines. David Thomas #73-C-599, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

Lonely and in need of letters. Aaron Robeen #C-56125, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Hey, babes, how about sending me a letter? I'm lonely. Donald Jenkins #C-76191, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I need a foxy, uninhibited lady to correspond with. Send photo. Tom Barringer, Box B-87353, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

A few lines will make me a lot happier. Doin' time, but not gettin' letters or visits. Daniel Sartain, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I'd like to hear from foxy ladies and other honys. Tom Baker #95191, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Down and doing time. Need someone to write to. Interested, foxy ladies only. Rudy Cadena #13916-116, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

Just starting my 25-year term and would like ladies to write to. Thomas Bittle #33110, Box 900-3-A-52, Jefferson City, Mo. 65102.

Downed tramp looking for foxy ol' lady. Danny Wing, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Together dude wanting to hear from together chick. Kent Getting #32561, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

Ladies and bros, I'm on vacation in a federal reservation. Letters and photos from chicks in their twenties wanted. J.C. Ferraro #20894-101, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

Dude doing time needs to hear from foxy ladies who will send letters and pictures. L. J. Moosey #08633-138, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

Will someone help relieve the pain and loneliness of prison? Anthony Shine #141-335, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

I'm down for five to twenty-five and need letters and photos from ladies. Don Wesner #151-731, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

My hard time gets harder every day. Letters will help soften it. William Ross #147-278, Box 43699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

Lonely bro has been down over two years without mail. Seeks fine ladies for correspondence. Charles Reed #B-77137, W-28, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

26-yr.-old inmate needs letters from foxy ladies and biker dudes. Harry Forward, CMC #B-88471, Box A-6234, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

I want to hear from some down-to-earth chicks, the kinkier the better. M. McGrath, Box B-33961-ASP, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Outsight dude needs some mail from some outsight chicks. I need an ol' lady, so anyone interested can drop me a line. Bobby Crocker #237859, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Bro in prison needs letters from anyone who'll write. Gordon McKenzie #B-85850, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

19-yr.-old dude would like to find a loving lady, 18-35, to live and party with. Send picture, please. Aaron Hill #31136, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Lonely biker in prison needs good-looking chicks to write to. Kevin Norton #C-74173, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

20-yr.-old inmate doing fifteen years needs ladies to write to. John Kirk #77-B-1534, Box 500, Elmira, N.Y. 14902.

26-yr.-old with fine mind needs ladies to write and send photos. Thomas Wilson #059408, Box 221-61-104, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Been locked up for three years and will be out next year. I want to hear from chicks who write to loogie when I get out. John McDonald #045974, F-14-3, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I need a lot of mail. I love to write poems. I'm 22 years old. Roger Bell #152546, Box E. Jackson, Mich. 49201.

Sexy young dago requests letters from interesting females. Frederick Costa #B-90707, Box 2000, P-333, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

20-yr.-old, handsome dude needs letters from chicks. Mike Webb, Box R. Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

I'm interested in finding a young lady who is true and lonesome. Bret Taylor #R-4242, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

This dude is lonely and in need of mail. Ladies, please write. Larry Ward #39-845-115, Box 1500, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

The loneliest feeling in the world is to be in jail without a girl. Will answer all letters. Mapesone Matua #62132, Dr. A. Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. 66027.

I'm rough and ready for your love. Robert Jones, Box B-64120, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Two downed bros need pics and letters from down-to-earth ladies. 17-80. Billy Bird Belfair #24223, and Eddie Buck Breeze #30381, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kans. 67501.

To start a righteous relationship, all it takes is a letter. Frank Hattrem, Jr. #62310, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Big, strong, and handsome Hog rider doing time needs chick to write to and live with when he gets out. Jim Stack #037223, E-42, 97 HU, Box 221, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Terribly lonesome biker, doing time in prison, needs letters from understanding ladies. Timothy King #31685, Box 28, Ind. Reformatory, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

I'm doing time and need a nice chick to write to. Robbie Stacy #76369, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Judge Roy, a Kansas biker, is down and in need of mail. Kenneth Bean #31966, Box 7, 3-D-911, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

All my friends have deserted me. Would like to hear from anyone. Robert Baker #28596, Box 900, 3A-52, Jefferson City, Mo. 65202.

If you're lonely and live near N.Y., and have marriage on your mind, write to me and send photo. Ray Lesley #76-A-2599, Box G. Walkill, N.Y. 12589.

25-yr.-old lonely man would love to hear from females all over the world. Johnny Moore, Box 52513-B-2, Reidsville, Ga. 30453.

Hey, girls, this downed biker wants to hear from you. Help me. Mickey Mulvey, Box PMB-40638-115, C-4, Texarkana, Tex. 75501.

30-yr.-old Sagittarius wants correspondence with ladies. Charles Pearson, Box PMB-22942-175, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

25-yr.-old Scorpio needs letters from mature women. Age unimportant. Clifton Wright #12450, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

42-yr.-old lonely con needs chicks and pictures from any decent chick who cares. Richard Armes #74734, Box C, Waupun State Prison, Waupun, Wis. 53983.

Downed road bum looking for a sincere ol' lady who enjoys living, traveling, and having fun. Send photos. S. J. Schmidt #C-78508, Box 500, Vandalia, Ill. 62471.

Bro down and would appreciate mail from ladies, 16-35. Photos too. Roy Barrett, 2424 W. 33rd St., Orlando, Fla. 32805.

Lonely prisoner living in cold and darkness would like some warm light in my life. Jim Kershaw #B-90145, Box A-E-6357, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

26-yr.-old male prisoner desperately needs mail and photos from loving ladies who care. Dan Hansen #145-327, Box 45899, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

in his memory. It was the waitress who urged him on.

"What happened then?" she asked.

Slow Joe let out a long sigh and went on. "Fire. I woke up choking and the house was full of smoke. I ran to the kids' bedroom and threw open the door. The flames shot out at me and burned my face and hands. I ran outside and tried to get in through the bedroom window. There were flames everywhere. I couldn't get in. The firetrucks showed up and three or four firemen grabbed me and threw me down. They wouldn't let me go back in. Oh, God! They wouldn't let me go back in!"

Joe slammed his fist on the counter-top so hard that the coffee splashed out of the cups. No one spoke as the big biker fought back the emotions that filled his face and eyes. It took several minutes before he could speak again. The waitress kept whispering to herself, over and over, "Oh, God, the kids! Oh God, the kids!"

The big trucker dropped a massive hand on Joe's shoulder in an attempt at consolation. When Joe spoke again, his voice was strong and filled with hate.

"That's why I ride. I know the two guys that did it. One's a guy named Pecos. The other one's name is Lurch. They're in Oregon right now and I'm goin' after 'em! So I'm outta money—so what? I'll push that fuckin' bike if I have to! I swear on my dead wife and kids that I'll get to Oregon and I'll get Pecos and Lurch!"

It was a full thirty minutes later before the trucker left and Frank returned to work. Frank had forgotten Maryann and was even glad that she hadn't shown up, because now he hated bikers—especially those bastards who'd killed Joe's two little girls.

Slow Joe got up to leave and the waitress stopped him at the door. With tears in her eyes, she shoved two folded twenty-dollar bills into his hand and said, "One's from that trucker fella. The other's from me and Frank."

Joe muttered his thanks and walked outside to his bike. He fired the knuckle into life and, with a flick of the throttle, headed for the expressway.

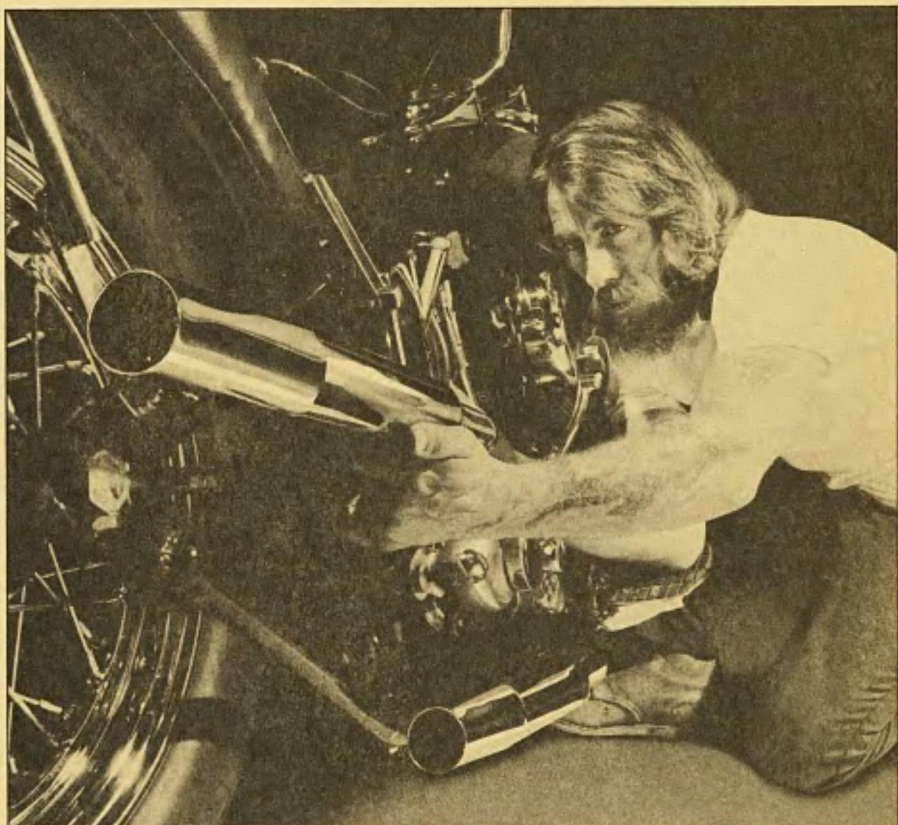
"Forty bucks," he said to himself. "It's enough—with some left over. Now it's your turn, Lurch! And

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ALLEN BIRD

Attorney at Law

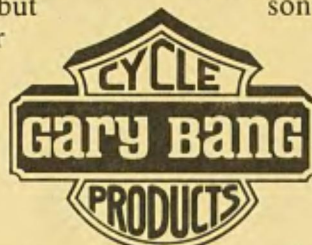
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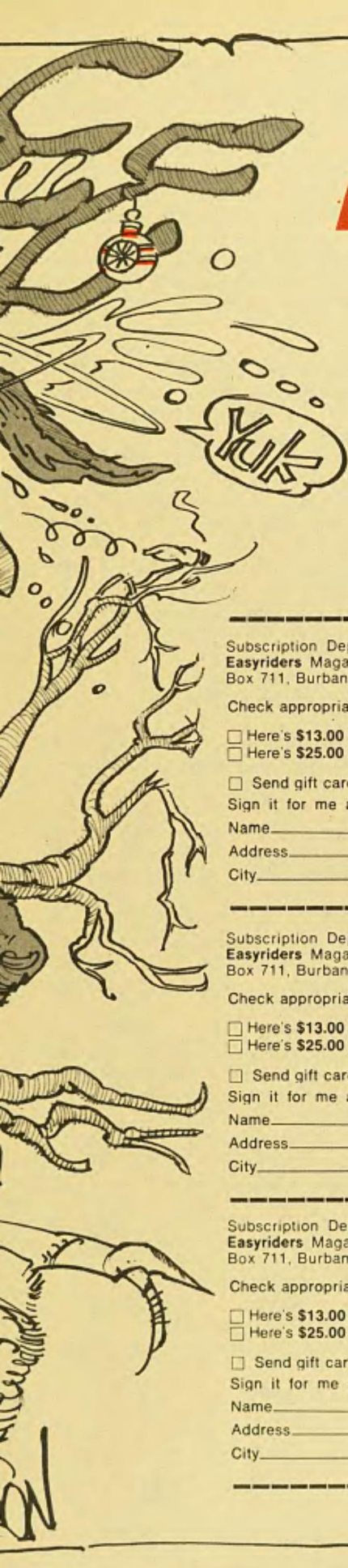
alignment so that you don't have to. And because of this dedication, you can rely on Gary Bang — no matter what year or model Harley-Davidson motorcycle you ride he has a custom set of headers for you.



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Gary Bang Cycle Products, P.O. Box 472, Canoga Park, Ca. 91303 • (213) 341-8474





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**We'll send a gift card announcement telling
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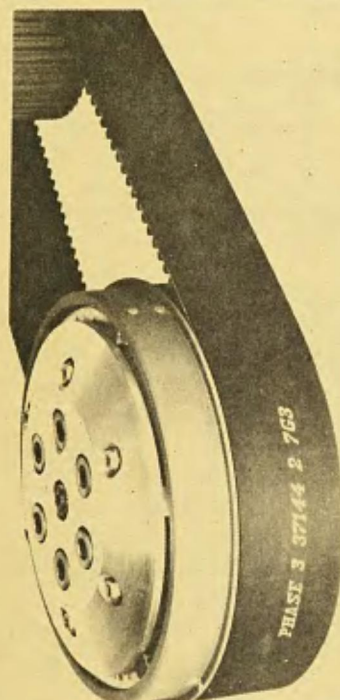
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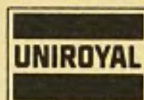


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PHASE 3 COMPETITIVE DRIVE LINES

Get A Buzz On With The Original Buzzmaster!

Here's a class item that takes all the hassle outta smokin'. No more joints fallin' apart while you're tokin'. No more huntin' for the roach clip you accidentally tossed into the garbage when you emptied the ashtray.

All you do is fill the Buzzmaster with your favorite smokin' mixture, hold a match over the bowl, and press the button. Then hold on to your gourd. The Buzzmaster automatically delivers a righteous toke every time you hit the button. No wasted smoke, no mess, no hassles — clean and efficient tokin' time after time.

California residents add 6%.

Send \$7.00
plus 50¢ for
postage and
handling to:

Mackenzie Company
Box 29, Calabasas, California 91302

yours, Pecos! I'm on my fuckin' way!"

* * *

Hours later, he found himself in another service station, looking at the street map of Medford, Oregon. A few minutes later, he reached Woodman Drive and stopped the bike next to the curb. Dismounting, he chained the scooter and walked toward the door. He rapped on the wood frame several times.

Pecos grabbed the .45 and yelled, "Who is it?"

"It's me—Slow Joe."

Once inside, Joe reached into his pocket and threw a crumpled wad of bills on the coffee table.

"How'd ya do it?" asked Lurch.

"I told 'em the story about my wife and kids." Joe then repeated the story for Lurch and Pecos. When he had finished, Pecos sat with a confused look on his face. Lurch turned to Pecos with a grin.

"Well, Pecos, do you give it to him, or do I do it?"

Pecos held out a hand to Slow Joe. "There's just one thing, bro. You ain't never had no wife and kids!"

"I know that, Pecos." Joe laughed. "And you know that. But they sure as hell didn't know that."

Slow Joe took the cutoff from his brother's hand and brushed an imaginary piece of lint from his newly acquired patch. Lurch shook his head in appreciation.

"All the way from San Diego to Oregon with nothin' to start on but a fuckin' dollar! An' he shows up with money to spare! That's just fan-fuckin'-tastic!"

* * *

At the truckstop, the waitress was earnestly talking to three truckers.

"And he was out to get these two bikers—one named Waco, or some-thin' like that, and one named Birch —'cause they set his two kids on fire and raped his wife. Believe me, it was just the saddest story I ever heard."



Easyriders

"Goddammit, Theresa, I told ya not to bet!"

DANGEROUS PRIDE

—Continued from page 13

her natural sensibility," as he called it, though he seldom spoke of her. Her name was Libby and she was one of those women you could drag through mud, drag through sand, and still want to sit down with and drink a beer.

But she talked about New York a lot. Libby had the looks for modeling or maybe for selling soap on the tube. There isn't much open road in Manhattan, and it didn't take long for ambition and Jake's love for moving around to separate the pair.

Jake had finally found her in a garden apartment in Yonkers, which is a lot closer to New York than Clem's Bar, but not close enough. She was living with an unemployed guitar player, which was all right with Jake.

"People gotta live," he always said on such occasions.

But the picker had objected to Jake's "direct appeal to her natural sensibility." Libby didn't seem to mind, though. The four-inch gash on the guitar player's face would have healed nicely, since it ran right across the eyebrows. The hairs would've covered the scar.

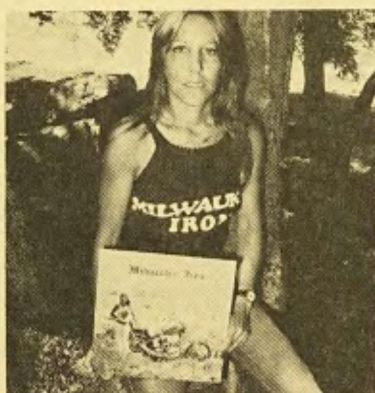
But the strummer had come back with the rest of the band, to fight either for Libby or for a sure meal ticket. Jake had evened the odds with his oil-seasoned stick and, to his utter surprise, the picker went into a one-way coma.

For days, all the district attorney could get out of his mouth was "manslaughter" and, with local sentiment running pretty much against bikers, bail stayed at \$50,000.

When they finally got around to holding a trial, the first row in the courtroom was occupied by Rulers. Against his lawyer's advice, Jake wore his colors into court. When it came time for summations four days later, the defense attorney stayed in his chair and Jake approached the jury of his peers, none of whom was within ten years of his age.

The judge abruptly raised his gavel when Jake leaned far over the wooden railing to appeal to the "natural sensibilities" of the twelve men and women. But he let Jake continue. When the jury returned eleven hours later, their verdict was

—Continued on page 94



It's good. No, it's **damn** good, and I like it.

During the past two years of listenin' to the FM almost constantly, keepin' up on current rock music, I haven't heard a true biker band — that is, not until I heard Milwaukee Iron. It's a first class production, put together, amazingly enough, with mighty little funds — almost no dinero, ya understand.

The album leans towards the country side of the music spectrum. Take a couple of banjos, add a mandolin, a pedal steel, bass, drums, and congos, toss in a rhythm guitar and a cabasa (whatever the fuck **that** is), and you have all the right ingredients. Check out

If you're a bro in the joint and out of funds, we know what it's like. Have your librarian write us on library stationery and request a copy of the record — we'll send one copy out at no charge.

Milwaukee Iron

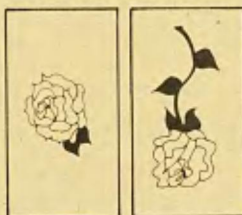
right-on biker tunes like "Get Down Biker Music," "Turn Me Over, But Don't Turn Me Out," "Cheezy Rider," and "Shovel Man." These songs cut out the crap and tell it like it is. To give you a small sampling, here is an excerpt from "Get Down Biker Music":

I've got that get down biker music in my soul!
I wanna write, I wanna sing about a motorcycle,
Panheads, shovelheads,
knuckleheads, too!
Strictly biker music for me and you.
And it gets better as it goes on.

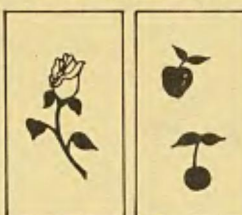
Because of Milwaukee Iron's lack of funds (and could it be that there is a little prejudice against a bunch of bikers?), it seems no record stores want to carry it. So they've decided to distribute the record through **Easyriders**, along with a little help from Uncle Sam's postal system (very little help, usually).

The cost for this gem is **\$6.00**, plus 50c for shipping. If ya send cash or a money order, the album will go out the same day as the order comes in. Checks take about 6-8 weeks to clear. Make all checks and money orders out to David, and mail your order to: David Record Offer, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

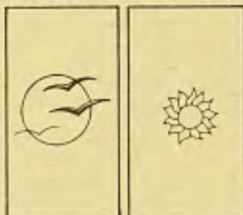
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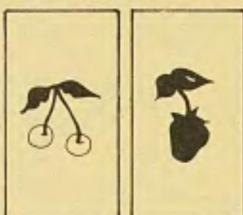
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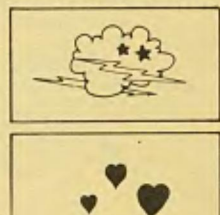
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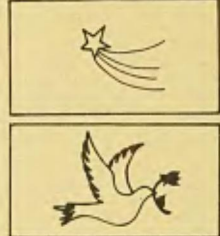
PACKAGE NUMBER 5



PACKAGE NUMBER 3



PACKAGE NUMBER 6



Removable Tattoos

COCO

P.O. Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360

Something new, different, and exciting for chicks! These great-looking tattoos can be applied anywhere on your body, and they really look authentic. Yet these colorful tattoos are easily removable—they come off in a matter of moments, using ordinary cold cream. Two different tattoos, only **\$5.00**.

Ever pick up a young, tender sweetie, and after only a mile or two, even though her firm boobs are givin' yer spine a hardon, ya drop her in the closest dipsty-dumpster, 'cause she's drivin' ya nuts?

"Yip, yip, yip, slow down, don't lean so much, the pipes are hot on my tender succulent thighs, don't hit the bumps so hard, I'm hungry, I gotta pee, can I have some money, I'm cold, yip, yip, yip."

A hard right is all she deserves while ya try to stay upright with her squirmin' ass movin' all over yer rear fender. After ya dump her sweet ass, ya blast home to tear the seat off yer rear fender, bondo the holes shut, cut yer packer bar off, and put the rear pegs in a spare-parts drawer.

Well, Debbie ain't a yipper, but we thought we'd show you bros how to deal with 'em and get the satisfaction you deserve. Ya see, when a chick starts in, so do you.

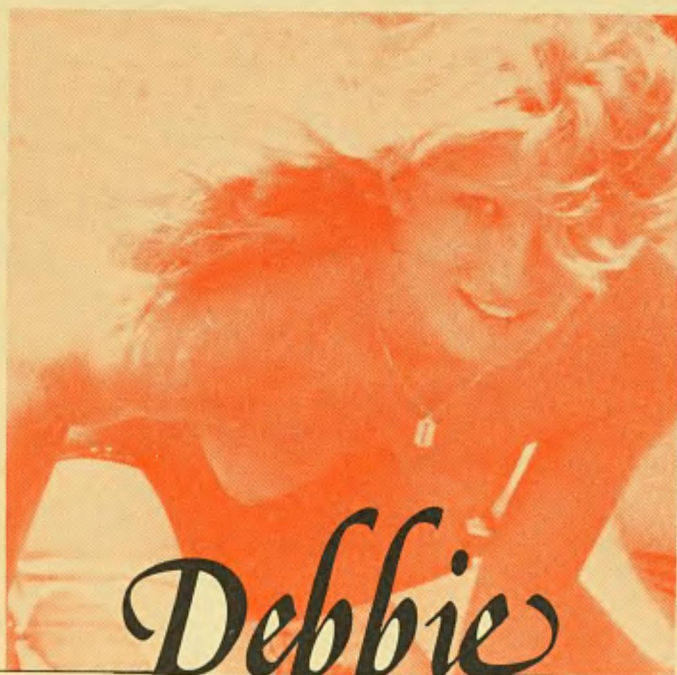
"Slow down," she yips.

"Let's see yer tits," you come back.

If she doesn't go along with the fuckin' program, go faster. And I ain't jivin'—it's a fuckin' program. The plan, as it's laid out here, won't exactly work if she's packin' on a two-wheeler. But there are other tasks she can accomplish if her arms are encirclin' your chest. She can always give ya a little hand, lift up the back of yer T-shirt and press those luscious, round globes with the tender nipples against yer back, or she can lick and plant moist kisses all over the back of yer neck. It's enough to make ya want to build another sissy bar and find a nag.

Ya might even make the ol' putt a taste more uncomfortable. Put a handful of jagged stones under the seat. Make the fender a breakaway model, so if she doesn't cooperate, ya can threaten her by playin' with the ripcord. And if she still refuses to bare her beautiful chest to your back—let her roll.

—Chauv





*Shouldn't
got in oughta
if she
didn't wanna
go fast*







Photos by Ralph Hampton



Dirty Christmas Cards

HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!

HO!
HO!
HO!



**Outrageous Cards to
be given only to your
closest friends!**

We wanted to come up with some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out—sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow their minds.

To be different we decided to create some really rank cards—something heavy—strictly for guys. So gross that even some guys would groan when they saw them.

To get in a creative mood we decided to hold a juice-and-smoke session, after hours, with all of the strange ones in the office attending. As the session got loose, the card ideas got dirtier. It wasn't long until the chicks left. Finally, when Weird Harold came up with a particularly gross idea, complete with rough sketch, even Miraculous Mutha decided she had to go take a leak. She didn't return.

What we came up with is six different cards. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad—but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. They're not for the squeamish. **Remember, you've been warned.**

\$5.00 per set Two sets \$8.00

Price includes postage
and handling costs.

Christmas Cards
Box 711, Burbank, California 91502

Set (A) is the same set of filthy cards as last year.
Set (B) is entirely new and even more gross.

Please send me _____ sets of Set A (six different cards and envelopes per set).

Please send me _____ sets of Set B (six different cards and envelopes per set).

I realize that they are outrageous. I also state that my age is _____ (You must be 18 years of age to order these cards.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

model release

This model release must be completed in full and must accompany each entry. Be sure that the release is signed and witnessed. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified. All models must be 18 years of age or older. (See page 92 for additional information.)

Of Lady Photo Contest

Easyriders Of Lady Photo Contest
Box 52, Mailbu, California 90265

Model's Name _____
Age _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Photographer _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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 photographs of myself with or without using my name and to make 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 and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____
I am _____ years of age. _____
Witness to Signature _____

The Ol' Lady Photo Contest

A winner every month. All monthly winners will compete for a grand prize of one thousand bucks!

Each month, *Easyriders* will print the monthly winner and runners-up chosen from the pictures you send us. The monthly winner will receive \$100 and each runner-up will receive \$25. Contributors (ol' man, photographer, pimp, whatever) will receive \$10.

After the twelve monthly winners have been chosen, we'll put it to you, our readers, for the final selection. Your votes will select *Easyriders'* OL' LADY FOR 1978—and a cool grand goes to the winner!

Judging should be on looks, build, tattoos and/or any other outstanding features. Models may be dressed or undressed—it's up to you. We're not looking for raunchy stuff—just good ol' lady photos you're proud of, whether she's wearin' clothes or not. Muff hair can show if ya wanna, but it's not necessary to win.

Remember, we can use only good, in-focus, black and white glossy prints or color slides—nothing else (no color prints).

IMPORTANT! A blank model release appears on p. 90 of this issue. This release must be completed in full, must be signed and witnessed, and must accompany each entry. Photos sent in without a model release will be disqualified.

All models must be 18 years of age or older. Sorry, no photos can be returned. All entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Decision of the judges is final.

The votes are in and here you see this month's winner. But this is only the beginning—there are lots more honeys and prize money in the months to come. So if you've been sittin' on your ass instead of snappin' some far-out flicks of your foxy sweetie, get it in gear and enter the contest.

In case ya haven't heard, here's how the contest works:

We decided to make you, the readers, the judges. You'll decide each month's winners. We aren't gonna say anything! Each month we'll publish all the entries we receive that are of good technical quality. That doesn't mean your entry has to be a professional photo—just that it has to be in focus and properly exposed. You readers will select the winners and runners-up from those entries we publish.



Shirley Baker

So send us your votes for this month's contest and we'll print the winners in the January issue. Deadline for voting on this month's contestants will be November 30, 1978. Send us a postcard or scrawl on the back of an envelope—all ya gotta do is indicate which contestant gets your vote. Send all votes to "65 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.



Daisy Lipscomb



Belinda Smith



Susan Coulter



Kim Coggin



Deanna Burden



Barbara Potter



Terry Russell



Rita Smith



Maureen Hayes



Misty Burger



Mink



Jennifer



Darlene Wise



Ruth Holt



Here she is, folks— Sheila McRoy, the eighth winner in the Easyriders Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Kathy Hamilton, Donna Racine, and Serena Aragon.



Brandi Sanchez

FULL GRAIN SADDLE LEATHER HANDMADE

Send \$1 to cover postage & handling for a complete catalog and price sheet — \$1 will be gladly refunded with first purchase.



Featuring: BIKER WALLETS 3 STYLES TO CHOOSE FROM

Long Trucker Wallet

4" x 7" long, solid brass rivets and snaps; with link chain & clasp...\$12.95



Regular Wallet

Heavy-duty quality leather with solid brass rivets \$10.95



Trifold Wallet

Thick leather, compact, compartmented 3" x 4 1/2" folded \$10.95



Available in the following designs:

- 101 H.D. Eagle
- 103 H.D. Oakleaf
- 104 H.D. Upswept Wings
- 105 H.D. Wings
- 109 Dave Mann Rider
- 213 Skull, SS
- 303 Marijuana Leaf

Trifold and Regular Wallets available with double link safety chain and swivel hook for only...\$12.95

Sorry, NO C.O.D. PLEASE

Send cash, check or money order. Include additional \$1 with payment to cover postage and handling.

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for personal checks to clear.

816-252-9012



L.B.

Merchandising

P.O. Box 7751
Independence
Missouri 64054

DAINGEROUS GAME

—Continued from page 85

not guilty. One of the Rulers said later that he felt like waving an American flag when he heard those two words.

Libby never showed during the trial, so Jake hung around only long enough to retrieve his stick from the D.A.'s office.

After he beat the manslaughter charge, hassles were as regular as gravel rash to a motocrosser. But they could make only one charge stick, a misdemeanor assault that cost him six months off his Harley, doing time in a county jail.

Now he sat handcuffed to a steel chair.

In one corner of the room was a large plastic garbage pail. Jake recognized its real use at once. It was standard equipment, like the paper towels in a courtroom shithouse. If it came right down to it, the garbage pail would go over his head while his interrogators rearranged his kneecap a bit. As yet, Jake had no idea what the bust was all about.

In the interim, Stateline had turned up \$800, enough bait for a bondsman. The Rulers began pulling up at the farmhouse Stateline shared with two bros and their ol' ladies. Stateline led the Rulers, being the best with his knucks and more than fair with his head.

"A show of force is not the way to go—not now," he told the gathering. He was right. Stateline had been up against The Man enough times to know. They had started calling him Stateline because of his habit of pushing his panhead over the invisible boundaries state governments like to say exist, if only on maps. And Stateline usually crossed those boundaries one jump ahead of a bench warrant. His actions had kept him from facing a half-dozen trumped-up assault charges because of all the fuss with extradition.

Stateline sent Hambone on a lone reconnaissance. But Hambone could-



"How long before I'm good enough to yell stuff like 'Drive it or park it, fuckface?'"

n't find out much. Jake was being held at the local substation of the Criminal Investigation Department. He might as well have been six feet down in a concrete box, though, as far as finding out more about his situation was concerned.

The next morning, Chrome Bag-gins nursed his panhead over the ruts and potholes that led to State-line's digs. The road was called The Moat, because it discouraged motor-ized sneak attack. Bag-gins had a sweet panhead. Even the tank and molding were chrome. The sun's rays were just starting to elbow through Stateline's woodlot when Chrome reached the turnoff one hundred yards from the farmhouse.

Inside, only Stateline's ol' lady, Kate, was up and about at that early hour. She shook her ol' man by the shoulder when she saw Chrome bouncing up the road like a shiny lunar landing module glinting in the sun.

Stateline and the others crawled out from blankets spread on mat-tresses on the living room floor. They guessed what Chrome was there so early for. He had a phone in his digs and, sure enough, the CID had turned Jake loose—lack of evidence. But he wasn't to leave town.

They set out with four Harleys and Stateline's van, which Kate drove.

Jake was standing in front of Clem's Bar in town. At that time in the morning, there was only one really adequate place to hold a strategy session and that was Clem's. Jake looked no worse for wear after his night as a guest of the CID. He bounded up the stone steps leading to Clem's door.

Stateline had gotten there ahead of the rest and had gotten Clem out of the sack. She had eggs frying and was opening beers when the others pulled up. Clementine Stinson had a weakness for the Rulers. It might have had something to do with the yellowing photo of a young dude on a knucklehead and a long-haired and very foxy lady standing beside him with one arm around his shoulder.

The fox was Clem as she had looked thirty years before. And it wasn't hard to see that, except for the shorter blond hair, the guy on the knucklehead could have been Stateline's twin brother. Clem's ol' man had cashed it in two years be-fore, after spending thirty years be-hind a desk. He had left her enough to buy the place.

She slid the plates in front of

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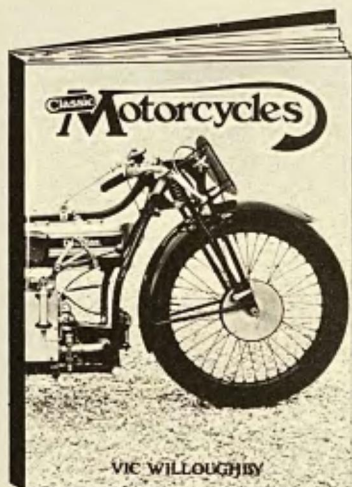
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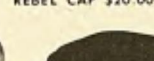
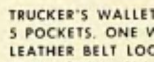
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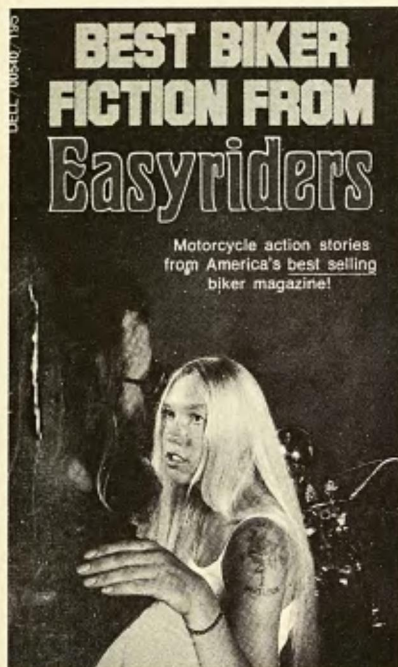
			
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Stateline and the others, but Jake pushed his away. He took a beer and sat at a corner table. His friends gave him a respectable amount of time to collect his thoughts and did in the eggs while they waited. Ham-bone said quietly that some heavy shit must've come down, but nobody was ready for what Jake had to tell them.

Stateline finally pulled a chair up to the table in the corner. Chrome and Hambone brought their bottles over. Jake was staring out the window and tapping the now-empty bottle against the edge of the old oak table.

"Where's yer stick?" Stateline asked, sensing that something far worse had come down than the usual assault charges.

"Some bastard murdered Libby. They're tryin' to say I did it," he replied, never changing his cold stare out the window. "She had the back of her head caved in and she was raped. They found her days ago — Monday, I think they said. Over on Ice Cave Road. She gets buried today."

"So they're keepin' the stick for evidence?" Stateline said.

"Yeah, they got it. They're keepin' it in their laboratory at the capital, just hopin' they find a speck of blood. Hell, they probably will," Jake said with resignation.

Chrome got up and went to get four fresh beers. "Shit," he said with a mixture of anger and sympathy as he set the bottles down.

Stateline swung his chair around, leaned back, and said, "We start lookin' for this dude today. There's enough of us to flush the bastard out if he's hangin' back this way. If he ain't, we'll go lookin' for him wherever his stink leads us."

Jake nodded. "Yeah, we'll get this bastard. But not today. I've got to do some thinkin' today. And I got to attend a funeral."

Back at the farmhouse, Jake pulled



"I repeat, do you,
George Booth, take this woman . . . ?"

the Harley out of the barn, fired it on the first kick, and headed slowly down the farm road. An hour later, he pulled the Sportster into the neatly graveled access road in the rear of Maple Knolls Cemetery. It was one of those no-headstones operations—just small bronze plates flush with the ground, hidden by the grass until you're right on top of them.

Jake sat back on the Harley and watched the hearse pull in the front gate 200 yards away. Half an hour later, when the small crowd had departed in a procession of Cadillacs, a lone Harley pulled up to where freshly dug earth was piled next to a deep hole.

Jake stayed about fifteen minutes. Staring at the gray steel of Libby's coffin as it rested on a wooden slab in the bottom of the grave, he made a grim decision. He left and rode directly to the CID substation he had talked his way out of only hours before.

"I'm supposed to have killed a girl. I want to talk to someone. I'm Jake Benson," he told the burly sergeant sitting at a desk behind a bullet-proof plastic enclosure.

The sergeant pressed a button that electrically locked the entrance. "We'll be right with you, son," he said, picking up a telephone.

This time they didn't handcuff him to the chair. Now they figured they had him right where they wanted him—ready to cop to 25-years-to-life. Those convicted of murder and rape seldom interest the parole board.

In twenty minutes, the same plainclothes cop who had arrested him showed up and hung his hat and coat on a rack in the austere interrogation room. Jake thought it odd that he hadn't noticed before, but the guy looked like Ernest Borgnine.

"Well, son, I'm glad you decided to get it off your chest. Best thing to do. We had you cold." Jake twisted in the chair, glancing at the plastic garbage pail still waiting in its usual place. Borgnine caught his glance.

"Hey, now don't go worrying about a thing. Smoke?" Jake started to push the offered pack of Kools away, thought better of it, and accepted a light. He took a long drag, sat forward, and looked up at the detective.

"So you picked the girl up down the line and brought her up here? That's how it started?" the cop

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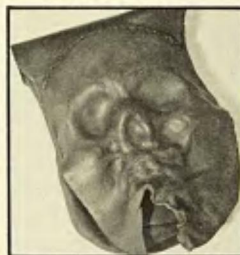
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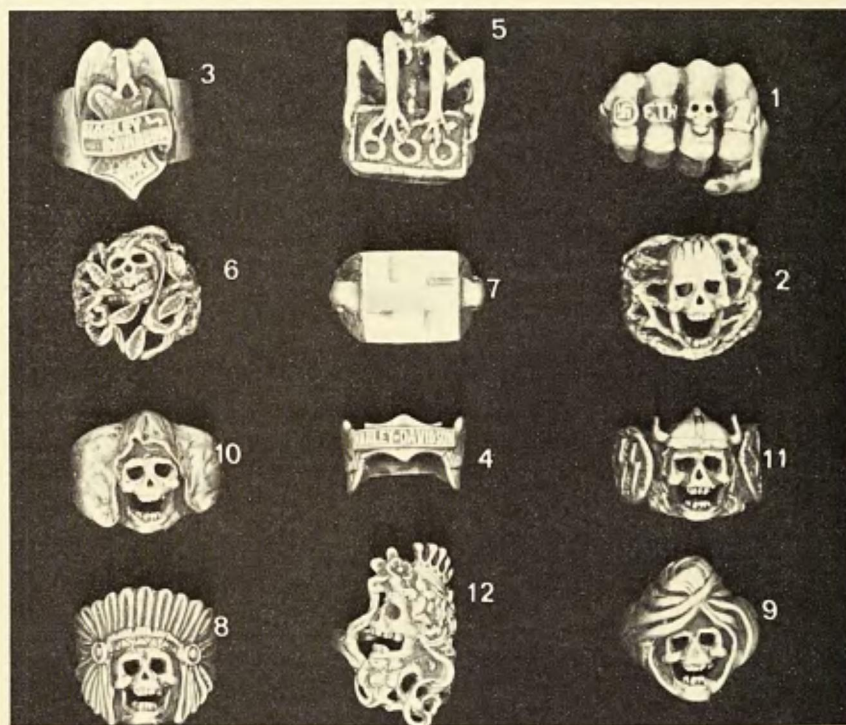
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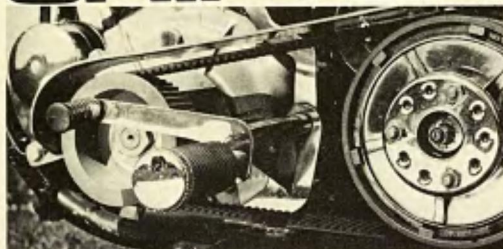
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asked. Jake said nothing.

"That right?" Borgnine asked again, this time with thinly veiled menace.

"I don't know. I can't remember. It's black, all black," Jake told him, suddenly realizing that he hadn't thought through his plan very well. Could he pretend to confess, learn all he could about what the police actually knew of Libby's murder, and then somehow convince them to turn him loose again?

"Ya can't remember, huh?" Borgnine said, his face turning purplish around the jowls. The detective checked his anger and tried another ploy.

"Look, take it easy. It'll all come back. You want some coffee?" Jake nodded and the detective yelled through the open door. "Sarge, send Sam in here. Is he still out there?"

His partner looked in the door, got the coffee order, then disappeared. Jake heard the sound of coins dropping down a slot and Sam was back. He brought two coffees in styrofoam cups and a machine-vented sandwich in plastic wrap.

Jake was glad to see the sandwich. With his mouth full, he could stall them for a few more precious minutes. He hardly tasted the cold ham and cheese.

The plan to get information about Libby's killer was indeed a chancy one. But he didn't regret the impulsive action. Back at the cemetery, he had felt like punching through a door or slamming his fist into something, anything.

Instead, he had eased the Harley away from the grave, keeping the engine respectfully quiet. It was only when he was a few yards from the cemetery's main gate that he'd let his control slip. Blindly twisting the throttle, he'd sent up a spray of crushed stone ten yards behind him.

"We've got to get a little light in that memory of yours, Benson," Borgnine said as Jake chewed on ham and cheese.

"Now, you picked up the girl down the line, right? You used to live with her, so you just wanted to get it on again. Nothin' wrong with that. No, nothin' wrong with that at all. But she wasn't interested. Isn't that right?" Borgnine smiled thinly.

"I . . . I just can't remember. Nothing . . . not a thing. It's all a blank," Jake said, hoping his bluff would work.

Borgnine suddenly reached out and grabbed Jake by the hair and

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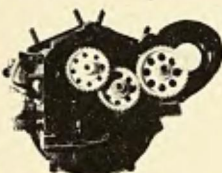


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pulled his head down to the metal desk top. "You remember taking her to the Riverside? You remember taking her over on Ice Cave Road? You remember taking her into the bushes?" He was shouting and he spit the words of his final question. "Do you remember what you did to her in the bushes?"

Jake dug his fingers into the sides of the chair. Don't blow it now, he thought wildly, resisting an overwhelming urge to smash a steel-reinforced boot tip into Borgnine's crotch.

"I told ya, I can't remember. I can't remember a damn thing." He thought suddenly that if he sounded as if he'd been strung out for a week or had slipped out totally, he might pull it off.

The detective let him go. Jake straightened up, then let his head fall to one side. He jerked it back up and opened his eyes really wide. After a while it started to work. He found out most of what the police knew, that Libby was seen in the Riverside Bar the night she was murdered. She had been drinking at the bar but had disappeared just before closing.

The CID kept fishing, trying to confront the biker with something that would make him break and sign the confession they already had written out for him.

Hours later, Jake was still sticking to his wacko act. By then, several of the CID brass had showed up, including a captain and a lieutenant. This was a sure sign of trouble, Jake knew, because Borgnine and his partner would be trying like hell to get a usable confession to impress their bosses.

Finally, at 7 a.m. the next day, Jake started to wear them down. He had changed his story. Now he claimed he just wanted to prove to them that he hadn't done it, that he just wanted to end the hassling before it began.

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into the victim's vagina after she was killed?" the operator asked in a voice devoid of emotion.

Jake's arms stiffened against the padded arm rests on the special chair. "No," he said bitterly, as rage made his blood rush wildly.

In another half hour they set him free. The results of the test left little doubt in the minds of the detectives who had watched it through a one-way mirror. When he said he wanted his stick back, Borgnine sneered. "Hey, how'd you like it up yer ass?"

Following their lone slim lead, the Rulers were at the Riverside Bar that afternoon. The spot where Libby's body had been found was less than a mile away. There were about twenty people inside, half of them around a pool table.

Stateline and Jake went in alone. They glared back at the stares. Only halfway through the first beer, Stateline said, "This ain't gonna get us nowhere at all. These people are true hostiles." They left the place.

Stateline came back with just his ol' lady and sent Kate in alone. She emerged two hours later, but without much in the way of information about Libby. A local had been setting up tequilas for the two hours, but all he could tell her was that Libby had been talking about needing a ride to someplace "way out in the country." The local said he thought she said she was from Manhattan, and that she said she was a model.

"But it seemed kind of funny because I think I heard her say she thumbed up. I'm pretty sure she didn't have a car. Sorry to hear about what happened," he told Kate just before trying to slip his hand over her knee.

The Rulers cruised the bars along the highway Libby had probably used in hitchhiking from Yonkers or Manhattan or wherever. They learned nothing about where she had been or who she might have been with. Returning to the farmhouse after dark, they mulled over what looked like a dead end.

"We gotta go where she lived and ask around. No other way," Stateline said. The others agreed. There didn't seem to be any other way to go about it. Jake leaned back in an old stuffed chair and was asleep in minutes.

When he awoke, it was past 1 a.m. He went out on the porch and

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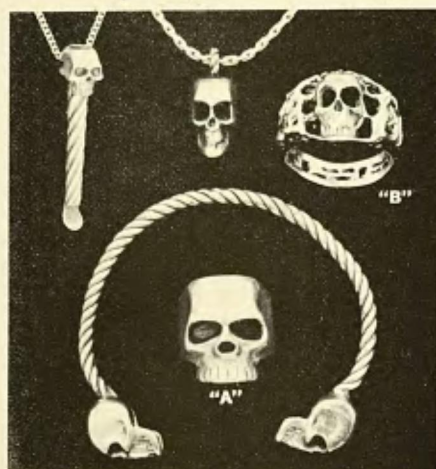
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pissed on the grass. It was a dark night with no moon. A light still on in the kitchen shone dimly on the barn. He caught sight of something shining faintly near a corner of the barn roof. It was a piece of aluminum drain spout torn loose by the wind. It moved slightly in the warm night breeze. Jake stared at it as if it were a hypnotist's gold watch swinging against the night sky. It reminded him of something, but he couldn't remember what. He sat on the porch stoop trying to remember.

He decided he could think better on his Sportster. Heading for a stretch of mountain road usually deserted at that hour, he cruised at 40, lazily following the faded white centerline.

It hit him after he had given up and was heading back. Immediately, he whipped his Harley, hoping he could make the Riverside before closing.

The band was still playing loudly when he pulled up. The front door of the old building was propped open to the warm night. The four members of the rock group were performing under rotating strobe lights that seemed to fix their faces grotesquely in space. Elbowing his way to the end of the bar, Jake kept his eyes riveted on the dude playing drums.

It had been the dull shine of the drummer's cymbals in the back of the room that afternoon that had prodded something deep in Jake's subconscious. The gleam of the metal on the barn roof had been the catalyst in jarring his memory—and it had all come back to him.

They were the same, nearly wrap-around muttonchops on the guy that he remembered from years before. The drummer under the flickering strobes was the same dude who had tried to grab him from behind outside Libby's place in Yonkers.

"What a fine coincidence," he said aloud.

Muttonchops was picked off neatly the next morning as he opened his car door. Kate had walked up to him in a halter top that revealed her fine, flat stomach. When he turned, a burlap bag was pulled over his head and a sudden pain in his groin made him collapse.

At the farmhouse, the guy nearly went nuts. He claimed to anyone who would listen that he didn't pick up any dark-haired girl and take her to Ice Cave Road. He cried

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hysterically that he didn't know anyone named Libby.

The Rulers had no intentions of coming down on an innocent man. They wanted to be sure, so the drummer was taken to the barn. His arms were tied with rawhide to a beam over his head. His pants were pulled down and, with a gloved hand, Jake took hold of his balls. With the other hand, he brought a razor-sharp Kabar up to the dude's eye level and let him examine the fine edge on the steel. Then he brought the blade down in a swift movement, dropping the flat side of the blade against the man's scrotum. The feel of the cold metal made him jump as if he had been jammed with a cattle prod.

"She fell! She fell!" he screamed.

"Christ, believe me! Don't do it! Don't do it! She fell and hit her head! I never touched her!" He sobbed uncontrollably as Jake stepped back and returned the knife to a sheath in his boot.

"Hey, lookee here," Hambone said suddenly, stepping up to the man and digging his fingers into one of the elaborate sideburns. His fingers parted the bristle-like hairs as Jake and Stateline took a closer look.

Running beneath the hairs were deep scratch marks, red and infected. Libby had always liked to keep her nails long and, when pressed, had been a pretty scrappy lady.

The Rulers stepped back as if suddenly told the drummer had leprosy. They stared at him coldly. His eyes took on the wild look of a thoroughbred in the starting gate.

That night, for the first time since they'd learned of Libby's death, some weed was passed around. They sat on haybales in the barn as it grew dark. Jake began to feel pretty mellow on the beer and weed. Kate



"When his lips got paralyzed we figured he'd never play the trumpet again."

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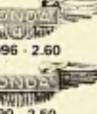
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got his twelve-string from the house and, after only minimal persuasion, he sang a few ballads in a low voice. The sound drifted back to the writhing form struggling fiercely in the darkness.

The body wasn't found until two months later when partridge season opened. It had been a hot summer and an unusually warm September. The birdhunters on Bear Mountain a hundred miles from Clem's thought at first they had run across a pile of rags.

The physician assigned to the autopsy was a Thai, working on a post-doctorate specialization in this country. At first, he didn't know what he had yanked from deep within the throat of the dried and withered corpse.

The pretty assistant took the wooden object in her slender hand, which was protected by a thin surgical glove. She tapped it lightly on the edge of the steel dissecting table.

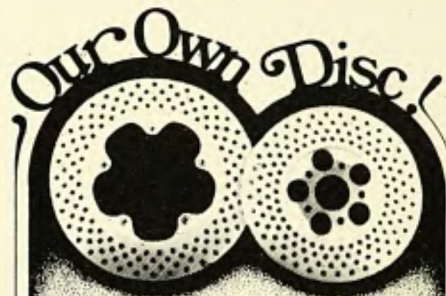
"See?" she said to the Asian, "it's a drumstick. Just an ordinary drumstick."

Now Jake Benson wasn't the kind who goes leaving his trademark lying around like the Lone Ranger with his famous silver bullets. But, on certain nights, long after Clem had locked the doors, the Rulers would knock down some beers and eat some stuffed peppers—the kind that, once you've had them, make you willing to kill to get more.

And on these rare occasions, when only the trusted were gathered, Jake could be heard to say, with a wry smile, "Sometimes, one stick's as good as another."



"I've always believed a wife's place was in the home—so I had mine committed."



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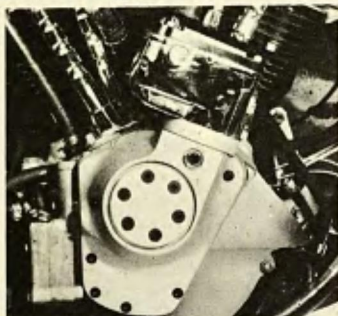


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DEATH WINDS

—Continued from page 47

been lost during the great depression. But the sealed-up house, with its furniture and other contents, was still there, and Carl rode north along the coast highway to see what this strange twist of fate had brought him. He was wearing his faded, ratty Levi's, and when he crossed the Oregon border, a state trooper pulled him over and threatened him with a vagrancy bust—but the real reasons for the hassle were his hair, his beard, and the stretched frame on his bike.

The magistrate in the small seaside town did a double take at Carl's possessions—the fat packet of traveler's checks, the more than \$500 in cash, and the property deed. He apologized to Carl and glared at the officer. As he motored past the city limit sign and accelerated into fourth gear, Carl thought that it would be worth getting busted once a day just to see The Man backpedal, and to see the sour look on the cop's face when he discovered a bike bum with more loose change than the cop had in his bank account. Following the lawyer's directions, Carl turned onto a county road, and then followed a rutted dirt road that led him several miles through a scattered pine forest before ending in open ground above a small cove. He could see the rocky beach below and hear the seabirds overhead. Off to the right, he saw the tall, weathered house and the three outbuildings. He parked the motorcycle in the front yard and walked around the house. Most of the windows were filthy from a

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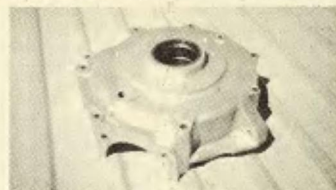
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half-century of storms, dust, and neglect, but they were still unbroken. The wooden trim around the dark attic windows was cracked and loose, but for the most part the house looked as if it might be made livable with a good sweeping and cleaning. The door keys had long since been lost, but Carl was able to force a window, and was soon busy setting up a campsite in the living room. He discovered, without surprise, that there was no electricity.

The next day he bought kerosene for the lamps, and over the next week he brought in cooking equipment, a secondhand refrigerator, and a small generator to supply power for it. Nothing like a cooler full of cold beer to make a house a home, he mused. In the evenings, he set about cleaning up the place. The library on the first floor was in the worst shape, as if someone had frantically tumbled books from their shelves looking for a particular volume. He began dusting the books and replacing them on the shelves, but the dust finally sent him gasping into the hall. Some other time, he thought, and sat down in the living room with a cold beer to clear his throat. There would be cold, wet winter months when the books in his grandfather's library would provide an amusing look at the old man's taste in reading. Looking down, he realized that he still had one of the books in his hand, and was about to toss it aside when he read the words on the cover, *Journal of My Travels by Carl Svenson*. Many of the pages were damaged and unreadable, but he was able to make out from the scrawled handwriting that his grandfather had visited many ports on the coast of South America, and had spent some time exploring among the Indians, although any clue to what he was searching for must have been on the missing pages. As he closed the

—Continued on page 111



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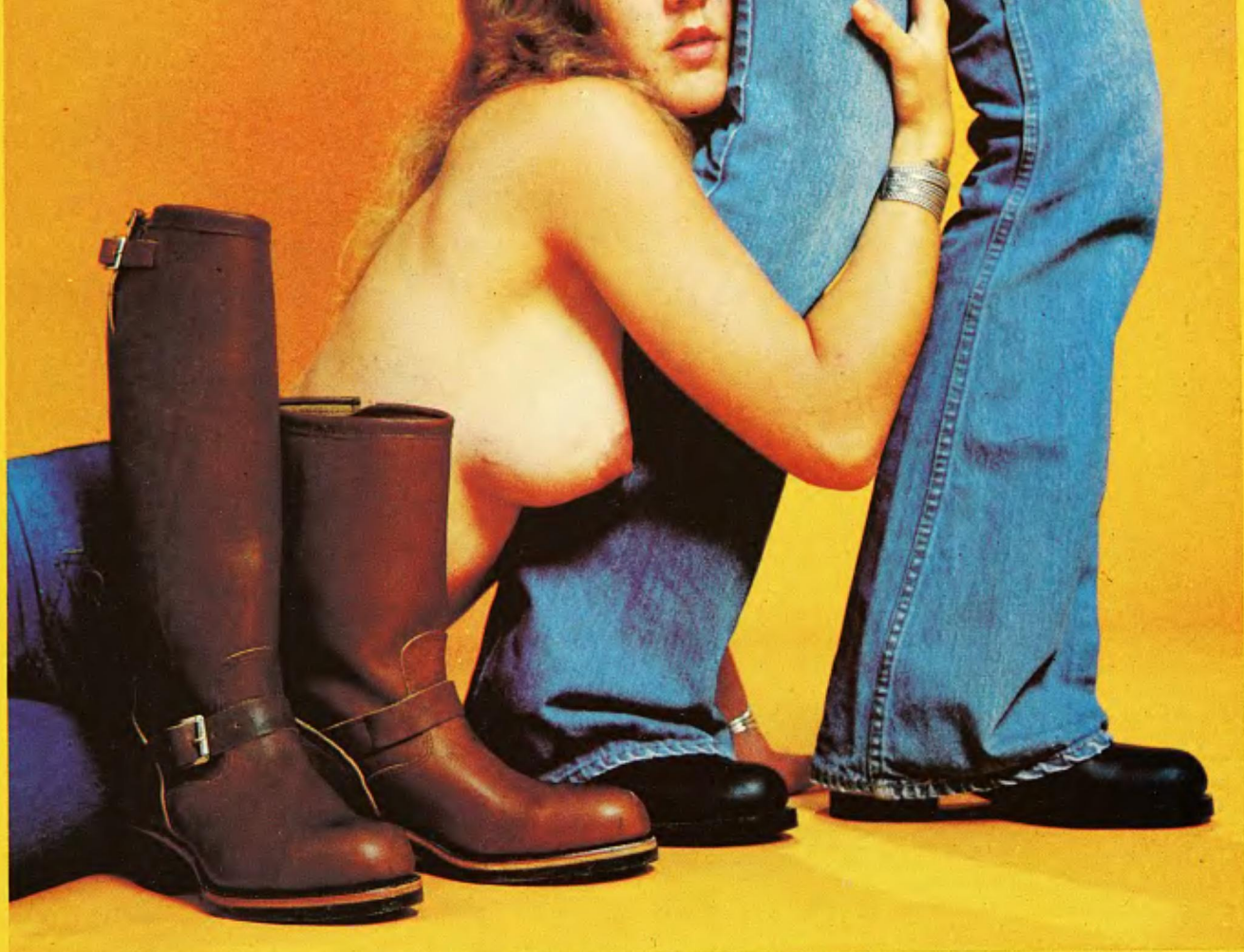
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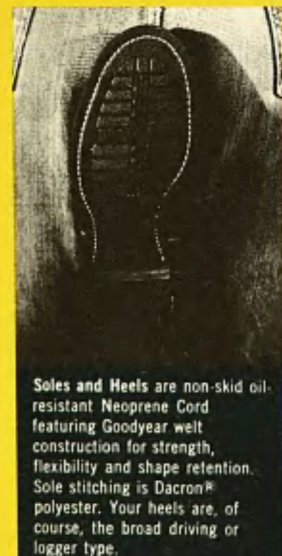
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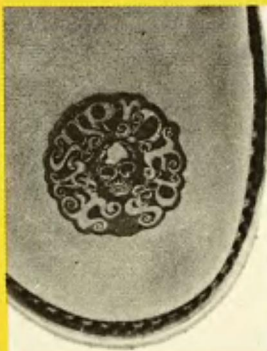
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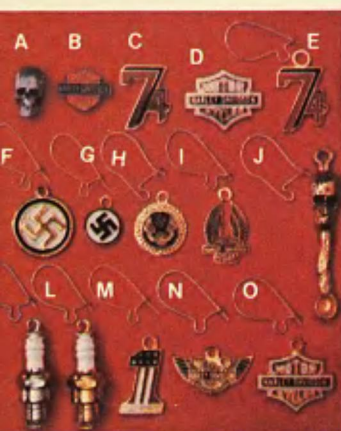
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The scroungier they get the better they look! The jackets are made out of rawhide, the same as all High Pockets products, with a flap in front for the wind and straps on the sleeves to keep your jacket from blowing up and making you look like a hunchback. Six pockets, four (4) in front and two (2) larger ones inside. Made in America my Americans from American cows.

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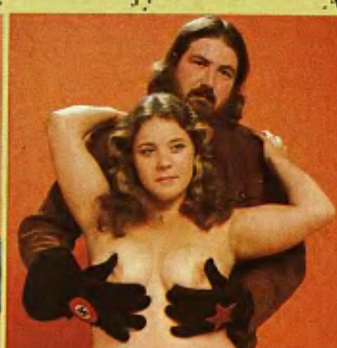
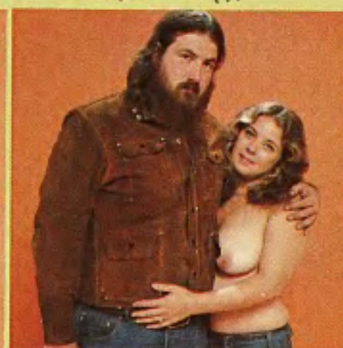
Chaps	\$89.00 plus \$3.00 postage...	\$87.00
Jackets	\$79.00 plus \$3.00 postage...	\$69.00
Gloves	\$20.00 plus \$2.00 postage...	\$21.00
(Starwar & Survivor Gloves including pin)		
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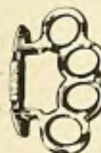


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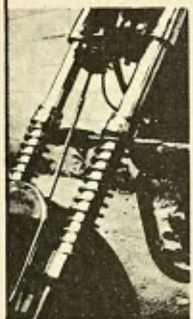
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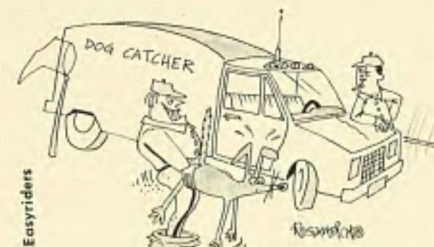
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book, a crumpled page fell to the floor. Unfolding the creases, he read "they are all dead now, all my brave men, and I must escape now, or be consumed by the evil I have unleashed. I shall join them soon by my own hand, for the curse I carry is too great a burden with which to live. No treasure is worth my great crime. After I am dead, the curse may also die. I will leave this house now to find safety and refuge inland. If only I could rest, but I cannot let sleep take me, for then the dreams come."

Carl looked at the shaky handwriting and thought the old goof must have really pulled some bad shit. There was no other mention of what the old man had done, or of the treasure that had brought this disaster. In an attic trunk, he found articles of clothing, a dagger, a map that was so old that it fell apart at the touch, and a small leather pouch. In the pouch were seven small beans and a slip of parchment that said only, "The legend of (unreadable) great god and the *fauztez de morte* are true. I have only these few left now, and my conscience will not let me use the power again." Carl carried the pouch downstairs and returned to the library and the stacks of books on the floor. Many of the books had strange foreign titles whose meaning he could only guess. There were volumes on strange religions, witchcraft, horticulture, and even several medical journals. A sheaf of notes and translations fell out of one, and Carl recognized the writing as the same he had seen in his grandfather's diary.

He read through the night. His grandfather had apparently gathered these books on strange rituals and native curses in an attempt to find a cure for the bizarre curse that had given him the power of life and death over all others—a curse that was slowly driving him



"Always did wonder what the hell you saw in this job, Mort."

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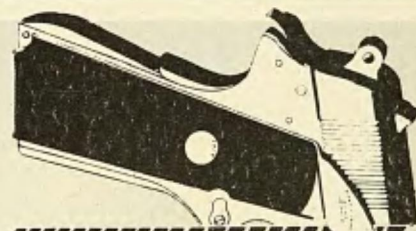
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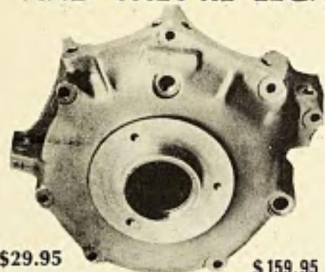
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mad. It became clear that he and his followers had been surprised while robbing the tomb of a long-dead Inca sorcerer, and had been tied to posts around a sinister altar deep in a high Peruvian valley. Svenson had been forced to eat a foul broth made with a strange mutant bean used in worship by the weird secretive cult that had captured them in the tomb. The Indians had laughed ghoulishly, and yelled that now he too must worship the great, mad god that they served. Later that night, when their Indian captors had collapsed around the campfire in drug-induced stupor, Carl Svenson had been able to escape and free his men. Down the valley they fled, empty-handed except for the few gems they had concealed in their clothes before the Indians had caught them. They had cleared the mountain pass that was the last barrier to their escape, and begun the long trek down to the coast and the safety of their ship, when the terrible curse of the Incas began to thin their numbers. One by one they fell, dying in agony, but with no sign of what had struck them down, until there was only Carl Svenson and three others left on the ship as it filled its sails to clear the port. Off the coast of Panama, Svenson learned that it was he who had doomed his men, that he was the carrier of the ancient evil curse which killed without warning. Yet the same power that made him a deadly plague to all mankind also gave him immunity. After the last man died, Carl sailed on alone, finally running the ship aground on the Oregon coast. He walked overland until he reached his home. Now, after all the intervening years, another Svenson knew the power of that long-forgotten Inca curse, and his curiosity drew him onward to attempt a terrible experiment.

The hot mixture bubbled up at him and the heady aroma of the beans sent dreams of exotic regions through his head. He began to eat the chili that contained the South American beans, gulping down beer after beer to cool the spicy fire in his throat. Now it was time to know for sure. He ran to the barn where the motorcycle was parked and started it. A few minutes later, he was on the highway and winding it out in fourth gear. The town flew by on the right, and within a few seconds he heard the wail of the siren. He smiled widely. The trooper stepped from his car, hitching up

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Choppershopper

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Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding closing 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.

Not just another buckle: That stamped-out shit doesn't do a thing for me, so I made my own belt buckle. It's an all-brass spoked wheel, and it's handmade—about three inches in diameter. The reason for a classified is that I make them myself, and I want to take my time with each one. Besides, I can't afford a righteous ad. No two buckles will be alike. I figured a fair price was ten bucks. Send cash or money order (make M.O. payable to Weed's of lady, Melanie). Weed, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (65)

A monster-sized Harley orange beach/blanket towel (72"x45") with black Harley wings, only \$18.50, plus \$1.25 shipping. Matching companion orange bath towel (24"x48") with black Harley wings on both ends, only \$11, plus \$1 shipping. Black vinyl riding visor cap with orange Harley wings, one size fits all, only \$3.50. Graduate with class: Harley University T-shirt, gray with black rims, with orange Harley University crest, only \$7, plus 50¢ shipping. Specify s.m.l.xl. "Property of Harley University" black sweatshirt with "Hogs" imprinted on back, only \$10, plus 75¢ shipping. Specify s.m.l.xl. Calif. residents add 6% for state's stash fund. No C.O.D.'s. Checks require 4-6 weeks. M.O. shipped fast. Bro Products, Box 207, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. Dealers inquiries invited. (70)

Guppy: Welcome home. Sure has been hell waiting, but worth it. Your ol' lady, Debbie. (66)

Fantastic! Photo I.D. card made to your specifications for any state. Polaroid, sealed in plastic. Send \$5.00 (cash or money order) with name, address, hair color, eye color, height, weight, and date of birth. Send color photo with face image 1 1/4"x1 1/4" (photo booth picture O.K.) to Terry Weber, P.O. Box 205, Paramount, California 90723. (66)

Bound for Houston, Texas, or passing through? Stop at the "Neutral Zone" for a beer and biker info. One block east of I-45, north on West Mt. Houston (F.M. 149), (713) 447-9508. (70)

Bumper sticker: I'd rather eat worms than ride a Jap motorcycle. Send \$1 to Owl Motorcycles, Suite ER, 56 Park Ave., Bayshore, N.Y. 11706. (66)

Arnie Sweet Lips, I love you, I need you, Dumper. (66)

Hey, Watertown, S. Dakota, bros. had a helluva good time partyin' wit' ya at Sturgis. Keep the faith, H-Ds forever. Your brother, Kim.

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. Send to Easyriders, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Three great new stickers: "God Hides A Harley"; "Harley Is Best Fuck The Rest"; Born on a Mountain/Raised in a Cave/Biking and Fuckin'/Is all I Crave." Each sticker only \$1 to Box 3069, Thousand Oaks, Calif. 91360. (66)

Learn tattooing by attending The International School of Tattooing. The first and only school of its kind in the world. Write Neptune, Box 252 Dyker Heights Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11228. (67)

D&B Cycleworld, Alta, Iowa 51002. Ph. (712) 284-1542. Hours—Mon., Wed., and Fri. 9-9; Tues., Thurs., and Sat. 9-5; Sun. 1-5. Custom parts for all motorcycles. Frames, bars, seats, wheels, tires, etc. (66)

Show-quality Italian doll, one-man woman, seeking unattached, good-looking hunk of man, 27-32, Las Vegas area or anywhere in California. Write Debbie, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Stickers: "Warning: If you value your own life as much as I value my Harley, don't fuck with it"; "Ass, gas, or grass: nobody rides for free!"; Harley Wings; "Protected by M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)"; and "Mustang Ranch Parking Permit No. 1-69" 50¢ each or all 5 for only \$2 (cash) with self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

Wanted: soft, long-haired, blue-jeaned gypsy princess to ride, camp, live, and love with nature-oriented, blue-eyed gypsy prince free of material burdens except for bike, bread, and tent. Ideal age—early twenties to late thirties. Come join me to ride with the wind south in the winter, north in the summer—wherever the roads and the front wheel lead. Reply to Gypsy Rose, 547 Tyndall St., Los Altos, Calif. 94022. (66)

Ku Klux Klan: Authentic literature and membership information. Package, \$1. Klan, Box 624, Madera, Calif. 93637. (66)

Looking for a sincere lady—no hardcores, just a chick looking for a place to enjoy life. Must be slim, quiet, attractive, intelligent, and like bikes. Send photo to P.O. Box 351, Massapequa, New York 11758. (66)

Giant black & white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, bike, favorite nude — any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot. Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Big C, 7130 Owensmouth, Box 66A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (70)

Need Easyriders issues #3, 5, 18. Extras of following I will sell or trade: #9 through 14, #19 through 23, #30 through 43, #26 and 48. Write Mike, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Make speed from common organic solvents. No more hassles getting P2P. Send \$10 for sequence of reactions to Schwartz Consulting Co., P.O. Box 278, Jericho, N.Y. 11753. (67)

Confederate—KKK: Paraphernalia, flags, literature, \$1. Americana-17, Box 10672, Jefferson, La. 70181. (65)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium (shop), 4390 So. Archer, Chicago, Ill. 60632. 376-8119. (66)

Shark's tooth earring, the kinda class you want and need, just 4 bucks each. Shark's tooth pin, 1 1/4 inches long—has a lotta style for \$4.50. Last, but not least, shark's jaw pin that's three inches of absolute, sheer fuckin' class, for just 5 bucks apiece. Teeth and jaws are genuine shark and carry enough power to stop a train. This is the kinda class that we all like to wear. But order now, 'cause our supply could become limited. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send cash or money order to Profilian, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Two young biker chicks, short on cash, will send photos showing their bodies. Send \$1.00 for each photo wanted (cash only, please, guys). Kell, P.O. Box 261, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (66)

Halter Tops: Your chest will stick out in a crowd with these farout tops. Tops are 100% cotton. Black shirts with white designs. One size fits all. 13 to choose from: H-D Uplift Wings; H-D Eagle; Honda Wings; H-D Broken Wings; Indian Wings; Small H-D Wings; Ride to Live, Live To Ride; Sworn To Fun, Loyal To None; Kawasaki Eagle; H-D Patented; H-D Shield; Triumph; Honda Eagle; No Putt. No Butt. Send \$6 for each top ordered to: Big C, Box 66A, 7130 Owensmouth, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (70)

Nazi SS I.D. cards, one buck each —includes righteous Nazi catalog. Deathdream, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Hey, Little John Sayer, write Sharon, 10206 Wiggins, Houston, Texas 77029. (66)

Young guy in the joint is in deep need of female correspondence. Bill Watley #77A4681, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929. (66)

Rebuilding? Restoring? Souping? Chopping? You must have this book! Parts interchangeability and soup-up instructions for all V-twin Harleys, 1936 to 1976. Pan jugs on knuckle, Kawasaki killers, super Sportster, much more. Refund if not delighted. \$7.95 postpaid. What Fits What, Box 785A, Ormond Beach, Fla. 32074. (66)

Easyriders T-shirt iron-ons: Daytona, Bowling Green, Sturgis. Easyriders Swap Meet. Whether you were there or not, now is your chance to have any one of these four great iron-ons. Each one buck or all four for \$3.50. David, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (69)

German war goodies and biker paraphernalia. Catalog \$1, refundable with first order. G&H Enterprises, 309 Lawton St., Mason, Mich. 48854. (68)

The Lazy Nickels. We are into the ceremonial aspects of marijuana and magic. For information, send \$2 to BGDP, P.O. Box 39436, Los Angeles, Calif. 90039. (74)

For Sale: 1939 UL flathead 80" fatbub in the grand tradition. Stock cherry frame and springer; motor, transmission recently rebuilt. Much chrome and polish. A steal at \$2,250. Call (501) 754-8279 days, (501) 754-6553 nights. (66)

Matt: Drop a line to an ol' friend from Dodge. PU2 Dirk "Tar" Krele, 3d Fin. Co. 3d ID, APO N.Y. 09036. (66)

Girls: The members of the Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood need someone to write. Send your name and address and it will be forwarded to a member in a prison in your area. Write to Mark F. Ponsalle #81351, Unit 3-6/8 Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. (67)

Biker, 30, clean-cut, looking for woman who enjoys riding. Box 832, Temple City, Calif. 91780. (66)

Unusual books: weapons, crime, self-defense, police manuals, money-making opportunities, living free—all kinds a good shit! Hundreds of titles! Unique catalog, \$1. Loompanics, Box 264A, Mason, Michigan 48854. (67)

Biker from Ohio, looking for woman to ride and live with. I'm 30 years old and have a steady job. Will pay all traveling expenses. Reply with photo to Box 906, Downstairs, 166 West 21st Street, New York, New York 10011. (66)

Scott: Haven't touched "Scotch" since! Still miss you. Terminally hooked—whg else? (66)

Wanted: chicks to write and share a smile. Will answer all letters. Send picture, if possible. Robert Dopkowski #137200, Route #3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740. (66)

Canadian bikers: expert engine and transmission rebuilding for Harley-Davidsons. Performance work, head porting, flow bench work, stroker and big-inch engines our specialty. Wheel building, plus a full line of Harley, custom, and performance parts. Send 50¢ for price sheet. Harley-Davidson of Winnipeg, 510 Corydon Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3L 0P1. (204) 475-7055. (67)

Danny: I only hope someday you will forgive me. I'm sorry, baby. Need you here. Whatever happens, I love you and miss your shovel! Love, Dee. (66)

In memory of Frank, 1%er Outlaws MC, Marion. You're always in our hearts. (66)

Kenny and friends: Had a good time. John and Audrey, Kansas City. (66)

Attention Crazy Horse Coppola! Old friend from Denver wishes to hear from you. Write DG, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Miami Judy: You're the one. Happy 27th. The Bear loves ya. (66)

Biker in prison, out soon, needs lady to write for some sunshine in a dark corner. Looks unimportant—it's heart that counts. Will answer all replies. Try me, Grizzly, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

Azobides Instant Hashmaker! A Xmas gift they'll never forget—\$12 prepaid. Bleak Enterprises, P.O. Box 521, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93406. (67)

Bruce: During these bitchin' months apart, remember that you have an ol' lady and our Harley waitin' for ya. Your lovin' ol' lady, Karen. (66)

East Coast bro, down with five years, wants together lady. I can be out within a year and don't care if you're short or tall or even if you have a kid. Just be for real. Will answer any and all. Please send letter and photo to Larry, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (67)

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Harley-Davidson parts: old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model. Also, 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list, \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 689-1849.

Lee: The camping was great, the triple whammie over your 45 H-D was fantastic, and the lee-cold bath was a bitch. Love you, Ace. Your ol' lady, Lorna. (66)

My dearest Ralph: Happy birthday! I love you, babe. You're the absolute greatest! Pita (and Rick-ey Rat). (66)

Alligator: Happy 35th (12-29-78). Thanks for sharing my life. Love ya always, Shirley. (66)

Two white dudes, downed for a stretch, could dig hearing from some foxy chicks who are sincerely looking to hook up in the future. Write to Ron "Jammer" Du-Vall #119293, and Eugene "White Warrior" Szymanski #105022, 777 West Riverside Dr., Ionia, Mich. 48846. (66)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker needs ol' lady. Write Joe, Rt. 2, Box 55, Milan, Ohio 44846. (66)

I dig and need a young chick. I'm 38 years old, but look and act much younger. I own my own business in a small town in Texas and have no time to turn around. That's the reason for this ad. If you're over 15 and under 21, I've got a nice life for you. Write me a letter, tell me about yourself, include phone number and picture. If I like, I'll arrange transportation. Mr. D. David, P.O. Box 5063, Liberty, Texas 77575. (66)

Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines, and tattoo books. Over twenty years of reliability. New 48-page color catalog, \$3. Our gear is like a chopper: it's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, New York 12186. (70)

Join MMA: Become a Gold Card Member for \$100, join the Family Plan for \$15, or become an Active Member for \$10. Send your name and address to Modified Motorcycle Association, 34 Clyde St., Somerville, Mass. 02145. (69)

Secrets now revealed: How to tattoo. Illustrated booklet written by best artist in the business. Reveals techniques, where to buy equipment, how to use it. Send \$15 to Tattoos, Box 10397, Albuquerque, N.M. 87114. (66)

Wanted: New Mexico lawyer interested in handling lawsuit against A.M.F. Contact Ray Womack, Box 932, Thoreau, N.M. 87323. (505) 862-7932. (66)

Crazy Bear: You're right on, babe. Hope to see a righteous future. Raven, Calgary, Alberta. (66)

Joe: Happy anniversary of your birth, this time around. See you around 8th and Washington. Love, Judy. (66)

Prince Kojak to Computer: Contact us at 12320 Center Street, Apt. #37, Beaverton, Oregon 97005. (66)

Wanted: lady, 20-40, to live and ride with Honda biker (40) in beautiful Ojai, Calif. Must be slim, attractive, one-man woman who digs honesty and country living. Send photo and letter to Bruce, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

To Outlaws M.C.: Due to the death of my ol' man, who rode with your dynamite club, and now the recent fire at my house, I lost all his club clothes, which meant a lot to me. Please, could you send me something he used for memory of the Outlaws M.C.? It means a lot. Cisco's ol' lady, Cedar Park Apts. #11, Cornwell Hts., Pa. 19020. (66)

A biker, also coal miner, would like to correspond with adventurous ladies who might like to relocate. Smitty, Box 103, Virden, Ill. 62690. (66)

Need the following issues: 2 through 19, 25, 26, 29, 31 and 35. Will pay premium price, but must be in good or new condition, no pages missing or torn. Write to John Morgan, 13 Randolph Circle, Waco, Texas 76705. (66)

As president of ABATE of Connecticut, I recognize only one organization representing the individual state chapters—ABATE National, headquartered in Washington, D.C. Rogue. (66)

Kurt R.S. (Leo): I'm lonely without you—could we try again? Miss and still loving you! The Easter Beagle's friend and Mum! (66)

Debby Do: I love you, miss you, be home soon! Jerome. (66)

Ladies wanted for country bike community. Tim Johnson, Box 91, Upper Lake, Calif. 95485. (66)

Make your own speed—99.7% pure meth crystal. How to make hashish; make inferior pot into high-quality superweed. For formula, send \$10 cash or money order to John Malcum, Box 732, Port St. Joe, Fla. 32456. (68)

Tattooing outfit, complete with two points (outliner and colorer), plus four bright colors. Comes in handy carry case. Runs on two "AA" batteries — no electricity needed. Weighs only 9 oz. Use it anywhere. Pick up extra bucks, or use for fun. \$99, plus \$3 postage. Send money order only for \$102 to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (67)

Spider Bodine: Happy Birthday (12/4) and a lifetime of happiness! Luv ya forever, "Z". (66)

For Sale: Easyriders #1 through 63, complete. Best offer by Jan. 30th. Rod Eiche, 2700 Southern #C, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (66)

Tricky Mick: Hang in there, We'll ride in the fast lane again one day. Your wide-glide, Sandy. (66)

Kurt R.S. (Leo) 8-10: Hey, babe, thinking of you so very often. Wish we were together. Please send an address asap or, should you decide to come home, I'll be waiting! You're my #1. Miss and love you much! Always, Kathleen (Pisces) and Mum. (66)

Wanted: Adventurous lady, 17-32. Presley, 69 Davis St., Danbury, Conn. 06810. (66)

Cocaine Blue would like to hear from Keith, Steve, and Ronnie Gignac. Drop a line to M. Morgan, Marsweg 16, Apt. 4, 62 Wiesbaden, Germany. (66)

Hey, bros—create the ultimate in smoking devices. Easily constructed, wires out 1-50 stonies, turns average to poor stash into super weed. All materials easily available locally. Plans include simple step-by-step instructions, material listings, and helpful advice with each step. Caution—this monster stomps heads. Send \$3 m.o. to Plans, c/o Karavan Market, P.O. Box 399, Big Piney, Wyo. 83113. (66)

Lonely? Need girlfriends? Send stamp, Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (66)

South-central Florida biker, 28, seeks sincere, one-man woman, 23-30, outdoors type, to share living, lov'n, puttin', and unique lifestyle. Send photo to John, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Nazi Stormer Magazine—magazine of white revolution. Literature, booklist, \$2. NSWWP, P.O. Box 1981, San Francisco, Calif. 94101. (67)

Victor: Nobody does it better, Happy 30th and forever. Love 'n' licks always, Phoenix. (66)

Sterling silver skulls with moving jaw for earrings or pendant, \$6 each. Step-by-step formula for making speed, \$2. Cash or money order with self-addressed envelope to Fuzzy Don, Box 836, Alliance, Nebraska 68001. (66)

Photos of tattooed women, 20—\$5.00. Step-by-step tattooing and removing instructions, \$15. 300 different designs, \$18. Complete electric outfit with designs, \$99. Steele, Box 242-EC, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (66)

Niglock: Happy Birthday, baby. You're easy to love. Carol Jean. (66)

Silly: Happy Birthday. Thanks for letting me be part of your life. Love you, Georgia. (66)

How to find a sexy, obedient ol' lady. Details, 25¢. Suzie, Box 501, Eureka, Calif. 95501. (67)

To all the bros of J.B. and Dusty, Ryders MC. Kallispell, Mont.: Just got the bad news. It's a bummer, man. F.T.W. May they ride in the wind forever. Toothless, Canada. (66)

The Prison Motorcycle Brotherhood is growing. We now have five new chapters and many more are coming in every day. If you are interested in one for your prison, write me. Mark F. Ponsalle #81351, Unit 3-6/8 Station A West, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. (66)

Maria: Thanks for the flics. Drop a line when you can. (66)

Ass, Gas, or Grass, nobody rides for free. Yes sir, folks, tell it like it is with this beautifully designed T-shirt, consisting of a black silhouette of a bro and his ol' lady breezing down the highway—and printed right up front is "Ass, Gas, or Grass, nobody rides for free." Shirt comes in yellow, blue, and beige. Sizes s,m,l, and xl. For yours, send \$5 plus \$1 postage to Doug Stiltner, Box 67, Grundy, Va. 24614. State your size and your favorite color for immediate delivery. (66)

Young, shapely gals seeking exciting guys! Addresses, delightful pictures, \$5. Miss Marshall, 608-EB East Dale, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80903. (66)

Animal: Four years together—each year is better. Happy anniversary, sweet meat! Luv U forever and a day, Nips. (66)

The Tattooists—an oversize, hard-cover book featuring color and black and white photographs of the artists and their work, along with interviews and examples of tattoo designs. "I think you did very well in covering the tattooists in your book. I know a couple of them personally, but found out things about them from your book that I did not know." —Sonny Barger. "We recommend The Tattooists without reservation. Its timely information about present-day artists and their work makes it a necessary part of every fan's collection." —Tattoo News. "Morse has produced a beautiful book. Colorful, informative, and different from any other book presently on the market." —Hustler. "An exploration of the genre of the tattoo in depth, along with the lifestyles of tattooists as businessmen and artists in an intriguing manner." —Los Angeles Times. "Spectacular photographs of spectacularly tattooed people" —San Francisco Chronicle. "A bargain at the price." —Fetish Times. Photographs from the book were featured in June 1977 Easyriders. Send \$35, plus \$1 postage and handling to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Dept. B, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. Money orders or cashier's checks, please. (67)

Third Reich photos in Heinrich Hoffman's photo catalog! Hitler's personal photographer sold photos and paintings of all the top Nazi brass. Now you can purchase a top-quality reproduction of his entire catalog. A 9x12 book with 480 pictures of posters, postcards, photos, paintings, and more, of all the leaders of the Third Reich. A collector's item, and so authentic it can be used as a reference book. Perfect reproduction on top-quality paper. Not a cheapo book—this is it! Send \$7.95 to Deon & Co., P.O. Box 604E, Burbank, Calif. 91506. (70G)

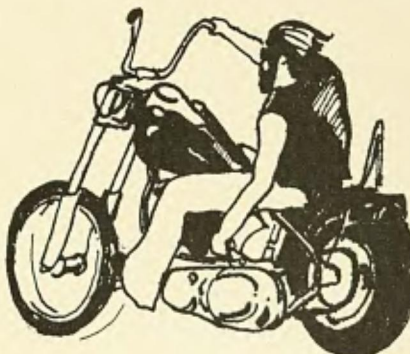
ABATE of New York is not part of the National ABATE which is being advertised in this magazine. Bikers from New York state should send their \$5 dues to ABATE of New York, Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205. (66)

Be legally ordained; perform marriages and other rites. Start your own church, worship your own way, tax free. Make a \$10 donation and receive your minister's card. Rev. Robert T. Dunn, 14651 Carfax #D, Tustin, Calif. 92680. (66)

Wanted: Desperately needed for my 1963 side hack motorsickle—mechanical-type lady born 6/21/51 to occupy empty saddle. Prefer Harley-minded lovely. Motorsickle Mac, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (66)

Wanted: K-model or stock 45 solo. Good running condition. Puff, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (68)

B.L.P.: Baby, you know I love you. I'm gone and looking for you. I gave you your chance and you took it! That said it all! B.L.P. (66)



his gunbelt as he walked to the parked motorcycle. His hand held the ticket book. This time he had the punk—no pocketful of money would save him from spending a few days in the county jail. He paused when he saw the gleam in the biker's eyes, then drew his nightstick and stepped forward again. The last thing he remembered was the biker turning his back on him. There was a loud, rasping fart, and the policeman fell to the cool asphalt of the road. And then everything went black.

Carl giggled insanely. He kicked the motorcycle to life and blasted through the gears, heading for the Interstate. He knew now what he must do. The ancient curse of the "Farts of Death" gave him the power to avenge so many years of oppression, so many harassments, so many bikers who died because the squares knew they could hide behind the excuse "I didn't see the motorcycle." There was so much to do, but he knew what his first act of justice must be, and he rode east into the blue-gray skies that were just beginning to show the first pink rays of sunshine. He would ride to Washington, D.C., to visit the Department of Transportation, and then the EPA and the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. He would carry the ancient Inca message to those who would intrude on his world. And when they asked why he had come, he would just smile. And fart. ■



Easyriders

"Not only am I a bitch, big boy, but I'm a bitch in heat!"



H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only \$11.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling.



Money Clip

A sterling silver skull fastened securely on a strong, polished nickel clip. It'll hold your bills securely for only \$9, plus \$.50 postage and handling. If you're into swastikas, we can have the skull replaced with a sterling silver swastika.



Marble Plaques

Here's an item that can't be explained. It's too far out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem.

The price for this everlasting marble image is \$26.95.

Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches.



Buck Knife

Famous for holding an edge

Model #402, Akonua, a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. \$54.95 plus 2.50 postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.

Strong Silver Rings

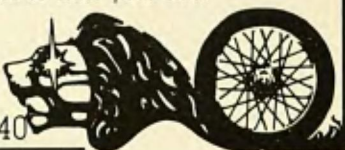
We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for \$19.75 and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man





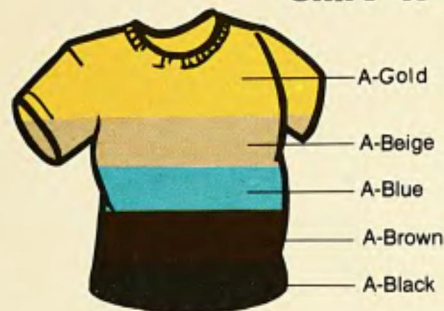
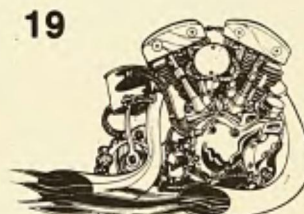
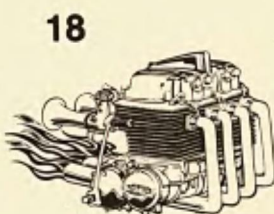
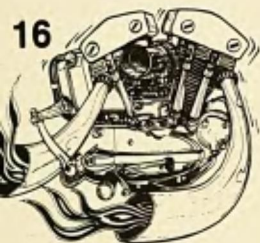
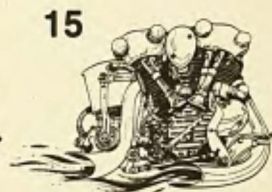
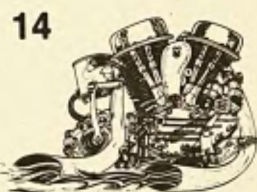
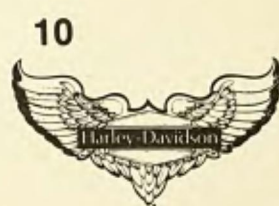
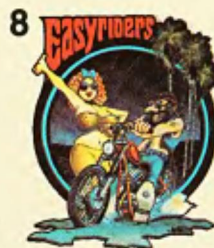
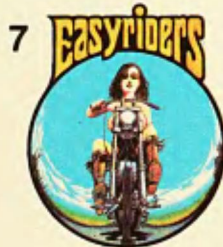
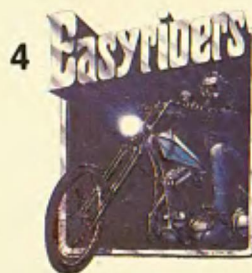
**Show some class
this Christmas—give
Easyriders T-shirts!**

Big Nick's got a new staff this year—not bad, huh? Yep, Nick canned all those creepy little elves and brought in a hand-picked crew of helpers. Nick knows he'll be giving out a lot of these T-shirts this yule season, so if you don't want to disappoint the folks on your shopping list, you'd better order right away.

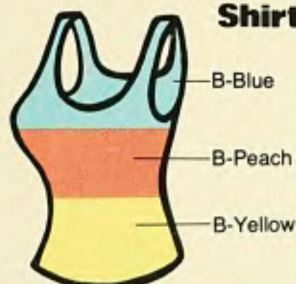
Easyriders T-shirts come in a wide variety of sizes, colors, and designs—so many that you can order a different one for every name on your list. And remember, these shirts aren't sleazy imports. They're all American made, finest quality—just like you'd expect from **Easyriders**.

So check 'em out and get your order in today. Big Nick and **Easyriders** T-shirts can make you a hero this Christmas.

Design



Sizes S-M-L-XL



Sizes **Petite — Average**



If you haven't got one of these T-shirts or Tit-tops, you're just not with it. Pick your own design and color. (But use your head, dip-shit—not black lettering)

on a black T-shirt.) Each sells for **\$5.95**, postpaid in U.S. only. Mix colors and designs to suit yourself—any design on either shirt in any of the colors offered.

[illegible]

Send your order today to:

**T-SHIRTS, BOX 711,
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91503**

Make all checks and money orders out to Easyriders

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

We pay all postage and handling on all tops. (in U.S. only)

Note: Personal checks take 4-6 weeks to clear.

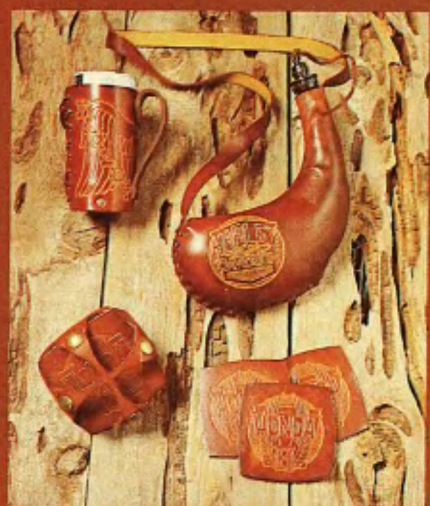
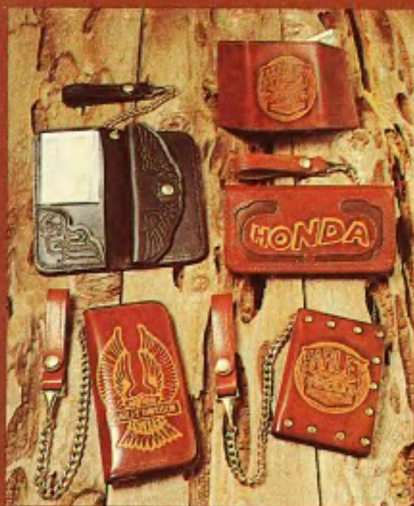
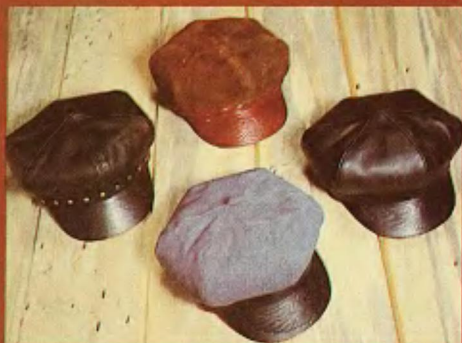


Merry Christmas
From The Hammer Family



We've put together what we feel is a start to fill every biker's wish. Run your eyes across these pages... then look on page 125 and drop your hints on the ol' lady. Make her run over to one of our family of franchised dealers (page 126) or have her send out your wish to us. Anyway you cut it, wishes come true at Christmas.

Leatherworks



**THE
LEATHER
WORKS**



AVAILABLE AT YOUR
JAMMER DEALER



Phase 3 Belt Drives & Accessories



Super 8

74 Belt Drive Open Primary. This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown. Specify year.

143060 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1937-1954. 195.00

143061 '74 Belt Drive Open Primary. 1955-1978. 195.00

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor. Specify year.

143062 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1937-1954. 175.00

143063 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1955-1964. 175.00

143064 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary. 1965-1978. 175.00

74 Belt Drive—Electric Start. An electric start application, this unit can be installed in either an open or closed unit. Design concessions permitting the installation, dictated the use of smaller pulleys. Although the gear ratio remains the same as the other units, this unit is not recommended for big inch motors due to higher pulley speeds; it is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower. Specify year.

143065 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969. 200.00

143066 '74 Belt Drive Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1978. 200.00

Sportster Belt Drives These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available. Specify year.

143067 Sportster Belt Drive. 1957-1968. 175.00

143068 Sportster Belt Drive. 1969-1970. 175.00

143069 Sportster Belt Drive. 1971-1976. 175.00

143070 Sportster Belt Drive. 1977-1978. 175.00

143071 Sportster Belt Drive, Electric Start. 1967-1970. 200.00

143072 Sportster Belt Drive, Electric Start. 1971-1976. 200.00

143073 Sportster Belt Drive, Electric Start. 1977-1978. 200.00

Belts The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain for five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass and steel cord reinforced. Specify model when ordering.

143081 74 Belt, closed primary & electric start. 22.00

143082 74 Belt, open primary 22.00

143083 Sportster Belts, all models. 22.00

Beltshroud



Recommended for all open 74 installations. Heavy steel construction and show chrome. Side guard optional.

143074 Belt Shroud, 1937 to 1964. 34.95

143075 Belt Shroud, 1965 to 1978. 34.95

Side Guard



The finishing touch and an added degree of safety is furnished by the show chromed expanded metal side guard. These units are designed to fit all of our shrouds.

143077 Side Guard. 22.50

Dome



Harley polished aluminum 74 clutch domes. For the finished look. Eliminates torn pants cuffs due to the spinning clutch.

143084 74 Clutch Dome. 29.00

Pressure Plate



A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance.

143021 Pressure Plate 29.95

Alternator Cover



Replace the protection provided the alternator by the stock aluminum inner primary cover on 1970 and up 74's. Acting as a heat-sink, it helps cool the alternator, and registers the forward end of stamped steel inner primaries. Also recommended on alternator model open installations. Mounting lug for belt shroud is a built-in feature.

143076 Alternator cover. 28.00

Engine Nut



The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Show chrome.

143078 74 Engine Nut, 1937 to 1954. 9.95

143079 74 Engine Nut, 1955 to 1978. 9.95

143080 Sportster Engine Nut, all years. 9.95

Bear Support



Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent.

10404 Bearing support 17.95

10405 Bearing 9.95

Gas Tanks & Accessories



36036 HD Wing Gas Cap.
HD wing logo raised from surface of cap. Superb chroming. Fully vented **7.25**

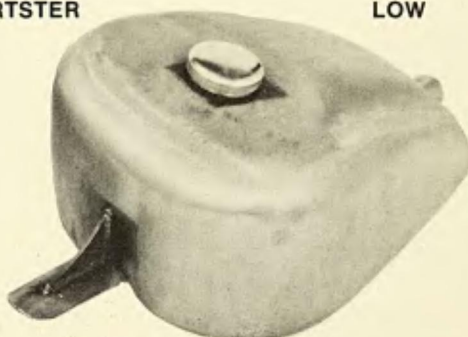
3604 HD Type Gas Cap.
2.75

36017 Gas Shut Off.
HD type. (Chromed) **11.49**

HIGH

KING SPORTSTER

LOW



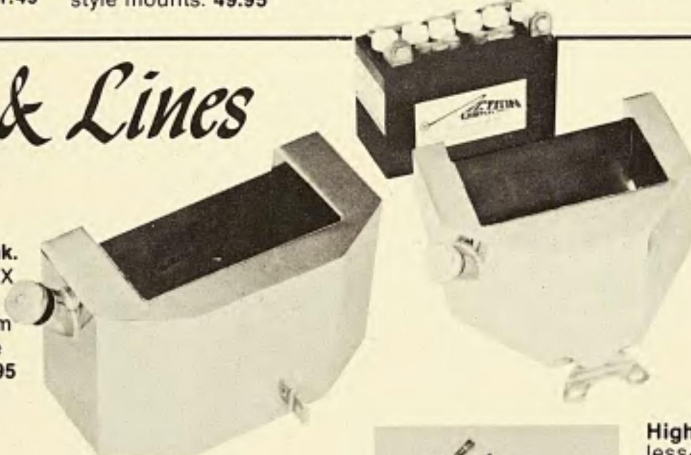
HD type gas caps (not included)

36034 King Sportster. 3.1 gallon high tunnel. Extra wide Sportster styled gas tank. 2 inches wider than stock. Equipped with stock Sportster style mounts. **49.95**

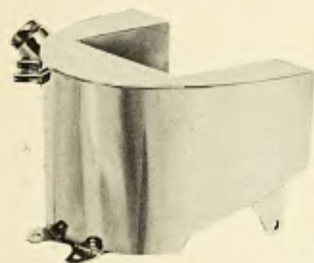
36035 King Sportster. 3.5 gallon low tunnel. 2 inches wider than stock. Has tab mounts for universal applications. **49.95**

Oil Tanks & Lines

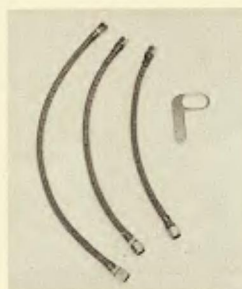
37021 Hex Action Sportster Oil Tank. Designed for 12 volt Action Pac or FX battery. Fits stock Sportster swingarm frames and most custom rigid frames including ours. Three quart capacity. Includes cap. **84.95**



37022 Hex Action 74 Oil Tank. Features hidden oil line outlets and needs no additional battery plate. Holds 3 3/4 quarts and will accept the Action Pac 12 volt or FX battery. Fits all HD 74's: swingarm or rigid frame; aluminum or steel primaries; electric or kick start. Includes cap. **97.50**



3702 Sidefill Oil Tank. Wrap around design for 74s. Holds same amount of oil as stock tank. Four quart capacity. Includes cap. **79.95**



High Performance Oil Lines. Braided stainless-steel aircraft and racing type oil lines are the latest "must" in detailing street and custom Harley-Davidsons.

Custom Oil Line Sets for H.D. Big Twins
[using wrap around oil tank].

37015 Fits Panhead and Knucklehead **34.95**

37016 Fits Shovelhead 1968 through 1978. (Using steel inner primary cover). **49.95**

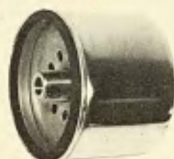
Oil Filters



Oil Filter. Spin off oil filter with bracket. Gives added life to your bike's engine and looks great too. Oil is filtered as it returns to the oil tank. Chrome bracket, oil filter hoses and clamps.

37054 Harley 74 **34.95**

37050 Sportster **34.95**

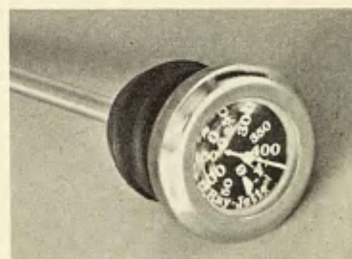


Replacement Filters

37066 Harley 74 **5.62**

37067 Sportster **5.62**

37028 Honda **5.62**



37048 Oil Temperature Gauge. Oil tank cap with a nice, small oil gauge built into it. **22.98**



Only! \$2.25 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 125)

Other Stuff For Christmas



130016 Climax Goggles.
Laminated curved lenses,
adjustable straps. 29.95



130019 Sky Goggles
A new look...soft,
leather-lined. 25.95



130022 Silver Cross Goggles.
Soft leather backing, laminated
glass, can be used with
helmets. 26.49

**130017 Clear Replacement
Lenses.** 8.95

**130020 Clear Replacement
Lenses.** 8.49

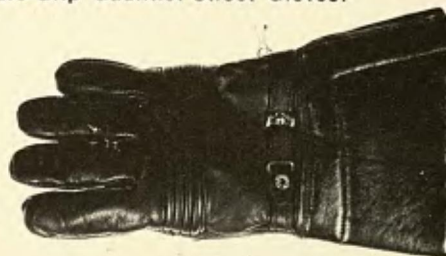
**130023 Clear Replacement
Lenses.** 7.49

**130018 Smoke Replacement
Lenses.** 9.95

**130021 Smoke Replacement
Lenses.** 9.95

**130024 Smoke Replacement
Lenses.** 8.95

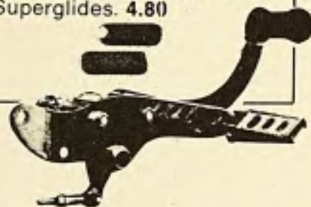
Sure-Grip Gauntlet Street Gloves!



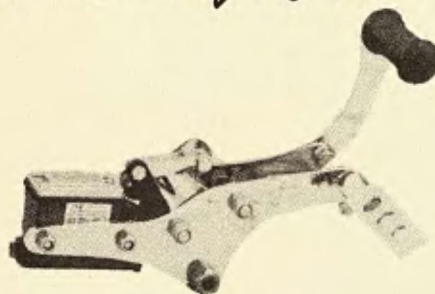
130027 Small Black Gloves	21.00
130028 Medium Black Gloves	21.00
130029 Large Black Gloves	21.00
130030 Extra Large Black Gloves	21.00

Harley Brake & Shift Assemblies

141032 Weld-on bracket.
This bracket is a must when
using these forward
controls on 1977 and 1978
Superglides. 4.80

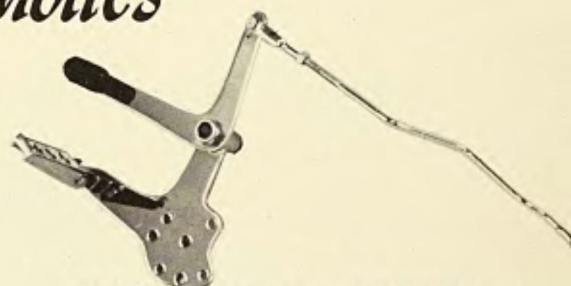


14101 Brake Assembly - HD Stock.
Use Stock HD Master Cyl-
inder. Fits all HD 74's Using Hy-
draulic or Rear Disc. 79.25



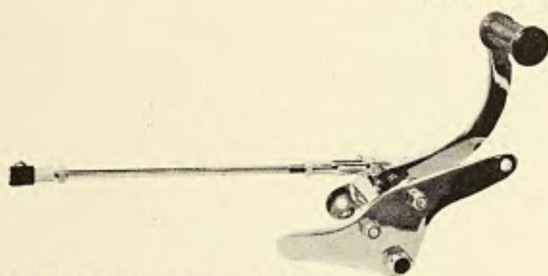
14102 Brake Assembly - HD 74
Use our Hurst-Airheart
large Master Cylinder. 79.25

14105 Brake Assembly - Sportster '54 - '74.
Use our large master cylinder 79.25
(Not shown.)



141014 Shift Assembly - HD 74 '36-'73.
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. 74.25

141015 Shift Assembly - HD 74 '74-'78.
Note: Use Stock Shifter Peg. 74.25
(Not shown.)



**14104 Brake Assembly - HD 74
Stock.** For Stock Mechanical
Brakes. Linkage Included. 79.25

**14107 Brake Assembly - Sportster
Stock.** For Stock Mechanical
Brakes. '54-'74 All Link-
age included. 84.25
(Not Shown)



**141020 Large Rear
Master Cylinder.**
Hurst-Airheart 48.95

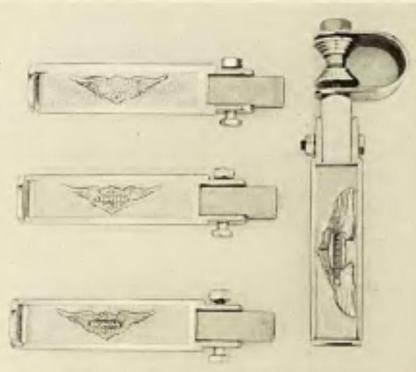


**141016 Shift Assembly - Sportster
'54 - '74.**
All Linkage included. Use
Stock Shifter Peg. 79.25



Chrome Footpegs with engraved logos.

154031 Harley Foot Pegs	7.95
154032 Harley Foot Pegs	9.95
154035 Honda Foot Pegs	7.95
154036 Honda Foot Pegs	9.95
154033 Kawasaki Foot Pegs	7.95
154034 Kawasaki Foot Pegs	9.95



Only! \$2.25 or
You can now call
toll free
1-800-423-2633 to
order a catalog & get
the name of your
nearest Jammer dealer
(See Order Blank on Page 125)

Xmas Hints to the Ol' Lady



Get smart ... tip the ol' lady off to where you're at. Make her scan these pages and choose some gifts for you. Then break out your back issues and Jammer's Handbook. Now's the time to get heavy.

Twist her arm ... tell her you love her ... do anything necessary to get what you want. Let her know that with thousands of items to pick from, her bucks will be well spent. Remind her, too, that she'd better get her shit

together early to beat the rush. Besides, you can tell her that if she does you right, you just might break down and get her somethin'.

Finally, if you really want to stay on top of the whole scene, drag her over to your nearest Jammer dealer. He's probably got most anything. If he doesn't, have her get on his case to order your goodies ... we'll make sure he delivers.

PAGE

DESCRIPTION

PART #

[illegible]

Jagannar CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

Date _____

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

(Give area code number)

***Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.**

[illegible]

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price
		Sub Total	

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10 % service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25 % deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

***Shipping Time:** Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post ☐ UPS
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Plus tax (California residents add 6 %)

Total

Less 25 % C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A
number*

Signed

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99	1/1/1900
100	1/1/1900

*Credit cards accepted



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13443 Cleveland Ave., Uniontown, OH
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A must with the
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