

Easyriders

90p

May 1979
\$1.50

**Bikers Giving Blood For Their Brothers
And Their Communities**

The 1978 Ol' Lady Of The Year

How To Live With Gas

Dual Knuckleheads

**Sharp Motorcycles
— Chicks To Boot**



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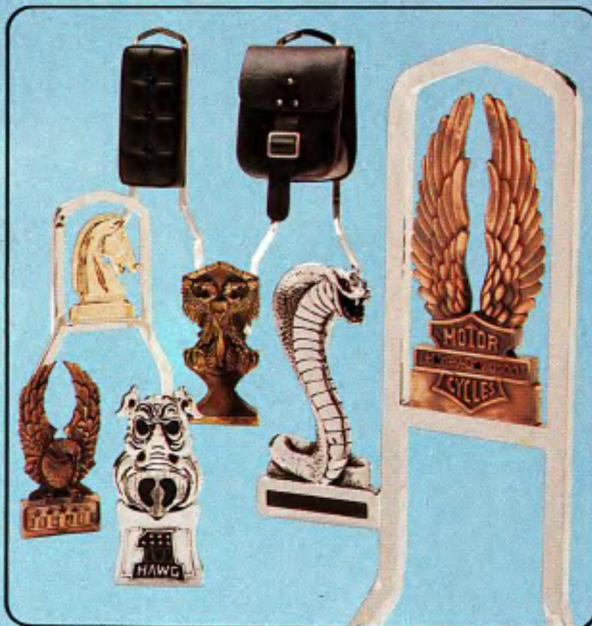
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Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



1978 Ol' Lady Contest Winner
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FTW

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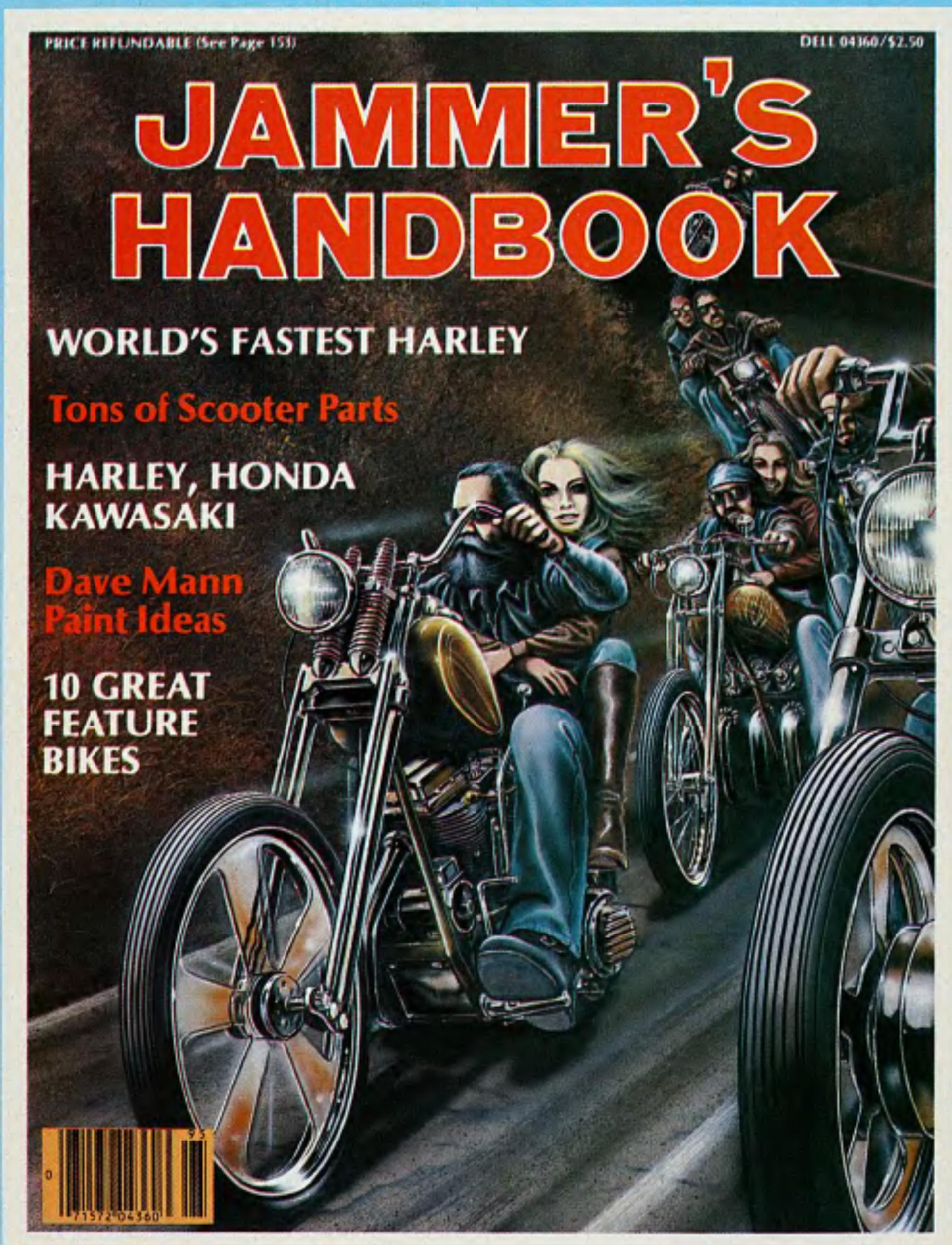
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Cover photo of Belinda by Kim Peterson

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale April 24th.

At Your Newsstand Now!



Doin' what feels good . . . livin' for and lovin' motorcycles. The all new **Jammer's Handbook Number Six** will make you a believer! It begins with the Dave Mann cover . . . what more can we say. Talk about features, we've really loaded up this time—a beautiful cross section of motorcycling today, Jammer style. Throw in the world's fastest Harley, full color paint ideas from Dave, some special artwork showing our lifestyle and you're almost there. Parts . . . watch out! We couldn't resist adding some, some more and then some. Old, new and newer to be parts that'll make you very crazy. Follow our recipe . . . it's the way it ought to be. The 160 page Jammer's Handbook is at your newsstand and it's **free** when you purchase \$20.00 or more (we refund your purchase price on first order). If your local stand is out, send \$3.00 for yours today (\$2.50 & four bits for postage) to:

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Call toll free Monday-Friday 1-800-423-2633 or 213-843-1522 (inside California). Handbook will be sent C.O.D. for \$2.50 plus approximately \$1.75 for C.O.D. fee & U.P.S. charges. Ask us for the name of the nearest dealer who stocks Jammer parts. Dealers inquire on your letterhead.



No slack: There's this dude in Michigan who was busted for taking two Alka-Seltzer tablets outta a bottle in a drug store. He dropped 'em into a glass of water and then swallowed the evidence. He got 30 days—but whatdafuck, he had a helluva hangdown, green mung on his tongue, and he had to get rid of it. We've all had days like that—right? Right.

How about the whore whose probation was revoked—simply because she wandered into three areas of da town that da judge told her to stay outta? She's now suing the city for violation of her constitutional right to free travel. (Yeah, whatdafuck?)

Watch out in Idaho! A woman was acquitted of shootin' her ol' man on grounds of 'self defense.' The very next day two more women wasted their ol' men. (It might be catchin', bro—so keep an eye on your ol' lady.)

Did ya read about da 'Kawasaki disease?'

According to the Fed Center for Disease Control in Atlanta, Georgia, 176 children have had the Kawasaki disease between 1976 and 1978! Here's da symptoms (really): 104 to 106-degree fever for 12 days, redness of eyes, redness of palms, swelling of finger joints, peeling of skin around fingernails, and a red rash over da body. The docs aren't sure of da cause, so watch out for Kawasaki disease—it's serious! (They said it, I didn't.)

Know your enemy dept.: Honda, Yamaha, Kawasaki, Suzuki—and yes, even AMF/Harley-Davidson have launched a \$200,000 propaganda campaign (via their do-good organization, the Motorcycle

Safety Foundation) to support the use of helmets—or, in other words, fight for da repeal of the mandatory anti-helmet laws. Why? Well, most of the manufacturers sell helmets, and helmet sales have taken a nose dive since the repeal of mandatory helmet laws. Don't you forget that the helmet manufacturers are also lobbying in D.C. for mandatory helmet use—and to think, all for our own good. We're so dumb we don't know when to wear 'em—so the Feds and the other so-called do-gooders (aka handwringers) sweat out our lives for us. Big Bro is alive and well. Be prepared! Join your local ABATE organization.

Did ya read where 45 California Hells Angels are suing the police for violating the club members' civil rights? Yeh, they've had enough harassment and now seek an injunction against 'any acts by police that violate federally protected constitutional acts.' Their suit asks for \$750,000 in actual damages plus 2.3 million bucks for punitive damages from various police agencies and individual police officers.

And how about the chick in New Jersey who got so pissed at the state bureaucrats that she crashed her car into the state capitol's front steps? So what? Well, she also tossed her mother's head onto da steps—complete with an American flag stickin' outta it. No mention was made about her poor old mother, but the fact remains: When she gets pissed, she gets pissed—right?

Say it ain't so! The Reds recently busted a docked boat and seized 28 tons (yep, 28 tons) of Colombian grass and—count 'em—10 million tabs of Quaaludes! The smugglers fled just before the cops arrived, leavin' behind such things as cars, vans—and hot cups of coffee! (All I ask is who counted the 'ludes, and how many fell to the floor?)

Politician file: Pennsylvania Rep. Daniel J. Flood's mistrial (he was accused of rippin' off \$50,000 in payoffs) was caused by one hold-out on the jury. Yeah—11 members of the jury favored conviction, but one dude held out for acquittal after he allegedly had heard that three of the witnesses against Flood had allegedly tried to rip off \$176,000 from Flood and were caught in da act. But wait! Only the FBI knew this—and the hold-out said he knew nothin' about Flood before joining the jury. Who? What? Why? Tamper, tamper? (The trusty FBI is investigatin'.) ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Hangin' In There

☐ I've been flying hang gliders for two years, and it's just like riding a bike. You fly to live and cruise the skies of United. Freedom is there — it's just as risky as goin' 100mph on a bike — but ya take more chances dying in the air than on the ground. Believe me — my best friend died on a hang glider instead of a Harley. Fly to live, live to fly.

E. C. F.
Clear Lake, N.Y.

■ Everyone to his own poison, we always say.

Roadside Help

☐ I just want to lay some stuff on ya. A while back my bike broke down at 1:00 a.m., and I was on my back on the road 'cause it was the only way I could see the trouble with my putt. I didn't have the right tools for repairs, but I kept tryin'. After a while two loners came by and asked if I was okay. I said I wasn't hurt, and with that they just rode off. About twenty minutes later a patch holder stopped and helped me out. I had almost lost my faith in brotherhood among bikers and had yelled at the two who drove away, leaving me stuck. But when the dude with the patch rode up and gave me a hand, it was a great feeling — that's all I have to say.

Mad Frog
Fresno, Calif.

Mandatory Smoke Detectors?

☐ You've heard of Cleveland, Ohio — that broke, busted, and can't-be-trusted city? It's 11 mil in debt, about to default, and the mayor and city council ain't got time to worry about it. They're just trying to keep up with the DOT, DOE, and EPA by passing useless legislation like mandatory smoke detectors in homes and businesses. Failure to comply could result in a fine of more than what one smoke detector would cost.

Who the hell wants to listen to a smoke detector beepin' all night while you're just sittin' around keepin' a good buzz on?
Mountain William
Cleveland, Ohio

Gettin' Out

☐ All right, you shitheads, I've given ya plenty of slack so far — but it's time you'd better start paying for protection. I want twelve ol' ladies, 130 rubbers, two 7.62mm M60 Browning machine guns with twenty ammunition belts, and a customized, fully chromed Harley 74 waiting when I hit the streets in early 1979! But if ya really want to make me happy, send me all the back issues of *Easyriders*. Till then I'll kick back and dream about puttin' and fuckin'.

Rebel
Phoenix, Ariz.

■ Rubbers? You've been in a long time. Ride on, bro.

A Prophet

☐ Dope will get you through times of no money, but money won't get you through times of no dope.

B. Graves
APO N.Y.

■ Ain't dat da trut'.

Flip Flop

☐ You guys are nuts, printing that "Animal House" shit inside out, sideways, and upside down. It nearly gave me a heart attack. I thought my eyes were crossing or something. Then I figured it was a new secret code. I'd still be trying to break it if I hadn't realized that you guys don't know a secret code. I was relieved to know that you're still grinding out the same old trash. Keep humpin'.

J.J. Lawson
Vansant, Va.

■ We try.

☐ Turn yer fuckin' print over, dumbshits.

Scroung
Red Lodge, Mt.

☐ The only thing was it made the rest of the mag difficult to read.

Bruce "The Pervet" Collings
Hagersville, Ont., Canada

☐ Ease up on the partyin' —

readin' your pages is rough on the eyeballs.

Silver Spoon
Flint, Mich.

Good Seeds

☐ What the fuck are you guys tokin' out there in California? Here I am, sitting in this fucked-up state in the shittin' rain, trying to score some snatch and get high. Finally find a copy of this #1 rag. I'm looking through it and hit the "Downtime" section. Thought the dope had really fucked my mind all to hell. Half the fucking page is printed backwards. Two questions: 1. How the fuck did you manage that? 2. Can you send me some seeds from the reefer that caused a fuck-up like that?

Joe Coon
Lenoir, N.C.

■ We keep those seeds to ourselves.

A Complaint

☐ To whoever is in charge of complaints: I don't know how it happened. I subscribe to your mag and was reading the February issue. The story titled "Score Card" was supposed to be continued on page 80. Well, I tried my damndest to find page 80, but it just wasn't there.

So how about sending another issue so I can finish the story. (By the way, it wasn't torn out — it just wasn't there.)

Flacko
Camp Pen, Calif.

■ Keep Lookin'.

Fucked-up System

☐ I've been reading your magazine for around five years now, mostly because of the tell-it-like-it-is attitude you take. But in a couple of your issues there have been some remarks made about farmers here in the U.S. that indicate that whoever made them doesn't know how it is. I've worked with farming nearly all my life, and I sat my butt on my first bike about the same time it got on a tractor. When someone says it's screwed up because the government paid a farmer not to plant a crop, I agree. But you should mention that this payment

is made only because the government says you'll take it or you won't get anything for your crop if you do plant. Even then, you won't get enough to stay in business. Or a statement like the farmers want 100% profit! Take a look at those jeans and T-shirts you have on. They make several hundred pairs of those jeans out of one bale of cotton, and I'm sure you know how much they get for just one pair. A farmer might be able to buy five pairs of jeans with what he makes out of the same bale of cotton. It just doesn't make sense to me to see hundreds of acres of the finest vegetables grown plowed under every year with thousands of dollars lost for growing and then go into a food store and have to pay an outrageous price for the same products because they say there is a shortage. Man, it sucks!

If it keeps up, there won't be any more independent farms in this country. It will all be government controlled with some fat s.o.b. raking in huge profits for poor government-controlled products. You know, what's so sad about it all is that we supposedly vote for what we want and we will blindly vote this into reality.

Bob Odom
Edcouch, Texas

■ We hear ya.

Wants Some Peek-a-boo

☐ A friend and I noticed that in all of your mags there are pictures of nude chicks. Why don't you put some nice, big, hairy cocks in there? We would like to see some 8 to 10-inch schmedleys.

The Lip Smackers
Detroit, Mich.

■ If ya wanna see some schmedleys, buy a fag mag — or send us your address.

From Down Under

☐ I was ridin' my cycle along the Princes Highway in Sydney when some dude pulled out from the curb to make a U-turn across two lanes of traffic. Of course I hit the dick up the rear and flipped into the back of his pickup.

New lower price!

—but still *The Original*—made from steel dies—not from a cheap, low-quality rubber-mold process!



Photo shown is actual size

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, rubbermold 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.)

A huge, man's size buckle that is made from expensive dies for intricate detail.

Each buckle is individually made and is triple bronze or silver plated for a lifetime of rugged wear. Each is individually hand polished.

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.

Send \$13.95 along with accurate waist size and state whether you want a bronze or a silver buckle.

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



REJECTS
Products

Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

It's rank, it's gross—and it's great!

Order Robinson's
Trash now.

If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

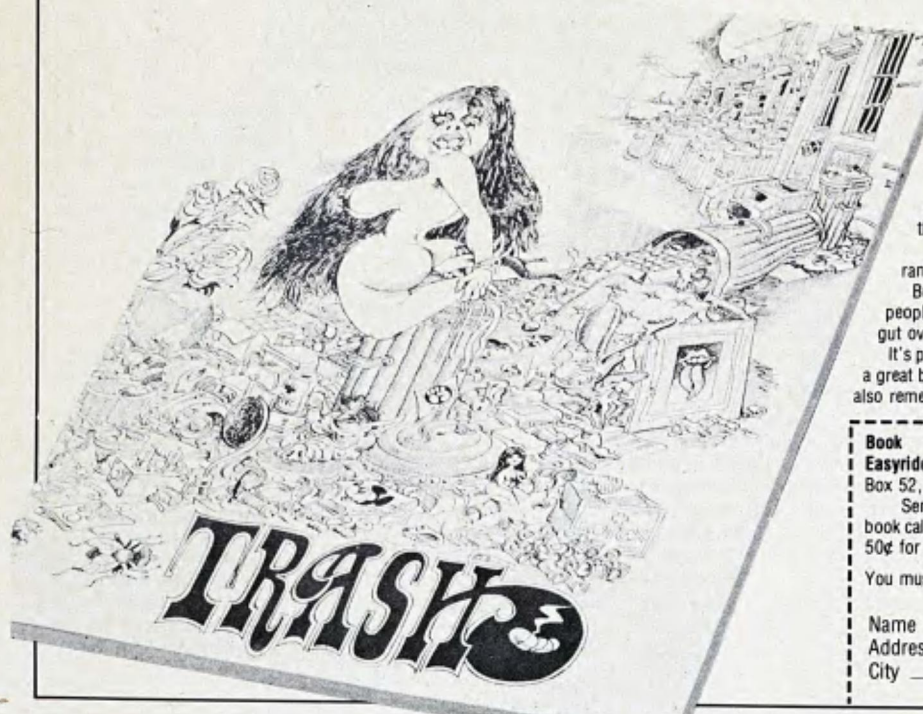
If you're familiar with his work, you also know how outrageous his drawings are — and you've only seen the ones we've had guts enough to feature — you should see the rejects!

Well now you can — in a large (144 page, 8 1/2 x 11) book! You not only get to see the rank, outrageous rejects that even **Easyriders** couldn't print, but you will also be able to see all of the best of those we have published — only this time they're printed larger than when they appeared in the magazine (so you can see the nitty-gritty detail — where he does all kinds of little things that usually pass over people's heads).

We want to warn you — some of the drawings are really rank. Gross might be a better description.

But if you want a far-out book to keep-around to blow people's minds, or to get hung-up on when loaded, or to split a gut over the fantastic humor — you'd better get this book.

It's printed on top quality paper for perfect reproduction — it's a great book — but remember, it's not for the squeamish — and also remember that you have been warned!



Book

Easyriders Magazine

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265

Send me _____ copies of Robinson's

book called **Trash**. Enclosed you will find \$5.95 for each copy plus 50¢ for postage.

You must be 18 years of age to order this book.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

California residents add 6%

HARLEY EARRINGS

Genuine
Gold or
Silver



Enlarged 300% to show detail

Man, you've got to hold these to feel and see the quality!

They're for pierced ears and each earring is solid bronze with either 22K Gold or Sterling Silver electroplate. That means quality like you gotta have. It's far past the governments dumb specs.

The very intricate detail is damn near unreal. You can even go down on these with a glass and find more.

They're available in either post or dangly, so when you order specify Gold or Silver, post or dangly and how many. The post type even makes a bitchin' lapel pin or tie tack, or add a chain to a dangly and you've got one trick pendant.

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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Dealers inquire on letterhead.

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breaking my arm and leg, which I snapped off trying to get the bastard. The cops turned up, took one look at me, and then left. After two months I was charged with negligence and my license was taken. The other dude got off with a warning.

One more thing. A few weeks ago a dude was in court for speeding, knocking off a cycle, no rego, no license, underage, hit-and-run — no bull. He was fined \$6 plus \$2 court costs and set free. Must be the judge's son. Not bad for justice.

Blandy
Sydney, Australia

■ Ya wins some and ya loses some.

Norton Man

□ I've been reading your mag for a long time and finally realized what I don't like about it. Every time I turn the page, all I see is Harleys. Not everyone who rides has a Harley, so why not give the rest of us a chance? I ride an 850cc Norton Commando and I've been waiting a long time to see one in **Easyriders**. Give the ol' snortin' Norton a break, okay?

Tom Lewis
Italy, via Columbus, Ohio

■ **Easyriders** will always specialize — as it always has. Try **Iron Horse** magazine for all other bikes — and with the same easy lifestyle.

Ridin' Da Roads

□ Since I know you guys can't read too well, I'll make this as simple as possible. I've been enjoying riding in the wind and reading your magazine for four years. I'm a lady from New Orleans, living in Atlanta, and hope to be riding in the wind forever, as there couldn't be a better high in life than riding the roads with a Harley.

Little Chic
Atlanta, Ga.

■ All right!

Garage Fight

□ The photo layout on garage fighting wasn't half bad except for the color pictures with the green tint. It made the chicks look real good and greasy, but next time why don't you print all the pictures in black and white, and the readers can color them in.

Steve Grubb
Columbus, Ohio

Number 69

□ You really know how to fuck with someone's head. I was readin' a story in the March issue. It said continued on page 69. But every page was marked 69. You muthafuckers — it took me almost 20 minutes to find the rest of the story, and then when I found it, I forgot what the fuck I'd read before.

Pollack
Pittsburgh, Pa.

■ We try to keep ya on your toes, bro.

Fucked Up

□ You guys must always stay fucked up. I just got your 69th issue and I was reading "Taking It Easy." I thought you were trying to pull something over my eyeballs. I was counting all the 69s in the mag when I came across Spider's garbage collection bit, and right on the other side was another. I tried my damndest to turn it into a 69, but nothing happened. Keep the shit up — it helps clean the cobwebs out of the head.

Mike Charles
Smyrna, Del.

■ They do get a little loose in the art dept. at times — even with Spider's column! (One chick's baldheaded now — Spider took care of her.)

Land of the Free

□ Ya know, only in America, land of the free, could a bunch of righteous people turn out such a bitchin' magazine as **Easyriders**.

Stephen R. Holt
Alexandria, La.

Where's Mutha?

□ Hey, limp dick! What the fuck happened to Mutha on the Feb. '79 issue?

My ol' lady gets a lot of ideas from her. Boy, is this month gonna be boring. You better have her back in the next issue or I'll be pissed. And when I get pissed, I get mean!

Mutha Lover,
San Francisco, Calif.

■ Mutha's burnt out, pissed off, don't give a fuck — whatever. She ain't having' any more of us, for some reason. Spider's leavin' some cum spots on her doorstep, window ledges, in her cat box — secret messages — but she's not havin' any of it. Maybe he'll woo

her back — but bitches act strange at rag time, ya know. We'll keep a light (joint) lit for her if she ever wanders around. Keep the faith. Amen.

Same Old Shit

□ Well, I just finished reading the paper and there was the same old song and dance about helmets saving motorcyclists' lives.

That's bad enough, but now the Highway Traffic Safety Administration is starting a campaign to have bikers stop wearing black leather jackets and Levi jackets and dress in yellow so they can be seen. Hell, we could be seen if people would just open their eyes.

The person who is trying to push this through is a woman. She is probably one of those people who have never been on a bike in her life.

Needless to say, nothing was said about making everyone who drives cars paint them bright yellow and wear helmets too. After all, people do get killed in car accidents too, don't they? But I guess that just slipped her mind.

When these people get it through their heads that motorcycles have as much right to be on the streets as automobiles do, we will all be much better off.

We pay and pay dearly for the privilege of riding. Insurance for my Lincoln Mark IV is cheaper than for my Sportster. In some states license plates are cheaper for a big car than for a Harley-Davidson.

Bikers have to put up with enough bullshit as it is, and I'll be damned if I will dress like a canary to ride my machine.

Larry Bower
APO N.Y.

■ Hey, bro, we're with you. No foreign manufacturer's gonna take our bread back to his homeland and tell us (via pussy non-elected bureaucrats) what we should do here in the red, white, and blue U.S. of A.

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.

Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60m.p.h.?

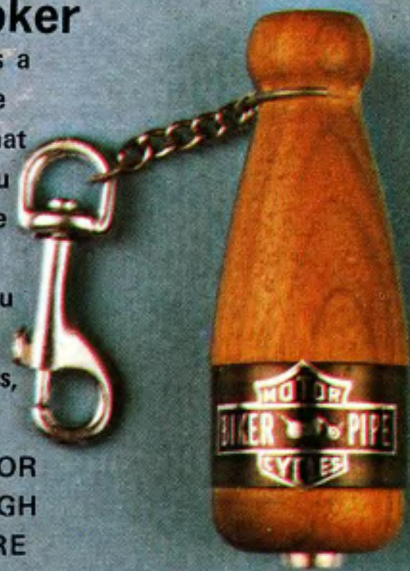


Biker Pipe

Stick your doobie inside . . . fire it up and smoke on . . . No smoke lost — means that bag goes farther. Hev. and guess what . . . no more ashes in your eyes.

Chain Smoker

This little jewel is a "hang-by-your-side pocket rocket" that is ready when you are. Opens in the middle . . . just load and light thru the little hole in the end. No muss, no fuss.



WHETHER YOU RIDE ON THE WEEKEND OR LIVE IN THE SADDLE, YOU CAN RIDE HIGH WITH THESE DUDES . . . BESIDES, THEY'RE JUST BAD ASS PIPES!!!

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\$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

Calif. residents add 6%

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Send to: *Mackenzie Company* Box 29, Calabasas, CA 91302



THE LOW RIDER. BUILT BY MILWAUKEE, BUT BORN IN THE BIKER HAVENS OF AMERICA.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON® HAS NEVER FORGOTTEN THE BASIC RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN MAN AND MOTORCYCLE.

You don't find the truth about men, or motorcycles, in the conference room of some ivory pagoda. If you're not afraid to find the facts, you start at places like the Boot Hill Saloon.

Ever since bikers have been meeting in Daytona, they've gone to the Boot Hill Saloon to relax and talk motorcycles. Willie G. Davidson and the crew from Harley have been there. They've seen your customized

Super Glides. Heard you speak in mystical terms of the creative art and science of customizing.

So Willie went home and built one for himself, liked what he saw, and the Low Rider emerged. A 1200cc. beast that you control 27" from the white lines on the pavement.

Inside, you find yourself at the heart of Harley's legendary V-Twin rhythm and low-end torque. Your feet sit boldly on the highway pegs while your friend rests her back on a sissy bar that holds a hand laced leather stash pouch embossed with the Harley trademark. Down this deep in drag style steel, it's not quite

We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. and believe in safety first.



clear where the machine stops and the biker begins.

For 1979, important performance points include a solid state V-Fire™ ignition system for sure starts and little or no maintenance. A high-flow air cleaner that allows more air to reach the carburetor, helping the engine breathe free and easy. And three big disc brakes (two in front, one in back) to furnish more than enough muscle to keep this highly efficient arsenal under control.

The Low Rider pictured above wears a two-tone, silver and black, color combination. Set off by meticulously hand painted red pinstriping. After we'd put

on extended forks, 3½" risers, drag style handlebars and a chrome plated rear wheel sprocket, we knew that sunset pink and harvest yellow would never do.

27" is only a couple of feet from the highway. But there you'll realize you're light years from the standard 100% compromise machines that roll out of foreign factories. By now, however, it should be clear that Harley-Davidson has always danced to a different tune. You might hear it if you put your ear up close to the juke box at the Boot Hill Saloon.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON DEALER NETWORK

Big Red

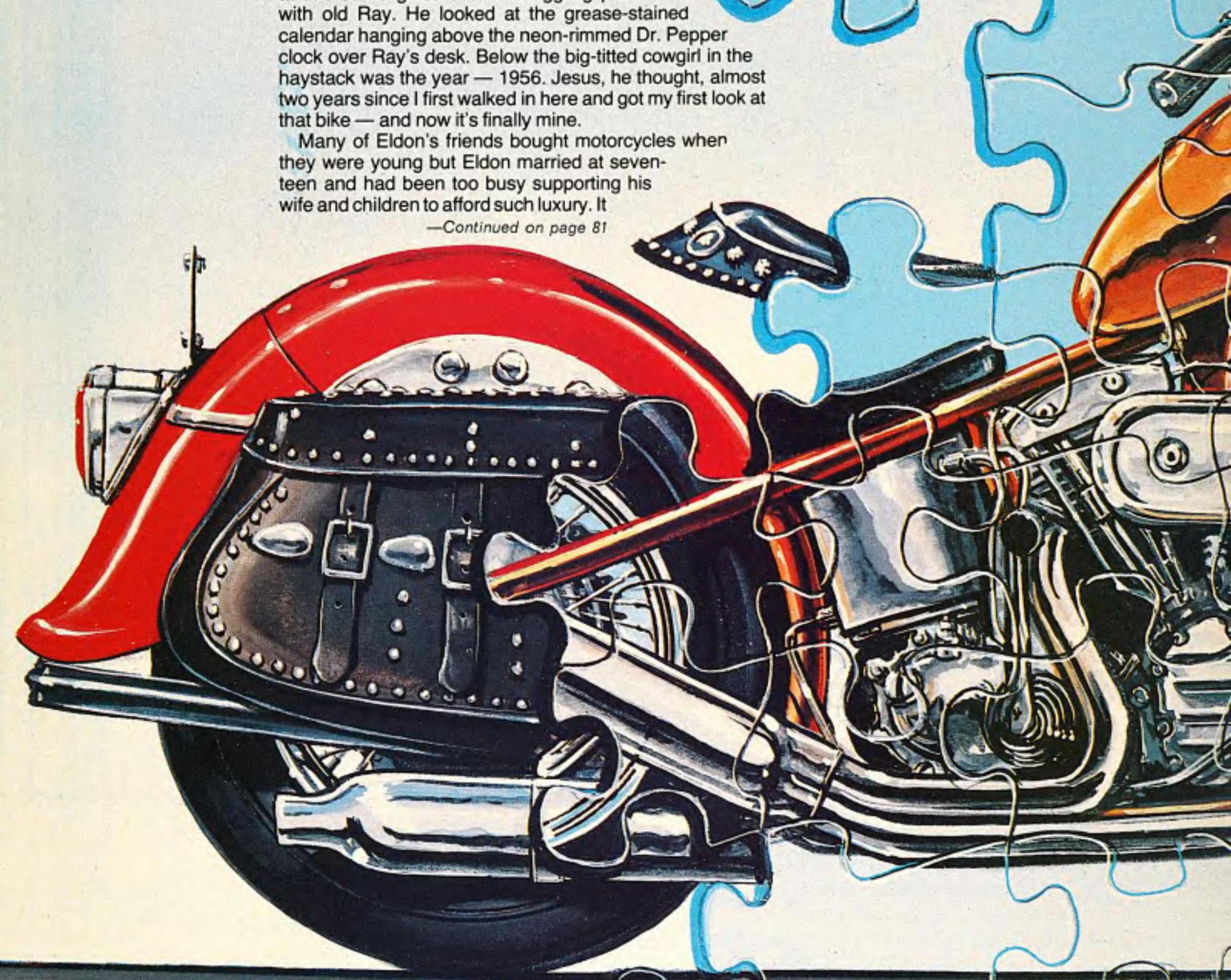
"Okay, Mr. Grant, it'll take me a minute to fill out the paperwork and she'll be all yours."

by Chet Carman

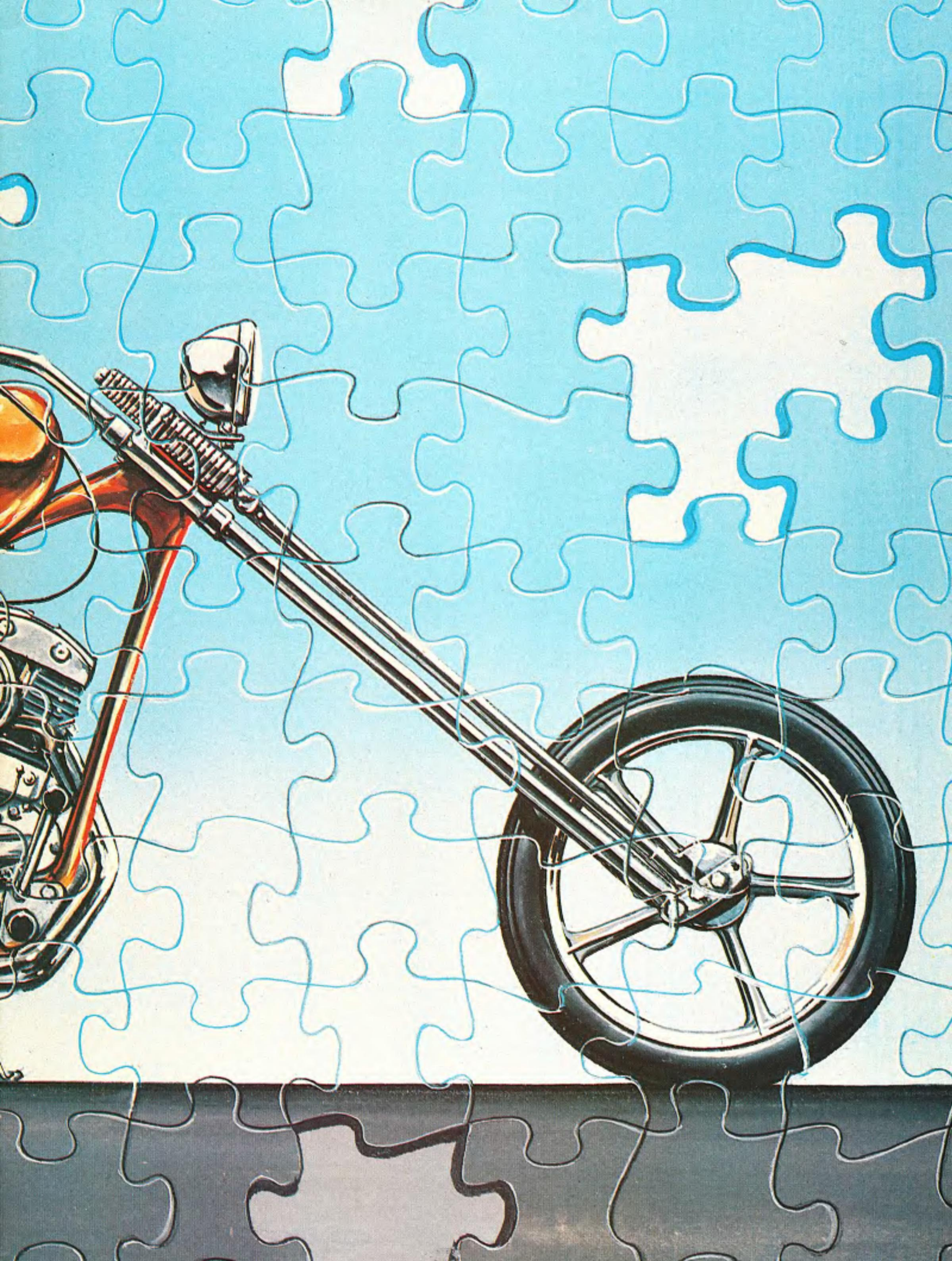
Eldon Grant felt a shiver of anticipation dart up his spine at the thought of finally riding the big, red Harley out of the shop and taking the long way home. He looked around the tiny showroom and thought back over all the times he had stood at this same glass counter haggling prices with old Ray. He looked at the grease-stained calendar hanging above the neon-rimmed Dr. Pepper clock over Ray's desk. Below the big-titted cowgirl in the haystack was the year — 1956. Jesus, he thought, almost two years since I first walked in here and got my first look at that bike — and now it's finally mine.

Many of Eldon's friends bought motorcycles when they were young but Eldon married at seventeen and had been too busy supporting his wife and children to afford such luxury. It

—Continued on page 81

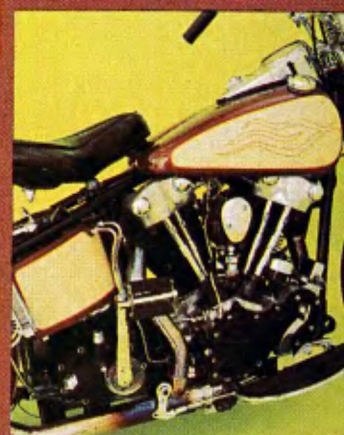


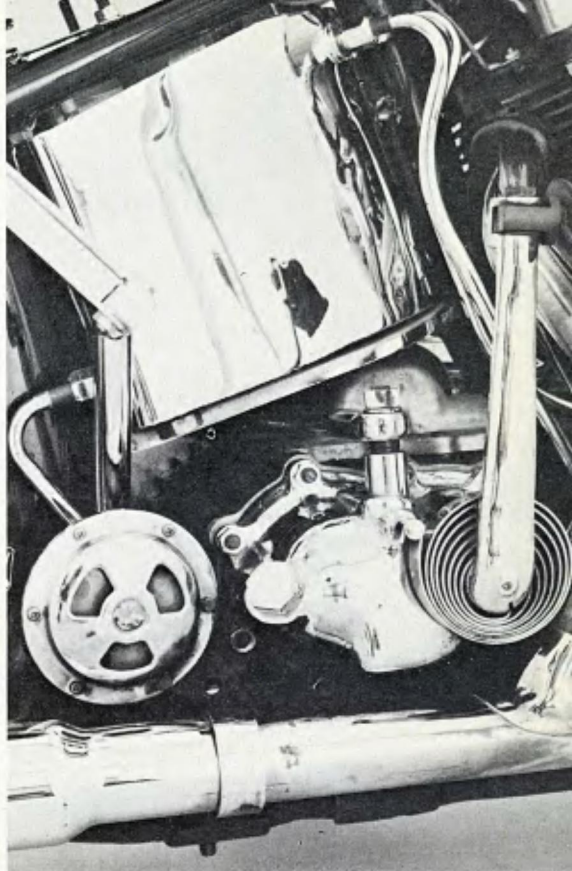
DAMIAN





Knuckles



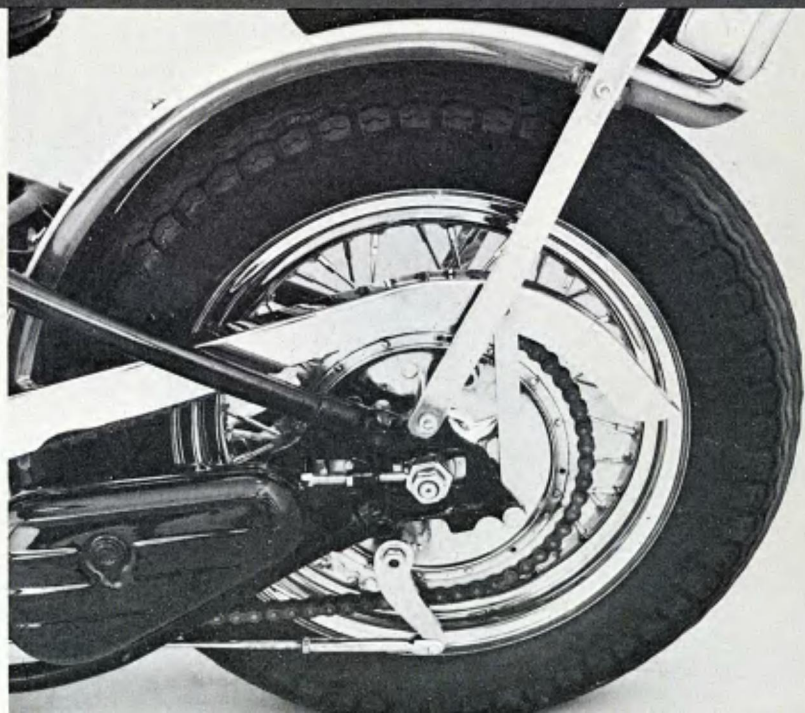
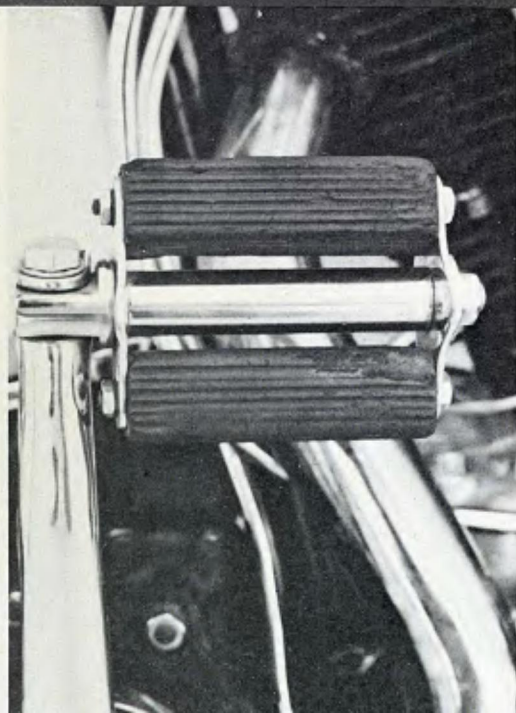


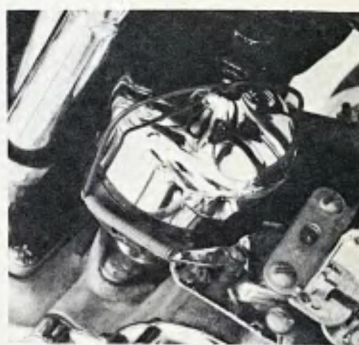
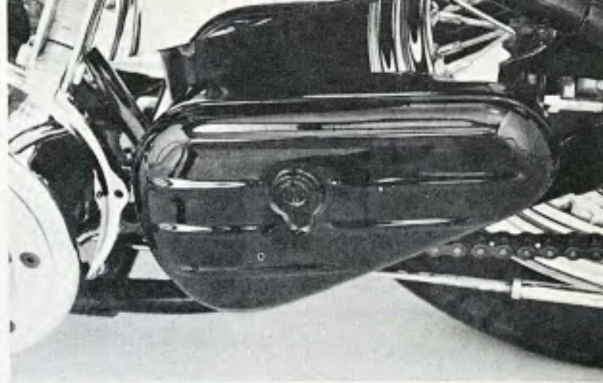
A Score No One Could Pass Up

Knuckleheads are something special — a breed of Harley-Davidson that will never be duplicated. To some riders, the 1936 to '47 models 61 and 74 are just old. To many riders, they're the mystery models of the V-twin breed. They're not a flathead, but have an overhead valve system only partially concealed by a system of intricate tin covers, tiny holding

screws, and thin gaskets. But from the heads down, the knuckle is much like the panhead.

Knuckles have a certain air about them. Many bros who have never built or owned a knuckle claim that they leak too much oil, clatter too much, that the barrels are weak, or the parts are too hard to find. But rap with a couple of knuckle freaks and you'll find yourself





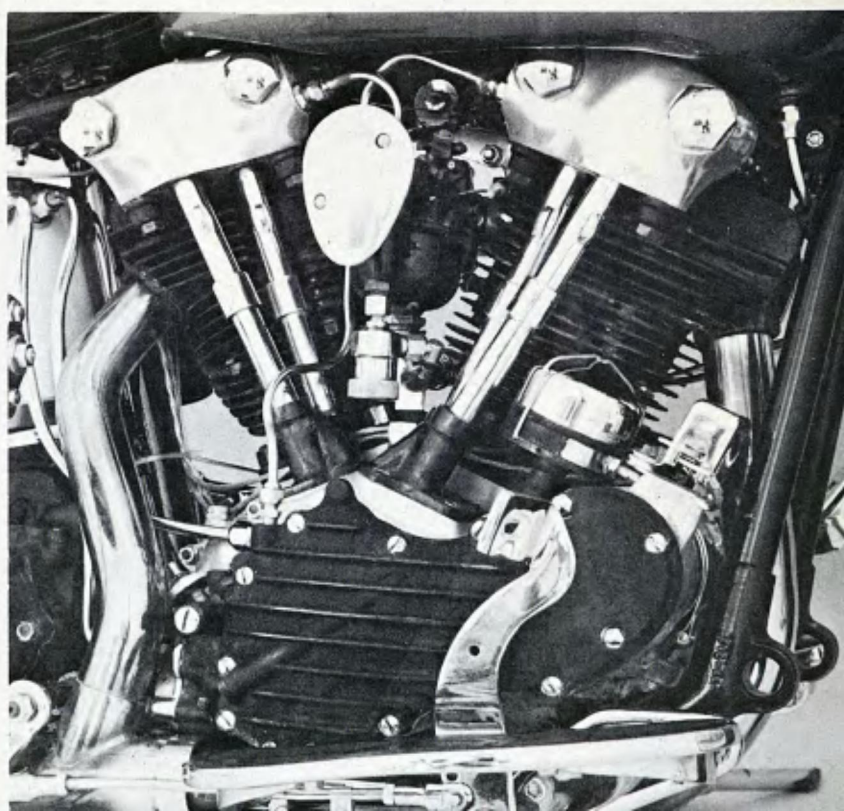
wonderin' why you ride a shovel or pan.

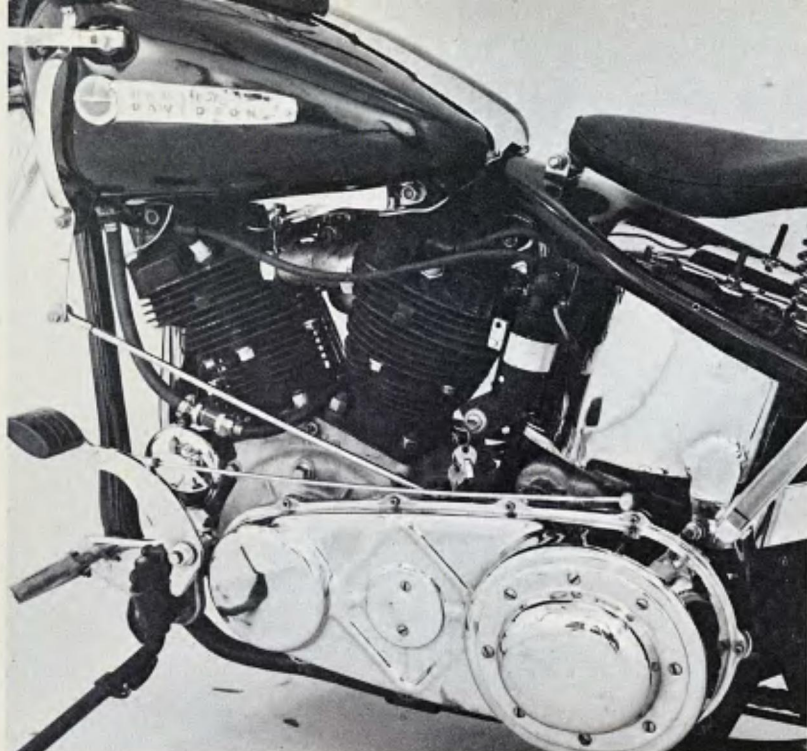
Through the years, our people have talked with bros who wouldn't be caught riding anything but a knuckle. The myth that knuckles don't hold up has been shattered more than once after discussion of the merits of the old V-twins. There are more than just a couple of bros who have had the same bike on the road five years or more — without a rebuild.

But since every member of this shabby

crew is either a knuckle freak (Spider), is curious about knuckles (me), or wishes he owned one, we have a sharp eye for the big-nutted, steel-head bastards. So a couple of us and a sweetie or two tooled out to Henry's bike shop to eye a knuckle he'd been talkin' himself toothless about over the phone.

We bounced off Henry's walls for a while, trying to talk him out of a few parts.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



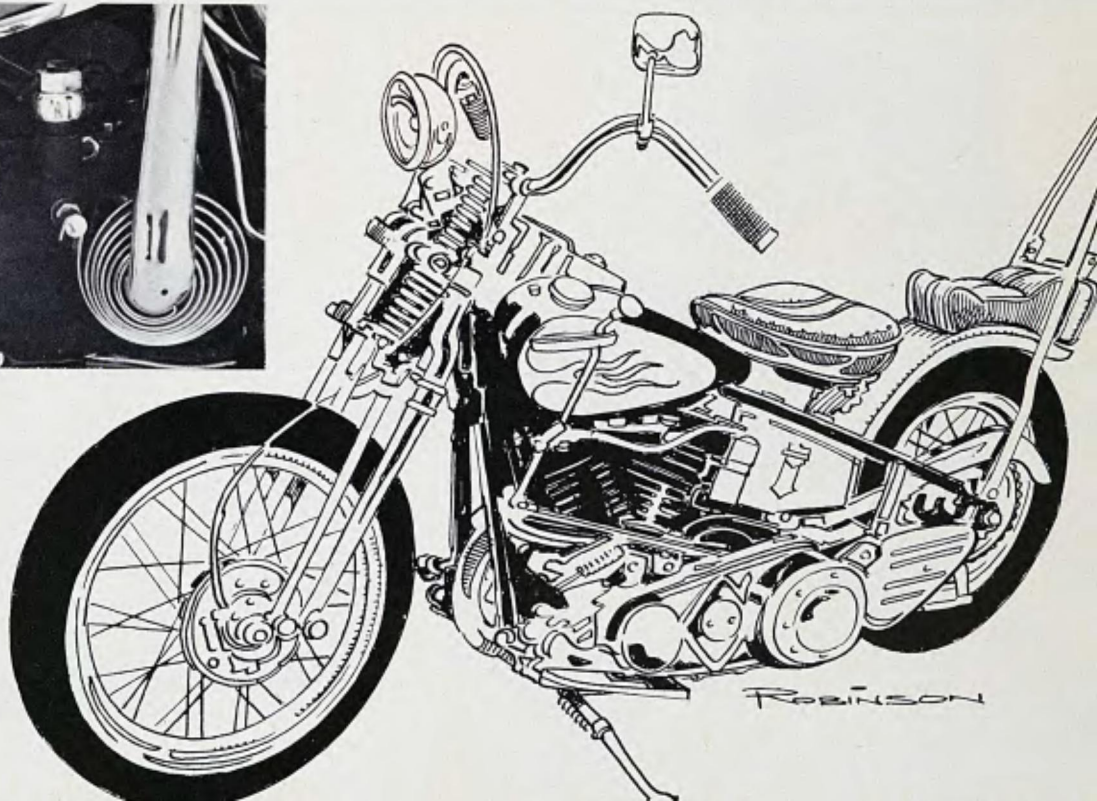
Soon his bro, Little George, pulled up on his knuckle. We immediately focused our fuzzy attention on the semi-stock knuckle. While I gazed, the cub tried to talk him into sellin' the sled. No way.

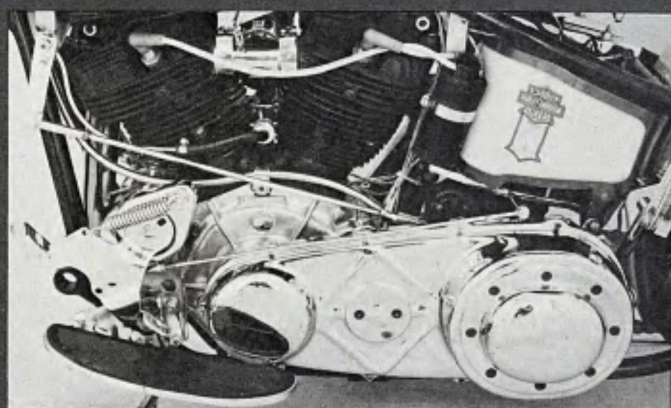
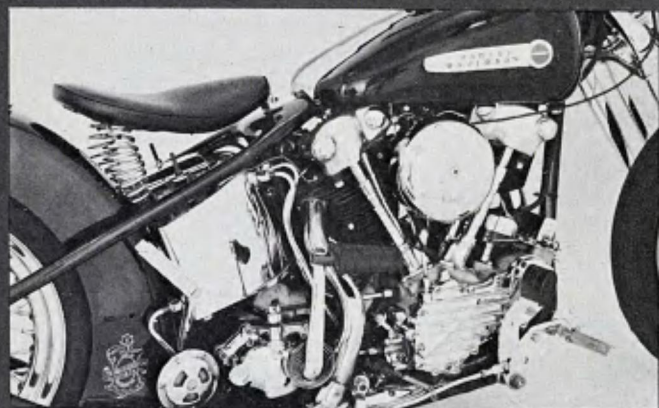
But about the time we were convinced that we should feature the bike and/or own it, Jerry flew in on **his** sleek, black, slightly modified knuck.

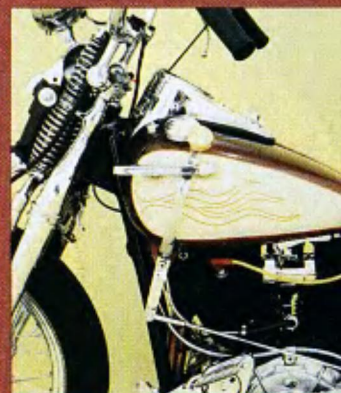
We couldn't leave without adding both scooters to our **Easyriders** archives.

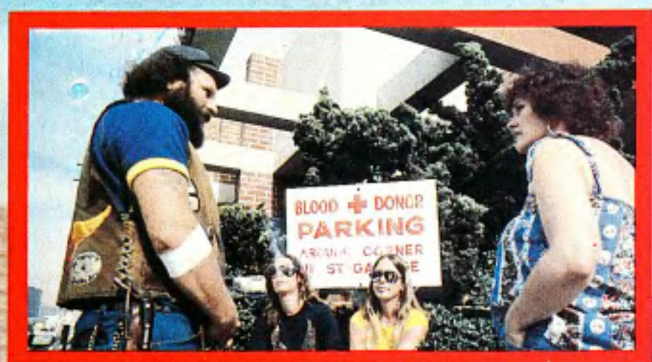
Neither putt is fresh to the streets. Each bike has been on the roads of this country for over thirty years and will hold its own anywhere, any time. Jerry's black scooter has been around for forty years. And neither bike is treated any differently from any other carefully maintained 74. Wanna buy a knucklehead?

—More 'n' One

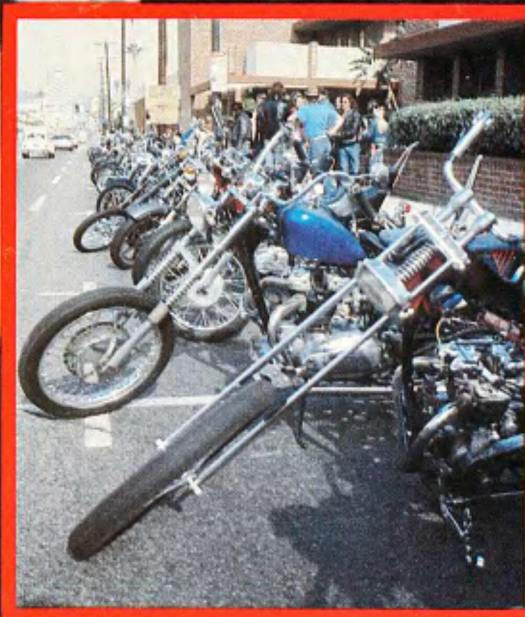






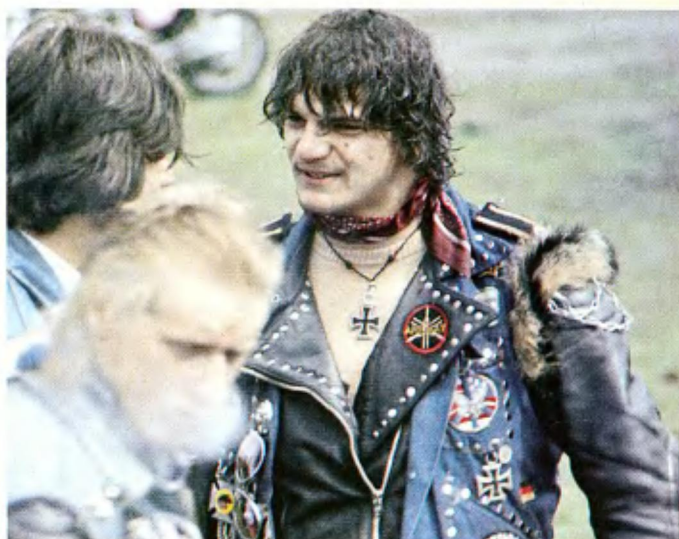
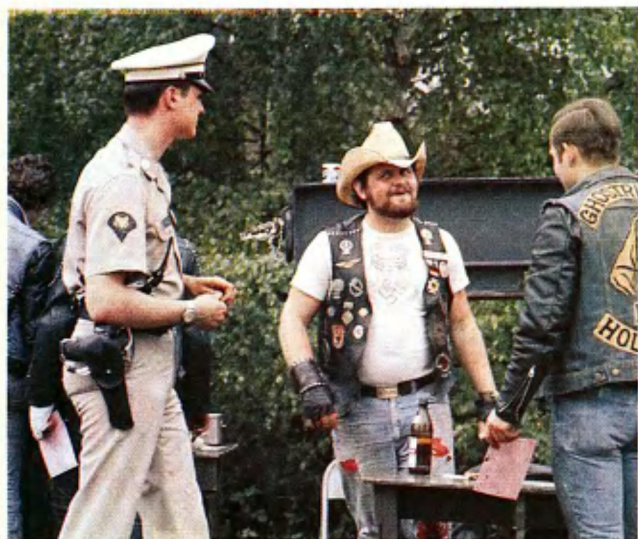
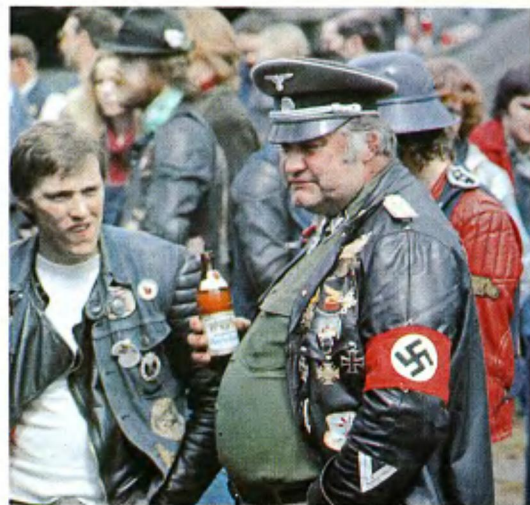


BLOOD RUNS



Giving Help With An Eye To The Future

Pasted here are shots from an annual Modified Motorcycle Association event and a similar event in Europe. The MMA event doesn't draw large packs of brothers from neighboring states but, in a sense, it should. Organizations in every state should begin to think about citizen-oriented beneficial events.



To a few, that last statement may be hard to swallow. But this MMA event accomplished three very crucial things. First, the MMA is credited with a number of pints of extremely vital blood for a few bros who might need it in a pinch. Next, the event provides the local cities with blood for their current hospital patients in need — and in this case, the city was in desperate need. Accordingly, our Spider called the MMA and explained the need for as many brothers as possible to attend.

The last accomplishment brought about by brothers unselfishly assisting the Establishment is good PR. Yeah, dammit, we need good PR. The government wants to take our rides away, and the citizens are bitchin' that we ride the most irritating noisemakers on the planet (even though their electric shavers are just as loud.) If you read "Easynews" in the last issue, you know that noise legislation is aimed primarily at motorcycles — but not because we produce the most noise, the loudest noise, or even the most irritating noise. It's because we're unpopular. That's the long and short of it. People don't like us. Consequently, they go after our bikes.

For these reasons blood runs are good for more than baggies of blood. If a bunch of us get together to assist our brothers and our cities, we can't be all bad. The next time your club or organization gets together to plan an event, give some consideration to our lifestyle, our brothers' lives, and the cities and towns we live in. It might make a difference down the road.

—Bandit



GERMAN BLOOD RUN



I'm an American serviceman and there I was, sipping my warm suds in a local gasthaus, keeping the world free, so you sonsabitches can dip your puds in safety, when these two dudes pulled me from my stool, slapped a camera in my palm, and stuck me right in the middle of the biggest damn bunch of grungy-clothed characters I've ever seen. Now I'm no biker, mind you, but by the time this bash was over, I was looking for a two-wheeler of my own.

It seems that every year at Landstuhl, Germany, bikers representing hundreds of clubs from all over Europe get together for a three-day bash with one goal in mind — the shedding of blood! I know it's not too unusual for bikers to spill a little of the crimson now and then, but to ride for hundreds of miles to bleed on purpose — now that struck me as being a little strange.

Rapping with Thom (Rat) Ratliff, who came all the way from Virginia, I learned that this annual event is sponsored by the Ramstein Cavemen, a local club, and is supported by Army Medical personnel. The Blood Rally was established three years ago by the Cavemen in memory of three bros who lost their lives while riding in Europe. Jacket emblems bearing the names of the fallen bros — Moreno, Peach, and Andreas — identified those who donated in the past, and Blood Rally '78 patches were available for those sober enough to sew them on. The rally draws some of the largest clubs from all over Europe and even some bikers from the States.

Mud, smoke, blaring music, and an occasional asshole screaming over the P.A. system to get off our buns and give blood all failed to get me down. Rat, past president of the Cavemen, indicated that biking clubs are growing stronger in Germany and that two factors are primarily responsible for that growth. One is the influence of American bikers in Europe and the other is a rag called Easyriders. These two elements are creating a large interest among both



American servicemen and the German population. Clubs are made up of bikers from both countries. The magazine and American scooters are bringing to the Germans a new understanding of the American style of biking. Easyriders also serves as a means of keeping in touch with brothers in the States and receiving the latest scoop on bike laws, news, and events.

Before long I was feeling a buzz from the partying and a peaceful, easy feeling came over me as I realized that my lifelong fears, stereotyped ideas, and prejudiced views about bike clubs all had been shattered. Here were brothers, bikes, and chicks from different parts of the world uniting amidst gallons of brew, pints of blood, and not one ounce of trouble. One helluva good time was had by all, including me.

Yet through the laughter, rain, and music, Rat laid down a heavy tune of his own, so take heed and listen to his beef: "America is not the only place bikers dwell — in Germany biking is growing fast and furiously — so give us a chance to be heard. We send in articles to your magazines and are fuckin' ignored. You don't have a monopoly on biking in the States, so get off your ass and give us some damn support!" That's a direct quotation and it seems to represent the overwhelming feeling of bikers all over Europe.

I hate to say it, but I had to leave this rain-soaked rally early so I could get back to protecting our freedom. And believe me, that freedom means a lot more to me now. Screw-ass games, loud music, suds, and smoking tailpipes are still in my mind, driving me crazy with envy. I know for sure I'm gonna be at the rally next year — astride my own scooter. By the way, the rally was a big success. It continues to be one of the largest blood collection events in the area and is welcomed by the locals as well as by Uncle Sam. So at your next hell-raiser, remember your brothers in Germany and lift a few for us.

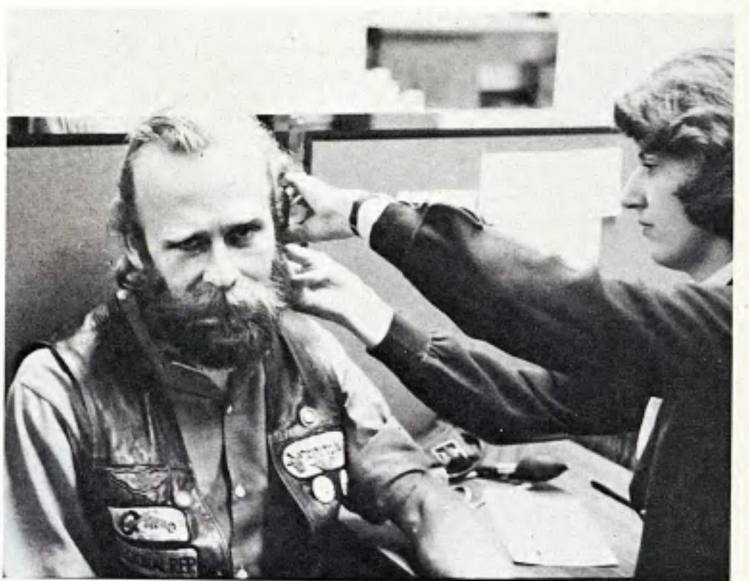
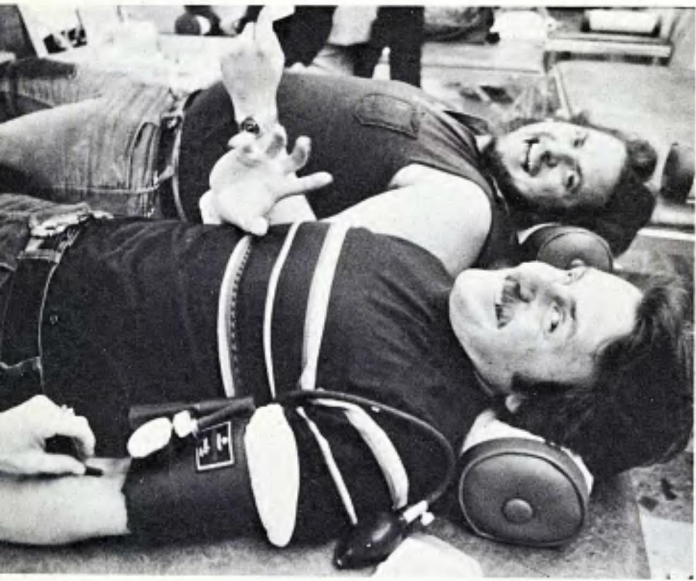
—Larry

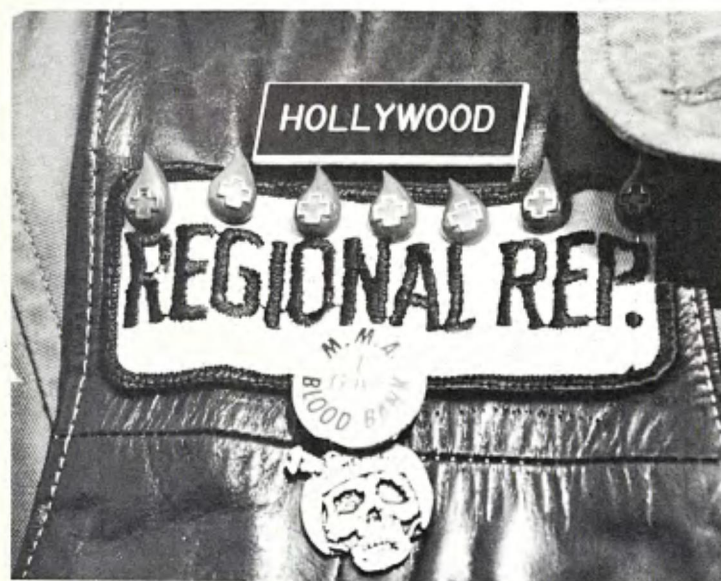


Photos by Larry Gilliam, Michael Rocus, and Robert Cope



Photos by the Cub and Fat Frank







Notthin' But a Bird

"Hey, asshole!" I knew I wouldn't make it out the gate without having somebody fuck up my day. Getting out of the pen is a traumatic experience. On his way to the gate, a dude has to take shit from all sorts of pukes, like this hack.

"Where's yer pass?" he growled. He was a smooth-faced rookie, trying to act tough. "You bikers think you're hot shit. Gimme the pass, turkey."

I had an overwhelming urge to knock all the peach fuzz off his face. I held my mud, though. Within an hour, I would be discharged and walk out the big gate a free man. I wasn't going to let a little punk like him keep me from my scooter.

I answered politely. "Sorry, officer, I didn't hear you. I'm headed down to the release desk — getting discharged today." I handed him my check-out slip.

He looked at it as if he knew how to read, then thrust it back to me and said, "Yeah, well, if ya can't come back, send a friend."

I felt like telling him I'd send his mother, but I decided to pass that one by.

For a Monday, it was a slow day in R&R. I was scheduled to be released at one o'clock. It was one-thirty when the old guard finally got us to the main gate.

On the way to the gate, I was too nervous to talk. The black dude who went out when I did was so nervous he couldn't stop talking. The old guard was bored fucking stiff. At the gate he shook our hands, wished us well, scratched his balls, and walked away.

I took two steps out the gate and my chest started hurting. For an instant I was afraid I was having a heart attack. But I realized that it was just fresh, free world air — it took a few minutes for my lungs to adjust. I stood there, taking in the air and wanting to jack off. After five straight years in that rat hole, a man might want to do some weird things.

I had it all figured out. I had a few dollars in kickout cash. I also had a check for six grand in my pocket, saved from my VA checks and piddly-assed hobby projects. I'd hitch into town about three miles away and go straight to the Harley dealer the very first thing. Before fucking, before drinking — get the finest Sporty on the floor. My dick was getting stiff just thinking about a sled.

I got a ride into town from one of the joint chaplains on his way home. He tried, one last time, to save my soul. At least I think he tried — I didn't really hear a word he said. He went out of his way, though, and dropped me off in front of the Harley shop.

When I got out of the car I was a little weak in the knees and my hands were sweating. I knew what it was — I was actually within minutes of having a five-year dream come true. Having my own scooter again. All my senses were focused on that one dream. I couldn't hear anything except the drone of that engine. I couldn't smell anything except sweet exhaust fumes. I couldn't taste anything except road air whistling through my teeth. I couldn't see anything except those magnificent beasts shining from the showroom floor.

I threw out my chest, drew back my shoulders, puckered my asshole, and walked straight to the door. Grabbing the handle, I pushed like Humphrey-fucking-Bogart. The door didn't budge. It took thirty seconds of rattling for it to sink into my bike-obsessed mind that the door was locked. I looked at the sign — "Closed Sundays and Mondays."

Was I pissed? I was mad, angry, enraged, frustrated, humiliated, burnt up, insane. Yeah! I sure as shit was pissed. I stood there for five minutes, glaring at the "Closed" sign. In my anger, I halfway expected it to change to "Open." Finally, I turned around and collapsed on the step like a deflated balloon.

Every foul curse, threat, and dirty word I knew passed through my head. I cursed the Department of Corrections for booting me out on a Monday. I cursed the owner of this chickenshit little place for being closed. I cursed Harley-Davidson for ever making something that can take over a dude's mind like this.

When a bug scuttled between my feet I took all my anger out on it. I stomped the little shit until there wasn't even any bug juice left. Then, properly pumped up, I ran all over the parking lot looking for more bugs to stomp. When I couldn't find any, I looked around in a wild-eyed killing frenzy for something else. My eye fell on a sick-looking, dried-up bush planted next to the front door of the Hog shop. I grabbed that sonofabitch by the stalk and jerked it out of the ground, then flung it down on the doorstep and stood there huffing and puffing. I flipped the front door the bird and hollered, "Fuck you!" Then I trudged off, looking for more bugs.

After walking aimlessly for an hour, I came to the conclusion that I'd have to find a motel room for the night and buy the sled the next morning. I kicked the shit out of a "No Parking" sign as a final gesture of outrage. Believe me, a "No Parking" sign ain't nothing to kick while wearing state-issued cardboard shoes.

I limped around in little circles until I discovered that I was outside a bar. The word **beer** flashed through my brain — that was number three on my priority list of the three Bs (bike, broads, beer). There weren't any broads around, so I decided to go in and at least take care of one B.

The place was almost empty. I sat down and ordered a draft. The bartender set the beer down and went back to washing glasses at the other end of the bar. An unfriendly bastard, which was fine with me. I didn't want to talk to the surly creep anyway.

—Continued on page 99

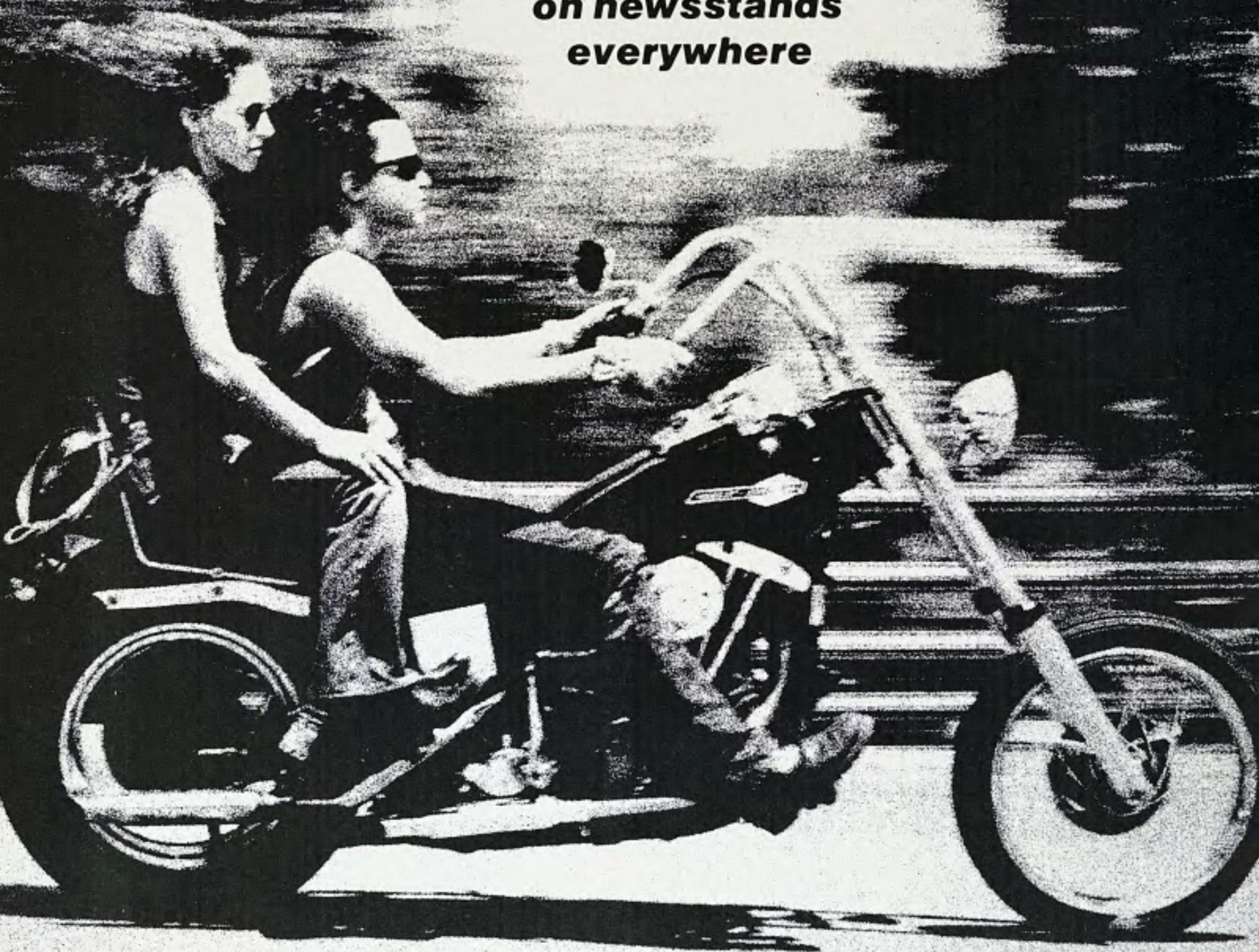
IN THE WIND Number Two

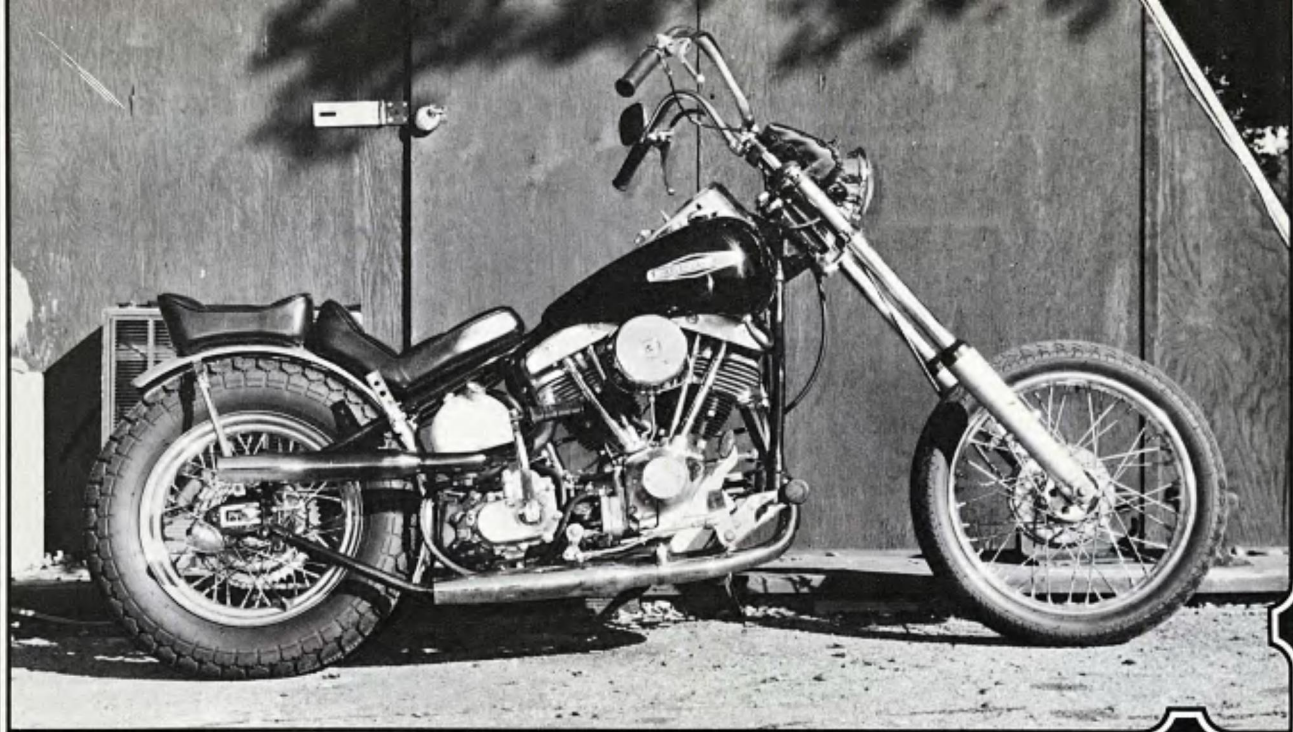
Only Better! 50% color!

That's right. We received so many requests for another Wind book that we decided to take some of our spare time and put together another one — only better.

We've split the pages to be 50% color and 50% black and white flicks from riders not only in the U.S., but from scooter people all over the world.

**Watch for it
on newsstands
everywhere**



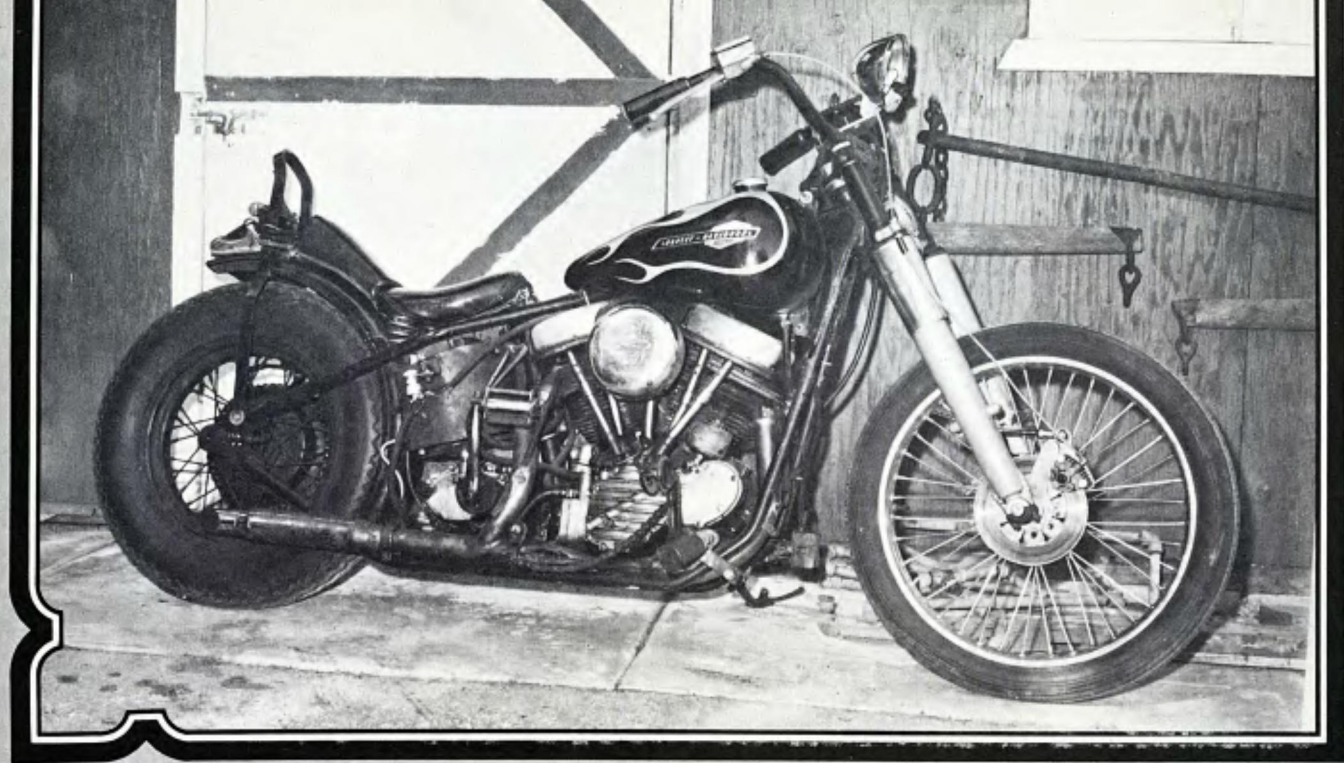


Spider's Shovel: Spider has more than one ride, but this is his main road bike. Stock rebuilt and balanced engine and tranny. Dual oil lines to the heads, oil cooler belt drive in enclosed primaries. Stock frame, 5-gallon fatbobs, 6-inch-over wide glide with 6½-inch spring spacers. Modified primaries to eliminate electric start wart. No battery, 12v eliminator and stock alternator. Five-gallon spun aluminum oil tank. One-piece shotgun pipes, holding studs in heads, paper-clip-wired for security. Front glide brake vented with portion of B&H shifter cover.

SOME OF THE STAFF'S BIKES

Bandit's Pan: A 1948 tin top, stock displacement engine with a magneto for ignition, a 1973 oil pump, 360 degree pinion shaft oiling, and lightening gears. Front fender by Bandit, rear for (approximately) a 1953 pan. Harley-Davidson XA springer. No battery — eliminator and 12v, 2-brush generator. Repositioned police solo saddle.





The Cub's Pan: Knucklehead bottom end, early pan top modified for "O" ring intake manifold. Late model oil pump, automatic advance distributor, Tillotson carburetor. Stock wide glide front end with one-inch spacers in internal springs on a fatbob jammer frame. Panhead five-gallon fatbobs, old British ribbed rear fender. Packer bar and open primary chainguard handmade. Disc brakes in front, stock mechanical brakes in rear.

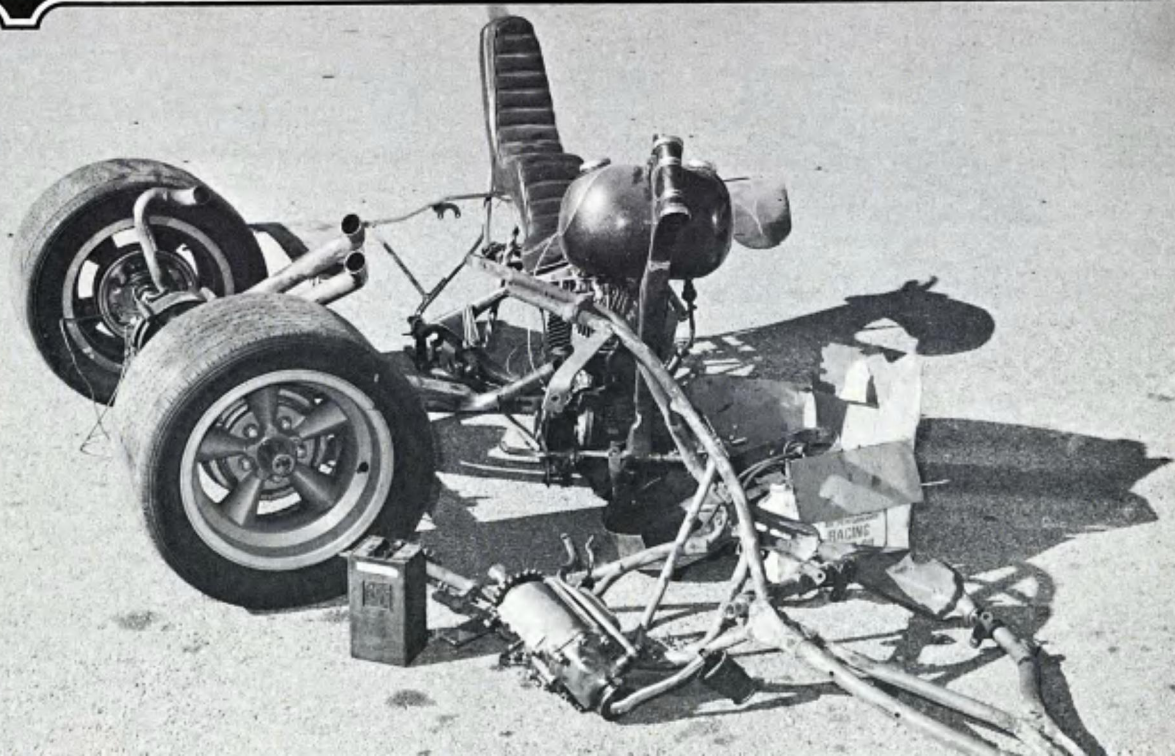
Tex's Sporty: 1976 XL-1000. 16-inch rear wheel, custom hand-rubbed lacquer paint. Stock shocks removed, rear end lowered 1 3/4 inches. Custom struts by Bandit. Stock air cleaner replaced, oil tank, chainguard chromed. Stock turn signals modified. Texas exhaust system with early Sportster mufflers.





Fat Frank's Shovel: A 1947 lower end attached to a 1975 top end, balanced with lightening gears, Manley valves, and a late-model oil pump. Oil is stored in frame tubes and under gas tank. Tranny 1950 with Andrews 1st and 3rd gears, front dual disc brakes and rear disc, front 19-inch Morris Mag and rear 18-inch Morris Mag. Brake controls, chainguard, license plate mount, and pipes handmade and everything attached with countersunk allen bolts.

The Gimp's Basket Case: A trike originally constructed from a VL front frame piece and 45 trike rear end. Powered by a 1935 VL, total loss oil system, H-D mill. Extra 45 three-wheeler frame, early pan tranny, and other miscellaneous parts. No front end. Should be on the road sometime in the middle 1980s.



Wild Man and Hellcat

By Blue Gypsy

She raced like a scared rabbit down the twisting country road and away from the little Colorado town. Shouts echoed in her ears as she ran, gasping for every breath through her parched and aching throat, her back an oozing, itching mess of blood and sweat.

She finally reached the foot of Devil's Mountain, crashed blindly through the dense undergrowth, and scampered up the trunk of a giant pine tree with the swiftness of a squirrel, never looking back. She was about fifteen feet in the air, hidden by the dark mass of branches. Every breath hurt and it took all her willpower to keep from crying as the ground beneath her was suddenly filled with the turmoil of shouting men and baying hounds. It was the fat, ugly sheriff and two of his deputies. The dogs pawed and tugged frantically, jerking their keepers this way and that. The smell of fear and anger fouled the pine-sweet air.

"Where'd she go? She can't be far!" the sheriff shouted, looking all around.

"Don't worry — Bayard says these here dogs is the best, even found that runaway in the peat bog right after the rain. We'll find that little bitch any time now," said the one called Brother. He was tall and lanky, with tallow-colored hair, eyes, and skin. He smirked, and his eyes held a dull, yellow gleam as they scanned the surrounding thicket. "I just can't wait to get my hands on Darcy's little bitch, ya know. Give her a little . . . uh, fun when I do," he cackled to the others.

"Yeah, Sheriff," the other man put in, "it's up to us lawmen to teach her to show some respect, wouldn't ya say?" Calvin was not too bright, but he always got excited about joining up with a posse. He licked a blob of spittle from the corner of his mouth as his dull-eyed gaze shifted over toward his cousin, the sheriff.

"Well, now, boys, there's something to be said for respectin' the law. And that little tramp for sure needs to be taught some respect." The red-faced man leered, rocking back on his heels. "I reckon she'll be all kinds of fun, bein' so young and all. Yessir, we'll just have to teach her some respect."

Disregarding the incessant tugging of the hound at his side,

Brother fairly jittered with excitement while the sheriff spoke. He came close to shouting. "I'm senior deputy, remember, and I get her mouth first. And . . . and then I'd be honored to hold both the dogs while you two have at her."

"The dogs!" Calvin drooled. "They're Bayard's prize studs! Maybe they'd like a go at that young bitch, too!" He cackled wickedly.

Hiding in the tree, Elsbeth Hughes had forgotten about the pain in her back as wave after wave of nausea rushed over her. She jammed her fist into her mouth to stifle the scream that threatened to tear through her with every vile suggestion the men voiced. She swayed, close to falling, and suddenly found herself clinging to the trunk for dear life as a quick series of massive explosions ripped through the woods.

Silence. In one brief instant, two dogs and three men had been suddenly and violently transformed into a heap of blood and gore. And there stood a tall, dark, black-bearded man, cradling an old pump-action shotgun in his hands, wisps of smoke still snaking from the barrel. Elsbeth's scream never came; she fainted and fell from the tree, landing in the bushes at the big man's feet.

He stared, grunted, and picked her up, cradling her to his chest as he moved rapidly through the woods toward the east wall of the mountain. He climbed the slope with swiftness and ease, never pausing and never running out of breath. He reached a ledge about halfway up the side of the mountain. There, obscured by thick vines and young pine trees, was the entrance to a cave. After gently placing the slender girl on the ground, he entered the cave and returned with a bucket of water and several rags. He applied wet rags to her face, stroking her cheeks gently.

"I'm shot — in the back," she whispered through parched lips, and then her half-open eyes fluttered shut again.

With strong hands the man carefully turned her over, tore away the filthy, blood-soaked shirt, and gently probed around her shoulder blade. He left her momentarily and strode to one side of the ledge, where he quickly gathered coarse grasses and small twigs. He started a small fire,

refilled the bucket with water, and removed his long hunting knife from the sheath and placed it on the ground. Another trip into the cave produced more rags. He thrust the knife blade into the fire and watched as it grew red hot. Then he swabbed the wound with a water-soaked cloth and probed it with the knife point. It hadn't gone in very deeply before it struck something hard. Deftly, he manipulated the blade and extracted the bullet. He spat on it in disgust and threw it into the weeds. When the wound was sponged and padded with several thicknesses of wet cloth, he gently turned the girl over and began wiping her feverish brow.

Again she opened her eyes, which were filled with fear and pain. "Who are you? Where . . . where am I?" It took great effort to concentrate as he spoke to her — his words seemed so slow and distant, like an echo from the mountain.

"You're here with Wild Man, girl. This is Devil Mountain. No one will find you here. It will be safe. Sleep now. I'll take you inside." He gazed down at her impassively, grunted when her eyes closed again, and then carried her into the cave.

Elsbeth awoke the next morning to the smell of wood smoke. Gingerly, she propped herself up on one elbow and looked around. Her bewilderment subsided as she began to recall the big, gruff man and his name. Of course! This was the notorious Wild Man of Devil Mountain that the townspeople used to talk about. He had been up here for years, though some said he was dead, while others swore he was alive and crazy as a loon. She glanced over at the snoring man on the other side of the cave and decided that he definitely wasn't dead. Whether or not he was crazy remained to be seen.

She looked around slowly, taking in all of the cave. It was small, with a fire pit in the center and some sort of stone shelf around one side. Back in the farthest recess stood a bulky shape shrouded in what looked like old, cracked tarpaulins. There were several crude cups and flat, plate-like objects scattered around. Both she and her rescuer had slept on piles of animal skins. A heavy hunting bow, some arrows, and a

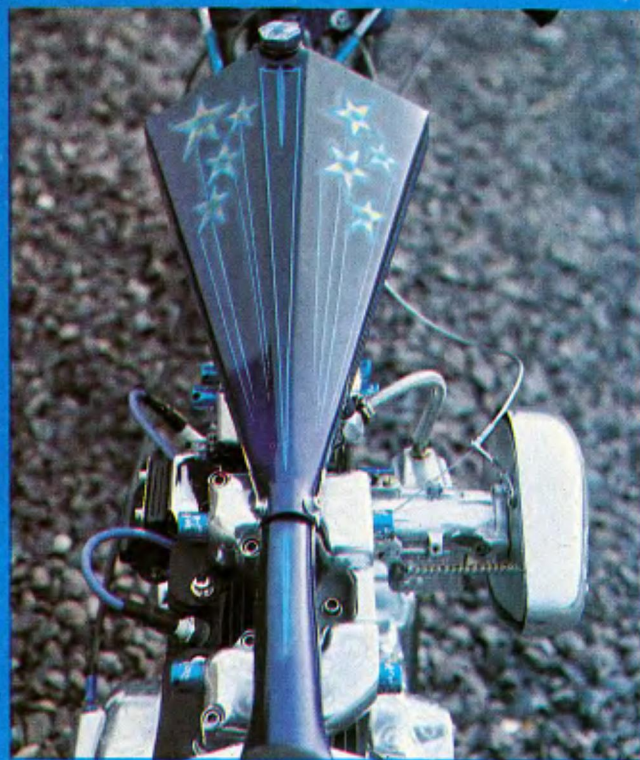
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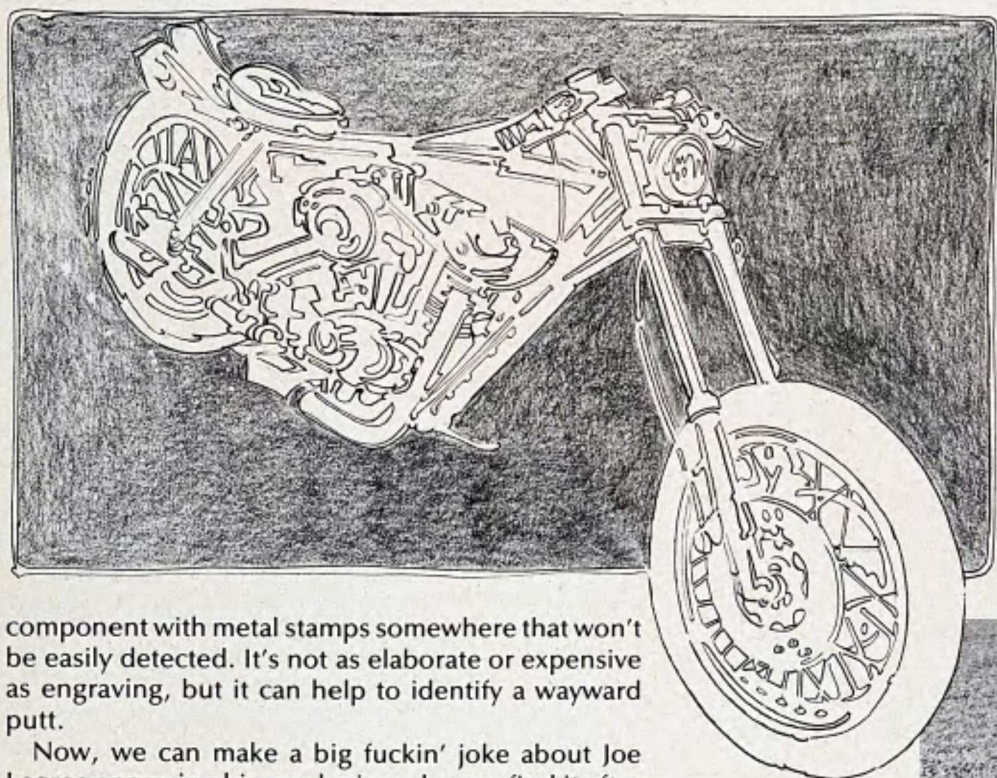
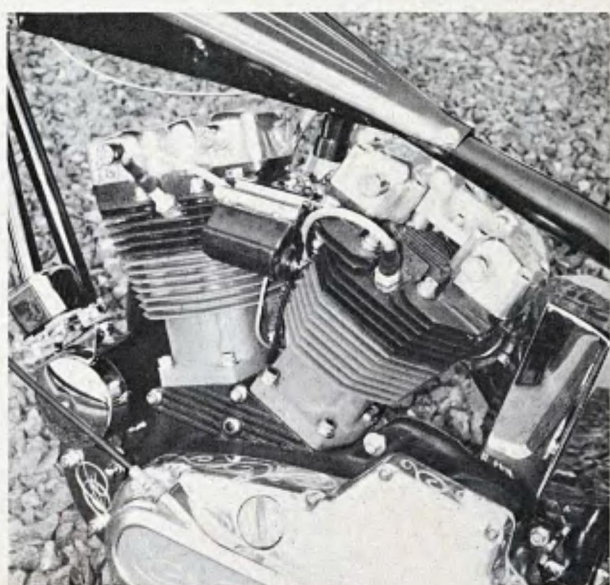
RIGHTED OUTS

RIPOFF DEFENSE



Seems like scooters — either together or in parts — are always growin' legs and waltzin' off in the wrong direction. These days even ringding shit can disappear over the hill or in the back of a pickup before you bolt the barn door. And with big-twin or Sporty components it's even worse — they're as negotiable at Midnight Cycle Supply as a roll of twenties and a bag of reds.

Mention stealin' putts around most scooter people nowadays and ya might get left in the street or be swung at by an anti-theft chain with a case-hardened padlock attached. But Joe here did a number on his scooter that would tend to make the thieves' job of partin' his bike out a real hassle — the way it should be. He had everything from his triple trees to his oil pump engraved. The more personalized each part is on a sled, the less chance some scum has to sell it. And if the owner's lucky, a bro might spot the engraving as he's bein' sold the parts. Another way to identify the parts on a sled is to mark each major

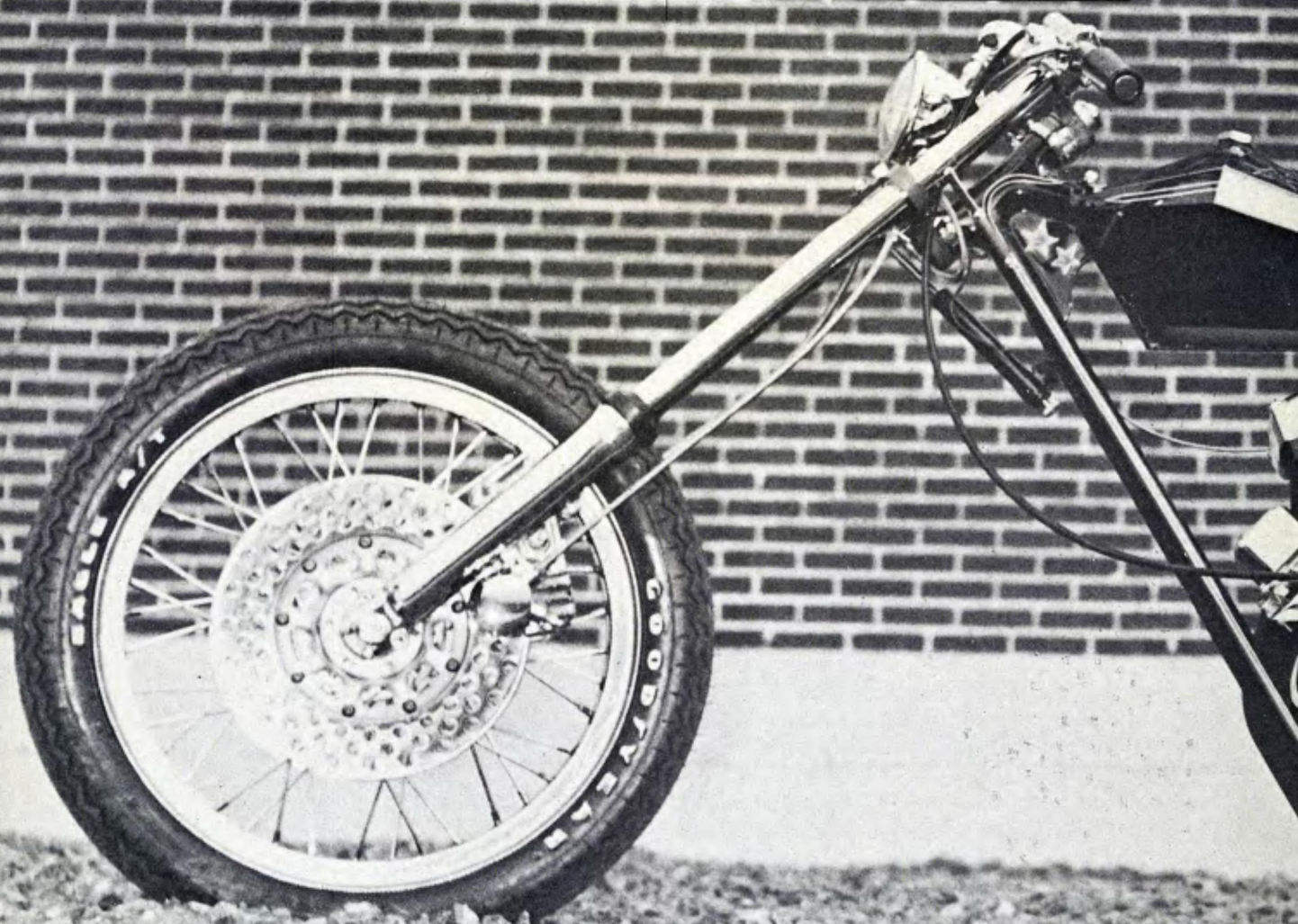


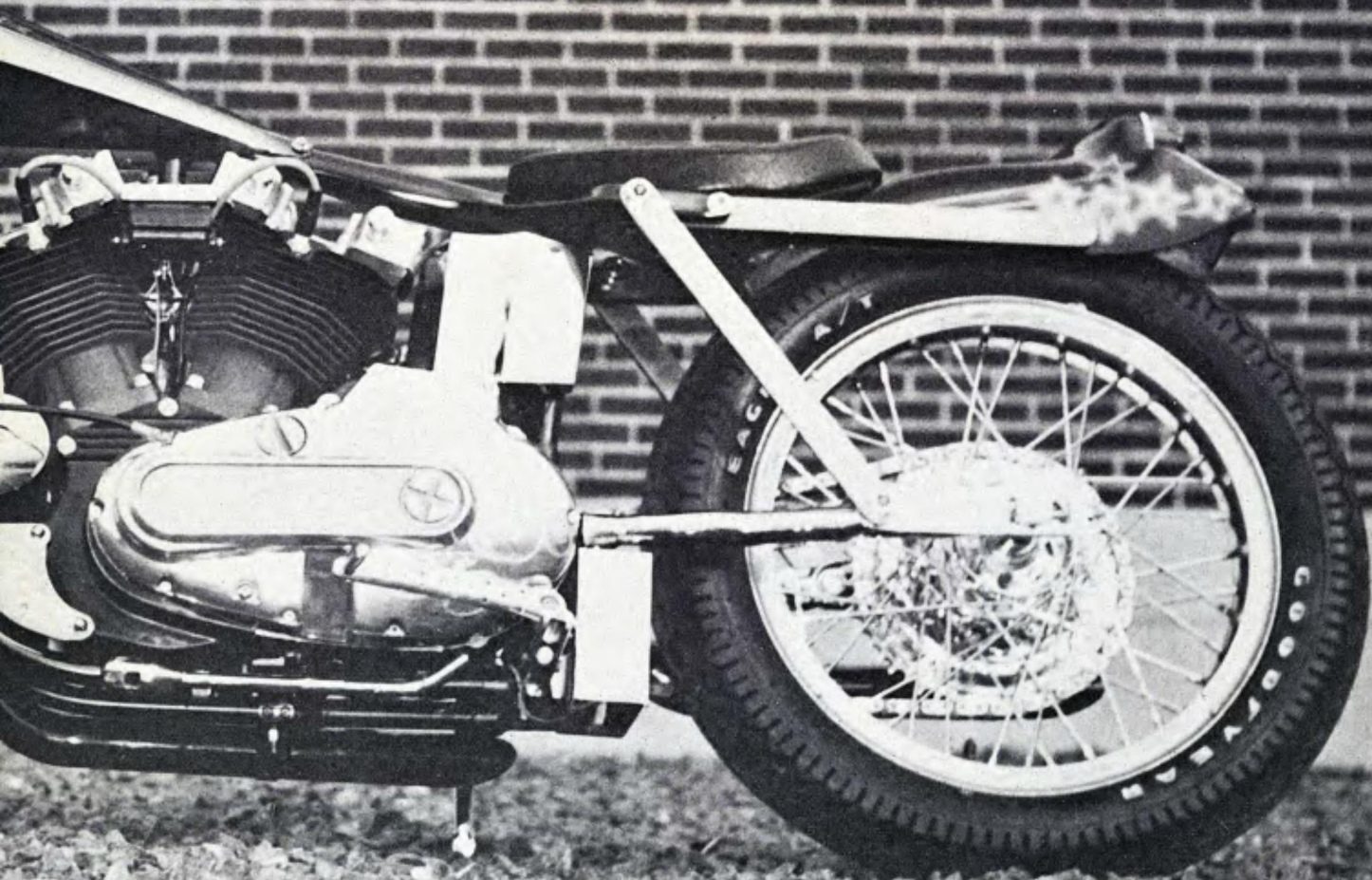
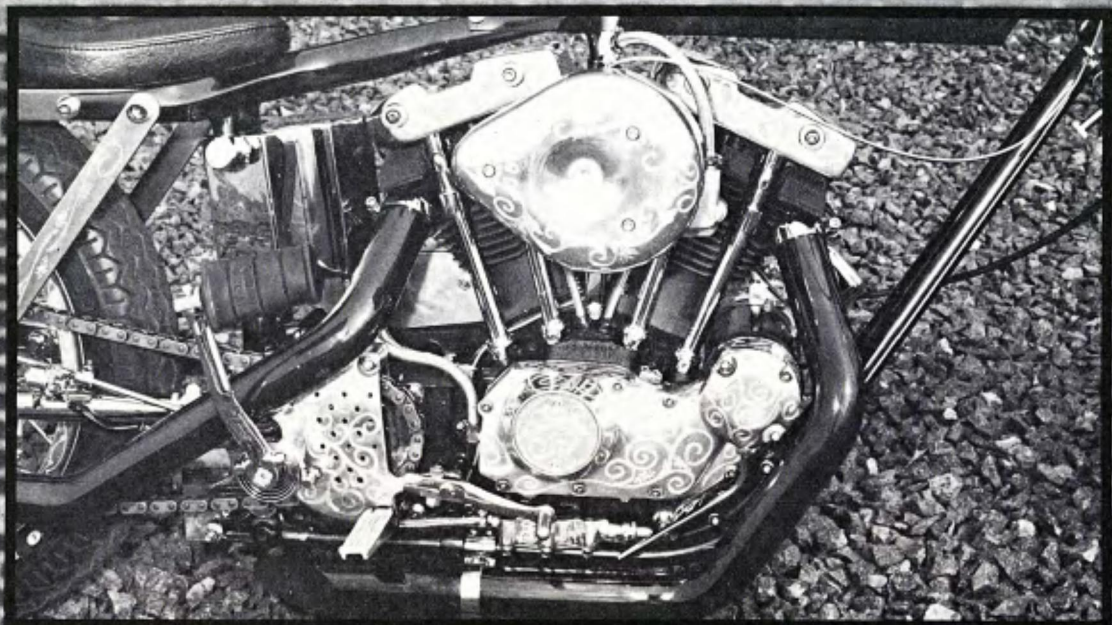
component with metal stamps somewhere that won't be easily detected. It's not as elaborate or expensive as engraving, but it can help to identify a wayward putt.

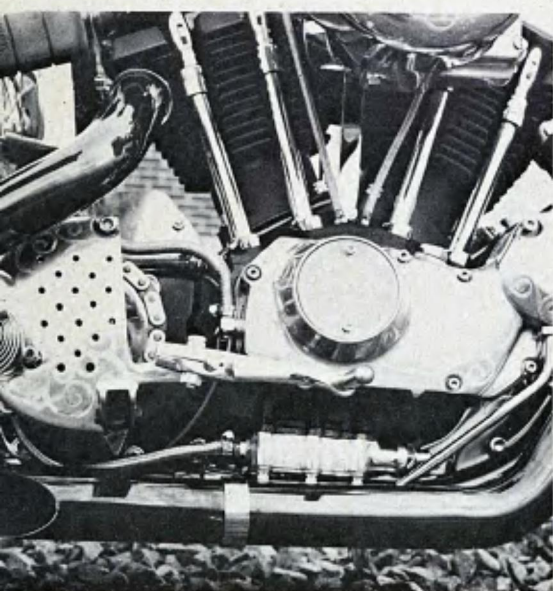
Now, we can make a big fuckin' joke about Joe Legros engraving his crank pin so he can find it after his fancy scooter has been wrenched into a basket case. But what the fuck is funny about losin' a scoot that took every hard-earned penny, gave the ol' lady an ulcer, and busted a knuckle or two? Keep an eye, better yet two, on that bastard. Lock it when ya can't see it, and lock it to something. If ya pick up a big-titted cutie and she don't have a garage, shove it in her living room, lock it to the staircase, or to hell with her — other chicks have big tits, but ya don't have another bike or two. Either do that or take her to your place, where the scoot will be safe — and then convince your ol' lady that it's time to have a threesome.

—Renegade









Owners: Joe Legros

City: Andover, Mass.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1977

Year and make: 1974 H-D

Builder: Haulin' Chassis

Model: XLCH

Type: chrome moly tubing

Value: \$4,500

Rake: 40 degrees

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: 6-inch

Time: two years

Other alterations: steering damper

Chroming by: Forest, Prec. Cycle

Accessories

Engine

Bars: Magura clip-ons

Year: 1974

Risers:

Model: Sportster

Fender(s): rear—Arlen Ness

Rebuilder: owner

Headlight: Ness 4-inch

Ignition: battery/coil

Taillight: Drag Spec.

Displacement: 76 cu. in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: S & S stroker wheels

Front pegs: Anderson

Balancing: S & S

Rear pegs:

Pistons: S & S, Wisconsin

Electrics: batt. box—owner

Cases: black wrinkle

Gas tank: Arlen Ness

Heads: hexed, ported, and pol.

Oil tank: Arlen Ness

Cam: H grind

Oil system: s/s braided

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: engraved, Cycle Fab.

Carb(s): S & S Super

Seat: Arlen Ness

Air cleaner: S & S

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: Drag Spec., bl. chrome

Height:

Muffler(s):

Material:

Transmission:

Forks:

Modifications: magnafluxed grs.

Type: 750 Honda

Year: 1974

Extension: 6 inch

Shifting: lever by owner

Builder: owner

Engine sprocket: 23

Special features: custom trees

Trans sprocket: stock

Wheels:

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Size: 19 in.

Size: 18 in.

Painting

Hub: Honda

Hub: H-D

Molding: Cycle Fab., Brockton

Rim width: WM2

Rim width: WM3

Painter: Dave Perewitz, Brockton

Tire: Goodyear

Tire: Goodyear

Color: blue candy & pearl

Brake: dual disc.

Brake: drum

Type: acrylic lacquer

Special paint: striping & gold leaf by John Hartnett, Norwood

Other special modifications: drilled brake discs, ventilated backing plate, Akront alloy rims, anodizing and black chrome by South Shore Plating, engraving and shaved heads/barrels by Cycle Fabrications, aluminum rear struts, special motor mounts, machining by Jim Beatty, ventilated sprocket cover, braided stainless brake hose, hand-striped license plate, shortened clutch and brake levers, 22-point cylinder head bolts, nickel-plated chain, counter sunk rocker box cap screws.



Photos by Jake

Born to
Ride



Iron This On Your Rugrat

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work.

Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; the magazine itself; sheet of white tissue paper; a new or used 50% polyester-50% cotton T-shirt.

Transferring the pattern:

1. Use a dry iron at the "linen" temperature setting.
2. Slip the T-shirt over the ironing board, then center the magazine under the upper front (or back) of the shirt.
3. Trim around the transfer, removing all the printing. (It's okay to leave some of the blank paper around the design.) Place the transfer inside down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of the magazine for alignment. Place the sheet of white tissue paper over the transfer.
4. Pin papers to shirt at one top corner and at the opposite bottom corner, making sure to smooth all 3 layers. Pin through all thicknesses.
5. Move the iron back and forth over the transfer for only 30 seconds. Be sure that you apply very firm and even pressure to all parts of the design, especially the edges. (If you don't have a clock with a second hand, you can time 30 seconds by counting briskly from 101 to 127.)
6. Lift the bottom edge of the transfer page and peel it off, pulling straight up. And you've got it — your **Easyriders** #71 Commemorative T-shirt — a winner in any crowd.

DOWNTIME

By Scab

The Blues Brothers/ Briefcase Full of Blues:

John Belushi is Jake, Dan Aykroyd is Elwood. "They" are the Blues Brothers and they also happen to have the blues album of the year—with the exception of Johnny Winter's "Red, Hot, and Blue."

Backed by the finest array of session musicians blues can beckon, Jake and Elwood have broken away from Calumet City, Illinois. "Mean and righteous as a fist." Sky's the limit. It's the music we heard long ago, but somehow had lost on the shelf.

Now ya can get it, 'cept it sounds a whole lot cleaner than those 45s ya lost in the garage fifteen years ago. Tracks included on this live disc are "Hey Bartender," "Messin' With the Kid," "Almost," "Rubber Biscuit," "Shot Gun Blues," "Flip, Flop, Fly," "Soul Man," a great version of "I Don't Know," "B Movie Box Car Blues," and a blues/reggae version of "Groove Me." This album is such a rush that it'd put air back in a flat tire. It's blues without the bummer. ■



Up in Smoke/Cheech and Chong: Here it is—the first detailed account in the history of talkies to show the agony and frustrations of two bros on a lid hunt. Everybody's dry. Not a roach in sight.

No doubt about it, this movie goes right to the

heart of being lidless in today's society—a terrible situation we've all faced at one time or another. This flick is a smash hit, cleaning up at the box office, and is undoubtedly the biggest stride in media recognition of pot since "Reefer Madness" over 40 years ago. Today, people laugh at both.

I spent a day laughin' my guts out and gaggin' on the carbonation of my soft drink when it went down the wrong pipe.

Pedro and Man, played by Cheech and Chong, the two bros who are down to stems and seeds, have made a flick that involves routines from some of their past albums as well as new, inspired material.

It's non-stop fun, with more sight gags than you can keep track of—from exhaust-pipe-size joints to a panhead and sidecar that take a header into a phone booth. Ouch! Last run to the grass for that scoot. Ever see a panel truck made out of weed? Well, there's one here—and a hilarious scene inside it during which the crowd outside thinks a big-titted chick is gettin' it in a big way. There's only one way to appreciate this flick—go see it yourself. ■

Candy Strippers: For you clit and ass freaks we've got a hot one for ya to check out at your local sex cinema. Ah yes, finally the true (?) story of what happens when ya get a dose of road rash and become property of the hospital. While recovering, ya might get the sort of treatment a sultan expects from his harem—that is, if ya get the Candy Strippers.

A tale of Good Samaritans trying to do their own part to help the wounded, this flick features some of the tastiest twats to hit the blue screen in ages. The photography is so tight you can just about savor the flavor of that lusty leg juice. Each broad is trying oh-so-hard to please the downed bros. Sometimes they even extend their generosity to each other in lip-licking episodes that may put a twitch in your ol' lady to git ya down where it counts. Along with a semblance of a plot, rare in porn, ya get hit with a tune that may have ya spittin' yer popcorn on the poor mutha-fucker in front of ya. Ya see, while this dude is fist-fucking one of the Candy Striper do-gooders up to his forearm, "It Hurts" is being sung by some cleft-voiced sonuvabitch.

This would be a good one to have at the clubhouse if ya could find a projector—no dogs in sight. ■



Body-Snatchin' Space Filler



"Why ask for her hand when you've already had the rest?"

The attractive secretary was inclined to talk just a little too much about the feelings of appreciation she insisted she inspired in men. "Just think," she bubbled to the office in general one morning, "a wealthy Texan took me out last evening! He told me several times how much he valued my company, and then when he said good night—he told me it was a token of his esteem—he slipped two hundred-dollar bills in my purse!"

"Well, well," came a female voice from the other side of the file cabinets, "that's the first time I've ever heard of a hundred-and-ninety-eight-dollar tip."

—Jim Hubbs
Smackover, Ark.



"How long have you been out of weed, brother?"

"And just what was the extent of the defendant's advances?" asked the attorney during a rape trial.

"Well, from what I could see," replied the shapely plaintiff, "I'd say seven inches, tops."

—Toni Long
Wheeling, W. Va.



"Right — now was that a 'get fucked' yes or a 'get fucked' no?"

The captain of the college basketball team had just married a petite blonde, and the school's coach could not understand why the giant player had wed such a tiny girl. "She's hardly bigger than your hand," the coach said.

"I know," replied the court hero, "but she's a hell of a lot better."

—Jim Globke
Ames, Iowa



"Hugging, kissing, fondling, tweaking, pinching, biting, blowing, licking, kneading, rubbing, spanking, stroking—is that all you know about foreplay?"

Adjusting himself after a back-seat quickie, the fellow turned to his date and said apologetically, "Gee, Marie, if I had known you were still a virgin, I'd have taken more time."

"Gee, George," she rejoined, "if I had known you had more time, I'd have taken off my pantyhose."

—Chris Black
Littleton, Colo.

The old gentleman was aging rapidly. "Your hearing is getting worse," announced his physician during a periodic checkup, "and you must cut out all smoking, drinking and sex."

"What!" cried the old fellow. "Just so I can hear better?"

—Jerry Evans
Des Moines, Iowa



"I don't have a battery, but I do have a suggestion."

The bride-to-be was advised by the marriage counselor never to disrobe completely in front of her husband before retiring.

One night, six weeks after the wedding, the husband said to his bride, "Is there any insanity in your family?"

"No," she said. "Why?"

"Because," he said, "I was wondering why you haven't taken off your hat since we've been married."

—Karl Henry
Columbus, Ga.

Easyriders



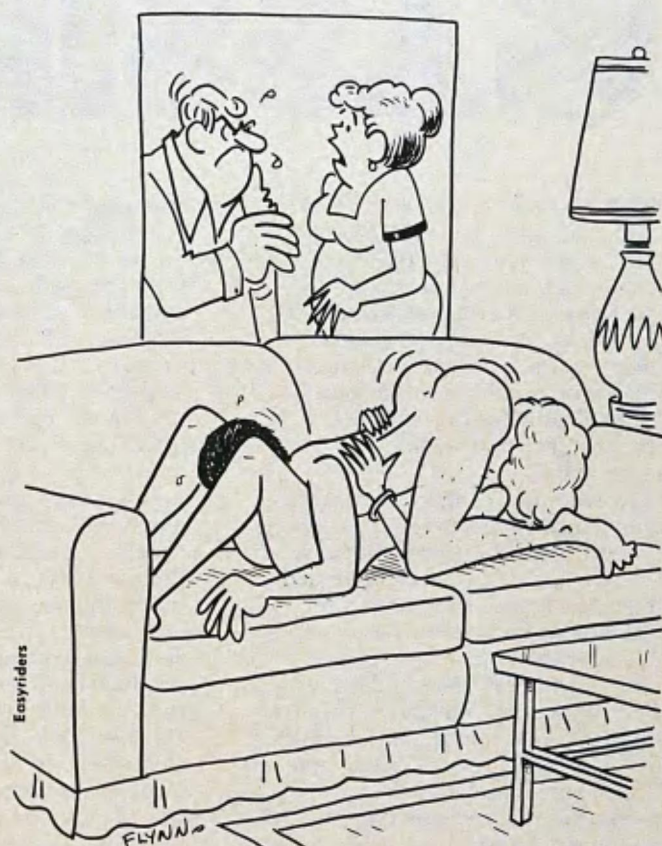
"You the muthafucker
who advertised for an
experienced chauffeur?"

David of the Bible is beginning to emerge in a new light. Researchers have pointed out that he was a young man who used leather to get his rocks off.

—Ralph Hart
Chicago, Ill.

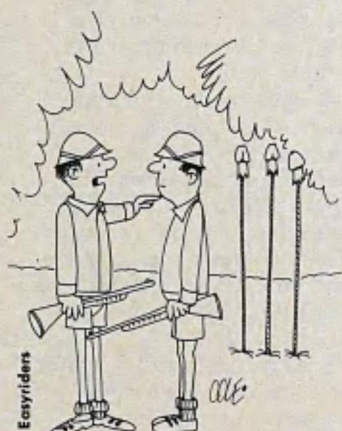
Then there was the dude who couldn't find his way to the orgy—you might say he lost his ball bearings.

—Derick Dimry
Billings, Mont.



"Maybe we should wait till they're finished, Alfred."

Easyriders



"Now you know why
they're the most feared head-
hunter tribe in the Congo."

Easyriders

There is a new club called AAA-AA for people who are being driven to drink.

—Alan Meyer
Schenectady, N.Y.

With a bushel of apples, you can have a hell of a time with the doctor's wife.

—Benny Simms
Tulare, Calif.

A beachcomber of 25 had been shipwrecked on a desert island since the age of 6. One day, while in search of food, he stumbled across a beautiful female lying on the beach nearly naked; she'd been washed ashore from another shipwreck just that morning. After they got over their initial surprise at seeing each other, the girl wanted to know how long he had been alone on the barren bit of land.

"Almost twenty years," he said.

"Twenty years!" she exclaimed.

"But how ever did you survive?"

"Oh, I fish, dig for clams, and gather berries and coconuts," he replied.

"And what do you do for sex?" she asked.

"What's that?" He looked puzzled.

Whereupon the bold maiden pulled the innocent beachcomber down onto the sand beside her and proceeded to demonstrate. After they finished, she asked how he had enjoyed it.

"Great!" was the reply. "But look what it did to my clam digger!"

—Tom Just
Driggs, Idaho

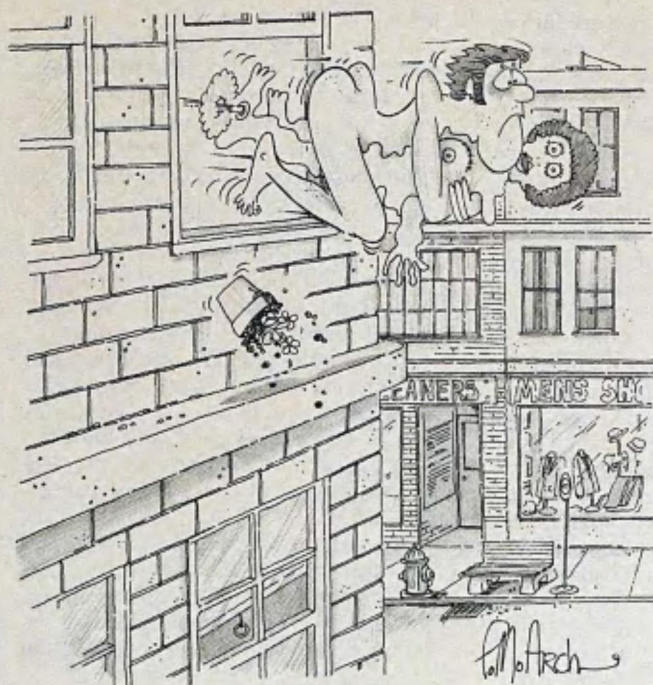
A researcher was questioning a pretty redhead about her sex habits. "Do you ever have intercourse in the daytime?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "about three times a week."

"And do you and your husband talk to each other at those times?"

"Well, no," she admitted, "but we could if I wanted to—I know the phone number where he works."

—Earl Sherman
Chattanooga, Tenn.



"Well-bred young gentlemen
never, never tell their
fathers to take a flying
fuck at a rolling donut!"

Easyriders

GASSIN' UP

by Dr. Twatburger

There's an old joke that goes something like this: A broad was traveling on the bus, carryin' a basketful of young chickens. She dropped the basket, the chicks escaped, and in bendin' over to retrieve one of 'em she cut loose with a great, explosive fart. "That's right, lady," said the bus driver. "If ya can't catch 'em, shoot 'em."

Another gag concerns the rugrat who poured a box of BB shot into the beans the night the preacher came to supper. Later, the preacher bent over to pet the cat an' shot the canary.

Jokes about farts an' fartin' are innumerable, but farts ain't no laughin' matter. It's a medical fact that suppressin' 'em can cause severe intestinal disorders like diverticulosis, or even death. Antonio Benivieni, the doctor who developed the autopsy method for determinin' the cause of death, once wrote on a death certificate, "Death followed from wind alone." A nice way to put it.

Since most farts are explosive as TNT, doctors almost always give a patient an enema before operatin'. Electrosurgery and even the static electricity involved in some operations of the asshole can blow a patient all over the operatin' room. When the gas inside a patient's gut goes off, it blows innards out both ends and the middle.

An example of the corrosive effect of farts is the now-defunct Hyperion Sewer Project, in Redondo Beach, California. A few years back, engineers harnessed the gas from sewage by buildin' dome-like structures over the collectin' tanks. As the shit in 'em gave off gas, it was collected in tanks, pressurized, an' then used to run turbines generatin' the electric power for the city. The gas was so corrosive that it actually caused the concrete buildin's to begin disintegratin', an' the project had to be abandoned.

Farts, which are made up mostly of carbon dioxide, also contain oxygen, nitrogen, methane, and hydrogen. Combinin' these ingredients is like mixin' up a batch of nitro. Rip off a window-rattler while standin' in front of the heater an' you're liable to blow yourself to kingdom come.

Methane is a colorless, odorless

chemical that's a chief component of swamp gas. It burns with a blue flame. Some dudes enjoy entertainin' their pals by bendin' over an' fartin' while holdin' a match near the seat of their pants. It makes 'em look like a jet plane ready for takeoff. Every once in a while some jerk will do it with his bare ass shinin' in the moonlight, an' he'll burn all the hair off his butt an' balls.

Not everyone can produce explosive farts. In fact, not everyone can produce farts, but those who can't are damned few. Farts are produced by diet alone, 'cause it takes food, combined with bacteria in the stomach, to produce gas. Most people produce from four hundred to two thousand milligrams of gas each day. Bean-eaters produce up to four times that much, an' once food reaches the large intestine, fermentation begins an' the gas is on the way. Champagne bubbles are produced the same way — by fermentation.

In a critter's stomach, once the gas buildup becomes unbearable, the sphincter muscle around the asshole relaxes, and out pops a fart. Sometimes, of course, out *rumbles* a fart. Some of 'em are little tweeteters, an' some of 'em are rip-roarin', window-rattlin' thunderclaps.

A couple of bikers we know like to eat beans, peanut butter, and onions, an' then go to the movies an' fart all night. You can always tell where they're sittin', 'cause there's empty seats around them in all directions, an' a blue haze that all but obscures the screen.

If you want to check on whether or not your farts are explosive without tryin' the match trick, look in the crapper next time you take a shit. Floatin' turds are an indication of methane gas, so don't throw lit matches in the water while takin' a shit or you'll blow yourself through the ceilin'. Or you might miss an' either set your bush on fire or burn your dork.

Hydrogen gas, one of the most explosive and flammable gases around, is produced by all humans. It burns with a colorless flame. Mix it with enough methane an' oxygen an' you can blow a safe with it.

As I've already mentioned, beans are great gas producers. This is

because they contain protein, an' protein is the element that helps to give farts their lovely, full-bodied aroma. The protein is called *oligosaccharide*, which, when broken down by fermentation, becomes a form of sugar. If you've ever seen a whiskey still blow up you'll know what fermentation an' sugar can do.

Since man can't survive without protein, there ain't much he can do to avoid fartin', an' there ain't much he can do about the smell, either. The more fat you eat, the worse the fart smells, 'cause fat won't digest, an' by the time it lies around in your gut for a while fermentin', it comes blatin' out smellin' like a dead cat that's been fried in rancid butter.

If you're really into fartin', an' want to produce some award winners, you can supplement your diet of beans with other gas-producin' foods, though beans are rated fifth on the list of gas producers. Onions are first, followed by cooked cabbage, raw apples, an' radishes. Now ya know why an apple a day keeps the doctor away — the fucker can't stand the smell of your farts.

Raisins an' apple juice double the normal gas output. Bananas increase it by fifty percent, an' grape juice by twenty percent. If you want to avoid fartin', then avoid these foods. But who wants to?

A Minnesota doctor treated a patient who must hold the record for producin' farts, although there's a few bikers around who could probably give him a run for his money. This poor dude farted approximately forty-two times a day for a year. Once, while bein' measured for gas output, he produced one thousand, three hundred an' eighty milligrams of gas in one hour. At the end of the year, the doctor discovered that milk was causin' him to fart. The doc told him to lay off milk, an' his fartin' days were over. It's tough to be a has-been — he coulda run a hose up his ass, hooked into the carb on his Hog, an' traveled all over the continent without a stop for fuel.

Animals produce farts, too. Cows produce about two hundred and forty milligrams of gas a day, an' horses do just about as well. An old sayin' is, "A fartin' hoss is a good trottin' horse." It

only rhymes if you're from Stickville, but horse traders put a lot of faith in the critters' farts when swappin' 'em back an' forth.

It's been said that if the methane gas from farm animals alone could be collected an' stored, there'd be enough to heat all the homes in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, an' Detroit. Throw in Miraculous Mutha an' you can add St. Louis, Kansas City, Washington, D.C., an' Columbus. The last time the ol' gal farted she blew off both her boots, gave Spider a concussion, forced Theresa to take a week off for some R&R, an' left the front door of the office hangin' from its hinges. She sprayed so much foam around that the whole inside of the buildin' looked like it'd been Zolatoned.

In parts of China an' Korea, fartin' after a meal is a compliment to the host. Koreans eat a steady diet of kim chee — fermented cabbage an' pepper — an' that should give ya a clue as to what the room smells like after a home-cooked meal in Incheon.

In Polynesia, fartin' is all right when done among family members, but to fart in front of strangers or visitin' dignitaries is an unforgivable sin. A dude named Pu Sao farted inside a small hut filled with visitin' politicians, an' was so ashamed of his unintentional blast that he went outside an' shoved a palm tree spike up his ass as atonement.

The people of the Siriono tribe, in Peru, consider fartin' at the moment of climax durin' sexual intercourse to be a sign of extreme sexual prowess — so they eat a lot of gassy foods, then fuck in strange an' uncomfortable positions to stimulate the fartin'.

The Chagga tribe of Africa considers fartin' a no-no. If a dude farts, his ol' lady assumes

responsibility for it an' the farther can beat the shit outta her or make her pay a fine of three barrels of beer. The beer, *pombe*, is made of cow blood, urine, an' spit, so the broads get beat a lot.

If you want to get technical, fartin' is properly called flatulation. Whenever it's encountered, doctors use that word, but it's long enough to give a physician writer's cramp when fillin' out forms. And besides, it just doesn't have the pretty sound of the word *fart*. Because of that, a Canadian doctor has begun usin' *fart* in his lectures in medical school, an' it's been accepted by the students.

To guard against the offensive odors of farts, whores in Europe durin' the Middle Ages often took small animal bladders filled with aromatic perfumes an' powders to bed with 'em. When either they or the customer farted while fuckin', the hooker popped the bladder to cover the stink.

In other places around the world, people try to give their farts a pleasin' aroma by eatin' such things as cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, lemon, pepper, ginger, cardamom, oil of lavender, aniseed, coriander, dill, and gentian.

In the midwest, farmers' ol' ladies used to put a teaspoon of soda in the pot when they were cookin' beans. It took the farts out of 'em, but it made the beans mushy an' shitty-tastin'. Some people think that peppermint cuts down on gas production. That's why restaurants always have a bowl of mints next to the cash register. It doesn't work, but it sure makes a lotta bread for the candy salesmen.

When a person's been sick or had an operation, doctors watch for signs of fartin'. Very often, it's an indication of recovery, since abdominal surgery nearly always leads to a temporary

paralysis of the intestinal tract. The first good fart is a clue to the doctor that his patient's equipment is startin' to work again an' he can be taken off a liquid diet.

Patients who've had abdominal surgery, an' soldiers who've been shot in the gut, often have to lie in bed on their chest an' knees with their bare ass stickin' up in the air. To keep 'em from buildin' up excessive gas, which might bust their repaired guts, a little rubber valve is inserted in their asshole. It keeps the cold air out but lets the gas escape. In army hospitals, the nurses call the stomach-wound ward the music room. All day an' night the only thing you can hear is the whistlin' of the rubber valve.

For fart enthusiasts, here's another list of fart-producin' foods (but if you're gonna have a contest in a closed room, make sure at least one window is open an' the pilot light is turned off on the stove): Cucumbers, milk, "rich foods" (oysters, lobster, etc.), melons, cauliflower, chocolate, coffee, lettuce, peanuts, eggs, oranges, tomatoes, strawberries, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, peas, an' kohlrabi. If you want to add a little spice to your farts, so you can feel 'em as well as hear 'em, add kim chee an' jalapeno peppers to the list — but wear an old pair of Levi's an' no shorts, 'cause you're either gonna blow the ass right out of 'em or set 'em on fire. If the farts are juicy, you'll feel 'em runnin' down into your stinky boots, makin' 'em even nastier.

So far, there ain't no way to rip off colored farts, but deaf folks can enjoy 'em by the smell. The only trouble with that is that some farts are downright deadly, an' by the time everyone else has beat feet outta the room, the poor deaf guy's eyes are waterin' so bad he can't find the door.



rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Foul Ball

Helping others is noble, but it may involve you in unexpected personal liability. Recently in Idaho, public-spirited persons joined together to sponsor and promote a Little League baseball team. They formed an unincorporated association known as Golden Spike Little League. They procured \$3,900 worth of uniforms and equipment from a local sporting goods dealer. They obtained authority from Little League Baseball, Inc., the national organization, to use the name, but no authority was given them to incur the expenses of purchasing uniforms and equipment. When it came time to pay, and the dealer was not paid, he sued the members of Golden Spike Little League for the purchase price. He was successful and received judgment against the members personally.

The whole point here is that you may become part of an unincorporated association in an effort to help people, and suddenly find yourself personally liable for the expenses the association has incurred. The principle of law involved is that where a person enters into a contract with another, under a representation that he is acting for a principal, when there is in fact no such principal, he renders himself personally liable upon the contract. (577 Pac. 2nd 132.)

Tender Trees

Do you have a favorite tree on your property, well-known to friends and relatives? If someone cuts it down without your permission, and you suffer mental anguish, can you recover damages? These plaintiffs did when the state of Louisiana cut down their landmark pecan tree called by their relatives and friends, because of its shape, the Statue of Liberty Tree. The husband recovered \$250

and the wife \$500 for mental anguish. Awards of this nature are not uncommon in Louisiana. In one case an award of \$1000 each to a husband and wife was made for the wrongful destruction of their healthy oak tree. In another case a total award of \$3,500 was made to husband and wife. Apparently the poet's appraisal that "only God can make a tree" is believed by the courts, and trees are valued accordingly. (367 So. Rep. and 1239, May, 1978.)

Cheating The Kids

Beware of the phony shooting gallery whose guns cannot shoot straight. Your children may be promised valuable prizes for hitting the bull's eye, but the rifles can be fixed so no one could ever score. Recently in Toronto a proprietor was fined \$1000 for cheating at play when the air rifles in his gallery were found defective and the children who paid 50 cents to possibly win a coveted toy were defrauded.

Burying Parents

If you are a minor and one of your parents dies, and there is not enough money in the estate to pay the funeral expenses, can you be compelled to pay the funeral expenses? Generally the answer is no, but there may be extenuating circumstances that will be considered by the court in requiring payment by the minor. At common law a minor was not responsible for the support of a parent. Because of this common law rule, recovery of funeral expenses has not been allowed in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts even where the guardian of the minor wishes to pay the funeral expenses of the deceased indigent parent. This is also the rule in New York. However, an Illinois court, in a recent decision,

says that if the question arises, the court may consider such factors as whether the decedent's estate is insufficient to pay the funeral costs, whether other adult members of the decedent's immediate family can bear the expenses, whether the minor's estate is derived wholly from a life insurance policy of the decedent, whether the guardian of the minor desires to pay the expenses, and whether the funeral expenses are reasonable. If you are a minor, and are confronted with this unfortunate problem, you should see to it that your legal guardian and you are fully advised by counsel as to what your legal obligation is in your particular state. (353 N.E. 2nd 438.)

Employee vs. Employee

If you are working for someone and are assaulted and injured by another employee in California, is your recovery against your employer limited to your rights under the workmen's compensation laws? The Court of Appeals in California says that it is. Here the plaintiff was an employee of a circus and was sleeping on the circus ground when she was assaulted and injured by another employee. She claimed that the California Workmen's Compensation law was unconstitutional, but she did not succeed. The court said that the limitation of an employee's right to recover damages from his employer for pain and suffering is rationally related to a legitimate government interest, and hence it is not violative of equal protection that an employee assaulted by a fellow employee is limited to seeking workmen's compensation benefits against his employer, even though a person other than an employee may sue for all con-

sequential damages if assaulted, including compensation for pain and suffering. This is the law generally in the United States. (132 Cal. Rep. 758, 1976)

Grooming Codes

If you are refused a job because the length of your hair does not meet the standards of the employer's grooming code, do not rush to your lawyer and cry "discrimination" because there is no requirement as to the length of hair for female employees. You are definitely wasting your time. A number of high federal courts have recently considered this question, and have universally held that grooming codes do not discriminate on the basis of sex. The Supreme Court of New Hampshire has also held that employee grooming codes do not discriminate on the basis of sex. California is of the same opinion. (365 At. 2nd 1210.)

Protection In Jail

If you are raped in jail, do you have a cause of action against the sheriff? A prisoner in Virginia was raped twice by other inmates and recovered \$50,000 in damages in a suit against the sheriff. Under Virginia law the sheriff was under a duty to give inmates reasonable protection from attacks from other prisoners. The sheriff knew that proper jail administration requires at least one guard on each floor of a multi-story jail at all times—indeed, he had helped prepare model rules to this effect. He also knew that prisoners should be classified properly, yet he permitted the floor on which the plaintiff was housed to go unguarded, and he allowed sloppy classification procedures to go uncorrected. (U.S. Dist. Ct. E. Virginia, 11/24/76)

Consider Sir Thomas Crapper, a man lost in the shifting mists of history, whose name has been reduced to a vulgarism despite his service to mankind.

Royal plumber to two English kings, Crapper was the inventor of the flush toilet as we know it today.

As suggested by his biographer, British author Wallace Rebyburn, had Crapper's contribution been of a different nature his name might be honored daily through its usage as a synonym for his invention. Chesterfield, Davenport, and Wellington, all men of yesteryear, have been so honored; their names are daily household words.

Put it this way. The old subtlety "I'm going to powder my nose" is a pretty poor tribute to a man whose effort means so much to the comfort and convenience of humanity.

Properly, Crapper should rate up there with Darwin or Einstein.

Evidence unraveled through the tissue of time shows that Crapper began as a plumber in London in the 1840s.

Royal plumber by appointment to their majesties Kings Edward VII and George V was the title Crapper earned through the device his workers built, tested, and gave to the world—"Crapper's Valveless Water Waste Preventer."

Crapper's invention replaced an earlier device through which water ran constantly and which the British Board of Trade feared would dry up London's water supply.

The master of the flush installed his lovely, flowered toilets in Sandringham Palace, their seats fashioned of subtly warm and aromatic cedar.

The power of Crapper's device is substantiated by the records. Some 80 years ago, one of his experimental toilets engulfed 10 apples, three balls of paper, plumber's grease coating the bowl, and four pieces of paper

sticking to it — all in one pull.

Only partial due has ever been paid Sir Thomas.

American soldiers returning from England after World War I spread his fame, and the phrase "going to the Crapper" got popular usage in the roaring 20s. Eventually the phrase was included in the American Dictionary of Slang.

But today, Crapper's invention, a necessity in American homes for more than 100 years, is under pressure in water-scarce California.

Some state officials say they are convinced Crapper's commode is too wasteful. Flushing it takes an average of six gallons of water, an amount, experts say, that totals about 27 billion gallons a year.

Last January, a new state law went into effect requiring that all new toilets installed use no more than 3½ gallons per flush.

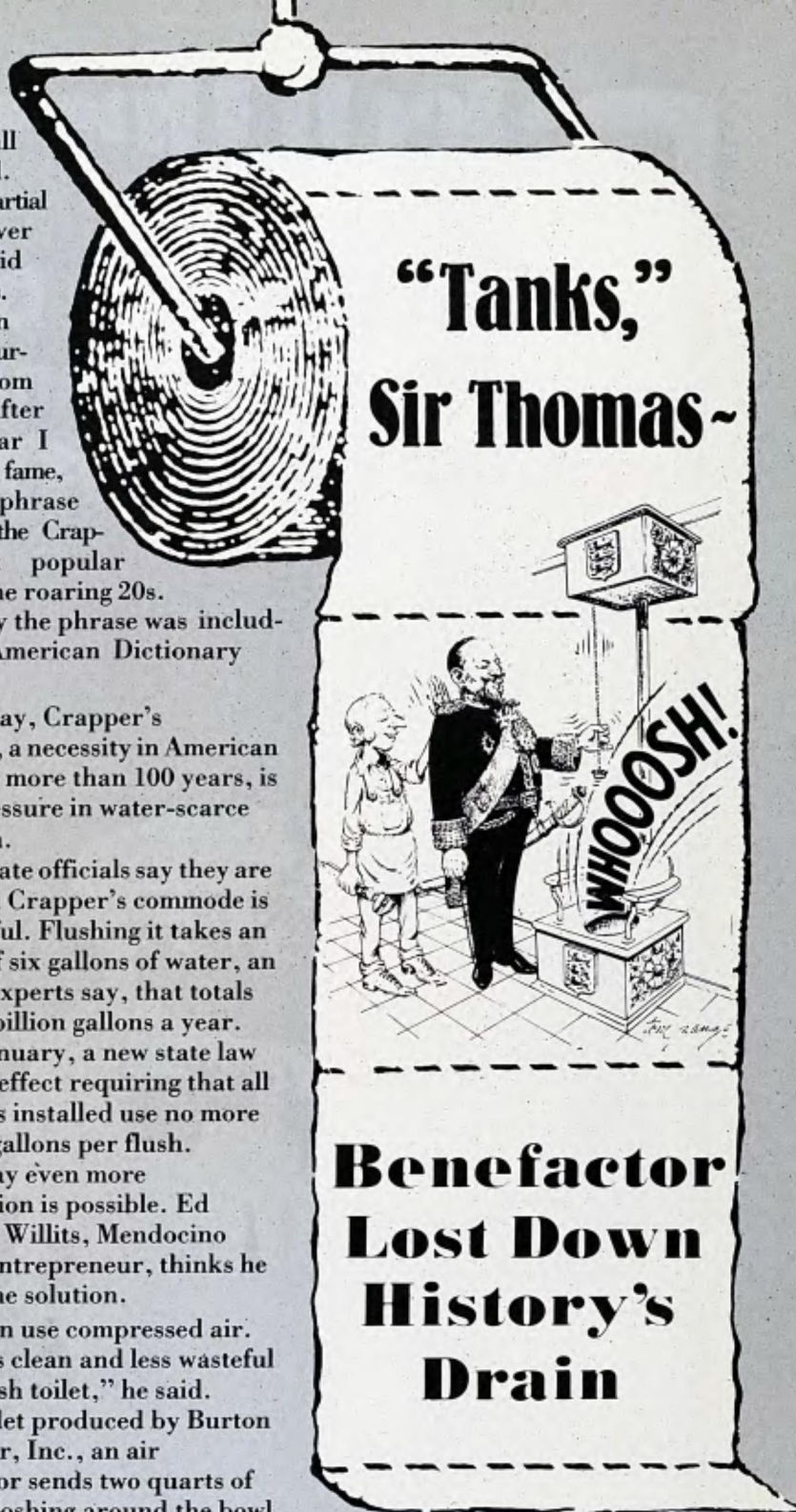
Some say even more conservation is possible. Ed Burton, a Willits, Mendocino County, entrepreneur, thinks he has just the solution.

"We can use compressed air. It's just as clean and less wasteful than a flush toilet," he said.

In a toilet produced by Burton Microphor, Inc., an air compressor sends two quarts of water swooshing around the bowl with enough pressure to do the job cleanly with one-tenth the water.

Burton claims his system, built for use on boats and trains, also cuts down on the cost of sewage treatment.

"We didn't know the drought was coming when we started developing our toilet six years ago. But it didn't hurt our sales," he said.

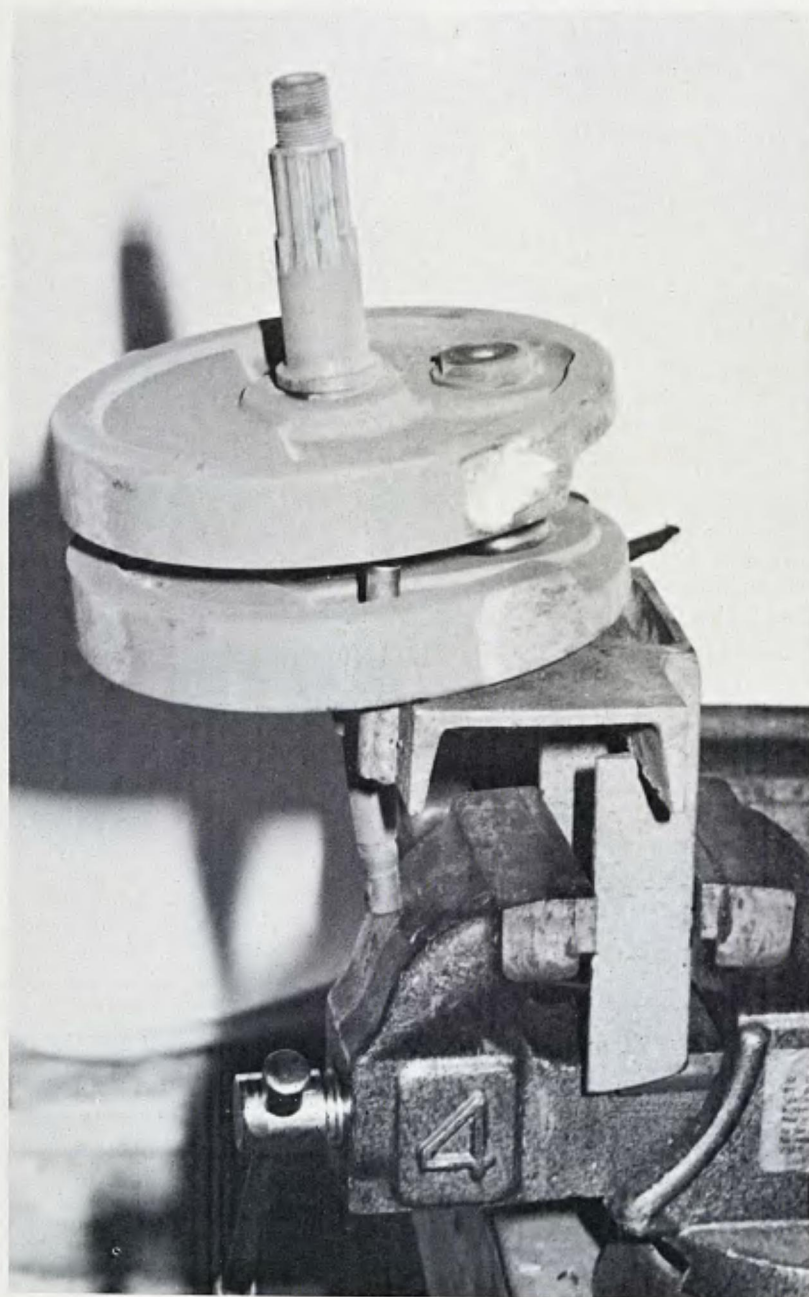


And Leonard Grimes, director of the State Department of General Services, appears to agree.

"The flush toilet may be here for some time," he said. "But even if we continue with this water-based approach, it won't be the kind of flushing we have known."

—from the California License Contractor

On Breaking Down, Truing Flywheels, and Replacing Cam Bushings and Bearings.



Andy Hanson, a bro who has honed, ground, ported, and trued through many mills, turned us on to this vise-saving device. Breaking down flywheels that have been torqued in excess of 220 pounds can really be a bitch. It's not exactly the job where you ask your bro to give you a hand — "Hey, pal, will ya hold this for me?" He could grunt and strain and grapple with it for a week and the wheels would be as tight as ever.

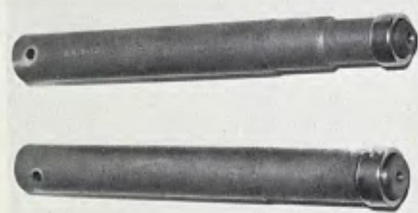
After lunching a couple of vises and coming mighty close to bending a rod or two, Andy dusted off his stick welder. With some plate, rod, and channel steel, he proceeded to build a lower-end tool to hold the flywheels in place while a long breaker bar with a socket loosened the nuts holding the crankpin and shafts.

The dual bracket is constructed of a one-foot section of six-inch channel. The chunk bit out of the channel extends approximately two inches in from the pins that hold the flywheels in place. The dished area allows the sprocket shaft to extend below the channel while the opposite end of the crankpin is being loosened. Once the pins are welded in place, they must measure as follows to accept various flywheels: Harley-Davidson 74 wheels, 3 15/16 inches center to center; early S&S wheels, 4 3/16 inches; late S&S wheels, 5 25/32 inches.

The bracket welded beneath the channel and clamped into the vise consists of two sections, approximately six inches long, of 1/4-inch plate welded together for strength.

Andy's one of those racy bros who has S&S flywheels lyin' around his garage gettin' rusty — while we sweat and scrounge just to make a down payment on one S&S rod bearing. The set pictured on the solo stand has seen 276 mph — not too shabby.

A great deal of the truing job can also be accomplished on these stands. While



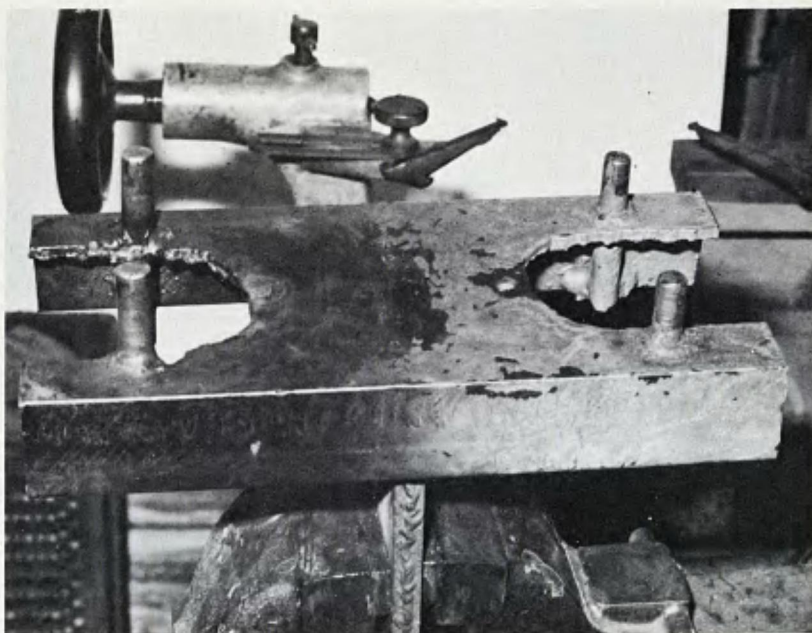
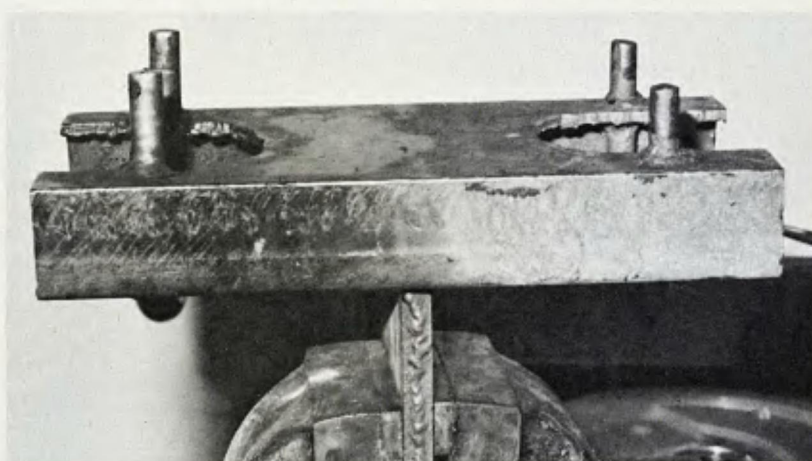
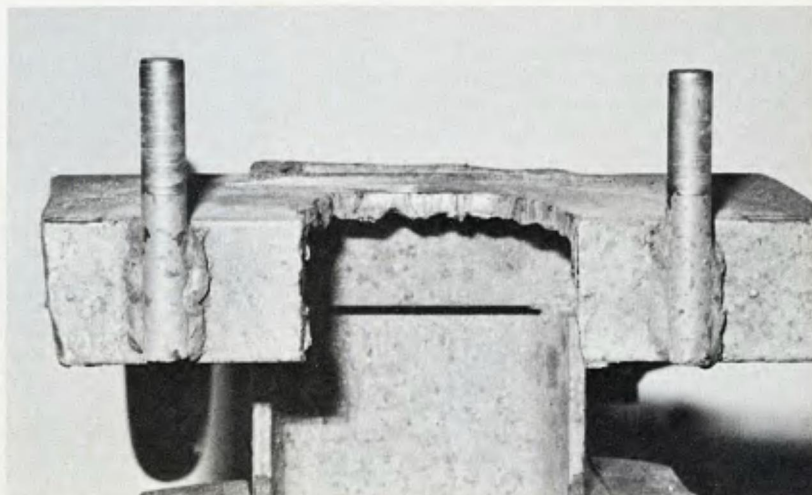
assembling the lower end, tighten and torque the keyed end of the crankpin first (200 lbs.; sprocket shafts for '72 bikes and later, 400 lbs.), then flop the wheels over and place the top wheels on the crankpin with the rods and bearings in place. Just snug the top nut down on the wheel. With the wheels placed on the tool with the crankpin nut to the inside of the bench, place a straightedge against the left side of the wheels as you face them. Hold it up against the bottom wheel and align the top one so that it's approximately 1/16 inch away from the straightedge. Once the wheels are tightened, the straightedge should line up with both wheels. If it doesn't line up, smack the wheels into line with a brass hammer. If you use this method, the wheels should be approximately 90% true before they are placed in a truing stand.

The two steel dildos you see (shown inserted into cam bearings) were designed by Andy to remove and replace cam bushings (1957 and earlier Sportsters and 74s) and bearings. The bushings and bearings are driven out from the crankcase side and replaced from the cam side. The dimensions for the 74 punch are .800 inches diameter for .633 inches, then .965 diameter for 2.140 inches. The shaft began as a section of 1-inch round, mild steel, and the second step was designed and sized in such a way as to let the punch slip through the cases after the bearing falls out, without marring the bearing surface in the case.

The Sportster cam bearing punch dimensions are .675 diameter for .575 inches, then .815 diameter for one inch. The additional step is not necessary.

If you're a wrench, we hope these tools help you. If you're just learning the trade, they'll make it easier. And if you're riding — ride safe.

—Weed



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 Steve Workman, FPO San Francisco



—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.



—from J. H. Jackowski, Madison, Wis.



—from Byron Bales, Gatlinburg, Tenn.



—from Steve and Becky, Lecudia, Calif.

—from Dan, Riverside, Calif.



—from Barbara Ann, Green Bay, Wis.

—from Gentleman Jim Saddlemire, Endicott, N.Y.



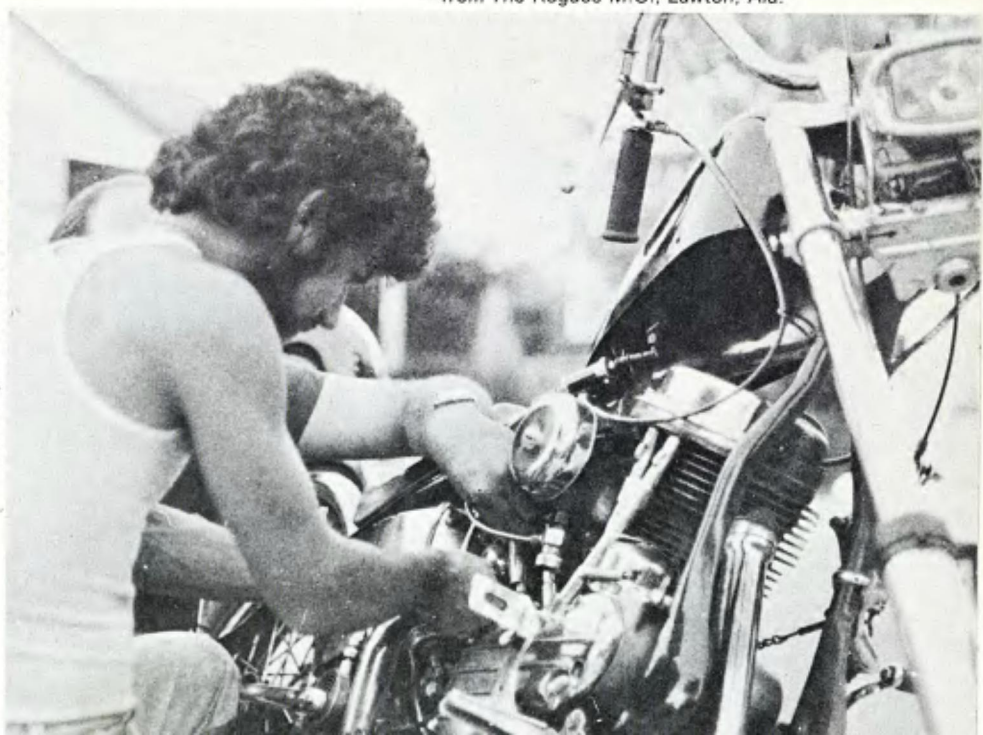


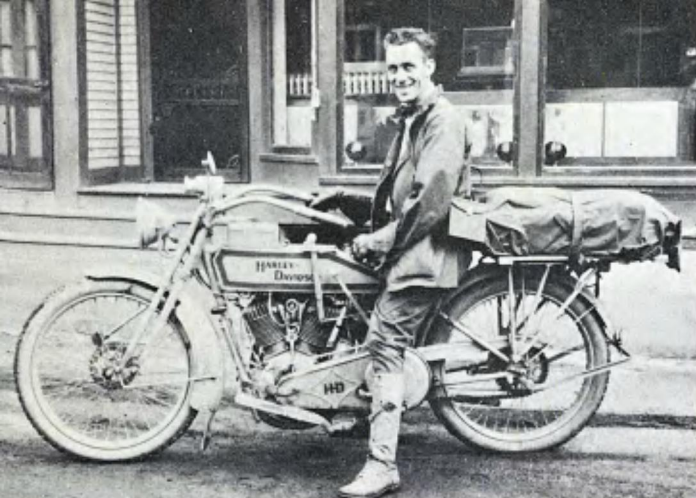
—from Rap, Collinsville, Ill.

—from The Rogues M.C., Lawton, Ala.



—from Dany Berechit, St. Laurent, Quebec, Canada





—from Ed Gross, Westfield, N.Y.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.



—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.

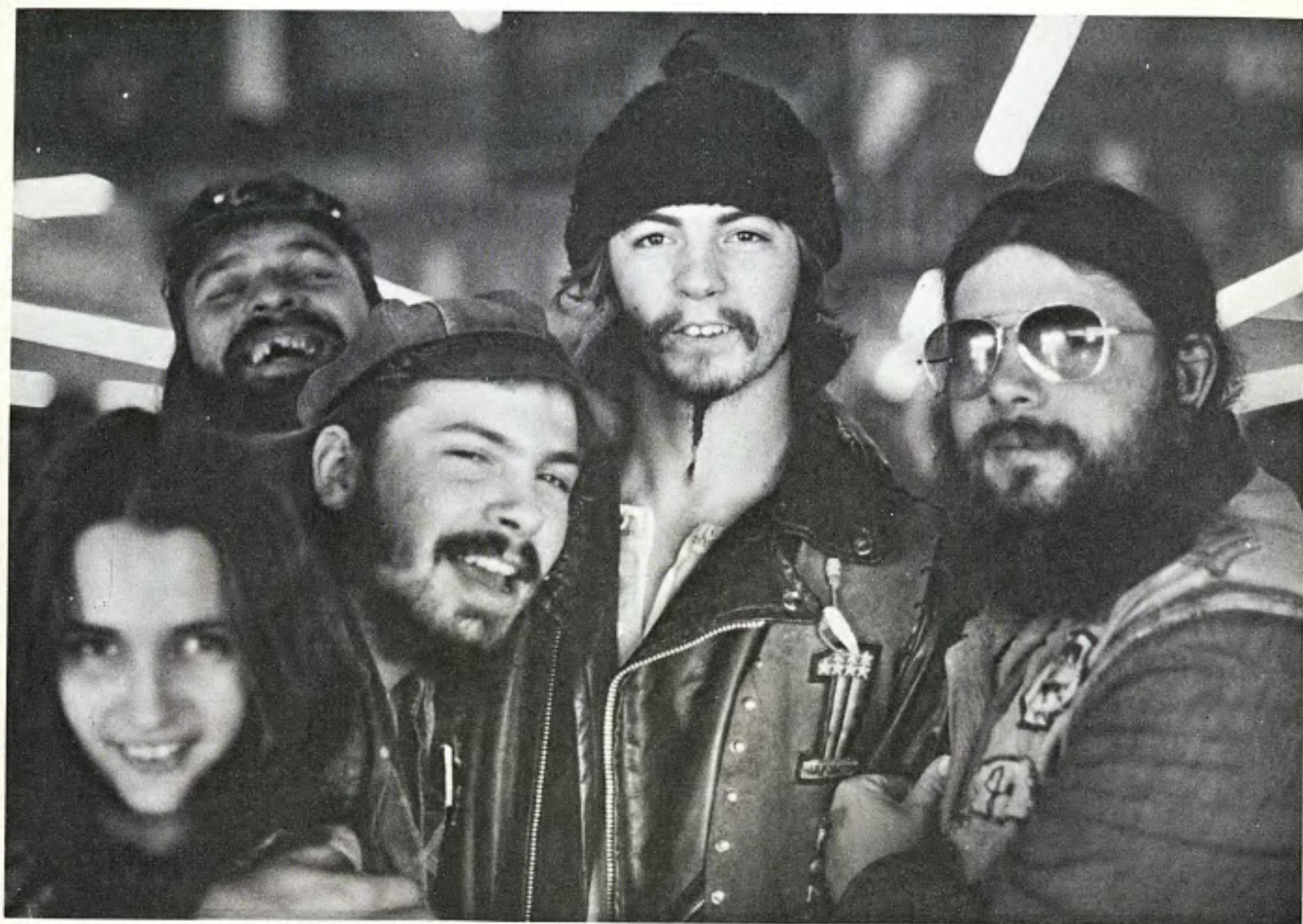


—from Melody Earl, Macoll, Ill.



—from Gentleman Jim Saddlemire, Endicott, N.Y.





—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.

—from Rap, Collinsville, Ill.

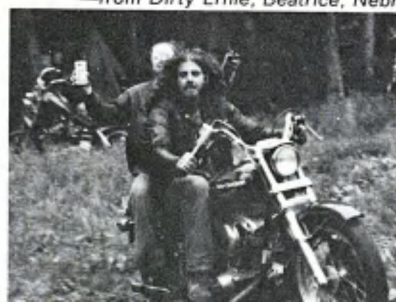
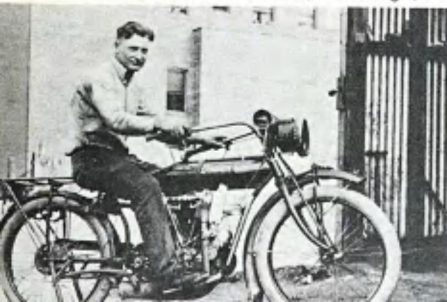


—from Judd Underwood, Pittsburgh, Pa.



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Nebr.

—from Wayne Bouffard, Cape Coral, Fla.





—from Gwyn Viers-Brier, Dallas, Tex.



—from Wino Joe, U.S.A.



—from Lynda, Santee, Calif.



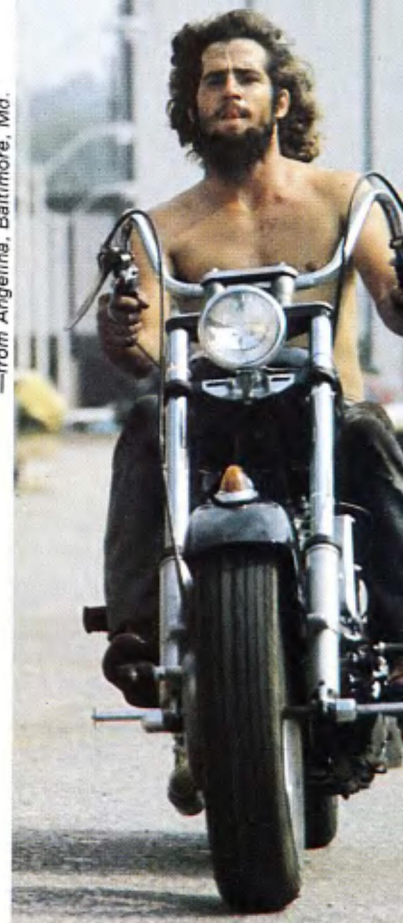
—from M. E. Cook, Kennebunk, Maine





—from John Grantski, Lompoc, Calif.

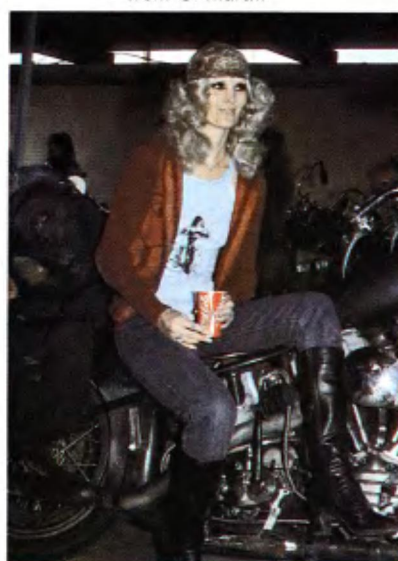
—from Angelina, Baltimore, Md.



—from Star, Rockford, Ill.



—from Will Hayes, Ashtabula, Ohio



—from David, Calabasas, Calif.



—from D. P. Janus, Villa Park, Ill.







Porque

Version Of A Low Rider



And we don't mean his ol' lady. Ya know, if you like these scoots you can sell yer folks' hundred and twenty-acre ranch. Or you can start a fast food chain, and once you have three thousand franchises in each state you ought to have enough cash to purchase a Harley-Davidson Low Rider.

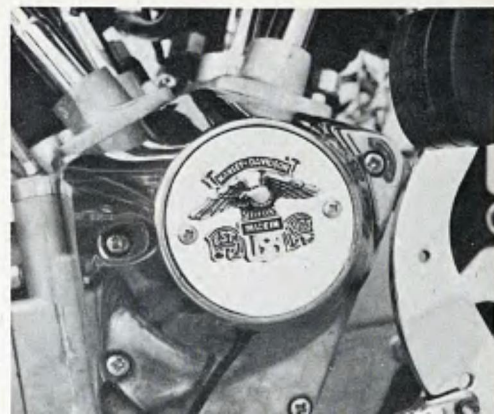
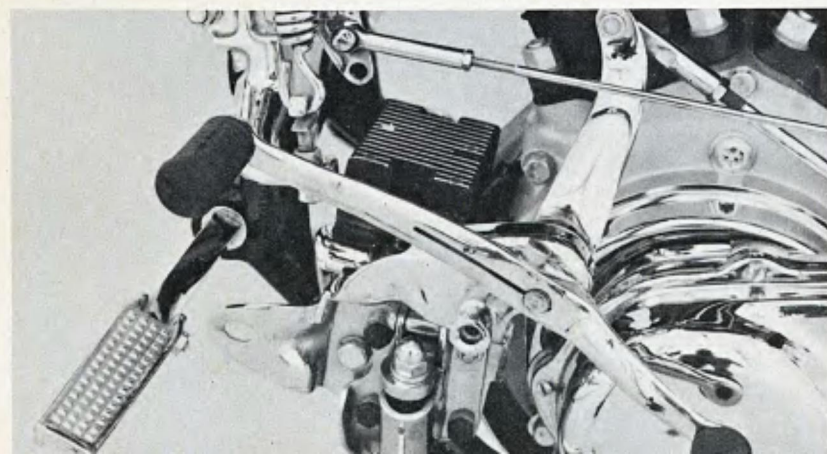
But there's another way — and I'm not suggestin' buyin' two Sportsters and pressin' 'em together. You can do like Porky did — buy a new mill and a tranny, then build the mutha around the drive line. No shit. Build the sonuvabitch the way you want, paint it fancy, and it'll cost less than a retail H-D bike. I shouldn't be puttin' down the dealers' goods, 'cause they just started advertisin' with us, and without their ad we couldn't afford this ironed-by-a-semi portion of a paper bag I'm scribblin' on. Maybe I should interrupt this scribe and recite the AMF jingle to smooth things over.

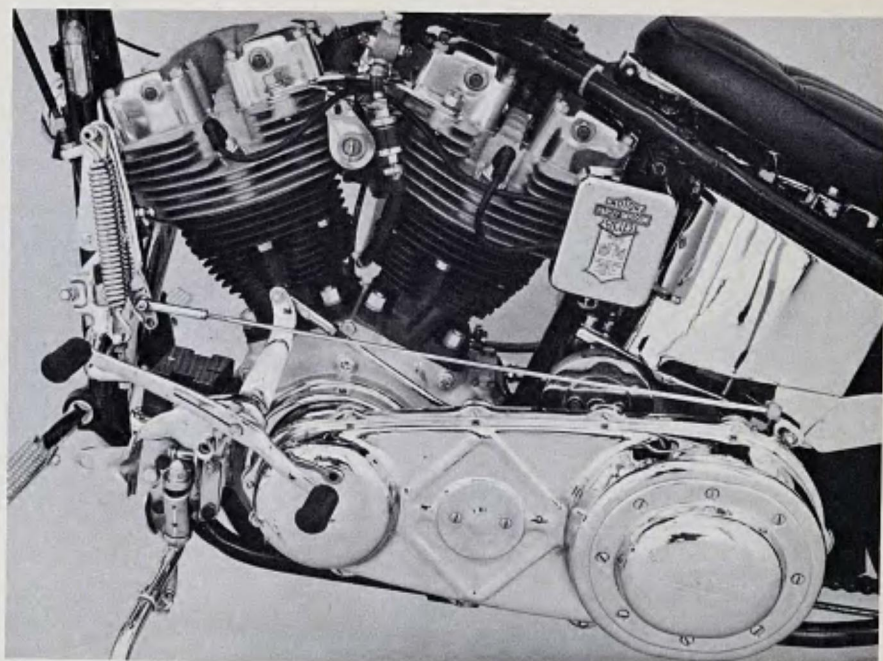
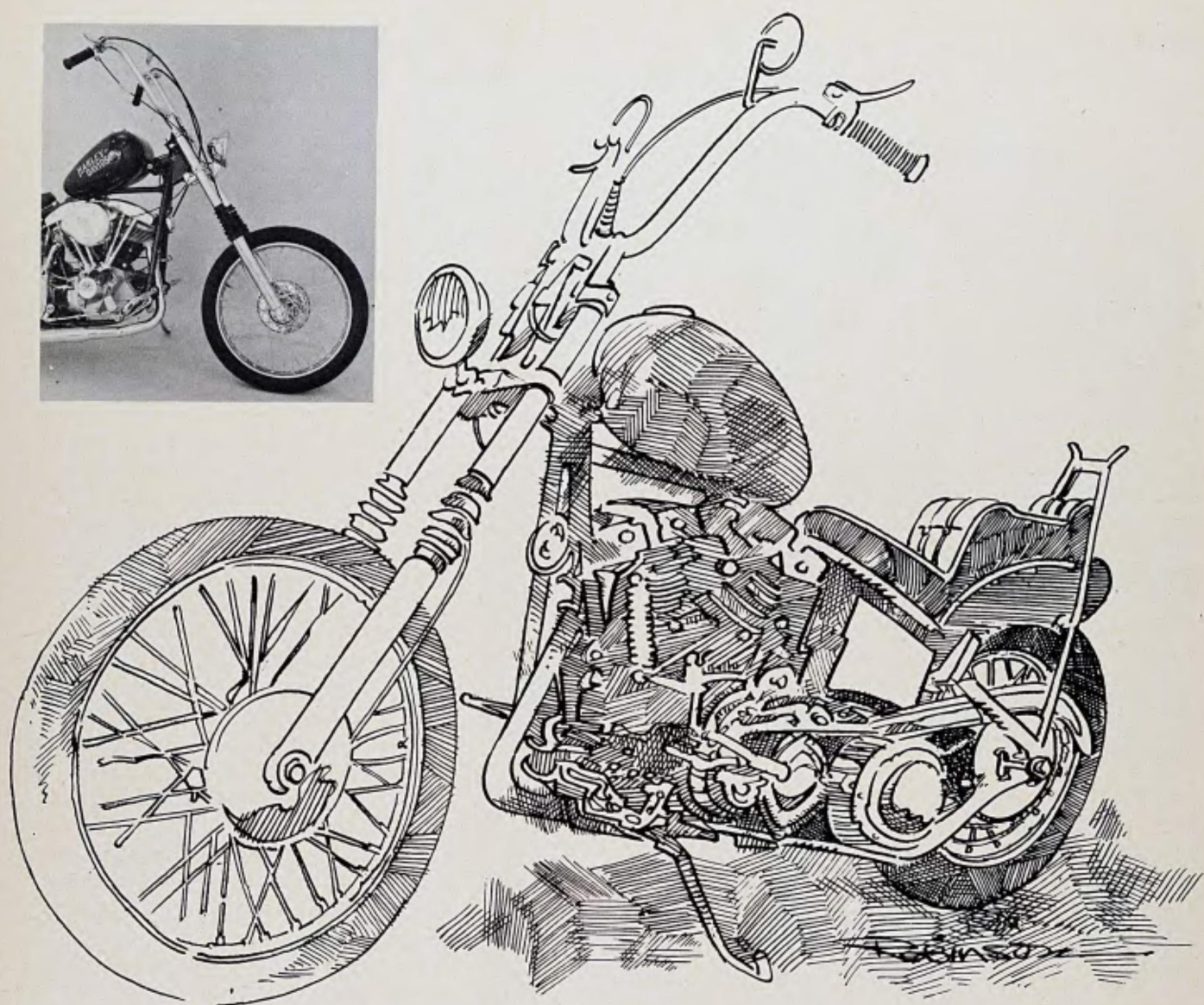
What the fuck, though — we aren't all blessed with wealthy parents or even steady jobs, but we gotta ride. I've been workin' here all my life and still begin each putt with a basket case. So all you rich guys go buy a Low Rider, snort a line or two, and kick back in yer air-conditioned garage while I rap to all the poor muthafuckers who'd rather build than buy.

Porky took that Low Rider engine and trans and carefully cinched it into a rigid frame, ran a set of big-dude apehangers, and added an H-D tradition, the wide glide tin primaries and the not-so-hot but dependable mechanical brakes — and Porky had himself a Low Rider, strong and road-worthy.

Now, if someone laid a Low Rider on me, I can't say that I wouldn't be the happiest screwball in this barrio, but Porky built himself a helluva road bike. Excuse me — gotta go. The ol' lady's horny.

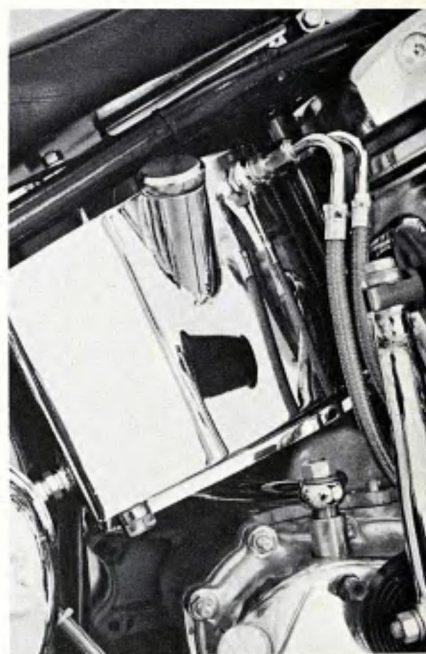
—Ride Safe

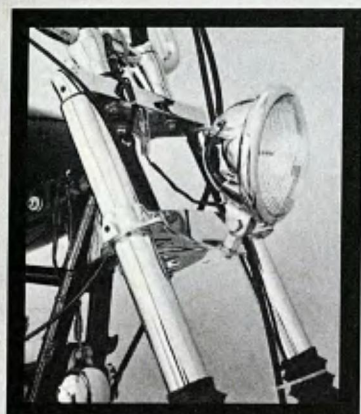






Photos by Pete Chiodo



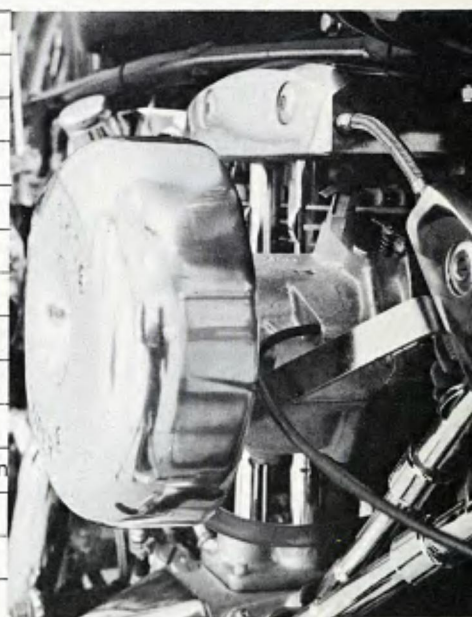
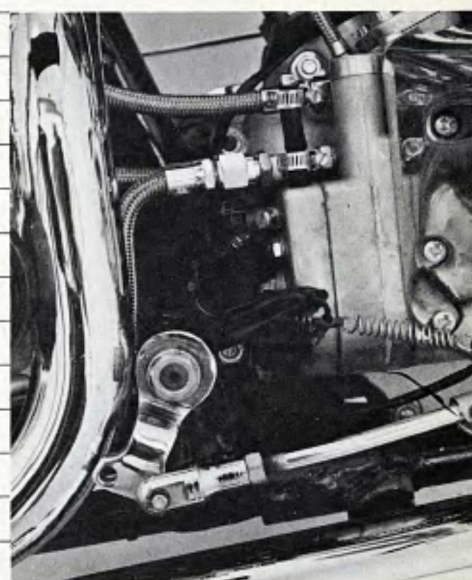
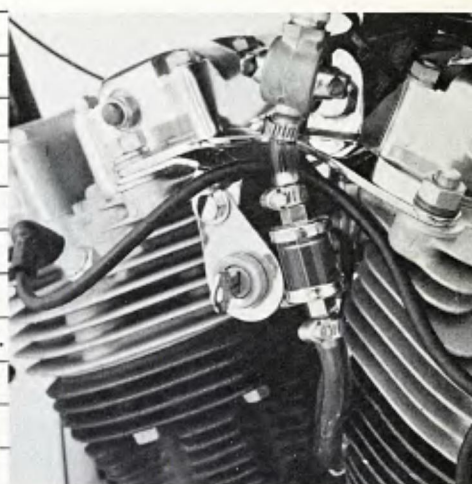


Owners: Porky	City: ?
General	Frame
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1945
Year and make: 1977	Builder: H-D
Model: my low rider	Type: Knuckle
Value: \$5,000	Rake: 30° stock
Assembly by: Porky	Stretch: none
Time: 3 months	Other alterations: Ft. motormount mod.
Chroming by: Orange Co. Plating	Accessories

Engine	Bars: apehangers
Year: 1977	Risers: H-D 4-inch
Model: FLH	Fender(s): fatbob
Rebuilder: brand new	Headlight: 12v. Bates
Ignition: coil, distributor	Taillight: catseye
Displacement: 74 cu. in.	Speedo: none
Lower end: factory	Front pegs: Anderson
Balancing: H-D	Rear pegs: Anderson
Pistons: FLH	Electrics: battery/alternator
Cases: alternator	Gas tank: 4-gal. Paughco
Heads: two	Oil tank: Paughco sidefill
Cam: Andrews—A	Oil system: stock
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: Paughco—diamond
Carb(s): S & S Super	Seat: Paughco
Air cleaner: obvious	Sissy bar: Cousin Sal
Pipes: Paughco	Height: 6 inches
Muffler(s): Goose	Material: square stock

Transmission	Forks
Modifications: bearing support	Type: wide glide
Year: 1978	Extension: 6 inches
Shifting: 1 down, 3 up	Builder: H-D & Porky
Engine sprocket: 23	Special features: turned legs
Trans sprocket: 23	

Wheel sprocket: 51	Wheels	
	Front	Rear
Painting	Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: ugh, none	Hub: H-D star	Hub: H-D star
Painter: Big Fred	Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: midnight	Tire: Avon	Tire: 5.10 Cheng Shin
Type: epoxy	Brake: H-D	Brake: mech.
Special paint: hand graphics by Porky's ol' lady		
Other special modifications: none		





Lester stood still a minute, quiet, thinking. The doorknob was cold in his hand. All he had to do was pull — just pull the door open and walk on in. He'd always been welcome at the Home Tavern ("Where ya goin'?" "Home." Clever, huh?) A lot of old friends sat inside, good people he hadn't seen for a long time. Just walk on in and the good times of the past would seem even better in remembering them. There'd be handshakes and slaps on the back — "Hey, Les, where the fuck you been?" All he had to do was turn the handle and pull.

An image flashed through his mind. He saw his hand not on the doorknob but drawing his time card from its grey metal slot and jabbing it in for the punch. He was supposed to be at work. Work, damn it—not the Home Tavern. Work to take care of his wife. Work to pay for the house and her car. Work to pay, and pay — he shouldn't be here. A familiar voice clawed at the back of his mind, "Where've you been, as if I couldn't guess. My folks waited for nearly three hours for you to show up and go to the movies with us. I suppose you just forgot? We can't go on like this, Lester — you're going to have to make up your mind which kind of life you want." And so on.

He rubbed his thumb across the knob. He'd be a damned fool to go in — there'd be nothing but trouble on the home front later, nothing but grief from Margo. Jesus, *nobody* needs to work every day. Margo used to understand that. He was entitled to a little break now and then, wasn't he? But then, she used to like to ride with him, too. Ah, the hell with it. Margo would probably have plenty other stuff to bitch about anyway — one more thing wouldn't make much difference. Okay, a couple beers. No more.

He pulled, and the door of the Home Tavern whooshed open, letting a couple of lines of Waylon Jennings out into the light of day and a burst of sunlight in on the smoky dimness of the tavern. He stepped inside and waited for his pupils to loosen up.

Home

"Hey, Lester, where the hell you been, man?"

A shadow approached out of the gloom, clutching a cue stick in one hand and reaching out with the other. Lester strained his eyes trying to identify the specter.

"Patch! Hey, Patch, you ol' sonuvabitch!"

The two grabbed hands in a clench of never-to-be-forgotten-no-matter-what friendship. The grip was tight and hard. Lester smiled as he looked at the thumbs locked together. Never to be forgotten—no matter what.

"Damn, it's been a long time, bro," Patch said as a grin slowly inched up his face. "Whatcha been into, man? Come on, sit down over here. How 'bout I get us a coupla beers, huh? Wow! I can't believe it. At long last, ol' Lester! Hey, you guys—look what just crawled in!"

Lester slid into the nearest booth and waited for Patch to bring the beer. He noted the smiling faces around the pool table and the laughter from the group crowding the two pinball machines. It all seemed so easy here—like "home" ought to be.

Patch sat on the cracked vinyl seat and thumped the bottles down onto the table. "So-o-o, how've ya been?" he asked.

Lester absent-mindedly peeled the label from his bottle. The smile he'd shown his friend faded into straight pale lines.

"Aw, gettin' by, I guess. Makin' my way from day to day."

"Where's your putt, man? Still got that shovel?"

"Yeah, I still got her—stashed in the garage at the house."

"Stashed in the garage—on a day like this? Why ain't ya out ridin' that fucker? Man, that's what I'd be doin' if I had the chance, if I still had me a fine-lookin' scoot and they'd let me ride again."

"If who'd let ya ride again? Whatcha talkin' about?"

Patch looked away.

—Continued on Next Page

by Becky Moad

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Home

—Continued from page 73

"Well," he explained, "the doctors said no more ridin' — kept blackin' out. State pulled my license. Fuckin' Coupe de Ville ate my pan 'bout a year ago."

Lester sat silent for a moment, confused and wondering if he should ask about the doctors and the blackouts — or even about the accident itself.

"No shit?"

"Gospel, man. There I was, just cruisin' along." Patch turned sideways in the booth, leaned back, and put his feet up on invisible highway pegs. His hands reached to grip phantom bars. "Then bam! All of a sudden I'm nowhere — nowhere! I woke up in the damn hospital, all strapped up and wired for sound. And then there's this guy standin' there pissin' and moanin' about his Caddy bein' scratched and some other guy tellin' me my bike's in a couple peach crates at his house. Shit, I just couldn't take it — all that bad news. I guess I went back to Nowhere for a while — a couple weeks, they tell me. After I got out I started havin' dizzy spells and stuff. Pretty soon they turned into blackouts."

Patch faked a laugh. Lester tried to follow suit.

"Drink up, bro," Patch ordered. A smile had come back to his face. "Gotta lotta bullshittin' to do. Lotta time to catch up on, ya know. Hey, you still married to that, uh..."

"Margo." Lester spilled the name like a mouthful of warm piss. "Yeah, still married."

Lester downed the last swallow in the bottle and flashed two fingers to the bartender.

"How long has it —"

"Three years, four months, twenty-three days."

"Happy ever after, huh?"

"Fuckin' A. She's happy *after* I get my check, happy *after* I give up tryin' and go to sleep, and happy *after* I get outta the house to earn some more money."

"Reg'lar Ozzie and Harriet, huh?"

Once the words were flowing Lester found it difficult to stem the tide. Patch had always been a good listener, and Lester jumped at the chance to unload.

"I dunno what happened, man. When we first got together it was... I dunno, it was just different. Seems like we couldn't get enough of each other, always goin' places together, likin' the same tunes, partyin' all night. It was like she was a real part of me and everything I did. I thought I was about the happiest dude in the fuckin' world. Margo and the shovel was all I ever needed."

"But then we decided to get married, mostly to make her folks happy, I guess."

Lester's voice took on a grim quality. "When I think back on it I realize it was mostly her pushin' for it, but I didn't mind at the time. Anyhow, after we were married a while she started takin' me around to all her friends' houses. They were married, too, of course — curlers in their hair, screamin' kids, hubby out earnin' a livin'. Pretty soon she started talkin' how nice it'd be to have a house and furniture and all that shit. I shoulda suspected somethin' then. Before long she was makin' excuses not to go puttin' with me on the weekends."

Patch gazed intently into his friend's face and took a long pull on his bottle. "Yeah, I figured somethin' was goin' down when you quit comin' around. That's the shits, man."

Lester leaned across the table. "Wait a minute," he confided. "It gets worse." He stared at the juke box for a moment, then turned back to Patch. "She kept talkin' how happy all her friends are out there in suburbia, sayin' how she'd like to be a real family. I kept tellin' her that her and the shovel is family enough for me, but she keeps pickin' at it. Then, about six months ago she drops the hammer — wouldn't it be swell to have a baby so's her mom and pop would have a grandchild to bounce on their knees and spend money on."

Patch sat up straight and leaned back from the table.

"I mean, she wants a fuckin' kid, man — that was never part of the deal. I tell ya, I just don't think I can handle it much longer, things goin' the way they are."

Patch rubbed the stubble on his chin. He appeared lost in thought, deep in something or other.

"So, whatcha hangin' around for?"

"Wish the fuck I knew. But I just can't make myself walk out that door."

"Must be your marital instinct. How's that sound?"



"There you have it, folks — positive proof that most men prefer stovetop stuffing."

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Lester slumped back into the booth. His friend had summed it up, run it down, cold and hard — just like that. Where was the sympathy and understanding he was supposed to get? Somehow Lester didn't feel any better. What had happened to Patch over the years?

"Hey, Patch," Lester said, "it's gettin' late — I think I better be headin' on home. Good to see ya, man. Thanks for the beer."

"Sure thing, Les." Patch stood up and walked over to slap a quarter on the pool table.

As the door whooshed shut behind Lester, the sounds of laughter swelled over his shoulders. He let out a long sigh and climbed into the Datsun wagon.

He walked into a dark and quiet house — only nine o'clock and already she was in bed. He kicked off his work boots, trying to be quiet but at the same time almost spoiling for a confrontation. Dirty dishes piled in the sink, not even so much as a TV dinner in the oven for him.

He tossed his clothes into a heap on the floor and slid between the sheets next to Margo. Time was when he would have gotten turned on at just the thought of her lying there nude beside him. Now, however, he merely wondered how to open the conversation he knew was unavoidable.



"Sure, I'd love to ride on your motorcycle — but I think it's only fair to tell you I'm on a cycle of my own right now."

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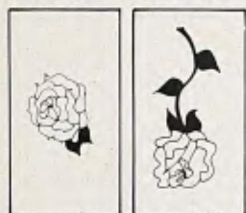
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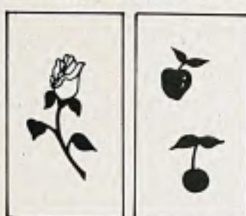
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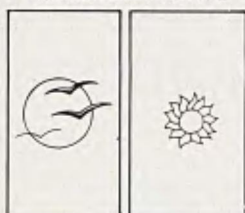
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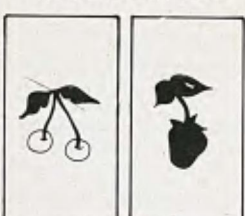
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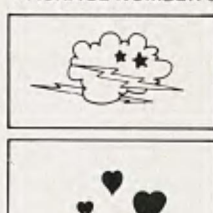
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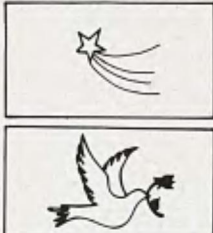
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"Did ya save somethin' for me to eat, then?"

Without stirring a muscle, Margo replied coldly, "After mom and dad went home I fed the leftovers to the dog."

She'd been awake, all right. The thought of her lying there in the dark, wide awake and just waiting for him to make his move, infuriated him. But Lester had never been one to throw the first punch, so he decided to let it slide.

"Anything happen today?"

"A lot you care." Her tone was cool, her voice even. Lester wished he was back at the bar. "You got a call from one of your drinking buddies — something about a going-away party for Patch. I figured that's where you were."

A going-away party for Patch? Why hadn't anyone said anything to him? Could he really be so out of it that his bros didn't even consider him family enough to invite to Patch's party? The events of the evening swirled in Lester's head — the blackouts, the doctors, no more riding for Patch. He had the feeling that this was no ordinary farewell party.

Margo's voice, sweeter now than before, made its way into his tired brain. "Lester, my father wants to talk to you about going to work for him. There's a lot of money to be made in real estate and you're not getting anywhere down at that tire store. He says if we're going to start raising a family we'll need more security. You know, with what my father is willing to give us and what you could get from selling that old bike we could make a down payment on a nice two-bed-room —"

Before she could finish her sentence the words were stifled by Lester's huge hand clasped tightly over her mouth. "Don't say a word — not another fuckin' word!"

He looked into her terror-filled eyes and knew it was all over. Patch was right — there was no point in going on singing these sad songs. Margo watched in silence as he pulled on his clothes and headed for the garage.

He worked fast to get his bike ready for its first kick in years. He was nervous, anxious, afraid he'd take too long — that he'd be too late and regretting already the time lost.

He guided the machine out to the driveway, straddled it, and smiled at the still familiar sensation of the grips in his hands. Long-lost lover.

"Do it for me," he whispered to the bike. "Come on, do it for me!"

But spurned lovers are often difficult to win back. The shovel coughed and refused to start.

Lester tinkered and whispered promises to the machine. "Please. Anything ya want, ya got. Just start for me now. *Come on!*" Still no sign of life. "I

—Continued After Next Page



Asstrology

Astrological Profile for Taurus

Taurus are down-to-earth people, with a natural unself-conscious approach to most areas in life. They are not the impatient type and are the Rock of Gibraltar of the zodiac. They do not rush into things, sex included, yet they have strong, sensual sexual appetites.

Taurus are basically conservative, practical, sometimes materialistic. Usually they are even-tempered—but look out when they do get pissed off. They can live up to their sign and be the proverbial bull in a china shop. They'll flatten anything that gets in their way, 'cause when provoked they see red. (Their poor victims see black and blue!)

Some famous Taurus are Barbara Streisand, Cher, Perry Como, Ella Fitzgerald, and Irving Berlin. (Taurus rules the throat, so a lot of famous singers are Taurus.) Other Taurus are sexy Ann-Margret, Candice Bergen, ageless Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, and Henry Fonda. And don't forget Lee Majors, Sandra Dee, Joyce DeWitt (of "Three's Company" fame), and Albert Finney. Last but not least—Raymond Burr, Sigmund

Freud, Salvador Dali, and boxer Joe Louis.

Some less-evolved Taureans often overdo when it comes to sex, food, and drink, and can be bullies. They are the ones who burn themselves out early in life.

Taurus make loyal and compassionate friends. Because of their basic easygoing attitude, they make friends easily, despite their downright stubborn "bull-headedness." (They are usually incapable of change unless they make up their own minds to do so.) They are born skeptics and never take anything for granted, but there is one thing they never doubt—their own capability. Once they apply themselves to a task, they will never be satisfied until they have mastered it. Difficulties or setbacks rarely get to them.

A lot of bankers are born under the sign of Taurus. Taurus are also artistic people. They should be careful of a tendency to measure everything in dollars and cents and should learn to appreciate the spiritual side of life.

Taurus are susceptible to strep throat, laryngitis, and strains of the old gonads. Getting out and enjoying mother nature is very good for their nerves and general health.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

This is the cycle when extra bucks and fucks keep you in peak condition. Also, any creative, artistic, and speculative ventures bring you ball-bustin' returns. Some highly favorable partnerships can be formed now. Many important people will be drawn to your cause. Just don't get too damn cocky an' let all this good shit go to your head—instead, share a taste of that Aries generosity with your bros.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Some reward from the past (an extra-good headjob?) could catch you by surprise now—maybe a legal settlement or insurance claim (yer partner finally gets ya that lid of gold ya paid for last year?), or you could win a year's supply of rubbers. Also, an impulsive, self-righteous reaction to a close partner's ideas could develop into a power pull. Best to keep cool—or you could fuck 'p an

otherwise exciting month.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

All those mind fucks you stumbled through lately are about to fizzle out—this month you drop a happy pill and do some high tripping. You're ready to boogie with the best of 'em. The cream really floats to the top in your sex life. (Double up on your vitamins.) This is a dynamite month, so don't blow it by arrogantly turning your back on those partners you've stuck by you like glue when the world was flipping you the finger.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

Physically and mentally you've got it together now. Some of you are so full of pep you feel like you could leap tall buildings in a single bound. (A pack of whites might help, too!) This is the time to utilize that energy to get your scot back in prime shape, or clear out all that bullshit in your garage. Stop bein' such a packrat—

I mean, do you really need that collection of toilet seats, or were you planning to make giant roach clips with 'em?

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Go for it! Break out of your rut and go for what's new, but not at the expense of past obligations or commitments. Just don't let that famous Leo pride blow VIPs away. Don't be blinded by the limelight and overplay your hand. Some financial problems can sling a lot of shit your way—just hang in there and you can still come out smellin' like a rose. Except for a few money hassles, this is a constructive period.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

This is the perfect time to initiate long-range plans. Fly-by-night or get-rich-quick schemes are low blows and would prove real ass-kickers—so keep those eyes peeled for con artists after a fast buck. You tend to be vulnerable right now. A few of you might consider relocating for a better job—if so, don't make any decisions until next month. Don't let your mind gather moss, but slow down enough to think twice.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

You should pay heed to Virgo's message this month. Finances could be putting a big strain on your gonads. Even worse, creditors are giving you bum head trips. After the 10th, things will begin to ease up around home base—so keep calm and don't drop your load prematurely. Take off for a weekend and freeloader off some of those partners who are forever dropping in on you. (Be sure to take your dog and the rugrats along.) This will give you a good opportunity to see things from a different perspective.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Best watch out for confrontations on the job and try to curb that infamous Scorpio temper of yours. You are going through an impatient, ill-tempered streak now, so if you don't avoid potentially explosive situations, they could backfire and leave you with a dotted eye—or worse yet, in the can. Remember, not everyone is pussy enough to take your loud mouth. Unless you can roll with the punches, keep your mug in check.

Things look better next month.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Hold onto your crank, your hat, and your ol' lady's box—then keep both feet on the ground and tie an anchor to your ass, 'cause you've got some ball-bustin' good luck comin' at ya from several directions! You're so lucky you've got stars shootin' out your ass! Now's the time to enter every contest around, ask for a raise, or go for a strange piece of ass on the sly (and get away with it, too!). Don't get too overconfident—just flow with it.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

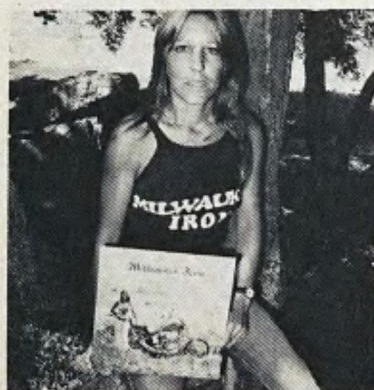
After the past couple of months, the "hershey squirts" would be a pleasant diversion. Too bad—there are still a few messes to clean up. Remember, having your head up your ass is not the insight you're looking for. You do, however, need a gut level discussion with your partner on a domestic dilemma. An overabundance of freeloaders hanging around your pad adds to the problem. Send 'em packing!

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

You've still got a big hardon pullin' on your heart strings, leaving a trail of pecker tracks but not leaving you enough time for important matters. Learn to mix business with pleasure, or you'll fuck up royally. After the 11th, a surprise legal matter may take up a lot of your time, but if you play your cards right, everything works out in your favor. The hair pie you've been poking fun at lately could turn out to be someone serious in your life.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Congratulations! Opportunity is now knocking at your door—but it may entail bustin' your balls more than you'd prefer. Get up off your lazy duff and set the wheels in motion—don't wait for Lady Luck to dump the load in your lap. Go out and hustle up some new occupational status or income—your efforts will be rewarded in a major way. Clear the cobwebs off that old Pisces charm and put it to good use now.



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 50¢ 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.

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.

promise I'll never shut ya up like that again — never again. Free for all time, I swear it. Just start this once."

Finally, the beast roared its thunder and let its power sound out through the split-levels and country clubs. Free once more. Free for all time.

Smoke of all south-of-the-border varieties filled the headspace of the Home Tavern. The floor was cluttered with dozens of feet in non-stop motion. The music wailed with a heavy bass that vibrated the walls and kept the beer foaming.

"Goin' to Arizona to see my folks," Patch told the half-circle of friends around him. "Give 'em one more shot at lovin' their favorite son."

They all laughed.

Lester stood at the bar and waited for Patch to notice him. He didn't want to step in just yet. He was content to watch his friend talking and grinning free and easy, like there was no tomorrow.

Lester waited till the crowd had turned away and let their smiles melt, unable to contain the sadness that welled within each of them.

The two friends sat opposite each other. Patch easily read between the lines on Lester's face.

"You're thinkin' right, Les," he said, breaking the silence. "I've had it. I'm dyin'. A lump in my head and there ain't nothing anybody can do. And all your sympathy and worryin' ain't gonna cure me or make me feel any better. A fact of life, bro. Might as well face it. Make the best of things, ya know."

"Make the best of things?" Lester repeated, "How the hell can..."

Patch looked his old friend square in the face, "Look, Les — this is *my* party."

Lester nodded. There'd be no more sad songs.

"So, uh, when ya leavin' for Arizona?" he asked.

"Takin' the bus out tomorrow afternoon."

"The bus?"

"It's cheap. 'Sides, I'll get to look at the greenery, the countryside, and all that."

Lester stroked his chin, thinking out loud. "S'pose ya had another way to go?" "What?"

"I mean, say ya didn't have to take the bus. Say ya had somethin' a little smaller to take ya home? Say ya had a friend who had a fine-lookin' scooter and a lot of livin' space to fill up?"

Patch grinned ear-to-ear. "You serious? Ya mean to tell me you'd —"

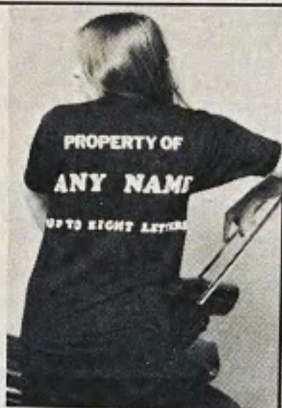
Lester cut him off. "I made *my* choice."

Patch laughed and pounded his fist on the table. "Hot damn! You and me, Lester!"

And the two grabbed hands in a clench of friendship — friendship never-to-be-forgotten-no-matter-what.

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NEW: We have the "Property of" T-shirts for kids too! Send size: S,M,L. Color: White, Blue, Orange, and Black. \$5.50 plus 50¢ postage



2.



3.



4.



5.

Big Red

—Continued from page 12

almost killed him to watch his young buddies ride past the window of the feed store, but Eldon had kept his envy to himself, knowing that someday it would be his turn.

After what seemed like an eternity of working nights and weekends, he finally began to see the possibility of spending some of his hard-earned money on himself as the last of his children prepared to graduate from high school. Now, maybe some of those fantasies he'd carried to and from the feed store in his gut while his buddies rolled down the highways would come true.

"Here ya go, Eldon, sorry it took so long — seems like every year the red tape gets worse and worse. 'Fore ya know it, they'll be tellin' us we gotta get a special license to ride the damn things." Ray handled Eldon the papers to the bike, along with an owner's manual and a hand-written card entitling the bearer to ten free gallons of gas from Ray's shop pump.

"Thanks, Ray, you've been real patient puttin' up with me all this time. I still can't hardly believe she's mine." Eldon extended his hand in a gesture of friendship.

"Aw, I knew ya'd be good for it sooner or later — 'sides, it made the shop look better sittin' up there in the window."

The two walked to the back room of the shop, where Bobby, Ray's helper and mechanic, was wiping down the panhead's gas tank. "She's all serviced, fulla gas, and rarin' to go, Mr. Grant — just kinda take her easy for the first couple tankfuls, let everything get broke in right."

Eldon thanked the sandy-haired boy, and the three of them maneuvered the big bike out the door and into the



Watch for Easyriders Calendar coming your way this summer!



SNAP CAP \$20.00



HARLEY CAP \$20.00



REBEL CAP \$20.00



FORD 'A' CAP \$20.00



SNOOPY CAP \$25.00
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BRASS CHAIN \$16.00
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VISORS—YOU PICK BILL \$10.00
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HEAD SIZE IN INCHES

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THIS 3 INCH WIDE BAND IS HAND-CRAFTED OF BLACK TOP - GRAIN LEATHER AND HAS 26 CHROME PLATED OVER BRASS SPIKES AND IS MADE TO BE ADJUSTABLE TO BE WORN FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES ONLY

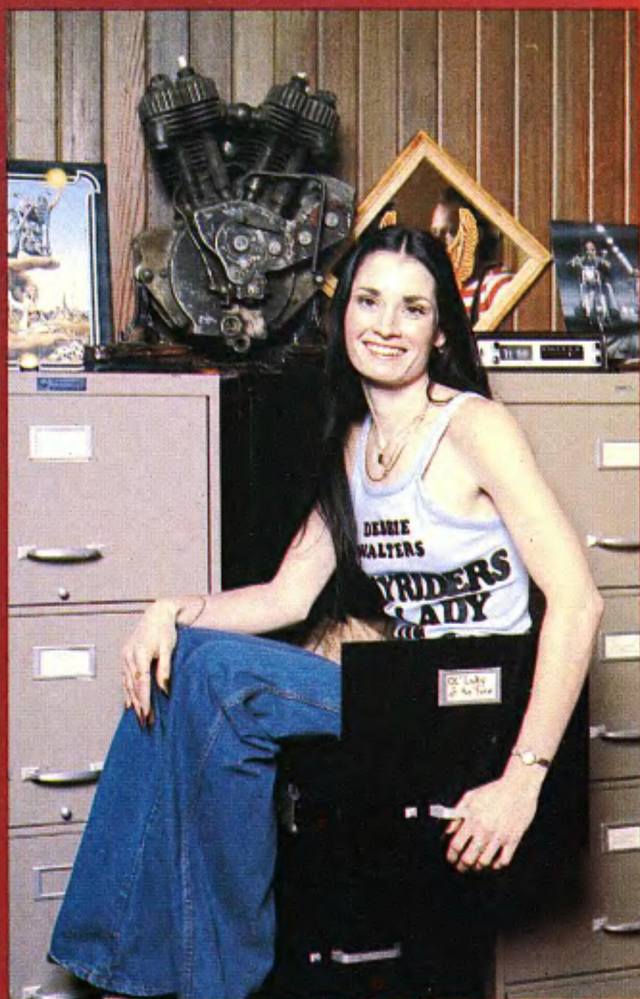
You've seen them at our shop in Daytona Beach for the past 12 years on bikers from Coast to Coast



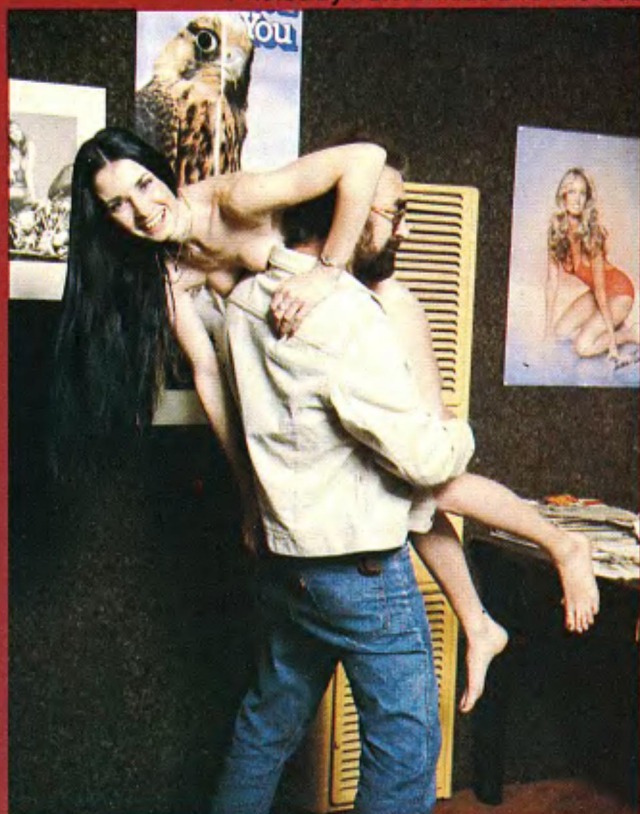
THE SANDAL SHEAF

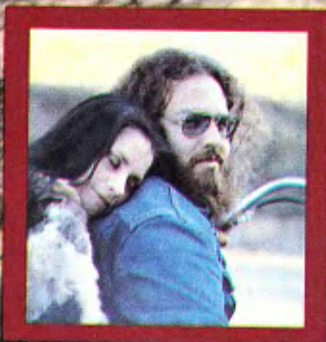
811 Main St., P. O. Box 3337
Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018

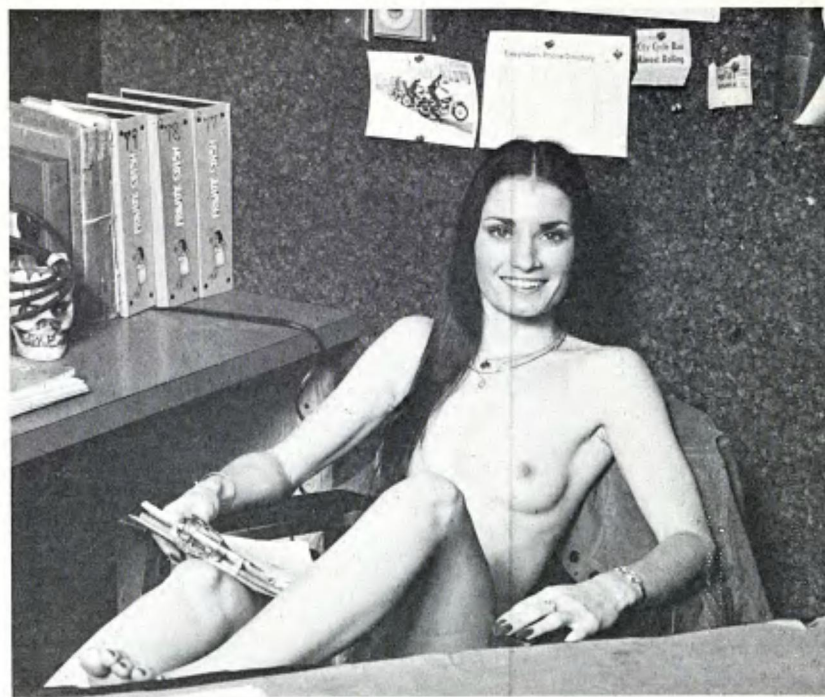
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Photos by Pete Chiodo and The Cub







Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals; \$1.20 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly-written copy. No charge for zip codes. Easyriders box numbers are

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 20th of the 4th month preceding cover date. (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

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 ol' lady, Melanie). Weed, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Wanted: Tender, kind, loving and true, long-haired, blue-jeaned, slender gypsy princess to ride, camp, live, and love with clean-shaven, nature-oriented, blue-eyed gypsy prince free of material burdens except for bike, tent, and bread. Come join me to ride in the wind—north, south, east, and west, wherever the roads and the front wheel lead. Ideal age late thirties or younger, if mature. Pics and scribe to Gypsy Rose, 18810 Barnhart, Cupertino, Calif. 95104. (71)

Turn your FL or XL into a "Low Rider." Your shock absorbers re-assembled with new heavy-duty short units. \$50 ppd. Show-chrome plating available. Complete details. \$1. Also stock H-D shock repairing and rebuilding. Dave, 7210 So. Francisco Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60629. (73)

I'm a 28-year-old with brown hair and brown eyes. I need the vibes and love of a woman. I have 22 months to go! Send photo. Will answer all. David Maynard B-83986-1301, P.O. Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688. (71G)

Need mail from ladies with good heads. Donald Margan, P.O. Box B-38103, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scooter, favorite nude, you and the ol' lady gettin' it on—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, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 66A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (75)

Change identity: Obtain authentic alternate I.D., disappear, create new past. "The New Paper Trip." \$16.50. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (71)

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.

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)

Tattooing Colors. Large variety of beautiful colors that heal fast and extremely bright. Send for free color and equipment catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., P.O. Box 263, East Northport, N.Y. 11731. (75)

Make fake IDs, documents, easily, cheaply. Complete instructions, \$5. S.O.H., P.O. Box 3124, Pompano, Fla. 33062. (71)

28-yr.-old (Pisces). All my friends have deserted me. Need mail and photos from loving ladies who care. Frederick Donophan #412-24-133, P.O. 1000, Leavenworth, Kans. 66048. (71)

Biker paraphernalia. Most items made in U.S.A. Catalog, \$2, with \$1 refundable on first order. G&H Enterprises, 309 Lawton, Mason, Mich. 48854. (71)

Support the KKK. Box 624, Metairie, La. 70004. (71)

Harley-Davidson Parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads, Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, toolboxes, much more. Price list, \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor Street, Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849.

Fantastic stickers for your scooter, car, truck, ol' lady's ass, or whatever: "Warning: If You Value Your Own Life As Much As I Value This Harley, Don't Fuck With It"; "Ass, Gas Or Grass—Nobody Rides For Free"; "Harley-Davidson Wings"; "Protected By M.F.D. (Mean Fuckin' Dog)"; and "Mustang Ranch Parking Permit No. 1-69." 50¢ for each sticker or all five for only \$2. Send cash only and include self-addressed, stamped envelope to Stickers, P.O. Box 466, Calabasas, California 91302. (71)

Harley riders: Complete H-D repair service, custom parts, chrome plating, epoxy paint work, cylinder sleeving, case repair, sand & bead blasting, used H-D parts & motorcycles. Custom Cycle Supply, P.O. Box 47, Bus Rt. 44, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (314) 336-4900. (76)

Book with instructions to synthesize LSD, STP, PCP, cocaine, mescaline, THC, speed—\$25 cash. Essex, Box 2024 T.S., Detroit, Mich. 48226. (76)

Tattooing Supplies: World's finest tattooing equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines, and tattoo books. Over twenty years of reliability. New 60-page color catalog, \$3. Our gear is like a chopper—it's first class. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc. Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

Wanted: K-model, good running condition. Jeff Handy, Gen. Del., Stuart, Va. 24171. (71)

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. (80)

Attention Jersey bikers: Join Jersey Motorcycle Association, New Jersey's only legislative watchdog organization. \$5 yearly membership includes monthly newsletters, blood bank, etc. Join now! Jersey Motorcycle Association, P.O. Box 362, Bergenfield, N.J. 07621. (71)

For sale: Easyriders 1 through 68, all in very good condition. \$300. Also 350 other bike magazines, including Colors, Vol. 1, #1. Send envelope for list. Tim, P.O. Box 530082, Miami Shores, Fla. 33153. (71)

Tattooed Women's Photos: 20, \$5; step-by-step tattooing and removing instructions, \$15; 2 non-spraying liner tubes, \$16; 300 different designs, \$15; #12 needles (old smaller size) \$13.50 for 500; 12 hand-colored (used) sheets, \$30; 8 different tattoo inks (2 oz. each) \$30.80. Illustrated literature, \$2. Steele, Box 242-EK, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (72)

Tall, handsome, easygoing biker. Skydiver, pilot, 34, good job, nice home in the country. Needs honest, good-looking ol' lady ready to settle down. Write Joe, Rt. 2, Box 55, Milan, Ohio 44846. (71)

Seeking loyal, understanding girl. 18-45. Press, 69 Davis St., Danbury, Conn. 06810. (71)

Enjoy reading "A Brotherhood of Outlaws," Bob Bitchin's great new novel of adventure inside the real motorcycle outlaw movement. Hardcover, \$9.95—shipped posthaste. Order from publisher, Bentre House, 2424 Brayton Ave., Signal Hill, Calif. 90806. (73)

Fellow biker down awhile and looking for foxy ol' lady to putt and party with this summer. Bobby Rankel #76A3415, 250 Harris Rd., Bedford Hills, N.Y. 10507. (71)

I'm lookin' for a righteous, one-man ol' lady ready to relocate for some good lovin', puttin', etc. Good polishin' arm! Scribes & photo (nudes are great). Allow 6 weeks for answer. Ready, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (71)

Triumph, Norton, and BSA parts, pre-units to present. D & F cycles, 3850 East 37th St., Tucson, Ariz. 85713. (602) 790-4370. (71)

Easyriders—4, 7, 10, 12, 16-25, 27-30, 32-present, 2 binders, \$150. Send money order to R. E. Owen, P.O. Box 8, St. Helena, Calif. 94574. (71)

Two down brothers want to hear from sincere ladies in southern Illinois and surrounding area. Need someone to help with this time through letters and visits. Chuck Nester #10859 and Rick Harrison #10194, Menard, Ill. 62259. (71)

You club brothers who would like to see your patch on a mirror can inquire at this address: Von-Himmeler, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (80)

Happy birthday, Sammy. I love you, honey. Buck. (71)

Easyriders #1 to present, all mint condition, bound in Easyriders binders. First decent offer receives all. Bill Montgomery, 6612 S.W. Canyon Lane, Portland, Ore. 97225. 292-8901. (71)

Capt.: Happy Birthday. I love you. Your ol' lady. (71)

"The Counterfeit Felon" (the book they couldn't suppress!). The incredibly true story of a biker railroaded to prison twice. The attempts to murder him and the attempts to put him in a mental institution—it's all here! This book is must reading. It could happen to you! Now at your favorite book store or send \$9.95 to Rehabanon Inc., 4035 Blaisdell So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55409.

Free details on becoming a motorcycle mechanic. Box 3244E, Reading, Pa. 19604. (71)

Shovelbutt: You're still number one. Hope the next year brings you much happiness. Happy birthday! Love ya, Sweet Sue. (71)

White bikers, "Majority News & Views" is for you! \$1 & save for sample. P.O. Box 277, Hooksett, N.H. 03106. (72)

Happy Birthday, Daddy! Remember—all it's about is togetherness and freedom. When we have those two things, we will really celebrate your birthday (and every other day). We love you and we're waiting on you. Always and forever—your dumplin's. (71)

Loner down for five and needs ol' ladies to write to. All will be answered. Send pictures to Rick Hale #38405, Box B, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (71)

Dan: You were a sparkling star in the night. Lucky is the lady you share your laughter with! I miss you. Love, Saturn. (71)

Come on, ladies, take a minute and drop a downed bro a line—it'll be worth it! Brian (Frog) Jenkins, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305. (71G)

Ed: Happy birthday. I love you forever. Your ol' lady, Debbie. (71)

Easyriders for sale: Complete set from number 12. Best offer. Also have Choppers, Custom Chopper, Street Chopper, and other bike rags. Also have Harley parts for sale. Tom Cordich, 3029 Valley View Ave., Norco, Calif. 91760. (714) 735-8818. (71)

Kop Kuffs—Standard (for your ol' lady), \$11.95. Custom (24" chain for bike), \$14.95. Both, \$25. Cattle prod (2 battery), \$24.95; (6 battery), \$34.95. Document pouch, \$4.95. Texas Enforcement Supply, Box 19062, Austin, Tex. 78760. (71)

We will, honey. Bet you can't catch me. (71)

Wanted: One good ol' lady between the ages of 21 and 35. I am 26 and will be moving to Portland in April. I am lonely and need someone to share my life and dreams with. All letters will be answered and pictures would help. Send all letters to Cobra, USS Point Defiance (LSD-31), FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96601. (71)

Keith: You're the greatest! Happy birthday! I love you. Your "Rose" Melanie. (May, '79). (71)

A big Easyriders welcome to Joseph Dane Kelly, born January 13, 1979—a future staff member.

Oaktree: Think of Nov. 15th! Love ya. Powder Puff. (71)

"Marching Songs of the SS." Two different records, \$10.95 each. "War Songs of the Third Reich." Three different records (1939-1945), \$10.95 each. These albums are authentic—taken from the original recordings. Send to Greyhounds, P.O. Box 1309, South Gate, Calif. 90280. (75)

Ride to live patch, \$2. Catalog, \$1.25. Selling trash since '72 and proud of it. M.C. Arts, 3312 S. Cedar, Lansing, Mich. 48910. (71)

Sandy: I love you, sweet lady. Your ol' man, Jeff. (71)

Glenn: Happy birthday, babe, 4/2/79—your 24th and our first. I'll take that second year. Love you mostly 'cuz you made me what I am—your own Nympho.

Free info! Ready for a Viking's religion? If you can dig Odin and Thor and are into courage, kin, and freedom, write AFA, Dept. E, 1766 East Ave., Turlock, Calif. 95380. (71)

"The Tattoos." This oversized hardcover book features interviews, color and black and white photographs of tattooists and their work. "A must for every tattoo fan's collection." Tattoo News. "A bargain at the price." Fetish Times. "An in-depth exploration of tattooists as businessmen and artists in an intriguing manner." Los Angeles Times. Photographs featured in Easyriders, June 1977. Send \$35 plus \$1 postage to Albert Morse, 320 Miller Avenue, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941. California residents add 6% tax. (78)

Wanted: Sincere ol' lady who knows the life of an outlaw. When released will travel anywhere for her. Write and send pictures to Pete (Stick Chilly) Pichler #81332, DCI, Dorm E., Box 788, Jackson, La. 70748. (71)

(Red) Chuck Ohler: Diane destroyed everything we had together. Time can never heal the wounds. Even so, we'll always love you. Your babies, Cathy & Heidi. (71)

Come to the swap meet, Cleveland, Ohio, 4/29/79. All types of motorcycle parts, dirty wet T-shirt contest, 1st prize \$100. Beer and steer roast. Sponsored by South East Harley-Davidson at 23105 Aurora Rd., Bedford Heights, Ohio 44146. For information on renting space, call Jim Gelardi, (216) 439-5300. (71)

Genuine brass knuckles, 6 solid oz. of the real thing. No cheap imitations. These heavyweight sluggers are cast in pure, gleaming brass. Just right for the collector of fine military hardware. Yours for only \$12.95. Send today! Knucks, Box 81022C, Atlanta, Ga. 30366. Must be 21. Offer void where prohibited.

Guaranteed state photo identification card. Full color Polaroid process—the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 for each. Order with two friends and pay only two IDs (\$14). Bonus—3 blank IDs free with each guaranteed ID ordered. "No-bull guarantee." Jeno Chevron, Box 1033, EZ59, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (71)

J. Cotela of Conn.: Please write your friend at Box 554, Smithville, Ont., Canada. (72)

George's Engine Shop, Harley-Davidson port and polishing. Shovel, knuckle, pan, and Sportster. All models, \$150 plus parts as needed. Includes painting, flow testing, spring setup and instruction. Sportster Dual Mikuni Carb Conversion Kit. Places twin 38mm flanges side by side in stock location. Uses 1 3/4" exhaust valves, rubber mounting with hose clamps to 40mm cast iron flanges. Flow tested so all you need is two 38mm Mikunis. Painting, spring setup, and complete instruction for \$200, plus parts as needed. Send assembled heads, rocker boxes optional, valve size, and brand option. Manley valves recommended. Stock or 1 3/4" Sportster exhaust option. Stock or 1 1/2" 16" pan-head intake option. All other heads use stock valve dimensions. Wrinkle black paint or we will leave sandblasted clean. Camlift you intend to use (for spring setup). Send \$150 for port and polishing, \$200 for Dual Mikuni Conversion for Sportster. We ship balance C.O.D. George J. Hoefler, Box 654, Buckman, Minn. 56317. (612) 468-6254. (71)

Biker paraphernalia. Most items made in U.S.A. Catalog, \$2 with \$1 refundable on first order. G & H Enterprises, 309 Lawton, Mason, Mich. 48854. (73)

To Steve the X Budman: Hey, it's been a long time and we miss you. From the folks at your favorite liquor store. (71)

Happy birthday to Houston. I couldn't take the hurt, I couldn't take the pain. Although I'll love you forever, my life will never be the same. From California.

Dandelion wine recipe. Make some of the best home brew around. Send \$3 to Donald Davidson, P.O. Box 190, South Holland, Ill. 60573. (71)

29-year-old male looking for one-man woman 16-25. Bill, 4208 N. 19th Ave., #2, Phoenix, Ariz. 85015. (71)

For sale: Easyriders 1 through 68. Offers over \$225. 1967 shovel, \$2,000. Rosie, P.O. Box 1481, Ormond Beach, Fla. 32074, or person-to-person, (904) 672-9297.

I'm going to relocate in Phoenix from Arizona State Prison this year. I'm a 20-year-old white brother in need of an ol' lady to help me start over and ride with me in the near future. Write to Michael Burson, Box B-37705, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (71)

Scufflehead: I hear the roar of your Harley, feel the warmth of your love. When this down time is over, we'll ride and love forever under the skies and stars above. I love you forever, Scuff's Baby. (71)

Blue-eyed, red-headed Sagittarian, 6', 190 lbs., 27 yrs. old, wants a one-man woman who'll enjoy some laid-back times once these hard times are done and behind us. Femininity the one must. Send photos. Will go where you are when I roll. Jack Hamby #76790, P.O. Box 788, U-1-H, Jackson, La. 70748. (71)

We buy and sell new or used old stock parts for any American-made make or model. Write for details. Classic Industries, Parts Dept., P.O. Box 4123, Toledo, Ohio 43609. (71)

Snooky, party down. When the party's over, give me a call. Love, Dan, Mr. Fixit. (71)

Easyriders 1-60. Excellent condition, including iron-ons, etc. \$350. D. McClure, 3578 West 42nd, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6N-3H6.

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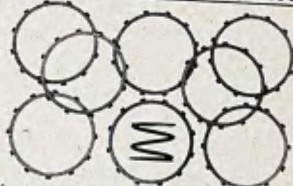
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THE OL' LADY PHOTO CONTEST



Wanda Joy



Deborah J. Gilbert



Candy Smith



Karen Homeyer



Sue Sanders



Cheri Tuck

Check 'em out — this month's batch of sweeties in **Easyriders** Second Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks and, as ya can see from the article on page 86, a fun-filled visit with the disgustin' editorial staff.

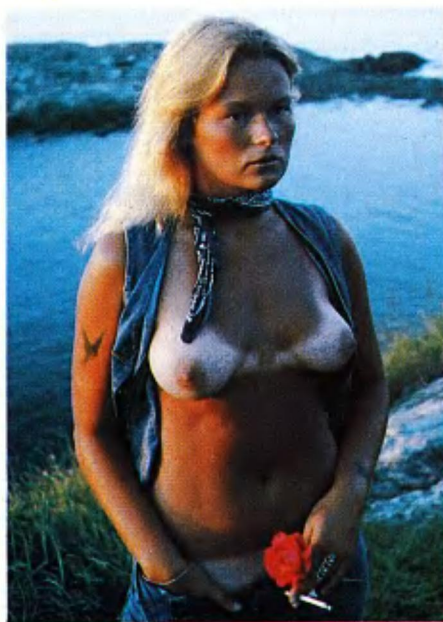
The contest works like this. Each month, we'll publish as many photos of good technical quality as space allows. The shots don't have to be professional — just in focus and properly exposed. You readers will then select the winner and runners-up from each month's published entries. Each monthly winner will receive \$100, each runner-up \$25, and the contributor will receive \$10. After the twelve monthly winners have been selected, there'll be a final voting to choose **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Of The Year for 1979. Judging should be based on looks, build, tattoos, and other outstandin' stuff. The gals can be dressed or not — it's up to you. We're not lookin' for raunchy stuff — just tasty shots of all those fine ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

All models must be 18 years of age or older and the blank model release on page 100 must be completely filled out, signed, **notarized**, and sent along with each entry. Entries sent without a model release will be shit-canned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides — no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned — all entries become the property of **Easyriders**. Decision of the judges is final.

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is April 30. We'll print the winner in the August issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #71 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Pat Fitzpatrick



Linda Welch



Jeri Clough



D. Rosanne Encinas



Rose Carter



Debbie Langer



Sunshine



Kate Howe



Linda Harris



Wynell Kyker

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M-10 "Starburst"



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"



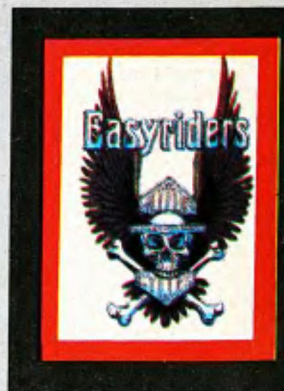
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

Big Red

—Continued from page 83

jacket and dirty T-shirt. A cigarette dangled from his mouth as he sauntered over to the pitiful-looking bike.

I'm sorry, Red, thought Eldon. He turned his head and rounded the corner so Ronny wouldn't see him. From that day on, Eldon Grant never mentioned Big Red or Ronny Huffman again.

"C'mon, man, I've had that bike nearly seven years, it's like a brother to me — you know it's worth more'n that."

Ronny was speaking to Rooster, a rather disreputable biker who liked to hang around with the college kids. The two were standing outside Ronny's dorm staring at the ancient-looking Harley parked at the curb. The faded red bike hadn't had a wrench put to it in years and there was sloppy brazing and wire holding most of it together. Black liquid oozed out of the cases in an almost steady stream.

"Look, I bought the bike from this ol' dude back home who got busted up on it. Man, he loved that bike. I took real good care of it for years — it was like part of the family. Then I left it with my kid brother for a while. He's the one who let it go downhill. But honest, there's nothin' really wrong with it — just needs a little fixin' up. C'mon, man, I gotta have seven bills to pay off my VW bus and get a set of drums."

Rooster walked silently around the Harley and stood in the street, staring at the bike and forcing several cars to swerve around him.

"Five hunderd."

Ronny let out a sigh and thought for a moment.

"Okay, man, I gotta do it — show me your money."

The aroma of grass mixed with engine oil wafted out the door of the clubhouse as Toad walked out onto the porch. He stood there gazing into the night for a moment, half listening to the sounds of Jimi Hendrix on a cheap stereo. Soon he heard the distinctive rumble of an old panhead chugging up the lonely dirt road. He called back into the house, "Hey, you guys, somebody's comin'." Several more leather-and-denim-clad club members joined their brother on the porch as a jiggling headlight drew up in front of the house and pulled into the front yard.

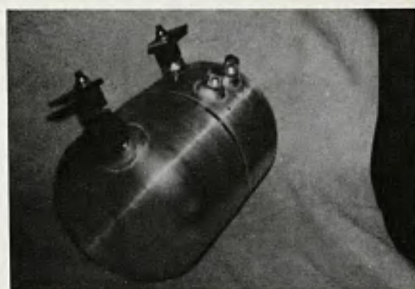
"Shit, man, it's Rooster! Hey, Rooster, where'd ya pick up that hunka junk?"

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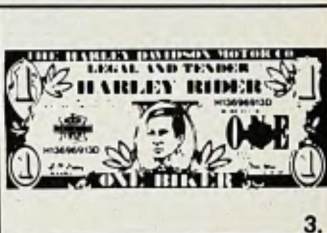
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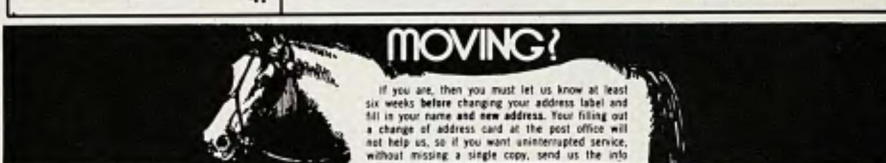
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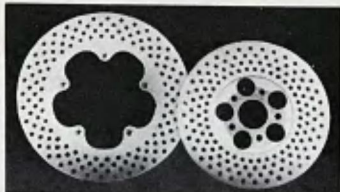
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As the bikers surrounded Rooster and his mount, Toad spoke to him in a low tone, "You get the shit, man?"

"That's what I came to tell ya, dude — it's gonna be a while before it comes in. There was this big bust down-town and —"

Toad cut him off. "Look, Rooster, you've pulled this shit before — what the fuck did you do with our money?"

"I still got it, man — don't worry, everything's cool. It's just gonna take a couple more days for the shit to get here, that's all. Hey, if you guys don't trust me I'll fuckin' go back and get your money for ya right now. I don't want any hard feelin's over this shit."

"Naw, it's okay, man — just do what ya can. Where *did* ya get this turd?"

Toad slapped Rooster on the back as the others grumbled to themselves and went back into the clubhouse.

"I got the right price, man — one of them college kids had to have some bucks fast, so naturally I hadda help him out."

"Naturally. Sure hope ya didn't do nothin' rash with the club's money — hate to see anything happen to a nice kid like you."

"Hey, you know I wouldn't do nothin' like that, Toad. Look, man, I gotta take off — see ya soon as I turn some-
thin' up."

"What makes ya think I'm interested in buyin' basket cases?" Tim Rydell stood up in the back of his garage and wiped his hands as he walked toward the bearded biker.

"Well, I heard ya was kinda in the business of fixin' up scoots and stuff, so I thought I'd give it a shot. At least lemme tell ya my story." Rooster followed Tim down the driveway, hands in pockets, talking as they walked.

"I bought the bike three years ago from this kid over at the college — paid a stiff price for it, too. I fixed it all up — the kid had really let it go to hell. I got it all cherried out, painted — everything."



"Well, if you won't make coffee, Ms. Smith, would you mind taking a letter?"

Anyway, I got in a little trouble with some of the bros. Nothin' serious — but I decided maybe I oughtta leave town for a while till things sorta cooled off. I took the bike over to my sister's house and hid it in her garage under some tarps. Well, wouldn't ya know it — while I was outta town some punks broke into the garage and ripped it off. Took me a month to turn it up and when I did — well, see for yourself." The two men strolled out to the street and peered into the back of an old Ford truck. Tim rummaged in the pile of crates, wheels, and rusted parts that once were a motorcycle.

"Ya say ya had it pretty cherry, huh?"
"You bet, man — had it lookin' bitchin'!"

Tim pulled his Buck from its sheath and reached down to make a little scratch on the bottom of the flat black tank. He turned the tank over and showed a line of faded pink to Rooster.

Rooster shrugged his shoulders and looked at the ground. "Look, I'm in another jam and I gotta come up with some bucks — fast."

"Give ya two hundred for it."

"It's yours, man!"

Tim folded the knife and put it back in its sheath. "If you got papers and if the numbers clear."

"Sure, man, sure."

Rooster hadn't been the first to hear of Tim's prowess at fixing up bikes. People from all over the country brought him repair jobs, basket cases, and some custom work. While he spun wrenches and welded cracked frames, he thought about all the things he wanted to do to the machine that lay scattered in boxes under the workbench. Someday he would get around to building the bike for himself, but only when the time was right, when he was exactly sure of what he wanted to do with it.

Several years went by, and Tim's reputation as a custom builder grew to the point where he was forced to move into a real shop to make room for all his business. He hired a mechanic to handle all the minor jobs and a girl to answer phones and write up work orders. His business was growing fast. Occasionally, he thought of the pan — that old bike had seen a lot of abuse and Tim felt it was up to him to give it the kind of home it deserved.

Finally, one winter evening after his employees had gone home and Tim was sitting at his cluttered desk nursing a beer, he decided to drag the boxes out from under the workbench and start laying out the project. As he went through the worn, rusty, and oily parts, a mental picture began to form — a picture of a bike that reflected his philosophy and attitude. He envisioned a machine that

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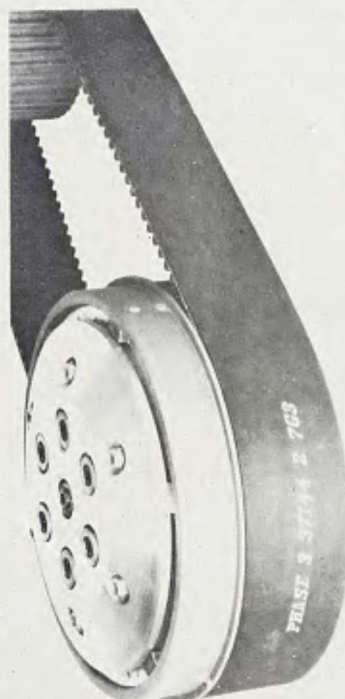
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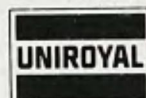


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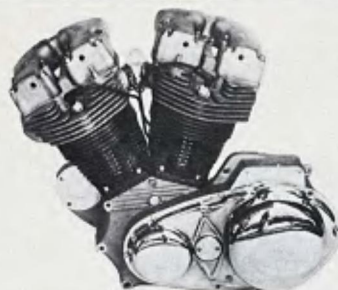
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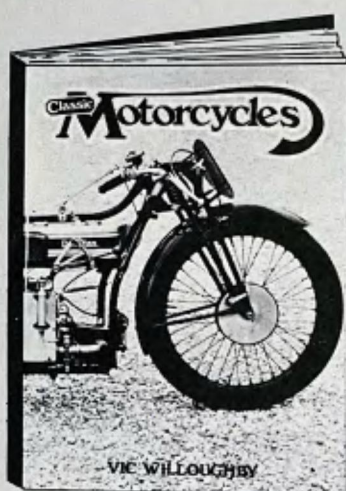
would be everything he wanted — from the beauty of the hand-rubbed gold paint job to the performance of a crisply tuned shovelhead top end. It would be a bike that he could ride every day, one that would turn heads everywhere he went, a bike that would repay his loving attentions in reliability and beauty and fill up the gaps in his life like a good woman.

The first day of spring arrived and everywhere the sidewalks were filled with people taking in the sights and soaking up the sun. Tim eased the big orange shovel up to the light and rested the heels of his heavy black boots on the brick street under the pegs. The huge engine idled with strong Harley syncopation as Tim ran both hands through his long, blond hair. He knew he and his scooter cut quite a figure sitting there in the sun and he pretended not to notice the admiring stares of the schoolgirls and the envious glances of their boyfriends as they crossed in front of him. He casually looked at his reflection in a store window and thought that the two years of work he'd put into the bike had been worth it.

The coat upon coat of hand-rubbed deep-orange lacquer and the heavily chromed wheels and engine parts were positively blinding in the bright sun. The striking effect was set off by Tim's black leather riding chaps and custom jacket. Yes, it had been worth it — he and the big Harley made quite a pair.

As he gazed at his image in the window, he noticed an old man staring back at him from the bus-stop bench in front of the store. There was something about the old man's gaze that caught Tim's eye. The old man wasn't so much staring at Tim as at the bike. Tim felt there was something sad in the way the man looked at the machine. The old man slowly looked up at Tim, and as their eyes met for an instant there was a brief sense of kinship between them. A car honked behind him and Tim looked up to see that the light had changed to green. He quickly snicked the bike in gear. He gave a cursory glance at the old man and nodded slightly before rumbling off down the street.

As the man watched the thumping Harley disappear into the shimmering heat waves he thought back to a time long ago. A time when he was a young man and had to watch with helpless envy as his friends rode away on their motorcycles. But there had been a time after that, a time before he needed those damn canes to get around, a time when he didn't have to sit and watch — a time when he owned a tin top. He couldn't help wondering what ever happened to the red fatbob.



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Nothin' But a Bird

—Continued from page 29

Not having seen beer for so long, I poured some into a glass just to look at it for a while before drinking it. I had forgotten what beer tasted like, and after five years of pruno I wasn't sure what to expect. Taking a small sip, I let it spread over my tongue. It was better than pussy juice. Well, almost — of course, I couldn't remember what that tasted like either.

I began to think about finding a broad for the night, one with some class. I was ready to do some taste comparisons, maybe even pour some beer in her snatch and have the best of both worlds.

I had just touched the glass to my mouth and started my second sip when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw someone walk up and sit next to me. I heard a low female voice say, "Hi. I'm Julie. Wanna fuck me?"

In the movies, when people choke on something, they cough a couple of times, wipe the corners of their mouths, and continue. Right? Not me. I dropped my glass and coughed so hard that I lost my balance on the stool and fell to the floor. I sat there, afraid I was going to puke, beer running out of my nose and my eyes watering.

"Hey, you all right?" She knelt next to me and was wiping my mouth with a napkin. "I'm sorry if I startled you. I don't like to play games. I want a man and you look pretty good — so I thought I'd ask."

The bar was dark and my vision was still blurred, but it made no difference to me. I was ready to bone Miraculous Mutha (some zit-assed old broad in a biker rag). Without getting a good look at her, I said, "Uh."

She patted my face. "You sure you're okay?"

"Yeah. I'm okay. Just caught me zonin', that's all." Then I knew who she was. "You a hooker?" I asked.

She looked at me with the flicker of a smile. "No, I'm no hooker — I just don't like to waste time. So, do you or don't you?"

"Yeah! Well, sure. Uh, lead on." I managed to get to my feet without falling over myself.

When we got outside I was able to get a good look at her. She had black, shoulder-length hair and small but nice tits beneath her thin blouse. Her white bells were so thin I could see her tiny bikini panties in great detail. Not too shabby!

I wasn't sure about her age — I guessed about thirty. She was certainly old enough to be driving the Jaguar convertible. Apparently, she had some

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coin — not bad. A broad who wanted to fuck, had some money, and wasn't bad-looking. Not that her looks meant anything — if a dude would fuck Miraculous Mutha, he'd fuck a rock.

As we drove out of the parking lot, I remembered my taste test. "There any beer where we're goin'?"

She laughed. "I guess I owe you one, right? Yeah, I got beer — and other things."

I had an uneasy feeling that this broad was running a quart low. None of this added up. Why would some half-way-decent-looking chick with an expensive car walk into a bar and ask a grubby-looking tramp like me to ball her? It just didn't make sense.

I decided not to worry about it. I wasn't going to let prison paranoia fuck up this chance. After all, who was I to turn down a free bit of tail?

We pulled into her driveway. The house was high on the side of a hill, big and modern-looking. I don't know what houses cost, but I figured it would take a whole batch of scoots to make a down payment on this one.

The inside of the place was disgustingly clean and filled with expensive antiques. She went to get the beer, telling me to get comfortable in the living room, but how the hell can you get comfortable in a goddam museum? I stood in the middle of the floor trying not to pick my nose too much. She returned to the living room carrying a beer and wearing a short, very thin robe. She offered me the beer, but after seeing her, I lost interest in drinking. But I had a great interest in getting into her pants.

She looked at me narrowly. "What's your name, anyway?"

"Snuffy." I was still a little nervous about her.

"Snuffy?" She laughed. "Well, Snuffy, it's time for you to earn your keep." Grabbing my hand, she led me to the bedroom.

For the next hour, she did things to me I'd never even known existed. Every time I started to rest, she would come up with something new. She managed to help me fit five years of fucking and sucking into one hour. That broad wore me out. At last, looking temporarily satisfied, she got out of bed and walked to a dresser across the room, returning with a couple of joints. We lit up and relaxed. I began to think she might not make a bad little trinket hanging off the back of my scooter. Only a thought, you understand.

There was no conversation. Nothing needed to be said, but it seemed odd anyway. Except for my name, she never once asked me any questions about myself. Not that it bothered me — I probably would have lied anyway.

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After all, a biker doesn't want to be giving anything up to just anyone. Still, I had always thought that broads wanted to know the life stories of dudes they were fucking. Not this one. She just wanted me for my body. Or so I thought.

After a brief rest for supper, we resumed our silent marathon. This one went a great deal slower than the first. Between the broad and a joint, I was feeling pretty good — so much so that I hadn't thought about a new scooter since she first laid her lips on me. But then I glanced at the clock — ten o'clock. Twelve more hours and I'd be wheeling out of that Hog shop on my new Sporty. A knock at the door snapped me out of my imaginary ride.

She ignored the knocks and lay still. "Just be quiet. Whoever it is will go away."

No good. Whoever was out there wasn't giving up.

"Shit!" She jumped out of bed, put on her robe, and stomped out of the bedroom.

I closed my eyes and tried to visualize my scooter while she got rid of the intruder. I heard muffled voices, then I heard Julie scream, "You can't do that! Get the hell out of here!"

It sounded like trouble to me. I started to get out of bed and at least be half ready if some shit came down. I had just stood up when a big sonofabitch appeared in the bedroom doorway.

"Now if you was to move too quickly, I might think you was gonna try something," he said.

I smelled cop, and the way he spoke made me believe he was looking for any reason to fuck me up. I saw cell bars in my mind.

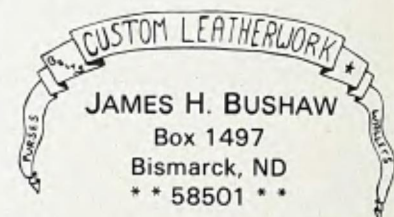
"You mind if I put my pants on?" I pointed to my Levi's on the chair.

He picked them up and searched them carefully, then threw them to me. Trying to sound indignant, I asked, "Who the hell are you anyway?"



"Now are you convinced that we live in a sick society?"

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"Thought you'd never ask." Sure as shit, he popped out a badge. "Sergeant Gerald, sheriff's office. We got a search warrant for this place. Your name?"

I decided to deny everything and play dumb. "Name's Brown. Look, I don't know what the hell yer lookin' for — and, I don't give a shit, 'cause I don't know anything about what's been comin' down here. I just met this broad this afternoon and she brought me home with her. I don't know nothin' about nothin' else."

The fast talk was not working. I knew it was a pretty wild story, but I'd thought he might go for it. And hell, it was the truth. The cop acted like he didn't hear me. He walked around the room nosing into everything. He stopped and examined me, paying particular attention to my tattoos. "Pretty fancy neighborhood for a biker, ain't it? Got some ID?"

I ignored his statement about bikers. It didn't seem like the right time to nut up. The ID bit made me nervous. The only thing I had was my discharge paper, and that wasn't something I wanted to lay on the constable just then. But I didn't have a choice. I gave it to him.

He looked at it and gave me that gotchamuthafucker smile. "Well now, seems you just can't stay outta shit, can ya?"

"I told ya, man, I don't know nothin' about nothin' around this dump. I don't even know this chick's last name."

"Sure, pal," he said, "but ya gotta admit this looks fishy. We'll just —"

"Hey, Joe. Come look at this." The interrupting voice came from another room, obviously another cop. The big one motioned for me to walk in front of him toward the voice.

Julie was sitting on a stool in the kitchen, staring at the refrigerator. One of the county's finest was talking softly to her. Two other cops were looking at an open cabinet in the adjoining laundry room. The big bastard told me to wait in the kitchen while he went to take a look.

I tried to attract Julie's attention. She wouldn't look away from the refrigerator. She looked as if she was in shock. I knew two things — something was definitely wrong at this place, and I wanted out — quick.

I looked around for some way to get out undetected. I was edging toward a patio door when Gerald tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the living room. So much for the great escape.

"Have a seat in the chair, clown. Got something here I wanna read to ya." He pulled a small card from his pocket. "You have the right to remain silent..."

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Fuck! I knew what that was. I not only saw bars again, I could feel the cockroaches crawling on me. These muthafuckers were going to stomp my ass and I didn't even know what for. My luck would be that this broad was a dope dealer. That had to be it — they must have found her stash.

"Hey, fella, you listening? I asked if ya wanna talk." My "friend" again. I hoped the cocksucker would have a heart attack.

"Look, man, I told ya. I don't know nuthin' about this place. That chick picked me up this afternoon in a bar — said she wanted to fuck."

I could tell I wasn't getting through to him. He looked at me with that stupid smile and asked, "Who's the stiff?"

Oh, shit — a body. A **dead fucking body!** That was what the other cops had found in the laundry room. Talk about weird people! That bitch brought me to this dive and fucked my nuts off with a corpse in the next room. Man, I've been a biker for a long time and I don't know any scooter tramps who'd do something like that. I mean, a lot of citizens think bikers are sick. But I ain't never met one that sick.

They were going to hang this one on me. I knew it. I shook my head. "Man, I don't know nothin' about no stinkin' dead bodies. I know you ain't gonna buy that, but that's the way it is. You just as well pack my ass off, 'cause I got nothin' else I can say." I held out my wrists.

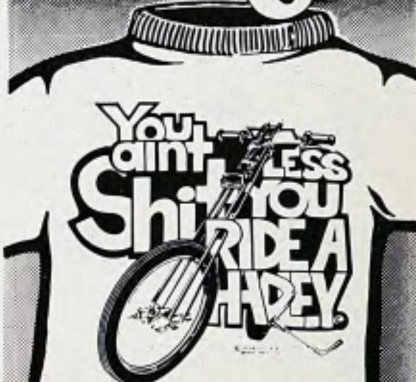
He was very obliging. He whipped the cuffs on me and marched me out. I caught sight of the Julie bitch as I passed by the kitchen. She was sitting there blubbering while a tall cop did the cuff trip with her.

After that, everything got pretty fuzzy. The only thing I could think about was getting my old cell back when I returned to the joint. I had no doubts — these fuckers were going to put it to me. It didn't really matter, though. Once I'd made up my mind that I was gone, I started spacing out. I spent the entire night in never-never land with my mind disengaged. I was still lost in space when Sherlock, from



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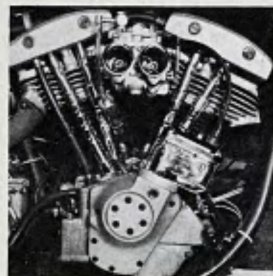
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the night before, called me.

"C'mon, Brown. Let's go." That tired
fucking smile of his bugged the shit
out of me.

I started copping my convict attitude.
"Fuck you, man. I told ya last night I
had no more to say. Ain't nuthin'
changed." Jimmy Cagney wasn't shit!

"No," he said. "I got some things to
say to you. I got a feeling you might
want to hear 'em."

When we sat down at the interview
table, he laid out my check for six
grand, along with my cash and papers.
I'd seen a whole shitload of cop tricks
before, but this was a new one. What-
ever it was, it wasn't going to work with
me. I just stared at him.

He laughed. "You can get off yer
tough guy kick. We're cuttin' you
loose."

It's hard to act cool when you feel like
dancing. I sat there blinking at him,
wondering if it was more of the trick.
Finally, I managed a weak "Why?"

He smiled. "This broad of yours is a
real freako. Seems that was a boyfriend
she was tired of. They got in a beef
yesterday morning and she took a
butcher knife to him. She figured to
pick up a sucker and fix him up with
the rap. But she was stupid — we found
the knife this morning with her prints
still on it. After that, she copped to it.
Besides, the guy was cold before you
even walked out the gate yesterday.
Seems you got a real problem pickin'
yer girlfriends."

I started laughing. I had spent all
night psyching myself up for a return
trip to the pen. Suddenly I was free
again. It didn't take long to get my
street head back on, though. I stuffed
all my papers and money into my
pockets and asked him to direct me to
the First National Bank.

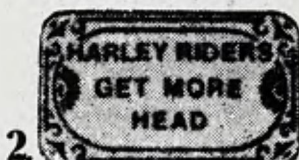
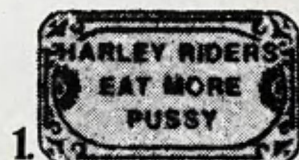
Between walking and hitching
(mostly walking), I made it to the bank
minutes before opening time. I felt
nauseated with worry. What if they
didn't open on time? What if they
wouldn't cash my check? What if that
asshole bike dealer went belly up and
the shop was closed for mourning? All
a bunch of bullshit — but after
yesterday, I was sweating.

At exactly ten o'clock, the bank doors
opened. Knowing that I was going to
have problems, I was ready to raise hell
when someone told me they wouldn't
cash my check. But surprise — I asked
for the person that the prison folks had
told me to see and within fifteen
minutes I walked out the door with five
grand in cash and one grand in an
account. I didn't have one problem. I
began to wonder if my luck had
changed from piss-poor to moderate. I
actually started feeling good.

I set out to find my way to the Hog

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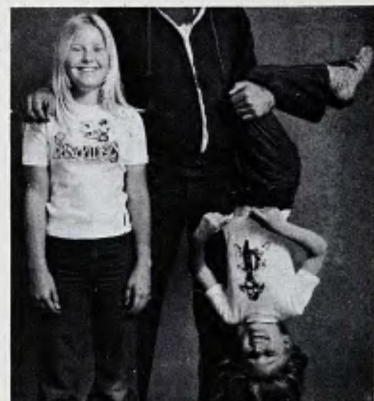
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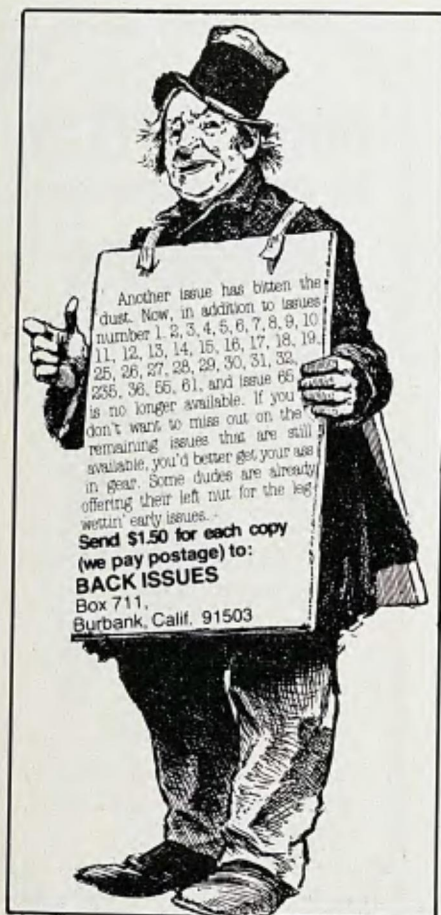
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shop. As I walked, I kept expecting to hear a voice say, "Hey, asshole, where's yer pass?" Nobody said anything. The people out and about ignored me. I was just another grubby-looking sucker in a whole town of grubby-looking suckers.

When I first caught sight of that big Harley sign, I stopped and held my breath. If the place was closed today, I figured I might as well jump the fence onto the highway and walk in front of a truck. Those were my choices. Either the place was open and I rode away, or the place was closed and I became a hood ornament. When I stop and think about it now, that seems really sick — that an inanimate object can hold so much power over a man. But then a Harley isn't really inanimate, is it?

I walked to the door. It was open! I strode in and felt like I was in heaven — the smell of grease, the gleam of chrome. It was allfuckingright! I walked over to a blue Sporty as if it had called to me personally.

I noticed a big bastard hunched over something behind a desk. I figured he was the owner. He mumbled something like "Wiyainaminitt."

I threw my leg over that blue bitch and sat down, more turned on by that than I was by the broad from the night before. I wanted to jack off, but decided I'd wait till the bike was mine. After all, it's not in good taste to jack off on a scooter that doesn't belong to you yet.

The owner walked up and said, "Sorry I kept ya waitin' — some sleazy suckass ripped my pitosporum out. Had ta get it in a pot 'fore it slid out on me."

I looked in the direction he gestured and only then realized that he was talking about the sick-looking bush I had torn out. A fucking plant freak! I nodded my head and tried to look sympathetic.

He continued. "With all the new slime in this area, man, ya don't know what's gonna happen. If I ever find the dick-suckin' crud that done it, I'm gonna put him on my lathe and show him what it feels like to be uprooted."

That burly fool was really hot about his bush. I think he actually meant it. I don't know whether I had a feeling of terror or guilt, but I was hoping that he couldn't see either one in me.

Putting on my Innocent Look Number Six, I talked fast. "How much cash ya take for this?" I was still sitting on "my" bike.

That did it. The word cash got his attention away from the plant. He smiled (I could have sworn he had dollar signs etched in his front teeth) and said, "Ya got cash?"

Man, the worst part about buying a scooter is the waiting. From the time you

barney's

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drop the long green until the time you hit the street seems like an eternity. I believe vehicle peddlers write slowly just to torture eager buyers.

Finally! The dude gave me the registration slip and the key. He thanked me for my business, told me to be cool, and went back to his plant.

I kicked her over and sat there with my eyes half closed, feeling the vibes. Anybody driving by would have thought there was a broad in the gas tank slurping my pud.

Kicking it into first, I hit the gas and flew into the street. I screamed at the top of my voice — "Yeeaaaaahoooo!" — all the way down the street. I was a complete biker again.

I managed to stop puttin' long enough to buy a fartsack, then hit the freeway west, figuring to look up a bro. It was a beautiful hot day, and I'd rather ride on a sunny day than fuck.

I made it down to the lake before the sun and the good weather went down, and here I am, thinkin' about all that's happened today. It's raining like a cow pissing on a flat rock. And cold? I haven't been this cold since the time I wintered in Scabsnatch, Wisconsin.

My scooter's under a tree, covered with my new sleeping bag. I'm sitting under another tree, freezing my gonads, wishing I was back home with Toothless and one or two of the "decent" chicks he's going to lay on me.

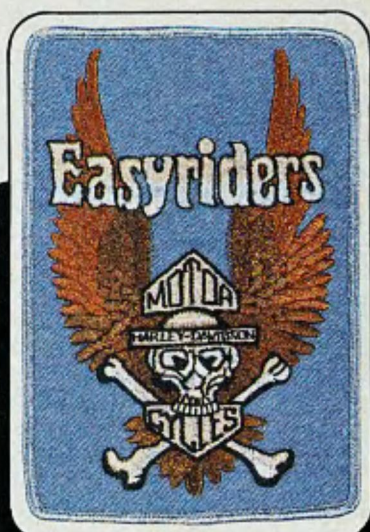
I suppose I should be pissed. The cold and rain are probably enough to get any biker riled. It's funny, though — I'm sitting here with a stupid smile, actually feeling okay. I have the feeling that I was tested yesterday, but I tricked them. I passed. That's why I feel cool now. If I could handle yesterday and still have my head semi-straight, I can handle anything. A little cold and rain ain't shit.

Fuck 'em all. A chicken ain't nothin' but a bird. ■



"His scooter was ripped off."

107
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Wild Man and Hellcat

—Continued from page 34

rough club stood against one wall. The old pump shotgun was by the big man's side.

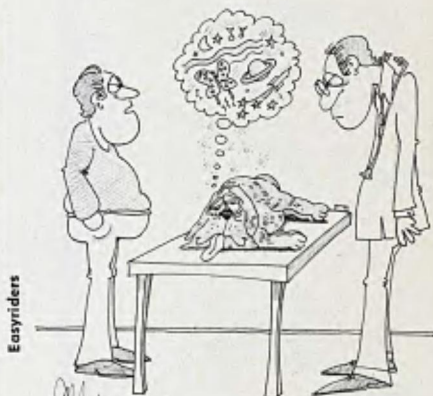
Even as she watched, he suddenly opened his eyes, stood up, and strode over to where she lay. Squatting down, he deftly turned her on her side and examined her back. With a satisfied grunt, he turned her back to her former position and spoke.

"That thing is healing fast. You're a kid — kids heal good and fast. Now tell me what happened."

Elsbeth took a deep breath and began to speak, her thin voice tinged with hurt and anger. "I stole some money — from the General Store. It was payday at the sawmill and everyone was in town buyin' stuff. Old Mr. Carver left the cash drawer open for a minute just like I knew he would, just like I had been waitin' for him to do. I pointed my ma's ol' pistol at everybody standin' around, and I yelled at 'em to freeze. Then I grabbed all that money and ran. Those stupid fools just stood there while I waved that thing around — it wasn't even loaded. Some bastard shot me in the back 'bout the time I hit the street. I just kept runnin' until I made it to the woods and hid in that tree. And then that scumbag sheriff and his creep deputies and those damn dogs showed up. They were plannin' to rape me — them and the dogs! Then you got there."

"Ah, yes." The bearded man nodded. "The good people of Redwater. But who are you? Are you from town?"

"Yeah," she sighed, "I'm from town. I'm Darcy's girl. Did you ever know Darcy? She was about my age, I guess, when she ran away from home and went to Redwater to live and



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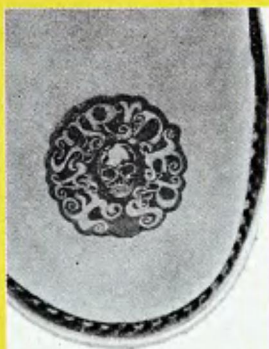
Upper leathers are oil tan and resistant to fungus, caustic sodas, acids and barnyard shit. Strain points are nylon lock-stitched. Heels are beefed up to feature a double layer of leather (12 ounces). Vamps, or toe portions, are lined with the same weight stock as is used in the

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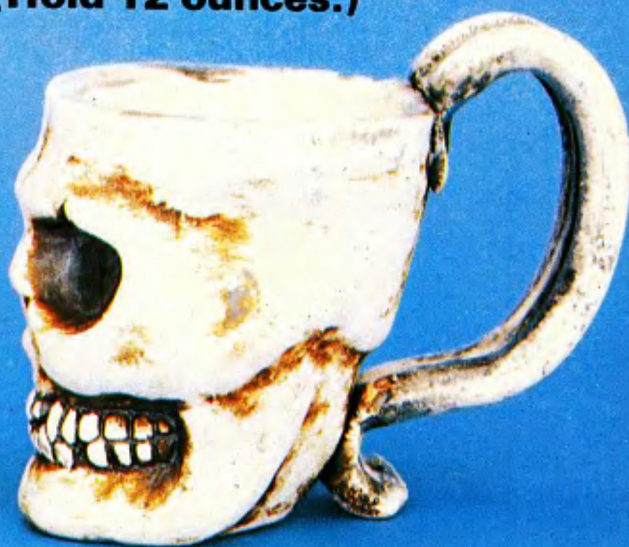
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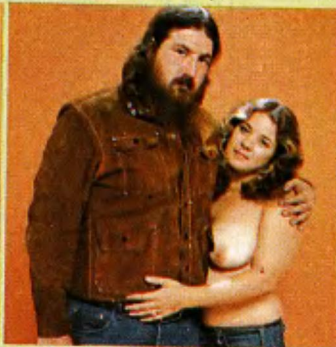
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work at Gage's boardinghouse. She was s'posed to be real pretty then and all the men had an eye for her. But she came up pregnant and wouldn't tell Mrs. Gage who the father was. So Mrs. Gage threw her out in the street and she went to live in the shack over by the old lively stable. The whole town gossiped — some said it was the mayor's kid, some said it was Mr. Gage's. Darcy just smiled and never said a word. And she stayed there even after I was born and never let on who my pa was. She'd just stroll through town, smilin' to herself. They all hated her — nobody ever spoke nice to her."

She paused and looked at Wild Man.

"Go on," the big man murmured, his brow creased with apparent concern.

"Well," the girl continued, "Darcy — I never did call her anything but Darcy — got herself a job at the saloon. We still lived over by the stable and we never had much; but she was good to me. She saw to it I went to school and had a coat and shoes to wear. And she taught me — she taught me to take care of myself and not get riled at all those stupid people and their name-calling. Then, last winter, she stepped on a rusty nail and got lockjaw and the doctor wouldn't come 'cause we didn't have any money. She died and the sheriff dragged her off in the old hurry-up wagon and she got buried in that potter's field by the edge of town. I don't know, I guess she'd rather be there than in the churchyard with all those people she hated. I took her job at the saloon — for half the money she got because Mason Briggs said I had only one to feed and didn't need any more than that. And I knew I had to get out, so I robbed the General Store — just took whatever was in that drawer and ran."

She fished into the pocket of her faded jeans and extracted a wad of crumpled bills. "Here," she said, "let's see how much I got."

She counted slowly and then shook her head and looked up at him in disgust. "Shit! Five hundred and eighty-two dollars — for that I got a bullet in my back!"

He chuckled sympathetically, patted her on the arm, and stood up. "C'mon, we'll have some coffee and then I'll show you something worth lookin' at."

"But who are you really?" She asked. "What are you gonna show me? What's that in the corner?" She was walking toward the fire as she asked the questions, totally at ease



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with the ominous-looking stranger. After all, she reasoned, he'd been kind and he seemed to understand about those people. "Are you really the Wild Man of Devil Mountain? How did you get here?"

He frowned, then smiled, poured two cups of thick, pungent coffee from a battered old pot and sat down, motioning her to do the same. "Yes, I am the Wild Man, just like I said. I was Jonas Sprague and I lived in Redwater twenty years ago."

The more he spoke, the less stilted his conversation was. After all, it had been a long time since he'd talked with anyone. "Now, let me see," he mused. "Oh yeah, I lived in Redwater and I was young and poor. I wanted to get away, go to California. So I robbed the bank, the Redwater Savings and Trust, and I came up here to hide out. And I stayed. Follow me, girl, and I'll show you why."

Taking her by the hand, he led her up a narrow path just beyond the doorway to the cave. They suddenly came up over a small outcropping and were looking into a small gorge. It was unlike anything else she had ever seen. The sides were lush with heavy vines and shrubs, and a mountain spring splashed into a deep pool of azure. There were flowering plants that gave off a heady fragrance and the air was filled with the soft thrumming of insects. It took her breath away.

"I understand," she whispered. "This is like a Garden of Eden."

"Yes, this is my Garden of Eden," he said softly. There was a faraway look in his eyes. He reached over suddenly and slipped the tattered remains of Elsbeth's shirt off her shoulders. Then he undid the front of her jeans and let them fall to the ground. As he stripped off his own threadbare shirt and jeans, he smiled over at her shyly, "Come, I'll take you swimming."



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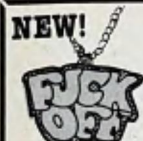
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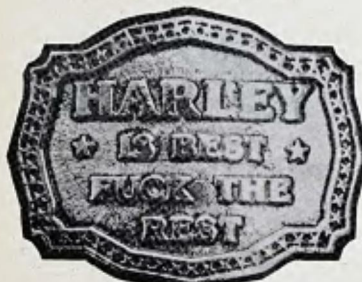


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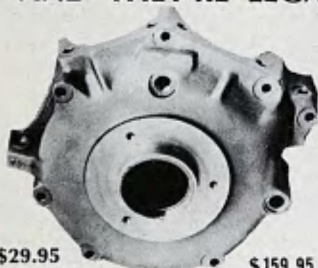
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For an instant, she was frozen with fear. What was he going to do to her? She shuddered at the thought of being raped by this giant. He towered over her, gazing downward at her slim 15-year-old body with an almost childlike expression on his face. She didn't dare show her fear — he could kill her with one slap. The next thing she knew, he had picked her up and was wading into the icy water with her slim body held close to his chest. She relaxed a little and tried to smile. He smiled in return.

They reached the middle of the pool and he solemnly scooped up a handful of water for her to drink. "Pure mountain spring water. Taste it."

She lapped it up like a kitten from his hand and relaxed completely. "You know," she said, "I feel like I belong here. I want to stay." She spoke softly, looking into the deep and shining black of his eyes.

"Yes." He nodded. "You'll stay — but no more being such a hellcat. This is a place to be peaceful, you understand?"

Still clinging to his massive body, she smiled, then asked, "What is that big thing in the corner of your cave? Will you show it to me?"

"That's a special friend — been with me since I came up here," he replied very softly. "I'll show her to you sometime."

A shadow seemed to cross his face, and when he again looked down into Elsbeth's eyes, he looked indescribably sad. Very slowly, as if in a trance, his free hand began to caress the girl's shoulder, then her young breast, and then it slid down across her flat belly and began to probe the soft patch of hair between her thighs. His eyes were still sad.

A shock wave tore through her. He was going to rape her after all! His face was unreadable and there was no way in the world she could stop him — she could do nothing but wait. He sighed, and the hand ceased its probing and slid gently back up her body until it was on her shoulder.

As she looked shyly into his eyes, both massive hands encircled her neck and began to apply pressure, very slowly but very steadily. His eyes were twin mirrors of tragedy as he pressed deeper into her flesh. Elsbeth was caught tight in a cold, swimming, black wave of pain, struggling to cling to consciousness.

The massive hands relaxed, allowing the body to slip into the pool and begin its slow, swirling descent down the deep mountainside stream. He walked from the water, scooped up her jeans from the ground, and

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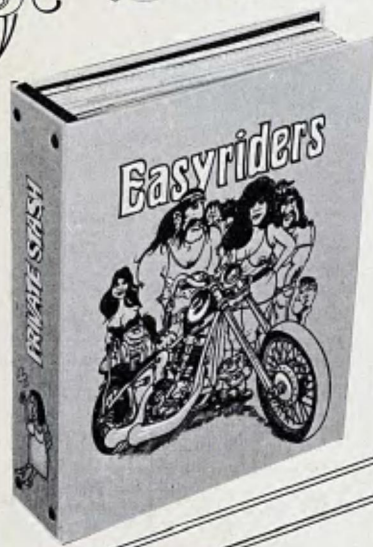
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extracted the crumpled currency from a pocket. After looking at the bills for a moment or two, he tossed them into the water and watched as they swirled and floated downstream.

Sooner or later, the body would be found, and Redwater would again be buzzing with speculation about him. More stories to scare the kids with — no one really wanted to believe that anyone could survive on that rugged mountain. He chuckled softly to himself. Then, feeling a sudden chill, he put on his clothes and made his way down the path to his home.

He went directly to the shrouded shape in the far recess of the cave. Throwing aside the tarpaulins, he stared lovingly at his "special friend," a beautiful old knucklehead, still gleaming black and chrome. That was how he had escaped to the sheltering wilderness of Devil Mountain. The knuck had been his constant companion through the long years, and he needed no one else. He stooped and kissed the shiny black tank, where silvery script spelled out Hellcat. His huge hands stroked the big machine.

Days later, Elsbeth's bloated body with its crushed and blackened neck floated down out of the mountain and into the stream at the end of the twisted country road. She was found, but no one seemed to care that she had been strangled. They were just happy that she was dead. Someone said that the Wild Man of Devil Mountain had killed her — you know, that thief who had fled some twenty years before. Others were sure he was dead by now. Either way, it kept the kids from climbing too high up Devil Mountain.



"I take it that's a negative answer, Farnsworth?"

Scooter Trash the Outlaw Coloring Book

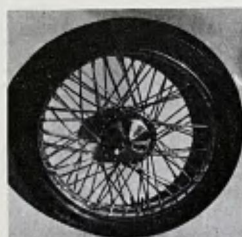
Scooter Trash is not an ordinary coloring book. Every selection of artwork in this book was drawn by a biker while he was in prison. Even within the negative environment of prison life, he managed to complete the entire book. The drawings are printed on stock heavy enough to frame and each drawing depicts scooters, our lifestyle, and women.

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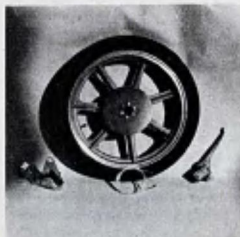


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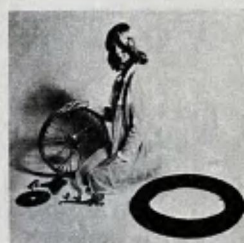
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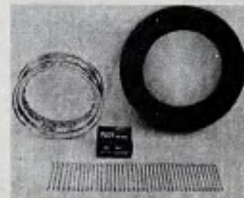
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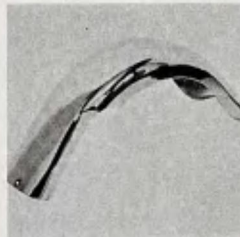
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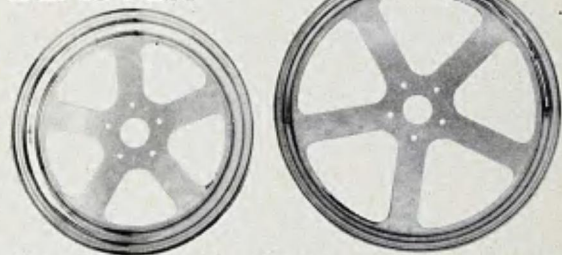
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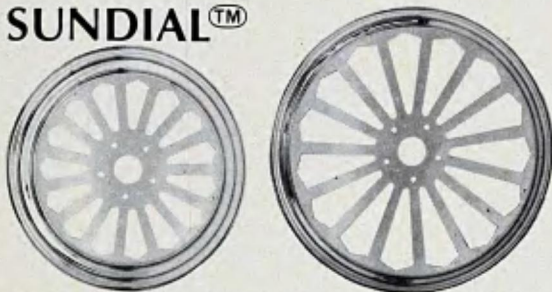
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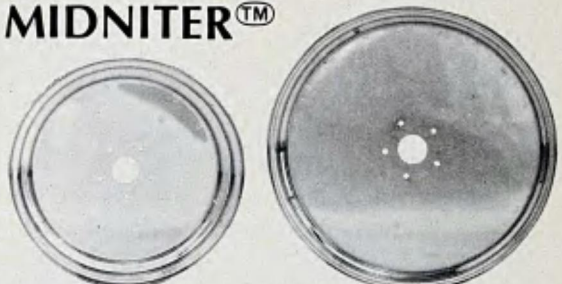
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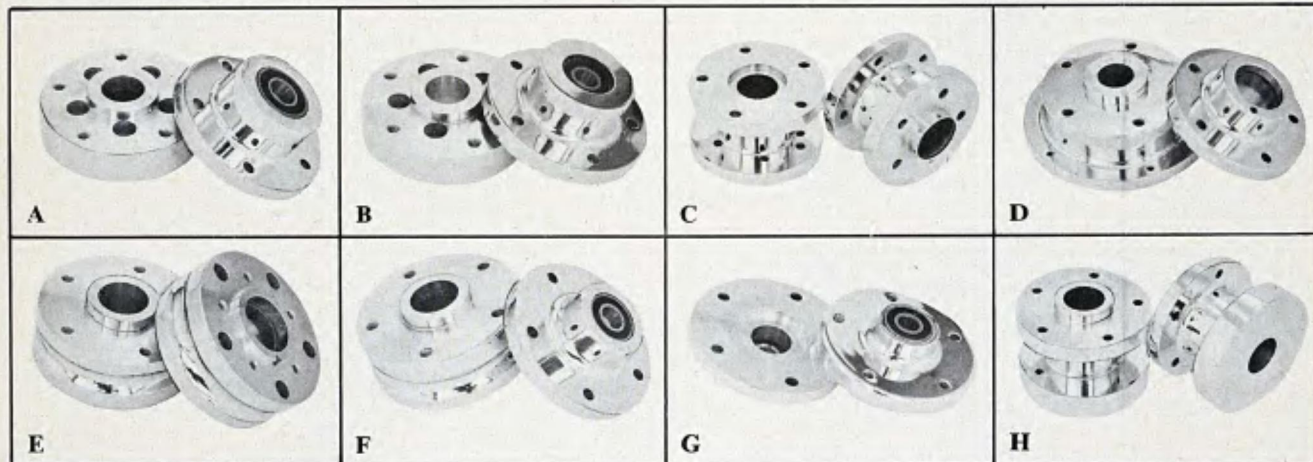
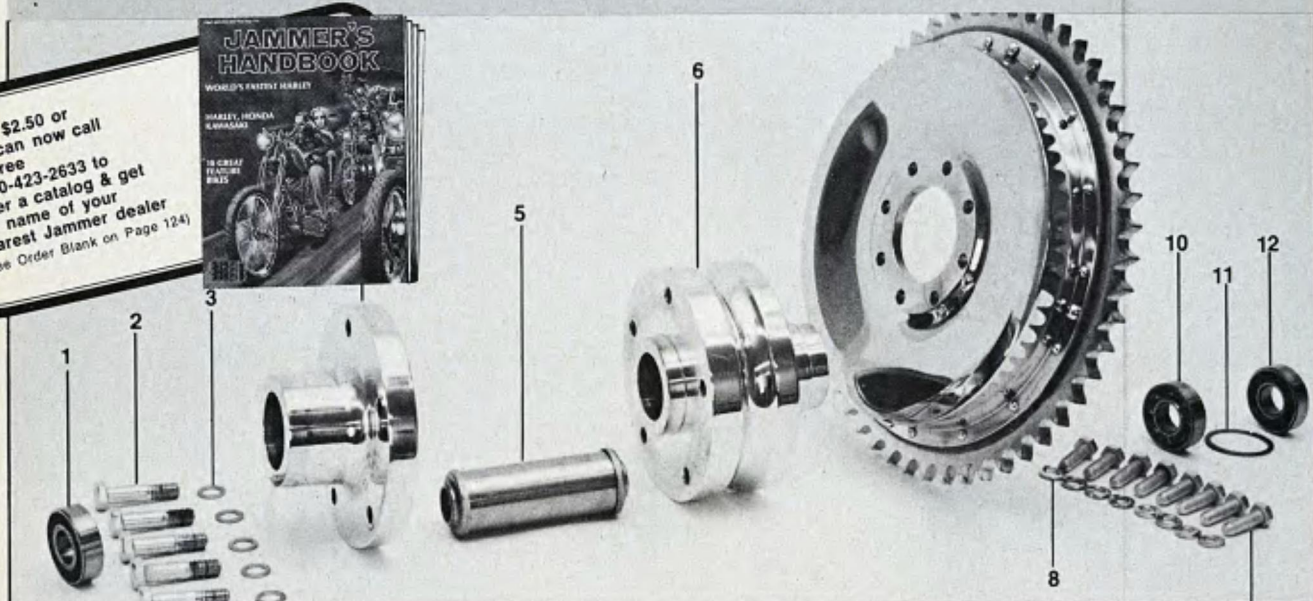
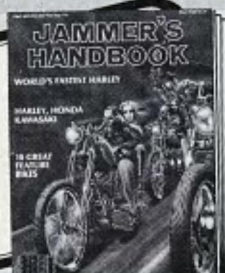
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Manley Performance Products, Inc.

Forged Aluminum Pistons

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The top ring has a special plasma sprayed moly face for maximum seal and longevity. The ring face is radiused to maintain wall contact even while the piston rocks in the bore. The second ring is a reverse twist, taper face to give improved oil scrapping especially on the highly important—and after neglected—intake stroke when enormous pressure is put on the rings by the combustion chamber vacuum.

The oil ring is a three piece with a stainless steel expander and chrome rails. Tension of the ring is 13 to 15 lbs. which results in a free spinning engine with excellent oil control.

Both top and second rings are .005 oversize which "requires" the installer to file fit the rings. Each part number supplies rings for two pistons.

Plasma Moly Ring Sets

Price #	Application	Comp. Size	Price Ratio	Set
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126022	74 Stock Stroke	.020	10.6	26.00
126023	74 Stock Stroke	.030	10.7	26.00
126024	74 Stock Stroke	.040	10.8	26.00
126021	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.010	10.5	26.00
126022	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.020	10.6	26.00
126023	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.030	10.7	26.00
126024	74 4 1/4" Stroke	.040	10.8	26.00
126021	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.010	10.5	26.00
126022	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.020	10.6	26.00
126023	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.030	10.7	26.00
126024	74 4 1/2" Stroke	.040	10.8	26.00
126026	Sportster	.010	10.5	26.00
126027	Sportster	.020	10.6	26.00
126028	Sportster	.040	10.7	26.00
126029	Sportster	.060	10.8	26.00

Note: 126021-126024 rings will fit all 74 pistons listed above.



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This clever little hand operated grinder will allow the engine builder to custom tailor the end gaps of his rings for tighter fit and more complete combustion seal.

126031	End Gap Grinder	29.95
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Just like the old days. These matched pair of seats have that classic appearance which will enhance any custom motorcycle.



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Our top of the line solo seat. Custom stitched black naugahyde cover on a steel base plate. 1 3/4 inches of dense foam for extra comfort. 13 inches wide by 14 inches long.

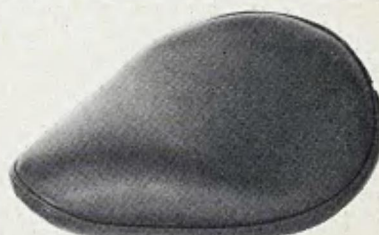
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Pillion Seat

Wedge design to fit with fender. Covered in naugahyde. 9 inches long by 4 1/2 inches wide. 4 inches high in back tapering down to 2 inches in front.

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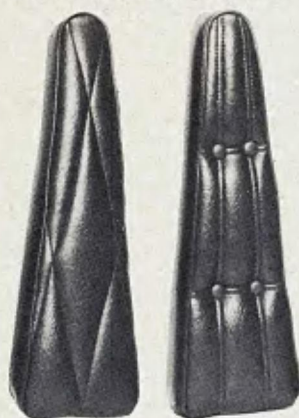
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115079 Double Stitch 14.50



36" Rigid Bars

16 1/2" High, 5" Wide, 2 1/2" Thick. Tapers to 1 3/4" at the top. Padded with 2" foam.

115081 Diamond 15.95
115083 Double Stitch Pleat 15.95



Instant Vinyl Repair Kit

An excellent way to fix cuts, tears and split seams in upholstery and clothing.

128032 2.10



Hump Type Pillion Seat

A deep cushion naugahyde seat designed to give your passenger added comfort.

11705 17.95



Seat Bracket

This bracket is the one most commonly used by custom builders. Chromed.

11706 2.95

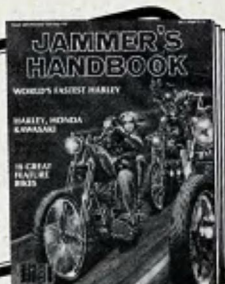


Chromed Solo Seat Springs

11703 3-inch 4.50 pr.

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Security

Stop and Lock

The Stop & Lock anti-theft system is simple, inexpensive, easy to install and it works. This entirely mechanical, rear-axle-mounted security device works by holding the brake fully applied & by passing a case-hardened dead bolt through the existing holes in the stock hub. Its unique design enables it to be effective even with the axle removed. Not only does Stop & Lock eliminate the need for heavy chains and buzzers but it is recognized by some insurance companies for large discounts. All in all, Stop & Lock is sound anti-theft medicine. Available for Harley, Honda and Kawa.

Harley

51021. FL 74 & Sportster w/
Rear Drum Brake 39.95
51022. FX & FXE w/Rear Disc
Brake (Mag Wheels OK) 39.95
51023. Sportster & Cafe Racer,
1979, w/Rear Disc 39.95

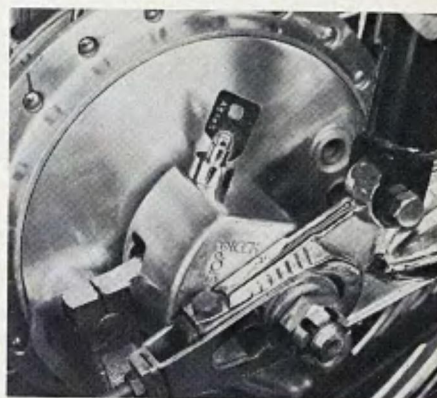


Honda

51024. GL 1000 49.95
51025. CB 750K 1969-76 &
550K 1977-78 49.95
51026. CB 750K & Hondamatic
1977-78 49.95

Kawasaki

51027. 650 w/Rear Drum Brake 49.95
51028. KZ 900 w/Rear Drum
Brake 49.95
51029. KZ 1000 w/Rear
Disc Brake 49.95



Abus Chain Lock

Comes with 4 feet of heat-treated 5/16" chain. Two keys. Chromed.

5105 19.95

Jammer CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

(Please ship me the following merchandise under the terms printed below.)

For fast service order from:
Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.
801 So. Main St., Burbank, California 91506

Date _____

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone () _____
(Give area code number)

*Please Note Shipping Instructions Below.

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Qty.	Part Numbers	Description	Price

Sub Total

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

Expr.
Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 3/27/79 ☐ CV MAY ☐ #71 ☐ AR



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.

Tsubaki Super Chain

Tsubaki Cut to Length Chain, 25' Bulk Chain and Master Links

- Solid Rollers • Shot Peened Parts • Special Alloy Steel
- Heavy Press Fit Pins • Quad Staked Riveting • Prestressed/Prestretched

TSUBAKI
Super Chain



Tsubaki technology has long been involved in joint study with the world's finest steel mills to develop suitable steel materials for motorcycle chain. Tsubaki QR roller chains, HSL lube free chains and NPQR nickel plated chains are guaranteed to be the best for your bike. Each pitch of every Tsubaki chain is pre-stressed on actual sprocket teeth applying one third of the average tensile strength automatically, after assembling process, thereby giving perfect concordance on joint parts and favorable residual stresses. This unique pre-stretching process provides your chain with the ultimate protection against fatigue and wear. They're all tough enough to be warranted for one year against breakage limited to the replacement of the chain.

High Performance QR Series

For today's high performance bikes. All QR chains insure you that you'll have many miles of hassle-free chain use, without constant adjustments.

Part #	Chain Size	Price
14506	530 QR x 100	27.80
14507	530 QR x 102	28.50
14508	530 QR x 104	28.90
14509	530 QR x 106	29.50
145010	530 QR x 108	30.00
145011	530 QR x 110	30.50
145012	530 QR x 120	33.50
145013	530 QR — Master Link	1.20
145014	530 QR x 25 Ft.	133.00
145015	630 QR x 88	50.70
145016	630 QR x 92	52.95
145017	630 QR x 96	55.25
145018	630 QR x 100	57.60
145019	630 QR x 110	63.50
145020	630 QR — Master Link	2.00
145021	630 QR x 25 Ft.	230.50

Self-Lube HSL Series

Lube free chains for big bikes. Great for the avid touring rider. These chains feature an impregnated high quality lubricant which is released by the joint movement between pin and bushing. All of this means you're getting minimum chain stretch and eliminating chain seizure without needing outside lubrication.

Part #	Chain Size	Price
145022	530 HSL x 100	45.00
145023	530 HSL x 102	45.90
145024	530 HSL x 104	46.80
145025	530 HSL x 106	47.70
145026	530 HSL x 108	48.60
145027	530 HSL x 110	49.50
145028	530 HSL — Master Link	1.50
145029	530 HSL x 25 Ft.	215.00
145030	630 HSL x 88	69.75
145031	630 HSL x 92	92.90
145032	630 HSL x 96	76.00
145033	630 HSL x 110	87.25
145034	630 HSL — Master Link	2.30
145035	630 HSL x 25 Ft.	284.50

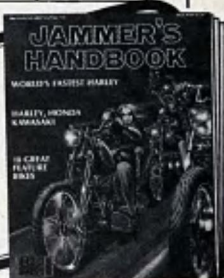
Nickel Plated Series

For the "big custom bikes". Here's great rust-proof nickel plated 530NP/QR chain with brilliant chrome like finish that has a whopping 7,000 lbs. plus tensile strength.

Part #	Chain Size	Price
145036	530 NPQR x 100	37.75
145037	530 NPQR x 102	38.50
145038	530 NPQR x 104	39.25
145039	530 NPQR x 106	39.95
145040	530 NPQR x 108	40.75
145041	530 NPQR x 110	41.50
145042	530 NPQR x 120	45.25
145043	530 NPQR — Master Link	1.75
145044	530 NPQR x 25 Ft.	194.75



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1825 W. Posia, Phoenix, AZ

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3880 S. Jason, Englewood, CO
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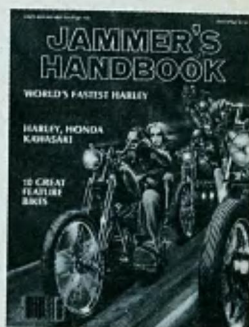
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Show some class—drink your favorite brew from a huge mug that shows your colors.

\$5.95, plus a lousy buck for postage and packing. As with all Righteous Products, satisfaction is guaranteed, or money immediately refunded.

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Only \$5.95 and we pay postage and handling. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be immediately refunded.

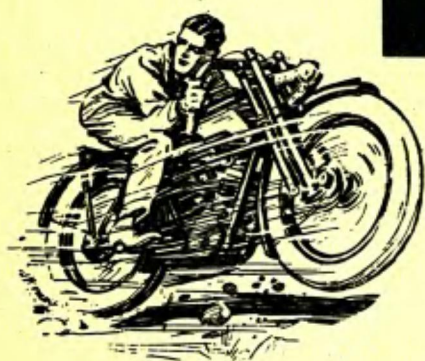


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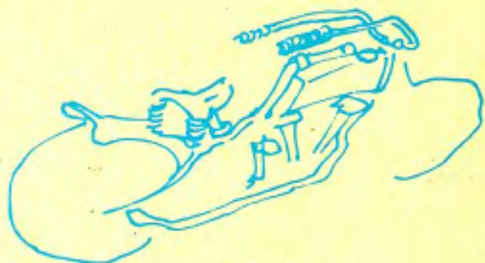
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Some of the bros around here thought there should be a mag for men who ride other bikes.



iron horse



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