

Easyriders

June 1979
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Tank Art Contest



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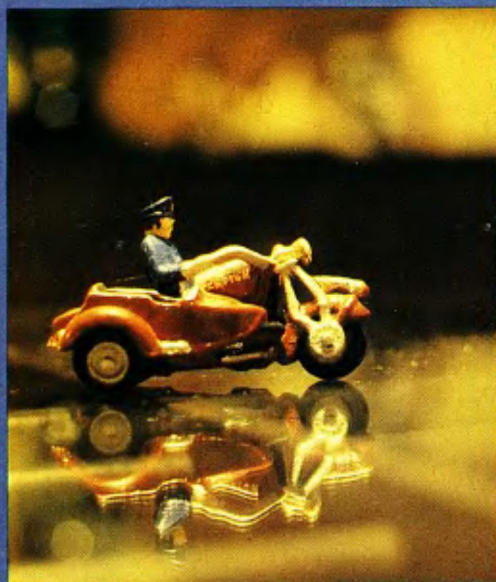
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Easyriders

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



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FTW



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Cover photo of Gabriele Keith and "Mr. Tramp" by Billy Tinney

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

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.

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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You've read about the recent 'test tube' baby born in Britain, but did you know it was the offspring of Hitler's selective breeding experiments? In Hitler's time they were called the 'Fuehrer's children' because they were born and reared within a specially chosen SS (elite guard) society called 'Lebensform,' which means 'offspring of life.'

The progeny of 'racially pure' SS officers and pedigreed women were supposed to become second generation rulers of Hitler's empire.

SS Chief Heinrich Himmler wanted to breed the SS into a biological elite. Hitler and Himmler believed that physical attributes and character traits such as loyalty and courage could be biologically transmitted.

Everone's after us dept.: It happened again--only this time in Indiana. A biker was goin' along, pickin' at his nose, when all of a sudden a fuckin' airplane whapped him sideways--that's right, a big fuckin' Cessna 152 took off across the road right in front of the bike at an altitude of only four feet! The airplane rammed the biker and cartwheeled into some trees. The biker was killed (as usual), the pilot and co-pilot were injured. But wait, here's a switch--the crash was counted as an aircraft accident, not as a highway traffic accident. DOT lost on this one--no one was wearing a safety helmet. I can hear Claybrook now--'but if he had been wearing a helmet, the biker's life might have been saved.'

Remember this one: Two dudes were spotted by the local Montana police sittin' behind a restaurant a few minutes after the 2:00 a.m. closing time--no big deal. But 20 minutes later the same two dudes were still there, so the police pulled behind 'em for a look-see. As the cops approached, the driver got out, surrounded by a large cloud of what the cops believed to be pot smoke. The cop's partner went around the other side (stay with me) and spotted a baggie of grass on the console between the front seats. The two dudes were immediately busted. The cops later found 18 more baggies of grass. But (still with me?), the dudes beat the case by proving that the police car had failed to provide an escape route! Their attorney argued that since the cops didn't have 'probable cause' it was a bad bust because the cop car blocked the dudes' only exit--preventing them from leavin' the parking lot.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



Did ya read about the unhappy man who laid his right hand on a railroad track and let a freight train have at it? He told his ol' lady he was going for a walk. When he returned, he was minus his right hand. They found the hand by followin' the trail of blood from the house to the tracks. They couldn't re-attach the hand. (Don't say I didn't tell ya that trains are known to be mean machines.)

Americana file: Didja read where the Polack police chief in Massachusetts told the city to stick it where the sun don't shine when he was allegedly told that a Polack can't make as much as an Irishman? (What's that line--when in Rome, do as the Romans do?)

Runnin' off at the mouth: In Chicago recently, a newspaper writer, while trying to be with-it in his column, ran down the following rap: 'But nowhere in the rule books were they told how to react to those funny little motorized bicycles known as mopeds. Should they treat them with the contempt usually reserved for 'Hogs' and other full-scale motorcycles, which do a lot of unpleasant roaring and sputtering, and are only good for transporting Hells Angels to some raucous gathering? Or with the irritable concern normally doled out to bicyclists, who are, after all, mostly innocent children and simple-minded physical fitness fanatics, but who nonetheless clutter up the roadways a lot and become a heavy responsibility?'

Are ya ready? The University of Michigan Highway Safety Research Institute (spell that 'our tax dollars') has come out for crash helmets for car drivers. Where will it end? They said, 'Crash helmets should be considered to help reduce the number of fatal head injuries in car accidents.'

Ohio justice: A dude stole ten bucks' worth of beer and was sentenced to (are ya ready?) four to twenty-five years in jail. On the same day the same judge gave a suspended sentence to a deputy registrar who had ripped off \$8,000 in license plate fees!

It happened in Texas: A dog named Rebel went out on his first dope sniffin' job. He made nine visits to three high schools--but Rebel didn't find anything, not even a dirty sock. So they decided to 'test' the dog by stuffin' a tinbox fulla weed under his nose. The dog sniffed the shit, got sick, and lost weight. The fuckin' dog got so sick he went to the hospital--but he's recovering. (Must be some kinda strong shit those high schoolers smoke down Texas way.)

I guess you've heard that NHTSA and DOT have determined that havin' a tattoo on your bod makes you more likely to have a motorcycle accident. But what they didn't say is that you're the type to dig sex more, party more, live it up more, and generally raise hell more than those without ink on their hides. ■

WORDMONGER

Another Gooft

☐ I would like to ask a question about your March '79 centerfold. Tell me, does Dave Mann think that girls who can't dance give great 69? It must have been a deliberate boner—or does Dave get fucked up while he paints? Honest, I'm straight, but I'd swear that lady's got two left feet!

Sneaky Pete
Lawrence, Kans.

■ We all get fucked up at times—even Dave. Whatda-fuck?

Florida Warden

☐ I am writing you in hopes that you will let the people know about how a warden of a federal prison can break the law and not go to court because he is the warden.

We have written him, telling him the fact that our U.S. flag is flying at night, is being left out in the rain, and is not all the way up the pole. He has not done anything about it yet, and it has been this way for over two weeks.

I'm sure some people would like to know just how he can get away with it and not end up in court.

Downed Bro
Tallahassee, Fla.

Mom Digs Us

☐ I value my rags as I value my Harley, but my mother (who's 54) snatches 'em up and secretly reads them before I get 'em. I use her house as a mailing address. No wonder they're late—come to find out she loves the "dirty words" and the down-to-earth soundin' ads. Now she understands my love and uncontrollable obsession for my Harley, and she truly believes I'd marry it if it had a pussy.

Squeeze
Inkster, Mich.

Outlawing Scoots

☐ Last month I wrote a letter of protest and opposition to the mayor and city council. They're trying to pass a law outlawing bikes on city streets between 9:00 p.m. and 8:00 a.m. I wrote to oppose the law and the mayor wrote back, "We have filed your

'agreement' with the law's passage and thank you for your interest in alleviating the growing problem of noisy motorcycles."

Damn Man—you write to disagree and they file you as agreeing. Wonder if I planted my fist in their faces they'd call it a pat on the back?

Capt. Drift
Downsville, N.Y.

Ghost From The Past

☐ After workin' on the bike for half a night, gettin' pissed off, and gettin' wasted due to down time, I finally gave up and sat in front of the idiot box to wash down the taste of some fine home grown with a few brews.

My eyes were assaulted by the late night movie, "Hot Rod Gang." Can you tell me whether the co-producer (or whatever) was the same Lou Kimzey we all know and love?

Little Rock
Newcastle, Australia

■ The last time that movie ran on the tube here, the rating in the TV Guide said, "Go to bed." Lou leaves town whenever it's desperation time on the late, late, late movies.

Scanner Laws

☐ In your Feb. '79 issue you printed a letter from a bro telling us of the technological advantages of the four-channel pocket scanner. Well, he forgot to tell us there is a fucking law in some states forbidding anyone but the Man or a fireman to carry them. You see, our adversary just loves to fuck with our minds on little shit like this. Believe me, I know. The Man got me and my four-channel pocket scanner in New York, where it is a misdemeanor (section 397). So check on the law in your state before you go and invest any of your ol' lady's hard-earned cash on a four-channel pocket scanner.

Between the Legs
Newfield, N.Y.

A Believer

☐ I've never paid much attention or believed in all that shit. But since you've been printing your Astrology column by Dusty

Sage, it seems like every month it's hit home. I'd just like to say she's made me a believer.

Rabbit
Traverse City, Mich.

Doin' Your Thing

☐ A word about the asshole called The Mighty Dugold from Kelowna, B.C., Canada. My dad fought in WWII and he was an individual who loved his country very much. I wear an earring with a swastika, a swastika on a chain around my neck, and I have a number of tattoos with swastikas. My dad saw them, and as he so calmly put it, "If it's your thing, do it. If they don't like it, fuck 'em."

Gabby
New Orleans, La.

Females In Mag

☐ What are you trying to do to your mag by putting females in the pictures? There's hardly a picture in your book that doesn't have tits or ass in it. Are you trying to make the bikes look better or the girls?

Disgusted
Napa, Calif.

Brotherhood Behind Bars

☐ Thanks for your words about W.S.P.M.A. (Nov. '78). It's been a long, hard struggle. We are finally able to do what we wanted when the shop was first started in 1977. I have been a member of W.S.P.M.A. for seven years and have plenty of pride in all our goals that have turned to reality. This is something the Man and society seem to be afraid of, but we will always survive.

I became a member of the shop when we had fourteen active members, a lot of ideas, and little to work with. Since then, we've grown in size—not in numbers, but in accomplishments. The brotherhood within these walls would have to be lived to be fully understood.

A member of W.S.P.M.A.
Walla Walla, Wash.

Outdid Ourselves

☐ This is in response to the story "Big Harley and Little Rebel" in the Feb. '79 issue.

You fuckers really outdid yourselves with that yarn about a badass biker having heart and a

lotta balls. I'm pretty good size myself and I have a few of the same problems with people fucking with me. That story brought tears to my eyes. I just have to say keep it up.

Wrench
Finthen, Germany

☐ About the story, "Big Harley and Little Rebel"—I can understand how he feels because I am in prison also. It's hell in here because some of the people are really assholes. I am a biker who's down, and it seems no one cares any more. So keep up the work on your mag and thanks for remembering all us bros in the joint.

Kenny "The Kid"
Brunswick, N.C.

Iron Horse Comments

☐ I am writing you about that other rag you're peddling called Iron Horse. I bought your April '79 issue and I ain't seen one bare ass or one plump tit. I think you creeps would sell more issues of that stinkin' rag if you had some ass. But you did have some fuckin' nice bikes in it.

Robert Shelley
Middletown, N.Y.

■ Hang in there. It takes time to develop a new rag. Easyriders is eight years old.

☐ 'Bout time you guys came out with something like Iron Horse. We dig your rag but get tired of seeing nothing but Hogs. I admit a lot of them are neat. They have personalities and built-in good vibes. But when you get tired of 'em, how about trying a real biker's bike like a Beezer single? It's only for true-to-heart bikers or their ol' ladies—like me.

Merry Tennell
Ann Arbor, Mich.

■ All scoots will be featured in Iron Horse—even more when it goes monthly.

Where's Mutha?

☐ What the fuck has been going on? Why haven't you dickheads been puttin' Miraculous Mutha in your rag the past few

—Continued on page 51

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 1/4" 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%



**Robinson's
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 _____

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California residents add 6%

TRASH

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 scooter 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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GOLD OR SILVER
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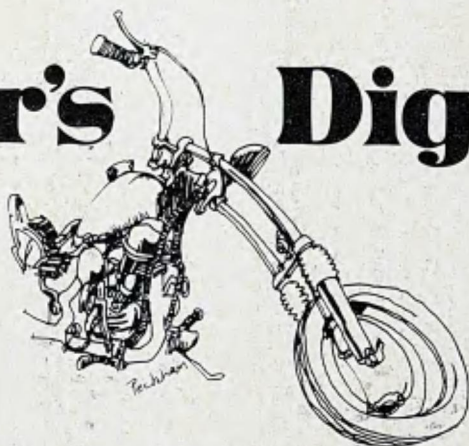
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Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes
from other biker rags



What's Up, Doc?...

From recent hearings on the mandatory helmet law all across the country, we see the medical profession well represented as siding with the government rather than the individual citizens. In one state, private hearings were offered for the doctors so they wouldn't have to offer the public the same answers. Why? The vast majority of hospitals in the country are funded to one degree or another by federal and state funds and the hospitals rely upon tax dollars to exist.

If you've ever heard the term "wanting to both have and eat their cake," you have an idea of what the medical profession is up to. It wants the government to support it, but it doesn't want the government to dictate to it. This results in a compromise, one which the government needs to support its goals.

A prime example is the issue of motorcycle helmet laws. At testimony, the docs have been telling the legislators how absence of helmets increases the likelihood of a motorcyclist having a fatal head injury. What they aren't saying, and do their very best to hide, is that any motorcycling fatality generally has so many severe injuries that any one of them could have been the cause of death, with or without a helmet. If you didn't die of a fractured skull, you'd have died of heart trauma or a perforated lung, or shock. In research on motorcycling fatalities, ABATE was unable to get any doctor to offer a statement in writing that head injuries were the major cause of motorcycling deaths, or that the majority of unhelmeted motorcycling fatalities were due to head injuries. In one

state the medics offered testimony before a sub-committee regarding motorcycling fatalities. In those cases in which the rider was killed while wearing a helmet, they stressed bodily injuries and played down the head and neck injuries. In unhelmeted fatalities, they placed stress on the head and neck area and played down the bodily injuries. Why? If helmets were really effective in saving lives, why did they have to trump up the reports? It's evident. Helmets don't make one damned bit of difference when the individual is involved in a motorcycling fatality. The question is why?

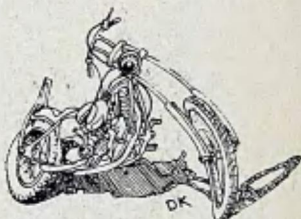
Funding of the medical institutions about the country requires that the medical people and the political people (elected and bureaucratic alike) be on good relations. If not, the institution's funds can be cut the following year. Many doctors have research grants from the federal and state governments.

Tell me with a straight face that such individuals would offer honest testimony and facts before a public hearing on the helmet law if that testimony was to contradict or oppose the government position? No way! It's just not good business or politics.

The American Medical Association is against socialized medicine, yet it is quick to accept tax dollars to support its individual members and the medical facilities where these people rake in your hard-earned dollars through both insurance and taxes. They have a good thing going and they don't have to answer to any of us except when they get caught performing an unnecessary operation or when they screw up an operation so badly that even poor slobbs like

us can recognize what they've done. That's what they're up to, grabbing all of our money they can get by using the government and us!

—Street Chopper



Maybe Speed Doesn't Kill...

Tell the next traffic cop you see that the Ohio Traffic Safety Education Center has studied the most common unsafe and therefore accident-prone traffic maneuvers. The most common cause of accidents is turning left into oncoming traffic; the next in frequency is pulling out in front of oncoming traffic; and the third is ignoring a traffic control. Nevertheless, the report points out that "although speeding was the least risky behavior overall, it was the most frequent behavior cited by officers."

—Cycle Guide

A test of character?...

The Eepies have contracted with Automotive Environmental Systems of Westminster, California for a testing program on motorcycle emissions. AES has been mailing letters to cycle owners asking for the loan of their machines for the study. Bikers who accept the offer get a \$50 savings bond and, if they wish, "free of charge, a late-model, fully-insured loan car" (emphasis ours) for their use while their cycle is in the labs—which may tell you where their head is.

—Road Rider

Finest Quality, Handcrafted, Bone China Beer Mugs.

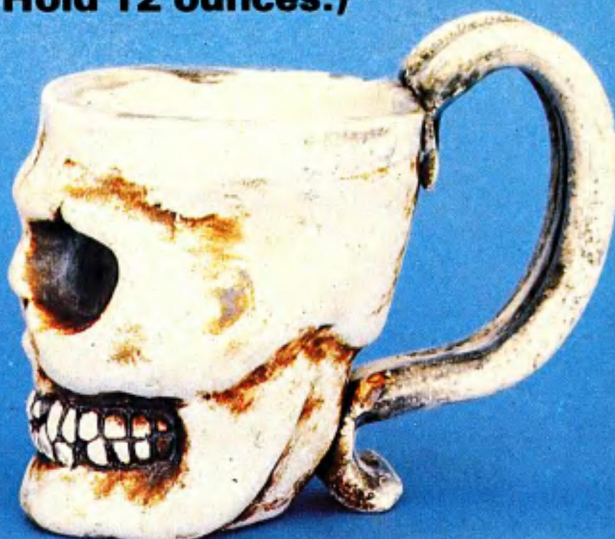
Heavy! (Weigh two pounds!)

They're Big! (Hold 12 ounces.)



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California residents add 6%

Massive mugs that are something special. Expensively handcrafted out of bone china. High fired (2300°). Top quality—a functional conversation piece if ever there was one.

They cost bucks, but remember, these are not mass-produced, plastic cheapos—these are individually made—outta fine bone china. Quality guaranteed.

*Mackenzie
Company*

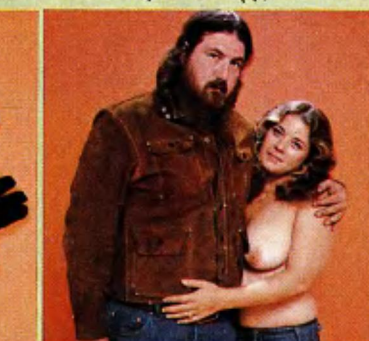
Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302



Gloves

Remember when you were issued your gloves in the service? You had a woolen insert, then a pair of leather gloves to go over them. Well, our Starwars and Survivor gloves already have a liner built in, but for some of you poor tramps who live in a real cold region we are offering a pair of inserts, tested in Alaska USA, that will keep your fingers extra warm. A necessity for hanging onto the throttle or any round-type instrument. Sold separately at a cheap price of \$2.00 plus 50¢ postage and handling.

Our gloves have gotten so popular that we've decided to offer a new line. This accessory will almost guarantee that the original owner stays the same. The point has been sharpened so as to go into an obstruction easier. Your initial or two numbers can be stamped in free of charge. On some occasions this is not advisable. Each pair of gloves comes with a pin. Not to be sold separately.



Chaps are neat and very practical. Leather britches are good looking as far as that goes, but say you are partying and it starts getting hot in your leather pants. What are you going to do? If you had chaps on, you would take them off until you were ready to leave. Snaps on leather work just as well as zippers. Anyone who's caught his pecker in one knows where we're coming from, and if snaps fuck up, they are a hell of a lot cheaper to repair. Foreign & Canada add \$2.00 postage. California residents add 6% sales tax. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

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



Corps gloves are more or less summer-style gloves. Just tuff enuf to keep some of the road rash off your hands in case you go down.

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Chaps	\$89.00 plus \$3.00 postage	\$92.00
Jackets	\$75.00 plus \$3.00 postage	\$78.00
Gloves	\$20.00 plus \$2.00 postage	\$22.00
(Starwar & Survivor Gloves including pin)		
Corps Gloves	\$17.00 plus \$2.00 postage	\$19.00
Cotton Glove Inserts	\$ 2.00 plus \$.50 postage	\$ 2.50

Jackets Regular jacket sizes 38 to 48
Chaps Bend insert & waist
Gloves Sizes S - M - L

Made in America by
Americans from the
finest American cows!

High Pockets

Box 294 Cypress, Calif. 90630



THE XLS. THE ONLY THING THIS ONE CAN'T DO IS MAKE YOU ANONYMOUS.

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

A great deal of that relationship has to do with what the motorcycle does for the man. This is not a bike for those with a fondness for the assembly line look that inspired the term, "Universal Japanese Motorcycle." We don't want you to blend in. We want you to stand out.

If you can keep your eyes off the cycle and on the copy for a few minutes, we'll point out a few Willie G. Davidson highlights:

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

Extended front forks up front. Sissy bar with leather stash pouch attached out back. Drag-style handlebars on 3½" risers up on top. Twin chromed exhaust pipes down below. Up, down, front, back and any way you look at it, this is a show for the street.

That statement is equally correct whether the XLS is cruising or standing still.

For besides what you see here, what you'll experience in person is the best handling, best performing 1000cc motorcycle Harley-Davidson has ever built.

We call your attention to the siamese exhaust that optimizes horsepower and actually increases torque.



Point out the practicality of the high-flow air cleaner that allows more air to reach the carburetor. The V-Fire™ ignition system that's virtually maintenance-free for quick, sure, starts.

And, Willie G., besides mastering the fundamentals, also has a keen eye for detail. So you'll have cast 9-spoke wheels, personally designed by Willie. A fat, 16" drag style rear tire. A chrome plated rear wheel sprocket. Raised white letters on your Goodyear A/T's, and 3 disc brakes—two in front, one in the rear. You'll also notice the inclusion of highway pegs... so you can stretch out in your customized double

bucket pillion seat and admire the admirers.

The whole package comes wrapped in a two-tone, deep charcoal metallic and black paint job that can best be described as part beauty, part beast. Selected engine parts wear a special silver metallic and black wrinkle finish.

For those who are geared to buying impersonal, uninvolved, turn-em-out motorcycles, this kind of involvement must come as a real shock.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON DEALER NETWORK



LIVIN' OFF THE LAND

by Chef Baloney

With summer just around the corner and lots of puttin' in store for thousands of us steelted bikers, the problem of securin' enough food to eat while travelin' is foremost in our thoughts as we prepare for warm weather runs.

For the dudes whose ol' ladies worked hard an' saved up money so the ol' man could travel, the food problem ain't much to worry about. But there's a lotta guys who just barely have the bread to get their scoots up. They may not have enough money to eat on, but they always manage either to save enough money for gas or they carry a length of plastic hose to keep their tanks full. Well, ya can't fill your stomach with no plastic hose, so if ya read this crap ya'll find the solution to your eatin' problems — if ya got enough guts, that is.

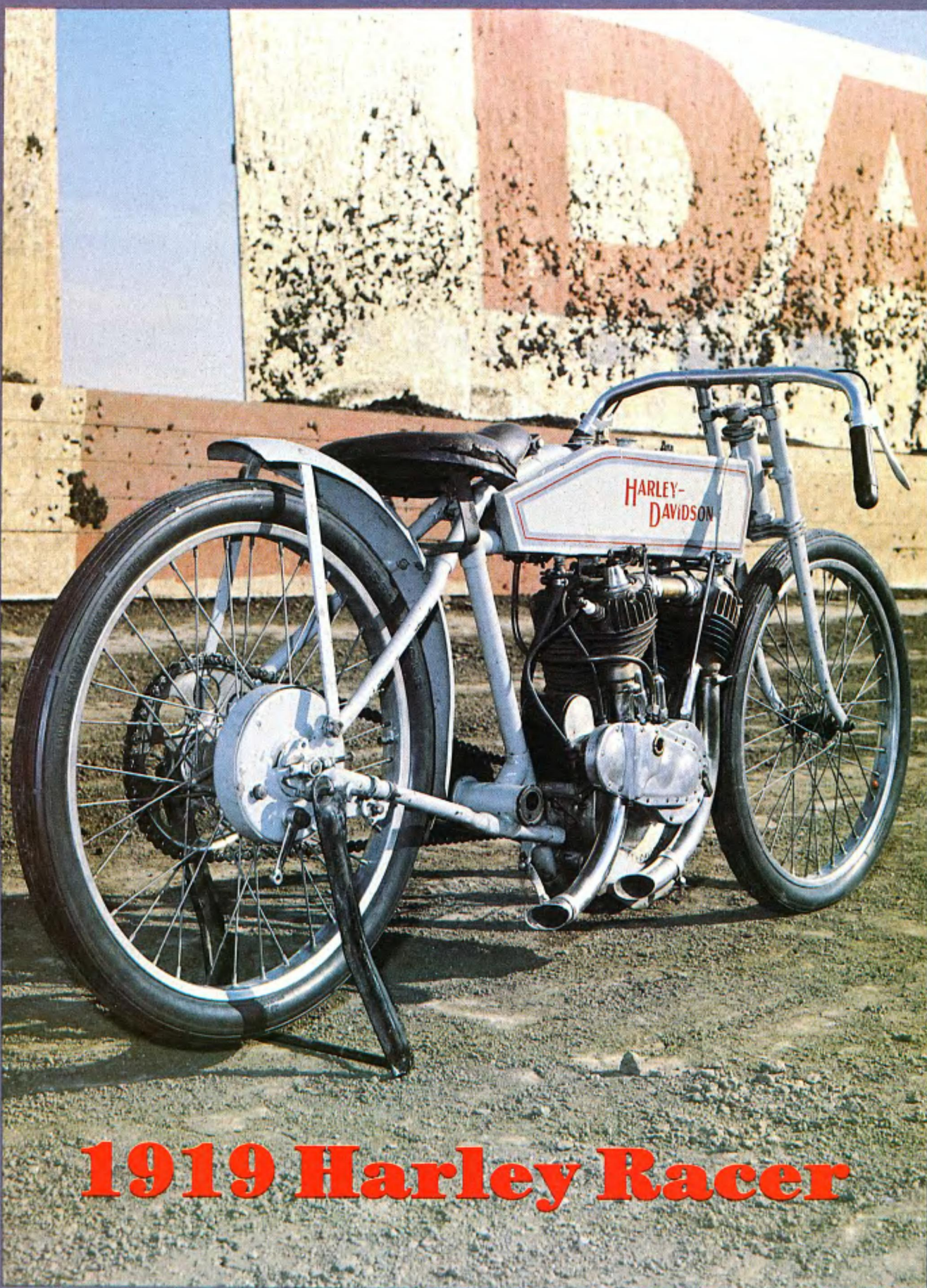
For dudes with strong appetites an' constitutions, there's more free food growin' an' runnin' around the country than ya can find in a supermarket. Once in a while ya may need a couple of buddies to flag the cars around ya while ya chow down on a mashed cat or possum, but there's easier ways of gettin' grub. Once ya find it, which is the easiest part, just follow these directions an' your stomach will be full all summer.

Raccoon: Every once in a while you'll find one of these little furry critters lyin' in the middle of the highway. If he's fresh killed an' hasn't been smashed too bad, put him on your sissybar an' pull off the road at the first place that looks like a good campin' spot. You might

—Continued on page 79



Photo by Kim Peterson



1919 Harley Racer

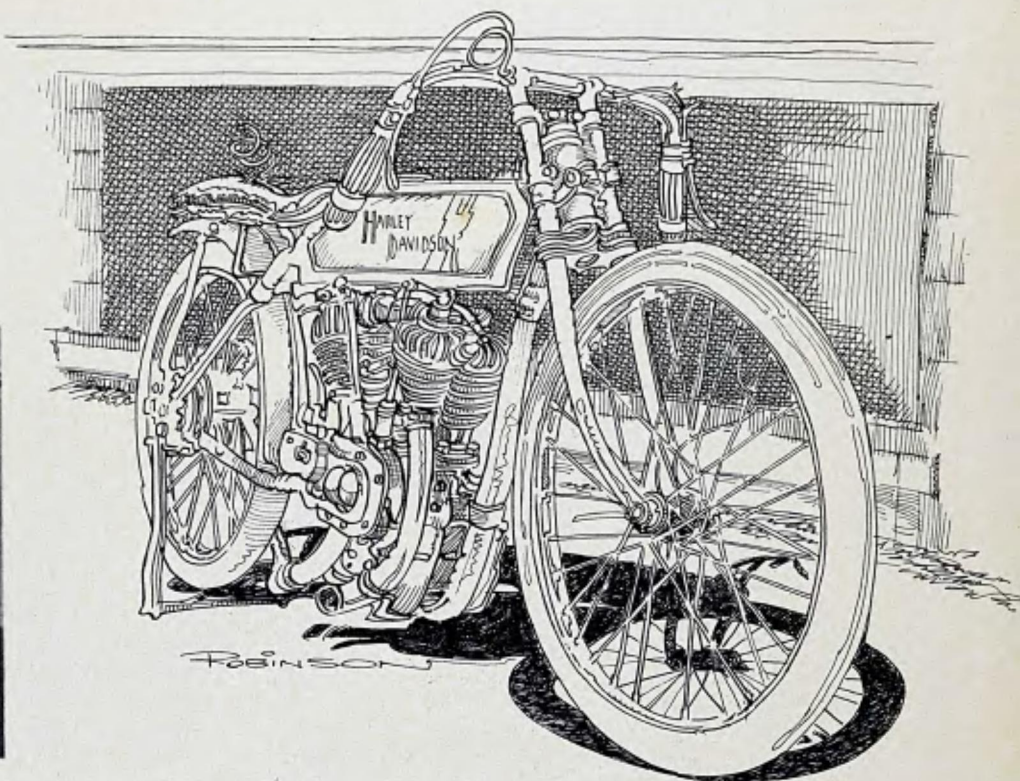
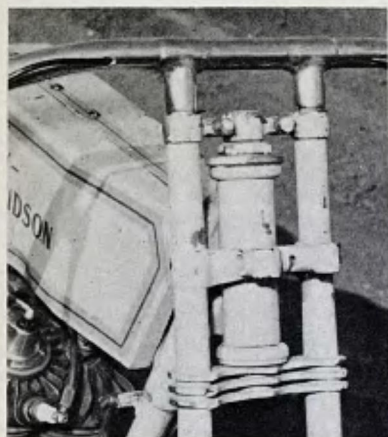


Returns to Ascot Speedway

Every once in a while, in our never-endin' quest for righteous scoots to feature in this here rag, we stumble across a jewel. That's what happened the other night while we were staggerin' around the back room at Two Broke Tramps, tryin' to get our shit together to take some flicks. Anyhow, Weed stumbled across a small scooter with squared fatbobs. After we got him on his feet again and separated him from all the ol' parts, beer cans, butts, and rat turds (just like home), the whole ragged bunch began to

groove on this ol' race bike buried in the shop owner's stockpile.

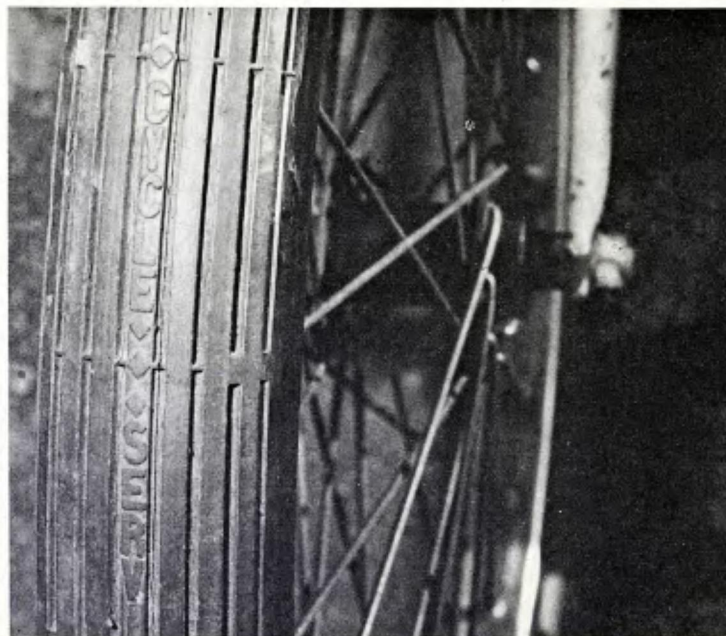
Buzz, who really gets behind all this ol' racin' shit, started runnin' this story down to us about how even in the early years of this century, Harley-Davidson was carvin' a rep as *the* kickass stud duck in racin' circles all over the U.S. of A. As near as I can remember, the rap went somethin' like this: About 1912 or so, the Harley-Davidson Company was pushin' what they called the "7-9 Model." They called it that because the big V-twin



engine was "guaranteed" to produce between seven and nine horsepower. (The bike featured here is a later model and may have more power.) This sweet-runnin' little bitch worked out so well that the basic design hung on for years, eventually endin' up powerin' some of the hottest racin' machinery anywhere.

World War I had pretty much cut the nuts off the European motorcycle manufacturers by tyin' 'em up with makin' tanks and guns and shit like that. Naturally, Harley jumped in and started sellin' boatloads of good ol' American iron to the rest of the world. Things were goin' so good for Harley-Davidson that they were able to drop some heavy bucks into fieldin' a strong race team. They weren't gonna be content with buildin' the best and the most popular scoot in the world—they wanted to show the world that the Harley V-twin was the *fastest*.

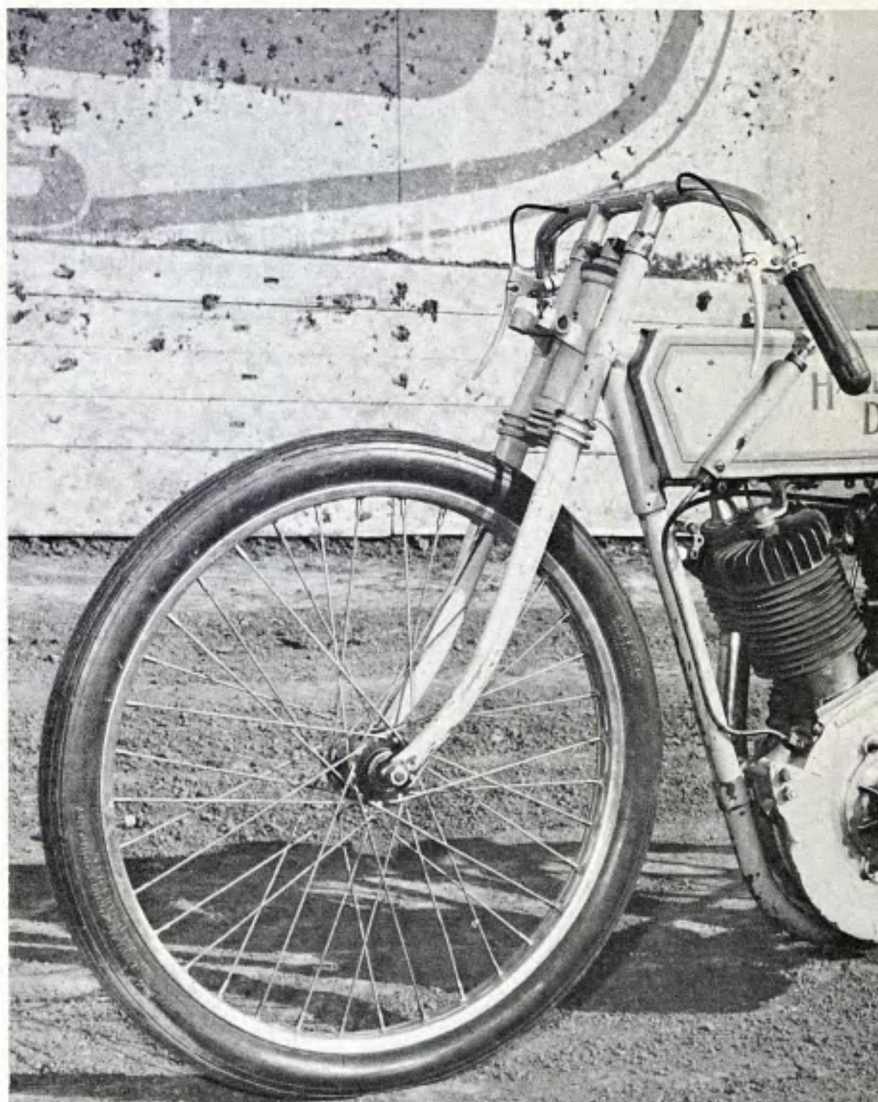
The high point for the H-D racin' team in those early days came in late 1919, the year the bik in the pics was born. Harley riders that year, mounted on racin' versions of the ol' 7-9, had won such impressive awards as the Denver Cup, the

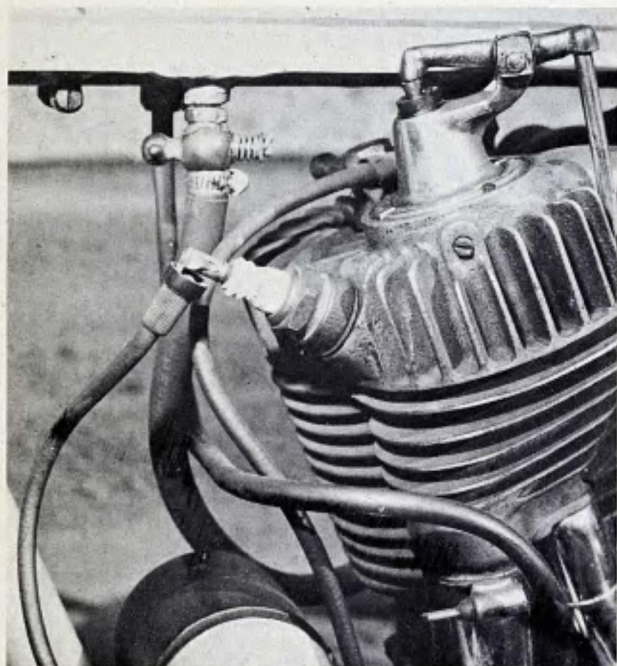
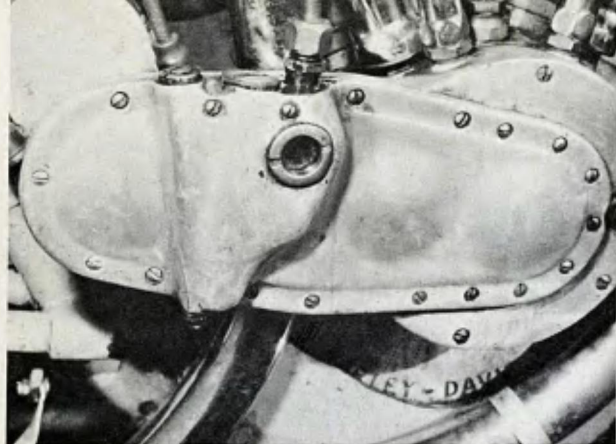


Indian Trophy (sponsored by the Hendee Company, manufacturer of the rival Indian motorcycles), both Firestone Trophies, two Harley-Davidson Trophies, the B.F. Goodrich Cup, the American Legion Cup, the Michigan State Fair Vase, and the U.S. Fire Company Trophy—all for outright wins in either track or road events. Then in November, 1919, the H-D racin' team, headed by Otto Walker, swept the first three places in the 50-mile Championship race at Ascot Park, California. Two months later, at the same track, the H-D gang took the first four places, winnin' with an average speed of 77 mph, includin' two tire changes in front of over 25,000 screamin', frenzied fans. One week later, the Harley wreckkin' crew took another Ascot 50-miler, grabbin' four of the top five places.

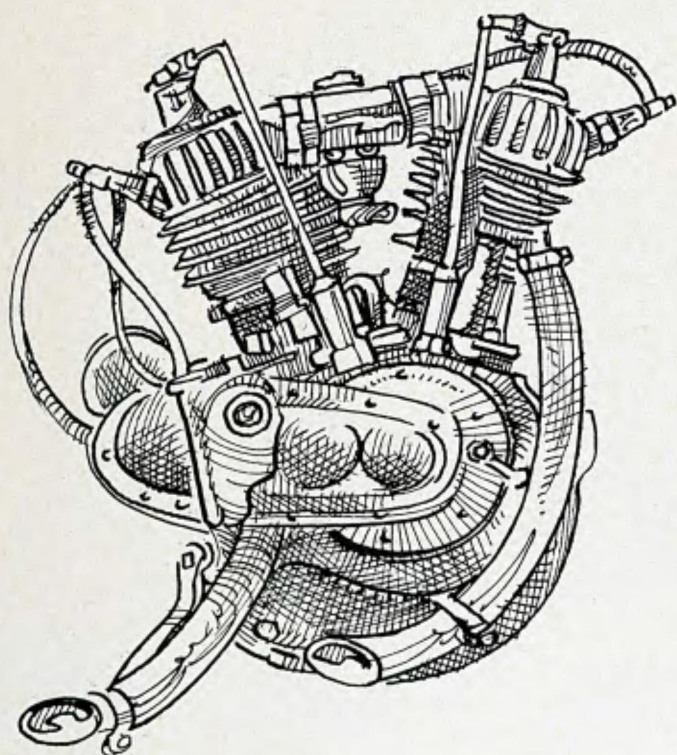
From that day on, Ascot Park has been almost exclusively Harley turf. What better place could we pick to photograph the proud beast? As you look at the pics here, think about what it meant to pitch one of these strange-lookin' monsters into a bumpy dirt corner at 80 mph. Jesus!

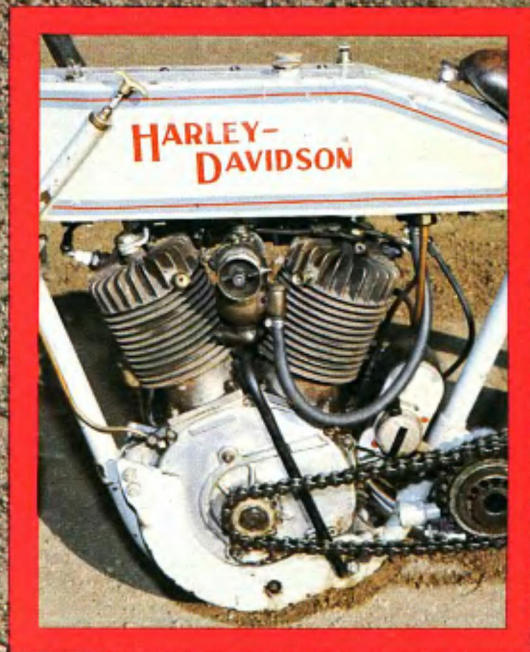
—Crash





Photos by Pete Chiodo

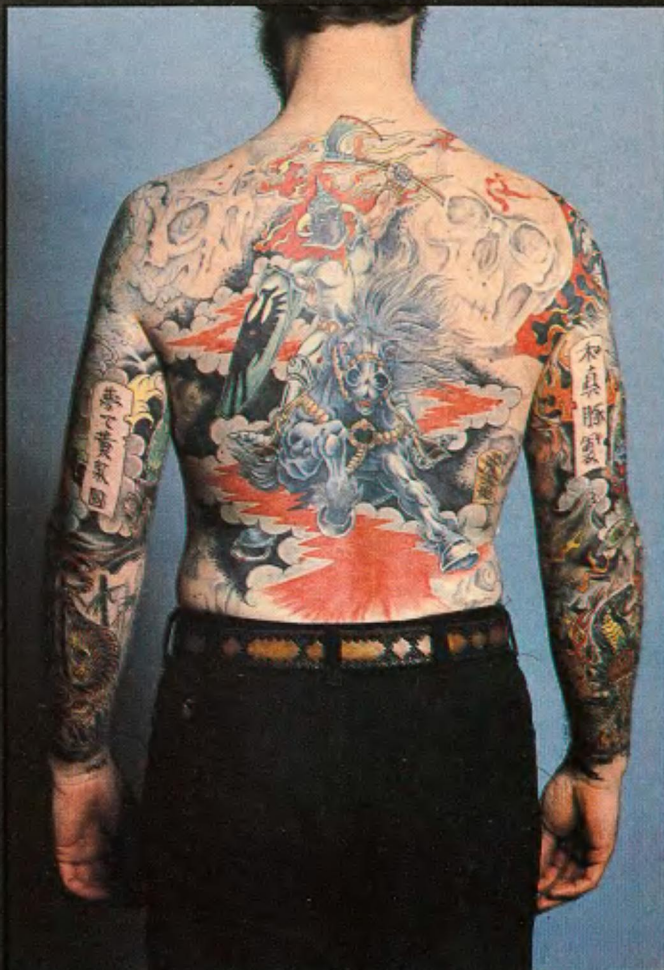






SKIN ART

Brothers and sisters devoted to it

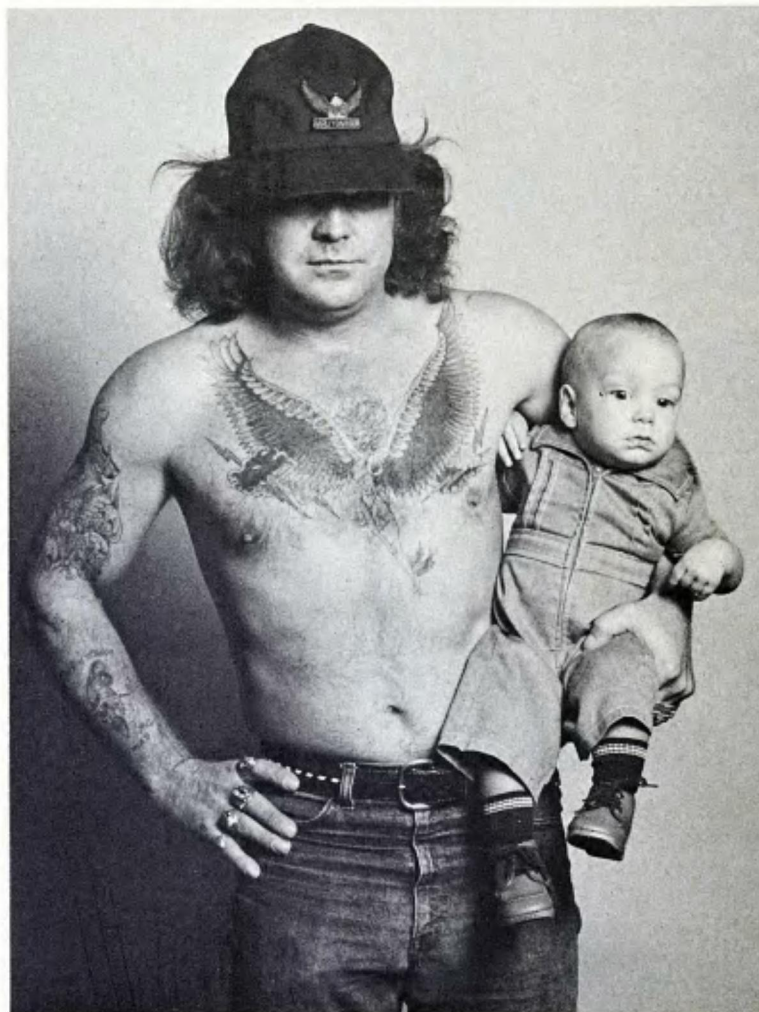


Tattooing is an art that requires a steady eye and hand and, of course, a creative mind. Tattooing is of ancient origin, examples having been found on Egyptian mummies. Still, the art's durability as it travels from century to century has had little effect on society's attitude toward it. Hence, tattoo artists and fans remain a distinct, small minority. Although the art has become more accepted in the last few years and is now far safer

than ever before, brothers and sisters involved in it still find themselves subject to society's mockery and innuendoes. Tattoo artists and collectors tend to be apprehensive about the news media, avoiding questions designed to put down this art form permanently applied to people's bodies.

But in the last five years, tattooed brothers and sisters have said to hell with the Establishment's attitudes. These are creative, brave people who are

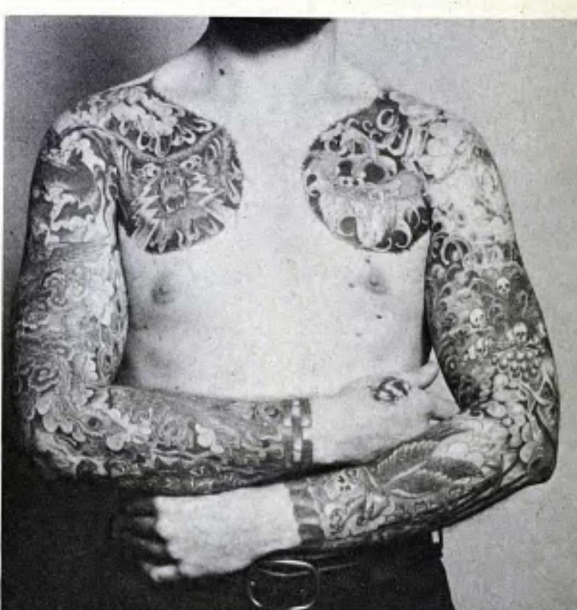
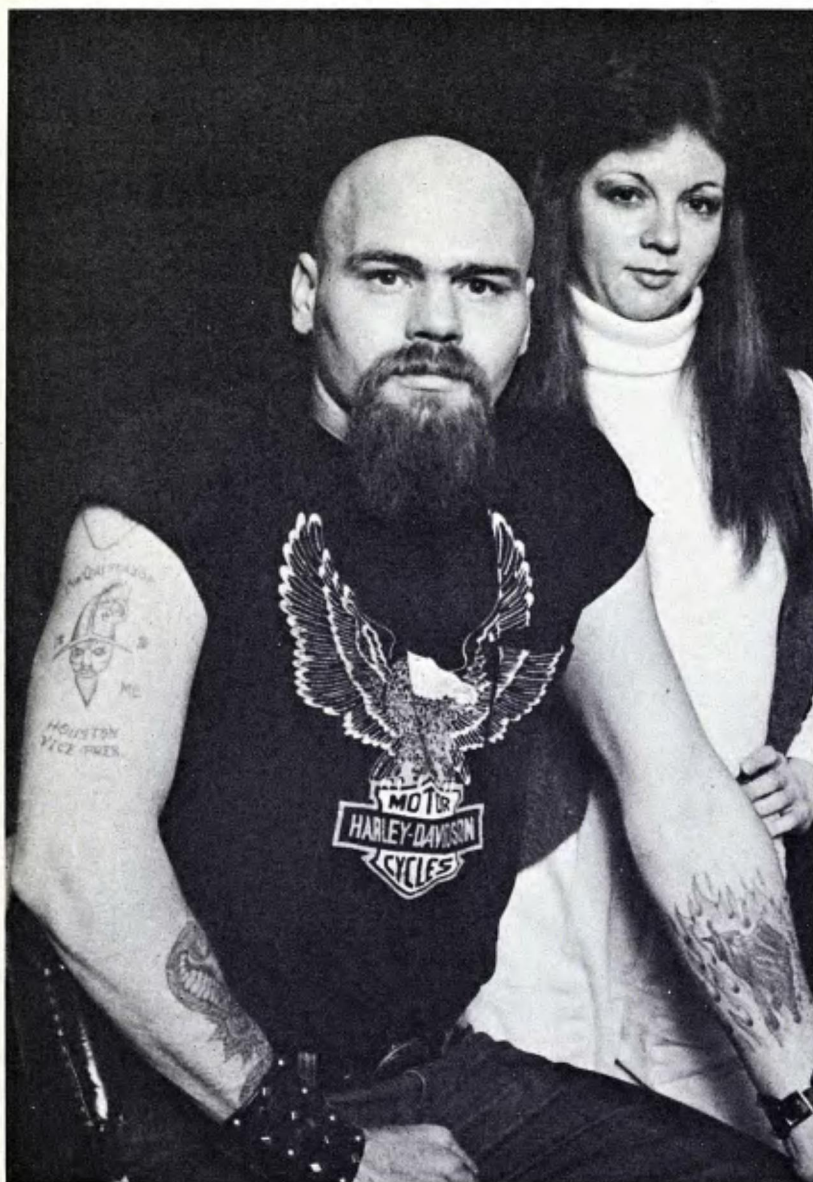


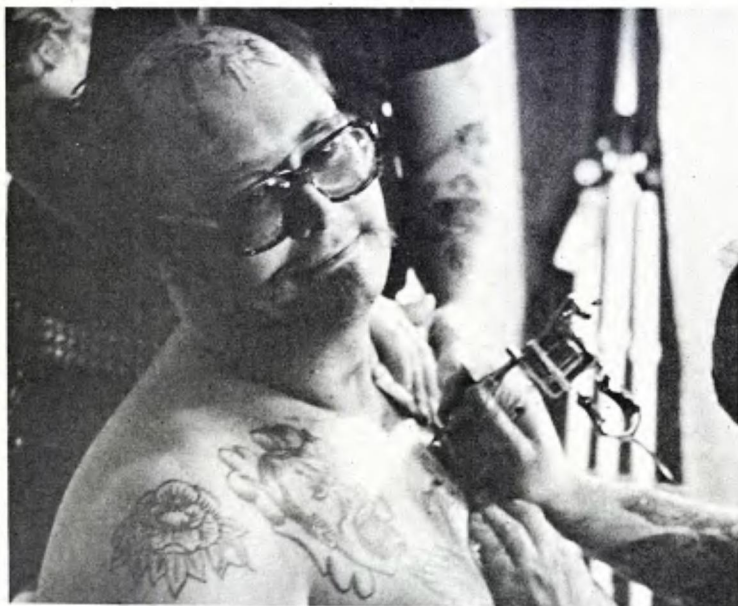


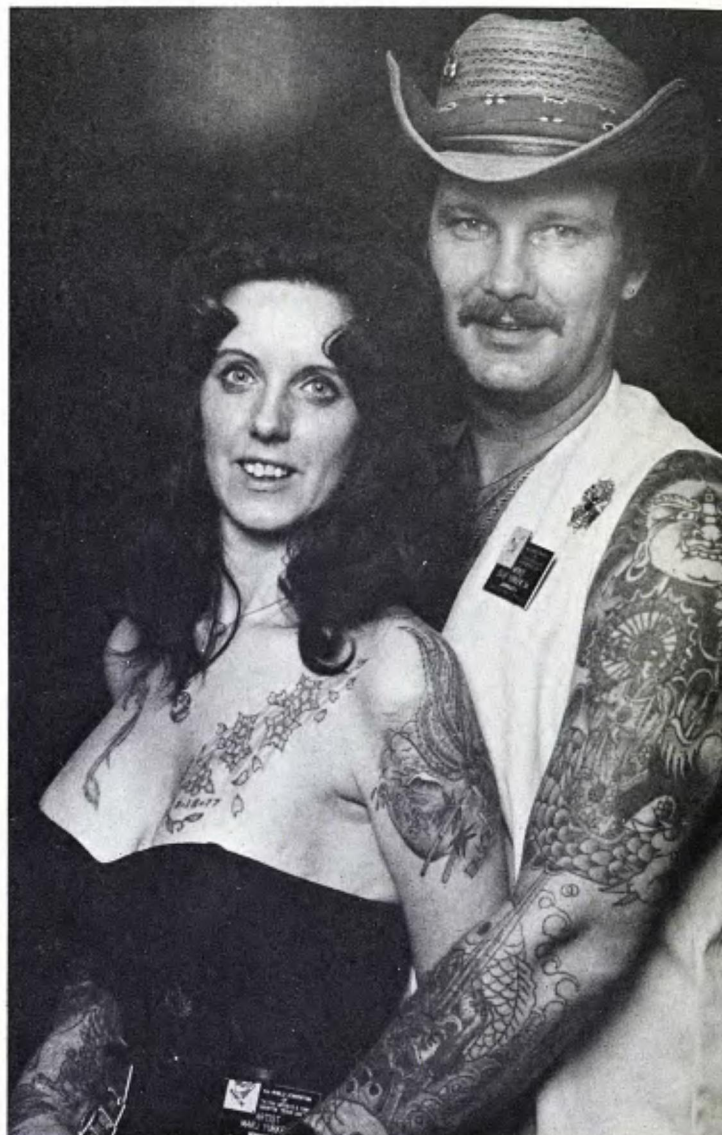
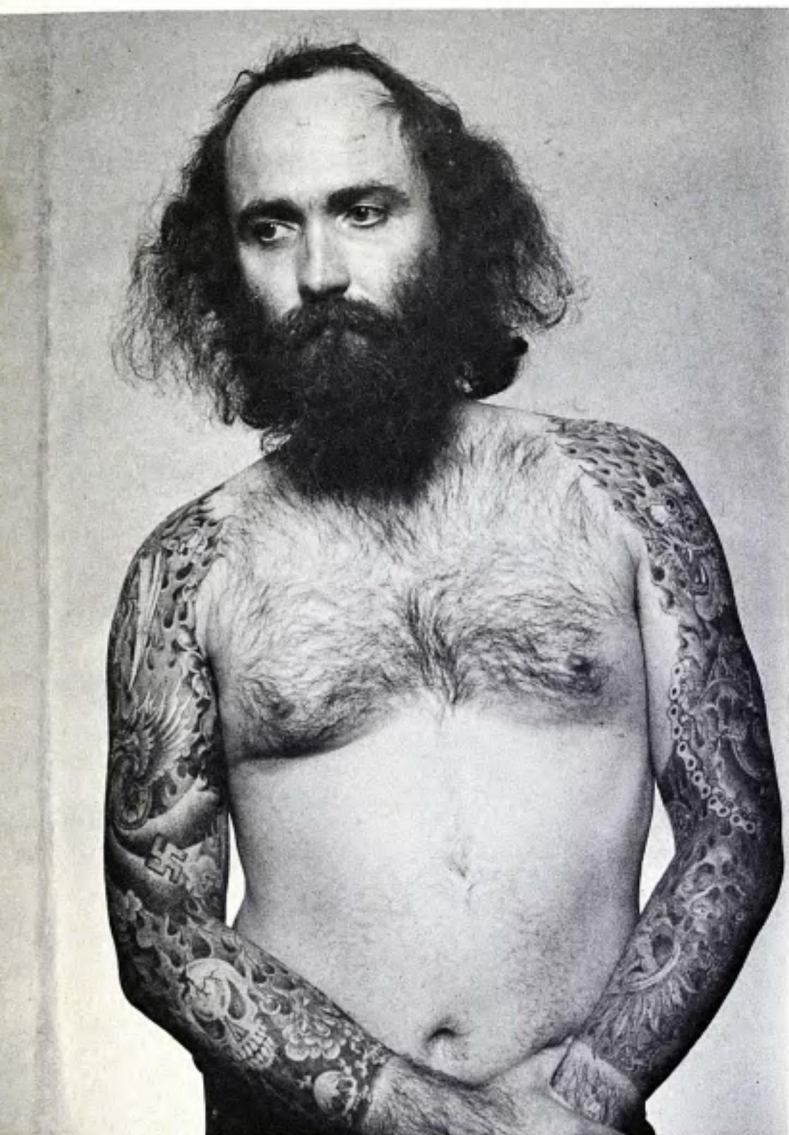
proud to stand with one another—and fuck anyone who doesn't like tattoos. It's a unique art, an intricate craft, and a matter of personal choice—no one is forced to become involved with it.

Pride in skin art has grown and brought interested people together. They have formed clubs and organizations, unifying in mutual love of the skill. The people you see here are all part of the fourth annual North American Tattoo Club convention recently held in Houston, Texas. The gathering was staged again this year through the efforts of Dave and Marj Yurkew and the North American Tattoo Club (3127 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55408). This yearly event allows the skeptical public a firsthand look at one of the oldest art forms in history. In addition, the convention allows people involved in the art all over the country to gather at one location for a few days to show their designs with pride, to discuss tools of the trade and techniques, and to compare the latest colors available to the art.

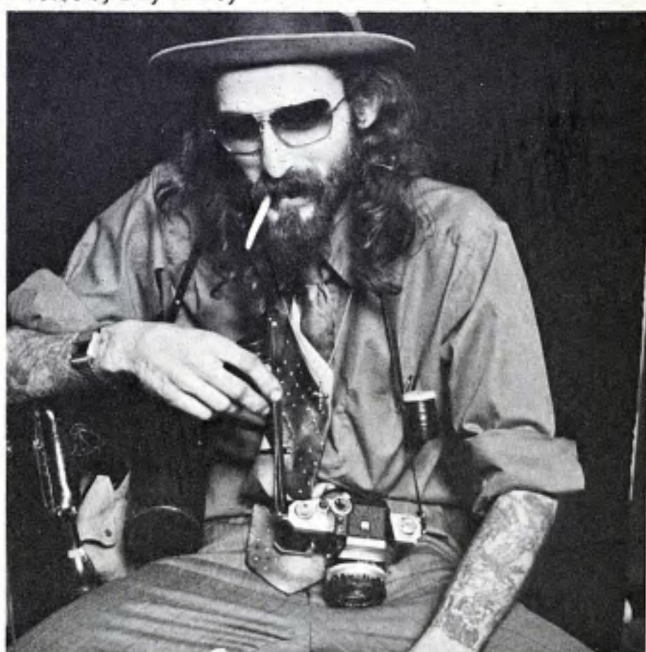








Photos by Billy Tinney







A Debt To Pay

by Joe R. Lansdale

The bikes threw up choking clouds of desert sand. Rags lay in the center of the roaring circle trying to push himself upright with quivering arms. The best he could manage was a sitting position, and from there, with aching eyes, he watched the machines zip through the dust. He licked

his cracked and bruised lips, tasted blood, salt, and sand.

"Bastards," he tried to say, but managed only a dry croak.

Lucky Willie, his big belly, black beard, and greasy hair coated with dust, broke the circle of riders and skidded the bike he was astride within three feet of Rags.

The tires blasted stinging dust in Rags's face. Lucky killed the machine and leaned forward.

"Nice putt you had here," he said, and patted the bloodflecked chain he carried across his lap. He lifted his sunglasses to his forehead and looked down on Rags with shiny rat eyes and grinned gapped teeth at him.

"I'll have it back," Rags managed.

"Don't think so, Rags baby. See, I'm gonna leave your ass here till your balls fry off. Got me, suckass? Till your balls fry off."

The circle of dust began to settle as the six bikers brought their putts to a halt and looked out through the swirling film at Rags. Their faces could have been chiseled from concrete for all the expression they showed.

"Ain't gonna finish the job yourself, Lucky?" Rags husked. "The links in your chains ain't goin' bad, are they?"

"Sun'll do the job for me even better than these chains will. Gonna leave you here, dipshit — just you and the great outdoors. Too bad I won't be around to see you cook. And worse yet, baby, I didn't even think to bring no suntan lotion. Now ain't that the livin' shits?"

"Fuck you," Rags coughed.

Lucky laughed. "No way, baby. Your fuckin' days are over. That's what went and got you in this mess to begin with. Wish you coulda seen what we done to my ol' lady. I sorta got carried away 'fore I could get to you, and that's real bad, baby, 'cause we did a bang-up job there — if you catch my flow. Last time you seen anything like she looked when we got through was in the hamburger section of the meat counter. Savvy?"

Rags said nothing.

"I reckon you do. Anyhow, I thought a slow burn would be more appropriate for an asshole who thinks he's got a hot pistol and oughta be spreadin' it around on chicks that don't belong to him. Whore didn't mean nothin' to me, baby — but ya don't fuck with Lucky's possessions. And that means chicks.

"Be seein' ya, baby. And listen—I hear this desert will naturally blister your ass. So I'd be headin' for the shade if I was you. Good news too, turd — the closest shade ain't but fifty miles from here, and with no road closer than that, you might oughta keep them eyes shaded. I'll drink a cool one for you."

Lucky laughed again, and to Rags the sound of it was worse than the pain of the wounds and the heat of the sun.

"Be seein' ya, lizard," Lucky said. "Then again, maybe I won't."

Lucky dropped his shades and kicked the scooter back to life. Followed by the others, he roared off across the desert. The sound of their bikes droned in

Rags's ears long after the men and machines were soundless black specks. He thought, but was too tired to yell, Fuck you, Lucky. You'll get yours, motherfucker, and I'll be the dude that brings it home.

He tried to think but the sun wasn't making that easy. It lay heavy on his battered body like a hot griddle.

It's not that bad, he tried to convince himself.

Sure, he thought. No worse than jackin' off with a handful of briars, or steppin' on a twelve-inch railroad spike.

It took nearly all his energy, but he forced himself to stand. He went down faster than a two-dollar whore at the Mardi Gras.

I've had beatings before, he thought, worse than this one, too. Ain't gonna lie here and fry — least not before hell, and when I get there, ol' Lucky's gonna be in the same hotass skillet with me."

This time he stood and didn't fall.

"Now," he croaked aloud: "Feet, do your stuff."

He began to walk, made it six feet, and fell down.

This is gettin' to be a routine, he thought. Okay, get the knees under you, baby. You got all blisterin' day to stand.

Then maybe you don't.

Taking in slow, deep breaths, he got his knees under him, pushed up on his hands. He managed a quivering squat and stayed there.

Come on, Rags baby, he urged himself. Ya fixin' to shit or get up?

Concentrating all his will power, he got the sticks under him, a bit shaky, but up again. With grim humor he told himself he deserved a whole sash of merit badges and a gold-plated watch for that trick.

Phase two: Shade.

He managed to unzip his leather jacket, what was left of it. The chains had made ribbons of it, but it had saved a considerable amount of his hide. He got the jacket off and draped it over his head. The sun ate through his sweat-soaked T-shirt, poisoning his wounds with pain. Beneath the jacket his head felt like a sauna.

Great, Rags, he told himself. You're a walkin' steam tent. Just you and the lizards out takin' a goddam hike in the million-degree desert.

He went fifty feet on will power alone and collapsed, unconscious. The sun, a whirling, yellow furnace, glared down mercilessly.

Pussy, Rags thought when he awoke. Now ain't that the trip. Makin' like a

french fry on account of a swelling of the glands. Thank you, male glands. Thanks a lot for this fine mess—hope to hell you enjoyed it. Right now it don't hardly seem worth it.

It hadn't been that long ago that he was inside a cool bar hustling that chick Velma. But then, how was he to know she was Lucky's chick? Damn sure didn't act like nobody's chick. And besides, this wasn't his territory. He knew of Lucky and The Hooks by reputation, but only vaguely. He was a solo himself. For him, a club never made the grade. Right now he wished he belonged to one and had bros out there looking for him — bros with lots and lots of ice-cold beer.

Disregarding the throbbing blister that was his back and the dry, searing thirst in his throat, he got up and started moving. The desert and the sky swam before him like boiling soup.

He thought he remembered reading somewhere that a man without food, shade, and water couldn't last more than a day or two in the desert. Maybe it was an old Western flick where he'd heard it. He wasn't sure, but he was sure of one goddam thing: Rags Keller wasn't any ordinary man. It just took him a bit longer to do the impossible.

He put one foot in front of the other, kept the coat over his head and, blinking the stinging sweat from his eyes, he walked. His one thought was of revenge. It gave him strength.

An hour later he saw the lake.

Howsabout that, he thought murkily. A goddam fuckin' blue lake out here in the middle of the blazin' hot desert. Now ain't that a trip?

He tried to run, fell, started crawling. The lake kept moving away.

Bastard, thought Rags. Come back here, you wet bastard. But the lake quivered, showed sand through the blue, and faded completely.

All right, he decided. Just fuck you, mirage. Just fuck you and every mirage that looks like you and fuck the damn mirage of a river or stream you flowed in on.

He stopped crawling and rested for a moment. Or was it an hour?

When he opened his eyes he again began to crawl, pulling himself on with thoughts of revenge. He thought of digging Lucky's nuts out with a dull spoon. Running his bike over him. Working out his eyes with a can opener. He could let Lucky's bros go, but that bastard was his.

The white sand dipped gradually, then edged off into a shallow pit. Nothing terrific. Just a drift in the sand, but the drift would provide a bit of shade later on. Already a foot of shadow was making its slow way across the west side. Not

exactly a place to crash in comfort, but some kind of relief, minor as it was.

He crawled to the shadow, and the moment it lay across his face he pulled his jacket around his head, closed his eyes, and slept like the dead man he should have been.

Night eased in, cool and soothing, covering Rags's battered body like an antiseptic. He woke and sat up. His legs felt like stumps. His throat felt as if it had been worked over with a blowtorch, and his hungry stomach sounded like the zoo at feeding time.

No fun thinking about starving and dying of thirst, he told himself. He allowed his body what he figured was about an hour of rest, then he struggled to his feet and got after it. Night was the time to make tracks. If he could find something that could provide shade before daybreak, he could hole up until night again. Maybe that way he had a chance.

The thin desert air, unable to contain the heat of the day, turned chill, then cold. Rags put on the battered jacket he'd been carrying.

Sheeeeeeit, he thought. Molten lava one minute, an icicle the next.

He walked all night and at daybreak began to scoop out a pit in the sand. Slowly, deliberately, he dug. By the time he'd scooped out a place for his head, shoulders, and hips, the desert was shimmering hot. He lay in the pit, stretching the jacket over his head and shoulders to wait. All the while, he thought about Lucky. Lucky on a spit. Lucky's brains on the wall.

Lucky, Lucky, Lucky, Lucky.

Ain't gonna be so goddam lucky anymore, he thought.

Nightfall found him moving again — staggering a few feet, falling, getting up, repeating. He carried a small pebble in his mouth. Somewhere he'd heard that the Indians did this and it was supposed to help combat thirst. He thought his little rock was losing the battle.

Less than an hour before sunrise, he reached the highway. He sat down at its edge and watched for headlights.

Not many cars came by, and those that did didn't stop. Rags could hardly blame them. He must have looked like something from a horror flick. The Sun-eaten Man. Now that was a handle.

The morning sun was lifting its blazing head above the sand when he saw the station wagon. It was an old Ford woody with a girl driving. He stumbled into the road on legs that felt like recent

—Continued on page 98

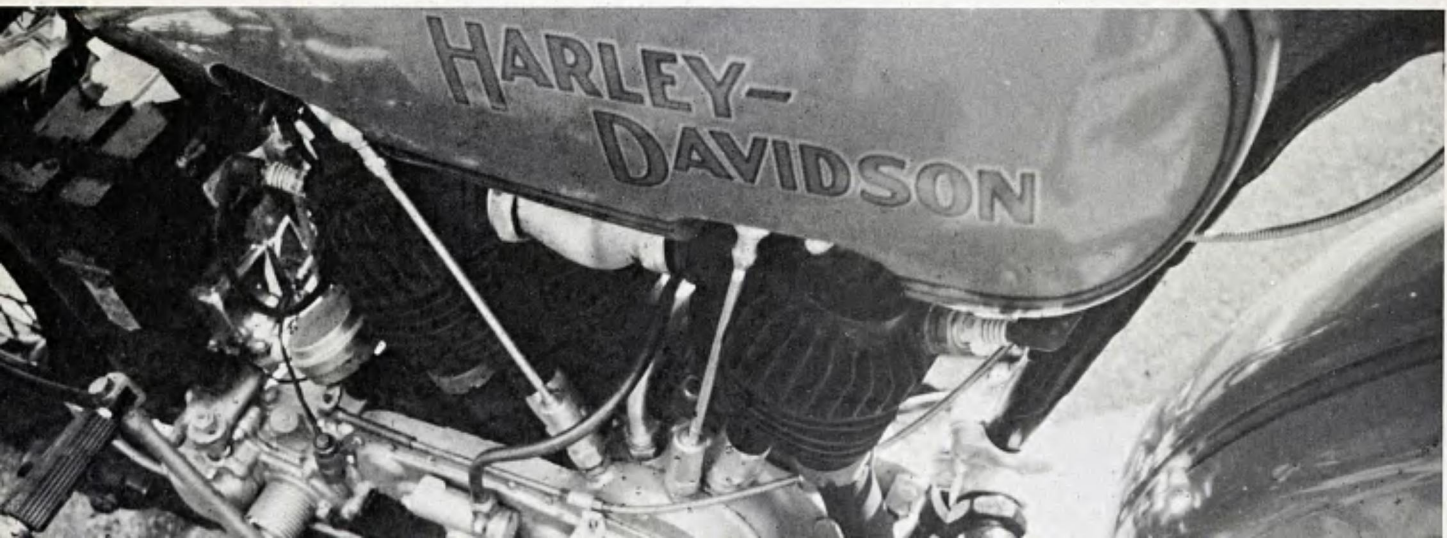
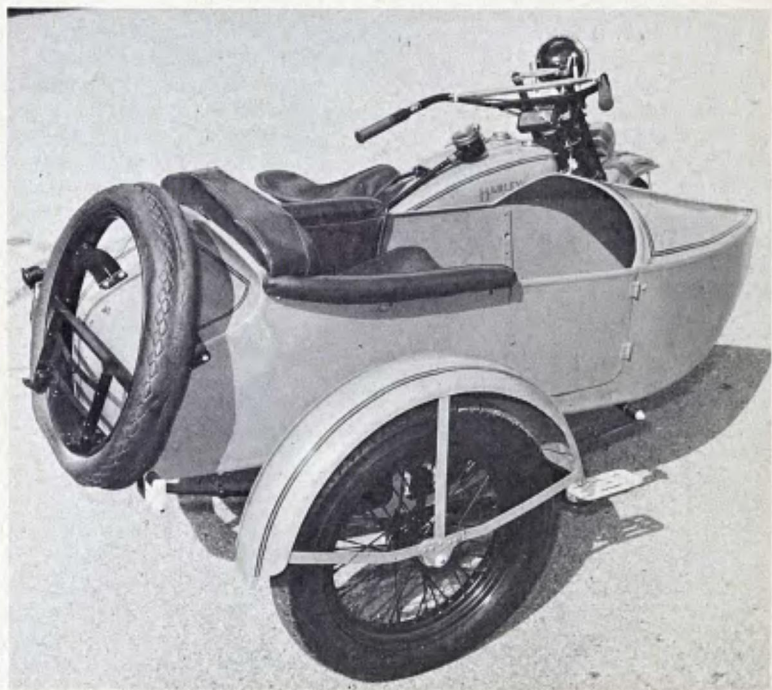
1927 Road Test

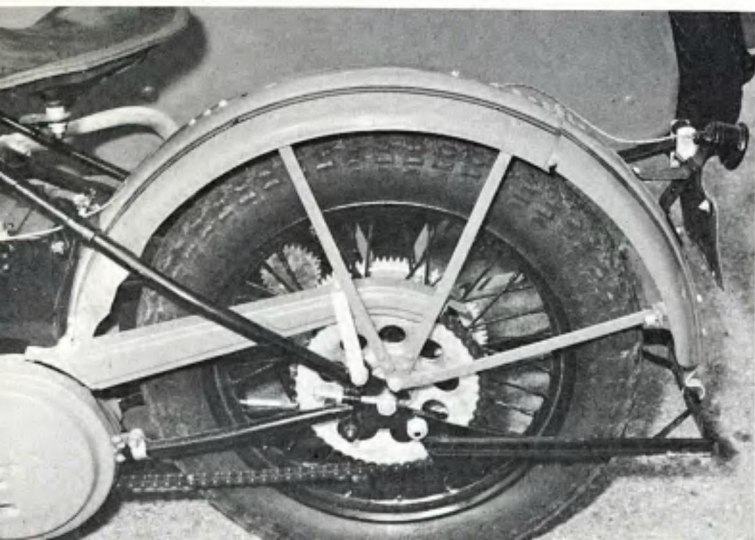
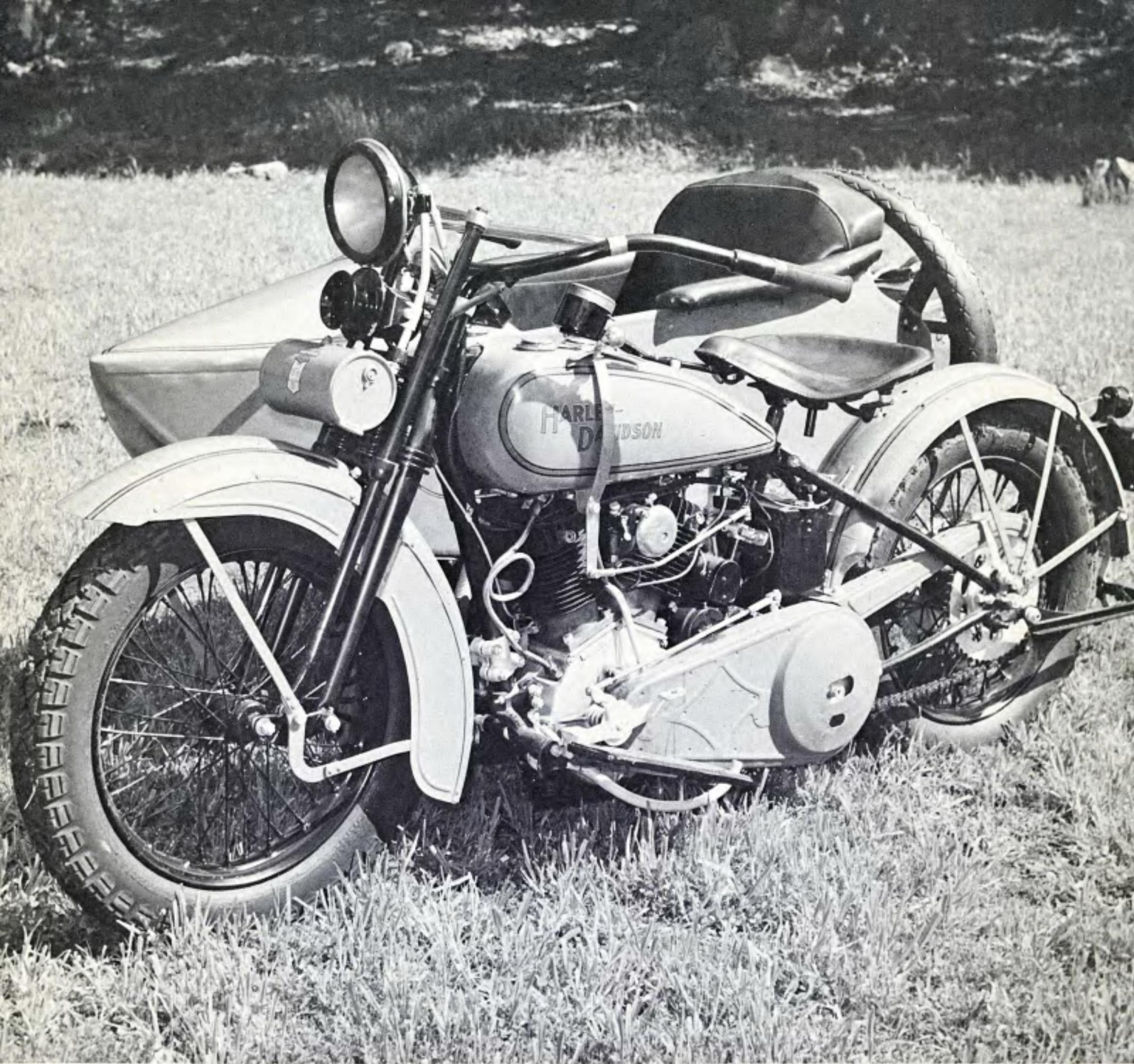
Whatta ya expect from this staff?

Recently, the question of whether or not we should road test the new lowrider came up at one of our quarterly nod-out sessions. We get together only once every three or four months 'cause we're lucky to see everyone in one spot that often. Last time was the Christmas party and most of us were too blitzed to discuss anything.

About the road test, though. It wasn't what you might call a popular idea. A younger member of the staff quickly received a full-blown lecture on just how fucked his suggestion was, but the discussion persisted. After the verbal fury subsided, we decided that the only way to do a class road test was to use a class motorcycle.

That's why we found a 1927 JD with a sidecar to test. The bike was original as the day it came off the showroom floor in 1927, except for new paint and a few repairs over the years. The olive green sidecar was attached to the JD when it was purchased by a still photographer



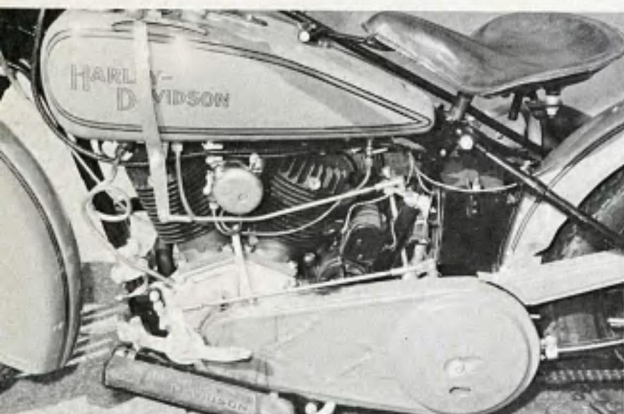
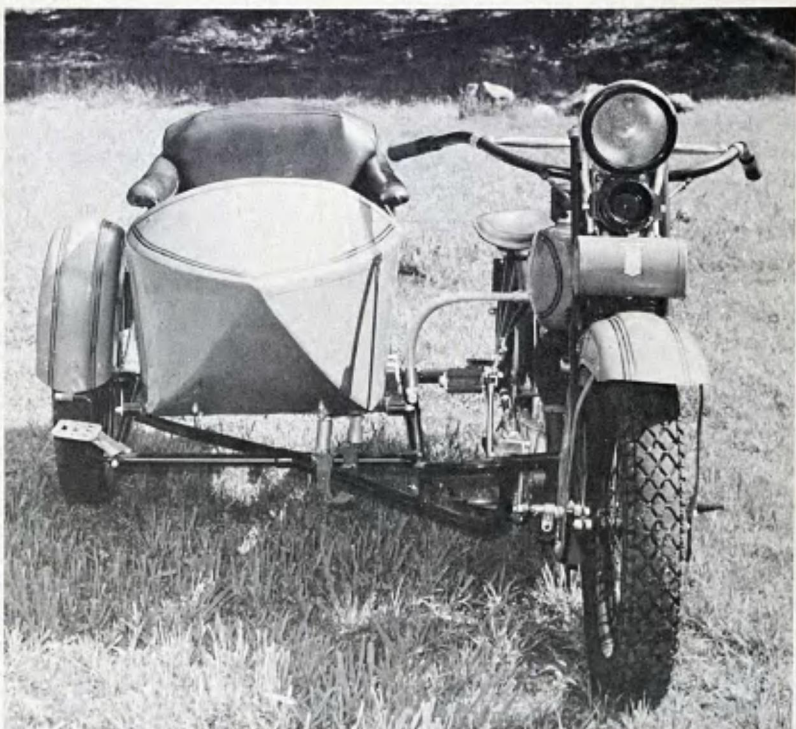


in 1927. George Dockstader bought the bike 24 years ago from the photographer—he was still using it as a delivery vehicle. Ever since then the bike has been ridden constantly for the silver screen.

Now if you're under some bizarre impression that the latest two-wheelers have it all, just note the features on this 1927 Harley-Davidson sidecar—a door for the ladies' convenience, a stout luggage rack for long trips, a bracket for the spare tire (the tire attached is one of the original clingers), a cast alloy footstep for ease of entry, and this padded roller coaster ride is mounted on a couple of leaf springs that would make any sweetie delighted to go for a ride.

The bike has rear outside drum brakes, meaning the brake shoes are wrapped around the *outside* of the drum. Unfortunately, the front wheel has no brake, but the scooter is factory-equipped with a parking brake. How often do you see parking brakes on new two-wheelers? In 1927, the Linkert DLX58 carburetor didn't have an accelerator pump attached—but for those cold mornings, nipples were fastened into the heads to allow vital priming petrol to be shot into them from a pump attached to the right-hand gas cap. A small portion of gas could be sucked into the pump and squirted into the heads through the brass nipples. Once the nipples were closed, the bike was primed and ready to start without kicking it to get the initial fuel into the heads. The electrical system is charged by a six-volt, three-brush generator. The third brush is adjustable by means of a lever protruding from the top of the generator. With one finger, the rider can increase the juice going to the battery.

The 74 cubic inch engine is lubricated through a total-loss oil system, meaning that the oil passes through the V-twin only once. Of course, that also means that only clean oil ever graces the bearing surfaces. The oil is pumped manually from a nickel-plated pump knob on the top of the left tank, part of which holds





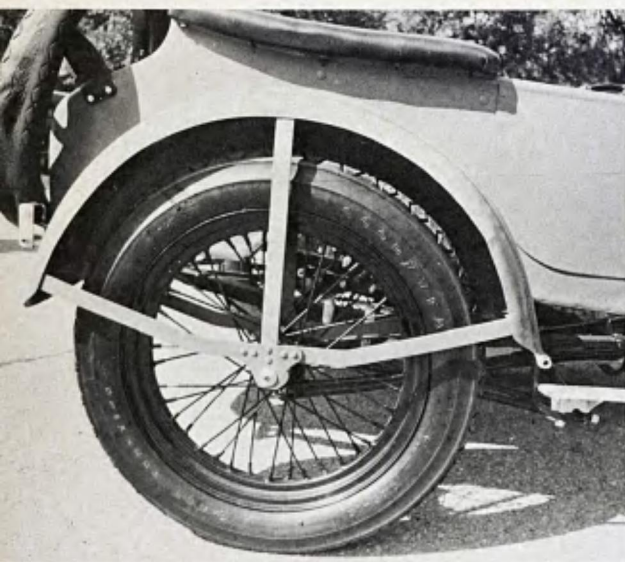
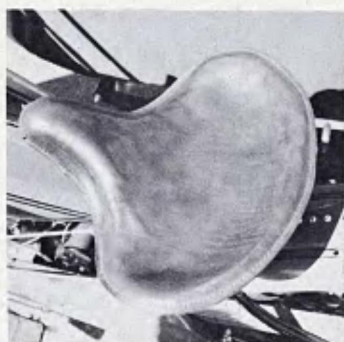
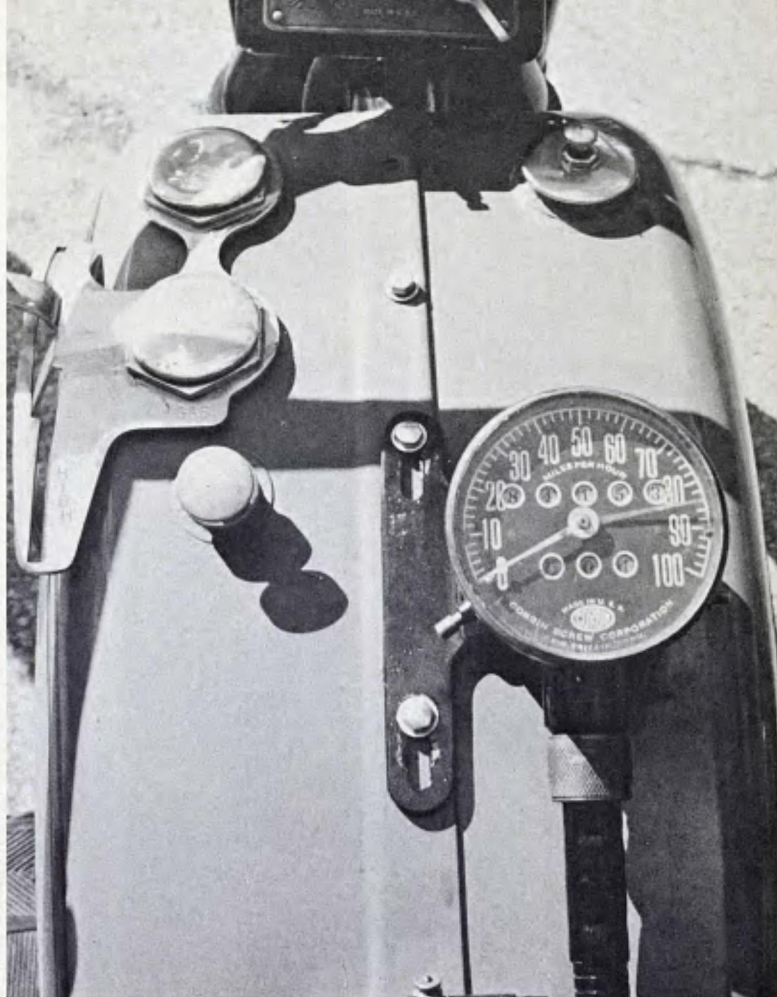
reserve gas and part holds two quarts of oil. Manual insertion of oil allows added lubrication when the engine is under constant stress. That means the rider doesn't always have to depend on an oil pump to give the mill sufficient lubrication. The exhaust system has a factory stock foot switch cutout on the muffler for times when a rider may need to get away from that liquor store in a bullet-ducking hurry. And for timing and valve adjustment, there's a stock compression release.

The front forks were assembled with external and internal springs. A stabilizer accessory on the top of the forks was designed to reduce road vibration. A convenient toolbox was a stock item on the front forks. The chassis is rigid, except for the front end. The bike proudly rests either on a sturdy sidestand or on a rear centerstand, which makes rear wheel removal easy.

We were impressed, so we decided to start the mutha. We choked it, kicked a couple of times, retarded the spark, turned on the ignition—and she fired. The suicide clutch and the three-speed handshift gate took a little getting used to. But the gently-sloped rectangular footboards and the large, contoured, adjustable, leather solo seat made for a comfortable place to reside while riding the classic. It shifted smoothly, without clunk, and soon the spring-loaded foot clutch was easy to handle. Right away we were trying to spin donuts in the wet field, run over rocks, and ride around with the sidecar in the air. The bike handled it all without a groan—but the owner chased us all over the fucking hill, tearing out his hair.

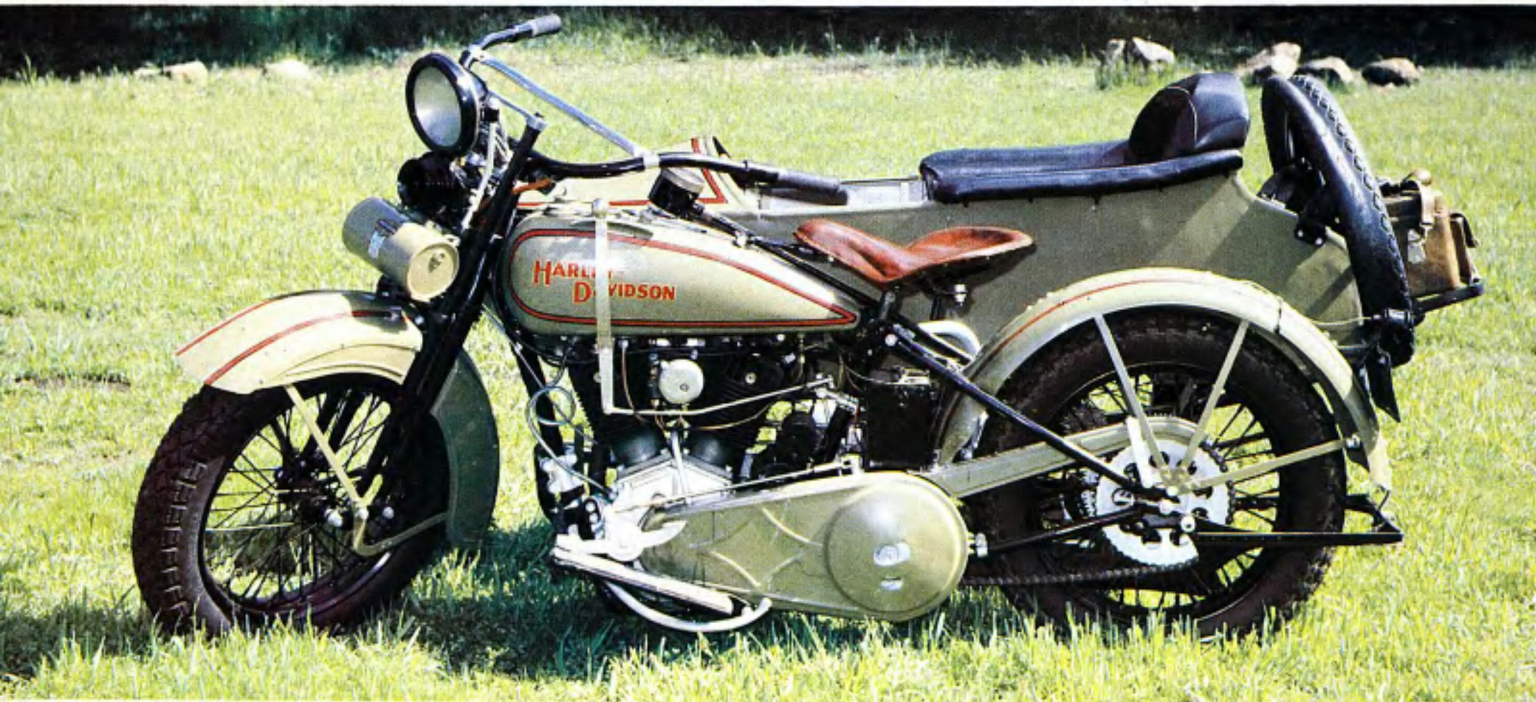
Needless to say, the test went without a hitch and the 52-year-old Harley-Davidson performed as well or better than many new bikes we've seen other people ride. But whatta ya expect from this staff?

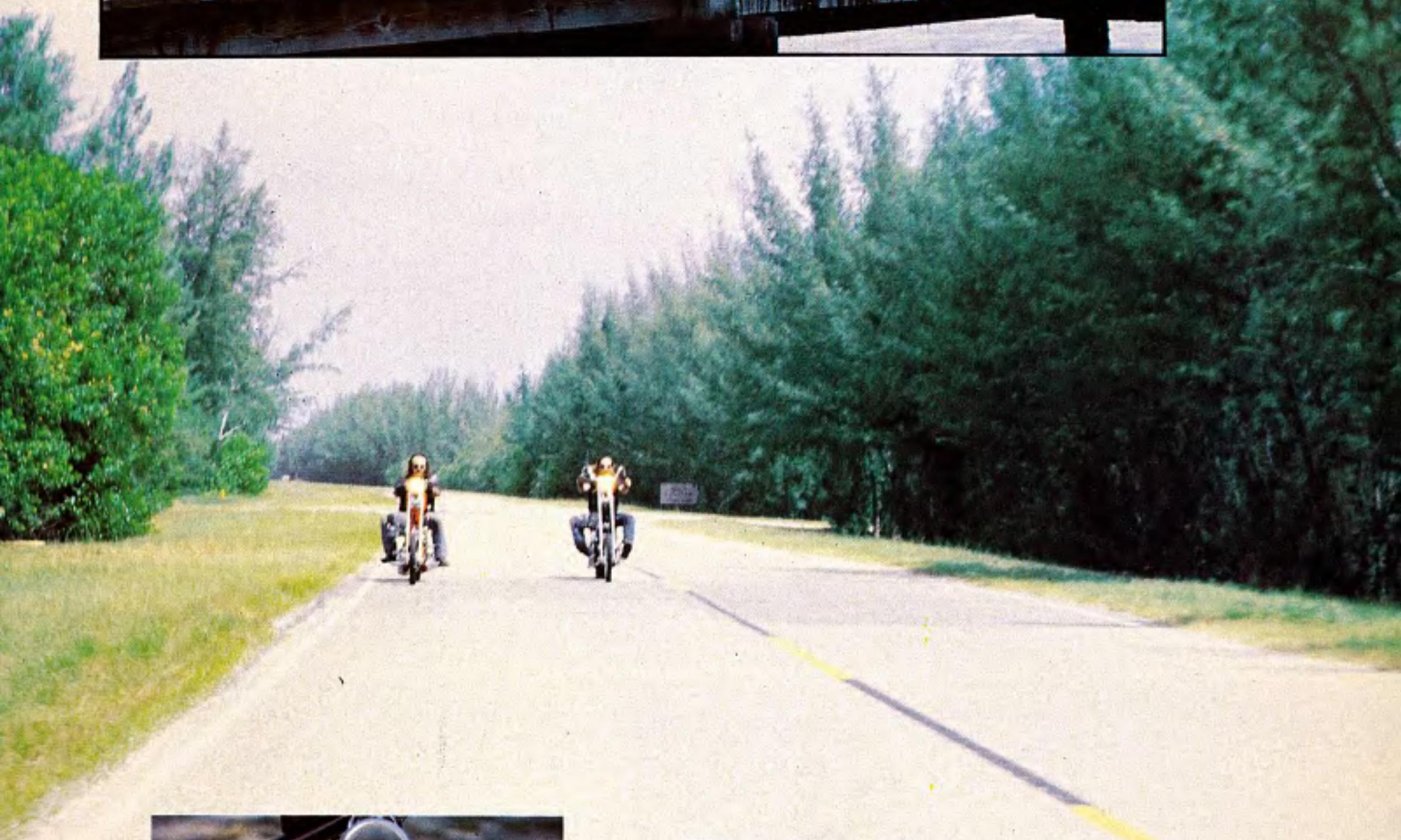
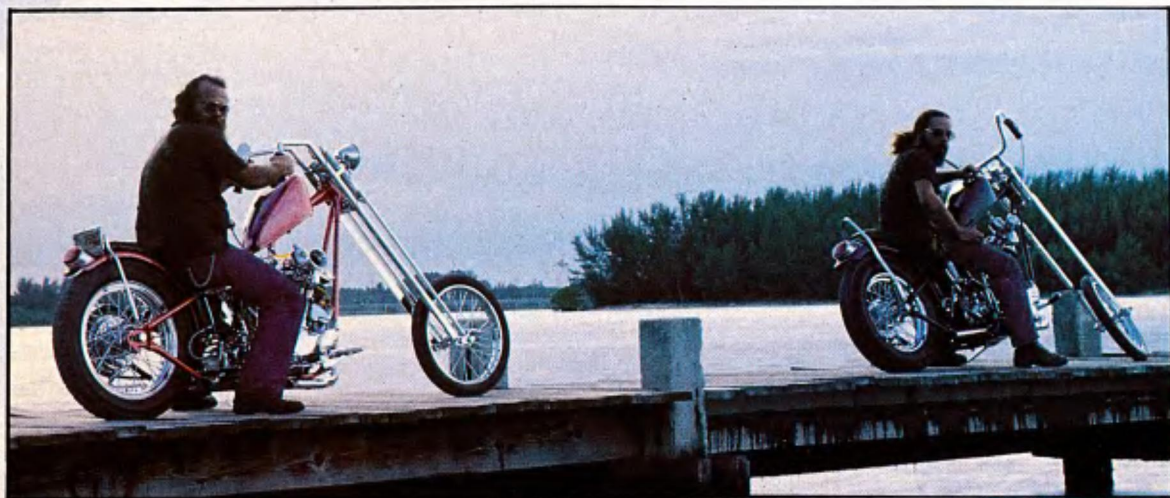
Our thanks to George and Scott Dockstader for the use of their JD





Photos by Pete Chiodo and the Cub



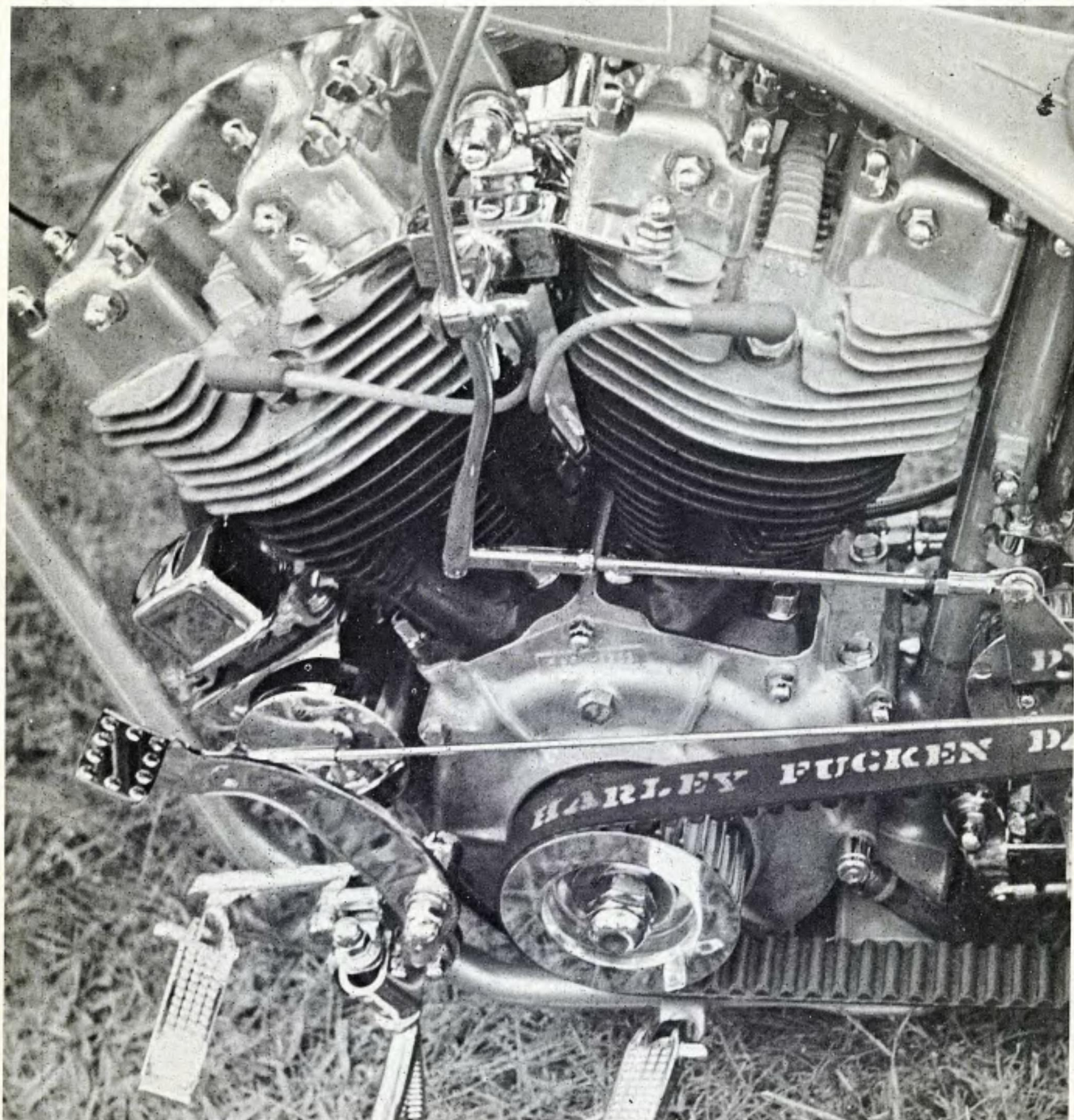


East Coasters

Two brothers sucked to the sun for different reasons

Both the bros who own these fine putts came from the New England states — but for a couple of strong reasons they escaped the white weather and chilling climate of the Northeast for the soft mounds of sand and shimmering surf of Florida.

Lou lived in Connecticut and built a lot of bikes there for years. He built so many scooters because riding around in the cold city caused him to dump



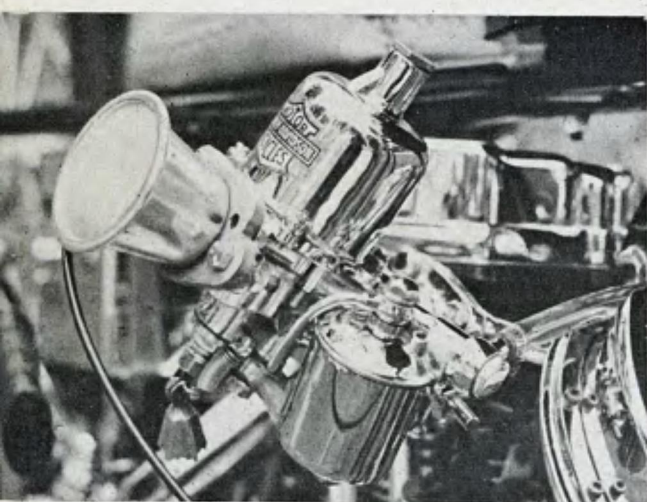
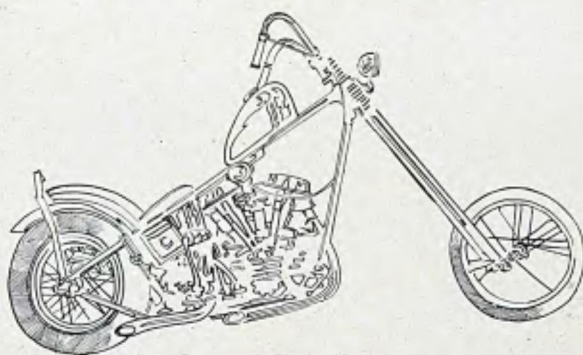
and total three scooters in two years. Wasting beautiful scooters like the one you see here would give any riding fool a mighty strong rationale for splitting for flatter lands and sunnier days. And ever since Lou has been ridin' year 'round in the tropical atmosphere of Daytona he hasn't gone down once (knock on wood).

His bro Casey bought the black bike you see here as a rat and headed south. He just got his ass settled down in Florida when a slidin' semi decided to make astroturf out of his scooter in a bro's front yard. Casey began the long process of rebuilding in this strange, new land only to find that there weren't any fuckin' shops or parts houses. So what

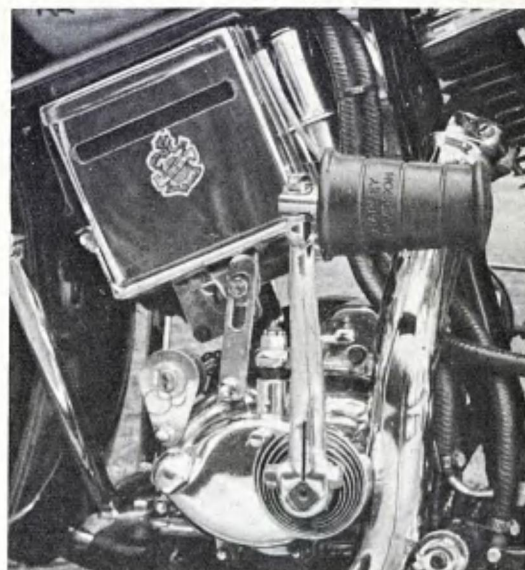
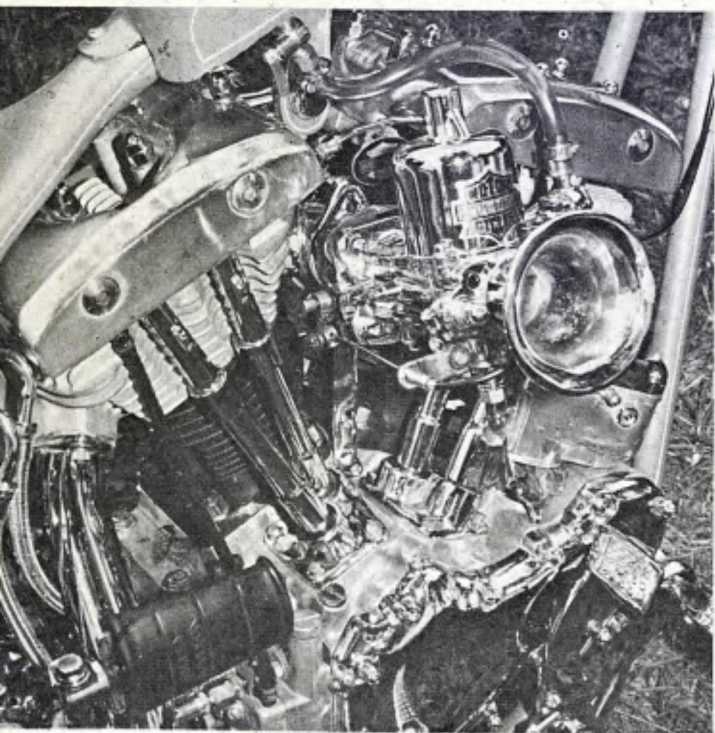
was a bro to do but start callin' northern bros, have a few parts shipped in, buy a few wrenches, some paint, a torch, and some bondo — and open a shop? Well, that's exactly what Casey and Lou did.

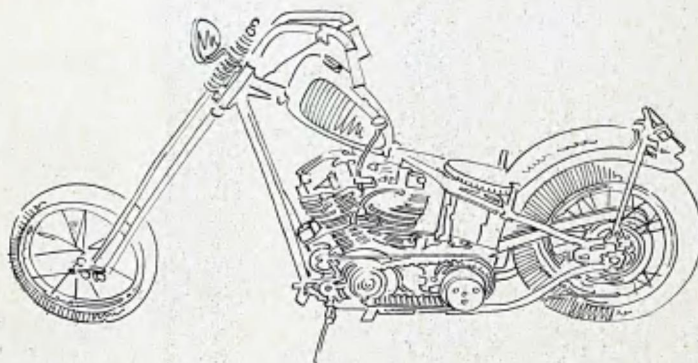
Not only did they escape a short ridin' season and a curse-of-a-climate, but they also managed to start a new life for themselves revolving around their love for riding and building bikes. But life isn't all shiny paint and cheap chrome in Florida. It's hot as Mutha's box there and almost as sweaty — and they haven't had any good dope in six months.

— Wilburn Roach

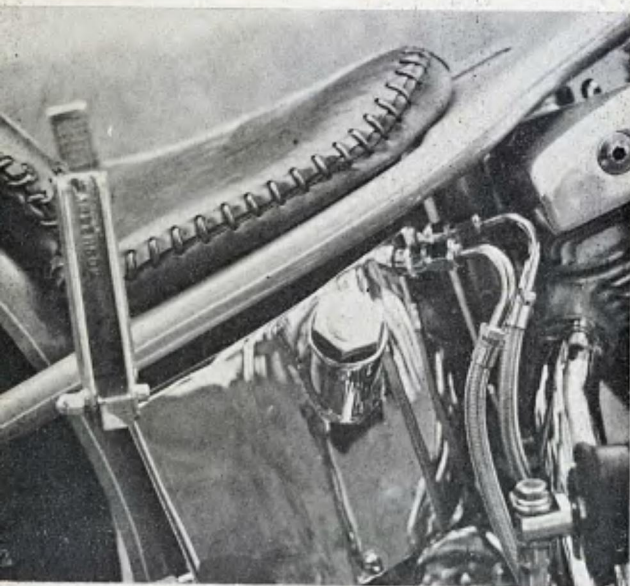
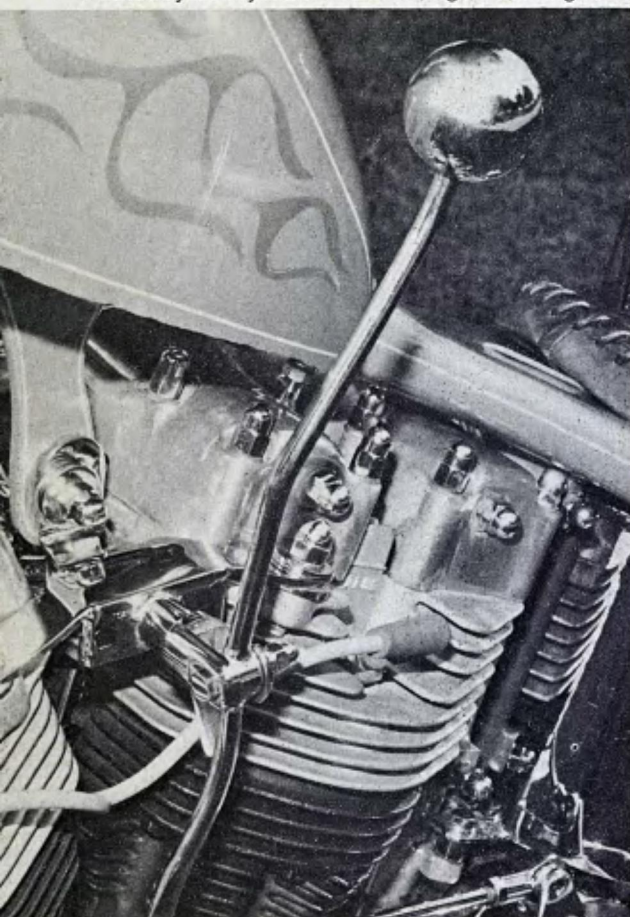


Owners: Casey Maas		City: Fort Pierce, Florida	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: C & L Hog Shop		Year: 1958	
Year and make: 1962 H-D		Builder: C & L, H-D	
Model: FLH		Type: stretch	
Value: too much		Rake: 1/4 inch	
Assembly: C & L		Stretch: 4 inches	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: 5 in. in backbone	
Chroming by: Far-Mac		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Dorsey service station	
Year: 1962		Risers: Jammer	
Model: FLH		Fender(s): Sportster	
Rebuilder: C & L		Headlight: sealed beam	
Ignition: coil, distributor		Taillight: Sportster	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.		Speedo: never	
Lower end: stock panhead		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: H-D		Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: Hasting		Electrics: owner wired	
Cases: painted		Gas tank: Hummer w/flat bottom	
Heads: C & L		Oil tank: electric start	
Cam: H-D		Oil system: works	
Lifters: Sifton solids		Primary cover: none	
Carb(s): S. U.		Seat: C & L	
Air cleaner: velocity stack		Sissy bar: C & L	
Pipes: goose		Height: 4 inches above fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: 1 inch flat bar	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: suicide clutch		Type: springer	
Year: don't know		Extension: 15 inches	
Shifting: palm		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: custom rockers	
Trans sprocket: 25		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 17	Size: 16
Molding: owner		Hub: spool	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner		Rim width: 2 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black		Tire: 2.50 Avon	Tire: 5.10 Gdyl.
Type: lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: mech.
Special paint: red stripe			
Other special modifications: Phase III belt drive; wires through frame.			





Photos by Casey Maas, Louis Falcigno and Rogue



Owners: Louis Falcigno

City: Fort Pierce, Florida

General

Frame

Fabrication by: C & L Hog Shop

Year: 1957

Year and make: 1958 H-D

Builder: Garden Eng.

Model: FLH

Type: stretched

Value: too much

Rake: 1/2 inch

Assembly: C & L

Stretch: 6 inches

Time: 2 months

Other alterations: Sportster neck

Chroming by: Far-Mac Plating

Accessories

Engine

Bars: C & L

Year: 1958

Risers: None

Model: FLH

Fender(s): 5 inch flat

Rebuilder: C & L

Headlight: 4 1/2 in. sealed beam

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: Sportster

Displacement: 74 cu.in.

Speedo: none

Lower end: 1958 pan

Front pegs: Jammer

Balancing: none

Rear pegs: Jammer

Pistons: cast

Electrics: C & L

Cases: sandblasted

Gas tank: Custom Sportster

Heads: 1975 shovel

Oil tank: Jammer

Cam: 414 shovel

Oil system: braided lines

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: none

Carb(s): S. U.

Seat: C & L

Air cleaner: velocity stack

Sissy bar: Jammer

Pipes: straight goose

Height: 3 in. above fender

Muffler(s): none

Material: flat bar

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: late model ratchet

Type: springer

Year: 1958

Extension: 15 in.

Shifting: pivot on top motor mt.

Builder: Jammer

Engine sprocket: belt (14mm)

Special features: custom rockers

Trans sprocket: 24

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 51

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 17

Size: 18

Molding: C & L

Hub: spool

Hub: H-D

Painter: Pat Clap

Rim width: 2 in.

Rim width: 4 in.

Color: orange flip-flop

Tire: 2.50 Avon

Tire: 4.00 Goodyr.

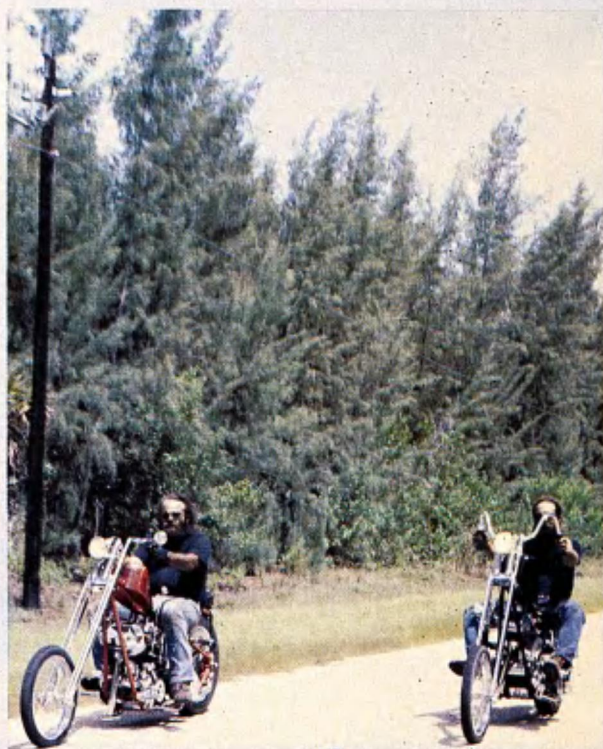
Type: lacquer

Brake: none

Brake: mech.

Special paint: flip-flop pearl

Other special modifications: Primo belt, shifter by owner.



Tank Art Contest



Show us what you've got

Each month you've had the chance to enter your ol' lady in our beauty contest. Now you have the chance to show off part of your most prized possession—your bike. And you may even make a few bucks at it if you're lucky.

The **Easyriders** staff is on the lookout for the finest gas tank art in the country. A green prize of \$250 will be awarded to the best tank and 50 bucks to the three runners-up.

It's no problem to enter. Just send us a color slide or black and white glossy print of your gas tank. (Sorry, we can't use color prints.) Be sure to include your name and address. Send as many shots of your tank as you wish. When we choose the winner, we'll print as many tanks in the mag as we can. Then brothers all over the world can see the creativity and work that goes into some of our bikes.

Sorry, but all photos and slides remain the property of **Easyriders** and cannot be returned.

Winners of the contest will be picked by our crew. Send entries to Tank Art, c/o **Easyriders**, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Photo from Doug Mills

National

Easynews

"If it's for the betterment of biking, we'll print it."

NHTSA Opens Campaign For Motorcycle Helmet Laws

A press conference and letters to governors by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA) have opened a campaign to convince states to retain or readopt motorcycle helmet laws.

Joan Claybrook, NHTSA administrator, keyed the new initiative to the announcement of the results of five new NHTSA-sponsored motorcycle helmet studies.

She said her agency would present Congress with a report it has requested on the effect of helmet law repeals, and that this report may lead to serious reconsideration of the stripping of the Department of Transportation's power to require states to maintain helmet laws. An agency spokesman said the report should be completed within six months.—from the IHHS

Read This:

Wisconsin: A study of 1978 motorcycle accidents by the state Department of Transportation failed to find conclusive proof to support the idea that helmets reduce fatalities.

Russell Fleming, chief of accident data for the Division of Motor Vehicles, studied reports of 3,980 motorcycle crashes in which 112 people were killed and 1,262 seriously injured.

The study was undertaken by the Department of Transportation at the request of former Gov. Martin J. Schreiber following legislative repeal of the mandatory helmet law.

Of the fatal accidents, 29.4 percent of those who died of head injuries alone were wearing helmets, compared with 28.9 percent who were helmetless.



Free Air?

Now that some states have outlawed pay toilets, the company that makes the coin mechanism, Nik-O-Lok of Indianapolis, has come up with a new gimmick, Coin Air. It's a vending machine that replaces gas station air pumps, charging a quarter for four minutes of previously free air for inflating tires. About 600 gas stations now have the new machine, much to the dismay of motorists. To those who protest, Nik-O-Lok vice president Martin Miller says simply: "If you think air is free, try blowing up a tire with your mouth."—from the *Highway Patrolman*

Gas Shortage Coming

The groundwork for gas rationing is being laid. The U.S. Department of Energy has made proposals which could become law. Among these are the allotting of only one-tenth the amount of gasoline to motorcycles as is allotted to passenger cars and the allotment of gasoline in five-gallon increments on a "use it or lose it" basis.

The average automobile gets about 20 miles to the gallon; the motorcycle gets 40-50, or roughly twice that of an automobile. Only a few motorcycles have gasoline tanks that hold five gallons. Presumably, an all-or-nothing ration voucher would be used for gasoline purchases. Thus, if you don't have at least a five-gallon gas tank, your allotment would be restricted that much more.

It appears the U.S. Department of Energy considers motorcycles to be strictly recreational vehicles. However, motorcycles are a mode of transportation used for commuting to work and conducting business and should be considered as such. The proposals would deter people from using the most economical, fuel-saving mode of transportation available today. Economical modes of transportation such as motorcycles should be encouraged rather than discouraged.

ABATE of New York charges that these proposals are discriminatory, unjust, unfair, and biased. ABATE has responded to the



U.S. Department of Energy with a counterproposal to require at least half the allotment for motorcycles as for automobiles.

Let your views be known before it's too late. ABATE urges all concerned citizens to write U.S. Department of Energy, Public Hearing Management, Room 2313 Box UP, 2000 M. Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20461.

Harleys In The Pentagon

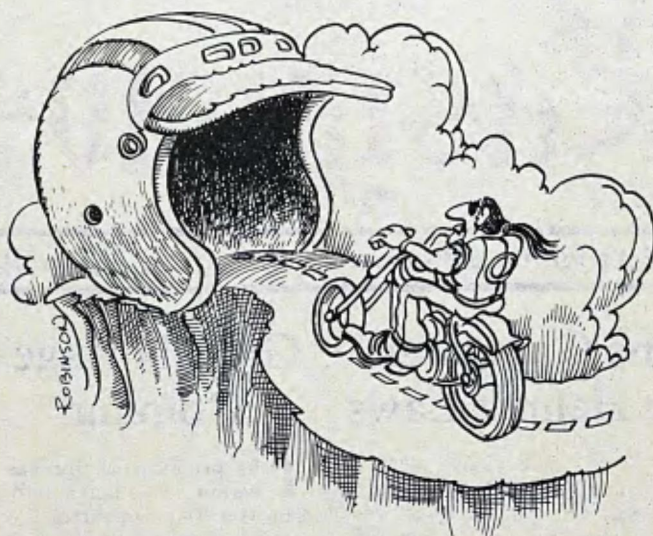
Ninety-year-old Mrs. L. Newton Hays, descendant of President Rutherford Hayes, returned from the Southwest to the city of her birth this fall and decided to tour one of the buildings that had gone up in her absence. Airman Patrick Redmond seated her in his Harley-Davidson and the pair were cruising the halls of the "new" building—the Pentagon.

Return Of The Helmet Law

Indiana: H.B. 1287 came up for committee hearing in the House recently, and Senator Worman introduced S.B. 131. Both helmet law bills ended up being heard in committee on the same day.

H.B. 1287 is a helmet law for those under 18 years of age and is sponsored by Rep. Richard Worden. It passed the House committee by a six to three vote, but not without a good fight being waged by three of our Reps. Rep. Joe Harris spoke out against proposed legislation and got an amendment added to the bill to help make it ineffective. Rep. Robert L. Jones challenged the sponsors of H.B. 1287 to propose a seat belt bill. Rep. Worden said he wouldn't sponsor such legislation, which aided Rep. Jones in arguing against unreasonable self-protection laws. Rep. Thomas Coleman joined Rep. Harris and Rep. Jones, voicing his strong objections to the bill. Although the bill passed committee, these same legislators (joined by others) are going to try to stop the legislation by an amendment to add helmets for cars when the bill returns to the House floor for a vote and second reading.

In the Senate committee hearing on S.B. 131, Senator Elden Tipton and Senator Keith McCormick attacked the bill vigorously. Senator Tipton opened by calling



the bill an example of "sour grapes." He fought against the bill so strongly that the hearing was disrupted several times. Senator McCormick then challenged the State Police's statistics, calling them false and misleading. Senator Tipton challenged the State Police to guarantee to him that the proposed legislation was not just a way for them to harass bikers.

Indiana is fortunate in having some of the best legislators in the country, and Indiana bikers have friends in the State House. Every concerned person should write a simple thank you letter to the legislators

listed below. They need to know that their efforts are appreciated and that bikers are aware of those efforts, even if the news media never tell. We need to keep our fine friends if we're to keep our freedom—but it also helps to remind them that they are indeed being watched closely.

It's extremely important that we really compliment these people in our letters. Give them lots of appreciation. Here is a sample letter—but the one you send should be in your own words:

Dear _____,

As a motorcyclist, a taxpayer, and another human

being I want to thank you personally for your testimony against reinstatement of the helmet law in the committee hearing. Your testimony is renewing my faith in our state governmental system to protect the rights and freedoms of its citizens.

Again, thank you for everything you are doing and have done to help motorcyclists retain their freedom, rights, and dignity.

Sincerely,

Write letters to Rep. Thomas D. Coleman, Rep. Joseph P. Harris, and Rep. Robert L. Jones, c/o Indiana House of Representatives, State House, Indianapolis, Indiana 46204.

Write also to Senator Keith C. McCormick and Senator Elden C. Tipton, c/o Indiana State Senate, State House, Indianapolis, Indiana 46204.

About Death

Wyoming: Statistics compiled by the Wyoming Highway Department show that the typical motorcycle fatality in Wyoming during 1978 was 25 years old and driving a late model, large cycle with which he was unfamiliar.

The department said that eleven motorcyclists were killed during the year with six of the eleven cycles involved borrowed from friends. An additional four cycles showed they had been driven less than 1,000 miles. All were classified as larger types with engine sizes between 650cc and 1200cc. Nine of the eleven cycles were manufactured in 1977 and 1978.

Seven of the eleven accidents involved a single motorcycle, two involved two motorcycles, and the other two involved other vehicles.

About half the accidents were contributed to by alcohol consumption, five drivers did not have proper licenses, six had previous accidents or convictions for improper motor vehicle operation, and only three of the victims had taken some type of driver education.

Crash Helmets Urged For Automobile Passengers

The use of crash helmets could trim the number of fatal head injuries that occur in traffic accidents even when seat belts are used, a highway safety researcher reports.

James O'Day, reporting on a study by the University of Michigan Highway Safety Research Institute, said the voluntary use of protective headgear should be considered along with other safety equipment in cars.

"When someone is killed in an automobile accident, most often it is the head that is injured," O'Day said. "If you are going to protect

the head, you should look at something that fits the occupant rather than trying to pad all the hard objects in the world."

The study, to determine the nature and the source of the fatal injury, focused on 90 traffic deaths in which seat belts or shoulder harnesses were worn. O'Day claimed. More than half of the deaths resulted from head injuries.

O'Day said while most of the crashes were so severe that they were considered unsurvivable, ten deaths occurred in "relatively non-severe" crashes. Eight of

the ten involved head injuries.

"Of these ten crashes, only one would not have had the chance of survival increased by use of both head protection and full restraints," the report said.

The researchers said improved head protection could involve more padding on the interior of the car, "although the amount of padding required might be so great that forward visibility would be impaired. An alternative approach would be to protect the head itself with an appropriate helmet."

Wyoming Shoots For 65 MPH



The House Judiciary Committee is waiting for further information on the Senate-passed 65-mph speed limit bill.

In the meantime, Rep. Charles Scott's 65-mph speed limit bill, which includes a 14-cent-a-gallon gasoline tax hike to pay for any federal money lost by its approval, remains in the House Revenue Committee.

Revenue Committee Chairman C. R. (Bob) O'Neil, R-Sublette, isn't particularly enthusiastic about the Natrona County Republican representative's bill. As to what action his committee might take on it, O'Neil commented, "I question whether we'll ever get to that dude." He said he expects the Judiciary Committee to take care of the speed limit question.

The Judiciary Committee, however, is waiting to obtain information from the Wyoming Highway Department, U.S. Sen. Malcolm Wallop's office, and the Wyoming attorney general's office, according to its chairman, Rep. Ellen Crowley, R-Laramie.

Her committee also is considering the Senate-passed measure providing a maximum \$5 penalty for speeding violations between 55 and 75 mph. Action on that is awaiting information from the Wyoming County Commissioners Association regarding the financial impact of reduced fines to the counties.

From the Highway Department, Miss Crowley is seeking information regarding relationships between accidents and speed limits.

Sex Signature



The Oklahoma House of Representatives has considered, and has been so bold as to reject, a bill that would compel a lusty young swain to obtain the signature of his adored on a consent form before obtaining her favors in bed.

This new manifesto in the counterrevolution of the sexes was sponsored by a woman, with the aim of protecting the guileless ingenu—a rapidly disappearing species—from predatory

males. The consent form stipulates that the man has informed his potential mate that she may become pregnant, and that pregnancy, childbirth, and parenthood may entail innumerable miseries for all concerned.

The bill was rejected, not because of its denial of equal protection, but, as the legislature noted, because it would require that the couple "take a secretary and bookkeeper with them" to bed.

Speed Change

Legislators in at least seventeen states have followed Wyoming's lead and have introduced or are planning to introduce bills to raise the speed limit above 55 miles per hour.

A bill to raise Wyoming's speed limit to 65 mph, introduced by Wyoming Sen. Cal Taggart, R-Big Horn, is in the House Judiciary Committee.

In some states, the bills have not been introduced, but have been discussed and are likely to be introduced within the next week or two.

Sponsors of the bills cite the right of state legislatures to set local speed limits and hope that if enough states band together the Secretary of Transportation will not withhold federal funds as threatened.

Washington state Sen. Al Henry said he and the other backers of his bill are tired of "screwball demands from these paper-pushers."

"Since 1955, we've been constantly beaten over the head by the federal government," Henry said in a telephone interview. He takes issue with the government's contention it can withhold highway funds if states do not meet the 55 mph limit.

"That money is ours," he added.

The 1975 law that established federal highway aid funds links disbursement of those funds with the 55 mph speed limit.

An Oklahoma senator, Republican Jim Townsend, said the federal officials are "overstepping the authority granted them by the tenth amendment of the constitution."

Although Congress does have the right to set a national speed limit, it has "no right to buy power

through appropriation," Townsend added.

Oklahoma could lose \$72 million in federal highway funds if the Transportation Department makes good its threat, Townsend said. Wyoming could lose about \$52 million.

The bill sponsors believe, however, that if enough states pass bills raising the speed limit above 55 mph, the federal government will not withhold money.

"We'll have to get a united front and get (the bills) to the governors' desks all at the same time," Henry said. The states should also contact their congressmen and have them take a "nosecount" of supporters, he added.

Henry said legislators from thirteen states have contacted him about similar bills in their states and said he expects four more to join the crusade.

One bill sponsor believes the federal government will not withhold funds in any case.

"I don't think they dare," Colorado Rep. Bob Stephenson said. He cited the case of the federally mandated helmet law for motorcyclists.

According to Stephenson, the federal government told each state it would lose federal funds if a mandatory helmet law were not passed. California, however, has never passed such a law.

"The federal government never pulled money from California," Stephenson said, which gives speed-limit bill sponsors a precedent.

"I don't think we'll lose any highway money," Texas Rep. Fred Head said. Head is sponsoring a bill to raise Texas' speed limit to 70 mph, which was the legal limit before the 55 mph federal limit was instituted.

Bay Area Bike Education

The San Francisco Motorcycle Safety Council is looking for volunteers. The Council offers a motorcycle safety course three weekends a month, and experienced bros who are interested in legislation and in preventing younger bikers from becoming involved

in accidents are needed to help teach. Also needed are young riders to become involved and take the course.

If you're interested, contact the SFMCSC by phoning (415) 863-7748, or call Mike Avedon at (415) 863-1766—and ride safe.

Hit List

A former Milwaukee policeman has charged that the Police Department had an official policy of intimidating civic leaders, defense lawyers and others who were considered police critics.

Among those chosen to be arrested or harassed were Deputy City Atty. Orville Pitts; his brother, County Supervisor Terrance Pitts; Secretary of State Vel Phillips; and Father James Groppi, said former Detective William D. Neuske, a member of the department for 16 years until his retirement in 1976.

Neuske said the harassment tactics were official department policy. As part of the program, police issued parking tickets to autos owned by those they disliked, sought to arrest them for minor offenses such as spitting on sidewalks, and gave them citations for repeated traffic violations so they might lose their drivers' licenses, he said.

Neuske said the department sought to intimidate political leaders; members of the Outlaws motorcycle club; the Commandos, an Inner City youth group, and attorneys associated with clients disliked by policemen.

"Any time you could arrest a black Commando, any

time you could lay his head open, more power to you," Neuske said. "If you could get an Outlaw, you could get a gold star."

He said lawyers marked for harassment included his own attorney, Alan Eisenberg, who was unpopular with police because he represented members of the Outlaws.

Neuske made the statements in a deposition filed in connection with a Federal Court lawsuit he has brought against Police Chief Harold A. Breier for allegedly badgering him until he felt forced to resign from the department in June, 1976. Neuske is seeking \$150,000 in damages.

The program also called for harassing blacks, Hispanics, and Indians who policemen thought had "broken the barriers of what we considered to be proper," Neuske said. Some of these people were followed or visited by police at work as part of the intimidation process, Neuske said. He said this tactic caused some of the subjects to lose their jobs.

Breier also gave a deposition in the case, but he was not asked about Neuske's allegations.

Neuske has moved to Hawaii and is a security officer for a group of stores.

Media Think It's Special

Washington, D.C.: Congress is being urged by news media lawyers to shield all citizens not suspected of crimes, rather than just writers, from unannounced searches by police.

If only reporters and scholars are protected, "many courts will look with a jaundiced eye at what will appear to be special treatment for those who make a living by writing," a Senate panel was told recently.

Edward O. DeLaney of Indianapolis, counsel for Investigating Reporters and Editors Inc., added, however, that the organization's members "would not reject the benefits of a bill designed only to benefit the press or other writers."

DeLaney testified before the Senate subcommittee on the Constitution, which is considering a Carter administration proposal to bar most unannounced searches of newsrooms.

The Carter proposal stops short of barring similar searches in other offices or in homes.

Sen. Birch Bayh, D-Ind., chairman of the subcommittee, and other senators have introduced legislation along the same lines, but applying to all persons not suspected of a crime instead of just to writers.

The proposals are in response to a Supreme Court decision May 31 upholding a surprise search of the office of the Stanford University student newspaper by police armed with a warrant. The police were looking for photographs of a demonstration in which nine policemen had been injured.

Jerome B. Falk Jr., who was the lawyer for the Stanford Daily, told the subcommittee the decision had "awesomely sweeping" impact not only on the freedom of the press but on the privacy rights of other sectors of society.

Falk said the impact was particularly severe in regard to places such as lawyers' or doctors' offices, where information relating to numerous persons is kept.

The department contends the constitutional power of

Congress to regulate interstate commerce gives it the authority to legislate in regard to newsroom searches by state and local police.

But Heymann said it is "at least highly uncertain" whether Congress has the power to regulate other searches by local and state authorities. Bayh and others have maintained that it does.

Bayh suggested that limiting the legislation to newsrooms and doctors' and lawyers' offices might be a possible middle ground. A subcommittee source said a compromise along these lines was expected to be explored with the administration.

The Marijuana Died



Wyoming: Debate on a bill to reduce the penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana centered on aspects of its use before the measure was soundly defeated on voice vote.

The bill would have reduced the penalty for possessing one ounce or less of marijuana from up to six months in jail and a \$1,000 fine to up to 30 days in the county jail and no more than a \$100 fine.

It also would have allowed use of marijuana on a doctor's prescription to treat disease.

Park County Republican Peg Shreve showed the House members what an ounce of marijuana would look like, substituting oregano in a small plastic bag. She also showed them a couple of mock "joints" in her plea opposing the measure.

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816



It is National Abate's goal to provide a common ground on which you can unite to provide for you, the concerned motorcyclist, a loud and strong voice against mandatory motorcycle laws. It is also National Abate's goal to bring together all the motorcycle enthusiasts in your area who are seeking Brotherhood and wishing to belong to a fraternal organization.

National Abate is dedicated to you, the motorcycle enthusiast. National Abate will donate, in your name, five dollars to the Non-Profit Motorcycle Action group of your choice.

Give Name here _____
I understand that National Abate will publish information regarding legislation that may affect me as a motorcycle enthusiast and that included with my membership will be the address of my nearest National Abate chapter or information regarding how to start a local chapter in my area.

- ☐ National Abate membership and favorite organization, \$10.00
☐ National Abate membership only, \$5.00
☐ Information on becoming an approved charter.
☐ Information on becoming an approved organization.

Name, nickname, or mark _____

Address, P.O. Box or G.D. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Thanks for not giving up—We never will.



Asstrology

Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Gemini

Geminis are the most curious and unpredictable characters in the whole zodiac. They are so outgoing, friendly, clever, and entertaining that no party is a complete success without several of them. Their quick wit makes them indispensable (for example, Gemini Paul Lynde and Bob Hope).

Geminis have an overabundance of nervous energy. They just can't be still (some need a muzzie as part of their attire) and are always twiddling or diddling something or someone. Tripping with a Gemini will definitely keep your wheels turning and your ears burning. Sexually, they are like Rice Krispies—pour a little cream over them and watch them snap, crackle, and pop! Sometimes, Geminis are accused of being fickle, but it's just their short attention span, and they bore easily.

Geminis, your motto is probably If you haven't tried it, don't knock it. You are the proverbial jack of all trades and are always ready to experiment. Geminis are often ambidextrous and bilingual (not to be confused with bisexual). Both male and female Geminis are some of the best pool hustlers, and hustlers in general. Because they are

the super con artists of the zodiac, they excel in the sales field.

Negatively, Geminis tend to scatter their forces, always having too many irons in the fire. Often their concentration lacks direction, but they're so much fun to be with that nobody gives a shit! They can become very impatient with sniveling or stick-in-the-mud individuals.

Geminis are quite often the type who leave the pad on Monday for a six-pack and don't return until Thursday. That's 'cause life is one big adventure for these people. Besides, they expect you to understand their little side excursions.

Geminis seldom form lasting attachments with old memories, places, or material things. They love to travel—and wherever they sling their shorts is home. 'Course, like cheap underwear, they wear thin fast (when it comes to mundane bullshit), so it's always on with the new and forget the old.

Geminis are prone to weak lungs (cut down on those fags) and accidents involving the shoulders, arms, and hands. They should be careful when working around machinery. Boredom and confinement deplete their nervous system far worse than over-activity.

Despite all their flaws, Geminis are totally irresistible and make great buddies to boogie with—just don't try an' tie 'em down!

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

You're still flying high and the only low blows now are oral. You're in a busy cycle and may have to contend with an extra shitload of work. You have a tremendous amount of energy now and more than your share of sexually charged social life. (Just plug yourself in and charge up the ol' battery!) Ignore those envious assholes who try to put a damper on your good luck and extra nooky. Take advantage of this farout period.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Some important money contacts

and legal red tape could tie knots in ya and make ya feel like June is the fucking lemon of the year. Just hang in there and accept your responsibilities. Don't make any major purchases before investigating the situation thoroughly and reading all the fine print. You'll be back to your usual snortin' and pawin' by the end of the month. Face it, this old world ain't always a fucking bowl of cherries—in fact, if ya pop one, you're lucky!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Happy Birthday! Some of you may be traveling your testicles off

most of this month. Others may be forced to relocate due to decisions about the ol' career. The idea of leaving some good party people may have your nuts in a sling, but remember that some lucky changes are up for grabs. It's time to clarify past motives and secret needs. You may find that change is just what you need for your financial welfare—plus a large case of the horny honks.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

You could be a taste more vulnerable during this cycle, even more than you'd care to admit. Several situations have your mind boggled—just don't let them cause you to retreat into your Cancer crab shell. Instead, give the old bod a break and rest up for a change. If you party less, by the end of the month you'll be back in shape and have your shit together. If finances have you out on a limb, don't take it on the lam—things are never as rough as they seem.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

Lucky you! You're happy, healthy, and horny all month. Except for some minor problems with the big boss or a few jackoffs you work with, you've got it made! A few of you could be offered a secondary income. If it's legal, take it (at least for a while). You've got plenty to keep you busy—extra beaver, short trips, surprise visits, letters, phone calls. Lots of exciting communication coming your way now.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

It's time to make some heavy decisions regarding things you've been confronted with for the past few months. Try to ignore minor mindfucks or sniveling at home base. Just get your act together and do what ya gotta do. The sooner you resolve yourself to a few needed changes, the sooner you'll witness constructive results. Time is an important element right now. Reaching a happy medium at home base is better than a knock-down confrontation.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Looks like you're back in the saddle again—plus the bed, the floor, etc. It's time for poking and joking. It's also an important time to collaborate with VIPs. Now is when you're most likely to feel stable, secure, and jazzed up in general. No one has to stroke your ego now—it's about as big as the Goodyear blimp! Get out and get down—you're sure to meet some people who can help promote your ideas and give you financial backing.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

If you're looking for more than a one-night stand, this is the month Cupid quivers your crotch and catches you unaware. Don't fight it, bro—it could be a winner. Besides being accident-prone until the 15th, you could get hell from your health in other ways. Take one day at a time and don't burn the candle at both ends. Your throat is especially susceptible now, and you could also be in for some strained (and pained) gonads. So slow down and take extra care of yourself.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Expect dealings (and double dealings) with mates and business associates now. You could be keeping some juicy secrets that could backfire and send a rocket up your ass. It's time for some down-to-earth discussions, not decisions. There is something in the air with a two-faced smell. If you're hiding something and think it will blow over, you're just blowing hot air out of your ass. 'Fess up and lay it on the line—you're better off that way.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

Heed Scorpio's advice—you're also accident-prone most of this month. Be extra careful around potentially dangerous tools (including your own, which could go off prematurely) and equipment. Your sex life is double duty or double trouble, depending on how sneaky you are. Avoid getting your back up against the wall at work until after the 10th—after that you can speak your piece and have it, too!

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

This month you're tempted to shitcan a few friends; but don't act hastily, 'cause you'll change your mind around mid-month. Some trouble could come down hard on ya if ya lend bucks to friends or relatives. Find a way out before the shit hits the fan. Make sure you know who you're dealing with before committing yourself. Mix-ups through the mail add confusion to your already boggled brain. Keep your act together and think twice.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Stay the fuck away from any underhanded methods or illegal get-rich schemes. There are some tricky elements to contend with now. What appears to be a lucky break should be checked out for deception. Be careful about trusting your bros—they may be victims, too. Avoid blowing your bucks on needless luxuries and steer clear of swapmeets—what you purchase now will either fall apart or not hold up in court. ■

SPACE FILLER VS THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL NAZI WAR CRIMINALS



"Straight, French, Greek, bondage, discipline, or S&M?"

"Honey," said the bride to the groom on their wedding night, "I have something to confess. I was once a topless dancer."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the husband. "Not that! I honestly think I'd rather have married a girl who'd been a prostitute."

"You do? Well, there's another thing..."

—Morgan Lynch
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Famous last words:

"Gimme a match, I think my gas tank is empty."

"It ain't loaded."

"No sweat, man, the train ain't comin' that fast."

"Yeah, I was out with yer ol' lady. So what?"

"Crank it on, goddammit, we're only doin' eighty."

—Jeff Johnson
Reading, Pa.



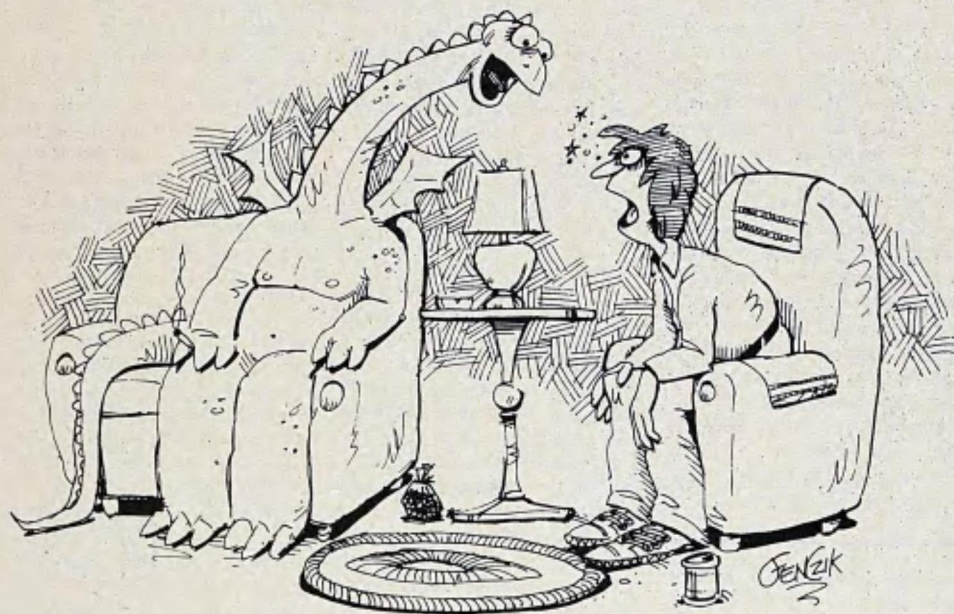
"You're right!
Oral sex is great, but
nasal sex is greeaaater!"

A little boy sleeping in an upper berth with his mother had to go to the toilet, and on the way back, as he told his mother, he stepped on the man in the lower berth while climbing back up.

"What did he say?" his mother asked.

"He didn't say anything, but I heard a lady say thank you!"

—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Man., Can.



"Think you're getting off yet?"

The new chick at the party was really pissed. She stormed to the bar and ordered a double. When the host asked her what was bothering her, she pointed to a young stud and snarled, "For two cents I'd break that bastard's back!"

"Wow!" said the host. "What would you do for two dollars?"

"That's what he asked me. And that's why I'm pissed off."

—Jerry Groesidick
Chicago, Ill.

She was the greatest lay he'd ever had, which made him suspicious.

"How many were there before me?" he demanded.

Silence.

"How many men have you had before me?" he asked again.

Long silence.

"I said, how many—"

"Shut up. I'm counting."

—Shirley Green
Wash., D.C.

Big John had a bike with 50,000 miles on it. "Why don't you sell it?" said a bro.

"I've got 50,000 miles on it!"

"Just turn the odometer back!"

A week later they met again. "Did you turn the mileage back?"

"Yeah, to 3,000 miles."

"So why don't you sell it?"

"What! With only 3,000 miles on it?"

—Joe Stoner
Lansing, Kan.

When the shrew learned that her husband had taken a mistress, she demanded, "Does this mean that you've had enough of me?"

"No, my dear," he coolly replied.

"It means that I haven't had enough of you."

—Chipper King
Bossier City, La.



"Thurston, did you invite a rather large group of bearded, drunken motorcycle tramps for luncheon?"



"Of course, there's some people he's probably only so-so about."

Joe was telling Sam about his date the previous evening. "She was a great chick, very liberated."

"How so?" Sam asked.

"Well, last night I paid for the drinks, the dinner, and the show—but the rest of the evening was on her."

—Scott Elder
Kamas, Utah

The elderly spinster hired a young lawyer to prepare her will. "I have ten thousand dollars set aside," she explained, "and I want to spend it all on myself. Nobody in this town has ever paid any attention to me, but they will sit up and take notice when I die." Warming to the subject, she cackled, "I want to spend all of eight thousand dollars on the biggest funeral this town has ever seen!"

"Well," said the lawyer, "that's a lot to pay for burying in these parts, but it's your money, madam, and you're entitled to spend it any way you like. Now what about the other two thousand?"

"I'll take care of that!" the old woman replied with a broad smile. "I've never been to bed with a man, and I aim to try that at least once before I'm through. As you can see, I'm not much to look at, but I figure for two thousand dollars I can get me a man who's young enough and handsome enough to please me."

That night, the lawyer reported the conversation to his wife. As they discussed the situation, the wife casually mentioned how nice it would be to have the \$2000.

Minutes later, they were on their way to the spinster's house, the wife driving. As the lawyer stepped from the car, he instructed his wife: "Pick me up in two hours."

Returning at the prescribed hour, the wife tooted the horn. No response from the house. She then blew a prolonged blast. An upstairs window was raised and the lawyer thrust out his head. "Come back in four days," he shouted. "She's decided to let the county bury her."

—Jake Austin
Dallas, Tex.

Big John was so huge none of the girls in the whorehouse could accommodate him. They were discussing it after he had left.

"It reminds me of a stovepipe," said one of the prosties.

"Big, huh?" said the other.

"No," she replied. "Dirty!"

—Bob Yancy
Chattanooga, Tenn.



"**Y**ou know," said the dude, crying in his beer, "it's hard to lose your wife."

"Hard?" said the biker sitting next to him. "It's fuckin' near impossible!"

—Jeffrey James
Harding, Wis.



"It's his only talent."

The pretty young thing came slamming into her apartment after a blind date and announced to her roommate, "Boy, what a character! I had to slap his face three times this evening!"

The roommate inquired eagerly, "What did he do?"

"Nothing," muttered the girl. "I slapped him to see if he was awake!"

—Tim Olson
Ogden, Utah



"But, Dad — don't you even want to know if it's yours?"

A woman had three daughters who all got married on the same day. The first daughter married a doctor, the second a dentist. Her third daughter married a biker. After their honeymoon, the mother called and asked how married life was. The first daughter said it was like Palmolive soap—really mild. The second said it was just like Dentyne chewing gum—very refreshing. When the mother called the biker's ol' lady, she said her married life was just like American Airlines. This confused the mother so she called American Airlines on the phone. When the receptionist answered, she said "American Airlines. Longest route in the world. In and out every five minutes."

—Pop Myers
Salisbury, N.C.

A dude staggered home from a lengthy card game only to be met at the door by his nagging wife. "Where the hell have you been till this hour?" she screamed.

"Never mind that," retorted her husband. "You'd better pack your bags, because I lost you in a poker game."

"How could you do such a horrible thing?" his startled spouse demanded.

"It wasn't easy," he replied. "I had to fold with four aces."

—Hammerin' Hank
Mojave, Calif.

"**I** have to take every precaution to avoid pregnancy," confided the woman over the back fence.

"But didn't your husband just have a vasectomy?" asked her neighbor.

"Sure. That's why I have to take every precaution."

—Cliff Dader
Tucson, Ariz.



"It was her idea—so I'd have a place to park my scooter while visiting her."

"**T**hank you," sighed the pretty young girl. "It must have taken a lot of courage to save me from that burning building."

"You bet it did," said the biker. "I hadda punch out three firemen to get to you first."

—James Smith
Waupun, Wis.

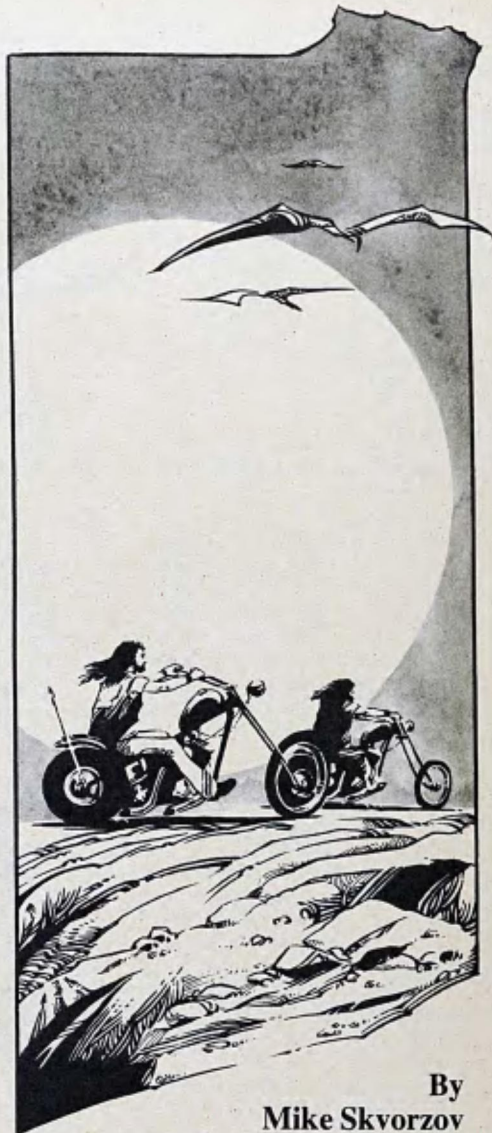


"I see Cher's back on the tube!"

Upon entering the taxi and noticing the driver was a woman, the young man decided to have a little fun. "Take me to the cheapest whorehouse in town," he said.

"Mister," the female cabbie quickly replied, "you're in it!"

—Tommy Turner
Ames, Iowa



By
Mike Skvorzov

Beer Stop

Drake squinted behind the old-fashioned, black-framed sunglasses. His eyes hurt—fatigued from two hours of steady riding down a Nevada highway. As if the dry wind that ignored the sunglasses and used an alternate route to get at Drake's eyes weren't enough, apparently the sun's idea of a good joke was changing positions and flinging eye-watering rays directly at him.

—Continued on page 105

issues? Us GIs over here in douchland get pretty lonely—so cut the shit, dickheads, and put her back. And put some more badass trikes in it, too.

Buck and Jimbo
Kirchgoen, Germany

■ Trikes we can do—but we still haven't been able to convince the ol' whore to come back.

69 Contest

□ I've got some really bad news to drop on you guys about your 69 contest. It all started when I received your March issue and saw the contest. It looked fun so I started counting them. After about the 15th time through the mag, I started to do 69 with my ol' lady when we had sex—and that was it, just 69. After a few more times through the rag at night I began to see 69s in my sleep. And then I started to crack up—all I could think about was 69, 69, 69.

Peachy
Madison, Wis.

□ Hey, man, who's the dumb-fuck who came up with the idea of counting the 69s in da March '79 rag? Shit, are ya trying to twist our brains or somethin'? It took us three days to get through fifteen fuckin' pages.

Li'l Bro
Fargo, N.D.

■ Spider—who else?

□ Just thought I'd congratulate ya'll on a great contest idea. But I wish my 69th issue had been lost in the mail. I spent over eight hours counting and recounting all the fucking 69s (some of the little shits were microscopic). After being fairly sure my count was right, I mailed in my entry with great relief. Then all night I dreamed I was locked up and all there was to do for years and years was to count 69s.

Terri St. Pierre
Mandeville, La.

□ I read your issue 69 and really enjoyed it. I thought I would get bored after a while, but my ol' lady took care of that. I told her if I won the contest, I would split the winnings with her. So to keep me from getting bored, she gave me head. Your contest wasn't the only thing hard around here.

Keep up the good work and let's have another contest soon. I don't care if I win, ya understand—I just like good head.

Shitty Smitty
Baltimore, Md.

□ My ol' man's been more interested in counting the 69s in your fuckin' rag than in checkin' out my cunt. If he doesn't win, he's gonna get your rag shoved up his lazy ass.

Worm's Ol' Lady
Patterson, N.J.

□ What the hell do you mean, "Continued on page 69"? That was not cool.

John Cavanaugh
Worms, Germany

□ Whatdafuck ya mean by fuckin' up my head while I was buzzin' right along? I had just finished off two nice bowls of some nice blond Lebanese hash when I settled down to read that good ol' rag you guys publish every month. The first story, "Out of Gas" said it was continued on page 69. But that's all there was—page 69s. You guys could fuck up a good wet dream and in here they are few and far between.

I haven't had any cunt in a long time. Could you guys tell me what it's like nowadays? I beat my meat in a damn sock so many times that I've got a toenail growin' on the end of it.

J.C.M.
Memphis, Tenn.

□ Do you realize that there are people out there who actually counted all the 69s?

P.L.
Wurzburg, Germany

□ If a bro were to read that fuckin' rag stoned and on the shitter (like I did), he would be there the better part of a week trying to find page 95.

And yet you fuckers have the balls to print, and I quote, "Continued from page 82" and "Continued on page 95." Just where the fuck were your maggot-infested heads at? Either shit or get off the pot.

Grumpy
Eldorado, Sask., Canada

Harley Ad

□ Your rag is known for its true-

blue Harley-Davidson tradition. When AMF pulled their advertisement from your rag because of our way of life, everyone was pissed. But now you let the jerks back in—and after all the shit they said. You guys are back steppin' in your own shit.

Darrell P. Almasi
Youngstown, Ohio

■ The ads were placed by the Harley dealerships throughout the U.S.

□ I noticed the Harley-Davidson ad was back. Shit, I thought they had seen the error of their ways. Then I read the really fine print—"We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation and the A.M.A. and believe in safety first. Always ride with lights and helmets" and so forth and so on. What a fuckin' bummer. If those numbnuts at AMF had enough sense to advertise with your magazine again, then why can't they fight with us instead of against us? After all, if the government finally gets its way, someday there just may not be any more motorcycles (or freedom).

G.J. Wilburn
Bumpass, Va.

■ That line sneaked past us on their first ad, but we've deleted it from subsequent ads—whether they pay for the ad or not.

Tale of Two Stories

□ Why don't you guys print up two stories about collecting garbage and put them on the same page. Reckon anyone would notice?

Hawg Ryder
Mountainburg, Ark.

■ No.

□ A small note to Spider. Hey, man, how about sending me some of whatever the fuck you've been smoking?

Rico
West Germany

□ Fuckin' A. You fuckers can't do nothin' right, can ya? In your 69 issue, in Takin' It Easy you put the same article in twice.

Fat Freddy
Portland, Or.

■ Not us.

□ Spider musta been smokin' some good shit or you didn't have enough stories or had too

much space, 'cause he put the same item in twice.

Art Viking
Bogalusa, La.

■ No shit?

Headache Time

□ Don't worry about helmets (legislators own the helmet factories). Don't worry about insurance rates (politicians own insurance companies). Don't worry about gas and oil prices (Rocky's crew owns 1/3 of our oil). Don't worry about any of this shit. Worry about whether or not you're going to be able to ride at all. Having been a trucker of one type or another for over fifteen years, I can see what bikes are in for. Just ask your friendly eighteen-wheeler what has happened to him in the last ten years. They tell us where to go, how to go, how fast to go—and we even fill out a little book so they know when we drive, sleep, eat, fuck off, or fuel up. They tell us how much horsepower we need, how long the trailer can be, how much fuel to buy in which state, what kind of tires are required, how much air goes in 'em, and on and on it goes. Where it stops, who da fuck knows? The government ruined the looks of cars (for your safety). They've destroyed the trucking industry (for your convenience). They've broken the railroad in half (at your expense). And now they've discovered motorcycles.

There's only one answer. All these little organizations better merge into one or we're all going to become a sad piece of history. It's up to us. It's our freedom, isn't it? Where else in the world could you live where all these things are done for your safety so you can have a good life while your government builds bombs to kill everyone else in the world? In case you're wondering why I bothered writing this, I too have been riding bikes for about twenty years. My ol' lady works in a Hog shop and rides her own FLH and our kids love 'em, too. So have a chat and a smoke with your friendly trucker. He's been where you're going.

Joe
Bristol, N.Y.

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.

Ballin' Bugs

Raw sex in the woods

We figured no one could tell us about how the beasts do it—the idiots who hang around here puttin' out this rag are a pack of animals. If weird things ain't happenin' inside, then there's usually somebody and an eager lil' yummy in the bushes out back doin' what nature intended—and maybe a taste more.

So all this time we thought we was teachin' the birds and the bees a few things—but man, was *that* ever wrong. I got good and wasted a few nights ago and stuck my eyeball in a crusty, wrinkled old biology book. All them bright-eyed and bushy-tailed little muthas, they've got the minds of goddam animals. You ain't heard nuthin' until ya check out what's goin' on out there in the woods.

For starters, probably the ultimate supremacy trip is performed by the male bedbug. When he gets the hots, he literally rapes the chick bug right through her navel (well, to be scientific about it, through the small of her back). His throbbin' pork is equipped with enough sharp edges to ram directly through the skin and into the female's interior. Ain't that just like a woman, too—there's all the right things inside her panties, but the female plays the hard-to-get bit right to the end; after the eggs are fertilized in her belly, she dies of the wound.

Some types of spiders are into a heavy sadism trip, but this time the male takes it on the chin. After they've finished havin' fun, the one with the long eyelashes and see-through blouse eats the poor unsuspectin' dude—skin, bones, eight legs, and all. Talk about a castratin' female—well, at least he dies with a smile and hardon.

By the way, don't ever go tell an earthworm to fuck itself unless you really mean it. With their equipment, it's a real possibility. All of these dirt-eaters come standard with the privates of both sexes. Usually, they screw in pairs in a sorta sixty-nine position. But conceivably they could do it alone if necessary—and if the earthworm backbone is up to some serious bendin'. Wonder if they'd get hair on their palms?

Before we flash away from the lower animals, it might pucker your pancreas to know that several species of wood lice (the bugs that crawl out from under a log) can change their sex quicker 'n' Christine Jorgensen. When young, the lice are male; later on as they age, they turn into older mamas, who are obviously out to teach the young dudes some interesting stuff. So, the whole lice population turns out to be old bags and young bucks. With all them experienced women, no wonder this place is always knee-deep in the little buggers.

Now everybody's gonna snicker about rabbits, of course. (In captivity, an eager pair has been observed

gettin' it on as many as eight times in one hour.) But did ya know that for preliminaries Peter Cottontail leaps over his wiggle-ass bunny, squirtin' a stream as he goes? And I thought their hops were for escape. Another gross thing about this hare-brained segment of the animal population—they eat their own shit at night. It's called refectation, and it's a well-documented fact. Seems that the rabbit digestive system is so inefficient that it takes a couple go-rounds to suck out all the nutrients.

Just in case you think all these creatures of nature got normally dirty minds, consider the case of rhinoceroses ... er ... rhinoceri ... er ... rhinos. These Harley-Davidsons of the pig world are so chaste (spelled d-u-m-b) that they rarely screw in the wild, even when taught by their elders. In captivity, they're even worse than my dried-up spinster Aunt Zelda. One zoo that wanted to hear the rumble of little hoofs went so far as to show a pair of these reluctant porkers a blue movie of two not-so-reluctant rhinos, hopin' they'd get the idea. Well, if you had that much flab to haul around, you might get a trifle lazy too, right?

And the further you look in the animal world, the worse (or better) it gets. Monkeys? To keep this driveline from turnin' into a major porno novel, we won't even get into these freaks. But hows about one African variety whose joint turns bright red and balls shiny blue when he get an evil thought in that shrimp brain?

We've been savin' the most off-the-wall for last, though. It's the antarctic skua, alias the B.M. bomber of the South Pole. This ferocious bird has a wingspread of over four feet and is found closer to the pole than anything except some algae. Its bleak existence gives it one of the worst attitudes on the planet, man or beast. When the nest is approached, this distant cousin of Donald Duck literally has a shitfit, dive-bombing and strafing the intruder with a shower of its own turds. The accuracy of the skua's method was noted even by early explorers—after they changed their clothes, no doubt. They actually thought they were being barfed on, but since the skua's diet consists of almost nothing but penguin eggs (in a pinch, they'll cannibalize their own young), the puke wouldn't look much different from the spew.

Well, at the risk of losin' a perfectly good mess of reds in my stomach, here are the conclusions of this great masterpiece: (1) When somebody calls you an animal, it sure ain't a compliment; (2) You can believe that's some strong shit we're smokin'—who else but a group of wipe-outs would let this driveline sneak into a bike rag?

—the perfessor



APR 1979

rap sheet

Legal news in everyday language by John Warren Giles

Guests Who Ride

If you are cruising through Wyoming now on your motorcycle or in your car, be careful if you pick up a non-paying guest. Formerly if you were negligent and injured your "guest," he had no cause for action, but today all is changed. The Wyoming Supreme Court says good-bye to the guest statute and all its protection for you. (Wyoming Sup. Ct. *Nehrui v. Russell*, 7/7/78.)

Illegal Sale

If you take your motorcycle into a garage in New York State for repairs, and you fail to pay the bill, can the garage man sell your motorcycle without notice to you? The answer now is no. You must be notified and given a chance to contest the charges. Formerly the garage man could sell your motorcycle without notifying you. (NY Ct. Appeals *Dell Buick Cadillac v. Sharrock*, 7/11/78.)

Beware The Yellow Pages

If you are contemplating listing your business in the Yellow Pages of the classified telephone directory, you will find that there is a clause in the contract to the effect that the telephone company will not be responsible in damages for an incorrect listing, etc. There has been considerable litigation over this clause but the courts have generally upheld this limitation of liability. In a very recent case in Colorado the court refused any damages to a person whose listing was incorrectly made. The court said that the claim of the advertiser for lost business could not be considered because of this limitation of liability clause. The court said that there are other directories

and publications in which the plaintiff could have advertised.

In Michigan, the rule is that where goods or services used by a significant segment of the public can be obtained from one source, or from limited sources on no more favorable terms, an unreasonable term in a contract for such goods and services will not be enforced as a matter of public policy.

If you seek to advertise in the Yellow Pages and are faced with a contract completely exculpating the telephone company for mistaken listing of your advertisement, do not sign it without discussing it with your lawyer. (554 Pac. 2nd 743.)

Poker Payoff

If you get into a friendly card game or crap game in Colorado, and one of the losers will not pay you, can you collect the debt in court? Now you can. Under the law in Colorado the new Gambling Code excepts from the definition of gambling any game that is "incidental to a bona fide social relationship" and in which "no person is participating in professional gambling." Therefore a debt arising from social gambling could be enforced in the courts despite the public policy of the Common Law. (Horeston v. Youhans, 580 Pac. md 801.)

Funeral Processions

If you are driving in a funeral procession in New Jersey, can you disregard a red light because you are in the procession? No, says the Superior Court. There is no law, statutory or otherwise, in New Jersey, that permits a member of a funeral procession to disregard a traffic signal unless directed to do so by a police officer. This is the law in most states.

Legal "Short Weighting"

A little-publicized U.S. Supreme Court decision has made it virtually impossible to protect the consumer from "short weighting"—buying products weighing less than their labeled weight.

"Short weighting of foods and many other packaged products is now in effect legal," said then California Attorney General Evelle Younger, one of the many state attorneys general outraged by the decision.

The furor is over the Supreme Court's ruling in *Jones v. Rath* that "state law must yield to the federal" so states may not enforce their weight laws if they're stricter than federal ones. But the federal standard allows "reasonable" loss of weight from moisture loss. "Unfortunately, the regulations do not define what is 'reasonable,'" said Younger.

"That apparently, is now left up to the manufacturer, who could increase unit profit by short weighting and blame it on evaporation. Or, if the product absorbs moisture, the manufacturer may count on a package to come up to the labeled weight by the time of sale.

"The states and local governments can do nothing to enforce those laws that are already on the states' books. This could cost the nation's consumers billions of dollars."

Darrell Guensler, assistant chief of California's Division of Measurement Standards, said chickens can lose up to 6 percent of their weight in three days on the shelf, flour can lose up to 8 percent, and cheese, 3 to 4 percent.

Forty states opposed the Rath decision and at least 34 states are now working to get the decision changed or have the federal law strengthened.

"A consumer buying any packaged product has a right

to expect and receive the amounts stated on the label," said North Carolina Attorney General Rufus Edmisten.

The Rath decision "leaves the way open to possible consumer fraud—cheating on the part of packagers," said Pennsylvania Attorney General Robert Kane.

C.I.A. Goofed

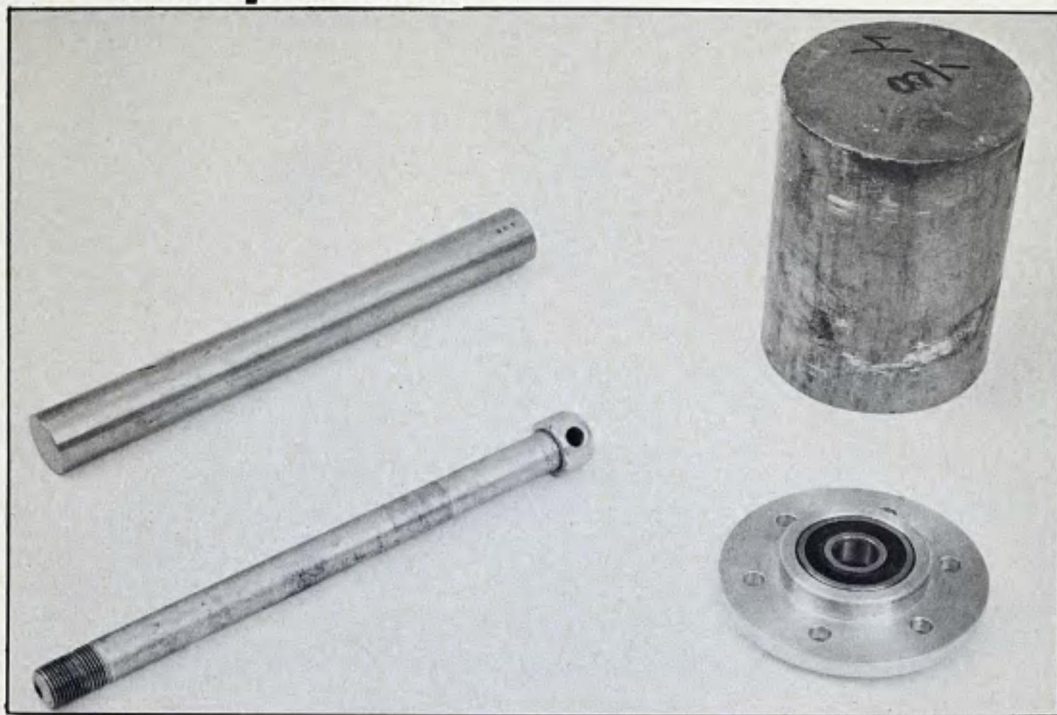
If you have a pal or a girl friend in the Soviet Union, can the CIA open your letters addressed to them? The Hawaii Federal Court says no, and if the CIA does open the mail, you have an action against it for damages. In this case the CIA opened and photographed the plaintiff's letters without a warrant. The court held this to be clearly illegal and an invasion of the plaintiff's right of privacy.

This decision indicates that the courts are receptive to damage claims where there has been an intentional invasion into the privacy of one's mail by the CIA. (Cruikshank v. United States, 5/9/77, U.S.-D.C. Hawaii.)

Tough Gun Law

If you live in Massachusetts, be aware of the gun laws. The U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit has rejected a contention that cruel and unusual punishment in violation of due process resulted from the enforcement of Massachusetts' recently enacted statute requiring imposition of a mandatory one-year minimum sentence for carrying a firearm without a license. The court denied habeas corpus relief to a Massachusetts resident who had been found to be transporting a gun to a dealer for sale at a time when his license had expired. (556 Fed. 2nd 595.)

On Scrap Metal



When you want a special part made for your sled, it's easy to hassle your brains out tryin' to find a metal warehouse that'll sell you the stuff you need, especially if it's something besides raw pig iron—like stainless steel or heat-treated aluminum. Most outfits have a \$25 or \$50 minimum order, or in some cases this is the minimum per item. And unless you come on like Benjamin Bigtime wantin' 60 zillion feet of the stuff, you'll usually have to take time offa work, truck down there, and plunk out cash before they'll even think about cuttin' off a piece for you.

Well, there is a way to beat this bum trip. Industrial junkyards, metal salvage outfits, and surplus houses are lurkin' in even the most half-assed burg. And a lot of 'em specialize in small leftover pieces of alloy steel, aluminum, and stainless. The chunks ain't big enough to interest ordinary industrial high-roller types, but they're just the ticket for those future footpegs, fasteners, and filigrees you need. These places ordinarily won't bug you about minimum charges, and since they sell most material by the pound—regardless of how expensive or exotic it started out—you can stretch that measly unemployment check a long way.

The hang-up is knowin' what kind of metal you've grabbed with your greasy mitts and are draggin' to the cash register. If the slab is big enough it'll usually contain the mill numbers identifying it—such as 4130 (chrome moly steel), 1018 or 1020 (cold rolled steel), 304 or 316 (stainless steel) or the various high-strength aluminum numbers (2024, 6061, and 7075). Sometimes a bar or plate will be stamped on the end—I scored some 420 stainless steel marked this way: #420 s/s.

Smaller scraps may have one end color coded. Here's the code for aluminum.

black or purple	7075 (strongest alloy, about the same as mild steel)
blue	6061 (best high-strength aluminum for welding)
red	2024 (strongest alloy above 200° F)

The other color codes vary so much from each supplier that they don't

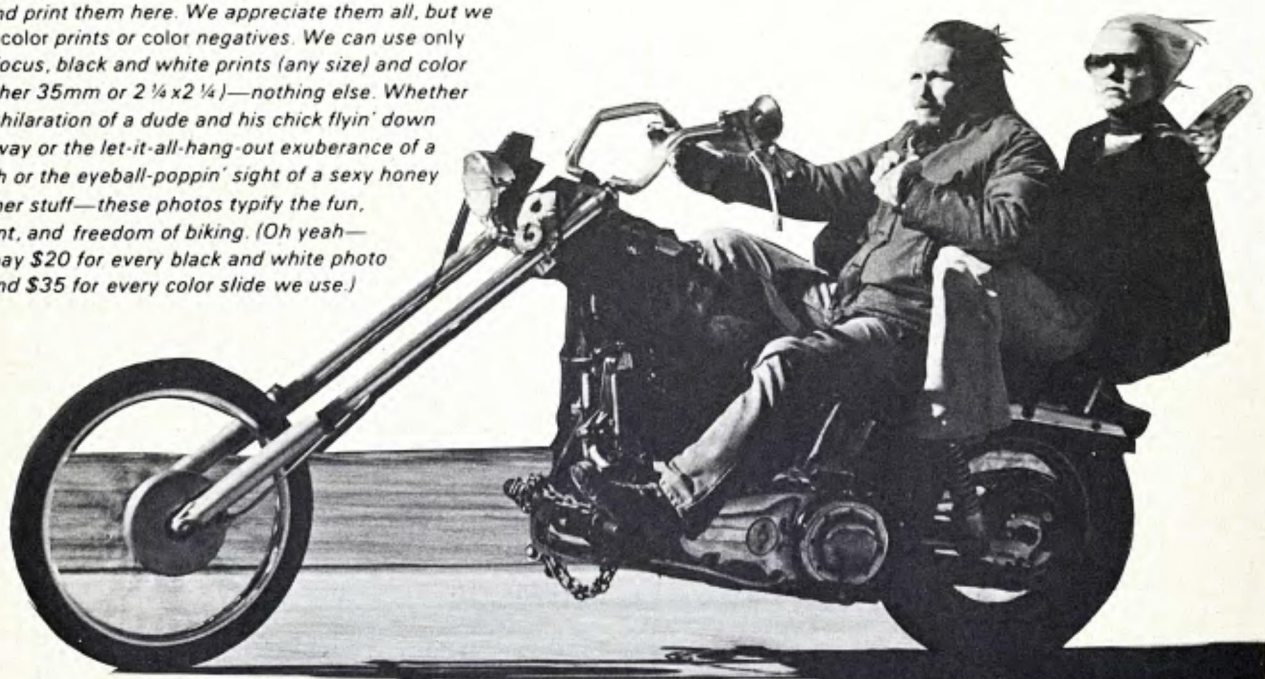
provide any real help, but a magnet in your pocket and some recent rain will. Anything that's magnetic and rusty from being cut and stored outside is obviously some kinda alloy steel. There may be pieces that aren't exactly rusted where they've been rained on, but look dull and still pull the magnet. These maybe 400 series stainless, which can usually be heat treated and is good for axles and other stuff that's gotta be bulletproof. 300 series stainless (304, 316, 18-8, etc.) will be shiny, non-magnetic as my wooden skull, and the same weight as most other types of steel. By the way, don't let a scaly mill-finish fool you—look for the brightness where it was cut off. The 300 stuff is not much stronger than mild steel, but it will stay as shiny as chrome for years if you polish it once. Finally, there's aluminum, which is about half the weight of steel, and ain't even on speakin' terms with magnets. It develops a thin milk-white scale where exposed to mutha nature, and the high-strength varieties will likely have the color code we laid on ya.

That's about it. So when you cruise outa the yard with a bar of stainless at five cents on the dollar, all you gotta do is break your ass findin' a shop to machine it.

—Jake

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 Andrew Cooke, Studio City, Calif.



—from Mark Sears, Syracuse, N.Y.



—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



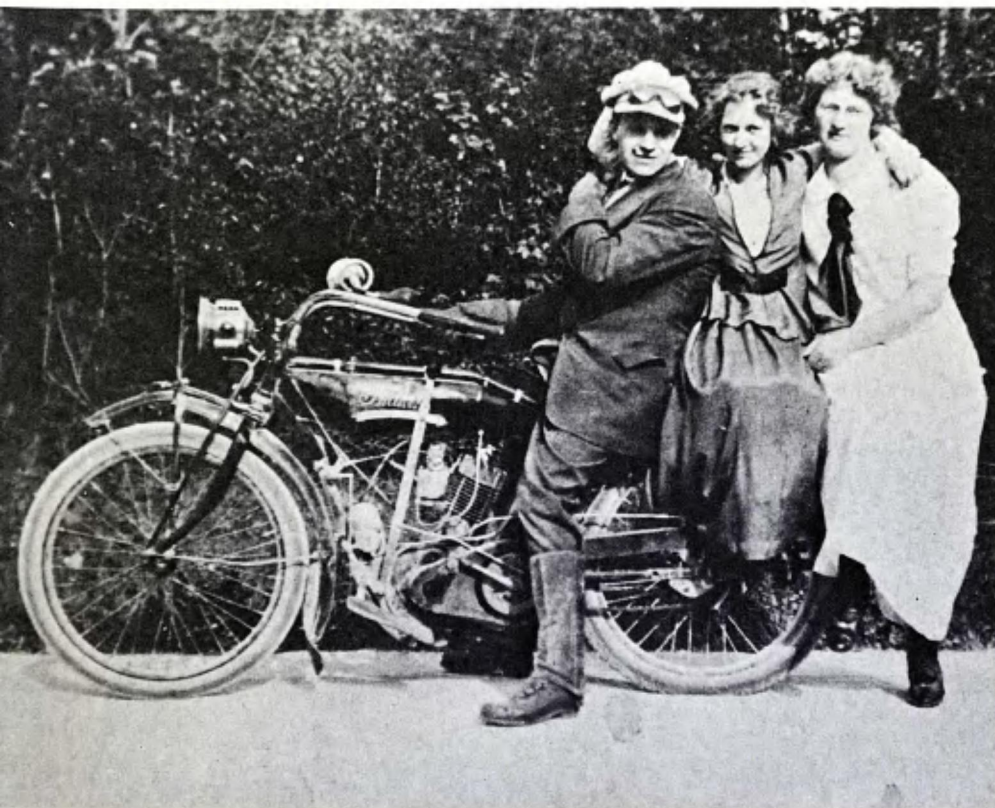
—from Leroy Sell, Chicago, Ill.



—from The Rogues M/C



—from Terrence Hagan, Brea, Calif.



—from Dennis Falk, Wheeling, Ill.



—from Terry G. Pierce, Ringgold, Ga.



—from Tommy Christy, Anaheim, Calif.



—from K. Walsh, S.M., Calif.



—from Wilson McDonald, Lakewood, Ill.



—from Crazy John, Leeds, England



—from Pat Jordan, Martinez, Calif.



—from Gary Benson, Martinsville, N.J.



—from Doug Tinsley, Smyrna, Ga.



—from Paul Ortner, Austin, Tex.



—from Jeff Lutzger, Los Altos, Calif.



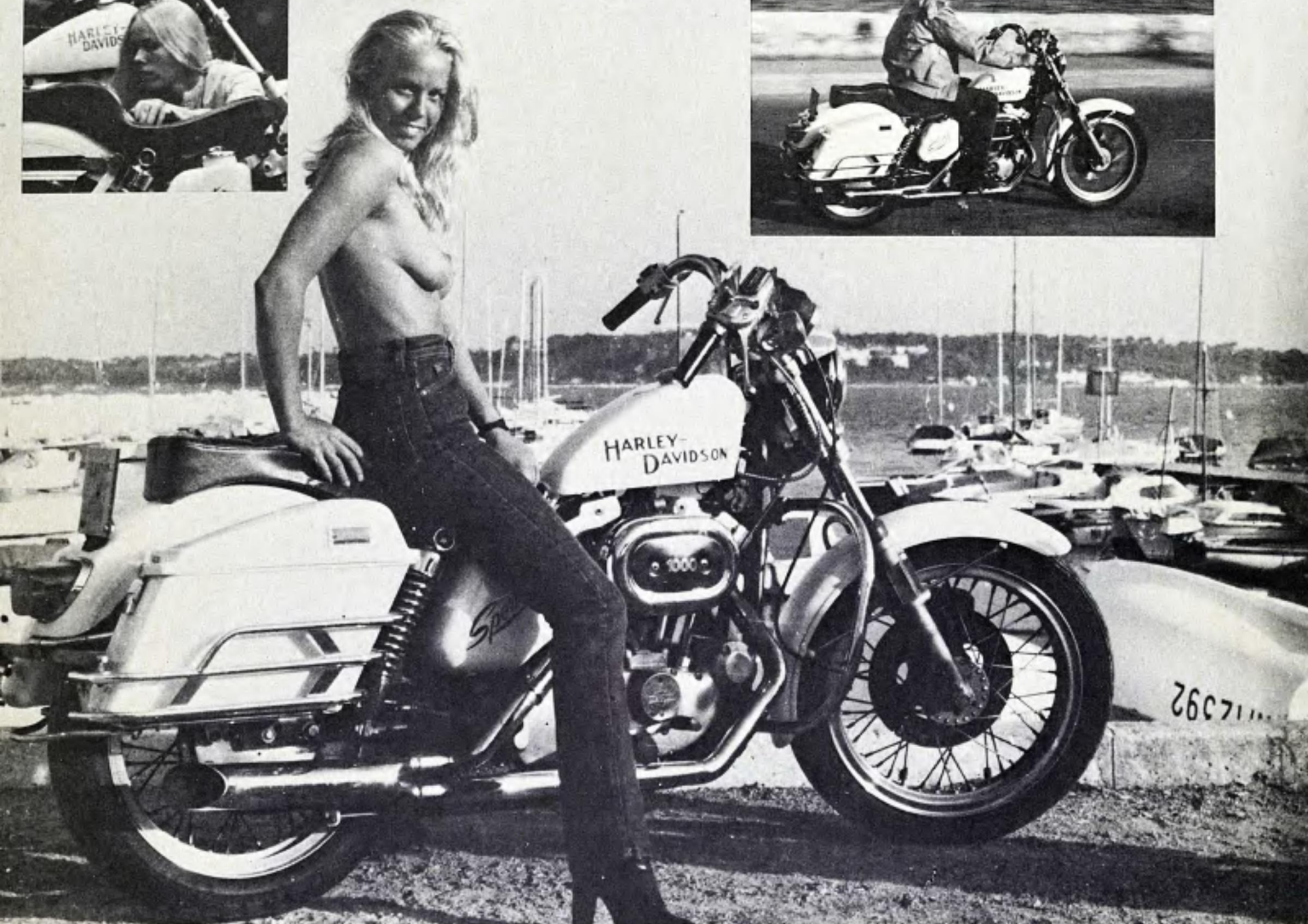
—from Shane Baldwin, Houston, Tex.



—from Keith Wolff, La Habra, Calif.



—from Don Nolen, Jal, N. Mex.



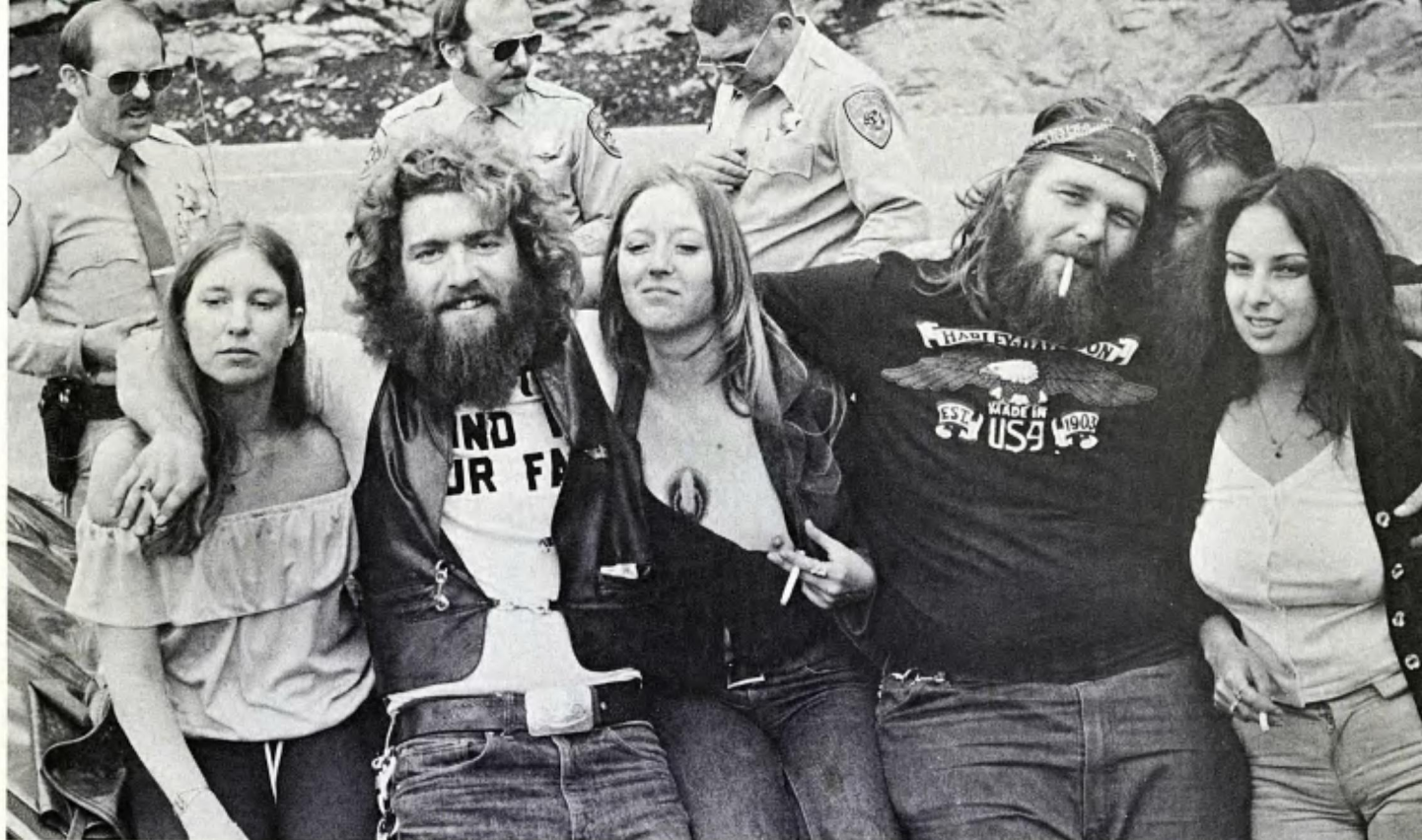
—from Laura Picknell, London, England



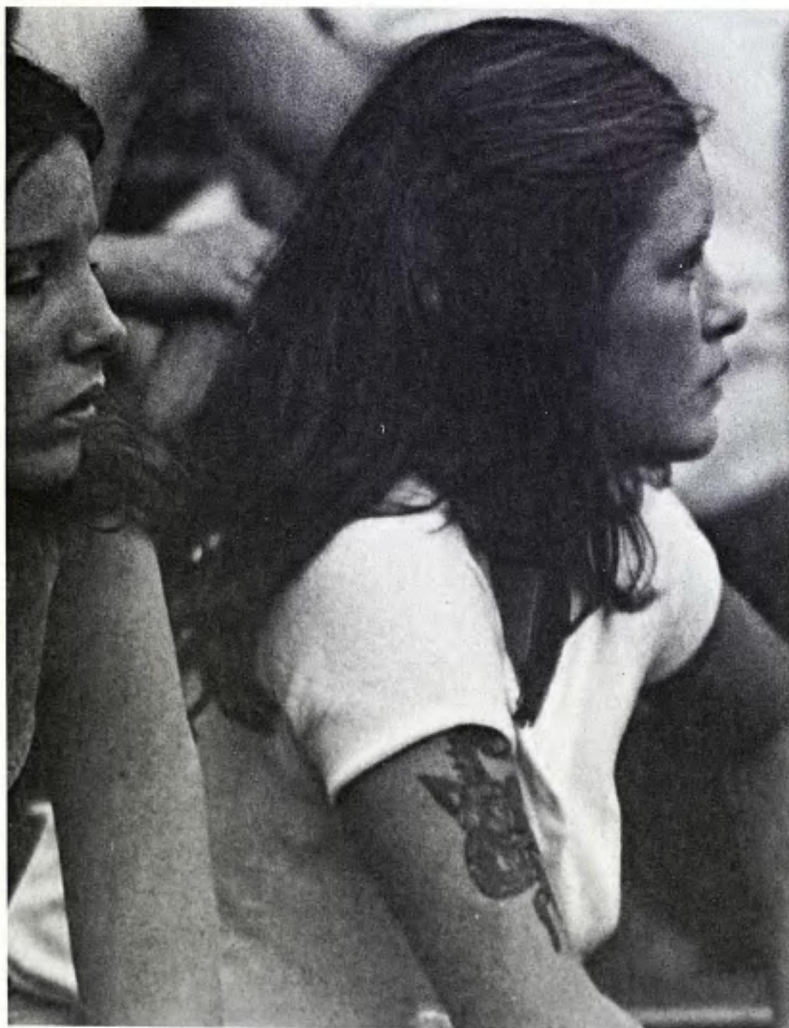
—from Dean W. Epperson, So. Bend, Ind.

—from Terry G. Pierce, Ringgold, Ga.

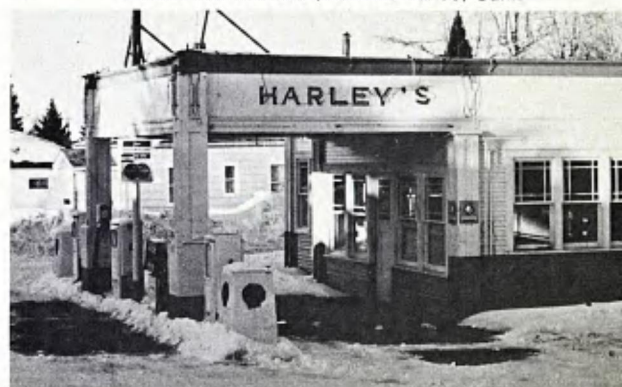




—from Mark Aronoff, S. Lake Tahoe, Calif.



—from Bobby Minken, Brooklyn, N.Y.



—from Mike Fischer, Powell, Wyo.



—from Fast Fred, Greenville, Pa.



—from Dean W. Epperson, So. Bend, Ind.



—from Margo Marucci, Tuckahoe, N.Y.



—from Joe Doherty, Galveston, Tex.



—from Dan Maust, Flagstaff, Ariz.



—from Mark Aronoff, S. Lake Tahoe, Calif.



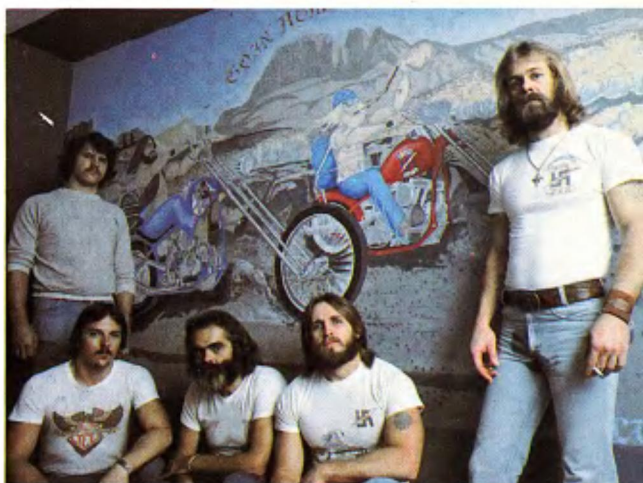
—from Weasel, Toostoned, Ariz.



—from Sherman Krauth and Tim Galka, Madison, Wis.



—from Larry Kopp, S. Tyrol, Italy



—from Midnight, Nashville, Tenn.

—from Wazoo, Silverstrand, Calif.



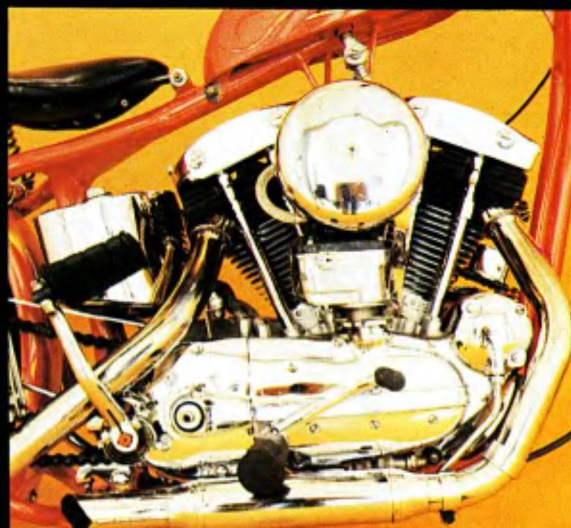
—from Bobby & Sue and the Oregon Rainriders



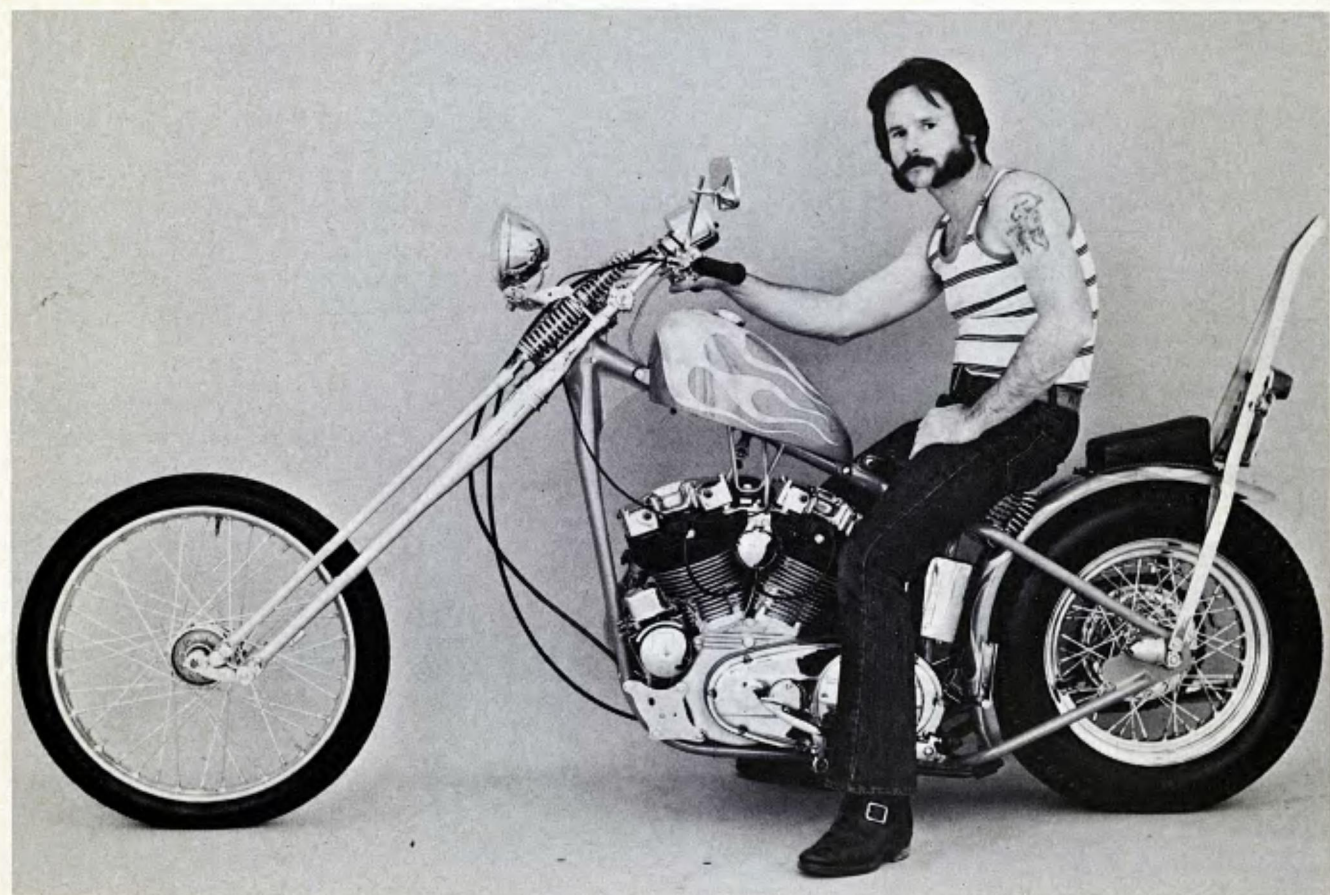
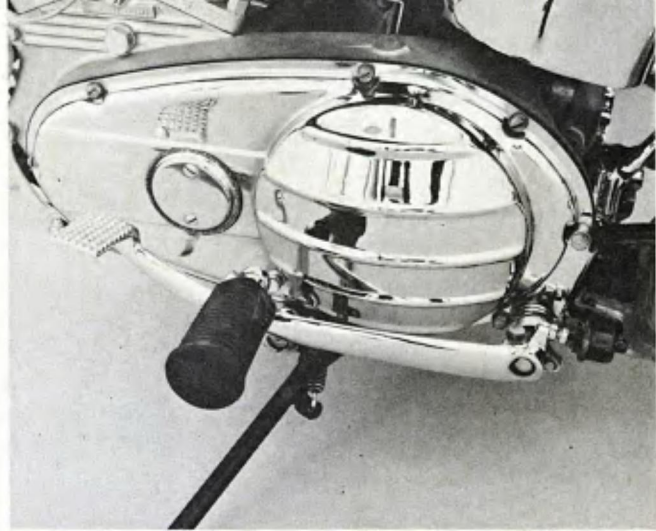


CHERRY

*The first time
can be a real pain*



Man, ya know how it can be sometimes—seems like the whole world's got a hardon for ya or somethin'. Take this bro, Bob Flores, for instance. Back about 1972, he was lookin' through the classifieds, tryin' like hell to find a scoot so's he could get his feet off the pavement and his face in the wind. After scannin' the line type for days and days until his eyes were squintin' up tighter'n a virgin snatch, he stumbled over this ad for a '65 Sporty for only 900 bucks—bitchin'. He stuck his worn-down-to-a-nubbins dialin' finger into the little holes again and whipped off the number in the ad. After some bitchin', pissin', and moanin', the dude with the Sportster finally agreed to take \$780 cash for the bike.



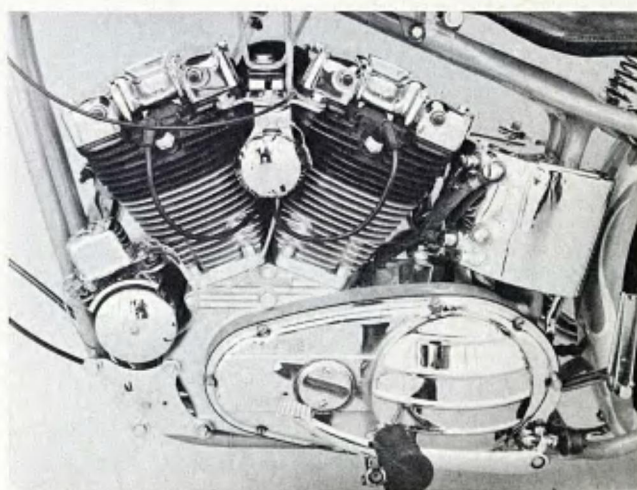
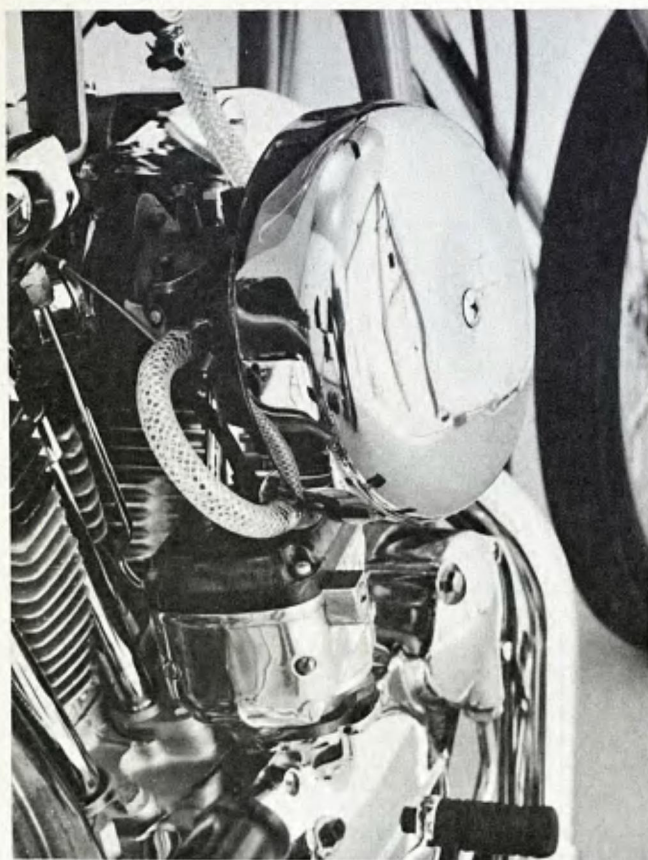
Shit, Bob thought, how can ya go wrong—the dude said it was runnin' when he parked it.

It was runnin', but ya shoulda seen the fishhook. When Bob first laid eyes on her he thought he mighta taken it in the shorts. The poor thing was chained to a fence by the beach and it looked like the rust and the salt deposits were havin' a fight for all the steel territory. Without goin' into a lotta red-pitted detail, let's just say the Sporty wasn't in great form. Still, 780 bucks for a runner . . .

To make the rusted anchor shine again, Bob took the machine to a nearby shop and told 'em to give her hell. They screwed around and fucked around and messed around buildin' the bike. But when they were

finally done—two years later—the bitch just didn't wanna run right. Bob took it to another shop, where they shitcanned the original Linkert carb and replaced it with Bendix. Close, but no kewpie doll.

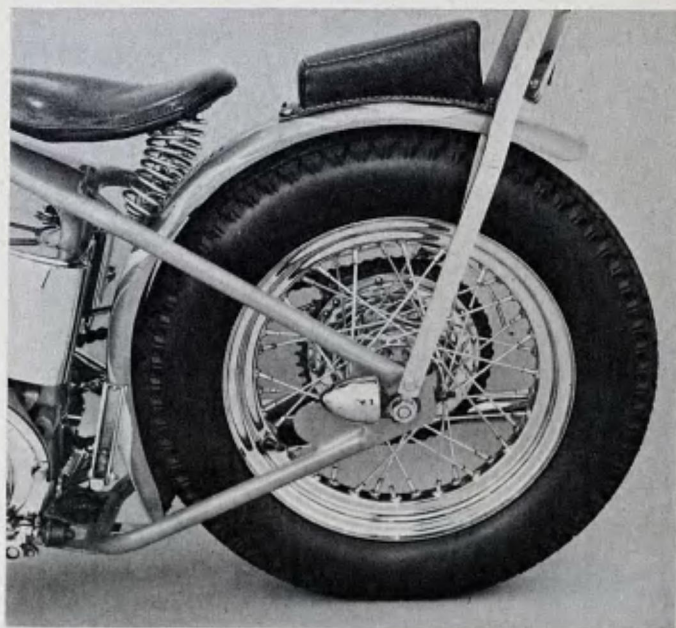
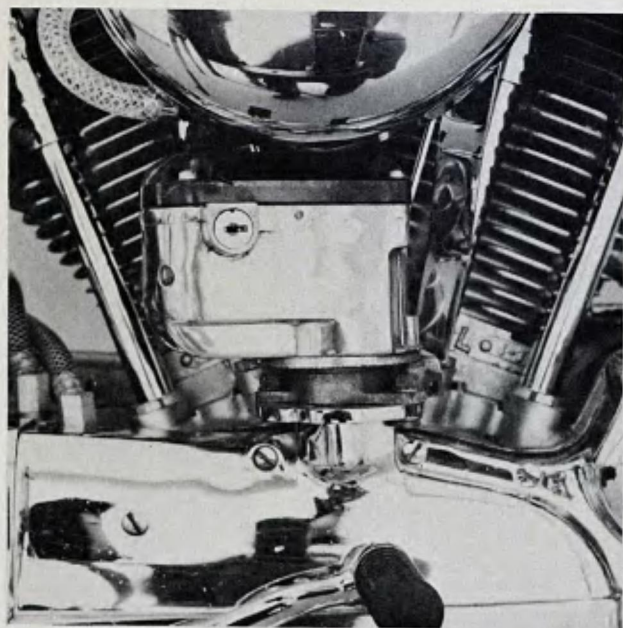
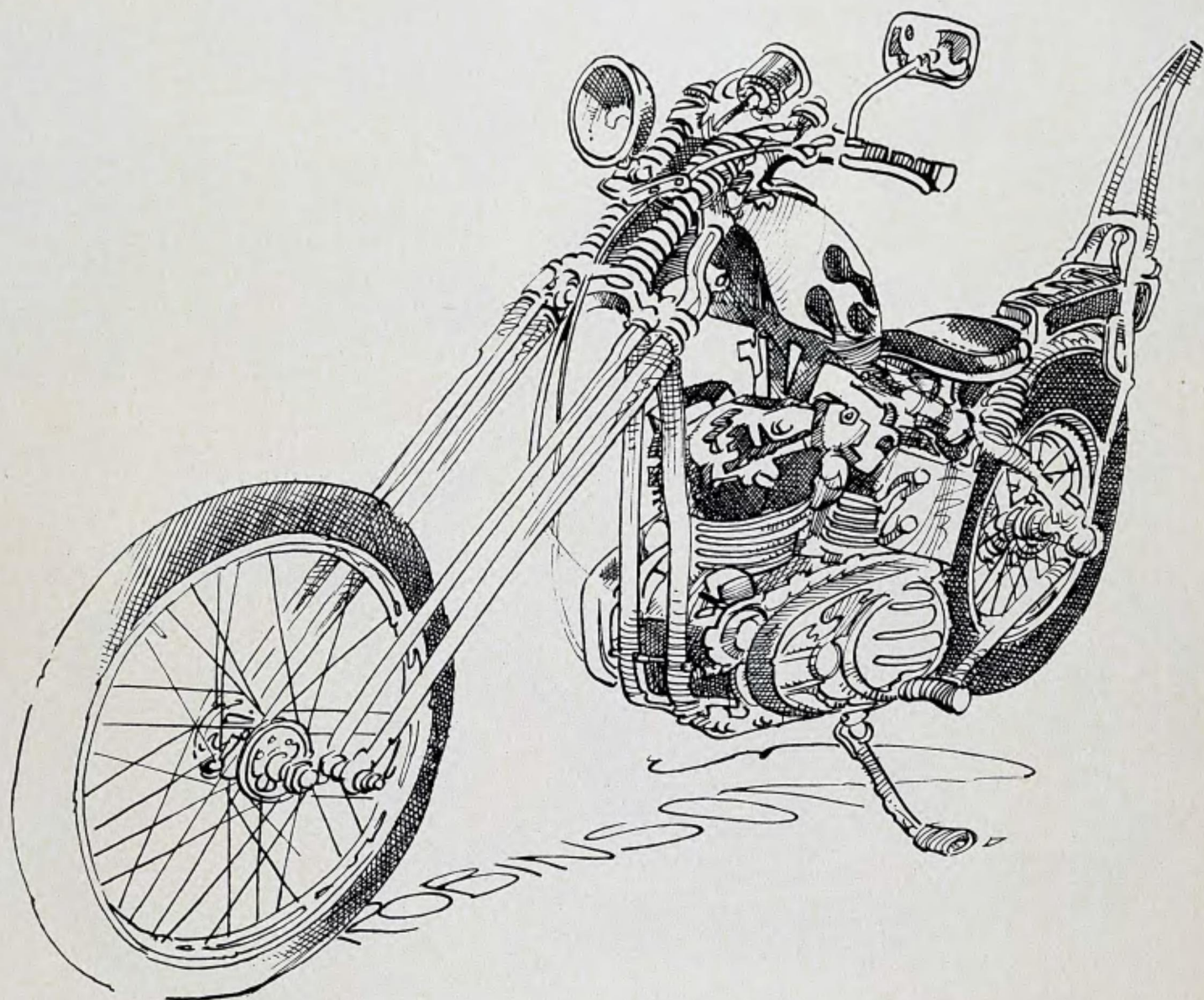
So Bob dragged the bike across town to yet another shop—this time to a real Harley dealer—and they grudgingly fucked with it for a while. "Sorry, pal, can't finger it out." By this time, Bob knew the Sporty inside and out and he decided to quit wastin' long times and bundles of money and start workin' on the bastard himself. Hold onto your timing lights—the fuckin' magneto was one tooth off. Since then, Bob's really detailed the scooter out and stayed away from bike shops. Lookin' at the beautiful Sporty, ya'd



never suspect all the hassles it's been through. he's been down a couple of times, but he loves his first catch.

Bob figures he's put about eleven thousand miles on the machine since he bought it. He says he likes the Sportster so much he wishes he had another one. Maybe he'll have better luck buildin' the next one—couldn't get much worse if he stayed in his own garage. Or could it? Lessee, what'd I do with those papers?

—Pot Leaves

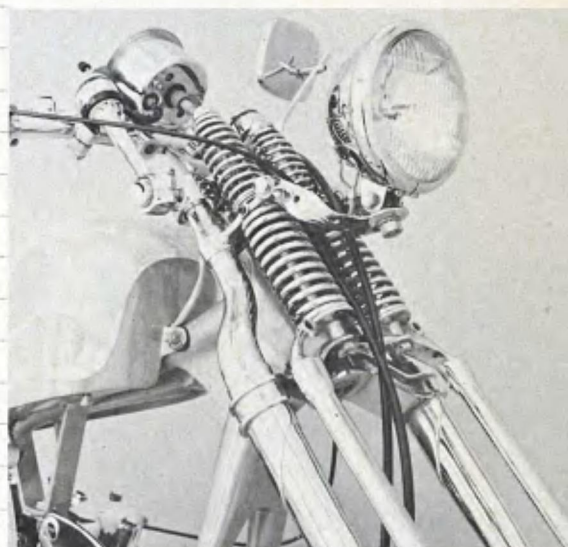
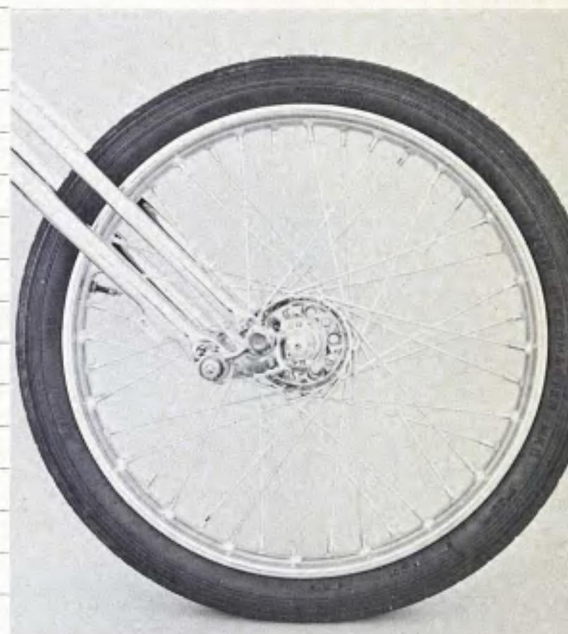
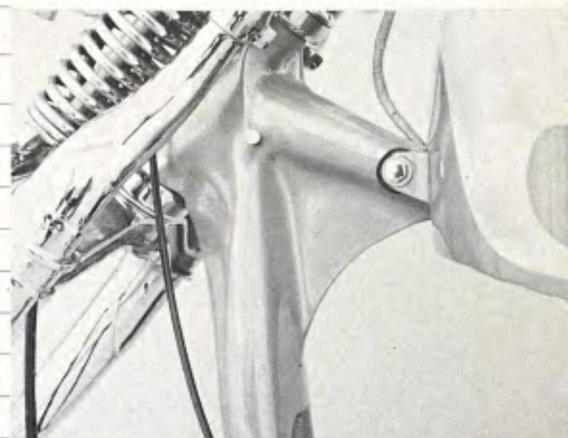




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Bob Flores		City: Long Beach, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner, Wayne & Don		Year: 1965	
Year and make: 1965 H-D		Builder: Denvers & H-D	
Model: XLH		Type: hardtail	
Value: \$5,000		Rake: 10°	
Assembly: owner, Wayne & Don		Stretch: 4 inches	
Time: 2 years		Other alterations: AEE hardtail	
Chroming by: Sta-Brite		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1965		Risers: rubber dog bones	
Model: XLH		Fender(s): 4-inch flat	
Rebuilder: Long Beach H-D		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: Bo Mar magneto		Taillight: Bates w/H-D running lts.	
Displacement: 55 cu.in.		Speedo: Sportster	
Lower end: Long Beach H-D		Front pegs: stock	
Balancing: stock		Rear pegs: modified	
Pistons: XLH		Electrics: one light switch	
Cases: cleaned		Gas tank: 2.2 gal. Sportster	
Heads: by Nick		Oil tank: stock	
Cam: H-D		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: tin style, XLCH	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Bates	
Air cleaner: old style		Sissy bar: by owner	
Pipes: stock drag		Height: 3 ft.	
Muffler(s): stock shorties		Material: 7/8 by 5/16 in. bar	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: springer	
Year: 1965		Extension: 13 inches	
Shifting: foot		Builder: Jim Floyd & H-D	
Engine sprocket: stock		Special features: none	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: Wayne		Hub: stock	Hub: stock
Painter: Wayne		Rim width: 2 1/4 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: red, silver, gold & pearl		Tire: Avon	Tire: 5.00x16
Type: acrylic lacquer		Brake: none	Brake: stock
Special paint: flames by owner, pinstriping by Kelly			
Other special modifications: none			



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Won't slide when jumping or running



Five o'clock in the morning. It was rainy, with thin fog ghosting the street outside the window of the all-night diner where I was holed up waiting for daylight to come or the rain to go, whichever happened first. I pondered the foul night from a four-stool diner on the edge of a town that looked like the navel of nowhere.

I watched it rain, coughed my way through too many cigarettes, and drank bad coffee served by a counterman who shot me a look of indignation every time he had to get off his fat can and refill my cup. His thick arms were festooned with tattoos. His tiny, pinched mouth made him look like the kind of guy so tight he'd use both sides of a piece of toilet paper. The air in the diner, though cooled by the soft whir of an air conditioner, was heavy with the smell of rancid grease and other, less familiar odors. I could taste some of them behind my teeth when I breathed in. I lifted my cup and peered at it dismally. The coffee was black as the heart of a Philadelphia cop. I sipped and grimaced. It looked like a long night.

I heard a whoosh of tires on the wet pavement outside. Turning around on my stool, I saw a panel truck pull to the curb in front of the street window. Rain ran down the glass, reflecting the dim light from the street. The truck driver heaved a bundle of newspapers across the sidewalk, waved vaguely, and drove away.

"Refill," I said, pushing my cup forward on the counter. I got up, stretching to ease the stiffness wet weather causes in my back, and walked to the window to look out on the night.

"Twenny cents," the counterman rasped behind me.

ALL NIGHT DINER

by Jody Via

"It's on the counter." I watched his reflection in the window as he poured coffee — not fresh, only hotter — over the dregs still in the cup. I sighed and let it pass, too tired to call him on it. He scooped up the money and waddled away back down the counter to the well-thumbed girlie magazine he'd been studying for the past two hours. He'd probably have been whacking off if I hadn't been there. As he sank once again into the wide-bottomed chair behind the register, he heaved a martyred sigh at having to get up in the first place. I let that pass, too.

I jammed my hands into my hip pockets and stood at the window staring out through the rain. There were mountains in the distance, their snowcapped peaks looking as if they had been cut from white paper against the black sky. I had first sighted them two days ago and they didn't look much nearer now than they had then. Not that it mattered—I wasn't headed for the mountains, particularly. They just happened to lie in my direction—not that there was anything special about that direction, either. I was going that way because that was how the road flowed. The mountains just happened to be there. So did I.

Going nowhere can take as long as going somewhere.

Hell, that's damn near profound, I thought. I shook the philosophy from my head and turned back to the counter and the lukewarm coffee. The minute hand chased half an hour around the clock on the wall while I sipped and smoked another cigarette. Once I glanced his way and caught the

—Continued on page 84



DOWNTIME

By Otis Quiblecobulus

Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo/Devo:

Oh, jeez—just when we thought we'd seen it all, here comes Mutant Rock. It's the De-evolution of Man, racing toward destruction—something bikers have always sensed about citizens. If you thought England had some weird muthafuckin' musicians, check out your own backyard—Akron, Ohio.

What we have here is a band of robot simulators who are actually college grads. Fuck the flack—Devo puts America in its place. Today man isn't nearly the scrapper he was one hundred years ago. In fact, maybe bikers are the only *real* people these days. Bikers rely on cunning, guts, and an inward perseverance that gets them from one day to the next with considerably fewer of the necessities "normal" citizens use, trust, and rely on. Oh yeah, the album.

Believe me, I realize that a lot of you guys who dig Willie, Waylon, and the rest won't want to get within earshot of this shit, with tunes like "Jocko Homo," "Mongoloid," "Uncontrollable Urge," "Space Junk," "Too Much Paranoias," "Gut Feeling," and "Shrivel-up."

But the music grows on ya—a tight five-piece doing standard rock riffs with extraterrestrial seasonings on top. One bro we know was shocked out of his drunken blither just by the sight of these cretins on the tube—wig-wagging ("I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" in their very own pre-programmed, robot rubber clone suits. Their whole point is to get people to believe in themselves, maybe get into the air, turn off the TV, and enjoy what's free—or shrivel up.



Elvis Costello: This ain't a review. It's a warning. Elvis Costello in large doses may be hazardous to your health. "What's an Elvis Costello?" You had to ask, huh? Well, it's a highly guarded secret and all I'm really sure of is that you can't spray it on pot. However, it's damn near as addictive as your favorite killer weed, so it's worth checkin' out. "It" is the three platters of vinyl that this 24-year-old English bro has dropped on the unsuspecting masses. He's dedicating himself to putting out music, not bullshit.

Elvis Costello (real name Declan Patrick McManus, which is weirder than his new moniker) is crankin' out more hard-edged, realistic rock music than almost anyone else these days.

I know some maniacs who were snowed in last winter. Three days in their cabin with nothing but the first album, **My Aim Is True**. They bounced off the walls, had wild orgy sessions, and were barely able to

turn the record over every twenty minutes—not bad for being in a disaster area. Such is the mood Elvis puts you in.

This is an age of stranger is better, and the more bizarre the band the bigger the following. But Elvis is unique. He wears horn-rimmed glasses a la Buddy Holly, is clad in Fenton blazer suits with black tie, and generally gives the impression of being the most beat-on, pathetic mommy's boy in the neighborhood. That's his style. You might say the only thing going for him is his stark honesty.

His first effort, **My Aim Is True**, was loaded with righteous raw cuts like "Payback," "Red Shoes," "Miracle Man," "I'm Not Angry," "Waiting For The End Of The World," and a steamin' rocker, "Mystery Dance." I mean, jeez, Louise—this is some good shit. Therefore, when his next boppin' bonanza came shootin' down the pipe I was breakin' necks to get a

copy. The second album, **This Year's Model**, is different from the first, but it's excellent—more songs based on guilt and revenge. The difference is that it sounds like Elvis moved his crew out of a garage into a slick studio to resume his antics. It's just a tad more polished, thanks to Nick Lowe, the producer and a rocker in his own right.

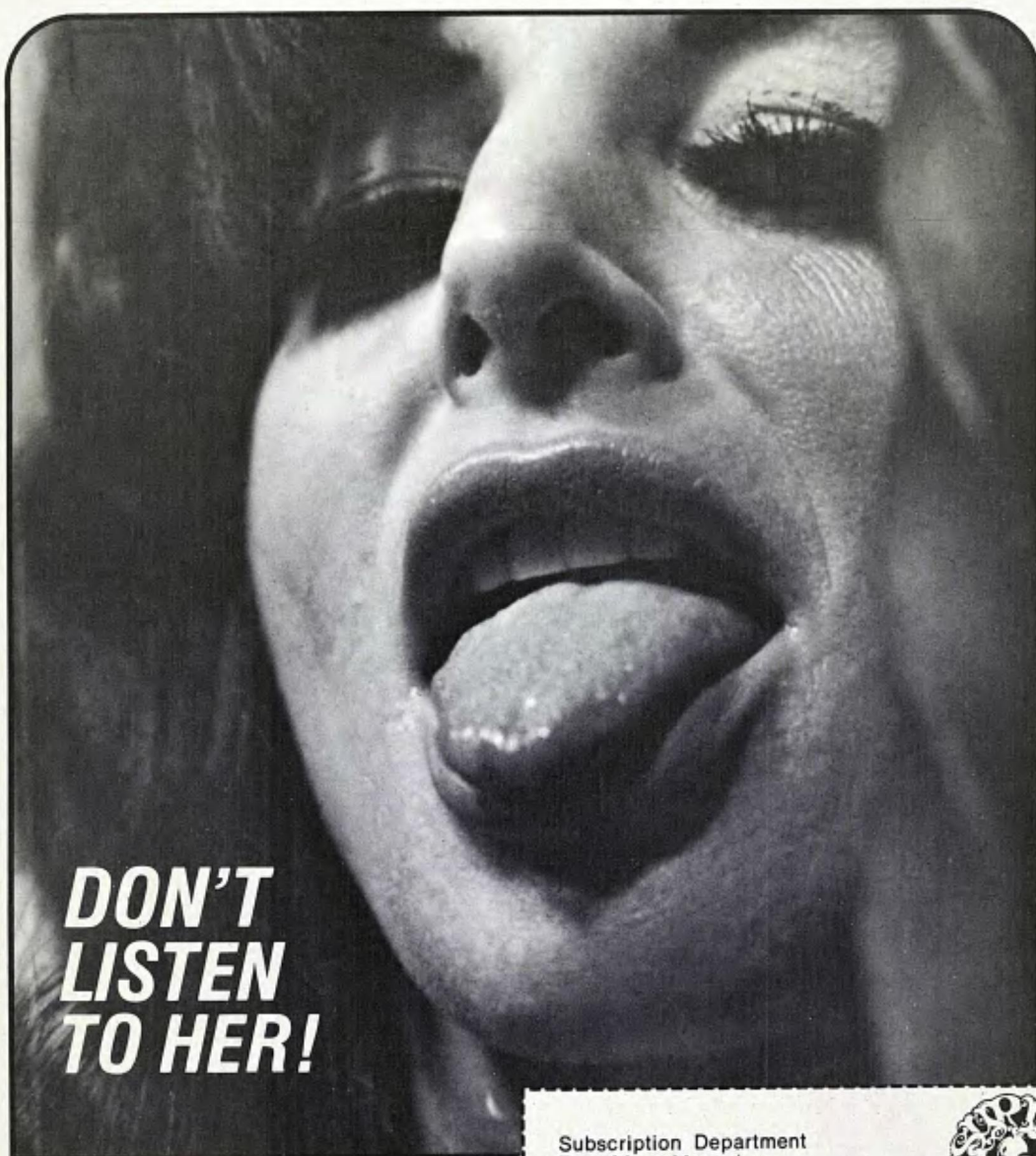
On **Model** you get about 31 minutes of non-stop, action-packed music starting with—you guessed it—"No Action." This is followed by "This Year's Girl," "The Beat," and "Pump It Up," which is the album's best song, primarily because of the incredible drive of the organist, whose name is either Bruce, Steve, or Pete. Whoever the hell he is, he's the backbone of the band. In fact, not since Ray Manzarek of the legendary Doors has an organist played with such an abundance of energy and excitement. Anyway, "Pump" is followed by the record's only slow song, "Little Triggers," and side one ends with a blasting "You Belong To Me," which ain't nothin' like Dylan's, believe me.

Side two takes a while longer to appreciate, but ultimately it grows on ya and ya can't get enough. The killer cut is "Radio, Radio," a tune about apathetic kids, and Big Brother control via the airwaves. "Living in Paradise" and "Lipstick Vogue" are two great songs denouncing ideas of utopia and bullshit plastic chicks who think they're so good their shit don't stink.

Cranking along at the speed of... er... well, crank, Elvis has yet another gem, **Armed Forces**. This makes three records in a year and a half. He's holdin' his mud. Though the cover art looks like a three-year-old's finger painting, the tunes inside indicate a whole new attitude toward rock and roll. "Accidents Will Happen," "Goon Squad," "Two Little Hitlers," "Oliver's Army," "Party Girl," and "I/What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love, and Understanding" give proof that his past works are no fluke. Punk is jive, Elvis is alive.

Costello's tunes are completely original and usually short, which only makes sense—there's no time to get bored while waiting for the end of the world.





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TO HER!**

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best about Easyriders magazine? _____

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 32, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **Tony Pony**, HAMCS. He'll ride in our hearts forever. His brothers.

In memory of **Deno**, who was wasted for a piece of ass. From all of us in Saginaw, Mich. You're free forever.

In memory of **Robert Ross Harris**, a good brother to all. Miss ya, brother. Mike Goodman.

In memory of **Jim "Caveman" Hollingworth**, a helluva friend who won't be forgotten. Wendy, Gene, and Larry, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

In memory of **Donna McGinley**, one helluva woman. May you ride in Heaven forever. Lee, Killer, and Sean.

In memory of **Cindy "Sunshine" Hix**, a very special ol' lady. You'll ride in my memory forever. Jim from Berdoo.

In memory of **Dennis Faber**, who rode fast but died too soon. Mike.

In memory of **Artie Shaw**. Ride on forever. Love always, Smilie, Whittier Acres, Calif.

In memory of **Denny Kelster** and his ol' lady, **Pattie**, rear-ended on a freeway by a drunk. Banahoe forever, forever Banahoe. Mr. Sniff and Kay, Houston.

To "Blue." I love you, babe, and I'll love you forever. Your babe, Jane.

In memory of a righteous-assed fool who knew no fear. **Charlie Bell** was a trier, true, and tested Sons of Satan brother, and we love you forever. Reno.

In memory of **Mike Green**, #1. We love and miss you. You're not forgotten because love never ends. See ya later. Mary Ellen and Joel.

In memory of **Sal "The Kid" Di Solofani**, snuffed by a drunk asshole. Your people in New York.

In memory of our brother, **Harold Richard Deaton**, who rode hard and will always remain in our hearts and memory. Calvin, Watsonville, Calif.

In loving memory of **John Robert "Wolf" Byrnes, Jr.** You are deeply missed and remembered. Your children and wife.

In memory of **Michael "Moore" DeGladon**, Highway Riders M/C. He rode to Eternity because of a drunk. Steve, Rocky, and Angel.

In memory of "Cowboy." He died while doing his thing with his brothers. Sons of Silence M/C, Colo.

In memory of **Richard "Ernie" Smith**, wasted by a farmer and his tractor. Ride in peace, brother. Crazy Horse, Elizabethton, Tenn.

In memory of **Gregory Lee Kosko**. You'll never be higher. Always, Coca, Magnolia, Texas.

In memory of **Dennis Passano**, who left us on his bike, but who left good memories in our hearts. Bob, Joann, and Gregg.

In memory of "Little Dave." You haven't been forgotten, babe. We still love ya and miss ya. Karen, Bou, and your bros in Calif. and Texas.



Male Call

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

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

Sundance Storm Trooper down and in need of some mail from together ladies. Owen D. Wright #97791, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I'm down in the joint and need mail from sweet ladies. **Joseph Hemlinger** #149-596, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Down and out, locked and lonely. Wanting to hear from some real women. **Donald Wray** #115794, 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

A downed mama needs letters, photos, and words of love from dudes on the outside. **Sharran Morgan**, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

This chick needs letters and pictures from together dudes on the outside who want to help make my time easier. **Hilda Bremmanna**, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

Biker chick on the outside wants to write to together dudes on the inside. No obscene letters. Just sincerity. **Tony Dunham**, 4223 E. Edgewood Ave., Mesa, Ariz. 85205.

An Indian boy from the hills of Ohio, 27 yrs., old, doing ten and in need of letters and photos. **William Woodrow** #150-800, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Looking for a foxy, single freebird to share some thoughts. Postage went up and so did I. Send photo with letter. **Dan Lovee**, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

24-yr.-old stud needs correspondence with real ladies. Send photo, please. **Joey D. E. Fabian** #C-10732, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

I'm desperate to hear from some women, so please write. **Robert "Jackrabbit" Hasty, Jr.** #263888, Clemens Unit F-2-6, Rt. 1, Box 77, Brazoria, Tex. 77422.

So, Calif. biker doing time needs letters from ladies. Will answer all correspondence. **Michael Goodman** #12274, Box 888, Ashland, Ky. 41101.

I'd like to hear from foxy ladies all over the country. All letters appreciated and will be answered. **Jim Smithpeters** #70-321, Box 500, #4 Bks., Grady, Ark. 71644.

Downed bro needs letters from honeys, so hurry and write before I go stir crazy. **Jeff Gooder**, Box 276, Mariposa, Calif. 95338.

32-yr.-old bearded inmate needs some letters and pics from together ladies. **Tom Snider** #10946-O.S., 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Lonesome hillbilly, down for a long time, needs letters from understanding ladies. **Johnny Ray Berry** #00115-178, PFS-Delta, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Bro needs to deal with some foxy chicks on the ups. **Wayne Dea Kyne** #C-017164, #B-3-A, Box 1500, Cross City, Fla. 32628.

Single women, letters, and pictures wanted. **Lonnie Jay Little** #154480, Lock Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

I don't have anyone in the free world, and need someone to write to me. **Melvin Fort** #27168, Ellis Unit G-13-17, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Florida tramp a long way from home. Send me letters 'cause I'm all alone. **Rodger Harris** #105281, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Cleveland biker needs mail to bring back the old times and help make life beautiful again. **Thomas Hurley** #151-952, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

A young bro age 23 needs letters from ladies 18-20. Good plans for the right lady. **George Gibson** #142406, M.C.I., Rt. 3, Box 2000, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

20-yr.-old biker needs letters from pretty ladies. **Richard Bolter** #B-97865, Box A, #4360, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Any chick who does the righteous thing and answers this ad will receive a letter right away. **Charles Miller** #085242, Drawer 1072, Mail #083, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

Downed in Texas since 1974 and need someone to write. **Charles Lawler** #241-330, Eastham Unit T.D.C., Box 16, Lovelady, Tex. 75851.

Big and long-time bro looking for an ol' lady with sweet cheeks and a lot of heart. **J.W. Wagner** #112475, Unit 7, White Post, Va. 22663.

Be out soon. Good worker with nothing but ambition. I need temporary residence in Houston, Tex., and I'll share the load. **Michael Wendt** #276699, Coffield Unit, Rt. 1, Box 150, Tennessee Colony, Tex. 75861.

23-yr.-old inmate doing 3-5, needs letters from ladies who like smokin' and snortin'. **Robert Bowman** 74417, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

I'm in the slam and need to hear from some ladies, so write to me. **Joe Grabb**, R.D. 2, Box 10, Greensburg, Pa. 15601.

Lonely little Leo chick, doin' time and needin' to hear from bros on the outside. Be gentle with me, it's my first time. **Anita Johns**, Box 26, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

Young brother down. Needs correspondence with sweet ladies. **Carl Roland**, Box 685, Huntersville, N.C. 28078.

Professional thief, broke, down and doin' time, needs woman to write to. **John Morris**, Ellis Unit #27214, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

All ladies, make me happy by writing. I'll answer all. **Ken Holmes** #103-422, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

I've been down for three years and need to hear from a good-hearted woman. **Dave Loftis**, Box B-71808, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I need letters with photos from ladies everywhere. **Chet Fulton** #P-3416, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa. 16852.

29-yr.-old blond dude needs letters from any chick who knows and cares about loving. **Marshall Fitzgerald** #102355, D.C.C., Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

It's cold on this mountain, so send something to warm me up. **Ted Radcliff**, Box 645, Springfield, Calif. 93265.

I've nothing to do but wait for the letters I hope you foxy ladies will write to me. **Alphonse Capone** #B-94041, Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Lonely convict would like to receive letters and photos from ladies. **Donald Grind**, staff #113745, St. Brides Corr. Ctr., 701 Sanderson Rd., Chesapeake, Va. 23322.

Ladies, send letters to cheer up this down and out bro. **David Sattler**, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

I need letters from foxy mamas and any other chicks who want to write. **Steve Morgan** #43900, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Whatdafuck! This downed bro needs letters from you foxy ladies, to help do this time. **J.C. Corkins** #129245, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Outtastight dude needs some mail from some outtastight chicks. **Bruce Cossett** #280337, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

30-yr.-old biker would love letters from ladies. **C.C. Cain** #41265-133, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

Would like to hear from fine, freaky, and foxy chicks. **Bobby Chase** #75-A-2025, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

To all ladies, young, old, and beautiful. Write some letters to me. **Prather Strickland** #75-D-139, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Loose ladies and fine freaks, write **Bobby Driggers** #75-D-152, Box B, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

28-yr.-old biker could dig hearing from chicks 16-30. Will answer all letters. **Roger Annis** #13550, Box 97, Stewart, Nev. 89437.

I will answer all letters promptly and with consideration. **Thomas Jordan** #149868, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

22-yr.-old Aquarius biker with only a few months left, looking for good-looking chick for companionship. Send pictures. **William Major** #76090, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Lonely biker doing time and needs a sweet chick to write to. **Gary Mull, Sr.** #273375, Rt. 2, Box 20, Midway, Tex. 75852.

Ladies, scooter tramp down and needs some help. All letters answered. **Steve Scadden** #113948, Unit B, Fine Creek C.C., State Farm, Va. 23160.

22-yr.-old biker could dig letters from chicks. Help pass this time away and there'll be good times. **Richard Atherton** #73143, Box 100, Somers, Conn. 06071.

Midwest biker wants to hear from foxy ladies. Doing time and it's a drag. **Barry Hutchens** #69784, 1515 Gist St., Columbia, S.C. 29202.

Write this lonely con a letter and make him feel better. **Steve Davis** #C-62048, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Blue-eyed Gemini from Virginia, 26 yrs. old and lonely as hell. I need your friendship and understanding. **Russell Palmer** #20875-101, Box 1000, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

Need a woman to share my thoughts with. **A. Cormier** #059069, Box 667, F-225, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

I'm lonely and need some letters, so young ladies write and make me happy. **Lee Morgan** #B-72595, CTP-C, Box 686, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Lonely and depressed. Need mail from all foxy chicks, so get off your tight little asses and start sharing your love with me. **Timmy Kramer** #P-3465, Rockview Prison, Box A, Bellefonte, Pa. 16823.

20-yr.-old bro, down and out, needs letters and photos of ladies of any age. **Bill Montgomery**, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Locked down without an ol' lady, but I'll be out in '79 and ready to ride, so make your reservations now, ladies. **James Smith** #21126-175, Box 1000, Leavenworth, Kan. 66048.

This man needs letters from ladies. Will be getting out around Christmas of '79. **Jim Brady** #A-88031, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Lonely 24-yr.-old Gemini in prison wants to correspond with anyone who has a heart. **Donald Green** #150-844, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

True beauty is on the inside. I'm not concerned with looks, just love, so write and get a share. **Harry Freeman** #114432, D.C.C., Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

I need a foxy young thing to bring some sunshine into my life. **Gettin' lonelier**. **Robert Barnes** #30038-120, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

Horny dude doing eight years would like horny letters from hot mamas. **George Putnam** #00591-124, Box 1000, Oxford, Wis. 53952.

I need a lady who loves to be adored, cherished, and lusted after. Someone who'll share. **Jeff McEver** #049487, Box 667, F-101, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

On the downhill side of five years and ready to hear from ladies. **Terry Madigan** #78-A-206, Arthur Kill C.F., 2911 Arthur Kill Rd., Staten Island, N.Y. 10309.

Looking for a meaningful relationship with the right chick. **Kenny Crain** #88187, 4344 Road River Rd., K.C.I., 2-A-4, Columbia, S.C. 29640.

With plenty of time and nothing to do, your letters and photos will fill my lonesome hours. **F. Podobinski** #23518-175, Box 4000, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Downed biker needs some mail from chicks. **Ray Crockett** #72123, Box 99, Pontiac, Ill. 61764.

Three years to go, so now's the time to establish a nice, real, honest. **Clint Parker** #237458, T.D.C., Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

All you lovely ladies, write and make me happy. **Phillip Burdick** #B-82439, Box 686, M.C.U. 213, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Hedonistic Scorpio male, 32, wants correspondence with daring young ladies. **Robert Bratt** #B-30624, Box AE 1325, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.



An Iron-On for Dedicated Bikers

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** #72 Commemorative T-shirt — a winner in any crowd.

LIVIN'

—Continued from page 13

see one runnin' across the road or through the trees. If so, stop an' dust him with your piece, or smack him on the gourd with a stick. As with all game, cut his throat right away an' hold him up by the hind legs in order to drain him.

Soon as you're ready to prepare him for cookin', skin the critter an' gut him. Raccoons have scent glands that have to be removed, but if you're a really heavy dude an' don't give a shit what your food smells or tastes like, leave 'em in. The best thing to do, however, is remove 'em. The scent glands look like little kernels, an' they're located around the neck and under the forelegs.

Check along the backbone, too, just in case.

Skin the bastard, cut the scent glands out, an' cool the carcass as quickly as possible, usin' any method at hand. If ya managed to stop at a motel with a kitchen, use the refrigerator. If you're passin' through Hicksville after gettin' your hands on the critter, ya might stop an' buy a bag of ice an' some other supplies—like a lid and some rollin' papers.

If you're campin', then barbeque him. Run a metal rod in his ass an' out his mouth an' hold him over a good hot fire for four to six hours, bastin' him with any barbeque sauce available. Course, if ya got money for barbeque sauce buy a hamburger while you're in town, cause six hours is a longass time to wait for the critter to cook. If the fire isn't too hot you can use a tree limb to spit him on. As soon as he's done good an' tender, eat him with happy abandon or like any starving maniac would do.

Now, if you're ridin' one of them full dressers that look like a float in the Rose Parade, you'll have a big pot an' about half a ton of cookin' gear in your bindle, so you can cook the 'coon another way. Soak him overnight in cold water. In the mornin', wipe him dry, stuff him with sage dressing, then roast his ass in an oven until he's brown and tender. Set the heat at 350-400 degrees. Serve him up with baked potatoes or candied yams an' ya'll have a meal fit for a king. Or, fuck it—stay at the Hilton and order prime rib.

Opossum: Treat this critter the same as the 'coon. When ya bash him in the head, make sure ya hit him a good one before stickin' your hand down by his mouth, 'cause these critters are where the expression "playin' possum" comes from. He'll pretend he's dead until ya get close enough for him to bite the shit outta ya. If ya want to improve the flavor of this one, stuff a big potato inside him before ya bake him, sprinkle him



WRIST/WATCH BAND

It's a hand-made, two-inch-wide hunk of fine leather that has a leather flap riveted on one side; with the other side snapping shut over your watch for protection. The top of the flap comes either plain (so you can do your own thing); with a Harley emblem, or "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem branded in the thick leather. **\$8.50** plus 50¢ for postage and handling.

SCOOTER WALLET

A rugged wallet, hand-made from thick cowhide, small enough to fit into your Levi's, and it has brass rivets around the outer edge to hold it together for a lifetime. It also comes with a gold-finished chain and clasp. Upon request, we will stamp the Harley emblem or the "Ride to Live, Live to Ride" emblem into the tough leather—no charge. Only **\$10.00** plus 75¢ postage and handling.

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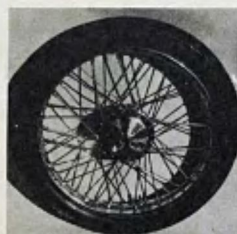
SMALL BIKE WALLET

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

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



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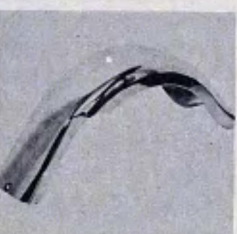
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all over with crushed red pepper, an' cook him in a covered pot. When he's nice an' tender, take the lid off for half an hour an' let him brown. Serve any way ya want. If ya don't want, serve him to a dog. Then hit the dog in the head and start over.

Muskrat, Squirrel or Cat: (Don't gag—cat ain't half bad.) There's only one really good way to fix these critters, although if you're roughin' it you can simply barbeque 'em like ya did the raccoon. Put one tablespoon of salt into one gallon of water in a large pot. Add chopped onion, one pint of lima beans, six ears of corn, a half pound of salt pork, a few peeled potatoes, a teaspoon of pepper, then cover and simmer for two hours. Add two teaspoons of sugar and a quart of sliced tomatoes and simmer for another hour. Now you've got yourself some fine-tastin' Brunswick stew.

Porcupine: This harmless (unless ya fuck with him) critter is the easiest animal in the forest to catch and kill. He's slow-movin', gentle, an' good-tastin'.

When ya decide to dust him, do it quick with a bullet between the eyes or a good whack with a big club, because the fucker makes a noise like a cryin' baby, an' even the toughest dude might lose his nerve at the sound. The meat usually has a pine flavor, because porkies eat the bark offa pine trees. Soak him overnight in fairly strong salt water with some bay leaves thrown in (ya got a spice cabinet, don't ya?) along with a couple of dried red peppers, then barbeque him over an open fire. Tastes great!

Skunk: Ya gotta be damned hungry an' exceptionally brave, or ya gotta be a Viet Nam veteran with a shot-off nose to tackle this bugger. If ya surprise him, ya might kill him before he sprays. Skin him, remove his scent glands, which are located near his asshole, then soak him overnight in salt water an' barbeque him. If ya get any of the scent on any part of the meat, throw it away an' try again some day. An' if he shoots first, at either you or your dog, here's what to do. Wash yourself an' your clothes in vinegar.



Easyriders

"I'd like to be as stiff in bed as my wife is."

New! From Righteous Products

Here's a couple of new books ya just gotta have!



What Fits What is the complete book on Harley-Davidson parts interchangeability and covers all v-twin models between 1936 and 1976. There are sections on the Sportster, how to make your Harley go faster and last longer, and how to build stompin' engines of up to 101 cubic inches. It's the **only** book of its kind at any price — only \$5.95 plus 75¢ postage.



The Ticket Book was written by a former police officer and details every legal avenue you have, and the arresting department's requirements in the aftermath of a traffic ticket. You'll find out you've paid tickets that ya could've beaten. Don't take it any longer — get mad as hell and send in \$6.95 plus 75¢ postage.

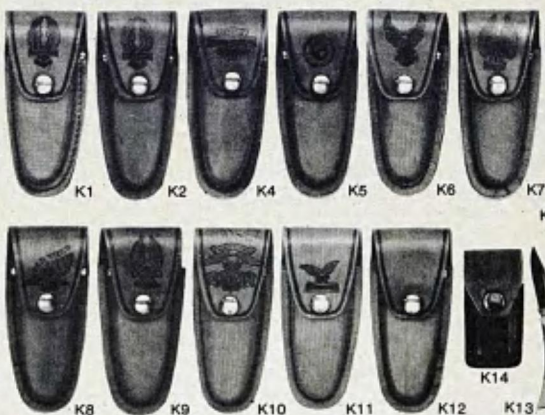


RIGHTIOUS

Products Box 361, Seal Beach, Cal. 90740

Quality Knife Cases

HAND DYED TO A RICH FINISH!



- K1 HD Uplift Wings
- K2 Ride to live, live to ride
- K4 HD Shield
- K5 BMW
- K6 HD Eagle
- K7 HD #1 with Uplift Wings
- K8 Honda Gold Wing
- K9 Honda Uplift Wings
- K10 HD 75th Anniversary
- K11 Kawasaki Eagle
- K12 Plain
- K3 Explorer Knife 5"
- K13 L'il Hoss 3" closed
- K14 Small plain

Lg. knife 5" closed with 440 stainless steel blades. Ebony wood handles with brass bolsters and brass bolsters.

Sm. knife approx. 3" closed features handle of the finest rosewood with solid brass bolsters and liners.

Please send me _____ lg. Case at 6.50 ea. _____ lg. Knife at 20.00 ea.
_____ sm. Case at 4.00 ea. _____ sm. Knife at 9.00 ea.
Add 50¢ per item for shipping. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. U.S. funds only

Dealer inquiries invited.

Name _____
Street _____
City, State _____ Zip _____

Send order to: **Joe's MCN** A Div. of Troy Ent., Inc. 213/886-9300
18334 Eddy St. Northridge, CA 91324

HEAVY WEIGHT!

NEW!



POINT COVERS. Add that final touch of class to your scooter with one of these high

quality cast metal covers. Fits '70 to present 74's, '71 to present Sportsters. Choose silver or gold finish. **Only \$8 each!**



CUSTOM FENDER. Latest stylin' fiberglass fender. Black gel coat finish is ready to paint. Drill your own mounting holes. Fits '73 to present FX, FXE & Sportster. **Only \$25**



AVIATORS GOGGLES. Keep the shit out of those wide eyes bro! Feature laminated lens, soft leather lined with adjustable strap. **Just \$32.** Tinted or clear replacement lens **\$8** pair.

All orders sent UPS/COD. Foreign/overseas orders prepaid only. **No Fuckin' checks!** Phone orders 303-433-0564

**2 WHEELER'S
M/C SHOP, INC.**
1433 W. 38th Ave.
Denver, CO 80211

Wash your dog in tomato juice. Then eat the dog.

A couple of cautions. The skunk is a carrier of deadly rabies and may also be carryin', like the squirrel, the little flea that transmits the Black Plague. It's been epidemic among the animals in the Northwest lately, so be careful how ya handle the carcass.

Rattlesnake: The diamondback is the best rattlesnake meat to eat. It's white an' it tastes almost like chicken, but don't choke to death on the bones, 'cause there's a jillion of 'em.

When ya kill the fucker, cut his head off an' either bury it or fling it away with a shovel or stick. Don't touch it! It ain't no old wive's tale that rattlesnakes can bite ya hours after their head's been cut off.

Slit his skin down the belly an' peel him like a banana, then cut the meat up into pieces about two to four inches long. Slit each piece along the back to keep it from curling up while cookin'. Soak the pieces overnight in cold water an' salt. The next mornin', dry each piece, dip it in egg an' cracker crumbs, an' deep fry until golden brown. Season with garlic salt unless you're goin' to a church social an' wanna kiss some of the old cunts that run the thing.

Frogs; Eat the whole frog, after skinnin' him an' cuttin' off his head. Throw the guts away, too. Frog tastes the same all over. Just soak him in salted water for a couple of hours, then fry or barbecue over a fire on a wire clothes hanger or a stick.

Besides meat, there's some easy-to-get-at vegetables you can find close to highways. There's about a million others, but these are the most plentiful, an' they taste great.

Stinging Nettles: Wearing gloves, pick the leaves off stinging nettle plants. Boil until tender. Pour off the water an' boil again, then eat with any meal.

Cactus: The wide-leaf variety is best. It's found all over the western United States, especially toward the south. Cut off the young tender ears an' hold over a fire to singe off the stickers. Peel, then dice. Boil the diced cactus for about twenty minutes, then pour off the water and boil again in fresh water. The cooked product can then be added to scrambled eggs, stew, or anything ya want. It's delicious an' nourishing, an' best of all, it's free.

Pigeon: There's enough of these critters around to feed the nation, so if ya score a bunch of 'em you can have a real feast, an' they're delicious.

Pull the feathers out an' gut the bird. Split 'em down the middle an' flatten the breast, then broil 'em.

For boiled pigeon, stuff 'em with sage

the Jug Mug



Grab a jug, or two. Snuggle up to your own loving cup . . . and **9⁹⁵ EACH** let your imagination run its full course. This perfectly proportioned pacifier is a very useful container for warm things . . . and cool things. Quench your thirst for lust. For the person who wants to keep abreast of the times. It's a titillating experience . . . and the perfect gift for a bosom buddy.

Make all checks or money orders payable to:

**Playtime Products
390 Freeport #10
Sparks, Nv 89431**

Please send me _____ glazed ceramic Jug Mug(s) at \$9.95 ea. Add \$1.50 for handling and postage per order. Check fleshtone(s) desired:

☐ White ☐ Black

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

SUNDAY leather LTD.

FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT THE BEST

#517
GESTAPO
HAT
\$27.00



#515
CIVIL WAR
HAT
\$27.00



#513
ACE SKULL
CAP
\$30.00



#507
ROAD HAT
\$26.00



#505
HIGHLAND
HAT
\$26.00



#503
MECHANIC'S
HAT
\$24.00



These hats have been cut from the finest grade, black, motorcycle grain leather and latigo hides. #517, #515, #507, and #505, feature a motorcycle crest with your choice of motorcycle names, Harley-Davidson, Honda, Sportster, Kawasaki, Yamaha, Suzuki, or Triumph. #513 features sheep skin ear warmers and three snap straps for holding on goggles. #503 features a motorcycle mechanic's crest.

Available sizes: SM. (6 3/4-6 7/8), MED. (7-7 1/8), LG. (7 1/4-7 3/8), and X-LG. (7 1/2-7 5/8).

Send your order to:
Sunday Ltd., Box 111, River Forest, Illinois, 60305

"As always Sunday leather goods are guaranteed to meet your absolute satisfaction, or your money back" owner 312-378-0545.

Dealer Inquiries Invited

dressing, then sew up the hole where their guts came out. Put about six of 'em in a big pot of water, addin' three slices of bacon, a cut-up carrot an' a cut-up onion. Boil for three hours, then take the pigeons out and add flour to the remaining liquid to thicken it for gravy. Don't forget to stir while you're addin' the flour, or ya'll wind up with lumpy shit. Serve with toast, mashed potatoes, or rice.

Crawdads: These can be found in almost every stream or pond. Catch 'em by hand or fish for 'em by tyin' a piece of liver or stink-bait on a string. When ya got enough of 'em, boil 'em for ten minutes, then peel off the shell an' eat 'em.

Grasshoppers: If ya ain't squeamish, 'hoppers are delicious. Just catch a hatful of 'em, then french-fry till crisp. They taste good an' it's a classy thing to do.

Sometimes, while travelin' through farm areas, it's possible to arrive just in time to reap some benefits from farmers who are processin' their cattle before turnin' 'em out to range. That means they'll be castratin' the young bulls. Sheep country will net ya the same thing. The tasty morsels are called Rocky Mountain oysters, an' they're delicious. Just dip 'em in egg an' cracker crumbs, then fry in a pan or hubcap like ya would oysters.

Everyone knows it ain't nice to go around stealin' chickens, turkeys, or rustlin' cattle to feed your empty gut. While it does happen, every once in a while a bunch of dudes will get together an' actually buy a head of beef. When it comes time to kill him, it should be done right. Mark a spot directly between his eyes and about two inches above the centerline. Put the muzzle of your piece close to his head an' pull the trigger. If you're usin' a .22 rifle you can put the muzzle right against the skin. That way ya can't miss, an' ya can't even hear the sound of the gun goin' off. If you're usin' a big bore, don't put it against the skin. When the gun goes off, it takes a big breath an' it'll suck brains an' blood an' all kinds of shit back up the barrel.

Adios—an' bon appetit!



"How many days in jail go with this fine wine I'm about to chug?"

ROACH LIGHTER



American Made

This lighter is manufactured by highly skilled American craftsmen from the finest materials available.

Lifetime Guarantee

If your lighter ever fails to operate satisfactorily, return it to the factory with your name and address and it will be repaired and returned free of charge. (Driving over it with your scooter doesn't count, of course.)

An ideal gift! (and cheap too)

To get your primo lighter with the Harley-Davidson insignia, all you have to do is send \$5.95 for each lighter. We pay all postage and handling. California residents add 6% sales tax.

Mackenzie
Company

Box 29
Calabasas, California 91302

- Make **THC** three separate ways.
- Make your own **HASH OIL**.
- Grow your own **PEYOTE**.
- Extract pure **MESCALINE** from several kinds of cactus plants.
- Make synthetic **MESCALINE**.
- Prepare pure **DMT**.
- Produce **PSILOCYBIN** from chemicals.
- Grow **PSILOCYBE** spores and mushrooms.
- Extract pure **PSILOCYBIN** from spores and mushrooms.
- Start your own **LSD** lab.
- Grow **ERGOT** cultures.
- Extract **LYSERGIC ACID AMIDE** from ergot, morning glory and woodrose seeds.
- Convert lysergic acid amide to **LSD**.
- Prepare **METHAMPHETAMINE** without using P-2-P.
- Extract pure **METH CRYSTAL** from legal source.
- Make the psychedelic "love drugs" **MDA**, **TMA** and **MMDA**.
- Produce colorful, hallucinogenic **STP**.
- Make your own **PCP** crystal.
- Prepare the most powerful **ANGEL DUST** possible.
- Make the original **AMYL NITRITE**.
- Build a **NITROUS OXIDE** generator to produce your own **LAUGHING GAS**.
- Extract pure **COCAINE** from chemicals.
- Mix your own **CHLORAL HYDRATE** knockout drops.

Send for informative **FREE BROCHURE**. Immediate reply by air mail.

IRVING PENKETHMAN
Box 55 B,
CARVER, MA 02330

ALL NIGHT DINER

—Continued from page 73

counterman looking at me as if he wished he was home so he could write me a nasty letter. I played the eye game and stared him down, smiling inwardly and returning to my coffee when he lit a chewed cigar and looked away behind the cloud of smoke. Most people can't handle that kind of direct, unblinking eye contact. It becomes too personal—a threat.

When the door opened I heard in the distance the low, throaty snarl of an eighteen-wheeler working through the gears as it rolled toward the Interstate a few blocks away. By the sound, I guessed it was headed west—toward those mountains.

The kid who had opened the door was almost lost inside the dripping folds of the yellow rain slicker that engulfed his slight frame. He padded wetly to the counter in sopping sneakers while pushing a thatch of wet hair from his eyes and yawning. He looked to be eleven, maybe a wiry twelve. When he unsnapped the slicker and dug into the pocket of his jeans with one hand, I saw that he carried a paperboy's bag slung across his body.

"Close the door!" the counterman snapped. He glowered over the top of his magazine as the boy jumped, startled at the harshness of the man's voice.

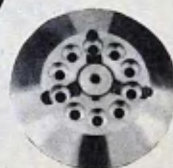
He moved to obey.

I turned to watch. The door's automatic closer was as rundown as the rest of the place. The door was inching shut as the kid approached. He reached it an instant before it finally sighed shut.

When the kid came back to the counter his face wore a tight, guarded look. He stood there dripping while he waited for service. I could feel his eyes when they shifted to look at me, but whenever I glanced his way his gaze was always focused directly in front of him. I liked the boy's style. He had obeyed the bullying counterman—but he hadn't scurried. Furthermore, his being up and out at that hour to work in such weather said a lot about what he was made of, as far as I was concerned. I pegged him as one already with more on his mind than most boys considerably older. He was making his own way.

The counterman shifted his hams in

**Builder of the world's fastest Harley engine—
294 mph.**



PRESSURE PLATES FOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON 74's

1. Provides positive clutch action. Machined surface on face of pressure plate does not flex. No spot welds to warp as in stock plates.
 2. Machined surface allows clutch plates to wear longer and get more clutch area.
 3. Less cable travel due to no flex in pressure plate.
 4. Smooth clutch action.
- Complete with instructions; installs in 1/2 hour

\$21 (Add \$2.00 for shipping cost)

Hi-flow Pinion Shaft Bushing for Harley 74s (1936 - 1972)



Add miles to your lower end with a continuous oil flow to your lower end. With stock pinion shaft bushings you will get one squirt of oil every revolution. But, with H.E.S. pinion shaft bushings, you will get continuous oil pressure to your lower end, which will mean longer lower end life.

Hi-flow cam bushing sells for \$9.00 plus \$1.50 for shipping and handling. If you wish, H.E.S. will press this bushing in your cam cover for \$4.00, which is labor and return postage.

When ordering, state year:
a. 1936-1953 (splined pinion shaft)
b. 1954-1972

Lightening Gears for All 74's



1. These gears will lighten your timing gear train by 33.3%. And they're sold in exchange for your gears. If you've put in light valve collars and pushrods, these are a must to insure that the entire train is light and responsive.
 2. The brass bushings will also be fitted and honed to fit standard size shafts.
 3. You can press off your cam (except knuckles) and send only the gear with the other timing gears. Or send your entire cam and H.E.S. will press off the gear and replace it with the new lightened one.
 4. If you wish to purchase the gears outright, send for price list.
- The entire set of lightened gears goes for only \$39.50 exchange, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.
- 1970 and later cam gear only \$12.50 exchange, plus \$2.00 postage and handling.

Dealer inquiries invited.

For immediate delivery, send certified check or m.o. Personal Checks held to clear.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

H/E/S
PERFORMANCE PRODUCTS

Box 2794 • Culver City,
California 90230 Dept. C

(213) 397-3195
After 5 p.m.

the chair, turned a page in his girlie rag, and chewed the cigar stub like a cud.

Something about that kid brought back memories of when I was his age—I guess because the kid's story was mine too, the condensed version, anyway. I make my own way. It's how I live, and have ever since I was old enough to get my act together. I started getting it together the summer I turned a zitfaced twelve years old. For one thing, I discovered that summer how girls are different from boys. I had heard rumors, but had no firsthand experience until then.

That same summer I saw my first real motorcycle.

I don't remember too much about getting my finger wet, except that the girl's name was Bonnie and she had dimples and it felt good. But I can remember that bike as if it were yesterday.

It was an old panhead with a glide front end, a set of fatbob tanks, a rigid frame, and upswept pipes. It was a stormy midnight machine, chromed and lacquered a black that was deeper than the bottommost pit in hell, and the memory is burned into my mind to this day. The man riding it had a drooping moustache and wore a greasy vest with the word "SATANS" sewn across the back in big red letters.

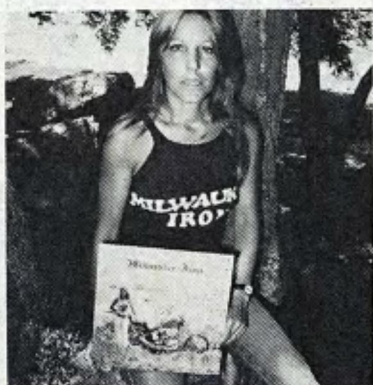
I don't know who he was or where he came from, what he was doing in that little mountain town, or where he went when he left. All I know is that one ordinary afternoon I was standing on the corner with some of my friends throwing rocks at a tin can when, with a rumble of engine thunder, he appeared. And suddenly there it was, the embodiment of speed and freedom—its color and thumping exhaust tone and, hell, its style completely overshadowing the memory of everything impressive I had ever seen

—Continued on page 95



"Just because we're in a nursing home doesn't mean I'm retired. That'll be \$50, Buster."

Easyriders



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

Milwaukee Iron

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

I've got that get down biker music in my soul!

I wanna write, I wanna sing about a motorcycle,

Panheads, shovelheads, knuckleheads, too!

Strictly biker music for me and you. And it gets better as it goes on.

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

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

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.



BLACK T-SHIRTS for the true Harley rider

1. Harley's Best Fuck The Rest.
2. Harley Riders Eat More Pussy
3. Harley Riders Get More Head
4. Ride To Live — Live To Ride
5. God Rides A Harley
6. Gimme' Head Till I'm Dead
7. Harley Riders Have Longer Front Ends
8. Born On A Mountain Raised In A Cave Bikin' and Fuckin' Is All I Crave

Send size and wording wanted with \$7.50 to:
**Coco, P.O. Box 451,
Calabasas, Calif. 91302**

SHOP DISTRACTIONS

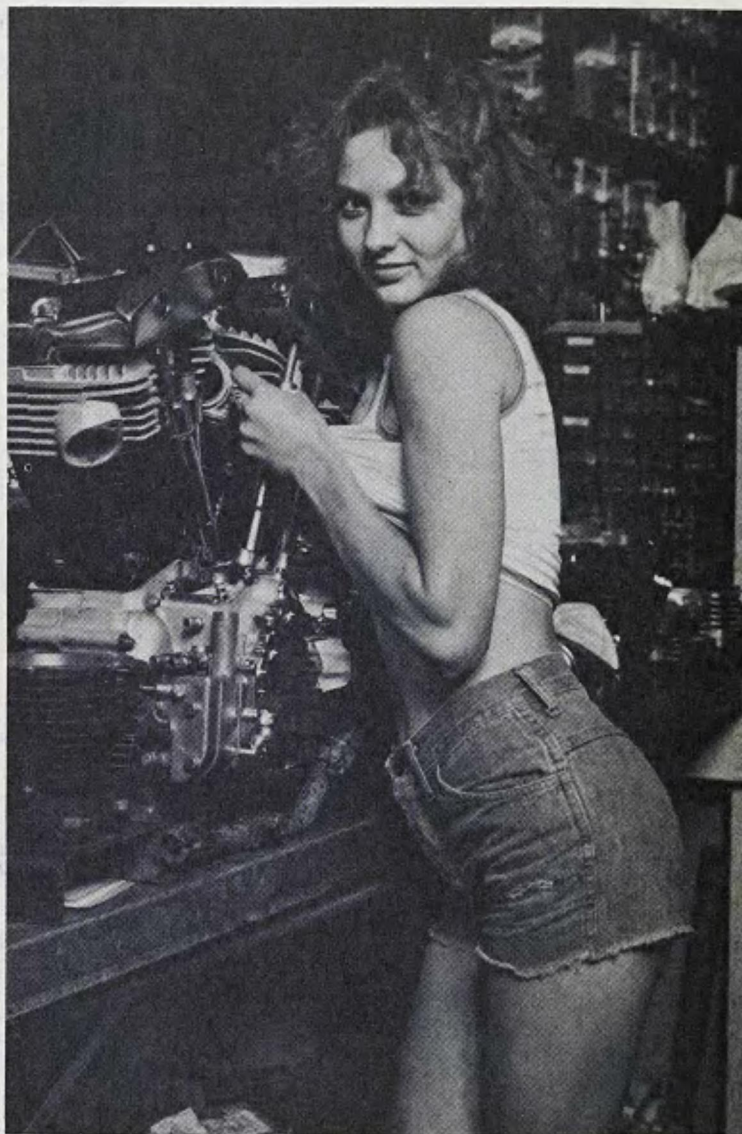
Ever worked in a loose joint — a garage in a large apartment complex, a tattoo parlor, a head shop, or something along those lines? Many of these establishments can turn into places to hang out or non-stop parties. If you've been there, you know what I mean.

You may not get rich workin' in a shop, but deals on everything from parts to tools float in almost anytime during the day. Brothers cruise by and ask questions about bikes. Kids ditch school to hang around their favorite mechanic. Freaky-lookin' folks wander in from time to time to let the hard-workin' wrenches test their wares. And the women — well, at any time a couple of sweeties can saunter in and let their soft titties dangle over the tank yer tryin' to bolt into place. Damn — a guy can take only so much.

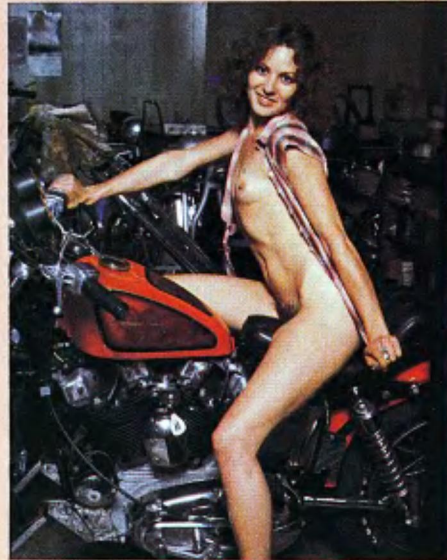
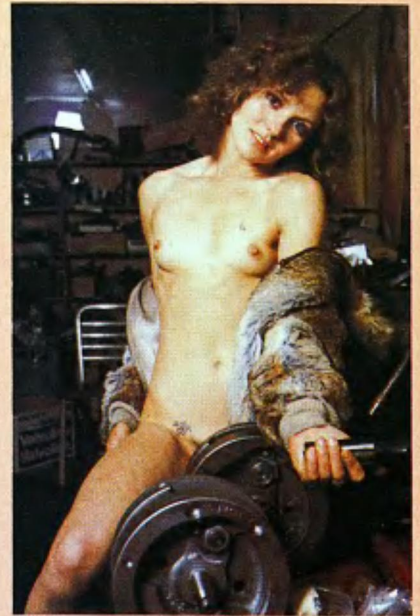
No complaints comin' from this direction, ya understand. All these distractions make workin' in a shop or tattoo parlor — anywhere people can party — an enjoyable lifestyle. That is, unless you've got business on yer mind.

Imagine stumblin' into your shop 'bout ten in the morning. The tear-ya-hair-out riding and fistfuls of whites last night drove ya to a four-in-the-morning frenzy. So ya rest as much of your weight as possible against the work bench and strain to keep yer eyes focused in one direction as ya begin to rebuild a carburetor. 10:30 rolls around, and the scraggly kid who runs for parts stumbles into two sets of exhaust pipes, tearing your brain loose with the noise and splashing scalding coffee all over yer naturals. Better take a break and have a cup and maybe a donut or two — ya haven't eaten in two days.

Fifteen minutes pass and yer propped up against the bench again, fumbling for a screwdriver, when in strolls the only dude you may gaze on all day who shows white around the pupils of his eyes. And he's decked out in a suit. Your first reaction is to put yer hands behind your head. But he turns out to be a salesman with 400 hand soap samples in his attache case, three hundred colored bungee cord samples, and two or three brands of gunk. And he hasn't even dragged ya out to his maxi-van yet. It's noon before you've said enough straightforward "no's" and he finally splits, leaving you with so many goddam samples that you'd have to spend two hundred bucks on pegboard just to display all the muthas.

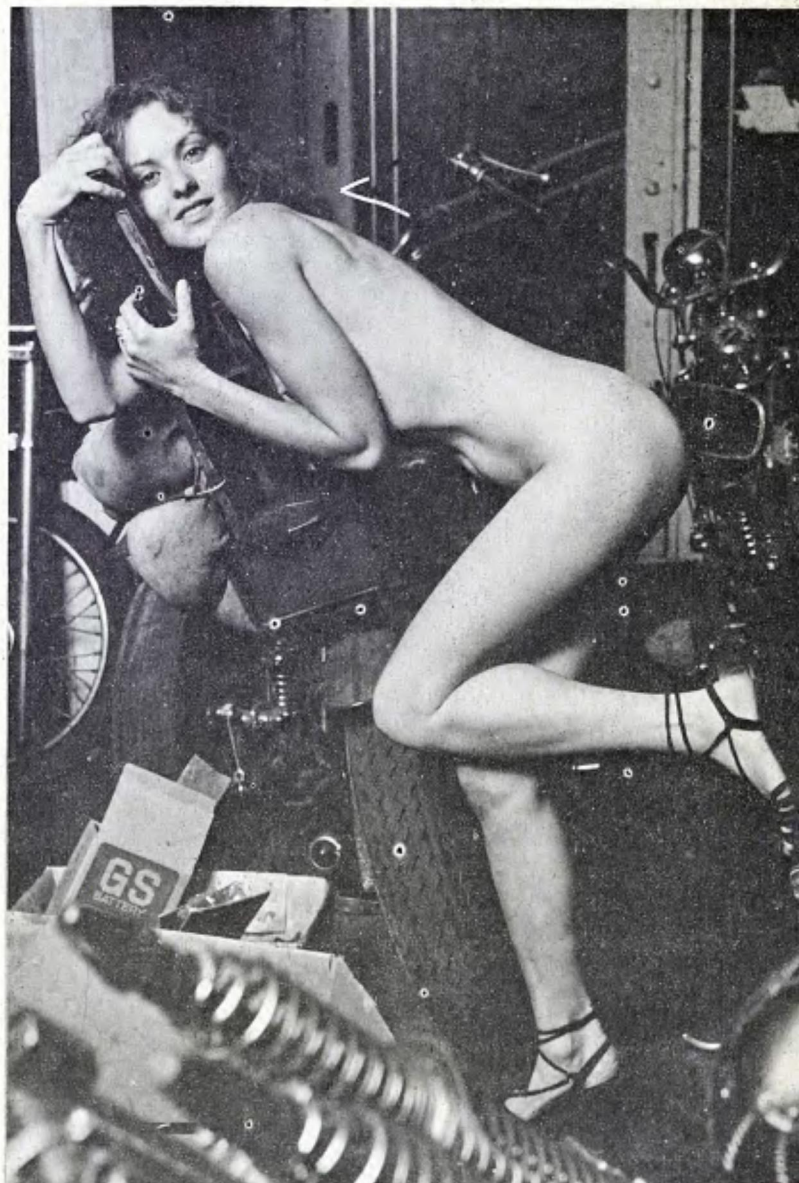








Photos by Pete Chiodo



Bushed, you kick back in the only rickety chair in the work-filled joint — only to be attacked by an irate customer wantin' to know if his scooter will be completed today (or was it yesterday?). He ain't got the money to pay for it, of course, but who cares about minor details?

It gets to be 1:30 and you're back at the carburetor. The coffee has worn off and one elbow barely holds you up. Then a bro rides up. He was with you the night before, but went home and slept till 1:00 before he showed. "Say bro, try this Colombian," he mumbles as he shoves a number the size of a knucklehead valve guide in yer face. "Great stuff, huh? You can have it if you'll take a look at my clutch."

Three o'clock slips by and yer still listenin' to how ya almost bit a chick's nipple off last night and outran everything on the freeway. The clutch needed only a cable adjustment.

Back at the carburetor. You failed to notice the fair-haired cutie slip in the back door and drop 'bout half her threads in a heap. She nuzzles up to your coffee-soaked greasies and murmurs, "Do you own the shop?"

And the rest of the day is shot.

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.

Turn your PL 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)

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scoot, 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)

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)

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)

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

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.

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)

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)

Enjoy reading "A Brotherhood of Outlaws." Bob Blitchin'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)

"The Tattooists." 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)

"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)

Wildman: Happy anniversary, honey, and many happy returns for the last of the cowboys. I love you always. Forever your lady! CLT. (72)

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

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

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)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (72)

Hey, lover, happy 27th! Your ol' lady, Tex. Phx. 85037. (72)

Make fake IDs, documents, easily, cheaply. Complete instructions \$5: S.O.H., P.O. Box 3124, Pompano, Fla. 33062. (73)

Skip: Happy birthday to the best husband in the world. I'll love you forever. Princess. (72)

Prince Kojak to Computer: Contact us at 114 West Chestnut, Walla Walla, Wash. 99362. (72)

Congratulations to Philth, who got his ripped-off Sporty back with the help of some bros. Murd. (72)

Happy 25th birthday, Mark—June 21. You're the greatest. I'll love you forever. Love, Kathy. (72)

Harley rider touring country, wants to meet chicks on the way (or to go with him) for parties and good times. For info write with photo (nudes answered first). Allow one month for answer. Blue, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (72)

To my favorite Guinea: Happy birthday! Maybe next year for the low rider. Hope you're not too disappointed. Tony, I love you dearly and always will. Arleen. (72)

Rick B.—Nesbit, Mississippi: Happy 22nd birthday! Luv ya forever. Gay. (72)

Greg: I miss and love you more every day. Hurry home to me. I'm still waiting for my #1 man. Your ol' lady, "Wench." (72)

Wanted: Ol' lady and place to parole, getting out 10/27/79. Send flick to Terry Wylie, P.O. Box B91329, Jamestown, Calif. 95327. (72)

Sue, Don, and Baby Jake, San Diego: Where the hell are you? Contact Judy, 1405 14th St., Imperial Beach, Calif. 92032. (714) 575-1287. (72)

Pat: After 12 years you're still the one! Love, Sue. (72)

Two bikers heading for the Northwest U.S. and Canada on Harleys June '79. Partying ladies please write Chuck and Mike, 1931 Lucas St., San Fernando, Calif. 91340. (72)

Ben: Just wanted to say I love you. Terri. (72)

Blind Baby: Nobody does it better! Love you to the max. Gale. (72)

Turn your stash into a powerful aphrodisiac using household items. Simple, complete method, \$3. Complete Method, RI Box 160-A, Alpena, Ark. 72611. (72)

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. (75)

Joe: My feelings are too much to put into words. Happy birthday, baby. I love you. Your rompin', stompin', suckin', fuckin', Harley-ridin' cunt. (72)

Wayne Farrar: I made a serious mistake last November. Please call me, I need you! Barb. (72)

House mouse wanted: Sierra Vista, Ariz. Reply only if you want to be a member of the family and a second ol' lady. We ride loner. Satan & Metifa, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (72)

Crazy Joe: There will always be a special place in my gun for the Silver Bullet! Your Squaw. (72)

Cindy: Happy 1st anniversary, July 1. May we ride and love forever. Wild Bill. (72)

Larry: Happy birthday. Love you forever. Your ol' lady, Dee. (72)

Tattoo designs: Top quality, unique new designs. First time offered to the public. These are top-grade designs, done by professional artists. Send \$2 for catalog to Pro-Flash Co., 30 So. Main St., Manville, N.J. 08835. (72)

Harley parts catalog and shovel-head hop-up instructions, Send \$2 to H-D supply, Box 23157, Milwaukee, Wis. 53223. (74)

Would you like to change your name? Send \$5 for information. JCCO, Box 1015, Alief, Tex. 77411. (72)

Wanted: Easyriders issues 1 thru 4, 9 thru 16, 19, 22, whether all or one. Denning, 1216 Madison, Piqua, Ohio. 45356. (72)

Debbie Jo: Happy birthday. Love, Daddy. (72)

Easyriders #1 thru 35, also 37, 47, 56, 57. Best offer for the lot. P. Trofimuk, RD 1, Box 82HD, Stockholm, N.J. 07460. (72)

Happy birthday, babe. Love to you always. Strawberry. (72)

To all my bros and sisters and all you lonely ladies. How about dropping a line to a bro? Jerry "Can Opener" Rupe #87-148, Camp "C" Bear 1, Angola, La. 70712. (72)

Trash c/o Easyriders. (72)

Third Reich and Revisionist books. For free booklet send to Nontide Press, Box 1248, Torrance, Calif. 90265. (72)

South Jersey: John, "Shirley" tattoo on right arm, or one-leg John, get in touch with me (Staten Island). Been trying to find you. Send photo so I know it's you. Dawn, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (72)

Drifter, I loved you then, I love you now, I'll love you always. Susie. (72)

Big Jim Nolan: Please contact Andrea at Box 1165, Lakehurst, N.J. 08733. (72)

March 26, happy 25th birthday, Ricky! All my love forever and a day. Your ol' lady, Jo. (72)

Mr. Zippers: Happy 27th birthday 5/12/79. Let's always fly beyond the horizon. My heart, my love always. Bozo's mother. (72)

Looking for a righteous ol' man or house mouse? Dixie Scooter Dating specializes in matching up bikers with ol' ladies. Send a buck for application forms. Dixie Scooter Dating, P.O. Box 6463, Tallahassee, Fla. 32301. You'll be glad ya did. Prisoners free. (72)

Rigid Knives, the toughest, longest-lasting and best-looking knives made, are now available to you at prices you won't believe. Some over 25% off suggested retail! Whether it's the smooth, safe operating action of Rigid's unique folding mechanism; or the strength, utility, and beauty of a full-sized skinning or hunting knife, you'll find what you need in a Rigid. Each Rigid Knife carries a lifetime warranty, and knife kits, sheaths, honing kits, and oil are also available at discount prices. Supplies are limited and you won't find these prices anywhere else, so don't delay. Include sase. Write to Gypsy, P.O. Box 16, Ventura, Calif. 93001. (80)

Yo! Pagans president, Satan 1%, 13, in prison and wants rap and photo with righteous biker chicks. Four other righteous Pagans will help answer righteous letters. Write to John "Satan" Marron #111894, Powhatan Correctional Center, State Farm, Va. 23160. (72)

New replacement Triumph parts. Coffman Cycle, Rt. 1, Box 52, Spottsville, Ky. 42458. Come visit our 2nd annual motorcycle swap meet April 14, 1979. (502) 827-4246. (72)

Looking for three or four good rock'n roll/blues biker musicians for first-class band. Must have good equipment. Must have desire to develop permanent working band. Write to Gypsy, P.O. Box 16, Ventura, Calif. 93001. (72)

The Convict's Homebrew Recipe Book. Several easy recipes. \$4.95 to Wood Publishing, P.O. Box 32782, Okla City, Okla. 73123. (72)

To Bobby D: Happy 26th birthday. May you have many more. Ride free. Love, Mom, Pop, Misty, Harold. (72)

Lonnie: Love to hold you; wish I could tell you in words. Sharon. (72)

Attractive lady, 7/14/41, would like to meet together man, 40ish, sincere, mellow, intelligent. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 each. Order with two friends and pay for only two IDs (\$14). Bonus 3 blank IDs free with each guaranteed ID ordered. No-bull guarantee. Jeni Chevron, Box 1033, E269, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (72)

Mouse: I love you. Loser. (72)

Guaranteed state photo identification card. Full color Polaroid process—the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush \$7 each. Order with two friends and pay for only two IDs (\$14). Bonus 3 blank IDs free with each guaranteed ID ordered. No-bull guarantee. Jeni Chevron, Box 1033, E269, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (72)

Steve "The Greek" Kritikakos, a right-on friend to all of us. You'll be in our hearts and on our minds always. The gang. 12/7/78. (72)

Mike Brown: I want that '45 more than you can imagine! We've been in love for years. Yer bro, West. (72)

Lonely dude looking for companionship, white, 25, been down 6 years. Ladies 18-35. Write to Charles Tolbert 8035718, P.O. Box 221, 68-117, Raiford, Fla. 32083. (72)

Mike: Happy 20th birthday! We two are now one. Finally together forever. I love you. Buns. (72)

S. L. Becker: Happy 28th. Someday, baby! I love you and always will. L.S.B., S.L.B. Jr., and L.S.B. (72)

Chip: If you are free and forgiving, please write. I need you. Sure do. Brownies, 61-457 Kam Hwy, Haleiwa, Hawaii 96712. (72)

Bill (Werg): Happy birthday. So glad you're home. I'll love you forever. M.K. (72)

Bren: A little late, but it comes 3000 miles. Happy birthday! Ride on forever. Dee. (72)

Female rider wanted: For Harley 80, Mid-June, Jersey to Denver. Mid-July, Denver to Albuquerque. Share expenses and sleeping bag. Write Bill, PSC Box 3826, APO N.Y. 09009. Expect delay or send phone no. and I'll call collect from Germany. (72)

Happy birthday, Valerie, 3/26/79. I knew you were the one. Love ya, Big Timber. (72)

"I Fall Down" button. 4-inch diameter, red lettering with black outline on silver-grey background. Ya gotta know somebody who needs it. Button \$3, iron-on transfer \$2. Aggressive Items, P.O. Box 33112, Coon Rapids, Minn. 55433. (72)

Slim, natural woman wanted by Italian biker with destiny in own hands. Gotta be able to flow. Vince, Chicago, 327-5269. (72)

Help! Need someone in vicinity of Boynton, Va., to deliver T-shirt to locked-up bro. Contact Mark, 2028 Chestnut Blvd., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44223. (216) 688-2895. (72G)

Looking for a woman who would love to drive a semi with nice-looking guy of 30. In prison, will be out in 7 months. William Ross Minnich #030323, Bed 147-H-D, P.O. Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663. (72G)

Mellow man, 33, released in November. Wants mellow lady to love, and a place to make my jewelry. Write and send pictures to Jerry Boyd 8-86969, P.O. Box A-E 8370, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409. (72)

Robert Road Hog: Happy 21st, big little brother. Hope I get to see at least another 100 of your birthdays. Your big little brother Hawk-eye. (72)

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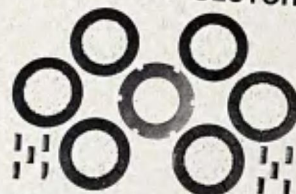
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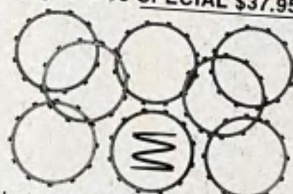
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The Ol' Lady Photo Contest

Sue Ray



Dee Million



Weasy



Check 'em out—this month's batch of sweeties in **Easysiders** Second Annual Ol' Lady Contest. Again this year, the entrants will be competing for a grand prize of one thousand bucks and 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 **Easysiders** 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 **Easysiders**. 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 May 30. We'll print the winner in the September issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #72 Ol' Lady Contest. **Easysiders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Ginger Short



Debbie Altizer



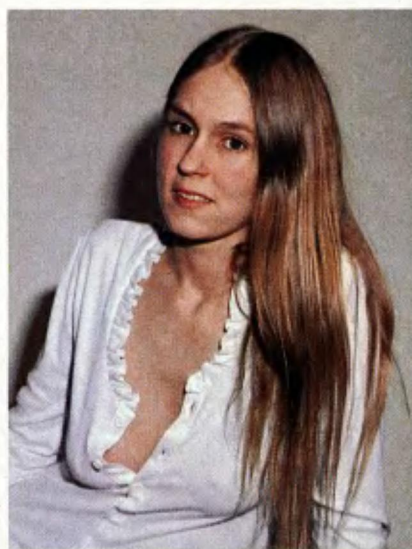
Elizabeth Ann Almquist



Sue Martin



Jeni K.



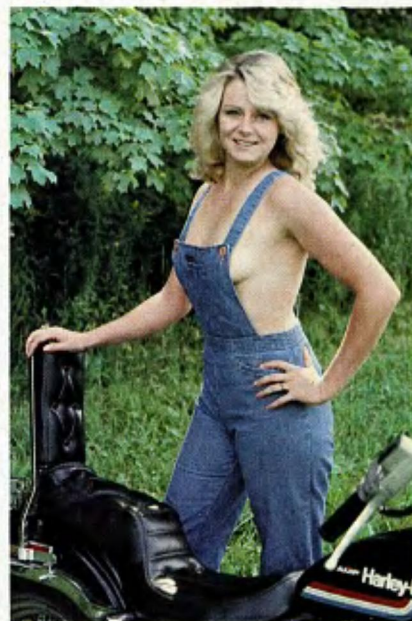
Joyce Giannakis



Brenda Wilson



Here she is, folks — Yavaun, the first winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Lou Ann, Karen Burkhardt, and Suzanne Benoit.



Connie Kaufman



Celia Rangel



Crystal T

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M-7 "Run Heat"



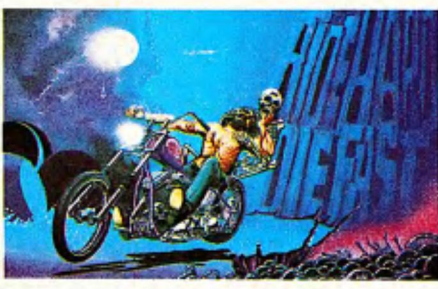
M-1 "In The Wind On Friday Night"



M-2 "Freedom of the Road"



M-6 "Apehanger Days"



M-5 "Ride Hard Die Fast"



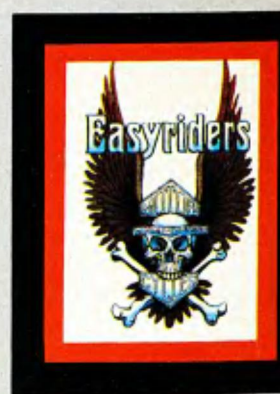
M-13 "Won't Start"



M-12 "Country Style"



M-8
"Comin' at Ya"



M-11 "Easyriders Forever"

ALL NIGHT DINER

—Continued from page 85

before. That machine and rider were nothing short of beautiful.

As he passed, the rider turned his shaggy head and for just a moment, a split instant that changed my life and gave it the purpose and drive it's had ever since, his eyes met mine. They bored into mine and I sensed far distances in his eyes. They had seen things I couldn't imagine.

I forced my mind back to the present. "You've got a customer," I said mildly to the fat counterman.

For a few seconds the man didn't move. He just sat there killing me with his stare. Then he remembered his cigar was too short to hide behind and pushed himself to his feet. Coming up the counter, he took a pot off a warming burner behind the grill and poured hot water into a styrofoam cup. He dumped in a spoonful of dark powder and stirred it carelessly before setting the cup in front of the boy.

"Fifteen cents," he rasped.

The kid obediently laid a dime and five pennies on the counter. The counterman reached for the money almost before the kid turned it loose, and in jerking his hand back to keep from touching the man the kid knocked one of the coins to the floor. It bounced and rolled toward the jukebox in one corner of the small diner.

"Well, don't just stand there! Go get it!" the counterman barked.

Without a word, the kid crossed the floor and knelt in front of the jukebox, reaching underneath and feeling around until he retrieved the penny. He returned it to the counter, picked up his chocolate, and went outside. The counterman returned to his tittie book and I fired up another cigarette.

When I looked out the window again the rain had finally stopped. The weather hadn't been bad enough to keep me from getting back on the road come daylight anyway, but still I was glad to see the end of it. As the sky lightened, I looked forward to the early sun burning the road surface dry, the air washed clean, and the highway stretching out ahead.

The kid was still outside. I'd watched him fill his canvas newspaper bag while sipping the hot chocolate. It was time for him to start on his route. But he



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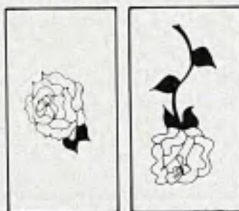
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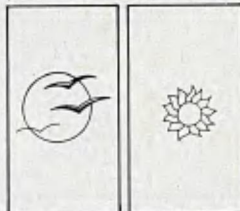
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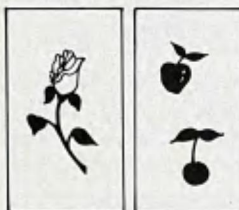
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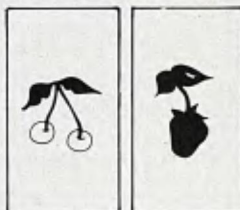
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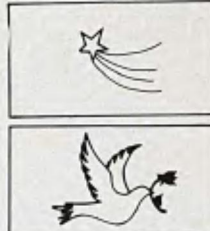
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PACKAGE NUMBER 5



PACKAGE NUMBER 6



Removable Tattoos

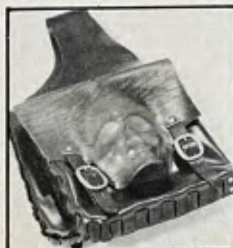
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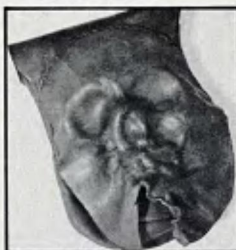


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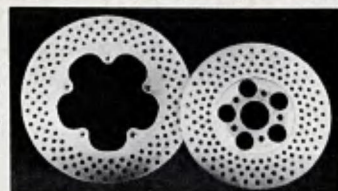
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AGE AND HANDLING.**

lingered at the diner and I figured I knew what was holding him.

I stood and stretched, one hand rubbing the small of my back, the other digging into my pocket for change. The counterman looked up when I jingled the coins, got to his feet with a sour expression, and reached for the coffeepot again.

"Make it hot chocolate," I said.
"To go."

He looked surprised, then brightened when he reasoned it out that I must be leaving. When he set the cup down, I turned my hand over, dropping the coins on the counter where they bounced and rolled. One of them made a wobbly circle and fell off onto the floor.

"Fi-fifteen cents," he said automatically, not fully understanding what was happening.

"Aren't you gonna tell me to pick it up?" I asked quietly. When he failed to reply, just standing there with the soggy cigar dangling from one side of his half-open mouth, I picked up the cup and turned away. The boy, I saw, was watching us through the window. His mouth was open too.

At the door, I stopped and looked back at the counterman. I recalled that the kid hadn't had to order his drink specifically, which meant he must put up with this bullshit every morning. I smiled. Well, you might call it a smile—my teeth showed beneath my drooping moustache. "I might come back again," I said.

Outside, I handed the chocolate to the boy. "Here. If we run into each other again it'll be your turn to buy." I walked to the corner of the building where I had parked my sled and dug a cloth from the end of my bedroll. While I wiped away the moisture, I turned the handlebars so I could see the kid in the mirror. He was staring with wide eyes, a hundred questions in each one but too busy looking to think of asking any of them. I knew exactly how he felt. I still have a kid's awed reaction to motorcycles myself.

When I threw my leg across the bike and kicked the big engine over, he moved a few steps closer, the forgotten chocolate spilling unnoticed on his slicker. I turned my head and looked at

him. For a moment our eyes met and then I was out on the street and gone, wheels turning with the feeling and the rhythm of my life. Momentarily, I wished the pavement was dry—I would've liked to do a wheelstand for him. Not that he needed one.

Riding away down the rainslick street and feeling the boy's gaze on my departing back, I was reminded again of that first biker I ever saw. I've thought about that dude often over the years, and the way I describe him whenever I tell the story is as a guy whose fate I never learned. You know the kind—he comes out of nowhere and he's around for a while and then one day you notice his sled isn't parked out front and you don't see him in the usual joints anymore. When you get to thinking back, you remember you haven't seen him for a few days and if you ask around you learn that nobody else seems to know where he disappeared to either.

And you always wonder what ever happened to him.

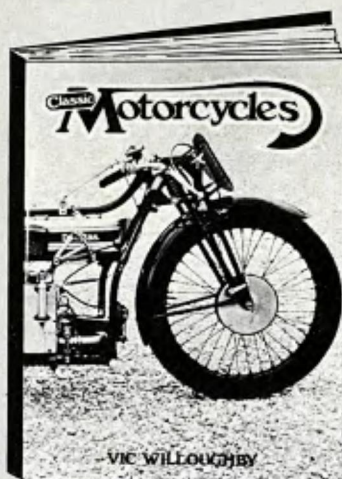
That kind of man, like that old gypsy flying colors way back when I was a pup—well, I like to think he's still out there somewhere, jammin' on down the years. A man like that, he keeps to himself, mostly, though once in a while his path might cross the trail of another member of his hardbitten breed and then maybe he'll ride tandem for a time. But usually he rides alone. Even when you don't see him, somehow you know he's out there, shaggy hair flying in the wind and everything he cares to own strapped behind the saddle. He's a gutty roar faint in the distance, a shadow passing in the dawn. He's a long rider, and there's no mistaking him when your eyes meet his.

Sometimes you think a dude like that might just go on forever. And I hope he does.

Wave when he passes through. ■



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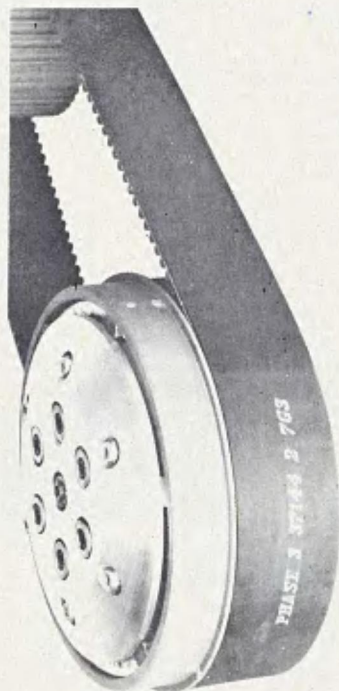
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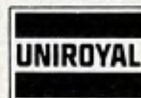


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Debt

—Continued from page 29

amputations, determined to get a ride or to be put out of his misery.

He waved his arms in weak, frantic circles — and collapsed.

His throat was cool, his skin was cool, and his head lay against something soft. He blinked open his eyes and looked at white ceiling. He tried to open his mouth, but it felt like a gash that had been inexpertly sewn together with bailing wire.

"You're all right," a voice said, and Rags turned his head. He was in a bed, and sitting in a chair pulled up to the bed, smoking a cigarette, was the girl who'd been driving the station wagon. More of a woman, really. She smiled. Her hair was waist length, golden and thick. Her eyes were big, brown buttons, and her lips did more for his constitution than all the bowls of soup and hot bandages in the world could have.

Rags just blinked his eyes, not quite believing.

"Thought you'd never come to," she said. "Name's Marilyn."

Weakly, Rags reached out and touched her blue-jeaned leg, patted it with gratitude. It took everything he had to say, "Water."

"You drank earlier when you were half-conscious," she said. She lifted a glass of water from the floor. There was a straw in it. "Sip. Don't gulp — and not too much."

Rags sipped. The girl held his head up with her arm. She smelled of flowers.

Three days later, he left Marilyn. He had been fed, nursed, fucked, and was ready now. He had a debt to pay and a place to go back to: Marilyn's. And best of all, he intended to ride back on his



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bike, the one Lucky's fat ass was sitting on these days. Just the thought of it chewed his guts.

Marilyn had fixed him up with some bread and had driven him to the outskirts of town. She didn't know what he had planned — she hadn't asked. But she didn't think Rags had been out in the desert to acquire a tan.

When she let him out he told her, "Go home, Marilyn. Don't worry none. Just go home. I'll be there. Soon."

She didn't ask questions. Wheeling the car, she headed back home. She hadn't noticed that Rags had taken a butcher knife from the kitchen, and by the time she missed it it would be too late. And when she knew, for some awful reason she'd worry.

Three days she'd known him, but he was unlike any man she had ever met. Two full days in the desert without food and water and he had lived. And in less than a day after she had picked him up it was all she could do to keep him out of her pants. And after the first time she didn't want to. It wasn't his looks, that was for sure. His face looked as if it had caught on fire and someone had put it out with a tire iron. No, the attraction was something else. Determination maybe. Balls. Yeah, that was it: balls. Steel balls.

It was night when Rags finally made his way into town by way of foot and thumb. He went to the bar where he'd met Velma and checked the outside. He was in luck. Two familiar bikes sat there — two of the seven that had roared away from him that day in the desert. He loosened the butcher knife in his belt, pulled the denim jacket Marilyn had bought him around it, and went inside.

It was just dark enough inside so that the two cocksuckers didn't notice him. They sat in a rear booth guzzling beer, swapping shit. Rags didn't see any of their bros in the place, just a bunch of drunks who thought they belonged to a tough honky-tonk crowd. That would make it a bit easier, especially since he was the last person those two jerks would be expecting.

He walked directly over to them, grabbed a longneck from the table, and smashed the one on the right side of the booth across the teeth. Blood, glass, and molars showered the booth as the fucker's head slammed back against the seat. He slid down the vinyl to the floor beneath the table, slowly disappearing from sight. He lay there and didn't move.

His bro moved to get up, but Rags slammed a right cross on his jaw and pinned him to the wall, both hands clutched in the startled dude's jacket.

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"Where is he, asshole?" Rags growled. "Where's Lucky?"

Behind him, Rags heard a commotion and knew someone was calling The Man. He continued with his inquiries. He bounced his victim's head off the wall till the dude's eyes rolled.

"Where is he, I said, and do believe I'm in a hurry, man."

"Ol' lady's house."

"Wouldn't be the one I packed, the one that looks like hamburger, now would it?"

"Naw. That chick's growin' flowers in a cow pasture, man."

Rags slammed the punk's head against the wall again. "Listen tight, man. I ain't got time for no Gettysburg Address. It ain't you or your shitbreath bros I want — and don't ask my why not, 'cause I just might start wonderin'. I want Lucky. I want him tonight. I want him now!"

Rags let go of the jacket with one hand, jerked the butcher knife out, and pushed it against the dude's throat till a red stream began to trickle.

"It's his new chick's house, 26 West Lynn, man. That's where. I swear."

"Now give me your bike keys, shithead." Rags pushed the butcher knife into the dude's neck a bit more.

"Okay, man, okay. Jesus! Just take it easy." He dug in his pocket and gave Rags the keys.

"Sweet of you."

Rags eased the butcher knife back into his belt, then suddenly slammed the dude with all his might, smashing his nose. Something wild took over and he began to slam knuckle into the fucker. Right. Left. It went on till the dude was unconscious and someone was grabbing Rags from behind.

It was a customer making like a hero.

Rags stomped down hard on the hero's instep, swinging around and planting an elbow in his side. The guy went down like a bag of cement.

A few more tried half-heartedly to stop him, but Rags plowed them with a few quick lefts and rights before pulling the knife and backing them away. He eased his way outside, got out the key, and cranked the putt.

He roared off with a siren whining in the distance.

If they could get those two creeps awake long enough, Rags knew, they might get the cops on him, but he doubted it. Those guys took care of their own, and besides, if they got to talking to the cops too much, there was the little thing of a lady in a cow pasture somewhere. Rags didn't think they'd want that brought up.

He stopped at a gas station, bought some cigarettes, and walked casually over to look at the map mounted on the wall. He didn't want to ask directions,

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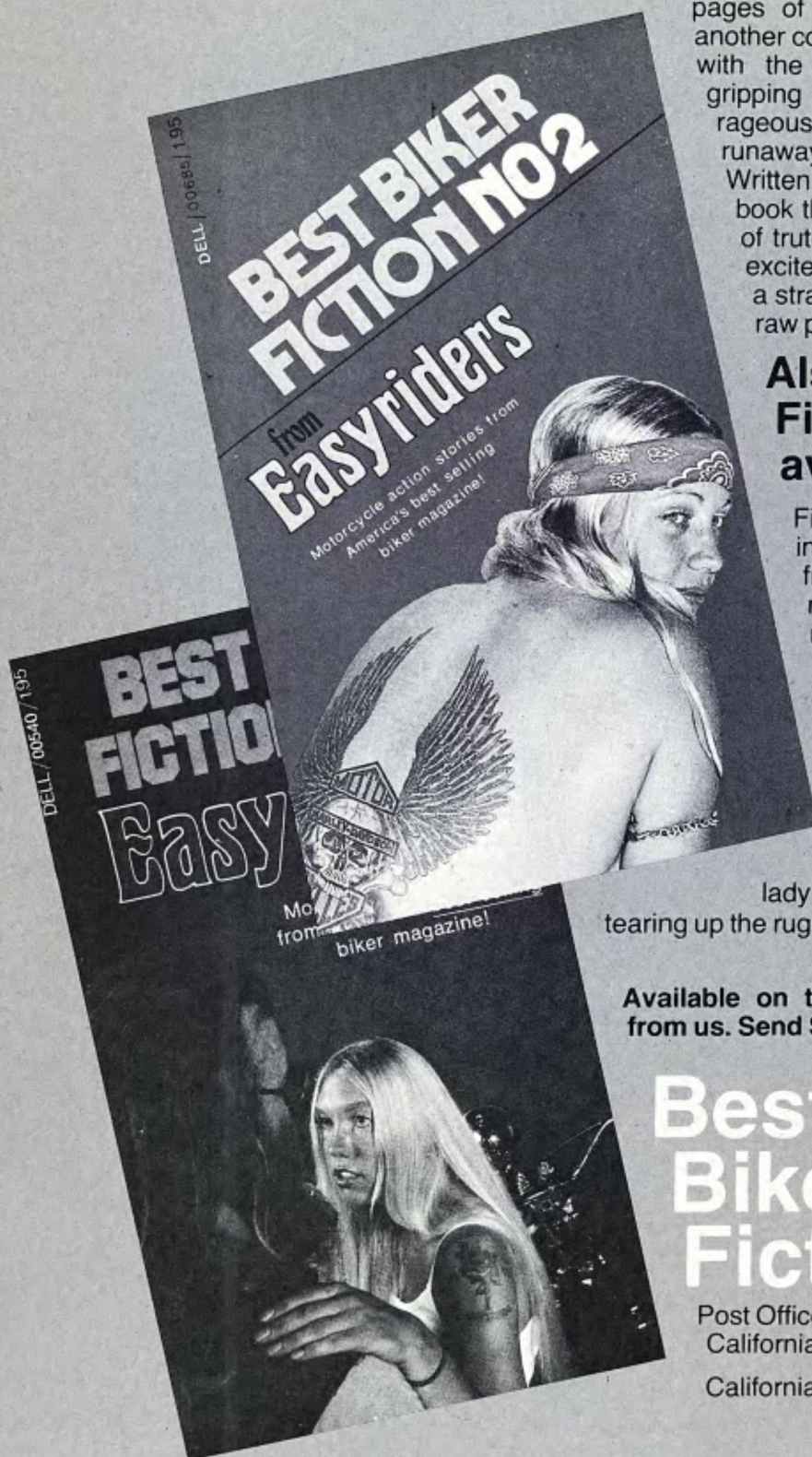
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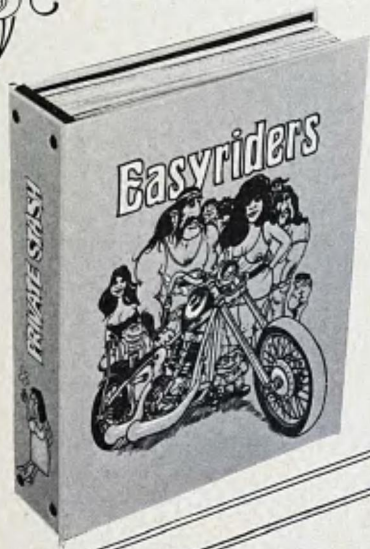
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just in case the guy might remember the street number. No use taking chances. With a bit of eye strain, he located the address and got out of there.

He parked two blocks away and walked to number 26. Clinging to the shadows cast by the tree in the front yard, he moved around the corner of the house.

Swank, he thought. How'd Lucky pull a chick with bread like this? Then again, he did have Velma, and Velma had had looks to spare. No figuring women.

Rags went tight against the house, walking on his toes. He found what, from the layout of the house, was most certainly the living room window. Taking the butcher knife from his belt, he slipped it gently under the window and patiently began to work at lifting it.

Lucky's new chick was giving him a blow job. Her head was bobbling like a cork in rippled water. Lucky was groaning.

And then he heard the sound. A sudden snap. It sounded as if it had come from the living room.

Softly he said, "Hold it, honey."

She lifted her wet mouth. "Huh?"

"Shhhhh. Quiet. Thought I heard something."

He pushed her away, rolled out of bed, pulled on his pants, and took the .38 S & W revolver out from beneath his jacket. "Stay here," he said. On soft, padding bare feet, he left the bedroom and started down the hallway that connected with the other rooms in the house. In the hallway he heard another sound—the sound of someone coming through the window, trying to be silent but not quite succeeding.

He pulled back the hammer on the .38.

The moment he stepped from the hall into the living room he saw what he knew to be a person, but the shadows prevented him from identifying the features. He saw the figure's arm jerk up, the hand holding something.

Lucky fired.

The blast boomed in the confines of the room, and an instant after Lucky had pulled the trigger he felt a jerking pain in his shoulder that sent him back against the wall with a shout. His feet went out



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from under him and he fell. Instinctively, his left hand shot up to cover the pain and came to rest on a butcher knife.

"Oh, Jesus!" he moaned. He pushed himself up on one elbow for another shot.

The bullet had missed Rags by a hair and plowed into the wall next to the window frame at elbow height. It scattered splinters into his left forearm and shoulder.

As soon as the knife had left his hand, he had ducked down. When he saw Lucky topple, he went for him. Almost on all fours, he ran across the room, and even as Lucky raised the revolver, they clashed. As Rags blocked Lucky's arm, the revolver fired, the stray shot scattering plaster from the ceiling, raining it down on them.

Even with the butcher knife in his shoulder, Lucky was still a bear. He pushed up with his bulky legs and leaned his back against the wall. Rags hung to him like a dog tick.

He managed to bend back one of Lucky's fingers till it broke, forcing him to drop the .38. Then, sideswiping it with his foot, Rags sent it skidding under the couch.

Three inches of blade or not, Lucky grunted and slammed a knee into Rags's groin.

Rags bent, and got a hammer fist in the back of his neck for the move, followed by a knee in the mouth.

For a moment — a long, painful moment — the world seemed to bob on a string.

Curling his knees, Rags lunged forward, jamming his head into Lucky's gut and slamming him against the wall. The blood from Lucky's wound was flowing heavily, covering his chest, splattering the two fighters.

Rags grabbed Lucky by the throat. The two men were now face to face. "Rags!" Lucky groaned.

"Damn straight, and from now on your name's shitoutaluck."

Lucky tried to knee Rags again, but Rags slammed him with an elbow, grabbed at the protruding butcher knife and bore down against it with all his weight. Lucky's scream rocked the house, and in the next moment he lay on the floor dying.

Panting, Rags looked down and said softly, "Paid in full."

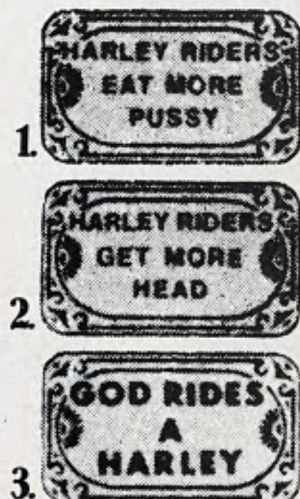
Lucky's chick, standing at the other end of the hallway, was screaming wildly.

Rags got the key he wanted from Lucky's pocket, went past the hysterical chick and out to the garage. He lifted the door, and there in the moonlight sat his putt.

He mounted and fired it up, listening to the roar for a moment. Then he rode off into the night and didn't look back. ■

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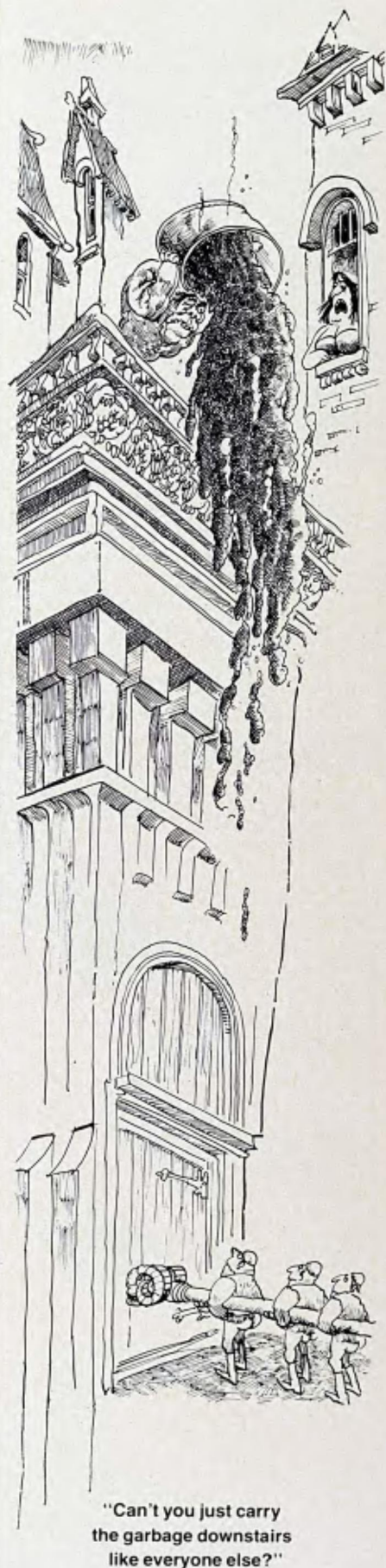
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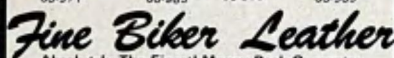
		
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Fine Biker Jewellery



—Continued from page 50

Drake was tired. He had wanted to stop at the last bar, but his willpower had arm-wrestled his desire for rest and refreshment and had come out champ. There would be no fair contest at the sight of the next tavern. Desire for a cool place to sit and a cold beer to soothe a parched esophagus would kick ass on any three willpowers and their big brothers.

Besides, the pain in the small of his back was knocking on the door of his consciousness. Drake glanced down at the the speedometer, nestled in between the gleaming black fatbobs, sitting in its chromed throne. Seventy-five. Cruising speed for his knuckle. 1947 Harley-Davidson Knucklehead, an old bike, he thought. An old bike for an old fuckin' man. Drake was 14 years older than his bike. But the bike had been rebuilt.

The pain in Drake's back had given up on knocking; it kicked the door down and walked right in. He straightened his spine, trying to pull a quick fake on the pain. Goddam funny, in a completely non-funny sort of way, how anymore, the pain started creeping in sooner and sooner. Shit, time was when he could ride for

Drake laughed out loud.

"Time was!" he yelled at the wind. "I got your 'time was'."

Yeah, time was when AMF made bowling balls and gas was a quarter a gallon.

Drake rode and felt the wind slap his hair around. It was trying to separate his dull-black hair—accented with occasional white streaks—and show the cloudless sky that he was starting to get a small bald spot on the back of his head. Shame him in front of the cosmos.



"Me and Prince had him cornered in an alley, Sarge. Then he sent out his partner — a sexy little French poodle in heat!"

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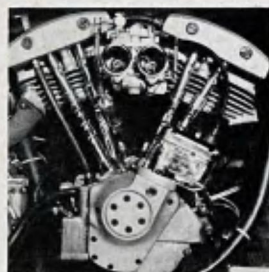
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Drake was trying his damndest to keep some kind of sense of humor about him when, like the magic mushroom, a small stucco building made its welcome appearance on the horizon.

When the building grew a little, Drake eased off on the throttle. It was a bar! Maybe God wasn't dead. There was no name on the building—just a large neon sign that promised beer. In the harsh, white sunlight the neon looked strangely impotent. Drake reached behind him, and the heavy chrome ball that kept his jockey shift company gave his left palm warm reassurance.

Pulling off the road and onto a dirt parking lot, he saw another bike baking in the sunlight next to the bar. A new Superglide. Drake got off, resisting the temptation to stretch. He looked at the other Harley.

"Shit," he sniffed the wind, "place can't be all bad." He looked back at his bike, and gently patted the slightly stretched chrome springer—much like an old saddle tramp might have patted a horse that's been to hell and back with him. Drake studied the building, and although it had a large window with no shades drawn, he couldn't see inside. The brightness of the day and the tint on the window permitted Drake to watch an old Hamms moving scenery display. There was a good-natured, goofy-looking bear that reminded Drake of a long lost bro of his.

Running a large, scarred hand over his face—and surprising himself once again with proof that there really was no beard there anymore—Drake walked into the blackness of this man-made oasis.

The inside of the bar was cooler but not cold. Air conditioning on its last leg. But if dark were cold, the place would have had penguins ice skating. And it was the darkness, not the coolness, that made Drake shrug his shoulders in an involuntary shiver. He took off his glasses but it didn't help much. These days, it seemed, his eyes took longer to adjust.

Apparently the mechanism that worked his pupils still functioned, if slowly. Drake was finally able to make out an empty barroom. An obscure shadow moved behind the bar.



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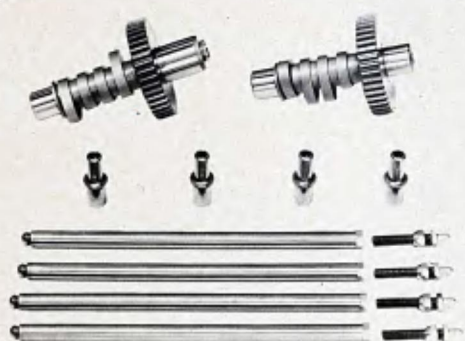
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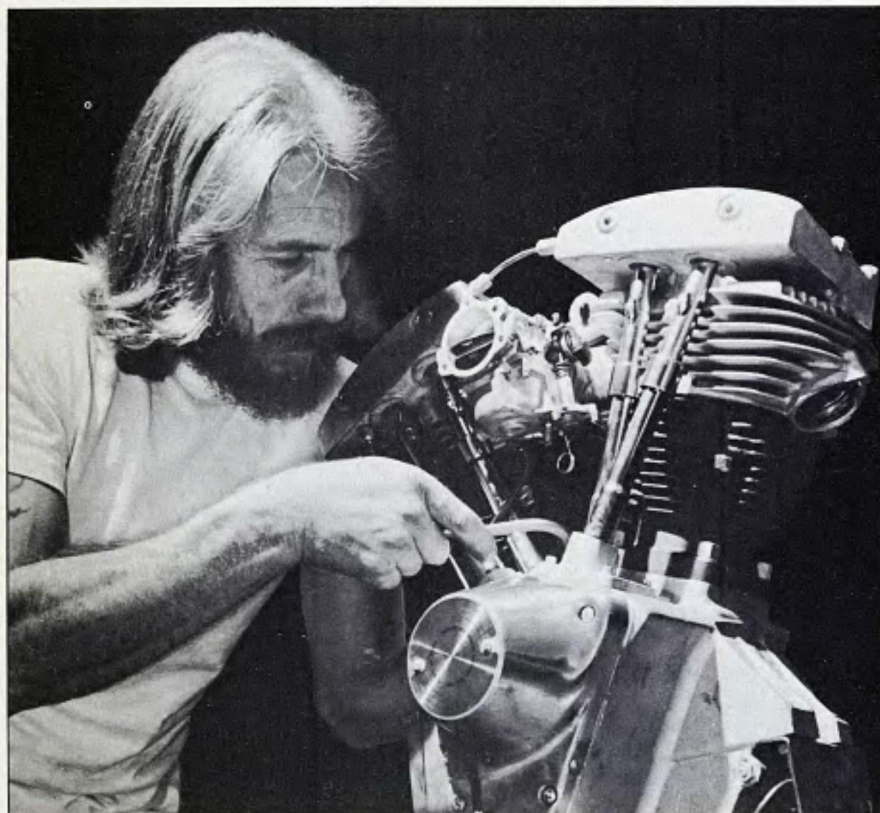
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"How ya doin'?" a voice asked from behind the bar.

"Stayin' alive," Drake answered the shadow that materialized into a bartender as he approached.

"Cold one?" The bartender was in his early twenties. Long hair. Neat beard.

"Ooohhh, yeah," Drake grunted and looked at his belly. "Better make it a Lite."

"Nice sled you rode up on," Drake was served a side dish of compliment with his beer.

"Thanks. The Super yours?"

The kid (lately anyone under 30 was a kid to Drake) nodded with obvious pride.

"Yeah, I just got it."

Drake picked up the Lite and cradled it in a palm that almost hid the 12-ounce bottle. The air conditioning may not have been the best, but the refrigerator must have been built by Eskimos—the bottle was frosty and wet, and something to climb into. He took a long hit and liked the way the liquid burned his throat with bubbles.

"Can you cash a check here?" Drake put the bottle down. Some foam had hitched a ride on his mustache—a still all-black mustache that would have put a walrus to shame.

The man behind the bar came over and took another look at Drake. He studied the bear-like biker carefully. Took in the etched lines and realized that this man had been around. Not a hardass but hard, definitely a hard dude if need be.

"Depends on what kinda check, you know?"

"Payroll check," Drake laid down a light blue check, "of sorts."

The bartender picked up the check and examined it.

"You work for them?" He sounded surprised and maybe a touch impressed.

"Free-lance," Drake was long past impressed. "I write for different bike rags."

The kid looked at the check again.

—Continued on page 111



"No, as a matter of fact, I've never done it two hundred thirty-seven times in one night before."



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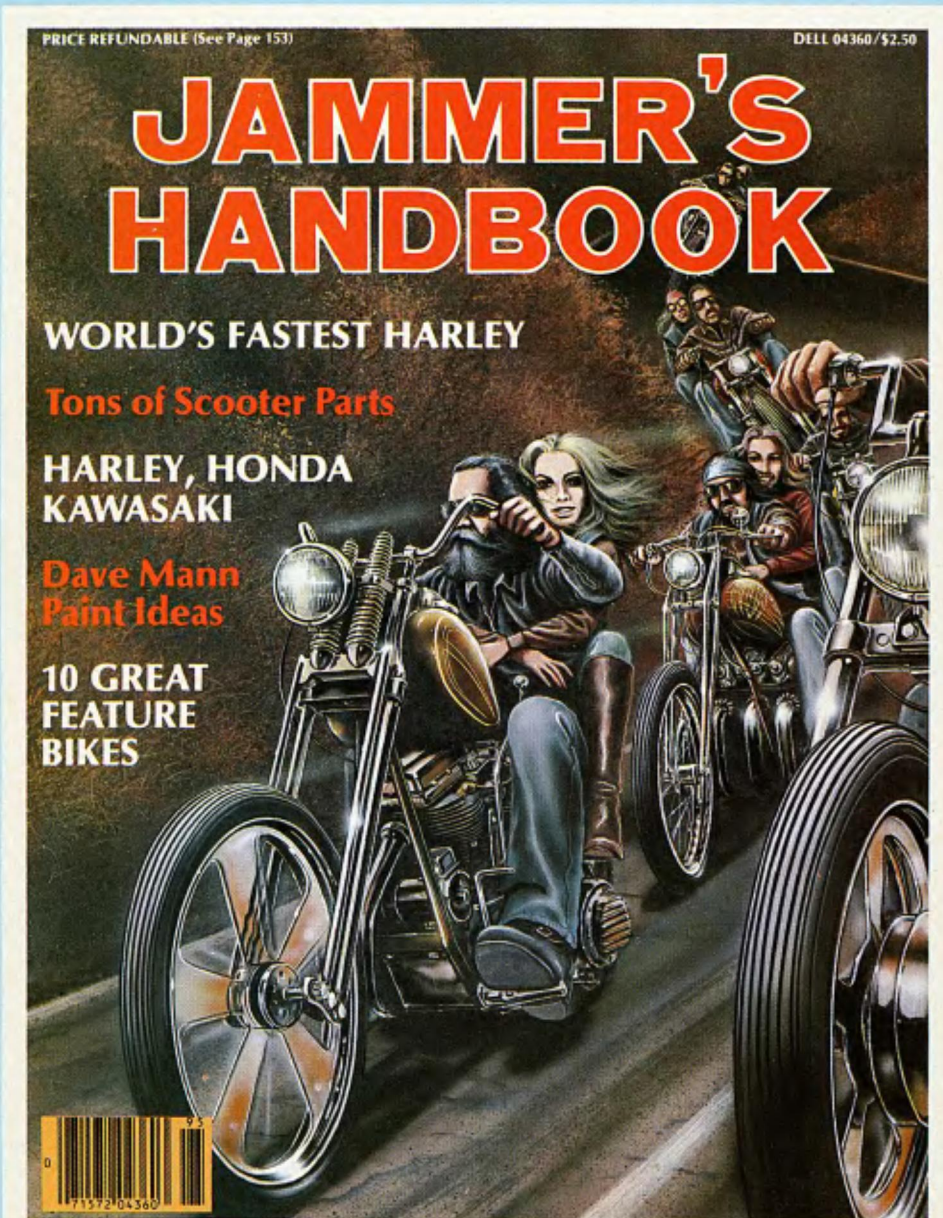
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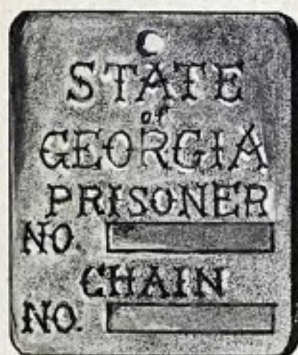
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—Continued from page 108

"Yeah," he nodded slowly. "I've read some of your stuff," he hesitated. "You know, I ain't saying this 'cause you're here, but I like what you've got to say. I mean you don't trip down on bikers like a lotta them assholes do. They try an' dump on the bros on the sly. Think they're pulling something over on us," he paused a little embarrassed. "Anyway, man, I like the shit you write."

The wrinkles around Drake's eyes showed clearer—and these days that passed for a smile. "Thanks," he said, and meant it.

The kid walked over to the cash register and made a swap: one blue piece of paper for \$150 cash.

"I appreciate that," Drake's voice was naturally hoarse.

"They call me Frisco," the kid stretched his hand across the bar. Drake took it, intertwined thumbs, and shook the young biker's hand. As they shook, he noticed a flash of gold in Frisco's left ear.

"You own this bar?"

Frisco smiled, showing perfect, milk-white teeth. "Me and my bros do. Got tired of getting hassled in the other joints. Hell, you know how that goes. Got it for ourselves at first, but now the straights come here too. No shit! We couldn't fuckin' believe it when we actually started makin' bread off the place."

"I hear you."

Drake got another beer and took out a small, battered notebook.

"Gonna write about this place?" Frisco was young enough to let his eagerness show.

A genuine smile broke loose from Drake's face.

"Nahhh. I'm just gonna try and sneak a letter out of a time warp."

Frisco was honest enough to look puzzled. But he was also old, or hip, or wise enough to let the statement stand. And Drake liked him for that.

Drake took a long pull on the bottle and let a slender hand from the past reach inside, past his soul, and squeeze his heart. Two



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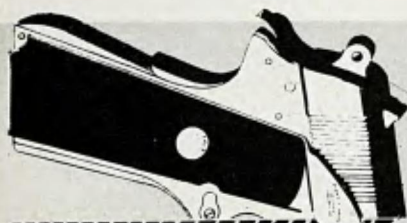
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smaller hands also managed to find their way in. It was gentle pressure, but by comparison it made the pain in the small of his back something you'd hope to get for Christmas.

Drake closed his eyes for a moment. He closed them tighter than necessary, and the moment lasted longer than a moment should last.

With a deep, quiet sigh that threatened to pop a few buttons off of his denim shirt, he took out a ballpoint pen.

Ronnie,

Been a while. A long time ago you told me that someday I'd need somebody's shoulder to cry on. I never thought that it would, but that day has come.

You know, babe, I think I'm losing it—and I gotta tell somebody. Somebody who gives a shit. If I don't, I'm gonna bust wide open and spill lost dreams on someone's clean carpet.

I hear you've got it pretty much together. I guess those psychology courses you were always taking payed off after all.

You know, Ronnie, somewhere down the line—I'm not sure how many miles or bars or stories ago—I woke up one morning and I was old. And very, very tired. And I can see your soft, brown eyes turning moist and gently smiling, while you shake your head and whisper, "no." But, Jesus Christ, I'm going to be 45-years old on my next birthday. I'm getting a bald spot and my gut's starting to hang. My beard had so much goddam white in it that some little kid in Arizona called me Santa. I shaved the mother off that night. Vain old son of a bitch, right?

You're lucky you've got 12 years on me. But I guess 33 and two kids ain't no picnic either.

Got into a hassle last month. Don't roll your eyes in exasperation, I'm not too proud of it, either. Especially since it was the first



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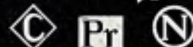
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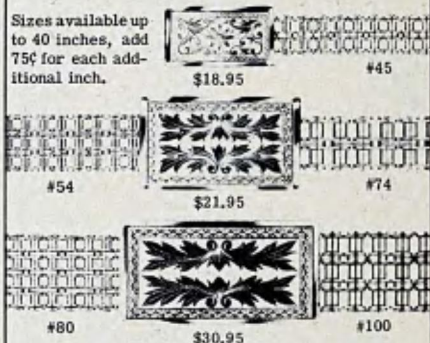


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fight in ten years that I started over something somebody said.

Some snot-nosed kid. Just pledging for his colors—flying high on adrenalin and 'ludes. Starts raggin' on me: "gramps" and "pops" and shit like that. I was riding an attitude and told him to lay low. He wanted to prove something; "Fuck you, old man," he said. Maybe I wanted to prove something too—I put a Coors bottle across his skull.

If I didn't know a lot of the bros from that club, I wouldn't be writing this now. Bottom line is, though, that I would have baptized his hard head no matter what. (How's that for your textbook self-destruction syndrome?)

You remember that book I was gonna write? You remember that week you stayed up nights typing resumes because we decided it was time I got some editorial position on some slick rag? You wanna know what I'm doing? Pick up a bike magazine. That's right, same old shit. And I probably like it.

When did everything start coming apart in the rain? You. Me. The kids. Some things hurt too much to say, so you write them. And some things hurt too much to even write, so you hold them.

I don't have to write you shit like—let's see now, Jason must be . . . and Stephanie must be . . . "Because I know. I know too well. I know that I fucked up, and it's killing me.

But we did have some great years, didn't we?

Drake

Drake folded the letter carefully and stuffed it in his pocket. He reached for a beer and noticed that the bottle was almost full. Three empties stood next to it. That kid—Frisco—was definitely all right.

The bar had filled up some. Mostly bikers. A couple of cowboys with no shit on their boots and a mailman who must have popped wheelies in his government issue truck to finish his route so early.

For just a micro-second of fear-filled



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eternity, Drake could not remember where
he was. It looked like so many places he'd
been in. Like all the other beer stops
in his life.

Frisco came over when he noticed that
Drake wasn't writing anymore.

"Man, you really go under when
you write."

Drake scratched at his missing beard
and nodded.

"C'mon Drake," Frisco was feeling
good, "there's a couple a bros I want
you to meet."

Drake stood up and didn't resist the urge
to stretch. He lumbered over to a table with
four hairy, scruffy bikers. Much like
himself. Only younger.

Frisco made the introductions, men-
tioning that Drake wrote for bike
mags. Drake sat down and accepted a
beer.

The bullshit was flying high, and Drake
felt comfortable with these kids/men/
bikers. They were good people. Before
getting up, he bought a round for the bikers
and asked to bum a stamp and envelope
from Frisco.

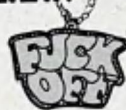
Drake printed Ronnie's address on the
envelope without having to look it up. He
licked the stamp, wondering how come in
all these years of stamp-licking he could
never get used to government glue. A frayed
and faded denim pocket gave up the letter
and the money somebody thought his words
were worth. Four twenties found a new
home—envelope glue was somehow better.
Even if more final. Drake took the letter
he'd written and tore it up into tiny jigsaw
pieces. His pocket reclaimed the orphaned
money and the highway confetti.

Envelope in hand, Drake walked over to
the mailman, who was having a heated



"Scuse Hugo — when he's gotta
go, he goes."

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discussion with Frisco over who should feed the jukebox. By the number of "degenerate-assed bikers" and "dipshit mail sorters" thrown about, it was a good bet that the two had known each other for quite a while. They seemed to be enjoying the hell out of their argument.

During a momentary standoff, Drake put his Sasquach-size hand on the mailman's shoulder and asked him to mail the envelope.

The postman let out an audible sigh of relief, thinking at first that Drake had taken his biker-dumping seriously. This struck Frisco so funny that he conceded the argument. Grabbing a handful of change from the register, he giggled and guffawed all the way to the flashing jukebox.

Drake joined him at the music machine. And Frisco stopped laughing.

"Hey, Frisco, you know why the whale—the biggest goddam mammal in the world—only has a throat this big?" he made a small circle with his fingers.

Frisco shook his head.

"Because, man, that's just the way it is."

Frisco met Drake's washed-out blue eyes. "You're a strange dude, bro."

"No, man, not strange. Old."

"Horseshit," Frisco snorted. And Drake liked him a little more.

He turned toward the bikers he'd been drinking with and raised a six-pound ham—disguised as a fist—shoulder high. Facing Frisco again, he shook the young biker's hand and walked out into the light.

The sun was waiting, and it seared his eyes in friendly greeting. Drake put on his shades and straddled the knuckle-head, wondering when he'd have to start wearing prescriptions.

When the old Harley kicked over, the old biker smiled. It was a very small smile, but it was there just the same. Drake pressed down on the suicide clutch with a scuffed engineer's boot and eased the jockey into first.

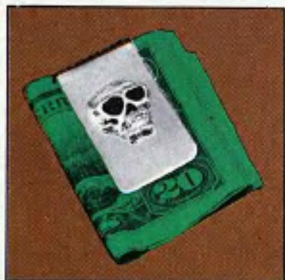
The pain in the small of his back had taken a couple of hours off. And that was good enough. ■



H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

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We're very proud of the fact that when you go Jammer you're dealing with a winner in so many ways. It's taken years of hard work putting it all together, but every minute has been worth it . . . worth it because of all the good people we've had the pleasure of pleasing. Knowing that you're getting the best for your scooter, backed by years of proven experience, assures you that you're runnin' in good company.

Speakin' of winners, the Jammer Streamliner is now the world's fastest Harley. Pick up a copy of the new 1979 Jammer's Handbook (see p. 110) and read all about it. Then head over to one of our stocking authorized dealers (p. 126) and start ridin' with a winner!



The Rear Connections



The Rear Connections

If you're lookin' for an added touch of custom class that makes good sense, let us recommend these Rear Connections. What we've got are unit construction rear sections which feature steel fenders with fitted cobra-style seats, integral taillight assemblies with concealed wiring tubes and optional sissy bars that mate with fender pockets for quick slide-in connection.

The rear connections are available for Harley 74 and Sportster swingarm frames and for rigid frames and hardtails. In addition, all assemblies are guaranteed against defects in materials and workmanship for a period of 1 year from the date of purchase.

For further details on your rear connection, keep on readin'.

A. Early & Late Harley Swingarms Radial Style Assembly

A self-supporting, unit construction, bolt-on rear section. Includes a custom skirted fat bob type rear steel fender and a stylish black one or two piece cobra-style seat. Also features a custom taillight assembly with provision for concealed wiring and protection in the unit's hidden wiring tubes.

Simple four bolt installation makes for a quick connection. The fender design features 12 gauge steel skirting and 16 gauge center area construction, tied together with solid steel cross bracing.

Each seat, either one or two piece has been exclusively designed to fit every fender contour with perfection. Steel spoon construction, top quality naugahyde, custom nylon stitching and pre-threaded mounting holes assure you of the maximum in riding comfort and appearance. Also available are custom chromed round or square sissy bars. These sissy bars are available under separate part number.

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
7802	Harley 74	1-Piece	210.00
7804	Harley 74	2-Piece	210.00
7806	Sportster	1-Piece	210.00
7808	Sportster	2-Piece	210.00

B. Prismic Style Assembly

This rear connection incorporates the same features as the swingarm radial assembly except that the fender style is the prismic type.

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78010	Harley 74	1-Piece	210.00
78012	Harley 74	2-Piece	210.00
78014	Sportster	1-Piece	210.00
78016	Sportster	2-Piece	210.00

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See Page 126



The Rear Connections

A. Rigid Frames & Hardtails

Universal Rigid Assembly

For rigid application this six-inch wide assembly is designed for custom rigid frames and hardtails. The fender is roll-formed from quality 16 gauge Kaiser steel, and the radial design taillight and license plate housing is also of 16 gauge steel fabrication.

Each unit includes the taillight assembly with a concealed steel wiring tube to protect wires going to the taillight, and a choice of a stylish black one or two piece cobra-style seat.

As with all rear connections this rigid assembly comes with steel sissy bar pockets welded in position for quick and simple slide-in connection of our custom chromed round or square sissy bars. These sissy bars are available under separate part number.

Part #	Model	Seat	Price
78019	Universal Rigid	1-Piece	155.00
78020	Universal Rigid	2-Piece	155.00

Sissy Bars

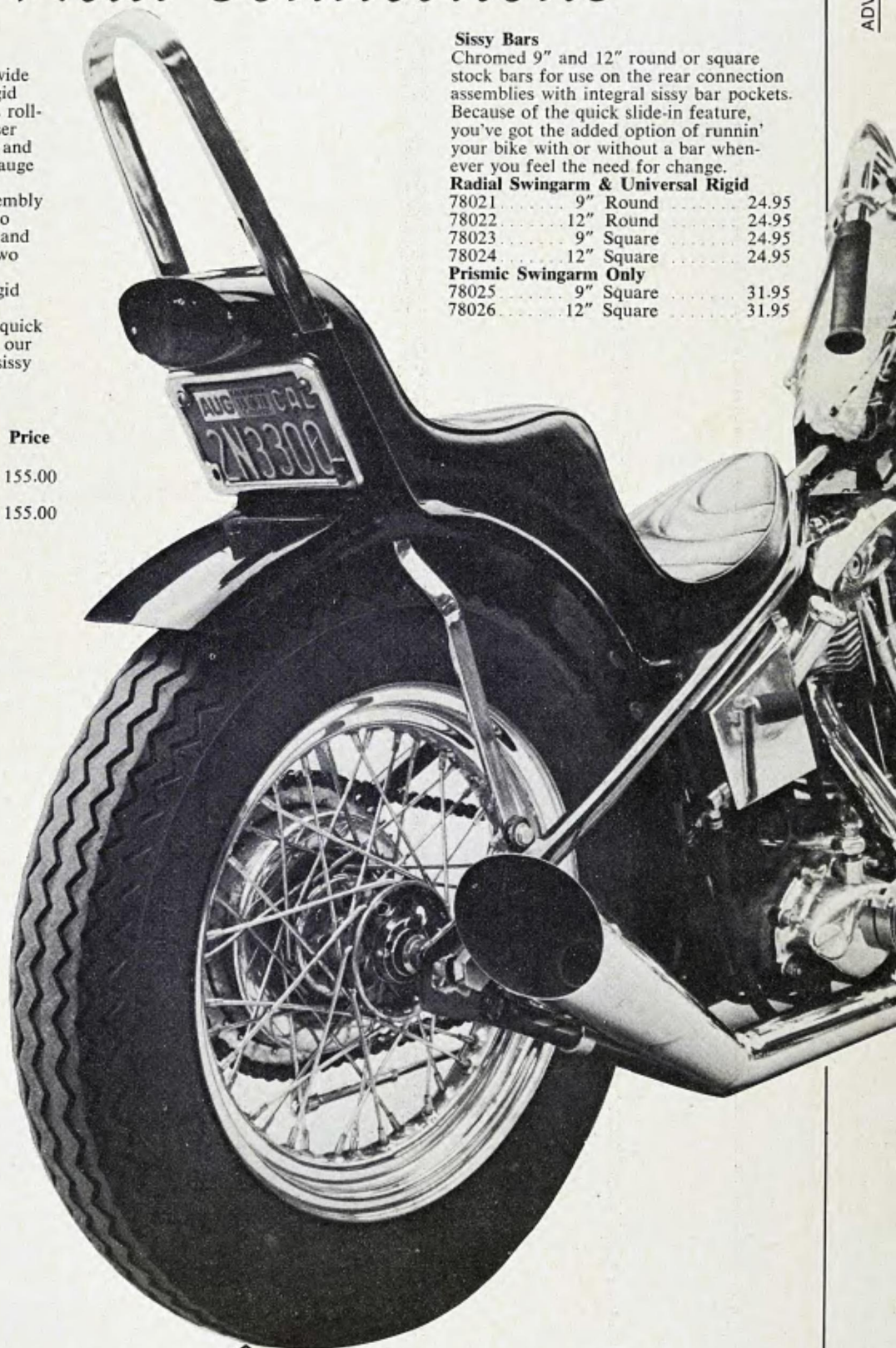
Chromed 9" and 12" round or square stock bars for use on the rear connection assemblies with integral sissy bar pockets. Because of the quick slide-in feature, you've got the added option of runnin' your bike with or without a bar whenever you feel the need for change.

Radial Swingarm & Universal Rigid

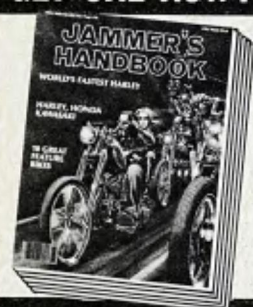
78021	9" Round	24.95
78022	12" Round	24.95
78023	9" Square	24.95
78024	12" Square	24.95

Prismic Swingarm Only

78025	9" Square	31.95
78026	12" Square	31.95



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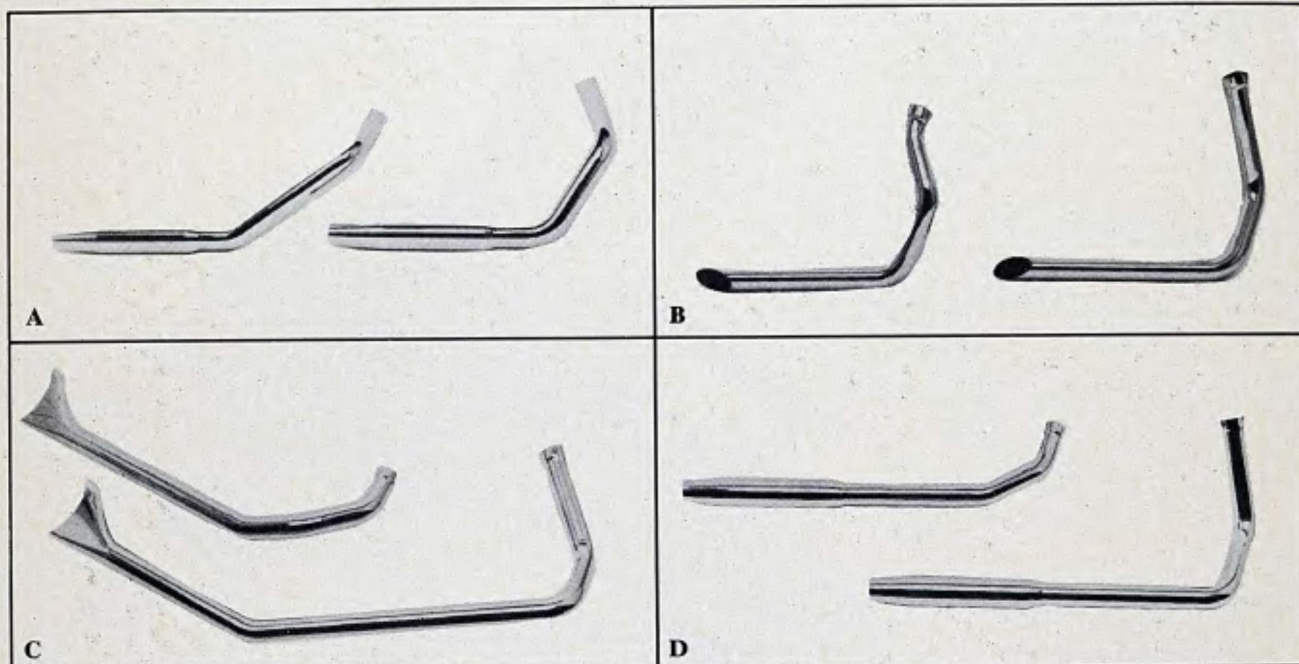
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2" Harley Pipes



Santee, long known for their quality and trend-setting exhaust systems, has developed what we feel is a great representation of contemporary custom pipes. From drag pipes to fishtails and shotguns, any custom creation can come alive with new style, sound and performance. Manufactured and triple nickel chrome plated by meticulous craftsmen, Santee pipes are backed by a reputation that has successfully kept exhaust systems in tune with the demands of all riders.



A. Muffled Drag Pipes

Sleek tapered 2" drag pipes with Sportster-type baffled mufflers. Designed to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm, or velvet ride frame. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

151043. Panhead, All Years	87.35
151044. Shovelhead, 1966-1969	87.35
151045. Shovelhead, 1970-1979 (Except FLH w/Stock Batt.)	87.35
151046. Sportster, All Years (Only Swingarm Frame)	87.35

B. Drag Pipes

Clean looking 2" drag pipes custom crafted to fit all models listed below in a rigid, swingarm or velvet ride frame. If baffles are used, our #147018 are ideal.

147013. Panhead, All Years	38.20
147014. Sportster, All Years	38.20
147015. Shovelhead, 1966-1969	38.20
147016. Shovelhead, 1972-1979 (Except FLH w/Stock Batt.)	38.20

C. Fishtails

Superb classic looking 2" fishtails. Constructed with built-in steel baffles. Easily installed on all models listed below in a rigid frame only. Keep in mind that on 1970-1979 Shovelheads with a cone motor the front head pipe will route outside the frame.

150031. Shovelhead, All Years	87.35
150032. Panhead, All Years	87.35
150033. Knucklehead, All Years	87.35

D. Shotguns

Ever-popular 2" shotgun pipes that add that extra dimension to those models listed below in a rigid frame only. All bracketing and mounting hardware included with these pipes.

150020. Shovelhead, 1970-1979	83.15
150021. Shovelhead, 1966-1969	83.15
150022. Panhead, All Years	83.15
150023. Knucklehead, All Years	83.15
150024. Sportster, All Years	83.15

Fishtail and shotgun exhaust systems will also work on our velvet ride frames.



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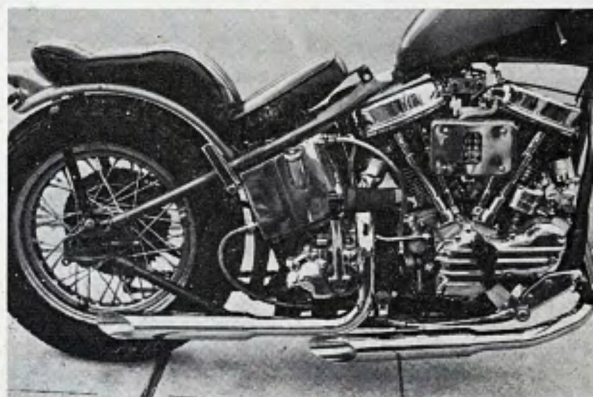


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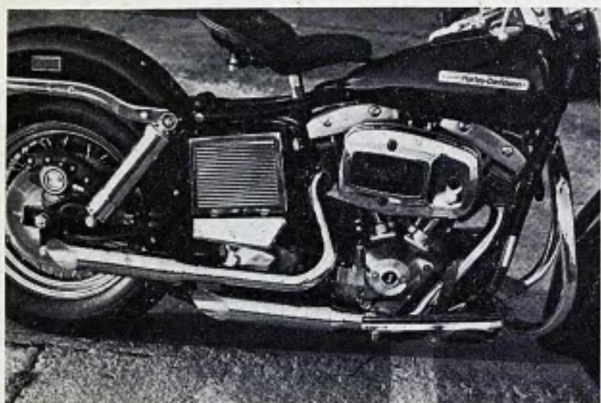
'SS' Harley Pipes



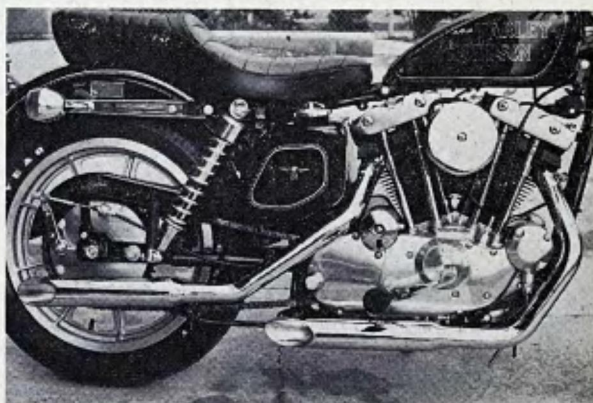
A



B



C



D



E

Seldom has there been an exhaust system that's created as much excitement as these SS muffler pipes for Harleys. They offer that added extra variety in the staggered duals look. Featuring a 2½" slash cut muffler end with all steel muffler core, clean one piece look and mirror finish, the SS will make you think twice about foolin' around when it comes to pipes.

A. FX, FXE & Low Rider SS Pipes
Fits all 1970 to 1979 FX, FXE and Low Rider.
150041 84.00

B. Panhead SS Pipes
Fits all Panheads 1948-1965, rigid and swing arm frames with mechanical brakes.
150042 84.00

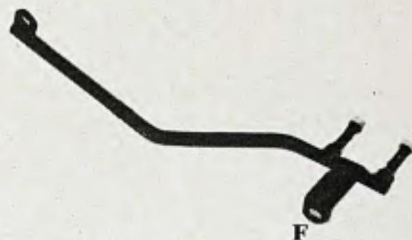
C. Late FLH SS Pipes
Fits all 1970-1979 electric start models only.
150043 84.00

D. Sportster SS Pipes
Fits Sportsters 1957-1978.
150044 84.00

E. 1979 Sportster SS Pipes
Fits all 1979 Sportsters.
150045 84.00

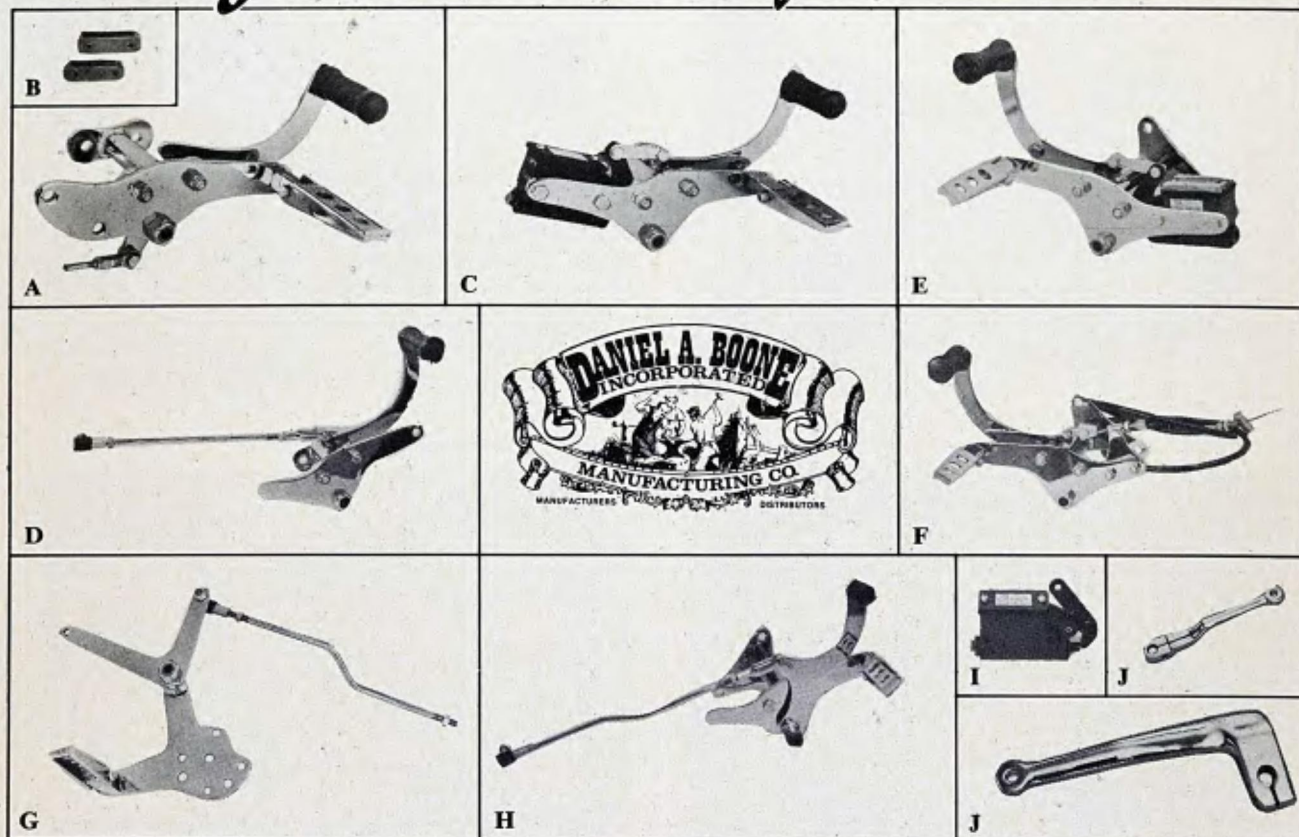
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Designed especially for mounting these FXE, Sportster and FLH ('70 and later) muffler pipes. Also available is a universal strap style bracket for other Harley 74 muffler pipes.

149027	FLH, 1970-1979	8.95
149028	FXE	8.95
149029	Sportster	8.95
149030	Universal	4.50



F

Harley Brake & Shift Assemblies



A. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock Harley master cylinder. Use with hydraulic or rear disc brakes.

14101 79.25

B. Weld-On Bracket

This bracket is a "must" when using the above 14101 brake assembly on 1977 to 1979 Super Glides.

141032 4.80

C. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with our Hurst-Airheart large master cylinders.

14102 79.25

D. Harley 74 Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for all 74s with stock mechanical brakes. All linkage included.

14104 79.25

E. Sportster Brake Assembly

Show chromed forward control brake unit for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1974 with our Hurst-Airheart large master cylinders.

14105 79.25

F. Sportster Brake Assemblies

Show chromed forward control brake units for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1979 with stock brakes. All linkage included.

14107 .. Sportsters, 1954-1974 .. 84.25

141035 .. Sportsters, 1975-1978 .. 84.25

141037 .. Sportsters, 1979 .. 84.25

G. Harley 74 Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley 74s, 1936-1978. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

141014 .. 74s, 1936-1973 .. 74.25

141015 .. 74s, 1974-1979 .. 74.25

H. Sportster Shift Assemblies

Show chromed forward control shift units for Harley Sportsters, 1954-1979. Use your stock shifter peg with these units. Linkage included.

141016 .. Sportsters, 1954-1974 .. 79.25

141034 .. Sportsters, 1975-1976 .. 89.25

141036 .. Sportsters, 1977-1978 .. 79.25

141038 .. Sportsters, 1979 .. 79.25

I. Hurst-Airheart Master Cylinder

Large rear master cylinder. 141020 49.95

J. Replacement Shift Levers

Chrome shift levers for 74s with foot shift transmissions, 1974 & later Super Glides and 1952-1975 Sportsters.

142016 .. 74s w/foot shift, 13.95

Spst. '52-'75 .. 13.95

142017 .. Super Glides, 1974 & Up .. 14.95

Replacement Parts

141021 .. Long Clevis 2.25

141022 .. Short Clevis 2.20

141023 .. Swivel Bolt 2.25

141024 .. Mono Ball End 3.85

141025 .. 1/4" Cotter Pin & Key40

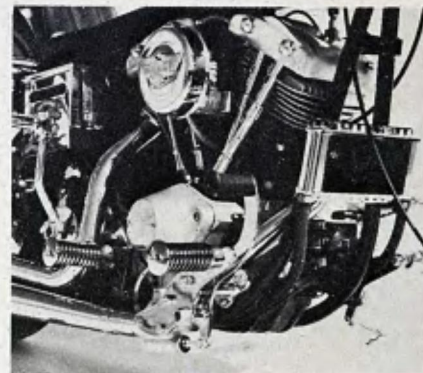
141026 .. 5/16" Cotter Pin & Key30

141027 .. Oil Lite 5/8" Bushings (pr.) 1.50

141028 .. 5/8" Shoulder Bolt & Lock Nut 3.50

141029 .. Brass Tee 1.95

141030 .. Sending Light Unit 2.95



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Deluxe Kits

Includes Champion plugs, quality points, condensers, feeler gauges, grease capsule and specifications.

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95052	'70-'74 FL, FLH, FX, FXE	6.98
95053	'48-'69 FL, FLH	6.98
95054	'57-'70 XL, XLH; '70 XLCH	6.98
95055	'58-'69 XLCH Magneto	12.98
95056	'71-'77 XLCH, XLH, Cafe Racer, XLT	6.98
95057	'36-'47 Knuckleheads	7.98

Honda

95058	GL 1000	15.20
95059	CB 750, 550, 500 Fours	14.45

Kawasaki

95060	KZ 1000, 900	17.20
95061	KZ 650 Fours	17.20



Regular Kits

Includes quality points, condensers, feeler gauges, grease capsule and specifications.

Harley

95062	'48-'70	4.98
95063	'58-'69 (Magneto)	9.98
95064	'70-'78	4.98
95065	'30-'47	4.98

Honda

95066	GL 1000	9.98
95067	CB 750, 550, 500 Fours	9.98

Kawasaki

95068	900, 1000	11.98
95069	650 Fours	11.98

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These kits are designed to improve the spark on 1978 and 1979 Harleys without points. Complete kit includes two regular Champion plugs and two lengths of yellow silicone plug wires with complete hardware and instructions.

95070	Harley 74 & 80, '78-'79	9.98
95071	Sportster 1000, '78-'79	9.98

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95072	All Harley 74 & Sportsters	
	All Triumph, BSA & Norton	6.49

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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	

Before mailing, please read the following:

1. Cancellations: There can be no cancellations after order has been shipped. A 10% service charge will be made on back-order cancellations that have not allowed 6 weeks for the part or parts to come into stock.
2. Send money order or cashier's check. Personal checks are okay, but they delay things because we have to wait for them to clear your bank—which means you have to allow three weeks.
3. 25% deposit must accompany C.O.D. orders. No foreign currency.

Complete terms and policy upon request.

Make all checks and money orders payable to Jammer Cycle Products, Inc.

*Shipping Time: Once order has been picked up by the carrier, approximate shipping time is: UPS AIR, 1 to 3 days; UPS GROUND, 1 to 7 days; PARCEL POST, 3 to 14 days; AIR POST, 2 to 7 days; TRUCK LINES, 1 to 2 weeks.

Ship via: (Check method you desire)

☐ Parcel Post ☐ Air Parcel Post ☐ UPS
☐ Air Freight ☐ Truck ☐ Best Way

Orders: shippable to your town will be shipped U.P.S. If your order is too large or too heavy to meet U.P.S. requirements, we will ship via the next best way.

Plus tax (California residents add 6%)

Total

Less 25% C.O.D. deposit

Balance Due (F.O.B. California)

MC/B of A number*

Signed

Expr. Date

*Credit cards accepted

O/S 4/24/79 ☐ CV JUNE
☐ #72 ☐ AS



Stocking Authorized Jammer Dealers

ALASKA

HOUSE OF HARLEY (507) 272-0423
1204 Chugach Way, Anchorage, AK

ARIZONA

L & K CYCLE SHOP (602) 425-9850
375 So. Sutherland St., Globe, AZ
MIKE'S CUSTOM M/C ACCESSORIES (602) 524-5939
3143 East Ajo Way, Tucson, AZ
PHOENIX CYCLE ACCESSORIES (602) 943-4282
1826 W. Peoria, Phoenix, AZ

ARKANSAS

ROAD HOUSE (501) 229-3742
Rt. 2 Box 196, Dardanelle, AR

CALIFORNIA

BILL'S CUSTOM QUALITY CHOPPERS (408) 372-1416
250 Delia Vina, Monterey, CA
CUSTOM CHOPPER PARTS (916) 944-2160
7705 Fair Oaks Blvd., Carmichael, CA
CYCLE CRIB (209) 435-3480
143 E. Sierra Ave., Fresno, CA
CYCLE SPECIALTIES (209) 524-2955
301 Main Blvd., Modesto, CA
E.L.'S PACK (213) 588-3788
7924 Seville Ave., Huntington Park, CA
GALEN OLSON'S M/C PARTS (209) 734-0398
15666 Avenue 296, Visalia, CA
M & M CUSTOM M/C PARTS (714) 658-8955
25798 Columbia St., Hemet, CA
QUALITY CUSTOM (213) 962-1612
15017 E. Ramona, Baldwin Park, CA
STUART'S CHOPPER CENTER (316) 365-6383
4976 S. Parallel Rd., Anderson, CA

COLORADO

CONGER'S AMF HD (303) 542-6032
1905 E. 4th St., Pueblo, CO
B & C ENTERPRISES (303) 245-0812
725 Pitkin Ave., Grand Junction, CO
JOHN'S HD (303) 493-3137
2135 E. Mulberry, Ft. Collins, CO
SAXS 5TH CHOPPERS (303) 761-7285
3880 S. Jason, Englewood, CO
2 WHEELER'S M/C SHOP (303) 433-0564
1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver, CO

CONNECTICUT

RETEP ENTERPRISES (203) 376-0255
12 Edwards Ave., Glastonbury, CT

FLORIDA

CUSTOM BIKE SUPPLY (305) 632-9191
2155 Lake Dr., Cocoa, FL
FLORIDA CYCLE & CHOPPER (813) 332-0320
3200 Palm Beach Blvd., Ft. Myers, FL
HOG HEAVEN CYCLE ACCESSORIES (305) 261-5002
7254 SW. 40th St., Miami, FL
MICHAEL'S CYCLE SERVICE (904) 249-3574
3232 San Pablo Rd., Jacksonville Bch., FL

SPACE COAST CUSTOM (305) 723-5095
2415 So. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne, FL
THE HANDLEBAR SHOP (904) 732-7226
1417 N.E. 25th Ave., Ocala, FL

ILLINOIS

CHARLESTON CUSTOM CYCLE (217) 345-2577
12 West State St., Charleston, IL
CHICAGO HD (312) 475-2115
1245 Chicago Ave., Evanston, IL
CYCLE MANIA, INC. (312) 837-5657
7469 Jensen Blvd., Hanover Park, IL
KEWANEE HD SALES (309) 854-8661
523 No. Main St., Kewanee, IL
PRECISION MACHINE & ENGINEERING (312) 479-9097
189th & Wolf Rd., Mokena, IL

INDIANA

CHOPPERS UNLIMITED (812) 448-1058
15 N. Vandalia, Brazil, IN
CYCLE EVOLUTION (317) 858-4346
Wilgown Shopping Center, Greenwood, IN
JME CHOPPER SPECIALTIES (219) 845-2369
2832 169th St., Hammond, IN
RIGGIN & CASH CYCLE PARTS (317) 492-3750
N. Division St., Cuyahoga, IN

IOWA

LAKELAND SPORTS (712) 332-5530
Box #458, Sanborn Ave., Okoboji, IA

KANSAS

CUSTOM CYCLE PARTS (316) 342-2934
9 E. 4th Ave., Emporia, KS

KENTUCKY

PARKER HD, INC. (606) 478-9331
P.O. Box 220, Betsy Layne, KY

LOUISIANA

LOUISIANA JAMMER CYCLE PARTS (504) 279-0883
3517 Paris Rd., Chalmette, LA

MASSACHUSETTS

DELUCIA'S M/C SHOP (617) 294-8938
269 Mattaketts St., Pembroke, MA

MICHIGAN

FINCH CUSTOM STYLED CYCLES (313) 391-0200
4480 Joslyn Rd., Pontiac, MI

MINNESOTA

PRINDLE MARINE & SPORTS CTR. (616) 624-2941
219 Ms. Main St., Lawton, MI
ROCKY'S CYCLE SUPPLY (313) 742-5420
4014 S. Saginaw St., Burton (Flint), MI
THE CHOP SHOP (505) 475-9705
331 Iron St., Neenah, WI
THE CHOPPING MALL (906) 827-3405
2527 U.S. #45 South, Bruce Crossing, WI

MISSISSIPPI

BYKE BARN (601) 868-3601
406 Pass Rd., Gulfport, MS

MISSOURI

CUSTOM M/C EMPORIUM (314) 376-3020
2520 Old Gravois, High Ridge, MO
HARLEY CHARLEY CHOP SHOP (406) 728-4979
2327 South Ave., Missouri, MI

NEBRASKA

HD SALES (402) 564-8733
1053 27th Ave., Columbus, NE

NEVADA

CUSTOM CYCLE ACCESSORIES (702) 732-0442
2980 Westwood Dr., #21, Las Vegas, NV

NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE SPOKE & SPROCKET SHOP (603) 332-8800
66 Old Milton Rd., Rochester, NH

NEW JERSEY

CYCLE SHACK (609) 882-9665
602 Bear Tavern Rd., N. Trenton, NJ
HARRY'S CYCLE STOP (201) 858-7249
8121 Bergenline Ave., North Bergen, NJ
MAD MO CHOP SHOP (201) 454-4336
11 Union Square, Phillipsburg, NJ
GT CYCLE SPECIALTIES (609) 695-3730
#4 New Market St., Salem, NJ
MIDDLESEX CYCLE (201) 238-2250
54 Matawan Rd., Old Bridge, NJ
THE BIKE SHOP (201) 356-1383
81 Main St., Bound Brook, NJ

NEW MEXICO

MAGNUM CYCLE ACCESSORIES (505) 247-8938
1209 Coors S.W., Albuquerque, NM
SCOTT'S HD (505) 353-7656
318 So. Belmont, Hobbs, NM
SNELL HD (505) 327-3733
111 E. Pecos, Farmington, NM

NEW YORK

AL'S CYCLE PARTS (315) 336-8900
311 E. Dominick St., Rome, NY
JOHNCOX M/C SALES & SERVICE (315) 536-3585
RD #1, Longpoint, Ft. Peck, NY

NORTH DAKOTA

BENNIE'S CYCLE SERVICE (701) 852-0874
3701 S. Broadway, Minot, ND
KUSTOM KOLORS & CYCLE SUPPLY (701) 746-7546
1321 1/2 First Ave. N., Grand Forks, ND

OHIO

BROOKVILLE M/C SALES & SERVICE (513) 833-2189
428 1/2 Hay Ave., Brookville, OH
HD OF YOUNGSTOWN, INC. (216) 792-2002
1707 Mahoning Ave., Youngstown, OH
JAMES SMITH PARTS CO. (216) 952-2137
4117 Main Ave., Ashland, OH
PHIL'S COUNTY LINE SCOOTER (216) 699-5405
13443 Cleveland Ave., Uniontown, OH
SPEED ENTERPRISES (216) 825-8157
929 Wooster Rd., West, Barbartown, OH

OREGON

MITOLUS CUSTOM CYCLE (503) 546-6791
301 Jefferson St., Medford, OR
SUNSHINE CYCLE (503) 779-3818
2809 Jacksonville Hwy., Medford, OR

PENNSYLVANIA

CHOPPER SHAK, INC. (412) 881-0433
2842 Saw Mill Run Blvd., Pittsburgh, PA
CUSTOM CHOPPER SHOP (412) 468-8135
Route 22, Delmont, PA

TEXAS

JAMMER OF MEMPHIS (901) 722-8524
60 N. Cleveland Ave., Memphis, TN
BIXER'S CUSTOM (915) 772-4827
7278 Alameda Ave., El Paso, TX
NORTHOWN CUSTOM CYCLES (312) 661-8511
8539 N.E. Loop #410, San Antonio, TX
POOLE CYCLE PARTS (214) 286-5151
4801 Peach Tree Rd., Balch Springs, TX
STOP 'N' CHOP 69
RT #1, Hwy. #69, Pollock, TX

UTAH

QUALITY M/C PARTS (801) 467-4834
3231 S. State St., Salt Lake City, UT

VIRGINIA

LYNCHBURG HD/BANDITS (804) 845-5921
3235 Old Fellowship, Lynchburg, VA
S & S CHOPPER SHOP (804) 799-6270
1800 Franklin Tempole, Danville, VA
SUFFOLK HD (804) 934-1476
911 N. Main, Suffolk, VA

WASHINGTON

G.T. CUSTOM MOTORCYCLES (509) 545-6220
214 W. Lewis, Pasco, WA
HD OF OLYMPIA (206) 557-5703
310C So. Bay Rd., Olympia, WA
HD OF WASHINGTON (206) 746-7070
14210 NE 20th St., Bellevue, WA

SKAGIT HD (206) 293-2217
1253 A. Christiansen Rd., Anacortes, WA
STEPS CHOP SHOP (206) 373-9944
2102 E. 11th St., Bremerton, WA

WEST VIRGINIA

ASHWORTH, INC. (304) 253-1110
100 Cohen St., Beckley, WV
J & S CYCLE (304) 592-1157
403 S. Pike St., Shinnston, WV

WISCONSIN

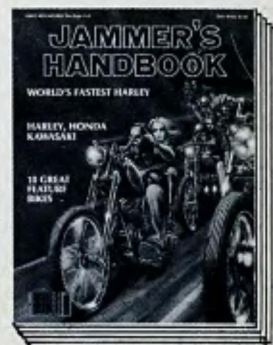
HD OF APPLETON, INC. (414) 733-2258
2144 W. Wisconsin Ave., Appleton, WI
P.J.S. CYCLE EMPIRE, INC. (414) 482-2453
2459 S. Kinnickinnic Ave., Milwaukee, WI
P.J.S. CYCLE EMPIRE, INC. (608) 221-2297
5916 Meena Dr., Madison, WI

WYOMING

LEE'S MOTORCYCLES, INC. (307) 638-8307
615 South Greeley Hwy., Cheyenne, WY

CANADA

A.L. CHOPPERS (416) 545-5139
1119 Main St., E., Hamilton, Ontario
METROPOLITAN SPORTS & CYCLE (902) 425-5595
2053 Gittington St., Halifax, Nova Scotia
PERFORMANCE PLUS ENGINEERING (504) 853-7853
33338 Robertson Ave., Abbotsford, B.C.



I've got something for you...

And it's man-sized too! It's this bitchin' beer mug. The design is an absolutely perfect reproduction of the old, original Harley oil can. Bright orange, black and white. The colors are exactly like the original oil can—authentic in every detail.

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.

You can also get the mugs in sets of four at a reduced price of \$18.95 plus a measly \$3.00 for postage and handling. (You'll save \$4.85 over the single mug price.)

Either way—one, or four at a time—it's a product that every Harley owner will dig.

Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.



Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740

**Perfect
Ear
Warmers!**

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

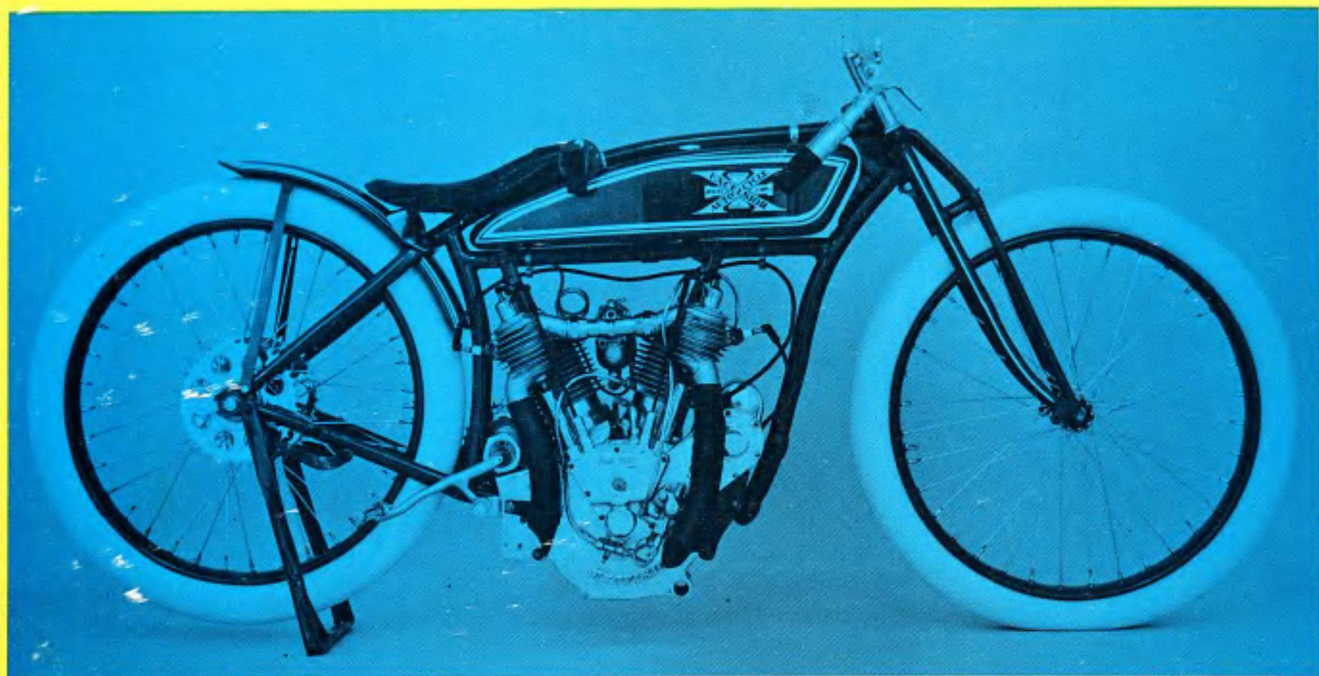
As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

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

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!



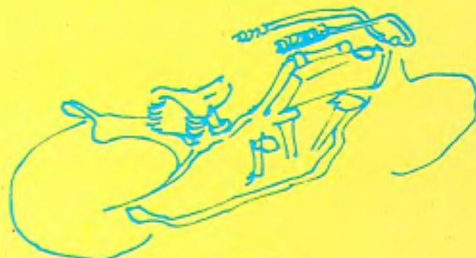
Box 361, Seal Beach, California 90740



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



iron horse



FOR THE ADULT MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIAST

**Iron
Horse**

Box 999, Calabasas, California 91302.