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July 1979
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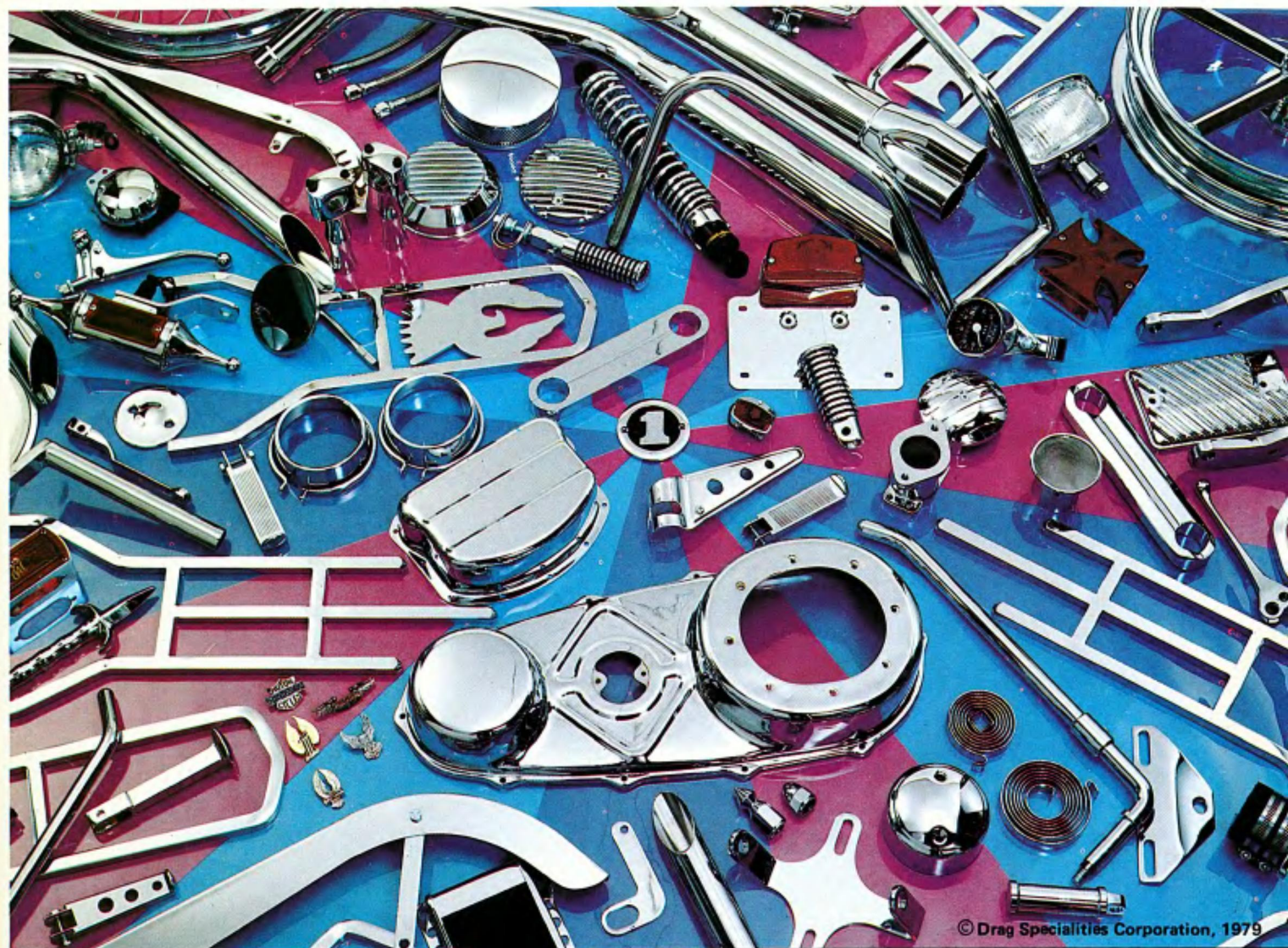
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Five Times**

**The Chicks In
Daytona**

**German
War Machine
Brought Back
To Life**

**Free Iron-On
For Rat Bike
Freaks**





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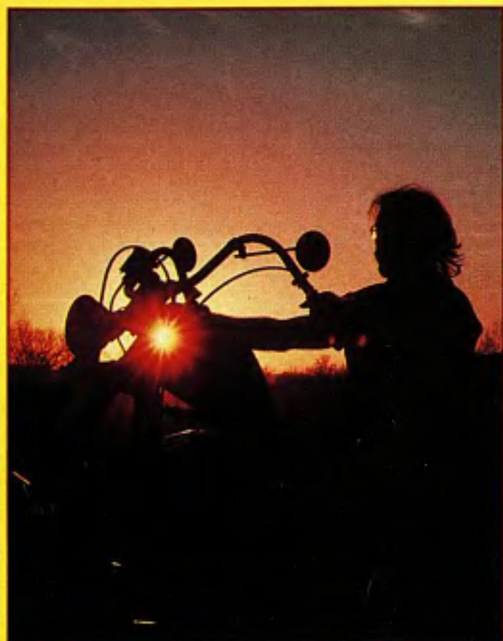
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Easyriders®

Entertainment
for Adult Bikers



Number 73

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FTW

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Cover photo of Liane Hirschl by Pete Chiodo
The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale June 26th.

IN THE WIND Number Two

**Watch for it
on newsstands
everywhere**



Fair warning to other ol' ladies: There's this dude in Florida who came home and found no beer in the refrig —no nothin', ya understand. So what happens? He knocks four of his ol' lady's teeth out, takes her down to the local bar (in her nightclothes, no less), and tries to sell her box for some brew. None of his buddies wanted any part of a bloodymouthed woman who didn't have enough class to keep the refrig stocked with brew. So the dude was arrested. He pleaded guilty to "aggravated battery." The guy was baffled—shit, he only knocked out her teeth with a shotgun and he took it easy at that, bein' she was pregnant and all. Now that's what I call a cold dude.

My good friend Phil also sent me a news clipping about a man who wanted to quit drinkin'. So what did he do? He stuck up a bank, grabbed a thousand big ones from the teller, and wandered to the door—wantin' to be arrested. He was. He wanted "inside" for a sure cure. He got it. He even went so far as to discuss his sure-cure plan with the Heat. Two days later he hit the bank, they hit him, and he is now dryin' out in a jail in New Mexico. (Now you gotta admit—that dude had really seen the light. Right?)

Did ya read where a Harvard researcher has discovered that givin' head has more to do with long-term reproduction instincts than "immediate pleasure of physical contact"? (You ol' ladies got that?) This discovery was made by Dr. David Crews. "It appears," Crews speculated, "that there is some link between the testes and the brain in squamate reptiles that cannot be explained by traditional behavioral theories. Or, in other words, when your ol' man wants to give ya some head (or vice versa), it's due to some deep-seated yearning to reproduce—not, as is generally assumed, just to have a little fun and games. You listenin', you women everywhere?

Speakin' of bank withdrawals: Did ya hear about the Seattle, Wash. dude who had two bloody bullet holes in his head when he walked up to the teller and asked for a withdrawal of his funds? He gave the teller the gun and asked for his money. She freaked, seein' blood spoutin' out everywhere and all that kinda shit. He didn't have on a shirt, and all he wanted was his own money. But bank chicks bein' bank chicks, she

called a cop. He was taken to the hospital—but he didn't get his bread. There was a mess everywhere. The bank chick still isn't straight. The cop's still shakin' his head. (Life in the big city.)

Did-ya-pay-your-taxes dept.: Good Sen. Proxmire has dug up another bureaucratic wasteful spending of our tax dollars. This time he discovered that the Air Force was spending 3,000 of our hard-earned bucks to find out if Air Force men should carry umbrellas, and if the men would think they looked like sissies if they were forced to use them, and what the fuck should right-handed Air Force men do if they had to salute an officer while carryin' an umbrella—in other words, do they shit or go blind? 3,000 big ones just to find out the obvious—what da fuck is an umbrella?

Now get this. The Feds wired this snitch up to record the illegal purchase of an illegal automatic weapon. The snitch meets the seller. Yep, the seller had the gun. The purchase was made and duly recorded for evidence. Then, out of the sound truck (aka hippie van) popped the Fed back-up officers to make the arrest. But wait. Out of another van popped some local heat to bust the purchaser of the gun. Got all that? Well, after the smoke settled they figured out that a Fed snitch set up a local snitch and they both met and both sides arrested each other. It happened in Nixonland (Orange County, California). Would I lie?

Are there mobs in Oregon? While tryin' to get some special money (tax dollars) outta the state legislature, the Heat in Oregon is sayin' there's the Cosa Nostra, Mafia, and syndicate types in Oregon that need to have an eye kept on them. In addition, "of greater concern" is a home-grown type of organized crime like "bikers" that have no tie-in with the heavy people, but are "suspected" of drug trafficking and "other activities." Now "bikers" is a broad term, as we all well know. "Biker" generally means either someone in leathers to protect his ass from road rash or a dude on an American bike, aka chopper. Now we all know a biker may give you some smoke or whatever, or take it from you (in certain circumstances), but most often is not involved in "drug traffickin'" (whatever that is) and is probably involved in "other activities"—that's nobody's business—except that he rides a bike. Now there may be some kinda dealin' goin' on somewhere—ya gotta get some new rubber, right? But not on the scale that some cops would like the frightened, polyester-suited, bureaucratic types to think there is. So back off and go after the real hoods and leave us lovers alone—right? Right. ■

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Why? Why?

□ It's 2:30 a.m. The ol' lady just woke me up to tell me she heard a noise outside near my putt. This shit is getting to be a pain in the ass—which brings me to what I want to say. How can we call each other bros while we are always locking our putts? I believe that if we stick together, a lot of bikes would not be taken apart and sold without the owner finding out about it. I don't believe in fucking a brother out of his freedom machine. That's what sets bikers apart from the rest of the clowns we put up with in our daily lives. So how can we call each other brothers while stealing each other's putts and stripping them?

Tired
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Proud Ol' Ladies

□ We are bikers' ol' ladies and damned proud of it. We would like to offer some advice to chicks on how to take care of their men.

Don't push or play mother hen—you'll lose him fast. After all, he's only human, so if he needs another woman, overlook it—he'll still come home to you. And don't panic if he's not home sometimes. Be grateful that he wants you because, baby, he's got his pick. Just mind his home and don't ask questions. He'll tell ya when he's ready. If he gets fucked up, join him because it's a release for him as well as you. A biker puts his putt before you and he always will. It gives him something that you can't. After all, it was there before you and won't bitch like you. Don't expect things to be easy—they never are. And if things do get rough, just polish his chrome because he's got problems of his own. Love him for what he is.

Tina R.
Dayton, Ohio

Let's hear it for Tina!

Livin' Black and White

□ On my way to my cell after a hard day of making license plates for the state of Colorado, this guy three cells down offers to sell me an old issue of **Easyriders**. So I give him two packs of

smokes for #61, July '78. Doing 5 - 15 years goes by easier when you have good entertainment like **Easyriders**. Anyway, I come across the Ol' Lady Contest and I'll be damned if my ex-wife isn't on page 30! Well, what the fuck can I say? I'm in the penitentiary and she's in **Easyriders**!

Shotgun
Canon City, Colo.

Write Me, Ram

□ Well, you've done it now. My bro in Florida has his face stuck in your mag so much that he doesn't answer letters anymore. I figure if you print this, he'll read it (since he reads your mag from cover to cover), and then at least the shithead will know I'm still alive.

So this goes out to you, Ram—put down the mag for five minutes and write a line.

Jay Jenkins
Torrejon, Spain

Freedom

□ Hey, I read a lot in your magazine about freedom—freedom from hassles, freedom of the road. The only freedom there is lies in your head. If you can think for yourself and act the way you know is right, you're free.

Vince Galusha
Rochester, N.Y.

Helmet Restriction

□ Dig this—more support for the repeal of helmet laws! It's against the law to carry a helmet into a bar up here in Canada. Apparently, some dude got his head busted open by some righteous fella who had to wear a helmet. So, for all you bros everywhere, the next time you get into a fight, use your brain bucket. Then the Feds will take 'em all away as dangerous weapons, and we in turn can ride free with the wind in our hair!

Big Jim
Burnaby, B.C., Canada

Down But Not Out

□ I've got a bitch for all you bros out there. On Sunday, February 25, my ol' man was coming back from a run and some fuckin' low-riding fool crossed the center line and hit him on his left side, caus-

ing the doctors to have to amputate his left leg just below the knee. If this has happened to anyone else out there, please drop him a line. He needs the strength of his fellow bros to get him back on a scooter. Write Lee, c/o P.J. Mueller, 304 W. Roosevelt #4, Phoenix, Ariz. 85003.

Pam Mueller
Phoenix, Ariz.

On The Road

□ Just thought I'd write and say that I've been buying your piece of shit for about three years (a fact which speaks for itself). Many times, as I look at the neat sleds, I have wished they were mine. Today, March 1, 1979, everything has changed. I bought my first Harley, a 1966 shovel, and ain't it great!

Stumpy Bogart
Union City, Tenn.

■ Just remember to ride as if you were invisible (and as if everyone on the highway were out to get you). Ride safe, Stumpy.

Tells It Like It Is

□ "Freedom of Information Act, Part 2" tells it like it is. I wrote the FBI for my criminal record, and they replied that I don't have one—leastwise, not filed with them. Well, bullshit. I'm in the joint—again!

Richard Coym
Salem, Oreg.

Bad Image

□ About two weeks ago I saw an episode of "Rockford Files" that depicted us two-wheeled trash as we really are. In the beginning of this farce our hero is confronted by the "gang" and proceeds to get pounced to the tune of two broken ribs. Then they take his wheels (and girl) to parts unknown for their own rendition of "Chatanooga Choo-Choo." So thus far we have assault and battery, grand theft auto, and rape. So in the next scene where are these "animals"? In some dumpy bar, naturally. It's good to know some things don't change. I don't anticipate all you bikers jumping to try and stop this crappy media

treatment we get, but don't gripe when they legislate your ass off the road.

Maggott
Cincinnati, Ohio

Run By Politicians

□ The problem with this country is the politicians do whatever the fuck they please and the people let them get away with it. Let's show them we're tired of being shit on. We've got to protest—and the louder the better. That's the only way we're going to get anti-bike laws off the books. By God, this is a free country, and it's about time we reminded those bureaucrats who puts the food on their tables!

Freedom Writer
Trenton, N.J.

■ Amen.

Bros Lost Column

□ The bros around are really pissed at you guys. Almost a year ago one of our bros was killed. We sent in a tribute and it hasn't been printed yet. I got two issues in the mail at the same time, and neither of them have it. (The bros are going to be bummed.) If I may make a suggestion, if you're that far behind in the tributes, why don't you cut one column out of "Male Call" and catch up?

Tongue
Columbus, Kans.

■ We reach in the huge pile we receive each month and grab a handful. There is no way we can print each and every tribute we receive. We just do our best and so should you.

Seeing The Light

□ What the fuck happened? Do I really see an H-D ad in your rag? You mean those shitheads are seeing where their money is really coming from? Maybe this country isn't all fucked up after all.

R.D. Gringo's M.C.
Weakly County, Tenn.

■ Not yet—that ad was put in by the dealers who are the ones who really know their across-the-counter customers. It doesn't matter if they (AMF) come in or

DAVID ALLAN COE

DAVID ALLAN COE CONTINUES HIS FIGHT
AGAINST MEDIOCRITY, INJUSTICE AND THE AMERICAN WAY!

9 NEW SONGS
FROM THE MAN
WHO WROTE
"TAKE THIS JOB
AND SHOVE IT!"



"SPECTRUM VII" ON COLUMBIA
RECORDS AND TAPES!

PRODUCED BY BILLY SHERRILL!

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'.



**ACTUAL SIZE
GOLD OR SILVER
POST OR DANGLY**
Dealers inquire on letterhead.

BARE ESSENTIALS
Box 4725 • Long Beach, CA 90804



not. It was just the principle of their jerkin' a contract. And we're the only mag around whose editorials are not controlled by the advertisers or their agencies.

Noticed the Harley-Davidson ad in your rag. I also noticed that AMF did not put out the ad but rather the Harley dealers, which goes to show the man in the shop knows who the hell rides Harleys.

Gor
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Could you tell me why in hell **Easyriders** and **Iron Horse** have all of a sudden started advertising for the Harley-Davidson dealer network? (Damn, that sounds pretty.)

Spider informed us in his column that Harley-Davidson has joined with other manufacturers in a \$200,000 "joint effort" to try to make scooter tramps such as myself and bike riders in general wear those fucking skid lids! The **Easyriders**/Harley-Davidson advertising relationship has been fucked up in the past. Was the compromise with Harley's advertising the warning in small print, "We support the Motorcycle Safety Foundation"?

Mike Yeager
Akron, Ohio

The fine print slipped past us in the first ad (we don't read so good), but we killed it in the next two ads after someone around here caught our original goof.

Really got off on the article in the Aug. '78 issue, "Yes, This IS a Free Country!" Then after I saw the two-page Harley ad in the May issue, it made me think that maybe AMF is starting to wake up. You guys held your ground. Nothing about helmets or after-market products in the ads. Keep up the damned good job.

Jim Doerr
Cutler, Ill.

Made In Japan Parts

I'm writing this to warn all bros who aren't aware of the fact that AMF is now having engine parts made in Japan. Last week I went to a Harley-Davidson dealer to buy a set of exhaust valves for my '68 shovel. Well, the chick brought out two boxes. One had JPN stamped on the top. Other than that, the boxes were identical. Upon examining the contents I found that the Jap valve looked like shit compared to the stock H-D valve. So, bros, beware of AMF stuff made in Japan. When will these fuckers quit messing up Harley?

Crooker
Williamsport, Va.

I see that Harley-Davidson has finally come around and placed a big colorful advertisement in your April '79 issue. That particular advertisement has been missing for many moons. I just wonder what it took to convince those "corporate stuffed shirts" to see the light once again. Hope you bros didn't compromise any of your principles for some green.

When the Harley folks pulled the carpet from under us some time ago, your article concerning this nasty deed really let the shit fly. Now the wayward son (Harley-Davidson) has returned and three short stories sure as hell sing the praises of the beloved scooter—"A Slender Chance," "Forever Young," and "The Gift Horse." The stories really tell us of the greatness of the Harley over and over again.

I'm glad to see Harley is back once again—it's a great scooter. Righteous Racco
Portland, Mich.

Movie Scene

I ran into the movie article in your 69th issue. The reason I'm even bothering to write to you and tell you how I feel is because that damned article just completely blew my mind. It almost seems as if I wrote it. I knew it completely and could feel the soul of a special breed of men. I know it all right—but it took the very talented Tex Campbell to finally put it all down on paper. I loved every damned syllable of "Sixty-Nining At The Movies."

Wolf Tudor
Owosso, Mich.

"Sixty-Nining At The Movies" (Mar. '79) puts it across loud and clear. I just hope everyone stopped pounding their pud long enough to take heed. Bros, it's happening! The shit's heaviest at the bottom of the pile, and that's where the bureaucratic faggots want us. There isn't room today for some mental midget with an over-easy brain to go out and give us all a bad name because he or she is on a one-way ego trip to the joint. And I don't mean partying and raisin' hell. We can still live our life on the road, and fuck those who can't see through the 50 weight, nipples, and righteous scoots. We're Americans, we can vote, and we can't give up what so many others don't understand—freedom! Ride on.

Limey Gene
Heppner, Oreg.

Fart Record?

Just finished reading "Gas-sin' Up" by Twatburger and thought I'd let ya know I enjoyed the article. But the dude from Minnesota ain't shit. Here in this joint in Florida, anyone who can

produce only 42 farts a day must be a preacher. If I don't knock out at least five hundred a day, I go see the doc to find out what's wrong—got my reputation to keep up.

My secret for bustin' loose at least five hundred a day? Well, the garbage we get here helps, of course, and I found that not chewin' it does, too. Just pop the beans and noddles in the mouth, grab a glass of soapy water, and swallow. Thirty minutes later, you'll be layin' down guaranteed paint-peeling wall-busters. Only trouble I have here is keeping a cell partner.

Gas Man Newbauer
Raiford, Fla.

I never realized how interesting fartin' could be till now. This has opened new doors in my once-dull life. I now make it a point to eat as many onions, cooked cabbage, and other gas-producing foods as possible to add that certain new air to my life. Though my taxi ain't seen many customers since I've changed my ways, I believe this is only a small setback compared to the new joy I've found. Thankyou-thankyouthankyou!

Joe Tari
Chesapeake, Va.

I was sittin' here in my cage readin' "Gassin' Up" and pissin' gas myself cuz of all the chili we had at chow tonight. I'm here to tell ya convicts fart the best with the shit we get fed. We all know it's a sad story that we gotta be put in these state tin cans, and when we fart there just ain't no place to go. That's gotta be cruel and inhuman.

Dragon
Lincoln, Nebr.

Daytona '79

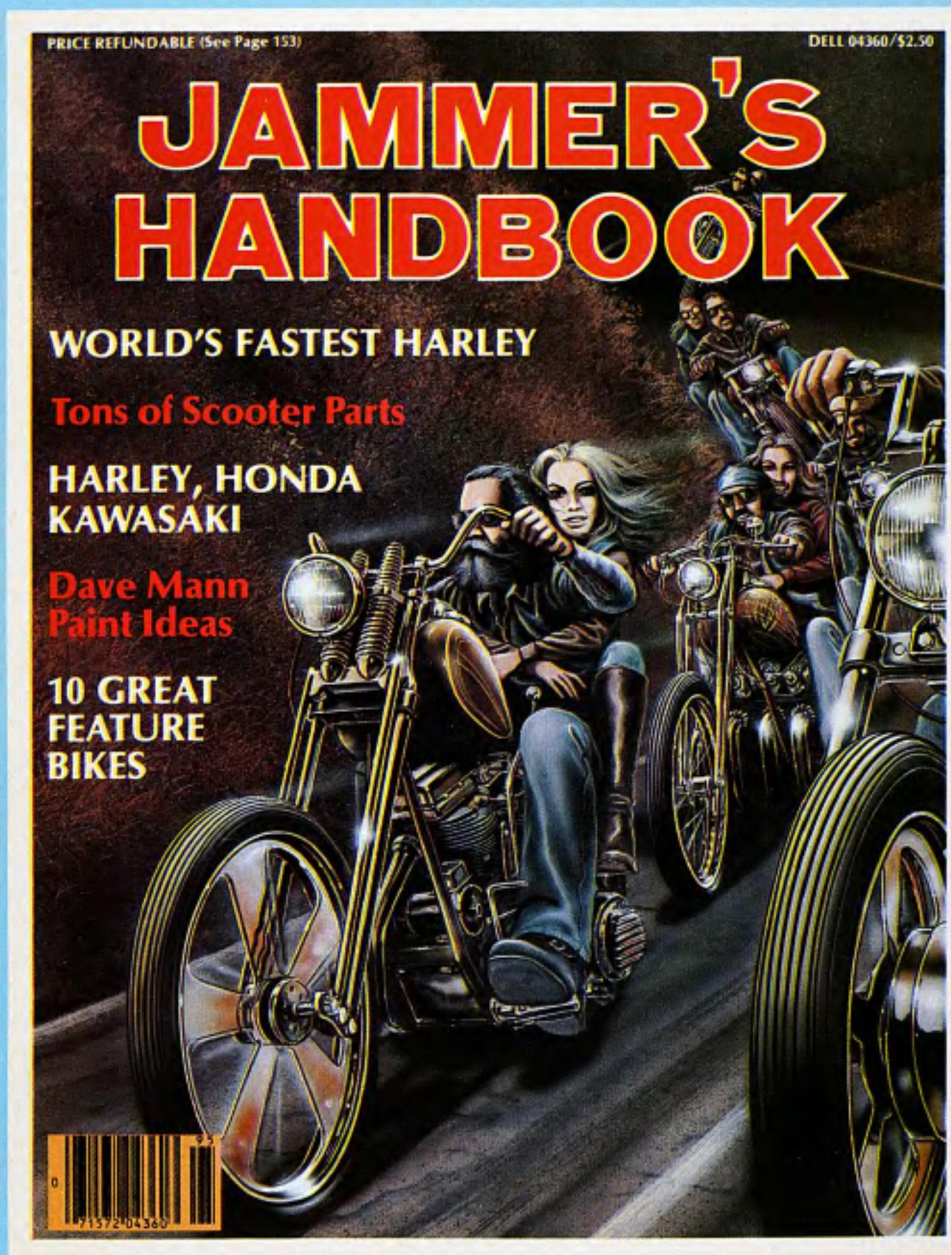
I just came back from riding my Hog 1,300 miles to Daytona Beach for the races. I went through the usual small bullshit hassles from the Daytona cops, cruised Main Street, and parted hard like everyone else. Would have had a great time—except that some people from Syracuse, New York turned out to be bigger pricks than anyone else in Daytona.

McGee and Lynne
Clinton, Pa.

Snivel, Snivel

Hey, ya bunch of burned-out weirdo rejects, ya really fucked up this time! I crawled out, bought the celebrated 69th issue of yer righteous rag, followed instructions, and proceeded to count the little buggers. My bro did the same thing, and we came up with different numbers. I knew I was right so he musta fucked up somewhere. I pointed this out to him and suggested he go have

At Your Newsstand Now!



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

Jammer Cycle Products
801 (ER) South Main Street, Burbank, CA 91506

or:

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



MACHO SUSPENDERS in Harley Colors

Big, wide, old-style fireman's suspenders with sturdy clasps—no buttons required. Fits all sizes of men (and women). Either Black with an orange stripe down each outer edge or orange with a black stripe down each outer edge. Indicate either black or orange suspenders, your name and address when ordering.

Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied.

Immediate delivery. \$7.95. Personal checks require three weeks to clear.



Send money order or check for \$7.95 per pair to:

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PRODUCTS**
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Yucca Valley, Ca
92284

California residents add 6%
Sorry no C.O.D.'s Dealer in-
quiries (on letterhead) invited



his eyes checked. Well, after the ensuing punchout, I borrowed his mag, took my magnifying glass, and counted away again. By God, he was right too! So mumbling "Whatdafuck," I hauled both copies off to the friendly neighborhood photo studio and had yer goddamn "Space Filler 69" from both mags blown up to 8 x 10. Guess what. They were different!

I can dig it. You're all fuckin' magazine editors, reporters, photographers, sex maniacs, and general fuck-ups, and ya probably don't know a damn thing about printing, but I do—so let me educate ya. See, when yer screwy "Space Filler 69" got printed, one color (let's say black) was applied to the paper first. Then all the pages get the second color (let's say little purple 69s) put down on top of the first color. With me so far? Now no matter how great yer printer is, each sheet of paper may slip forward just a cunt hair (usually does), fishtail a bit, buckle, generally move about microscopically, one of the plates may slip a bit, or the cylinders can be out of sync or whatever the hell, but it happens all the time when ya lay down more than one color. This is known as "being out of register," a state all good printers dread but can't avoid.

As a result of all this shit, in some mags the black line comes down the middle of a teeny purple 69, in some others the same line obliterates the whole 69, in some others the 69 is outside the black line and so on. Got the picture yet? Feel idiotic? You should. Just about every rag ya printed has a different number of godawful little purple 69s, and whoever ya suckered into counting the little cocksuckers for ya knows only how many there are in the mag he counted 'em in. This sort of fucks up the whole contest, other than bein' an exercise in weirdness of an eyeball-ruining, brain-destroying nature. So next time one of you gets a bright idea for another multi-color count-'em contest, have Miraculous Mutha sit on his face till he gets it out of his system. Other than this screw-up, I really dig yer trash. Keep it up.

I know how many 69s there are in my copy of the rag, and I sent in my postcard. If I don't win first prize, I'll send the fuckin' thing back to ya with all the 69s circled—including the mindfucking mini-purple ones and make ya count 'em all. In other words, if I lose ya fuckers'll owe me a beer when I putt down there next fall. If I win, I'm buying. My shrink says I'll be able to ride next fall with-

out collapsing in a sniveling, quivering heap every time I see or hear 69.

Gypsy Pete
Crescent Valley, B.C., Canada

■ I'm not countin' the fuckin' numbers—ya may be right. So if two sets of numbers win, we'll give two sets of prizes. Don't blame us—tell our printer to get his shit together. We want everything in register—or else!

Free Sub

□ You can tell all the military dudes in the Far East that a year's subscription to **Easyriders** goes with each order for a Harley from the Clark Air Base military sales point.

Gary Price
Clark AB, Philippines

■ Yeah. Got it, Gary.

□ This letter is in reference to a letter printed in "Wordmonger" in the April '79 issue. I would like to say to you people and the thousands of readers across the U.S.A. that the Modified Motorcycle Association (M.M.A.) is not a club. It is an organization that speaks and fights for all bikers' (male and female) rights anywhere in the country. It has offices in California at 2202 16th Street, Sacramento (tel. 1-916-442-4727) and also Somerville, Massachusetts, 34 Clyde Street (tel. 1-617-666-4337). We, the Modified Motorcycle Association and the other similar organizations across the U.S. are motivated to fight unjust laws for all bikers (male and female). We would appreciate your not referring to the Modified Motorcycle Association as a motorcycle club.

Salvatore L. Amato
Cambridge, Mass.

■ We were supportin' the M.M.A. (your association) before you heard of it. Give us some slack, Sal.

Almost Banned

□ Thought I'd relate a story to you bros about some shit that came down in this prison.

One cold day about five months ago someone tried to outlaw **Easyriders** in this prison. Well, in so many words, we told them that if they outlawed the rag, we'd go on a food strike. Needless to say, your April issue was just as good as the other 69 of them. Even up here in duck country (Oregon) we read the print off the pages.

Downed Bro
Salem, Oreg.

■ We're in over 500 prisons, jails, and other institutions. Sometimes we're misunder-

stood because of one minor thing or another. But all in all we have very few hassles, considerin' the Heat's runnin' the place—so hang in there.

Bad Movies

□ Just saw "Every Which Way But Loose"—the one with Clint Deadwood in it. The dude has hit an all-time low. Seems there's this bunch of bikers called the "Black Widows M.C." who spend the entire time chasing Clint and his fucking monkey while the movie producers make monkeys out of the bikers. Things haven't changed much in movie portrayal of bikers—clowns, boozers, IQ of minus 10, the usual shit.

I've been on two wheels for five years now and on a Harley forever. I've got two college degrees and am working on a third. It pisses me off to see bikers made out to be ignorant louts who know nothing but drinking beer and causing trouble. Unfortunately, people who see this movie will sit there and laugh and nod their heads at the just deserts the bikers get. It's just too fucking bad the people of this country haven't sense enough to realize that this is just a bunch of bullshit.

Let's boycott the damn movie. It ain't worth \$3.00—no way. Get your shit together, Clint.

Jocko
San Diego, Calif.

■ Raisin' hell each time the biker is portrayed wrong is the only way to get rid of the suede-shoe, fast-buck artist makin' money at our expense.

Older Bikers

□ Your "Forever Young" piece (April '79, pg. 30) is long overdue. There are many more "retired" bikers out there than most of us young people realize. I know, 'cause I've worked in many convalescent hospitals. These people have a wealth of information just waiting to be tapped and would like nothing more than to relay it to a willing audience. How's about a little more love and recognition for the older, "retired" bros and ol' ladies?

Mama G. Bear
Coos Bay, Oreg.

■ Yeah, yeah!

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.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Bitchin loves bikers . . .

Ah yes, once more into the breach. This time we take on all of you out there who have made a lifetime job out of badmouthing AMF. I am getting real tired of listening to a bunch of bitchin' about AMF buying Harley-Davidson. Especially since there is absolutely no reason for that bitchin'.

I really cannot believe that there are as many dumb bikers out there as there seem to be.

—Bob Bitchin
Choppers

Gefährliche Frühlingsgefühle

Darum die dringende Bitte an die Motorrad-Leser: "Halten Sie Ihre Frühlingsgefühle unter Kontrolle. Schon nach einigen hundert Kilometern, das lassen Versicherer-Erfahrungen erkennen, sind die Risiken des ersten Überschwungs erheblich geringer geworden."

—Helmut Luckner
Motorrad

Goodbye, premium gas . . .

The number of vehicles on American highways which require premium gas is very small. And the vehicles which use premium gas don't use very much of it, e.g., motorcycles.

For gas stations and oil companies, it's a matter of demand. When the demand for premium is too small, it won't be produced. What poses the biggest threat to the supply of premium gasoline is the demand for diesel cars.

General Motors now expects that one-fifth of its automobiles will run on diesel fuel within three years. Other auto manufacturers are coming up with their own diesel

engines. Because cars, even diesel cars, use more fuel than motorcycles, there will be more demand for diesel fuel than for premium as more diesel cars fill the roads. And that will push high octane fuel from even more stations.

It isn't the EPA which will eliminate high octane gas, it's the will of the people.

—Cycle World



A star is spawned . . .

For years I always thought that making movies had to be the neatest way to make a living since the magazine business. I mean, really, I had visions of foxy young starlets dangling from each extremity (arm and leg type) and nothing to do but act natural and get paid well for doing it.

That was always my private little dream. To be a big-time star like McQueen or Newman, with nothing to do but spend money, ride bikes and get every groupy on the west coast.

Sigh.

One day, while I was holding my chair down (wouldn't want it to fly away or anything), my phone rang. It was a dude named Rick Jorgenson with MC Productions. It seems that he had heard about our rag, and wanted to know if we could turn him on to some bikers to play parts in a movie.

Well now, folks, it took almost two and a half seconds for me to decide. I was about to be a star. I was so

excited about being a big-time movie star that I didn't even ask about money.

One drawback was that we were to be typical nasty-assed bikers, with no redeeming social importance.

You know, I have always wondered why some guys would blacken the reputations of all bikers by playing those dumb parts. Now I knew. It was the chance at fame.

—Bob Bitchin
Choppers

Rich, old bikers . . .

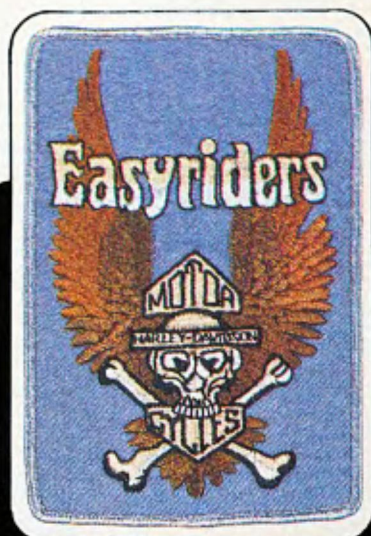
"The older you get the more you tend to immobilize yourself, and that's where people tend to miss out on life. Very often when you're younger and have a little more derring-do, you don't have the means. And then when you get a little older, get a little ahead in life and can afford to do more things, many people think it's too late.

"I think if more people tried motorcycling they'd find as I did that it's great good fun. You're cautious because of the danger involved, but you find you're enjoying the elements, you're not sealed off from them, and it's a whole new experience. You don't just walk out the door and say, 'Gee, I think I'll try a motorcycle.' When you're young you're apt to, but as you get a little older you get a little lazier—and fearful.

"People think you're eccentric if you ride a motorcycle. Unless you're poor. If you're poor they think you're nuts."

—Malcolm Forbes

Cycle



Easyriders Patch

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

At 5 bucks a patch they're a steal.

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

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

California residents add 6% sales tax.



AT THE WALL by Keane Bonath

It was speed and speed alone that they craved, and the hungriest of them all was a tall, raw-boned sixteen-year-old named Raymond Deane. He was afraid of nothing, and when he slapped his backside onto the saddle of his bright new yellow Excelsior and wheeled around the steeply banked board track of the Omaha motordrome, he became almost invincible. The wild-haired kid from across the river in Council Bluffs was a streak of roaring lightning who had been winning purses in the amateur heats ever since he'd lied about his age at fourteen and gunned a rebuilt Reading-Standard around the Omaha pine track in record time. Deane's grand obsession and the ultimate reward for his daring heroics was to secure a place on a factory-sponsored racing team, but time was against the young man. In fact, Raymond Deane had run out of time.

When Jack Prince opened the first motordrome in July of 1908, a one-sixth-mile banked saucer in Paterson, New Jersey, he gave birth to a new sport and ushered in an age of fearless derring-do that would forever be associated with motorcycling. While automobiles were still plodding along in dusty road races that were more tests of endurance than of miles per hour, the bikes hit the board tracks that quickly sprang up throughout the country in quest of only one goal—speed.

Raymond Deane was a child of that era, and he grew up watching the sport develop. As a child he sat in the stands at the top of the wooden saucers and watched the daredevil riders perform below him on their spindly, two-wheeled vehicles. He saw the greats of the day—DeRosier, Seymour, Graves, Balke—and he yearned to ride with them. Each city with a motordrome fielded its own home team of pro riders who competed against riders from other cities, traveling in a circuit like a baseball team, and young Deane kept up with the team standings and individual performances as related in the daily newspapers.

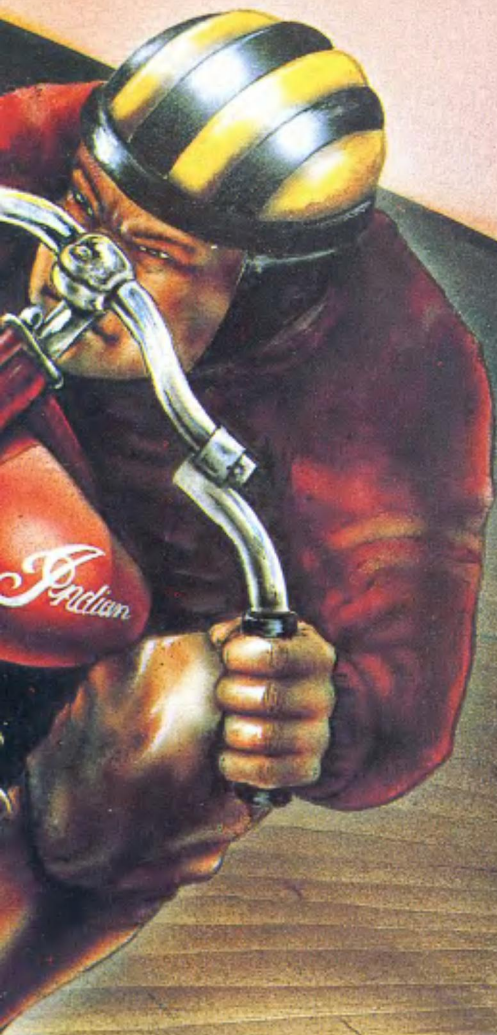
In 1912, Jake DeRosier, the man who had dominated the motordromes from their inception, went down at ninety miles per hour during a hooking bout with Charlie "Fearless" Balke, breaking his leg so badly that doctors could not mend it, and he died a few months later. DeRosier's presence and domination of the board tracks had been so overwhelming that his death left a gaping void in spite of the dozens of other competent pretenders to his throne.

And then, in early 1913, along came Walker Chevanaute, his head encased in a flimsy black and yellow bumblebee-striped leather helmet and his legs wrapped around a finely tuned, 61-inch, open-ported, big-valved Indian twin. He wound up his machine at the St. Louis Motordrome and cracked off an absolutely amazing 110 miles per hour, shattering Lee Humiston's world record 36-second mile set only a month and a half earlier. From that moment on, Chevanaute became the front runner, the man to beat.

Over a year later, in late 1914, when Raymond Deane lied about his age and ventured onto Omaha's board track for the first time, his sights were set on Walker Chevanaute. One day he would meet the man in head-to-head competition and steal away his trademark bumblebee helmet as the trophy of victory. But Deane had precious little time to accomplish his goal. He was a kid, regardless of the hot bike he rode, and it took time for him to rise through the ranks of unknowns, time that the sport of drome racing could no longer spare him.

As the speed achieved on the board tracks climbed to unbelievable figures, the carnage began. Spills were common, but at the higher speeds there were more injuries. Odin Johnson flew off the edge of the track into the spectator seats at one motordrome.

—Continued on page 109



Van der Bolt
79

Lynchburg Legend

A Longtime Believer In Harleys

Carson Little, the owner of this original 61-inch 1938 knucklehead is . . . well, hell, can't even find the words. We'll just have to run down a few of the many Harley-oriented accomplishments attributed to this H-D brother and let you decide.

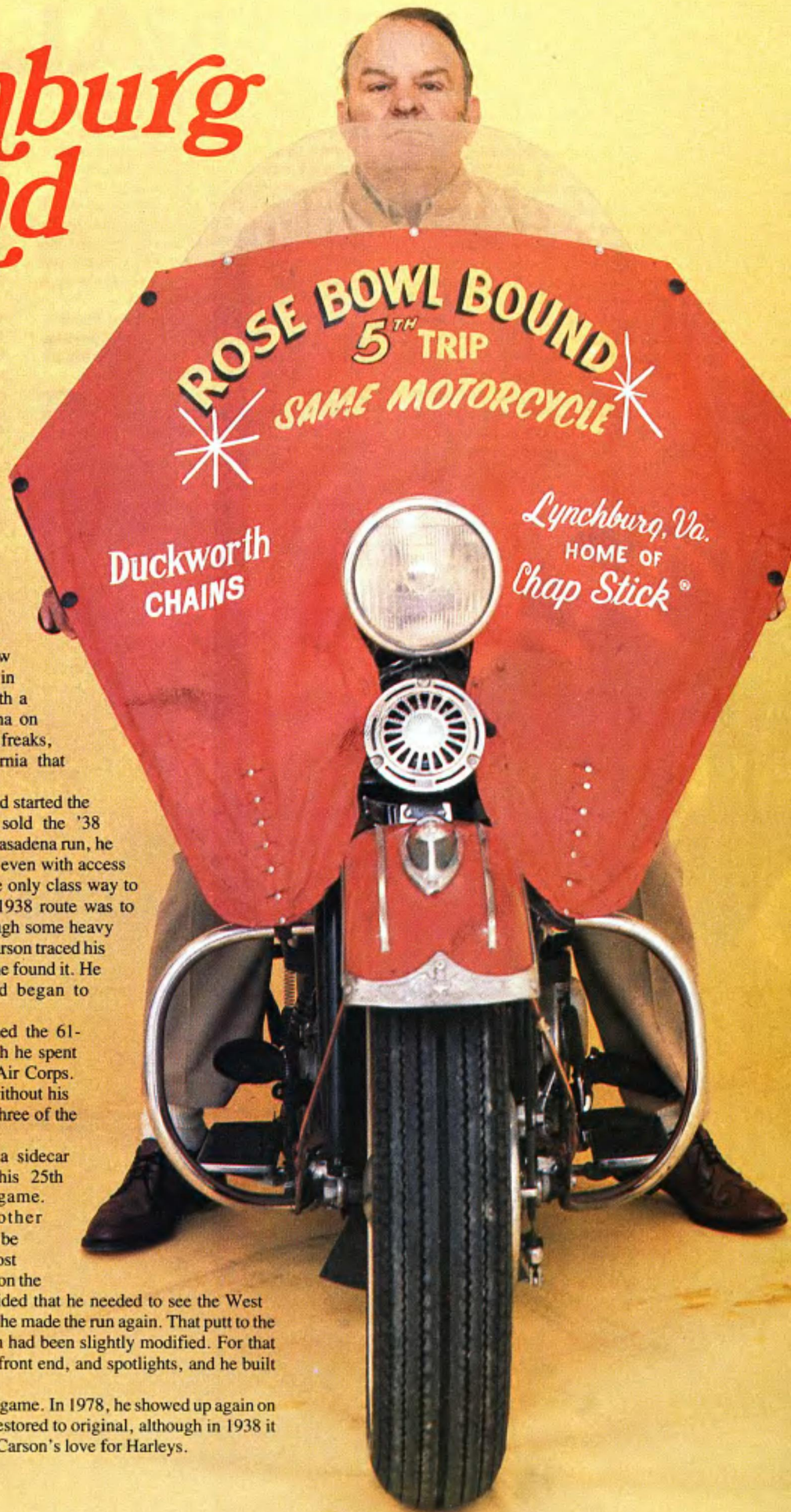
But first, a brief background on the man behind the Rose Bowl-bound canvas fairing. Carson has been riding since 1932, when he was 18. In 1938, he bought a new 61-inch knucklehead from a dealership in Thomasville, North Carolina, and rode with a buddy to the Rose Bowl game in Pasadena on New Year's Day 1939. (For you football freaks, Duke University lost to Southern California that year.) The new bike cost \$557.

In 1946, Carson moved to Lynchburg and started the H-D dealership there. And in 1948 he sold the '38 knuckle. Then, twenty years after his first Pasadena run, he decided that it was time to do it again. But even with access to all the new 1958 models, he felt that the only class way to make the cross-country run retracing the 1938 route was to ride the same bike he did back then. Through some heavy paperwork assistance by the local DMV, Carson traced his first knuckle through thirteen owners until he found it. He bought it back for—hold on—\$65 and began to rebuild it.

During the first ten years that he owned the 61-incher, he put 90,000 miles on it, although he spent over four of those ten years in the Army Air Corps. That's not to say that he was completely without his scooter. The man had his bike shipped to three of the Army bases where he was stationed.

In 1963, on his rebuilt knuckle with a sidecar attached and his son in it, he made his 25th anniversary run to the Rose Bowl game. But that wasn't the last run for brother Little. He decided that the run ought to be made more often. Although the first trip cost him a mere \$100—and that was living high on the hog—the 1963 trip cost \$300. But he decided that he needed to see the West Coast at least every five years. So, in 1968, he made the run again. That putt to the Coast was accomplished on the '38, which had been slightly modified. For that trip, he installed hydraulic brakes, a glide front end, and spotlights, and he built the knucklehead up from 61 inches to 74.

In 1973, he once more putted to the bowl game. In 1978, he showed up again on the bike you see here. It's predominantly restored to original, although in 1938 it was painted blue. But that's not the end of Carson's love for Harleys.

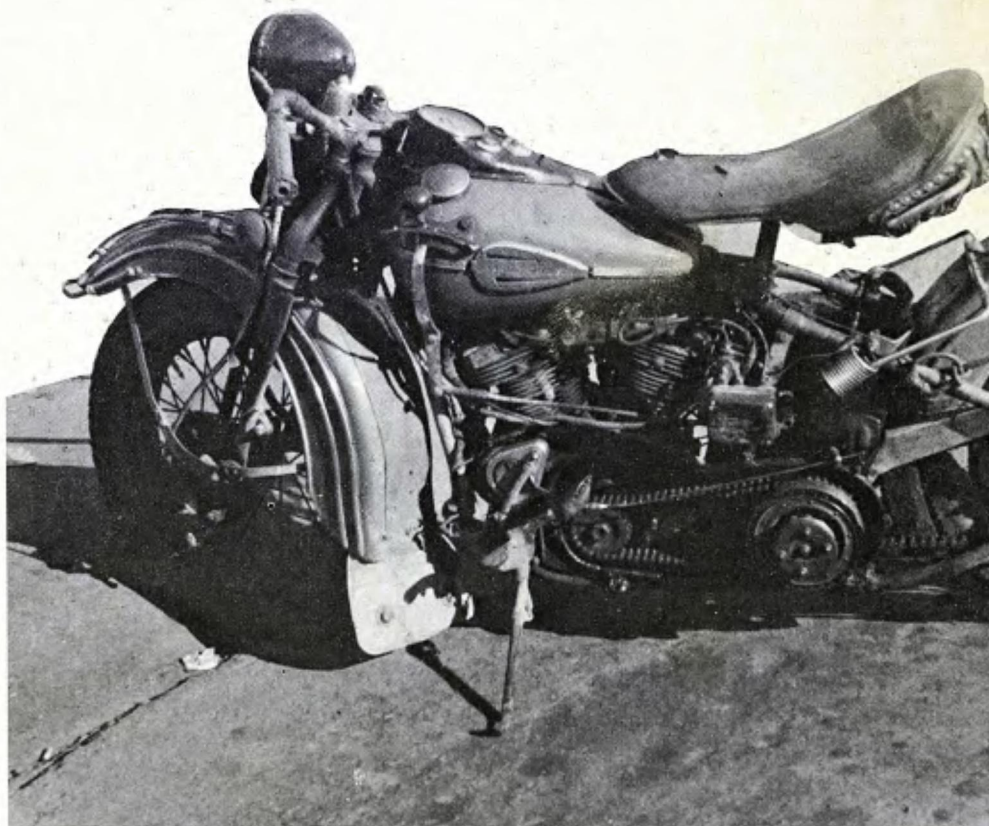




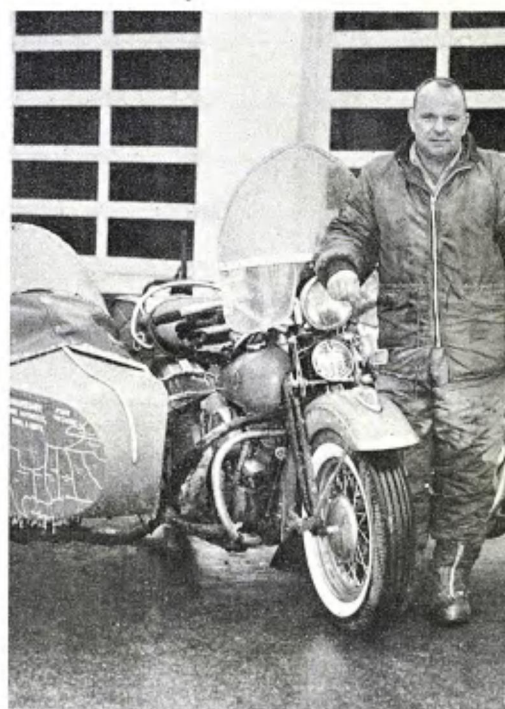
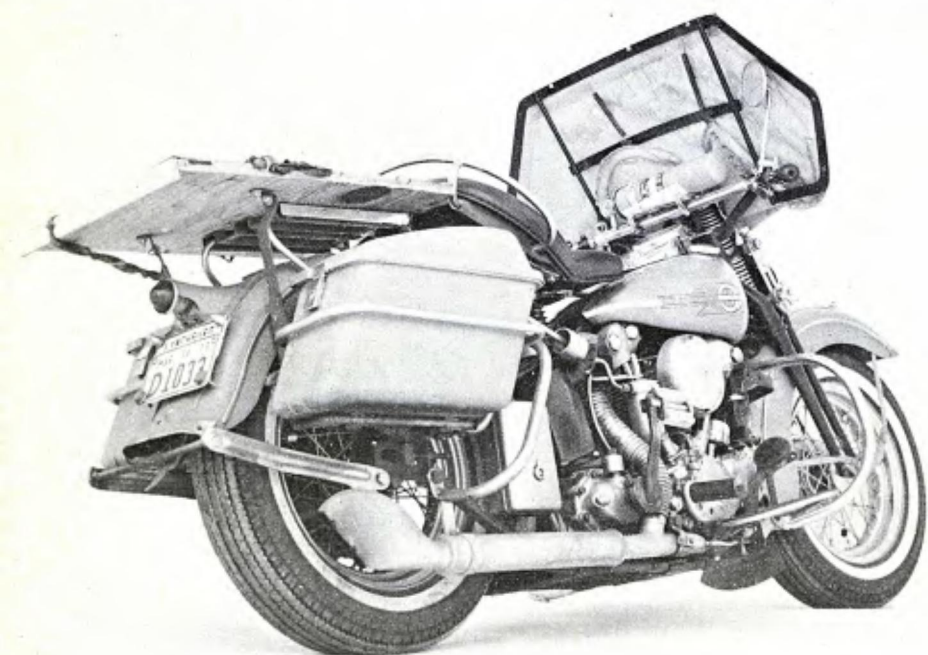
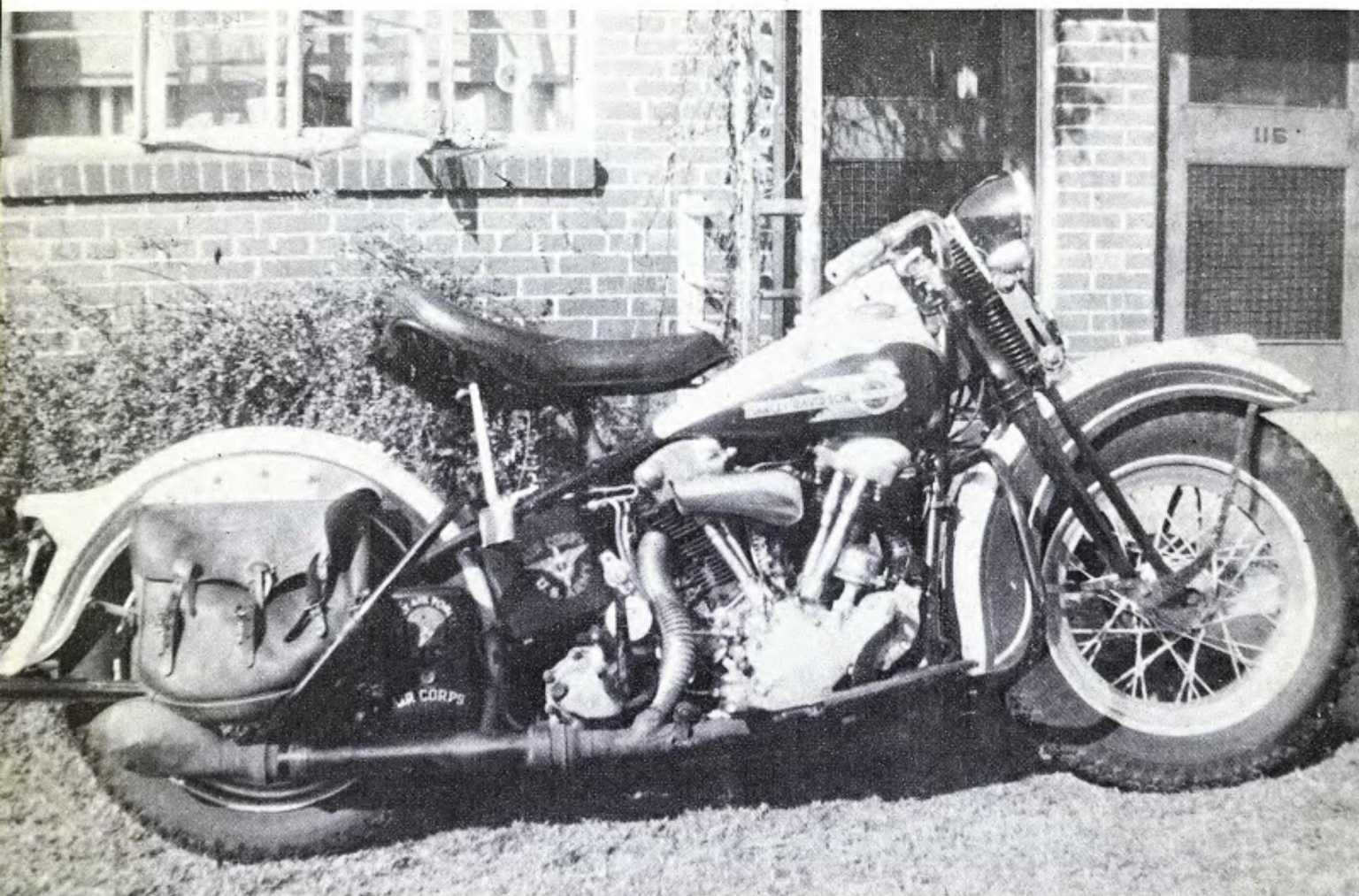
The 1968 rebuilt version of the 1938 knucklehead

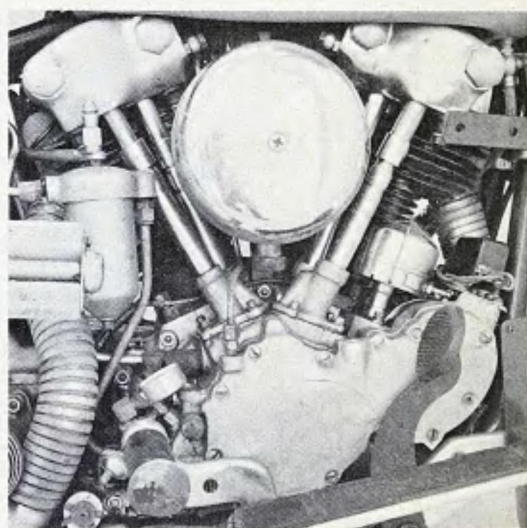
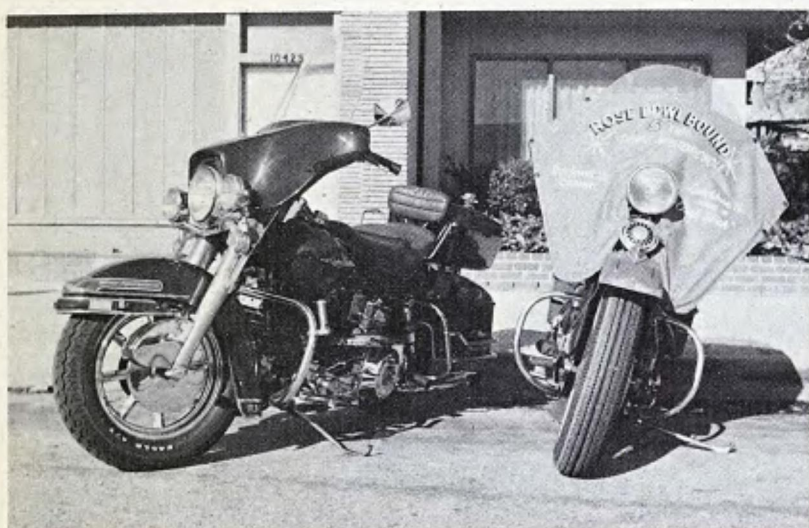
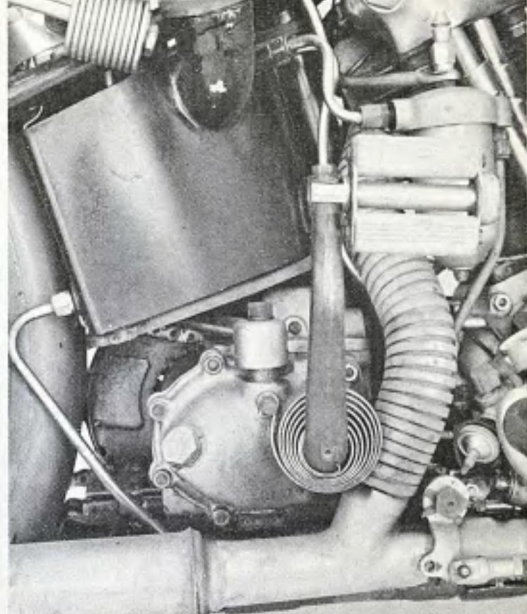
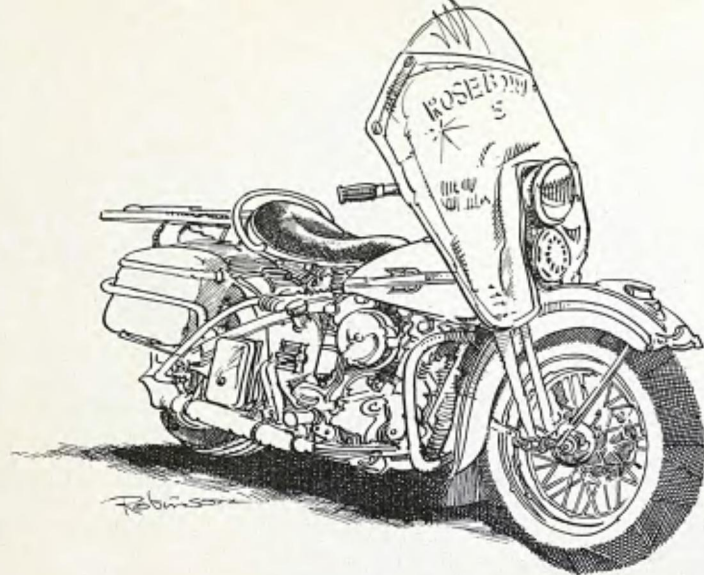
In the '60s, he began teaching his son the business in anticipation of his taking over the dealership. That was during the beginning of the custom bike era, and Carson's son began building choppers for his customers. That was also the era when everyone was shitcanning fatbob banks, fat fenders, and all the other stock items we thought were garbage. Carson didn't object to customizing scooters, but he wouldn't allow his kid to trash unused parts. His son was positive that the big tanks and fenders wouldn't be worth the brazing needed to make ashtrays out of them. His ol' man didn't want to argue, so he just found an old barn in which to stash the stock items away from his determined son's view. So, while the bikes were being stripped and customized, Carson began packing the parts away and soon began restoring old Harleys. All the while, the guys at the shop pointed their fingers, saying, "Hey, Mr. Little, nobody wants that shit anymore."

Carson has now retired and his son has taken over the dealership. But Carson hasn't given up on bikes, and we expect to see him puttin' out here again in 1983. In the meantime, he is restoring bikes in his three-story home workshop for the Harley Museum he plans to build. At present, he has restored fourteen complete bikes and fifteen different model engines, dating back to 1910. Most of his current restorations are



The 1958 version of Carson's bike

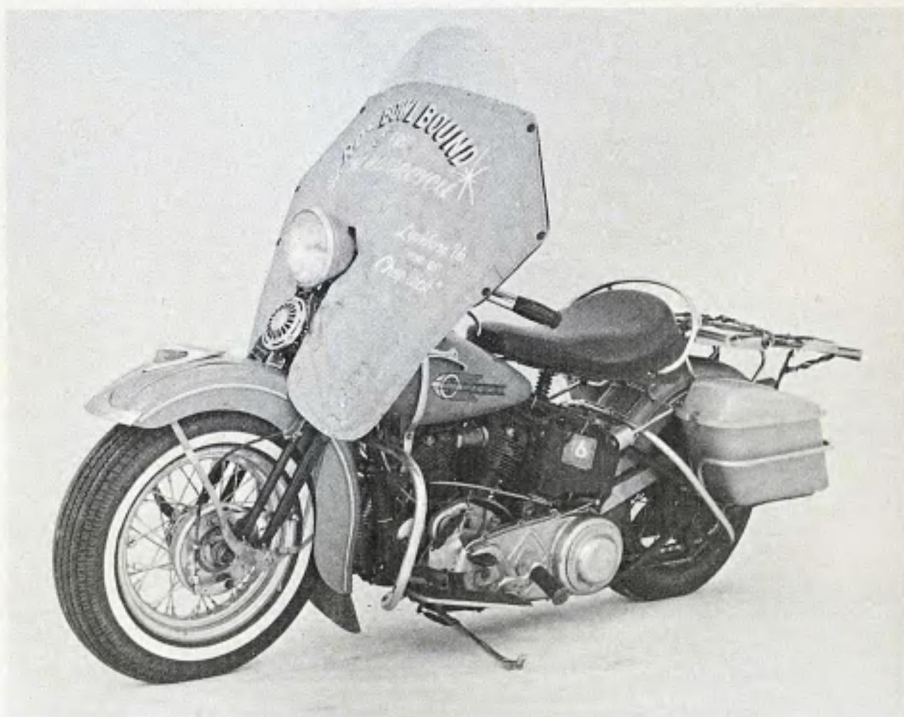


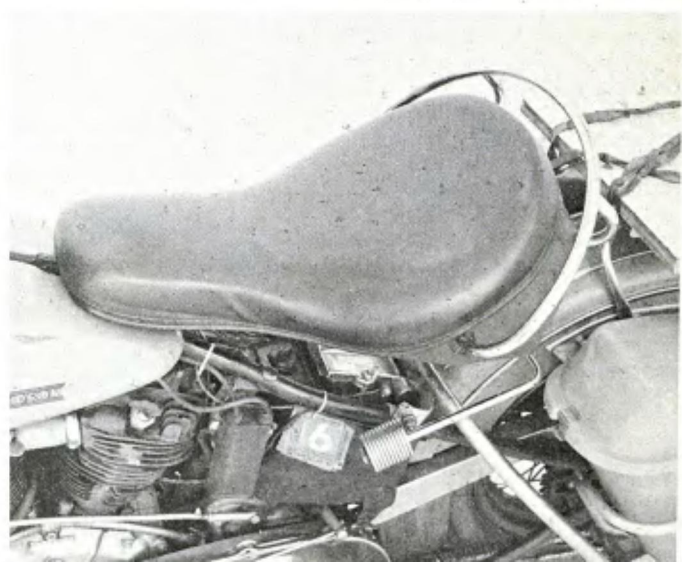
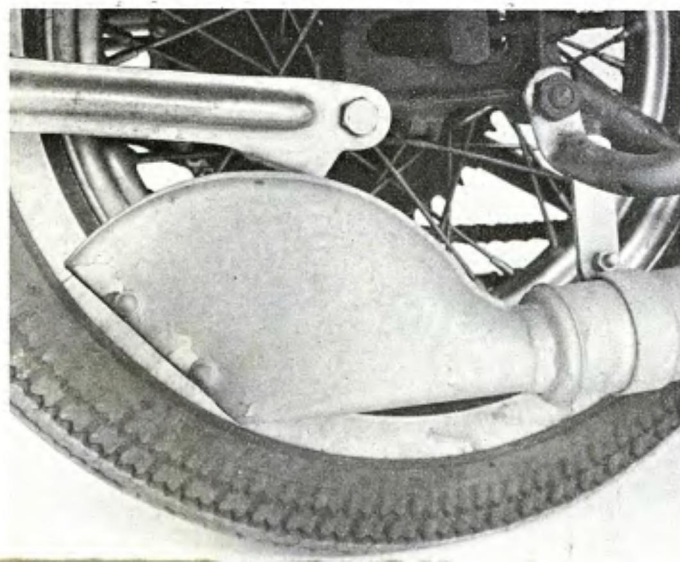


45 two-wheelers, although his collection includes a 1934 74, a 1932 74, a 1936 80 sidevalve, and his 1938 61 knuckle. He now has thirty bikes in the process of restoration. If he doesn't have a part in stock, he hits other collectors and swap meets until he finds it. He says that sometimes it isn't so much finding the part, but rather persuading the owner to cut loose from it. He told us we could publish his address (3124 Campbell Avenue, Lynchburg, Virginia 24501) for people seeking old stock parts. He'll be glad to help any brother trying to restore a bike. But he's nobody's easy mark. He may have the part, but you'd better have a good reason, a lotta cash, or something good to trade. Otherwise, some parts are going to be difficult to pry away from the man.

If you're an old Harley freak, this brother of the two wheels is a bundle of Harley knowledge and one helluva dude. And he's all heart—recently, he told his son, "Can't you give your mechanics a raise so they can buy pre-rolled cigarettes? They're back there rolling their own."

—Wilburn Roach

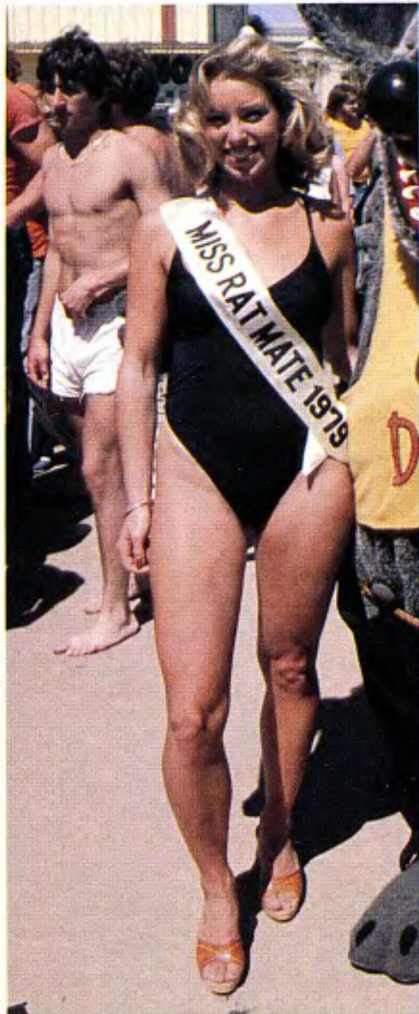






Photos by Pete Chiodo
and from Carson Little's collection

DAYTONA



Doin' It Differently

Daytona is Daytona—we all know what it looks like. We've seen it in every motorcycle publication for who knows how long. And a good percentage of all the spoke hypes in the country have been there. A couple of our bros were there again this year.

The Daytona run is fantastic. For brothers who've been snorting snow all winter, it's a bikers' retreat. But this year Daytona did something different. So, in turn, we did a different number.

This March, when brothers from all over the country started rolling out of the north, northwest, central, and southern states and into the sandy streets of Daytona Beach, another, larger-than-ever-before group followed—chicks, sweeties, beach (bed) beauties by the droves. Surf sweeties, pinstriped with bikinis, darkened by the intense sun and washed to a shimmering glow by the salty Florida surf, abounded. College women, their minds bursting with the need to escape calculators, science labs,

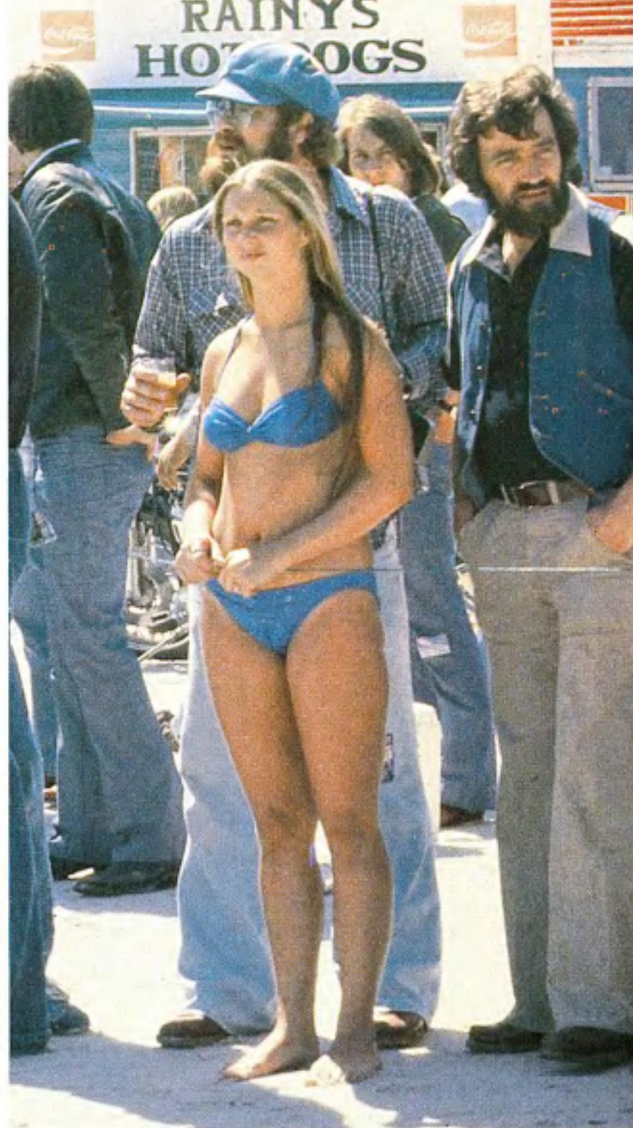


and sociology profs, decided the east coast of Florida and, more specifically, bikers, were in need of their presence. And brothers rollin' in alone from various faraway places took 'em up on anything they had in mind.

The college girls in their flimsy, see-everything tops, their sculptured buns barely concealed in cutoffs so short they woulda been too small for shoprags, were strewn from the beaches to the lively bars—too much to pass up. And our women comin' in out of winter hidin' were dressed to kill. They came on the back of bikes snugly caressing packer bars and the brothers in front of them. Or they came with other chicks lookin' for rides and riders, high bars and highs. They wore tailored leather outfits that fit as snugly on them as on the animals they came from. Their fantastic, unleashed boobs bounced behind comfortable halter tops, sensitive nipples indicating their desire to be completely naked. There were more wild women in the sandy streets, motley bars, and resort motels of Daytona than ever before.

One other unique variation was evident this year. Increasingly, that salt-sprayed city is becoming a showcase of some of the most distinctive, fastest, and most beautiful custom bikes in the world. Harley-Davidson had its first





competitive custom bike show at the Hilton this year. And the boardwalk bike show is probably the largest biker-only show in the world. Every year brothers go home and try to convince the local customizer to show his shit next March in Daytona. And this year's event demonstrated that influence—more motivated putts, more antiques, and more examples of what the serious builder is into this year.

So there you have it—a full and complete copout for the flicks of only bikes and broads this year. Next year we'll do the entire feature on sand—'cause every year, when I get back, I've got sand in my speed-saturated teeth, in my ears, in my snow-packed nose, in my gas tank, the tires, the headlights, and probably the lower end. And summer's almost here—I've gotta take a bath and get to work.

—Frank



Photos by Mil Blair, Frank, and Dave Cross





DRESSIN' UP FER DINNER

In a recent article, we covered all kinds of wild critters that a dude can capture to supplement his meager food supply when he's livin' off the land. All the space was devoted to cookin' an' eatin' 'em, 'cause we figgered every dude knows how to send 'em to the great nut stash in the sky.

In this article—which we'll admit is gross—we're gonna spend a little more time tellin' ya how to execute (pardon the pun) the fine art of quickly and efficiently endin' the life process of everything from birdies to bowwows before ya convert 'em into shittballs. And if there's any animal lovers readin' this who disapprove, the next article will be about how to strangle a banana an' choke an arti...

Chickens: You'd be surprised at how many people don't know how to kill a chicken. The fact is that in some of the major cities there are a lotta dudes who've never even seen a live chicken. They eat so much of the Colonel Sanders variety they think chickens are born in a cardboard box, covered with bread crumbs instead of feathers.

The method of killin' a chicken depends a lot on who you are an' where you are. If you're of the Jewish faith, don't fuck with 'em. The rabbi will do the job for ya by stabbin' the clucker in the roof of the mouth with a sharp little dagger. If you're of some other faith, here's how to go about it.

People who live in apartments and want to kill their own bird have gotta be more careful than a dude who lives on a farm or has a big back yard. When the bird's head comes off, blood squirts everywhere, so ya gotta prepare for it.

Get a big paper shoppin' bag an' put the chicken in it, then bunch it up so just his head is stickin' out. Lay the critter's head on a breadboard or piece of two-by-four an' chop it off with a meat cleaver or a big butcher knife.

As soon as the chicken's head comes off, let him drop down into the bag an' hold the openin' closed, 'cause there's gonna be all kinds of hell breakin' loose. While the head lays there on the sink givin' ya a dirty look, the rest of the bird is gonna thrash around inside the bag for quite some time. Sometimes a dead chicken will quickly stop floppin'—but don't relax your grip. That's when it busts its way outta the bag an' flops all around the kitchen, sprayin' blood an' feathers on the wall, ceilin', an' you.

Once the floppin' stops, hold the bird by the feet an' dip it quickly in an' out of a big kettle of boilin' water. The object of this is to make the feathers easier to remove an' to kill all the lice on the bird. All birds got 'em, an' if you get 'em they're worse than a dose of crabs.

Pull out all the feathers an' as much of the fuzzy little pinfeathers as you can, then hold the bird over a lit burner on the stove, passin' it back an' forth a few times to burn off what fuzz is left.

Lay the bird on its back an' with a sharp knife cut just through the skin from the asshole to the breastbone, then reach in an'

scoop out all the guts. Save the liver, heart, an' gizzard, but if you're gonna eat the tough ol' gizzard, ya gotta cut it open an' scrape out all the rocks an' pieces of corn stuck inside. Rocks are part of a chicken's digestive system, an' while they're mighty good for the chicken, they ain't so hot for humans. Shittin' rocks is somethin' like shittin' peach pits.

**Or,
how to
make that
critter ya
caught
worth
eatin'**

**by
Dr. Twatburger**

Killin' chickens outside is easier, cleaner, an' in spite of the moralistic an' emotional aspects of killin', it can turn out to be downright entertainin'. Farmers who have a lotta chickens to kill usually do it by the swing-an'-twist method. For individual chickens, the ol' choppin' block works fine.

If ya use the swing-an'-twist method, it's best to have a big, fenced yard, 'cause the critter is gonna cover a lot of territory on it's dispatched. They flop an' squirt a lot. Sometimes they just walk around without a head until they run outta gas an' fall over. Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" recorded a rooster that lived for seven days after his head was chopped off, so don't be surprised if ya gotta wait a while for dinner.

Stand in the middle of the yard an' entice the chickens to come around ya by droppin'

some corn on the ground. When the one ya want gets close, reach down an' grab it by the head, then stand up an' whirl the critter, usin' only wrist movement. Two whirls an' you'll be standin' there with the chicken's head in your hand while the bird's body flies across the yard, just far enough away to keep from sprayin' blood all over your rags.

Of course, you can dust a chicken outdoors by choppin' its head off. Select a tree stump or a big block of wood an' drive two nails about halfway in, a half-inch apart. Shove the bird's head down between the nails, then pull on its feet. The neck will stretch out, givin' ya a clean shot at it with a knife, ax, or cleaver. Fling the sucker away as soon as the head comes off or you'll get sprayed.

You can hang the chicken from a clothesline or from a nail in the side of the garage by tyin' its feet together. This keeps the bird clean an' in one place. Just grab hold of his head an' whack it off with your Buck knife. (When we tol' Spider to whack it off, he stood there for an hour beatin' his meat, waitin' for the chicken to die of envy.)

Rabbits: These cute lil' critters are great eatin', an' they're easier to dispatch than chickens. In the big cities, they're not very popular as food, an' the aversion to 'em is a direct result of hard times. Durin' the depression years, a lotta butchers got caught sellin' rabbits that turned out to be cats, an' since a cat an' a rabbit look just alike once they got their clothes off, nobody knew the difference. The taste ain't much different, either, in case ya wanta experiment, but don't let us give ya no ideas. Your ol' lady only wants ya to eat one kinda pussy.

How ya get your rabbit is up to you. We ain't goin' into no story about huntin' wild game. If ya want one, buy it, or ya can eat that pink one Aunt Alice gave to your rugrat at Easter. Once it's gone, you won't have to be suspicious of them raisins in your Wheaties.

Killin' rabbits is a clean business. Just pick the bunny up by the ears or the hind legs an' give it a whack on the back of the head with a hammer handle or stick. Make it a good one, or it'll scream like a wounded banshee, an' you're likely to lose your taste for rabbit stew.

Next, cut off its head an' skin it, then gut it just like ya did the chicken. You can save the rabbit's feet for good luck, but as ya can see, they didn't bring much good luck to the rabbit.

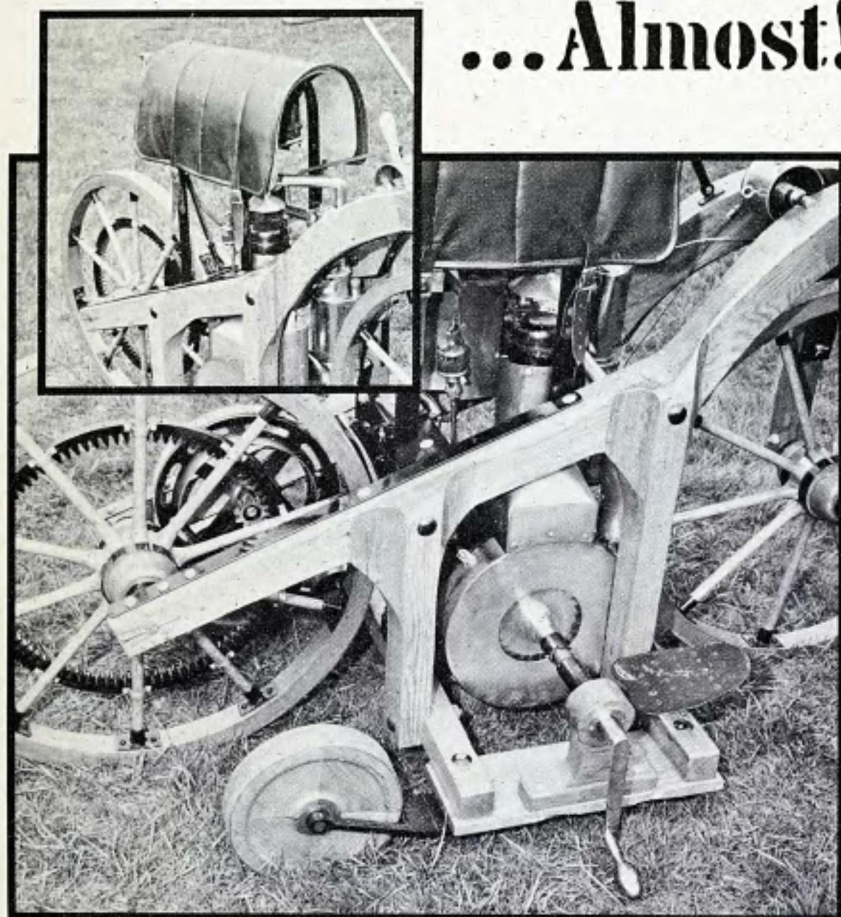
If you're huntin' rabbits in the wide-open spaces an' wanna clean 'em fast, cut the sucker's throat, then cut all around the asshole. Grab it by the ears an' swing it around in a big arc. Everything inside will come flyin' out an' land a dozen yards away. If the guts come flyin' out an' land on the chest of the biggest dude in the huntin' party—too bad.

Dog: (You ain't gonna like this, but tough shit.) Eskimos eat dog meat, Indians eat dog meat, an' in the Far East, people think of dog as a delicacy. Ya might even find a dog toenail in your burrito, if ya chow down south

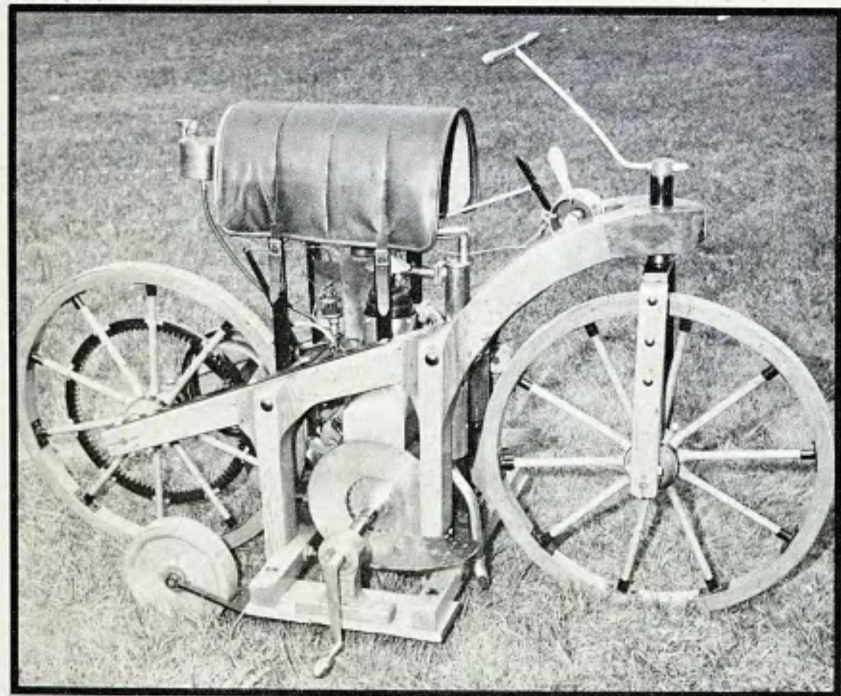
—Continued on page 80

World's Oldest Scoot...

...Almost!



Photos by Jake



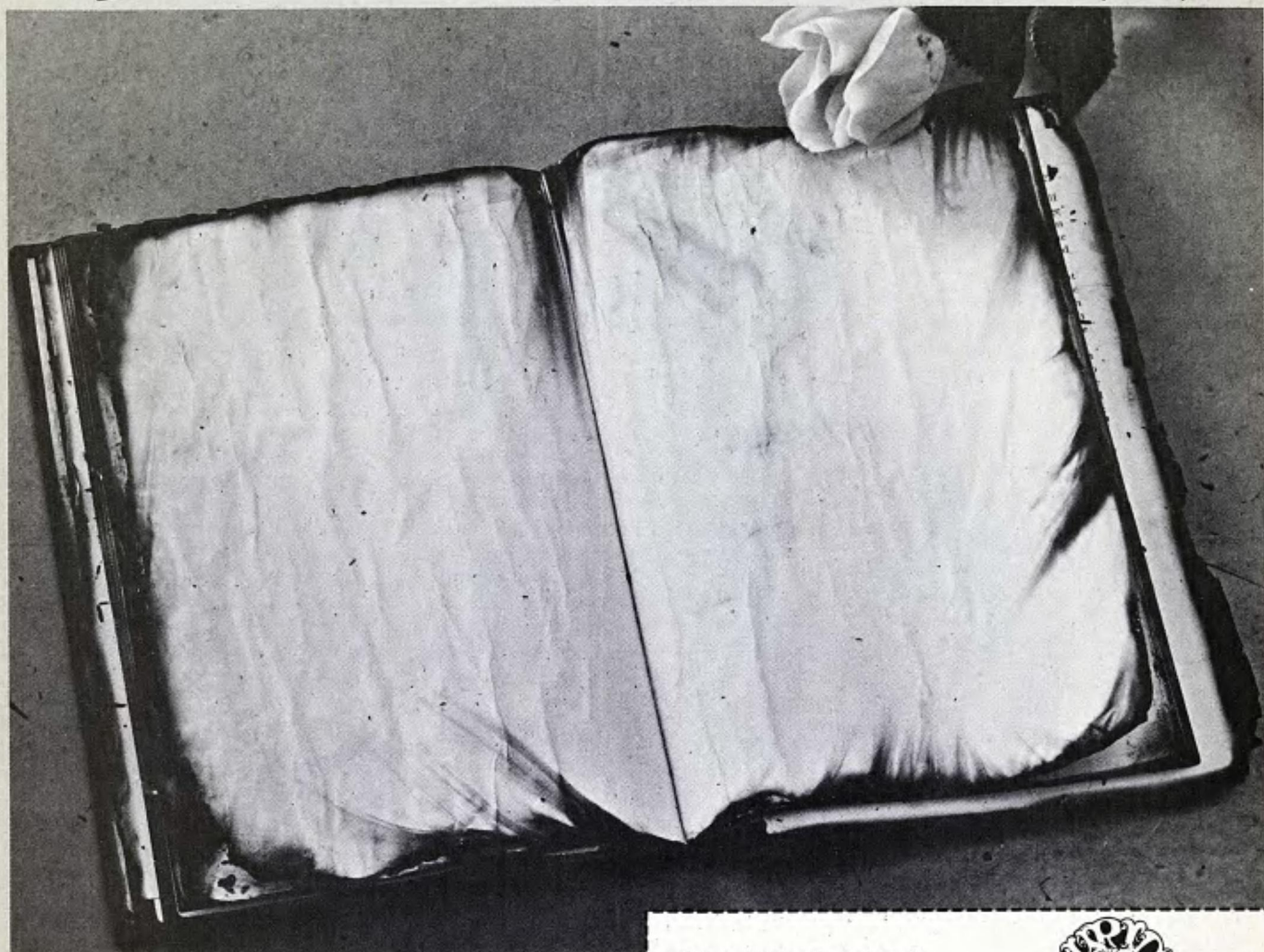
At a recent mash and hash bash in this fleatrap, some of the bros got to shootin' the shit about who had the flicks of the oldest two-wheeled sled. Well, Snake dug into his jeans and pulled out a shot of a VL he put together up in the hills a few years ago. Sniveler countered with a crinkled, wallet-worn pic of an old F-head he snapped at the hillclimbs when he was a kid. But then the ol' coot piped up from his greasy corner and blew 'em all into the weeds with these photos.

This sled, constructed by Ken Williams in Massachusetts, is a perfect replica of an 1885 Daimler. It's authentic right down to the frame, which is made from hardwood attached with glue and carriage bolts. The one-cylinder engine has a displacement of 264 cc, with a bore of around two inches and a stroke of almost four. Power output is just one-half horsepower, so although the little huffer is air-cooled, no fins are really necessary. The steering is controlled with a tiller through a very steep neck rake. With a weight of 198 pounds, no high speeds are to be expected—top end is ten mph at 700 rpm. Scooter freaks will appreciate some of the modern ideas in this bike, including a two-speed belt primary drive (made from leather), and the one-piece mag-style wheels and hubs of wood. The prototype of this machine was built by Gottlieb Daimler and Wilhelm Maybach and was ridden first in Cannstatt, Germany. The outrigger wheels were for stability on the cobblestone roads of that time. No wonder Daimler decided to shelve the project in favor of buildin' a door slammer — one rocky ride would have wasted anyone's kidneys and backbone, since there's no suspension or rubber between the rider and the road below.

Well, that's certainly the closest anyone in this grubby den could come to the oldest scoot. But maybe some of you bros out there know of a Fred Flintstone machine that can top it.

— fat rat

Ya See, We Didn't Start With Shitpaper



We began **Easyriders** with wide-lined school paper, stolen from elementary school kids.

And we built a fine magazine on the premise of "to hell with big business—if ya can't do it in your garage, forget it." And we were kicked out of a few garages. But we managed to get together the finest in biker-related events, stories, scooters, and a few choice women to grace our pages. And if you subscribe today, you'll find that we're still seeking the best for our readers. Shit, we even throw in a free decal.



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73

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Do you plan to customize it? _____ What do you like
best about **Easyriders** magazine? _____

The Secret Technique



by J.J. Solari

Gee, I ain't never given a biker a ticket before." I don't know where he was gettin' this "give" shit—fuckin' piece o' paper was probably gonna cost me fifty bucks.

"Glad I could oblige," I said, lookin' around aimlessly.

"Fact is," he said, glancin' up at me for a second and then writin' some more, "you're the first one I ever even talked to."

"My, my," I said, gazin' down the road. "This is my lucky day, isn't it?"

He kept writin' an' said, "Say, howda you guys manage to get so many good-lookin' women, anyway?"

I don't know where he was gettin' his information. I hadn't even smelled the turds of a good-lookin' woman for months.

"I hang crates o' Tupperware from my balls," I replied.

"Naaa, I'm serious," he said, not lookin' up from his writin'.

You're also delirious, I thought to myself, casually examin' the immediate area to see if there was some horde o' females that'd snuck up while I wasn't lookin'.

"I don't really know what causes it," I said wearily, waitin' for him to finish up.

He handed me the book and I signed it and gave it back. He handed me my copy of the ticket.

"Thanks," I said.

"You really should have a mirror on that bike," he assured me.

"I know," I said, foldin' the ticket a couple of times and holdin' it up in front of him. "It'll keep me from gettin' these."

"It could also save your life," he said, helpfully.

"Yeah," I said, stuffin' the paper in my pocket, "an' it could also end it too, if I ever get in the habit o' actually usin' the damn thing instead a lookin' around myself like I been doin'."

"Well, you know," he said, smilin' at me, "you don't actually hafta use it. You just hafta have one installed."

I rested one hand on his shoulder and said, "Well, that certainly does make sense, officer, and I'm sure glad you came by and straightened out this whole matter for me today."

He smiled like a good-natured buffoon and said, "My pleasure."

I turned and headed toward the bike.

I heard the patter of little flat feet behind me.

I stopped and turned around.

"Yes?" I said.

He stopped and grinned at me and said, "I really would like ta know you guysez secret for gettin' such class-A women."

Well, I couldn't see anything unusual at all in him wantin' me to

settle in and give this question the long, drawn-out explanation it deserved, and if he'd given me ten cases o' beer a few minutes ago instead a what he actually did give me, I mighta been in a mood to cooperate. I did bend over backwards just a little, though.

"I couldn't say," I told him, turnin' around again and headin' for the bike.

I heard them feet behind me again.

I stopped at the bike before turnin' to say, "I really gotta go."

"But I ain't never talked to one o' you biker guys before."

I couldn't imagine what mighta been goin' on in this lunatic's mind to make him think that I wanted to talk to him.

"I hope you don't take offense, sir, but I don't especially wanna talk to you," I said towards the barrier between me and his brain.

"No, really," he said happily.

"How do you guys get such stone-ass women?"

I figured, fuck the ticket. Fuck the little bank-buster. This gentleman wants to converse.

"I don't know what you're complainin' about," I managed to get myself to say, fiddlin' some things in order prior to gettin' rollin' again. "You guys don't seem to do too bad, from what I've been

able to see."

"Well, that ain't hard to understand," he said, standin' at attention and presentin' himself. "Look at these duds!"

I looked at those duds.

"Now look at your duds!" he said.

"I don't have to. I can smell 'em."

I stood up, gettin' ready to start the scoot, and he said, "I bet you fill 'em up with drugs, huh?"

I sat back down slowly, reached backwards with one arm, yanked the rope, and two tons of crud went crashin' to the ground.

"Gee," he said. "Whadja do that for?"

I turned slowly towards him and just stared resignedly at his person.

"Don't you wanna go through that stuff?" I droned, boredly.

"Good God, no," he replied, takin' a step back an' lookin' down at the pile.

I sighed, got off the bike, and started puttin' the whole thing together again. Fifteen minutes of silence be-

tween us later I got back on and said, "If you ain't lookin' for somethin' else to write me up about, I'd sure like to know what the hell you're still hangin' around for. I really gotta go. Your boss pays you for bein' here, but my boss pays me for bein' "—I pointed off into the unseen distances—"way the motherfuck over there."

"All... all I wanted to do was talk," he said, lookin' at me uncertainly.

The problem, I finally decided, grindin' my palms in my face, was that what I had here was a genuine simpleton.

"Well," I said, eventually, "I'd really like to talk too, but I gotta go. I got a judge and a mirror salesman to support."

I jumped down on the bike and started it.

"So," he said, undaunted, "you come through this stretch of highway every day?"

"Most every day," I said. "Sometimes, though, like today, I just take root in the middle somewhere."

"Well, say,"

he said with obvious interest, "do ya ever eat breakfast or anything at that diner down the way?"

"Probably not anymore," I suggested.

"Well, gee," he said, "maybe I'll see ya there and we can finish this discussion."

I took his hand in both of mine and shook it heartily. "I think I'd really like that, sir," I said.

I let go of his hand and he said, "I hope you can get over my giving you a ticket without holding a grudge."

I was hopin' I could get over the gravel without ridin' across his face.

I took off, lookin' back quickly to make sure he wasn't sittin' behind me. But he was just standin' by his car, violently wavin' goodbye with one arm.

For the next two weeks or so, this pinhead flashed his rooflights like silent ack-ack every time we passed each other in opposite directions on that stretch of highway as I made my way to or from work, and as he made his way through Dale Carnegie's head. It was my great good luck to encounter him one morning in the diner.

"Hey, you're here!" he howled cheerily, comin' over and sitting next to me at the counter.

Boy, I hate makin' friends. I just fuckin' out-and-out detest it.

"Yeah, damned if I ain't," I said, puttin' my coffee down and sawin' one-handed through an egg.

"I see ya got that mirror," he informed me.

Using the cruder, lazier, of the two methods, I extended my middle finger and swung my hand around in front of his face and continued eatin', holdin' my arm steady.

"Don't do that in here!" he squeaked noisily. "Are you crazy?"

I lowered my arm and leaned on it and sawed some bacon.

"Hell, I know you're sore about that ticket," he said. "But gimme a break. I was just doin' my job."

"Ain't a congressman in the country'da been any the wiser, you'da shined it on," I said, eatin'.

"Oh, hell," he said. "If it hadn'ta been me, it woulda been someone else."



—Continued on page 82

Letter to My Hog

—From Your Downed Rider

Hey, Partner,

How's it goin'? I know it's slow with you laid up under that canvas in the garage.

I sure miss ya, ya ol' knucklehead. I got your picture in my wallet, an' I show it off every chance I get. Is the ol' lady takin' care of you? I know you hate dust and grime and bein' ignored.

Yeah, ol' trusty, things have slowed up for both of us, but they'll pick up again. Just be patient—although that's easier said than done, I know.

I figure you haven't had any exercise, 'cause everybody knows it's hands off my ride. But when I get back, you'll blow out yer pipes and flash yer sealbeam on the open road again. It won't take long—a little lovin' care and you'll loosen up and be quick as ever.

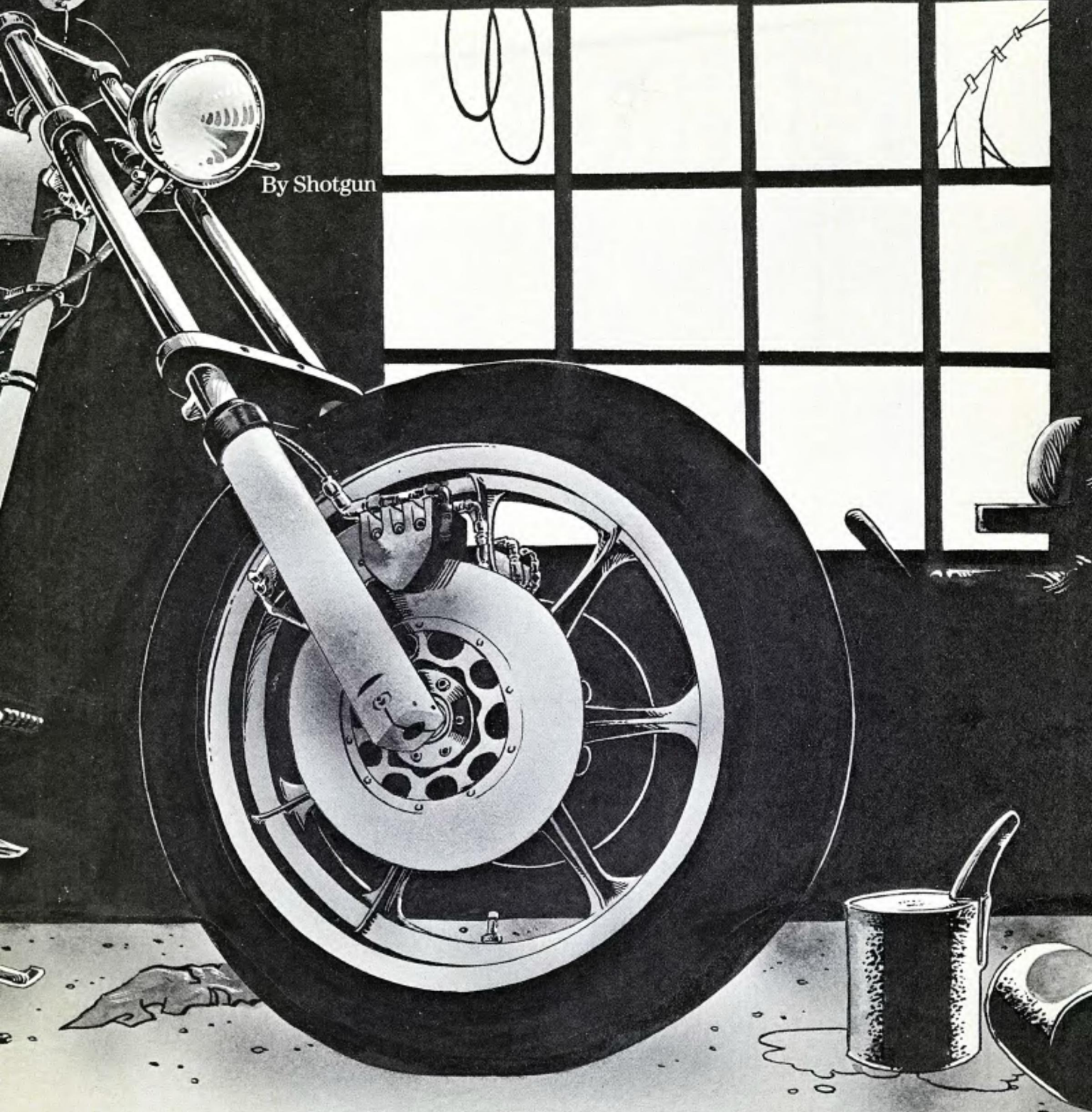
We'll go to Daytona. I hear it's nice down there. Hell, maybe with some determination

and a little luck you'll make the bike show on the beach.

You know you look good enough—to me, at least.

Damn it, thinkin' of you makes this time even harder. Ya know, the ol' lady's ass is fine, but she ain't even in the race with you—especially since *you* never bitched about me gettin' a job. You always sang a warm, rumblin' chorus for me and took me where I needed to go.

Hey, last night I got high as Georgia pine! Man, it'd been a while. I toked one to you, but



By Shotgun

you could've guessed that. I just laid back in the rack and you and I went jammin'. Sure was nice, too—you ran just fine.

Some folks would think I'm crazy, writin' my scoot, but you and I know what's happenin'—we've been down the road.

I remember when I got you it was love at first sight. When I mounted, I fit your sleek frame just right. You fired at my first kick—fast as a shadow when I turned the wick. Everybody looked at us as we passed 'em up—all those envious eyes followed your glistenin' chrome,

awed at the thunderin' locomotive and its proud engineer.

Remember the time that asshole tried to rip you off? You wouldn't respond to his hardest kicks—remember that?

Well, look here, knucklehead, you ol' granddaddy, I'm gonna sign off now. But keep on shinin'—I'll be home soon to clean the dust outta yer carb and the cobwebs off yer back.

We'll ride together again, 'cause they ain't gonna break me—not this scooter tramp.

Your better half, Bones

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

Afrika Iron

By Wildman

Anybody who knows much about World War II will agree that Field Marshal Erwin "Desert Fox" Rommel did more damage with less equipment than any other general. Short of food, fuel, ammo, men, and machines, the Afrika Korps nonetheless managed to kick ass all over the desert. Rommel was one reason—the BMW R75 was another.

While desert warfare was nothing new, 1941-44 saw the first large-scale mechanized war conducted in the harsh extremes of North Africa. Both sides were ill-equipped and poorly trained. These raw troops received a rude awakening when they arrived in the land of endless sand and powder dust, rock-strewn plains, burning days, and freezing nights. Forget about Lawrence of Arabia and all that crap—in Africa, thousands of troops on both sides died without ever seeing the enemy.

Maps were worthless, vehicles broke down or ran out of gas, water could be found only by the Arabs, and a man on foot was dead in 48 hours. In the words of one poet, "Allah's judgment comes swiftly to those whose heads are of camel dung."

The ideal vehicle for such conditions would be air-cooled, economical on gas, capable of operating for long periods with minimal maintenance, able to scramble over loose sand, and lightweight but stronger than a pack camel. In short, the BMW R75. Herr Rudolph Schleicher's military motorcycle needed only minor modifications to render it perfectly suited to the challenge, and it proved to be the finest piece of machinery that moved under its own power in Africa during the war. (The dreaded 8.8cm Flak 18 anti-tank gun was not self-propelled.)

Rommel sent his hardy motorcycle scouts on long-range patrols to find the enemy and hit him from behind. With no armor protection and usually without covering fire from support units, the Nazi bikers had to rely on speed and the element of surprise to get in and out in one piece. The enemy never knew when or where to expect attack by whisper-quiet motorcycle commandos spraying death at 1,000 rounds per minute from sidehack-mounted MG 34s. Supply lines were disrupted, troop movements were detected and harassed, and the hard-riding krauts vanished back into the vast desert wastelands.

Don't get the idea that it was always like a TV episode of "Rat Patrol." The life of the desert scooter

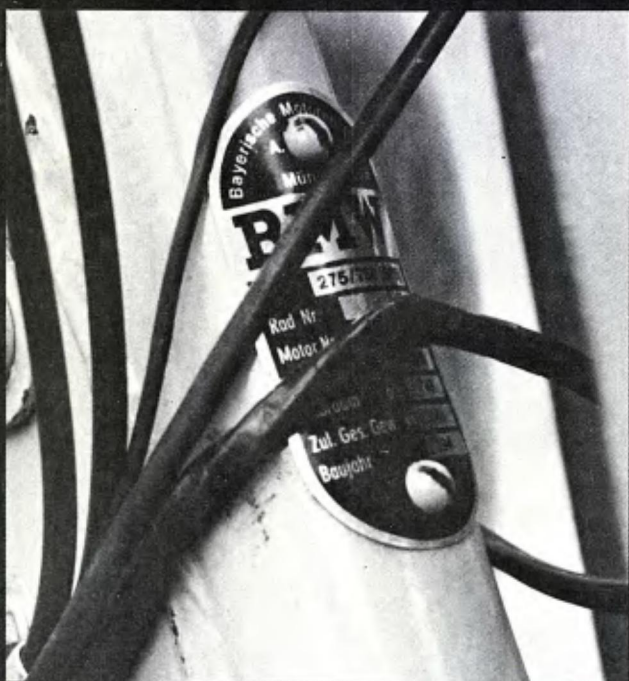
pilot was pretty grim. The relentless sun and wind meant constant dehydration, cracked lips, and faces burned raw. Day after day there was no escape as the temperature hit 120 plus—only to drop to freezing overnight. Goggles were inadequate protection in sandstorms that blasted paint right off steel, and dysentery was a deadly joke shared by friends and foe alike.

But German engineering had produced a machine that was more than a match for anything the desert could throw against it. The original European model R75 was specially fitted with a "concertina" fabric sand and dust filter mounted on the gas tank (pop the cover, grab the filter, give it a good shake, and you're back on the road), an oil cooler, smoother, fatter sand tires, and a coat of light tan paint. The standard seals were almost gritproof, so no further "desertizing" was necessary to keep the engine and power train protected. Of course, heavier engine oil was required and more frequent lube jobs were necessary, but the bike was built like a tractor and could take a hell of a lot of punishing kilometers before crapping out.

The air-cooled 745cc horizontally opposed two-cylinder engine was a model of teutonic efficiency with all roller and ball bearings, wet sump, pushrod overhead valves, and 24mm Amal carbs. Plenty of low-end torque was available from the 5.8:1 compression ratio, and 4400 rpm punched out the max 26 bhp. This power was coupled to a four-forward and one-reverse transmission that also featured a high- and low-range shifter—a total of eight forward gears and two reverse. Low gear/low range could probably pull a bogged-down halftrack out of a wadi, and the top end allowed cruising at an easy 60 mph on good roads (in the Sahara?).

But all of that good stuff wasn't worth a camel fart if it couldn't get the rig through the deep sand and up the dunes, so Schleicher fitted—are you ready?—a drive gear and shaft to the side-car wheel! Flipping a lever engages the drive takeoff on the bike's rear wheel differential for stereo propulsion that lets the machine waltz right through the worst footing. And whaddafuck, even if it got stuck the driver and gunner could usually get it out by themselves and be in the wind in less time than it takes to say "Machen wir dass wir rauskommen!"

Starting with about 900 lbs. of bike and boat, the



thing also carried an easy 350 lbs. of machine gun, ammo, extra gas in jerrycans bracketed on the sidecar, tools, equipment, spares, rations, water, and a driver plus observer/gunner. Still, it got 35-40 mpg and could roll across the desert for month after month without feeling a wrench in its guts. Scouting, patrolling, hit-and-run raiding, dispatch running, equipment and medical transport—the R75 was a pack mule (camel?) to the Afrika Korps at a time when every drop of fuel, water and oil was precious and every tire and spare part impossible to replace.

Too bad for Rommel that he didn't have more rolling stock like the BMW R75. Hell, even if all the Afrika Korps ever had were plenty of R75s and 88s they would probably still own all of Nord Afrika.

Specifications

Engine

745cc

Horizontally opposed twin

4-stroke

Pushrod OHV

5.8:1 compression

24mm Amal carbs

Max bhp:24 @ 4400 rpm

Transmission

Single dry-disc clutch

4 forward + 1 reverse, with high/low range

Drive shaft

Power takeoff to sidecar drive with engage/disengage gearing

Electrical

Norris type ZG 2A magneto w/auto. spark advance

50-watt generator

6-volt battery—7 amp. hr.

General

Dry weight: 880 lbs.

Max operational weight: 1900 lbs.

Length: 8 ft. 4 in.

Width: 5 ft. 10 in. with sidecar

Height: 3 ft. 4 in.

Ground clearance: 6 in.

Tire size: 4.50 x 16

Fording depth: 13 in.

Gas capacity: 6 1/3 U.S. gal. (w/1/2-gal. reserve)

Hydraulic brakes rear & sidecar (mechanical front brake)

Hydraulic forks

Rigid rear frame with sprung seats

Sidecar has 1/4 leaf springs

Detail inside the Afrika Korps model dust filter/air cleaner

Detail of rear drive power takeoff gearing

Detail of sidecar drive mechanism

Engine cross-section

High-efficiency, elaborate muffler guts





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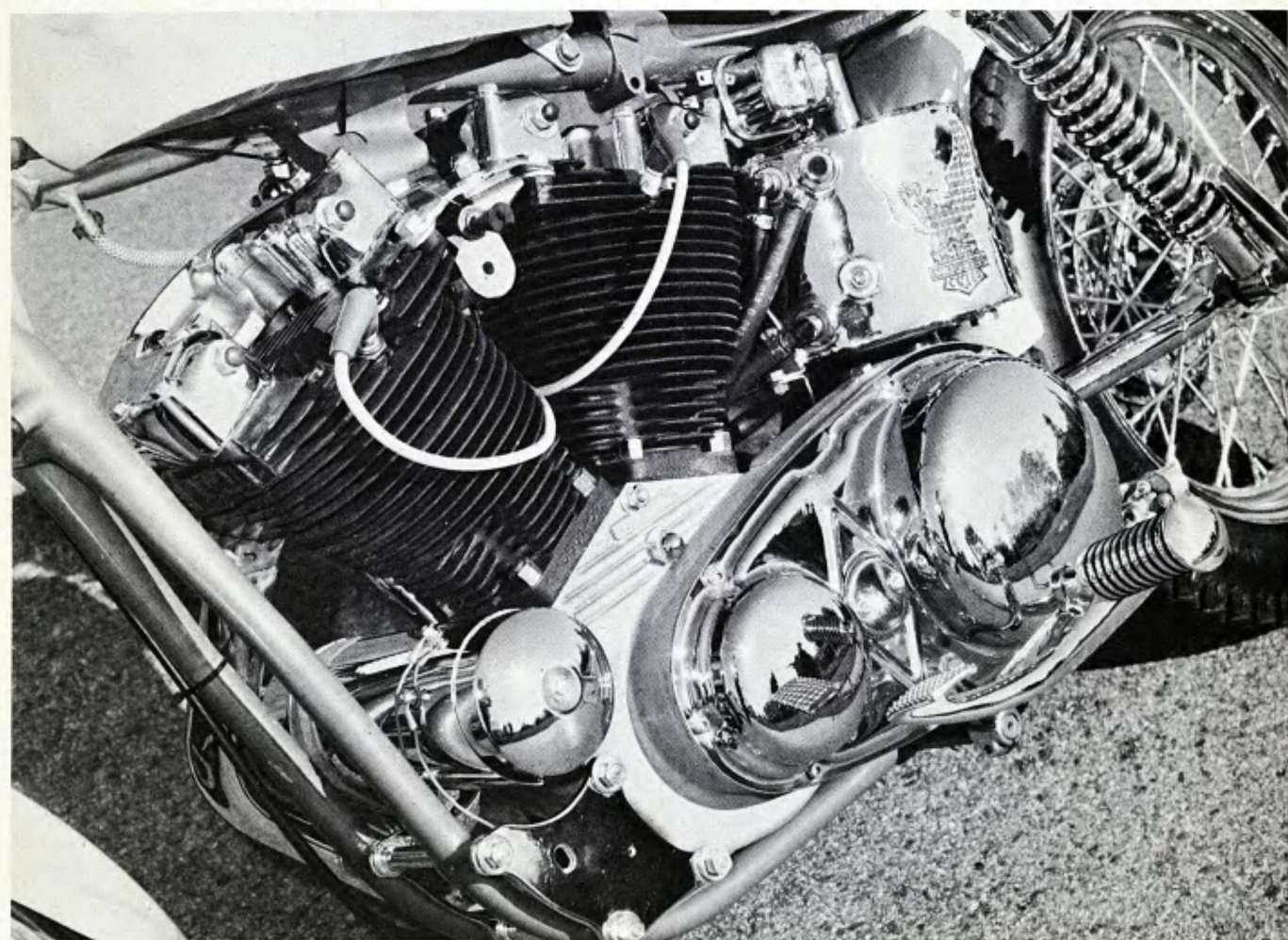


The Numbers Were The Same

Ya know, considerin' the bullshit that goes down in this computer-operated country, it's a wonder stories like the one we're about to run down for you don't come along more often.

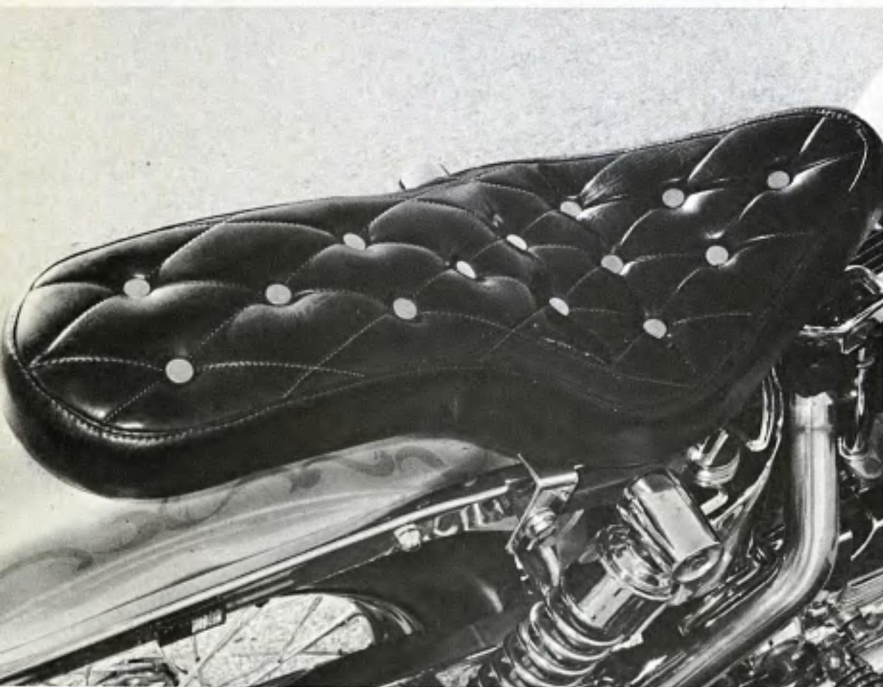
Seems that Mickey Rinaldi, owner and builder of the clean Sporty ya see pictured here, was blissfully cruisin' down I-84 in central Connecticut one warm summer night when he suddenly found himself the object of what the police like to call a "spot check." Natch, there was no offense, no moving violation, no probable cause—except that the man was ridin' a scooter.

After the usual ugly looks and who-are-ya-where-ya-goin'-what's-in-ya-pockets routine, the engine numbers were called in to the registry computer. Meanwhile, Mickey stood



along the side of the road with a flashlight (and possibly a .44 magnum) pointing directly in his face as if he had just held up every liquor store in the state and hidden the loot in a swamp. So he stood there, under orders not to move, while his engine numbers were fed to four hundred snarling, starving-to-find-violations, desk cops operating a large, all-knowing computer. Every number in the state (or possibly the country if they have the later model) is





elaborately stored—engine numbers, frame numbers, trailer numbers, part numbers, phone numbers, bicycle numbers, street numbers, marijuana numbers, etc. and every cop, fighting to clutch the handle as if it were a Vegas slot machine, is hoping nervously that this time he'll ring the bell and put a dude in jail.

Mickey's numbers rang the bell. Some clown in Akron, Ohio, had ripped off the sled that Mickey thought *he* owned. And he *thought* his title was as clean as an unwrapped rolla shitpaper. Come to find out, that's what it was worth. But Da Man said da facts is da facts. Might as well roll a joint with yer pink slip and go to jail on two counts. Mickey went to the joint and his bike went to the pound. Pounds are great places—the bike is generally treated like scrap and left to rust, usually outside and unprotected. And the owner can be innocent, guilty, unknowing, a good dude, a bad muthafucker, uglier than cracked asphalt, or dead—he still has to pay twenty-five bucks a day while the scoot rusts in an impound yard.

The wheels of justice don't turn like no motorcycle, either. They're slower than a cop

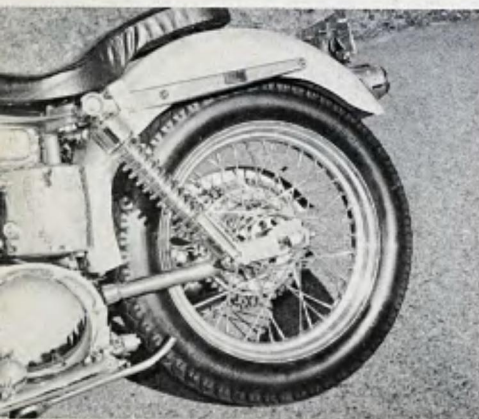
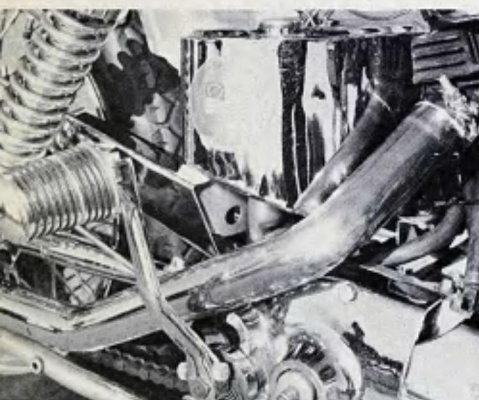


bike with two flats. So Mickey spent a few feverish, frustrating, angrier-than-a-detective-with-a-restraining-order weeks before the wheels of justice rolled out the correct information. Either there had been a clerical foul-up, the computer had slipped a notch, or somebody had gone for an insurance swindle in Ohio, using Mickey's engine numbers.

There's rarely any compensation for bureaucratic misconduct or errors. Mickey could have lost his job while in the joint. Or worse, he could have lost his bike, his girlfriend, his parents—and his dog coulda starved.

—Fight Back





Owners: Mickey Rinaldi

City: Waterbury, Conn.

General

Frame

Fabrication by: owner

Year: 1969

Year and make: 1969 H-D

Builder: H-D/owner

Model: Sportster

Type: swingarm

Value: \$5,000

Rake: zippo

Assembly by: owner

Stretch: stock

Time: lots (2 years)

Other alterations: neck cherried

Chroming: Doc's Cycle Spec.

Accessories

Engine

Bars: drag Z's

Year: 1969

Risers: none

Model: XLCH

Fender(s): front, Kawasaki

Rebuilder: Waterbury Cycle

Headlight: Bates

Ignition: magneto

Taillight: H-D

Displacement: 900 cc

Speedo: 8-grand tach

Lower end: H-D

Front pegs: Drag Spec.

Balancing: Waterbury Cycle

Rear pegs: Drag Spec.

Pistons: TRW 10.5:1

Electrics: Bosch regulator

Cases: beaded

Gas tank: Sporty

Heads: black wrinkle

Oil tank: Paughco

Cam: Sifton plus-minus

Oil system: 1/4 speed pump

Lifters: solids

Primary cover: Drag Spec. tin

Carb(s): Tillotson

Seat: diamond cobra

Air cleaner: K & N

Sissy bar: none

Pipes: staggered duals

Height: —

Muffler(s): Gary Bang

Material: —

Transmission

Forks

Modifications: dogs cut

Type: double damped glide

Year: 1969

Extension: none

Shifting: Ness shifter

Builder: Ceriani

Engine sprocket: 22

Special features: aluminum trees

Trans sprocket: 19

Wheels

Wheel sprocket: 48

Front:

Rear:

Painting

Size: 18

Size: 18

Molding: Vasco, Wollcott

Hub: 750 Honda

Hub: H-D

Painter: Vasco, Wollcott

Rim width: 2½ in.

Rim width: 3½ in.

Color: candy tangerine/pearl lemon

Tire: 3.25 Dunlop

Tire: 4.00 Avon

Type: lacquer

Brake: drum

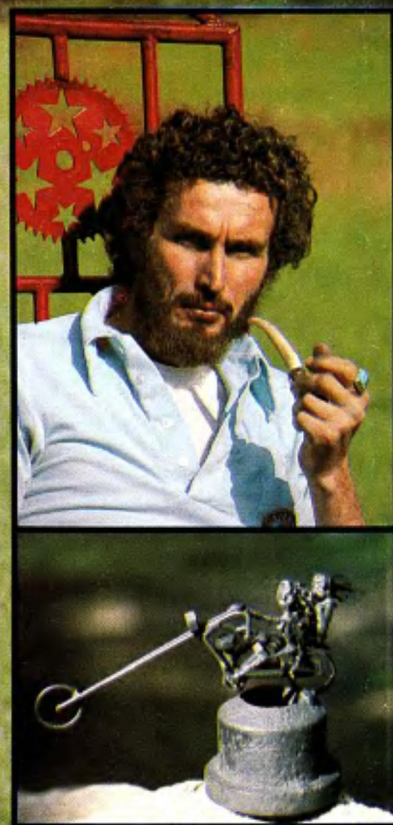
Brake: drum

Special paint: mural—air brush & ink by Vasco

Other special modifications: heads ported, polished, and cc'ed by Baisley; Drag Spec. kickstart pedal



Photos by Jake



Steel Brushwork

Scrap Steel Comes Up Through The Rust

Turnin' crap into good-lookin' shit ain't easy. But who says tramps can't be artsy-craftsy? Given the ability to improvise modifications on putts for road survival situations, it's not surprising that a lot of brothers also wield a creative torch.

Making geegaws for the pad, friends, ol' ladies, and the like won't necessarily be much cheaper or save more time than buyin' a conventional gift. But if ya like showin' class the way the metal art displayed on these pages does, then ya can appreciate the work by Paul, the creator of this conglomeration of nuts, bolts, gears, and assorted scrap metal pieces found in junkyards or your own garage trash heap.

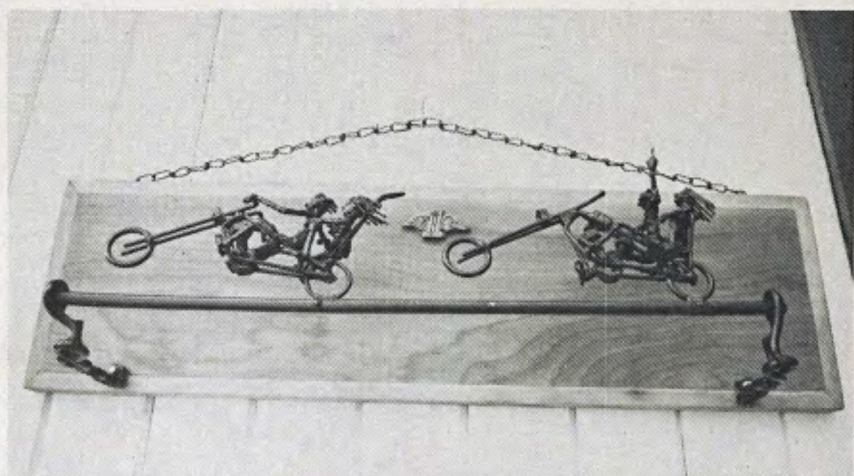
Paul lives in the semi-desolate southwest section of Utah, in a town called Marysville. It's off U.S. 89, which is a biker's dream of a road—not a big enough Interstate to attract many travelin' cages, and not direct enough to satisfy non-stop truckers (unless they're dodgin' scales). It's a puttin' paradise with clear, clean air as an added bonus for mung-filled lungs.

Paul's been there six years. He escaped the city rat race in hopes of gettin' lost. Now he might get found. He's got a shop where he tinkers on putts and designs sculptures in a bikin' motif. He tells us it's a partyin' place and he invites all brothers to drop in.

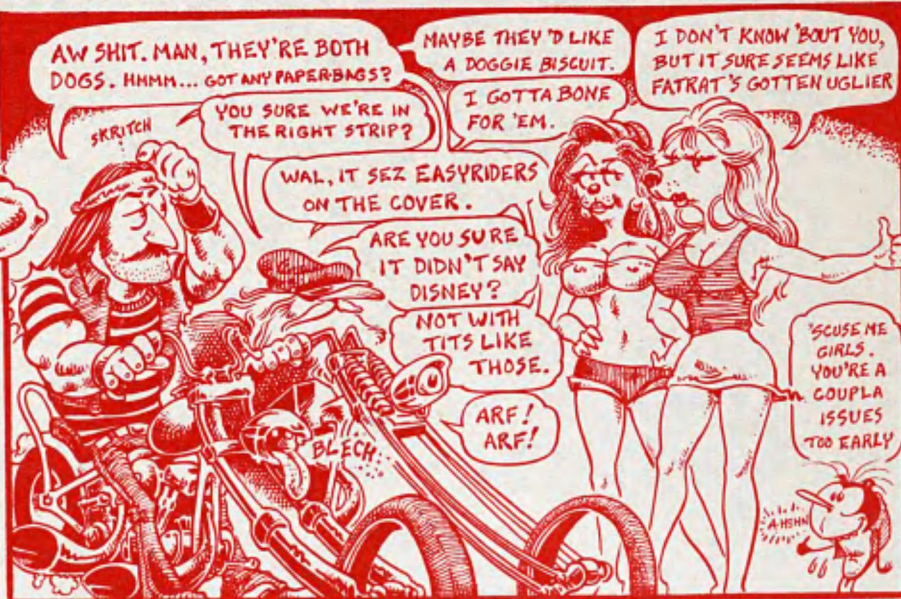
Christ, ya gotta stop sometime—why not rest the scoot, wet the parched throat with a brew, and check out the surroundings with a local?

This artful torchist uses mild steel welding rod to form the wheels, frame, front ends, and characters—which have a penchant for flippin' the bird. The red rockin' chair ya see here was made of electrical conduit, with classy brass doorknobs to use as grips should ya be a bit electrified yerself and need sumthin' to brace with.

—Scar



Photos by Kim Peterson



DUGGAN...

National

 Abate
Easynews

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



When Ya Do Wrong

From start to finish, nothing went right for a man who held up an Adams County, Colorado, bar recently.

Sheriff's officers said the robber ordered a beer, then donned a ski mask and threatened the bar's owner, three employees, and a customer with a shotgun. After tying them, the man fled with an undetermined amount of cash and the keys to an employee's car, officers said.

The man jumped into the employee's auto to make his getaway, and in his haste, backed into a telephone pole, disabling the car. Officers said the man then fled on foot, pursued by a bar employee who had freed himself.

As the man fled, officers said, he tried to stuff the gun down his pants leg, and it apparently accidentally discharged.

Move to Revive Another Helmet Bill Loses

Efforts to revive a dead bill to repeal Nevada's motorcycle helmet law for adults were turned back on a 12-8 vote in the state Senate.

The upper house rejected a motion to reconsider the vote that killed AB 11 on a 12-8 vote. The action came despite pleas for a chance to consider new amendments to the controversial plan.

Sen. Gene Echols, D-North Las Vegas, had asked for the reconsideration. Sen. Cliff McCorkle, R-Reno, said Echols proposed amendments such as requiring training courses for motorcyclists before they could ride without helmets.

Echols also suggested amendments to let adult bikers ride helmetless if they had been motorcycling for two years or more, were from other states, or were riding in parades.

The bill's final defeat leaves Nevada and Wyoming as the only two western states that still require helmets for adult motorcyclists.

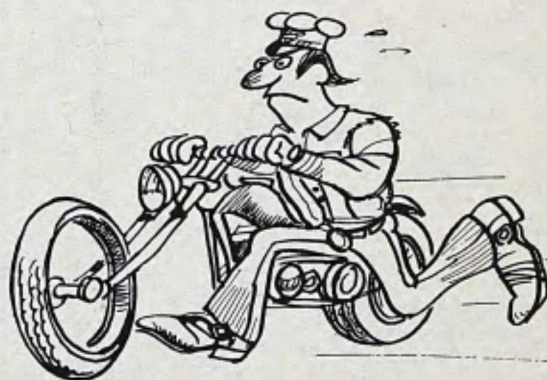
Helmet Kills Again

Two South Milwaukee residents were killed in a motorcycle/car collision in Oak Creek.

Oak Creek police said that a 47-year-old woman drove out of a parking lot at 2 a.m. into the west-bound lane of Rawson, and her car and a 21-year-old man's motorcycle collided.

The motorcycle rider flew through the car's window on the driver's side, and his helmeted head struck the motorist's head, police said. Both were pronounced dead at Trinity Memorial Hospital, Cudahy.

Haddon Urges Built-In Vehicle Speed Ceilings



The "socially responsible" automobile should have a reasonable, designed-in speed limit, William Haddon, Jr., M.D., president of the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, told participants in the Conference on Basic Research Directions for Advanced Automotive Technology in Boston.

"I believe we should be responsible, sensible, and humane enough to place a conservative speed limit on vehicles as designed and manufactured, and not merely on their operation," Haddon said at the meeting called by Transportation Secretary Brock Adams. "We would then be able for the first time to decide realistically that our national policy is to come as close as possible to having practical vehicles that protect their occupants from serious injury in crashes occurring throughout their entire operating speed range—an objective which, as a matter of physics and biology, cannot be achieved

without a reasonable, built-in limit."

Because of the difficulty of occupant crash-packaging problems at high speeds, as well as for reasons associated with fuel consumption, emissions, tire wear, lubricant use, and related issues, Haddon said, "I believe that it is imperative that we as a nation decide that the built-in top speeds of the vehicles about to be planned for the 1985-2000 period be lowered to a speed close to the present national speed limit. Needless to say, as an engineering matter this has been inexpensively and entirely feasible for at least a decade using approaches (for example, similar to that used in the long and very successfully sold cruise control systems) that in no way interfere with performance at lower speeds."

Many would benefit from the built-in speed limits, Haddon pointed out. Among these:

—Haddon, continued on page 46

—Continued from page 45

Haddon Urges Built-In Vehicle Speed Ceilings

• Vehicle manufacturers would be relieved from the potential legal liability "of producing and selling tens of millions of vehicles designed to operate at speeds far higher than those at which their makers know they could adequately protect their occupants in the crashes which inevitably occur."

• Highway departments "would be extricated from their present situation of having neither enough construction and repair money nor the technology (such as guard rails) to handle adequately the countless vehicles now operating and crashing at speeds far higher than the present limit."

• The police "would be progressively less often confronted with situations that could lead to now often lethal high-speed pursuits, and huge amounts of police manpower thus freed from watching for and chasing vehicles going at high speed could be diverted to crime control." (All police and emergency vehicles would be exempted from the built-in speed limit.)

• The public "would profit the most, for example, in a reduction in the approximately 3,700 disproportionately young adult vehicle occupants whose spinal cords are severed or otherwise injured annually in crashes."

Haddon made his recommendations as a member of the panel on vehicle structures and materials during the two-day session convened to begin a search for a new kind of automobile for the 1990s and beyond. The meeting grew out of Secretary Adams' December call to the automobile industry to "re-invent the car."

Citing the goal that each specific kind of vehicle-related injury should be eliminated, Haddon also dealt with problems leading

to injury of pedestrians and cyclists and urged research to solve them, "especially through modifying the now necessarily hostile front ends of vehicles, which at present, and largely at relatively low speeds, hit and injure several hundred thousand American men, women, and children each year."

In extending his prepared remarks, he also said he doubted that any of the audience would design the front of vehicles the same way if they knew that they or the members of their families were to be among those hit.

Haddon also expressed concern over problems of costly damageability to vehicles in low-speed crashes. "Surely no actually socially responsible vehicle of the end of this century — let alone during recent decades — could be draped with huge, highly delicate, lacquered expanses of hard-to-replace, flimsy sheet metal, expensively sculptured and positioned where most likely to be hit," he said.

Government regulatory standards, starting in the late 1960s, have greatly lowered deaths attributed to motor vehicles, Haddon said. He concluded: "Thus, a bridgehead already has been established by government actions taken to date to reduce death, injury, and property loss in motor vehicle crashes. To place the need for further reductions at the top of any list of priorities concerning the directions of future structures and materials for motor vehicles will build on that bridgehead, and the public will be the beneficiary."

Copies of Haddon's presentation, "Remarks Concerning Structures and Materials," are available from the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, Watergate 600, Washington, D.C. 20037. —IIHS

Leaky Rubbers



More than 1,000 defective Trojan brand condoms have been seized from a Denver warehouse in a condemnation action started by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

The seven cartons of leaky contraceptives, each carton containing one gross of Lubricated Trojan-Enz condoms, were picked up from the local distributor.

Ron Johnson, director of compliance in the FDA's Denver office, said the contraceptives apparently were part of a large shipment manufactured by Youngs Rubber Corp. of Trenton, N.J.

An undetermined number

may already be on the market, he indicated.

He said the Denver action was taken at the request of FDA agents in Newark, N.J., who had discovered the defects in an inspection.

"Generally, when we have a problem like this, the preferable procedure is for the manufacturer to announce a recall," Johnson noted.

When no recall is begun, the FDA confiscates as many shipments as can be traced, Johnson indicated. "We don't have the manpower to run into every drugstore in the country," he remarked.

The complaint against the rubber firm, filed in U.S. District Court, alleged that the condoms were "misbranded" under federal law, "in that the label statement 'one of the best aids in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease' is false and misleading as applied to a product containing holes."

Possible Ohio Helmet Law

The stage is set in the legislature for another fight over motorcycle helmets—this time a bill to make Ohio's cyclists put them back on. Rep. Frank Mahnic Jr. (D-Cleveland) introduced the measure recently.

The bill would require all riders to wear them, reversing a 1978 law that repealed a ten-year-old compulsory statute and made the use of helmets optional except for novices and cyclists under eighteen.

The freshman lawmaker's proposal drew immediate opposition from sponsors of last year's law, although one, Rep. Charles R. Saxbe (R-Mechanicsburg), indicated he hopes Mahnic's bill won't reach hearings.

"I hope we don't have to go through that all over again," said Saxbe, himself a sometimes biker who helped last year's chief sponsor, Rep. Terry M. Tranter (D-Cincinnati), promote repeal on grounds of freedom of choice.

Mahnic offered statistics to show that helmetless

riders have suffered dire consequences since the law took effect July 9. He said that in the first half of 1978, when helmets were still required, there were 185 motorcycle deaths, and ten of the victims were not wearing helmets. After July 9 and through the rest of the year, deaths totaled 134, of which 94 victims — 73 percent—were without helmets.

"We have a moral obligation to protect society, including those who choose to ignore such protection," the Cleveland lawmaker said.

Saxbe questioned the statistics, and said he thinks they came from the insurance industry, which fought repeal and now is trying to get the old law restored.



Helmet Law Not Approved

Iowa (AP) — A proposal to require Iowa motorcyclists to wear helmets during the first—and statistically most dangerous—year they ride failed to gain approval in the House Transportation Committee.

But the committee endorsed other motorcycle safety measures, and lawmakers said work on the entire bill will continue.

"The accidents tend to occur in the first six months or nine months of operation, before they really have that big animal under control," said Rep. Sonja Egenes, chief backer of the helmet requirement.

Her proposal would have required that any Iowan, regardless of age, wear a helmet for a year after obtaining a motorcycle operator's license for the first time.

That differs from a Senate-passed bill which would require that helmets be worn only by persons under age 18.

"We are trying to get a solution to the growing problem of head injuries and deaths without mandating helmets for everybody," said Mrs. Egenes, R-Story City, who chairs the committee. "But there's no way the deaths are going to be limited to persons between 16 and 18."

Opponents of her proposal said it is unworkable because there would be no easy way of knowing which helmetless riders had obtained their licenses less than a year earlier.

"How in the world are you going to know whether I got that license at age 21 or 67?" asked Rep. Semor Tofto, R-Decorah.

"We are fooling ourselves if we think we can enforce this," added Rep. Daniel Jay, D-Moulton. "If we're saying that this is the law and we hope you do it, I guess that's okay."

Rep. Ray Lageschulte, R-Waverly, defended the proposal. "If we can get even 50 percent of them to wear a helmet, then they can get accustomed to wearing one

and after the first year the choice is theirs."

After becoming embroiled in a parliamentary tangle that required two ballots to sort out, the committee tied in voting on Mrs. Egenes' helmet requirement and the proposal failed.

But the committee did approve other safety measures, similar to those included in the Senate bill. Those would require:

That operators of motorcycles manufactured after 1978 always ride with the headlight turned on.

Creation of learners' permits for youths learning to ride motorcycles and motorized bicycles.

Establishment of motorcycle rider training programs similar to current automobile driver training.

Canadian Motorcycle Statistics

A Motor Vehicles Branch official believes that all provinces except Manitoba have mandatory helmet laws for motorcyclists. He also notes that many American states have mandatory laws also, and some have repealed helmet laws. Some have also repealed the repeal, so that they once again have mandatory helmet laws. The latest figures Statistics Canada had were from 1975. In Canada as a whole, 351 motorcycle drivers and 27 passengers were killed in that year. Broken down by provinces, those figures are: Newfoundland—two drivers, no passengers; Prince Edward Island—three drivers, no passengers; New Brunswick—seven drivers, no passengers; Nova Scotia—nine drivers, four passengers; Quebec—183 drivers, no passengers; Ontario—97 drivers, 16 passengers; Manitoba—six drivers, one passenger; Saskatchewan—four drivers, no passengers; Alberta—15 drivers, three passengers; British Columbia—24 drivers, three passengers; Yukon—one driver, no passengers.

Backward Cycle Test: \$120,126 Flop



Sen. William Proxmire awarded the Golden Fleece of the Month Award to the Transportation Department for spending \$120,126 on an experimental, backward steering motorcycle, even after being told repeatedly that it wouldn't work.

There was no immediate response from the Transportation Department to the award. The Golden Fleece award is given monthly for what the Wisconsin Democrat views as the best example of wasteful federal spending.

The idea was to build a safer motorcycle with a low center of gravity, which steered from the rear and was powered in the front wheel, Proxmire said.

He said the contract was awarded to a California firm in September 1977, although the National Highway Safety Administration's own tests showed the ve-

hicle "would be difficult if not impossible to steer."

After 19 months of testing, the firm produced a motorcycle whose record run was 2.5 seconds long. Training wheels had to be added to keep it upright and avert injury to the driver, the senator said.

During the testing, Proxmire said, repeated attempts to improve the design failed, but the agency's officials insisted that the project go ahead over the objections of the contractor.

He said other problems included an uncomfortable ride for the driver and passenger, inability to control the vehicle when at rest, and a low seat that limited visibility.

Insurance Inkers



Listed below are members of a team working against us. These are the insurance companies that donate money to the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. In turn, the Institute recommends one motorcycle restriction after another to Congress to be passed into law.

Allstate Ins.
American Ins.
American States Ins.
Continental Ins.
Home Ins.
Liberty Ins.

Maryland Casualty
Michigan Mutual Ins.
National Assn. of Automotive Mutual Ins.
National Assn. of Independent Ins.
Nation Wide Mutual Ins.
Prudential Property and Casualty
Royal Globe Ins.
Safeco Ins.
Sentry Ins.
State Farm Mutual Automobile
Travelers Ins.
United Service Automobile Assn.

Maine Helmet Law Killed

Several state representatives wanted to put the lids back on bikers this year, but knowing they could not get a sweeping helmet law through the legislature, they introduced one for minors only (under 18).

At a hearing before the transportation committee we explained that in 1978 (when there was no helmet law) not one minor was killed in a motorcycle accident and state police statistics showed no significant increase in motorcycle deaths since the helmet law was repealed. We also pointed out problems of enforcement.

At this hearing the only people to speak for the proposed law were the two state representatives who sponsored it and an unidentified person whose behavior provided a few laughs for everybody.

The transportation committee voted 10-3 to recommend that the bill not be enacted, but after the hearing several representatives and insurance lobbyists did a lot of behind-the-scenes work that almost resulted in the passage of the law. Motorcyclists in states with

no helmet law would do well to watch out for this tactic of getting a foot in the door by means of a helmet law for minors.

It does no good to repeal a helmet law and then kick back. — from Scott King, United Bikers of Maine

Missouri Skid-Lid Repeal

Missouri legislators are now in the process of considering the passage of a helmet law repeal. The Senate committee and the Senate as a whole generally favor helmet law repeal. The House of Representatives also favors the repeal.

The problem, though, is the low priority of this bill. Our legislators want to help us but can't do so unless they get a significant number of letters from Missouri bikers, thereby focusing enough attention on this bill to get it on the floor for a vote. Write your senator now. Send a copy of your letter (this is important) to Sen. Hardin Cox, Chairman, and Committee Members, Senate Post Office, State Capitol Bldg., Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

Also send a copy to ABATE, P.O. Box 7303, Kansas City, Mo. 64116. (816) 453-4789. Just say "Please support Helmet Law Repeal, SB164." Go ahead and write the same letter to your representative for later use. The committee is considering keeping the helmet law for passengers, so tell your favorite passenger to write to Senator Cox and explain that passengers want to decide for themselves too. This is our best chance ever—don't blow it. Post this or pass it around.

State ABATE Chapters

You can now find out if there is an ABATE chapter in your state by writing Warren Bennet, P. O. Box 5172, Albany, New York 12205. The grim necessity of supporting any state motorcycle rights organization should be obvious to everyone. It's only through the perseverance of the supporters and members of these organizations that we can strengthen our freedom and fight the wave of laws building in Washington.

Body Of Motorcyclist Killed In Collision Is Looted By Crowd



A 32-year-old motorcyclist who collided with a car in south Los Angeles had no sooner hit the street than spectators started to rifle his pockets, traffic officers reported.

Emergency vehicles arriving at the scene radioed to police that "the crowd was looting the victim."

A coroner's investigator said the victim's billfold was found empty in the street with papers from it scattered nearby, and his ring had a stone missing.

The driver of the auto was not hurt or cited.

Tougher Tests Could Follow Shock Research Findings

A Swedish research team has carried out a series of experiments on three police helmets and discovered they could provide inadequate protection in the types of impact usually sustained in road accidents.

The British Standards Institution, which issues British safety kite marks, said it was giving the matter serious consideration.

In the majority of crashes, helmets strike the road at an oblique angle and this can make the brain spin in various layers, resulting in untreatable brain damage. However, BSI safety tests, which all helmets sold in Britain must pass, subject the helmet only to right-angle blows.

About 720 of the 1200 people killed in motorcycle accidents in 1977 died from head injuries even though they were wearing helmets.

Dr. Bertil Aldman, professor of Traffic Safety at

the Chalmers University of Technology in Gothenburg, Sweden, tested three Everoak police helmets, subjecting them to 14 separate tests at speeds from 21 to 37 mph.

Even under the most favorable conditions at the lowest speed, the rotational forces produced by the impact were at a level likely to cause serious injury. In the severest test they were almost twice as bad.

The Swedish team stressed, however, that the helmets tested were no worse than others on the market.

"No one has designed a helmet for this type of test," he said. "I do not think better alternatives are available."

It seems that a radical rethink on helmet design may be needed if this problem is to be remedied.

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

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Cancer

Cancers are extremely moody, temperamental, sensitive—and lovable. They have great memories, especially when it comes to offensive remarks. They are extremists and are either wildly happy or in the pits. And when they're in the pits, they want company, 'cause pouting alone is boring.

Some famous Cancer men are Bill Cosby, Milton Berle, and good ol' Captain Kangaroo. Rembrandt was a Cancer, and so is Ringo Starr. Female Cancers of note are Phyllis Diller, Ann Landers, Diahann Carroll, and Linda Ronstadt.

Cancers tend to overindulge when it comes to eating, drinking, and smoking—they are generally the types who could overdo it in a gang-bang (if that's possible). They have problems later in life with their digestive tracts and have a tendency to put on weight and retain fluids. They are also prone to ulcers and nervous stomachs. Their recuperative powers are weaker than those of most signs.

Most Cancers are good at saving and accumulating money. John

D. Rockefeller is a good example of the thrifty Cancer type. In fact, they're good at saving all sorts of things. They can't seem to throw anything away, so they end up with a lot of constructive clutter that either gets used or sold at an outrageous profit. (So if ya live with a packrat Cancer, don't bitch—ya could be sittin' on a gold mine.)

Most Cancers don't like to be alone for long periods of time—but they make loyal friends and staunch enemies. (Or was that enemas?) They are generally thoughtful, seldom vindictive, and inclined to avoid a person or situation in order not to create a scene.

Cancers have great manual dexterity and learn easily. They are also great at working with the public and are instinctively wise when judging character. They often excel in sales, especially real estate.

Cancers should avoid junk food in order to protect their waistlines and their delicate stomachs. Younger Cancers often barf a lot. (Come to think of it, I know a few older Cancers who still barf a lot.)

the line on entertaining or kiss your hard-earned bread goodbye. A dent in your budget now could mean another year before you catch up. Unzip yer fly an' have another piece of birthday hair pie!

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

You may have to cut back to a slow run now—you've been goin' along at full speed for too long. Relax and get yer head together before ya blow a fuse. First, take care of what's top priority, then write down the trivial crap on a Zig Zag paper an' let yer problems go up in smoke. Combining pleasure with business toward the end of the month can possibly bring about a trip. In this case, two heads are better than one, especially if you're on the receiving end.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

You may be having a hard time telling yer head from yer ass right about now. Flip off the Establishment for too long and you could wind up sitting on the fickle finger of fate. Examine some of your motives, 'cause ya could be going about things wrong. Your tongue's as sharp as a needle and waggin' at both ends—'bout time for an attitude change. For starters, stop takin' everything on such a personal basis.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Last month was an assgrabber. Except for an accident-prone period between the 15th and the 22nd, this month will leave ya scratchin' yer ass an' yawnin'. Best use common sense and caution when out puttin' during the dates I mentioned, 'cause it could really put yer dick in the dirt—or you could go directly to jail, with yer lawyer collectin' the \$200. Unless your honey's got money, spend that week tokin' an' pokin' at home base where it's safe.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Holdin' back a fart could be a lot easier than holdin' yer mud right now. Keep your trap shut—don't let fly with your infamous Scorpio temper and blow a possible financial gain. Don't try to force an issue now—remember to

keep cool. Time is on your side now, unless you're takin' short cuts with drugs.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

Your "good an' plentys" may be up for grabs now, so don't let your guard down. Financial decisions could leave you holding a bag of butt biscuits. It's time to hold your ground and ward off any third party discussions. You have the upper hand, if you'll just bide your time—an' you can take that to the bank! What you're after now is cash, not lip service. (You can get that anytime at home.)

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

Looks like it's time again for your thousand-mile checkup—on the bod, that is. Your health could use a good pickup. Bustin' yer balls too hard may have you a little bent out of shape. Right now, it takes more than an apple a day to keep the doctor away. Check it out—maybe all you need is some TLC. (Who doesn't?) Otherwise, things are shaping up for you in general.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

You are still a bit bent out of shape financially, but things should get better soon. A reliable source could turn you on to a financial venture that bears checking out. If it involves relocating, put off the decision for a couple of months. It's time now to store your nuts for the winter (financially speaking). Even if you receive an offer you can't refuse, think twice an' sleep on it—unless it's one of those offers you can sleep with. In that case, go for it!

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

Take my advice—if it's time to work a few kinks out of your machine, then start wrenchin'. Lay off partyin' before ya end up ridin' a bucket of bolts. Why not burn yourself out on something constructive? Instead of drainin' yer goodies, get out there an' drain the oil in yer machine—or whatever else needs doin'. It's time to clean out your system, too. You'll need a clean head for makin' some decisions next month. ■

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

This month can bring your hot cross buns down to earth an' leave a few skid marks on yer shorts. Be sure investments are sound before giving out with time or money. You could get involved with a VIP (Very Illegal Pussy) who sets off some dazzling fireworks that leave you dripping. Seems like if ya wanta play, ya gotta pay. Don't be such a hero with your hardons. For now, stick with the tried, true, an' tested—like yer ol' lady (or man).

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

Shape up! If you linger around too long tryin' to finger things out, ya could end up with shit in one hand and wish in the other. It's time to cut loose a few freeloaders who keep your cupboards bare, your stash box empty, and that nice little plant of yours under too heavy an eyeball. Don't turn

out a bro who really needs you, but don't run a welfare office either. Before they raise a stink, cut 'em off shorter than a whore's bath.

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

Although you may still be bent out of shape from last month, the source of the mindfuck has fizzled out by now. But it may take more than Preparation H to rid your poopchute of pains caused at work. You may have to wade in an' get yer socks wet before it clears up. It could be worse—you could catch a strain of the clap that thrives on penicillin. Hang in there!

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

This is your month to celebrate bein' around another year. Go ahead and party your pants off an' get loose—just don't let all those well-wishers turn your pad into Grand Central Station. Hold

The Burning of Clanker Macree



Before he stepped through the front door of Anne's New Moe, Clanker's birthday party was going fine. All the bros were there and Sloe Hand decreed Anne's the finest place in town to wet the tongue. Waddles, the barmaid, was pretty fine, too. Sticks and Clanker were already feeling good when Sloe came in with some outstanding Moroccan hash. That made things even better. Waddles promised to join them at Sticks's in a couple of hours when she closed up the bar. Life looked sweet.

Then Clanker went out for a breath of fresh air and found two dudes trying to hot-wire his eighty-incher. Instantly, he went into motion. When the scene cleared, Clanker was standing over two dead thieves. "The scumbag sonsabitches were tryin' ta steal my bike," he panted at the dozen or so stunned witnesses staring at his bloody Buck. Several people driving by had stopped to watch the fight. Some of them were up-town straights.

Clanker's finances were slim—too slim for him to get a good lawyer. After a short trial, he left the courtroom with glassy eyes and a pair of life sentences. How could he have known a city councilman's son was one of the ripoff artists? Anyway, what difference would it have made? None. Clanker believed that all scooter-snatching creeps needed killing.

* * *

Clanker had reviewed his case a hundred times in the last three years. The results were always the same—scooter thieves die.

The soft blue and purple sky of another ending day was lovely even through the bars and steel mesh. If it wasn't for the twenty-foot wall, the sunset would've been beautiful. But Clanker wasn't thinking about sunsets. This day, again on his birthday, he was thinking about the last three years—where it had started, where it would end. Warring clubs, asshole cops, and three years behind bars had charged Clanker the full fee—he'd had enough.

Four days ago they'd let his cellie go home—but not before Clanker had learned about devil worship from him. He read all the books his cellie had accumulated. Tomorrow he was going to the library to see

what else he could find. Even though he didn't really think it would work, he'd made up his mind two days ago to try calling up the old serpent and making a little deal.

He did ritual dances and tried every incantation he knew, but all he produced was a lot of strange looks from the other cons. "Where is the sonofabitch?" he asked aloud to his empty cell. He remembered a passage from one of the books which said that all he needed was sincerity and a true desire to serve The Great Destroyer. Clanker didn't know about the sincerity, but he hoped his desire to leave the joint would make up the difference.

Exhausted from his day of rituals, he lay on his bunk listening to a breeze outside and praying to the Prince of Darkness. Before long, he fell into a deep, fitful sleep filled with dreams in which he stood at the divergence of a huge Y. Down one arm of the Y was Satan—smiling and holding a box in which to put Clanker's soul. At the extremity of the other arm was his sled with a fine sweetie snuggled against the bitch bar. For the last two days Clanker had had the same dream, each time waking fearful and sick.

He finished dressing just as breakfast call came. Downing a bowl of mush and some fried bologna, he returned to the cell, where he had a library pass waiting. Dregs greeted him in the library, already aware of what Clanker wanted.

"Got your books, bro," he said when Clanker walked in. "Knew you'd want these."

"Yeah, you slick sonofabitch, how'd ya know?" Clanker was puzzled. "You some kinda swami or somethin'?"

"Nah," Dregs admitted. "Blake told me before he left. Said you'd be in ta look 'em up."

"Well, I wasn't in ta look nothin' up before he left."

"No, but you're here now."

"Ya don't know nothin,' bookworm," sneered Clanker.

"I still got the books ready, ain't I?"

"Fuck you, Dregs."

Clanker was grinning as he reached for the books. It was still early when he got back to his cell and started on the first of the books. There were three of the large old volumes, and by lunch he was halfway through one of them. It was a book

he'd never seen before, and his fascination with it carried him to the last page by three o'clock count. There were some interesting incantations in it that he hadn't tried. He was anxious to get started.

After count cleared, he drew the ritual pentagram and accompanying marks on the floor of his cell. The first two rituals were simple, taking only one hour to complete. The third was harder. It was a complicated verse and meditative process designed to reach below and penetrate the veil, to touch Satan. As the ritual progressed, Clanker felt something clicking together inside. As the feeling got stronger, he remembered something else. His birthday—June sixth. The number of the Devil—six and six and six.

Minutes after Clanker completed the last incantation, the snap of his cell door unlocking brought him back to the present. It was six o'clock.

When the door opened, a tall dude began loading his things onto the top bunk. "Howdy," boomed the young man's silken voice. "I'm Thaegor." Clanker was startled by dark hair and eyes equally black—but clear, like Apache tears. "My friends call me Tag," said the man, smiling and extending his hand.

"What's happening?" Clanker said as they shook. Tag's hand was ice cold. Clanker's pulse pounded in his head. "Friends call me Clanker," he continued. "And you're gonna have ta be a friend if yer gonna sleep inna same room with me."

"How true," Tag replied. They both smiled. Tag went for the rest of his stuff.

When he noticed that his clock had stopped dead on the six, Clanker felt his skin crawl. The cell was cold. Thaegor stepped carefully over the pentagram when he brought in the remainder of his stuff. Clanker felt the intensity of the man's presence and his obvious respect for the marks on the floor. And the man's peculiar smell—like old money.

They went through the obligatory short discussion of times and crimes common to convicts upon meeting. Clanker noted that the man neither looked at nor spoke of the marks on the floor or the books. But suddenly, as Clanker picked up the second of the three books, Tag interrupted.

"There's no need for that," he

—Continued on page 98

"It's a bird, it's a plane, no, its. . ."



"No need for me to come out to the house," the doctor told the worried caller. "I've checked the records, and your uncle isn't really ill at all—he just thinks he's sick."

A week later the doctor telephoned to make sure his diagnosis had been correct. "How's your uncle today?" he asked.

"Worse," came the reply. "Now he thinks he's dead."

—Nancy Picker
Ogden, Utah

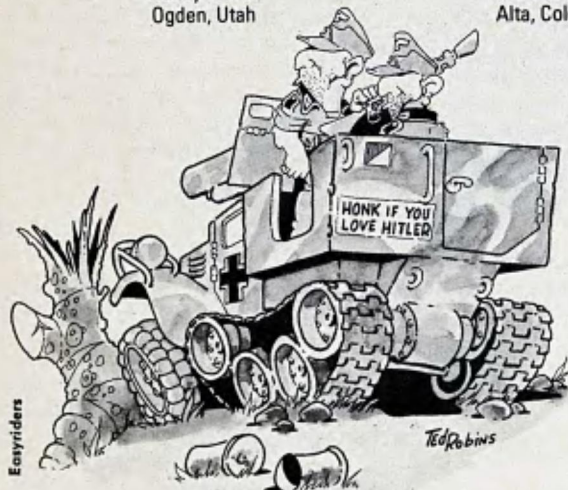
Joe was wrapped up like a mummy. As he walked along the street a friend stopped him and asked, "What happened to you? Tangle with a truck?"

"No," replied Joe. "You remember that woman down the street I said was a widow?"

"Yes," said the friend.

"Well," Joe informed him, "she ain't."

—Roberta Dietz
Alta, Colo.



A biker, suddenly rich from an unexpected inheritance, bought a Rolls Royce and employed a chauffeur. A few weeks later the chauffeur eloped with the biker's ol' lady and the car. Now every time the biker hears a car honk, he almost has a nervous breakdown—he's afraid it's the chauffeur bringing his ol' lady back.

—John Klein
Lancaster, Calif.

Several young bikers were called by the authorities for a blood test to determine the paternity of a certain teenage girl's baby.

One bro went in and after a few minutes came out. "Don't worry, fellows," he said, smiling. "They'll never find out. They're taking samples from the finger!"

—Hymen Travers
New Britain, Conn.



"Last request or not, I'm not giving you a blowjob."

Just as he rounded the corner, the biker saw a big man kicking the shit out of a little one, so he jumped into the battle and with one punch knocked out the big dude.

"Thanks a lot," the little man said. "I'll split the fifty bucks I stole off him with you."

—Jeff Smith
Waupun, Wis.

WELCOME TO
THE DONG SHOW



An inventor went to a bank to float a loan on a process that he announced would "make cunt juice taste like orange juice." He was thrown out at once. A year later the banker saw the same man getting out of an enormous limousine while flunkies unrolled a red plush carpet for him, etc. He inquired incredulously whether the man got this rich on the process with which he had approached him. "Well, no," replied the inventor. "I made a change here and a change there, and I figured out a way to make orange juice taste like cunt juice, and we're thirty days behind on our shipments."

—Bob Wisnewski
Buffalo, N.Y.

Then there was the dude whose wife had triplets and he went out looking for the other two guys.

—Turk Shofar
Hornblow, Ky.



The rider had lost his key, tried to enter through a window, and assured the policeman, "Sure it's my house. This is my hall, that's my carpet, this is my bedroom, that's my bed, that's my ol' lady—and you see that guy on top of her? That's me!"

—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Canada

Two prisoners were watching a newcomer being ushered into the detention pen.

"What's he in for?" asked one.

"Aw, I guess he's nuts," the other informed him. "He didn't kiss his wife for four years, then shot another guy who did."

—Dick Thomasky
New York, N.Y.



Throughout his term in prison, the biker and his young wife had kept up an erotic correspondence that grew more and more intense. As the end of his sentence drew near, he wrote, "When I step out that gate, you'd better have a mattress strapped to your back!"

"Don't worry, I will," she replied. "But you'd better be the first man through the gate!"

—Hammerin' Hank
Jamestown, Calif.

The embarrassed biker, able to stand the itching in his asshole no longer, visited the doctor.

"My, my!" the doc exclaimed. "There's a string hanging out of your rectum."

"Pull it out," the biker said, so the doc gave it a yank and out popped a bouquet of flowers.

"Where the fuck did that come from?" the surprised biker asked.

"How the fuck should I know?" the doc replied. "There's no card."

—Mary Rutherford
Tucson, Ariz.



"No coffee or dessert for table 12."

"My ol' lady is the worst fuckin' housekeeper I ever saw," the biker complained to his bro.

"How's that?"

"Every time I go to piss in the sink, it's fulla dishes."

—Dick Nelson
Tallahassee, Fla.

"Sister," the evangelist intoned, confronting the big-titted biker mama, "are you troubled by indecent thoughts, thoughts of lust, thoughts of sex and sin? Do such thoughts trouble you?"

"Fuck no," the mama answered, "I really enjoy 'em."

—Will Dingers
Hemet, Calif.



"Who's been sleeping with who in my bed?"

"You always get screwed when you buy a used bike," said a biker to his spinster aunt.

"That settles it," she yelled. "I'm going to buy a used bike."

—Emil French
Baton Rouge, La.



Easyriders

We heard about a young biker who jacked off in the shower so much that whenever it rained he got a hard on.

—Bill Montgomery
Slocum, Ark.



Easyriders

Psychologists tell us that one out of every four Americans is mentally ill. Check your friends. If three seem all right, you're the one.

—Walt Karabian
Indian Springs, Nev.



Easyriders

A bro walked into a drugstore and laid a tattered rubber on the counter, telling the astounded clerk that he wanted it patched.

After learning it couldn't be done, the biker departed, but returned in less than an hour.

"You win," he told the clerk. "The club decided to buy a new one."

—Sandy Carlson
Belmont, Ohio

A biker blew his engine and had to ride on the city bus, where he took the last seat. A foxy chick, standing, glared at him and snapped, "Some people have no manners whatsoever."

As the bro wiped his face off with the hem of her skirt, he said, "Who the fuck says I ain't got no manners? Look, I'm wipin' off a place for ya to sit."

—Chlorine Corliss
Draper, Utah

No-frills rock: George Thorogood and the Destroyers. In the early fifties my cousin decided his old radio was outmoded, so he gave it to me when his parents bought him a new one. When that radio was built the transistor was undreamt-of and commercial use of radium was still a hot lick (glow-in-the-dark clock faces and so forth). As I listened to that radio at night, I'd stare at that luminous green dial, a tiny radioactive island of eerie light in the dark room.

When I was certain my parents were asleep, I would tune in a late-night program out of Dallas called "Cat's Caravan." In those years just prior to the birth of rock and roll, a DJ named Jim Lowe played side after glorious side of rhythm and blues and I spent hour after hour in the dark, captivated by the very music my parents despised. Forced to keep the volume low to avoid discovery, I would pull the set within an inch or two of my pillow in order to listen to Roy Milton, Joe Turner, the Five Royales, the Midnighters, and Muddy Waters—to name only a few.

That music turned me around; it changed me forever. That music stopped me from becoming the nice young man my parents hoped for, and it certainly had more influence in shaping my mind and personality than anything I learned in school. . . well, it was either that music that changed me or the brain damage I sustained from the years of gamma rays shot through my skull by that damn radio dial.

If, like me, you discovered rhythm and blues while an adolescent in the fifties, you can testify to the dizzying impact of this music whose driving beat suddenly made all pop tunes seem bloodless and lame. There was a raw, unadorned simplicity to this music that hit you square in the guts and made your nerves and muscles twitch in time to the rhythms. No matter how much I've enjoyed other music in the years since then, r & b will always represent The Real Thing to me—Square One, Ground Zero.

Alas, these are tough times for veteran rock fans. Disco rules. It oozes from every pore of our culture like some festering disease, infecting young and old alike with the mindless thud of its robot rhythms and the banal drivel of its moronic lyrics. But just when my musical despair was about to drive me to knuckle under and surrender to the Bee Gees-crazed peacocks who strut across the floors of every disco in town, a bro lent me a record by a group I'd never heard of before—George Thorogood and the Destroyers.

Bros, I'm here to tell ya—Thorogood will knock you out of your socks. Grab the first album by

DOWNTIME

By The Austin Animal

this bunch (cleverly titled *George Thorogood and the Destroyers*), drop the needle in the lead-in groove, and you'll know at once what I mean. Thorogood remembers (and he reminds us) why we started listening to rock in the first place. Give the volume knob a turn and you'll be blasted flat by a three-piece band with the power of five and you'll be listening to some fine elemental drums and bass that provide a perfect foundation for the best slide guitar work this side of Elmore James. Thorogood's bottleneck licks will run your brain through the twists

(after the Bo Diddley version), as well as a devastating Thorogood original, "Delaware Slide." And of course the cuts provide a showcase for Thorogood's authoritative slide guitar work. The result is a tour de force, but don't get the idea that it's slick. This is raw, gnarly music that will wring you out, twist your dick, and drop you on your head. As one (favorable) reviewer noted, this album has all the commercial polish of a broken Budweiser bottle.

Thorogood's second album, *Move It On Over*, was released last year and is a solid follow-up to



"Well, I grew up with the rock and roll but these blues wouldn't leave me alone."

and turns of the blues like a hot shovelhead taking the familiar curves of a canyon road at top speed.

Like the old bluesmen whose heir he is, Thorogood himself has an appropriately obscure background—made no clearer by Thorogood's tongue-in-cheek refusal to supply accurate information. Unlike those bluesmen, who paid their dues amidst the southern funk of places like Mississippi and Texas, Thorogood calls Wilmington, Delaware home and is (most likely) in his late twenties. After organizing the group around 1974, Thorogood recorded his first album in the summer of 1977 for the obscure Rounder label.

Backed by Jeff Simon on drums and Billy Blough on bass, Thorogood's first effort is a blockbuster tribute to high-energy r & b, with killer renditions of great old stuff like Amos Milburn's 1953 hit, "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer" (this version patterned after John Lee Hooker's) and Ellis McDaniel's "Ride On Josephine"

the first. The title cut is a vintage Hank Williams tune and is a good example of Thorogood's developing style and confidence. Certain artists like Hank Williams (Buddy Holly is another good example) give their own work such an indelible personal stamp that covers of their material are almost invariably forgettable and suffer greatly in comparison to the original version—witness Linda Ronstadt's repeated butcherings of old favorites. Thorogood, however, does the tune with such drive, punch, humor, and arrogance that he stamps it with his own individuality and for me, anyway, his version has elbowed the original to the back of the bus.

Move It On Over is loaded with asskicking material. Check out "The Sky Is Crying," for instance. Solid, uncompromising blues—the progressions, the phrasings, the slide work—all about how a woman can hurt you. If your woman has split, listen to this one at your own risk. Or pick up on Thorogood's hilarious live-wire

version of Chuck Berry's "It Wasn't Me." Anyone who's spent a night in a county jail bond tank and shot the shit with the guys around him knows that there's never a guilty party in the tank. Ask someone what he got popped for and he'll tell you DWI or B & E, but it's always a bum rap—"It wasn't me." Or give a listen to Thorogood do Willie Dixon's "That Same Thing," a tune about that "thing" women have that we're all so fond of. Like the tune says, "The whole world's fightin' 'bout that same thing."

Thorogood isn't breaking new ground with his music—but that's not the idea anyway. I'm not talking about innovation, expanding the potential of r & b, "meaningful" lyrics, or glitter make-up. I'm talking about tapping right into the Mother Lode—no embellishments, no studio tricked-up shit, but rather the pounding rhythms, the wonderfully predictable chord changes, and the growling poetry of rock and roll before it took up self-analysis and assertiveness training. Thorogood recalls to us instantly the days when rock was a new sound, and a sound so right that the shock of recognition was staggering and we suddenly wondered how we ever got along without it.

If you're weary of hearing the hype being pumped out about the latest badass band whose adolescent rage is supposed to give us all tight assholes, give Thorogood a try. You'll find more raw power and drive in one of his cuts than in the entire body of all the bullshit, jiveass music ground out by the posturing chickenshits of punk and its descendants.

So, fully grown and on a dead run toward middle age, I'm still listening to music my parents didn't want me to hear. They were right, in a way. Well, not right, but I understand where they were coming from. This is *mean, nasty* music and what's worse, it's fun, too. Whether you hear it when you're fifteen or when you're thirty-eight, that r & b bass line stirs up some indefinable animal excitement that grows with each driving thump of the thick steel strings. And before you know it, the blood is up! And you flare your nostrils in atavistic excitement and your lips curl back from your teeth in an involuntary grin of animal joy. Pretty soon your whole body is wired to the beat and you're by God ready for anybody or anything—fucking, fighting drinking, riding, dancing, you name it, chief. In short, this music makes you feel *alive* and as long as guys like Thorogood keep coming along, guys who can play the gospel with such authority and inspiration, disco will forever remain nothing but an ugly pimple on the ass of rock and roll. ■

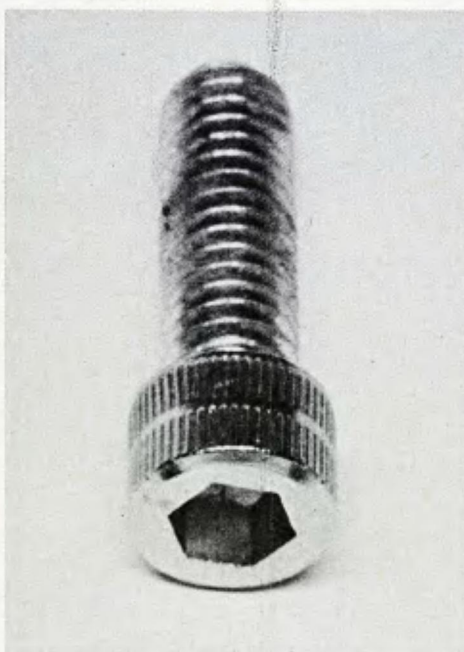
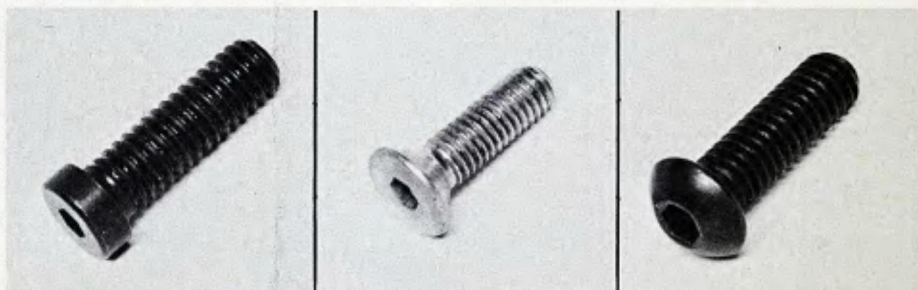
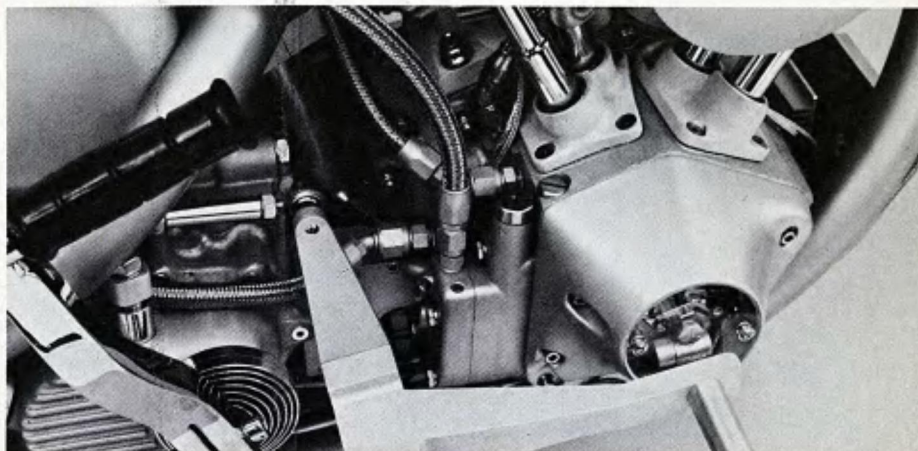
Socketheads, internal hexes, allens —are they worth it?

If ya ain't been on the smoke recently, you'll notice from checkin' out some of the scoots you see in this rag that a lotta bros are usin' sockethead bolts on their sleds. How come? Well, besides bein' easy on the ol' retina, allen heads can be torqued down properly, whereas puttin' a measured arm to a slot or Phillips-head screw in this manner is practically impossible. Using sockethead bolts allows you to seat sidecovers and gaskets evenly, with a minimum of leaks and distortion in any part. Even if there are no torque figures listed in that grimy owner's manual, most bolt manufacturers and machinist's handbooks print ratings you can follow instead.

In some cases where side clearance is limited, wrenchin' down a sockethead with a key is the only way to go if a box-end or open-end wrench won't fit easily. For places with tight overhead space, some fastener companies make button-head, low-head, and flat, countersunk-head socket screws that may help ya out. These do, however, have the disadvantage of taking a smaller-size hex key (see photo)

Finally, if there is enough meat in the casting being held, these little beauties can often be countersunk. This means more strength because not only are the bolts clamping the part down, but they're also positively locating it, as a dowel pin does.

If you decide to spend a small fortune on socketheads, first find a local industrial or fastener outfit that will sell 'em to you in quantities less than the usual boxes of 100—a little fast-talkin' often helps. It's best to



get 'em in stainless steel or have 'em plated later because the recessed hex in the head tends to hold water when you hit a puddle and the standard black-oxide finish will rust quicker'n naked steel in a salt marsh.

For the smaller sizes you can even get these babies with what's called a socket-spline head. The wrench that you need for these looks like a shrimpy version of a big-twin sprocket shaft. It ain't exactly available at your local hardware store, but likewise it probably won't be in the pocket of that scum who'd like to unbolt your magneto and cart it off—even as you're sittin' there readin' this rag with that brew in your mitt.

—Grime

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 sho-win' 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 Mac McCamley, N.C.M./C, Hyattsville, Md.





—from Silent Cal and VCA, Exeter, Calif.



—from Don Mossing, Toledo, Ohio



—from Tyra Ealy, E. Liverpool, Ohio



—from Susan Jayne Collins,
Hollywood, Calif.

—from Tyra Ealy, E. Liverpool, Ohio



—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.





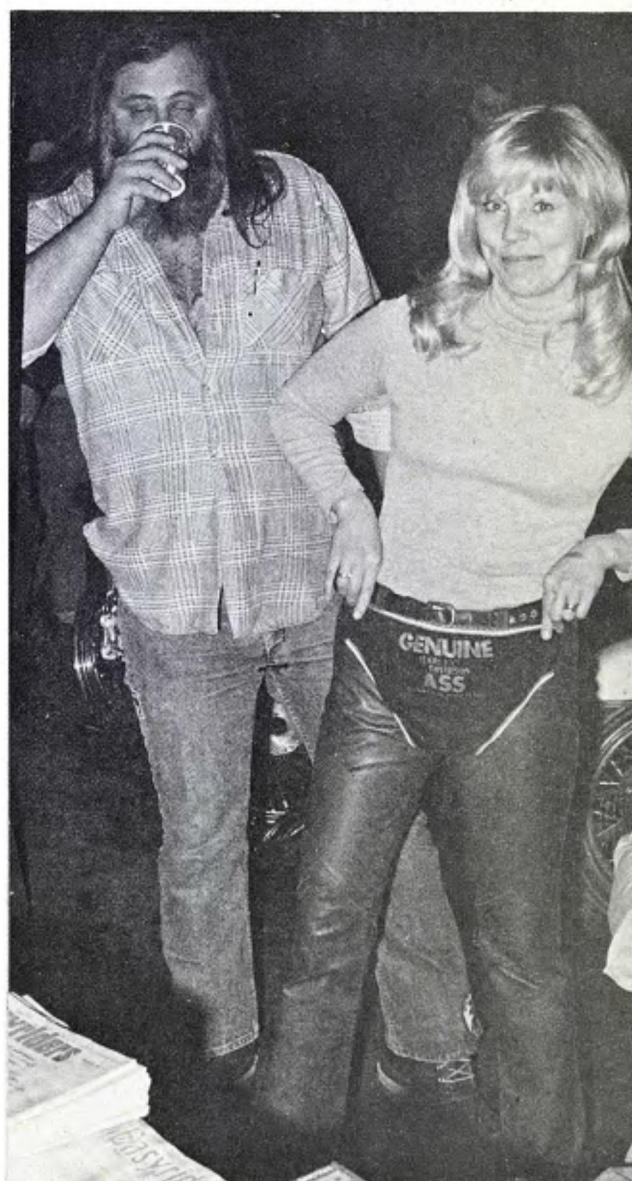
—from Tom Swarm, Burtonsville, Md.



—from Donny Whittle, Milford, Conn.



—from Greg Vettel, Thompson, N. Dak.



—from Charlie Coons, Waseca, Minn.



—from Dog Catcher, Cedar Rapids, Iowa



—from Greg Higginbotham, Springfield, Mo.

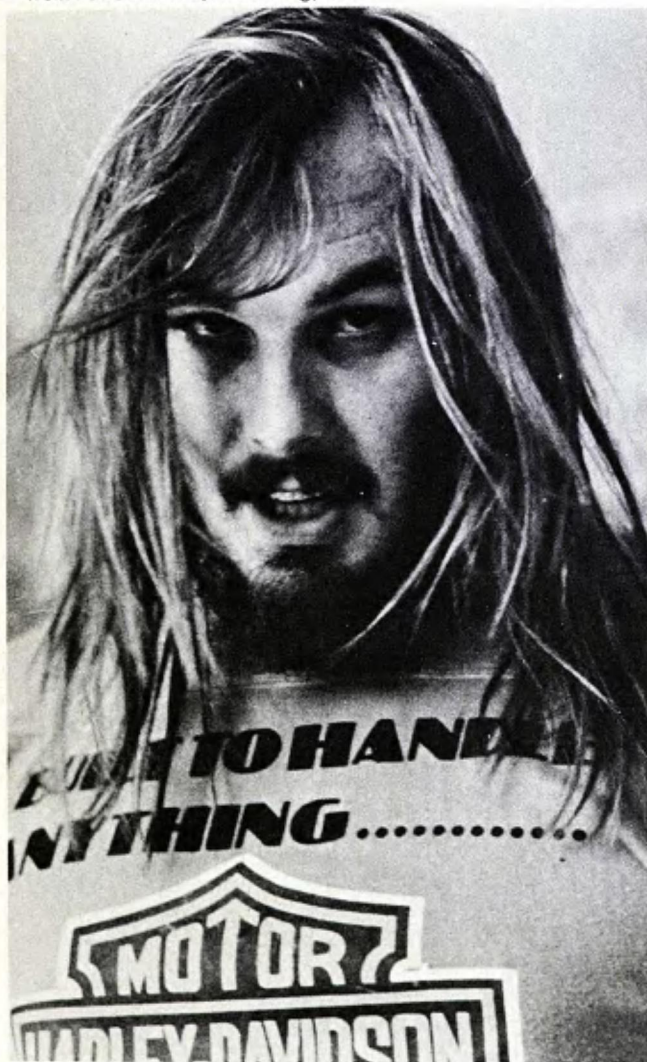
—from Rick Lopez, Oceanside, Calif.





—from Pat Sechelski, Rosenberg, Tex.

—from Bob Van Gunsteren, Kalamazoo, Mich.



—from Nancy Andres, St. John, Mo.



—from Duane Syme, Jeffersonboro, Pa.



—from Spatts, Toronto, Canada



—from Jim Woosley & Beck Walker, Gary, Ind.



—from Mac McCamley, N.C.M./C, Hyattsville, Md.



—from Mark Kmiotek, Brooklyn, N.Y.



—from Big Al, Philadelphia, Pa.





—from Mark D. Burns, Sylmar, Calif.

—from Big Dave Wozynski, San Jose, Calif.



—from C. B. Evenden, Rochester, N.Y.



—from Baki, Santa Rosa, Calif.



—from Vince Bergdale, Hartland, Minn.

—from Skip, Burbank, Calif.





NO CASH

This Rider Took Parts For Work

All along we've been harpin' on how to place yourself in the fast lane with only a little green.

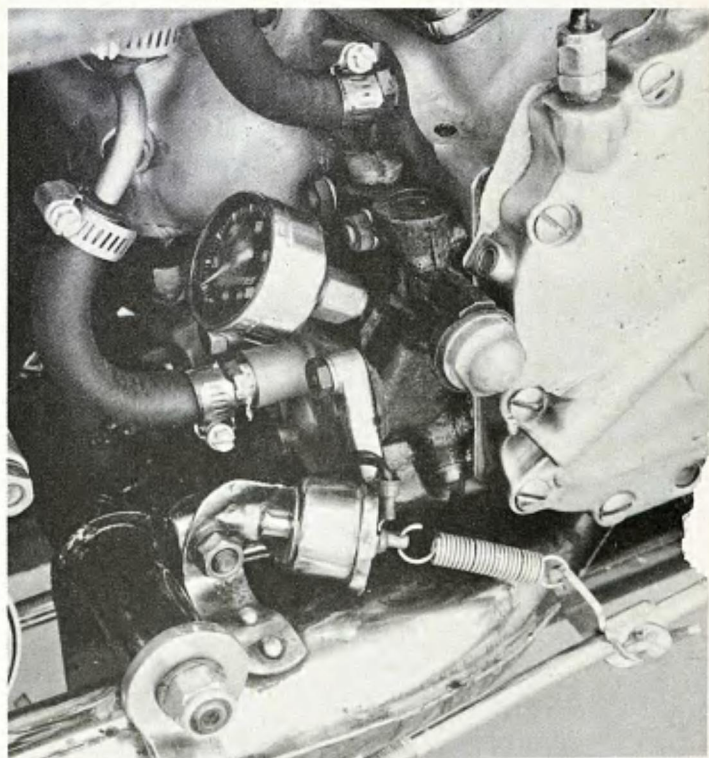
At last we got us an example. This here mo'cycle was not purchased, not sold as a kit, not stolen, nor was it fabricated through the sly and slippery use of a multitude of coins and currency.

The builder had to dig deep in his stash, though. The man who built this scooter used two lines of ingenuity, a lotta tabs of work, a joint of creativity, and a knack for scrounging parts to complete the clean road bike you see here. When he did a bro a favor, he asked for parts in exchange. When he wrenched in a shop for a couple of days, he turned down a paycheck in favor of swapping his time for more parts.





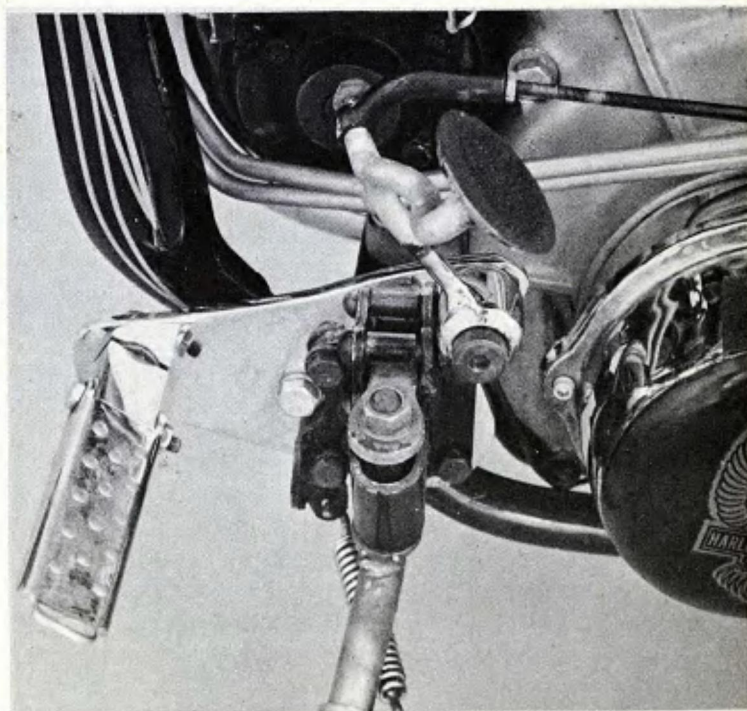
As the bike progressed toward completion (it took three years to get all the parts together and seven months to put it on the street), he worked or traded for specific parts. It's his seventh bike. By the time he'd finished the sixth, he knew what was needed to get any 74 rollin' behind fuel. All along he held on to a vivid mental image of the scooter he wanted to construct, supplemented with a mental checklist against which he crossed off the parts as he worked for, swapped, or handmade them. Each part of a scooter built in this way is handled separately. Even if someone rebuilds a pan that started out complete, he may unbolt components and then replace them without thoroughly checkin' them over. But if the bike is constructed a piece at a time, each piece must be checked for fit, inspected, rebuilt, repaired, or fuck it—find another one.

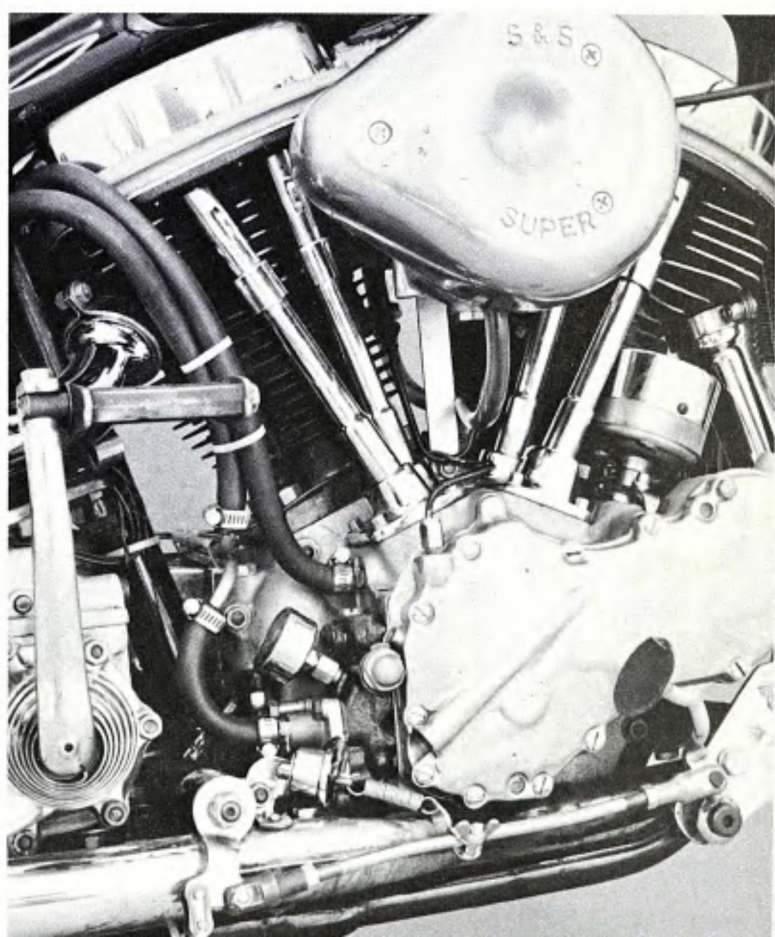
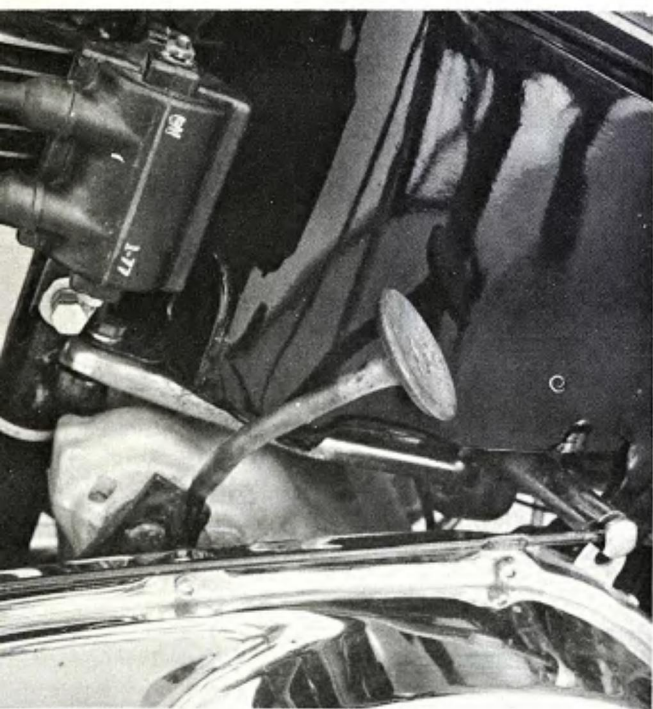
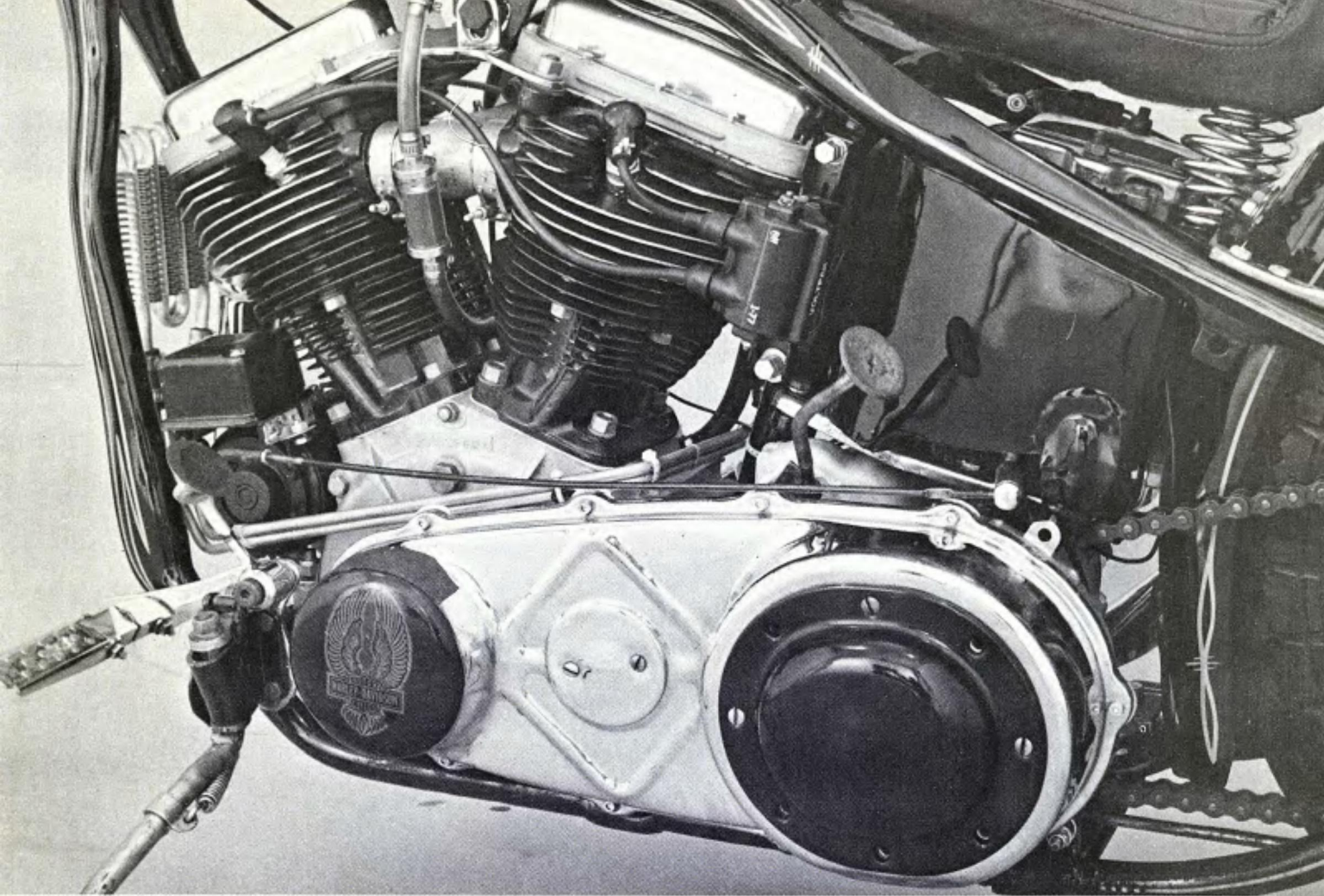




So every component is fitted and bolted by hand. When the bike is completed, it's as if the owner had bought a new H-D and, instead of being put together by way of an assembly line, the scooter was completely constructed individually by one veteran Harley mechanic. The way Sam built his bike is not only the cheapest way to get in the wind, but it's also got to be one of the best methods of ensuring that the bike will be as tight and as properly constructed as possible.

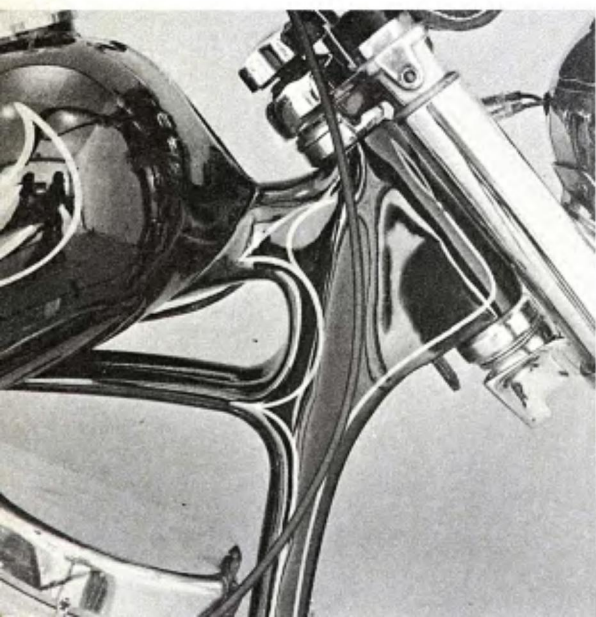
—Weed



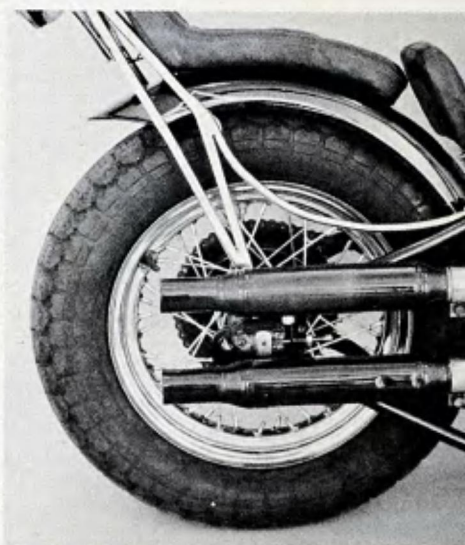
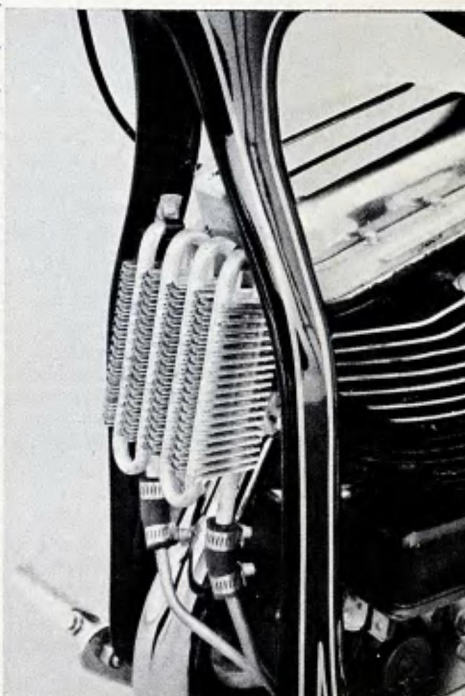




Photos by Pete Chiodo



Owners: Sam Slongulium		City: San Fernando, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: owner & Chicano Roy		Year: 1951	
Year and make: 1949		Builder: H-D & Two Broke Tramps	
Model: EL		Type: wishbone	
Value: Not for sale		Rake: 1/4 inch	
Assembly: Two Broke Tramps		Stretch: none	
Time: 3 years, off and on		Other alterations: twin support rails	
Chroming by: Dan's Polishing		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Flanders	
Year: 1949		Risers: stock	
Model: EL		Fender(s): Limey	
Rebuilder: Two Broke Tramps		Headlight: stock	
Ignition: automatic advance dis.		Taillight: truck	
Displacement: 83.4627 cu. in.		Speedo: none	
Lower end: UL		Front pegs: steel	
Balancing: 60%		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S & S		Electrics: 6v. generator	
Cases: sandblasted		Gas tank: Chicano Roy	
Heads: 1964 pan		Oil tank: Chicano Roy	
Cam: 468 Sifton		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: solid		Primary cover: stock	
Carb(s): S & S		Seat: So. Cal. seats	
Air cleaner: S & S		Sissy bar: owner	
Pipes: side-by-side		Height: 1 foot	
Muffler(s): Sporty		Material: 3/8 inch round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: late gears		Type: glide	
Year: '70s		Extension: 4 inches	
Shifting: jock		Builder: Two Broke Tramps	
Engine sprocket: 24		Special features: lower tree flopped	
Trans sprocket: 26		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front:	Rear:
Painting		Size: 21	Size: 16
Molding: Chicano Roy		Hub: star	Hub: star
Painter: Moesefos Snafu		Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Color: black		Tire: Tojo's rev.	Tire: Pirelli
Type: urethane		Brake: none	Brake: mech.
Special paint: owner; pinstriping by Dirty John			
Other special modifications: Timkenized offset pin by Clell Richards.			



There's an old joke that goes Question: "Why do they put a white line down the middle of the road?" Answer: "It's for motorcycles." Now this ain't exactly true, but unless you live in Bumfuck or some other shitpile out in the sticks, sooner or later you're gonna find your ass puttin' down a freeway in the middle of a traffic jam.

This is where a scoot comes alive. This is where you really get to stick it to 'em. There's nothin' better than the feelin' of blowin' through a mile and a half of traffic jam in a minute and a half—while all those bloated, overweight citizens are sittin' in their bloated, overweight cars with their thumbs up their asses.

On the other hand, there's nothin' worse than the feelin' of gettin' your ass creamed while tryin' to do it. The agony of defeat is as bitter as the thrill of victory is sweet. Nothin' is ever as easy as it looks. There are some tricks to doin' it right. I learned to ride in New York City, the home of homicidal drivers and suicidal roads; then I moved to Los Angeles, the home of the Malibu Grand Prix, Long Beach Grand Prix, Ontario Motor Speedway, and Riverside Raceway. In short, I've spent twenty years puttin' through dense traffic—most of it between rows of slow-movin' cars, all driven by people who think they're Mario Andretti.

Now, line dancin' is not for those with weak hearts, weak nerves, weak eyes, weak minds, weak kidneys, or weak balls. Many's the time I've come blastin' down a road between two lines of cars to find some turd sittin' on his Honda Gold Wing (complete with Vetter fairing, saddlebags, AM/FM stereo, and additional tacky junk.) That's right—sittin' in line just like any other fuckhead waitin' for the traffic ahead to move. Now, if this jerkoff wants to do this, it's fine with me, but you and I both know that ain't what bikin's about. The idea is to get there as quickly as you can, not as slowly. If I wanted to go slow, I'd drive a car. To illustrate what I mean, I'll tell you two stories.

The Thrill Of Victory

I was ridin' with a club on Long Island. We were makin' a run to Pennsy to go to some hill climb races. About forty bikes crossed the Guinea Gangplank (Verrazano Narrows Bridge) to Staten Island and over the Goethals Bridge to New Jersey—only to discover that some semi had flipped over down by Camden, blockin' all three southbound lanes of the New Jersey Turnpike and turnin' it into a 93-mile-long parkin' lot. Well, a putt is a putt, and a run is a run, so we split into two groups. Big Jim, the prez, led one group, and as road captain, I led the other. We headed down the Pike between the cars. We were cruisin' along about fifty miles an hour when I looked over at Big Jim and he looked over at me and that's all it took. Man, we had a race—two Sportys, neck and neck at 115mph down the Jersey Turnpike between the stopped cars. What a gas. Between the adrenalin, the acid, and the speed, I figured that if I got in a jam, I could just pull back on the bars and fly the fucker. So we got to Pennsy and had four beers and three joints before the rest of the club caught up. That was the good story—now here's the other one:

Confessions Of A Line Dancer Or, How To Avoid The White Line Blues

by Wolfman



The Agony Of Defeat

Back in '64 they held the World's Fair in New York. Well, one Saturday night, Jack, Fred, Crazy Bob, and I decided to go down to lower Manhattan to the Festival of San Gennaro, which is a kind of vast, ramblin' block party with plenty of cold Guinea Red wine, hot sausage, hero sandwiches, and warm Italian pussy.

The Long Island Expressway is often called the world's longest parking lot. Well, between the regular Saturday night traffic, augmented by the World's Fair traffic and made even worse by the Mets game traffic, the Expressway indeed seemed the world's longest parking lot.

We were goin' down the Expressway single file between the cars. Fred was in the lead. The traffic was at a dead standstill. We were windin' our way through the mess when some asshole opened his door to get out and see what was holdin' up the traffic. (As if he didn't know it was two hundred thousand other cars holdin' him up.)

Fred hit that sonofabitch doin' about thirty miles an hour, bendin' the guy's door right around into the front fender and wrappin' the forks of his Trumpet around the handle bars. Fred sailed through the air, landin' two cars down on the trunk of a Thunderbird and smashin' the rear window. Jack, Crazy Bob, and I all jammed on the binders and stopped in time. Then all hell broke loose.

Fred jumped up off the trunk of that T-bird and ran back to the asshole who had opened his door. Fred threw him on the hood of his car and proceeded to beat the livin' shit out of him. We were tryin' to break that up while this asshole's ol' lady was screamin' bloody murder. Then the shithead from the Thunderbird came runnin' up to put his two cents in. By now everybody was out of his car, Crazy Bob was standin' between Fred and this asshole, and Fred was swearin' like hell. The asshole was shoutin' back, his ol' lady was screamin' for the police, and the shithead from the T-bird was still yellin' about his fuckin' window. We gathered quite a crowd—about three hundred people. If I'd had a pushcart I could have made a bundle sellin' soft pretzels.

I knew it wouldn't be too long before the cops showed up. Since I was short on license and long on tickets, I wanted to split. But a bro is a bro, so while all this yellin' and cussin' was goin' on, Crazy Bob and I picked up Fred's scooter by the front end and rolled it on its rear wheel down the exit at 108th Street and Corona. We stashed it in a gas station, gave the guy five bucks so no one would fuck with it, and told him we'd be back in the morning with a truck to pick it up.

Then we went back up on the Expressway, where they were still at it. Crazy Bob and I started our bikes, I grabbed Fred and told him the scam, and Crazy Bob told Jack to start his bike. Then, while Crazy Bob tried to quiet everyone down, Jack started his sled. Suddenly, Crazy Bob, Fred, and I started rollin'. Fred jumped on behind Crazy Bob, and we split. What a rip—we left those assholes standin' there shakin' their fists and swearin' while we rolled off into the night.

—Continued on Next Page

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Illustration by David Mann

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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.



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Line Dancer

—Continued from page 73

Fred wound up with only a sprained shoulder and a bill for a new set of forks for his trumpet, but it could have been much worse. You fuck up between two lines of traffic at 60 miles an hour and you're gonna wind up lookin' like the meat section at a supermarket.

So here's a few words of advice on how to get from here to there in heavy traffic—without goin' by way of County General.

What To Beware Of

Volkswagens: Don't laugh. It's not the cars but the fuckheads who drive 'em. They never ride in the center of the lane. Instead, they always ride all the way over on the left or all the way over on the right. Only Volkswagens—not Toyotas or Datsuns, only Volkswagens. As if that wasn't bad enough, there are so many of the fuckers around you always wind up tryin' to go between *two* of 'em. The one in the center lane is all the way over on the left and the one in the left lane is all the way to the right. If you're ridin' a fatbob, right away you're in deep shit.

Vans, Campers, Pickups: These can be trouble, but not because they can't see out the back. It's because they can. They all have these giant fuckin' mirrors, and sure as shit they always wind up ridin' side by side. Catch one of those mothers and you'll spread your nose all over your face like peanut butter. Usually you duck and hope your sissy bar clears. Big motor homes and semis are no problem. Their mirrors are very high and everybody around 'em is tryin' to stay as far away as possible, so there's always plenty of room.

Bozos, Old People, People Who Wear Hats: You know the kind of dipshit I mean. He drives a '69 Rambler he bought new. This jerkoff is blind in the brain. He doesn't even know what's goin' on inside his car, much less what's goin' on outside. He's the type who'll ride along for three miles with his right turn signal on, then change lanes to the left three feet in front of you. You can't avoid 'em (there's maybe 50 jillion of them out there), so just beware. And remember, for some strange reason, people who wear hats are the worst.

Junkers: Not junkies, junkers—ratted-out old heaps. Most people who drive these ten-dollar turds couldn't give less of a shit. What's another dent to them? I had a '58 Mercury

—Continued on page 78

LADIES:

Show your "ol' man" and the world who you're with. Any name (up to (8) eight letters in a name) \$7.50 plus 50¢ postage and handling. Any name over (8) eight letters, 50¢ a letter, plus \$4.00 for the T-shirt and 50¢ postage and handling. Send size (S,M,L,XL) and color (Black, White, Green, Orange, Blue) Name on T-shirt _____ 1.



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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 (chicks only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California, 90265.

In memory of **John Sak**, the best friend I ever had. The Gruesome Twosome lives on forever. Babes.

In memory of **Anthony Wayne Couch**, who had to die hard before he could learn to live the good life. Donnie Rollins.

God, I miss you, **Gypsy**. I'm sure you smile when I party on the way we used to, but I can't help crying now and then. Your sister always. Queenie.

In memory of **John Blair**, a Caveman never forgotten. Ride on, brother. Jeff Barkley, Caveman M/C, Phoenix, N.Y.

For **Cecil Quinn**, May you ride forever. We'll miss you, brother. Dino and Larry.

Taurus, you'll always be with us, and your son will know you and love you as I always will. Love, Suede.

In memory of **Art Whitaker**, a true Harley rider. We'll always remember you. Dave, Bob, Shannon, and Ray, Monroe, Mich.

In memory of **Dave "French" LaFollette**, a one percenter who rode, fought, and partied with everything he had. The Stompers, the old neighborhood, and Jeff Beck.

In memory of **Lil' Joe Marquez**, snuffed in cold blood. Your mom, brothers, and I love you, daddy. Linda.

In memory of **Ward "Sideshow" Hemkins**, lover, fighter, and motorcycle rider. We loved you, bro. H.C. and Boots.

In memory of **Vago "Honky"**. We'll love you forever. You were one helluva bro. Your Vago bros and A-Val-Debbie.

In memory of **"Frog"**. Downed by a punk in a truck. We'll ride together again someday. The Smokestack and Candy.

In memory of **Joe T.** May all your days be bright and clear, so you can ride in peace forever. Bobbie, Suds, J., and Flash.

In memory of **Verne "Grubby" Elledge**. You're not forgotten, sweetheart. Your wife and kids. Trouble, Heidi, and Harley.

In memory of **Paggo and Tony**. Save us a place, bros. We miss you so very much. Diana and the rest of the gang. Montclair, Calif.

Remembering **Thomas Berton**. The man went in style. It was the only way he could go. Ride down that road. Little Bit, Minn.

For brother **Gary Hunter**, a fantastic mechanic and true biker. We love you forever. Barb Smith and the family.

In memory of **"Crazy Eddie" Marlowe**. You were the best there ever was, and we'll always love you. The Company.

In memory of **Danny "Dux" Curtis**. Only Ones M/C and the Black Cobras M/C. Ohio. Rest in Harley Heaven. Wolf.

In memory of **"Touchdown" Hutton**. He rode fast and died even faster, and he fucked like a racehorse. Keith, Lori, Shawn, Dyno Dan, and The Ripper.

In memory of **"Mad Mike"**, who'll always be with us. Dude and Cindy.

A tribute to **Canorely**, a Pagan one-percenter first, last, and always. Pagana M/C. East Coast and all Pagans.

In memory of **Jay**, one of the best brothers anybody ever had. From Little Girl, San Jose, Calif.

In memory of my ol' man, **Terry Lee Wolfe**, who was the greatest. I'm as proud of you now as I was then. I love you. Donna.

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 savings 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.

Foxy-looking lady doing time would like to correspond with sexy biker dudes. Send photos. All letters answered. Kate Alton, 199 West Main St., Niantic, Conn. 06357.

It's lonely in here without mail, so please write to John Chiarello #67-A-27, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Sincere 40-year-old inmate would like to hear from chicks. Jack Zatz #146894, Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699.

I'm doing three years and need a woman to write to and exchange photos. Emmanuel Veiga #96416, G-339-B, Box 158, Lowell, Fla. 32663.

Downed biker looking for new ol' lady, so write this lonely dude. J. D. Housley #141614, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Dude with baby-blue eyes would like to hear from super females. George Betancourt #A-81600, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Let me cure your loneliness while you cure mine. Foxy ladies, send pictures with your letters. Clarence Wallace #111604, Box 126, Chesterfield, Va. 23832.

Big, blond inmate needs letters from fine ladies. Bobby Hane #78-C-142, Box 367, Dannemora, N.Y. 12929.

Wanted, anything that ain't snake or rat. If there's any righteous chicks left, please write to me. Don Sheets, Box B-26884, W.B. 311, C.T.F. North, Soledad, Calif. 95960.

If you've got time, girls, drop me a line, because Billy Jack really lives. Billy Jack Scroggins #B-82224, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

Been jammed down the bricks for a long time, and would like to hear from some get-down scooter stangers. Bonny Spalding #251779, Box 17, Gig Harbor, Wash. 98335.

Interesting ol' man, 26 yrs. old, with beaver fetish, needs letters and photos from ladies. R. J. Everett #146452, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lost Yankee in the deep south needs mail from ladies. Scott A. Forge #106380, Deep Meadows C.C., State Farm, Va. 23160.

Time's about over and I'm looking for a warm, responsible lady with style. Wendie George #31685, Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Dangerous John needs nasty mail from nasty ladies. John Henning #43945, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Doing 15 years and have a bad case of the blues. Need letters from any chicks. Will answer all. Rocky Wagner #11253, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Murphy the Surf is down in Colorado and needs your letters, ladies. Pat Murphy #43279, Box 1010, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

The loneliest feeling in the world is to be in jail without a woman. Johnny R. Armes #14690, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Four years down and a few more to go, so I need letters from ladies to speed up my time. Bernie J. Kroll #244337, Box 900, Pine Hall H-4, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Help me brighten my long, dreary days, ladies. Write to Tom Garrett #34041, Box 7-3C-822, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Lonely and blue and six-foot-two, with brown hair and blue eyes. I need mail from ladies my age (20) and under. Carl Gene Allen #87908, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Lost in the slammer and would love hearing from some sweet chicks. Donnie Tatum, 835 W. Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Did a crime, now I'm doing time. Need letters and photos from ladies. Bo Geivart, 202 Baltimore Ave., Towson, Md. 21204.

I'd like some nice, understanding ladies to write to. Jennings Keenan #A-055174, H1-B1-125, Box 340, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

A lonely dude looking for letters from ladies. Will answer all mail. Kevin Wall #060-070, H2A-1-104, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Three long years to go, so I need bright young ladies' letters to shine up my days. Chuck Kane #884340, H2-A1-101B, Box 340, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Inmate would like some nice words from fine, distinctive ladies. Robert Deakin #155822, Camp Sauble, Rt. 2, Freesoil, Mich. 49411.

Hey, young ladies, I'm 17 years old and need your support for the next 5 years. Duke Hattom, N.N.C.C., Box 607, Carson City, Nevada 89701.

Getting out soon and would like to hear from ladies in their early thirties. Denny Jackson, N.N.C.C., Box 607, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

Write when you can. I'm 24 and out next year. Jon Lancaster #8076, K.S.I.R., Box 1568, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501.

Doing 15 for filling the wrong prescription. Mike could dig letters from understanding ladies. Ron Rhodes #96400, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Help! Lonely biker down and in need of mail. Kenneth Olson #033902, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Doing time without letters or visits. Will answer all. Keith Baughman #146812, Rt. 3, Box 3333, Hagerstown, Md. 21740.

All chicks or bitches, write to this dude who's been down a long time. Charlie Chappell #00395-124, D-Unit, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

Would like to get letters and pictures from any foxy ladies. Will answer all. Jim Faust, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Got loaded and woke up doing 20 years. Would like to hear from some real women. Mike Pearson #96352, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74401.

Lonely man with one year to parole board needs letters from level-headed women. Eli Kasper #151891, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

A lonely rock and roll animal in need of letters and pictures from foxy lounge lizard. White Delight Zaborski #B-93161, Box 608, 6-18, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Downed dude needs ladies with big hearts. A few letters and flicks would be right on time. Thomas Wilkins #B-80260, Box 608, 3-56, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

A bro doing two with nothing to do, needs letters from you. Michael Powers #155-305, Box 3838, Rt. 3, Grayling, Mich. 49738.

Doing time and need a lady to help. Jim's Grate House #99942, 131, C-3, Box 7000, Texarkana, Tex. 75501.

Time's getting short and I need a foxy mouse to keep my head together. Write to my home and letters will be forwarded. Terry Kirby, c/o E. C. Kirby, 5323 Elaine Dr., Charleston, W. Va. 25306.

Suffering con needs letters from tender ladies who care. Michael Dean Wright #9615-5213, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 94988.

I'm doing seven years and need letters to fill the time. Grady Mason, Box B-73518, San Quentin, Calif. 94964.

Blue-eyed, brown-haired inmate is in need of mail from ladies who have a good heart. Robert Marlow #061789, R.C.I., H2-A1-103-B, Box 340, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

Would like letters and visits from ladies. Out in a year and ready for adventure. Robert Swanson #B-97236, Box 2000, I-203, Vacaville, Calif. 94988.

Help! I'm in the joint and need mail to brighten my days. Chicks only. Tom Garrett #34041, Box 7-3C-822, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Downed lowrider needs mail from ladies. 23 yrs. old and waiting. Billy Gosnell, 4-N-13, San Quentin, Box B-87898, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Danielle, you're the only one for me, so write me those love letters and you'll know how much I miss you. Butch Faulkner, Box P.M.B. 36511, Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

26-yr.-old inmate with nothing to do needs letters from ladies. Ron Fontaine #153813, Rt. #4, Cadillac, Mich. 49601.

Would like to correspond with women 25-40 who are into kinky letters. Will answer all. Chuck Tiley #2630, Box 41, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

Calif. bro downed in the east and needing mail. Blond hair, blue eyes. Send photo. Larry Thomason #106220, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Foxy ladies, I'd like to receive mail from all of you. Scott Satterwhite #93712, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

I would like to write to any lady who would be interested in starting a new life with me. Larry L. Whitten #31365-120-B, Box 600, Eglin A.F.B., Fla. 32542.

Doing time and need letters and photos from ladies. Benny Strickland #056232, H2-A1-102, Box 340, Sharps, Fla. 32959.

27-yr.-old biker looking for a foxy chick who'll want to wrap her legs around my back and ride in the wind. Skip J. Bailey #B-81555-321, Box 608, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Downed bro just got two more. Need letters and pics from ladies. Larry Swain #102-403, Grafton State Farm, Grafton, Ohio 44044.

Ricochet, a lonely bro, is down doing a couple nickels and could use some letters from loving ladies. Ralph Spencer #45014, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Another year and a half and we'll meet, so write and let's get acquainted. Wayne Nolan, Box 36512, 2603 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

I'm interested in a lasting friendship through correspondence, so please write and send pictures. Clifford Luke #B-94282-307, Box 2210, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

I'm 21 and in need of letters from lovely ladies to help me get through my last year in prison. Will answer all letters. Mark Moore #00036-128, Delta Unit, Box 34550, Memphis, Tenn. 38134.

21-yr.-old inmate, hobbies music and letter writing, needs mail from ladies. Charles Oliver #F-8462, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Lonesome man, 37 yrs. old, free in less than a year, needs to make contact with understanding and loving ladies. Melton Blackman #00881-D-2110, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Little Chico is waiting to hear from you sexy ladies. I'm 25 yrs. old and waiting. Raul Correa #F-6950, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

Would like to correspond with chicks from anywhere. I'm very lonely. Cherokee Indian, Eddie Good #11050-06, 835 Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

One year to go. Want letters from club mamas and righteous chicks. Tony Colin #33655, Box 900, Jefferson City, Mo. 65101.

26-yr.-old inmate wants solid relationship with foxy lady. One year to freedom. Jim Nanz #C-81071, Box 100, Vienna, Ill. 62995.

Please! Any chicks who'll write to a con, I'm Indian. 28 years old. Jerry Jones #303-50-78, 835 Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

30-yr.-old biker needs letters from understanding females. Earl Green #11500-175, Box 4000, Springfield, Mo. 65802.

Downed bro doing hard time. I need ladies to make my life soft and easy. Phil Boothe #23965-149-C-1, Box 7000, Texarkana, Tex. 75501.

Bad biker needs to hear from foxy bad girl who wants to ride to Mars and back. Duane Daniels, Box WR, Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

28-yr.-old college man with brown hair and brown eyes needs to hear from ladies. Michael Shipman #K-4655, Drawer A, Huntington, Pa. 16652.

Hey, everybody, write to Edward Miller #031630, Box 747, Starke, Fla. 32091.

I'm lonely as hell. It's the worst kind of life to lead, so write and brighten my life, ladies. Harry Jones, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

Please, ladies, have mercy and write to this lonely dude. David Scott #059367, S.W.U. Bldg. 67-120, Box 221, Ralston, Fla. 32083.

I have one year left and need a decent traveling companion who likes vans. Michael D. Montgomery #149097, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

Inmate desperately in need of letters from ladies. Richard Bennett #16018, Unit Eleven, Box 14, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Would like to get together with some chicks, and letters will do the trick. John Penrod, Box B-98740, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I'd like to hear from some single and lonely gals. John LeBlanc, P.M.B. #77592, Cypress 3, Angola, La. 70712.

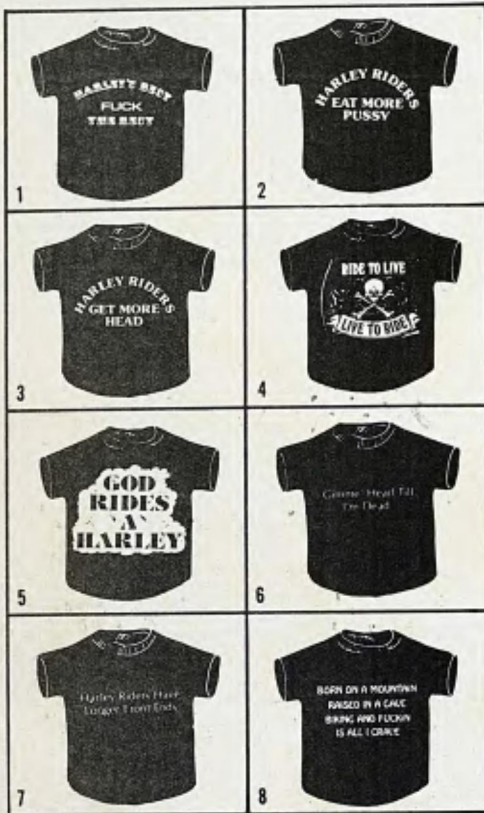


Something for a greasy T-shirt

Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; 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 ironing board, with stiff cardboard under surface to be ironed.
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 ink side down on the shirt, using the bottom edge of stiff cardboard 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** Greasy T-shirt—a winner in any crowd.



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7. Harley Riders Have Longer Front Ends
8. Born On A Mountain Raised In A Cave Bikin' and Fuckin' Is All I Crave

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—Continued from page 74
convertible that weighed about seven tons. One night a guy in a new Monte Carlo ran a red light in front of me. I tore the whole left side off his car, but hardly even bent my bumper. So if you get nailed by a tank like that, your sled won't even make a dent. And if it's driven by an old man wearin' a hat, he won't even know he hit somethin'.

Other Bikes: Not other bikers—I'm talkin' about some kid on a 175 Yamaha, or some old fart on a Gold Wing. Ya gotta watch 'em. Watch what side of the lane he's in when you come up from behind. See if he's lookin' at his mirror. The closest call I ever had in twenty years of line dancin' was courtesy of some zithead on a 150 Honda Dream. He dropped right in front of me in the center lane. Fortunately, the little shit bounced off my Hog like a tennis ball. But I gotta tell you—it was close.

Big, Long, Dead Traffic Jams: When there's a big accident or when the jam is long and people are stopped dead, you always get some jerkoff who will open his door and get out to see what he can see—just like the shitbird who almost wasted Fred. Watch people through their rear windows. If you detect movement, prepare yourself. Be cool, especially when you get near the cause of the jam. Lots of citizens will be millin' about, and usually The Man is there, too.

There's more to line dancin' than just avoidin' the shitbirds and assholes. There are tricks that have kept me ridin' on the pavement, not lyin' under it. Simple things like selectin' the lanes I ride between. I always try to stick to the line between the center and left lanes rather than the line between the center and the right lanes. Oh, I'll cross over to avoid a Volkswagen or a real jerkoff, but I like to stay to the left. The people in the left and center don't jump across so much, and remember, it only takes one fuckup to nail your ass into a box.

How fast? Ah, that's where we get into the balls department. It all depends on how fast you care to go. Havin' been at this a long time, I suggest you go as fast as you want without turnin' into some kamikaze asshole yourself.

I call it line dancin' because no two rows of movin' cars line up perfectly straight, so you have to sorta wiggle your way through—kinda like chasin' a rattlesnake's ass up a culvert. When you're goin' the right speed (yes, Vir-



"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you, Mrs. Krewpob. Your son Herbie was run over by a train not more than an hour ago. He died instantly. Now for the good news — his underpants were clean as a whistle."

ginia, there is a right speed)—not too fast, not too slow—a rhythm sets in and all you have to do is just fall in with it and you dance your scooter down the white line.

Now a lot of bikers suffer from the Great American Disease—if some is good, then more is better, and too much is just about right. Me, I like gettin' high and bikin'. Six feet under the ground ain't very high at all, and that box ain't goin' nowhere. You don't get no thrills ridin' in the back of a hearse. A lot of my friends say "Live fast, die young, and leave a goodlookin' corpse." I say, "Live fast, die old, and leave a goodlookin' corpse."

So, if you're thinkin' that when Big Jim and I had that race down the Jersey Turnpike we broke a whole shitload of these rules I just gave you, you're wrong. For one thing, the New Jersey Turnpike has very wide lanes. There was an eight- or nine-foot-wide lane between the cars. For another, we were so loaded we flashed the whole race. It was kinda like ESP. We could sense what was goin' on up ahead. (But don't count on your drug-influenced perceptions—the joke could be on you.) And finally, when we got near Camden and the wreck, we cooled it—I might be crazy, but I sure ain't stupid.

I worked with a contractor who did air-conditioning in big buildings. The engineer who designed the systems once told me that traffic on a highway follows the same laws of fluid mechanics that air does in an air-conditioning system, and these laws control what we'll do. I told him that when I rode I was in control—I decided where I was gonna go, and how. He said, "Sure, next time you get to a curve in the road, go straight and see what happens." There's a difference between the 55mph speed limit law and the law of gravity. The 55mph speed limit ain't really a law—it's a rule. The trick is to fuck with the rules but not break the laws. You got to get your act together and be in harmony with the laws of the universe. That means don't ride your bike off a cliff, don't slam into the ass end of a surfer van on the highway, etc.

Where do you find this harmony? Well, I usually get stoned. The more loaded I get, the more harmonious things seem. Sometimes I get so harmonious I can't even move. I found that it's like music—harmonics. Usually, I go two or four times as fast as the average speed of the traffic.

Some day I want to hook a blower on my scooter and go eight times as fast as the average speed. Can you imagine a bunch of assholes chuggin' along at 30 miles an hour in their LTDs and I come jammin' by at 240 mph? I do it at 120 mph now and leave a wake of bent minds and gapin' mouths. It's beautiful, man.

It's bein' free. That's the word—freedom. That's what bikin' is all about. Freedom from all the hassles and bullshit trips people lay on ya. Freedom to go up and down the road, where you want, when you want, like you want. So you want to jam it down the freeway at five o'clock? Do it. The secret is to pay attention. Learn what to avoid and what to go for.

Now that I'm finished, go back and read this shit—but this time *pay attention*. I'm a survivor. I ain't just blowin' smoke out my asshole. I've been at this a long time and I hope to die a very old man. So keep on strokin', keep on tokin', stay high, and don't let some fuck-head waste you. Worse yet, don't be a fuck-head who wastes himself.



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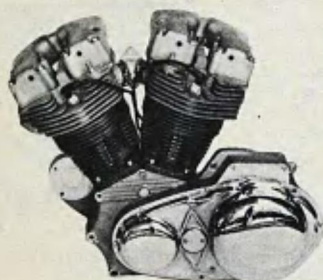
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DRESSIN' UP

—Continued from page 25

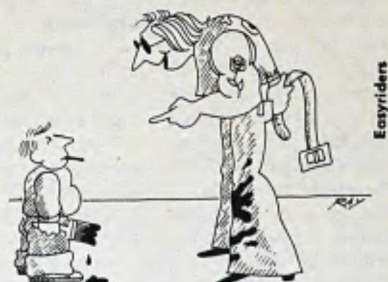
of the border, which brings up a point of reference. The word "chow" came to the United States through American Marines who fought in the Boxer Rebellion in China. They noticed that the Chinese raised chow dogs for food, so they stuck to their GI rations.

In China, the cook either cuts the fucker's throat or bashes his skull in. He then prepares him like any other critter an' cooks him up with a lotta peppers an' stuff. American Indians used to bash the dog in the head, put him on a spit, an' barbecue him over an open fire, then they ate the whole thing.

But the Eskimos who belong to the Inuit tribe, north of Hudson Bay, know all about gourmet eating. Whenever there's a surplus of dogs, these Eskimos keep only the hardest for sled work. The rest of 'em are consigned to the dinner table. All the cuddly, cute li'l buggers are put inside a sealskin an' the end is tied shut. Then the bag is tied on a pole or laid on the ground an' a couple of sexy Eskimo mamas beat the shit outta the thing with a couple of great big fuckin' sticks until it's nice an' pulpy. They save the bag all through the summer months, lettin' it ferment real good, an' in the winter, when it's frozen solid, they open it an' break off chunks to eat whenever they want a snack. Combined with maggots, the meat's supposed to be more delicious than gringo ice cream.

In the Philippine Islands, dog is regularly consumed. When the neighbor's dog barks all night, the simplest solution is to buy the dog an' eat him. Sometimes, they bust Fido in the head with a rock to dispatch him, but not until he's pre-stuffed. To do this, the dog is placed in a small pen an' starved for a few days. When he starts givin' the neighbor's baby hungry looks, they give him all the cooked white rice he can eat, an' bein' as how he's starved, he gorges himself. The next day, when his tongue is hangin' out about a yard, they give him all the water he can drink, an' pretty soon the rice starts swellin' up. When clean white rice starts oozin' out both ends, they hit him on the head with a board, put the stuffed carcass on a spit, an' call in the neighbors. Yummy!

At this point it might be appropriate to mention a little bit about blood. Blood is the most nutritious food available. Men who work on the killin' floor in slaughter houses often keep their own personal cup handy, an' several times a day they can be seen fillin' it up from the severed neck artery of a fresh-killed steer, then chugaluggin' it. Some years ago, it was a common sight to see well-dressed ladies



"Now, Johnny, I'm going to teach you the meaning of the word 'fear'."

standin' in line outside the slaughter house door with cups in their hands, waitin' to fill up on the prescribed drink, since doctors believed it to be beneficial to health, child-bearin', an' sex. The truth is that it's just good food—so good, in fact, that it is the *only* food consumed by the fierce and hardy people of the Masai tribe, in Africa. Sometimes they mix a little cow urine with it to spice it up, but whadafuck.

Pigs: Remember the ol' sayin' "Pigs is pigs"? Well, they ain't. Pigs are the meanest, strugglin' bastards ever invented. Besides that, they're hard to kill an' harder yet to clean an' dress out, so we'll just skim over a couple of things an' hope ya got enough sense to give up pork.

The number one thing of importance is that ya know where your pig came from, who owned it, an' whether it got proper treatment from a good veterinarian. Pigs get little microscopic worms livin' in 'em called *trichinae*. The worms don't hurt the pig much, but they play hell with humans who absorb the *trichinae* into their muscles an' can eventually die of *trichinosis*.

The best thing to do with a pig is shoot it between the eyes, then hurry an' cut its throat. Skin it, gut it like any other critter, an' cook it *well done*. This destroys the *trichinae*. If ya wanna process pigs the way they do commercially, or on the farm, ya gotta get a tub big enough to hold the whole animal, then boil it in lye water, scrub off the bristles, an' go through a bunch of other horseshit that's a lotta work.

Porcupines: We mentioned these in the last article, but didn't take the time to tell ya how to kill an' skin 'em.

They are very good eatin', easy to catch, an' are considered predators in many areas because they destroy trees—so wherever it's legal, just chow down. Porcupines are easy to catch because they're slow an' gentle critters. They don't shoot their quills, as many believe, but if one slaps ya with its tail while you're fuckin' with it, you'll wish you were in another county.

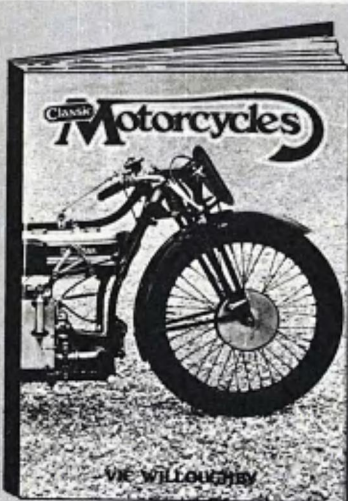
Shake the porky outta the tree, then give it a solid whack on the head with a rock or club. Carefully roll it over an' cut the throat, then rip it open along the belly an' skin it—carefully. If ya get quills stuck in ya, take a pair of scissors or wire cutters an' cut the quill in half. This lets the air out of it and the thing comes right out without any trouble. Then get a tetanus shot.

Another thing we forgot to mention in the last article was scent glands. Certain animals, like skunks, deer, an' cats have 'em. They're located on either side of the asshole. Just cut out a big chunk right under the tail an' toss it away—you're bound to get the glands.

Little Birds: Sparrows an' blackbirds make great eatin', but use a slingshot, a bird trap, or an air rifle—not a .357 magnum or a shotgun loaded with double-O shot. Fix 'em just like chickens or any other bird, but don't fuck with crows—they're nasty tastin'. So are seagulls.

If you're really hungry an' you're too slow or dumb to catch any warm-blooded critters for supper, you can always eat grasshoppers. The American Indians have subsisted on 'em for years, an' like earthworms, they're pure protein. Just round up several dozen an' fry 'em in a pan until they're crisp, then snack on 'em while ya guzzle your suds. They taste good an' they're nice an' crunchy.

Now, about elephants . . .



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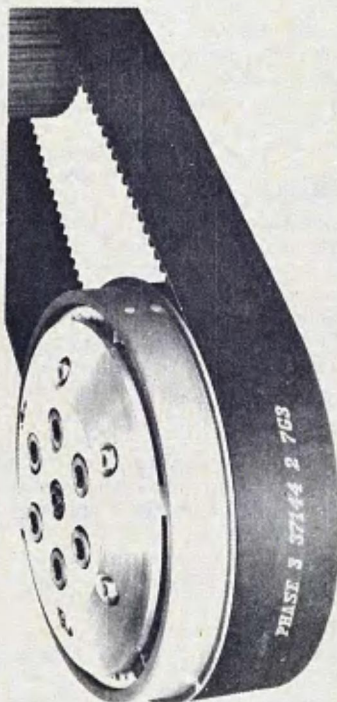
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Secret Technique

—Continued from page 29

"Then I'da been givin' someone else the finger," I said, chewin'.

"Ta tell ya the truth," he said, leanin' closer, "I'd rather get back to our original conversation."

"Okay," I said, extendin' my finger again and swingin' it around in front of him.

"Don't do that in here!" he whispered raspily. "You want me to have to arrest you for bein' a public nuisance?"

"Go arrest my bike," I said, puttin' my hand down and eatin'. "The thing looks like an elk."

"Well," he said with a shrug, "that means no more tickets from me! Now you're the Game Department's worry!" He then exploded into laughter.

"What the hell do you want from me, anyway?" I asked finally, after the laughter died down.

"I want you to take me to one o' them biker bars," he said excitedly.

I reached deep in my mouth and pulled out a strand of bacon that had fouled itself up in my gullet. I leaned down, picked up my fork, wiped it off, and continued eatin'.

"Why me?" I managed to growl eventually.

"I like ya," he had the nerve to say.

I decided somethin' was gonna hafta be done about this public-relations genius before he wound up askin' me if I'd have my parents include his birth certificate in the same ribboned shoebox that held their other children's.

"I'd be more than happy to take you with me to a biker bar," I was actually able to say. "Course, you don't just walk into one o' those places without knowin' what you're doin'."

"Oh, I'll do whatever I'm supposed to," he assured me hurriedly. "Just tell me. Hell, I'm willin' to adapt to the other guy's way o' doin' things."

I turned around and looked at that mirror risin' up off the handlebars like the Goldstone trackin' antenna.

I turned back to my eatin'.

"You always struck me as bein' just that kinda person," I said.

"Oh, I am, I am," he said. "What I gotta do?"

"Well, that depends on whether you're goin' there to smack-mouth and kissy-face, or whether you want them floozies ta know you mean business."

He looked around and leaned forward and gave me an explicit, "I wanna . . . ya know?"

"Hardcore stuff. Diddle-diddle. All the way. Sex act, right?"

"Right *awwwwww*."

"All *riiight*."

"So, what do I do, what do I do?" he panted in heat.

"You're gonna hafta carry a cigarette around in your navel," I said, sittin' back and draggin' a napkin across my face.

"A cigarette in my navel."

He didn't say it as a question. He said it more as an expression of doubt in someone else's sanity. Much as someone might state, "You say there's a walrus sitting on my shoulder."

I took out a smoke, lit it, opened my shirt,

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

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and placed it in my navel. I went on
with my eatin'.

After a while I heard him say, "That's the
stupidest thing I ever saw."

"Well, that ain't exactly true," I said,
chewin', sawin'. "The stupidest thing you
ever saw is gonna be you tryin' to pick up
one o' them biker women without a cigarette
in your navel."

"Nobody puts cigarettes in their
navels," he said.

I shrugged, took the cigarette outa my
navel, took a drag off it, put it back in my
navel, and continued eatin'.

"You know," he said, "if you're shittin' me, I
could make life really miserable for you."

"I certainly wouldn't want you to make life
miserable for me," I said, eatin'.

He looked around, undid his lower shirt
buttons, took the cigarette outa my navel,
and put it in his.

He looked at me and smiled, his arms
hangin' down, the cigarette in his navel.

"I can do it!" he said.

I hit a palm against his shoulder. The
cigarette fell out of his navel, bounced off his
knee, and landed on the floor.

"You gonna be able to play pool like that?" I
said. "That thing falls out on the felt and
burns a hole in it, you're gonna wind up gettin'
sold as teepee material to some Hopi at
the bus station."

"You mean I gotta go through the whole
night with cigarettes in my navel?" he said.

"Them bikers and their women are a
strange bunch," I said, eatin'. "They pierce
their ears an' put earrings in 'em, don't they?"

"Lotsa chicks do that."

"I ain't talkin' about the chicks. They get
tattoos, don't they?"

"Lotsa guys get tattoos."

"I ain't talkin' about the guys. You're
steppin' into a whole new world, pal. You do it
without a cigarette in your navel, they ain't
gonna care how miserable you can make life
for me. They're gonna beat the shit outta ya."

"I better think this over," he said after a
while, blankly. He buttoned his shirt back up,
stood, and walked out the door without sayin'
anything more.

I mopped my toast through the yolks and
figured that that would pretty much take care



"I got an idea — the next time I yell,
'Quick, hide the file,' how about
sticking it up your ass, you idiot!"

of him. What with him bein' afraid of bein' an idiot if he did, and bein' afraid o' bein' stomped if he didn't, I figured he'd have a decision of such tremendous hugeness to ponder that he'd be preoccupied for months. Maybe years.

Stupid me. A week later there was this loud siren and the World War III version of lightbulb warfare behind me, bouncin' off my brand-new, really handy mirror and into my eyes.

I pulled off the highway and into our trusty ticketin' area for the second time. He skidded the car to a stop, burst from the door, and began leapin' from side to side, one foot after the other, with his hands in the air and his unbuttoned shirt flappin' like the coattails of a tap-dancin' scarecrow, the smoke from the cigarette in his navel makin' weird lines in the air in front of him.

"Isn't this great?" he hollered.

"You've certainly surprised me,"

I admitted.

He stopped and ran up to me and said, "Will you take me to some biker bar now?"

"Well," I said, foldin' my arms, "I think you'd better go alone."

"Oh," he said, a little less excitedly. "Well," he said then, a moment later, "will you be there, at least? So I'll have somebody there that I know?"

"Tanks couldn't keep me away," I said.

"Well, where is one o' these places?" he said, slappin' the sides of his belly, the cigarette stayin' right there like it was glued.

I told him where one o' those places was, about nine miles down the road, just outside the town where I worked.

He got a look of skepticism in his eyes and he said, "Well, I plan to show up there about Friday night at nine-thirty."

I looked at him an' nodded my head. "Good choice," I said. "Nice an' busy then."

His look then changed suddenly to profound worry, and he said warningly, pointing a finger at me, "And don't you forget that I could very easily find about two hundred more things wrong with that condemned apartment you're riding. And if you're shittin' me about all this cigarette business, me an' every other cop on this highway's gonna make you wish you were livin' on the moon."

I pulled up along side him and took his hand again and shook it again an' said, "Ain't you glad that when you're 'just doin' your job' that the job you got is the job you got?"

I let go of his hand and rode off. I don't know if he was wavin' goodbye or not—the thing that the hydrogen bomb was patterned after was reflecting in the mirror at the time and I spent the next ten minutes drivin' with my hand out in front of me. I couldn't even use my safety equipment to see if anything was comin' at me outta the direction I wasn't headin' towards. It was like a real long ejaculation, though, so I didn't mind.

Friday night, about 10, I pulled off the road at the bar. I parked the bike and walked across the dirt. I went up the patio steps and pushed open the swingin' doors, walked down the short corridor and opened the bigger, thicker door, stepped inside, and waited for my eyes to adjust to the light.

All the guys had cigarettes in their navels.

I stood there and looked for a long time. Ax, who was meanderin' past me with a pitcher in

—Continued on page 95

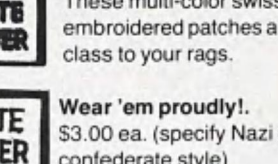
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SUZANNE

Another Hassle-Free Girl Feature

If bikes could read we'd really be in trouble. No shit, we get a couple of good people together to perform a few takin'-off-the-chick's-rags exercises to check each other out and you'd think we were into somethin' personal.

Usually, if the chick's as antsy as a girl on the back of a scooter who's gotta pee, we let her look at a girl feature in the rag. That way she can at least see what we're up to—she'll know what we printed. If she likes girls, the last girl feature might turn her on and she'll quickly get all wet and gooey and we can get right to work. On the other hand, if she checks it out and sees right there in black 'n' green and in flaming color that the last girl who fell out of her tight threads before our lenses survived the incident without incurring a multitude of cuts and bruises, then she also may be able to relax and take it as it comes without being as terrified as a 13-year-old virgin sittin' alone in a theater watchin' "Phantasm."

So far, this approach has succeeded in nettin' us a few vivacious girls for features. But this time we weren't so all-hot-pussy fortunate.

Gentleman Jim got into the latest issue and that was the beginning and the end of his vibrant cooperation. And



Suzanne took one look at the magazine and began a giggling spree that couldn't be cooled. Every time she took a quick, absorbing glance at a few pages, her rapture shot higher, twitching her bod from one end of Jim's scoot to the other. She shook the cameras, the tools on the wall, and the floor of the garage. We were tempted to bungee cord her down. But whatdafuck—it's good to see people laugh.

—Snake





Photos by Billy T





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.

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.

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.

Mouse: I love you. Loser.

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

Giant black and white photograph, 20"x24", of your ol' lady, scooter, favorite nude, you and the ol' lady gettin' it on—any photograph you want enlarged. You name it—we blow up anything. All you have to do is send us your snapshot, Polaroid, color print, whatever, along with \$7 to Big C, 7131 Owensmouth, Rm. 66A, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. (75)

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)

Tattooing needles. New needles made only for tattooing, extra sharp points with no eye hole. You can shitcan the rest, these are the best. Sold in packs of 1000 for \$24.95. Send money order to S&W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (76)

Indian parts: '47 Chief engine, '38 hardtail frame, leafspring forks with handlebars, wheels, gas tanks, fenders. (303) 232-1162. (73)

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

"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)

Tattooed women's photos: 20—\$5; expert tattooing and removing instructions \$15; 300 different designs \$18; needles \$12.75—1000; 10 different inks (2 ounces each) \$37.50; tubes \$6 each; complete electric outfit \$99. Steele, Box 242, EL, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80901. (73)

All new and different Harley T-shirt designs. Free catalog. Spider's Den, P.O. Box 69, Karns City, Pa. 16041. (73)

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)

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

Capt. Blackbeard of Tampa: Happy birthday 6/8/79. Keep the faith. We'll sail the high seas with the Harley snugly in tow soon. Love you much! Your first mate and crew, Rebel and Munchkin. (73)

Mushroom: We are chosen. You know it. Come back and spread sunshine—Blood. (73)

Wheels: You and me against the world forever. Love always, your ol' lady, Bunny. (73)

Phil Turnour: Happy 24th birthday to a great Aussie biker. Love you always, Mere. (73)

Big Jim: Let's party, putt, and fuck together forever. I love you. I'm proud to be your ol' lady. Erica. (73)

Wanted: Will pay cash for undamaged motorcycle helmets. Must be Model LSI 4150, manufactured by Lanco Manufacturing Company, Wichita, Kansas, between 1967 and 1973. Will pay premium for helmets in excellent condition with labels attached and with instructions available. Contact Jim Moore at (716) 232-6500 (collect) or write him at 700 Midtown Tower, Rochester, N.Y. 14604. (74)

White racist newspapers and magazines. Send \$1 for complete listing. Natale Sergi, Box 501, McKees Rocks, Pa. 15136. (73)

1946 FL with stock panheads, cylinders, frame, glide forks, ratchet-top transmission, some custom work. \$2,250, (406) 232-6930. (73)

Julie Hussin, Franklin, Tenn. Your picture was great. If you ever need an ol' man, get in touch with me first. I think I love ya. Bob Starkey (Stogy), 92 Cambria St., Newark, Ohio 43065. (614) 344-3786. (73)

Harley-Davidson parts: Old and new, large supply, flatheads, knuckleheads, panheads, shovelheads, all models Sportster and K model, also 45 flatheads. Frames, motors, transmissions, front ends, tanks, tool boxes, much more. Price list \$2. Knuck, 3610 Taylor St., Brentwood, Md. 20722. (301) 699-1849. (78)

Downed brother, selling convict-made leather wallets. Send \$6 to Wallets, P.O. Box 8283, Greensboro, N.C. 27410. (Orders shipped same day as received.) (76)

Famous: It's four years going on forever. I love you as you love your Harley. We're two fools in love. (H.B.F.) Always, Chrissy. 56143. (73)

San Diego chick with child stuck in Michigan—want out! Looking for warm climate, will share living expenses. Kandi, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (73)

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)

Lucky: You muthafucker, you're no man and no gentleman. Dago can do without you. Biker Bev. (74)

Steve: Didn't realize what I had till I almost lost ya. Glad you're home, babe. My love and respect for you always, Sharon. (73)

Marriage certificates \$10, birth certificates \$5. Rev. Ferguson, 906 McDade Blvd., Folsom, Pa. 19033. (73)

Hawkeye: Your love is the blood in my veins. I'm empty without you, babes. Soon we'll be together. Faithfully yours, Lady Shay. (73)

In memory of Karl William Boscia Sr. (Taurus), on your 35th birthday May 19, 1979. I am still trying. Please help me. I miss you more every day. Live and ride forever, my son. My heart is broken. Love, your mother. (73)

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. (73)

Medusa, Columbus, Ohio. Your ol' man loves ya and needs out of the elevator shaft, and you too, lady love. Big Ape. (73)

Ladies: I'm downed in St. Louis area for short while—prison—and need someone to brighten up my days and see what develops. Don't care much about looks if you've got heart. I will answer all. Write Magic, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (73)

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." Jeno Chevron, Box 1033-EZ-79, Evanston, Ill. 60202. (73)

Linda Welch: I'll send you \$20 for a slide like the one in the ol' lady contest. Kraut, Box 9193, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46899. (219) 422-4185. (73)

Levi halter tops \$8.50, deerskin halters \$18.50. Send size. Passion Flower Halter Co., Box 777, Jamestown, Calif. 95327. (74)

Serious Harley rider wants employment in Calif., Fla., or southwest. White, 6'2", 220 lbs., excellent work/attendance record, married, one child, no police record. Would even appreciate help wanted ads. Charlie, 5909 Carriagan, North Street, Mich. 48049. (73)

Dirty Steve, Chicago area: Did you ever know I love you? Scarecrow's Chris, S. F. Bay area. (73)

Wanted: Easyriders issues #1.2.3. Gerry, 10219 Torrington, Houston, Tex. 77075. (73)

Brother Louie, Casper, Wyo. Lost your address. My pan is up. Want to ride up this June, see you and Fredie. Death Valley, U.S.A. (73)

Aware mountain-type lady wanted. If you're tired of city hassles and wish to get lost for a while, write Paul, Box 55, Marysville, Utah 84750. (73)

Snake & Liza — ex-manager & dancer, Bunny Club, Houston. Call Otto & Barbara (503) 253-7635. (73)

I need an ol' man. Write to Destiny, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (73)

Rigid Knives, the toughest, long-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)

Rocky: Had a boy 1-29-79; named him Jacob Eli (Jake). Send a line and congratulations to me and his ol' man? I was ignorant in the letter I sent with Steve to give to you. I'm sorry. Friends? Susan Casebier, 855 1/2 5th St., Bremerton, Wash. 98310. (73G)

Young guy in the joint is in deep need of female correspondence. Send photo if possible. Thanks in advance. William Allen 33167-138 U.S.P., P.O. Box 33, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808. (73G)

Wanted: A lady to marry me and come on conjugal (fuck) visits. Must be white, dependable runner, under 35, not fat! You take care of us now, I'll take care of us later. James C. Matthews, P.O. Box 497, Jamestown, Calif. 95327. (73G)

Wanted: A good one-man ol' lady for biker. Must dig puttin', smokin', and partyin'. Must be foxy—20-25 yrs. old—100-125 lbs.—5'6" and righteous and intelligent enough to appreciate a good ol' man. Must like quiet times as well as hot times. Send pictures and details to C. L. Griffith, 744 Marshall, Lincoln, Neb. 68510. (73)

Tattooing colors—extremely bright and heal fast: 17 different color samples \$15 plus \$1 postage; includes free equipment catalog. Send money order to S & W Tattooing Inc., P.O. Box 263, E. Northport, N.Y. 11731. (76)

Good man looking for foxy house mouse to share putting, partying and good times. Late twenties. Must be cauc. & mellow. Will help relocate. Write to Mel, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (73)

Sunflower, still waiting for your call. Time is running out. Mother's truckers, #1 Bald Eagle, KG. (73)

Trash c/o Easyriders. (72)

Karen, Bob Jared, Larry Tyson: Where the hell are you? Riding out to Michigan soon. Contact me at mom's (714) 838-4946. Lynn Hall. (73)

Flora Rose, where are you now? Wanted V.L. 74 flathead parts any condition to buy or trade; also Easyriders Vols. 1-1, 2-1, 2-2, 2-3, 2-4, 3-4, & 3-5. Bill Mareth, 2941 San Pedro N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87110. (73)

Sonny: Where are you? Please call me. Thinking of you. Dorothy, 262-9463. (73)

Anyone trying to locate Buck Garrett write to Buck Garrett, P.O. Box B-87753, Represa, Calif. 95671. (73)

Mac McSwain: Have cut bait. Please write Lady Mori, P.O. Box 140, Waynesville, Mo. 65583. (73)

Chris (Conge): I am still waiting for my ride, Cam. (73)

Genuine "Hawaiian pet lava rocks." Donation \$10 cash, check, m.o. Hawaiian curios—anything you want from Hawaii. Order c.o.d. Rocks, P.O. Box 29633, Honolulu, Hawaii 96820. Allow 6 wks. for delivery. (73)

Phantom Buffalo: You were right—I can't handle it. Sunshine's mother. (73)

Greg: Happy 6th anniversary, and happy 26th birthday. I love you! Lynda, Thompson, Ohio. (73)

To Monky Baker, Phoenix: Happy birthday! I still love you! Susie Bowman. (73)

67 Harley Sportster, completely customized, 1st place winner in NYS Autorama, A-1 mechanically. Asking \$4000. Call Mike (315) 769-3288. (73)

Cotton: Happy 23rd on the 9th. Keep your knees in the breeze, forever together. Love, Dolly. (73)

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

Kawasaki: 903 Z engine, complete less carbs. Good shape, with registration and title \$475. freight collect. R. N. Merrill, Box 416, Cazenovia, N.Y. 13035. (315) 655-8491. (73)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (73)

How to find a sexy, obedient ol' lady. Details, \$1, Suzie, Box 501, Eureka, Calif. 95501. (74)

D.J.F.: Happy 2nd anniversary. So happy we found each other. Stay as wonderful. Your ol' lady, Wendy. (73)

Locked in and lonely. Need results, so write, ladies. Jack Graves #141012, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (73G)

The Convict's Homebrew Recipe Book. Several easy recipes. \$4.95 to Wood Publishing, P.O. Box 32782, Okla City, Okla. 73123. (73)

To Bobby D: Happy 26th birthday. May you have many more. Ride free. Love, Mom, Pop, Misty, Harold. (73)

Mike Brown: I want that '45 more than you can imagine! We've been in love for years. Yer bro, West. (73)

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The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Denise Brown



Wendy Harman



Joyce Gerster



Vernetta Hooker

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

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

ol' ladies out there. Muff hair can show if ya want, but it's not necessary to win.

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

Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is June 30. We'll print the winner in the October issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #73 Ol' Lady Contest, **Easyriders**, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.



Cathy Zawacki



Beckie Lynn Burgert



Cyn



Jane Braido



Here she is, folks—Cindy Land, the second winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Mary McBride, Diana, and Edith Ann West.



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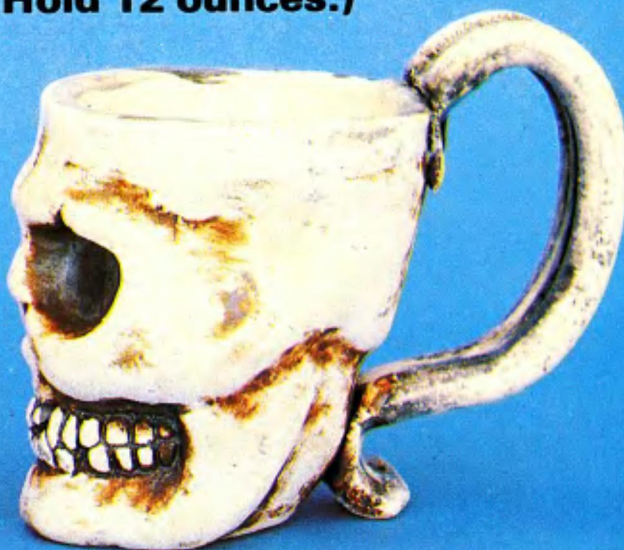
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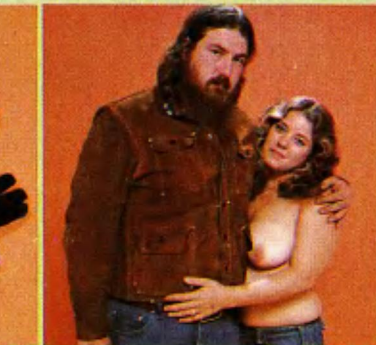
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Secret Technique

—Continued from page 85

his hands, stopped in front o' me and pulled the front of my shirt outta my pants and looked at my stomach and said, "Quit smokin', eh?" He let go o' my shirt and meandered on.

I watched him silently all the time that he proceeded to wherever it was he was goin', and then I looked back at the main crowd. Guys with pool cues in their hands an' cigarettes in their navels were amblin' back and forth between the bar and the pool tables, waitin' turns and takin' shots. Chicks were wanderin' around, all of 'em happily chattin' — even some of 'em carryin' cigarettes in their navels.

I looked at it all for a little while longer, and then took out a smoke and lit it and stuck it in my navel, and made my way toward the bar.

I got halfway there and the cigarette fell outta my navel. I bent over and picked it up and put it back in.

"I hope you're not that clumsy in the rack," some brunette said, standin' nearby.

"You oughta know," I said, lookin' at her. "I fucked you about six months ago."

"Oh, yeah," she said, lookin' back. She reached out and knocked the cigarette outta my navel again.

"I remember now," she said, walkin' away.

I picked up the cigarette and headed towards the bar. Then I heard this imbecilically-happy, "Hey, my buddy!"

I stopped and looked over. The cop was in one o' the slots, with a chick on either side of him, leanin' into his ribs, an' hangin' on his shoulders, just like in a movie. He had a cigarette in his navel.

The sultan squirmed his way out of his harem, gesturin' at me, and tellin' his women, "Hold on, ladies, I'll be right back."

I continued over to the bar and sat down. Very, very quickly he was sittin' next to me, wavin' violently to have a drink brought over to me, and somehow sayin' at the same time, "I can't believe it, man! I'm crawlin' with women!"

Somethin' or other showed up in front of me and I drank at it.

"That's really good news," I said, not lookin' at him. "I hope you'll spend the whole night tellin' me about it."

"Hell, I'm gonna do better'n that," he said, hittin' me on the back. "I'm gonna give ya some of 'em!"

I took the cigarette outta my navel, hit off it, and put it back.

"Oh, I'm sure I'll have my own armload in a minute," I said, smilin' and grinnin' at him, sort of, and slappin' at my belly.

"I don't see how you can miss!" he said, presentin' my stomach to my attention.

"Yeah. Right," I said, drinkin'.

He looked around real quick, and then



"I've inserted the vibrator, Sweetiekins. Hang on for a second while I plug it in..."



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leaned a little towards me and said secretly, "Ya know, the only thing is, I can't get none of 'em to leave with me."

"Well, you've only been here a half hour," I said, indifferently. "Whyn't you give 'em maybe forty-five minutes or so to get their shit together?"

"Hell, I've been here since six o'clock," he said. "Some o' these broads couldn't get any drunker with a funnel." He leaned back and looked around again, and then leaned towards me once more and said, "You sure you told me everything I need to know about gettin' along in this place?"

I didn't say anything for a long time, and then I looked at him and said, "There is one more thing."

"Well, why didn't ya tell me before?" he said, agitated.

"I didn't think you'd believe me," I said, lookin' at him. "To tell ya the truth, I didn't think you'd believe the cigarette story."

"I'll tell you the truth—I didn't. But I sure believe it now. What's this other thing?"

"It's a little unusual," I said.

"I don't care if it's completely loony, what is it?"

The next night I waited quietly across the street on my bike.

Officer Pest arrived when he said he would, got out of his car, and went inside. There were about a million white flashes, and he came right back out again, ran down the steps and out into the dirt, and skidded to a stop. He turned and faced the place, holdin' his pants at his knees, a long sheet of toilet paper trailin' from his ass.

Four guys appeared at the door, looking down at him, and one of them said, "The Pink Swish is down the road, son. My goodness, what kind of a place do you think this is, anyway?"

"I'll get you bastards for this!" he said, shakin' the fist that wasn't holdin' his pants.

About nineteen cameras hanging from straps appeared over the heads of the four guys and swung like horrible pendulums, silently markin' time.

"I have a feeling that the only thing you'll be getting is a transfer," the guy said, smiling.

"I'll get you bastards!" he said, marchin' towards his car. "You mark my words—I'll get you for this!"

He got in his car, did about six confused brodie's to get his bearings, and tore off down the road.

I adjusted my mirror to center it better on the view of Adrian's cunt pushin' through her jeans.

"Could be this gadget ain't such a bad idea after all," I said, steadyin' it.

One o' the guys on the bar's porch yelled out towards me sarcastically, "We're gonna take these fuckin' cigarettes outa our navels, asshole! I hope you don't mind!"

"Okay, but don't get outta practice!" I yelled back, pointin' elaborately at the mirror. "I have a feelin' these things are gonna be made illegal pretty soon! And it'll be just my luck it'll be that jerk cop givin' me the ticket for havin' one!"

I pulled off the shoulder and headed down the road. I even spent some time lookin' occasionally where the fuck I was goin'.



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Clanker Macree

—Continued from page 51

stated in a flat voice. Their eyes met.

"I'm tryin' to find something here," Clanker said.

"I know what you're seeking," lulled the voice, "and I know you're sincere. There's no need to look any further."

"What? Whattaya mean?" questioned Clanker. He was fascinated by this man who knew so much about him.

"I simply mean that I am the way." Clanker frowned, uncertain of the man's meaning. "The way to the bargaining table," explained Thaegor, and added, "Well? Shall we strike a bargain now? I'm very busy."

Clanker didn't believe him. But he decided to play along.

"What kinda bargain?" He was inexplicably afraid.

"Two choices, as is customary—with your soul as the price, of course. There is no cancellation once the deal is made."

Clanker nodded. "Go on."
"You have your choice of ten free years now, to be terminated on the eve of the tenth year from your release. Or you can leave every night between the hours of eight and four until you die. Should you choose the second option, you would leave each night in the person of a guard of your choosing. If you decide on the ten years now, you will be required to take your own life at the agreed time."

"Why can't you take it?" Clanker questioned.

"Do not question the wisdom of the Lord," Thaegor warned. His angry voice startled Clanker. "You have two days to decide."

But Clanker didn't need two days. There was only one way. After all, he slept during the day. The night was his own special time and always had been. "I'll take the leavin' every night deal," he said. Still not really believing Tag, he almost chuckled—this Thaegor was one off-the-wall dude.

"As you wish," Thaegor was smiling. "But remember, you must return to the exact place you leave each night."

"Sure, whatever you say." Clanker was grinning. "How do I get outta here? The sooner the better."

"At ten before the hour of eight, you simply lie down in your bunk. After ten minutes of absolute stillness, you may go. Your body will remain here until you return in the morning."

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"Whattaya mean my body will remain here?" asked Clanker. This fuckin' dude was talkin' some strange shit.

"Just what I said." Tag smiled. "You will leave as a guard—in his body."

"Just like that?" Clanker asked. "I can go tonight?"

"Certainly. But you must hurry, it is almost eight now."

Clanker lay on his bunk, very still, thinking about this Thaegor nut. Was the guy trying to fuck with his head? Or did he really believe his own bullshit? Shortly, some vague impulse told Clanker it was time to get up. As he rose from his bunk, he felt very light. Glancing back at what he expected would be an empty bunk, he was astounded to see himself still on it. "Oh, Jesusfuckingchrist," he blurted. Holy shit, his mind screamed, the dude wasn't playin'!

He moved to the cell door. He realized he had no legs to walk on—he didn't have anything. When he touched the cross slat of the door, his hand passed right through, answering his unasked question. Moving out and down the run, he passed the guard station. No one seemed to notice. As he left the building, laughter boomed from the direction of his cell.

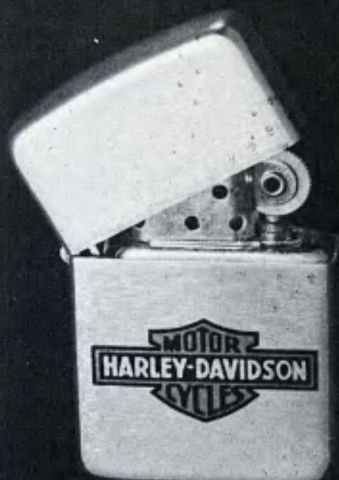
When he got to the front gate, he saw several guards leaving or preparing to leave. One was a few years younger than he and wore a wedding ring. That was the one. Clanker moved closer to the man and put out his hand tentatively. There was a sensation of suction all through Clanker. Abruptly, he was pulled into the dude's body. Far fuckin' out, he thought as he lifted his hand and the guard's hand came up. He stomped—the man's foot stomped. Clanker was getting excited—this is too much, too fuckin' much.

He felt someone pat him on the back. He turned, and regarded an unfamiliar face. The guard's body knew the man, however, and Clanker was in possession of the guard's body. Yep, we're gonna do all right, he decided. He spoke to the man for a moment and then headed for the parking lot.



"Not now, Henry!"

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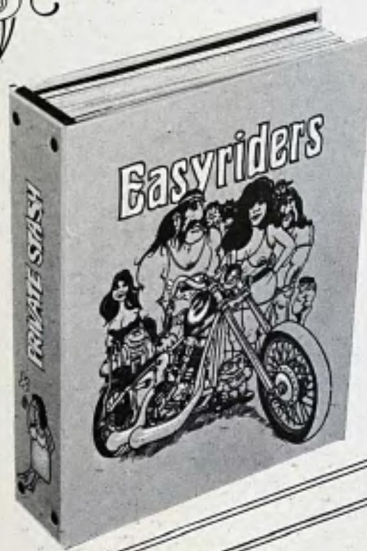
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Out in the lot, he relaxed and left the driving to his new body. Yeah, man, this is the life. His new mind already knew the guard had a nice-looking honey waiting at home. Waiting for her man to return. Clanker laughed, but the unfamiliar sound of the guard's laugh startled him. I wonder what'd happen if I caught a hot felony in this dude's body, he thought. Down the street, the apartment building came into view and he began paying attention.

As he got out of the car, a young lovely climbed from the pool and ran toward him. She threw her wet arms around him and they touched noses, pressing close. Clanker's heart jumped into high gear and the poor guard's body had to gasp for air. Clanker hadn't been in this position for a long time, and after a very passionate kiss, the woman pulled away, surprised. She did nothing to hide it, and her eyes gave promise of a great evening.

"I don't know what happened today, but I'm glad," she teased. She moved closer, filling his arms again and whispering into his ear, "Catch me an' I'll give ya sumpin' special." She turned and with three short steps went diving back into the pool.

Clanker wanted to pull off the uniform right on the spot, but decided against it. He relaxed and walked to the apartment door. The young woman waited by the edge of the pool for him to return. She proved easy to catch.

The game tired the guard's body, but Clanker wanted to go on. This is some sweetie, he decided, following her nicely rounded behind into their apartment. Excited by all the attention her husband suddenly lavished upon her, she showed her eagerness in her every move.

Dinner was fine. She was a better cook, to Clanker's taste, than she had been for her husband. Clanker hadn't eaten like that since he was back home. Each time she came anywhere near him, his three years without stirred him. He couldn't keep his hands off her, and she was enjoying every minute of it. The guard didn't seem to notice the difference in himself.

When she started clearing the table, Clanker clasped her around the waist and sat her on his lap. "Look, hon," he said. "Why don't you just leave those dishes for now?" His long kiss and caress brought her question to the surface.

"What's the matter with you tonight?" she asked.

"Matter? Why does something have to be the matter?"

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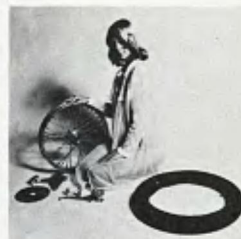
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"Because you're being so . . . so . . . you're being so—uummm." As she tried to continue, Clanker was kissing her again, cutting her off in mid-sentence. "See!" she accused, teasing again.

"Look, why don't you leave those dishes and let me show you what's the matter with me?" he invited.

She pouted just long enough to play hard-to-get, then said, "Well, all right, just let me put them in to soak. I may not get to them all night." She winked. Clanker noticed that she was making tiny circles on her tummy with her fingertips.

Clanker had barely begun to undress when she appeared at the bedroom door. She entered and sat on the foot of the bed to watch. "Done already?" he asked in mock surprise.

By the early morning hours they were both exhausted, especially Tina. She couldn't get over her average husband who was no longer average—not at all average. She was tired, but the happy expression on her face indicated that she didn't mind in the least.

Clanker set the bedside alarm and fell instantly into dreams of screaming Satans and headless guards. Both wore the face he saw each day as he shaved. The ringing alarm called him back from a duel with a serpent who wore the face of his cellie.

He dressed quickly, remembering Thaegor's warning. He kissed Tina and hurried out to the guard's car. Her smile was in his mind as the car stopped in the prison parking lot. When his now disembodied form abandoned the car and floated toward the main gate, he left behind a confused guard sitting in the parking lot, wondering why he'd driven to the prison in the middle of the night. Clanker made a note to see about finding a better way to get back next time. He chuckled. The guards were confused enough as it was.

He was again startled to see himself lying in his bunk. He entered the cell quietly, not wanting to wake the sleeping Tag, but his cellie was awake. "Fine morning to you," said Thaegor. He had been waiting for Clanker to return. "I trust you had a satisfactory evening?"

"Damn right," Clanker bubbled. "Can't remember a better one. Man, that dude's wife was—"

"I know," Tag interrupted. "You smell like the pleasure caverns of Damascus, my man." It was true. Clanker could smell sweet Tina all over him—even though his own body had never left the prison.

"Hey," said Clanker. "I smell it in my mind, but how can you smell it?"

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"In my mind," replied Thaegor.
"Yeah?" Clanker said, puzzled.
"Well, I need some answers. When I stuck my hand out to touch that dude, I was sorta pulled into his body."
"Yes," Tag smiled. "Quite understandable. When a spirit is weak, it welcomes possession by another. If you were to attempt possessing another, stronger person, it would feel like pushing into a rubber man—there would be resistance."
"Yeah? What happens if I can't get into one?" Clanker asked.

"Do not worry. The Master has great wisdom in these things. This is why you were offered only guards to possess. The chance of your finding a stronger spirit amongst law officers is very slight."

"How slight?" challenged Clanker. He wasn't entirely convinced by this soul-dealing demon.

"Slight enough." Thaegor's anger was obvious in his voice. "Do not question knowledge you cannot comprehend. It is not in your best interest."

"Well then, how 'bout helpin' me find a better way to get back in the mornin'? Ain't that in your better interest?" Clanker asked.

"That is your responsibility, not mine. The deal has been struck."

Clanker's face felt hot. This dude could be a real smartass. Well, fuck it, he decided. I'm just tired enough to get my ass inna sling. He figured he better take a nap and clear his mind before making further moves.

In his dream he was on his sled again—he usually was, in his dreams—jamming with no end to the freedom or the road. The road ends only when you get where you're going and Clanker was going with the wind. He knew who his choice would be next time. Probably all the time. He also knew that a couple of the guards rode Harleys, but he wasn't sure which ones.

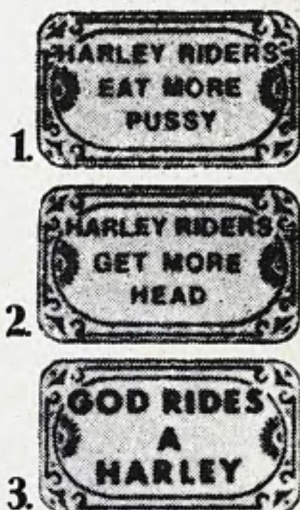
Hours later, when he woke from his dreams, he asked Tag about the



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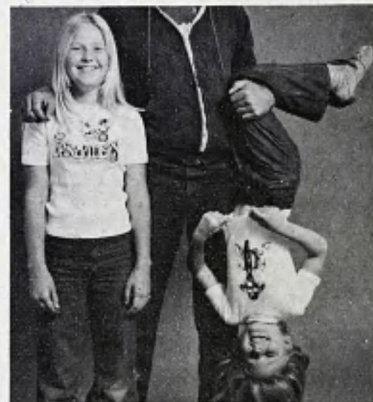
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bike riders. "The younger gentleman working in the chow hall," Thaegor replied. "And the older sergeant working in block four—the one with the ample build."

"The fish with double vision?"

"One and the same," Tag confirmed. Then he added, "He passes just in front of this building on his way out."

Clanker's suspicion rose at Thaegor's knowing so much about all this. He kept in mind Tag's suggestion, but he made his own plan. "I'm gonna take a shower," he lied. He waved a towel through the bars, and after a few moments the door rumbled open. Clanker grabbed his soap and headed down front to see the librarian. Dregs was shaving when Clanker got to the cell.

"Hey, Dregs, who rides the Harley parked out front?"

The weasel-eyed bookworm looked at him. "How do you know what's parked out front, Clanker? You ain't seen outside these walls in three years." He laughed.

"There's an Electra-Glide out front, smartass," Clanker returned. "Bout thirty feet out, a little to the left of the gate."

Dregs's jaw dropped for an instant and he cut himself. "Sonofabitch! How'd you know that? I ain't told a soul—no one." Clanker's face was still asking the question. "It belongs to the fat sarge over'n four. But the fish inna chow hall with windows on his eyes's got a shovel. Ridged—'bout fifteen over." Dregs's voice was trailing off. "Pearl black." His eyes got a far away look.

Clanker was resolved. He ran through the shower and back to his cell. Setting the alarm for a quarter to eight, he dropped to his bunk and fell asleep.

It was like before. Clanker knew anyone with a shovel like that one would have a stronger spirit than the first guard and he was ready for the added resistance. Two kicks later they were in the wind.

Clanker took over control right off, pushing the superb bike to speeds much higher than the guard dared. The cool air and an occasional bug bit into his face. Christ, it felt good to be home. He laughed into the wind. Clanker was grinning widely, the wind snatching away the poor guard's breath.

Nearing town, he slowed. No sense being double busted, he thought. He stopped to fill the tanks—the guard

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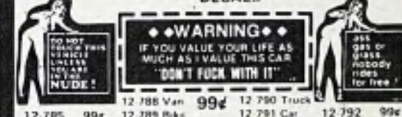
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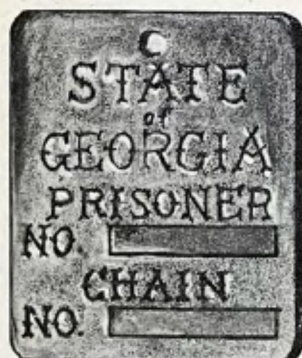
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had just got paid. Clanker's mind filled with a million possibilities as he flew past the guard's house. He rode on through the small town, unwilling to end the experience of being back on a bike. The vibrations and rumbling of the big scooter soothed his mind as it hadn't been for ages—since before his arrest.

I musta been crazy to sit in prison all this time, he thought. I was born to sit here—not in some fuckin' cage. He sighed to the stars. Jamming down the highway like a madman, he was at peace for the first time in three years. I was made to ride, he shouted to the passing fence posts—riding's the only way I live. He throttled down and felt the calming of the beast between his legs. Turning into an old, steeply climbing road, he pushed the bike up into the stars he'd gazed at his whole life. His mind meshed with the roar of the sled and he was at peace.

Through the immense joy of having the machine under him, he thought of the freedom all men need—freedom from the cringing life of people like the guards and all nine-to-fivers. Freedom from the society that weak men have brought into existence. Freedom to ride. And he was thinking about the four hundred dollars he was sitting on in the guard's pocket. The gas it could buy, the doors it could open. Farms flashed by.

On a lonely, winding road, high in the hills with nothing but the blasts from the Harley's exhausts in his ears, nothing but the joy of the night in his mind, he made his decision.

He turned and headed to the guard's house as fast as he could go. The harder he pushed her, the easier the big bike hummed and the lighter she felt. This was the way.

He shut down the bike as the guard's house came into sight. In less than two minutes, he grabbed a



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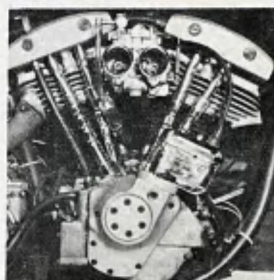
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pack, sleeping bag, and a few clothes. Tying the gear to the bitch bar, he kicked the sled back into life. The guard's neighbors awoke and turned on their lights as he blasted into the night. Stupid people, he thought, no life of their own, always feeding off someone else's. Ain't got guts to soar by themselves. Never free.

He jammed past the little road and the Interstate sign, which said twelve miles. The wind whined, pulling back his hair. He didn't know whether his plan would work, but if there was justice on this earth, it would call for him to ride. Or die with two cylinders exploding under his ass. He was turning into the highway before he knew it. Throttling faster as he passed under the I-10 West sign, he knew he'd either ride or die trying. He was happy.

* * *

The two guards were finishing their last hand of poker for the night when the alarm sounded. "Jesus Christ," shouted the youngest one. "Someone's trying to escape!" They rose together and dashed for the upstairs guard station. They'd be able to see the whole side of the cell block from there. As they climbed the stairs, they heard the commotion and the crackling of the expanding concrete. They felt the heat.

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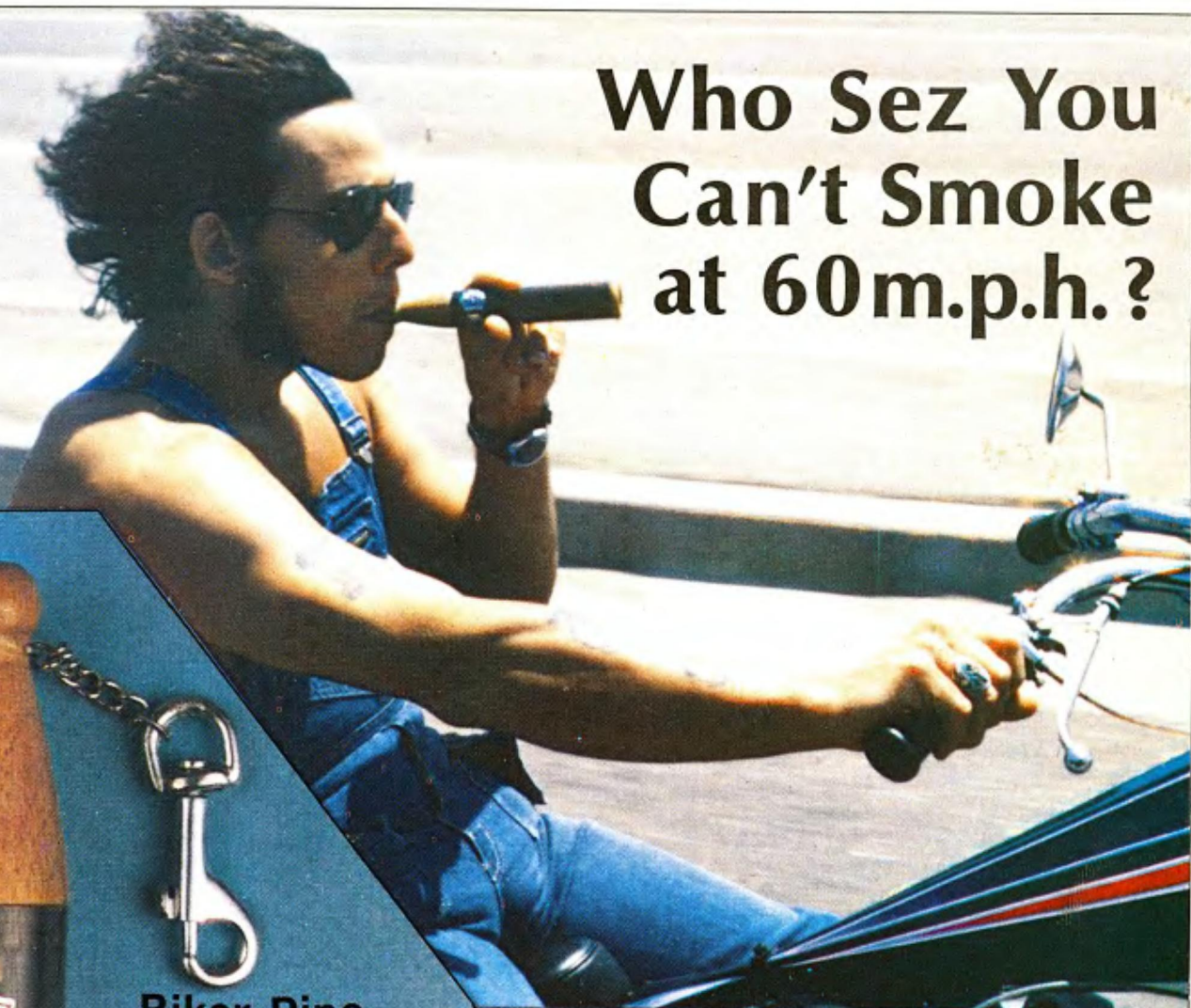
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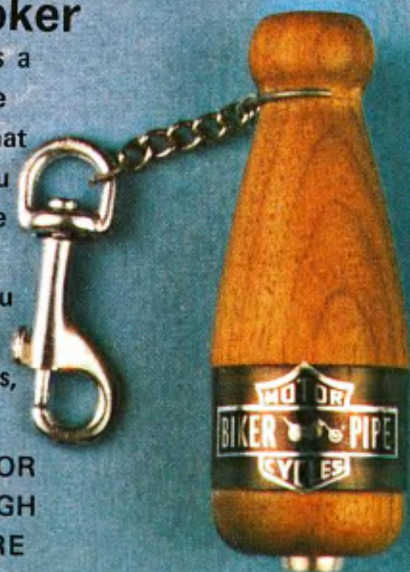
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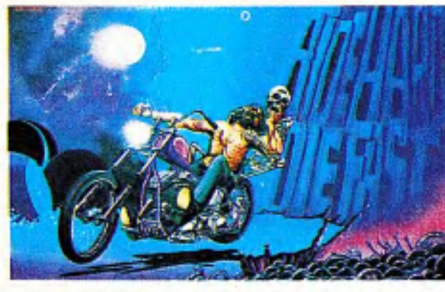
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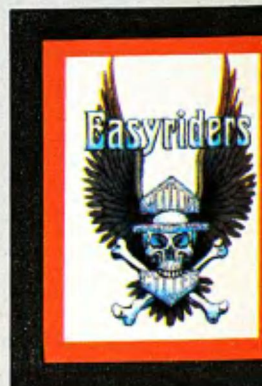
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AT THE WALL

—Continued from page 13

His gas tank exploded, and he and several in the crowd were killed. Similar scenes were repeated elsewhere. Such incidents, combined with the pressure applied by municipal governments, began to squeeze the local dromes out of existence, and by late 1913 the sport had begun to wane. War in Europe and the construction of safer one- and two-mile tracks began to sound the death knell of the drome era.

By early 1917, the Omaha drome had also closed down, so Raymond Deane loaded his bike onto a train and traveled south to Houston to race on the last of the pine saucers in hopes of fulfilling his elusive dream that he might one day meet and defeat the relentless Chevanaute. Two weeks later Deane sat in a darkened booth in a deteriorating bar that stood practically in the shadow of the Houston drome. He was surrounded by three lissome and beautiful, though somewhat overpainted, female admirers. They sat with mouths agape and eyes widened as the young man described to them the story of his encounter with Walker Chevanaute, a man they had never heard of before, but whose invincibility, as related by Deane, was legendary and awesome.

"We were in the last lap of a ten-lap main event," Deane was telling his audience. "Chevanaute and I were wheel to wheel. Our handlebars were so close we were almost rubbing knuckles, and as we made the final run for the finish line, I glanced over and stared into his face... and that's when I knew I was going to beat him. No one's done it in the last four years. He's unbeatable, but I saw the defeat in his eyes. He knew I was better, and I watched his face slowly fall behind me as I pulled away and took the checkered flag."

The women drew in their breath with excitement, obviously impressed by the tale.

"Afterwards," Deane continued, "while I was tinkering with my bike in the infield, Chevanaute walked over to me and offered me his hand. And then he did something that I'll never forget. He handed me his helmet, the black and yellow striped one that's his trademark, and he told me it was mine."

"And what did you do with that helmet?" a voice interrupted from the bar.

Deane stopped and looked up at the tall, smiling man who had spoken. Raymond hadn't realized he'd attracted other listeners to his tale.

"I refused it," he answered. "That helmet belongs to Chevanaute."

The man at the bar winked at his companion, a stocky man who was taking in the scene with apparent indifference. "An interesting story, kid. I've raced Chevanaute myself, and I'm not ashamed to admit he's beaten me. He's beaten everyone, kid, and if you'd ever really raced him, you'd know that. If some upstart punk like you had ever taken him on the boards I think we'd have heard about it. We'd have laughed Walker out of the business."

"It's true," Deane protested. "I beat him."

"Bull," came the answer. "No one's taken him for years. And if you think you're

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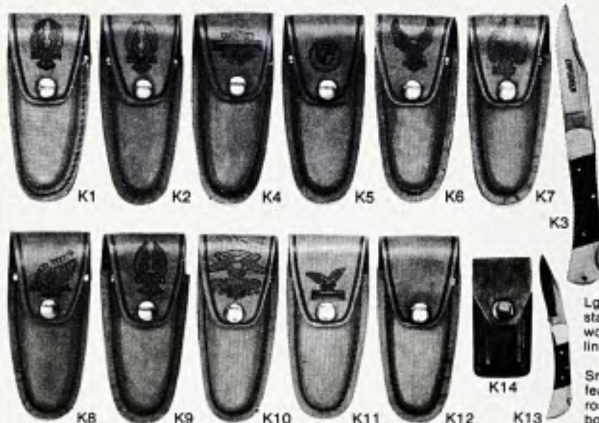
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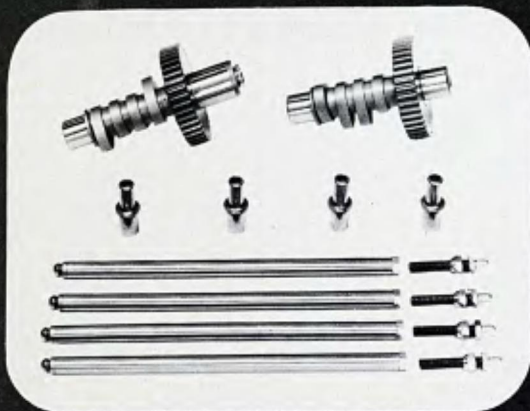
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the one, kid, forget it and go back to your tricycle. There's one more big race at the drome this weekend before it shuts down for good, and I don't think you're going to be old enough by then. Drome racing is dead, kid, and so's your line."

Deane sat silent, his lips pursed tightly together, and back of his neck red hot with embarrassment. His lady friends suddenly acted as if he'd developed leprosy, and they backed out of the booth with looks of disgust in their faces.

"Come on, ladies"—Deane's tormentor laughed—"if you want to hear stories, I've got a hundred better than anything you'll hear from this little kid. He's too young for you, anyway." He pulled one of the women to him, and the other two draped themselves onto his body as he led them out of the tavern.

The man's drinking companion still remained at the bar, and he picked up his beer and approached Raymond Deane's booth. "So you beat Chevanaut, huh?" He grinned.

Deane eyed him dejectedly. "Well, I would have if I'd ever had the chance to race him. I've taken him on a hundred times in my head and never lost."

"Maybe you could beat him at that," the man told him.

"Look, I don't need you to make any more fun of me," Raymond growled.

"Who's making fun?" came the answer. Deane eyed him quizzically. "You're Raymond Deane, aren't you?"

Raymond's eyes widened. "How in the hell did you know that?"

"I've seen you ride."

"You have?" Raymond blurted in surprise.

"I'll tell you one thing, though. If you ever rode knuckle-to-knuckle with Chevanaut, he'd have knocked you on your butt. You're too good to leave up on two wheels."

"Who are you, anyway?" Deane wanted to know. "How come you know me?"

"I'm Walker Chevanaut. It's my business to know the competition."

"You're Chevanaut?" Raymond breathed in disbelief. The man nodded. "But how do you know me?" Raymond asked again.

"I've watched you race in Omaha. After the preliminary heats, I always check out the amateur riders, and you're one of the best. You should have been a pro."

"I know I should have."

"You would have, too, kid, if the sport had stayed strong." Chevanaut slid into the seat across the table from Deane.

"Perhaps even someday the two of us would have fought it out for top rider."

"We still will," Deane assured him. "This weekend. If it's the last thing I do I'm going to race against you and beat you."

Chevanaut smiled. "I'm looking forward to that." He stared off into space for a moment and then let his eyes drift back to Deane.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"Your folks know you're down here?"

Raymond nodded. "I told them where I was going."

"But they had no say about it, right?" Chevanaut finished for him.

"That's right."

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Again the smile crossed Chevanaute's face. "I'm thirty-four," he told Deane. "I've been racing cycles ever since they started building them when I was a schoolboy. That's a long time. That's all I ever wanted to do, and that's all I ever hope to do, but my mother still thinks that one of these days I'll give it up and get a real job and settle down. I won't, though, and somehow I suspect you don't plan on giving this up either."

Raymond shook his head. "There's nothing else I want to do."

The smile on Chevanaute's lips turned into a wry, reflective grin. "That's what I figured. If I could, kid, I'd tell you to give it up, but I know it won't do any good." He swung a leg out of the booth, quickly rolled up his pants leg, and exposed his pale white shin. It was scarred with brutal, raw, red and purple gashes. "They say I've never lost a race," he muttered to Deane and then gestured to the leg. "This leg says that's not quite true. I've eaten my share of boards, and I've gotten some splinters in my hide that will probably never come out, but I've done well." He dropped the pants leg and turned back to Raymond. "I'm not anywhere near being well-to-do, but I make enough money to get my meals. It may not be that way for you, though, kid. There's some hard times coming."

"I'll manage. I'll ride flat track and the long boards. It won't be like riding the dromes, though."

"No, nothing will. But there's a war coming on and we're going to be in it sooner or later, no matter what Wilson says. And if there's going to be war, there won't be time to play speed games, because you'll have to fight in it, kid."

"Maybe, but whatever happens, I'll be known as the man who beat Chevanaute."

"We'll see about that."

It was February of 1917. The American Motordrome League was dead, the fans no longer flocked by the thousands to watch the daring duels on the boards, and the Houston drome, the last of the operating motordromes, was holding its final big meet before it too shut down. It would be the last time the greats and the unknowns would meet on a drome track, the last chance to win, the last chance for glory in the steeply banked temple of thrills, and the last chance to beat Walker Chevanaute.

Many of the best motordrome racers had dropped by the wayside, gravitating to the flat track and the safer, long board tracks as the sport of drome racing waned in popularity. The war in Europe had lured others away to be pilots and ambulance drivers, but nevertheless, a healthy contingent of 112 riders showed up in Houston to race. And for one final time the fans too showed up, though not nearly in the numbers in which they had once converged upon the wooden track. But there were still several thousand spectators who had come to view the day-long event.

Early Saturday afternoon was to be spent in eliminations as the riders, both pro and amateur, competed side by side in the nineteen heats required to narrow the field down for the racing exhibitions later in the afternoon and early evening. Raymond Deane, virtually unknown to anyone outside of Omaha, let the crowd know who he



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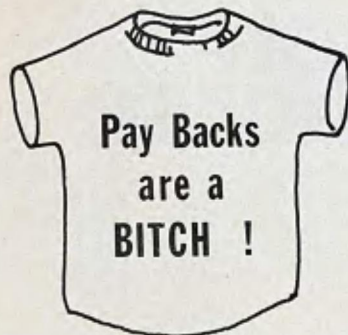


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was right away. Competing in the second
heat with five other riders, he rode with a
vengeance and a blood lust that brought
the crowd to its feet.

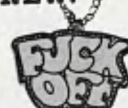
He had found himself paired off with the
same smirking man who had tormented him
in the tavern several days earlier. The man's
name was Carl Stahl, and Raymond dis-
covered he was a rider for the Indian
factory team. For Stahl's part, he seemed
almost stunned to learn that the young kid
he'd thought to be nothing but a braggart
and a hot-air artist was racing against him
with an Excelsior track bike that appeared
to be tuned and built for serious business.
Still, it did not wipe the condescending grin
from the big man's face. Deane, however,
took care of that matter as the riders in his
heat entered the first turn of the first lap.

Riding high against the wall in fourth
place behind Stahl, who was in third, Deane
accelerated and shot down the inclined
track, holding his handlebars steady as his
front tire clipped the rear tire of Stahl's In-
dian. As Deane pulled along on the inside,
Stahl's bike fishtailed, the high-pressure,
treadless tire unable to grip the board track
as it skewed sideways. While Stahl fought
to control his bike through the curve, he
glanced over to his left on the inside for one
brief glimpse of the man who had nudged
him, and his eyes widened in disbelief as he
saw the hard-nosed kid lift his right foot off
the pedal, reach out across the empty space
between them, and give the Indian a solid
kick in front of the rear wheel. And then
Stahl was down. His Indian slid down the
banked track into the infield, with its
rider tumbling across the boards behind it.
Stahl rolled to a stop at the base of the
track, where he slowly lifted himself to a
sitting position. Cut and bleeding, his hide
filled with slivers, he curled his lip back over
his teeth and growled a curse at Raymond
Deane as the pack of riders circled the
track in front of him, Deane in second place
and pressing for the lead.

The crowd, awed by Deane's uninhibited
riding, stood and cheered and applauded
the kid as he gunned his Excelsior into the
lead, and they remained standing, urging
him on as he widened his lead on each lap
until he finally took the checkered flag,
spurred on by the deafening roar of ap-
proval that erupted from their throats.

In the infield, Walker Chevanaute
watched how easily Deane had handled an
experienced rider like Carl Stahl, and
though he appeared outwardly calm, his
stomach felt uneasy and hollow as he
watched the kid circle the track. The crowd
was cheering Deane, but they were waiting
for Chevanaute to race. He was the man
they had come to see, and yet, as he
watched the young kid from Omaha take
the checkered flag, Walker Chevanaute
knew he was watching the heir to his
throne—and he felt sorry for the kid. If the
sport had lasted, if he'd had the time,
Deane would someday have been as big a
name as Chevanaute. It was inevitable. The
kid was hungry, giving no quarter, but fate
had brought him into the world too late, and
it had given Raymond Deane only one
chance. Walker Chevanaute knew there
would be no mercy from the kid later on in
the day, but he was also determined that the
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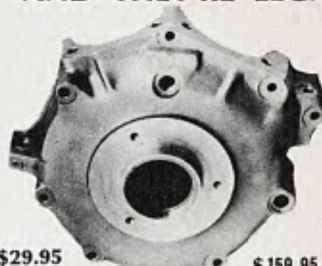
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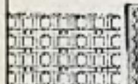


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By late Saturday afternoon, when the final five heats to eliminate the remaining nineteen riders were scheduled to begin, the crowd had swelled to nearly four thousand, and they were all waiting to see Walker Chevanaute emerge as the final victor. Raymond Deane grinned self-consciously as he rolled his Excelsior onto the track for his heat.

The Houston dome was an open-air track, and if the races continued until the sun sank below the horizon, then competition continued in the twilight until it was too dark to see. But Deane remembered racing several times in Omaha when a sudden midwestern thunderstorm had hit and knocked out a transformer, killing the dome lights and plunging everything into inky darkness without warning. That left the riders on the track virtually helpless. Able to complete a lap in less than ten seconds, they had little choice but to continue to ride. Stopping meant taking the risk of piling up every other rider, and in situations like that Raymond Deane showed the stuff he was made of, winding his throttle wide open and expanding his lead.

The early evening sky over Houston, however, was clear, and Deane had no trouble sprinting to victory in his heat. He rode flat out, giving nothing to the opposing riders, daring anyone to try hooking or bumping him, and the crowd most certainly would have taken notice of him and been enchanted by his style had they not been waiting to see Walker Chevanaute compete in the following heat. Raymond Deane received a healthy round of applause, and many remembered him as the brash rider who had brazenly kicked over Carl Stahl in the second heat of the afternoon, but he was an unknown and therefore deserving of only momentary attention. Chevanaute skated to an easy victory and electrified the spectators in the next race.

Beneath the eerie yellow glow of the setting sun, the final battle started as the stands fell silent and the evening was ripped apart by the open-mouthed roar of the five finalists who took the green flag to start the last race. Deane was the only amateur to make the final event, and of the other three riders besides Chevanaute, two of them, Larry Chrisler and Pat Reilly, rode Indians. The fifth rider, Jackie Madsen, was riding a borrowed Thor because his Excelsior's en-



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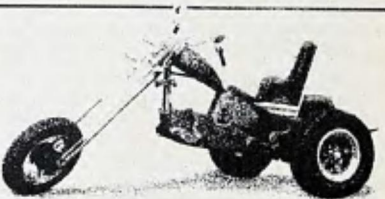
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gine had blown up on the last lap of his final
elimination heat, forcing him to coast
across the finish line for the victory.

Chevanaut immediately roared into the
lead, and the air was filled with the fumes of
burning oil as the five bikes coughed a blue
fog from their exhausts. Madsen's ill
fortune continued to dog him, and before
he could complete his first lap, the frame of
the Thor, fatigued and weakened by the
terrific centrifugal forces exerted on it by
the saucer-shaped track, literally tore apart
halfway through the south turn, flipping end
over end and tossing Madsen down the
banked track.

Moments later, on the third lap, while first
aid was being given to Madsen in the in-
field, Raymond Deane broke a board on
the track's racing surface. It kicked up,
catching the tire of Chrisler, who was slip-
streaming behind Deane. Chrisler's Indian
went down, slithering on its side with
Chrisler still clinging to it, his leg trapped
underneath. The accident happened just in
front of Pat Reilly, who had no time to avoid
piling his bike into Chrisler's, and the two
men and their bikes tangled and crashed in
a rolling pile of flesh and steel that skated
down the embankment into the infield. By
the time they had ground to a halt, Deane
and Chevanaut, alone on the track, came
by on the next lap, giving the broken board
a wide berth.

Raymond's eyes were burning. The large
quantities of oil blown out of the open-
ported machines made it impossible to
wear goggles because they fogged over
with an oil film and became useless. With so
much oil accumulating on the track's
surface, the pine boards were left rough
and unplanned for traction—but that meant
riders who went down very often had to
pick sizable splinters out of their bodies,
sometimes as large as an inch thick and
fourteen or more inches in length. When the
dromes had been used regularly, the oily
racing surface was washed down every five
or six weeks with a water and lye solution to
restore traction. In Houston, that had been
done just before this final day of racing,
and into his third race of the day Raymond's
eyes were filled with tears from the irritating
lye. But at 100 miles per hour the wind
caused the tears to flow freely back over his
ears and kept his eyes washed out. His only
consolation was that Walker Chevanaut's
eyes were burning too.

Chevanaut had leaped into the lead at
the flag, but Deane had dogged his tracks,
riding only a half dozen feet behind him.
With the other three riders out of the race,
Deane began to make his move.
Chevanaut would not let him through on
the inside, but the yellow Excelsior was fully
capable of mustering the extra speed re-
quired to go around on the outside.
Raymond cracked his throttle wider, leaned
out over the downswep handlebars, and
began to ride up the bank and to creep
alongside Chevanaut.

Time seemed to stand still as he drew
abreast of Chevanaut on the outside. They
were separated by inches, their bikes
cocked over at a crazily severe angle to the
infield as they hugged the inner surface of
the steeply banked bowl. Deane felt the
brutal power of centrifugal force that had
torn apart Jackie Madsen's Thor. It fought

—Continued on page 118

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—Continued from page 114

to pull his hands from the lowswept handlebars and clutched at his body and the machine he rode. He glanced over through watery eyes and saw Chevanaute pulling closer to him, wringing more speed from the Indian.

Deane had been warned that it was dangerous to ride knuckle-to-knuckle with Chevanaute, but as they raced side-by-side around the drome track, Deane had no choice if he hoped to take the lead. Only a half-dozen laps remained, hardly a full minute of racing time, and neither rider seemed able to gain the advantage. And then Raymond Deane realized that Walker Chevanaute was pulling closer to him for a specific purpose. He was climbing higher on the track, pushing Deane into a squeeze, forcing him into the wall at the top of the track unless the kid braked and backed off, giving Chevanaute just enough lead to win the race.

Chevanaute knew the tricks, but Raymond Deane was not as green as he appeared. As the two men rode high on the track, the wall but a few inches away from Deane's right knee, Raymond was forced to ease up on the throttle, but as he did, he saw Chevanaute's foot lift off the pedal. Deane knew the man would try to kick his front fork as he backed off, sending him out of control and out of the race, but Raymond had a strategy of his own. He fully released his throttle, suddenly decelerating his bike and causing it to drop behind the Indian much more quickly than Chevanaute had planned, and when Chevanaute found his leg kicking at a bike that was suddenly no longer where he had expected it to be, he struggled to rebalance himself. But Deane, while decelerating, had also cut down the bank in the same motion, bumping Chevanaute's rear wheel, and instantly the champ was sitting in mid-air as his Indian went down and skated across the pine boards. Chevanaute landed on both feet, but at the speed he'd been traveling he found himself somersaulting head over heels to the bottom of the track.

He came to a halt at the edge of the infield and lay there for a second on his back, the wind knocked out of him. Leather gloves and pants and a heavy denim jersey had stopped all but a few of the vicious splinters. He was bruised and cut, but not seriously injured, and the moment that he realized what had happened, he leaped to his feet and ran to where his bike lay—but he knew it was too late. There had been only three laps remaining, thirty seconds of racing time at the most, and he looked to the finish line to see if the kid had taken the checkered flag. But he saw that the flag man was not out on the track.



He saw faces in the crowd, bewildered and tense, and though his ears were still ringing, he could hear the roar of the lone remaining engine, and then he realized why, except for the Excelsior's rumble, the drome was bathed in silence. He wheeled and saw Raymond Deane at the base of the track, astride his bike, revving the engine. The kid had stopped and was waiting for him to continue the race.

Surprised, Chevanaute reacted instantly. He climbed aboard the Indian, pedaled it until the engine coughed to life, and nosed the bike onto the track. Then he accelerated up the slope, as did Deane, and the two men resumed their duel. It was no contest—the Indian had a bent fork and a badly dented rim. It was thoroughly hobbled, able to attain a speed of little more than forty miles hour before it began to shake so violently that Chevanaute feared it would fly apart. Deane at first lagged back, but then realizing that it would only embarrass Chevanaute to hold down his speed, he cranked the yellow "X" wide open and sprinted for the finish line.

He never made it.

His stop and the wait for Chevanaute had burned up the precious extra fuel the little 175-pound bike dared to carry, and with the finish line only half a lap away, his engine began to sputter and miss, and then it died with a final explosive cough. He coasted as far as he could, but with the finish line still over fifty yards away, he was forced to get off and push his bike toward

the checkered flag. And as he did, the spectators began to rise to their feet, their voices broke into cheers, and they began to stomp their feet and clap their hands wildly. Raymond Deane looked over his shoulder and realized the ovation was not for him but for Walker Chevanaute, who was gamely urging his crippled, wheezing Indian around the banked track. He passed Deane. Raymond ran hard for the finish line, pushing the bike along the steeply banked oval, but Chevanaute, still a lap behind, was heartened and began to ignore the dangerous condition of his Indian as he pushed its speed to sixty and then seventy miles per hour, where it began to shake so badly that it threatened to fling his body from the saddle.

Out of breath, his legs aching, Raymond Deane pressed for the finish line only yards away, but the roar of Walker Chevanaute's Indian flooded his ears and the crowd went berserk, heaving their hats into the air and onto the track as Chevanaute flashed across the finish line and took the checkered flag only two feet in front of the kid from Omaha.

Deane pushed his Excelsior into the infield as the entire motordrome was enveloped in pandemonium, and the din became deafening as a thousand throats cried out the name of Walker Chevanaute. Raymond let his bike fall to the ground and then he bent over, hands on his thighs, gasping for breath. He did not notice the body beside him until he heard the voice.

"A year from now all anyone will remember is that I won the last big drome race," Chevanaute said. "They won't remember you. They won't remember that I should have lost it, or that you had a sense of dignity and sportsmanlike pride. They'll just remember that I won."

"Maybe I was just like all those people in the crowd," Raymond said as he choked for breath. "Maybe I wanted to see you win, too."

"Maybe. If this hadn't been the last race, though, you never would have stopped."

"Probably not. But if it hadn't been the last race, my winning it would have meant something. But this race, if I'd won, would have spoiled it for those who came to watch you. My name means nothing to them—yours does."

Chevanaute sighed. "I know the way you tell the story, you refused the helmet, but I'm kind of hoping you'll change that part."

Raymond looked up and saw that Walker Chevanaute was holding his bumblebee striped helmet out to him. Wordlessly, Deane took it and held it reverently in his own hands.

"I want to see that helmet in front of me on the flat tracks and the long board tracks. It'll give me something to chase."

Raymond Deane smiled. "Don't worry. You'll be chasing this helmet for the rest of your life."

Chevanaute's lips broke into a forlorn little grin. "I know," he said, patting Raymond on the shoulder. "I know."

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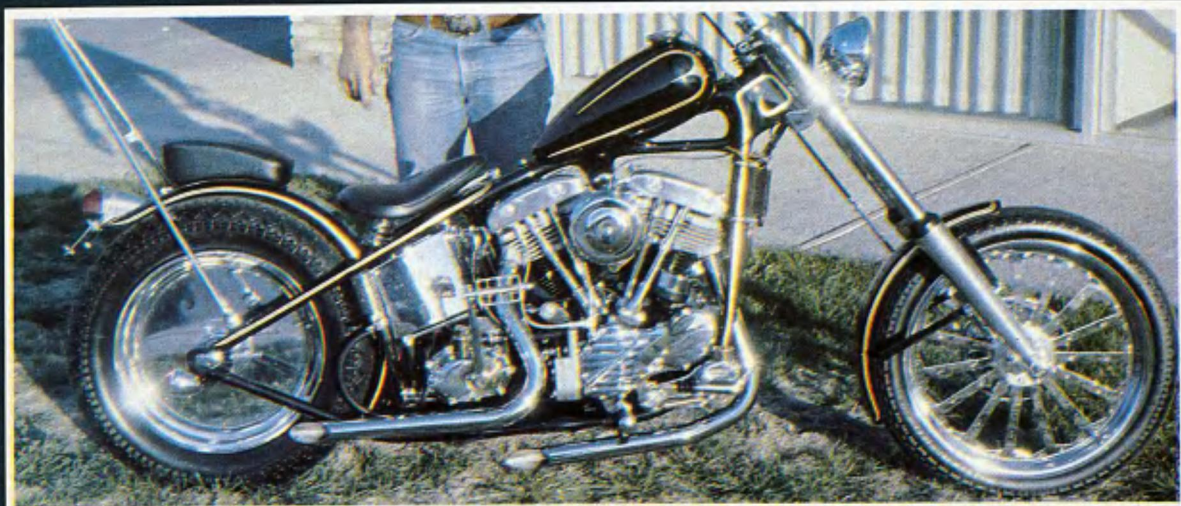


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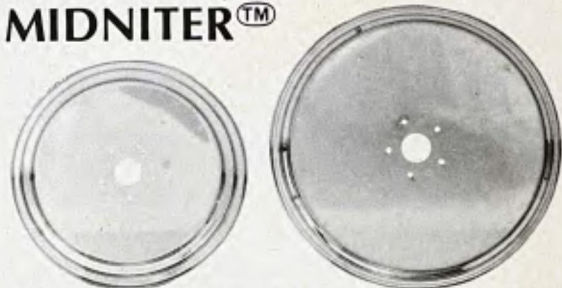
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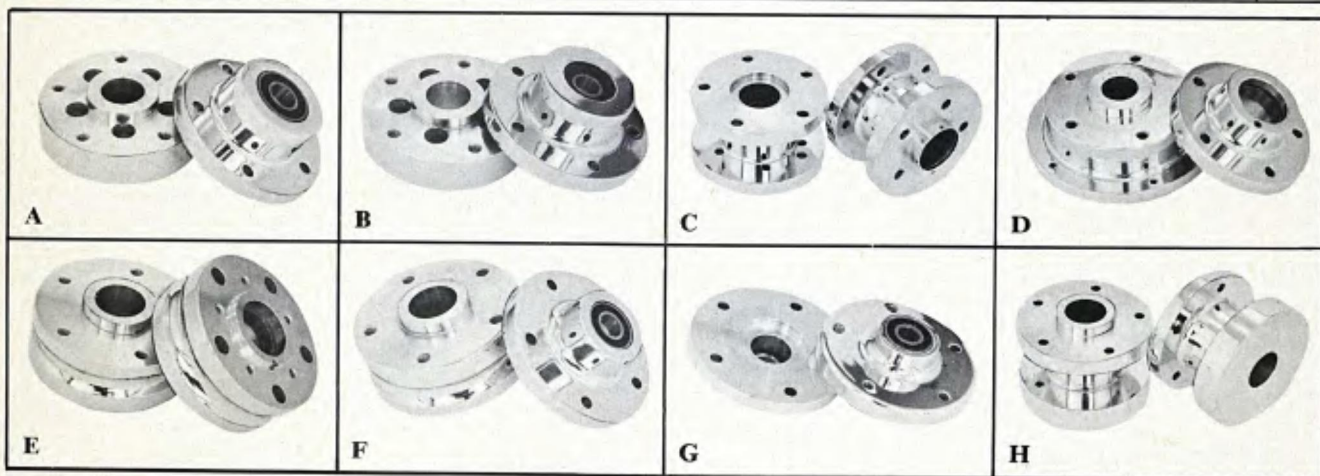
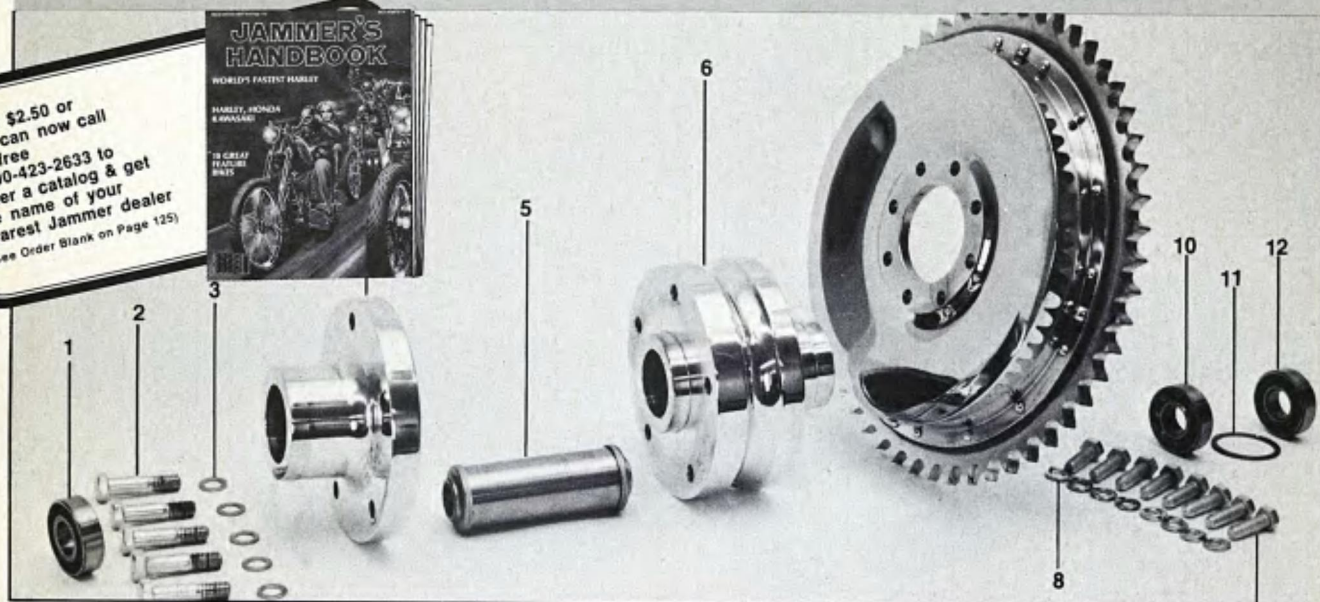
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74 Belt Drive Open Primary

This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown. Specify year.

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74 Belt Drive Closed Primary

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143064	Closed Primary, 1965-1979	179.00

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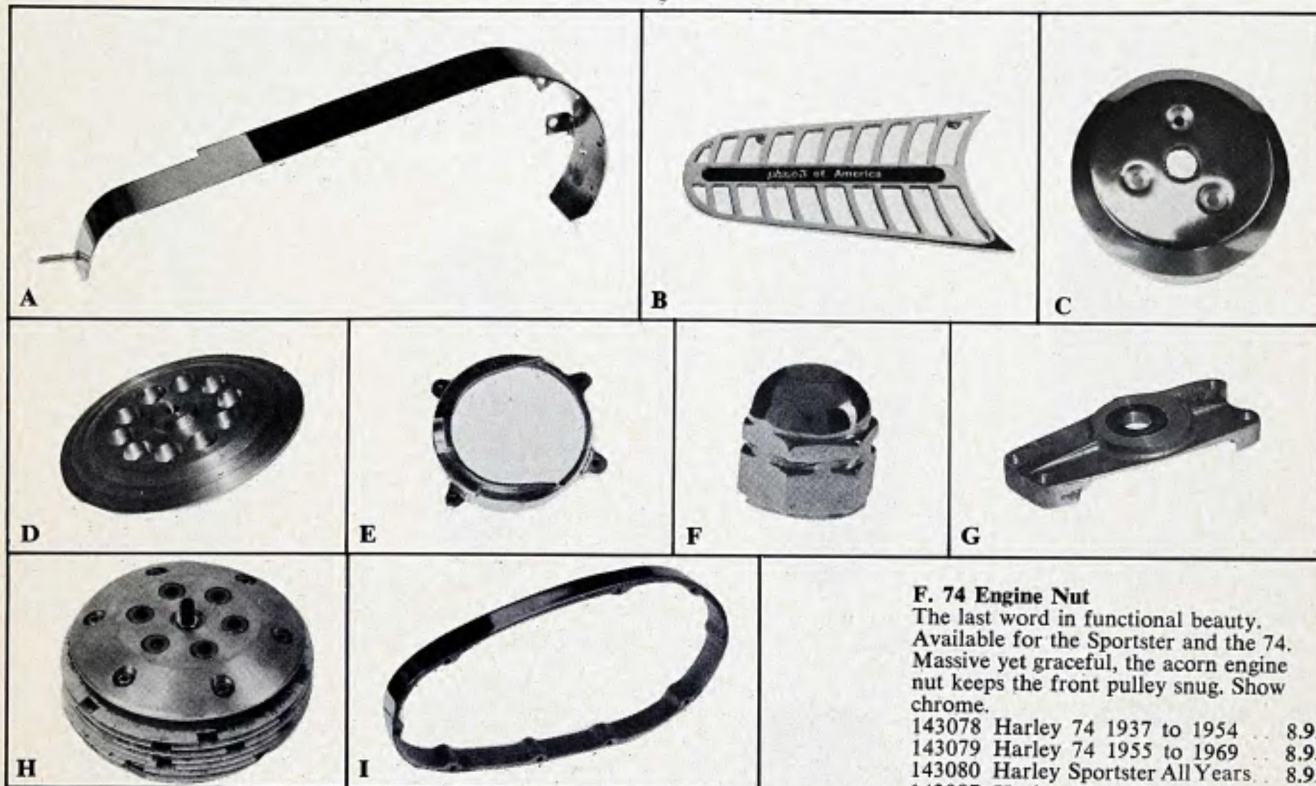
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Belt Drive Accessories



A. Belt Shroud

Recommended for protection on all open primary Harley 74 belt drive units. Heavy steel construction and show chrome plated—2 models—early 1937-1964—late 1965-1979.

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10405	Bearing	10.50

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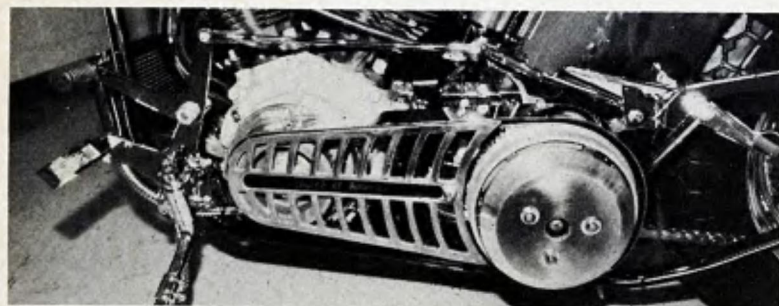
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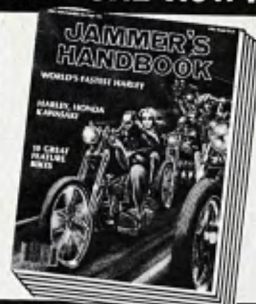
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D. Eagle A/T Rib

The low profile front wheel mate rib to the Eagle A/T.

72081	325x19	38.03
72082	325x19 RWL	49.73

E. Eagle G/T II

A low profile tire featuring a new emergency design incorporating a special sidewall lip to help secure the tire on the rim in the event of sudden loss of air.

72083	510x17	63.04
72084	400x18	55.08
72085	450x18	58.92

F. Eagle G/T Rib II

The low profile front wheel mate rib to the Eagle G/T II.

72086	350x19	46.61
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G. Speed Grip

A dependable rib design tire for front and rear wheel use. Features a double white stripe.

72087	510x16	65.11
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H. Sport Rib

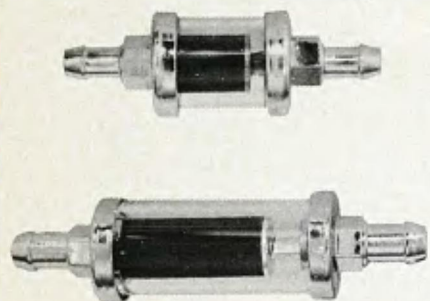
A front wheel rib tire for use on Harleys with taper bead base rims.

72088	375x19	46.37
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Dealers For Your Area
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Miscellaneous



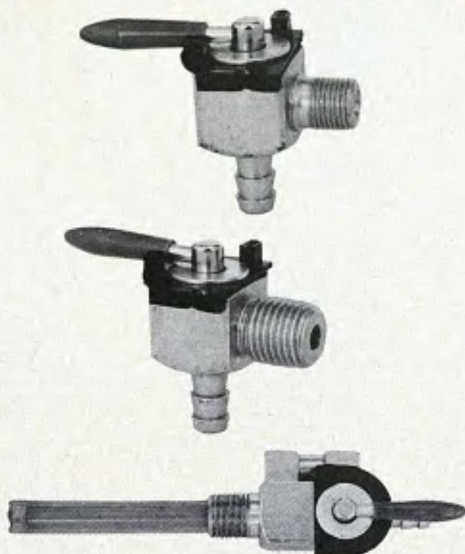
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36052	5/16" Mini Filter	4.95
36053	1/4" Maxi Filter	5.45
36054	5/16" Maxi Filter	5.45
36055	3/8" Maxi Filter	5.45

Replacement Elements

36056	Mini Element	1.00
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American made with ball valves that work! Available in 1/8", 1/4" and 1/2" with reserve valve. All of these shut-offs work on any of our gas tanks.

36041	1/8"	3.95
36042	1/4"	3.95
36043	1/2" w/Reserve	8.95



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All metal, finely crafted and show-chromed. Universal mounting with chrome license mount. 12V bulb. Perfect for fatbobs.

9209 29.95

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CYCLE PRODUCTS Order Form

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

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

Date _____

Name _____ Address _____
(Please print or type)

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 5/29/79 ☐ CV JULY

☐ #73 ☐ AT



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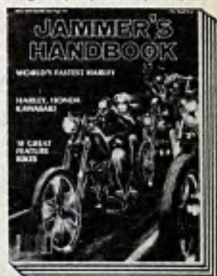
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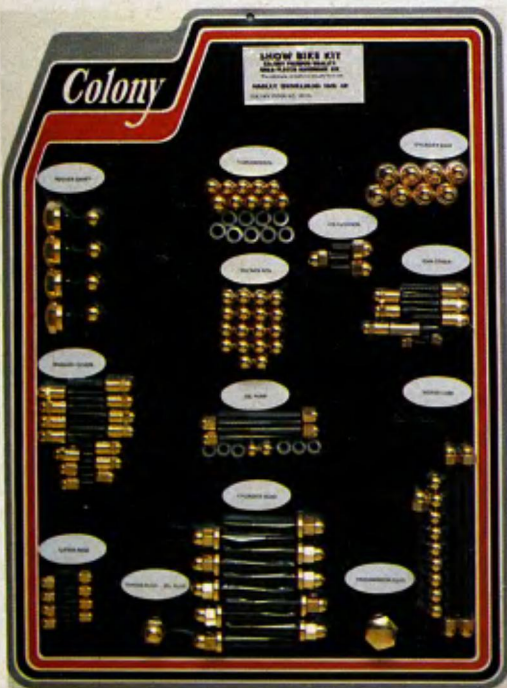
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124036	128.00	Knucklehead 1936-39	124052	145.00	
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124040	130.00	Shovelhead 1966-69	124056	145.00	
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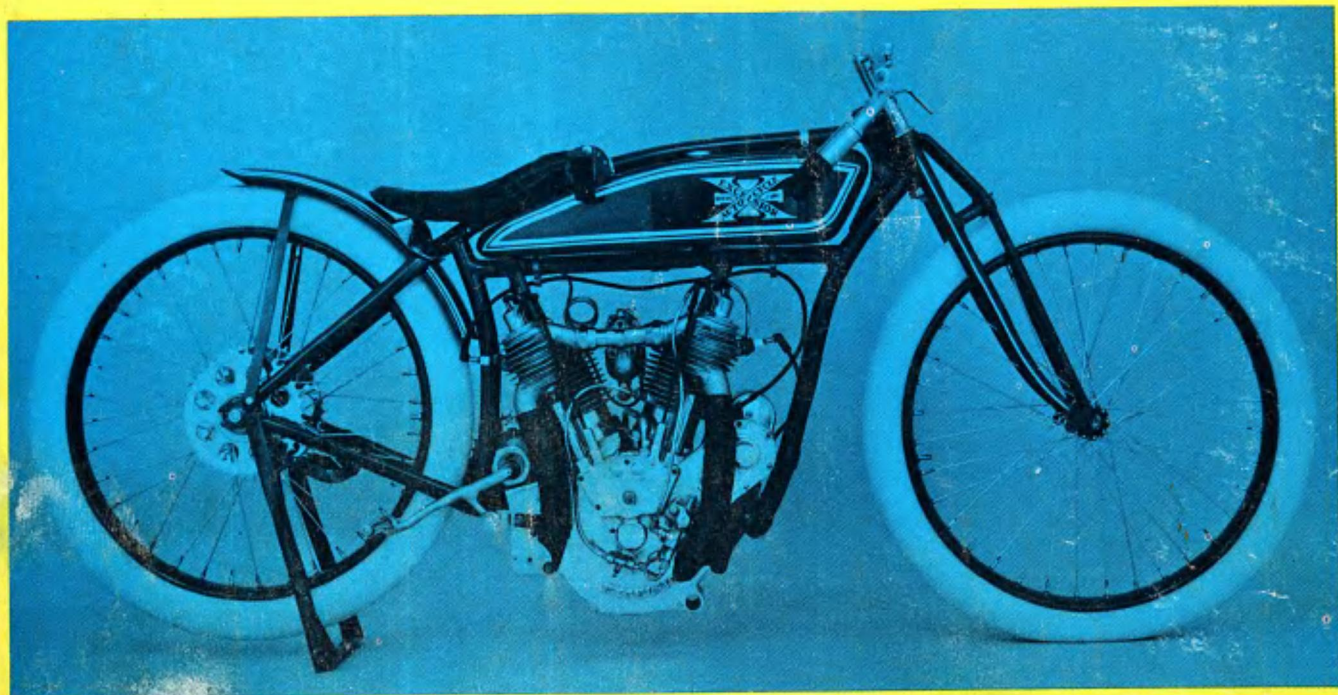
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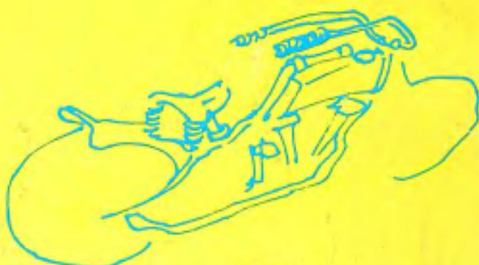
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Some of the bros around here thought there should be a mag for men who ride other bikes.



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