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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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September, 1979
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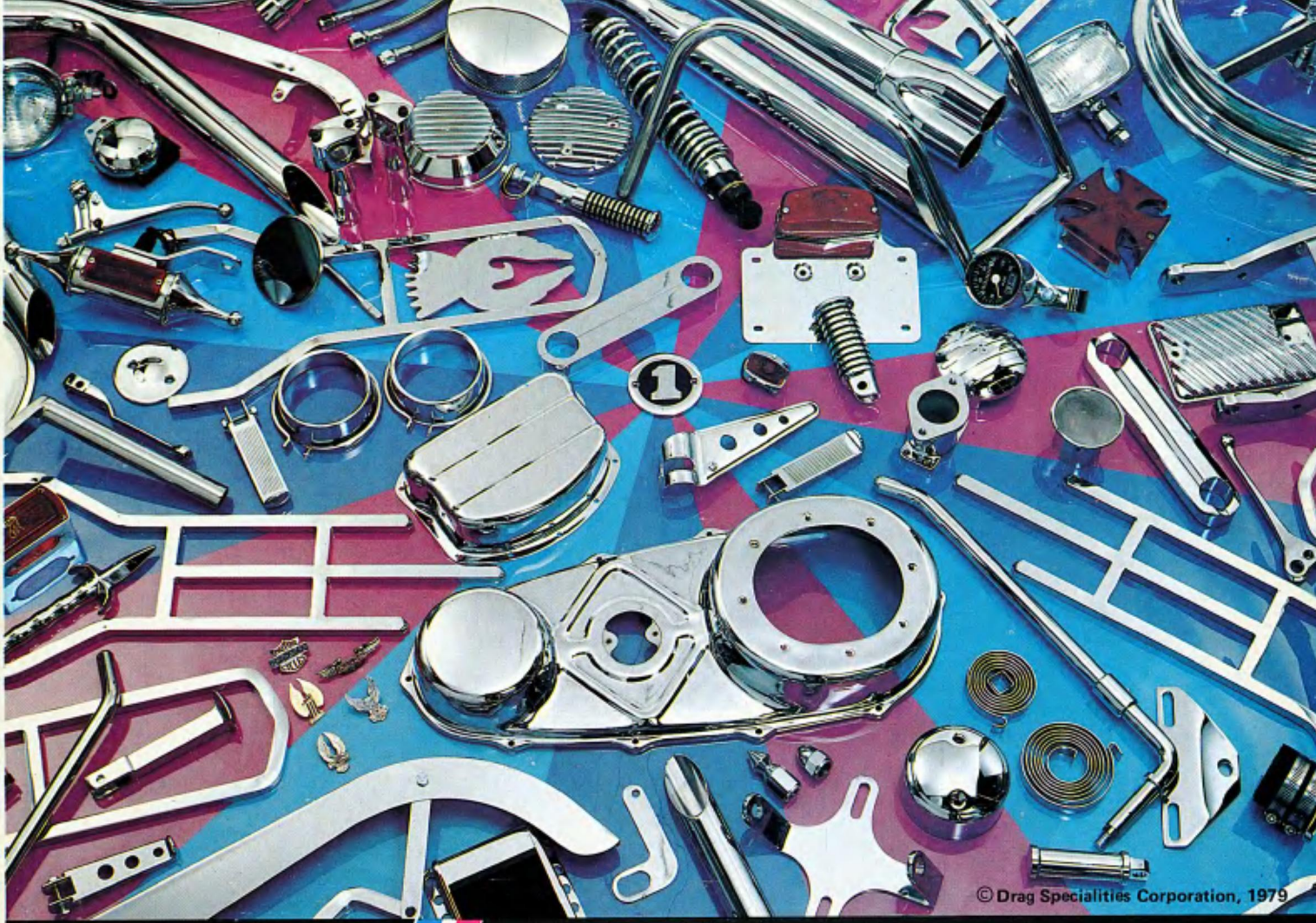

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Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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FTW

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Audit Bureau of Circulations

Cover photo of Ricci and "Colonel" William Naylor by Billy Tinney

The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale August 27th.

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Easyriders

IN THE WIND

$2.50
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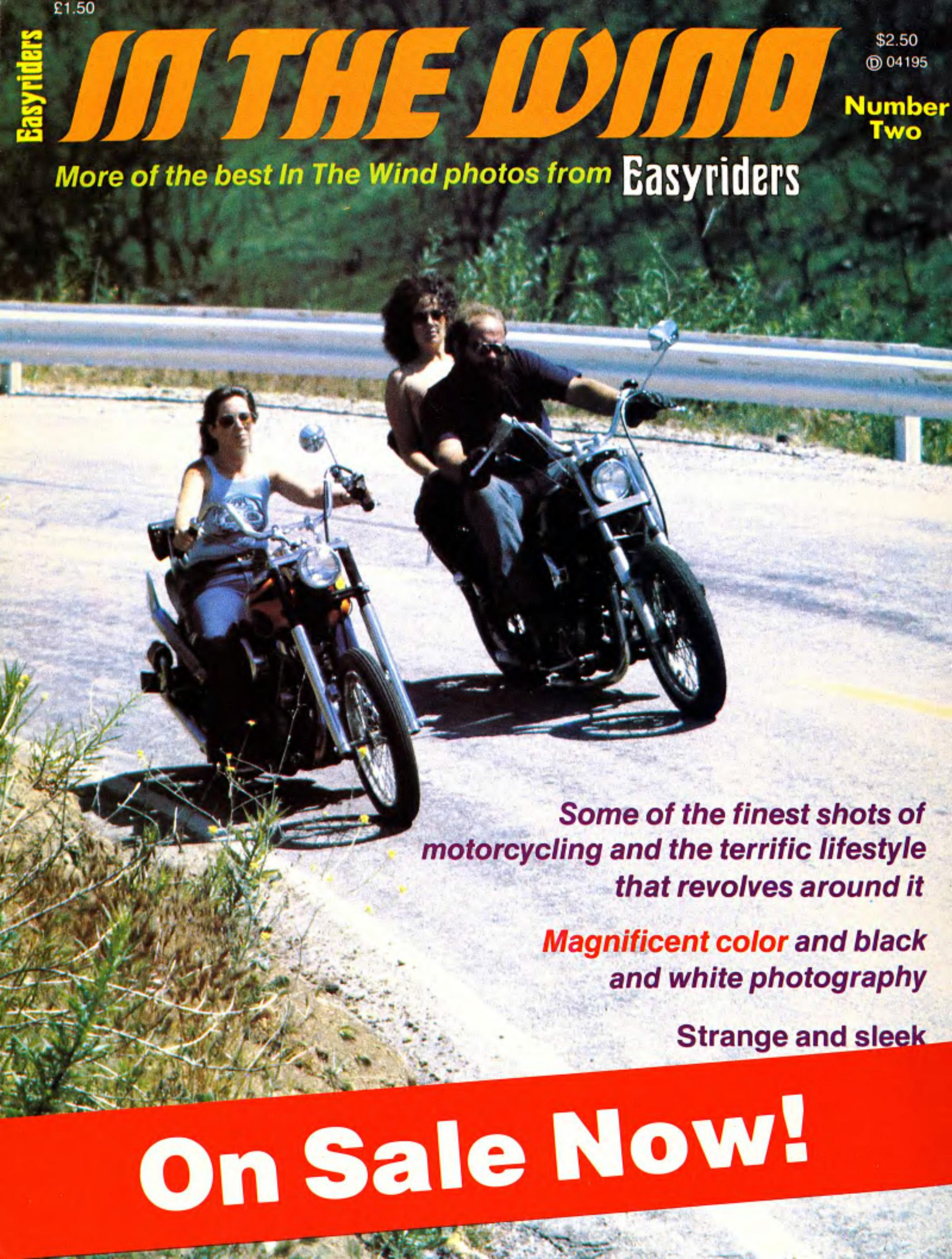
Number Two

More of the best In The Wind photos from Easyriders



Some of the finest shots of motorcycling and the terrific lifestyle that revolves around it

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On Sale Now!

Pity the police dog. Yep, that's right. They just passed a law up in Washington forbidding people from bothering the cop dogs. Seems that they're under a lot of stress and you turds going up to the unoccupied police cars and buggin' the shit out of the dog are addin' to it. It got so bad with one of the dogs that he started shittin' and barfin' whenever he heard the sound of a siren. "When the siren goes off, those dogs go bananas," the police chief said. (Now the dog knows what he does to ya when he starts sniffin' around your stash—serves 'em right!)

Speakin' of animals, did you read about the gorilla that a vet shot in the ass with a tranquilizer dart to put him to sleep? The 312-pound beast wasn't havin' any of that shit. When the dart went into his bod, he reached down, plucked out the dart, and zinged it back at the shooter.

Where are your kids tonight? A 14-year-old girl and her 17-year-old brother paid a 19-year-old $60 to snuff their old man. The hit kid killed the father with two shots from a .38. Then they all went on a spending spree for ten days before they were caught. Sixty bucks—that's the cheapest hit I've heard of.

Did ya read about the chick who wanted a divorce after only four months? So what? Well, it seems that she discovered (after four months) that her husband was a woman! She admitted that she thought it strange that he/she never undressed with the lights on!

In case ya didn't know it, ya can now make 100 gallons of beer or wine in your home—200 gallons, if more than one person lives in the home. It's a new law that lets single people make their own juice in the privacy of the bathroom—no, I mean kitchen—well, wherever you ferment that stuff.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

You've heard the expression "Toss ya in and throw away the key." Well, it happened recently in Austria. An 18-year-old dude was picked up for questioning after an auto accident. They took him to the slammer, tossed him in a cell, and then forgot about him—for nearly three weeks! Poor slob tried to eat his leather jacket and drink his piss in order to survive. He survived it—but just barely.

Wanna give your ol' lady a gift to let her know ya still love her? Well, they're givin' away burros to all comers at the Grand Canyon National Park Service. Just call Merle Stitt at (602) 638-2411 and say ya want a burro. (Oh yeah—they don't deliver.)

The Feds advise ya to smoke your pot through a water pipe if ya wanna be safe from the dread paraquat herbicide that was sprayed on some of Mexico's finest. They also say that cooking the grass in brownies or bread is another good way to reduce your chances of having a shitfit. The Feds spent $68.8 million trying to kill the Mexican grass. But guess what? A lot of grass was harvested before the herbicide had killed it. The Feds estimate 85,000 people are smoking contaminated weed. Paraquat is odorless, colorless, and tasteless.

Did ya hear about the guy who didn't dig gettin' hard-ons any more so he opened up his belly and dug around in there tryin' to cut his adrenal gland? After eight hours of this shit, he finally gave up and called for help. (He was a determined dude—he had cut off his own nuts two months earlier.) He musta seen a picture of Mutha's snatch.

Our best friend dept.: Rover was assigned to sleep on top of a secret compartment in order to protect the jewels. He didn't. Thieves made off with everything during the night, but the next day he wouldn't let the cops near the place. Question: Does he work better during the day—or is he just down on cops?

Show this to your ol' lady if she gets into your face about some of the cuss words you may use. A researcher in Ohio, after a 14-year study, has decided that "a swear word a day will keep the doctor away." He says that cursing will help prevent hives, headaches (not your ol' lady), and heart problems. He says ya should get rid of that verbal aggression or it could lead to tension. And shit, who wants tension? (So get rid of her.)■

Lost Back Issues

☐ I am in a small bind. My ol' man collects your magazine. He had every single one (he says) but four of these are missing—Nos. 71, 54, 55, and 49.

Now this may sound ridiculous, but it's true—he has threatened to kick me out and I'm not to see him until I have these four issues. You see, he says it's all my fault, which I think is weird because I don't have any interest in your magazine. But because I was the one who moved them and stacked them neatly on a different shelf, it's all my fault.

I remember reading in your magazine that some guy would give his left nut for back issues. You know, I used to think that was bullshit. I thought the whole magazine was bullshit, but it's true. I know my ol' man would give both his nuts (which wouldn't be worth much)!

Please, you've got to help me get these issues. I still don't understand how some stupid magazine can affect a couple's relationship. Shit, last night he told me how much he loves me, but today he wants to kick me out. Is it worth it? I suppose Alice Cooper was right—only women bleed.

Desperate
Milpitas, Calif.

Bellybutton Freak

☐ I dug that article you did on tits a while back. I'm a tit man and I loved it. Now why don't you do an article just like it on navels? I'm serious, 'cause I'm a navel freak, too. Seems like everyone's neglected the navel, and yet bikinis, hip-huggers, etc., look so good on a chick because they show the bellybutton. I like to tickle chicks in the navel, too—with some of them it's a hot spot, believe it or not.

Darryl
Chesapeake, Va.

Pot Laws

☐ I would like to try to focus some attention on Nevada's extremely out-of-line marijuana laws.

I am doing a 25-year sentence for possession of less than an ounce of the weed. My situation is by no means unique. There are several others in the same straits as I. One youngster is doing a life sentence for furnishing a small amount of pot to a minor. (He was nineteen, the minor was seventeen.)

Something must be done to put an end to this insanity. When I consider that in California, a mere ten miles from where I now sit, the max on the same beef is a one-hundred-dollar fine, I see no justice.

In the near future I'm sure that we will see realistic weed legislation, and because of your publishing letters such as this, that day will soon be upon us.

Eddie Harris
Carson City, Nev.

Forgiveness

☐ Talk about holding a grudge! It's been three weeks since the Tecate and burrito bash at which I offed this bro's scoot with my hogleg colt .45. He still hasn't forgiven me—and he knows I was aimin' at his ol' lady, not his bike. Jeez!

Slug-a-bed
Austin, Tex.

Pleased As Piss

☐ I'd just like to say that "All Night Diner" by Jody Via in your June '79 issue is the most righteous piece of scripture you have ever scribed into your rag.

Pleased as piss with you guys.

Sizzle
FPO N.Y.

Road Block

☐ As a fellow biker, I thought these recent newspaper articles might be of interest to you. This type of event is not too surprising in this area. Here in Jackson, riding a two-wheeler is like asking to get a mouthful of paint from a black and white, and I have had my existence threatened by a few of nearby Crockett County's "finest."

Grizzly
Jackson, Tenn.

■ The news clippings were about a biker who was snuffed when a police officer pulled across a median strip to get into the traffic lane going in the opposite direction so that he could block an oncoming biker. He said he pulled across to form a "road block," but he center-punched the biker. He said he wasn't moving—but what kind of mentality could even think of whipping a car sideways to "block" the oncoming bike speeding from cops behind him?

Capote Quote

☐ I thought you'd be interested in the following quote from Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood:*

"There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin;
And they roam the world at will.
They range the field and they rove the flood,
And they climb the mountain's crest;
Theirs is the curse of the gypsy blood,
And they don't know how to rest.
If they just went straight they might go far;
They are strong and brave and true;
But they're always tired of the things that are,
And they want the strange and new."

Wes Meyer
Mantua, Ohio

Knees In The Breeze

☐ Shotgun really put it together with "Letter To My Hog." If most downed bros feel as I do, they know what I mean. I dream every night of the day I'll be back in the saddle with my knees in the breeze and bugs in my teeth. It's a feeling you can't explain. You have to experience it. Keep up the good work.

Lizard
Angola, La.

Joint Paper

☐ The first time one of my customers asked for **Easyriders** I thought he meant the rolling paper E-Z Wider. So I told him, "Hey, man, I only sell Job 1.5." He said, "Shit, you dumb broad—the mag, the mag!" Well, I went back to the mag rack and there it was in full color. I didn't even know my news distributor put it in.

So I grabbed a copy, and between customers I started readin' the "rag." What a rag too! I mean it's a rag that really blows ya away. The articles are timely and really let us "straights" see the other side of the coin. What us straights used to call freaks, I now see as just plain good folk who live a lifestyle all their own.

Candi Kat
Clearwater, Fla.

Big Spender

☐ I don't ride a Harley (bite me) but I'll tell ya this, I read only one biker rag—yours. Hang in there, dudes—get two issues right this year and I'll spring for a subscription.

Bob Brousseau
Washington, D.C.

No Way

☐ All right! Whatdafuck? It was one thing when AMF took over the "iron works" and a killin' muthafucka when the word came out that Japanese parts were findin' themselves on Harley-Davidson motorcycles. But look here—these days folks are lookin' for somethin' to hang onto, mixin' Permatex with their Vaseline and breakfast's leftover gravy in the bondo just to try and make a logical justification for the many abuses of the day. But when the last bastion of karmic fertility starts advocation of teriyaki sauce on my grits (parts catalog section of the May issue "Soobeeyacky" chain), it's just about time to pack my kitchen off to Yucatan.

Hillbilly Shooze
Pine Creek, Ill.

A Plan

☐ He who smokes pot and drinks beer gets wasted.
He who gets wasted goes to sleep.
He who goes to sleep does not commit sin.
He who does not commit sin goes to heaven—
So let's all go get wasted and go to heaven.

Tony Navarro
Mercedes, Texas

Snivel, Snivel

☐ This is the eighth fuckin' letter I've written since I've been in the joint, and so far all they've

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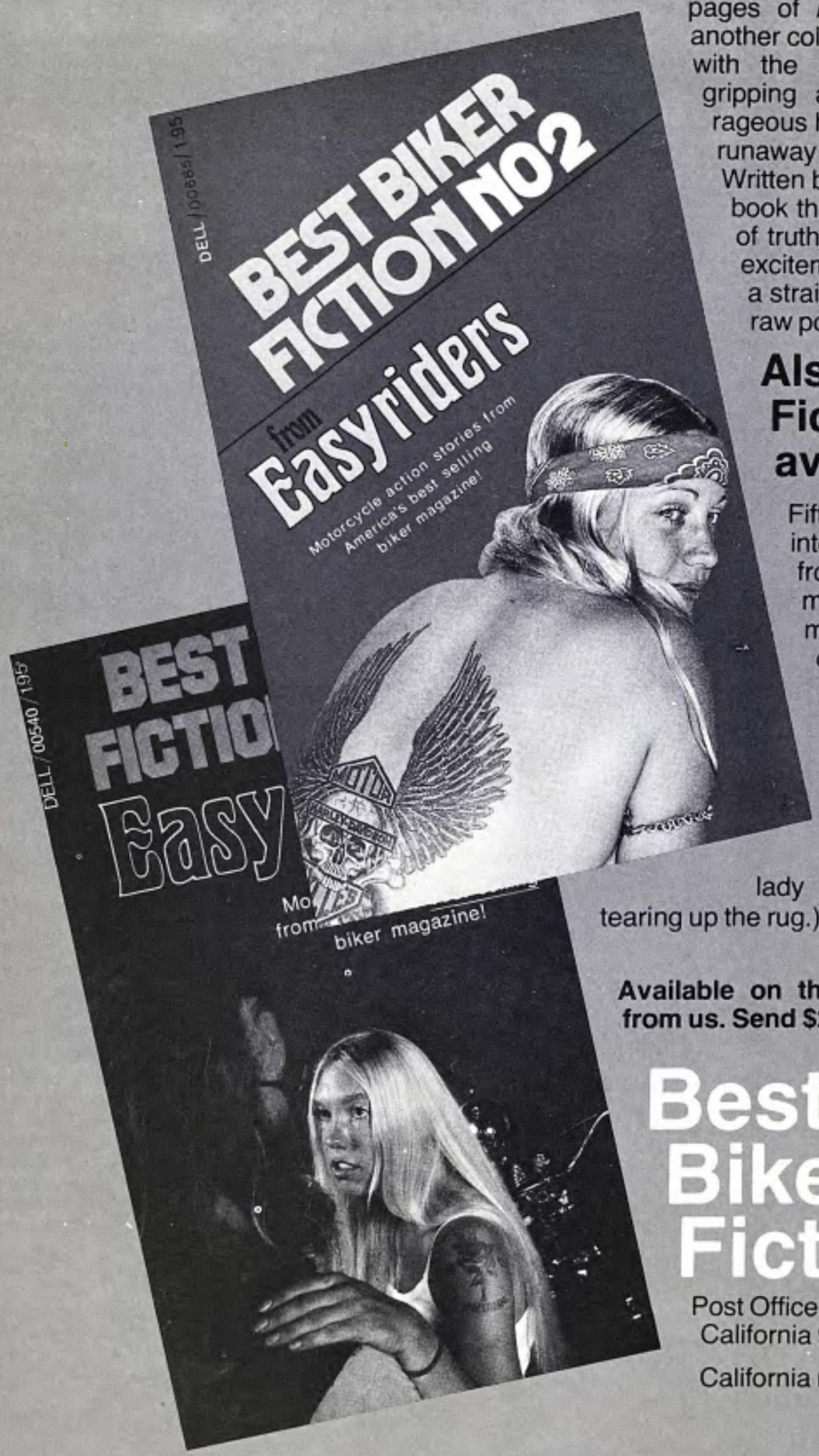

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done is feed your fuckin' shitcan. What's up? You fuckers got the best fuckin' rag in da joint, but you're pissin' me off. I hope I ain't wastin' my time again, 'cause I could've used this paper and stamp to line up some pussy when I get out. Well, time to go beat my meat—which is better than writin' fuckin' letters that get tossed in the shitcan.

Slim G.
Mansfield, Ohio

Problems Up North

☐ Up here in Saskatchewan, Canada, we have some big problems. First, the proposed legislation for motorcycles—legislation that will quite likely be the beginning of the end for custom bikes.

Two years ago a couple of energetic and irate bikers got together for form the United Motorcyclists of Saskatchewan (U.M.S.) to fight the garbage and hang on to little freedom there is.

Our second problem is our lack of communication with the rest of Saskatchewan's biking population. People who are not yet members of U.M.S. shy away from it because they think it is a bike club. We would like to make it clear that we are not a club but a legally operating, non-profit organization. The club members who have joined us simply want to keep their bikes on the road and are willing to help in this fight. Don't put down a biker because he wears a patch—he's doing more than you are if you haven't joined yet. We've got to get together and make things happen!

Shelby Larson
U.M.S.
Box 1911
Swift Current
Saskatchewan, Canada

Four-Five Fan

☐ Where in God's creation can a bro pick up, buy, swap, whatever, a footshift setup for a 45 solo? Damn, they have everything for 61s, 74s, 80s—but not 45s. Don't we count?

G. Dougherty
Altoona, Pa. 16602

■ Maybe one of our readers will help ya.

Hot Rag

☐ As I slept in bed one Saturday morning, legs wrapped around my ol' lady and dreaming about this pan I might buy, my ol' lady woke me up to go put gas in her four-wheel cage. I was pissed to begin with to be awakened at 6:00 a.m. So I drove around to three or four gas stations and finally found one where the line wasn't so long. I took along my brand-fuckin'-new June issue of **Easyriders** to trip on while I waited for gas. I got out of the cage to go see what time the fuckers opened up and to get a cup of coffee. I didn't lock the cage. What for—right? Wrong! When I got back, some fuckin' assbite had lifted my rag. If I find out who lifted it, look out, muthafucker.

Harley Pat
Lennox, Calif.

Trippin'

☐ I found out that if you fart in a beer bottle, cap it, and let it sit for a few days, you'll have a weapon deadlier than a hand grenade. Thanks to this miraculous discovery, my landlord no longer exists. Must have been that menstruatin' skunk I ate.

The Buzz
Winfield, Kan.

An Idea

☐ I think my friends and I came up with a good idea for future helmet protests in New York State. Why not have all the bros get it together on a specified day and just not wear helmets wherever it is we're riding? This way the protest would be all over the state and not just in Albany, and we could fire up the local governments as well as the state. We could all get our local ABATE chapters to help us out on the advertising. What do you bros out there think?

Lois
Huntington, N.Y.

Hates Cunts

☐ So you finally rolled over to let the cunts stick one in ya! I figured as much when you started printin' all those letters from cunts. Now you got a cunt ridin' a scoot in the centerfold! That is one Dave Mann picture that certainly will not be put on my wall! Get your heads out of your asses. A cunt is a cunt.

L.E. Seiber
Columbus, Ohio

A Tip

☐ Just wanted to let you tramps know that it takes the average train twenty seconds to pass a crossing—whether you're on it or not.

War Dog
Little Dodge, S.C.

Mind Blower

☐ I just want to say thanks. When we wrote to you about a free sub to be sent to this prison, we figured you would throw the letter in the trash and blow it off. But you didn't. It really blew our minds when we received the first copy. We almost fought over who was to read it first.

R. Young
Ruston, La.

Wild Turkey

☐ I usually enjoy your magazine a lot. But I think you should warn your readers about a recipe that you printed a while back. It said to put some wine in the pan with what's left over after frying up some hamburgers so you have a good-tasting sauce to put on your hamburger. Well, I didn't have any wine in the place so I used some Wild Turkey I had left over. Shit! That Wild Turkey hit the pan and just about blew my fucking face off! Not to mention turning the area above the stove to charcoal. Tell your readers not to substitute anything in those recipes.

Madman
Medford, Ore.

Varmint Style

☐ I just read your "Ballin' Bugs" article in the June issue. What are you tryin' to do—put me in the hospital? I got enough on my mind with some of the positions my ol' lady thinks up. I don't need to know how to do it varmint style.

Horse
Dodge City, Kan.

Music Lover

☐ I'm writing to say that we've got to help out that biker band, Milwaukee Iron. They're the best I've heard in a long while! Come on, bros—if ya know of a disc jockey, make him play their songs on the radio.

Terry The Tramp
Bellingham, Wash.

More On Helmets

☐ I couldn't believe this article when I read it. Now some asshole thinks we ought to pay for freedom.

"As a regular **Driver** reader, I find the endless series of anti-helmet law letters in the "Backfire" section somewhat tedious. Safety devices, as you point out, are with us in automobiles and many other places; let's face it, a motorcycle helmet is about the only thing a rider has going for him in the event of a crash or fall. Even so, the number of people protesting helmet laws in the name of irresponsible 'freedom' is legion, many of whom (officers and NCOs) should know better.

"Since motorcycle medical insurance premiums reflect the high injury propensity of motorcycle riders, especially those without helmets, I have a modest proposal which should satisfy everyone, even the 'helmet laws. . .' diehards. Allow insurance companies to sell poli-

some people like doing things the hard way...

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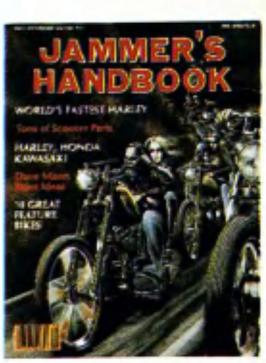
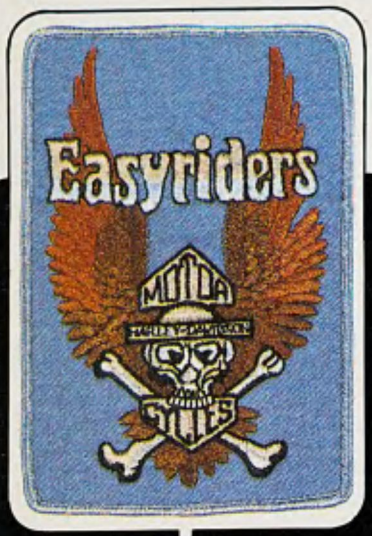


...most would rather do it our way



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.

cies, with lower premiums, to motorcycle riders who certify that they always wear a helmet (the policy would be invalid, of course, if the rider were ever arrested or involved in an accident without a helmet). Then helmet laws would become superfluous, and the noisy 'no-helmet' minority could have their way—and pay for the privilege. I am damned tired of paying inflated insurance premiums because a few motorcycle riders have subconscious death wishes. (signed): Lt. Henry E. Collins, USA, HHC 5th Signal Bn., Ft. Pol, La. 71461."

Stretch
Ayess AFB, Tex.

■ What would you expect from a lieutenant?

Pig Killer

☐ You ain't shitting about pigs being hard to kill! At this spring's annual Pig Roast, I had to shoot that curlytailed bastard seven times with my .45 before he even slowed down. Had to cut his throat to croak him. After we dulled three knives skinning him, some thieving sonofabitch stole him while we were letting him age overnight.

How come you forgot to mention goat? Only took one shot to kill it, one knife to skin it, and one fire to bbq it. No worms either—just good meat. Besides, goats are cheaper than pork or steak. You can even let them graze on the lawn while you're building your fire.

Kommandant
Springfield, Mo.

Slick?

☐ Okay, dammit, you got the Harley ad back, now drop the fuckin' price. (Think you're pretty slick, huh?)

A.J.
St. Albans, W. (by God) Va.

My Head

☐ Your rag is great but quit fucking with my head.

Hooter
Neubrucke, Germany

Iron-On Beefs

☐ Your iron-on patches are real cool lookin', but when I threw my T-shirt in the wash, the fucker faded like a Harley on a desolate highway. Gone with the wind—ya know what I mean? So why don't ya put some stickers in your mag or somethin' like that instead?

Sheri
Sunnymead, Calif.

☐ You people fucked up in your June '79 issue. You put a half decent transfer in your mag and the fucking thing washes out of the shirt the first wash. When are you going to wise up and start giving people their money's worth? For $1.50 you ought to put a pinch of pot or somethin' else worthwhile in there. Meanwhile, if you figure on giving people something special, give them something to last. That transfer reminds me of AMF. It doesn't last long enough to be appreciated. Come to think of it, that's the same way with your book. I guess if I want some decent pictures of bikes, I'll just put the $1.50 toward a roll of film and take them myself. You ought to take a fuckin' vacation for about ten or twenty years and let someone with class show you how a mag should be published.

Shovelhead
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Skin Art

☐ How the fuck did you assholes ever come up with brains enough to throw in an asskicking article about tattoos? Too often people with their heads up their asses say skin art sucks. I think it's the greatest.

Smiley
Tujunga, Calif.

Down On Downtime

☐ Someone should tell those assholes that write "Downtime" either to get their shit together or fuck off completely. Elvis Costello? What the fuck does that asshole have to do with bikers? Listening to him is like listening to a sick armadillo. Get your shit together or start ridin' Vespas.

The Kid
San Diego, Calif.

Toughest

☐ I stuffed 847 white lab mice in my saddle bags last summer and drove over 10,000 miles through all kinds of country. At the end of the trip not one single mouse had died of cancer! (They all smelled pretty bad, though.)

Makes ya think, don't it?

Juan Peelips
Boulder, Colo.

Into Each Life. . .

☐ I'm sitting here with no dope, no beer, and no money. I just got the bike running after being broke down all winter. Now I've got a broken foot. Life's the drizzly shits at times.

Stony
Ponca City, Okla.

Drag Specialties Ad

☐ What I would like to know is what the fuck's happenin'. On the inside cover you have an advertisement with two punks holdin' hands like they're in love or somethin'.

Bob Degener
Martinez, Calif.

☐ I never thought you'd sink so low.

Hood Fuman
Reading, Mass.

☐ I would just like to know if the picture on the inside of the front cover is what it looks like—it looks like a couple of fags.

Linda Dansby
Dalhart, Tex.

☐ One thing us bros don't need is to see a couple of punks doin' their thing on the front of our rag!

Bird Townsend
Richmond, Tex.

☐ I noticed the two dudes holding hands and discussed it with a few of my bros. Some agreed with me, but some of them thought it was a chick.

Space
Camp Gieger, N.C.

☐ I have a question. Are those two faggots displaying their leathers?

Mad Dog
FPO San Francisco, Calif.

■ See the following letter from the honcho of Drag Specialties in response to our advising them as to the number of letters we've received like those above.

"Thank you for your concern that my ad might be misleading. I would like you to publish the following information in your letters to the editor.

"To you dipshits who think that the people in the ad from Drag Specialties displaying the leather jackets are two guys: You'd better take a closer look! These are two of our employees, and for your information, the dark-haired seventeen-year-old is 100 pounds of pure femininity!"

Thomas H. Rudd, Chairman
Drag Specialties
Minneapolis, Minn.

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

Why We Ride . . .

More than any other special-interest group on earth we bikers are absolutely consumed with our toys. Oh sure, some of us squander endless kilowatt-hours of brain energy touting the practical, fuel-efficient and easy-to-park transportation our motorcycles provide. Yah-yah-yah. And others of us agonize over steering trail and horsepower-per-pound and the peg-grinding proclivities of this bike versus that. But all the while down deep in the darkest corner of us is a little kid grinning and fidgeting and saying, "Can I ride it now, mister, huh, mister?" If there weren't, we'd buy a Nash and get it over with.

—Ted West
Cycle Guide

Safety Pays . . .

This industry has, for years, bounced back and forth between the definition of a transportation vehicle and a recreational vehicle. While we certainly have some motorcycles built as strictly recreational, a street motorcycle must fall into the transportation category; at least that's how the Department of Transportation looks at them.

But to gain full acceptance in the transportation family, we must prove to be a safe means of travel.

If we could become accepted as an essential, rather than a non-essential form of transportation, there would be a demand for motorcycles greater than we have ever seen. Our industry would not be affected by struggling economies; in fact we could benefit by it.

While we are building our industry up to this level of acceptance, there are many areas from which a dealer can benefit right now.

Helmets: Already one of the dealer's best profit centers, helmet sales could improve if the dealer would push the importance to the new buyers. Let them know that, in addition to the obvious safety advantages, a rider is more visible with a bright, colored helmet on. Make sure that all credit purchases have the price of a helmet in the monthly payments. It is very difficult to get the customer to pull another $50 out of his pocket when he has already given $300 to $400 for a down payment. Dealers should be firm in suggesting helmets, and not easily accept a customer's reply of "I'll get one later."

—Dealernews

Biking Economics . . .

Let me tell you about brand-new 750 Hondas selling for $1395. Top-of-the-line BMWs for $1825. Or Harley Sportsters, fresh out of the crate, for $1795. In this moto-bargain basement, $1520 buys a shiny new Triumph Bonneville, and a mere $1565 points you down the road on a big Guzzi vee-twin. Virtually no motorcycle of any size is priced over $2000.

I'm not talking about "hot" bikes fenced through the syndicate in Chicago or black-market deals in Istanbul. Nor are these prices available only at a motorcycle outlet in downtown Antarctica or some other godforsaken corner of the globe. I'm referring to hot-off-the-press, never-registered motorcycles sold legitimately, warranties and all, through dealers right here in Everytown, U.S.A. The only catch is that they're not being sold at these prices right now; but ten years ago, in 1969, they were.

Now, unless you've been living under a flat rock, you know that rising inflation, skyrocketing labor costs and nosediving dollar values are facts of life. They're the reasons why bikes, like everything else, cost so much more than ever. But prices for motorcycles have risen faster than for most other commodities, even faster than wages. Which means that buying a motorcycle now takes a proportionately bigger bite out of your wallet than it did in 1969.

—Paul Dean
Cycle Guide

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.

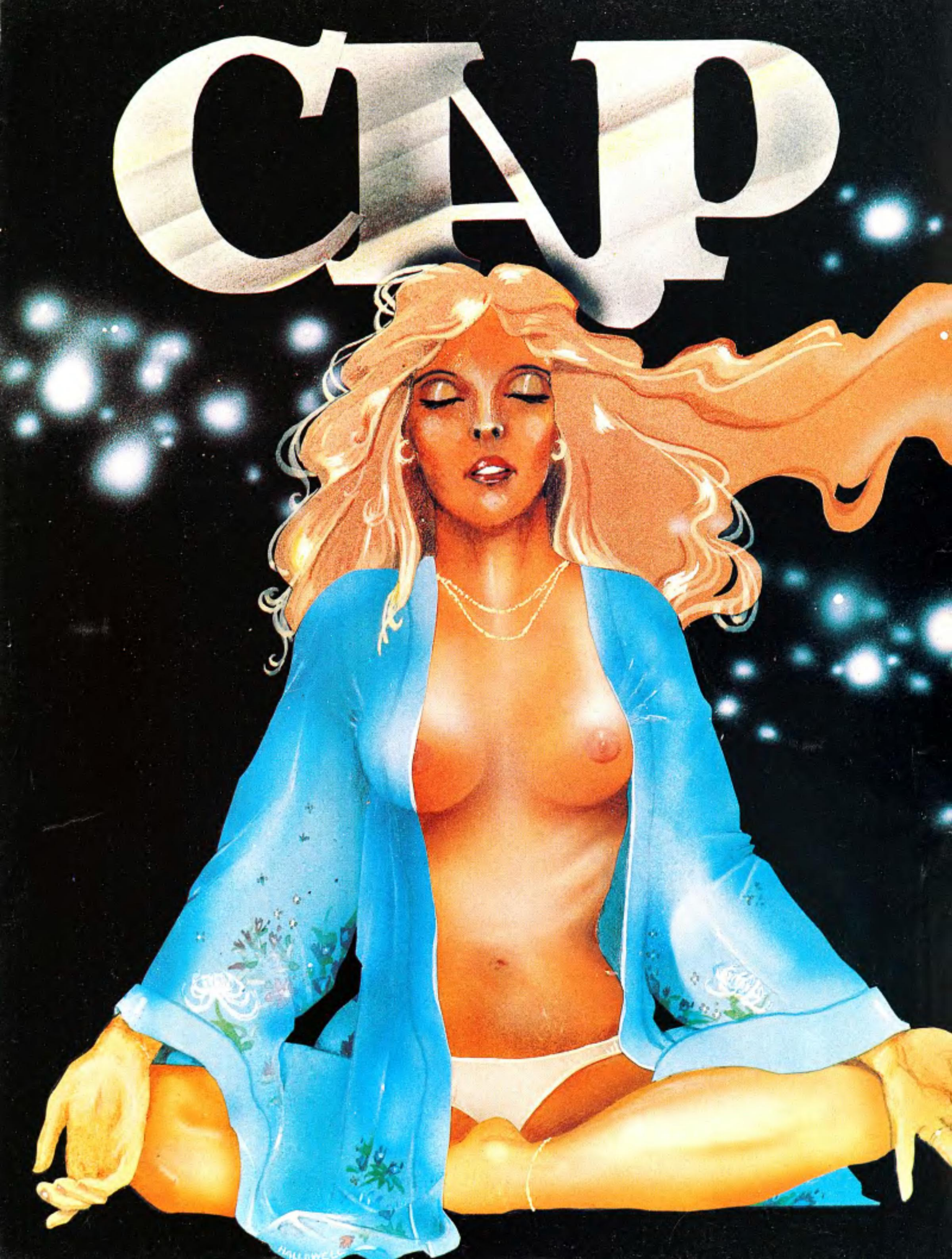
Quality is fully guaranteed and money will be refunded if not completely satisfied.

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

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

GOOD PRODUCTS
Box 7554
Yucca Valley, Ca 92284

California residents add 6%. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Dealer inquiries (on letterhead) invited


CNP

by Lianne

It was nearly April, and Cap should have been back from Daytona by now. Betty's first reaction had been anger. That damn fool had probably run off with some teenybopper to an endless party somewhere. But she couldn't sustain the anger and she couldn't shake off the uneasy prickling on the back of her neck. Cap looked forward to that run every year and he enjoyed it to the max; but he was no kid and he didn't do foolish things. They'd been together for too many years for her not to know when something was wrong.

She hurried home from work every night to sit by the phone. But the days dragged on and no call came. When she finally received the letter, she could barely control her trembling hands enough to open it.

Dear Betty,

I tried calling you and didn't get any answer. I guess you were at your sister's. So I figured I'd better write, since they don't let us make phone calls.

As you can see by the return address, I'm being detained here in the heart of "pork chopper" country. It's a bum rap, Betty. Pete and I left Daytona with some partyin' bros and headed towards their hometown somewhere in Georgia. We stopped for the night at a campground and joined up with about twenty other people for a real blast. I'm not sure what all I smoked, snorted, or drank—but I woke up the next day prayin' to die. Everyone else had split, except Pete and I. And he was lyin' dead on the ground about fifty feet from me. Before I could move from his side, I was surrounded by state troopers, who said they'd had an anonymous call about me.

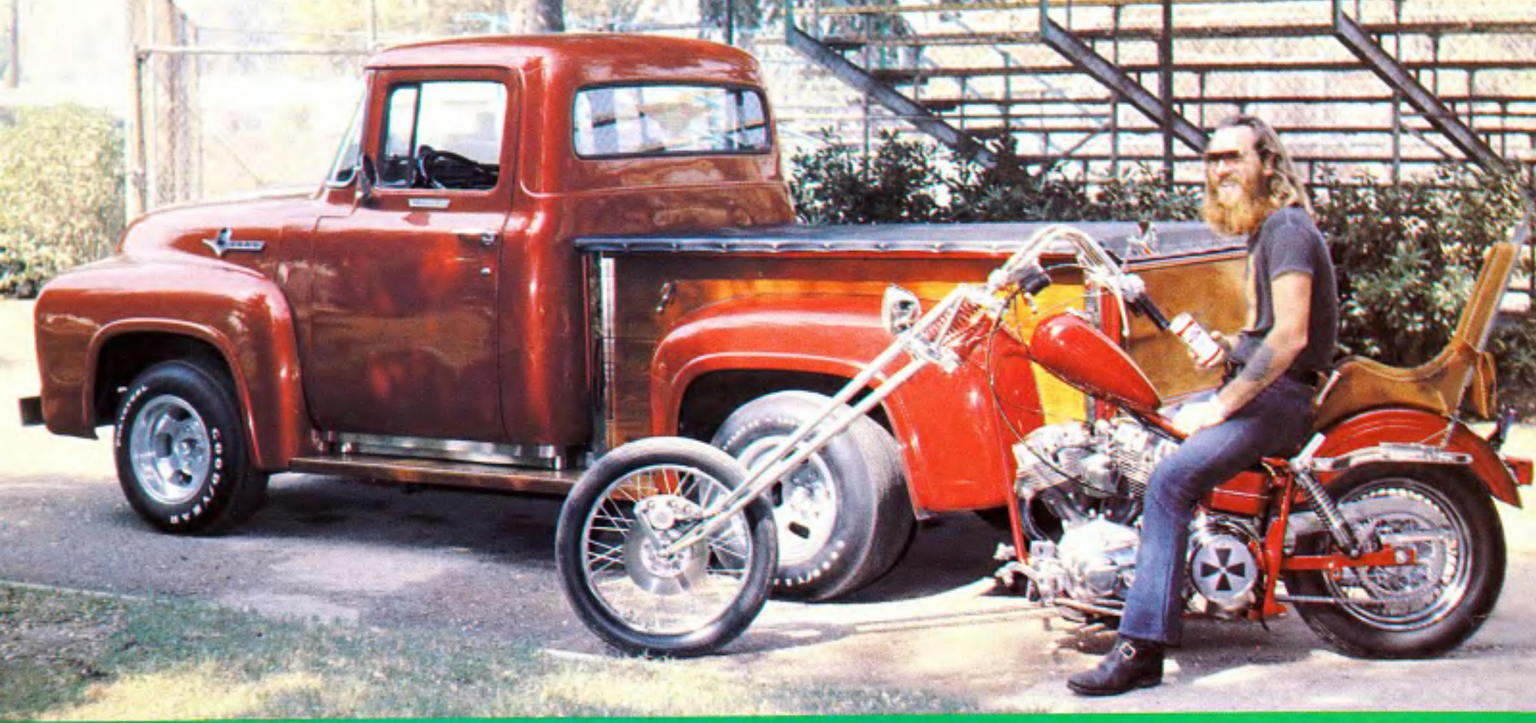
It was so weird, Baby, because nothing was taken and our bikes were untouched. Even the stash hadn't been disturbed. And there I stood, handcuffed, listening like through a fog as The Man told me I had put a .38 slug through my best friend's brain. My God, I was so out of it that I had never even heard the shot.

So I'm in this godforsaken jail awaiting trial. The public defender is handling my case and he tells me there's such a backlog that I may be in here for six months before my case comes up! Baby, the whole thing is fucking incredible. The wheels of justice down here move like they were square. At least my lawyer is good enough to explain things to me—but in terms of this backwoods system, not the law as you and I know it.

When the sheriff found out I could read above a third-grade level, he proudly gave me access to the "library." Said library consists of three bound volumes of very old National Geographics, *some romantic novels, and a handful of second-rate*

—Continued on page 102

Illustration by Todd Hallowell



NOT MAD, JUST EVEN

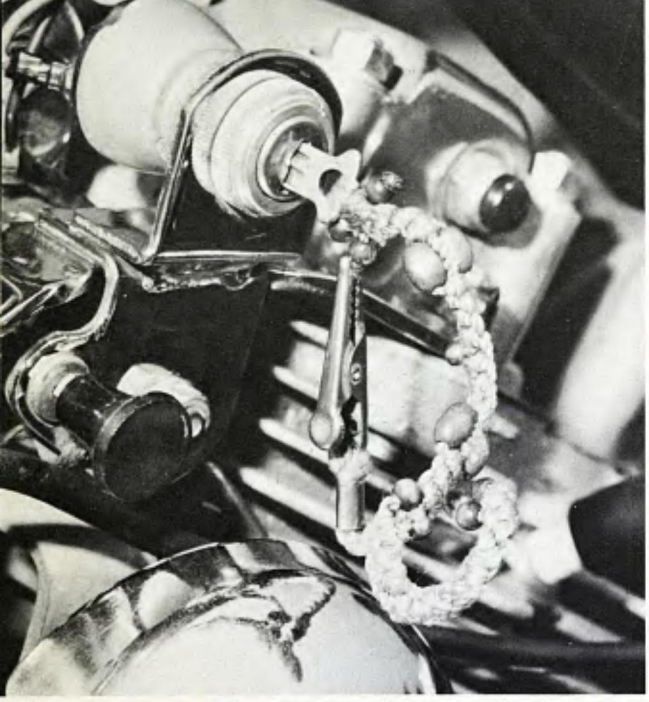
RIGHT IS RIGHT
IS RIGHT
IS RIGHT
IS RIGHT
RIGHT
RIGHT

George, the hero of this gibberish, walks into the local H-D dealership three years ago primed as a Tillotson to plunk down a wad of greenery in the full amount for the new hot-shit setup. Money traded for hardware, a warm feeling of pride begins to radiate offa his shock of red hair, him havin' just fulfilled the American capitalist dream of workin' yer nuts off to buy sumpthin' ya want.

So off he goes into the AMF rainbow, forever in the wind? Well, not exactly.

Ya see, somebody at the factory kinda fucked up the oil rings and they jus' happened to cut grooves wider'n dem lines in fronta ya in the cylinder barrels. Our bro George, now losin' that prideful glow, has the thing fixed, only to have the dealer drop— yep, that's right, drop the muthafucka on the slab floor. No problem, right? Wrong. The dude sez he didn't do it. Well, there was some chips in the barrel that weren't there the first time, and George has his blood at full boil by now. This stack of scum has ruined his chances for a vacation on his new putt. Luckily he didn't miss too much wind time an account of how he had a backup scooter.

Some drastic measures were in order. In between tearin' the new stupid-glide down and gettin' it like ya see it here, he made like a telephone operator in a disaster area—gettin' on the horn to Milwaukee. A few dozen "on holds" and transfers later 'n' he



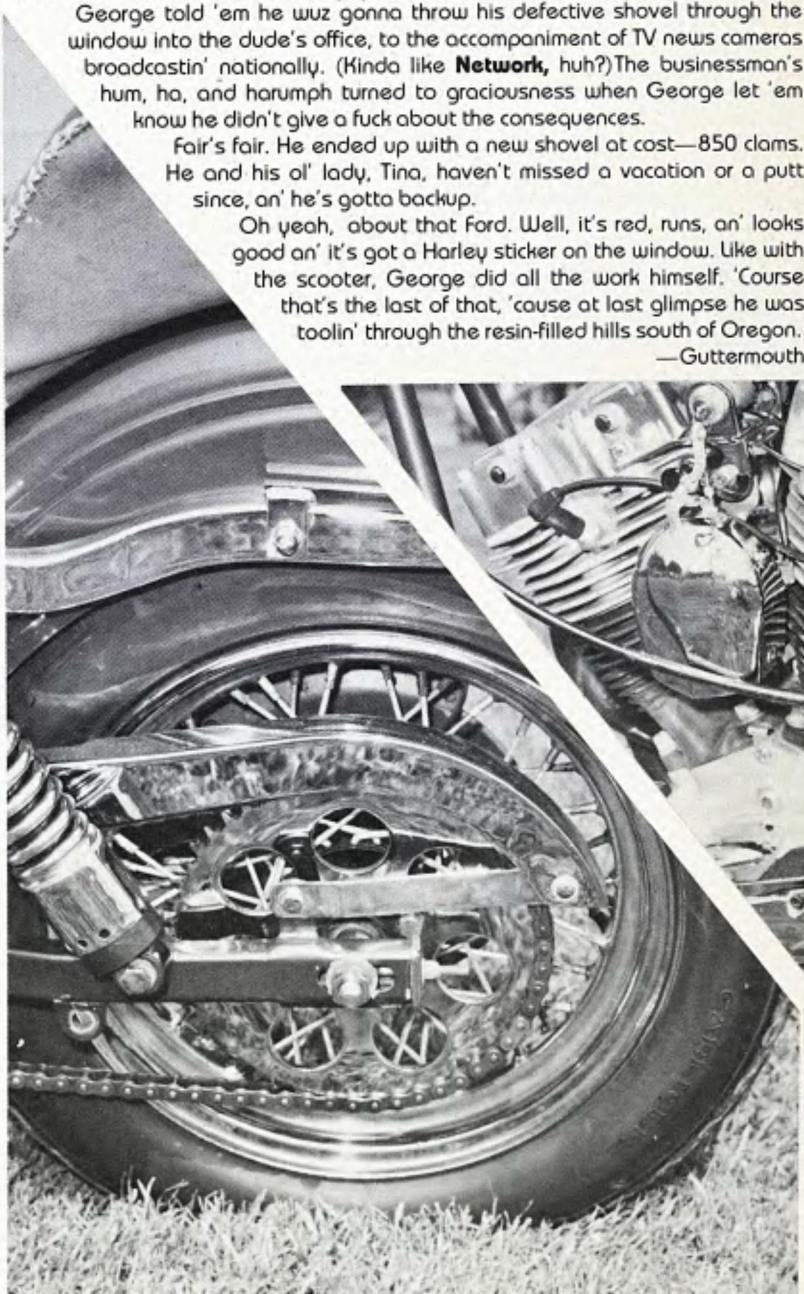
wuz rattlin' the chain of some high-echelon guy.

George told 'em he wuz gonna throw his defective shovel through the window into the dude's office, to the accompaniment of TV news cameras broadcastin' nationally. (Kinda like **Network,** huh?) The businessman's hum, ha, and harumph turned to graciousness when George let 'em know he didn't give a fuck about the consequences.

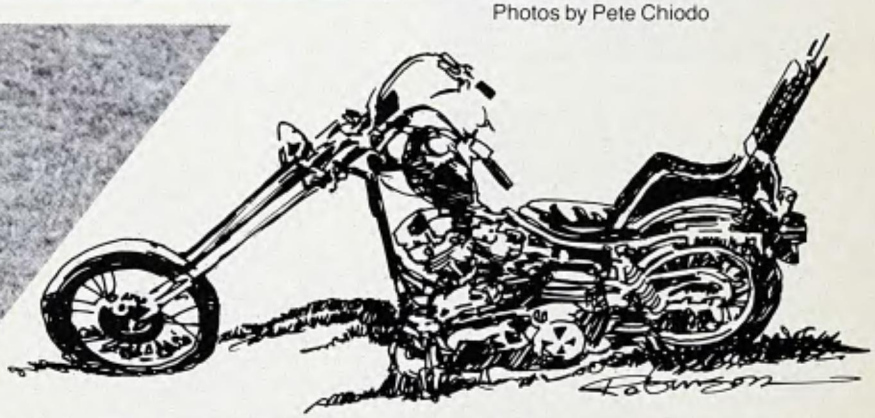
Fair's fair. He ended up with a new shovel at cost—850 clams. He and his ol' lady, Tina, haven't missed a vacation or a putt since, an' he's gotta backup.

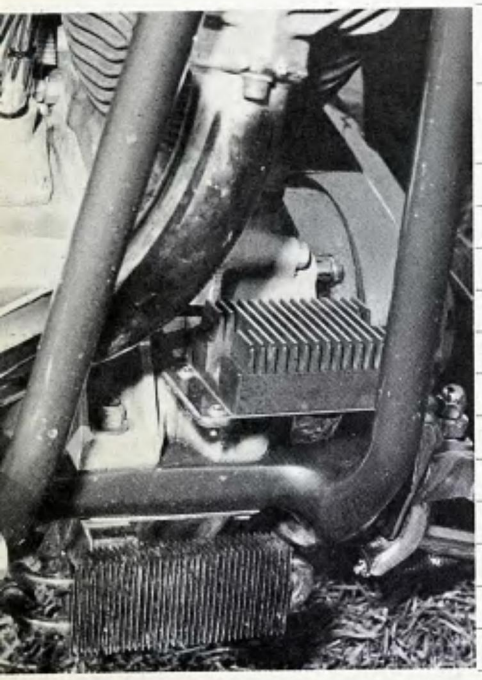
Oh yeah, about that Ford. Well, it's red, runs, an' looks good an' it's got a Harley sticker on the window. Like with the scooter, George did all the work himself. 'Course that's the last of that, 'cause at last glimpse he was toolin' through the resin-filled hills south of Oregon.

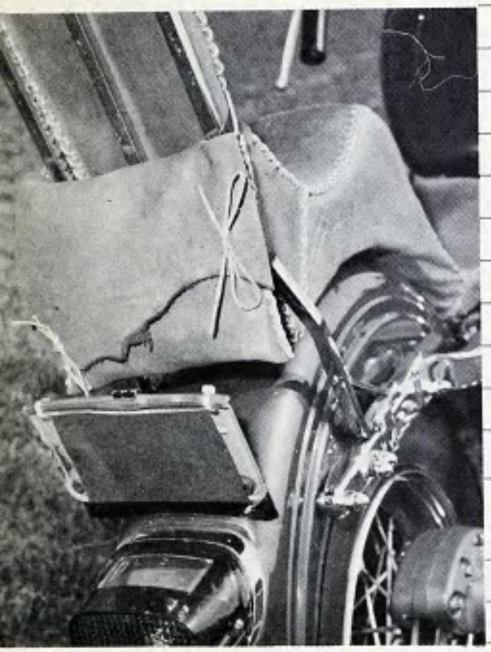
—Guttermouth



Photos by Pete Chiodo







Owners: George Arnold **City:** moving to Weaverville

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1974
Model: FX
Value: gotta be kidding
Assembly: owner
Time: 6 weeks
Chroming by: no credit

Engine

Year: 1976
Model: shovel
Rebuilder: cases have not been split
Ignition: 12v. coil/distributor
Displacement: 74 cu.in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: H-D
Pistons: FLH
Cases: clean
Heads: still working
Cam: FX
Lifters: hydraulic
Carb(s): Bendix
Air cleaner: Paughco
Pipes: drag
Muffler(s): shorty

Transmission

Modifications: Phase III belt
Year: 1976
Shifting: ratchet top
Engine sprocket: Phase III pulley
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: owner
Color: candy apple red
Type: acrylic lacquer
Special paint: Betz

Other special modifications: none

Frame

Year: 1974
Builder: H-D & Denver
Type: swingarm
Rake: 10° over stock
Stretch: 4 inches
Other alterations: solid downtubes

Accessories

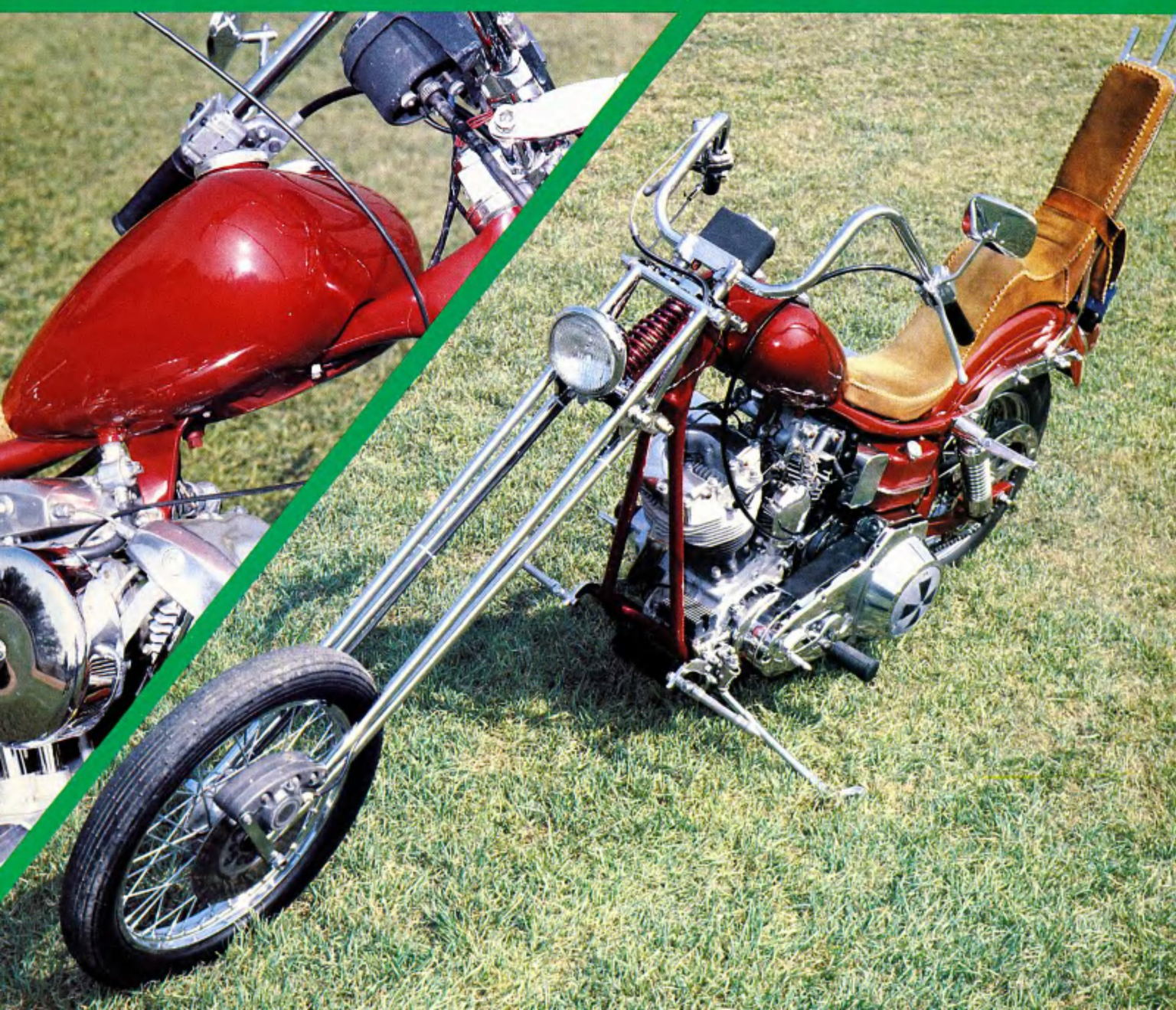
Bars: Ted Nastasowski
Risers: stock
Fender(s): rear stock
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: H-D
Speedo: 62,830 miles
Front pegs: Don Hoar
Rear pegs: stolen from Lyle
Electrics: rewired by owner
Gas tank: Paughco
Oil tank: stock
Oil system: junkyard cooler
Primary cover: bizarre
Seat: owner (latigo leather)
Sissy bar: Cheetah
Height: 24 inches above seat
Material: mild steel

Forks

Type: girder
Extension: 18 inches
Builder: CCW
Special features: control arms (owner)

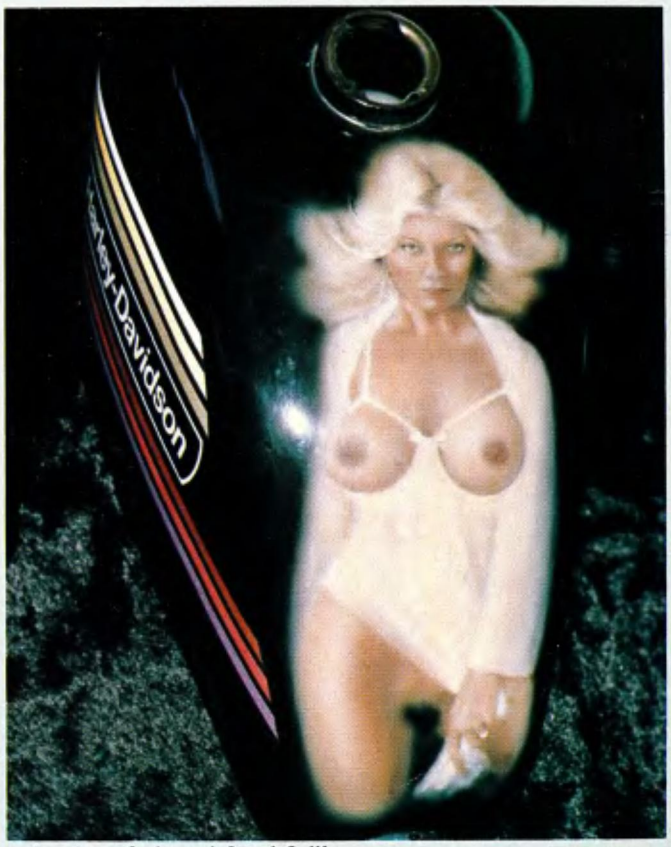
Wheels

	Front:	**Rear:**
	Size: 19	Size: 16
	Hub: H-D	Hub: stock
	Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
	Tire: Carlisle	Tire: Carlisle
	Brake: 1973 disc	Brake: 1974 disc



Tank Art Contest Winners

—from Ray Naydol, Tempe, Ariz.



—from Larry Grshwend, Cotati, Calif.

Everyone thinks his tank is best—right? We received so many eye-catching possibilities that we decided, in our acid-drenched minds, to choose all the best possibilities and apply them neatly to the two pages you see here and call 'em all runners-up, or winners, whatever. (A cool fifty bucks to each.)

Anyway, we appreciate the trouble brothers and sisters went through to send us the slides of a bunch of very beautiful tanks. And we hope to do this contest again soon.

So buy a lid or have a beer on us, winners. Meanwhile, all the rat-bike owners around here are spendin' all their spare time scratchin' on their dinged tanks with everything from crayon to magic marker, tryin' to make mud look like art.

—No Way

—from Randy Melton, Griffith, Ind.

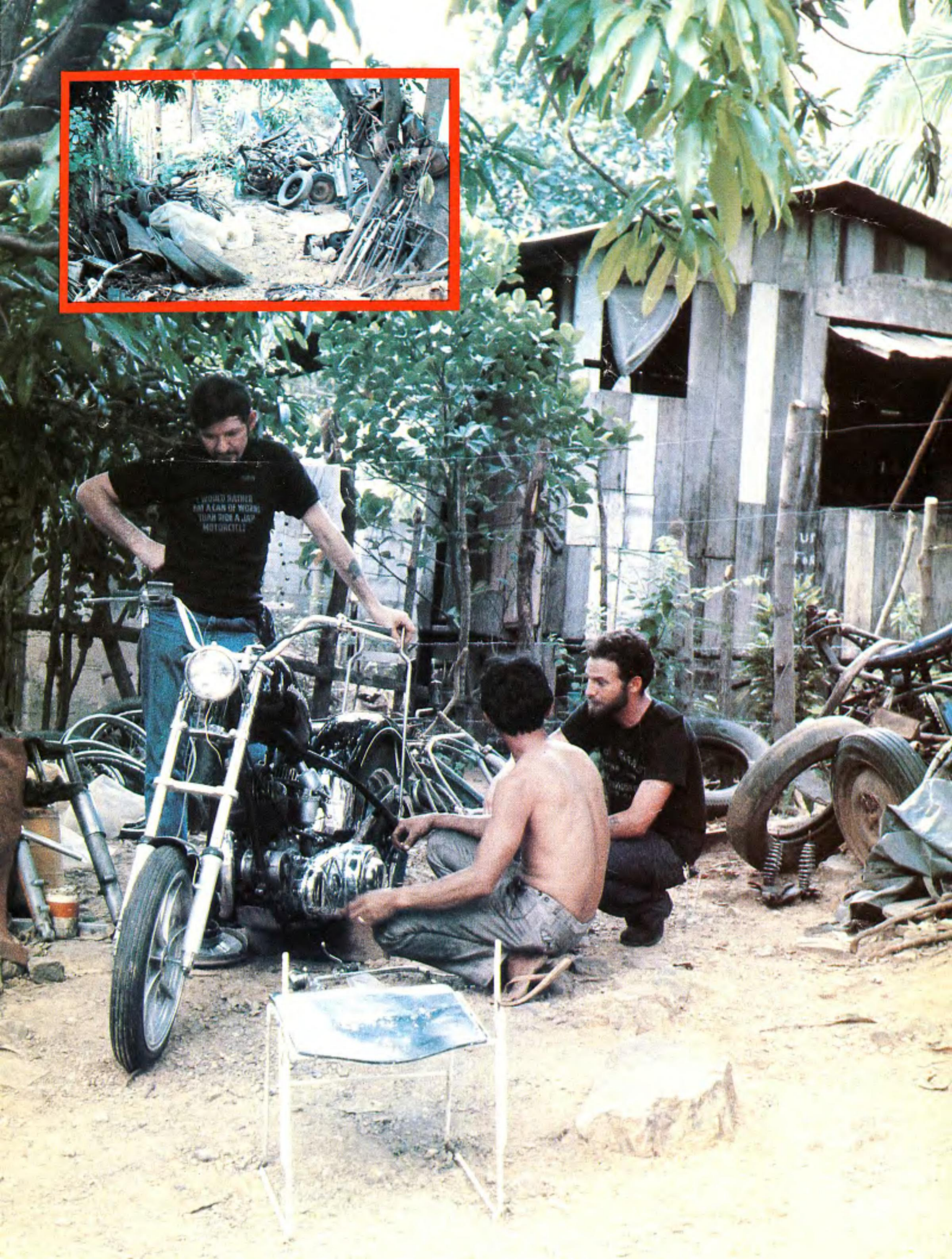
—from Andrew Jarmulowicz, Utica, N.Y.

—from Dave Vollmer, Las Vegas, Nev.

—from Donald Alan Dare, Liberty, Pa.

—from Norman Nagel, Troy, Mich.

—from Painter



TOBY'S BIKE SHOP

by John/jon

My partner and I resided in a town called Hanford, California, smack dead in the middle of the San Joaquin Valley. We were living in a house with a couple of ol' ladies, another dude and his ol' lady, a full-grown doberman, and most of the time, a couple of the other local bikers. The other bikers were either down on their luck or had been thrown out for the time being by their ol' ladies. Some wore their welcome thin, but none ever wore it out. It was a well-known fact that no matter who you were, if you needed a place to crash for a while, you could always go to John/jon and Mac's place. That was where it was at. Denise, our other housemate and law keeper, made the best chili mac in town—and besides, she was nice to look at.

Occasionally, Mac and I would have a difficult time leading the freewheeling life that we liked, due to the fact that we were employed by Uncle Sam's floating service, the USN. And then sea duty struck. The powers that be said, "All right, you assholes, pack your sea bags. You are going floating. This is what we pay you for." And all that other horseshit. So we told our ol' ladies goodbye and reminded them not to give it away to anyone but a biker and to sell to anyone else. We then proceeded to escort our planes to the ship for a scenic western Pacific cruise.

Ratshit, batshit, dirty ol' twat,
Sixty-nine douche bags tied in a knot.
Cocksucker, muthafucker, dogshit, too.
I'm now a fucking sailor. Who the
fuck are you?

(This just barely suggests my feelings at that time.)

Well, we made it through the hazards of the Hawaiian Islands okay—that Kona gold is some real kickass shit. We weren't really into the Waikiki Beach scene, so we would just kick back in the park and get stoned to the bone. Then we'd go to the Pearl City Tavern and sit behind the bar, watching this big glass cage of monkeys jacking off at each other. We musta been perverts. We were all really depressed with Hawaii, but we lived through the Kona gold and the fucking monkeys all right. Anyway, we boarded the ship the next day for the western Pacific.

Both of us had long heard the rumor that, back during the war, Uncle Sam had shipped a shitload of Harleys over to the Philippines—and they were still sitting around in crates! (Everybody has heard this one.)

A fairly reliable source, a bro named Florida Bob, has an ol' lady named Judy, who was stationed at Subic Naval Station with her father a few years ago. Being the biker chick she is, Judy decided to run with the scooter tramps in the Philippines. Well, she told us that there was this guy who lived back in the hills of Subic and worked on Harleys and Indians—and even had a few around that he would sell. We took this information with a grain of salt and stored it in the back of our brains. Later we ran into another bro, Panhead Dave, who was stationed there as a Grunt, and he told us the very same story. We had two stories that matched and we were hot to trot. So we got directions out to where this guy lived and filed them away for future reference.

Well, being the partying people that we are, we were sidetracked somewhat by the grand city of Olongapo. If you have never been there, it's a sight to behold. I have been to the western Pacific six times on different

ships and the place never ceases to amaze me. It's a fucking carnival where every night is Saturday night. They sell everything there—and I do mean everything. There are over 9,000 girls who "work" in the bars there. If you tried to drink a beer in every bar in town, you would be retired a drunk in a rest home before you had finished. Someone estimated that there are 300 bars and two restaurants in Olongapo. The main drag is lined with bars, both sides of the street, upstairs and down. You can have any kind of beer you want, as long as it is San Miguel, and the local booze tastes like raw kerosene. They do mix a rather tasty concoction called Mojo that will make you do weird things and walk in your sleep. The recipe is one bottle 7-Up, one bottle rum, some sloe gin, some brandy, a San Miguel, one package of grape Kool Aid, and lots of ice. But don't try the same recipe in the States because it comes out like sour owl piss. Most of the bars have bands and they can sound like anyone they want to—from hard rock to disco to C&W. They got it all. It blares out on Marshall amps that make you feel like you're riding a rigid without a seat.

Well, our squadron had no pity on us and didn't make us return to the ship. Instead, they unloaded the whole squadron in this low-rent Las Vegas for three months. Glorious thoughts were running through my mind. I wondered if we would live through it.

They had motorcycles in Olongapo—ringdings everywhere. They are usually attached to some form of sidehack and called trikes by the locals (reasonable enough) and are one of the main sources of transportation. There weren't very many big bikes, with the gas shortage and all that. A Harley parked on the main drag would be the center of attention. People really liked to look at them, and the snatchers wouldn't steal them because they are so easy to trace and hard to get rid of.

Having almost ruined our bodies on whores and bad booze, we decided we had better find that pot of Harleys at the end of the rainbow. (We all know that's really what's there. And Mac says it's a place with no helmet laws and no 55-mph speed limit.)

The streets of Olongapo can only be described as hazardous to your health. Any time you aren't on the main drag, the streets consist of rocks about the size of your fist, arranged in some haphazard fashion, with chuckholes big enough to eat a full-dress Electra Glide.

We set out in search of this legendary Toby's place in a jeepney, a World War II jeep converted into a bus of sorts. We were headed for a bar called Moon's, located in the barrio. I had a rough idea of where that was, so, one peso to the driver and we were on our way. I gave him the directions, he gave me a "Sure, Joe," answer, and off we went. We stopped at Mary's Sari Sari store for a couple of the legendary San Miguels and a handful of candy for the kids who play there.

The scene rapidly changed from the crowded streets of Olongapo to a hilly road with beautiful mountains in the background. These mountains with the foggy haze around them will remind you, with a little nostalgia, of the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and the Misty Mountains. And there's also deep green jungle and palm trees. We made a couple of beer stops along the way and surveyed the scenery—that's how beautiful it is. We needed the beer stops to settle our

Photos from John/jon

nerves, 'cause these drivers treat those two-lane, curving roads like we treat a four-lane freeway. A man could make sure money if he could convince one of these drivers to compete in the Baja 500.

We found the bar called Moon's and stopped for a beer. We strolled in only to discover that the girl working behind the bar was an old acquaintance of mine. I was ready for "conversation," but Mac, knowing my weakness for young ladies with moly-king soo-soos, dragged my dumb ass out of there. We asked a couple of people if they knew where Toby's place was and a kid about ten yelled that it was right on up the road. He offered to take us there because Toby is sorta his adopted dad. Well, I felt that this was finally going to get us somewhere.

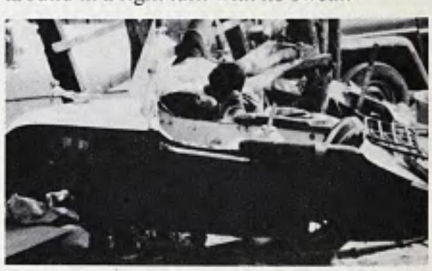
The directions were perfect—almost to the inch. However, we did have help. Right on the side of a huge hill is Toby's palace, and it's beautiful, too. And right there was the biggest collection of H: :y parts that I have ever seen, and right in the middle of the stuff was a great big, beautiful Indian, full dress down to the bags and windshield. Right alongside of it sat an Indian Warrior. (I didn't know what it was until I asked—I thought it was a Royal Enfield.) There was a knuckle going together and various other Harleys and Indians scattered around, also in different stages of completion. I was astounded, yet I felt at home in this place so many miles away that somehow looked like home. With Toby away in Manila looking for more parts, we didn't want to snoop around too much. You know—respect for a bro's place. We looked into the repair shop and there sat two boys, about eleven or so years old, with a can of valve lapping compound and two 80 barrels, doing a valve job the hard way. It was then I wished I'd had my ass in gear and brought a camera along. That picture alone would have been worth it.

One of the older dudes, Toby's number two son Mike, showed us around the array of Harleys and other vintage stuff. There were sidehacks, fatbobs, wide glides, springers, girders, and one 45 trike frame that looked like it had been immersed in salt water for three years. There was a 1934 VL Harley that, with the exception of a few parts, was restorable. When we met Toby, he said that he could get those necessary parts if we wanted him to. We didn't want to appear overly anxious, but we couldn't help getting a little hyped over all of this. We left feeling slightly lightheaded, with visions of two righteous putts swimming around in our heads.

Since my military duties kept me from going back out the next day, Mac went alone. I kicked back as best I could on the ship and waited—and waited. He finally returned about midnight, smashed. Seems he'd been drinking seven-year-old sugar cane wine out at Toby's. The most I could get out of him was that Toby could get me a pan for a price—and that was all. When Mac is blown away, there's nothing to do but let him sleep it off. Fuck, I would just have to wait until morning. In the morning, after his third cup of Navy coffee, with three teaspoons of sugar in each, he could finally talk. He said that Toby could get his hands on a couple of pans, one a 61-incher and the other a 74 of 1951 vintage. The 61 didn't thrill me too much, so I asked him how much for the 74. Well, Toby was sure he could get it for a grand. I knew that $1,000 for a '51 pan wasn't stealing it, but depending on the shape of the critter, it ain't bad, either. I had some other problems, like only a couple hundred in reserve until the first of the month, but Mac was reassuring, telling me that Toby was really farout and we should go talk to him and see what comes up.

I spent the entire trip in apprehension and expectation. I met Toby and talked to him about the pans available, spent the rest of the day with him, and was *impressed*. This man knows his shit about Harleys, Indians, and every other vintage bike. We settled on a price for the '51 pan and then he told me that he needed front money to go to Manila to get the pan and to show faith. What the hell, this guy was either on the level or he was the best con artist I had ever encountered. I peeled off five Jacksons and told the man to go for it. He said not to worry about the rest of the money until the pan came down in a couple of days. Then we could come together on terms of payment. He explained that there were a lot of 80 flats around and a lot of 45s; but the 45s were restricted and had to stay in the Philippines because of some agreement the U.S. had made with the Philippine government when they were shipped over here. This wouldn't, however, stop you from taking a lot of parts from one of the beasts back to the U.S. He had quite a few accessories around the place—stuff like cat's-eye dashes, Harley spark plugs, tombstone taillights, spare barrels, and so forth.

The days passed slowly while we waited for my pan to come down from Manila. One look and I was in love again. It was rough; but close inspection revealed no cracks and no warpage. Some paint and some chrome would have it looking good, but the true test, of course, would be out on the road. The hill road up to Toby's is loose sand and coral gravel. Since I had never before ridden a Harley with a tank shifter and foot clutch, I left the test up to the master. I was told that if I hadn't ridden this setup, I hadn't truly ridden a Harley. Toby fired up the beast on the third kick. I climbed on, felt that throb through my ass and all the way up my spine, my eyes opened wide, and a tingle went through my whole body. I eased it into first and felt the familiar ka-*chunk* of the massive gears falling into place. I brought up the throttle a little—and there was a slight hesitation. I remembered to advance the timing—twisting the left grip—and the Harley started smoothing out from a throb to a steady pulse. I pressed forward on the foot clutch, and I was off, just letting the 74 idle and feeling the balance. I brought up the revs some and the engine responded quickly and smoothly. Getting into second gear was no chore; however, I could see that I was going to have to give myself some lessons in coordination. The only paved street was coming up, so I slowed down and went around in a right turn with no sweat.



I remembered Toby saying something about no sharp lefts until I was used to the clutch. I eased on down the road. I got right up in front of the biggest hotel in this part of Subic and realized that I was going to be in traffic soon if I didn't make a U-turn. Forgetting what Toby had told me about the left turns, I made my first mistake. Backing off to an idle and retarding the timing, I reached for the clutch with my left hand. Needless to say, if it hadn't been for the forgiving nature of the machine, I would

have dumped it on my first try. Instead, it just died there in front of the hotel with everyone looking—a little ego-deflating. I pushed it over to the side of the road, put it into neutral, checked the timing, and with one kick the Harley fired up, restoring my damaged ego somewhat. Just to show these people, I straddled, brought the revs up, and kicked the clutch vigorously. Holy shit—that wide glide came up easy, only a foot or so, but it felt like a mile. The rear tire let out a belch of smoke and I was off—damn was I off! I shifted smoothly to second and let her out wide open—no pain, no strain, and I was beginning to really move. The big pan left no smoke from her exhaust—just pure power. What was rough on the exterior was a jewel throughout. Nostalgia hit me. I felt fourteen years old and I had just ridden my first putt. I didn't care at that point what it cost; this was going to be my scooter.

We came to terms with Toby and then Mac asked me if this was the bike I wanted. I assured my partner that this was it. Well, my partner pulled one out of the hat again and told me that the Navy still owed him $1,300 in reenlistment bonuses and he would give me the money. Not front—give. Mac and I go back a ways and this didn't surprise me, but it sure did make me happy. Mac is strange about shit like this. Once he gave away a complete 1963 pan, minus engine and trans, in trade to a bro for a 16-gauge shotgun—he wanted the gun, he said. Really, he just can't stand to see a bro without his own putt. And I knew that if I ever tried to thank him, he'd blacken both my eyes.

Toby and Mac discussed getting another pan for Mac and a few other things. I started taking pictures for the future. I talked Toby into tearing it down for me and sending it up to Manila for chrome and polish. They do a good job of chroming in Manila, but a word of caution is in order here. They chrome the stuff in the condition they get it. If it has small scratches when they get it, they chrome it that way, and you, in turn, get back pieces with chromed scratches. You must polish out all the scratches and dings and dents before you send it. The cost is very reasonable and I had all the accessories on the panhead done for under $200. This included the wheels, hubs, pans, speedo cover, diamond cover, kicker cover, and a bunch of nuts and bolts. Looking back on what I had spent for chroming at home, it made me wonder if it wouldn't be worth it to ship a few parts to Manila and have them chromed there.

Time was beginning to pass quickly and, about two weeks later, I was out at Toby's when he uncovered a fully stock 80 flat, complete down to the triple headlights and springer—and original as hell. Toby asked me if Mac would prefer this 80 flat to the pan. I said that if he didn't, I'd sell my ol' lady and get it myself. I knew, though, that my partner would give his left nut for the '46 flathead. The flathead 80 got the same treatment as the pan in the chrome department—maybe a little bit more. The following weeks were busy ones. We took the disassembled bikes to the base, where they were stripped of all existing paint and crud, taken down to bare metal and back to original. White and black epoxy paint was applied to the pan, basic black to Mac's bike. We scounged up nuts and bolts, had the spokes replaced with new ones, and replaced everything to original that we could. The big exception on the pan was the exhaust system; it was replaced with a two-into-one collector.

At this point, we had come a long way with Toby, so I borrowed an additional $1,100 to buy a few parts and a sidehack. We picked up a 3-speed and reverse transmission and another wide glide for a fraction of the used price in the States. And

we watched while a project bike of Toby's went together, another 80 flat chop. It went together really well. The word of our find leaked out and it developed that about six other people wanted what we had. Mac and I had intended to keep it a secret, but Toby is a friend and money never hurt anyone, so we turned people on to him. As a result, eight motorcycles would accompany our ship home: my pan, three 80 flats, two Indians, and a 61-inch pan in a basket.

I questioned Toby about why he had taken up the business over here when all the Japanese stuff around would put him at a disadvantage. He replied that Harleys and Indians are the only true motorcycles in the world. He admitted, however, that Hendersons and Ariels did exist. We engaged in some lengthy conversations about motorcycles and their place in the world. He believes in what he does and claims that, since Harley-Davidsons were built in the United States where there are decent roads for them to travel on, he feels a sense of purpose in sending them all back to where they can run free. Toby is honest with anyone who treats him fairly and he will not tolerate any bullshit from assholes who pretend to know it all. He will spend hours explaining the intricacies of a machine if you have the patience and will to learn. I was interested in the Indian Warrior, and he told me that, although the Warrior was one of his prized possessions, he would sell it to me because he knew I would still own it and it would still be an Indian and running twenty years from now. He has four children in college, and being the strong family man he is, Toby is willing to give up a few things he cherishes because the future belongs to them.

Toby Telan is 49 years old. He joined the Navy in 1949, went to machinery repair school in San Diego, California, and returned to his homeland in the Philippines in 1955. He started working on the big bikes as a hobby, using a parts catalog as a reference manual. He didn't even own a shop manual. He built his first 45 as a stocker from a war basket case and the love affair grew from them on. He worked for the Navy again as a foreman in the aviation fuels department at Subic Bay. After six years, he was laid off when the big cutbacks began. He then made the decision to go full bore into the repair business.

During the Vietnam war, it was not unusual for him to have at least forty motorcycles in the shop at one time. He sold a lot of pans and 80s for as low as $400—running and with a 90-day guarantee. The Vietnam war really made his business boom, and he lives moderately well by Philippine standards. Harleys and Indians are getting harder to find, and that, plus inflation, has driven up the prices on all of them. People are beginning to realize what they can find and sell these for—if they know the right people. He maintains a profit margin, and will tell you so—it's simply the way he makes a living. He will treat you with honesty and respect if you do the same with him. I asked him if, when he ran out of Harleys and Indians, he would go to Jap stuff next. He replied, "Ha—I quote ***Easyriders.*** I would rather eat a can of worms." He has a membership in the American Indian Owners Club and gets inquiries from all over for Indian parts. He said he felt there were enough Harleys and Indians left in the Philippines to keep him busy for the next fifteen years. Then he'll be 65 and ready to climb aboard the Indian and go off to Harley Heaven.

Oh yeah, before I forget, here are the directions to Toby's place. Take the road out of Olongapo headed toward Subic City. Before you get to Subic, there is a bar called Moon's. You take a right turn at Moon's and go about a quarter of a mile up the road until you come to a cross street. Make a left at the cross street and go fifteen feet and make a right and go thirty feet. Make a left and go another thirty feet—then look up the hill, north, and you'll see a pile of bike parts. That will be Toby's place. Hang on to these directions and, if you are ever in the Philippines for any reason, look him up. Just sitting and rapping with the dude is worth it. If you have a lot of patience, like Mac and I and about four other dudes, you can bring yourself home a scooter, too. ■

EMERGENCY FIRST AID

by Dr. Twatburger

What a night! Rabble holds the table for three hours straight, and only once comes close to losing when the eight ball caroms into, then out of, the side pocket. With all that money riding on the game, your heart nearly stops. Little do you know that it will almost stop again, later, but for another reason.

When the stranger finally scratches on his last shot, and you help Rabble stuff his pockets with the winnings, the thrill is immeasurable. You don't buy the bar just one round, you buy two, and the back-slapping and cheers give you a night to remember. Something else will give you a night to remember, too, but you don't know it, yet.

The wind stings your nostrils on the way home, and for the first time, to show how proud you are of Rabble's performance, you wave him ahead and let him lead the way. His wide grin brightens the darkness as he passes, twisting the throttle to the max, and you grin back as he pulls ahead to enjoy the honor bestowed upon him. There are just the two of you to share the night, the highway, and the wind.

Up ahead, something gleams for a brief moment in the moonlight. An old car pulls out onto the highway from a side road, miles from town and the nearest house. You are halfway home. You reach for the brake while, as in a dream, you watch Rabble's bike assume an unnatural position and begin to slide sideways, his body tilting backwards, hands held high, until bike and body merge with the slowly moving shadow of the car, and you hear the sudden deep thud, like a dull explosion, as metal strikes metal. Your bike is already down, an unconscious reflex developed from years of road-riding and experience, your left foot raised high, right handlebar pulled tight against your chest, and you slide along the asphalt, sparks flying. No thought of the neatly striped tank or the thousand dollars' worth of chrome plating enters your mind. There isn't time for that. There is only time to lay it down and watch sparks, shattered glass, and fragments of metal fly through the air in the last gleam of your headlight. You remember the old car swerving from side to side, the shout of surprise from the driver, and then the sound of an ancient car engine accelerating. And then in the unbroken silence, the dark comes down around you like a shroud, and as you rise up and run toward the twisted metal ahead, the pale moonlight illuminates all that's left of Rabble's chopper. And it is the moment of decision.

Both bikes are ruined beyond immediate repair. The nearest house is miles away on this seldom-used part of the highway. You take a quick glance at Rabble, and you know he's hurt *bad*. A long bone extends out through his pants leg. His head is thrown back, and a rasping sound accompanies the bloody froth that escapes from his lips. Now what do you do?

From the time children enter junior high school, they are taught certain elements of first aid—how to bandage a cut, how to place an arm in a sling, how to administer resuscitation or stop minor bleeding; but who, other than doctors and rescue teams, knows how to deal with massive injuries at the site of an accident, when there is no professional help available? An accident like this, under similar circumstances, almost surely results in the death of the victim, since at least an hour will elapse before help can be summoned. It's unsafe to move him, and he can't be left behind, lying in the middle of the darkened road to be run over by someone else while you go for help, so what do you do?

The first thing to do is regain your composure. Though difficult, it can be done. If there were others along for the ride, you could send a bro for

Photos from Bill Kaysing and Dave Horst

help; but when you're alone with an injured friend, all decisions and actions taken are yours to make and take alone. And they've got to be right!

Check first to see if the victim is still alive. If he's not, there isn't much use in wasting time attempting to help him. Attempted resuscitation in cases of collapsed chest walls and broken ribs usually only causes greater damage, and you can't blow air into a pair of lungs that have more holes in them than a welfare check.

When the heart stops, no pulse or heartbeat can be felt. When breathing stops, it can be determined readily, and an individual must breathe in order to live. In case of doubt, a broken fragment of a mirror, held close to the lips, will fog up if the person still breathes. Other methods involve pricking the tongue with a pin, to see if a reflex withdrawal motion occurs, or pinching the skin of the upper arm. If the skin remains in an upright position, and stays white and bloodless, death is evident, since circulation of the blood has ceased.

In the event that resuscitation can be attempted, the method is simple: Place a pad under the victim's shoulders as he lies flat on his back on the ground, to allow his head to tilt back. Make sure his mouth is free of congealed blood or mucus. If it is clogged, scoop out the clog with your fingers.

Next, pinch the victim's nose, place your mouth over his and blow gently but firmly, filling his lungs, then pull away and let him exhale. Repeat the process until normal breathing returns. If it doesn't become an automatic reflexive action, keep up the efforts until help arrives.

A lot of dudes fear that the victim may vomit into their mouth; but this rarely happens while the head is bent back. If he should puke in your mouth—big deal. A little warmed-over pizza never hurt anyone.

Occasionally, the operator should stop breathing into the victim's mouth and press on his mid-section, between the navel and the breastbone, to make him burp and expel any air that may have passed into the stomach. Vomiting sometimes occurs at this point. Be sure to clean out the dude's mouth before starting again.

Wounds of the chest, common in motorcycle accidents, are important because the organs of breathing and circulation are found in the chest cavity. Symptoms of serious chest damage are shortness of breath,

difficult breathing, gasping, blueness of the lips and nails, and rapid heart beat with a weak pulse.

In cases where an object enters the chest, such as a handlebar, chrome strips, or a knife, the wound is often accompanied by a sucking sound. Swelling of the chest wall or neck indicates that air has passed from the lungs to an area beneath the skin, and the skin will give off a crackling sound when pressed. These types of wounds are extremely serious and are often fatal. Whatever the foreign body that has penetrated the chest cavity, it shouldn't be removed until the patient is in the operating room, since fatal hemorrhaging may occur.

Patients with a sucking wound should have the wound packed immediately. The best thing to use is gauze soaked in petroleum jelly and fixed tightly with adhesive tape, but anything handy will do in case of emergency. A clean rag will do the trick. In the event that nothing of that sort is available, the wound can be closed temporarily with safety pins, needles, or can even be sewn together or taped shut with electrician's tape, duct tape or masking tape.

Sometimes, the victim's chest will cave in when he inhales and swell up when he exhales. This is usually a sign that the ribs are broken, allowing the air to pass down through the diaphragm into the stomach area. Paradoxically, the condition can be treated by wrapping elastic material around the chest. This stabilizes the diaphragm and makes breathing less difficult. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation can be applied once the bandage is in place.

A person breathes best when in a sitting or semi-reclining position; but if the patient becomes unconscious, he should be returned to a supine position.

If the dude has bled into the lungs, or has taken liquid into them, he can be raised up and held head-down, allowing gravity to empty them before further treatment is attempted. Children can be held up by the feet, but a two-hundred-fifty-pound biker requires a bit more muscle. A rope over a tree limb will work just fine; however, be careful which end of his carcass you put the loop around. And don't be surprised if, while you're draining your biker friend, a bunch of rednecks come whoopin' and hollerin' around to help you. They probably think it's just another biker lynchin'.

Simple fractures of the arms and legs can be treated by carefully straightening the limb, then encasing it in a splint made of anything handy—rolled newspaper, sticks (other than Thai) or pieces of metal. No matter how tough your friend may want to appear, don't let him get up and hobble around on a broken leg.

If the bone has exited through the skin, a compound fracture has occurred, and the wound should be handled with extreme care. One person can do it, but two work better. Supporting the broken limb with one hand, pull the lower section gently until it is straight and the bone re-enters the wound, but before doing this, check the end of the bone carefully for debris such as dirt, grease, or other foreign matter. If it is dirty, it should be carefully cleaned with gauze or a clean rag. The bone can then be straightened and

—Continued on page 97

HELMET LAW WARNING

If ya haven't heard by now, we'll tell ya. There are certain individuals connected with this U.S. government who are making every possible effort to see us motorcycle riders forced, through government regulations, to ride completely foam-padded motorcycles, while adorned with every possible item of protective clothing known to man. It's true. It's not only fact, but it's documented, elaborated, published, and advertised. The awesomely powerful political wheels are turning. And every element of this crushing campaign means a terminal blow to our freedom.

It's time for bikers everywhere to act—now. They've given us, mere peons in their eyes, one feeble opportunity to speak out against unfair restriction, regulations, to ride completely foam-padded motorcycles, while adorned powerful contingent within our government would like to reinstate in every state in the land.

This opportunity is carefully spelled out below—take it. Or don't snivel if the future is regulated.

The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has solicited public comments on the motorcycle helmet issue in preparation for a report to Congress. The Surface Transportation Assistance Act of 1978 requires a report on the effect that repeal of motorcycle helmet laws has had on motorcycle crash fatalities and injuries.

Comments should be directed to this address: NHTSA, Docket No. 79-07, Room 5108, Nassif Building, 400 Seventh Street S.W., Washington, D.C. 20590.

Don't be cruel.
Write sensible letters.

Free States

This is a current chart that represents the hard work many dedicated bikers throughout the country went through to regain their freedom from helmet laws. It also represents your voice in decisions made by this government. But the voice must be utilized to be heard and respected. It shows that if we work together we can retain our freedom. Don't let that work and freedom be overturned. Write today.

STATE MOTORCYCLE HELMET LAWS
(As of April 16, 1979)

STATE	EFFECTIVE DATE ORIGINAL LAW	EFFECTIVE DATE REPEAL	AGE RESTRICTIONS
Alabama	Nov. 6, 1967	—	—
Alaska	Jan. 1, 1971	June 23, 1976	under 18
Arizona	Jan. 1, 1969	May 27, 1976	under 18
Arkansas	June 29, 1967	—	—
California	Never had a law		
Colorado	July 1, 1969	May 20, 1977	(none)
Connecticut	Oct. 1, 1967	June 1, 1976	(none)
Delaware	June 21, 1968	June 10, 1978	under 19
District of Columbia	Feb. 11, 1970	—	—
Florida	Sept. 13, 1967	—	—
Georgia	July 1, 1969	—	—
Hawaii	June 4, 1967	June 7, 1977	under 18
Idaho	Jan. 1, 1968	March 29, 1978	under 18
Illinois	July 1, 1969	July 1, 1970	—
Indiana	July 26, 1967	Aug. 29, 1977	(none)
Iowa	Sept. 1, 1975	July 1, 1976	—
Kansas	July 1, 1967	July 1, 1976	under 16
Kentucky	June 13, 1968	—	—
Louisiana	July 31, 1968	Oct. 1, 1976	under 18
Maine	Oct. 7, 1967	Oct. 24, 1977	(none)
Maryland	July 1, 1968	July 1, 1979	under 18
Massachusetts	May 22, 1967	—	—
†Michigan	March 10, 1967	June 12, 1968	
	July 29, 1969	—	—
Minnesota	May 1, 1968	April 6, 1977	under 18
Mississippi	March 28, 1974	—	—
Missouri	Sept. 28, 1967	—	—
Montana	July 1, 1973	July 1, 1977	under 18
Nebraska	May 29, 1967	Sept. 2, 1977	(none)
Nevada	Jan. 1, 1972	—	—
New Hampshire	Sept. 5, 1967	Aug. 7, 1977	under 18
New Jersey	Jan. 1, 1968	—	—
New Mexico	June 16, 1967	March 31, 1978	under 18
New York	Jan. 1, 1967	—	—
North Carolina	Jan. 1, 1968	—	—
North Dakota	July 1, 1967	July 1, 1977	under 18
Ohio	Jan. 1, 1968	July 10, 1978	under 18
Oklahoma	April 27, 1967	May 3, 1976	under 18
Oregon	Jan. 1, 1968	Oct. 4, 1977	under 18
Pennsylvania	July 1, 1968	—	—
Rhode Island	April 4, 1967	May 21, 1976	(none)
South Carolina	July 1, 1967	—	—
South Dakota	July 1, 1967	July 1, 1977	under 18
Tennessee	June 1, 1967	—	—
Texas	Aug. 28, 1967	Aug. 29, 1977	under 18
Utah	May 13, 1969	May 10, 1977	under 18
Vermont	March 6, 1968	—	—
Virginia	June 25, 1970	—	—
Washington	June 8, 1967	Sept. 21, 1977	(none)
West Virginia	May 25, 1971	—	—
Wisconsin	July 1, 1968	March 19, 1978	under 18
Wyoming	May 24, 1973	—	—

†Michigan's helmet law was repealed in 1968 and readopted in 1969.

—from the IIHS

Some Of The Office Sweeties

They ain't much to look at, but they get the subscriptions out on time

And if they don't, we'll get another batch. We crank every month to put out a fine biker book—so we're determined to see that the subscription holders get their issues on time. And these broads get no slack until each subscriber gets his copy. We even get 'em to throw in a free decal with each new subscription.

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☐ Here's **$13.00** for a one-year subscription.
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Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
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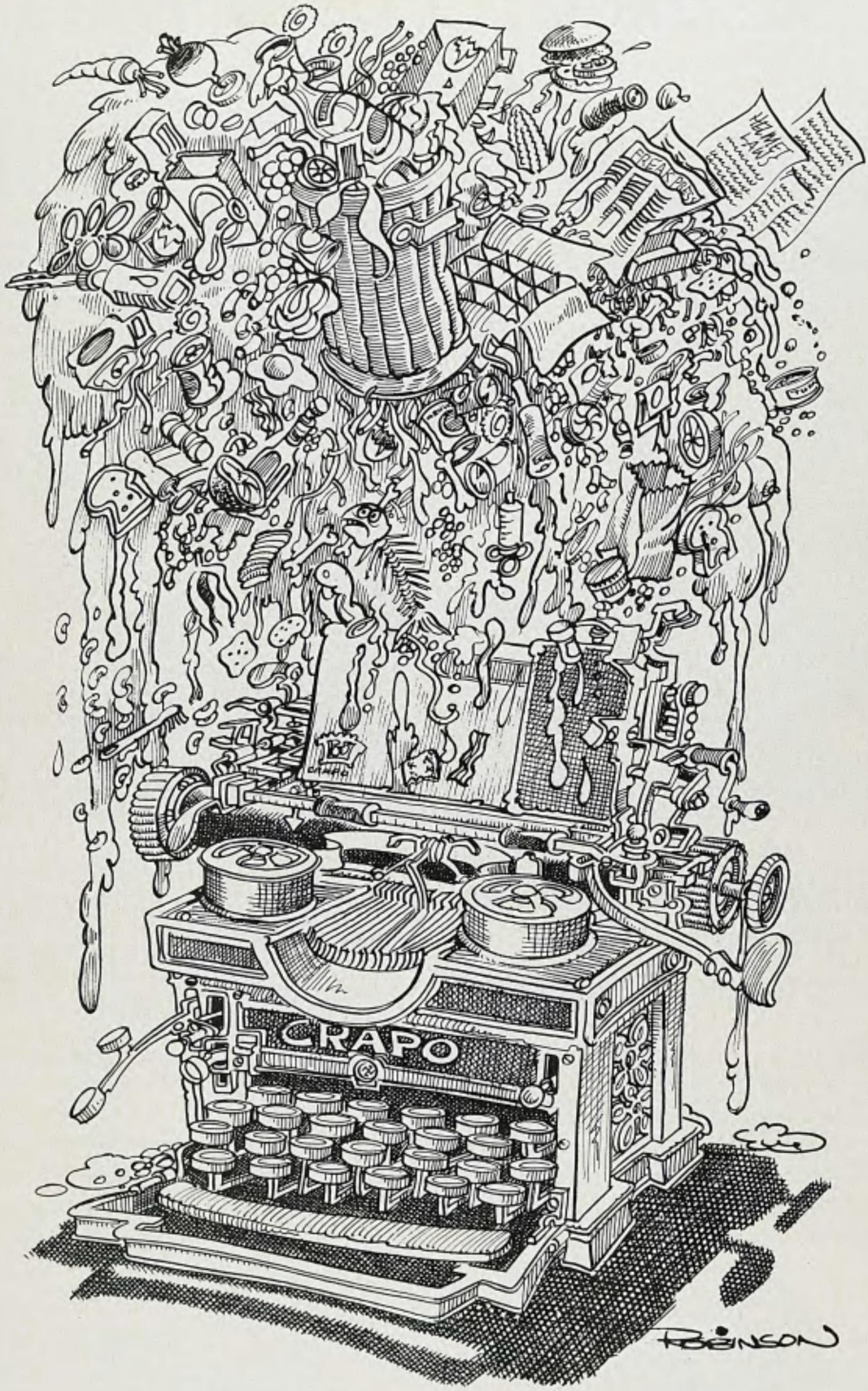
Do you plan to customize it?_____ What do you like best about Easyriders magazine?_____


CRAPO
ROBINSON

The Nature of the Enemy

by J. J. Solari

The following is excerpted from a medical information column, written by Michael J. Halberstam for the Los Angeles Herald Examiner.

The hazards faced by unprotected motorcycle riders are awesome in their horror. In motorcycle crashes involving head injuries, more than 90 percent resulted in death. As soon as helmet use became common, the fatality rate dropped about half.

Motorcycle riding is intrinsically dangerous, because the rider, easy or not, is basically unprotected once the cycle goes out of control. Thus the death rate for cyclists was three times as high per mile as that for automobile riders.

One of the most tragic aspects of motorcycle injury and death is the fact that the victims are almost all young people with potentially long and productive lives ahead of them. Too many young Americans already have friends who will spend the rest of their lives in wheelchairs or hospital beds, paralyzed from the neck down or living vegetables as the result of motorcycle head injuries.

Since the beginning of motorized transportation in this country, the licensing of vehicles and drivers has been accepted as a proper function of the state.

It has been accepted that the state can tell us whether we are too sick to drive an automobile or whether we must wear glasses when we drive. The state has unquestioned power to license the kind of vehicles that are on the road and the manner in which they are operated. Furthermore, since the state provides the emergency police transportation and, usually, hospital services that treat the injured victim of a motorcycle crash, it is naive to say that in a motorcycle crash it is only the victim who has a stake in whether or not accidents occur.

I am cautious about intruding governmental power into everyday activities, but in the case of helmet laws it is clear that the interests of both the individual and society coincide to make helmet-wearing mandatory.

In response, I wish to say that the real enemy behind the mandatory helmet proposals isn't the helmet manufacturers, the PLO, the Weather Underground, Senator Dork, or the Communist Party. The real enemy is men like Mr. Halberstam—good, decent, honest, red-blooded Americans, in other words.

Mr. Halberstam writes a newspaper column of medical information—homey stuff, like drying between your toes properly, not cleaning your ears with loaded spearguns, not gargling with liquid methane, refraining from using fiberglass insulation as a bathroom tissue. Well, that's not exactly the kind of advice he gives; but I want to make clear that there's nothing sinister about the man. He's a good ol' average Joe, a nice fella, probably the most likable guy on the block. If you were to tell him that he had the social philosophy of a mugger, he'd probably say you were crazy.

But what does a mugger do? A mugger tells you that if you don't obey him, he will blow your brains out. Mr. Halberstam is telling bikers that he would like to do the same thing; only it would be the government blowing the brains out in lieu of Mr. Halberstam's actually picking up a weapon. A humorous state of affairs, since it is the human brains that Mr. Halberstam is so genuinely trying to protect.

Mr. Halberstam is a proponent of force, and force is the use of violence, or the threat of its use, against someone who has done you no harm. Every law implies a threat to those who disobey it, the threat in this country is arrest, and resistance to arrest risks having one's brains blown out; consequently, Mr. Halberstam would like the brains blown out of everyone who does not wear a helmet. This kind of thinking would be a little scary if it came from a helmet manufacturer. It becomes genuinely terrifying when it emanates from someone who has probably never even straddled a motorcycle.

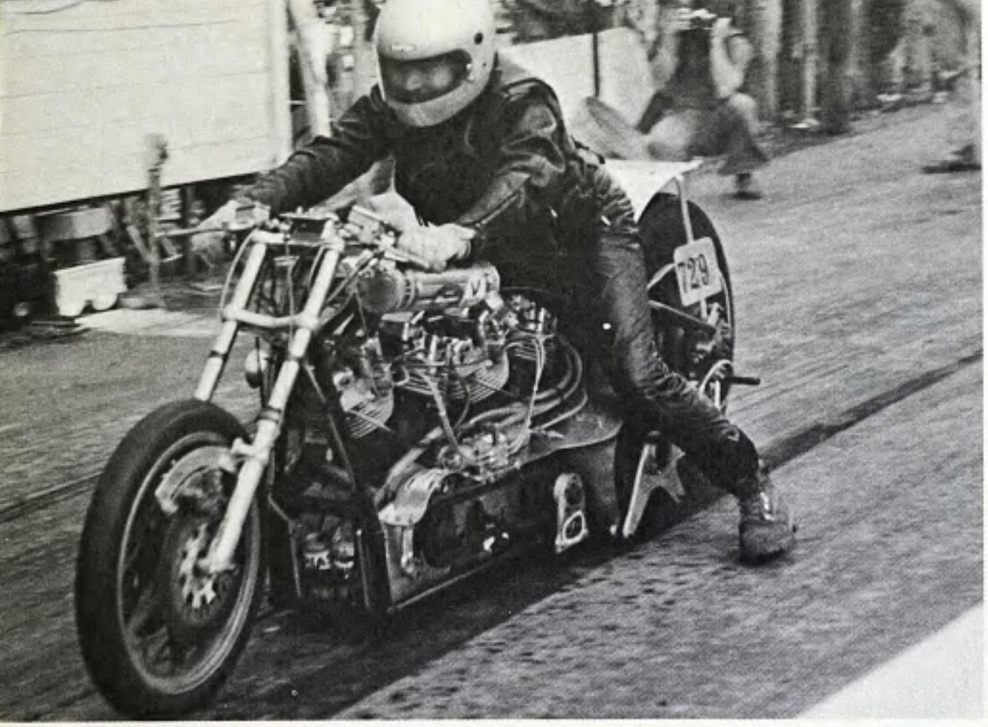
But what's at the root of it? What's the underlying impulse that is motivating Americans, once independent and respectful of others, into preoccupying themselves with nailing their brethren in matters that don't concern them directly? It can't be humanitarian affection. Everyone who advocates the wearing of helmets is pretty generally united in insisting that the riders have no choice in the matter. And it certainly can't be an understanding of the issue because, in fact, the pro-helmet arguers have it fixed in their helmeted heads that the opponents of the helmet law are opponents of the use of *helmets*. The notion that the opponents of helmet laws consider the dignity of free choice more important than perhaps even their own skulls is an almost alien, incomprehensible attitude to these people. They cannot fathom why a human being would defend the position of being able to say, "I'll wear a helmet—if I want. Just don't tell me I have to." This kind of attitude has come to be regarded by most Americans as an example of pure and flagrant stupidity. But when Americans were watching their toes turn black and fall off during the winters at Valley Forge, this same attitude was regarded as the noblest attitude a human being could possess.

So again, what's at the root of it? What's at the root of their weird epidemic of American ignorance on the value of human choice that runs so afoul of our national heritage? What's at the root of this urgent haste of every American to get his neighbor under an even firmer grip of government control as soon as possible?

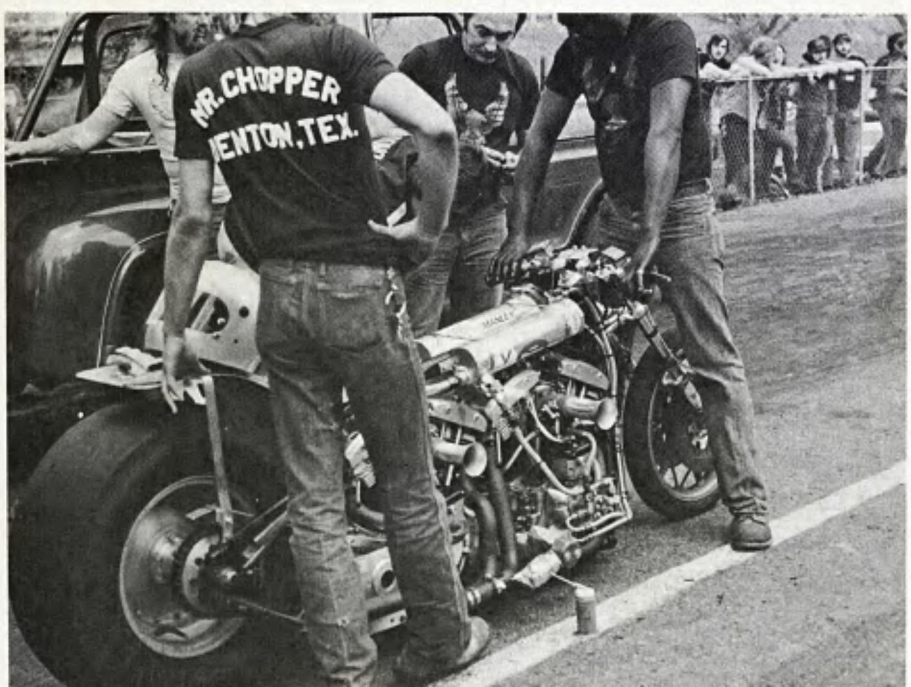
A loss of personal pride is at the root of it. It's not the arrogant pride of an obnoxious egopath, simply the individual pride in self-existence that even a salamander possesses. The United States version of Homo sapiens has sunk to such a state of overall impotence from having acknowledged government as its personal brain that the only way he can now kindle any kind of low-grade sense of self-worth is to howl a threat to someone else, preferably someone who hasn't yet knuckled under. The whole nation having been reduced to the level of monkeys, Americans are engaged in a desperate, unified crusade to have the same octopus that is strangling them ease up for a while and suffocate someone else. The American citizen, having so willingly backed down from his own representatives in a way that no American would, as yet, dream of buckling under a foreign, club-wielding lunatic, has found himself reduced to an anthropological crisis. Not a crisis of spirit or honor; this is a crisis of sheer primate desperation, in which he has to assert his pulverized dominance on something, anything.

The forcible helmet faction has asserted its jungle frustration on

—Continued on page 96



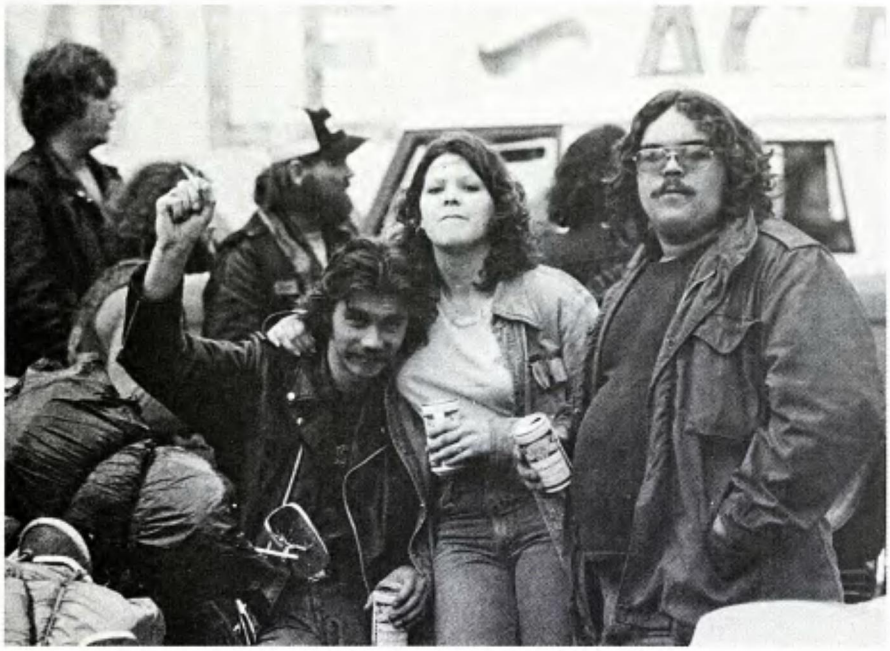
Scooter Drags For Harleys

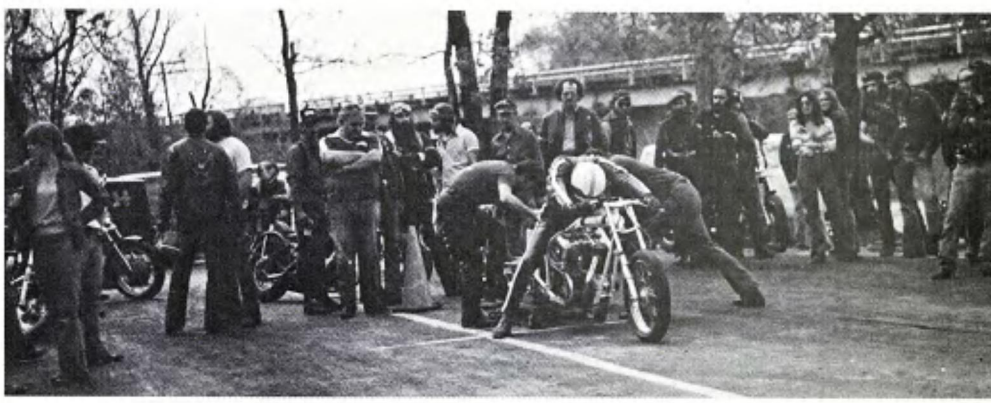


Street racing is fine, but how many free passes to court do you need? Down in Austin, Texas, the local H-D dealer must have a record, 'cause he went to the trouble to rent Temple Academy drag strip for all the local bros. But this ain't no regular burnin' of the pavement. This one's just fer H-D riders, no fish and rice machines allowed to race.

It was rainin' in March this year as the locals gathered at the strip. But the vote went for smokin' the moisture off the track. A few went down in the steam, but shortly the pavement got hot and the tires stuck and the ETs fell. A fuel-burnin' bike rider even demonstrated how to smack a guard rail at 120 mph and only skin his knuckles.

From what I could make of the scratching that came with these photos, this is the 2nd annual scooter drags. It was such a rush for the local scooter people that Austin H-D is gonna put the third annual one on next March. Hot damn, now if the bros can hold out for the yearly drags, no matter what the clouds say, they can find out for sure whose sleds are the fastest and get paper to prove it—but not the kind that will take Perry Mason to clear it up for





you. I know you're thinking as you gaze through these pics that there are some nasty-lookin' scooters on the street; but you never know what will come out of the woodwork when the word's out that you can twist it to the stops, legal like.

All we need now is someone to rent a freeway where ya can check out the top end from, say, a 60-mph roll.

—Frank

Photos by Paul Ortner

Harley-Davidson

NUCLEAR REACTOR

The way they should be built

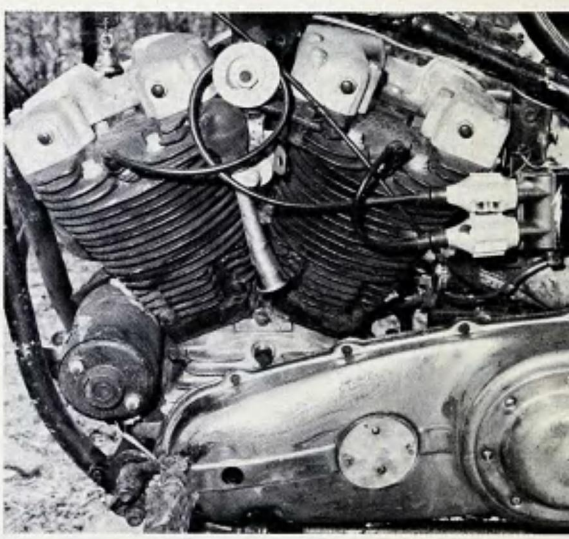
Ya may be perplexed by the title of this yarn. Bud, the articulate, meticulous craftsman who built this putt, builds nuclear reactors—and no, not in his spare time at home. He works as a machinist for an atomic-minded company called Aerojet, building intricate, precision parts (such as were used to build his bike) for nuclear reactors.

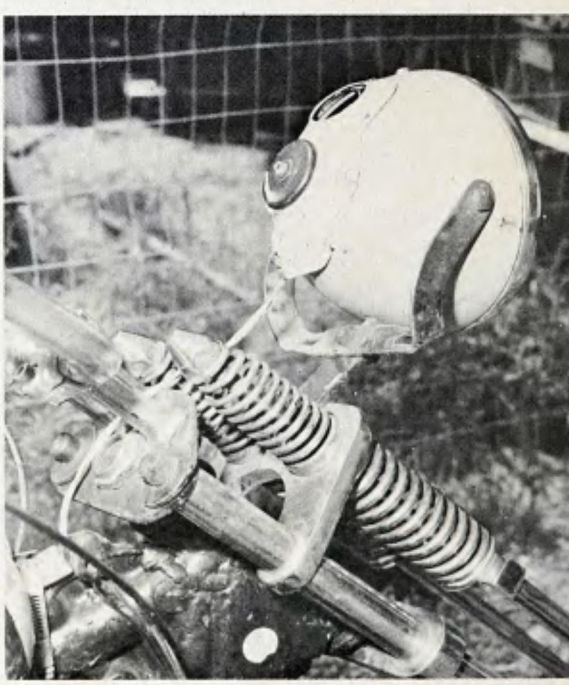
Bud's Sporty-45-74-BSA broke down on the way to be photographed. Fortunately, his family was following in their rat station wagon. After checking the radiation levels in several of the motorcycle components and determining that such a reactor was unsafe to leave in a public place, his two kids and their mother threw the downed space vehicle into the conventional, gas-burning, bad-for-the-atmosphere station wagon and made it to the home of one of our animal-lovin' editors.

If your eyes pass over the accompanying chart, located somewhere in this feature, you'll notice under "Other special modifications" that Bud gave the entire credit for the necessary parts for this bike to a Beverly, Massachusetts, junkyard. Bud said that, in his travels, he can pass any goddam thing on the road but a junkyard. He's never paid more than five bucks a part, except for his top end, carb, and front end.

Now for a little editorializing: If nuclear reactors could be built from parts scrounged in junkyards for less than five bucks a shot and built by bros such as Bud, then we would have several advantages—nuclear reactors would be better looking, as illustrated by Bud's bike; they would cost the public considerably less cash in taxes; and if they fucked up, we could throw 'em in the back of any ol' conventional, gas-burning, bad-for-the-atmosphere station wagon and return 'em to the junkyard. If nothin' was gained, nothin' would be lost.

—Weed





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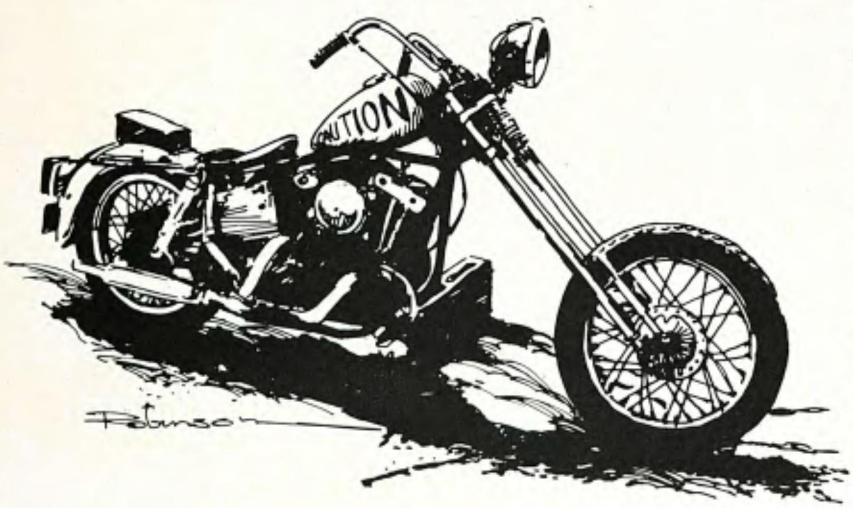
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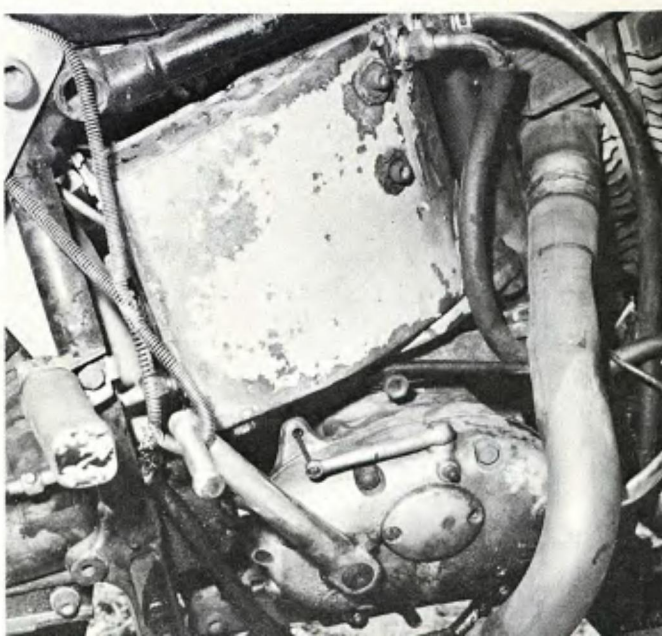

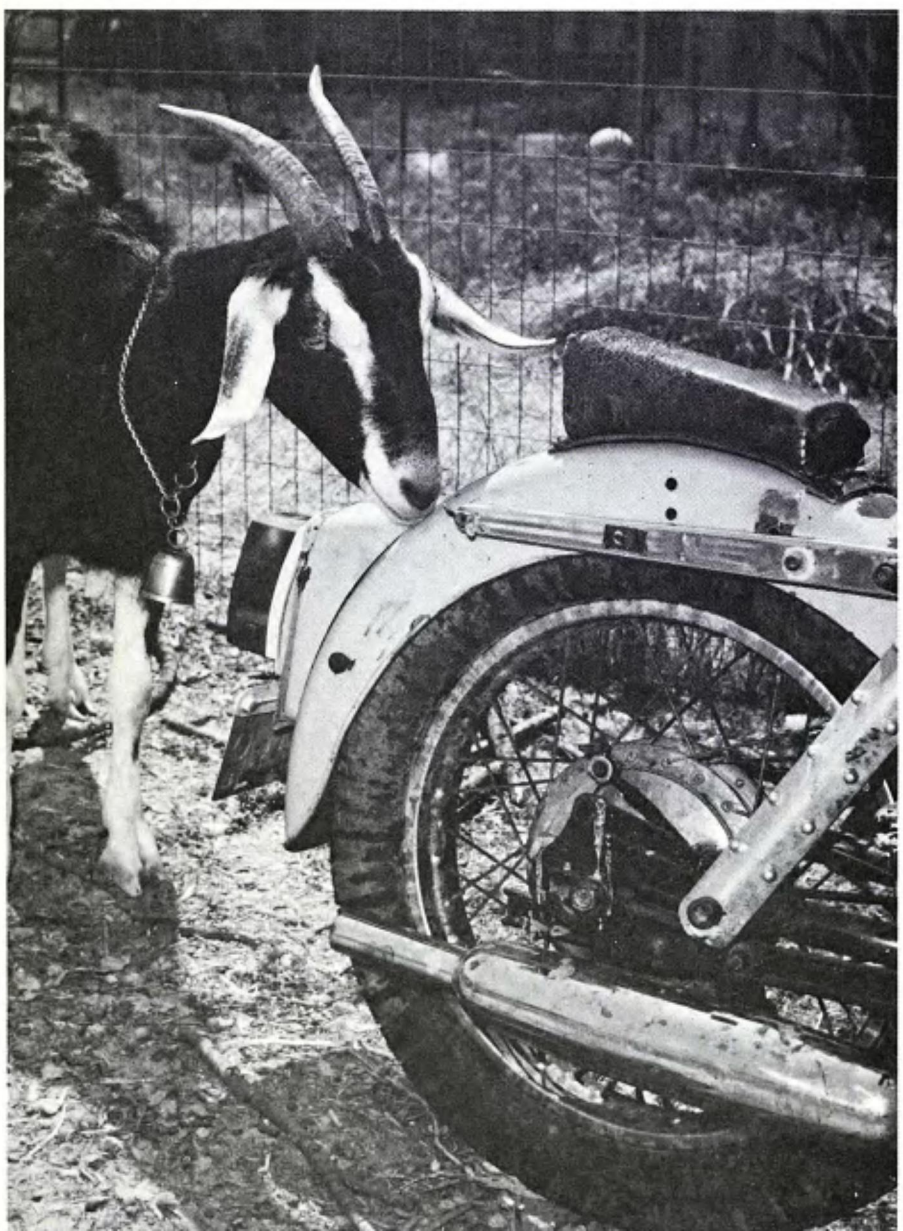

Photos by Pete Chiodo

Owners: Bud Trahan **City:** Lynn, Mass.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1941 & '36 flathead
Model: rat
Value: priceless
Assembly: owner
Time: 6 months
Chroming by: none

Engine

Year: 1941, '36 & '77
Model: magnum
Rebuilder: owner
Ignition: Voltpac plus
Displacement: 61 cu.in.
Lower end: 45 flathead
Balancing: shit and luck
Pistons: alloy
Cases: 1941 flathead
Heads: 1977 Sportster
Cam: P-Intakes, flathead exhaust
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): modified T & T
Air cleaner: none
Pipes: Action Mufflers
Muffler(s): BSA

Transmission

Modifications: out of place
Year: 1962 stock A-10
Shifting: kick-her
Engine sprocket: stock A-10
Trans sprocket: stock A-10
Wheel sprocket: Kawasaki

Painting

Molding: by crash
Painter: owner
Color: grime yellow
Type: cheap
Special paint: yes

Frame

Year: 1959 panhead
Builder: H-D
Type: very rigid
Rake: 1/2-inch over stock
Stretch: none
Other alterations: gauntlet struts

Accessories

Bars: Limey pullbacks
Risers: sawed-off dog boner
Fender(s): A-10
Headlight: A-10
Taillight: auto trailer
Speedo: none
Front pegs: garbage can custom
Rear pegs: one Jap, one missing
Electrics: lamp cord
Gas tank: axed H-D
Oil tank: 74
Oil system: leaky
Primary cover: panhead
Seat: bare minimum
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Forks

Type: $35 springer
Extension: 13 inches
Builder: junkyard custom
Special features: stock rockers

Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 19	Size: 18
Hub: Honda	Hub: Jap
Rim width: 3½ in.	Rim width: 3½ in.
Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Brake: Jap	Brake: Kawasaki

Other special modifications: All the special thanks go to Joe and Marga at Cycle Salvage.

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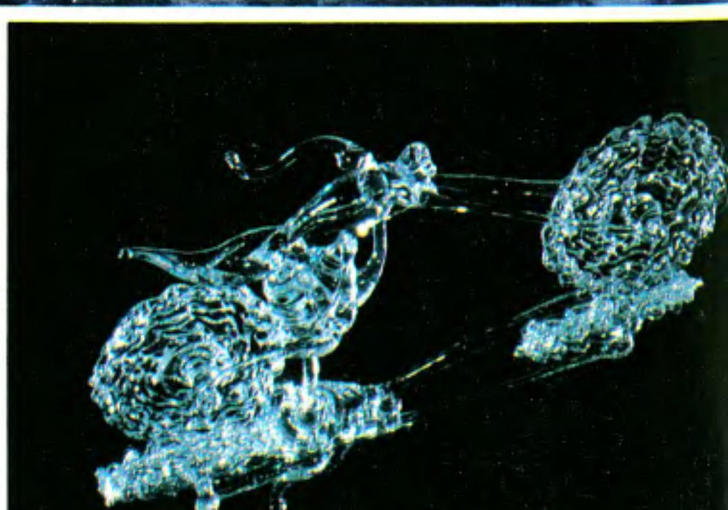
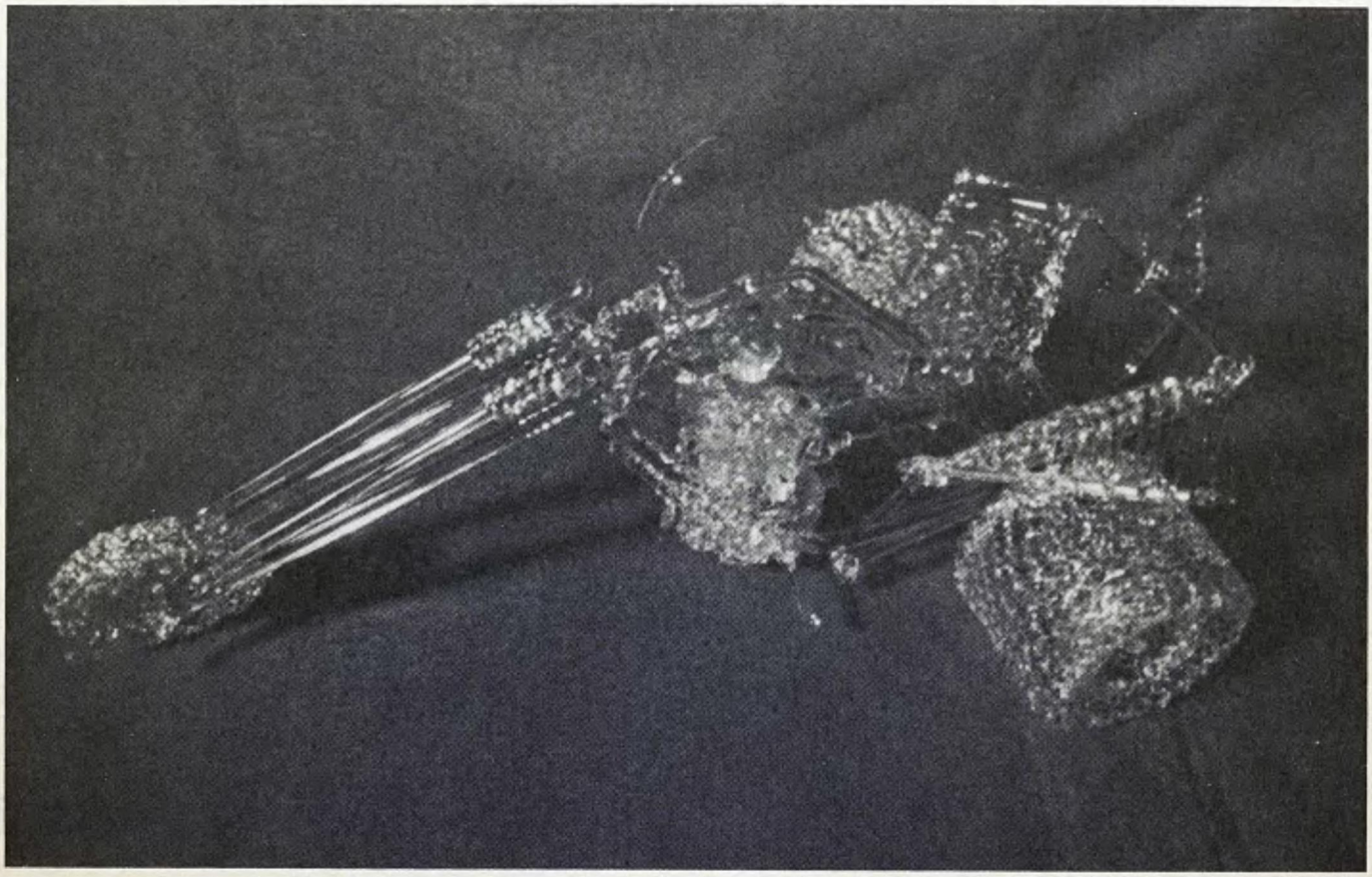


Photos by Dave Hoffmaster



Crystal Creations

Not long ago while goin' through the mail, we discovered a couple shots of blown-glass motorcycles—and the bikes were V-twin replicas. After passin' 'em around for a while, we wrote to Craig "Grizzly" Winsor, who'd sent 'em in.

Well, Grizzly came through and sent us a few shots of Vincent Houston at work blowin' crystal glass motorcycles somewhere in Columbia, Missouri. Vincent has been blowin' glass since he was about 16, but he first became interested in the art when he was about 12 and was watching a professional, Shawn Williams, who lives near Lake of the Ozarks. Shawn glued the inspiration to learn the art into Vincent's mind, and from that motivation Vincent taught himself how to blow glass. 'Bout once a year, Shawn, a long-time friend of the Houston family, drags himself away from the Ozarks to check Vincent's progress. It's only a hobby to Vincent, who works as a jeweler while completing his education.

He's built twenty or thirty bikes so far and says he can reproduce any bike in glass. A crystal glass scooter takes between five and twenty-three hours to build. Working a couple of hours a night, he constructs them piece by piece. Once all the components are fabricated, he carefully assembles his creation.

The glass he uses is termed high-melt by Pyrex Corning. He uses 4mm and 6mm rods and 15mm tubes of glass melted by a hot-as-hell, blow-pipe torch, which is fueled by propane and oxygen. The melting temperature for this glass is a mere 1493°F.

We thank Grizzly for sendin' us these flicks so we could share 'em. And we're still dazed by yet another art form using Harleys.

—Wilburn Roach

Asstrology

By Denise (Dusty) Sage

Astrological Profile for Virgo

Virgos are basically the most cool, calm, and collected sign of the zodiac. Even when their act is ragged, they'll never show it. They could be on the verge of instant diarrhea and still keep their shit together. Virgos are mentally agile, meticulous with details, and they strive for perfection. 'Course, these are the positive traits.

Virgos Robert Blake, Peter Falk, and Peter Sellers all portray the cool, keep-it-togetherness in their detective roles. Other famous Virgo males are Elliot Gould, James Coburn, Jimmy Connors, and John Ritter. Sex symbols Sophia Loren and Raquel Welch are also Virgos.

On the negative side, Virgos are critical and bitchy. They feel that no one but themselves does anything right. They can see flaws in just about everything. Most of the time they are right—but dammit, they should learn to keep some of that to themselves. Furthermore, they can dish it out, but they can't take it.

Most Virgos' medicine cabinets resemble drugstores, fully stocked for everything from sore throats to hemorrhoids. They are generally hypochondriacs and delight in dwelling on every little ache and pain. No wonder they're susceptible to nervous stomach, indigestion, and pains in the old poop-chute. (Burp, belch, fart.)

The negative Virgos will find fault over petty things. They are completely ruled by logic and have difficulty in showing any sympathy or concern for the feelings of others. Being confirmed egotists, they just don't have the time to bother with anyone else. Sexually, Virgos are either too hot to trot or plain old castrating and clinical.

Most Virgos are picky about their appearance and usually take good care of their health. They tend to know instinctively what is or isn't good for them.

Virgos are practical and good, reliable workers. They are quick and thorough. They also make good supervisors because nothing escapes their eagle-eye scrutiny.

If a Virgo likes someone, he will be loyal to that person to the end, even sticking up for him if he is wrong. Since Virgos tend to be loners, they fiercely guard their friendships.

Aries (Mar. 21—Apr. 20)

From now through the remainder of the year, you must cooperate or compromise. Since you are used to taking the strokes and giving the pokes, this may be an alien attitude for most of you rebel rams. If you're involved in the final planning stages of a major project, taking on a partner could be an asset, rather than a pain in the ass. Together you can achieve some mind-boggling results. Having a backup man is great insurance in case you're rear-ended by a rival.

Taurus (Apr. 21—May 20)

You're really in the mood to hang loose now. There's a lot of liver-quiverin' action goin' on at your home base (which is loaded) right now. You seem to be doin' more than your share of peakin', sneakin', and shit-stirrin' in general. Worse yet—you have some hot buns on first, second, and third who are about to compare notes. It's not cool to fool around in your own back yard. Remember, if you play, you pay!

Gemini (May 21—June 20)

A lot of you will have good reason to grab your cock and crow now (unless you're a chick). Hell, it pays to advertise this month. Pass out your business card. (Flippin' the bone doesn't count!) Keep smilin' and wag that silver tongue of yours in the right direction. Don't let a few blank stares get ya down—they're probably droppin' some weird shit and can't see ya anyway. Month's end should find you rewarded with some extra cash.

Cancer (June 21—July 21)

As you well know, "There's a sucker born every minute"—and it could well be you. The next cherry you nibble on could turn out to be a lemon. Watch out for those bum-fuck, hard-luck stories 'cause someone's tryin' to slip it to you. Hang onto your wallet and keep your eyeballs peeled for ripoffs. Don't buy anything that you can't exchange, and make sure that it's backed up by a guarantee. Remember, the parts you buy now could have been stolen—from you!

Leo (July 22—Aug. 21)

This month will separate the men from the boys. You'll have some tough decisions concerning cash, ass, and top brass. Hassles could occur over some shaky-soundin' gossip that doesn't even concern you; but don't take sides or you'll be left lickin' your wounds. It's to your benefit to keep your nose clean on the job, too. Don't let your pride allow you to blow up—or you'll blow a good trip. Mellow out a taste.

Virgo (Aug. 22—Sept. 21)

Happy Birthday! Too bad that scroungin' up enough bucks to party with could be "Mission Impossible" right now. You're the realist who sees a crock of shit at the end of the rainbow. Cheer up, 'cause you're in for a month full of surprises. Others will come across with cash, and carry your load. Your ol' lady will turn you into a piece that'll make your tail spin. Use your head and return the favor!

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 22)

Too much juicin' it up and stayin' up for days has your nerves and your nuts in a knot. But the real fly in your pie comes from being overworked and underpaid. Give yourself a well-deserved pat on the back, then quietly sound off to the proper VIPs. The results could be profitable. If you've been up for any type of promotion or bonus, go for it! Instead of spreadin' yourself too thin, concentrate your energy in one area.

Scorpio (Oct. 23—Nov. 21)

Lucky you! You can toss most of your worries into the nearest garbage can. You are in for some easy money and a little kick-back time. Cut yourself some slack and take off for a weekend putt. You're sure to come back with joy juice on your seat and a smile on your mug. Toward mid-month, you're so popular that you might have to double up on your vitamins. Party people galore—just keep the situation in hand and enjoy!

Sagittarius (Nov. 22—Dec. 20)

You'll have a dynamite chance to find some hard-to-get parts, along with some ball-bustin' ideas for fancyin' up your scoot. Save yourself a case of jock itch (plus gas) by lettin' your fingers do the walkin' through newspapers and the yellow pages. You're in a creative cycle right now, so sharpen up your wits and get the lead out of your ass. Who knows—you may even get a flick of your bike in a certain well-known magazine!

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 19)

It could take more than a gallon of Tidy Bowl to flush out some of the shit that inlaws or distant relatives are shovin' your way. You could even be thinkin' of relocatin' in order to relieve some pressures. This is not a good time to make final decisions in that area, even though you're bangin' your head against the wall. Don't lose your hair over it, just ignore what you can't change. Better yet, go out and lose yourself in a line of pecker checkers.

Aquarius (Jan. 20—Feb. 18)

Right now, the only thing you can really count on is your fingers and toes (if ya still got any!). Even your approach is backwards or upside down. Worse yet, you can't depend on your bros to bail your butt out of some situation you've bungled. This month brings a pain in the anal area, plus a pinch in your pocket. Hang in there! Just 'cause the bluebird of happiness dumped a load on ya doesn't mean you have to trip an' fall in it.

Pisces (Feb. 19—Mar. 20)

I don't know if it's love or just bein' in heat—but someone's in hot pursuit now. Unless you're downright serious about lookin' for a Siamese twin, avoid startin' new relationships like you'd avoid VD. Now's the time to keep your nose to the grindstone and your fingers out of stray hair pie — otherwise, you're buyin' yourself a ticket to trouble. Unless you're too horny to see the toll bridge between her legs, keep your pants tight. ■

National Abate
Easynews

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

Football Helmets Breaking Necks

Chicago: Safer helmets have reduced the number of deaths from organized football but are responsible for a marked increase in the number of broken necks causing complete paralysis, a national study has found.

Researchers say a helmet developed in recent years effectively protects the head of the player but "by doing so has allowed it to be used as a battering ram in tackling and blocking techniques, thus placing the cervical spine at risk of injury."

Even so, they say, the sport remains relatively safe in view of the number of participants.

The report, by Dr. Joseph S. Torg and colleagues at the University of Pennsylvania Sports Medicine Center, appears in the April 6 issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association.

The center, in Philadelphia, maintains the National Football Head and Neck Injury Registry.

Since 1971, the registry has documented 1,129 injuries, mostly among high school and college players. These injuries involved hospitalization for more than three days, surgery, permanent paralysis or death.

The injuries, Torg reported, included 550 fracture-dislocations of the cervical spine, of which 176 resulted in permanent and complete paralysis. — from ABATE of N. Dakota, 1444 Richmond Drive, Bismarck, N.D. 58501.

A Town To Stay Away From— White Sulphur Springs

West Virginia: It was early afternoon and upstairs at Town Hall, Brad Buckland stood facing the mayor.

Mayor John Bowling, dressed in a green windbreaker, sat behind a large wooden table looking at Buckland. Buckland was talking, and as he talked, his voice grew strained.

"John," he said, "I came and told you that if something wasn't done, there was going to be a kid lying up there dead. And I told Luther the same thing."

A short man, with intense eyes and a leathery face, Buckland looked over at Luther Stacy, police chief of White Sulphur Springs. Stacy, a large man with a shock of white hair, did not turn around. He looked forward, somewhere past Bowling.

In the room the sound of voices got louder. Several people tried to talk at once. Bowling was facing the crowd of about 25 angry residents.

All of them knew the same thing: that a boy of 17 had died, killed April 24 when he was thrown from his motorcycle while being chased by town police for a minor traffic infraction — chased out of the town, beyond the officers' jurisdiction, at speeds up to 75 mph, according to the officers.

It was not the first such chase, say residents. In the opinion of many, it is the most tragic incident in a years-long ledger of alleged police harassment and brutality in White Sulphur Springs and Greenbrier County.

"John," said an older woman who has lived in White Sulphur Springs for years, "we are poor, honest, hardworking people. But we have our pride. And we're not going to stand for this any more."

White Sulphur Springs is a resort town of about 2,900 a few miles across the border from Virginia's Allegheny County.

It is an unremarkable town, with narrow streets

Springs —*Continued on page 46*

Florida Helmet Repeal

ABATE of Palm Beach County, Florida, is sending 6,000 postcards to the state legislature, where House Bill 491, repeal of the helmet law, is now in sub-committee.

We urge every rider who enjoys fun in the sun to write to the following legislators in support of this bill.

Representatives: Tom Lewis, Malcom Beard, Bob Hattaway, Bill Lockward, Larry Plummer, Ed Healey, Jim Watt, Ray Liberti, Gene Cambell, Elenore Weinstock. Senators: Hollaway, Thomas, Gorman, Neil, Poole, Scarbrough, Spicola, Williamson, Phil Lewis, Harry Johnston. Write to the Hon. Rep. or Sen., The Capitol, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

There are 20,000 registered motorcycles in Palm Beach County alone; there have to be 500,000 in this state. If we all pull together, we can beat this thing, this year. — from ABATE of Palm Beach Co., Box 4088, Lantana, Fla. 33462.

"I don't care if DOT says it makes us easier to see—I ain't wearin' it!"

Japanese Biker Law

A relatively unpublicized element of the Road Traffic Law, whose revisions went into effect on December 1 last year, is a new article inserted for containing "bosozoku," the motorcycle gangs, as well as hot-rodders.

Article 68, labeled "Prohibition of Dangerous Acts by More Than Two Persons," makes it criminal for "more than two drivers of automobiles or motorcycles" to endanger road traffic or engage in "acts that seriously inconvenience others" by driving vehicles "in single file or side by side on a public road."

How effective this provision may be against the speedsters, who have been creating a considerable nuisance in most large cities throughout the country, could not be told during the winter months.

But now the hell-raisers are coming out of their hibernation as the climate becomes warmer. The spring season is particularly conducive to their rampancy because new high school graduates acquiring driver's licenses may be recruited by the gangs.

But the effectiveness of the revised Road Traffic Law has already been noted during the weekends of this month. The potential trouble-makers have been obviously aware of the penalties involved in the violation of Article 68: a prison term of less than six months or a fine of not more than 50,000 yen.

This does not mean, however, that the "bosozoku" in Tokyo, which at their peak numbered as many as 9,000, have vanished into thin air. Metropolitan police are said to have identified now about 33 groups with a total membership of at least 2,500 individuals.

Since the spring came, the police have kept their vigilance, and they did catch one group in the act. They caught four youngsters in the group that drove 17 vehicles. The gang, whose leader was a 19-year-old office worker, was innocently named "Pearl Harbor."

Colo. Helmet Law

The helmet law is dead for this session. There is to be an interim legislative study on m/c safety, helmet laws, full helmet laws, rider education, licensing, etc. Bikers will have full and fair input on this, we've been assured.

In hopes of more support, the *Colorado Motorcycle Coalition* is being formed. We were lucky this time, but will lose next time if we are not organized much, much better. This coalition will be formed from all types of biker organizations and clubs from every corner of the state. It will have no power, but will be a steering committee that will coordinate bikers' rights activities. Details will be worked out this summer. Probably included will be the hiring of a professional lobbyist, a Political Action Committee . . . but this is all to be decided by you, voting through your respective clubs. We'll be asking and getting advice from other ABATE chapters and biker coalitions. We know one thing: Any biker who cares about freedom to ride will be welcome and urged to join. — from ABATE of Colorado West, Box 2991, Grand Junction, Colo. 81501.

White Sulphur Springs —Continued from page 45

and a forlorn downtown made up of five-and-dimes, fast-food joints, motels, and gas stations.

Young people in White Sulphur Springs are like the young in many small towns—bored and restless. During the warm months, they camp or fish or have cookouts. In the winter months, when the tourist trade has dropped off, some of the young people, according to a number of residents, have begun smoking marijuana to ease the boredom.

For entertainment most nights, they cruise the town's main drag. They ride from the federal fish hatchery at one end of town to the gates of the fashionable Greenbrier Hotel at the other, then turn around and go back. Sometimes they stop in parking lots to talk; sometimes they stop at Bone's Diner or the Big-T Tastee-Freez for a Coke.

There is not much to do except watch for the police. The town and sometimes the county police, according to residents of the town — both young and old — harass the young people, and sometimes adults as well.

What has sometimes begun as an innocent joyride has turned into a nightmare. That is what happened on the night of April 24.

Steve Thomas was "a nice, average kid" who liked to ride motorcycles, his friends say. He worked at the Hanover Shoe Co., one of the town's few factories, operating a machine that ground and smoothed the heels and soles of shoes.

Steve — or "Beaner," as he was nicknamed — went out that Tuesday night, as he did most nights, to visit his girlfriend, Tonya Feury, at her mother's trailer. The two were to be married this month.

When Thomas left the trailer a few hours later, he stopped at Bone's Diner.

That was about 10:30. After drinking a Coke, he pulled out of the diner on his Honda 750 motorcycle, drove less than a block and turned right on Big Draft Road, the road that snakes past tidy houses and lush bottomland to his parents' house.

Patrolmen Lonnie Feury and Harry Childress, sitting in their town police cruiser in front of Town Hall, watched Thomas make the right turn onto Big Draft Road, about 100 feet away.

Thomas, according to the policemen, began to speed, his motorcycle making a loud noise. The police began pursuit.

The motorcycle continued out Big Draft Road with the police close behind. The distance from the stoplight in White Sulphur Springs, where Thomas made his turn, to his parents' home is about a mile.

Dick Thomas, an earnest, soft-spoken man who is a sergeant in the state Department of Corrections, had fixed his son's supper, as he did most nights.

The father heard the sirens. When he looked out the door, he saw the motorcycle go by with the police car behind it.

"He had no way of pulling into our property, they were so close on him," Thomas said later. "I just had the feeling he would not make it back alive."

Steve's mother, Jerry, ran to her car and went after the police and her son. She expected to catch the police car, but every curve she reached, the blue lights of the cruiser were somewhere in front of her. Then she came to the top of a long grade.

She saw the police car "crossways in the road,"

Springs —Continued on page 48

"Hey, those things DO work."

—by Michael E. Mottner, from ABATE of Nebraska, Box 30332, Lincoln, Nebr. 68503.

Two Convictions— Compare Them

Maynard Eberley Jr., 23, was sentenced to three concurrent one-year terms in prison after pleading guilty to three counts of reckless homicide in connection with the traffic deaths of three persons in August.

Eberley was the driver of a car that hit two motorcycles Aug. 19, killing David L. Paulson, 29; Linda L. Shepardson, 23; and Jodell L. Knight, 22.

According to police reports, the motorcycles were westbound in the left turn lane and were waiting to make a turn.

Eberley's car was also westbound but in the center lane behind another auto. Police said Eberley's car swung into the left lane to pass the car ahead and struck the rear of the motorcycles at high speed.

* * *

Three Chicago men were sentenced to six years in prison on narcotics charges stemming from a planned transaction involving about $12,000 worth of phencyclidine, also known as PCP or "angel dust."

Walter Tamillo, 20; Scott Breidell, 21; and William Schroeder, 22, were convicted of possession with intent to deliver the controlled substance.

The sentence — the minimum under state law—was imposed by 17th Circuit Court Judge David R. Babb.

The trio was arrested June 16 in a parking lot by agents of the Illinois Department of Law Enforcement.

During a week-long trial here, defense attorneys claimed their clients were innocent by reason of entrapment.

A Helmet May Break Your Neck

Providence, R.I.: There can be no absolute certainty about the value of protective helmets in preventing or mitigating injuries sustained in motorcycle accidents. They may in fact be associated with a greater risk for some neck injuries, say Drs. John M. Losee and William Q. Sturner, of the Brown University Program in Medicine. Of 30 motorcycle accident fatalities that occurred during 1975-1976 in Rhode Island, 12 took place in 1975 and 18 in 1976, the year in which the state repealed a law mandating the use of helmets. The cause of death most often cited on death certificates was "multiple injuries" (17 of the 30 fatalities); craniocerebral trauma was next with five. Autopsy findings revealed that all but three of the victims of "multiple injuries" had at least superficial injury to the head and neck. Twelve of the 21 who had fractures of the neck, head, or face had been wearing helmets, as were 9 of 14 with significant visceral trauma. Three of four persons with fractured necks and all three who had facial bone fractures were wearing helmets. Moreover, about one in ten helmets broke on impact and were insufficient to afford any protection to the rider in some circumstances, they say. Although evidence from nonfatal accidents is needed, the present study suggests that helmets are either nonprotective or in fact possibly do contribute to this type of injury, the investigators say (R.I. Med. J. 61:333-40, 1978). Dr. Losee is at the University of Colorado Medical Center, Denver. — from ABATE of N.D., 1444 Richmond Drive, Bismarck, No. Dakota 58501.

Beware The 57-mph Governor

The use of devices to restrict the highway speed of trucks and buses has been proposed, and the government wants to hear what you think of the idea.

The suggestion is to require that a mechanical engine governor be installed in all commercial vehicles, to prevent them from going faster than 57 miles per hour.

Before taking any action on the petition, however, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration decided to request comments from the public to see if the idea would be accepted.

National Highway Traffic Safety Administration would like to hear your response to the following questions:

- If these devices are required, what types of vehicles should be included and why?
- What safety effects could be expected, or could use of the devices turn out to be unsafe?
- What fuel economy benefits could be expected?
- What types of governors would be best to use, and can they be made tamperproof?
- What should the upper limit of speed be if not 57 mph, and why?
- What is the feeling of commercial fleet owners and drivers about this proposal?

Letters should be sent to Docket No. 79-06, Docket Section, Room 5108, Nassif Building, 400 Seventh St. SW, Washington, D.C. 20590.

Big Award Made For "Unkind Cut"

A man whose penis was accidentally amputated at a hospital shortly before he was to be married has received a substantial out-of-court settlement.

Harold Michael, 26, was believed to have been awarded $825,000. The final settlement was reached under the supervision of Allegheny County Common Pleas Judge Francis A. Barry.

Barry confirmed to UPI that a settlement had been reached. He declined to disclose the amount involved, saying, "My hands are tied in this case. This matter is just too sensitive."

Reports said the figure totaled $825,000. Last year, Michael rejected a $300,000 offer and reportedly pressed for several million dollars in damages.

In May 1974, Michael, then 21, was admitted to North Hills Passavant Hospital for surgery to correct an undescended testicle.

During the relatively routine surgery, Dr. Walter S. Nettrour Sr. inadvertently amputated the penis, court records show.

Hospital officials immediately advised the Hartford Insurance Group, the insurer, and revoked the operating privileges of Nettrour, then 70. The physician retired Jan. 1, 1975.

Support Massachusetts Helmet Repeal

Come on, bros, we need your help. It won't be long now before the final decision comes up on the freedom of your choice.

We have to let the House and Senate know how we feel. Sitting back doesn't help the fight. We need your strength and support to show the demand for repeal.

We're the ones living in this so-called Land of the Free and the Brave, so let's show them we want the free, and we are the brave.

Write a line or even two, to let your Senator and Representative know just how you feel. Five minutes of your time, along with your signature, could put this law away. How does that sound?

So if you're as interested as you say you are, jot a little something down (please — nothing abrupt), and send it in care of your local Senator and/or Representative.

Also note the bill numbers so they know what you're talking about: House #3753; Senate #1109.

Please help us to help you. It's for you, it's your choice, and what you want. — from Cindy Cavooto, MMA, 34 Clyde St., Somerville, Mass. 02145.

Sulphur Springs

—Continued from page 46

with its rear wheels on the bank next to a fence. One policeman was pushing the car, she said, the other revving the engine. She found her son lying close by, his face masked by blood. When she stooped down to hold his head, Childress told her to get away, she said.

"I pushed him away, sat down next to Steven and said, 'You get away from me. This is my son and I think you've killed him.' He continued to try and get me away."

After Mrs. Thomas saw that her son's eyes were fixed in his head, she went to her car, got an old raincoat and put it over his body. A few moments later, her husband arrived.

"I knew he was dead," Dick Thomas said. "They had already covered him up. I went up and asked them why they did it. And they said, 'Because he was speeding.' I said to Feury, 'If you'd caught him, you'd have beaten him to death,' and he said, 'You're a liar.' I asked him why did he kill him and he just shrugged his shoulders. That's the only answer I could get from him."

By Russell Leavitt

Join the Organization for Street Bikers!

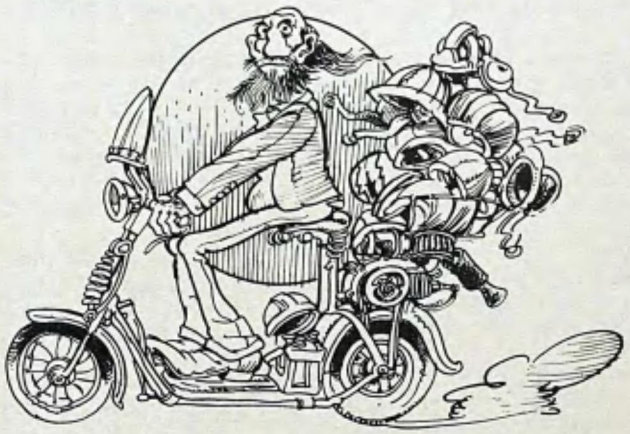
National Abate
P.O. Box 162062
Sacramento, Ca. 95816

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.



"Carry A Helmet" Died

A modified version of a mandatory helmet law, designed to encourage motorcycle drivers to wear a helmet by making them carry one, has crashed in the North Dakota House.

The Senate bill, requiring all motorcycle drivers to possess a helmet at all times, failed in a 29-61 vote. The measure would also have required all motorcycle passengers and all motorcycle drivers or riders under 18 to wear helmets.

Rep. Charles Scofield, R-Williston, called the measure "a silly bill," since the driver would not be required to wear a helmet, merely possess one. — from ABATE of N.D., 1444 Richmond Drive, Bismarck, No. Dakota 58501.

Canadian Motorcyclists

Some Edmonton motorcyclists have started a campaign to have repealed laws which make the use of helmets mandatory.

"We want to get helmets off our heads," says Gilbert (Patches) Dahlseide, president of the 400-member local chapter of the national Bikers' Rights Organization (BRO).

He said BRO members want the wind in their hair, the sounds of a cycle in their ears, and the repealing of Alberta's mandatory helmet laws — all in the name of safe motorcycling.

Citing American statistics, Mr. Dahlseide said helmets are often useless in an accident and are frequently the cause of death. Broken necks, lacerated throats, twisted neck muscles, and even brain injuries are suffered by the strapped-up, helmeted biker, he said.

Calling Canadian Safety Association (CSA) approved helmets a "hunk of junk," he said the new full coverage helmets impair a biker's hearing and vision, are awkward to wear, and give a cyclist a false sense of security that can make him more careless.

Since the provincial government won't make car drivers wear seat belts, then why should motorcyclists be forced to wear helmets, said Mr. Dahlseide. More motorcycle education programs and a motoring public that is more aware of bikers is the way to reduce motorcycle deaths, he said.

"The majority of bikers killed are those in the first three months of riding. It's the 16-year-old kid with three hours experience who takes down Jasper Avenue and wraps his bike around a power pole that gets killed, not the experienced biker."

He said that in 97 per cent of the accidents involving motorcycles it is the car driver at fault, the driver who ignores the biker's right to be on the road and may even deliberately try to run the cyclist off the road. ■

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Billy Wolfe's Riding Spirit

They said it was two-tenths of a mile west of mile marker twenty-eight, and there it was. I pulled off the highway in front of it, turned on my yellow strobes, and pushed open the door. I pulled on my gloves as I walked around the truck.

It stared at me with waxy eyes. Its tongue was clenched tightly between its teeth and its broken legs were pointing in four different directions. The seven other dead deer in the truck stared blankly as I picked it up by one rear leg and an ear and pushed it into the tailgate with my knee.

Back in the cab I pulled off my gloves and filled out my mortality report: one dead deer reported by state police at Netcong, I-80 w/b on shoulder, MM 27.8—doe, adult, vehicle accident. This one closed me out for the day.

I started the pickup's engine, pulled out onto the road again, and drove into the sunset. I was hoping to get to the Delaware dead-stock rendering plant before dark. The old truck struggled up the hills and its springs sagged under the weight of the carcasses.

As I passed the next entrance ramp I noticed a car parked in the median strip. It was a dark-brown, four-door, late-model Plymouth, with blackwall tires and three radio aerials. Once you get the hang of it, the unmarked police cars are just as easy to spot as the marked ones. I noticed an unmarked car at each of the next four entrance ramps I passed.

There were two marked cruisers, white with Jersey trooper door patches, parked at the off ramp to the scenic overlook. I parked the truck ahead of them, far enough down wind to keep their air from turning sour.

An old cop, heavyset with grey hair, sat on the first car's fender. A thin, young cop with sideburns and a moustache was talking to him. The young one took in my long hair and beard, my old flannel shirt with no sleeves, my bloody black boots, and the knife strapped on my thigh. He left without saying a word as soon as I got there.

Cops are like that. The young ones are out to clean up the world, and most of them would like to start with me. Old cops have had a chance to mellow out, if the low pay and bad press hasn't turned them bitter.

This old cop had seen me before.

Illustration by Duffy Duggan

By Kevin A. Lyons

He didn't know my name, just that I was the guy from Fish and Game who picked up the road-killed deer. He waved at me and smiled. "Good evening."

"Yeah," I answered. "Evening."

"It's getting late. You still out looking for a deer?"

"Nah. I got the last one ten minutes ago. I'm on my way home now, soon as I drop these carcasses off and hose down the truck."

The old cop nodded.

I waited, but he didn't say anything else. Finally I said, "I noticed a few of your cars on the highway, stopped at the feeder lanes. Something going on?"

The old cop shrugged. "No secret, I guess. We're trying to catch a biker who rides this stretch of highway some nights. He's an outlaw type—wears a lot of leather, and his bike's one of those real long choppers. We want him for speeding, reckless driving, evading arrest—the works."

"You think he'll be riding tonight?"

"Tonight's the full moon. He's been making this run at midnight under the full moon for the last four months."

"Since March?" I asked. "That's a little early for a bike, isn't it?"

The cop nodded.

"And you still don't even know who he is?"

"Oh, we know who he is—a kid named Billy Wolfe. Up until the first week in March he was renting a room in Dover. Then he skipped out. He didn't take any of his clothes, his television, or his stereo. And he didn't pay his rent, his electric bill, or his phone bill. That's about par for his kind." The cop shrugged again. "Anyway, that's when he started making these runs."

"It's a long wait till midnight, isn't it?"

"Not really—they're beginning to gather already." The cop pointed up the hill. Some kids were sitting on the slope under the overlook parking lot.

"Mind if I come back and watch?"

"I wouldn't encourage it, but I can't stop you."

"Thanks," I said, turning to walk back to my truck.

"Get here early if you want to park in the lot," the cop called. "We're not letting anyone park on the highway."

* * *

I got to the rendering plant late and wound up unloading my truck under the spotlights. It's awkward trying to stuff a full-grown deer into a 55-gallon drum while you're tripping over slimy things in the shadows. I got them off, though, and into the freezer.

It was only ten o'clock when I got back to the scenic overlook, but already the lot was more than half full of motorcycles. There were biker types all over the hillside, watching the road and waiting. I took in the scene, too. I'd never noticed before how pretty a concrete highway looks in the moonlight.

After a few minutes I saw a single headlight in the east, moving fast and followed closely by four police cars. Their lights were flashing and their sirens were screaming, but the bike kept going.

At exactly midnight the police-band scanner in my truck locked onto a signal. *Click.* "He's heading up the hill to Denville. Who's supposed to be watching at Mountain Lakes?"

Click. "He never passed us here."

Click. "Block him off at Denville. I don't want him to get past Denville."

The scanner was quiet for a few moments.

Click. "He's passing me at Rockaway! Where the hell was that roadblock?"

Click. "He never passed us! He never passed us!"

After a few minutes I saw a single headlight in the east, moving fast and followed closely by four police cars. Their lights were flashing and their sirens were screaming, but the bike kept going.

I saw him clearly as he passed below me. The bike was painted metallic blue and green, blended together in swirls. The chrome trim, sissy bar, and extended front end sparkled in the moonlight. The rider was wearing silver-studded black leather.

The two cruisers moved out to cut him off. I'm not sure how he did it, but he got past them. He disappeared over the hills in the west, followed by four red and blue flashbars.

I followed the rest of the chase on the scanner. Somewhere between the Water Gap exit and the toll bridge, a distance of less than a mile and bordered on one side by the Delaware River, the cops lost him. Billy Wolfe got away again.

* * *

The bucks got the hell knocked out of them in November and December. That's their mating season and they're always on the move. For a while I was running more than twenty-five deer a day, just in my five-county territory.

By January, all that was over. The weather had turned colder, the first snow had fallen, and most of the deer were bedded down. I was down to four or five calls a day.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon and already getting dark when I heard a local cop calling his HQ over my scanner. He said that some woman had clipped a deer on Route 206 just north of Chester, by the woods at the Black River bridge.

I was in Long Valley at the time. I found a public phone at a bar, called the Chester cops, and told them I'd be up to check the deer out in twenty minutes.

The cop was gone when I got there. It was just as well—townies can be unbearable. The deer was huddled in some high grass watching me, still alive. Sometimes, if the animal's lucky, it's only dazed by the car.

There were pieces of the car's grille and broken headlight in the snow. As I neared the deer it staggered to its feet and hobbled away. Its right rear leg flapped uselessly in the air, broken near the hip.

I remember swearing. It was never going to live with a leg like that. If starvation didn't kill it somebody's pet dog would. I considered just driving away, but I couldn't leave a cripple to suffer.

The state won't let me carry a handgun, but I keep a lever-action .30/30 behind the seat. I fetched it and

—*Continued on page 85*

An ancient man on an
ancient pan
Came puttin' up to an outlaw
band.
A peg for a leg kicked down the
stand,
And the hook he had instead of a
hand
Made a perfect roll with smooth
elan
Of Maui Gold, his favorite brand.

Now Badass Jack, the king of the
clan,
Cast an evil eye on the ancient
man,
Sneered and leered and stroked
the band
Of studs and spikes on the wrist of
his hand.

If the old man saw, he never
spoke,
But sat his bike and toked his
toke,
Then picked his teeth with a
Harley spoke.
The realm of silence he finally
broke
With, "'Scuse me, bro, I don't
wanna choke."
And lifting Tiny's rum and coke
From the giant hand, the ancient
bloke
Then chased it after the golden
toke.

Now Tiny went an' blew his cool,
An' then and there woulda killed
this fool,
Had the ancient pan not spread
a pool
Of forty-weight that reached the
stool
Where Crazy sat a-scratchin' his
tool
An' wonderin' about this idiot fool
Whose health now hinged on
Tiny's cool.

"Ya goddam thievin' hoary
prick!"
Then Tiny grabbed his billiard
stick
An' raised a boot to throw a kick
From the center of the spreadin'
oil slick,
An' down he came into the thick
Of forty-weight, an' in a flick,
Ol' Tiny's mortal candle wick
Was snuffed by the shaft of his
own billiard stick.

Stunned by what had come to
pass,
The outlaws stared in silent mass
At Tiny's bod, now coolin' fast
In an oily, sticky, bloody morass;
Spitted he was from mouth to ass
By eighteen ounces of fiberglass.
An' the old man spoke to Tiny's
lass,
"That fuckin' Tiny ain't got no
class."

—Continued on page 91

The Final Ride Of Badass Jack

Illustration by Jody Roberts

DOWNTIME

by The Austin Animal

Monsters and mayhem: watching bad horror movies. Most bikers I know don't watch much TV, which is hardly surprising. They'll watch pro football, like all true patriots, and maybe catch a movie once in a while, but that's about it. By nature, bikers aren't spectators. They're participants, preferring living to watching. So while the millions may sit and soak up the dismal drivel television pumps into their living rooms, you'll find the biker someplace else—out ridin' his scoot or bullshittin' at a bar or with his face buried between his ol' lady's legs.

Still, all of us watch TV now and then, and there are times when the old cathode box is a lifesaver. The best example of this is when you discover that you're the only one still awake and it's too late to do much else. At a party not long ago the hour grew later and later and I watched my companions crap out one by one. The women are usually the first to fade and the sweetie I brought along to the bash was no exception. About 2 a.m. she curled up on the rug, pulled my coat over her, and was immediately dead to the world. In another hour only three of us remained and pretty soon the party's host wobbled off to see if he could rouse his ol' lady for a quick tumble before he crashed. The remaining survivors—my buddy and I—sat around coming down off the acid we'd dropped earlier and sipping Jack Daniel's while we shot the shit.

I was still plenty wired and was glad to have some company for a wee hours session of whiskey and talk. But suddenly my friend grew pale, stood up abruptly, and left the room. For the next few minutes I heard odd noises coming from the direction of the bathroom, followed by the sounds of creaking bedsprings in an adjacent bedroom as he flung himself into the rack. Vaguely concerned, I went to check the bathroom. When I flipped on the light, I wished I hadn't. It was all too obvious what had happened. My friend had gotten sick from the acid and booze and, too stoned and drunk to know better, had sat on the toilet seat and puked up—into the bathtub—the Colonel Sander's chicken gizzards he'd eaten earlier. Colorful half-digested gizzard hallucinations danced off the bright tile in the white bathroom as I suddenly realized that I was now alone and still wide awake, craving diversion.

Well, I knew I was too twisted to ride my bike anywhere. Besides, it was cold and drizzly outside and I wasn't even remotely familiar with that part of town. I tried to wake up the little honey who came with me, but she was too deeply asleep to respond to lover boy at four in the morning. I tried to read a magazine but the jet black words wriggled randomly across the page like tiny elusive snakes. I flipped on the stereo, which produced nothing but a brain-numbing hum—the result of a short in the amplifier. In short, I was down to my last hole card—the TV.

Now, you have to understand that good movies are rarely shown in the early morning hours. Television station program directors know that the only people watching are insomniacs, speed freaks, and night watchmen. Advertisers won't pay much for commercial time during that part of the day, so expenses must be kept at a minimum. The result is a string of old and/or cheap flicks tossed out on a take-it-or-leave-it basis to anyone weird enough still to be awake when everyone else is asleep. But if you're lucky and can accept what's offered in the right spirit, you can see some great shit—and I'd like to turn you on to one of my personal favorites, as I now remember that party night not so much for the chemicals or the people or my friend's bizarre barf, but for the great bad movie I was fortunate enough to catch.

The flick I saw that night was titled *Gamera vs. Moster X*. Anyone who's paid his bad-TV movie dues can tell by the title alone that this one had to be a Japanese monster bash. Now it so happened that I'd seen the original Gamera flick (there's a whole Gamera series), a delightful turkey called *Gamera the Invincible*. Gamera is an enormous flying turtle, a mutant whose prehistoric egg was activated and hatched because of atomic bomb tests (or something like that).

But *Gamera vs. Monster X* has something special, a little scene that you sure don't want to miss if you find yourself up at three in the morning. Gamera is the good guy in this one, though the reason is never clear, as he's about as ornery as Monster X and does every bit as much damage to the countryside. Anyway, he's flattened by a freezing beam shot out of Monster X's mouth and appears to be down for the count. But Japanese scientists inject two kids into the giant downed turtle (no shit). These two roam around his innards, whereby they discover he's suffering from some sort of galloping infection.

A press conference is called to explain to the media the nature of Gamera's malady. The expectant reporters crowd the room and listen to a doctor (a specialist in monster amphibians, no doubt) tell them that he's going to show a film clip he hopes will make the turtle's condition understandable to the average Joe. He lowers a screen and tells someone to roll the film. What follows will snap you wide awake, even at some ungodly hour after a night of debauchery and dissipation.

It's evident from the beginning of this clip that the scenes are "real." That is, this is actual footage of real stuff, not part of the Gamera saga. There's a brief opening shot of a sign that shows the footage was shot at a zoo in the United States. Next, we see a shot of an animal attendant standing alongside an elephant whose swollen trunk makes him look like he's snorted up a football that became lodged about halfway up. As we watch the attendant stroke the creature's bloated trunk (real life), we hear the Japanese doctor (reel life) explain that Gamera's ailment is caused by a parasitic growth much like the one which caused the grotesque bulge in the elephant's trunk. Then on screen we see the animal now sedated and its trunk held immobile in large clamps. The viewer now watches in astonishment as a scalpel makes a deep, foot-long vertical incision in the bulge. From the swollen infection site bursts great gobs of slimy worms, tumbling like big strands of Franco-American spaghetti into the hands of the vet who wielded the knife. End of film clip, back to Gamera news conference. The movie goes on (Gamera kicks ass, as I recall), but the impact of that interjected film clip tends to block out memory of all subsequent scenes.

No article on lousy fright flicks would be complete without a brief word about Mexican horror movies. The Mexicans make absolutely the *worst* horror movies ever. The Japs are't even a close second. If possible, you should be *really* fucked up when you watch a Mexican horror movie—it won't make a shred of sense and will provide food for thought (and laughs) for weeks to come.

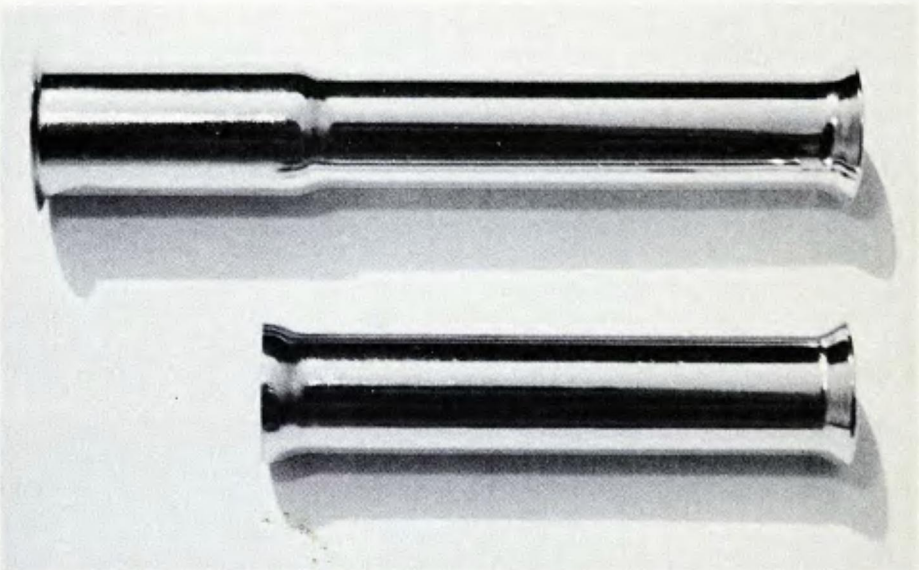
Happy watching! ■

Valve Adjusting Spring

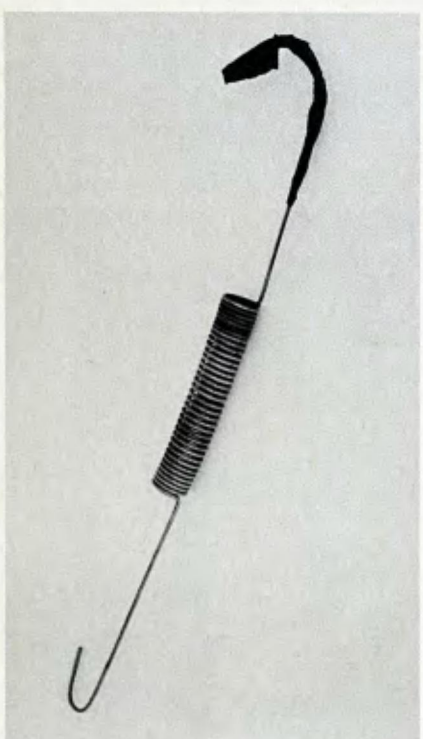
It's always a problem adjusting big V-twin valves. Ya got two wrenches, a slippery pushrod, and a chrome cover that keeps gettin' in your way. But this little item is a lot cheaper than having a third arm grafted on to adjust valves. It's easy to make and use, even for the bros around here, who are stricken with the all-thumbs disease.

What you do is slide into the local auto parts store and grab a universal throttle spring. They usually come about a foot long. Trim one end down so that the overall length is about 8½ inches from top bend to bottom bend, then make a wide hook on the end you cut. Next, take some black tape or masking tape and wrap it around the big end so you won't scratch the chrome. Hook one end under the pushrod cover, once the clip is out and the cover loose, and snap the other end onto anything on top of the heads. It will hold the pushrod cover up and out of the way so two free hands can be used to do the adjustments.

—Wrench



New Knucklehead Pushrod Covers



How many knucklehead maniacs freak every time they break the ol' mo'tator down for a rebuild and find out parts are dryin' up? Well, here's one that'll save ya some grief. If your knuckle is mostly original in the engine department, your old pushrod tubes are probably somewhat dinged.

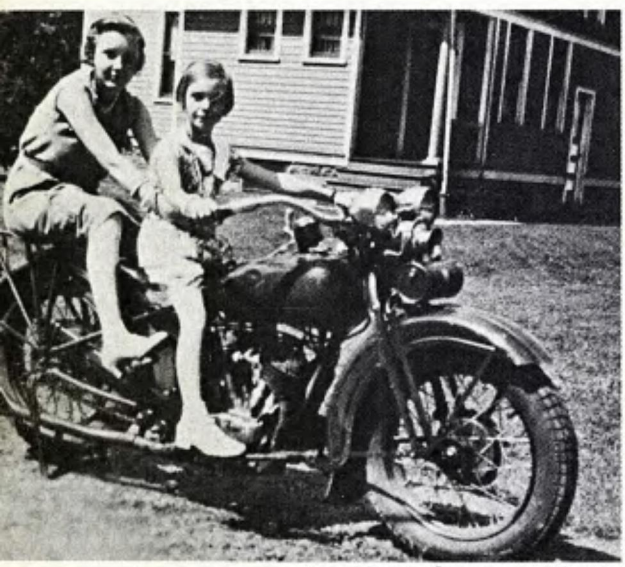
Leaks bad, huh? If you're like most of us, you like that standard equipment fit, right? Try this. Go to your H-D parts shop and pick up four tubes for a shovelhead (H-D part no. 17938-66). They won't be cheap, but they do the job best. Take a hacksaw or razor saw, or chuck 'em up in a lathe and cut 'em where they start to bell out to fit the large style corks. Be precise when you do this because you want them nice and snug for that best seal. Check 'em for fit occasionally. When they feel right, dress the burrs or sharp edges with some emery paper (fine) and throw the chrome polish to the little peehoppers. What'cha think?

—Tim Kast

IN THE WIND

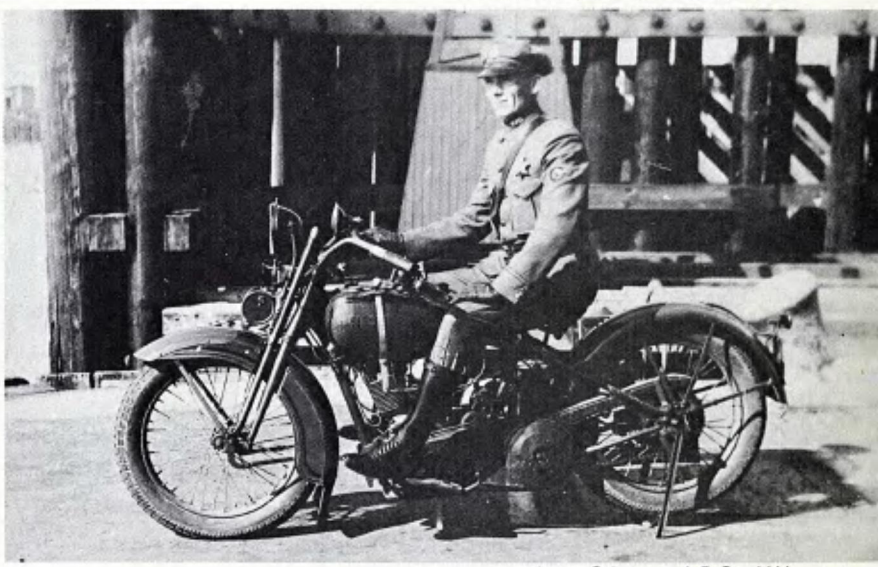
Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. We can use only good, in-focus, black and white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2-1/4x2-1/4)—nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff—these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh yeah—we now pay $20 for every black and white photo we use and $35 for every color slide we use.)

—from Crazy Carl, Reedley, Calif.

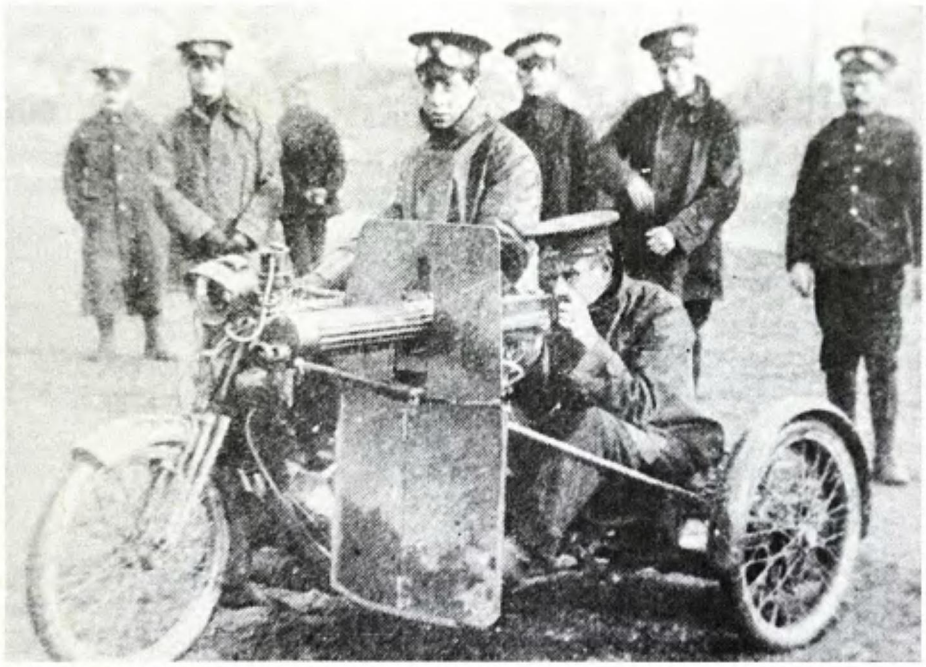


—from Maggie Cameron, APO, N.Y.

—from P. A. Leiher, Ravenna, Ohio

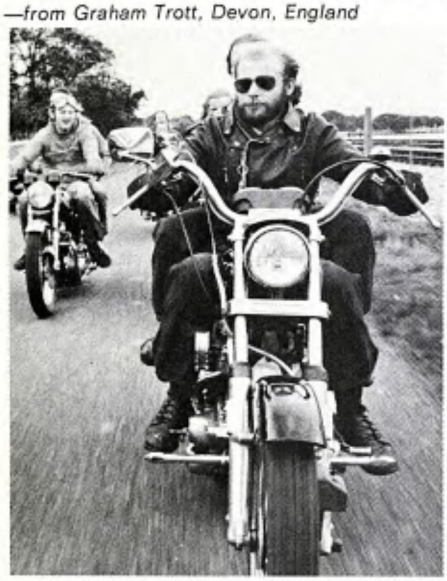


—from Gilmour, A.P.O., N.Y.

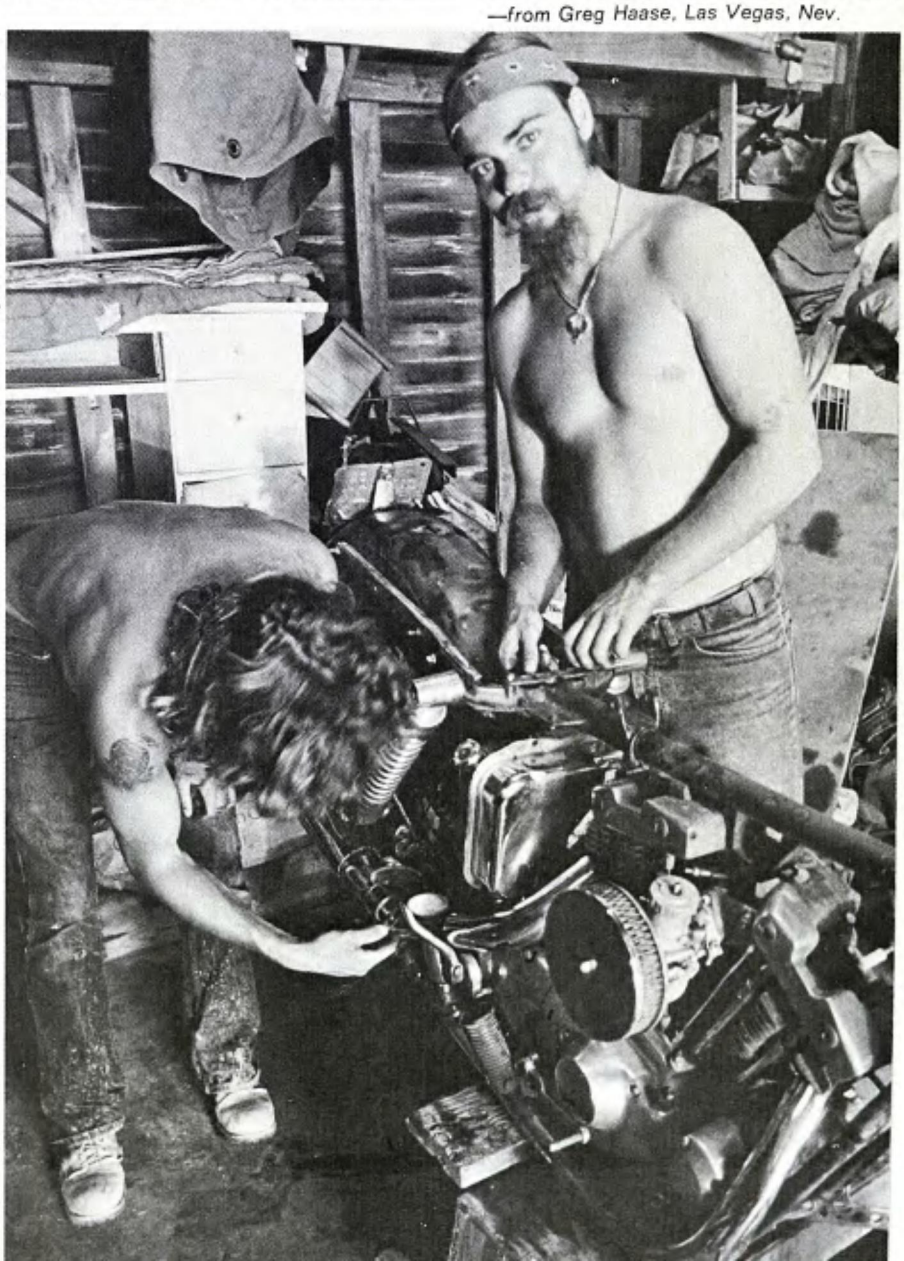


—from Graham Trott, Devon, England

—from Mr. & Mrs. Ian A. Millar, Kernersville, N.C.

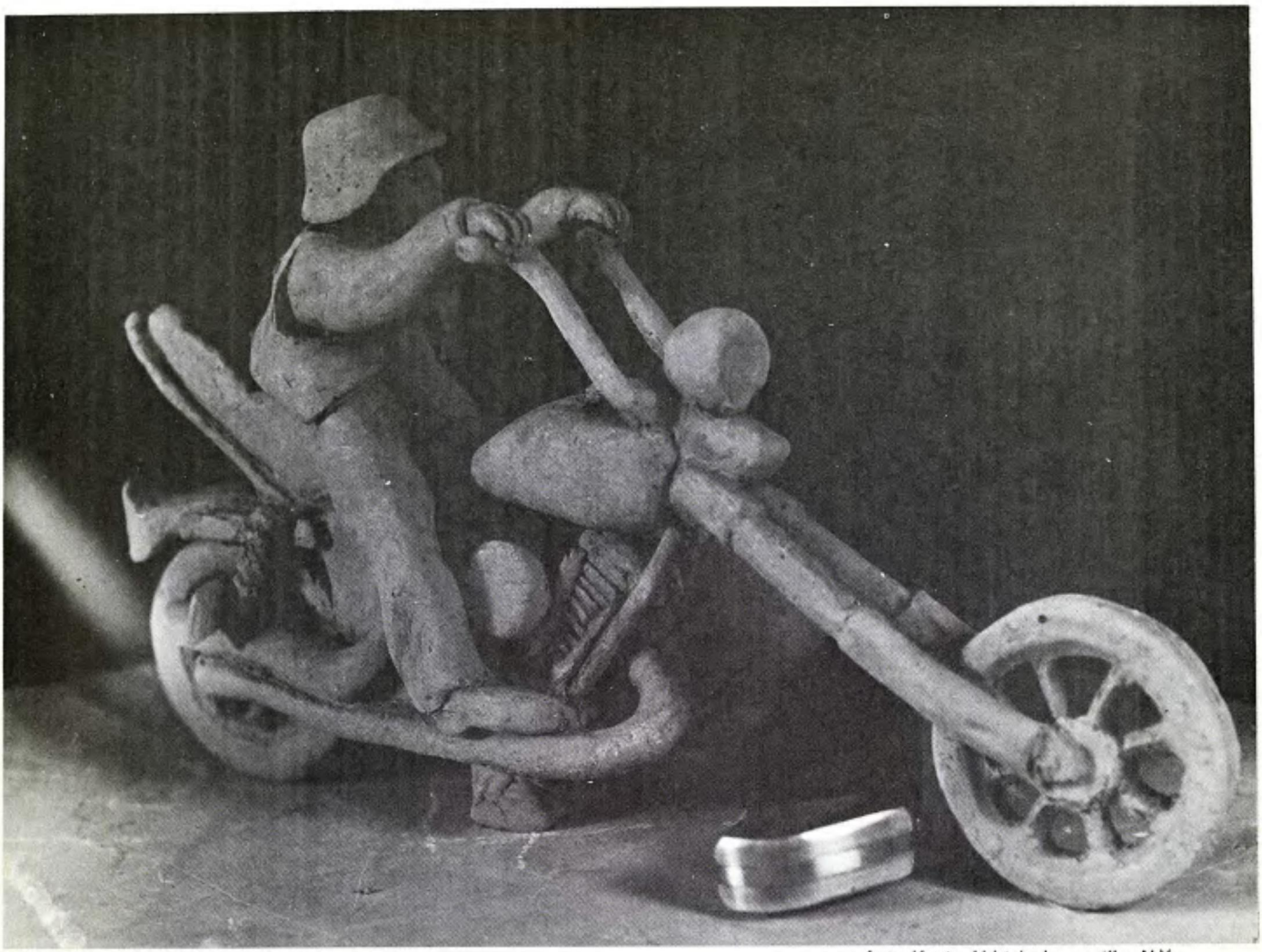


—from Errol Halverstadt, Ft. Riley, Kan.



—from Lynda Marrokal, Santee, Calif.

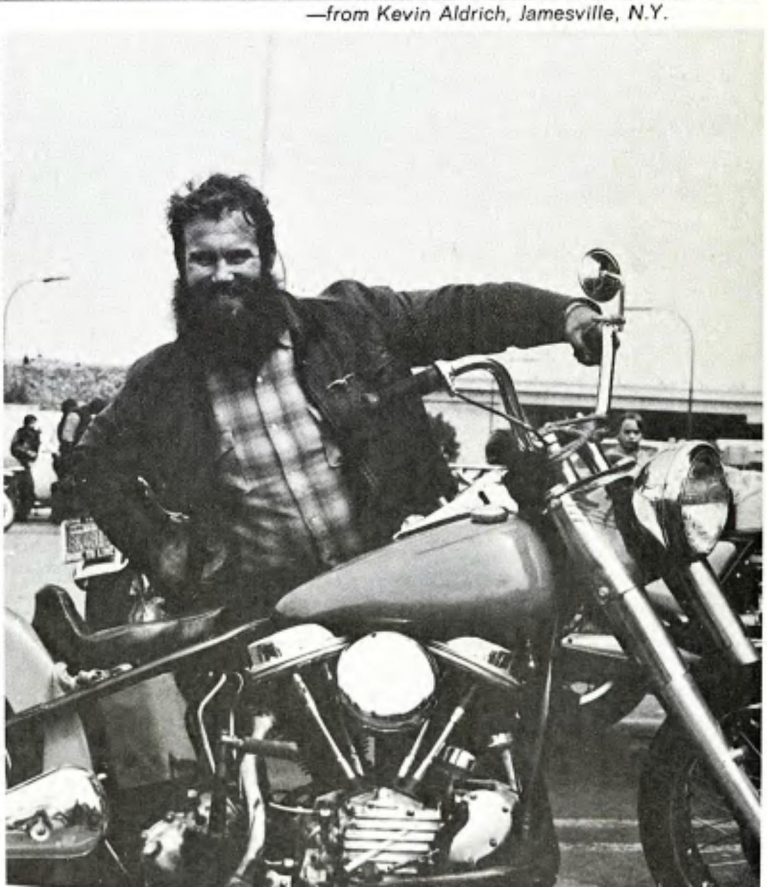
—from Greg Haase, Las Vegas, Nev.



—from Graham Trott, Devon, England

—from Kevin Aldrich, Jamesville, N.Y.

—from Max Zimmerlein, Rochelle, Ill.



—from Mark Harrigan, Lafayette, Calif.

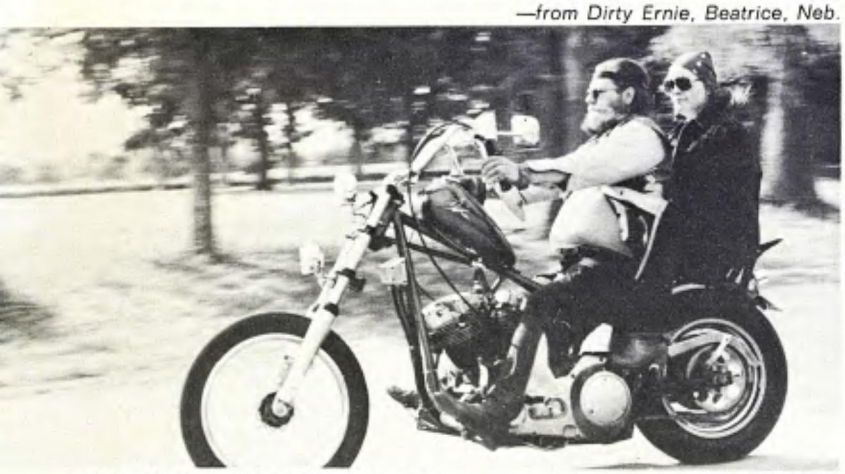
—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Graham Trott, Devon, England

—from Pete Silva, Chicago, Ill.

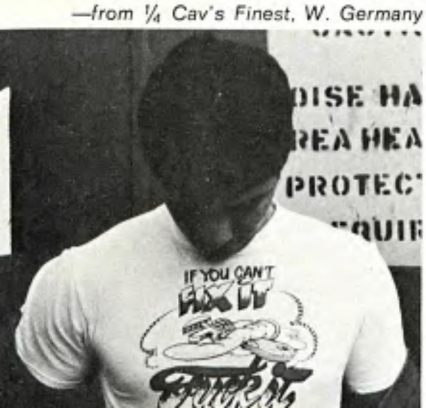
—from Maggie Cameron, APO, N.Y.

—from Ed, Westwood, N.J.



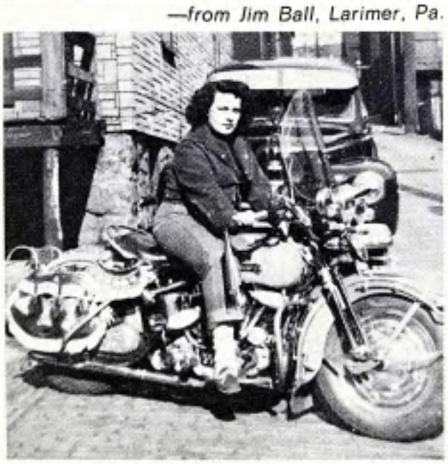
—from ¼ Cav's Finest, W. Germany

—from Rabbit, Midland, Mich.

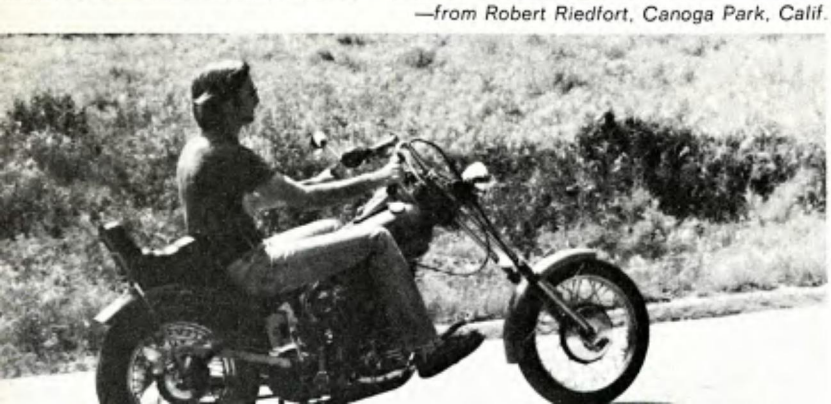


—from Max Zimmerlein, Rochelle, Ill.

—from Jim Ball, Larimer, Pa.



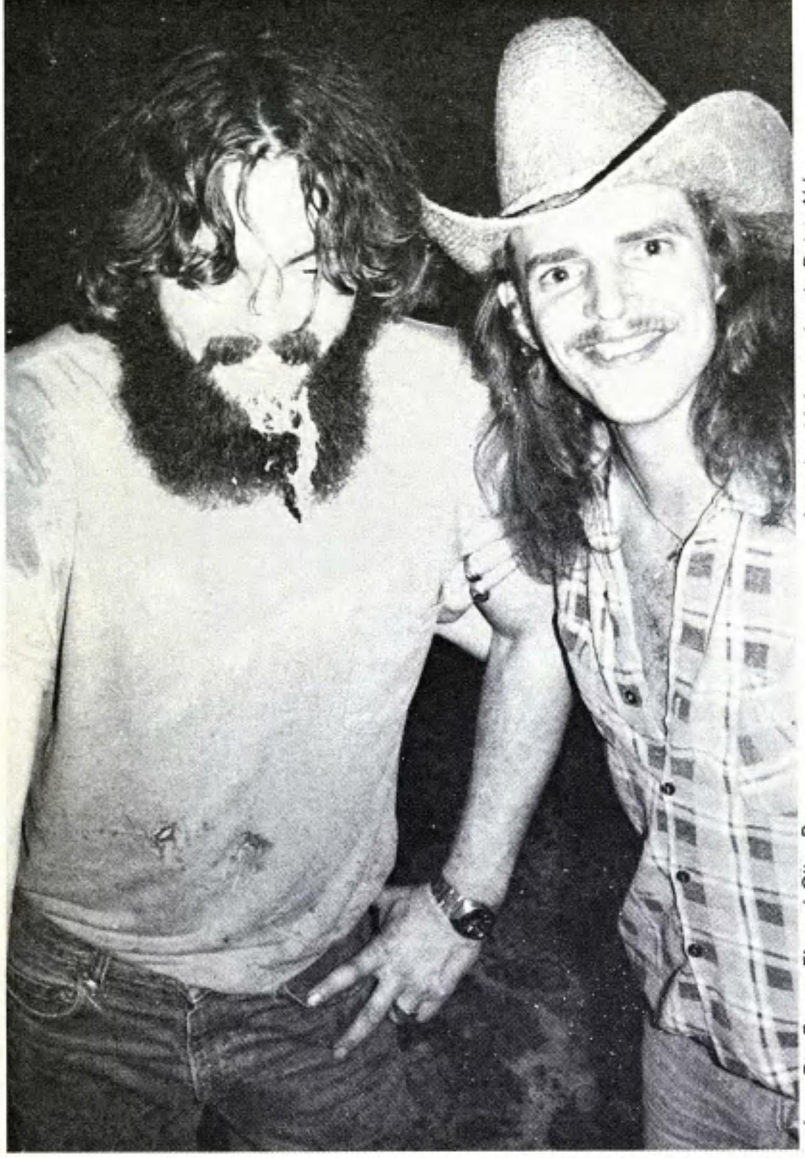
—from Robert Riedfort, Canoga Park, Calif.



—from Zane, Heidelberg, Germany

—from Lynda Marrokal, Santee, Calif.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.



—from Tony Higgins, Boston, Mass.

—from Jim McIntyre, Leeds Point, N.J.

—from Big Steve, Elwood City, Pa.

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Lynda Marrokal, Santee, Calif.

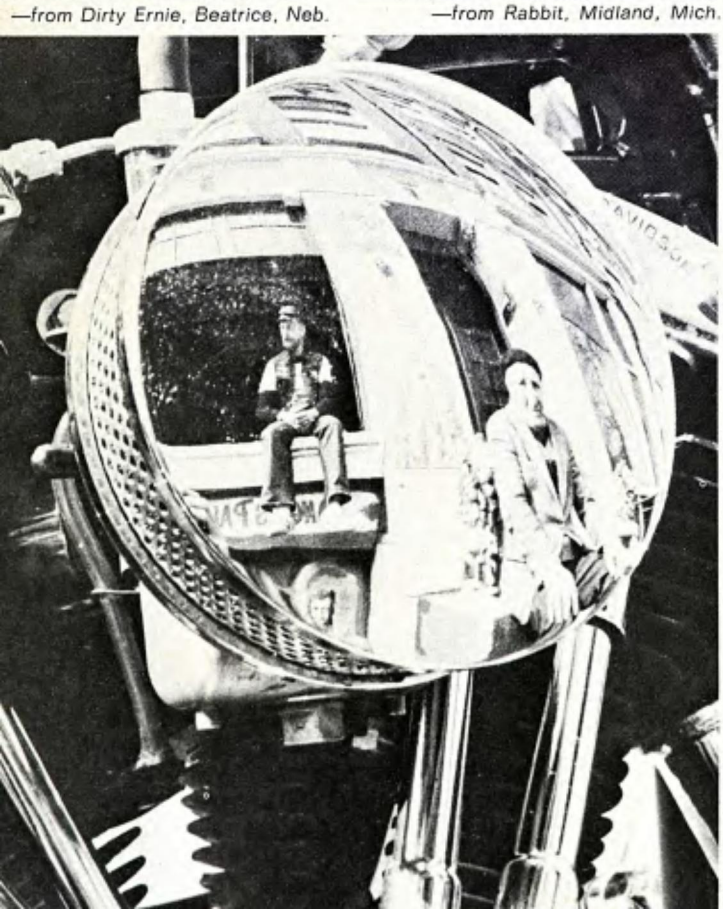
—from Flip Presjak, Warren, Ohio

—from Dirty Ernie, Beatrice, Neb.

—from Rabbit, Midland, Mich.

—from Stephen Paferi, Hopewell, N.J.

—from Gregg Hunter, Morris Plain, N.J.



—from T. Ybor City, Fla.

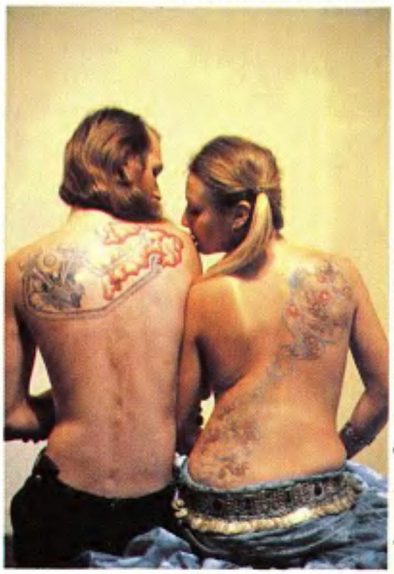
—from Laura Windsor, Lodi, N.J.

—from Chris Wroblewski, Manchester, England

—from Klaus Schneider, San Jose, Calif.

—from B. Gross, Mt. Holly, N.J.

—from Tony Sterno, Savannah, Ga.

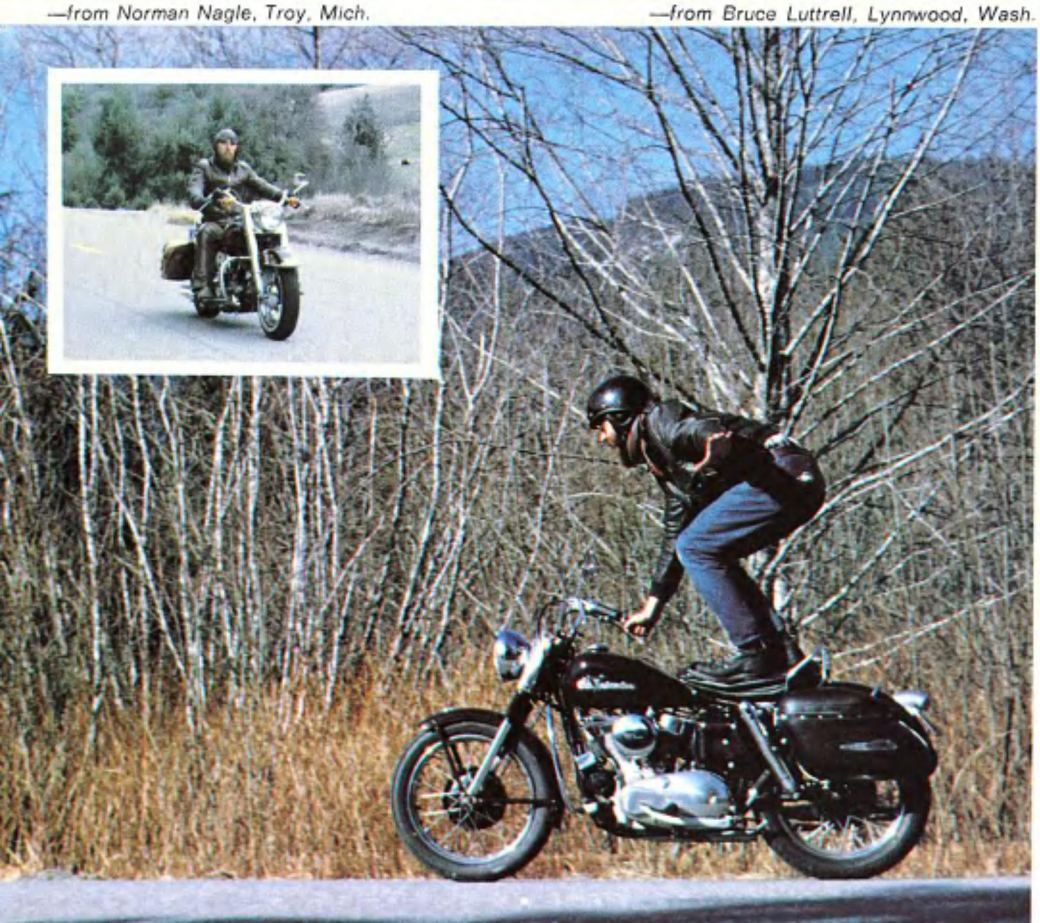


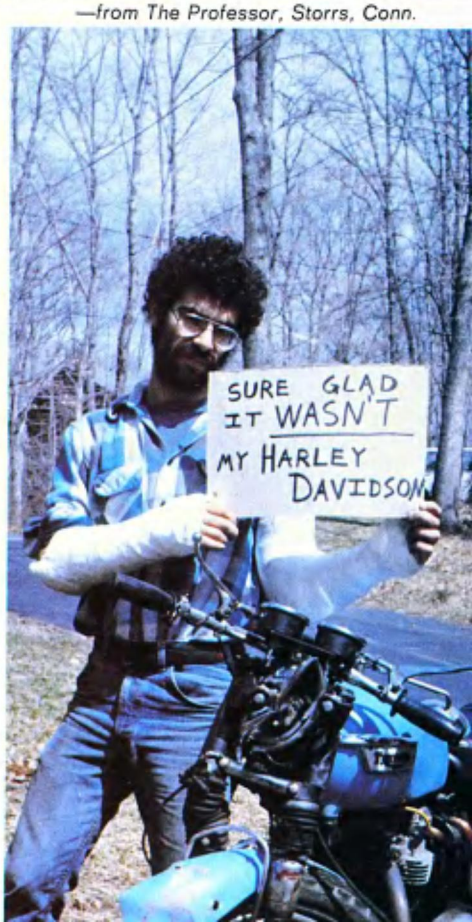
—from Jim Sardo, Hayward, Calif.

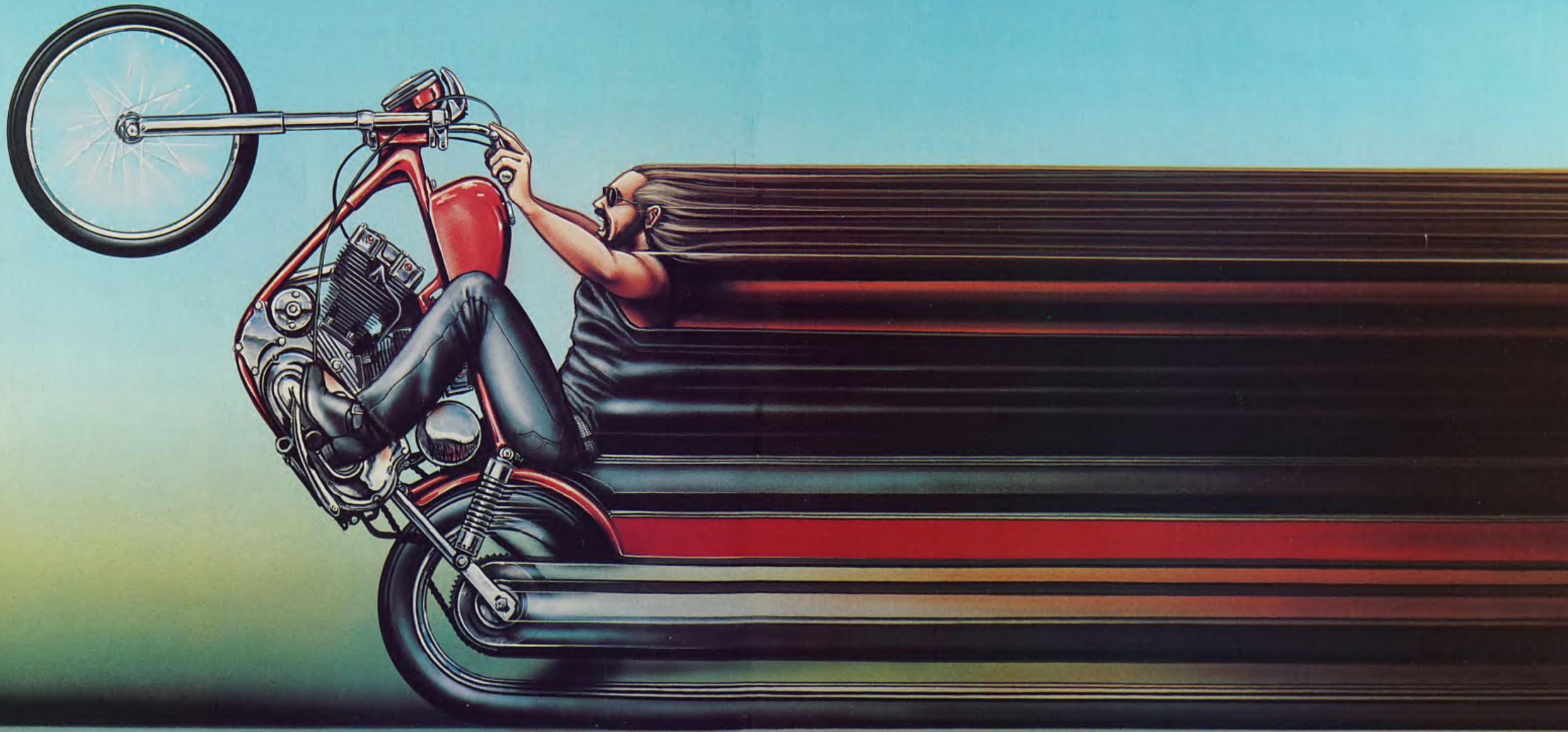
—from Norman Nagle, Troy, Mich.

—from Bruce Luttrell, Lynnwood, Wash.

—from The Professor, Storrs, Conn.

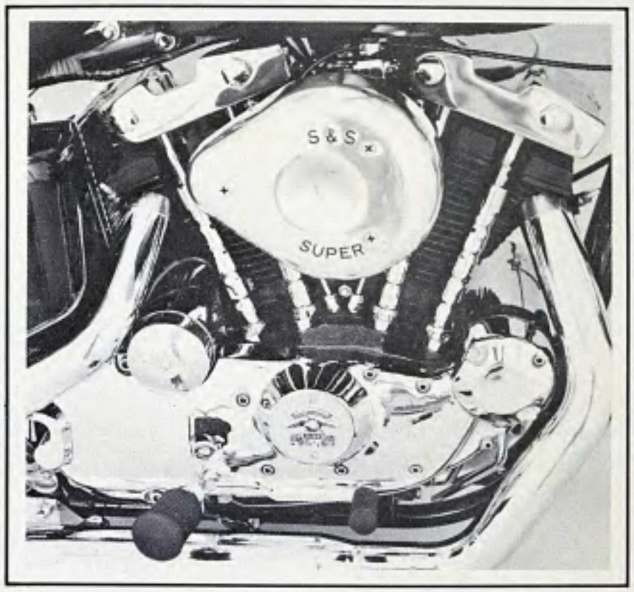






Easyriders

TIGHT BROS'



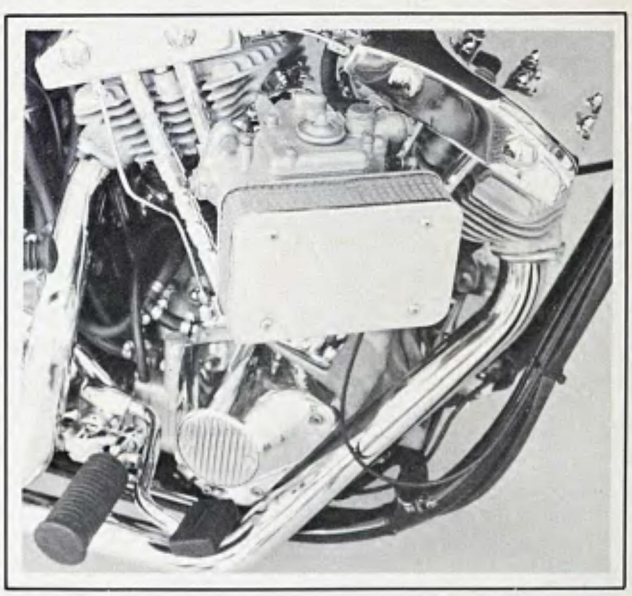
A couple of riding partners who go back a long way

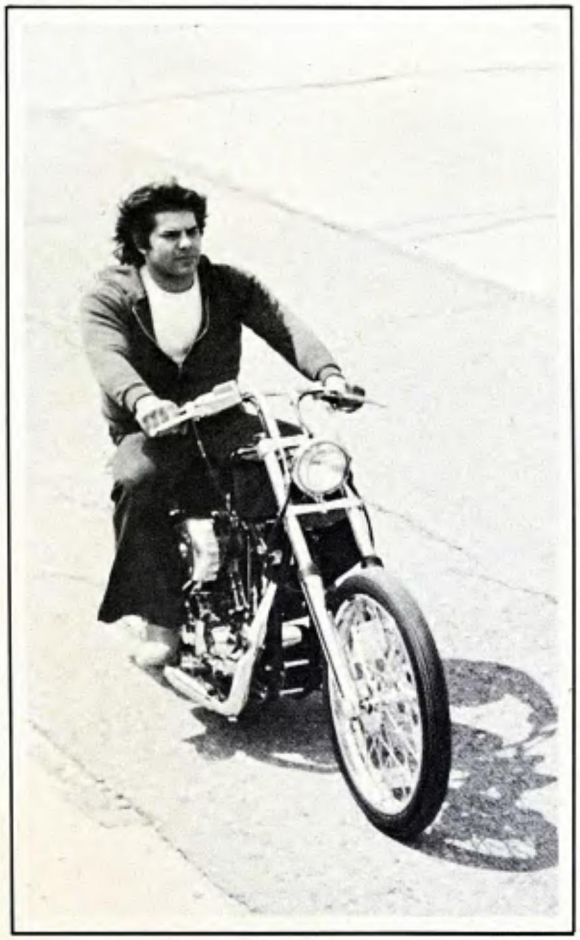
Dino and John have been sharin' bad jokes since they started walkin'. Or should I say talkin'? Shit, maybe walkin', or even crawlin', rug rats can pull a sour gag on another floor squirmer or on an unsuspecting adult. Possibly, when yer two dimple-faced, balloon-bodied, diaper-draped kids are sittin' in their cutesie highchairs and snortin' pablum, and one of 'em sorta deliberates, then picks up his glass of milk, he is really usin' that young, inexperienced, but devilish little mind. He casually upends the glass, and the milk hits the ol' lady's freshly miracle-waxed floor. Maintainin', Mama mumbles, "Oh, Johnny," and bends to wipe up the mess on the floor. Right about that time, Johnny lets a sly wink creep from his right eye to his partner in the next chair as the dish of pablum is launched off its highchair perch and onto Mommie's new hairdo. It's gotta be an inside joke between rug rats.

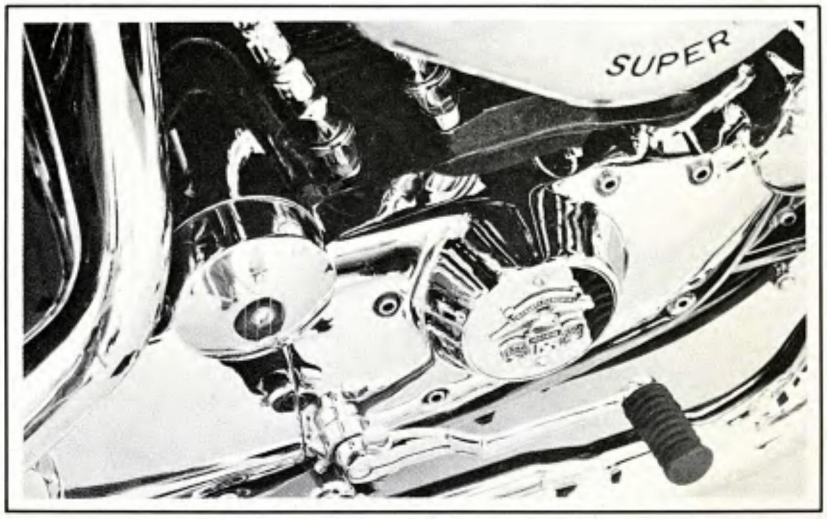
Anyway, John and Dino still go back a ways, whether or not they ever told each other jokes. 'Bout the time they both turned sixteen, they were struck with two-wheeler fever. And both of 'em proceeded to lay all their hard-earned money from collectin' pop bottles into a couple of small ringdings. From their small ringding stage, they graduated into larger ringdings. But bein' creative bros, they never left the stock bike alone. They had to change the pipes, paint job, pinstriping, or something about the scooters to make them unique.

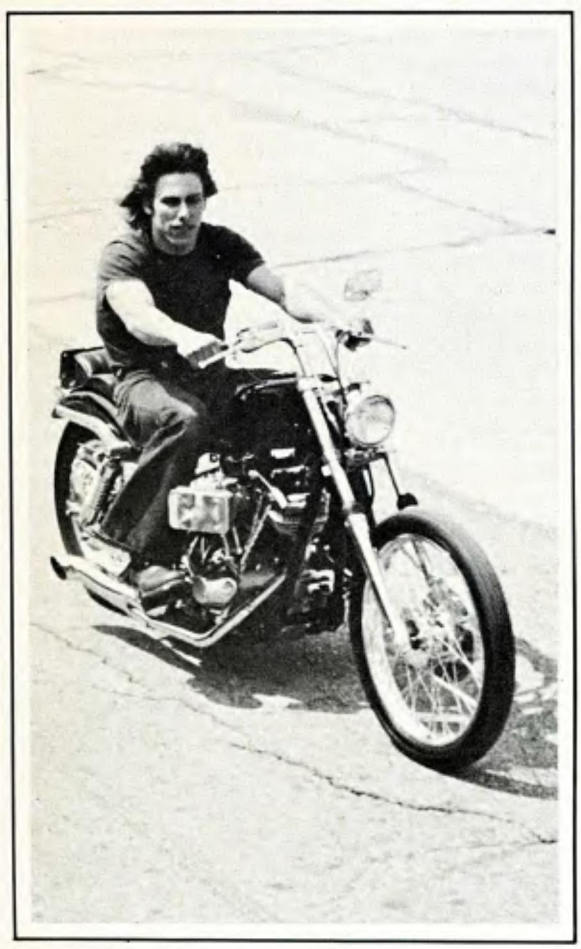
It didn't take 'em too long to discover that they were barking up the wrong motorcycles. So they both bought Harleys. And what you see here is the accumulation of sixteen years of experience and bein' tight bros.

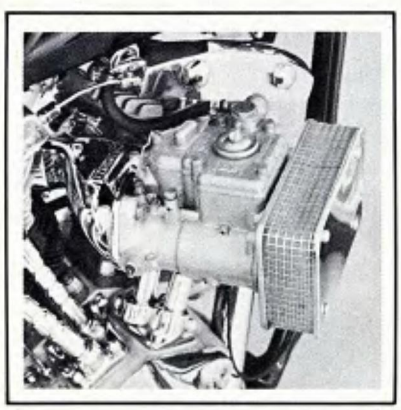
—Snake

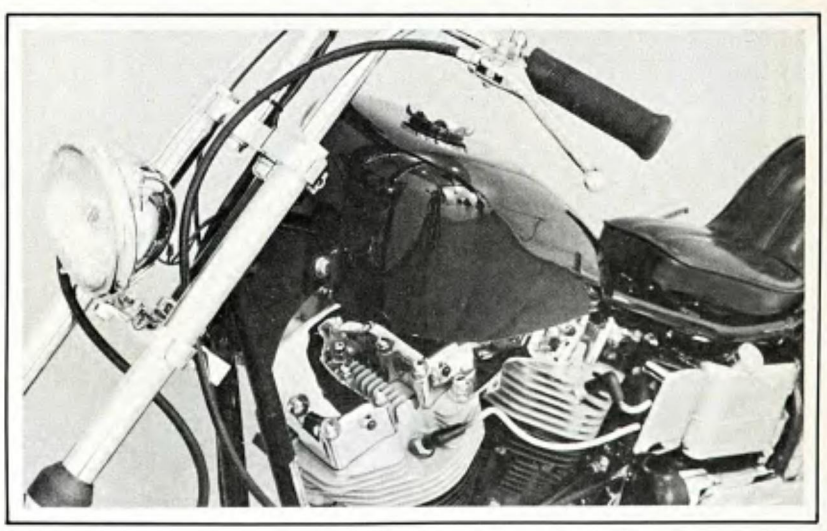


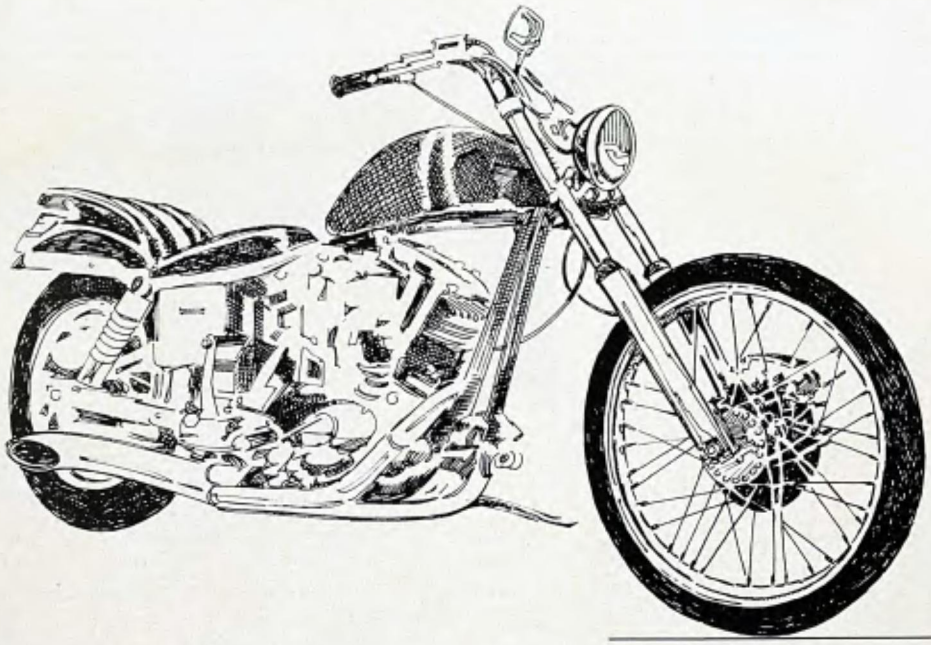


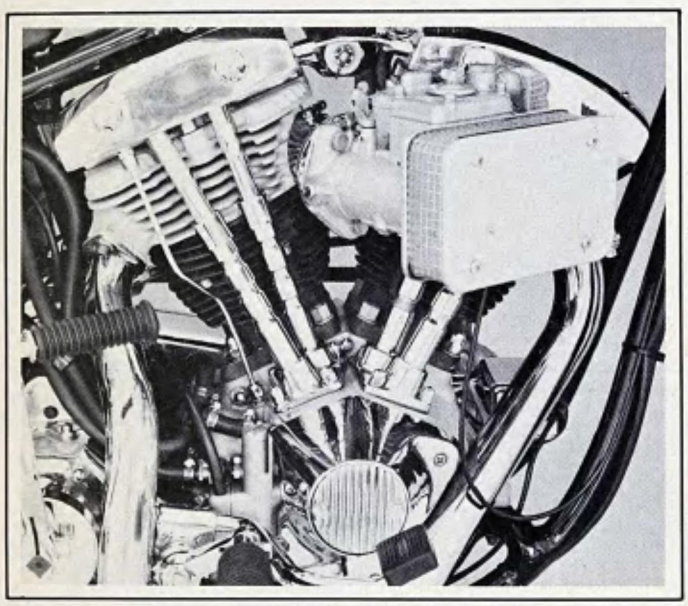

SUPER

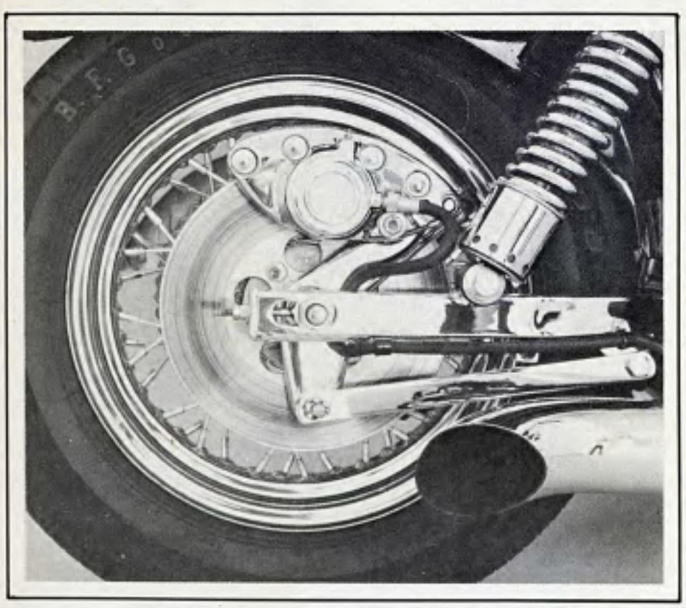












Owners: Dino Del Monte **City:** Pittsburg, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1976 H-D
Model: FXE
Value: $6,800
Assembly: owner
Time: 6 months
Chroming by: Walker & Sons

Engine

Year: 1976
Model: shovelhead
Rebuilder: owner & Carlo Lujan
Ignition: 12v. coil, distributor
Displacement: 88 cu.in.
Lower end: S & S
Balancing: Charlie Brown
Pistons: S & S
Cases: stroker modified
Heads: Sifton springs
Cam: Sifton 412
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carb(s): Weber
Air cleaner: custom
Pipes: Jammer
Muffler(s): Jammer

Transmission

Modifications: 1st & 2nd close ratio
Year: 1976
Shifting: ratchet top
Engine sprocket: 24
Trans sprocket: 24
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: Jack Del Monte Jr.
Color: black
Type: lacquer/Del Clear

Special paint: Mural by Brad McMahon

Other special modifications: none

Frame

Year: 1976
Builder: H-D & Chuck Delu
Type: swingarm
Rake: 53°
Stretch: none
Other alterations: none

Accessories

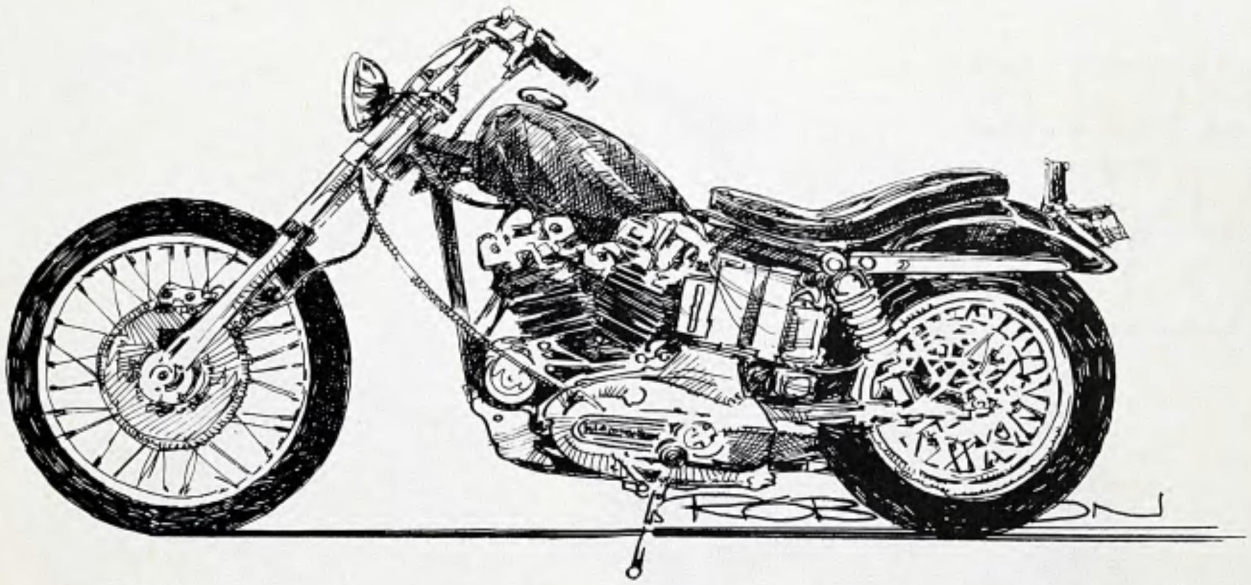
Bars: drag
Risers: one piece
Fender(s): Sportster
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Sportster
Speedo: none
Front pegs: H-D
Rear pegs: custom
Electrics: 12v. alternator
Gas tank: king Sportster
Oil tank: H-D
Oil system: stock
Primary cover: custom
Seat: custom
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Forks

Type: glide
Extension: stock length
Builder: H-D/owner
Special features: triple clamps

Wheels

Front:	Rear:
Size: 21	Size: 15
Hub: H-D	Hub: stock
Rim width: 2½ in.	Rim width: 5 in.
Tire: 2.75 Avon	Tire: Goodrich
Brake: disc	Brake: disc



Owners: John Rossini Jr. **City:** Pittsburg, Calif.

General

Fabrication by: owner
Year and make: 1974 H-D
Model: Sportster
Value: $4,200
Assembly: owner
Time: 6 months
Chroming by: Walker & Sons

Engine

Year: 1974
Model: XLH
Rebuilder: owner, Carlo Lujan
Ignition: coil, distributor
Displacement: 61 cu.in.
Lower end: stock
Balancing: H-D
Pistons: Sportster
Cases: black wrinkle
Heads: lapped
Cam: stock H-D
Lifters: solid
Carb(s): Bendix
Air cleaner: S & S
Pipes: 2-inch santee
Muffler(s): one piece

Transmission

Modifications: none
Year: 1974
Shifting: stock
Engine sprocket: 23
Trans sprocket: stock
Wheel sprocket: 51

Painting

Molding: owner
Painter: owner
Color: black
Type: lacquer/Del Clear
Special paint: Mural by Brad McMahon
Other special modifications: none

Frame

Year: 1974
Builder: H-D & Chuck Delu
Type: swingarm
Rake: 5/8 in.
Stretch: none
Other alterations: front frame sec.

Accessories

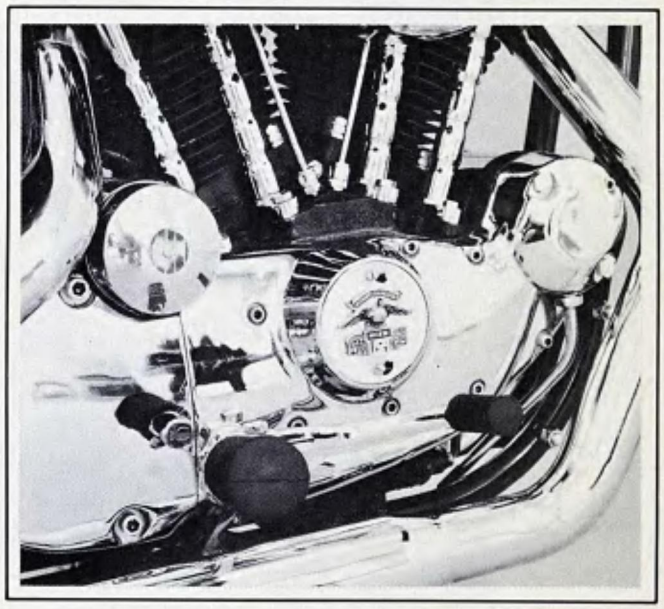
Bars: drag
Risers: none
Fender(s): widened Sportster 1/2 in.
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: early Sportster
Speedo: none
Front pegs: cut-down H-D
Rear pegs: stock H-D
Electrics: 12v., 2-brush gen.
Gas tank: Sportster
Oil tank: stock
Oil system: H-D
Primary cover: stock
Seat: custom
Sissy bar: none
Height:
Material:

Forks

Type: glide
Extension: 2 inches
Builder: H-D/owner
Special features: turned legs, triple cl.

Wheels

	Front:	Rear:
Size:	21	15
Hub:	H-D	stock
Rim width:	2¼ in.	3½ in.
Tire:	2.75	1.45 Pirelli
Brake:	disc	drum



Photos by Pete Chiodo

EAGLE AND ALL

By Becky Moad

"Sara Jane! Sara Jane!" The woman's voice pinged like a tin bell and bounced in echoes down the brick avenue.

"Sara Jane!" The woman turned from the doorway and stepped back into the house.

"Alex," she called out to the man snoring on the sofa, "Alex, she's gone off again. I can't find her. Alex?"

* * *

Mac heard the crying, the crying of someone small. He stepped to the open door of his garage, peered out, and blinked in the sunlight that filled the alley. Just across the way, huddled up against the fence, was the shivering, sobbing someone small. Mac squinted his eyes in the light till he could make out the long, blond hair and ruffled sweater.

"Little girl?" Mac called out. "Hey, you all right?"

He started out slowly across the pavement, slowly so the little one wouldn't run the way the rabbits did every morning.

He asked again softly as he hovered over the girl, "Hey there, kiddo, you all right?"

The child looked up and up to the bearded face of the towering man.

"Those kids took my wagon and they hit me!"

Drops of dark red oozed from the girl's nose and from the cut on her lower lip. Her face was spotted with purpling bruises and nail scratches.

Mac stared down. Shit, he thought, what kinda kids they makin' these days? What kinda kids would take this li'l thing's wagon and punch on her like that?

"I never seen you 'round here before. What's your name, honey?"

"Sara Jane."

"Well, tell ya what, Sara Jane, I'll go back into my garage there and get a wet towel or somethin' to wash your face with, then I'll help ya get back home. How's that sound?"

"But what about my wagon?" Sara Jane's eyes clouded up again. "I can't go home without it. We gotta find it first, or my mama's gonna. . ." Her words trailed off into a garbled sob.

Mac wanted to reach down, pat her on the head, or pick her up and tell her he'd fix everything. But his hands were occupied, helplessly dipping in and out of pockets, rubbing over the back of his neck, scratching his ear lobes. Something about females and tears invariably transformed the badass into a bumbling teddy bear.

"Now don't worry 'bout that wagon. I'll take care of it," he promised. "Wait right here till I get back."

Sara Jane was just coming out of her

tears, shuddering and gasping. "Okay," she sniffed.

Mac ducked back into the building, getting a fresh fix of the heavy grease scents that stuck to the shadows. He sucked up enough of the thick air to get the mental gears loose and clicking freely. Where in this hellhole was he gonna find a clean rag suitable for wiping away blood and tears from such a delicate face? He'd probably have to run upstairs and get something out of the house. Yeah, and then he'd probably have to run through a whole shitload of explanation when he met the kid's folks. How'd it happen? Which kids? Giving him those funny looks and obviously questioning his every word. They'd grab hold of their precious Miss Sara Jane and stare him down real hard. Then they'd pucker up their mouths to spit in his dirty face, but somehow manage to swallow and smile. "Thanks," they'd say, and not mean it. "Thanks again," they'd say as he was leaving; and all the while they'd be thanking God that he was leaving. What a fuckin' hassle! Taking all that crap for a cut lip and a bloody nose, and all for some lawyer's kid, some redneck's kid, for whoever's kid. Why the fuck hadn't he just kept his big nose out of it? The kid woulda lived and his day woulda stayed a whole lot simpler.

"There's some paper towels over by the sink, mister."

Mac jumped a foot in the air at the sound of the voice from behind, pivoted on a bootheel, and was ready for the quick draw. He let out a sigh from the guts when he recognized the innocent from the alley standing in the doorway. "Be damned if you ain't right," he said. Turning to the sink, he let the warm water soak half a roll of towels, hoping maybe he could just wash away the whole situation.

"Whatcha buildin'?" Sara Jane asked, having discovered the great bulk of metal in cement block traction amid a circle of tools and parts.

"Well," Mac began, as he squeezed out the shredding pulp, "that's my sweetheart there. She's been ailin' lately and I decided it's time I fixed her up."

He gingerly dabbed the towels on the girl's face. She was such a small thing and he was so afraid he'd press too hard and crush her delicate bones.

Sara Jane impatiently pushed the big hand away from her mouth.

"How can that be a sweetheart? It's a motorcycle!"

Mac returned to dabbing the swollen lip.

"I realize that. It is most definitely a motorcycle; but she's still my sweetheart, my baby. I take care of her."

"Like when I play with my dolls?"

—Continued on page 80

Illustration by Kathey Walsh

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While having a beer at his favorite saloon, the biker saw a mama who had owed him a dollar for several months.

"Where's the money you owe me?" he asked.

"I don't have it," the chick replied, "but if you'll sit down here in this both, I'll give you a blow job."

When she had finished, the dude zipped up and prepared to leave, and as he was going out the door he turned and said, "Remember now, you still owe me seventy-five cents."

—Vern Townsend
Forest Grove, Ill.

"Man, you must have a dumb ol' lady if you gotta tattoo blowjob instructions on your dong."

A bro was charged with escape from the joint, and when they took him to trial, the judge asked him if he had anything to say about why he ran away. After listening to him, the judge found him not guilty. The bro told the judge that he was originally sentenced to five years. When he got to the joint, they gave him a comb, then cut off his hair. Then they gave him a toothbrush and pulled all his teeth. A little later, they issued him a jockstrap. That night, he climbed the wall and escaped.

—Tom Hill
Huntsville, Tex.

Greatly agitated, the biker's ol' lady carried her squalling baby into the drugstore and asked, "What can I do? My baby swallowed one of his daddy's .357 magnum bullets."

"Give it the contents of this castor oil bottle," the druggist advised, "but don't point the little fucker at anyone."

—Vernon Rowdy
Clint, Ark.

"Why don't you just move the bike away from that fire plug and be done with it, Ralph?"

According to an Indian agent on a South Dakota reservation, the Sioux squaws have been practicing a variation on wife swapping. They call it passing the buck.

—Gilbert Lorenzen
Rosebud, S.D.

Sign on a whorehouse door: Closed until Monday. Beat it.

—Tim Arthur
Phoenix, Ariz.

The straight, middle-aged dude had definitely had enough to drink, and had been sitting for a long time without lifting his glass. He turned to the bro beside him and asked, "Shay, didjou shpill a glass of beer on me?"

"Fuck no!" the bro answered.

"Didjou see the bartender spill a beer on me?"

"Nope."

"Then it's just as I been sushpectin'," the drunk declared. "It'sh an inside job."

—Brenda Novo
Agoura, Calif.

The Army sergeant had his men fall out for an announcement.

"Gonzalez," he shouted. "Step forward." Private Gonzalez did as ordered.

"Gonzalez," the sergeant bellowed, "your mother's dead. Fall back in line." Weeping loudly, the young soldier fell in.

Infuriated by the heartless display, the company commander ordered the sergeant back to NCO school to brush up on tact, humility, and compassion. He no sooner returned to camp when another announcement was in order.

"Don't worry, Captain," the sergeant assured his company commander, "I'll handle this tactfully." He then had the men fall out in rank.

"Attention," he called. "All you fuckers with mothers take one step forward — not you, Lopez."

—John Blank
Ames, Iowa

A dude went into the hospital for some minor surgery, and the day after the operation a visiting male friend commented on the steady stream of nurses who came in to fluff his pillow, offer to give him back rubs, and ask if there was anything else he needed. "Why all the attention?" asked the friend. "After all, you're not in a very serious condition."

"I know," replied the patient, "but the girls sort of formed a fan club when the word got around that my circumcision required twenty-two stitches."

—Wayne Corrigan
Ogden, Utah

It has been reported that a long-lost tribe of Indians has been discovered living in the remote wilds of Arizona. Unfortunately, only one man survives, while five hundred women struggle to eke out a living in the harsh wilderness. An odd fact came to light when it was discovered that not one woman possessed nipples on her breasts. At a loss as to what to call the tribe, anthropologists settled upon the name "The Indian Nippleless 500."

—Bill Thornbury
Agoura, Calif.

"Would you believe a dirty toilet seat?"

Meeting his ex-wife at a party, the handsome young dude suggested that they go into one of the bedrooms for a fuck, just for old time's sake.

"Over my dead body," the broad snarled.

He sneered. "I see you haven't changed a bit."

—Jim Grossett
Toronto, Canada

"I'm as horny as you are, Sandra, but I won't ball that until I hear it talk."

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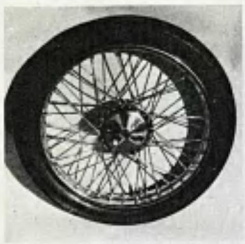

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Dave's Basket Case 5606 Alta Ave., Dallas
Brown's M/C 1212 E. Marshall, Longview

UTAH
Quality Motorcycle Parts 3231 South State, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

VIRGINIA
Trophy Custom Paint & Cycle 2715 Peters Creek Rd., Roanoke
Cycle & Head Boutique 50 River St., Petersburg
Lilly H-D Inc. Rt. 2 Hwy. 11 West, Apingdon
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond
K & S Cycle Care Center 7822 Warwick Blvd., Newport News
The Harley Shop Rt. 1 Box 118, Fieldale
Don's H-D Broadmoor Shopping Center, Stuarts Draft

WASHINGTON
Sanford & Rowley Custom MC 4302 S. Union, Tacoma
D & D Cycle East 915 Francis, Spokane

WASHINGTON D.C.
HD of Washington 9407 Livingston Rd. S.E., Washington, D.C.

WEST VIRGINIA
Mike's Cycle Rt. 1 Box 57 A, Delbarton
Dennis Harley-Davidson 4924 MacCorkle Ave., S. Charleston

WISCONSIN
Rich's Pit Shop 5711 W. North Ave., Milwaukee
Tri State Cycle 3926 W. Burleigh St., Milwaukee
Bill's Cycle Inc. 2405 Racine St., Racine

WYOMING
Trade Winds Wine Ark 1455 Dewar Dr., Rocksprings

The Iron-Ons' Iron-On

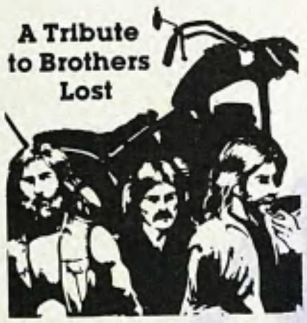
Instructions: Read all the way through before starting work. Get together the following material: ironing board and iron; scissors; transfer from this magazine; sheet of white tissue paper; piece of stiff cardboard that will slip inside shirt; a new or used 50% polyester-50% cotton T-shirt.

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—the iron-on to end all iron-ons. **Easyriders** does it again.

Male Call

A Tribute to Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. **Note:** No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address which can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

In memory of **"Brudi,"** a righteous brother who went down before his time. Remembered always by Frank, Alias Bob, Ritz, Sconey, Mad Mick, and friends, Brisbane, Australia.

In memory of **Dwayne L. "Dewey" Sawyer,** gone to Harley Heaven. One of the ridin'est, partyin'est brothers we ever knew. The Barons M/C, Flint, Mich.

In memory of **"Big Al" Sawyer.** He remains in the hearts of all who knew him. Tracy Harrell, Edenton, N.C.

For **"Brodie,"** who is free now to ride his pan in the wind forever. L. Ramos, Glendale, Ore.

In remembrance of **"Jake,"** who was dusted by a heart attack. We'll never forget you. All the bros in Tucson and Sierra Vista.

To **Al Jones,** who can take that everlasting ride that no drunk can stop now. From all the bros in Bacliff, Tex.

In memory of **"Jake" Bierbaum.** You left us too soon, but you'll be ridin' with us forever. Andy and Yogi.

Dougie Bradford—The Huddle Bum. At least he died happy.

Daddy, we know you're watching over us. We love you and miss you very much. Can you ride your bike in Heaven? Tammy, Wendy, Ronnie, and Mikie Keller.

In memory of a great bro, **Billy Dodt.** We love ya and will never forget ya as long as there's bros and Harleys.

We all miss you, **Greg "Cochise" Lowell,** and we'll meet you in Heaven or Hell. Free-wheelin' bros, Paducah, Ky.

In memory of **John "Cowboy" Holtsman.** The people who love you will never forget. Harold, Linda, and Farrah.

In memory of **Big Jim.** You partied hard and died too damn young. We'll see you later in Harley Heaven. Henry and Chester.

In memory of **Garland Freeze,** who was downed by a U-turning drunk in a van. We miss you. From all of us in San Angelo.

In memory of **"Beaner Dave,"** just a damn good muthafucker. We'll see ya in hell. Tom and Sheila.

In memory of **Coyote** and **Vic.** We'll miss you fools. Crow, Satan's Few M/C Nomads.

In memory of **John L. Gates,** a brother who'll never be forgotten. M. deWolfee, Wheaton, Md.

In memory of **Bill "Shakey" Nuss,** who rode fast and died hard. From Locust and the rest of the bros.

In memory of **Eric "Worm" Wilson,** killed by a damned train. We'll catch you in Hog Heaven. Knights of the Confederacy MC, Sumter, S.C.

In memory of **"Rabbit,"** a true Pagan 1%er. I know you're doing it. You always did. Gardez la foi. Bro Patch-Head.

In remembrance of **"Ego."** Life in the fast lane. Para-Dice Riders MC, Toronto, Canada.

In memory of **"Li'l Billy" Pidgeon** and **"Missy,"** MIA on a boat trip. From Depravo, S.J., and Scooter, Vancouver, Canada.

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

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

A lonely bro with no one to write to needs correspondence. Please write. Benny Kabel #85076, Box 174, Fox #5-Dorm-A, St. Gabriel, La. 70776.

I would like to receive mail from biker girls who want to write. Stanley Garrett, Box 2, Lansing, Kan. 66043.

20-yr.-old biker with one year left would like to hear from young ladies. Fred Grover #A-88279, Box 1000, Lincoln, Ill. 62656.

In the joint. Need some mail from nice chicks. Chris Grozinger #35482, Box 7-2-D-608, Moberly, Mo. 65270.

Girls of all sizes. I want to hear from you all. Lois Scott #42760, MSU, Parchman, Miss. 38738.

Will some chicks send mail to a lonely inmate? Steve Somerset, I-3-1, #11047-36, 835 West Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Any and all girls, I'm down now, but not forever. Write and make me feel better. Dale May #32187, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

I will answer all letters from anyone. Carl Allen #87508, Box 97, McAlester, Okla. 74501.

Handsome dream weaver needs a lady to share his dreams. T. C. Fedkenheuer, Box 11401, Yardville, N.J. 08620.

Doing one more year, then I'll need a lady to ride with me. Johnny Robinson #059-101, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, Fla. 33821.

20-yr.-old bro looking for young lady to write to for the next few months. Chuck Goa #A-82052, Box 515, Joliet, Ill. 60432.

21-yr.-old inmate needs sweet lady to write to. Jim Hartman #B-90167/J-379, Box 2000, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

25-yr.-old inmate needs leters from foxy mamas. Ron Hoag #B-71805, Box 2000, J-378, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

20-yr.-old male looking to correspond with chicks from the east coast. Rick Santospago, Box R, Buena Vista, Colo. 81211.

Young bro would like to write to young lady. John McCarthy #058258-A-57, Box 667, Bushnell, Fla. 33513.

Could use some mail and pictures from a young lady. Billy Carrico #36029, Box 146, Fordland Prison Camp, Fordland, Mo. 65652.

23-yr.-old biker needs letters from chicks with good hearts. Bob Thompson #154672, Box 492, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Blond, blue-eyed inmate will answer all letters from chicks. Charles Ertzberger, 218 S. Laredo St., 7th floor, S-L-3, San Antonio, Tex. 78207.

Just a lonely man in prison who won't play games, and I need letters from sincere women. Warren Nash #B-48271, Davis #100, Box 107, Tehachapi, Calif. 93561.

Good bro down and in need of a little sunshine from foxes. Mark Conway, Box B-90674, CTF-N-WA-255, Soledad, Calif. 92960.

Okay, you sweet chicks, write so I can tell you how to come visit me. Michael McCloud, Box R,Napanoch, N.Y. 12458.

Lonesome biker needs letters from ladies. Send photo. I'll answer all. Gary Gouvea #C-00097, Box 2000, Cell V-362, Vacaville, Calif. 95688.

Write a bro in need of mail. Larry Hagler #114615, SCC, Box 3500-37-4, Staunton, Va. 24401.

I have everything I need to write except someone to write to. Pictures would be nice. Richard Baum, Box B-96506, CTF North, LA-143, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Inmate needs leters from chicks. Duane Atkins #11150-A, Unit 4, Box 607, NNCC, Carson City, Nev. 89701.

I'm looking for a chick to cook with. Send letters and photos to see if you're the right dish for me. Robert J. Harkins #245335, Box 900, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Girls, don't be lame, give me your game. Steve Bernstein, Box C-00100, CTF South, 7-44, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I'm a horny dude who wants to correspond with horny ladies. Norman Hirshfield #61781, Box 597, Ancora, Spruce Hall, Hammonton, N.J. 08037.

Doing ten to life. My balls are blue and I need you. Richard Peacock, Box B-25325, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Sincere, lonely prisoner in need of a woman. Interested only in lasting partnership, not just a jailhouse romance. Jim E. Felix, Box B-11866, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Young bro doing a nickel for the feds wants to hear from young, hard-body girls. Rocky Weber #19047, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Can a good bro get a play on some mail from young, tender girls? Michael Latholais #00037, Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Good-looking honky wants good-looking chick to write. Ralph West #B-98679, Box A, D-7351, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Nineteen-year-old, with two years to go, needs letters from girls. Gerald Williams, Box B-35588, Central Unit, Florence, Ariz. 85232.

Inmate brother wants to share love and compassion with a chick through the mail. James Phillips #051896, Box 221, 73-103, Raiford, Fla. 32083.

Chicano bro needs letters and pictures from classy ladies. All letters will be answered. Hector Camarillo #259023, Ellis Unit, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Serious chicks interested in X-rated letters, send photo and mail. Roadrunner Hunter #106-063, OSR, Box 788, Mansfield, Ohio 44901.

18-yr.-old is down and out, but will answer all mail from chicks. Tom Whitman #Y-2708, Box 200, Camp Hill, Pa. 17011.

26-yr.-old, blond, blue-eyed bro would like to hear from all you foxy ladies out there. Bill Pevehouse #B-94580, Box 600, Tracy, Calif. 95376.

I would like to hear from a young lady, 18-30. Curtis Simpson #F-8672, Drawer K, Unit D, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Inmate wants to correspond with ladies in the Michigan area. Must be willing to give understanding, respect, and honesty. H. Bobby Welch #145804, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

20-year-old bro in need of letters and photos from other bros and ladies. Brian Jenkins, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Orange County, Calif., dude doing twenty years would like to hear from people in his own area. Send letters and flicks. Fred Caspersen #39190, 2605 State St., Salem, Ore. 97310.

Downed bro with no family could use some letters from mamas. Douglas Luckey #878706, C-37-T, Box 99, Clermont, Fla. 32711.

Young Frenchman needs mail from ladies. David Bouillion #90934, Box 147-H.U.#1, Fox Lake, Wis. 53933.

36-yr-old renegade, down seven years, wants to write to chicks. Will answer all. James Parker #71108, Fort Pillow State Prison, Fort Pillow, Tenn. 38032.

If there are any chicks out there who care, drop a line and let me know. Dennis Poole #11489, Box 28, Pendleton, Ind. 46064.

Would like to hear from nice or nasty ladies who like puttin', smokin', and partyin'. Joseph Sherman #30122, Box 81248, Lincoln, Neb. 68501.

Lonely inmate is looking for a lady to write to. Robert Copeland, Box B-72157, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

I would like hearing from young beauties who like traveling. Vernon Montrand, Box B-94819, Jamestown, Calif. 95327.

Young buck wants to hear from some young does. Photo too, please. Gene McGrath, Box B-95400, CTF North, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

Lonely biker, sentenced to die, would love to hear from gals who care. Send photo. Will answer all. James Russell #379, Rt. 3, Ellis Unit J23, Huntsville, Tex. 77340.

Need letters from some foxes. Ladies, please write. Bernie Kroll #244337, Box 900, Pine Hall H-4, Shelton, Wash. 98584.

Would like pleasant correspondence from young ladies. Richard Shamoon #B-68389, Room 6141, CMC Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

Hot dude in the city is lonely and doing time. Love to hear from ladies. David Bensinger #106475, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

Good-looking dude, 27, would like to hear from foxy ladies and others. Floyd Nelson III, Box B-90569, Tamal, Calif. 94964.

Could dig some mail from some foxy females. Will answer all. Lee Caudill #139423, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

Lonely guy doing lonely time would love to hear from anyone. Delbert Ray Seymour #153-344, Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

I am lonely and need to hear from any available ladies out there. Will answer all letters. I'm 22 yrs. old. Joseph Squires #C-77525, Box 711, Menard, Ill. 62259.

All fine, foxy mamas and hefty lounge lizards, write and shorten my time. Les Paul Burnett, Box B-92719, SHU, O-Wing, Soledad, Calif. 93960.

I am in prison and would like letters and photos from any chicks. Don Kinker #151-394, Box 57, Marion, Ohio 43302.

33-yr.-old bro wants letters from ladies who are sincere. Robert Kendricks #C-00175, Box 87, Menard, Ill. 62259.

Lonely dude in prison needs letters and a place to be paroled to. Charles Hulling #99736, Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio 45036.

32-yr.-old bro, down six with one to go, needs letters from foxy ladies. Robert Bushy #A-019324, Box 1100-1504, Avon Park, Fla. 33825.

Young stud needs ladies to help with this time. James Violette #B-98411, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

I'm 22 yrs. old and want to hear from ladies in the Washington area who care. Ron Siever, Box W.R., Green Bay, Wis. 54305.

Downed scooter tramp wants to hear from scooter lady who has her head on right. Don Merchant #29015, Box 1500, Dorm 6-A, El Reno, Okla. 73036.

34-yr.-old dude would like to hear from sexy chicks with no hang-ups. Joseph Sanfratello, Box 1000, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

Wanted, good ol' lady to marry. Should be from Calif. for homeyard visits. Any foxy biker lady will do. Dennis Cole #B-98687, Shu, Box 441, Chino, Calif. 91710.

New Mexico biker, down and in need of letters and pics from serious ladies. Toby Hoffman #78-A-3090, Box 51, Comstock, N.Y. 12821.

Need woman to be here with me, by mail or personally. Charlie Hall, Bldg. 6284, C.M.C. B-96233, Box A, San Luis Obispo, Calif. 93409.

22-yr.-old on seven-yr. sentence needs leters and pictures from cool chicks. Steve Bowman #A-873410, HIB-239, Box 340, Sharpes, Fla. 32959.

Lonesome inmate wants letters and photos from young ladies. Paul Moncure #152995, Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204.

22-yr.-old Texan could dig a little correspondence. Terry Gordon #44226, Box 1010, CH7, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

I'm 34, marriage-minded and lonely, and I need your mail. Lee Fletcher, Rt. 1, Box 22, Capron, Va. 23829.

22-yr.-old in prison on work release program needs chicks to write to and get up with. I like to travel. James Nicholson #115679, 4041 Oldbridge Rd., Woodbridge, Va. 22191.

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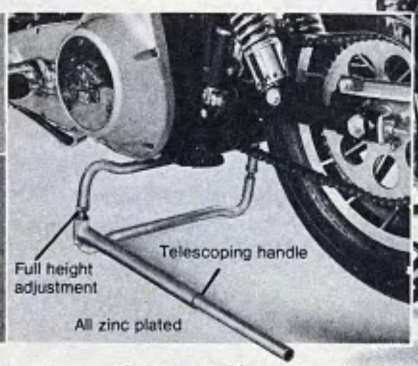

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If you have read **Easyriders** for any length of time, you are aware of Robinson's works of art. They are meant to be cartoons, but anyone with an eye can see all of the work he puts into his illustrations (we feel they're too good to be called cartoons).

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EAGLE

—Continued from page 73

"Yeah, kinda like that, I guess," Mac answered, suddenly aware of the similarity. After all, he fed his sweetheart fine gasoline, changed her oil, kept her clean and tuned. And like a doll, the bike would never outgrow the need for him—nor would he pack her away like a kid abandons outgrown toys. His baby was his for life.

"How do you get to work?"

"On my baby."

"Don't you even have a car?" Sara Jane eyed the biker's downed sweetheart suspiciously.

"Nope." Mac smiled and waited for the next question.

"Are we going to look for my wagon on that?" She pointed a small finger at the bike and wrinkled up her nose.

"Yup, if ya want me to take ya lookin', then that's the wheels we use, kiddo."

"Wheel," Sara Jane corrected. "It's only got one wheel. You can't drive it like that, mister."

"Mac, call me Mac, okay?" Mac corrected. "I can see it's only got one wheel, sweetheart."

"Are you talking to me or it?"

"You, kid, and watch your mouth." Mac was trying damned hard to look damned serious. "It'll just take me a few minutes to get her back together and then we can look for that wagon and get the both of you back home where you belong. Okay?"

A shadow passed over the little girl's face and she stared at a spot somewhere beyond Mac's elbow, "You know, it'll prob'ly be hard to find my wagon. I never did see those kids before. But"—she shifted her gaze to the very center of Mac's eyes—"I can't go home without it. . ." Her voice trailed off and she tried to steady her gaze while her eyes began to fill once again.

"Now, kiddo, we'll get everything all worked out—just wait and see."

Sara Jane stood there, waiting for the tears to recede. She ran her tongue over the cut in her lip, tasting metal. She flicked at the ruffles on her sweater with her fingers. Finally, she was able to raise her head and look directly up in reply. "Whatever you say, Mac."

As Mac set to work on the machine, Sara Jane wandered around the garage, examining broken pieces of things and fingerpainting with grease smudges.

Mac started mumble-singing the only line he could ever remember from Steppenwolf's "Born to Be Wild," the best working song he knew.

"Born to be wi-i-ild!" Then he'd hum the notes and sing the words again, just a bit louder, "Born to be wi-i-ild!"

After a dozen or so choruses of Mac's one-part harmony, Sara Jane picked up with her own version of soprano. Now they had two parts—a mixture of feathers and bullfrog. Mac stopped to listen to the airy solo. After the third time around alone, Sara Jane brought the song to an end on a giggly note. She hadn't realized that Mac was listening to her.

"You sing real pretty," Mac said—and they both blushed.

Mac returned to tightening up the nuts and Sara Jane walked around in little circles, staring up at the ceiling beams.

"Hey, Mac." She was still looking up, her head tilted back and her soft hair falling free. "What *is* born to be wild?"

"Just a song. Kind of a special song for bikers, I guess."

"You a biker, Mac?"

"Guess you could say that."

"Were you born to be wild?"

Mac looked up from behind the spoked wheel, his dark eyes focusing directly on the crystal blues of Sara Jane. She was waiting for his answer. He rubbed the back of his hand under his nose.

"Well, there's been a lotta times, ridin' on my sweetheart here, I felt like I was—times when I felt like I was as wild as a big ol' timber wolf, times when I felt mean, mad at everybody and everything. And then there's been times when I felt wild like an eagle. You seen pictures of them big birds flyin' high up to the clouds? When ya feel wild and free like that, ya feel like no one can touch ya 'cause you're so high up and goin' so fast."

He gestured with his flat palm, making his hand pretend to soar through the air. Sara Jane watched the imagined eagle intently and followed it with her whole face as it glided down to rest as a loose fist on the motorcycle.

"What kind of times are you feeling now?" she asked, never shifting her gaze from the man's fingers.

"Like a pigeon in a cage." Mac half-grinned with his sarcasm.

Sara Jane giggled. "That's not wild!"

"Yeah, I know." Mac looked over the length of his bike. In his head, the machine was rumblin', snortin', mean like a rabid lobo, and he was swept up in the wind, sailin' past field and city blurs.

"Dear Abby. . ."

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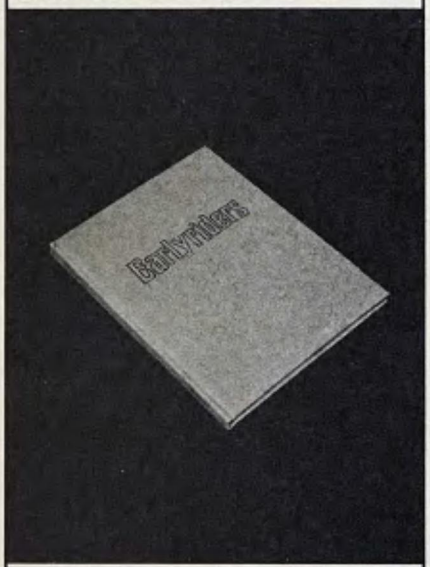

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Damn, what a rush! He looked back to where he really was and saw the shaky roof over his head, roof after roof beyond that, his bike balanced on cold blocks, and this kid with him who might never know the times he'd felt—though she, too, must have been born the same way. Wasn't everybody born to be wild? Then he stood up and stretched his back out full, as if to break the chains he felt binding him. He laid his tools down on the cluttered workbench.

Sara Jane looked at him with excitement in her eyes. "Can I ask you something else, Mac?"

"Shoot!"

"Where's your sweetheart's wings?"

"Wings? What wings?"

"Wings, like on an eagle—like what you told me. You know. Remember, you said no one could touch you 'cause you're so high up, flying up to the clouds?"

"Oh, that. Well, the motorcycle ain't really got wings." Mac decided to try to explain. "Flyin' up to the clouds is more a feelin'. It's when ya feel real happy 'cause you're right out in the wind and the sun and just breathin' it all up makes ya feel good. It's a feelin' of not bein' cooped up inside somethin' like a car or a house. It's bein' able to see everything and feel everything—like an eagle might when he's flyin' or a wolf might when he's runnin'. And it's sorta like livin' all your life in a zoo and then findin' the key to get out. Just think how happy all those animals might be if they could just get out and get back to bein' wild and free."

Sara Jane smiled with her mouth while her eyes stared far off. Mac wondered if she was dreaming of all the beasts bounding out from behind bars.

"Wouldn't that be somethin'?" he asked aloud.

Sara Jane blinked and looked back at the big man. "Yeah," she whispered.

Mac eased the bike off the blocks and waited for it to lean gently, wheels and stand firmly on the floor. "You ready to go?" He chuckled to himself, wondering how this kid was going to fare astride his wheels. Would she be afraid and cry? Or would she feel the same thrill, the same sense of wild he felt every time he pulled away from anywhere? His thoughts dug down a little deeper. Was she at all aware of the trouble she'd face on the home

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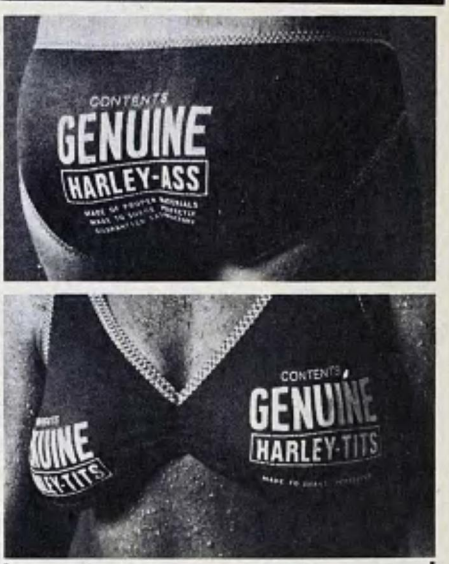

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front because of him? But, damn, was he really doing this baby so wrong by showing her another side of life? Fuck it! If they'd look after their kids better...

"Born to be wi-i-ild," Sara Jane was singing again. She'd picked up one of Mac's riding caps from the workbench and pulled it over her fine, light hair. "Mind if I just wear this, Mac? Is that okay with you? It's got an eagle on it—wild and free."

"Keep it—eagle and all."

Mac fired up his bike, then lifted the little girl up to the seat with one arm, situating her in front of him between his legs.

"Okay, Sara Jane, you point the way," he bellowed into her ear. The girl nodded as she gripped the gas cap tightly with both hands.

They began slowly traveling the length and breadth of a four-block residential area she had directed him to. They kept peering into yards where toys were scattered and slowing as they approached each cluster of children at play. Each time, Mac tapped Sara Jane's shoulder and pointed to a wagon he had spotted. Each time, the little girl shook her head. Never did she ask him to stop or go back and look again.

Mac was feeling discouraged and finally decided to find out about the wagon from the kid's mother and then just go buy her one.

"Hey, it's gettin' late and your mother's gonna be worried. I'll look for your wagon later. Let's just take us a little pleasure cruise and then head over to your house."

She waited for a long second, nodded hesitantly and leaned back into Mac's belly, her arms folded over her chest. After a while he could feel the vibrations of her laughter, and he smiled, then laughed himself. *It was the same thrill, the same sense of wild!*

After what seemed like all too short a time to both of them, he asked directions to her house. She stopped laughing and began pointing the way at each intersection they came to.

"That's it." Sara Jane pointed to a well-kept stucco house with an immaculately tended front lawn.

"Figures," Mac mumbled.

They walked up to the front door. They didn't knock just yet. Her eyes had lost their effervescent glow, and they began gazing in unspecific directions as if there was something she hesitated to face.

"Looks like this is it, kiddo." The man looked down to the small, darting eyes.

Sara Jane seemed worried. "Will you look for my wagon some more, like you said?"

Mac nodded. "Like I said, I'll take care of it."

He pounded solidly on the door. Sara

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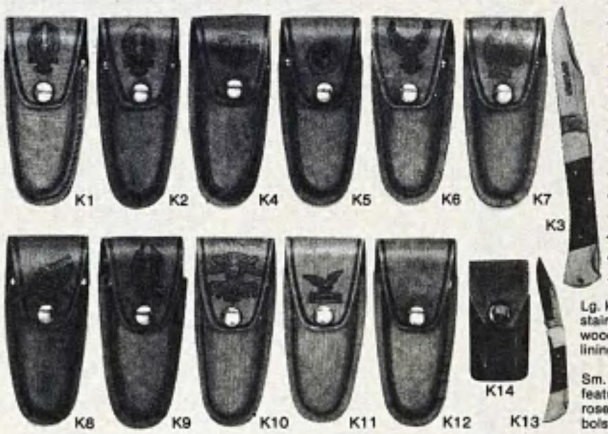

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Jane stepped behind him, out of sight of anyone answering the knock. She closed her eyes and listened.

"Yes?"

"Are you Sara Jane's mother?"

"God, what's she done now?"

"Well, nothin' really. Guess she kinda got lost and wound up in a sort of a hassle with some kids. I cleaned her up and brought her home."

"You what? What do you mean you cleaned her up?"

"Well, she had a bloody nose and a cut lip—I just washed her off. Oh, an' uh, those kids took her wagon. I, uh, I'll see what I can do about getting it back for her."

"What wagon? That kid never had any damn wagon! What is this? Who are you anyway? Where is she?"

"Right here, Mama." Sara Jane stepped out from behind Mac, still gripping his pants leg with one hand. "Mac's a biker and my friend, Mama."

The woman's eyes narrowed. She opened the screen door, reached an arm out, and yanked Sara Jane inside the house. She watched as the girl fell and slid across the polished oak floor.

"You just wait, young lady!" she threatened, and then turned back to Mac. "From now on, mister, I'd recommend you mind your own damn business. It's trash like you that gives little tramps like her ideas!"

The door slammed shut and Mac was left standing on the porch, not quite realizing that the conversation had ended. He was dumbfounded. Had he really heard and seen all that?

He clumped slowly down the steps, scratching his beard. And then he heard the crying, the crying of someone small, coming from the house. He heard sharp slaps on flesh, followed by screams and outbursts of shrill, bitter words. He shook his head.

"That kid never had any damn wagon!" Mac suddenly stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. It had just dawned on him. There had never been any wagon and there had never been any kids. And Sara Jane hadn't just wandered too far. She'd been running away from home and the people who beat her. Damn! He shoulda read her better; he shoulda seen what she wouldn't say. Damn those bastards all to hell!

He climbed on his sled and kicked her over. There was nothing he could do now. Maybe Sara Jane would come back. Maybe she would.

The trip back to the garage held no thrill, no sense of wild. The dusky sky was muddied with thick clouds and the air had become heavy with waiting rain. And Mac had never known a wind that could sting his eyes so badly. ■

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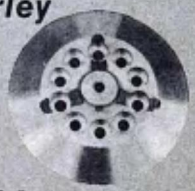

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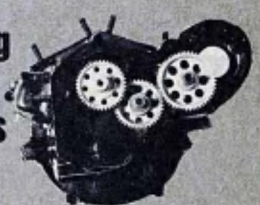

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Billy Wolfe

—Continued from page 51

followed the deer into the woods. It had run down the abandoned railroad path, leaving flecks of blood in the snow.

After walking almost fifteen minutes I saw it lying in the snow, head up, eyes catching the sunset. I shouldered my rifle and chambered a round. I don't use a scope, just open iron sights, but I don't miss often and I didn't miss this time. The deer flopped backward, kicked twice, and then went limp.

I stepped toward it. . .and stopped. My nose wrinkled. I've been doing this job for three years—long enough to know death when I smell it. And I smelled the musty scent of old death, out of place in the clean winter air.

I followed it through some dense brush at the side of the path and stopped at the edge of a small clearing. In the clearing was a shack made of plywood and tarpaper. And next to it, caught in a slanting ray of orange light, was a motorcycle.

A chopper.

The chopper, the one I'd seen that summer night, all blue, green, and chrome under the full moon. It had to be Billy Wolfe's chopper.

I wondered. Was this his hideout between moonlight runs? The snow muffled the sound of my footsteps as I approached.

Something was wrong. The bike's tires were flat, and the chrome was speckled with rust, as if cinnamon or brown sugar had been sprinkled over it. That Harley had been left out in the weather for too long a time.

All covering was gone from door and windows in the shack, and something made me hesitant about entering the place. The smell of death was strong. I finally looked in through an empty window frame.

—Continued on page 90

"Hey, you sonuvabitch, when do I get my conjugal visits?"

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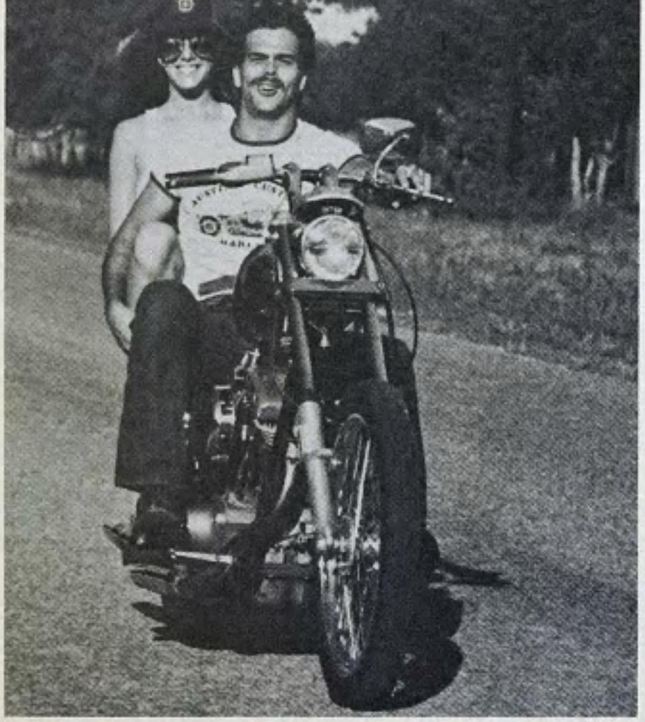

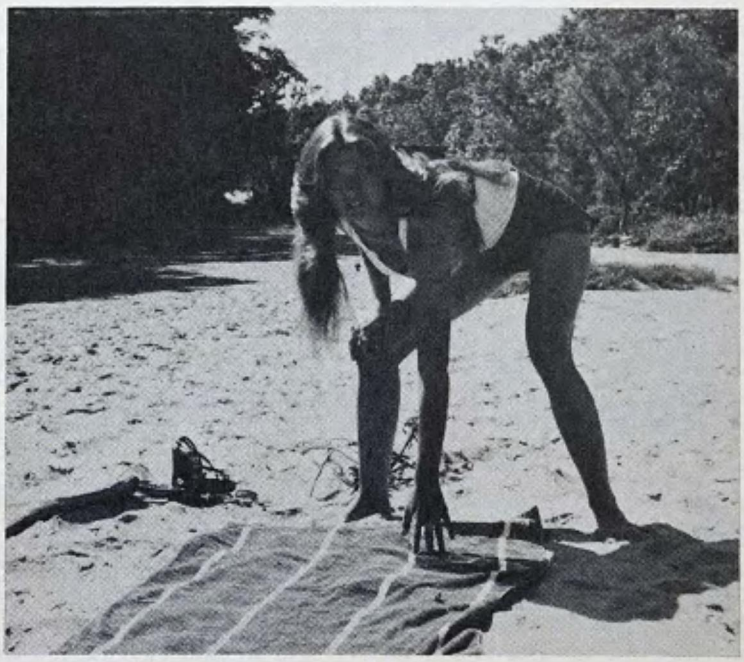

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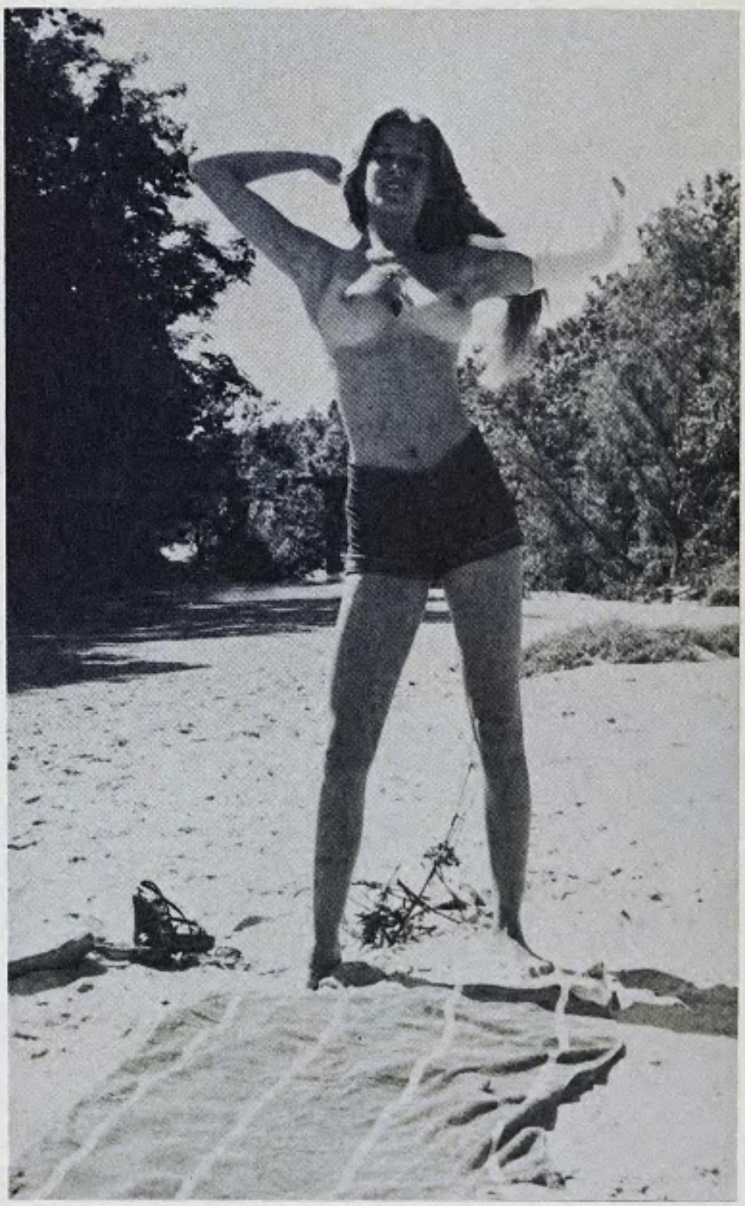
It's always been against my ridin' religion to allow a house mouse, mama, sweet lovely, or any other blossoming broad on the back of my putt—even once. After the first time, there's never an excuse and the not-so-serene stream of snivelin' begins every time ya wanna go puttin' alone.

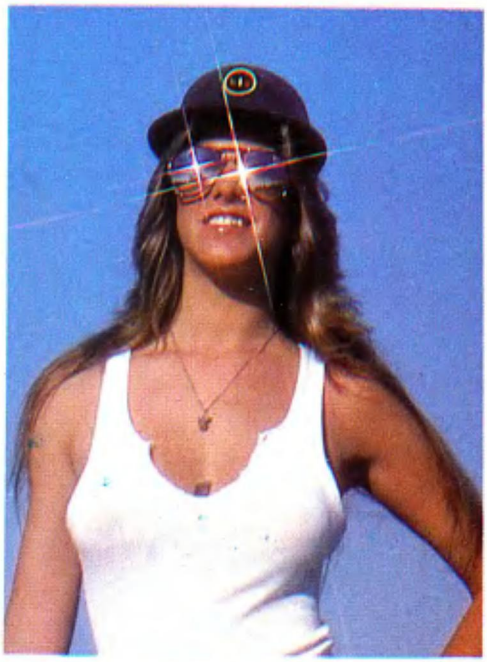
But I let my scruples slip the moment I got a glimpse of Ricci's hip. Tall broads ain't supposed to be easy to pack—but she slipped onto my putt like slidin' into the sack. She relaxed as though she were another curve in the seat, and when her supple breast and my back met—I was in lust.

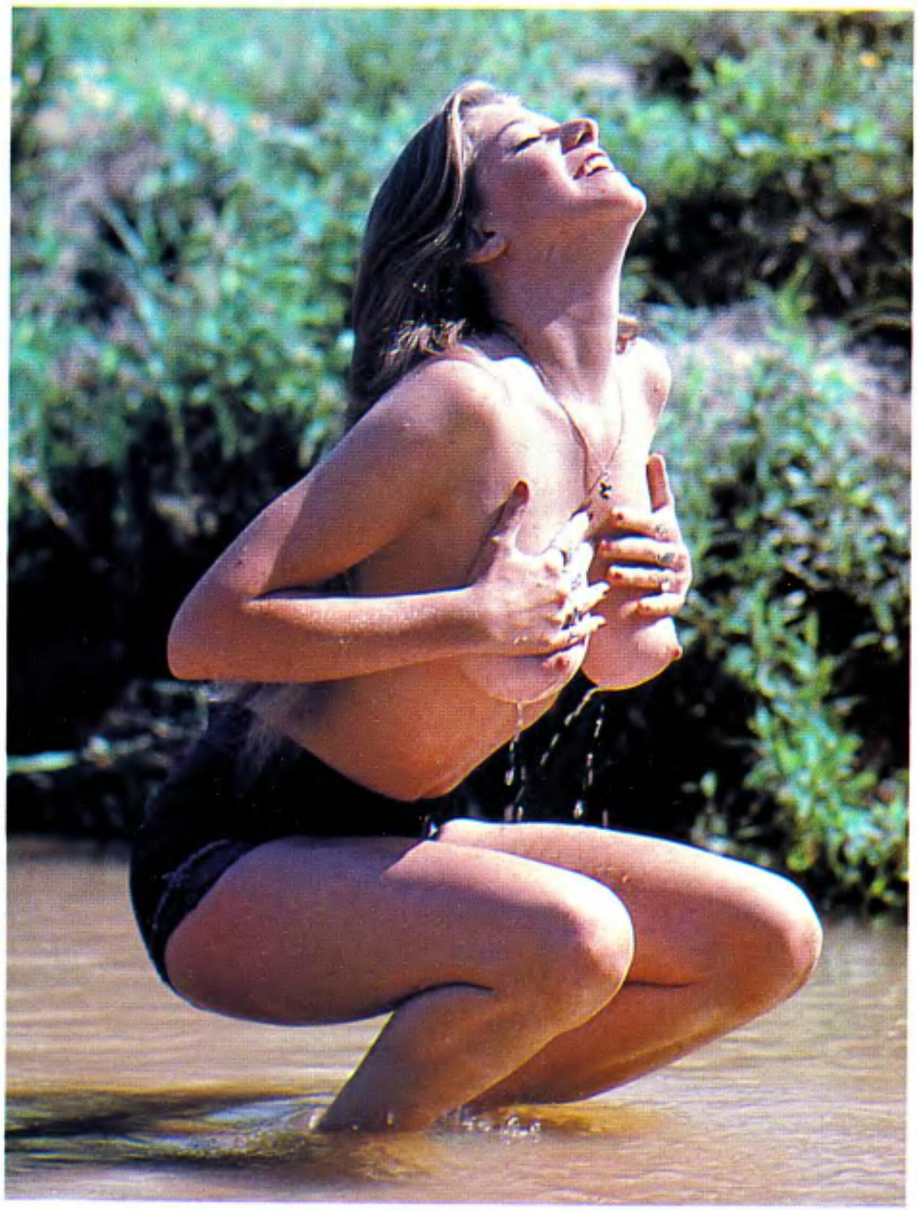
Ricci knows how to lean with a 74, not too much, just enough to help the rider. She backs up her man. She doesn't hold your waist as if she were hangin' on for her life, but with just enough snug that ya know she's there.

Now how the hell could any man resist with one hand on her belly and one on her breast?

—Wild Bill







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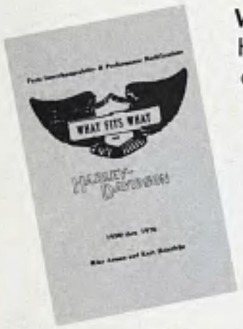

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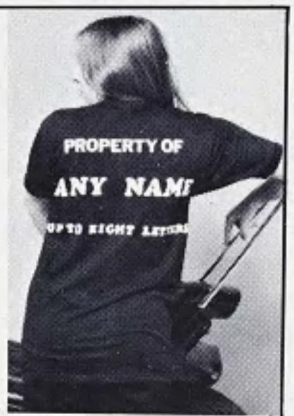

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—Continued from page 85

The interior would have been dark even if the sun hadn't been setting, but I could still see a body in the room. It was sitting in an old chair and wearing high boots, patched blue jeans, and a black leather jacket. The skin of its face had shrunken tight against its skull, and its mouth and eye sockets were wide open, as though death had caught it by surprise.

The seated corpse was ankle-deep in last fall's leaves. Dead almost a year, I decided. He had to have died in late winter or early spring—if he'd died in the summer the maggots would hve picked the bones clean in a week.

I walked around the corner to another window. The back of the jacket carried a flaming skull and crossbones—and the name Billy Wolfe. If he'd been dead a year then he'd been dead long before I saw him ride under the moonlight last July.

But I had seen him ride. I felt the hair on the back of my neck rise.

I left him there, undisturbed. I glanced back at his bike from the edge of the clearing. Every man should have a marker at the end of his life—when I die I'll probably just get a square stone.

* * *

The next full moon was three weeks later, on the first Friday in February. It was snowing when I got to the scenic overlook—four inches on the ground and still coming down. The lot was almost empty.

The guy in the van next to me rolled down his window and tapped on mine. "You waiting for him? Billy?"

I nodded.

"A lot of people don't think he'll show tonight, on account of the snow."

"He'll be here," I said.

I rolled my window back up and wiped the frost off my windshield. At midnight the snowy stillness was broken by the roar of a distant motorcycle and the wailing siren of a police car in pursuit.

It didn't surprise me at all. ■

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Badass Jack

—Continued from page 52

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At the fear he felt and could not
tame,
So he licked a lip and asked the
game
Of this ancient man and whence
he came
And how he knew of Tiny's name

The hook rang out like a tolling
bell
When he struck the tank and
began to tell—
"Badass Jack, I know you well!
'Twas by your finger a brother fell
And breathed his last in a prison
cell.
An' I'm here to carry your soul to
Hell!"

Badass paled, then quickly drew
His nickel-plated thirty-two.
"Ol' man, you talk till your face is
blue,
'Cause after your bullshit's done
an' through,
I think I'm gonna ventilate you."

An ancient cackle filled with
dread
The outlaws 'round the ancient
head.
It shook with mirth, then sober'd
and said,
"Herders of cows, your reason's
fled
And sanity's realm your minds
have shed
To think of killing what's already
dead!"

A pistol report, then twice
again—
But the ancient head just grinned
a grin.
An ancient finger, gnarled and
thin,
Pointed doom to the outlaw,
Eddie the Chin,
Who gasped in pain, turned half
a spin,
Then fell o'er Tiny and started to
thin

—Continued on page 94

Old Style All Leather

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Here's an all leather cap that'll keep the scraggly mop you call hair in order and give your overall appearance some class — imagine. It's all black (also in dark brown) and it's bound to win over some broad.

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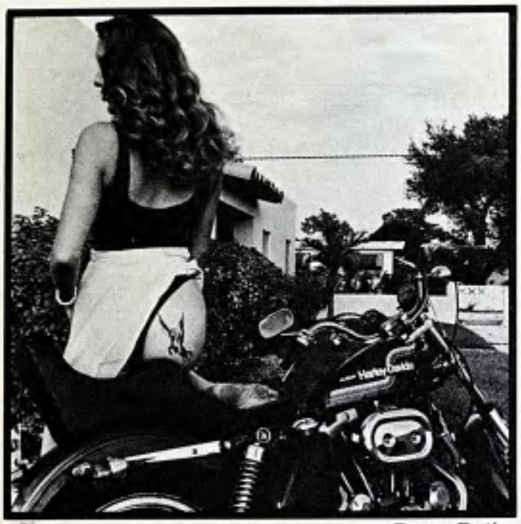
The Ol' Lady Photo Contest



Dawn Botke

Hannah

Linda Gutierrez

Jay

Sky

Cynthia Malone

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 shit-canned. Photos must be black and white glossy prints or color slides—no color prints. Sorry, no photos can be returned—all entries become the property of **Easyriders.** Decision of the judges is final.

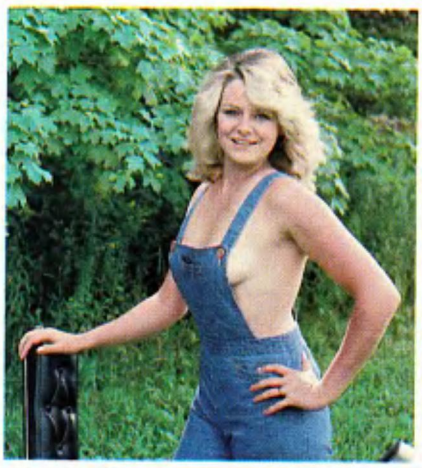
Remember, you pick the winners, so send us your votes right away. The deadline for voting in this month's contest is August 30. We'll print the winner in the December issue. Send us a postcard or scrawl your choice on the back of a sealed envelope. Mail 'em to #75 Ol' Lady Contest. **Easyriders,** P.O. Box 52, Malibu, California 90265.

Johnnie Borel

Linda Tivis

Cherry Davis

Jan Gagnon



Here she is, folks—Connie Kaufman, the fourth winner in the 1979 **Easyriders** Ol' Lady Contest. This month's runners-up: Brenda Wilson, Sue Martin, and Jeni K.

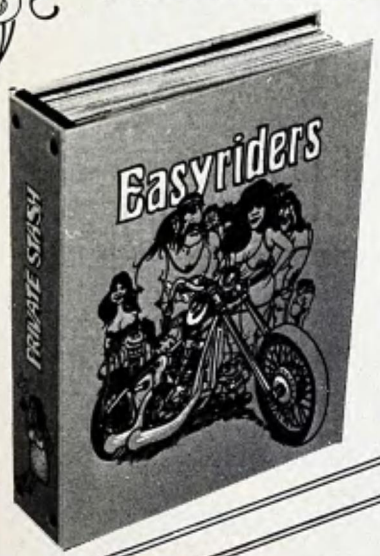
Kathy Lieberman

Gina Knight

Snowdeer

Denise Butcher

Class Binders



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Address _____
City _____
State _____ **Zip** _____

—Continued from page 91

The forty-weight oil with blood an' gin
From his bullet holed gut—thus Eddie the Chin
Now coughed and shuddered and cashed it in
With the echoing sound of the pistol's din.

Now ignorance was never in dearth or lack
When gathered the followers of Badass Jack
But a pall of silence fell o'er the pack,
'Cause the dumbest could see the eerie fact
That Eddie the Chin had stood in back
Of the pistol hand of Badass Jack.

Badass threw a primary chain
To Ratface Fred, who never would gain
A world renown for the size of his brain.
As he drew back his arm to inflict some pain,
Ere the sky blacked o'er an' started to rain,
A flash of blue kissed the upraised chain
And sent the Rat to a higher plane.

Badass's eyes with fear were lit
When he saw the Rat was charred a bit,
Tiny a-grinnin' from his billiard spit,
Eddie the Chin shot all to shit,
An' Crazy was packin', gettin' ready to git.

In less time than it takes to tell
Badass leap'd to his stolen XL,
But the ancient voice rang clear as a bell,
"Mount up, ya scum, an' ride ye well,
Nor slow yer pace by brook or dell,
Nor glance ye back yer fears to quell—
For this ye do, I'm here to tell,
I'll catch yer soul an' take it to Hell!"

When Badass started his endless ride,

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The ancient pan pulled up
beside
Where Crazy was straddlin' an
early 'Glide.
To Crazy's fear the Ancient
replied,
"Choose careful the bros you
stand beside,
For thusly chosen, you'll stand
with pride.
'Twas Badass Jack, goddam his
hide,
Who raped and killed, then stood
and lied,
So my son went down and there
he died.
And o'er his grave I vengeance
cried
And I've traveled far and
traveled wide
To find the scum who stood and
lied.
I'll leave you now with that moral
guide,
While I chase that scum for time
and tide,
Till the gates of hell are open'd
wide,
For I gave my soul to ride this ride
Till Badass burns in the fires
inside."

Twice now since that fateful night
I've glimpsed ol' Jack in eternal
flight.
His face, illumin'd by a speedo
light,
Was pale and drawn and full of
fright.
His eyes were black, his knuckles
white,
And gripped the bars with a
dement's might.
From hill to curve, by Luna's
bright,
With the speed of the damned he
sped from sight.

Yet matter'd not how fast he ran,
This badass boss of outlaw band,
Through mountain pass or valley
land,
By ocean side or desert sand.
Nor could he ease his throttle
hand
To slack the pace or backward
glance for the ancient man
With a peg for a leg and a hook
for a hand,
Chasing him on an ancient pan. ■

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Nature of the Enemy

—Continued from page 31

motorcycle riders. The mandatory helmet proponents are acting out of sheer desperation to re-establish themselves in a higher pecking order than they can achieve by attacking the real cause of their pummeled status—the government. Look at the kind of gorilla logic that cries like a mired buffalo in the author's final sentence.

"I am cautious about intruding governmental power into everyday activities, but . . ."

The rest of the column has not only not hinted that any caution has been considered, it is a virtual manifesto that the state, since it has already bludgeoned the overall population everywhere else into insensible submission, is morally justified in taking care of any isolated pockets of resistance.

". . . in the case of helmet laws it is clear . . ."

Clear from the point of view of someone who can no longer conceive of the notion of free choice.

". . . that the interests of both the individual . . ."

Except the individuals who do not want to be forced to wear helmets.

". . . and society . . ."

Which means in this case him personally, since I am a member of the same society and take serious exception to the measure.

". . . coincide to make helmet-wearing mandatory."

And this phrase couldn't be taken seriously by a civilized marmot, much less a civilized human being.

So what is the nature of the enemy? A vacant plot of land underneath which have crawled the residents of a former country. And anyone who lets himself be intimidated by a graveyard deserves to be told to wear a helmet. ■

"Remember, you are very shy and this is your first screen kiss."

FIRST AID

—Continued from page 27

splinted, and the patient hauled away to the nearest bone-repair shop.

A lot of dudes get shaky at the sight of blood. They aren't vampires. They know the stuff is in there, but they don't want to see it, so try to keep the blood inside.

In case of severe bleeding from a wound, pressure is always the best method. Simply fold a large piece of gauze or rag and press it tightly to the open wound to stop the flow of blood. Where severe bleeding that can't be stopped occurs, such as in the cutting off of a foot, arm, or leg, a tourniquet can be used, but it must always be placed between the wound and the heart. Always, that is, unless the unfortunate victim has a head wound. You *don't* put a tourniquet around a person's neck, even if you don't like him.

Tourniquets should be removed only by a doctor, once they've been placed in position. In some cases, they can be left for up to three hours, so long as they reduce the flow of blood without completely restricting circulation. But it's best to avoid using a tourniquet if the pressure method will stop the flow of blood. When a tourniquet is used, then prematurely loosened, a chemical imbalance occurs in the injured part. This new chemical substance then enters the bloodstream and can cause irreversible damage, sometimes even death, to the patient.

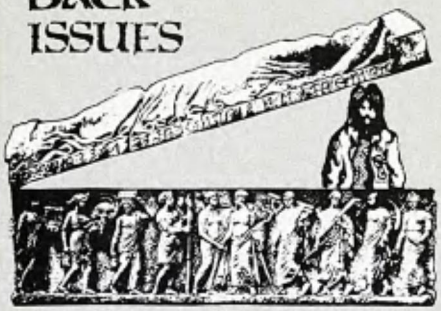
First aid is just that, you must remember, and it covers everything that has to do with saving lives until professional help can be obtained. First aid also covers non-violent emergencies, and while it may be difficult for some readers to understand, there are a few people out there—maybe a dozen or two—who enjoy experimenting with drugs such as alcohol, barbiturates, codeine, morphine, opium, and certain "pep" pills. Occasionally, these things bring about life-threatening situations. Take too much of any of them, and an overdose condition develops.

Few people know what to do until the doctor arrives or the victim is delivered to the hospital, so we're including some antidotes, just in case such an accident does happen.

Barbiturates and Sleeping Pills:

One method is to induce vomiting by giving such emetics as a tablespoon of mustard, or soap and water, or salt and warm water, or by jamming a finger down the victim's

BACK ISSUES



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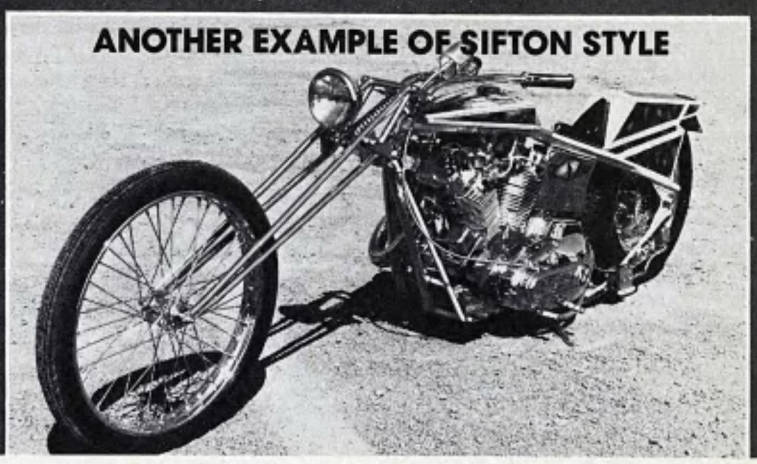

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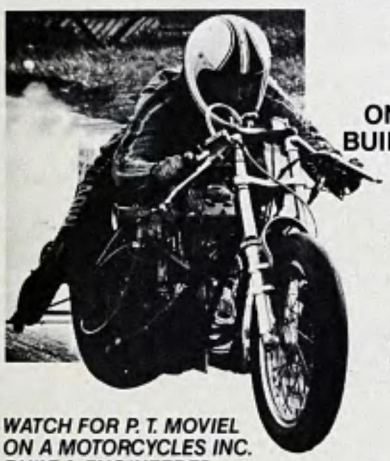

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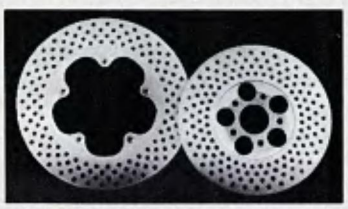

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throat. Other emetics are two tablespoons of burnt toast in a glass of water, or a spoon of milk of magnesia, or a spoon of strong tea. If that fails, gag the person with a finger until he vomits. (Better use a finger you don't care about, in case the victim won't go for the treatment, and take off your skull-and-crossbones ring, first.)

Codeine, Morphine, Opium:

Follow the directions given above. Also, give two tablespoons of epsom salt in two glasses of water, being careful not to aim his ass at anyone you like, and give large quantities of strong coffee or tea. Keep 'im awake until the doctor sees 'im.

Marijuana:

Smoke some of the same shit and lie down beside him. If it's a her, lie on top.

Symptoms of narcotic poisoning—and remember, alcohol is the number one narcotic—should be treated immediately. The symptoms usually appear within thirty minutes after overdose, and are indicated by flushed face and neck, or a blue tint to the skin. He may complain of itching and take only a few breaths a minute. His pulse will be very rapid, and fluid can often be heard rattling in the chest. If the dude conks out, oxygen should be given immediately, and if it's known that the shit was taken orally, his stomach should be flushed. But first, if possible, you've got to convince the dude that he's gotta cooperate.

Death often occurs as a result of overdose, so here are some other ways to determine that condition. If you should find someone dead in your pad after a three-day party, you should check him out thoroughly before calling the cops or buryin' the sucker in your rose garden. If you plant a bro before his time is up, and he digs himself out, you're goin' to have a very pissed-off friend. *Ex*-friend.

Shining a light into the eye will cause the pupil to contract in living persons, and the eye will dilate when the light is removed. The eyeball can also be pressed gently with a fingernail to check elasticity, but don't let some mama with inch-long nails do the job. If the dude isn't dead, she'll poke his eye out for sure. If he's alive, the depression in the eyeball will return to normal. Also, the eyes of dead folks lose their transparency and become dulled.

In dudes who have lain awhile, like the one you found in your closet after the party, there's a complete loss of body color when circulation stops.

Several hours after death occurs, purplish-red or blue spots appear under the skin. These (brace yourself) are called *postmortem suggillations* or *cadaveric lividity,* and are caused by the blood draining from the upper portions of the body and settling in whichever part of the body is on the downhill side. If he dies standin' up, his feet will be black, so you can send him to the nearest Indian reservation for a burial at government expense.

Rigor mortis is a positive sign of death, but it can be confusing. When a dude dies, his body remains limp and relaxed for a while. When the cells die—and this takes a while—a chemical change takes place in the muscles and they become shortened. This process takes from two to six hours and becomes complete after two hours from its start. Twelve to forty-eight hours later, the process reverses itself, and the body becomes limp and flexible again. If you find someone in this condition, either take him to the hospital or wait until he starts stinkin' before runnin' him through the garbage disposal. We know one dude who thought he was dyin' every morning, because he woke up with a hardon. When he was a kid, his mother told him he'd die if he ever saw a naked woman, and he believed her.

Shock, which kills more people than the injuries that brought it about, is something that people know little about. It can be a result of a thump on the head, a crash in which no bones are broken or, sometimes, no apparent injuries.

Cerebral concussion, or a thump on the melon, almost always brings on shock. The victim is affected by stupor, or coma, contracted pupils, rapid and shallow breathing, weak pulse, and low temperature.

Treatment for severe shock is to lay the victim with his head lower than the rest of his body, then get him to the doctor. It's also important to keep him warm, so cover him up with whatever is available, even if it's a hot day. Get him to a doctor, fast!

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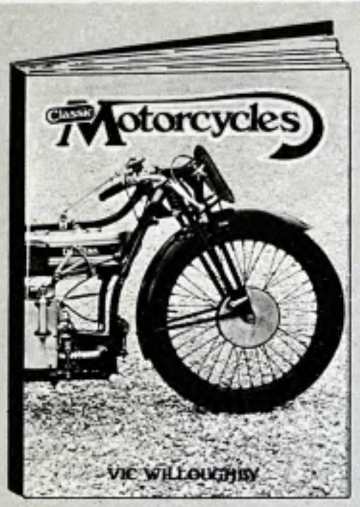

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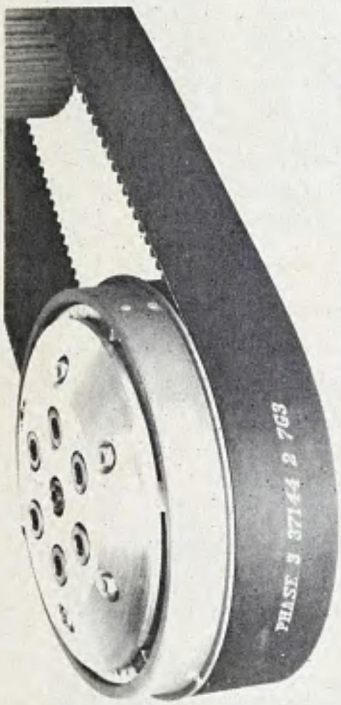

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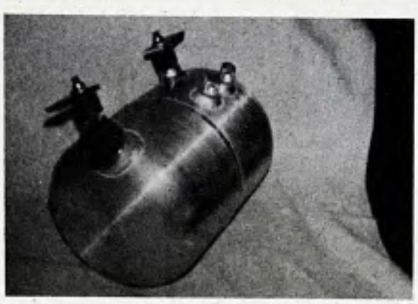

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model release

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

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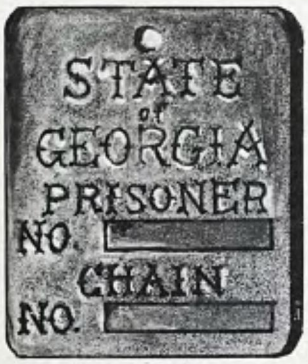

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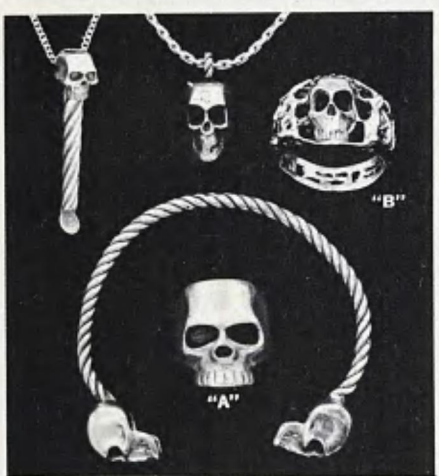

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shock, but it isn't wise to give the victim anything to drink. Absolutely *do not* give alcohol, since the drug slows circulation. He can be allowed to wet his lips with a damp cloth, or take a little sip of water, but the only kind of fluid that will help him survive is administered intravenously.

If, after a bad thump on the head, the dude starts to vomit, or bleed from the ears, eyes, and nose, get him to the hospital as quickly as possible, because these symptoms are signs of brain damage. When the head receives a blow, the brain sloshes around and bangs against the skull, causing tissue fluid to pour out. Since the skull can't expand with the added pressure, the blood vessels in the brain are compressed and diminished in size. This causes a reduced supply of oxygen-carrying blood to the brain. The dude may be conscious or unconscious. If he's conscious, he may feel dizzy or weak. Sometimes, but not always, he'll have a mother of a headache. Whatever you do, keep your bro awake until you know whether or not he's all right.

Treating yourself for broken bones, stab wounds, or gashes isn't recommended, although there are lots of dudes tough enough to survive such things. We know one bro who sewed up a giant-sized foot-peg gash in the calf of his leg using monofilament fishing line, but he was lucky not to get an infection or ulcers. Before starting, he boiled the football needle and the fishing line, and washed the wound thoroughly with alcohol. Your modest Dr. Twatburger even fixed his own longitudinally fractured leg a couple of years ago by simply taping it up and staying off it for a couple of weeks, but that isn't recommended either. If you don't believe it, check out his limp.

In conclusion, we'd like to suggest that any readers who have some good first-aid suggestions, or ideas for helping their bros avoid accidents, send them to us. ■

"Let's go down in history as the first to go down in history."

MUTHA PATCH

You may think that workin' for this rag is all peaches 'n' cream. Only if ya steal yer own peaches. So, while sewin' a patch on my rusted-out Levi's, I came up with this idea to make a little extra bread. Make a patch for coverin' cum stains, battery acid holes, grass stains—whatever.

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Thanks,
Mutha

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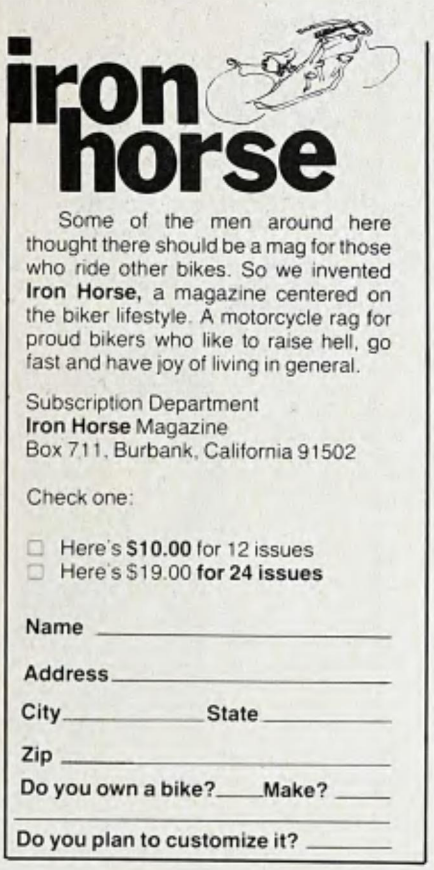


CAP

—Continued from page 13

paperback westerns. Oh yes, there are also a few girlie mags, with most of the nude shots torn out. There are a couple of antiquated law books here and I read them every chance I get. Suddenly I've got a reputation as a legal expert and all the cons are bringing me their sad tales. Some of them are really pitiful.

Other than that, there isn't much to do but sleep or watch TV in the dayroom, where the library is housed. We watch an old 12-inch black-and-white TV that gets awful reception and seems to show nothing but game shows and reruns from twenty years ago. There are a couple of work crews, one digging trenches and the other doing swamp reclamation. Both crews are filled at present, so I have been placed on a waiting list. And I'm really hopin' I'll be picked for a crew—anything to get my mind away from this bullshit.

Baby, I miss you more than words can say. But please don't do anything foolish and come running out here—not now. Wait until I know more about what's going on. Then maybe you can get some time off from work and fly down here for the trial. God, I still can't believe all this is happening.

Keep those good vibes of yours comin' my way, Betty, and write soon. I'll never make it without you.

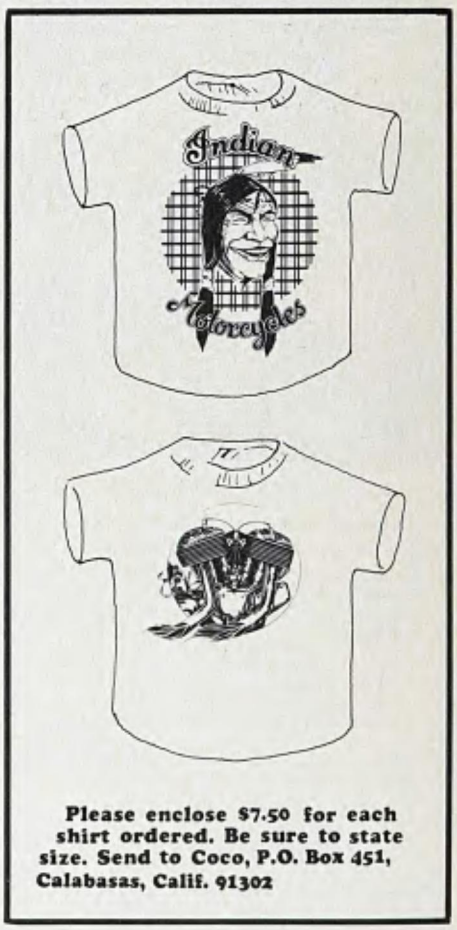
All my love,
Cap

Betty wrote immediately, enclosing a snapshot of the two of them on Cap's knucklehead. It was a little fuzzy, but it was all that she could find. Then she went to Cap's one-man custom paint shop and replaced the "Gone to Daytona" sign on the front door with one that read "Closed Until Further Notice." She called the local shop owners who usually referred customers to Cap and told them that he had decided to stay down south for a while and look into some land there. Then she arranged to work as much overtime as possible so that she could save for that plane ticket.

In less than a week another letter came. It left Betty's mind reeling; there was something ominous in its tone.

My Betty,

My first letter should have reached you by now. Somehow I know that you'll understand it all, even though I sometimes can't. So far, police in three states have been looking for the guys Pete and I teamed up with—and no one fitting any of the descriptions has turned up. How could four guys totally vanish? Or are the cops really looking?



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It's hard to shake this galloping paranoia. I feel like I tumbled down the rabbit hole into this strange never-never land. Even the climate adds to the feeling. It's hot ahd humid here and the air is always humming with insects—a constant, dull buzz that never goes away. I hear it in my sleep, it drowns out even the blaring TV, and it builds up and up until I think my head is going to explode.

I have read the covers off every book in the so-called library to escape as much as possible, but I still have to contend with these endless tales of railroading, double-crossing, and snitching. To hear these poor bastards tell it, none of them should be here. And I feel stupid and naive to have thought I was the only innocent man in this stinking hellhole. God knows I'm not a stupid man, Betty—but I've sure walked around oblivious to some things for a long time. Those few times in the drunk tank were a Sunday school picnic compared with this. And I guess I never really listened to the bros and their stories about doin' hard time. I hadn't been there and I never bothered trying to relate to it. Lookin' back, I see what a snob I was, all holier-than-thou, caught up in being an artist first and a biker second. Or maybe I used it to justify stayin' in the lifestyle for so many years, instead of "growing up" with the passing years.

Betty, I just don't know what to do. But I know that I feel trapped and scared—and I don't like the feeling. Stick with me, my lady love. I need you more than ever. You're always on my mind, always in my dreams, always here to remind me that there is a good and beautiful life out there. Without you, I'd be no better off than poor Pete.

Loving you always,
Cap

Betty searched the house for snapshots, pictures from bike magazines, anything that would help

"I'm sorry, honey—when I told the judge I wouldn't go to jail without my Hog, I meant my motorcycle."

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Cap stay in touch with his life on the outside. She even grabbed up a new color chart from one of the acrylic paint suppliers. Stacking these on the kitchen table, she resolved to include one or two pieces in each letter to Cap. Then she began writing a reply, filling page after page with reminiscences, little jokes of theirs, anything she could think of to transmit her presence to that faraway place. As the first light of dawn appeared over the hills, her aching hand gave out and she slept fitfully for an hour or two before it was time to go to work. She felt drained, as though all her spirit had been sent in that letter. After work, she raced home and found another letter in the mailbox. Somehow, she knew that it would be better.

My Betty,

Can you ever forgive me for that bummer I dumped on you yesterday? I don't know what to say, except to apologize for letting this madness seep into my letter and leave its mark on you. I know how understanding you are, but I don't want to drag you into this. And more important, I don't want to damage that beautiful, bright spirit of yours. I can feel it in your letters, Baby, and it keeps me strong and reminds me of how much I have waiting for me out there. Without you and our life together, I would have nothing to hope for. And, Baby, I've gotta have hope, 'cause this place is like nothing else I've ever seen. It's hard to explain, since you're not a man. Being locked up strips you of everything that makes you the man you are, and you begin to view everyone around you as being a piece of shit, just like the jailers do. Dignity is a thing of the past and a human life is of no value. Men kill over a pack of cigarettes or over using the only deck of cards here. With the endless boredom, there is always an undercurrent of tension. Kindness is scorned and always taken as a sign of weakness. And you're expected to prove that you're not a fag. Betty, it takes all I've got just to keep my head together from one day to the next.

On the bright side, my lawyer came up yesterday with a bit of news that gives me a little more to hang onto. The cops in the next county think they're on the trail of two of the dudes we were riding with. Seems as though one is visiting his grandma in Texas and the other one has left home, bookin' it 'way north for no apparent reason. Keep your fingers crossed, honey—maybe there is some justice after all.

Hey, it's pruno time again and I've been invited to join the partyers (partiers?). Being invited to party is important. It means that your fellow inmates are less suspicious of you. But if you refuse to join them—for whatever

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reason—you become a marked man, someone to be watched at every turn. And believe me, these "home boys" stick together. I would go along with it no matter what—and I only hope to God that I can get shitfaced enough to forget for a while. And from what I've observed, that shouldn't be too difficult. White lightnin' is mother's milk compared with this stuff!

Oh, yeah, I'm scheduled to go out on a work crew tomorrow—swamp reclamation. In a way, I dread the heat and the screaming insects, yet I'm glad to get away from the dayroom for a while. I can take just so many stories of human destruction before I begin to feel totally vulnerable and no longer able to believe in my power as an individual. Maybe I honestly don't have any power as an individual, but if I give up believing in that, then all the fight will be gone for good.

Do you understand me, Baby? God, I hope so, 'cause I need to have you with me—now and always. Stay with me, Betty.

Your lovin' man,
Cap

Cap's plea for Betty to stay with him prompted her to reread all her old books on ESP and psychic phenomena. Years ago, an associate of Dr. Rhine's from Duke University had used her in a number of experiments in the workshop he had conducted at the community center. He had told her that she was moderately precognitive—that a certain number of times she could predict an event, not in actual detail, but whether it would be "good" or "bad." She was also a fairly good "sender," and Cap had been able to read her in the past, from a short distance.

She wanted desperately to reach him with all her strength, but the task was much greater this time because the physical distance was greater and there was a very negative aura surrounding him. It would take a lot more work, but

"I don't remember your referring to these as dead weight last night."

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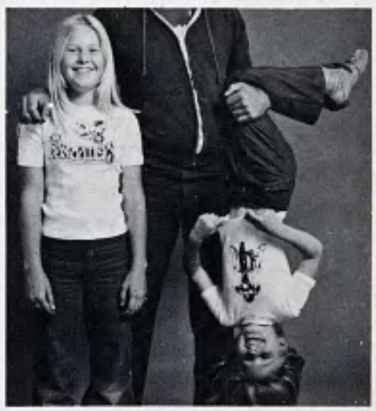

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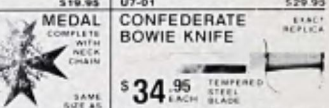

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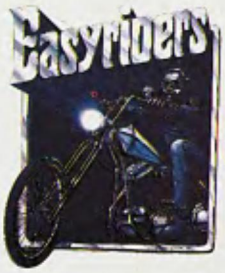
4 

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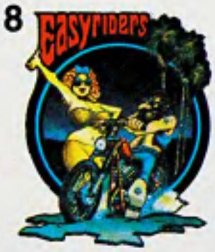
8 

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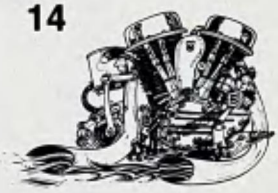
14 

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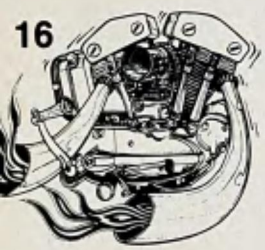
16 

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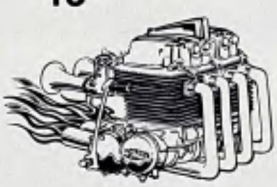
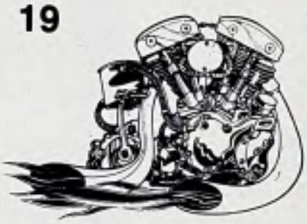
18 

19 

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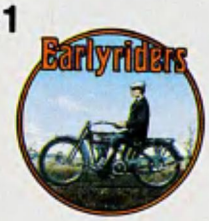
21 

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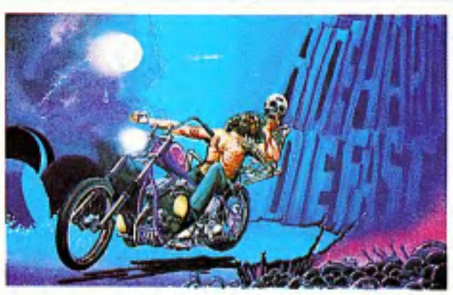

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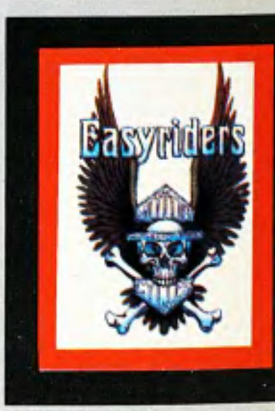

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CAP

—Continued from page 106

became more optimistic. Various leads had panned out, possible witnesses were being sought, and the lawyer felt that their case was getting stronger. In his own highly individualistic way, Cap had adjusted to life in jail. His letters following a pruno party were usually hilarious. His more serious letters were highly philosophical and he often spoke of a cosmic awareness that he had never possessed before. His sense of inner peace touched Betty and, for a time, she felt less apprehensive about the whole situation. Her nightly ritual never varied, but it seemed to leave her a little less debilitated. Even the summer heat seemed less oppressive.

Then one night, the hair stood straight up on the back of her neck as she approached the mailbox. She actually had to fight down nausea as she read Cap's letter.

My Lady Love,

I hate to tell you this, but the damn swamp has finally gotten to me. The sheriff swears there's no malaria down here, but I know I have something. I ache all the time, run a low-grade fever, have no appetite, and cough like a sonuvabitch. My cellmates call it the mung and say that everyone gets it eventually. But those muthafuckers don't have it—just me! They give me good ol' "GI Gin" for the coughing, and all it does is make me dizzier. And God, it's damn weird the way it all started. Fletcher—that's my lawyer's assistant—came up a few days ago to tell me that things were looking good. They had actually located some witnesses from Daytona who knew the dudes Pete and I rode out of there with. And those two others I told you about before were being actively sought. Ol' Fletcher was ridin' high and I was right up there with him. I felt like a ton of weight had been lifted off my chest, and everyone here picked up on my changed mood. We really partied that night and I even did my Fields routines. Baby, everyone was laughing—and me most of all. For the first time since I've been in this pit, I went to sleep feeling like my soul was my own. And I woke up feeling more dead than alive.

I'll tell you, Betty, this is no ordinary disease. Someone is out to get me. This is some monster payback, some massive dose of bad karma for ol' Cap. Every time I cough, I can hear my brains rattling and shaking, like this thing wants to tear my head apart. Don't tell

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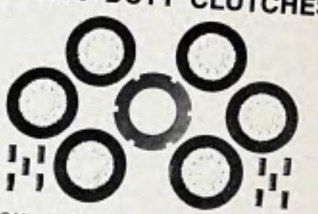

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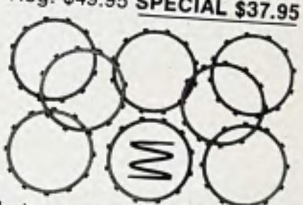

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me I'm imagining it, either, 'cause I know. It's just two weeks till my trial and something is trying to get me for sure. Betty, I know you'll be down for the trial, but please stay with me now. I can't do it alone, and no one but you can pull me through.

I'll love you forever,
Cap

Betty's whole body shuddered, blood pounded in her ears, and she could no longer fight back her nausea. Afterwards, exhausted and drenched in a cold sweat, she once again read the letter and attempted to analyze it rationally. It was no use. Cap wasn't merely frightened—he was out of control and caught up in a paranoia unlike anything he had ever expressed before. There was no telling how serious the illness really was, but Betty was far more concerned with his irrationality.

She knew that she would have to send him every drop of strength she possessed. Several of the books she had read spoke of fasting in order to clear the body and mind and facilitate better psychic communication. She scanned the bookshelf, took out a volume, and began reading the chapter on fasting. It was quite simple. She was to drink unsweetened herb tea, lemon or orange juice diluted to half-strength with water, and plain water for the first three days. During the next three days, she would drink only the tea or plain water. On the last two days before her body was to be completely purified, she would drink water only. The book spoke of feeling a sense of weightlessness, both physical and mental, which was to heighten her ability to project her spirit to the troubled Cap. She began at once.

She had not eaten regularly or well since Cap had been gone, and each successive heat wave had diminished her appetitite even further, so going on the liquid fast did not prove difficult for the first few days. Cap's letters continued to arrive, but they were brief, angry, and written in a progressively shakier hand—as if he were indeed tormented. Betty was so engrossed in her complicated exercise that she took little notice of what he said. It was more important to her to keep on sending as strongly as possible. She had always been quiet at work, even more so of late, but several times that week she caught her supervisor, Mrs. Stevenson, observing her with a look of concern. She tried to smile when she could remember to.

The latter part of the week was a blur of heat and fatigue and forced activity for her. Somehow, although she barely had

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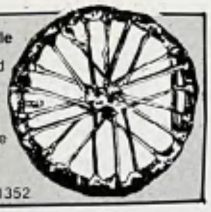

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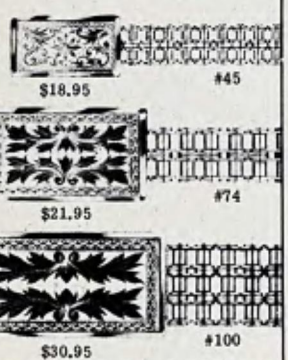

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the strength to drive, she managed to get to a travel agent and buy her plane tickets. One day after work, she drove to her sister's to borrow a suitcase and almost collapsed from the exertion. Her sister was alarmed, but Betty brushed it off as nerves and the terrible heat. She was so close to tears that her sister hesitated to say more. After all, the past few months had been a nightmare for Betty.

When quitting time arrived on Friday, Betty experienced a brief spark of energy, which helped her get home and still have enough strength to prepare for a weekend of concentrated effort. She took her usual bath, put on the caftan she always wore, and then filled all their thermos jugs with cold water so that she could remain on the bed and still have plenty to drink. There was a renewed sense of urgency about her actions that night, as though she knew firsthand how far Cap had slipped. Indeed, his letter attested to that, but Betty had only glanced at the distorted writing and the run-together words. Her vision was blurred from anxiety and fatigue and, when she could not decipher the first paragraph, she impatiently dropped the paper to the floor and hurriedly assumed her accustomed meditative position. She had to reach Cap as soon as possible, and nothing could distract her.

Her meditation quickly put her into a trance-like state, one that was further heightened by her weakened physical condition. She drifted toward the bed, positioned the jugs of water nearby, and stretched out with her eyes closed and her arms at her sides. Occasionally, her lips moved and she whispered Cap's name, but she was silent for the most part. Periodically, as if by some inner directive, she would prop herself up on one elbow and drink some of the cool water. Nightfall, dawn, and nightfall again did not seem to register with her. She lay unmoving on the big bed. When dawn came again, she was waxen-pale and breathing very shallowly. It had been some time since she had drunk any of the water.

Her failure to appear that Monday morning immediately alarmed Mrs. Stevenson, who quickly called the paramedics. They found Betty in a deep coma and wasted no time in getting her to the nearest hospital, where an emergency team was already alerted to her arrival. Her vital signs were poor and she was placed in the intensive care unit, where she could be monitored constantly.

The following day saw improvements in her pulse rate and heartbeat, and her respiration had improved. But she was still unconscious, and her condition baffled the doctors. Lab tests were taken

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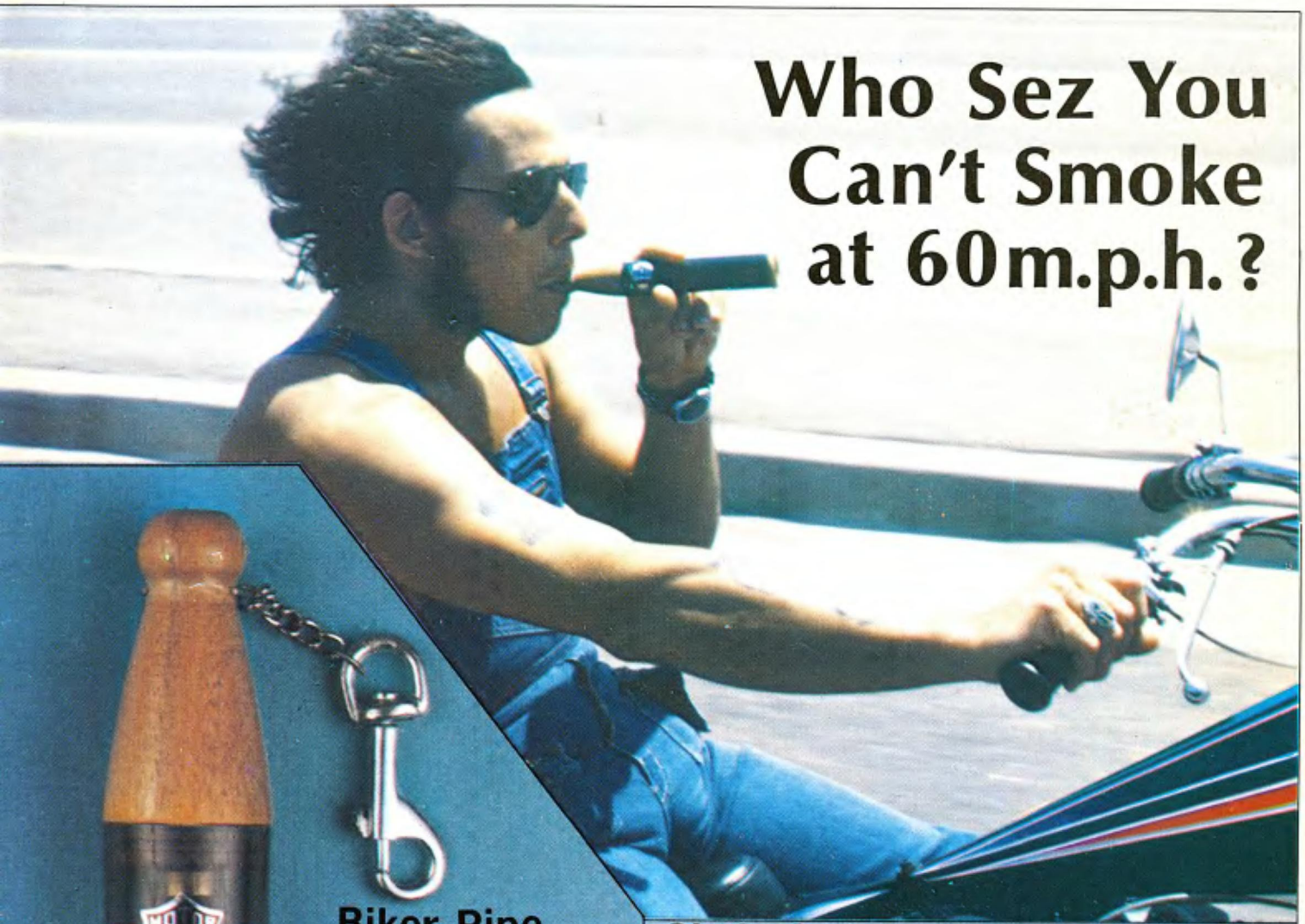
Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60m.p.h.?

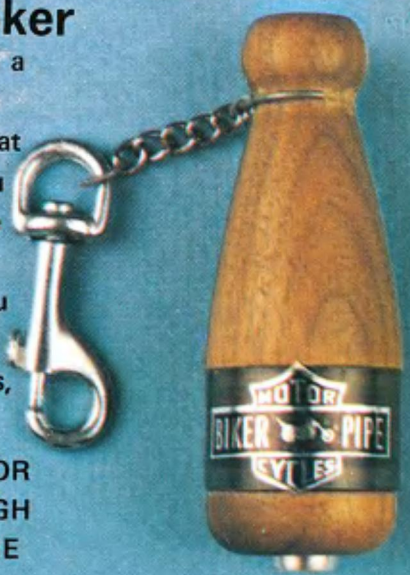


Biker Pipe

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

Chain Smoker

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



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

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Phone _____

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

☐ BIKER PIPE
$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

☐ CHAIN SMOKER
$5.50 + 50¢ postage & handling

Calif. residents add 6%

H-D Banner

Give the ol' pad some character. This full-color, 100% nylon banner will brighten any run-down crash pad, bike shop or garage. Or they make fantastic curtains for a cage. It's a big 40" by 30" and trimmed with white nylon fringe for class.

The big, durable banner sells for only **$11.95** plus **$1.50** postage and handling.

Marble Plaques

Here's an item that can't be explained. It's too for out to describe. This fine product is something you have to hold and gaze at to appreciate the detail and the workmanship that goes into it. The simulated marble is almost a half-inch thick and is carefully engraved with every detail in the HD emblem.

The price for this everlasting marble image is **$26.95.** Because of its substantial weight, you'll be asked to pay postage C.O.D.

The beautiful plaques are a solid 12 by 14 inches.

Money Clip

A sterling silver skull fastened securely on a strong, polished nickel clip. It'll hold your bills securely for only **$9.** plus **$.50** postage and handling. If you're into swastikas, we can have the skull replaced with a sterling silver swastika.

Buck Knife

Famous for holding an edge

Model #402, **Akonua,** a classic blade. Brass guard, Buckarta handle and the famous 5-inch Buck Knife blade. **$54.95** plus **2.50** postage and handling, includes beautiful leather sheath and case.

Strong Silver Rings

We've re-introduced the best Harley ring we've come across and strengthened our skull ring with additional silver. Either silver ring goes for **$19.75** and will last as long as you want to punch walls with it—or forever.

Be sure to state your size.

I-R-S-LIMITED

Box 2623, Seal Beach, California 90740

California residents add 6% for The Man

by the score and EEGs were run. No infections or malfunctions appeared, and her brain was very much alive and able to function. She appeared merely to be in a very deep sleep. Her sister had, of course, been called and she gave the doctors all the information she had about Cap's misfortune and Betty's tremendous anxiety.

By the third day, the intravenous feedings brought back some color to Betty's skin, but she was still deathly pale and still unconscious. Sometime about the middle of the day, a tall, bearded man appeared at the nursing station on Betty's floor. He was covered with layer upon layer of road dust furrowed with trails of sweat. His eyes were so bloodshot and weary-looking that they made an onlooker wince to see them. His voice was hoarse and filled with tears, and he frequently went into spasms of dry, raspy coughing. He and the nurse on duty held a brief conversation, then he was led to Betty's bedside. When he looked down on the pallid, doll-like figure in the bed and saw the tubes running in and out of her body, the big man sobbed silently and made no attempt to wipe away the torrent of tears that streamed down his face. He eased his huge frame into a chair, his eyes never leaving Betty's face. She remained unmoving except for the soundless rise and fall of her chest.

Dusk was coming on when her eyelids fluttered for the first time. The big man held his breath, unwilling to make a sound for fear they would close and never open again. He waited, and in a while they fluttered again. Then they opened a bit more and the fingers of her left hand twitched slightly. This time he dared a smile and held it until her eyes opened a little wider. Then he grinned widely and filled the room with his message of love.

Although she hadn't spoken, Betty recognized Cap, and tears came to her eyes. He quietly summoned the nurse, who in turn called for the doctor. The lady in 203 was awake and alert! The nurses carefully removed the various monitoring devices, and the tubes and bottles diminished in number until only the small oxygen mask remained.

Betty was given a few slivers of ice for her parched mouth and she actually smiled a wisp of a smile, despite the tears coursing down her cheeks. Her lips moved very slowly and, after several attempts, she managed a faint "Cap."

"Yes, Betty. I'm home," the exhausted man replied. "Now you lie back. They found the dude who killed Pete. But I know for sure that if you hadn't always been there by my side, I never would have made it." ■

Nasty Feet by Easyriders

Made *exclusively* for us by Chippewa (the finest engineer boot manufacturer)

Nasty Feet galore! Just think . . . you can now step out in a different pair of our Feet every day of the week but Sunday. Forget Sunday, because if you're like us after Saturday night you won't find enough of anything to make it anywhere.

Be a hero and treat yourself to the best from the best. Our new 16" lace-up will blow away anything you've seen til now. Put these beside our famous 17" and 11" engineers and now you're cookin! Don't settle for crap . . . buy all leather from folks who know leather. And don't miss your chance . . . sooner than later all feet get Nasty!

Send your order today to:
Nasty Feet, Box 638, Burbank, California 91503

Style See Photos	In Stock Sizes 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½ 11 D Width Only	Special Order Sizes—Allow 8 Weeks All Other Sizes 6-14 B, C, D, E, EE Widths
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D	$79.95	$ 91.95
E	$89.95	$101.95
F	$89.95	$101.95

Style Size Width Easyriders Logo Yes ☐ No ☐
(Lace-up logo on side of boot)

Add $3.00 per pair for postage & handling — inside U.S. only
Add $6.00 per pair — APO/FPO, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii
International orders accepted — inquire for shipping costs

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4 weeks for personal checks to clear. California residents add 6%.
Dealer inquiries invited on your letterhead

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 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.

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.

Semichrome Polishing Paste—Terrific on any metal: super on chrome. Even works great on glass, plexiglass, and plastic. Will remove blue from exhaust pipes, will remove rust, and will not leave scratch marks. As advertised in Popular Mechanics and Car Craft, this amazing paste is yours for only $2 for a 50-gram tube. Also available in 250- and 1,000-gram cans upon request, but try the small tube first—a very little goes a long, long way. Write Et Cetera by Ladybug, P.O. Box 717, Tijeras, N.M. 87059. New Mexico residents add 4% sales tax. If you send a check, allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. (85)

Free literature—Tattooing outfits, instruction manuals. Artist, Box 242-EN, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80901. (77)

Lonely girl in prison needs friends to lend helping hand. Paula Progner, Box 1967, Pewee Valley, Ky. 40056. (75)

Rich: Happy 25th birthday (July 2nd). I'll always love ya. Your ol' lady, Sue. (75)

Pattie: For the first time in my life I'm happy. You're all I want. Wolfman. (75)

Save gas—Cycle your ass: These 3x7 plastic plates bolt to your license plate. They are attention getting and guaranteed against breakage. Here is your chance to let people know where you stand (or sit) when it comes to the gas shortage. Only $3. Rick Farnham, Lot 63, Kingswood Tr. Pk., Titusville, Fla. 32780. (78)

Crazy Bob: I love you, babe. We're gonna make it. Your ol' lady, Peggy. (75)

Oriental ladies want to write you. Cherry Blossoms, Stehekin, Wash. 98852. (76)

Death row prisoner seeks ladies to correspond with. Jim "Fuzzy" Jeffers, Box B38604, Florence, Ariz. 85232. (80)

Southwest Tattoo Emporium. 4390 S. Archer, Chicago 60632. (312) 376-8119. (80)

Freewheeler: I'm lonely without you. Could we try again? Miss and still loving you! You're the best ol' man I'll ever have. Need to hear from you bad! Your lady. (75)

Maggotface, I love ya. Ya got me. No Chin. (75)

Wanted: Harley-Davidson Shop T-shirts from all shops in the U.S. (one x-large and one small). Will send our new "If you can't fix it —Fuck it" T-shirt. Mail to Coco, Box 451, Calabasas, Calif. 91302. (80)

Wanted: Young lady to love me and turn this place into a home; may have one rug rat. Send photo and info on what you're looking for in life and type of man you want to spend it with. I will do the same. All letters answered. Richard A. Brietmier, 8444 Stewart & Gray Rd., Downey, Calif. 90241. (75)

The Anarchist Cookbook $9.85; Street Fighting: America's Martial Art $14.25; How to Open Handcuffs Without Keys $5.45; Secrets of Modern Knife Fighting $10.95; Improvised Weapons of the American Underground $7.65; Techniques of Harassment $5.45. Catalog $1. Money order only. Survival Books, Dept. ER, 11108 Magnolia Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif. 91601. (213) 763-0804. (75)

Rosco: Hey man, lost your address and want to hear from ya. Write to Hts 1/5 3rd Mar Div, FPO San Francisco, Calif. 96602. G. Britt. (75)

Dawn: Had a dream you were in trouble. If you need me, write. No more Kevin. Dana, P.O. Box 33, Marlin, Tex. 76661. (75)

Klooch: Happy Birthday. I still love you and miss you. You're something very special. Please write soon. Love, Sparky. (75)

Bones: Happy Birthday. Love you forever. Bomber. (7-18-52.) (75)

Dennis: Have a happy one on July 7th. Love, Denna. (75)

Wanted: 45 H-D motor, tranny, and any misc. 45 parts. Will buy or trade for ? Send list and price to David, P.O. Box 442, Agoura, Calif. 91301. (80)

Carol & Venus: Separation was hard. Happy I'm home. Get ready for a super birthday fuck. Love, Skip & Wilbur. (75)

Goose: Happy anniversary to the best ol' man anywhere! I'll love ya forever. Teresa. (75)

Tom (Suicide) Gerber: I'm back in California and been trying to find you. Please contact me. It's important. No one will know. I know what happened. Dena Newman. (213) 339-6376. (75)

Collectors: Must sell—1953 Harley 165cc "Popper." All original, runs fine. Reasonable. Photographs in first issue of Iron Horse—pages 77-78. Write Ron Martzahl, 1209 Primrose Lane, Neenah, Wis. 54956. (75)

"45" people: We have the largest inventory of 45 motors, trannies and misc. parts on the West Coast. Complete motor & tranny with legal titles, gaskets & seal kits. 74 & Sports parts. We are interested in buying inventories or parts of 45, 74 & Sportster. Please phone or contact 45's Forever, 11561-C Berryessa Rd., San Jose, Calif. 95133. (408) 294-6810. (85)

Johnny Mack (Slick): Happy Birthday and many more. All my love, Kathleen. (75)

Lonely, shy guy wishes to correspond/meet girls (white or oriental) eighteen to thirty years old. Write to Mike D., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (75)

Karin (Lady K): Happy anniversary, 7/12. I love you. Your ol' lady, Katie. (75)

Stainless steel BMW mufflers. Stock appearance, sound. Unused. $275. Murph, (517) 845-6632. (78)

1941 Harley trike. 45 flathead. Military. Running fine. $2,000. Mark, Box 1601, Flagstaff, Ariz. 86002. (75)

Happy 18th 8/25. Pat Justice. You wondered if I'd still love you when you're old—well, I do. Love, Kraut. (75)

Lonnie: One year older, one year better! Sweet man, love you 99 more. Turtle. (75)

Need bucks for Hog. Not asking for donations. Ink drawing of your bike on good-quality paper. Send $5 to F-S, 897 S. Carr, Lafayette, Colo. 80026. (75)

Wanted: Lady between 18 and 35 yrs old. You must have plenty of heart, be loyal and trusting. Must like travel, balling, guns, and bikes. Please send photo. I'm a 31-yr.-old biker dude who's handsome and horny, and I plan to get me a part of this world, so join me now, 'cause I only have 8 months left in the slam. Write to R. "Jammer" Duvall #119293, P.O. Box E, Jackson, Mich. 49204. (75)

Smoking Tomahawk — multi-purpose tool for riders who demand that every item they pack be useful as well as provide pleasure. Cast steel head features a pipe bowl in the "hammer." Smoke draws cool through the 17" hollow hardwood handle. $14.75 postpaid and insured in USA. Trader Ed's Post, Box 19451, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73144. (75)

Hurry! Last chance to get "Sex in the Big City" for only $2.25! Guarantee. Fast service. Send to Ronco, Box 15805, St. Louis, Mo. 63114.

Guaranteed state photo ID card. Full color Polaroid process—the best there is. Send photo, signature, birthdate, height, weight, eye color. Rush $7 each. Order with two paying friends and get your ID free. Bonus: 3 blank IDs free with each Polaroid ID. "No-bull" money-back guarantee. Jeno Chevron, Box 1033-EZ99, Evanston, Ill. 60204. (75)

Need girlfriends? Send stamp. Club, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761. (75)

Boston: Happy birthday (6-19-79). I just wanted to tell you that I love you. I always will, forever. Your lady, Squirrel. (75)

Do you want to change your name? Send $5 for information how to: JCCO, P.O. Box 1015, Alief, Tex. 77072. (75)

Charlie Manson posters. Large, perfect for any living room. $3 apiece. Send cash or money order to P. B. Weisberg, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (75)

Easyriders #1-73, two hardbacks, 26 Choppers, 43 Street Chopper, 5 Super Cycle, 19 Custom Bike, 5 Big Bike. All for $200. (714) 683-2520, Byron or Mark. (75)

Harley-ridin' photographer touring country, east to west, and part of Canada. Wants to meet uninhibited chicks for partyin' and sensuous poses with my scooter. Will consider taking chick along if vibes are good. Letter with photo; nudes answered first. Allow four weeks for reply. Photographer, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (75)

"I fall down" button, 4" dia. with pin back, red lettering, black outline on silver-gray background. Ya gotta know somebody who needs one. $3. Aggressive Items, Box 33112, Coon Rapids, Minn. 55433. (75)

Calif. biker wants scribes from Latin, outdoor-type chick, to enjoy mobile life style. Age, looks not important. Write Joe, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (75)

Tim: Happy Birthday, honey. I love you. Here's something I do—your bike and friends don't. Your ol' lady, Ellen. (75)

Grumpy: You were "born to be wild." May you never be tamed. Happy 28th! Love, Suzy C. (75)

22-year-old Dutchman would like to marry American girl. Washington, Idaho, Montana or Wyoming. Address is P. Fokkema, Lopplank 60, Cjroningen 9732 EC, Netherlands. (75)

Females—on the run or whatever—do ya need a safe place to go? Write, giving details. D.G.T., 3731 Ramsey Ct., El Sobrante, Calif. 94803. (75)

Happy anniversary, Marsha. Dec. 13th. I loved you then, now, and forever and a day. We'll be riding soon! Jim Hackett. (75)

Get the T-shirt whose slogan Easyriders refused to print! High-quality black T-shirts. Send $6 cash or money order and size (s, m, l, xl) to Charlie, P.O. Box 72249, Louisville, Ky. 40272. (77)

Mental programming "compresses" time. Five-year sentence seems like five months; ten-year sentence, ten months. $10,000 initial consultation fee, $100,000 minimum fee. Yearly limit of ten to keep out curiosity seekers. Priority given small organizations. If "doing time" is occupational hazard in your business, contact Sam, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (75)

The bitch who said Cisco Rider was dead is crazy. Thanks to him, we party together & Cisco got my 74 Harley running. You're my No. 1 man; hell of a lover too. Get back to me, Cisco Rider, fast and soon. Love, Anne. (75)

Chicks: Please write this down bro, 6' tall, blond, and blue eyes. Needs a letter to keep head together. Bill Erickson, Box 1000 Hanson, Princeton, N.J. 08540. (75)

Gravity Knife, fast as a switchblade. Make your own. Easy, complete kit and instructions, $10. Mail cash or m.o., (no checks) to G.M.M., P.O. Box 189, Riverton, N.J. 08077. Knife not included . (76)

—Continued on page 126

RED RIDER
POLICE
"I GOT A FEELING ITS GONNA BE ONE OF THOSE FUCKEN DAYS!"
DUKE, DUKE, DUKE OF EARL
DUKE
RED

Phase 3 of America Belt Drives

Phase 3 and Uniroyal combine motorcycle and rubber technology for the finest belt drive available. The new high performance SUPER 8 belt is 60% stronger than previous timing belts. The pulleys are fully machined from billets (not castings) of high strength 6061-T6 aluminum alloy. A perfect mating is provided between the pulley and the belt. Engine shaft inserts are also precision machined from 4130 chromemoly—the ideal super combination for strength and light weight where it is most needed. The SUPER 8 is 60% lighter than the stock chain drive and will outlast a stock unit many times over.

Super 8

In addition a SUPER 8:

- Needs no lubrication
- Reduces noise
- Eliminates drive train vibration by 75%
- Increases top speed
- Increases all around performance
- Provides a quicker horsepower transfer to the rear wheel
- Does not stretch due to wear
- Needs no break-in
- Bonneville and dragstrip proven

74

Sportster

74 2" Belt Drive Open Primary

Our competition unit, designed for the heavy handed. Designed for kick start and open primary use only, looks impressive on a stock motor too!

143058	Open Primary, 1937-1954	235.00
143059	Open Primary, 1955-1979	235.00

74 Belt Drive Open Primary

This unit is designed with the stroker in mind. It has ample margin of safety for big inch "killer motors". It is an open unit—that is, it is not intended for an enclosed primary cover. Accessories to enhance the appearance and safety of this unit are also shown. Specify year.

143060	Open Primary, 1937-1954	195.00
143061	Open Primary, 1955-1979	195.00

74 Belt Drive Closed Primary

This unit is designed for a closed installation. It will comfortably fit within all 74 primary covers, aluminum or steel. It too is amply strong to withstand the power of the big inch stroker motor. Specify year.

143062	Closed Primary, 1937-1954	179.00
143063	Closed Primary, 1955-1964	179.00
143064	Closed Primary, 1965-1979	179.00

74 Belt Drive Electric Start

An electric start application, can be installed in either an open or closed unit. It is more than capable of handling 74 horsepower, including larger strokers Specify year.

143065	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1965-1969	200.00
143066	Closed Primary, Electric Start, 1970-1979	200.00

Sportster Belt Drives

These units are designed to fit easily within stock primary covers, aluminum or steel. They are capable of delivering high horsepower loads without fear of failure. Three models are available, differing only in clutch pulley configuration, depending on the model/year requirements. Electric-start units are available. Specify year.

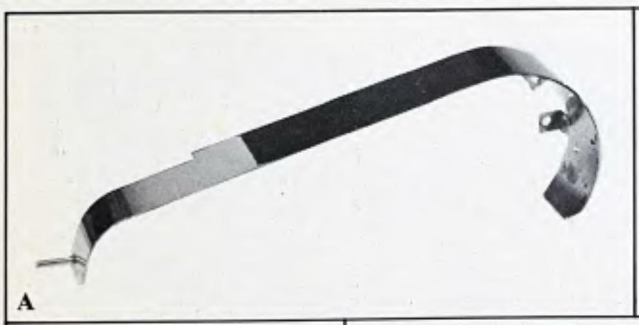
143067	1957-1968	179.00
143068	1969-1970	179.00
143069	1971-1976	179.00
143070	1977-1979	179.00
143071	Electric Start, 1967-1970	205.00
143072	Electric Start, 1971-1976	205.00
143073	Electric Start, 1977-1979	205.00

Belts

The Super 8 belt weighs only nine ounces, but it will outlast the primary chain by five times. Designed and engineered by Uniroyal. Fiberglass cord reinforced. Specify model when ordering.

143081	74 Belt, Closed Primary & Electric Start	28.90
143082	74 Belt, Open Primary	28.90
143083	Sportster Belt, All Models	28.90
143085	74 Belt, 2" Open Primary	34.00

Belt Drive Accessories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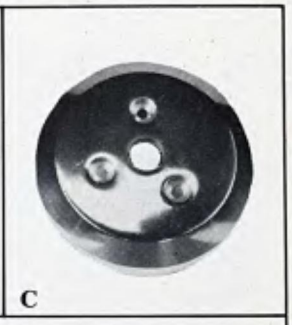
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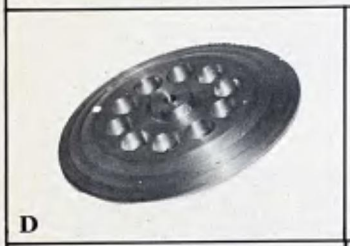
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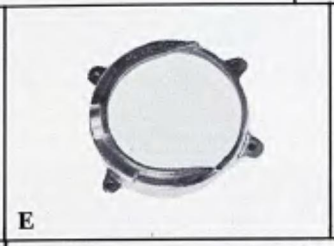
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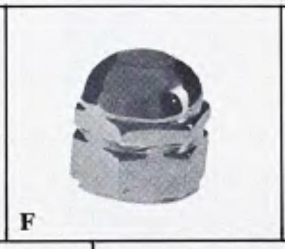
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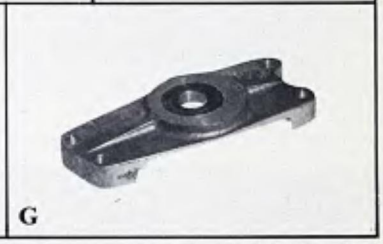
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H

I

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.
143074 . . . . . 1937 to 1969 . . . . . 36.95
143075 . . . . . 1970 to 1979 . . . . . 36.95

B. Aluminum Side Guard
For the added bit of safety and that touch of class on an open primary Harley 74 belt drive. Designed to fit all Phase III shrouds. Polished aluminum finish.
143077 . . . . . 18.95

C. Clutch Dome
Add the finishing touch to your clutch on open primary belt drives. Protects your clutch studs & leg from moving parts. Heavy aluminum, highly polished.
143084 . . . . . 29.00

D. Pressure Plate
A precision machined and polished aluminum pressure plate for the 74 Harley. This pressure plate provides the strength, accuracy, heat dissipation, and dimensional features needed for high performance.
143021 . . . . . 29.95

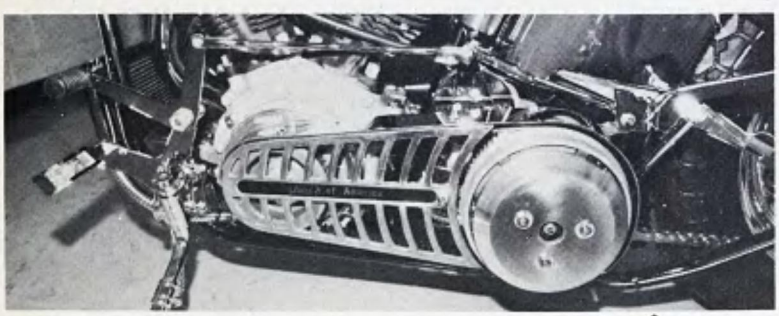
E. Alternator Cover
Recommended for all Harley 74 cone motors with an open primary. Add the finishing touches to your belt drive and protect your alternator. Polished aluminum finish.
143076 . . . . . 29.00

F. 74 Engine Nut
The last word in functional beauty. Available for the Sportster and the 74. Massive yet graceful, the acorn engine nut keeps the front pulley snug. Show chrome.
143078 Harley 74 1937 to 1954 . . 8.95
143079 Harley 74 1955 to 1969 . . 8.95
143080 Harley Sportster All Years . . 8.95
143087 Harley 74 1970 to 1979 . . 8.95

G. Bearing Support
Longer clutch shafts (1966 and up 74 Harleys) require additional external support. Stock inner primary covers are fitted with a bearing to provide support, but when the cast aluminum primaries are removed for open drive units or steel primaries, the support is absent.
10404 . . . . . Bearing Support 18.95
10405 . . . . . Bearing 11.75

H. Competitor Clutch
Multi-plate hi-performance clutch for all Harley 74s. Eliminates clutch slippage and reduces lever pull.
143088 . . . . . 195.00

I. Sportster Primary Spacer
Recommended for all Sportsters 1957-1969 using steel primary cover.
143086 . . . . . 25.00



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nearest Jammer dealer
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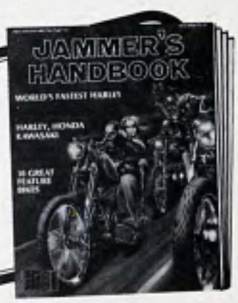


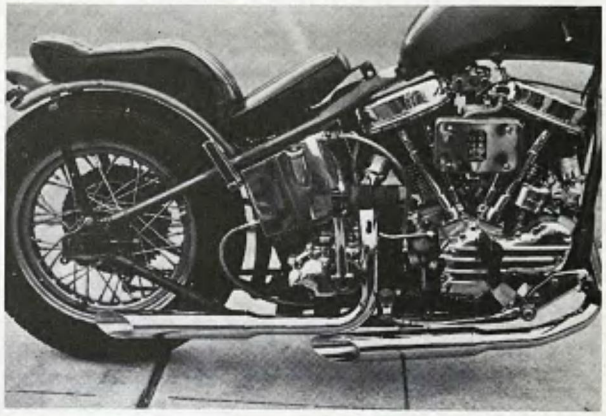
CYCLE Jammer PRODUCTS

ADVERTISEMENT

ADVERTISEMENT

'SS' Harley Pipes

A



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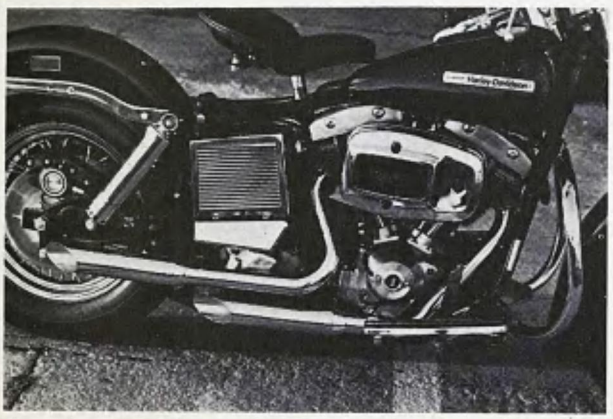

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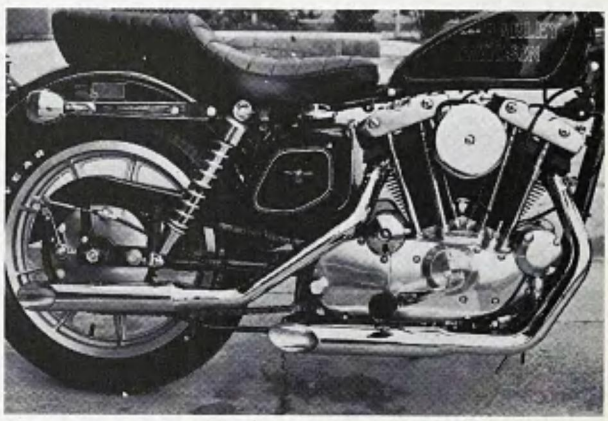
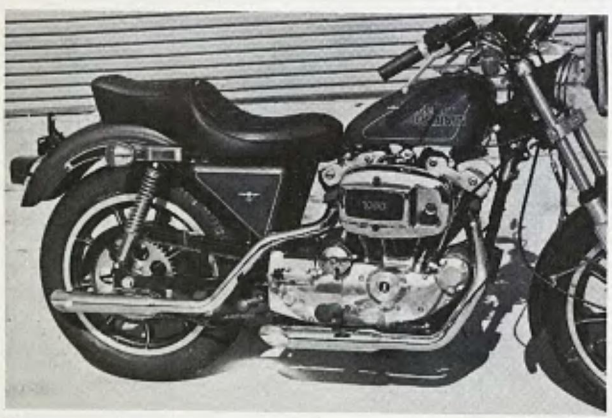


D



E

Seldom has there been an exhaust system that's created as much excitement as these SS muffler pipes for Harleys. They offer that added extra variety in the staggered duals look. Featuring a 2½" slash cut muffler end with all steel muffler core, clean one piece look and mirror finish, the SS will make you think twice about foolin' around when it comes to pipes.

A. FX, FXE & Low Rider SS Pipes
Fits all 1970 to 1979 FX, FXE and Low Rider.
150041 ..... 84.00

B. Panhead SS Pipes
Fits all Panheads 1948-1965, rigid and swing arm frames with mechanical brakes.
150042 ..... 84.00

C. Late FLH SS Pipes
Fits all 1970-1979 electric start models only.
150043 ..... 84.00

D. Sportster SS Pipes
Fits Sportsters 1957-1978.
150044 ..... 84.00

E. 1979 Sportster SS Pipes
Fits all 1979 Sportsters.
150045 ..... 84.00

F. Mount Brackets
Designed especially for mounting these FXE, Sportster and FLH ('70 and later) muffler pipes. Also available is a universal strap style bracket for other Harley 74 muffler pipes.

149027	FLH, 1970-1979	8.95
149028	FXE	8.95
149029	Sportster	8.95
149030	Universal	4.50

F

Hallcraft's Wheels

ADVERTISEMENT

Spool Wheel
Fully chromed. Wheels come laced and trued, bearings installed and spaced correctly. Finest quality bearings are used. Spools are billet steel. 5/8" diameter hole in bearings. Spool is 4" wide. Bearing width is 2-11/32".

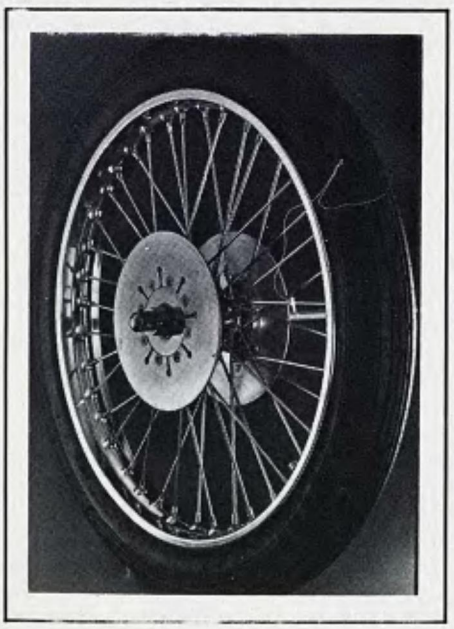
69016	18"	101.78
69017	19"	101.78
69018	21"	101.78

Single Front Disc Brake Wheel
Has excellent stopping powers for street use. Hub is 3½" in width. Disc diameter is 7¾". Will fit on most forks. 5/8" bearing I.D. Disc brake kit includes rim, spokes, wheel (chromed and trued), chromed disc, caliper and support, linkage arm and hydraulic hose, and a handlebar mastercylinder. Mounts easily on springers and girders and can be adapted easily to other front ends.

6803	18"	302.39
6804	19"	302.39
6805	21"	302.39

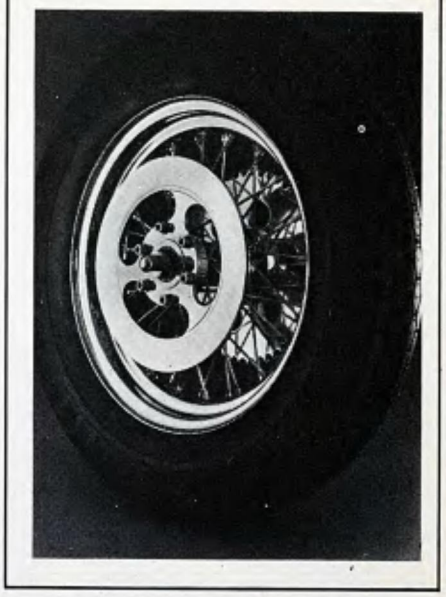
Small Brake Wheel #1
Finest quality you can get. Hub and backing plate are made of steel. Comes completely assembled and adapted to fit perfectly on springer and girder front ends. They have triple 5/8" bearings. Will adapt easily to other custom front ends. Qualifies as a legal brake in most states. Custom chromed. Needs Mounting Kit No. 69010.

6901	18"	129.95
6902	19"	129.95
6903	21"	129.95



Dual Front Disc Brake Wheel
Same as above except kit includes 2 chromed discs, 2 calipers and support brackets, 2 linkage arms.

6809	19"	461.01
68010	21"	461.01



Rear Disc Brake Wheel
Designed for maximum stopping power. Includes bolt-on sprocket. Has 12" chromed disc. Uses stock axle. Kit consists of rim, spokes, wheel (chromed and trued), 12" chromed disc, caliper and support, sprocket, hydraulic line, master-cylinder and hydraulic hose and basic linkage. 16" wheel only.

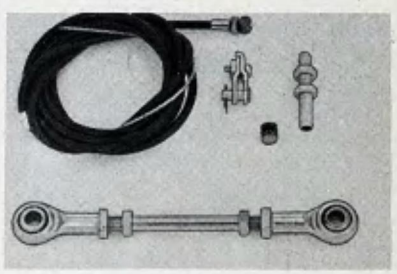
68018	16" Harley 74	454.40
68012	16" Sportster	454.40
68015	16" Honda 750	454.40

Harley 74 Spacers
(Not shown). For Harley 74 rear disc brake wheels, either standard, wire or design.

68020	Rigid Frame	17.32
68021	Swingarm '58-'66	17.32
68022	Swingarm '67-'72	17.32
68044	Swingarm '73-'76	17.32

Rear Disc Brake Linkage
(Not shown). Eliminates searching for hard to find parts and simplifies mounting. A must for the above Sportster and Honda 750 wheels.

68024	Sportster	57.14
68025	Honda 750	21.12

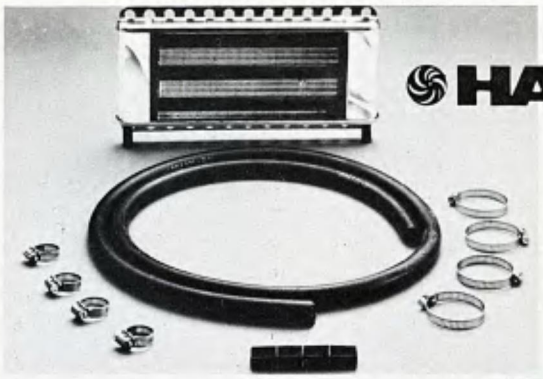


Brake Mounting Kit
For securing small brake wheel to a springer, girder and other front ends.
69010 ..... 24.50

Brake Mounting Kit
For securing disc brake wheels to a springer, girder and other front ends (two required for dual discs).
69050 ..... 16.95

CYCLE Jammer PRODUCTS

Oil Coolers



HAYDEN

A. Chrome Oil Coolers
A Hayden oil cooler will reduce your hot oil temperatures 20 to 80 degrees. Each 20° drop in oil temperature doubles, yes doubles, engine and clutch life. That's reason enough to buy a Hayden.
A Hayden cools fast. Every Hayden cooler features our patented inner-swirl core design. The inner-swirl core design swirls and turbulates hot engine oil as it passes thru the cooler. External fins force the outside air against the cooling surface. The combination of inner and outer swirling gives twice the cooling power.
A Hayden is for cold weather too! Each Honda and Kawasaki Hayden cooler kit comes with a custom designed adapter to fit your bike. The adaptor has a built-in control valve that regulates oil temperatures in cold weather. So if you ride in the summer or winter, a Hayden oil cooler will protect your engine from overheating year-round.

37042	Harley 74 & Sportster & All Dry Sump Bikes	71.55
37040	Honda Fours 750, 550, 500, 350, GL 1000. Also 750 F w/ Minor Modifications	82.30
37041	Kawasaki 900, K1000	82.30

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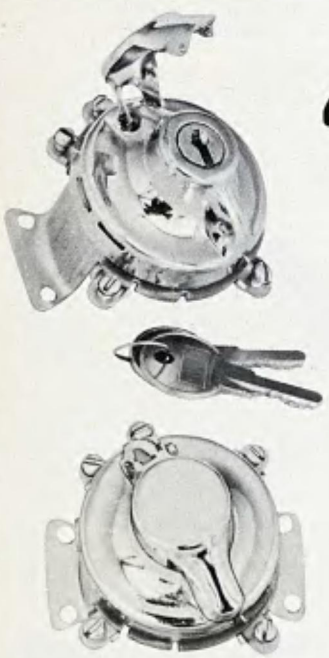
INSIDE CALIFORNIA
213-843-1522

Miscellaneous

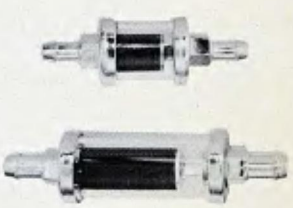


Harley Style Key Switch
A superb replica of the early style Harley key switch. Mirror chromed finish to enhance the beauty of your stock fat bob tank or our custom fat bob tank. Fits all stock fat bobs, 1936 and later. Also will work on our custom fat bob with minor modification.
99025 ..... 28.00

Tombstone Taillight
All metal, finely crafted and show-chromed. Universal mounting with chrome license mount. 12V bulb. Perfect for fatbobs.
9209 ..... 29.95

Super Shut-Offs
American made with ball valves that work! Available in ⅛", ¼" and ¼" with reserve valve. All of these shut-offs work on any of our gas tanks.

36041	⅛"	3.95
36042	¼"	3.95
36043	¼" w/Reserve	8.95



View-All Gas Filters
Great inline gas filters designed to protect your motorcycle's carburetor. Features replaceable elements that work to trap all harmful dirt and water. These filters unscrew allowing simple cleaning or replacing of the famous Bendix element. Available in two sizes, mini or maxi, with nipple ends in three sizes, ¼", 5/16" and ⅜".

36051	¼" Mini Filter	4.95
36052	5/16" Mini Filter	4.95
36053	¼" Maxi Filter	5.45
36054	5/16" Maxi Filter	5.45
36055	⅜" Maxi Filter	5.45

Replacement Elements

36056	Mini Element	1.00
36057	Maxi Element	1.10

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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
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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 7/31/79 ☐ CV SEPT ☐ #75 ☐ AV

—Continued from page 118

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)

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Make fake IDs, documents, easily, cheaply. Complete instructions, $5. S.O.H., P.O. Box 3124, Pompano, Fla. 33062. (75)

Chokers from Greece for only $5.95 & $1 postage and handling. Gleaming Greek Chokers, of gold- and silver-toned metal curves adorned with colorful Grecian beads. All threaded on a leather thong. Choose a color, and send a check or money order to A. Ball, P.O. Box 592, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740. (80)

Wild Bill: Happy Birthday, hon! Hangin' on to sweet dreams and countin' the days. All my love forever. Little Bit. (75)

Jim: You did a bitchin' job on Moonfire. I love you both. Willie. (75)

Once again, Darrell McKamey: You haunt me in my dreams. I love you. Please write. Gwen McKamey, 115 W. 21st., Joplin, Mo. 64801.

Happy 33rd Birthday, Titus, May 15. I love you always. Jinger. (75)

Hey, Cowboy! (H. Pt.) Yeah, it's me. Kiss n hugs. Gail, Fla. (75)

Brian: Happy Birthday. Love, Sandy (your baby). (75)

Evie from Hoot's: Please send address. K.W., c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265. (75)

Cher & Teenie Katt. Get in touch at Dad's office. Katt. (75)

"Pig Pen." Outlaws M/C: Bro, I've been down for a while and have lost your address. Shoot me a kite and let me know what's happening. Gerald (Ghost) Dulaney, P.O. Box C-02407, Tamal, Calif. 94964. (75G)

Switchblade, pushbutton knife. Make your own. Easy, complete instructions. Mail $3 cash to G.M.M., P.O. Box 189, Riverton, N.J. 08077. (76)

Lonely biker, age 30, white, no jail rap. Would love to hear from ladies 18-30. Please send photo if possible. Jerry Nakonieczny, 6531 Holly St., Commerce City, Colo. 80022. (75)

Hank B. and fellow Iron Barons: Thanks for hospitality and good times. Good karma. Munch. (75G)

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)

Fantastic stickers for your scoot, 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. I-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)

Sir Joe in San Diego, just to let ya know, Smitty passed ya up. He got both hands! Katt, Nance & All in KC. (75)

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)

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

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)

Show your class! Write it on high-quality Harley-Davidson stationery (envelopes included) $3. Demographics, Box 7234, Ft. Wayne, Ind. 46807. (75)

Perfect Ear Warmers!

We're only sellin' the caps—ya understand—can't have the others around all the time—right? Anyway, here's the next best ear-warmer of all time.

The cap has class! It's knitted in bright Harley colors—black, orange, and white. The words "Harley-Davidson" are knitted around the entire cap—not just on the front. So if you're wasted, it doesn't matter how you pull it over your skull.

As with all Righteous products, it's made from the finest, most expensive materials available. American made—not a cheapass import.

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

Be a hero—get your ol' lady one too!

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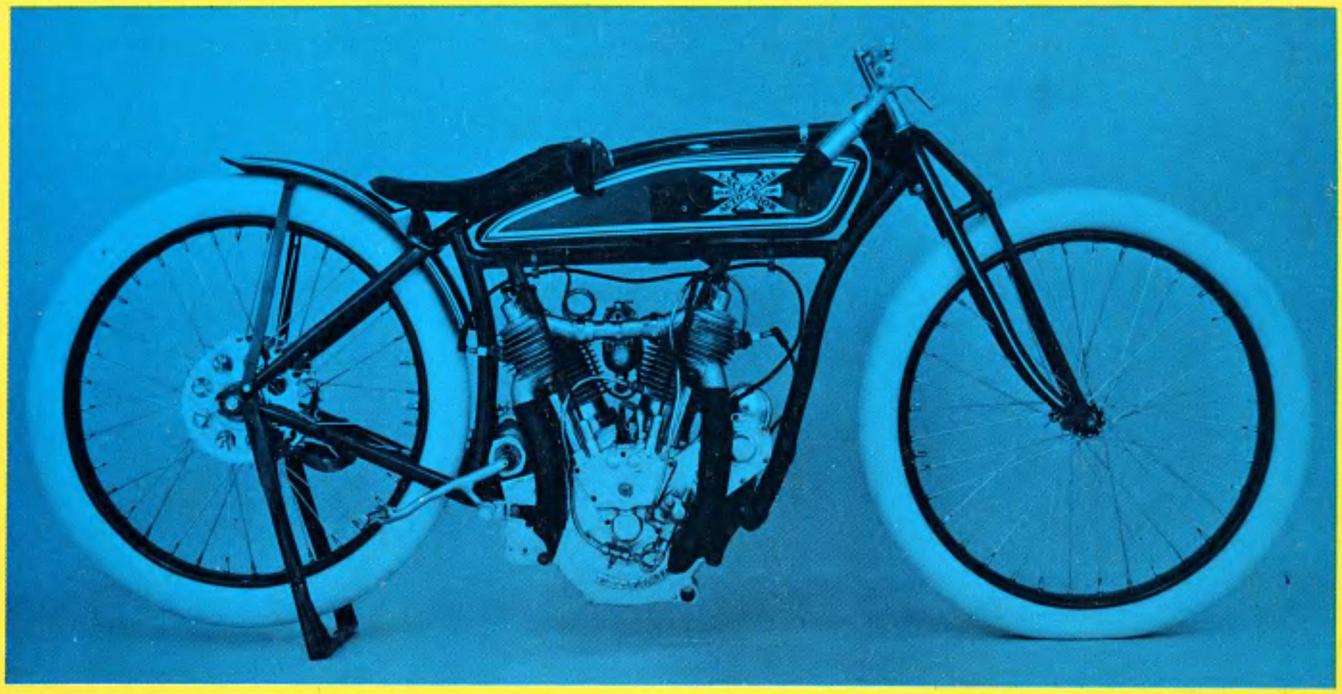
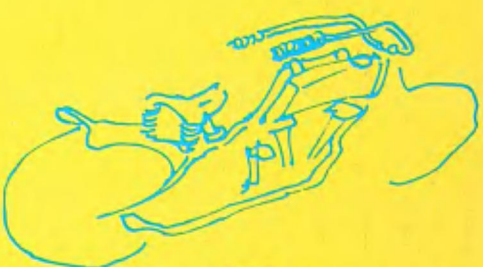


Some of the bros around here thought there should be a mag for men who ride other bikes.



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